No. 170  We Will Stand the Storm.

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

Chorus.

We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by, by and by
the storm, Twill not be long,
Favorite
Songs and Hymns
A COMPLETE
CHURCH HYMNAL
***
Compiled by
Homer F. Morris
J. R. Baxter, Jr.
Virgil O. Stamps
W. W. Combs
***
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***
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Believe On the Lord

W. W. Combs

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1. We read in the Bible of miracles wrought, By Jesus, our Savior and Lord, When many in trouble, in sin and in terror He raved; He fell down by Paul as he tremblingly possible way; Cross over the line, O be saved by God's doubt, Were saved by believing His word. said, O what must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord, Christ power, Just simply believe and obey.

2. The jailer sprang into the prison by night, With fright and in Savior and Lord, When many in trouble, in sin and in terror He raved; He fell down by Paul as he tremblingly possible way; Cross over the line, O be saved by God's doubt, Were saved by believing His word. said, O what must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord, Christ power, Just simply believe and obey.

3. Dear brother, the Savior is calling you now, There's no other Savior and Lord, When many in trouble, in sin and in terror He raved; He fell down by Paul as he tremblingly possible way; Cross over the line, O be saved by God's doubt, Were saved by believing His word. said, O what must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord, Christ power, Just simply believe and obey.

4. Dear brother, the Savior is calling you now, There's no other Savior and Lord, When many in trouble, in sin and in terror He raved; He fell down by Paul as he tremblingly possible way; Cross over the line, O be saved by God's doubt, Were saved by believing His word. said, O what must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord, Christ power, Just simply believe and obey.
1. This world is not my home, I'm just a passing thru, My treasures
2. They're all expecting me, and that's one thing I know, My Savior
3. I have a loving mother up in glory-land, I don't expect
4. Just up in glory-land we'll live eternally, The saints on

are laid up somewhere beyond the blue; The angels beck-on me from pardoned me and now I on-ward go; I know He'll take me thru thopect to stop un-til I shake her hand; She's waiting now for me in ev'ry hand are shouting vic-to-ry, Their song of sweet-est praise drift

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

Chorus

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

Lord what will I do; The angels beck-on me from heaven's o-pen door,
1. There's a God who's standing at heaven's door, He's looking this
   universe o'er; And He sees each mortal with a searching
2. Out into the darkness you alone may go, And seeds for the
   wick-ed one sow; There's an eye that's watching from the throne on
3. Yes, He knows your secrets, ev'-rything you do, He knows that your
   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'-rything He doth see, You can't do wrong and get by.
No. 3

A Wonderful Time

Copyright, 1924, in "Crowning Hymns No. 4"

Mrs. C. D. Martin

H. F. Morris, owner

Pledger. B. Jones

1. A wonderful time is just a-head, The Lord whom we love and own Will o pen the gates of glory-land Re tri als passed; Our conflicts and a tion cease; And all that is held in bond-age now The

2. A wonderful time is just a-head, Our conflicts and love and own Will o pen the gates of glory-land Re tri als passed; Our conflicts and a tion cease; And all that is held in bond-age now The

3. A wonderful time is just a-head, The groans of cre love and own Will o pen the gates of glory-land Re tri als passed; Our conflicts and a tion cease; And all that is held in bond-age now The

Chorus

veal ing His glory throne. home ev ry one at last. A wonder ful time for you, A wonder ful time for me, If we are pre pared to meet Je sus the King, A wonder ful time 'twill be.

you, A wonder ful time for me, If we are pre pared to meet Je sus the King, A wonder ful time 'twill be.
1. Oh, what wondrous love I see Free-ly shown for you and me,
2. "Tarry here," He told the three, "Tarry here and watch for Me;"
3. Long in anguish deep was He, Weeping 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

suffered for the race, In Geth-se-man-e, a-lone. Oh, what love,
lov-ing Sav-ior wept
an-guish that He bore

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.
1. If you should reach heaven before I arrive, And enter that
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,

2. I've loved ones and friends who are hap-py up there, And they for my
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,

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 meet you there, Just look for me at the gate . . .
beau-ti-ful gate,
No. 6

Love Lifted Me

Copyright, 1939, Renewal. John T. Benson, Jr., owner, Nashville, Tenn.
Used by per. Howard E. Smith

James Rowe
M. 69 = ♩

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deeply
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sinking to rise no more; But the Master of the sea
presence live, Ever His praises sing. Love so mighty and so true
by His love Out of the angry waves. He's the Master of the sea,

Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, love-ly service, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will obey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

CHORUS.

Love lifted me!...... Love lifted me!...... When nothing
even me!
even me!

else could help, Love lifted me. Love lifted 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
deep-ly grieved our souls may be;
1. When in the better land before the bar we stand, How
deeply grieved our souls may be;

cry in deep despair, "You never mentioned Him to me."
cry in deep despair, "You never mentioned Him to me."

2. O let us spread the word wher-e'er it may be heard, Help
If an-y lost one there should
grop-ing souls the light to see, That yon-der none may say, "you
If any lost one there should
groping souls the light to see, That yonder none may say, "you

3. A few sweet words may guide a lost one to His side, Or
turn sad eyes on Cal-va-ry; So work as days go by, that
turn sad eyes on Calvary; So work as days go by, that

mentioned Him to me, You helped me not the light to see; You met 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."
day by day and knew I was astray, Yet never mentioned Him to me."
No. 8.

I Am Thine, O Lord.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
   love to me, But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
   grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
   throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,

2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of
   and I will be lost in Thine.
   heights of joy that I may not reach
   near-er.

3. O the pure light of a single hour That before Thy

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the
   heights of joy that I may not reach
   there are heights of joy that I may not reach
   I may not reach

REFRAIN

And be closer drawn to Thee. Draw me near-er, near-er, blessed.
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died, Draw me near-er, near-er,

near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.
No. 9

God's Tomorrow

A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley

Andante

1. God's tomorrow is a day of gladness, And its joys shall never fade;
2. God's tomorrow is a day of greeting; We shall see the Savior's face;
3. God's tomorrow is a day of glory; We shall wear the crown of life;

No more weeping, no more sense of sadness, No more foes to make afraid,
And our longing hearts a-wait the meeting In that holy, happy place.
Sing thru countless years love's old, old story, Free forever from all strife.

Chorus

God's tomorrow, God's tomorrow, Every cloud will pass away

At the dawning of that day; God's tomorrow, No more sorrow,

For I know that God's tomorrow Will be brighter than today!
When I Make My Last Move

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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 teach-ings 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, empty '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.
No. 13  
Gethsemane


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
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 burst-ing, Come sin-ner, be
weep-ing, With dewdrops as rain; The an-gels bear wit-ness To Je-sus di-
joy-ing, A new day is born; The an-gels ex-claim-ing, Sweet mu-sic they
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
songs of vic-to-ry; There's a new highway to glo-ry, The road that Je-sus trod,
There is Power in the Blood


L. E. Jones

1. Would you be free from your burden 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 whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do service for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er evil a victorious win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giving flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live daily, His praises to sing?

Chorus.

There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,

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

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.

There is pow'r,
No. 15

I'll Live On

T. J. L.

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Thos. 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, yes, I'll live on.

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

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

and on, yes, I'll live on.

and on, yes, I'll live on.

and on, yes, I'll live on.
I am so glad salvation's free to all who will receive it,
Praise His dear name, I can proclaim that truly I believe it,
I am so glad that I can tell to wayward souls the story,
Find-ing delight in ser-vice true, my soul is win-ning glo-ry,
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.)

I know, and I'm so glad. Glo-ry, hon-or, be to His
His life to rescue 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.

I have 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 dead in Christ shall rise,
   We'll be changed to life immortal, in the twinkling of an eye, And meet Jesus in the heavenly 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.

2. In the great triumphant morning, what a happy time 'twill be, When the ransomed dead, they all shall rise, Reign as kings and priests ever blest, After meeting in the terminal, under Christ forever blessed, After meeting Jesus in the skies, up skies, heavenly 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.

3. In the great triumphant morning, when the harvest is complete, And the harvest is complete, And the harvest is complete, And the harvest is complete.
   We'll be crowned with life immortal, in the twinkling of an eye, And meet Jesus in the heavenly 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.

4. In the great triumphant morning, all the kingdoms we'll possess, Then the dead in Christ shall rise,
   We'll be changed to life immortal, in the twinkling of an eye, And meet Jesus in the heavenly 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.
Home of The Soul

Copyright, 1939, Renewal. Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co. owners
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! Oft, in the storm,
fall - eth no night! . . . . . . . . . . . . Oft, . . . . . . . in the
Home Of The Soul

lone-ly are we, sigh-ing for home, long-ing for Thee.

storm, we are sigh-ing for Thee,

Beau-ti-ful home of the ransomed, be-side the crys-tal sea.

crys-tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

No. 19  I Would Not Be Denied
C. P. J.  Copyright, 1900, by C. P. Jones  C. P. Jones

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un-to the Lord I cried, Till Jesus came and
2. As Ja-cob in the days of old, I wrestled with the Lord; And instant, with a
3. Old Satan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray' r, But praise the Lord! the

made me whole, I would not be de-nied. I would not be de-nied, I would not

cour-age bold, I stood up-on His word.
work is done, And Christ the Lord is here. de-nied,

be de-nied, Till Jesus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.

de-nied,

de-nied.
No. 20  Where We'll Never Grow Old

(To my father and mother.—J. C. M.)

Copyright, 1930, by Jas. C. Moore

Jas. C. Moore

1. I have heard of a land on the far-away strand, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful
home of the soul; Built by Je-sus on high, there we nev-er shall die,
sweet by and by; Ha-p-py praise to the King thru e-ter-ni-ty sing,
trials are o'er; All our sor-row will end, and our voice-es will blend,

2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev-er-more roam, We shall be in that
when our work here is done and our life-crown is won, And our troubles and

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; Ha-p-py praise to the King thru e-ter-ni-ty sing,
trials are o'er; All our sor-row will end, and our voice-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,

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
No. 21

The Royal Telephone

F. M. L.

Copyright, 1919, by F. M. Lehman

F. M. Lehman

1. Central's never "busy," Always on the line; You may hear from
   heaven Almost any time; 'Tis a royal service; Free for
   service, Just for you and me; There will be no waiting On this
   fusion Or some base desire; Take away obstructions—God is
   Jesus, Tell you what to do; Pray'r and faith and promise Mend the
   glory, Anchored in the soul; Storm and trial cannot
   disconnect

   Fine

   one and all—When you get in trouble, Give this royal line a call.
   royal line—Telephone to glory, Always answers just in time.
   on the throne—And you'll get the answer Thru the royal tele-phone.
   broken wire, Till your soul is burning, With the Pentecostal fire.
   nect the line, Held in constant keeping By the Father's hand divine.

   D.S.—We may talk to Jesus Thru this royal tele-phone.

   Chorus

   Telephone to glory, O what joy divine! I can feel the current
   moving on the line; Built by God the Father For His loved and own,
1. What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought Since Jesus came into my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were many are all washed away,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way obscure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the City beyond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm happy, so happy as onward I go,

2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and going a-stray, Since Jesus came into my heart,

3. I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure, Since Jesus came into my heart,

4. There's a light in the valley of death now for me, Since Jesus came into my heart,

5. I shall go there to dwell in that City I know, Since Jesus came into my heart,

CHORUS.

Since Jesus came into my heart, Since Jesus came into my heart,
Since Jesus came in, came in to my heart,

Floors of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll, Since Jesus came into my heart.
I Am Resolved

No. 23

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Palmer Hartsough
Lillenas Pub. Co., Owner
J. H. Fillmore

1. I am re-solved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the
world’s de-light; Things that are high-er, things that are no-bler,
world’s delight; Things that are higher, things that are nobler,
sin and strife; He is the true One, He is the just One,
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,
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,
paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me,
out de-lay, Taught by the Bi-ble, led by the Spir-it,
out delay, Taught by the Bible, led by the Spirit,

Chorus.

These have al-lured my sight. I will 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.

Jes-sus, Jes-sus,
Jesus Believes in You

No. 24

Laurene Highfield

Samuel W. Beazley

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1. Jesus believes in you, Do you believe in Him? Will you
2. Jesus believes in you, Do you believe in Him? Will you
3. Jesus believes in you, Do you believe in Him? Are you

do your very best As He expects you to? Jesus 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
efforts, But He knows your strength as well,
wis-dom, Will you help where there’s a place? Do you believe in Je-sus,
praise Him, As your righteousness they see!

Chorus

As He believes in you? Jesus believes in you, Jesus believes

in you, Jesus believes in you, Do you believe in Him?
1. When the Savior calls I will answer, When He calls for me I will hear; When the Savior calls I will answer, I'll be somewhere
2. If my heart is right when He calls me, If my heart is right I will hear; If my heart is right when He calls me, I'll be somewhere
3. If my robe is white when He calls me, If my robe is white I will hear; If my robe is white when He calls me, I'll be somewhere

Chorus

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

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

list'ning, I'll be somewhere list'ning, I'll be somewhere list'ning for my name.
No. 26

The Glory-land Way

J. S. T. Torbett. owner

1. I'm in the way, the bright and shining way, I'm in the glory-land way;
   Tell-ing the world that Jesus saves to-day, Yes, glory-land way;
   I'm in the glory-land way, glory-land way.

2. List to the call, the gospel call to-day, Get in the glory-land way;
   Wandering, come home, O hasten to obey, For glory-land way;
   I'm in the glory-land way, glory-land way.

3. Onward I go, rejoicing in His love, I'm in the glory-land way;
   Soon I shall see Him in that home above, O glory-land way;
   I'm in the glory-land way, glory-land way.

Chorus

I'm in the glory-land way. I'm in the glory-land way.

I'm in the glory-land way;

Heaven is near-er and the way groweth clearer, For I'm in the glory-land way.

glory-land way.

I'm in the glory-land way; glory-land way;

glory-land way; glory-land way;
No. 27  Where the Soul Never Dies

Copyright, 1914, by Wm. M. Golden
W. M. G.  R. E. Winslett, 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.
I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

H. Rawley

1. I will sing the wondrous story, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that was a stray;
3. I was bruised, but Jesus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I often tread,
5. He will keep me till the river Rolls its waters at my feet;

Chorus.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with the saints in glory, Gathered by the crystal sea,

How He left His home in glory, For the cross on Calvary,

Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back into His way.

Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.

But the Savior still is with me, By His hand I'm safely led.

Then He'll bear me safely over Where the loved ones I shall meet;

Yes, I'll sing... the wondrous story Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with the saints in glory, Gathered by the crystal sea.
I Choose Jesus

1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be, 
   Jesus I choose, for He gives relief, He is the best for me.  
   I choose Jesus when I need a friend, What I need I know that surely He will send; 
   I have proved Him, Good and true is He; I choose Jesus, He is the best for me.

2. When I need someone to guide my soul, Over the stormy sea, Always to do, 
   Jesus I give control, He is the best for me.  
   Jesus in faith I go, He is the best for me.  
   Bear me to yonder shore, He is the best for me. Yes, I choose my Savior always helpful, What I need I know that surely He will send; I have proved Him, Good and true is He; I choose Jesus, He is the best for me.

