GREATEST HYMNS

By J. A. LEE

Round and Shape Notes

Published by

J. A. LEE & COMPANY

GLENCOE, KY.

SHAPED NOTES

Luke 15 - 21
Paying and getting out
or prisoners of hope

Greatest Hymns

For use in the

Churches, Evangelistic Services, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, Devotional Meetings, Singing Conventions, Institutes, Schools and the Home

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Containing

Solos, Duets, Quartets, Choir Pieces, Etc.

Compiled by

J. A. LEE, PASTOR-EVANGELIST

Author of Lasting Hymns and Lasting Hymns No. 2

Published in Music Edition Only

Prices in Round or Shaped Notes. Cloth-Board Binding 35c each by mail, Postage Paid. $3.60 per dozen, by mail, Postage Paid. By Express, not Prepaid, $3.00 per dozen, $25.00 per 100.

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PREFACE

GREATEST HYMNS comes before the musical world to assist in the Redeemer's Kingdom. The name of this book tells you exactly what it is. Examine it for yourself, and, if you do not want it, take something that is not the Greatest Hymns.

In the praise that we render to our great God, let us always aim for the best. Greatest Hymns contains more old songs and more new songs than any other book for the money. More than 100 new songs which are not in any other book, are found in this book.

The expense in getting out this book has been great, but we started out to do our best and we have spared nothing to make it a success.

We have sold one and one-half million copies of Lasting Hymns, and we propose to sell more of Greatest Hymns.

If you will tell others about this book, or give us the names of Individuals, Churches, Sunday Schools, Singing-School Teachers, as soon as they make an order, we will send you free 50 cents worth of our choice sheet music.

It is the business of all to do good in the world, and we ask you to join us in putting the best hymn book that has ever been brought out, before the people. There is no Bible subject which has been neglected in compiling this book. The greatest music writers in this country are represented by their best hymns.

The make-up of this book is first-class in quality of paper used, binding, etc. The cheapest binding is not manila paper, that you ordinarily find on the backs of cheap books. It is cloth-lined. The Price is certainly within the reach of every one.

With a prayer that God may use Greatest Hymns to His glory, we send forth this book on its mission.

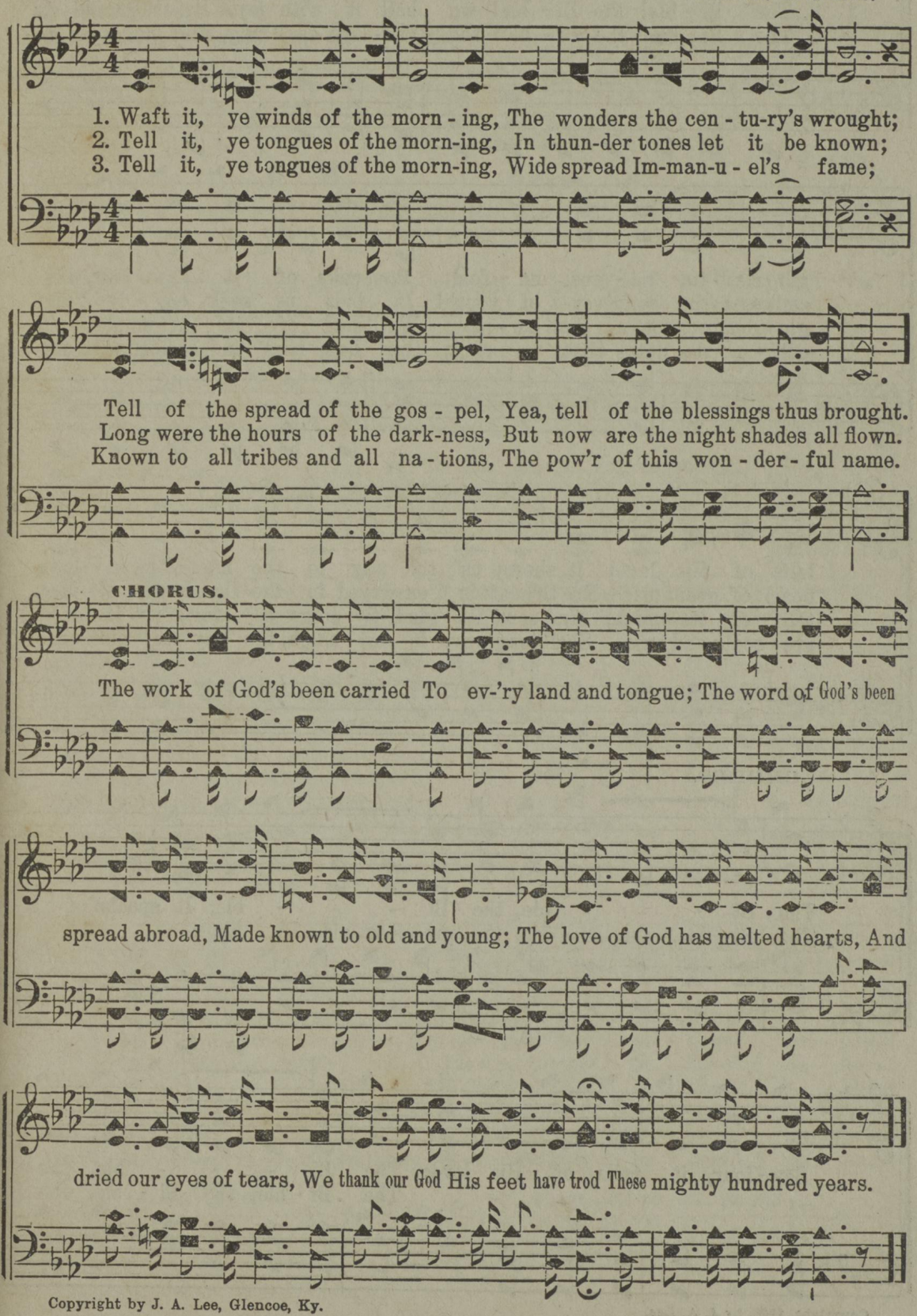
J. A. LEE.

* Spec. Coll. 5/82 $4.50 Parkrat mkts.

GREATEST HYMNS.

No. 1. TWENTIETH CENTURY HYMN.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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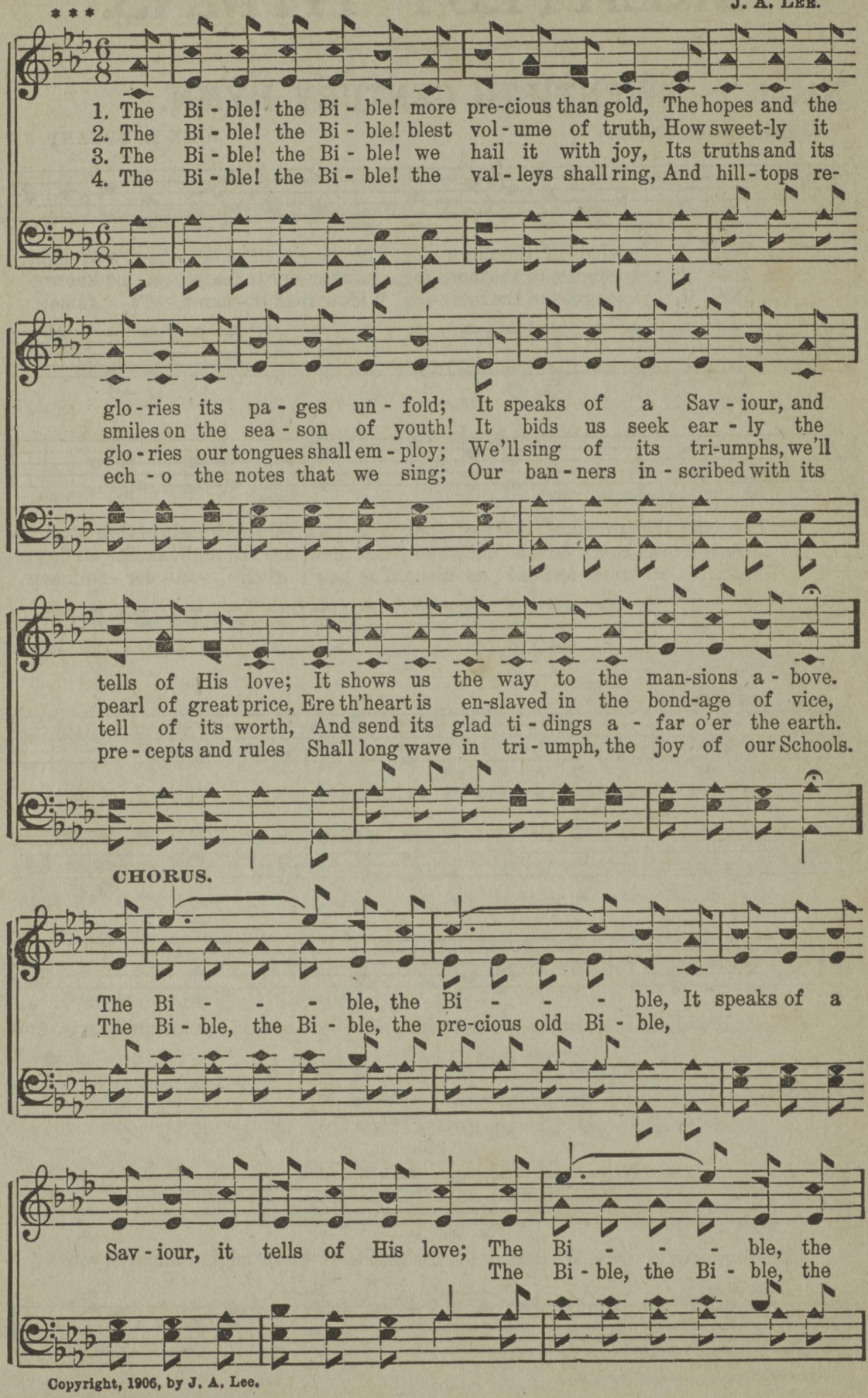
The Bible.

J. A. Lee.



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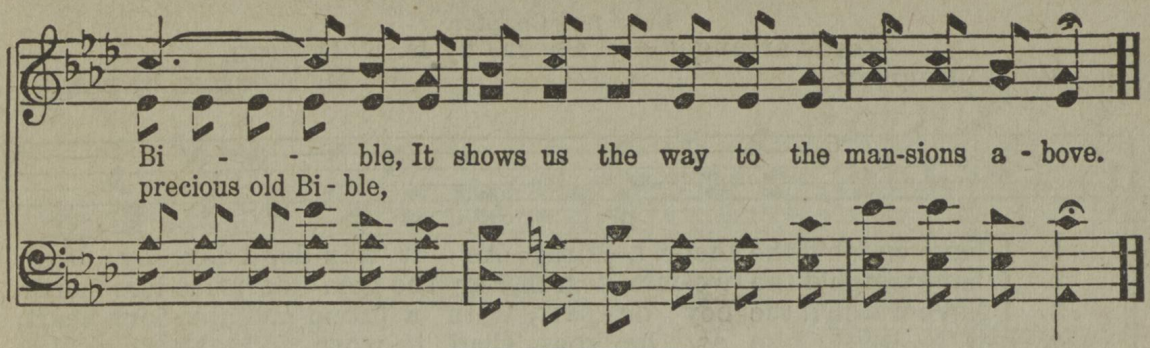
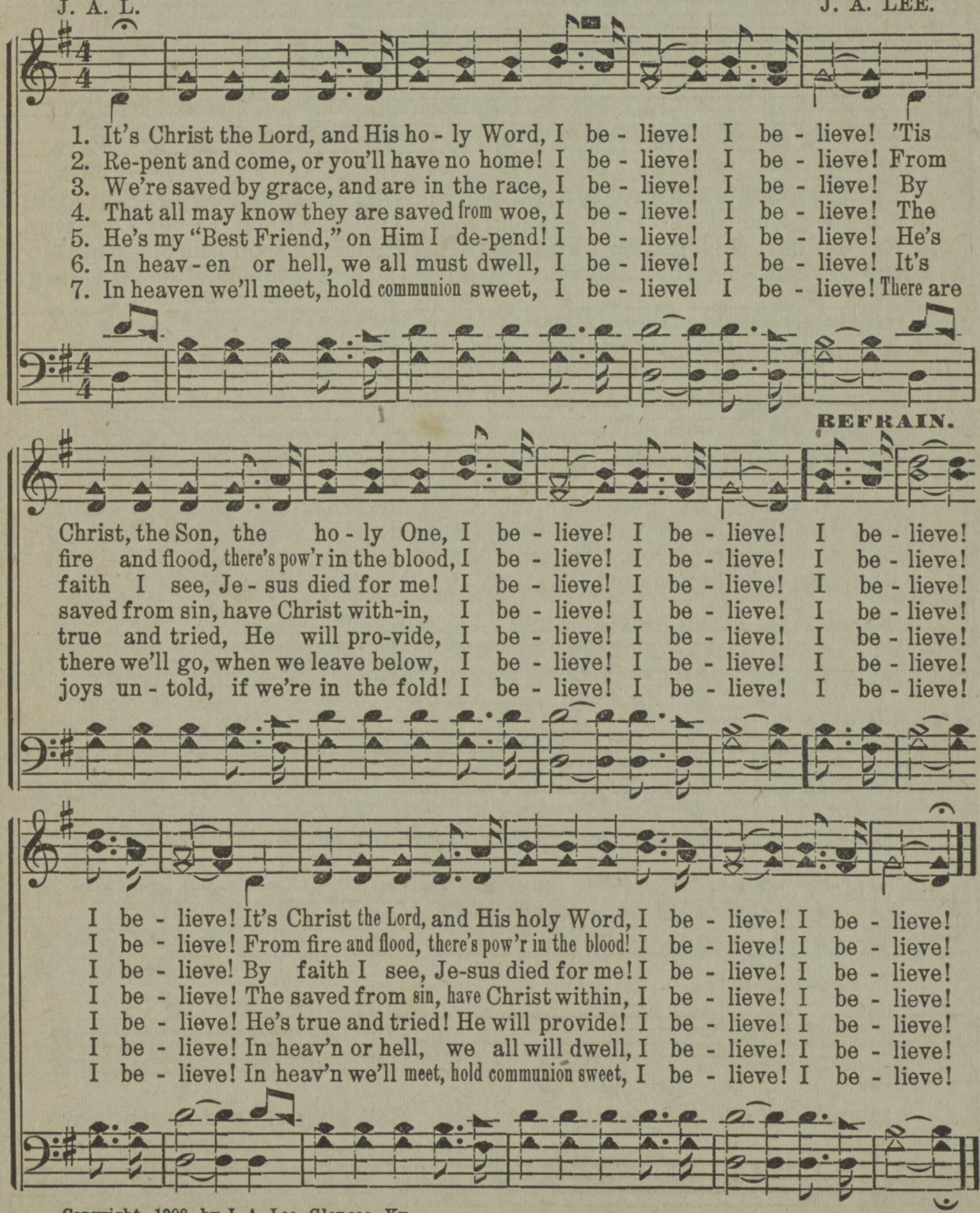
The Bible.



No. 3. I BELIEVE.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.



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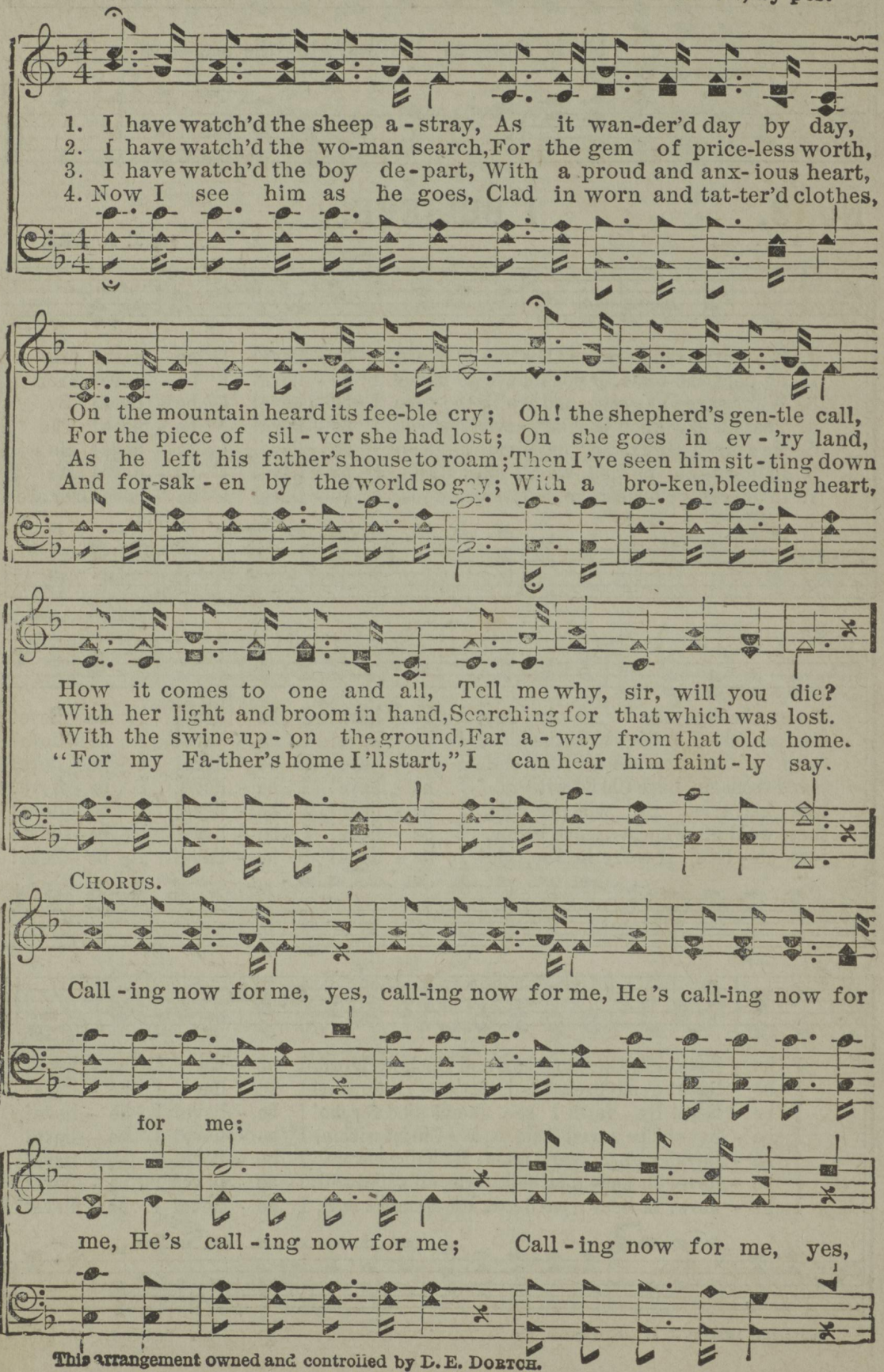
No. 4 CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON. W. M. ROBISON, by per.



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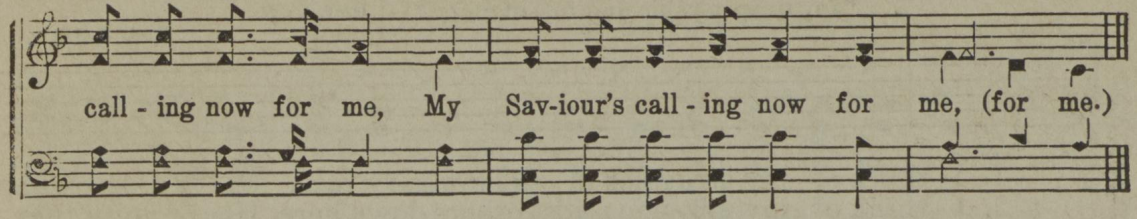
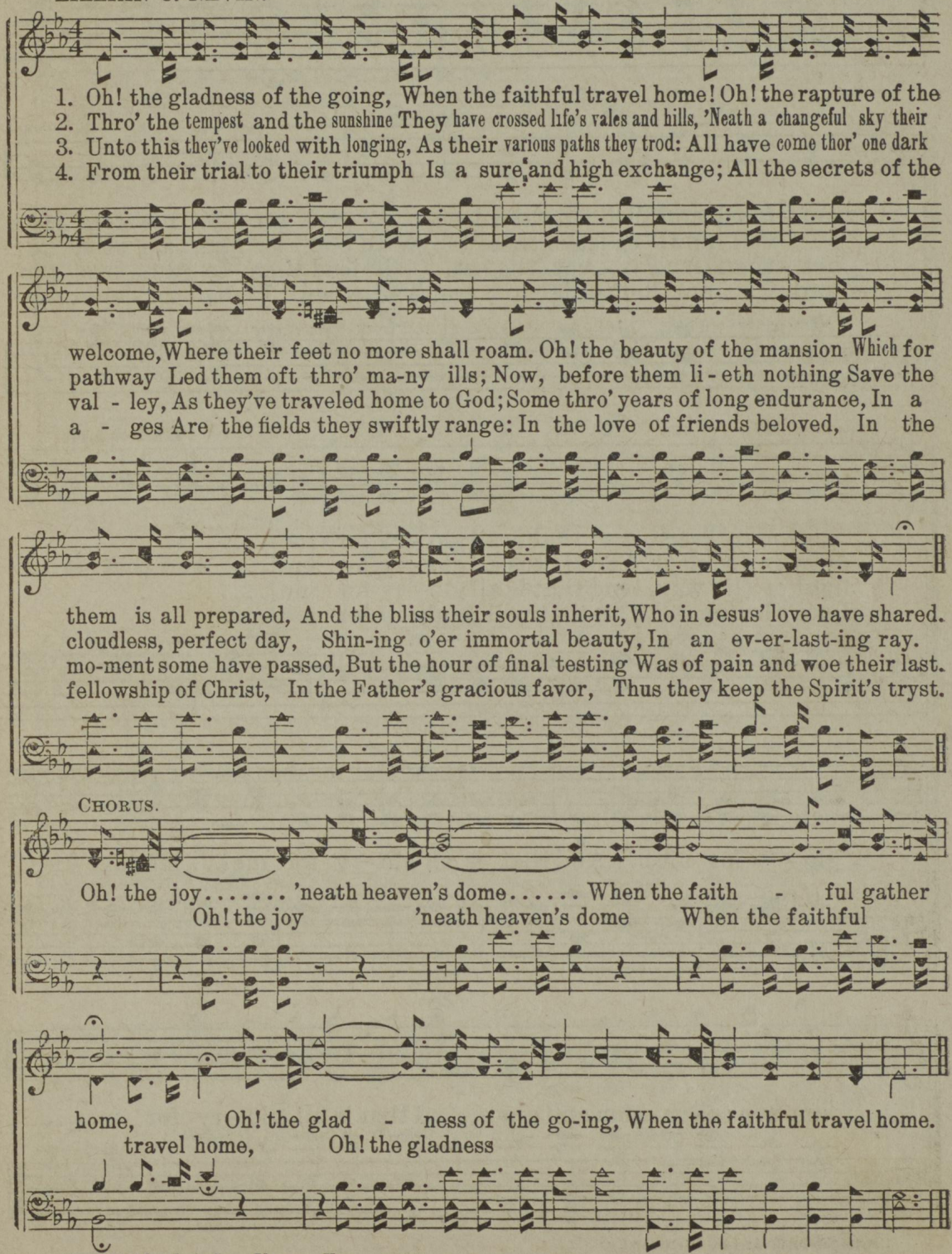
CALLING FOR ME.



No. 5. THE GLADNESS OF THE GOING.

LILLIAN C. NEVIN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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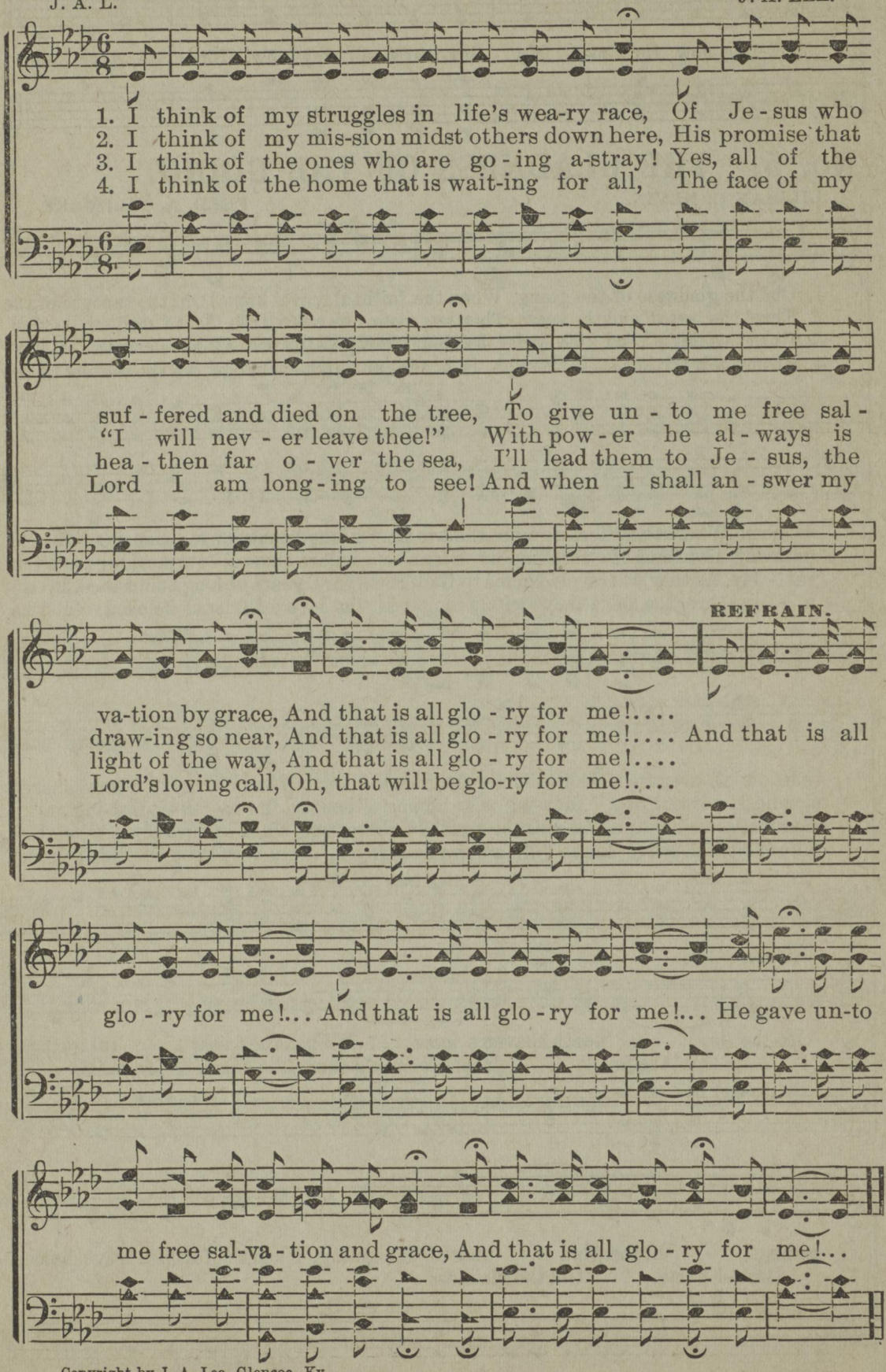
No. 6. GLORY FOR ME!

"Joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 PET. 1: 8.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.



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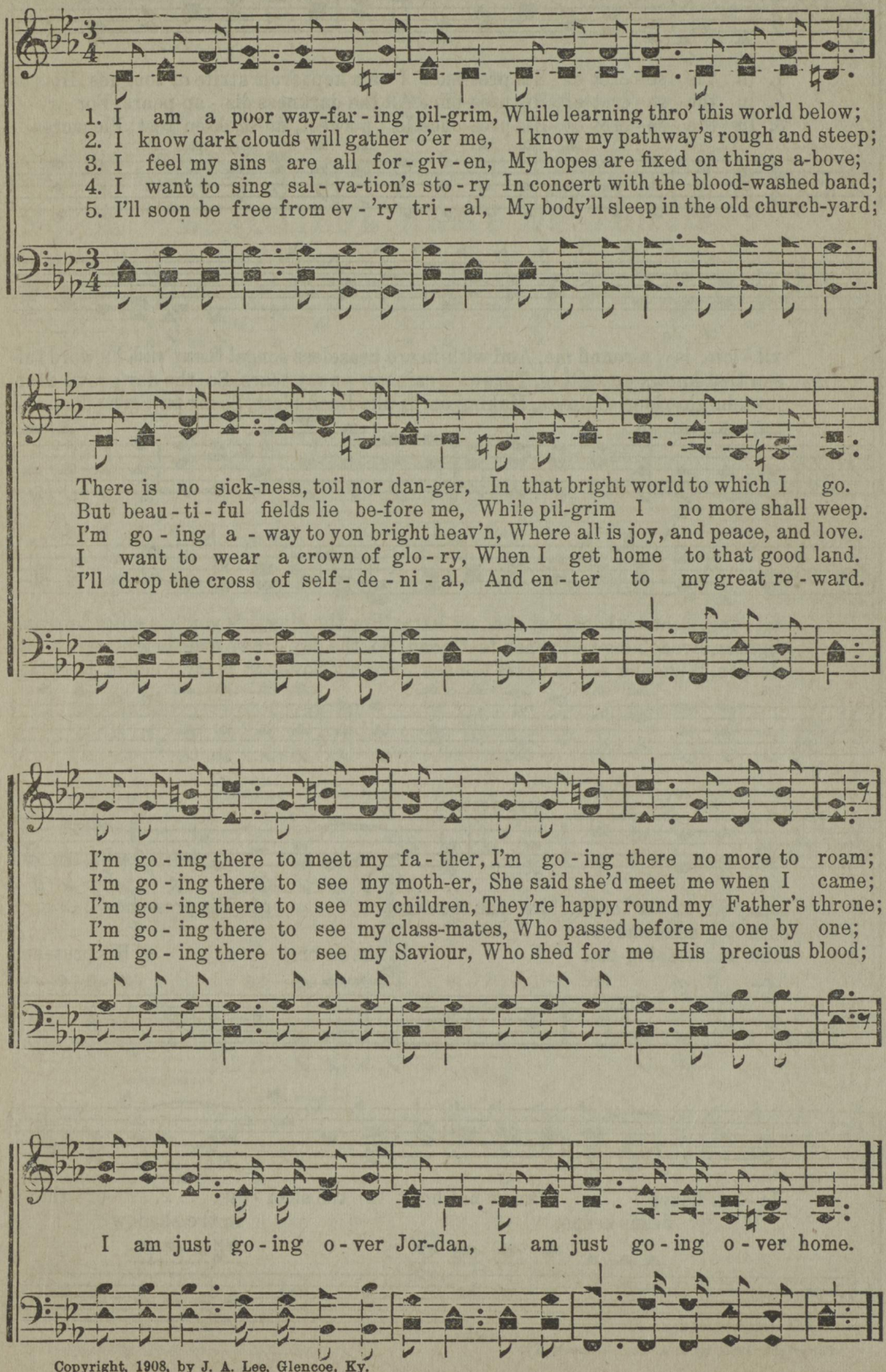
No. 7. THE WAYFARING PILGRIM.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. 11: 13.

J. H. SHARP.



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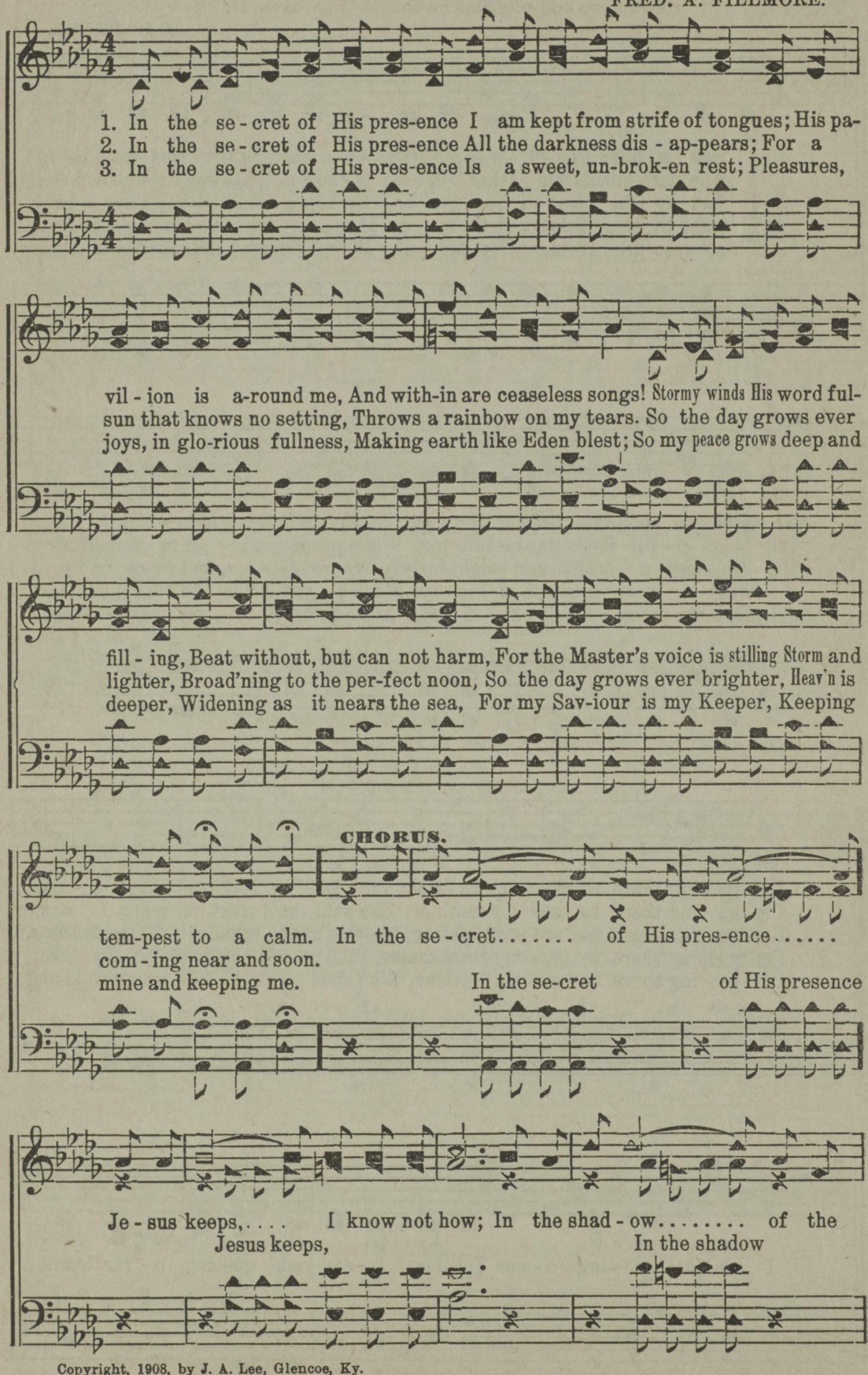
No. 8. IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE.

(May be used as a Solo.)

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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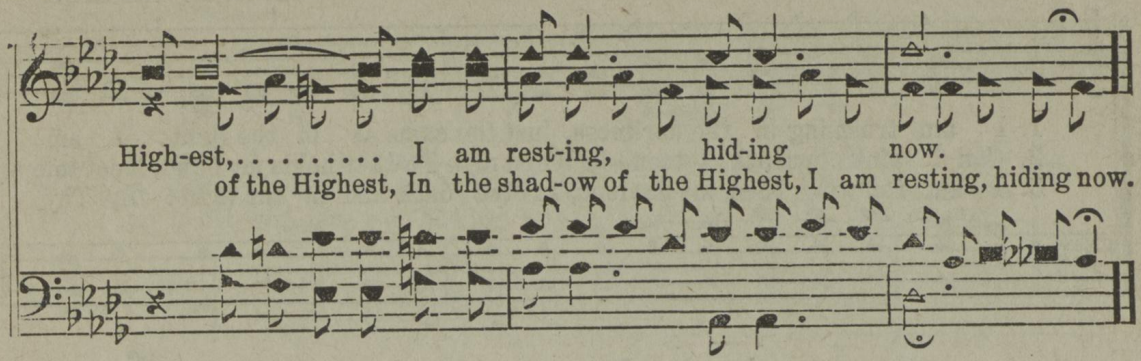
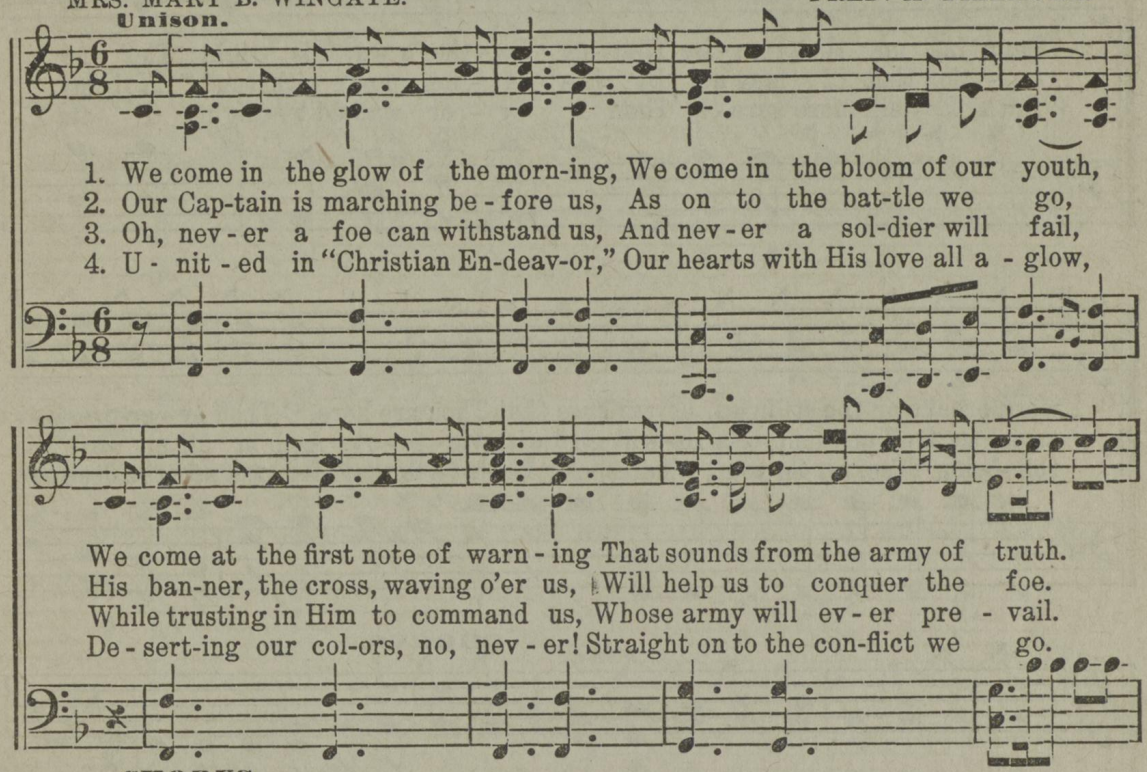
IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE. Concluded.



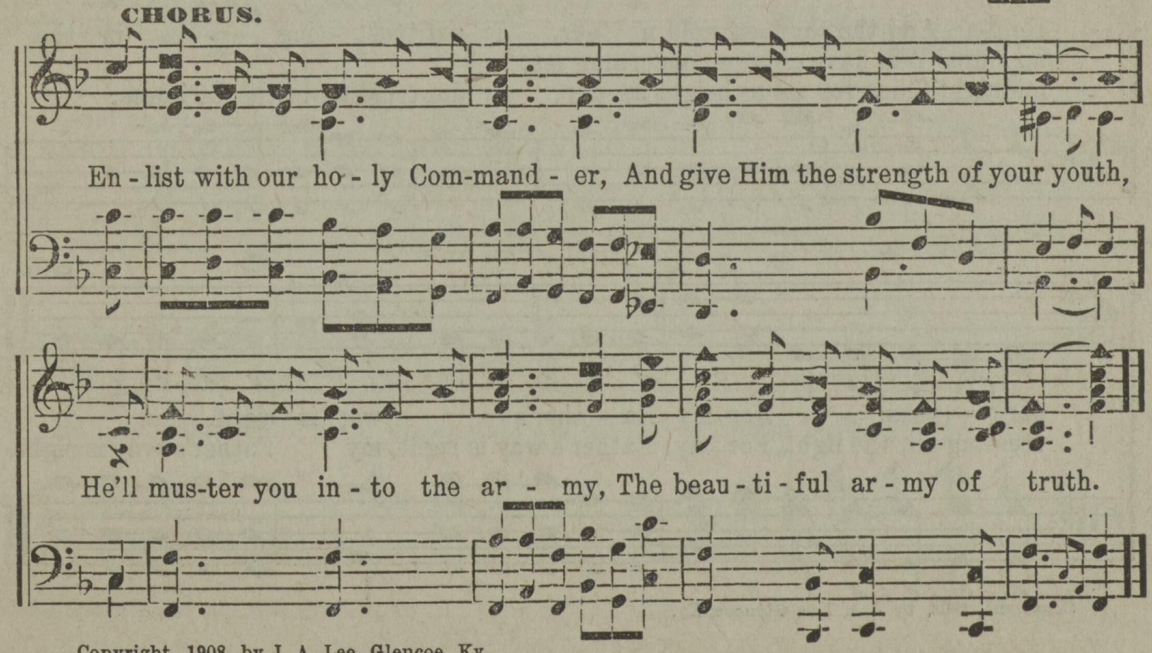
No. 9. BEAUTIFUL ARMY OF TRUTH.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Unison.



CHORUS.



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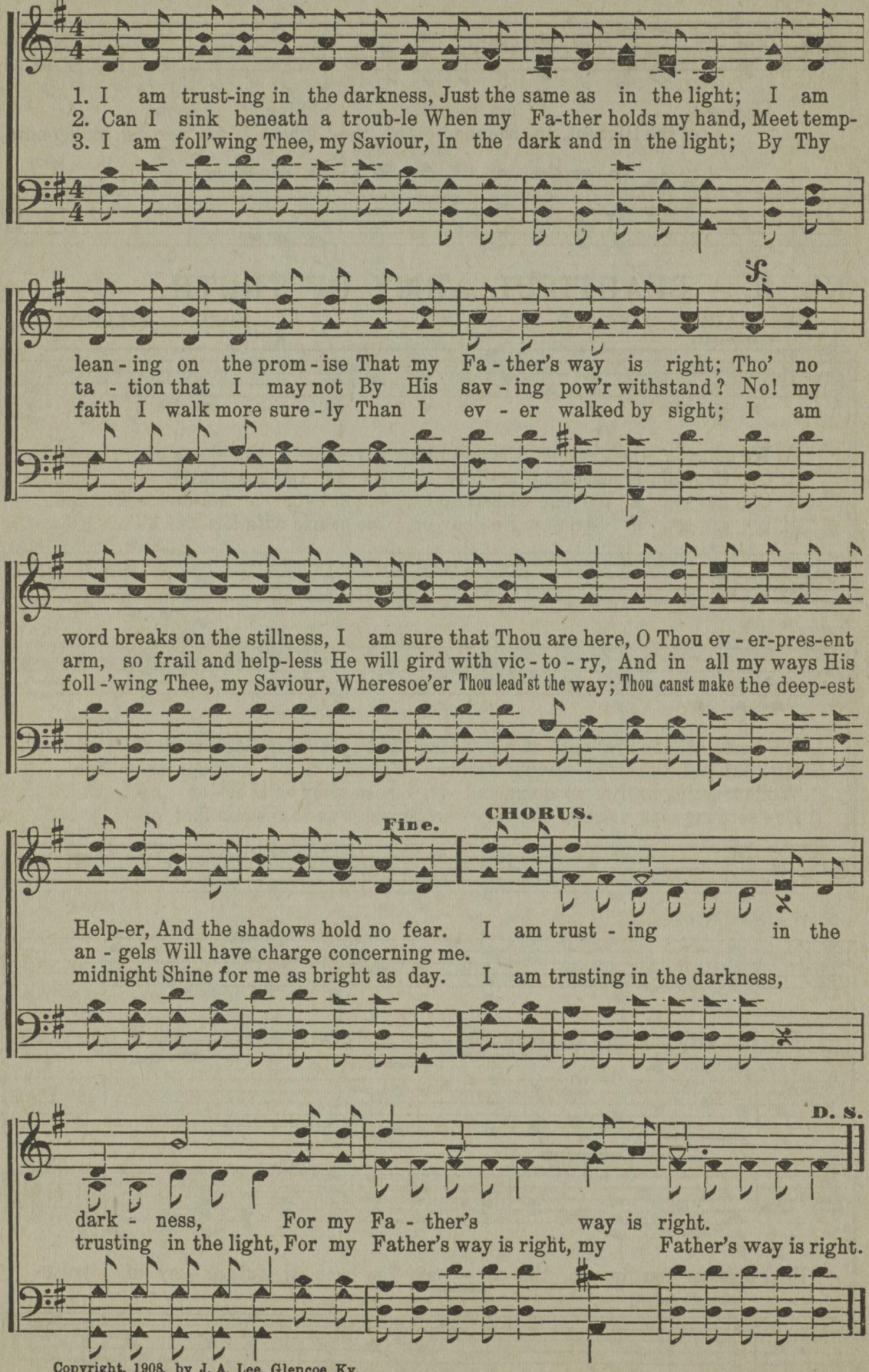
JULIA H. THAYER. CHAS. H. GARRIEL.



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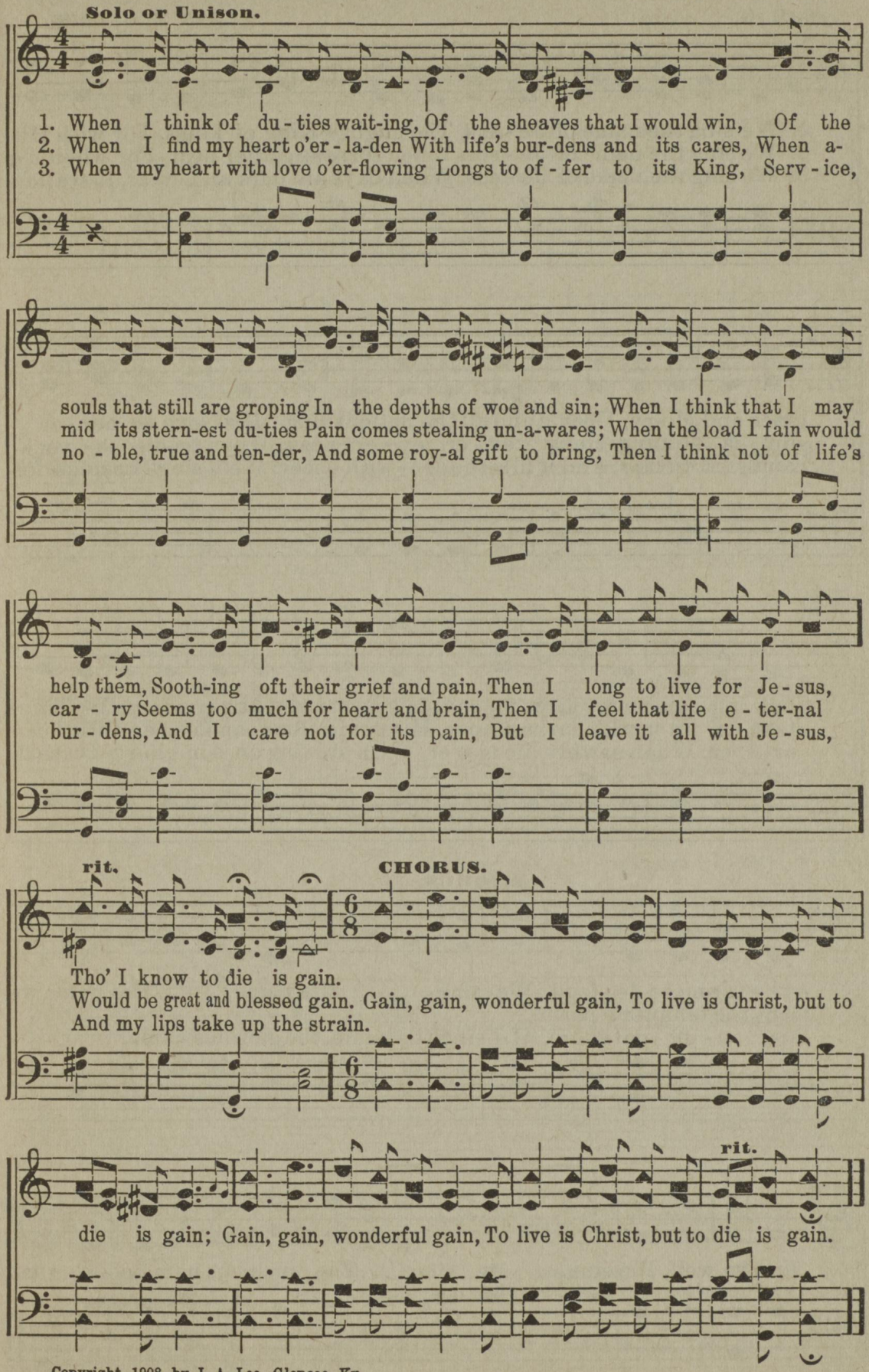
No. 11. WONDERFUL GAIN.

MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Solo or Unison.



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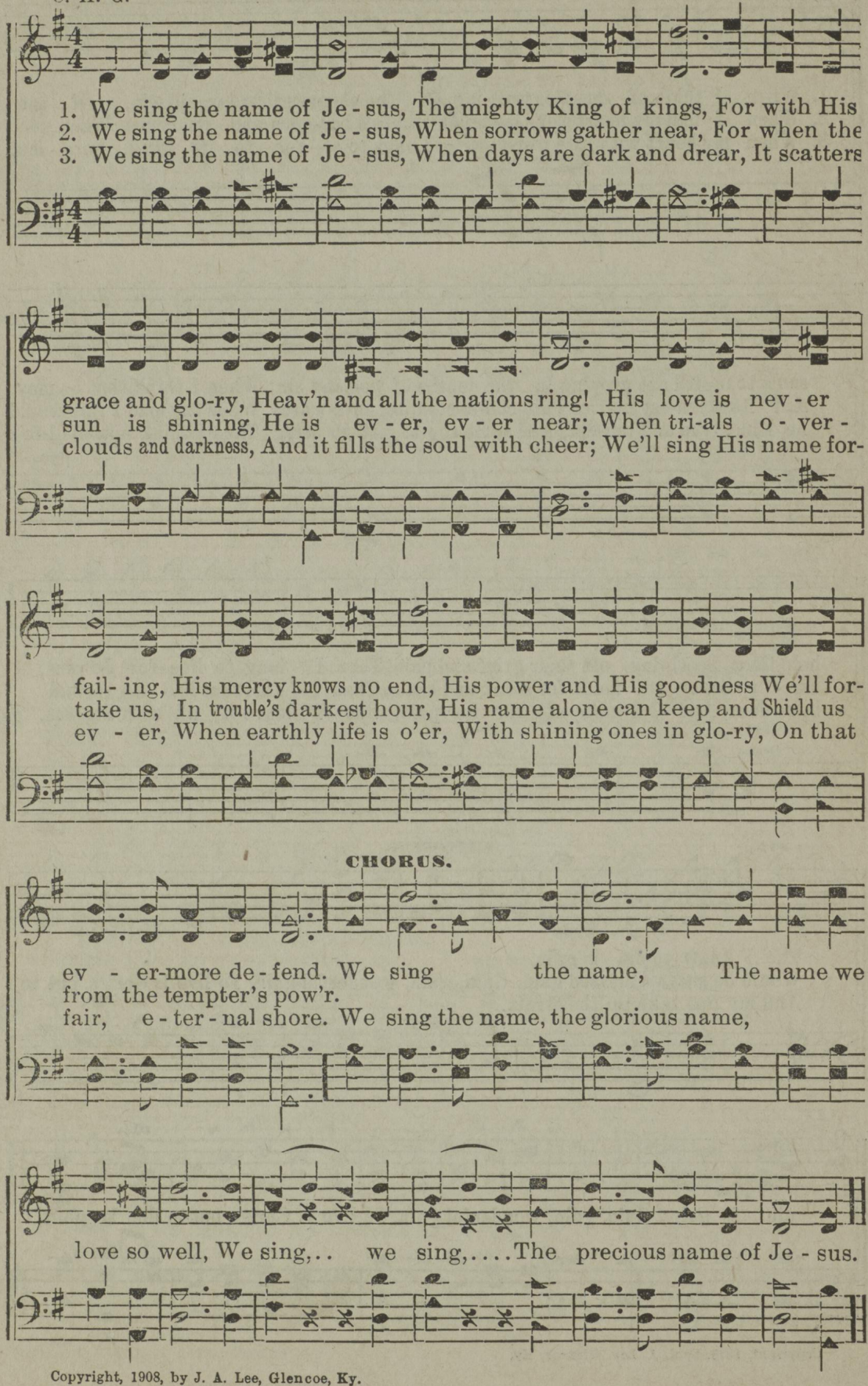
No. 12. THE NAME WE SING.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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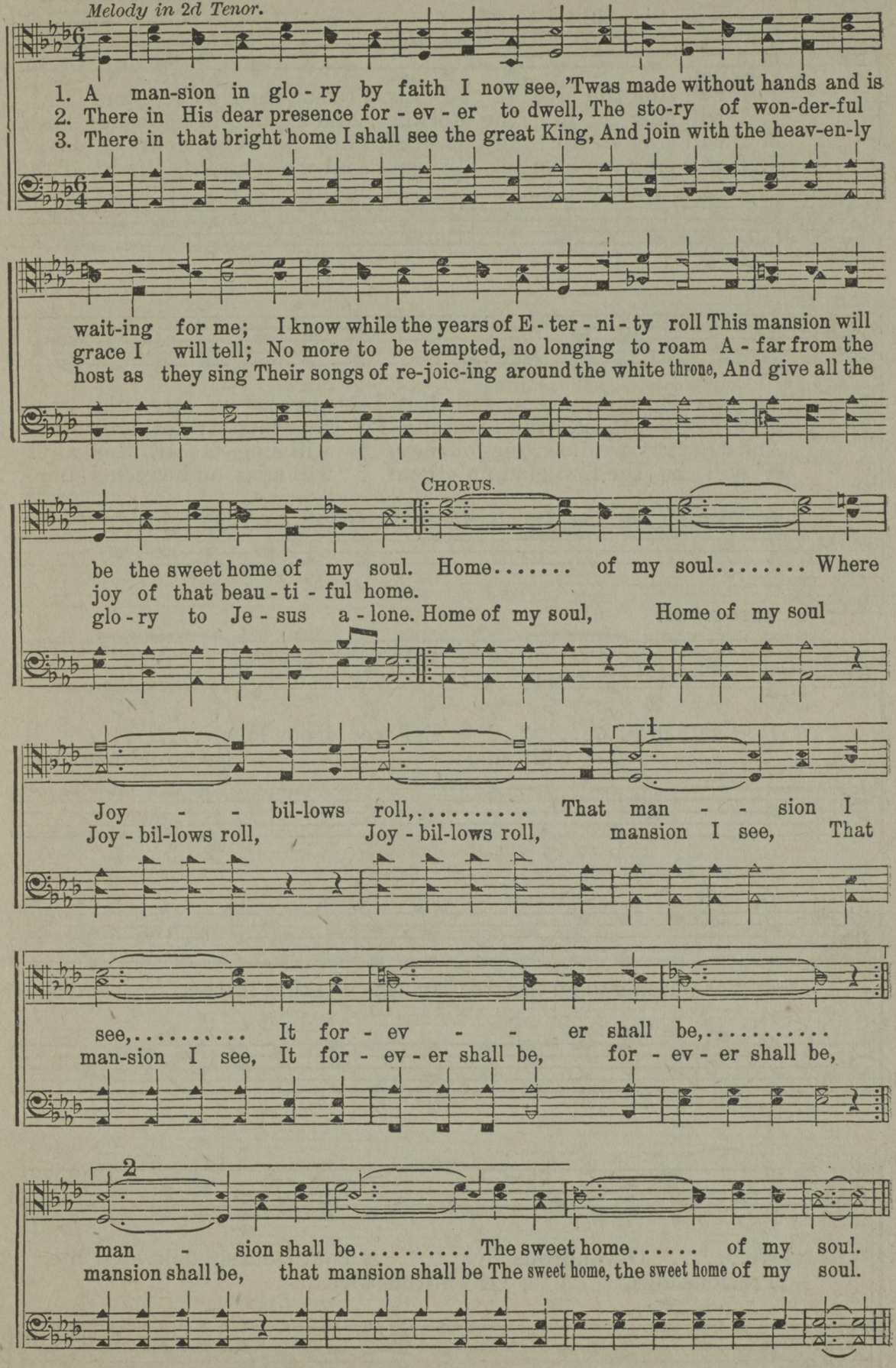
No. 13. HOME OF MY SOUL.

REV. W. R. FITCH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Melody in 2d Tenor.



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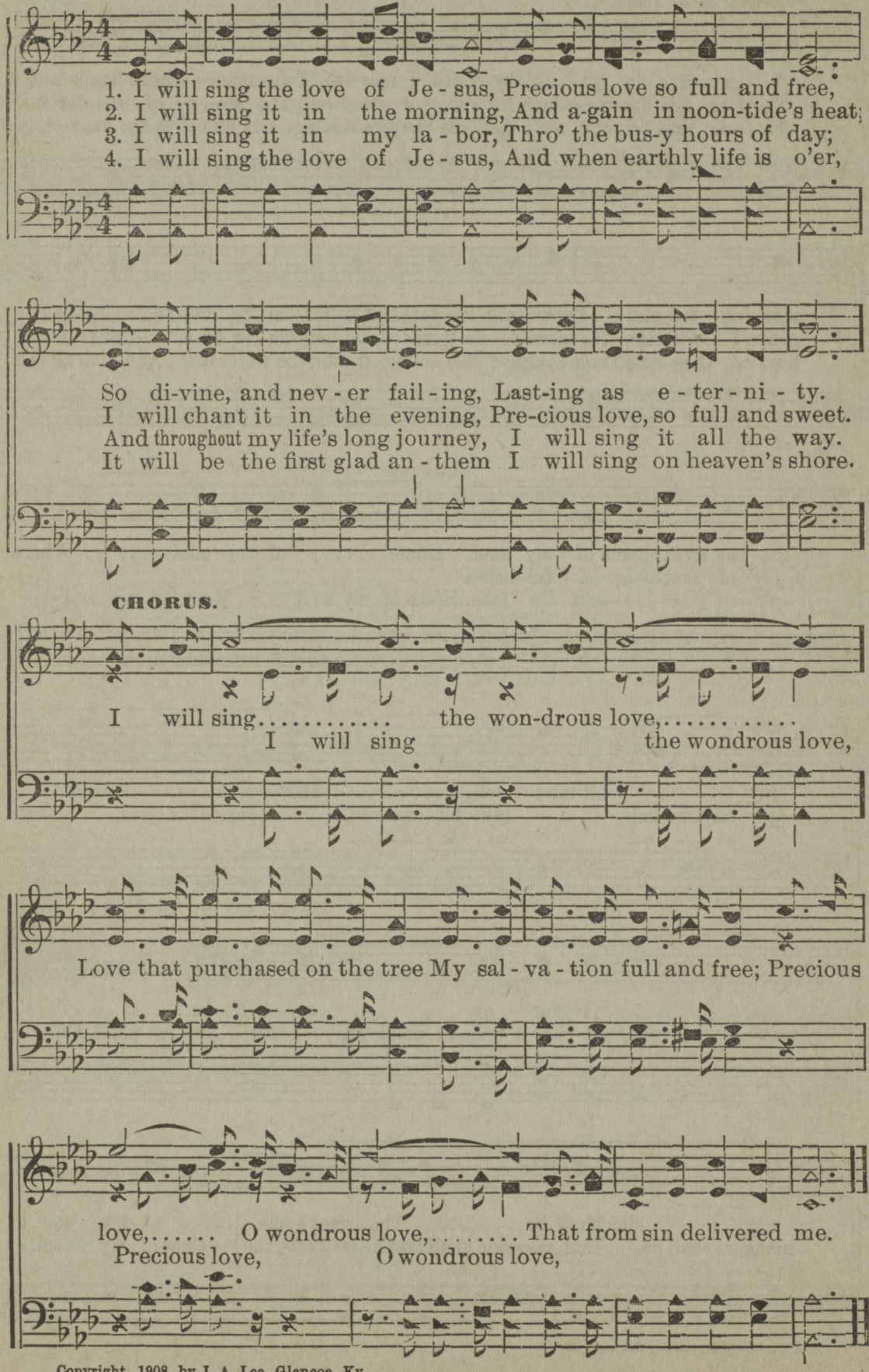
No. 14. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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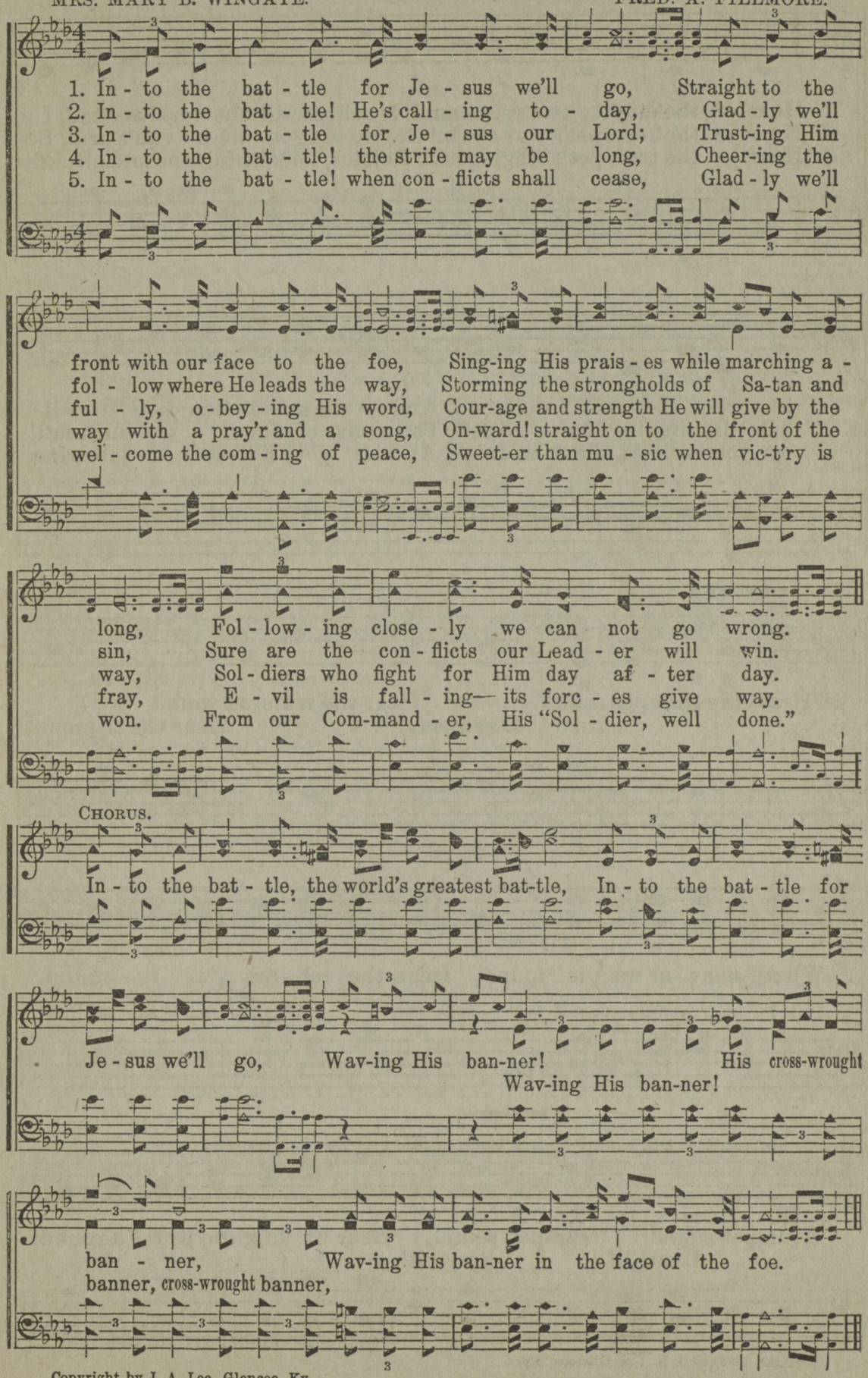
No. 15. INTO THE BATTLE.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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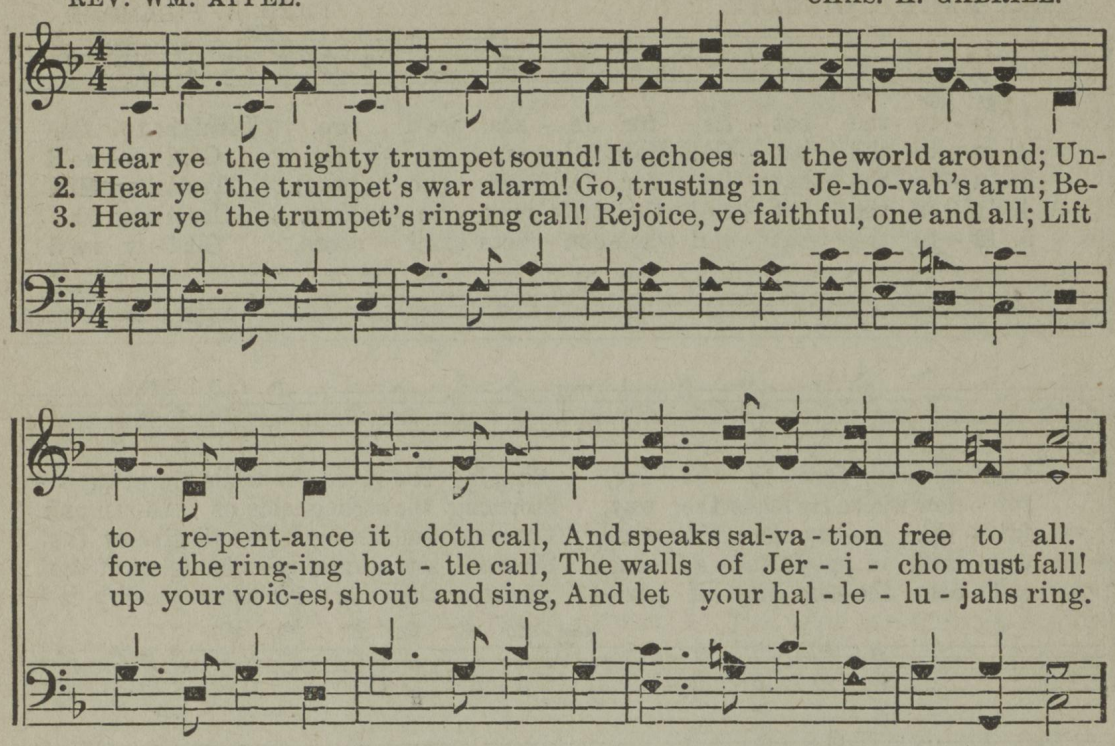
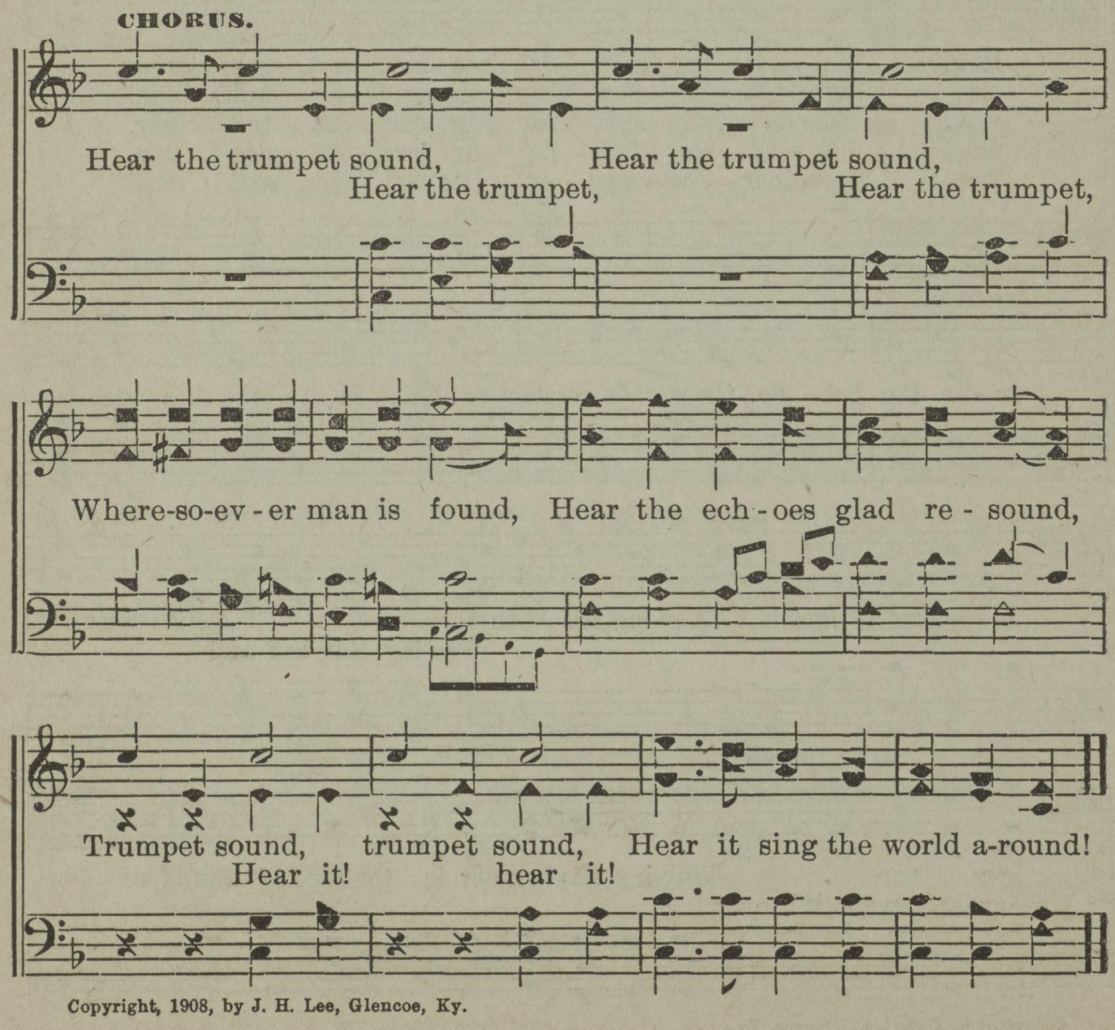
REV. WM. APPEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





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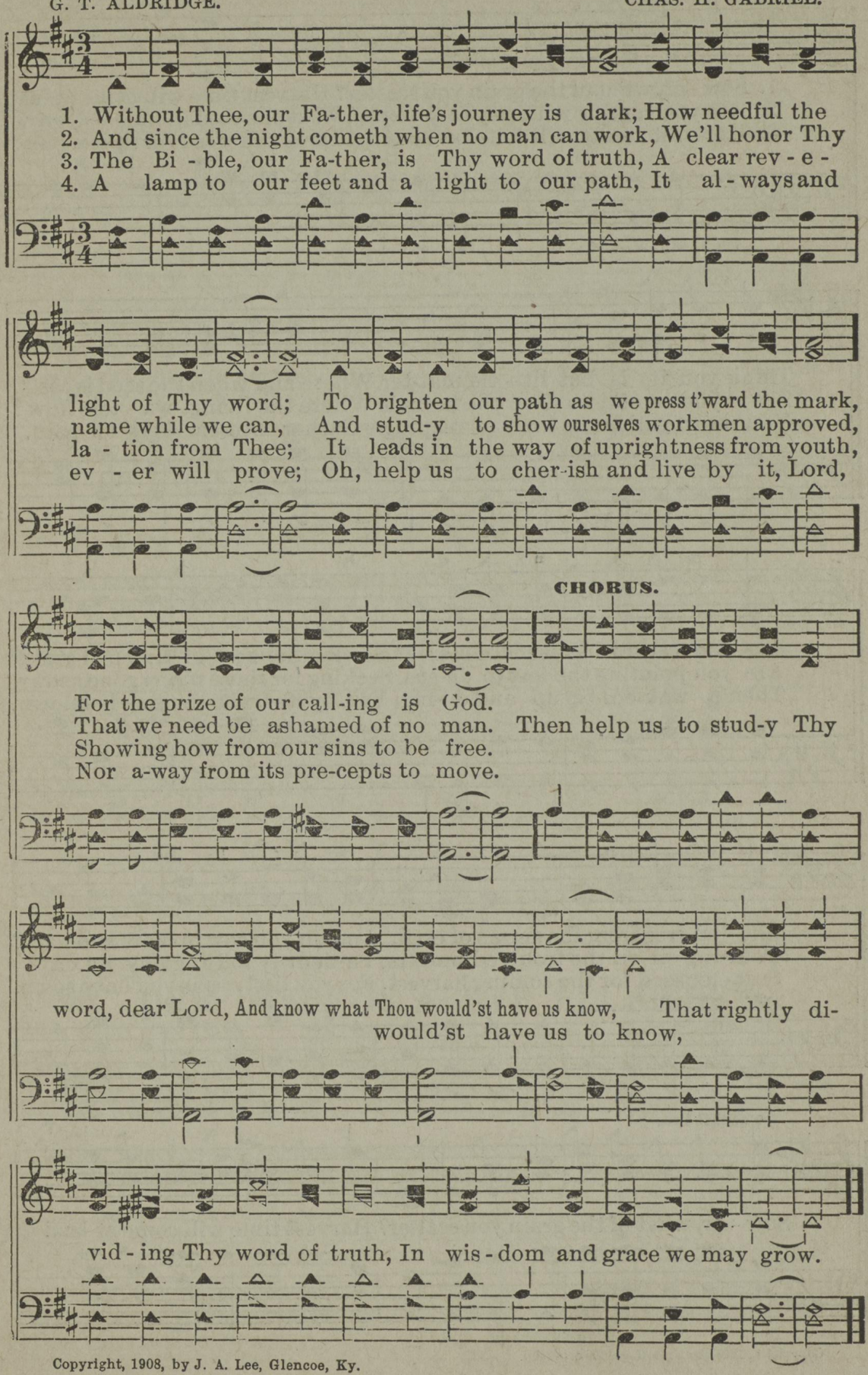
No. 17. GOD'S WORD.

G. T. ALDRIDGE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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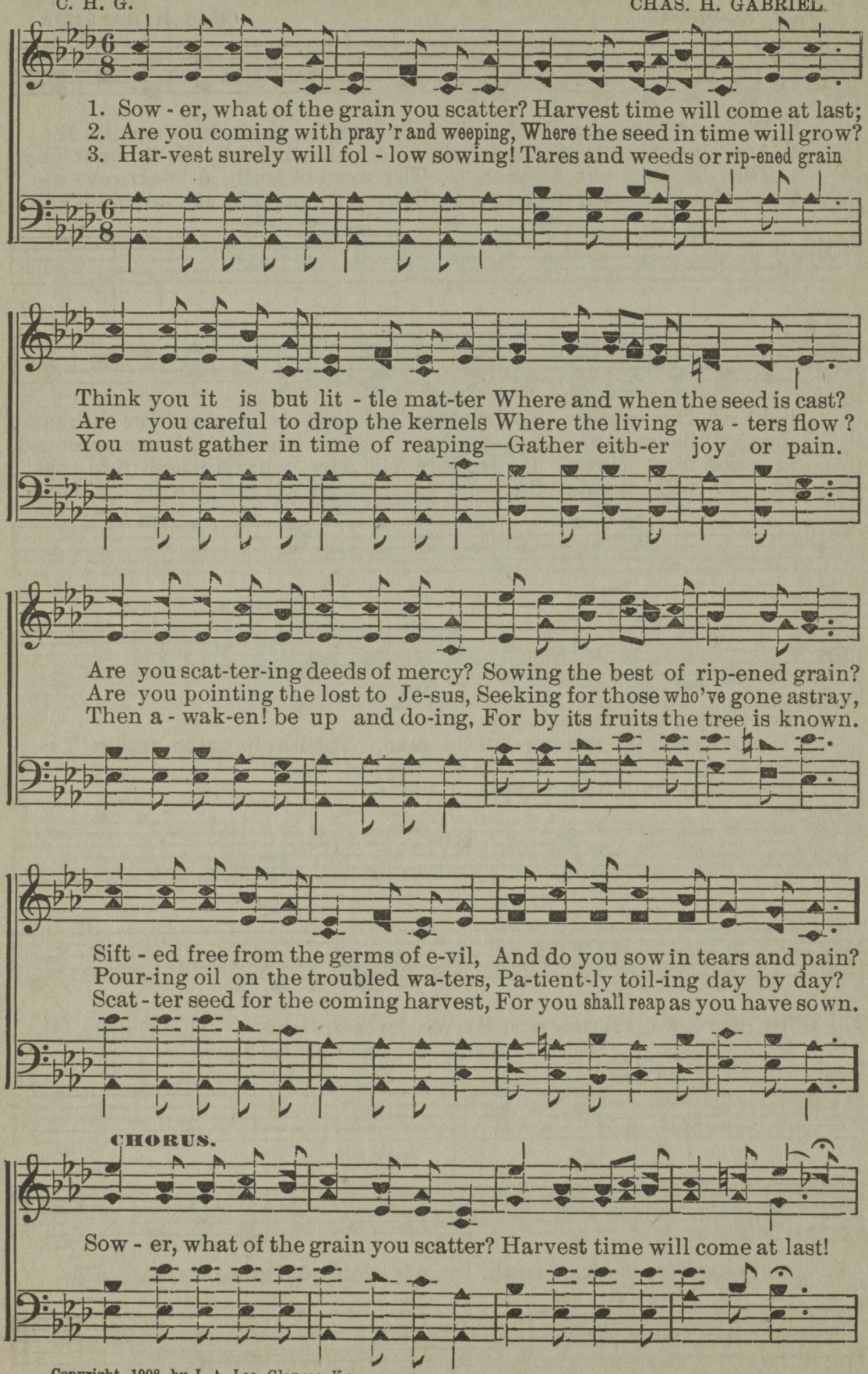
No. 18. HARVEST TIME WILL COME.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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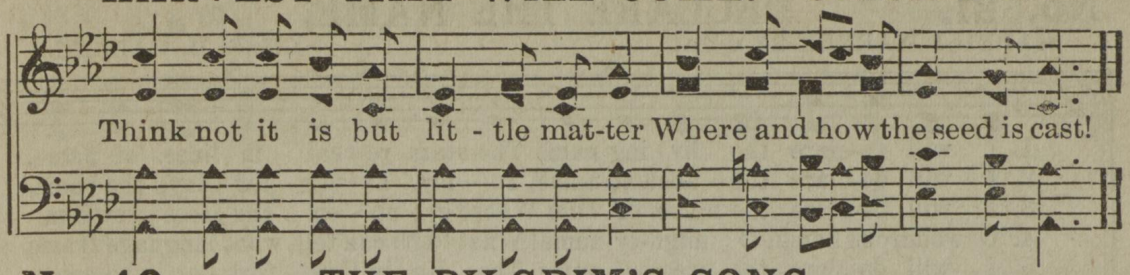
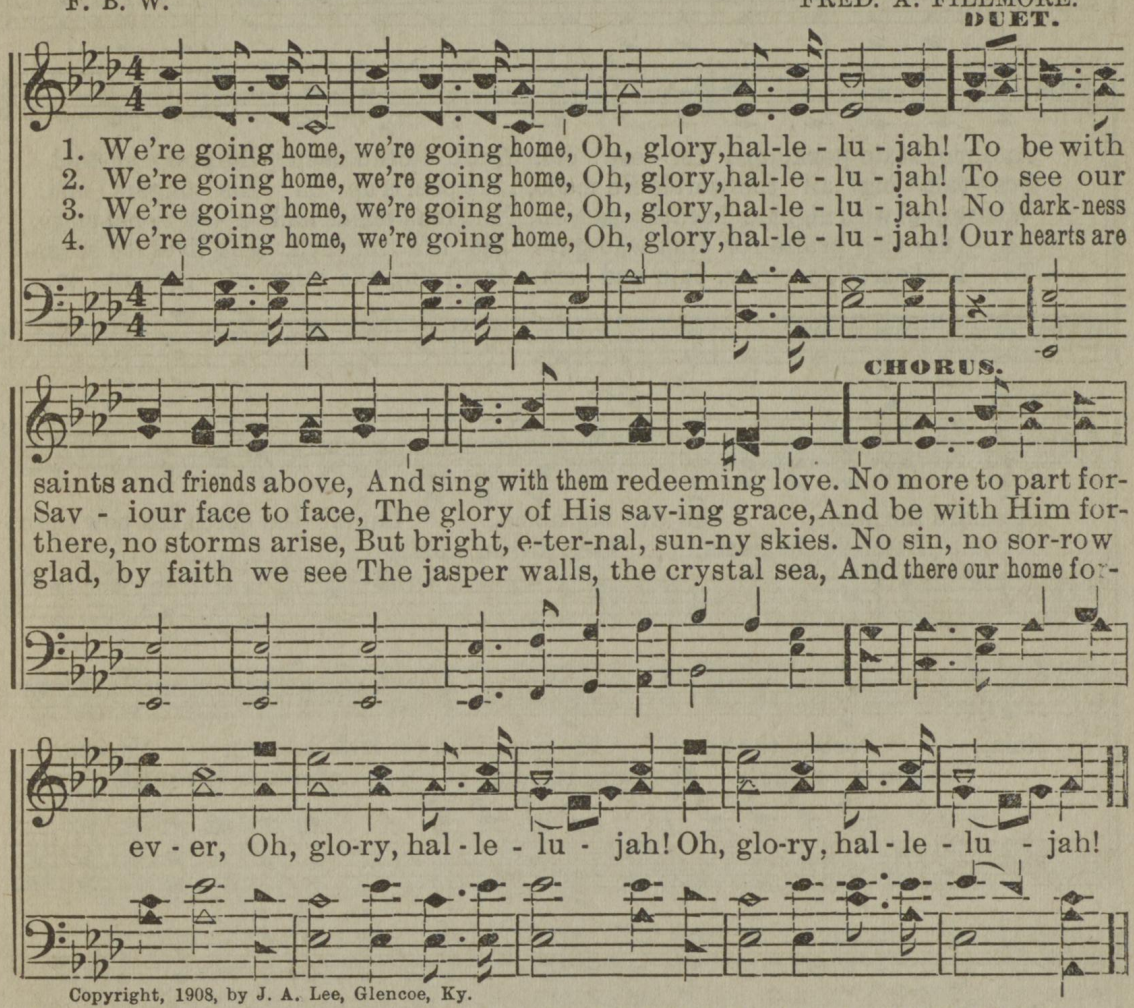


No. 19. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

F. B. W. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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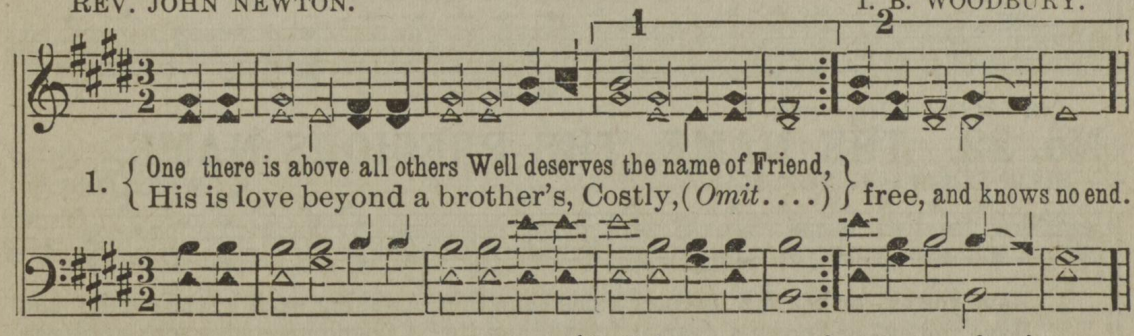
No. 20. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. I. B. WOODBURY.

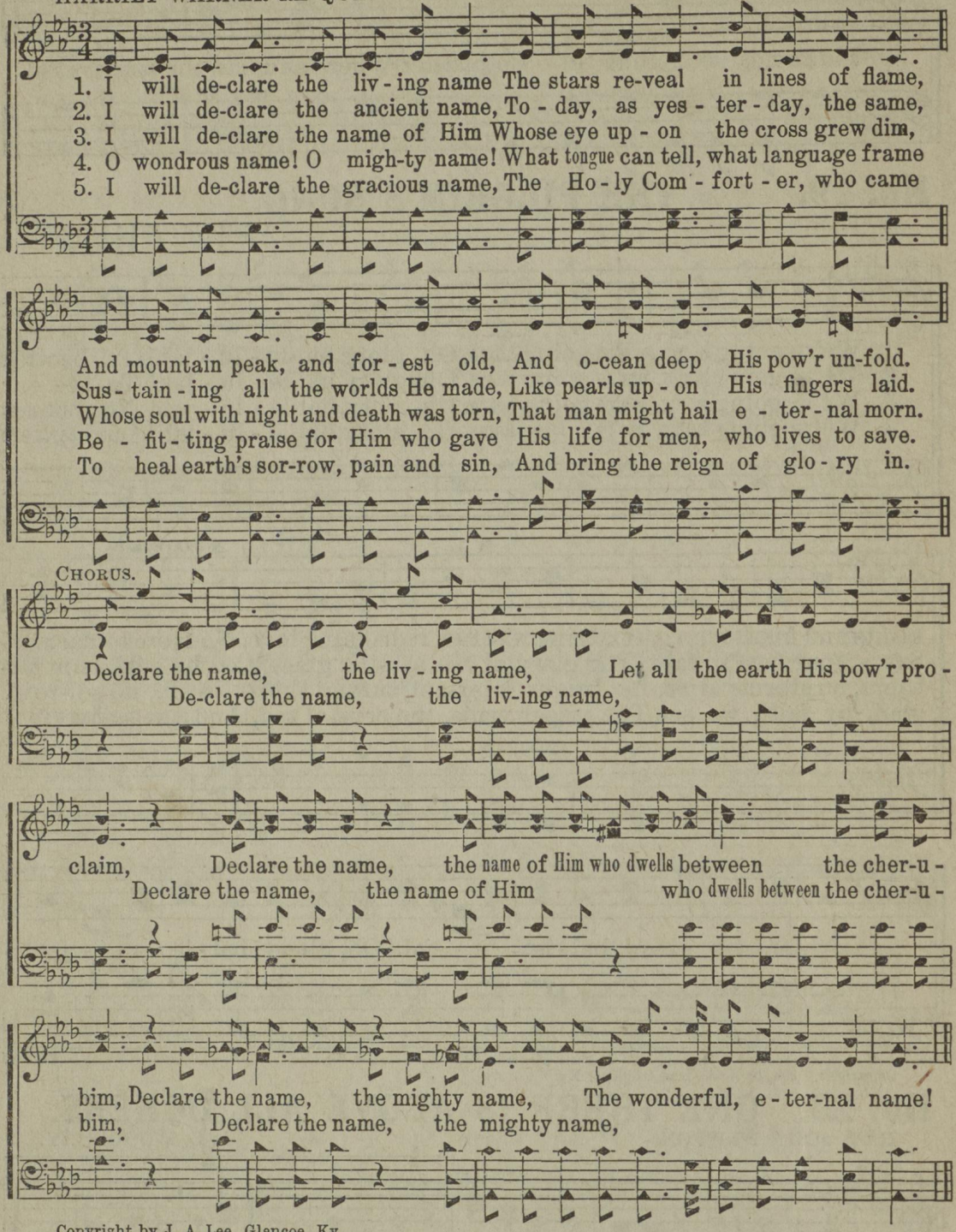


2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

No. 21. DECLARE THE NAME.

HARRIET WARNER RE QUA. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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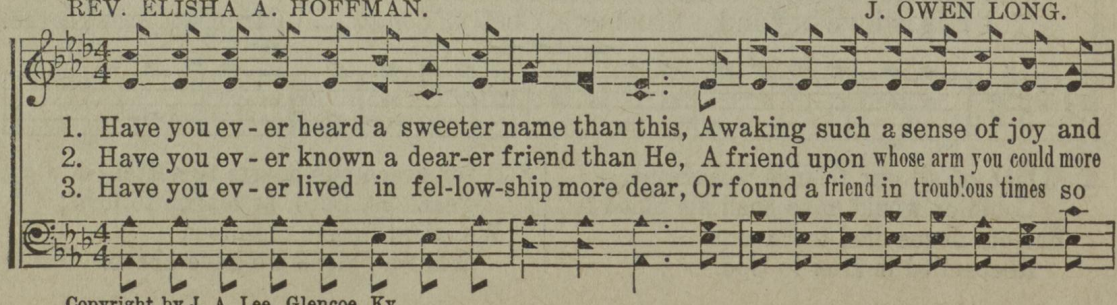
No. 22. THE NAME, THE PRECIOUS NAME.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. OWEN LONG.



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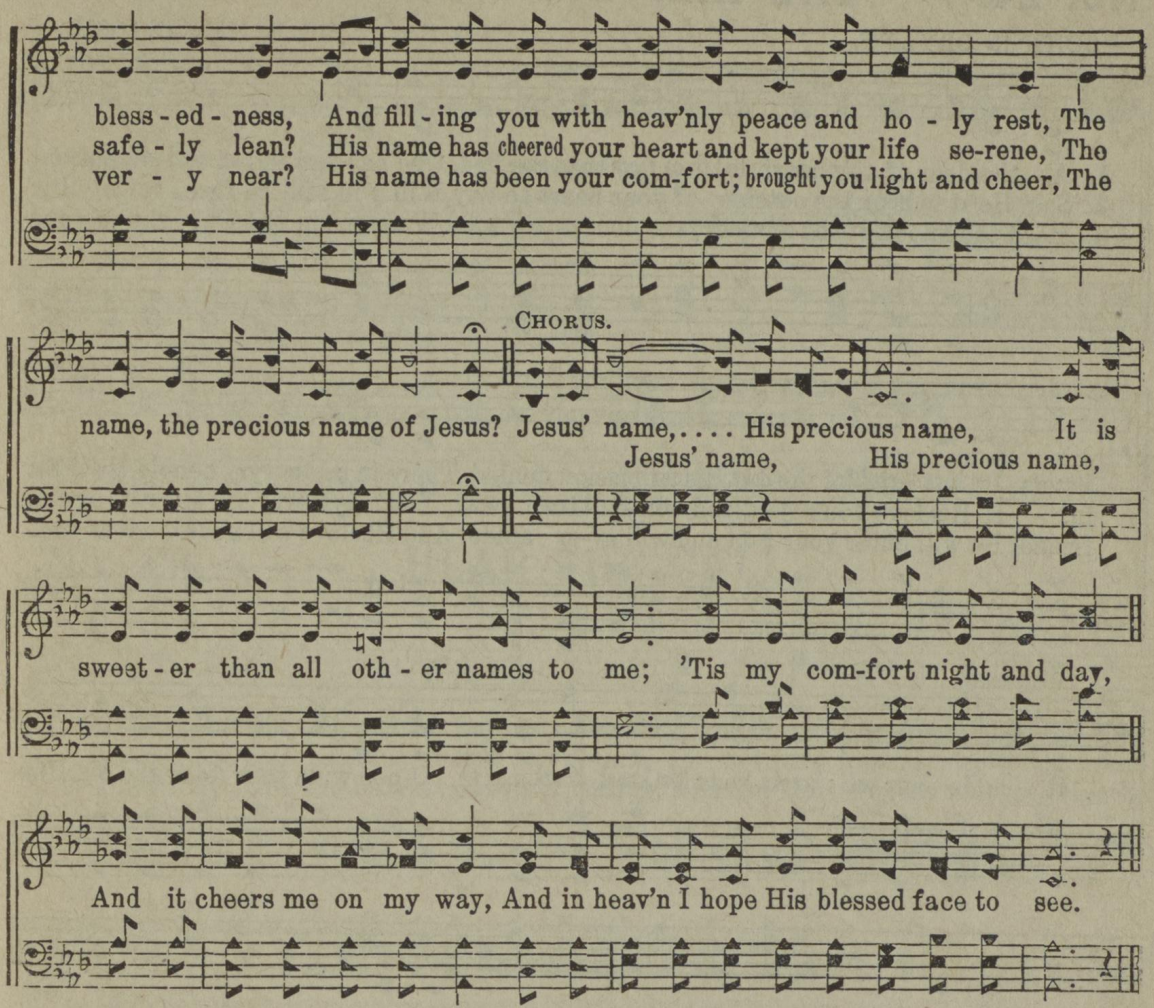
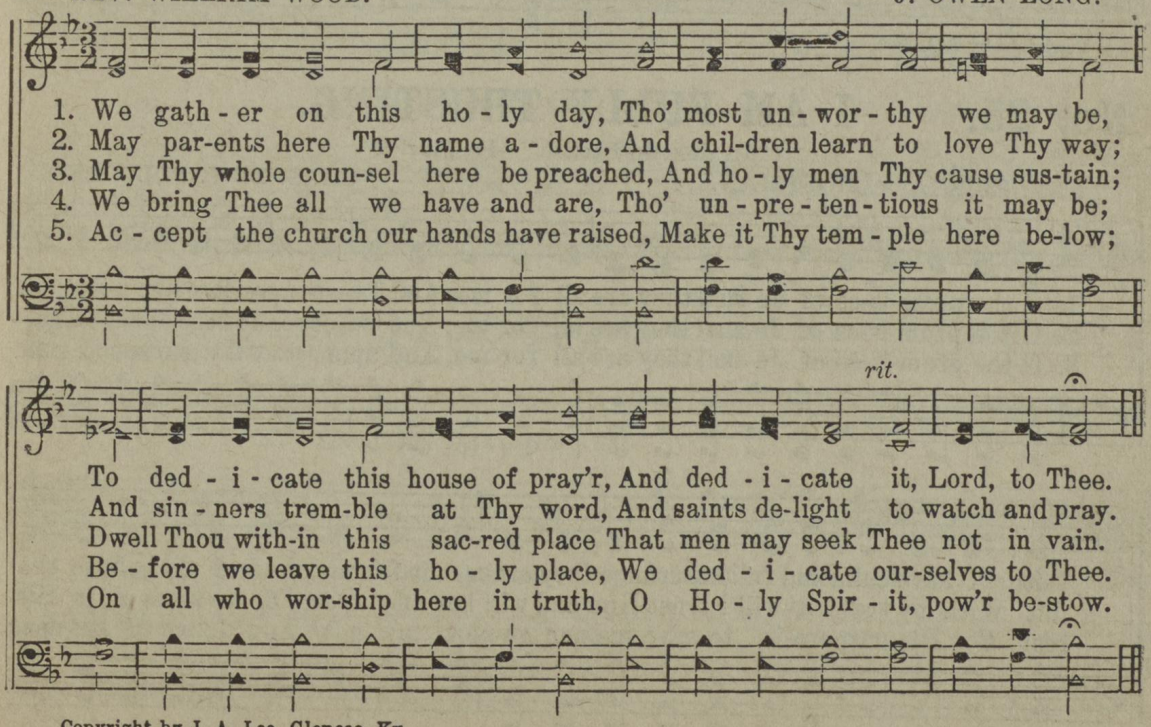


No. 23. A DEDICATION HYMN.

REV. WILLIAM WOOD. J. OWEN LONG.



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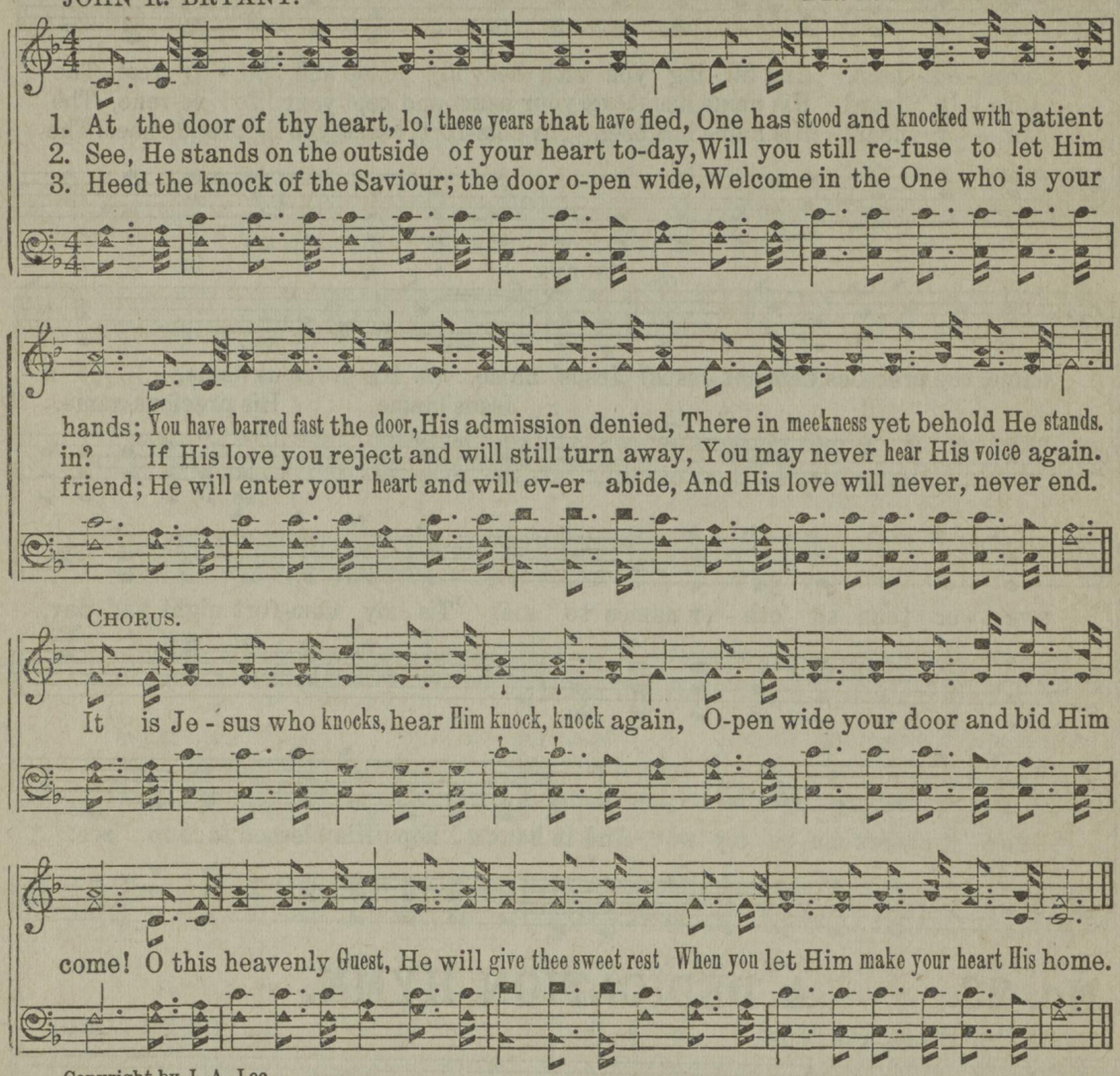
No. 24. THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

JOHN R. BRYANT. DR. R. M. McINTOSH.



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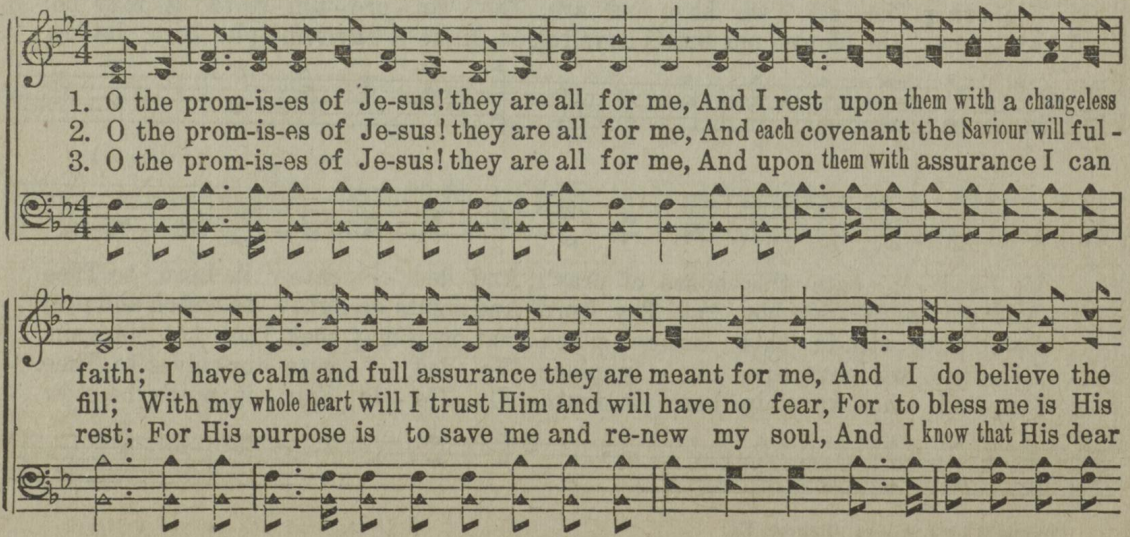
No. 25. I AM FULLY TRUSTING.

"In thee do I trust."—Ps. 143: 8.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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I AM FULLY TRUSTING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ver-y word He saith. I am trust - ing, ful - ly trust - ing Ev-'ry word that Jesus
sweet and sov'reign will.
will for me is best. I am trusting, fully trusting

spake; And the prom - is - es He made me, For my guidance I will take.
And the promises He made me, And the promises He made me,

No. 26. HEAR THE CALL.

J. R. B. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. Hear the call, the call for faithful reapers, Who will gath-er for the Lord to-day;
2. Hear the call, ho! reapers now be val-iant, Do not turn from service ly-ing near;
3. Swift-ly now the harvest days are passing, And the Master's grain needs gath'ring in;

Gold-en sheaves from ev-'ry plain and hillside Wait for the harvesters to bear a-way.
Do not seek a field of eas - y la-bor, Work with a willing hand and never fear.
Seek the lost ones in the lone-ly by-ways, Bring them to Jesus from the haunts of sin.

Go,..... the harvest waits for you, See..... the reapers they are few:

CHORUS.

Go, the golden harvest now awaits for you, See the busy reapers they are few, are few;

Go, the har - vest waits for you, See the reap - ers they are few;
Soon..... the gath'ring time is o'er,

Soon the glorious gath'ring time for you is o'er, Je - sus rewardeth thee on heaven's shore.

Soon the gath - 'ring time is o'er,

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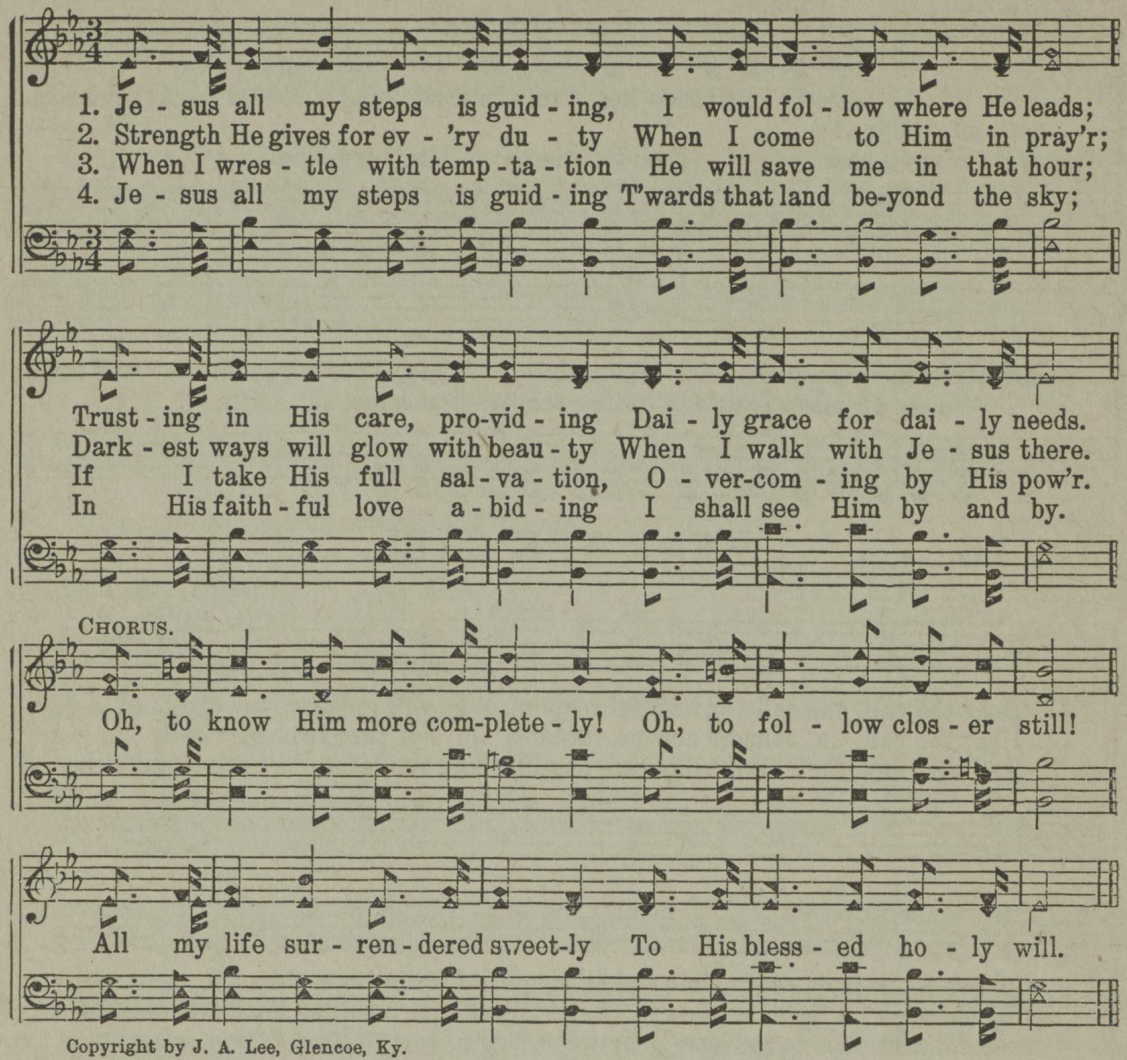
No. 27. JESUS ALL MY STEPS IS GUIDING.

E. E. HEWITT. R. M. McINTOSH.



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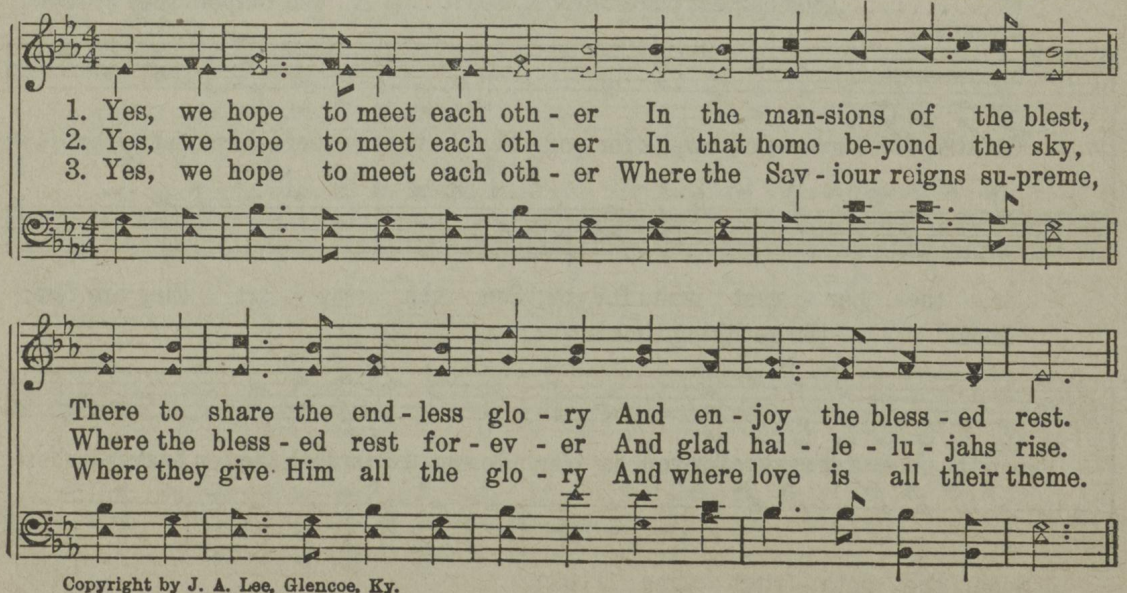
No. 28. WE HOPE TO MEET.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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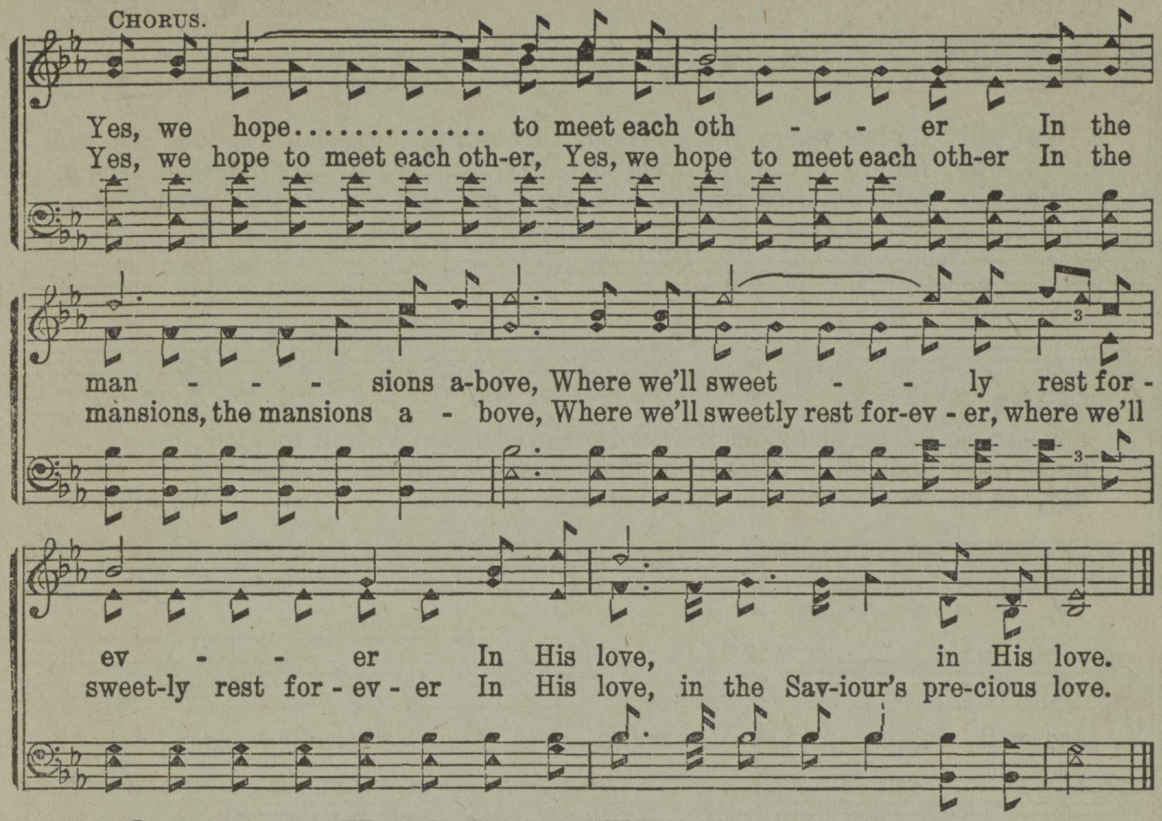
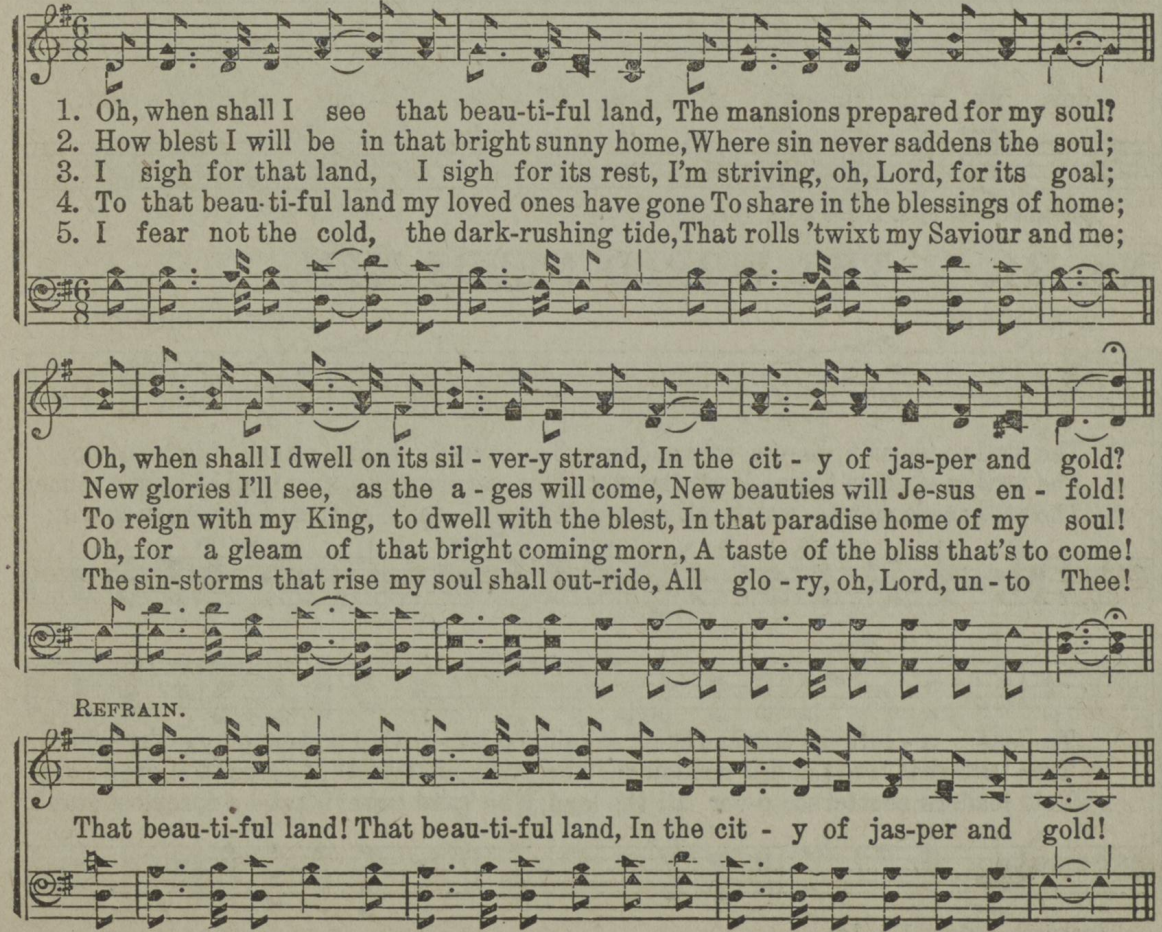
WE HOPE TO MEET. Concluded.



No. 29. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

T. J. JENKINS. FRANK L. BRISTOW.



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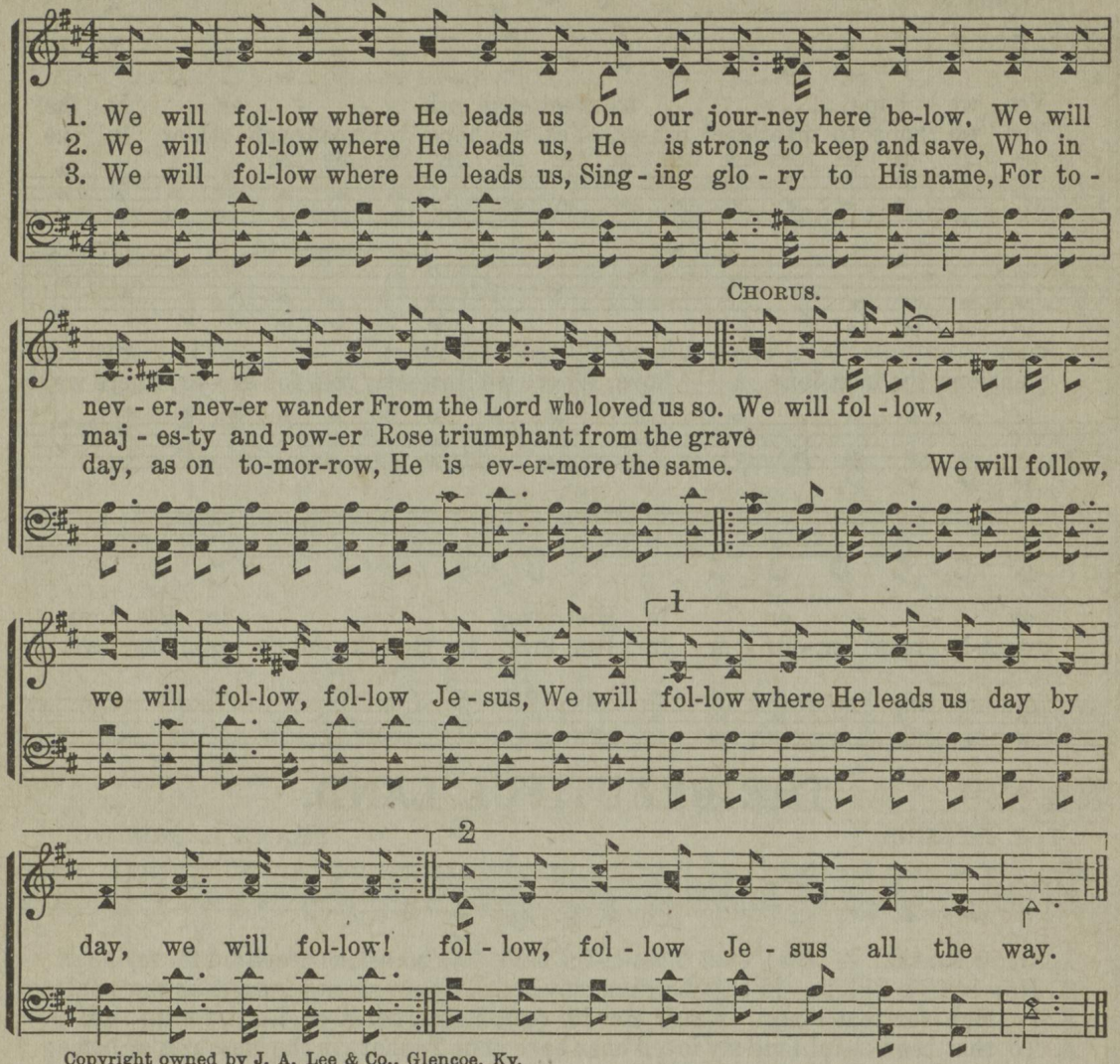
No. 30. WE WILL FOLLOW.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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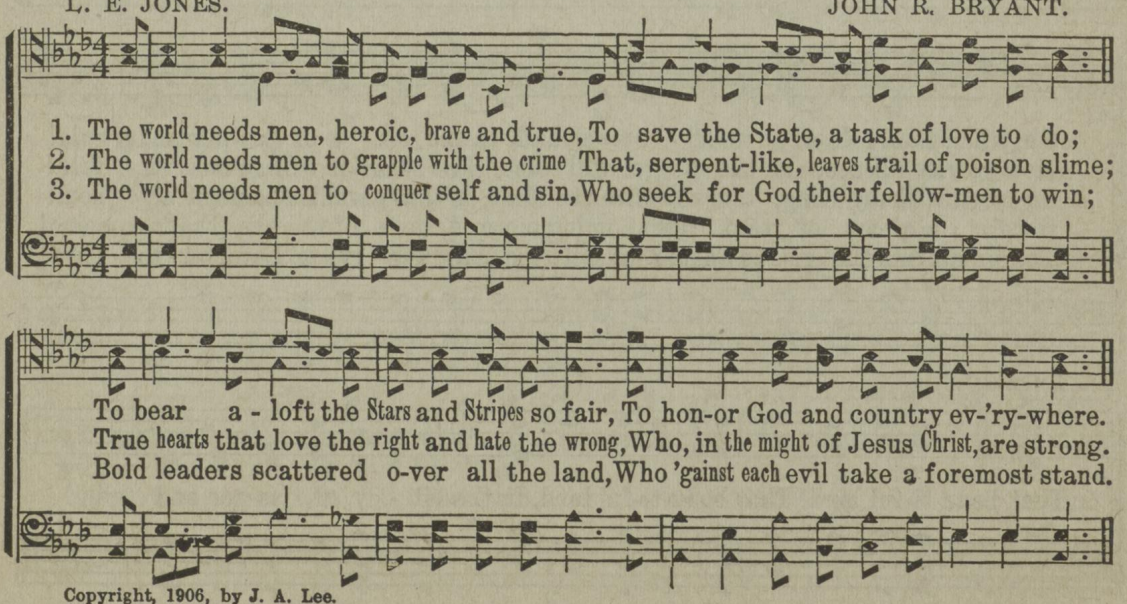
No. 31. THE WORLD NEEDS MEN.

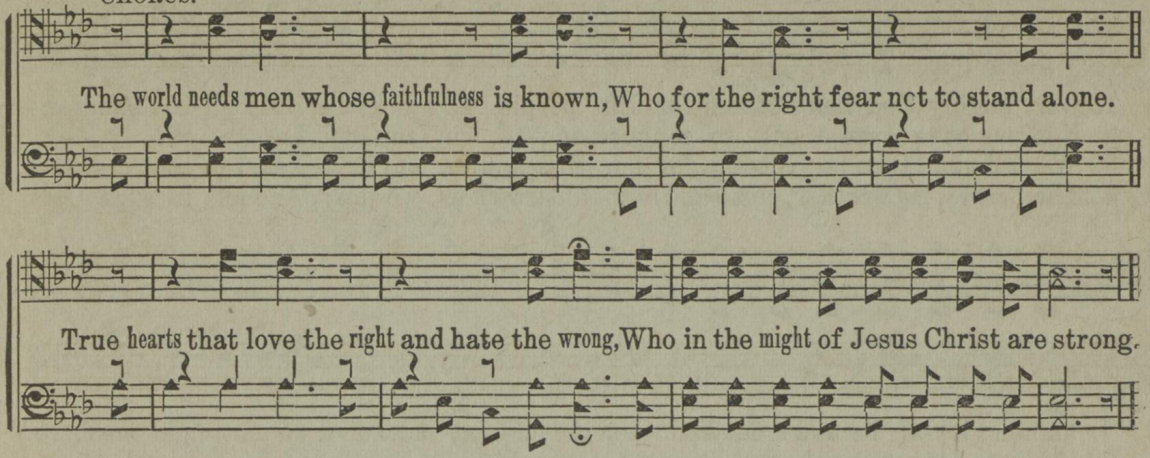
L. E. JONES. JOHN R. BRYANT.



Copyright, 1906, by J. A. Lee.

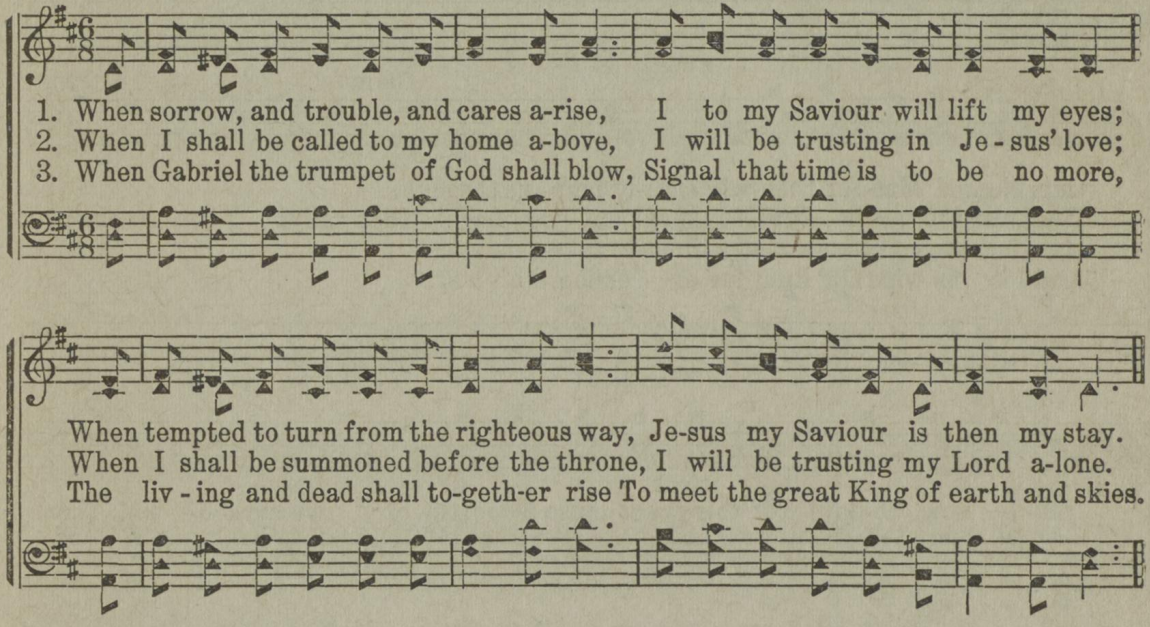
THE WORLD NEEDS MEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.

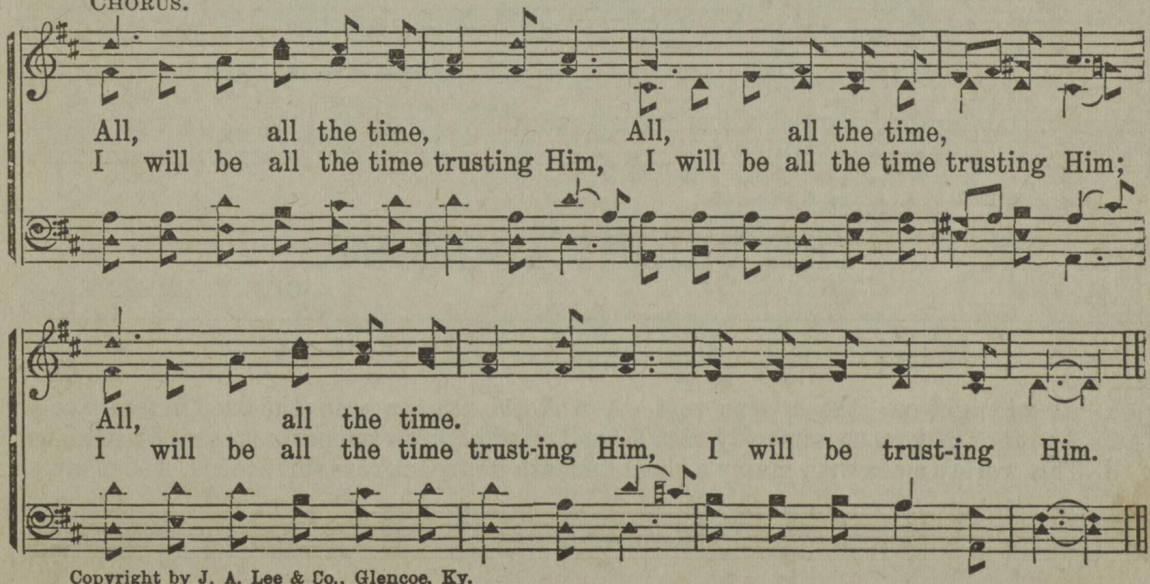


No. 32. ALL THE TIME TRUSTING HIM.

L. R. MINOR. FRED A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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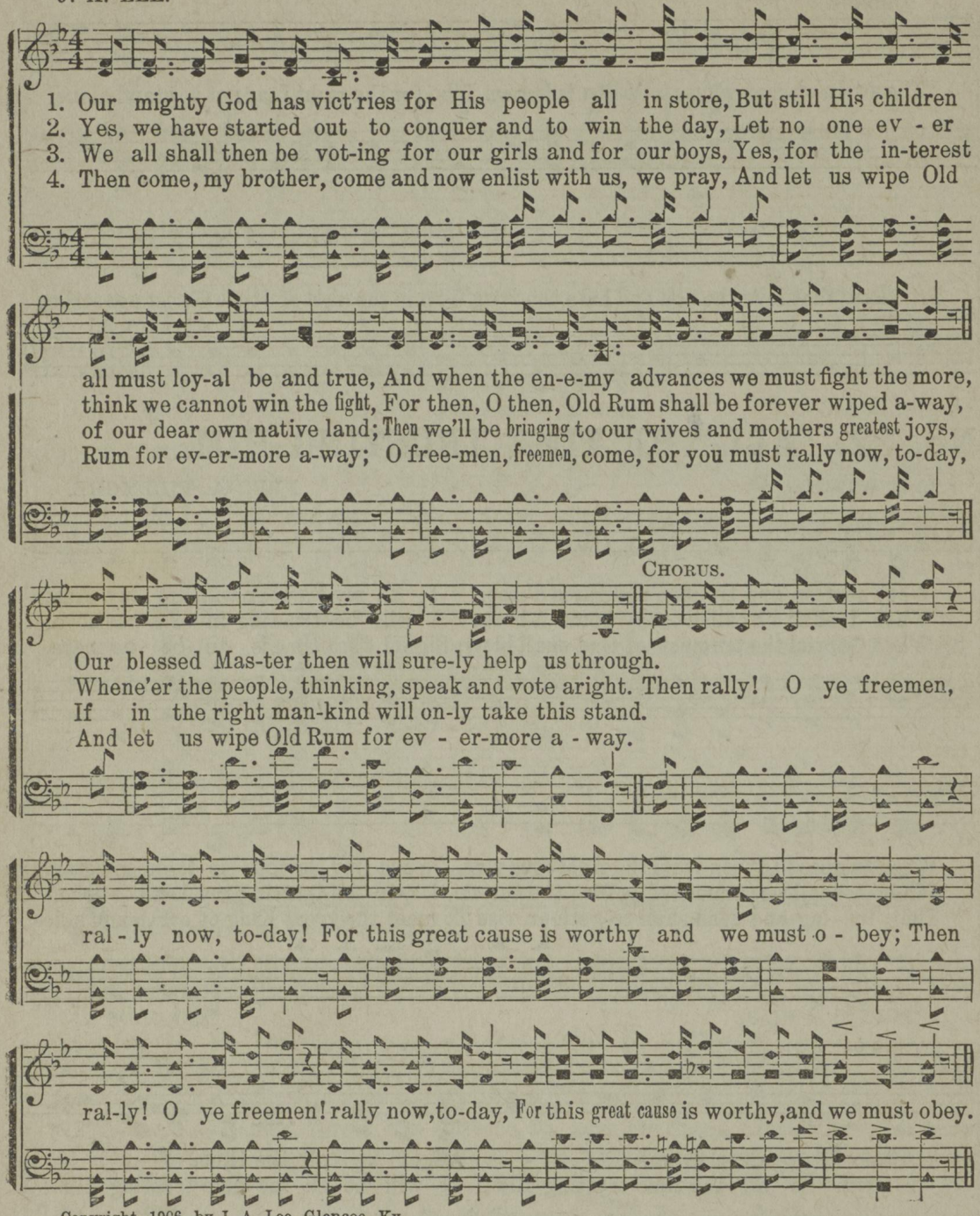
No. 33. RALLY, O YE FREEMEN.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



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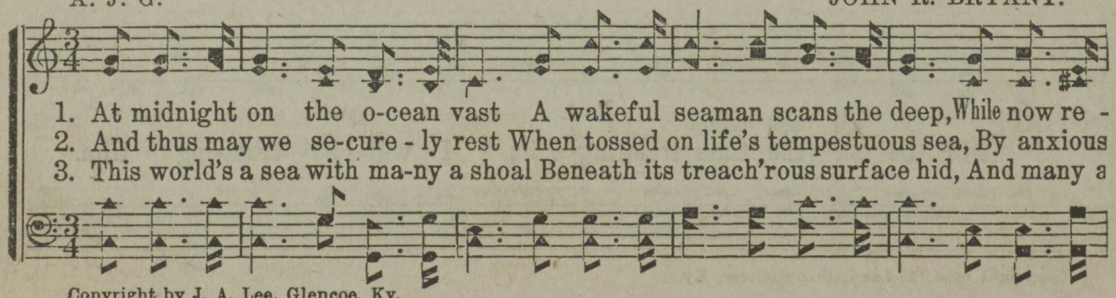
No. 34. THE BRIGHT LOOKOUT.

A. J. G. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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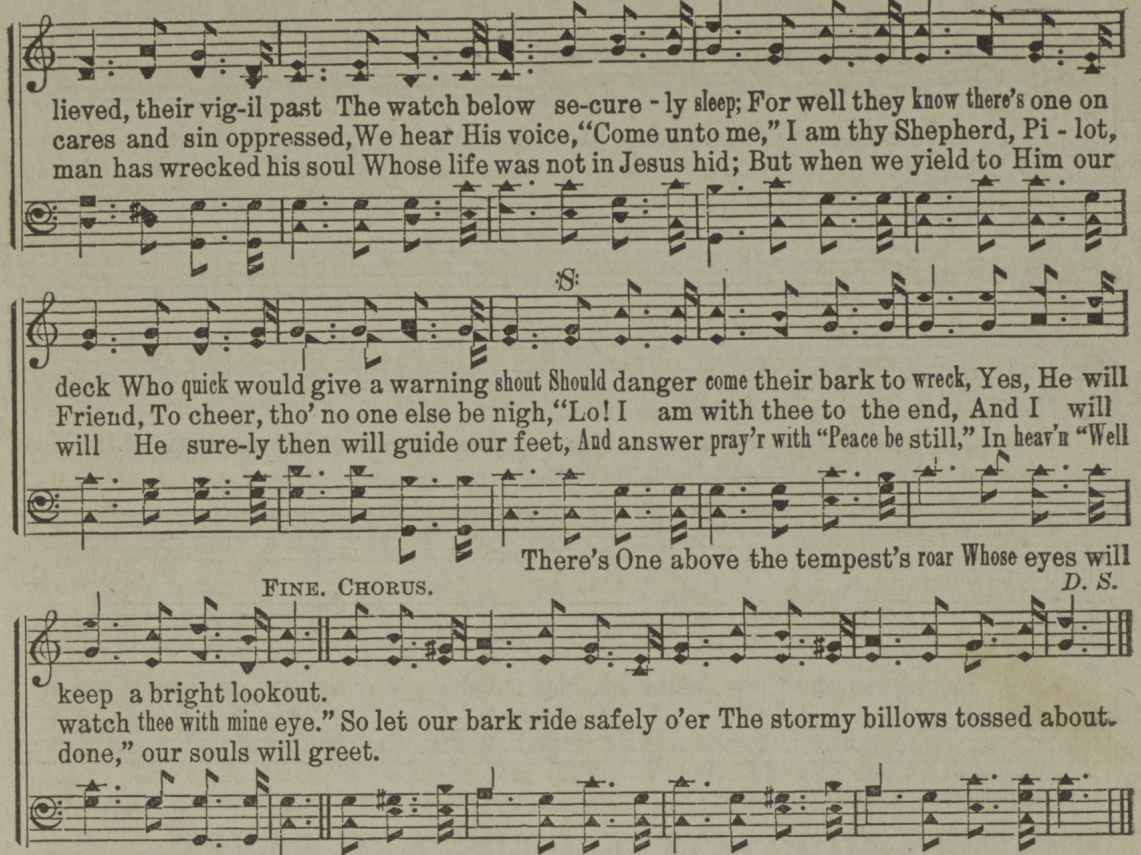
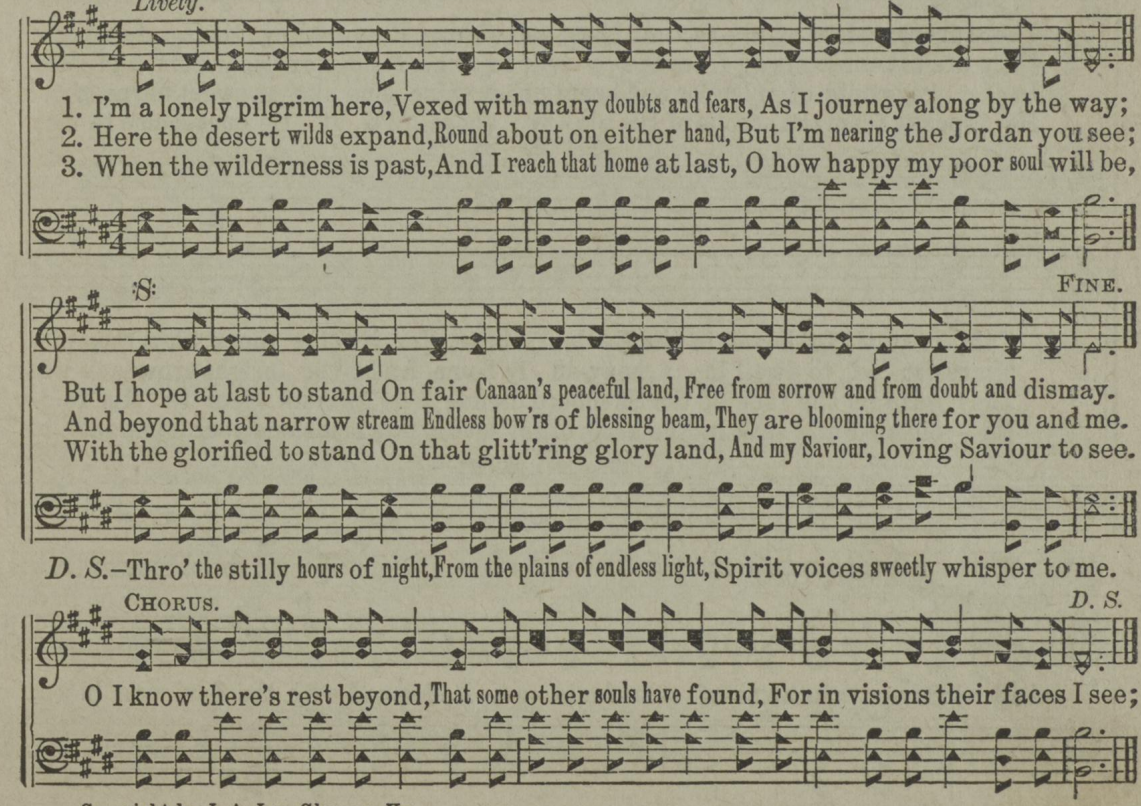
THE BRIGHT LOOKOUT Concluded.



No. 35. THERE'S REST BEYOND.

"Ye shall find rest to your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

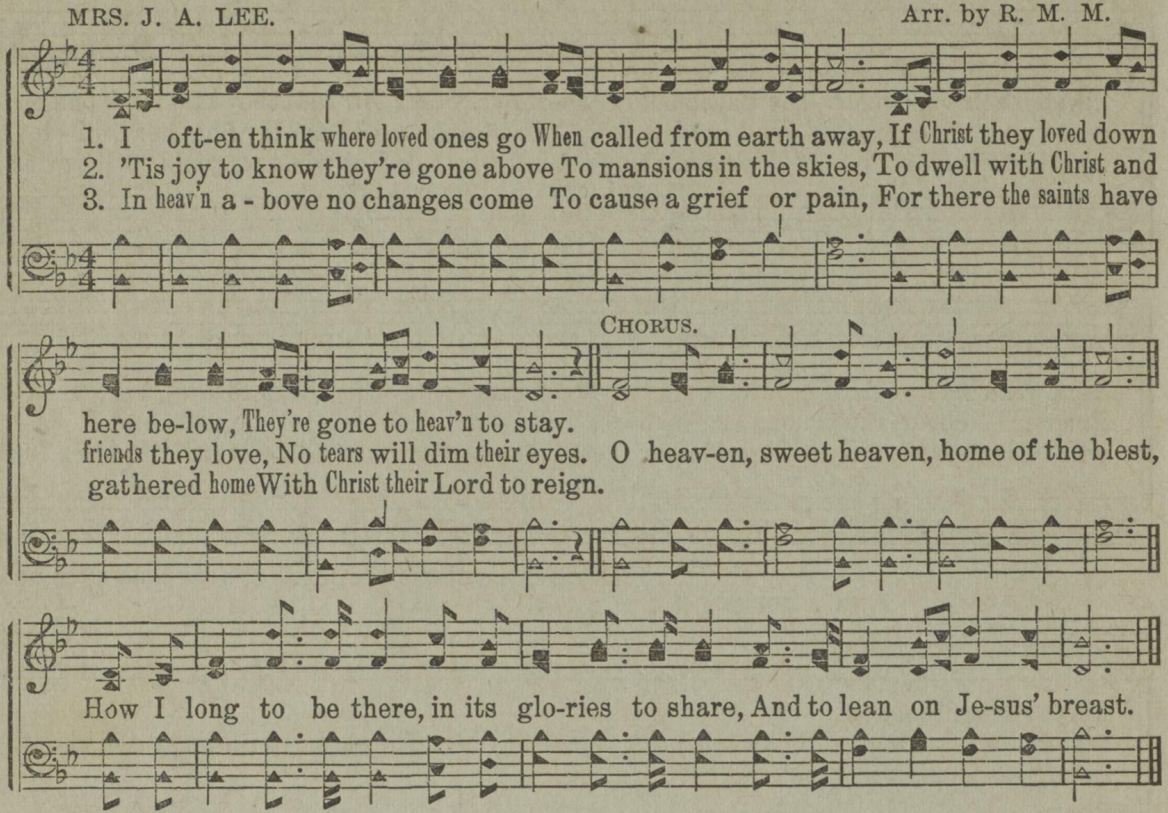
A. S. KIEFFER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Copyright by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky.

No. 36. O HEAVEN, SWEET HEAVEN.

MRS. J. A. LEE. Arr. by R. M. M.

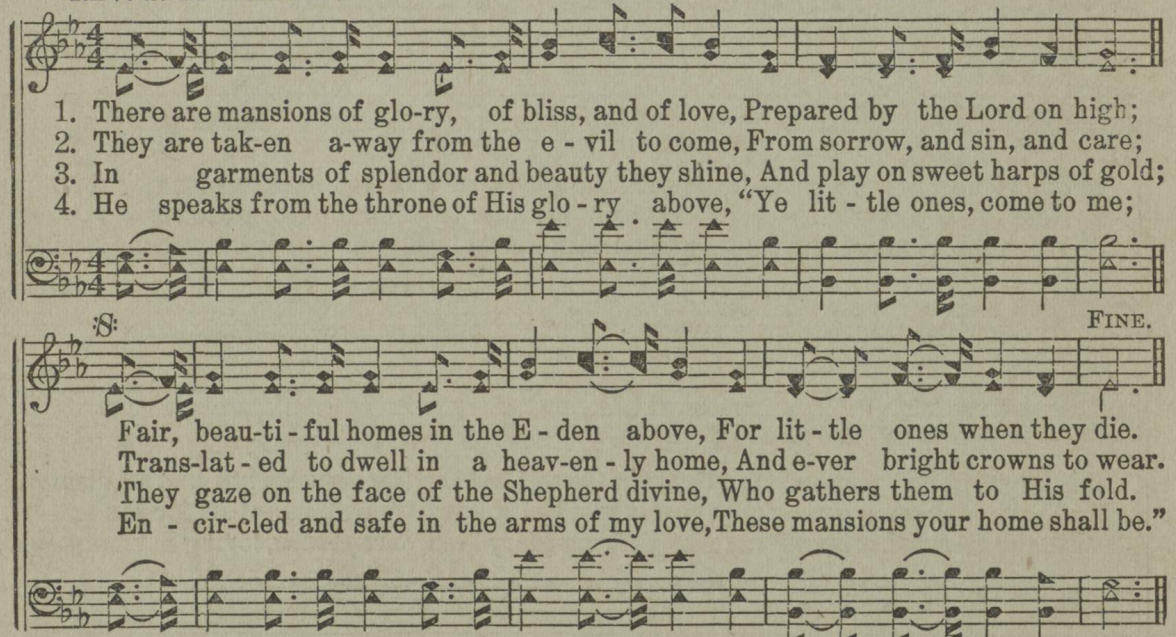


Copyright by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky.

No. 37. OUR LITTLE ONES ARE SAVED.

"And her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne."—REV. 12:5.

REV. S. H. MARTIN. EMILIUS LOROCHE.



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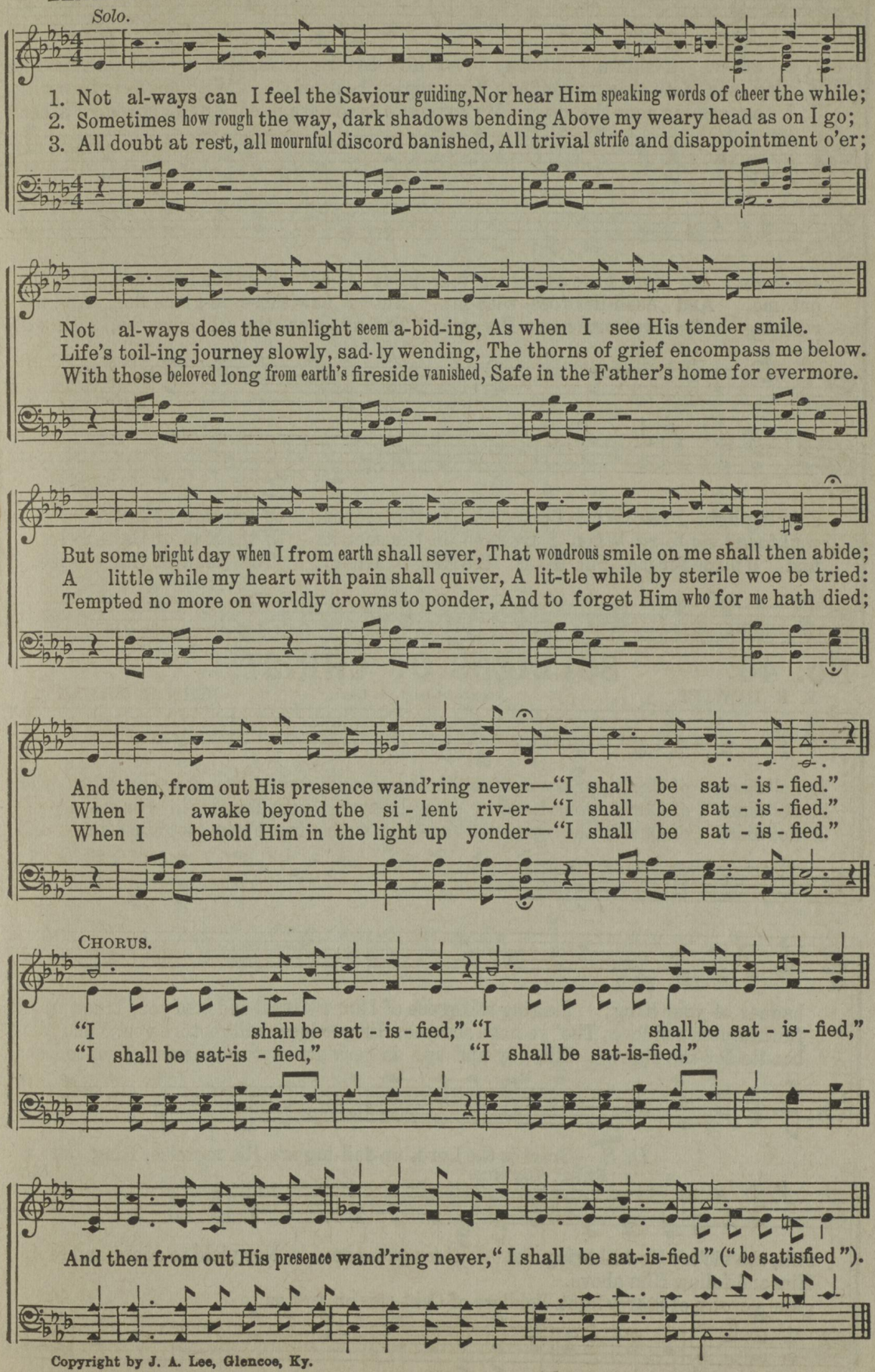
No. 38. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BEATRICE CLAYTON. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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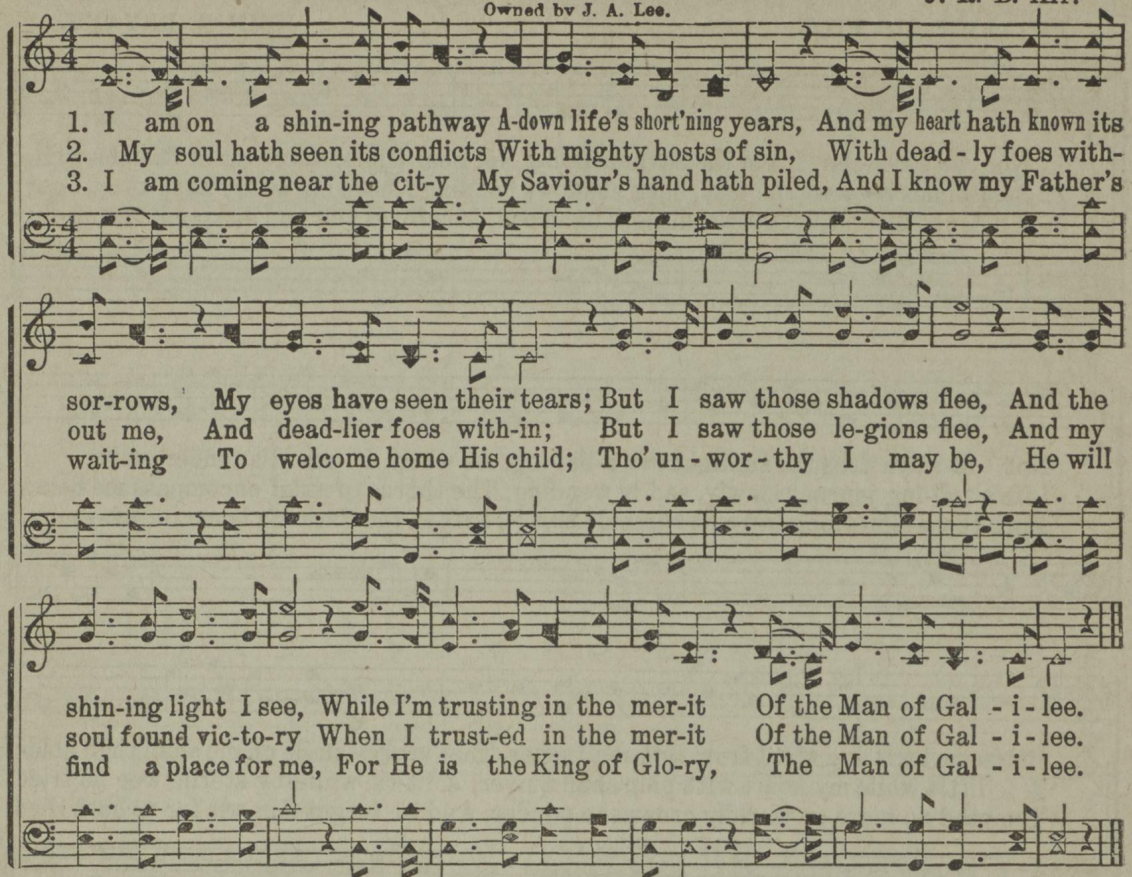
No. 39. THE MAN OF GALILEE.

