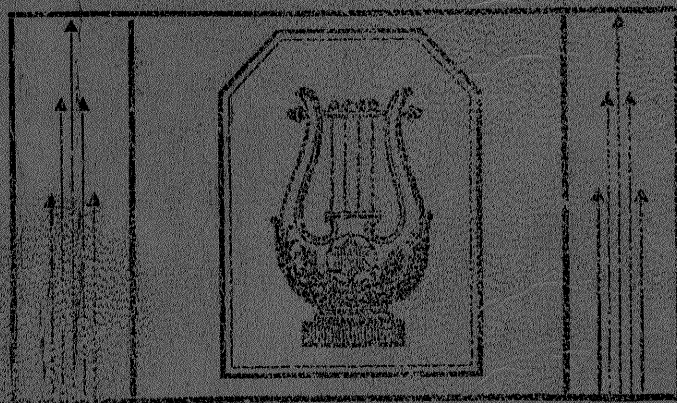


Harp of Ages



Harp of Ages

Containing a Special Collection of

SACRED SONGS

adapted for use in Singing Schools,

Singing Conventions and in the

CHURCH AND HOME.

SONGS

our Fathers and Mothers sang together, with
some of modern production.

* * *

Original HARP OF AGES Published in
1925

New Edition

1973

* * *

Order from

HARP OF AGES, Incorporated

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FOREWORD

The *Harp Of Ages* hymnal was first published by A. N. Whitten in 1925, through his love of gospel singing, in an effort to bring together those songs beloved by the Lord's people. Our purpose in adding the new section of hymns to the original *Harp Of Ages* is to edify the Cause of Christ and to benefit the individual in being comforted by song.

Many persons have aided in this effort by recommending additional hymns, by writing words and music, and by encouraging us in compiling this edition. We want to acknowledge the help of James Baethge, Beth Baker, Merle Benbow, W. G. Bingham, Darrene Collins, Allen Cook, Minnie Gowens, Oscar Hanks, Frank Haynie, Terrell Huneycutt, Sonny Lowrance, Clark Lumpkin, Otis Mobley, Morris Nowlin, Jimmie Oakley, Curtis and Edith Owen, Joe and Norma Owen, James Parker, Mary D. Phillips, Elder and Mrs. Ray Rotenizer, J. A. Rowell, Jr., W. C. Spies, Lutisha Watson, Donie Weldon, Sara White, Karen Winchester and Jack Young.

Of particular significance in the formative stages of this edition were the writings of the late Elder J. A. Rowell.

We thank you for your prayers throughout this effort, and desire that the Lord will bless you in your use of this hymnal, that His name be glorified.

HARP OF AGES, INC.

President,

Harvey L. Bass

Vice-President,

Elder Afton E. Richards

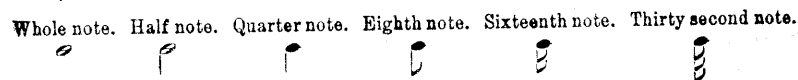
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

LESSON 1

Music is a combination of tones and is represented by characters called notes, thus:—

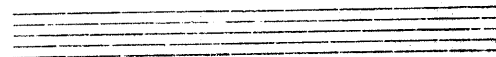


The comparative lengths of tones are represented by characters called notes, thus:—



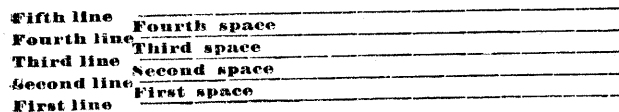
The pitch of tones is represented by lines and spaces called the staff.

Illustration:



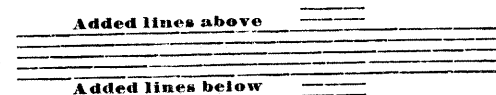
The ordinary staff has nine degrees.

The degrees of the staff are named from below upward, thus:—



The staff may be enlarged by adding short lines above and below the staff.

Illustration:

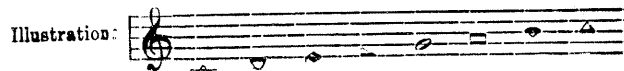


Music is divided into three departments: Rhythmics, Melodics, and Dynamics.

Rhythmics treats of the length of tones. Melodics treats of the pitch of tones. Dynamics treats of the power of tones.

The scale is a series of eight tones in successive order from keytone to keytone.

In the major scale the keytone is Do.



LESSON 2

Music is divided into small portions called *measures*, by vertical lines drawn across the staff.

A measure is the space between the lines.

Music is subdivided by figures written in the form of a fraction at the beginning of each song, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$ which means two parts to the measure and two beats to the measure.

The first beat in each measure is an accented beat, the second is unaccented.

Beating time is indicated by a particular motion of the hand.

Double measure is a measure with two beats which are indicated by counts, One, Two; or by motion of the hand, Down, Up.

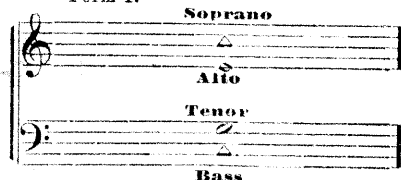
The sign for double measure is two over four at the beginning.

Double measure has two pulsations to the measure.

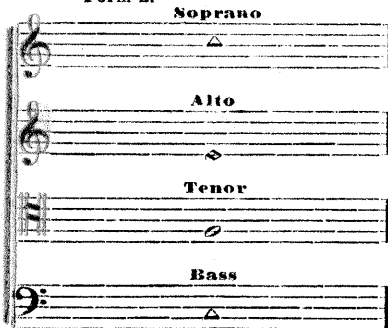
Two or more staves connected together are called a *brace*.

A *score* is a brace extending once across the page including all the parts connected by it.

Form 1.



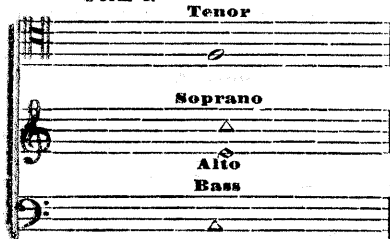
Form 2.



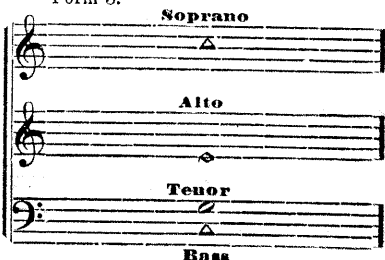
Form 3.



Form 4.



Form 5.



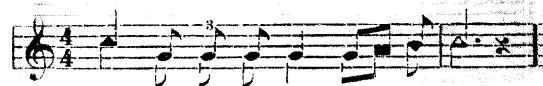
LESSON 3

A dot placed after a note or rest adds one half to the rhythmical value of a note or rest.

The figure 3 placed over or under three notes indicates that they are to be sung in the same time of two notes of the same denomination.

Such a group of notes is called triplet.

Illustration:



A repeat is a row of dots placed across the staff and shows that the passage is to be repeated.

D. C. means to return to the beginning.

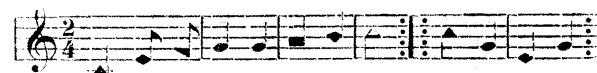
Fine indicates the place to end after a D. C.

Repeat.

FINE.

Repeat. D. C.

Illustration:



D. S. means to return to the sign S and close at the word *Fine*.

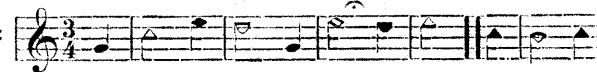
A hold or pause denotes that the tone indicated is to be prolonged at the option of the leader.

 S

FINE.

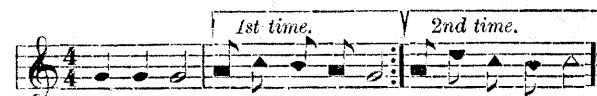
D. S.

Illustration:



First time and Second time have reference to the *first* and *second* endings. Omit *first* time in the repeat and pass to *second* time.

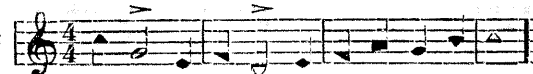
Illustration:



Syncopation is the beginning on an unaccented beat and the continuing of it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

SYNCOPIATION.

Illustration:



LESSON 4

The tones of the scale are named by the numerals, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Also by the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. The scale is represented by the staff, thus:—



The staff is made to represent pitches in a fixed or determinate way by the use of Clefs.

There are three Clefs in general use as follows:—G clef, C clef and F clef.

Absolute pitch is represented on the staff by the first seven letters of the alphabet, namely: C, D, E, F, G, A, B. These particular pitches constitute the key of C.

A key is always named from the pitch that is taken for keytone.

C, being about the middle of the compass of the human voice, all classes of voices being considered, is called middle C.

The G clef is written on second line and the first added line below represents middle C.

The C clef makes the staff represent pitches an octave lower.

The F clef is written on the fourth line and the first added line above represents middle C.

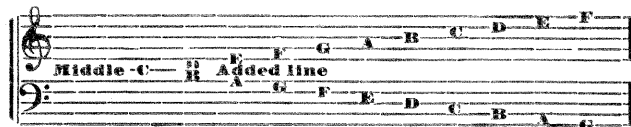
In ordinary four-part music the lowest part is named *bass*.

The name of the part next above the bass is *tenor*.

The name of the part next above tenor is *alto*.

The name of the part next above alto is *soprano*.

The following letters represent absolute pitch:—



LESSON 5

Short silence in music are named *rests*, the same as there corresponding notes.

Illustrations in common use:—

Whole rest. Half rest. Quarter rests. Eighth rest. Sixteenth rest. Thirty-second rest.



The whole rest is a measure rest.

A primary accented beat marks the beginning of each measure.

The name of a measure having two beats, one accented and the other unaccented, is double measure.

The sign for double is two over four.

Double measure is indicated by counting *one, two*; or by two motions of the hand, *down, up*.

The accent is upon the first part.

A measure having three parts or pulsations, is triple measure.

Triple measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three*; or by three motions of the hand, *down, left, up*.

The accent is on the first part.

Quadruple measure is indicated by counting one, two, three, four; or by four motions of the hand, *down, left, right, up*.

There are two accents in quadruple measure, strong on the first pulse and light on the third.

Sextuple measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four, five, six*; having six pulsations and two beats to the measure. There are three pulsations to the beat.

There are two accents in sextuple measure, strong on the first pulse and light on the fourth.

Triple measure is compounded by three counts, or three beats, three pulsations to each beat. It is accented on the *first, fourth* and *seventh* pulses.

Compound quadruple measure is indicated by four counts, or four beats, three pulsations to each beat. It is accented on the *first, fourth, seventh* and *tenth* pulses.

TABLE OF THE USUAL VARIETIES OF MEASURE.

Double Measure	$\frac{2}{2}$  $\frac{2}{4}$  $\frac{2}{8}$ 
Triple Measure	$\frac{3}{2}$  $\frac{3}{4}$  $\frac{3}{8}$ 
Quadruple Measure	$\frac{4}{2}$  $\frac{4}{4}$  $\frac{4}{8}$ 
Sextuple or Compound Double Measure	$\frac{6}{4}$  $\frac{6}{8}$ 
Compound Triple Measure	$\frac{9}{8}$ 
Compound Quadruple Measure	$\frac{12}{8}$ 

LESSON 6

The difference of pitch between two tones is called an *interval*. There are two kinds of intervals in the scale, the larger called *steps* and the smaller *half-steps*.

Between the tones four and five an intermediate tone may be introduced. The name of this intermediate tone is *sharp four*.

Sharp four is represented on the staff by the same degree that represents *four*, modified by a *sharp* (#).

The influence of the sharp extends through the remainder of the measure in which it occurs.

The influence of the sharp is cancelled by the *natural*.

In the sharp keys, *sharp four* is indicated by a *sharp*, and is cancelled by a *natural*.

Sharp four in the flat keys is indicated by a *natural*, and cancelled by a *flat*.

The sharps, flats, or naturals, that occur incidentally in a tune are called *accidentals*.

Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step an intermediate tone may be introduced, viz: between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven.

The intermediate tone between one and two is called *sharp one* or *flat two*.

The intermediate tone between C and D is called C *sharp*, or D *flat*.

A sharp makes a degree represent a tone a half-step higher.

A flat makes a degree represent a tone a half-step lower.

LESSON 7

The pitch C is the Keytone in the model or standard scale.

Any other pitch than C may be taken as the Keytone.

Changing the pitch is called *transposition*.

A scale or key is named from the letter that is taken as Keytone.

The different keys are indicated by *sharps* or *flats* placed on the staff, which are called *signature* (sign) of the key.

TABLE OF THE SCALE IN ALL THE KEYS.

Key of C. Key of G.

Key of D. Key of A.

Key of E. Key of B.

Key of F# Key of G# same pitch as F#

Key of D# Key of A#

Key of Eb Key of Bb

Key of F. Key of C.

LESSON 8

The intermediate tones are called *chromatic tones*.

The other tones are called *diatonic tones*.

The diatonic scale is composed of the diatonic tones only.

The chromatic scale consists of thirteen tones, with twelve intervals of a half-step each.

In transposing the scale the proper order of intervals must be preserved.

There are two methods by which the scale is transposed: first, by fifths.

Take five of the old key for the keytone of the new key. Second, by taking four of the old key for the keytone of the new key.

Sharp four transposes the scale a fifth.

Flat seven transposes the scale a fourth.

Names of the tones of the scale.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Ti	Do
Fa	Sol	La	Fa	Sol	La	Mi	Fa

LESSON 9

A change of key during the progress of a piece of music is called *modulation*.

Modulation is produced by the introduction of the distinguishing tone of the new key.

For instance, if, during the progress of a tune beginning in C, the tone $F\sharp$ is introduced, in a prescribed way, it will cause a modulation into the key G. To return from G to C the tone F must be used.

Again, if the tone $B\flat$ is introduced in a tune during its progress in C it will produce a modulation into the key of F. To return from F to C the tone B must be used.

In addition to the names, step and half-step, intervals are called by other names; *seconds, thirds, fourths*, etc.

An interval that embraces two degrees of the staff is called a *second*, three degrees a *third*, four degrees a *fourth*, five degrees a *fifth*, six degrees a *sixth*, seven degrees a *seventh* and eight degrees an *octave*.

All intervals of the same name look alike on the staff, but they do not sound alike. Their difference in sound is caused by the steps and half-steps of the scale.

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff is called a *slur*.

A straight line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff is called a *tie*. Only one word is to be applied to the *slur* or *tie*.

A broad bar drawn across the staff denotes the beginning and ending of a line of poetry.

The close consists of two broad bars.



LESSON 10

The scale with La as the keytone is called the minor scale.

When La is the keytone the effect of the music is usually sad and plaintive.

The major and minor scales are said to be related.

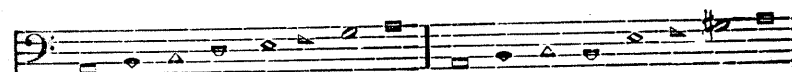
Each major scale has its relative minor, and each minor scale has its relative major.

The minor scale has different forms. The forms most commonly used are, the *natural* minor, the *harmonic* minor, and the *melodic* minor.

Illustration:—

Natural Minor.

Harmonic Minor.



La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Si, La.




Melodic Minor.



La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si, La. La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.

DEGREES OF POWER, LEGATO, Etc.

The following table shows the names of different degrees of power, the abbreviations and marks by which they are known, and their definitions.

NAME	PRONOUNCED	MARKED	MEANING
PIANISSIMO.....	Pe-ah-nissimo.....	<i>pp</i>	Very Soft
PIANO.....	Pe-ah-no.....	<i>p</i>	Soft
MEZZO.....	Met-zo.....	<i>m</i>	Medium
FORTE.....	Four-tay.....	<i>f</i>	Loud
FORTISSIMO ...	Four-tissimo.....	<i>ff</i>	Very Loud
CRESCENDO.....	Cre-shen-do	<i>cres.</i> or <i><</i>	Increase
DIMINUENDO..	Dim-in-oo-en-do.....	<i>dim.</i> or <i>></i>	Diminish
SWELL.....		Increase and Diminish
SPORTZANDO	Sfort-zan-do.....	<i>sf.</i> or <i>fz.</i> or <i>></i>	Explosive
LEGATO.....	Lay-gah-to.....		Smooth, Connected
STACCATO.....	Stock-kah-to		Short, Detached

LESSON 11

The particular individuality of tones is called *tonality*.

The Tonic is a firm restful tone.

The Super-Tonic is a rousing hopeful tone.

The Mediant is a calm gentle tone.

The Sub-Dominant is a bold kind of tone.

The Dominant is a bright joyous tone.

The Sub-Mediant is a mournful tone.

Ti, Leading-Tone, Sub-Tonic, is a sharp piercing tone.

A *Chord* is a combination of three or more tones.

Do, Mi, Sol, constitute the Tonic *chord*.

Fa, La, Do, the Sub-Dominant *chord*.

Sol, Ti, Re, the Dominant *chord*.

La, Do, Mi, the minor Tonic *chord*.

Any chord thus formed is called a *triad*, and is named from the lowest tone.

The *triads* are Tonic, Super-Tonic, Mediant, Sub-Dominant, Dominant, Sub-Mediant, Sub-Tonic.

The *triad* consists of but three tones.

LESSON 12

F sharp gives the key of G-major and E-minor.

F and C sharp give the key of D-major and B-minor.

F, C and G Sharp give the key of A-major and F-sharp minor.

F, C, G and D sharp give the key of E-major and C-sharp minor.

F, C, G, D and A sharp give the key of B-Major and G-sharp minor.

B flat gives the key of F-major and D-minor.

B and E flat give the key of B-flat major and G-minor.

B, E and A flat give the key of E-flat major and C-minor.

B, E, A and D flat give the key of A-flat major and F-minor.

B, E, A, D and G-flat give the key of D-flat-major and B-flat minor.

Harp of Ages.

No. 1.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.

1. To Him who on the fa - tal tree..... Poured
 2. To list - 'ning mul - ti - tudes I'll tell. How
 3. Thro' Him my sins are all for - giv'n,..... He

out His blood, His life for me, In grate - ful strains my
 He re - deemed my soul from hell; And how, re - pos - ing
 ev - er pleads my cause in heav'n - I'll build an al - tar

voice I'll raise, And in His serv - ice spend my days.
 on His breast, I lost my cares,..... and found my rest.
 to His name, And to the world..... His grace pro - claim.

No. 2.

Exhortation. C. M.



1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou ... shalt hear my voice ... as-

To Thee will I di-

cend - ing high; To

To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To

rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye, To

Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine

Thee lift up mine eye,..... To

Thee will I di - rect my pray'r,

Thee lift up mine eye,..... To Thee lift up mine eye.

Thee will I di - rect my pray'r,

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

No. 3

Olney. 8s and 7s. 8 Lines.

Chapin.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - ez - er, Hith - er by Thy grace I've come;
3. Oh! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
4. Oh! that day, when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face,
5. If Thou ev - er didst dis - cov - er To my faith the prom - ised land,

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I trust by Thy good pleasure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Rich - ly clothed in blood - washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov'reign grace.
Bid me now the stream pass o - ver; On the heav'n - ly bor - der stand.

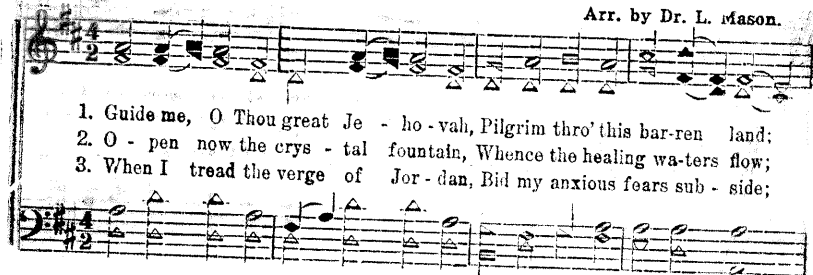
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, dear Lord, no lon - ger tar - ry; Take my rap - tured soul a - way;
O'er - com - ing what - e'er op - pos - es, In - to Thine em - brace I'd fly;

Praise the mount, O, fix me on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed with pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
Send Thine an - gels down to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.
Speak the word Thou spak'st to Mos - es. Bid me "get me up and die."

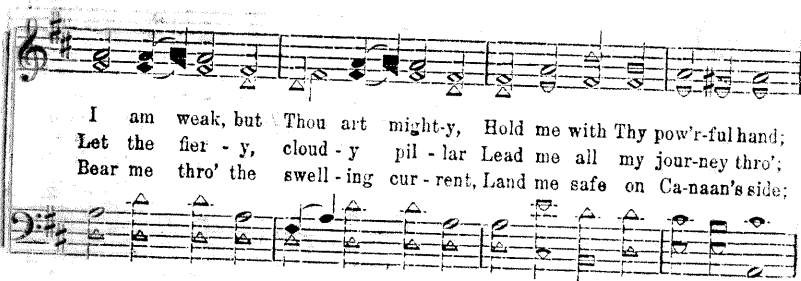
No. 4

Oliphant. 8s, 7s and 4s.