3. When I need help to defeat the foe, Someone my shield to be, Always to do, 
   Jesus I give control, He is the best for me.  
   Jesus in faith I go, He is the best for me.  
   Bear me to yonder shore, He is the best for me. Yes, I choose my Savior always helpful, What I need I know that surely He will send; I have proved Him, Good and true is He; I choose Jesus, He is the best for me.

4. When all my trials on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see, Jesus shall choose, for He gives relief, He is the best for me.  
   I choose Jesus when I need a friend, What I need I know that surely He will send; I have proved Him, Good and true is He; I choose Jesus, He is the best for me.

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James Rowe
Samuel W. Beazley

Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., owners
No. 30

Joy Unspeakable

1 Pet. 1: 8

B. E. W.

Copyright owned by R. E. Winsett

B. E. Warren

Lively

1. I have found His grace is all complete, He supplieth every need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace within;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Living in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glory roll!

While I sit and learn at Jesus' feet, I am free, yes, free indeed.
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the awful gulf of sin.
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see His smiling face.
It is like a great o'er-flowing well, Springing up within my soul.

Chorus

It is joy unspeakable and full of glory, Full of glory, full of glory; It is joy unspeakable and full of glory, Oh, the half has never 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 Savior we enter the glory-land, 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,

2. Walk-ing and talk-ing with Christ, the su-per-nal One, Won't it be
   won-der-ful there?  Prais-ing, a-dor-ing the matchless e-ter-nal One,
   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,

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?  Prais-ing, a-dor-ing the matchless e-ter-nal One,

Refrain

Won't it be won-der-ful there?  Won't it be won-der-ful there,
   won-der-ful there,        joy-ous-ly sing-ing with
              having no bur-dens to bear?        o-ver there?

heart-bells all ring-ing,  O won't it be won-der-ful there?
   won-der-ful there?
1. As we journey on 'ward heaven's shin-ing goal, We may suffer
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;
self our dross;
life they toss;

Bur-dens on-ly bring us blessings if we live
As I see Him there I long to ev-er live
May we be a light and teach them how to live

Chorus

In the shadow of the cross. Are you liv-ing in the shadow

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

By the cross He'll lead us to that home above, There we'll see Him face to face.
No. 33
An Empty Mansion
Mrs. J. B. Karnes
in "Joyful Songs"  C. A. Luttrell

1. Here I labor and toil as I look for a home, Just an humble a-
   bode among men, While in heaven a mansion is waiting for me
   weary sweet rest; Nothing more could I ask than a mansion a-
   fold in rest, I'll exchange this old home for a mansion up there

Chorus

And a gentle voice pleading, "come in."
There to live with the saved and the blest. There's a mansion now empty, just
And invite the arch angel as guest.

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

loved ones will welcome me there Near the door of that mansion some day.
I'm So Tired I Want to Get Home

No. 34

1. I am on my way to the land of day, I am going there I know,
   I have journeyed long in this pilgrim way, I have suffered here below;
   I have come so far on this gospel road That I long for heaven's dome,
   I have born these years, such a heavy load, I'm so tired, I want to get home.

2. Long has been my stay and my work for God, He has blest me in the way,
   He has kept me straight in the narrow road, Has been with me every day;
   I have come so far on this gospel road, I'm so tired, I want to get home.
   Chorus

3. I have fought the fight, I have kept the faith, And my course is finished now.
   This tired soul of mine longs for rest, sweet rest, To His will I can but bow;
   I have come so far on this gospel road, I'm so tired, I want to get home.
   D.S.

D.S.- Where I'll live with loved ones forevermore, 'Mid the joys that never cease;
   Now my time has come to enter in, Soon on earth no more I'll roam,
   I have born these years, such a heavy load, I'm so tired, I want to get home.

Fine

Now His voice to me is sweet indeed As He calls for me to come,
   Now His voice to me is sweet indeed As He calls for me to come,
   Now my time has come to enter in, Soon on earth no more I'll roam,
   Now my time has come to enter in, Soon on earth no more I'll roam.

To that land of rest and peace,

D.S.

Chorus
No. 35  If Men Go to Hell, who Gares?
From a sermon by Rev. O. M. Stallings

1. While the world rushes on in its folly and sin And millions go to despair; If men go to hell, who cares?
2. While the people of earth are forgetting the Lord And church pews are empty and bare; If men go to hell, who cares?
3. Yes, the Father who sent His dear Son to this earth, All our sins and our lost men to bear; The One who has suffered for all who are lost is their prayer; The demons in hell send a warning back in, If men go to hell, who cares? Who cares, who cares, O Lord, who cares? While the world rushes on in sin to despair; If men go to hell, who cares?

Chorus
in, If men go to hell, who cares? Who cares, who cares, O Lord, who cares? While the world rushes on in sin to despair; If men go to hell, who cares? Who cares, who cares, O Lord,
No. 36  You Can Shine Where You Are  
James Rowe  Homer F. Morris

1. Not up-on some hill-top do you have to live, That your light may send its golden beams a-far, If you burn it steadily, Other 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,

2. In the val-ley you may spend your earthly days, On your life may sorrow leave its Chorus

You can brightly shine for Jesus where you are. You can shine, shine, shine where you are, You can shine, shine, shine like a star; O you 

3. There are many groping in the darkness still, Man-y who from you are nev-er do not have to be, In some land beyond the sea, You can shine, shine where you are, brightly,
No. 37 Standing On the Promises
R. K. C. Copyright, 1885, by John J. Hood R. Kelso Carter

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Through eternal ages let His praises ring, Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
   storms of doubt and fear as sail, By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
   Cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
   Ter-nai-ly by love's strong cord, Over-coming da-ily with the Spirit's sword,
   Mo-ment to the Spirit's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail, When the howling winds of doubt assail,
   The living Word of God I shall prevail,
   Cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
   Ter-nai-ly by love's strong cord, Over-coming da-ily with the Spirit's sword,
   Mo-ment to the Spirit's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

3. Standing on the promises I now can see, Per-fect, pre-sent
   Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,

4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him ev-ry
   Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,

5. Standing on the promises, I cannot fall, List’ning ev-ry
   Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,
   Standing on the promises of God, my Sav-ior, Standing on the prom-ises,

Standing on the promises of God, Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises of God, I'm standing on the promises of God.
No. 38

Farther Along

W. B. S.

Copyright, 1937, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co., Rev. W. B. Stevens in "Starlit Crown"
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-bor 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

Nev-er mo-lest-ed tho in the wrong,
Liv-ing so wick-ed year af-ter year. Far-ther a-long we'll
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.
No. 39  Thank God for the Blood.


1. In sin I wandered sore and sad With bleeding heart and aching
2. I gave my heart, my life, my all To Him who drank the cup of
3. The water, Spirit and the blood Agree, if we but under-
4. How wonderful God's mighty plan! How grace the awful gulf did
5. We cannot know, we may not tell How we are saved from death and

1. head, Till Jesus came and sweetly said, "I'll take thy sins a-way."
2. gall To raise the guilty from the fall And take their sins a-way.
3. stood, In making sinners 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. hell; 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 crimson flood!

Thank God for the blood That washes white as snow.
Thank God for the Savior's blood.
1. There's a land beyond the river, That we call the sweet forever, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sorrow, In that haven of to-morrow, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly 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-ver 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
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 a-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and 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
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee, Ju-bi-lee, In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-
When comes to the wea-ry a bless-ed re-lease, When up-ward we
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,

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.
Let Him In

Rev. J. B. Atchinson

1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2. Open now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His loving voice? Let Him in;
4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Savior in, Let the Savior in;

He has been there oft before, Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart, 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 Holy One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend,
He is standing at your door, Joy to you He will restore,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will adore, 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

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, children of the heav’n-ly King, But children of the heav’n-ly King, fore we reach the heav’n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav’n-ly fields, marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground, We’re marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground,

2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But 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.

3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav’n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav’n-ly fields, marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground, We’re marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground,

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev’ry tear be dry; We’re march-ing to Zi-on, Beautiful, beautiful Zi-on; We’re march-ing on to Zi-on,

We’re march-ing to Zi-on, Beautiful, beautiful Zi-on; We’re march-ing on to Zi-on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
No. 44  The Way of the Gross Leads Home

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Jessie Brown Pounds

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other
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
Savior trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime,
never more; For my Lord says “Come,” and I seek my home,

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

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

sweet to know, as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.
Wonderful Story of Love

No. 45

Rev. J. M. Driver

1. Wonderful story of love, Tell it to me a-gain, Wonderful story of
2. Wonderful story of love,Tho' you are far a-way, Wonderful story of
3. Wonderful story of love, Jesus provides a rest, Wonderful story of

love, Wake the immor-tal strain; Angels with rapture announce it,
love, Still He doth call to-day, Calling from Cal-va-ry's mountain,
love, For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-bove us

Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin-ner, O won't you believe 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

Wonder-ful story of love. Won-der-ful, Won-
Wonderful story of love, Wonder-ful

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

story of love, Wonderful story of love,
1. There's a blessed land of song and story, Far beyond the
2. O get ready for that bright to-morrow, Cease your wand'ring,
3. Soon the evening shadows will be falling And our pilgrim-

dark and surging foam; There is room enough for all in glory,
brother, do not roam; Come with me and leave your earth-ly sor-row,
age will soon be done, Come, the harvest Master now is calling.

Chorus

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

Come on, let's go to see Jesus, Come on, why longer

roam? (O wand'ring sisters and brothers?) Come on, O haste a-way,
Come On, Let's All Go Home

Come on, the Master is calling, Come on let's all go home.

No. 47  Glory Will Be Mine


Eugene Wright       Jake Rowland

1. There's a happy land where comes no sorrow Over on that
trials now are o'er; When I hear the bells of welcome ringing,
and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
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and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
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and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
and when I get there some glad tomorrow,
when I reach that happy shore,
1. We read about a country Where sin cannot invade, A wonder-
2. We all have friends and loved ones Up-on the other shore And if we
3. In that great resurrection, When Christ shall call His own, We'll shout an

land of beauty Whose splendors never fade; There we shall praise the
run with patience The race that's set before, We'll join the throng in-
sing together Around the shining throne; O what a jub-

Savior As we before Him bow, All care will be forgotten,
mortal And tell the story how We overcame the tempter,
lation, When crowns adorn our brow, We'll know the joys of heaven.

Chorus

A million years from now. A million years from now, A million years from now,

We'll still be shouting vict'ry As to our Lord we bow; No one will ever die,
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 Savior 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.
No. 50
The Lily of the Valley

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, He's every-thing to me, He's the
fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The Lily of the Valley, in

2. Oh, He all my griefs has ta-ken, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-saken, and

3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
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.
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 trou-ble He's my stay.
In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay.

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

He's the
1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame, And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-traction for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, beauty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous cross, the
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-

Chorus

For a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, the
to dark Calvary.
To bear it to dark Calvary.
To pardon and sanctify me.
Where His glory forever I'll share.

old rugged cross, . . . . . . . . . Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, . . . . . . . . . And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rugged cross,
After the Shadows

1. After the mid-night, morning will greet us; After the sadness, joy will appear; After the tempest, sunlight will meet us; After the jeering, be; After the journey there will be heaven,—Burdens will fall and day; But when we reach the kingdom of glory, trials of earth will

2. After the battle, peace will be given; After the weeping, song there will be; After the frown, the soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Savior, After the frown, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Savior,

3. Shadows and sunshine all through the story, Teardrops and pleasure, day after day; We shall be free. Vanish away. After the shadows, there will be sunshine; we shall hear. Praise we shall hear. After the shadows, there will be sunshine;

Chorus

After the shadows, there will be sunshine; we shall hear. Praise we shall hear. After the shadows, there will be sunshine;

Rit.

love Him forever; All will be well in a little while. love Him forever;
1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, 0 they
tell me of a home far away; 0 they tell me of a home

2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, 0 they
tell me of that land far away; Where the tree of life
tell me of that land far away; Where the tree of life

3. O they tell me of the King in His beauty there, And they
tell me that mine eyes shall be held, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sorrows all away; And they tell me that no tears

D.S. - O they tell me of a home,

where no storm-clouds rise, 0 they tell me of an unclouded day.

4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His
smile drives their sorrows all away; And they tell me that no tears

where no storm-clouds rise, 0 they tell me of an unclouded day.

REFRAIN

where no storm-clouds rise, 0 they tell me of an unclouded day.

D. S.

O the land of cloudless day, 0 the land of an unclouded sky;
1. As I journey thru the land singing as I go, Pointing souls to Calvary to the crimson flow,
2. When in service for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling more Man-y arrows pierce my soul close to Him, He will give me light; Satan's snares may vex the soul,
3. When in valleys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And behold my Savor there, leading in the fight, With a tender hand outstretched rect my bark; He doth safely keep, And He leads me gently on
4. When before me billows rise from the mighty deep, Then my Lord di-

cf 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 betide, tow'rd the valley low, Guiding me, I can see, as I onward 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 rejoice.

Chorus

O I want to see Him, look up-on His face, There to sing for-ev-er of His saving grace; On the streets of glory

His saving grace;
1. Trials 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-s, 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.
No. 58    Ye Must Be Born Again

W. T. Sleeper    Geo. C. Stebbins

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain: "Ye must be born again."...

2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain: "Ye must be born again."...

3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the solemn refrain: "Ye must be born again."...

4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn refrain: "Ye must be born again."...

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again,"...Ye must be born again,... I ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly say un-to thee: Ye must be born a-gain. a-gain.
1. Sinners Jesus will receive: 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 condemns me not, Pure before the law I stand;
4. Christ receiveth sinful men, Even me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly pathway leave, All who linger, all who fall.
He will take the sinful-est; Christ receiveth sinful 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 = \( \frac{3}{4} \).

Sing it o'er ............. and o'er a-gain; ............. Christ receiveth sinful men; ............. Make the message clear and plain: ............. Christ receiveth sinful men.

Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:
1. I have good news to bring and that is why I sing, All my joys with you
2. O I can scarcely 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 Gospel 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 behind

Chorus

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

good Old Gospel Ship, I'm going far beyond the sky; O I'm "gonna"

shout and sing until the heavens ring, When I'm bidding this world good-bye.
How Wonderful Jesus Is!

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Jebovah's arm is now revealed: How wonderful Jesus is!
2. Great Sacrifice ordained by God, How wonderful Jesus is!
3. The Lion strong of Judah He, How wonderful Jesus is!
4. He pleads before the courts of heav'n, How wonderful Jesus is!
5. He bears our sorrows far away, How wonderful Jesus is!
6. His deathless love let saints declare: How wonderful Jesus is!
7. His perfect praise let angels sing: How wonderful Jesus is!

Di-vine-

CHORUS.

How wonderful Jesus is! All glory and praise be His,

Heav'n's fairest One, God's matchless Son: How wonderful Jesus is!

