

Favorite
SONGS
and
HYMNS

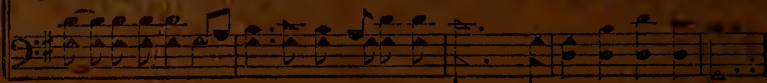


Shape Notes

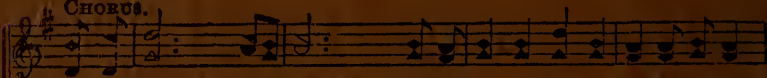
1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
 { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
 { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
 { I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the



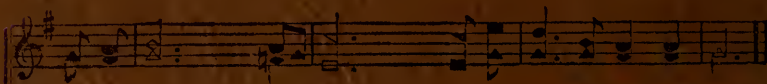
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of His cause,
 cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His
 face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the
 grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to
 reign; (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Endure
 pain; (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-ported by Thy word,



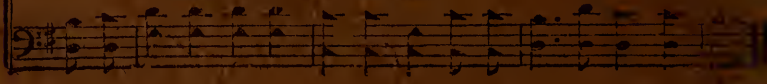
CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by,
 the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
 the storm, 'Twill not be long,



Favorite **Songs and Hymns**

A COMPLETE
CHURCH HYMNAL

* * *

Compiled by

Homer F. Morris

Virgil O. Stamps

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

W. W. Combs

* * *

ROUND AND SHAPE NOTES

* * *

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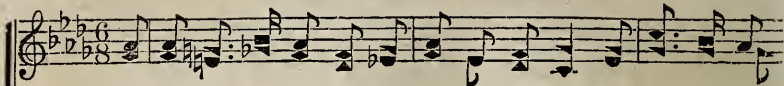
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Believe On the Lord

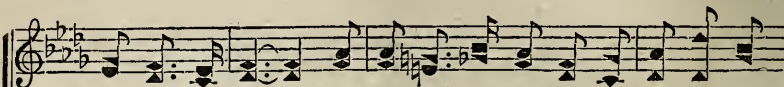
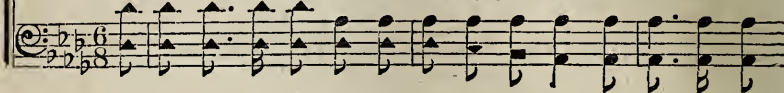
W. W. C.

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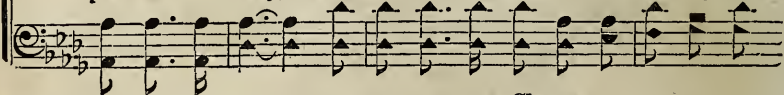
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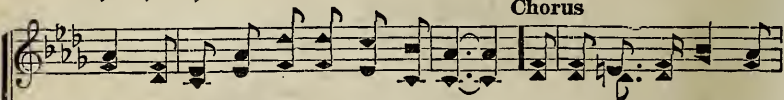
1. We read in the Bi - ble of mir - a - cles wrought, By Je - sus, our
2. The jail - er sprang in - to the pris - on by night, With fright and in
3. Dear broth - er, the Sav - ior is call - ing you now, There's no oth - er



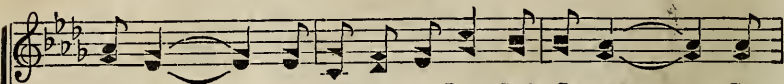
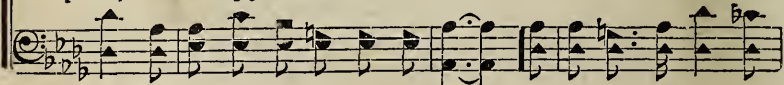
Sav - ior and Lord, When man - y in trou - ble, in sin and in
ter - ror He raved; He fell down by Paul as he trem - bling - ly
pos - si - ble way; Cross o - ver the line, O be saved by God's



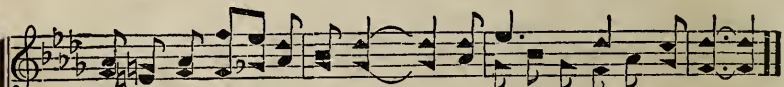
Chorus



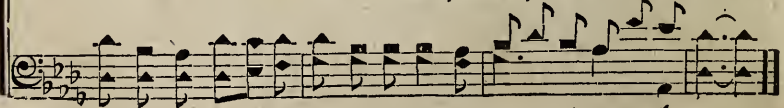
doubt, Were saved by be - liev - ing His word,
said, O what must I do to be saved? Be - lieve on the Lord, Christ
pow'r, Just sim - ply be - lieve and o - bey.



Je - sus, Be - lieve on the Lord, Christ Je - sus, Be -
be - lieve, be - lieve,



lieve on the Lord, Christ Je - sus, And thou shalt be saved.
be - lieve, Be - lieve, O be - lieve and be saved.



No. 1

This World is Not My Home

(I'm Just A Passing Thru)

Arr.

Arr. copyrighted by Albert E. Brumley

Arr. by
Albert E. Brumley

1. This world is not my home, I'm just a pass - ing thru, My treas - ures
 2. They're all ex - pect - ing me, and that's one thing I know, My Sav - ior
 3. I have a lov - ing moth - er up in glo - ry - land, I don't ex -
 4. Just up in glo - ry - land we'll live e - ter - nal - ly, The saints on

are laid up somewhere be - yond the blue; The an - gels beck - on me from
 pardoned me and now I on - ward go; I know He'll take me thru tho
 pect to stop un - til I shake her hand; She's wait - ing now for me in
 ev - 'ry hand are shout - ing vic - to - ry, Their song of sweet - est praise drift

:S:

Fine

heav - en's op - en door,
 I am weak and poor And I can't feel at home in this world an - y - more.
 heav - en's op - en door
 back from heaven's shore

Chorus

O Lord, you know I have no friend like you, If heav - en's not my home then

D.S.

Lord what will I do; The an - gels beck - on me from heav - en's o - pen door,

No. 2

You Can't Do Wrong and Get By

L. A. E.

Copyright, 1920, by Lethal A. Ellis

Lethal A. Ellis

1. There's a God who's stand-ing at heav-en's door, He's look-ing this
 2. Out in - to the dark-ness you a - lone may go, And seeds for the
 3. Yes, He knows your se-crets, ev - 'ry-thing you do, He knows that your

u - ni - verse o'er; And He sees each mor-tal with a search-ing
 wick - ed one sow; There's an eye that's watch-ing from the throne on
 life is un - true; You can ne'er de-ceive Him, there's no use to

Chorus

eye, You can't do wrong and get by.
 high, You can't do wrong and get by. You can't do wrong and get
 try, You can't do wrong and get by.

by, No mat-ter how much you may try; Noth-ing hid-den can

be, ev - 'ry-thing He doth see, You can't do wrong and get by.

No. 3

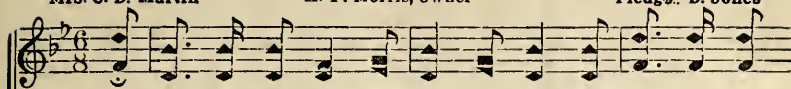
A Wonderful Time

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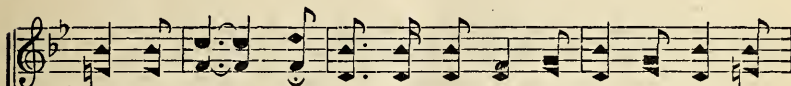
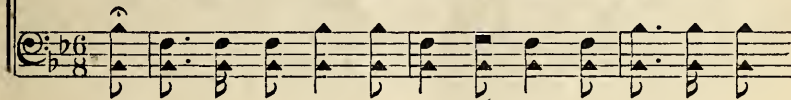
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H. F. Morris, owner

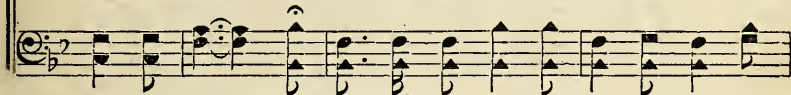
Pledge: B. Jones



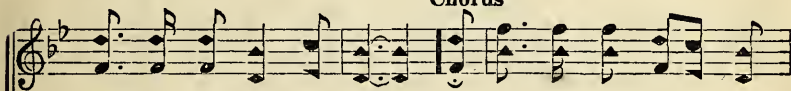
1. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, The Lord whom we
 2. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, Our con - flicts and
 3. A won - der - ful time is just a - head, The groans of cre-



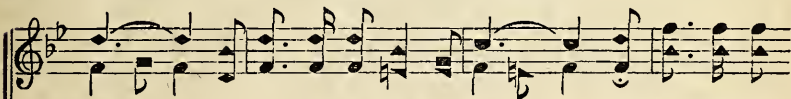
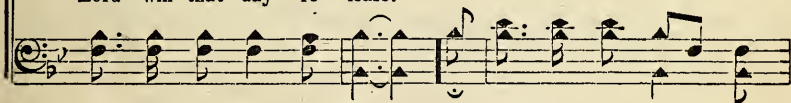
love and own Will o - pen the gates of glo - ry - land Re -
 tri - als passed; Our wil - der - ness jour - ney at an end, Safe
 a - tion cease; And all that is held in bond - age now The



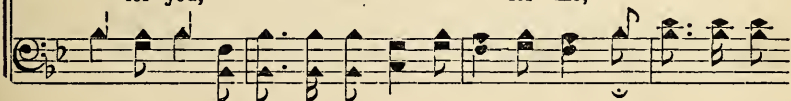
Chorus



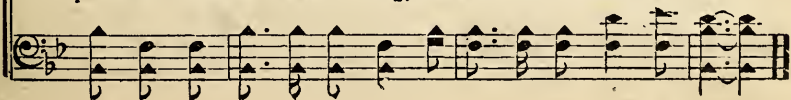
veal - ing His glo - ry throne.
 home ev - 'ry one at last. A won - der - ful time for
 Lord will that day re - lease.



you, A won - der - ful time for me, If we are pre -
 for you, for me,



pared to meet Je - sus the King, A won - der - ful time 'twill be.



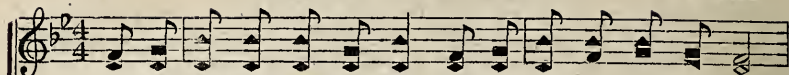
No. 4

In Gethsemane Alone

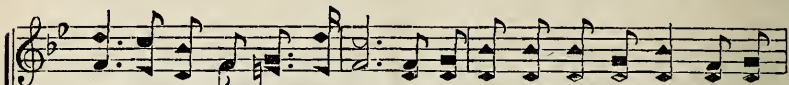
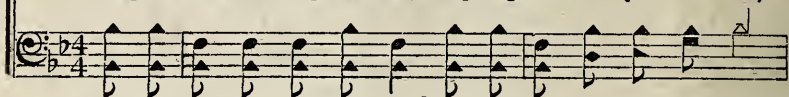
S. E. R.

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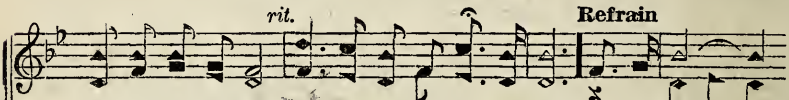
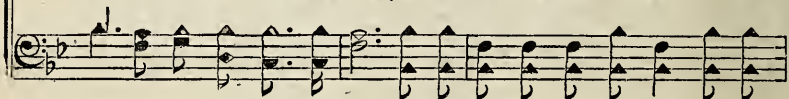
S. E. Reed



1. Oh, what won-drous love I see Free - ly shown for you and me,
2. "Tar-ry here," He told the three, "Tar - ry here and watch for Me;"
3. Long in an - guish deep was He, Weep - ing there for you and me,

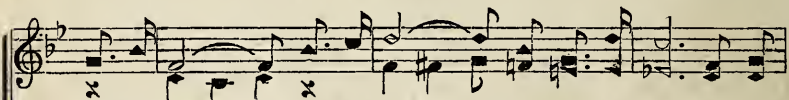
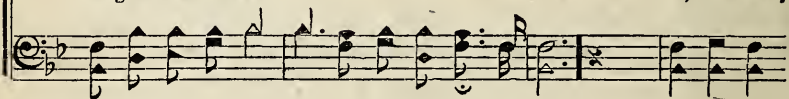


By the One who did a - tone! Just to show His matchless grace, Je - sus
But they heard no bit - ter moan; For the three dis - ci - ples slept While my
For our sin to Him was known; We should love Him ev - er - more For the

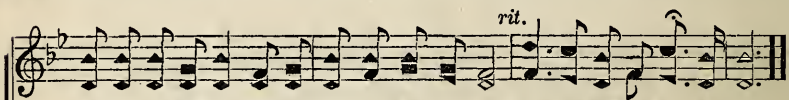


suf - fered for the race, In Gethsem - a - ne, a - lone. Oh, what love,.....
lov - ing Sav - ior wept
an - guish that He bore

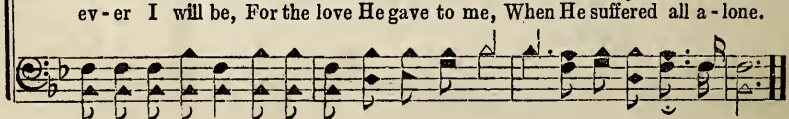
Oh, what love,



matchless love,..... Oh, what love..... for me was shown! His for -
matchless love, Oh, what love



ev - er I will be, For the love He gave to me, When He suffered all a - lone.



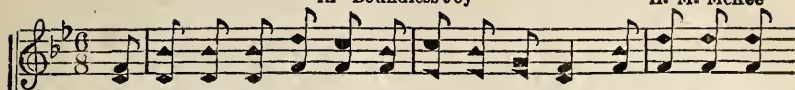
No. 5

Look For Me at the Gate

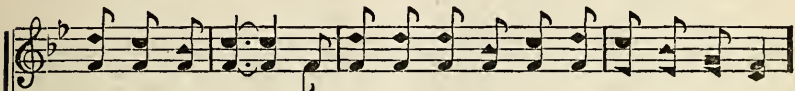
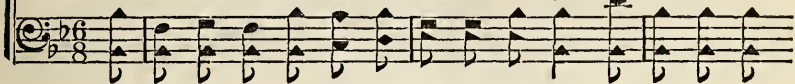
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in "Boundless Joy"

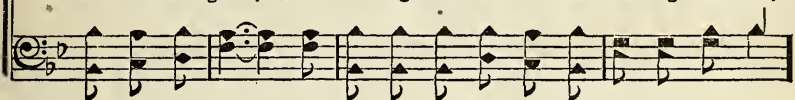
H. M. McCreave



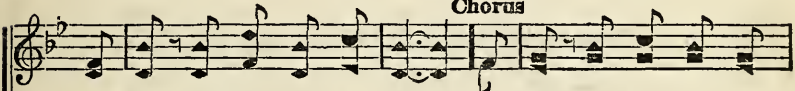
1. If you should reach heaven be - fore I ar - rive, And en - ter that
 2. I've loved ones and friends who are hap - py up there, And they for my
 3. Such won - der - ful sing - ing up there you will hear; And meet our dear



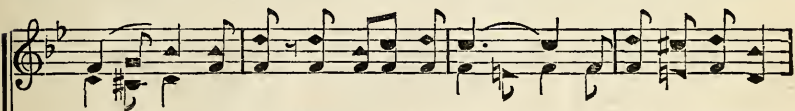
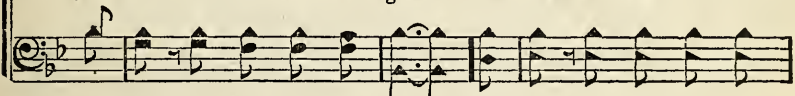
bless - ed es - tate, Re - mem - ber to meet you I'll ear - nest - ly strive,
 com - ing a - wait; To join them and you I mean here to pre - pare,
 Sav - ior so great; Be watch - ing for me as the cross - ing is near,



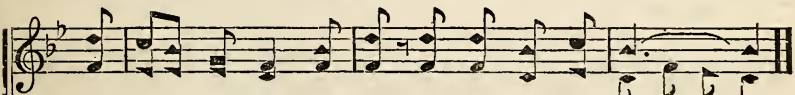
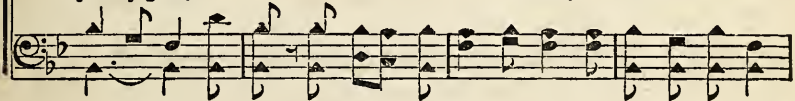
Chorus



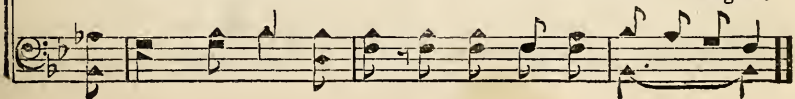
Just look for me at the gate. Just look for me at the



gate,.... You'll not have long to wait;.... I'll sure - ly pre - pare
 pearl - y gate, to wait;



to meet you there, Just look for me at the gate.....
 beau - ti - ful gate.



No. 6

Love Lifted Me

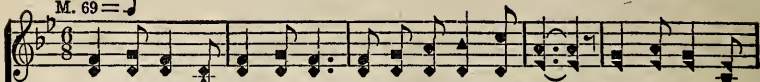
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James Rowe

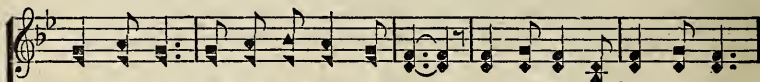
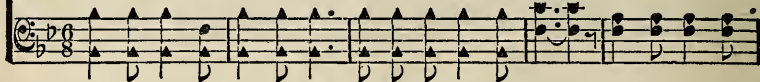
Used by per.

Howard E. Smith

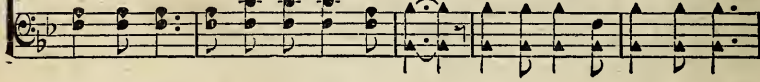
M. 69 = ♩



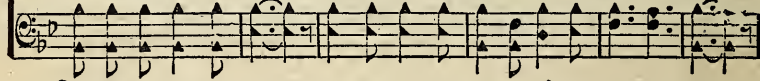
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you



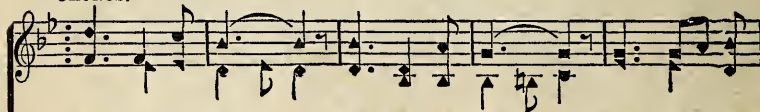
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



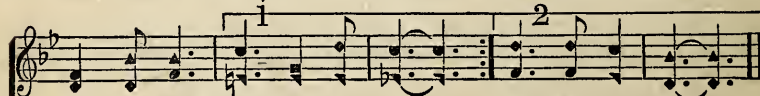
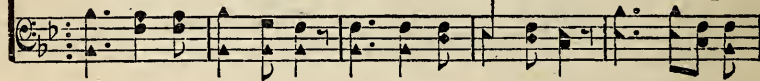
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.



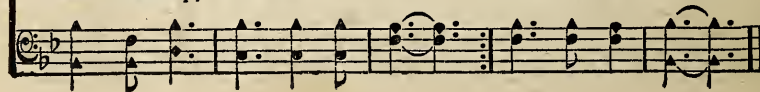
CHORUS.



Love lift - ed mel..... Love lift - ed mel..... When noth - ing
 e - ven mel e - ven mel



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.



No. 7

You Never Mentioned Him to Me

This arrangement copyrighted, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

in Favorite Songs and Hymns

J. W. Gaines

Arr. H. F. M.

James Rowe

Slow

1. When in the bet-ter land be - fore the bar we stand, How
 2. O let us spread the word wher - e'er it may be heard, Help
 3. A few sweet words may guide a lost one to His side, Or

deep - ly grieved our souls may be; If an - y lost one there should
 grop - ing souls the light to see, That yon - der none may say, "you
 turn sad eyes on Cal - va - ry; So work as days go by, that

Refrain

cry in deep de-spair, "You nev - er mentioned Him to me."
 showed me not the way, "You nev - er mentioned Him to me." "You never
 yon-der none may cry, "You nev - er mentioned Him to me."

mentioned Him to me, You helped me not the light to see; You met me

day by day and knew I was astray, Yet never mentioned Him to me."

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875

W. H. Doane

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

love to me, But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed
 And my will be lost in Thine.
 I commune as friend with friend -
 Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died, Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side.

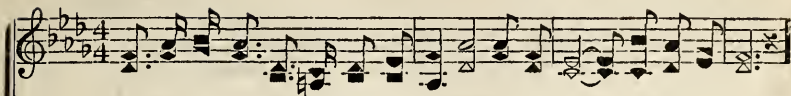
No. 9

God's Tomorrow

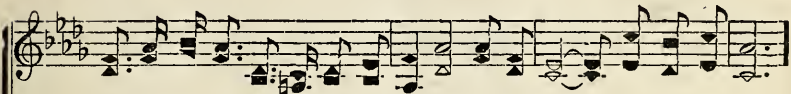
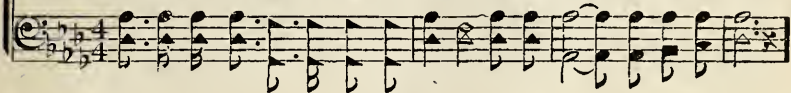
Copyright, 1928, by Homer A. Rodeheaver
International copyright secured

A. H. A.

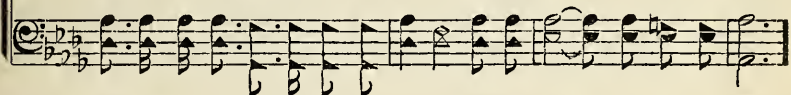
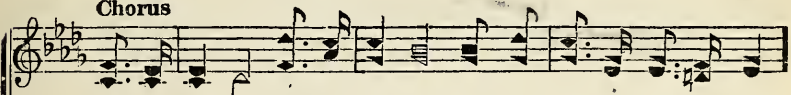
A. H. Ackley

Andante

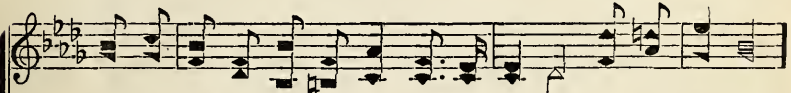
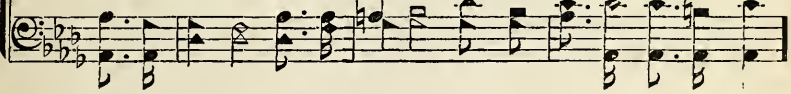
1. God's tomorrow is a day of gladness, And its joys shall nev-er fade;
2. God's tomorrow is a day of greeting; We shall see the Sav-ior's face;
3. God's tomorrow is a day of glo-ry; We shall wear the crown of life;



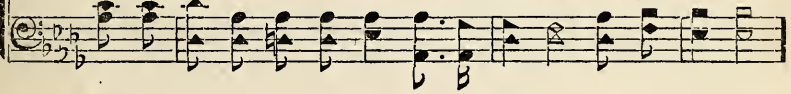
No more weeping, no more sense of sadness, No more foes to make a - fraid.
And our long-ing hearts a-wait the meeting In that ho - ly, hap - py place.
Sing thru countless years love's old, old story, Free for-ev - er from all strife.

**Chorus**

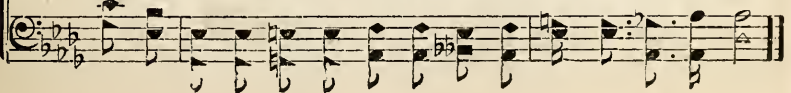
God's to - mor-row, God's to-mor-row, Ev - 'ry cloud will pass a - way



At the dawn-ing of that day; God's to-mor-row, No more sor-row,



For I know that God's to-mor-row Will be bright-er than to-day!



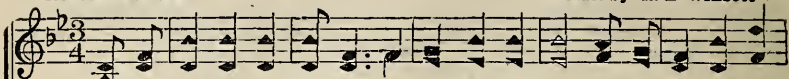
When I Make My Last Move

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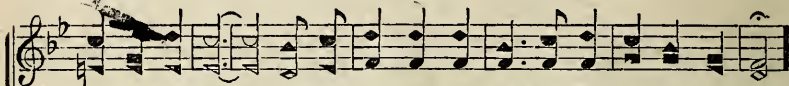
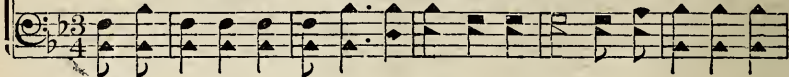
Owned and controlled by R. E. Winsett, Dayton, Tenn.

Words and Mel. by Copyright, 1926, by Mrs. John A. Anderson
Herbert Buffum

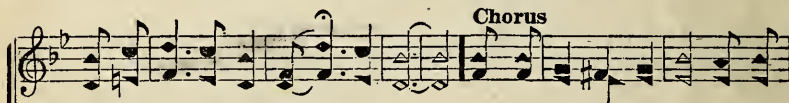
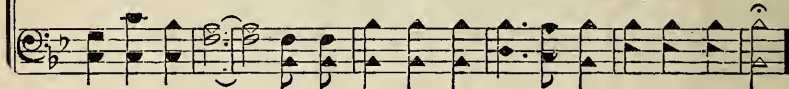
Har. by R. E. Winsett



1. I've been trav'ling for Je - sus so much of my life, I've been trav'ling on
2. I've seen won - der - ful sights as I've trav - 'led a - far, But how lit - tle, how
3. There'll be prophets of yore, whom I'll meet o ver there, And whose teachings have
4. Here I'm bothered with packing each time that I move, And I car - ry a



land and on sea; But I'm count-ing on tak-ing a trip to the sky,
emp - ty 'twill seem; When I make my last move to that ci - ty of gold
guid - ed me right; I shall meet the a - pos - tles and Je - sus my Lord,
load in each hand; But I'll not need one thing I have used in this world

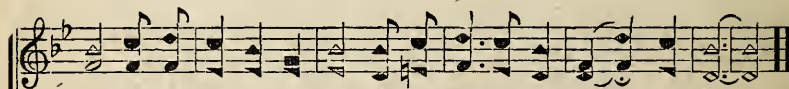
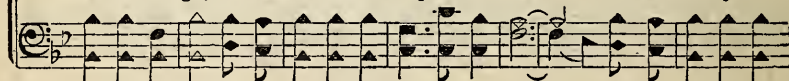


Chorus

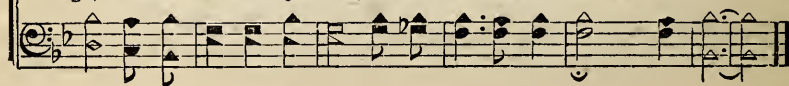
That will be the last move for me.
And be-hold what no vision could dream. When I move to the sky, up to
I be-lieve I shall know them at sight.
When I move to that heav-en-ly land.



heav-en on high, What a won-der-ful trip that will be! I'm all read-y to



go, washed in Cal - va - ry's flow; That will be the last move for me.



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Rev. W. B. Waldrop, Sr.

in "Gospel Tide" W. B. W., Arr. Mrs. E. H. Robinson

1. On a hill-side so lone-ly, Knelt Je-sus one day, Soul wound-ed and
 2. On the hill-side and gar-den Such suff'ring I see, In hum-ble sub-
 3. O the shad-ows are creep-ing, The Sav-ior in pain, The dark skies are
 4. But a new day is break-ing, The vic-t'ry is won, The fl-w-ers re-

wea-ry, He went there to pray; By friends there for-sak-en, So lone-ly He
 mis-sion, He's mak-ing His plea; His blood-streams are bursting, Come sinner, be
 weep-ing, With dewdrops as rain; The an-gels bear wit-ness To Je-sus di-
 joic-ing, A new day is born; The an-gels ex-claim-ing, Sweet mu-sic they

:8:

Fine Chorus

feels, To heav-en He's cry-ing In help-less ap-peals.
 true, His cheeks are stained crimson For me and for you. But a gold-en day has
 vine, Sur-ren-dered com-plete-ly, O Sav-ior of mine.
 chime, For crown-ing of Je-sus, Your Sav-ior and mine.

D.S.—With a ha-lo we're trav'ling The path-way to God.

brok-en In old Geth-sem-a-ne, The morn-ings all come sing-ing The

D.S.

songs of vic-to-ry; There's a new highway to glo-ry, The road that Je-sus trod,

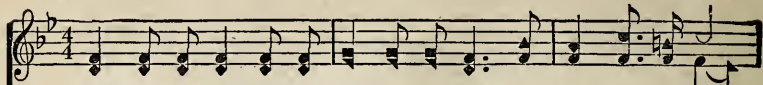
No. 14

There is Power in the Blood

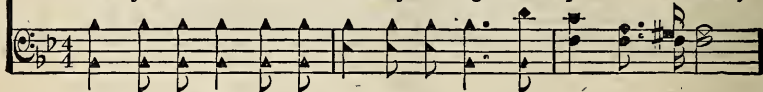
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L. E. J.

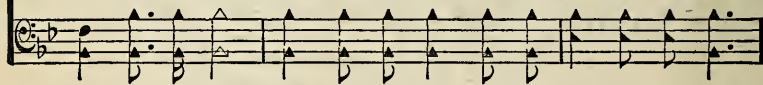
L. E. Jones



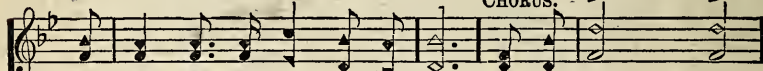
1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



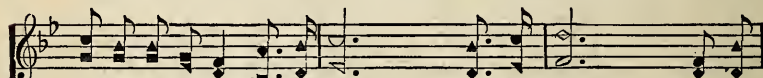
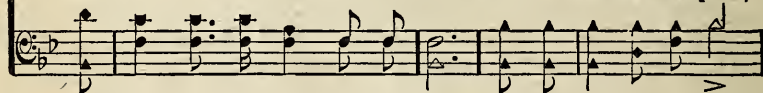
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?



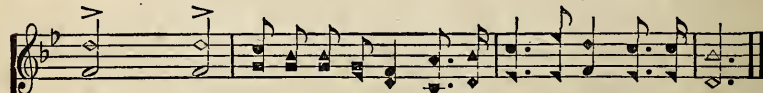
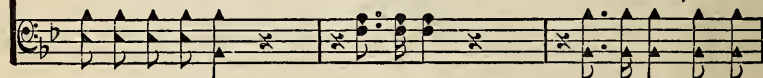
CHORUS.



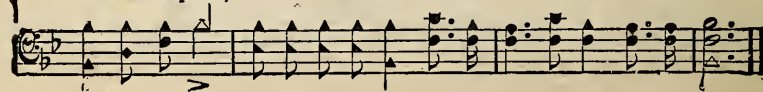
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,



No. 15

I'll Live On

T. J. L.

Used by permission

Tnos. J. Laney

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on,
 2. When my bod-y's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
 3. When the world's on fire and dark-ness veils the sun,
 4. In the glo - ry - land, with Je - sus on the throne, I'll live on,

yes, I'll live on; Je - sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free,
 yes, I'll live on; There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg - ment day,
 yes, I'll live on; Men will cry and to the rocks and moun - tains run,
 yes, I'll live on; Thru e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing, home, sweet home,

Chorus

I'll live on, yes, I'll live on. I'll live on, and on, yes, I'll live
 I'll live on, and on,

on, and on, Thru e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on, I'll live on,
 and on, and on, and on,

yes, I'll live on, Thru e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on.
 and on, yes, I'll live on.

1. I am so glad sal - va - tion's free to all who will re - ceive it,
Praise His dear name, I can pro - claim that tru - ly I be - lieve it,
2. I am so glad that I can tell to way - ward souls the sto - ry,
Find - ing de - light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,
3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,
I will be true un - til with all the hap - py throng in heav - en,

Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;
For I am now His child, (Omit.....)
Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;
Glo - ry for Him who gave (Omit.....)
Glad that at ev - en - tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;
Sweet - er and no - bler praise (Omit.....)

D.S.—He has re-deemed this soul (Omit.....)

2 FINE. REFRAIN.

I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry, hon - or, be to His
His life to res - cue me. Glo - ry to Je - sus, glo - ry and hon - or,
I give to Christ, my King. Love Him, Praise Him, Je - sus, the
Love Him and serve Him, Love Him and praise Him,

of mine, and I'm so glad.

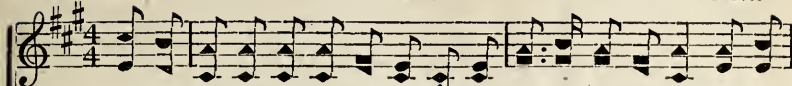
same for - ev - er, Nev - er a great - er Friend the sin - ful race has had...
matchless Saviour, (D. S.)

No. 17 In the Great Triumphant Morning

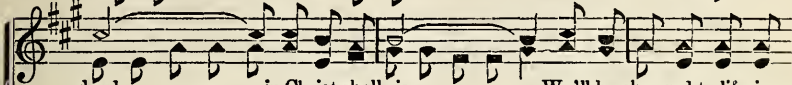
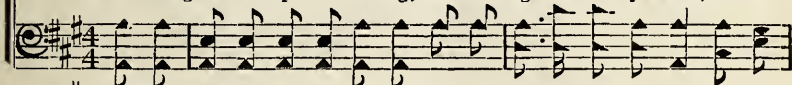
R. E. W.

R. E. Winsett, owner

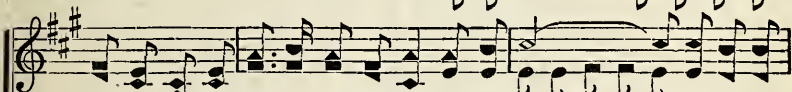
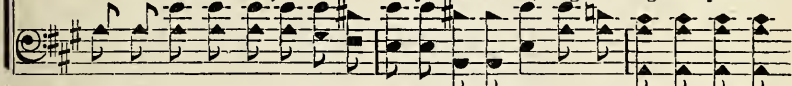
R. E. Winsett



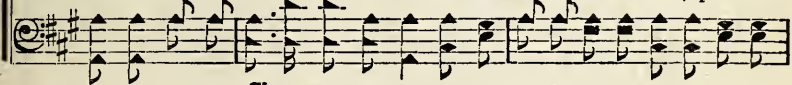
1. In the great triumphant morning, when we hear the Bridegroom cry, And the
2. In the great triumphant morning, what a hap - py time'twill be, When the
3. In the great triumphant morning, when the har-vest is com-plete, And the
4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll pos-sess, Then the



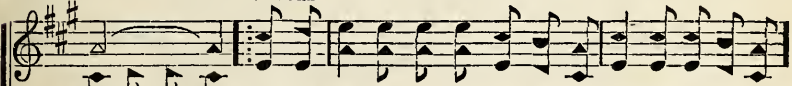
dead in Christ shall rise, We'll be changed to life im-
When the Lord descends in
We'll be crowned with life im-
the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests e-



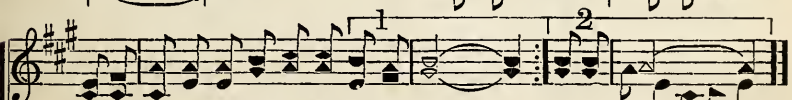
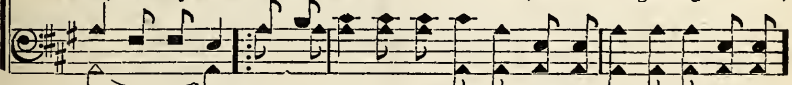
mor-tal, in the twinkling of an eye, And meet Je - - - - - sus in the
glo - ry, sets His waiting children free, And we meet Him in the
mor-tal, Christ and all the loved ones meet, In the rap - - - - - ture in the
ter - nal, un - der Christ for-ev - er blest, Af-ter meet - - - - - ing in the
And meet Je-sus in the skies, up



Chorus



skies, heav'nly skies. We shall all rise to meet Him, we shall all go to greet Him,



In the morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And shall have the marriage supper (Omit) in the skies, up in the skies.

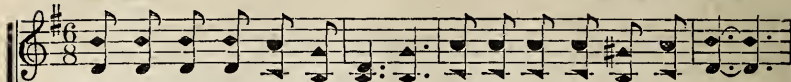


dead shall rise,

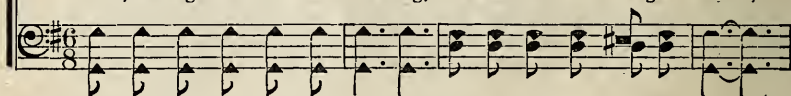
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James Rowe

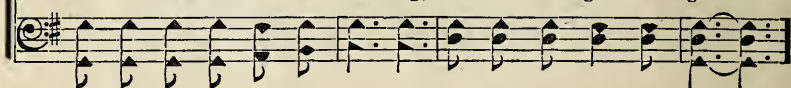
Samuel W. Beazley



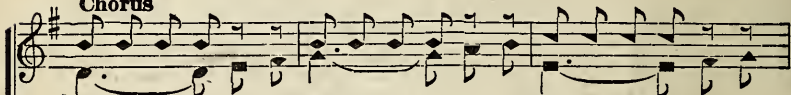
1. If for the prize we have striv-en, Af-ter our la-bors are o'er,
 2. Yes, a sweet rest is re-main-ing For the true chil-dren of God,
 3. Soon, the bright homeland a - dorn-ing, We shall be - hold the glad dawn;



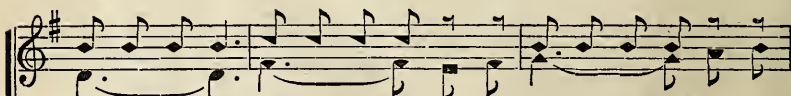
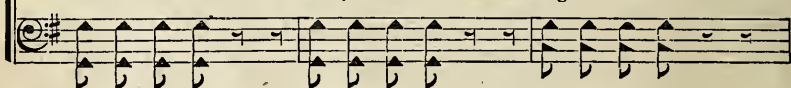
Rest to our souls will be giv - en, On the e - ter - nal shore.
 Where there will be no com - plain - ing, Nev - er a chast - 'ning rod.
 Lean on the Lord till the morn - ing, Trust till the night is gone.



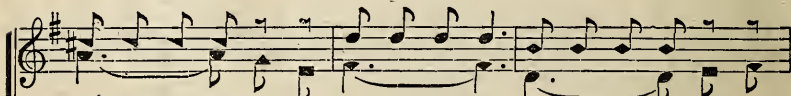
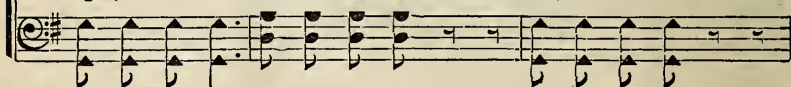
Chorus



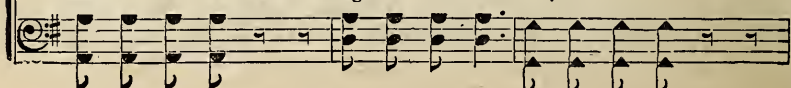
Home of the soul, beau - ti - ful home, there we shall rest,
 Home..... of the soul,..... bless - ed king - - - dom of



nev - er to roam; Free from all care, hap - py and bright,
 light,.... Free from all care, and where



Je - sus is there, He is the light! Off, in the storm,
 fall - - - eth no night! Off, in the



Where We'll Never Grow Old

(To my father and mother.—J. C. M.)

J. C. M.

Copyright, 1930, by Jas. C. Moore

JAS. C. MOORE

1. I have heard of a land on the far a-way strand, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful
 2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev-er-more roam, We shall be in that
 3. When our work here is done and our life-crown is won, And our troubles and

home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we nev - er shall die,
 sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thru e - ter - ni - ty sing,
 tri - als are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our voic - es will blend,

Refrain

'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old. Nev - er grow old,
 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.
 With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, where we'll

nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old; Nev - er grow

old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.
 where we'll

1. Cen-tral's nev-er "bus-y," Al-ways on the line; You may hear from
 2. There will be no charg-es, Tel-e-phone is free; It was built for
 3. Fail to get your ans-wer? Sa-tan's crossed your wire By some strong de-
 4. If your line is "ground-ed," And con-nec-tion true Has been lost with
 5. Car-nal com-bi-na-tions Can-not get con-trol Of this line to

heav-en Al-most an-y time; 'Tis a roy-al serv-ice, Free for
 serv-ice, Just for you and me; There will be no wait-ing On this
 lu-sion Or some base de-sire; Take a-way ob-struc-tions—God is
 Je-sus, Tell you what to do; Pray'r and faith and prom-ise Mend the
 glo-ry, An-chored in the son; Storm and tri-al can-not Dis-con-

Fine

one and all—When you get in trou-ble, Give this roy-al line a call.
 roy-al line—Tel-e-phone to glo-ry, Al-ways answers just in time.
 on the throne—And you'll get the answer Thru the roy-al tel-e-phone.
 brok-en wire, Till your soul is burn-ing, With the Pen-te-cos-tal fire.
 nect the line, Held in constant keeping By the Father's hand di-vine.

D.S.—We may talk to Je-sus Thru this roy-al tel-e-phone.

Chorus

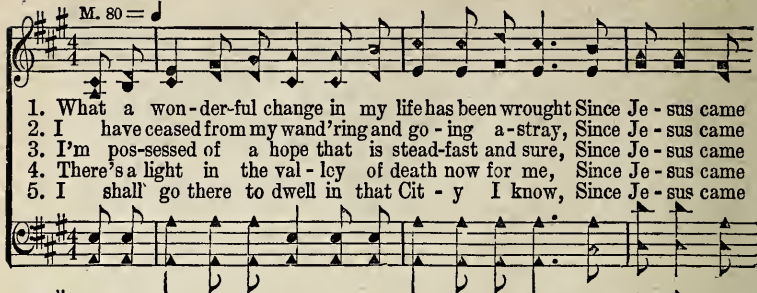
Tel-e-phone to glo-ry, O what joy di-vine! I can feel the cur-rent

D.S.

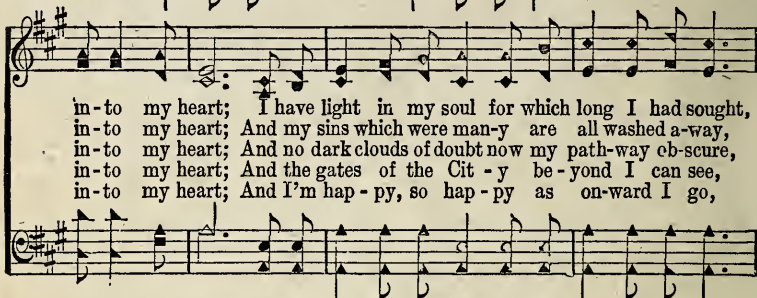
mov-ing on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For His loved and own,

R. H. McDaniel

Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 80 = 


1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know, Since Je - sus came



in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
 in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
 in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
 in-to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on-ward I go,

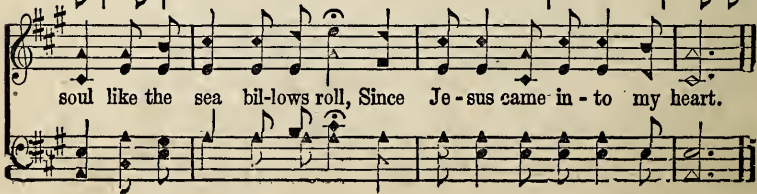


CHORUS.

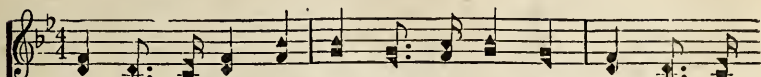
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came



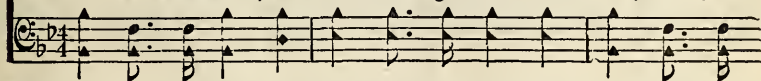
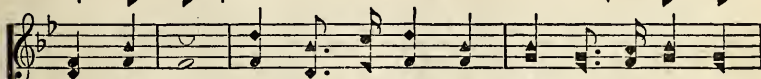
heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;



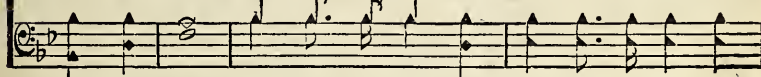
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



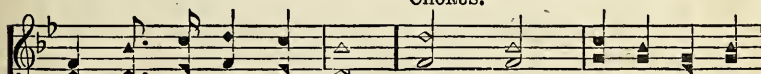
1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

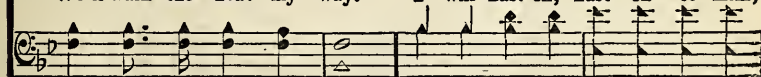
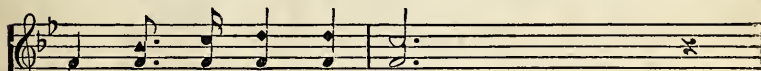
world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,



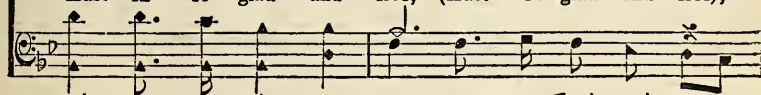
CHORUS.



These have 'al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav-'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),




Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,



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Laurene Highfield

Samuel W. Beazley

1. Je - sus be - lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him? Will you
 2. Je - sus be - lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him? Will you
 3. Je - sus be - lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him? Are you

do your ver - y best As He ex - pects you to? Je - sus knows your
 jus - ti - fy His faith, Say, will you then prove true? Trust - ing in His
 shed - ding forth the light As He bids you to do? Win - ning men to

ef - forts, But He knows your strength as well,
 wis - dom, Will you help where there's a place? Do you be - lieve in Je - sus,
 praise Him, As your righteousness they see!

Chorus

As He be - lieves in you? Je - sus be - lieves in you, Je - sus be - lieves

in you, Je - sus be - lieves in you, Do you be - lieve in Him?

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in "Harbor Bells No. 6"

Arr. by V. O. Stamps

1. When the Sav-ior calls I will an - swer, When He calls for me I will
 2. If my heart is right when He calls me, If my heart is right I will
 3. If my robe is white when He calls - me, If my robe is white I will

hear; When the Sav - ior calls I will an - swer, I'll be some-where
 hear; If my heart is right when He calls me, I'll be some-where
 hear; If my robe is white when He calls me, I'll be some-where

Chorus

list'ning for my name. I'll be somewhere *I'll be* list'ning, I'll be somewhere *I'll be* list'ning,

I'll be somewhere list'ning for my name; I'll be somewhere
 yes, for my name;

I'll be list'ning, I'll be somewhere *I'll be* list'ning, I'll be somewhere list'ning for my name.

J. S. T.

J. S. Torbett, owner

J. S. Torbett

1. I'm in the way, the bright and shin-ing way, I'm in the glo-ry-land
 2. List to the call, the gos-pel call to-day, Get in the glo-ry-land
 3. On-ward I go, re-joic-ing in His love, I'm in the glo-ry-land

way;
 glo-ry-land way;
 Tell-ing the world that Je-sus saves to-day, Yes,
 Wan-d'rers, come home, O hast-en to o-bey, For
 Soon I shall see Him in that home a-bove, O

Chorus

I'm in the glo-ry-land way. I'm in the glo-ry-land
 glo-ry-land way.

way, I'm in the glo-ry-land way; Heav-en is
 glo-ry-land way, glo-ry-land way;

near-er and the way groweth clearer, For I'm in the glo-ry-land way.
 glo-ry-land way.

No. 27

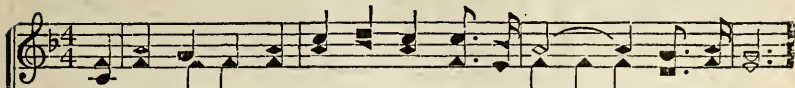
Where the Soul Never Dies

Copyright, 1914, by Wm. M. Golden

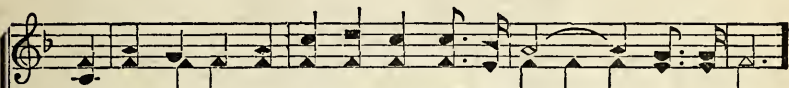
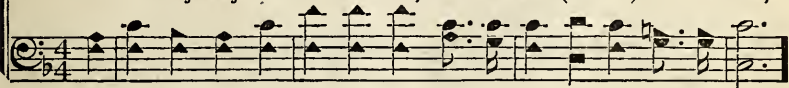
W. M. G.

R. E. Winsett, owner

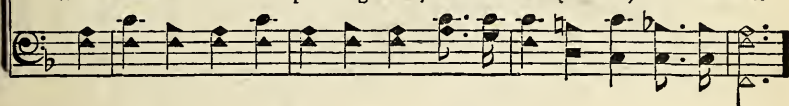
Wm. M. Golden



1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
2. A rose is bloom-ing there for me, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies,
3. A love-light beams a-cross the foam, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies,
4. My life will end in deathless sleep, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;
5. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies;



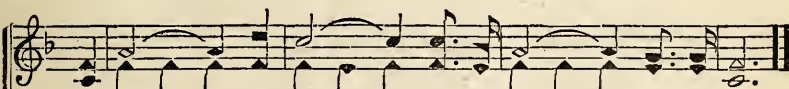
My dark - est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
 And I will spend e - ter - ni - ty, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
 It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
 And ev - er - last - ing joys I'll reap, Where the soul (of man) nev - er dies.
 Where there will be no part-ing hand, And the soul (of man) nev - er dies.



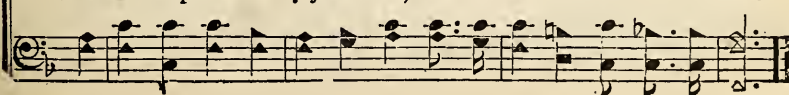
Chorus



No sad fare-wells, No tear - - dimmed eyes,
 Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare-wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes,



Where all is love, And the soul nev - er dies.
 Where all is peace and joy and love, And the soul of man nev - er dies.

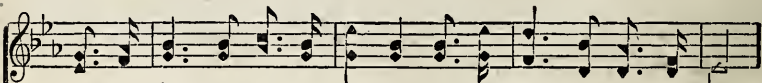
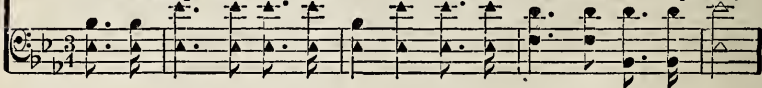


H. Rawley

Peter Bilhorn



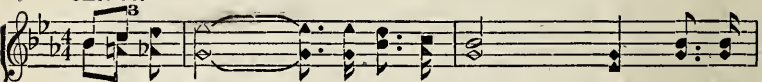
1. I will sing the won-drous sto-ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
 2. I was lost, but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that was a-stray;
 3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
 4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft-en tread,
 5. He will keep me till the riv-er Rolls its wa-ters at my feet;



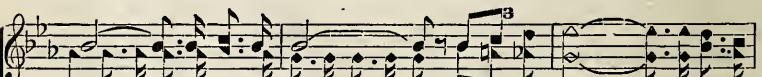
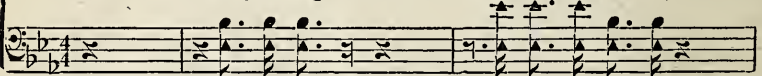
How He left His home in glo-ry, For the cross on Cal-va-ry.
 Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in-to His way.
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav-ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe-ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe-ly o-ver Where the loved ones I shall meet;



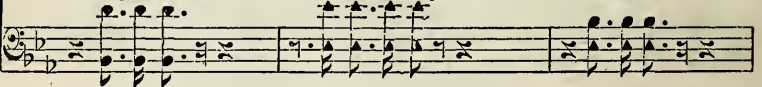
CHORUS.



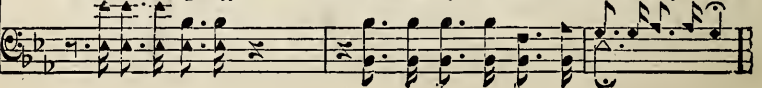
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto-ry



Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
 the saints in glo-ry, Gathered by the crystal sea.



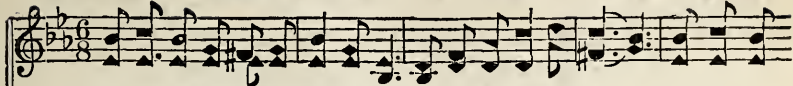
I Choose Jesus

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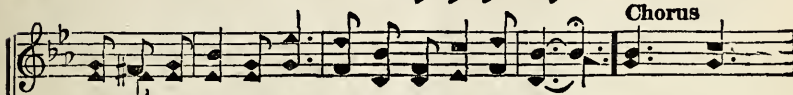
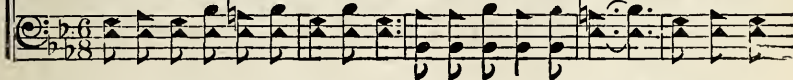
James Rowe

Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

Samuel W. Beazley

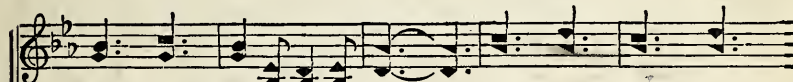
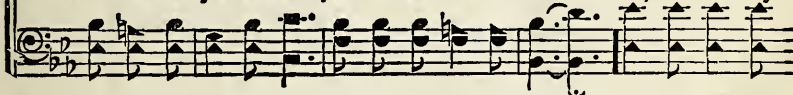


1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be, Je-sus I
2. When I need someone to guide my soul, O-ver the stormy sea, Al-ways to
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Someone my shield to be, Al-ways to
4. When all my tri-als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see, Je-sus shall

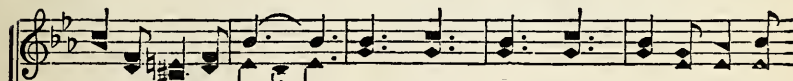
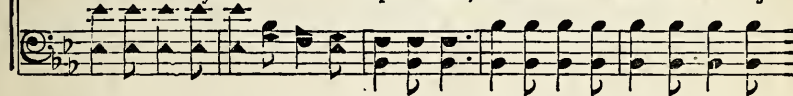


Chorus

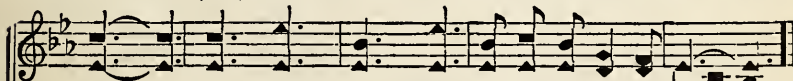
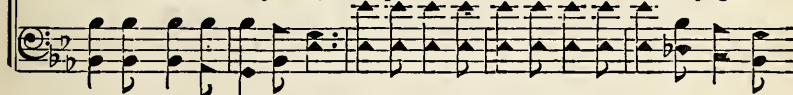
choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me. I choose
 Je - sus I give control, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me. Yes, I choose my



Je - sus When I need a friend, What I need I
 Sav-ior al-ways helpful friend, What I need I know that sure - ly



Know that He will send; I have proved Him, Good and true is
 He to me will freely send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, And always good and



He; I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me.
 true is He; Yes, I choose my Sav-ior dear, of all for me.