J. R. B. Arr.

Owned by J. A. Lee.

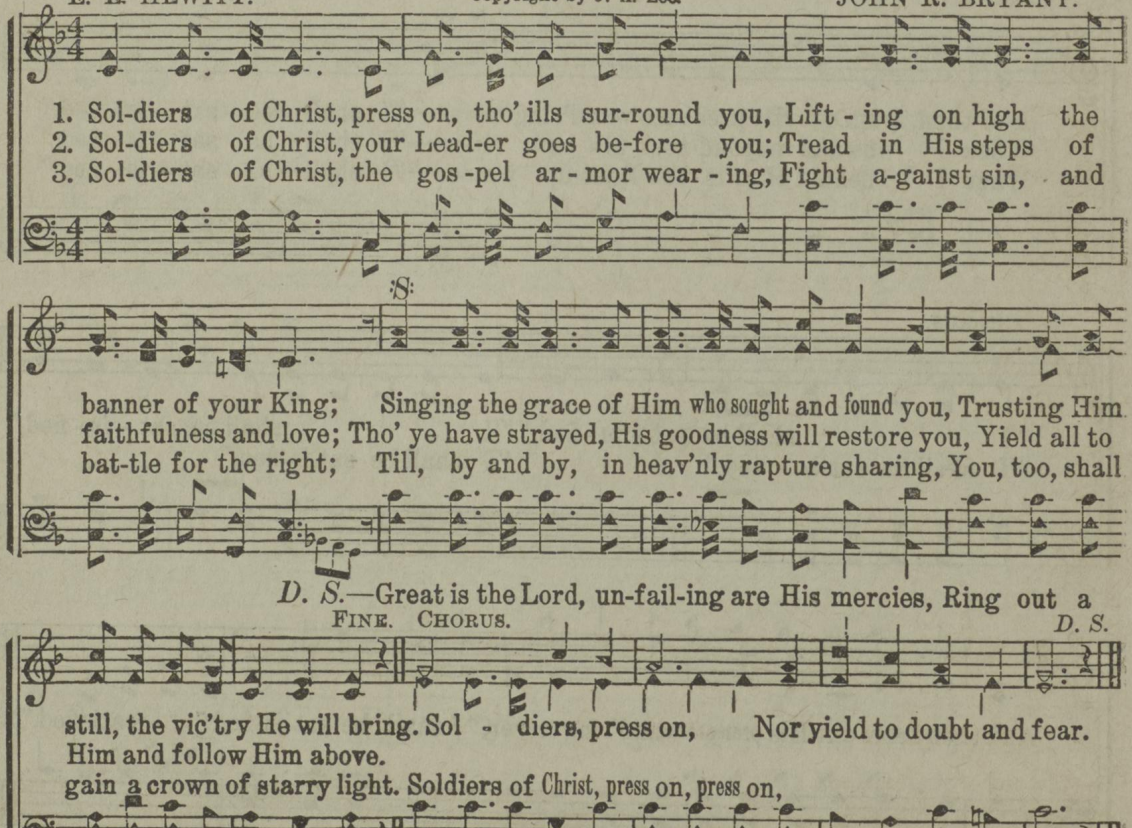


No. 40. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright by J. A. Lee.

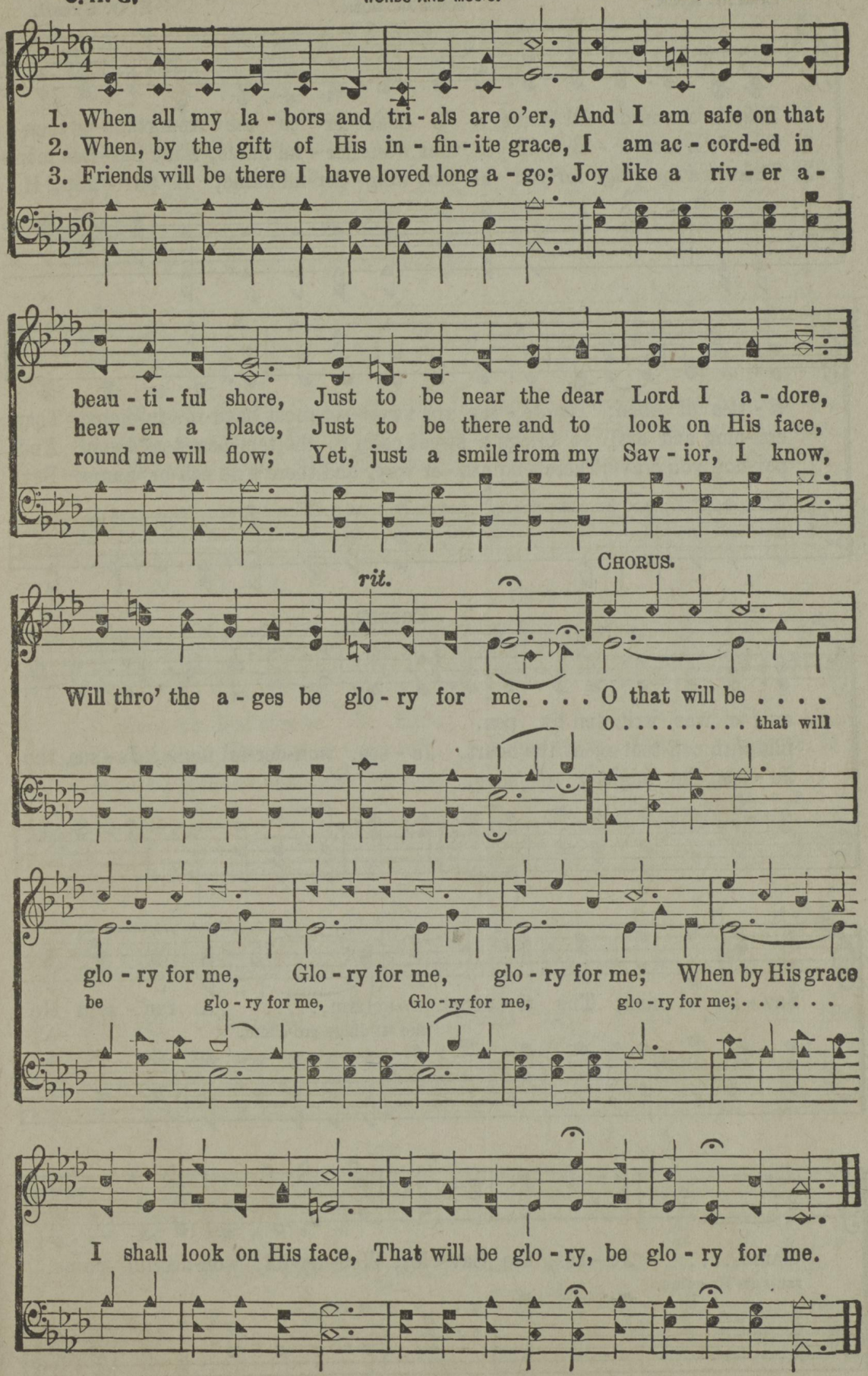
JOHN R. BRYANT.



No. 41. O That Will Be Glory

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 42, Wonderful Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Lida M. Keck. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a won-der-ful name, it is dear - er to me And grand-er than
2. There's a mag-ic - al balm in that won - der - ful name, That baf - fles men's
3. There's a mess-age for you in that won - der-ful name, A par - don, if

ti - tles of men; 'Tis Je - sus, the sweet-est, most beau-ti - ful name, That
cun-ning and art; It brings a sweet calm to the tem-pest-toss'd soul, And
par-don you crave; There's no oth - er way, and there's no oth-er name, But

CHORUS.

ev - er was writ - ten by pen.
fills with con-tent-ment the heart. Je - sus, won-der-ful name, Je - sus, the
Je - sus, the might-y to save.

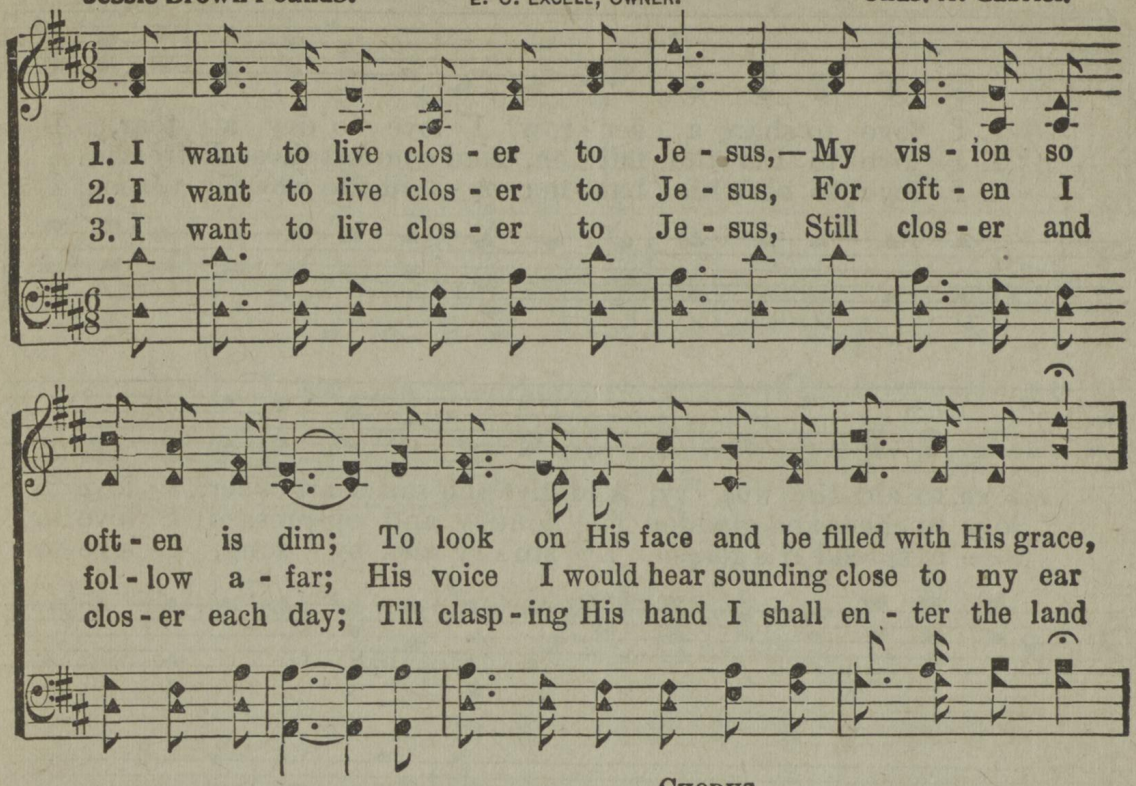
Sav - ior of men; The ti - dings pro - claim,..... A ran - som He
the ti-dings pro-claim, A

came,.... Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful name.
ran-som He came,

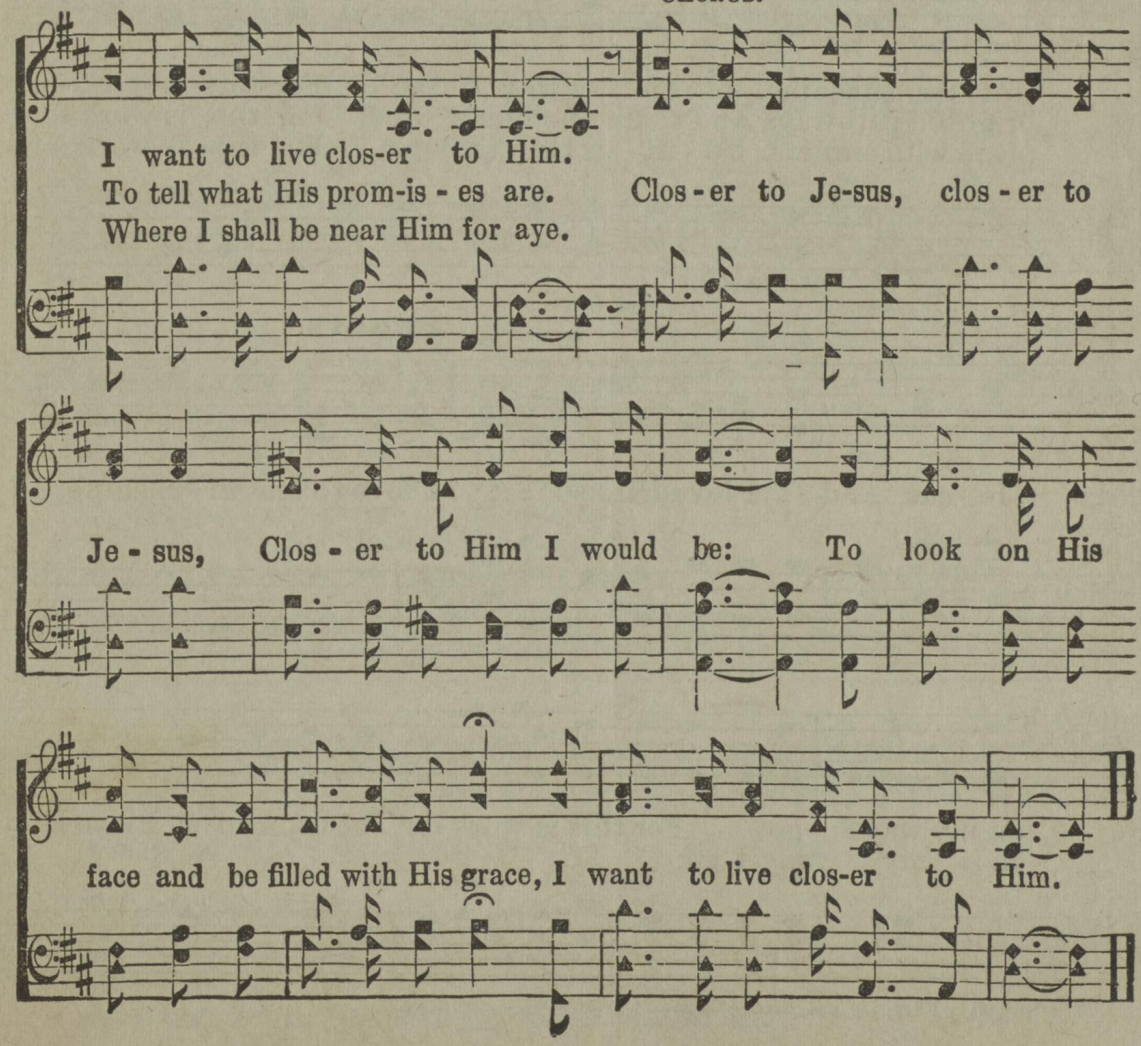
No. 43. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

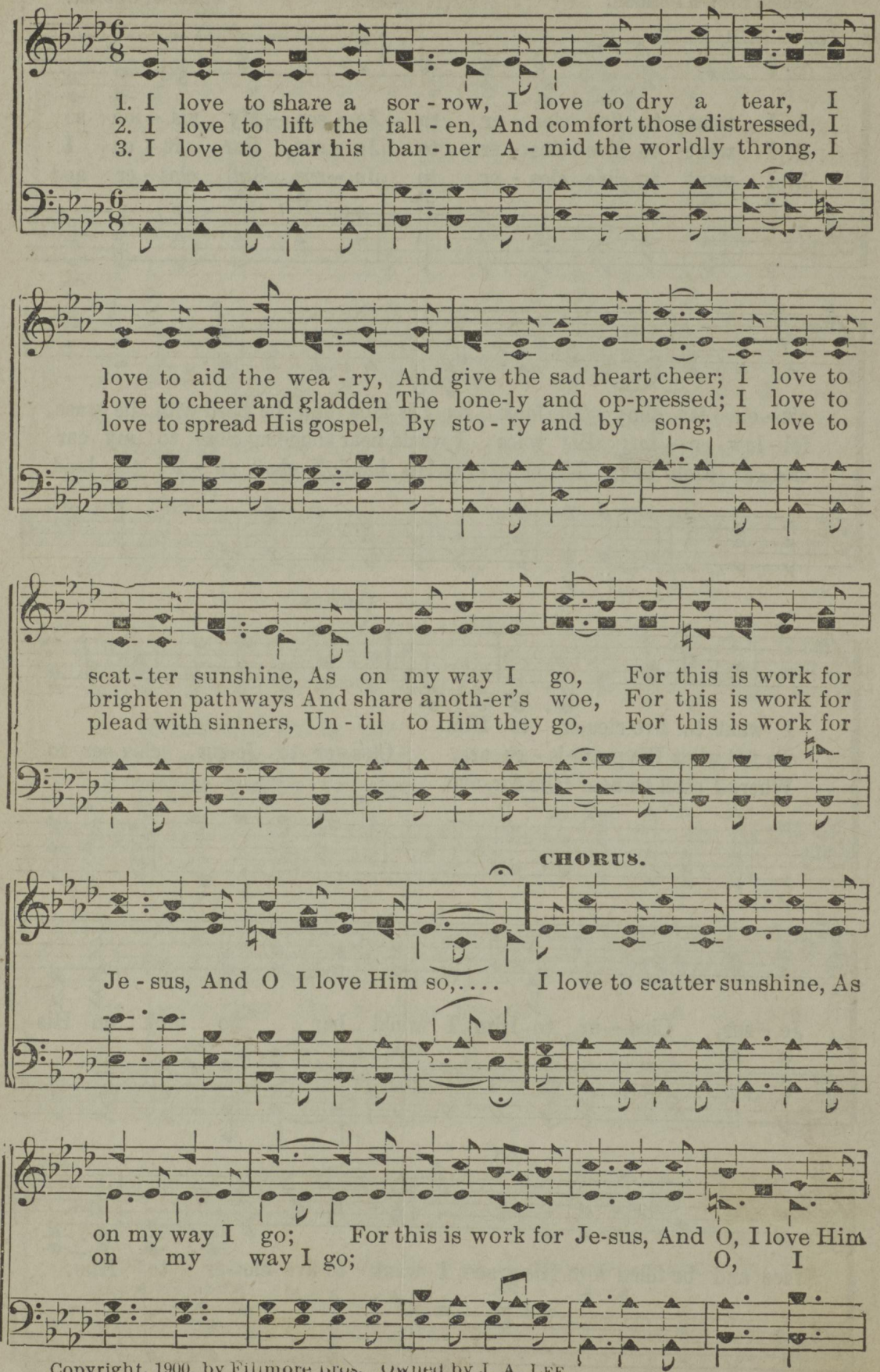


CHORUS.



44 I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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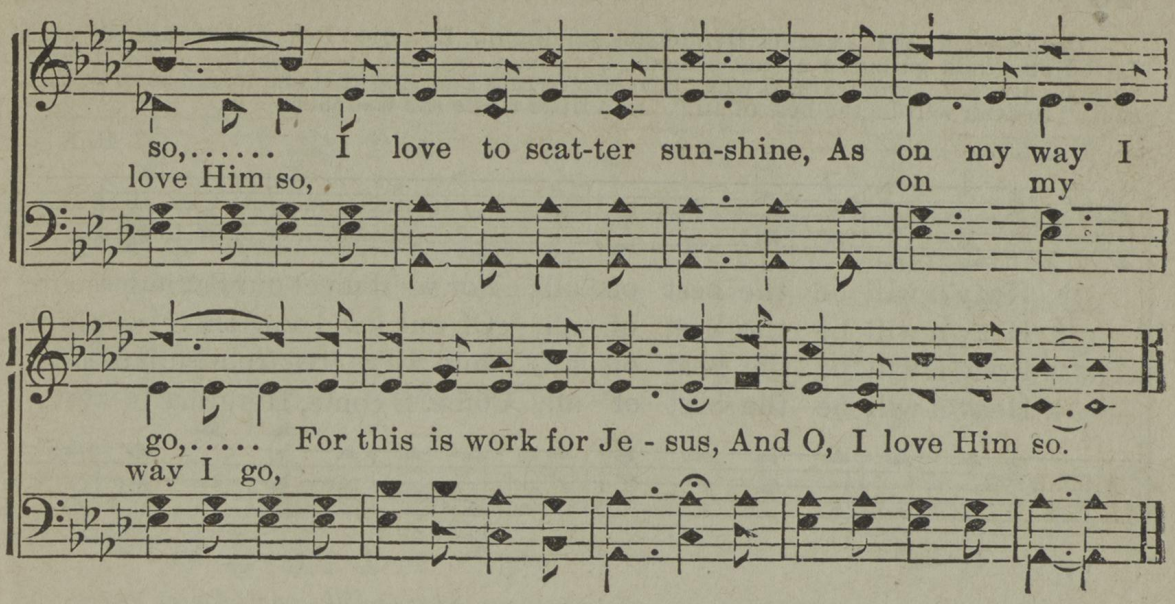
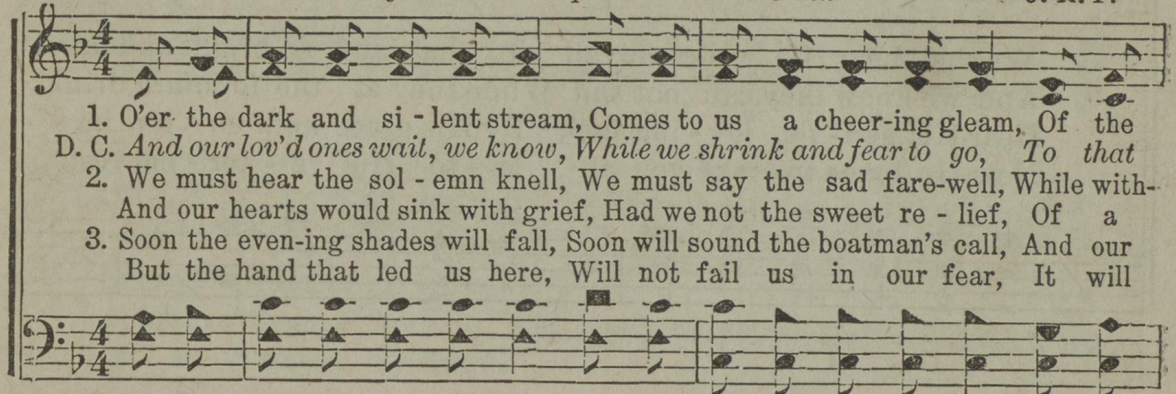
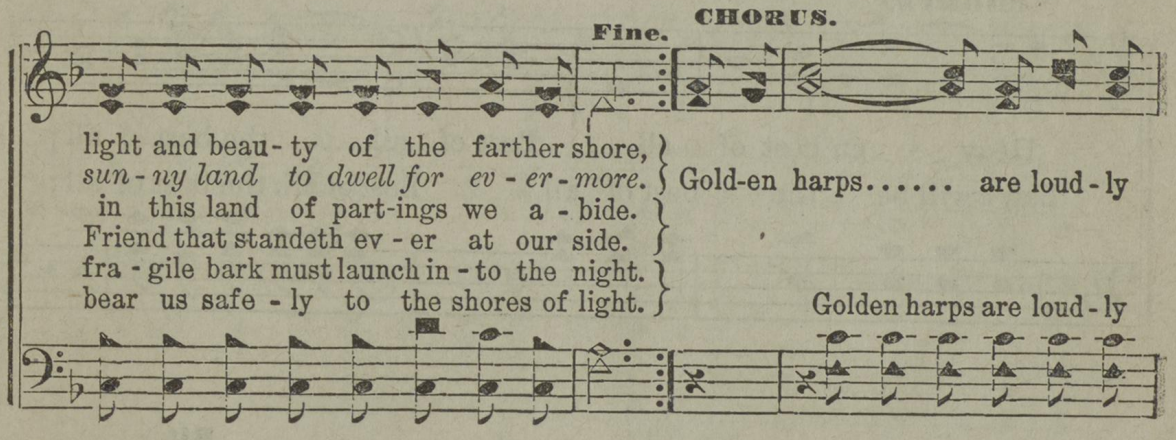
I Love to Scatter Sunshine.



45 Golden Harps.

P. H. *May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.* J. H. F.





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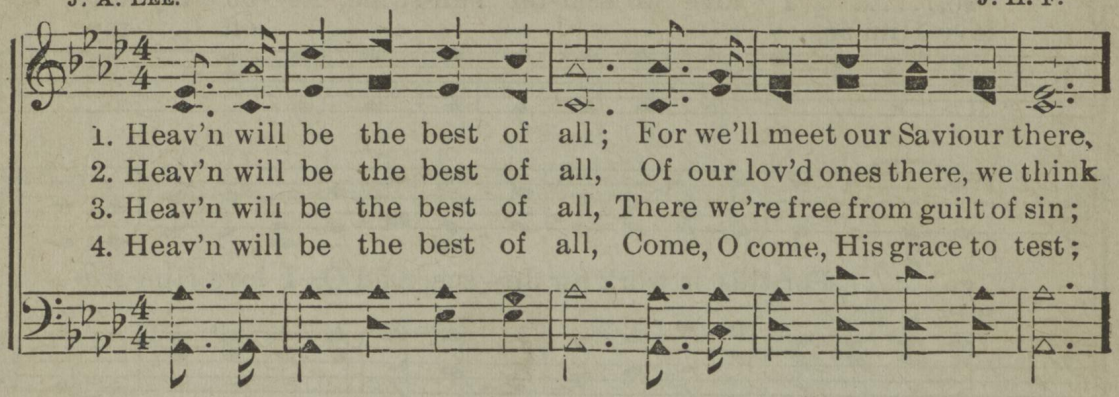
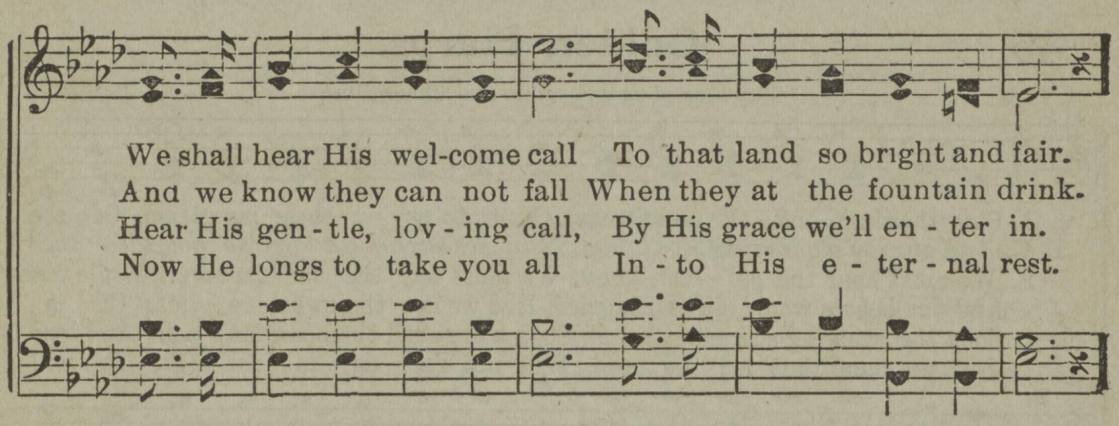
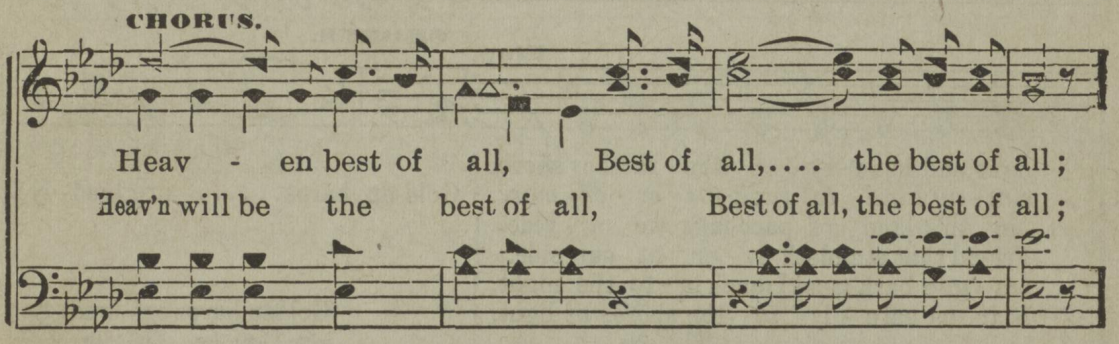
46 Heaven Will be the Best of All.

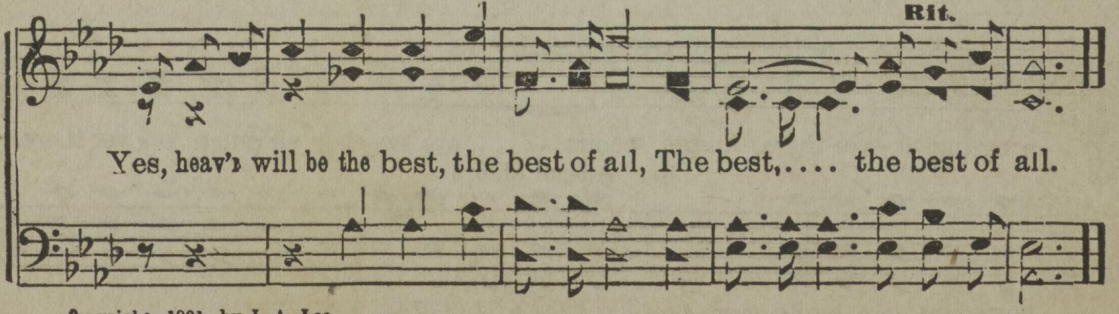
Dedicated to Miss Camilla Henderson, Covington, Ky., died Dec. 25, 1900, aged 19 years. Loved ones had gathered at her bedside, Christmas Day, and the presents she had received were mentioned. She realized what heaven was and knowing that she would soon be there said, "Heaven will be the best of all." In a little while she was there.

J. A. LEE. J. H. F.









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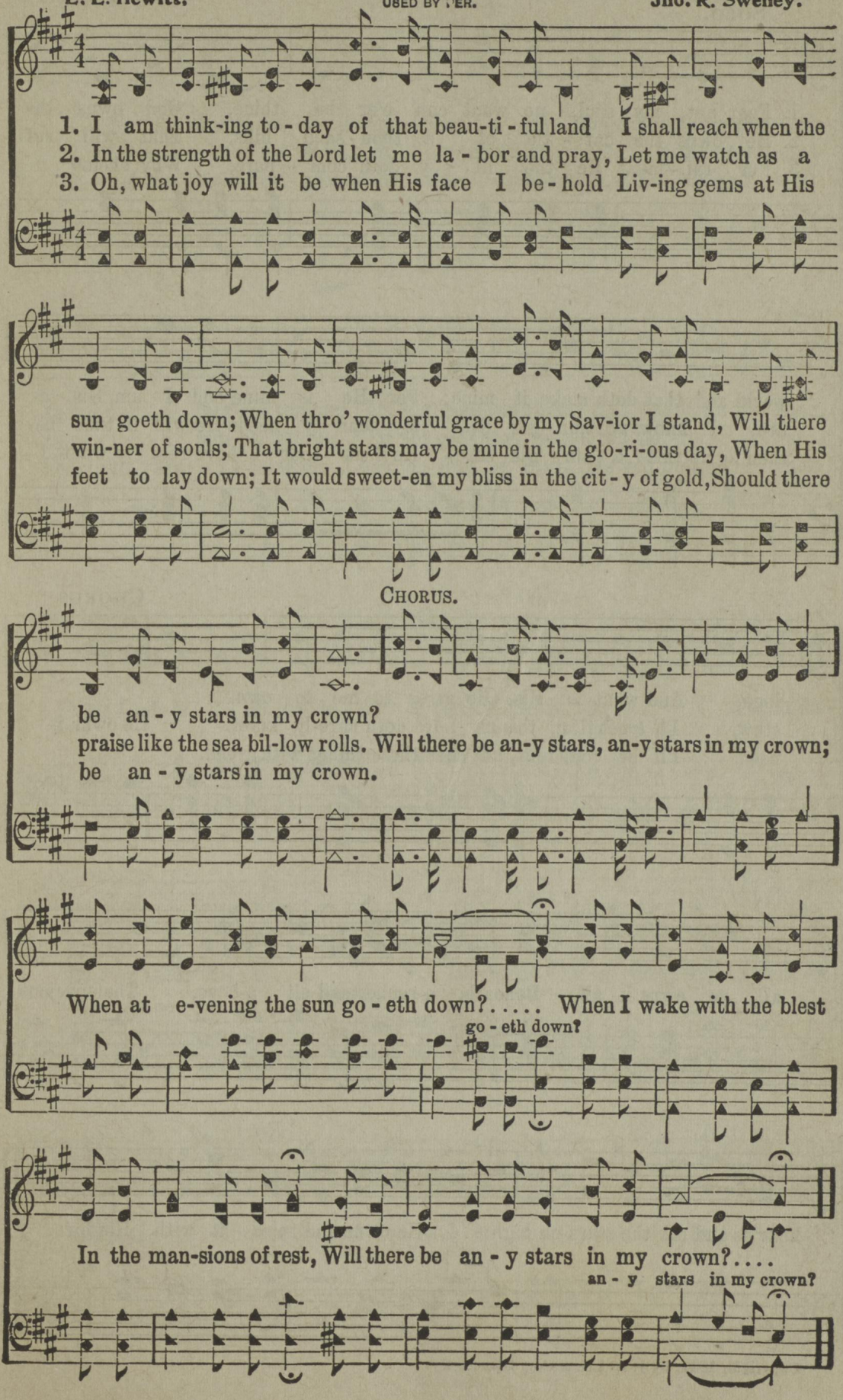
No. 47. Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

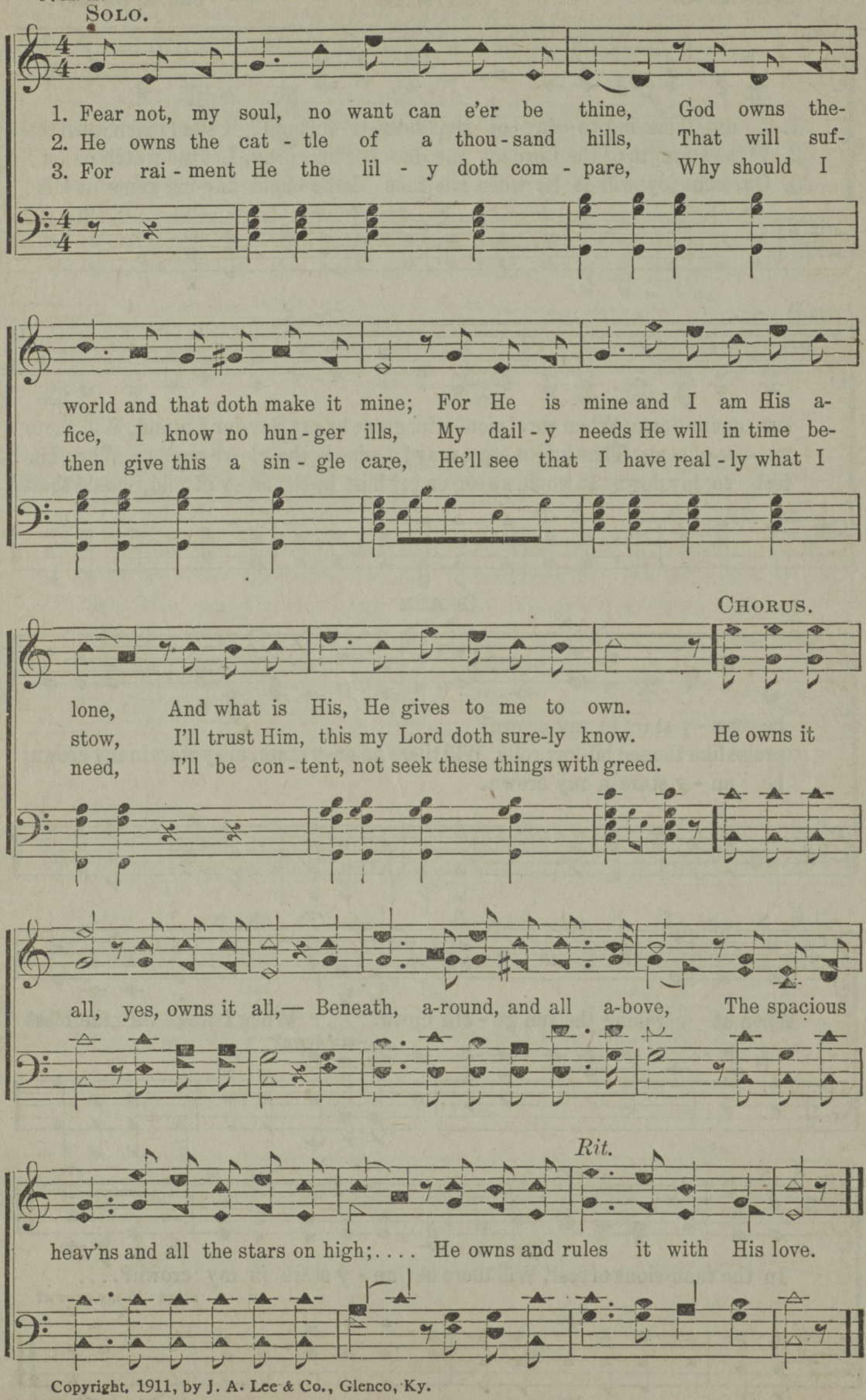
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 48. He Owns It All.

J. A. L. Dedicated to Emmett Duvall, Chicago, Ill. J. A. LEE.



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No. 49. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

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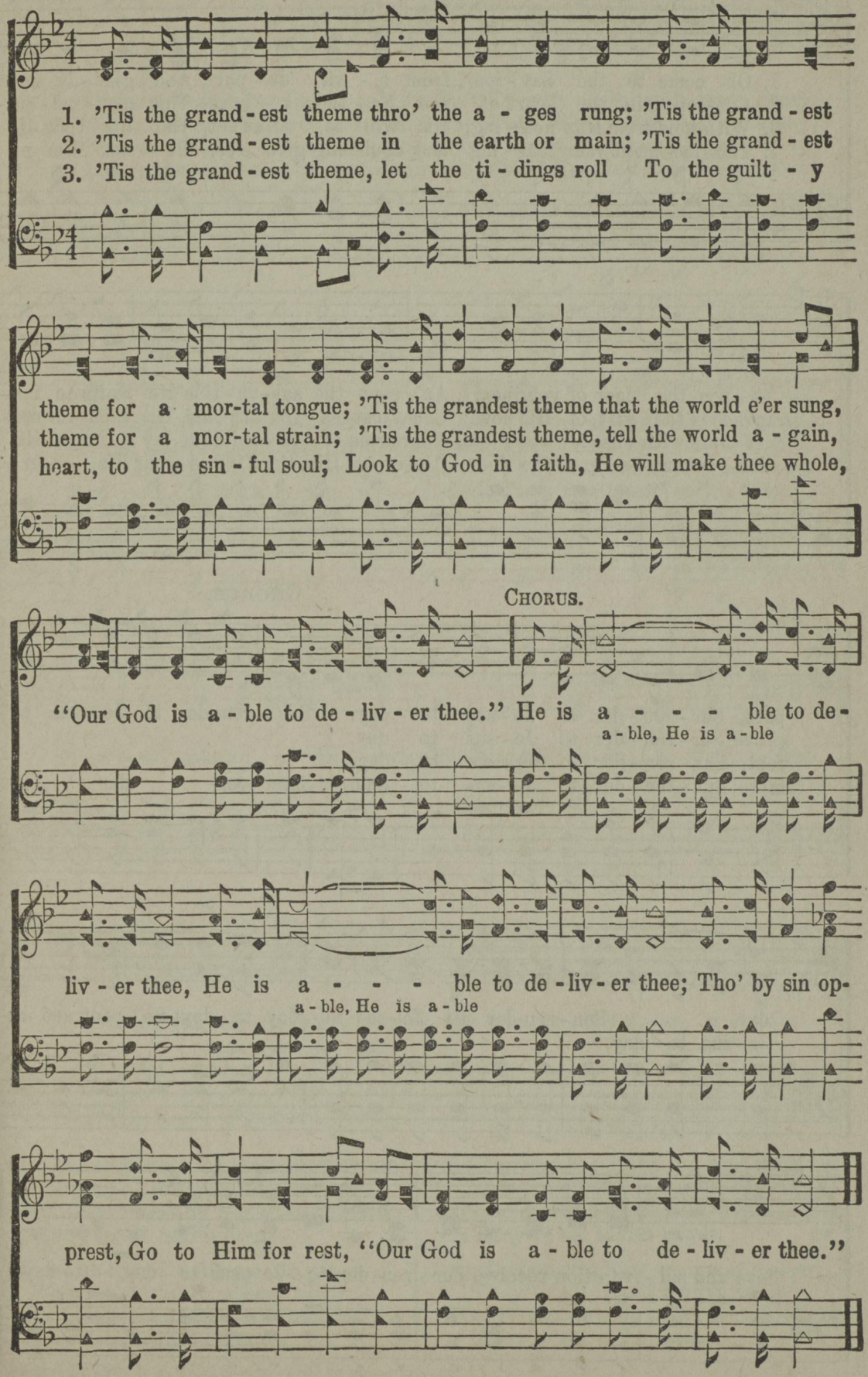
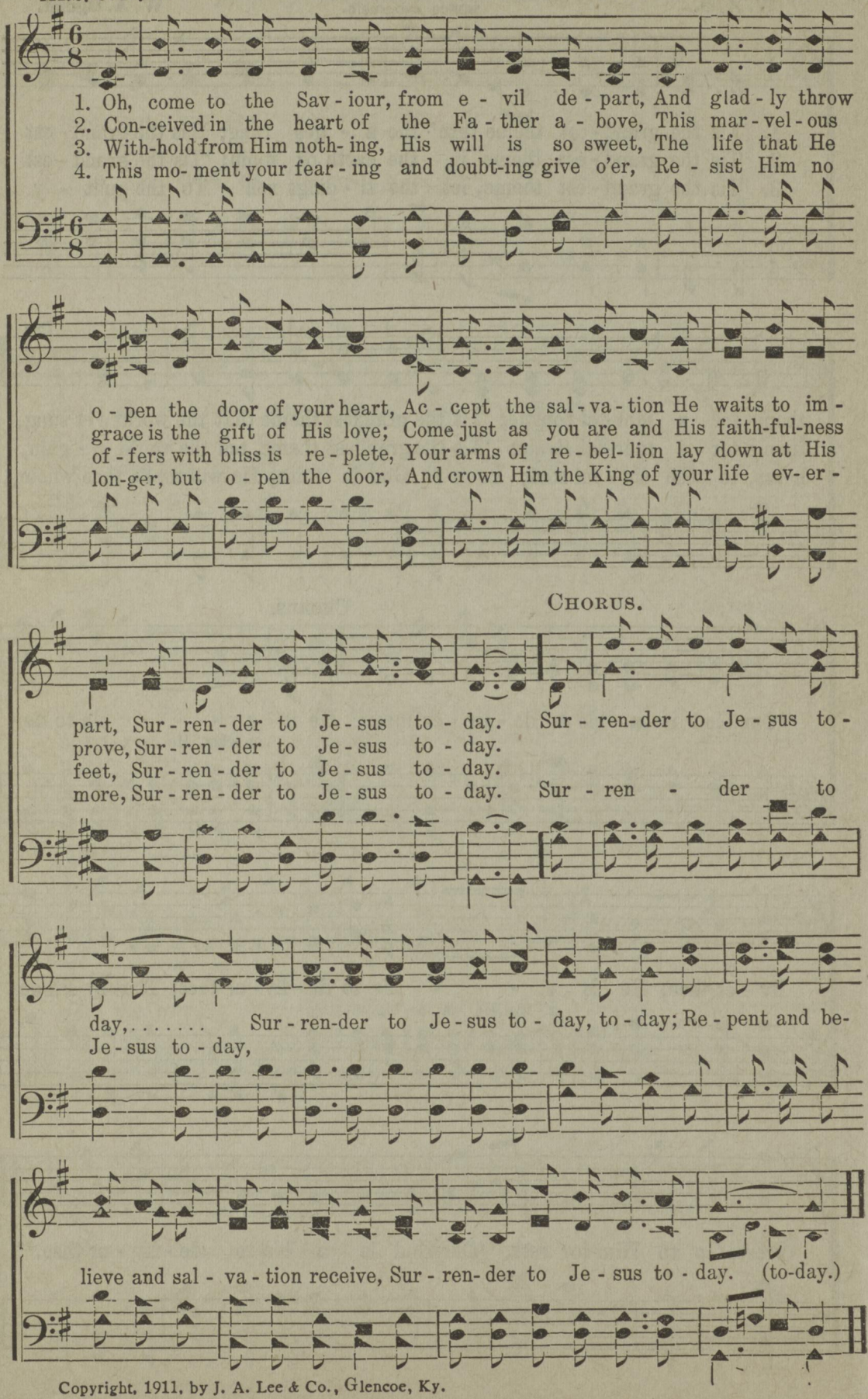
W. A, O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.



No. 50. Surrender to Jesus.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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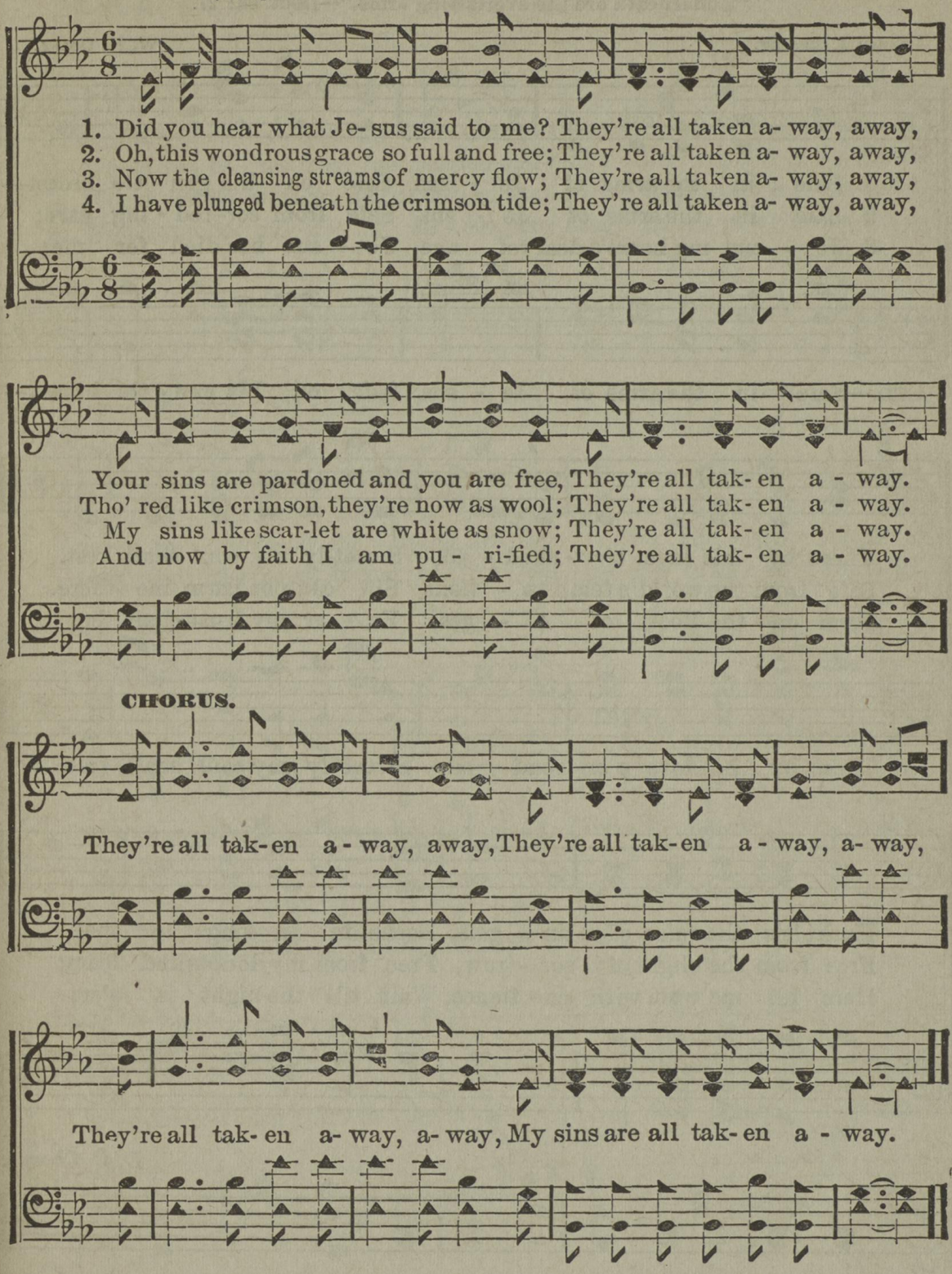
No. 51. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse. d.



5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away.

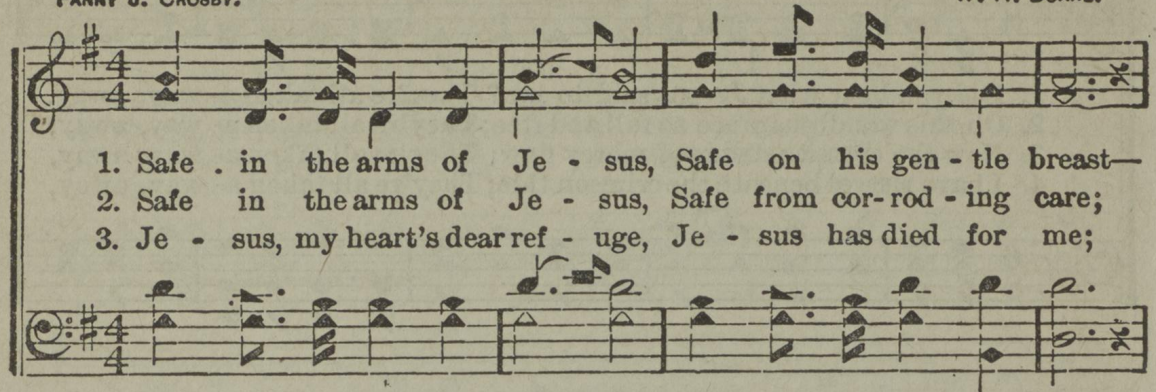
8 And when in glory we meet above;
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter. Used by per.

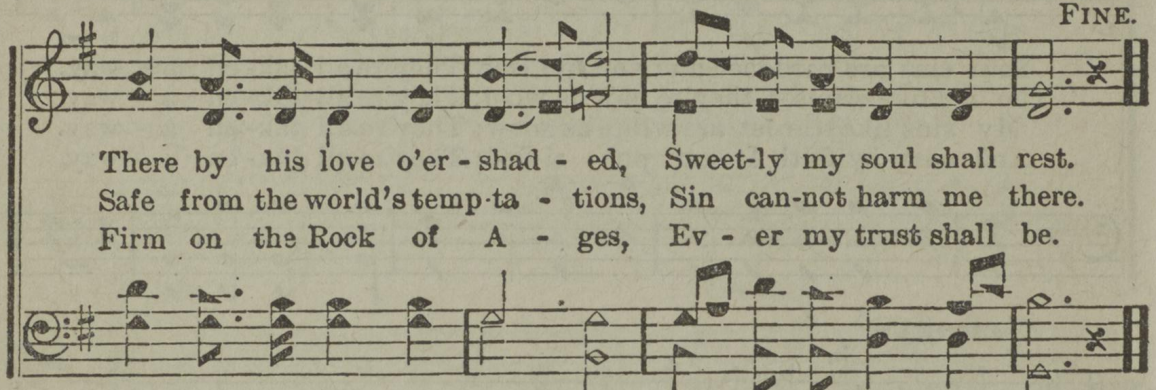
No. 52. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

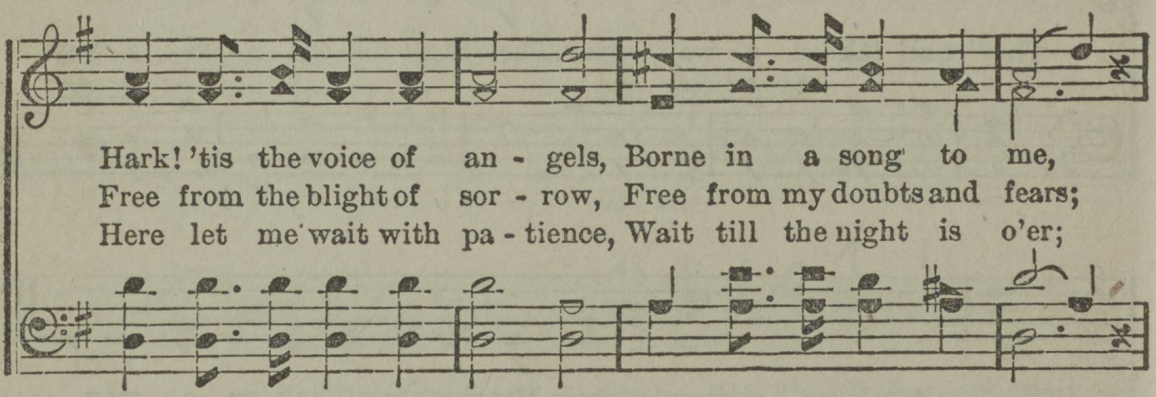
"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

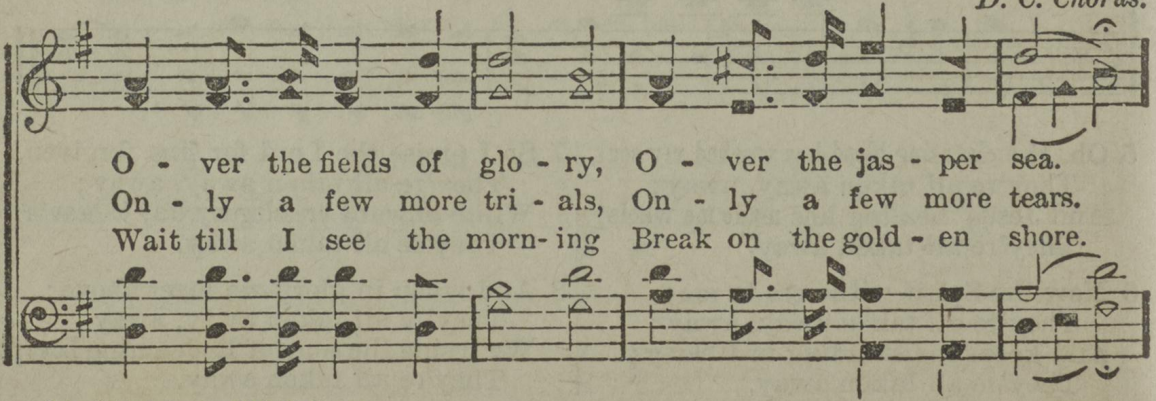


FINE.





D. C. Chorus.



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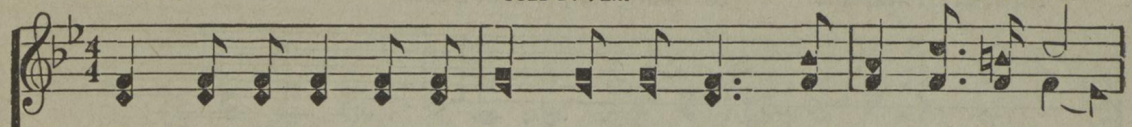
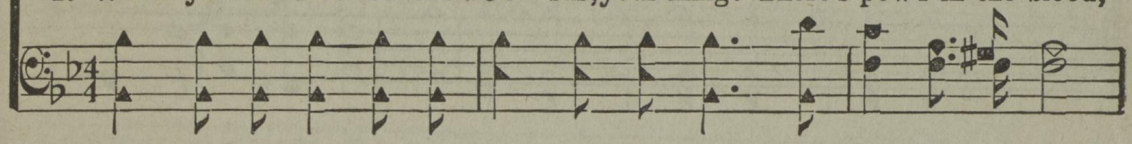
No. 53. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

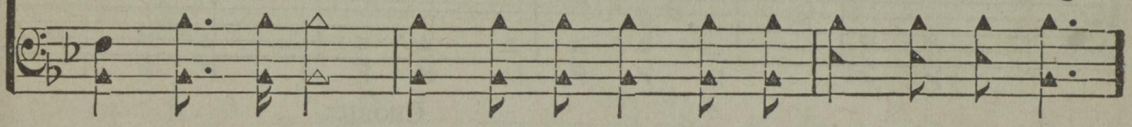
L. E. J. L. E. Jones.



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

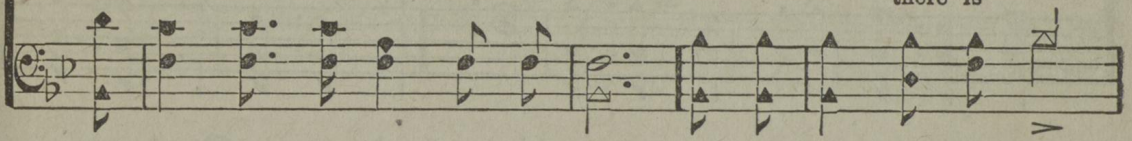


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

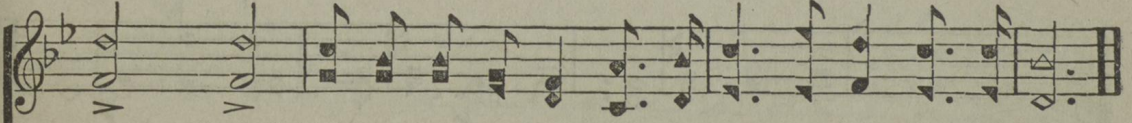


CHORUS.

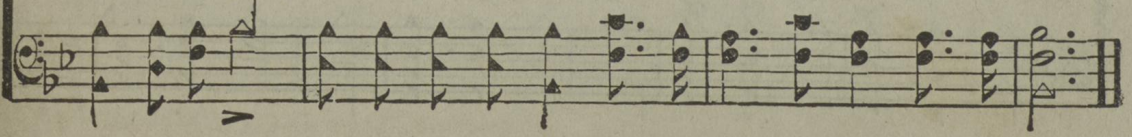
There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is



Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;



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



No. 54. O What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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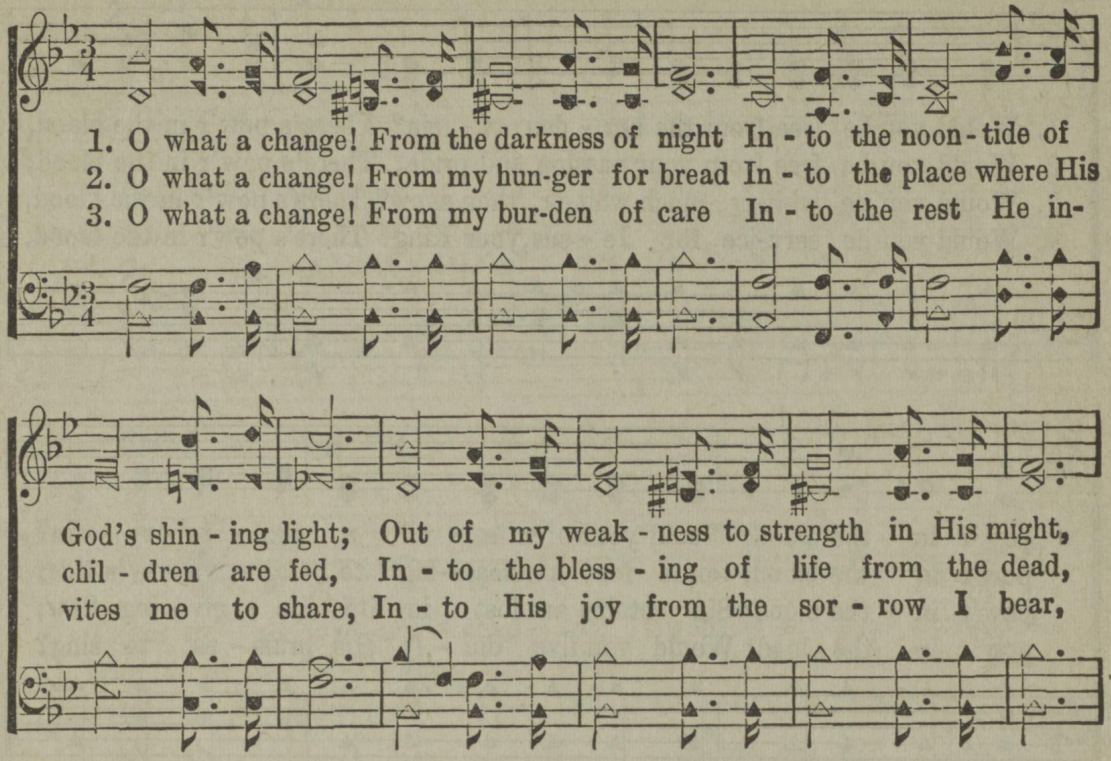
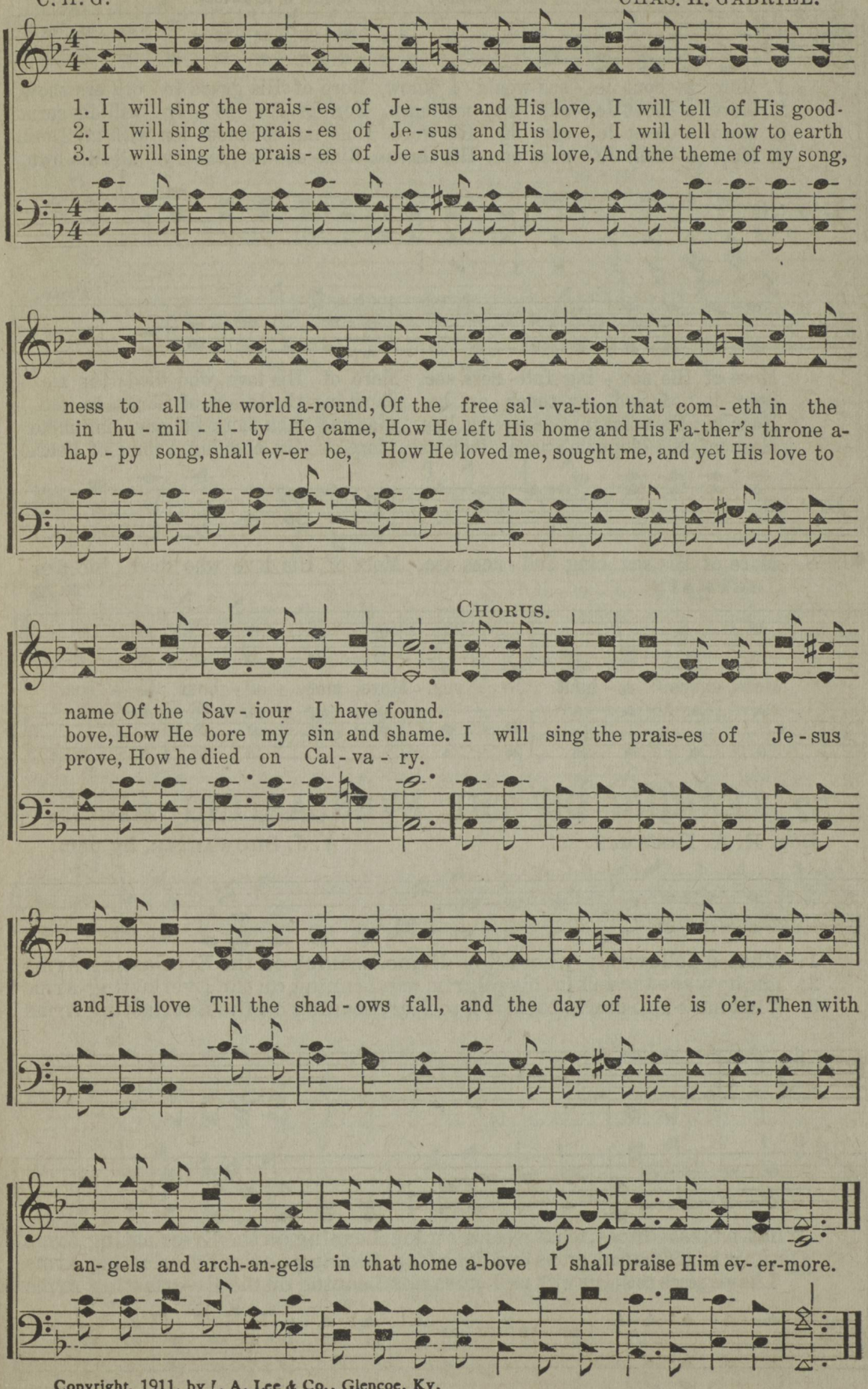
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 55. I Will Sing the Praises of Jesus.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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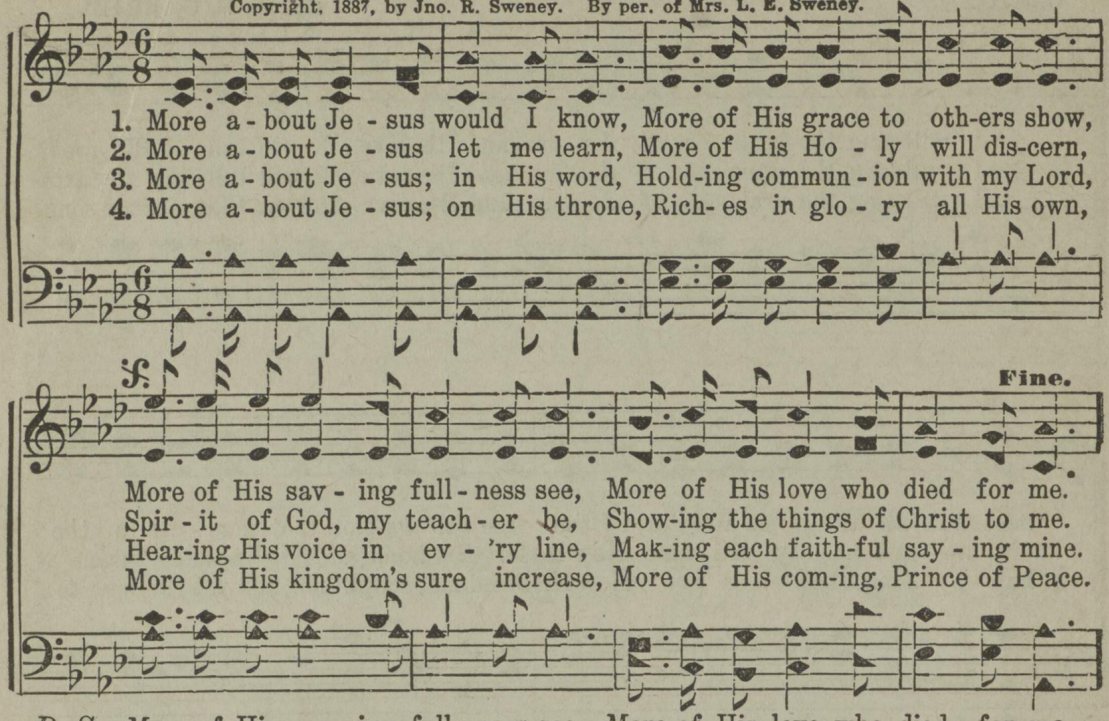
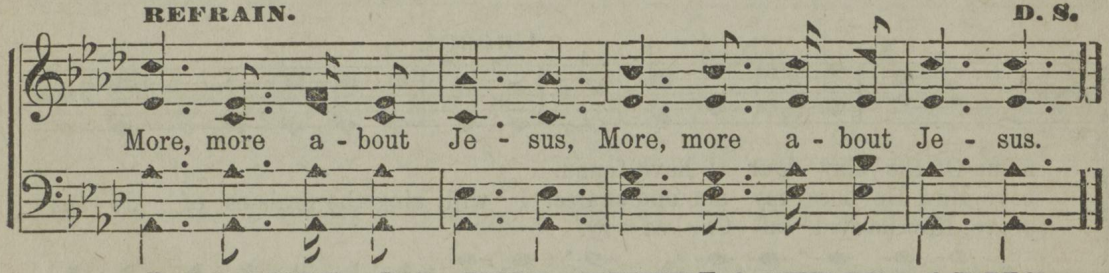
No. 56 More About Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

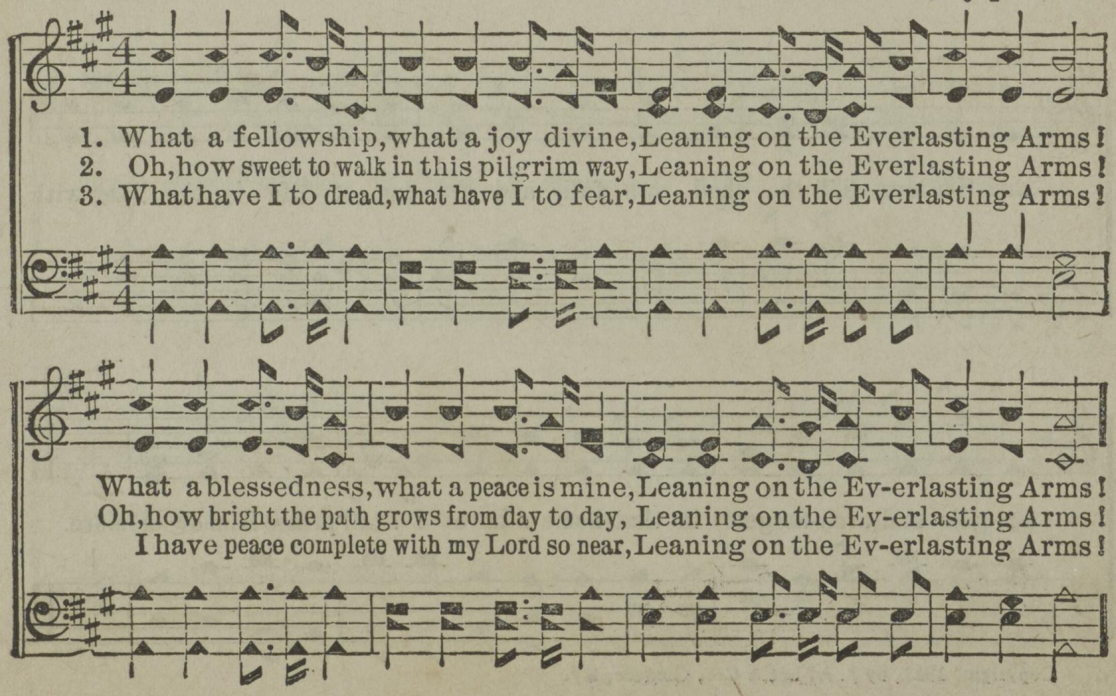
Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.





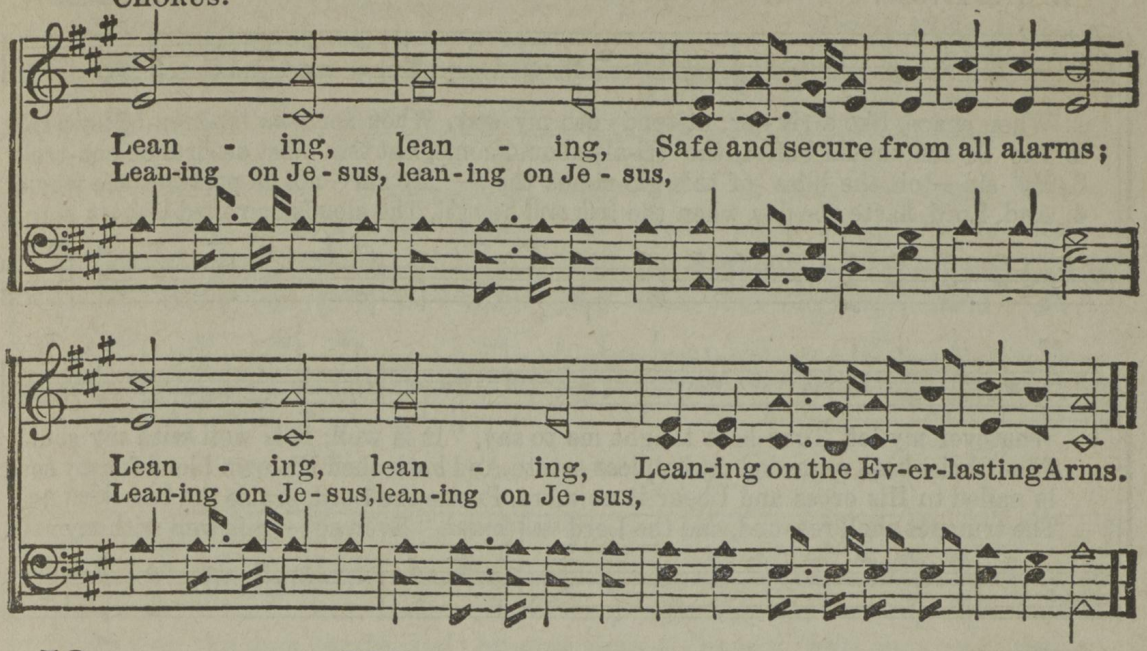
57 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



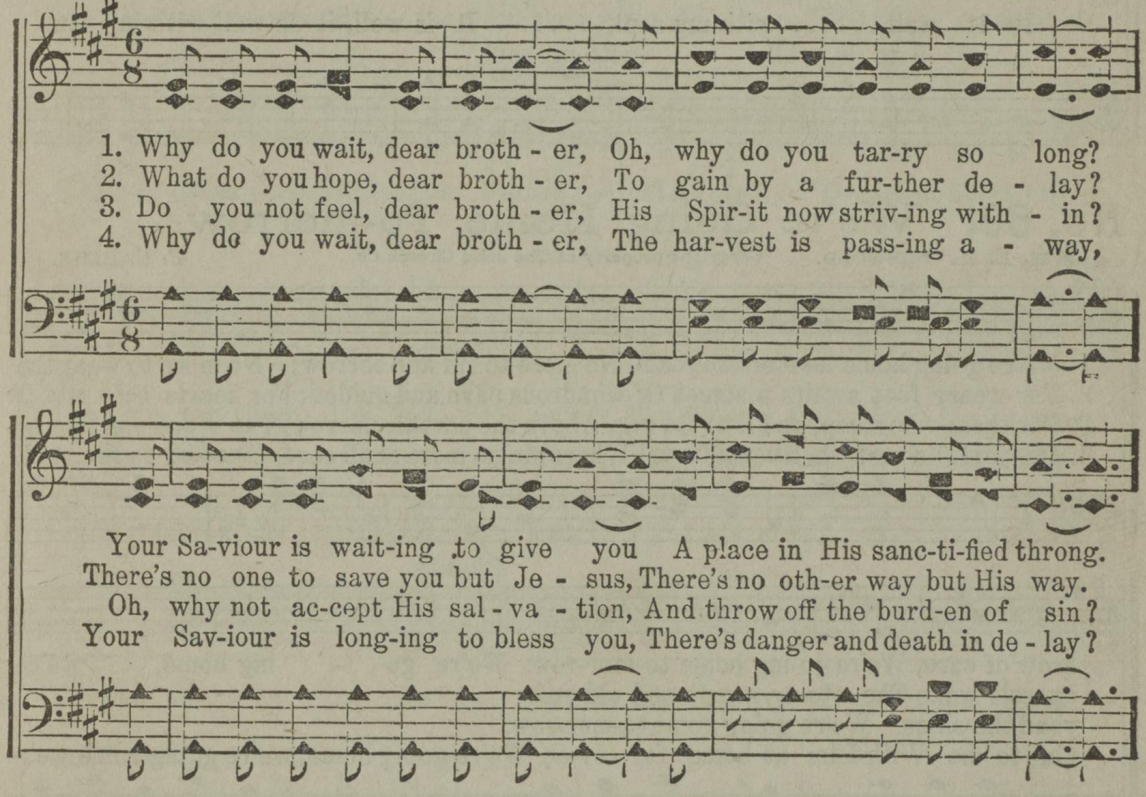
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

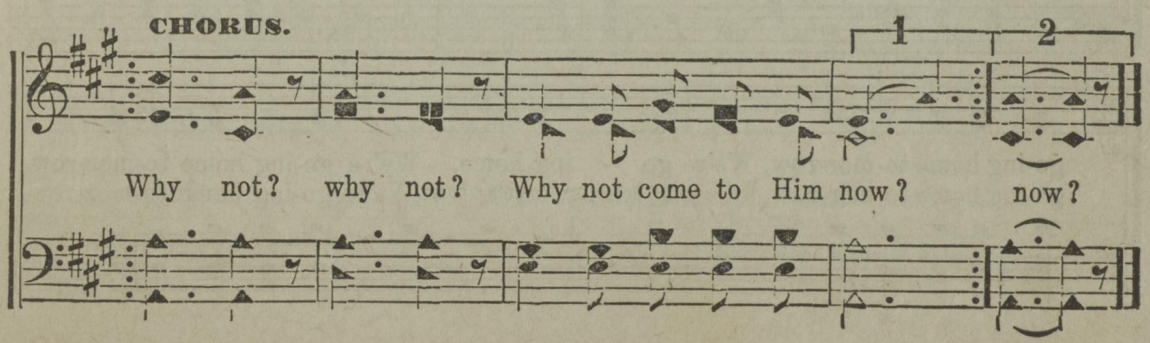
CHORUS.



58 Why Do You Wait?

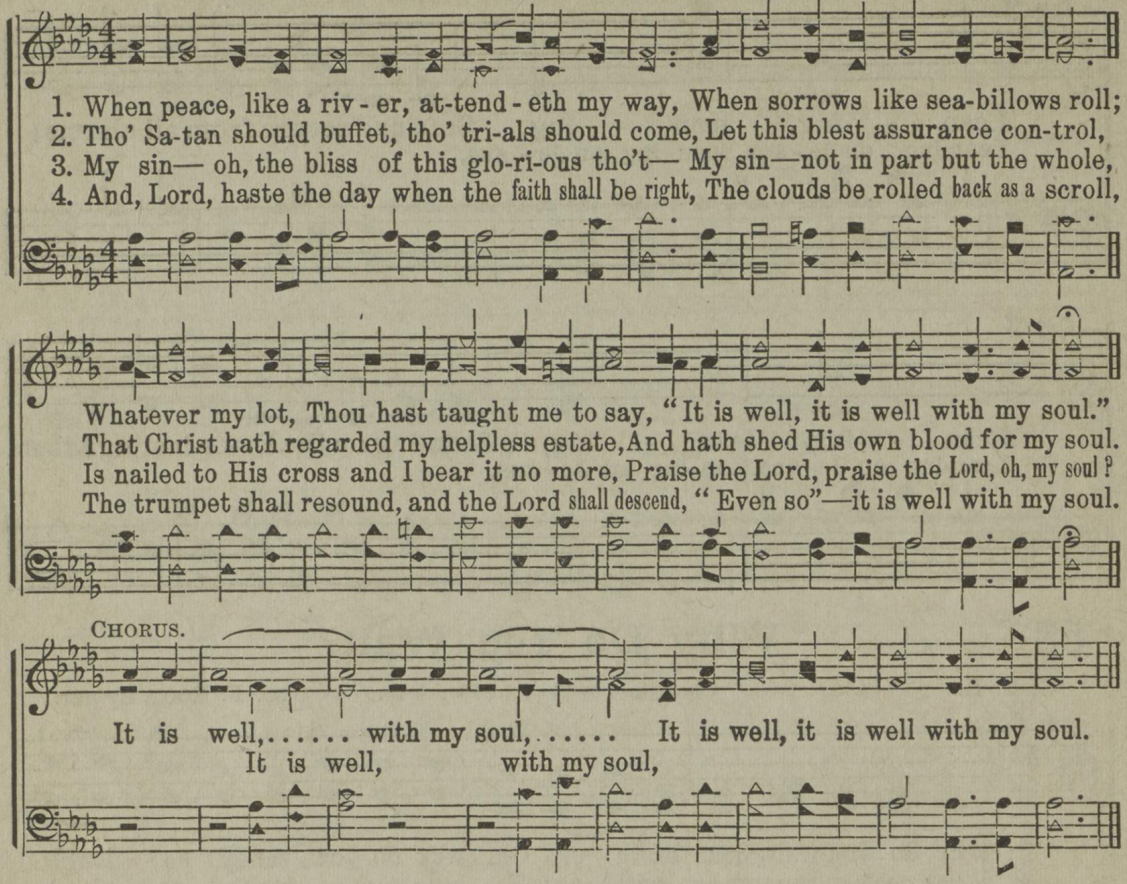
G. F. R. Copyrighted by The John Church Co. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.





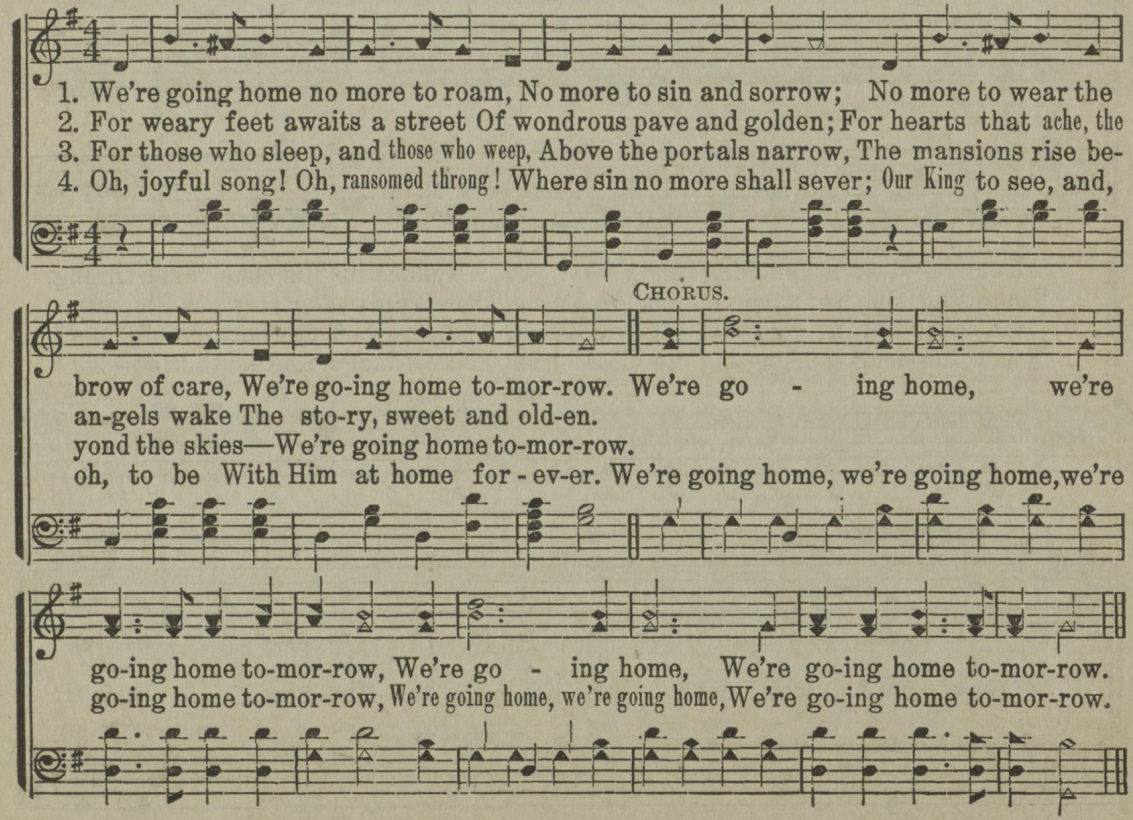
No. 59. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Copyright, 1904, by the John Church Co. Used by per. P. P. BLISS.



No. 60. We're Going Home To-morrow.

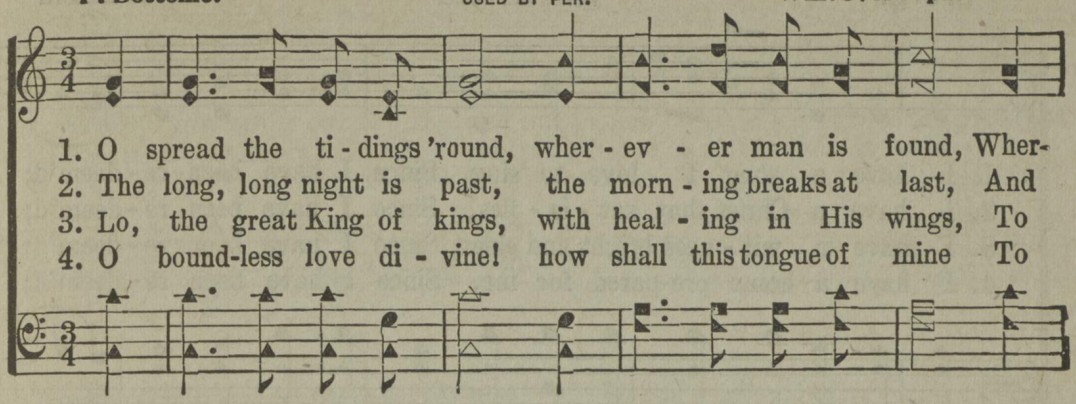
MRS. E. M. GRISWOLD. Copyright property of The John Church Co. P. P. BLISS.



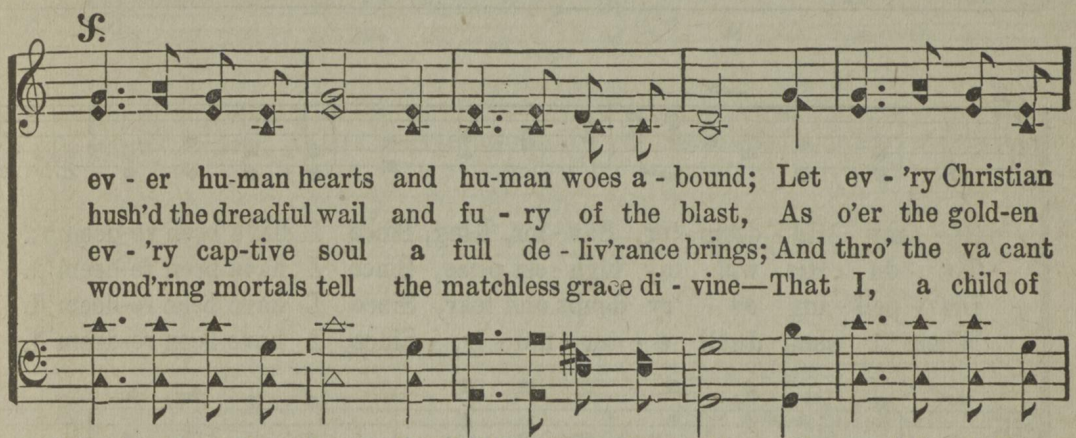
No. 61. The Gomforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

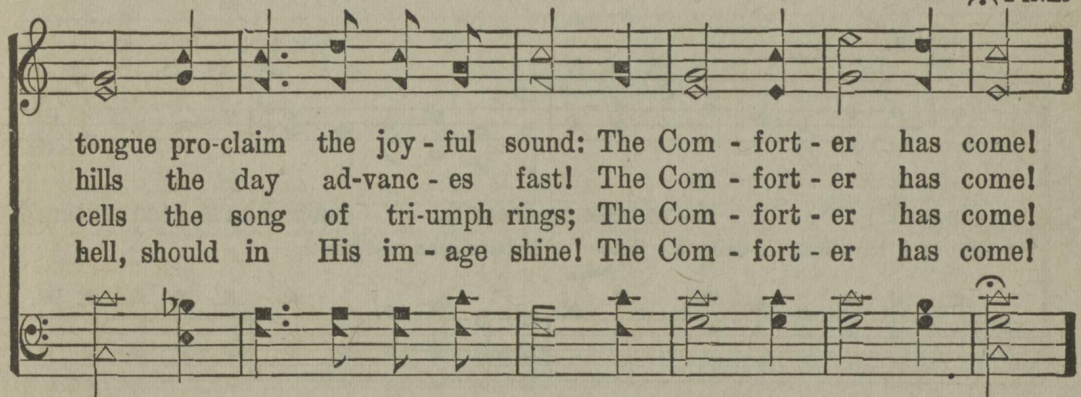


1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of

D. S.-*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

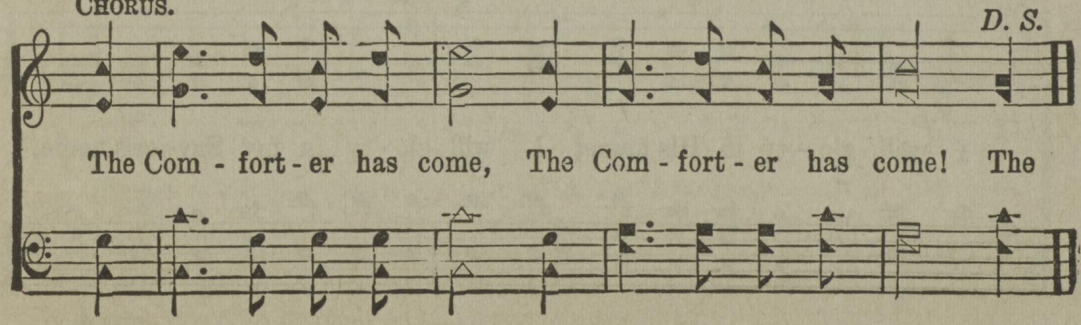


FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS. *D. S.*



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 62. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

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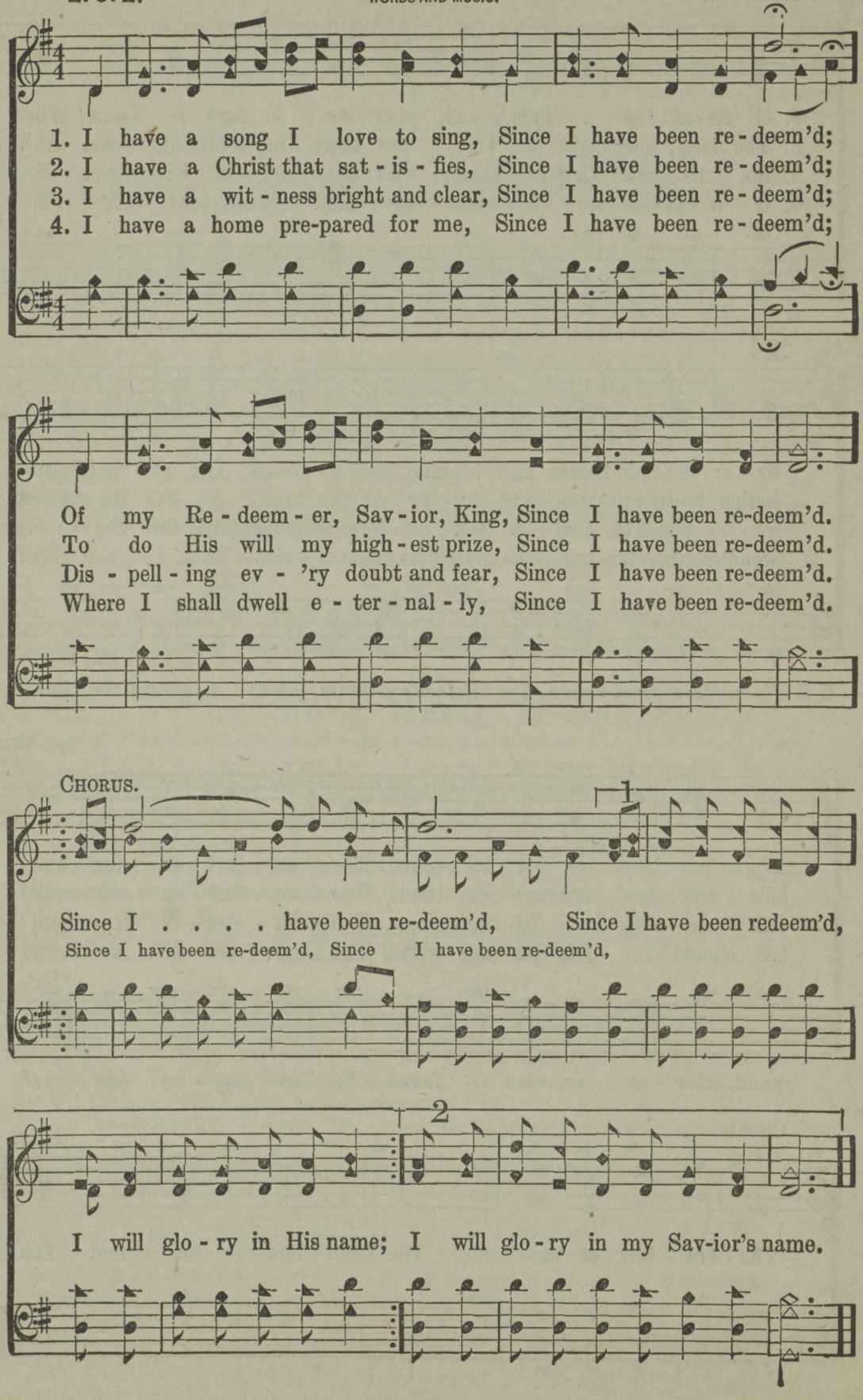
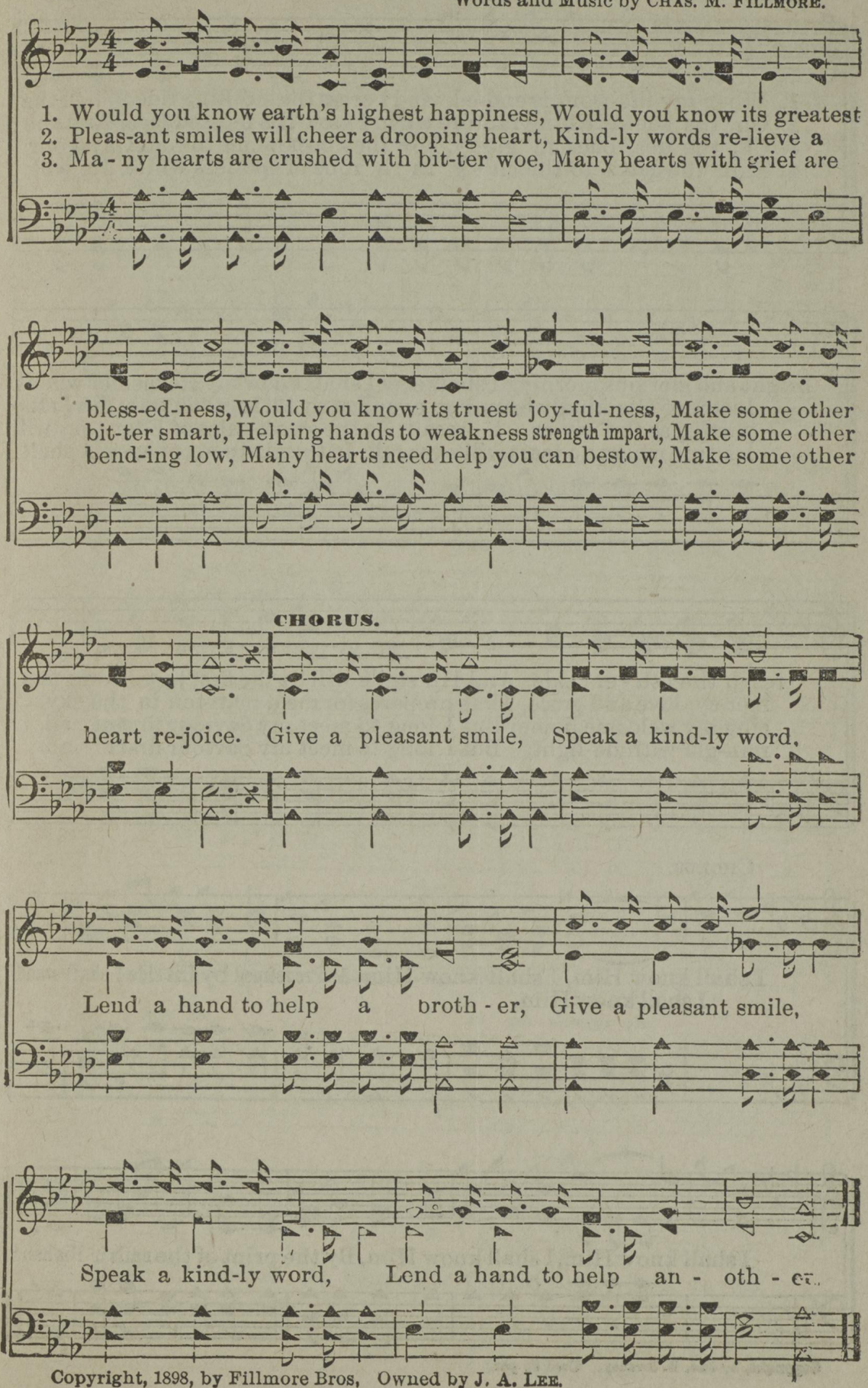
E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



63 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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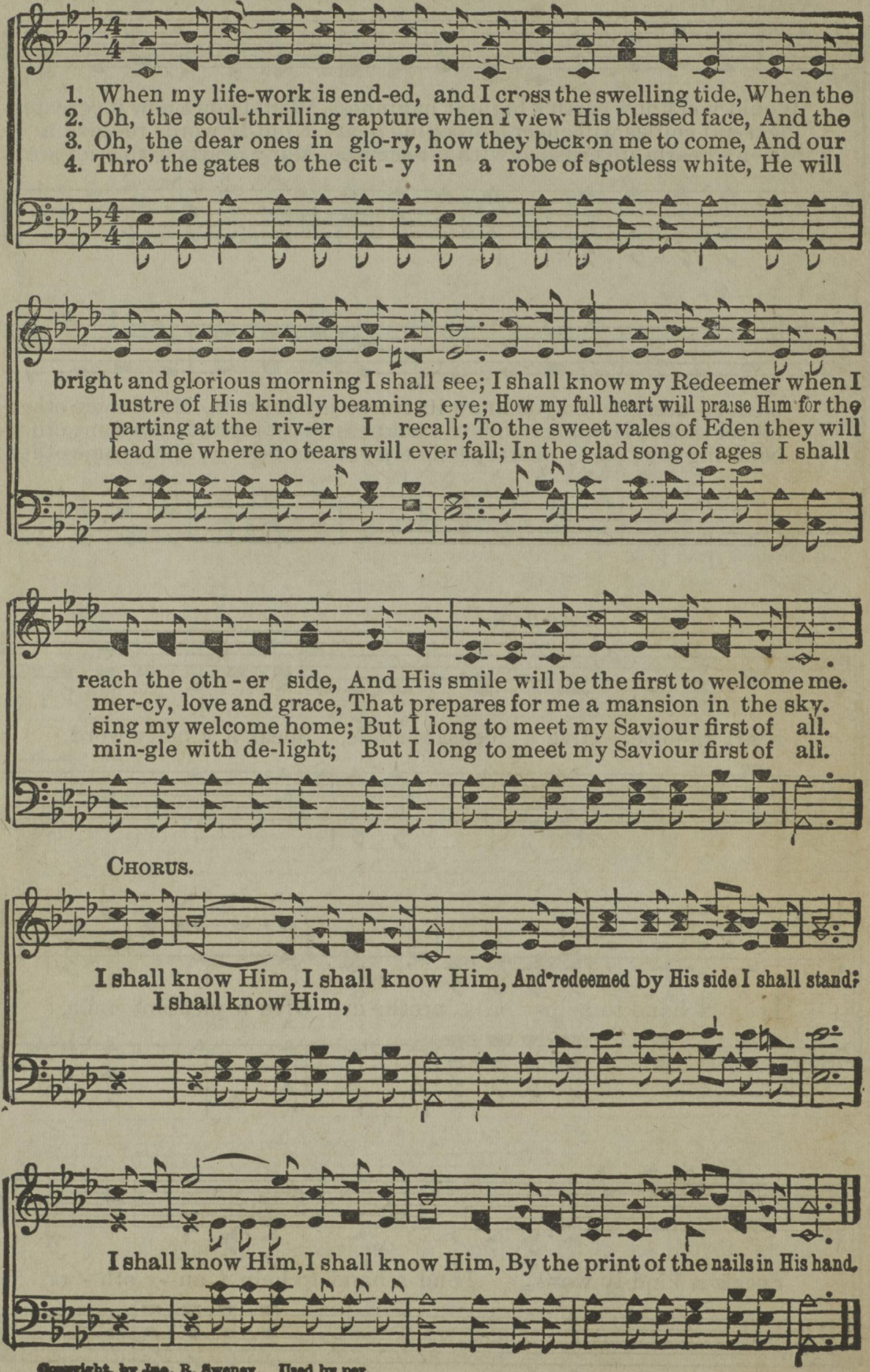
My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Better as a Solo.) JNO. R. SWENEY.



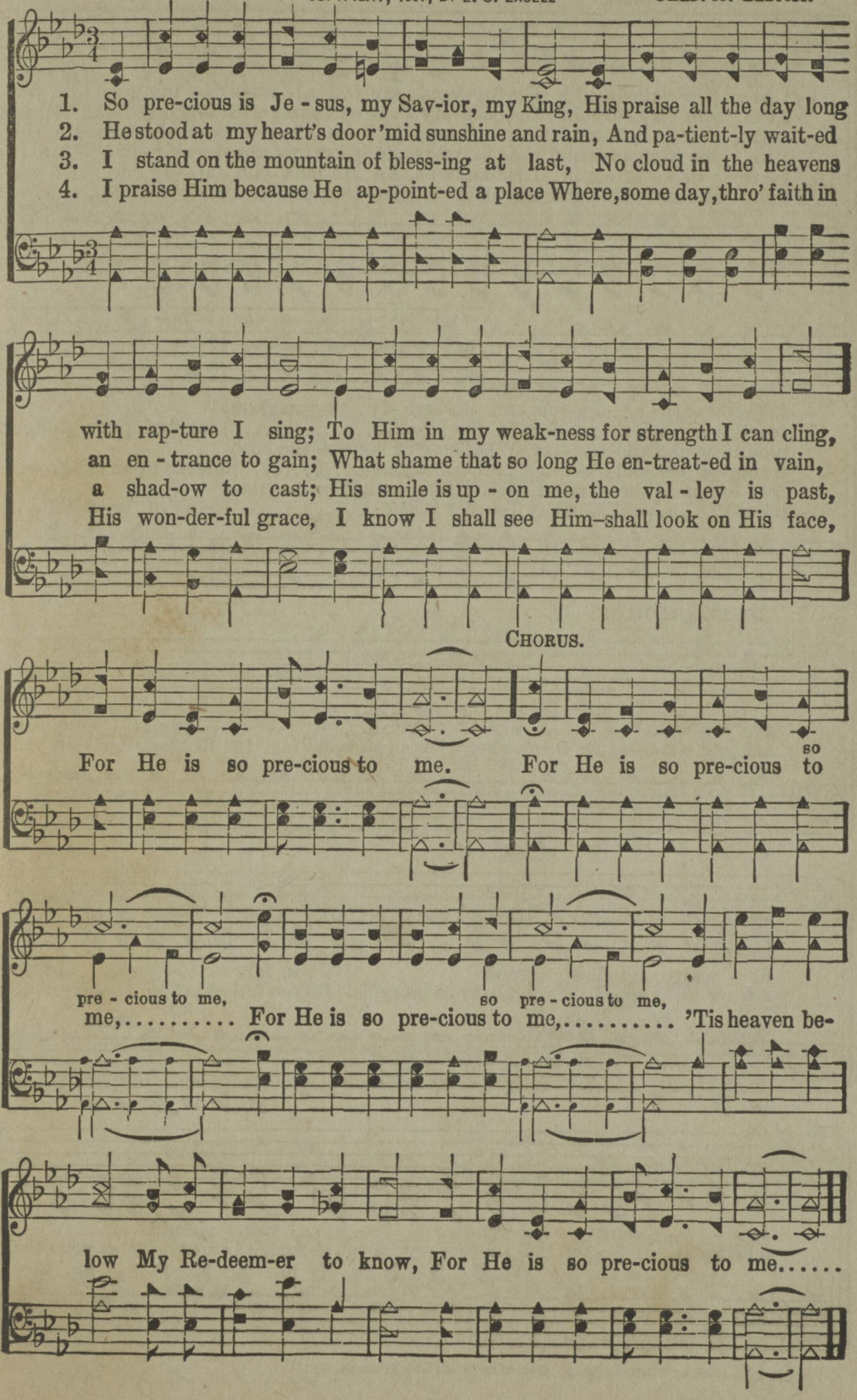
Copyright, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by per.

No. 65. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

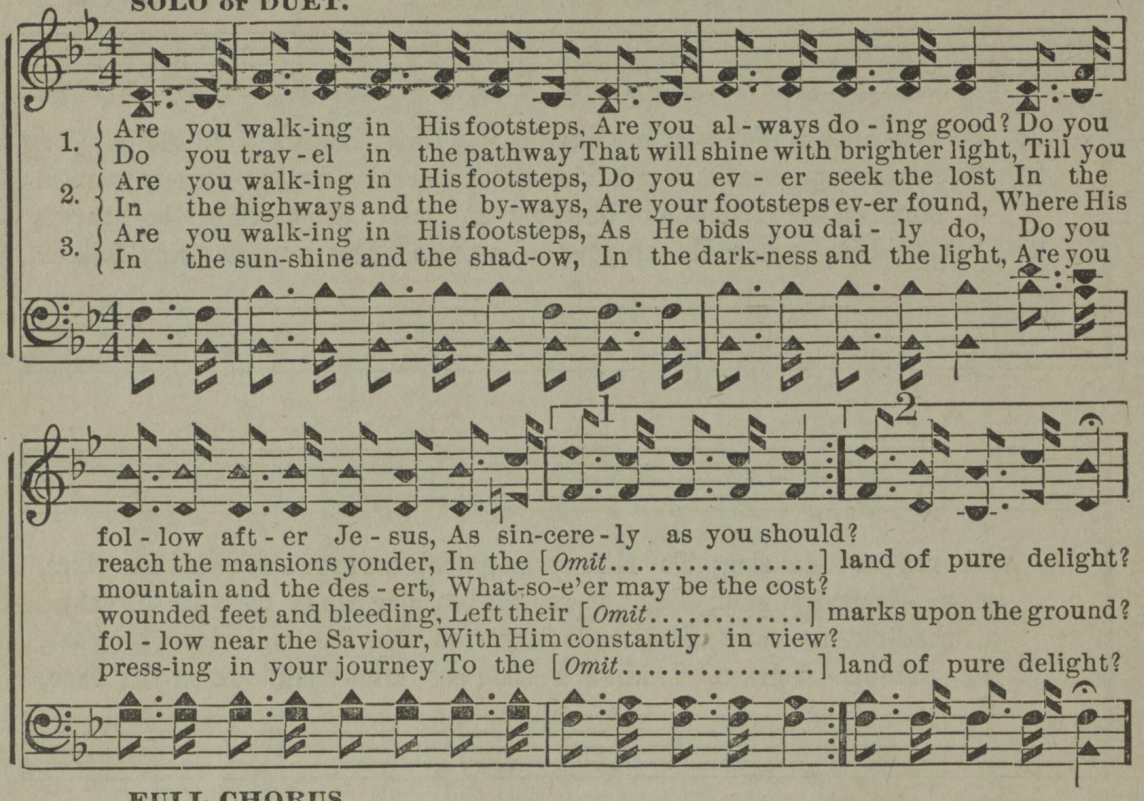
Chas. H. Gabriel.



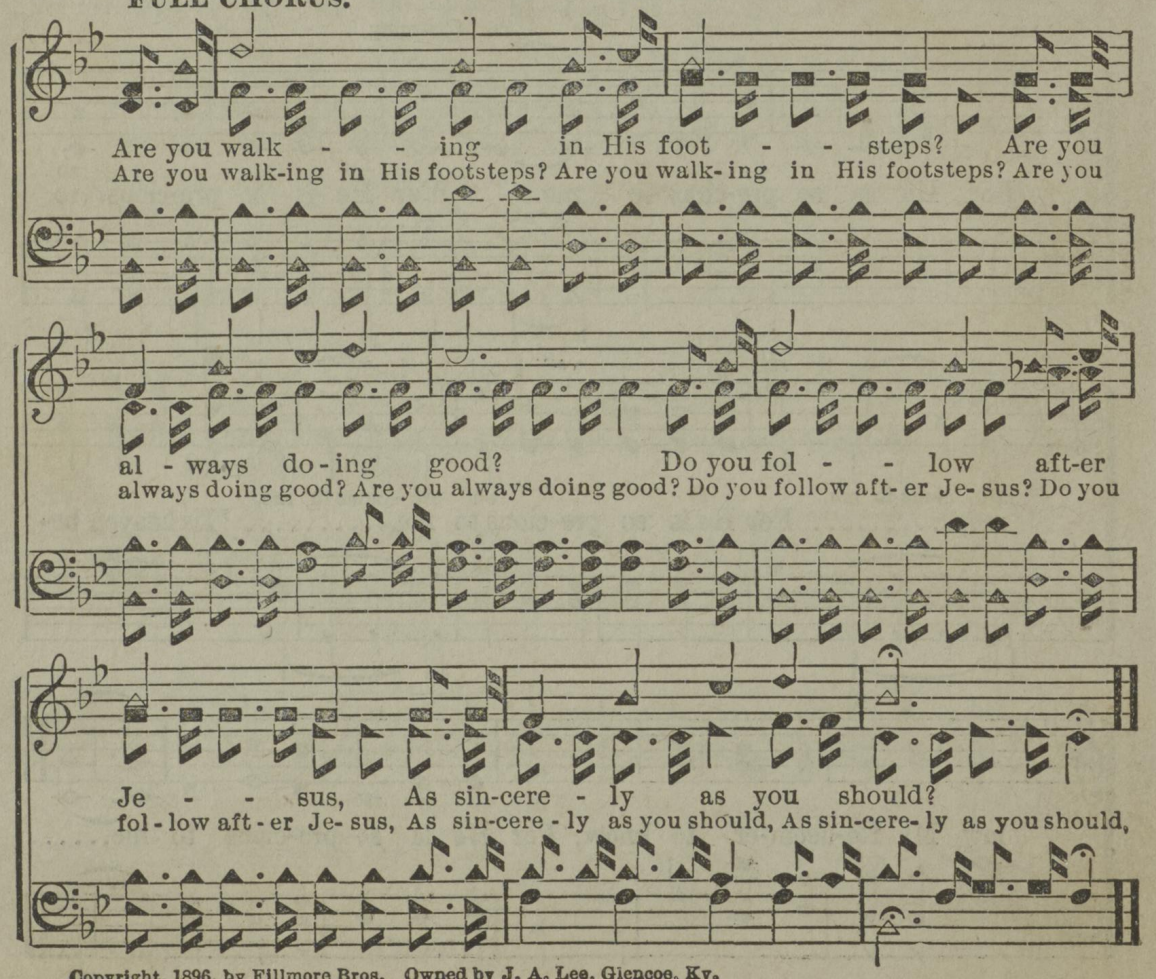
66 Walking In His Footsteps.

M. Lowrie Hofford, D. D. J. H. Fillmore.

SOLO or DUET.



FULL CHORUS.



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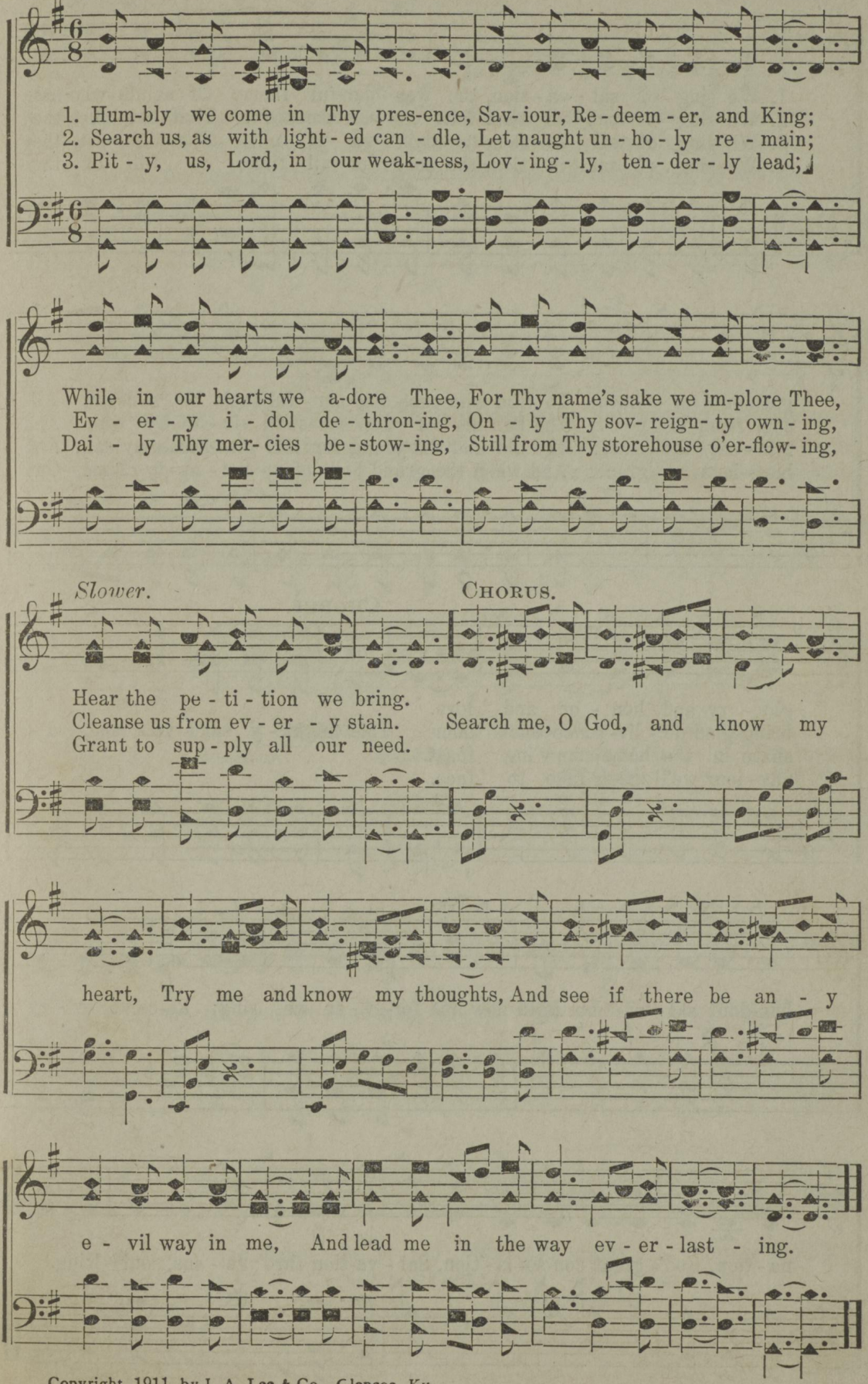
No. 67. Search Me.

MRS. C. H. M. Psalm 139: 23, 24. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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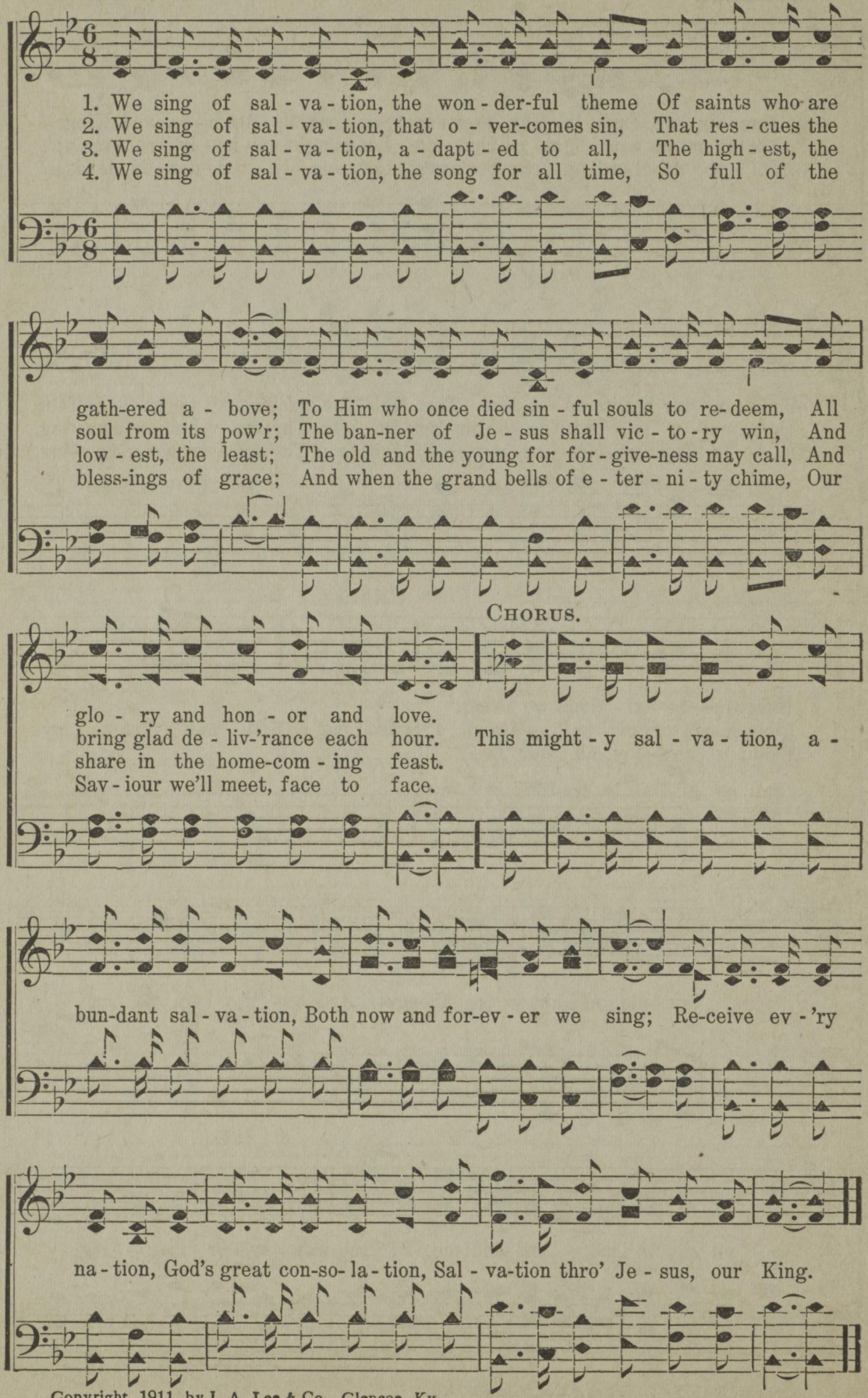
No. 68. We Sing of Salvation.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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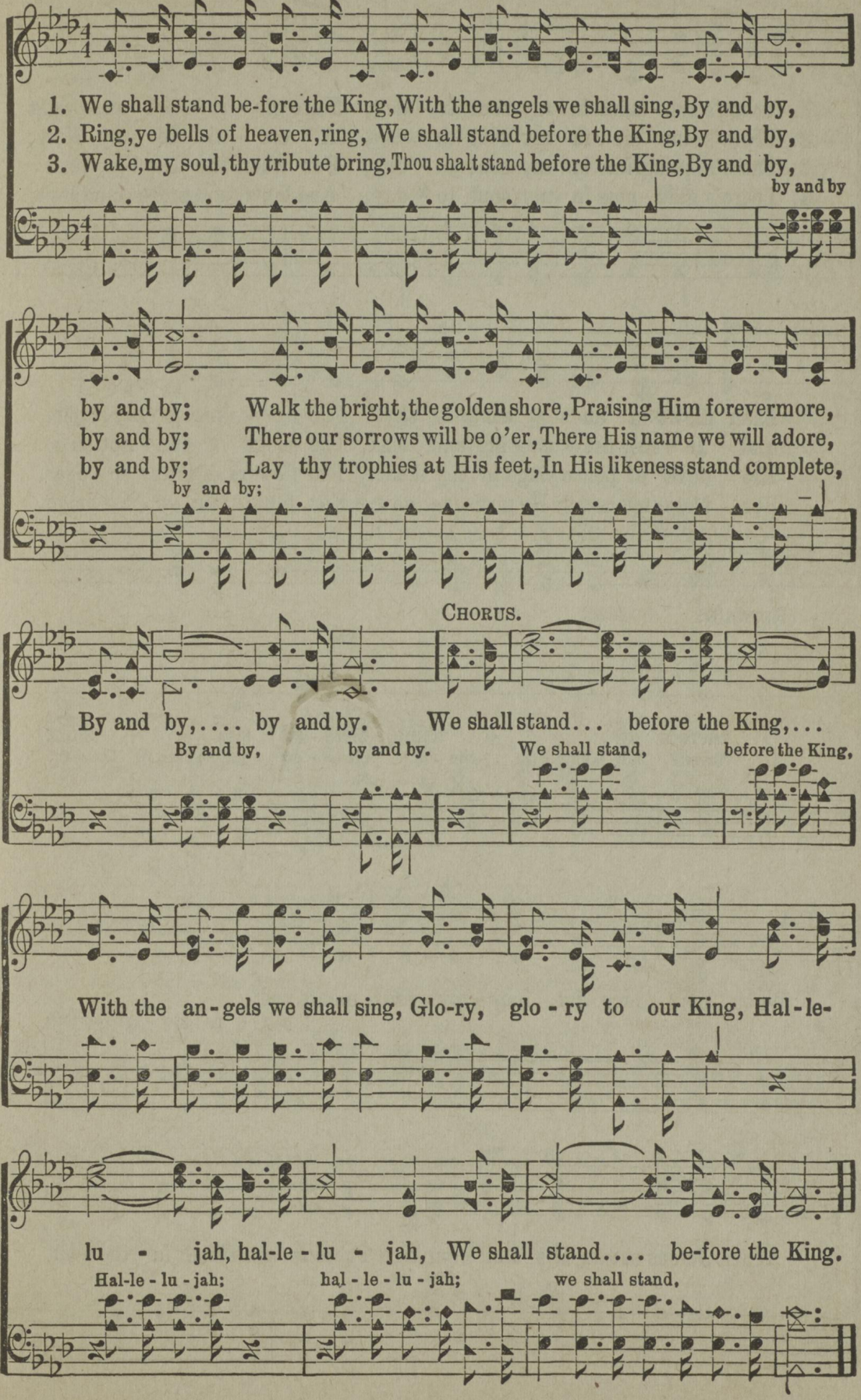
No. 69. We Shall Stand Before the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

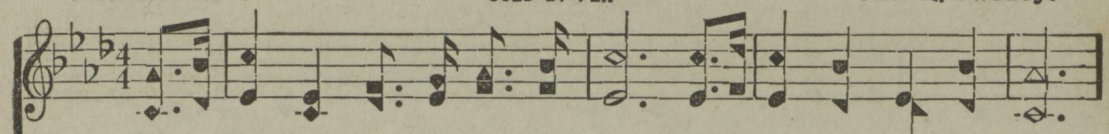
E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



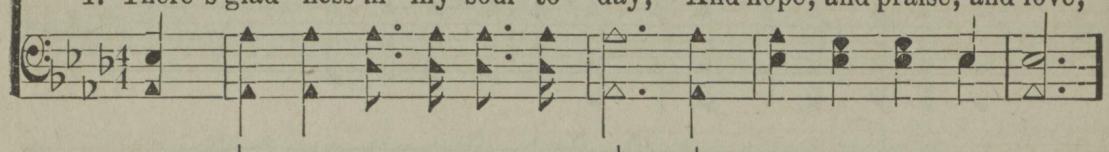
No. 70. Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER

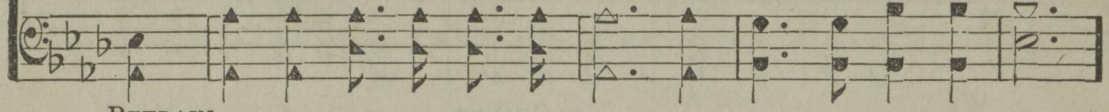
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.



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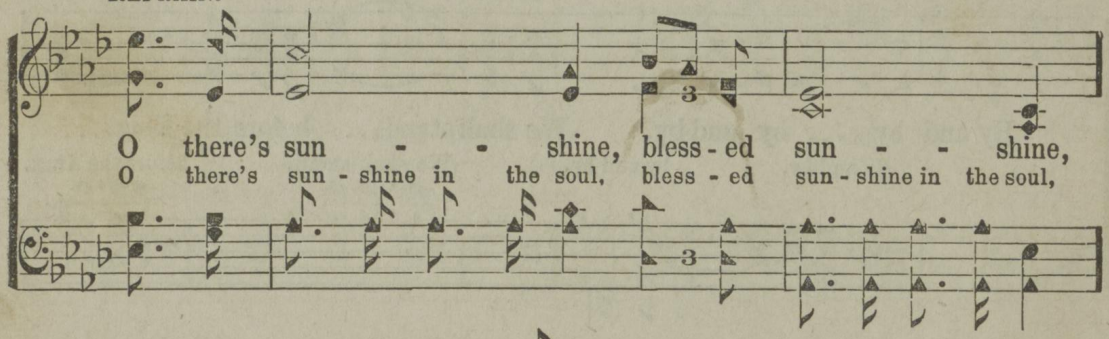
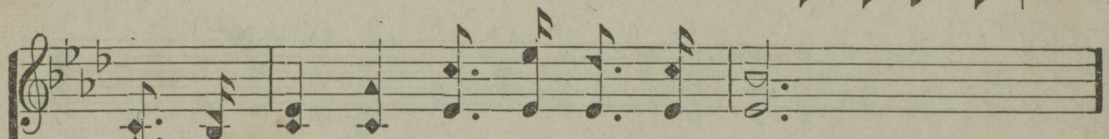
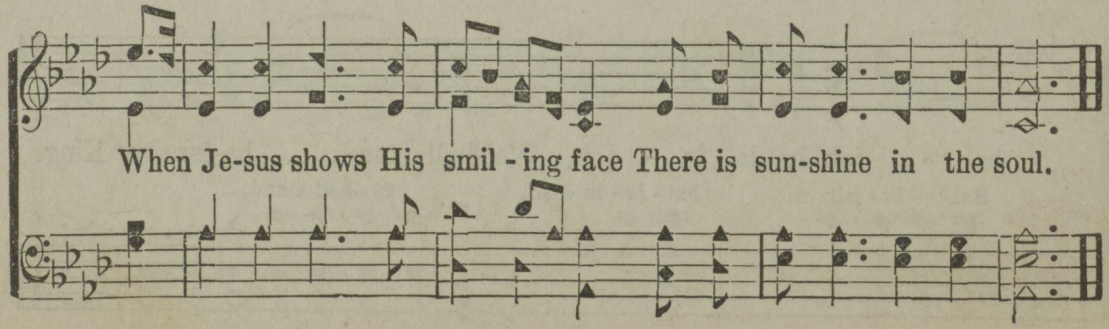


O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je-sus shows His smil - ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 71. A Sinner Made Whole.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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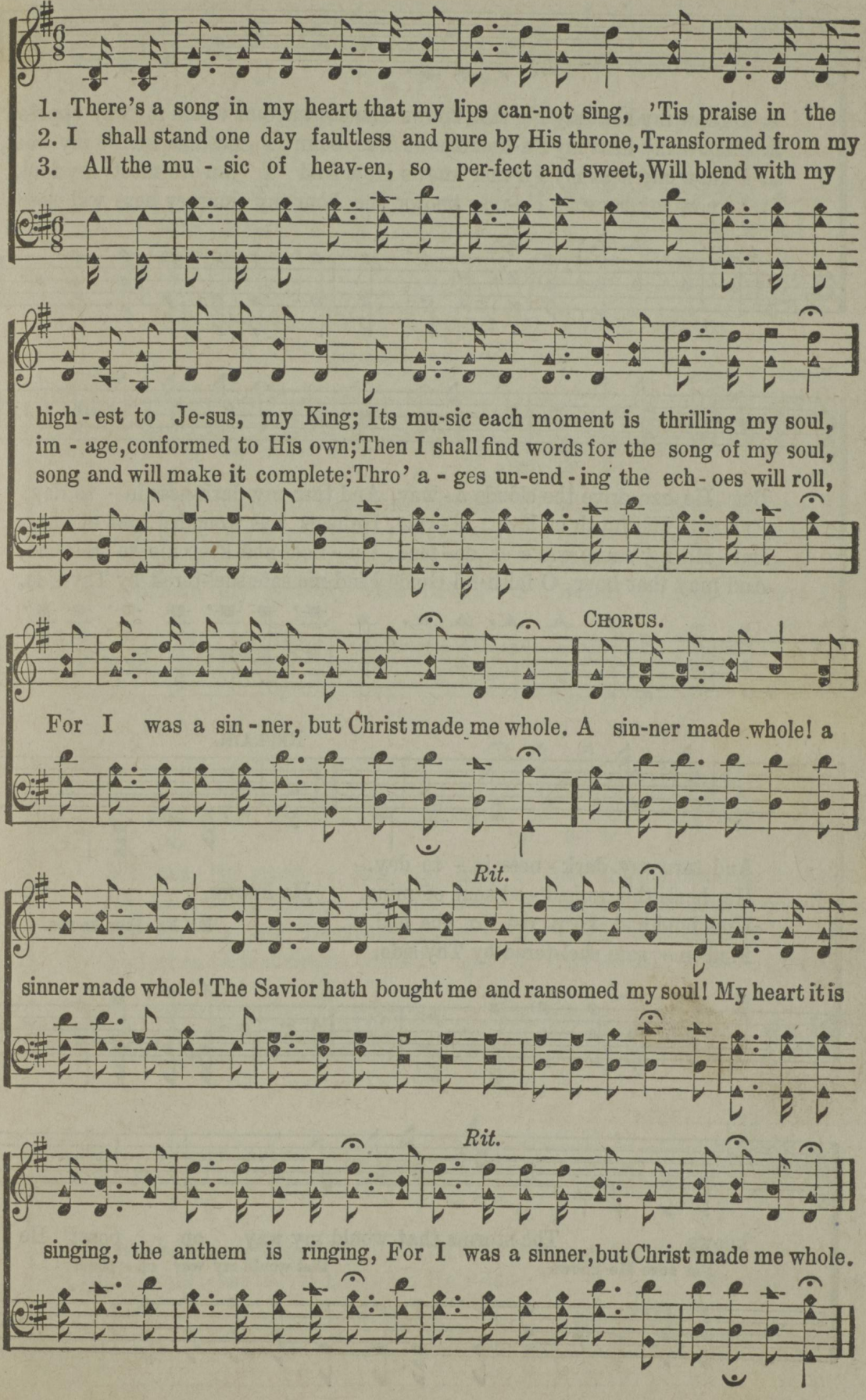
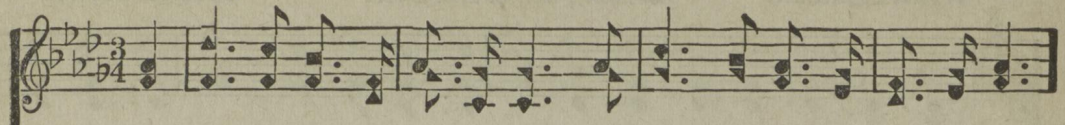
W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.



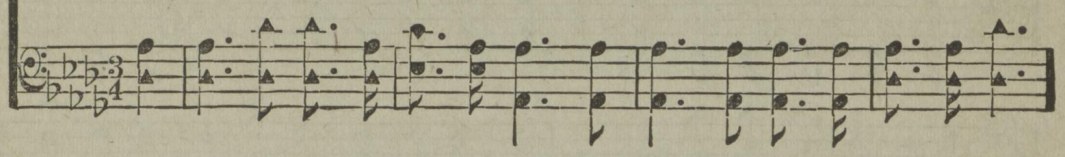
No. 72. My Father Knows.

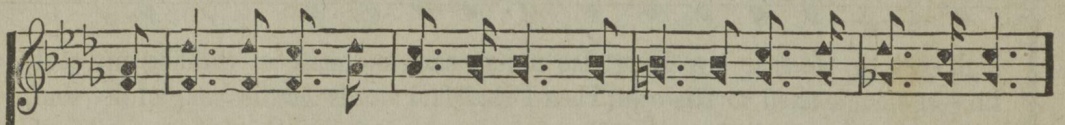
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. M. I. Henry. E. O. Excell.

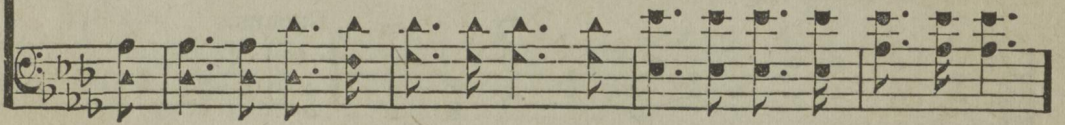


1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,





But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.



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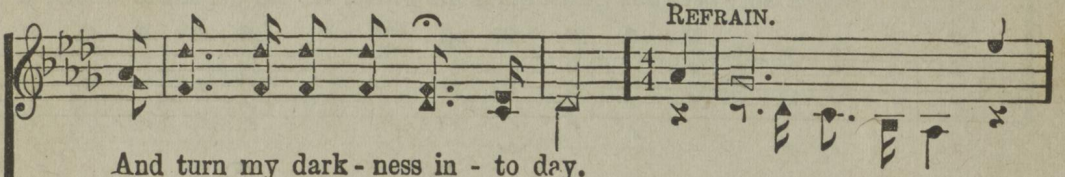
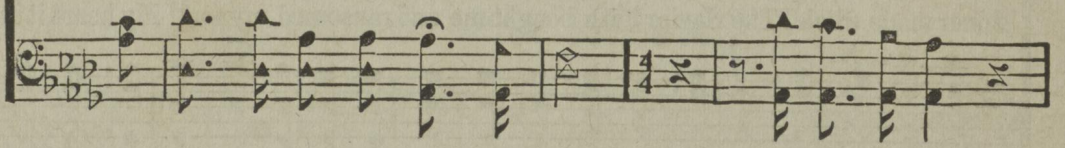
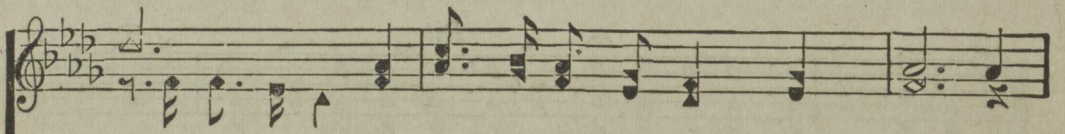
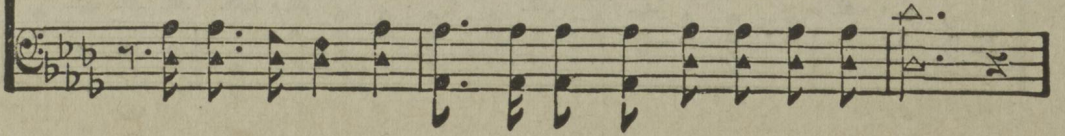


And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa - ther knows.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

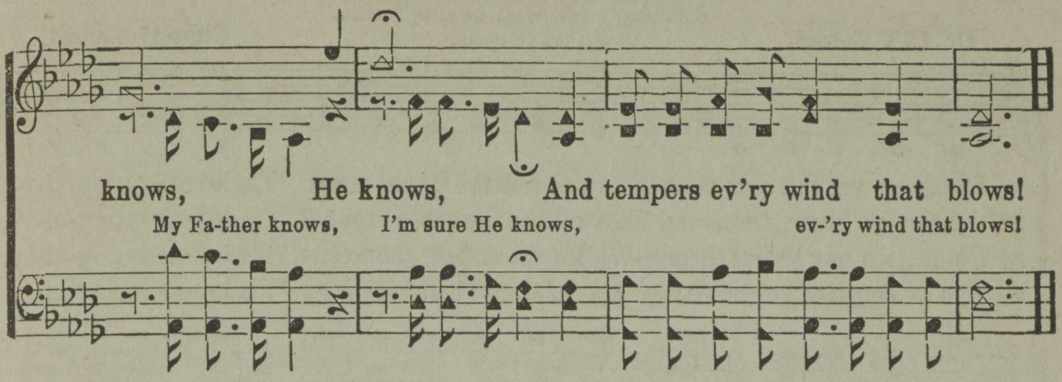




knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;



My Father Knows.



73 I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

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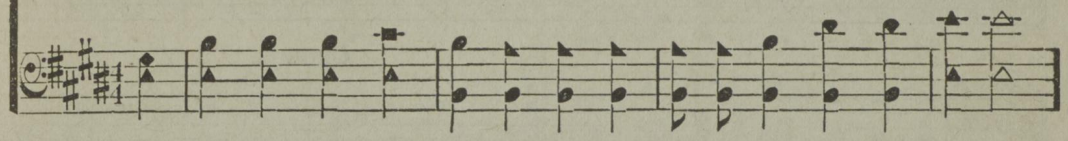
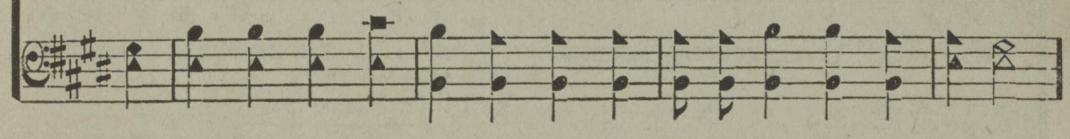
C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

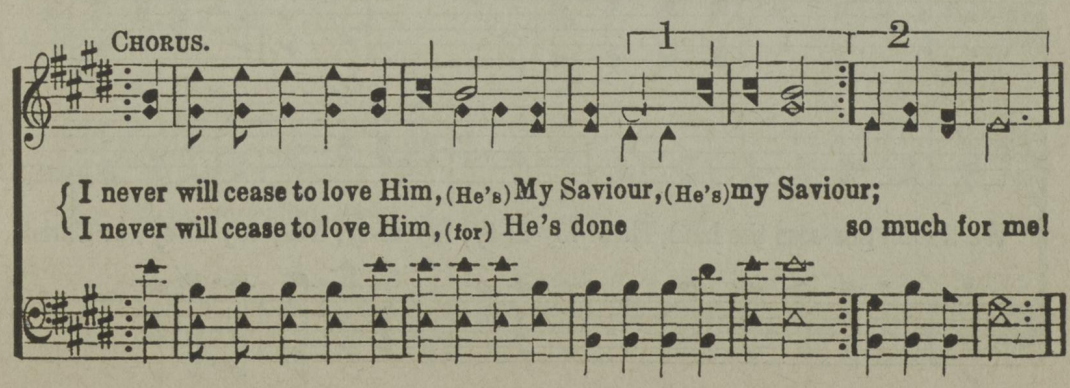
1. For all the Lord has done for me I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour—I nev-er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour-ney here be-low I nev-er will cease to love Him;



And for His grace so rich and free I nev-er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r—I nev-er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go I nev-er will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Saviour, (He's) my Saviour;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me!

No. 74. Loyalty to Christ.

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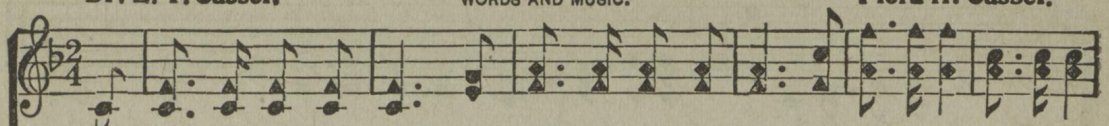
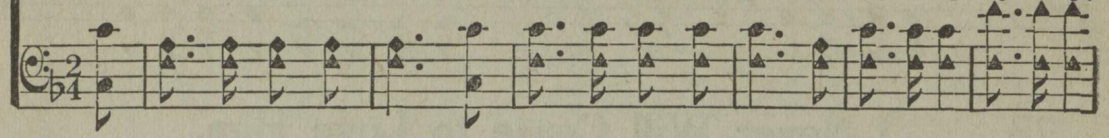
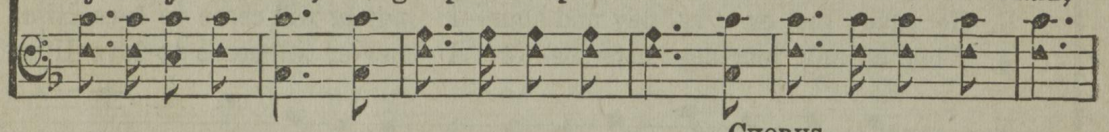
Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.



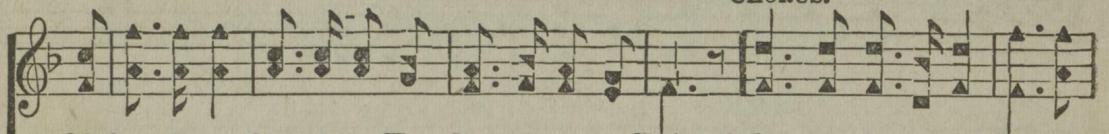
1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



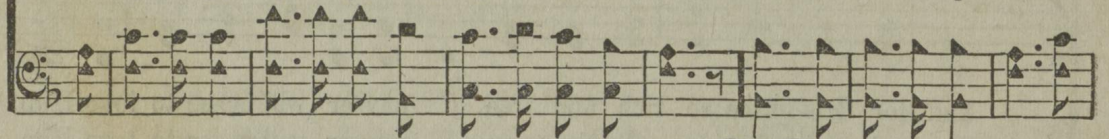
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's do-main,



CHORUS.

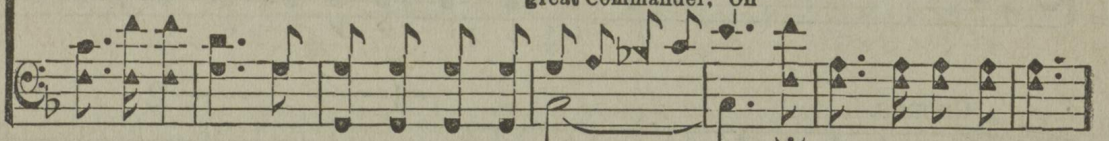


Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

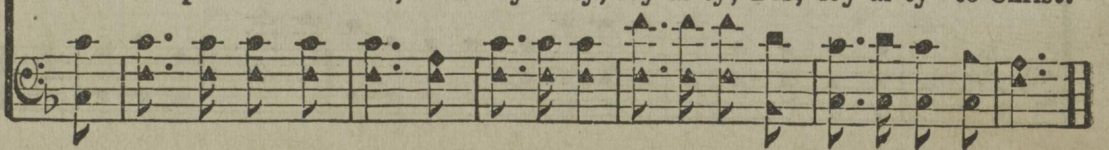


vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!"..... We'll move at His command

great Commander; "On"



We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



No. 75. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

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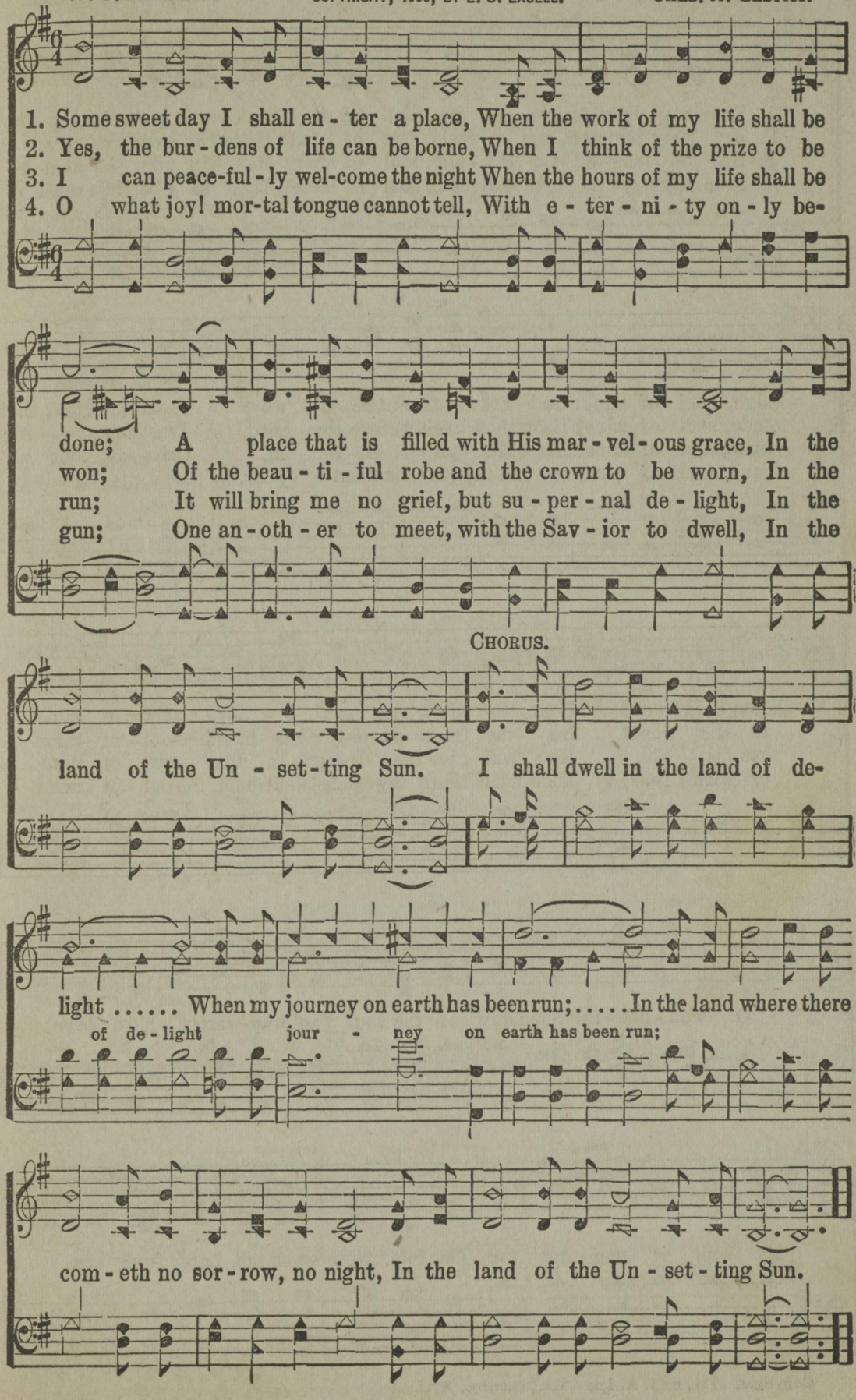
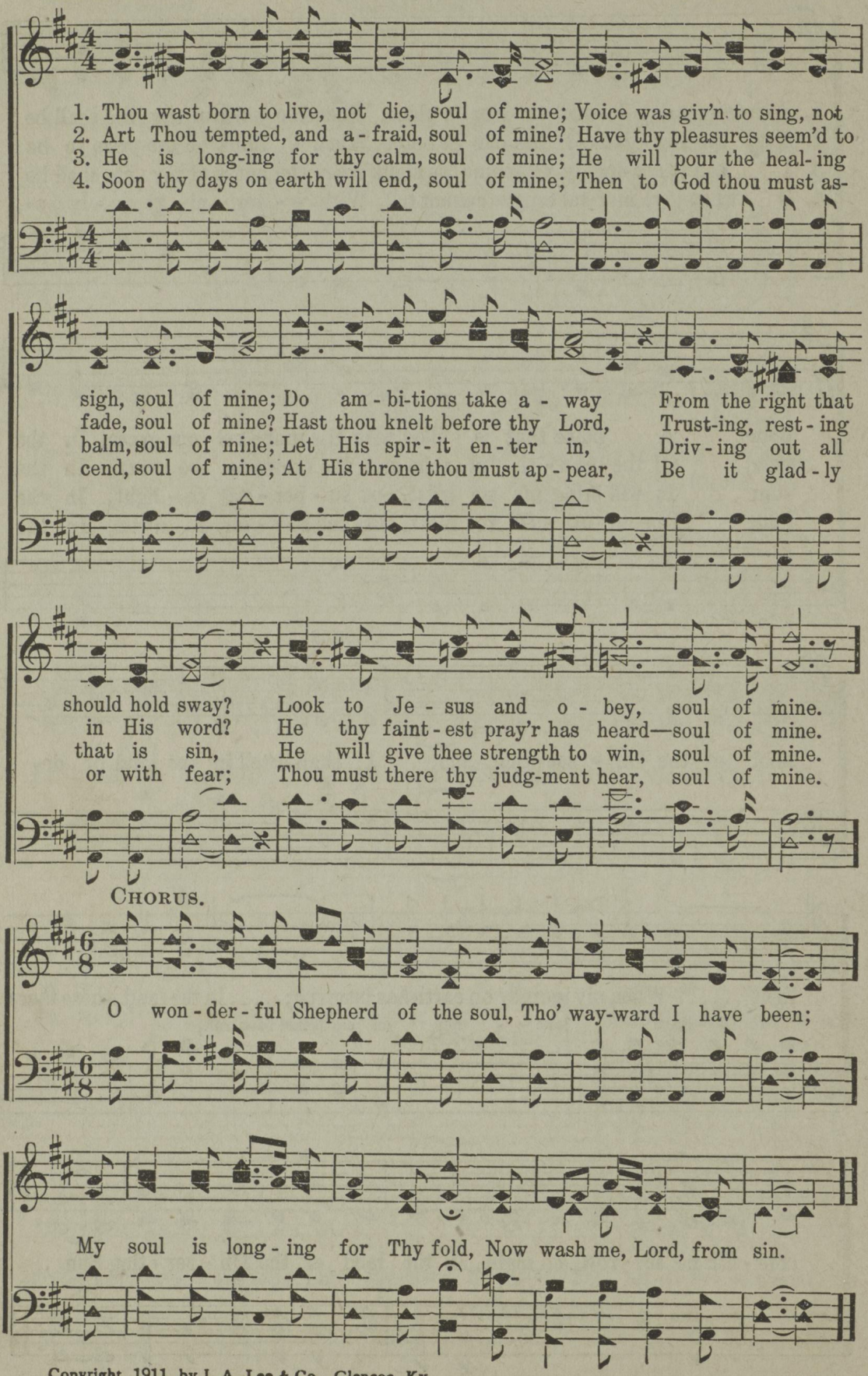
W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 76. Soul of Mine.