1. "For Him hath God the Father sealed:" How wonderful Jesus is!
2. Proclaim thru all the earth abroad How wonderful Jesus is.
3. The smitten Lamb of Calvary, How wonderful Jesus is!
4. Thru His atonement peace is giv'n: How wonderful Jesus is!
5. In His prevailing name we pray: How wonderful Jesus is!
6. And speak His glory ev'rywhere: How wonderful Jesus is!
7. And make the bells of heav'n ring: How wonderful Jesus 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? Seel be 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 - ill 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  
Tillit S. Teddle

1. Earth holds no treasures but perish with using, However
2. Out on the hills of that wonderful country, Happy, con-
3. Why should I long for the world and its sorrows, When in that

precious they be; Yet there's a country to which I am
tent ed and free, Loved ones are waiting and watching my
home o'er the sea Mil lions are singing the wonderful

Chorus

go ing, Heaven holds all to me. Heaven holds all to
com ing, Heaven holds all to me. Heaven holds all to
story? Heaven holds all to me.

me, Brighter its glory will be; Joy without

to me!

measure will be my treasure, Heaven holds all to me.
No. 64  Tell Me the Story of Jesus
Fanny J. Crosby
Jno. R. Sweney

1. Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;
2. Fast-ing alone in the desert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in anguish and pain;

Cho.—Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart ev'ry word;

Tell me the story most precious, Sweet-est that ev'er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt-ed, Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liveth a-gain.

Tell me the story most precious, Sweet-est that ev'er was heard.

Tell how the angels, in chorus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His labor, Tell of the sorrow He bore,
Love in that story so tender, Clear-er than ev'er I see;

D.C. for Cho.

"Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Peace and good tidings 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 happy seem those days of which I dream, When memory
2. She used to pray that I on Jesus would really, And always
3. With-in the old home-place, her patient, smiling face Was always
4. Her work on earth is done, the life-crown has been won, And she will

ry recalls them now and then! And with what rapture sweet my
walk the shining gospel way; So trusting still His love I
spreading comfort, hope and cheer; And when she used to sing to
be at rest with Him above; And some glad morning, she I

weary heart would beat, If I could hear my mother pray again.
seek that home above, Where I shall meet my mother some glad day.
her eternal King, It was the songs the angels loved to hear.
know will welcome me To that eternal home of peace and love.

D.S.—so much to me, If I could hear my mother pray again.

Chorus

If I could hear my mother pray again, If I could
If I could only If I could only

If I could only hear

D.S.

hear her tender voice as then! So glad I'd be, wouldn't mean

So happy I should

So happy I should be

Fine

If the Light Has Gone Out

C. J. W.

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Very slowly

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1. When the sun of your life has gone down, And the clouds in the sky west turn to gold, (turn to gold,) Endless night then to you will have

2. When you come to the end of the way, And life's story for you has been told, (has been told,) O how sad all to you will appear, O what

3. When before judgment's bar you shall stand, And the deeds that have here had control, (had control,) Good and evil appear, O what

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 light growing dim in your soul; O how lonely 'twill be! O how
1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Magni-fy the name Of our gra-cious Savior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-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 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.
1. We read of a place that’s called heaven, It’s made for the pure and the free;
2. In heaven, no drooping nor pin’ing, No wishing 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;

Fair ha-ven of rest for the wea-ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
1. The burdens of life may be many, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. With joy I shall enter that city, The face of my Savior behold;
3. What wonderful visions of beauty, What glorious scenes shall unfold;
4. For ages and ages I'll praise Him, And never grow weary or old;

To me it will matter but little, 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 abide in His presence, 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 rejoice in that morning, When I walk up the streets of gold.
No. 70  
Jesus Paid it All  
Copyright, 1944. Renewal.  
M. S. Shaffer  

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro’t within, And to live I
2. I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
3. Sinner, 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 cruel tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as

died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way, Jesus 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-joice 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;

---

Copyright, 1944. Renewal.  
M. S. Shaffer  

1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro’t within, And to live I
2. I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
3. Sinner, 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 cruel tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as

died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way, Jesus 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-joice 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 broken On the tree for you and me, yes,
O His heart was broken On the tree for you and me,

And the debt, the debt is cancelled, Jesus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is cancelled, Jesus paid it all.

No. 71

What Did He Do

Anon, alt

1. O listen to our wondrous story: Once we dwelt among the lost,
   Yet Jesus came from heaven's glory, Saving us at awful cost.
2. No angel could our place have taken, High-est of the high tho' He,
   Nailed to the cross, despised, forsaken, Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you surrender to this Savior? Now before Him humbly bow,
   You, too, shall come to know His favor, He will save and save you now.

Chorus

Who saved us from eternal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross! He

Where is He now? In heaven interceding!
Died for you! Believe it thou, In
No. 72  By His Stripes We Are Healed.

T. H.  COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY 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-loved 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

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

we are healed:

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

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

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

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

By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are healed.
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 happy in Jesus my Lord, No clouds can my faith in Him dim; I've started to walk in the straight narrow way, pit-falls of sin; The ship-wrecks of faith line the shore all along, shadows so dim; I lean on His promise and draw from His grace, favor to win; His smile is sufficient and pays me for all,

2. I know many others have fallen away, Ensnared by the

3. I find His yoke easy, His burden is light, He brightens the

4. My friends may forsake me and turn from my path, I'll seek not their

Refrain

I intend to go thru with Him...........
But I mean to go thru with Him........... I intend to go thru,
I intend to go thru with Him........... I intend to go thru with Him.

I intend to be true Thru sunshine or thru shadows dim; ......... I'll shadows dim;

count all but loss, For Christ and the cross, I intend to go thru with Him.
No. 74  The Half Has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal.  

R. E. Hudson, by per.

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than any earthly joy,
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng,
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad;  
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be

For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee Than any lovely song.
Without the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
yet been told,

The half has never yet been told,
The blood, it cleanseth me,
yet been told,  

cleanseth me.
Help Somebody To-day

Thou hast a message, O let it be heard, Help some-body to-day!

Grief is the portion of some everywhere, Help some-body to-day!

Some one the journey to heaven should start, Help some-body to-day!

Chorus.

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

sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-body to-day!
1. I am watching for the coming of the glad millennial day,
2. Jesus' coming back will be the answer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sorrow, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our blessed Lord shall come and catch His waiting Bride away; O my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His holy mountain nothing hurts or shall destroy; Perfect
In a glorious reign with Jesus of a thousand years of peace; All the

heart is filled with rapture as I labor, watch and pray, For our Lord is coming
take away all sickness and the sufferer's tears will dry, When our Savior shall come
peace shall reign in every heart, and love without alloy; After Jesus shall come
earth is groaning, crying for that day of sweet release, For our Jesus to come

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

Fine Chorus

back to earth again. O our Lord is coming back to earth again,
is coming back to earth again,

back to earth again.

D.S.

Yes, our Lord is coming back to earth again,
Satan is coming back to earth again,
1. I will meet you in the morning, Just inside the Eastern Gate,
2. If you have ten off to glory, Linger near the Eastern Gate,
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, For the Bridegroom watch and wait,
4. Of the joys of that glad meeting With the saints who for us wait,

Then be ready, faithful pilgrim, Lest with you it be too late.
For I'm coming in the morning, So you'll not have long to wait.
He'll be with us at the meeting, Just inside the Eastern Gate.
What a blessed, happy meeting, Just inside the Eastern Gate.

Chorus.
I will meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning, Just in
side the Eastern Gate over there; I will meet you in the morning.

meet you in the morning, I will meet you in the morning over there.
When We All Get to Heaven

MRS. J. G. W.  Copyrighted by Mrs. J. G. Wilson  Used by permission  MRS. J. G. WILSON

1. Sing the wondrous love of Jesus, Sing His mercy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim path-way, Clouds will over-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serving ev'ry day;
4. Onward to the prize before us! Soon His beauty we'll behold;

In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are over Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glory Will the toils of life repay.
Soon the pearly gates will open, We shall tread the streets gold.

CHORUS

When we all  When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all  When we all see

Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.
and shout the victory.
Go Into the Field

Heed His loving plea, true to Jesus be; Love for the

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

No. 81

I'll Be Ready

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

B. W. Pirtle

F. L. Eiland

1. 'tis sweet to sing this story, I'll be ready when He comes;
2. All I am to Him I'm giving, I'll be ready when He comes;
3. Striving on, His will obeying, I'll be ready when He comes;
4. Sinners there in darkness straying, 0 be ready when He comes;

D.S.—'tis sweet to tell the story, I'll be ready when He comes.

Chorus D.S.

I'll be ready when He comes, I'll be ready when He comes;

Fine
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 ashamed to own that Jesus came and died on Cal-va-ry, That by His bless-ed, free a-tone-ment, He pre-pared a way for souls, If they will on-ly come be-lie-ving, He will cleanse and make them sin, And by His bless-ed, Ho-ly Spir-it, He has made me free with-

2. I'm not ashamed to tell the sin-ners that the Lord will save their 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-ious souls to

3. I'm not ashamed to tes-ti-fy that He has cleansed my soul from free, O praise the Lord, I'm not a-shamed. I'm not a-

Chorus

I'm not a-fold, win, I'm not a-shamed.

shamed to speak for Jesus, my dear Lord,
I'm Not Ashamed

I'm not ashamed to praise His name;
I'm not ashamed to own His blessings, praise His name,
O praise the Lord.

No. 83  I Am Bound For the Promised Land

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye,
2. O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest!

Cho.—I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
'Tward Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie,
There God the Son for ever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?

O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.
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; I'll go sweep-ing thru the gates;

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

1. On Mount Ol-ive'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.
Talk It Over With Jesus
Copyright, 1937, by The Stamp-Baxter Music Co., in “Harbor Bells No. 6” Virgil O. Stamps

No. 86

Thomas Ramsey

1. O brother struggling 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,
there will be found,
Talk It Over With Jesus

wheth-er day or night; Get your knees acquainted with the cold and rock-y
ground, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus, He will make it right.

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, Watch-ing, 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

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,
1. There's a happy land of promise over in the great beyond, Where the
2. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers will be singing 'round the throne, In that
3. We will hear no one praying and no mourning 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 glory share; Where the souls of men shall enter and live
land where no one ever knows a care; And the Christians of all ages will join
burdens there will be for us to bear; All the people will be singing "Glory,
brought us to that land so bright and fair; We will praise His name forever as we

on forevermore, Every body will be happy over there,
in the triumph song, Every body will be happy over there,
glory to the Lamb," Every body will be happy over there.
look upon His face, Every body will be happy over there.

Refrain.

Every body will be happy,
Every body will be happy over there, over there,

will be happy over there; We will shout and
We will shout and sing His praises thro' the
Everybody Will Be Happy Over There

Sing His praise, Ev-ry-bod-y will be hap-py o-ver there,
never end-ing a-ges,

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!
1. I'd like to stay here longer than man's allotted days
   And watch the fleeting
   changes of life's uneven ways,
   But if my Savior calls me to
   keep Him ever nigh, And live with Him forever in Glory by and by,
   tell loves's story there on high; There with my dear Redeemer

2. I want to be of service along this pilgrim way,
   And lead the lost to
   that sweet home on high, I'll live with Him forever in Glory by and by,
   look beyond the sky, And spend the endless ages in Glory by and by.
   tell loves's story there on high; there no

3. The end I know is nearing—by faith I look away
   To yonder home
   the end I know is nearing—by faith I look away
   To yonder home
   "I'll keep Him ever nigh, And live with Him forever in Glory by and by,
   tell loves's story there on high; there no"
I'll Live in Glory

more to die, O yes, I'll live in glory by and by.
no more to die, glory by and by.

No. 91

Some Day

J. Graydon Hall  James D. Vaughan and H. E. Barnett, owners  H. E. Barnett

1. My trials here on earth will cease, Some day, some day;
2. No more in darkness I will roam,
3. Those gone before me I shall meet,
4. My loving Savior I shall see, Some day, some happy day;

And I will have unending peace, Some day, some day.
But rest eternally at home,
My loved ones will my spirit greet,
With Him in glory I shall be, Some day, some happy day.

Chorus

Some day, some happy 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 happy day.
The Cross of Calvary

E. G. Coleman

1. Up-on the rugged mountain side, Our Savior trudged along, Surrounded
2. The sun refused to shine upon that scene on Calvary, Where Jesus
3. This tender, loving Savior, still inviting us to come, is calling

by the angry mob, and crowded by the throng; But patiently He
died in agony to set the sinner free; Our Savior, broken from His throne above, O wandering child, come home; Believe on Him, He

bore the cross to ransom you and me, He went to pay the price up-
hearted, died that we might look and live, And in His dying breath He
paid the price on rugged Calvary, He bore the cross, He gave His

Fine Chorus

D.S. — He paid the price upon the

on the cross of Calvary.
cried, "Oh, Father please forgive." Up-on the cross of Calvary, He died, And
life to ransom you and me.

lone cross of Calvary.

heaven's pearly gates were opened wide; He gave His life to ransom you and me.
No. 93

Sometime

Mrs. J. M. Hunter
Morris-Henson, Moore, owners

Copyright, 1925, by Jas. C. Moore

Good as Soprano and Alto Duet

Jas. C. Moore

1. Some-time the shad-ows will be gone,  Some-time 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!

Chorus

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

O gold-en time,  O gold-en time,  O hap-py day,
O pre-cious home, not far a-way;  What wondrous joy when I shall see
O hap-py day, not far a-way;  The man-sion He's pre-pared for me.
On the Jericho Road

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

D. S. McC.

Not too fast

Arr. by Luther G. Presley

1. As you travel along, on the Jericho road,
   Does the world seem all wrong and heavy your load?
   Just bring it to Christ, your sins all confess,
   On the Jericho road your heart He will bless.
   On the Jericho road there's room for just two.

2. On the Jericho road blind Bar-timaeus sat,
   His life was a void, so empty and flat;
   But Jesus appeared, one word brought him sight,
   On the Jericho road Christ banished his night.
   On the Jericho road there's room for just two.

3. O brother to you this message I bring,
   Tho hope may be gone, He'll cause you to sing;
   At Jesus' command, sin's shackles must fall,
   On the Jericho road will you answer His call?
   On the Jericho road there's room for just two.
On the Jericho Road

No more and no less, Just Jesus and you;
No more and no less, just Jesus and you;

Each burden He'll bear, each sorrow He'll share,
Each burden He'll bear each sorrow He'll share,

There's never a care for Jesus is there.
There's never a care for Jesus 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. Before the mourn-ful scene began 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. Jesus, Thy feast we cel-e-brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,

Against 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 Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost estate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'nly love to me;

On the cruel cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free,
In His boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.
How the victory He giveth over 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 Redeemer,
Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,

blood. He purchased me. On the cross He sealed my pardon.
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.

Repetition pp after last verse.
It Won't Be Very Long

No. 99  After Death,—What Then?

Copyright, 1928, by E. M. Bartlett


1. This life will end some future 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;

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?

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

1. This life will end some future 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;

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?
No. 100
Our King Immanuel
Copyright, 1942. Renewal.