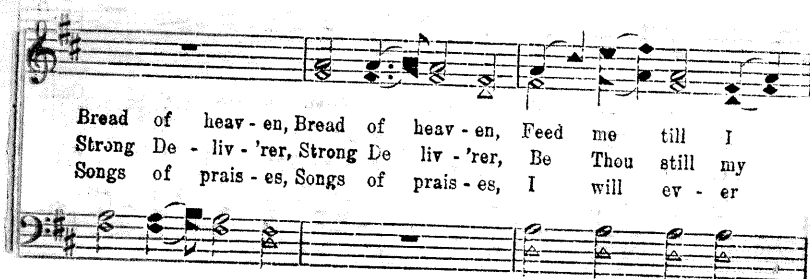
Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side;



I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro';
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;

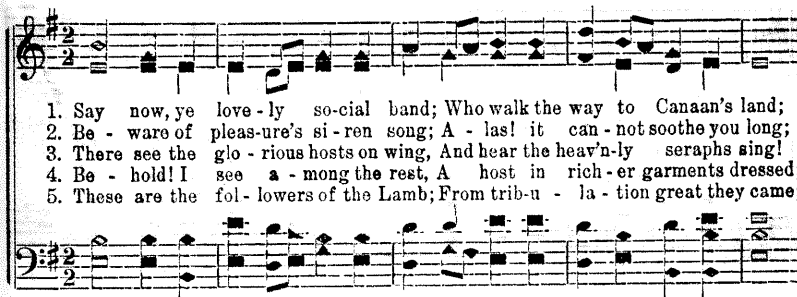


Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my
Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er

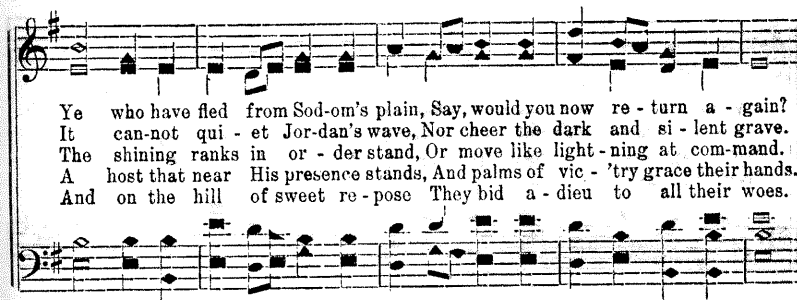


want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
strength a shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

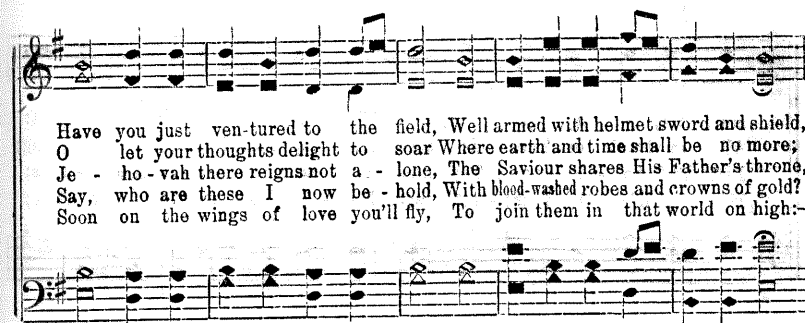
No. 5. Social Band. L. M. 8 Lines.



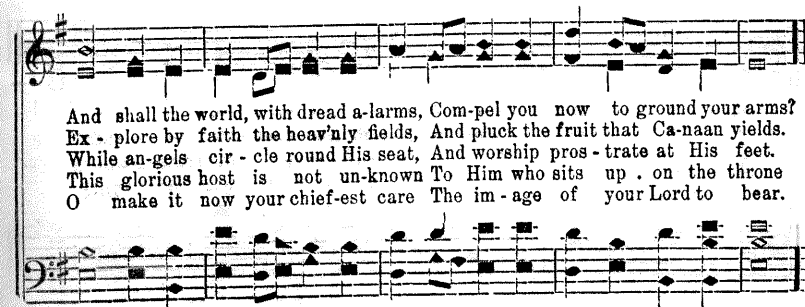
1. Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band; Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
2. Be - ware of pleas-ure's si-ren song; A - las! it can - not soothe you long;
3. There see the glo - rious hosts on wing, And hear the heav'n-ly seraphs sing!
4. Be - hold! I see a - mong the rest, A host in rich - er garments dressed;
5. These are the fol - lowers of the Lamb; From trib-u - la - tion great they came;



Ye who have fled from Sod-om's plain, Say, would you now re - turn a - gain?
It can-not qui - et Jor-dan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and si - lent grave.
The shining ranks in or - der stand, Or move like light - ning at com-mand.
A host that near His presence stands, And palms of vic - 'try grace their hands.
And on the hill of sweet re - pose They bid a - dieu to all their woes.



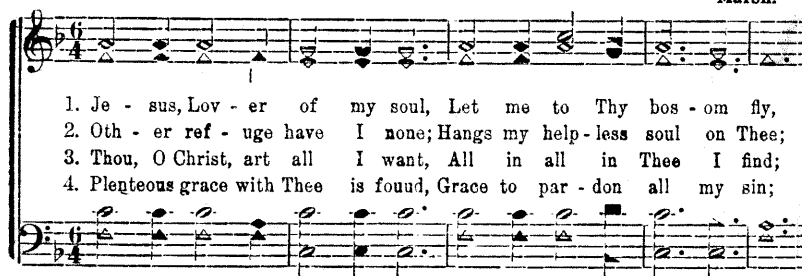
Have you just ven-tured to the field, Well armed with helmet sword and shield,
O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more;
Je - ho - vah there reigns not a - lone, The Saviour shares His Father's throne,
Say, who are these I now be - hold, With blood-washed robes and crowns of gold?
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly, To join them in that world on high:-



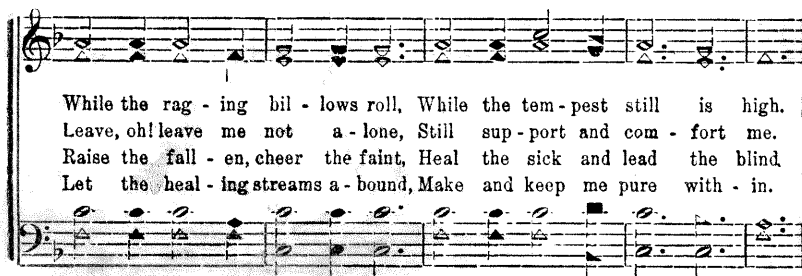
And shall the world, with dread a-larms, Com-pel you now to ground your arms?
Ex - plore by faith the heav'nly fields, And pluck the fruit that Ca-naan yields.
While an-gels cir - cle round His seat, And worship pros - trate at His feet.
This glorious host is not un-known To Him who sits up - on the throne
O make it now your chief-est care The im-age of your Lord to bear.

No. 6. Martyn. 7s. 8 Lines.

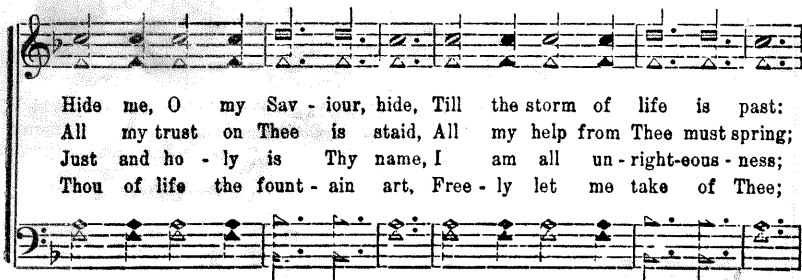
Marsh.



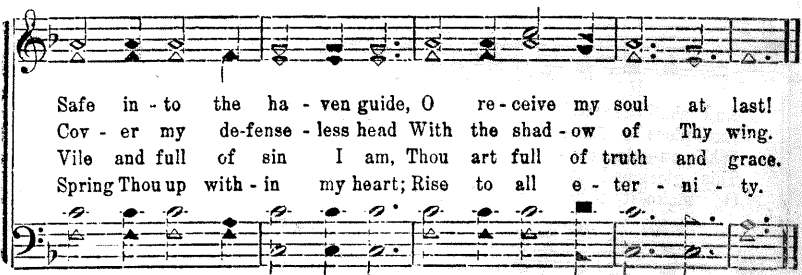
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, All in all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;



While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.



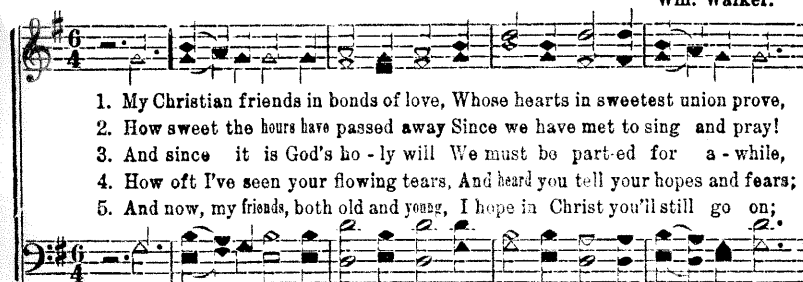
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past:
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee must spring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



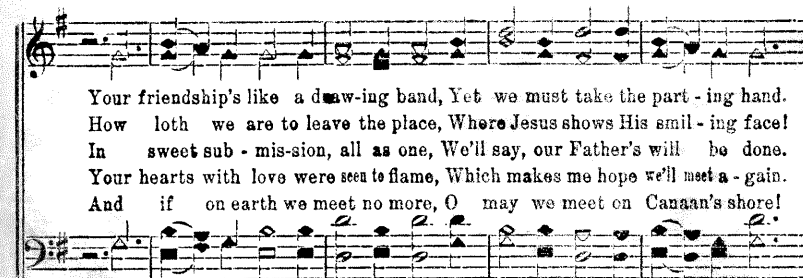
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 7 Parting Hand. L. M. 8 Lines.

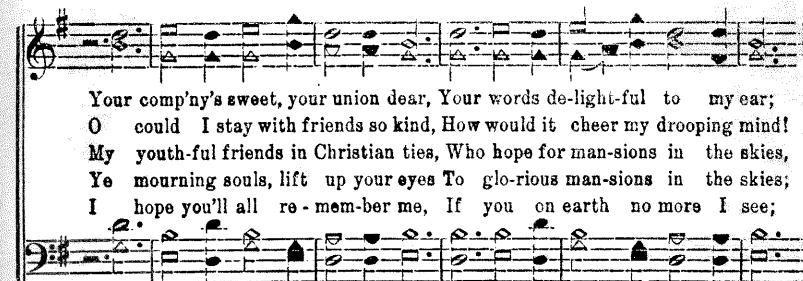
Wm. Walker.



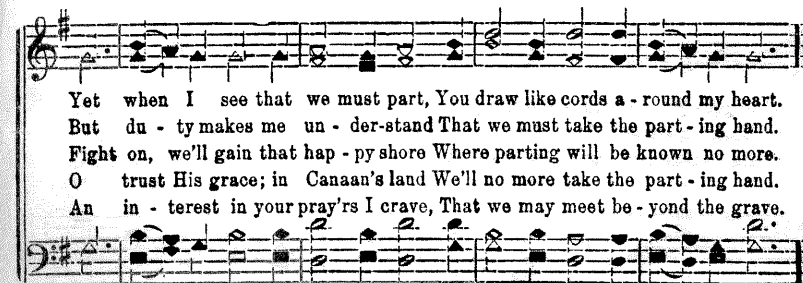
1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
2. How sweet the hours have passed away Since we have met to sing and pray!
3. And since it is God's ho - ly will We must be part - ed for a - while,
4. How oft I've seen your flowing tears, And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
5. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;



Your friendship's like a draw - ing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand.
How loth we are to leave the place, Where Jesus shows His smile - ing face!
In sweet sub - mis - sion, all as one, We'll say, our Father's will be done.
Your hearts with love were seen to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet a - gain.
And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore!



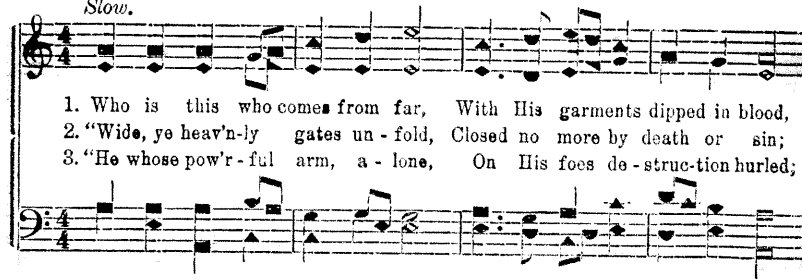
Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear, Your words de - light - ful to my ear;
O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my drooping mind!
My youth - ful friends in Christian ties, Who hope for man - sions in the skies,
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes To glo - rious man - sions in the skies;
I hope you'll all re - mem - ber me, If you on earth no more I see;



Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a - round my heart.
But du - ty makes me un - der - stand That we must take the part - ing hand.
Fight on, we'll gain that hap - py shore Where parting will be known no more.
O trust His grace; in Canaan's land We'll no more take the part - ing hand.
An in - ter - est in your pray'rs I crave, That we may meet be - yond the grave.

No. 8.

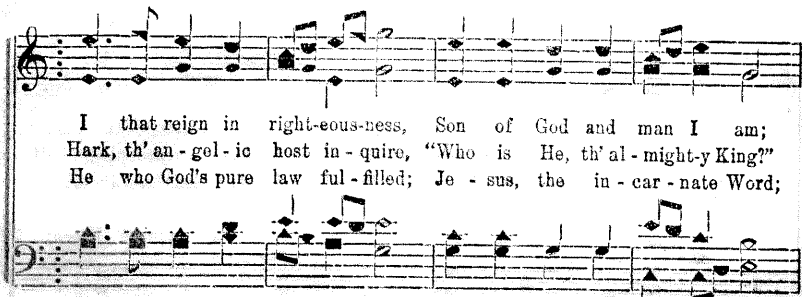
Bozrah. 7s. 8 Lines.

Slow.


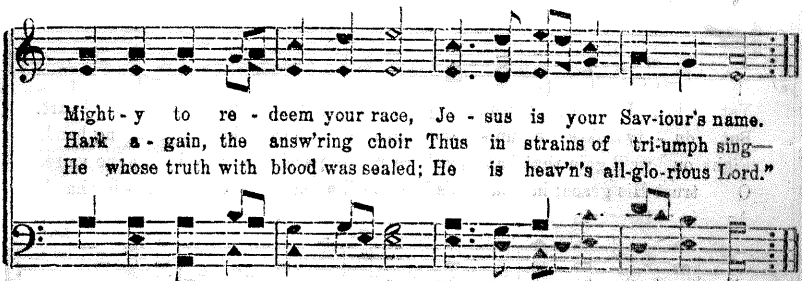
1. Who is this who comes from far, With His garments dipped in blood,
 2. "Wide, ye heav'nly gates un-fold, Closed no more by death or sin;
 3. "He whose pow'r-ful arm, a-lone, On His foes de-struction hurled;



Strong, tri-um-phant trav-el-er— Is He man or is He God?
 Lo, the con-quer-ing Lord be-hold; Let the King of glo-ry in."
 He who hath the vic-t'ry won; He who saved you by His blood;



I that reign in right-eous-ness, Son of God and man I am;
 Hark, th'an-gel-ic host in-quire, "Who is He, th'al-might-y King?"
 He who God's pure law-ful-filled; Je-sus, the in-car-nate Word;



Might-y to re-deem your race, Je-sus is your Sav-iour's name.
 Hark a-gain, the ans'ring choir Thus in strains of tri-umph sing—
 He whose truth with blood was sealed; He is heav'n's all-glo-rious Lord."

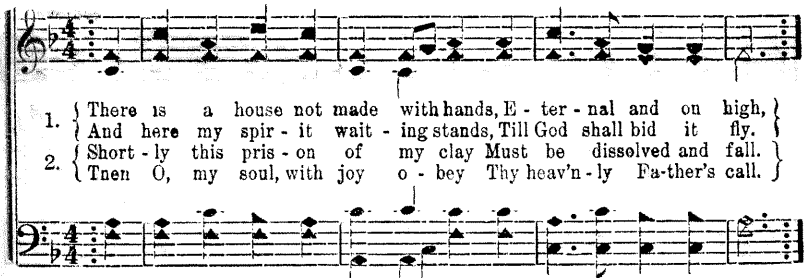
No. 9.

Land of Promise. C. M.

Watts.

Used by permission, Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.

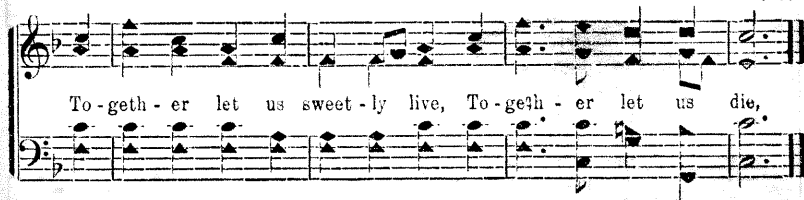
A. S. Kieffer.



1. { There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal and on high, }
 { And here my spir-it wait-ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly. }
 2. { Short-ly this pris-on of my clay Must be dissolved and fall. }
 { Then O, my soul, with joy o-bey Thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's call. }

D. C.—And each a star-ry crown re-ceive, In that bright world on high,

D. C.



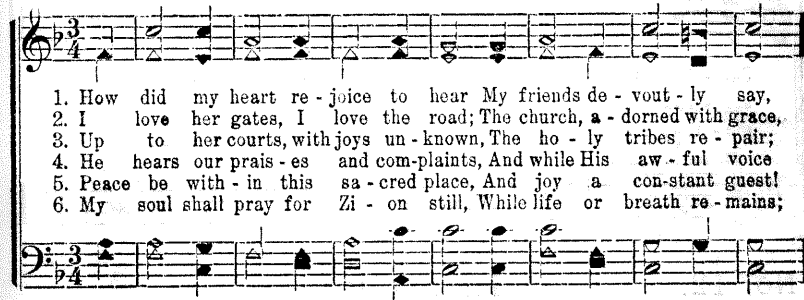
To-ge-th-er let us sweet-ly live, To-ge-th-er let us die,

No. 10.

Mear. C. M.

Watts.

Welsh Air.



1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say,
 2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a-dorned with grace,
 3. Up to her courts, with joys un-known, The ho-ly tribes re-pair;
 4. He hears our prais-es and com-plaints, And while His aw-ful voice
 5. Peace be with-in this sa-cred place, And joy a con-stant guest!
 6. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still, While life or breath re-mains;



In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day!
 Stands like a pal-ace built for God To show His mild-er face.
 The Son of Da-vid holds His throne, And sits in judg-ment there.
 Di-vides the sin-ners from the saints, We trem-ble and re-joice.
 With ho-ly gifts and heav'n-ly grace, Be her at-tend-ants blest.
 There my best friends, my kin-dred dwell, There God my Sav-iour reigns.

No. 11.

Happy Land. P. M.

L. P. Breedlove.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand—
3. Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand—

Bright, bright as day, Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why yet de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die; Then shall His king - dom come, Saints shall share a

Sav - iour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
glo - rious home, And bright a - bove the sun We'll reign for aye!

No. 12.

Mercy-Seat.

Arr.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows From ev - 'ry swell - ing
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low -
4. Ah! whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempt - ed, des - o -
5. There, there on ea - gles wings we soar, And sin and guilt seem
6. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent,

Mercy-Seat. Concluded.

tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat—'Tis found be -
on our heads; A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the
ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one
late, dis - mayed? Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff - ring
there no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry
cold and still; This bound - ing heart for - get to beat, If I for -

neath the mer - cy seat. 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
blood-bought mer - cy seat. It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
com - mon mer - cy seat. A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
saints no mer - cy seat? Had suff - 'ring saints no mer - cy seat?
crowns the mer - cy seat. And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.
get the mer - cy seat. If I for - get the mer - cy seat.

No. 13.

How Sweet to Die.

In memory of Eld. S. A. Pain. and his last words, "O how sweet to die."

A. N. W.

A. N. Whitten.

1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, My Sav - iour bids me come; Sweet
2. I'm glad that I am born to die, From grief my soul shall fly; Sweet
3. I'll praise my Sav - iour while I've breath, I'll praise Him af - ter death; I'll
4. I soon shall pass the vale of death, When I shall lose my breath; And

an - gels beck - on from on high, Then, O how sweet to die.
an - gels beck - on from on high, Then, O how sweet to die.
praise His match - less name on high, Then, O how sweet to die.
then my hap - py soul shall fly, Then, O how sweet to die.

No. 14

Greenville. 8s & 7s. D.

J. J. Rousseau.

1. { Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
 Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ners dy-ing Friend.
 2. { Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie;
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Float-ing in His lan-quid eye.
 2. { Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I bathe;
 Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.

Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy stream-ing in His blood:
 Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze:
 May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go;

Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 Love I much—I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
 Prove His wounds each day more heal-ing, And Him-self more deep-ly known.

No. 15

Windham. L. M.

Reed.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-gether there;
 2. "De-ny Thy-self, and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
 3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new,

Windham. Concluded.

But wis-dom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el-er.
 Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 Is but esteemed al-most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.
 Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, And false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

No. 16

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper.

Arr.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

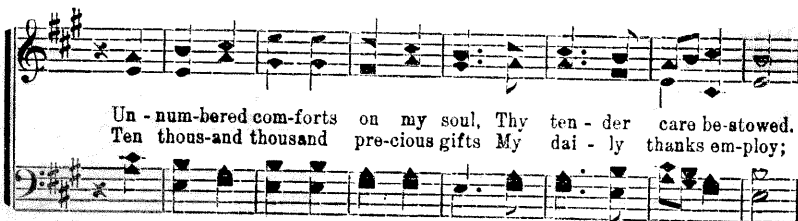
Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
 Won-drous Sov-er-ign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not: I will pi-lot Thee!"

No. 17. Tender Care. C. M. 8 Lines.