EVA HUNT NORTHRUP. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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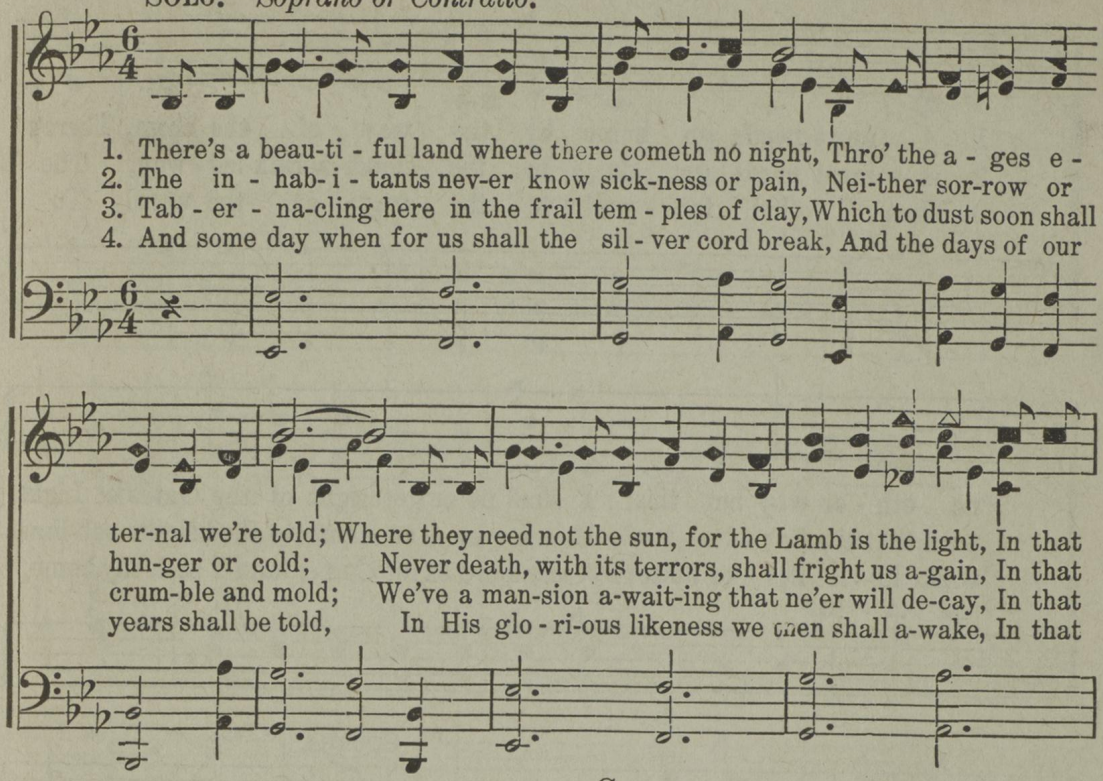
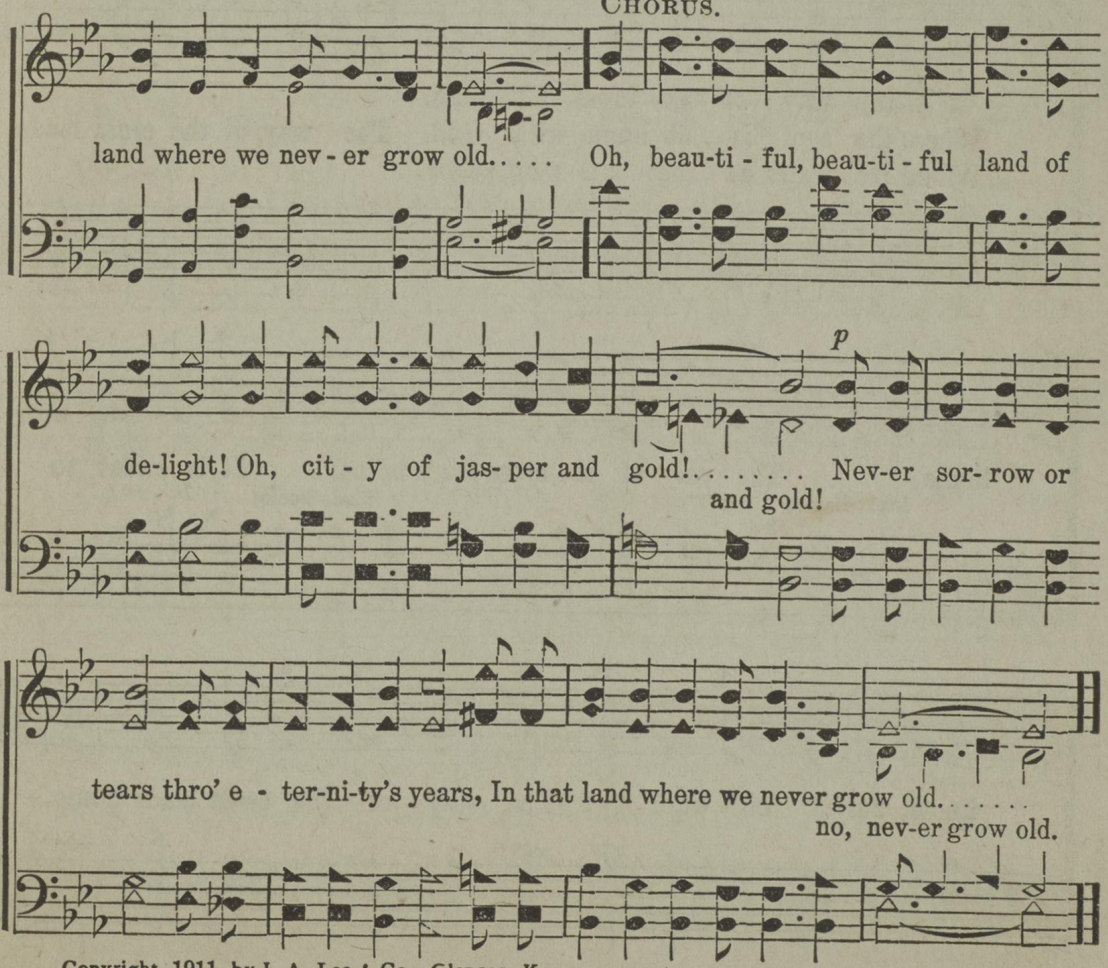
No. 77. Land Where We Never Grow Old.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

SOLO. *Soprano or Contralto.*



CHORUS.



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No. 78. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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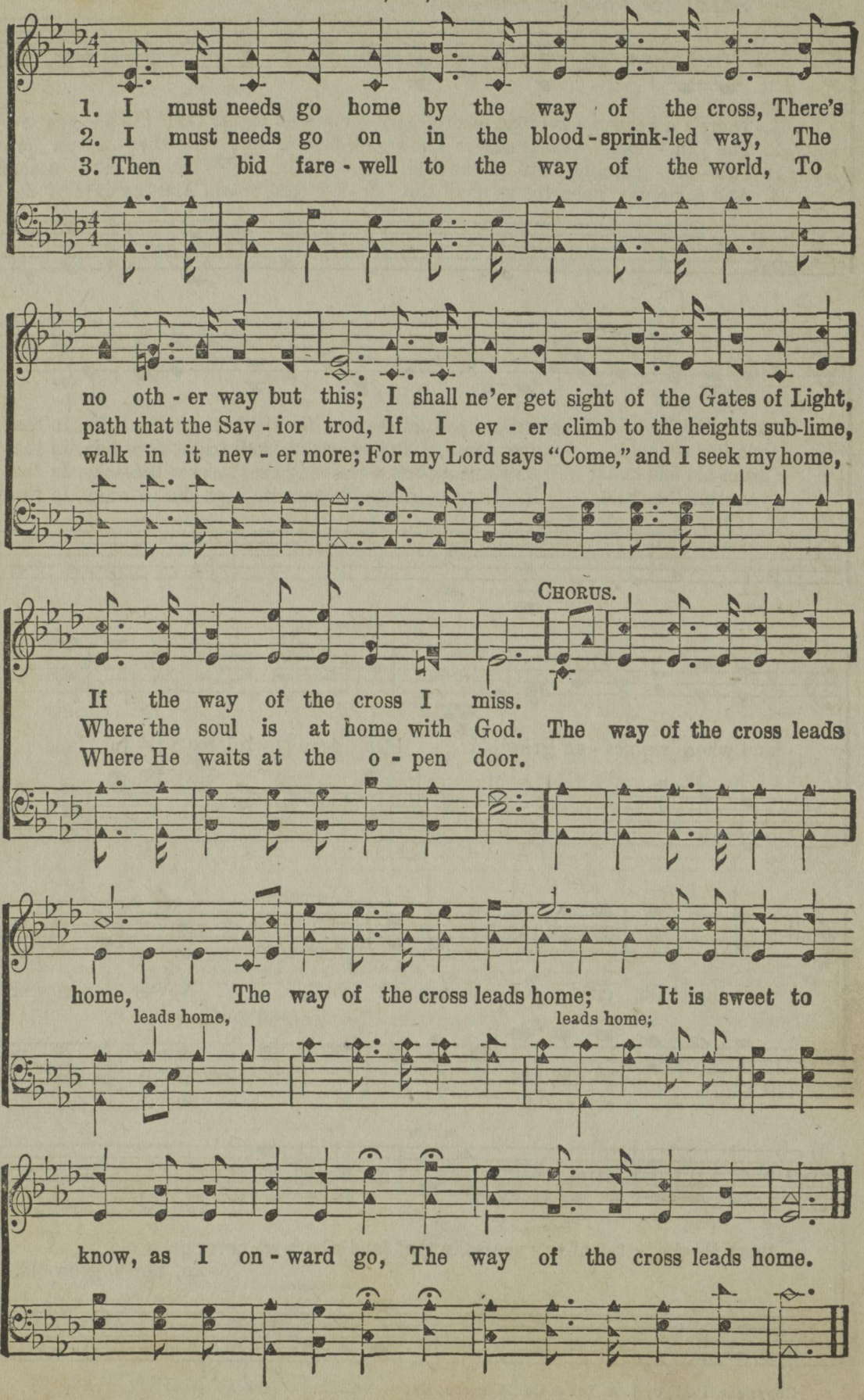
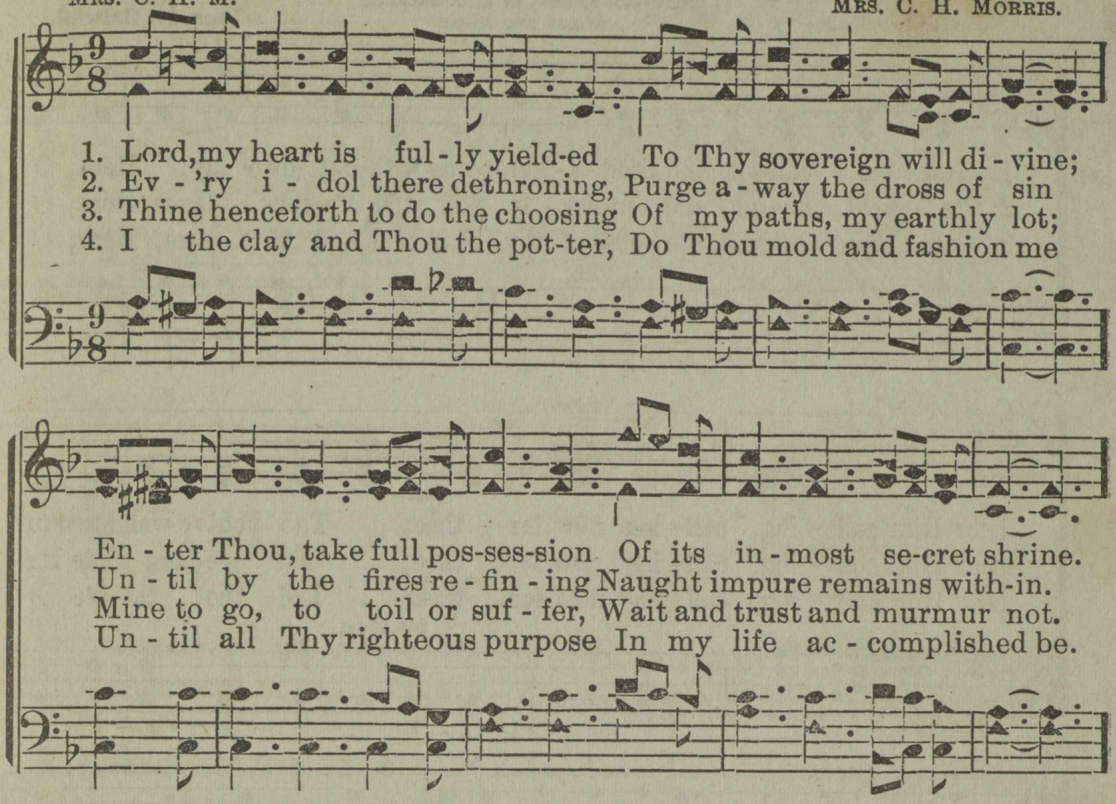
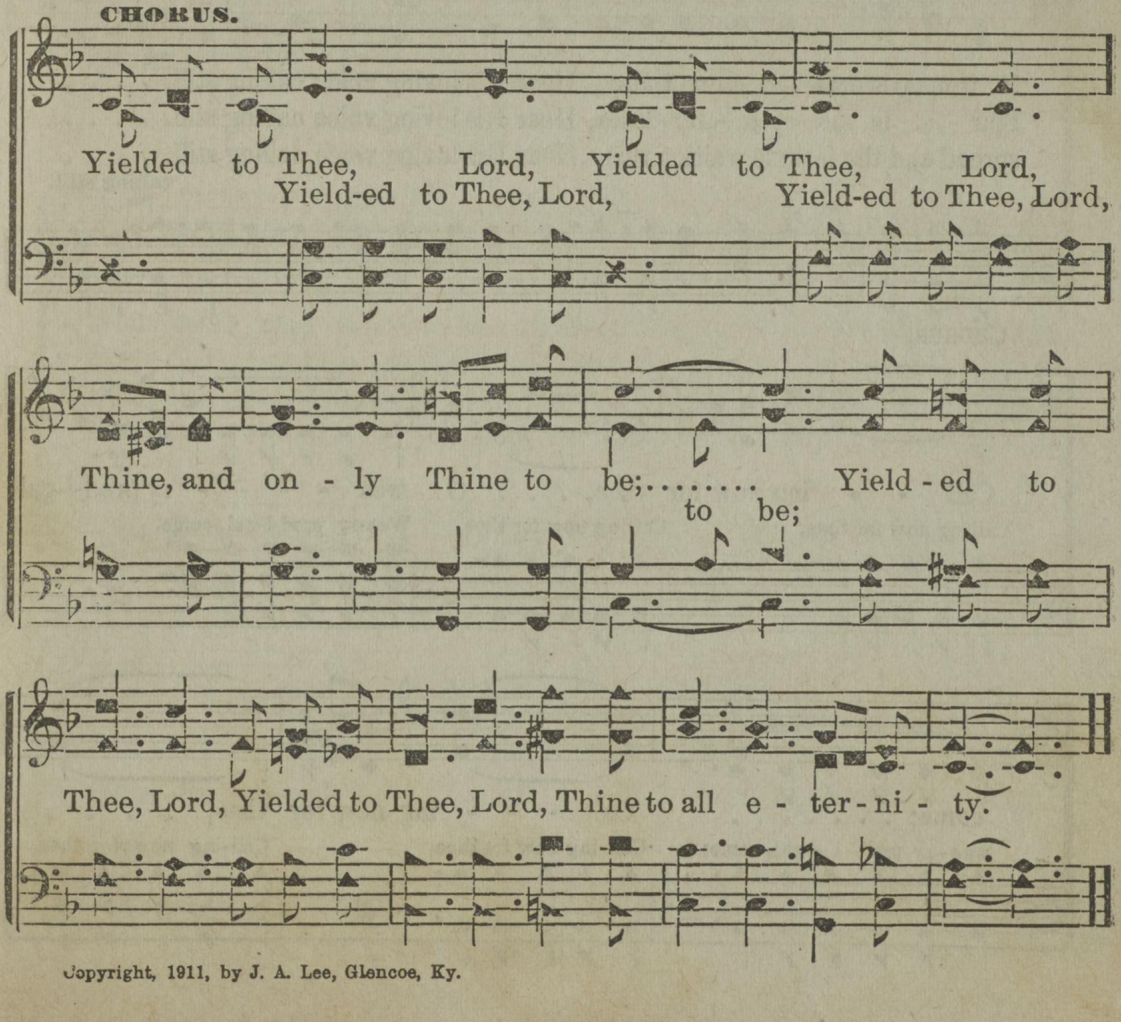
Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 79. Yielded to Thee.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.





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No. 80. Calling the Prodigal.

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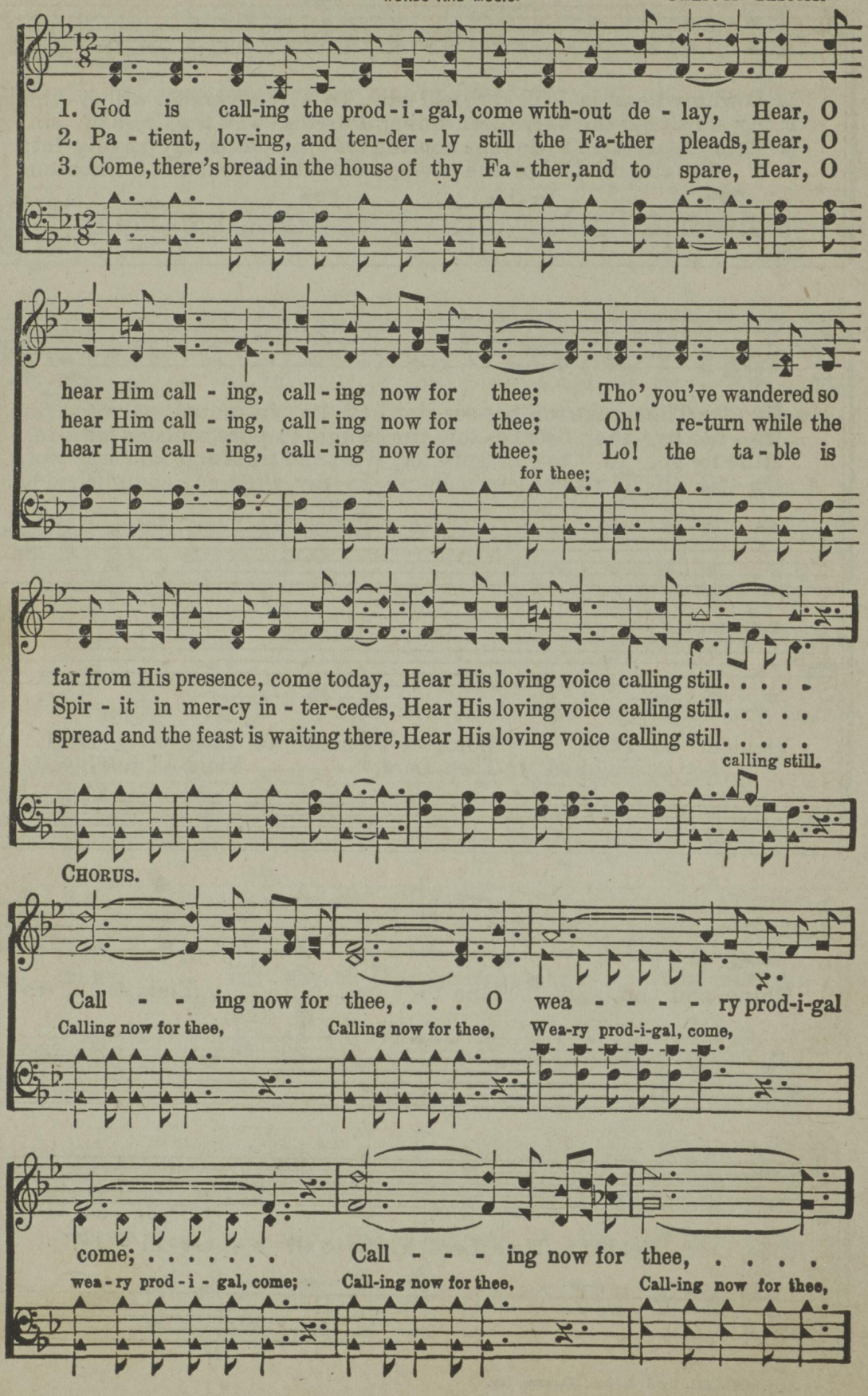
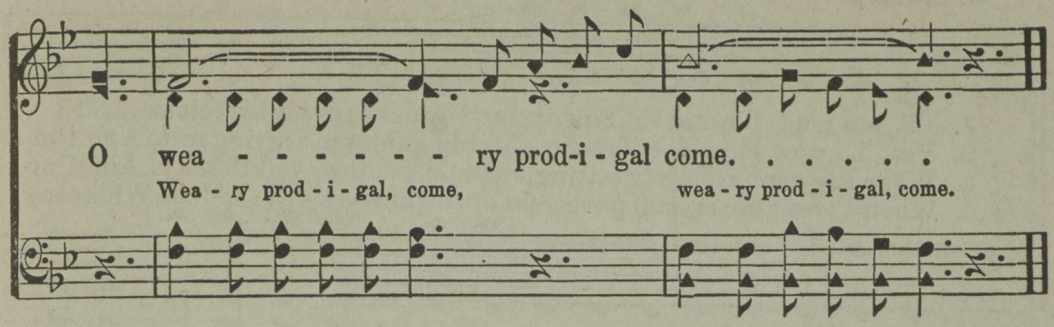
C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



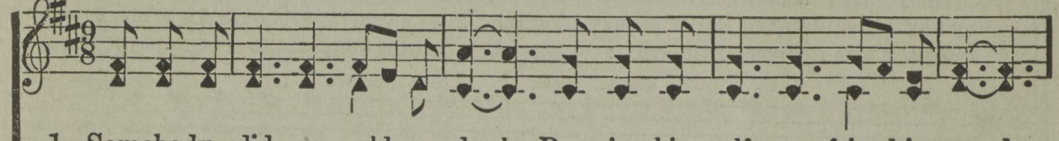
Calling the Prodigal.



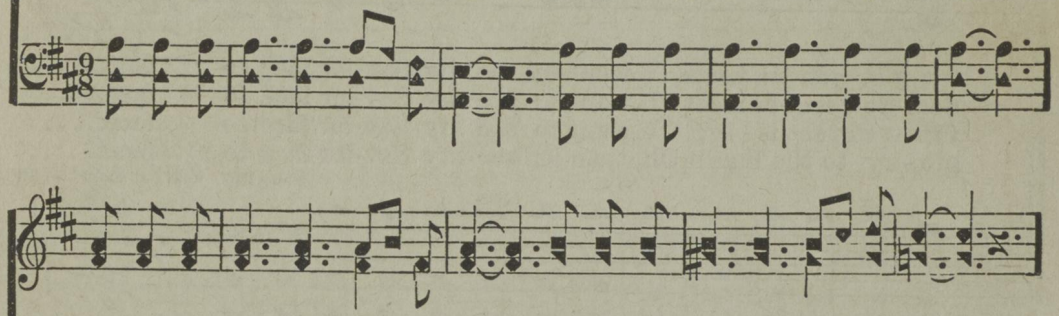
No. 81. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.

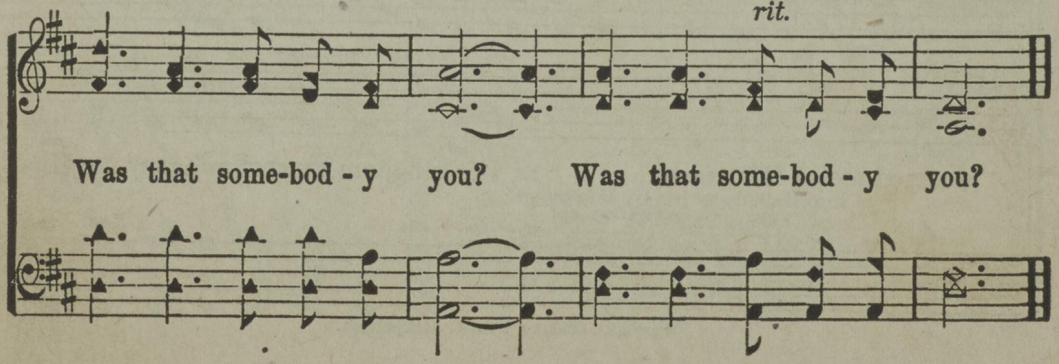
John R. Clements. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.



1. Somebody did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Somebody i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
4. Somebody fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;

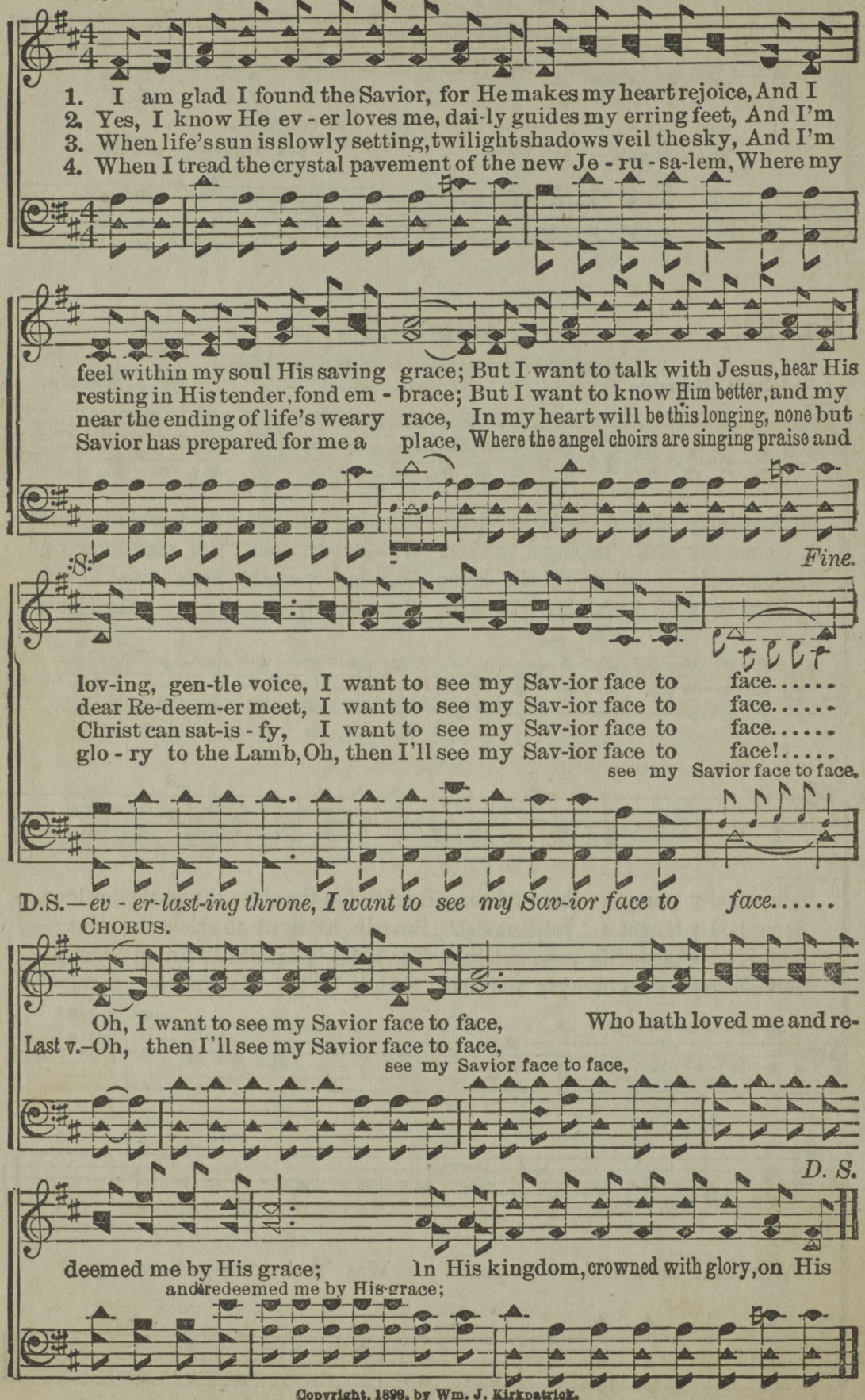


Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—



MY SAVIOR FACE TO FACE.

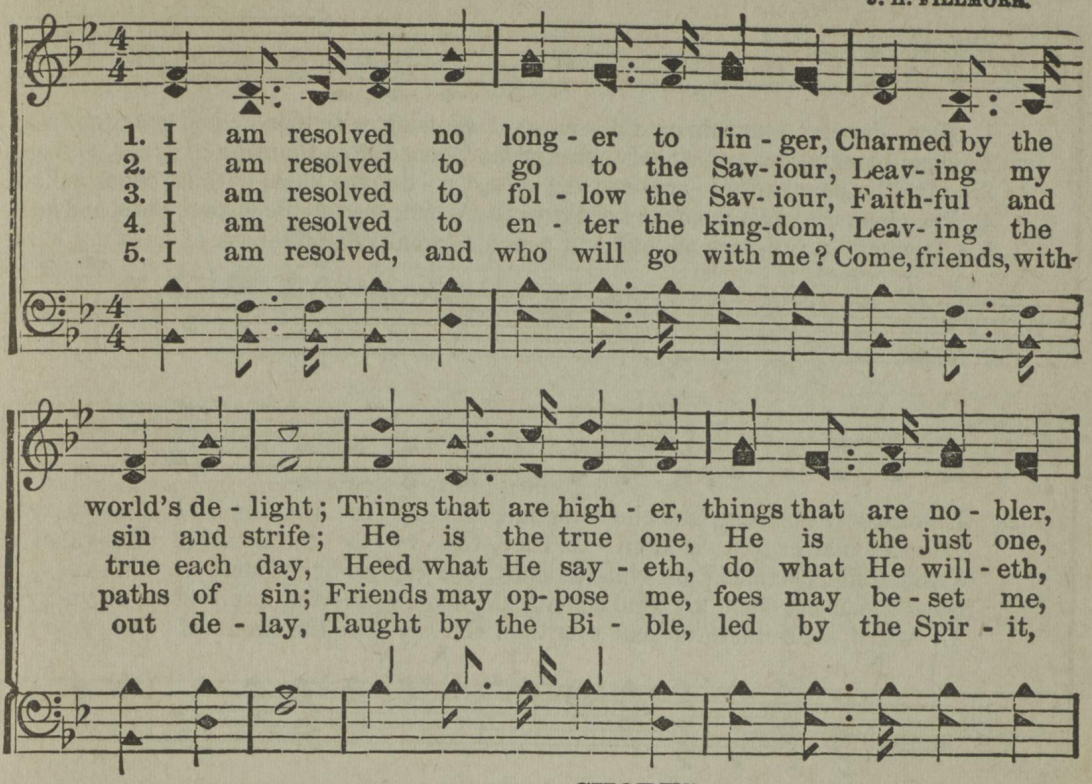
W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



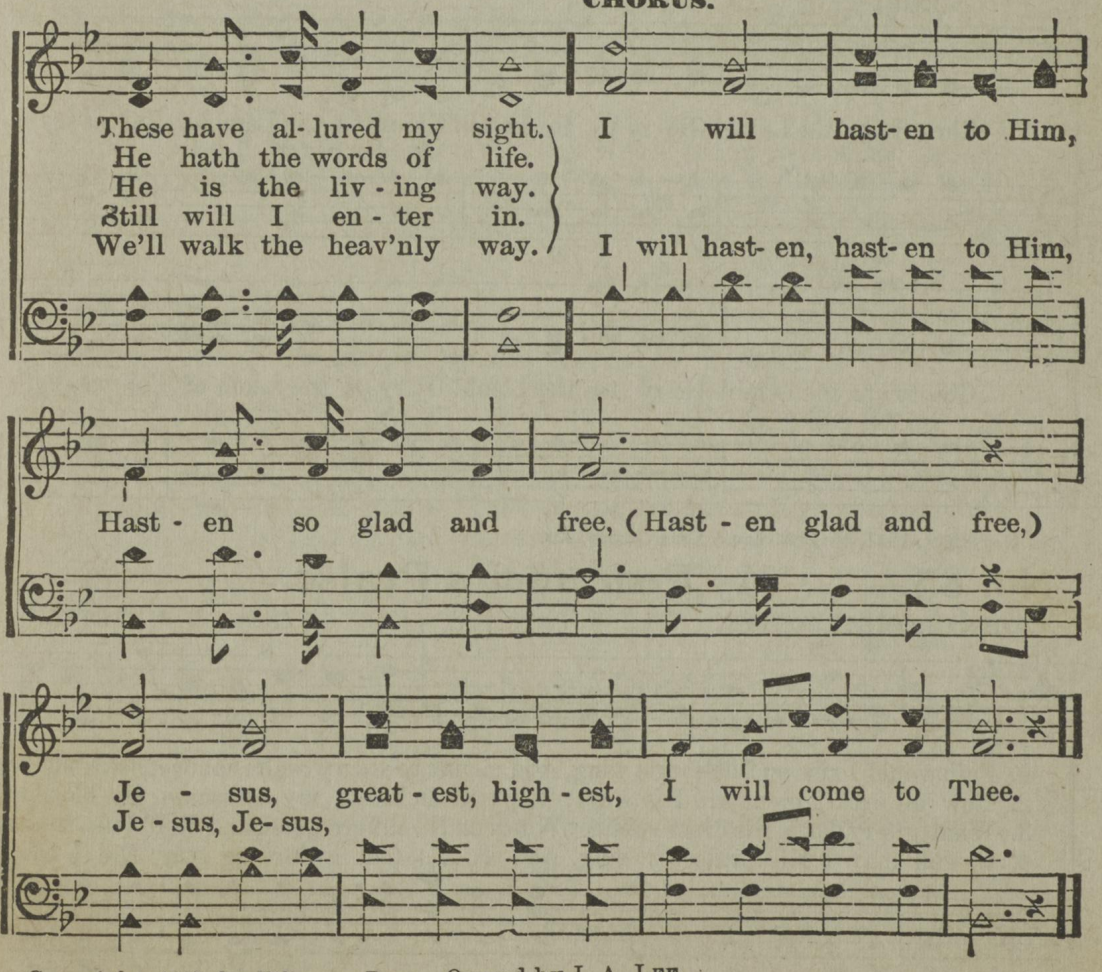
Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

83 I am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.



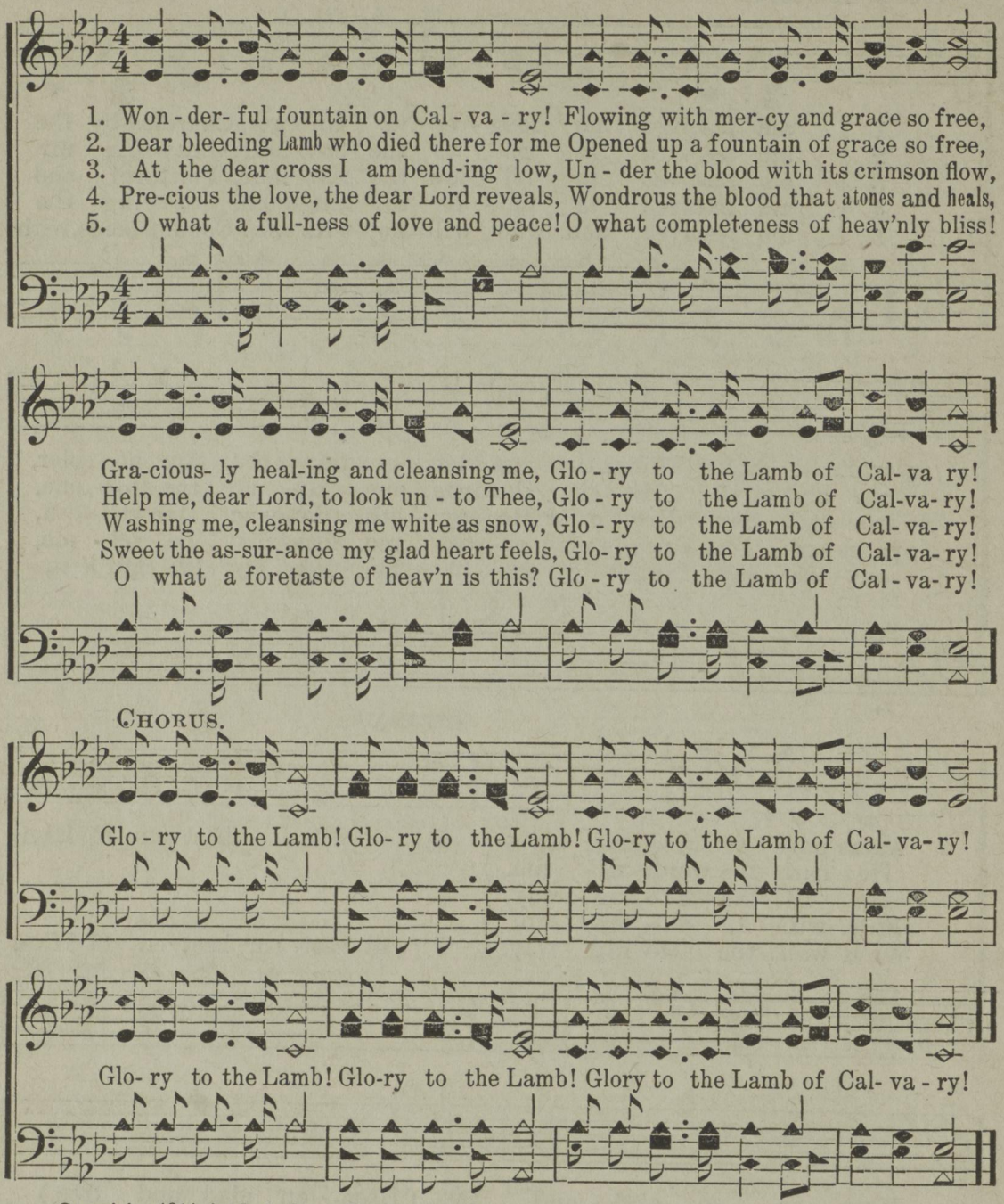
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1887, by Filimore Bros. Owned by J. A. LEE.

No. 84. Glory to the Lamb.

H. N. E. J. A. LEE.



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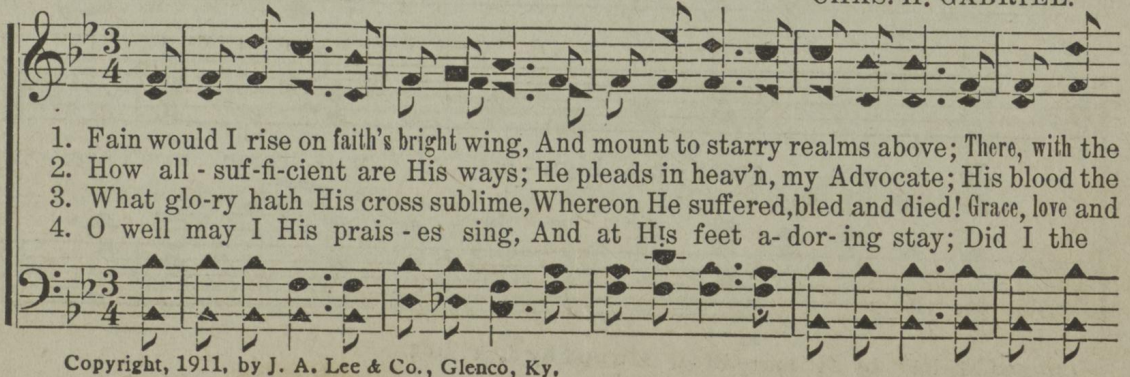
No. 85. My Redeemer's Praise.

JOHN CROMBIE WHITE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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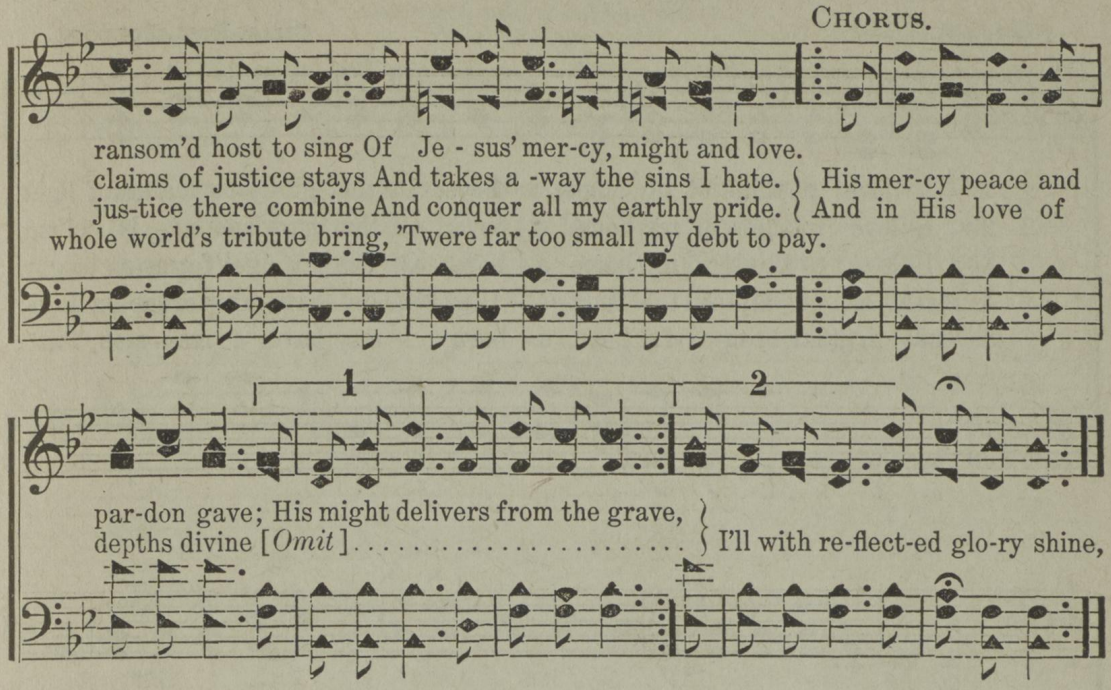
My Redeemer's Praise. Concluded.

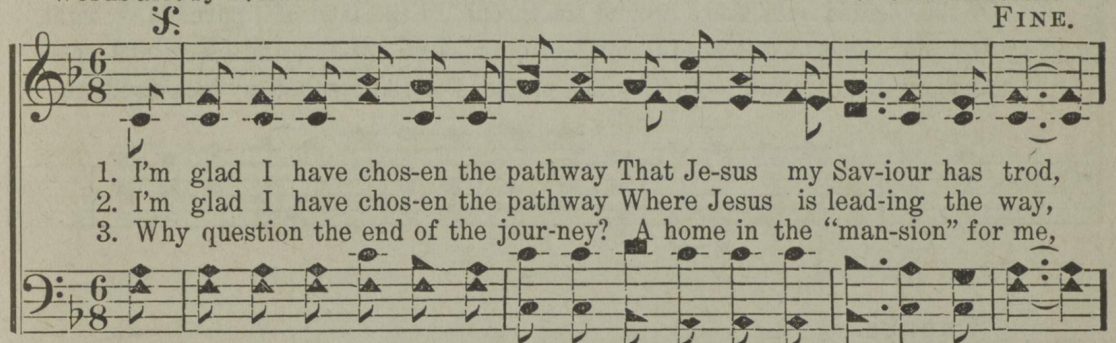
CHORUS.



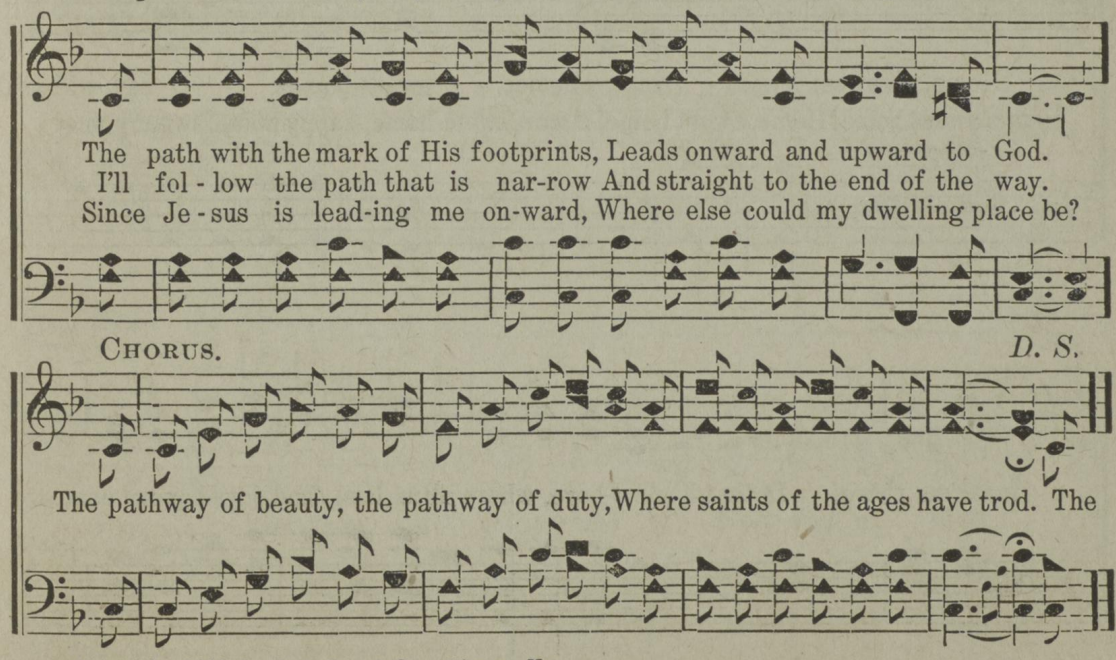
No. 86. The Pathway.

Words arr. by F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

FINE.



D. S.—*path where the light of His presence Leads onward and upward to God.*



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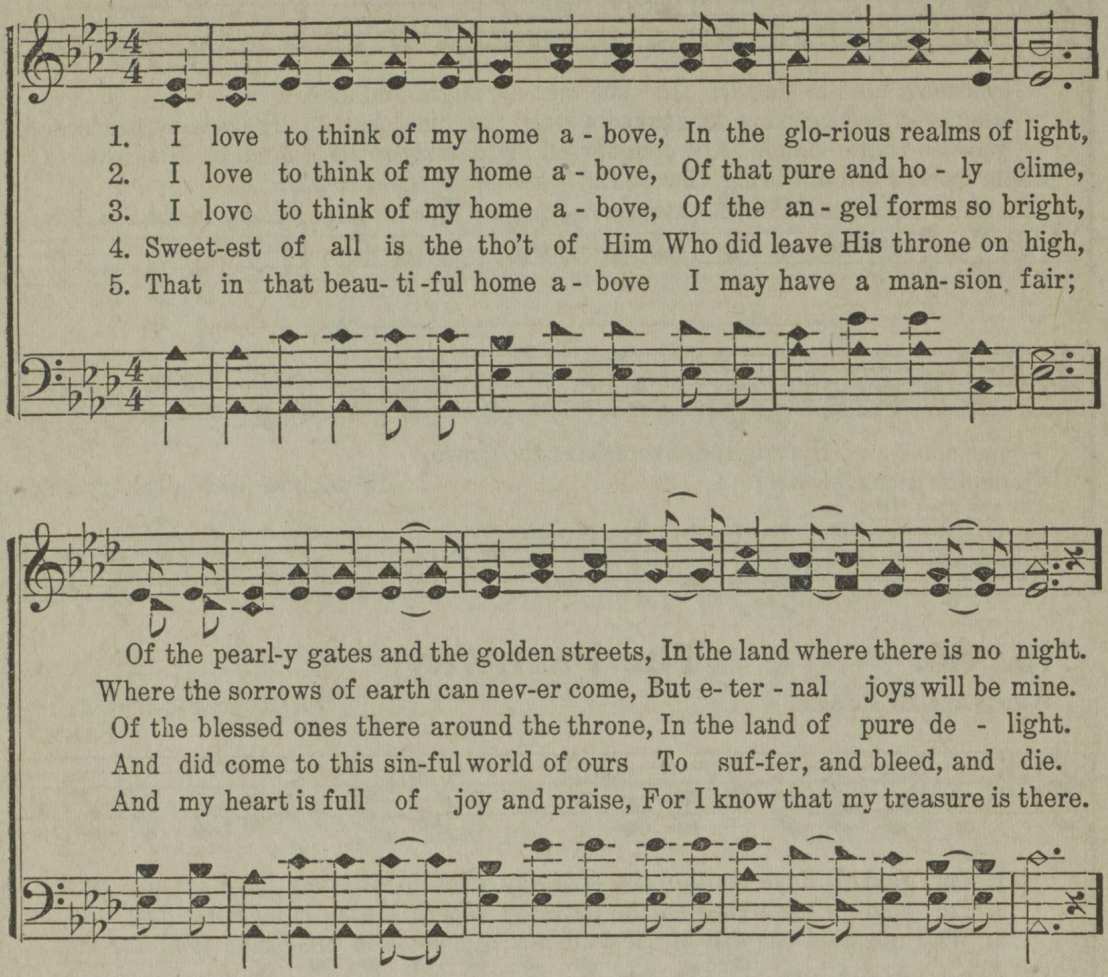
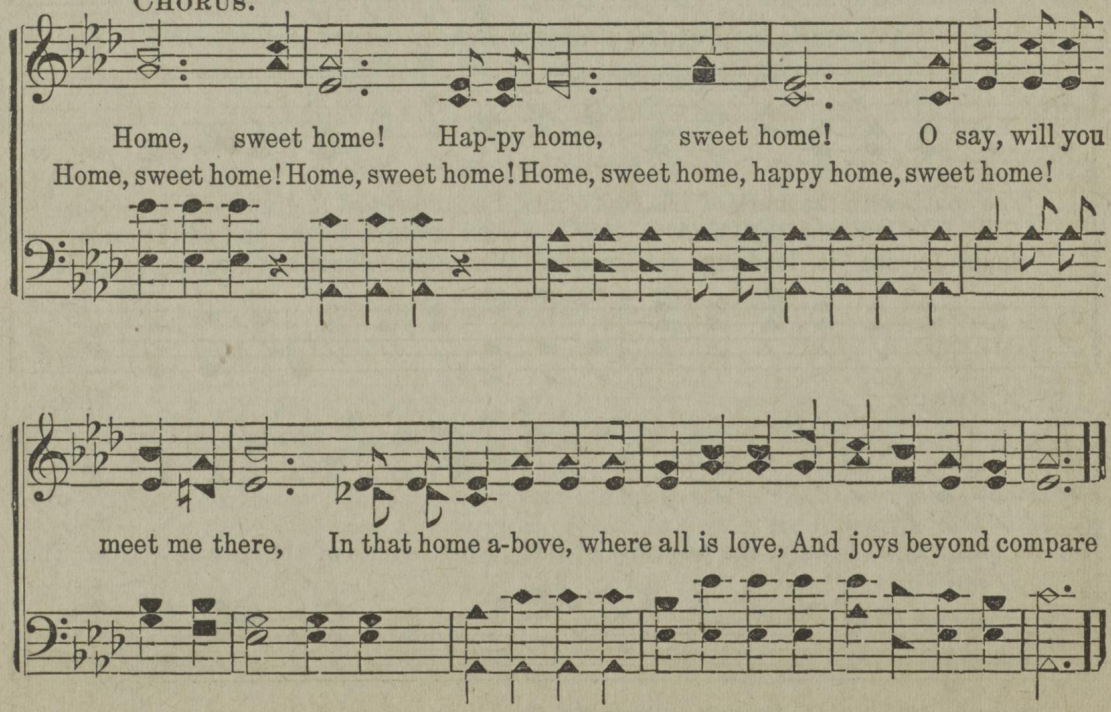
No. 87. My Home Above.

LOUISA E. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



CHORUS.



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No. 88. Someone is Looking to You.

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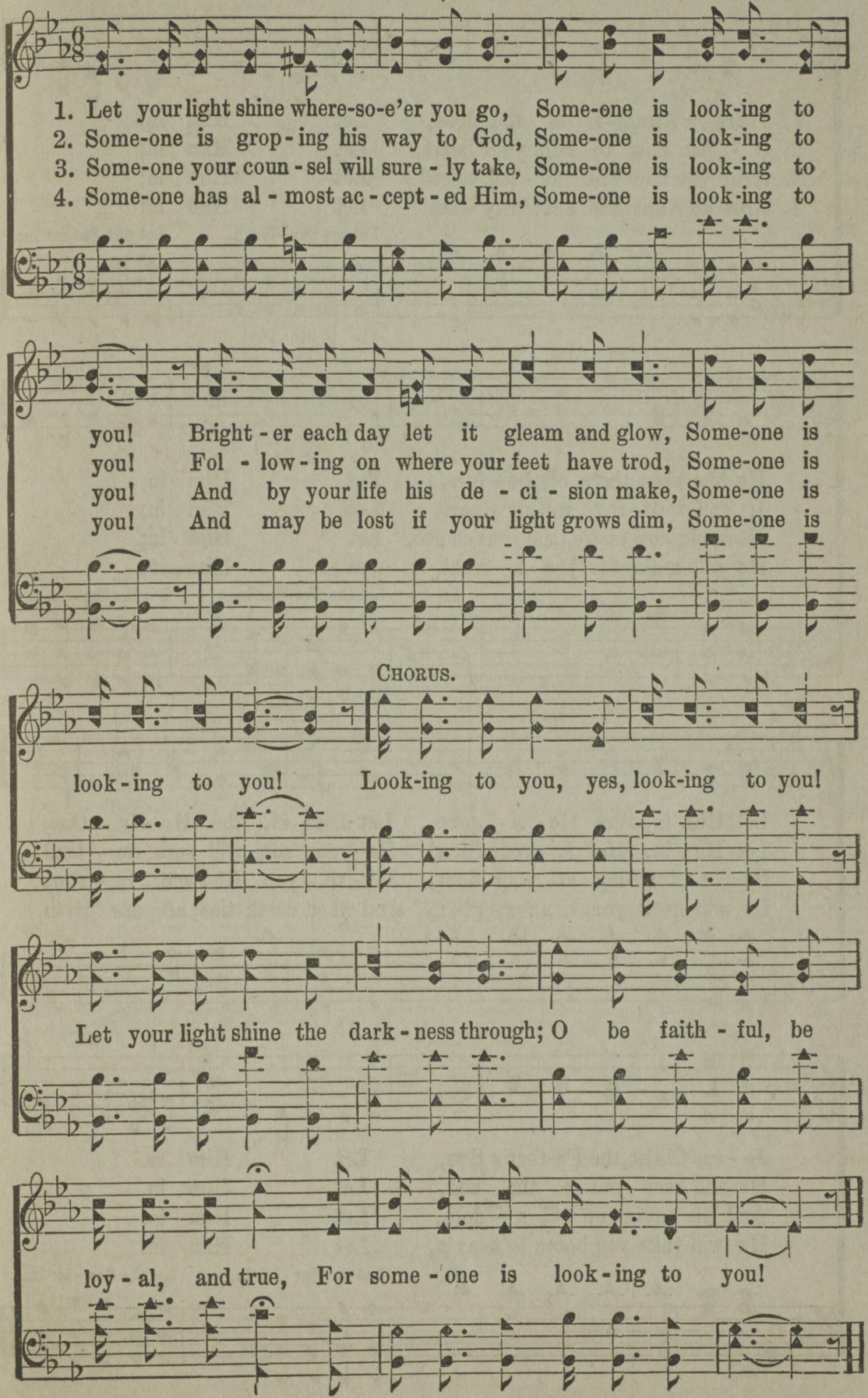
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

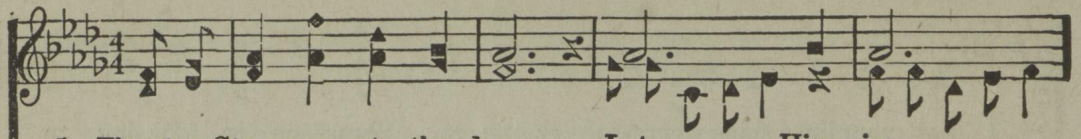
W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 89. Let Him In.

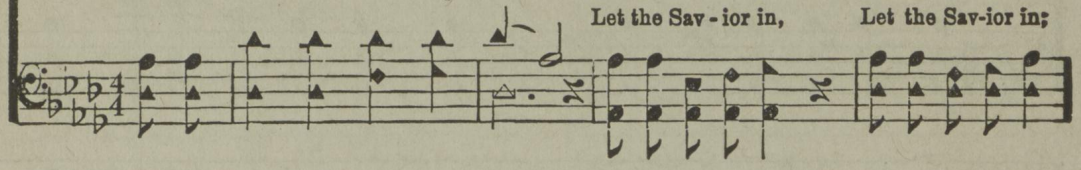
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.



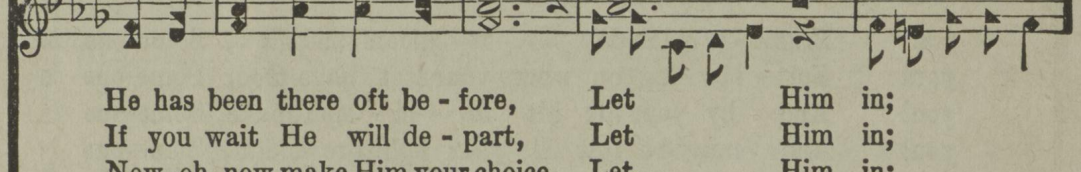
1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

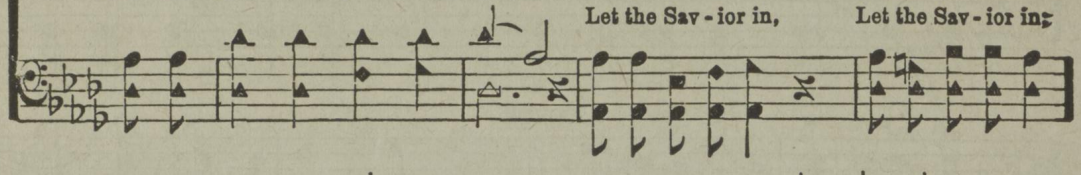


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;

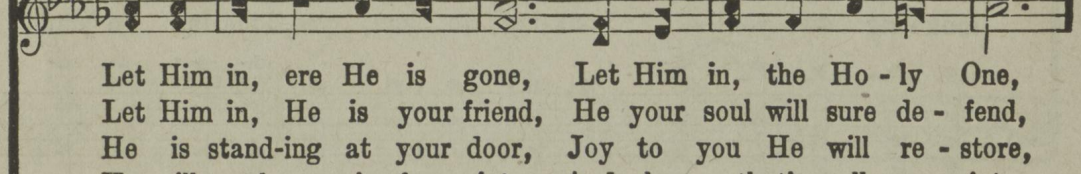


Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,



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

Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.



No. 90. There Is Hope.

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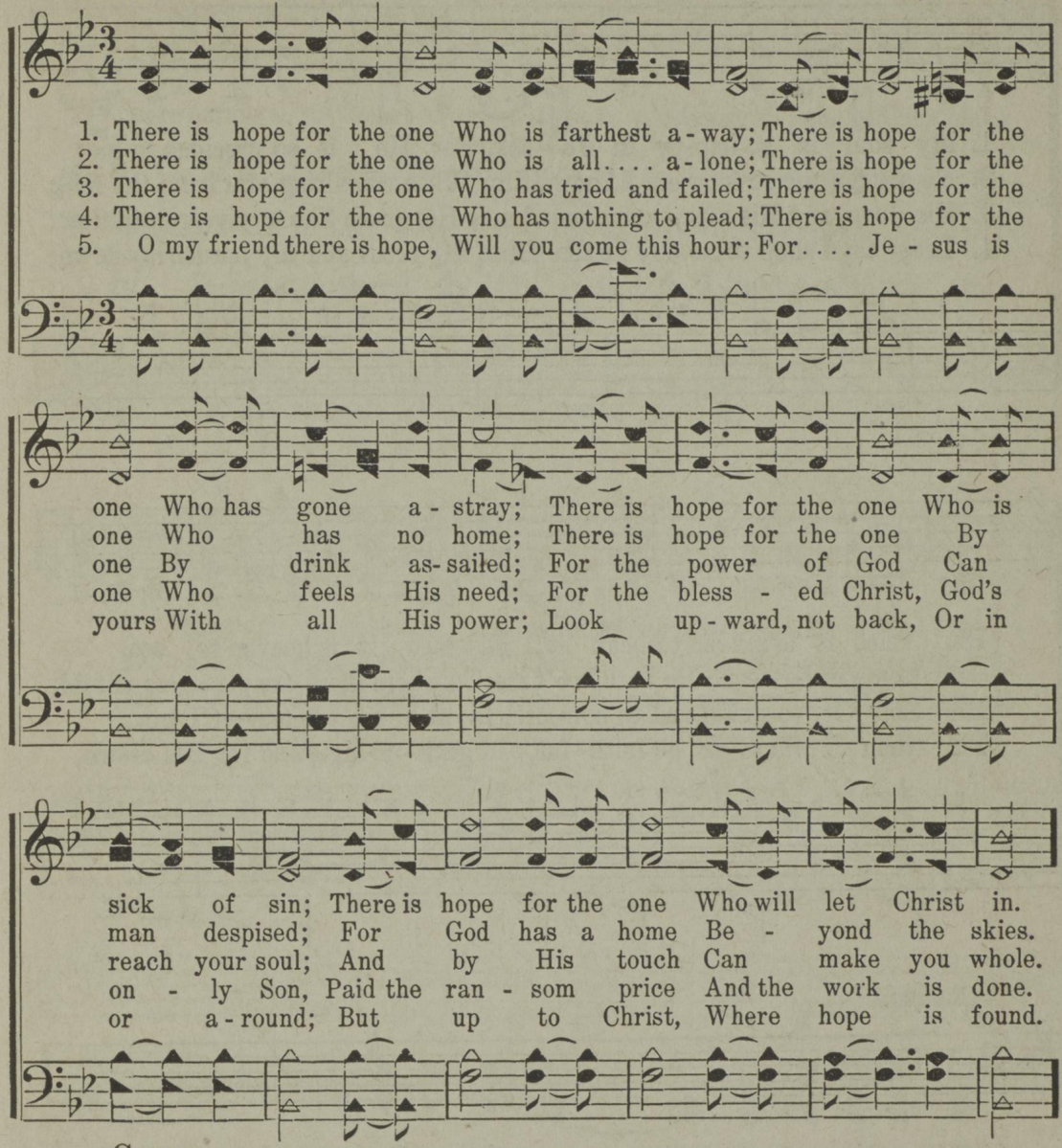
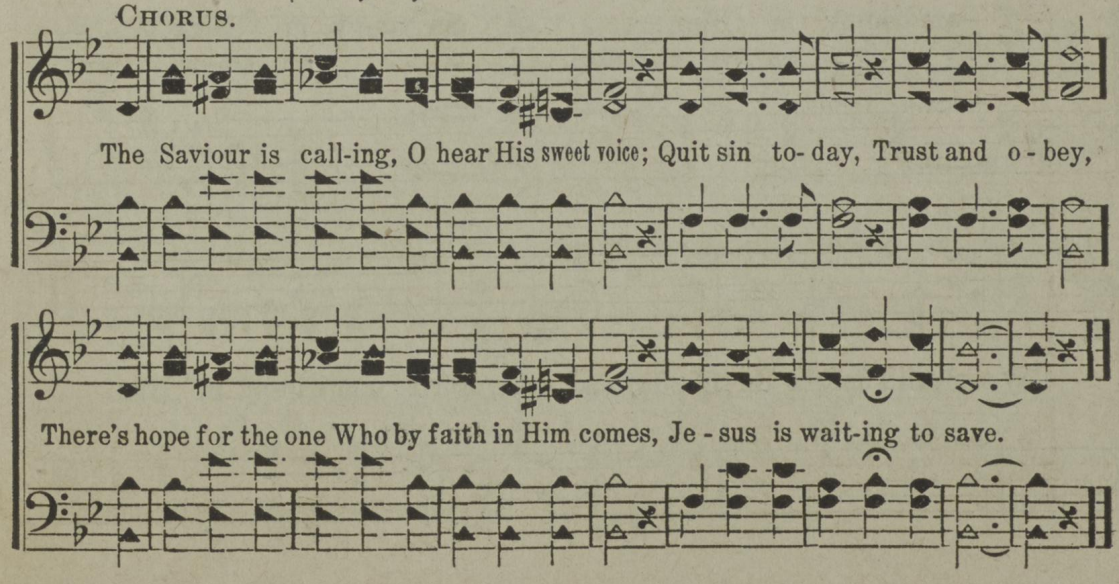
SHERRARD BEATTY. EDW. S. FOGG.



CHORUS.



No. 91. I Am Happy in Him.

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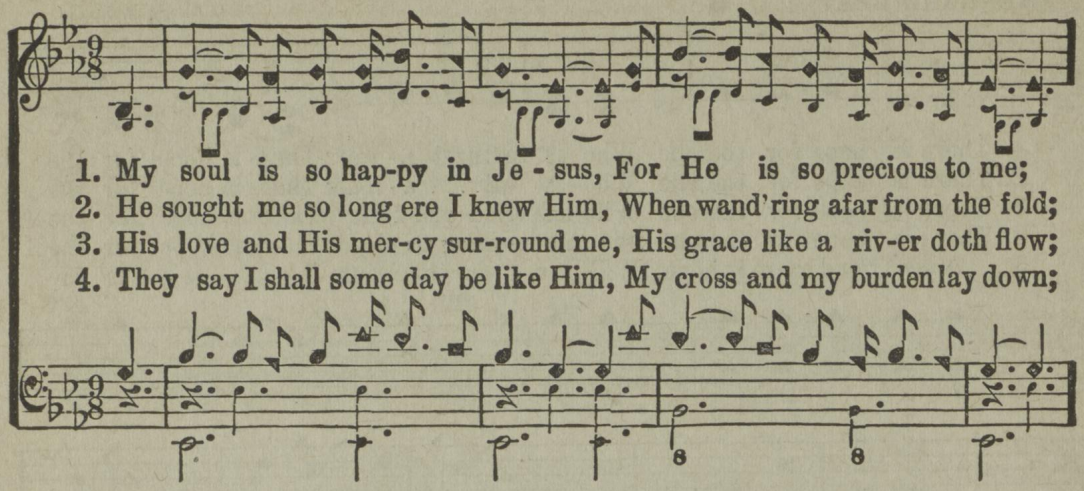
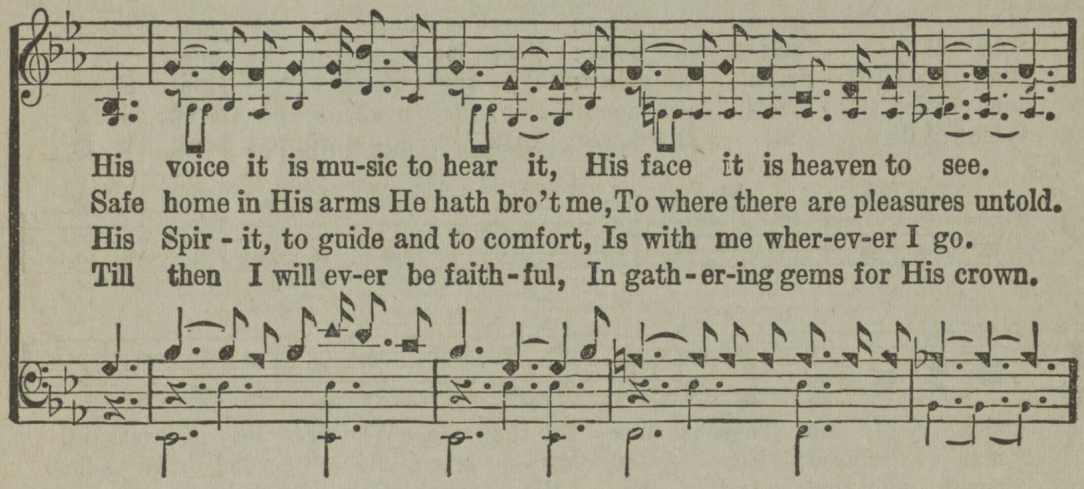
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

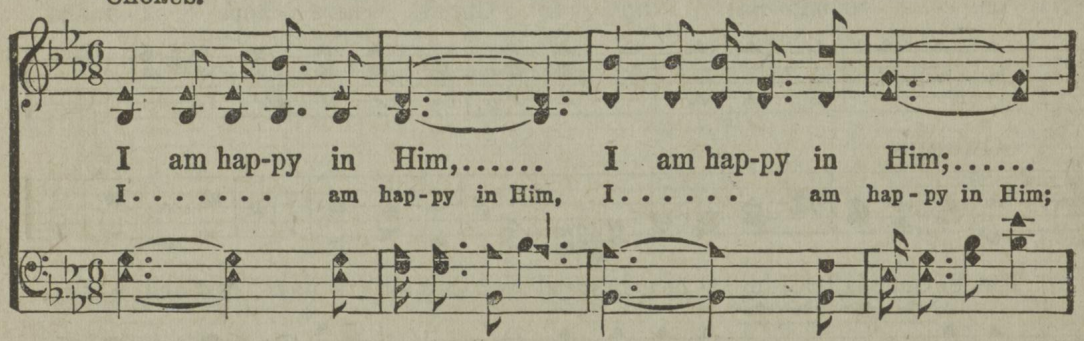


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;

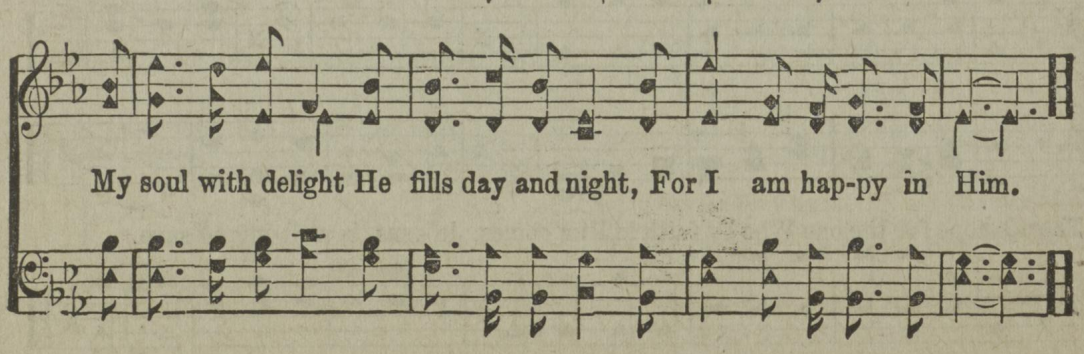


His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath-er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.



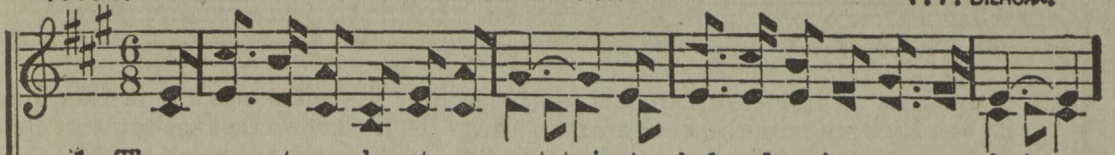
I am hap-py in Him,..... I am hap-py in Him;.....
I..... am hap-py in Him, I..... am hap-py in Him;



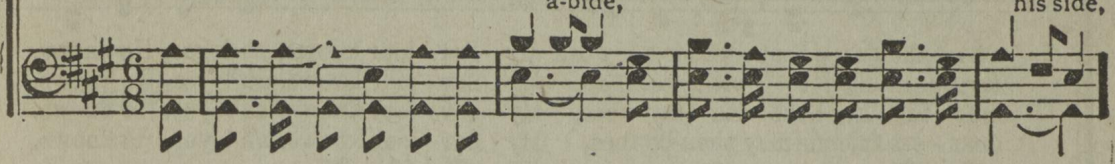
My soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 92. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

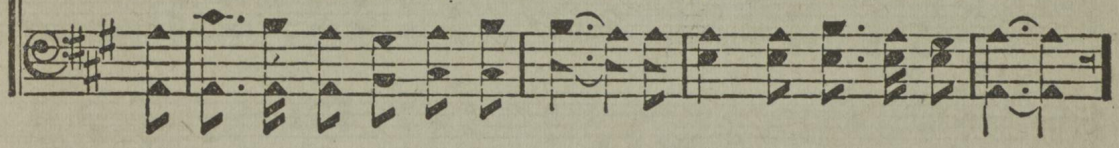
P. P. B. John 14: 27. P. P. BILHORN.



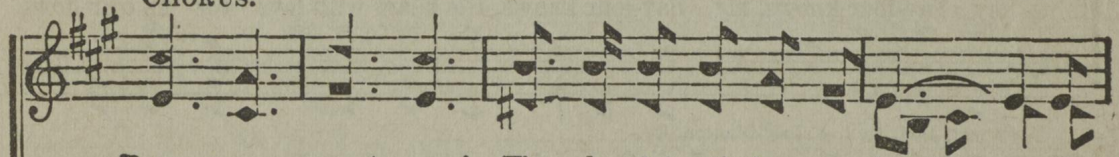
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace doth abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Je-sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to his side,
a-bide, his side,



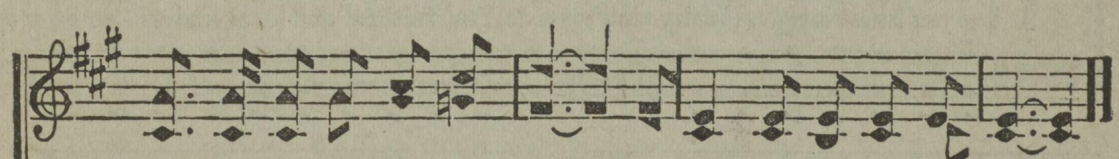
I sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



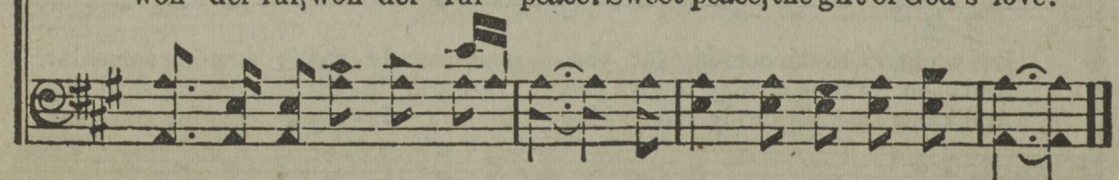
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der-ful gift from a - bove! ..... O
a - bove!



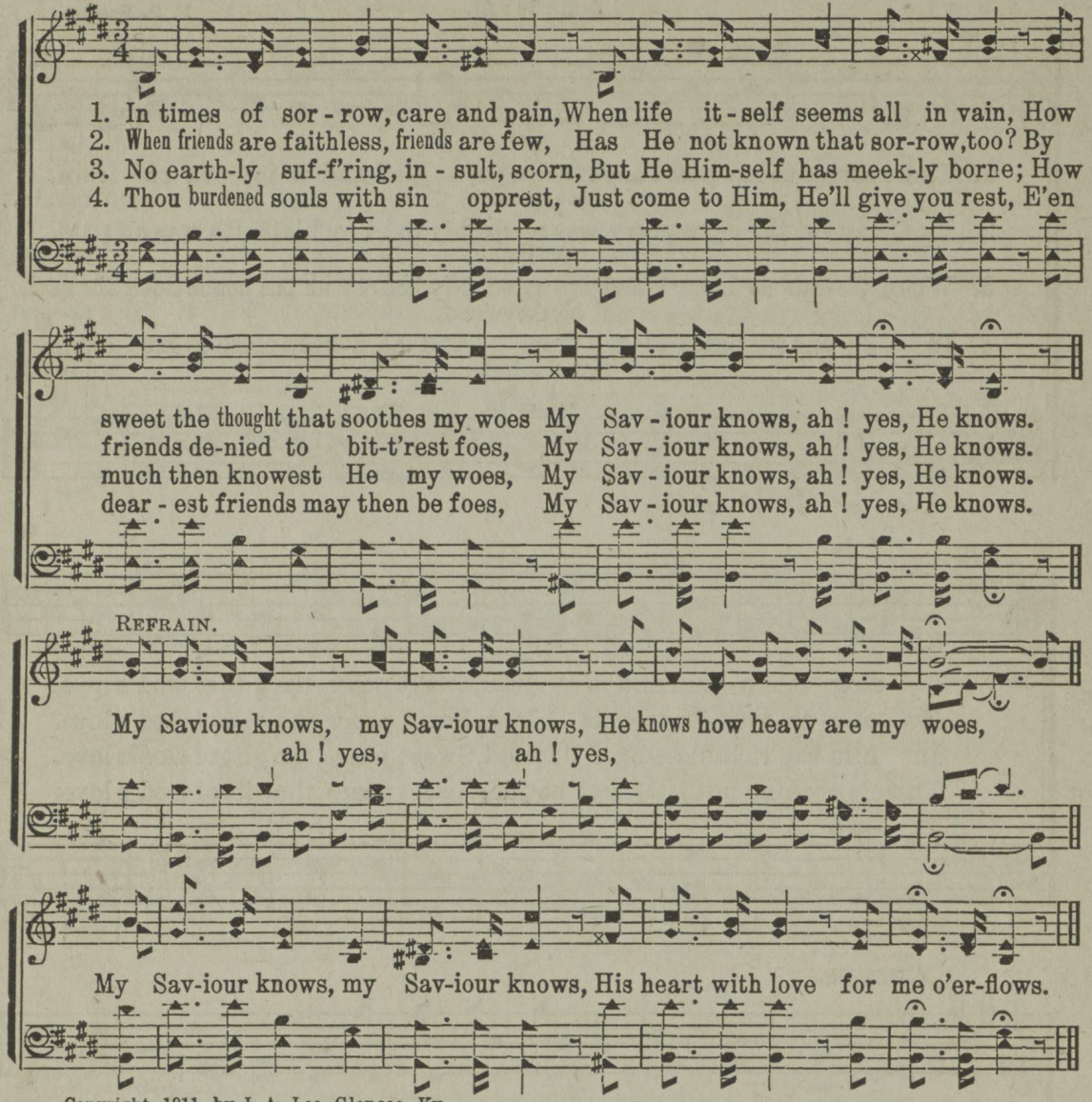
won - der-ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



Copyright, 1887, by P. P. Bilhorn. Used by per.

No. 93. My Saviour Knows.

C. M. D. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



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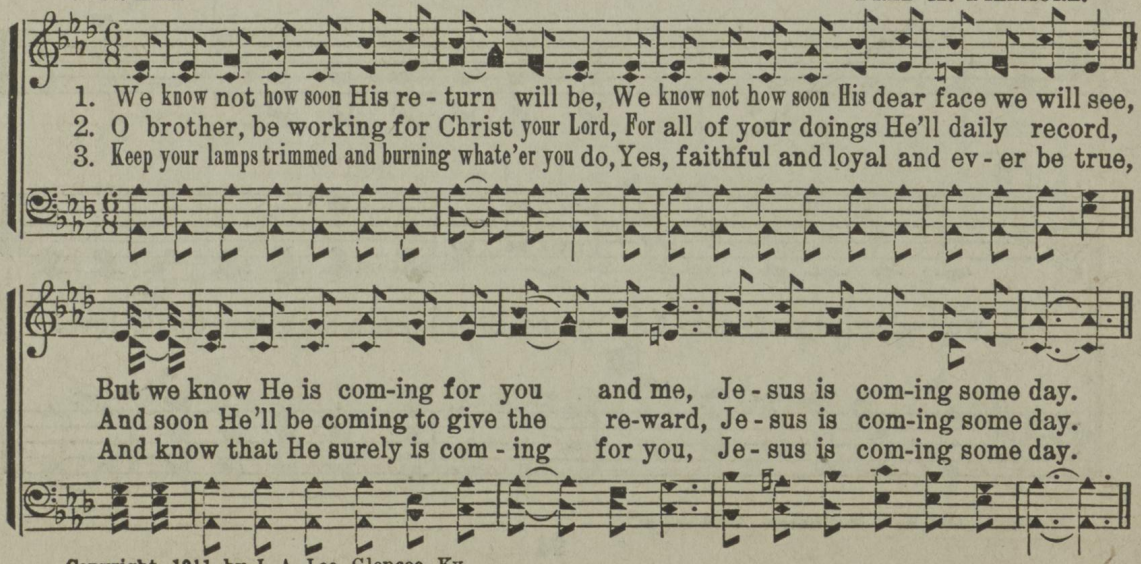
No. 94. Jesus Is Coming Some Day.

J. A. LEE. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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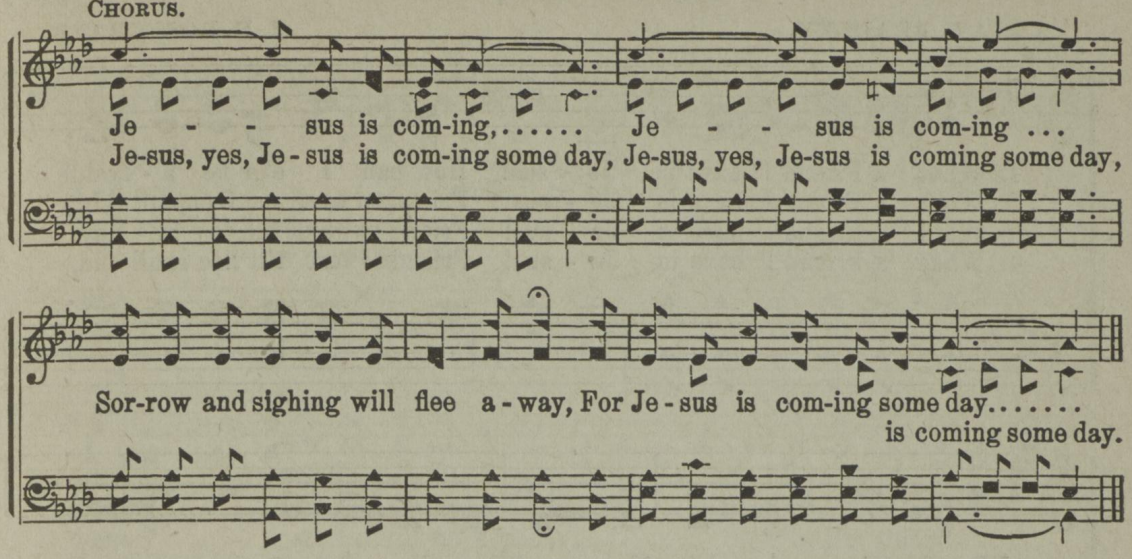
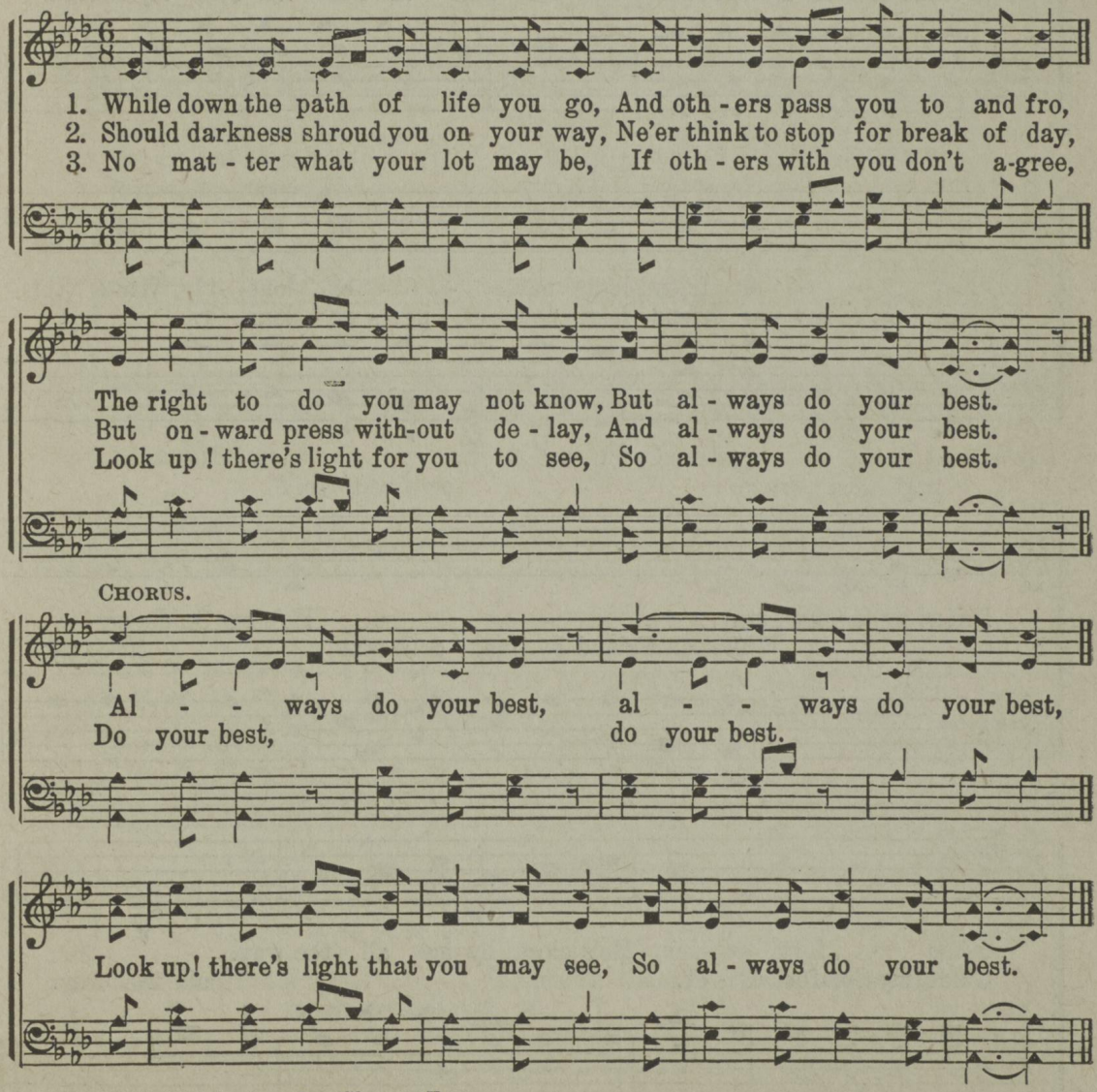
Jesus Is Coming Some Day.

CHORUS.



No. 95. Always Do Your Best.

FAITH PROPHET. RAN. C. STOREY.



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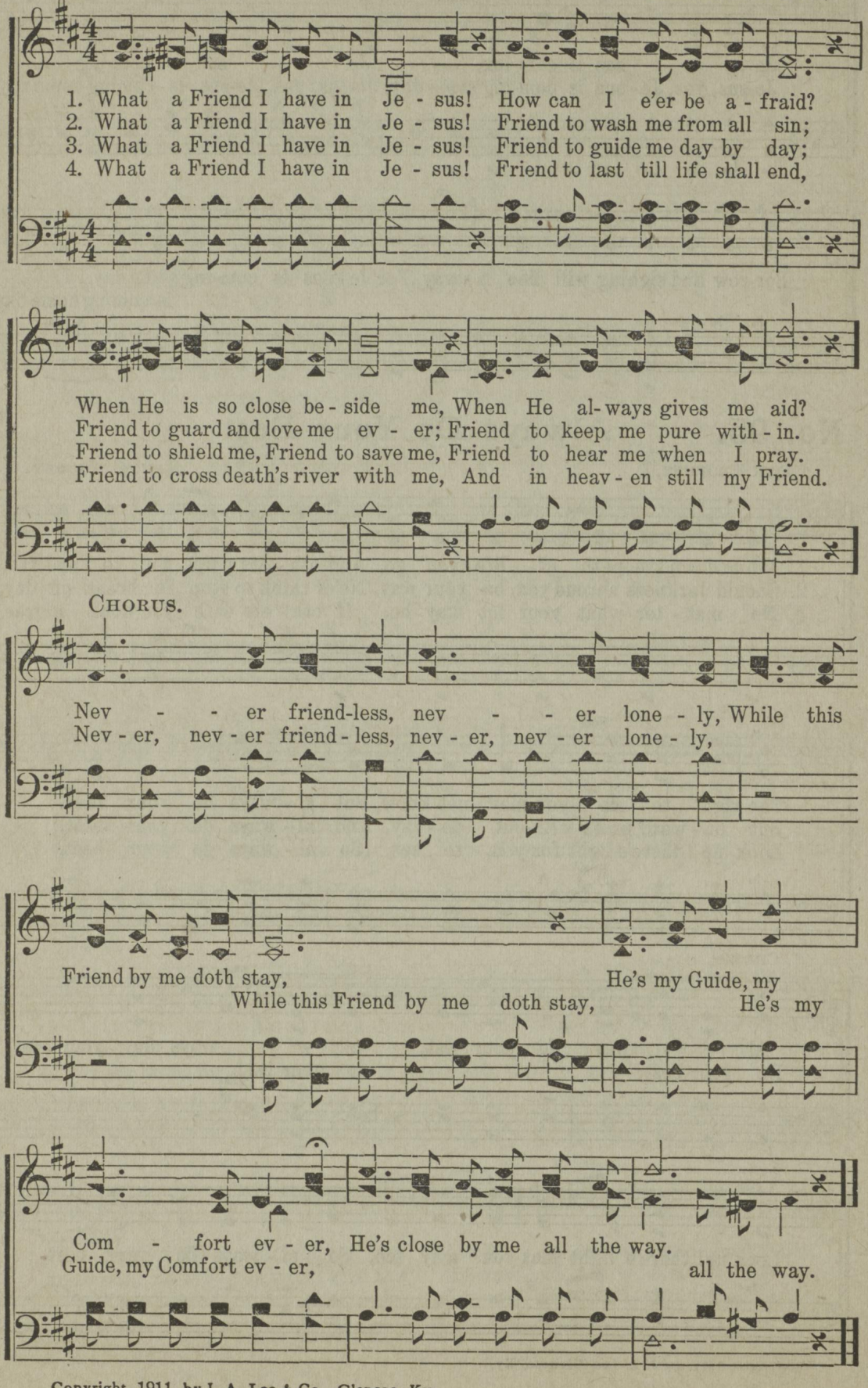
No. 96. A Friend in Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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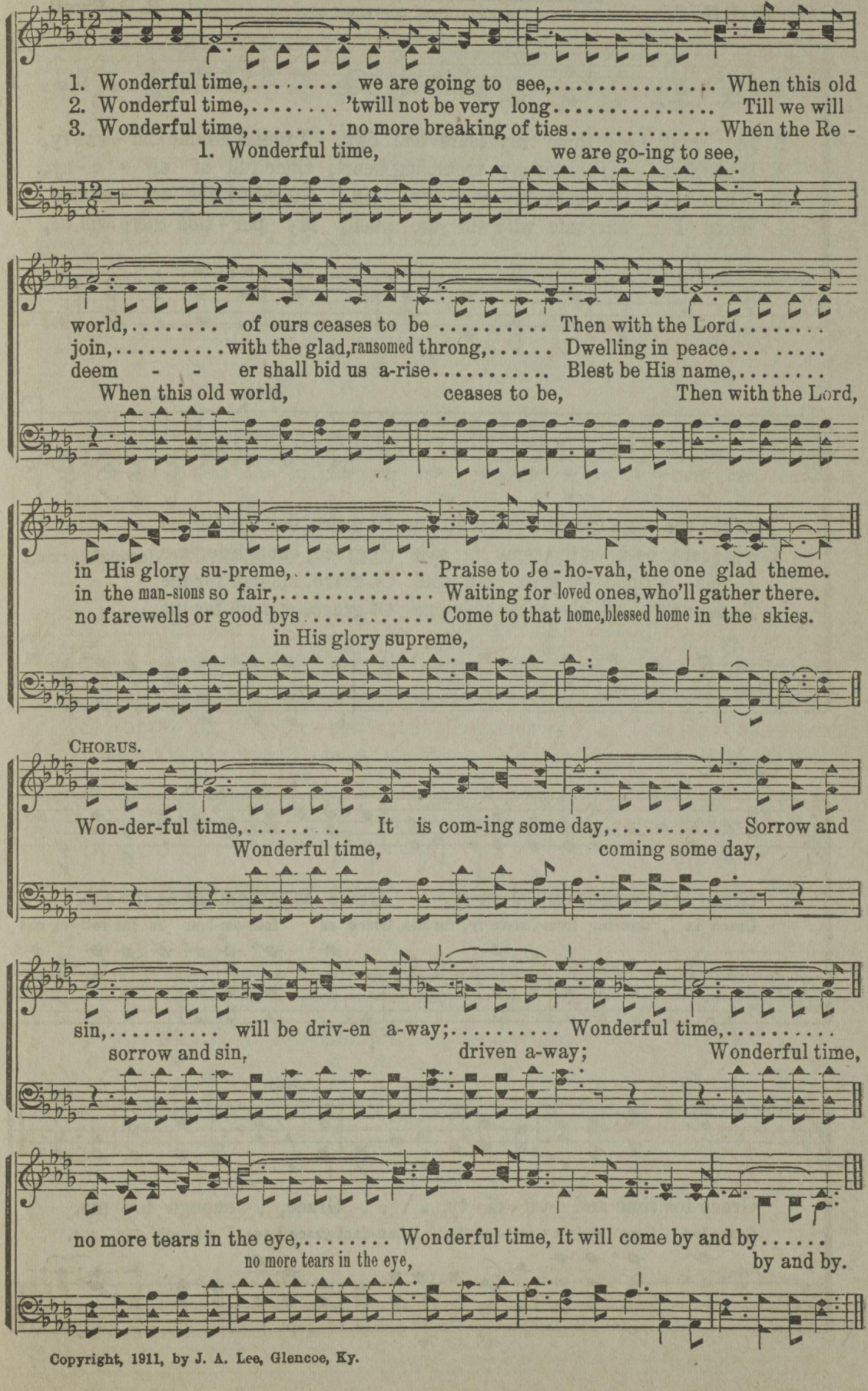
No. 97. Wonderful Time!

J. A. LEE. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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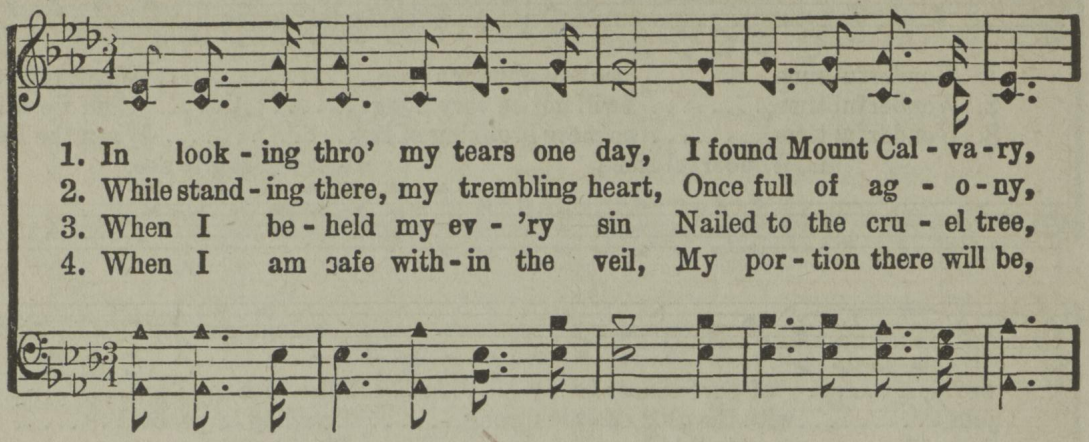
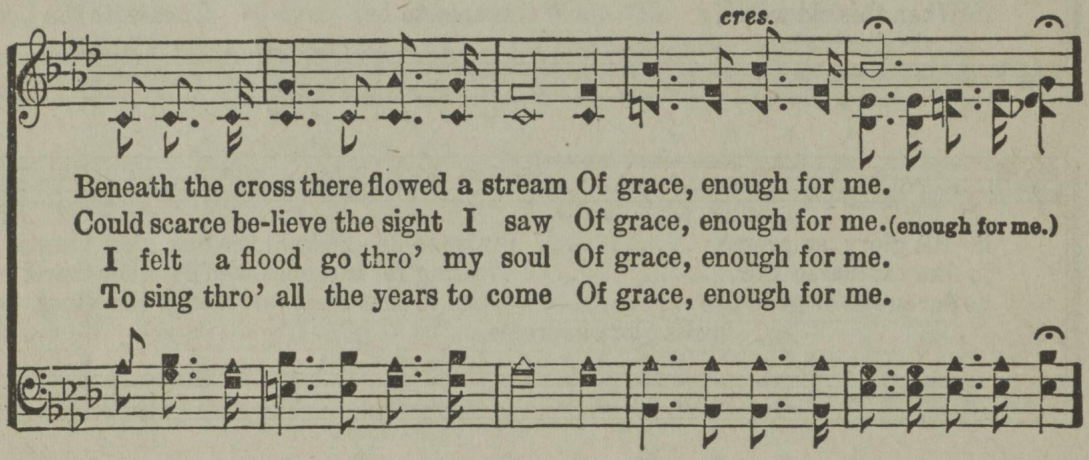
No. 98. Grace, Enough for Me.

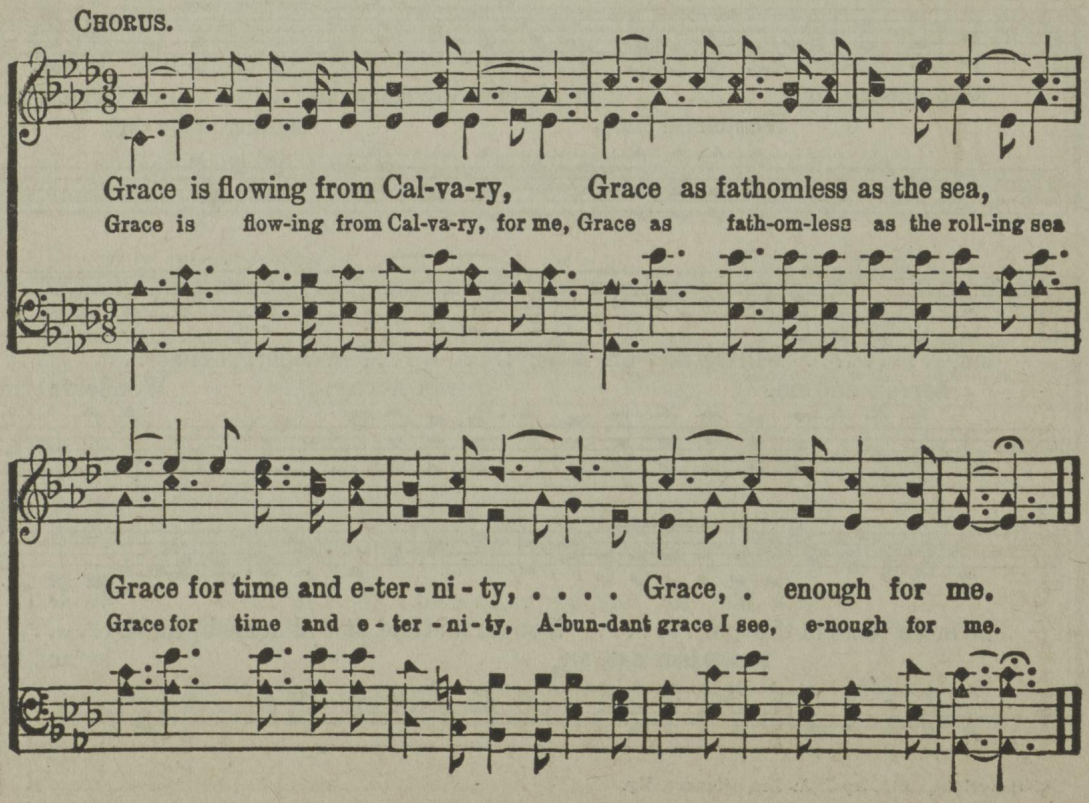
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.





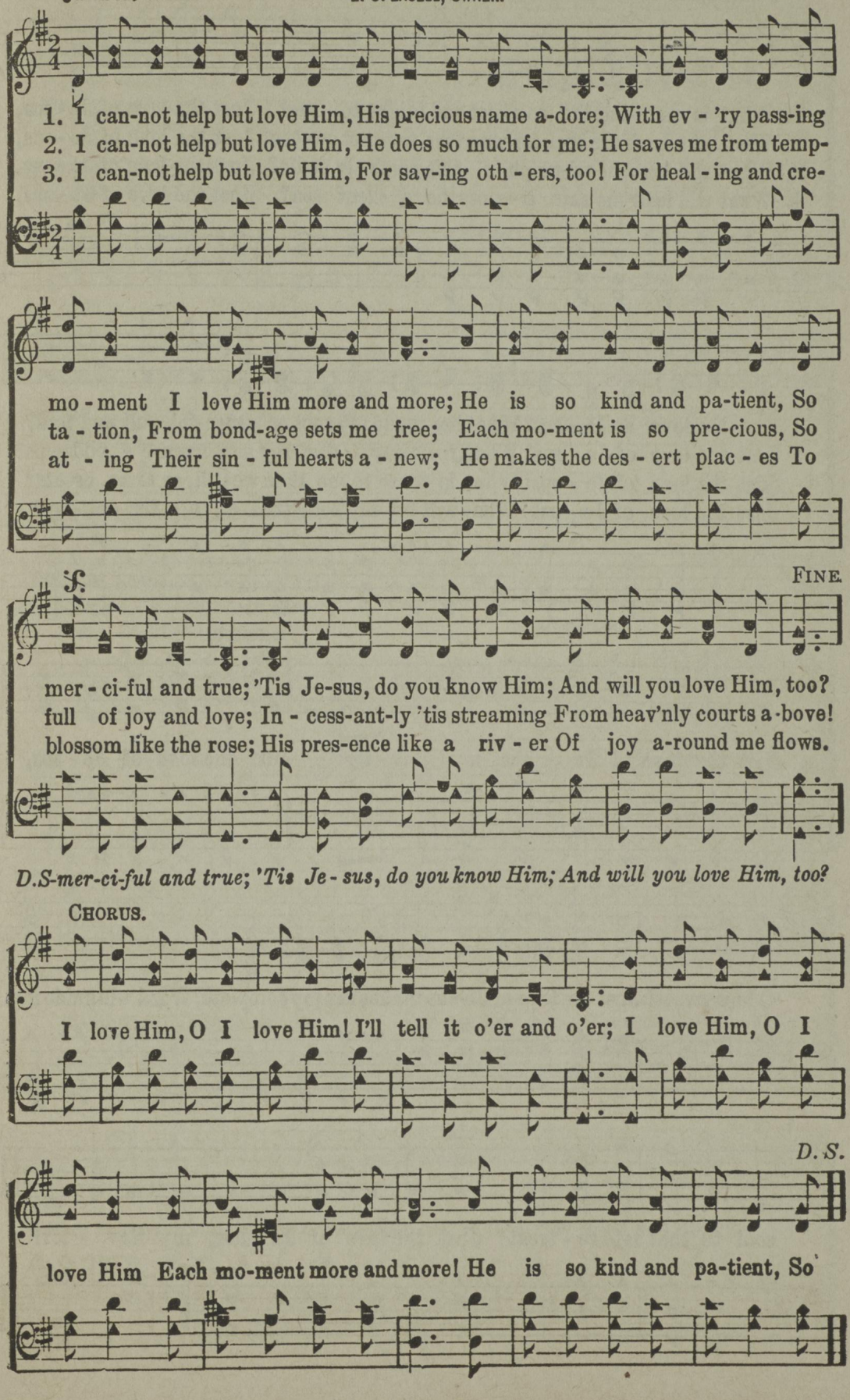
CHORUS.



No. 99. I Cannot Help but Love Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

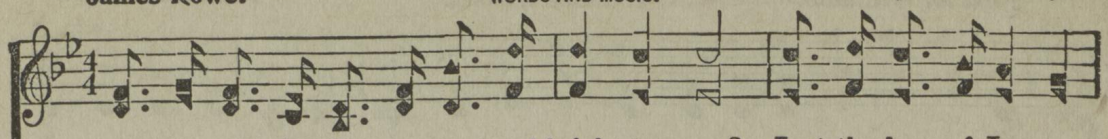
Julia A. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.



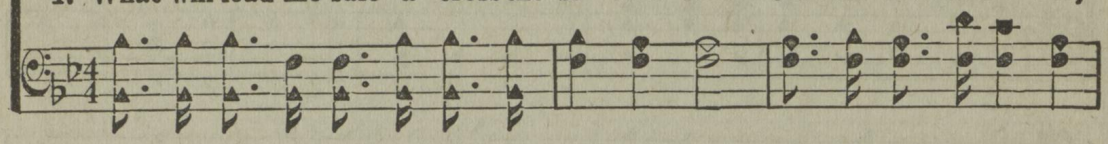
No. 100. Just the Love of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

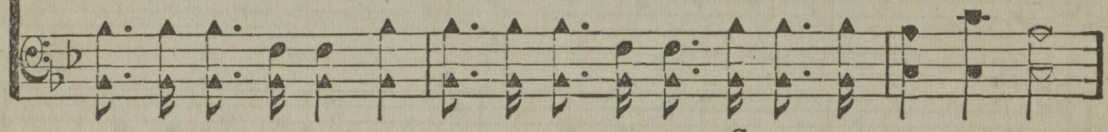
James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Wm. Edie Marks.



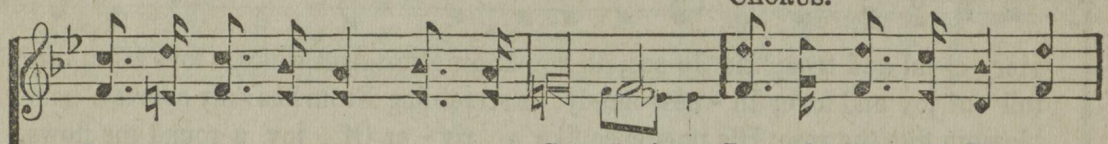
1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je - sus,
2. What af - fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je - sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth - ly strife? Just the love of Je - sus,
4. What will lead me safe a - cross the si - lent sea? Just the love of Je - sus,



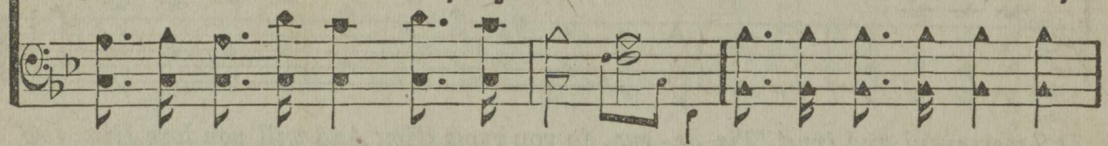
just the love of Je - sus! What has made my soul so peace-ful, full and free?
just the love of Je - sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e - vil keeps?
just the love of Je - sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je - sus! What will be my song thro' all e - ter - ni - ty?



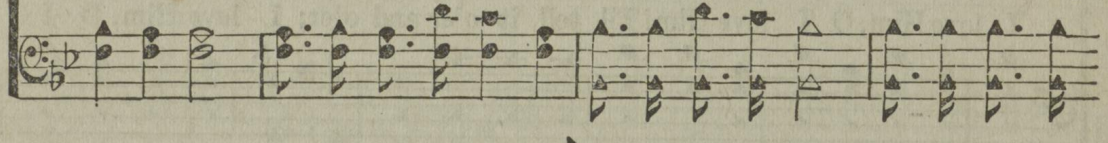
CHORUS.



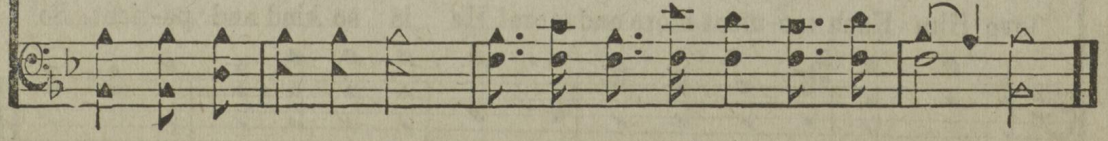
Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Just the love of Je - sus,



O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my

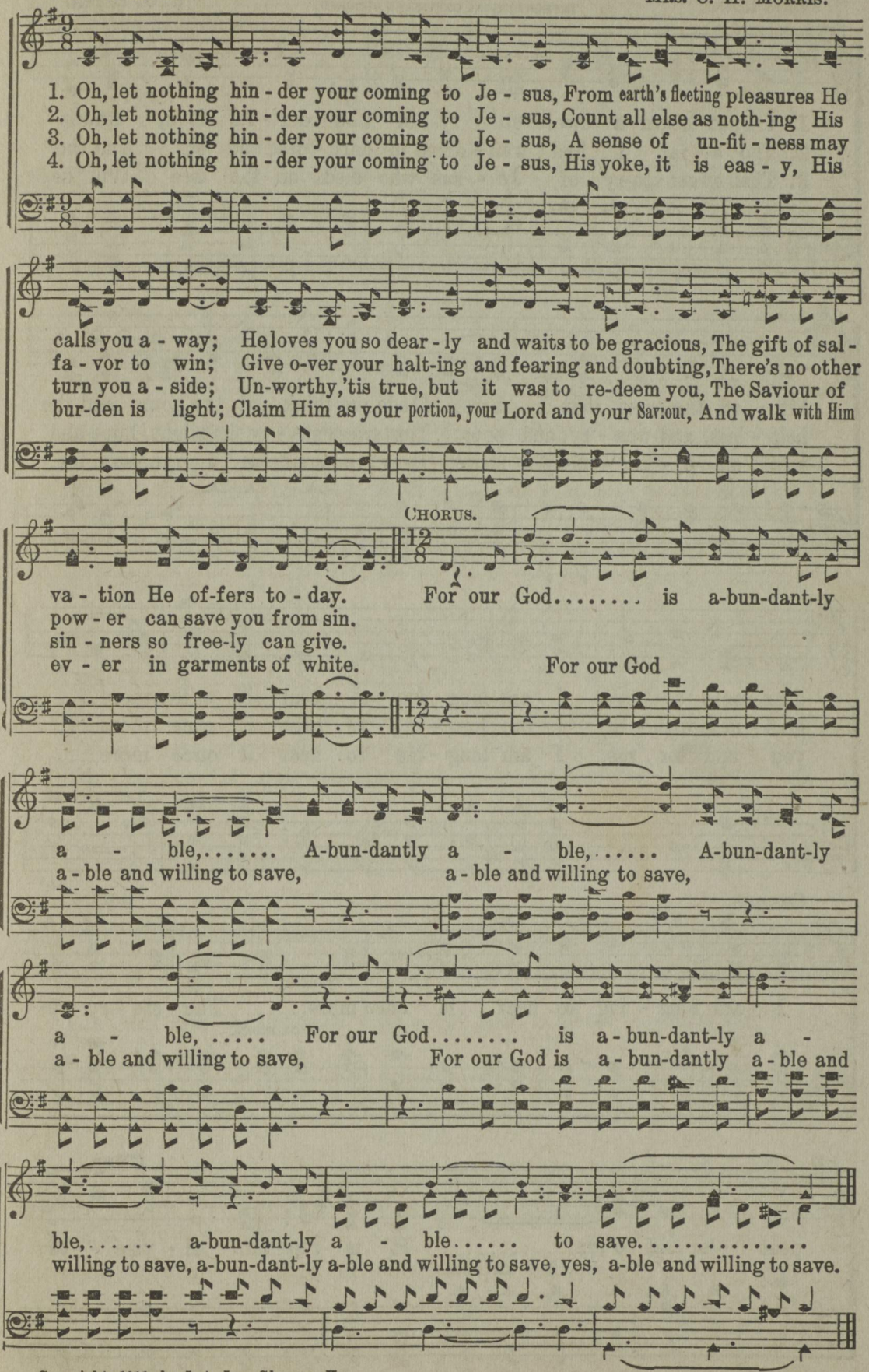


soul to that safe re - treat? Just the love of Je - sus, my Sav - ior!



No. 101. Abundantly Able.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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No. 102. That Sweet Story.

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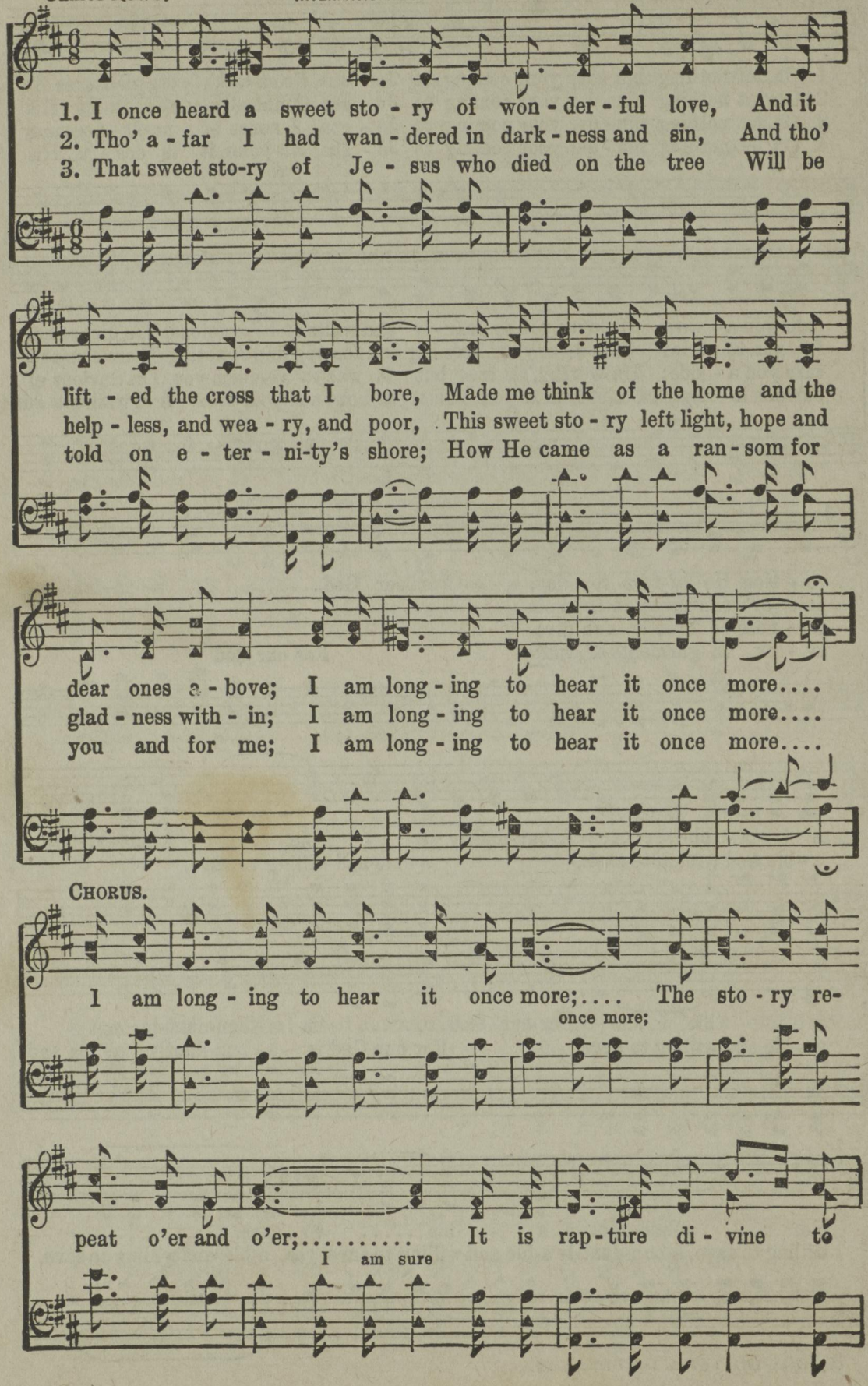
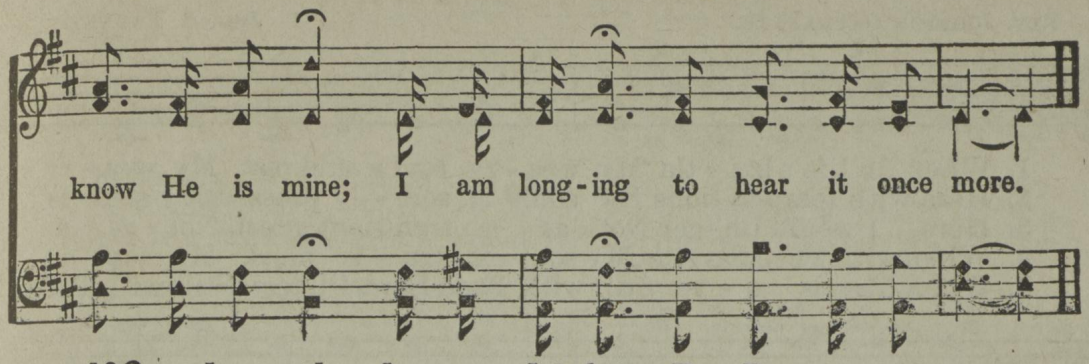
James Rowe. E. O. Excell.



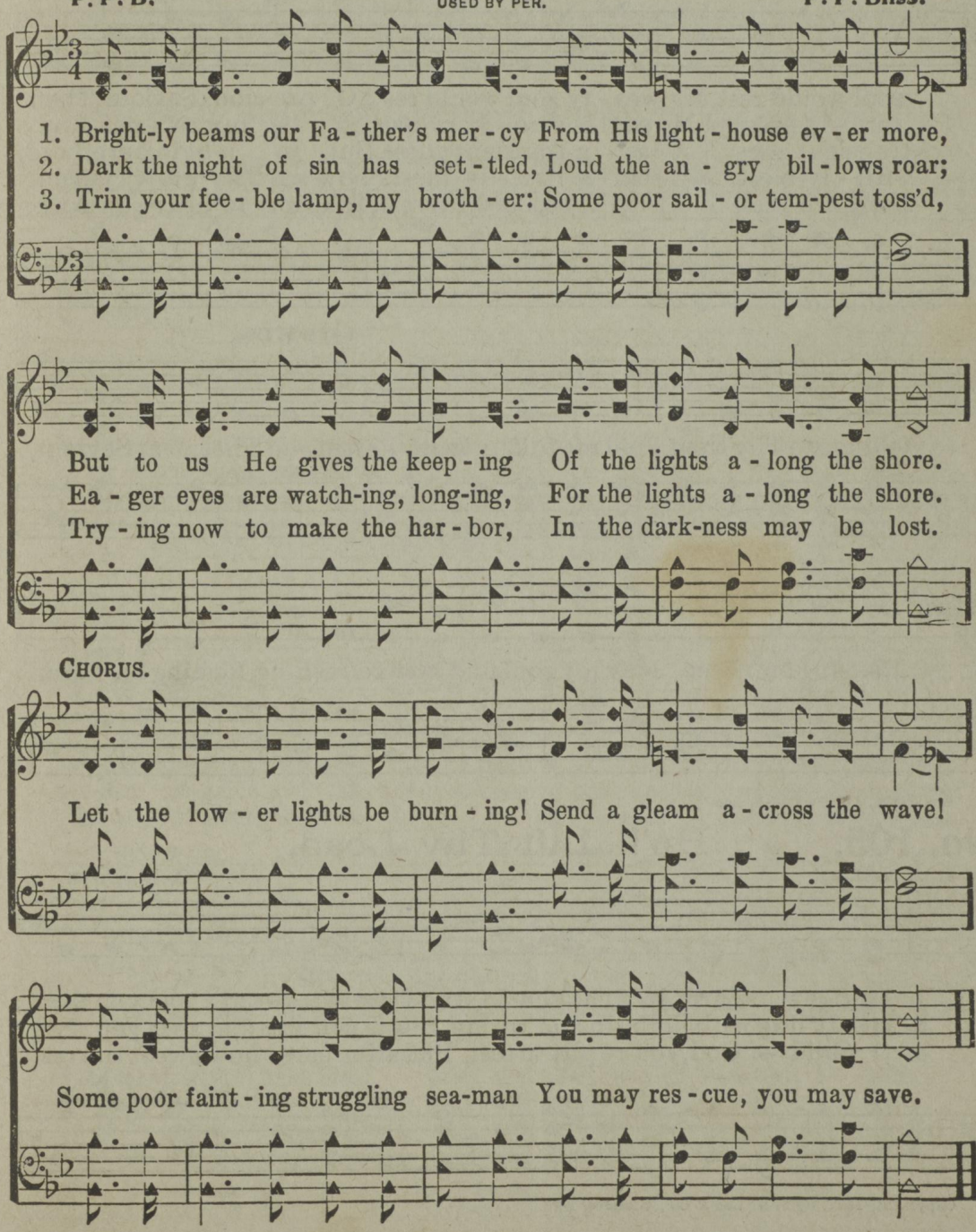
That Sweet Story.



No. 103. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

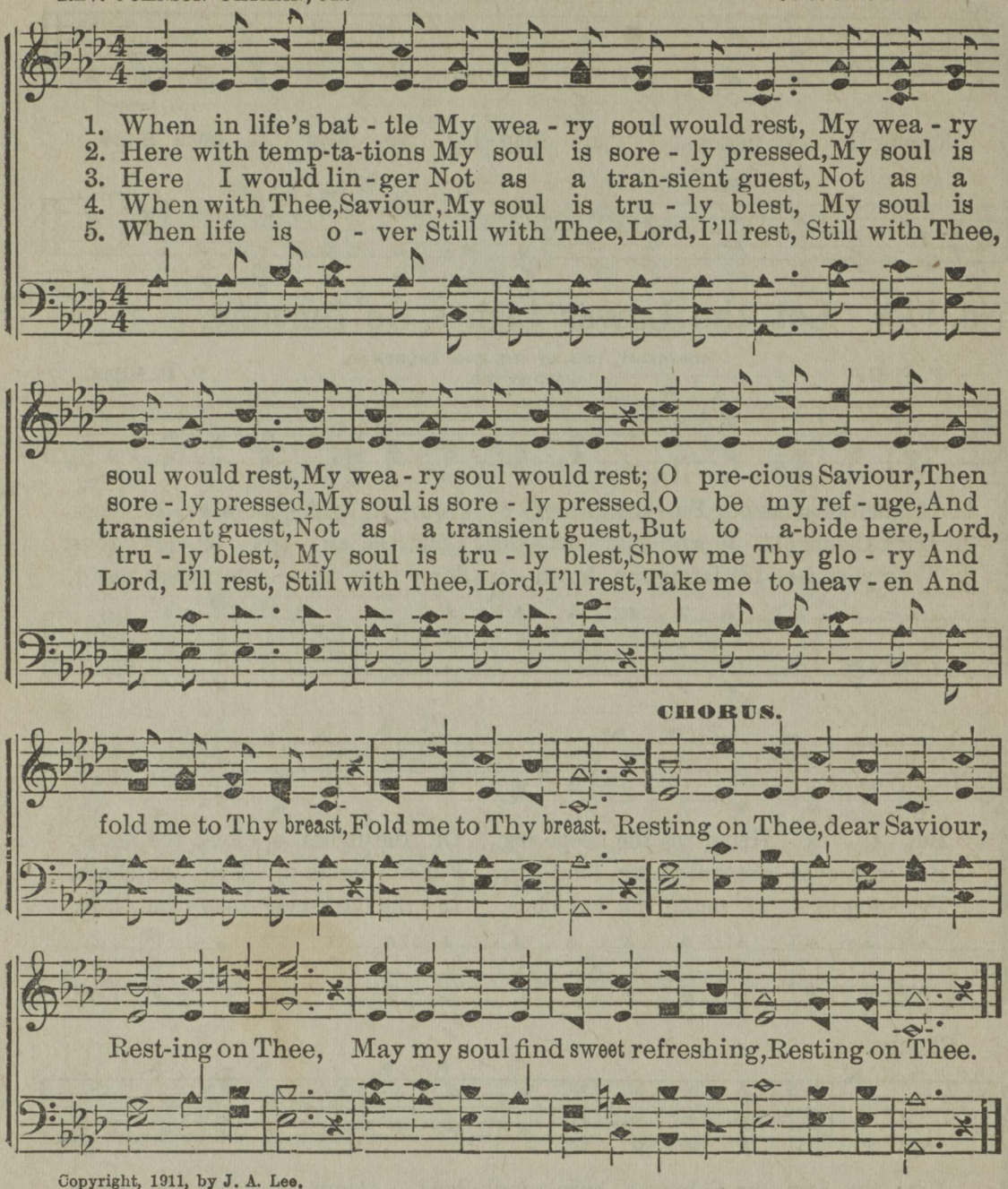
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 104. Resting On Thee.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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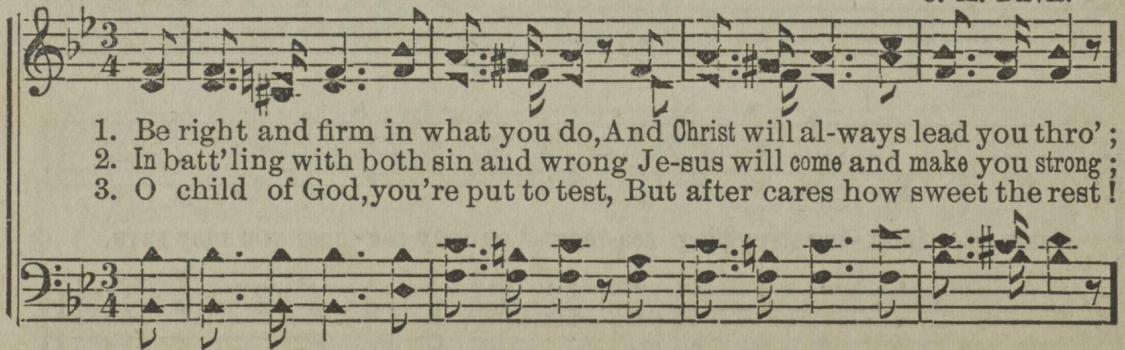
No. 105. He'll Lift Thy Load.

J. A. LEE. C. M. DAVIS.



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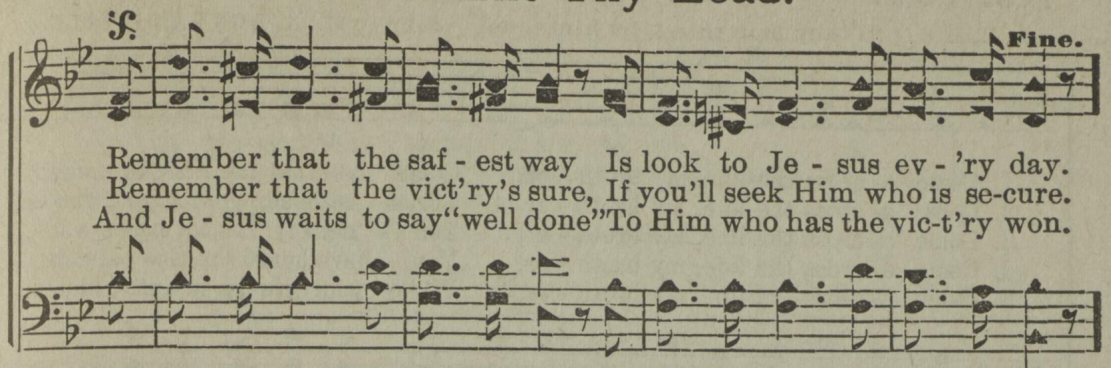
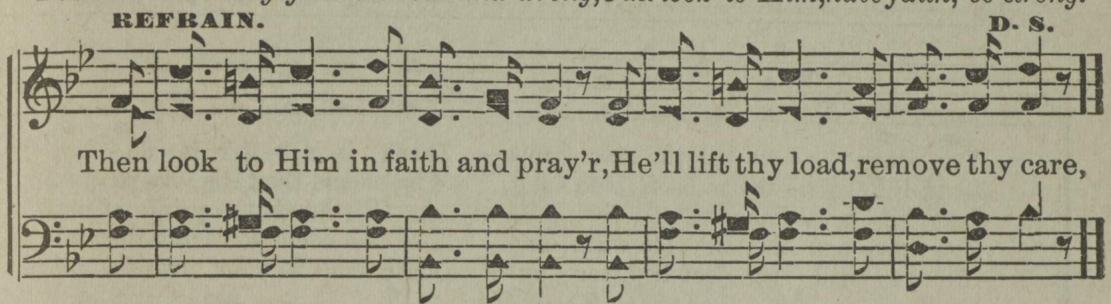
He'll Lift Thy Load.

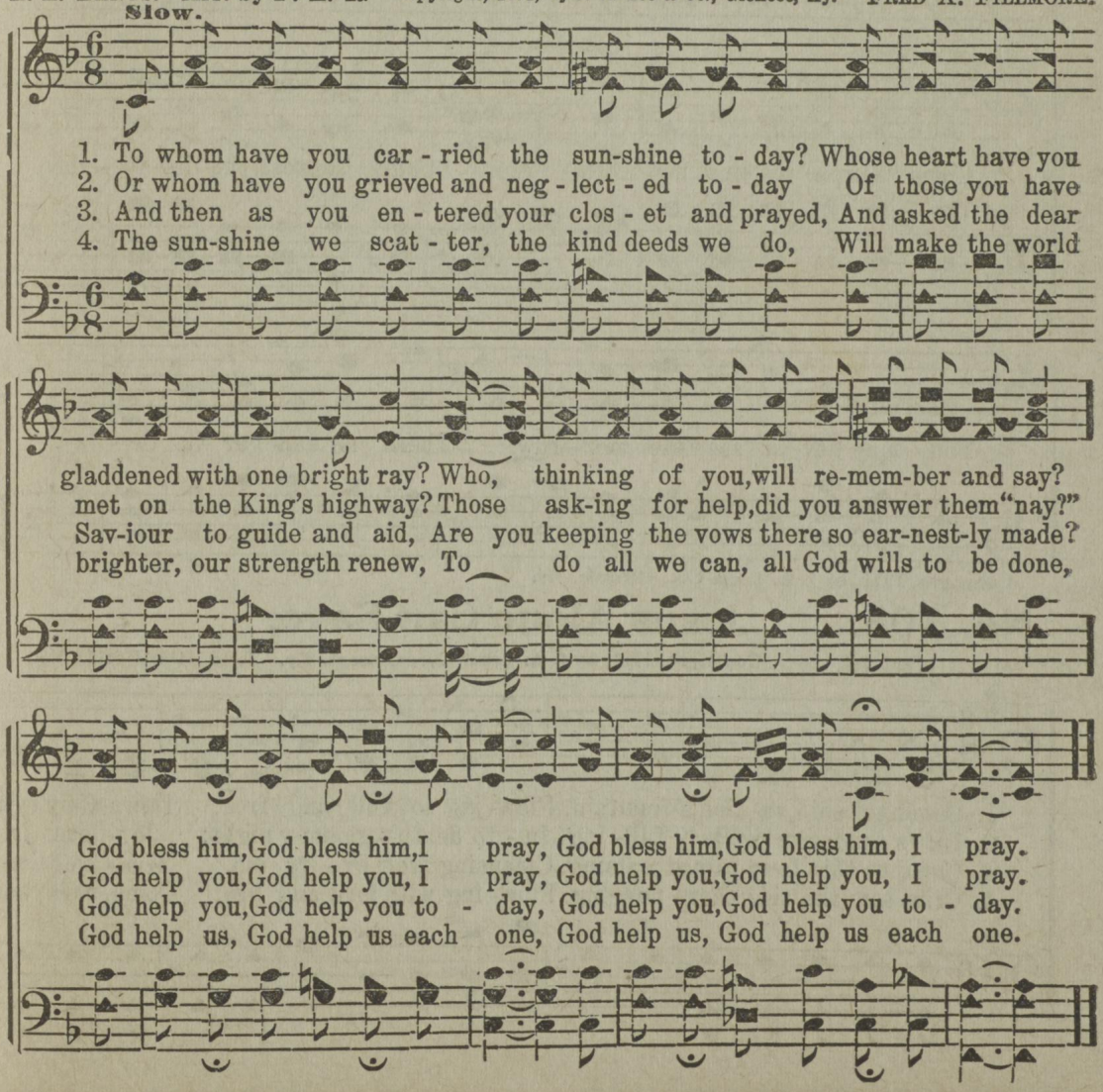


D.S.–*The vic - t'ry give o'er sin and wrong, Just look to Him, have faith, be strong.*



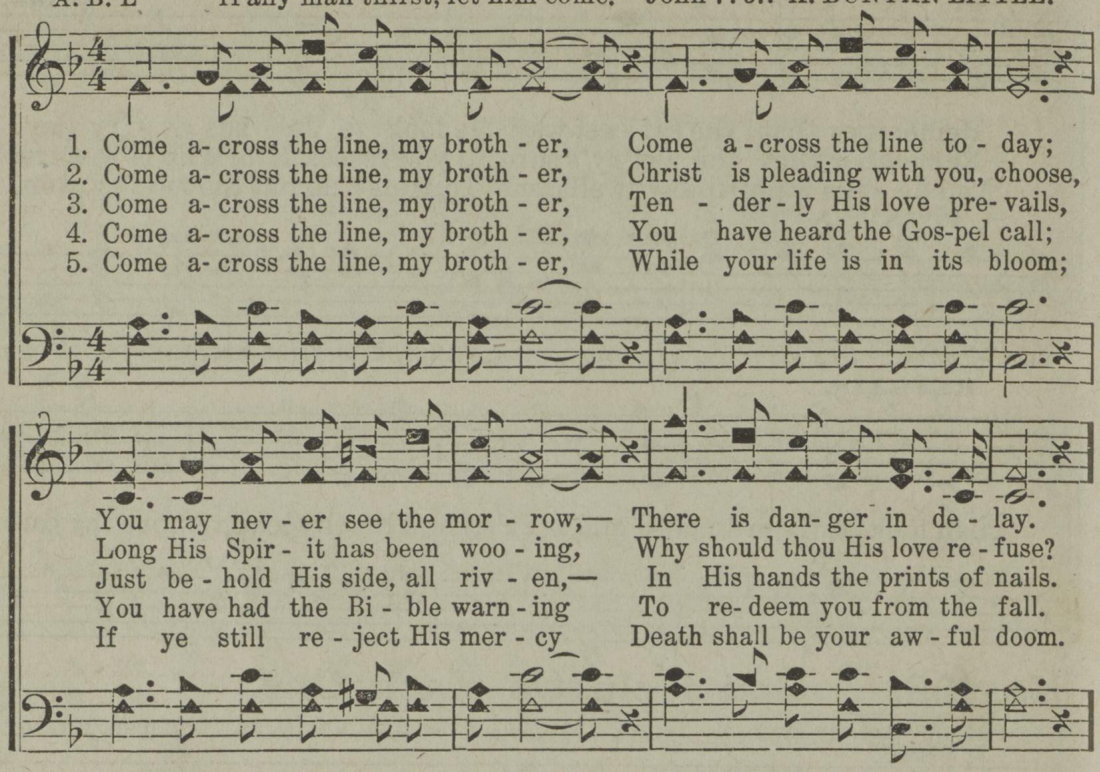
No. 106. God Help Us Each One.

E. L. BANGS. Arr. by F. E. R. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glenscoe, Ky. FRED A. FILLMORE.

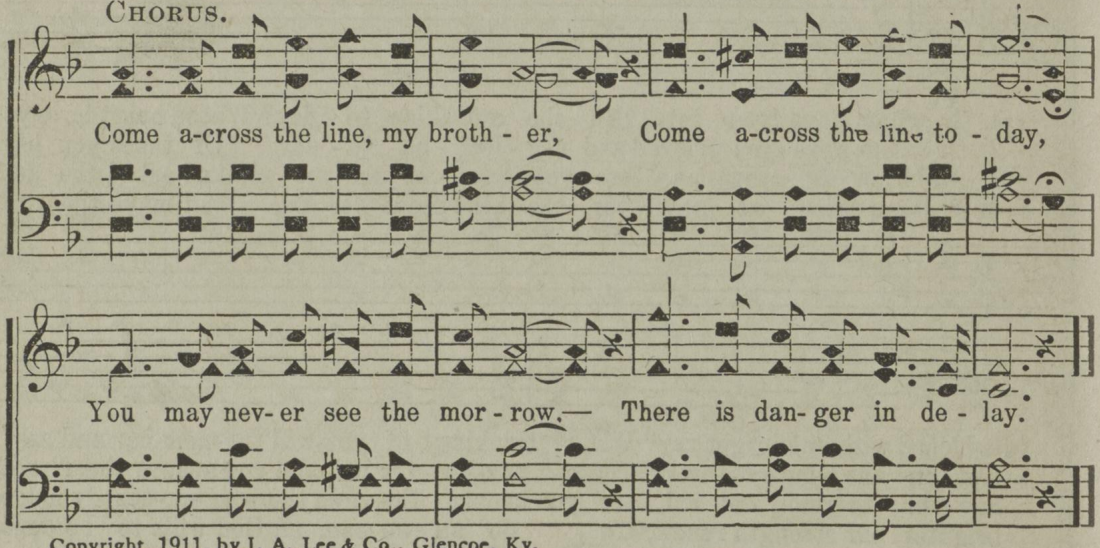


No. 107. Come Across the Line.

A. B. L "If any man thirst, let him come." John 7: 37. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.



CHORUS.



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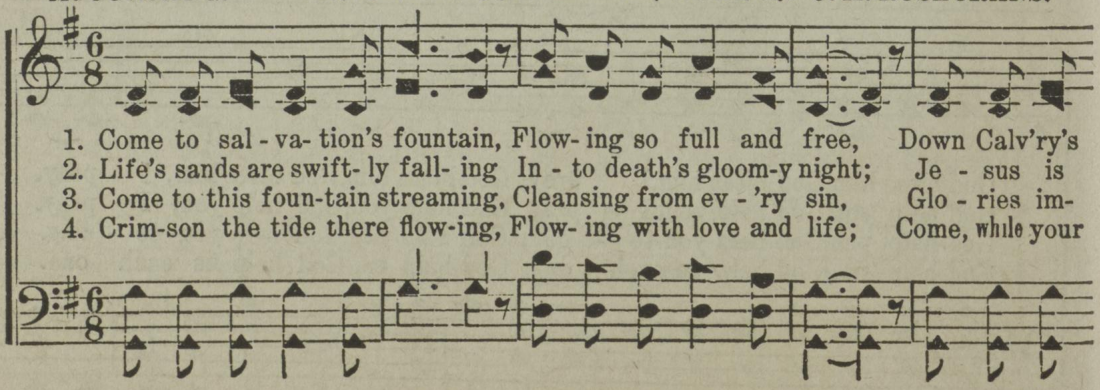
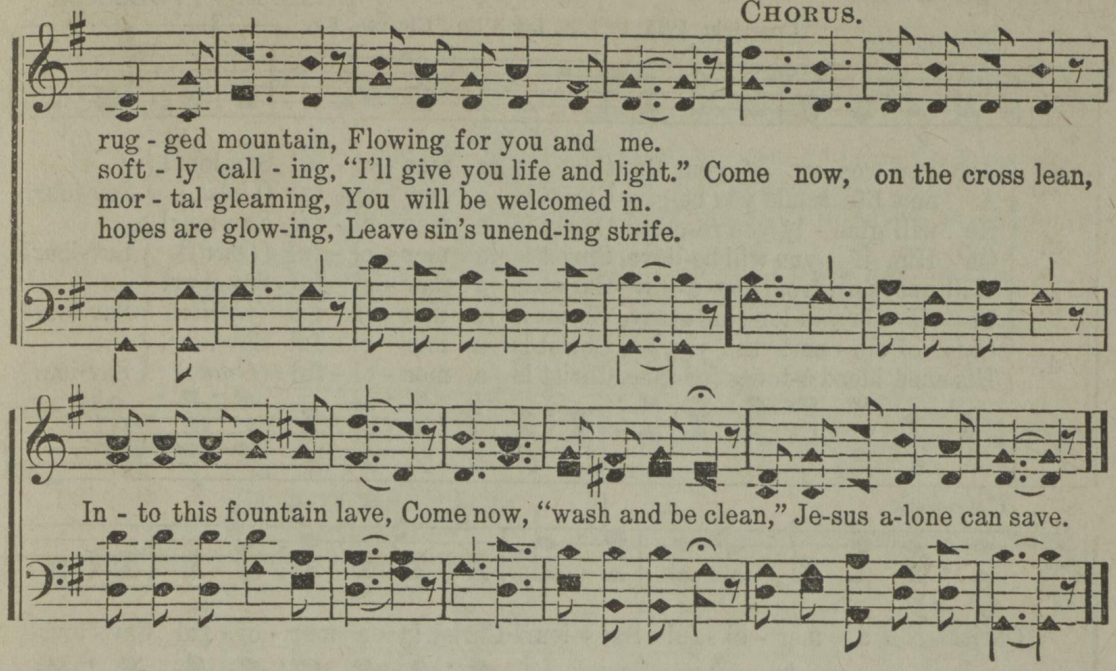
No. 108. Jesus Alone Can Save.

M. CUMMING. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Jesus Alone Can Save. Concluded.

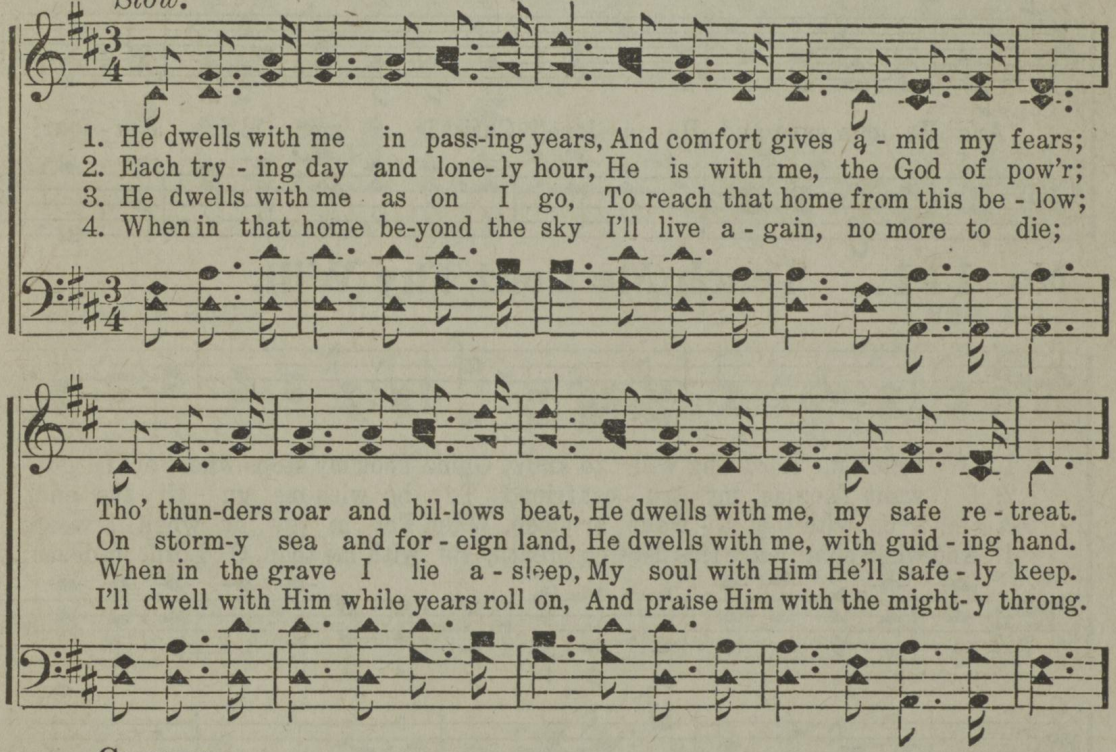
CHORUS.



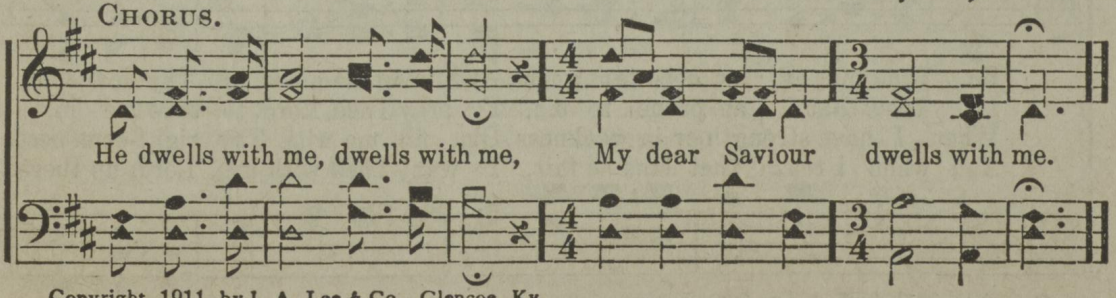
No. 109. He Dwells With Me.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.

Slow.



CHORUS.



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No. 110. Christ is a Merciful Saviour.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Earnestly.

Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky.

1. Are you wea-ry of your sin? Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   A new life would you be-gin, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
2. He will glad - ly you re-ceive, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   On Him if you will be-lieve, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
3. Will not turn from you a-way, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   Tho' in sin you long did stray, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!
4. Chief of sin - ners tho' you be, Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour!
   His shed blood a-tones for thee, Christ is a mer - ci - ful (*Omit.*) Sav-iour!

CHORUS.

Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav - iour! Christ is a mer - ci - ful Sav - iour!

And He can save and He a - lone, Christ is a mer - ci-ful Sav - iour!

No. 111. Teach Me Lord Thy Will.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. O teach me Lord Thy will to know, Guide Thou my steps where'er I go;
2. I want Thee as my tru - est friend To be with me un - til the end,
3. Oh, be with me a - wake or sleep, When I'm in joy or when I weep;
4. And when shall leave this fleeting breath, Be with me then, O Lord, in death;

Be Thou my ev - er con-stant guide, And keep me close to Thy dear side.
I know that I am prone to sin, I pray Thee, Lord, to take me in.
When I have strength or in weakness Oh, fill me with Thy right-eous-ness.
And when I reach that land so fair, I want Thee with me, Lord, up there.

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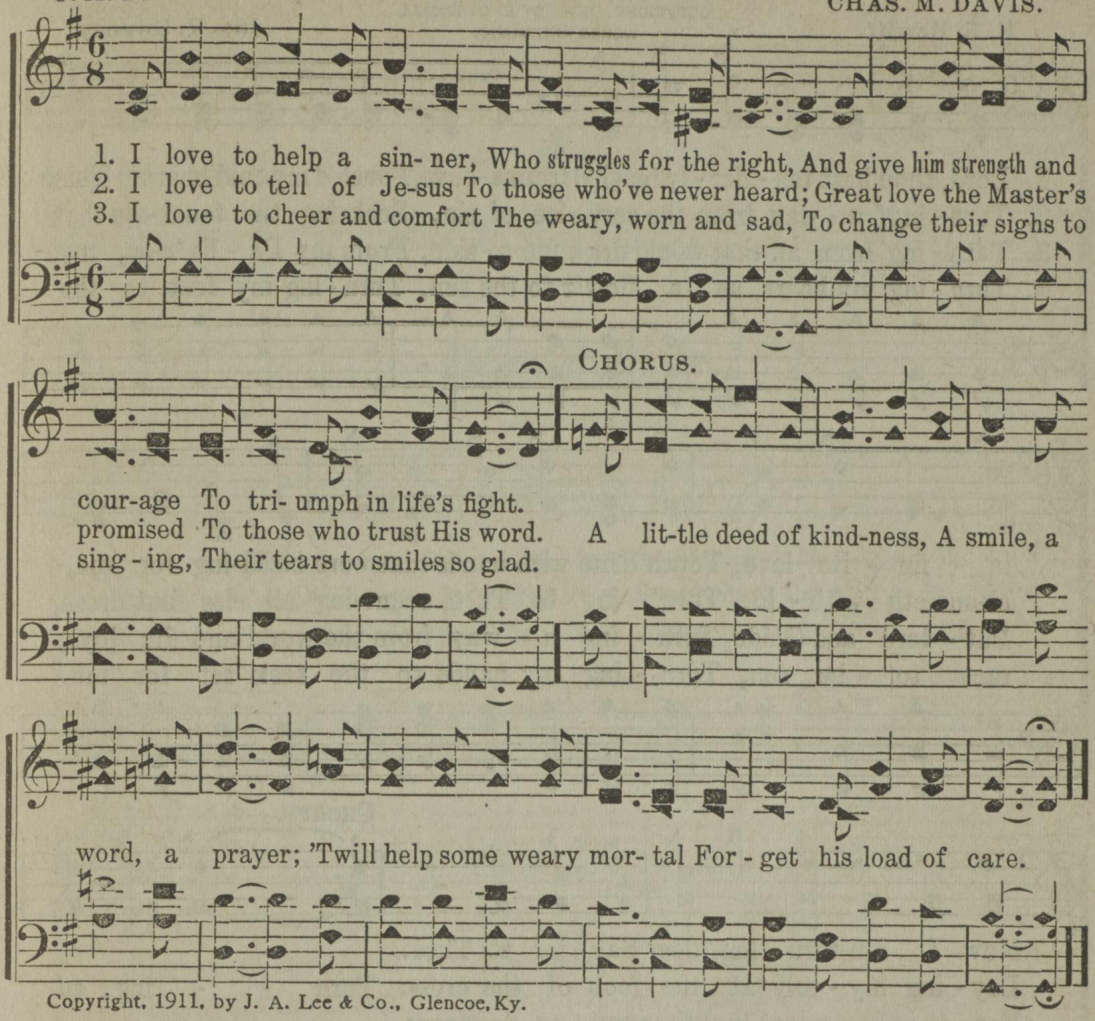
No. 112. Deeds of Love.

C. M. D. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



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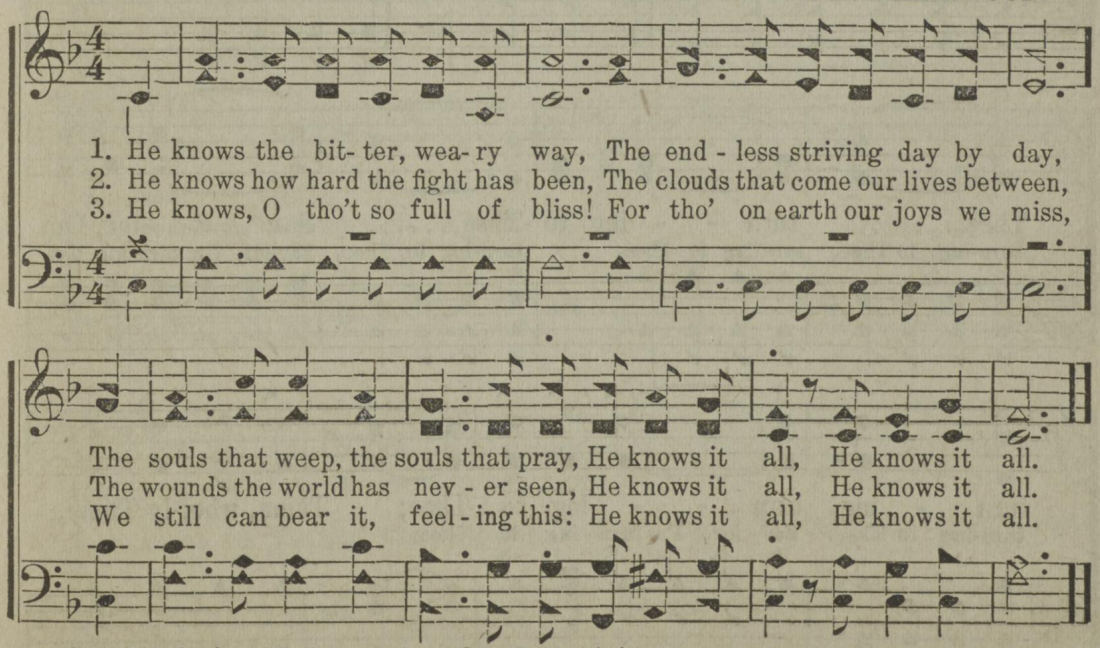
No. 113. He Knows It All.

ANON. STANLEY GREENWOOD.