James Rowe
Samuel W. Beazley

1. See! the Monarch of monarchs Come in majesty!
2. Like the waves of the ocean Rolls His praise today,
3. O the joy that will thrill us Some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and worship Him Who doeth all things well;
For His wonderful love has helped So many to excel;
When we see Him in glory, where Celestial praises swell;

He leads the nations out of sin And causeth foes to flee:
He sends the captives, free from chains, All singing on their way:
Where cherubim and seraphim All join us when we cry:

All hail, All hail our King Immanuel!

Chorus
O honor His name for ever For what His grace has done;
O honor His name For ever for
Our King Immanuel

For He is the world's Redeemer, Jehovah's only Son!
For He is the world's Redeemer, Jehovah's

All hail, Our King Immanuel!
All hail, Our King Immanuel!

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. Remember, Lord, Thy works of old, The wonders that our fathers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful Word?
4. Where saints and angels dwell above, All hearts are knit in holy love;

The wrath of sinful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Remember not our sin's dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
None ever called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
O land us in that heav'n-ly chain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
No. 102  
His Way With Thee 
C. S. N. 
Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum 

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with Him within the narrow road? 
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the peace that comes by giving all? 
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him true each probational test? 

CHORUS. 
carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee. 
you need never fail? 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.
No. 103

No Tears in Heaven

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.,
in "Harbor Bells No. 4" Robert S. Arnold

1. No tears in heav-en, no sor-rows giv-en, All will be glo-ry in that
land;... There’ll be no sad-ness, all will be gladness, When we shall join that
day;... There with our Sav-i-or, 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.... in heav-en fair,
be made new....

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.
No. 104  Rescue the Perishing

Fannie J. Crosby

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pity from 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, Wa-kened by kind-ness, Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way pa-tient-ly win them;

2. Tho they are slight-ing Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent Chords that are brok-en will vi-brate once more. Tell the poor wan-d’rer a Sav-ior has died.

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,

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 K. E. Winsett, Dayton, Tenn.

Herbert Buffum  in "Buffum Songs Special"  R. E. Winsett

1. O wand'rer a-far from the dear Shep-herd's fold, Re-ject-ing its
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,

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-fold will

Chorus

O why not sur-render to-night? To-night, to-night,

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

gain greet thy sight, O why not ac-cept Him to-night?
1. There was a time on earth when in the book of heav'n An old account was standing for sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, and standing, and never tried to pay; But when I looked a-head an

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 will

4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has con

man-y things below, I went un-to the Keeper, 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 Because I had it set-tled, and set-tled long a-go

hun-dred years below, 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 we

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 away, When the old account was settled long ago.

No. 107  Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.  Rev. E. A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? Are you blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansion bright? And be blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, 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 blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.
When All of God's Singers Get Home

1. What a song of delight, in that city so bright Will be wafted 'neath heaven's fair dome, How the ransomed will raise happy 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,

2. As we sing here on earth, songs of sadness or mirth 'Tis a fore-taste of heaven's fair dome, How the ransomed will raise happy 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,

3. Having o-ver-come sin, "hal-le - lu - jah a-men" Will be heard in that heaven's fair dome, How the ransomed will raise happy 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

1. When God shut No-a-h in the grand old ark, He put a rain-bow in the cloud; When the thunders rolled and the sky was dark, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; When the thunders rolled and the sky was dark, God put a

2. A-way down yon-der in Eg-ypt's sand, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to lead His children to the promised land, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to lead His children to the promised land, God put a

3. When they put old Dan-iel in the li-on's den, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to prove His promise to the sons of men, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to prove His promise to the sons of men, God put a

4. As a sign by day and a sign by night, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to guide His peo-ple and to keep them right, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; Just to guide His peo-ple and to keep them right, God put a

5. O Jo-r-dan deep and Jo-r-dan wide, God put a rain-bow in the cloud; To lead His peo-ple to the oth-er side, God put a rain-bow in the cloud.

Chorus

God put a rain-bow in the cloud, (in the cloud,) When it looked like the sun wouldn't shine any more, God put a rain-bow in the cloud.
Swing Out On the Promises

1. Swing out on the promises, the never-failing promises;
2. Swing out on the promises, Jehovah's blessed promises;
3. Swing out on the promises, the holy Master's promises;

Promises of Christ, the Lord, divine; Cross the line of Canaan on His
Trust-ing in His pow'r to make you whole; He will not for-sake the ones who
Give your life com-pletely to the Lord; He will not for-sake the soul who

ever-last-ing promises, He will make your path to glory shine,
trust His sacred promises, Cast on Him the burdens of your soul,
trusts in His great promises, Swing out on the promise of His word.

Chorus

Swing out on the promises, the never-failing promises;
Swing out on the promises, the Savior's precious promises,
Swing Out On the Promises

Trust the Savior's ever-last-ing word; Swing out on the promises, the
all sufficient promises; Swing out on the promises, the
Savior's holy promises, Swing out on the promises of God.

No. 111
Jesus Will Save

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

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 Jesus! He will save you, Tho your sins as crimson glow;
2. Come to Jesus! do not tarry, Enter in at mercy's gate;
3. Come to Jesus, dying sinner! Other Savior there is none;

If you give your hearts to Jesus, He will make them white as snow.
Delay not till the morrow, Lest thy coming be too late.
He will share with you His glory, When your pilgrimage is done.

Chorus
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
Come, come today! Come, come today!
Je-sus! come to-day, yes, come, come to-day!
Come to Je-sus! Come to Je-sus! Come to Je-sus! Come to Je-sus!
Come, come to-day!

Repeat pp
Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus! 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 soldiers, as you march along, Be a light for Jesus every day; Keep His banner hoisted all the whole day long, 

2. Keep your lamps trimmed, burning so that all may see, Be a light for Jesus every day; Let the world see Jesus and from sin be free, 

3. Thousands grope in darkness that can never see, Be a light for Jesus every day; Until we point them up to Mount Calvary, 

4. Keep the light bright, shining all the world around, Be a light for Jesus every day; Till, released from darkness, all the Lord have found, 

Chorus

Be a light for Jesus every day. Be a light, be a bright, shining light, 

Be a light for Jesus every day; Be a bright, shining light. 

Be a light for Jesus every day. Bright, shining light, be a shining light, 

Be a light for Jesus every day.
Lift Him Up

1. How to reach the masses, men of ev'-ry birth? For an answer
2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Savior
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gospel
4. Lift him up by liv-ing as a Chris-ten ought, Let the world in

Jesus gave a key, "And I, if I be lifted 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 the pre-cious Sav-ior up, lift Him

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

I be lifted up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to me."
No. 115  What the Old World Needs

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


1. There are many hearts aching 'neath loads that they bear, And all dreary their days are and long; But the love of a friend would relieve toil and care, man as his foe; They need friendship 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,

2. There are souls that are bur-dened 'neath pov-er-ty's sting, Who con-sid-er each love, sweet love, reach-es out, around, where the weary ones are found, What the world needs is love.

3. There are those who might buy an-y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now And fill life with a joy-ous new song. And the love of a Sav-i or to know. What the old world needs is love, Like the Christ bro't from a bove, Love that

4. There are many to-night that are wound-ed by sin, And they think no one
When I See the Blood

1. Christ, our Redeemer, died on the cross, Died for the sinner,
2. Chiefest of sinners, Jesus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected,
4. O what compassion, O boundless love! Jesus hath power,

paid all His due; All who receive Him need never fear,
so will He do; O sinner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused? O sinner, hasten, let Jesus in,
Jesus is true; All who believe are safe from the storm,

Chorus

Yes, He will pass, will pass over you. When I see the
Then He will pass, will pass over you.
Then God will pass, will pass over you.
O He will pass, will pass over you. When I

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

blood, I will pass, I will pass over you. O ver you.
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  
   to - geth-er we stand, We may not have the same rank or ti - tle,  
   to - geth-er we stand, We may not have the same rank or ti - tle,  
   But we're sol-diers, so give me your hand.  

2. You may not come to our great Ca - the - dral,  
   But be - long to  
   We're not stran-gers, so give me your hand.  

3. If to - day you are look - ing t'ward Cal-v'ry  
   Where the Sav - ior  
   If your heart to - day is as my heart, You're my broth-er, so give me your hand.  

4. We are bound for that beau - ti - ful ci - ty,  
   Where be - fore the  
   White throne we shall stand, And we'll all be as one there to - geth - er,  
   Where be - fore the  
   But if  

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 stran-gers, so give me your hand.  
Hal - le - lu - jah, so give me your hand.  

I care not what church
No. 120

My Dreams Will Come True

Copyright, 1937, in "Glory Waves" Owned by Homer F. Morris

Jame Rowe

1. I have dreams of a home 'neath an un-cloud-ed dome, In a beau-ti-ful
city 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,

Homer F. Morris

2. I have dreams of a throng sing-ing out a glad song, And of an-gel bands
Chorus

3. I have dreams of a gate where my miss-ing ones wait, Where there's never a

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

own till the shadows have flown; Yes, my dreams will come true, by and by.
1. Sweet are the promises, Kind is the word; Dearer far than any message man ever heard. Pure was the mind of Christ,
a - ny love that mortals have known, Kind to the erring one,
la - den, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His promises,

2. Sweet is the tender love Jesus has shown; Sweeter far than any love that mortals have known, Kind to the erring one,

3. List to His loving words, "Come unto Me;" Weary, heavy laden, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His promises,

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

Chorus.

Where He leads I'll follow, Where He leads I'll follow,

Follow all the way Follow Jesus ev'ry day.

Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.
No. 122  
Gamping in Canaan's Land

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

Ca-naan,
Gamping in Canaan's Land

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

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

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 across 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;

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 bringing, 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

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

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

Copyright, 1928, by V. O. Stamps

Virgil O. Stamps

I. My precious Savior suffered pain and agony, He bore it all
II. They placed a crown of thorns upon my Savior's head,
III. Up Calvary's hill in shame the blessed Savior trod,

Free-ly bore it all
I with Him might live; Between two thieves they

Fine Chorus

sin and set the captive free,
All that I might see His

shining face,
Free-ly bore it all, that I might—

in His presence live. He bore it all that I might see His
live.
Jesus bore it all,

shining face, He bore it all

Free-ly bore it all, that I might—
He Bore It All

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,

No. 125 Old Time Power

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

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;

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.

Chorus

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

O Lord, send the pow’r just now, And bap-tize ev-’ry one.
No. 126  
To The Work  
Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.  
Renewal  
Used by permission  
Fanny J. Crosby  
Wm. H. Doane

1. To the work! To the work! we are servants of God, Let us follow the path that our Master has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew, Life let the weary be led; In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, darkness and error shall fall, And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be, crown shall our labor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,  

2. To the work! To the work! let the hunger be fed; To the fountain of  

3. To the work! To the work! there is labor for all, For the kingdom of  

4. To the work! To the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a  

Chorus

Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on,  
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"  
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"  
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free!"  
Toiling on,  

Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,  

Let us hope, let us watch, And labor till the Master comes,  
and trust, and pray,
I Am Praying for You

No. 127

1. I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory, A dear, loving Savior.
2. I have a Father; to me He has given A hope for eternity.
3. I have a robe; 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-waiting in glory.
4. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving Savior.

Chorus.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Savior were your Savior too.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, Praying, For you I am praying.

heaven, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!

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

brightness, Dear friend. could I see you receiving one tool

glory, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

Far away, I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory, A dear, loving Savior.

I have a Father; to me He has given A hope for eternity.

I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness, A-waiting in glory.

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving Savior.
There’ll Be Shouting

Copyright, 1925, by E. M. Bartlett
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

E. M. Bartlett

1. What a happy time is coming
   When we reach our home in heaven.

2. When the saints begin to gather
   Round the throne in that blest city.

3. On that blessed happy morning
   When old friends are reunited.

And the burdens which we’ve borne, we’ll bear no more;
When the angel sounds the trumpet, calling us to those bright mansions,
There’ll be shouting on the evening, saints of all the ages singing;
Such a meeting as we never saw before, there’ll be shouting on the hills of glory.

Chorus

er - last - ing shore,
er saw before, there’ll be shouting on the hills of glory, shouting gels ev - er reign.

(on the hills,) yes, shouting (on the hills,) When we reach that land of
There'll Be Shouting

which we've heard the story, There'll be shouting on the hills of God.

No. 129

Who Is That?

Copyright, 1922, by E. M. Bartlett

E. M. Bartlett

Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners

1. Who is that calling for me to come, Come and be saved from sin?
2. Who is that following after me, Troubling my sleep at night?
3. Who is that seeking my soul to save, Save from the bondage of sin?

Who is that knocking at my heart's door, Wanting to be let in?
Who is that asking for my poor heart, Saying "Come into the light?"
Who is that drawing by love's strong cord, Breaking my heart within?

Chorus

Who is that knocking, calling, seeking, Who is that troubling my soul?

Surely 'tis Jesus, asking, pleading, Wanting to make me whole.
No. 130

Goming

J. R. Baxter, Jr.  V. O. Stamps, owner  Virgil O. Stamps

1. Jesus is coming from heaven Back to the earth some day,
   Will you be found where faithful are crowned, Or be turned away from His
   Will you be found where faithful are crowned, Or be turned away from His
   Will you be found where faithful are crowned, Or be turned away from His

2. Some day the clouds will be laden With a most precious King,
   He will descend, our glorious friend, While nature shall sing of His
   He will descend, our glorious friend, While nature shall sing of His
   He will descend, our glorious friend, While nature shall sing of His

3. Even the angels in heaven Know not the day nor hour,
   But thru the maze on one of these days We'll see Him in pow'r brought from
   But thru the maze on one of these days We'll see Him in pow'r brought from
   But thru the maze on one of these days We'll see Him in pow'r brought from

Chorus

He is coming Back to the earth again,
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,
Coming

Coming in love from heaven above, To reign over men; He is
Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, To reign over men;

Com-ing to reign over men;

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, 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?

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 glorious news I tell and sing, as onward I go, (as onward I go,)
3. I know I shall meet Him at the gate, when trials are past, (when trials are past,)

A beautiful place of mansions fair and skies ever bright, (and skies ever bright;)
That those who are still astray in sin my Savior may know, (my Savior may know,)
I know I shall meet Him face to face in glory at last, (in glory at last;)

Where all who believe the Savior dear, forever shall stay, (forever shall stay,)
I want them to sing His praise above, some beautiful day, (some beautiful day,)
And O I believe that when we meet "well done" He will say, ("well done" He will say;)

And having been saved by grace divine, I'm going that way.
For glory to Him who died for me, I'm going that way.
For trusting His soul redeeming love, I'm going that way.

Chorus

I'm going that way, (I'm on that way,) I'm going that way, (I'm going that way,)
I'm clinging to Him, (I cling to Him,) and never to stray, (and never to stray,)
Going That Way

And Jesus the Savior I adore is with me each day; (is with me each day;)

Yes, singing His praises all day long, I'm going that way. (I'm going that way.)

No. 133 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms
Rev. E. A. Hoffman Used by per. A. J. Showalter

What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Jesus, lean-ing on Jesus,

O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, last-ing arms. Lean-ing on the everlasting arms.

What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, last-ing arms. Lean-ing on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, last-ing arms. Lean-ing on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, last-ing arms. Lean-ing on the everlasting arms.