B. E. W.

Copyright owned by R. E. Winsett

B. E. Warren

Lively

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need;
 2. I have found the pleas - ure I once craved, It is joy and peace with - in;
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace;
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves o' glo - ry roll!

While I sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed....
 What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw - ful gulf of sin....
 Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see His smil - ing face....
 It is like a great o'er - flowing well, Springing up with - in my soul....

CHORUS

It is joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of

glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un - speak - a - ble and

full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

No. 31

Won't It Be Wonderful There?

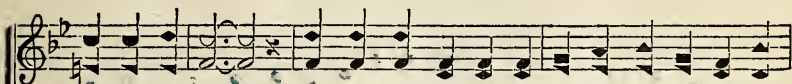
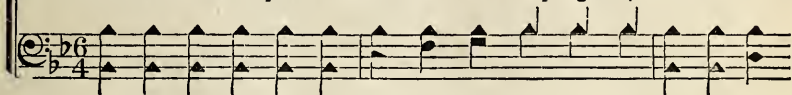
James Rowe

Copyright, 1930, by Homer F. Morris

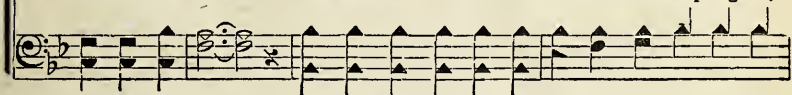
Homer F. Morris



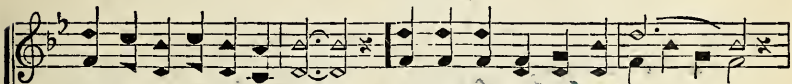
1. When with the Sav - ior we en - ter the glo - ry - land, Won't it be
 2. Walk - ing and talk - ing with Christ, the su - per - nal One, Won't it be
 3. There where the tem - pest will nev - er be sweep - ing us, Won't it be



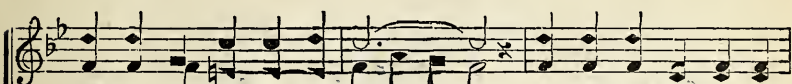
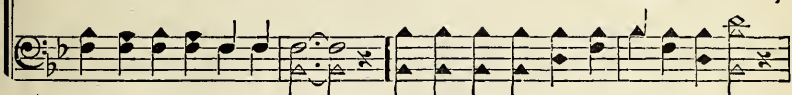
won - der - ful there? End - ed the trou - bles and cares of the sto - ry - land,
 won - der - ful there? Prais - ing, a - dor - ing the matchless e - ter - nal One,
 won - der - ful there? Sure that for - ev - er the Lord will be keep - ing us,



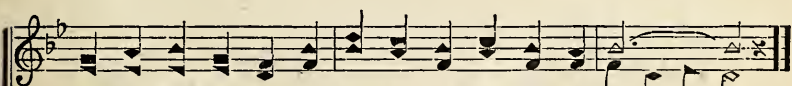
Refrain



Won't it be won - der - ful there? Won't it be won - der - ful there,
 won - der - ful there,



Hav - ing no bur - dens to bear?..... Joy - ous - ly sing - ing with
 o - ver there?



heart - bells all ring - ing, O won't it be won - der - ful there?
 won - der - ful there?



No. 32

In The Shadow of the Cross

Copyright, 1938, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

Bernice M. Brostrom

in "Guiding Star"

W. H. Daniel

1. As we jour-ney on t'ward heaven's shin-ing goal, We may suf-fer
 2. On that tree of sor-row Je-sus died for all, Took up-on Him-
 3. There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, On the sea of

pain and loss; Bur-dens on-ly bring us blessings if we live
 self our dross; As I see Him there I long to ev-er live
 life they toss; May we be a light and teach them how to live

Chorus

In the shad-ow of the cross. Are you liv-ing in the shad-ow

of the cross, Where the Sav-ior took your place?

By the cross He'll lead us to that home above, There we'll see Him face to face.

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Mrs. J. B. Karnes

in "Joyful Songs"

C. A. Luttrell

1. Here I la - bor and toil as I look for a home, Just an hum - ble a -
 2. Ev - er thank - ful am I that my Sav - ior and Lord Prom - ised un - to the
 3. When my la - bor and toil - ing have end - ed be - low And my hands shall lie

bode a - mong men, While in heav - en a man - sion is wait - ing for me
 wea - ry sweet rest; Noth - ing more could I ask than a man - sion a - bove,
 fold - ed in rest, I'll ex - change this old home for a man - sion up there

Chorus

And a gen - tle voice pleading "come in."
 There to live with the saved and the blest. There's a man - sion now emp - ty, just
 And in - vite the arch an - gel as guest.

wait - ing for me At the end of life's trou - ble - some way, Man - y friends and dear

loved ones will welcome me there Near the door of that man - sion some day.

No. 34 I'm So Tired I Want to Get Home

E. M. B.

Copyright, 1922, by E. M. Bartlett
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M. Bartlett

1. I am on my way to the land of day, I am go-ing there I know,
2. Long has been my stay and my work for God, He has blest me in the way,
3. I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith, And my course is fin-ished now.

I have jour-neyed long in this pil-grim way, I have suf-fered here be-low;
He has kept me straight in the nar-row road, Has been with me ev-'ry day;
This tired soul of mine longs for rest, sweet rest, To His will I can but bow;

D.S.- Where I'll live with loved ones for - ev-er-more, 'Mid the joys that nev-er cease;

Now my time has come to en-ter in, Soon on earth no more I'll roam,
Now His voice to me is sweet in-deed As He calls for me to come,
Je-sus calls for me and I must go, Soon I'll land in heav-en's dome,

I have come so far on this gos-pel road That I long for heav-en's dome,
Fine

I have come so far on this gos-pel road, I'm so tired, I want to get home.
I am read-y, wait-ing to leave this world, I'm so tired, I want to get home.
These tired feet of mine will find sweet re-lief, I'm so tired, I want to get home.

I have born these years, such a heav-y load, I'm so tired, I want to get home.

Chorus

D.S.

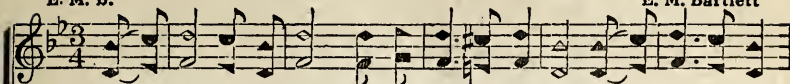
I'm so tired, I want to get home To that land of rest and peace,

If Men Go to Hell, who Cares?

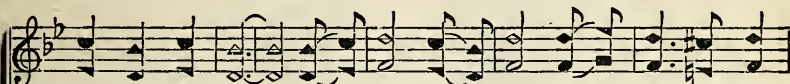
From a sermon by Rev. O. M. Stallings
This arr. Copyrighted 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

E. M. B.

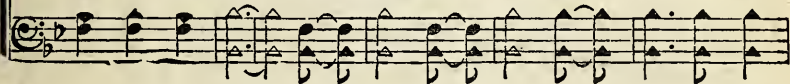
E. M. Bartlett



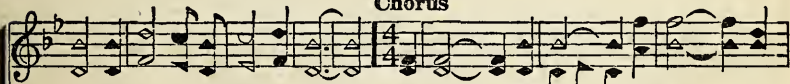
1. While the world rushes on in its fol - ly and sin And mil-lions go
2. While the peo - ple of earth are for-get-ting the Lord And church pews are
3. Yes, the Fa-ther who sent His dear Son to this earth, All our sins and our
4. And the Son who was will - ing to die on the cross, The bur-dens of
5. The Spir - it, the Bride, and true Christians say come, For all who are



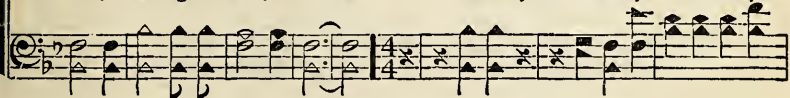
down in de - spair To reign where de - mons are shriek-ing with-
emp - ty and bare; There comes to my heart these pit - i - ful
bur - dens to bear; He has count - ed the cost and He knows what they're
lost men to bear; The One who has suf - fered for all who are
lost is their pray'r; The de - mons in hell send a warn - ing back



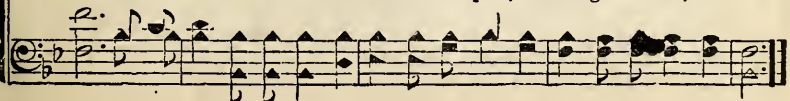
Chorus



in, If men go to hell, who cares? Who cares, who cares, O Lord, who
words, If men go to hell, who cares?
worth, If men go to hell, who cares?
lost, If men go to hell, who cares?
home, If men go to hell, who cares? Who cares, who cares, O Lord,



cares? While the world rushes on in sin to de-spair; If men go to hell, who cares?



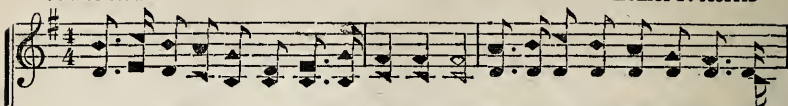
No. 36

You Can Shine Where You Are

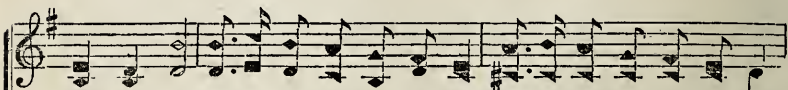
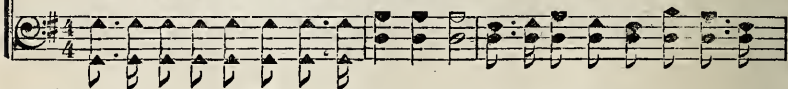
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James Rowe

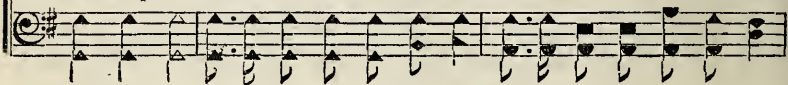
Homer F. Morris



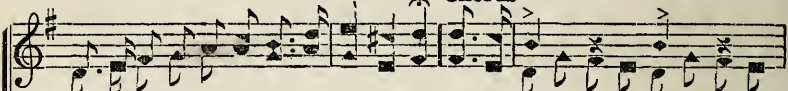
1. Not up-on some hill-top do you have to live, That your light may send its golden
2. In the val-ley you may spend your earthly days, On your life may sorrow leave its
3. There are many groping in the darkness still, Man-y who from you are nev-er



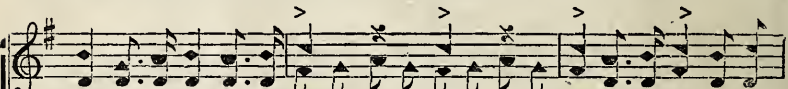
beams a - far, If you burn it stead - i - ly, Oth - er lives your light will see,
 deep - est scar, Yet if you but burn your light, God will guide its rays a - right,
 ver - y far, So crave not a high - er place, Giv - ing out the light of day,



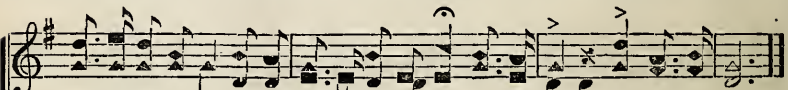
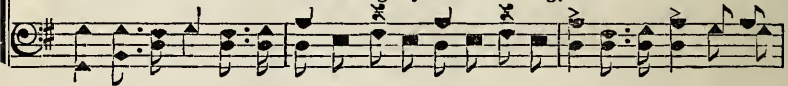
Chorus



You can brightly shine for Jesus where you are. You can shine, shine,
 Shine for Jesus your Redeemer,

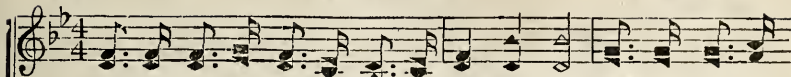


shine where you are, You can shine, shine, shine like a star; O you
 Shine as brightly as the morning,

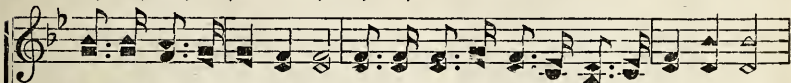
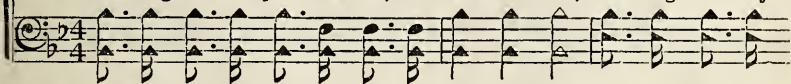


do not have to be, In some land beyond the sea, You can shine, shine where you are,
 brightly,

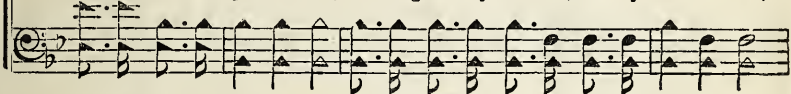




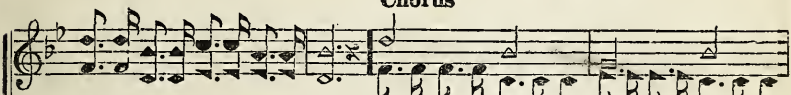
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thru e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see, Per-fect, pres-ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, I can-not fail, List'ning ev-'ry



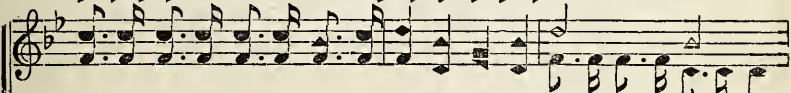
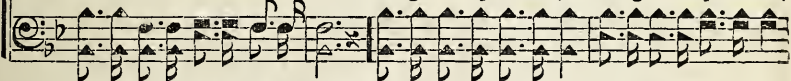
a-ges let His prais-es ring, Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 cleans-ing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spirit's sword,
 mo-ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



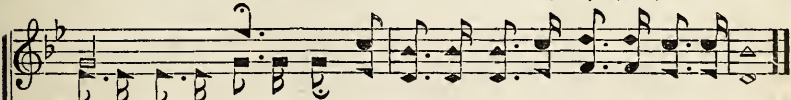
Chorus



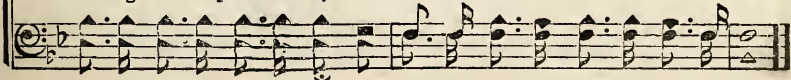
Stand-ing on the prom-ises of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-ises, stand-ing on the prom-ises,



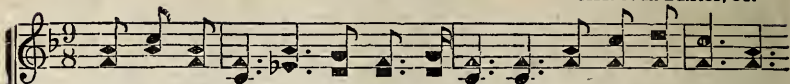
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, my Sav-ior, Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



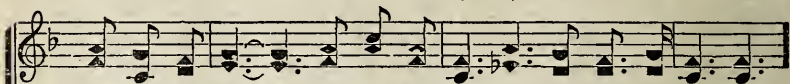
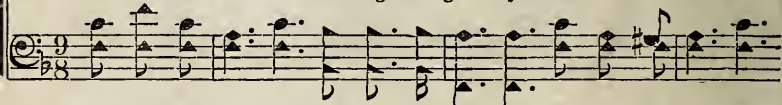
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



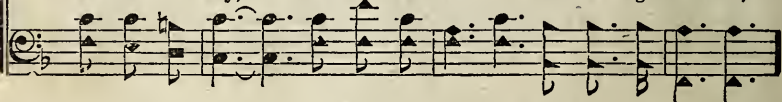
W. B. S.

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,
in "Starlit Crown"Rev. W. B. Stevens
Arr. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

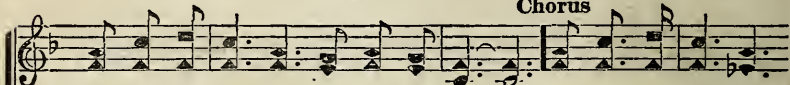
1. Tempt-ed and tried we're oft made to won-der Why it should be thus
2. When death has come and tak-en our loved ones, It leaves our home so
3. Faith-ful till death said our lov-ing Mas-ter, A few more days to
4. When we see Je-sus com-ing in glo-ry, When He comes from His



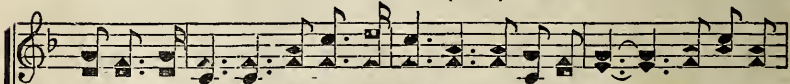
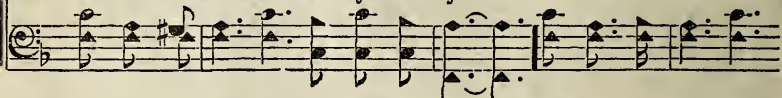
all the day long, While there are oth-ers liv-ing a-bout us,
lone-ly and drear; Then do we won-der why oth-ers pros-per,
la-labor and wait; Toils of the road will then seem as noth-ing,
home in the sky; Then we shall meet Him in that bright mansion,



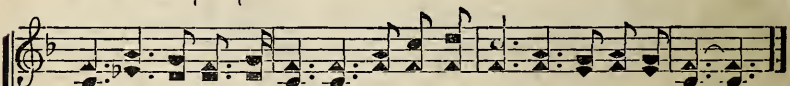
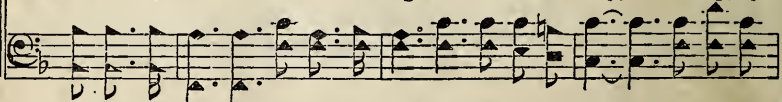
Chorus



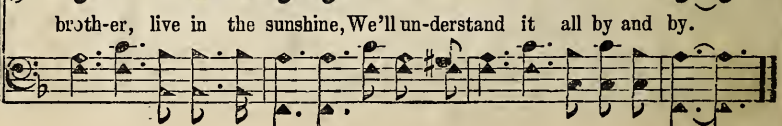
Ne-ver mo-lest-ed tho in the wrong. Far-ther a-long we'll
Liv-ing so wick-ed year af-ter year.
As we sweep thru the beau-ti-ful gate.
We'll un-der-stand it all by and by.

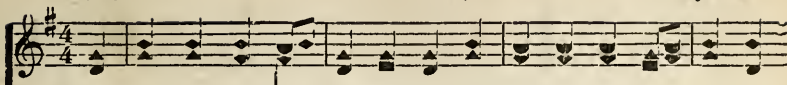


know all a-bout it, Farther a-long we'll un-derstand why; Cheer up, my

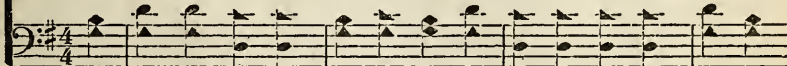



broth-er, live in the sunshine, We'll un-derstand it all by and by.

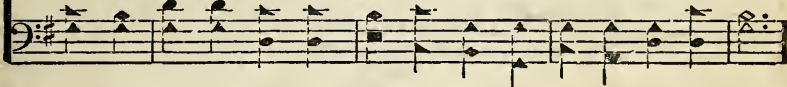




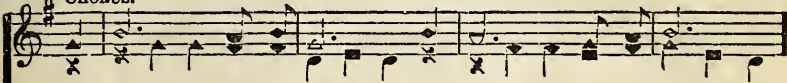
1. In sin I wan-der'd sore and sad With bleed-ing heart and ach-ing
 2. I gave my heart, my life, my all To Him who drank the cup of
 3. The wa-ter, Spir-it and the blood A-gree, if we but un-der-
 4. How won-der-ful God's might-y plan! How grace the aw-ful gulf did
 5. We can-not know, we may not tell How we are sav'd from death and



1. head, Till Je-sus came and sweet-ly said, "I'll take thy sins a-way."
 2. gall To raise the guilt-y from the fall And take their sins a-way.
 3. stood, In mak-ing sin-ners pure and good, And take their sins a-way.
 4. span When He took on the form of man To take our sins a-way.
 5. hail; Thru faith we know that all is well—He took our sins a-way.




CHORUS.



Thank God for the blood! Thank God for the blood!
 Thank God for the cleansing blood! Thank God for the crim-son flood!

Thank God for the blood That wash-es white as snow.
 Thank God for the Sav-ior's blood



No. 40 When They Ring the Golden Bells

Dion De Marbelle

M. 80 = ♩

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
 2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that hav-en of to-mor-row, When our
 3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
 barque shall sail beyond the sil-yer sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
 King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

SS FINE.

dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
 reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.S. - yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the

D. S.

glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

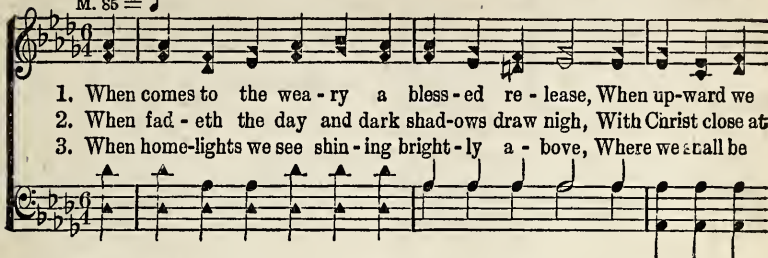
No. 41

Good Night and Good Morning

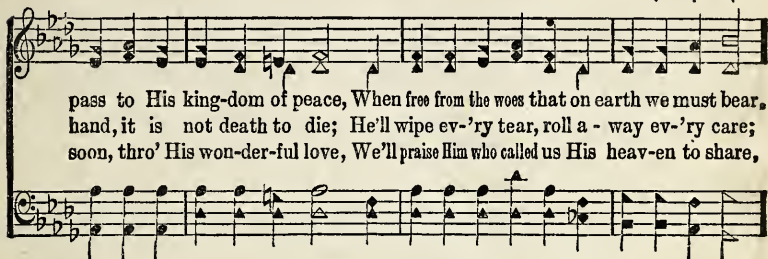
Copyright, 1922, by Homer A. Rodeheaver. International copyright secured

Lizzie DeArmond

Homer A. Rodeheaver

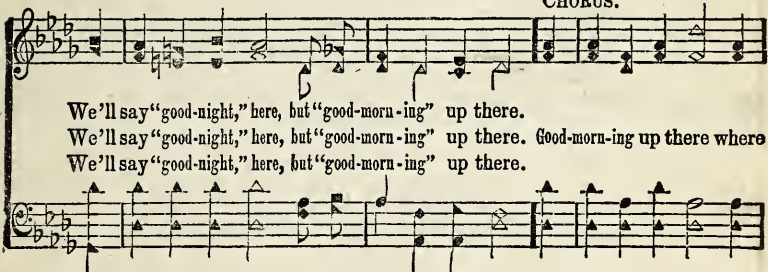
M. 85 = 


1. When comes to the wea - ry a bless - ed re - lease, When up - ward we
 2. When fad - eth the day and dark shad - ows draw night, With Christ close at
 3. When home - lights we see shin - ing bright - ly a - bove, Where we at all be

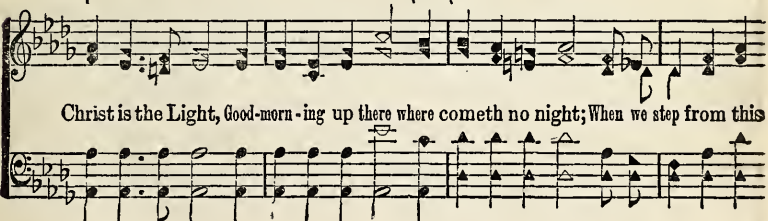


pass to His king - dom of peace, When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
 hand, it is not death to die; He'll wipe ev - 'ry tear, roll a - way ev - 'ry care;
 soon, thro' His won - der - ful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heav - en to share,

CHORUS.



We'll say "good - night," here, but "good - morn - ing" up there.
 We'll say "good - night," here, but "good - morn - ing" up there. Good - morn - ing up there where
 We'll say "good - night," here, but "good - morn - ing" up there.



Christ is the Light, Good - morn - ing up there where cometh no night; When we step from this



earth to God's heaven so fair, We'll say "good - night" here, but "good - morn - ing" up there.

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

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

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your good for - giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in.

No. 43

We're Marching to Zion

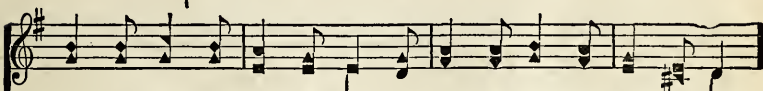
Isaac Watts

Robert Lowry

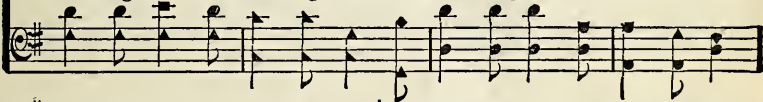
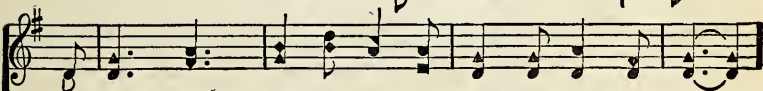
M 66 = ♩ .



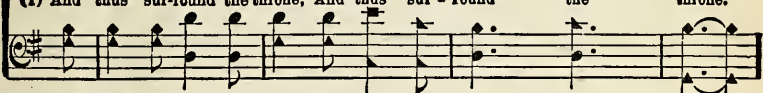
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

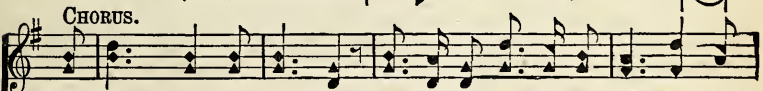
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 narching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground,

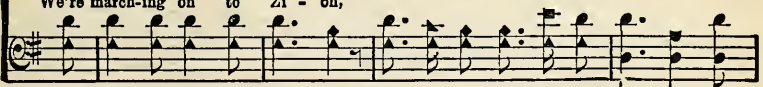
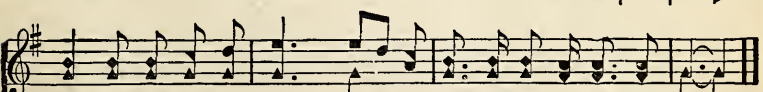
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur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



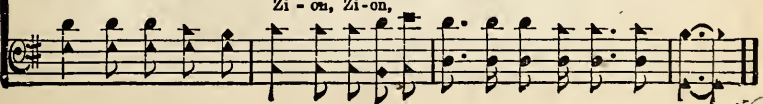
CHORUS.



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

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



No. 44 The Way of the Cross Leads Home

Copyright, 1934, Renewal. Rodeheaver Co., owner

Jessie Brown Pounds

Chas. H. Gabriel

M. C. 2 = ♩

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

way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss. The way of the cross leads
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;

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

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love, Tell it to me a - gain, Won-der-ful sto-ry of
 2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love, Tho' you are far a - way, Won-der-ful sto-ry of
 3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love, Je-sus provides a rest, Won-der-ful sto-ry of

love, Wake the im - mor-tal strain; An - gels with rap-ture announce it,
 love, Still He doth call to - day, Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain,
 love, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a - bove us

Shepherds with won-der re - ceive it; Sin - ner, O won't you be - lieve it?
 Down from the crys-tal bright foun-tain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,
 With those who've gone on be - fore us, Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus,

Chorus

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love. Won - der - ful, Won -
 Wonderful sto - ry of love, Won-der-ful

der - ful, Won - der - ful, Wonderful story of love.
 sto - ry of love, Wonderful sto - ry of love,

1. There's a bless - ed land of song and sto - ry, Far be - yond the
 2. O get read - y for that bright to - mor - row, Cease your wand' rings,
 3. Soon the eve - ning shad - ows will be fall - ing And our pil - grim -

dark and surg - ing foam; There is room e - nough for all in glo - ry,
 broth - er, do not roam; Come with me and leave your earth - ly sor - row,
 age will soon be done, Come, the har - vest Mas - ter now is call - ing.

Chorus

Come on, let's all go home. Come on, let's all go home,

Come on, let's go to see Je - sus, Come on, why lon - ger

roam? (O wand'ring sisters and brothers?) Come on, O haste a - way,

Come On, Let's All Go Home

Come on, the Mas-ter is call-ing, Come on let's all go home.

No. 47 Glory Will Be Mine

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Eugene Wright

Jake Rowland

1. There's a hap - py land where comes no sor - row O - ver on that
 2. I have loved ones there in ^{that} great sing - ing, All their cares and
 2. I am go - ing home some hap - py morn - ing, There to meet the

bright e - ter - nal shore, And when I get there some glad to - mor - row,
 tri - als now are o'er; When I hear the bells of wel - come ring - ing,
 One whom I a - dore, With a star - ry crown my brow a - dorn - ing,

Fine Chorus

Glo - ry will be mine for - ev - er - more. Glo - ry will be mine,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry will be And

D.S.—Glo-ry will be mine for-ev-er-more.

D.S.

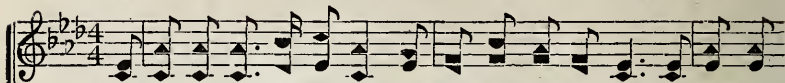
I'll have joy di - vine; When I reach that shore,
 I'll have perfect, perfect joy di - vine; When I reach that hap - py

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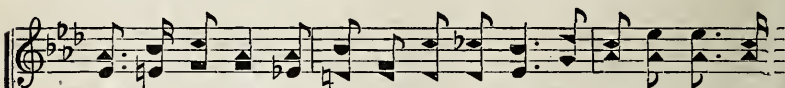
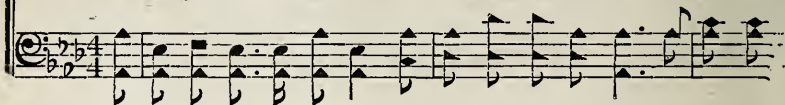
E. W. Sug., V. O. S.

in "Gospel Tide"

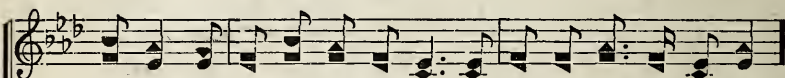
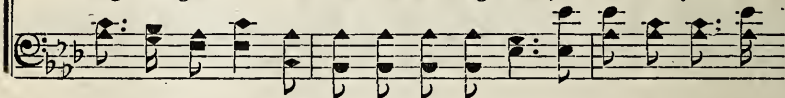
Eugene Wright



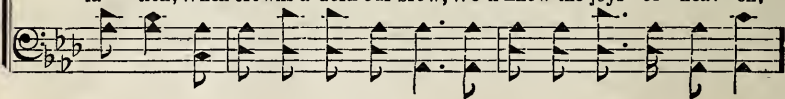
1. We read a - bout a coun - try Where sin can - not in - vade, A won - der -
2. We all have friends and loved ones Up - on the oth - er shore And if we
3. In that great res - ur - rec - tion, When Christ shall call His own, We'll shout an



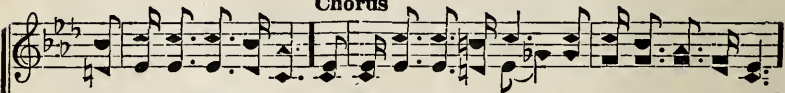
land of beau - ty Whose splen - dors nev - er fade; There we shall praise the
run with pa - tience The race that's set be - fore, We'll join the throng im -
sing to - geth - er A - round the shin - ing throne; O what a jub - i -



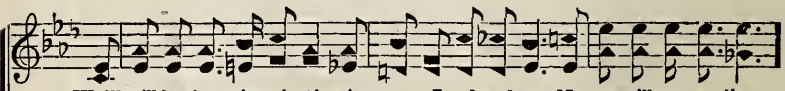
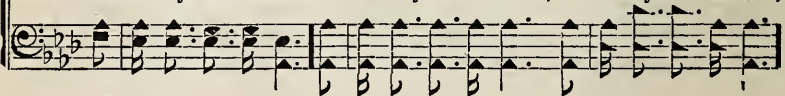
Sav - ior As we be - fore Him bow, All care will be for - got - ten,
mor - tal And tell the sto - ry how We o - ver - came the temp - er,
la - tion, When crowns a - dorn our brow, We'll know the joys of heav - en,



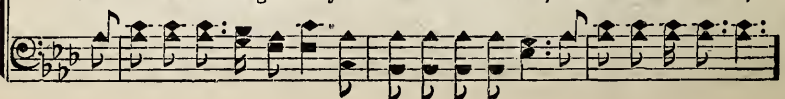
Chorus



A mil - lion years from now. A mil - lion years from now, A mil - lion years from now,



We'll still be shout - ing vic - t'ry As to our Lord we bow; No one will ev - er die,



A Million Years from Now

No heart will ever sigh, We'll just begin to live A million years from now.

No. 49 I'll Go Where He Sendeth Me

James Rowe

W. C. Tinsley, owner

W. C. Tinsley

1. My Sav-ior needs help-ers from day to day, To serve Him on land and sea;
2. So man-y are need-ing the gos-pel light, So man-y made free would be;
3. The way may be drear-y and thorn-y, too, But His bless-ed smile I'll see,

And so I am read-y to speed a-way—I'll go where He send-eth me.
 And so, to be use-ful with all my might, I'll go where He send-eth me.
 And so, for my Sav-ior my best to do, I'll go where He send-eth me.

Chorus

I'll go, I'll go, Of help of my Lord to be;
 I'll will-ing-ly go and glad-ly I'll go, to be;

I'll go, I'll go, Wher-ev-er He send-eth me.
 I'll will-ing-ly go and glad-ly I'll go I'll go.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta - ken, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten - thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D. S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

FINE.

Him a - lone I - see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 nothing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and morning star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,

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

The Old Rugged Cross

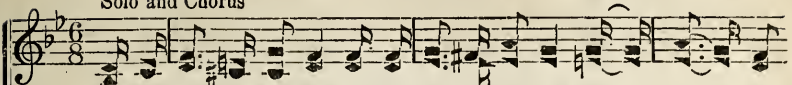
Copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard, Words and music

G. B.

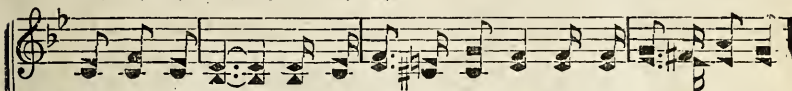
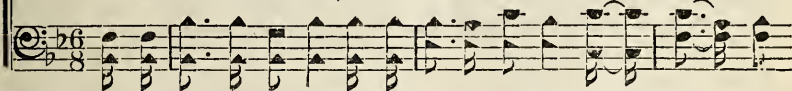
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

Rev. Geo. Bennard

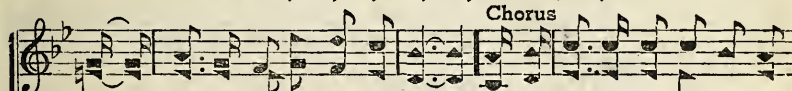
Solo and Chorus



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

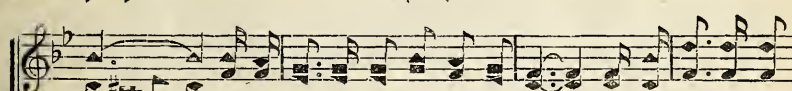
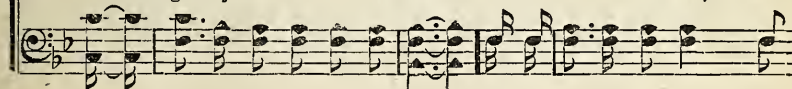


suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

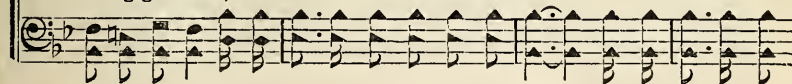


Chorus

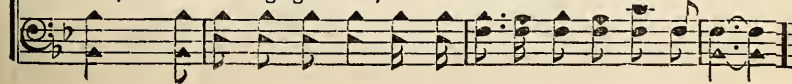
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



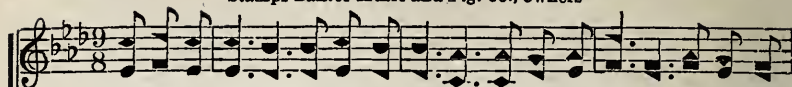
cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



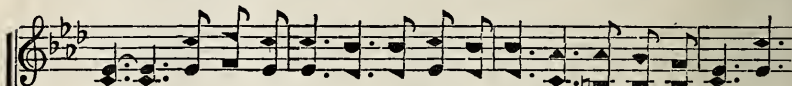
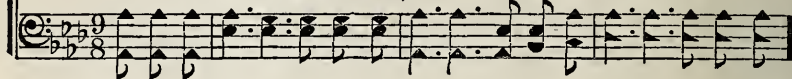
old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,



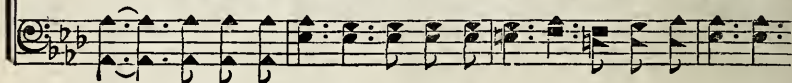
James Rowe

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley Samuel W. Beazley
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

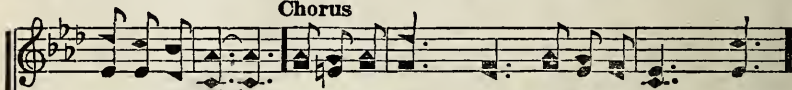
1. Af-ter the mid-night, morning will greet us; Af-ter the sad-ness, joy will ap-
2. Af-ter the bat-tle, peace will be giv - en; Af-ter the weeping, song there will
3. Shadows and sunshine all thru the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day af-ter



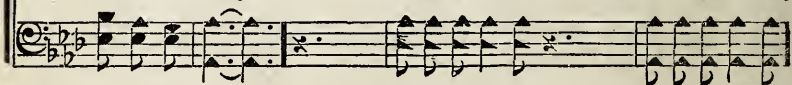
pear; Af-ter the temp-est, sun-light will meet us; Af-ter the jeer-ing,
 be; Af-ter the jour-ney there will be heav-en, — Burdens will fall and
 day; But when we reach the king-dom of glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will



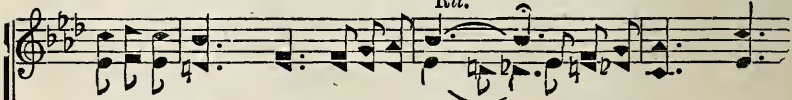
Chorus



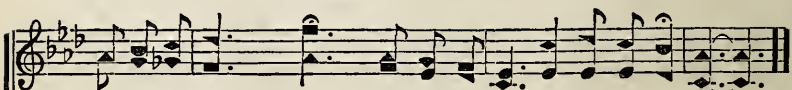
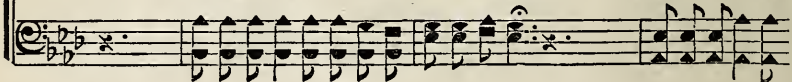
praise we shall hear. Af-ter the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
 we shall be free. Af-ter the shad-ows, there will be sunshine;
 van - ish a - way.



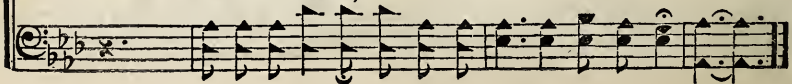
Rit.



Af-ter the frown, the soul-cheering smile; . . . Cling to the Sav - ior,
 After the frown, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Savior,



love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.
 love Him for-ev-er;



Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood

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Arr. by

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dron there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
 tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He sits on the throze
 smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home,

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thru the un-cloud-ed day.
 that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
 ev - er come a - gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day,

FIN

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

REFRAIN

D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;

1. As I jour-ney thru the land sing-ing as I go, Point-ing souls to
2. When in ser-vice for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling more
3. When in val-leys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And be - hold my
4. When be-fore me bil-lows rise from the night-y deep, Then my Lord di-

Cal - va - ry— to the crim-son flow, Man - y ar - rows pierce my soul
 close to Him, He will give me light; Sa-tan's snares may vex the soul,
 Sav-ior there, lead-ing in the fight, With a ten-der hand outstretched
 re-cts my bark; He doth safe - ly keep, And He leads me gent - ly on

from without, within; But my Lord leads me on, thru Him I must win.
 turn my tho'ts a-side; But my Lord goes a-head, leads what-e'er be-tide.
 tow'rd the valley low, Guid-ing me, I can see, as I on - ward go.
 thru this world be-low; He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.

D.S.—let me lift my voice; Cares all past, home at last, ev - er to re - joice.

Chorus

O I want to see Him, look up-on His face, There to sing for-ev - er

of His sav - ing grace; On the streets of glo - ry
 His sav-ing grace;

M. 88 = ♩

1. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the ways that
 2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of shel-ter
 3. Temp-ta-tions, hidden snares, often take us un-a-ware, And our hearts are

God will lead us to that blessed promised land; But He'll guide us with His eye,
 and of food, thirst-y hills and bar-ren land; But we're trusting in the Lord,
 made to bleed for each thoughtless word or deed; And we won-der why the test,

and we'll fol-low till we die, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
 and ac-cord-ing to His word We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
 when we try to do our best, But will understand it bet-ter by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, when the morning comes, All the saints of God are gathering home, We will

tell the sto-ry how we've over-come, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.

W. T. Sleeper

Geo. C. Stebbins

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
 4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful

way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made answer in
 ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to
 ran - som'd the song of the blest! The life ev - er - last - ing if
 gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

words true and plain: "Ye must be born a - gain." ...
 you be in vain: "Ye must be born a - gain." ...
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain." ...
 sol - emn re - frain: "Ye must be born a - gain." ...
 a - gain.

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain," ... Ye must be born a - gain, ... I
 a - gain, a - gain.

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee: Ye must be born a - gain.
 a - gain.

No. 59

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men

Arr. from Neumaster

James McGranahan

M. 88 = ♩

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart con-demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lir - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN. M. 88 = ♩ .

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a gain, Sing it o'er a gain:

ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
 ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain.

No. 60

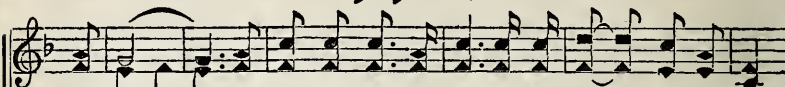
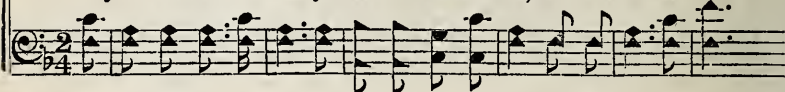
The Old Gospel Ship

Copyright, 1939, by Tennessee Music and Printing Co.,

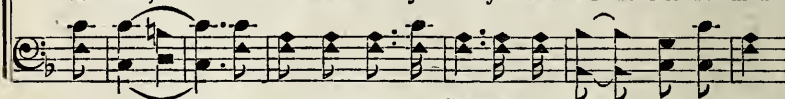
Arr. Alphus LeFevre



1. I have good news to bring and that is why I sing, All my joys with you
2. O I can scarce-ly wait I know I'll not be late, For I'll spend my time
3. If you're ashamed of me you have no cause to be, For with Christ I am



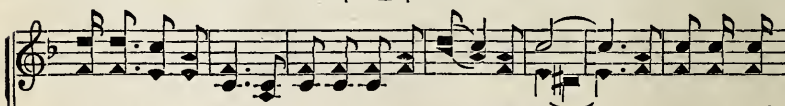
I'll share; I'm going to take a trip in the Old Gos-pel ship
 in pray'r; And when my ship comes in I will leave this world of sin
 an heir; If too much fault you find you will sure be left be-hind



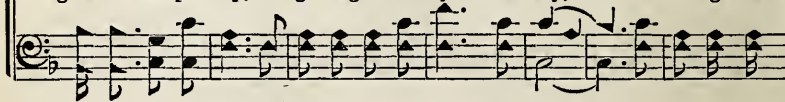
Chorus



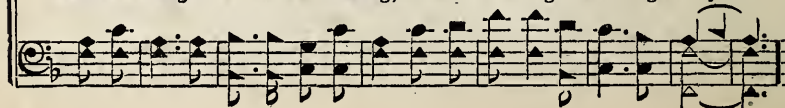
And go sail-ing thru the air.
 And go sail-ing thru the air. O I'm "gonna" take a trip, in the
 While I go sail-ing thru the air.



good Old Gospel Ship, I'm go - ing far be - yond the sky; O I'm "gonna"



shout and sing un-til the heavens ring, When I'm bidding this world good-bye.

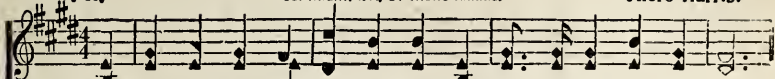


How Wonderful Jesus Is!

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



1. Je - ho-vah's arm is now revealed: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Great Sac - ri - fice or-dained by God, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
3. The Li - on strong of Ju - dah He, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. He pleads be-fore the courts of heav'n, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. He bears our sor - rows far a-way, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. His death-less love let saints de-clare: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. His per - fect praise let an - gels sing: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!

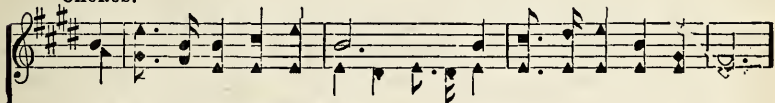


1. "For Him hath God the Father sealed:" How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
2. Pro - claim thru all the earth a-broad How won - der-ful Je - sus is.
3. The smit - ten Lamb of Cal - va - ry, How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
4. Thru His a - tonement peace is giv'n: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
5. In His pre - vail - ing name we pray: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
6. And speak His glo - ry ev' - ry - where: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!
7. And make the bells of heav - en ring: How won - der-ful Je - sus is!

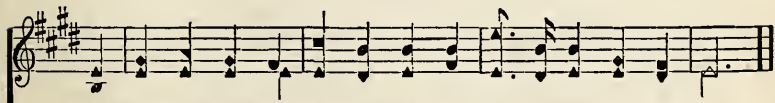
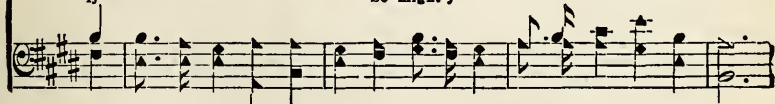
Di - vine



CHORUS.



How won - der-ful Je - sus is! All glo - ry and praise be His,
 ly So might - y



Heav'n's fair - est One, God's matchless Son: How wonderful Je - sus is!



No. 62

Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. Edward S. Ufford

E. S. Ufford. Arr. by George C. Stebbins

1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
 3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who, then, will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
 you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 63

Heaven Holds All to Me

T. S. T.

Tillit S. Teddlie

1. Earth holds no treas-ures but per-ish with us-ing, How-ev-er
 2. Out on the hills of that won-der-ful coun-try, Hap-py, con-
 3. Why should I long for the world and its sor-rows, When in that

pre-cious they be; Yet there's a coun-try to which I am
 tent-ed and free, Loved ones are wait-ing and watch-ing my
 home o'er the sea Mil-lions are sing-ing the won-der-ful

Chorus

go-ing, Heav-en holds all to me.
 com-ing, Heav-en holds all to me. Heav-en holds all to
 sto-ry? Heav-en holds all to me.

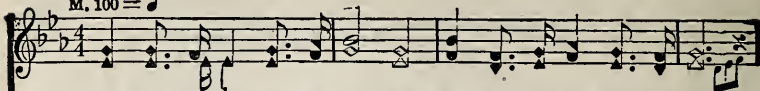
me, Bright-er its glo-ry will be; Joy with-out
 to me,

meas-ure will be my treas-ure, Heav-en holds all to me.

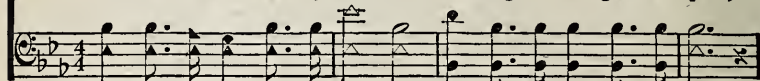
Fanny J. Crosby

Jno. R. Sweney

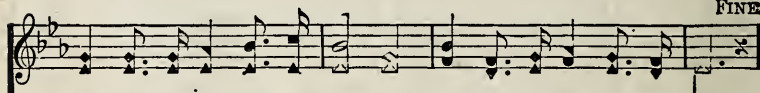
M. 100 =



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh - ing in an - guish and pain;

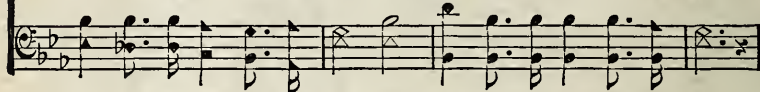


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

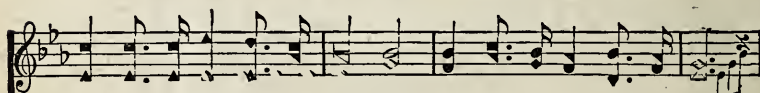


FINE

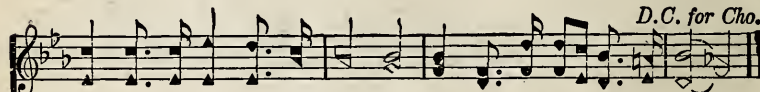
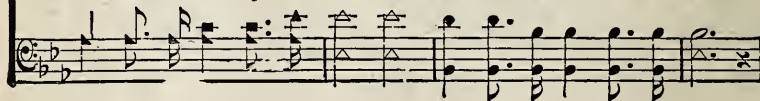
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
 How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

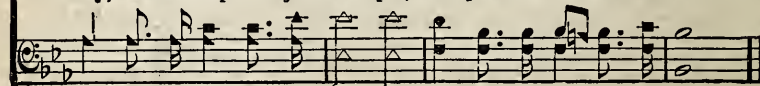


Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
 Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D.C. for Cho.

“Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth.”
 He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

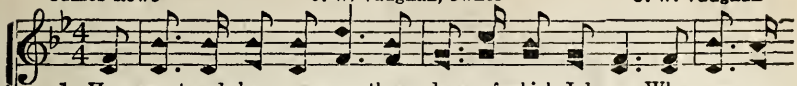


No. 65 If I Could Hear My Mother Pray Again

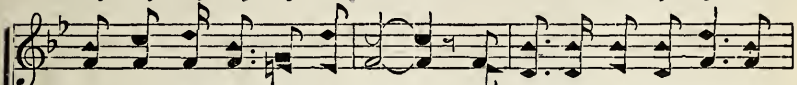
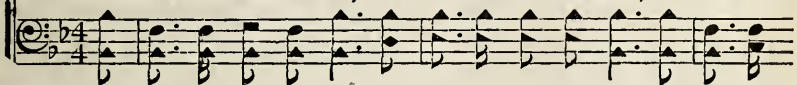
James Rowe

J. W. Vaughan, owner

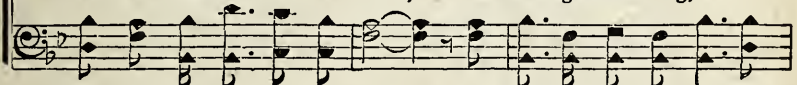
J. W. Vaughan



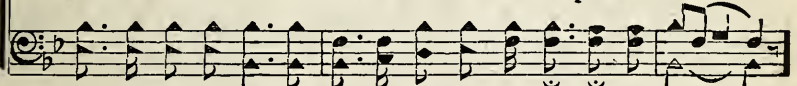
1. How sweet and hap - py seem those days of which I dream, When mem-o-
2. She used to pray that I on Je - sus would re - ly, And al - ways
3. With - in the old home - place, her pa - tient, smil - ing face Was al - ways
4. Her work on earth is done, the life - crown has been won, And she will



ry re - calls them now and then! And with what rap - ture sweet my
walk the shin - ing gos - pel way; So trust - ing still His love I
spreading com - fort, hope and cheer; And when she used to sing to
be at rest with Him a - bove; And some glad morn - ing, she I

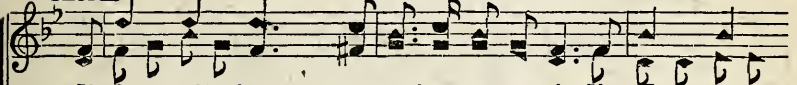


wea - ry heart would beat, If I could hear my moth - er pray a - gain.
seek that home a - bove, Where I shall meet my moth - er some glad day.
her e - ter - nal King, It was the songs the an - gels loved to hear.
know will wel - come me To that e - ter - nal home of peace and love.

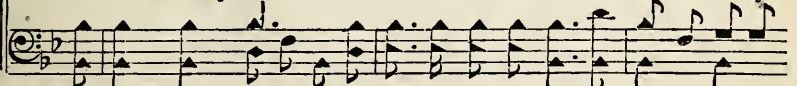


D.S.—so much to me, If I could hear my moth - er pray a - gain.