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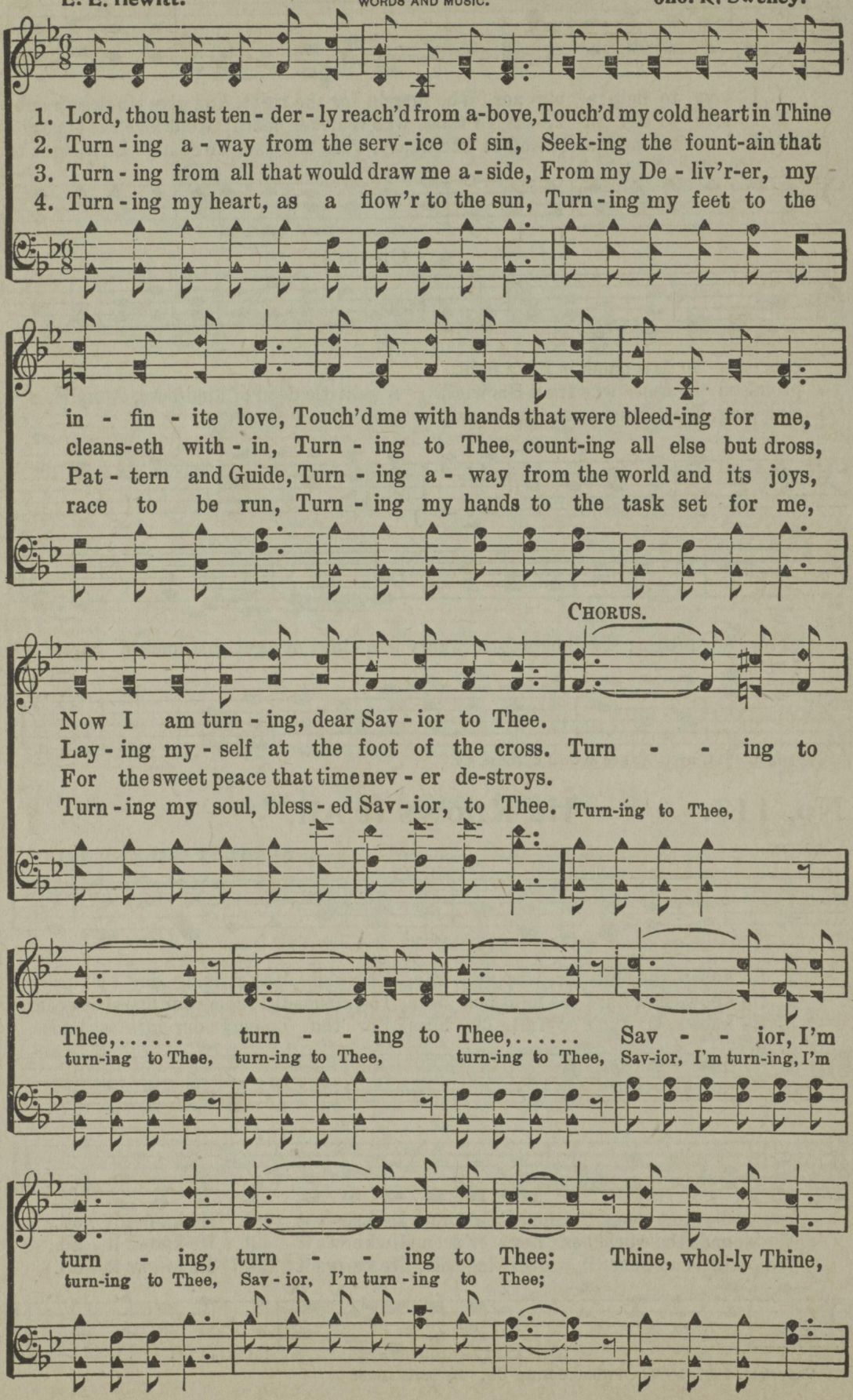
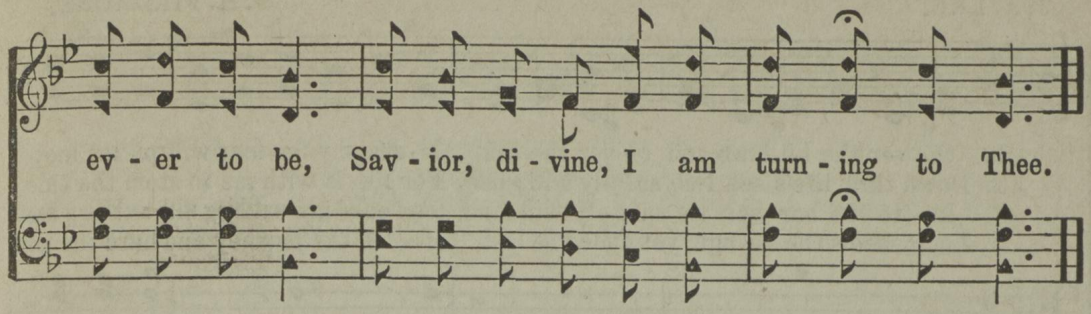
No. 114. Turning to Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.



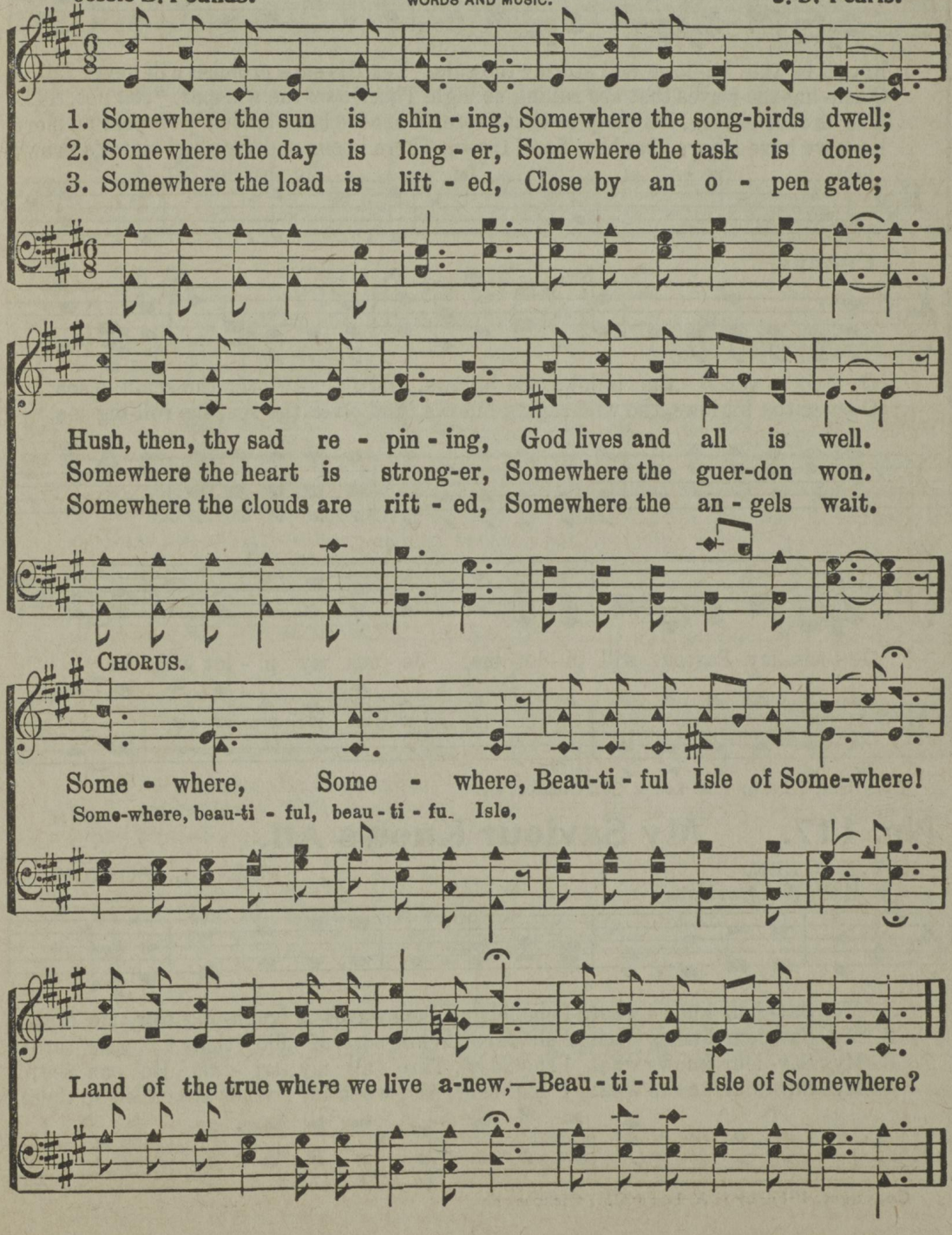
Turning to Thee.



No. 115. Beautiful Isle.

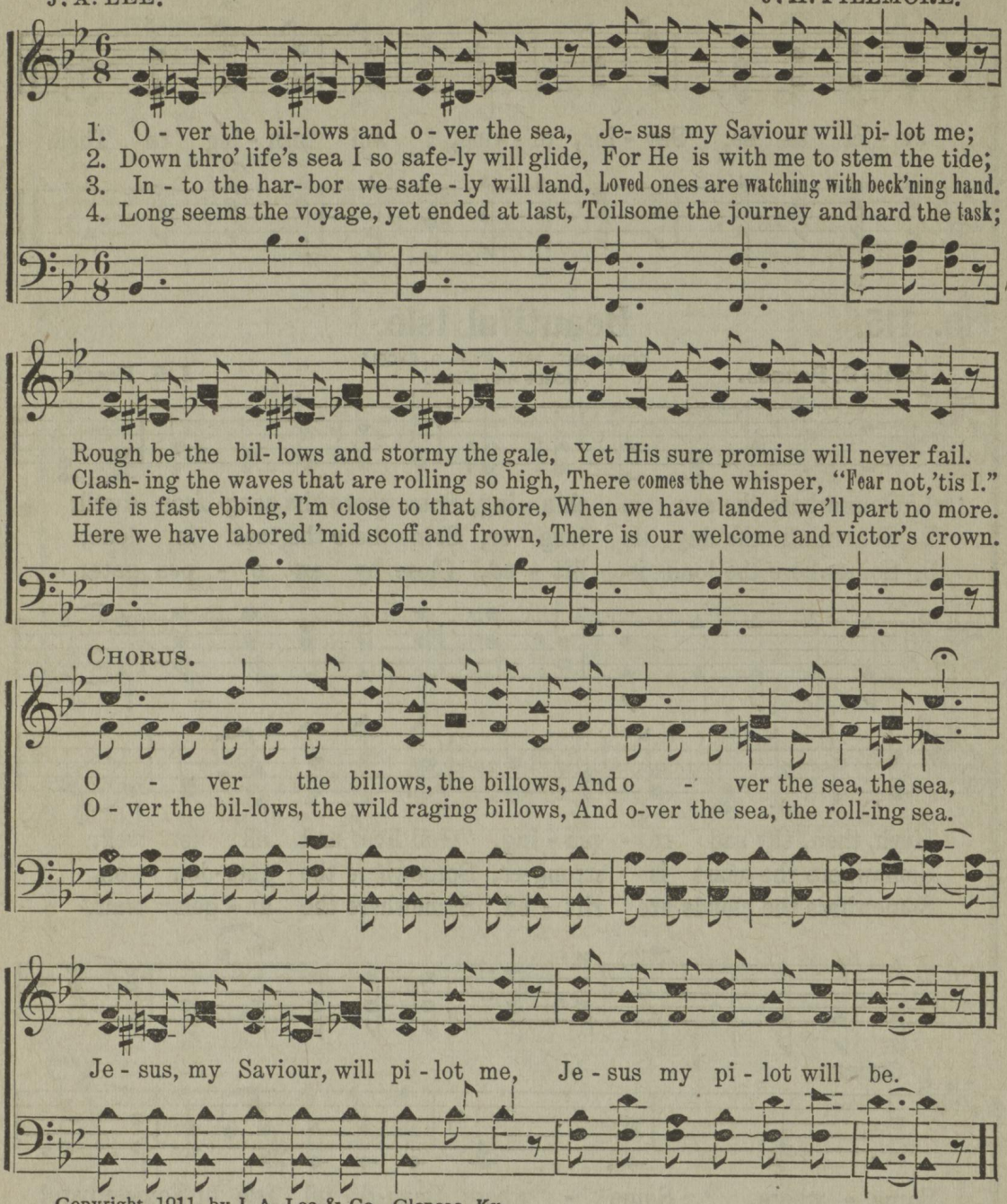
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.



No. 116. Over the Billows.

J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.



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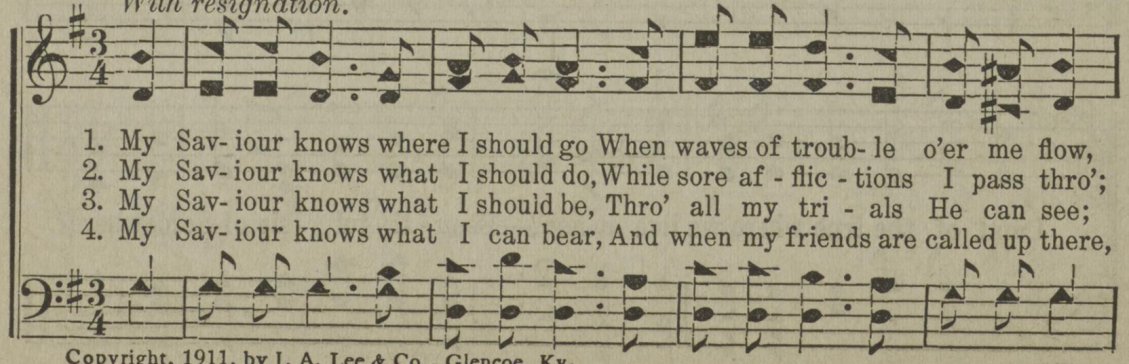
No. 117. My Saviour Knows All.

REV. J. A. LEE. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

With resignation.



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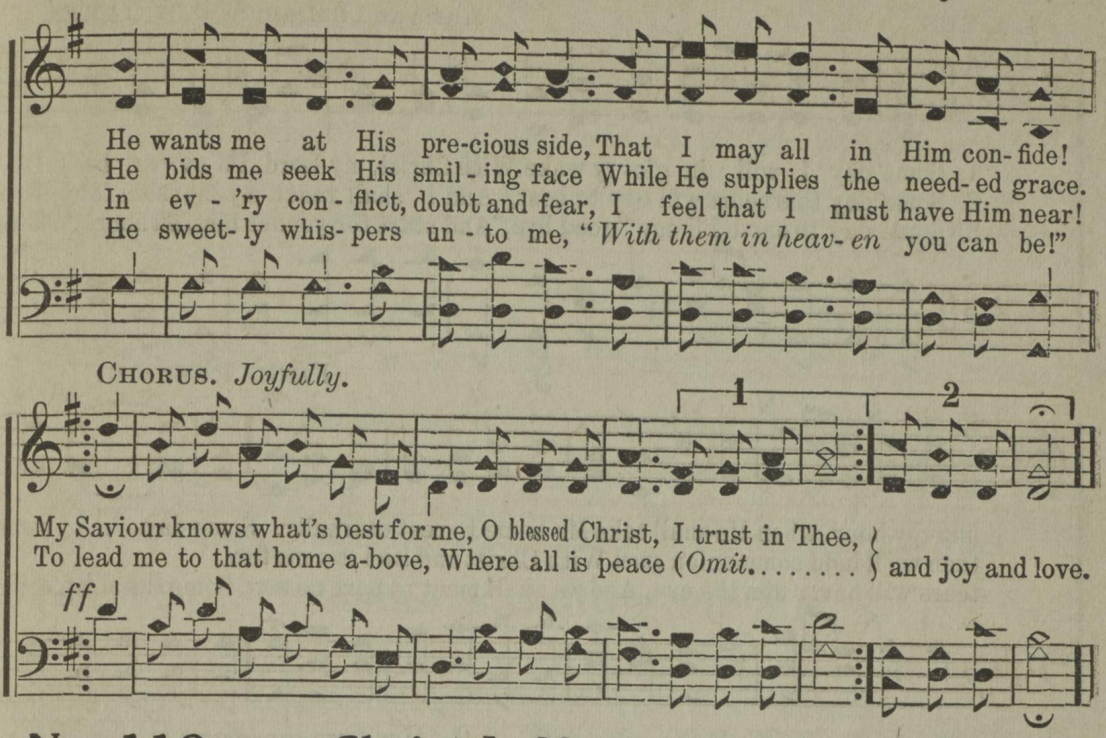
My Saviour Knows All. Concluded.

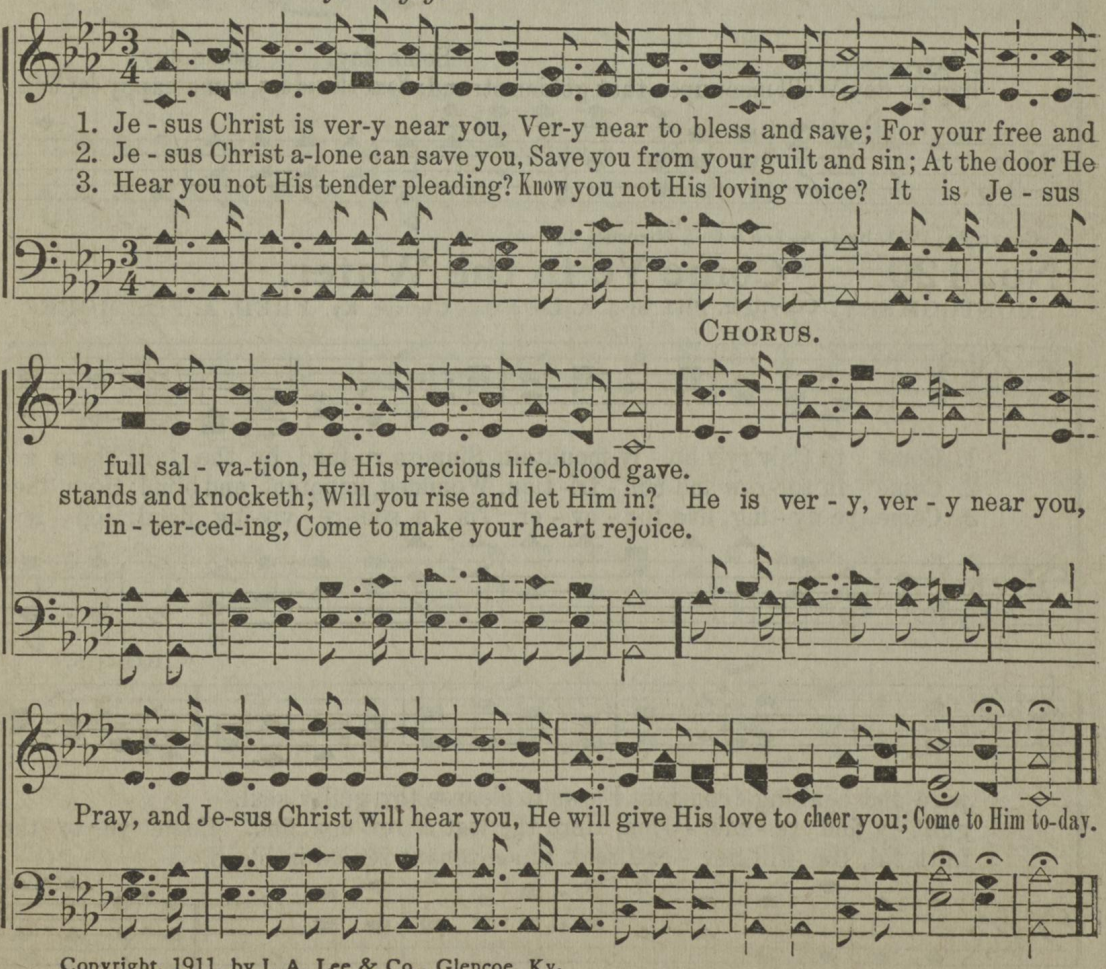


No. 118. Christ Is Near You.

"Call upon the Lord while he is near." Isa. 55:6.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow and feelingly.



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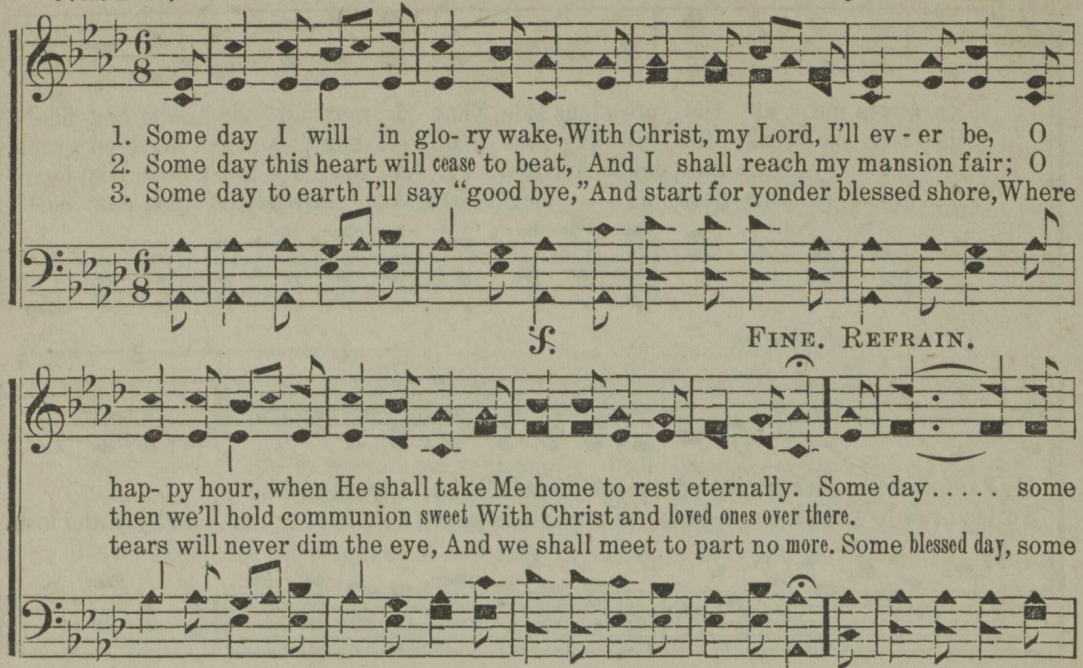
No. 119. Some Day.

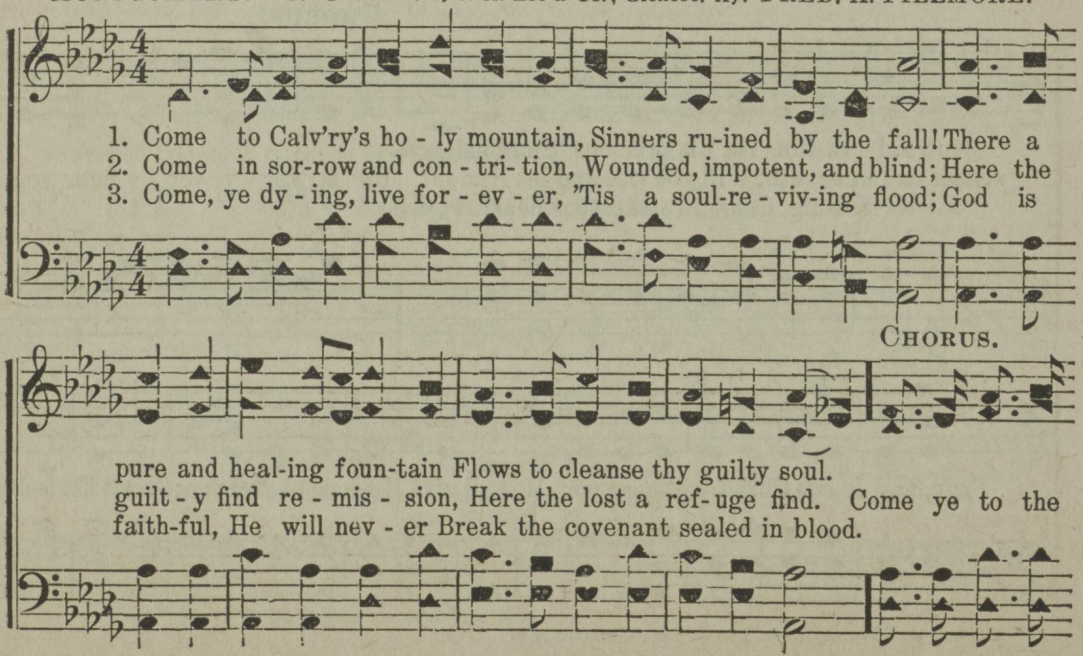
J. A. LEE. Music and Refrain by C. W. JAMES.



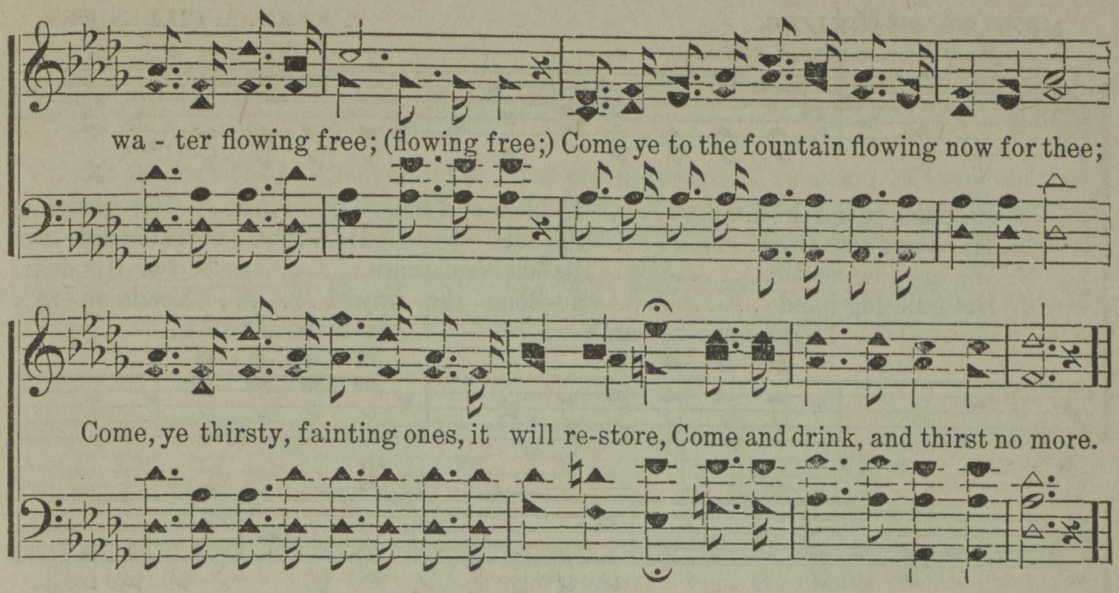
Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky.

No. 120. Come Ye to the Water.

MONTGOMERY. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee & Co., Glencoe, Ky. FRED, A. FILLMORE.

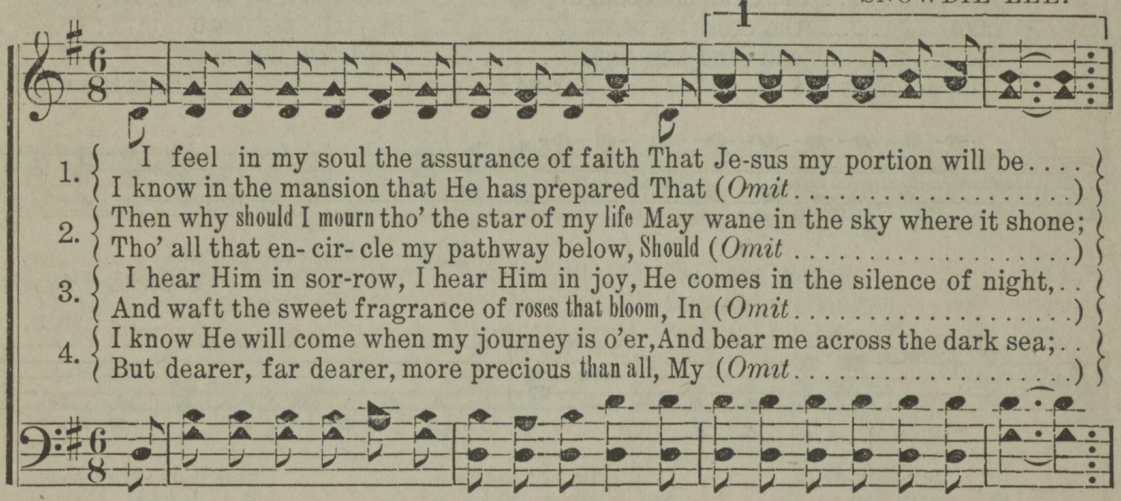


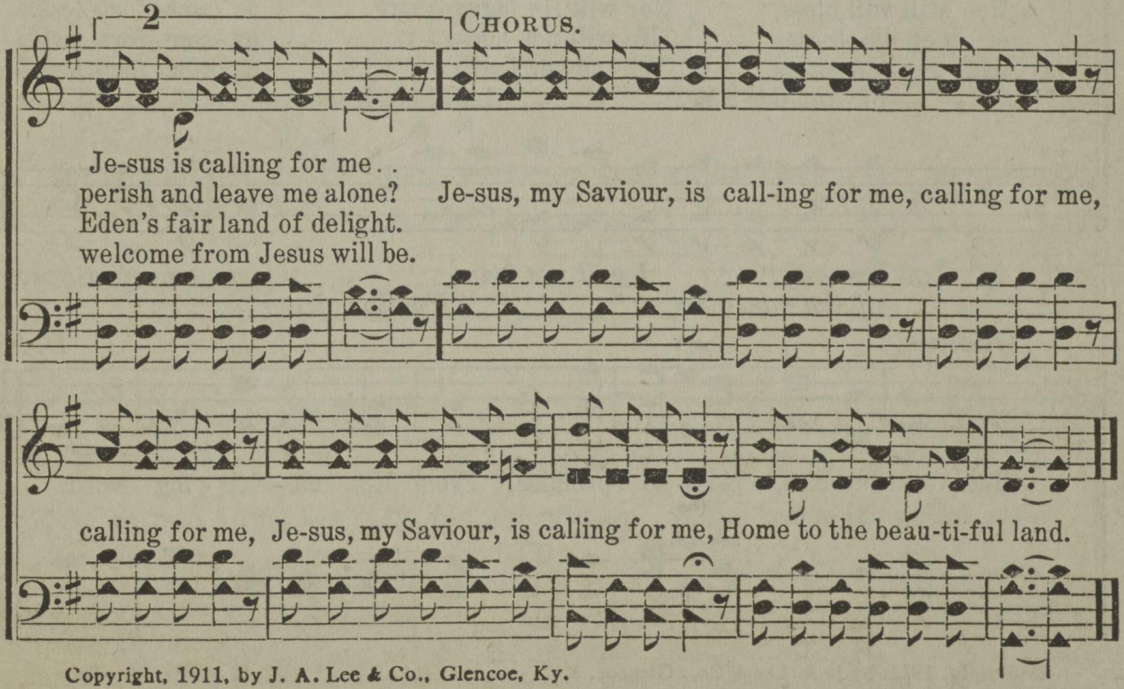
Come Ye to the Water. Concluded.



No. 121. Jesus is Calling for Me.

ANON. SNOWDIE LEE.





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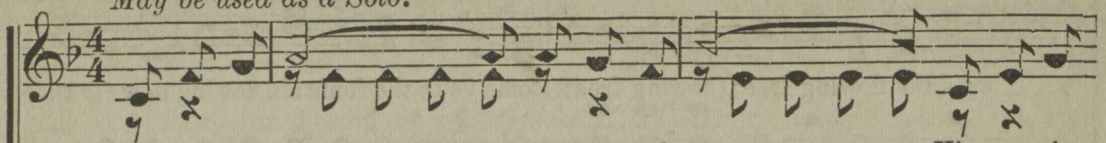
No. 122. Blessed Promise.

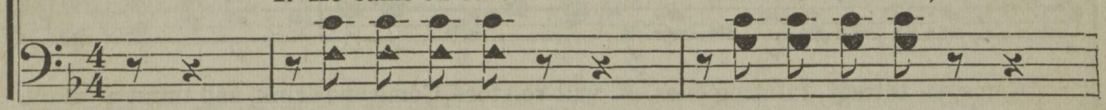
MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

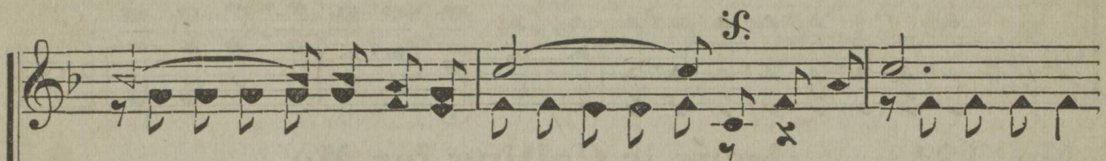
May be used as a Solo.



1. He came on earth..... to bless and save,..... His pre-cious
2. The wand'rers from..... the fold He sought,..... Their sins for-
3. We are be-neath..... His shelt'ring care,..... For His dear
4. His guid-ing hand..... a - long the way..... Leads on to

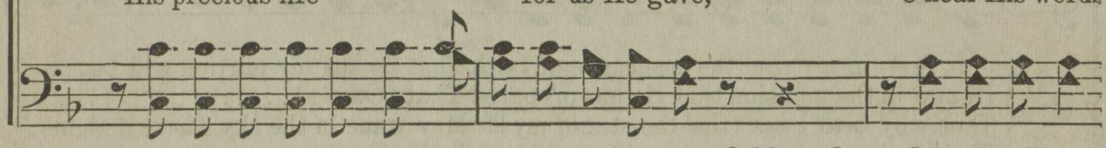
1. He came on earth to bless and save,





life..... for us He gave;..... O hear His words
gave,..... their ran-som bought;..... Enthroned a - bove,
sake..... the cross we bear;..... In tri - als sore
life..... and end-less day;..... The Lord, our hope

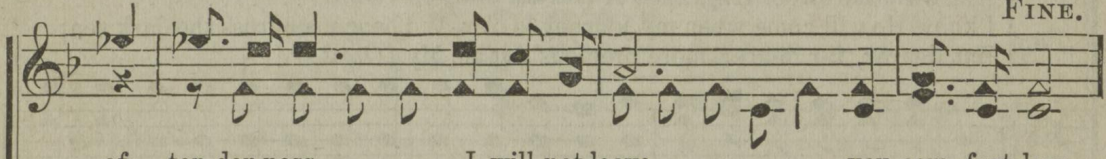
His precious life for us He gave, O hear His words



D. S—*O blessed words*

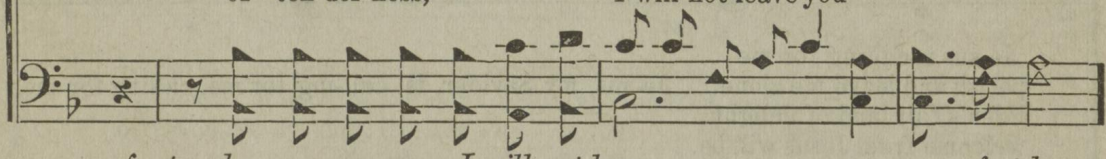
O blessed words

FINE.



of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you com-fort-less.
He still will bless, Nor will He leave us com- fort- less.
or deep dis- tress, He will not leave us com- fort- less.
and righteousness, Will nev-er leave us com- fort- less.

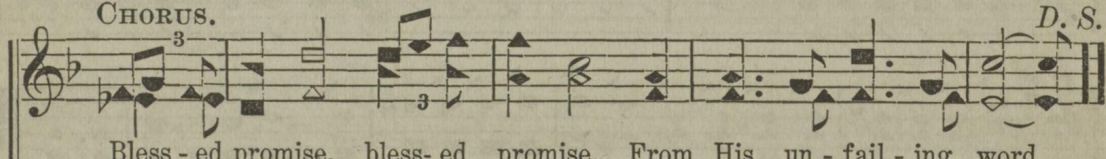
of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you



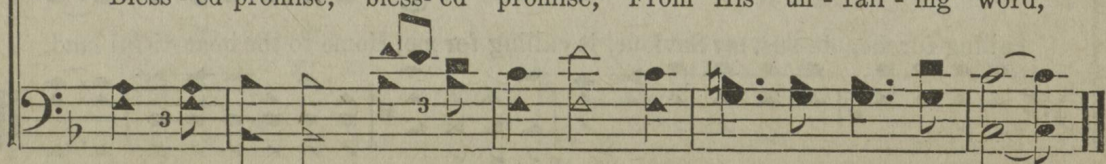
of ten-der-ness, I will not leave you com-fort-less.

of ten - der-ness, I will not leave

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Bless - ed promise, bless- ed promise, From His un - fail - ing word,



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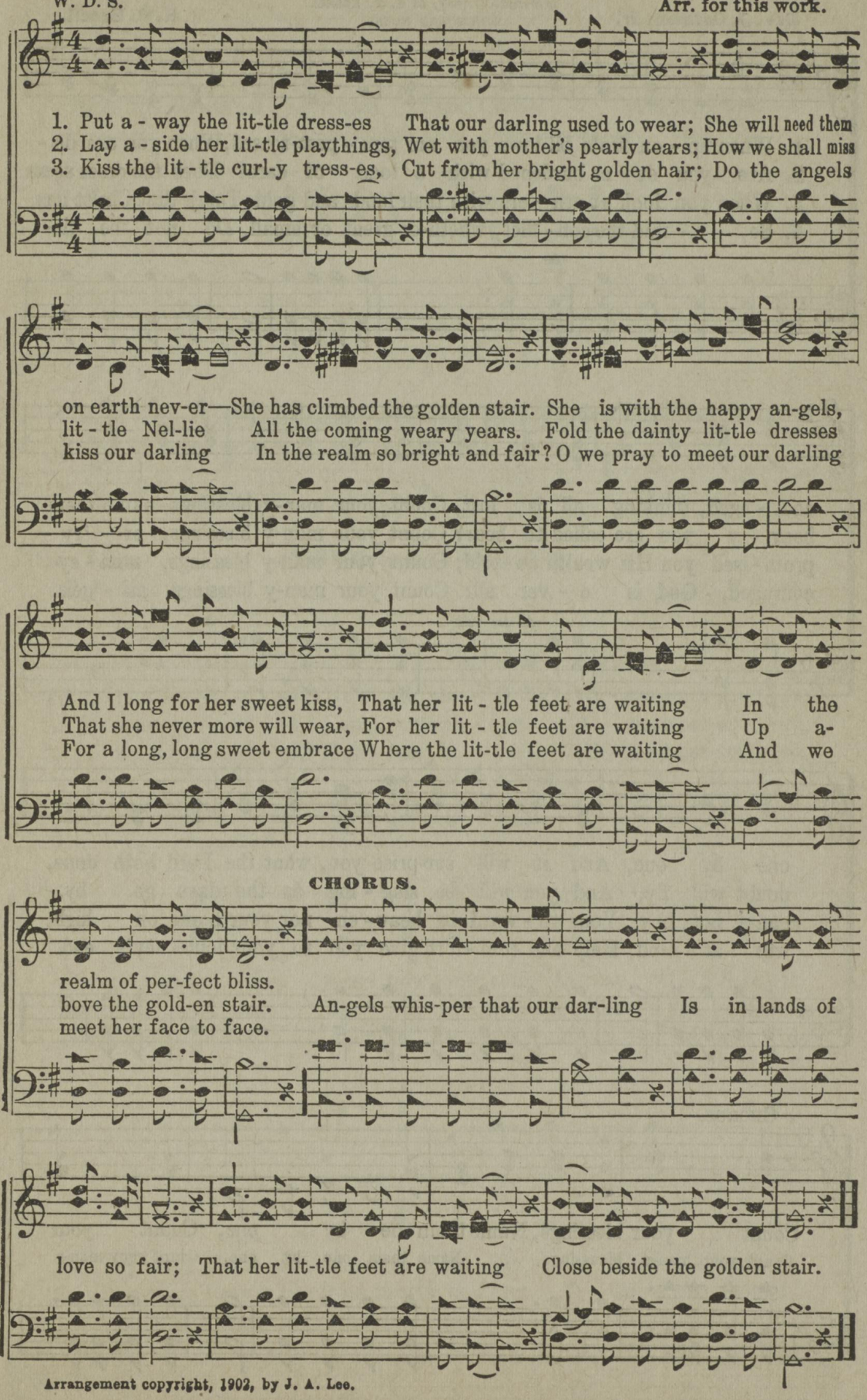
123 The Golden Stair.

W. D. S. Arr. for this work.



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No. 124. Count Your Blessings.

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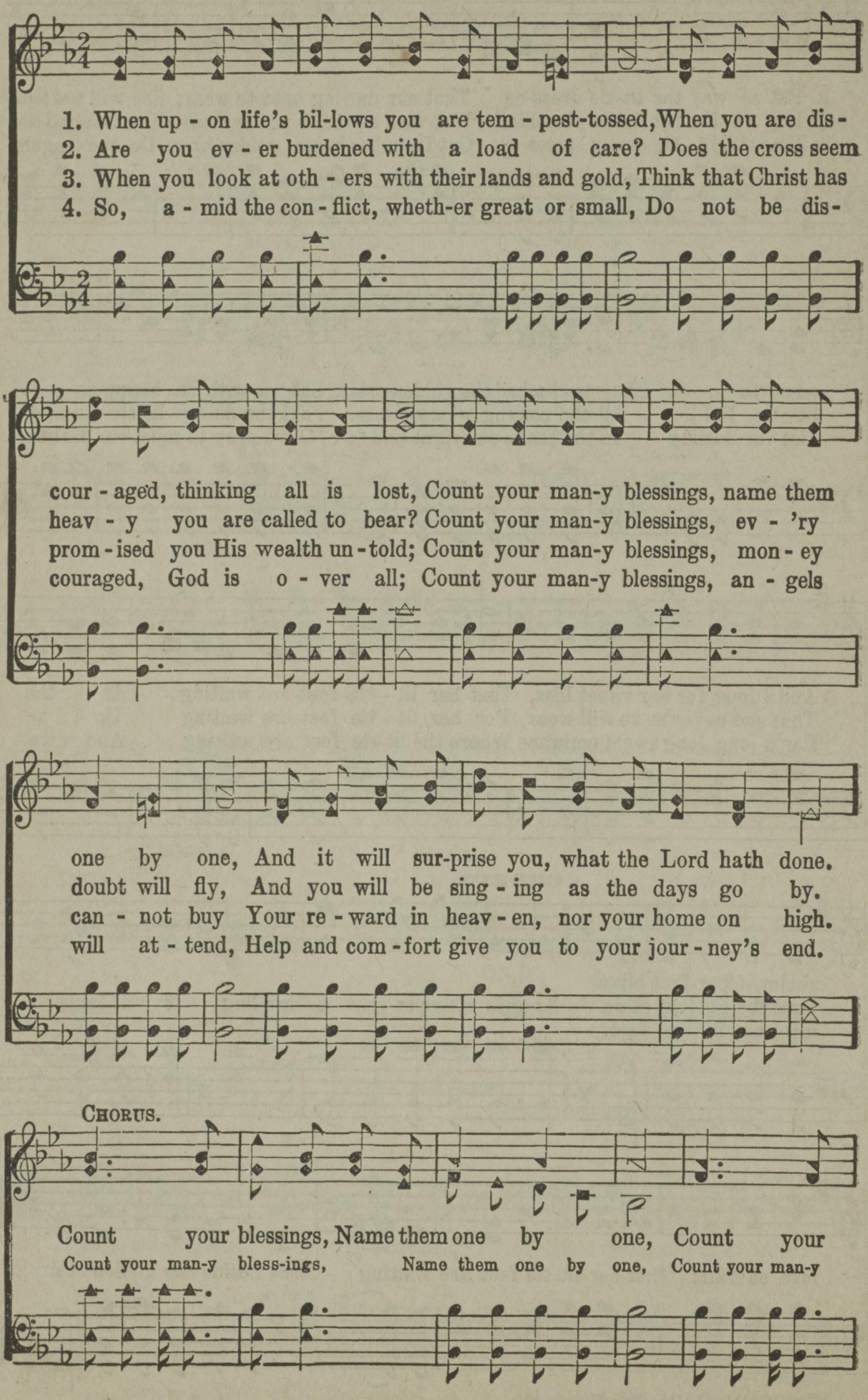
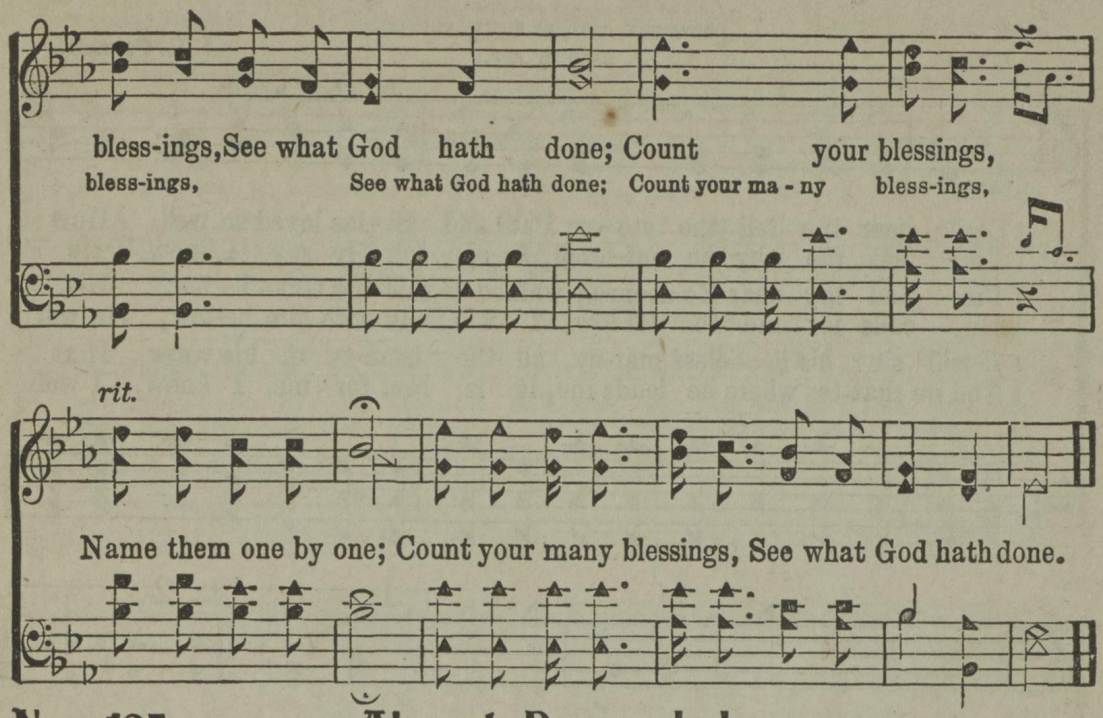
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

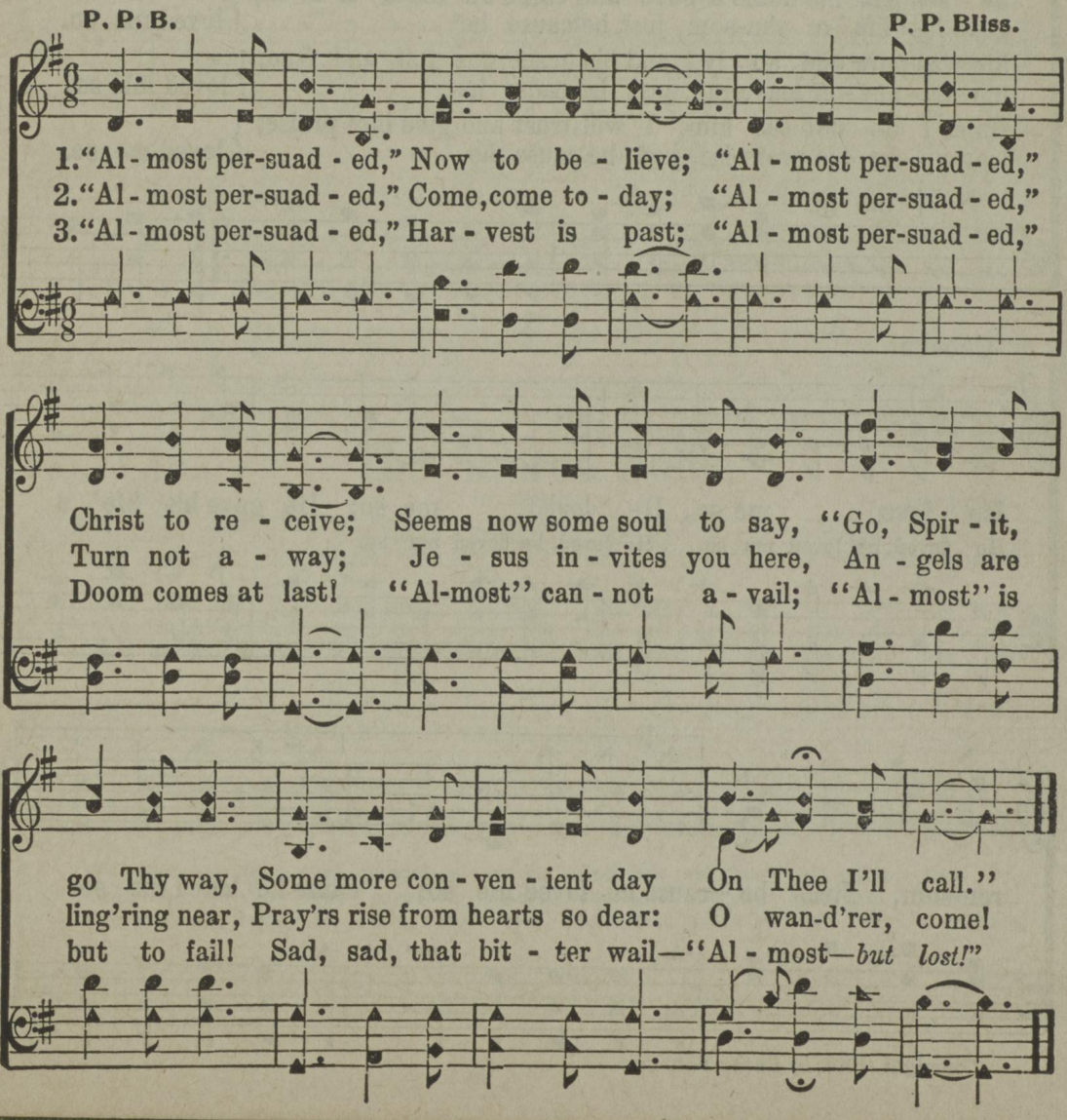


Count Your Blessings.



No. 125. Almost Persuaded.

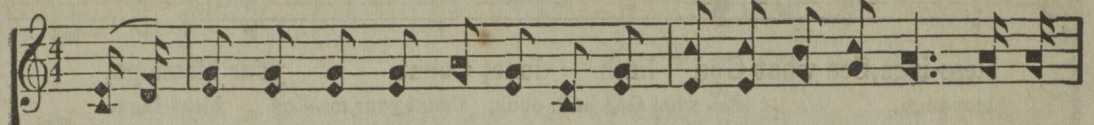
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



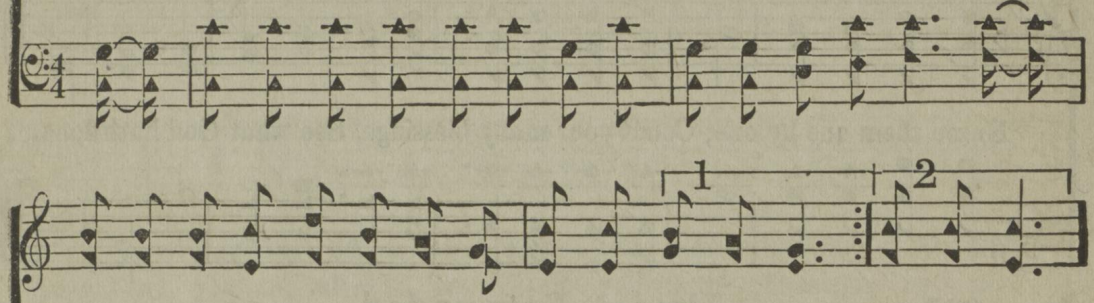
No. 126. Just Because He Loved Me So.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY PURITY PUB. CO.
USED BY PER.

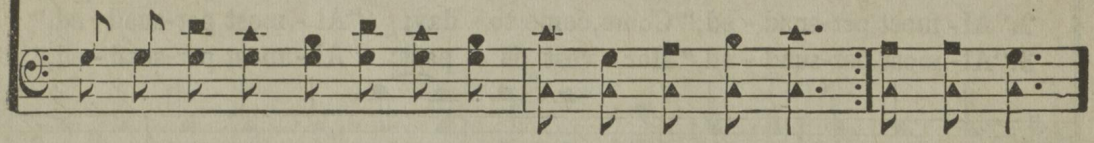
J. E. F. J. E. French.



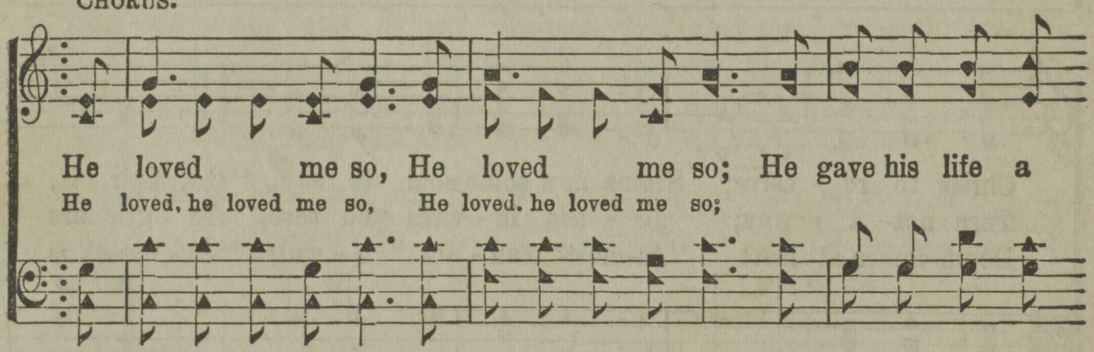
1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well, How
   You ask me why he suf-fered, I can on - ly say "I know," He
2. I'm glad my dear Re-deem-er walked be-side the Gal - i - lee, His
   He calls for me to fol-low, I will walk with him be-low, He will
3. I will sing his boundless mer-cy, all the beau-ty of his ways If at
   And no mat-ter where he leads me, it is best for me, I know, I will



Je - sus left his home a-bove and came on earth to dwell;
gave his life a ran-som, just be-cause he } loved me so.
life was pure and ho - ly, and his grace was full and free;
nev-er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause he } loved me so.
times I do not see him, I will trust and give him praise;
lean up - on his prom-ise, just be-cause he } loved me so.



CHORUS.



He loved me so, He loved me so; He gave his life a ran-som, Just be - cause he loved me so;
He loved, he loved me so, He loved, he loved me so; cause he loved me so.

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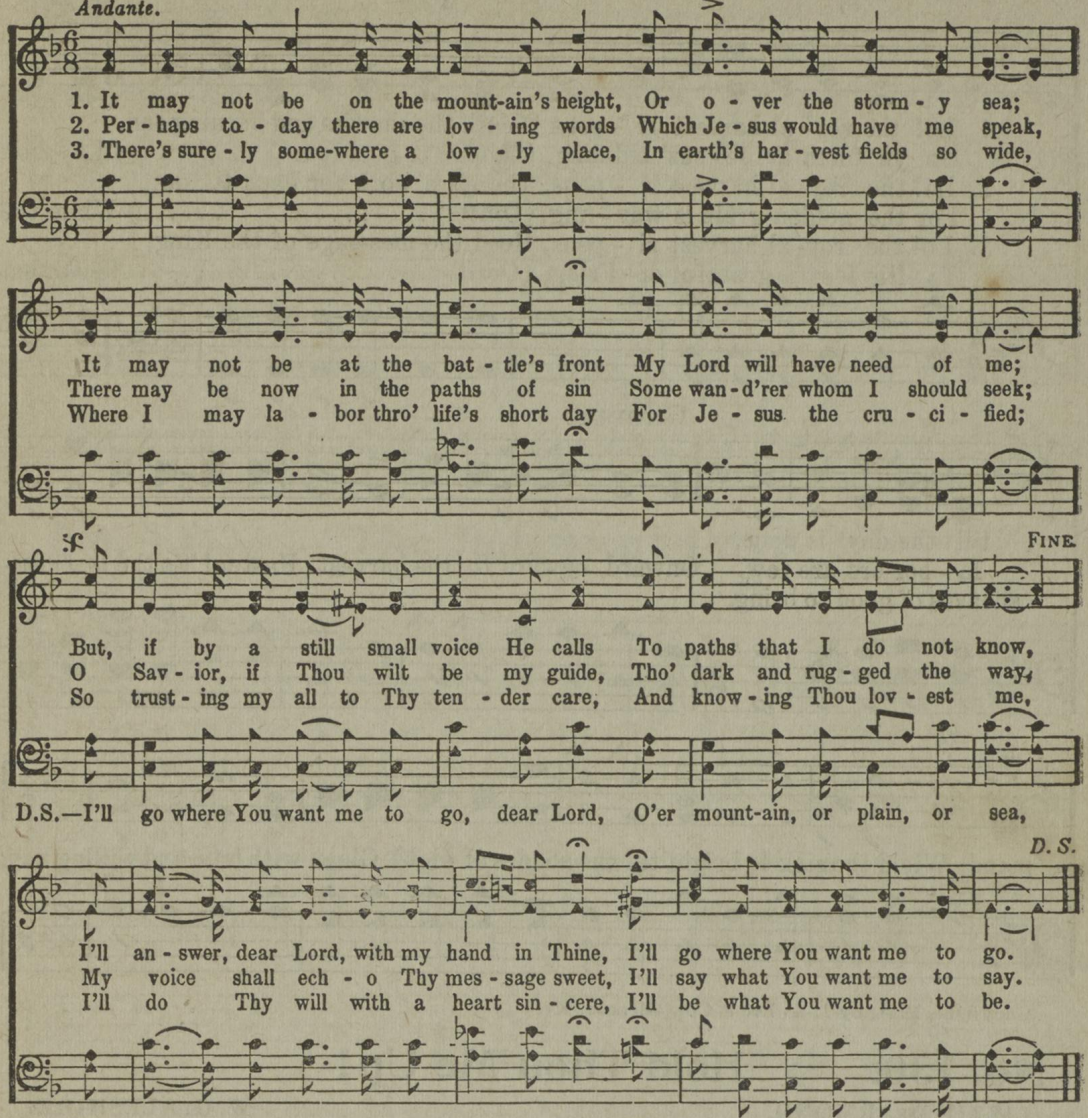
No. 127. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

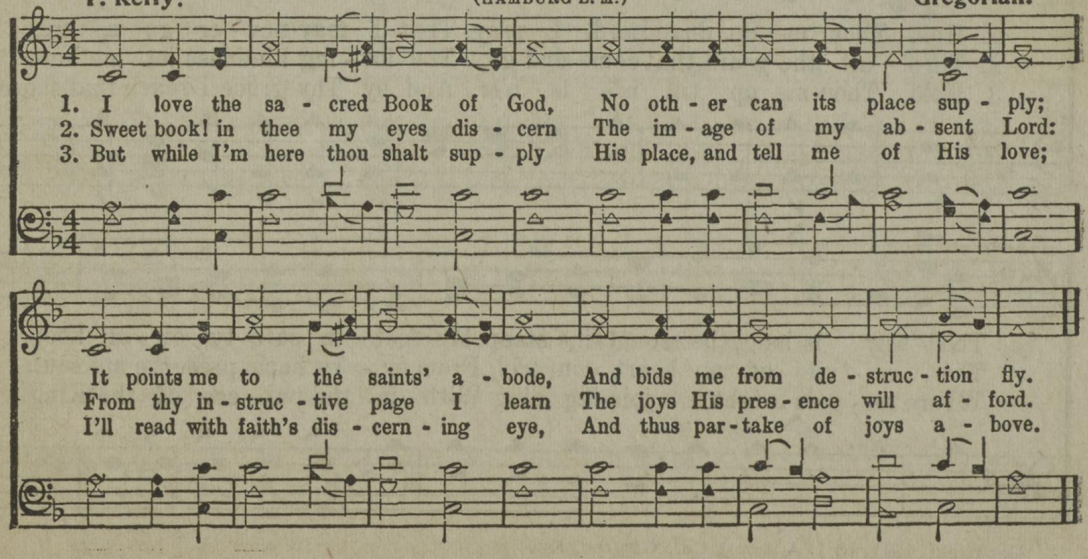
Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

Andante.



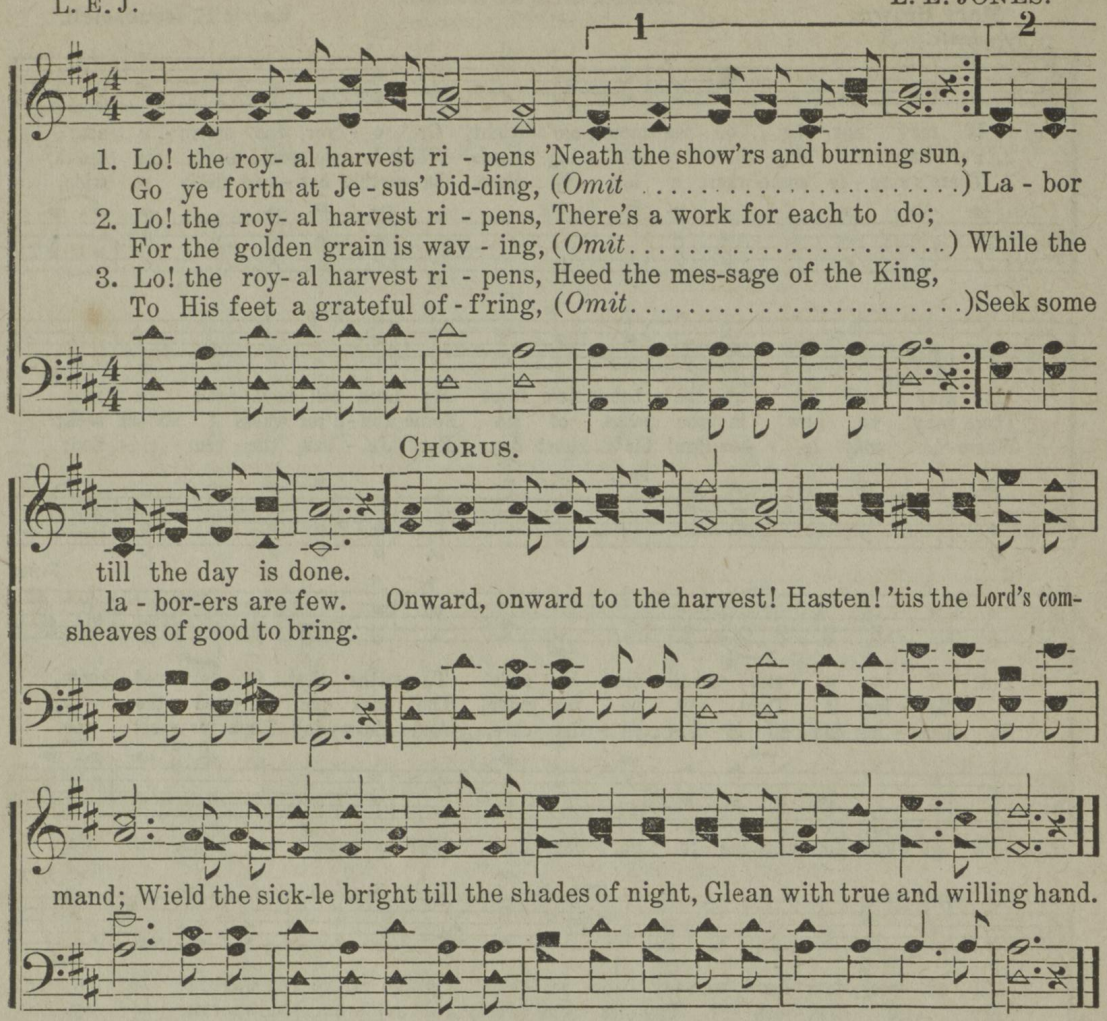
No. 128. The Sacred Book.

T. Kelly. (HAMBURG L. M.) Gregorian.



No. 129. Lo! the Harvest Ripens.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.



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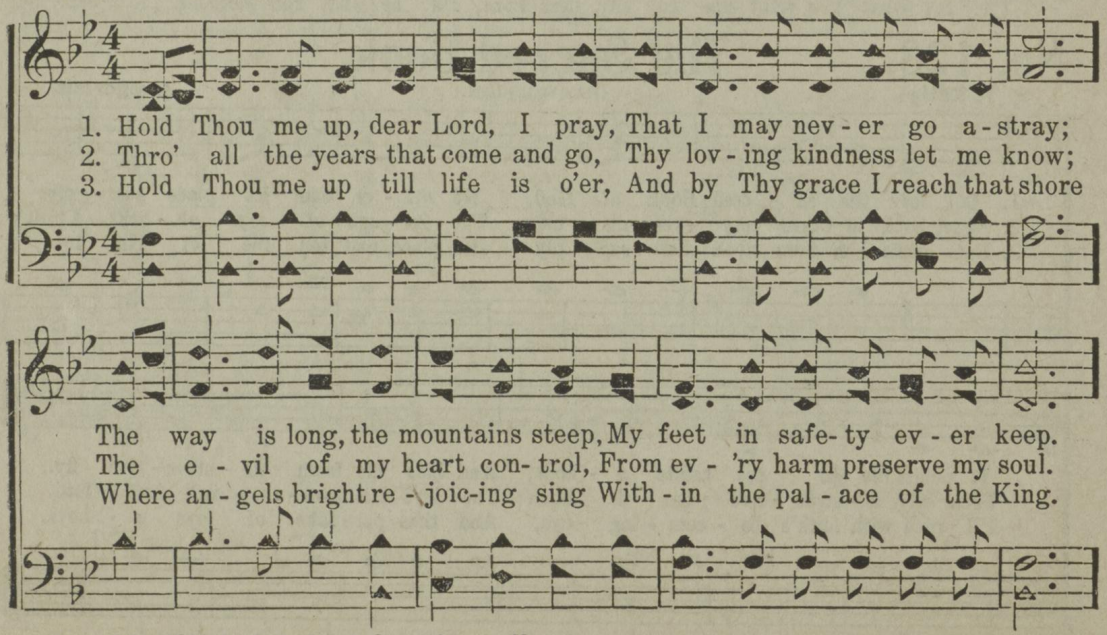
No. 130. Hold Thou Me Up!

LIZZIE DEARMOND. W. G. ALESHIRE.



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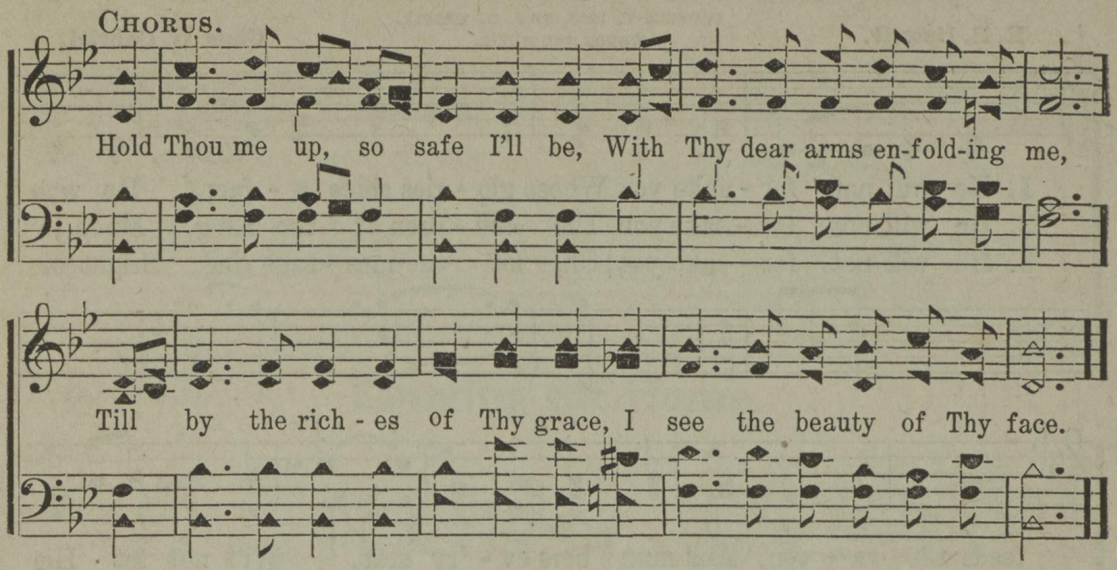
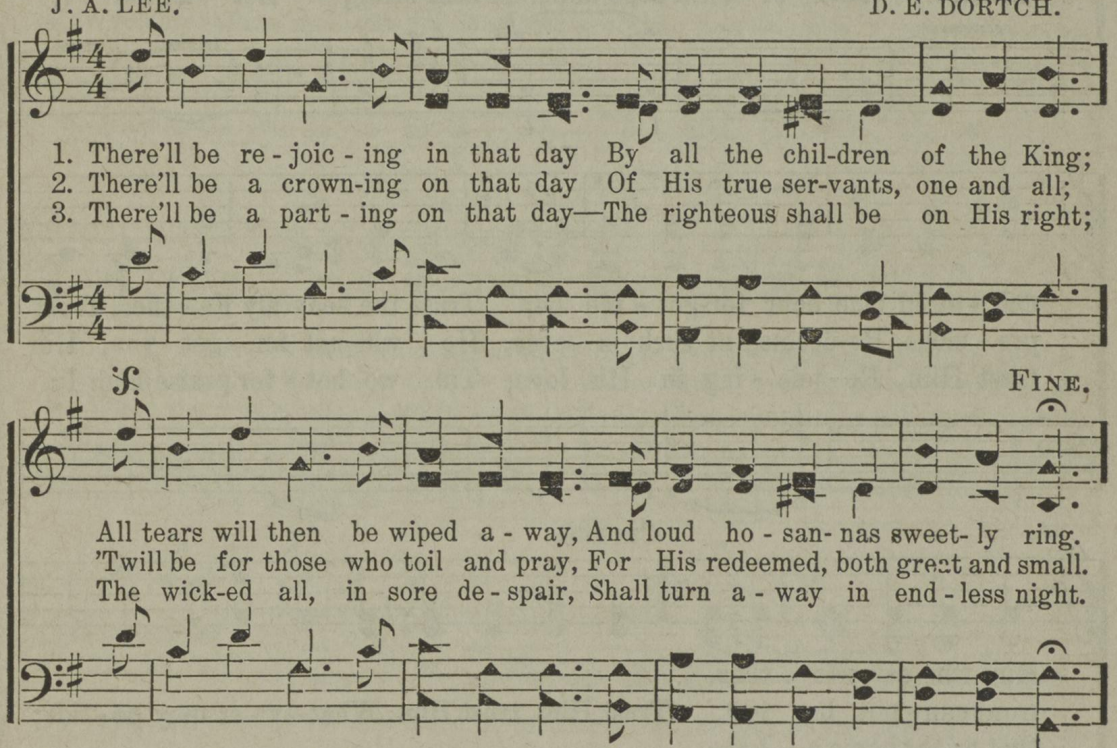
Hold Thou Me Up! Concluded.

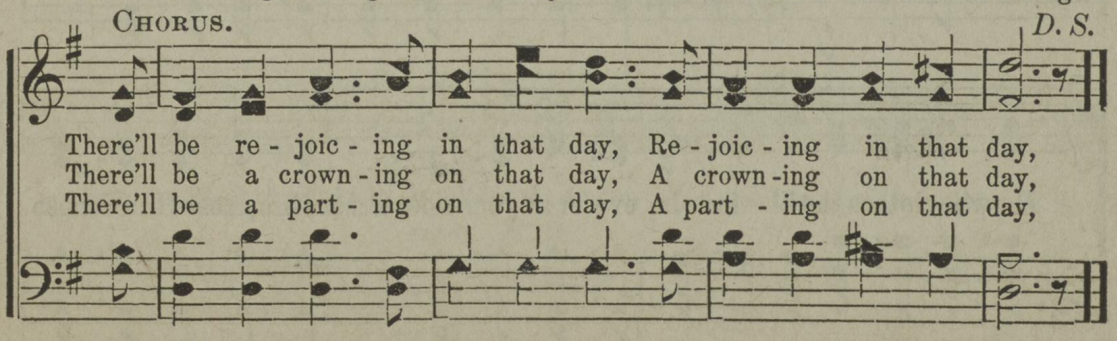


No. 131. The Judgment Day.

J. A. LEE. D. E. DORTCH.



D.S.–There'll be re-joic- ing in that day, By all the chil- dren of the King.
D.S.–There'll be a crowning on that day, Of His true servants, one and all.
D.S.-There'll be a part - ing on that day, Of all who stand be- fore the King.



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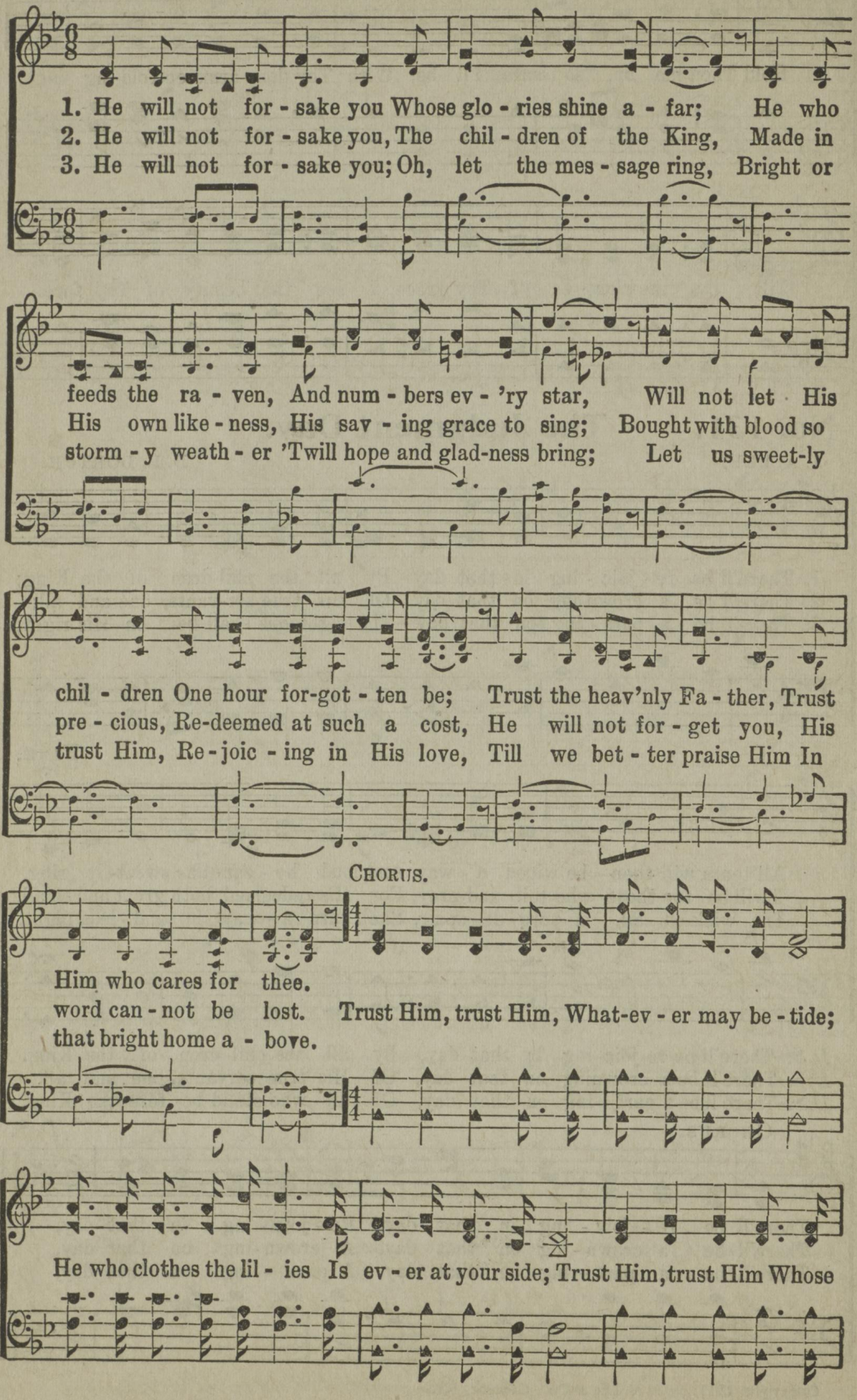
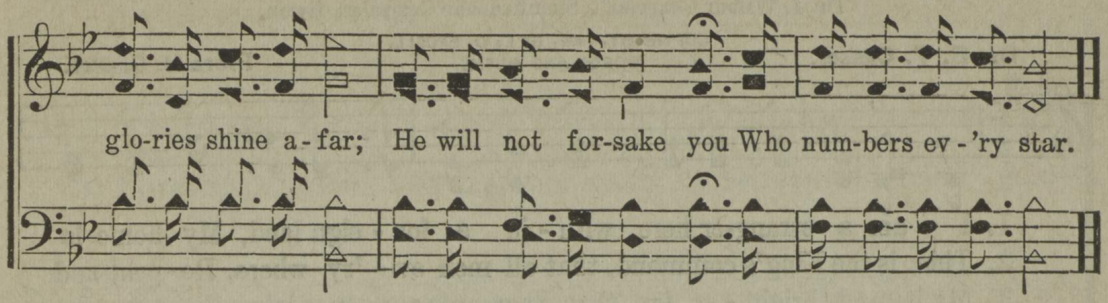
No. 132. He Will Not Forsake You.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

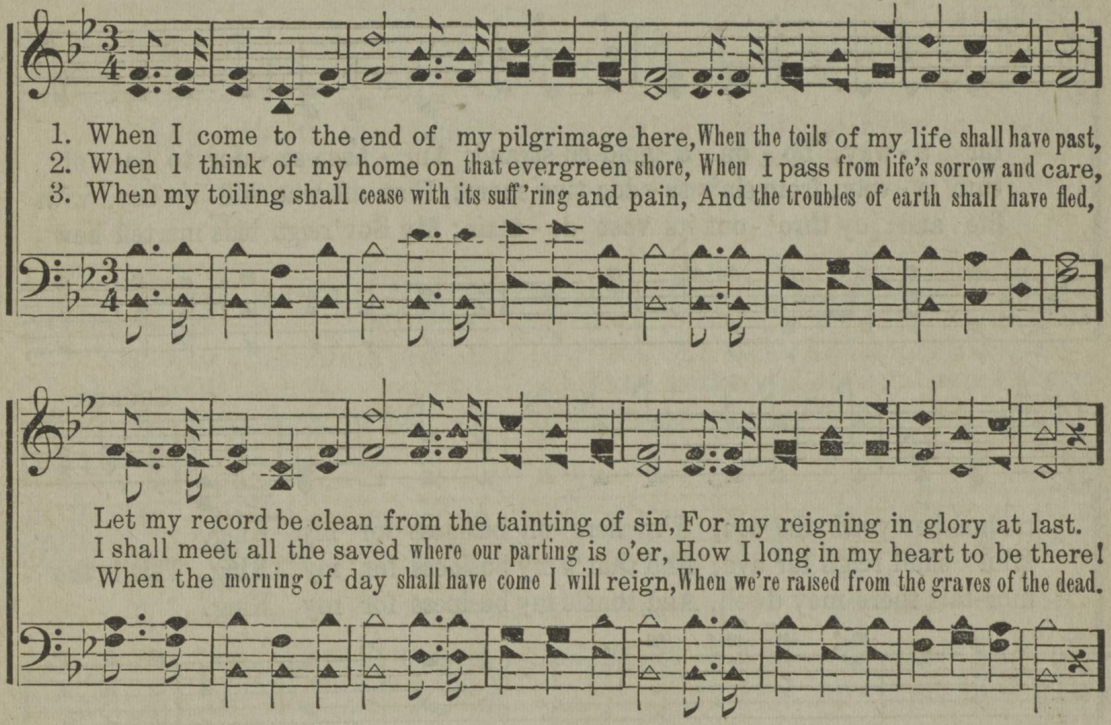


He Will Not Forsake You. Concluded.

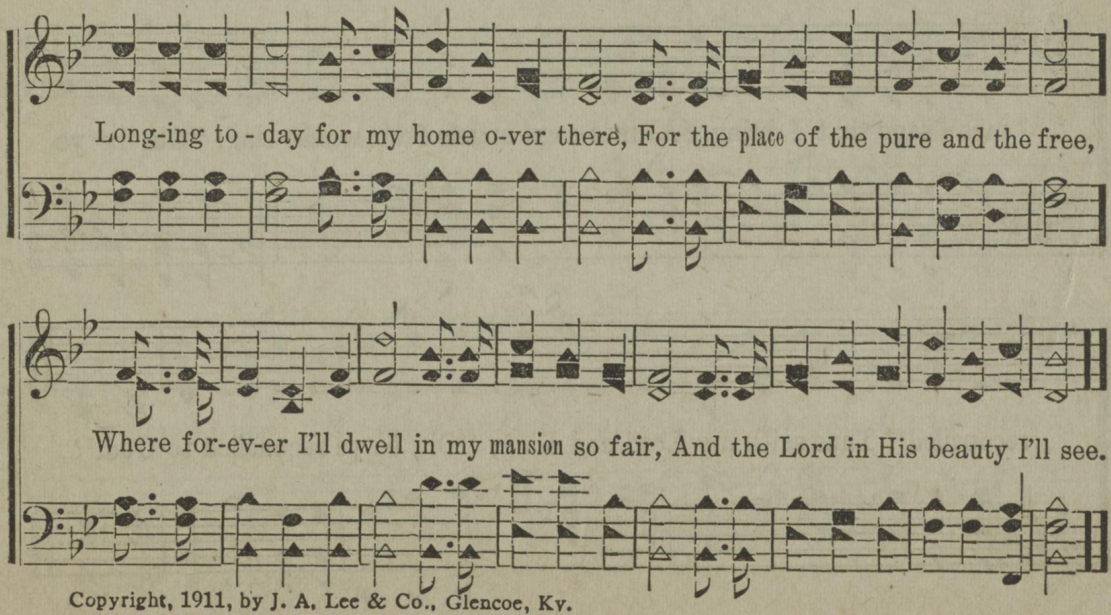


No. 133. Longing for Home.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



CHORUS.



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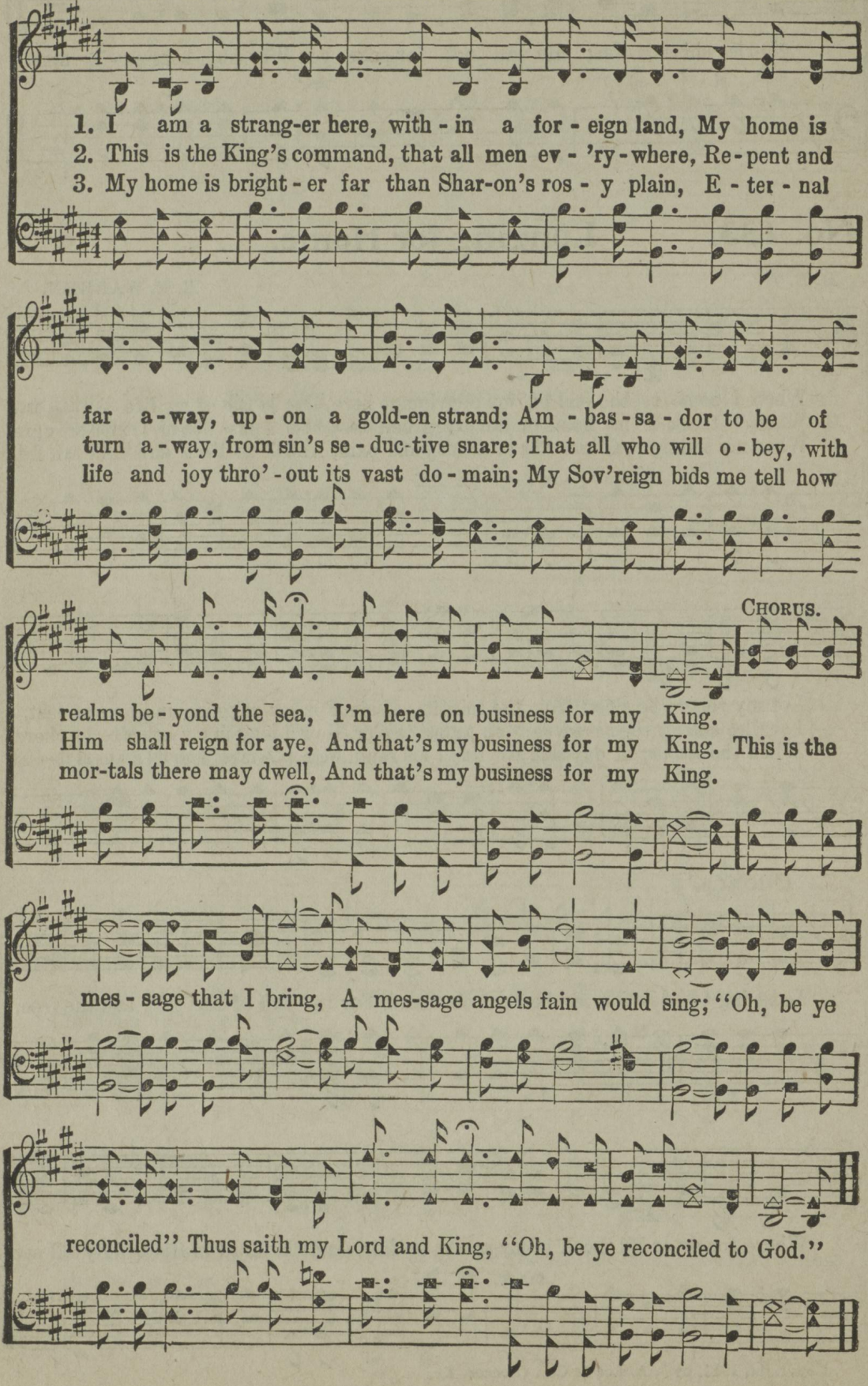
No. 134. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

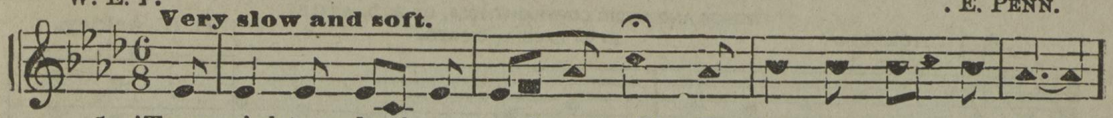
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

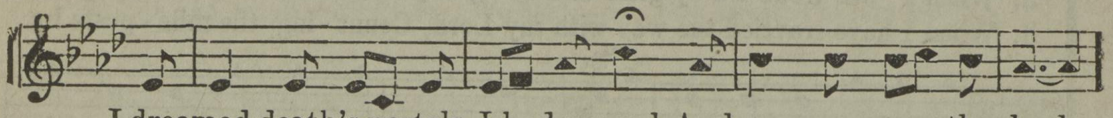


135 That Beautiful Dream.

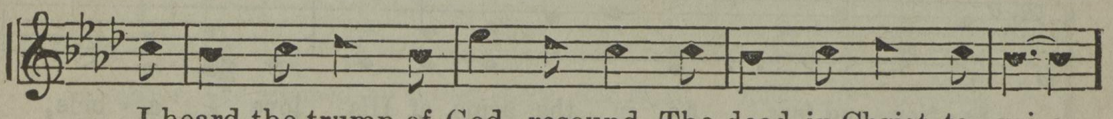
W. E. P. . E. PENN.



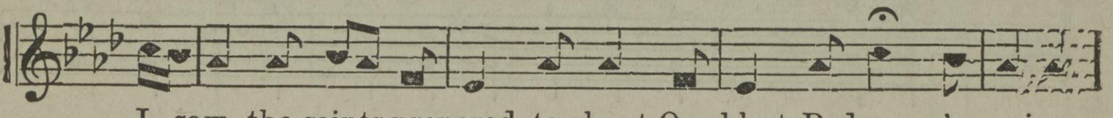
1. 'Twas night, and all a - round was still, I lay up - on my bed,
2. The sweetest voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my in-most soul;
3. I dreamed I saw the jas - per walls, And streets of pur-est gold;



I dreamed death's portals I had passed And was a - mong the dead;
"A - rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy promised goal."
And all the saints of God were there, Those beauties to be - hold.

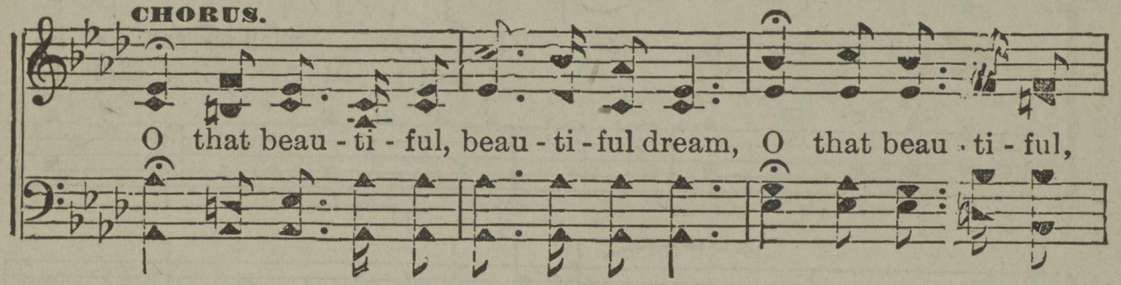


I heard the trump of God resound, The dead in Christ to raise,
I looked—I saw— I can - not tell, There's nothing will compare:
I heard the wel-come plaud-it giv'n: "Come, all ye bless - ed, come;

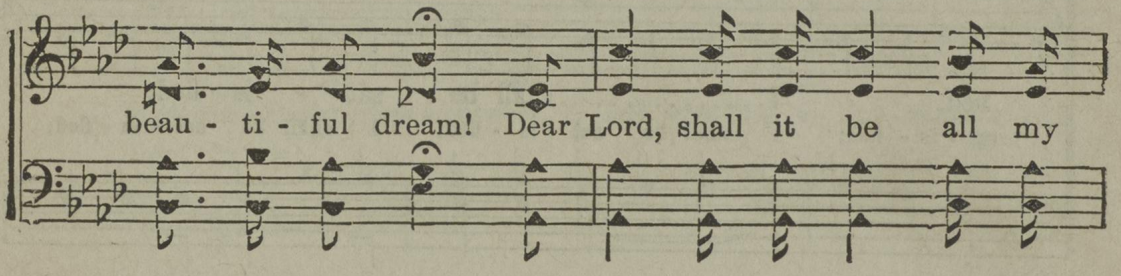


I saw the saints prepared to shout Our blest Redeemer's praise.
I saw the Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gathered there.
Re-joice, re-joice for ev - er-more, In this thy heav'nly home."

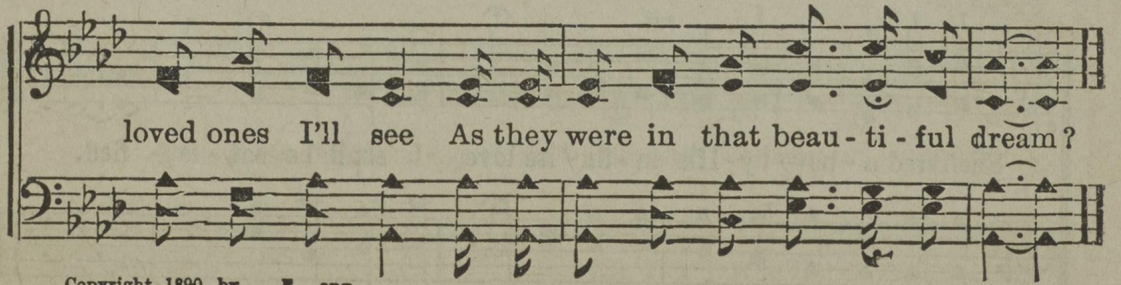
CHORUS.



O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream, O that beau - ti - ful,



beau - ti - ful dream! Dear Lord, shall it be all my



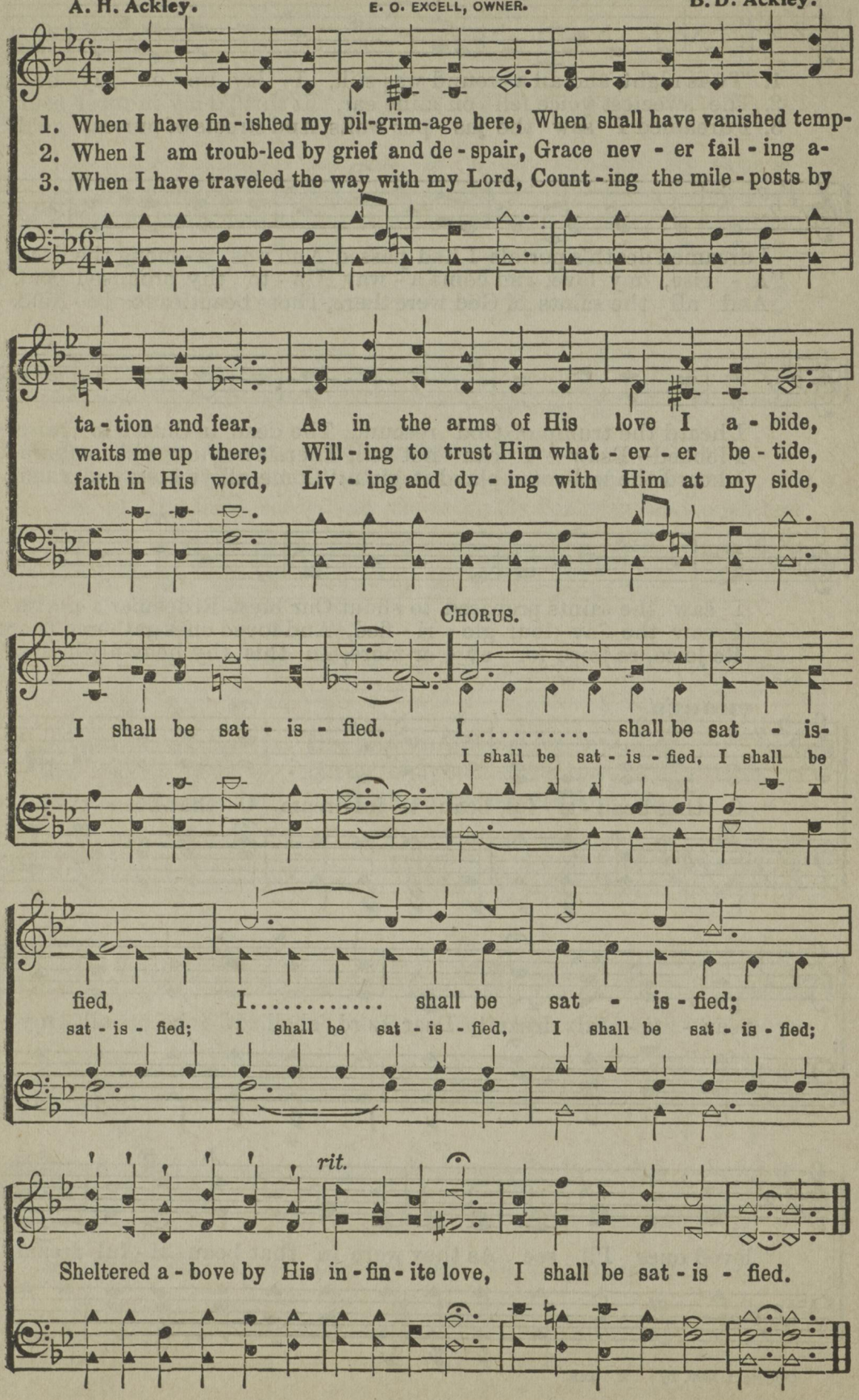
loved ones I'll see As they were in that beau - ti - ful dream?

Copyright, 1890, by . E. enn.

No. 136. Satisfied.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

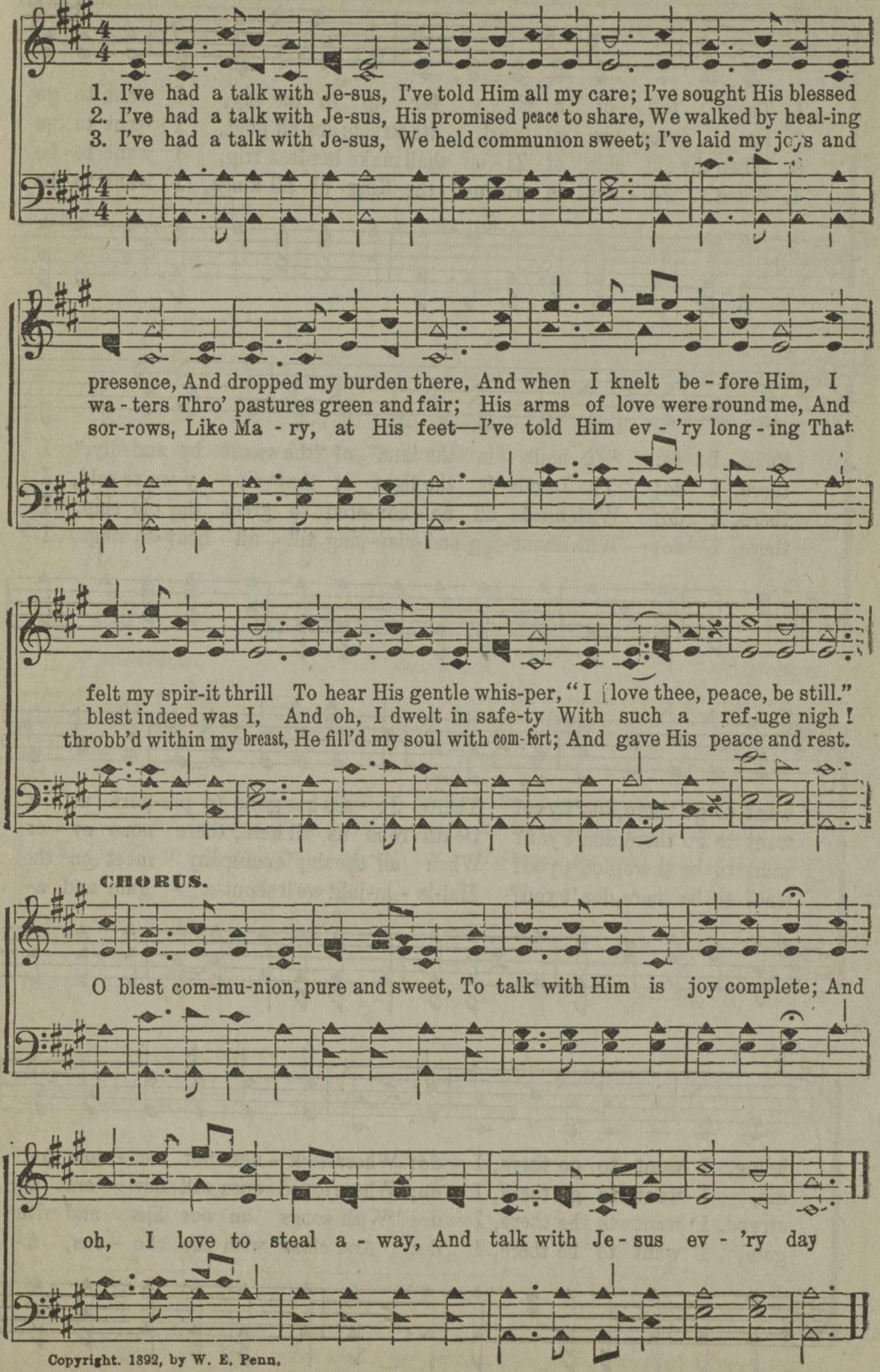
A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



137 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

To my very dear sister in Christ, Mrs. W. M. Senter.—W. E. P.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. E. PENN.

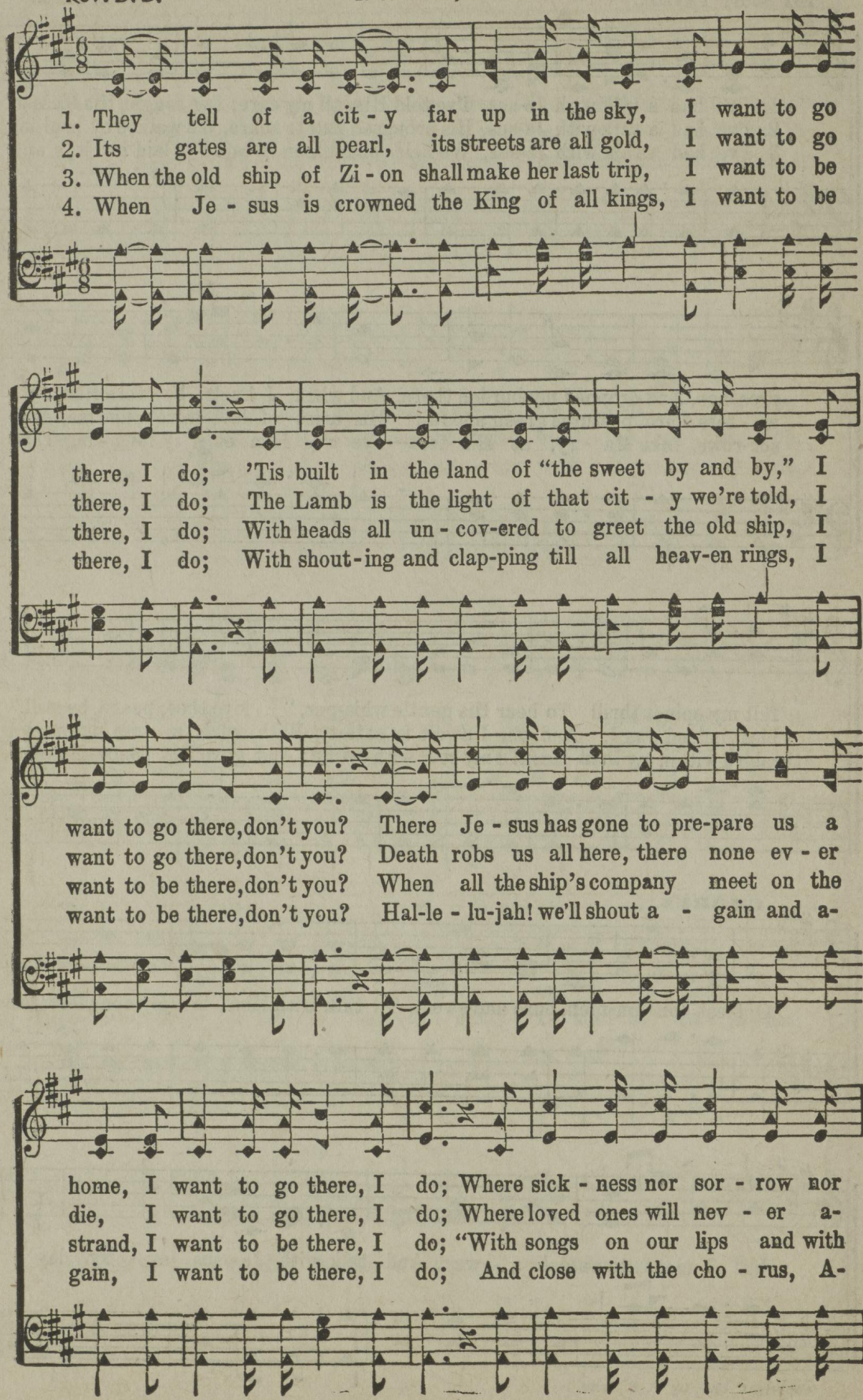


Copyright. 1892, by W. E. Penn.

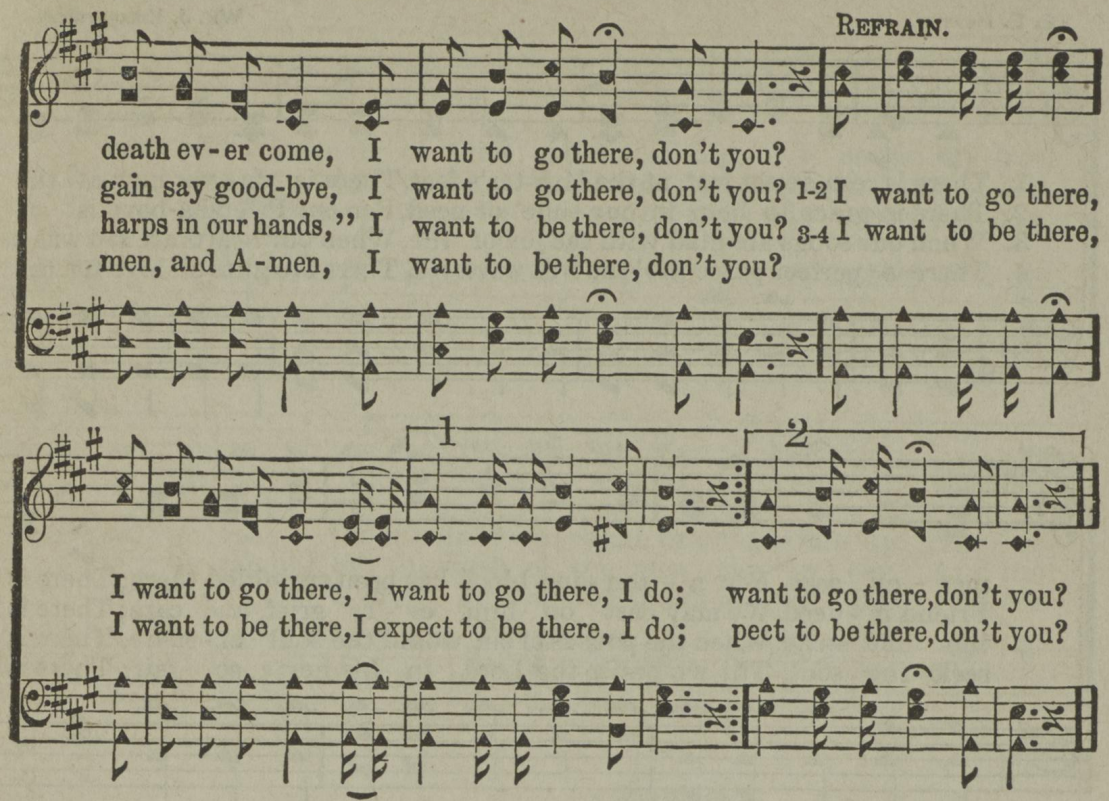
No. 138. I Want to Go There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. D. S. Rev. D. Sullins.



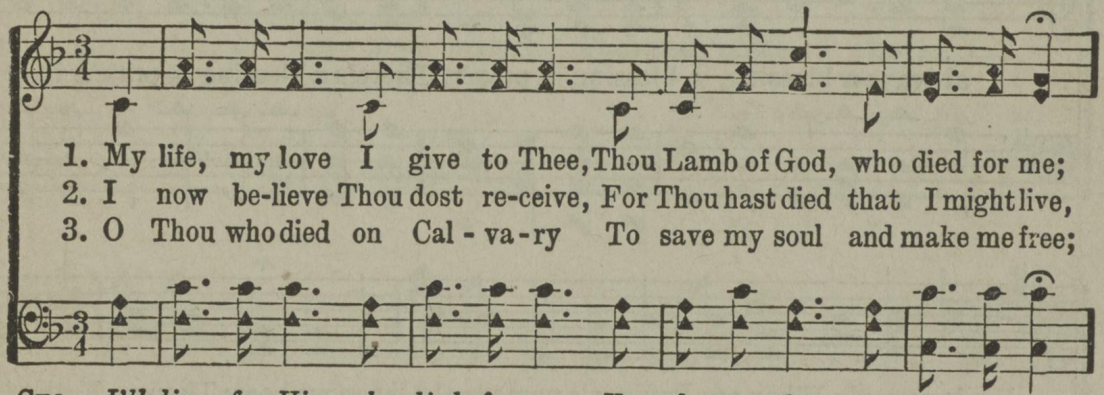
I Want to Go There.

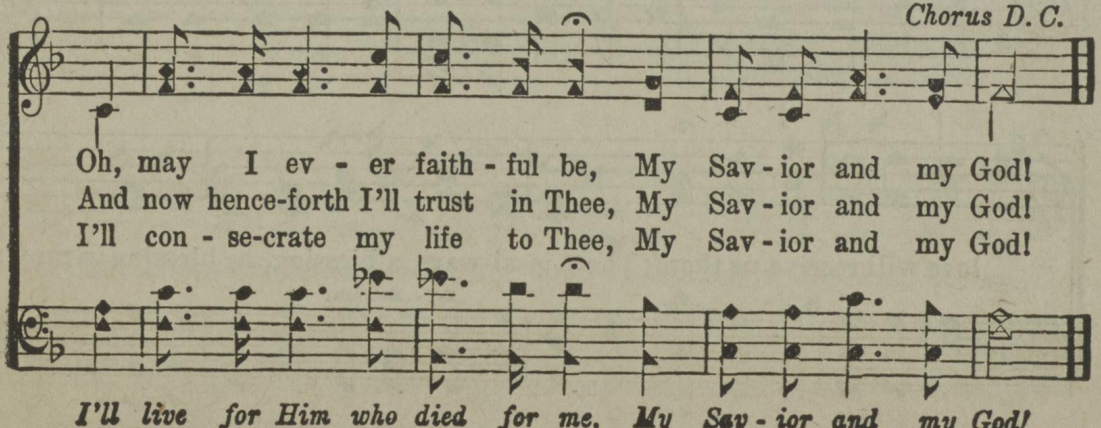


No. 139. I'll Live For Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

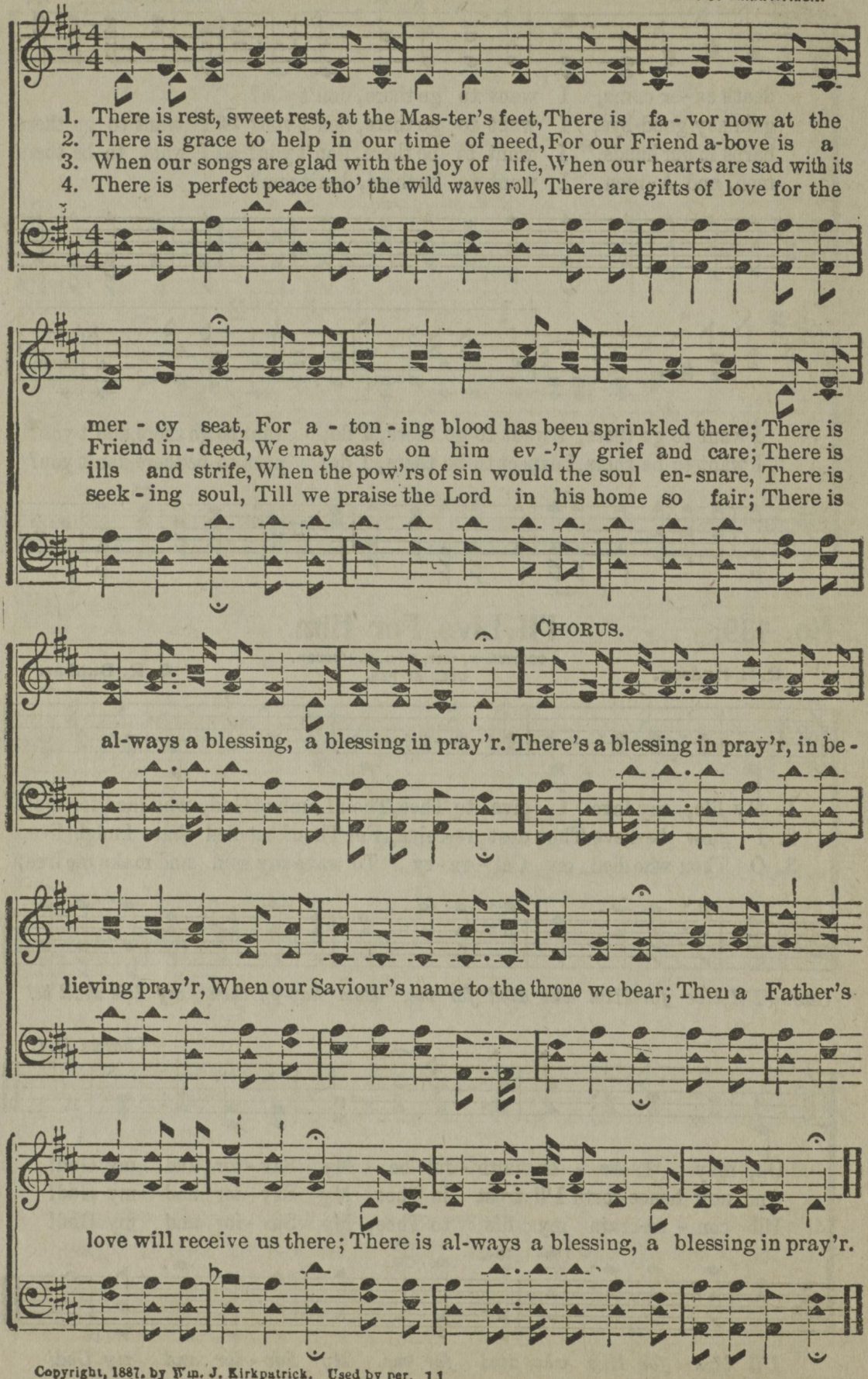
R. E. Hudson. C. R. Dunbar.





No. 140 A Blessing in Prayer.

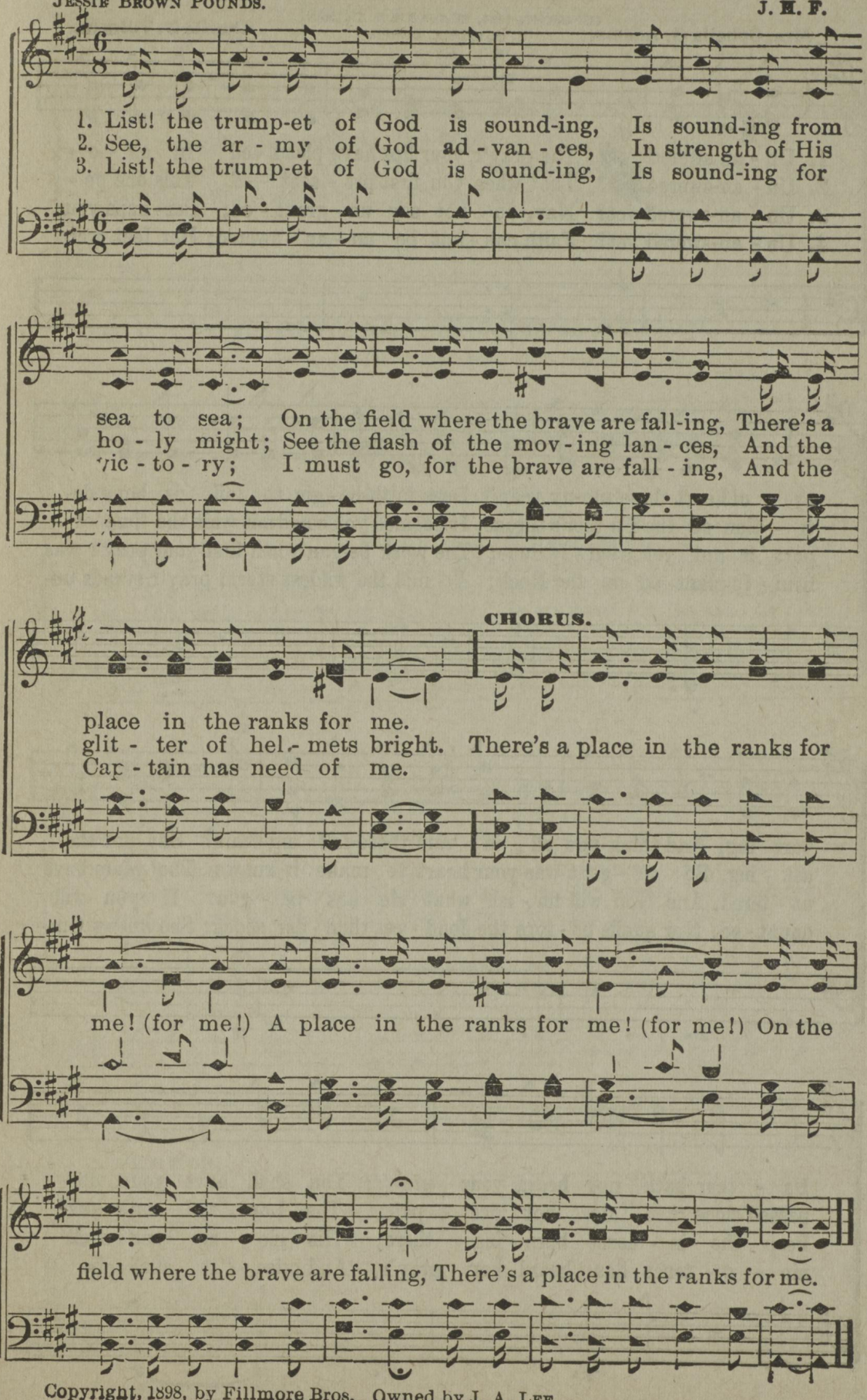
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

141 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

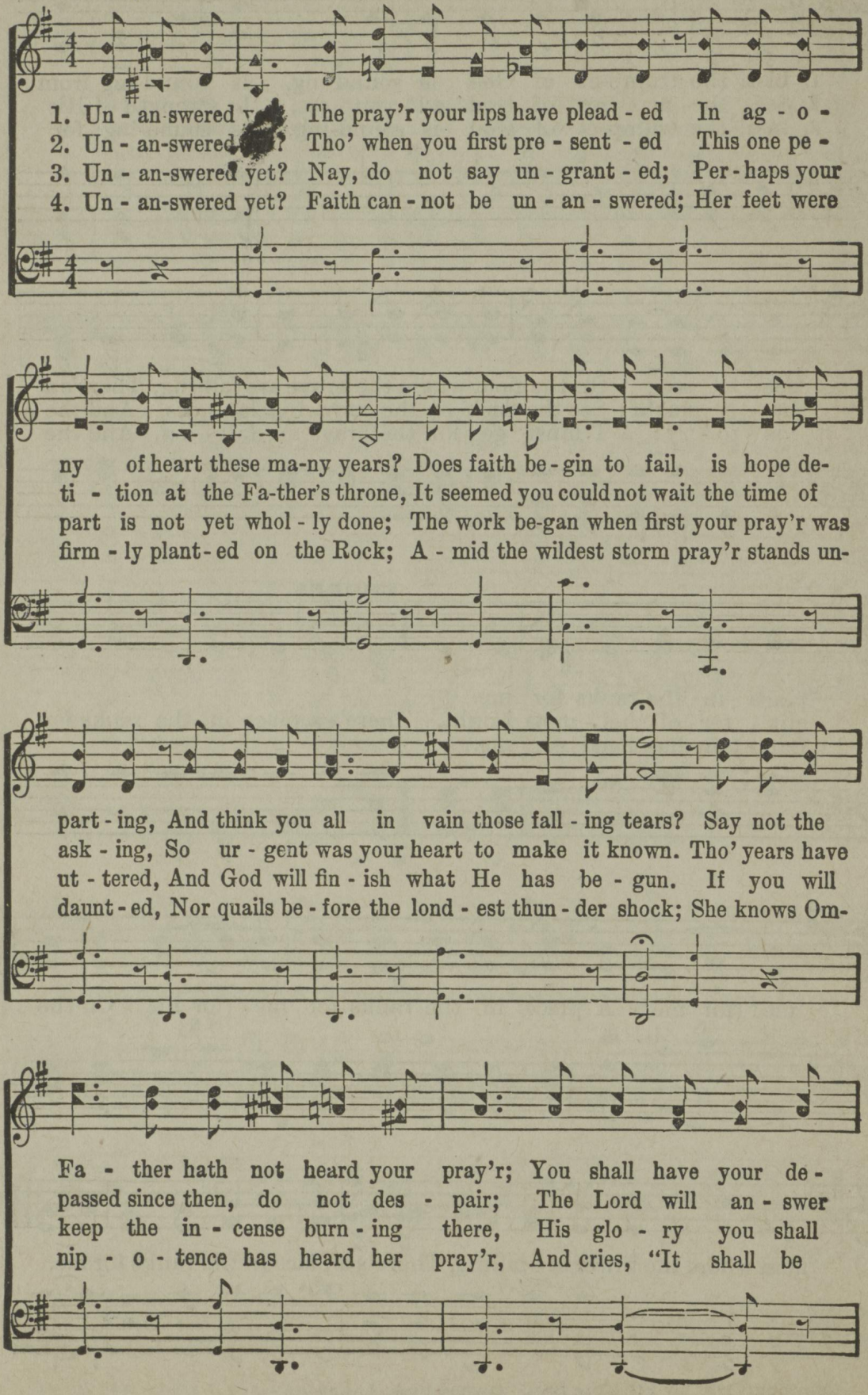


Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros. Owned by J. A. LEE.

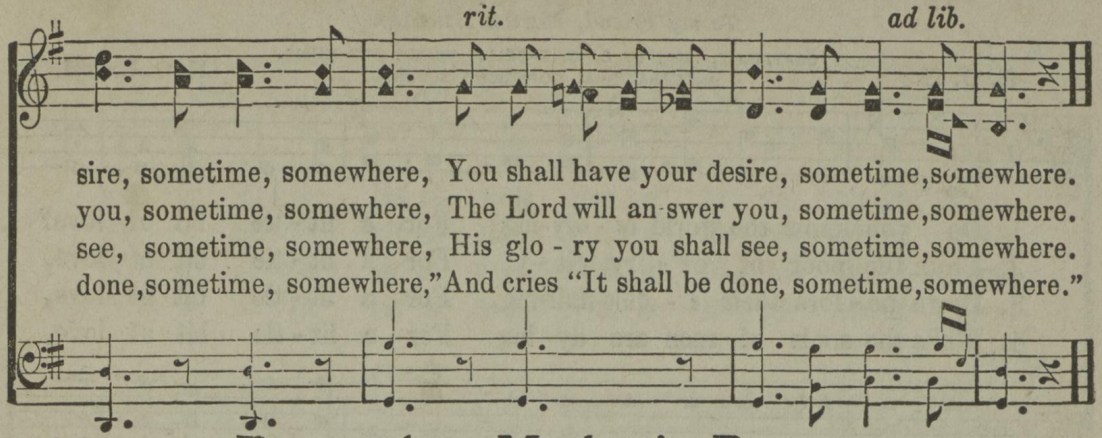
No. 142. Sometime, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. Charlie D. Tillman.



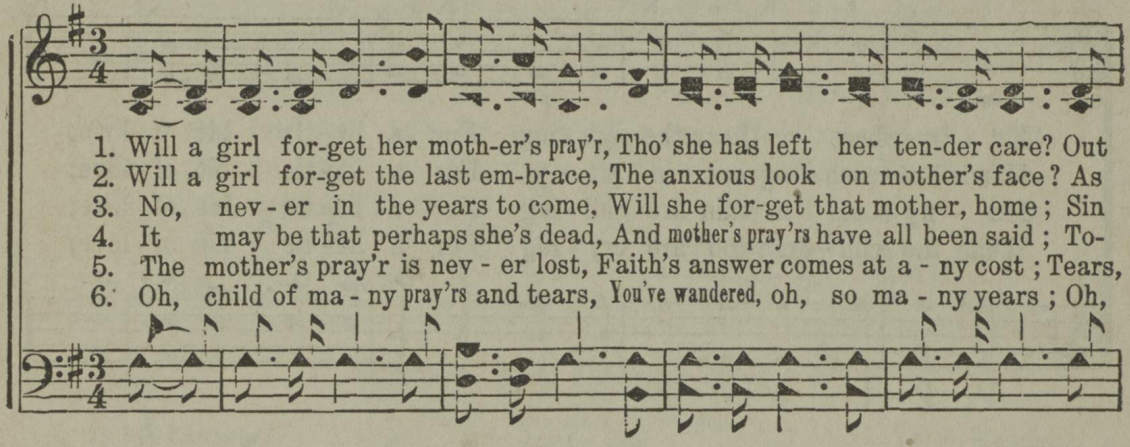
Sometime, Somewhere.

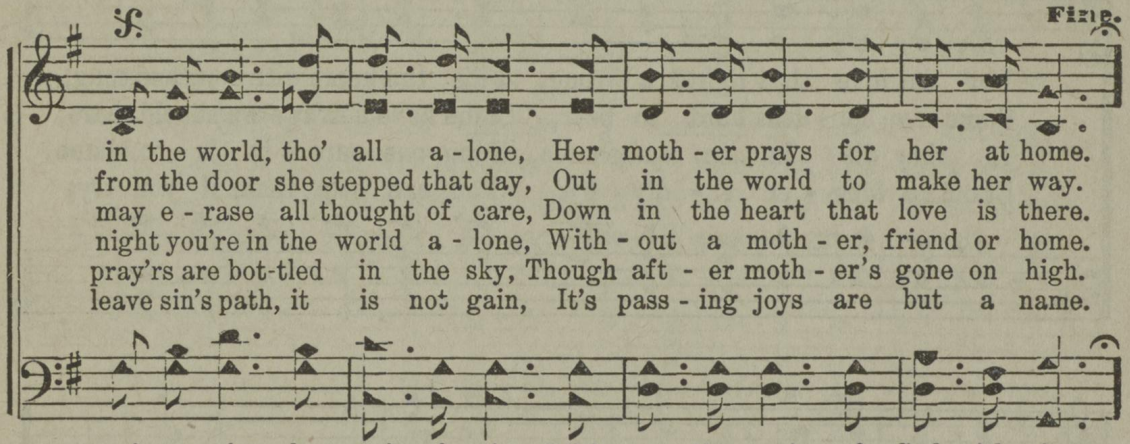


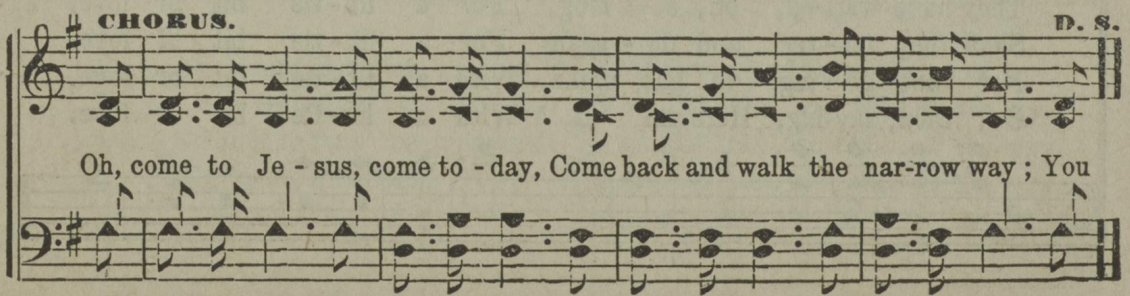
143 Remember Mother's Prayer.

"*Forsake not the law of thy mother.*"—PROV. 6: 20.

S. B. SHEPHERD BEATTY.







Copyright, 1896, by Fogg and Beatty

No. 144. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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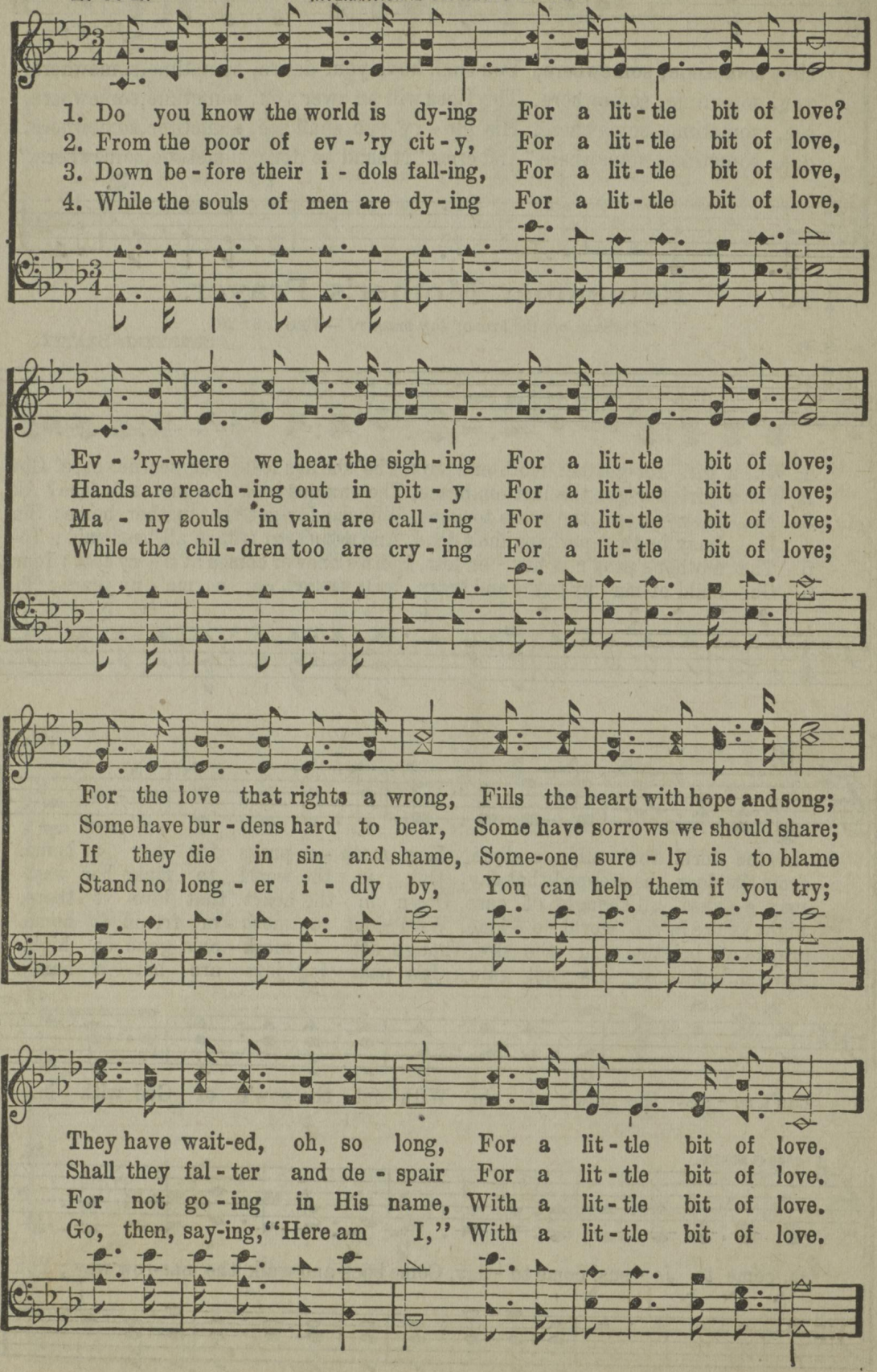
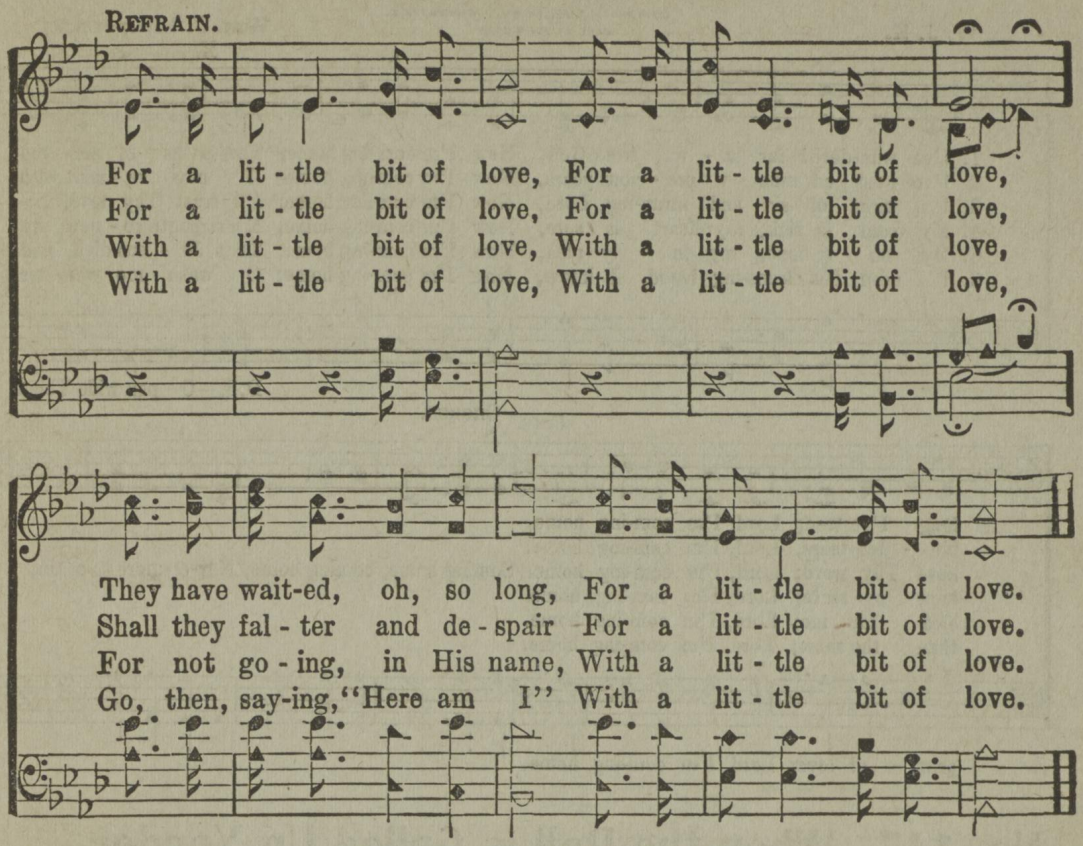
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.



A Little Bit of Love.

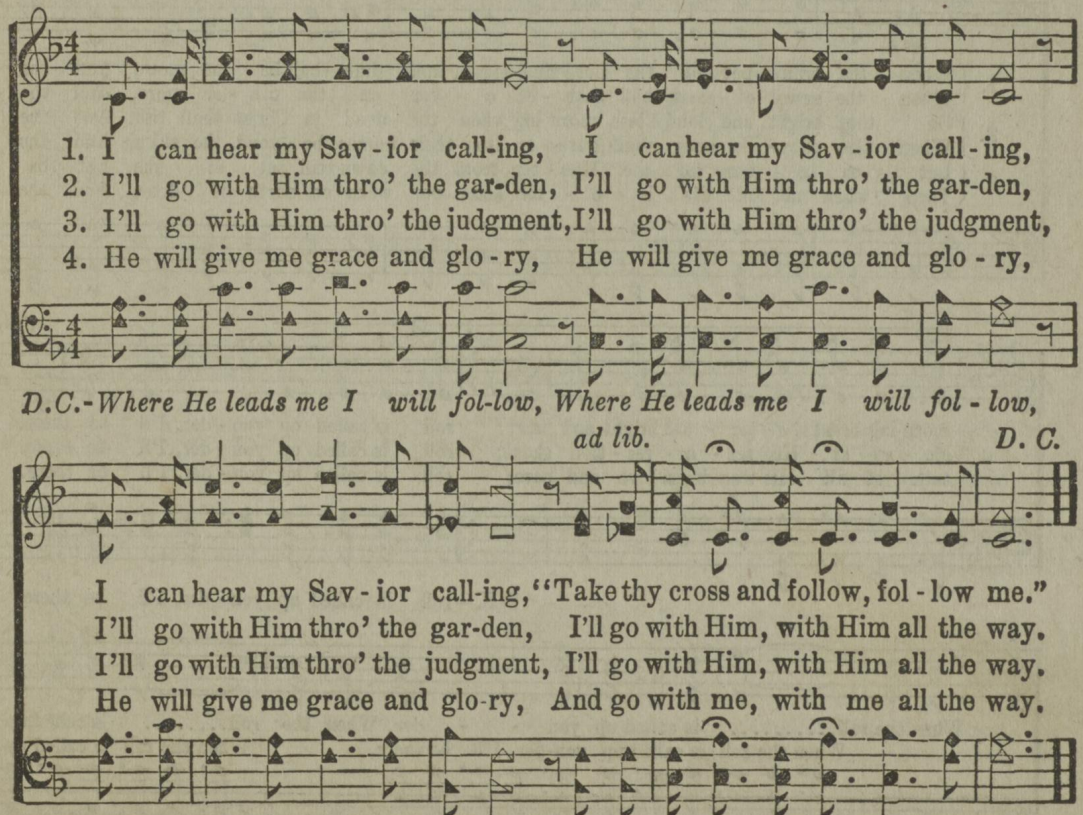
REFRAIN.



No. 145. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.



No. 146. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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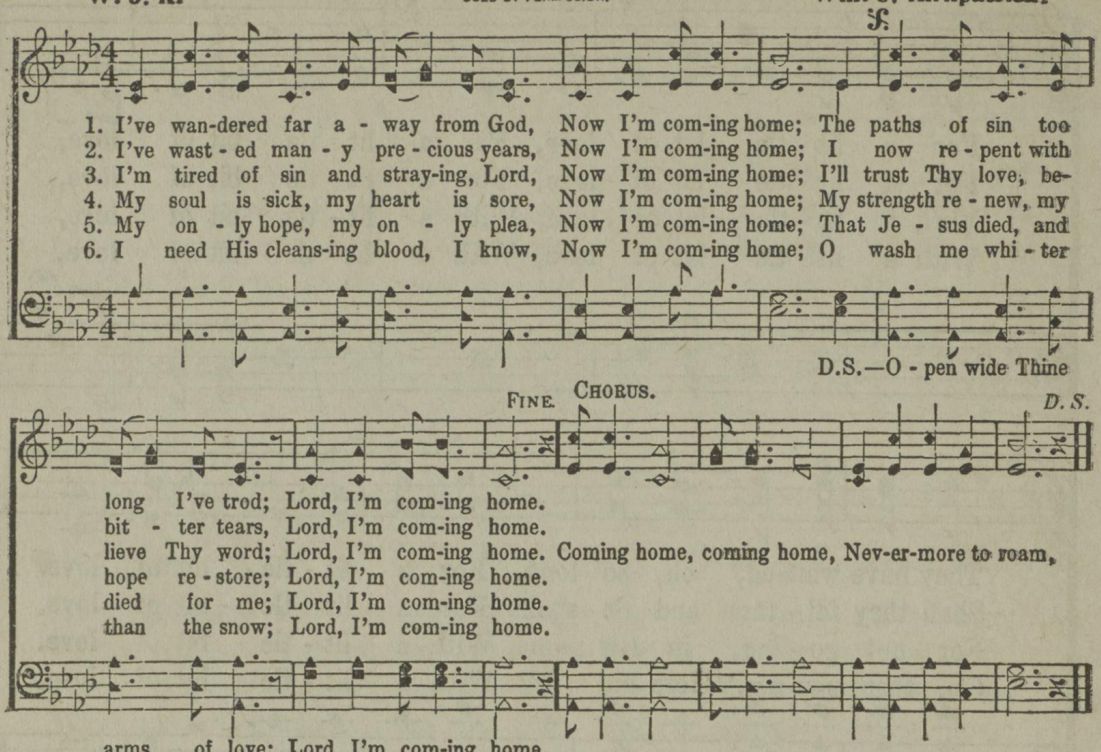
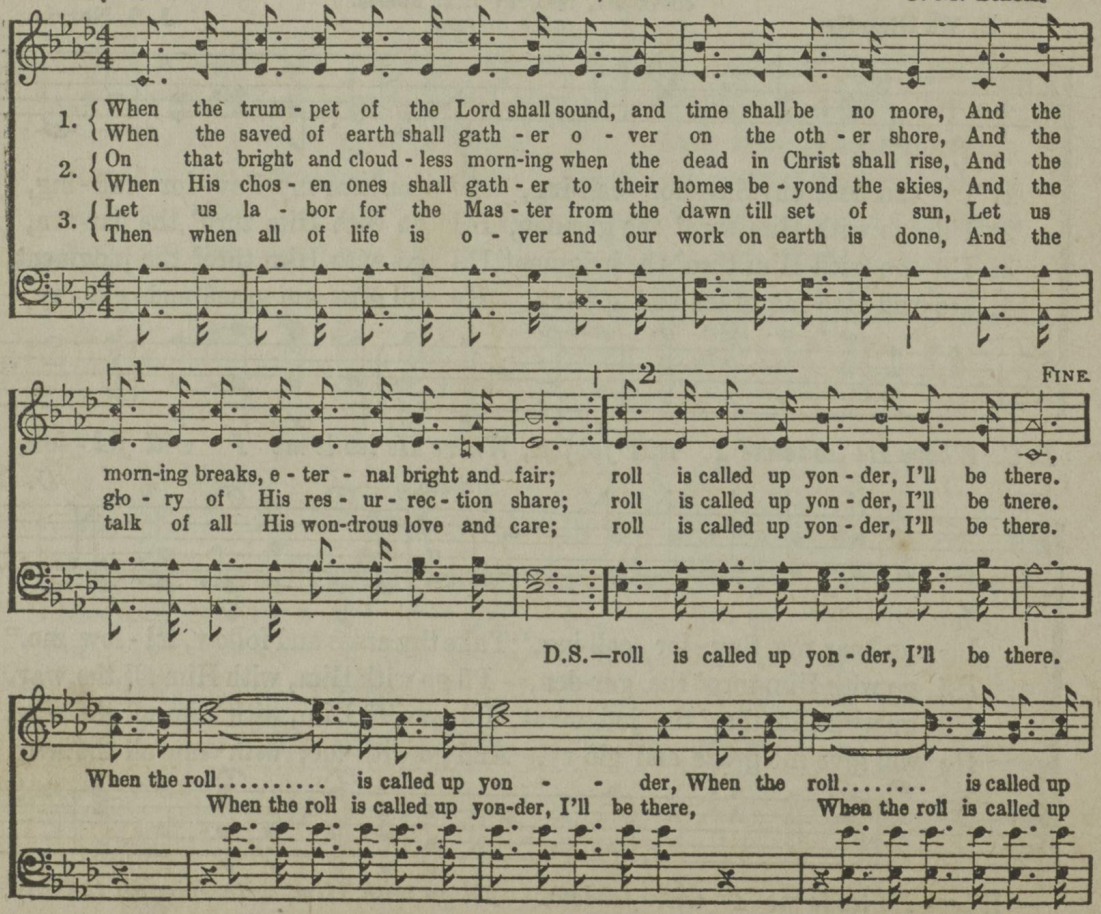
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



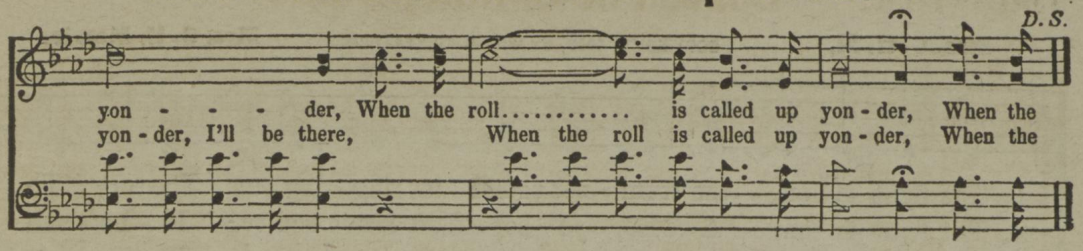
No. 147. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.



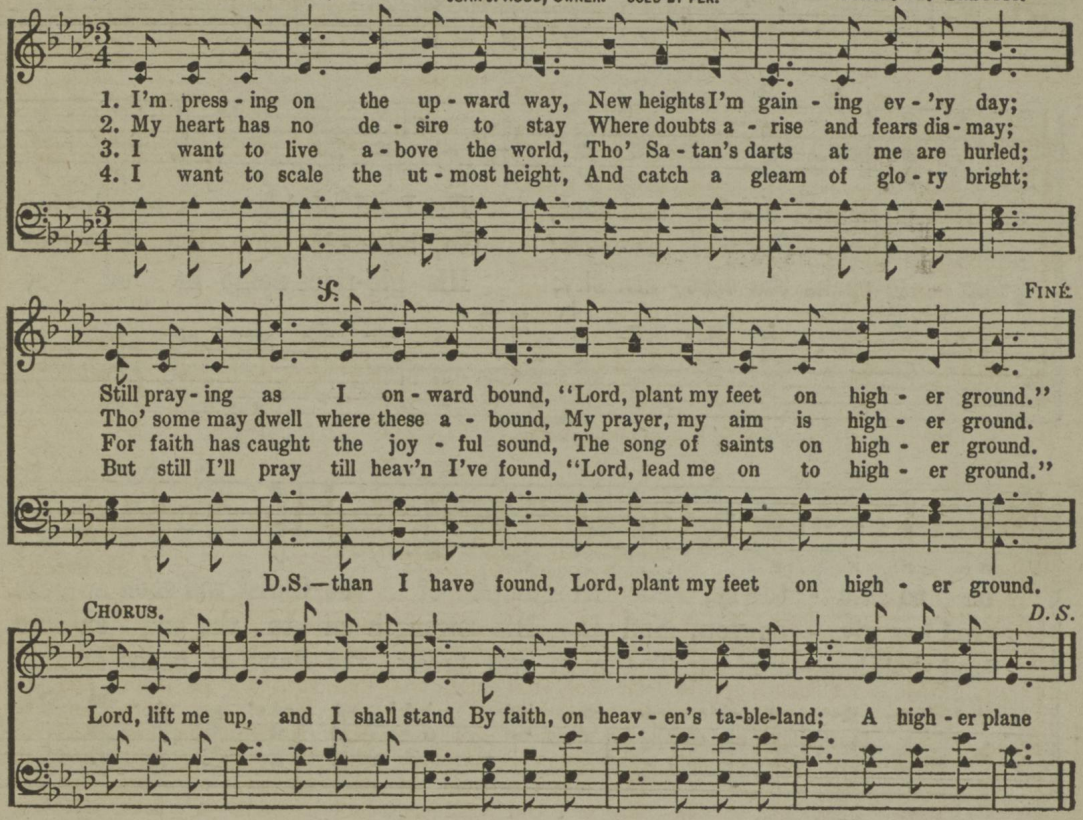
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 148. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

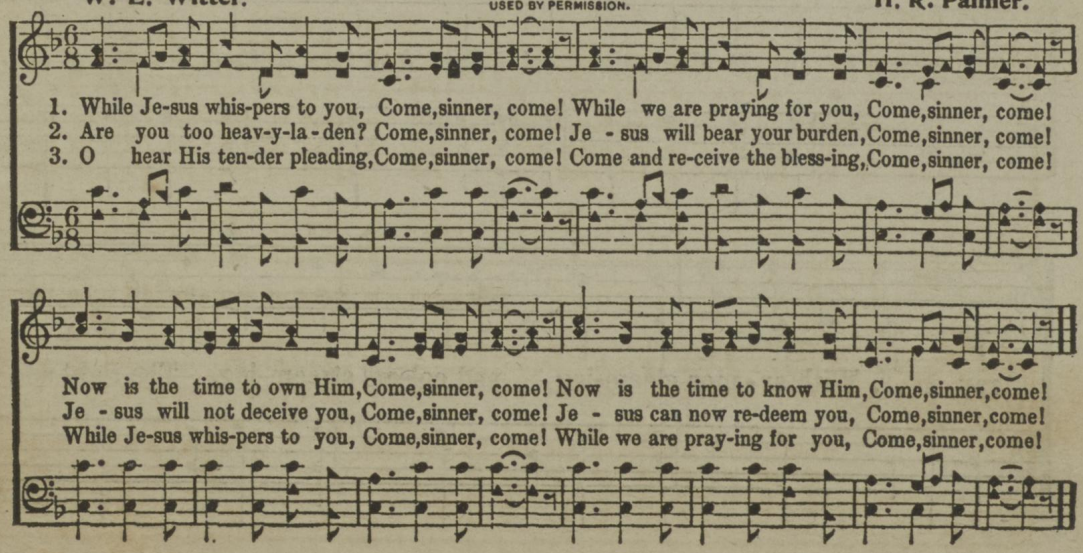
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 149. While Jesus Whispers.

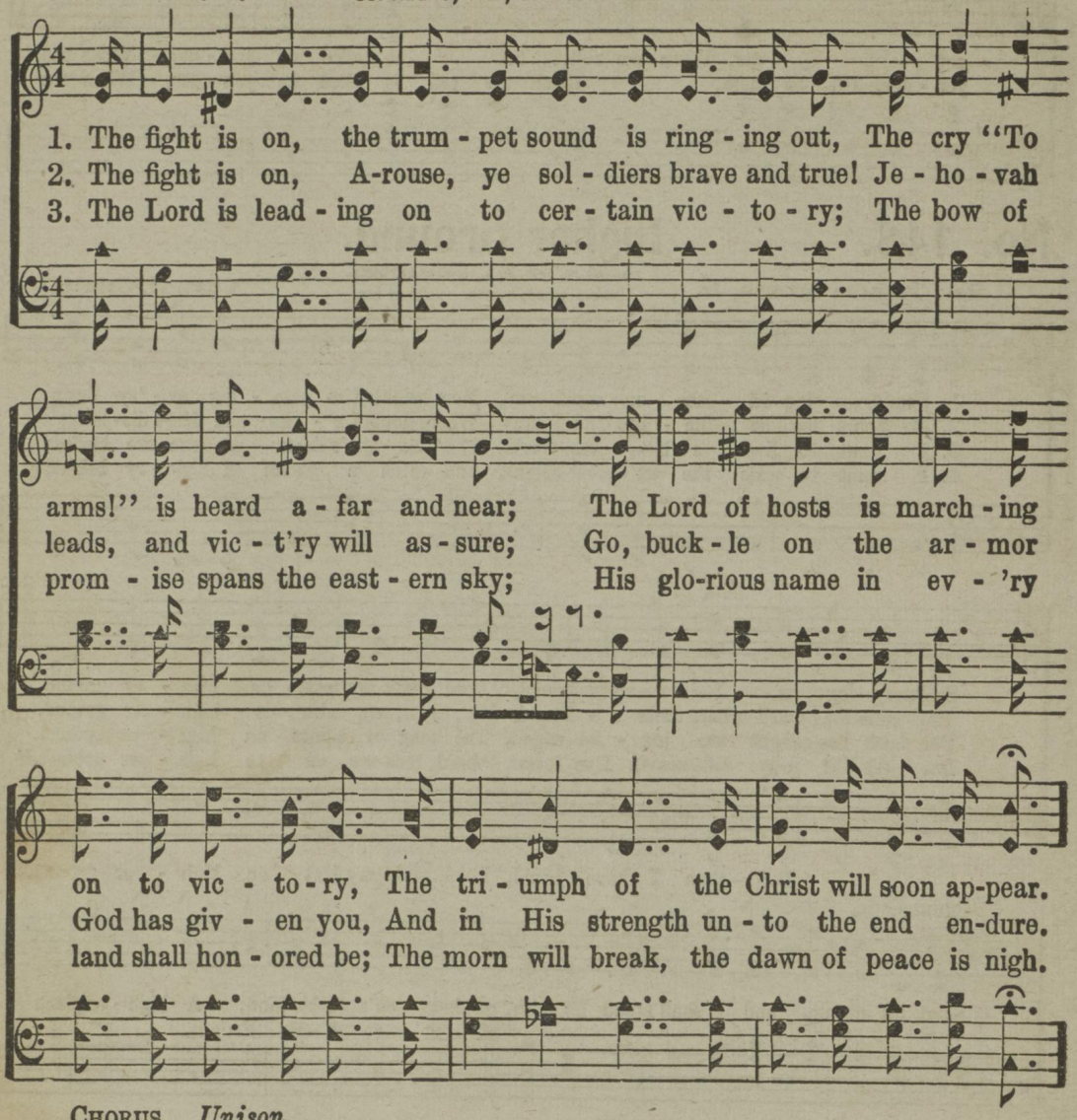
COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

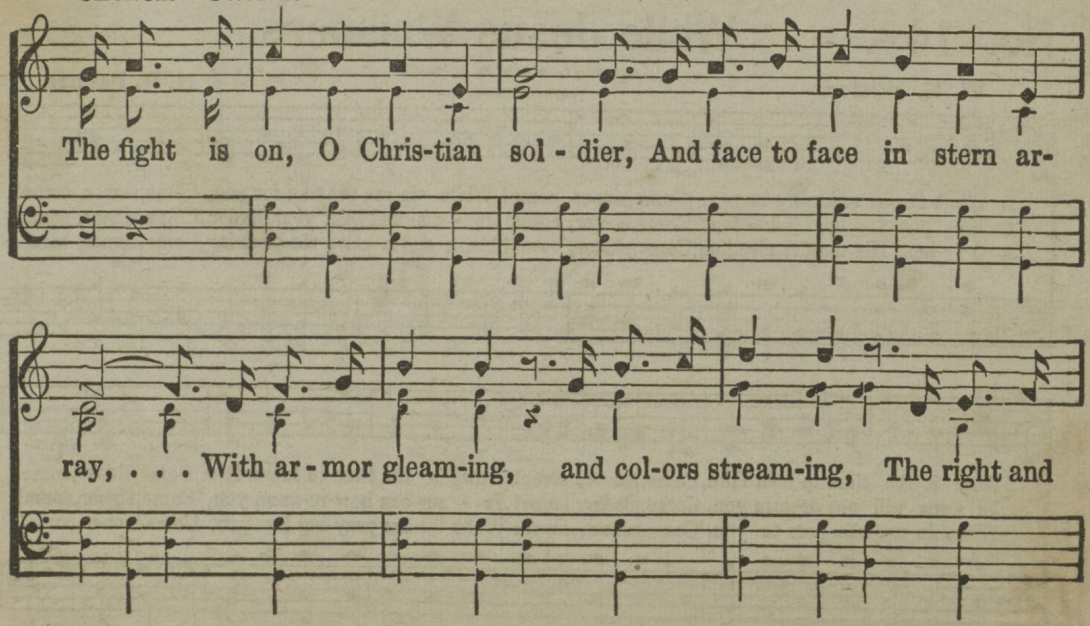


No. 150. The Fight is On.