Chorus

Safe and secure from all alarms; (Omit ......................) Lean-ing on the ever-last-ing arms.
No. 134

**Love Took It Away**

James Rowe

Copyright, MCMXXXIX, by R. E. Winsett, in "Soul Inspiring Songs" J. M. Henson

1. Once I bore a bur-den great, Was wea-ry and sad; But no more I bear its weight, I'm pardoned and glad; Love di-vine at last I know, No long-er I stay; On without a stain I go-
2. Once a cra-v-ing great had I For pleas-ures that stain; Now I pass those pleas-ures by, They tempt me in vain; I am un-der His con-trol, Re-
3. Once my rec-ord was un-clean, My spir-it was worn; Now my name on high is seen As fair as the morn; O what hap-pi-ness is mine, With

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.

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,
To our home so bright and fair,

Hal-le-lu-jah! in that morning we shall rise.

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
1. I've a home prepared where the saints abide, Just over in the glory-land; And I long to be by my Savior's side, Just over in the glory-land.

2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just over in the glory-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glory share, Just over in the glory-land.

3. What a joyful thought, that my Lord I'll see, Just over in the glory-land; And with kindred saved, there forever be, Just over in the glory-land.

4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just over in the glory-land; Glad hosannas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just over in the glory-land.

Chorus

I'll join the happy angel band, Just over in the glory-land; Just over in the glory-land, I'll join the happy angel band, Just over in the glory-land.

Just over in the glory-land, I'll join the happy angel band, Just over in the glory-land. Just over, over
Just Over In the Glory-Land

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

No. 141 Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

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Eiland's interest owned by J. E. Thomas and T. S. Cobb

Jennie Wilson

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F. L. Eiland

1. Time is filled with swift trans-i-tion, Naught of earth unmoved can stand,
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What-so-ev-er years may bring,
3. Cov-et net 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,

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

Rit.

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

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

Rit. Repeat chorus softly
No. 142  The Son Hath Made Me Free

Alfred E. Oatman.  COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. A. STEWART.  W. A. Stewart.

1. I was once...... in Egypt's bondage, (Egypt's bondage,) But de-
   liv-rance came to me, (came to me,) And I'm liv-ing now in
   Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son...... hath made me free.

2. I was once....... a slave to Sa-tan, (slave to Sa-tan,) And He
   made me free,
   I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan, now in Ca-naan,
   I am dwell-ing now in Ca-naan,

3. Worldly pleas-ures can-not charm me, (can-not charm me,) No de-
   Ca-naan, (now in Ca-naan,) For the Son...... hath made me free.

4. All my fear....... all con-dem-na-tion, (con-dem-na-tion,) All that
   Je-sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me;
   Je-sus' blood a-vails for me, yes, for me;
   Je-sus' blood a-vails for me; I am free..... from con-dem-

   And Ho
   But de-
   And I'm
   I'm bound..... by sin no
   light...... in them I see, (none for me,) Fashion, fol-
   A
   A
   £=£
   £=

   hind me,(left behind me),
   hind me,(left behind me),
   hind me,(left behind me),
   hind me,(left behind me),
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?


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,
diamond of dew, It would kiss the sweet rose where you're sleeping,

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?

Lord, Send Me

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

I, Lord, send me, Read-y at Thy bid-ding, Lord, send me.
I Love My Savior, Too

Copyright, 1933, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

in "Boundless Joy" J. B. Coats

1. Jesus, my heav'nly King, loves me, I know, Praises to Him I sing,
   Fine Chorus
   D.S.—In ev'ry-
   Yes, I tru-ly love my Sav-

2. Walking with Him each day, love light doth shine, Doing His will al-way,
   bless-ed Savior, And He ev-er loves me, yes, He loves me, too;
   Humbly now I seek His grace and fa-vor, grace and fa-vor

3. Happy to serve my friend, lean on His arm, Rapture will nev-er end,
   thing I do.

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

Fine Chorus

D.S. I seek His fa-vor
I'd Rather Have Jesus

Luther G. Presley

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.
in "Thankful Hearts"

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

Chorus

They put the dear Savior to shame. I'd rather live
With sorrow their destiny seal.
From heaven's door be turned away. I'd rather live in

in that bright city, Own earth's silver and gold, heaven Than to own all earth's silver and gold, I'd

I'd rather have Jesus my Savior Than a
rather have Jesus Than the diamonds of a pal-

No. 146

Copyright, 1935, by The Stamps-Baxter Music Co.
I'd Rather Have Jesus

I'd rather have a palace to hold; I'd rather be just a poor beggar.

I'd rather be a beggar, Live

in a shack by the road, Than here to own

in a little shack by the road, Than to own all earth's

all of earth's treasures, With no title to a future abode.

treasures, to a future abode.

No. 147 It Is the Hour of Prayer J. L. Hale

1. It is the hour of prayer; Draw near and bend the knee, And

fill the calm and holy air With voice of melody.

2. Overweared with the heat And burden of the day, Now

let us rest our wand'ring feet, And gather here to pray.

3. O blessed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high! Like

sunlight when the tempests lowr. Pray'r to the soul is nigh.

4. Thou dark may be our lot; Our eyes be dim with care, These

sad'ning tho'ts shall trouble not This holy hour of pray'r.
1. As day by day I journey, 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 appoint-ments," For He is rul-ing all; He notes the smallest sparrow, He
are pro-tect-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 Father 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

There's a brighter world than this, There's a home of changeless bliss, Where the ransomed
From this glory gleaming throne, Jesus smiles up-on His own, (Omit ...... ..)
Here there's sin and death and pain, Cherished hopes are often vain, And the stormy
There they never feel a fear, There they never shed a tear, (Omit ........ ..)
I have loved ones over there, Forms so dear and faces fair, And they walk with
They'll be looking out for me, And I long their smiles to see, (Omit ........ ..)

D.C.-That is where I want to go, Vast eternity to spend, (Omit ........ ..)

ones eternal life shall know; O I tell you that is where I want to go.
winds of sorrow fiercely 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

That is where I want to go, That is where I want to go, When this earthly life shall end,
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our bless-ed Redeem-er! Sing, O earth—His
   wonderful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
   woe, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e- ter-nal sal-
   loud with hos-an-nas ring! Jesus, Sav-iour, reign-eth for-ev-er and
   D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our bless-ed Redeem-er! For our sins He
   strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
   va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
   ever; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King! Christ is com-ing!
   Fine

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our bless-ed Redeem-er! Heav’nly por-
   tals, Heav’nly por-
   tals, Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
   D.S.

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

   Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
   Jesus 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;
1. Tell me the old, old story
   Of unseen things above,
   Of Jesus

2. Tell me the story slowly,
   That I may take it in—
   That wonder-

3. Tell me the story softly,
   With earnest tones, and grave;
   Remember,

4. Tell me the same old story,
   When you have caused to fear
   That this world's

and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story
ful redemption, God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story
I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story
empty glory, Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's
simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And
often, For I forget so soon; The "early dew" of morning, Has
always, If you would really be, In any time of trouble, A
glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ

Chorus

helpless and defiled.
passed away at noon. Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old
comforter to me.
Jesus makes thee whole."

story, Tell me the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.
No. 154

Watching You

J. M. H.

R. E. Winsett, owner, Used by per. J. M. Henson

1. All along on the road to the soul's true a-bode, There's an Eye watching you; Ev'-ry step that you take this great Eye is a-wake,
God will warn not to go in the path of the foe, watching you; Nev-er turn from the way to the king-dom of day,

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 watching you; Ev'-ry step that you take this great Eye is a-wake,

Chorus

There's an Eye watching you. Watching you, watching
There's an Eye watching you. Watching you, watching

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

watching you, There's an all-see-ing Eye watching you.
1. From all the dark places of earth's heathen races, O see how thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion a-wakes ev-ry
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing o'er arm-ies ad-vanc-ing, To con-quor thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion a-wakes ev-ry
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, and ju-bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-

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
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.
I'll Be A Friend To Jesus

Rev. Johnson Oatman, J.W. Dennis, owner

1. They tried my Lord and Master, With no one to defend; Within the halls of Pilate He stood without a end, And while on earth I'm living, My Lord shall have a send; I'll try each flying moment To prove that I'm His mend, Because He brought salvation, Is why I am His

2. The world may turn against Him, I'll love Him to the end, And while on earth I'm living, My Lord shall have a send; I'll try each flying moment To prove that I'm His

3. I'll do what He may bid me; I'll go where He may send; I'll try each flying moment To prove that I'm His

4. To all who need a Savior, My Friend I recommend; I'll do what He may bid me; I'll go where He may send; I'll try each flying moment To prove that I'm His

My life for Him I'll spend; I'll be a friend to Jesus, Until my years shall end. My life for Him I'll spend; I'll be a friend to Jesus, Until 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 thinking of the rapture in our blessed home on high, When the redeemed are gathering in;
   How we'll raise the heav'nly anthem in that city in the sky, When the redeemed are gathering in;
   How we'll shout, and how we will sing, Washed like the snow, and free from all sin;

2. There will be a great procession o'er on the streets of gold,
   Saints will sing redemption's story with their voices clear and strong,
   Then the angels all will listen, for they cannot join that song,

3. There will be a great procession o'er on the streets of gold,
   Saints will sing redemption's story with their voices clear and strong,
   Then the angels all will listen, for they cannot join that song,

4. Then the Savior will give orders to prepare the banquet board.
   How we will shout, and how we will sing, Washed like the snow, and free from all sin;

Fine Chorus (Omit D.S.)
The Pearly White City

Rev. 21:3

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Lillenas Publishing Co., owner

Arthur F. Ingle

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 disappoint-ment 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-stroy.
My heart is now set on that ci-ty, And some day its blessing I'll share.
They o-ver-came sin and the tempt-er, 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;

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

No. 161  He Makes Me Forget

Jame Rowe

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;

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 upon the clouds of heaven, (clouds of heaven,) Christ shall come... to earth again, (to earth again,) Will the world... be glad to see Him, (glad to see Him,) When our Lord... shall come again?

2. Will His coming bring rejoicing? (bring rejoicing?) Or will it... bring tears and pain? (bring tears and pain?) Are you ready to receive Him? (to receive Him?)

3. Will you join... in lamentation? (lamentation?) Or the angel's glad refrain? (their glad refrain?) Will you help... His people gather in the grain, (the golden grain,) Then with joy... you'll meet the Saviour, (meet the Saviour,)

4. Work and pray... till Jesus calls you, (Jesus calls you,) Help to receive Him, (to receive Him,)
crown Him, (help to crown Him,)
Saviour, (meet the Saviour,)

Refrain

There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, There'll be
There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, shouting, shouting,

There'll be sorrow, there'll be pain; There'll be weeping,
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 again, 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 living stream with a crystal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a living well and its waters swell, And eternal 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 fountain of love from the Source above, And He bids us all freely drink. While the waters roll let the weary soul hear the call that forth freely goes. And we joyful sing, ever spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live. 'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us hasten joyfully 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 open for all.
No. 164

James Rowe

1. Sweet is the song I am singing today;

2. Great is my joy now as onward I go;

3. Precious indeed is my Savior to me;

I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed! Trouble and sorrow have vanished away;
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed! All the way homeward my praises shall flow;
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed! Happy in glory some day I shall be;
I have been redeemed! I'm redeemed by love divine, been redeemed! I'm redeemed by love divine,

Chorus

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Christ is mine, Christ is mine, All to him I
Redeemed

now re-sign, 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 busy life, Is it well
2. Have you lost your sin, are you pure within? Is it well
3. Do you praise the love of the One above? Is it well

Is it well with your soul? Are you living right, should you die tonight?
Are you at the side of the Crucified?
Will the crown be won and the Lord's "well done?"

D.S. Are you living right should you die tonight?

Is it well with your soul? Is it well with your soul?
Is it well with your soul?

Fine Chorus

Is it well 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?
No. 166  The Glory Train
This Arr. Copyright, 1939, by Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co.,
Mrs. J. B. Vaughan  in "Favorite Song and Hymns"  John B. Vaughan

1. There's a train that's bound for glory, And there is no other way,
2. Get a-board this train for glory, For the time is draw-ing near,
3. Have your baggage checked for glory, So you'll meet with no delay,
4. Jesus 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 ticket
If you want to go,  Jesus paid your Faith in Christ is
and be read-y, For this train may come to-day, There's no side-track,
trans-por-ta-tion, And you need not doubt or fear, If you want to go,
all suf-fi-cient, And there is no other way, There's no station, Till we reach the other shore,
there's no sta-tion, Till we reach the other shore,

Fine Chorus

If you want to go. We are go-ing to glory, We are
All a-board the train
hap-py on the way, All is glory and re-joic-ing Fv'-ry day,
Jesus is our great conductor, He has been this way before.

D.S.

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 unto the Lord again, That rain once more be sent; He poured his heart out

D.S.—Yes, He controls the

more we’re told, They never had a show'r, For God in heaven answered then, E-called on God, Before the people 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

E-li-jah's prayer of pow'r, cause He heard his pray'r. E-li-jah's God still lives today, 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 answers still the same;
No. 170

In the Morning of Joy

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer

A. J. Showalter

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall arise, And the splendors of
   mortal Shall envelop the skies, When the angel of death Shall not
   longer destroy, And the dead shall awaken In the morning of joy.

2. When the King shall appear, In His beauty on high, And shall summon His
   all your employ, That your soul may be spotless In the morning of joy?
   Chorus

3. O the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the
   ter-ni-ty's years, With the past all for-gotten With its sorrows and tears.

   In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to
   glory In the morning of joy; In the morning of joy.
No. 171  Will the Circle be Unbroken
Copyright, 1935, Renewal. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner
Ada R. Habershon  Chas. H. Gabriel

I. There are loved ones in the glory, Whose dear forms you often miss;
II. In the joyous days of childhood, Oft they told of wondrous love;
III. You remember songs of heaven, Which you sang with, childish voice;
IV. You can picture happy gatherings, Round the fireside long ago;
V. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went away,

When you close your earthly story, Will you join them in their bliss?
Pointed to the dying Savior, Now they dwell with Him above.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tearful partings, When they left you here below.
Now the family is parted, Will it be complete one day?

CHORUS

Will the circle be unbroken By and by, by and by?

In a better home awaiting, In the sky, in the sky?
Kneel At the Cross

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 glory share;
3. Kneel at the cross, Give your idols up, Look unto realms above;

List to His voice, Leave with Him your care And begin life a new.
Bliss there awaits, Harm can ne’er befall Those who are anchored there.
Turn not away To life’s sparkling cup; Trust only in His love.

Chorus

Kneel at the cross, Leave ev’ry care;
Kneel at the cross, Leave ev’ry care;
Kneel at the cross, Jesus will meet you there.
Kneel at the cross, meet you there.
I'll Make It My Home

Mrs. L. J. Morris

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C. C. Stafford

1. I've heard of a beautiful city above, Where no one can
   go a-stray; And since I am trusting His wonderful love, I'll
   not decay; Where love's blessed story with rapture is told, I'll
   white array Are praising my Lord, with my loved and His own, I'll
   called away, I labor and wait, for I know His reward My

2. I've heard of a city with streets of pure gold, Where treasures can
   be told, I'll
   love is waiting above, I'll make it my home some day. (some day.)