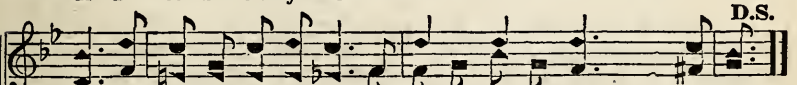
Chorus



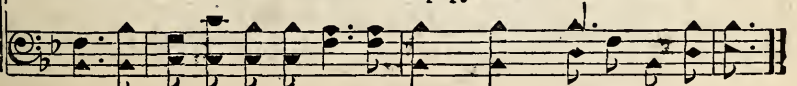
If I could hear my moth - er pray a - gain, If I could
If I could on - ly If I could on - ly



If I could on - ly hear



hear her ten - der voice as then! So glad I'd be, 'twould mean
hap - py I should



So hap - py I should be

If the Light Has Gone Out

Copyright, 1917, by The Trio Music Co., in "The Guiding Star"

C. J. W.
Very slowly

Used by permission

Curtis J. Williams

1. When the sun of your life has gone down
 2. When you come to the end of the way,
 3. When be-fore judgment's bar you shall stand,

And the clouds in the
 And life's sto - ry for
 And the deeds that have

west turn to gold, (turn to gold,) End-less night then to you will have
 you has been told, (has been told,) O how sad all to you will ap-
 here had con-trol, (had con-trol,) Good and e - vil ap - pear, O what

come, If the light has gone out in your soul.
 pear, If the light has gone out in your soul.
 then, If the light has gone out in your soul?

Fine

D.S.—still! (how still!) When the light has gone out of your soul.

Chorus

O just think how in death you will feel, With the
 you will feel,

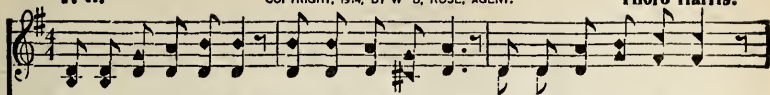
D.S.

light grow-ing dim in your soul; O how lone-ly 'twill be! O how
 in your soul;

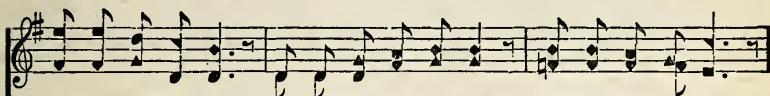
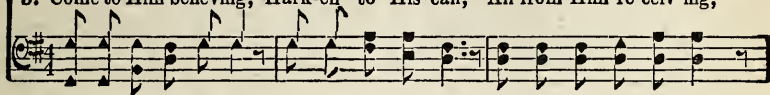
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. B. ROSE, AGENT.

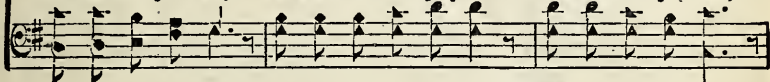
Thoro Harris.



1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceive-ing,



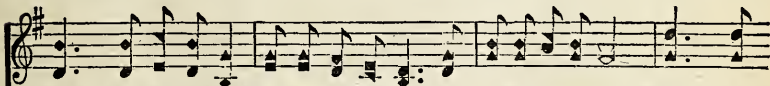
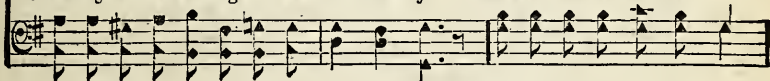
To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
 Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
 Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;



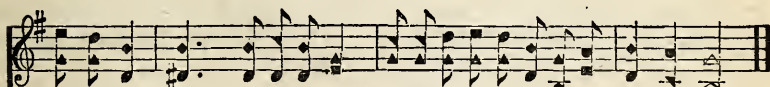
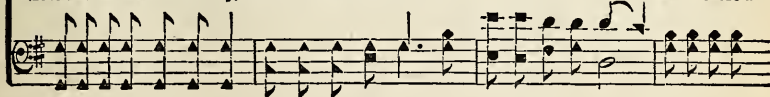
CHORUS.



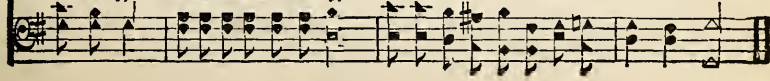
He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant-ly.
 Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
 He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant-ly. More and more a - bun-dant - ly,



more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
 more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-



bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
 bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

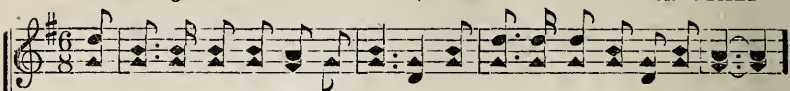


No. 68 How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Rev. A. S. Bridgewater

A. P. Bland, owner

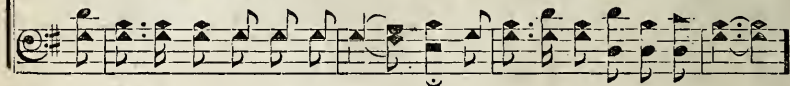
A. P. Bland



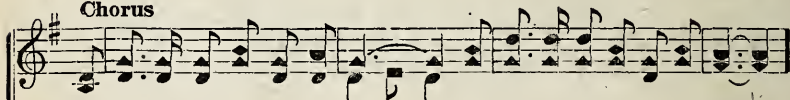
1. We read of a place that's called heaven, It's made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en, no drooping nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else-where to be;
3. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful sea;



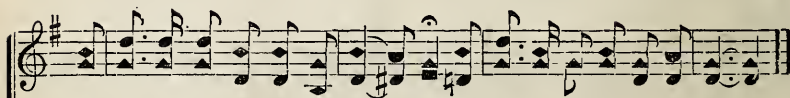
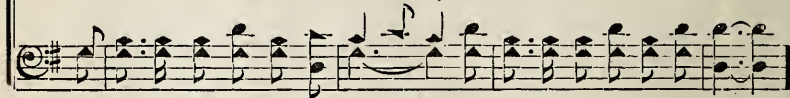
These truths in God's word He has giv - en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 God's light is for-ev-er there shin-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 Rare jew-els of splen-dor are glow-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.



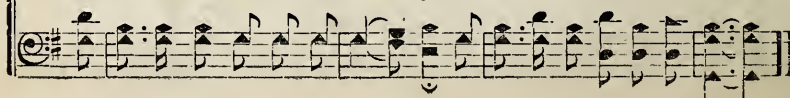
Chorus



How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be, Sweet home of the hap-py and free;
 must be,



Fair ha-ven of rest for the wea-ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.



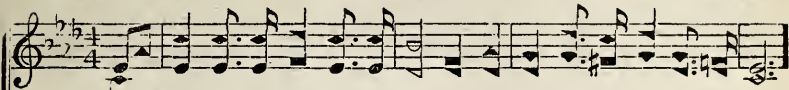
No. 69 When I Walk Up the Streets of Gold

Copyright, 1920, by Homer F. Morris, in "Special Songs"

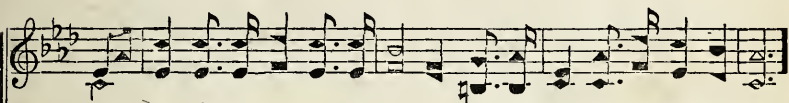
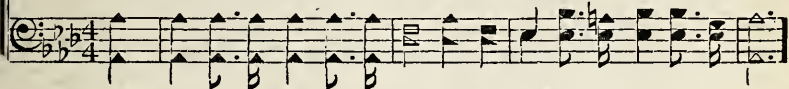
Anon

Owned by R. E. Winsett

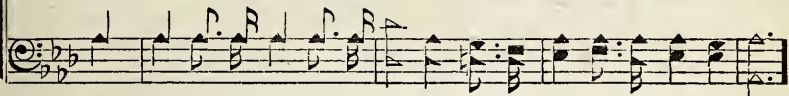
Homer F. Morris



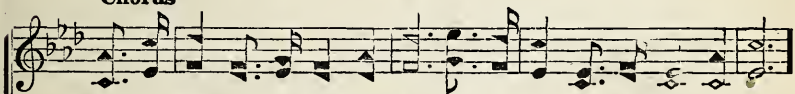
1. The bur-dens of life may be man-y, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. With joy I shall en-ter that ci-ty, The face of my Sav-ior be-hold;
3. What won-der-ful vis-ions of beau-ty, What glo-ri-ous scenes shall un-fold;
4. For a- ges and a- ges I'll praise Him, And nev-er grow wea-ry or old;



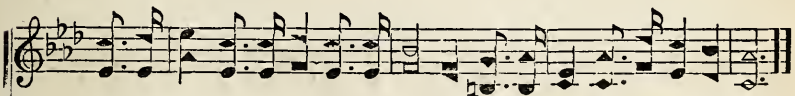
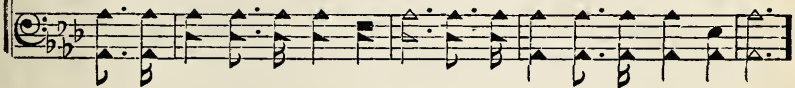
To me it will mat-ter but lit-tle, When I walk up the streets of gold.
And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I walk up the streets of gold.
And what dazzling splendors surround me, When I walk up the streets of gold.
Love-crowned I'll a-bide in His pres-ence, When I walk up the streets of gold.



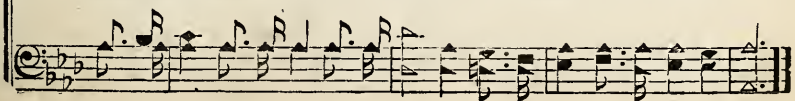
Chorus



When I walk up the streets of gold, When I walk up the streets of gold;



How my heart will re-joice in that morning, When I walk up the streets of gold.



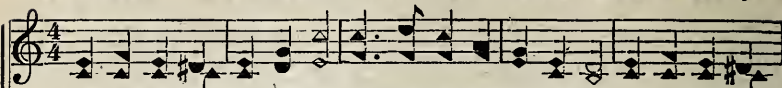
No. 70

Jesus Paid it All

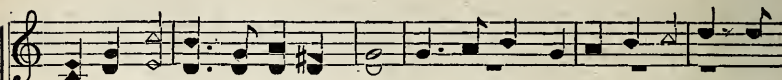
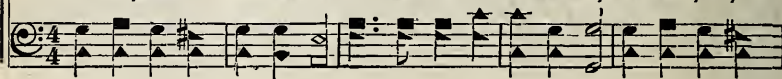
Copyright, 1944. Renewal.

M. S. Shaffer

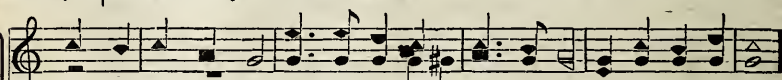
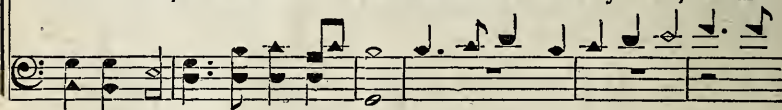
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners Samuel W. Beazley



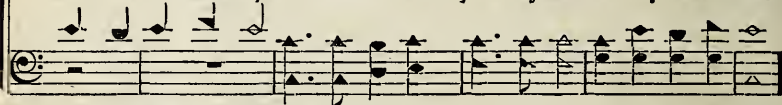
1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't within, And to live I
 2. O I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
 3. Sin - ner, not for me a-lone Did the Son of God a-tone; Your debt, too, He



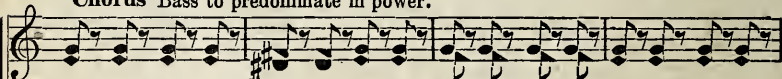
now be - gin, Ris - en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay Some one
 feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Mak - ing His the debt I owed, Free-dom
 made His own, On the cru - el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as



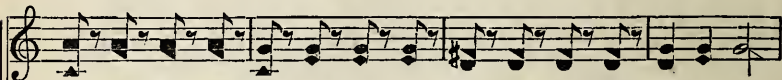
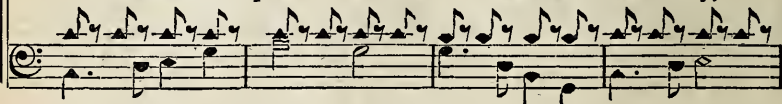
died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way, Je - sus paid it all.
 true He has bestowed; So I'm sing - ing on the road To my home a - bove.
 white as snow with-in; Full sal - va - tion you may win And re-joyce with me.



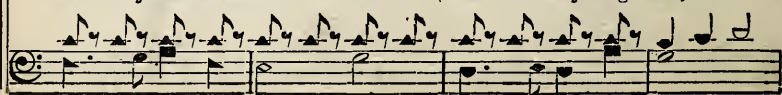
Chorus Bass to predominate in power.



Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, O
 Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,



And my ston - y heart was melt - ed - At His dy - ing, dy - ing call
 And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;



Jesus Paid it All

O His heart in shame was brok-en On the tree for you and me, yes,
O His heart was brok - en On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

No. 71

What Did He Do

Anon, alt

J.W. Owen

1. { O list-en to our wondrous sto - ry: Once we dwelt a-mong the lost, }
 { Yet Je-sus came from heaven's glo - ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost. }
 2. { No an-gel could our place have tak - en, High-est of the high tho' He, }
 { Nailed to the cross, despised, forsak - en, Was one of the God-head three! }
 3. { Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? Now be-fore Him hum-bly bow, }
 { You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save and save you now. }

Chorus

Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He

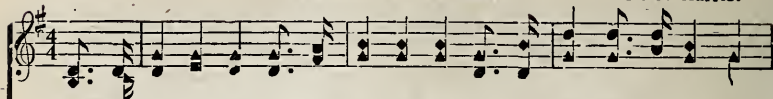
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter-ced-ing!
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In

No. 72 By His Stripes We Are Healed.

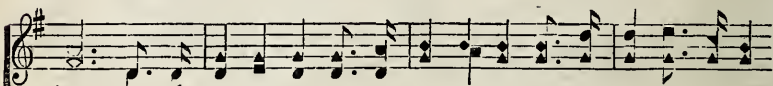
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



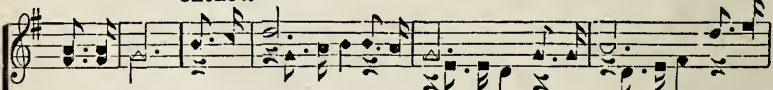
1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re-
2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His roes were
3. His a - ton-ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king-dom be saved and
4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav-ior in, Bow the heart, in con-tri-tion



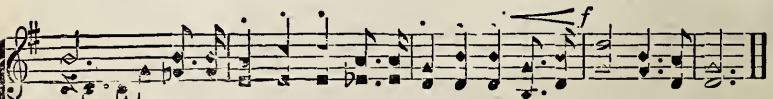
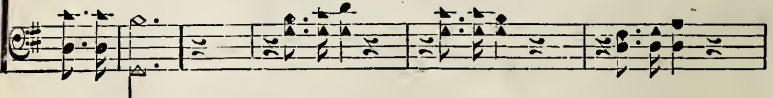
vealed; Ev-'ry ling'ring pain Je-sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov-ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a-way—Praise the Lord, by His stripes
yield To the Spir-it's pow'r this ac-cept-ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes



CHORUS.



we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes



healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
we are healed;



No. 73 I Intend to Go Through With Him

Herbert Buffum

H. F. Morris, owner

Homer F. Morris

May be used as Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. My heart is so hap - py in Je - sus my Lord, No clouds can my
 2. I know man - y oth - ers have fall - en a - way, En - snared by the
 3. I find His yoke eas - y, His bur - den is light, He bright - ens the
 4. My friends may for - sake me and turn from my path, I'll seek not their

faith in Him dim; I've start - ed to walk in the straight narrow way,
 pit - falls of sin; The ship - wrecks of faith line the shore all a - long,
 shad - ows so dim; I lean on His prom - ise and draw from His grace,
 fa - vor to win; His smile is suf - fi - cient and pays me for all,

Refrain

I in - tend to go thru with Him.....
 But I mean to go thru with Him..... I in - tend to go thru,
 I in - tend to go thru with Him.....
 I in - tend to go thru with Him. (with Him.)

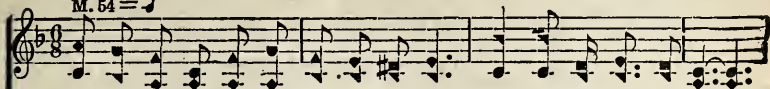
I in - tend to be true Thru sunshine or thru shadows dim; I'll
 shadows dim;

count all but loss, For Christ and the cross, I in - tend to go thru with Him.

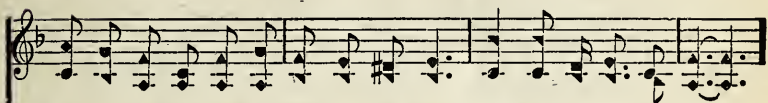
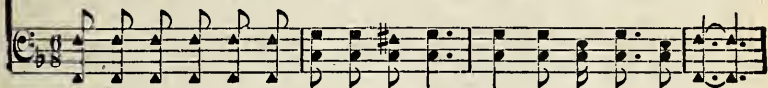
Copyright, 1932, Renewal. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

Mrs. Frank A. Breck

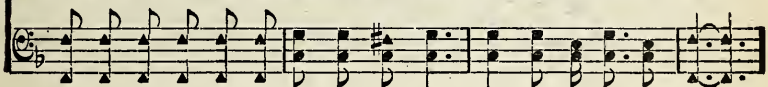
Chas. H. Gabriel

M. 54 = 

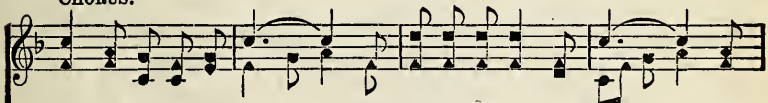
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, low-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heavy to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wea-ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



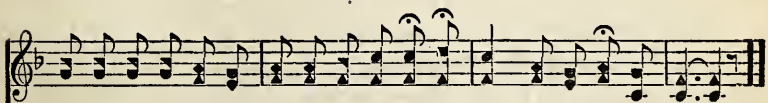
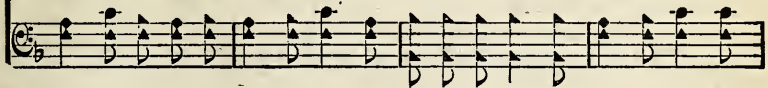
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
 Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



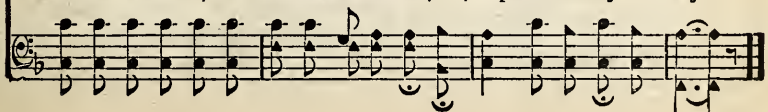
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a-long life's way;.... Let
 to-day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!



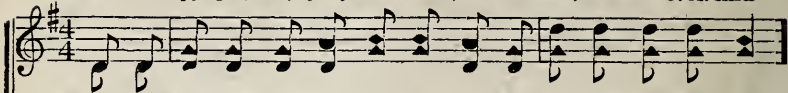
No. 76

Our Lord's Return to Earth

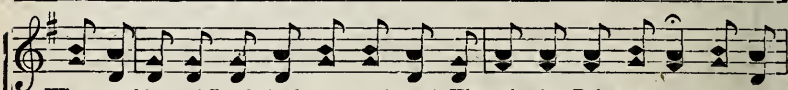
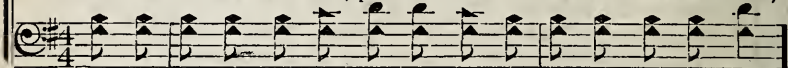
J. M. K.

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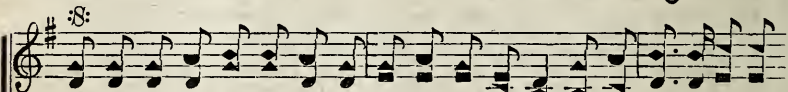
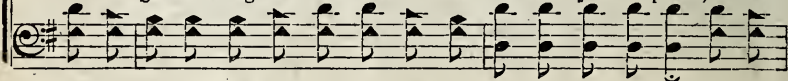
J. M. Kirk



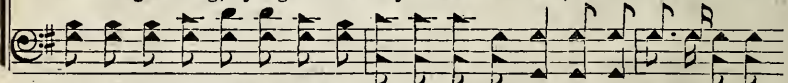
1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorr'wing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,



When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way; O my
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
 And in all His ho-ly moun-tain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stoy; Per-fect
 In a glo-ri-ous reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace; All the

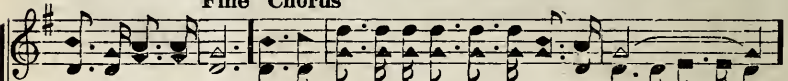


heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
 take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'rer's tears will dry, When our Savior shall come
 peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love without al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come
 earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come

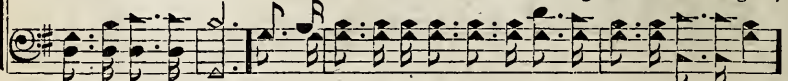


D.S.-will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Jesus shall come

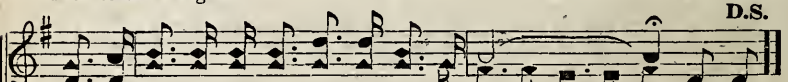
Fine Chorus



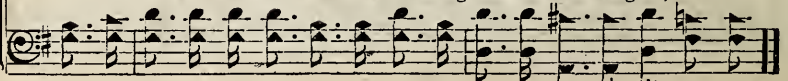
back to earth a-gain. O our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
 is coming back to earth a-gain,



back to earth a-gain.



Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain, Sa-tan
 is com-ing back to earth a-gain,



Copyright, 1933. Renewal. I. G. Martin, Owner.

I. G. M.

Arr. I. G. M.

1. I will meet you in the morn - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate,
 2. If you has - ten off to glo - ry, Lin - ger near the East - ern Gate,
 3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
 4. O the joys of that glad meet - ing With the saints who for us wait,

Then be read - y, faith - ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late.
 For I'm com - ing in the morn - ing, So you'll not have long to wait.
 He'll be with us at the meet - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate.
 What a bless - ed, hap - py meet - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you Just in
 in the morn - ing, in the morn - ing,

side the Eastern Gate o - ver there; I will meet you I will
 in the morning,

meet you I will meet you in the morning o - ver there.
 in the morning,

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;
 2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will ov-er-spread the sky;
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
 4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
 But when trav'ling days are o-ver Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
 Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen, We shall tread the streets gold.
 for us a place.

CHORUS

When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-
 When we all What a

joic-ing that will bel When we all see
 day of re-joic-ing that will bel When we all

Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
 and shout the vic-to-ry.

Go Into the Field

Heed His lov-ing plea, true to Je - sus be; Love for the
Go,

Heed His lov-ing plea, true to Je - sus be;

Master showing, work while the sun is glowing, Gather now the grain. (golden grain.)

No. 81

I'll Be Ready

Copyright, 1936, by Shaw Eiland. Renewal
The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., owners

B. W. Pirtle

F. L. Eiland

1. O 'tis sweet to sing this sto - ry, I'll be read-y when He comes;
2. All I am to Him I'm giv - ing, I'll be read-y when He comes;
3. Striving on, His will o - bey - ing, I'll be read-y when He comes;
4. Sin - ners there in dark - ness stray - ing, O be read-y when He comes;

Fine

It to tell is all my glo - ry, I'll be read - y when He comes.
Day by day for Him I'm liv - ing, I'll be read - y when He comes.
Working, watching, ev - er pray - ing, I'll be read - y when He comes.
Do not far - ther risk de - lay - ing, But be read - y when He comes.

D.S.—O 'tis sweet to tell the sto - ry, I'll be read - y when He comes.
Chorus **D.S.**

I'll be read - y when He comes, I'll be read - y when He comes;

No. 82

I'm Not Ashamed

Copyright, 1935, by Hartford Music Co., in "Charming Melodies"

E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M. Bartlett

1. I'm not a-shamed to own that Je - sus came and died on Cal - va -
 2. I'm not a-shamed to tell the sin - ners that the Lord will save their
 3. I'm not a-shamed to tes - ti - fy that He has cleansed my soul from

ry, That by His bless - ed, free a - tone - ment, He pre - pared a way for
 souls, If they will on - ly come be - liev - ing, He will cleanse and make them
 sin, And by His bless - ed, Ho - ly Spir - it, He has made me free with -

me; And fixed it so that I from bond - age might for - ev - er - more be
 whole; And He'll pre - pare for them an en - trance to that ev - er - last - ing
 in; Yes, I am try - ing now to serve Him and some pre - cious souls to

Chorus

free, O praise the Lord, I'm not a - shamed. I'm not a -
 fold, I'm not a - shamed.
 win,

shamed to speak for Je - sus,
 I'm not a - shamed my dear Lord,

I'm Not Ashamed

I'm not a-shamed to praise His name;
 I'm not a-shamed to praise His name, to praise His name;

I'm not a - shamed..... to own His bless-ings,
 I'm not a-shamed to own His blessings, praise His name,

O praise the Lord, I'm not a - shamed.
 O praise the Lord, I'm not a-shamed, I'm not ashamed.

No. 83 I Am Bound For the Promised Land

Rev. Samuel Stennet

Rev. 21 : 2.

Arr. by Rev. E. M. Parnum

1. On Jordan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
 2. O'er all those wide ex - tended plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest!

Cho. — I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;

'Tward Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?

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

Sweeping Through the Gates

Copyright, 1890, by E. T. Pound, J. L. Moore, owner

Arr. by R. E. W.

J. L. Moore

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je-sus' blood, I am
 2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light Now up-holds me by His might, And His
 3. I'll go sweeping thru the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait, Where the
 4. Christ will burst my pris-on bars, And I'll soar be-yond the stars, To my

watching and I'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
 arms en-fold and comfort while I wait; I am lean-ing on His breast; O the
 wea-ry workers rest for-ev-er-more, When the strife on earth is done, And the
 Father's house, the bright and blest estate; When the morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the

D.S.—In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Saved from
 Fine

home be-yond the sky, To my wel-come, I'll go sweeping thru the gates.
 sweetness of this rest! Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll go sweeping thru the gates.
 crown of life is won, Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
 song immortal wakes, Wash'd in Je-sus' blood, I'll sweep on thru the gates.

ev-'ry stain I am, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll go sweeping thru the gates.

Chorus

Sweep - ing thru the gates,
 Sweep-ing thru the gates; I'll go sweep-ing thru the gates;

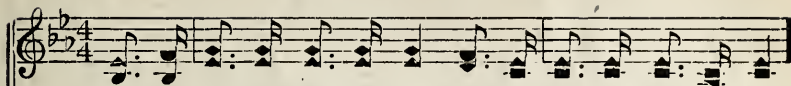
Sweep - ing thru the gates.
 Sweep-ing thru the gates; I'll go sweep-ing thru the gates.

D.S.

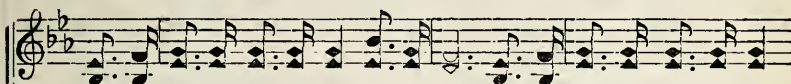
Copyright, 1904, by G. T. Byrd
Copyright owned by R. E. Winsett

G. T. B.

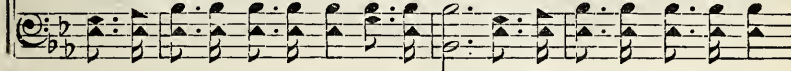
G. T. Byrd



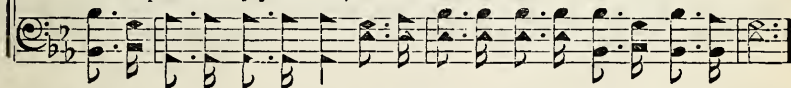
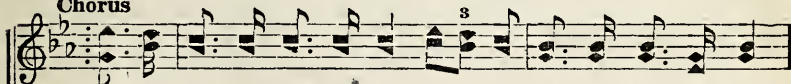
1. On Mount Olive's sa - cred brow Je - sus spent the night in pray'r,
2. There are days I'd like to be with the sanc - ti - fied and blest,
3. There are days to fast and pray for the pil - grims in his way,
4. Where a heart is brok - en up with the bit - ter, woe - ful cup,



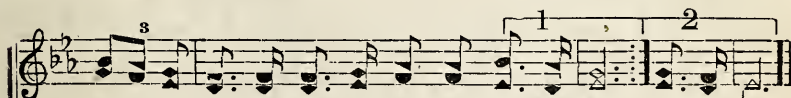
He's the pat - tern for us all, all a - lone, If we'll on - ly steal a - way,
There are days I like to be all a - lone, These can nev - er grace im - part,
There are days to be with Christ all a - lone, We can tell Him all our grief,
There's the time to go to Christ all a - lone, In our bless - ed Lord di - vine,



in some por - tion of the day, We will find it al - ways pays to be a - lone.
to my wea - ry, sin - toss'd heart, There are days I'd like to be just all a - lone.
He will give us quick re - lief, There are days I'd like to be just all a - lone.
there is peace and joy sub - lime, When we take our sor - rows all to Him a - lone.

**Chorus**

There are days I'd like to be all a - lone with Christ my Lord,



I can tell Him of my trou - bles all a - lone; all a - lone.



No. 86

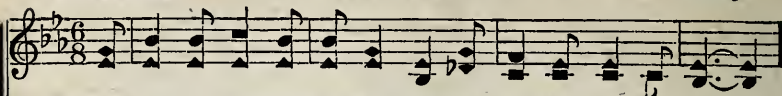
Talk It Over With Jesus

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamp-Baxter Music Co.,

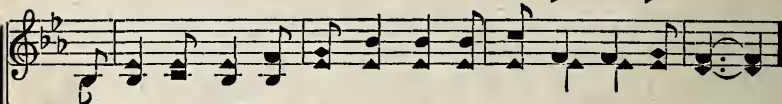
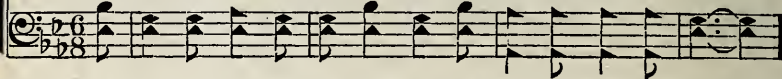
Thomas Ramsey

in "Harbor Bells No. 6"

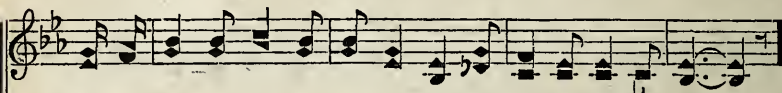
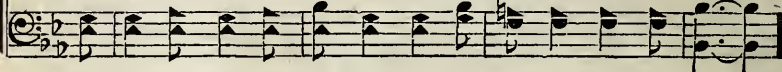
Virgil O. Stamps



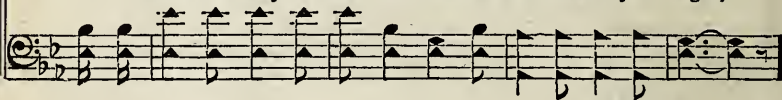
1. O broth - er strug - gling on - ward 'neath a bur - den of de - spair,
2. If you are per - se - cut - ed by some mem - bers of your church,
3. When you are grow - ing fee - ble from the man - y years of pain,



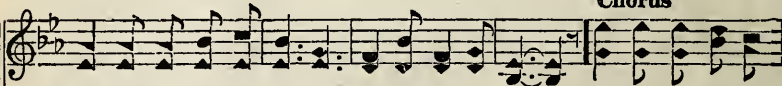
Your bod - y grow - ing weak - er with your trou - ble and your care;
 When friends have turned a - gainst you and your good name would be - smirch;
 When age has wrecked your bod - y and your health you can't re - gain;



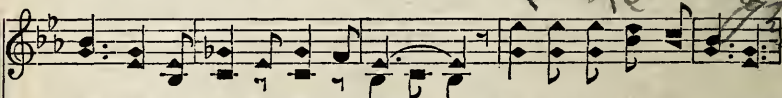
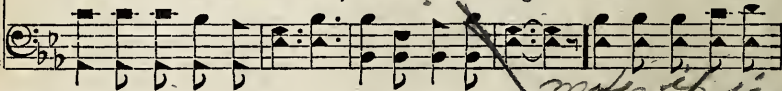
When your en - e - mies ap - proach you, do not fal - ter in the fight,
 If it seems your soul is sink - ing and your way is dark as night,
 If it seems the way is dark - er from the dim - ness of your sight,



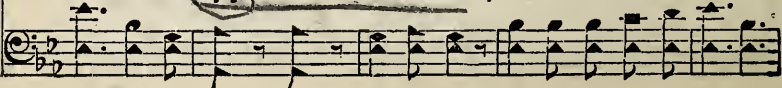
Chorus



Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, He will make it right. Talk it o - ver with



Je - sus and com - fort will be found, Tell Him all of your trou - bles,
 Joy there will be found,



Talk It Over With Jesus

wheth-er day or night; Get your knees acquainted with the gold and rock-y
cold and and

ground, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus, He will make it right.
rock-y ground,

No. 87 Sitting At the Feet of Jesus

Rev. K. C. Minter

Minter and Davis, owners

J. W. Davis

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus, Watching, wait-ing ev-'ry day; Trust-ing
2. List-'ning at the feet of Je-sus, His com-mand to go or stay; Trust-ing
3. Seek-ing still the feet of Je-sus, I would seek no oth-er place; For 'tis
4. When the toils of life are o-ver, When my race on earth is run; May the

♩

Fine Chorus

in His grace and pow-er, Safe to keep me all the way.
al-ways in His wisdom, Safe to guide when I o-bey. Sit-ting at the feet of
there I claim the prom-ise Of the full-ness of His grace.
eve'ning shadows gath'ring Find me there when day is done.

D.S.—Drive the shadows from my way.

D.S.

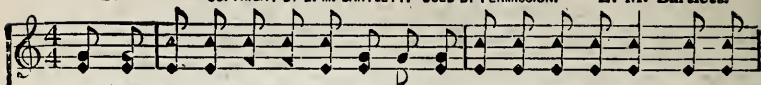
Je-sus, Where I love to kneel and pray, Till His good-ness and His glo-ry,

No. 88 Everybody Will Be Happy Over There.

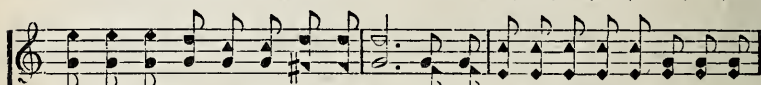
E. M. B.

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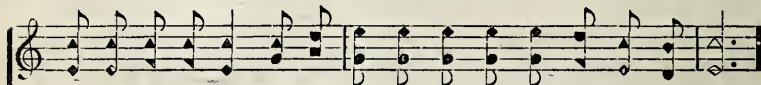
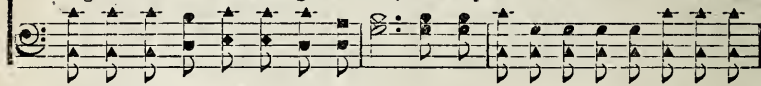
E. M. Bartlett.



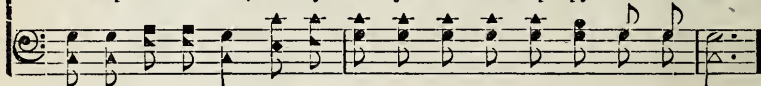
1. There's a hap-py land of prom-ise o-ver in the great be-yond, Where the
2. Moth-ers, fa-thers, sis-ters, brothers will be sing-ing 'r-ound the throne, In that
3. We will hear no-bod-y pray-ing and no mourn-ing in that land, For no
4. There we'll meet the One who saved us and who kept us by His grace, And who



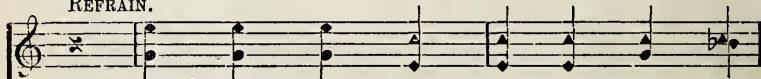
saved of earth shall soon the glo-ry share; Where the souls of men shall enter and live land where no one ev-er knows a care; And the Christians of all a-ges will join bur-dens there will be for us to bear; All the peo-ple will be singing "Glo-ry, brought us to that land so bright and fair; We will praise His name for-ev-er as we



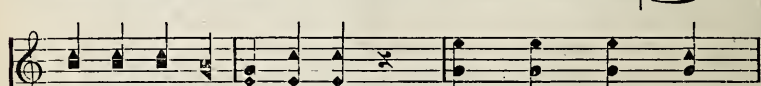
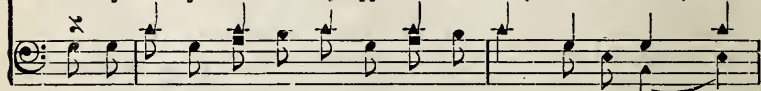
on for-ev-er-more, Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there.
 in the tri-umph song, Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there.
 glo-ry to the Lamb, Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there.
 look up-on His face, Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there.



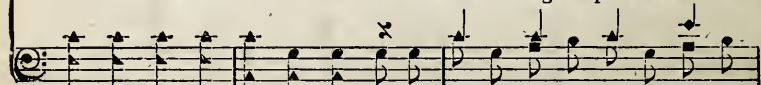
REFRAIN.



Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py,
 Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there, o-ver there,....



will be hap-py o-ver there; We will shout and
 We will shout and sing His prais-es thro' the



Everybody Will Be Happy Over There

Sing His praise, Ev-'ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there,
nev-er end-ing a-ges,

No. 89

Christ Arose

Copyright, 1916, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal

Used by permission

Robert Lowry

R. L.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep His prey—Je - sus, my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—

Chorus

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He arose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
He arose,

foes; He a-rose a victor from the dark domain, And He lives forever with His
He a-rose

saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le-lu-jah! Christ arose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 90

I'll Live In Glory

Copyright, 1936, in "Songs of Praise No. 5"

Owned by J. M. Henson

J. M. H.

J. M. Henson

1. I'd like to stay here long-er than man's al-lot-ted days And watch the fleeting
 2. I want to be of serv-ice a-long this pil-grim way, And lead the lost to
 3. The end I know is near-ing--by faith I look a-way To yon-der home su-

chang-es of life's un - e - ven ways, But if my Sav - ior calls me to
 Je - sus as fer - vent - ly I pray; As day by day I trav - el I'll
 per - nal—the land of end - less day; I'll cling to Him for - ev - er, and

that sweet home on high, I'll live with Him for - ev - er in Glo - ry by and by.
 keep Him ev - er nigh, And live with Him for - ev - er in Glo - ry by and by.
 look be - yond the sky, And spend the end - less a - ges in Glo - ry by and by.

Chorus

O yes, I'll live in Glo - ry by and by, I'll tell and sing love's
 live in Glo - ry by and by,

sto - ry there on high; There with my dear Redeemer no
 tell loves's sto - ry there on high; there no

I'll Live in Glory

more to die, O yes, I'll live in glo-ry by and by.
no more to die, glo-ry by and by.

No. 91

Some Day

J. Graydon Hall

James D. Vaughan and H. E. Barnett, owners

H. E. Barnett

1. My tri - als here on earth will cease, Some day,..... some day;
2. No more in dark-ness - I will roam,
3. Those gone be - fore me I shall meet,
4. My lov - ing Sav - ior I shall see, Some day, some hap - py day;

And I will have un - end - ing peace, Some day,..... some day.
But rest e - ter - nal - ly at home,
My loved ones will my spir - it greet,
With Him in glo - ry I shall be, Some day, some hap - py day.

Chorus

Some day, some hap - py day, From sin..... set free;
Some day, From sin my soul is free;

I'll live with Christ for aye, Some day,..... some day.
I'll live Some day, some hap - py day.

The Cross of Galvary

Copyright, 1917, by Hildebrand-Burnett Co.
Stamps-Baxter Music Co., owners

E. G. Coleman

Howard E. Smith

1. Up - on the rug-ged moun-tain side, Our Sav-ior trudged a-long, Sur-round-ed
2. The sun re-fused to shine up-on that scene on Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus
3. This ten-der, lov-ing Sav - ior, still in - vit-ing us to come, is call - ing

by the an - gry mob, and crowd-ed by the throng; But pa-tient - ly He
died in ag - o - ny to set the sin - ner free; Our Sav - ior, brok - en
from His throne a - bove, O wand'ring child, come home; Be-lieve on Him, He

bore the cross to ran-som you and me, He went to pay the price up-
heart-ed, died that we might look and live, And in His dy - ing breath He
paid the price on rug - ged Cal - va - ry, He bore the cross, He gave His

D.S.—He paid the price up - on the

Fine Chorus

on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
cried, "oh, Father please forgive." Up-on the cross of Cal - va - ry, He died, And
life to ran-som you and me.

lone - ly cross of Cal - va - ry.

D.S.

heav-en's pearly gates were opened wide; He gave His life to ransom you and me—

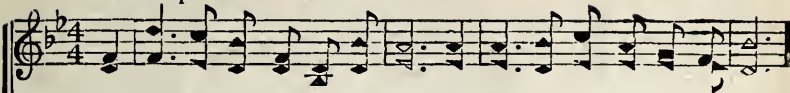
Copyright, 1925, by Jas. C. Moore

Morris-Henson, Moore, owners

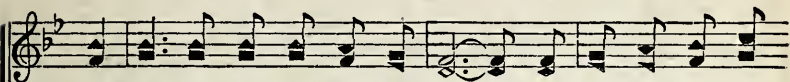
Jas. C. Moore

Mrs. J. M. Hunter

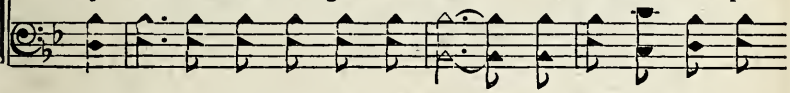
Good as Soprano and Alto Duet



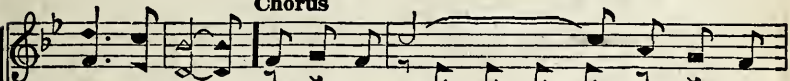
1. Some-time the shad-ows will be gone, Sometime will come the gold-en dawn,
2. Some-time I'll meet my friends a-gain, For - ev - er safe from death and pain,
3. O grace di - vine! O love un - told! O crowns of life! O harps of gold!



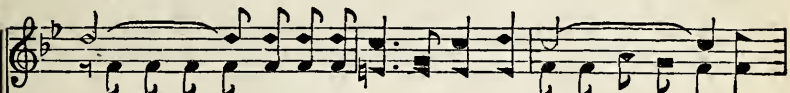
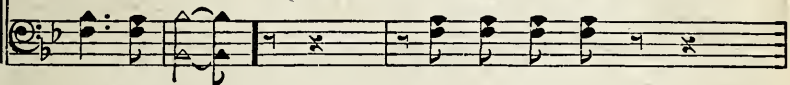
Some-time I'll lift mine eyes and see The man-sions He's pre-
 With my dear Sav - ior I shall be In man-sions He's pre-
 My wel-come will be glad and free In man-sions He's pre-



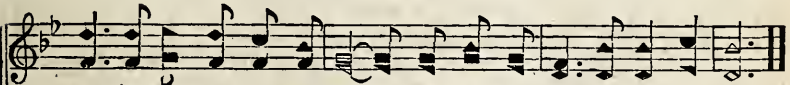
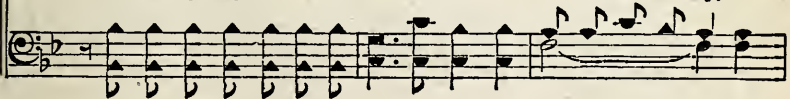
Chorus



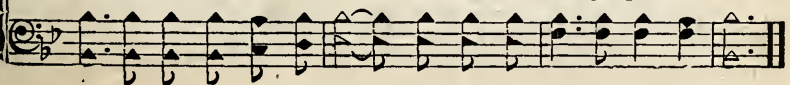
pared for me. O gold-en time,..... O hap-py
 O gold-en time,



day,..... O pre-cious home not far a-way; What
 O hap-py day, not far a-way;



wondrous joy when I shall see The man-sion He's pre-pared for me.



No. 94

On the Jericho Road

Copyright, 1933, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., in "Boundless Joy"

D. S. McC.
Not too fast

Donald S. McCrossan
Arr. by Luther G. Presley

1. As you trav-el a - long..... on the Jer - i - cho road,.....
 2. On the Jer - i - cho road..... blind Bar - tim - ae - us sat,.....
 3. O broth-er to you..... this mes-sage I bring,.....

Does the world seem all wrong..... and heav - y your load?.....
 His life was a void,..... so emp - ty and flat;.....
 Tho hope may be gone,..... He'll cause you to sing;.....

Just bring it to Christ,..... your sins all con - fess,.....
 But Je - sus ap - peared,..... one word bro't him sight,.....
 At Je - sus' com - mand,..... sin's shack - les must fall,.....

On the Jer - i - cho road..... your heart He will bless.....
 On the Jer - i - cho road..... Christ banished his night.....
 On the Jer - i - cho road..... will you answer His call?.....

Chorus

On the Jer - i - cho road..... there's room for just two,
 On the Jer - i - cho road..... there's room for just two,.....

On the Jericho Road

No more and no less, Just Je-sus and you;
 No more and no less..... just Je-sus and you;.....

Each bur-den He'll bear, each sorrow He'll share,
 Each burden He'll bear each sorrow He'll share,

There's never a care for Je - sus is there.
 There's never a care for Je-sus is there.....

No. 95

His Broken Body

(FOR COMMUNION)

Homer F. Morris

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose
2. Be - fore the mourn-ful scene be-gan He took the bread, and blessed, and break;
3. "This is my bod-y, broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end In mem'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e-brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,

A - gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
 What love thru all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake;
 Then took the cup, and blessed the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
 Meet at my ta-ble, and re-cord The love of your de-part-ed Lord."
 Till Thou re-turn, and we shall eat The mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb.

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

On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem - er, With His
 Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

blood..... He purchased me,..... On the cross He sealed my
 He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, He sealed my pardon, On the

Repeat *pp* after last verse.

par - don, Paid the debt..... and made me free.....
 cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.

It Won't Be Very Long

you be read-y then To meet the ransomed throng? Get
 you be read-y then To meet the ransomed throng? Get

read - y for that day, It won't be ver-y long.
 read - y for that day, It won't be ver-y long.

No. 99 After Death,—What Then?

Copyright, 1928, by E. M. Bartlett

E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M. Bartlett

1. This life will end some fu-ture day, An-oth-er life will then be-gin;
2. The saved will have e-ter-nal life, And they will safe-ly en-ter in
3. The lost will go in-to de-spair, Their tor-ment there will then be-gin;

S: Fine

Are you pre-pared for that e-vent, Just af-ter death,—what then?
 To share the glo-ries of the Lord, Just af-ter death,—what then?
 They'll cry for mer-cy from the Lord, Just af-ter death,—what then?

D.S.—When time on earth shall cease to be, Just af-ter death,—what then?

Chorus

D.S.

Just af-ter death,—O! an-swer me, Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty?

Our King Immanuel

Copyright, 1942. Renewal.

Owned by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

James Rowe

Samuel W. Beazley

1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs Come in raj - es - ty!

2. Like the waves of the o - cean Rolls His praise to - day,

3. O the joy that will thrill us Some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and wor - ship Him Who do - eth all things well;
 For His won - der - ful love has helped So man - y to ex - cel;
 When we see Him in glo - ry, where Ce - les - tial prais - es swell;

He leads the na - tions out of sin And caus - es foes to flee:
 He sends the cap - tives, free from chains, All sing - ing on their way:
 Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim All join us when we cry:

All hail, Our King Im - man - u - el!
 All hail our King Im - man - u - el!

Chorus

O hon - or His name for - ev - er For what His grace has done;
 O hon - or His name For - ev - er for

Our King Immanuel

His might-y love in ev - 'ry Heart should dwell,
His might - y love in Ev - 'ry heart should al-ways dwell,

For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Re-deem-er, Je-ho-vah's

All hail, Our King Im-man-u-el!
All hail, our King Im-man-u-el! Im - - - man-u-el!

No. 101

Give Peace Again

W. H. Baker

Carroll King

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thru-out the world to cease;
2. Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful Word?
4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a-bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

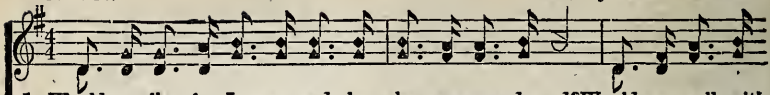
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
re - mem-ber not our sin's dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
None ev - er called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
O land us in that heav'n-ly chain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!

No. 102

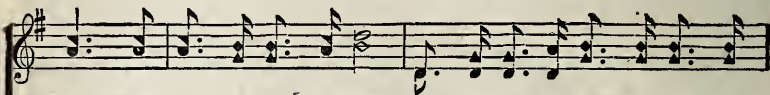
His Way With Thee

C. S. N.

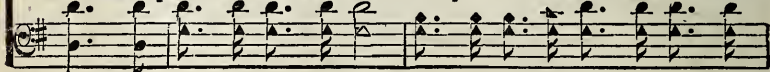
Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum



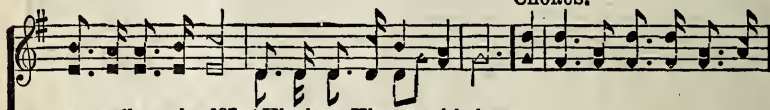
1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him



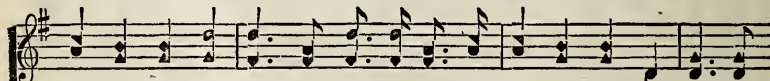
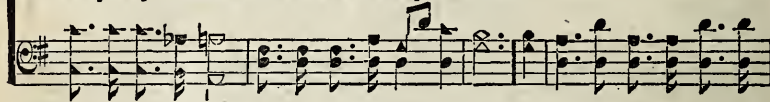
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor



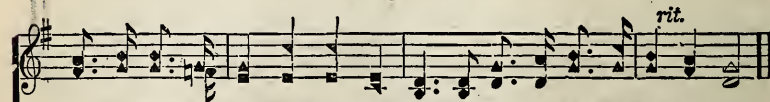
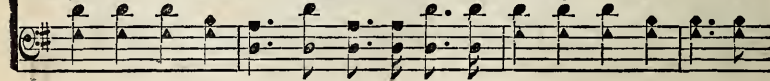
CHORUS.



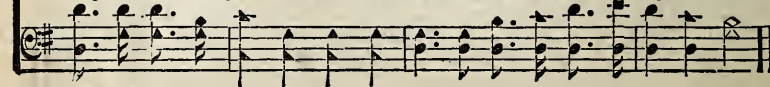
car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.



1. No tears in heav-en, no sor-rows giv-en, All will be glo-ry in that
2. Glo-ry is wait-ing, wait-ing up yon-der, Where we shall spend an end-less
3. Some morning yon-der, we'll cease to pon-der O'er things this life has bro't to

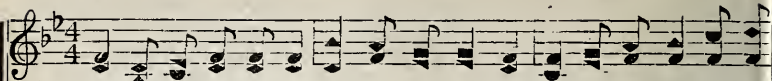
land;... There'll be no sad-ness, all will be gladness, When we shall join that
day;.... There with our Sav-ior, we'll be for-ev-er, Where no more sor-row
view;... All will be clear-er, loved ones be dear-er, In heav'n where all will

Chorus

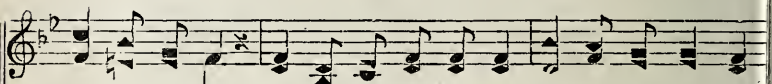
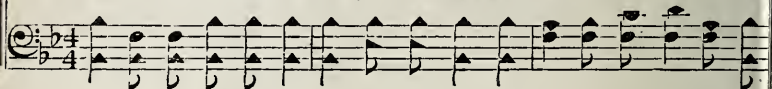
hap-py band.... No tears,..... no tears, no tears up there,
can dis-may....
be made new.... in heav-en fair,

Sor-row and pain will all have flown;.... No tears,.....
in heav-en fair,

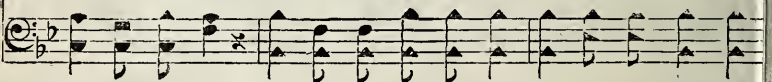
no tears, no tears up there, No tears in heav-en will be known.



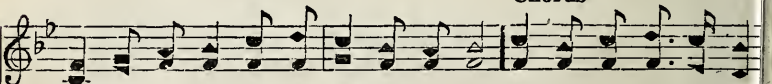
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the temp - ter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty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



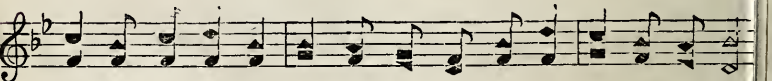
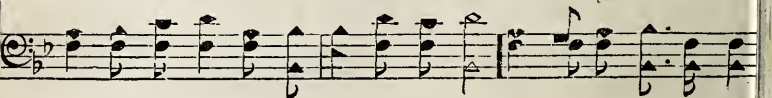
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way I'a - tient - ly win them;



Chorus



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



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



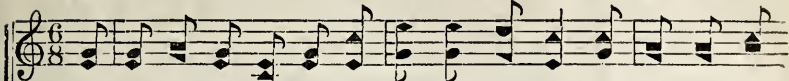
No. 105 O Why Not Surrender Tonight?

Copyright, MCMXXX, by R. E. Winsett, Dayton, Tenn.

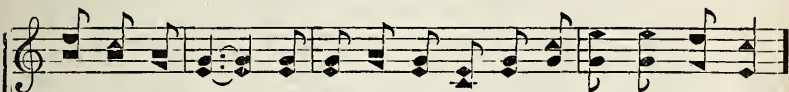
Herbert Buffum

in "Buffum Songs Special"

R. E. Winsett



1. O wan-d'r'er a - far from the dear Shep-herd's fold, Re - ject - ing its
2. So long you have wan-dered your own stub - born way, And sure - ly not
3. The doors of the sheep-fold are o - pened so wide, And O what a
4. Some day you will find it too late to come in, The sheep-ield will



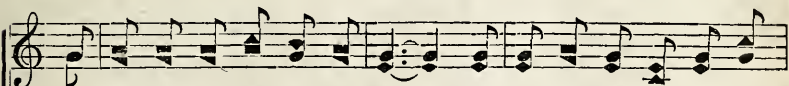
shel - ter, its light; You've long heard the voice that is bid - ding come back,
know - ing your plight; You still are but turn - ing a deaf ear to Him,
won - der - ful sight; When ev - er a poor wand'ring sin - ner re - turns,
then be closed tight; So come while the of - fer of mer - cy holds good,



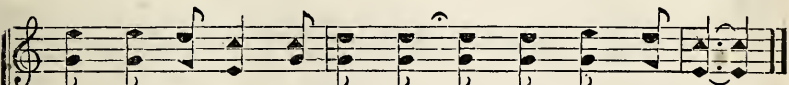
Chorus



O why not sur - ren - der to - night? To - night, to - night,
To - night, to - night,



O why not sur - ren - der to - night? To - mor - row may nev - er a -



gain greet thy sight, O why not ac - cept Him to - night?