F. M. Ackley.



1. { When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der love and praise.
2. { When in the slip-pery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, un-seen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

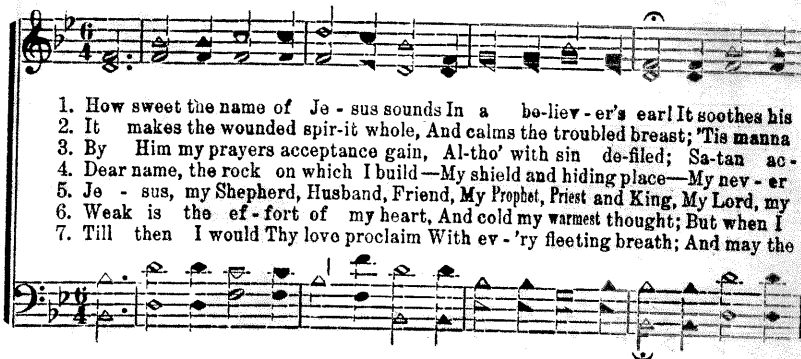


Un-num-bered com-forts on my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stowed.
Ten thous-and thousand pre-cious gifts My dai-ly thanks em-ploy;



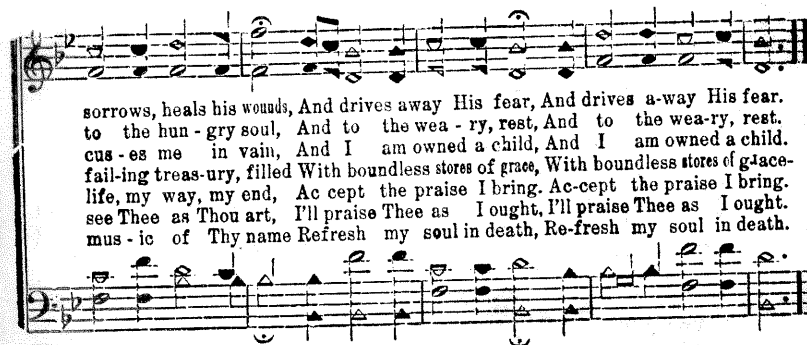
Be-fore my in-fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

No. 18. Ortonville. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. By Him my prayers acceptance gain, Al-tho' with sin de-filed; Sa-tan ac-
4. Dear name, the rock on which I build—My shield and hiding place—My nev-er
5. Je-sus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King, My Lord, my
6. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
7. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev-'ry fleeting breath; And may the

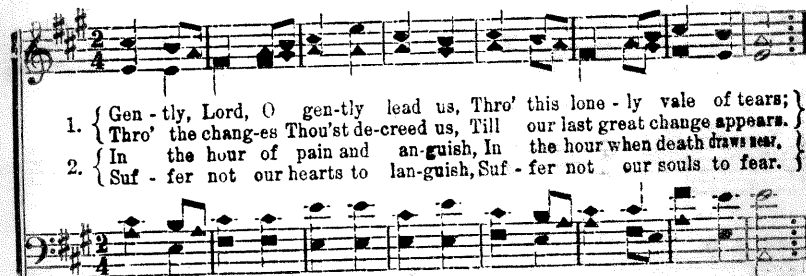
Ortonville. Concluded.



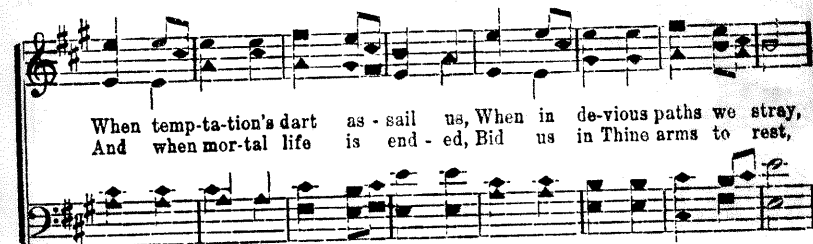
sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away His fear, And drives a-way His fear.
to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest, And to the wea-ry, rest.
cus-es me in vain, And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.
fail-ing treas-ury, filled With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.
life, my way, my end, Ac-cept the praise I bring. Ac-cept the praise I bring.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
mus-ic of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.

No. 19 Pleading Saviour. 8s & 7s.

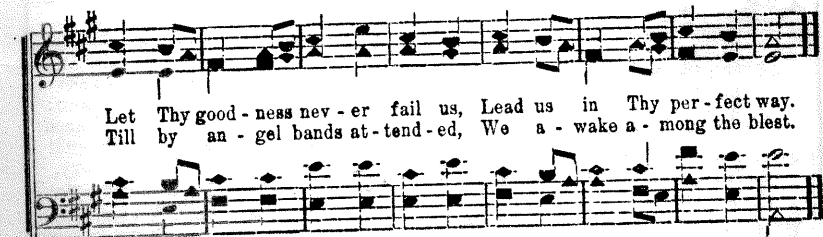
Wm. Walker.



1. { Gen-tly, Lord, O gen-tly lead us, Thro' this lone-ly vale of tears;
Thro' the chang-es Thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.
2. { In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.



When temp-tation's dart as-sail us, When in de-vi-ous paths we stray,
And when mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,



Let Thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
Till by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.

No. 20.

Saint's Delight. C. M.

F. Price.

1. { In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur-sue, }
 { Hin-der me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you. }
 2. { Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead I'll fol-low where He goes; }
 { Hin-der me not, shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op- pose. }
 3. { Thro' du-ty, and thro' tri-als, too, I'll go at His com-mand; }
 { Hin-der me not, for I am bound To my Em-man-u-el's land. }
 4. { And when my Sav-iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be: }
 { Hin-der me not; come, wel-come death, I'll glad-ly go with Thee. }

CHORUS.

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour-ney home;....

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour-ney home.

No. 21.

Corinth. L. M.

John Massengale.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee!
 2. A-shamed of Je-sus! soon-er far, Let evening blush to own a star;
 3. A-shamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon;
 4. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 5. A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way,
 6. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav-iour slain;

Corinth. Concluded.

A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glory shines thro' endless days!
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
 No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 And oh! may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

No. 22.

Sharpsburg. C. M.

J. P. Rees and A. T. Shell.

1. Blest Je-sus, while in mor-tal flesh I hold my frail a-bode,
 2. On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes, Then raise them to Thy seat,
 3. Be dead, my heart, to world-ly charms, Be dead to ev-ry sin;

Still would my spir-it rest on Thee, My Sav-iour and my God.
 Till love dis-solves my in-most soul At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 And tell the bold-est foe with-out That Je-sus reigns with-in.

No. 22 A.

Doxology.

Thos. Keel.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

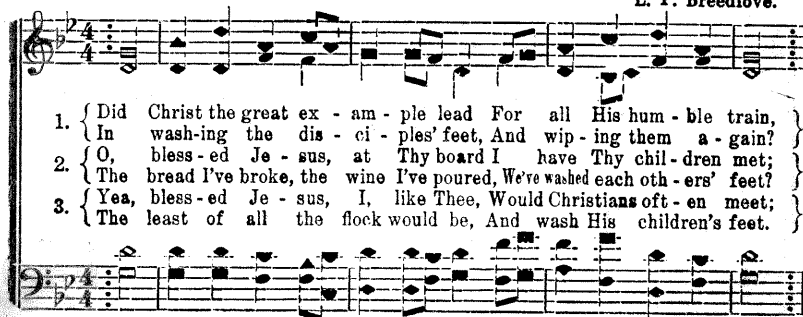
L. O. Emerson.

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

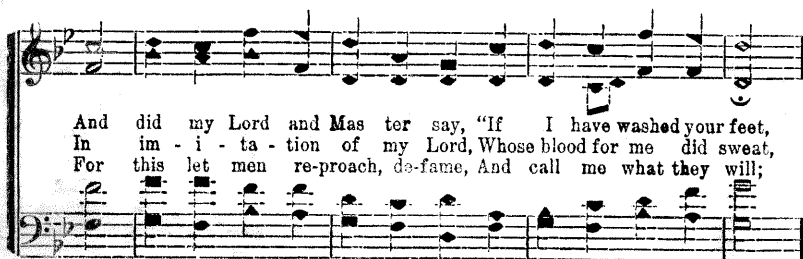
Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 23. Cross of Christ. C. M. 8 Lines.

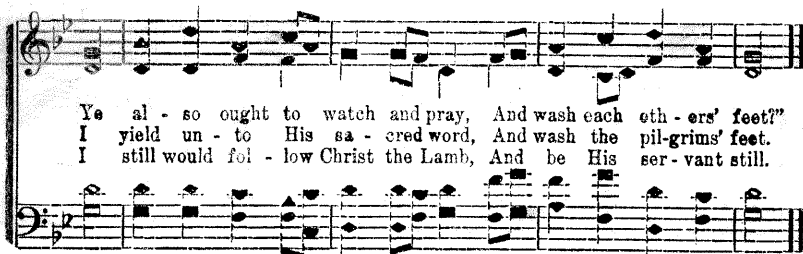
L. P. Breedlove.



1. { Did Christ the great ex - am - ple lead For all His hum - ble train,
In wash - ing the dis - ci - ples' feet, And wip - ing them a - gain?
2. { O, bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy board I have Thy chil - dren met;
The bread I've broke, the wine I've poured, We've washed each oth - ers' feet?
3. { Yea, bless - ed Je - sus, I, like Thee, Would Christians oft - en meet;
The least of all the flock would be, And wash His children's feet.



And did my Lord and Mas - ter say, "If I have washed your feet,
In im - i - ta - tion of my Lord, Whose blood for me did sweat,
For this let men re - proach, de - fame, And call me what they will;



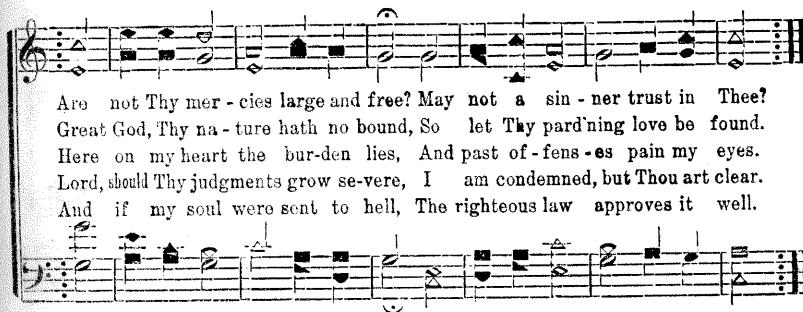
Ye al - so ought to watch and pray, And wash each oth - ers' feet?"
I yield un - to His sa - cred word, And wash the pil - grims' feet.
I still would fol - low Christ the Lamb, And be His ser - vant still.

No. 24. Devotion. L. M.



1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re - pent - ing rebel live;
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev - ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame my sins confess A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace;
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath I must pronounce Thee just in death;

Devotion. L. M. Concluded.

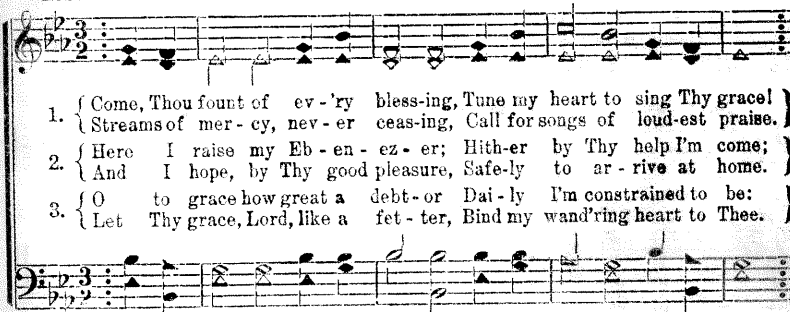


Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain my eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgments grow se - vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
And if my soul were sent to hell, The righteous law approves it well.

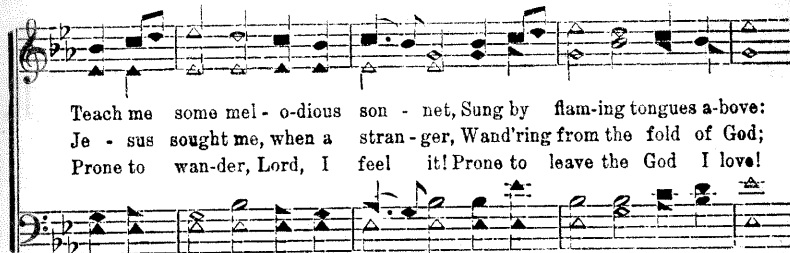
No. 25. Nettleton. 8s. & 7s. D.

Robinson.

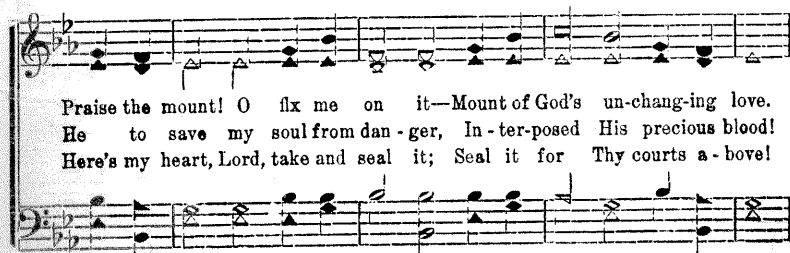
J. Wyeth's Coll.



1. { Come, Thou fount of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
2. { Here I raise my Eb - en - ez - er; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. { O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be:
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:
Je - sus sought me, when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love!



Praise the mount! O fix me on it—Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
He to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood!
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove!

1. { How te-dious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no long-er I see! }
 2. { His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice; }
 3. { Con-tent with be-holding His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed, }
 { No chang-es of sea-sons or place Would make an-y change in my mind! }

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay,
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 While blessed with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;

But when I am hap-py in Him De-cem-ber's as plea-sant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.
 And pris-ons would pal-ac-es prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

No. 27

Webster. S. M.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of His dy-ing love; Sing of His ris-ing pow'r;
 3. Sing, till we feel our hearts As-cend-ing with our tongues;
 4. Sing, on your heav'n-ly way, Ye ran-somed sin-ners, sing;

Webster. S. M. Concluded.

Wake ev-'ry heart and ev-'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
 Sing how He in-ter-cedes a-bove, For those whose sins He bore
 Sing, that the love of sin de-parts, And grace in-spires our songs.
 Sing on, re-joic-ing ev-'ry day In Christ th'ex-al-ted King.

No. 28

Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. Wells.

Marcus Morris Wells.

1. { Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, }
 { Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land. }
 2. { Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear. }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease. }
 { Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there. }

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
 Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood,

Whis-per soft-ly, wan-d'rers come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 29.

Downs. C. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;
 2. Lord, I be-lieve; but gloom-y fears Some-times be-dim my sight;
 3. Lord, I be-lieve; but oft, I know My faith is cold and weak;
 4. Yea, I be-lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief;

I wan-der, com-fort-less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
 I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
 My weak-ness strengthen, and be-stow The con-fi-dence I seek.
 Lord, to Thy truth my spir-it bow; "Help Thou my un-be-lieff!"

No. 30.

New Britain. C. M.

Chapin.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
 3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
 4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,
 6. The world shall soon to ru-in go, The sun for-bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-durea.
 I shall pos-sess with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
 But God, who called me here be-low, Shall be for-ev-er mine.

No. 31.

Ninety-Third. S. M.

1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear!
 2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re-bel-lious man;
 3. Grace first in-scribed my name In God's e-ter-nal book;
 4. Grace led my rov-ing feet To tread the heav'n-ly road;
 5. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made mine eyes o'er-flow;
 6. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ev-er-last-ing days;

Heav'n with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the saints shall hear.
 And all the steps of grace dis-play Which draw the won-drous plan.
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor-rows took.
 And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
 It lays in heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves the praise.

No. 32.

Idumea. S. M.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod-y down?
 2. Waked by the trum-pet's sound, I from the grave shall rise,
 3. How shall I leave the tomb? With tri-umph or re-gret?
 4. I must from God be driv'n, Or with my Sav-iour dwell;

And must this trem-bling Spir-it fly In-to a world un-known.
 To see the Judge with glo-ry crowned, And view the flam-ing shies.
 A fear-ful or a joy-ful doom? A curse or bless-ing meet?
 Must come at His com-mand to heaav'n, Or else de-part to hell.

No. 33. Soft Music. 7, 6, 7, 7.

B. F. White.

Slow.

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lin - gers the strain;
 2. Join, join chil - dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way;
 3. Hope, hope, fair and en - dur - ing, Joy, joy, bright as the day;

Loud, loud now it is peal - ing, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain!
 Now, now chang - ing to glad - ness, War - ble this beau - ti - ful lay;
 Love, love heav - en in - sur - ing, Sweet - ly in - vites you a - way;

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain!
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, War - ble this beau - ti - ful lay.
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, Sweet - ly in - vites you a - way.

No. 34. Wake With God. L. M.

Watts.

L. O. Emerson.

1. Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as-semb-ly wor-ship Thee
 2. I have been there, and still would go; 'Tis like a lit-tle heav'n be-low;
 3. O, write up-on my mem'ry, Lord, The text and doctrine of Thy word,
 4. With tho'ts of Christ and things divine, Fill up this fool-ish heart of mine;

Wake With God. Concluded.

At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heav'n and learn the way.
 Not all that hell or sin can say Shall tempt me to for-get this day.
 That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee bet-ter than be-fore.
 That hop-ing par-don thro' His blood, I may lie down and wake with God.

No. 35.

Satisfied

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 in "Boundless Love"

J. R. B., Jr.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. O - ver the riv-er I'll a-bide, Livetherefor-ev-er
 2. Sicknessand sor-rowNe'erbe-tide, Gladness to-mor-row, Sat-is-fied.
 3. Songwillbe ring-ing Onthat side, I'll join the sing-ing,

No. 36.

Struggle On.

H. S. Rees. Alto by A. N. Whitten.

1. Our pray-ing time will soon be c'er, Hal - le - lu - jah, We'll
 2. To love and bless and praise the name, Hal - le - lu - jah, Of
 join with those who're gone be-fore, Hal-le - lu - jah; Strug-gle on, struggle on,
 Jesus Christ, the bleeding Lamb, Hal-le - lu - jah; Strug-gle on, struggle on,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Strug-gle on, for the work's most done, Hal - le - lu - jah.

No. 37.

Hebron. L. M.

Watts.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head,
 4. In vain the sons of earth or hell, Tell me a thous-and frightful things,

And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
 My God in safe-ty makes me dwell Be-neath the shad-ow of His wings.

No. 37 A. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

George Heath

Lowell Mason

1. My soul, be on Thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll

hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
 work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
 take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode.

No. 38

SWEET RIVERS.

Arranged.

1. Sweet riv-ers of re-deeming love Lie just before mine eyes;
 2. While I'm im-pris-oned here be-low In anguish, pain and smart,
 3. I view the monster Death, and smile, For he has lost his sting;
 4. A few more days or years at most, My troubles will be o'er,

Had I the pin-ions of a dove, I'd to those riv-ers rise;
 Oft-times my troub-les I fore-go, While love surrounds my heart;
 And Sa-tan trembles all the while, Tri-umph-ant I can sing;
 And I shall join the heav'nly host On Canaan's peaceful shore.

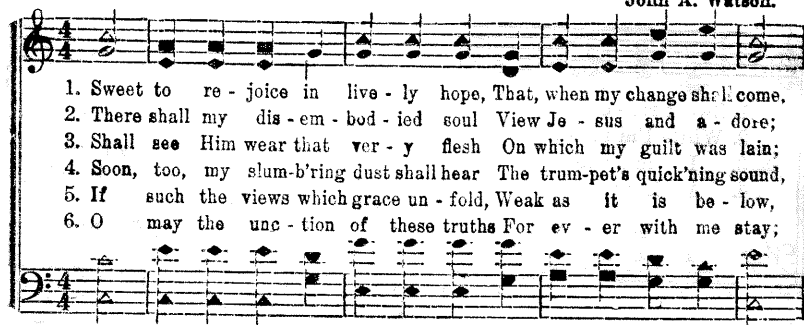
I'd rise su-per-ior to my pain, With joy out-strip the wind,
 In dark-est shadows of the night, Faith mounts the up-per sky;
 I hold my Saviour in my arms, And will not let Him go;
 My hap-py soul will drink and feast On love's un-bounded sea;

And cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave this world behind.
 I then be-hold my heart's de-light, And could re-joice to die!
 I'm so de-light-ed with His charms, No oth-er good I know.
 The glo-rious hope of end-less rest Is pleasing news to me.

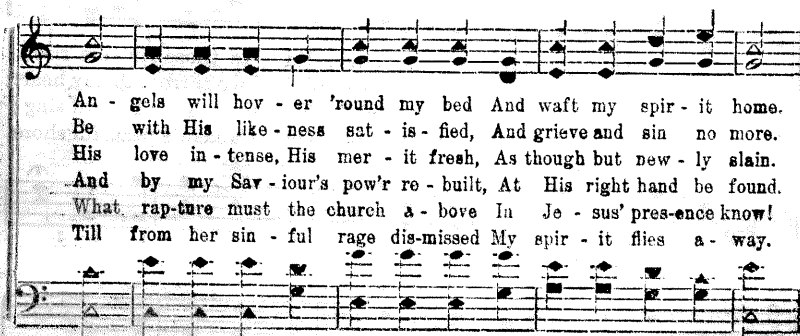
No. 39

Passing Away. C. M.

John A. Watson.

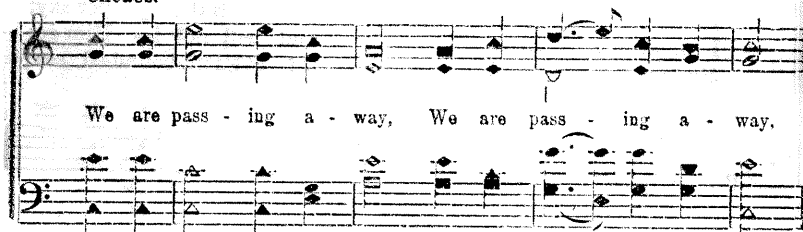


1. Sweet to re-joice in live-ly hope, That, when my change shall come,
 2. There shall my dis-em-bod-ied soul View Je-sus and a-dore;
 3. Shall see Him wear that ver-y flesh On which my guilt was lain;
 4. Soon, too, my slum-b'ring dust shall hear The trum-pet's quick'ning sound,
 5. If such the views which grace un-fold, Weak as it is be-low,
 6. O may the unc-tion of these truths For ev-er with me stay;

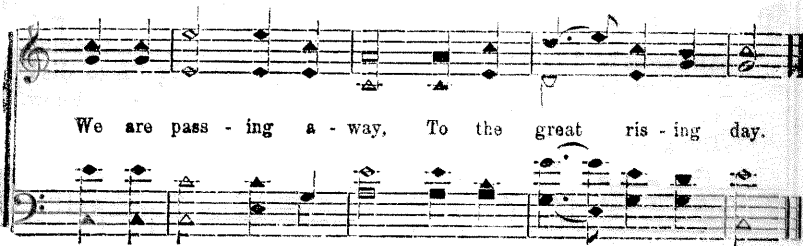


An-gels will hov-er 'round my bed And waft my spir-it home.
 Be with His like-ness sat-is-fied, And grieve and sin no more.
 His love in-tense, His mer-it fresh, As though but new-ly slain.
 And by my Sav-iour's pow'r re-built, At His right hand be found.
 What rap-ture must the church a-bove In Je-sus' pres-ence know!
 Till from her sin-ful rage dis-missed My spir-it flies a-way.