3. I've heard of a city where stands the great throne, And angels in
   the sky
   Where love's blessed story is told, I'll
   when shadows have passed away; (away;) A mansion of

4. So patiently, lovingly trusting my Lord, Till I shall be
   called away, I labor and wait, for I know His reward My
   called away, I labor and wait, for I know His reward My

Chorus

make it my home some day. I'll make it my home some day,
make it my home some day.
soul shall enjoy some day.
some day,

When shadows have passed away; (away;) A mansion of

love is waiting above, I'll make it my home some day. (some day.)
No. 174

I'm Saved

G. T. B.

Property of G. T. Byrd

Rev. G. T. Byrd

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

I'm 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.
1. There's a wonder-ful Book that ap-peals to my heart, A mine of
   riches un-told, Ev'ry word is a jew-el of lus-ter di-vine,
   nev-er grows old, The word of the Fa-ther a-bove,
   old, no nev-er grows old, Praise God for the Book of His love!

2. Like a bea-con of light doth it shine thru the years, To lead us
   safe to the fold, Thru the clouds that a-rise, gleam-ing bright-ly a-far,
   nev-er grows old, It nev-er grows old, no
   It nev-er grows a-bove,

3. When the bil- lows of life would my bark over-whelm, This an-chor
   sure-ly will hold, Grounded deep in God's love are its prom-is-es sure,
   It nev-er grows old, It nev-er grows old, no
   It nev-er grows above,

Chorus
Sweetest Mother

Copyright, 1917, by Will M. Ramsey.
Stamps-Baxter Music Co., owners

Gertrude Stoddard Dennstedt
Will M. Ramsey

No. 176

1. She's a little old fashioned, That sweet mother of mine, There are
   man-y whose beauty Will my mother's out-shine; She's a little old
   fash-ioned As I plainly can see But she is for-ev-er Sweet-est
   whit-er But none-oth-er so dear For they smoothed my pillow 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

2. She's a little old fashioned, That sweet mother of mine, Tho
   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
   moth-er to me.

3. She's a little old fashioned, She stays close-ly at home, So
   m-
   But she is for-ev-er Sweet-est
   moth-er to me.

4. She's a little old fashioned, But she's sweet-er each
   ev-er shall be.

D.S.

D.S.

Fine Chorus

D.S.

I a-dore her plain features 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 windows, no flick-er-ing glow
   Lights up the old home
2. Oft when the shadows of even-tide fall,
   I seem to hear her
3. 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 come now to pray'r,"
again 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'rence 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. Wonderful Jesus! glorious friend! He will be with me
2. Wonderful Jesus! showing the way Into the blessed
3. Wonderful Jesus! all thru the night He will enfold me,

unto the end, Cheering, upholding, keeping me strong,
kingdom of day; Guiding my footsteps, holding control,
giving me light; Then when the morning breaks on the shore,

Chorus
Fearless and loyal, shielding from wrong.
Making me happy, keeping me whole, Wonderful Jesus!
This He will whisper, "Mine ever more."

Marvelous King! Ever His praise my spirit shall sing, When I be-

hold His glorified face, How I shall praise His wonderful grace!
I'll Fly Away

Copyright, 1932, in "Wonderful Message"
Hartford Music Co., owner
Albert E. Brumley

1. Some glad morning when this life is o'er, I'll fly away;
2. When the shadows of this life have grown, I'll fly away;
3. Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away.

To a home on God's celestial shore,
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
To a land where joys shall never end,

I'll fly away, I'll fly away, I'll fly away,

O glory, I'll fly away; When I die,

Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away.
No. 180  There Shall be Showers of Blessing

El Nathan

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.
1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
3. Jesus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
4. Jesus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;  

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther away?  
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.  
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.  
They who believe on His name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.  

CHORUS.  
Calling today!...... Calling today!......  
Calling, calling to-day, to-day! Calling, calling to-day, to-day!  

Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling to-day.  
Jesus is tenderly calling to-day.
Is Thy Heart Right With God?

1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Are there no more condemnation for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
Over all evil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Jesus rule in the temple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment abide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

Chorus

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
Beautiful Gleanings Bring
Repeat chorus softly

an-thems of glad-ness ring, Go, and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!

No. 185 I'm On the Rock
"God only is my Rock."—Psa. 62:2

Mrs. B. Davis
Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson
Arr. Jno. T. Benson

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.
"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!
"Even so" it is well with my soul.

It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,
1. In Geth-sen-a-ne, dark, sad and lone, Grief-laden at close of day;
2. Lat-er on, fac-ing Pla-te 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;

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 suf-f’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 for-sok 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;

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 re-moved, Where He pleads for His loved, and own.
No. 188  

Death Is Only a Dream

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 myst ic 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 ransomed 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.
Gathering Home

Miss Mariana B. Slade

1. Up to the beautiful Giver of life,—Gathering home!
2. Up to the city where fall-eth no night,—Gathering home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove,—Gathering home!

Gathering home! Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The
Gathering home! Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The
Gathering home! Safe in the arms of His in-finite love, The

Chorus

dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gathering home! Gathering
Gathering home!

Gather-ing home! Ne-ver to sor-row more, ne-ver to roam; Gather-ing
home! Gather-ing home! Gather-ing home!

Repeat pp ad lib.

Gather-ing home! Gather-ing home! Gather-ing home!
God's children are gath-er-ing home!
No. 190  Safe in the Arms of Jesus.


1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care;
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

D.C.—Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast—

There by His love o'er shad- ed Sweet- ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er shad- ed Sweet- ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears,
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C.

O ver the fields of glory, O ver the jasper sea.
Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.
No. 191 What Would You Give in Exchange
F. J. Berry

1. Brother afar from the Savior to-day, Risk-ing your soul and
2. Mercy is call-ing you, won't you give heed? Must the dear Savior 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 die!

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-

change for your soul? O if to-day God should call it a-way,
No. 192
Some Glad Day
J. M. R.
Stamps-Baxter Music and Ptg. Co., owners
Will M. Ramsey

Chorus

D.S.-There'll come a glad day af-ter while, (after while.)

D.S.
No. 197  Sin Can Never Enter There
Rev. 21: 27
C. W. Naylor  Copyright, 1902, by B. E. Warren. R. E. Winsett, owner  B. E. Warren

1. Heaven is a holy place, filled with glory and with grace,
2. If you hope to dwell at last, when your life on earth is past,
3. You may live in sin below, heaven's grace refuse to know,
4. If you cling to sin till death, when you draw your latest breath,

Sin can never enter there; All within its gates are pure,
In that home so bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin,
But you cannot enter there; It will stop you at the door,
You will sink in dark despair, To the regions of the lost

from defilement kept secure, Sin can never enter there,
have the life of Christ within, Sin can never enter there,
bar you out forevermore, Sin can never enter there,
thus to prove at awful cost, Sin can never enter there.

Chorus

Sin can never enter there, Sin can never enter there; So, if at the

judgment bar, sinful spots your soul shall mar, You can never enter there.
No. 198  Savior, Lead Me, Lest I Stray
F. M. D.  Frank M. Davis

1. Savior, lead me lest I stray;
   Gentle When life's
   lead me all the way;
   I am safe when by Thy
   I would in Thy love abide.

2. Thou, the refuge of my soul,
   I am safe when Thou art
   stormy billows roll;
   To the land of endless
   All my hopes on Thee rely.

3. Savior, lead me then at last,
   I am
   storm of life is past,
   lead me all the way;
   I would
   Where all tears are wiped away.

   side,
   nigh,
   day,
   safe when by Thy side
   in Thy love abide.

   I would in Thy love abide.
   I would
   Where all tears are wiped away.
   lead me all the way;
   To the land of endless
   All my hopes on Thee rely.

Chorus

Lead me, lead me, Savior, lead me, lest I stray;.... Gentle

   lest I stray
   I am
   I would
   Where all tears are wiped away.

down the stream of time,

   stream of time,
   lead me all the way.
   I would in Thy love abide.
   Where all tears are wiped away.
   lead me all the way;
No. 199  Did You Think to Pray?

"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- vor,
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.
No. 200  The Great Redeemer
Francis Foster                          Samuel W. Beazley

1. How I love the great Redeemer Who is doing so much for me;
2. He has purchased my redemption, Rolled my burden of sin away,
3. Glory be to Him forever! Endless praises to Christ the Lamb!

With what joy I tell the story Of the love that makes men free, Till my
And walking on beside me, Growing dearer day by day. That is
He has filled my life with sunshine, He has made me what I am. O that

earthly life is ended, I will send...........songs above,...........
why I sing His praises, That is why.........joy is mine,...........
ev'ry one would know Him, O that all..........would adore!...........

Then beside the crystal sea More and more my soul shall be Prais-ing
That is why forever more On the everlasting shore I shall
O that all would trust the love Of the mighty Friend above And be

*Chorus *

Jesus and His love.
sing of love divine, He is ev'-ry-thing to me, to me, He is
His forever more.

*Bass to be sung loud. The other parts subdued and semi-staccato.
The Great Redeemer

He is every thing to me, And ev'ry-thing shall ev'ry-thing to me, And ev'ry-thing shall always be; I will never cease to raise A song of glad ness in His praise; Here, and in the world above, My soul shall sing of saving love; Life and light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.

Life and light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.
1. Tho a pilgrim, a stranger, a neggar I be As here I go traveling
2. Thru the troubles and trials and darkest of night He speaks and I hear His kind
3. Let the world amble on like the Babylon of old With beauty and charm to al-

on, Tho dearest of friends will not listen 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'ly treasures untold is far more exceeding and

Son; Tho the world in its folly, its sin and its shame, Neglectful ly joice; What more could I ask when the shadows grow dim And kindred and sure; My Redeemer will answer my sad feeble plea And guide me each

turns me way, I still have my Savior, O praise His sweet name, He loved ones betray, What more could I cherish than Jesus the friend Who hour of the day, A wonderful, wonderful Savior is He Who

Chorus

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,

Know somebody answers, know somebody answers,
know somebody answers, Pray'r

that I se-cret-ly pray; Know somebody loves me know somebody
se-cret-ly pray; I know some-bod-y answers some-bod-y loves me

know somebody loves me know somebody
loses me, Nev-er will turn me a-way, Je-sus

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.
No. 202

Anywhere Is “Home”

J. M. Henson
Morris and Henson, owners
Homer F. Morris

1. Earth-ly wealth and fame
   May nev-er come to me.

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
Sad with-in and sad with-out,
Till the morn shall dawn,
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
So I press, I press a-long,
Look-ing un-to Him,
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,
O I know ’tis home, sweet home,
An-y-where is home, If Christ my Lord is there.
An-y-where is home, sweet home, on-ly there.
Anywhere Is "Home"

Chorus

Anywhere is home, Let come and go what may,
Anywhere sweet home, come what may,

Anywhere I roam, He keeps me all the way;
Anywhere I chance to roam, each day;

So for His dear sake, My cross I'll meekly bear,
So far my dear Master's sake

Anywhere is home, If Christ, my Lord, is there.
Anywhere sweet home, only there.
No. 203  Jesus, Hold My Hand  
Copyright, 1938, in “Gems of Gladness,” by Hartford Music Co.
A. E. B.  Albert E. Brumley

1. As I travel thru this pilgrim land There is a Friend who walks with me, Leads me safely thru the sinking sand, It is the blessed way; Keep me that I may be wholly Thine and sing re-
of the sun, Lead me safely to a land of rest If I a

Christ of Calv- ar\-y; This would be my prayer, dear Lord, each
demption’s song some day; I will be a soldier brave and
crown of life have won; I have put my faith in Thee, dear
day To help me do the best I can, For I need Thy light to
ture 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, Blessed Je- sus, hold my hand,
daily meet the foe, Blessed Je- sus, hold my hand,
whom I can de-pend, Blessed Je- sus, 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 pilgrim 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,

0 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,
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 B. Brumley

1. In this world I've tried most ev'ry thing, And I'm happy
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 leader Like a
pray and shout, All my bur-dens have been lift-ed Since the:

good old-fash-ioned way; I am walk-ing in the old-time way,
mor-tal man would do; I would like to be a mil-lionaire,
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

Christian(Lord,) Than anything I know. I'd rather be an old-time

Christian(Lord,) Than anything I know, There's nothing like an old-time

Christian With a Christian love to show; I'm walking in the grand old

high-way, And I'm telling ev'ry-where I go, That I'd

rather be an old-time Christian(Lord,) Than anything I know.
Just a Little While

1. Soon this life will all be over And our pilgrimages will end,
   Soon we'll see the light of morning, Then the new day will begin,
   Soon we'll meet again our loved ones And we'll take them by the hand,

   Soon we'll take our heav'nly journey, Be at home again with friends;
   Soon we'll hear the Father calling, "Come, my children enter in;"
   Soon we'll press them to our bosom Over in the promised land;

   Heaven's gates are standing open, Waiting for our entrance there.
   Then we'll hear a choir of angels, Singing out the victory song,
   Then we'll be at home forever, Throughout all eternity,

   Some sweet day we're going over, All the beauties there to share.
   All our troubles will be ended And we'll live with heaven's throng.
   What a blessed, blessed morning That eternal morn will be!
Just a Little While

Chorus

Just a little while to stay here, Just a little while to stay here, stay here,

wait, Just a little while to labor In the path that's to wait, la-bor, la-bor,

always straight; Just a little more of that's always straight and narrow

trouble In this low and sinful state; sin-ful state;

Then we'll enter heaven's portals, Sweeping thru the pearly gates.

portals, portals, pearl-y gates
1. Master, the tempest is raging! the billows are tossing high!

2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to-day;

3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled—O, waken and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

Carlest Thou not that we perish? How canst Thou lie asleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
Linger, O, blessed Redeemer! Leave me alone no more;

When each moment so madly is threat'ning A grave in the angry deep?
And I perish! I perish! dear Master O hasten, and take control.
And with joy I shall make the best harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

CHORUS.

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace... be still......

Peace, be still peace, be still!
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what

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

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

Albert E. Brumley

A. E. B.

1. Here so many are break-ing tra-di-tions That are sa-cred the
whole world a-round, Seek-ing on-ly for rich-es and plea-sures
That so free-ly in this life a-bound; But I still love the pre-cious old
Bi-bble, 'Tis my com-fort, my guide and my stay, O I guess I'm just a
lit-tle old fash-ioned But I still love the old fash-ioned way.

2. O they say I'm old fash-ioned for trust-ing In the sto-ry of
long, long a-go, And they say I've an old fash-ioned fan-cy
that so free-ly in this life a-bound; But I still love the pre-cious old
And the pray'rs of the Christians so true; May the Sav-i-or who ru-l-eth in
lit-tle old fash-ioned For I still love the old fash-ioned way.