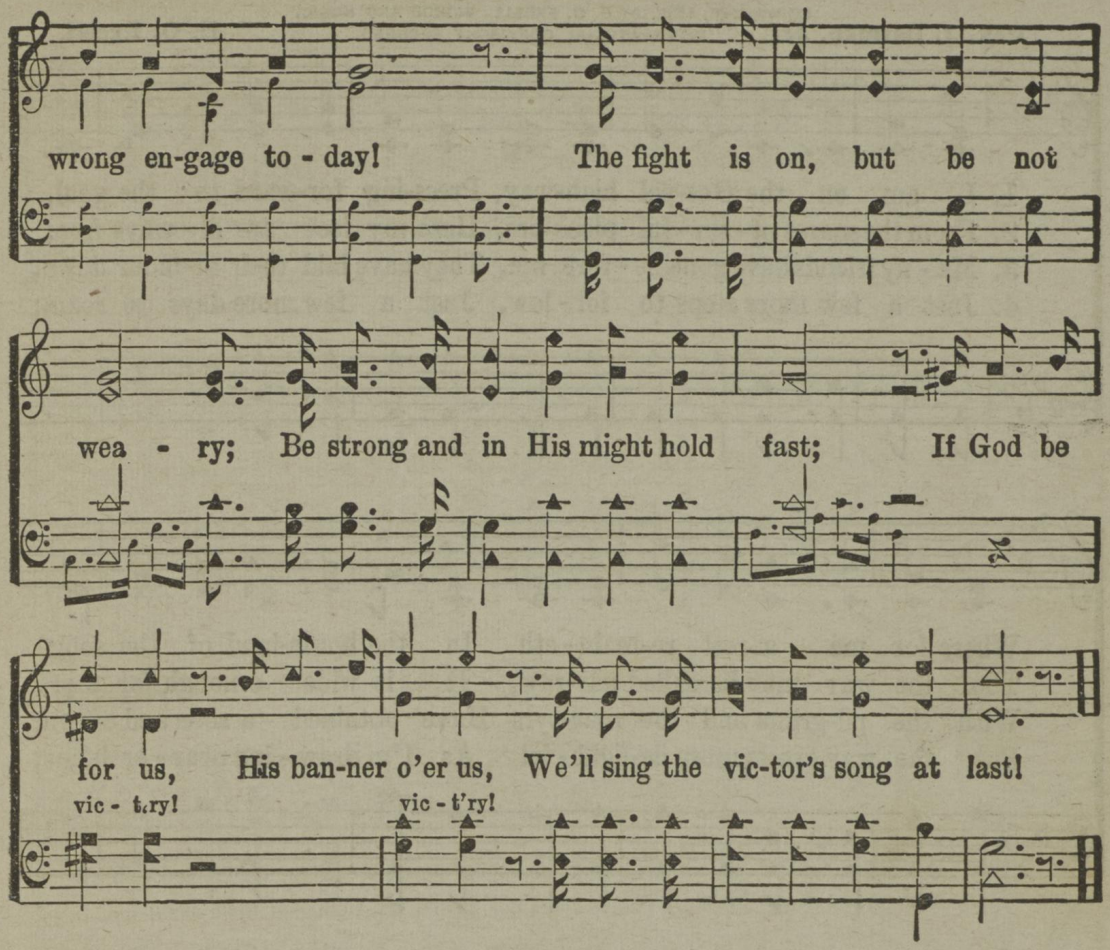
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



CHORUS. *Unison.*



The Fight is On.



No. 151. Only a Word.

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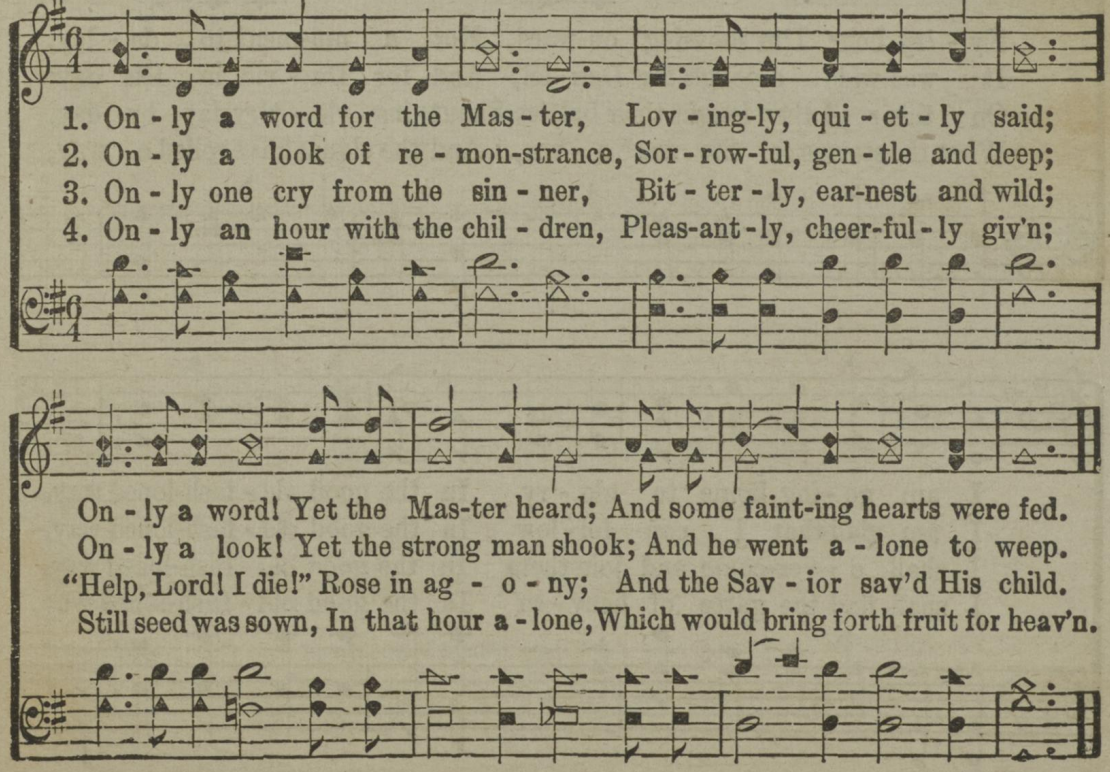
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Dungan.



No, 152. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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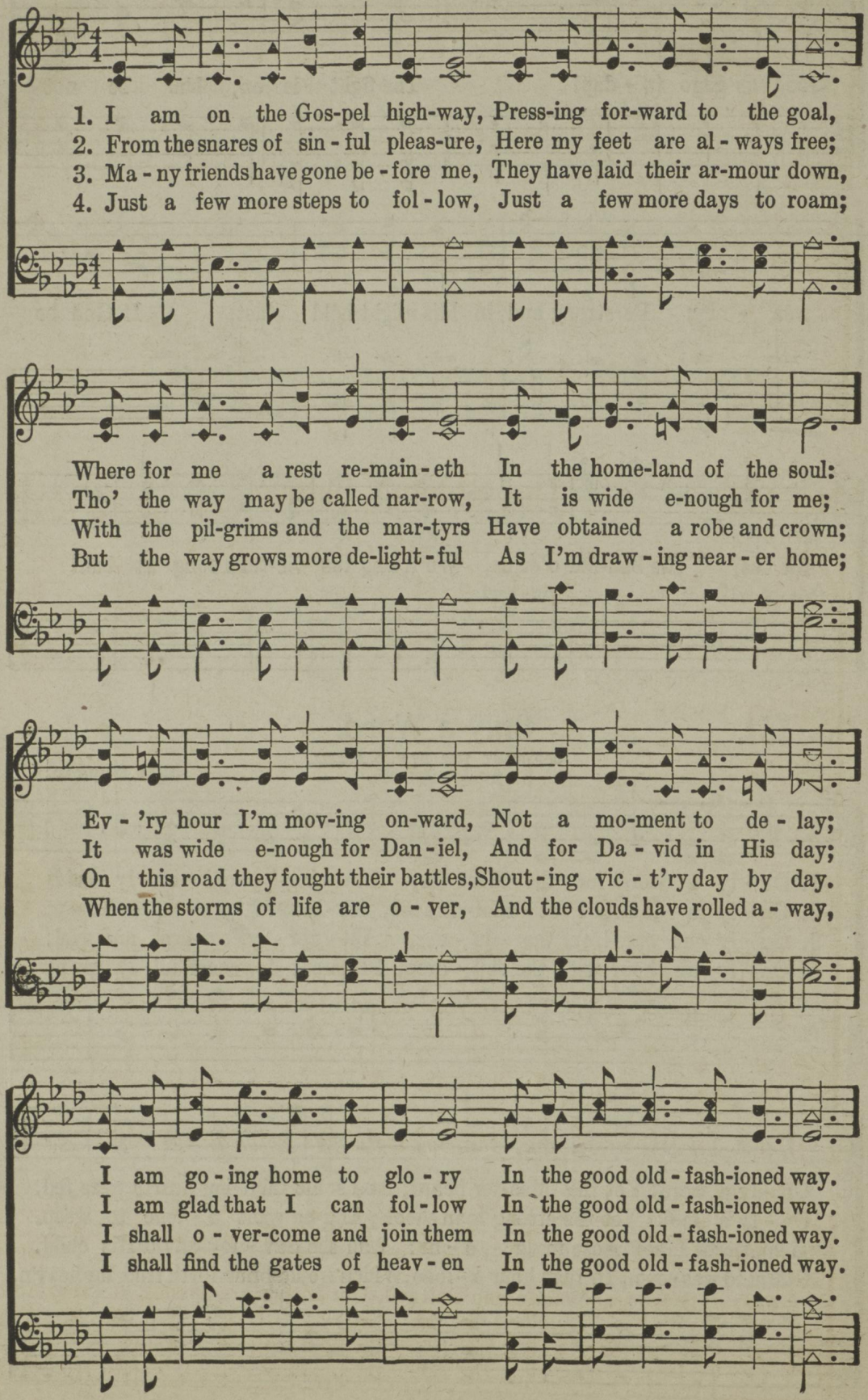
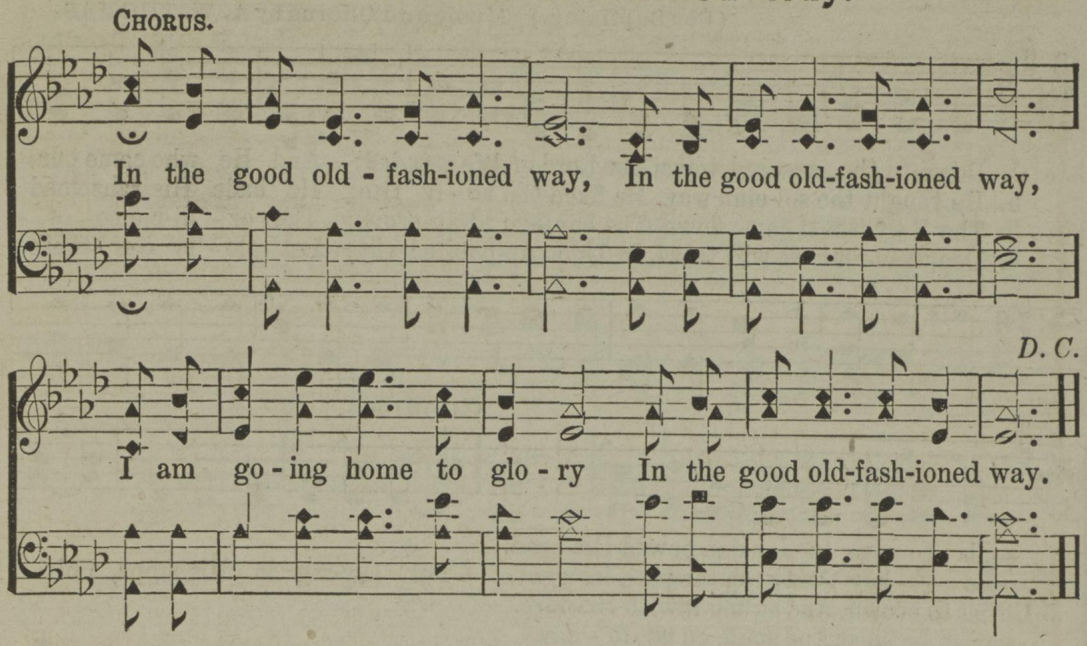
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

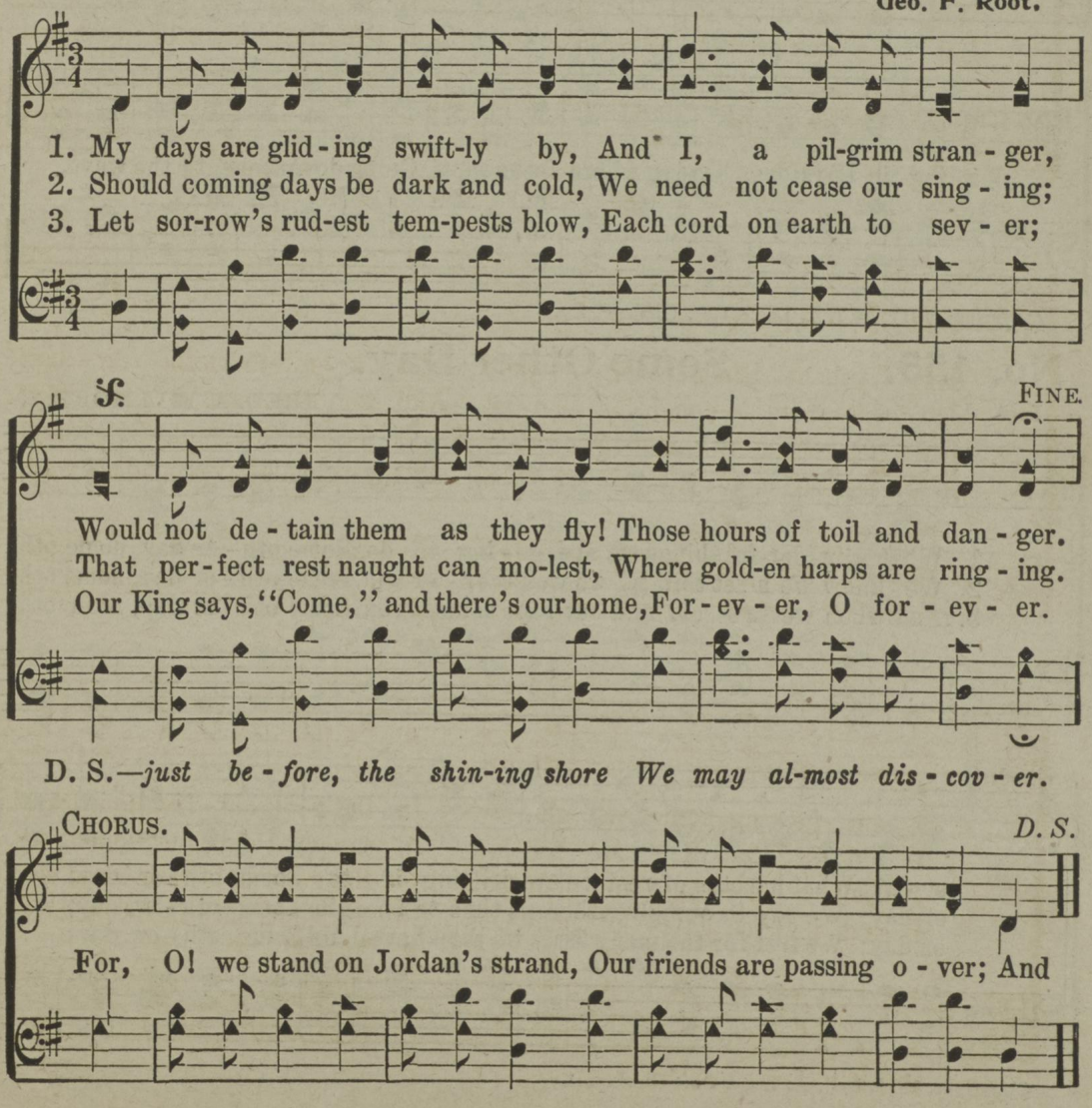


The Good Old Fashioned Way.



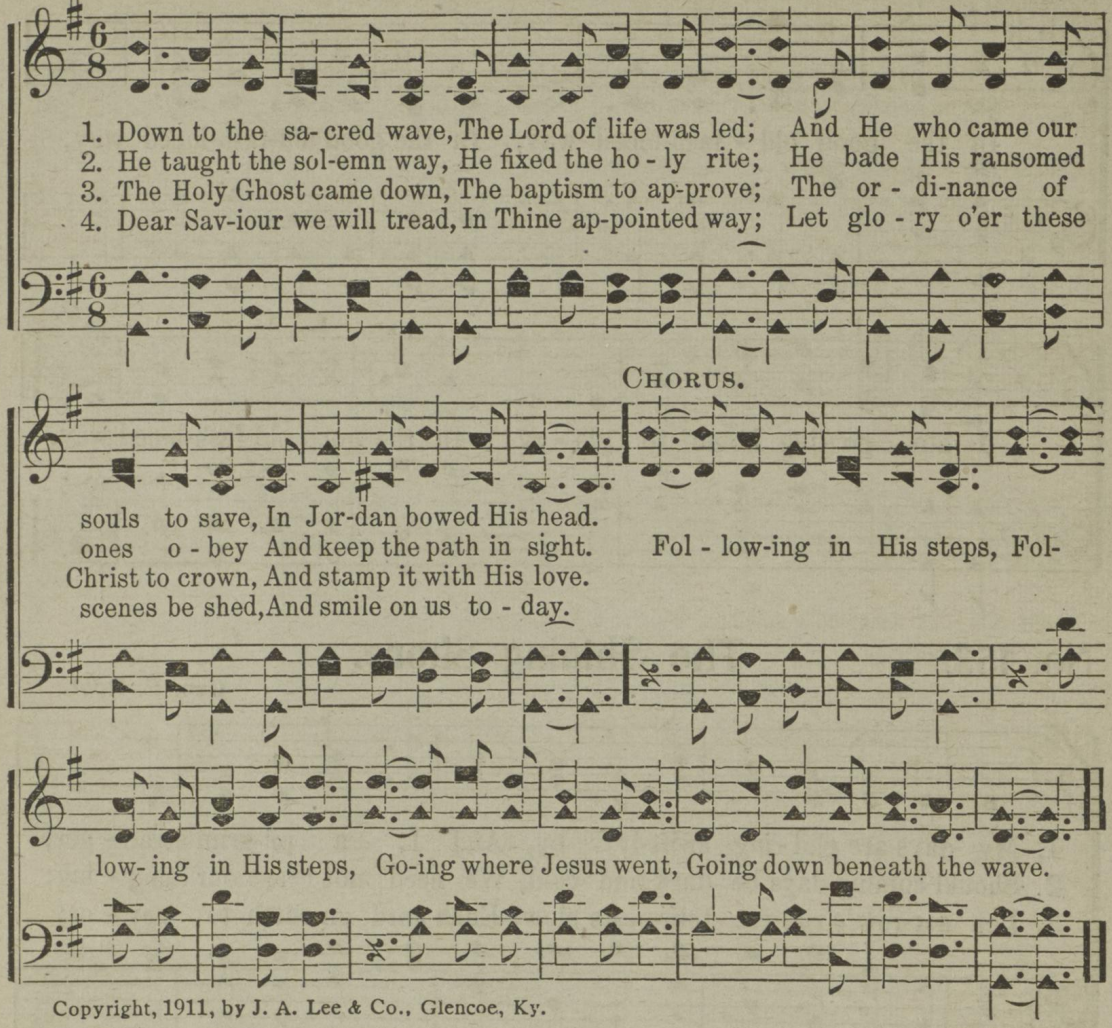
No. 153. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.



No. 154. Following in His Steps.

(For Baptizing.) Music and Chorus by A. W. THOMAS.



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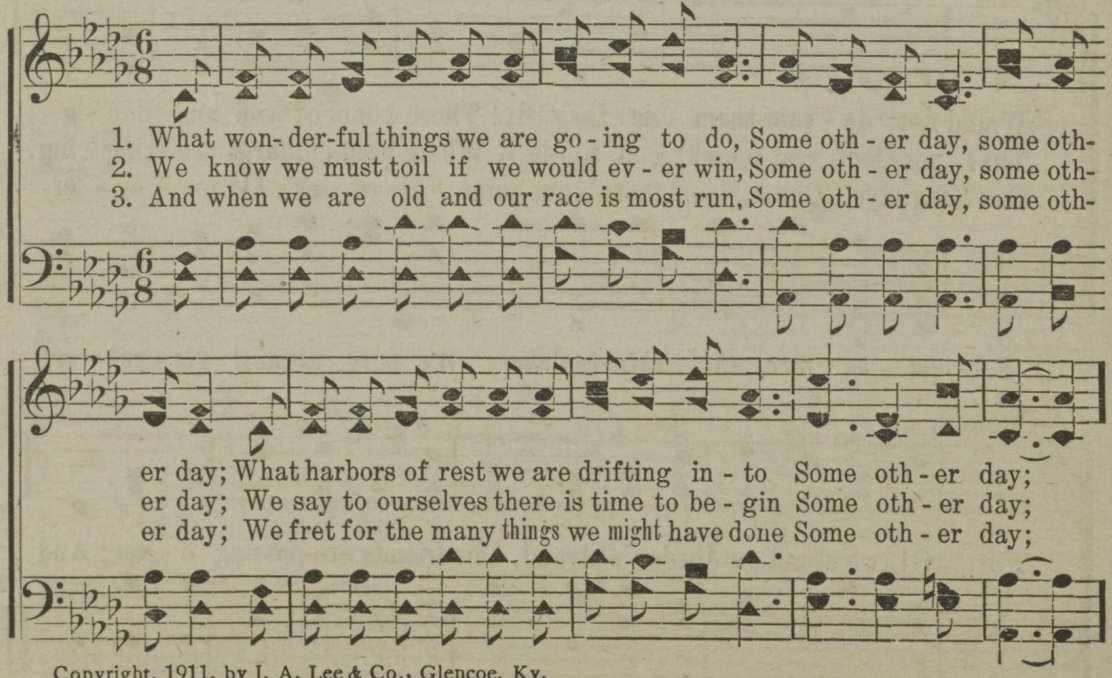
No. 155. Some Other Day.

L. A. J. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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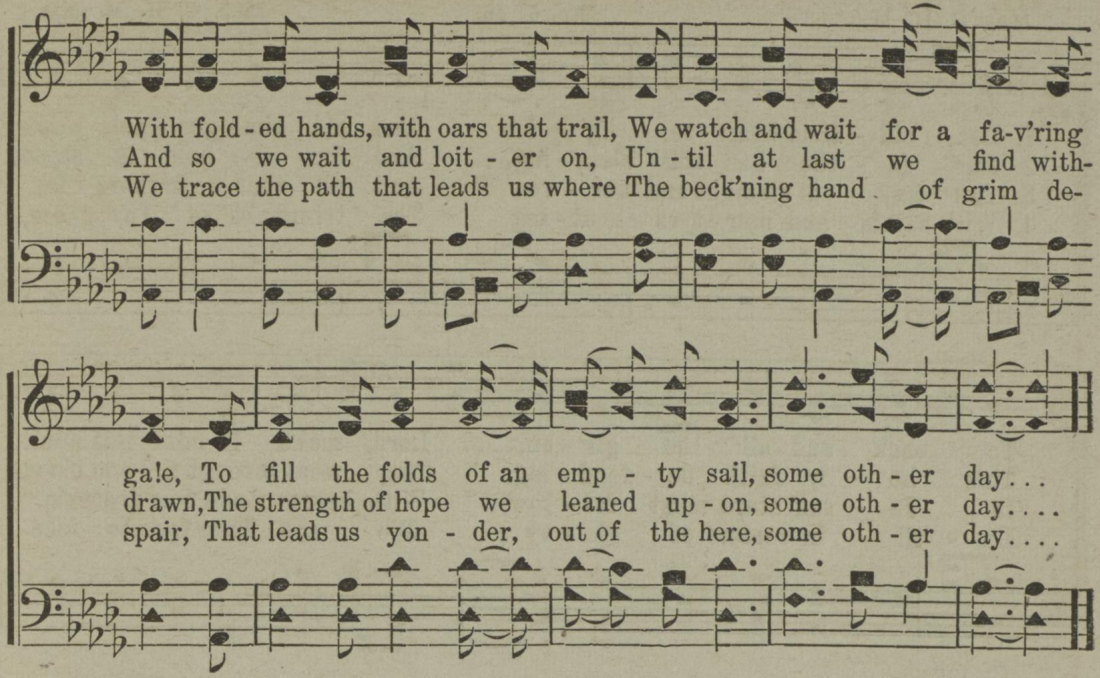
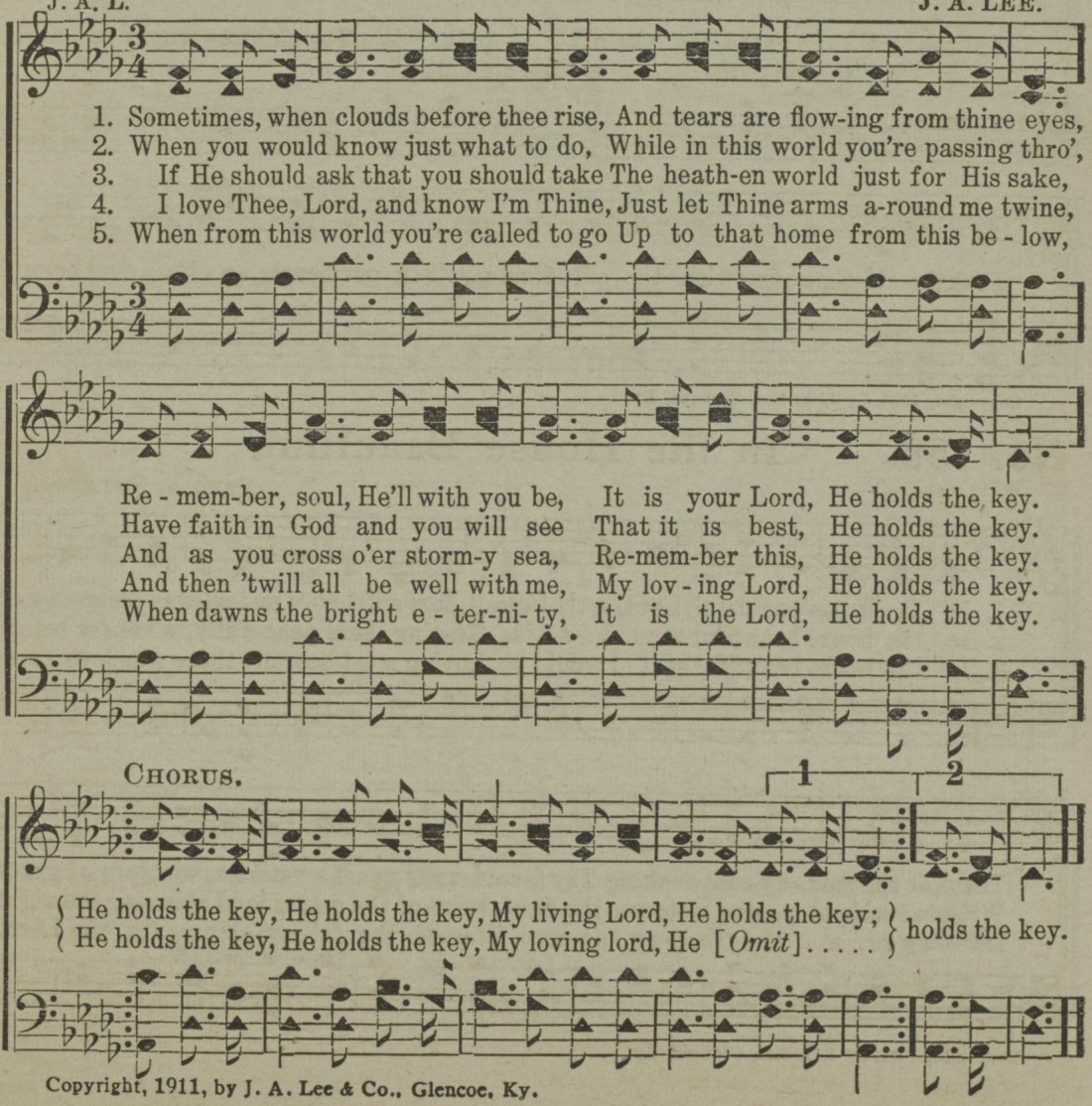
Some Other Day. Concluded.



No. 156. He Holds the Key.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.



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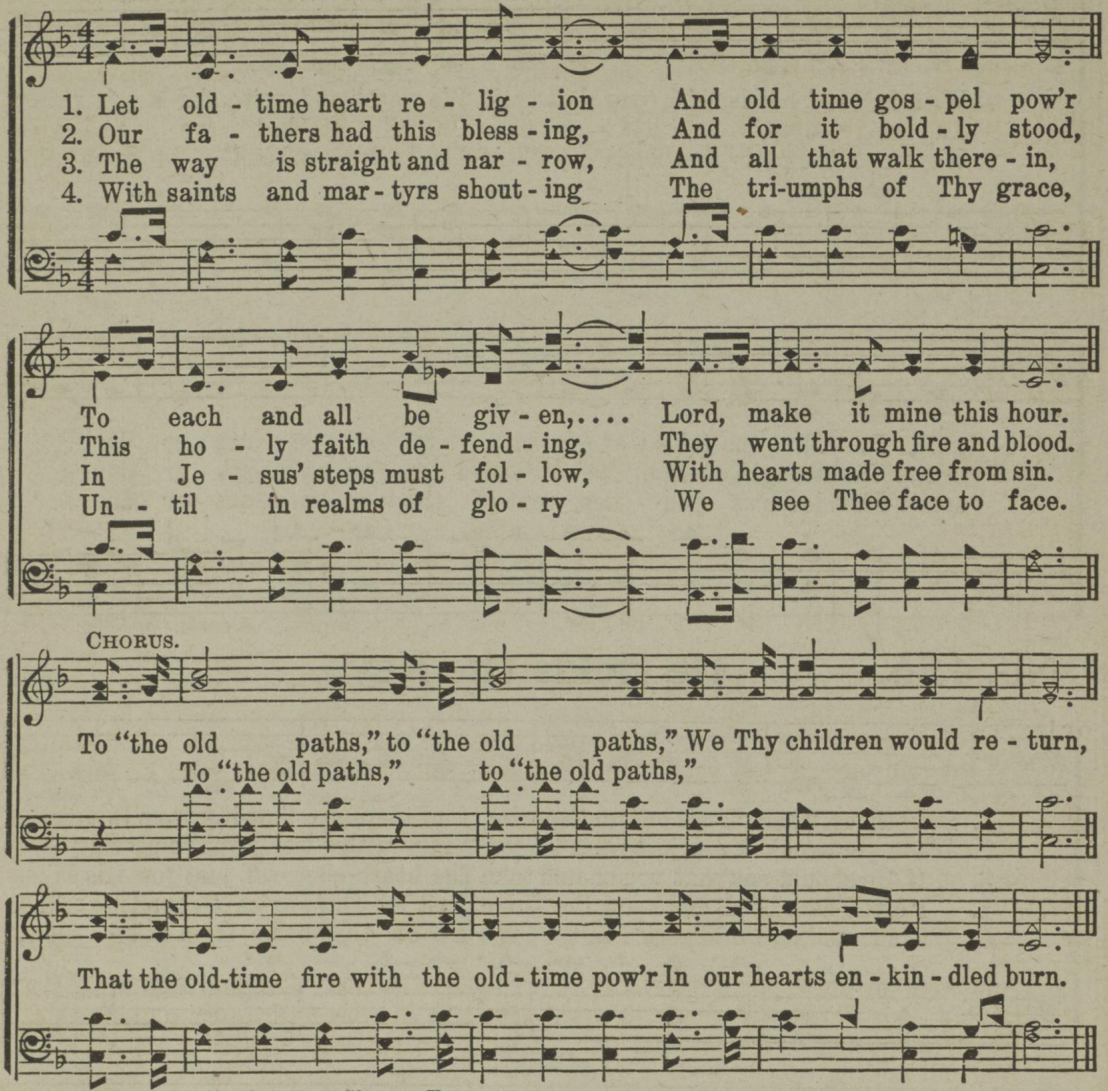
No. 157. The Old Paths.

MRS. C. H. M. JER. 6: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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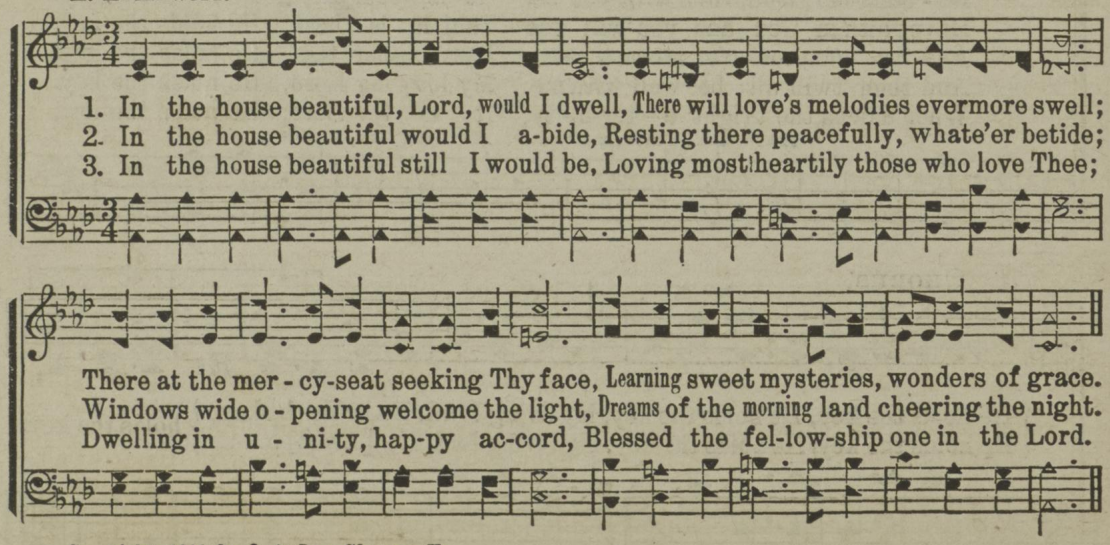
No. 158. In the House Beautiful.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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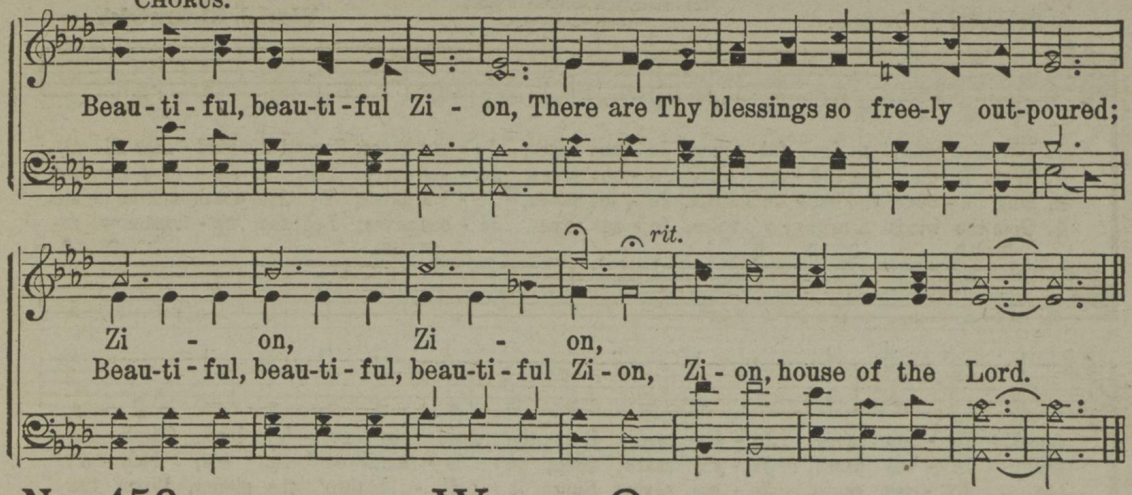
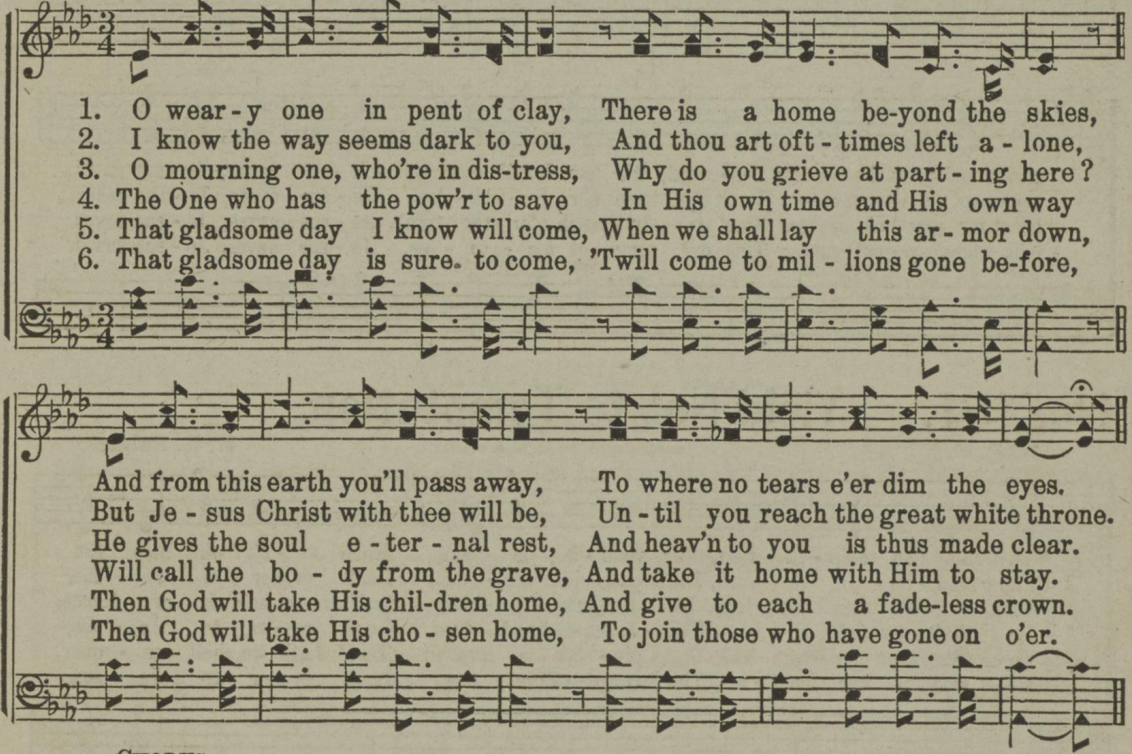
In the House Beautiful.

CHORUS.

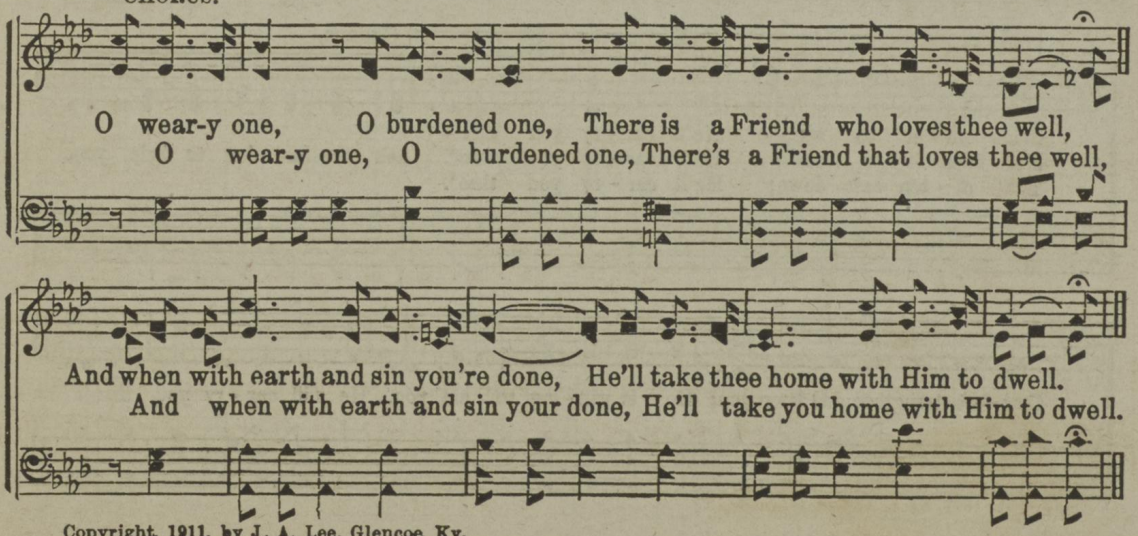


No. 159. Weary One.

REV. J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



CHORUS.



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No. 160. Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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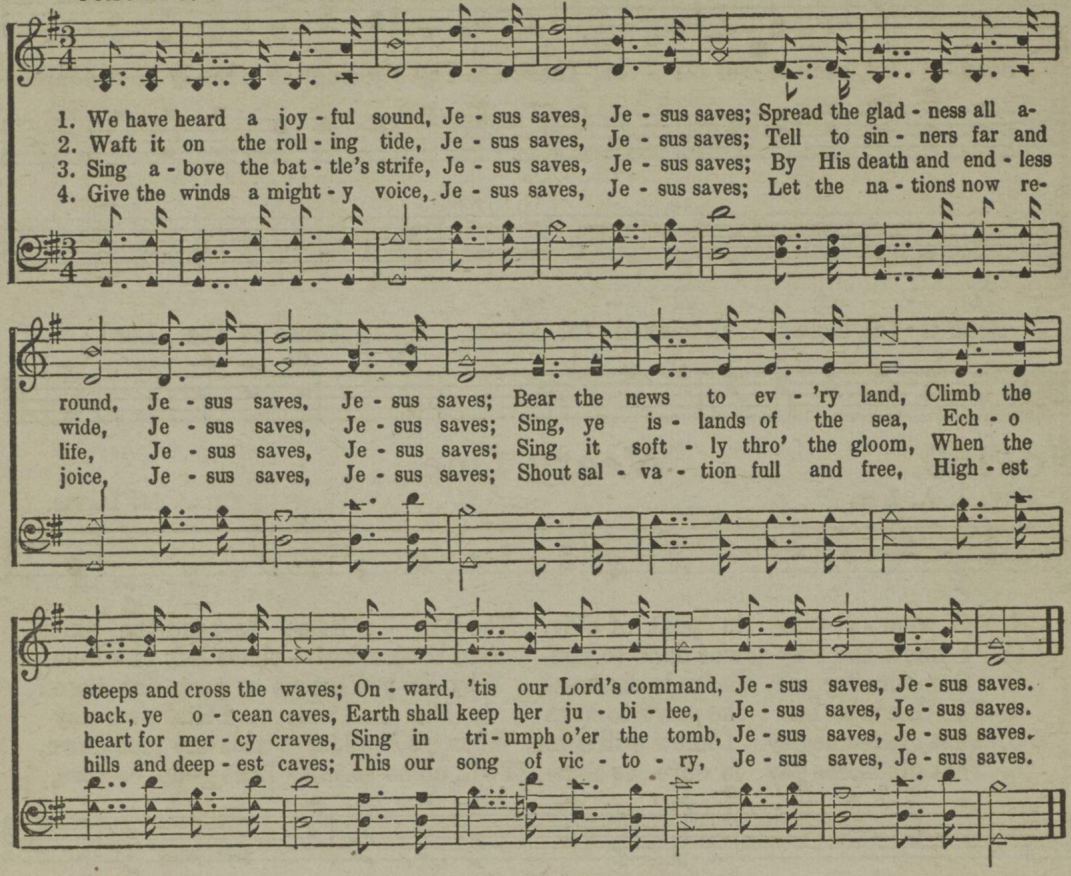
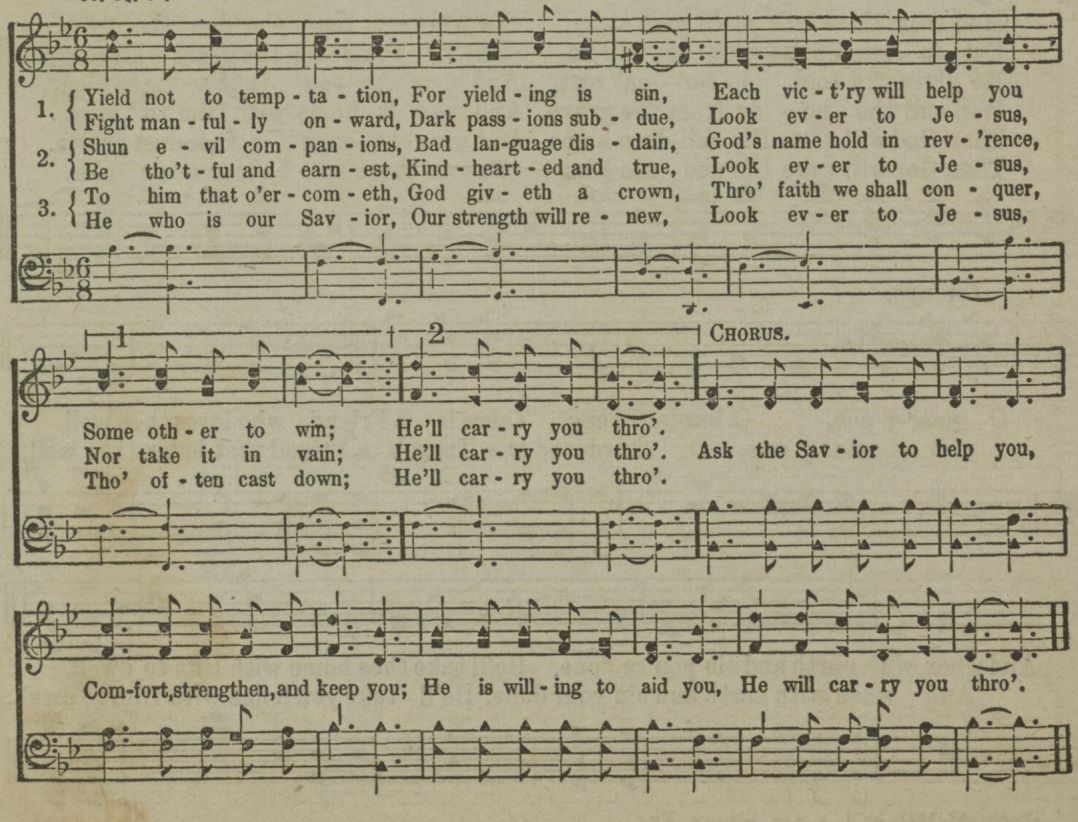
Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



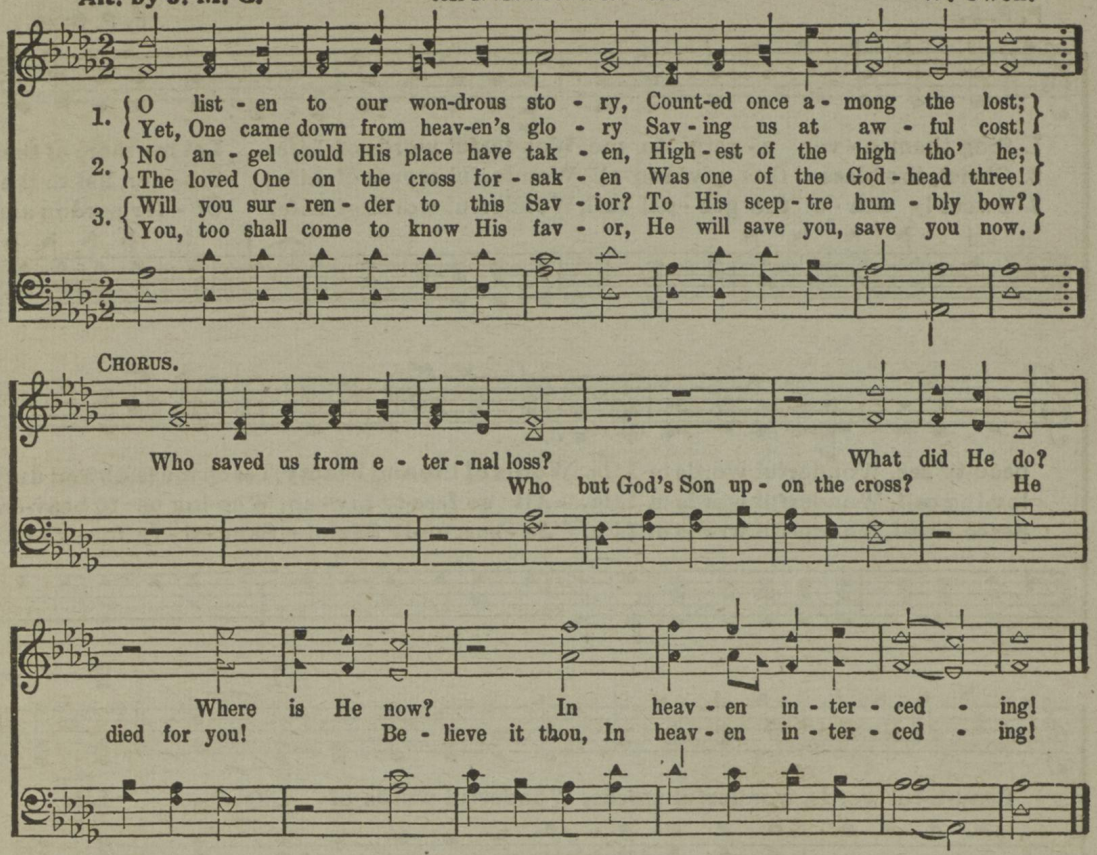
No. 161. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.



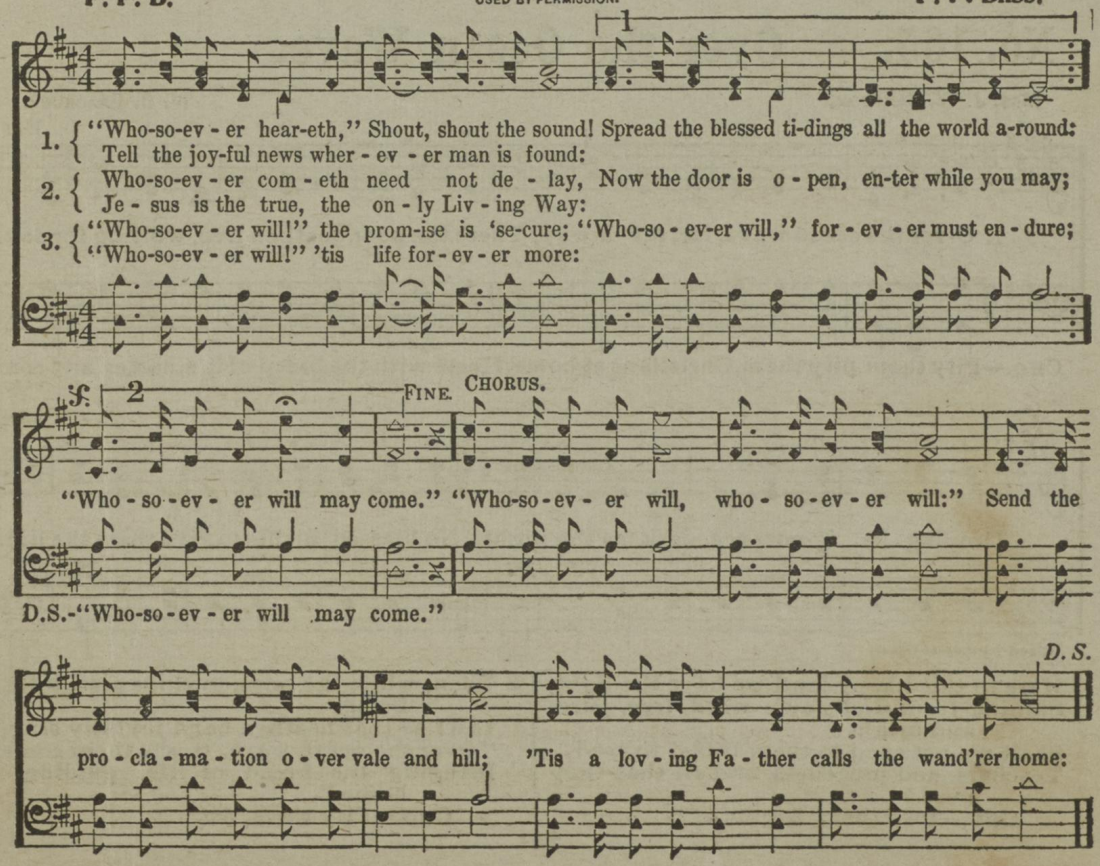
No. 162. What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. Owen.



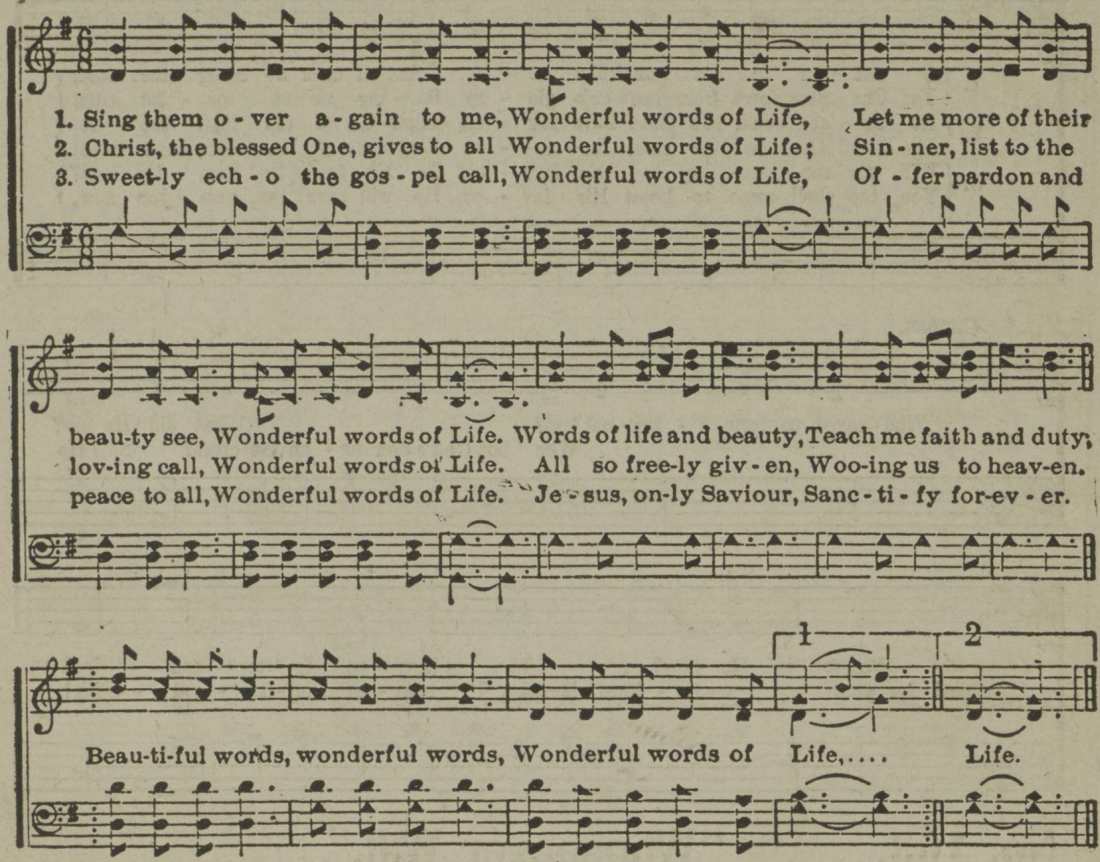
No. 163. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.



No. 164. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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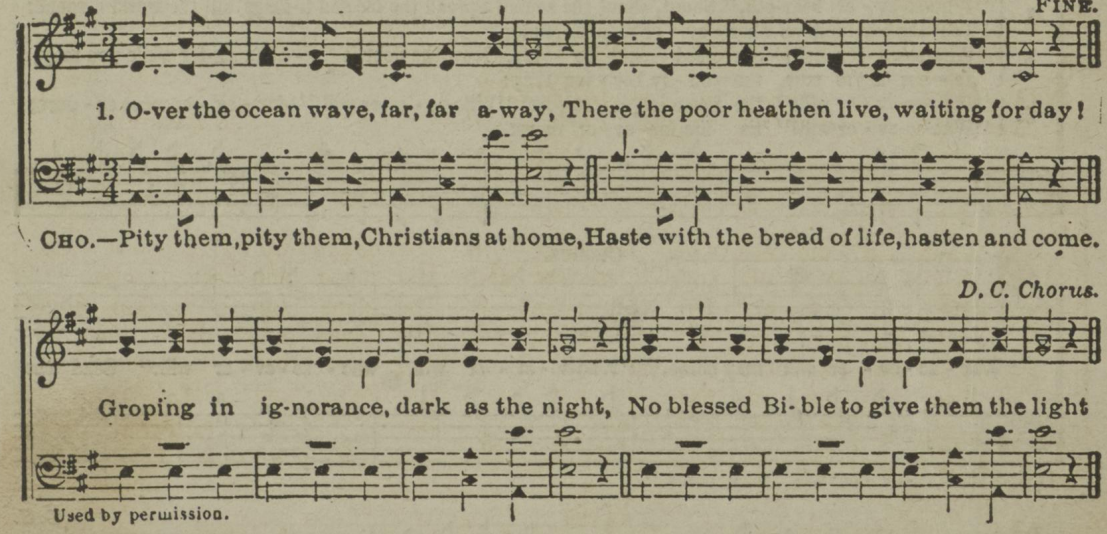
No. 165. Over the Ocean Wave.

Mrs. J. W. Sampson. W. B. Bradbury.



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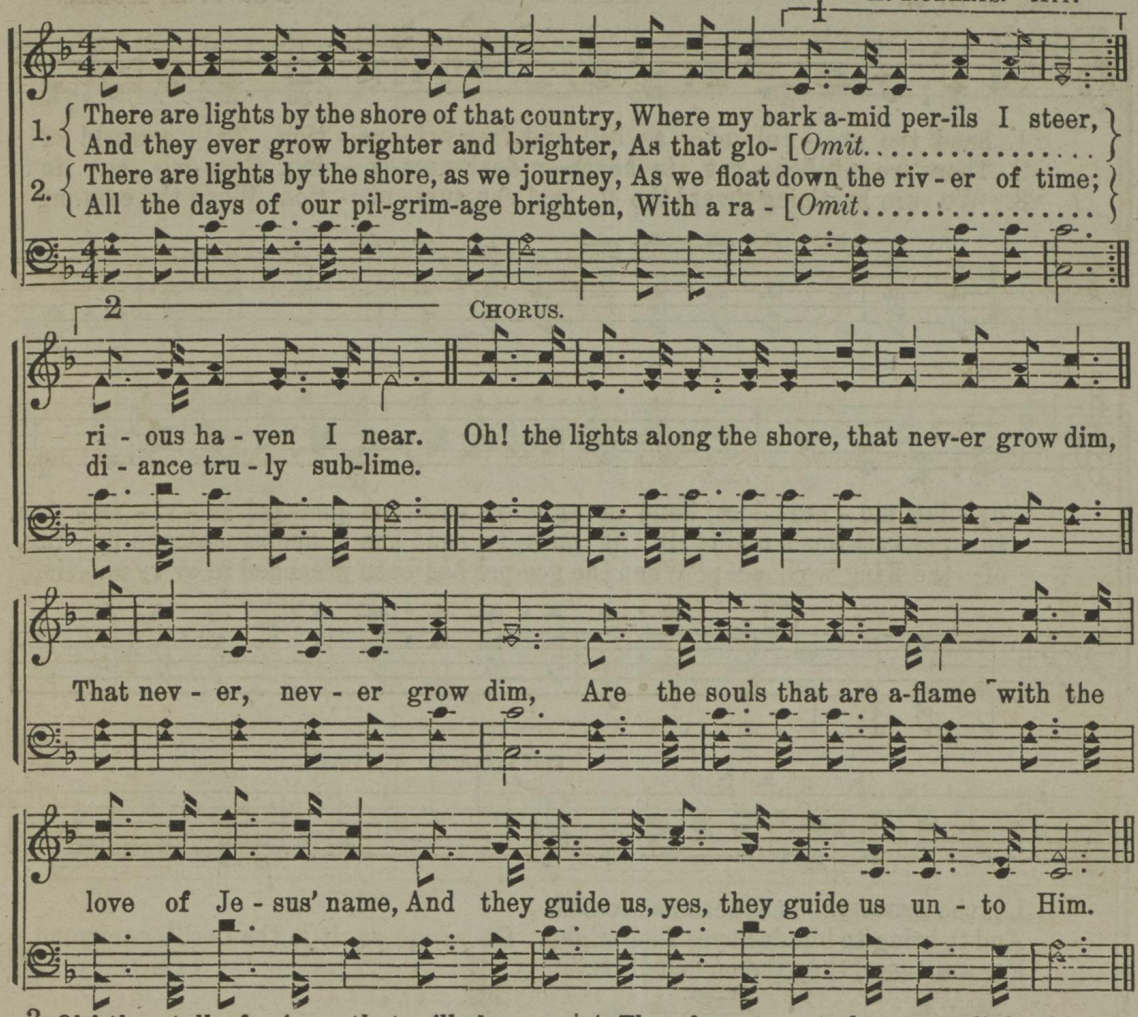
2 Here in this happy land we have the light,
Shining from God's own word, free, pure, and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."
Cho.—Pity them, &c.

No. 166. Lights Along the Shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS. Arr.



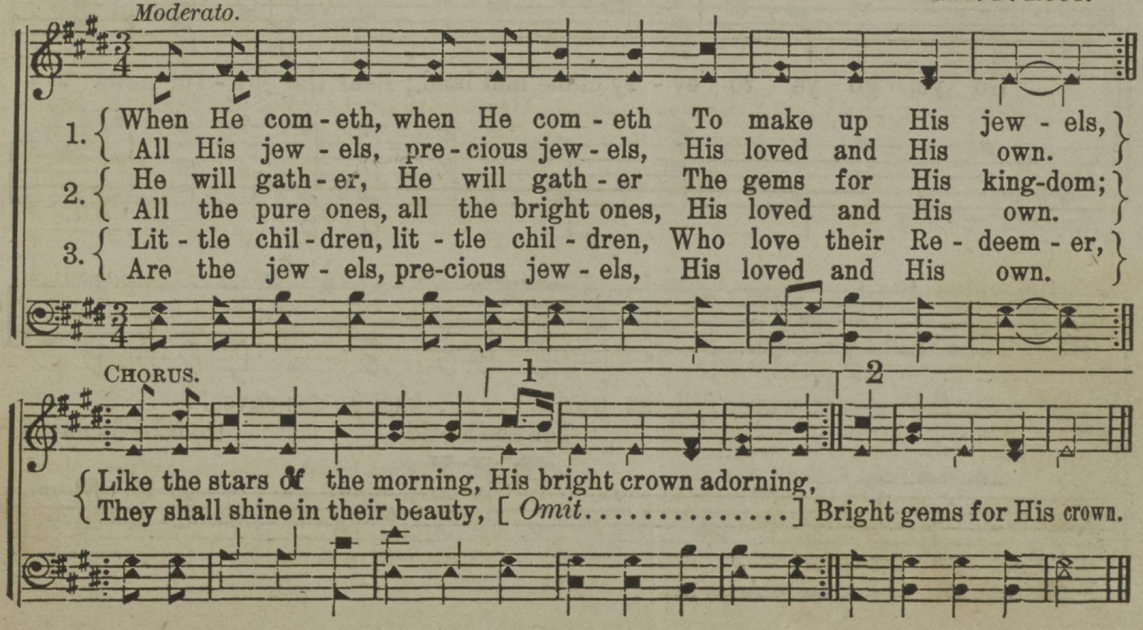
3 Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us
In the midst of our sorrows and cares;
When the lamp on our vessel burns dimly,
We watch for the glimmer of theirs.

4 Then forget not to keep your light shining;
Oh, Christian, be earnest and true!
For a soul on life's ocean may perish—
May sink in the waves—but for you.

No. 167. Jewels.

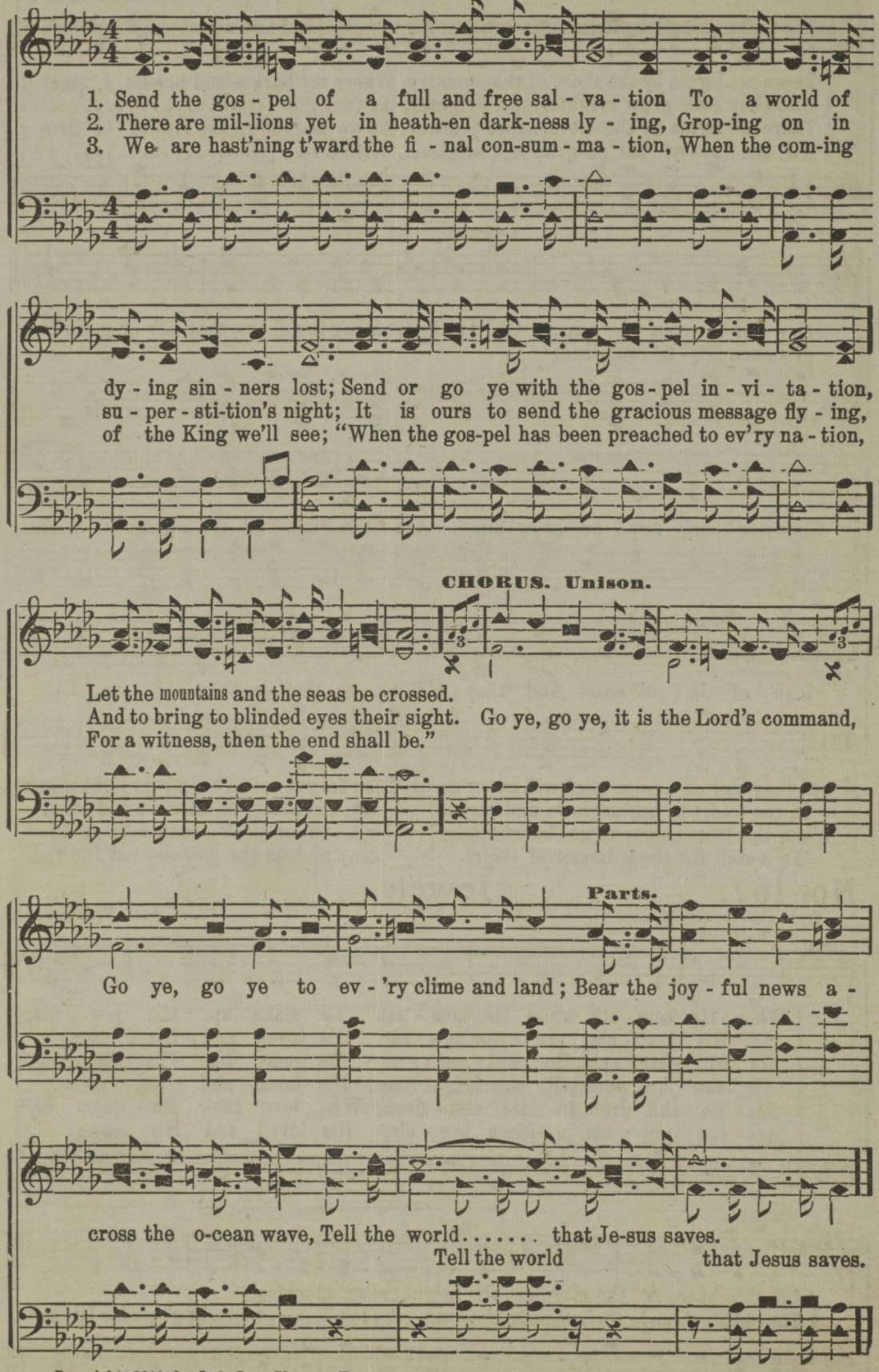
REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.



No. 168. Go Ye.

MRS. C. H. M. (MARK 16: 15.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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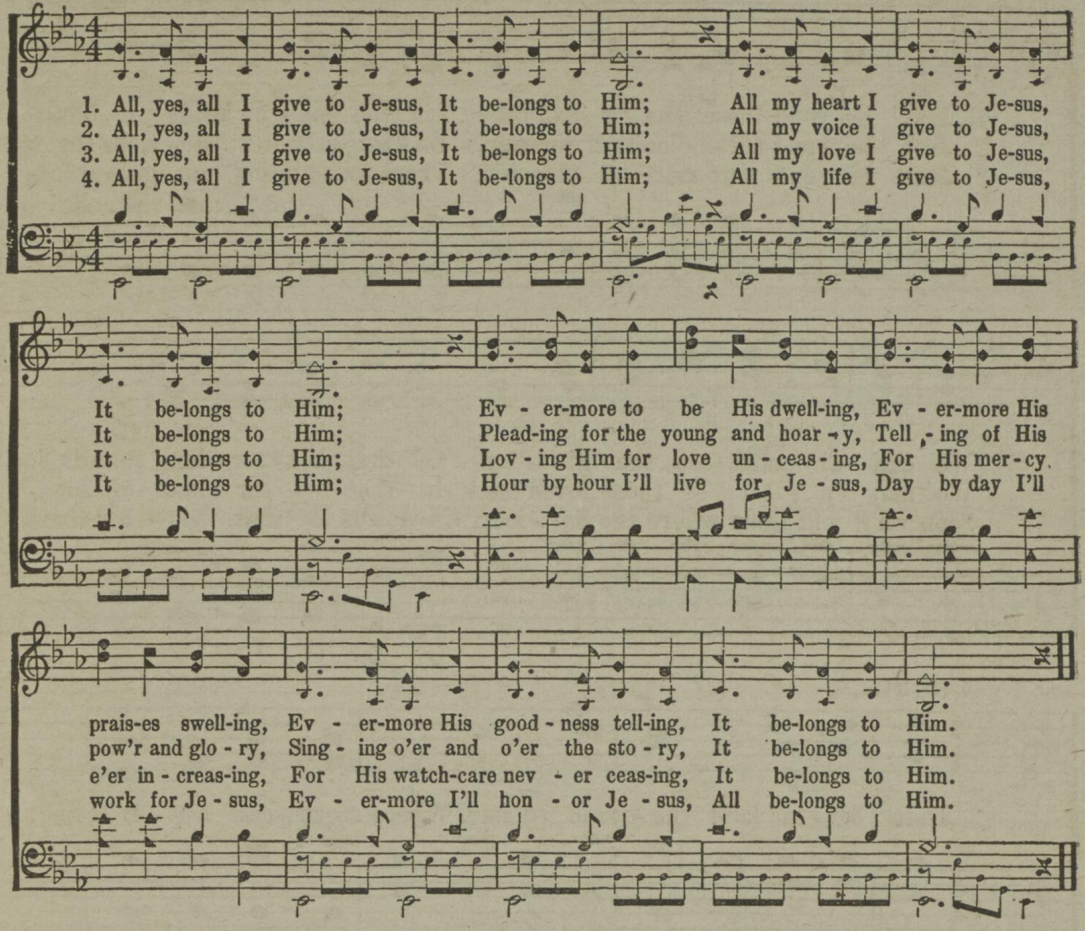
No. 169. All for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

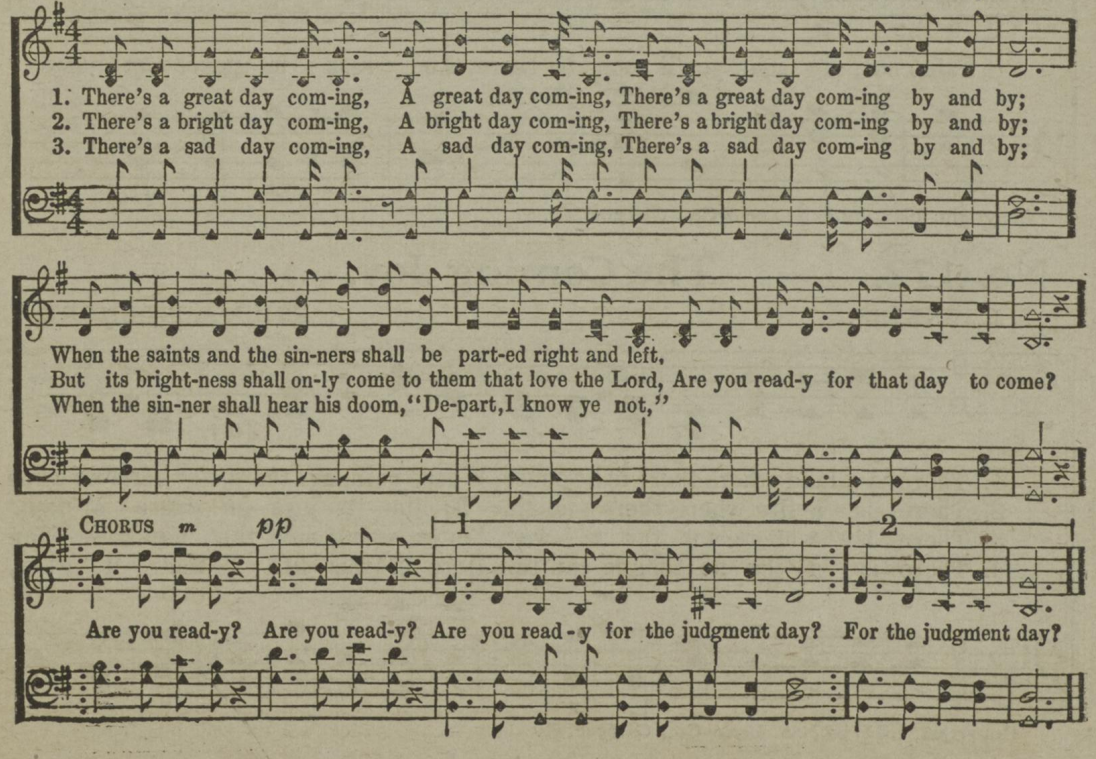
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.



No. 170. There's a Great Day Coming.

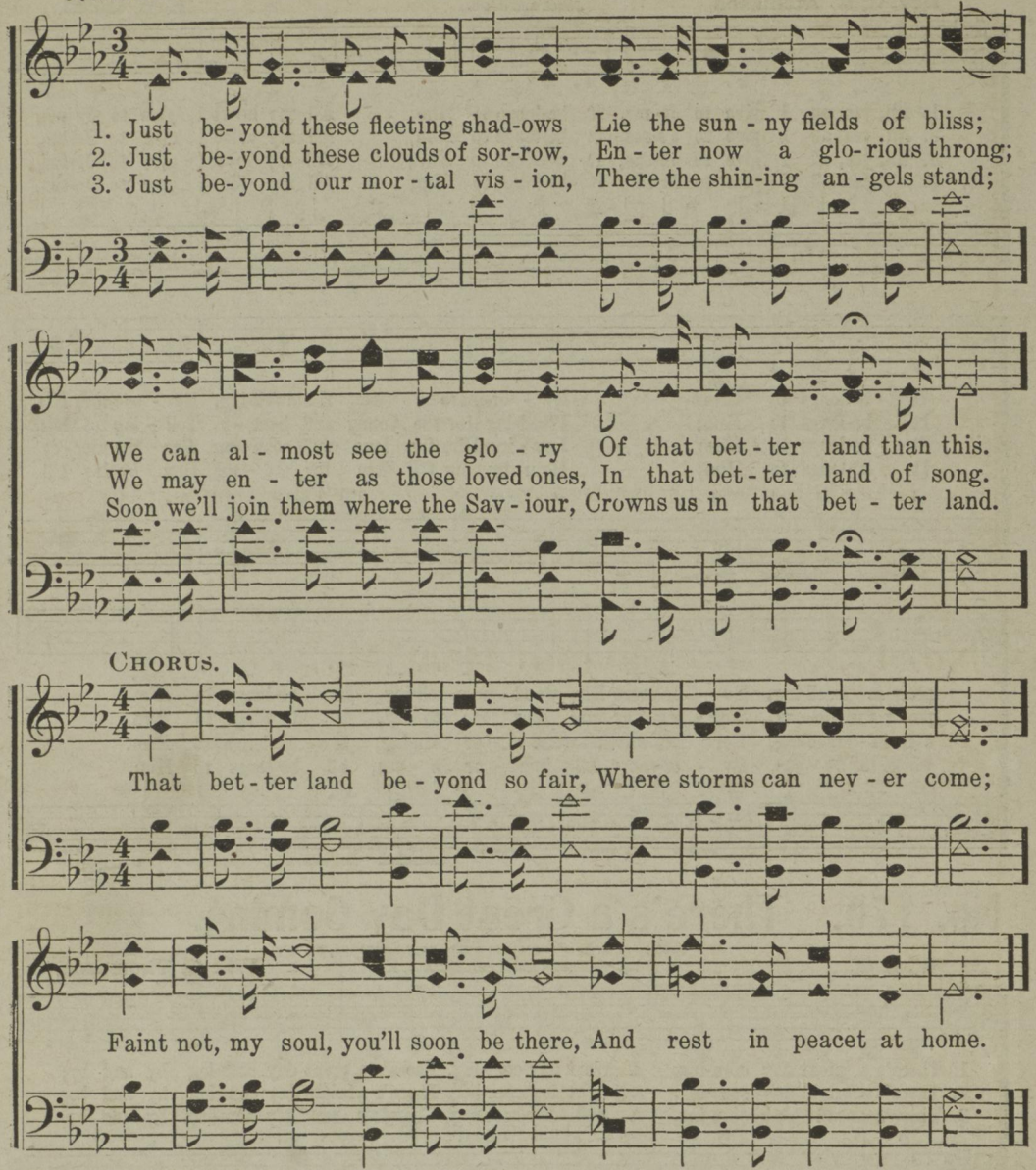
USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.



No. 171. Just Beyond.

J. R. B. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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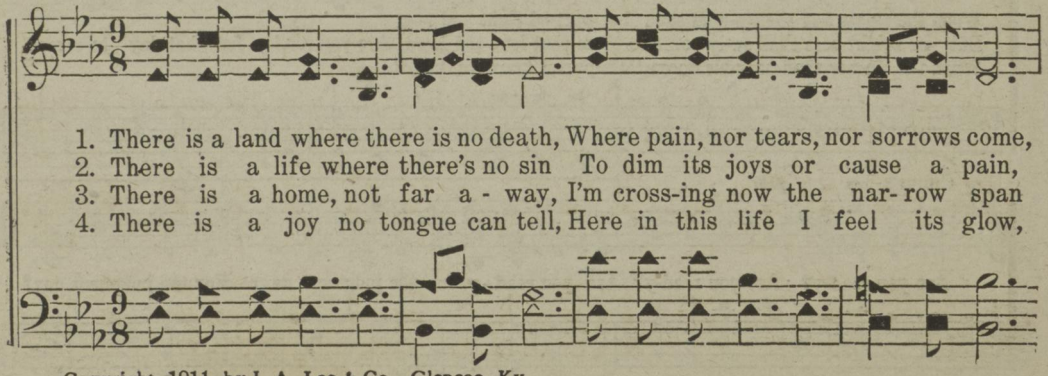
No. 172. The Coming Joy.

T. J. JENKINS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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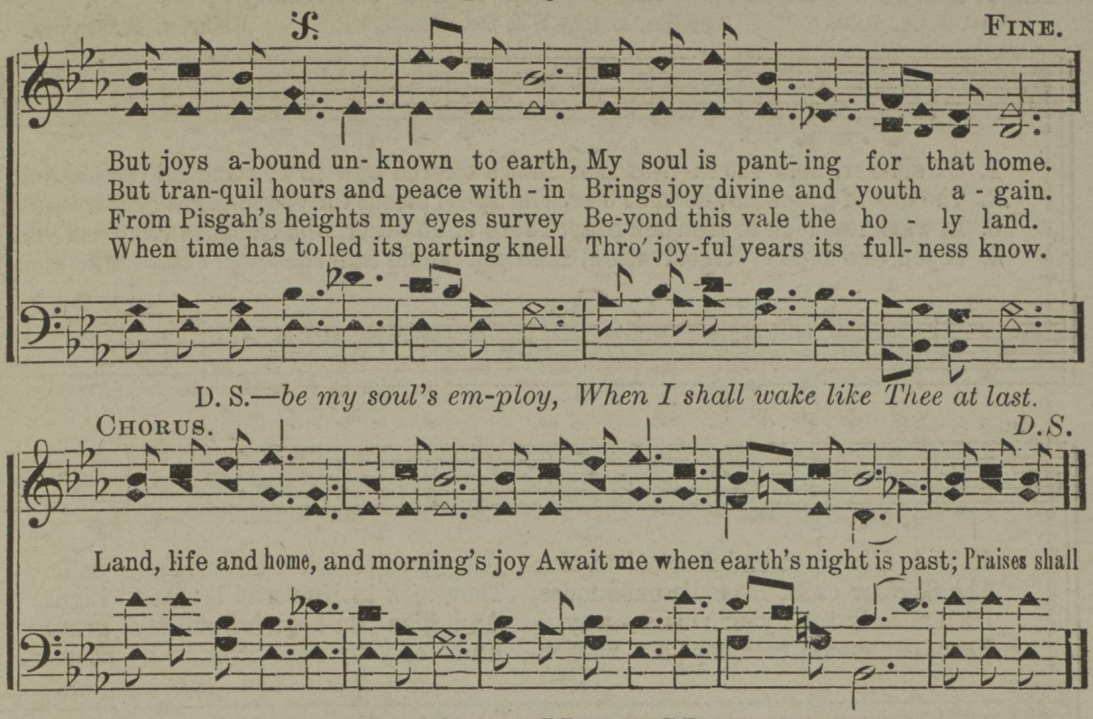
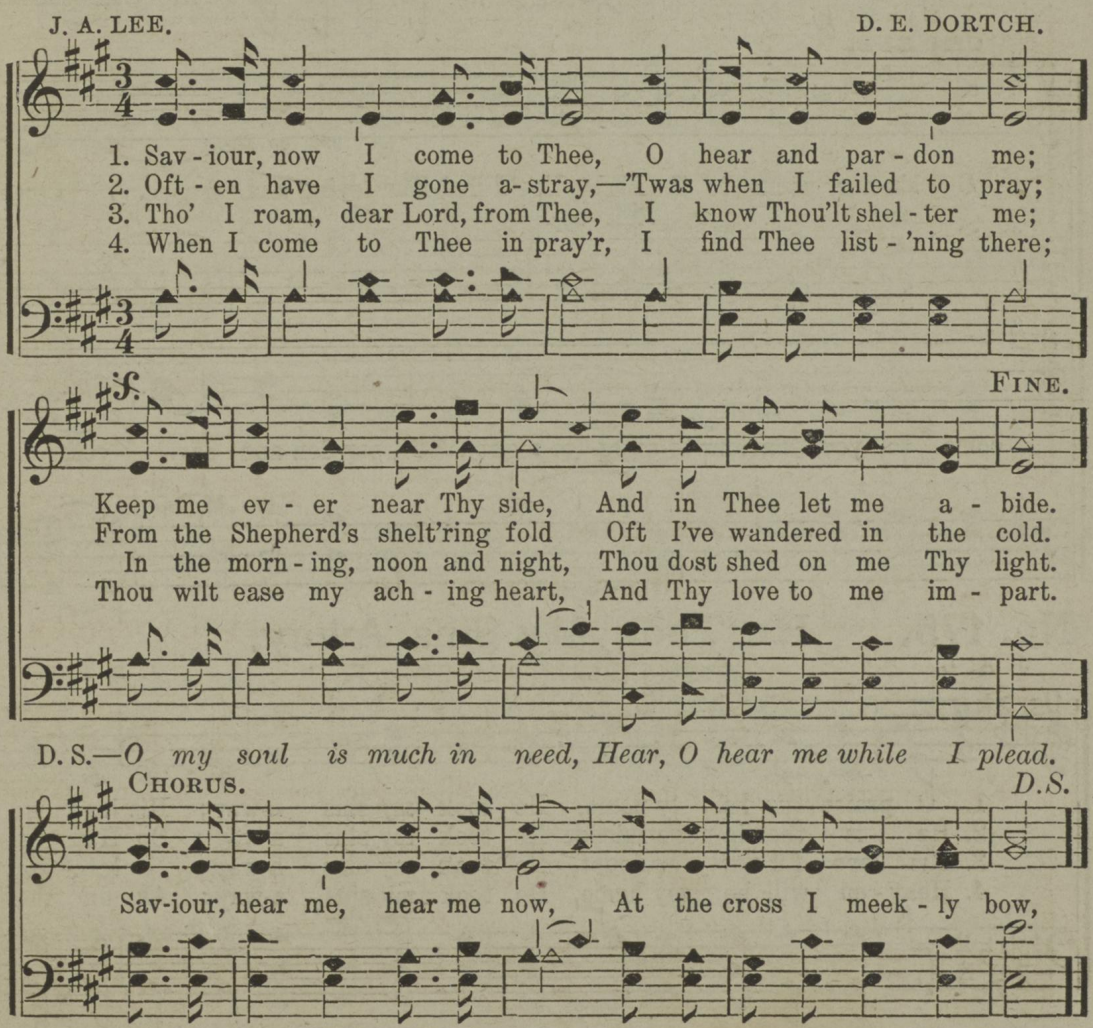
The Coming Joy. Concluded.



No. 173. Saviour Hear Me.



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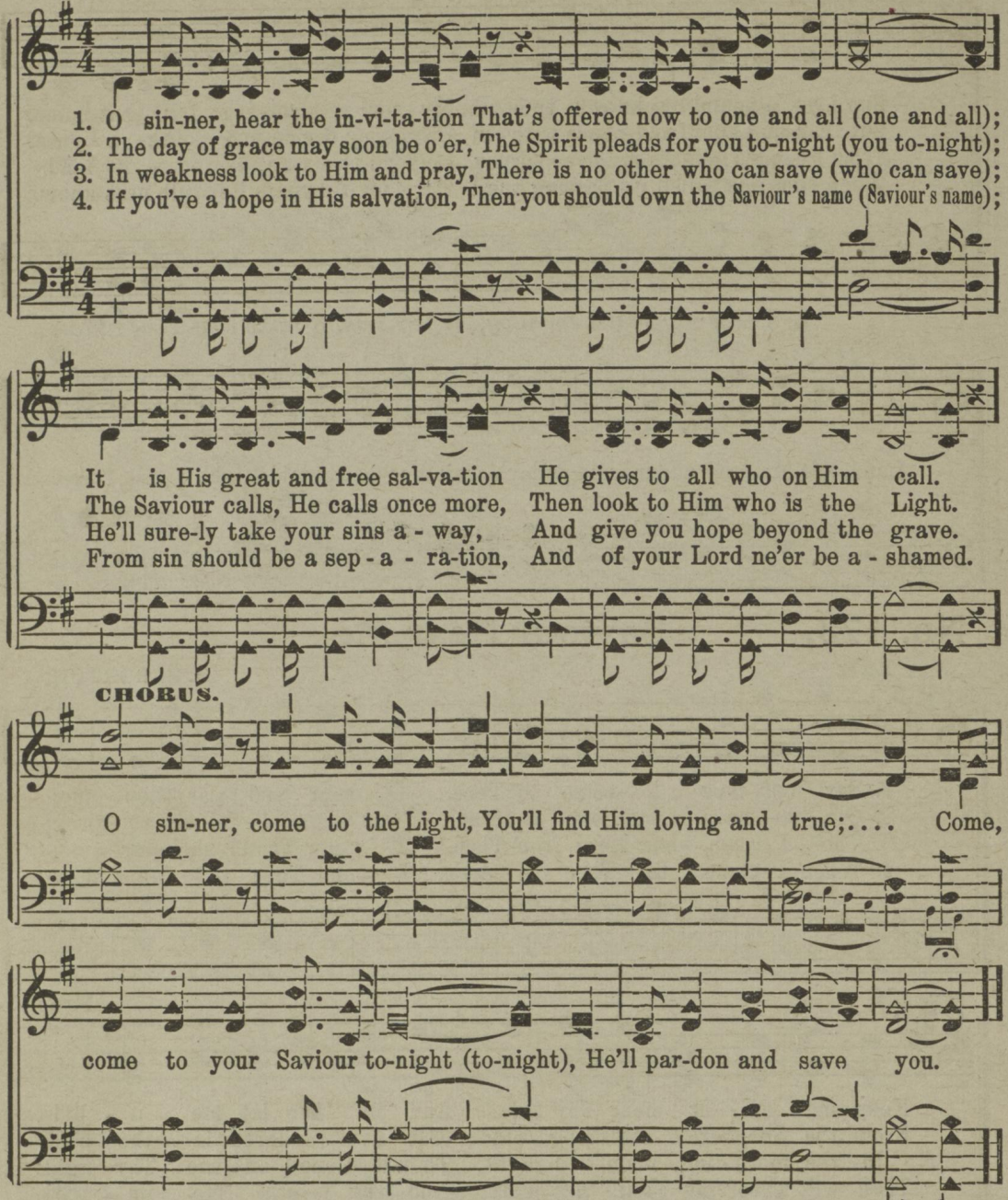
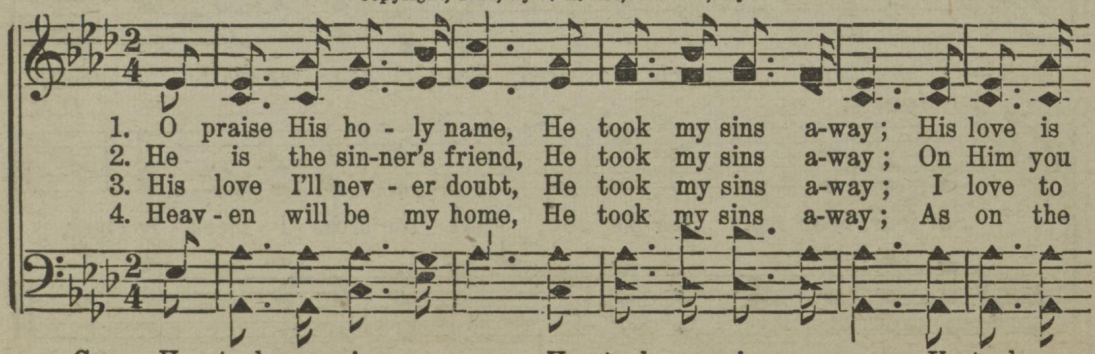
No. 174. O Sinner, Hear the Invitation.

REV. J. A. LEE. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

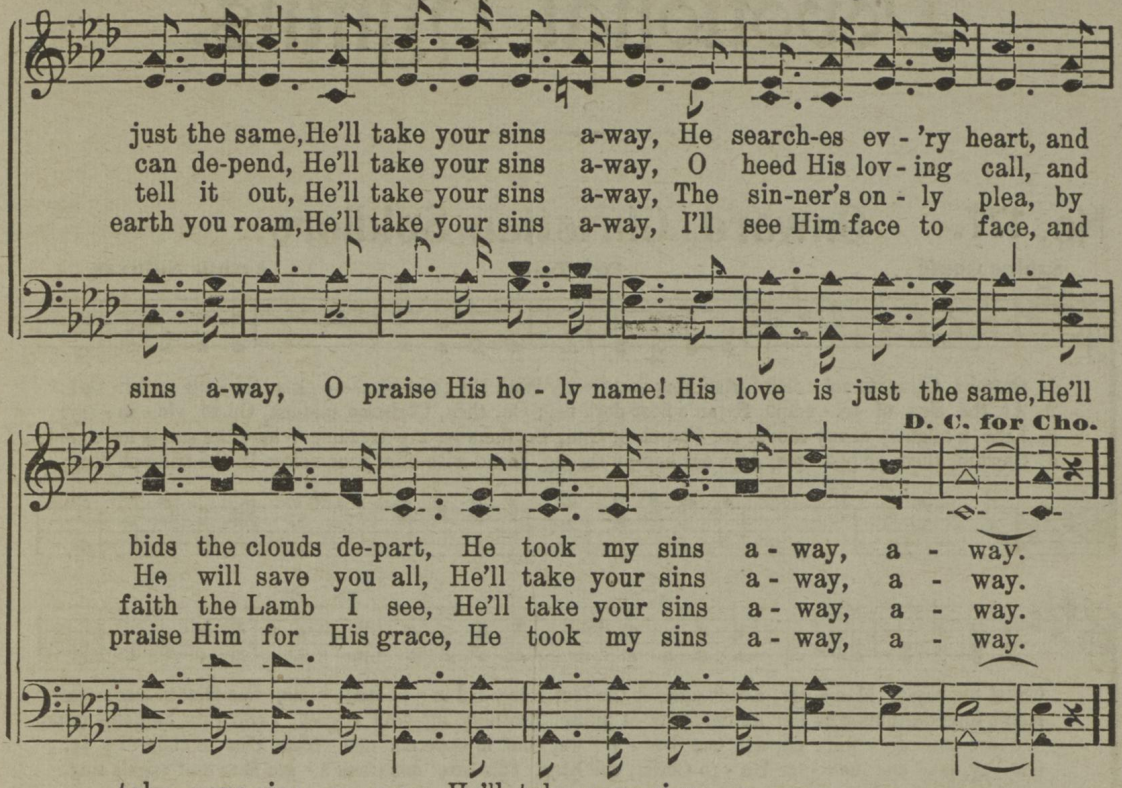


No. 175. He Took My Sins Away.

J. A. L. Copyright, 1911, by J. A. Lee, Glencoe, Ky. J. A. LEE.

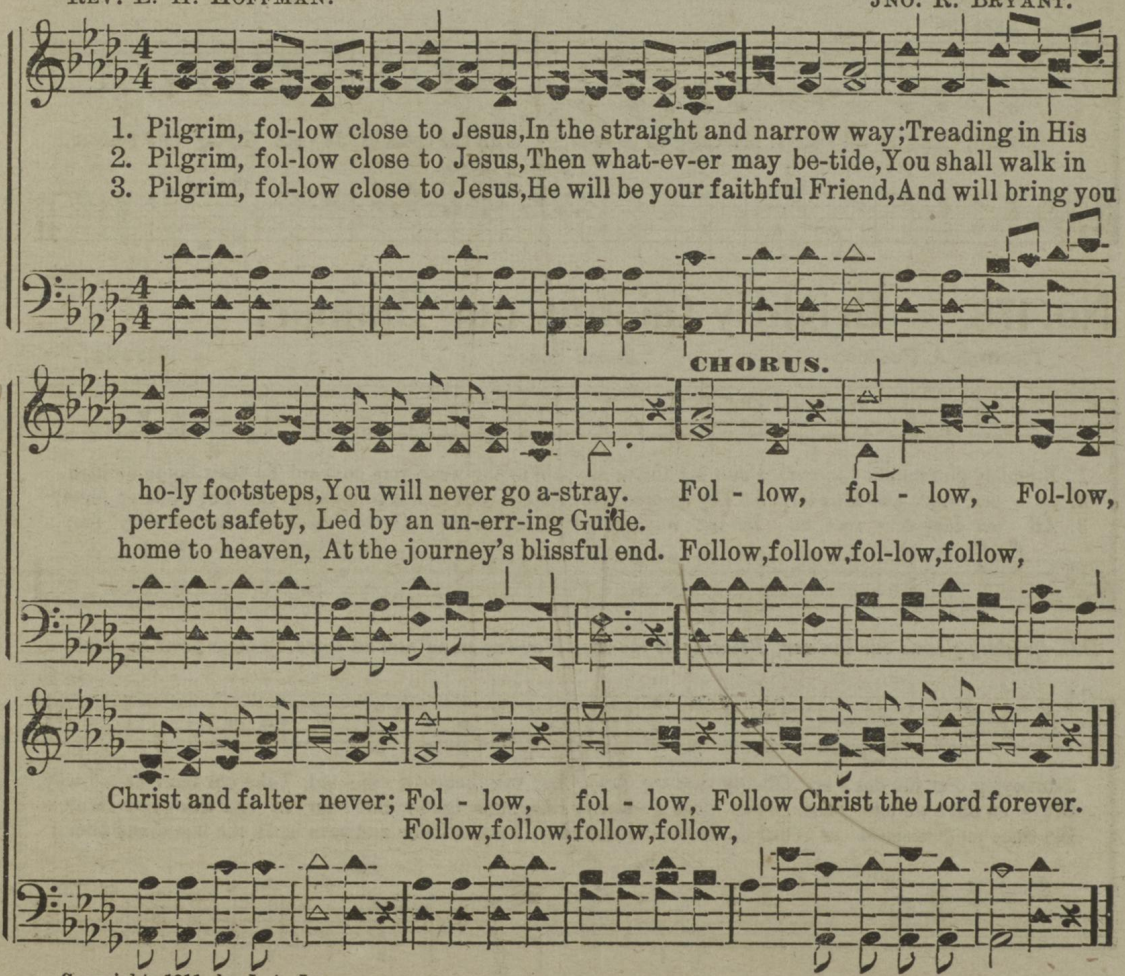


He Took My Sins Away.



No. 176. Follow Close to Jesus.

REV. E. H. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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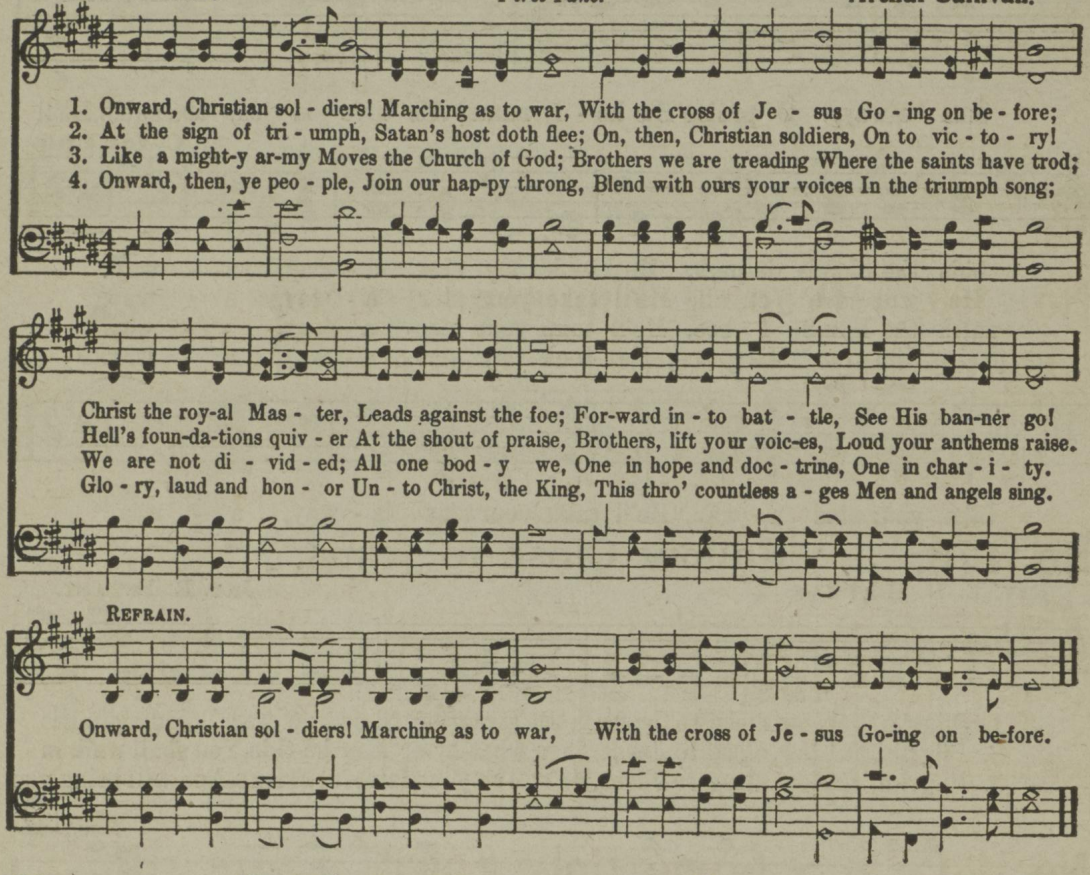
Devotional Hymns.

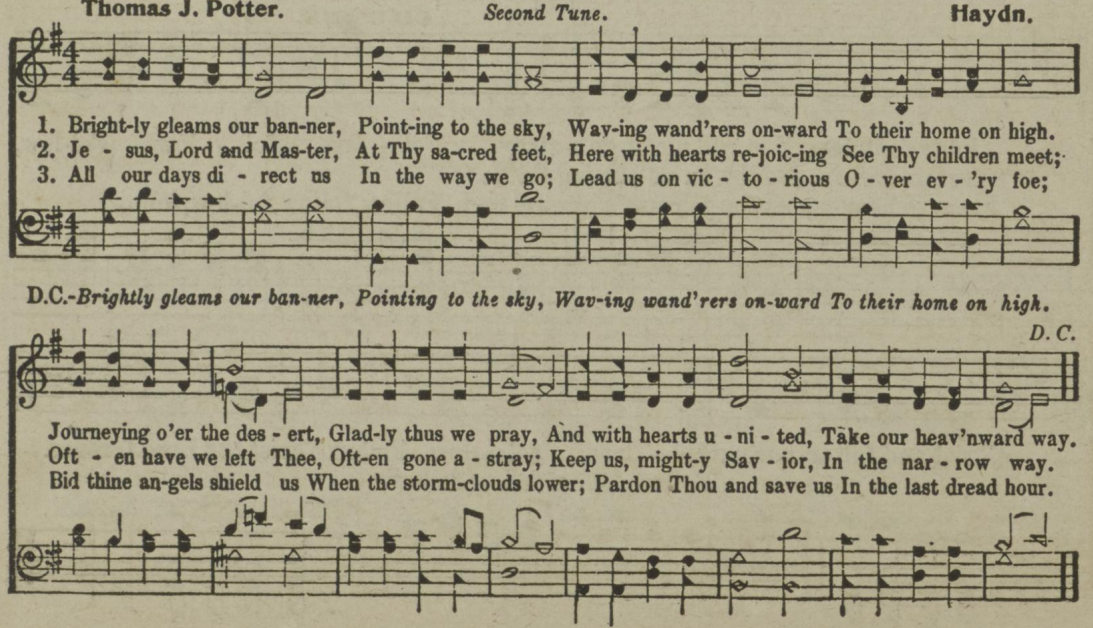
No. 177. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* **Arthur Sullivan.**



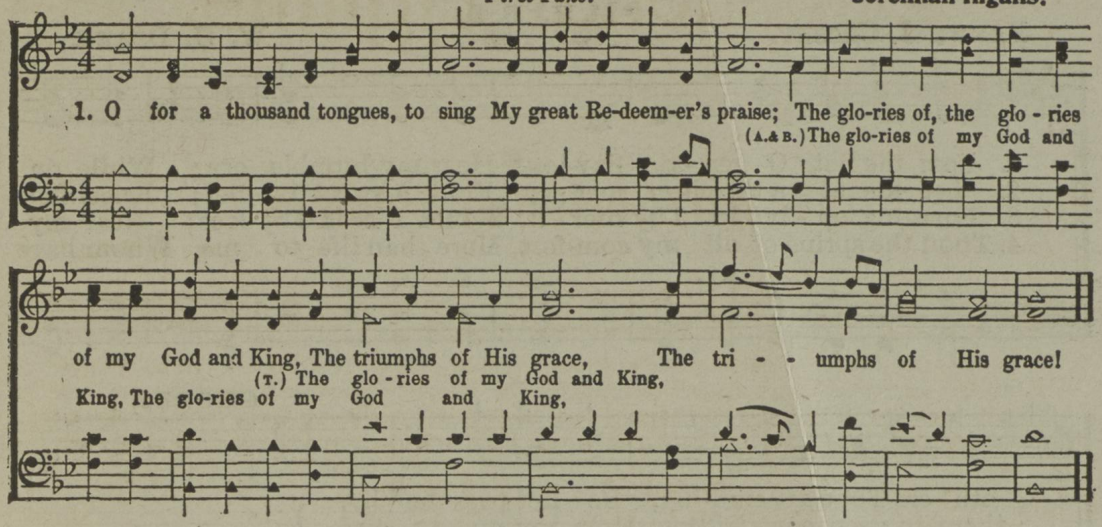
No. 178. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* **Haydn.**



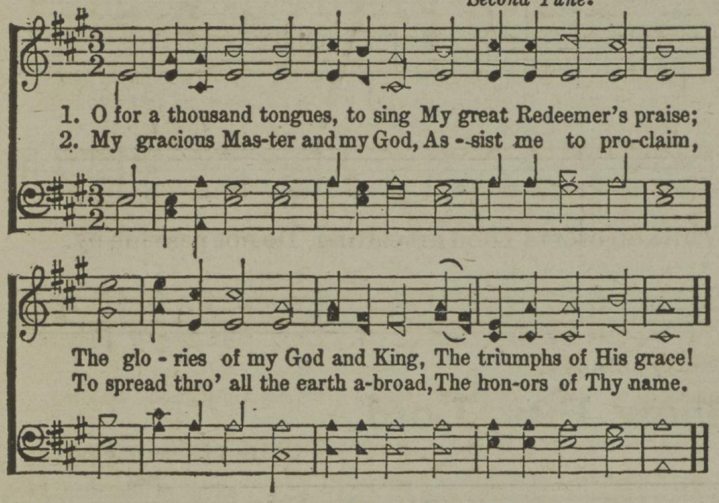
No. 179. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. **Jeremiah Ingalls.**



No. 180. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**



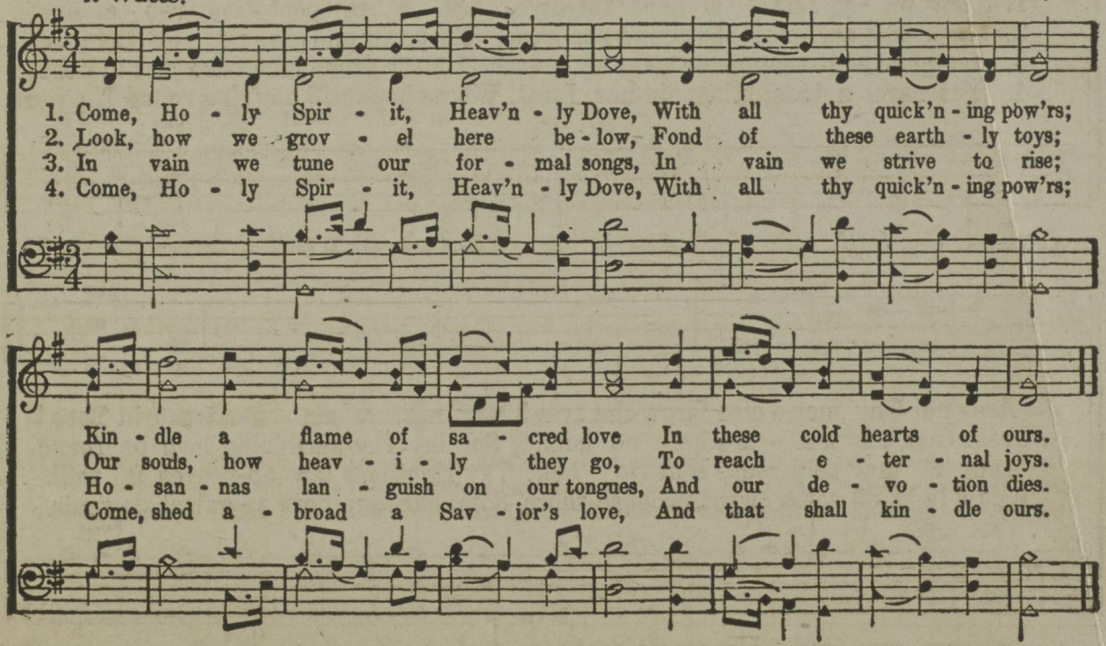
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

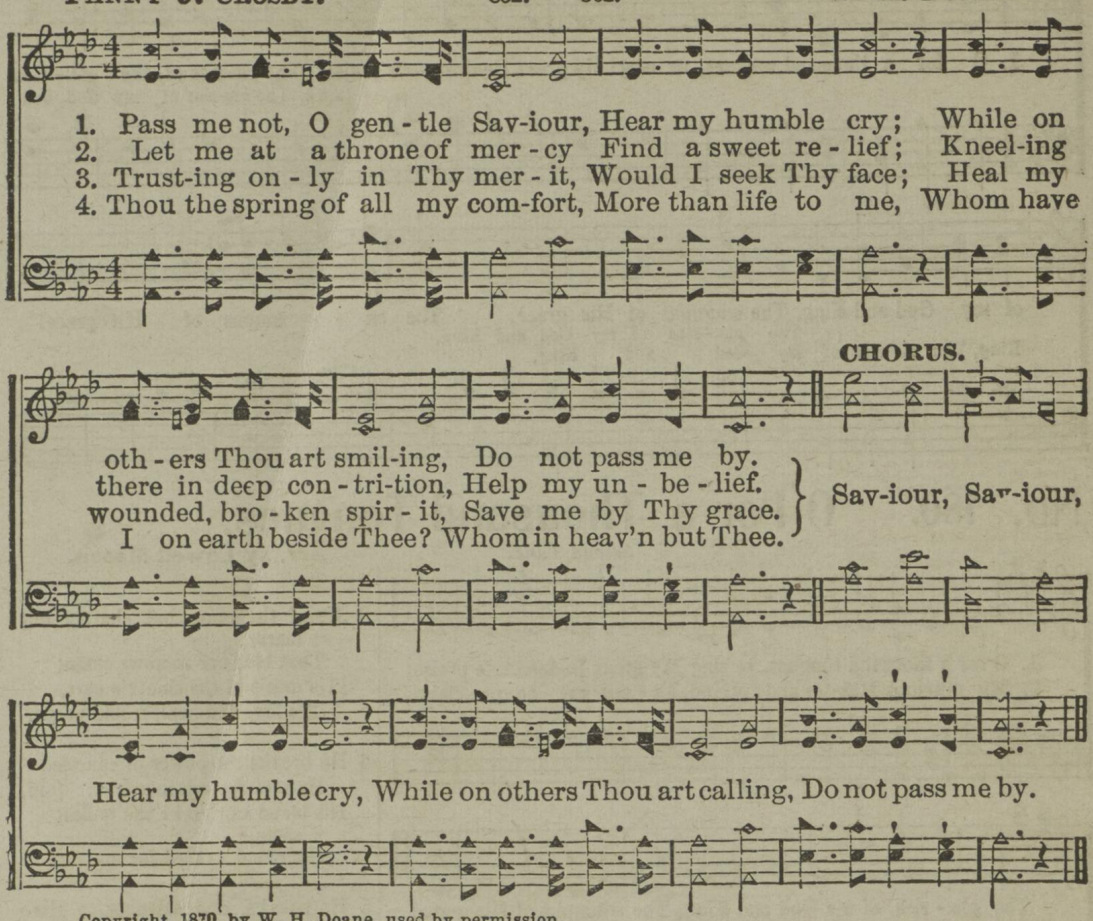
No. 181. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. **Wm. Tansur.**



No. 182 PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *M. H. 852. B. H. 361. W. H. DOANE.



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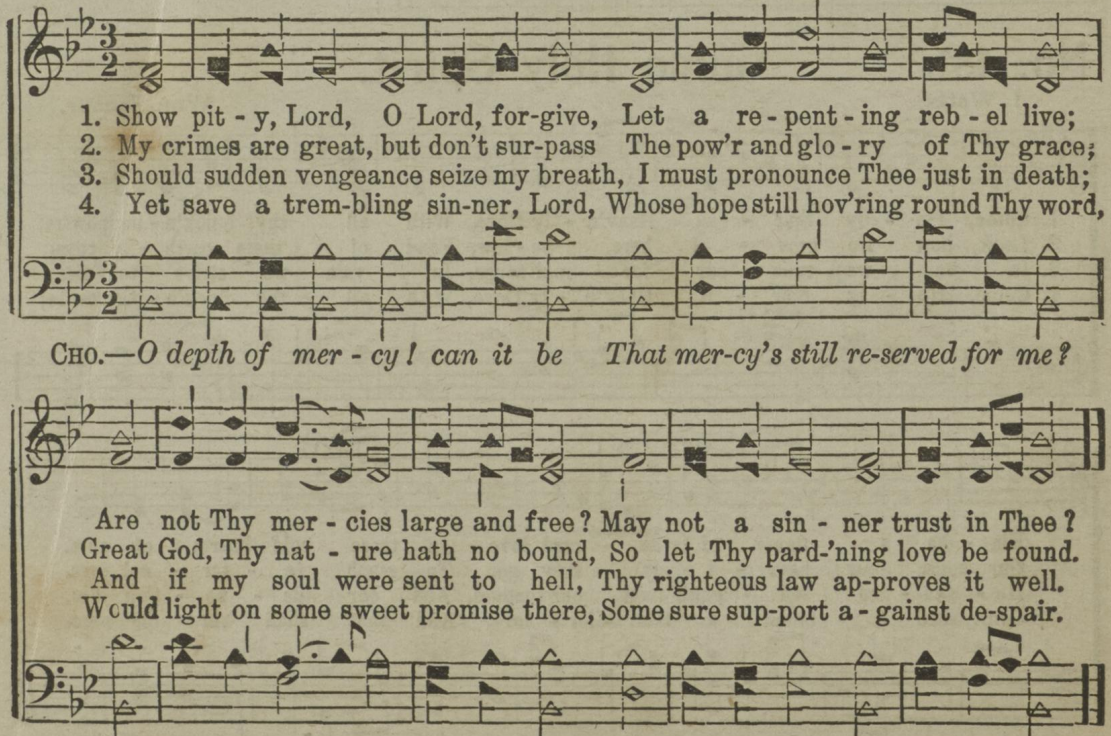
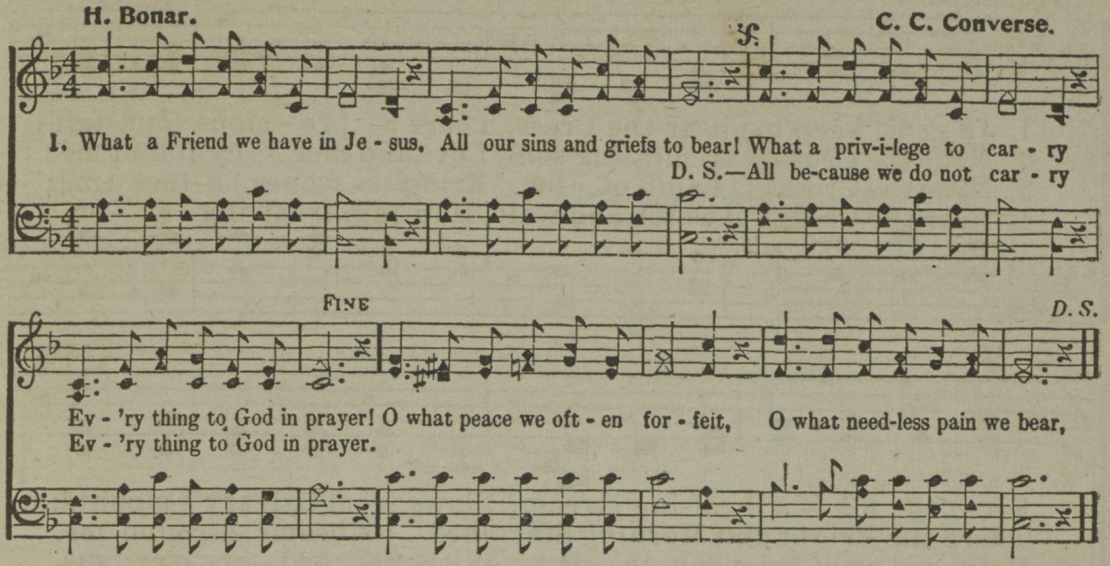
183 Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



No. 184. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



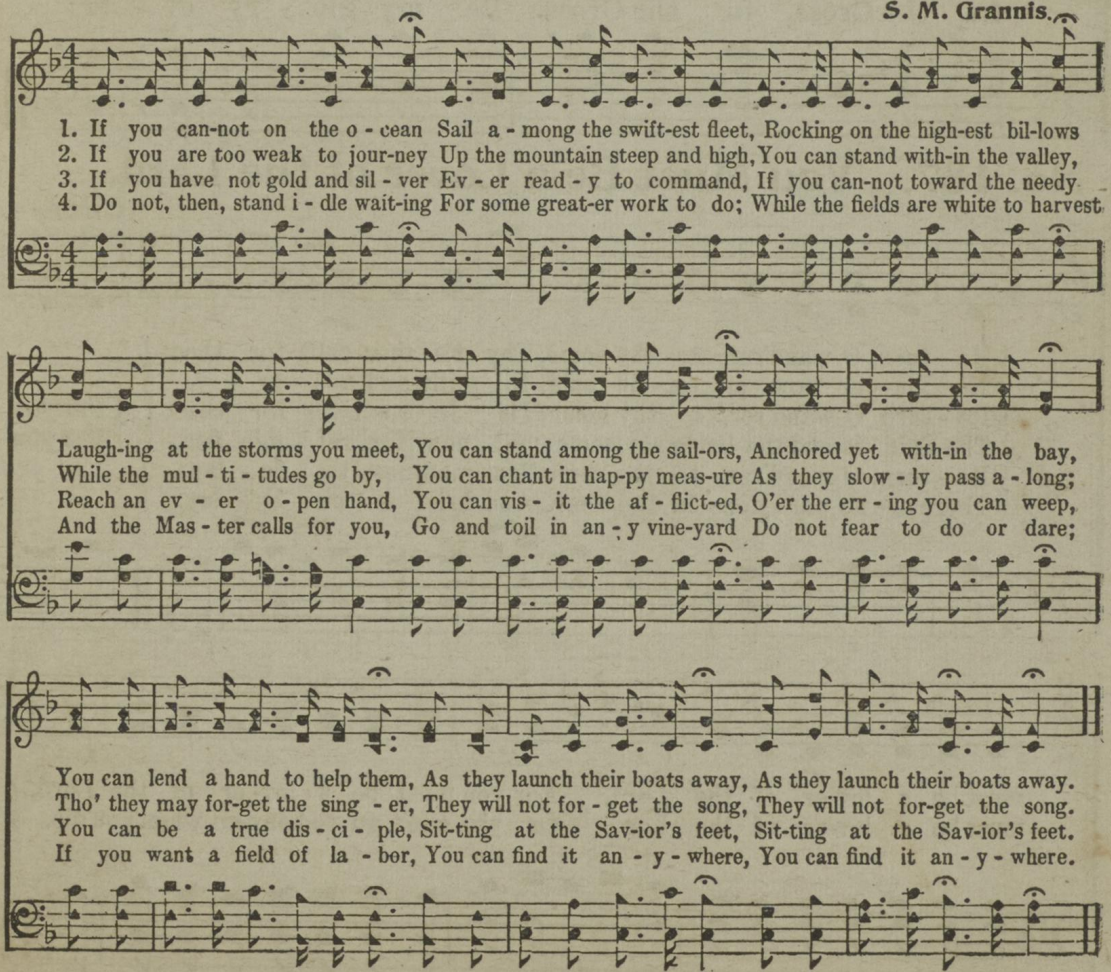
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

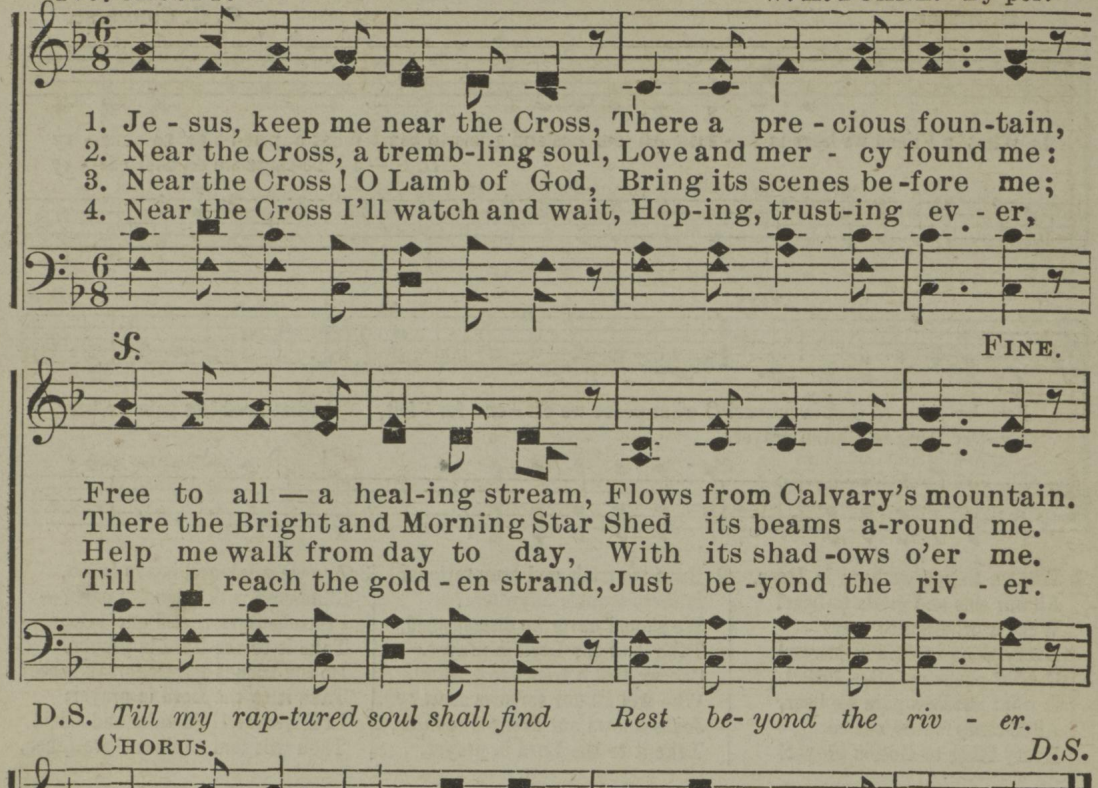
No. 185. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.

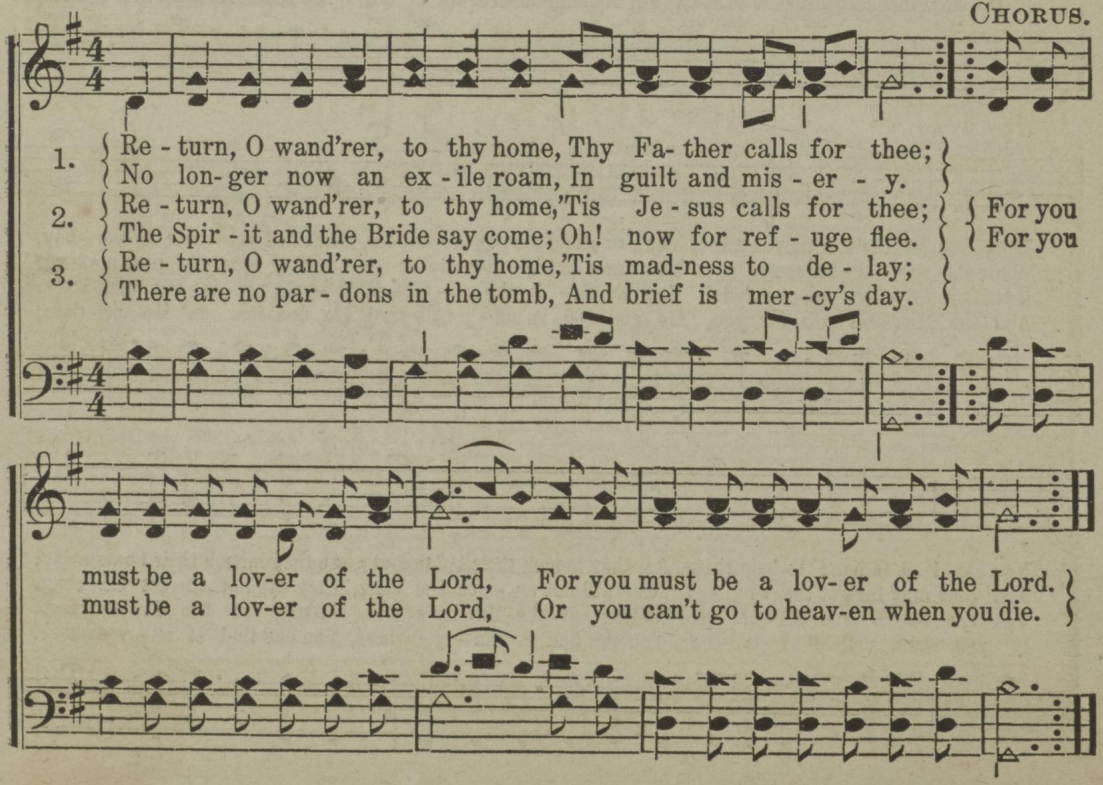


No. 186. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



No. 187. You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.

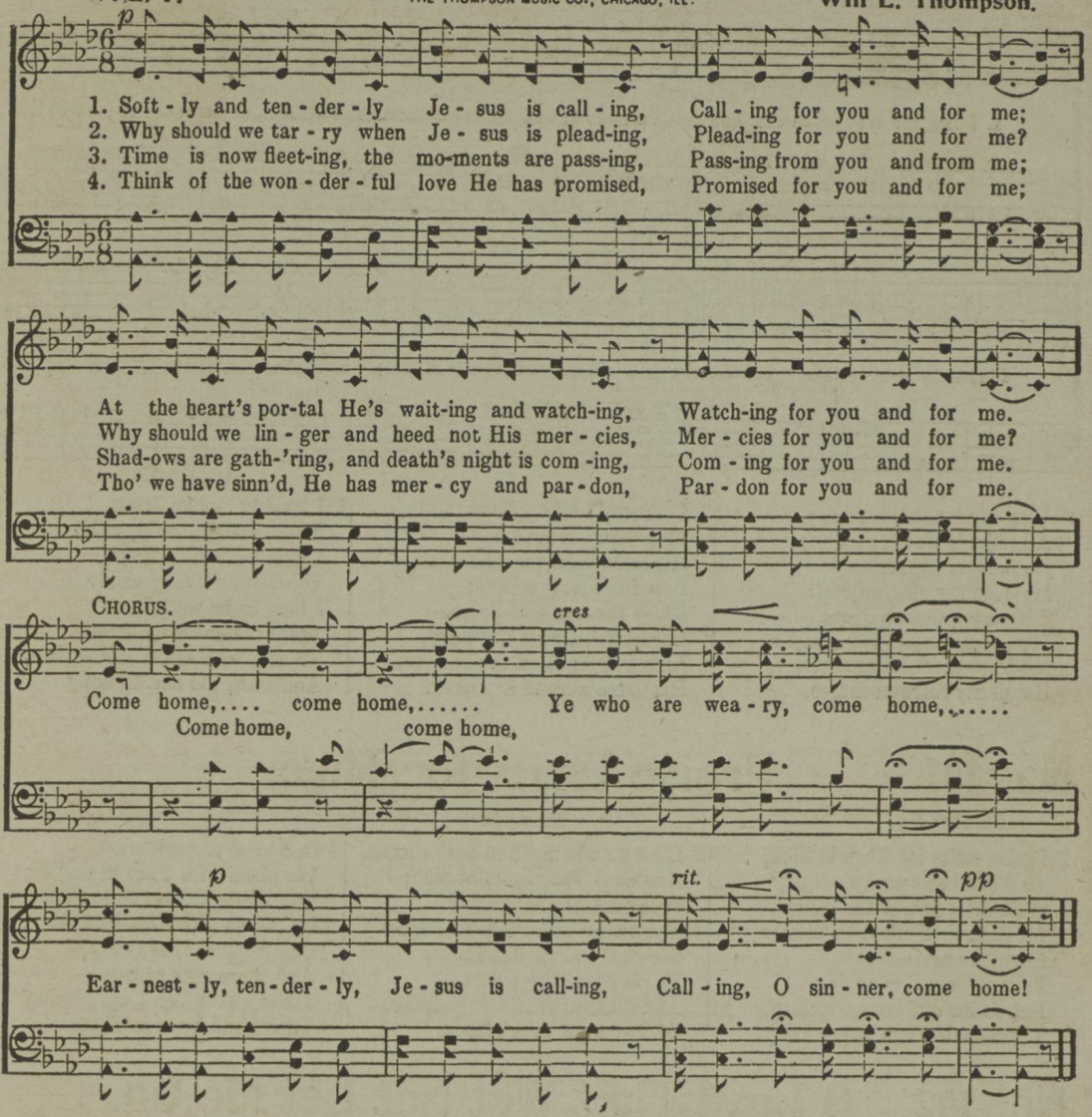


No. 188. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.



No. 189. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie S. Hawks.

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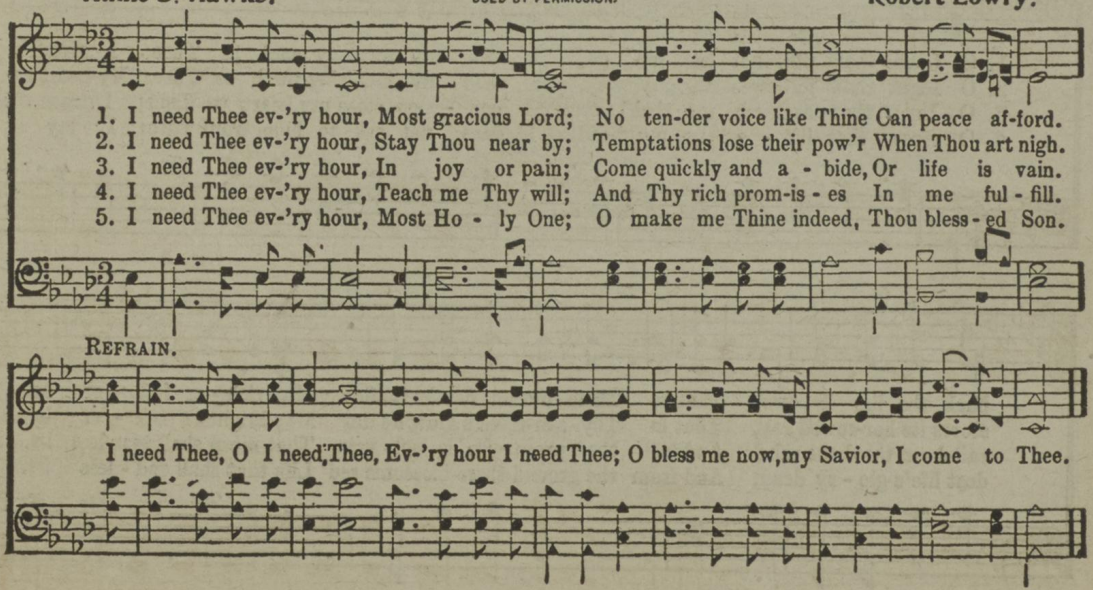
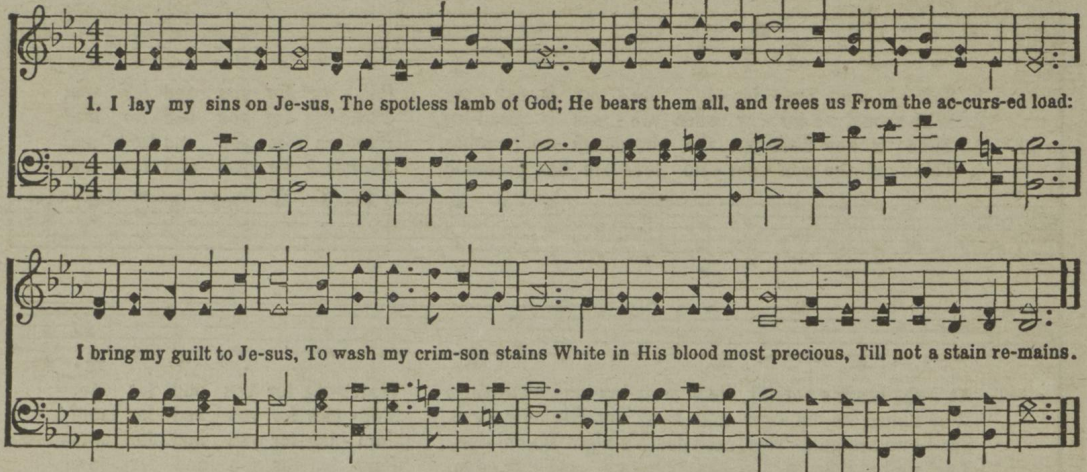
Robert Lowry.



No. 190. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 191. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65. *Tune above.*

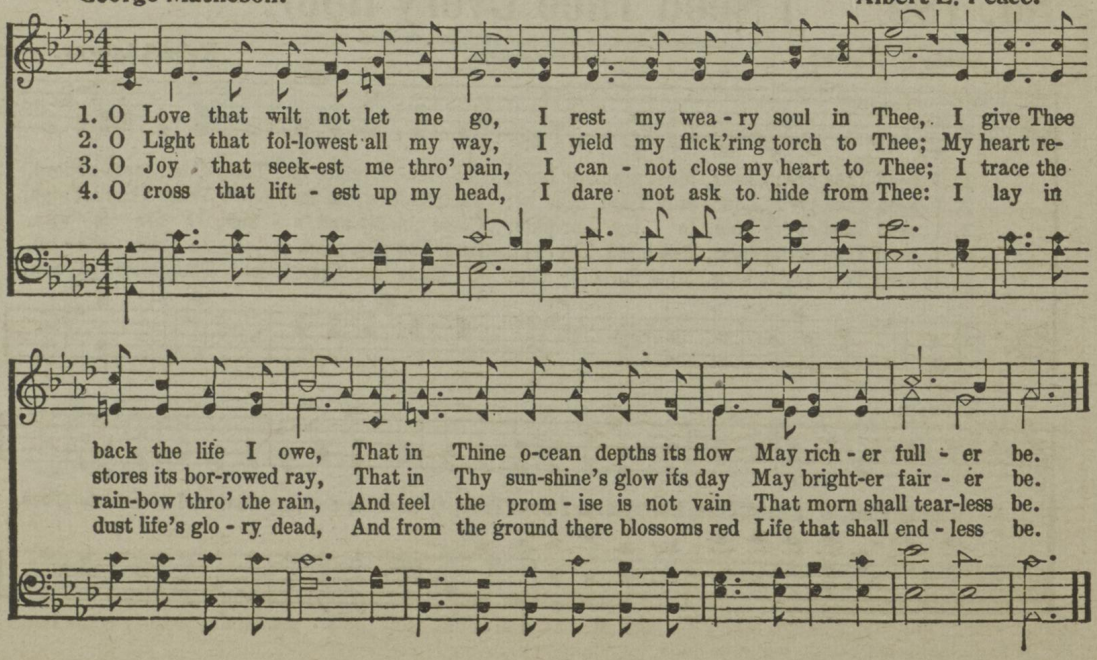
1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

No. 192. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.



No. 193. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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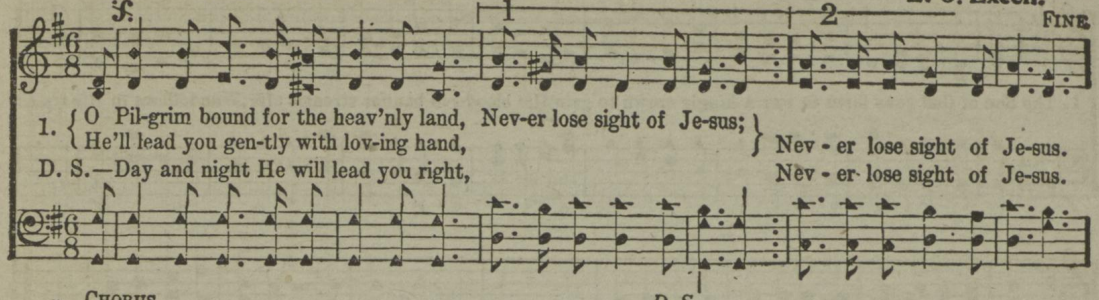
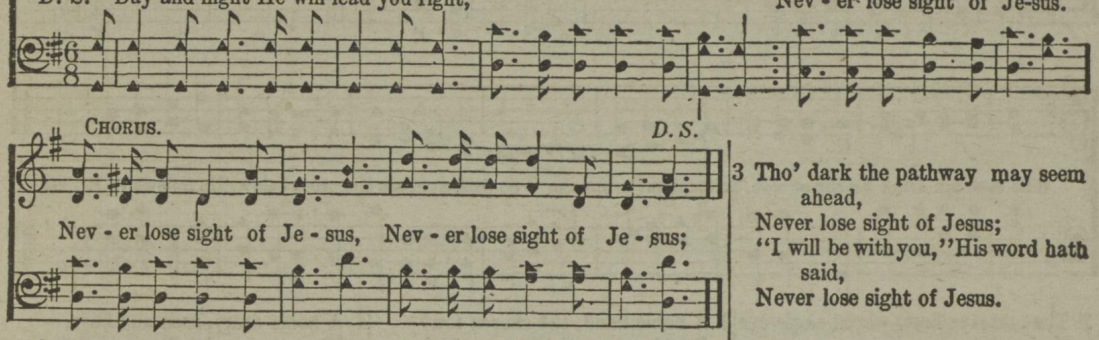
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. { O Pil-grim bound for the heav'nly land, Nev-er lose sight of Je-sus; / He'll lead you gen-tly with lov-ing hand, } Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.
D. S.—Day and night He will lead you right, Nev - er lose sight of Je-sus.



Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus;

1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

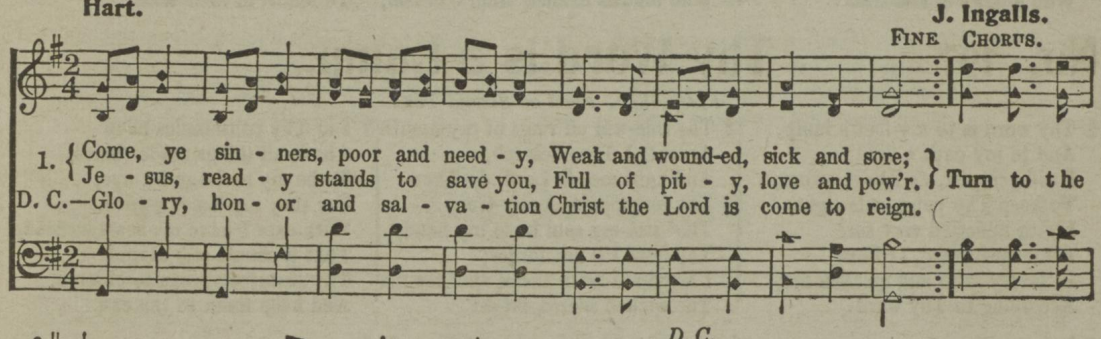
3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

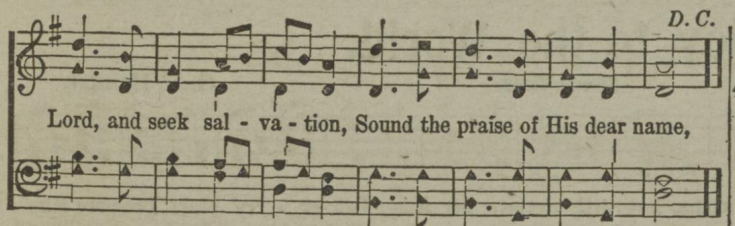
No. 194. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; / Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.



Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

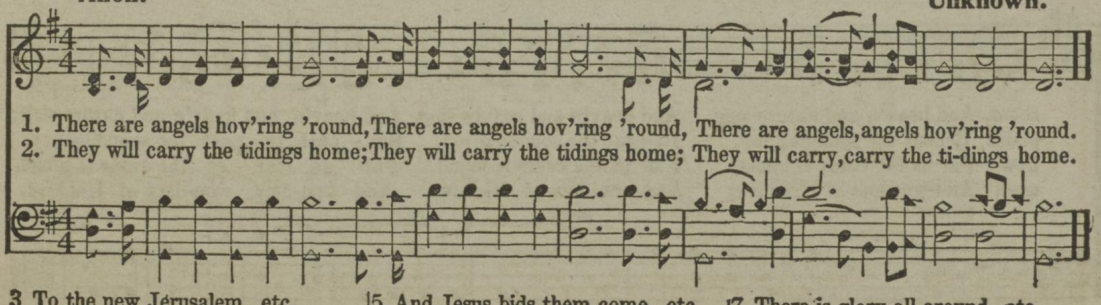
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 195. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon.

Unknown.

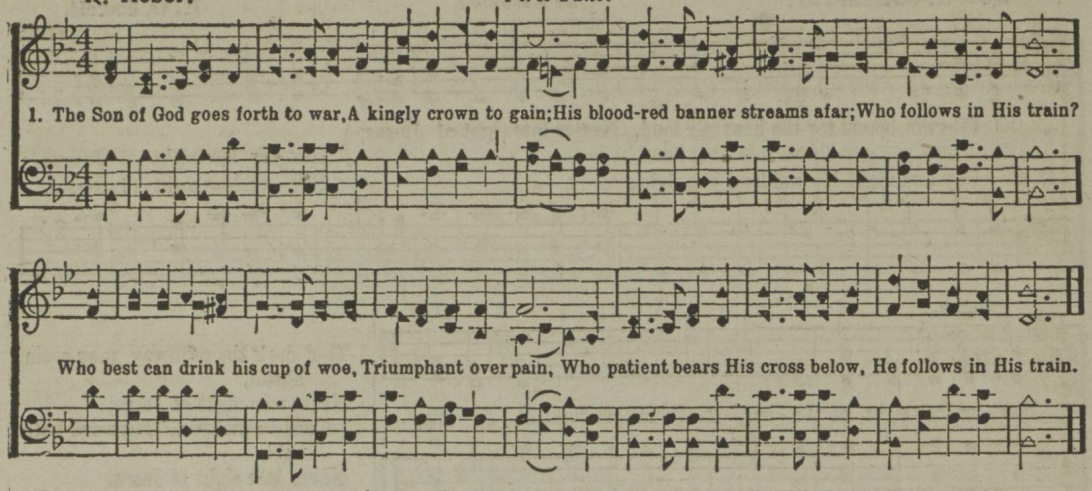


1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 196. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 197 Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

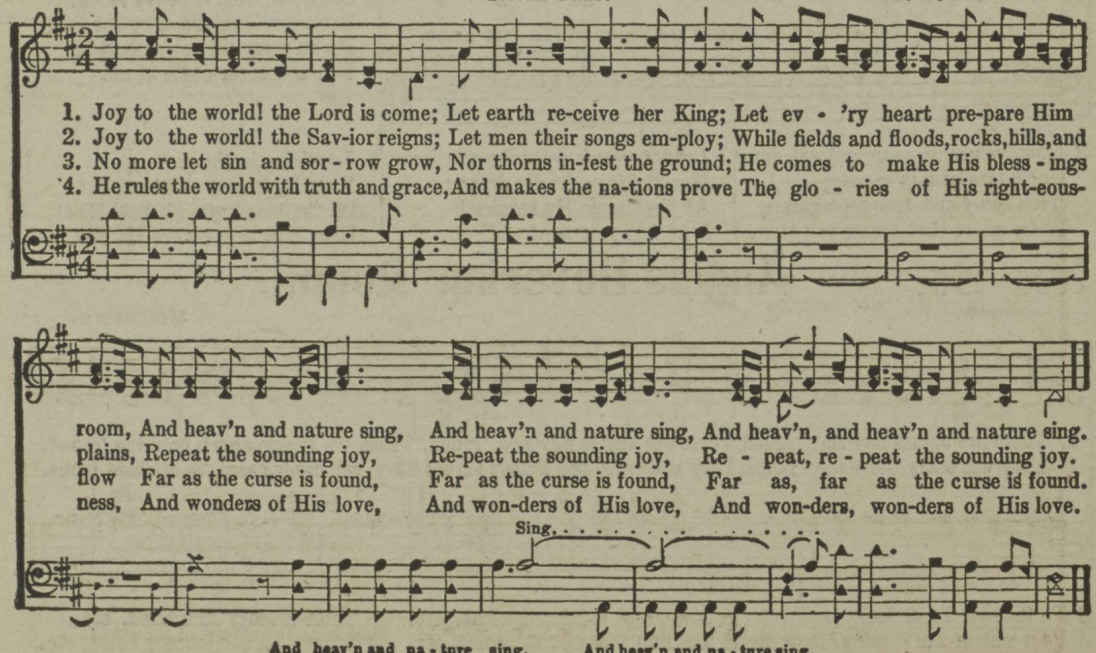
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

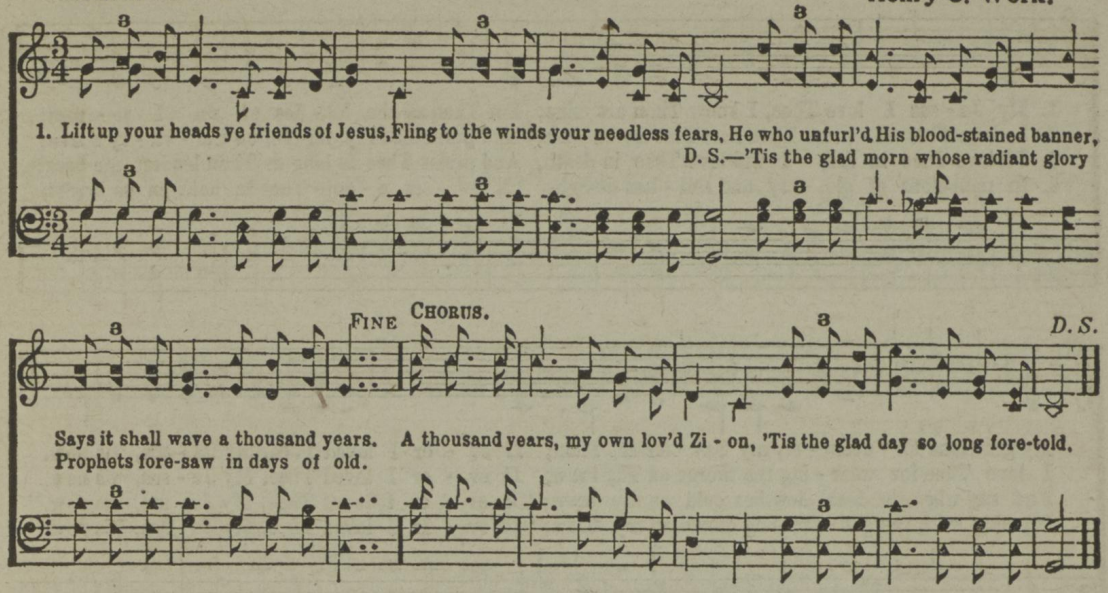
No 198. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 199. A Thousand Years

H. C. W. alt. Henry C. Work.



2 What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the glad sight when morn appears;
Christ has declared with Him in glory,
We shall all reign a thousand years.

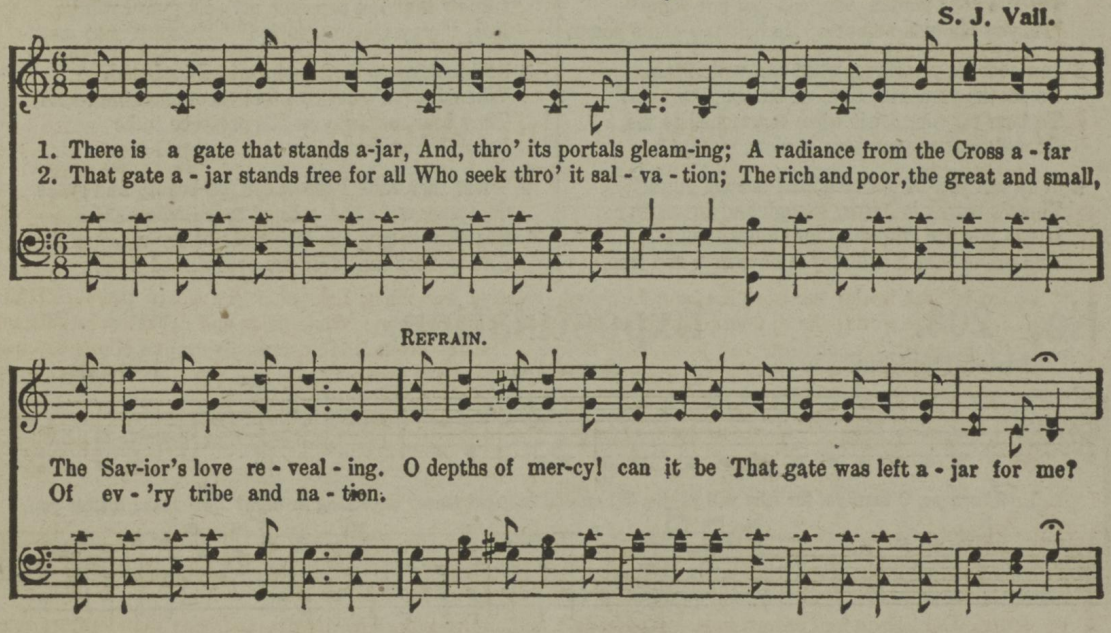
3 Tell the great world these blessed tidings
Yes, and be sure each sinner hears,
Tell the sin-cursed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

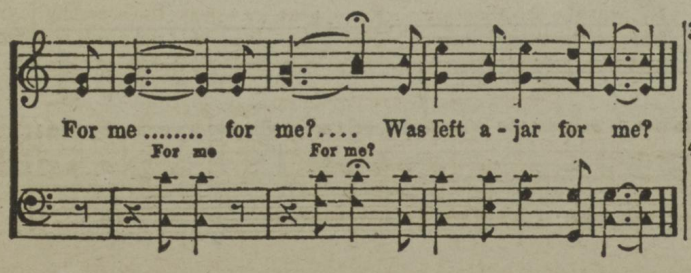
4 Foes all around the wide world over,
Little may heed our prayers and tears,
But the great King our blessed Savior,
Says we shall reign a thousand years.