CHORUS.



We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way.



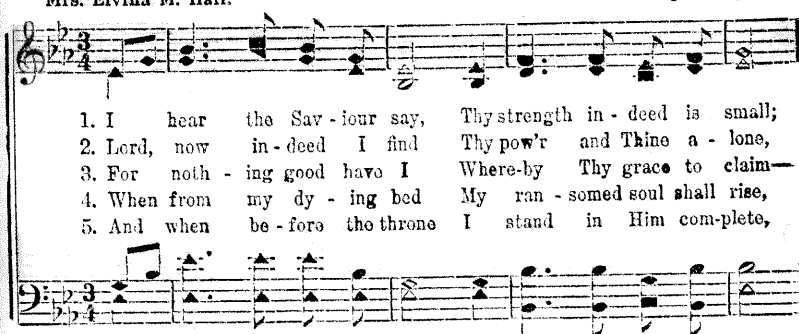
We are pass-ing a-way, To the great ris-ing day.

No. 40.

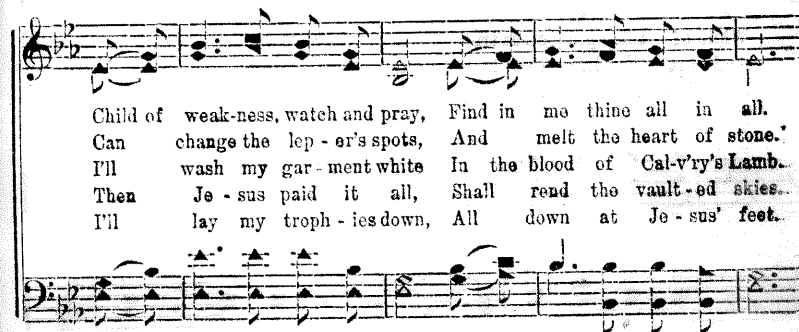
All To Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

John T. Grape, by per.

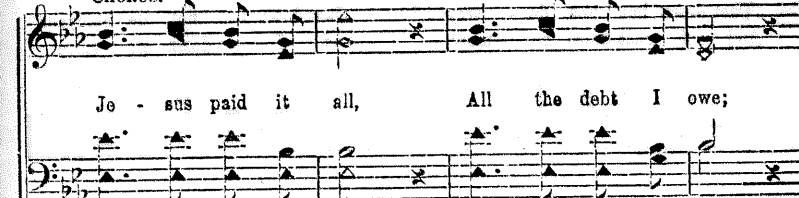


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a-lone,
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
 4. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
 5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,



Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar-ment white In the blood of Cal-vry's Lamb.
 Then Je-sus paid it all, Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 I'll lay my troph-ies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS.



Je-sus paid it all, All the debt I owe;



Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed me white as snow.

John R. Daily

1. Now in Thy praise, e - ter - nal King, Be all my that's em-ployed;
 2. Oft the u - nit - ed pow'rs of hell My soul have sore an-oyed;
 3. In all the paths thro' which I've pass'd, What mer-cies I've en-joyed,
 4. When I with God in heav'n ap - pear, There shall I Him a - dore;

While of this pre - cious truth I sing, "Cast down but not destroyed."
 And yet I live, this truth to tell, "Cast down but not destroyed."
 And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not destroyed."
 De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

"Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 "Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 "Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 And I cast down no more, And I cast down no more.

While of this pre - cious truth I sing, "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 And yet I live, this truth to tell, "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not de - stroyed."
 De-destroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

Elder John R. Daily

Songs of Solomon 2:8-13

Elder John R. Daily

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed spake And sweet - ly said to me.
 2. "The flow - ers now are send - ing out The breath of sweet per - fume.
 3. "The fig tree put - teth forth her figs The vines with grapes a - bound,
 4. 'Tis my de - sire to dwell be - low With Him my Hus - band, Friend;

'A - rise, my love, the world for - sake, And come a - way with me.
 The hill sides ech - o with a shout, The birds their songs re - sume.
 The buds a - dorn the ten - der twigs, The hills with grass are crowned.
 And when from this vain world I go, To His a - bode as - cend.

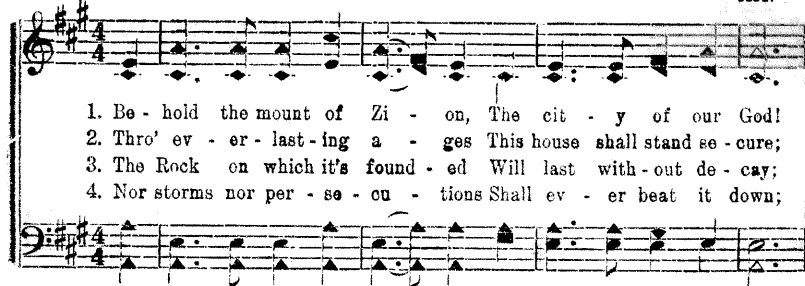
For lo! the win - ter now is past, The chil - ling winds are o'er.
 "The tur - tle dove lifts up her voice To sing her Mak - er's praise:
 "A - rise, my love, and come a - way My fair one, hear My voice,
 There, there, a - mid that ho - ly throng, I hope to find a place.

The sweetspringtime has come at last, The sun shines out once more.
 Come now and let your heart re - joice, Your voice in rap - ture raise.
 In dark - ness now no long - er stay, In ho - ly light re - joice.
 While end - less a - ges roll a - long, To rest in His em - brace.

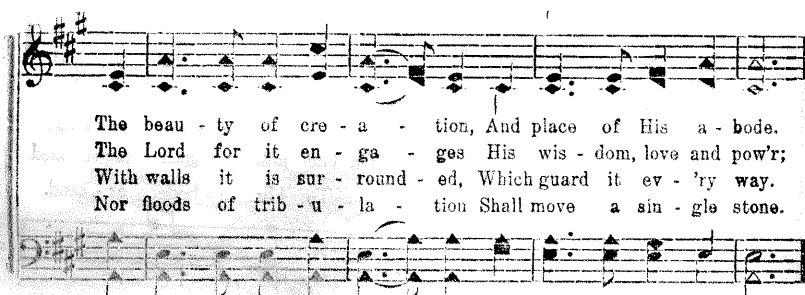
No. 43 Gospel Trumpet. 7s and 6s.

Vanmeter.

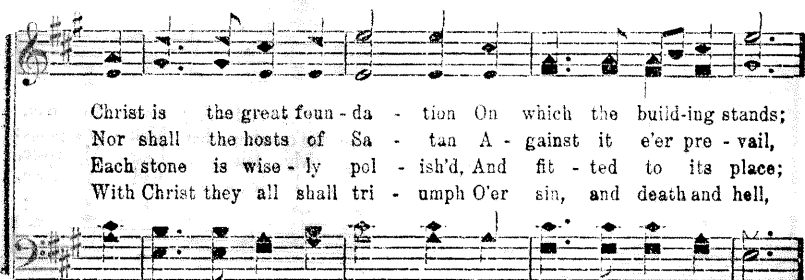
Arr.



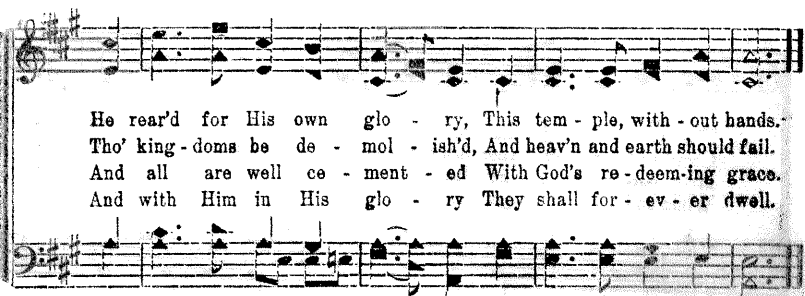
1. Be - hold the mount of Zi - on, The cit - y of our God!
 2. Thro' ev - er - last - ing a - ges This house shall stand se - cure;
 3. The Rock on which it's found - ed Will last with - out de - cay;
 4. Nor storms nor per - se - cu - tions Shall ev - er beat it down;



The beau - ty of cre - a - tion, And place of His a - bode.
 The Lord for it en - ga - ges His wis - dom, love and pow'r;
 With walls it is sur - round - ed, Which guard it ev - 'ry way.
 Nor floods of trib - u - la - tion Shall move a sin - gle stone.

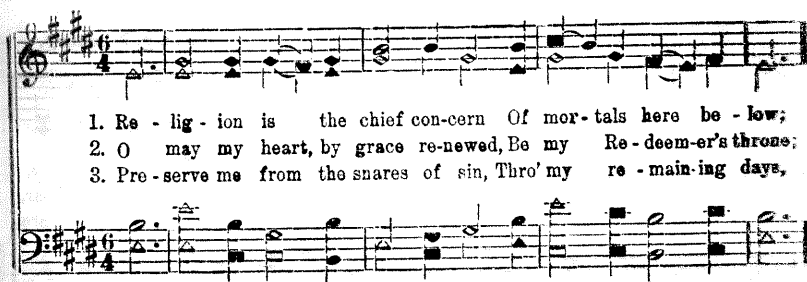


Christ is the great foun - da - tion On which the build - ing stands;
 Nor shall the hosts of Sa - tan A - gainst it e'er pre - vail,
 Each stone is wise - ly pol - ish'd, And fit - ted to its place;
 With Christ they all shall tri - umph O'er sin, and death and hell,

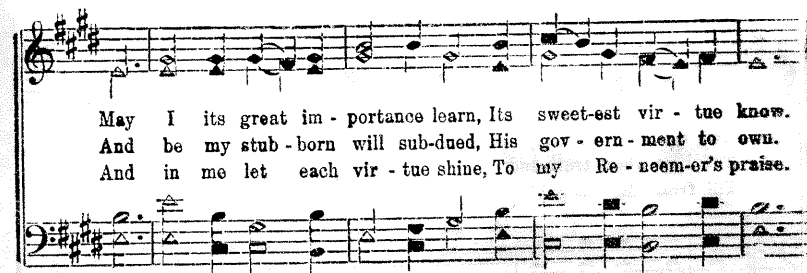


He reard for His own glo - ry, This tem - ple, with - out hands.
 Tho' king - doms be de - mol - ish'd, And heav'n and earth should fail.
 And all are well ce - ment - ed With God's re - deem - ing grace.
 And with Him in His glo - ry They shall for - ev - er dwell.

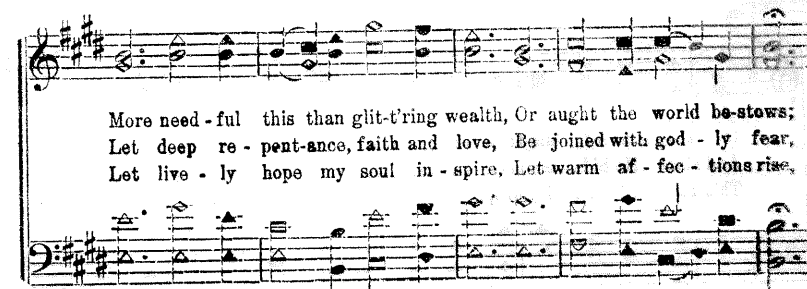
No. 44. Pleasant Hill. C. M. 8 Lines.



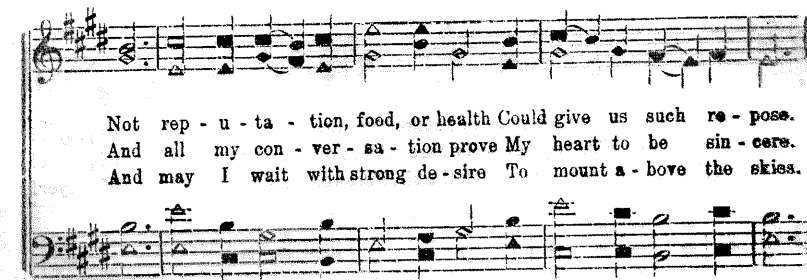
1. Re - lig - ion is the chief con - cern Of mor - tals here be - low;
 2. O may my heart, by grace re - newed, Be my Re - deem - er's throne;
 3. Pre - serve me from the snares of sin, Thro' my re - main - ing days,



May I its great im - portance learn, Its sweet - est vir - tue know.
 And be my stub - born will sub - dued, His gov - ern - ment to own.
 And in me let each vir - tue shine, To my Re - deem - er's praise.



More need - ful this than glit - t'ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows;
 Let deep re - pent - ance, faith and love, Be joined with god - ly fear,
 Let live - ly hope my soul in - spire, Let warm af - fec - tions rise,



Not rep - u - ta - tion, food, or health Could give us such re - pose.
 And all my con - ver - sa - tion prove My heart to be sin - cere.
 And may I wait with strong de - sire To mount a - bove the skies.

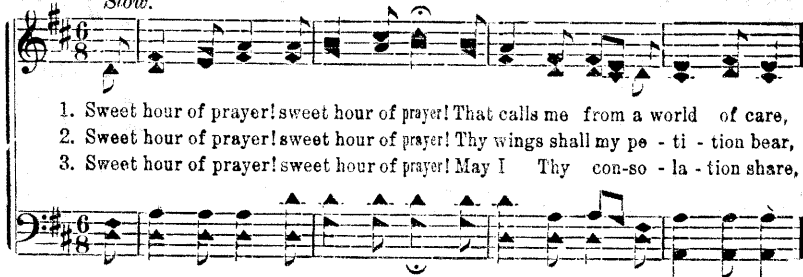
No. 45

Sweet Hour of Prayer. 8s.

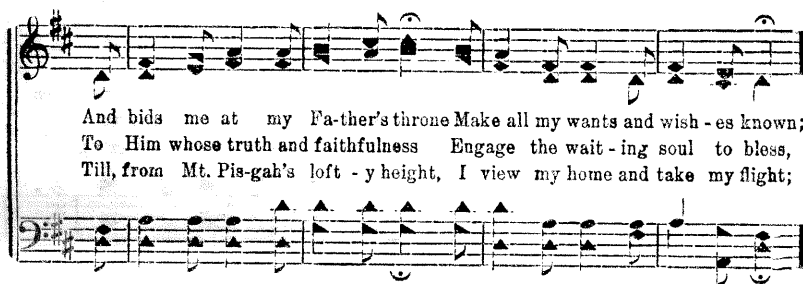
Copyright, 1859, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by permission of Biglow & Main,

W. W. Walford.
Slow.

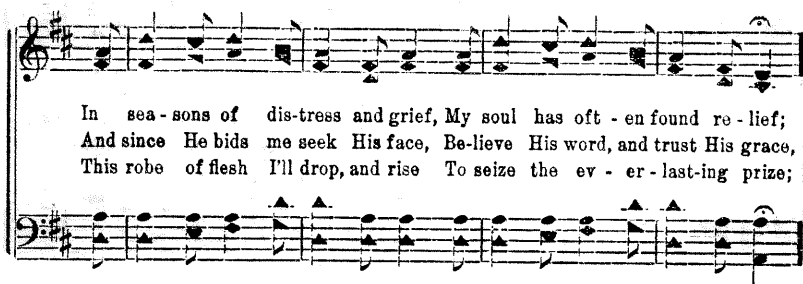
Wm. B. Bradbury.



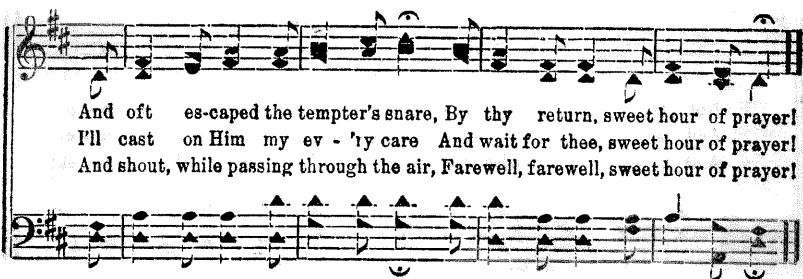
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I Thy con-so-la-tion share,



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the wait-ing soul to bless,
Till, from Mt. Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight;



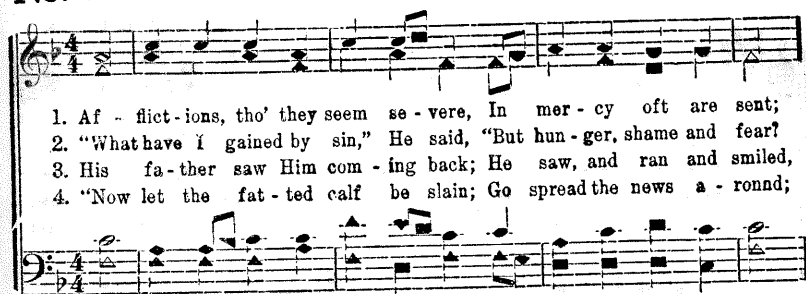
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;



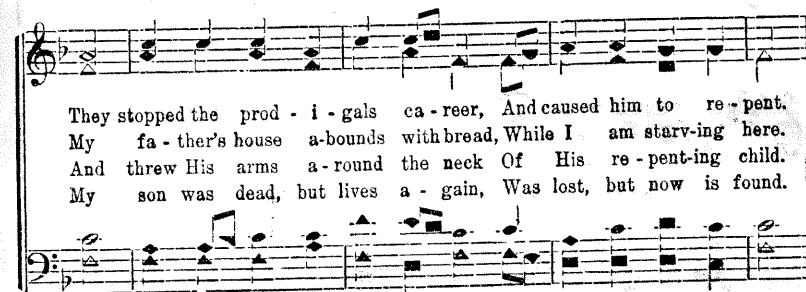
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 46

Tennessee. C. M. 8 Lines.



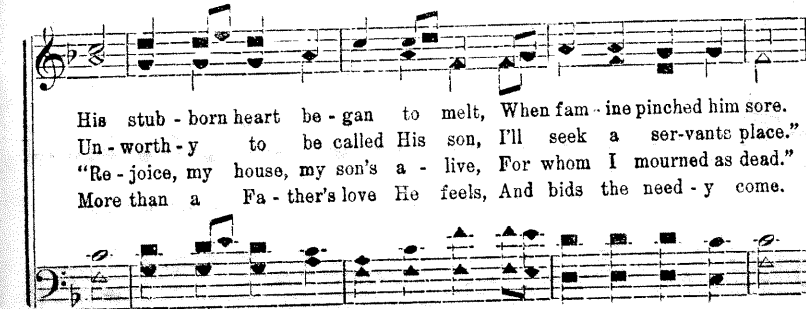
1. Af-flict-ions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," He said, "But hun-ger, shame and fear!
3. His fa-ther saw Him com-ing back; He saw, and ran and smiled,
4. "Now let the fat-ted calf be slain; Go spread the news a-ronnd;



They stopped the prod-i-gals ca-reer, And caused him to re-pent.
My fa-ther's house a-bounds with bread, While I am starv-ing here.
And threw His arms a-round the neck Of His re-pent-ing child.
My son was dead, but lives a-gain, Was lost, but now is found.



Al-tho' he no re-lent-ing felt, Till He had spent his store, . . .
I'll go and tell Him all I've done, And fall be-fore His face; . . .
Fa-ther, I've sinned, but O for-give!" "E-nough," the Fa-ther said; . . .
'Tis thus the Lord His love re-veals, To call His chil-dren home; . . .




His stub-born heart be-gan to melt, When fam-ine pinched him sore.
Un-worth-y to be called His son, I'll seek a ser-vants place."
"Re-joice, my house, my son's a-live, For whom I mourned as dead."
More than a Fa-ther's love He feels, And bids the need-y come.

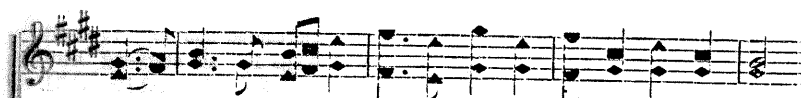
No. 47

White. C. M.

E. Dumas.

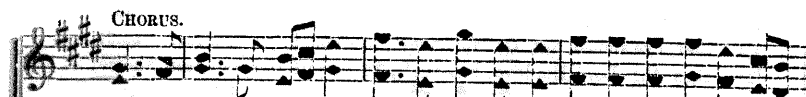


1. Ye fleet-ing charms of earth, farewell, Your springs of joy are dry;
 2. Fare - well, ye friends, whose tender care Haa long engaged my love;
 3. Cheer - ful I leave this vale of tears, Where pains and sorrows grow;
 4. No more shall sin dis - turb my breast, My God shall frown no more;
 5. Fly, then, ye in - ter - pos - ing days, Lord, send the summons down;




My soul now seeks an - oth - er home, A bright-er world on high.
 Your fond em - brace I now ex-change For bet - ter friends a - bove.
 Wel - come the day that ends my toil And ev - 'ry scene of woe.
 The streams of love di - vine shall yield Tranports unknown be - fore.
 The hand that strikes me to the dust Shall raise me to a crown.

CHORUS.



I'm a long time trav'ling here be-low, I'm a long time trav'ling a -




way from home: I'm a long time trav'ling here below, To lay this bod-y down.


No. 48

The Land of Rest. C. M.


James G. Douthit and Wm. Walker.




1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
 2. There ev - er - lait - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fade - ing flow'rs;
 3. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
 4. But tim - 'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;
 5. O could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
 6. Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er,



In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
 Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jer - dan rolled be - tween.
 And lin - ger, shiv - 'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes.
 Not Jer - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*


O heav-en, sweet heav-en! Home of the blest! How I long to be there,



In its glo - ries to share, And to lean on my Sav-iour's breast.

No. 49.

When I Am Gone.

Arr.

With feeling.