3. In this world that is doubt-ing and chang-ing, Chang-ing ways that are
old for the new, There's a need for the old-time re-li-gion
In this world that is doubt-ing and chang-ing, Chang-ing ways that are
And they say I've an old fash-ioned fan-cy

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 little old fashioned, But I still love the

old fashioned way, Lord, I care not for the world and its glory,

Or the life that is modern and gay; But I still love the songs about

Jesus And I still love the Bible so true, O I guess I'm just a

little old fashioned, But my Savior was old fashioned, too.
No. 208  I'll Meet You In the Morning
Respectfully dedicated to my wife, Goldie, and sons, Billey 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"/ibert E. Brumley

1. I will meet you in the morning, by the bright river side,
2. I will meet you in the morning, in the sweet by and by,
3. I will meet you in the morning, at the end of the way,

When all sorrow has drifted away; I'll be standing at the
And exchange the old cross for a crown; There will be no disap-
On the streets of that city of gold; Where we all can be to-

portals, when the gates open wide. At the close of life's long, dreary day.
pointments and nobody shall die. In that land, when life's sun goeth down.
gether and be happy for aye, While the years and the ages shall roll.

Chorus

Meet you in the morning, meet you in the morning,
I'll meet you in the morning, you in the morning,

"How do you do" "How do you do"
with a "How do you do" "How do you do" and we'll
I'll Meet You in the Morning

Sit down by the river, sit down by the river, sit down by the river. 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,

City, city built, that city built four square. In the city that is built four square.
No. 209
We Shall Understand
James Rowe
Soprano Solo
Mrs. T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., owner
T. B. Mosley

1. Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
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   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
   Some-time the light we all shall see,
   Some-time the veil of life shall rise,
We Shall Understand

storm-y, troubled land, For God at
shine at God's command, These cloud-ed
reached the better land, Somehow, when

last will make it clear, We shall un-der-stand.
days will soon be past, We shall un-der-stand.
all the shadows flee, We shall un-der-stand.

Chorus

Some-time our eyes will see,
Some-time (some-time) our eyes will see,
made plain 'twill be,
where (some-where) made plain 'twill be,

flee, We'll un-der-stand.
how) when shadows flee, We'll un-der-stand, we'll un-der-stand.
No. 210  I Would Not Miss It—Would You?

Herbert Buffum in "Joyful Songs" Virgil O. Stampe

1. If Christ should return in the clouds before night, I would not miss it, would you? And rising to greet Him His saints took their flight; O you? And rising to greet Him His saints took their flight; O

2. We've prayed for a mighty revival to come, I would not miss it, would you? It will come when within our own hearts 'tis begun; O you? It will come when within our own hearts 'tis begun; O

3. When sinners cry out as they cried long ago, I would not miss it, would you? And Christians the fullness of God's love would know; O you? And Christians the fullness of God's love would know; O

I would not miss it, would you? When those in the tomb once again 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 arise and appear on our view. When fortitude pow'r, And on those who look old-time blessings will show'r, Sup-is sought, And freely bestowed 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? posing it does come this very 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 blessed Redeemer Is soon to appear,
Blessed Redeemer, blessed Redeemer, Soon to appear,

The time of His coming is soon to appear,
Time of His coming, time of His coming,

Again" draw-eth near; With shouting and singing till
The time of His coming draw-eth near;

All heaven 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 wonderful life-giving story, Of a palace of beauty most rare; How the angels of peace come from glory,
2. When confusion of earth would confound me, When my spirit is weary with care, Heaven's quiet comes gently around me,
3. When the shadows of sorrow come o'er me, When my burdens are heavy to bear, Angel voices in mercy implore me often repair; For I feel my dear Savior's caressing,
4. So I'll live near this palace of blessing, To its courts I will receive a new vision of duty; Jesus meets us in the palace of pray'r.

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 pray'r.

We may leave ev'ry sor-row and care, And re-ceive a new vision of duty; Je-sus meets us in the pal-ace of pray'r. From a bove;
Better Mind the Lord

Favorite Songs and Hymns

F. M. Lehman

You had better 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 better mind the

Lord When He talks to you, When He tells you what you ought to do.

Show Pity, Lord

Isaac Watts

Old Southern Melody

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still ringing round Thy word.

Cho.—O depth of mercy! Can it be That mercy's still reserved for me?

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?
No. 214  Some Glad Day When Jesus Comes  
F. M. L  
Copyright, 1937, by Stamps-Baxter Music Co.
in "Starlit Crown"  
Frank M. Lynn

1. We shall have a wondrous home in glory,
2. All earth's sins and strife will then be end-ed,
   Some glad day, some glad day,
3. Bless-ed tho' 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,

No. 215  Enough For Me  
E. A. H.  
Rev. E. A. Hoffman

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowledge! 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 Ca-lva-ry!

Cho.—And that's e-nough for me, O that's e-nough for me:
Enough For Me

I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me.
I feel the sweet assurance, And that's enough for me.
I feel its cleaning power, And that's enough for me.

I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me.

No. 216

Parting Hand

"A Farewell Hymn"—1 Thes. 3:9 Jeremiah Ingals, 1805

1. My dearest friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweetest union prove;
2. How sweet the hours have passed away, When we have met to sing and pray;
3. And since it is God's holy will We must be parted for a while;
4. How oft I've seen the flowing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;

Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand
How loath I've been to leave the place Where Jesus shows His smiling face,
In sweet submission all in one, We'll say, "Our Father's will be done;
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet again,

D.S. And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.
D.S. But duty makes me understand That we must take the parting hand.
D.S. Fight on, you'll win the happy shore, Where parting hands are known no more.
D.S. O' taste His grace, in all that land We'll no more take the parting hand.

Your presence sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear,
O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my struggling mind!
Dear fellow youth in Christian ties, Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise, Jesus remembers all your cries;
No. 217
William Cowper

Redeeming Love

A. S. Kieffer

1. There is a fountain 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
John Fawcett

The Importance of Religion.—Phil. 3:8

Mear

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 an-ght 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.
No. 219  There'll Be No Sorrow There
Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana  Rev. C. R. Dunbar

1. O sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and sluggish drops, Roll off my marble brow;
3. When the last moment comes, O watch my dying face;
4. Then to my raptured ear, Let one sweet song be giv'n;

Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there;

D.C.

Sing songs of holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joyfulness, Let heav'n begin below.
To catch the bright seraphic gleam, Which on each feature plays.
Let music cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

In heav'n above where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

No. 220  Will the Waters Be Chilly
I. Watts  Arr. Refrain

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord for-give;
Let a re-penting re-bel live,
2. Are not Thy mercies large and free? Pre-pare me Lord to die.
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-fences pain my eyes,

wa-ters be chil-ly? Will the wa-ters be chil-ly? When I am called to die.
Ready

Charlie D. Tillman

1. Ready to suffer grief or pain, Ready to stand the test;
2. Ready to go, ready to bear, Ready to watch and pray;
3. Ready to speak, ready to think, Ready with heart and brain;
4. Ready to speak, ready to warn, Ready o'er souls to yearn;

Ready to stay at home and send Others, if He sees best.
Ready to stand aside and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Ready to stand where He sees fit, Ready to bear the strain.
Ready in life, ready in death, Ready for His return.

Chorus

Ready to go, ready to stay, Ready my place to fill;

Ready for service, lowly or great, Ready to do His will.

Oh, Glory to His Name

W. Cowper

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel’s veins, And sinners
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in His day; And there may
3. Dear dying 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 glory to His name, Yes, tho vile as he, Wash all my sins away. 

ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more glory to His name,

No. 223

Listen to the Voice of Jesus

Jennie Wilson

1. In the day time's gold-en light, Listen to the voice of Jesus;
2. While in downward paths you roam, Listen to the voice of Jesus;
3. Long-ing for a pur-er life, Listen to the voice of Jesus;
4. Find-ing par-don for your soul, Listen to the voice of Jesus;

D.S.—Weary one, by sin un-done, Listen to the voice of Jesus.

Refrain

He is call-ing, ev-er call-ing, Clear and sweet His words are fall-ing,

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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 blessing 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,

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

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; Beneath 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 ro-y-al
Are You Outside!

Refrain

ten-der lov-ing clasp, 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 wails each g est, A pardon free from sin.

Are you 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

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.
No. 227  I Will Arise and Go to Jesus
Arr. by H. F. Morris

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify;
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;

Cho.—I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. Chorus

Jesus reads to save you, Full of pity, love and pow'r,
True belief and true repentance, Every grace that brings you nigh.
All the fitness He requir eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all.

In the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

No. 228  Passing Away
Chas. Wesley

1. And must I be to judgment brought And answer in that day,
2. For ev'ry vain and idle thought And ev'ry word I say?
3. Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert For all that I have done.
How careful then, ought I to be With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give For my behavior here.

Chorus

We are passing away, We are passing away;
To the great judgment day.
1. Christ went a building to prepare, Not made with hands; And 'twill be decked with
2. Put on the armor of our God, Not made with hands; And take the path our
3. With shield of faith defy the foe, Not made with hands; Until you hear the
4. Then come up, children, get your crown, Not made with hands; When you have laid your

Fine Chorus

jewels rare, Not made with hands.
captain trod, Not made with hands. I know (I know,) I know (I know,)
trumpet blow, Not made with hands.
ar mor down, Not made with hands.
No. 231  When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts  (PISGAH)  J. C. Leroy

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fie-ry darts be hurled,
3. Let care like a wild deluge come And storms 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;

I'll bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage And face a frowning 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 peaceful breast.

D.C.

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-thers 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.
The Unseen Hand

1. There is an unseen 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) unseen hand,

No. 234

Jesus Loves Even Me

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wander a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
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

J. D. C.

J. D. (Main Line) Coons

Jesus is the only Saviour, Loudly let the anthems ring;
Jesus is the great Baptist, Glory, hal-le-lu-jah sing!
On, in

is the mighty Healer, Gladly the message bring,
Him we go rejoicing, (Omit) He is our coming King.

No. 236  On the Main Line

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

Jesus, my Pilot, 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 Jesus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Jesus! Efulgent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Jesus! Tho rough be my path and long be the way,
The Light of the World is Jesus

Dis-pel-l ing 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,

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 his jour-ney, 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.
No. 239

Lord, Revive Us

Arr.

1. Savior visit Thy plant-ation; Grant us, Lord a gracious rain!
   All will come to des-o-la-tion, Unless Thou return again.
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;
   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

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! Thee will I o-pen wide;

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!
1. Come, humble sinner, 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 lover of the Lord, (of the Lord,)
O you must be a lover 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

1. Lov-ing Sav-i-ors, 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 ce-
5. On-ly faith will par-don bring, Par-don bring, par-don bring; In tha,
0 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,
High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o’er-flow-ing;
2 Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev’ry bond is riv-en;
Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en;
3 Let the tes-ti-mo-ny roll, Roll thru ev’ry na-tion,
Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal-va-tion;
4 Glo-ry be to God on high, Glo-ry be to Je-sus!
He hath bro’t sal-va-tion nigh, 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!
I'll Be Satisfied

1. When my soul is singing in that promised land above,
   I'll be satisfied; There to meet with loved ones, never more.

2. Living in a city where the soul shall never die,
   There I'll join the angels singing.

3. When I meet the ransomed over on the golden shore,
   At my meeting with loved ones, nevermore.

D.S._ When my soul is resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.

D.S. (satisfied) I'll be satisfied; (satisfied)

Take Higher Ground

1. Seek the blessings of a heart made pure, In whose depth no evil shall be found;
2. Seek to lay aside each sinful weight, And in blessed liberty arise;
3. Take the higher ground where joys abide, Which the world can never take away;
Take Higher Ground

With a faith and hope that doth endure, In the Christian life take higher ground. All to Jesus fully consecrate, And then claim the gift that near thee lies. In the Savior's pow'r and love confide, And surrender all to Him for aye.

D.S.—With His mercy free enrolling thee, In the Christian life take higher ground.

Chorus

Take higher ground, take higher ground, Richly doth the grace of God abound.

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 along by Si-
3. If they lead thru the temple holy, Preaching the Word; Or in homes 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

footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
foam's fountains, Helping the weak,
poor and lowly, Serving the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow,
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.
steps of Jesus End at His throne.

D.S.

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 Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Jesus ever, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Jesus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Jesus bowing, Falling prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and comfort give you; Take it then, wherever you go.
It temp-ta-tions round you gather, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms receive 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 Jesus sounds, In a believe'er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit 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.

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 rag-ing high,

high, . . . . . O hide . . . . . you in the blood, Till the dangers pass you by.
storms are rag-ing high, O hide
No. 254  Silent Night, Holy Night
Joseph Mohr  Franz Gruber

1. Silent night, All is calm, all is bright; Round yon virgin mother and Child,
   Holy night! Holy Infant so tender and mild,

2. Silent night! Shepherds quake at the sight; Glory stream from heaven afar,
   Holy night! Heavy hosts sing Alleluia,

3. Silent night! Son of God, love's pure light; Radiant beams from Thy holy face
   Holy night! With the dawn of redeeming grace,

Sleep in heav'ny peace, Sleep in heav'ny peace,
Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ the Savior is born!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

No. 255  O Why Not Tonight?
J. Calvin Bushey

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. Tomorrow's sun may never rise To bless thy long seduced sight;
3. Our Lord in pity lingering still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
4. Our blessed Lord refuses none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Be saved, O tonight.
This is the time, O then, be wise, Be saved, O tonight.
Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, O tonight.
Believe, obey, the work is done, Be saved, O tonight.
Chorus

Why Not Tonight?

No. 256  Why Not Now?

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a-way; Do not risk another day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, confession make; Come to Christ and pardon take;

While your Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But today accept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
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? Jesus now?
1. Christ is King! thru ev'ry na-tion Let the ti-dings ring;
2. Lands of earth and isles of o-cean, Tithes and tributes bring;
3. When the heirs of glad sal-va-tion Songs to Zi-on bring,
4. Sa-tau's pow'r shall then be bro-ken, Death hath 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-umphant sto-ry, Men and an-gels sing;
Crown'd in heav'n the Prince of Glo-ry, Christ is Lord and Christ is King!
No. 258

The Great Glad Day

Mrs. J. M. Hunter  T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., owner  T. B. Mosley

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 wonder oft When that blessed day shall dawn,
3. In the shining ranks, giving praise and thanks, Sinner, don't you want a place?
4. Bells of heaven chime, usher in the time, Come Thou, Christ, whom we adore;

With their wings unfurled they shall leave the world For their mansions in the skies.
It is hidden yet, duty must be met, So in faith I'm pressing on.
Turn to Jesus now, in contrition bow, He'll prepare you thru His grace.
Gold-en harps, ring out, all ye saved men, shout Glory, glory evermore.

Chorus

O that great glad day, in His bright array, We shall then hold the King!

O the joy our souls shall in heaven know, In that good and great glad day!
No. 259

In the Gospel Way

James Rowe

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1912

A. J. Showalter

1. Christ is dear to me always near to me, Safely keeping me from day to day; Never chiding me, always guiding 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,

2. How He cares for me what He bears for me, How He strengthens 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,

3. I will cling to Him, trust Him, sing to Him, Till I meet Him home-ward, Christ is lead-ing and I shall not stray; Marching home-ward with Je-sus,

Chorus

In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way, Up-ward
0 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; Marching with Je-sus, sing-ing, In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way.
Look, Ye Saints!