5 A thousand years, bright reign of glory
Only the dawn when day appears,
Only the dawn of the reign unending,
Each of it stays a thousand years.

No. 200. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.



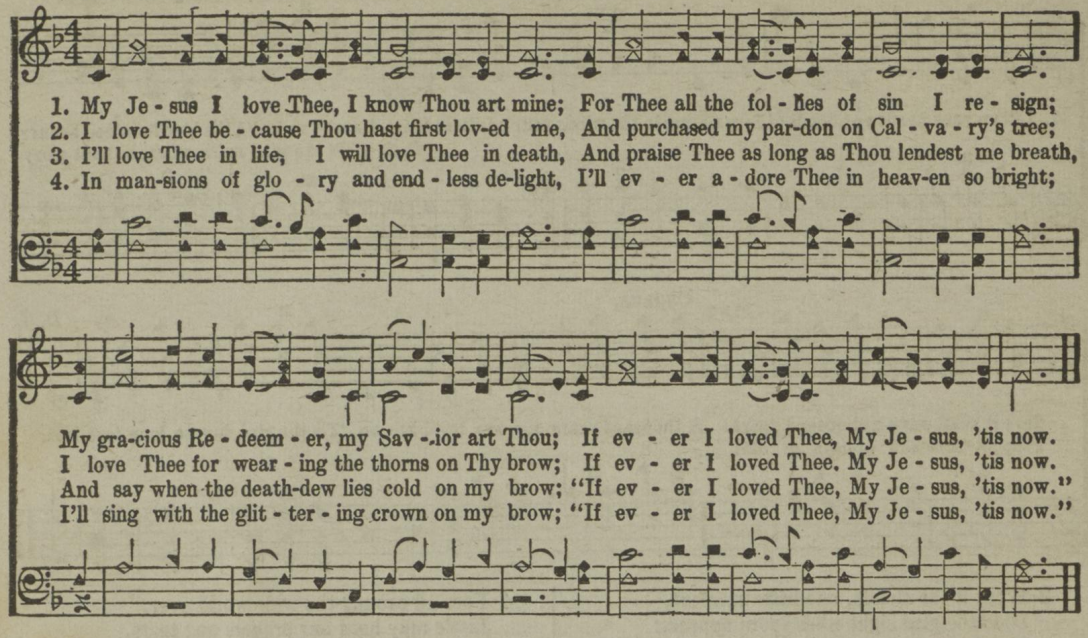


3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 201. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.



No. 202. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 203. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

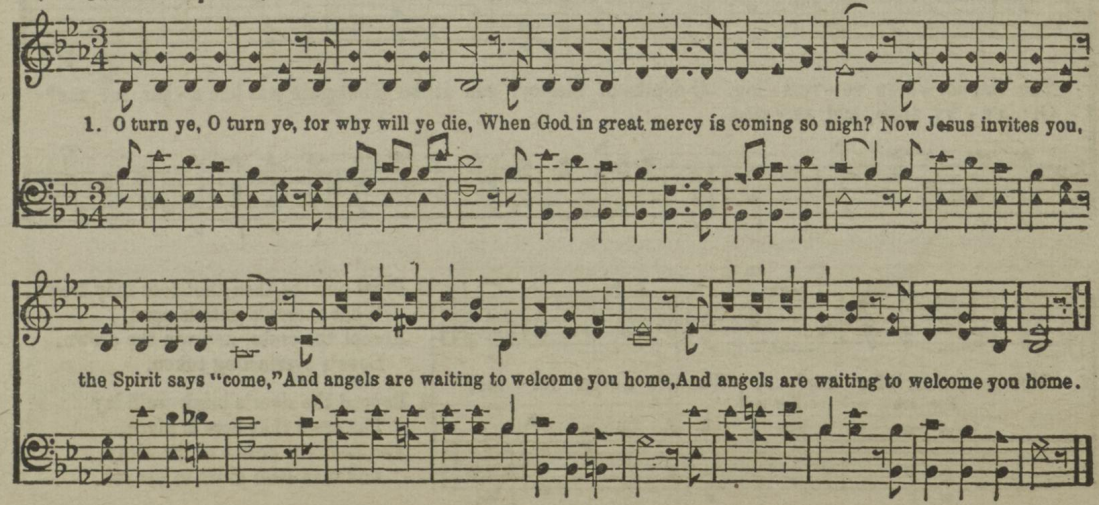
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

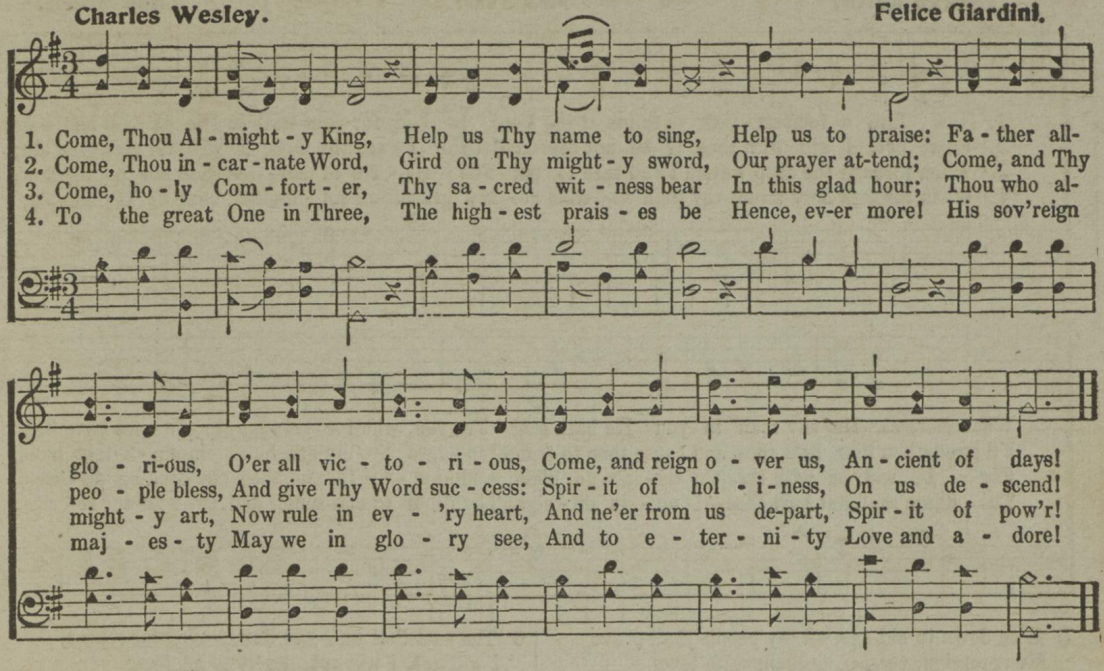
No. 204. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.



No. 205. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 206. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 207. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

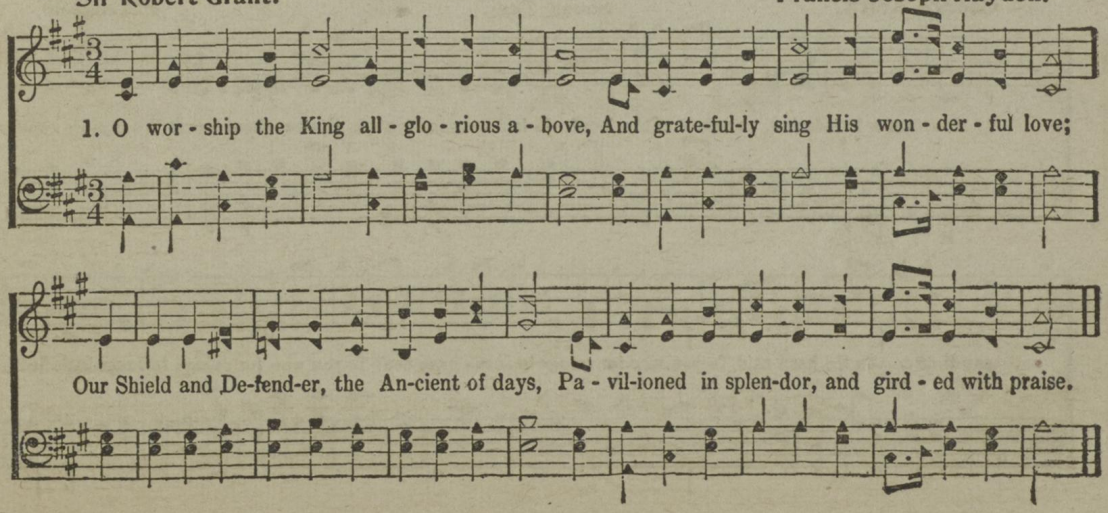
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

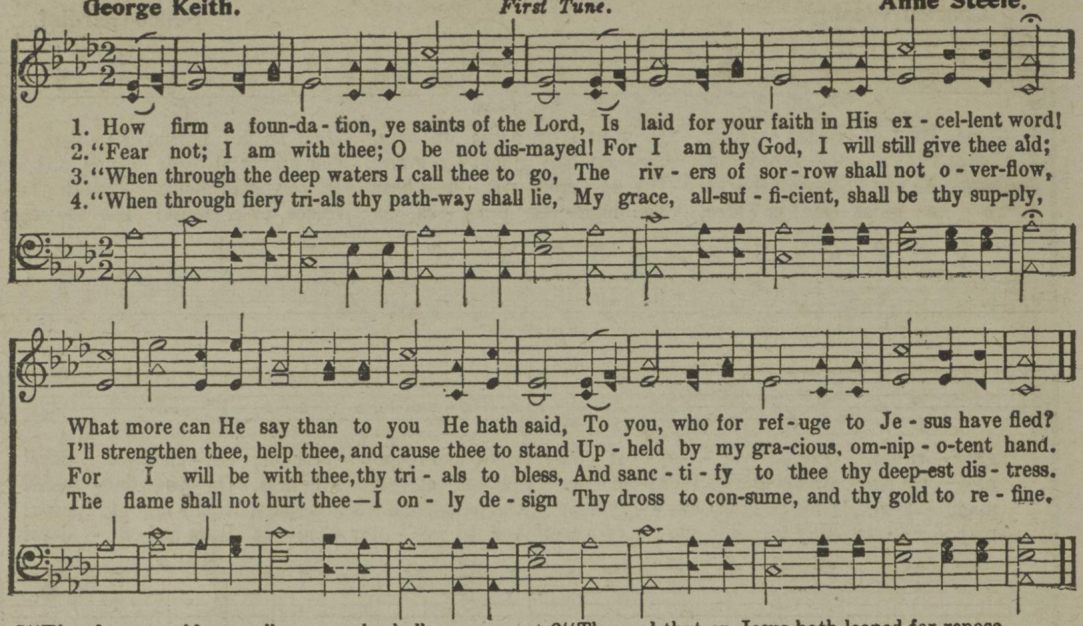
No. 208. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 209. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 210. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 211. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

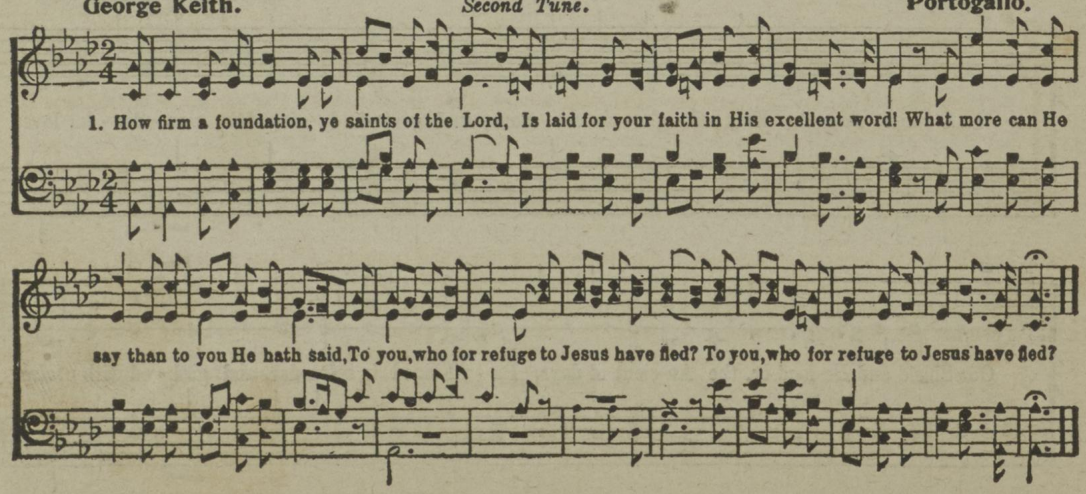
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

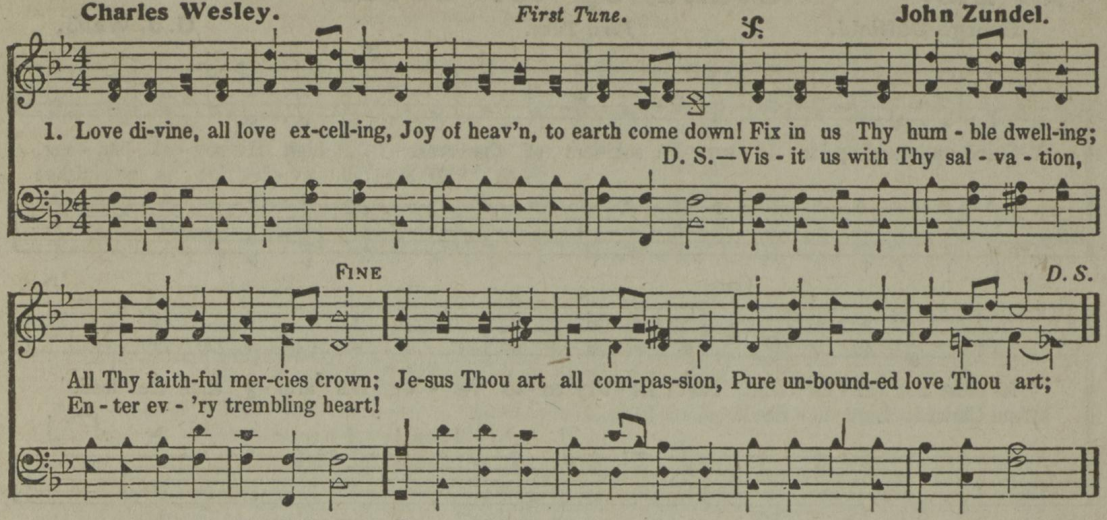
No. 212. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 213. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 214. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

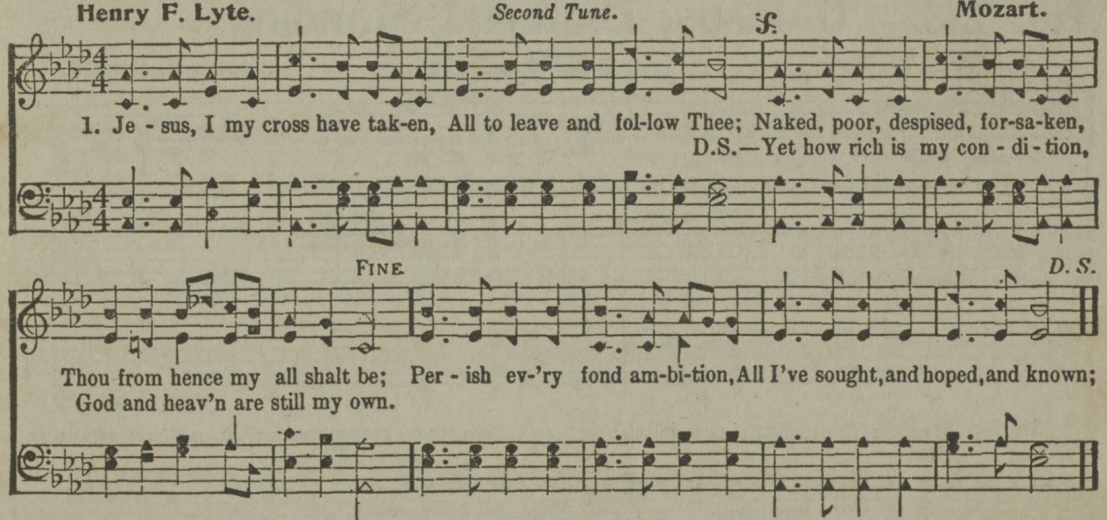
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 215. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



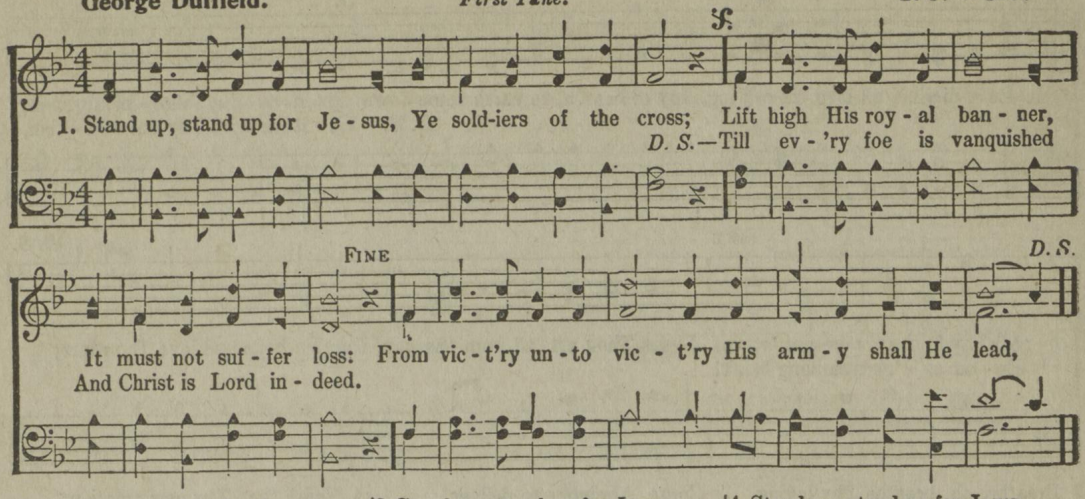
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 216. Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 217. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

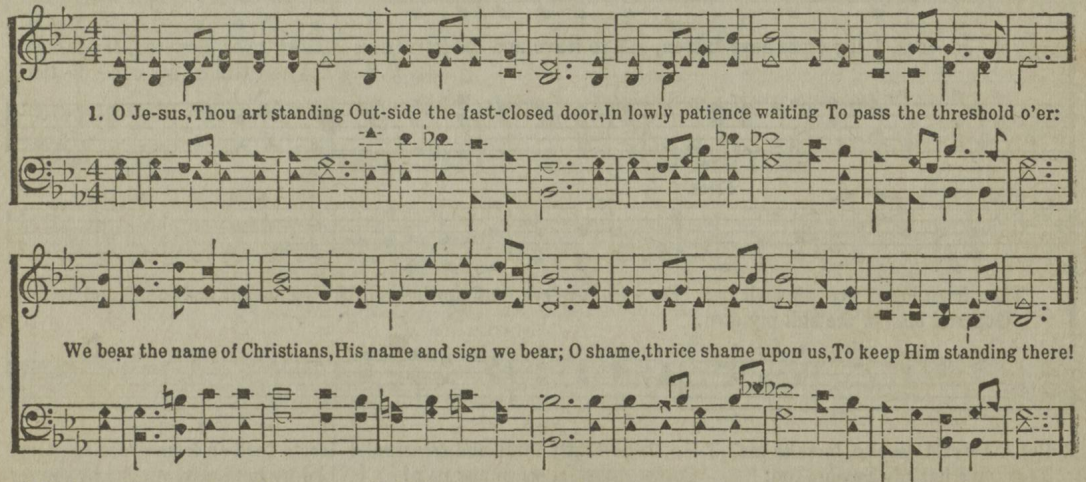
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 218. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



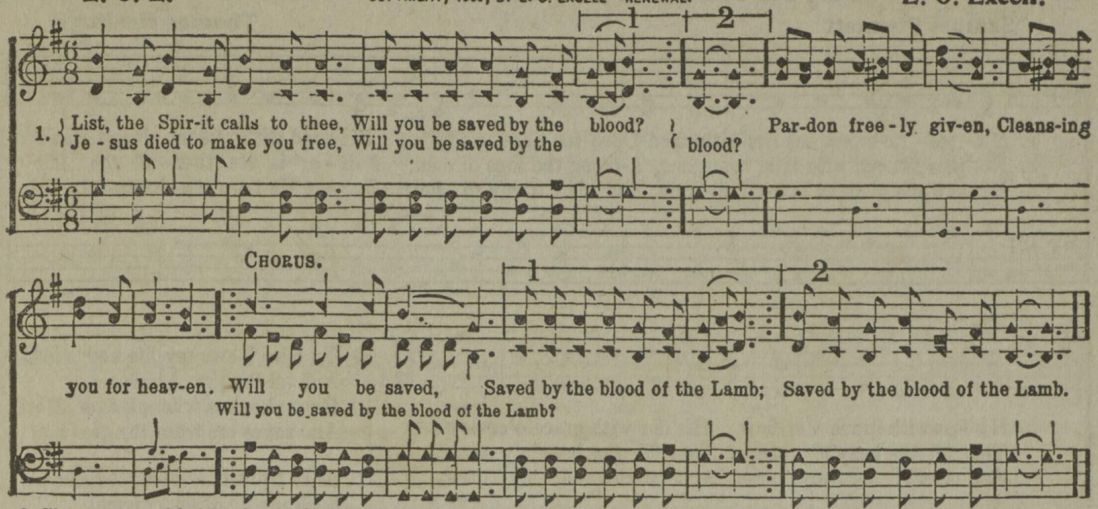
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 219. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.



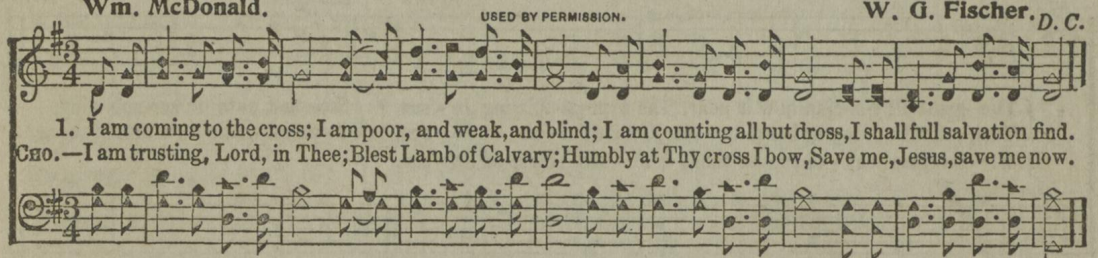
2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 220. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.



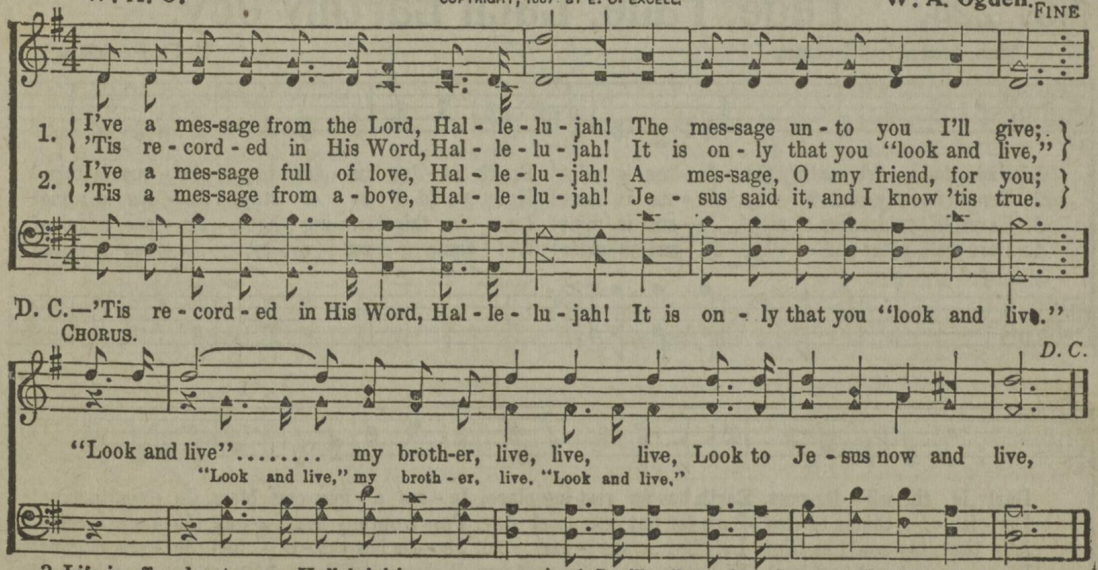
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 221. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

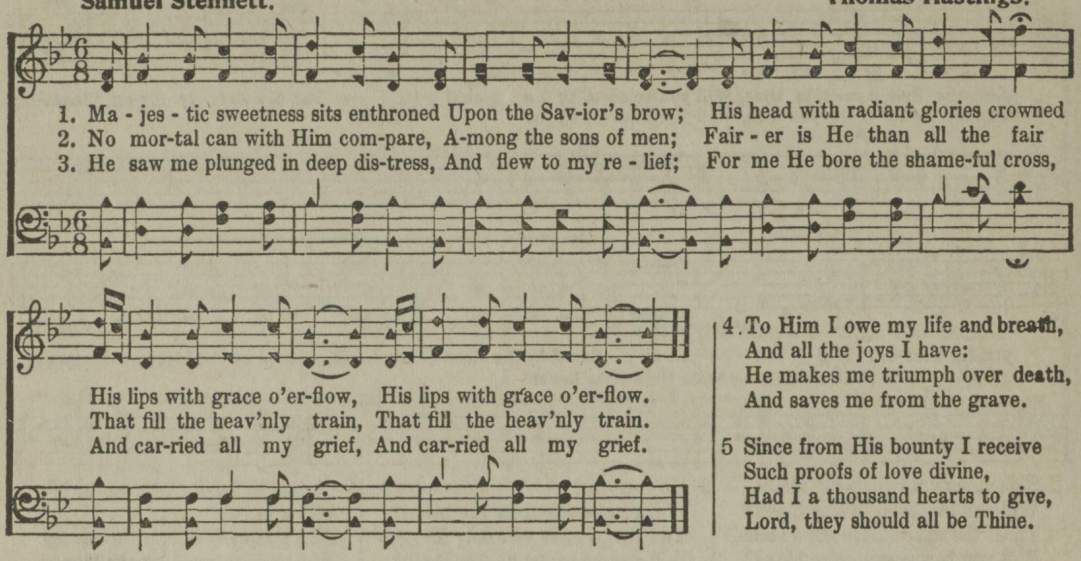


3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 222. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

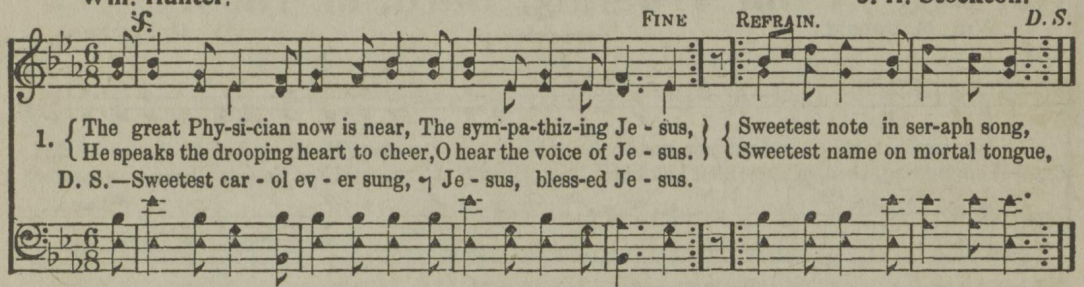


4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 223. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



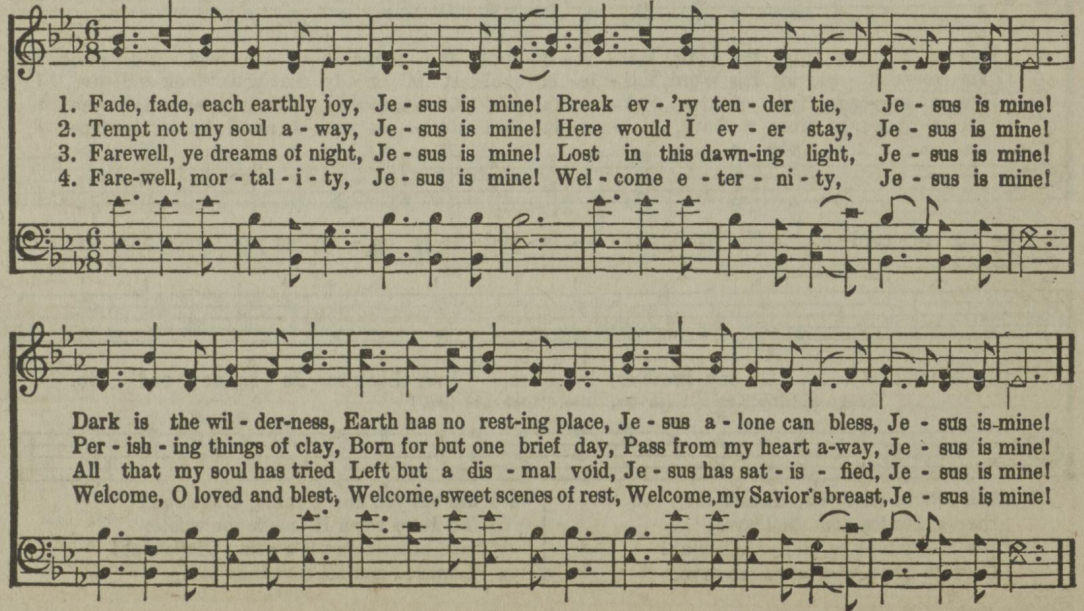
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! bear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

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

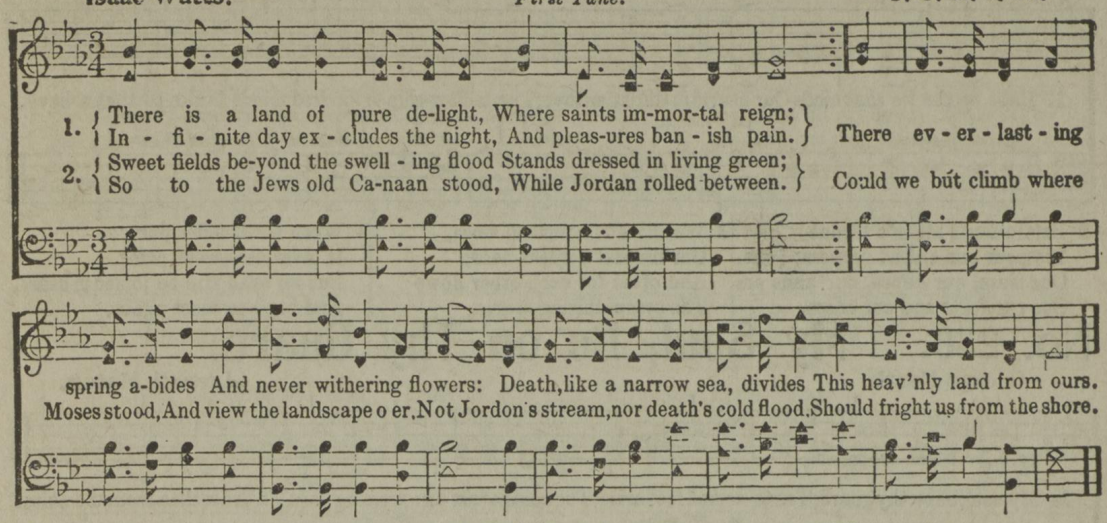
No. 224. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



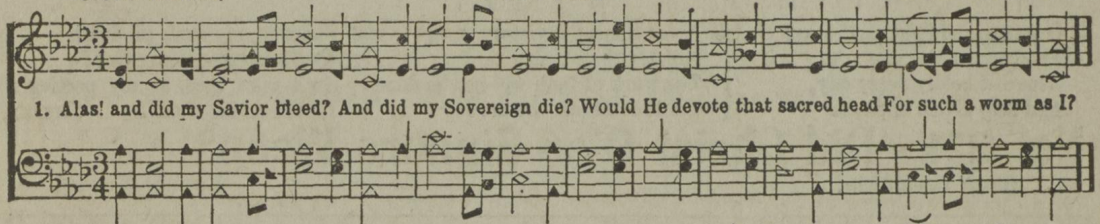
No. 225. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 226. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



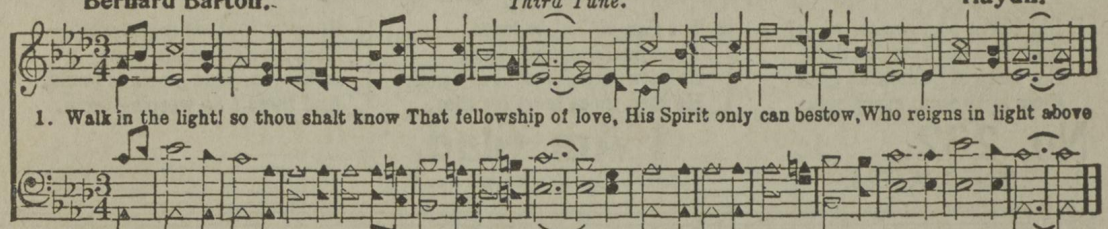
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 227. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



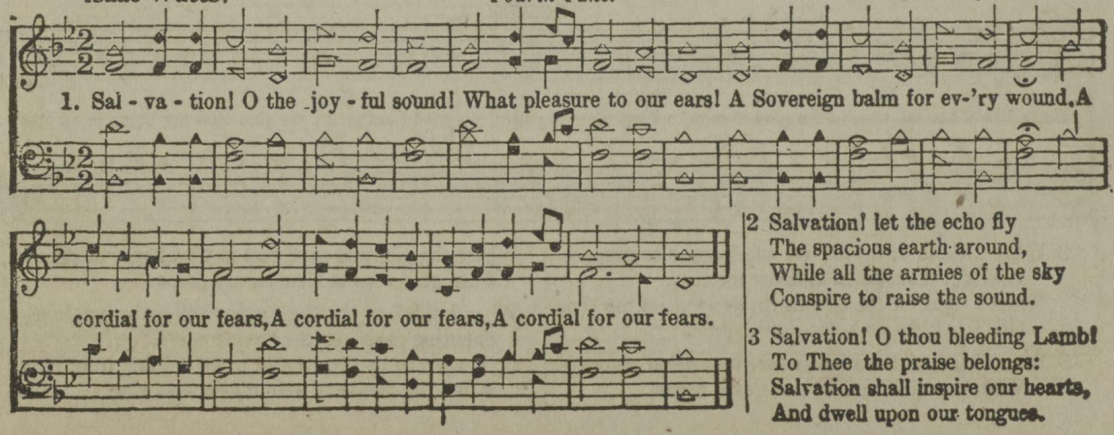
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 228. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.

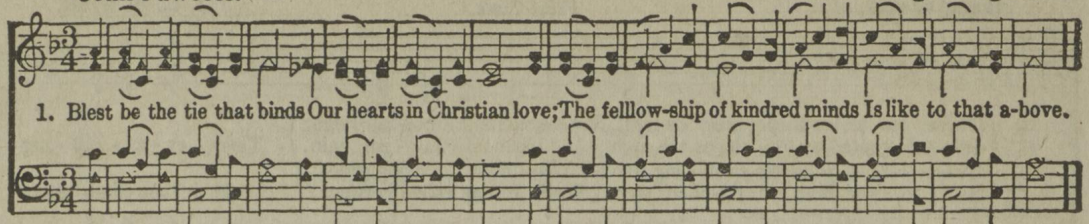


2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



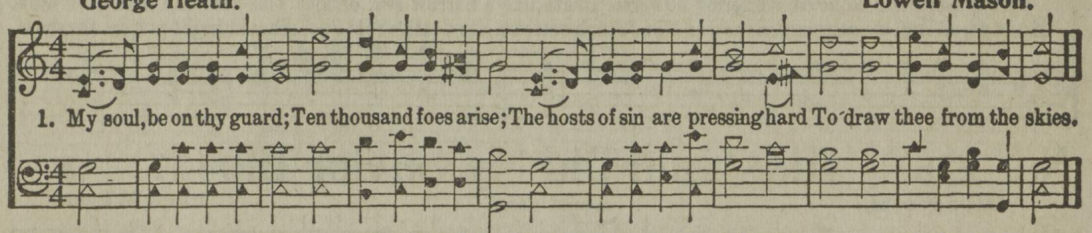
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 230. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



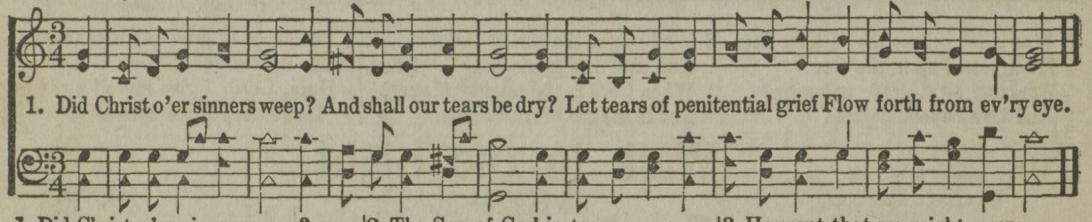
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 231. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



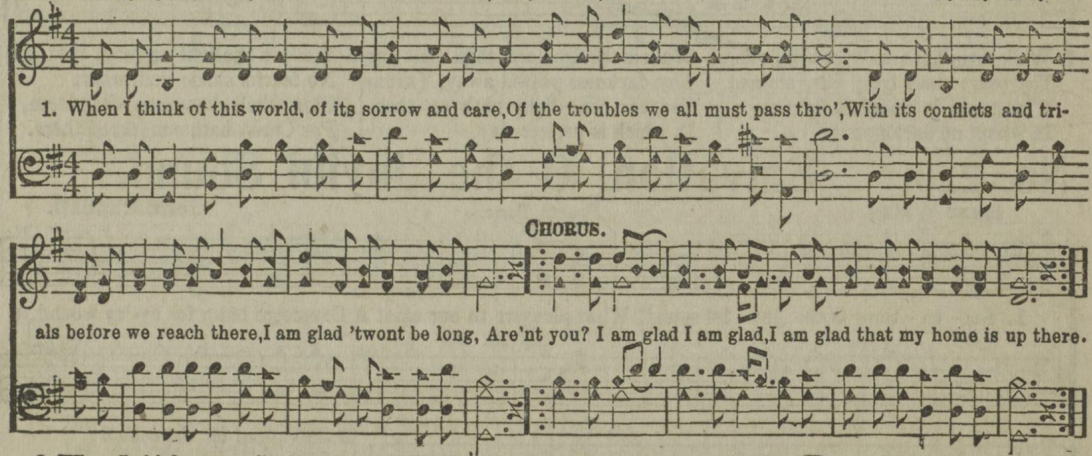
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 232. I Am Glad.

Mrs. J. A. Lee. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY J. A. LEE & CO. J. A. Lee.



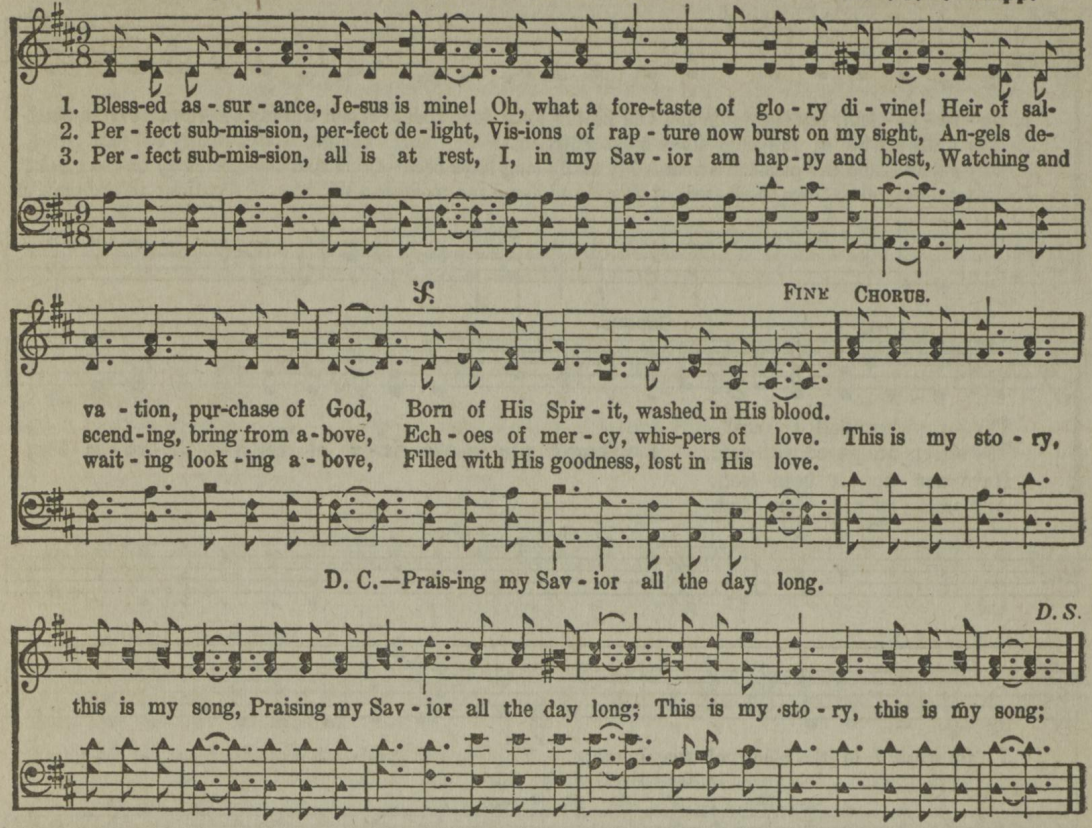
2 When I think of my Savior who's gone to prepare
A bright mansion in Heaven for me;
When I think of the Crown that's awaiting me there
Oh, I long to go home and be free.

3 When I think of the land where they never grow old,
Where no sickness or death ever come;
Where the pilgrims shall rest in that home of the soul,
I am glad that is Heaven my home.

4 When I think of the throng that will gather up there,
Shouting praise to the Savior and King;
O, I want to be there, freed from toil and from care,
When the Heavens with music shall ring.

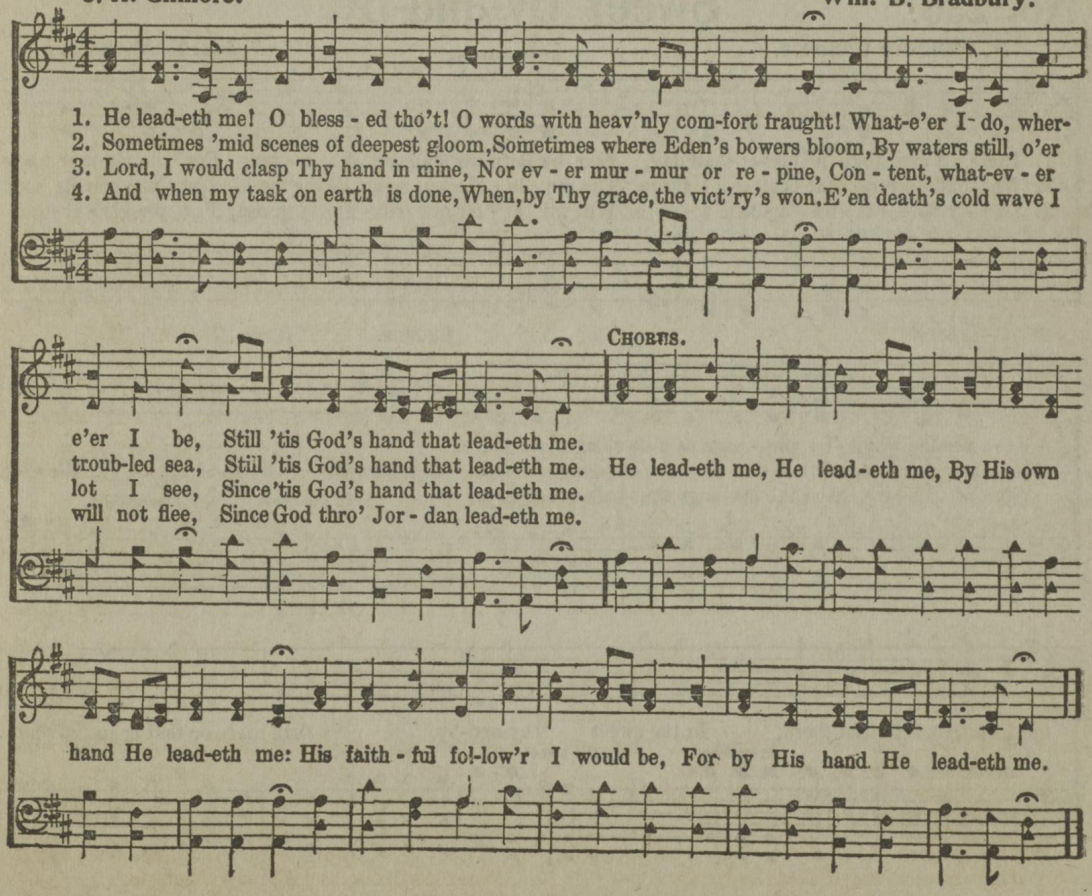
No. 233. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



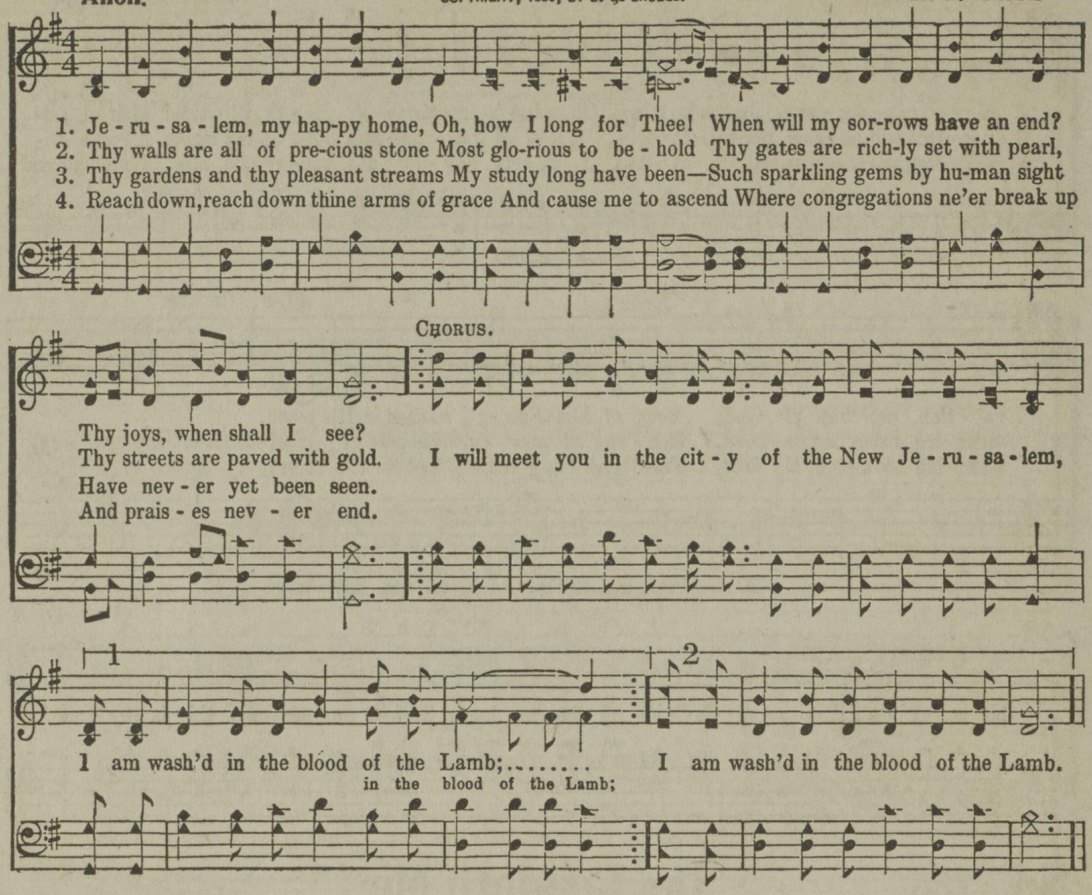
No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



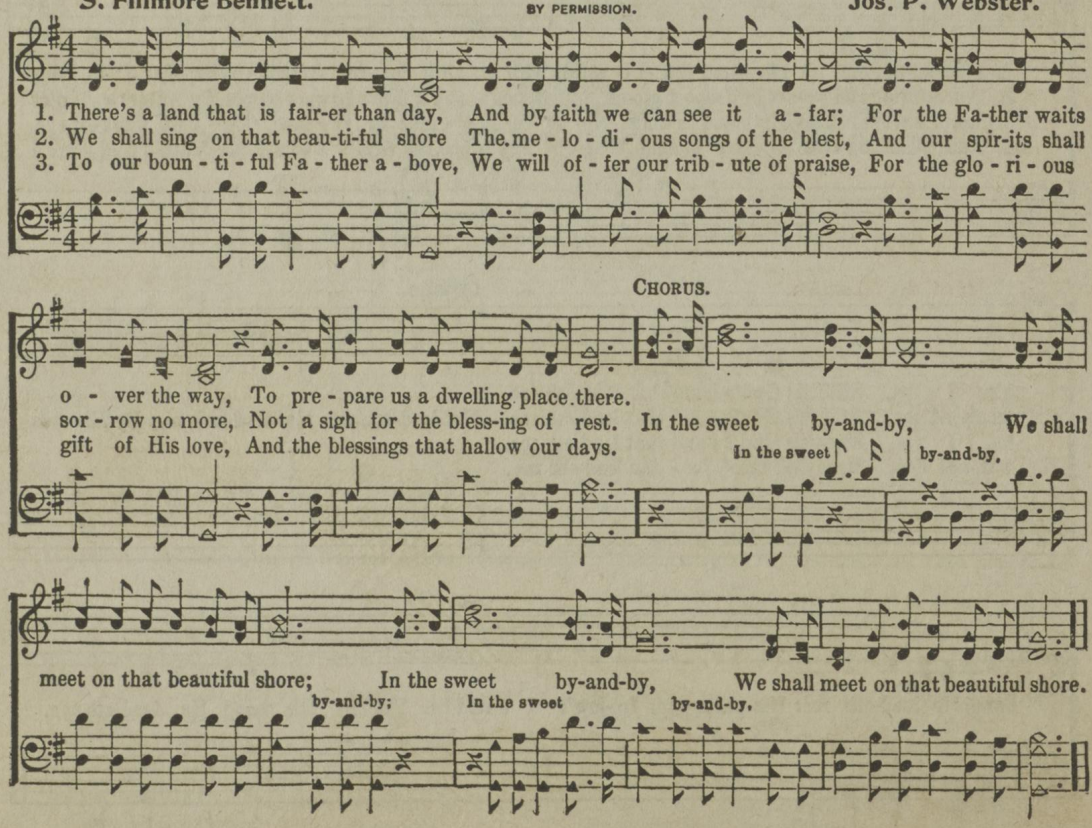
No. 235. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell



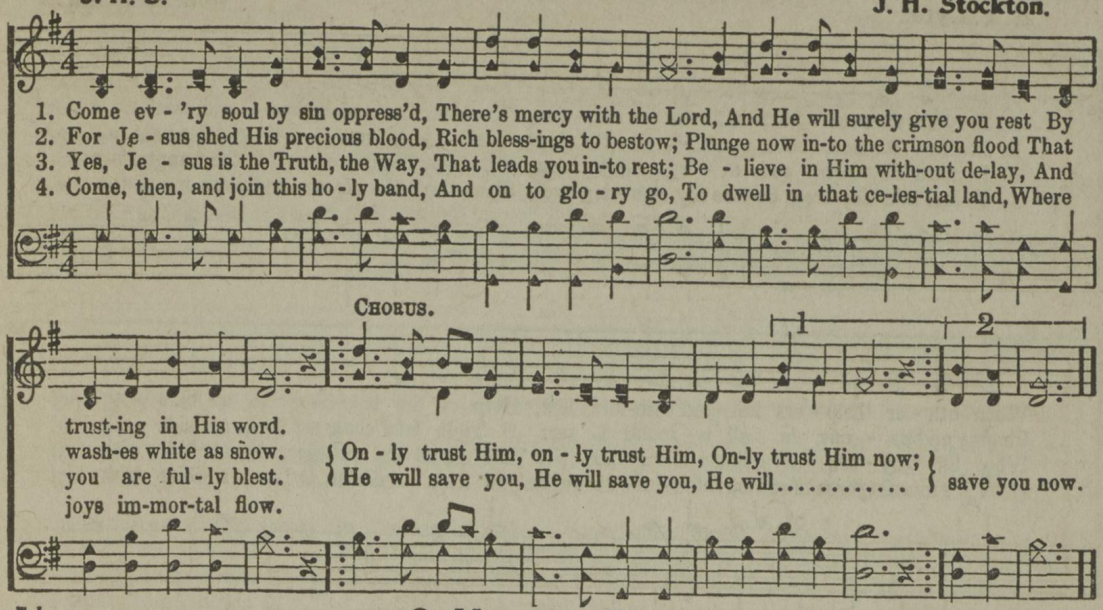
No. 236. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.



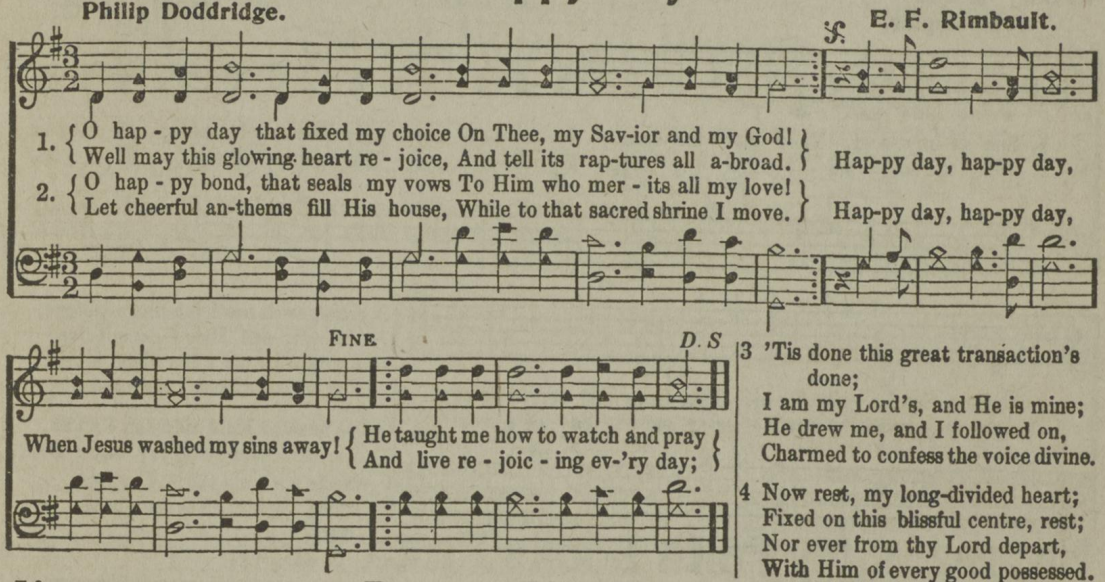
No. 237. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 238. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

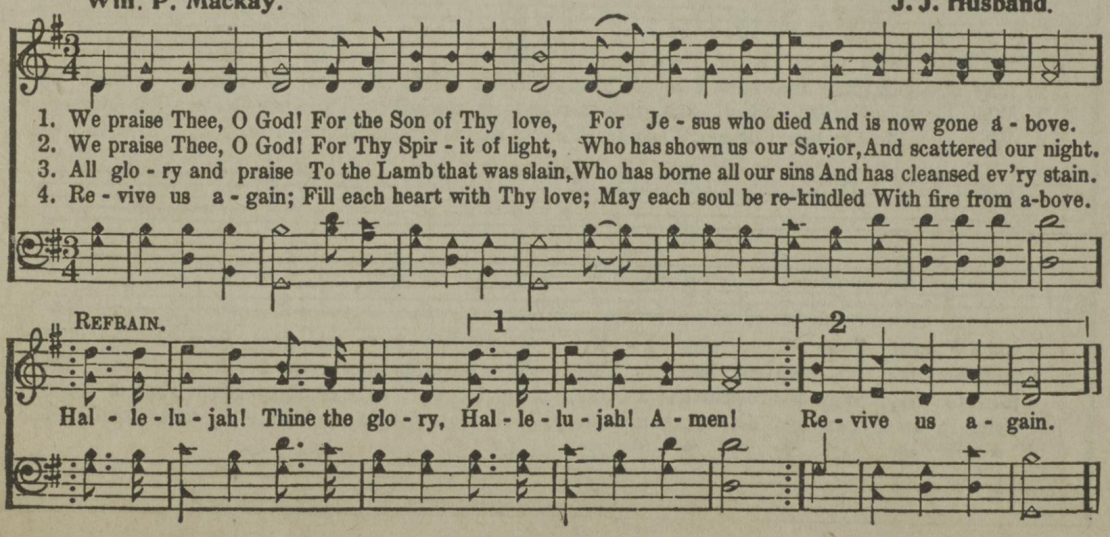


3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

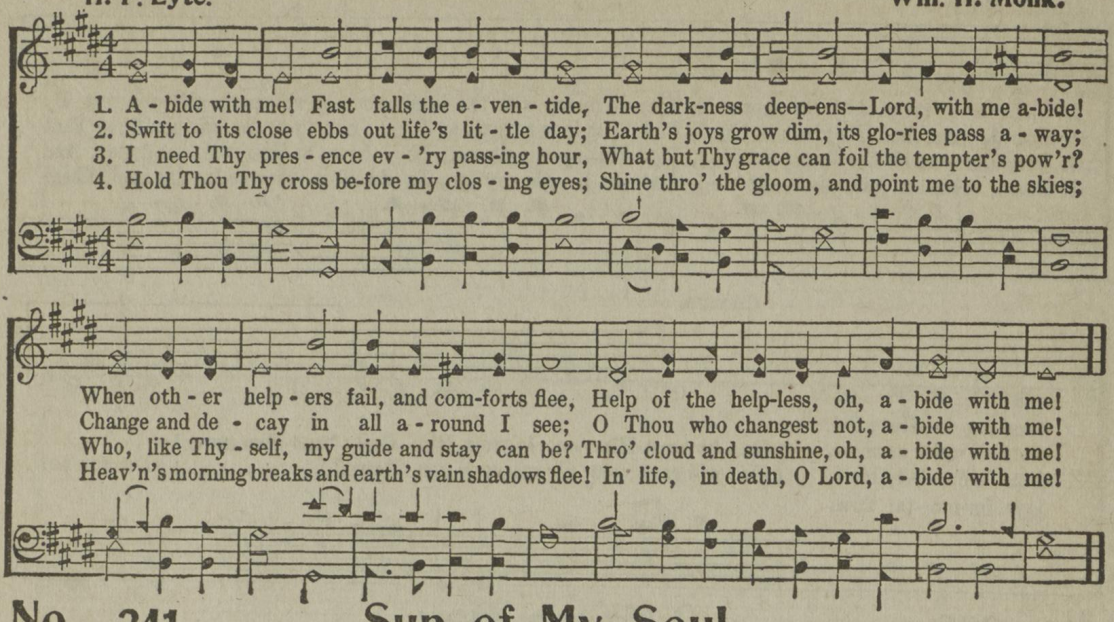
No. 239. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.



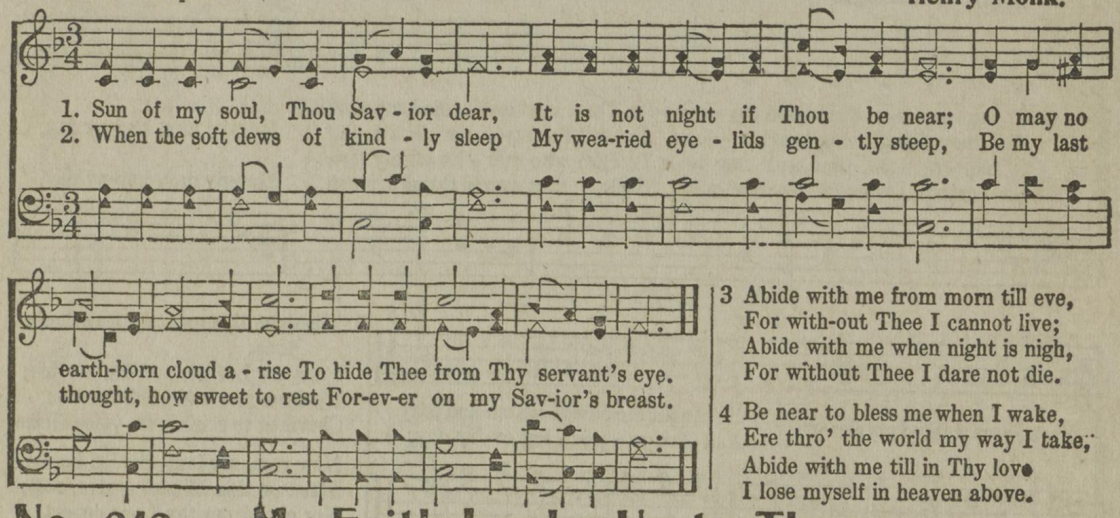
No. 240. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 241. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

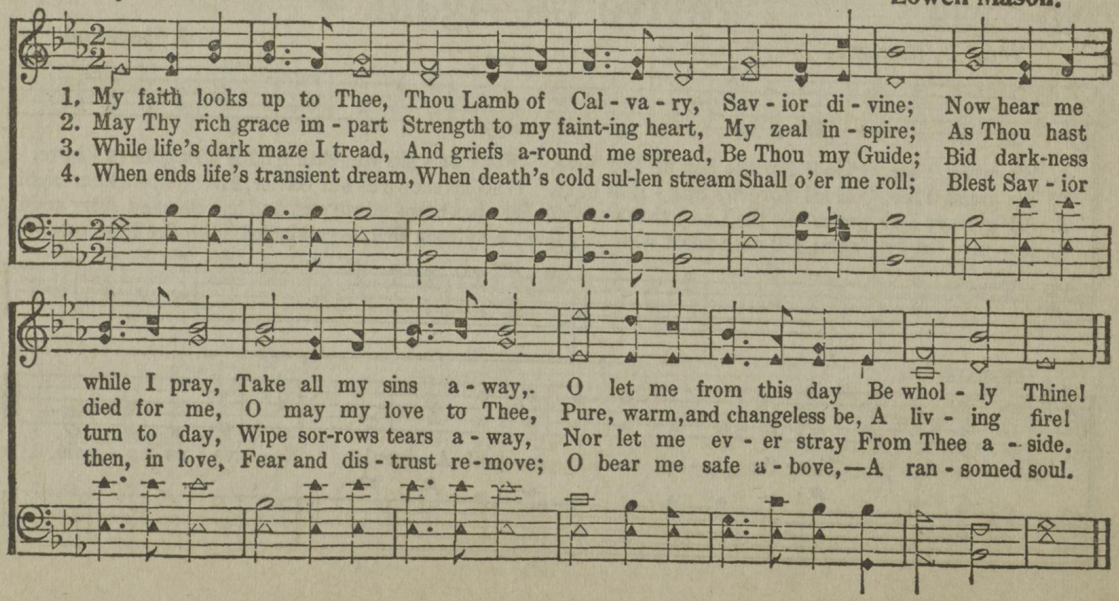


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

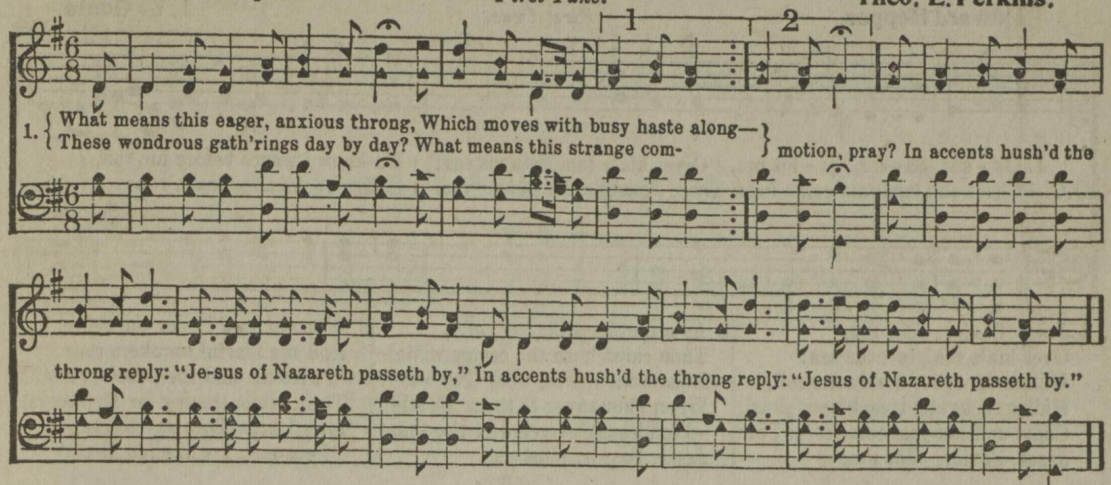
No. 242. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 243. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



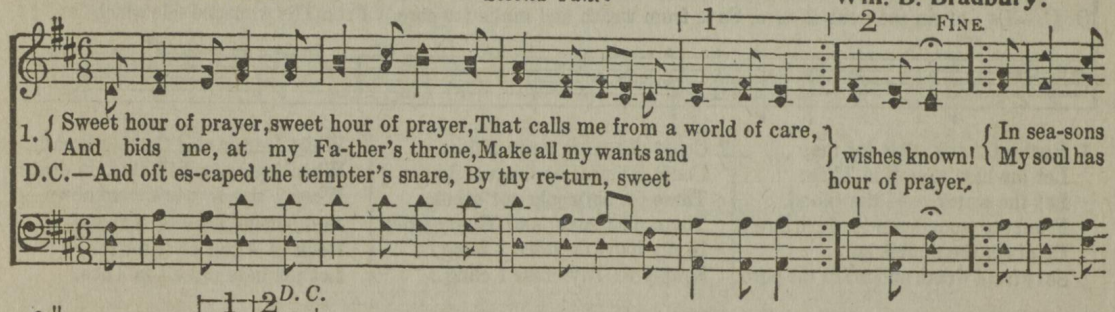
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 244. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.



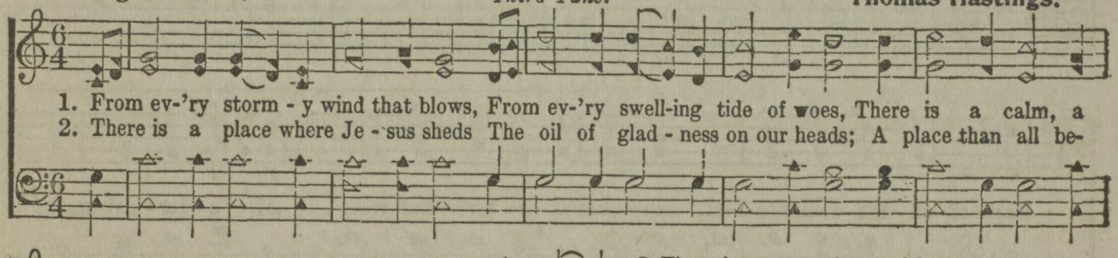
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re- lief,

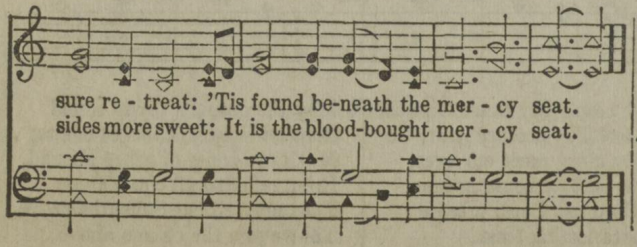
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 245. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



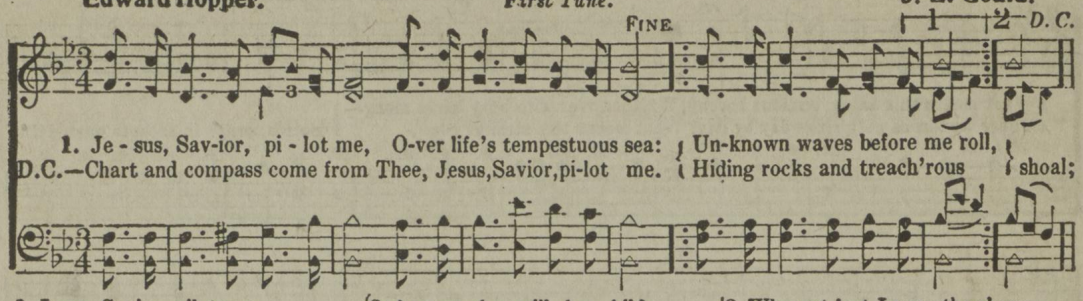


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 246. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

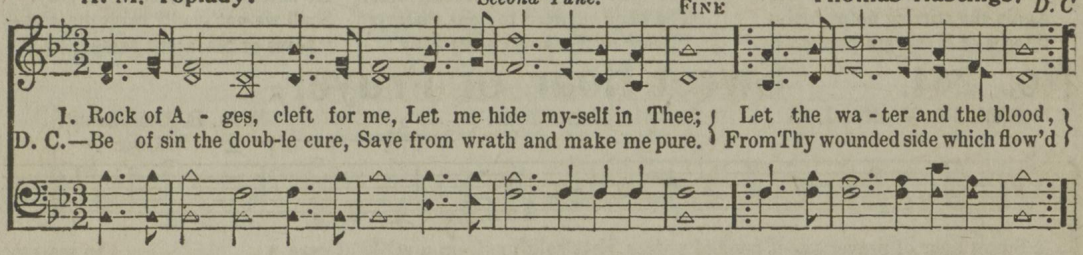
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 247. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

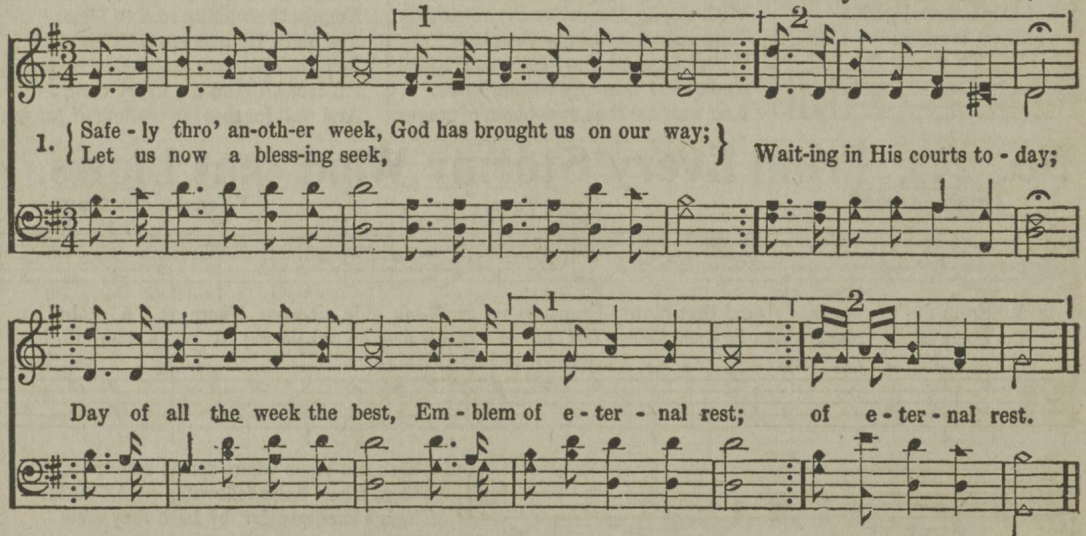
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 248. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



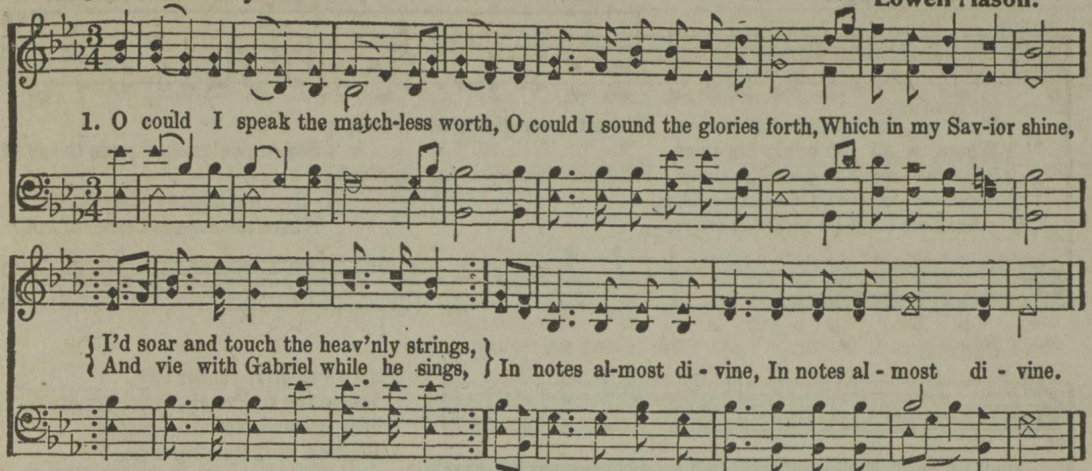
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 249. O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



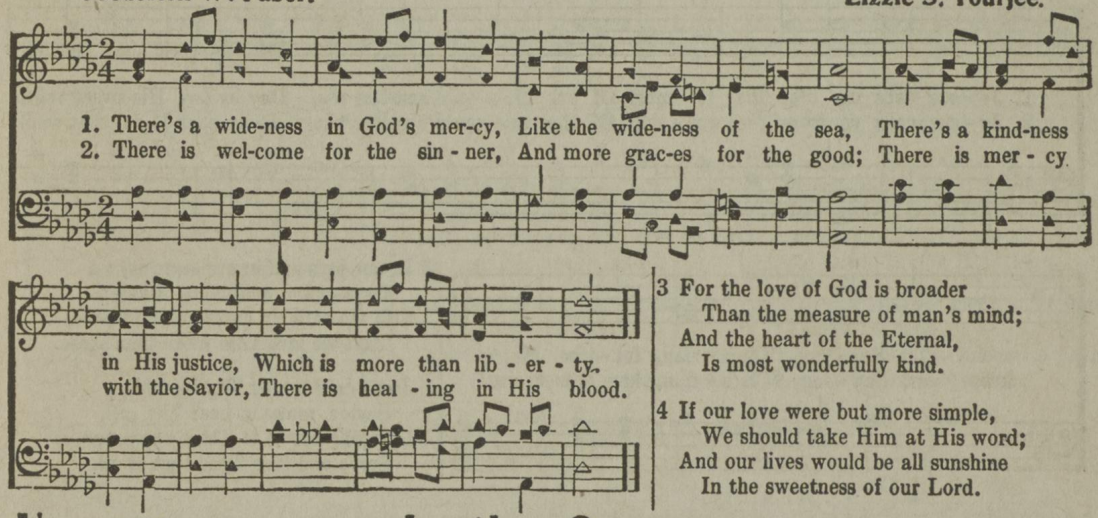
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 250. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

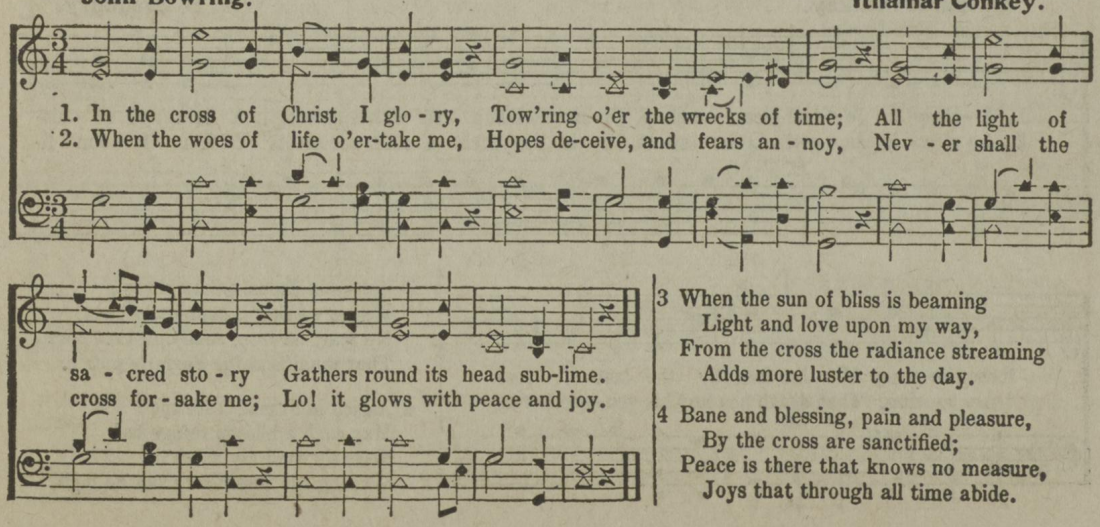


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 251. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

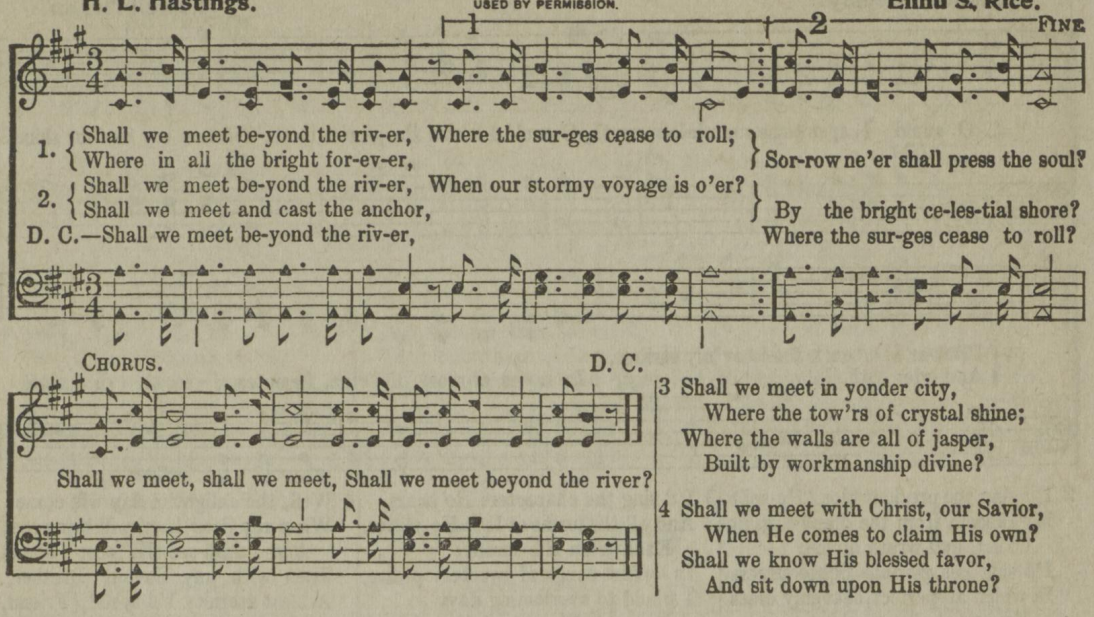


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 252 Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.

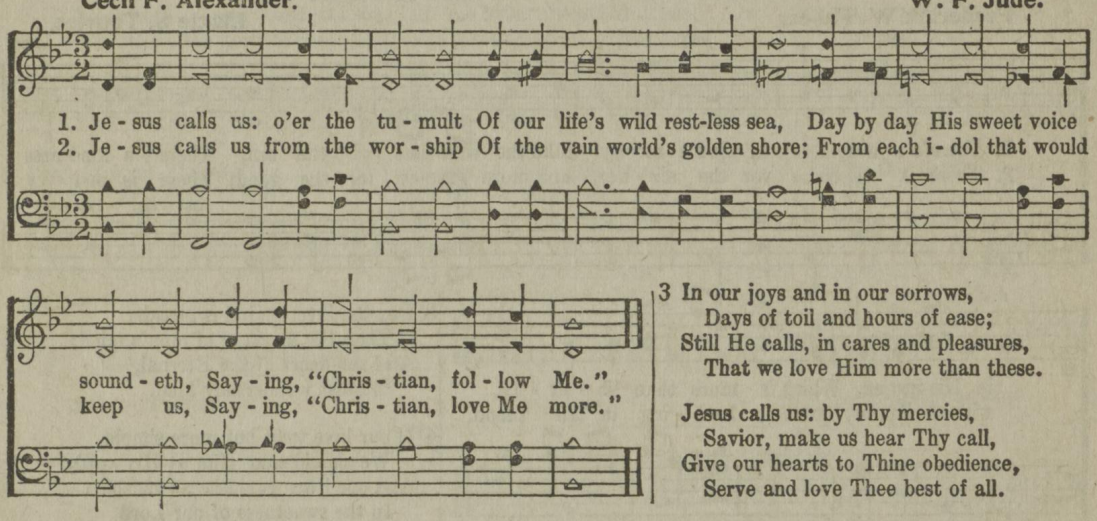


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 253. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

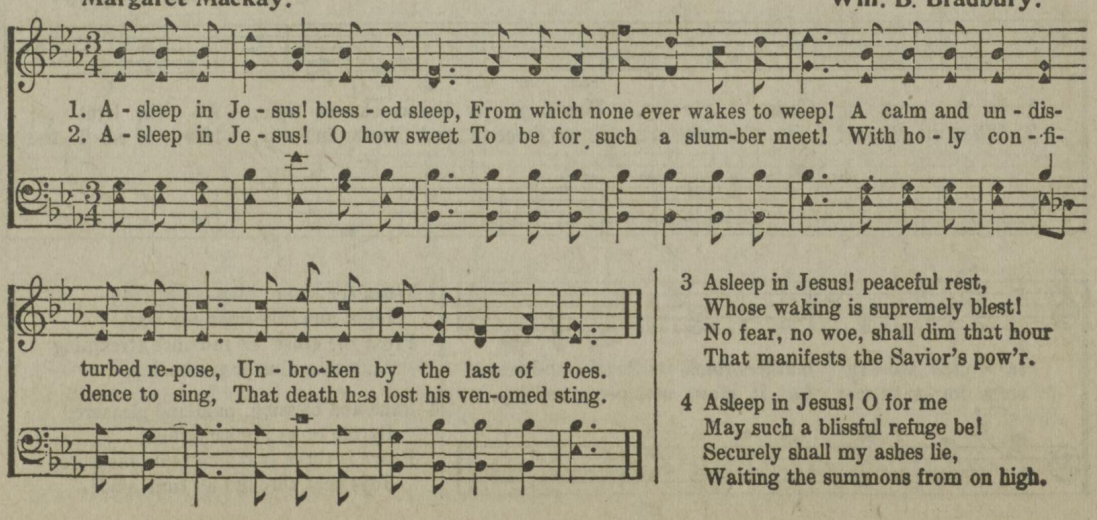


3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 254. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

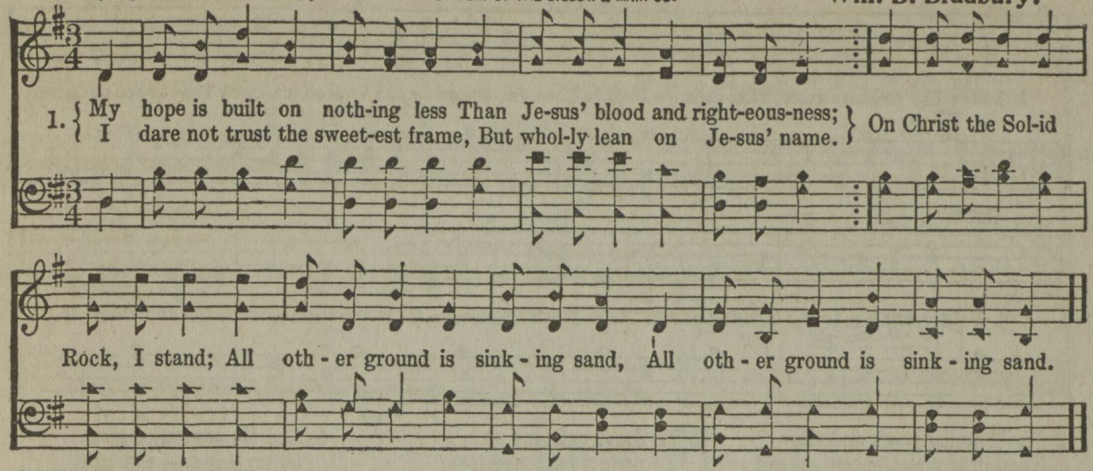


3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 255. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



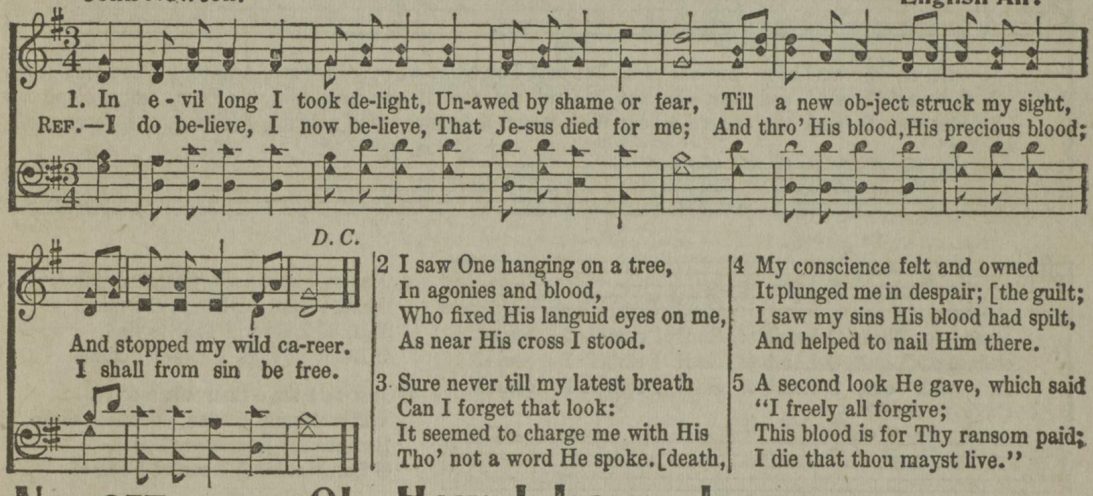
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 256. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



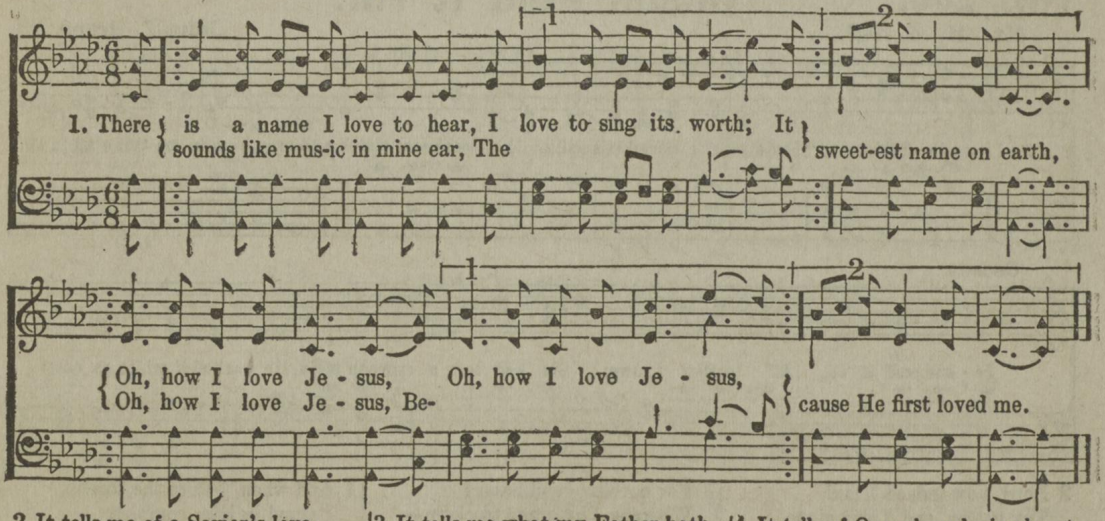
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 257. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



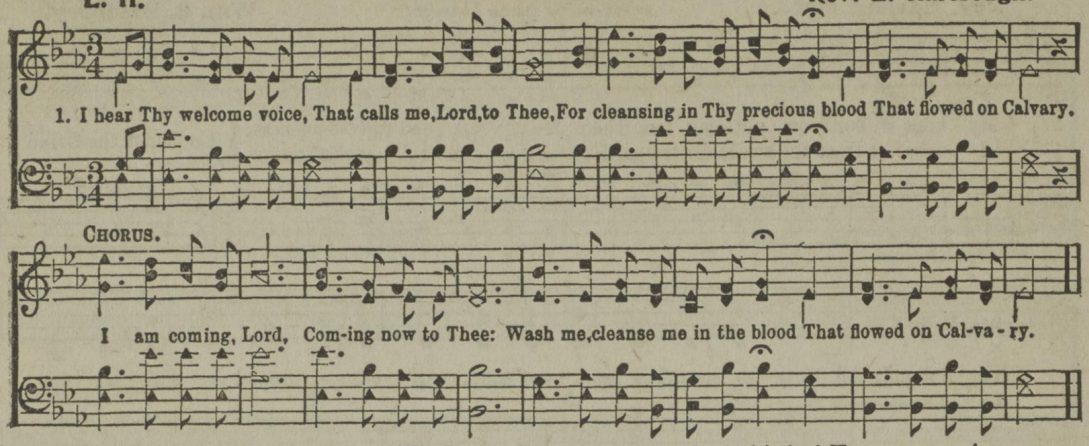
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 258. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



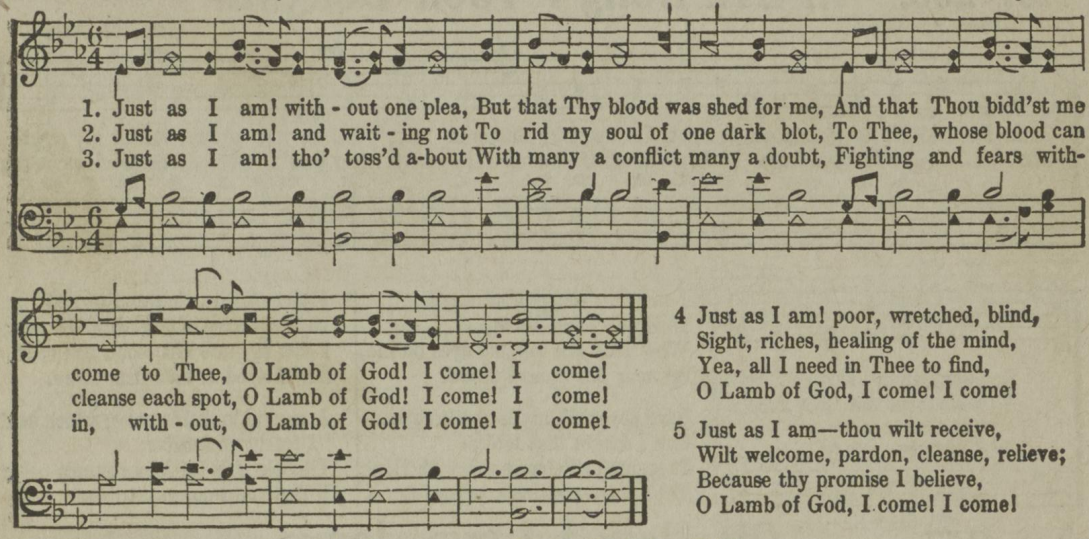
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 259. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

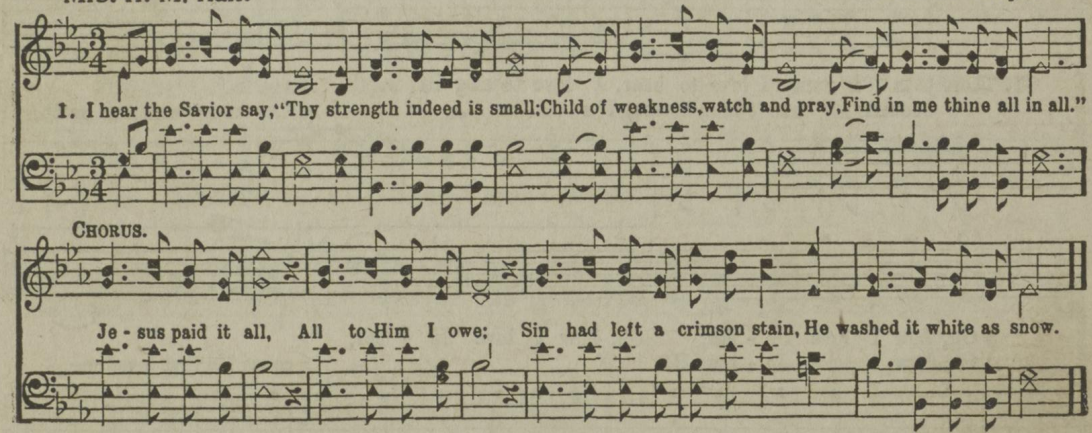


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 260. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 261. Wash Me in the Blood.

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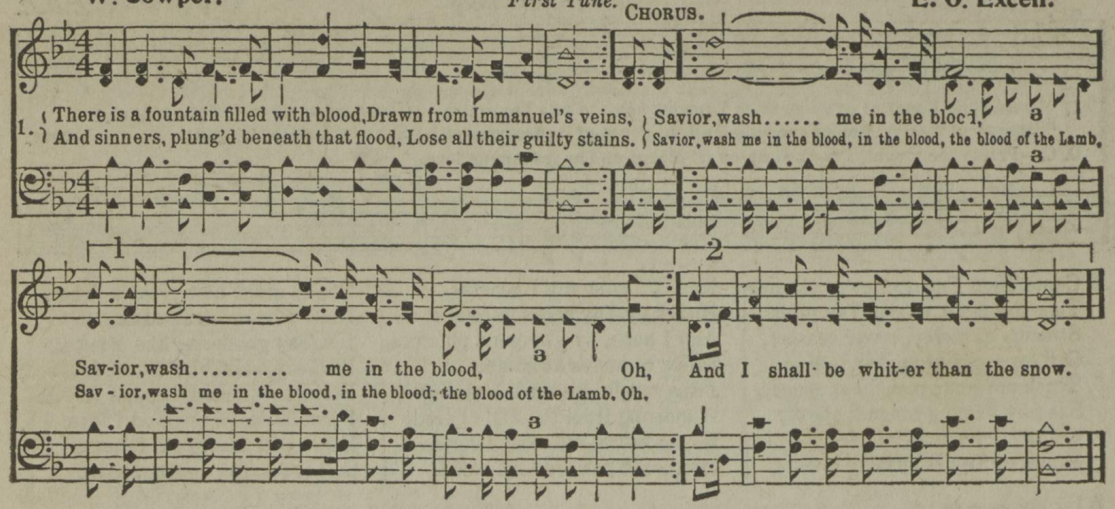
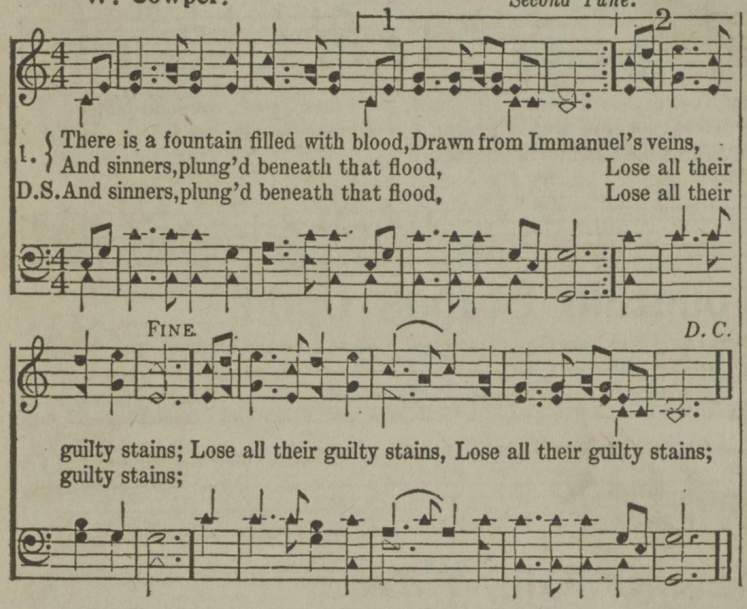
W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.



No. 262. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

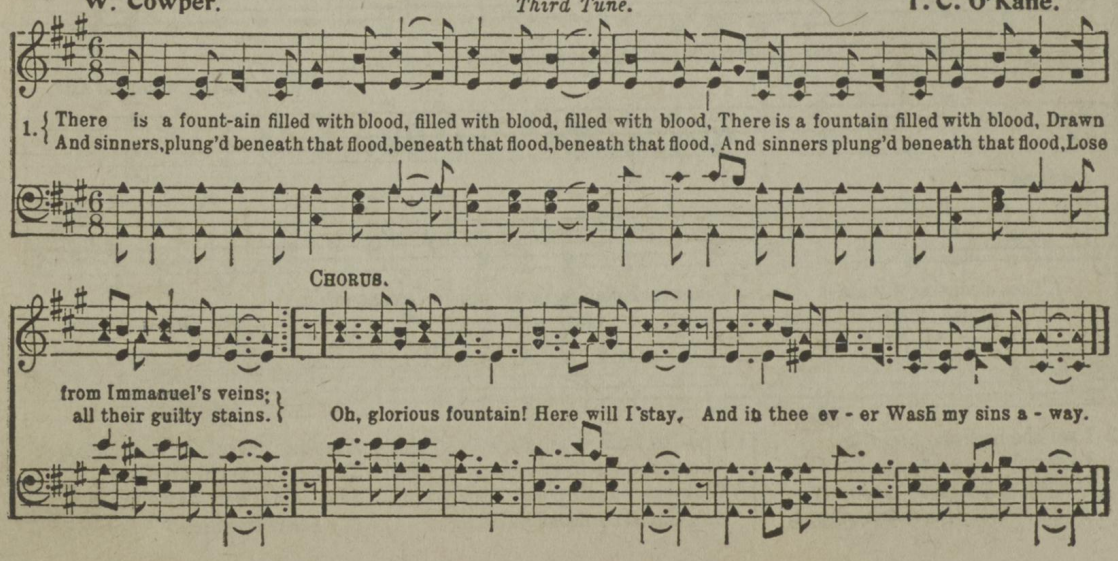
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

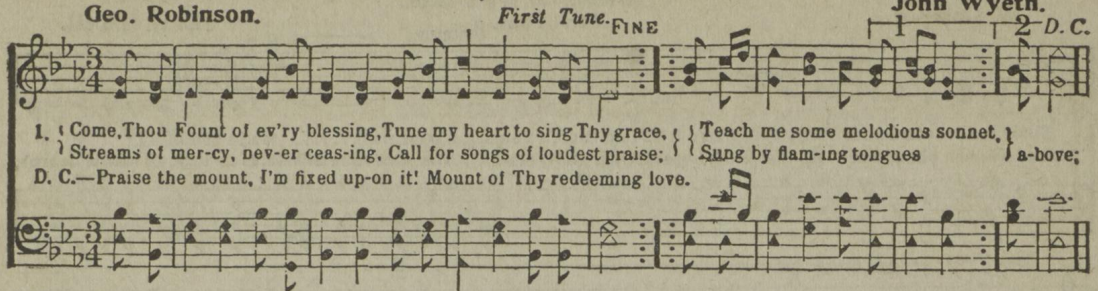
No. 263. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.



No. 264. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

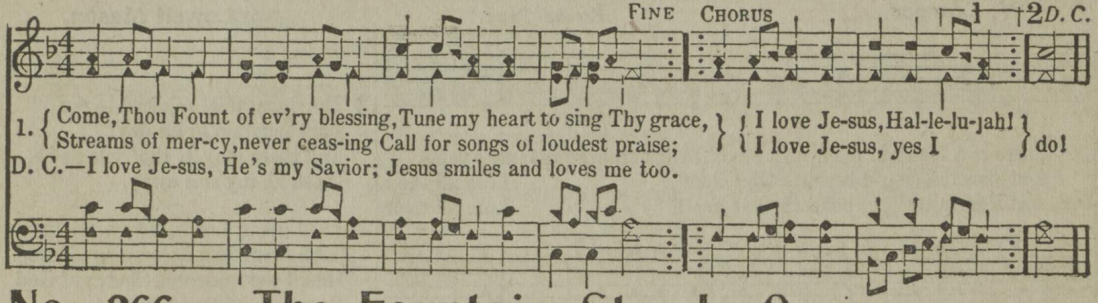
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 265. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

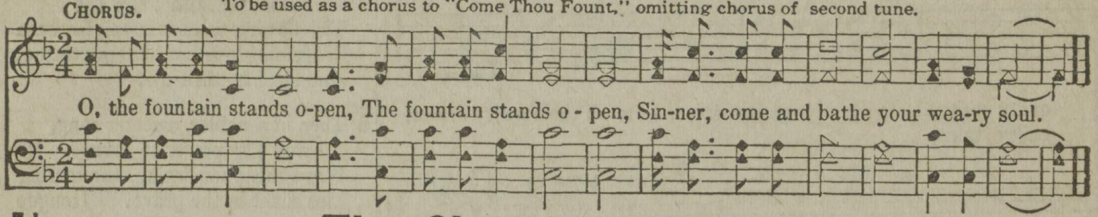
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS 1 2 D. C.



No. 266. The Fountain Stands Open.

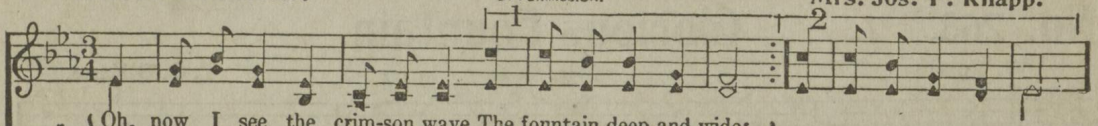
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



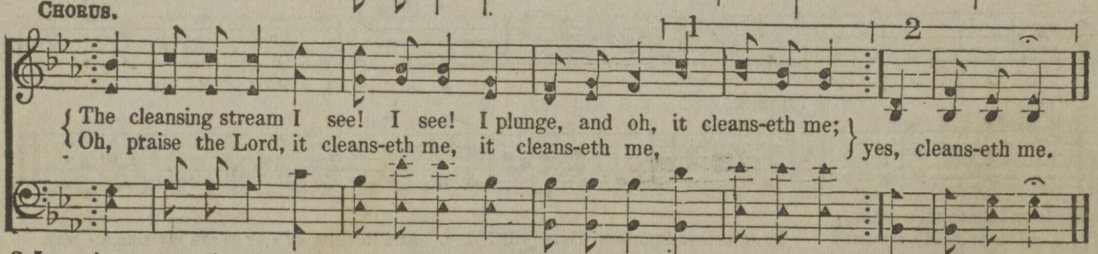
No. 267. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2



CHORUS. 1 2



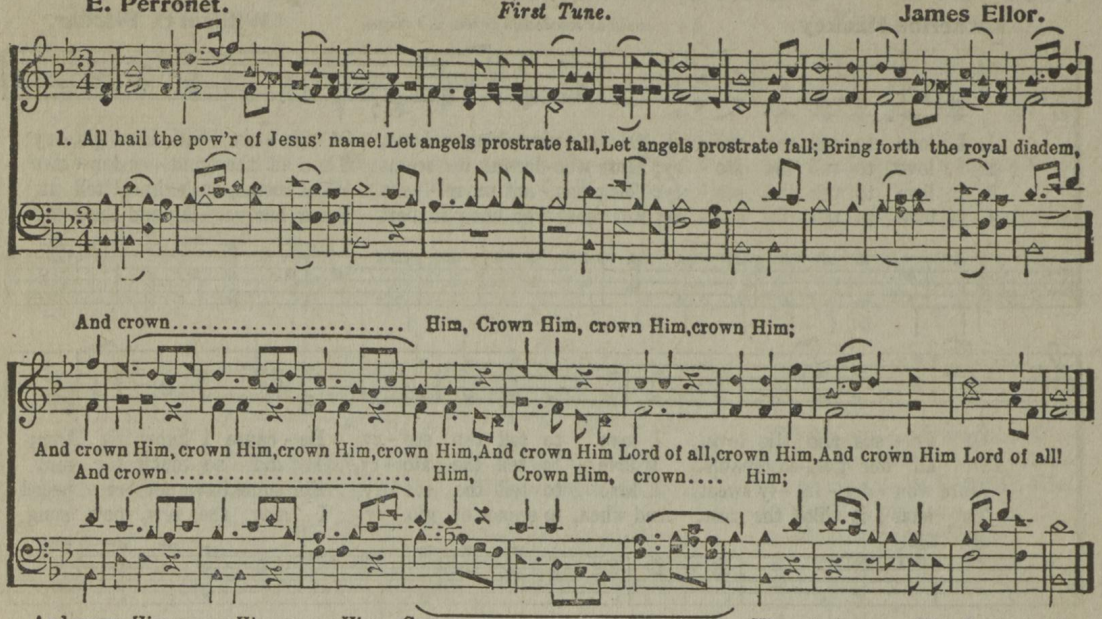
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure, and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No, 268. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



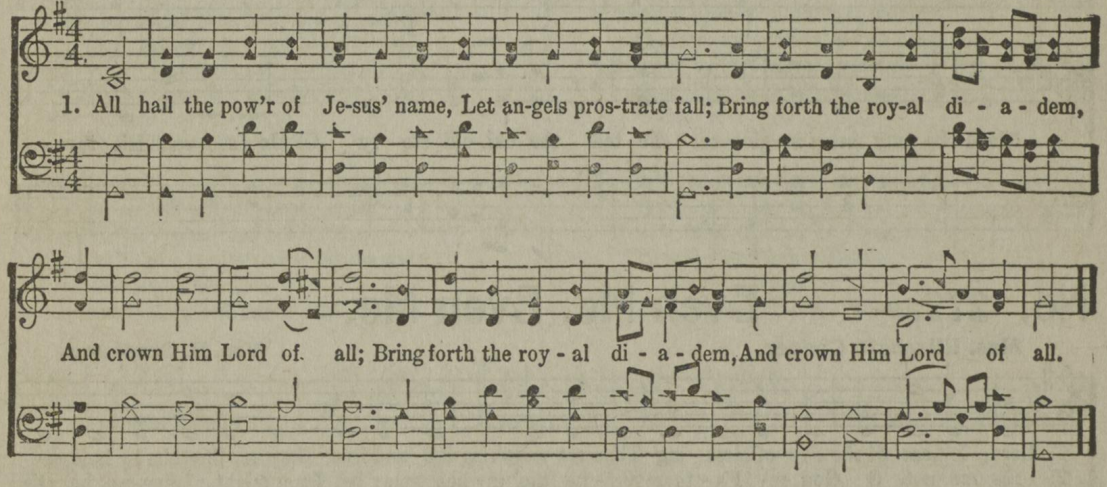
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

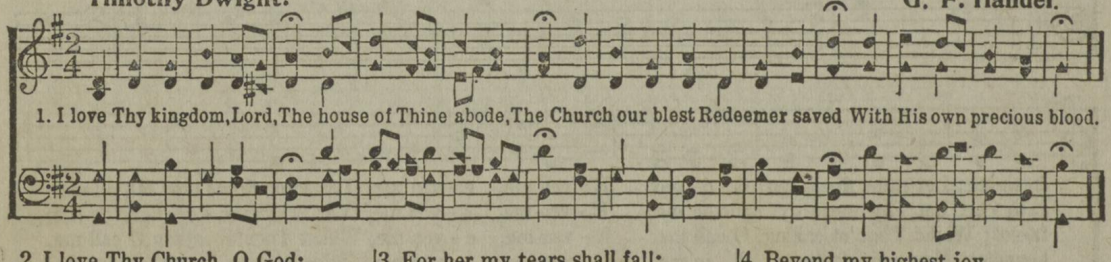
No. 269. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



No. 270. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



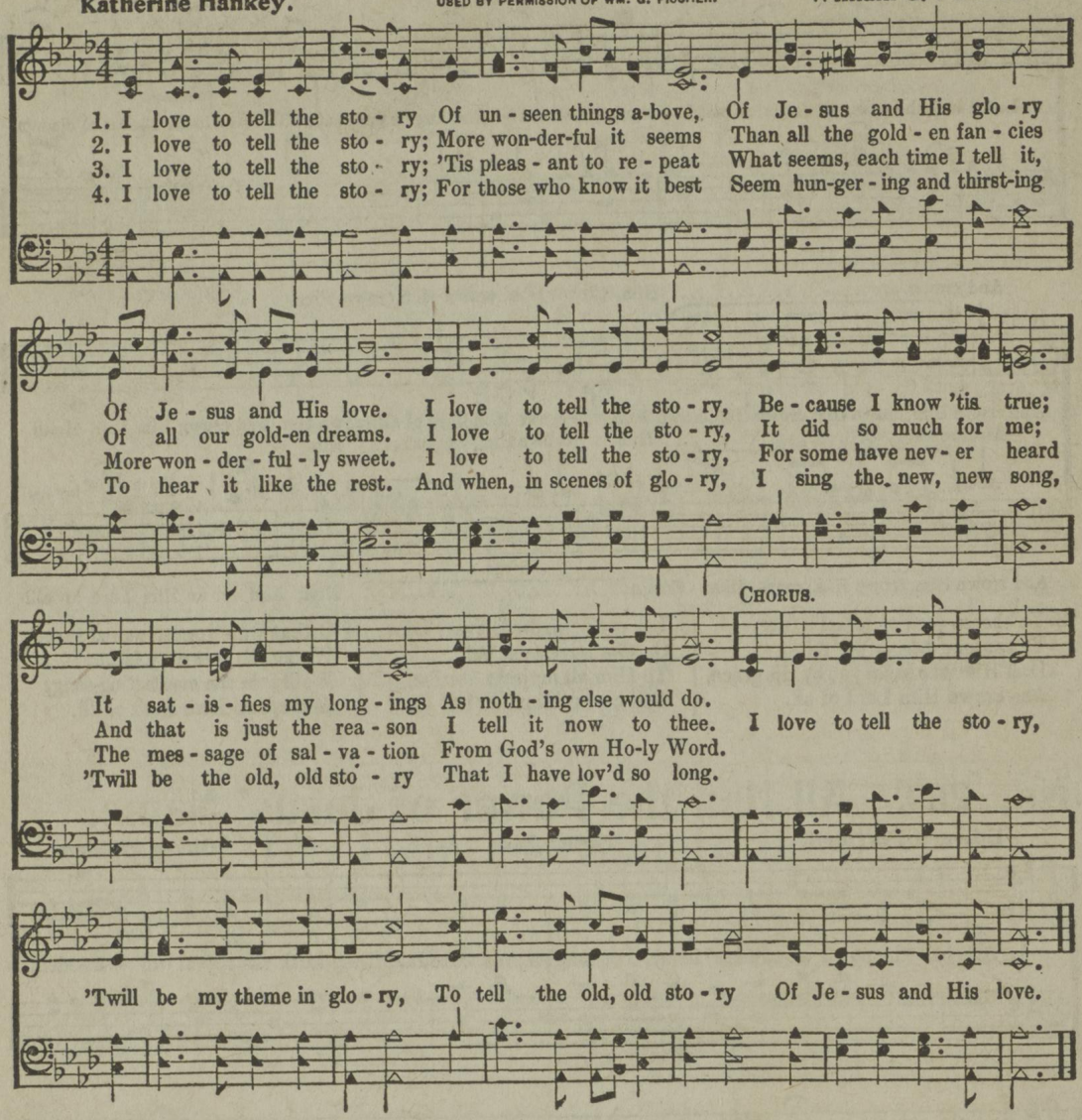
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise,

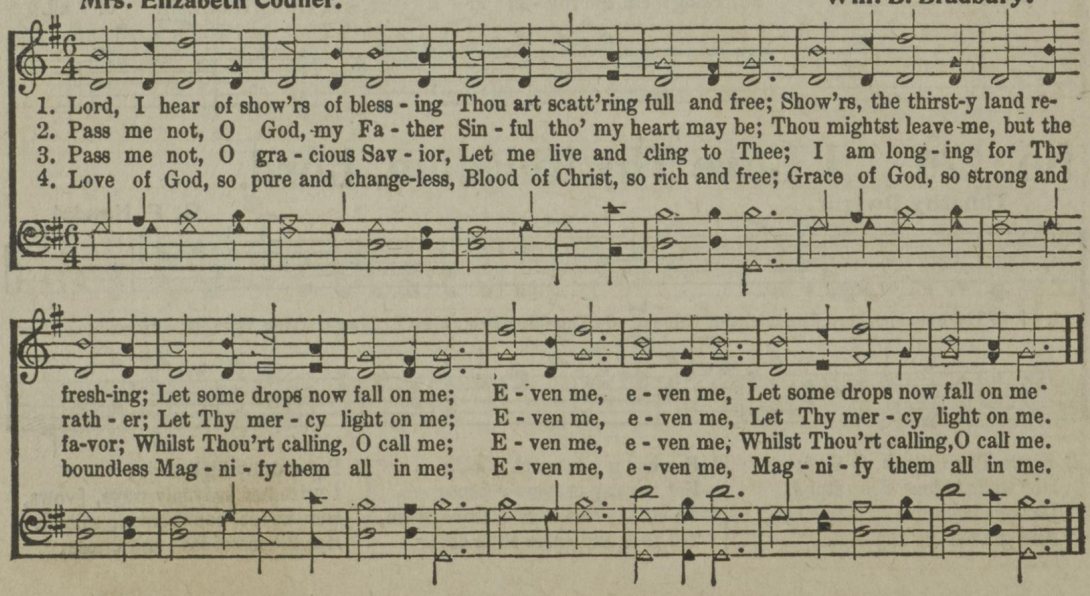
No. 271. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.



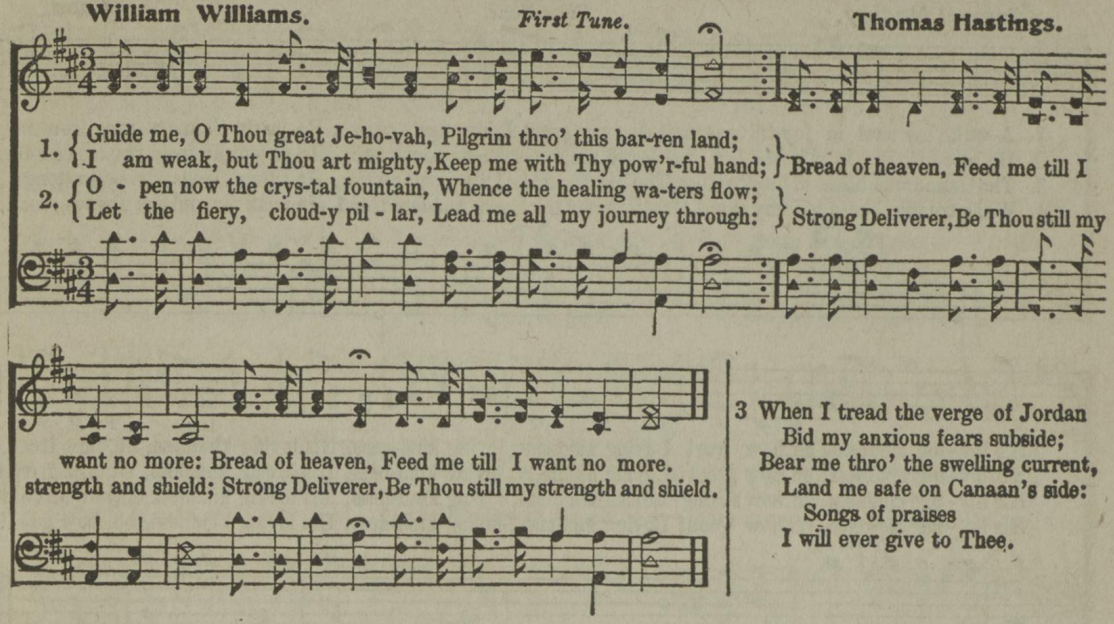
No. 272. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 273. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 274. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 275. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

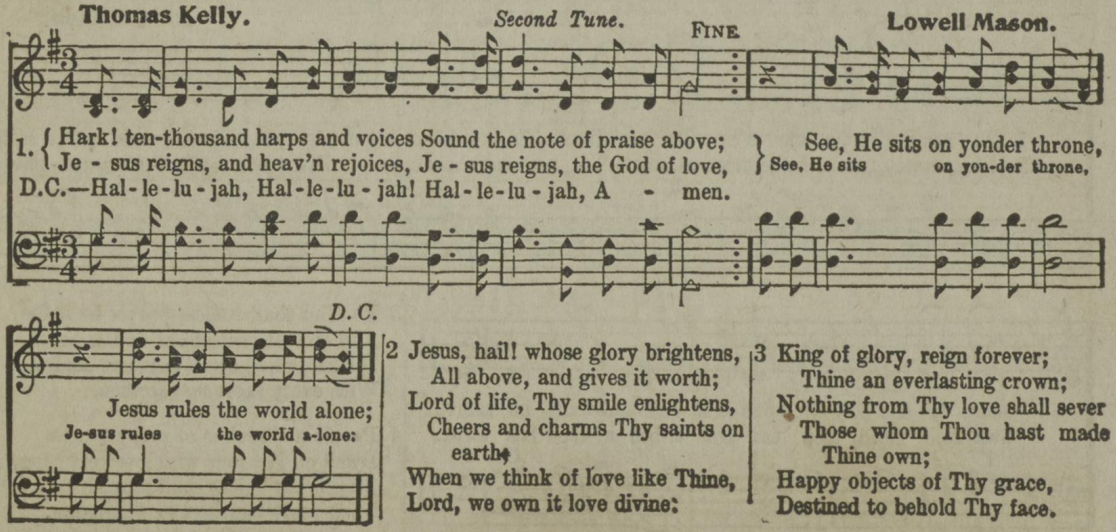
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 276. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.

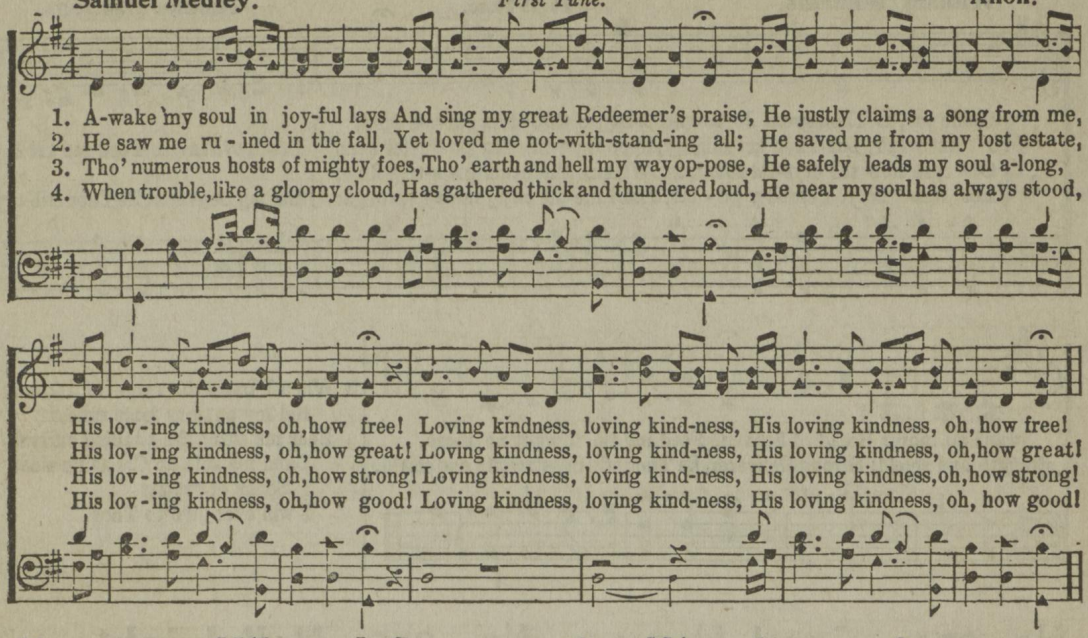


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

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

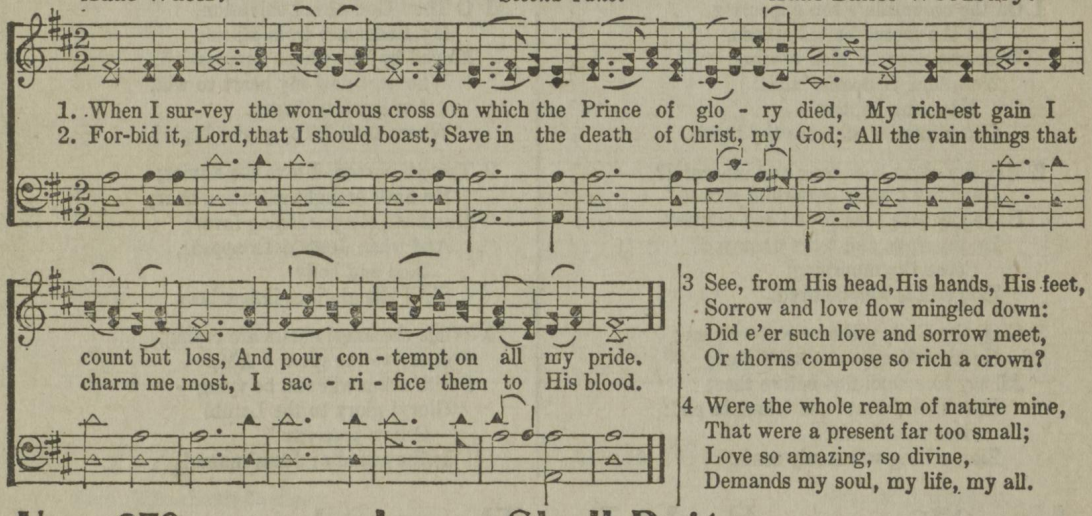
No. 277. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.



No. 278. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

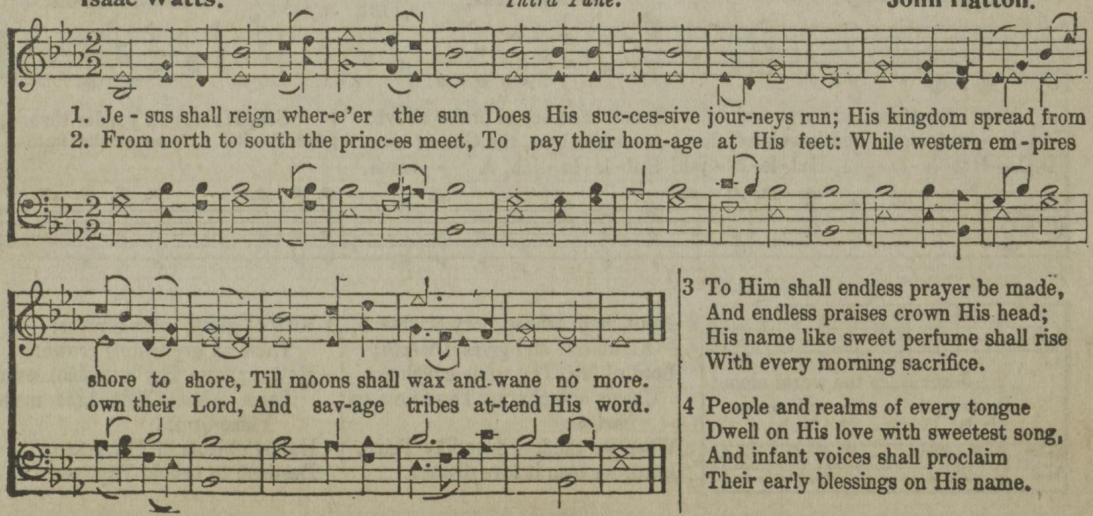


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 279. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

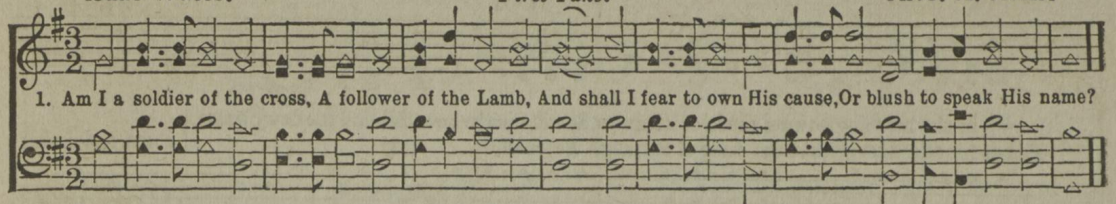


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 280. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



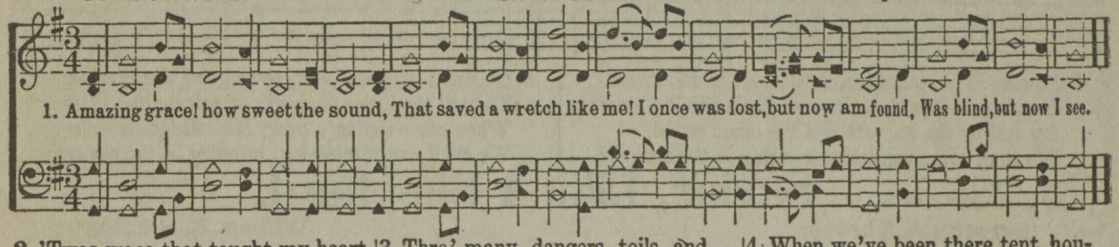
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 281. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



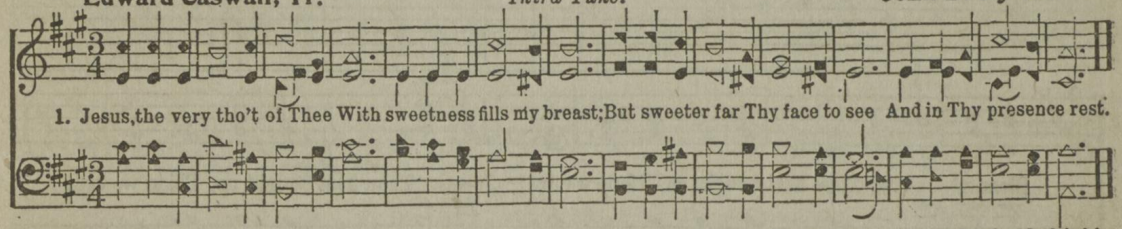
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 282. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



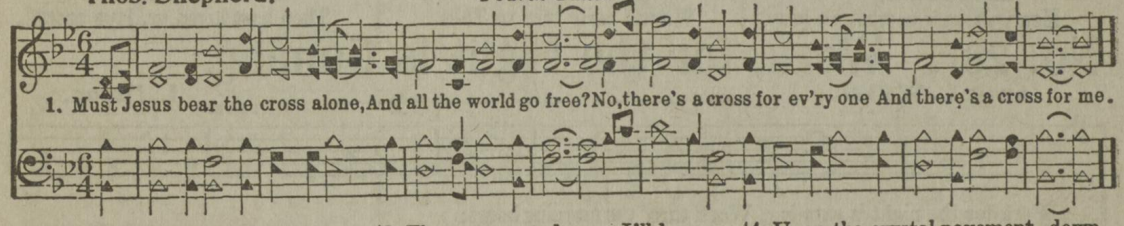
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 283. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



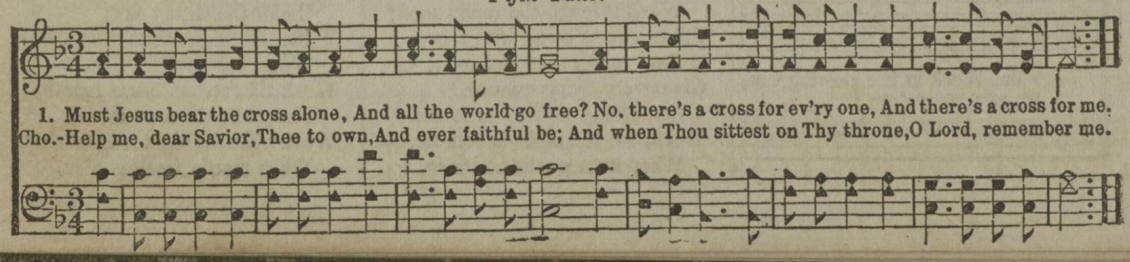
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

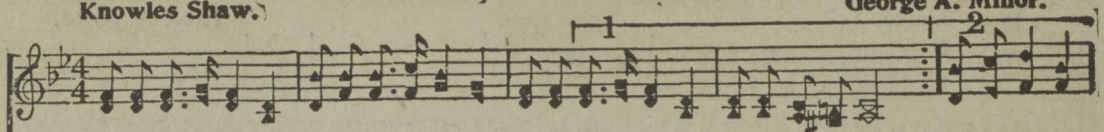
No. 284. Remember Me.

Fifth Tune.

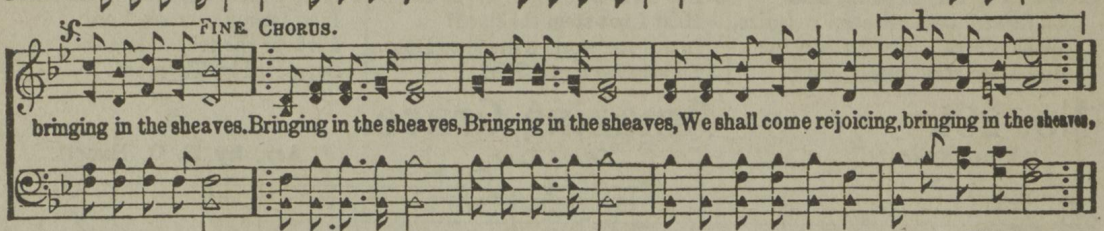


No. 285. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.



1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; / Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing



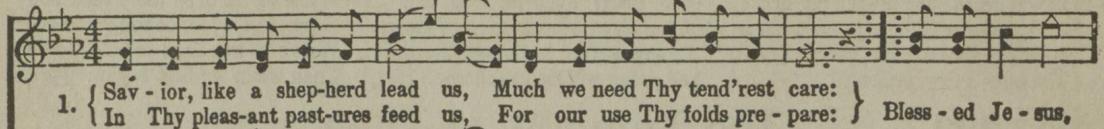
bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

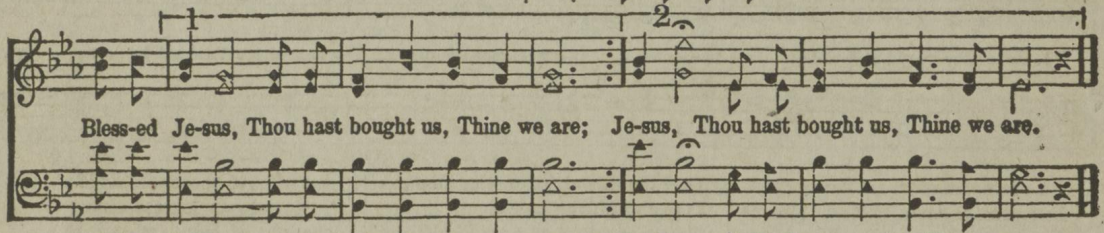
3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 286. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: / In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: } Bless - ed Je - sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

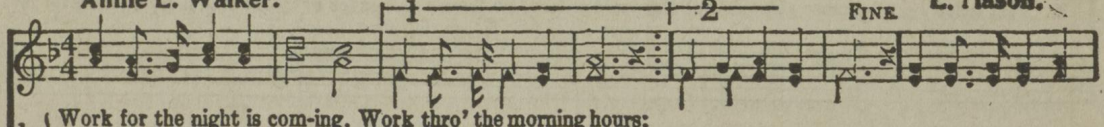
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

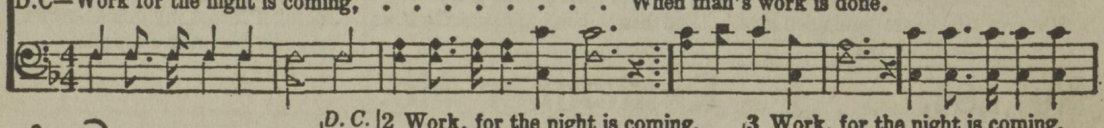
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

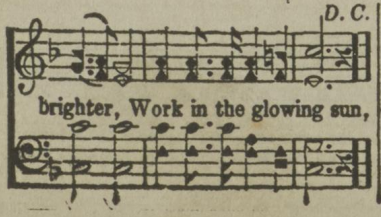
No. 287. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; / Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.





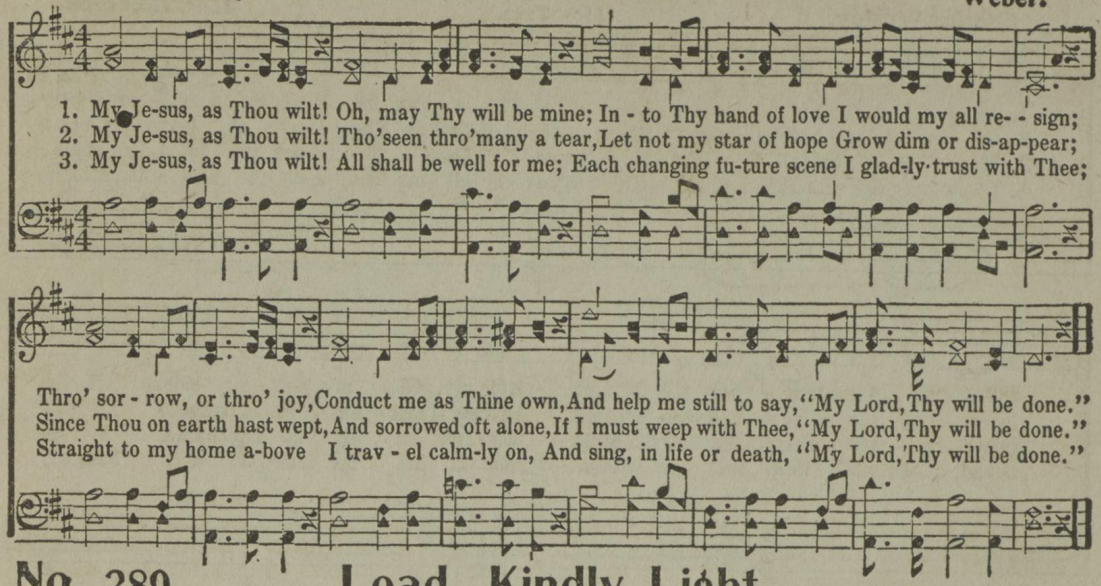
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

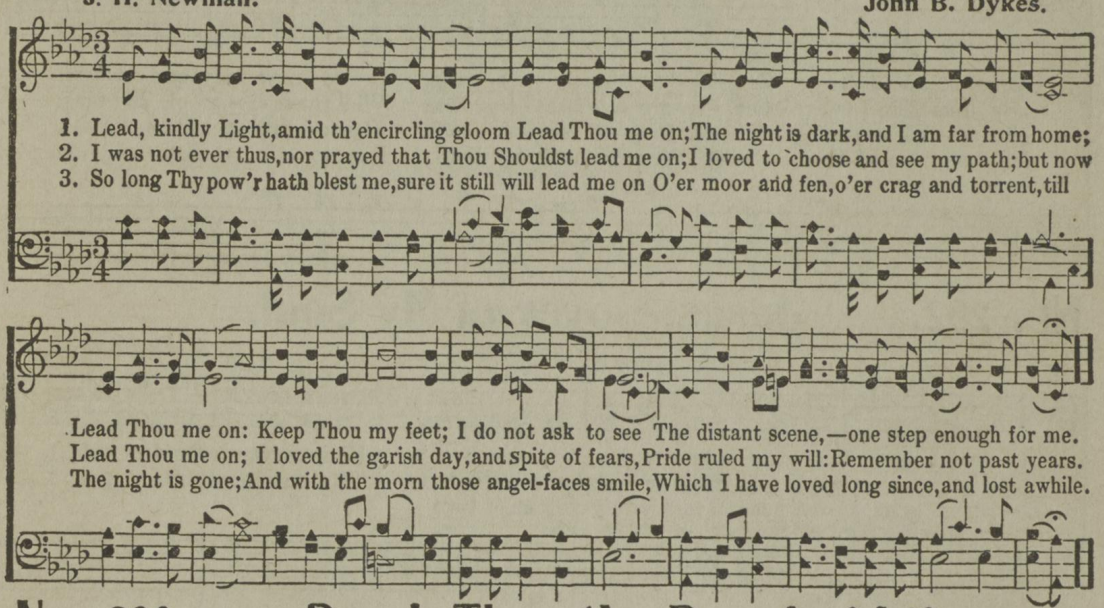
No. 288. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.



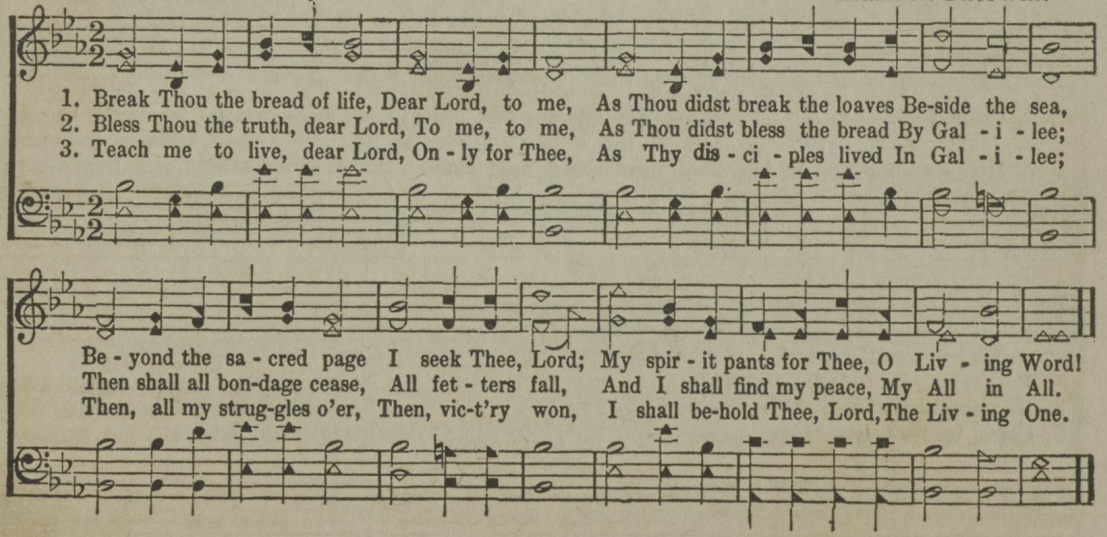
No. 289. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.



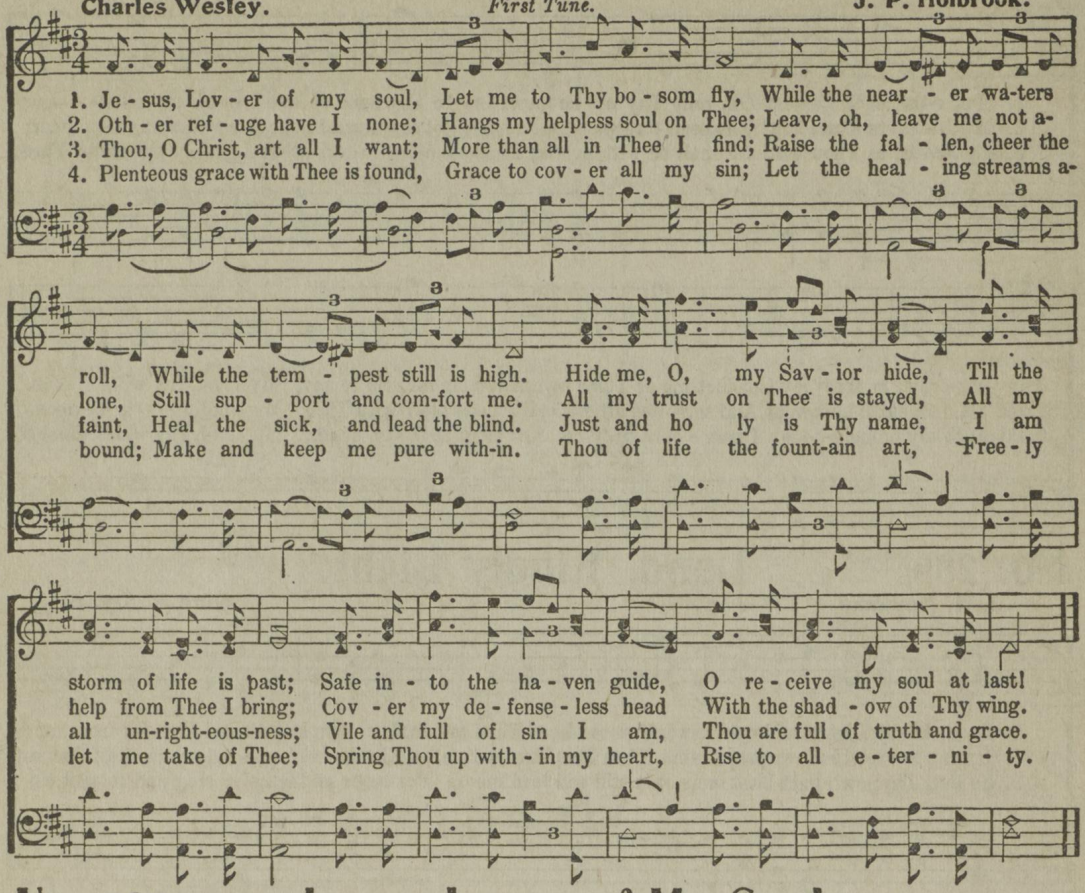
No. 290. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



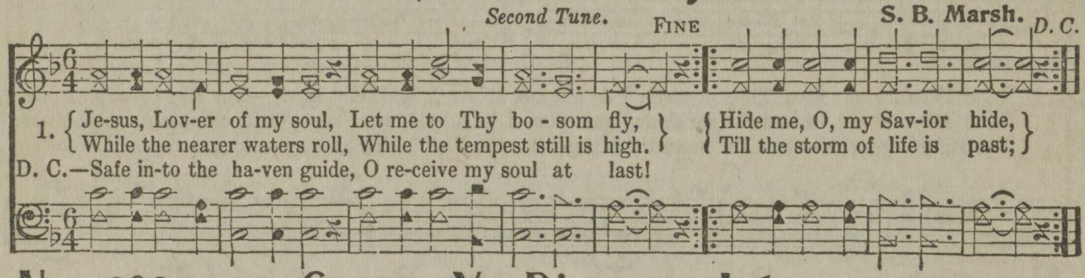
No. 291. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.



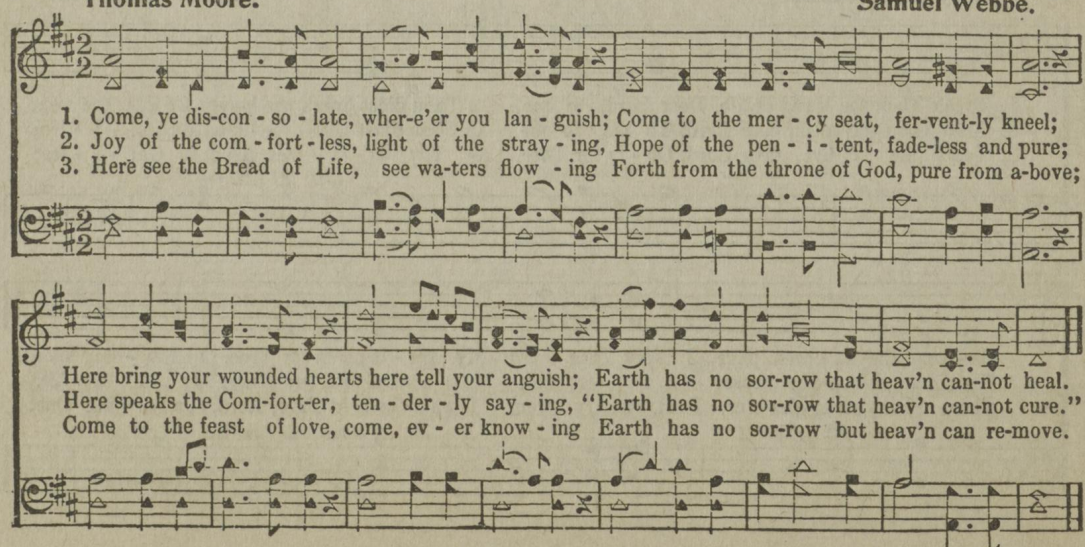
No. 292. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.



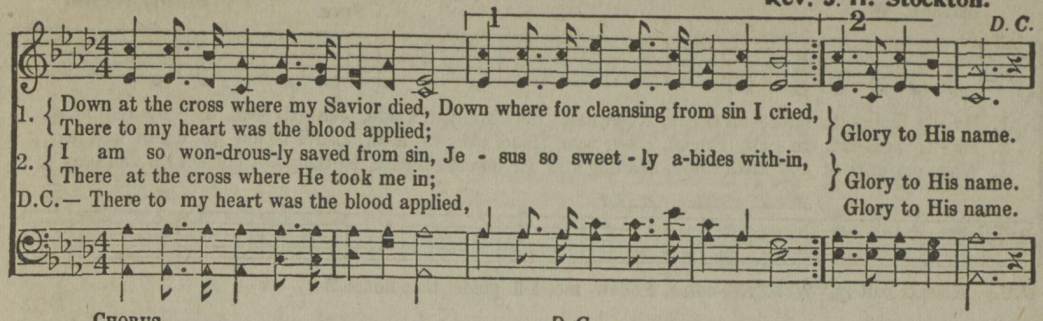
No. 293. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



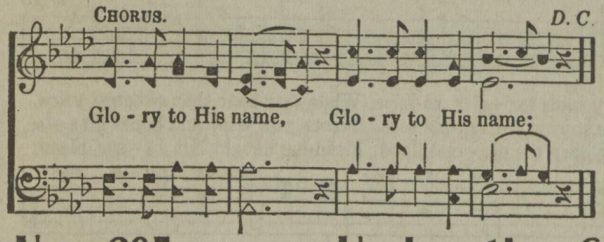
No. 294. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
   There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

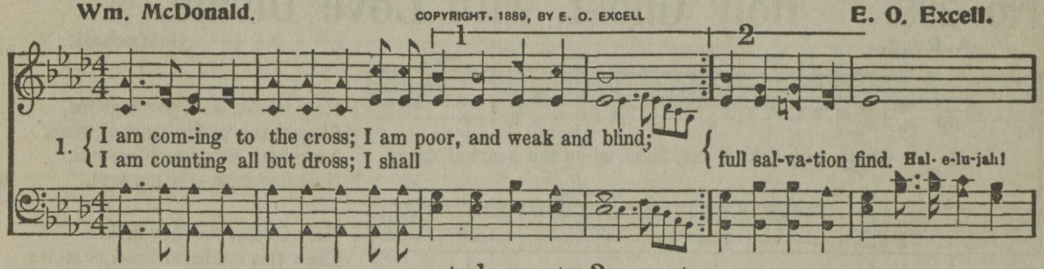


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

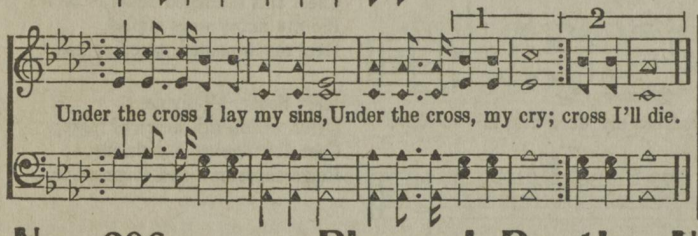
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 295. Under the Gross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT. 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
   I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find. Hal-e-lu-jah!

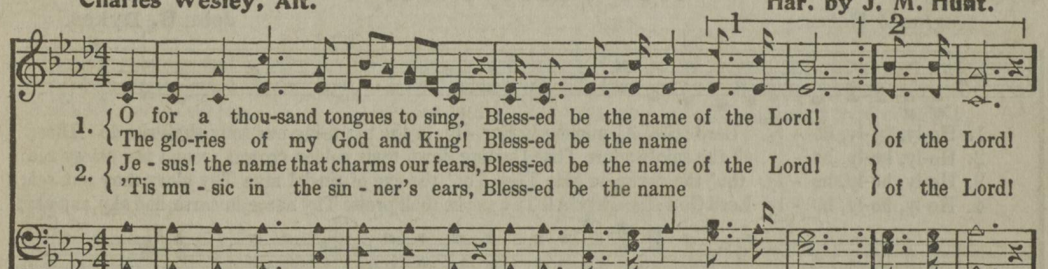


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

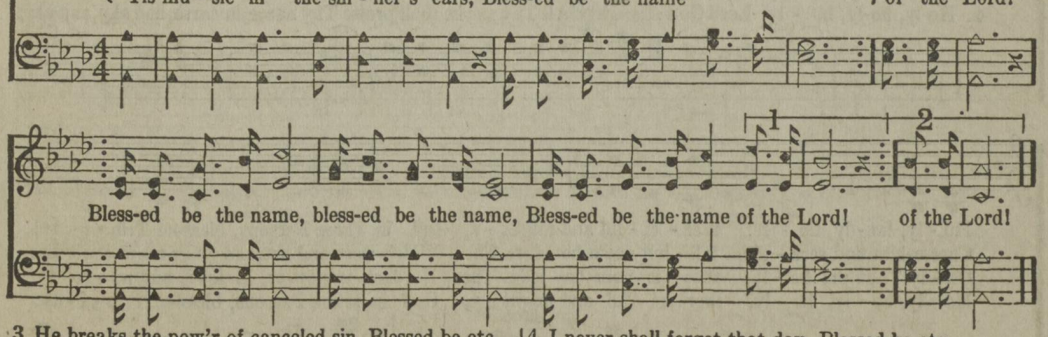
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 296. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   The glo-ries of my God and King! 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!
   'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

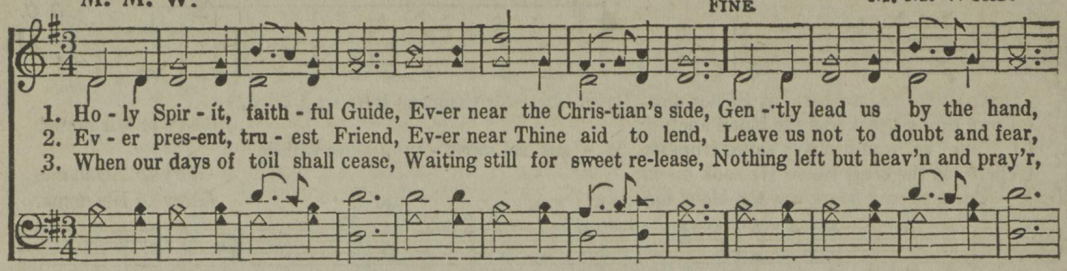


3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

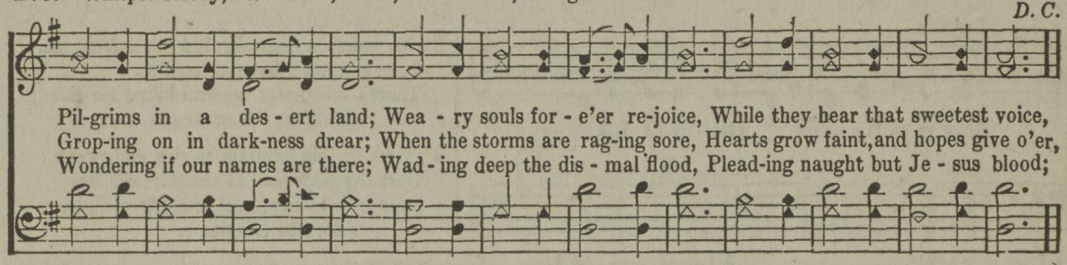
No. 297. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.