1. Shed not a tear o'er a friend's ear - ly bier, When I am gone,
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
 3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone,

when I am gone; Smile when the slow toll - ing bell you shall hear,
 when I am gone; Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
 when I am gone; Sing a sweet song such as an - gels may have,

When I am gone, when I am gone, Weep not for me as you
 When I am gone, when I am gone, Sing of the Lamb who on
 When I am gone, when I am gone, Praise ye the Lord that I'm

stand 'round my grave, Think who has giv'n, His be - lov - ed to save, Think of the
 earth once was slain, Sing of the Lamb who in heav - en doth reign, Sing till the
 freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord, that my joy you may share, Look up to

crown all the ran - som'd shall wear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
 earth shall be filled with His name, When I am gone, when I am gone.
 heav'n and be - lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, when I am gone.

No. 50.

Bethany. 6s. & 4s.

Sarah Flower Adams.

L. Mason

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise.
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me,
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
 All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv'n,
 Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
 Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

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

No. 51.

Peaceful Slumber.

A. N. W.

A. N. Whitten, owner, 1924.

A. N. Whitten.

1. Thou art gone, our precious loved one, Nev-er more canst thou return;
 2. Then be-yond there'll be no sor-row, We'll be free from ev-'ry care;
 3. Thou art gone, our precious loved one, Nev-er more we'll meet a-gain;
 4. Some sweet day we'll meet our loved ones, In that home so bright and fair;

Thou shalt sleep a peaceful slum-ber, Till the res-ur-rec-tion morn.
 In that cit-y bright, e-ter-nal, And its joys for-ev-er share.
 Till we meet be-yond the riv-er, Free from all our toil and pain.
 There we'll meet to part, no, nev-er, In the res-ur-rec-tion morn.

CHORUS.

We shall meet to part, no, nev-er, By and by, by and by:

We shall meet to part, no, nev-er, In the res-ur-rec-tion morn.

No. 52.

Beyond.

Fred. Woodrow.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

1. There's a cit-y bright and fair, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
 2. Sin and sor-row are no more, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
 3. There we shall with Je-sus meet, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,
 4. In that cit-y bright and fair, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er,

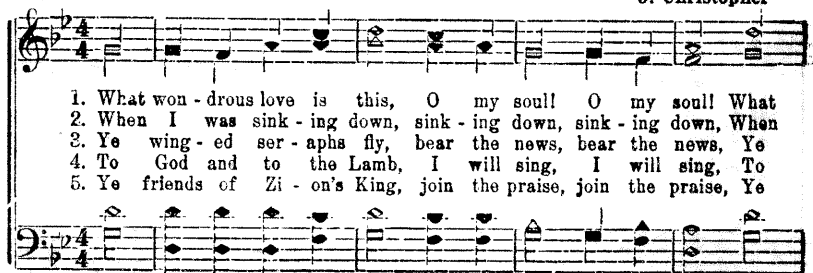
All are good and hap-py there, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er;
 Death comes not up-on the shore, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er;
 And the good in glo-ry meet, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er;
 All the saints may gath-er there, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er;

Streets of gold are shin-ing bright, An-gels walk the plains of light,
 None are sad with want or care, Pain or sick-ness none shall bear
 Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Men or God and saints of old,
 We may meet to part no more, All our troub-les will be o'er,

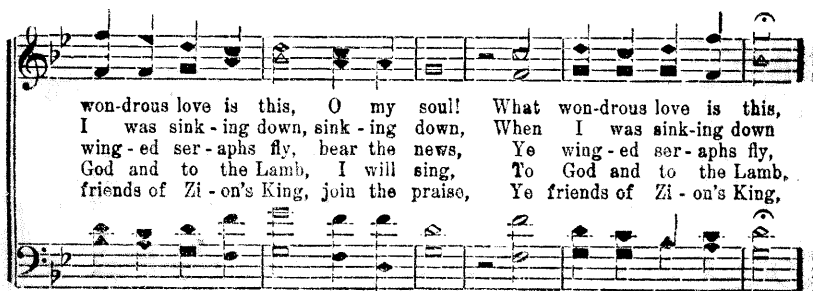
And there nev-er com-eth night, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er.
 All are hap-py ov-er there, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er.
 Martyrs with their crowns of gold, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er.
 When we reach that shin-ing shore, Just be-yond, be-yond the riv-er.

No. 53 Wondrous Love. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9.

J. Christopher



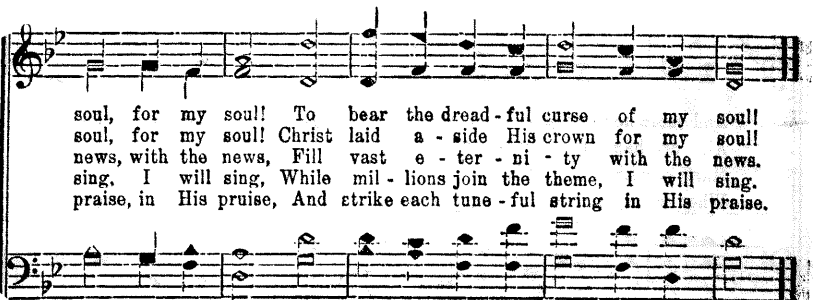
1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What
2. When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When
3. Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly, bear the news, bear the news, Ye
4. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing, To
5. Ye friends of Zi - on's King, join the praise, join the praise, Ye



won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is this,
I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down
wing-ed ser-aphs fly, bear the news, Ye wing-ed ser-aphs fly,
God and to the Lamb, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb,
friends of Zi-on's King, join the praise, Ye friends of Zi-on's King,



That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my
Be - neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my
Like com - ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the
Je - ho - vah, great I am, While mil - lions join the theme, I will
With hearts and voi - ces sing, And strike each tune - ful string, In His



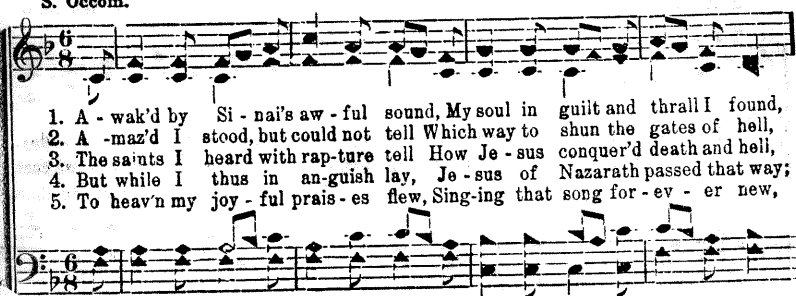
soul, for my soul! To bear the dread-ful curse of my soul!
soul, for my soul! Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul!
news, with the news, Fill vast e - ter - ni - ty with the news.
sing, I will sing, While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
praise, in His praise, And strike each tune - ful string in His praise.

No. 54.

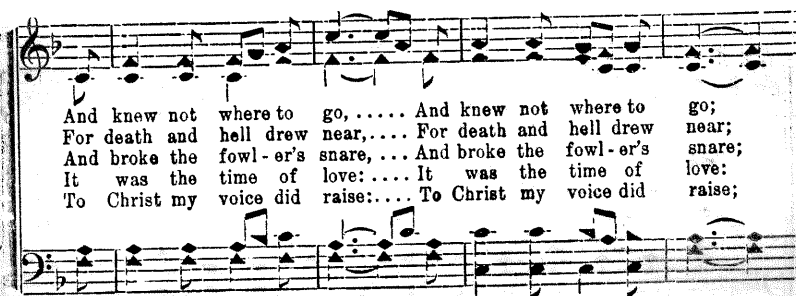
Garden. C. P. M.

S. Occom.

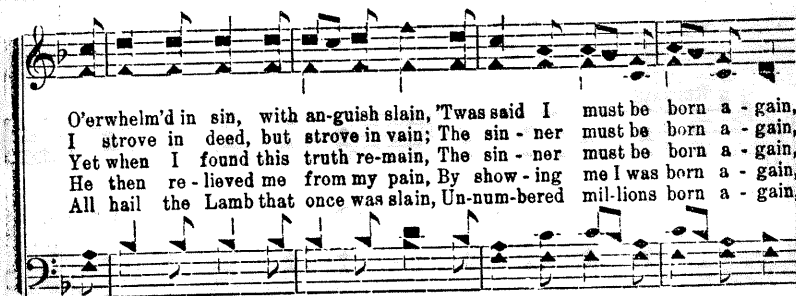
J. Ingalls.



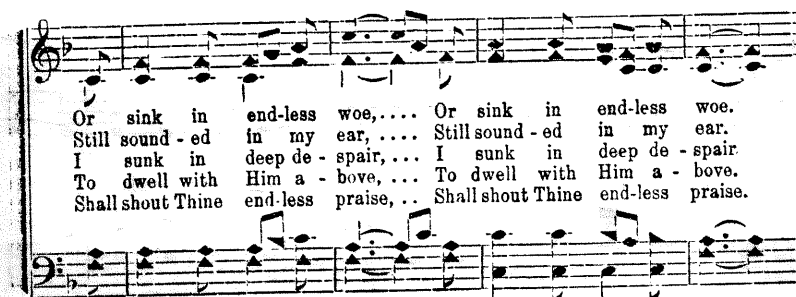
1. A - wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
2. A - maz'd I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell,
3. The sa - nts I heard with rap - ture tell How Je - sus conquer'd death and hell,
4. But while I thus in an - guish lay, Je - sus of Nazarath passed that way;
5. To heav'n my joy - ful prais - es flew, Sing - ing that song for - ev - er new,



And knew not where to go, And knew not where to go;
For death and hell drew near, . . . For death and hell drew near;
And broke the fowl - er's snare, . . . And broke the fowl - er's snare;
It was the time of love: . . . It was the time of love:
To Christ my voice did raise: . . . To Christ my voice did raise;



O'erwhelm'd in sin, with an - guish slain, 'Twas said I must be born a - gain,
I strove in deed, but strove in vain; The sin - ner must be born a - gain,
Yet when I found this truth re - main, The sin - ner must be born a - gain,
He then re - liev'd me from my pain, By show - ing me I was born a - gain,
All hail the Lamb that once was slain, Un - num - bered mil - lions born a - gain,



Or sink in end - less woe, . . . Or sink in end - less woe.
Still sound - ed in my ear, . . . Still sound - ed in my ear.
I sunk in deep de - spair, . . . I sunk in deep de - spair
To dwell with Him a - bove, . . . To dwell with Him a - bove.
Shall shout Thine end - less praise, . . . Shall shout Thine end - less praise.

No. 55

Remembers. 8s & 6s.

J. R. D.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

1. A - mid the sor-rows of the way, Thro' starless night and cloud-y day,
 2. The cares of life are crowd-ing fast, And o'er my way their shadows cast,
 3. Then on Him let me cast my care His guidance and su - port to share,

This is my hope—my on - ly stay, The Lord re - mem - bers me.
 But this sup - ports me to the last, The Lord re - mem - bers me.
 I'll nev - er sink in dark de - spair, For He re - mem - bers me.

REFRAIN.

The Lord re - mem - bers me, The Lord re - mem - bers me,

I need not fear if He is near, The Lord re - mem - bers me.

No. 56

Am I A Soldier Of The Cross?

Natts.

L. P. Breedlove.
 Alto by W. M. McGee.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 3. Thysaints in all this glo - rious war Shall con - quor, though they die,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 They see the tri - umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.

Must I be car - ried to the skies on flow - 'ry beds of ease;
 Sure I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!
 When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine

While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
 In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

No. 57.

Better Farther On.

A. N. W.

A. N. Whitten, owner. 1924.

A. N. Whitten.

1. Oft I hear hope sweet-ly sing-ing, Soft-ly in an un-der-tone:
2. Farth-er on, but how much farther? Count the milestones one by one;
3. Hope, my soul, hope on for - ev - er, All thy doubts and fears be gone,

Sing-ing as if God had taught her, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
No, no count-ing, on - ly trust-ing, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
Je - sus will for-sake thee nev-er, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

CHORUS.

Night and day she's sweet-ly sing-ing, Soft-ly in an un-der-tone;

Sings it so my heart may hear it, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

No. 58

There Is A Fountain.

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear, dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as He Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way,.... Wash all my sins a-way;
Be saved to sin no more,.... Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die,..... And shall be till I die;
Lies si-lent in the grave,.... Lies si-lent in the grave;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

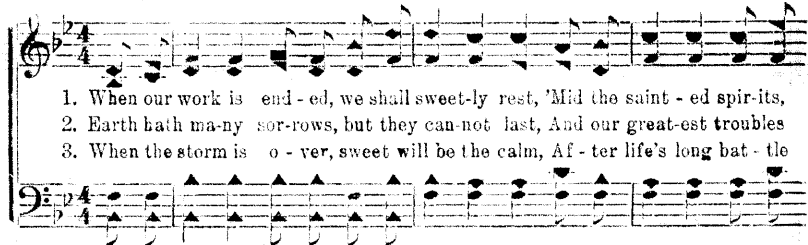
No. 59.

Over the River.*

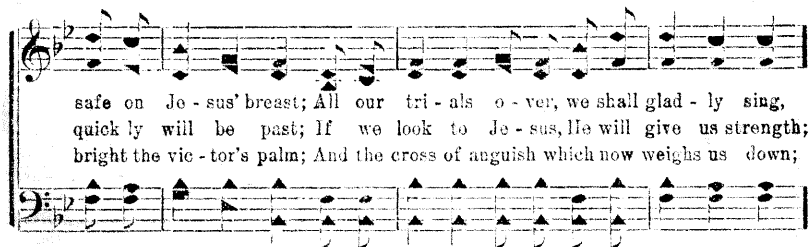
Kate Cameron.

By permission.

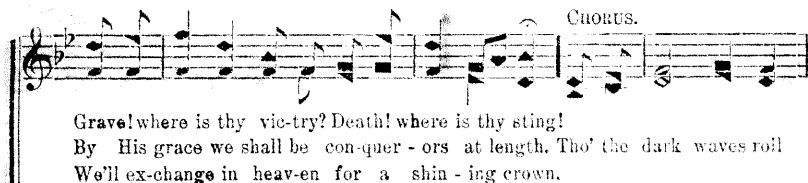
R. M. McIntosh.



1. When our work is end-ed, we shall sweet-ly rest, 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its,
2. Earth hath ma-n-y sor-rows, but they can-not last, And our great-est troubles
3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm, Af-ter life's long bat-tle



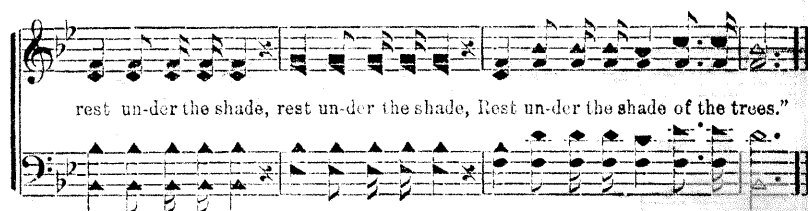
safe on Je-sus' breast; All our tri-als o-ver, we shall glad-ly sing,
quick-ly will be past; If we look to Je-sus, He will give us strength;
bright the vic-tor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down;



CHORUS.
Grave! where is thy vic-try? Death! where is thy sting!
By His grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length. Tho' the dark waves roll
We'll ex-change in heav-en for a shin-ing crown.



high, we will be un-dis-mayed, "Let us pass o-ver the riv-er, And



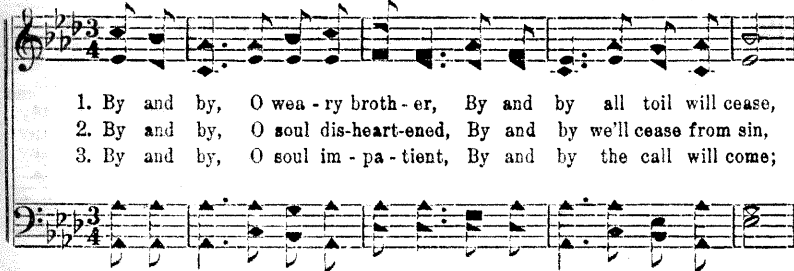
rest un-der the shade, rest un-der the shade, Rest un-der the shade of the trees."

*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

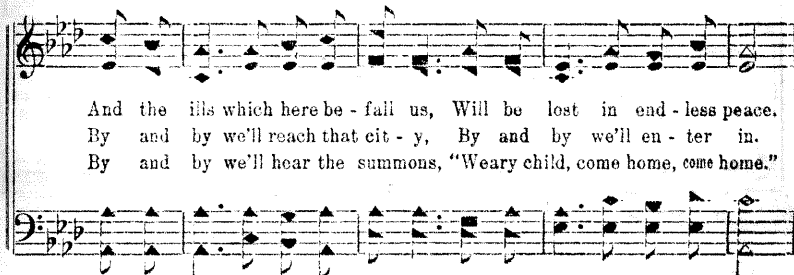
No. 60. Words of Love. 8s and 7s. Double.

A. J. S.

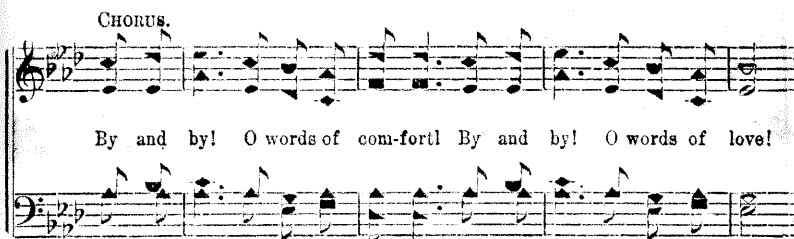
G. W. Kesler.



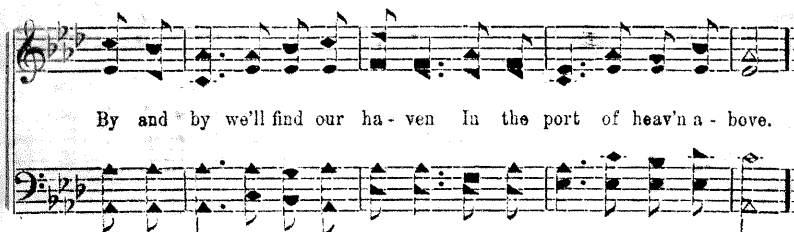
1. By and by, O wea-ry broth-er, By and by all toil will cease,
2. By and by, O soul dis-heart-ened, By and by we'll cease from sin,
3. By and by, O soul im-pa-tient, By and by the call will come;



And the ills which here be-fall us, Will be lost in end-less peace.
By and by we'll reach that cit-y, By and by we'll en-ter in.
By and by we'll hear the summons, "Weary child, come home, come home."



CHORUS.
By and by! O words of com-fort! By and by! O words of love!



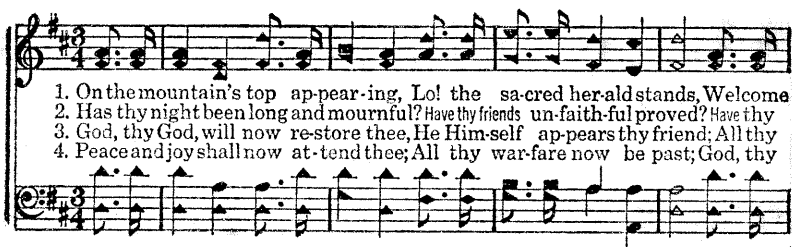
By and by we'll find our ha-ven In the port of heav'n a-bove.

No. 61.

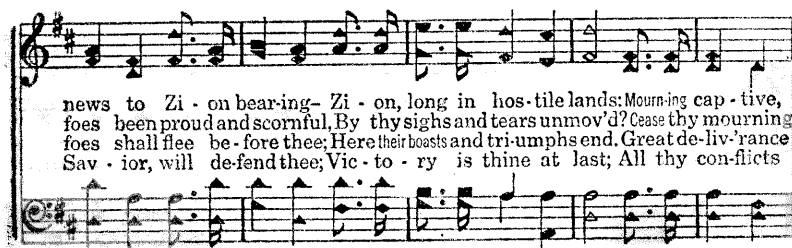
Thos. Kelly

Zion

Thos. Hastings



1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved? Have thy
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee, He Him-self ap-pears thy friend; All thy
4. Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy war-fare now be past; God, thy



news to Zi-on bearing- Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; Mourning cap-tive,
foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmov'd? Cease thy mourning,
foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasts and tri-umphs end. Great de-liv'-rance
Sav-ior, will de-fend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last; All thy con-flicts

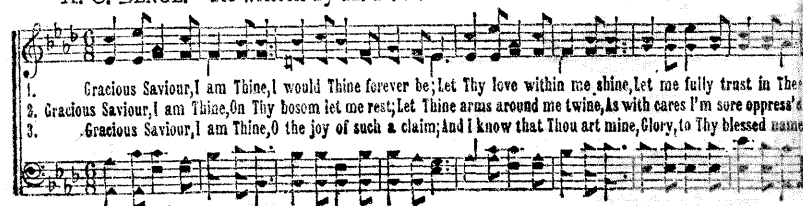


God Him-self will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Him-self will loose thy bands.
Zi-on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
Zi-on's King will surely send, Great de-liv'-rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts end in ev-er-last-ing rest.

No. 61A. GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, I AM THINE.

A. C. BERGE. Re-written by H. N. L.

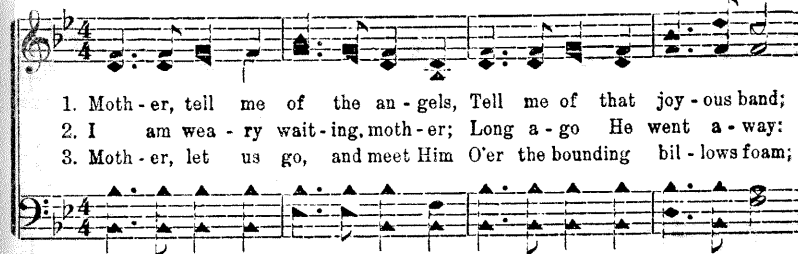
H. N. LINCOLN.