D

F. M. G.

F. M. Graham

1. There was a time on earth when in the book of heav'n An old account wa
 2. The old account was large, and growing ev-'ry day, For I was al-way
 3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book wil
 4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has con

stand-ing for sins yet un - for-giv'n; My name was at the top, and
 sin - ning, and nev - er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head and
 o - pen, He can - not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, while
 mand-ed, if you would en - ter in; And then if you should live a

man - y things be-low, I went un - to the Keep-er, and set-tled long a - go
 saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, and set-tled long a - go
 tears of joy will flow Be-cause I had it set-tled, and set-tled long a - go
 hun-dred years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, you set-tled long a - go

Chorus

Long a - go, long a - go, Yes, the old account wa
 Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,

set - tled long a - go; And the record's clear to-day, for E
 hal - le - lu-jah!

An Old Account Settled

washed my sins a - way, When the old ac - count was set - tled long a - go.

No. 107 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bride - groom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the gar - ments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansion bright? And be
 blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, O be

D.S.— Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you

Fine Chorus

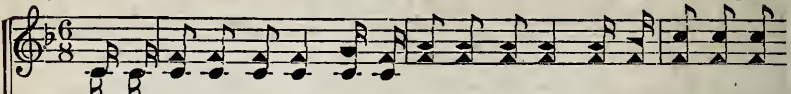
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed
 washed in the blood of the Lamb?

blood, In the soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb?
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

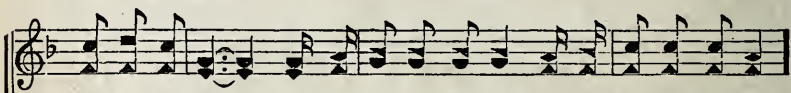
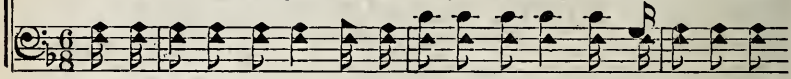
No. 108 When All of God's Singers Get Home

Luther G. Presley Copyright, 1937, by Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,
 Cho. V. O. S. in "Starlit Crown"

Virgil O. Stamps



1. What a song of de-light in that ci - ty so bright Will be waft-ed 'neath
 2. As we sing here on earth, songs of sad-ness or mirth, 'Tis a fore-taste of
 3. Hav-ing o - ver-come sin, "hal-le - lu - jah a - men" Will be heard in that



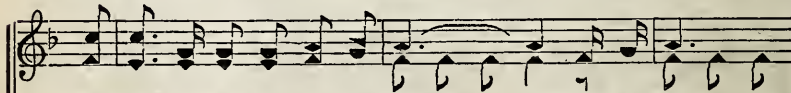
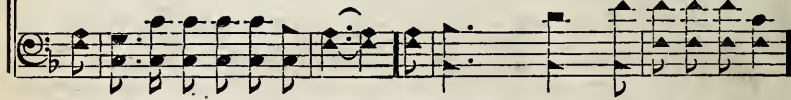
heav - en's fair dome, How the ransomed will raise hap - py songs in His praise,
 rap - ture to come; But our joy can't com- pare with the glo - ry up there,
 land o'er the foam, Ev - 'ry heart will be light and each face will be bright, -



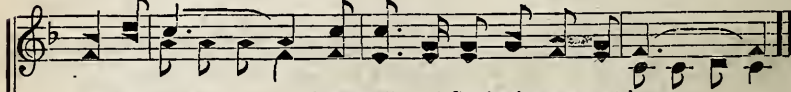
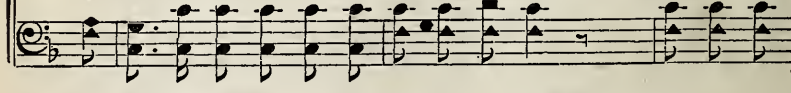
Chorus



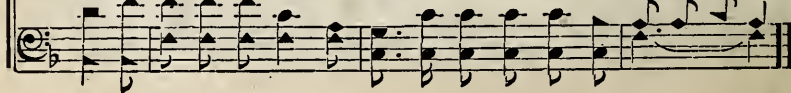
When all of God's singers get home. When all of God's singers get home,
 When all of God's singers get home,



Where nev - er a sor - row will come; There'll be "no
 or heart-aches will come; There'll be no



place like home," When all of God's sing-ers get home.
 place like heav-en my home, God's singers get home.



No. 109 God Put a Rainbow In the Cloud

Rev. A. J.

Copyright, 1931
Owned by Morris & Henson

Rev. Andrew J.
Arr. by Mrs. M. L.

1. When God shut No-ah in the grand old ark, He put a rain-bow
 2. A - way down yon-der in E-gypt's sand, God put a rain-bow
 3. When they put old Dan-iel in the li - on's den, God put a rain-bow
 4. As a sign by day and a sign by night, God put a rain-bow
 5. O Jor - dan deep and Jor - dan wide, God put a rain-bow

in the cloud; When the thunders rolled and the sky was dark, God put a
 in the cloud; Just to lead His children to the promised land, God put a
 in the cloud; Just to prove His promise to the sons of men, God put a
 in the cloud; Just to guide His peo-ple and to keep them right, God put a
 in the cloud; To lead His peo-ple to the oth - er side, God put a

Chorus

rain-bow in the cloud. God put a rain-bow in the cloud, (yes, in the cloud,)

God put a rain-bow in the cloud, (in the cloud,) When it looked like the sun wouldn't

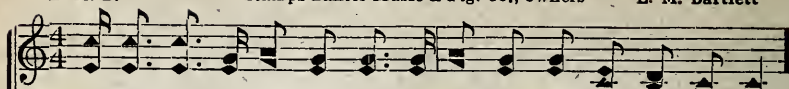
Rit. shine an - y more, *Rit.* God put a rain-bow in the cloud.

Copyright, 1929, by E. M. Bartlett

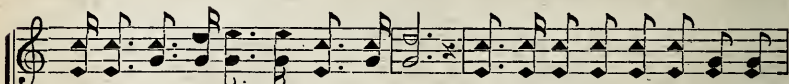
E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

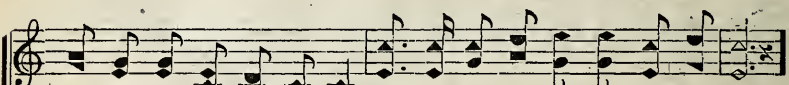
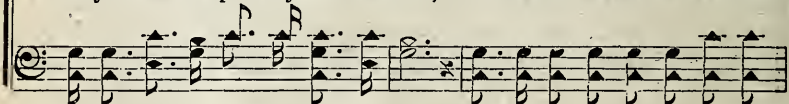
E. M. Bartlett



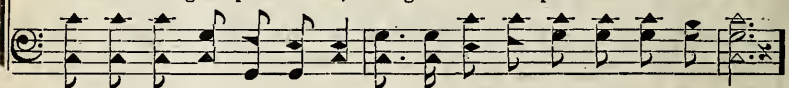
1. Swing out on the prom - is - es, the nev - er fail - ing prom - is - es;
2. Swing out on the prom - is - es, Je - ho - vah's bless - ed prom - is - es;
3. Swing out on the prom - is - es, the ho - ly Mas - ter's prom - is - es;



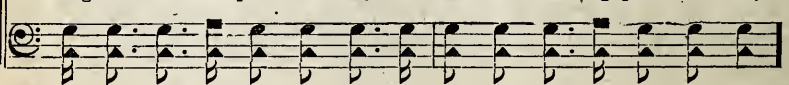
Prom - is - es of Christ, the Lord, di - vine; Cross the line of Ca - naan on His
Trust - ing in His pow'r to make you whole; He will not for - sake the ones who
Give your life com - plete - ly to the Lord; He will not for - sake the soul who



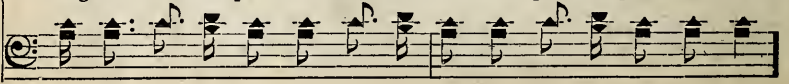
ev - er - last - ing prom - is - es, He will make your path to glo - ry shine.
trust His sa - cred prom - is - es, Cast on Him the bur - dens of your soul.
trusts in His great prom - is - es, Swing out on the prom - ise of His word.

**Chorus**

Swing out on the prom - is - es, the nev - er - fail - ing prom - is - es;



Swing out on the prom - is - es, the Sav - ior's pre - cious prom - is - es,



Swing Out On the Promises

Trust the Savior's ev - er - last - ing word; Swing out on the prom - is - es, the
 all suf - fi - cient prom - is - es; Swing out on the prom - is - es, the
 Sav - ior's ho - ly prom - is - es, Swing out on the prom - is - es of God.

No. 111

Jesus Will Save

S. J. P.

S. J. Perry

1. I'm a way-worn pil-grim here, but Je - sus will save; Filled with many a
 2. Let us walk by faith each day, for Je - sus will save; And be hap - py
 3. There are souls for us to win that Je - sus will save; There are sheaves to
 4. When this toilsome life is o'er dear Je - sus will save All His loved ones

D.S.—Come to Him by
 D.S.

Fine Chorus

doubt and fear, but Je - sus will save.
 on the way, for Je - sus will save. Je - sus will save, yes, Je - sus will save;
 gar - ner in that Je - sus will save.
 ev - er-more, yes, Je - sus will save.

faith and live, for Je - sus will save.

1. Come to Je-sus! He will save you, Tho your sins as crim-son glow;
 2. Come to Je-sus! do not tar-ry, En-ter in at mer-cy's gate;
 3. Come to Je-sus, dy-ing sin-ner! Oth-er Sav-ior there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
 O de - lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com - ing be too late.
 He will share with you His glo - ry, When your pil - grim - age is done.

Chorus

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - - - sus! Come to
 Come, come to - day! Come, come to - day!

Je - sus! come to - day,
 yes, come, come to - day! Come to Je - - - sus!
 Come, come to - day!

Repeat pp

Come to Je - - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to - day!
 Come, come to - day!

No. 113

Be a Light for Jesus

B. F. S.

Morris & Sims, owners

B. F. Sims

1. O ye Christian sol-diers, as you march a-long, Be a light for
 2. Keep your lamps trimmed, burning so that all may see, Be a light for
 3. Thousands grope in dark-ness that can nev-er see, Be a light for
 4. Keep the light bright, shin-ing all the world a-round, Be a light for

Je-sus ev-'ry day; Keep His bau-ner hoist-ed all the whole day long,
 Je-sus ev-'ry day; Let the world see Je-sus and from sin be free,
 Je-sus ev-'ry day; Un-til we point them up to Mount Cal-va-ry,
 Je-sus ev-'ry day; Till, re-leased from dark-ness, all the Lord have found,

Chorus

Be a light for Je-sus ev-'ry day. Be a light, be a
 Bright, shining light,

light, Be a light for Je-sus ev-'ry day, Be a
 bright, shin-ing light ev-'ry day,

light, be a light, Be a light for Je-sus ev-'ry day.
 Bright, shining light, be a shin-ing light,

No. 114

Lift Him Up

Copyright, 1903, by B. B. Beall

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

B. B. Beall

1. How to reach the mas-ses, men of ev - 'ry birth? For an an-swer
 2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-ior
 3. Don't ex - alt the preacher, don't ex - alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel
 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, Will
 up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, "I'll
 sim-ple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that prom-ise is true, "I'll
 you the Sav-ior see, Then men will glad-ly follow Him who once taught, "I'll

Chorus

draw all men un - to me." Lift Him up, lift Him
 Lift the pre-cious Sav-ior up, lift the

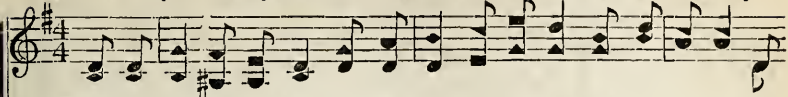
up, Still He speaks from e - ter - ni - ty, "And I, if
 precious Sav-ior up,

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

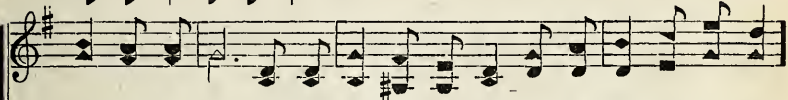
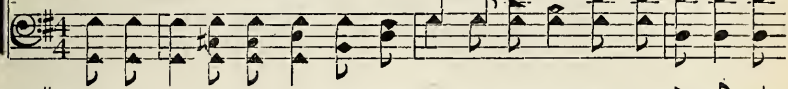
Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas"

Rev. C. R. Piety

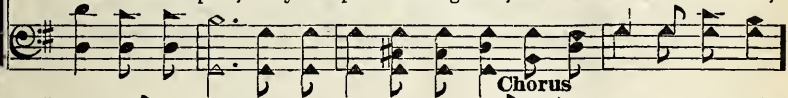
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners Samuel W. Beazley



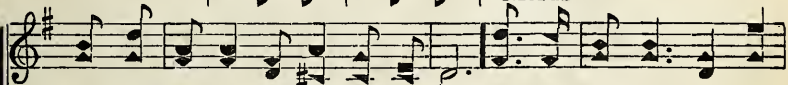
1. There are man-y hearts ach-ing 'neath loads that they bear, And all drear-y their
2. There are souls that are bur-dened 'neath pov-er-ty's sting, Who con-sid-er each
3. There are those who might buy an - y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now
4. There are man-y to-night that are wound-ed by sin, And they think no one



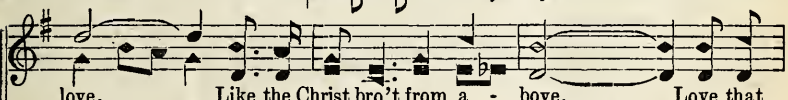
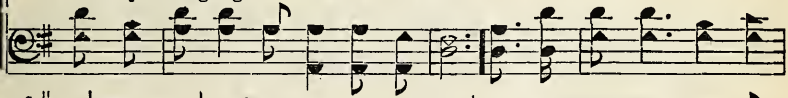
days are and long; But the love of a friend would re-lieve toil and care,
 man as his foe; They need friend-ship and kind-ness to cause them to sing,
 ach-ing and cold; They are wast-ing their time seek-ing pleas-ure and mirth,
 cares for their pain; They are per-ish-ing now, whom the Christ died to win,



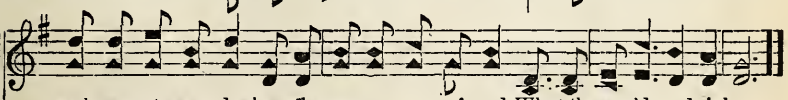
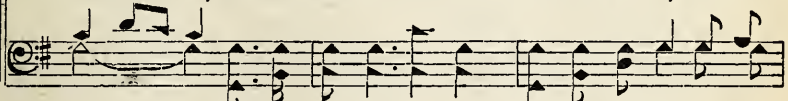
Chorus



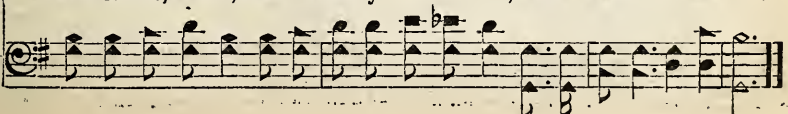
And fill life with a joy-ous new song.
 And the love of a Sav-ior to know. What the old world needs is
 While true love would bring glad-ness un-told.
 And they're long-ing for love all in vain.



love, Like the Christ bro't from a - bove, Love that
 sweet love, from a-bove,



reach-es out, around, where the weary ones are found, What the world needs is love.



Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever

John

be free to be published for the glory of God

J. G. F.

1. Christ, our Re - deem - er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has prom - ised,
 3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
 4. O what com - pas - sion, O bound - less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all His due; All who re - ceive Him need nev - er fear,
 so will He do; O sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have re - fused? O sin - ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
 Je - sus - is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 O He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

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

rit.

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

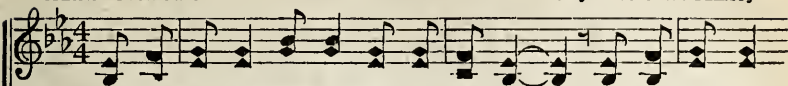
No. 119

Give Me Your Hand

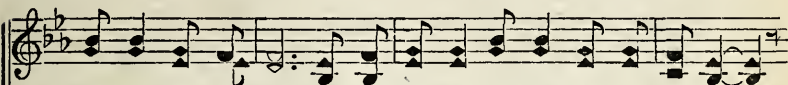
Arr. Copyright, 1938, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

Author Unknown

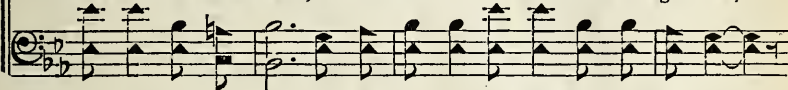
Arr. by Albert E. Brumley



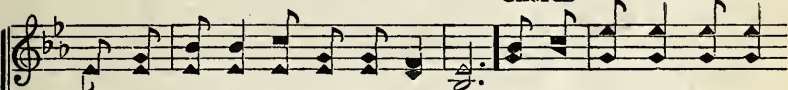
1. As an arm - y we're marching t'ward heav-en, So 'tis best that
2. You may not come to our great Ca - the - dral, But be - long to
3. If to - day you are look - ing t'ward Cal - y'ry Where the Sav - ior
4. We are bound for that beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Where be - fore the



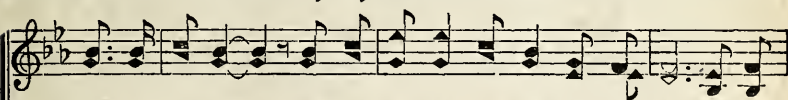
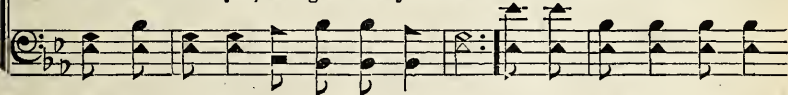
to - geth - er we stand, We may not have the same rank or ti - tle,
 some small pray - ing band; But if you love my Christ, our Re - deem - er,
 paid ev - 'ry de - mand, If you trust in His death for a - tone - ment,
 white throne we shall stand, And we'll all be as one there to - geth - er,



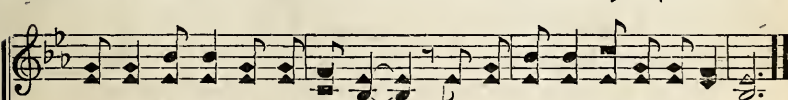
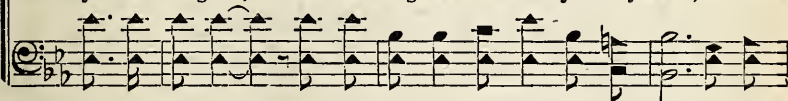
Chorus



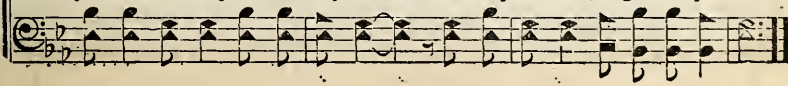
But we're sol - diers, so give me your hand.
 You're a Chris - tian, so give me your hand. O I care not what church
 We're not strang - ers, so give me your hand.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, so give me your hand.

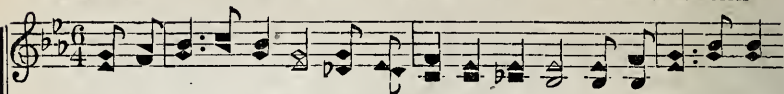


you be - long to, Just as long as for God you may stand, But if

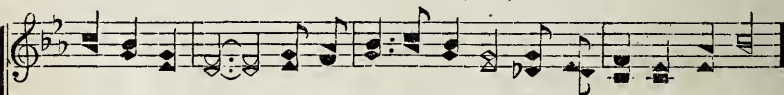
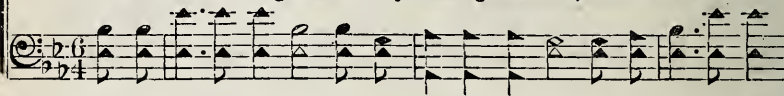


your heart to - day is as my heart, You're my broth - er, so give me your hand.





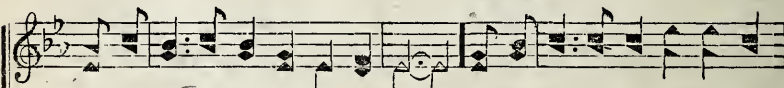
1. I have dreams of a home 'neath an un-cloud-ed dome, In a beau-ti-ful
2. I have dreams of a throng sing-ing out a glad song, And of an-gel bands
3. I have dreams of a gate where my miss-ing ones wait, Where there's never a



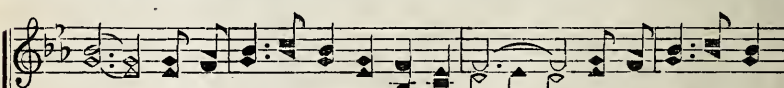
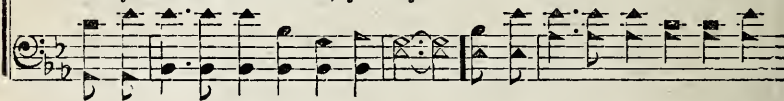
ci - ty on high, And what comfort be-low just to hope, feel and know,
 hov - er - ing nigh, And I know that at last tri - als all will be past,
 tear or a sigh, I shall meet them some day at the end of the way,



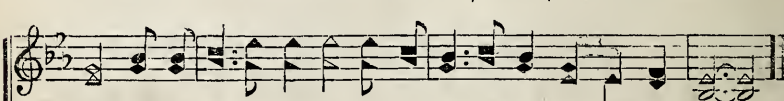
Chorus



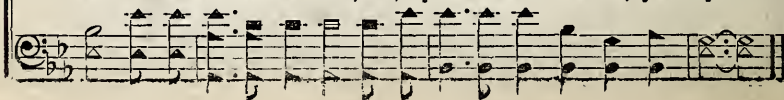
That my dreams will come true, by and by.
 And my dreams will come true, by and by. Yes, my dreams will come true, by and
 For my dreams will come true, by and by.

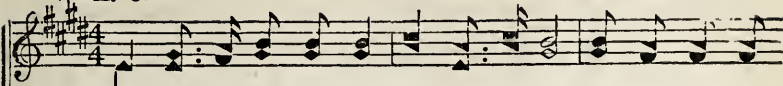


by, For on Je - sus each day I re - ly, He will keep me His
 re - ly,

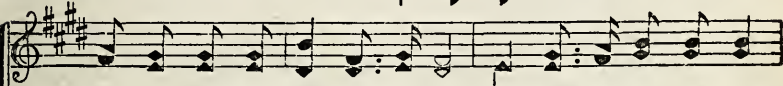


own till the shadows have flown; Yes, my dreams will come true, by and by.





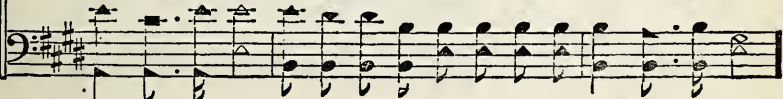
1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dearer far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus has shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come unto Me;" Weary, heav-y -



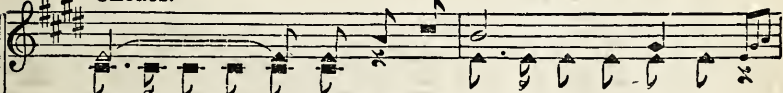
a - ny mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
 a - ny love that mortals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is - es,



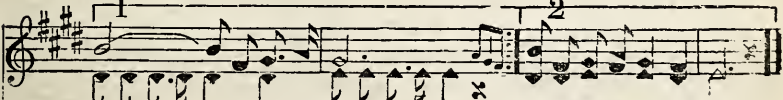
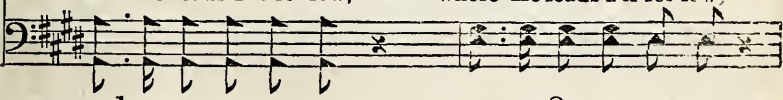
Sin-less I see; He the great example is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faith-ful is He; He the great example is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faith-ful and sure; Lean upon the Saviour, and thy soul is se-cure.



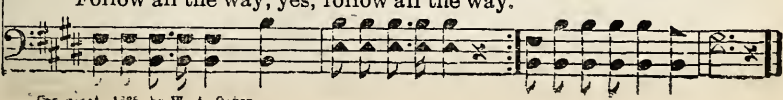
CHORUS.



Where He leads I'll fol - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol-low, where He leads I'll fol-low,



Fol - low all the way Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.



Copyright, 1937, by E. M. Bartlett in "Springtime Echoes"

E. M. Bartlett

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners Albert E. Brumley

1. I have left the land of bondage with its earth-ly treasures, I've journeyed
 2. Out of E-gypt I have traveled, thru the darkness, dreary, Far o-ver
 3. Yes, I've reached the land of promise with its scenes of glo-ry, My jour-ney

to a place where there is love on ev-'ry hand; I've ex-
 hills and val-leys and a-cross the des-sert sands; But I've
 end-ed in a place so love-ly and so grand; I've been

changed a land of heartaches for a land of pleas-ure,
 land-ed safe at home where I shall not grow wea-ry, I'm camp-ing, I'm
 led by Je-sus to this bless-ed land of sto-ry,

Chorus

camp-ing in Ca-naan's hap-py land. Ev-'ry day I'm

camping, in the land of Ca-naan, And with rap-ture I sur-
 camping, Ca-naan,

Gamping in Ganaan's Land

vey its won-drous beauties grand, O glo- ry, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah, I have

found the land of promise, I'm camping, I'm camping in Canaan's happy land.
and

No. 123

Precious Memories

Stamps-Baxter Music Co., Owners

J. B. F. Wright

1. Pre-cious mem'ries, un - seen an-gels, Sent from somewhere to my soul;
2. Pre-cious fa-ther, lov - ing moth-er, Fly a-cross the lone-ly years;
3. In the still-ness of the midnight, Ech - oes from the past I hear;
4. As I trav-el on life's pathway, Know not what the years may hold;

Fine

How they lin-ger, ev - er near me, And the sa-cred past un-fold.
And old home scenes of my childhood, In fond mem-o - ry ap-pears.
Old time sing-ing, glad-ness bring-ing, From that love-ly land somewhere;
As I pon-der, hope grows fon-der, Pre-cious mem'ries flood my soul;

D.S.— In the still-ness of the mid-night, Pre-cious, sa-cred scenes un-fold.

Chorus

D.S.

Pre-cious mem'ries, how they lin-ger, How they ev - er flood my soul,

1. My pre-cious Sav-ior suf-fered pain and ag - o - ny, He bore it
 2. They placed a crown of thorns up - on my Sav-ior's head,
 3. Up Cal-v'ry's hill in shame the bless-ed Sav-ior trod,

all..... that I might live;..... He broke the bonds of
 By cru - el man with
 Free-ly bore it all I with Him might live; Between two thieves they

sin and set the cap-tive free, All that I might
 spear His side was pierced and bled,
 cru - ci-fied the Son of God, He bore it all that I might

Fine Chorus

in His pres-ence live. He bore it all that I might see His
 live..... Je - sus bore it all,

shin - ing face, Free-ly bore it all,
 see His shin-ing face, He bore it all..... that I might

He Bore It All

D.S.

I with Him might live; I stood condemned to die but Je-sus took my place,
live;..... Stood condemned to die, free-ly took my place,

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat.

No. 125

Old Time Power

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2:4

C. D. T.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman

Charlie D. Tillman

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac-cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed With the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat.

When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat.

Chorus

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, including a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, including a treble clef, a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat.

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

path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to re-new,
 Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be,
 dark-ness and er - ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be
 crown shall our la - bor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

Chorus

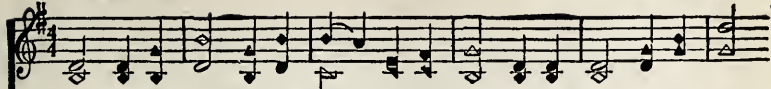
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on,
 While we her - ald the ti-dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 In the loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,

toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

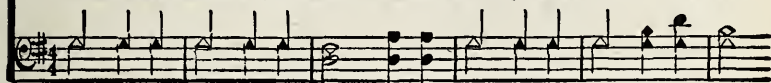
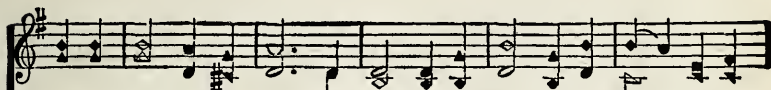
Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

S. O'Maley Cluff


Ira D. Sankey



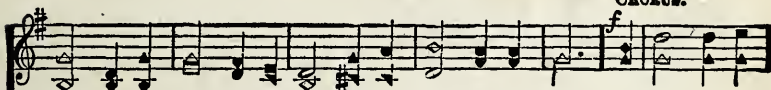
1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -

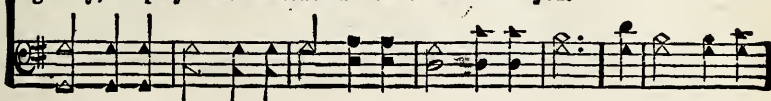

for tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to



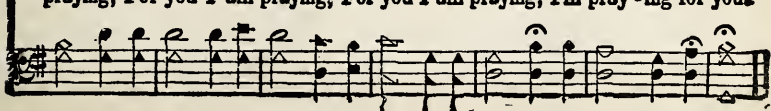
CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend. could I see you re - ceiv - ing one tool
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answer'd—'twas answer'd for you!

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

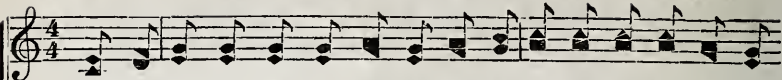


Copyright, 1925, by E. M. Bartlett

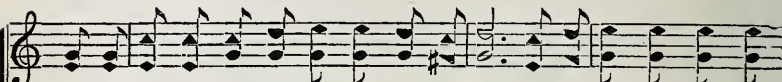
E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

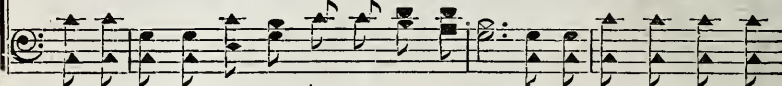
E. M. Bartlett



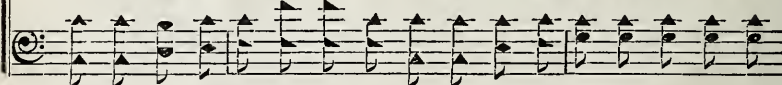
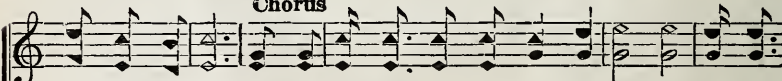
1. What a hap - py time is com - ing When we reach our home in heav - en
2. When the saints be - gin to gath - er Round the throne in that blest ci - ty
3. On that bless - ed hap - py morn - ing When old friends are re - u - nit - ed



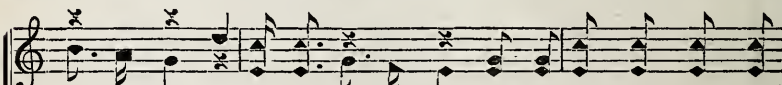
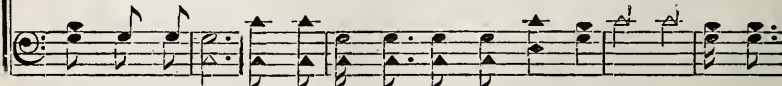
And the burdens which we've borne, we'll bear no more; When the an - gel sounds the
And the an - gel-choir the songs of praise out-pour; Harps of gold will then be
And when all our loved ones we will see a - gain; In that hap - py land e -



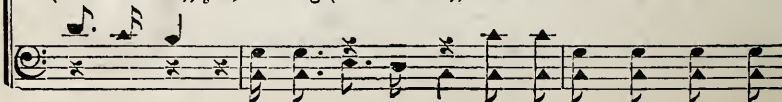
trum - pet, Call - ing us to those bright mansions, There'll be shout - ing on the ey -
ring - ing, Saints of all the a - ges sing - ing; Such a meet - ing as we nev -
ter - nal, We will live in joy su - per - nal And with Je - sus and His a -

**Chorus**

er - last - ing shore,
er saw be - fore. There'll be shouting on the hills of glo - ry, Shout - ing
gels ev - er reign.



(on the hills,) yes, shout - ing (on the hills,) When we reach that land of



There'll Be Shouting

which we've heard the sto - ry, There'll be shout-ing on the hills of God.

Musical notation for the first system of 'There'll Be Shouting', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

No. 129

Who Is That ?

Copyright, 1922, by E. M. Bartlett

E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M. Bartlett

1. Who is that call-ing for me to come, Come and be saved from sin?
2. Who is that fol-low - ing af - ter me, Troub'ling my sleep at night?
3. Who is that seek-ing my soul to save, Save from the bondage of sin?

Musical notation for the first system of 'Who Is That?', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics and a 6/8 time signature.

Who is that knock-ing at my heart's door, Wanting to be let in?
Who is that ask-ing for my poor heart, Say-ing "Come in-to the light?"
Who is that draw-ing by love's strong cord, Break-ing my heart with-in?

Musical notation for the second system of 'Who Is That?', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Chorus

Who is that knock-ing, call-ing, seek-ing, Who is that troub'ling my soul?
my soul?

Musical notation for the chorus of 'Who Is That?', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Sure-ly 'tis Je-sus, ask-ing, plead-ing, Want-ing to make me whole.

Musical notation for the final system of 'Who Is That?', featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

1. Je - sus is com - ing from heav - en Back to the earth some day,
 2. Some day the clouds will be lad - en With a most pre - cious King,
 3. E - ven the an - gels in heav - en Know not the day nor hour,

Will you be found where faith - ful are crowned, Or be turned a - way from His
 He will de - scend, our glo - ri - ous friend, While na - ture shall sing of His
 But thru the maze on one of these days We'll see Him in pow'r bro't from

jew - els? O He will come back in His glo - ry O - ver the earth to
 glo - ry and In - to sub - jec - tion all na - tions Low at His feet shall
 heav - en, for He will be giv - en do - min - ion O - ver the land and

reign, Hast - en, my broth - er, get read - y, Gath - er in the grain.
 lie, He will be crowned with true glo - ry, Lord and King most high.
 sea, O what a glo - ri - ous rul - er Will our Sav - ior be.

Chorus

He is com - - ing Back to the earth a - gain,
 Com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,

Coming

Com-ing in love from heav-en a-bove, To reign o - ver men; He is
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, To reign o ver men;

Com - ing to reign o - ver men;

com-ing in pow - er, glo - ry, O what a sight 'twill be!
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

com-ing in pow - er, glo - ry, O what a sight 'twill be!
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

Saints on the earth will greet Him with mirth, The King is He.
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, King is He.

Saints on the earth will greet Him with mirth, The King is He.
com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, King is He.

Saints will greet Him, King is He.....

No. 131

Arlington

Rev. Isaac Watts 1720

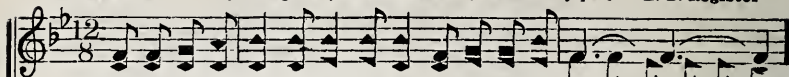
Thos. A. Arne, 1744

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 - ery beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?

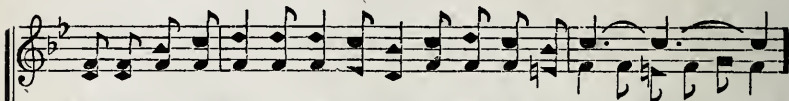
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

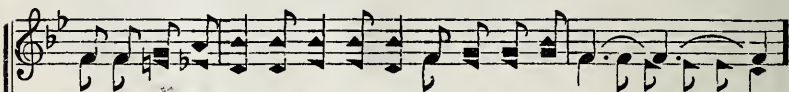
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?



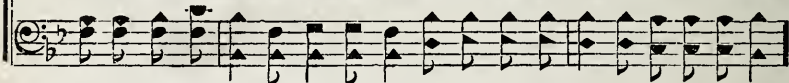
1. I've heard of a land of joy and peace and wonderful light, (and wonderful light,)
2. The glo - ri - ous news I tell and sing, as on - ward I go, (as on - ward I go,)
3. I know I shall meet Him at the gate, when trials are past, (when trials are past,)



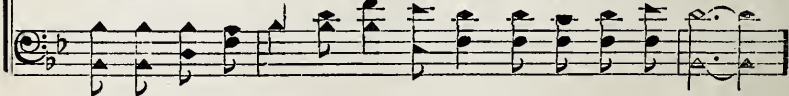
A beau - ti - ful place of mansions fair and skies ev - er bright, (and skies ever bright;)
That those who are still astray in sin my Sav - ior may know, (my Savior may know,)
I know I shall meet Him face to face in glo - ry at last, (in glo - ry at last;)



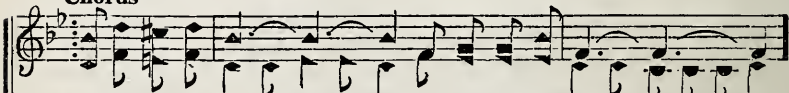
Where all who be - lieve the Sav - ior dear, for - ev - er shall stay, (forever shall stay,)
I want them to sing His praise a - bove, some beau - ti - ful day, (some beautiful day,)
And O I believe that when we meet "well done" He will say, ("well done" He will say,)



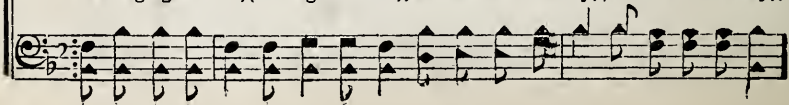
And hav - ing been saved by grace di - vine, I'm go - ing that way.
For glo - ry to Him who died for me, I'm go - ing that way.
For trust - ing His soul - re - deem - ing love, I'm go - ing that way.



Chorus



I'm go - ing that way, (I'm on that way,) I'm going that way, (I'm going that way,)
I'm cling - ing to Him, (I cling to Him,) and nev - er to stray, (and never to stray,)



I'm Going That Way

1

And Je-sus the Sav-ior I a-dore is with me each day; (is with me each day;)

2

Yes, singing His prais-es all day long, I'm go-ing that way. (I'm go-ing that way.)

No. 133 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

Rev. E. A. Hoffman

Used by per.

A. J. Showalter

1 { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 { What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2 { O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 { O how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3 { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 { I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

Chorus

1 last - ing arms; Lean - - ing, lean - - ing,
 2 last - - - ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

1 Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
 (Omit) Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 2

1. Once I bore a bur-den great, Was wea-ry and sad; But no more I
 2. Once a crav-ing great had I For pleas-ures that stain; Now I pass those
 3. Once my rec-ord was un-clean, My spir-it was worn; Now my name on

bear its weight, I'm pardoned and glad; Love di-vine at last I know, No
 pleasures by, They tempt me in vain; I am un-der His con-trol, Re-
 high is seen As fair as the morn; O what hap-pi-ness is mine, With

long-er I stray; On without a stain I go-
 joic-ing each day; Gone the burden from my soul—Love took it a-way.
 Je-sus I stay; Sin no moré makes me repine—

Chorus

Love took it a-way,..... One wonderful day,.....
 Love took it a-way,..... One won-der-ful day,

Made me free and lift-ed me, In the light to stay;..... Love
 of God to stay;

Love Took It Away

took it a-way,..... One won-der-ful day,.....
 Love took it a-way,..... One won-der-ful day,

Gone at last my sin - ful past—Love took it a - way.

Fine

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise.
 And our loved ones we shall see,
 Who so free-ly died for me, Hal-le-lu-jah! in that morning we shall rise.
 To our home so bright and fair,

Chorus

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
 We shall rise! we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When death's prison



Just Over In the Glory-Land

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Acuff

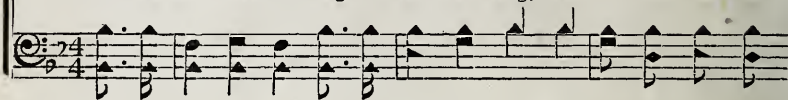
James W. Acuff

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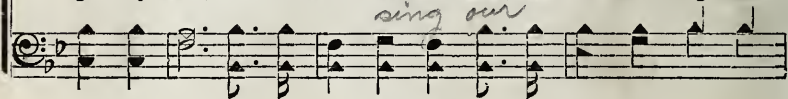
Emmett S. Dean



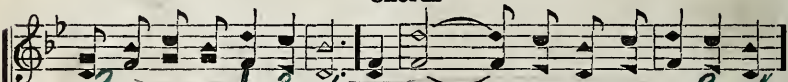
1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a - bide, Just o - ver in the
2. I am on my way to those man-sions fair, Just o - ver in the
3. What a joy - ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o - ver in the
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o - ver in the



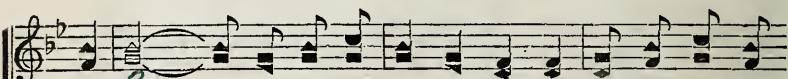
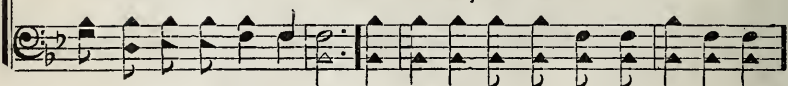
glo - ry - land; And I long to be by my Sav - ior's side, Just
 glo - ry - land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just
 glo - ry - land; And with kin - dred saved, there for - ev - er be, Just
 glo - ry - land; Glad ho - san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just



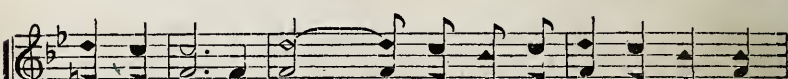
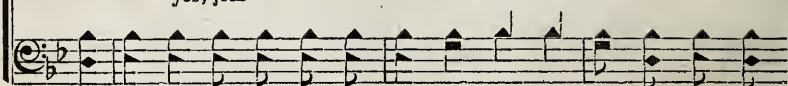
Chorus



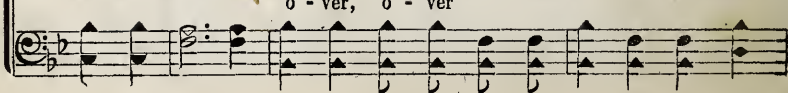
o - ver in the glo - ry - land. Just o - - - ver in the glo - ry - land,
 o - ver, o - ver



I'll join the hap - py an - gel band, Just o - ver in the
 yes, join



glo - ry - land; Just o - - - ver in the glo - ry - land, There
 o - ver, o - ver



Just Over In the Glory-Land

with the might-y host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
yes, with

No. 141 Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland, J. W. Gaines and N. W. Allphin
Eiland's interest owned by J. E. Thomas and T. S. Cobb

Jennie Wilson

Used by permission

F. L. Eiland

1. Time is filled with swift tran-si-tion, Naught of earth un-moved can stand,
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What-so-ev-er years may bring,
3. Cov-et not this world's vain rich-es, That so rap-id-ly de-cay,
4. When your jour-ney is com-plet-ed, If to God you have been true,

Rit.

Build your hopes on things e-ter-nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for-sak-en, Still more close-ly to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures, They will nev-er pass a-way!
Fair and bright the home in glo-ry, Your en-rap-tured soul will view!

Chorus

Hold to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
to His hand, to His hand,

Rit. Repeat chorus softly

Build your hopes on things e-ter-nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!

No. 142 The Son Hath Made Me Free

Miriam E. Oatman

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY W. A. STEWART

W. A. Stewart

1. I was once..... in E-gypt's bon-dage, (Egypt's bondage,) But de-
 2. I was once..... a slave to Sa-tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And He
 3. Worldly pleas - ures can-not charm me, (can-not charm me,) No de-
 4. Al' my fear,..... all con-dem - na - tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that

liv - 'rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv - ing now in
 worked.. his will in me, (yes, in me,) But I'm bound..... by sin no
 light..... in them I see, (none for me,) Fash-ion, fol - ly, pride have
 stood... 'twixt God and me, (God and me,) Praise His name! ... are left be-

Ca-naan, (now in Canaan,) For the Son..... hath made me free.
 lon-ger, (bound no longer,) made me free,
 left me, (they have left me,) hind me, (left be-hind me,)

REFRAIN.

I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
 I am dwell - ing now in Ca - naan, Je - sus'
 Je - sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me; I am free from con-dem-
 blood..... avails for me; I am free..... from con-dem

The Son Hath Made Me Free

na-tion, con-dem-na-tion, For the Son hath made me free. (hath made me free.)
 na-tion, For the Son. . . . hath made me free.

No. 143

What Would You Do?

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

Rev. W. A. Washburn

in "Joyful Songs"

Ernest Rippetoe

1. If you knew that this morn-ing's bright sun - rise Would be the last
 2. If you knew that to - mor - row's bright noon-day Some-one would be
 3. If you knew that to - mor - row at sun - set, When forms the first

sun-rise for you, If to-mor-row you'd be o-ver yon-der,
 sing-ing for you, That your soul had gone on to meet Je-sus, O
 diamond of dew, It would kiss the sweet rose where you're sleeping,

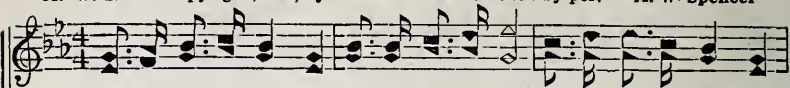
D.S.—O

Fine Chorus

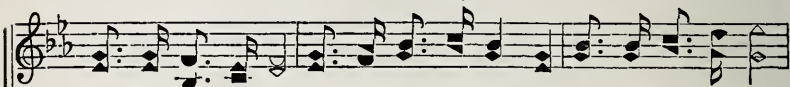
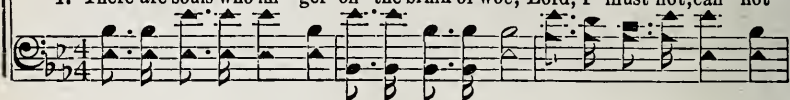
tell me just what would you do? What would you do, O what would you do If
 tell me just what would you do?

D.S.

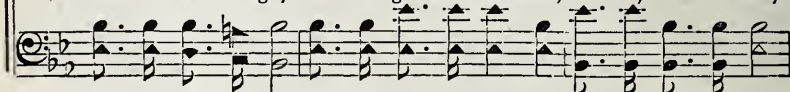
this day should be the last sun-rise for you? What would you do, O what would you do?



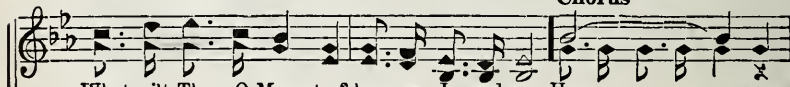
1. There is much to do, there's work on ev'ry hand, Hark! the cry for help comes
2. There's the plaintive cry of mourning souls distressed, And the sigh of hearts who
3. There are hung'ring souls who cry aloud for bread, With the bread of life they're
4. There are souls who linger on the brink of woe, Lord, I must not, can not



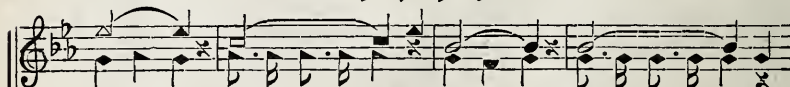
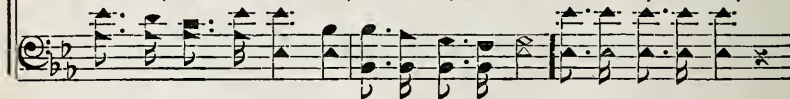
ring-ing thru the land: Je - sus calls for reap - ers, I must ac - tive be,
 seek but find no rest; These should have my love and ten - der sym - pa - thy,
 long-ing to be fed; Shall they starve and fam-ish while a feast is free?
 bear to let them go; Let me go and tell them, broth - er, turn and flee,



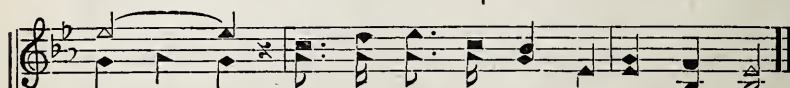
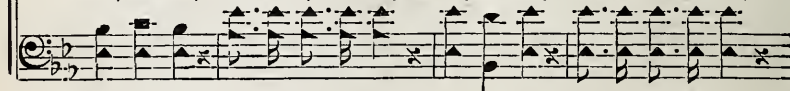
Chorus



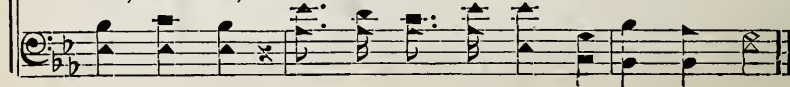
What wilt Thou, O Mas - ter? here am I, send me. Here am
 Read - y at Thy bid - ding, here am I, send me.
 I must be more faith - ful, here am I, send me.
 Mas - ter, I would save them, here am I, send me. Here am I, send me,



I, Lord, send me, Here am
 Lord, send me, Here am I, send me, Lord, send me, Here am I, send me,



I, Lord, send me, Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Lord, send me.



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J. R. Baxter, Jr.

in "Boundless Joy"

J. B. Coats

1. Je - sus, my heav'nly King, loves me, I know, Prais-es to Him I sing,
 2. Walk-ing with Him each day, love light doth shine, Do-ing His will al-way,
 3. Hap - py to serve my friend, lean on His arm, Rapture will nev-er end,

'on - ward I go; Close - ly to Him I cling, bless-ings still flow, I love my
 nev - er re-pine; Kneel-ing to Him I pray, "Thy will, not mine," I love my
 noth - ing a-larm; Voic-es will sweet-ly blend, un-der His charm, I love my

D.S.—In ev-'ry-

Fine Chorus

Sav - ior, too. I Yes, I tru-ly love my Sav - - -
 love my bless-ed Sav-ior,
 thing I do.

ior, He loves me, too;
 bless-ed Savior, And He ev-er loves me, yes, He loves me, too;

D.S.

I Humbly now I seek His fa - - - - vor
 seek His grace and fa-vor, grace and fa-vor

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

L. G. P.

in "Thankful Hearts"

Luther G. Presley

1. Men strive for the wealth of this wide, wick-ed world, They seek af - ter hon -
 2. They seem not to know that their treasures will rust And thieves oft - en break
 3. What prof - it is found in earth's sil - ver and gold? How sad at the close

or and fame; (worldly fame;) So lav - ish - ly sporting their diamonds and pearls,
 thru and steal; (oft-en steal;) Con - tent - ed with pleasure, they fol - low their lust,
 of life's day, (fleeting day,) I' for the exchange one must lose his own soul,

Chorus

They put the dear Sav - ior to shame. I'd rath - er live
 With sor - row their des - ti - ny seal.
 From heaven's door be turned a - way. I'd rath - - - er live in

in that bright ci - ty, Own earth's sil - ver and gold,
 heav - - en Than to own all earth's sil - ver and gold, I'd

I'd rath - er have Je - sus my Sav - ior Than a
 rath - - - er have Je - - - sus Than the diamonds of a pal -

I'd Rather Have Jesus

pal-ace to hold; I'd rath-er be just a poor beg-gar,
 ace to hold;..... I'd rath - - er be a beg - - gar, Live

Live in a shack by the road, Than here to own
 in a lit-tle shack by the road,..... Than to own all earth's

all of earth's treasures, With no ti - tle to a fu-ture a-bode.
 treas - ures, to a fu-ture a - bode.....

No. 147

It Is the Hour of Prayer

J. L. Hale

1. It is the hour of pray'r; Draw near and bend the knee, And
 2. O'er-wea-ried with the heat And bur-den of the day, Now
 3. O bless-ed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high! Like
 4. Tho dark may be our lot; Our eyes be dim with care, These

fill the calm and ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy.
 let us rest our wan - d'ring feet, And gath - er here to pray.
 sun-light when the tem - pests low'r, Pray'r to the soul is nigh.
 sad-d'ning tho'ts shall trou - ble not This ho - ly hour of pray'r.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter

J. R. Baxter, Jr., owner

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. As day by day I jour ney, I'm wea-ry oft and worn; But to my
 2. Tho man-y dis-ap-point-ments A-round my path may fall, I'll call them
 3. Look up, ye heav-y-heart-ed, Look up and trust your King; His dear ones

heart a mes-sage On wings of love is borne: It tells me there is com-ing A
 "His appointments," For He is rul-ing all; He notes the smallest sparrow, He
 are pro-ject-ed Beneath His shelt'ring wing; Tho dark the clouds may gather, He'll

bright and hap-py day, When God, my heav'nly Father, Will wipe all tears a-way.
 hears His children pray, And by and by, in mer-cy, He'll wipe all tears a-way.
 send the sun's glad ray, And in His word He tells us He'll wipe all tears a-way.