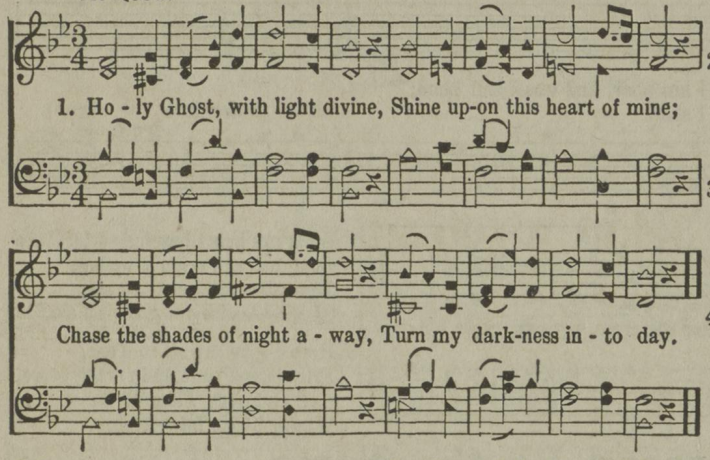
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.



No. 298. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



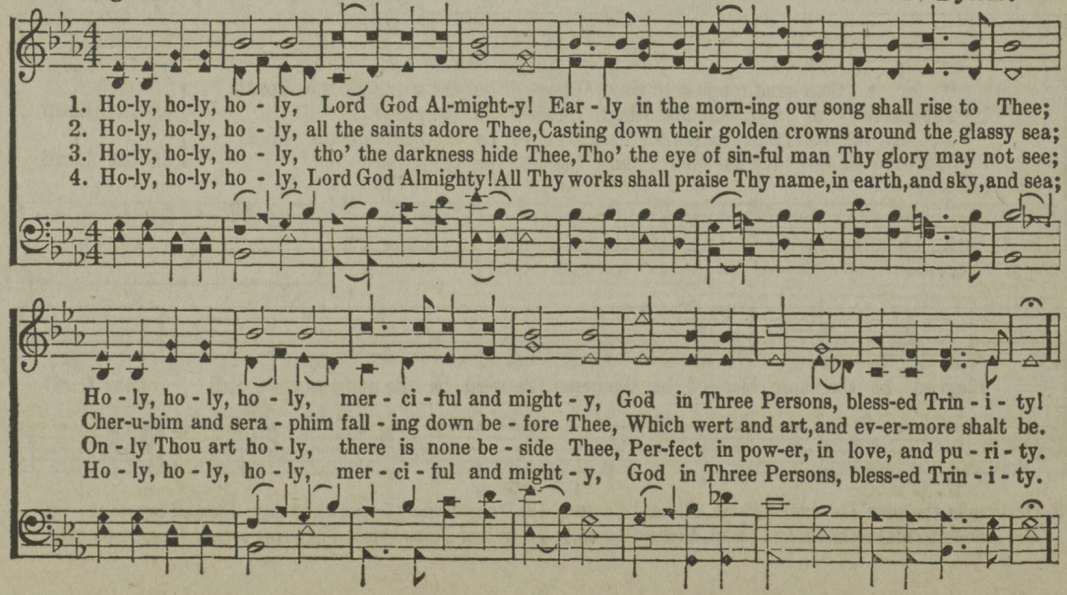
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

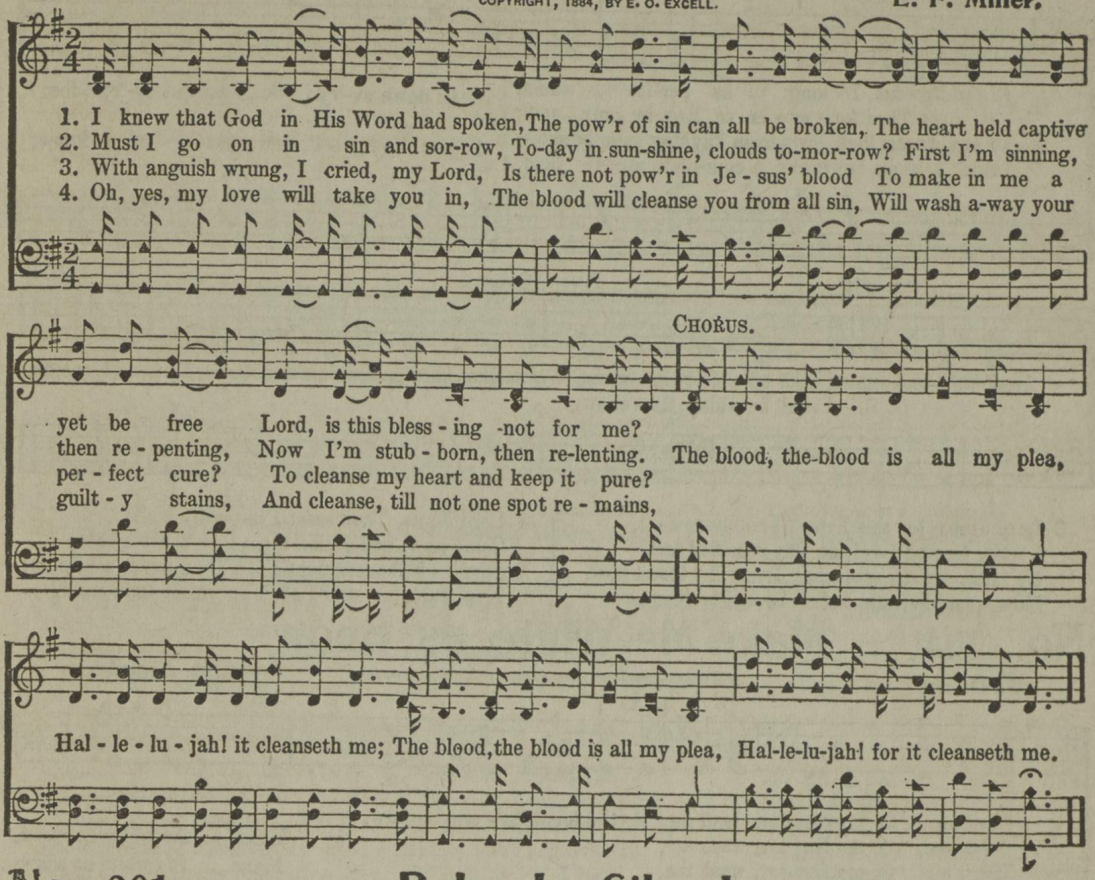
No. 299. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



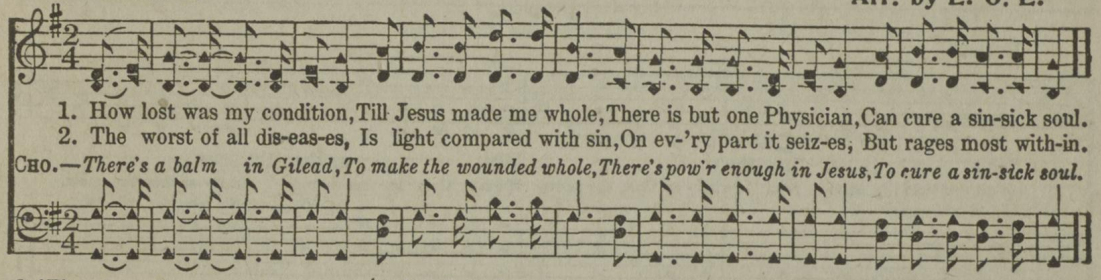
No. 300. The Blood is All my Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.



No. 301. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



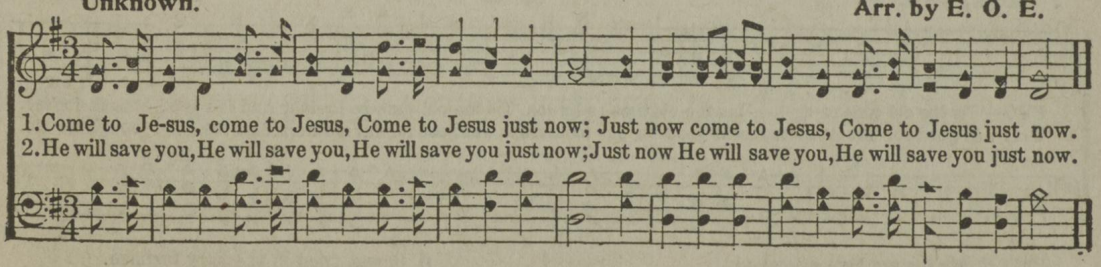
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 302. Come to Jesus.

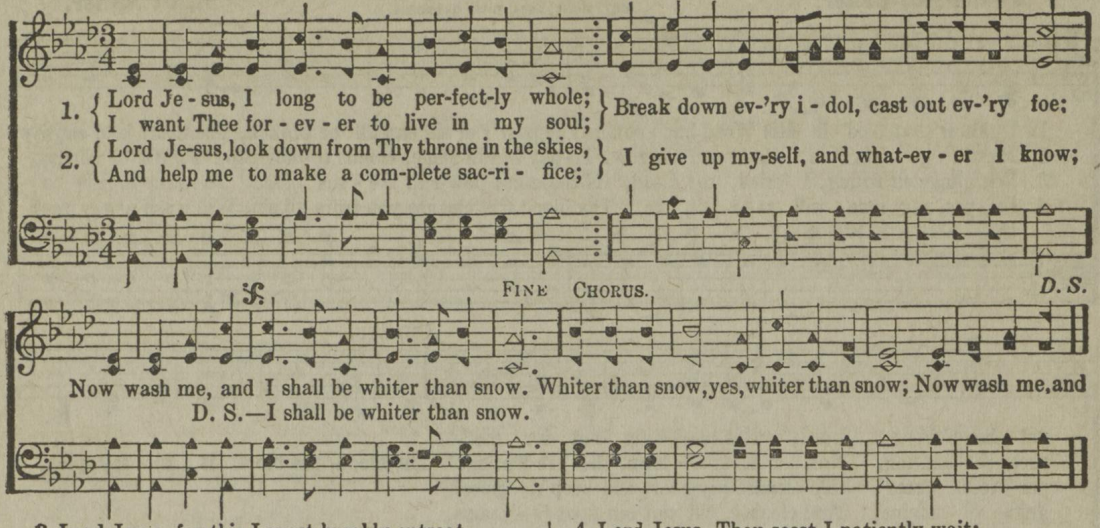
Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 303., Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

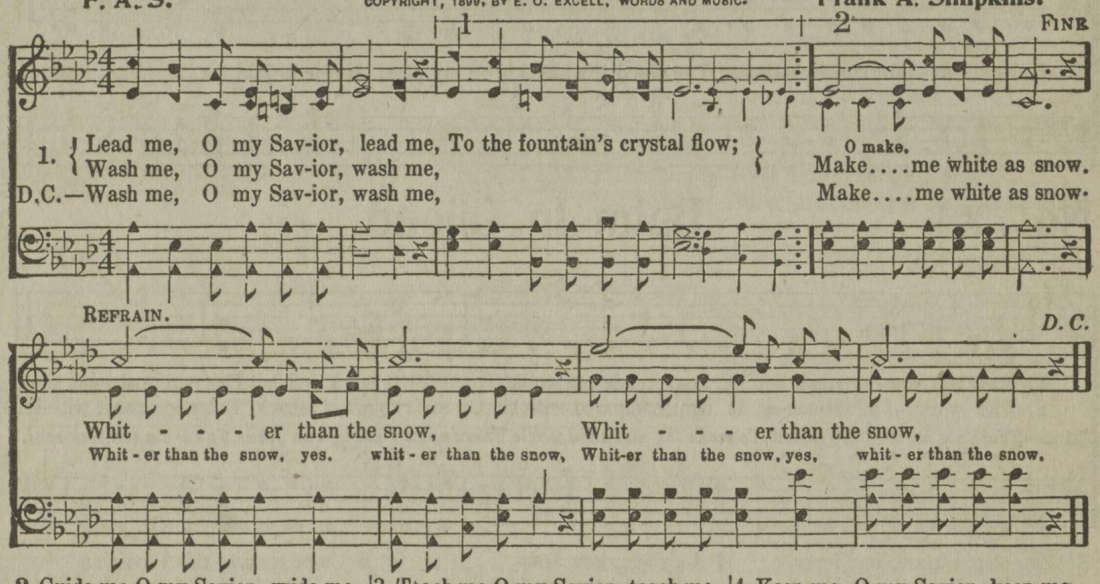


3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 304. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.



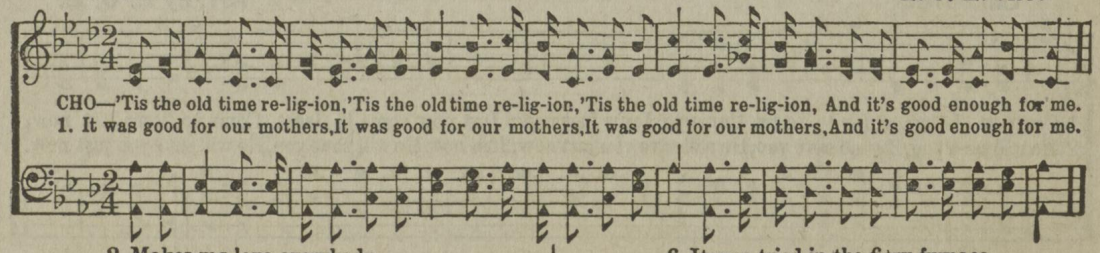
2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 305. The Old Time Religion.

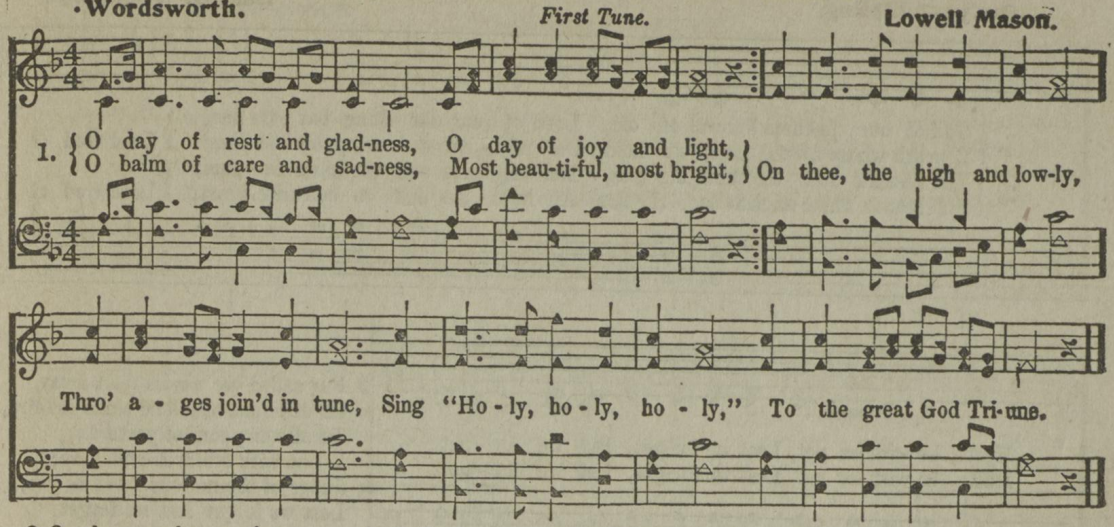
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.



2 Makes me love everybody.
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. 306. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 307. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

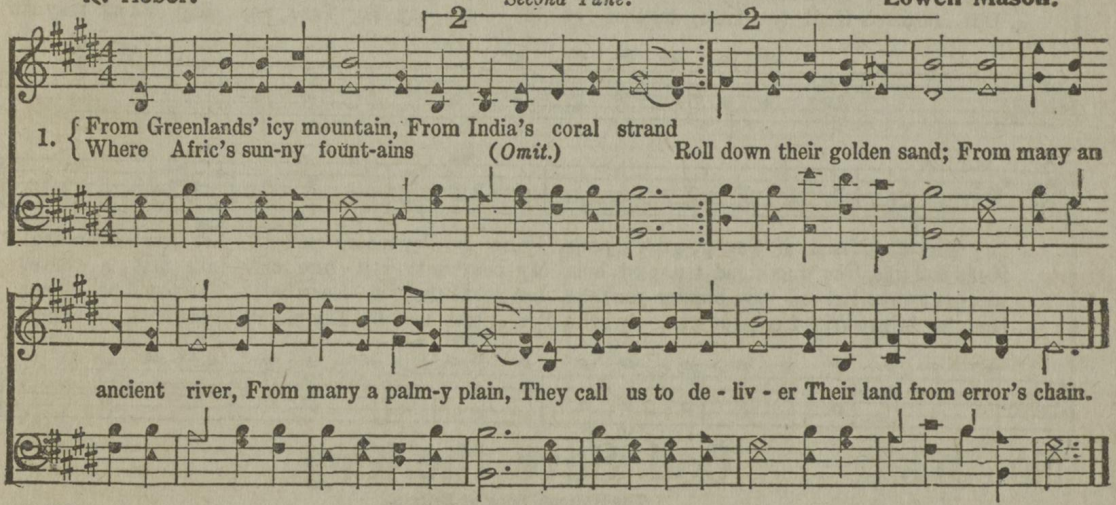
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 308. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



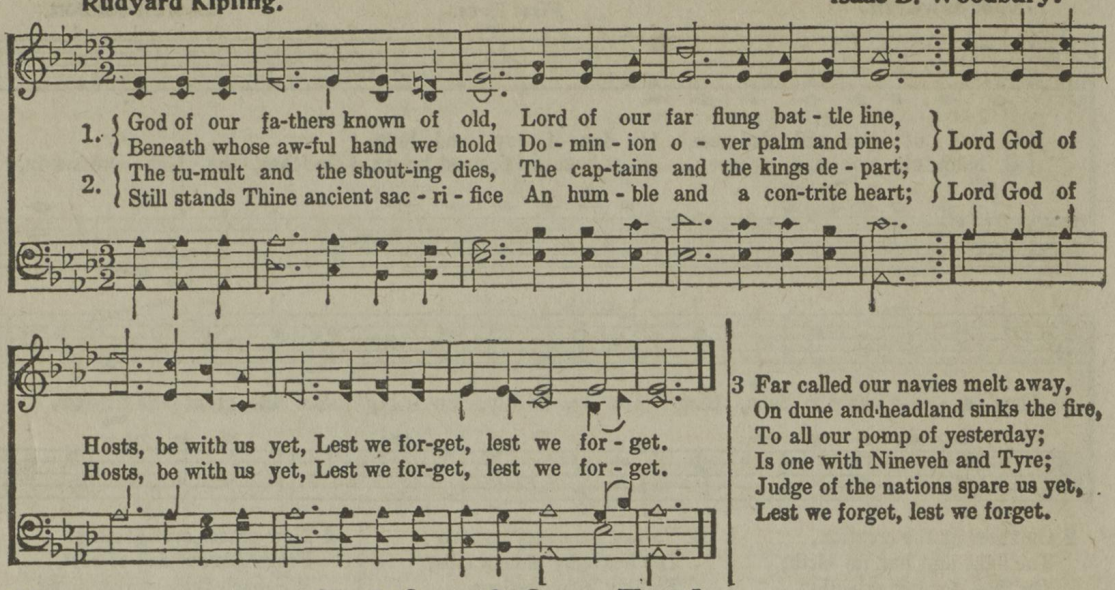
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 309. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.



3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 310. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

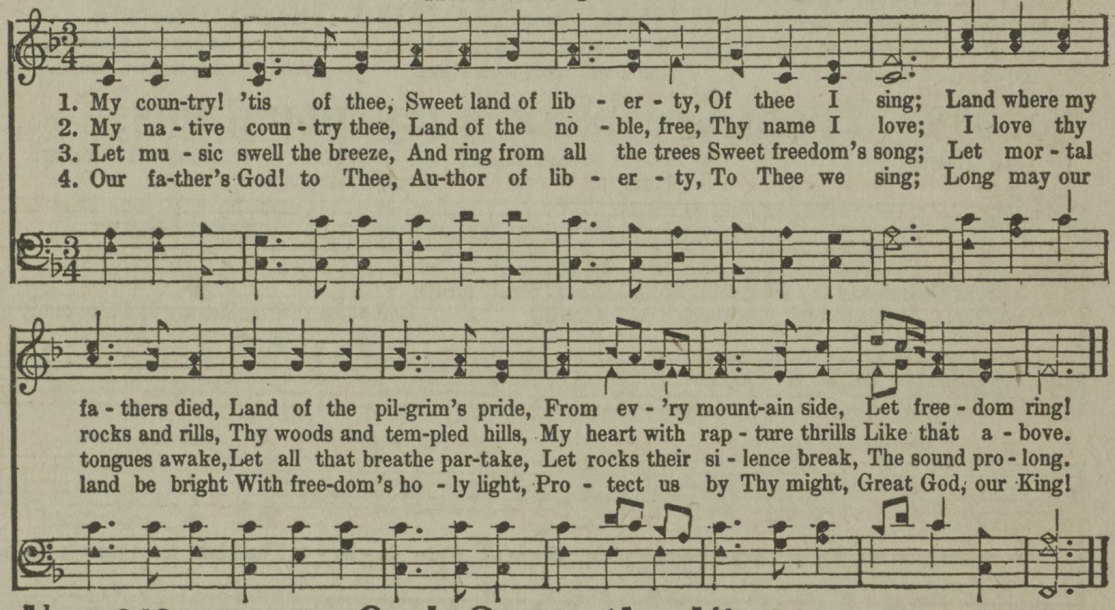
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 311. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.



No. 312. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

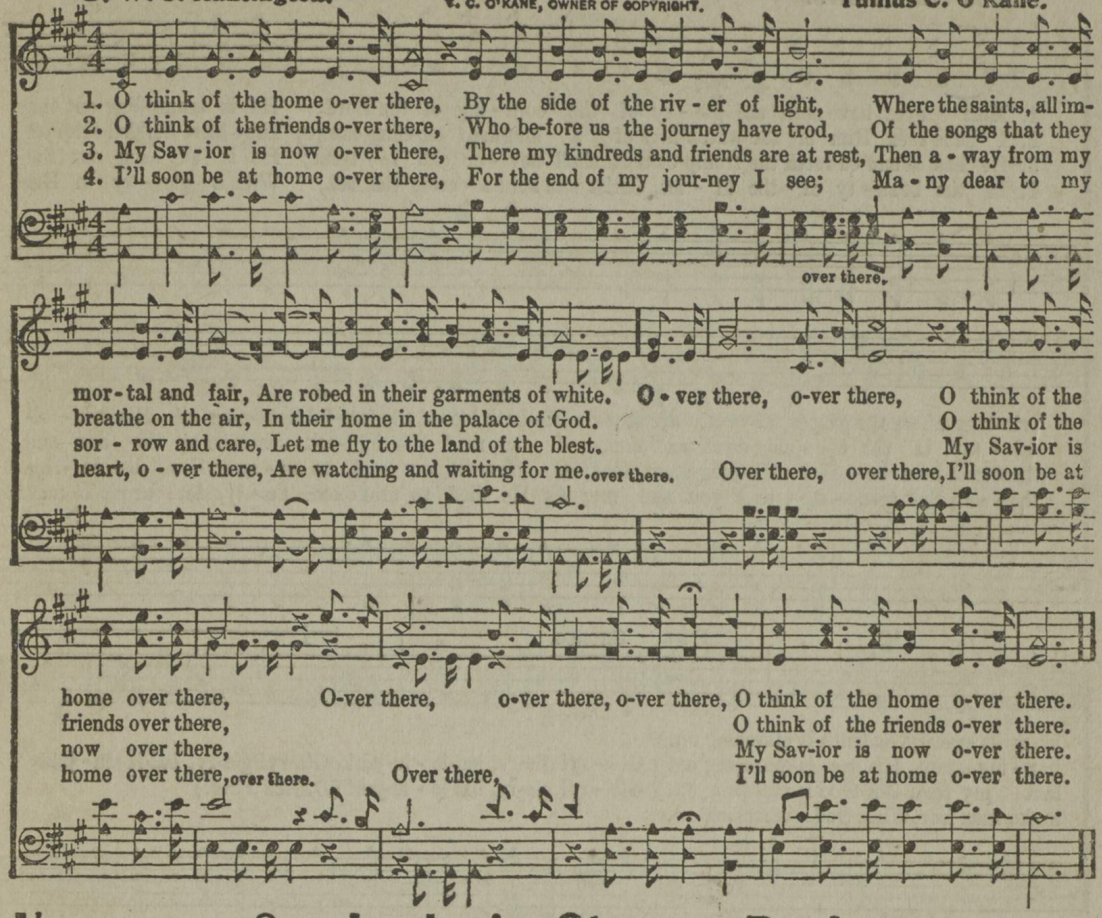
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain..

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

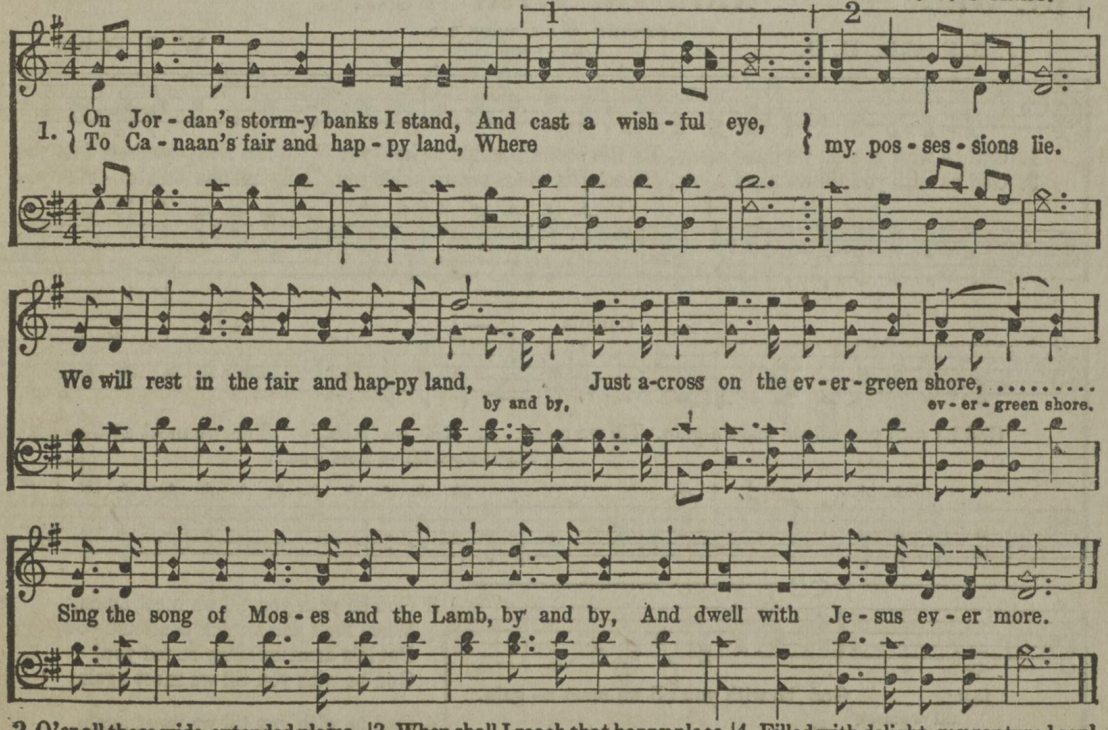
No. 313. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



No. 314. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.



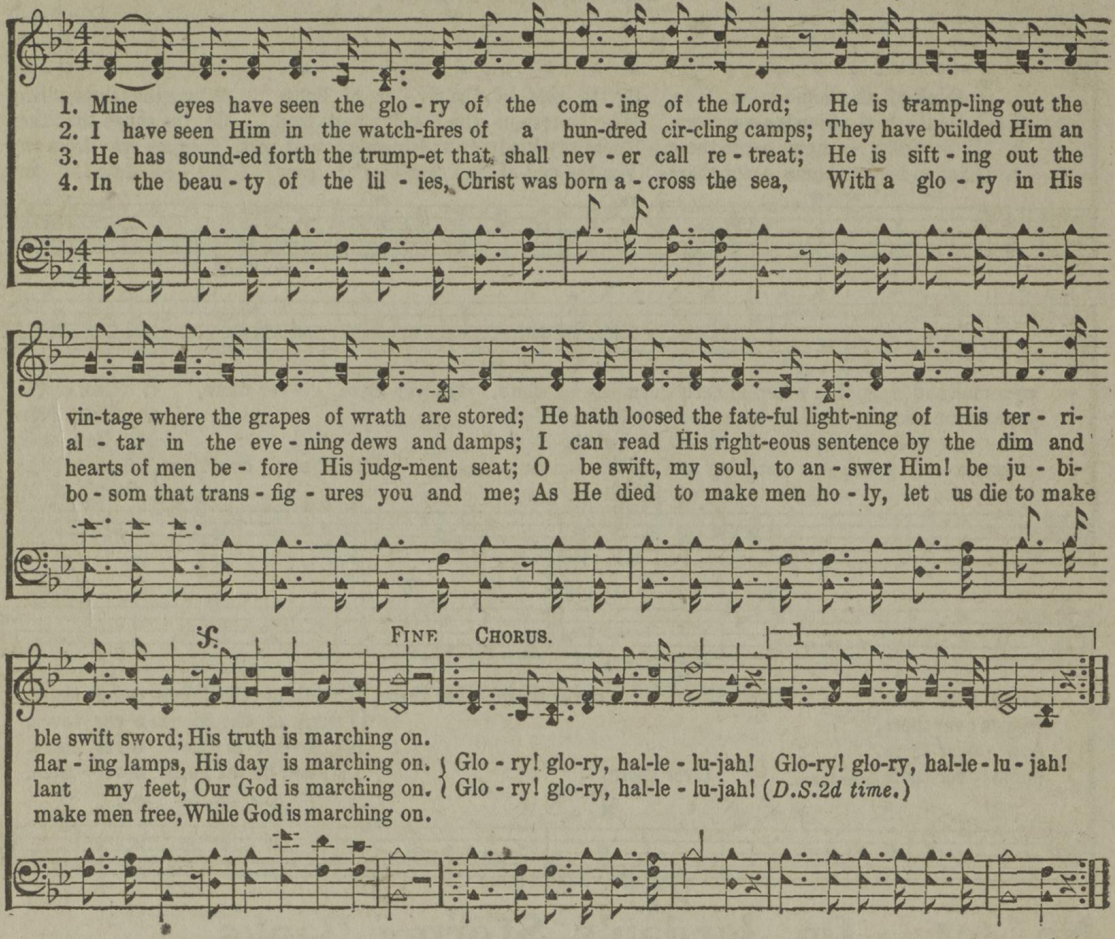
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 315. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

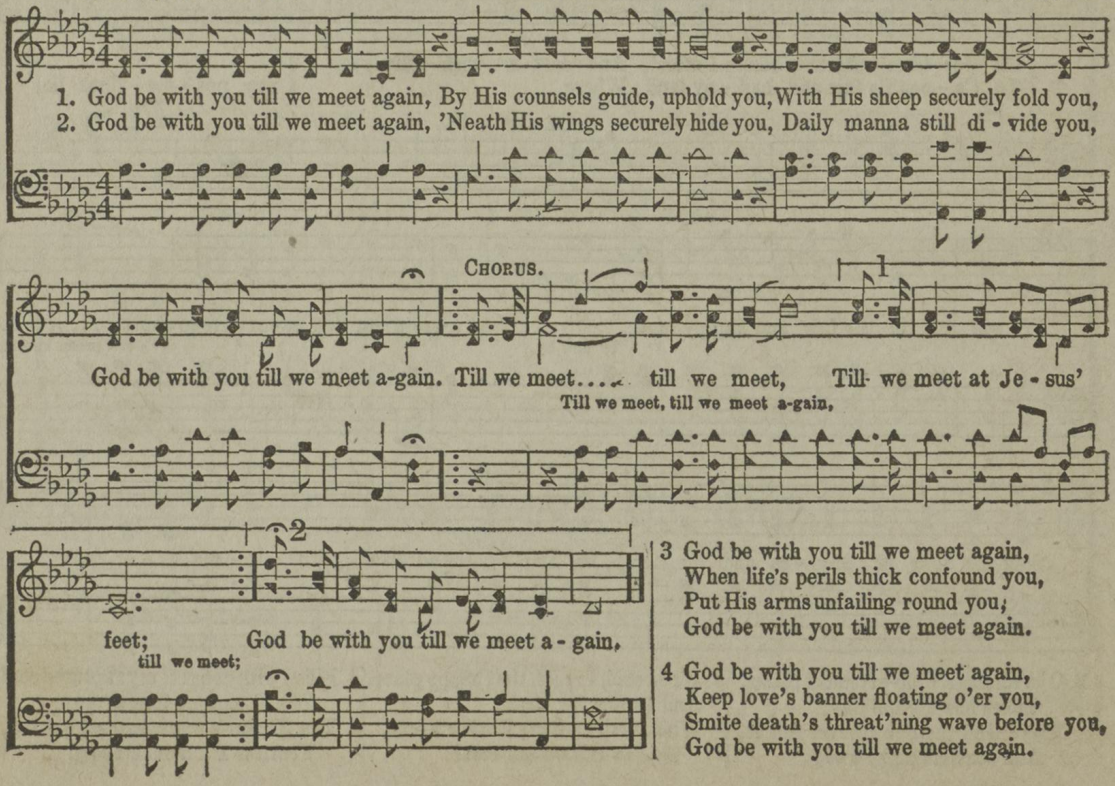
Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



No. 316. God Be With You.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

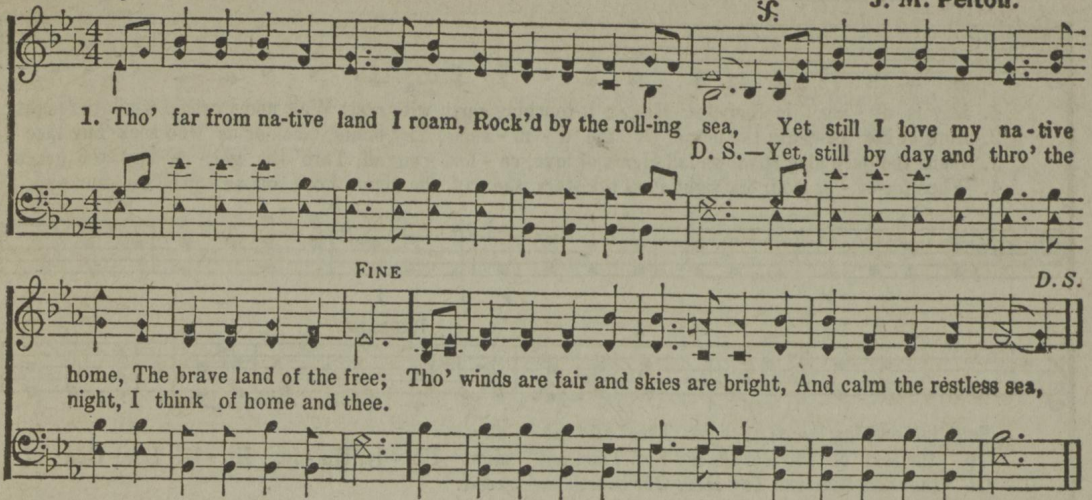


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 317. The Sailor's Home Song.

Allegretto. BY PERMISSION. J. M. Pelton.



1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are
And calm the restless sea, [bright,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.

2 When stars pale out the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts
Bright ruler of the day; [high,
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to
Then think, oh, think of me. [rest,

3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings
And show the threatening lea, [flash
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.

No. 318. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 319. Heaven.

Tune below.

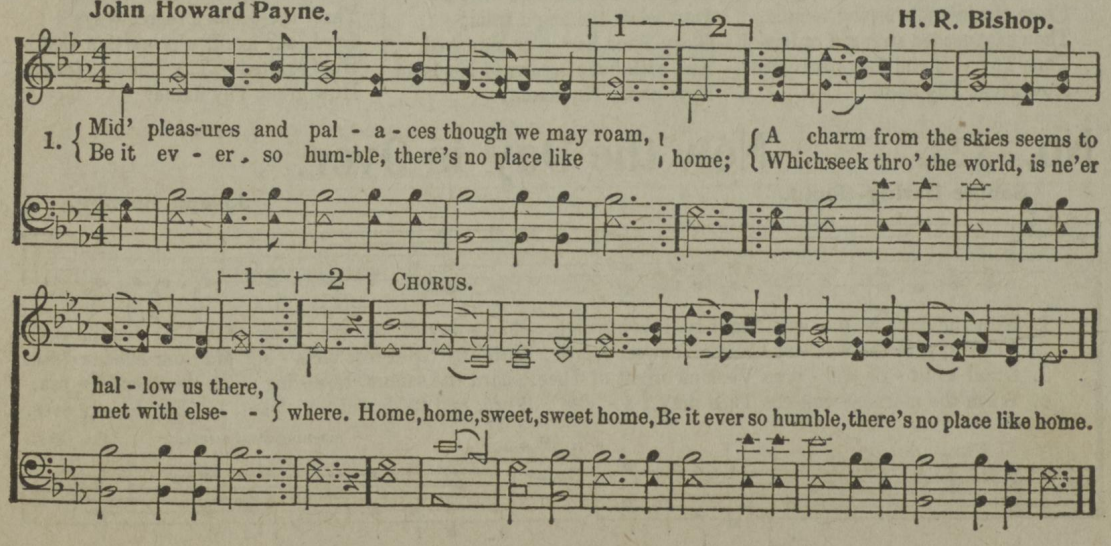
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

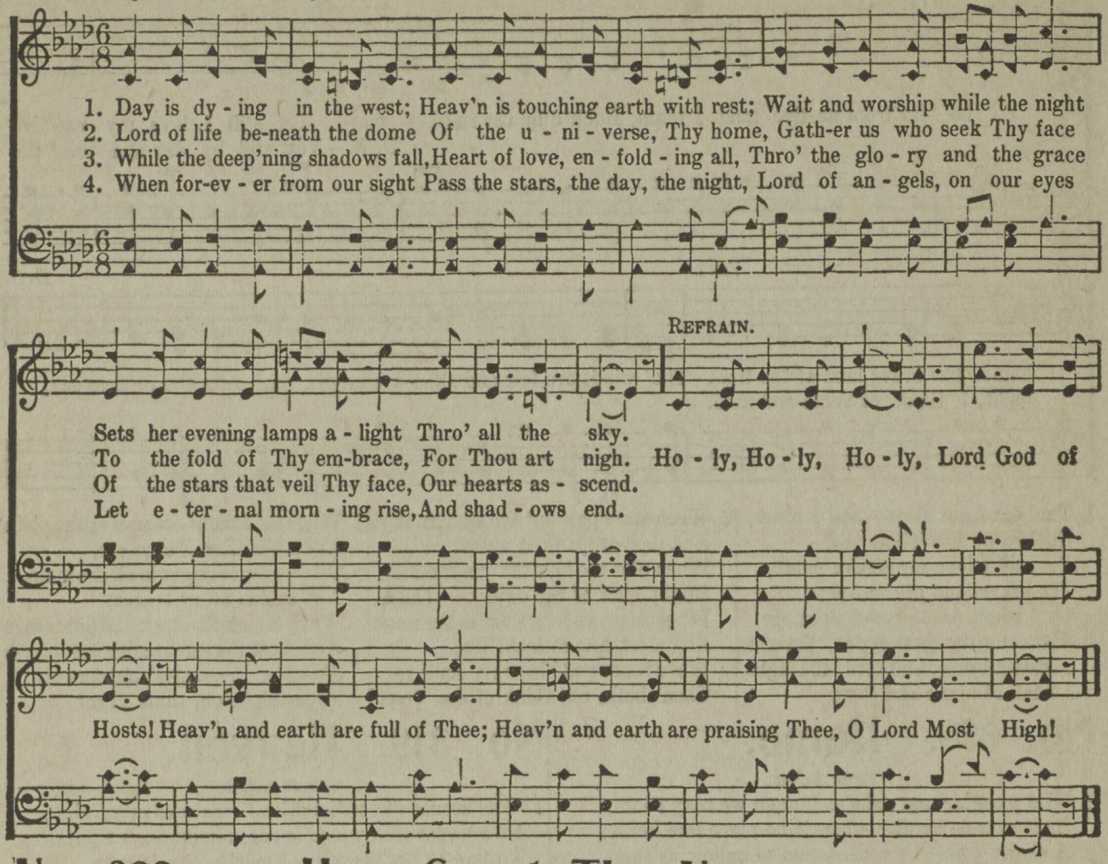
No. 320. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 321. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.



No. 322. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name! [frame,
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN. Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained,
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree:
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

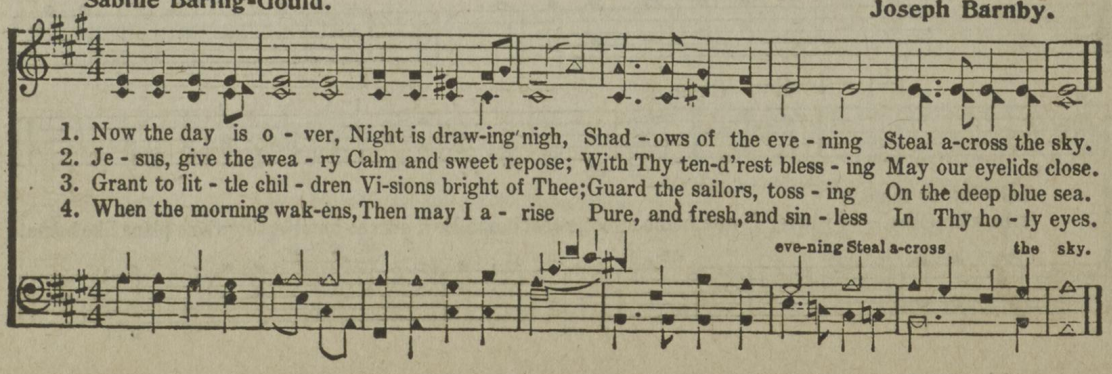
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast [made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro'the heaven's roam,
Fish that make the sea their home;
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name: [frame
How great Thy name!

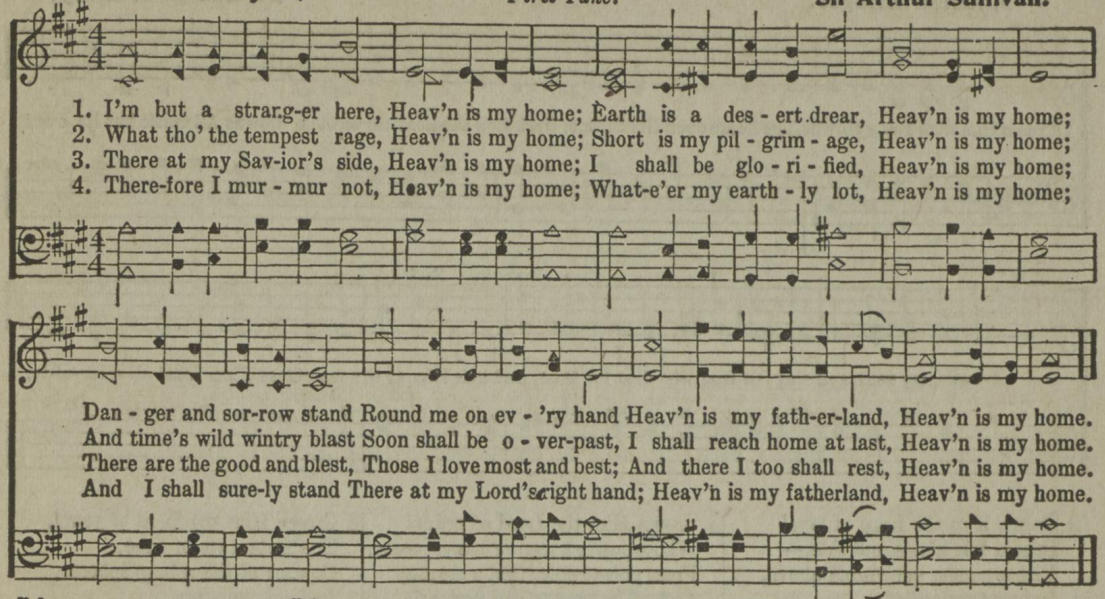
No. 323. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.



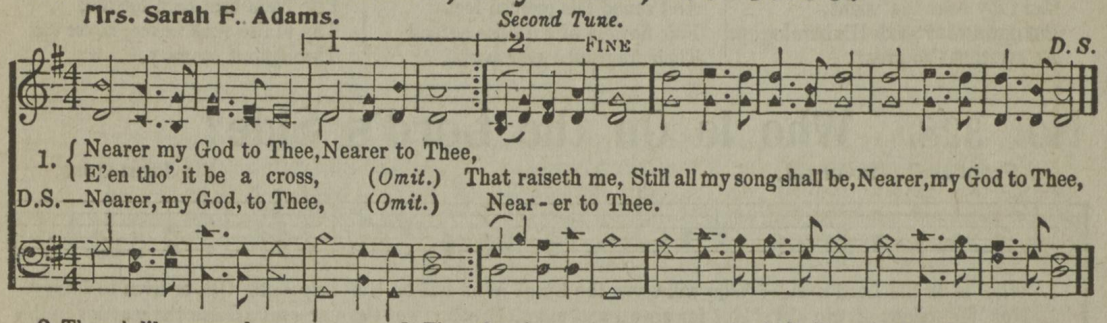
No. 324. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.



No. 325. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

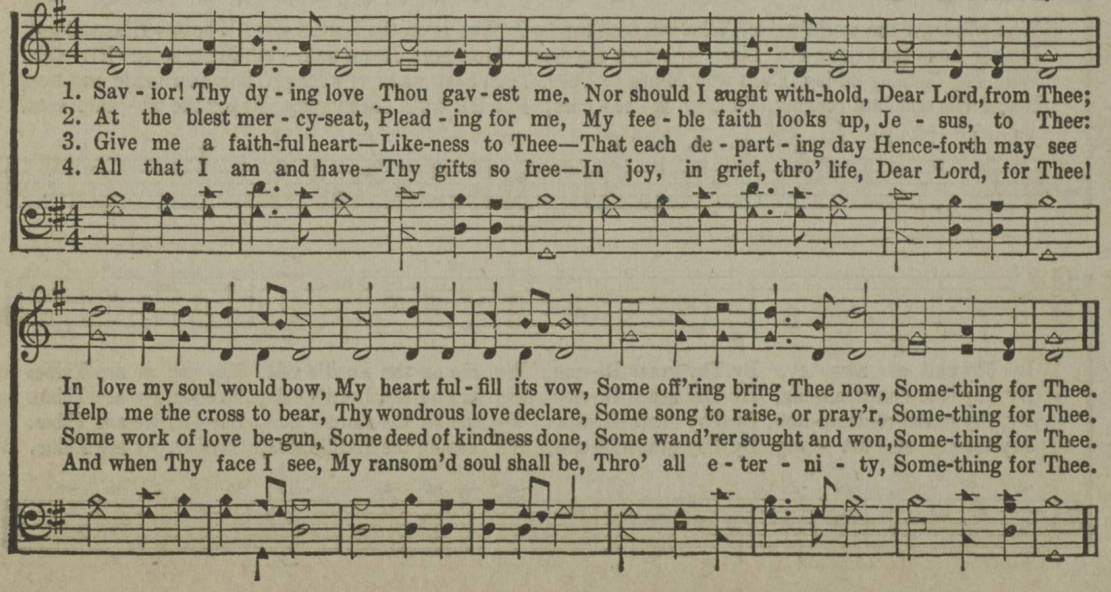
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

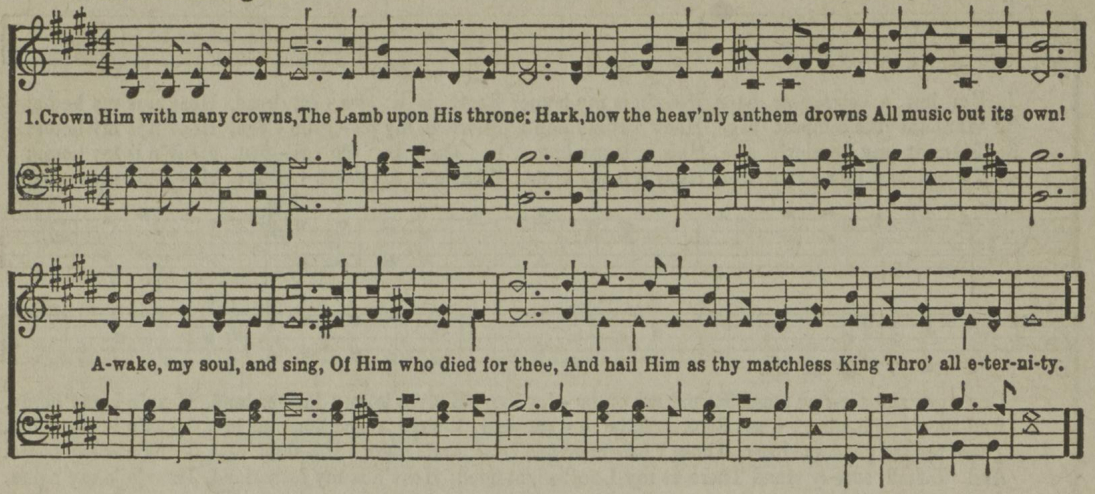
No. 326. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.



No. 327. Crown Him With Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. Sir George J. Elvey.



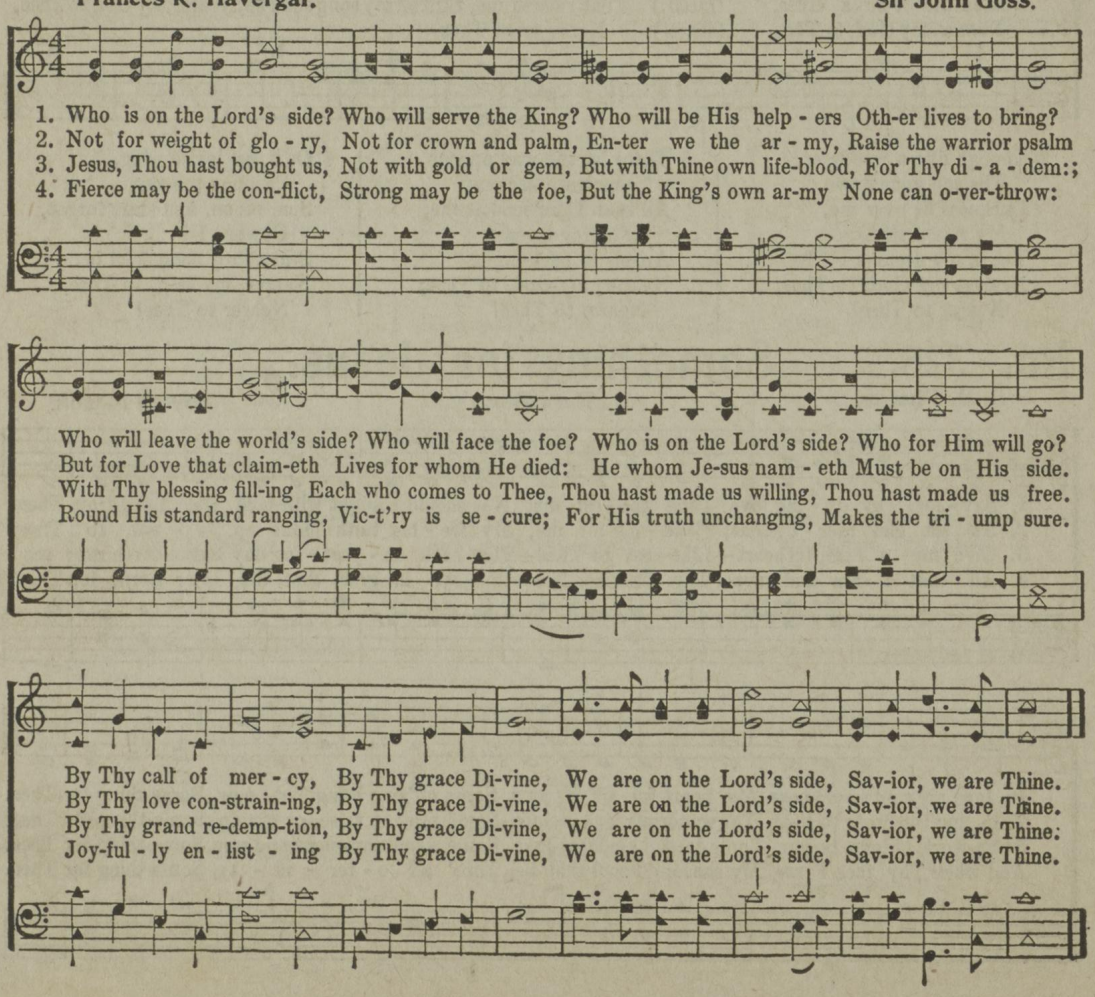
2 Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways[cease,
From pole to pole, that wars may
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

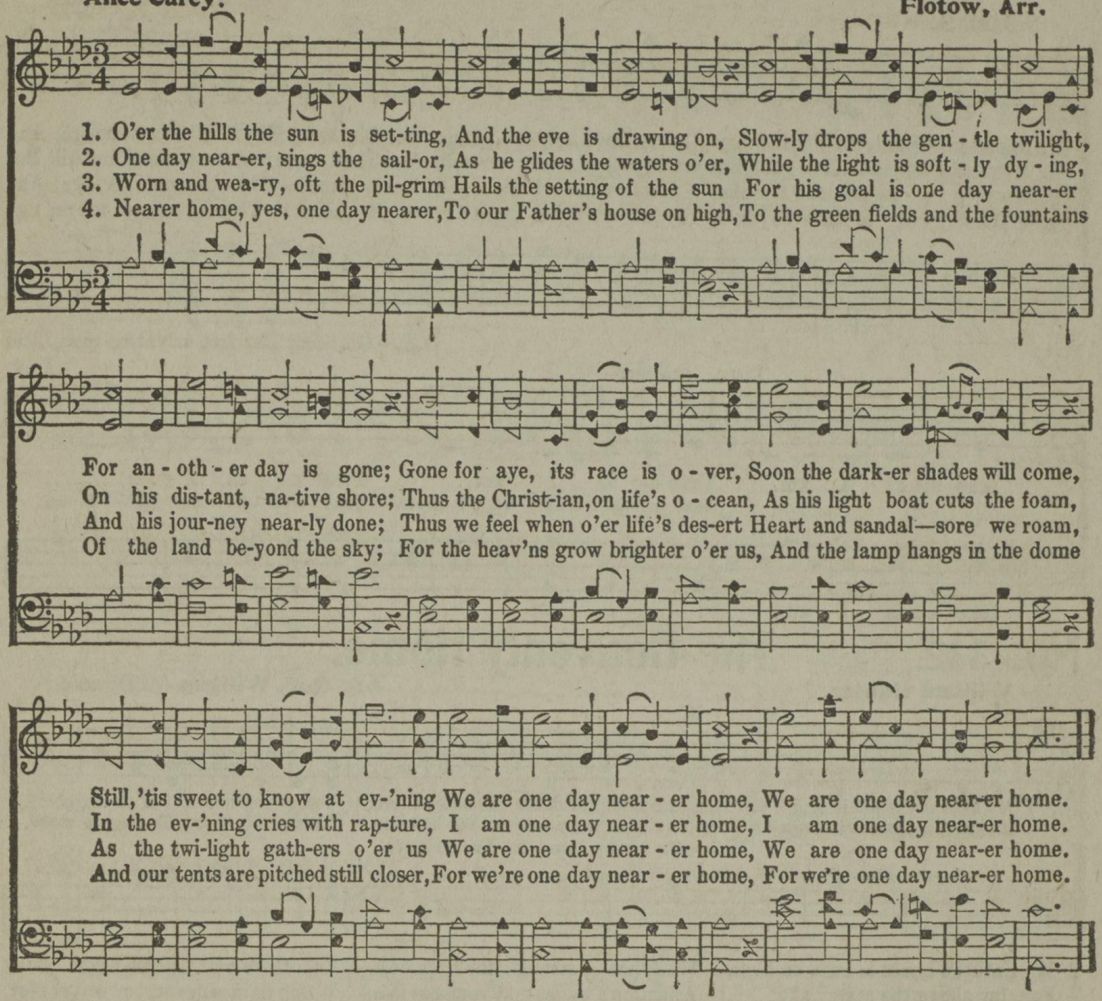
No. 328. Who Is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Sir John Goss.



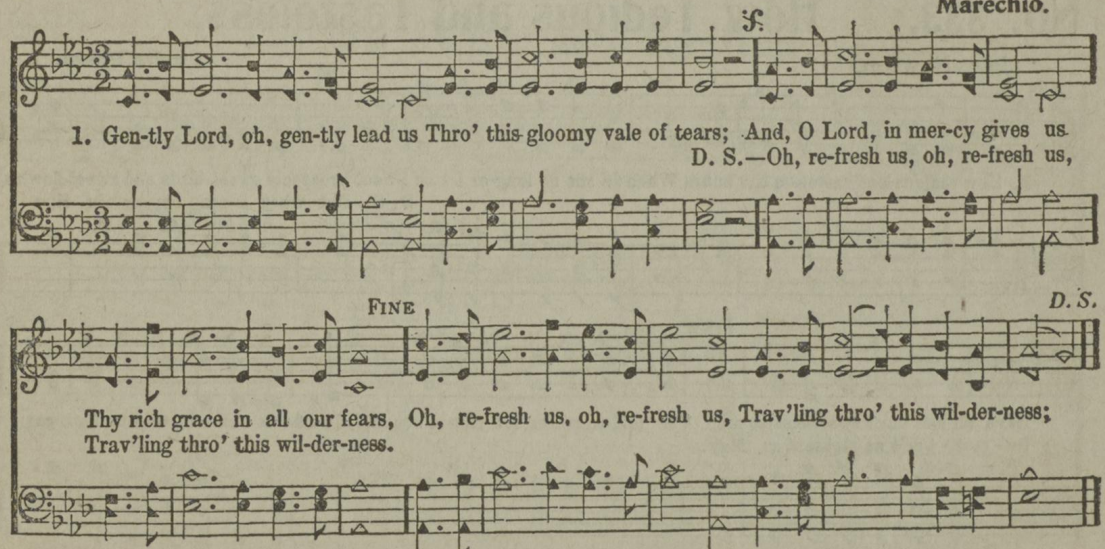
No. 329. Nearer Home.

Alice Carey. Flotow, Arr.



No. 330. Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us.

Marechio.



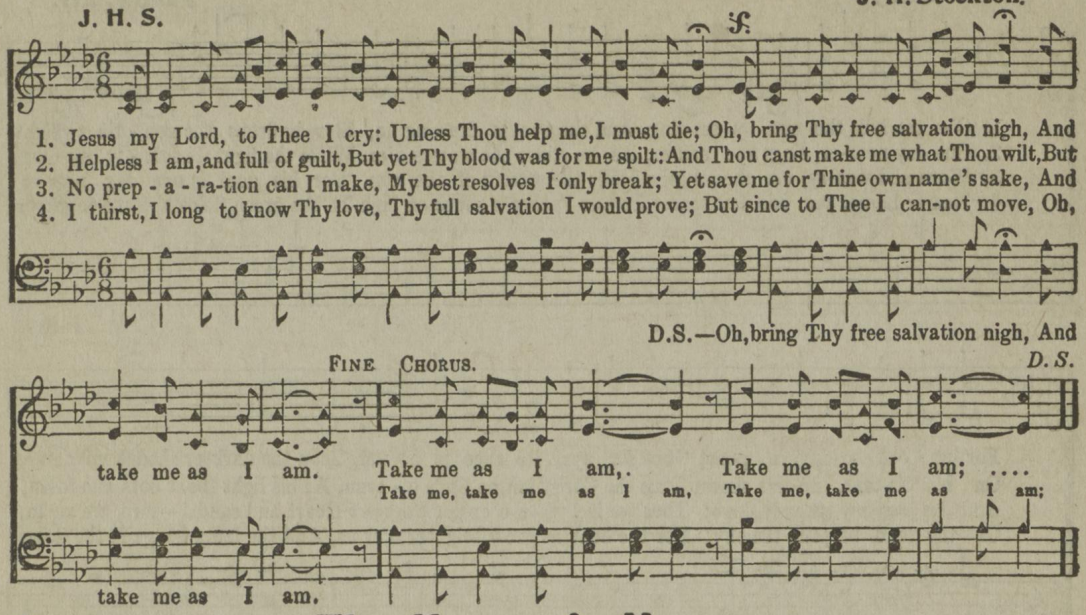
2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way,
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear,
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

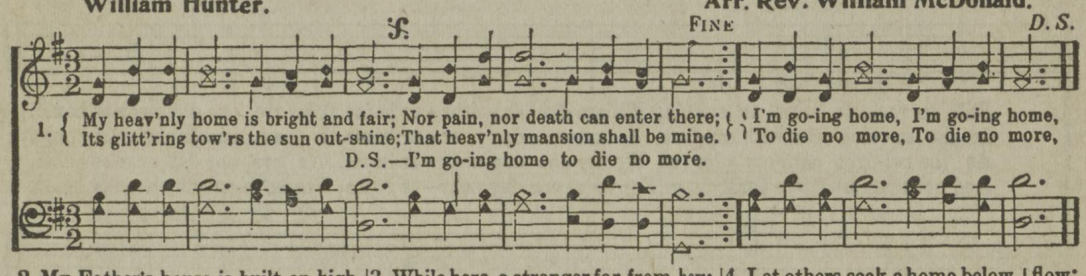
No. 331. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 332. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. — Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



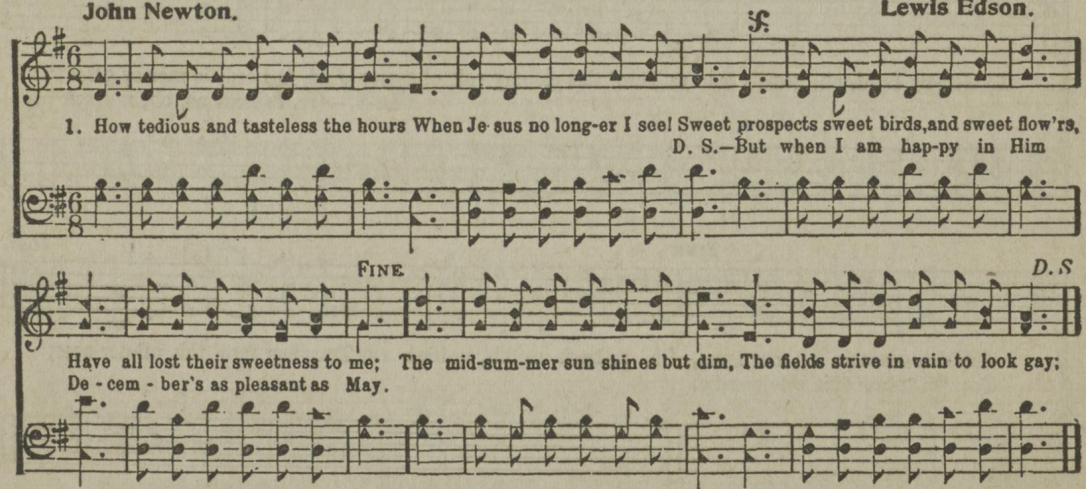
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 333. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. — Lewis Edson.



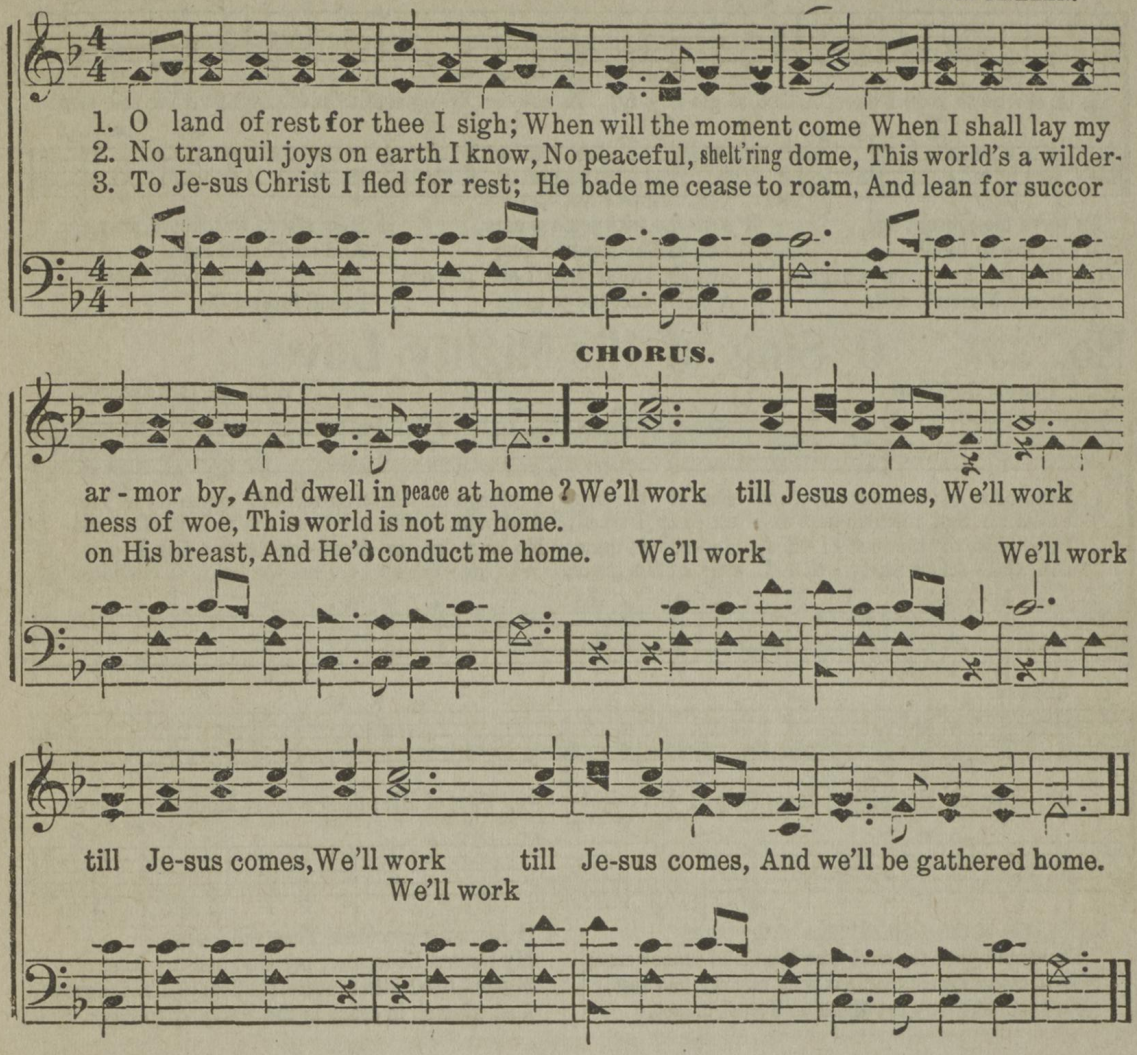
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

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

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

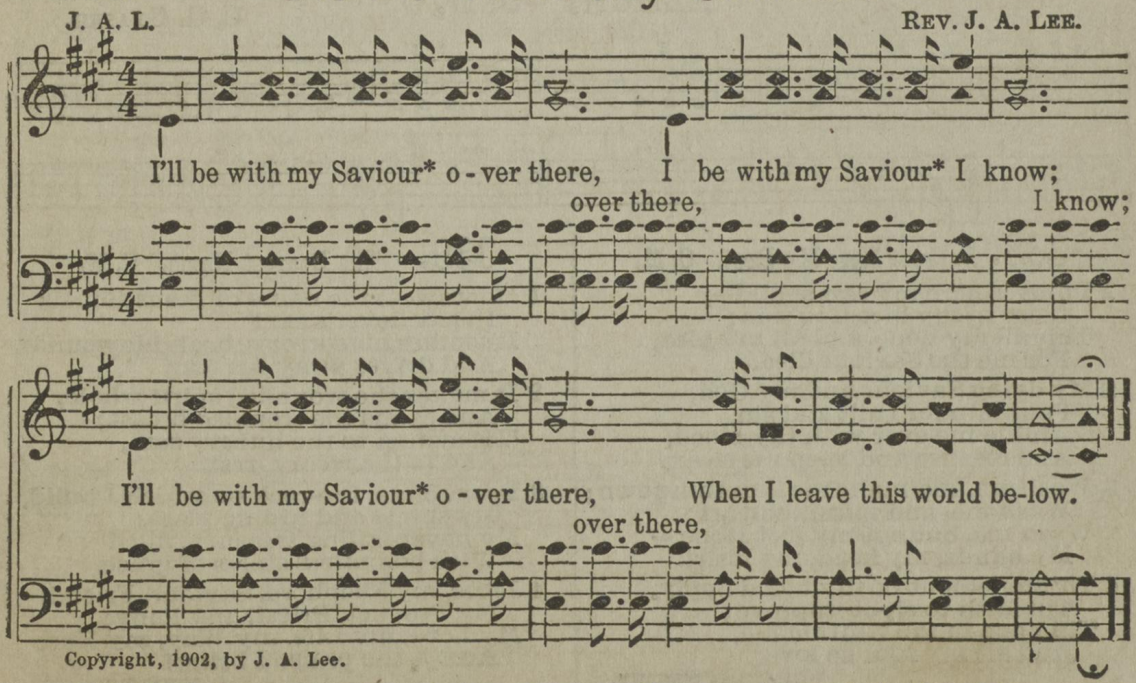
334 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

DR. MILLER.



335 I'll Be With My Saviour.

J. A. L. REV. J. A. LEE.



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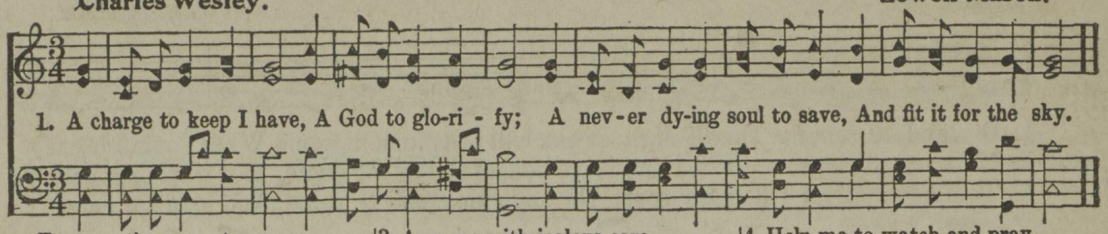
*Substitute the word father, mother, sister, brother, neighbor, Christians, etc.

No. 336. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



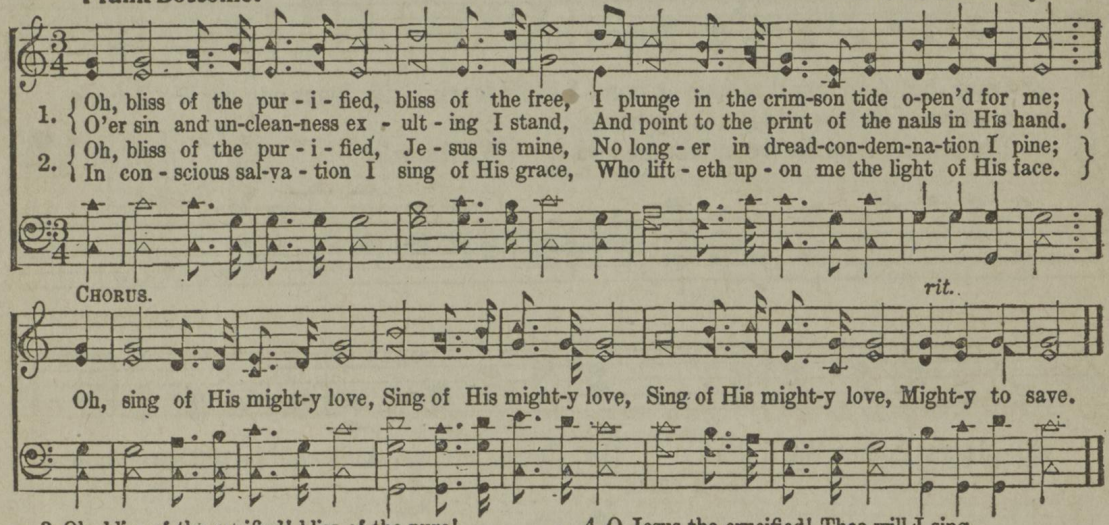
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 337. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

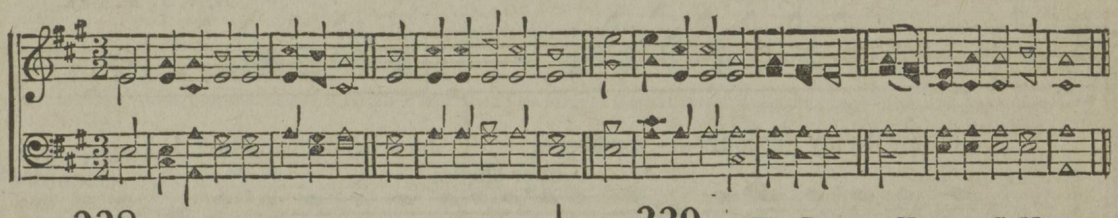


3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. Glaser.



338. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

339. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

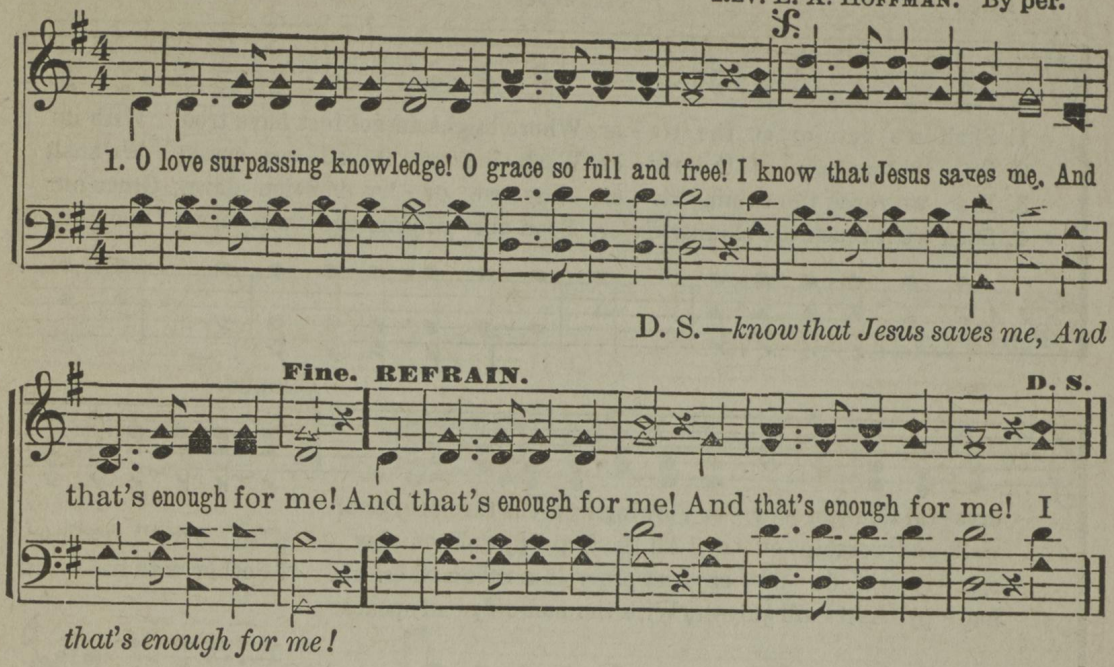
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shephord, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 340 ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

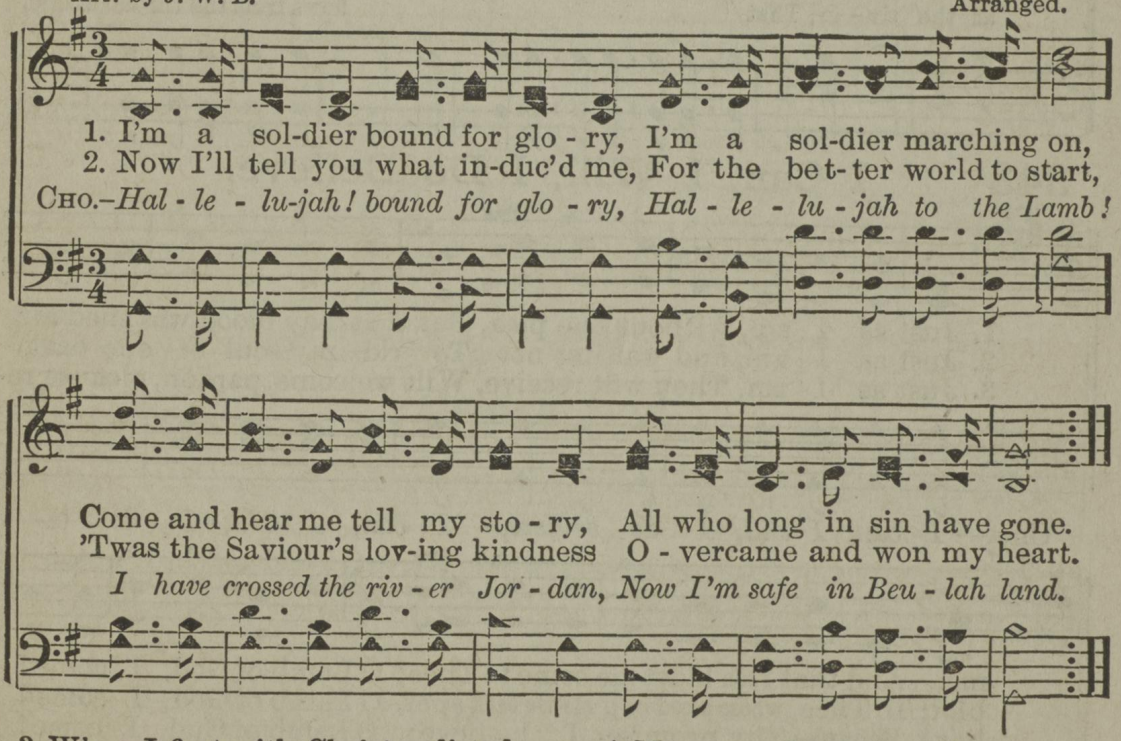


2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!

No. 341 SAFE IN BEULAH.

Arr. by J. W. B. Arranged.



3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted—
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 342. Shall We Gather at the River?

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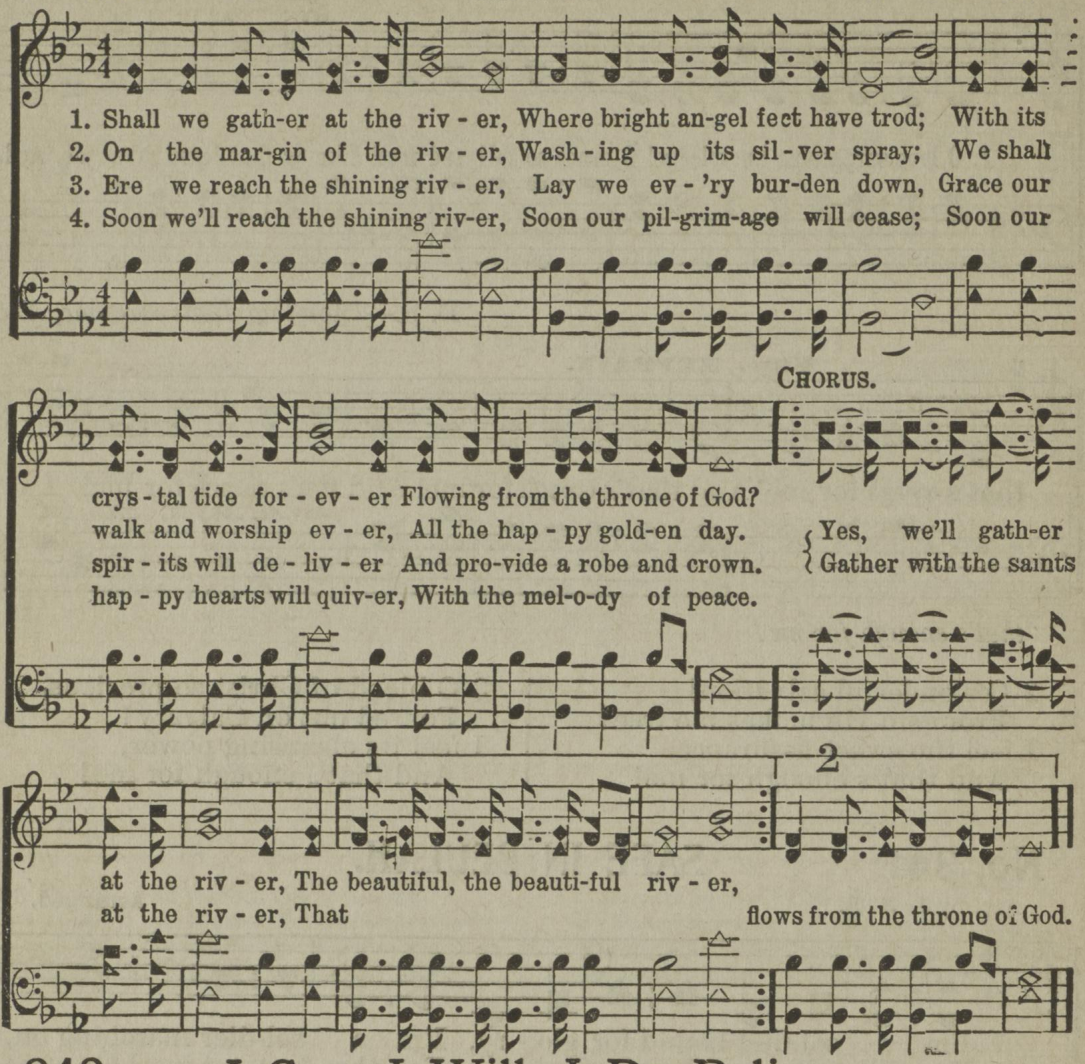
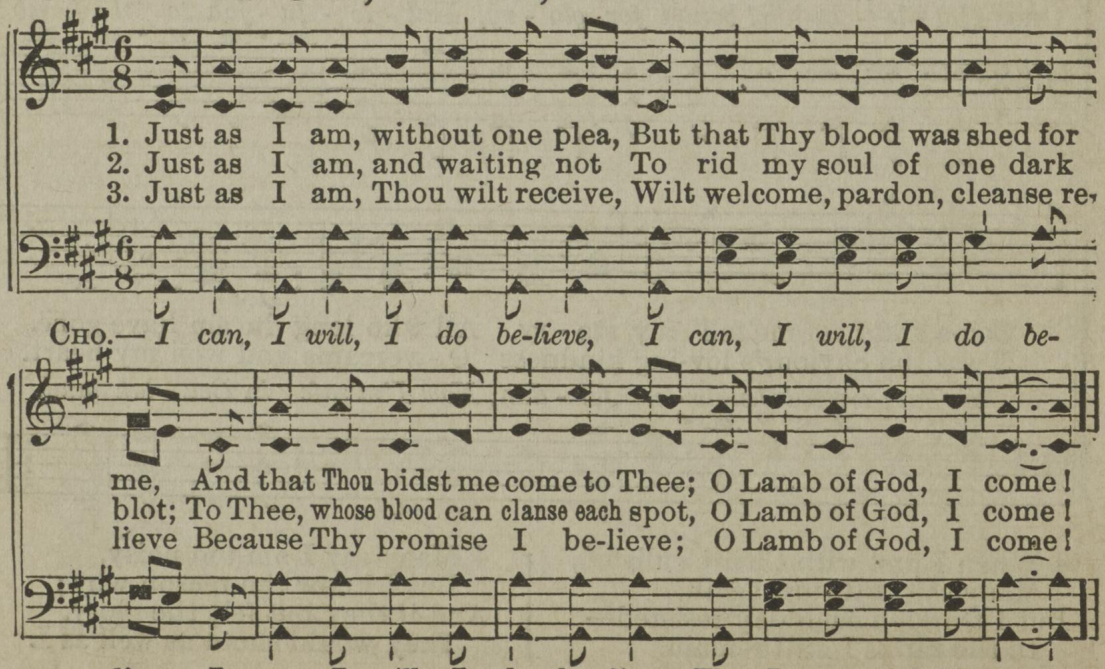
R. L. Robert Lowry.

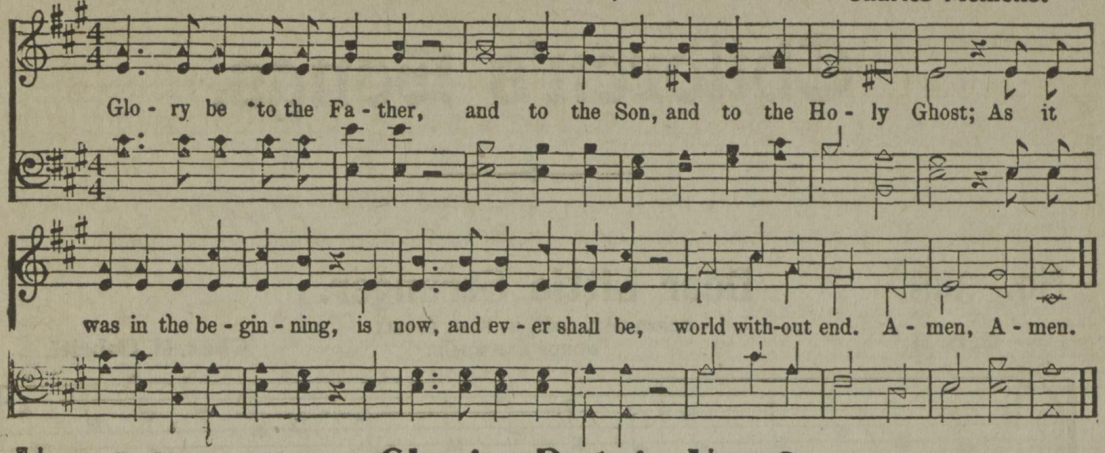


343 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



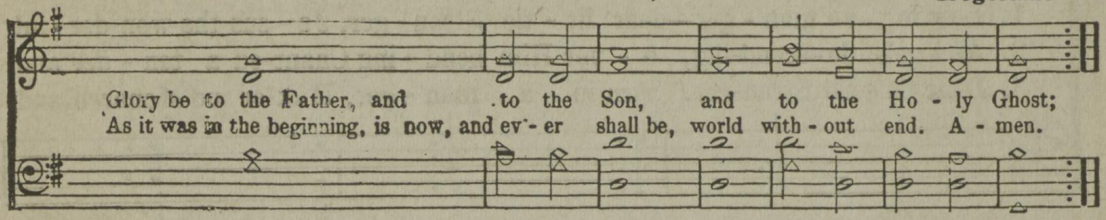
No. 344. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 345. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

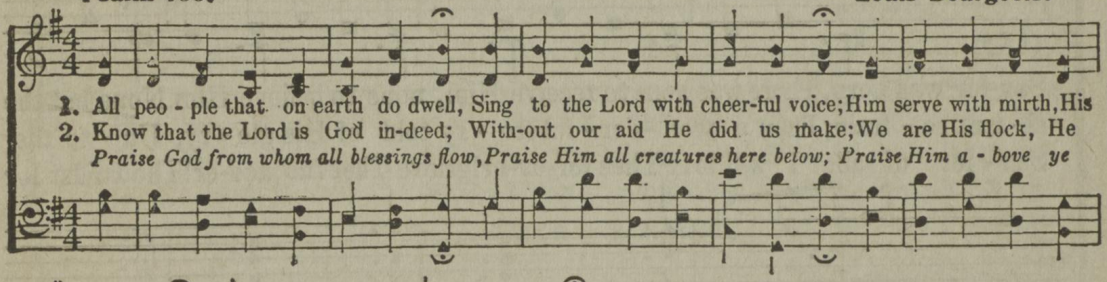
Gregorian.

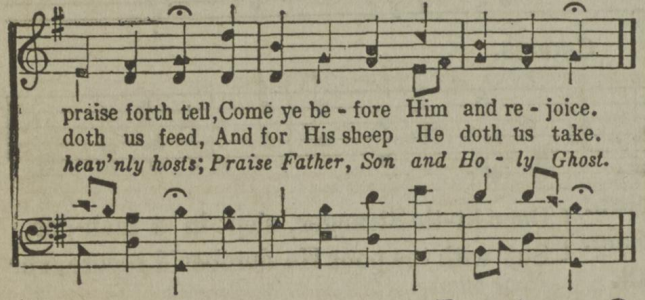


No. 346. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.





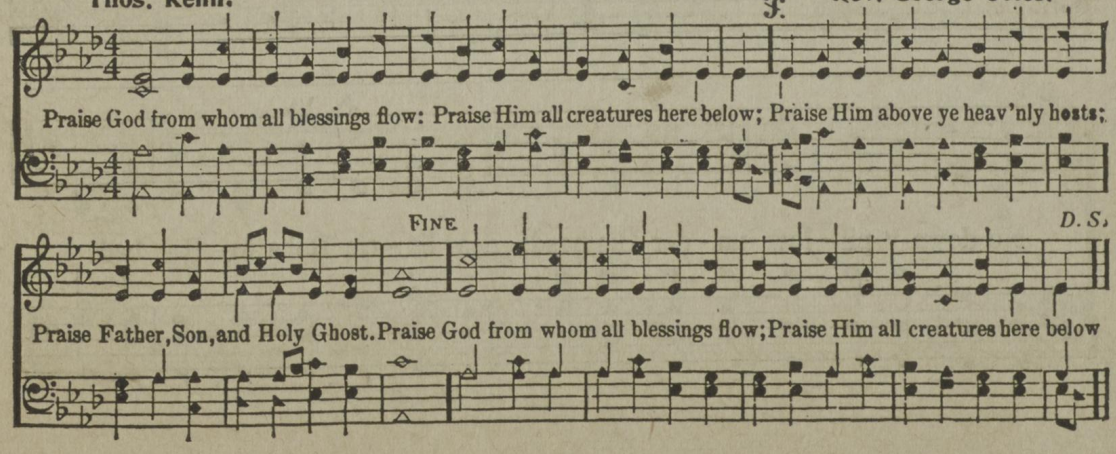
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 347. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.

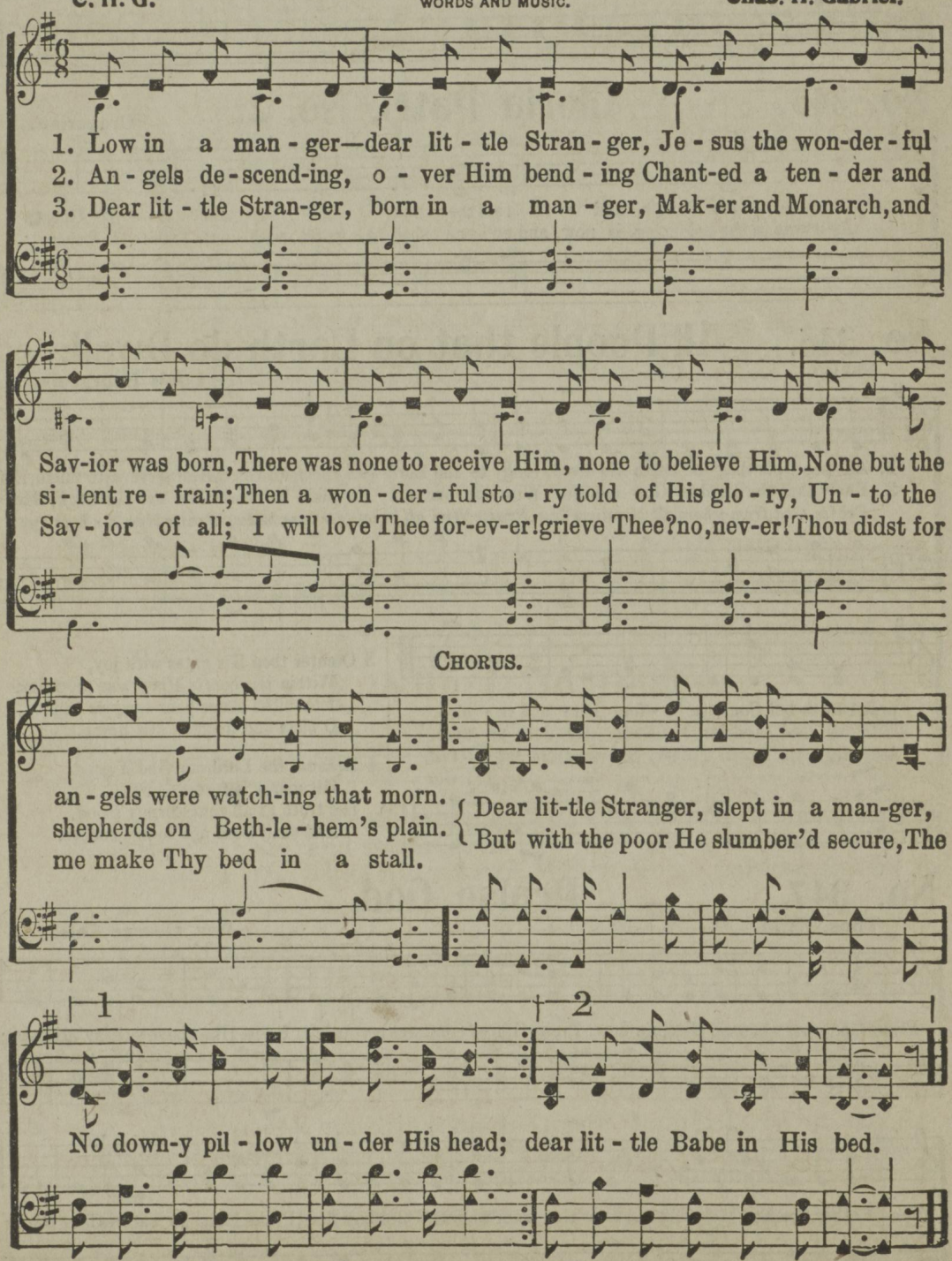


Children's Songs.

No. 348. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

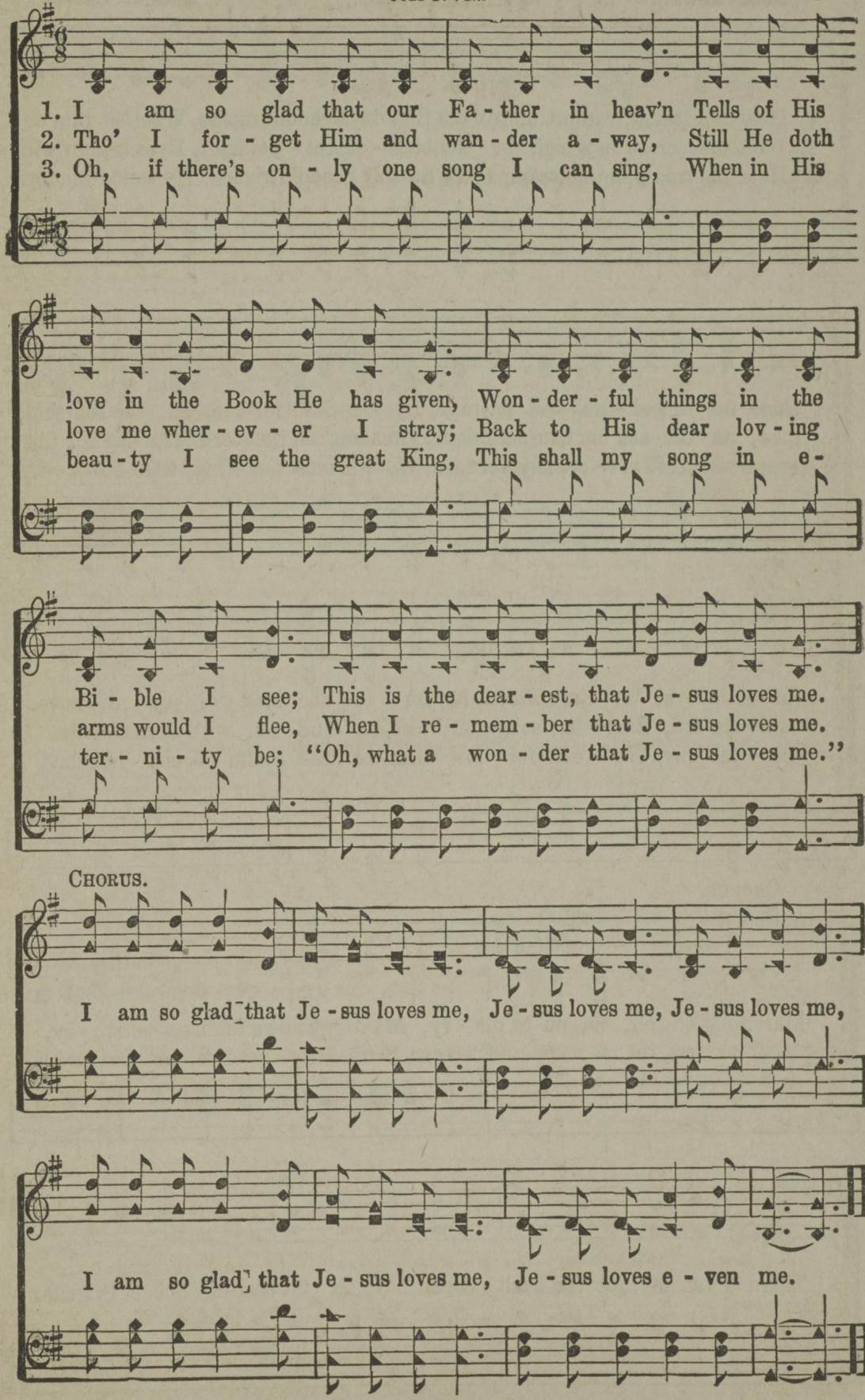
C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 349. Jesus Loves Even Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

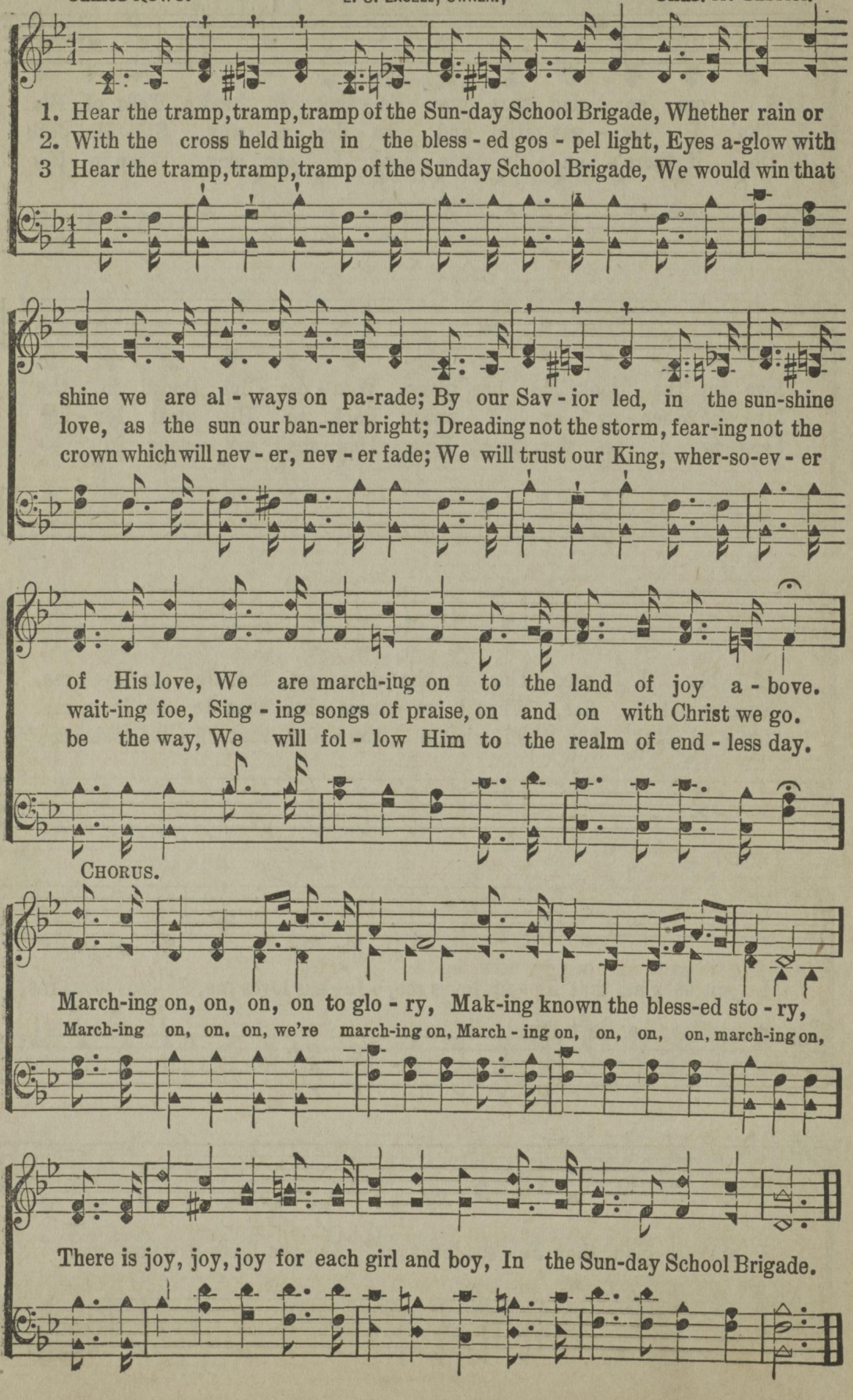
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 350. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.,

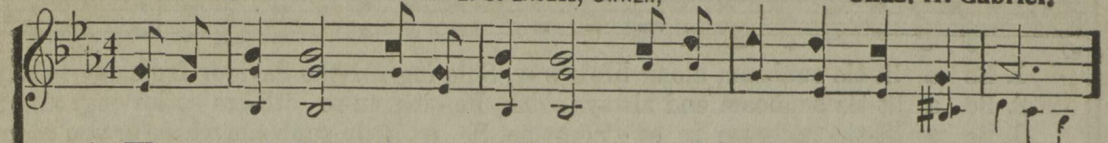
James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.



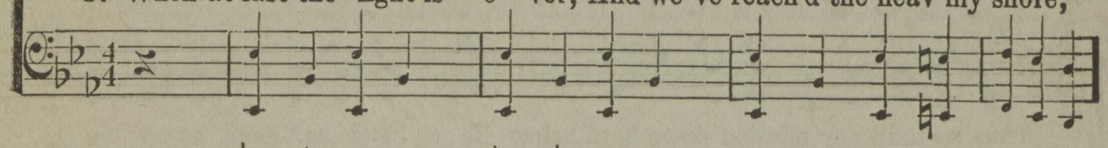
No. 351. Little Soldiers.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

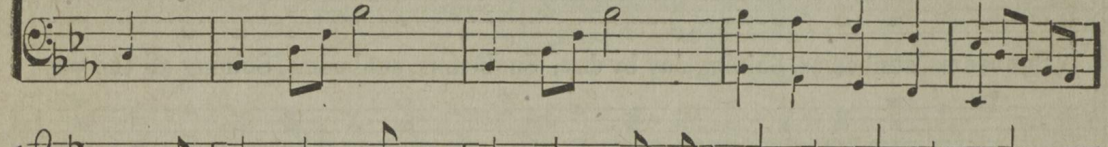
Lena Thompson. Chas. H. Gabriel.



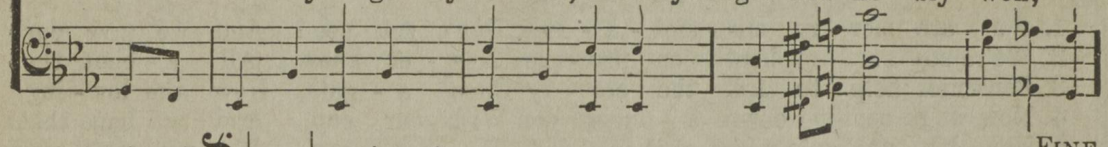
1. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Fight-ing for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol-diers, lit-tle sol-diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,



Ev-'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has promised a re - ward;
With our Sav-ior for our Cap-tain We shall all our bat-tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev-er - more;

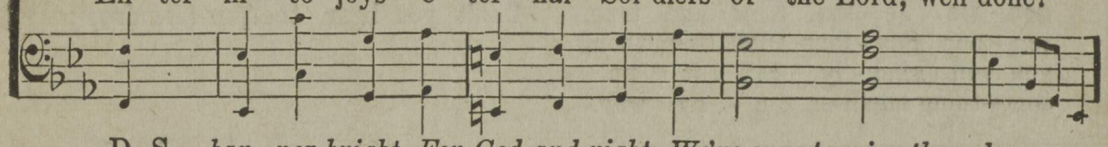


He has prom-ised ev-'ry sol-dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has prom-ised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have bravely fought my bat-tles, Bravely fought and no - bly won,



FINE.

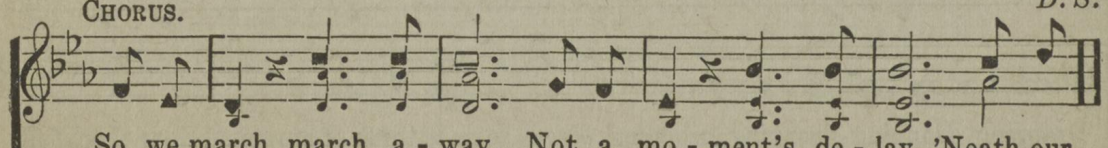
Promised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat-tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"



D. S.—*ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

D. S.

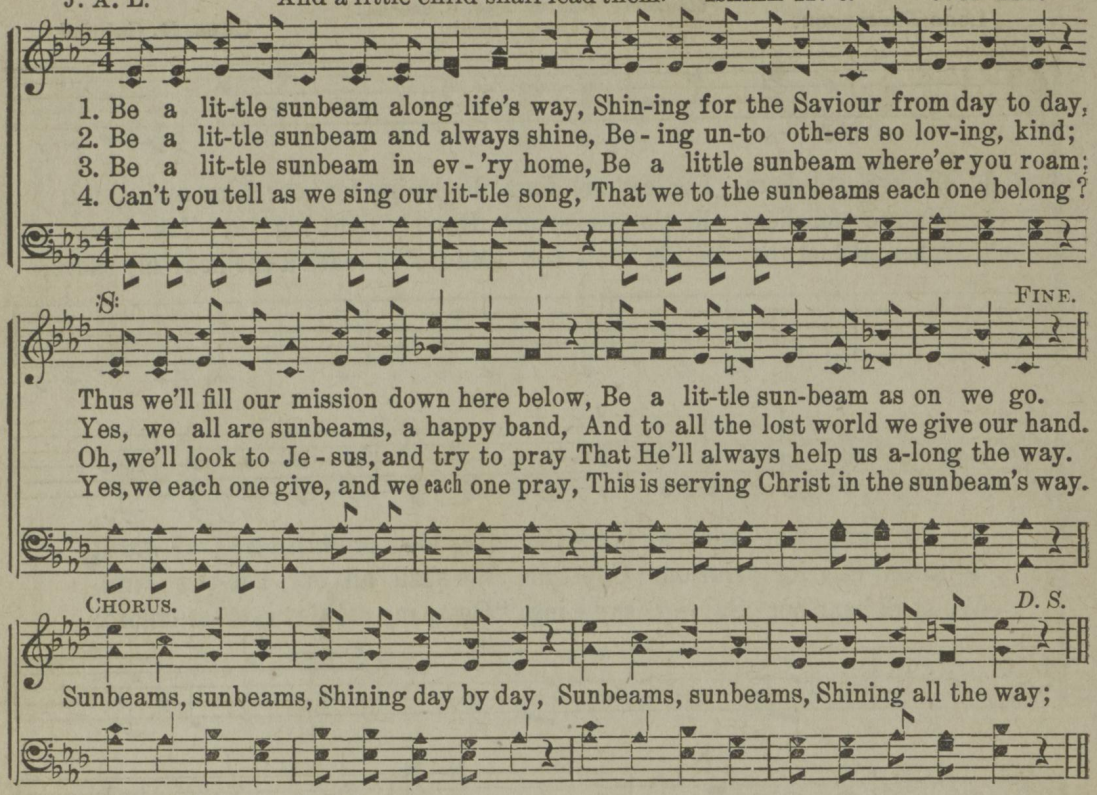
CHORUS.



So we march, march a - way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 352. Be a Little Sunbeam.

J. A. L. "And a little child shall lead them."—ISAIAH 11: 6. J. A. LEE.



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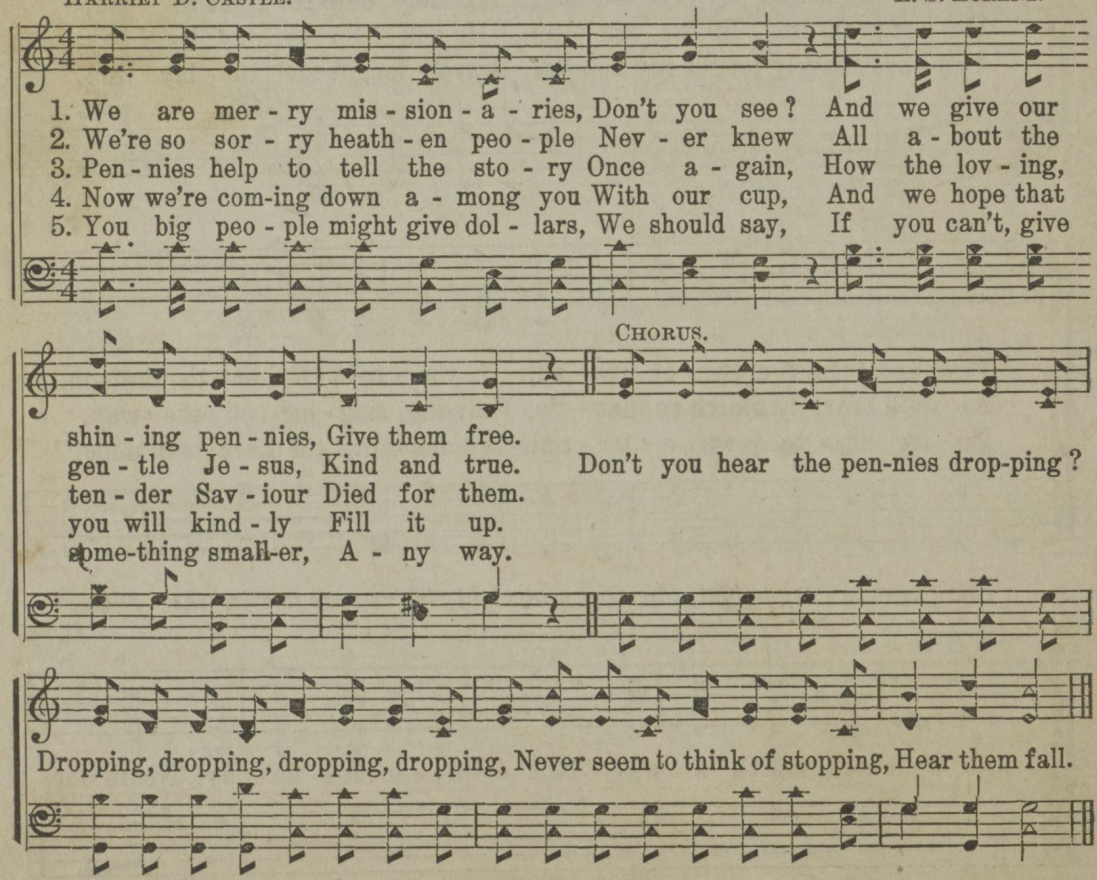
No. 353. Merry Missionaries.

HARRIET D. CASTLE. E. S. LORENZ.



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No, 354. Little Sunbeams,

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Eben E. Rexford, Chas. H. Gabriel,

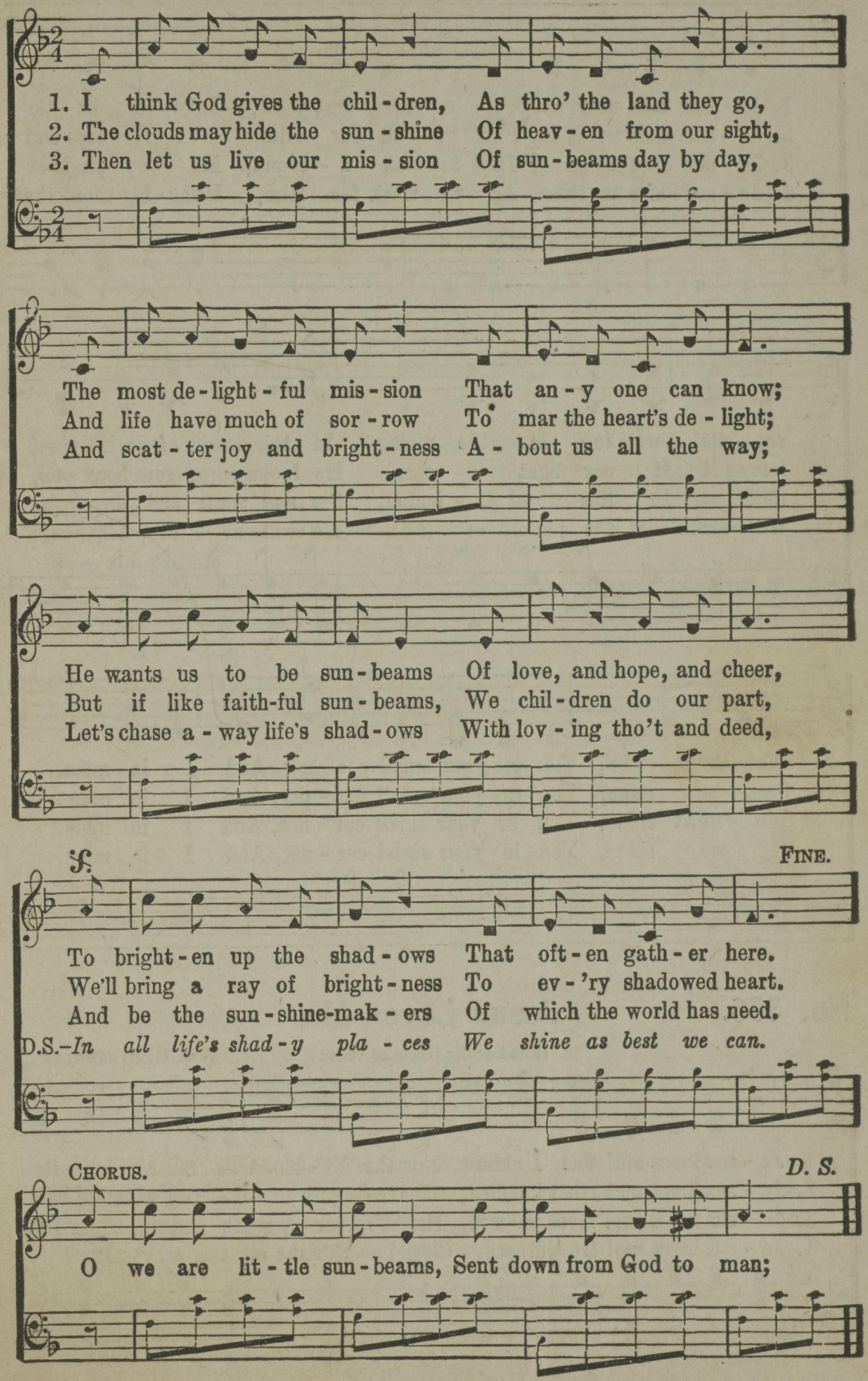
1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun - beams day by day,

The most de - light - ful mis - sion That an - y one can know;
And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's de - light;
And scat - ter joy and bright - ness A - bout us all the way;

He wants us to be sun - beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun - beams, We chil - dren do our part,
Let's chase a - way life's shad - ows With lov - ing tho't and deed,

FINE.

To bright - en up the shad - ows That oft - en gath - er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright - ness To ev - 'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun - shine-mak - ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.–*In all life's shad - y pla - ces We shine as best we can.*



CHORUS. *D. S.*

O we are lit - tle sun - beams, Sent down from God to man;

No. 355. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

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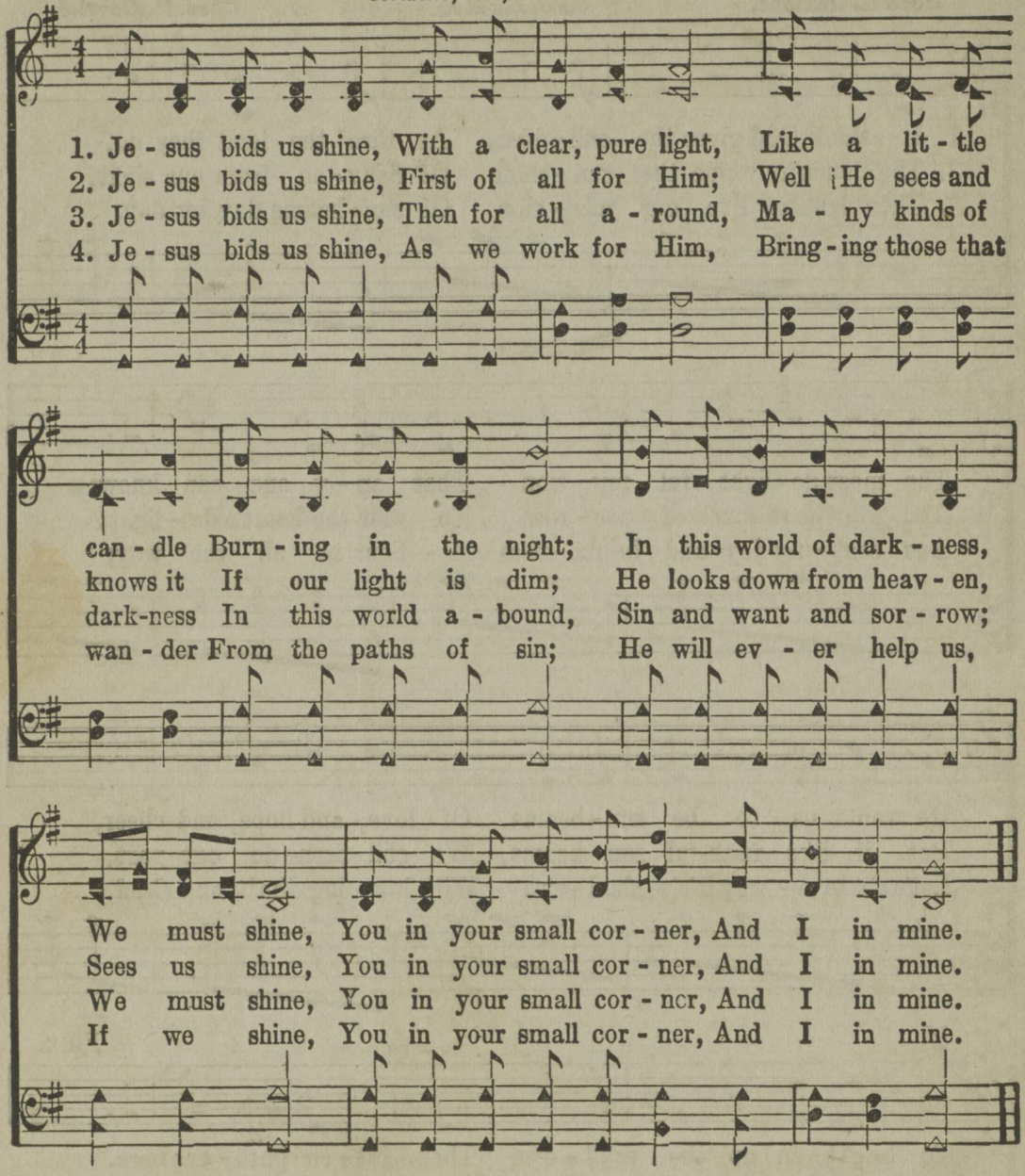
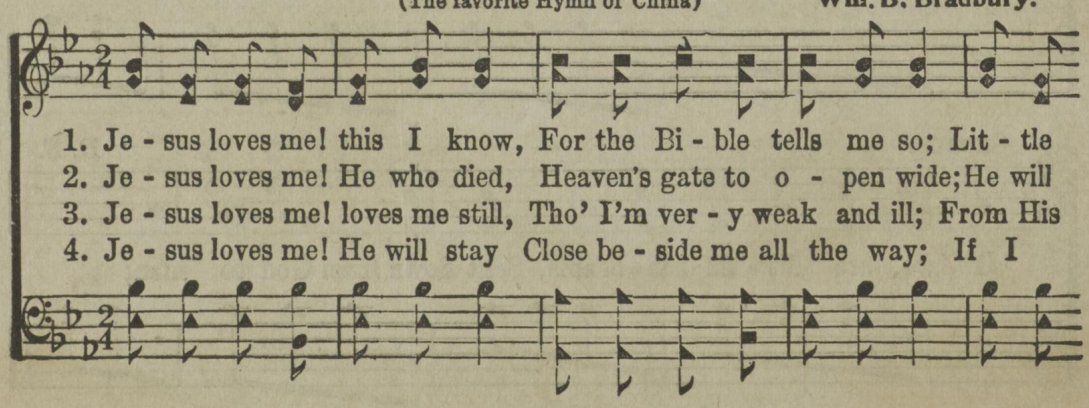
E. O. Excell.



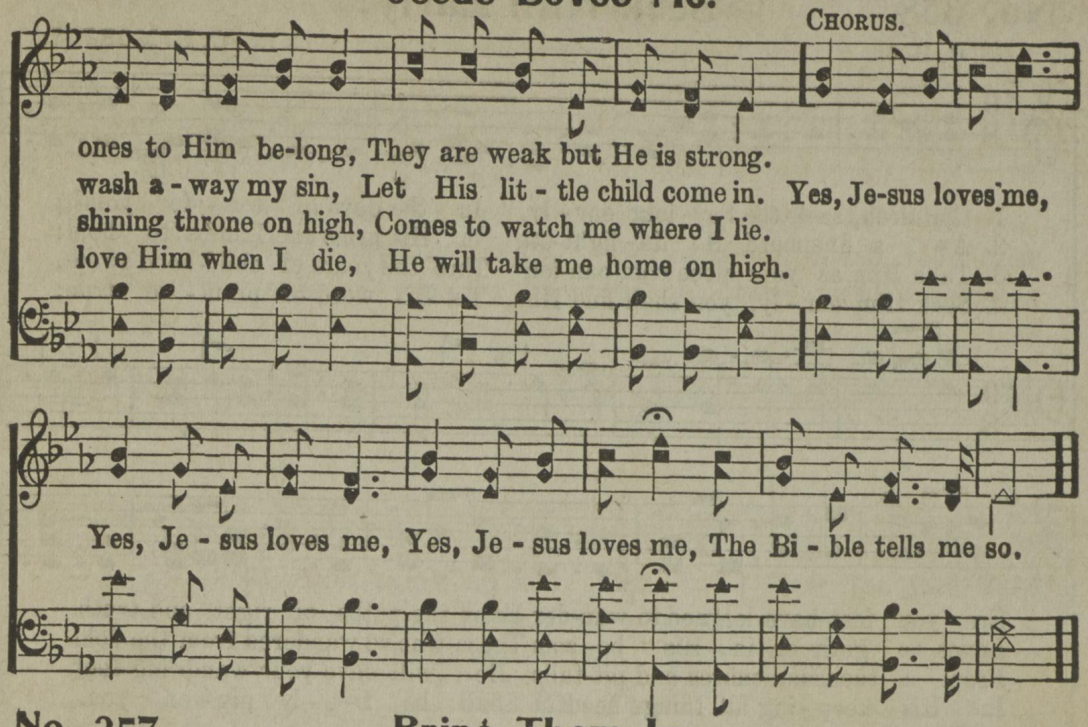
No. 356. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



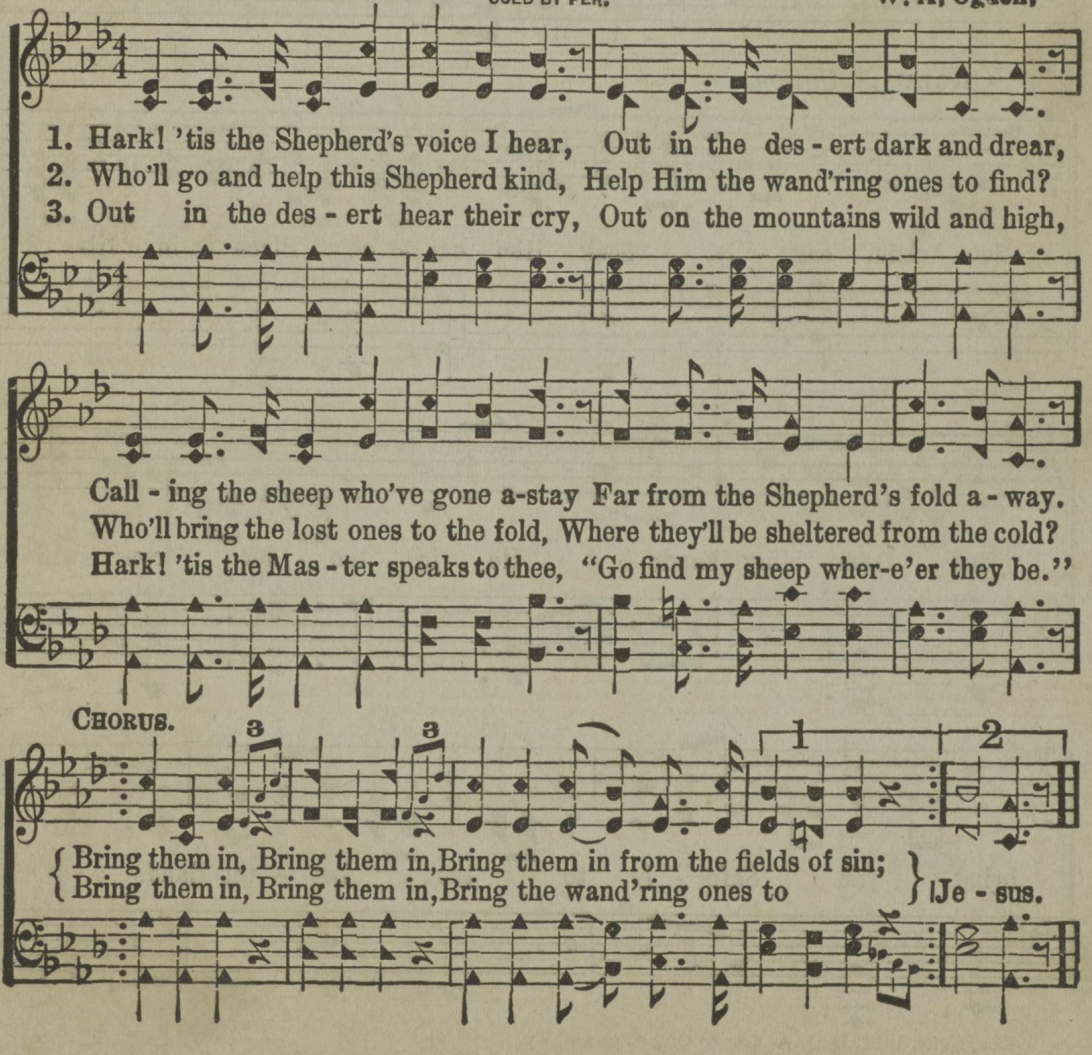
Jesus Loves Me.



No. 357. Bring Them In.

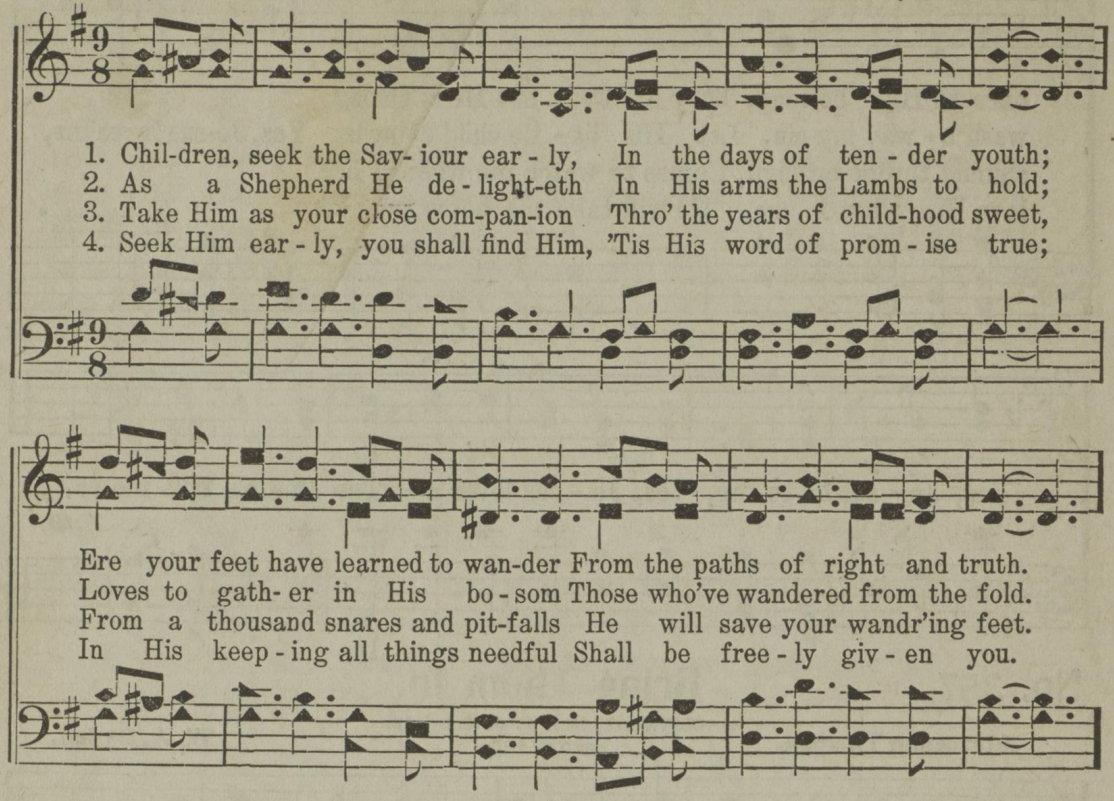
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.

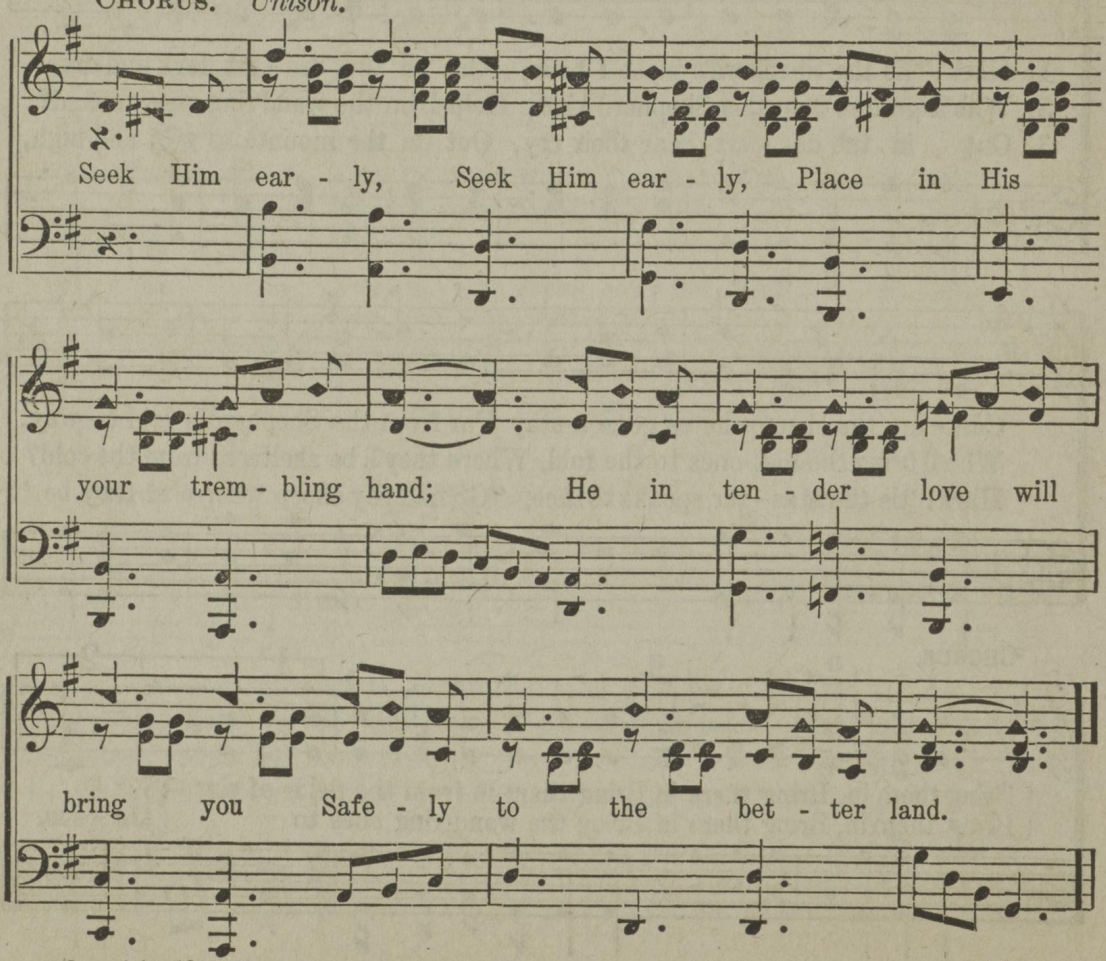


No. 358. Seek Him Early.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



CHORUS. *Unison.*



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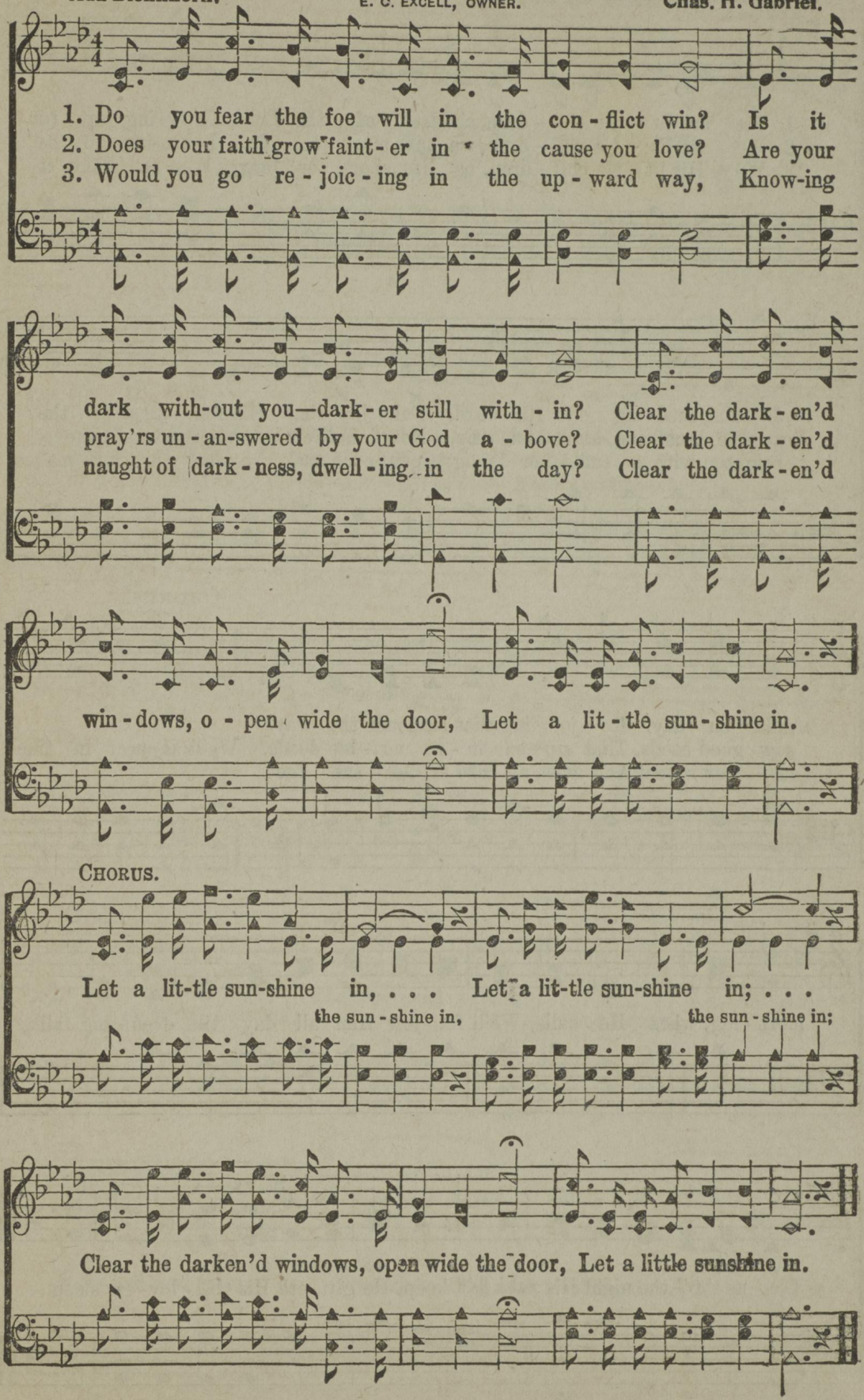
No. 359. Let the Sunshine In.

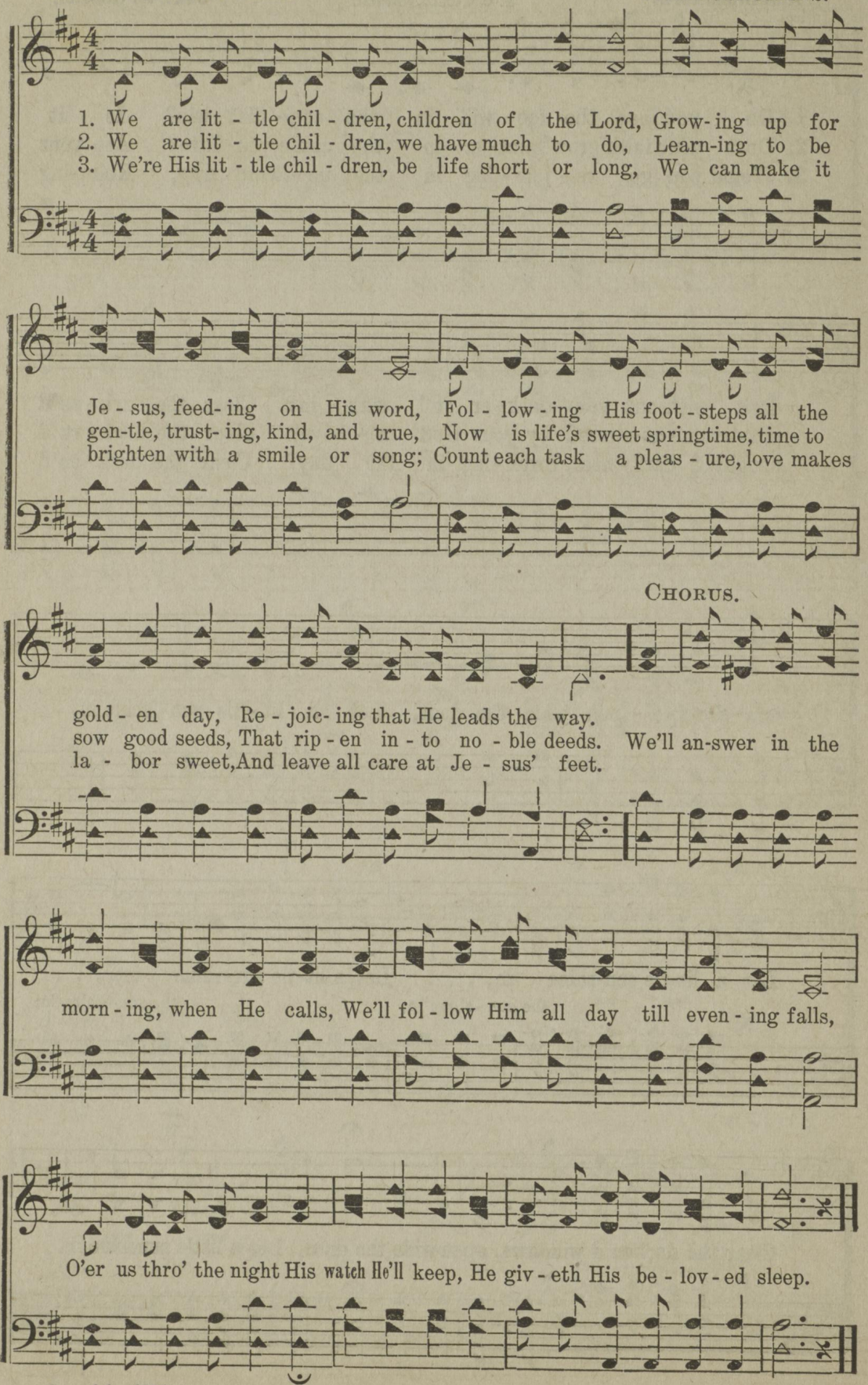
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 360. Children of the Lord.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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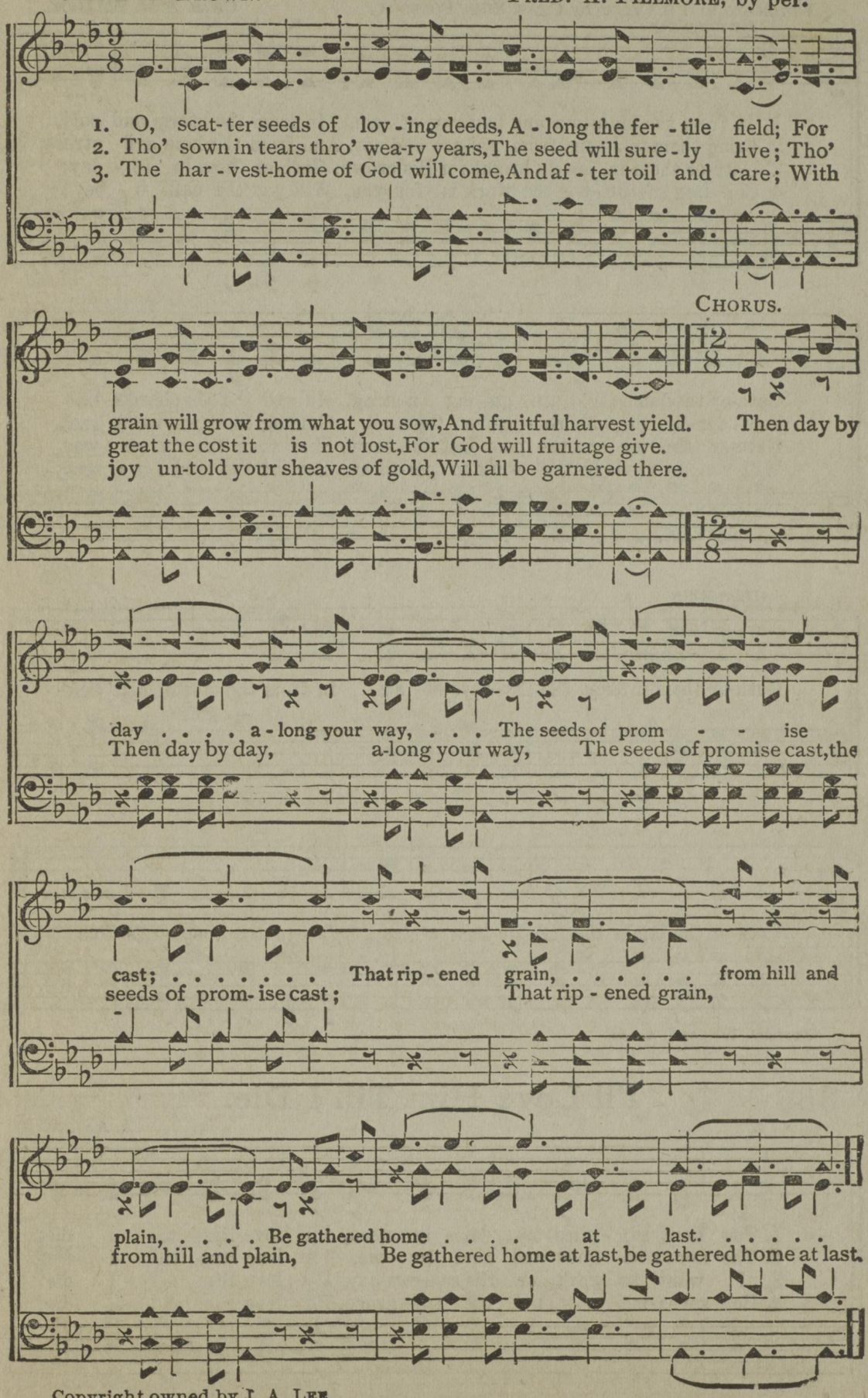
SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE, by per.



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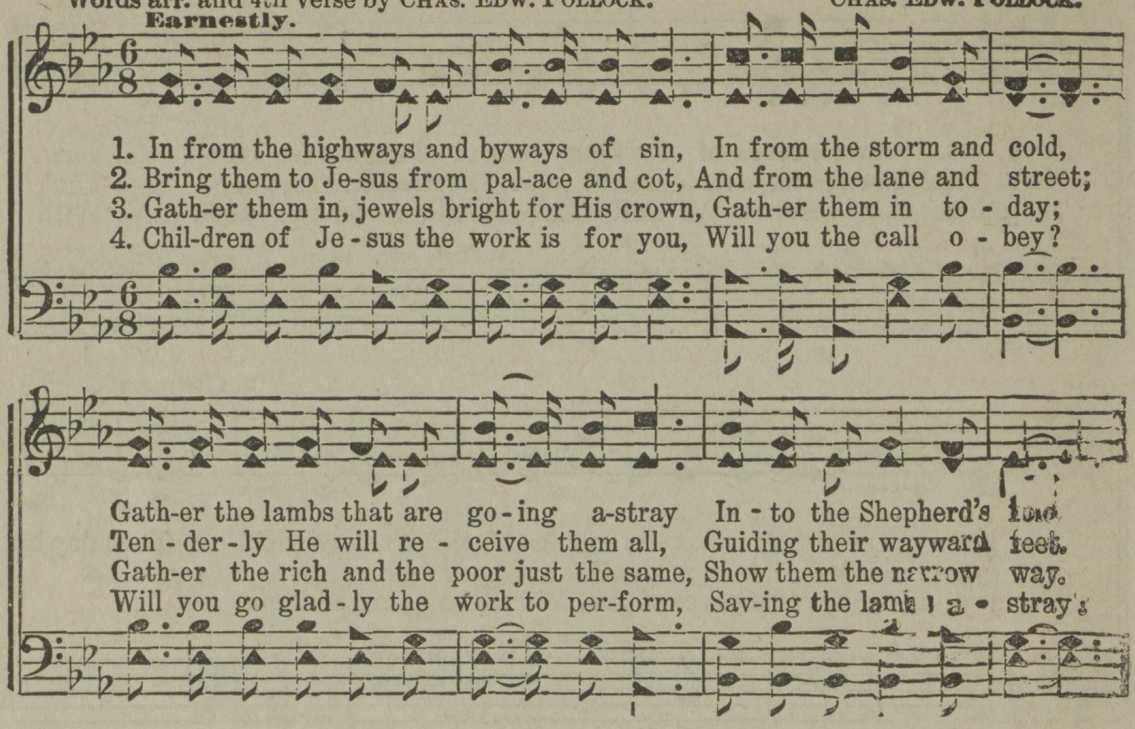
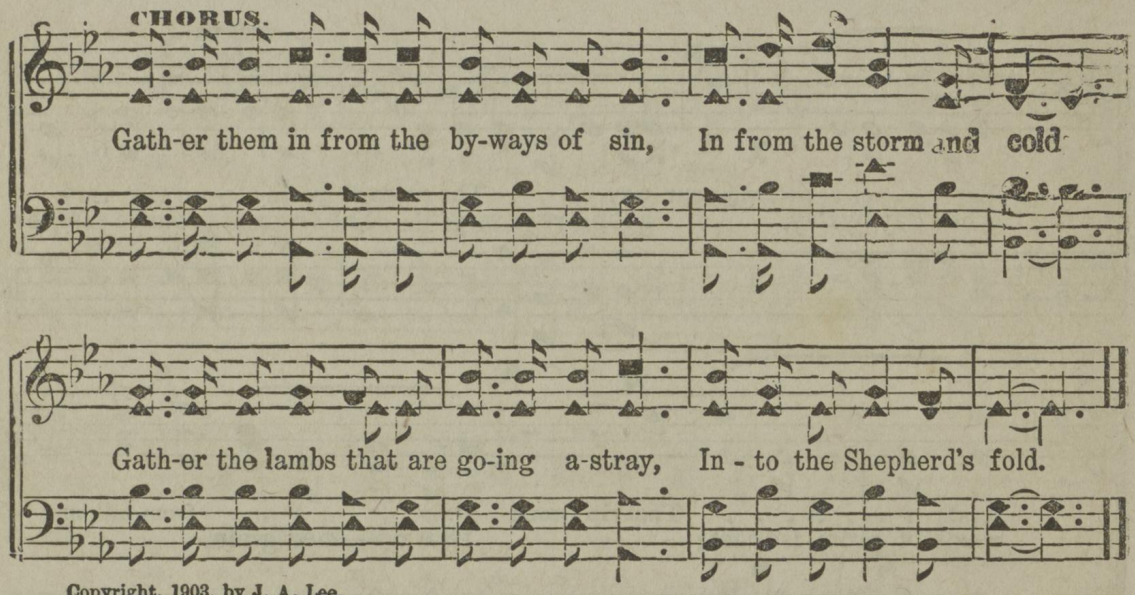
362 Gather Them In.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Isa. 40: 11.

Words arr. and 4th verse by Chas. Edw. Pollock. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Earnestly.