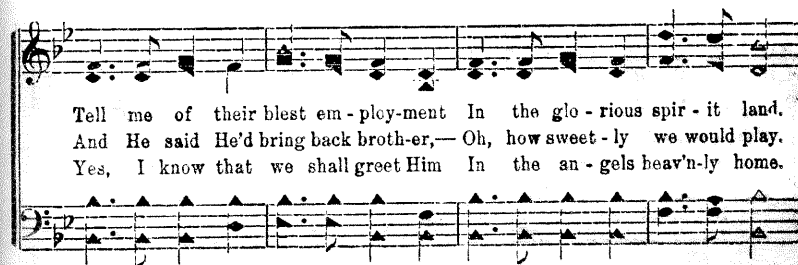
1. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, I would Thine forever be; Let Thy love within me shine, Let me fully trust in Thee.
2. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, On Thy bosom let me rest; Let Thine arms around me twine, As with cares I'm sore oppress'd.
3. Gracious Saviour, I am Thine, O the joy of such a claim; And I know that Thou art mine, Glory, to Thy blessed name.

No. 62. Mother, Tell Me Of The Angels.

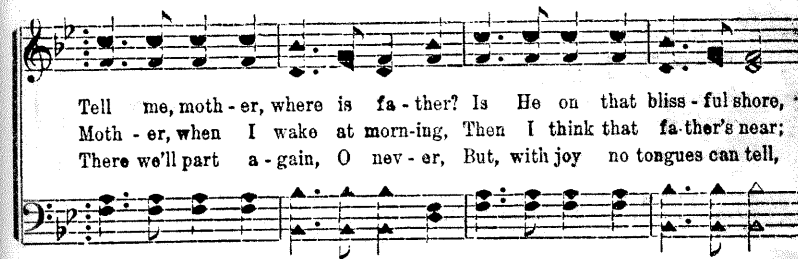
Wyatt Minshall.



1. Moth-er, tell me of the an-gels, Tell me of that joy-ous band;
2. I am wea-ry wait-ing, moth-er; Long a-go He went a-way:
3. Moth-er, let us go, and meet Him O'er the bounding bil-lows foam;



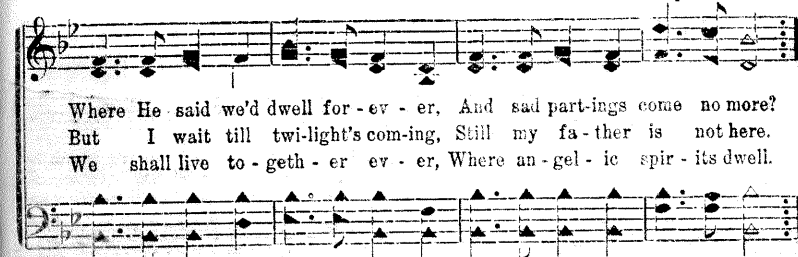
Tell me of their blest em-ploy-ment In the glo-rious spir-it land.
And He said He'd bring back broth-er,— Oh, how sweet-ly we would play.
Yes, I know that we shall greet Him In the an-gels heav'n-ly home.



Tell me, moth-er, where is fa-ther? Is He on that bliss-ful shore,
Moth-er, when I wake at morn-ing, Then I think that fa-ther's near;
There we'll part a-gain, O nev-er, But, with joy no tongues can tell,

CHO.—An-gels, bless-ed, shin-ing an-gels, Soon will bear us to the shore,

D. S. for Chorus.



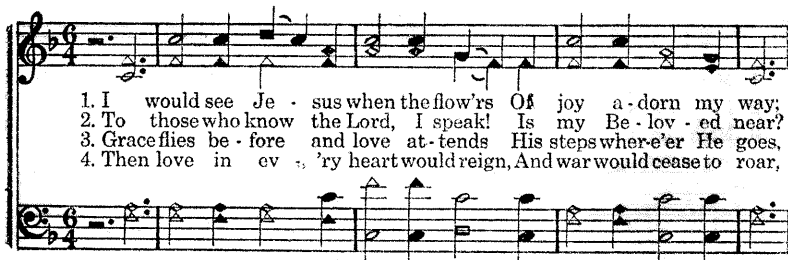
Where He said we'd dwell for-ev-er, And sad part-ings come no more!
But I wait till twi-light's com-ing, Still my fa-ther is not here.
We shall live to-geth-er ev-er, Where an-gel-ic spir-its dwell.

Where the wick-ed cease from trou-bling, And sad part-ings come no more.

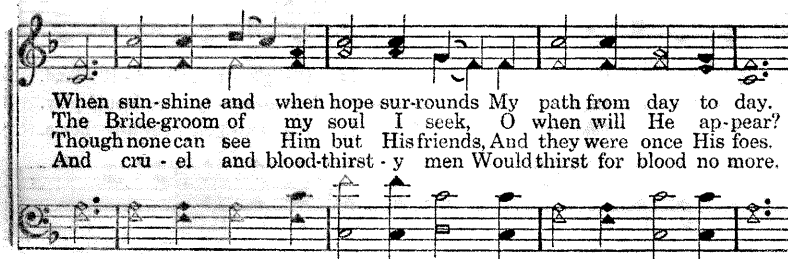
No. 63

I Would See Jesus

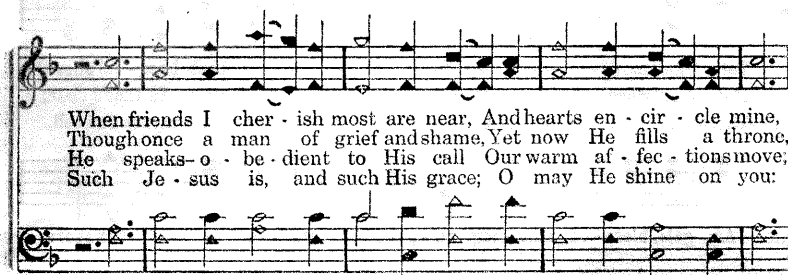
L. P. Breedlove



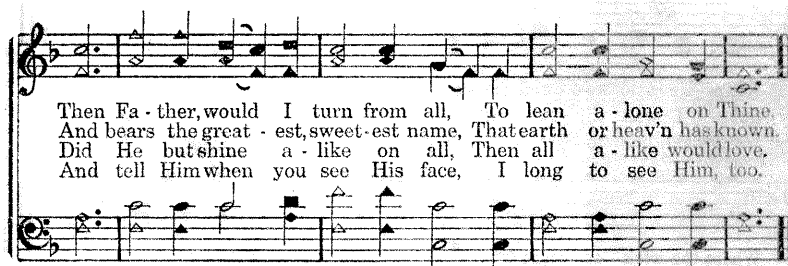
1. I would see Je - sus when the flow'rs Of joy a - dorn my way;
 2. To those who know the Lord, I speak! Is my Be - lov - ed near?
 3. Grace flies be - fore and love at - tends His steps wher - e'er He goes,
 4. Then love in ev - 'ry heart would reign, And war would cease to roar,



When sun - shine and when hope sur - rounds My path from day to day.
 The Bride - groom of my soul I seek, O when will He ap - pear?
 Though none can see Him but His friends, And they were once His foes.
 And cru - el and blood - thirst - y men Would thirst for blood no more.



When friends I cher - ish most are near, And hearts en - cir - cle mine,
 Though once a man of grief and shame, Yet now He fills a throne,
 He speaks o - be - dient to His call Our warm af - fec - tions move,
 Such Je - sus is, and such His grace; O may He shine on you:

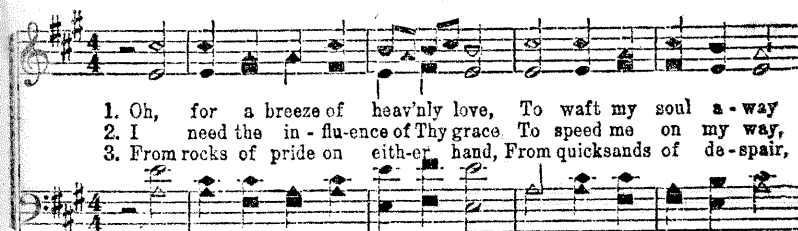


Then Fa - ther, would I turn from all, To lean a - lone on Thine,
 And bears the great - est, sweet - est name, That earth or heav'n has known.
 Did He but shine a - like on all, Then all a - like would love,
 And tell Him when you see His face, I long to see Him, too.

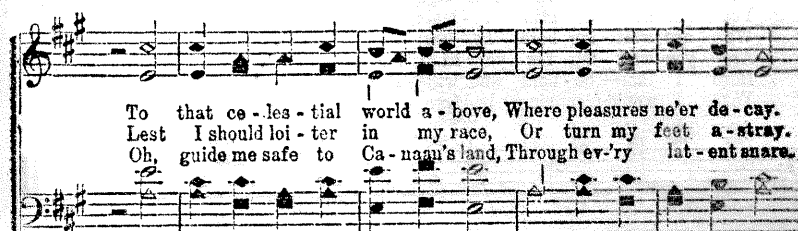
No. 64.

Canaan's Land. C. M. D.

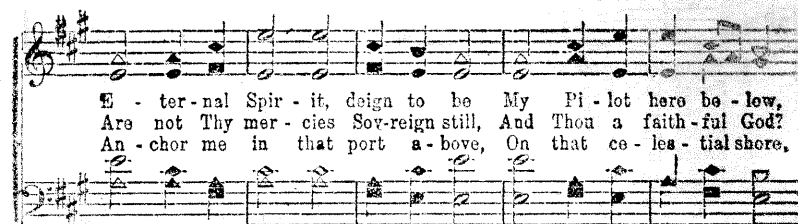
E. I. King.



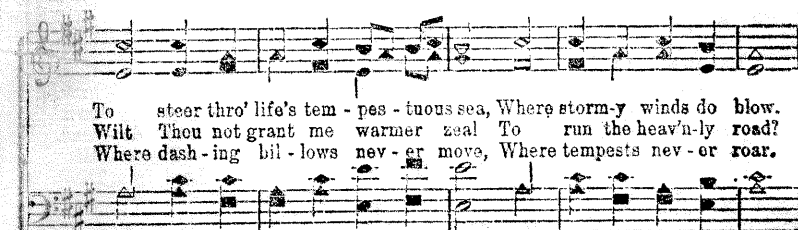
1. Oh, for a breeze of heav'nly love, To waft my soul a - way
 2. I need the in - flu - ence of Thy grace To speed me on my way,
 3. From rocks of pride on eith - er hand, From quicksands of de - spair,



To that ce - les - tial world a - bove, Where pleasures ne'er de - cay.
 Lest I should loi - ter in my race, Or turn my feet a - stray.
 Oh, guide me safe to Ca - naan's land, Through ev - 'ry lat - ent snare.



E - ter - nal Spir - it, deign to be My Pi - lot here be - low,
 Are not Thy mer - cies Sov - reign still, And Thou a faith - ful God?
 An - chor me in that port a - bove, On that ce - les - tial shore,



To steer thro' life's tem - pes - tuous sea, Where storm - y winds do blow.
 Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal To run the heav'n - ly road?
 Where dash - ing bil - lows nev - er move, Where tempests nev - er roar.

No. 65.

Happy To Meet Again.

Anon.

J. P. Rees.

1. Breth-ren, we have met a-gain; Let us join to pray and sing;
 2. Ma - ny days and weeks have past, Since we met to- geth - er last;
 3. Ma - ny of our friends are gone To their long, e - ter - nal home;
 4. Breth-ren, tell me how you do, Does your love con - tin - ue true?
 5. If you wish to know of me, How I am, or what I be,
 6. Weak and wound-ed, sick and lame, All un - ho - ly, all un - clean;

Christ our bless-ed Sav-iour reigns, Praise Him in the high-est strains.
 Yet our lives do still re-main; Here on earth we meet a-gain.
 We are wait-ing here be-low; Soon we af-ter them shall go.
 Are you wait-ing for your King, When He shall re-turn a-gain.
 Here I am-be-hold who will—Sure I am a sin-ner still.
 Yet I would from sin be free, And the Lord re-mem-ber me.

No. 65½ Parting, When Languor And Disease Invade.

Toplady.

A. N. Whitten.

1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trem-bling house of clay,
 2. Sweet to look in-ward and at-tend The whis-pers of His love;
 3. Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down;
 4. Sweet on His faith-ful-ness to rest, Whose love can nev-er end;
 5. Sweet in the con-fi-dence of faith, To trust His firm de-crees;
 6. If such the sweet-ness of the stream, What must the foun-tain be

'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way.
 Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.
 Sweet to look for-ward, and be-hold E-ter-nal joys my own.
 Sweet on the prom-ise of His grace For all things to de-pend.
 Sweet to lie pas-sive in His hands, And know no will but His.
 Where saints and an-gels draw their bliss, Di-rect-ly, Lord, from Thee?

No. 66.

Firm Foundation.

George Keith. 1787.

Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
 4. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 5. "When thro' fiery tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
 6. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-er-ign, e-
 7. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I

1. faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 2. vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
 3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 4. woe shall not thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 5. fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 6. ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 7. will not, de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 2. land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
 3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-p-o-tent hand.
 4. trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 5. on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 6. tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne.
 7. deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

No. 67

The Beautiful Land.

H. E. Engle.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from
 3. We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land on high, And be with the

Sav - iour, is there; He has gone to pre-pare me a home on high -
 sor - row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky -
 bright and the fair; Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur - mur by -

CHORUS.
 Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there! In that beau -
 In that beau - ti - ful land,

ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet,
 in that beau - ti - ful land, shall meet,

We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.
 shall meet,

No. 68.

Enough For Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. O love sur-pass-ing know-ledge! O grace so full and free!
 2. O won-der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
 3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry!

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me!
 I feel that sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me!
 I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me!

And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,
 And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,
 And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me.
 I feel that sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.
 I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me.

No. 69.

Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
2. Oh think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us their journey have

light, (o-ver there,) Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
trod, (o-ver there,) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white (o-ver there.) O-ver there, o-ver
home in the pal-ace of God (o-ver there.) o-ver there,

there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, (o-ver there,) O-ver
(o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, (o-ver there,)

there, O-ver there, o-ver there Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there.

No. 70

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin.

W. E. Toomer, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you; With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we
hide you; Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you; God be with you till we
found you; Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we
o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning waves before you; God be with you till we

CHORUS.

meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we meet,
till we meet, Till we meet,

till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
till we meet a-gain,

Arr.

1. Oh, once I had a glo-rious view, Of my re-deem-ing Lord,
 2. Oh, what im-mor-tal joys I felt, On that cel-es-tial day,
 3. Once I could joy His saints to meet, To me they were most dear;
 4. I forward go in du-ty's way, But can't per-ceive Him there;
 5. What shall I do? shall I lie down, And sink in deep de-spair?

He said, "I'll be a God to you," And I be-lieved His word.
 When my hard heart be-gan to melt, By love dis-solved a-way!
 I then could stoop to wash their feet, And shed a joy-ful tear;
 Then backwards on the road I stray, But can-not find Him there:
 Will He for-ev-er wear a frown, Nor hear my feeble pray'r?

But now I have a deep-er stroke, Than all my groan-ings are;
 But my complaint is bit-ter now, For all my joys are gone;
 But now I meet them as the rest, And with them joy-less stay;
 On the left hand where He doth work, A-mong the wick-ed crew,
 No; He will put His strength in me, He knows the way I've strolled:

My God has me of late for-sook,—He's gone I know not where.
 I've strayed, I'm left, I know not how; The light's from me withdrawn.
 My con-ver-sation's spir-it-less, Or else I've naught to say.
 And on the right I find Him not, A-mong the fa-vored few.
 And when I'm tried suf-fi-cient-ly, I shall come forth as gold.

Eld. C. G. K.

Eld. C. G. Keith.

1. I am a poor, way-far-ing stranger, While journeying thro' this world of woe;
 2. I know dark clouds will gather round me, I know my way is rough and steep;
 3. I'll soon be freed from ey-ry tri-al, My bo-dy'll sleep in the old church yard;
 4. I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land:

Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor dan-ger In that bright world to which I go.
 Yet beau-te-ous fields lie just before me, Where God's redeemed vi-gil keep.
 I'll drop the cross of self-de-ni-al, And en-ter there to see my Lord.
 I want to shout sal-va-tion's sto-ry, In con-cert with the blood-washed band.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing there to see my fa-ther, I'm go-ing there no more to roam;
 I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come;
 I'm go-ing there to see my class-mates, Who've gone before me one by one;
 I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-iour, To sing His praise for ev-er more;

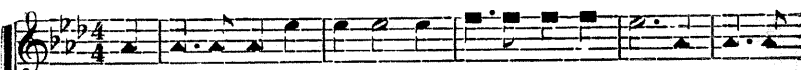
I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home-

No. 73.

Dear Mother.

A. N. W.

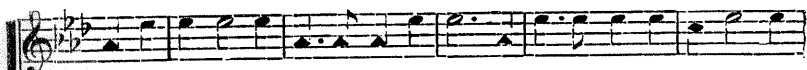
A. N. Whitten.



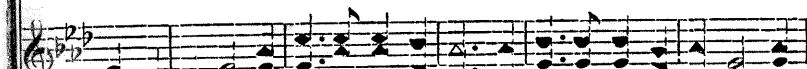
1. I hear the low winds sighing, A - mong the bows that wave; Beneath dear
2. The pale moon shines so faintly, Yet I in fan - cy see Her face so



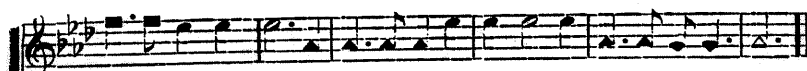
3. I feel so ver - y lone-ly, The fu-ture seems so drear, My dear Re -



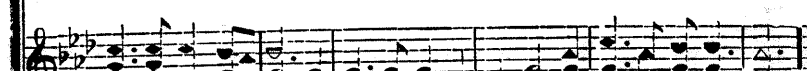
moth - er ly - ing So qui - et in her grave. Un - bid - den tears have started, As
pure and saintly, As when she smiled on me. Although she's safe in glo - ry, Yet



deem - er on - ly, Can make the pathway clear. Of wounds past mor - tal heal - ing, There's



by the mound I bow, I think of when we parted, I have no mother now.
care beclouds my brow, There's sorrow in my sto - ry, I have no mother now.



few like this I trow, This sad heart - broken feel - ing, I have no mother now.


No. 74

No Vacant Seats In Heaven


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MRS. J. B. EDWARDS SOPRANO
A. N. WHITTEN HARMONY


MRS. J. B. EDWARDS



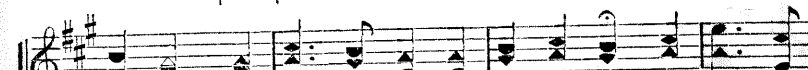
1. Our hearts are filled with sor - row, When Je - sus calls to
2. No heart - aches up in Heav - en, No sad fare - wells to
3. I long for that bright Cit - y, By faith I view that




claim His own. A seat is then left va - cant, Yes,
those we love, No earth - ly ties are brok - en, Where
hap - py band, Hark; hear the an - gels sing - ing, So



Chorus
va - cant in our earth - ly Home.
Je - sus reigns in Heav'n a - bove. No va - cant seats in
sweet - ly in the glo - ry land.



Heav - en, No va - cant seats a - round God's Throne, Up there 'tis



joy and glad - ness Oh, glo - ry land sweet Heav'n - ly Home.

P. S. Composed by Mrs. J. B. Edwards. After hearing a sermon preached
by Elder E. C. Mahurin.

No. 75

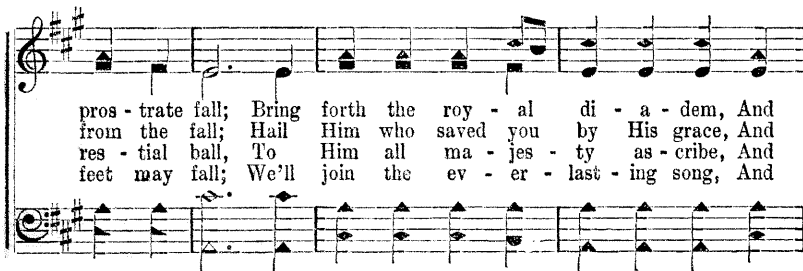
SELECTED

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

A. N. WHITTEN



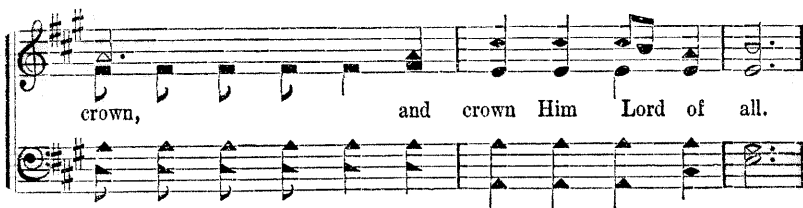
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter -
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His



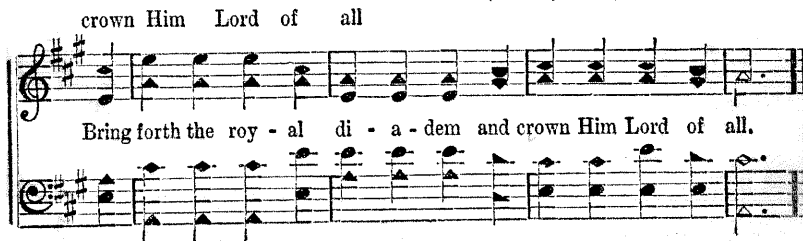
pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
from the fall; Hail Him who saved you by His grace, And
res - tial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - crite, And
feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And



Refrain
crown Him Lord of all. And crown, and
And crown Him Lord of all, and



crown, and crown Him Lord of all.



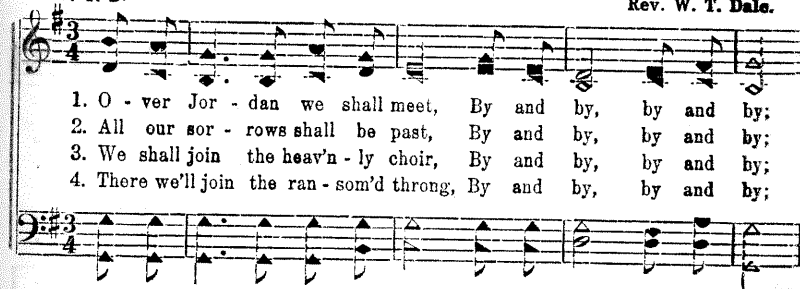
crown Him Lord of all
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem and crown Him Lord of all.