Chorus

He'll wipe all tears a-way, He'll wipe all tears a-way; Our kind and
 He will wipe all tears a-way, Yes, He will wipe all tears a-way;

lov-ing Father will wipe all tears a-way; He'll wipe all tears a-way, He'll
 Will wipe all tears a-way; He will wipe all tears away, Yes,

He'll Wipe All Tears Away

wipe all tears a - way; Our kind and loving Fa-ther Will wipe all tears a-way.
He will wipe all tears a-way;

No. 149 That is Where I Want to Go

Mrs. J. M. Hunter

Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosley

T. B. Mosley

1 { There's a brighter world than this, There's a home of changel^{ess} bliss, Where the ransomed
From this glo-ry gleaming throne, Je- sus smiles up-or His own, (*Omit*.....)
2 { Here there's sin and death and pain, Cherished hopes are often vain, And the stormy
There they nev- er feel a fear, There they nev-er shed a tear, (*Omit*.....)
3 { I have loved ones o-ver there, Forms so dear and fac-es fair, And they walk with
They'll be look- ing out for me, And I long their smiles to see, (*Omit*.....)

D.C.-That is where I want to go, Vast e - ter - ni - ty to spend, (*Omit*.....)

ones e - ter - nal life shall know; O I tell you that is where I want to go.
winds of sor-row fierce-ly blow; O I tell you that is where I want to go.
Christ in robes as white as snow; O I tell you that is where I mean to go.

.....) O I tell you that is where I want to go.

Chorus

D. C.

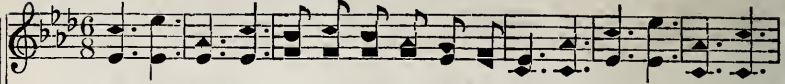
That is where I want to go, That is where I want to go, When this earthly life shall end,

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 148:2

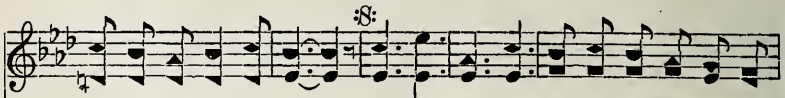
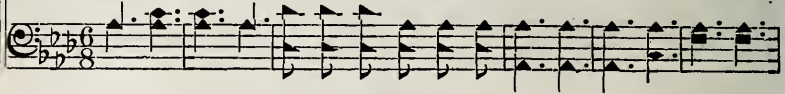
Fanny J. Crosby

Copyright, 1869, by Biglow & Main

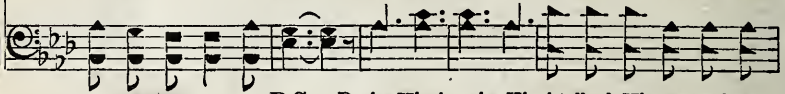
Chester G. Allen



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por - tals,

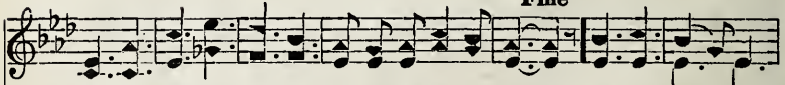


won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for - ev - er and

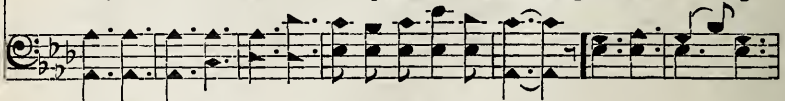


D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent

Fine

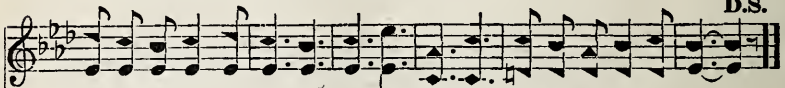


glo-ry, Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd,
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus the cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ever; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King! Christ is com - ing!

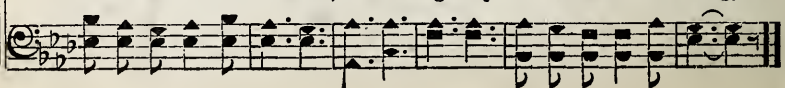


greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

D.S.



Je - sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Je - sus who bore our sor - rows, Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Pow' r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;



KATE HANKEY

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W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re - mem - ber,
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have caused to fear That this world's

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me the sto - ry
emp - ty glo - ry, Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing, Has
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A
glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

Chorus

helpless and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

1. All a - long on the road to the soul's true a-bode, There's an Eye
 2. As you make life's great flight, keep the pathway of right,
 3. Fix your mind on the goal, that sweet home of the soul, There's an Eye

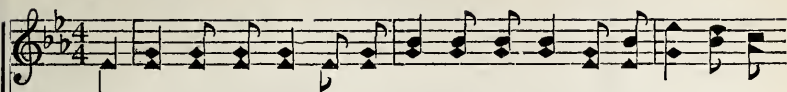
watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great Eye is a-wake,
 watch-ing you; God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
 Nev - er turn from the way to the king-dom of day,

Chorus

There's an Eye watch-ing you. Watching you, watch-ing
 There's an Eye watch-ing you. Watch-ing you,

you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue; Watching you,
 watching you, Watching you

watch-ing you, There's an all - see - ing Eye watch-ing you.
 watch-ing you,



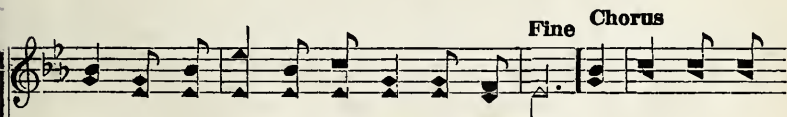
1. From all the dark plac-es of earth's hea-then rac-es, O see how the
 2. The sun-light is glanc-ing o'er arm-ies ad-vanc-ing, To con-quer the
 3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, and ju-bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-



thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion a-wakes ev-'ry
 king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His pres-ence shall
 bel-lion cast down, At last ev-'ry na-tion, the Lord of sal-



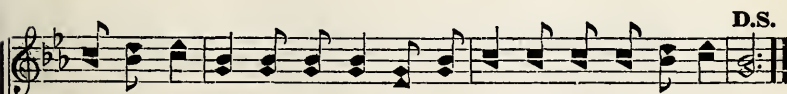
D.S.—The earth shall be full of His knowl-edge and



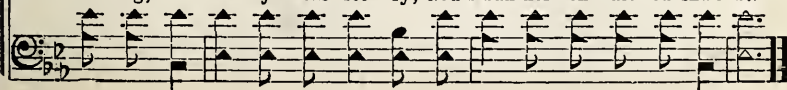
na-tion, Come o-ver and help us, they cry.
 bless them, His beau-ty shall en-ter them in. The king-dom is
 va-tion, Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!



glo-ry, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea.



com-ing, O tell ye the sto-ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall b.'



1. They tried my Lordand Mas-ter, With no one to de-
 2. The world may turn a-against Him, I'll love Him to the
 3. I'll do what He may bid me; I'll go where He..... may
 4. To all who need..... a Sav-ior, My Friend I rec - - - om-

fend; With-in the halls..... of Pi - late Hestood without..... a
 end, And while on earth..... I'm liv - ing, My Lord shall have..... a
 send; I'll try each fly - - ing mo-ment To prove that I'm..... His
 mend, Be-cause He bro't..... sal - va-tion, Is why I am His

Chorus

friend. I'll be a friend to Je - sus,
 I'll be a friend to Je - sus,

My life for Him I'll spend; I'll be a friend.....
 My life for Him I'll spend; I'll be a friend

to Je - sus, Un - til my years shall end.
 to Je - sus, Un - til my years shall end.

No. 159 When the Redeemed are Gathering In

Property of W. H. Dutton, Comanche, Tex.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Used by per.

W. H. Dutton

1. I am think-ing of the rap-ture in our bless-ed home on high, When the re-
2. There will be a great pro-ces-sion o-ver on the streets of gold,
3. Saints will sing redemption's sto-ry with their voic-es clear and strong,
4. Then the Sav-ior will give or-ders to pre-pare the ban-quet board.

deemed..... are gath-er-ing in;..... How we'll raise the heav'nly
O what mu-sic, O what
Then the an-gels all will
When the redeemed are gathering in, are gath-er-ing in; And we'll hear His in-vi-

al- them in that ci-ty in the sky, When the re-deemed..... are gath-er-ing
sing-ing o'er the ci-ty will be rolled,
lis-ten, for they cannot join that song,
ta-tion, "Come, ye blessed of the Lord,"

When the redeemed are gath-er-ing

Fine Chorus

in. (are gath-er-ing in.) When the re-deemed..... are gath-er-ing
How we will shout,..... and how we will

D.S.

in, Washed like the snow, and free from all sin;
sing, (Omit D.S.)

Rev. 21:2

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Llendas Publishing Co., owner

A. F. I.

Arthur F. Ingler

Moderato

1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful ci - ty, Whose builder and ruler is • God;
 2. No sin is allowed in that ci - ty, And noth-ing de-fil-ing nor mean;
 3. No heartaches are known in that ci - ty, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gathering yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;

John saw it descending from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sickness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no disappointment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

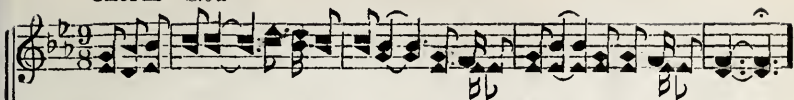
Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The ci - ty it - self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempt-er is there to an - noy;
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glory with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

Rit. ad libitum.

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de-destroy.
 My heart is now set on that ci - ty, And some day its blessing I'll share.
 They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair ci - ty at last.

The Pearly White City

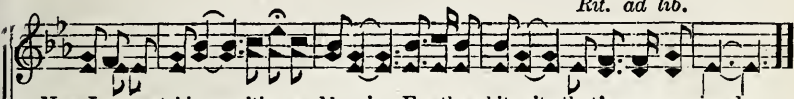
Chorus *Slow*



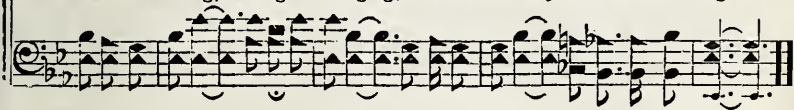
In that bright city, pearly white city, I have a mansion, an harp, and a crown;



Rit. ad lib.



Now I am watching, waiting and longing, For the white city that's soon coming down.



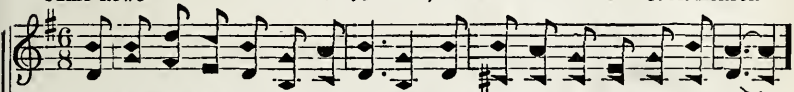
No. 161

He Makes Me Forget

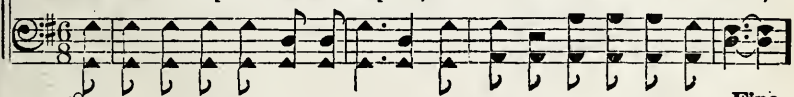
Jame Rowe

J. M. Henson, owner

J. M. Henson

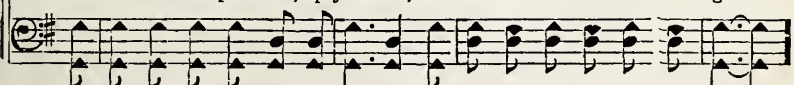


1. When-ev-er a storm sweepeth o'er me Or something has caused me to fret;
2. When-ev-er the temp-ter as-sails me, When thorns in the pathway are met;
3. His love will up-hold me and keep me, Till tri-als no more will be met;



Fine

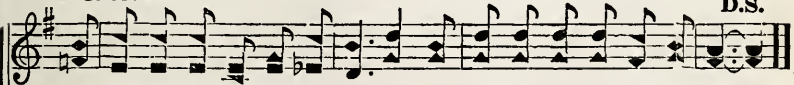
I think of the love of my Sav-ior And then all my cares I for - get.
 I think of the One who is with me And then all my cares I for - get.
 And then in His presence, up yon-der, His love I shall nev-er for - get.



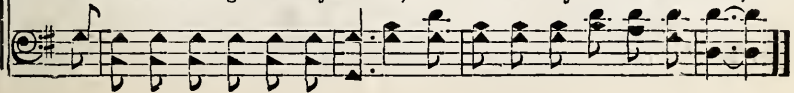
D.S. Yes, praise Him for-ev-er and ev-er, He keeps a glad song in my soul.

Chorus

D.S.



He makes me for-get all my tri-als, He caus-es my bur-dens to roll;



No. 162 When Our Lord Shall Come Again

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

PROPERTY OF R. L. FERGUSON

R. L. Ferguson

1. When up - on..... the clouds of heav - en, (clouds of heaven,) Christ shall
 2. Will His com - ing bring re - joic - ing? (bring re - joic - ing?) Or will
 3. Will you join..... in lam - en - ta - tion? (lam - en - ta - tion?) Or the
 4. Work and pray..... till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,) Help to

come.... to earth a - gain, (to earth a - gain,) Will the world..... be glad to
 it..... bring tears and pain? (bring tears and pain?) Are you read - y to re -
 an - gel's glad re - frain? (their glad refrain?) Will you help.... His peo - ple
 gath - er in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy..... you'll meet the

see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come a - gain?
 ceive Him, (to re - ceive Him,) shall come again?
 crown Him, (help to crown Him,)
 Sav - iour, (meet the Saviour,)

REFRAIN

There'll be sing - ing, there'll be shout - ing, There'll be
 There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,

sor - row,... there'll be pain; There'll be weep - ing,
 There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain, heart - rending pain; There'll be weeping,

When Our Lord Shall Come Again

There'll be praying, When our Lord shall come a-gain.
 there'll be praying, When our Lord shall come again.

No. 163

Free Waters

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

Dr. A. B. Everett

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me, Let us haste, O haste to the brink;
2. There's a liv-ing stream with a crystal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv-ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e-ter-nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

'Tis a fount of love from the Source above, And He bids us all free-ly drink.
 While the wa-ters roll let the wea-ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
 And we joy-ful sing, ev-er spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
 'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us has-ten joy-ful-ly there.

Chorus

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
 Will you come, Will you come,

Thirsty soul (thirsty soul) hear the welcome call; 'Tis a fountain o - pen for all.

No. 164

Redeemed

JAMES ROWE

S. A. GANUS, owner By per.

S. A. GANUS

1. Sweet is the song I am sing-ing to - day;.....
 2. Great is my joy now as on-ward I go;.....
 3. Pre - cious in - deed is my Sav - ior to me;.....

..... I'm re - deemed!.... I'm re - deemed!.... Trou-ble and
 I'm re - deemed!.... I'm re - deemed!.... All the way
 I'm re - deemed!.... I'm re - deemed!.... Hap - py in

sor - row have van - ished a - way;.....
 homeward my prais - es shall flow;.....
 glo - ry some day I shall be;..... I have

Chorus

I have been redeemed! I'm re - deemed by love di - vine,
 been re - deemed! I'm redeemed by love divine,

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Christ is mine, Christ is mine, All to him I
 Christ is mine, All to him

Redeemed

now re-sign, I have been re-deemed.
I now re-sign, I have been..... re-deemed.

No. 165

Is it Well With Your Soul?

James Rowe

V. O. Stamps, owner

Virgil O. Stamps

1. 'Mid the toil and strife of this bu - sy life, Is it well
2. Have you lost your sin, are you pure with - in?
3. Do you praise the love of the One a - bove? Is it well.....

with your soul? Are you liv - ing right, should you die to - night?
Are you at the side of the Cru - ci - fied?
with your soul? Will the crown be won and the Lord's "well done?"

D.S.—Are you liv - ing right should you die to - night?

Fine Chorus

Is it well Is it well with your soul? Is it well Is it well
Is it well..... with your soul?

D.S.

with your soul, Are you free, glad and whole?
with your soul, Are you free, glad and whole?

rw

No. 166

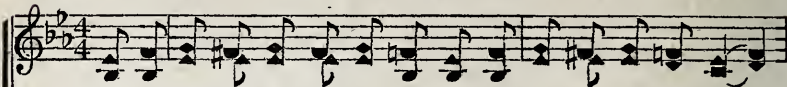
The Glory Train

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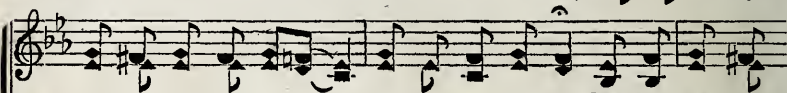
Mrs. J. B. Vaughan

in "Favorite Song and Hymns"

John B. Vaughan



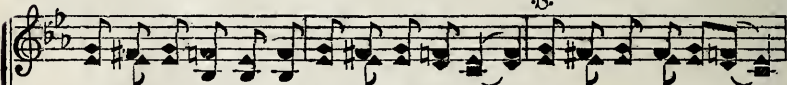
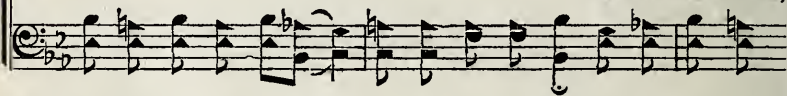
1. There's a train that's bound for glo - ry, And there is no oth - er way,
2. Get a-board this train for glo - ry, For the time is draw-ing near,
3. Have your baggage checked for glo - ry, So you'll meet with no de - lay,
4. Je - sus is our great con-duc-tor, He has been this way be - fore,



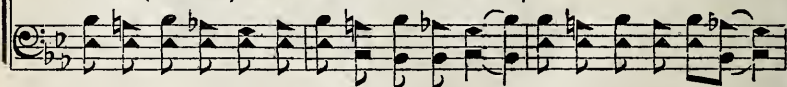
If you want to go,

If you want to go,

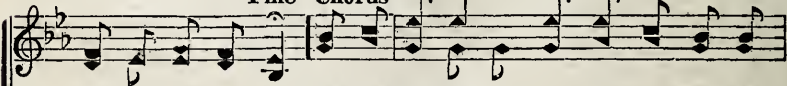
Get your tick - et
Je - sus paid your
Faith in Christ is
There's no side-track,



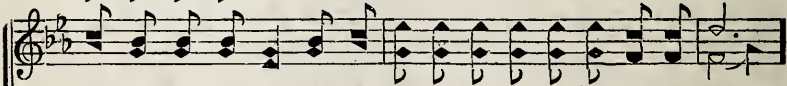
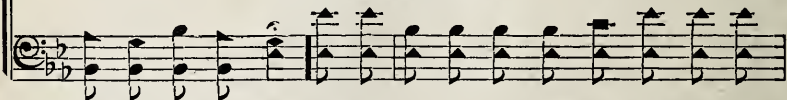
and be read-y, For this train may come to - day,
trans-por - ta-tion, And you need not doubt or fear, If you want to go,
all suf - fi-cient, And there is no oth - er way,
there's no sta-tion, Till we reach the oth - er shore,



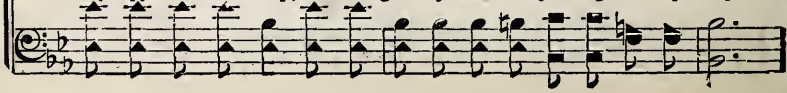
Fine Chorus



If you want to go. We are go - ing to glo - ry, We are
All a-board the train



hap - py on the way, All is glo - ry and re-joic-ing Ev - ry day,



The Glory Train

D.S.

Je - sus is our great con-duc-tor, He has been this way be - fore.

:8:

cause that sin did so abound He prayed and stopped the rain; And for three years or
cried to him the whole day long, He answered not a word; But when E - li - jah
prayed un-to the Lord a-gain, That rain once more be sent; He poured his heart out

D.S.—Yes, He con-trols the

more we're told, They nev-er had a show'r, For God in heav-en answered then, E-
called on God, Be-fore the peo-ple there, The Lord sent down the fire from heav'n, Be-
to his God, Nor was his pray'r in vain, The clouds again in heav'n were seen, God

u - ni-verse, All things obey His word, And when by faith we call on Him, Our

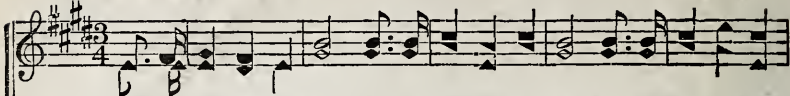
Fine Refrain

li - jah's prayer of pow'r.
cause He heard his pray'r. E - li - jah's God still lives to - day, O bless - ed
sent a might - y rain.

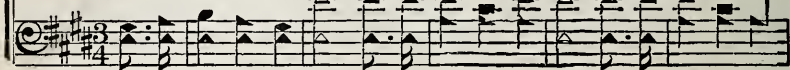
hum - ble pray'r is heard.

D.S.

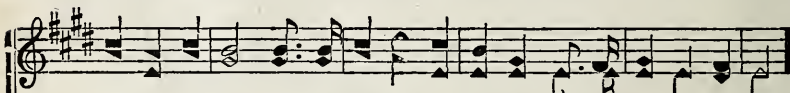
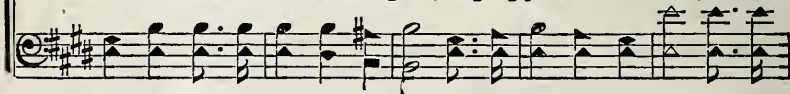
be His name, And when His children to Him pray, He an-swers still the same;



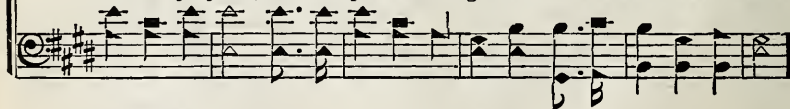
1. When the trum-pet shall sound, And the dead shall a-rise, And the splendors im-
2. When the King shall ap-pear, In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His
3. O the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the



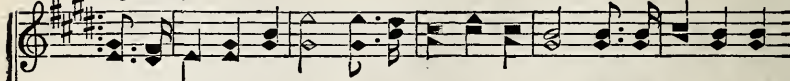
mor - tal Shall en-vel - ope the skies, When the an - gel of death Shall no
chil - dren To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
ran - somed We each oth - er shall greet, Sing-ing praise to the Lamb, Thru e-



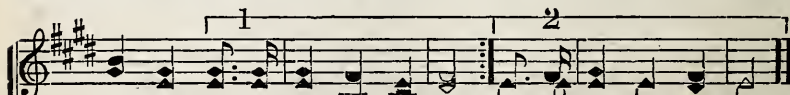
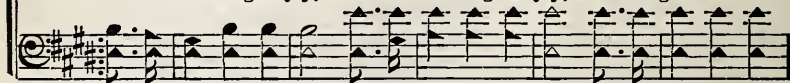
lon - ger de-destroy, And the dead shall a - wak-en In the morn-ing of joy.
all your em-ploy, That your soul may be spot-less In the morn-ing of joy?
ter - ni-ty's years, With the past all for-got-ten With its sor - rows and tears.



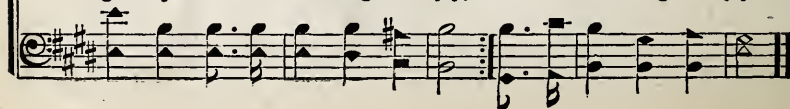
Chorus



In the morn-ing of joy, In the morn-ing of joy, We'll be gath-ered to



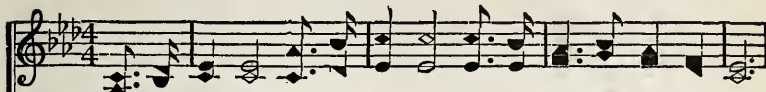
glo - ry In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy.



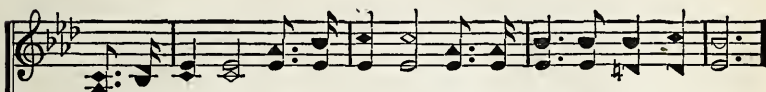
Copyright, 1935, Renewal. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

Ada R. Habershon

Chas. H. Gabriel



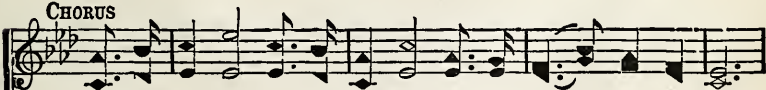
1. There are loved ones in the glo-ry, Whose dear forms you oft - en miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of child-hood, Oft they told of won-drous love;
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav-en, Which you sang with, child-ish voice;
4. You can pic-ture hap-py gath'ring's, Round the fire-side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emp-tied, One by one they went a - way,



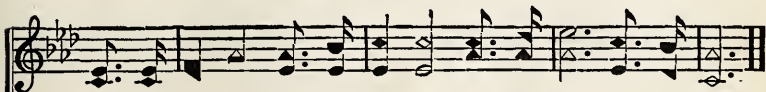
When you close your earth-ly sto-ry, Will you join them in their bliss?
 Point-ed to the dy-ing Sav-ior, Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
 Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
 And you think of tear-ful part-ings, When they left you here be - low.
 Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?



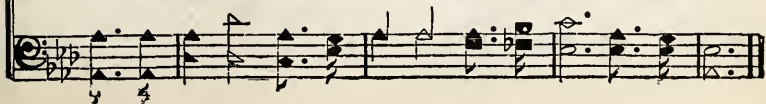
CHORUS



Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken By and by, by and by?



In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing, In the sky, in the sky?



Allen, Glenn
Mrs Chapman

Ab (C)

No. 172

Kneel At the Cross

Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners

O. E. M.

Chas. E. Moody

1. Kneel at the cross, Christ will meet you there, Come while He waits for you;
2. Kneel at the cross, There is room for all Who would His glo - ry share;
3. Kneel at the cross, Give your i - dols up, Look un - to realms a - bove;

List to His voice, Leave with Him your care And be - gin life a new.
 Bliss there a - waits, Harm can ne'er be - fall Those who are an - chored there.
 Turn not a - way To life's sparkling cup; Trust on - ly in His love.

Chorus

Kneel at the cross, Leave
 Kneel at the cross, Kneel at the cross, Leave ev - 'ry care,

ev - 'ry care; Kneel at the
 Leave ev - 'ry care; Kneel at the cross,

cross, Je - sus will meet you there
 Kneel at the cross, meet you there.

1. I've heard of a beau - ti - ful ci - ty a - bove, Where no one can
 2. I've heard of a ci - ty with streets of pure gold, Where treas - ures can
 3. I've heard of a ci - ty where stands the great throne, And an - gels in
 4. So pa - tient - ly, lov - ing - ly trust - ing my Lord, Till I shall be

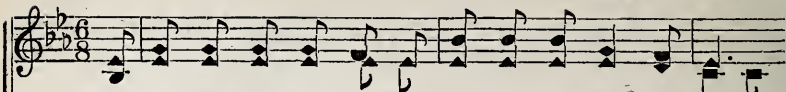
go a - stray; And since I am trust - ing His won - der - ful love, I'll
 not de - cay; Where love's bless - ed sto - ry with rapt - ure is told, I'll
 white ar - ray Are prais - ing my Lord, with my loved and His own, I'll
 called a - way, I la - bor and wait, for I know His re - ward My

Chorus

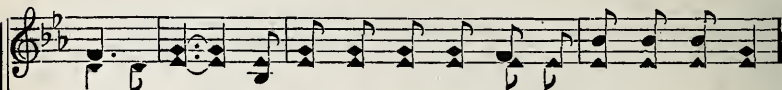
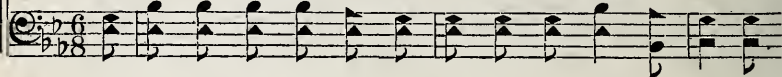
make it my home some day. I'll make it my home some day,.....
 make it my home some day.
 make it my home some day.
 soul shall en - joy some day. some day,

When shad - ows have passed a - way; (a - way;) A man - sion of

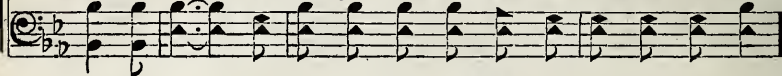
love is wait - ing a - bove, I'll make it my home some day. (some day.)



1. 'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior who par - doned my sins, I'm saved,
2. Sin's pleas - ure no long - er my soul will en - snare,
3. No e - vil com - pan - ions can lead me a - stray,
4. And now I am hap - py in Je - sus my King, I'm saved, so



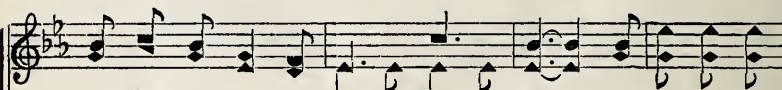
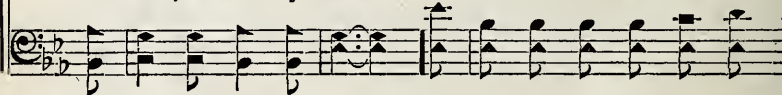
saved, saved; And now the new life I will sure - ly be - gin,
I know I will en - ter those man - sions so fair.
For Je - sus has turned all my night in - to day,
sweet - ly saved; And thru the vast a - ges His prais - es I'll sing,



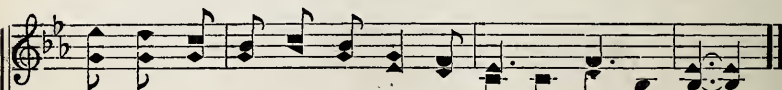
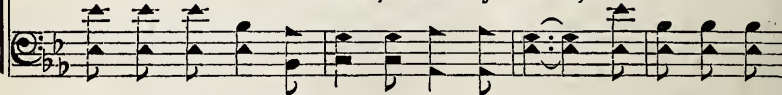
Chorus



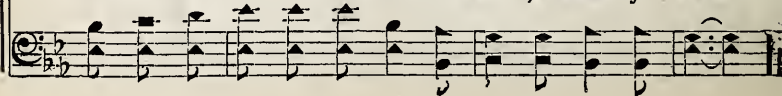
I'm saved, saved, saved. O glo - ry to Je - sus, my
I'm saved, so sweet - ly saved.



soul is re - deemed, I'm saved, saved, saved; O glo - ry to
I'm saved, so sweet - ly saved;



Je - sus my soul is re - deemed, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I'm saved, so sweet - ly saved.

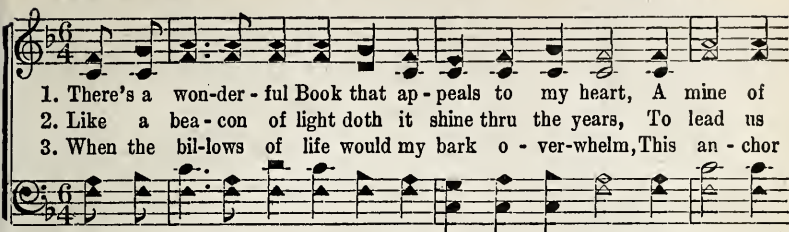


No. 175 The Book That Never Grows Old

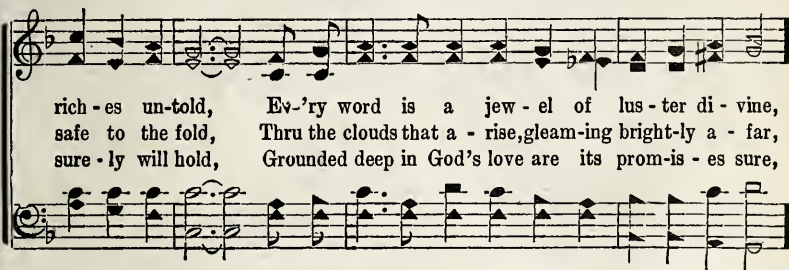
Lizzie De Armond

Owned by R. E. Winsett

J. R. Baxter, Jr.



1. There's a won-der-ful Book that ap-peals to my heart, A mine of
2. Like a bea-con of light doth it shine thru the years, To lead us
3. When the bil-lows of life would my bark o-ver-whelm, This an-chor



rich-es un-told, Ev-'ry word is a jew-el of lus-ter di-vine,
safe to the fold, Thru the clouds that a-rise, gleam-ing bright-ly a-far,
sure-ly will hold, Grounded deep in God's love are its prom-is-es sure,

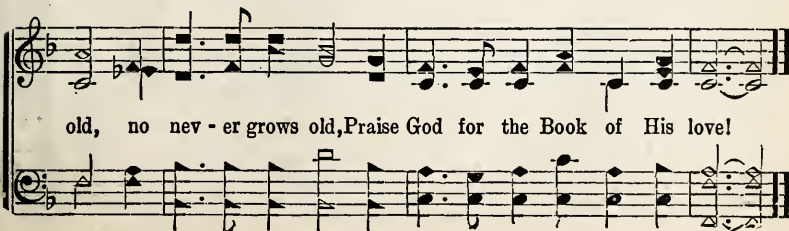
Chorus



The Book that nev-er grows old. It nev-er grows old, no



nev-er grows old, The word of the Fa-ther a-bove, It nev-er grows
a-bove,



old, no nev-er grows old, Praise God for the Book of His love!

Copyright, 1917, by Will M. Ramsey. Stamps-Baxter Music Co., owners

Gertrude Stoddard Dennstedt

Will M. Ramsey

1. She's a lit - tle old fash - ioned, That sweet moth - er of mine, There are
 2. She's a lit - tle old fash - ioned, That sweet moth - er of mine, Tho
 3. She's a lit - tle old fash - ioned, She stays close - ly at home, So

man - y whose beau - ty Will my moth - er's out - shine; She's a lit - tle old
 e - ven her plain - ness Now my heartstrings en - twine; Oth - er hands may be
 calm and con - tent - ed Al - tho oth - ers may roam; And in ten - der young

D.S.—glo - ry a -

fash - ioned As I plain - ly can see But she is for - ev - er Sweet - est
 whit - er But none - oth - er so dear For they smoothed my pil - low For
 childhood 'Twas a shel - ter for me And she who so graced it, Dear - est

round her, God a - bides it may be And she is for - ev - er Sweet - est

Fine Chorus

moth - er to me.
 man - y a year. She's a lit - tle old fashioned, But she's sweet - er each
 ev - er shall be.

moth - er to me.

D.S.

day, I a - dore her plain fea - tures And her thin locks of gray; There's a

No. 177 Heaven is Nearer Since Mother is There

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,

Blanche C. Patterson

in "Harbor Bells No. 6"

Luther L. Lovett

1. Dark are the win-dows, no flick-er-ing glow Lights up the old home
2. Oft when the shad-ows of e-ven-tide fall, I seem to hear her
3. O how I miss her sweet voice and her smile, Yet I shall see her

that we used to know; But in the dark-ness a sweet face so fair
voice ten-der-ly call; In words fa-mil-iar, "let's comenow to pray'r,"
a-gain aft-er while; With our dear Sav-ior I know she will wait

Chorus

Smiles down from heav-en for moth-er is there.
I kneel in rev'ence and moth-er is there. Heav-en is near-er since
With a glad wel-come just in-side the gate.

moth-er is there, Heav-en is dear-er since moth-er is there; Earth ties are

brok-en and heav'n is more fair, Heav-en is near-er since moth-er is there.

No. 178

Wonderful Jesus

James Rowe

J. P. Denton, owner

J. P. Denton

1. Won-der-ful Je-sus! glo-ri-ous friend! He will be with me
 2. Won-der-ful Je-sus! show-ing the way In-to the bless-ed
 3. Won-der-ful Je-sus! all thru the night He will en-fold me,

un-to the end, Cheer-ing, up-hold-ing, keep-ing me strong,
 king-dom of day; Guid-ing my foot-steps, hold-ing con-trol,
 giv-ing me light; Then when the morn-ing breaks on the shore,

Chorus

Fear-less and loy-al, shield-ing from wrong.
 Mak-ing me hap-py, keep-ing me whole. Won-der-ful Je-sus!
 This He will whis-per, "Mine ev-er-more."

mar-vel-ous King! Ev-er His praise my spir-it shall sing, When I be-

hold His glo-ri-fied face, How I shall praise His won-der-ful grace!

I'll Fly Away

Copyright, 1932, in "Wonderful Message"

Hartford Music Co., owner

Albert E. Brumley

A. E. B.

1. Some glad morn-ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a-
2. When the shad-ows of this life have grown,
3. Just a few more wea-ry days and then, fly a-way

way;

fly a - way;

To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore,
 Like a bird from pris - on bars has flown,
 To a land where joys shall nev - er end,

Refrain

I'll fly a - way, fly a - way. I'll fly a - way, fly a -

way, O glo - ry, I'll fly a - way, in the morning, fly a - way;..... When I die,

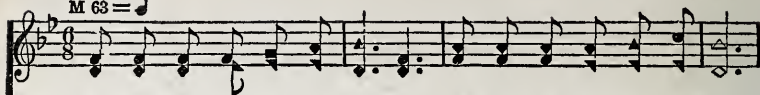
Hal - le - lu - jah, by and by, I'll fly a - way..... fly a - way, fly a - way.

No. 180 There Shall be Showers of Blessing

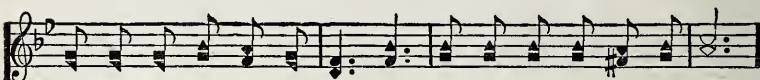
El Nathan

James McGranahan

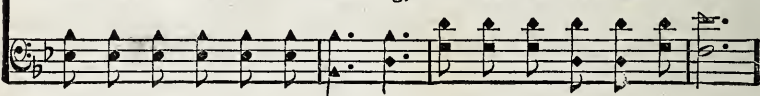
M 63 = 



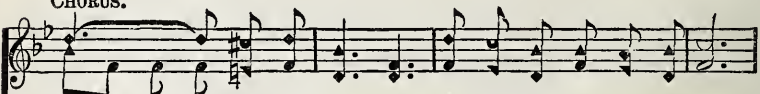
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



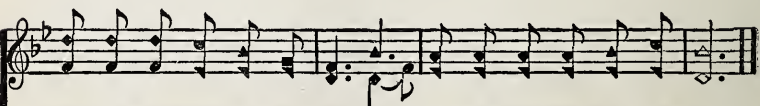
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS.



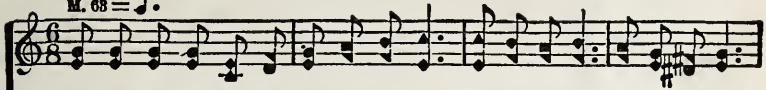
Show - - - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
Show - ers, show - ers



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



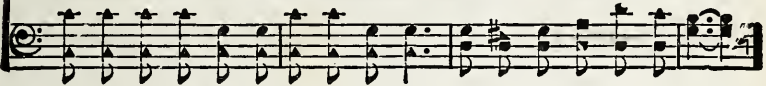
M. 68 = ♩.



1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



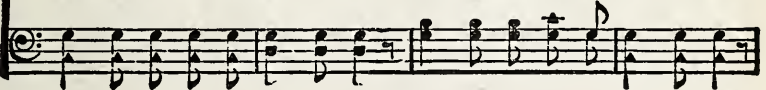
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lov - ger de - lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.



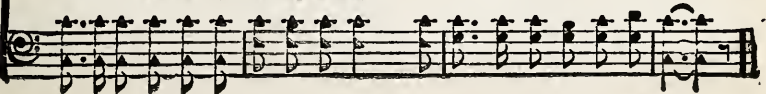
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



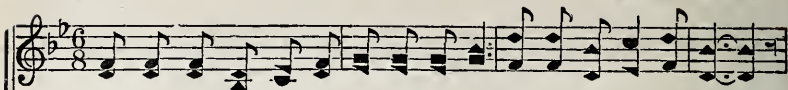
Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.



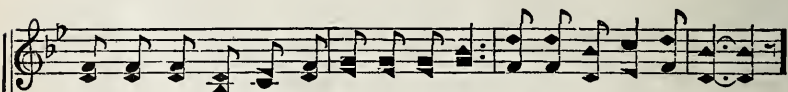
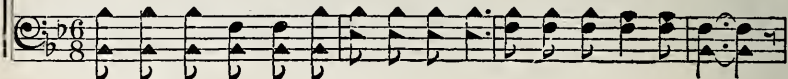
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E. A. H.

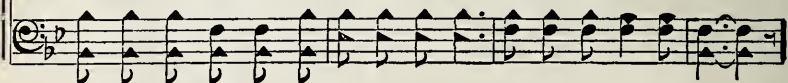
Elisha A. Hoffman



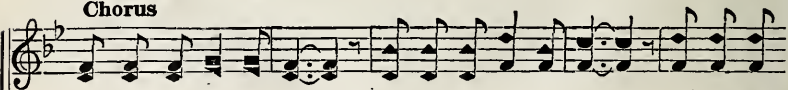
1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' control? Is thy heart right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



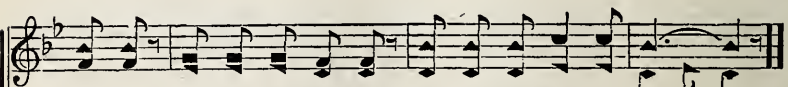
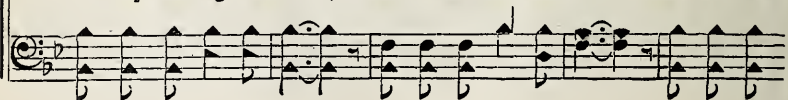
Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo-moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is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



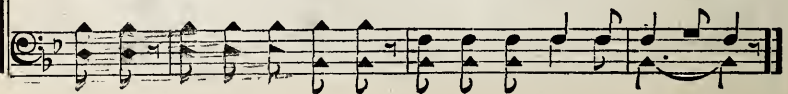
Chorus



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



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



Beautiful Gleanings Bring

Repeat chorus softly

an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!
Go, ye now,

No. 185

I'm On the Rock

"God only is my Rock."—Psa. 62: 2

Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson

Arr. Jno. T. Benson

Mrs. B. Davis

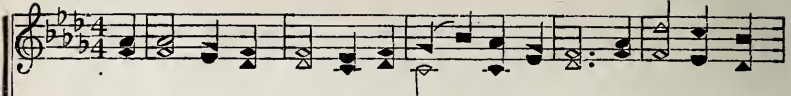
1. The pit-falls in sin's aw-ful path Once caught and held me fast,
2. Old Sa-tan led thru mire and sand, And thorns be-fore me cast,
3. On sin's wild sea I'll sail no more, All dan-ger now is past,
4. I have es-caped the burn-ing sand, The des-ert's fier-y blast,

But Je-sus came and saved from wrath, I'm on the Rock at last.
But, by the Sav-ior's might-y pow'r, I'm on the Rock at last.
The rag-ing tem-pests all are o'er, I'm on the Rock at last.
I'm bound for heav-en's shin-ing strand, I'm on the Rock at last.

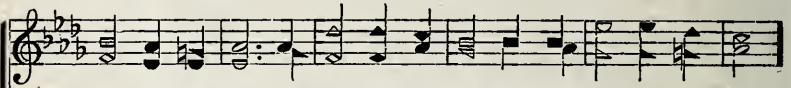
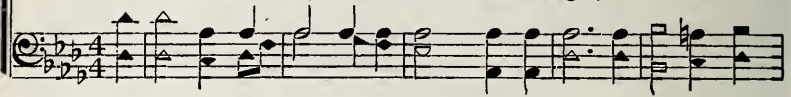
Chorus

I'm on the Rock at last, at last, I'm on the Rock at last;

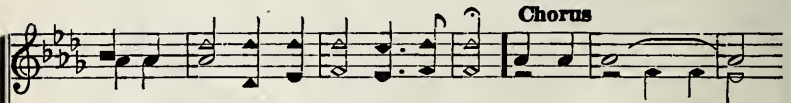
My feet have found a rest-ing place, I'm on the Rock at last.



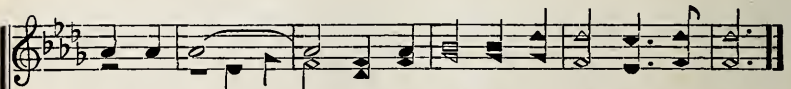
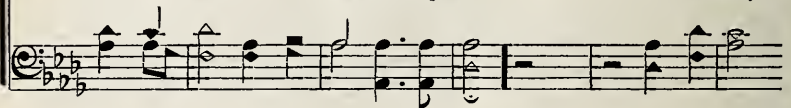
1. When peace like a riv - er, at-tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—O the bliss of this gio - ri - ous tho't!—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



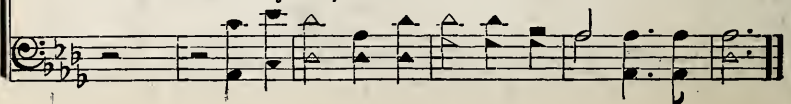
sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de - scend,



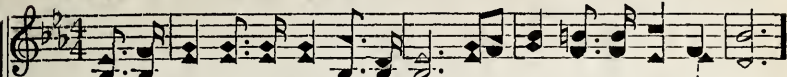
“It is well, it is well with my soul.” It is well,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul
“E - ven so” it is well with my soul. It is well,



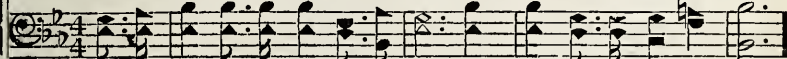
with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,



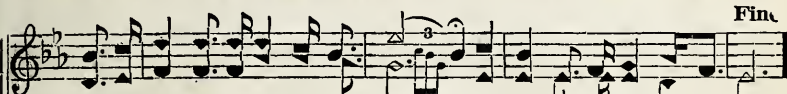
Copyright, 1932, by H. N. Lincoln. International copyright secured
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1. In Geth-sem - a - ne, dark, sad and lone, Grief - la - den at close of day;
2. Lat - er on, fac - ing Pi - late He stood, His death was the rab - ble's plea,
3. All a - lone, up to Cal - v'ry He went, So weak while He bore His load;
4. O the shame of that throne - crown, complete, Deep wounds in His sa - cred side;
5. To the dark, dis - mal grave did de - scend, Laid low in the si - lent tomb;

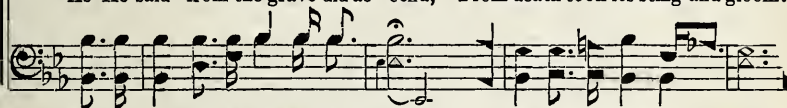


Chorus - In the world's darkest hour, all a - lone, For sins did our Lord a - tone;



Fine

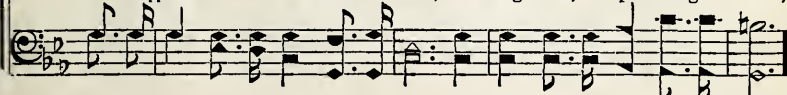
There was naught but the wind's cheerless moan, Where Je - sus had gone to pray.
 Yet so hum - ble, so meek, pure and good, No word of complaint made He.
 Heart so sad, precious form low - ly bent, A - lone on that drear - y road.
 Cru - el nails in His hands and His feet, What suff'ring be - fore He died!
 "As He said" from the grave did as - cend, From death took its sting and gloom.



Then tri - um - phant o'er death and the grave, He rose all man - kind to save.

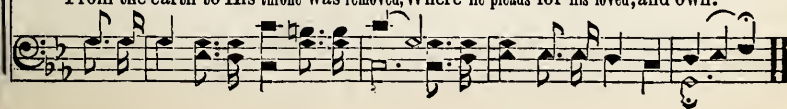


His dis - ci - ples He left, watch to keep, To them was His grief yet un - known;
 They a - bused Him and led Him a - way, This King who forsook home and throne;
 Pe - ter loved, had His friendship denied, And Ju - das so base - ly had gone;
 As He closed His dear eye - lids in death, Much more of His love to make known;
 "Thrice appeared" unto those that He loved, Trans - fig - ured, de - part - ing a - lone;



D.O.

In their weak - ness they soon fell a - sleep, Our dear Savior was left a - lone.
 "Cru - ci - fy Him" they cried on that day, Je - sus bore all that shame a - lone.
 Fond dis - ci - ples had fled from His side, Leaving Him there to die a - lone.
 Still for - giv - ing to His latest breath, Yet for - sak - en by all a - lone.
 From the earth to His throne was removed, Where He pleads for His loved, and own.

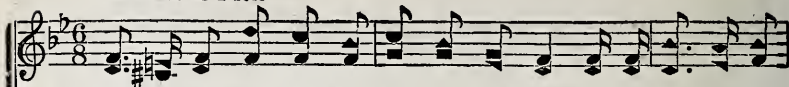


Owned by H. A. R. Horton and R. M. McIntosh. Used by permission

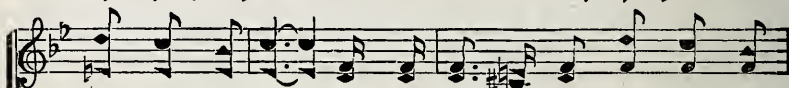
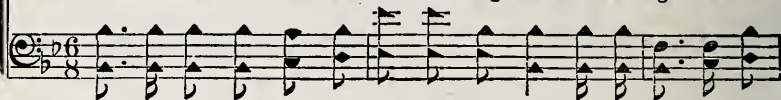
Rev. C. W. Ray

Music and Chorus by A. J. Buchanan

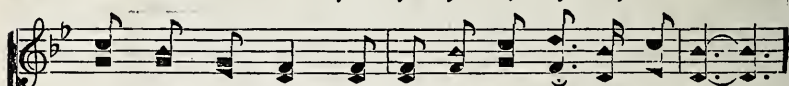
Effective as a solo



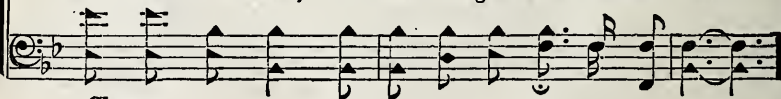
1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho it fright - fal - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the light of e -



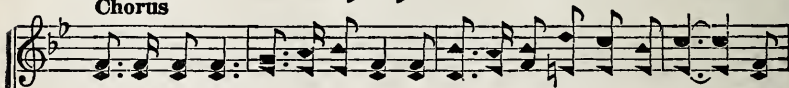
mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 dis - mal my seem, In the arms of their Sav - ior no
 ter - ni - ty gleam, And the ran - somed the dark - ness and



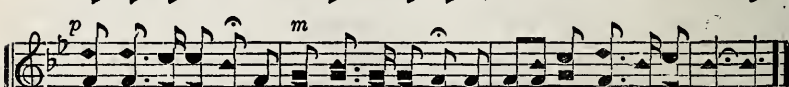
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.



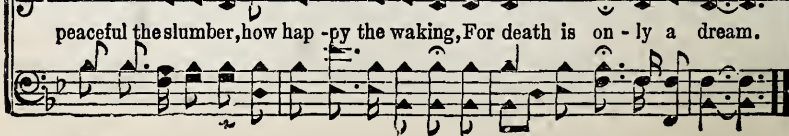
Chorus

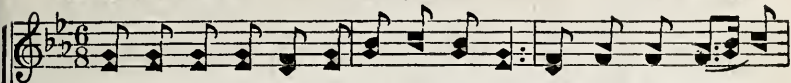


On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream, How

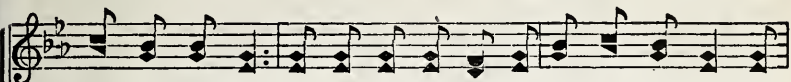
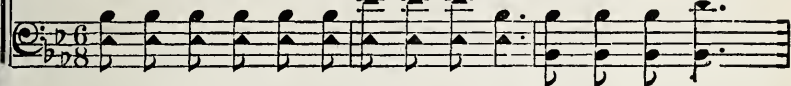


peaceful the slumber, how hap - py the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.





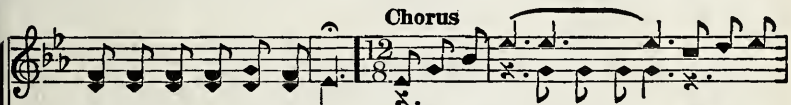
1. Up to the beau-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the ci - ty where fall-eth no night,—Gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove,—Gath-er-ing home!



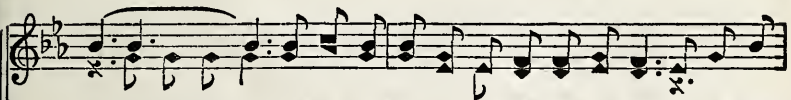
gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The
 gath-er-ing home! Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The
 gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The



Chorus



dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-er-ing
 Gath-er-ing home!



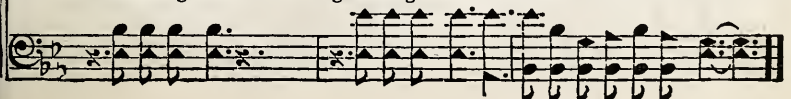
home!..... Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing
 gath-er-ing home!



Repeat *pp* ad lib.



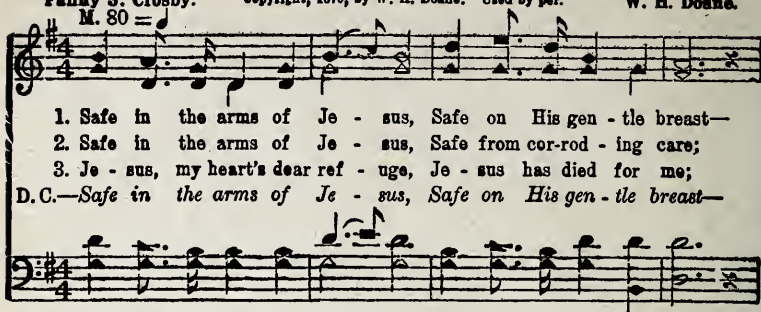
home! gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gathering home!
 Gathering home! gathering home!