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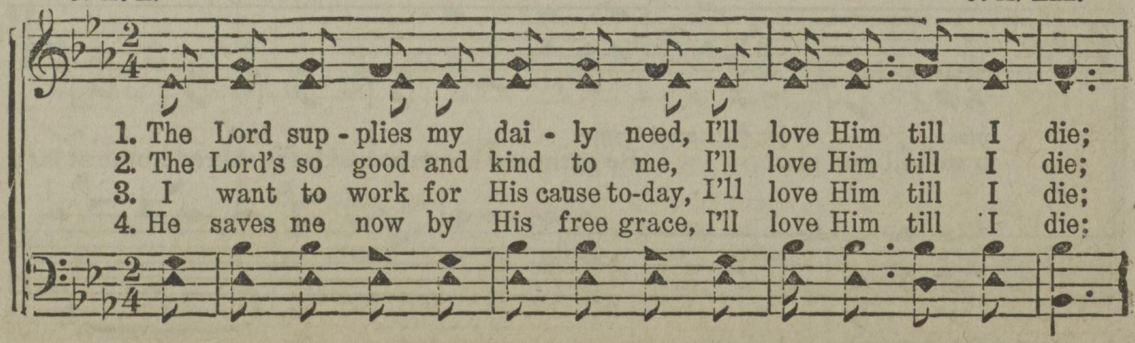
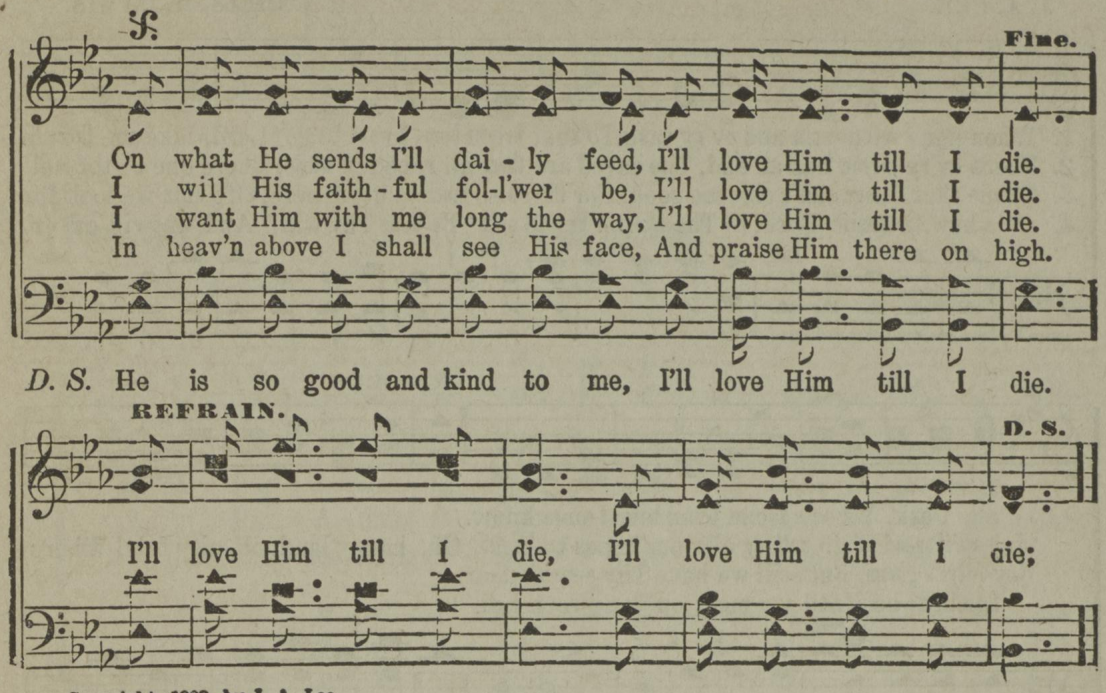
363 I'll Love Him Till I Die.

J. A. L. J. A. Lee.



I'll Love Him Till I Die. Concluded.



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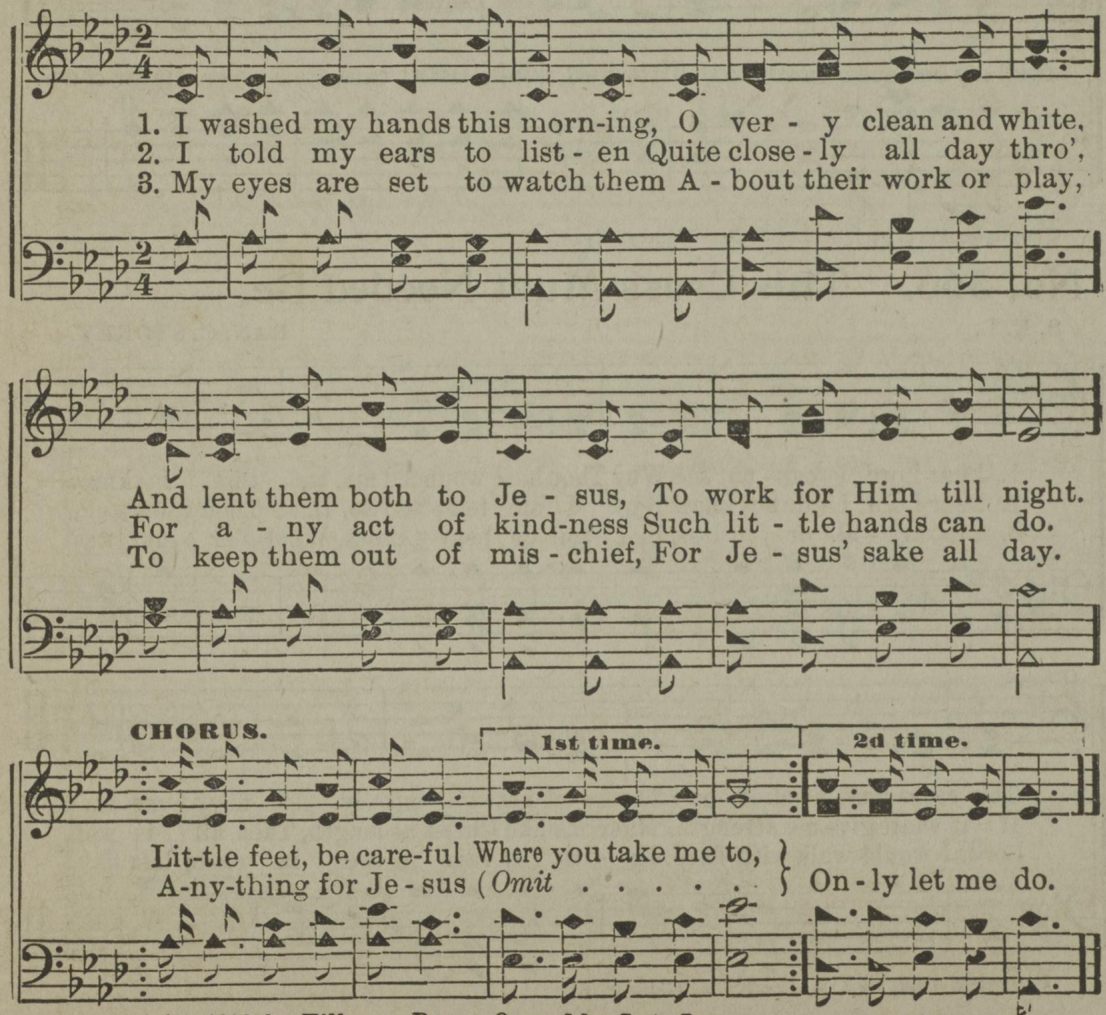
364 Little Feet, Be Careful.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS



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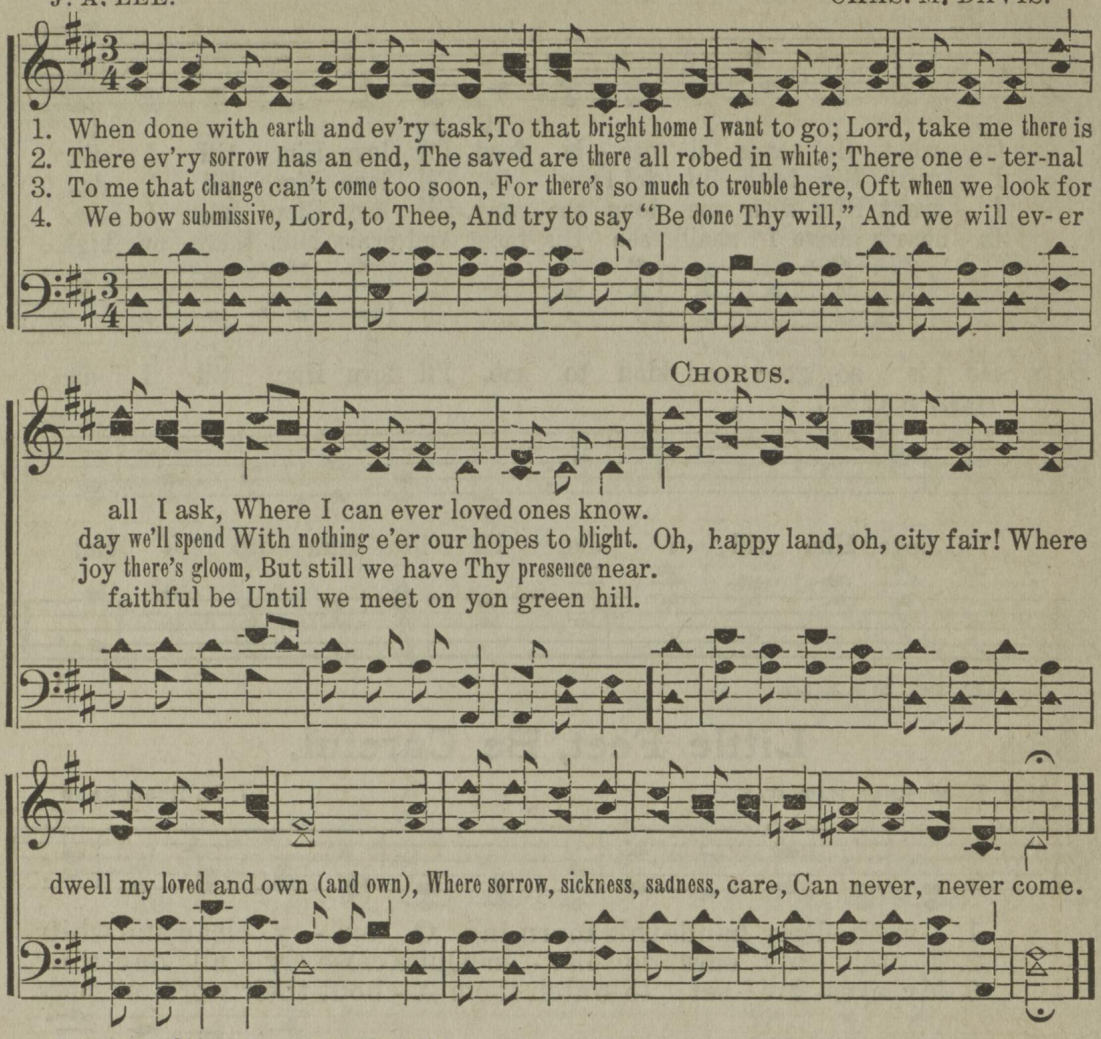
No. 365. When Done With Earth.

J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.



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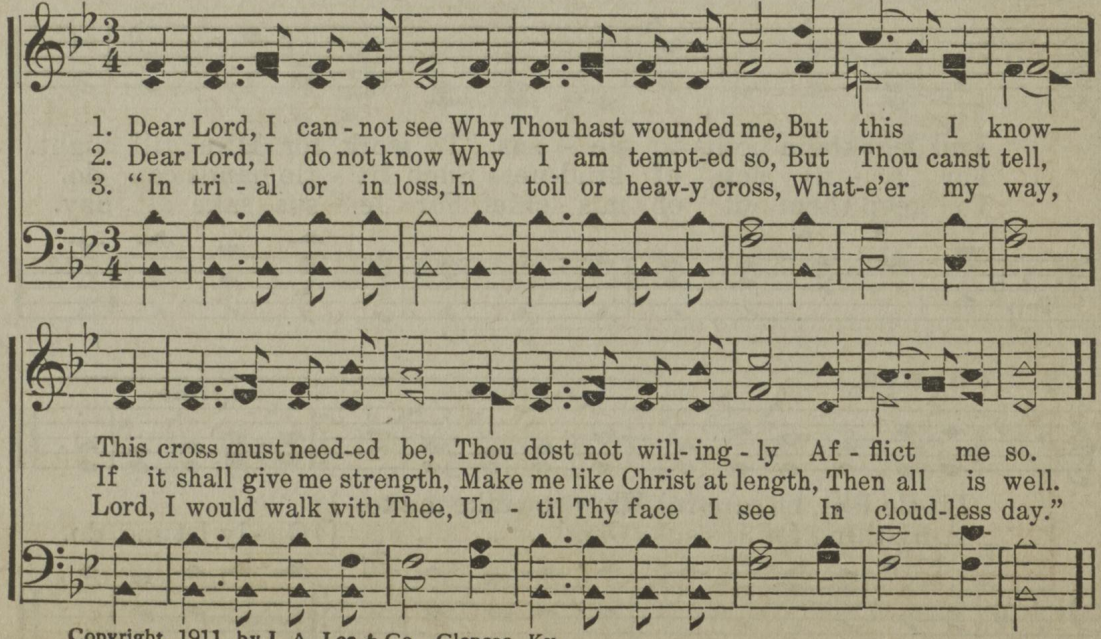
No. 366. This Cross Must Needed Be.

S. E. L. RAN. C. STOREY.



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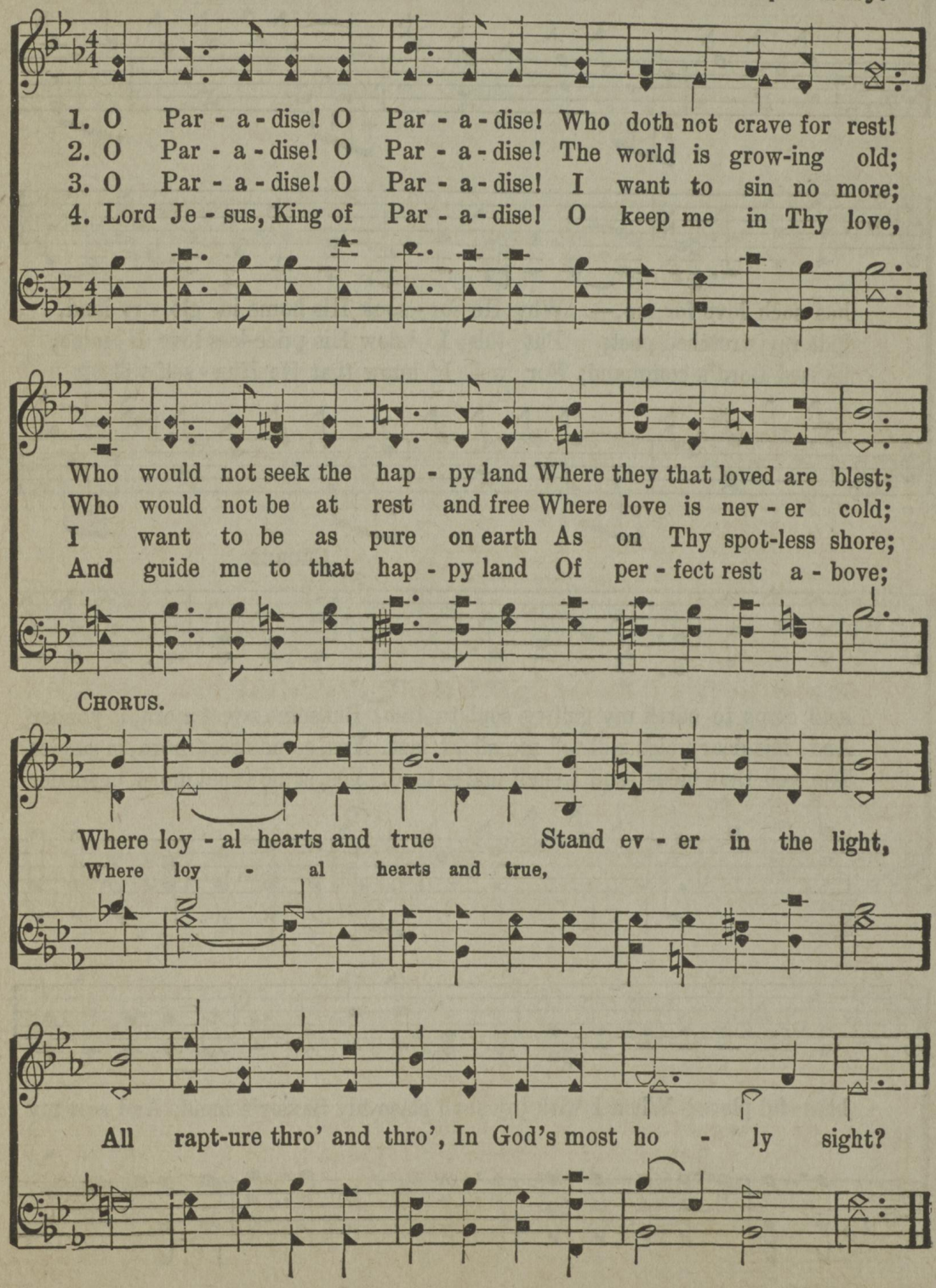
Chorus Selections

No. 367. O Paradise!

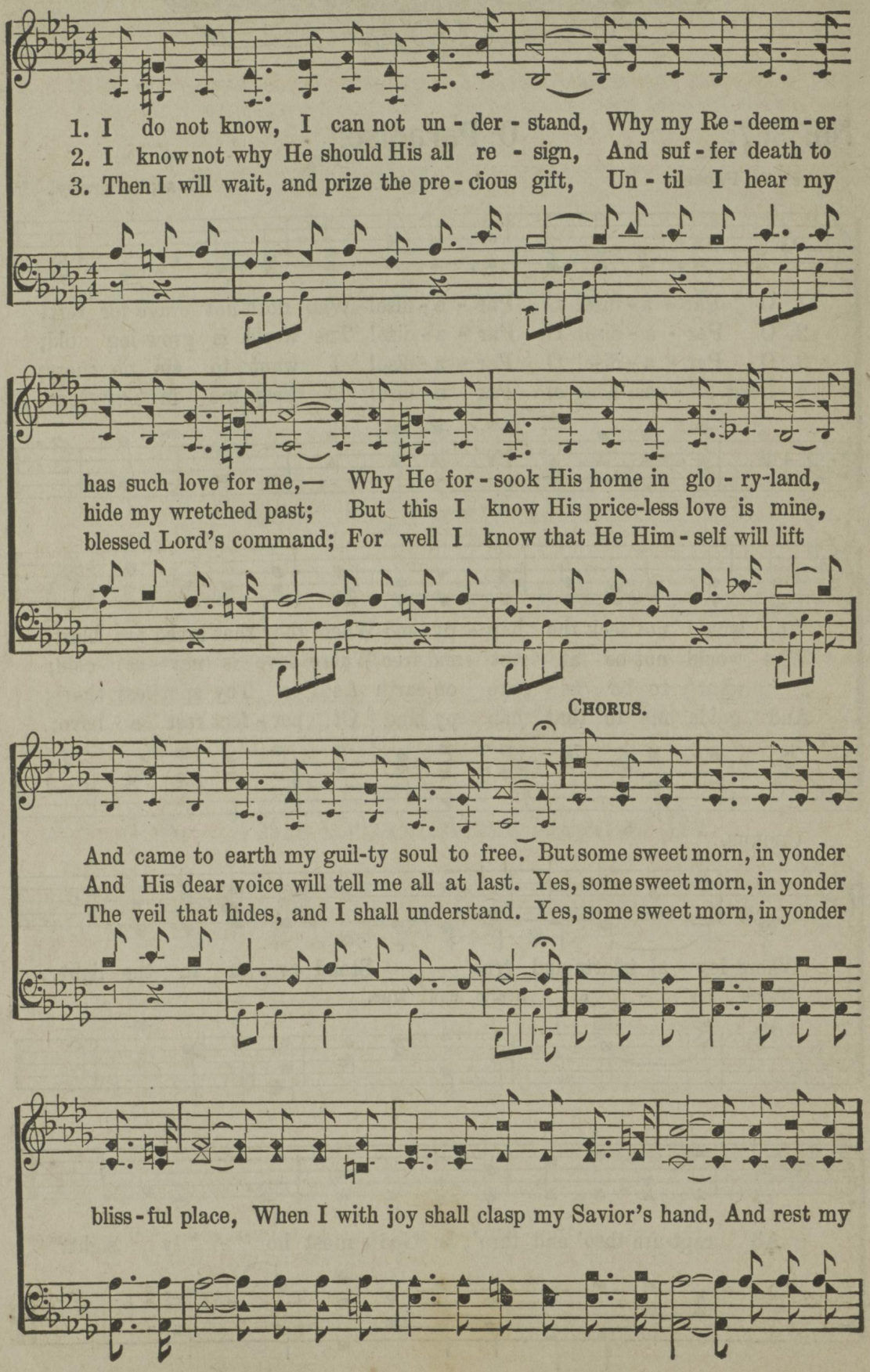
F. W. Faber. BY PERMISSION. Joseph Barnby.



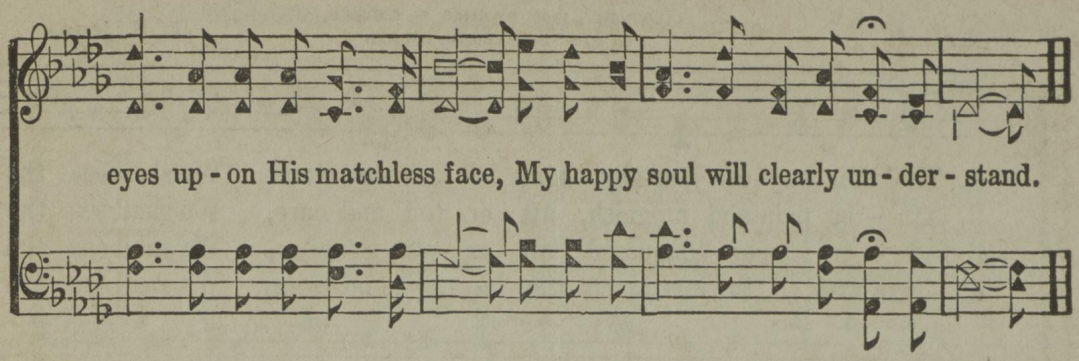
No. 368. Then I Shall Understand.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

James Rowe. Ira B. Wilson.



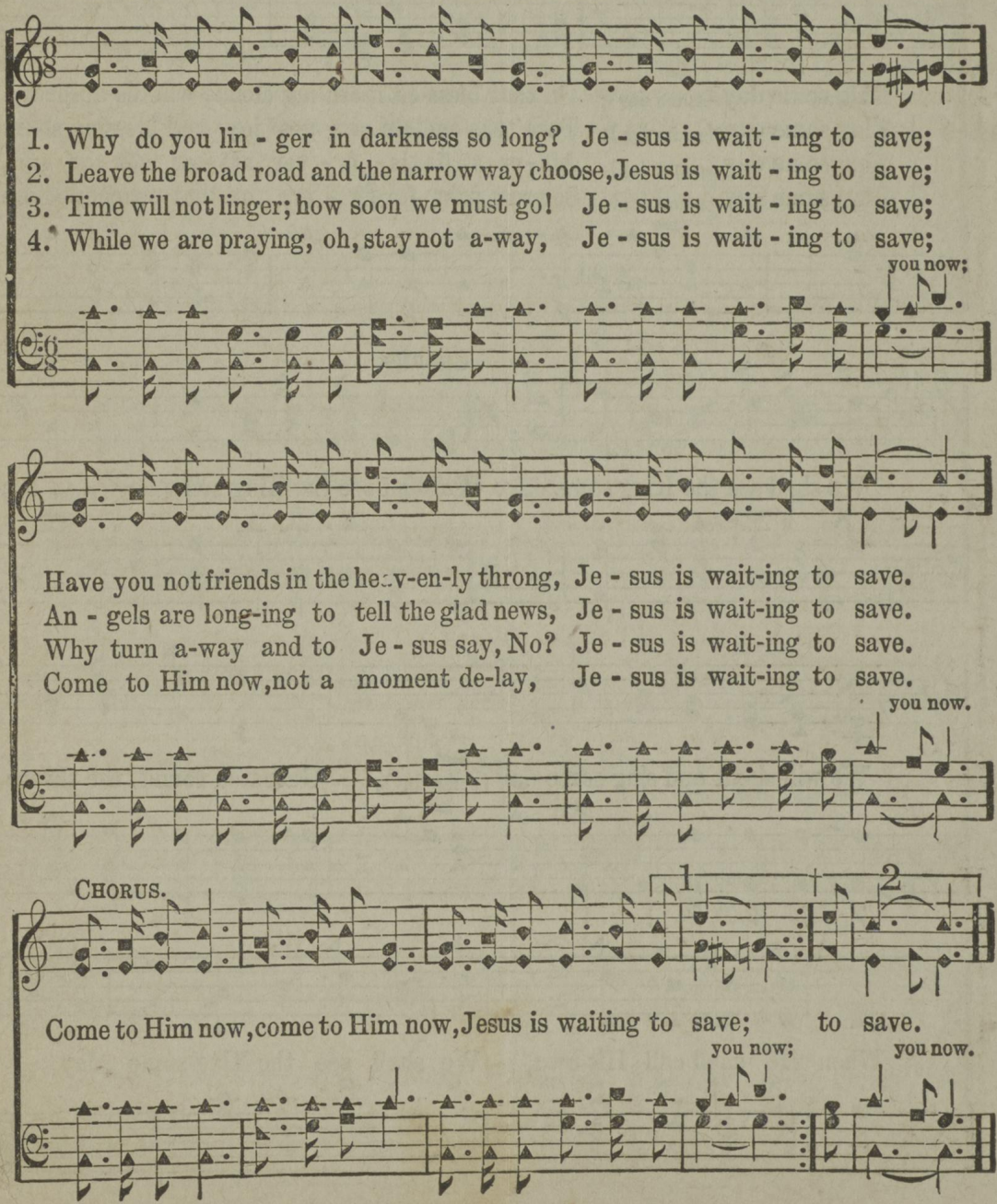
Then I Shall Understand,



No. 369. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



No. 370. We Shall See the King Some Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil aud care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morn-ing clouds will dis-ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day(; Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

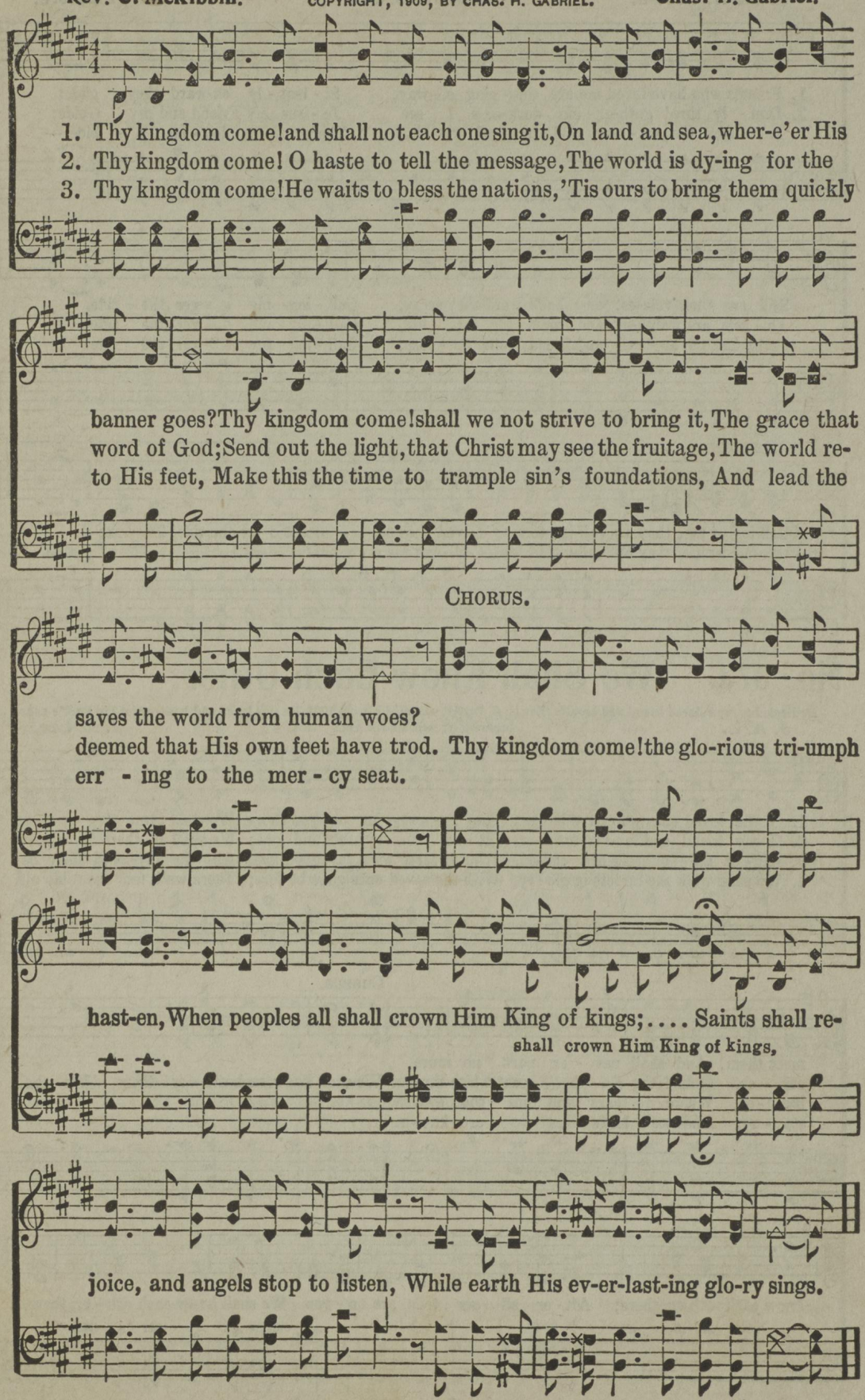
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day);

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 371. Thy Kingdom Come!

Rev. C. McKibbin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 372. Calling Me Over the Tide.

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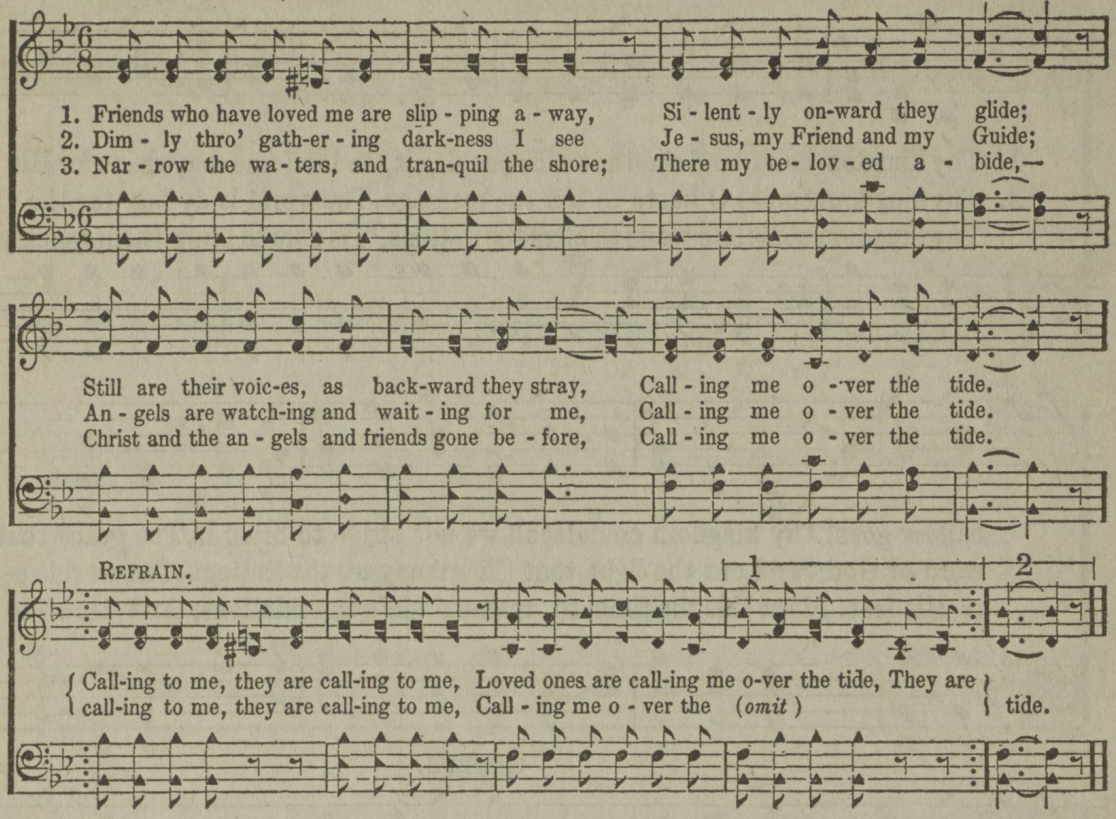
OWNED BY J. A. LEE.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.



No. 373. We Shall Know Each Other.

Dedicated to my beloved friend and brother, Rev. J. C. Porter, who died March, 1904. He was loved and honored for his work's sake.

J. A. L.

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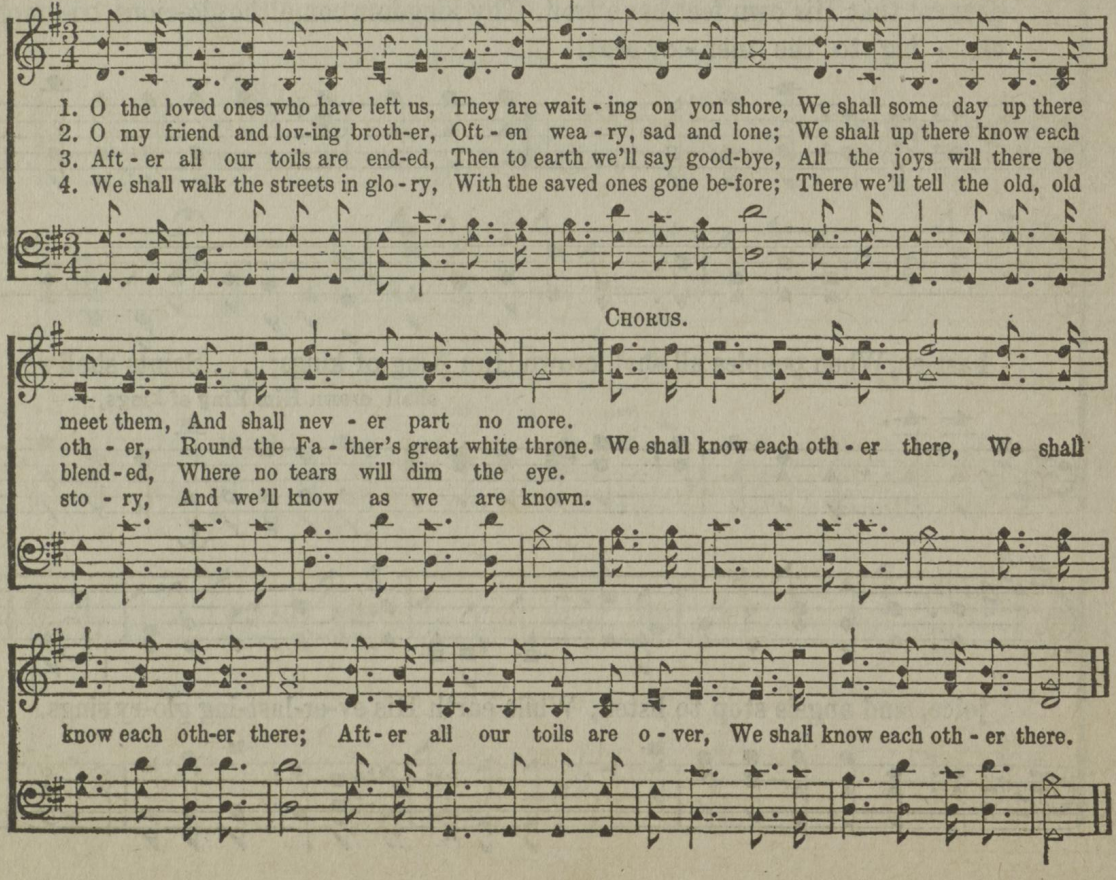
J. A. Lee.



No. 374. The Cross.

SOLO, OR DUET FOR SOP AND ALTO.

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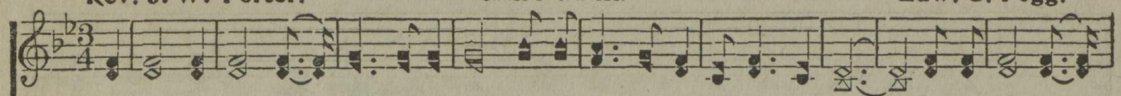
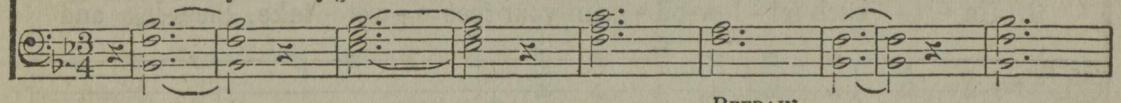
OWNED BY J. A LEE.

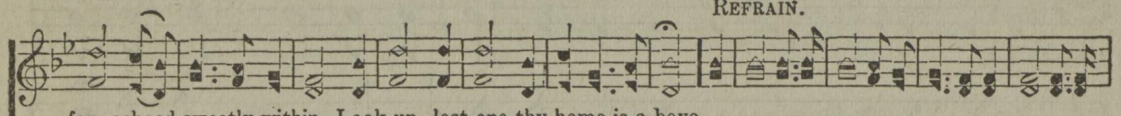
Rev. J. W. Porter. Edw. S. Fogg.



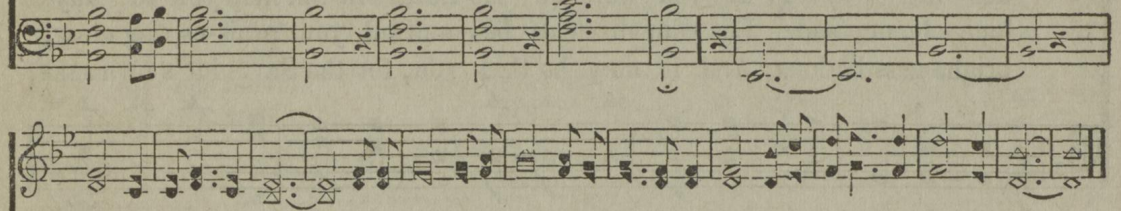
1. I wan-dered long in darkness and sin, Caring naught for His wonderful love! When a voice from a-
2. I looked away from this world and its care, Sad-ly gazed in the si-lent blue sky; When I saw paint-ed
3. I looked at self and my well deserved fate, There was darkness and doom ev'rywhere; As there came to my
4. I looked away from my guilt and its stain, And from all self or oth-ers could do; To the Son of



REFRAIN.



far, echoed sweetly within, Look up, lost one, thy home is a-bove.
there a picture of blood, By Him who reigns for-ever on high. I look'd on the Cross at the Crucified One, As the
soul the sad words, "too late." My load was more than mortal could bear.
God who for sinners was slain, And found His promise loving and true.



blood flow'd from His dear side, It was then that I knew when my burden was gone And I'm under the crimson tide.

No. 375. In That Home Over There.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

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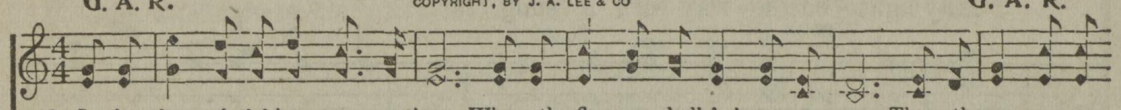
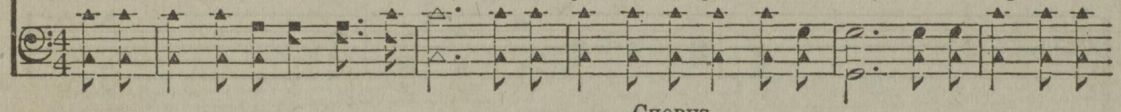
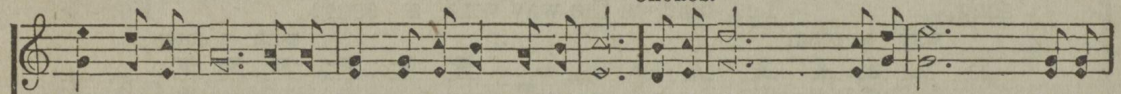
G. A. R. G. A. R.



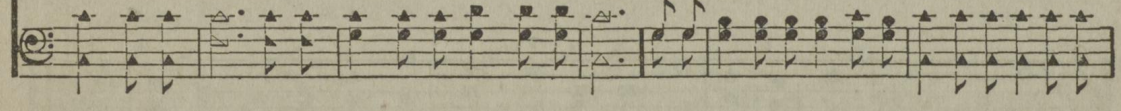
1. In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, Where the flow-ers shall fade nev-er more, There the sun ev-er
2. We will sing in that beau-ti-ful home, When the robe and the crown we shall wear, And the King in His
3. To our boun-ti-ful Giv-er a-bove, All ar-rayed in His splen-dor so fair, We will sing ev-er



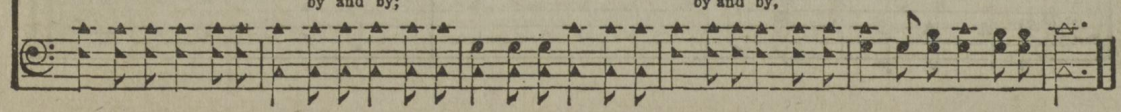
CHORUS.



shines bright and fair On the banks of the pearl-y white shore. In that home o-ver there, In that
beau-ty be-hold On His throne with the an-gels so fair.
more of His love, When we meet in that home over there. In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, by and by.



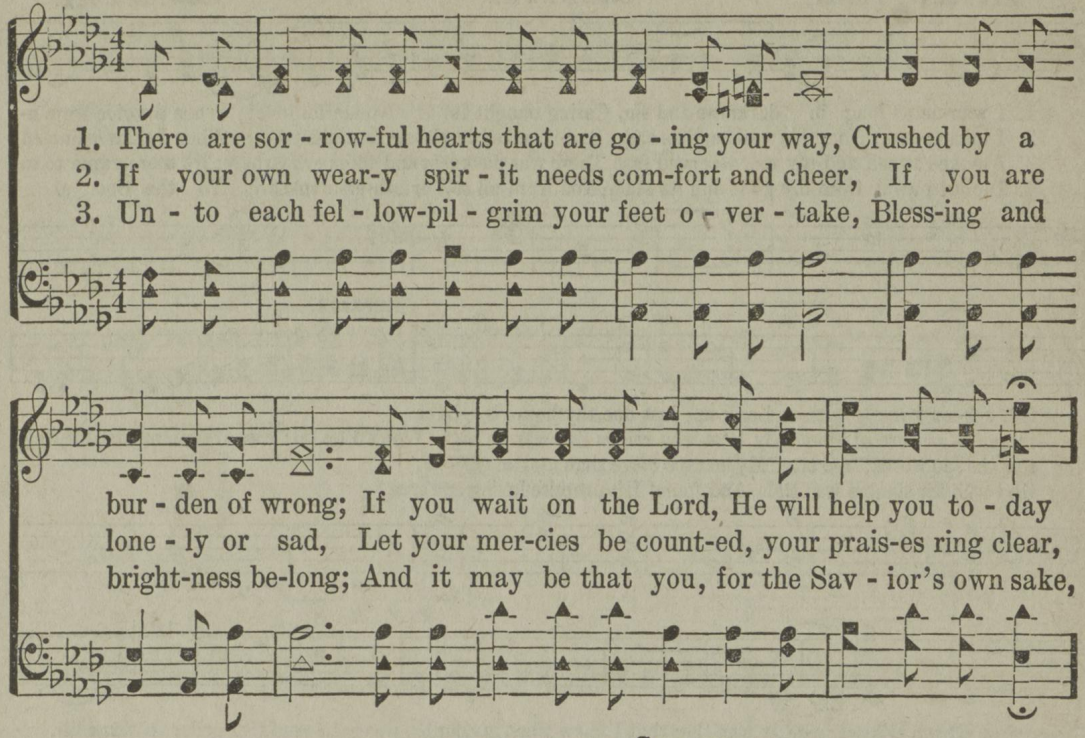
beau-ti-ful home over there; We will shine as the stars ever more, In that beautiful home o-ver there.
by and by; by and by,



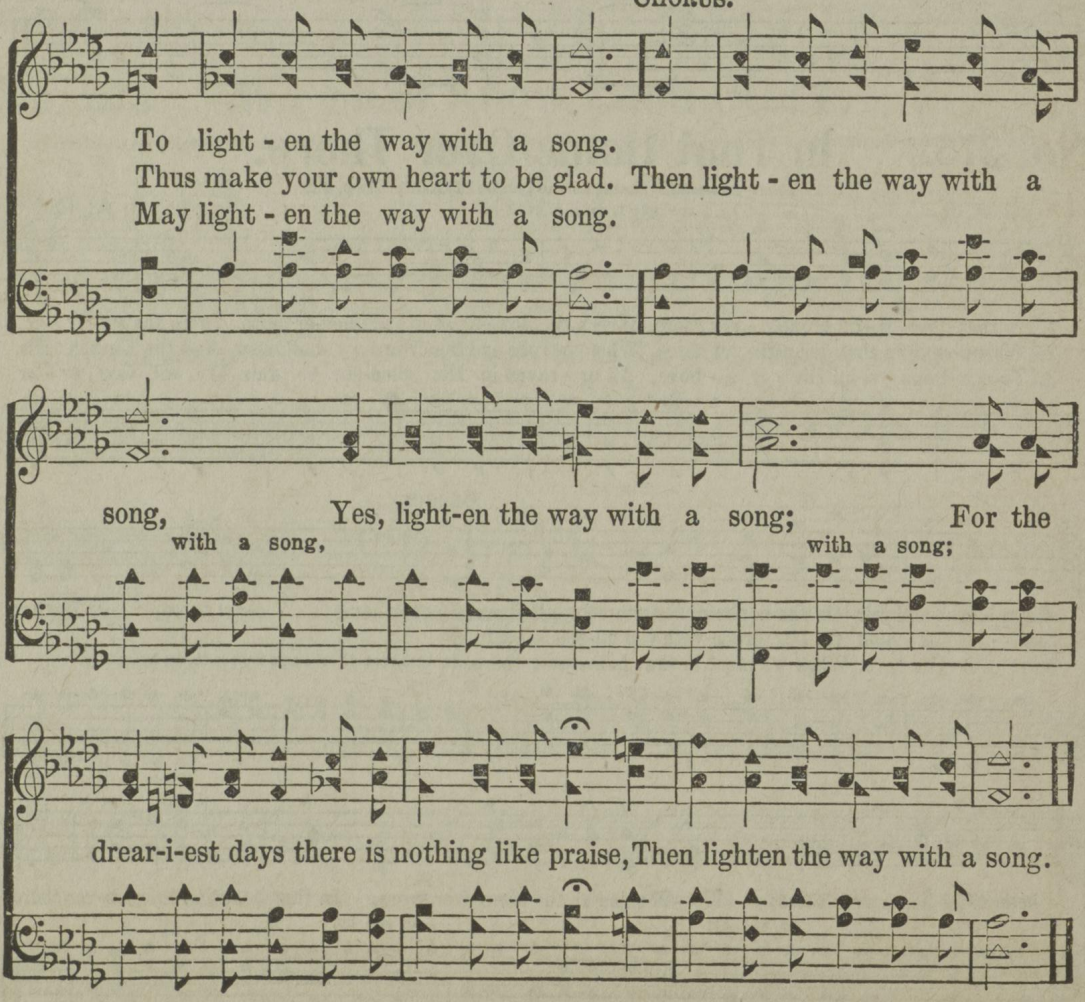
No. 376. Lighten the Way With a Song,

COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY E. O. EXCELL.

Juila H. Johnson. WORDS AND MUSIC. Joshua H. Roberts.



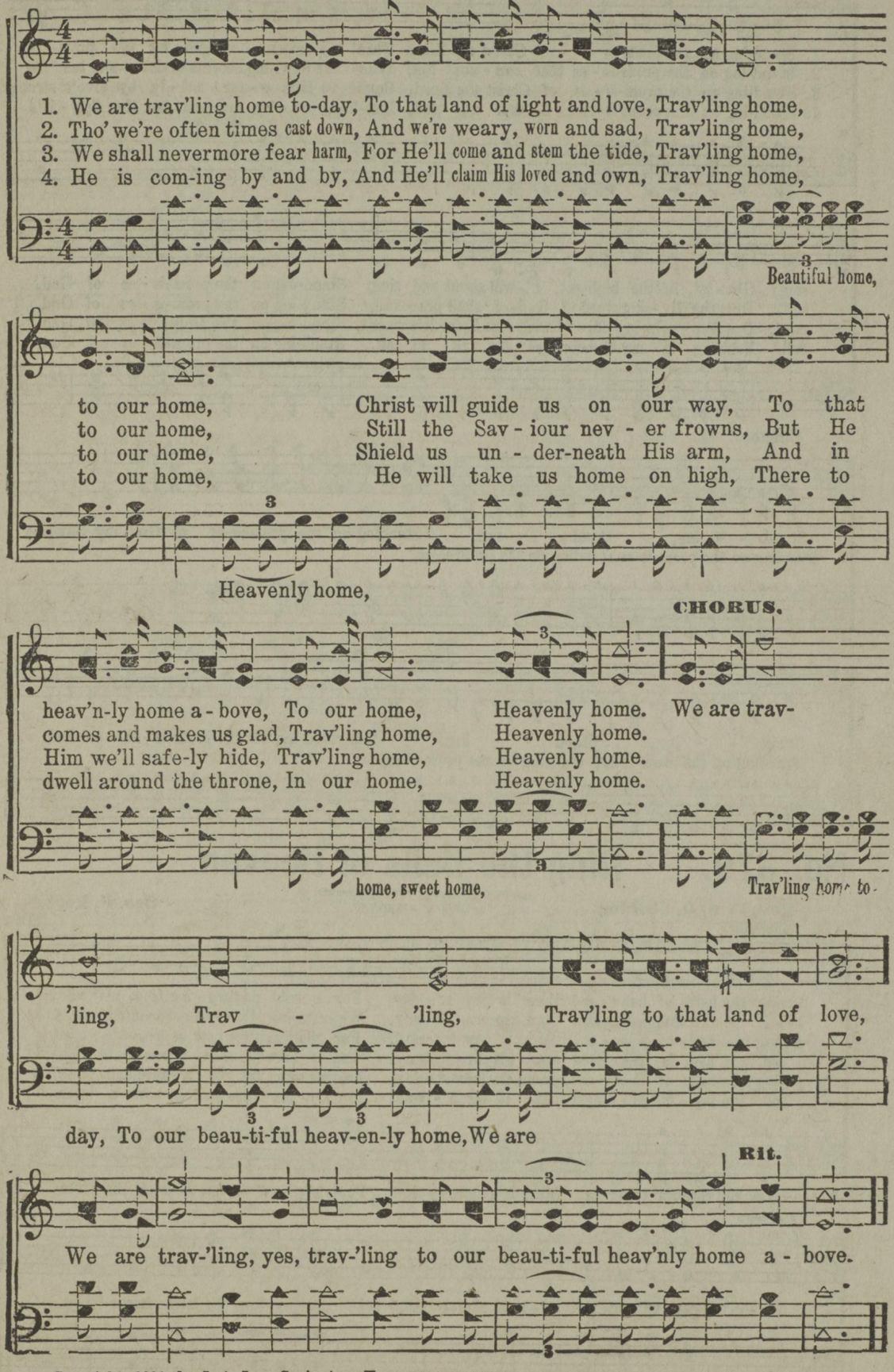
CHORUS.



377 We Are Traveling Home To-day.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—NUM. 10: 29.

REV. J. A. LEE. Dedicated to my wife. EDW. S. FOGG.



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No. 378. Standing On the Promises.

COPYRIGHT, 1886 BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. K. C. — R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail; When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as-
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment to the Spir - it's

ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
cord, O - ver - com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior;
Standing on the prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

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

No. 379. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. — Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully. FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
   { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

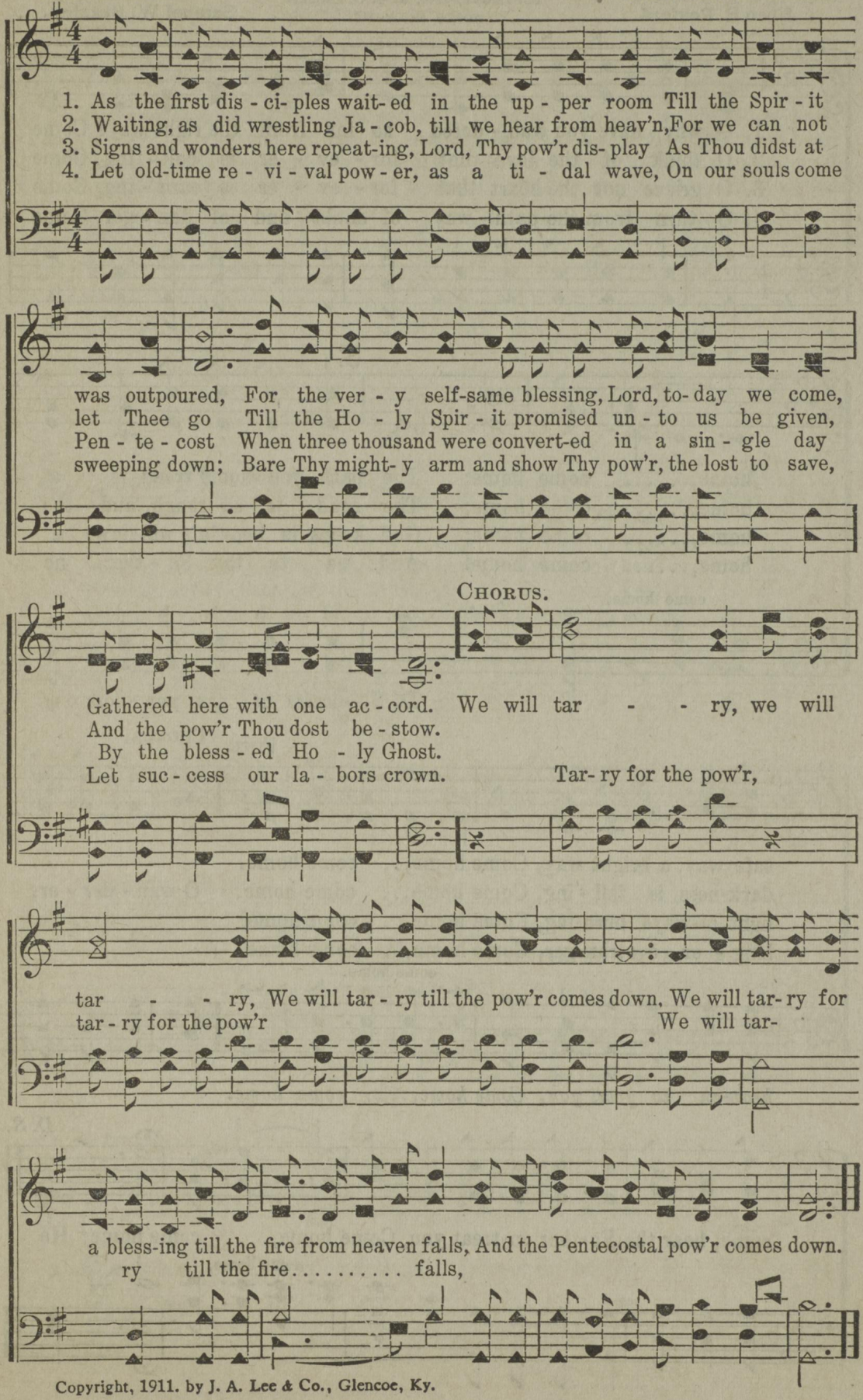
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry how the loud harps ring;

No. 380. Old-time Revival Power.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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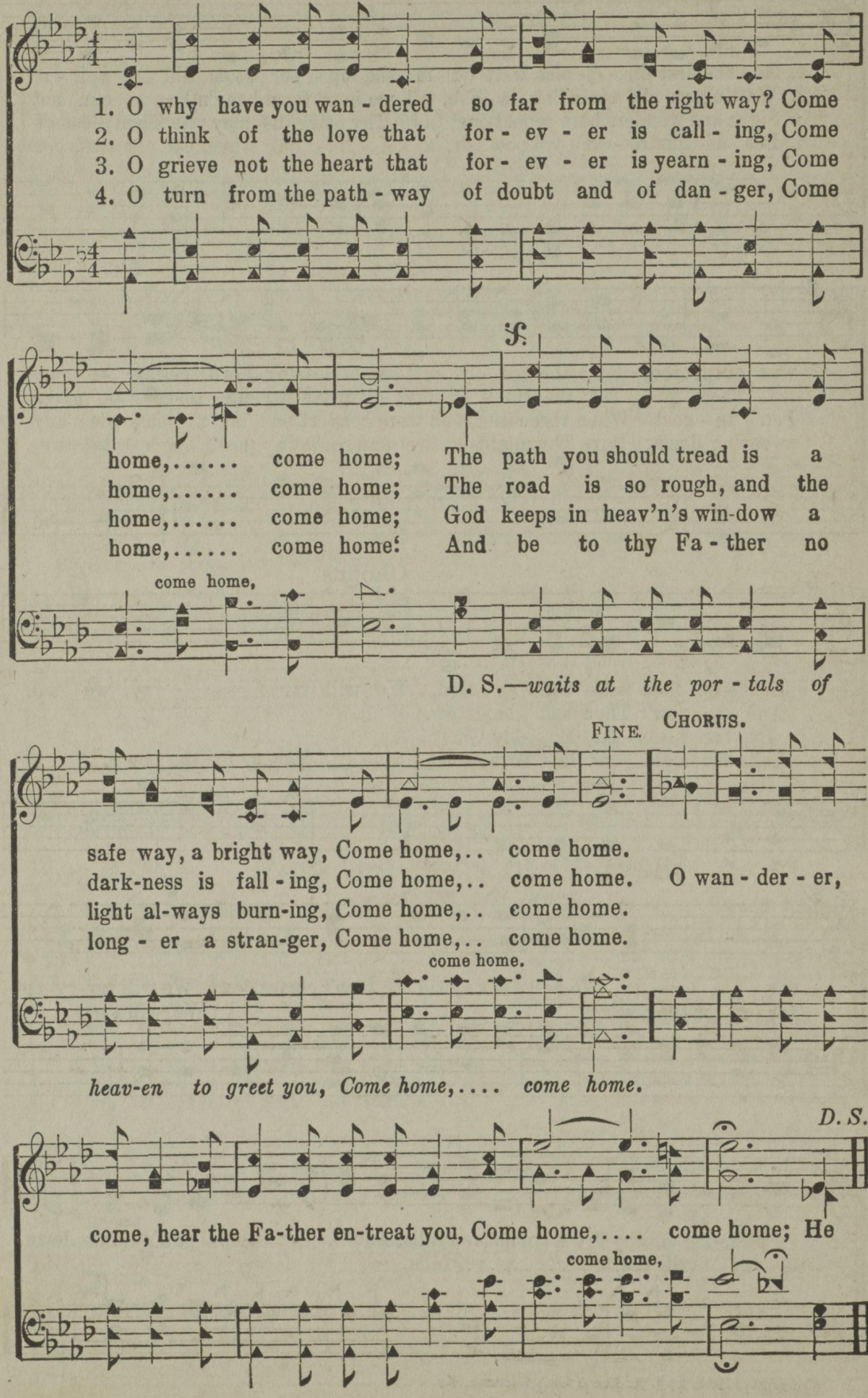
No. 381. O Wanderer, Come Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

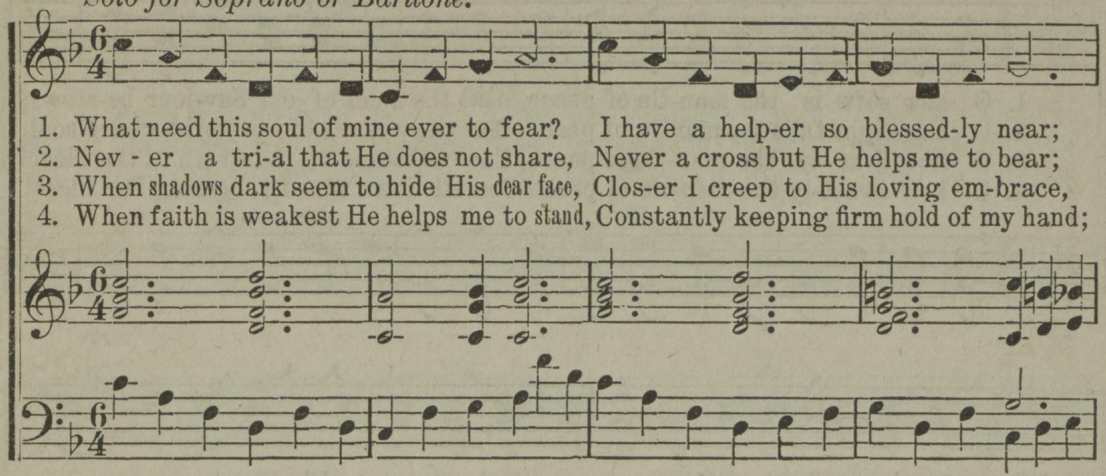
Eben E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

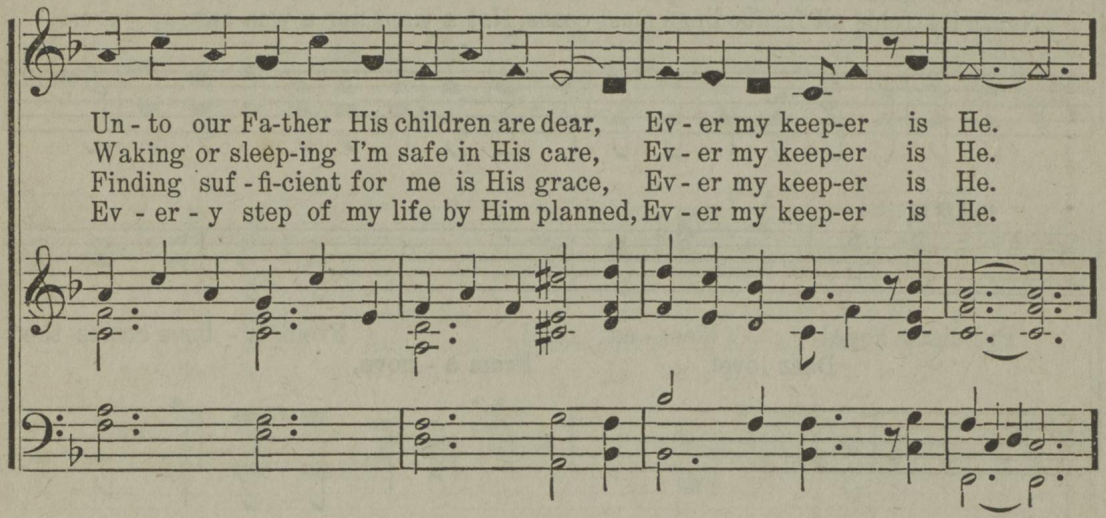


No. 382. My Keeper is He.

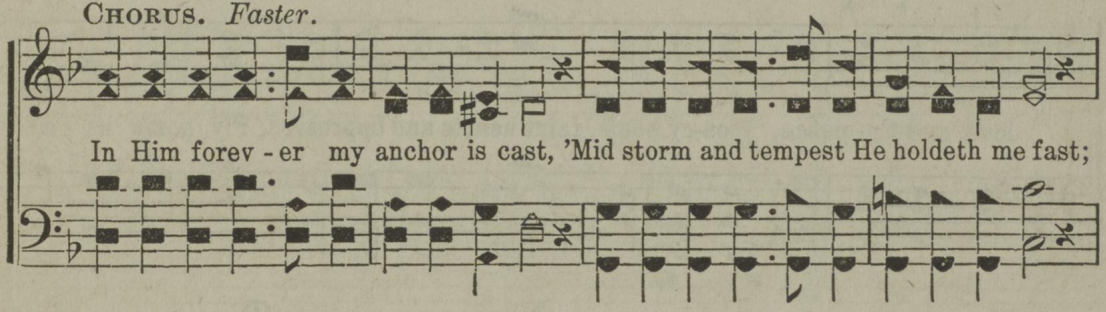
MRS. C. H. M. Psalm 121-5. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Solo for Soprano or Baritone.

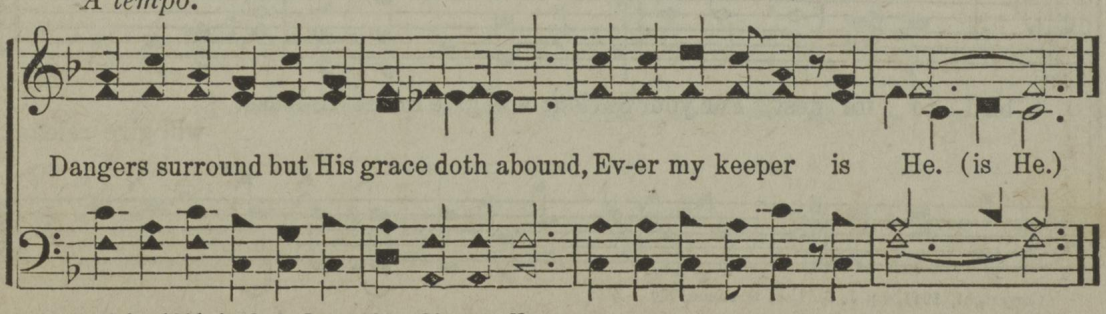




CHORUS. *Faster.*



A tempo.



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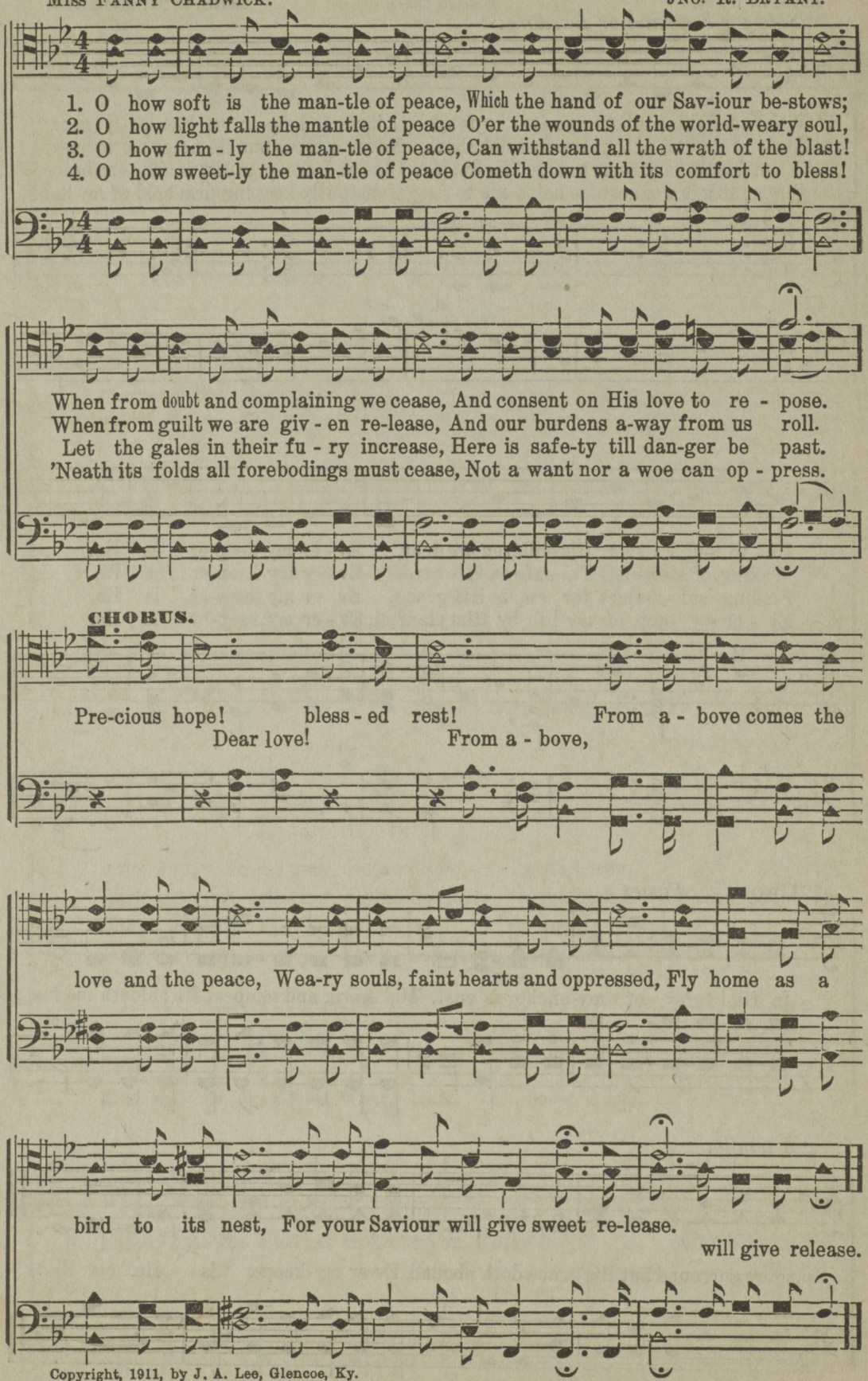
No. 383. The Mantle of Peace.

MISS FANNY CHADWICK. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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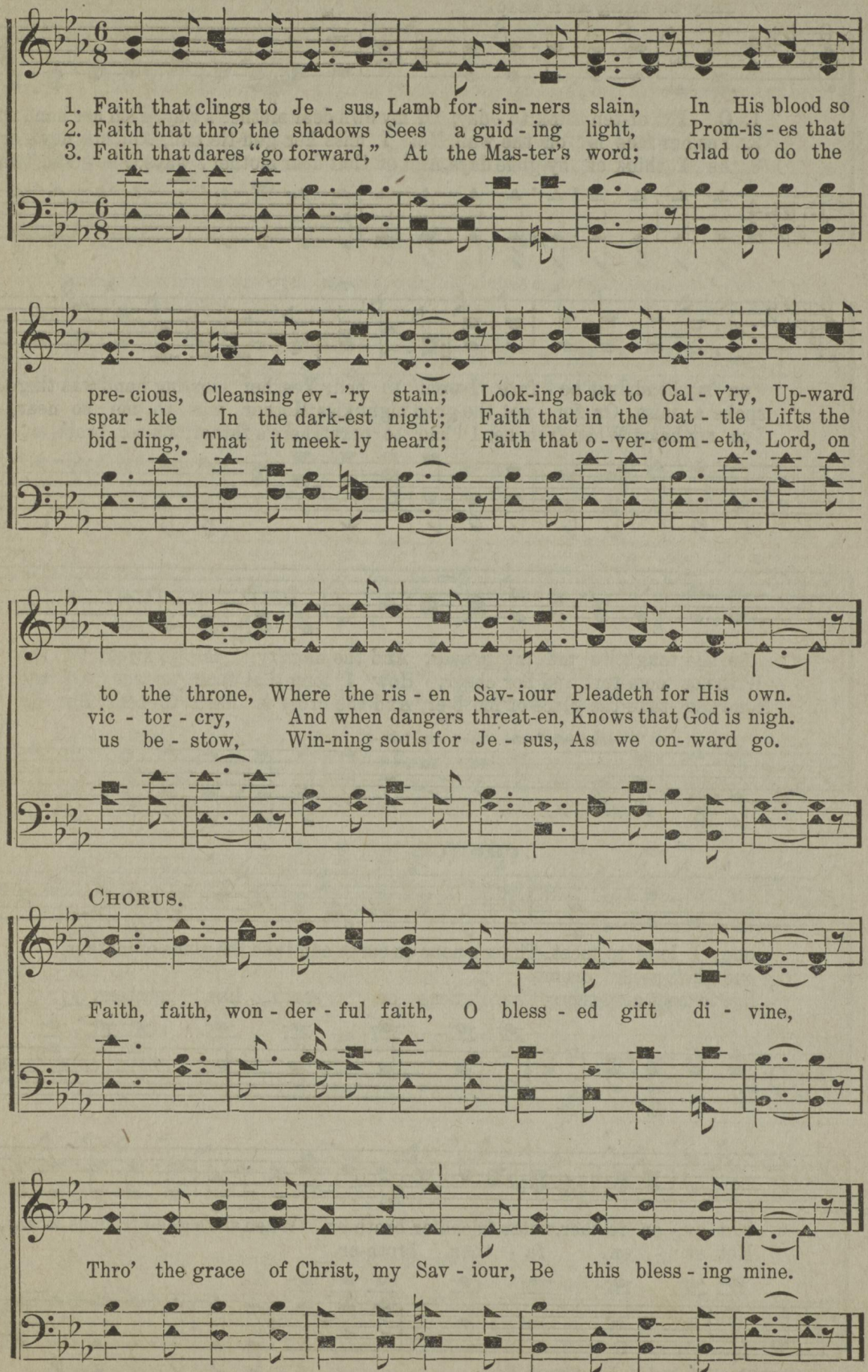
No. 384. Wonderful Faith.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.



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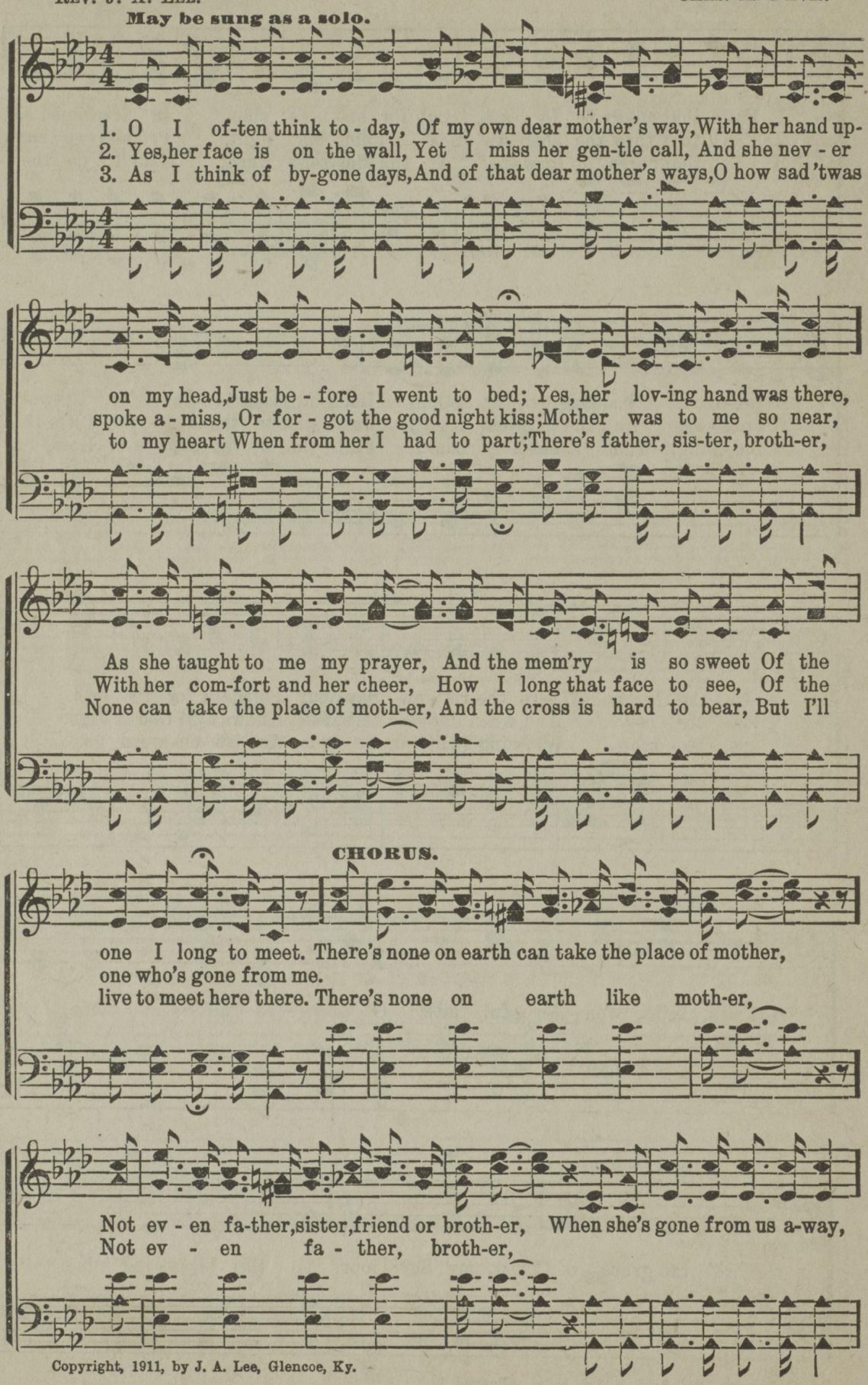
No. 385. None Can Take the Place of Mother.

REV. J. A. LEE. CHAS. M. DAVIS.

May be sung as a solo.



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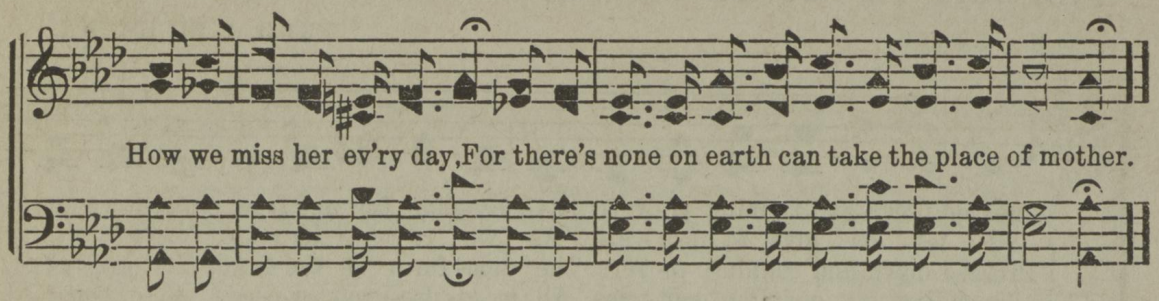
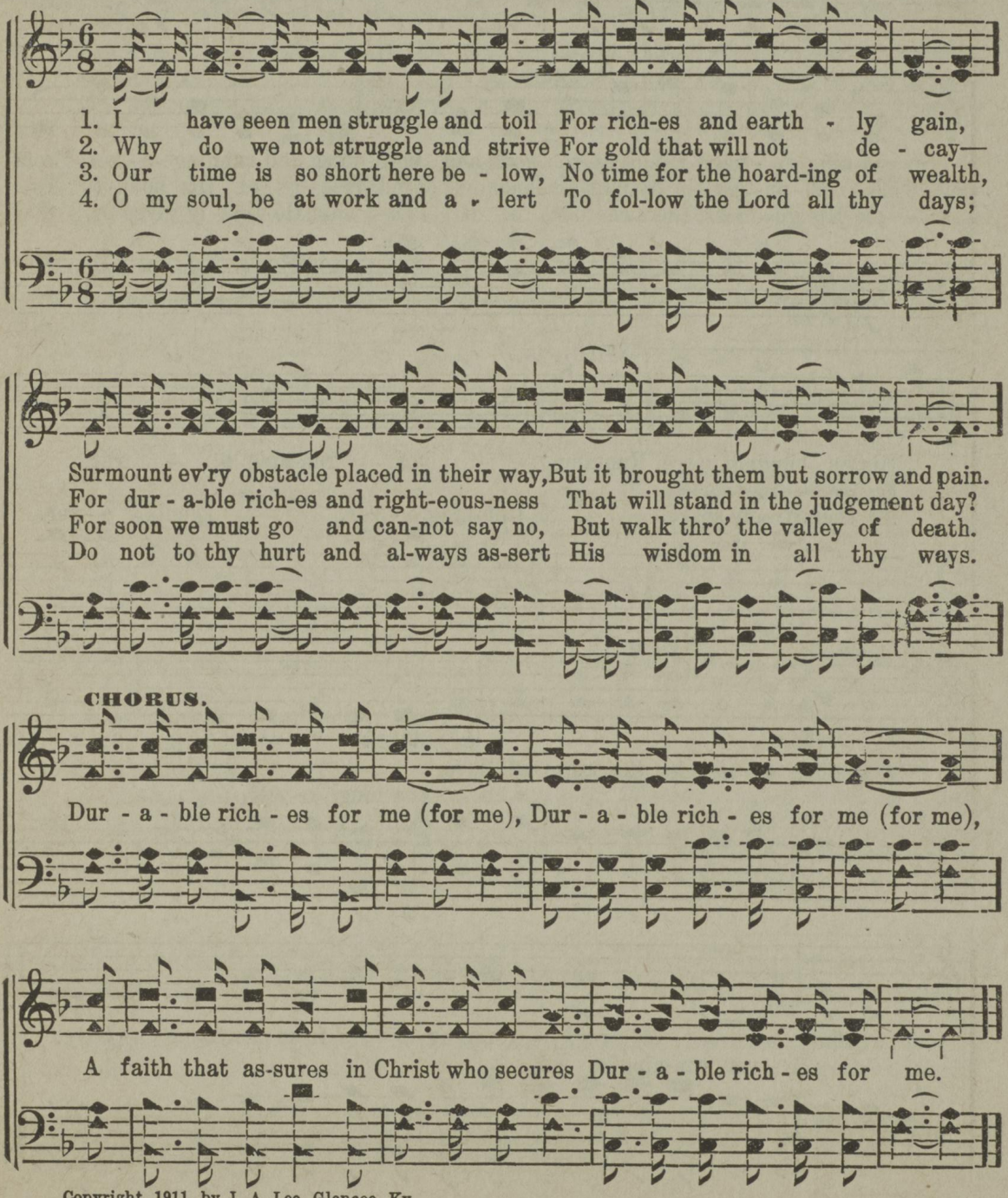
None Can Take the Place of Mother.



No. 386. Durable Riches.

"Riches and honor are with me, yea, durable riches and righteousness."—PROV. 8: 18.

LYDIA M. ARNOLD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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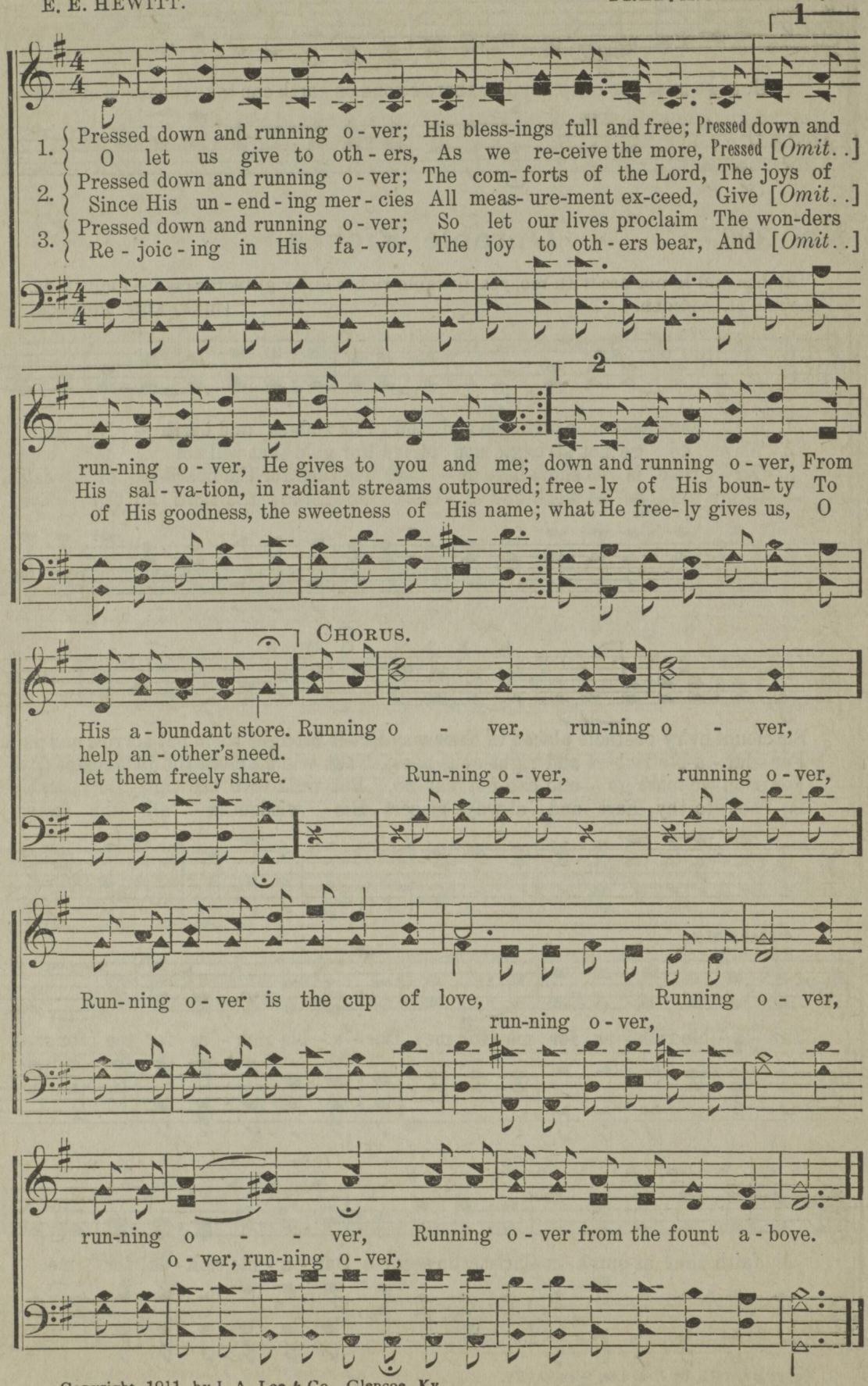
No. 387. Pressed Down, and Running Over.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



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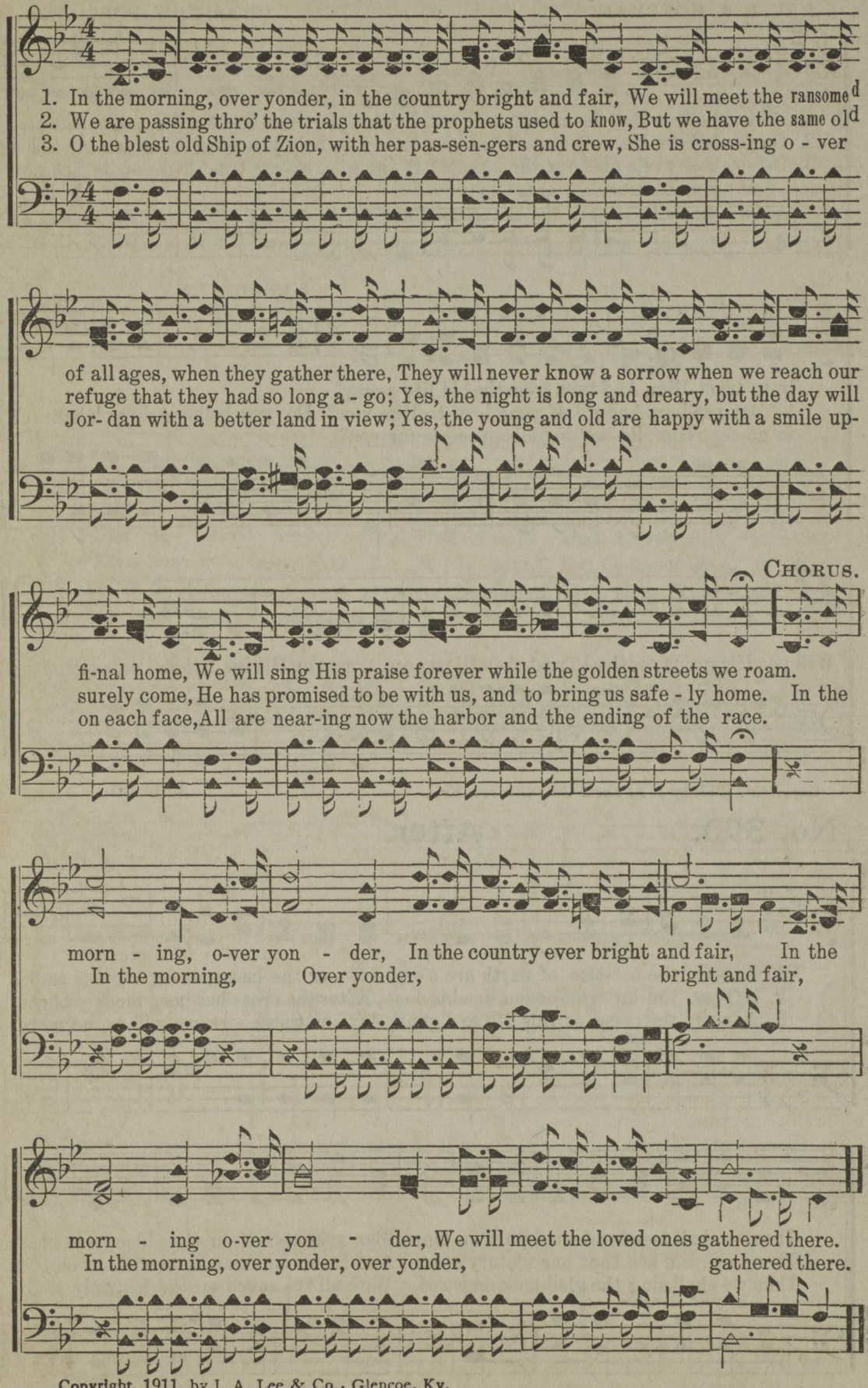
No. 388. In the Morning Over Yonder.

J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.



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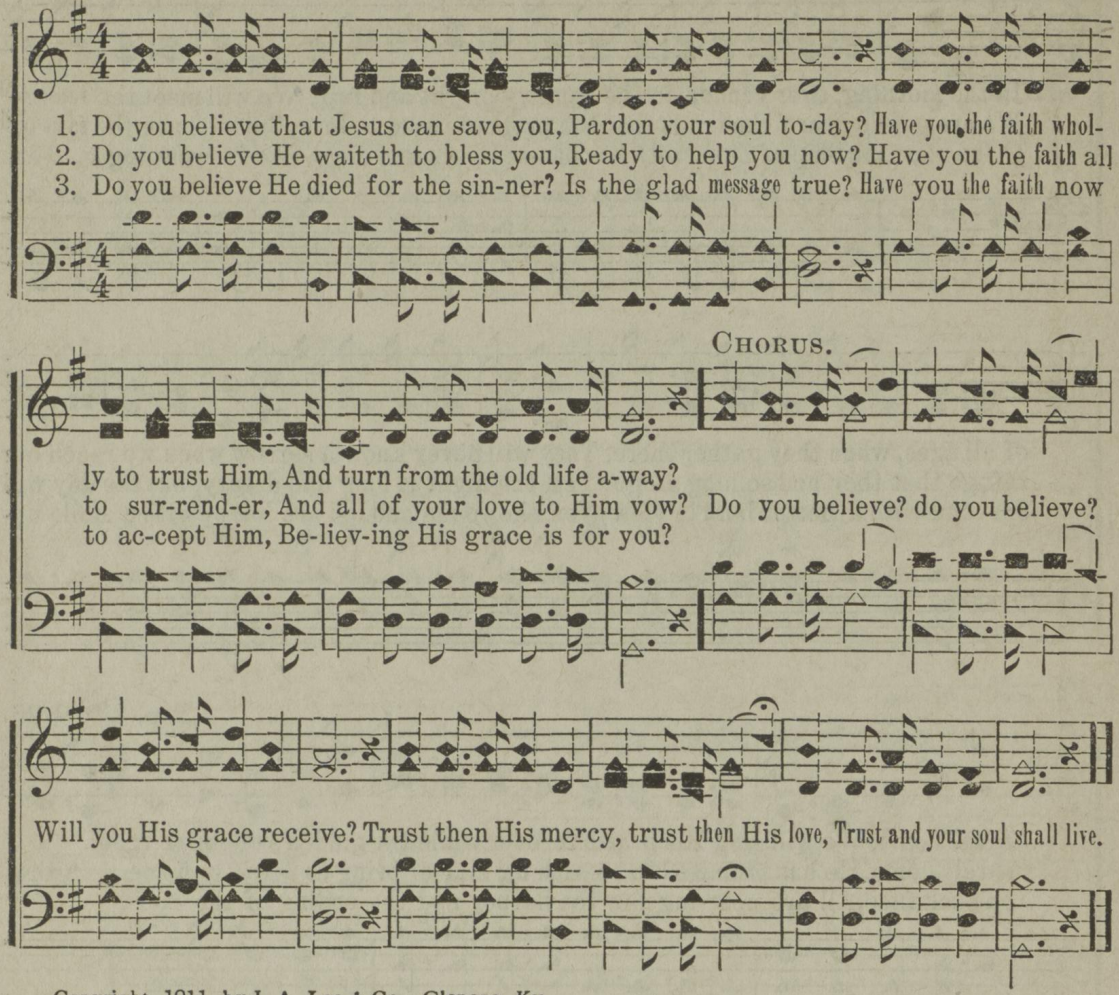
No. 389. Do You Believe.

"Believe ye that I am able." Matt. 9: 28.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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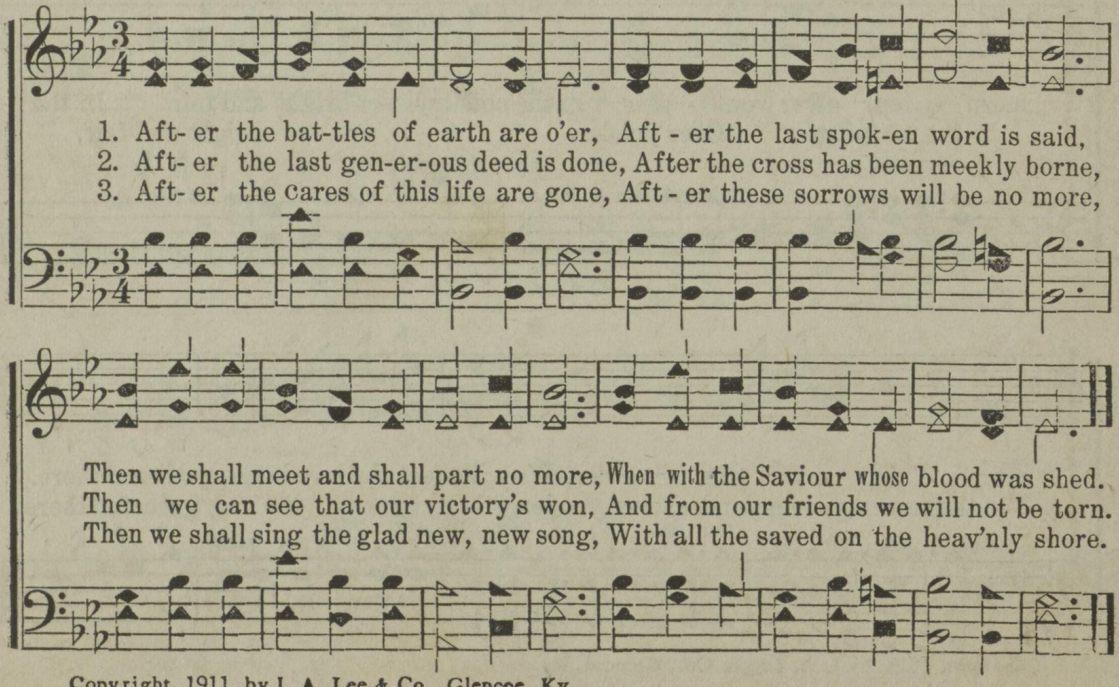
No. 390. After.

J. A. L. J. A. LEE.



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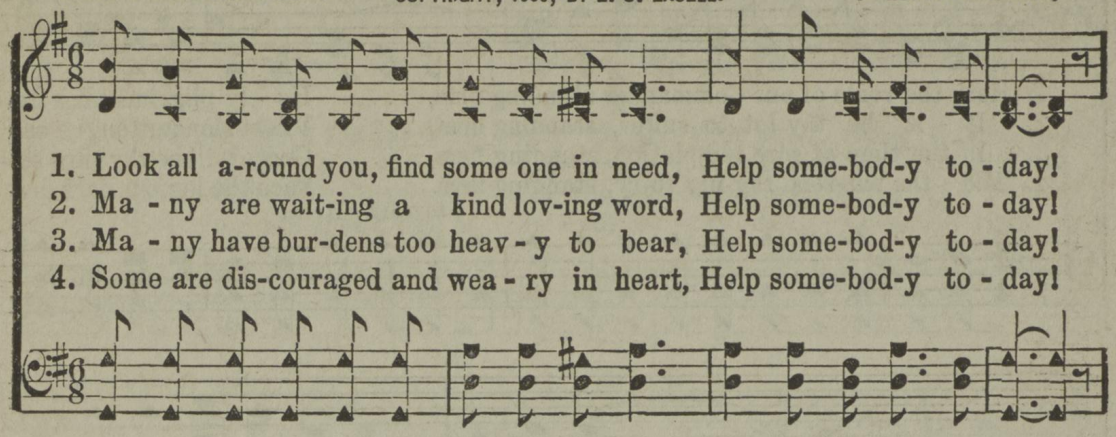
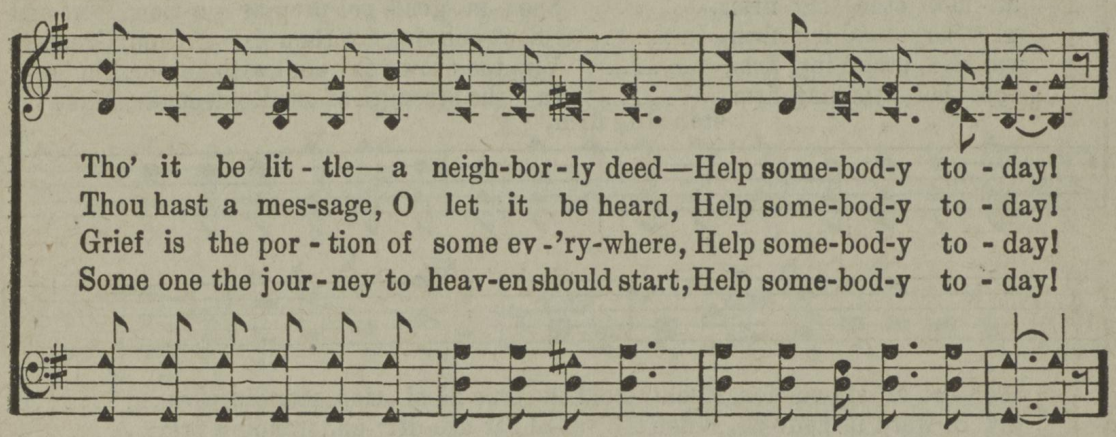
No. 391. Help Somebody To-day.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

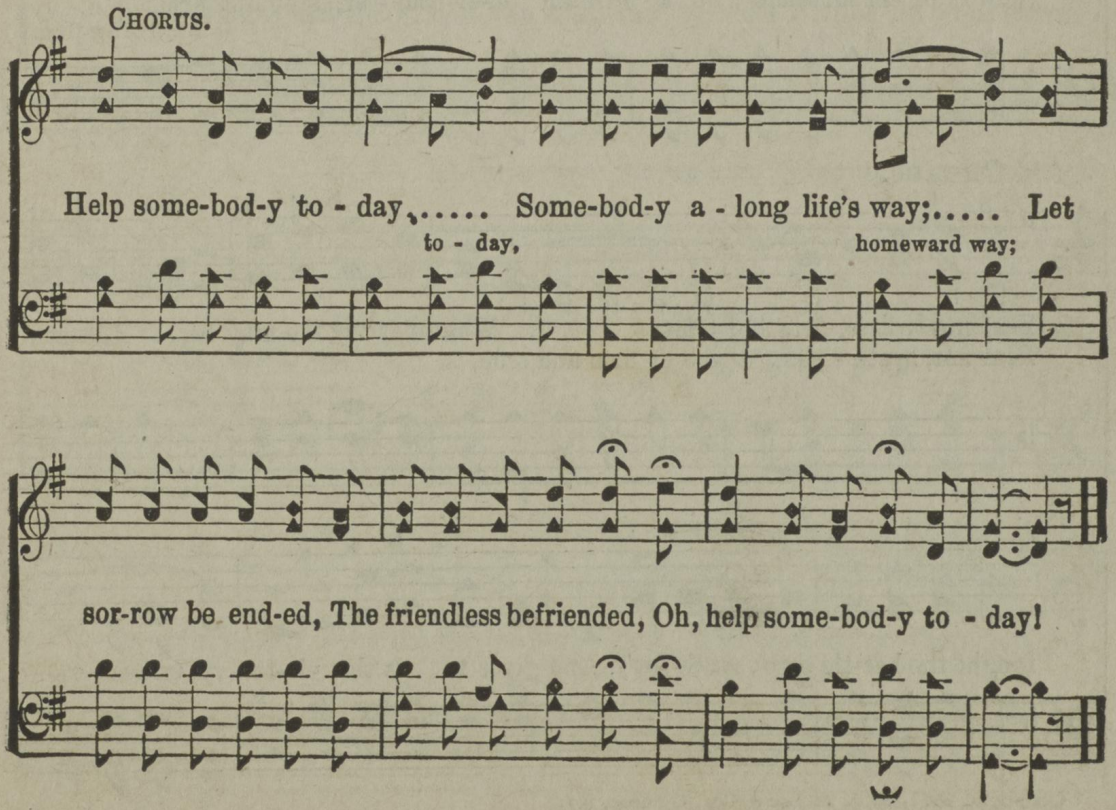
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Ma - ny are wait-ing a kind lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Ma - ny have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-couraged and wea - ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

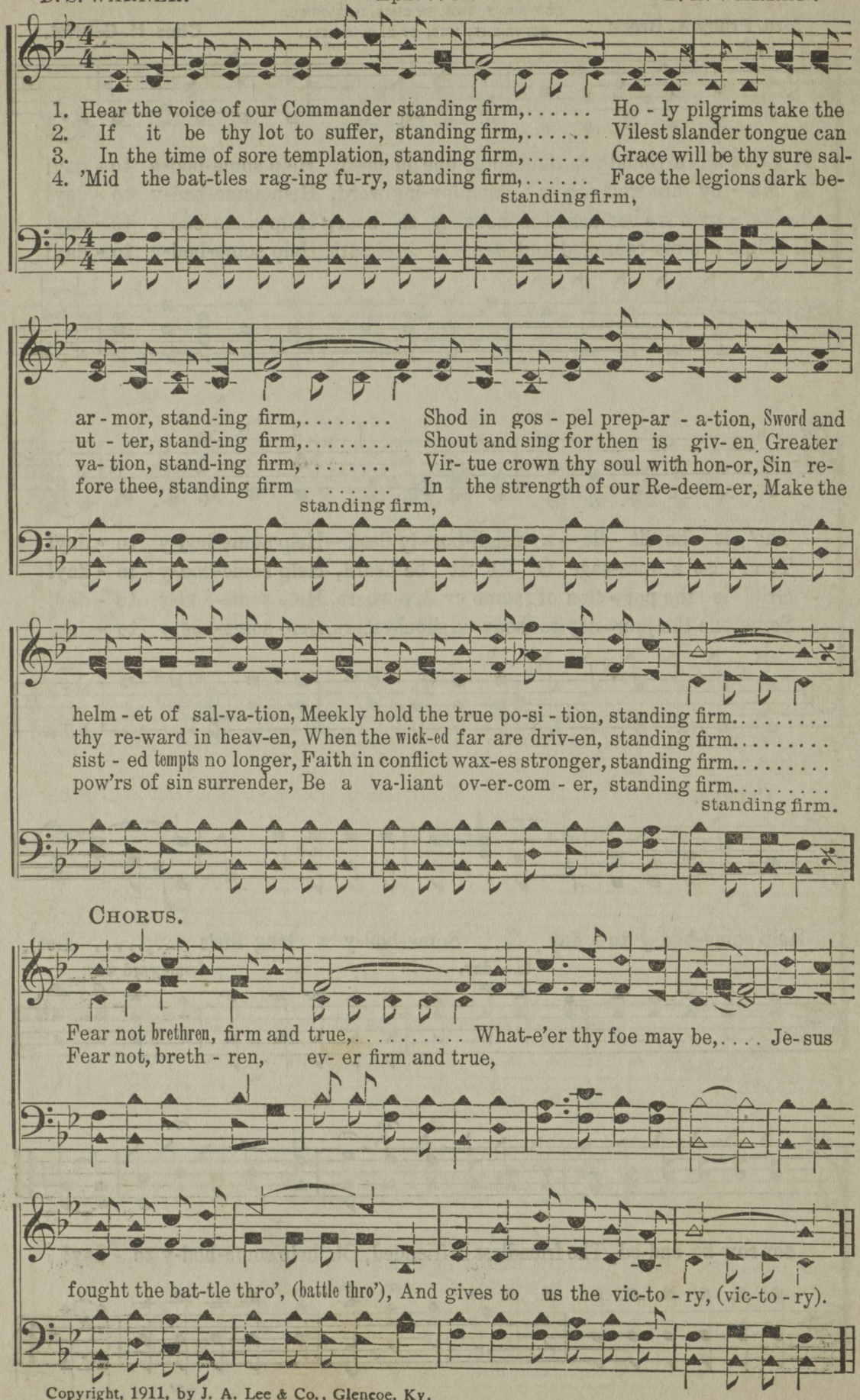


Tho' it be lit - tle— a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev -'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



No. 392. Standing Firm.

D. S. WARNER. Eph. 6: 11. B. E. WARREN.



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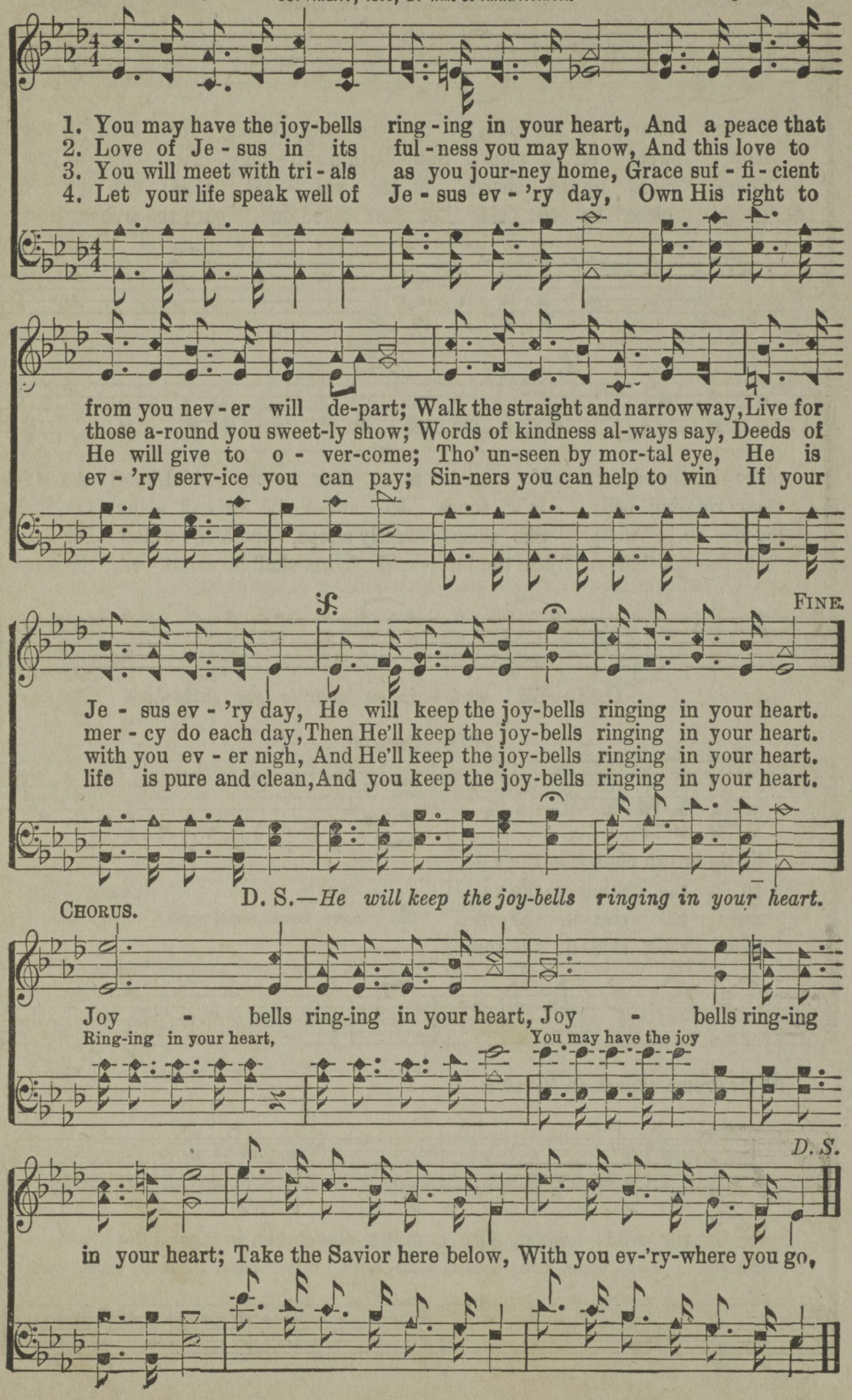
No. 393. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

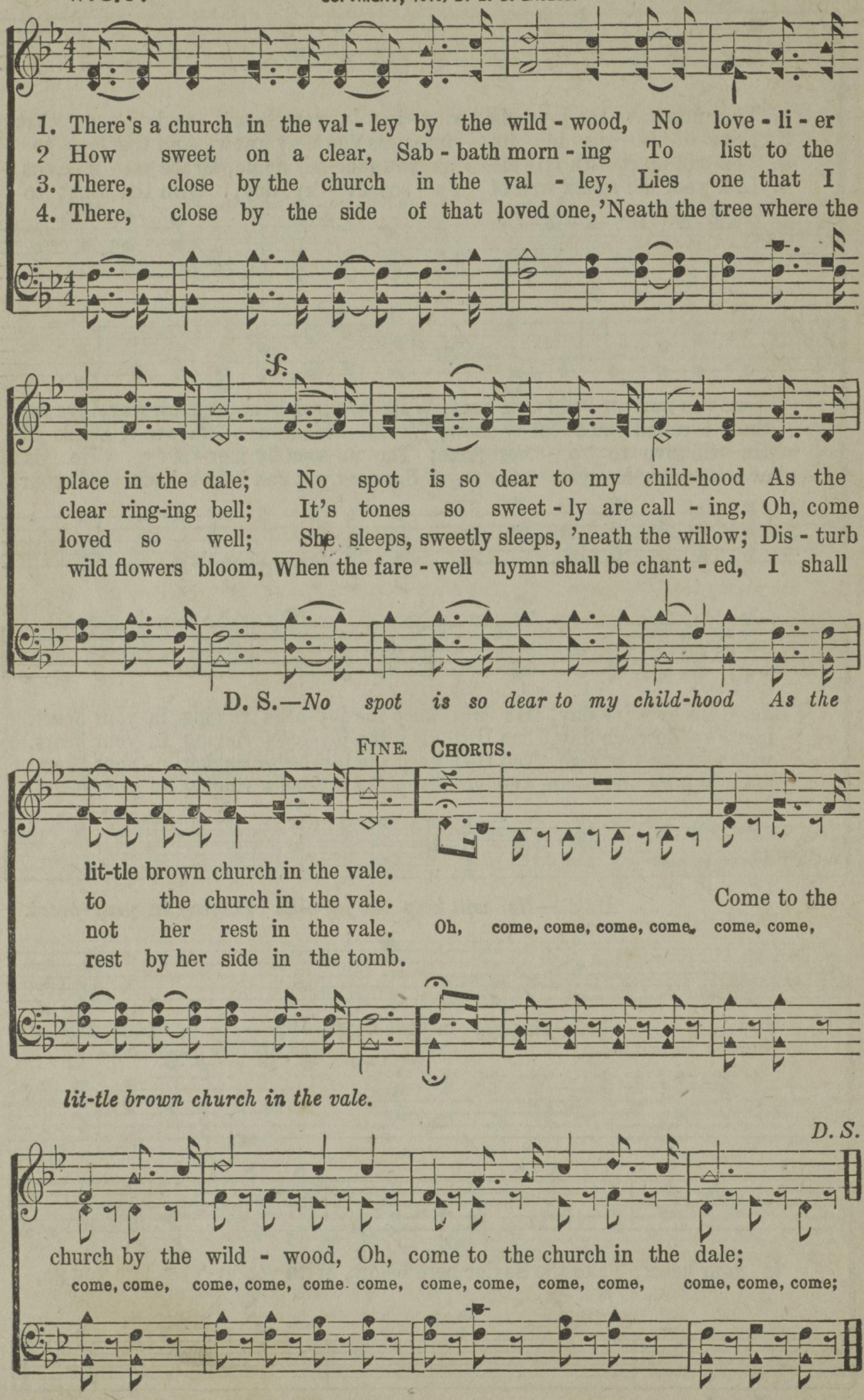


No. 394. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2 How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall
D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*
FINE.
CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

No. 395. Somebody Knows.

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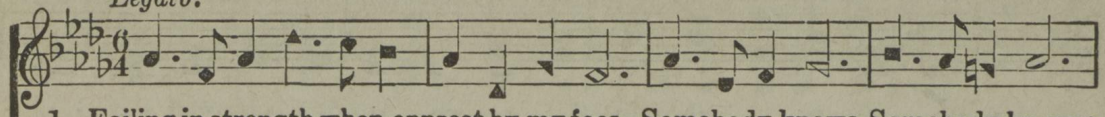
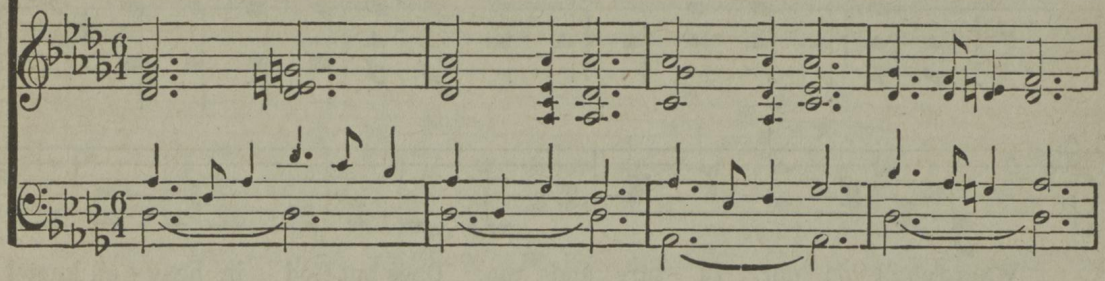
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Alfred H. Ackley — B. D. Ackley.

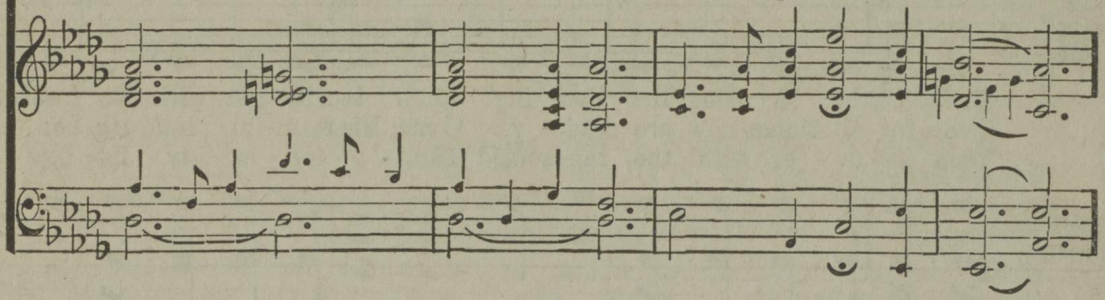
Legato.



1. Failing in strength when oppressed by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

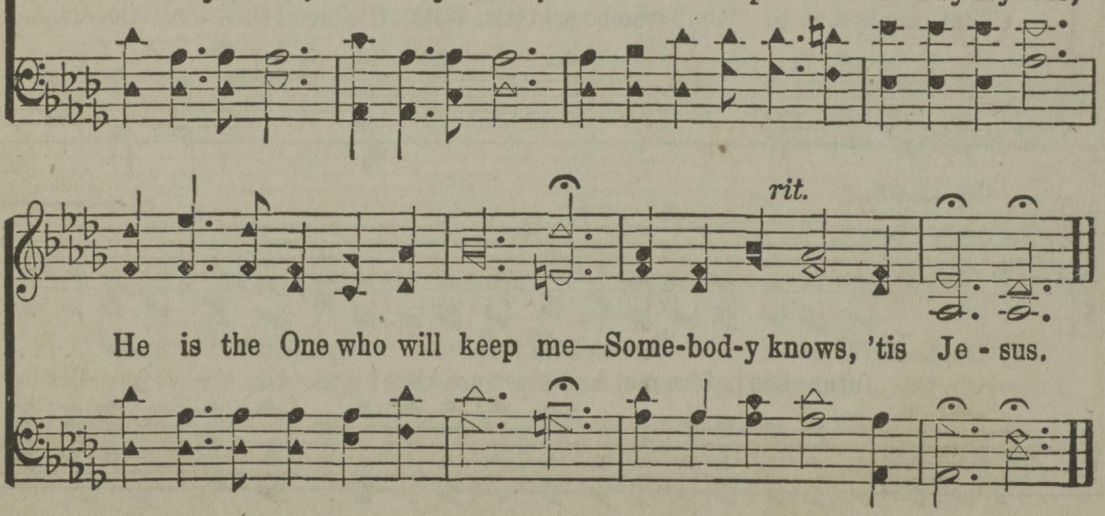


Waiting for some one to ban-ish my woes, Somebody knows, 'tis Je-sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows, 'tis Je-sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows, 'tis Je-sus.



CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows, When I am tempted and tried by my foes;

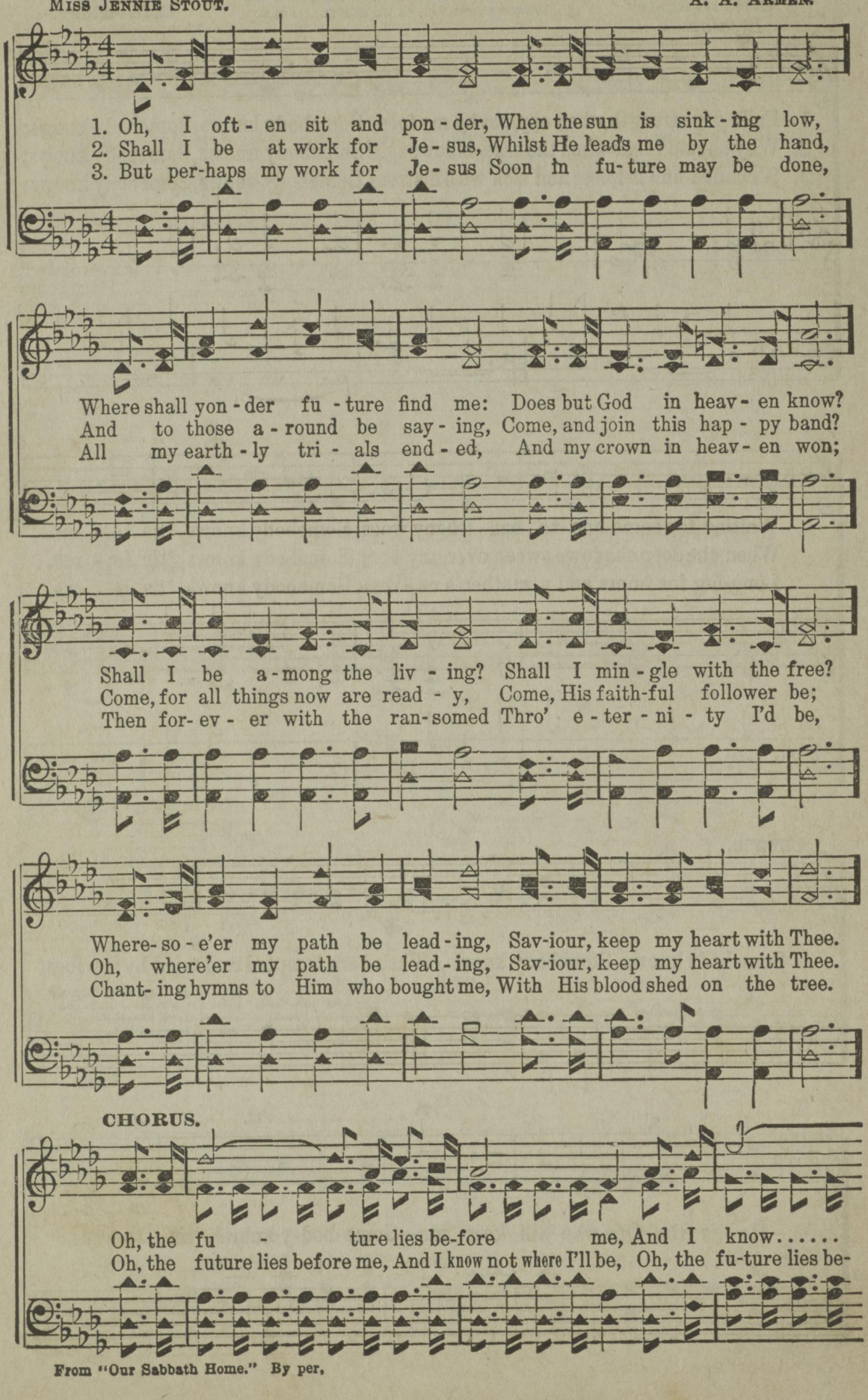


rit.

He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'tis Je-sus.

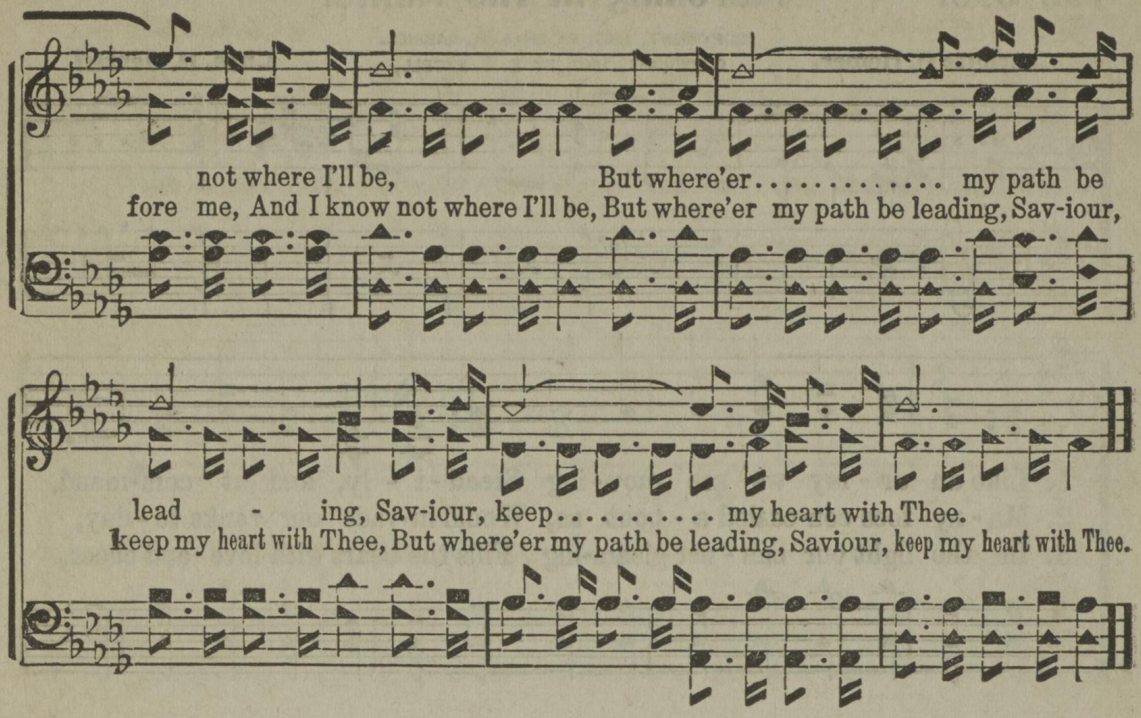
No. 396. The Future.

MISS JENNIE STOUT. A. A. ARMEN.



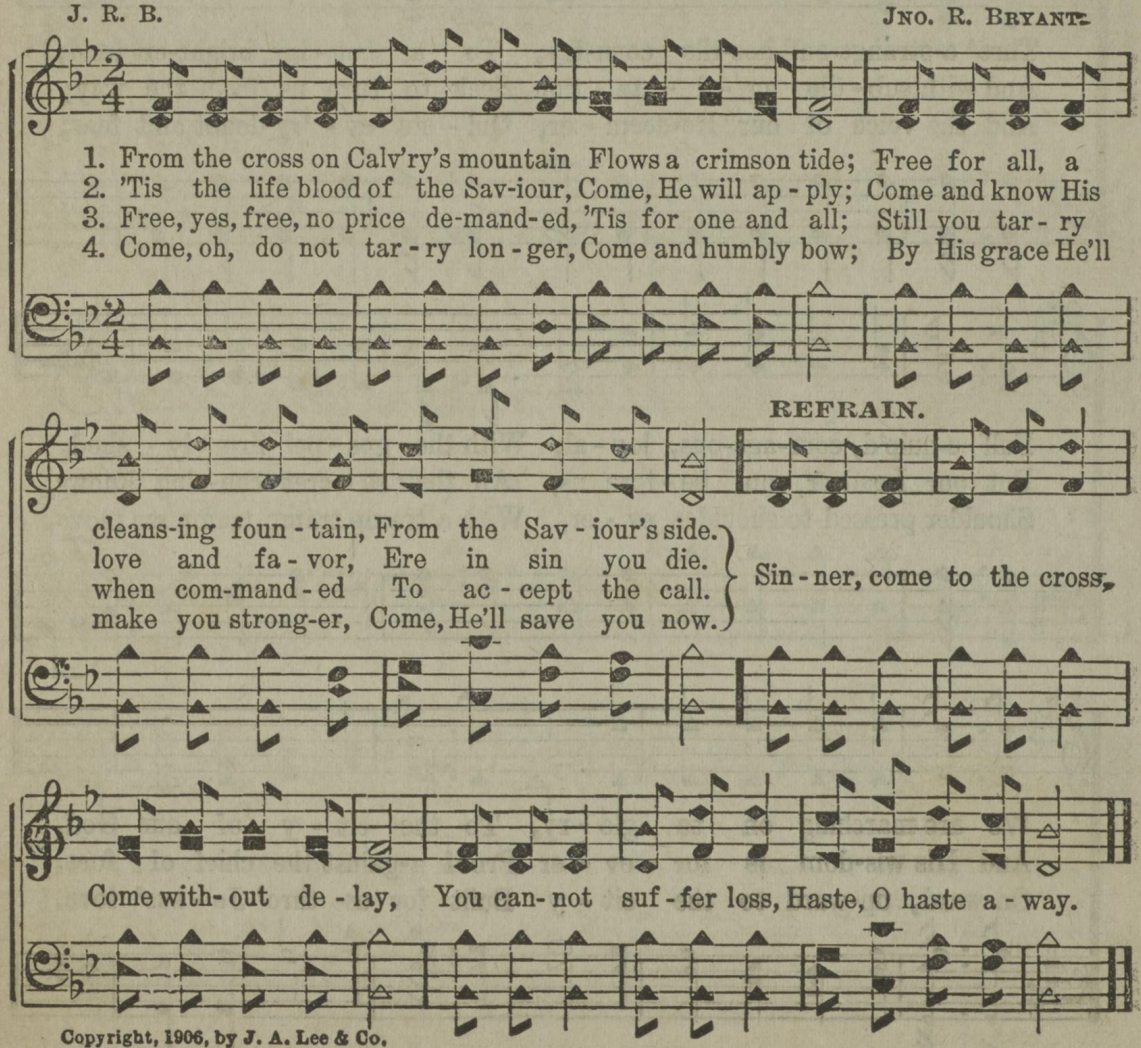
From "Our Sabbath Home." By per,

The Future.



No. 397. Come to the Cross.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 398. Marching in His Name.

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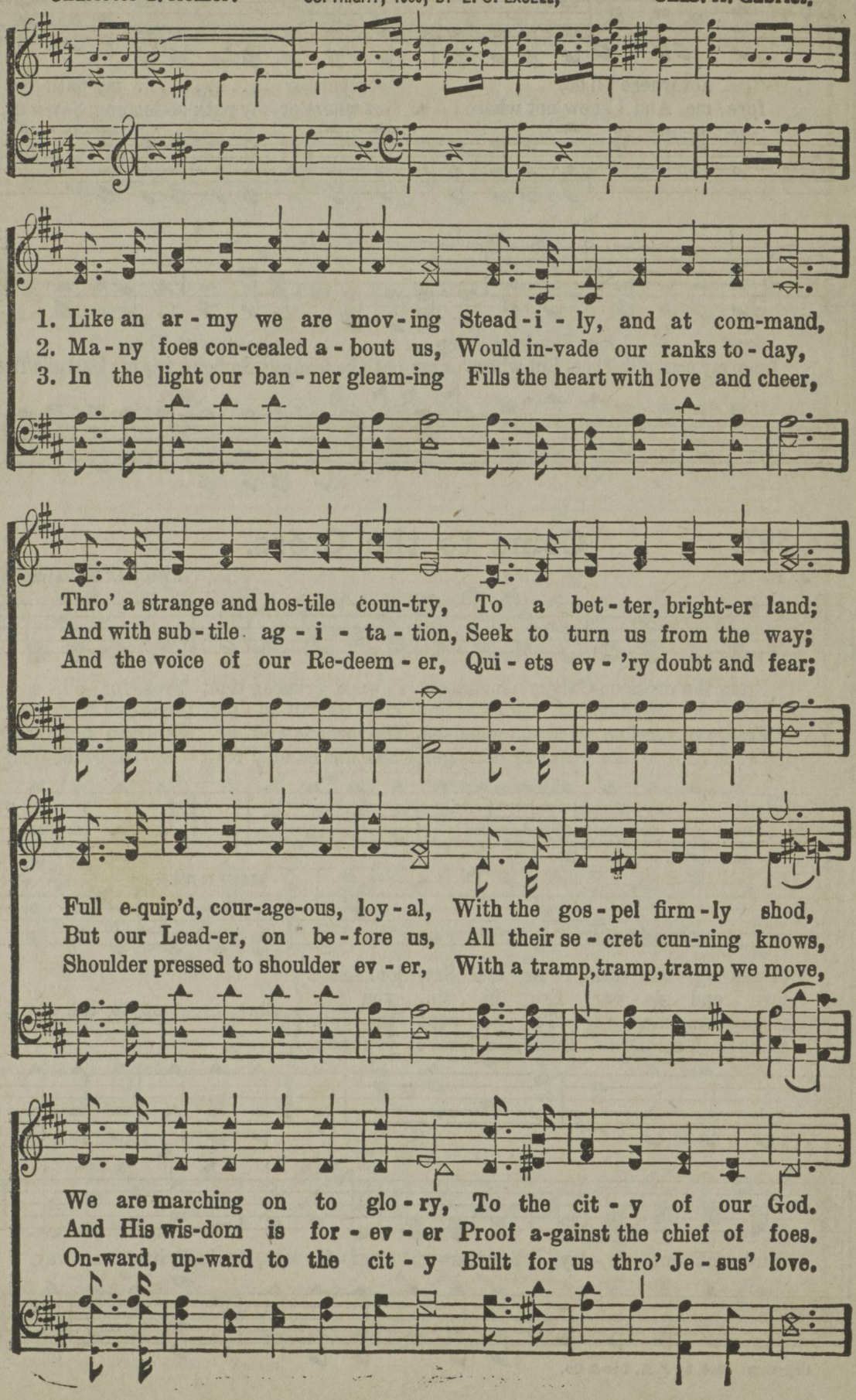
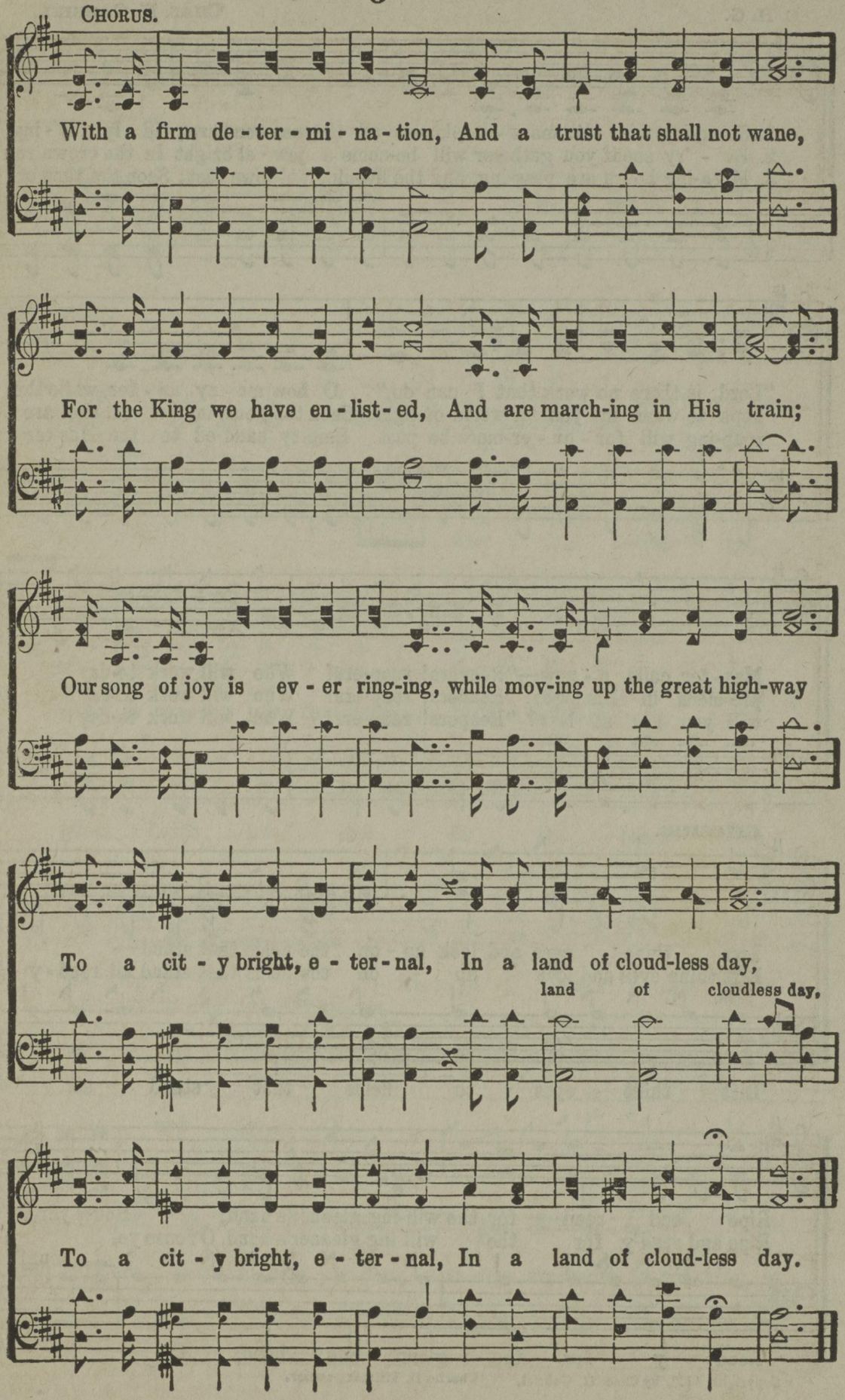
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

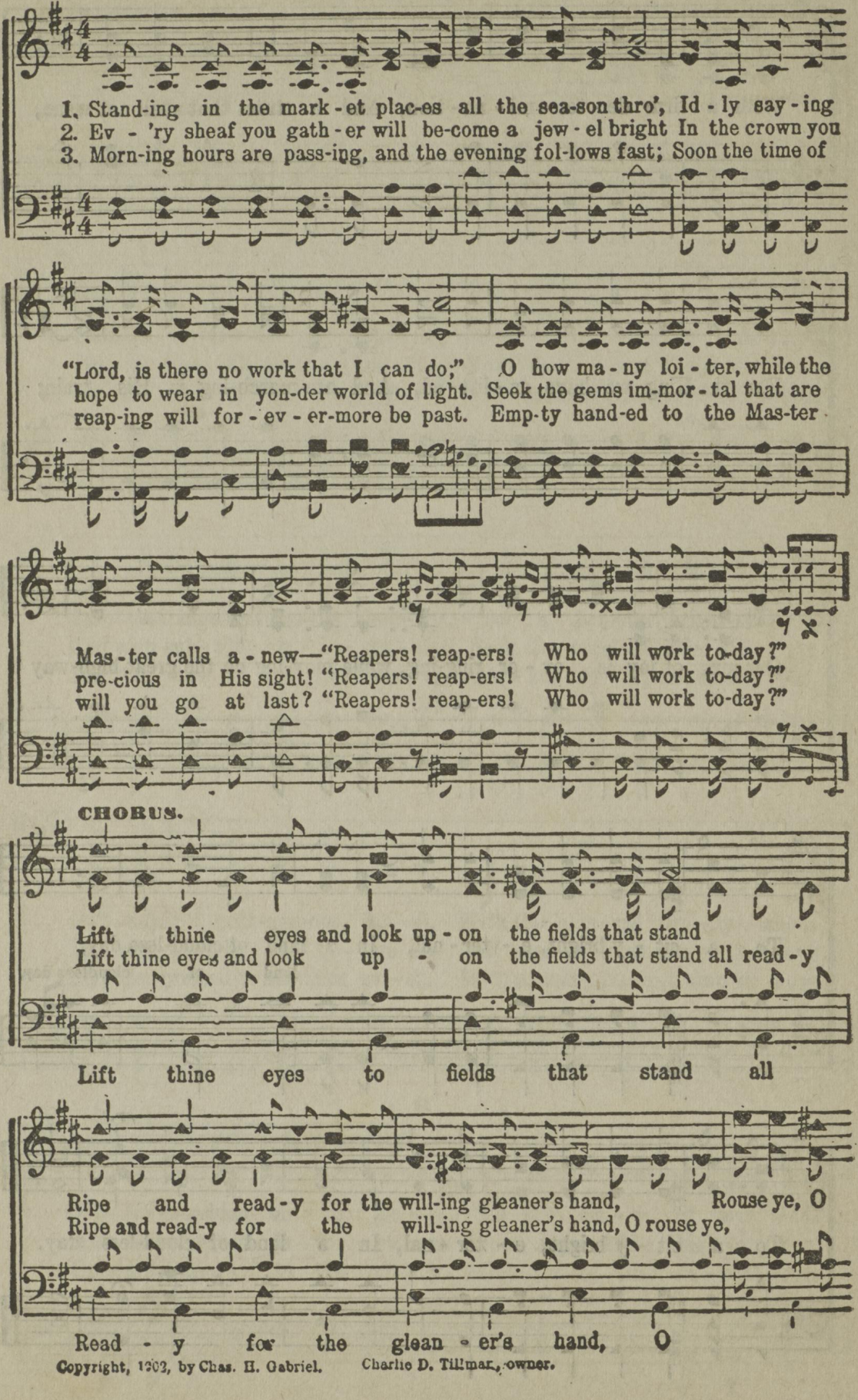


Marching in His Name.



899. REAPERS ARE NEEDED.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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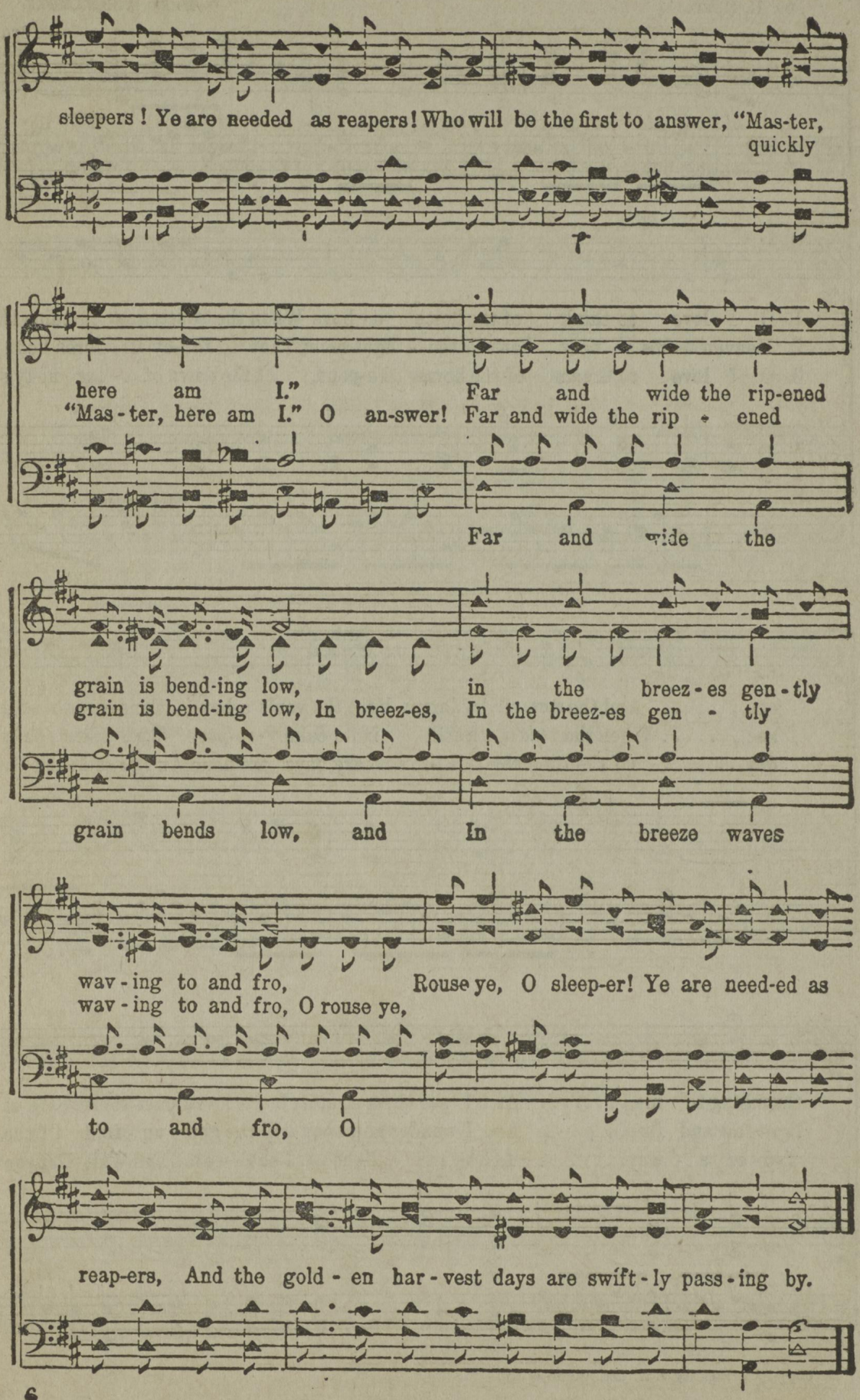
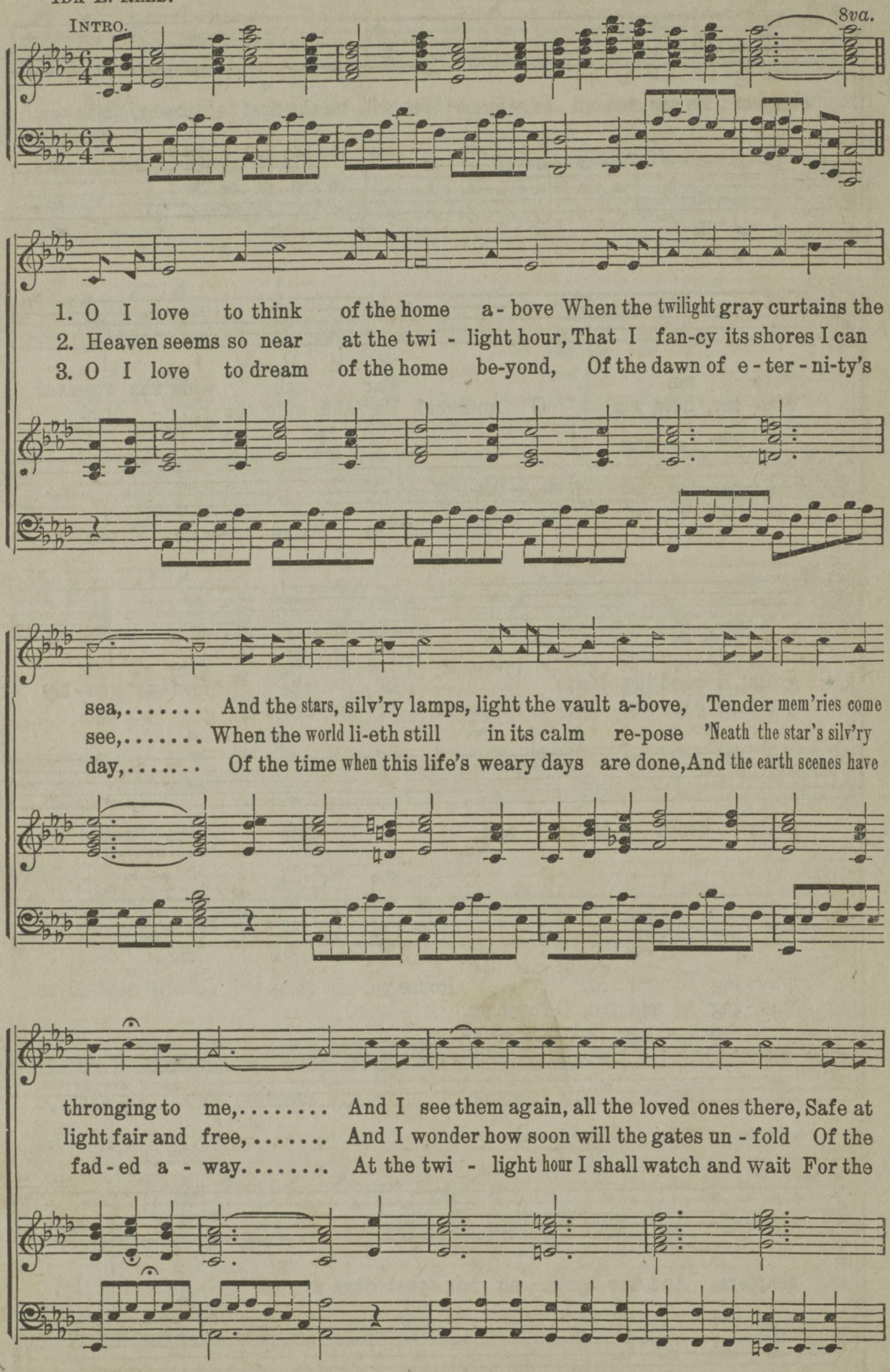
REAPERS ARE NEEDED. Concluded.



No. 400. At the Twilight Hour.

IDA L. REED. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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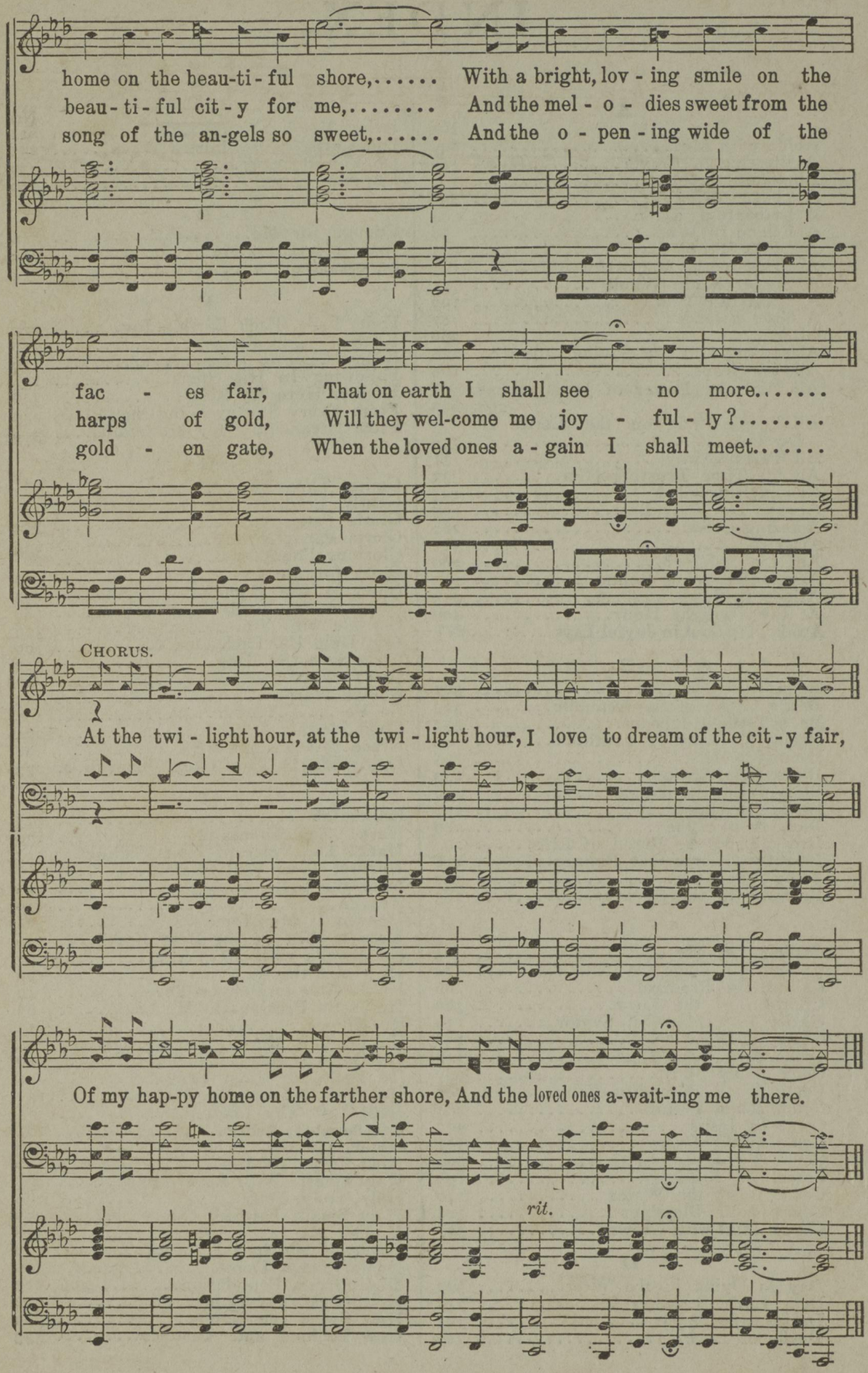
At the Twilight Hour.



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Did she tell something to make us mad at each other? She'll never tell nothing to make me mad at <u>You</u>.