No. 76

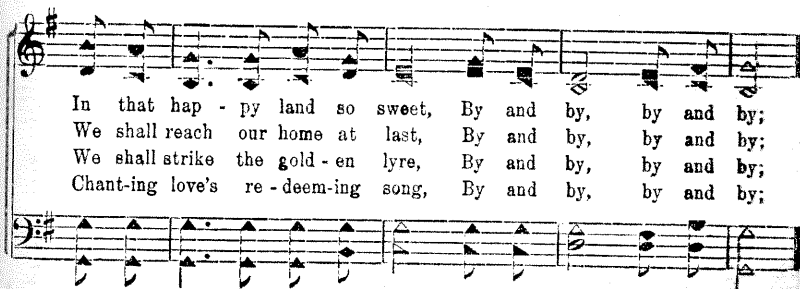
W. T. D.

By and By.

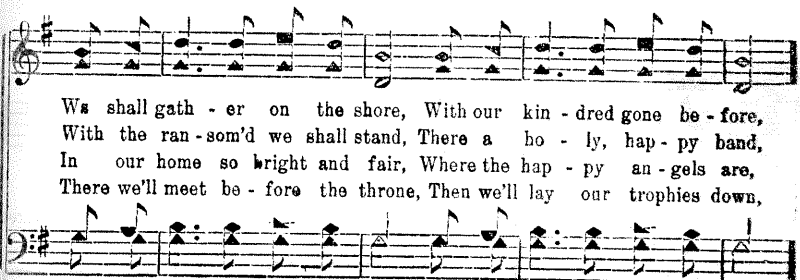
Rev. W. T. Dale.



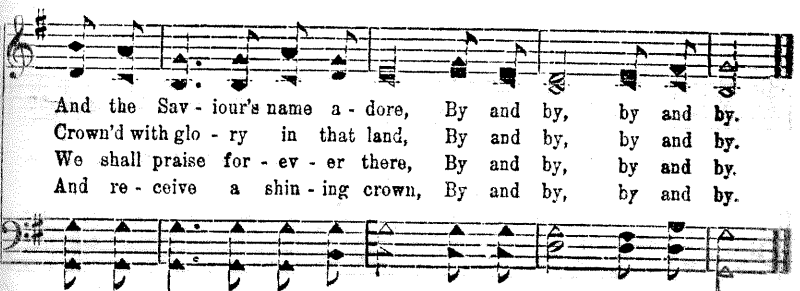
1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by;
2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall join the heav'n - ly choir, By and by, by and by;
4. There we'll join the ran - som'd throng, By and by, by and by;



In that hap - py land so sweet, By and by, by and by;
We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
We shall strike the gold - en lyre, By and by, by and by;
Chant-ing love's re - deem-ing song, By and by, by and by;



We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin - dred gone be - fore,
With the ran - som'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly, hap - py band,
In our home so bright and fair, Where the hap - py an - gels are,
There we'll meet be - fore the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down,




And the Sav - iour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.
Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.
We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.
And re - ceive a shin - ing crown, By and by, by and by.

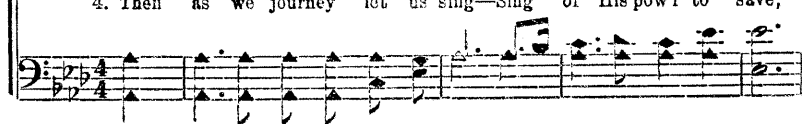

No. 77. Beyond The Golden Sunset Sky.

W. C. H.

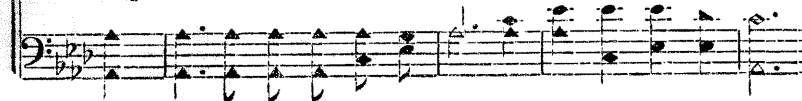
W. C. Haffle,



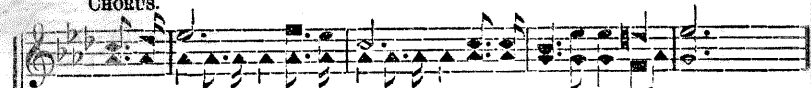
1. Be - yond the gold - en sun - set sky, Be - yond the roll - ing wave,
2. Be - yond these pangs that parting bring, Be - yond this earth - ly vale,
3. Our ref - uge is the Lord our God; His life for us He gave,
4. Then as we journey let us sing—Sing of His pow'r to save;

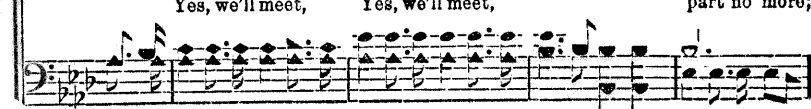
Be - yond each earth - ly tear and sigh, We'll meet be - yond the grave.
We'll meet where joys e - ter - nal spring, And love shall nev - er fail.
He gave that life that we might live, And He a - lone can save.
Sing How He burst the bars of death, And triumphed o'er the grave.



CHORUS.



We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more;
Yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet, part no more;





We shall meet, we shall meet, We'll meet to part no more.
Yes, we'll meet, Yes we'll meet,



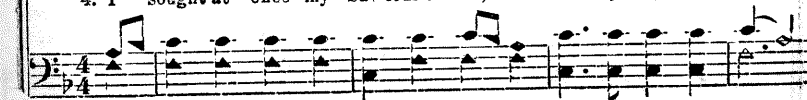

No. 78 We'll Wait Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

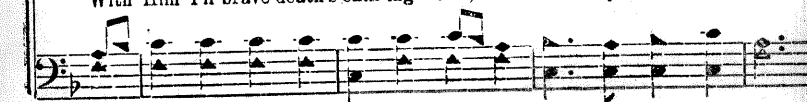
Dr. Wm. Miller. Arr. by W. J. K.




1. Oh, land of rest for Thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come,
2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav - iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;


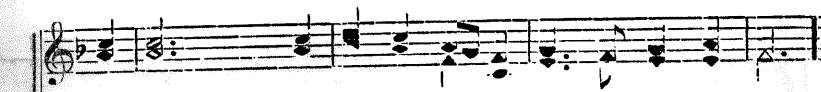
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He can - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.



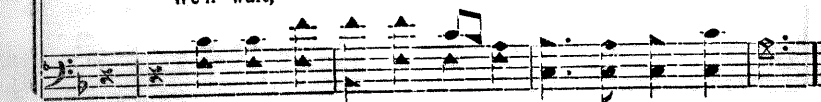
CHORUS.



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

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



No. 79.

The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

p

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
 3. Your ma-n-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus;
 3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
 4. The chil-dren too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je-sus;
 5. Come, breth-ren, help me sing His praise, Oh, praise the name of Je-sus;
 6. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
 7. And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to see our Je-sus,

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je-sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
 I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
 May now ac-cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je-sus.
 Come, sis-ters, all your voi-ces raise, Oh, bless the name of Je-sus.
 Oh, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je-sus.
 We'll sing a-round the throne of love His name, the name of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

pp

Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

No. 80

Thorny Desert

From The Christian Harmony

William Walker
Arr. Roland Grein

1. Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert Thro' which pil-grims make their way,
 2. O young sol-diers, are you wea-ry Of the trou-bles on the way?
 3. He whose thun-der shakes cre-a-tion, He who bids the plan-ets roll;
 4. There on flow-ry hills of pleas-ure, In the fields of end-less rest,
 5. Oh! their crown show bright they spar-kle, Such as mon-archs nev-er wear,

But be-yond this vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end-less day;
 Does your strength be-gin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay;
 He who rides up-on the tem-pest, And whose sweep-ter sways the whole.
 Love and joy and peace shall ev-er Reign in tri-umph in your breast.
 They are gone to heav-nly pas-sures; Je-sus is their Shep-herd there.

Fiends, loud howl-ing thro the des-ert, Make them trem-ble as they go;
 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you; He will lead you to His throne.
 Round Him are ten thou-sand an-gels, Read-y to o-bey com-mand:
 Who can paint the scenes of glo-ry, Where the ran-somed dwell on high?
 Hail, ye hap-py hap-py spir-its! Wel-come to the bliss-ful plain!

And the fier-y darts of Sa-tan Of-ten brings their cour-age low,
 He who dyed His gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.
 They are al-ways hov-er-ing round you, Til you reach the heav-en-ly land.
 Where the gold-en harps for ev-er Sound re-demp-tion thro' the sky?
 Glo-ry, hon-our, and sal-va-tion; Reign, sweet Shepherd, ev-er reign.

No. 81.

Morality

1. While beau - ty and youth are in their full prime, And fol - ly and
2. The vain and the young may at - tend us a - while, But let not their
3. I sigh not for beau - ty, nor lan - guish for wealth, But grant me, kind
4. For when age steals on me, and youth is no more, And the mor - alist,

fash - ion af - fect our whole time; O let not the phan - tom our
flat - t'ry our pru - dence be - guile; Let us cov - et those charms that
Prov - i - dence, vir - tue and health; Then rich - er than kings, and far
Time, shakes his glass at my door, What pleas - ure in beau - ty or

wish - es en - gage, Let's live so in youth that we blush not in age. age.
shall ne'er de - cay, Nor lis - ten to all that de - ceiv - ers can say. say.
hap - pier than they, My days shall pass swift - ly and sweet - ly a - way. way.
wealth can I find? My beau - ty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind. mind.

No. 81A.

Rockingham

1. O, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, Let saints Thy love pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - row cease;
4. It breaks the pow'r of reign - ing sin, And sets the pris - ner free;

The glo - ry of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.
And spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic to our long - ing ears; 'Tis joy, and health and peace.
Thy blood can cleanse the foul - est stain; And will a - vail for me.

No. 82

Holy Manna. 8s and 7s.

Arr. by H. N. Lincoln.

1. Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Look, and see poor mourn - ers round you Fear - ing, trembling as they go;
3. Is there here a tremb - ling Jail - or Seek - ing grace and filled with fear,
4. Let us love our God su - preme - ly; Let us love each oth - er too;

Will you pray with all your pow - er While we try to preach the word?
Long - ing for a hope in Je - sus, Will you com - fort them or no?
Is there here a weep - ing Mar - y Pour - ing forth a flood of tears?
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, That our God their souls re - new;

All is vain, un - less the spir - it Of the Ho - ly one come down;
Let us tell them of the Sav - iour; Tell them that He may be found;
Let us join our pray'rs to help them, Let our faith and love a - bound;
Then we'll love them still the bet - ter, Take them to our kind em - brace,

Let us pray that Ho - ly Man - na May be scat - tered all a - round.
Let us pray that Ho - ly Man - na May be scat - tered all a - round.
Let us pray that Ho - ly Man - na May be scat - tered all a - round.
Jour - ney with them on to glo - ry, There to sing re - deem - ing grace.

Alto arr.

Miss Sarah Lancaster.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heav'n farewell, With all your fee-ble light; Fare-

well, thou ev-er-chang-ing moon, Pale empress of the night.

And thou re-ful-gent

And thou re-ful-gent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed,
And thou re-ful-gent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed, In
And thou re-ful-gent orb of day, In

orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed, In brighter flames arrayed,

brighter, flames arrayed My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thy aid.

2 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.
The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

3 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline.
Amidst those brighter skies.
There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

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Words and Music by A. S. Kieffer.

1. There's a cit-y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they
2. Broth-er dear, nev-er fear—we shall tri-umph at last, Let us
3. Sis-ter dear, nev-er fear—for the Sav-iour is near, With His
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos-pel di-vine; Let us

know not a sor-row or care; And the gates are of pearl, and the
trust in the word He has giv'n; When our tri-als and toils, and our
hands He will lead you a-long; And the way that is dark, Christ will
ev-er keep near to the cross; Let us love, watch, and pray, in our

D. S.—For that home is so bright, and is

streets are of gold, And the build-ing ex-ceed-ing-ly fair.
weep-ings are past, We shall meet in that home, up in heav'n. Let us pray for each
gra-cious-ly clear, And your mornings shall turn to a song.
pil-grim-age here; Let us count all things else but as lost.

al-most in sight And I trust in my heart we'll be there.

oth-er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor-row and care;

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
 2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear;
 3. I've al-most reached my heav'n-ly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
 4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
 I brush the dew on Jor-dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
 The ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear their ves - per wings.
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O, come, an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand, O,

bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home,

O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home.

John G. McCurry.

1. My soul, come med - i - tate the day, And think how near it stands

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to
 When thou must quit this
 When thou must quit this house of clay, And
 When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands

unknown lands, And fly to un - known lands,
 house of clay, And fly to un-known lands, And fly to unknown lands,
 fly to un - known lands,..... And fly to un-known lands,
 And fly to un-known lands,.....

When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands. lands.

2 And you, my eyes look down and view 3 O could we die with those that die,
 The hollow, gaping tomb; And place us in their stead,
 This gloomy prison waits for you, Then would our spirits learn to fly
 Where'er the summons come. And converse with the dead.

No. 87

Sherburne. C. M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo -
The an-gel of the Lord came down,
The an-gel of

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo -
ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a-round: The
And glo - ry shone around And glo - ry
the Lord came down and glo - ry shone a-round, And glo - ry
ry shone around, And glo - ry shone a-round;

an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry
shone a-round; The an-gel of the Lord came
shone a-round; The an-gel of the
The an-gel of the Lord came down, And

Sherburne. C. M. Concluded.

shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round. shone a-round.

down, And glo-ry shone a-round..... round.....
Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. shone a-round.
glo - ry shone a-round... round

No. 88

Primrose. G. M.

Chapin

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to my ears;
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round,
A sov-er-ign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

No. 89

My Dream

J. M. H.

J. M. HENSON

1. I sat by my Sav-ior and looked on His face. 'Twas full of His glo-ry, And shi-ning with grace.
2. His smile was endear-ing His touch so di-vine. His pres-ence most cheer-ing 'Tis Sav-ior of mine
3. I could not be-lieve it, that one such as I, Could sit down with Je-sus so glo-ri-ous and high.
4. The poor-est of mor-tals I felt on that hour, Yet rich with my Sav-ior, Endued with His pow-er.
5. O won-der-ful glo-ry, O could I still dream, And rest with my Sav-ior By His flow-ing stream,

No. 90

Stratfield. L. M.

1. Thro' ev - ry age, e - ter - - nal God, Thou art our rest, onr

High was Thy throne ere
safe..... a - bode; High

High was Thy throne ere heav'n was

heav'n . . . was made, Or earth, Thy hum - ble foot - stool, laid.

was Thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth, Thy hum - ble foot - stool, laid.
Or earth,..... Thy humble foot-stool, laid.

made, Or earth, Thy humble foot - - - stool, laid.

High was Thy throne ere heav'n was made. Or earth, Thy
High was Thy throne ere heav'n was

High was Thy throne ere

Stratfield. Concluded.

was Thy throne ere heav'n was made,
hum - ble foot-stool, laid, Or earth, Thy hum - ble foot - stool, laid.
made,
heav'n..... was made,

No. 91.

Fair Haven.

Slow. Scotch Air.

1. Hail, sweet-est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts in one;
2. No lin - g'ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet - ing knows;

FINE.

Hail! sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
The friend-ship beams from ev - 'ry eye, And hope im - mer - tal grows.

D. S.—The hope when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

D. S.

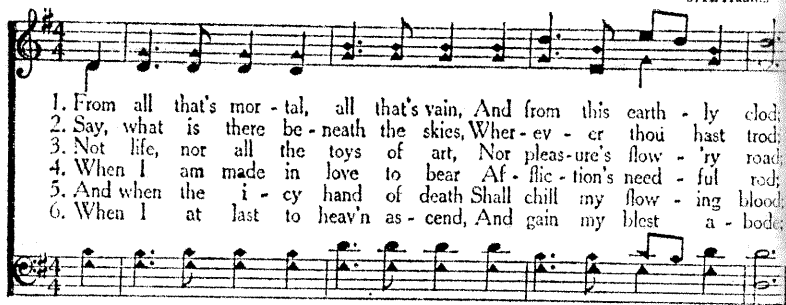
It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;

No. 92

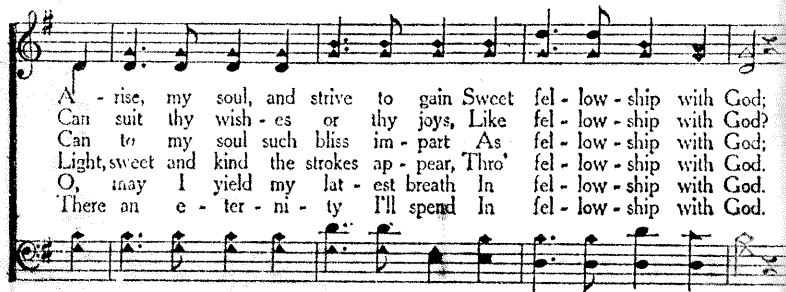
From All That's Mortal

Adams, C. M.

J. A. Adams



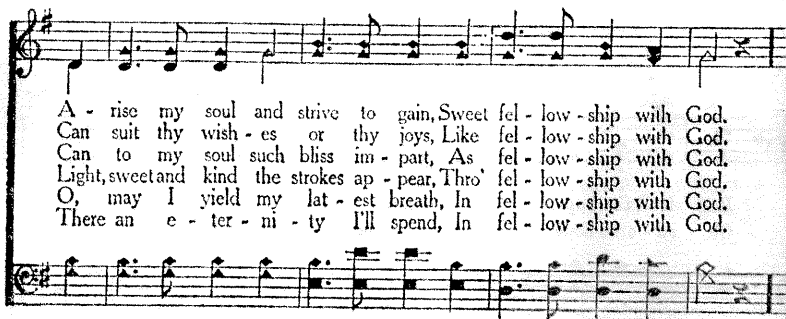
1. From all that's mor - tal, all that's vain, And from this earth - ly clod;
 2. Say, what is there be - neath the skies, Wher - ev - er thou hast trod;
 3. Not life, nor all the toys of art, Nor pleas - ure's slow - 'ry road;
 4. When I am made in love to bear Af - flic - tion's need - ful rod;
 5. And when the i - cy hand of death Shall chill my flow - ing blood;
 6. When I at last to heav'n as - cend, And gain my blest a - bode;



A - rise, my soul, and strive to gain Sweet fel - low - ship with God;
 Can suit thy wish - es or thy joys, Like fel - low - ship with God?
 Can to my soul such bliss im - part As fel - low - ship with God;
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes ap - pear, Thro' fel - low - ship with God.
 O, may I yield my lat - est breath In fel - low - ship with God.
 There an e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend In fel - low - ship with God.



Sweet fel - low - ship with God, Sweet fel - low - ship with God,
 Like fel - low - ship with God, Like fel - low - ship with God.
 As fel - low - ship with God, As fel - low - ship with God,
 Thro' fel - low - ship with God, Thro' fel - low - ship with God.
 In fel - low - ship with God, In fel - low - ship with God.
 In fel - low - ship with God, In fel - low - ship with God.



A - rise my soul and strive to gain, Sweet fel - low - ship with God.
 Can suit thy wish - es or thy joys, Like fel - low - ship with God.
 Can to my soul such bliss im - part, As fel - low - ship with God.
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes ap - pear, Thro' fel - low - ship with God.
 O, may I yield my lat - est breath, In fel - low - ship with God.
 There an e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, In fel - low - ship with God.

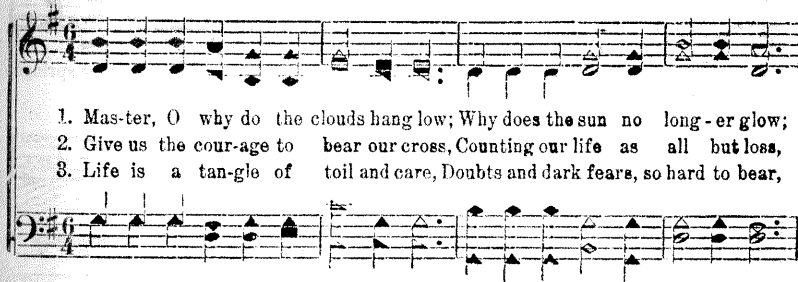
No. 93

Through The Shadow.

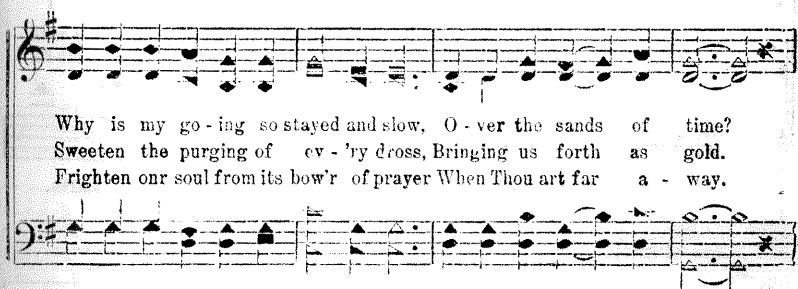
R. W. Cothorn.

A. N. Whitten, owner, 1925.

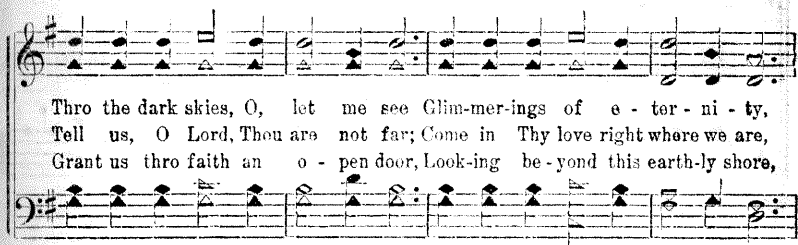
A. N. Whitten.