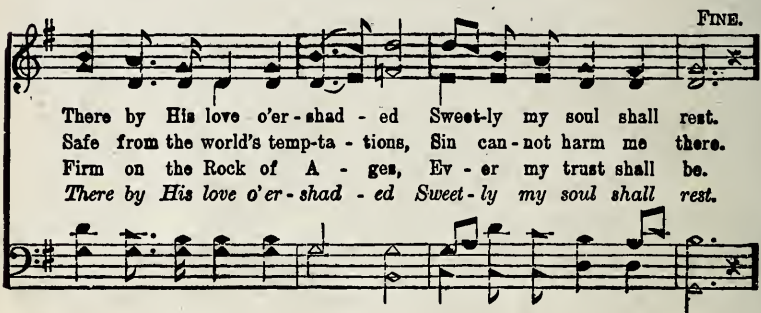
Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

W. H. Doane.

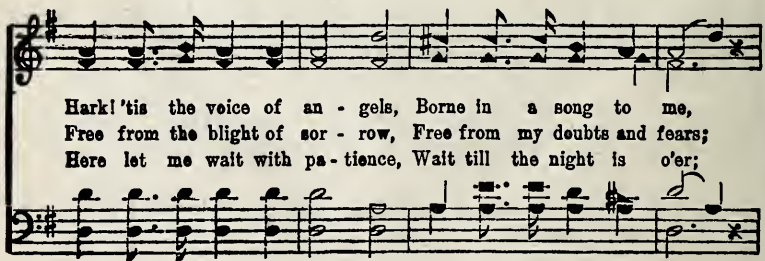
M. 80 = 


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
 D. C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

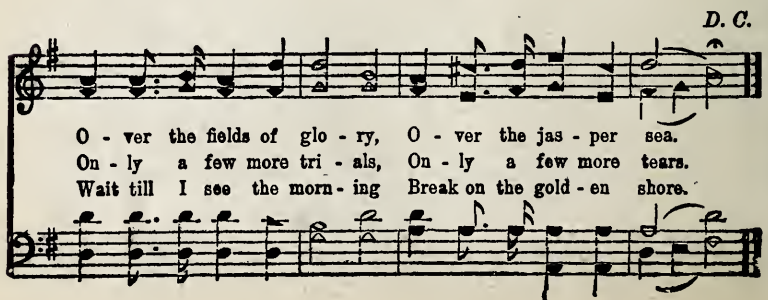


FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



D. C.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

No. 191 What Would You Give in Exchang.

Copyright, 1940, Renewal. Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.,

F. J. Berry

No. 191

1. Broth - er a - far from the Sav - ior to - day, Risk - ing your soul
2. Mer - cy is call - ing you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Sav - ior still
3. More than the sil - ver and gold of the earth, — More than all jew - els thy
4. If, when you stand at the bar by and by, When you are weighed in the

things that de - cay, O if to - day God should call it a - way,
ten - der - ly plead? Risk not your soul, it is pre - cious in - deed;
spir - it is worth! God, the Cre - a - tor, has giv - en it birth!
bal - ance on high, You should be sen - tenced for - ev - er to diel

Fine Chorus

What would you give in ex - change for your soul? What would you give?
in ex - change?

D.S. - What would you give in exchange for your soul?

What would you give? What would you give in ex -
in ex - change?

D. S.

change for your soul? O if to - day God should call it a - way,

1. O bless-ed tho't sweet rest will come,..... Some glad day....
 2. These heavy bur - - dens we'll lay down,.....
 3. Our suff'ring too will soon be past,.....
 4. All war and strife..... will soon be o'er,.....

1. O blessed tho't sweet rest will come, Some glad day

af-ter while;.... When all our earth - - ly toil is done,.....
 When we re-ceive..... our heav'nly crown,.....
 When we shall find..... sweet rest at last,.....
 We'll find sweet peace.... on heaven's shore,.....

after while; When all our earthly toil is done,our toil is done,

Chorus

Fine

There'll come a glad day af-ter while, O af-ter while,
 af-ter while. af-ter while, af-ter while,

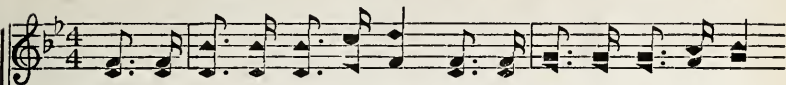
D.S.-There'll come a glad day af-ter while, (after while.)

D.S.

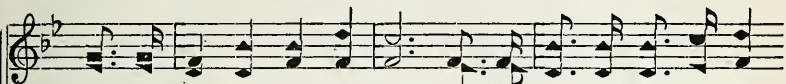
af-ter while, There'll come a glad day af-ter while,
 af-ter while, af-ter while,

Rev. 21: 27

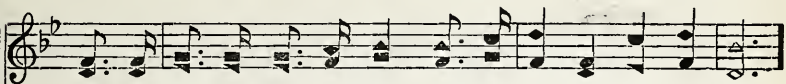
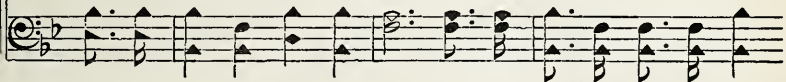
C. W. Naylor Copyright, 1902, by B. E. Warren. R. E. Winsett, owner B. E. Warren



1. Heav - en is a ho - ly place, filled with glo - ry and with grace,
2. If you hope to dwell at last, when your life on earth is past,
3. You may live in sin be - low, heav - en's grace re - fuse to know,
4. If you cling to sin till death, when you draw your lat - est breath,



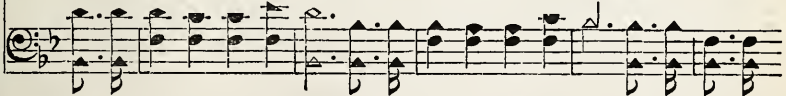
Sin can nev - er en - ter there; All with - in its gates are pure,
 In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin,
 But you can - not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door,
 You will sink in dark de - spair, To the re - gions of the lost



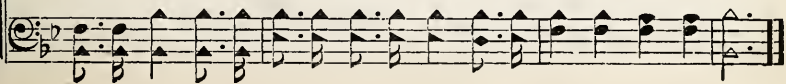
from de - file - ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 have the life of Christ with - in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 bar you out for - ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
 thus to prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

**Chorus**

Sin can nev - er en - ter there, Sin can nev - er en - ter there; So, if at the



judg - ment bar, sin - ful spots your soul shall mar, You can nev - er en - ter there.



1. Sav - ior, lead me lest I stray, Gen - tly
 2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul, When life's
 3. Sav - ior, lead me then at last, When the
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -

lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy
 storm - y bil - lows roll; I am safe when Thou art
 storm of life is past, To the land of end - less
 tly lead me all the way; I am

side, I would in Thy love a - bide.
 nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
 day, Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 safe when by Thy side I would in Thy love a-bide.

Chorus

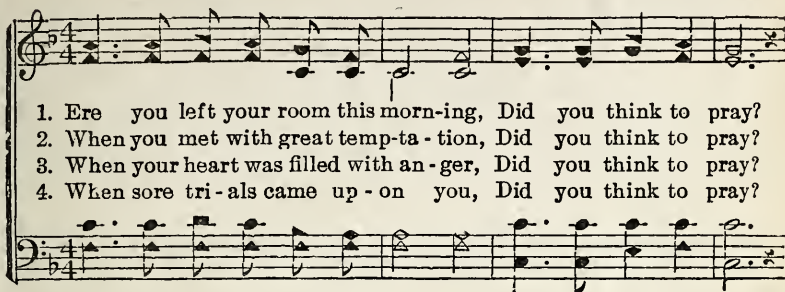
Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gen - tly
 lest I stray

down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

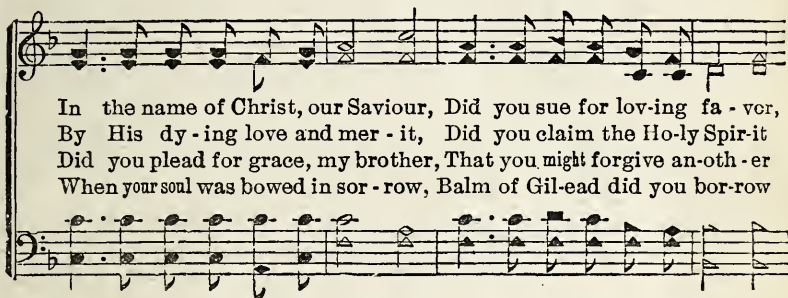
"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

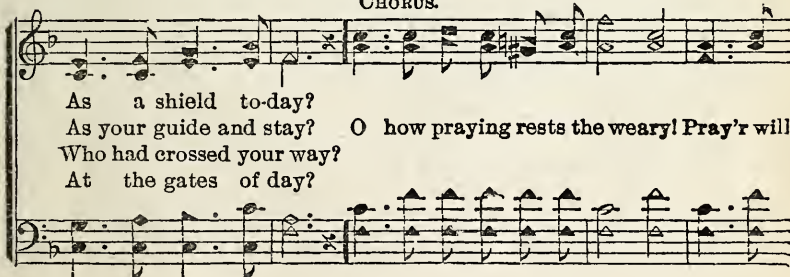


1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
 2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray?
 3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray?
 4. When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray?

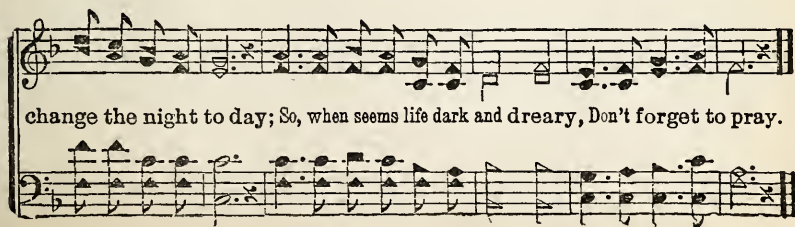


In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-ver,
 By His dy-ing love and mer-it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it
 Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth-er
 When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row

CHORUS.



As a shield to-day?
 As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
 Who had crossed your way?
 At the gates of day?

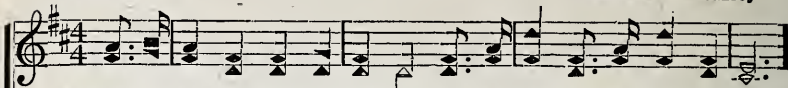


change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

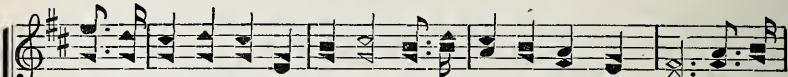
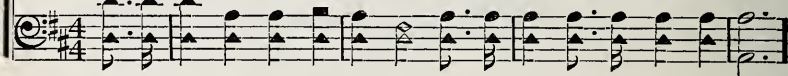
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Francis Foster

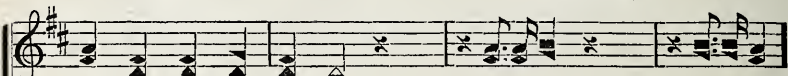
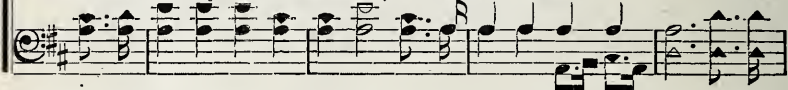
Samuel W. Beazley



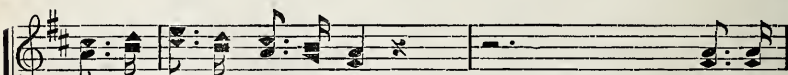
1. How I love the great Re-deem-er Who is do-ing so much for me;
 2. He has purchased my re-demp-tion, Rolled my bur-den of sin a-way,
 3. Glo-ry be to Him for-ev-er! End-less prais-es to Christ the Lamb!



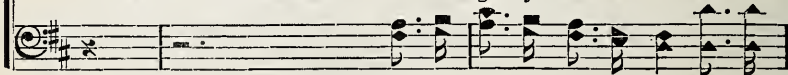
With what joy I tell the sto-ry Of the love that makes men free. Till my
 And a walk-ing on be-side me, Growing dear-er day by day. That is
 He has filled my life with sun-shine, He has made me what I am. O that



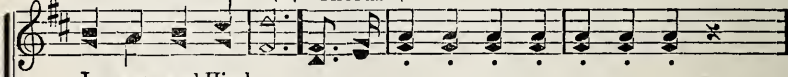
earth-ly life is end-ed, I will send.....songs a-bove,.....
 why I sing His prais-es, That is why.....joy is mine,.....
 ev-'ry one would know Him, O that all.....would a-dore!



Then be-side the crys-tal sea More and more my soul shall be Prais-ing
 That is why for-ev-er more On the ev-er-last-ing shore I shall
 O that all would trust the love Of the might-y Friend a-bove And be



♩ Chorus *



Je-sus and His love.
 sing of love di-vine. He is ev-'ry-thing to me, to me, He is
 His for-ev-er more.



*Bass to be sung loud. The other parts subdued and semi-staccato.

The Great Redeemer

He is ev - 'ry - thing to me, And ev - 'ry-thing shall
ev - 'ry-thing to me, And ev - 'ry-thing shall al-ways

al - ways be; I will nev - er cease to raise A
be; I will nev - er cease to raise A song of

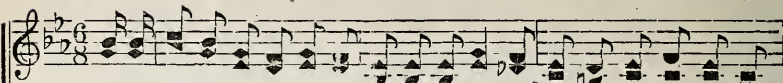
song of glad - ness in His praise; Here, and in the
glad - ness in His praise; Here, and in the world a -

world a - bove, My soul shall sing of sav - ing love;
bove, My soul shall sing of sav - ing love; Life and

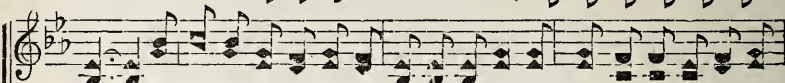
Life and light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.
light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.

A. E. B.

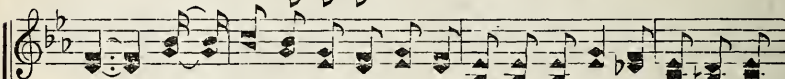
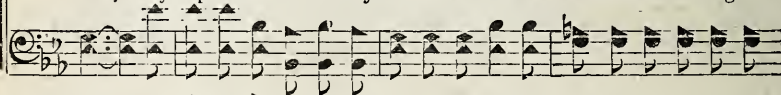
Albert E. Bramley



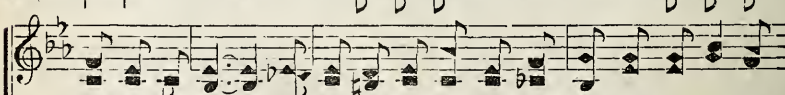
1. Tho a pil-grim, a stran-ger, a neg-gar I be As here I go trav-el-ing
2. Thru the troubles and tri-als and darkest of night He speaks and I hear His kind
3. Let the world amble on like the Bab'lon of old With beau-ty and charm to al-



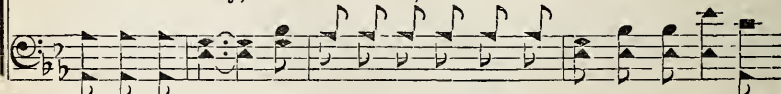
on, Tho dearest of friends will not lis-ten to me And chide me for trusting God's
voice, Thru darkness He giveth me comfort and light, He keeps me, in Him I re-
lure, My hope in the heav-en-ly treasures untold Is far more ex-ceeding and



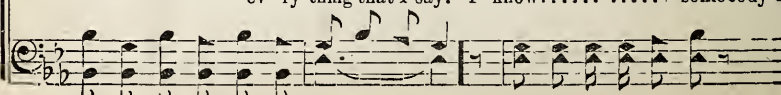
Son; Tho the world in its fol-ly, its sin and its shame, Neg-lect-ful-ly
joice; What more could I ask when the shadows grow dim And kindred and
sure; My Re-deem-er will an-swer my sad fee-ble plea And guide me each



turns me a-way, I still have my Sav-ior, O praise His sweet name, He
loved ones be-tray, What more could I cher-ish than Je-sus the Friend Who
hour of the day, A won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior is He Who



hears ev-'ry-thing that I say..... Know somebody's list'ning,
ev-'ry-thing that I say. I know..... somebody's



I Know Somebody's List'ning

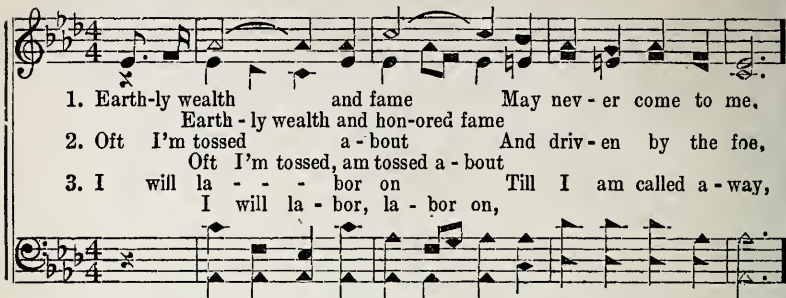
know somebody's list'-ning, Hears ev - 'ry thing that I say,
list'-ning And hears ev - 'ry thing that I say, I

Know somebody answers, know somebody answers, Pray'r
know some-bod-y an-swers Ev-'ry pray'r that I

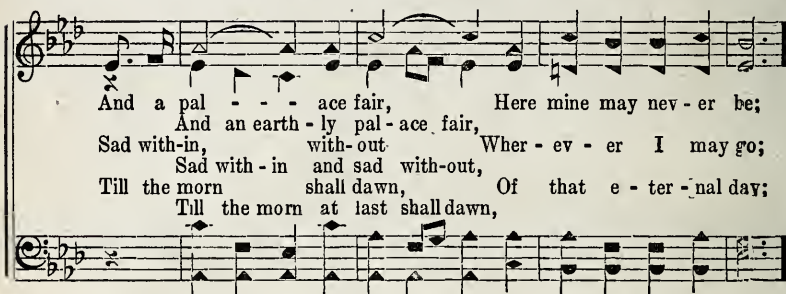
that I se - cret - ly pray; Know somebody loves me know somebody
se - cret - ly pray; I know some-bod-y loves me.

loves me, Nev - er will turn me a-way, Je - - -
..... And nev - er will turn me a-way, 'Tis Je - sus the

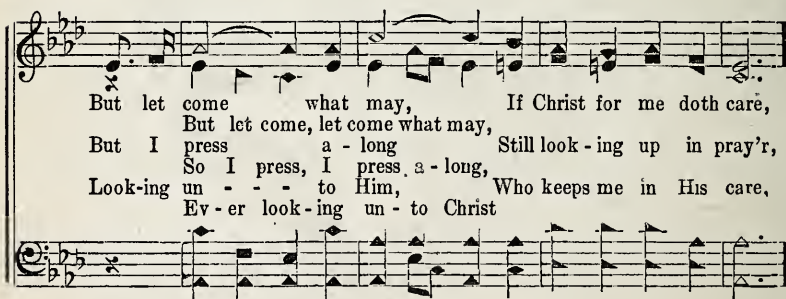
sus of Mount Calvary And He hears ev'ry thing that I say.
Sav - ior of ev'ry thing that I say.



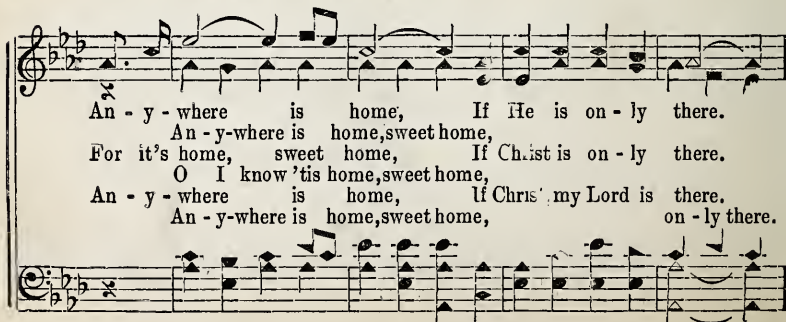
1. Earth-ly wealth and fame May nev - er come to me,
 Earth - ly wealth and hon - ored fame
 2. Oft I'm tossed a - bout And driv - en by the foe,
 Oft I'm tossed, am tossed a - bout
 3. I will la - - - bor on Till I am called a - way,
 I will la - bor, la - bor on,



And a pal - - - ace fair, Here mine may nev - er be;
 And an earth - ly pal - ace fair,
 Sad with - in, with - out, Wher - ev - er I may go;
 Sad with - in and sad with - out,
 Till the morn shall dawn, Of that e - ter - nal day;
 Till the morn at last shall dawn,



But let come what may, If Christ for me doth care,
 But let come, let come what may,
 But I press a - long Still look - ing up in pray'r,
 So I press, I press, a - long,
 Look - ing un - - - to Him, Who keeps me in His care,
 Ev - er look - ing un - to Christ



An - y - where is home, If He is on - ly there.
 An - y - where is home, sweet home,
 For it's home, sweet home, If Christ is on - ly there.
 O I know 'tis home, sweet home,
 An - y - where is home, If Chris' my Lord is there.
 An - y - where is home, sweet home, on - ly there.

Anywhere Is "Home"

Chorus

An - y - where is home, Let come and go what may,
An - y - where sweet home, come what may,

An - y - where I roam, He keeps me all the way;
An - y - where I chance to roam, each day;

So for His dear sake, My cross I'll meek - ly bear,
So far my dear Mas - ter's sake

An - y - where is home, If Christ, my Lord, is there.
An - y - where sweet home, on - ly there.

Copyright, 1938, in "Gems of Gladness," by Hartford Music Co.

A. E. B.

Albert E. Brumley

1. As I trav-el thru this pil-grim land There is a Friend who
 2. Let me trav-el in the light di-vine That I may see the
 3. When I wan-der thru the val-ley dim To-ward the set-ting

walks with me, Leads me safe-ly thru the sink-ing sand, It is the
 bless-ed way; Keep me that I may be whol-ly Thine And sing re-
 of the sun, Lead me safe-ly to a land of rest If I a

Christ of Cal - va - ry;
 demp-tion's song some day;
 crown of life have won;

This would be my pray'r, dear Lord, each
 I will be a sol-dier brave and
 I have put my faith in Thee, dear

day To help me do the best I can, For I need Thy light to
 true And ev - er firm - ly take a stand, As I on - ward go and
 Lord, That I may reach the gold - en strand, There's no oth - er friend on

guide me day and night, Bless - ed Je - sus, hold my hand.
 dai - ly meet the foe, Bless - ed Je - sus, hold my hand.
 whom I can de-pend, Bless - ed Je - sus, hold my hand.

Jesus, Hold My Hand

Chorus

Bless-ed Je - sus, hold my hand, Yes, I need Thee
Je - - - sus, hold my hand, I need Thee ev - 'ry

ev - 'ry hour, Thru this land, this pil - grim land
hour, Thru this pil - grim land, Pro-

By Thy sav-ing pow'r; Hear my plea, my fee - ble plea,
tect me by Thy pow'r; Hear my fee - ble plea,

O Lord, dear Lord, look down on me, When
Lord, look down on me, When I kneel in

I kneel in pray'r, Bless - ed Je - sus, hold my hand.
pray'r I hope to meet you there,

No. 204 I'd Rather Be an Old-Time Christian

(THAN ANYTHING I KNOW)

Copyright, 1934, by The Hartford Music Co., in "Song-Path to Glory"

A. E. B.

Albert E. Brumley

1. In this world I've tried most ev - 'ry - thing, And I'm hap - py
 2. There are man - y things I'd like to be As my jour - ney
 3. All the world is bright since I got right, Now I sing and

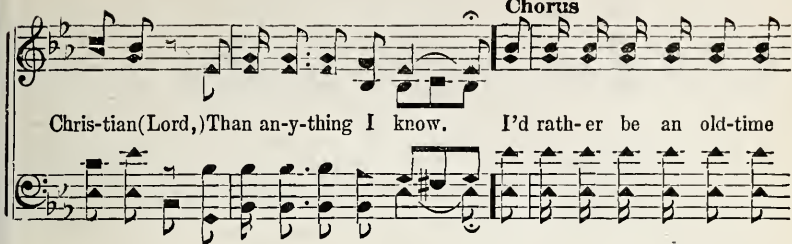
now to say There is noth - ing like re - lig - ion In the
 I pur - sue, I have longed to be a lead - er Like a
 pray and shout, All my bur - dens have been lift - ed Since the:

good old-fashioned way; I am walk - ing in the old-time way,
 mor - tal man would do; I would like to be a mil - lion - aire,
 Sav - ior bro't me out; I will tell the world both far and near

And I want the world to know That I'd rath - er be an old-time
 With a mil - lion to be - stow, But I'd rath - er be an old-time
 As I trav - el here be - low, That I'd rath - er be an old-time

I'd Rather Be an Old-Time Christian

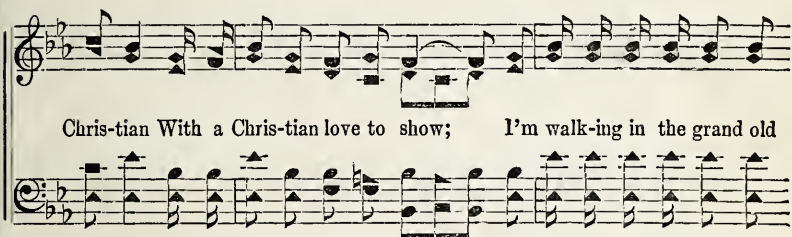
Chorus



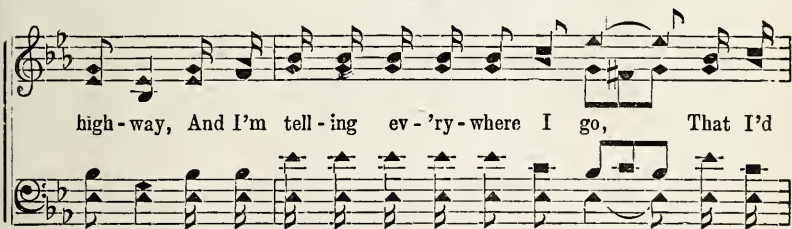
Chris-tian(Lord,)Than an-y-thing I know, I'd rath-er be an old-time



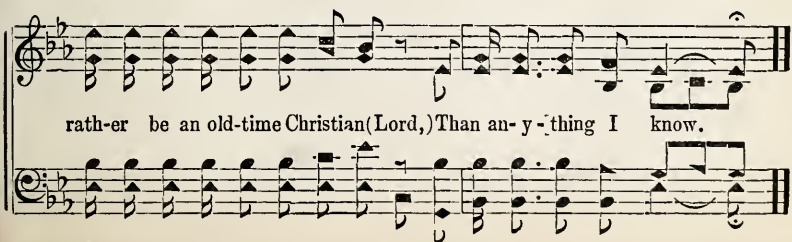
Chris-tian(Lord,)Than an-y-thing I know, There's nothing like an old-time



Chris-tian With a Chris-tian love to show; I'm walk-ing in the grand old



high-way, And I'm tell-ing ev-'ry-where I go, That I'd



rath-er be an old-time Christian(Lord,)Than an-y-thing I know.

No. 205

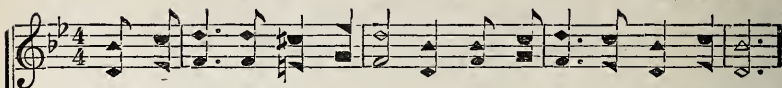
Just a Little While

Copyright, 1921, by E. M. Bartlett

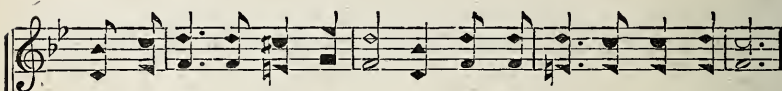
E. M. B.

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

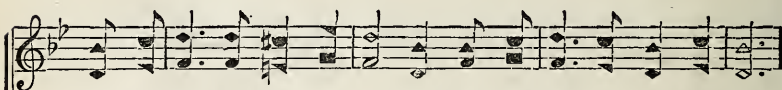
E. M. Bartlett



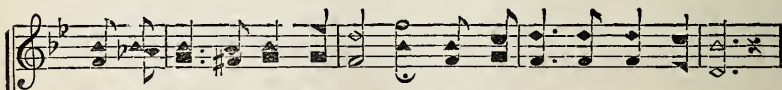
1. Soon this life will all be o - ver And our pil - grim - age will end,
2. Soon we'll see the light of morn - ing, Then the new day will be - gin,
3. Soon we'll meet a - gain our loved ones And we'll take them by the hand,



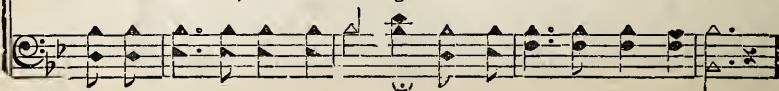
Soon we'll take our heav'n-ly jour-ney, Be at home a - gain with friends;
 Soon we'll hear the Fa - ther call - ing, "Come, my chil - dren en - ter in;"
 Soon we'll press them to our bos - om O - ver in the prom - ised land;



Heav-en's gates are stand - ing o - pen, Wait - ing for our en - trance there,
 Then we'll hear a choir of an - gels, Sing - ing out the vic - t'ry song,
 Then we'll be at home for - ev - er, Thru - out all e - ter - ni - ty,



Some sweet day we're go - ing o - ver, All the beau - ties there to share.
 All our trou - bles will be end - ed And we'll live with heaven's throng.
 What a bless - ed, bless - ed morn - ing That e - ter - nal morn will be!



Just a Little While

Chorus

Just a lit - tle while to stay here, Just a lit - tle while to stay here, stay here,

wait, Just a lit - tle while to la - bor In the path that's
to wait, la - bor, la - bor,

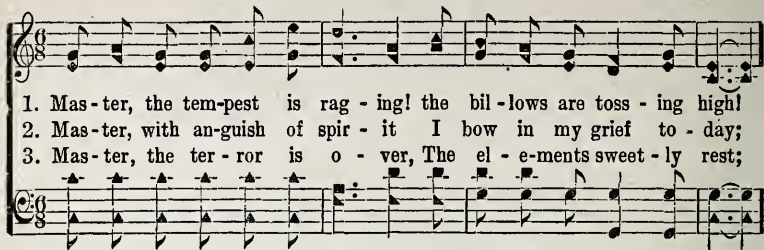
al-ways straight; Just a lit - tle more of
that's al-ways straight and nar-row

trou - - ble In this low and sin - ful state;
trou - ble, trou - ble, sin - ful state;

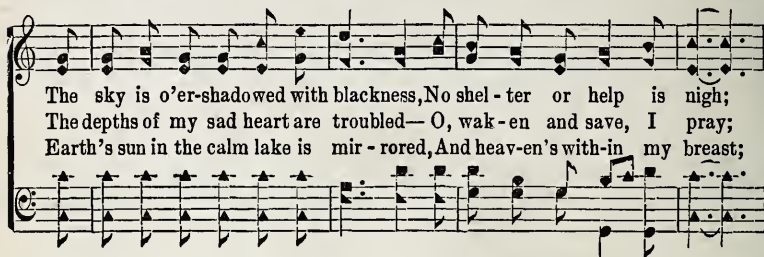
Then we'll enter heaven's por - tals, Sweeping thru the pearly gates.
por-tals, por-tals, pearl-y gates

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT,

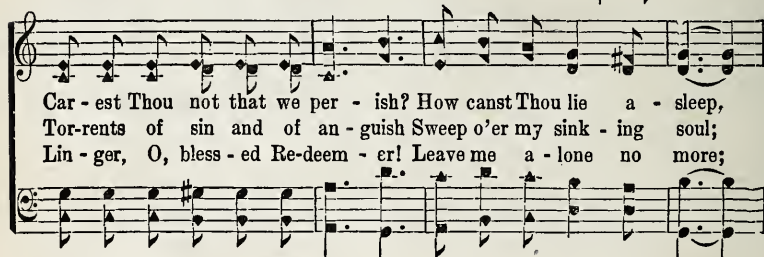
H. R. Palmer.



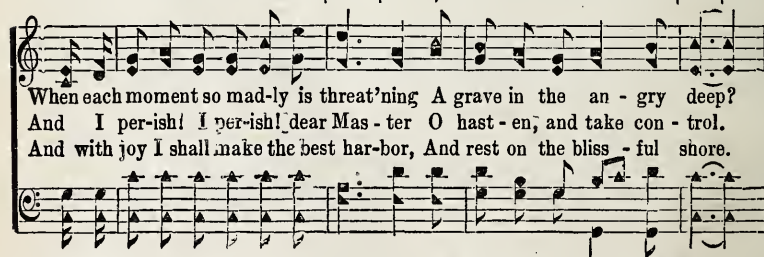
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! the bil - lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled— O, wak - en and save, I pray;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast;

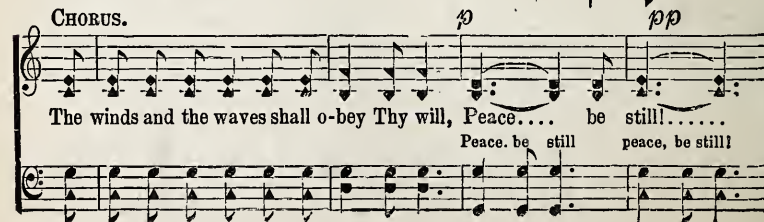


Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
 Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
 Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;



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 O hast - en, and take con - trol.
 And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.



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

Master, the 'Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.

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

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

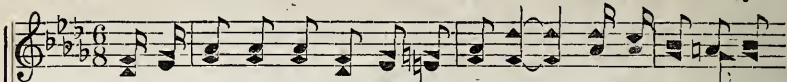
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 207 I Guess I'm Just a Little Old Fashioned

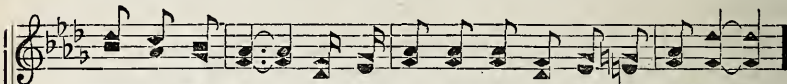
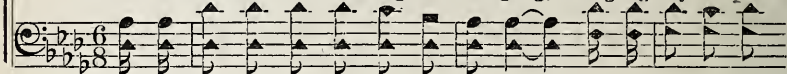
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A. E. B.

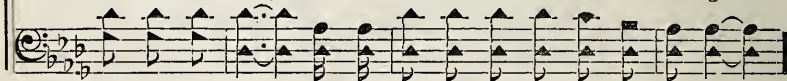
Albert E. Brumley



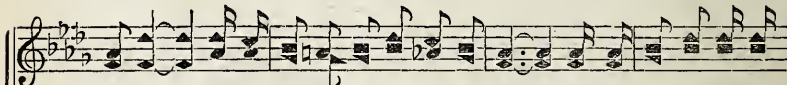
1. Here so man - y are break-ing tra - di - tions That are sa - cred the
 2. O they say I'm old fash-ioned for trust-ing In the sto - ry of
 3. In this world that is doubt-ing and chang-ing, Chang-ing ways that are



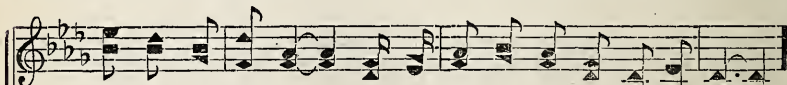
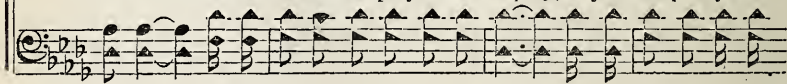
whole world a - round, Seek-ing on - ly for rich - es and pleas-ures
 long, long a - go, And they say I've an old fash-ioned fan - cy
 old for the new, There's a need for the old-time re - li - gion



That so free-ly in this life a - bound; But I still love the pre-cious old
 Just be-cause I be-lieve it is so; Well, the whole world can call me old
 And the pray'rs of the Christians so true; May the Sav-ior who rul - eth in



Bi - ble, 'Tis my com-fort, my guide and my stay, O I guess I'm just a
 fash - ioned, They can call me what-ev-er they may, But I'll still be just a
 heav - en Hear the old fashioned pray'rs that we pray, May He keep us just a

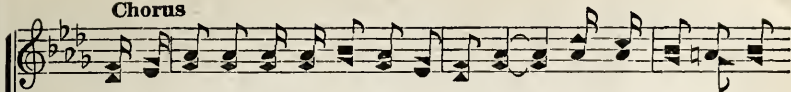


lit - tle old fash - ioned But I still love the old fash-ioned way.
 lit - tle old fash - ioned For I still love the old fash-ioned way.
 lit - tle old fash - ioned For I still love the old fash-ioned way.

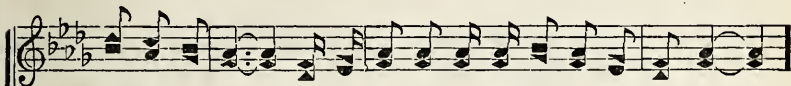
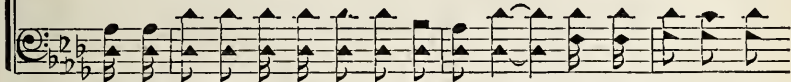


I Guess I'm Just a Little Old Fashioned

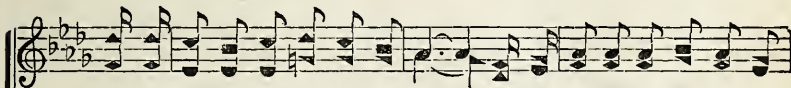
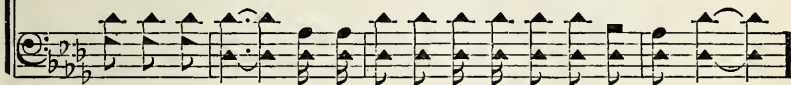
Chorus



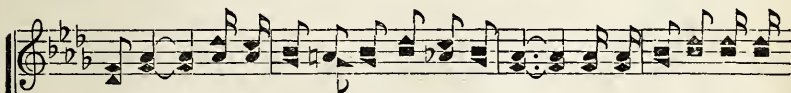
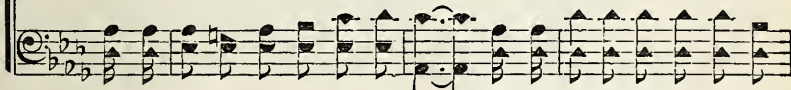
O I guess I'm just a lit - tle old fash - ioned, But I still love the



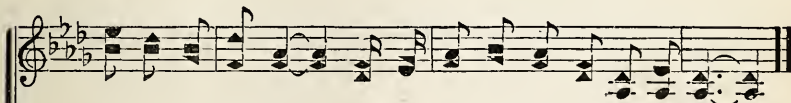
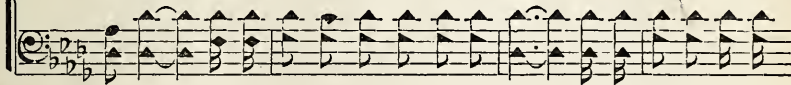
old fash - ioned way, Lord, I care not for the world and its glo - ry,



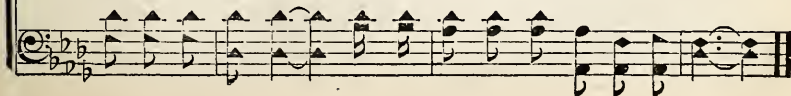
Or the life that is mod - ern and gay; But I still love the songs a - bout



Je - sus And I still love the Bi - ble so true, O I guess I'm just a



lit - tle old fash - ioned, But my Sav - ior was old fashioned, too.



No. 208 I'll Meet You In the Morning

Respectfully dedicated to my wife, Goldie, and sons, Billy Joe, Albert E. Jr., Thomas Rexton, Robert Bartlett and Jackie Stamps.—A. E. B.

A. E. B. Copyright, 1936, by Hartford Music Co., in "Lights of Life" / iber E. Brumley

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, by the bright riv - er side,
2. I will meet you in the morn-ing, in the sweet by and by,
3. I will meet you in the morn-ing, at the end of the way,

When all sor - row has drift - ed a - way; I'll be stand - ing at the
 And ex - change the old cross for a crown; There will be no dis - ap -
 On the streets of that ci - ty of gold; Where we all can be to -

por - tals, when the gates o - pen wide, At the close of life's long, drear - y day.
 pointments and no - bod - y shall die, In that land, when life's sun go - eth down.
 geth - er and be hap - py for aye, While the years and the a - ges shall roll.

Chorus

Meet you in the morn - ing, meet you in the morn - ing,
 I'll meet..... you in the morn - ing,.....

with a "How do you do" "How do you do"
 do you do"..... and we'll

I'll Meet You in the Morning

Sit down by the riv - er, sit down by the riv - er,
sit down..... by the riv - er..... And with

Rap-ture our "auld" acquaintance re-new; Know me in the morn-
rap-ture "auld" acquaintance re - new;..... You'll know.....

ing, know me in the morn-ing, Smiles that I wear,
me in the morn-ing,..... By the smiles..... that I

smiles that I wear, Meet you in the morning, meet you in the morning,
wear,..... When I meet you..... in the morn-ing,.....

In the Ci - ty, ci - ty built, that ci - ty built four square.
ci - ty that is built four square.....

No. 209

We Shall Understand

James Rowe

Mrs. T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., owner

T. B. Mosley

Soprano Solo

1. Some - time the veil of life shall rise, Some -
 2. Some - where your soul and mine shall know Why
 3. Some - how the mys - ter - y will die, And

time the light we all shall see Shine
 un - der bur - dens now we bend, Why
 those who loved and passed a - way, Who

out a - cross un - cloud - ed skies, And make things
 some have joy and oth - ers woe, Why some fall
 left us here a - lone to sigh, Will hold our

plain to you and me; Then we shall
 far and some as - cend; O yes, 'twill
 hands a - gain some day; For ev - 'ry-

know why we are here Up - on this
 all be plain at last, The light will
 thing made clear will be, When we have

We Shall Understand

storm - y, trou - led land, For God at
 shine at God's com - mand, These cloud - ed
 reached the bet - ter land, Some - how, when

last will make it clear, We shall un - der - stand.
 days will soon be past, We shall un - der - stand.
 all the shad - ows flee, We shall un - der - stand.

Chorus

Some-time our eyes will see, Some-where
 Some-time (some - time) our eyes will see, Some -

made plain 'twill be, Some - how when shad-ows
 where (some - where) made plain 'twill be, Some - how (some -

flee, We'll un - der - stand.
 how) when shad-ows flee, We'll un - der - stand, we'll un - der - stand.

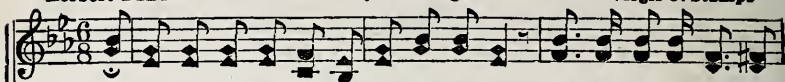
No. 210 I Would Not Miss It—Would You?

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.

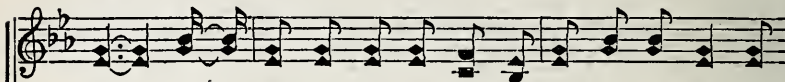
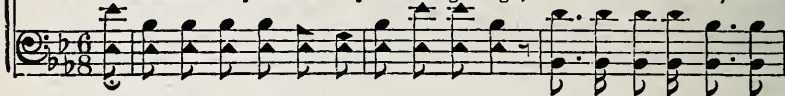
Herbert Buffum

in "Joyful Songs"

Virgil O. Stamps



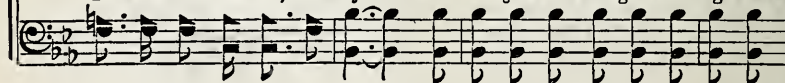
1. If Christ should return in the clouds before night, I would not miss it, would
2. We've prayed for a night-y re-vi-val to come, I would not miss it, would
3. When sin-ners cry out as they cried long a-go, I would not miss it, would



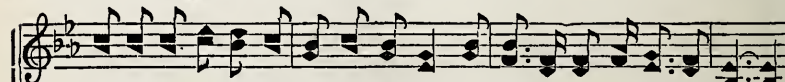
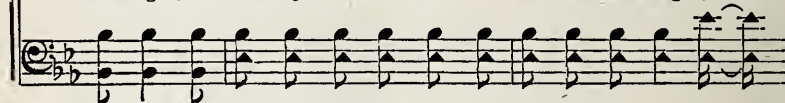
you? And ris-ing to greet Him His saints took their flight; O
 you? It will come when with-in our own hearts 'tis be-gun; O
 you? And Chris-tians the full-ness of God's love would know; O



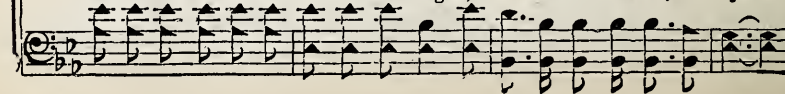
I would not miss it, would you? When those in the tomb once a-gain live
 I would not miss it, would you? When God shall come forth in the same old-
 I would not miss it, would you? When wrongs are made right and forgiveness



a-new, And once more a-rise and ap-pear on our view, When for-
 time pow'r, And on those who look old-time bless-ings will show'r, Sup-
 is sought, And free-ly be-stowed as of old we are taught, When



ev-er and ev-er with earth we are thru, O I would not miss it, would you?
 pos-ing it does come this ver-y same hour! O I would not miss it, would you?
 no man but love owes his fellowman ought, O I would not miss it, would you?



I Would Not Miss It—Would You?

Chorus

The bless - ed Re-deem - er Is soon to
Bless-ed Re-deem-er, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Soon to ap-pear,

ap-pear, The time of "the com - ing
is soon to ap-pear, Time of His com-ing, time of His com-ing,

A - gain" draw - eth near; With shouting and sing-ing till
The time of His com - ing draw-eth near;

all heav-en-rings, We'll crown Him for-ev - er the King of all kings, With

mem'ries that saddened for-e'er taken wings, O I would not miss it, would you?

1. There's a won - der - ful life - giv - ing sto - ry, Of a pal - ace of
 2. When con - fus - ion of earth would con - found me, When my spir - it is
 3. When the shad - ows of sor - row come o'er me, When my bur - dens are
 4. So I'll live near this pal - ace of bless - ing, To it's courts I will

beau - ty most rare; How the an - gels of peace come from glo - ry,
 wea - ry with care, Heaven's qui - et comes gent - ly a - round me,
 heav - y to bear, An - gel voic - es in mer - cy im - plore me
 oft - en re - pair; For I feel my dear Sav - ior's ca - ressing,

Chorus

Meet - ing us in the pal - ace of pray'r.
 When I en - ter the pal - ace of pray'r. In the won - der - ful pal - ace of
 To en - ter the pal - ace of pray'r.
 In the beau - ti - ful pal - ace of pray'r.

dim. ad lib.

beau - ty, We may leave ev - ry sor - row and care, And re -
 and love, ev - ry care,

ceive a new vision of du - ty; Je - sus meets us in the pal - ace of pray'r.
 from a bove;

No. 212

Better Mind the Lord

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.
Favorite Songs and Hymns

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman

You had bet-ter mind the Lord When He talks to you, O
When He talks to you,

When He talks to you, O When He talks to you; You had bet-ter mind the

Lord When He talks to you, When He tells you what you ought to do.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

No. 213

Show Pity, Lord

Isaac Watts

Old Southern Melody

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hav'ring round Thy word.

Cho.—O depth of mer-cy! can it be That mer-cy's still re-served for me?

Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet prom-ise there, Some sure sup-port a-against de-spair.

Ah, can my God His wrath for-bear, And me the chief of sin-ners spare?

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

No. 214

Some Glad Day When Jesus Comes

Copyright, 1937, by Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

F. M. L

in "Starlit Crown"

Frank M. Lynn



1. We shall have a wondrous home in glo-ry,
2. All earth's sins and strife will then be end-ed, Some glad day, some glad day,
3. Bless-ed tho't we'll sweet-ly rest for- ev- er,



Where we'll sing with saints the blessed sto-ry,
 When to heav-en's home we have as-cend-ed, Some glad day when Je-sus comes.
 Aft - er we have crossed be-yond the riv-er,



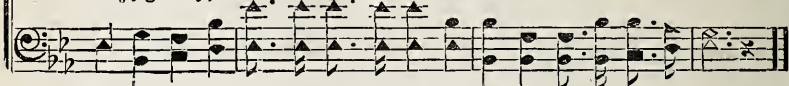
Chorus



O how I long to meet Him! Some glad day, some glad day!
 When He comes, O



O 'twill be joy to greet Him! Some glad day when Jesus comes.
 Glo-ry, glo-ry,

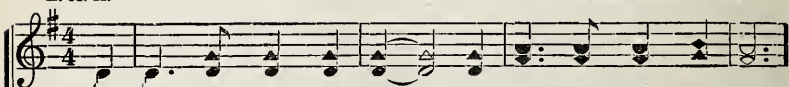


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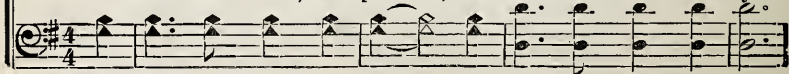
Enough For Me

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman



1. O love sur - pass - ing knowl-edge! O grace, so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!



Cho.—And that's e - nough for me, O that's e - nough for me:

Enough For Me

D. C.

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me.
 I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.
 I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me.

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me.

No. 216

Parting Hand

"A Farewell Hymn"—1 Ches. 3:9 Jeremiah Ingals, 1805

1. My dear - est friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweet - est un - ion prove;
2. How sweet the hours have passed a - way, When we have met to sing and pray;
3. And since it is God's ho - ly will We must be part - ed for a while;
4. How oft I've seen the flow - ing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;

f. Fine

Your friend - ship's like a draw - ing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand
 How loath I've been to leave the place Where Je - sus shows His smil - ing face,
 In sweet sub - mis - sion all in one, We'll say, "Our Fa - ther's will be done,"
 Your hearts with love have seemed to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet a - gain,

D.S. And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords a - round my heart.
 D.S. But du - ty makes me un - der - stand That we must take the part - ing hand.
 D.S. Fight on, you'll win the hap - py shore, Where parting hands are known no more.
 D.S. O taste His grace, in all that land We'll no more take the part - ing hand.

D.S.

Your presence sweet, your un - ion dear, Your words de - light - ful to my ear,
 O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my strug - gling mind!
 Dear fel - low youth in Chris - tian ties, Who seek for man - sions in the skies,
 Ye mourn - ing souls, in sad sur - prise, Je - sus re - mem - bers all your cries;

No. 217

Redeeming Love

William Cowper

A. S. Kieffer

1 } There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, }
 And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
 2 } The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day, }
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }
 3 } Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, }
 Till all the ran - somed sons of God Are saved to sin no more. }

D.C.—And then I hope to sing this love In sweet - er strains on high.

Chorus D.C.

Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;

No. 218

Mear

John Fawcett

The Importance of Religion.—Phil. 3:8

Welsh Air

1. Re - lig - ion is the chief con - cern Of mor - tals here be - low;
 2. More needful this than glitt' - ring wealth Or aught the world be - stows;
 3. Re - lig - ion should our thoughts en - gage A - midst our youth - ful bloom;
 4. O may my heart, by grace re - newed, By my Re - deem - er's throne;
 5. Let deep re - pent - ance, faith and love, Be joined with god - ly fear;

May I its great im - port - ance learn, Its sov - 'reign vir - tue know.
 Not rep - u - ta - tion, food or health, Can give us such re - pose.
 'Twill fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the aw - ful tomb.
 And be my stub - born will sub - dued, His gov - ern - ment to own.
 And all my con - ver - sa - tion prove My heart to be sin - cere.

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
 2. When cold and slug - ish drops, Roll off my mar - ble brow;
 3. When the last mo - ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face,
 4. Then to my rapt - ured ear, Let one sweet song be giv'n;

Cho.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

D.C.

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To wait my soul on high.
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
 To catch the bright se - raph - ic gleam, Which on each fea - ture plays.
 Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

In heav'n a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 220

Will the Waters Be Chilly

I. Watts

Arr.
Refrain

1 { Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord for-give;
 Let a re - pent-ing reb - el live,
 2 { Are not Thy mercies large and free? Pre - pare me Lord to die. } Will the
 May not a sin - ner trust in Thee? Pre - pare me Lord to die. }
 3 { My sins are great but don't surpass,
 The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace,
 4 { Here on my heart the bur - den lies,
 And past of - fenc - es pain my eyes,

1 2
 wa-ters be chil-ly? Will the wa-ters be chil-ly? When I am called to die.

No. 221

Ready

S. E. L.

Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman

Charlie D. Tillman

1. Read - y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read - y to stand the test;
 2. Read - y to go, read - y to bear, Read - y to watch and pray;
 3. Read - y to speak, read - y to think, Read - y with heart and brain;
 4. Read - y to speak, read - y to warn, Read - y o'er souls to yearn;

Read - y to stay at home and send Oth - ers, if He sees best.
 Read - y to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Read - y to stand where He sees fit, Read - y to bear the strain.
 Read - y in life, read - y in death, Read - y for His re - turn.

Chorus

Read - y to go, read - y to stay, Read - y my place to fill;

Read - y for ser - vice, low - ly or great, Read - y to do His will.

No. 222

Oh, Glory to His Name

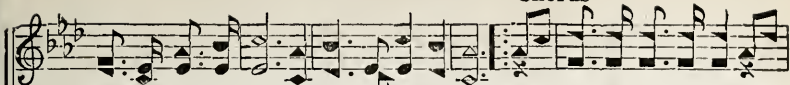
W. Cowper

Old Melody Arr. H. F. M.

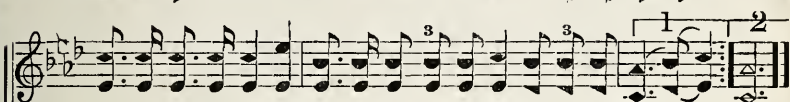
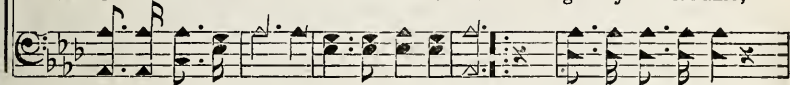
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in His day; And there may
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the

Oh, Glory to His Name

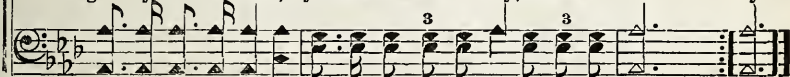
Chorus



plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. O glo - ry to His name, Yes,
I tho vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
ran - somed church of God Be saved to sin no more glo - ry to His name,



glo - ry to His name, My sins are tak - en a - way, tak - en a - way.....
glo - ry to His name, My sins are tak - en a - way, tak - en a - - - way.