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious
   See the "Man of Sorrows" now;

2. Crown the Savior, angels, crown Him:
   Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
   Mocking thus the Savior's claim;

4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
   Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!

From the fight returned victorious,
   Every knee to Him shall bow;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him,
   While the vault of heaven rings:

Saints and angels crowd around Him,
   Own His title, praise His name:
Jesus takes the highest station:
   What joy the sight affords!

Crown Him, crown Him;
   Crowns become the Victor's brow;
Crown the Savior, "King of kings;"
   Spread abroad the Victor's fame;

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;"

Crown Him, crown Him;
   Crowns become the Victor's brow.
Crown the Savior, "King of kings;"
   Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;"
No. 261

At the Cross

Isaac Watts

R. E. Hudson

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sovereign die;
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. But drops of grief can never repay The debt of love I owe:

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pity, grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do!

Chorus

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

burden of my heart rolled away, It was there by

faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!
I'll Live for Him

O may I ever faithful be, My Savior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Savior and my God!
I consecrate my life to Thee, My Savior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Savior and my God!

Chorus

Shall We Gather at the River?

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

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Chorus

Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."
At the Cross

1. Alas, and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe:

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pity, grace un-known! And love bey - ond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the creature'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

I'll Live For Him

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, 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 ever faithful be, My Savior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Savior and my God!
I consecrate my life to Thee, My Savior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Savior and my God!

No. 265  Shall We Gather at the River?

Rev. Robert Lowry

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

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Chorus

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

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.
1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright forever, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we know His blessed favor, And sit down upon His throne?

Chorus

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm; Gone evermore; and by His grace I know The doubts and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a loving God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Calvary's tree.

2. Once I was lost upon the plains of sin; Once was a slave to all that would alarm; Gone evermore; and by His grace I know The doubts and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a loving God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Calvary's tree.

3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now I see; Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now I see; Once I was a slave to the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm; Gone evermore; and by His grace I know The doubts and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a loving God, But now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation on Calvary's tree.

Chorus

precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed away in Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

I Love Him

No. 269

English Hymn Book

S. C. Foster
No. 270  O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

W. Gladden  H. P. Smith

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service 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 closer, dearer company,
4. In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way,

Tell me Thy secret; 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 over wrong.
In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live.

No. 271  Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Anonymous  William B. Bradbury

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful tho we be;
4. Early let us seek Thy favor; Early let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
Blessed Lord and only Savior, With Thy love our bosoms 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

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be;
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the 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. Jesus keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting, ever,

Free to all—a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the Bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Chorus

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever;

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

No. 274  
No, Not One

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr.

Geo, C. Hugg

1. There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and holy, 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 ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, not one! no, not one!
No, Not One

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

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

Chorus

Jesus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

1. Hover o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trem-bl ing 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,

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

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;
Pass Me Not

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry; While on others
2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, 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 calling, Do not pass me by.
deep contrition, Help my unbelieving. Savior, Savior, Hear my humble
broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav’n but Thee?

I Need Thee Ev’ry Hour

1. I need Thee ev’ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev’ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev’ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev’ry hour, Most Holy One; O make me Thine in-
I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

Chorus

Thine Can peace afford.
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.

I need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-i-or, I come to Thee!

No. 281

Nothing But the Blood

R. L.  Robert Lowry

1. What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. For my par-don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;

What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

O precious 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, 
   I'll go with Him thru the gar-den, I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, 
   I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, 
   He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, 

2. I'll go with Him thru the gar-den, I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, 
   I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, 
   He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, 

3. I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, 
   I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, 
   He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, 

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, 

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; 
   Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? 
   Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; 
   Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; 

2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? 
   Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me. 

3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; 
   Tho we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon 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?
Softly and Tenderly

Chorus

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, come home,

Earnest-ly, tender-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 284
While Jesus Whispers

W. E. Witter

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,
cieve 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!
Blessed Assurance

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
   glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
   born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now
   burst on my sight; Angels descending, bring from above
   echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story,
   filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, In my Savior am
   happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above,
   this is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long; This is my
   story, this is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long.

Chorus

Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
Echos of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Savior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Praising 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’! 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 Jordan’s stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye.
2. O’er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan’s fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.
There God the Son forever reigns, And scatters night away.
When shall I see my Father’s face, And in His bosom rest?
Tho Jordan’s waves around me roll, Fearless I’d launch away.

Chorus

We will rest in the fair and happy land, By and by, Just a-
cross on the ever-green shore, Sing the song of ever-green shore,
Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ever-more.
The Home Over There

D. W. C. Huntington

1. O' think of a home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. O' think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Savior is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;

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 away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Many dear to my heart over there Are watching and waiting for me.

Chorus

Over there, over there, O' think of the home over there,
Over there, over there, O' think of the friends over there,
Over there, over there, My Savior is now over there,
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there,

O' over there, over there, over there, O' think of a home over there.
O' over there, over there, O' think of the friends over there.
O' over there, over there, My Savior is now over there.
O' over there, over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred 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 dews and damps;  
He is sitt-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 righte-ous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps;  
O be switt, my soul, to an-swering 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.
God Be With You

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you, God be
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings secure—hide you, Daily manna still provide you, God be
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms un-failing round you, God be
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you, God be

Chorus

with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet,

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet again,
I Love to Tell the Story

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love. I love to tell the story, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my long-ings As nothing else can do.

2. I love to tell the story, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fanc-ies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to seem, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the story, It did so much for me; And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill va-tion From God's own ho-ly Word.

3. I love to tell the story, 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have loved so long.

4. I love to tell the story, For those who know it best Seem iPP £ Je-sus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. I love to hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
3. Content with beholding His face, My all to His pleasure resigned,
4. Dear Lord, if indeed 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 presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:
No changes of season or place Would make any change in my mind:
Say, why do I languish and pine, And why are my winters so long?

Even me, even me, Let some drops now fall on me;
Even me, even me, Let Thy mercy light on me;
Even me, even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Even me, even me, Magnify them all in me;

Even me, even me, Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me, even me, Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me, even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
Even me, even me, Magnify them all in me.
No. 291  
I Love to Tell the Story

Catherine Hankey  
William G. Fischer

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of
2. I love to tell the story, More wonderful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the story, 'Tis pleasant to repeat What
4. I love to tell the story, For those who know it best Seem

Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love, I love to
all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams, I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet, I love to
hunger-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 coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee; Friends and time and earthly store;
4. In the promises I trust; Now I feel the blood applied;
5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfect ed in Him I am;

Cho. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
D.C. for Chorus

I am counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find,
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and body Thine to be, Wholly Thine forevermore.
I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am crucified.
I am every whit made whole: Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Content with behold-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 presence 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 pris-ons would pal-a ces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safe every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.
D.C.—He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
D.C.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;
Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages, 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 trials 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-able 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 dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine,
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
dea-avor to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!
Abide With Me

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

dep - 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 my 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 me!
round I see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thru cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee - In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Sun of My Soul

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 servant’s eyes!
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour’s breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 301 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Ray Palmer

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
While life’s dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
When ends life’s transient dream, When death’s cold, sul len stream

Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow’s
Shall o’er me roll; Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!
tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.
trust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!
2. Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,

Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear;
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wondering if our names are there;

Weary souls for'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,
Wading deep the dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,

Whisper softly, "Wan'der, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

1. Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine;
2. Holy Ghost, with pow'rdivine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;
Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.
Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down every idol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone.

No. 304

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

Rev. John B. Dykes

1. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
All the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
Tho the darkness hide Thee, Tho the eye of
Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall

2. Holy, Holy, Holy!
All the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
Tho the darkness hide Thee, Tho the eye of
Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall

3. Holy, Holy, Holy!
All the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
Tho the darkness hide Thee, Tho the eye of
Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall

4. Holy, Holy, Holy!
All the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
Tho the darkness hide Thee, Tho the eye of
Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall

morning our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-ub-im and seraphim
sinful man Thy glory may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Merciful and Mighty! God in Three persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before Thee, Who wert, and art, and ever more shalt be,
there is none beside Thee Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
Merciful and Mighty! God in Three persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

\( \text{\#304} \)
No. 305
F. Whitfield

O How I Love Jesus

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Father hath In store for ev'ry day, And tho I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each

Chorus

music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea. O how I love Jesus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

No. 306
William Cowper

There Is a Fountain

Lowell Mason

1. There is a fountain 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 sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
D.S. And there may I, the vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
D.S. Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
D.S. Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
D.S. When this poor lisp-ing, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.

D.S. And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
D.S. And there may I, the vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
D.S. Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
D.S. Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
D.S. When this poor lisp-ing, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.

No. 307

Amazing Grace

Jonn Newton

1. Amazing grace how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Through man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have already come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun;

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed.
'Twas grace that bro't me safe thus far And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun.
No. 308  Only Trust Him  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,

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  E. F. Rimbault

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-i-or and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great trans-action's done! I am the Lord's, and He is mine;
4. He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.

Chorus

On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit........) save you now.
O Happy Day

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day;

No. 310

Revive Us Again

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

Chorus

died, and is now gone above.
Savior, and scattered our night. Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallel-
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
kin-died with fire from above.

lu-jah! amen; Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.
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. Thou coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect

Chorus

in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. I am coming, Lord!
hope, and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

Come-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, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, 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!
Fightings 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-iour's love re-vealing.
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? Was left a-jar for me?
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
vileness ful ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure. I am coming, 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!

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
No. 315  The Gate Ajar For Me  
Mrs. Lydia Baxter  
S. J. Vail

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thru its portals gleaming,
2. That gate a-jar stands free for all Who seek thru it salvation;
3. Press on-ward then, tho foes may frown,While mercy's gate is open:
4. Beyond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is given,

A radiance from the cross a-far, The Savior's love revealing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of every tribe and nation.
Accept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ever-lasting token.
And bear the crown of life away, And love Him more in heaven.

Chorus

O depth of mercy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?

For me, for me? Was left a-jar for me?
Jesus Saves

1. We have heard the joyful sound: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
2. Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
3. Sing above the battle strife, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Spread the tidings all around; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell to sinners far and wide: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Bear the news to every land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea; Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Sing it softly thru the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves;
Shout salvation full and free; Highest hills and deepest caves;

Onward! 'tis our Lord's command; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Earth shall keep her jubilee: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
This our song of victory,—Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Rest For the Weary

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumphs as ye go;

There my Savior's gone before me To fulfill my soul's request.
For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.
But, in that celestial center, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zion's gates will open for you, Ye shall find an entrance thru,

Chorus

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you;
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before; Christ, the royal Master, soldiers, On to victory! Hell's foundations quiver, treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, voices In the triumph song; Glory, laud and honor,

Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See, His banners go.
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices Loud your anthems raise!
All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
Unto Christ the King; This thru countless ages, Men and angels sing.

Chorus

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus, Going on before.
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 com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be parted, right and left, them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come? part, 'I know ye not,'

2. There's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to 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?

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 sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

Chorus
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Feiring neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho the loss sustained our

and the dewy eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed, spir- it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us wel-come,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the

sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; ing, bringing in the sheaves.

(omit)

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 undisturbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
With holy confidence to sing, That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ashes lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 322

Blessed Be the Name

Charles Wesley

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 - celled 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 foulest 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

Chorus

I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
lean for succor on His breast Till He conduct me home.
Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

No. 324  Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams  Lowell Mason

D. S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, My God, to Thee

That raiseth 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 mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Upward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

No. 325
The Solid Rock

Edward Mote
William B. Bradbury

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the overwhelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

Chorus

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is

sink-ing sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand. Amen.
All Hail the Power

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate 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-cibe, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song.

2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the 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-cibe, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song.

3. Let ev-ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe; On this ter-res-trial ball, 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-cibe, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song.

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-cibe, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song.

Second Tune

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!

2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

3. Let ev-ry kin-dred, ev-ry tribe; On this ter-res-trial ball, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all!

4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall! Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, 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 petition bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlasting prize;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thru the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.
No. 328  What Wondrous Love

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 Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross!
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His royal banner, It must not suffer loss:
Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day, the noise of battle, The next, the victor's song:

From victory unto victory, His army shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, Against unnumbered foes;
Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto pray'r,
To Him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be;

Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
He with the King of Glory Shall reign eternally!

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

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
   Tis the old time religion, Tis the old time religion,
   Tis the old time religion, And it's good enough for me.
   It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2. Makes me love ev'ry-body.

3. It has saved our fathers.

4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

5. It was good for the Hebrew children.

6. It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7. It was good for Paul and Silas.

8. It will do when I am dying.

9. It will take us all to heaven.

No. 332

The Great Physician

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus;

2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Jesus;
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.

3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Jesus;
   I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Jesus.

4. And when to that bright world a-bove We rise to be with Jesus;
   We'll sing a-round the throne of love, His name, the name of Jesus.


Chorus

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue;
Whiter Than Snow

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want Thee for ever to live in my soul: Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;

2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up my self, and what ev'ry I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than

3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat, I wait blessed see Thy blood flow: nev-er said'stno:

4. Lord Jesus, Thou see'est I patiently wait: Come now, and wait. For Thy crucified feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I in me a new heart create. To those who have sought Thee, Thou in my soul: Break down ev'ry idol, cast snow, yes, whit-er than snow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
No. 334  Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me
Edward Hopper

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me over life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar

D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot Thee."

D.C.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

No. 335  Is My Name Written There?
Mrs. Mary A. Kidder

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold, I would make sure
   In the book of Thy kingdom With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O
   For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, Thou thy sins be
3. O that beautiful city With its mansions of light, With its glory
   Where no evil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where the angels

of heaven, I would enter the fold;
my (Omit) Savior, Is my name written there?
my (Omit) Is sufficient for me;
as (Omit) scarlet, I will make them like snow.
bled beings In pure garments of white;
are (Omit) watching, Is my name written there?

D.S.—Is my name written there?
Is My Name Written There?

Chorus

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom,

No. 336

What a Friend

Joseph Scriven

What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

Charles C. Converse

What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Savior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake Thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer!
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer!
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
No. 337

Sweet By and By

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-u-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

dwell-ing place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall

bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by and by, We shall

hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by,

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-

ti-ful shore.
No. 338  
Blest Be the Tie  
John Fawcett  
Hans G. Nagell

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

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.  
And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

No. 339  
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard  
George Heath  
Lowell Mason

1. My soul, be on Thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The  
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Re-  
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; The  
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
new it boldly every day, And help divine implore.  
work of faith will not be done, Till thou obtain the crown.  
take thee, at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.
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 enter there,
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the star-ry sky;
3. While here, a strange far from home, Affliction's waves may round me foam;
4. Let others 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 Goming

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.

No. 342
Gloria Patri, No. 1
Charles Meineke

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is


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.
No. 344  All People That on Earth Do Dwell
Psalm 100  Louis Bourgeois

1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
2. Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid He did us make;
3. Enter then His gates with joy, With in His courts His praise proclaim;
4. Because the Lord our God is good, His mercy is forever sure;

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ, O bless and magnify His name.
His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

No. 345  Praise God
Thos. Ken  Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below;

Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

D.S.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise Him all creatures here below;
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All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall.

Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all,