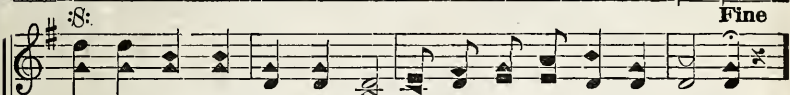
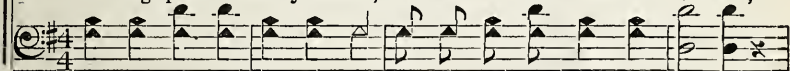
No. 223 Listen to the Voice of Jesus

Jennie Wilson

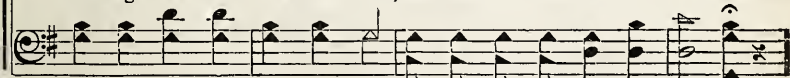
Homer F. Morris



1. In the day time's gold-en light, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus;
2. While in downward paths you roam, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus;
3. Long - ing for a pur - er life, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus;
4. Find - ing par - don for your soul, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus;



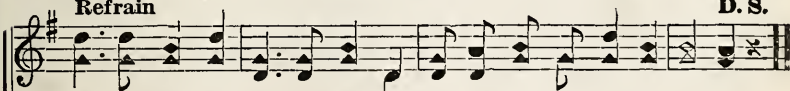
In the sol - emn gloom of night, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus.
He is bid - ding you come home, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus.
Seek - ing rest from e - vil strife, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus.
Yield - ing all to His con - trol, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus.



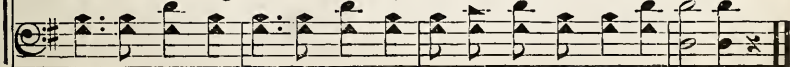
D.S.—Weary one, by sin un - done, Lis - ten to the voice of Je - sus.

Refrain

D. S.



He is call - ing, ev - er call - ing, Clear and sweet His words are fall - ing,



No. 224

Don't Let Your Light Burn Low

M. D. Ussery

Property of the Inter-State Music Co.

J. E. Williams

1. O would you be a bless - ing true, As on thru life you go?
 2. The world is grop - ing in de - spair, God's love they do not know,
 3. The lov - ing Sav - ior needs your aid, In let - ting sin - ners know,

S: Fine

Be con - stant in God's ser - vice here,
 So live to guide them to the right, Don't let your light burn low.
 Sal - va - tion's free, who will may come,

D.S.—Be con - stant in God's ser - vice here, Don't let your light burn low.

Refrain **D.S.**

Don't let your light burn low, Don't let your light burn low;
 burn low, burn low.

No. 225

Are You Outside?

Lizzie DeArmond

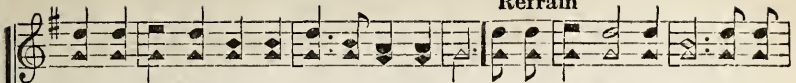
Copyright, 1909, by R. H. Cornelius

R. H. Cornelius

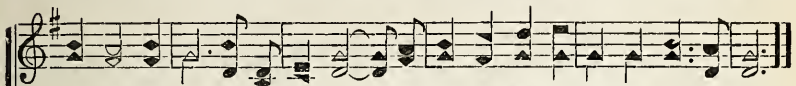
1. The arms of Christ are nev - er full, There's room enough for all; Be - neath their
 2. The heart of Christ is nev - er full, The door is o - pen wide; Re - turn, O
 3. The Father's house is nev - er full, Love's lamp still burns within; A roy - al

Are You Outside!

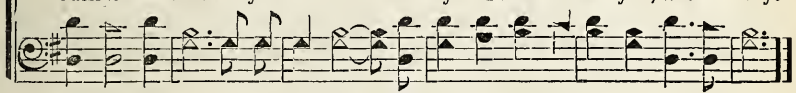
Refrain



ten - der lov - ing clasps, No one can ev - er fall.
wand'ring one, return, There's rest and peace in-side. Are you out-side unsaved? Are you
welcome waits each g est, A pardon free from sin.



outside unsaved? Are you out-side so near your home? Christ calls you, come this way.



No. 226

O Come, Angel Band

Jefferson Hascall

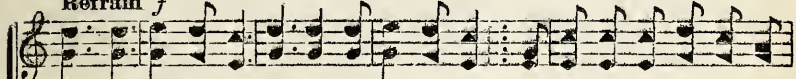
W. B. Bradbury



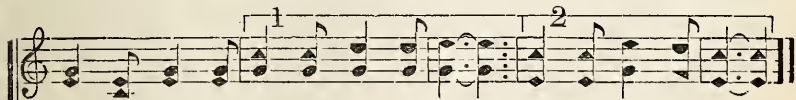
1 My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun!
2 I know I'm near - ing ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear;
I brush the dew of Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near;
3 I've al - most gained my heav'n - ly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
The ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings,
4 O bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now clean - ses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.



Refrain *f*



O come, an - gel band, come, and around me stand, O bear me a - way on your

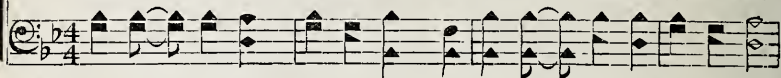


snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home my im - mor - tal home.





1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

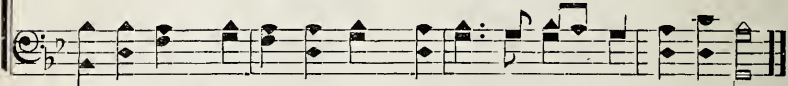


Cho.— I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms;

D. C. Chorus



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



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

No. 228

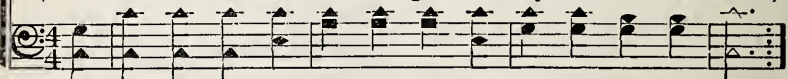
Passing Away

Chas. Wesley

Arr. by H. F. Morris



- 1 { And must I be to judg - ment bro't And an - swer in that day, }
 { For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't And ev - 'ry word I say? }
- 2 { Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known, }
 { And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done. }
- 3 { How care - ful then, ought I to be With what re - lig - ious fear, }
 { Who such a strict ac - count must give For my be - hav - ior here. }



Chorus



We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way;
To the great judg - ment day.



No. 229

Not Made With Hands

Arr.

Old Melody Arr.

1. Christ went a build-ing to pre-pare, Not made with hands; And 'twill be decked with
 2. Put on the ar-mor of our God, Not made with hands; And take the path our
 3. With shield of faith de-iy the foe, Not made with hands; Un-til you hear the
 4. Then come up, children, get your crown, Not made with hands; When you have laid your

§:

Fine Chorus

jew-els rare, Not made with hands.
 Cap-tain trod, Not made with hands. I know (I know,) I know (I know,)
 trump-et blow, Not made with hands.
 ar-mor down, Not made with hands.

D.S.

I have an-oth-er build-ing; I know (I know,) I know (I know.)

No. 230

Windham

I. Watts

The broad and narrow way.—Matt. 7. 12, 14

Daniel Read, 1786

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-gether there,
 2. "De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
 3. The fear-ful soul that tries and faints, And walks the way of God no more,

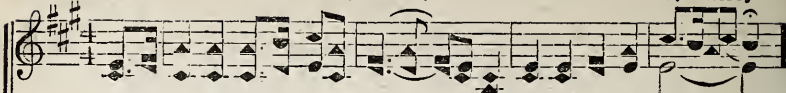
But wis-don. shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.
 Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 Is but es-teemed al-most a saint, And makes his own de-struction sure.

No. 231 When I Can Read My Title Clear

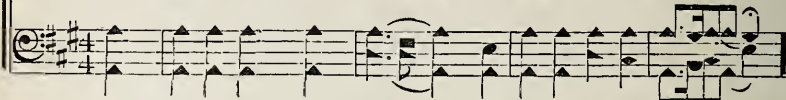
Isaac Watts

(PISGAH)

J. C. Leroy

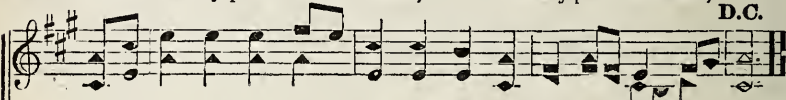


1. When I can read my ti-tle clear To mansions in the skies,
 2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fie-ry darts be hurled,
 3. Let care like a wild deluge come And storros of sorrow fall,
 4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,



- D. C.—And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes;
 D. C.—And face a frown-ing world, And face a frowning world;
 D. C.—My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all;
 D. C.—A - cross my peace-ful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast;

D.C.



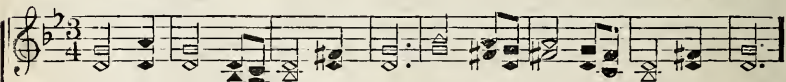
- I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage And face a frown-ing world.
 Thro Christ I'll safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.



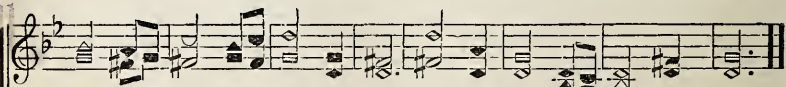
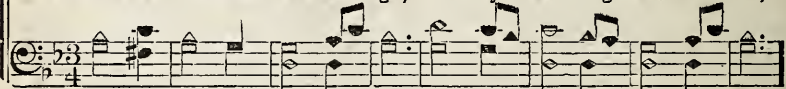
No. 232 Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick. 1742

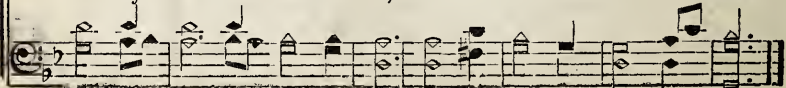
Arr. H. F. Morris



1. Child-ren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney sweet-ly sing;
 2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-ters trod;
 3. Fear not breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of your land;
 4. Lord sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;



- Sing our Sav-ior's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious is His works and ways.
 They are hap-py now and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
 Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un-dis-mayed go on.
 On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.



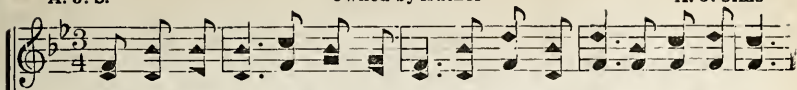
No. 233

The Unseen Hand

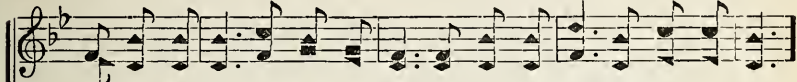
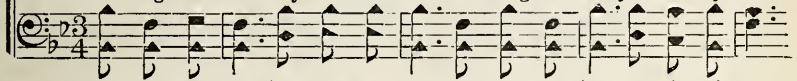
A. J. S.

Owned by Author

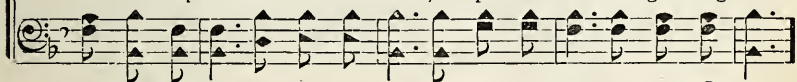
A. J. Sims



1. There is an un - seen hand to me, That leads thru ways I can-not see;
2. His hand has led thru shad-ows drear, And while it leads I have no fear;
3. I long to see my Sav-ior's face And sing the sto-ry "Saved by Grace"



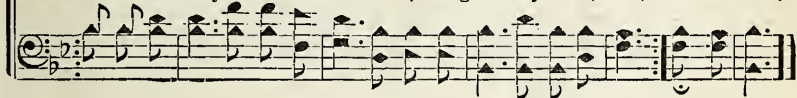
While go - ing thru this world of woe, This hand still leads me as I go.
I know 'twill lead me to that home, Where sin nor sor-row e'er can come.
And there up-on that Gold-en Strand, I'll praise Him for His guid - ing hand.



Chorus



I'm trusting to the unseen hand, That guides me thru this weary land;
And some sweet day I'll reach that strand, Still guided by the (Omit) un - seen hand,



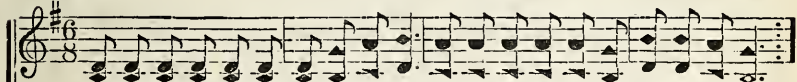
No. 234

Jesus Loves Even Me

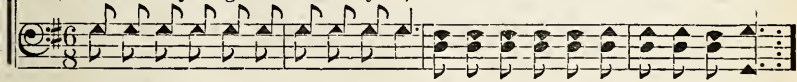
P. P. B.

"God is Love."—John 4: 8

P. P. Bliss



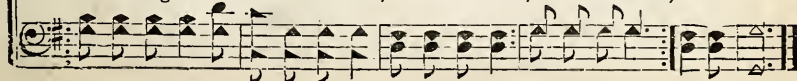
- 1 } I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
- } Won-der ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
- 2 } Tho I for-get Him and wander a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
- } Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 } O there is on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King;
- } This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "O what a wonder that Jesus love me."



Chorus



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



No. 235

Our Coming King

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

J. D. C.

J. D. (Main Line) Coons

Je - sus is the on - ly Sav - ior, Loud - ly let the anthems ring; Je - sus
 Je - sus is the great Bap - tiz - er, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah sing! On, in

is the mighty Heal - er, Glad - ly the mes - sage bring,
 Him we go re - joic - ing, (Omit)..... He is our com - ing King.

No. 236

On the Main Line

Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.

J. D. C.

J. D. (Main Line) Coons

I'm out on the main line to - night, I'm out on the main line to - night; With

Je - sus, my Pi - lot, I'm bound to go thru, I'm out on the main line to - night.

(Main Line) Coons, Glad Tidings Bible Institute 1441 Ellis St., San Francisco, Calif.

No. 237

The Light of the World is Jesus

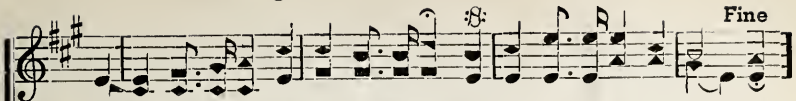
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter

A. J. S.

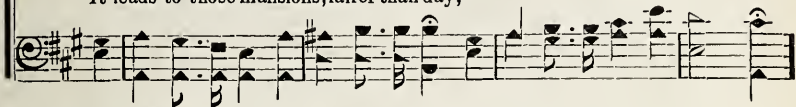
A. J. Showalter

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
 2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful - gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
 3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

The Light of the World is Jesus



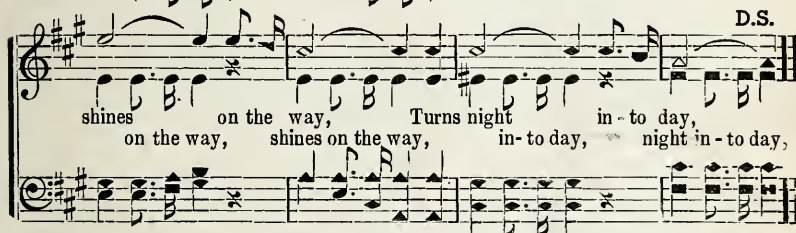
Dis-pel-ling the gloom and darkness of night,
No clouds can obscure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions, fairer than day,



Chorus



The light of the world, The light of the world is Je - sus! It
of the world, light of the world,



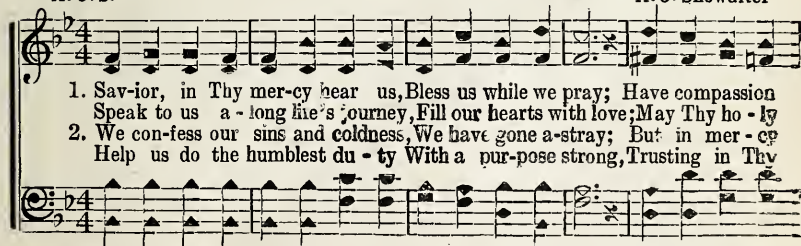
shines on the way, Turns night in - to day,
on the way, shines on the way, in - to day, night in - to day,

No. 238

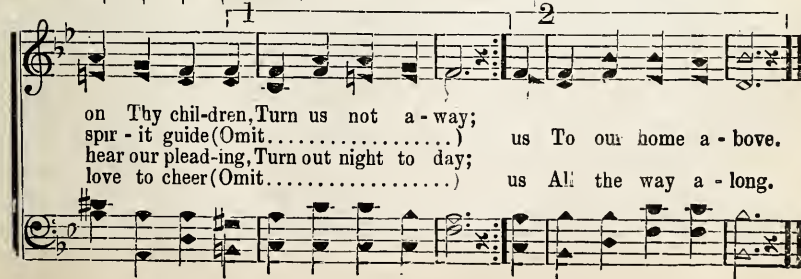
Savior, in Thy Mercy Hear Us

A. J. S.

A. J. Showalter



1. Sav-ior, in Thy mer-cy hear us, Bless us while we pray; Have compassion
Speak to us a - long lie's journey, Fill our hearts with love; May Thy ho - ly
2. We con-fess our sins and coldness, We have gone a-stray; But in mer-cy
Help us do the humblest du - ty With a pur-pose strong, Trusting in Thy



on Thy chil-dren, Turn us not a - way;
spr - it guide (Omit.) us To our home a - bove.
hear our plead-ing, Turn out night to day;
love to cheer (Omit.) us All the way a - long.

1 { Sav - ior vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord a gra - cious rain! }
 { All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain. }
 2 { Keep no long - er at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, }
 { Lest, for want of Thine as - sis - tance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die. }
 3 { Sure - ly once Thy gar - den flour - ished, Ev - 'ry plant looked gay and green; }
 { Then Thy word our spir - its nour - ished, Hap - py seas - ons we have seen. }
 4 { Dear - est Sav - ior, hast - en hith - er, Thou canst make them bloom again; }
 { O per - mit them not to with - er, Let not all our hopes be vain. }

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;

Lord, re - vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

No. 240

Dying From Home, and Lost

S. M. B.

Copyright, 1892. by S. M. Brown

S. M. Brown. By per.

1. Companion, draw nigh they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high,
 2. Ah can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learned how,
 3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above
 4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
 5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command o' your Lord,

Dying From Home, and Lost

S: **Fine**

The way is so dark, and yet I must go, O that such sorrow you never may know?
 To come before Him, who only can save, Leading in triumph thru death and the grave.
 To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bringing sal-va-tion to sinners like me?
 To die with-out God; or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone
 And publish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thru grace?

D.S.—Only a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, Only a word from that book so dear.

Chorus **D.S.**

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and moth-er were here;

1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
 2. Lone - ly with - out He's stand-ing, Lone - ly with - in am I;
 3. All thru the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is He;
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! They will I o - pen wide;

S: **Fine**

En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Who is the voice I hear?
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
 Tho He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S.—If thou will heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

Chorus **D.S.**

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— O - pen the door for me!

No. 245

Come, Humble Sinner

Mrs. E. Jones

ARR.

1 { Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve; }
 { Come with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve. }
 2 { I'll go to Je - sus, tho my sin Hath like a mountain rose; }
 { I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op-pose. }
 3 { Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; }
 { I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'reign grace. }
 4 { I shall not per - ish if I go, I am re-solved to try; }
 { For if I stay a - way, I know, I must for - ev - er die. }

Chorus

O you must be a lov - er of the Lord,
 O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,)

O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, (of the Lord,)
 Or you can't go to heav-en when you (Omit.....) die.

No. 246

O Save Me At the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

ARR.

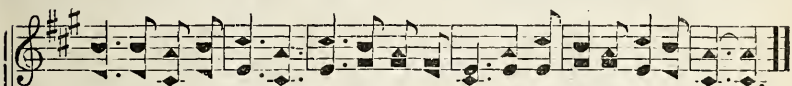
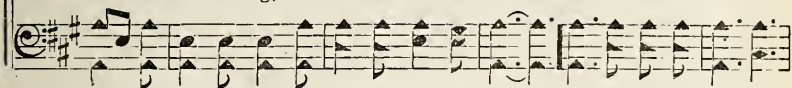
1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, Hear my cry, hear my cry, Trembling,
 2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
 3. Tho I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
 4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, Grace is free, grace is free; Have cr-
 5. On - ly faith will par-don bring, Par-don bring, par-don bring; In tha

O Save Me At the Cross

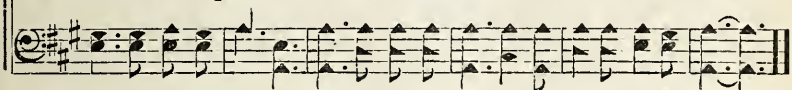
Chorus



to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
 mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
 life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross. Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me,
 pas - sion Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
 faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.



No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross.

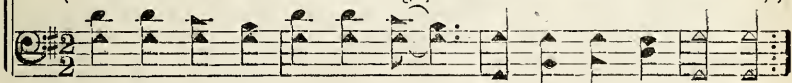


No. 247 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire

Fine



1	{	Now I feel the sa - cred fire,	Kind - ling, flam - ing, glow - ing,	}
2	{	High - er still and ris - ing higher,	All my soul o'er - flow - ing;	}
3	{	Now I am from bond - age freed,	Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;	}
4	{	Je - sus makes me free in - deed,	Just as free as heav - en;	}
5	{	Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll,	Roll thru ev - 'ry na - tion,	}
6	{	Wit - ness - ing from soul to soul	This im - mense sal - va - tion;	}
7	{	Glo - ry be to God on high,	Glo - ry be to Je - sus!	}
8	{	He hath bro't sal - va - tion	From all sin He frees us;	}

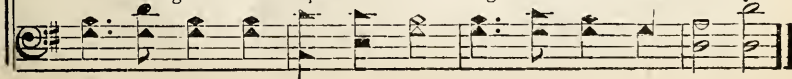


D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 Let the pil - grim shout a - loud, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D.C.



Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive; O the won - drous sto - ry!
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty; O the won - drous sto - ry!
 Now I know it's full and free; O the won - drous sto - ry!
 Let the gold - en harps of God Ring the won - drous sto - ry!



No. 248

Joe H. Pannell

I'll Be Satisfied

T. N. Pannell, owner

T. N. Pannell

1. When my soul is sing - ing in that prom - ised land a - bove.
 2. Liv - ing in a ci - ty where the soul shall nev - er die,
 3. When I meet the ran - somed o - ver on the gold - en shore,

I'll be sat - is - fied; Prais - ing Christ the Sav - ior for re -
 There to meet with loved ones, nev - er
 There I'll join the an - gels sing - ing

D.S.—When my soul is rest - ing in the
 Fine Chorus

deem - ing grace and love,
 more to say good - by, I'll be sat - is - fied. I'll be sat - is -
 prais - es ev - er - more,

pres - ence of the Lord, I'll be sat - is - fied.

fied, (sat - is - fied,) I'll be sat - is - fied; (sat - is - fied;)
 D.S.

No. 249

Miss Jennie Wilson

Take Higher Ground

Copyright. 1909, by J. W. Askew Used by per.

J. W. Askew

1. Seek the blessings of a heart made pure, In whose depth no e - vil shall be found;
 2. Seek to lay a - side each sin - ful weight, And in bless - ed lib - er - ty a - rise;
 3. Take the higher ground where joys abide, Which the world can never take away;

Take Higher Ground

Fine

With a faith and hope that doth endure, In the Christian life take higher ground.
All to Je - sus ful - ly con - se - crate, And then claim the gift that near thee lies.
In the Savior's pow'r and love confide, And sur - ren - der all to Him for aye.

D.S.—With His mer-cy free enfolding thee, In the Chrain life take higher ground.

Chorus

D.S.

Take high - er ground, take higher ground, Richly doth the grace of God a - bound.

No. 250

Footsteps of Jesus

Mrs. M. B. Slade

Dr. A. B. Everett

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come follow me! And we see where Thy
2. Tho they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a-long by Si-
3. If they lead thru the temple ho - ly, Preaching the Word; Or in no-mes of the
4. By and by thru the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk with the
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will follow the

Fine Chorus

D.S.

Foot-prints falling, Lead us to Thee.
Joam's fountains, Helping the weak.
poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow,
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.
steps of Jesus End at His throne.

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go.

No. 251 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Lydia Baxter

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane, Renewal

William H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you; Child of sor - row and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you; Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is complete.

Chorus

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, how sweet!

No. 252

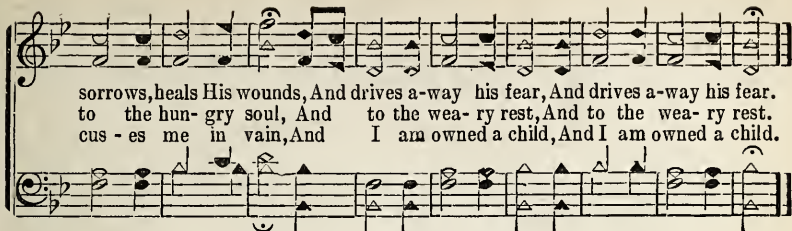
Ortonville

John Newton

Dr. Thomas Hastings

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
 3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed, Sa - tan ac -

Ortonville



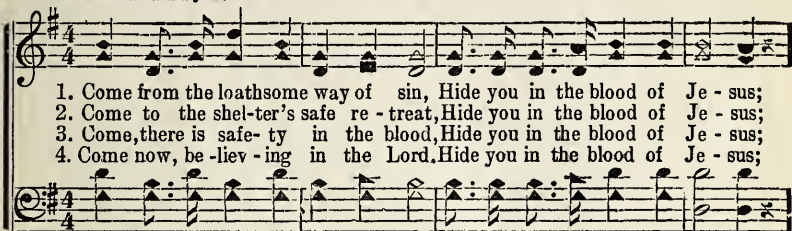
sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
to the hun- gry soul, And to the wea- ry rest, And to the wea- ry rest.
cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

No. 253

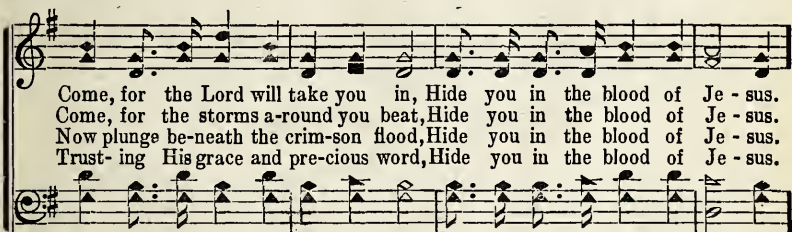
Hide You in the Blood

Verses 3 and 4 by R. E. W.

Arr.

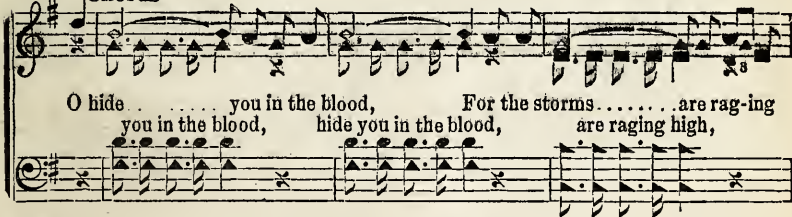


1. Come from the loathsome way of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come to the shel-ter's safe re - treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come, there is safe - ty in the blood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
4. Come now, be - liev - ing in the Lord, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;

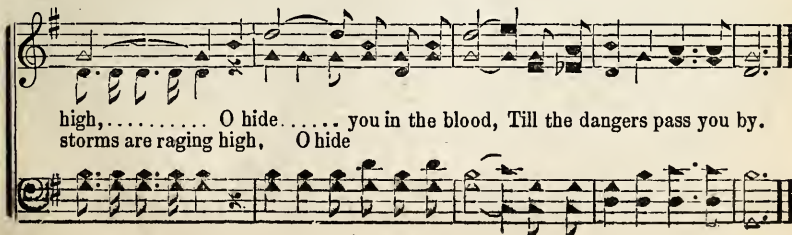


Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, for the storms a-round you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Now plunge be-neath the crim-son flood, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Trust- ing His grace and pre-cious word, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

Chorus



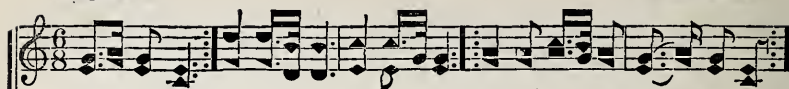
O hide you in the blood, For the storms are rag- ing
you in the blood, hide you in the blood, are raging high,



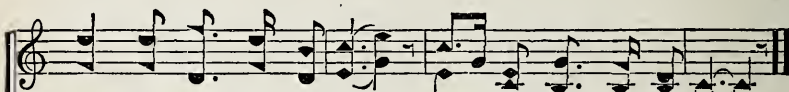
high, O hide you in the blood, Till the dangers pass you by.
storms are raging high, O hide

Joseph Mohr

Franz Gruber



- | | | | |
|------|----------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. { | Si-lent night! | } All is calm, all is bright; | } Round you virgin mother and Child, |
| | Ho-ly night! | | |
| 2. { | Si-lent night! | } Shepherds quake at the sight; | } Glo-ries stream from heaven a-far, |
| | Ho-ly night! | | |
| 3. { | Si-lent night! | } Son of God, love's pure light; | } Radiant beams from Thy holy face |
| | Ho-ly night! | | |



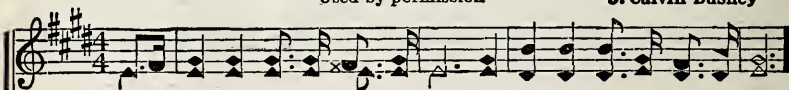
Sleep in heav-en-ly peace,	Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
Christ, the Sav-ior, is born!	Christ the Sav-ior is born!
Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth,	Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.



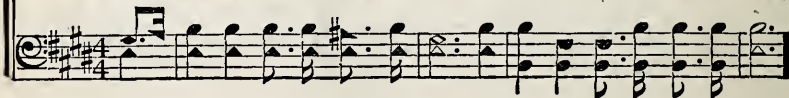
O Why Not Tonight?

Used by permission

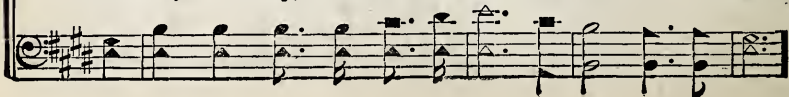
J. Calvin Bushey



1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart,	Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then, be wise,	Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will,	Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done,	Be saved, O to-night.



O Why Not Tonight?

Chorus

O why not to-night? not to-night? O why not tonight? why not tonight? not tonight?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not tonight? be saved? wilt thou be saved? not, O why not

No. 256

Why Not Now?

El Nathan Copyright, 1919, Renewal. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner C. C. Case

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for trou-bled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

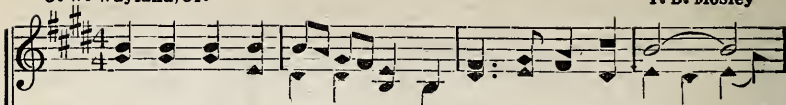
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to-day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Chorus

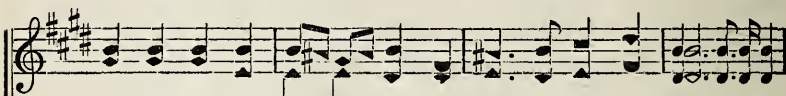
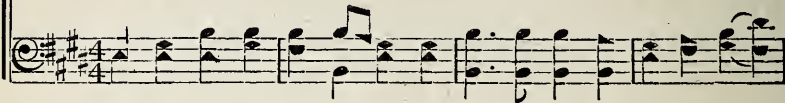
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Je - - sus now?

J. W. Wayland, Jr.

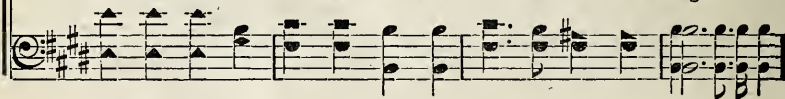
T. B. Mosley



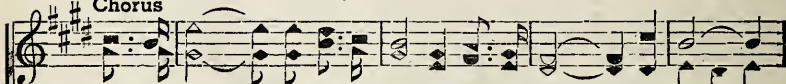
1. Christ is King! thru ev - 'ry na - tion Let the ti - dings ring;
ti - dings ring;
2. Lands of earth and isles of o - cean, Tithes and tributes bring;
tributes bring;
3. When the heirs of glad sal - va - tion Songs to Zi - on bring,
Zi - on bring,
4. Sa-tau's pow'r shall then be bro - ken, Death hath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



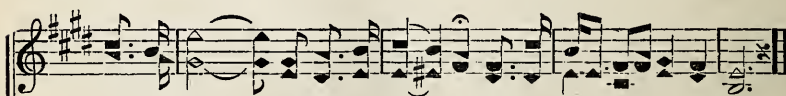
Con-q'ring Cap-tain of sal - va - tion, He shall reign as King!
And with hearts of true de - vo - tion, Crown the Christ as King!
With tri-umph-ant proc - la - ma - tion, Christ shall be their King!
This of life and love the to - ken: "Christ is Lord and King!"



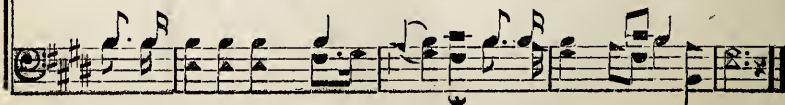
Chorus

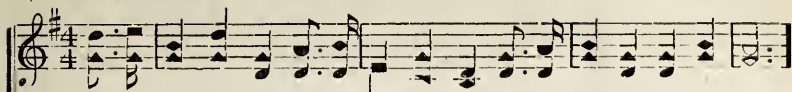


Christ is King, tri-um-phant sto - ry, Men and an - - gels sing;
tri-um - phant angels, men and angels sing;

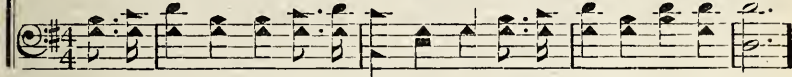


Crown'd in heav'n the Prince of Glo - ry, Christ is Lord and Christ is King!
the Prince of





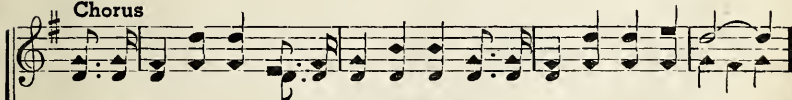
1. There will come a day when the Lord shall say To the saints of earth, "A-rise,"
2. O I look a-loft and I won-der oft When that blessed day shall dawn,
3. In the shin-ing ranks, giving praise and thanks, Sinner, don't you want a place?
4. Bells of heav-en chime, ush-er in the time, Come Thou, Christ, whom we a-dore;



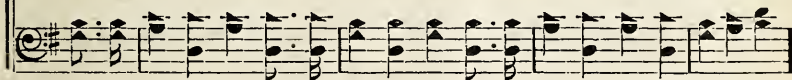
With their wings unfurled they shall leave the world For their mansions in the skies.
 It is hid-den yet, du-ty must be met, So in faith I'm pressing on.
 Turn to Je-sus now, in con-tri-tion bow, He'll prepare you thru His grace.
 Gold-en harps, ring out, all ye saved men, shout Glo-ry, glo-ry ev-er-more.



Chorus



O that great glad day, in His bright ar-ray, We shall then be - hold the King!
 behind the King!



O the joy our souls shall in heav-en know, In that good and great glad day!



1. Christ is dear to me al - ways near to me, Safe - ly keep - ing
 2. How He cares for me what He bears for me, How He strengthens
 3. I will cling to Him trust Him, sing to Him, Till I meet Him

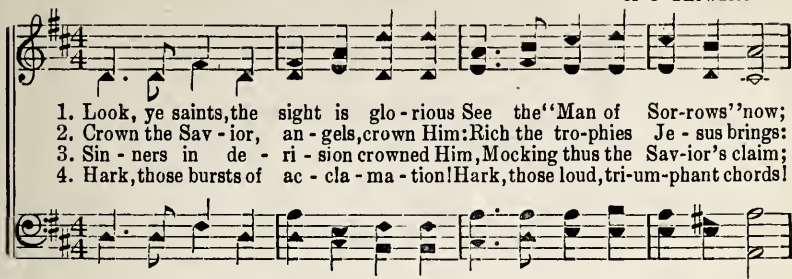
me from day to day; Nev - er chid - ing me, al - ways guid - ing me,
 me to stand the fray; Grace up - hold - ing me, love en - fold - ing me,
 on that bet - ter day; With the du - ti - ful, sin - less, beau - ti - ful,

Chorus

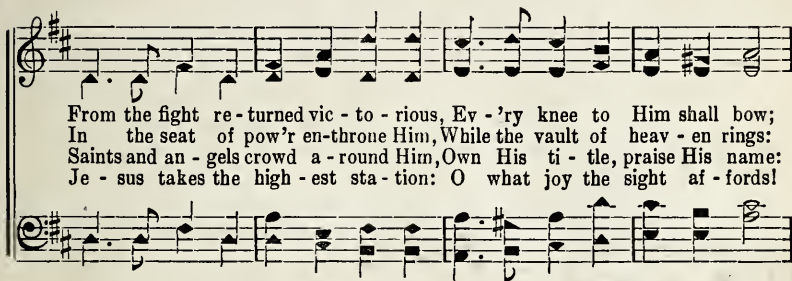
In the glo - ry of the gos - pel way. Up - - - ward
 O how pleas - ant is the gos - pel way!
 At the end - ing of the gos - pel way. Up - ward with Je - sus,

home - - ward, Christ is lead - ing and I shall not stray; March -
 home - ward with Je - sus, Marching with

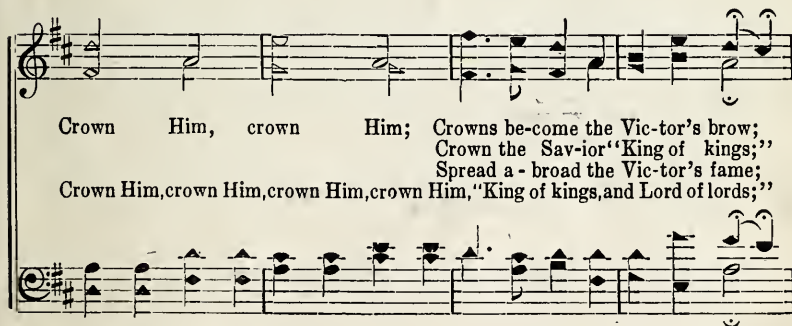
ing, sing - ing, In the glo - ry of the gos - pel way.
 Je - sus, sing - ing of Je - sus,



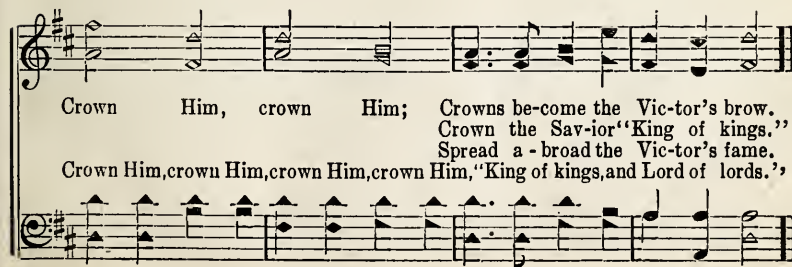
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious See the "Man of Sor-rows" now;
 2. Crown the Sav-ior, an-gels, crown Him: Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings:
 3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him, Mocking thus the Sav-ior's claim;
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud, tri-um-phiant chords!



From the fight re-turned vic-to-ri-ous, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;
 In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav-en rings:
 Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name:
 Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion: O what joy the sight af-fords!



Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow;
 Crown the Sav-ior "King of kings,"
 Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame;
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;"



Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav-ior "King of kings."
 Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame.
 Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords.,"

Isaac Watts

R. E. Hudson

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

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known! And love be - yond de - greel
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus

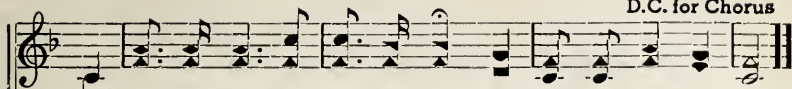
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by
 rolled a - way,

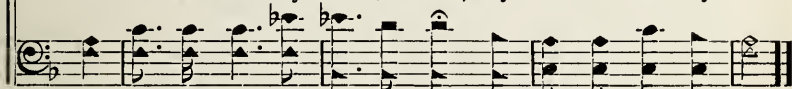
faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

I'll Live for Him

D.C. for Chorus



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

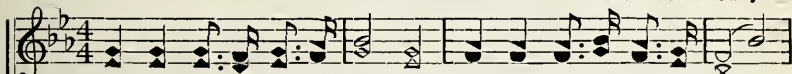


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

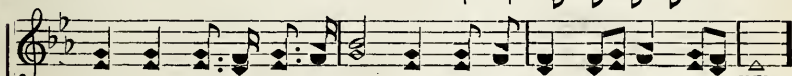
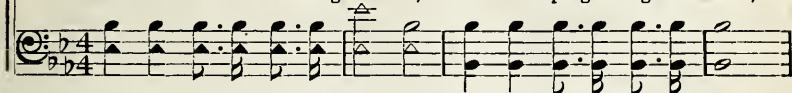
No. 265 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

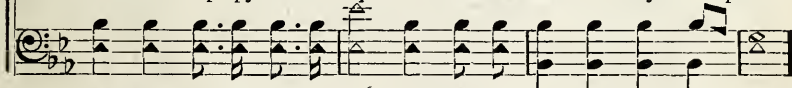
Rev. Robert Lowry



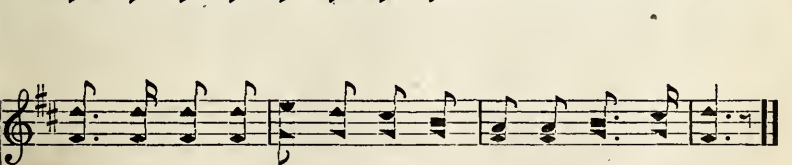
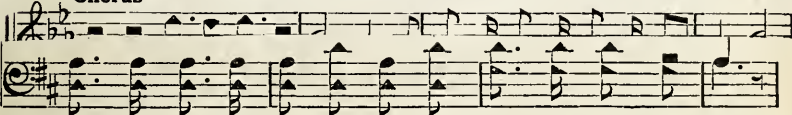
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,



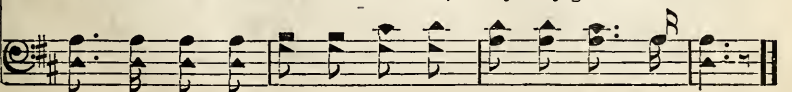
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



Chorus



Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."



No. 261

At the Cross

Isaac Watts

R. E. Hudson

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

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way. It was there by

No. 264

I'll Live For Him

R. E. Hudson

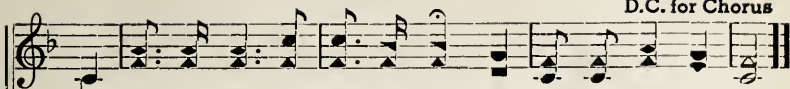
C. R. Dunbar

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

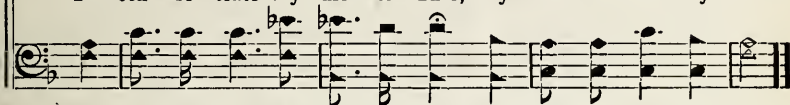
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

I'll Live for Him

D.C. for Chorus



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

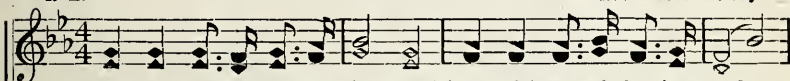


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

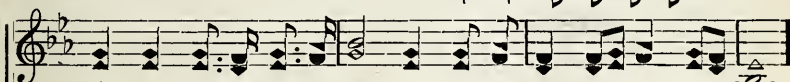
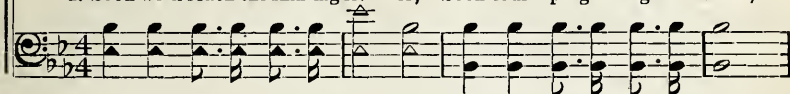
No. 265 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

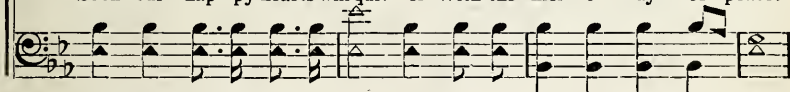
Rev. Robert Lowry



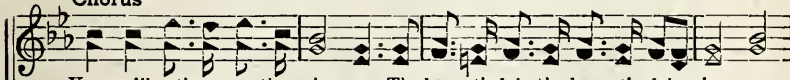
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,



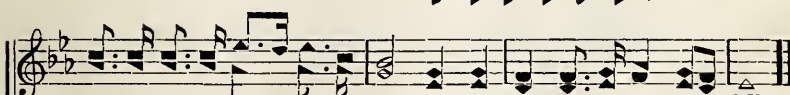
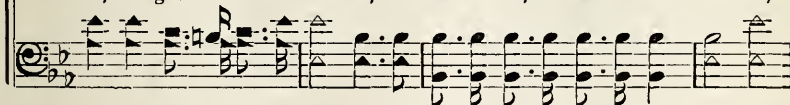
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



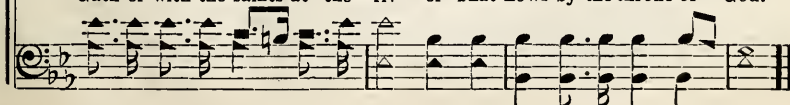
Chorus

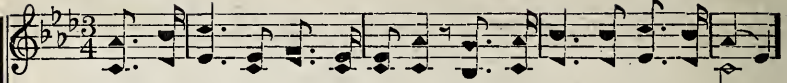


Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

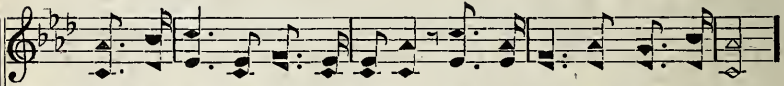
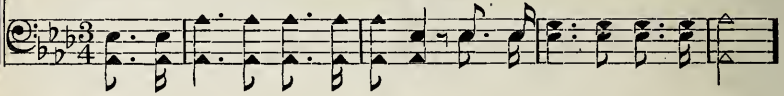


Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

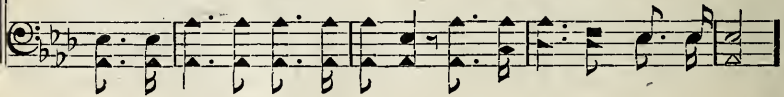




1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-ior, When He comes to claim His own?



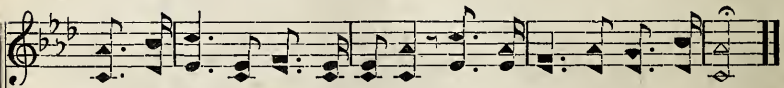
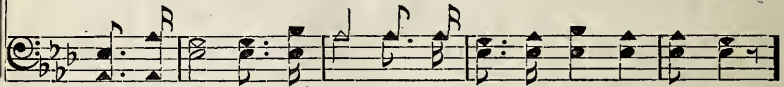
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man - ship di-vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?



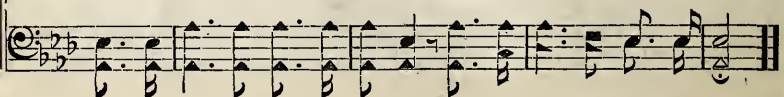
Chorus

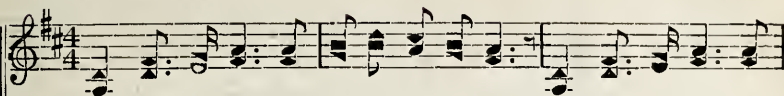


Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

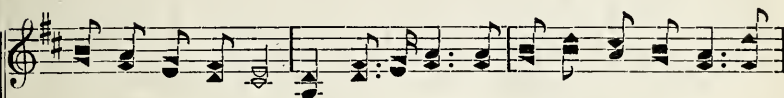
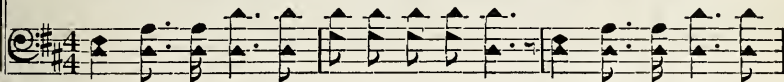


Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?





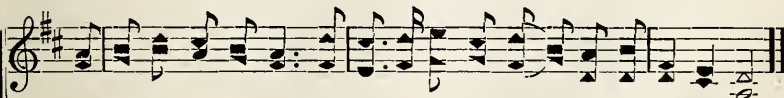
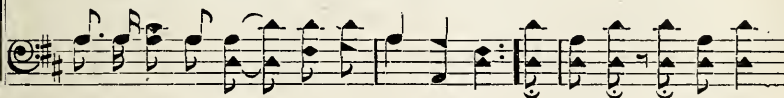
1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
 2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er - more; and by His grace I know The
 doubts and fears with - in; Once was a - afraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To



pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleans - es white as snow.
 now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
 tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.



be - cause He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.



No. 270 O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

W. Gladden

H. P. Smith

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear,winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy patience!still with Thee In clos-er,dear-er com-pa-ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broadening way,

Tell me Thy se-cret;help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give,With Thee,O Mas-ter, let me live.

No. 271 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Anonymous

William B. Bradbury

1. Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
 2. We are Thine;do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
 3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho we be;
 4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor; Ear-ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Keep Thy flock,from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:
 Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse,and pow'r to free:
 Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

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

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

No. 272

More Love to Thee

Elizabeth Prentiss

W. H. Doane

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

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be;
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be;

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

No. 273

Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Chorus

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

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

No. 274

No, Not One

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg

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

No, Not One

8: **Fine**

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

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

Chorus **D.S.**

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

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem - bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Tho I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow,

8: **Fine**

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.

Chorus **D.S.**

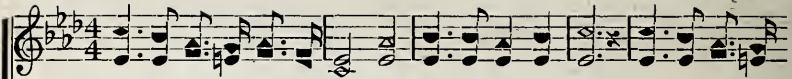
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

No. 279

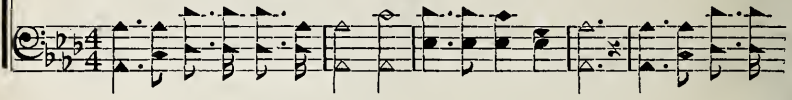
Pass Me Not

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane



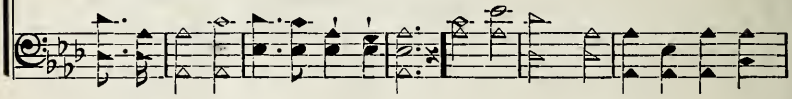
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in
3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have I on



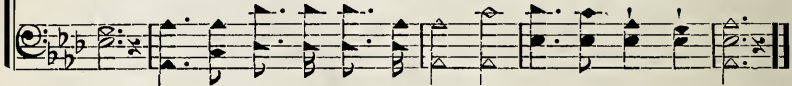
Chorus



- Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble
 bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



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

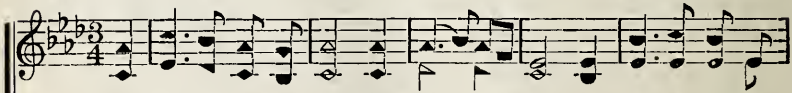


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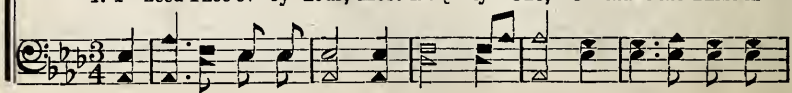
I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

Rev. Robert Lowry



1. I need Thee ev-ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-ry hour, Stay Thon near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-



I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

Chorus

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

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

No. 281

Nothing But the Blood

R. L.

Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

:8: Fine

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans - ing, this my plea—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

D.S.

O pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow No oth - er fount I know,

No. 282

Where He Leads Me

E. W. Blandly

J. S. Norris

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

Cho. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D.C. for Chorus

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

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

No. 283

Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death - beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Softly and Tenderly

Chorus

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, come home,

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

No. 284

While Jesus Whispers

W. 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 bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, 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!

Fanny J. Crosby

Mrs. J. 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, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior 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, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

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

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

No. 286

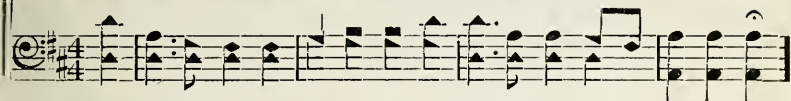
He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore

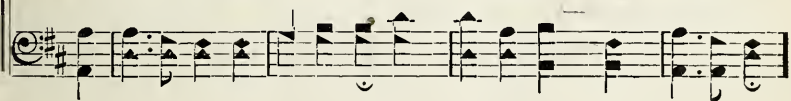
William B. Bradbury



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic'try's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thru Jor - dan lead-eth me.



Chorus



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



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



No. 287

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'Kane

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y 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. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;

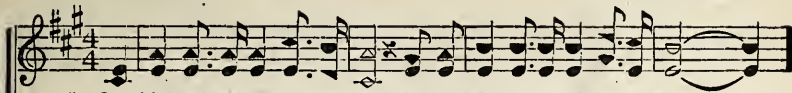
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
 Tho Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

Chorus

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
 by and by,

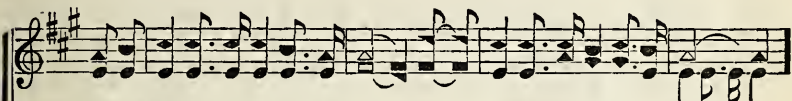
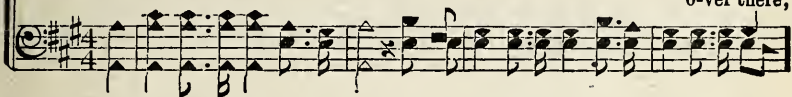
cross on the ev-er-green shore, Sing the-song of
 ev-er-green shore,

Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



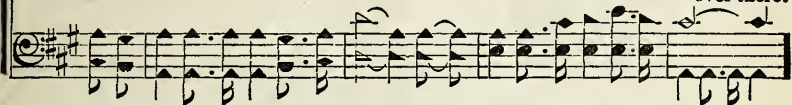
1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my journey I see;

o-ver there,



Where the saints all immortal and fair Are robed in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
 Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Man - y dear to my heart o-ver there Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.

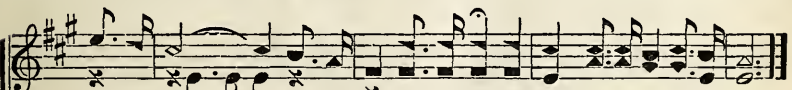
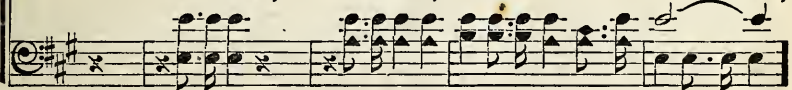


Chorus



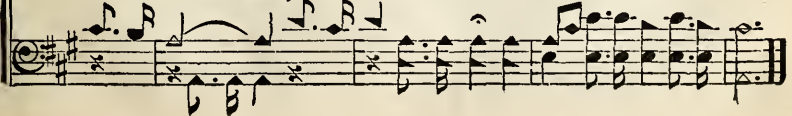
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O think of the home over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	O think of the friends over there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
O-ver there,	o-ver there,	I'll soon be at home o-ver there,

Over there, over there, o-ver there,



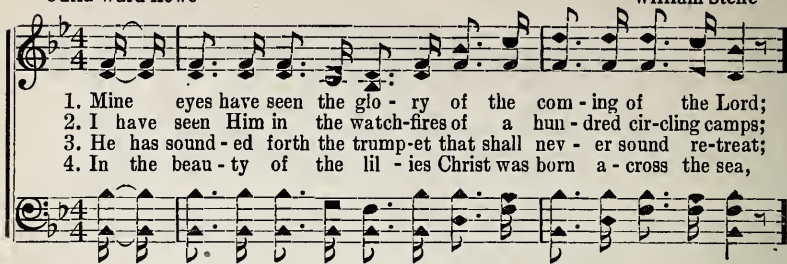
O-ver there,	o-ver there, o-ver there,	O think of a home o-ver there.
O-ver there,	o-ver there, o-ver there,	O think of the friends over there.
O-ver there,	o-ver there, o-ver there,	My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
O-ver there,	o-ver there, o-ver there,	I'll soon be at home over there.

O-ver there,

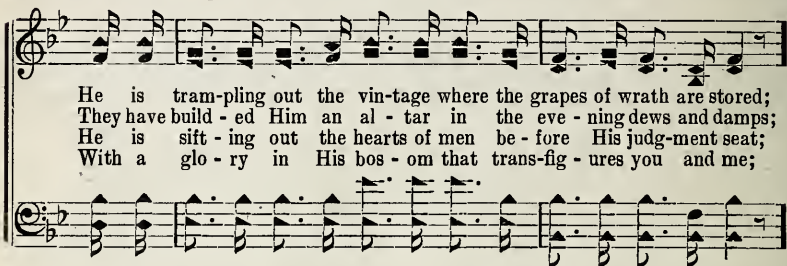


Julia Ward Howe

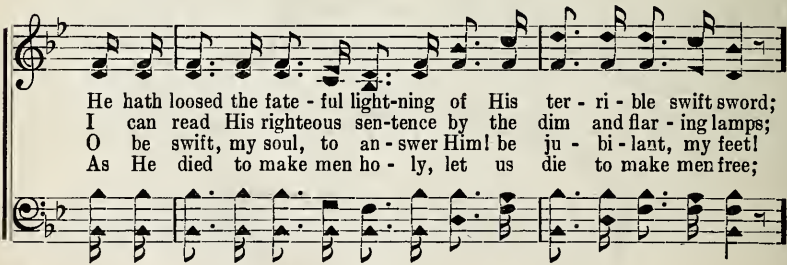
William Steffe



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;
 3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er sound re - treat;
 4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

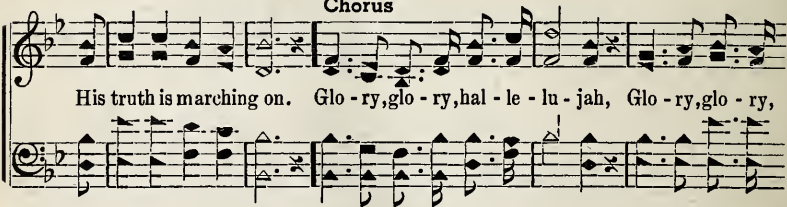


He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damps;
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat;
 With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me;

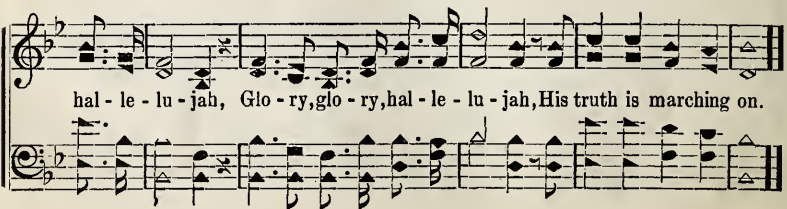


He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
 I can read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
 O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
 As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free;

Chorus



His truth is marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry,



hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, His truth is marching on.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

W. G. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun - sels
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se -
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner

guide, up - hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
 cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
 thick confound you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
 float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be

Chorus

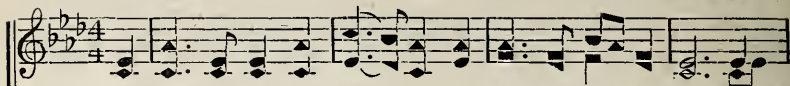
with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
 meet a - gain, till we meet,

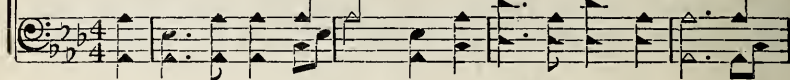

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

Catherine Hankey



William G. Fischer



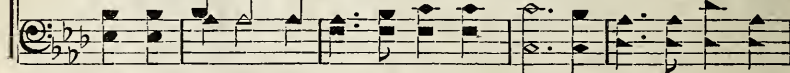
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

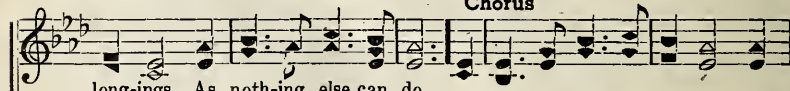
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in

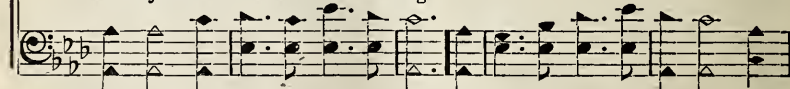

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



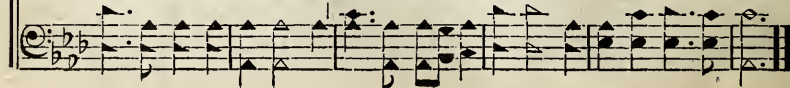
Chorus



long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.

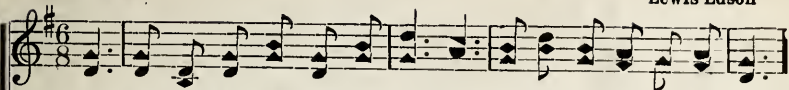



be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

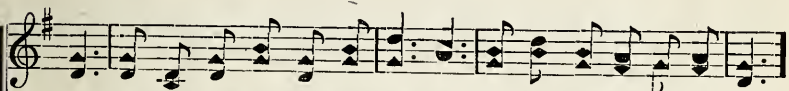
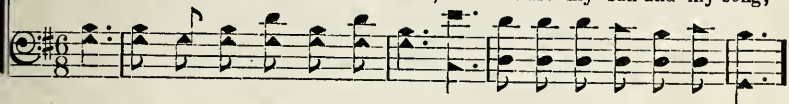


John Newton

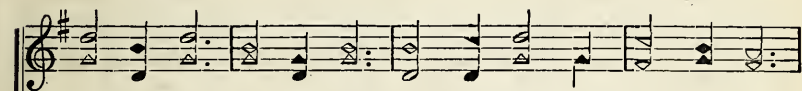
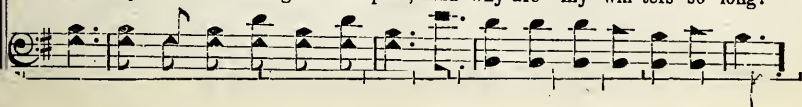
Lewis Edson



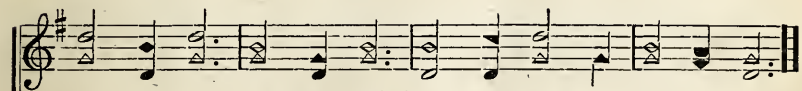
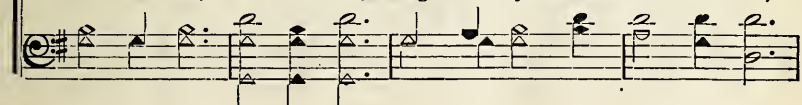
1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ure re - signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



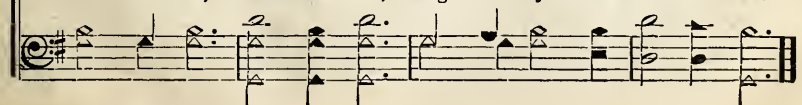
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
 His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice:
 No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make an - y change in my mind:
 Say, why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?



E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me;
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me;
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me;



E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 291

I Love to Tell the Story

Catherine Hankey

William G. Fischer

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

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

No. 294

I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee

William McDonald

William G. Fischer

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee; Friends and time and earth - ly store;
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

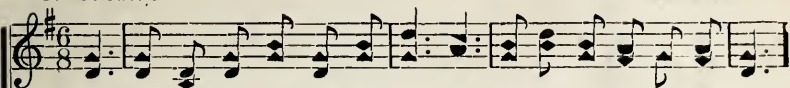
Cho. - I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 D.C. for Chorus

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

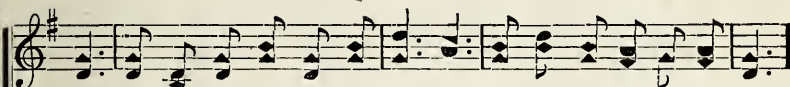
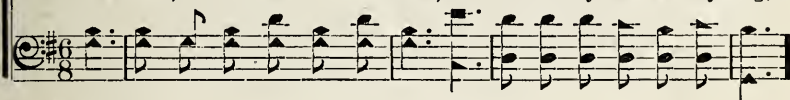
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

John Newton

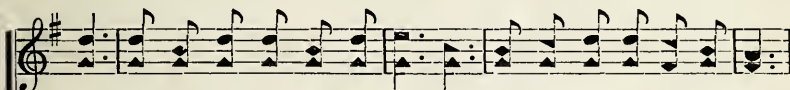
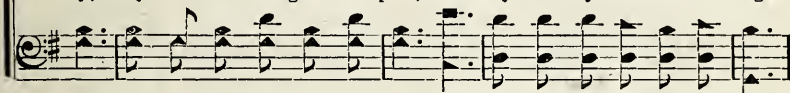
Lewis Edson



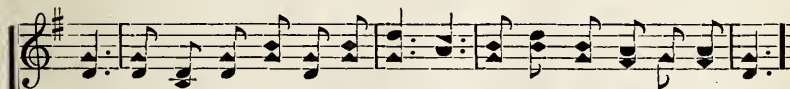
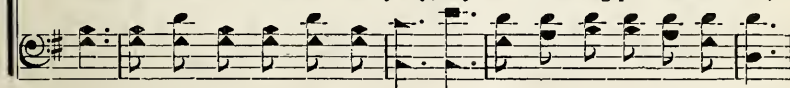
1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ure re - signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



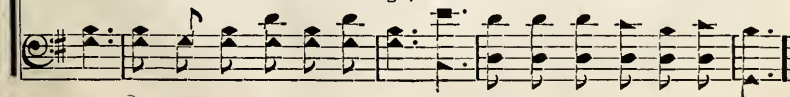
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice:
No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make an - y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?



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 noth - ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence re - store;



But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.
No mor - tal so hap - py as I; My sum - mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.



No. 296

Come, Thou Fount

Robert Robinson

John Wyeth

Fine

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. }
 2. { Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'll come; }
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
 3. { Oh, to grace How great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to bel }
 { Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee. }

D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 D.C.—He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
 D.C.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

No. 297

Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady

Thomas Hastings

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

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

Rock of Ages

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

No. 298

How Firm a Foundation

George Keith

1. How - firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid
2. "Fear not, I am with Thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I
3. "When thru fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace,
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sov -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will

for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say, than to
 am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and
 all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee, I
 'reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
 not, I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho all hell should en -

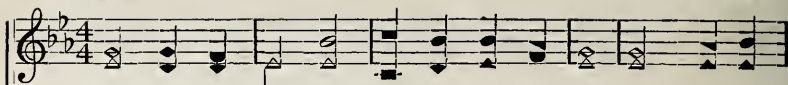
you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 on - ly de - sign Thy dress to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 tem ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

No. 299

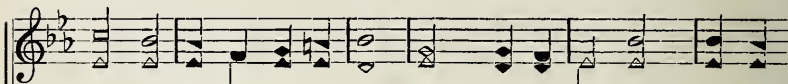
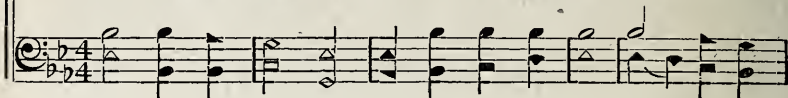
Abide With Me

H. F. Lyte

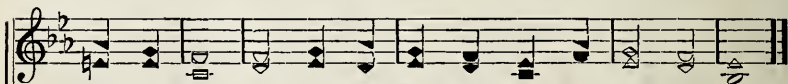
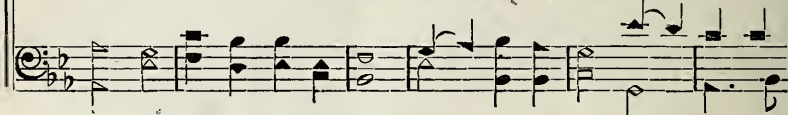
W. H. Monk



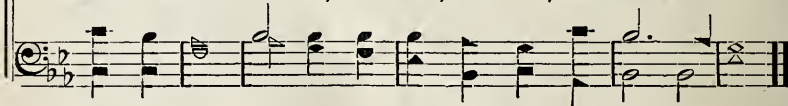
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thru the



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



com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with mel
round I see: O - Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with mel
stay can be? Thru cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with mel
shad - ows flee - In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with mel

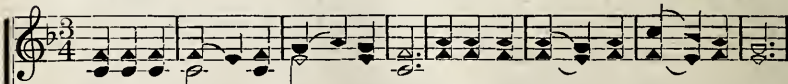


No. 300

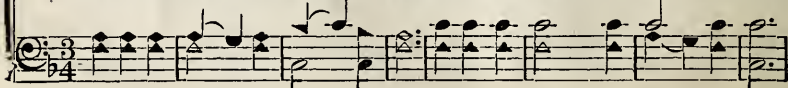
Sun of My Soul

John Keble

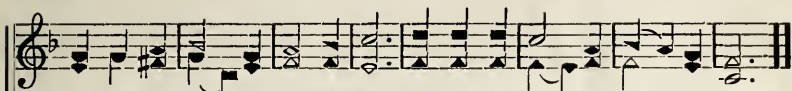
Peter Ritter



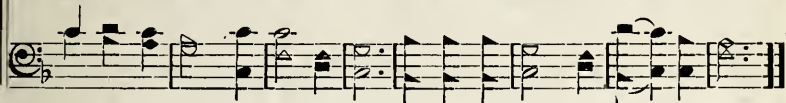
1. Sun of my soul Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thru the world my way I take;



Sun of My Soul



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

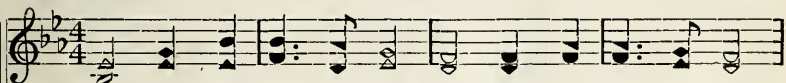


No. 301

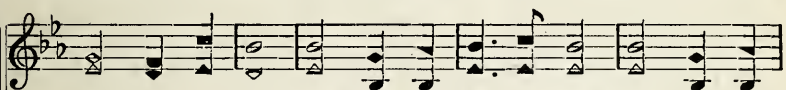
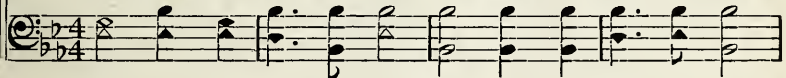
My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Ray Palmer

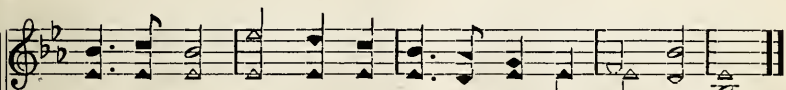
Lowell Mason



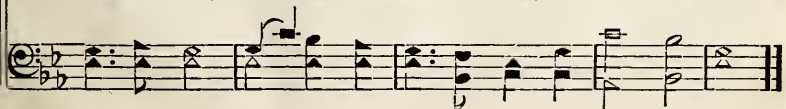
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me 'ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!



No. 302

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

610

M. M. W.

Marcus M. Wells

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
 Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Won - d'ring if our names are there;

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est 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 naught but Je - sus' blood,

Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 303

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

Andrew Reed

L. M. Gottschalk

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

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

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

No. 304

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

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 a-dore Thee, Cast-ing 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

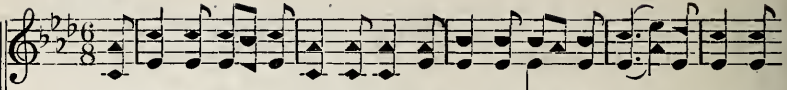
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

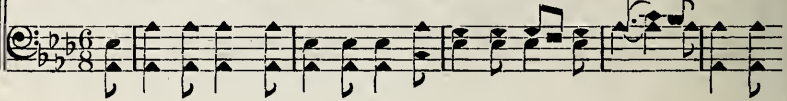
No. 305

O How I Love Jesus

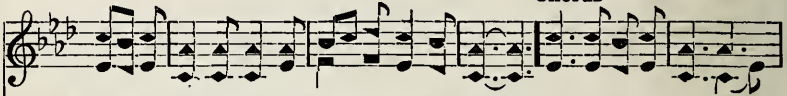
F. Whitfield



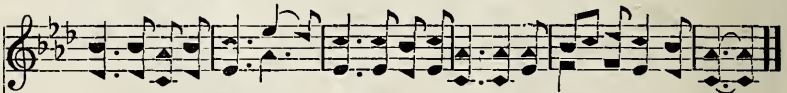
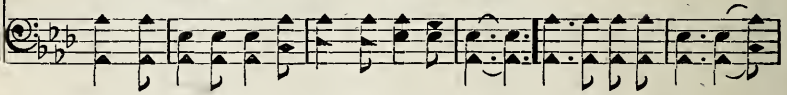
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho I
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each



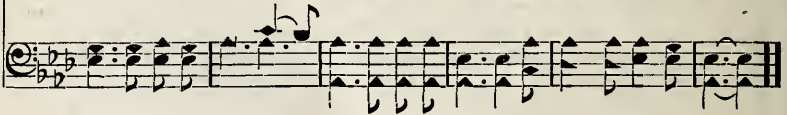
Chorus



mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
 of His precious blood, The sin-ner's perfect plea. O how I love Je - sus,
 tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
 sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.



No. 306

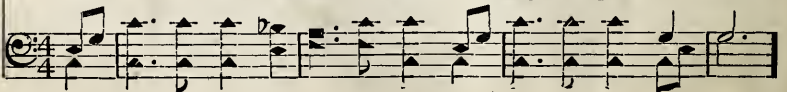
There Is a Fountain

William Cowper

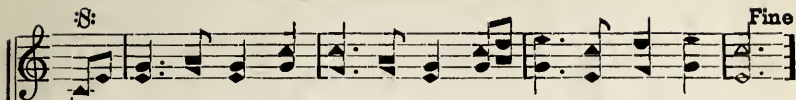
Lowell Mason



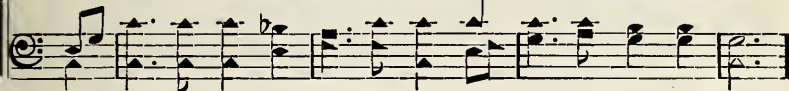
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



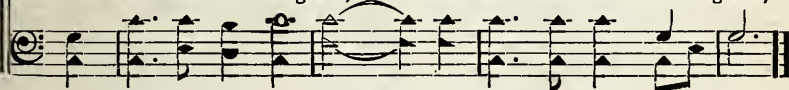
There Is a Fountain



D.S. And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 D.S. And there may I, tho vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 D.S. Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 D.S. Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 D.S. When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.



Lose all their guilt - y stains,	Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way,	Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved, to sin, no more,	Be saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die,	And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave,	Lies si - lent in the grave;

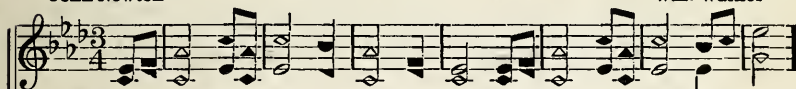


No. 307

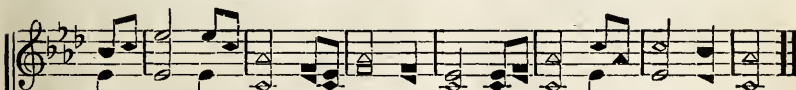
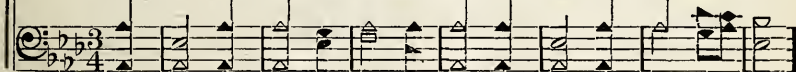
Amazing Grace

John Newton

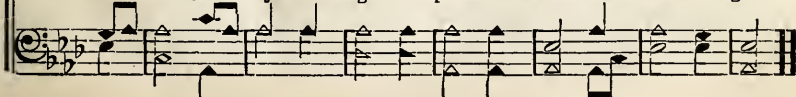
Wm. Walker



1. A - maz - ing grace how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like mel
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thru man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun;



I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Twas grace that bro't me safe thus far And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.



No. 308

Only Trust Him

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton

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

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

Chorus

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit.....) } save you now.

No. 309

O Happy Day

Philip Doddridge

E. F. Rimbault

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am the Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine. }

O Happy Day

8: Chorus Fine

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

D.S.

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

No. 310 - Revive Us Again

Wm. P. Mackay

John J. Husband

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

Chorus

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

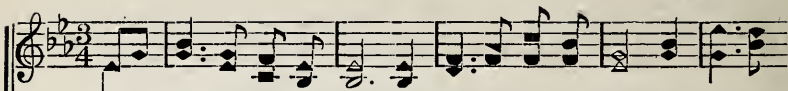
lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

No. 311

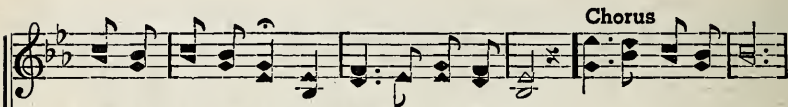
I Am Coming, Lord

L. H.

L. Hartsough

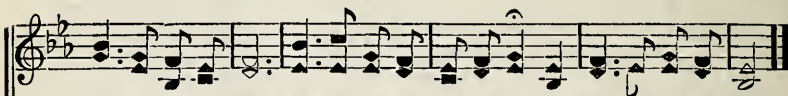
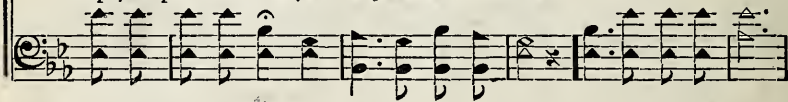


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, 'Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect

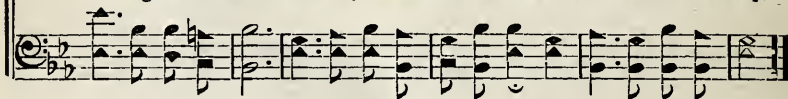


Chorus

in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com - ing, Lord!
hope, and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.



Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary!

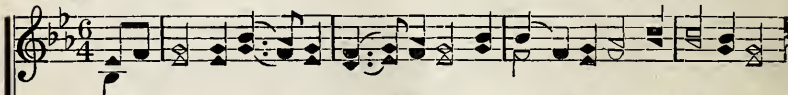


No. 312

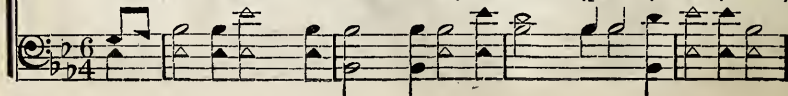
Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott

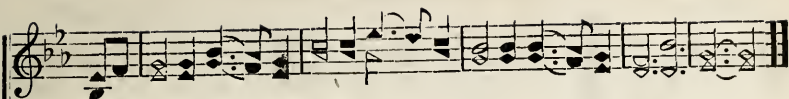
William B. Bradbury



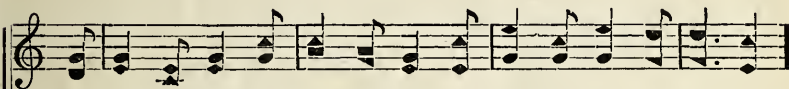
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5.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



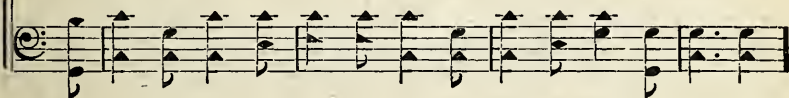
Just As I Am



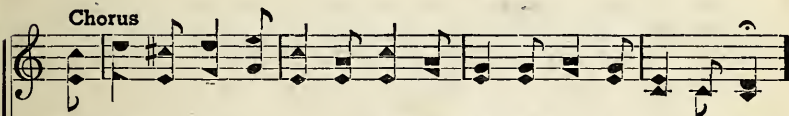
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



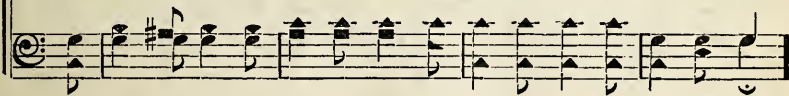
A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Sav - ior's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



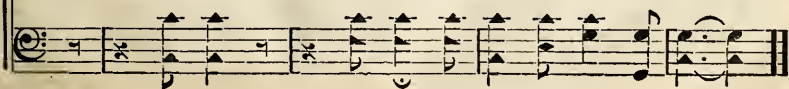
Chorus



O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?



For me, for me, for me? Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me, for me?



No. 314

I Want to be a Worker

L. B.

L. Baltzell

1. I want to be a work - er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work - er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work - er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work - er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. I am com - ing, Lord!
 hope, and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary!

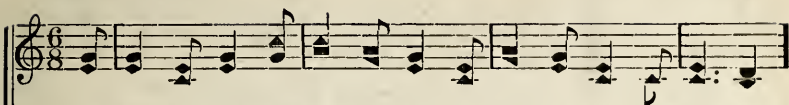
No. 312

Just As I Am

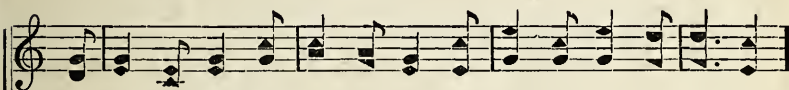
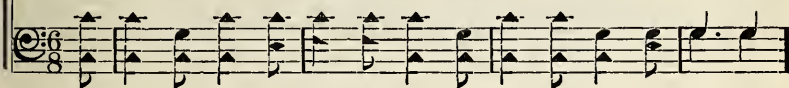
Charlotte Elliott

William B. Bradbury

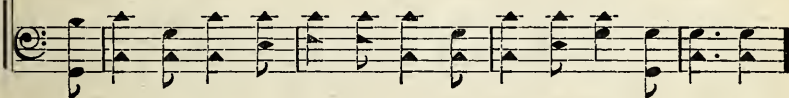
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho tossed about With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,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



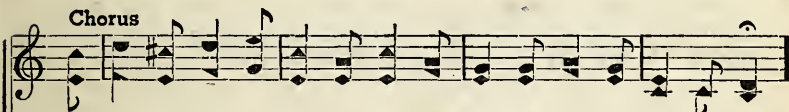
1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thru its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thru it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on - ward then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen:
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,



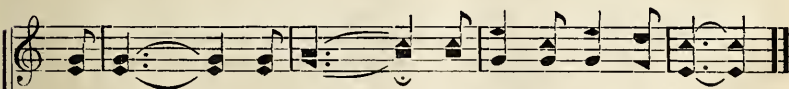
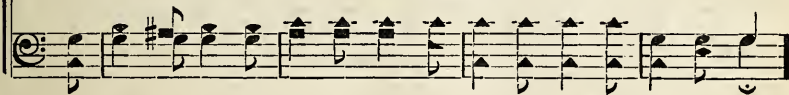
A ra - diance from the cross a - far, The Sav - ior's love re - veal - ing.
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
 Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



Chorus



O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

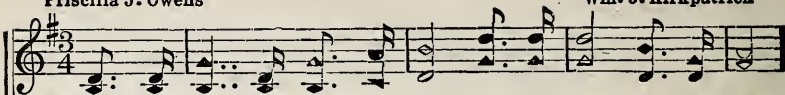


For me, For me, for me? Was left a - jar for me?

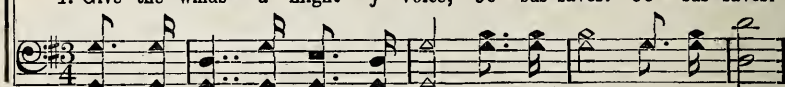
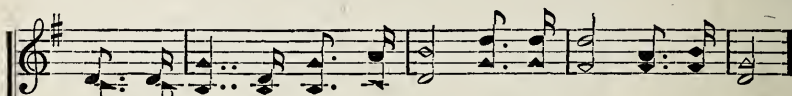


Priscilla J. Owens

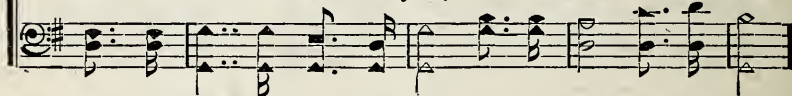
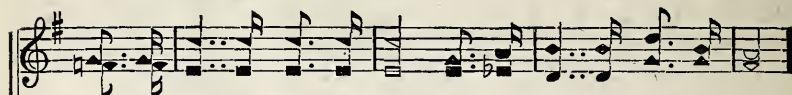
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



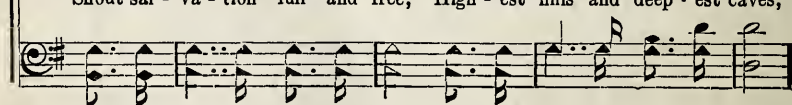
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thru the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep - est caves;

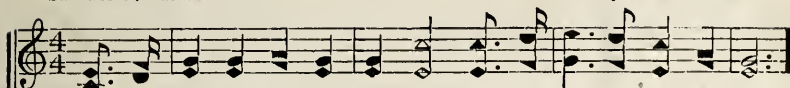



On - ward 'tis our Lord's command; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

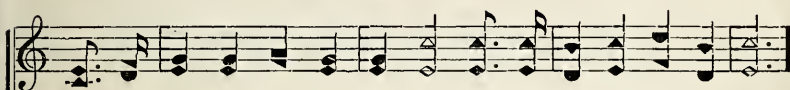
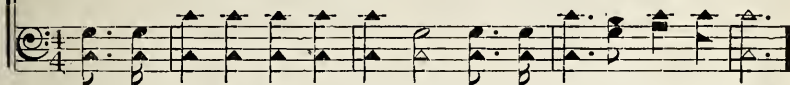


Samuel Y. Harmer

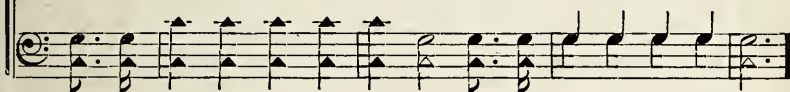
Arr. by R. M. McIntosh



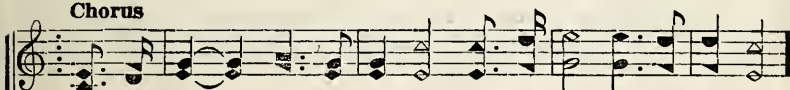
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumphs as ye go;



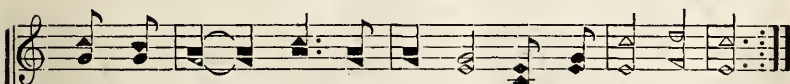
There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en-trance thru.



Chorus

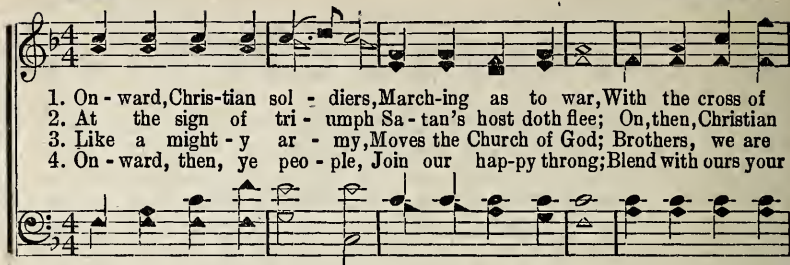


{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
 { On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,




There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you; }
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

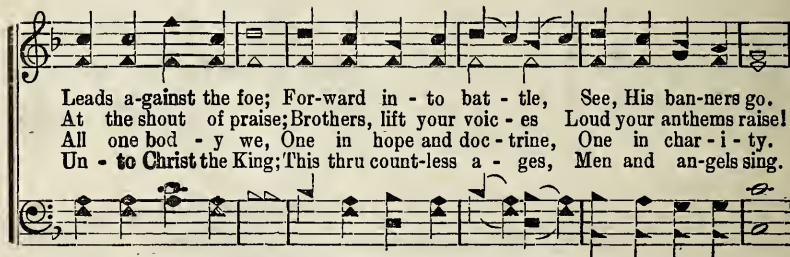




1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian
 3. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or,

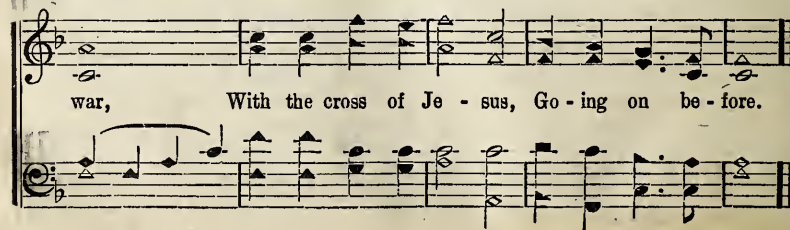


Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic - es Loud your anthems raise!
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty,
 Un - to Christ the King; This thru count - less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

Chorus



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - - diers, March - ing as to



war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 319

There's a Great Day Coming

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson

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

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall on - ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part - ed, right and left,
 them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not,"

Chorus

Are you read - y, are you read - y? Are you read - y for the

judg - ment day? Are you ready, are you read - y For the judg - ment day?

No. 320

Bringing In the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw

George A. Minor

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest and the la - bor end - ed,
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

Chorus

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the

sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves; ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 (Omit.....)

No. 321

Asleep in Jesus

Margaret Mackay

Wm. 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 slum-ber meet!
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref-uge be!

Asleep in Jesus

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 322

Blessed Be the Name

Charles Wesley

R. E. Hudson

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

The glo - ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 When Je-sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

No. 323 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

Elizabeth Mills

William Miller

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come When
 2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest! - He bade me cease to roam, And
 3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's-side, No more my steps shall roam; With

Chorus

I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
 lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
 Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes; And we'll be gathered home.
 We'll work

No. 324 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams

Lowell Mason

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got

D. S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Fine

D.S.

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

Near-er to Thee.

No. 325

The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury

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

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

Chorus

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

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

No. 326

All Hail the Power

Edward 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 ran - somed 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,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

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

Second Tune

William Shrubsole

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall! Bring forth the roy -

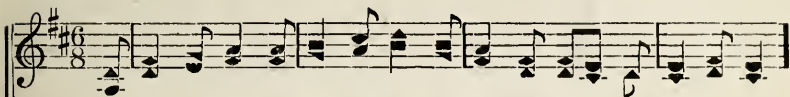
al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

No. 327

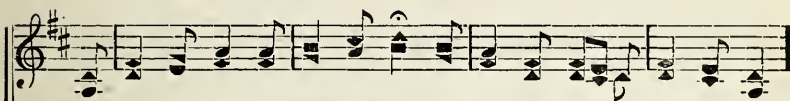
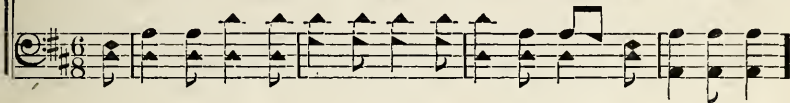
Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford

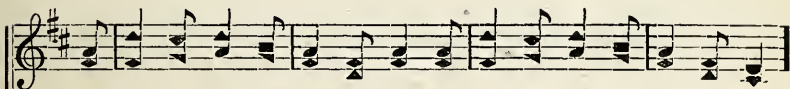
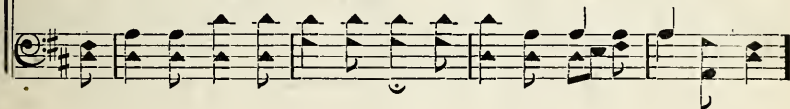
Wm. B. Bradbury



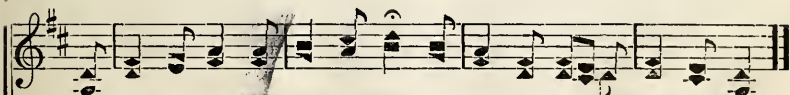
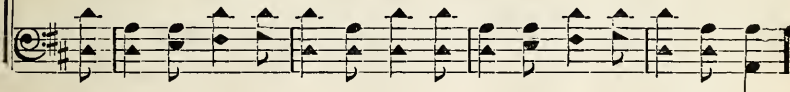
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



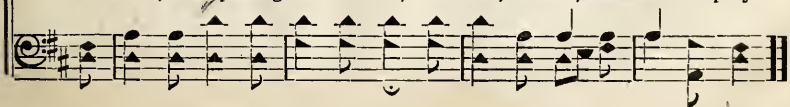
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
 To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
 Till, from Mouut Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

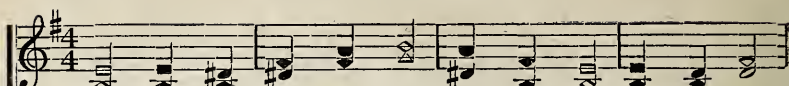


In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

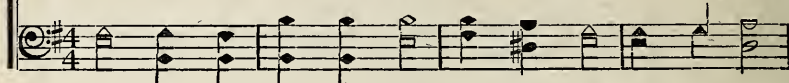



And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 And shout, while passing thru the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

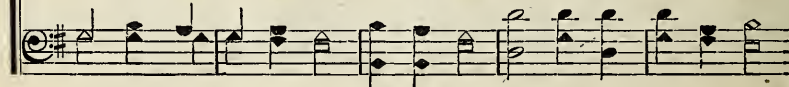




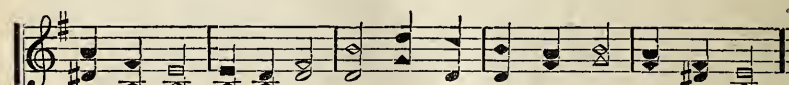
1. What won - drous love is this O my soul! O my soul!
 2. When I was sink - ing down, Sink - ing down, sink - ing down,
 3. Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly, Bear the news, bear the news,
 4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,

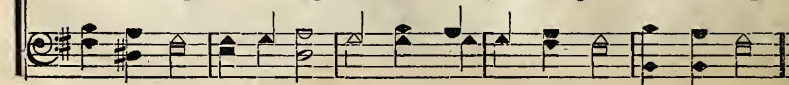
What won-drous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this
 When I was sink - ing down, Sink-ing down, When I was sink - ing down
 Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly, Bear the news, Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, To God and to the Lamb,




That caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread - ful curse
 Be - neath God's right - eous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown,
 Like light-'ning thru the sky; Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty
 And to the great I Am While mil - lions join the psalm,

For my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul.
 For my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
 With the news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news.
 I will sing, I will sing, While mil - lions join the psalm I will sing.

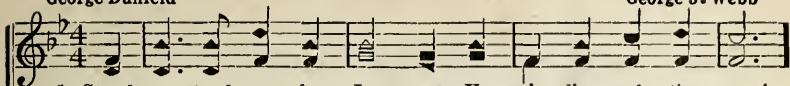


No. 329

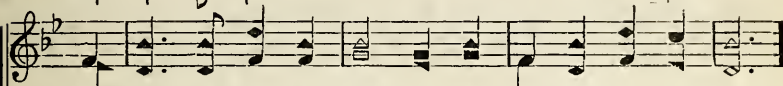
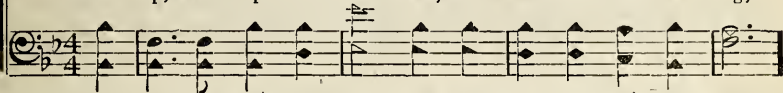
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield

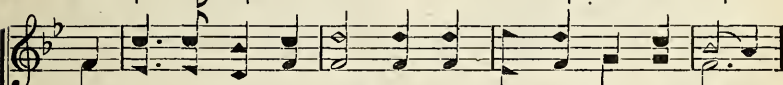
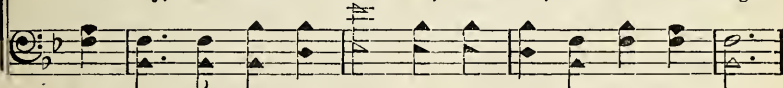
George J. Webb



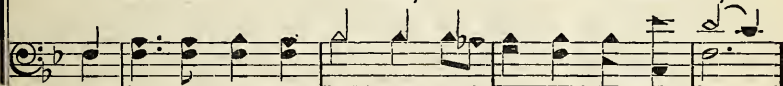
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



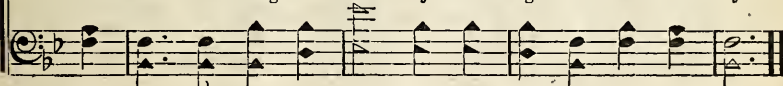
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!



No. 330

The Morning Light is Breaking

First or Second Tune

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking,
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

No. 331

The Old Time Religion

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

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
It was good for our mothers, And it's good e - nough for me.

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

No. 332

The Great Physician

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton

:S: Fine

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1. { | The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus; } |
| | { He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } |
| 2. { | Your man - y sins are all for - giv' n, O 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 - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus. } |
| 4. { | And when to that bright world a - bove We rise to be with Je - sus, } |
| | { We'll sing a - round the throne of love, His name, the name of Je - sus. } |

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

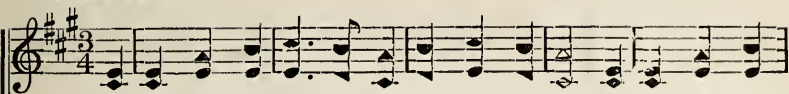
Chorus

D.S.

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

James Nicholson

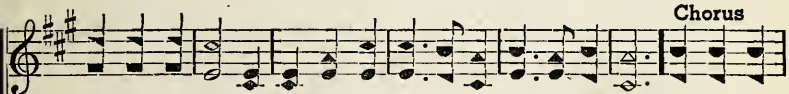
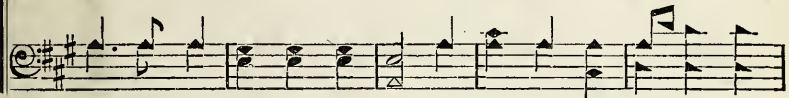
Wm. G. Fischer



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat, I wait bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - est I pa - tient - ly wait: Come now, and with -

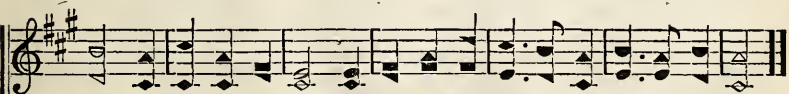
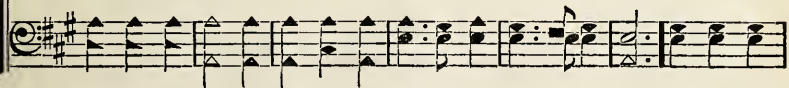


ev - er to live in my soul: Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice: I give up my - self, and what
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleans - ing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate. To those who have sought Thee, Thou



Chorus

out ev - 'ry foe;
 ev - er I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
 see Thy blood flow:
 nev - er said 'st no:



snow, yes, whit - er than snow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

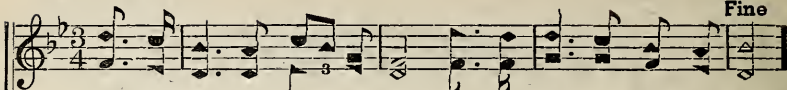


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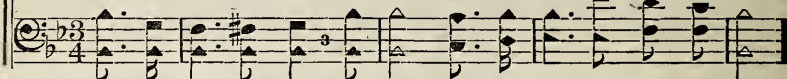
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper

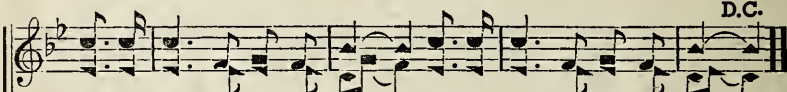
J. E. Gould
Fine



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



- D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—Won - drous Sov - reign 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."



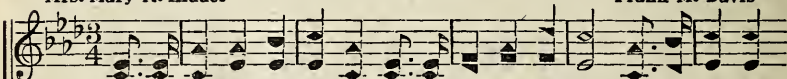
- Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



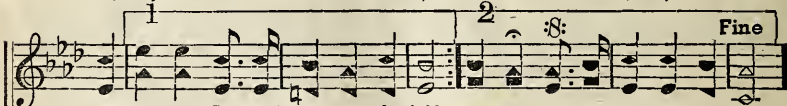
No. 335 Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder

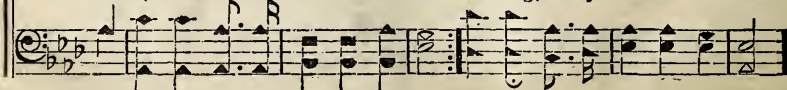
Frank M. Davis



1. { Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold, I would make sure
 { In the book of Thy kingdom With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus
2. { Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O
 { For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten In bright letters that glow, Tho your sins be
3. { O that beau - ti - ful ci - ty With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri -
 { Where no e - vil thing cometh To de - spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels



- of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;
 my (Omit.....) Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
 my Sav - ior, Is su - fi - cient for me;
 as (Omit.....) scar - let, I will make them like snow.
 fied be - ings In pure garments of white;
 are (Omit.....) watching, Is my name writ - ten there?



D.S.—Is my name writ - ten there?

Is My Name Written There?

Chorus

D.S.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom,

No. 336

What a Friend

Joseph Scriven

Charles C. Converse

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake Thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

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

S. Fillmore Bennett

by per.

Jos. E. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that

Chorus

dwel - ling place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall
 bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by and by,
 hal - low our days.

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and
 by and by, In the sweet

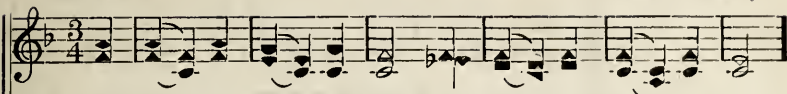
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 by and by,

No. 338

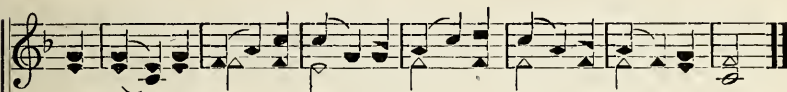
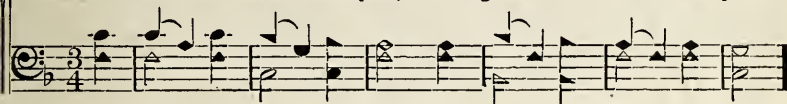
Blest Be the Tie

John Fawcett

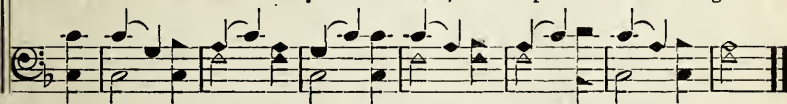
Hans G. Nagell



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



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. 339

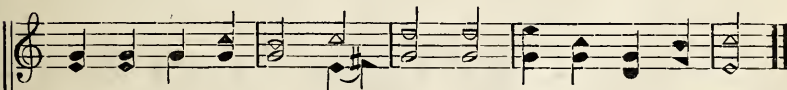
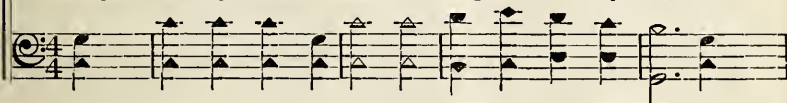
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

George Heath

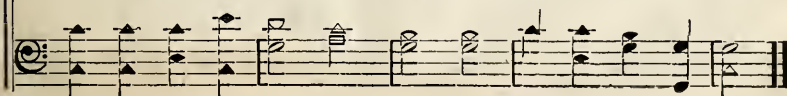
Lowell Mason



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



hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.



No. 340

The Heav'nly Home

Rev. Wm. Hunter

Wm. Miller

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there,
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
3. While here, a strang - er far from home, Af - flic - tion's waves may round me foam;
4. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er - flow;

Cho.—I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,

D.C. for Chorus

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.
 Although, like Laz - 'rus, sick and poor, My heav'nly man-sion is se - cure.
 Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.

To die no more, to die no more; I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 341

Work, for the Night is Coming

Annie L. Coghill

Lowell Mason

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thru the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thru the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright

dew is spar - kling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute,
 tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work, for the Night is Coming

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store: Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

The musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 342

Gloria Patri, No. 1

Charles Meineke

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

The first system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri, No. 1' features a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the' are written below the treble staff.

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

The second system continues the musical score. The lyrics 'Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is' are written below the treble staff.

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

The third system concludes the musical score. The lyrics 'now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.' are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 343

Gloria Patri, No. 2

Gregorian

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

The musical score for 'Gloria Patri, No. 2' consists of two staves, a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.' are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 344 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

Psalm 100

Louis Bourgeois

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
 3. O en - ter then His gates with joy, With - in His courts His praise proclaim;
 4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

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

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Let thank - ful songs your tongues employ, O bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

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

No. 345

Praise God

Thos. Ken

Rev. George Coles

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

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

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

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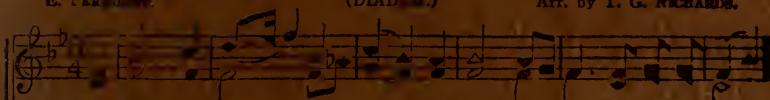
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ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME.

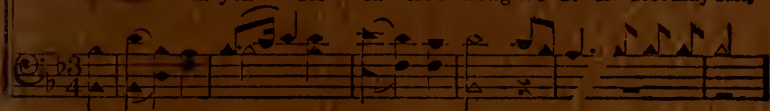
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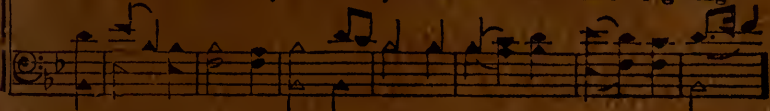
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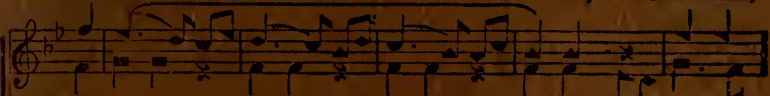
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall.



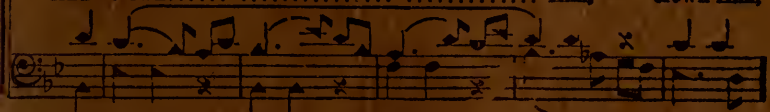
Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - ders,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song



And crown..... Him, crown Him,

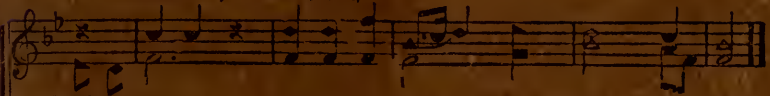


And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
 And crown..... Him, crown Him,

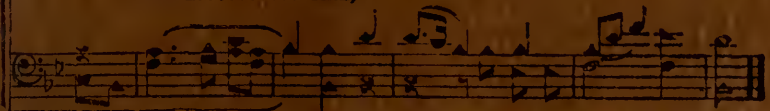


And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

crown Him, crown Him,



Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all
 crown..... Him,



..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all