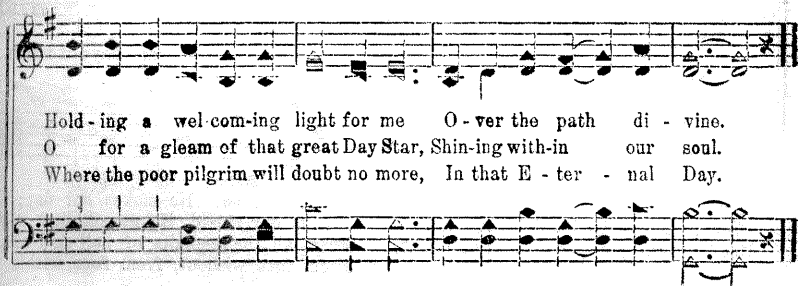
1. Mas - ter, O why do the clouds hang low; Why does the sun no long - er glow;
 2. Give us the cour - age to bear our cross, Counting our life as all but loss,
 3. Life is a tan - gle of toil and care, Doubts and dark fears, so hard to bear,



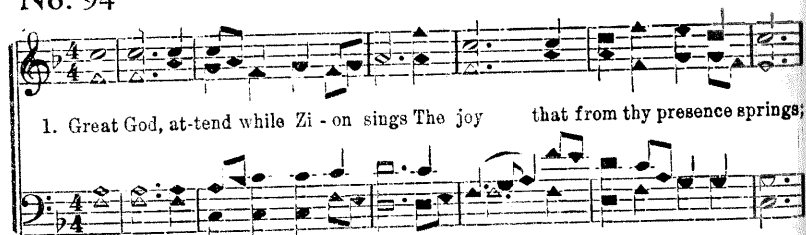
Why is my go - ing so stayed and slow, O - ver the sands of time?
 Sweeten the purging of ev - 'ry cross, Bringing us forth as gold.
 Frighten our soul from its bow'r of prayer When Thou art far a - way.



Thro the dark skies, O, let me see Glim - mer - ings of e - ter - ni - ty,
 Tell us, O Lord, Thou art not far; Come in Thy love right where we are,
 Grant us thro faith an o - pen door, Look - ing be - yond this earth - ly shore,

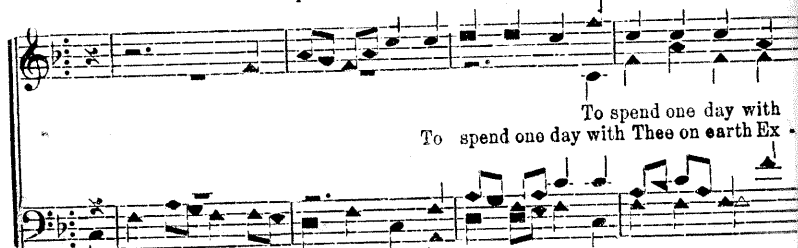


Hold - ing a wel - com - ing light for me O - ver the path di - vine.
 O for a gleam of that great Day Star, Shin - ing with - in our soul.
 Where the poor pilgrim will doubt no more, In that E - ter - nal Day.



1. Great God, at-tend while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

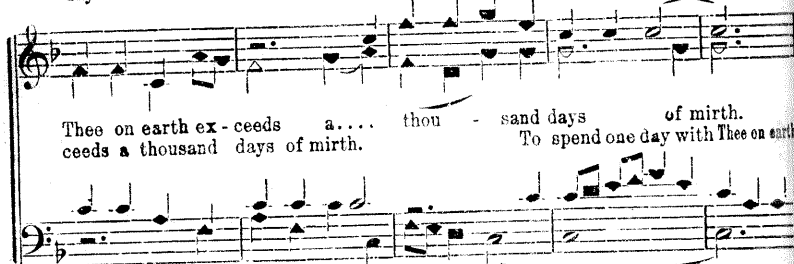
To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds a thous-and



To spend one day with Thee on earth Ex -

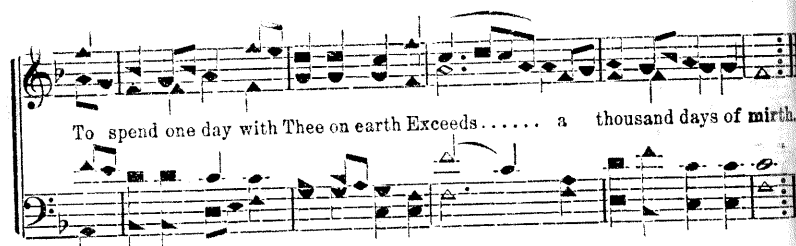
To spend one day with Thee one earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

days of mirth. To spend one day with Thee on earth,....



Thee on earth ex-ceeds a.... thou - sand days of mirth.
ceeds a thousand days of mirth. To spend one day with Thee on earth,

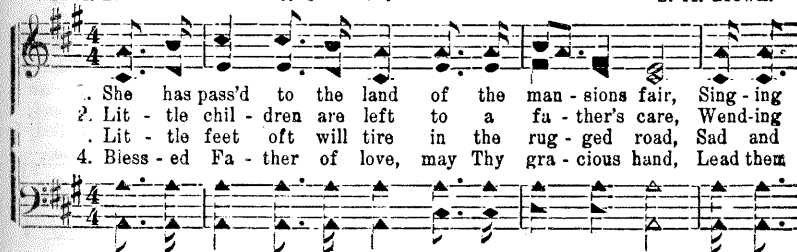
To spend one day with Thee on earth,



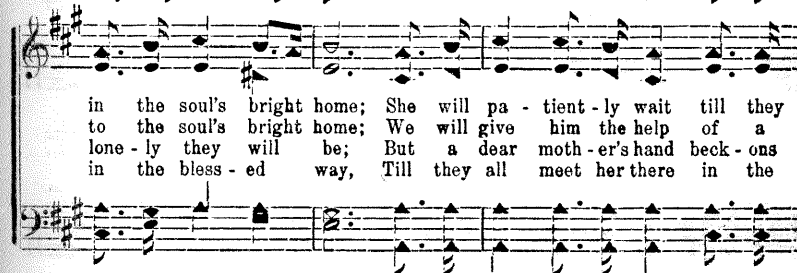
To spend one day with Thee on earth Exceeds..... a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way,
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, from foes within.

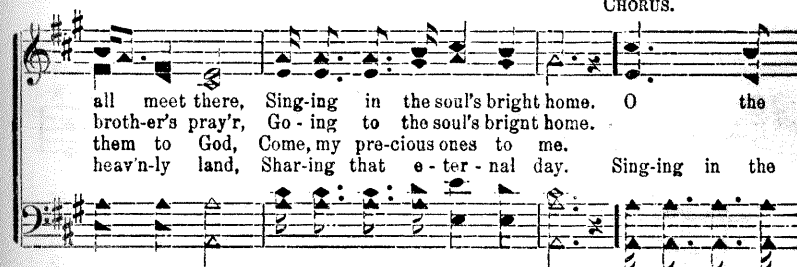


1. She has pass'd to the land of the man-sions fair, Sing-ing
2. Lit-tle chil-dren are left to a fa-ther's care, Wend-ing
3. Lit-tle feet oft will tire in the rug-ged road, Sad and
4. Bless-ed Fa-ther of love, may Thy gra-cious hand, Lead them

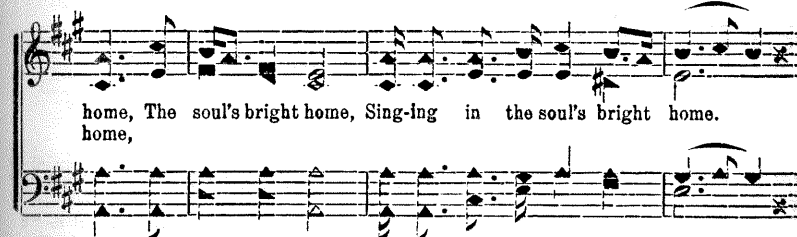


in the soul's bright home; She will pa-tient-ly wait till they
to the soul's bright home; We will give him the help of a
lone-ly they will be; But a dear moth-er's hand beck-ons
in the bless-ed way, Till they all meet her there in the

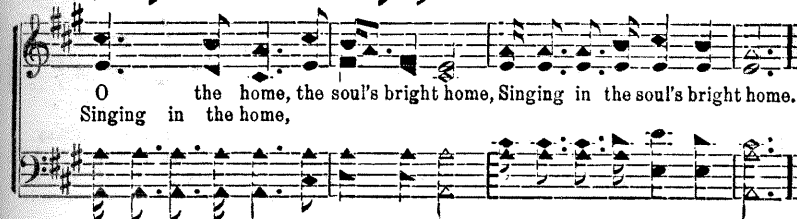
CHORUS.



all meet there, Sing-ing in the soul's bright home. O the
broth-er's pray'r, Go-ing to the soul's bright home.
them to God, Come, my pre-cious ones to me.
heav'n-ly land, Shar-ing that e-ter-nal day. Sing-ing in the



home, The soul's bright home, Sing-ing in the soul's bright home.
home,



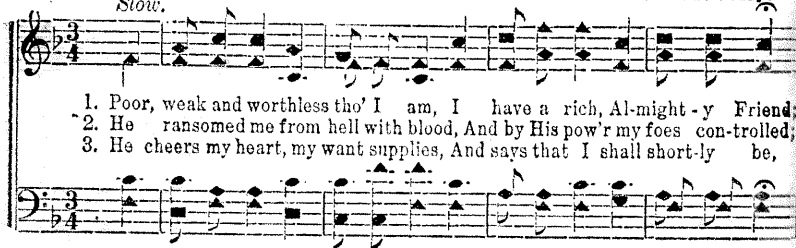
O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Singing in the home,

No. 96.

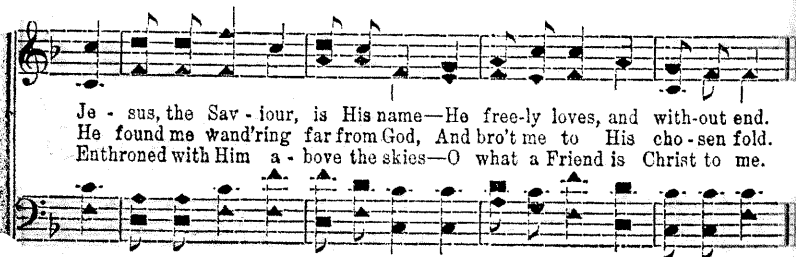
Ester. L. M.

John S. Terry.

Slow.



1. Poor, weak and worthless tho' I am, I have a rich, Al-might-y Friend;
2. He ransomed me from hell with blood, And by His pow'r my foes con-trolled;
3. He cheers my heart, my want supplies, And says that I shall short-ly be,



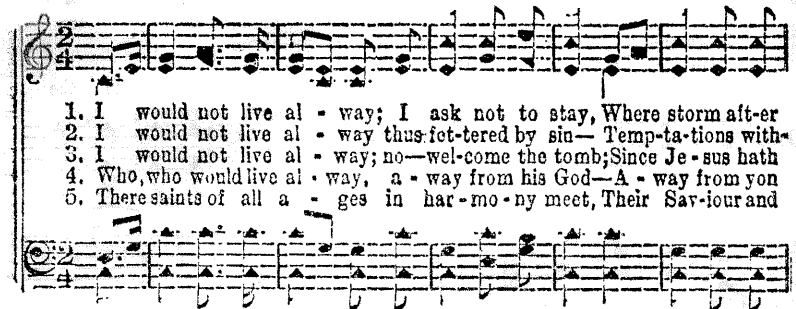
Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is His name—He free-ly loves, and with-out end.
He found me wand'ring far from God, And bro't me to His cho-sen fold.
Enthroned with Him a - bove the skies—O what a Friend is Christ to me.

No. 96 A.

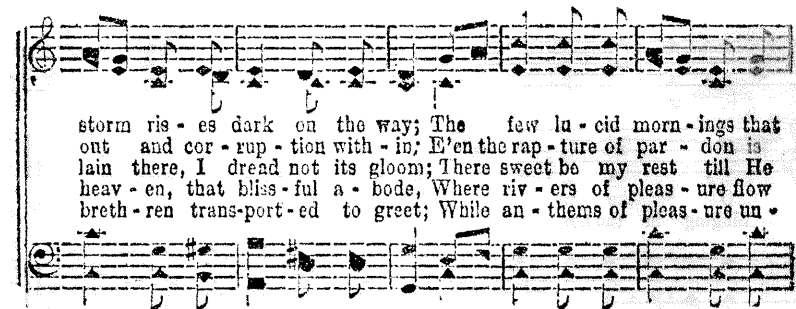
I Would Not Live Alway

WRITTEN BY J. M. HENSON

J. M. HENSON

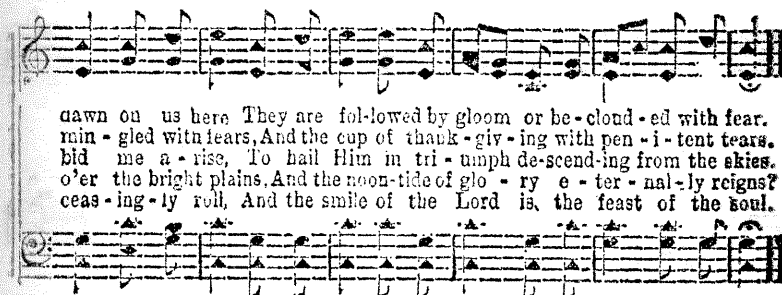


1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter
2. I would not live al - way thus fet-tered by sin—Temp-tations with-
3. I would not live al - way; no—wel-come the tomb; Since Je - sus hath
4. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God—A - way from yon
5. There saints of all a - ges in har-mo - ny meet, Their Sav-iour and



storm ris - es dark on the way; The few lu - cid morn-ings that
out and cor - rup - tion with - in; E'en the rap - ture of par - don is
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till He
heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow
breth - ren trans-ported to greet; While an - thems of pleas - ure un -

I Would Not Live Alway



dawn on us here They are fol-lowed by gloom or be-cloud-ed with fear.
rain - gled with tears, And the cup of thank-giv-ing with pen - i - tent tears.
bid me a - rise, To hail Him in tri - umph de-scend-ing from the skies.
o'er the bright plains. And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal-ly reigns?
ceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

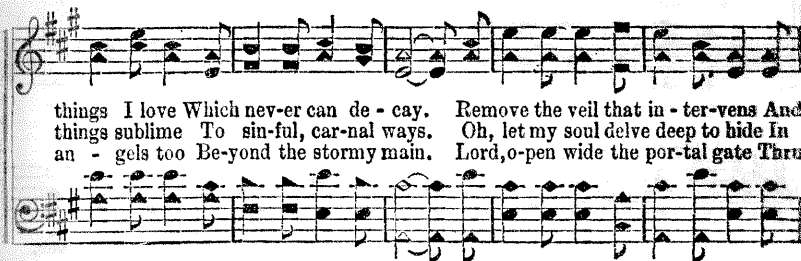
No. 97 I'd Like to See Beyond the Veil

Elder S. F. Moore

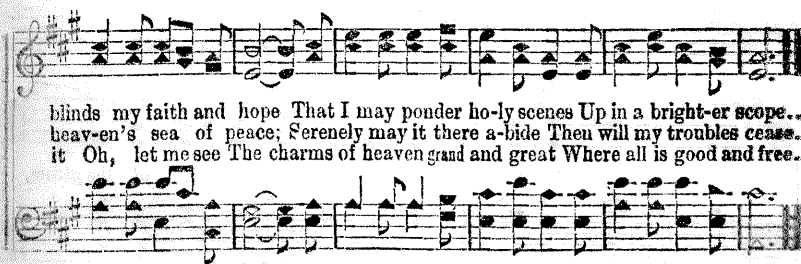
A. N. Whitten



1. Oh, paradise, sweet home above, Roll high your screen I pray And let me see the
2. Where nothing more can steal my time For worship, joy and praise Nor shift my gaze from
3. I long to have a brighter view Of Je-sus and His train Of saints and happy



things I love Which nev-er can de - cay. Remove the veil that in - ter-vens And
things sublime To sin-ful, car-nal ways. Oh, let my soul delve deep to hide in
an - gels too Be-yond the stormy main. Lord, o - pen wide the por-tal gate Thru



blinds my faith and hope That I may ponder ho-ly scenes Up in a bright-er scope..
heav-en's sea of peace; Serenely may it there a-bide Then will my troubles cease.
it Oh, let me see The charms of heaven grand and great Where all is good and free.

No. 98.

It Is I. 12s and 8s.

I. Baltzell.

Used by permission of Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And
2. The storm could not bur - y that word in the wave, 'Twas
3. When the spir - it is brok - en with sor - row and care, And
4. When death is at hand, and this cot - tage of clay, Is

lift - ed its wa - ters on high, And the faith - less dis - ci -
taught through the tem - pest to fly, It shall reach His dis - ci -
com - fort is read - y to die, Then dark - ness shall pass,
left with a trem - u - lous sigh, The gra - cious Re - deem -

PLES were bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."
PLES in ev - er - y age, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
and the sun - shine ap - pear, By the life - giv - ing word "It is I."
er will light all the way, Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

D.S.—"Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

CHORUS.
"It is I. It is I. Fear not, trem - bling one,

it is I." In the midst of the storm, In the midst of the gloom,

No. 99.

Glory Shone Around.

T. J. Allen Alto by Rev. D. C. Allen.

While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down and glo
The an - gel of the Lord came
The an - gel of the Lord came down and

The an - gel of the Lord came down and glo - ry

ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came
down and glo - ry shone around, The an - gel of the Lord came down, came
glo - ry shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came

shone a - round, The an - gel of the Lord came down and glory shone a -

down, And glo - ry shone a - round, and glo - ry shone a - round.
round,

No. 100

The Golden Harp. L. M.

J. P. Rees.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, calm my mind, To play on the gold-en harp,
 2. Re - move each vain, each earthly thought, To play on the gold-en harp.
 3. Hast Thou im - part - ed to my soul, To play on the gold-en harp,
 4. Oh, kin - dle now the sa - cred flame, To play on the gold-en harp,
 5. ▲ bright-er faith and hope im - part, To play on the gold-en harp,
 6. Oh, soothe and cheer my bur-dened heart, To play on the gold-en harp,

And fit me to ap - proach my God, To play on the gold - en harp.
 And lead me to Thy blest a - bode, To play on the gold - en harp.
 A liv - ing spark of ho - ly fire, To play on the gold - en harp.
 And make me burn with pure de - sire, To play on the gold - en harp.
 And let me now my Sav-iour see, To play on the gold - en harp.
 And bid my spir - it rest in Thee, To play on the gold - en harp.

CHORUS.

To play on the gold - en harp, To play on the gold - en harp,

I want to be where Ja - sus is, To play on the gold-en harp.

No. 101. The Saints Bound For Heaven.

J. King and Wm. Walker.

1. Our bond-age, it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our
 2. Our De - liv - 'rers shall come, by and by, by and by, Our
 3. Tho' en - e - mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho'
 4. Tho' Ma-rah's bit - ter streams we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho'
 5. And when to Jor-dan's floods we are come, we are come, And

bondage it shall end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
 De - liv-rers shall come, by and by; And sor-rows have an end,
 en - e - mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts melt with fear,
 Ma-rah's bit - ter streams we'll go on; Tho' Ba-ca's vale be dry,
 when to Jor-dan's floods we are come; Je - ho - vah rules the tide,

Hail the glo - rious ju - bi - lee; And to Ca-naan we'll re - turn, by and
 With our three-score years and ten, And vast glo - ry crown the day, by and
 Lo, Si - na - i's God is near; While the fier - y pil - lar moves we'll go
 And the land yield no sup - ply, To a land of corn and wine we'll go
 And the wa - ters He'll di - vide, And the ransomed host shall shout, We are

by, by and by, And to Ca-naan we'll re - turn, by and by.
 by, by and by, And vast glo - ry crown the day, by and by.
 on, we'll go on, While the fier - y pil - lar moves we'll go on.
 on, we'll go on, To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.
 come, we are come, And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.

No. 102

Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER. By per.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of

1. far, For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
 2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
 3. praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
 2. bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by and by
 3. hal-low our days. In the sweet by and by

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and
 by and by, by and by,

by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 by and by,

No. 103

Hallelujah. C. M.

Wm. Walker.

1. { And let this fee - ble bod-y fail, And let it faint and die;
 { My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.
 2. { In hope of that im - mor-tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain;
 { And glad - ly wan - der up and down, And smile at toil and pain.
 3. { O what hath Je - sus bought for me! Be - fore my rap - tured eyes,
 { Riv - ers of life di - vine I see, And trees of par - a - dise.
 4. { O what are all my suff'rings here, If, Lord, Thou count me meet.
 { With that en - rap - tured host t' appear And worship at Thy feet!

{ Shall join the dis - em - bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest,
 { (That on - ly bliss for which it pants) In the Re - deem-er's breast.
 { I suf - fer on my three-score years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come.
 { And wipe a - way His ser - vant's tears, And take His ex - ile home.
 { I see a world of spir - its bright, Who taste the pleas-ures there;
 { They all are robed in spot - less white, And conqu'ring palms they bear.
 { Give joy or grief—give ease or pain; Take life or friends a - way;
 { But let me find them all a - gain In that e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

And I'll sing hal - le - lu - jah! And you'll sing hal - le - lu - jah!

And we'll all sing hal - le - lu - jah! When we ar - rive at home.

No. 104

Ocean. C. M. 8 Lines.

Swa.

1. Thy works of glo - ry, mighty Lord, That rules the boi - t'rous sea,

The sons of courage shall re - cord, Who tempt the dang'rous way.

At Thy com-mand the winds a - rise, And swell the tow-'ring
At Thy com-mand the winds a - rise, And swell the tow-'ring

At Thy com-mand the winds a - rise, And swell the tow-'ring
tow-'ring wave;
wave;.....
mand the winds a - rise and swell the tow-'ring wave; The
wave.....

men, a-ston-ish-ed, mount the skies, and sink in gap - ing graves.

No. 105. Alas And Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts, 1707.

L. P. Breedlove.
Alto, Miss Lessie Green.

1. A - las and did my Sa - viour bleed? A - las and did
2. Would He de - vote His sa - cred head, Would He de - vote

my Sa - viour bleed? A - las and did my Sa - viour bleed? And
His sa - cred head, Would He de - vote His sa - cred head, For

CHORUS.
did my Sov - 'reign die? I have but one more riv - er to
such a worm as I?

cross, I have but one more riv - er to cross, I

have but one more riv - er to cross, and then I'll be at rest.

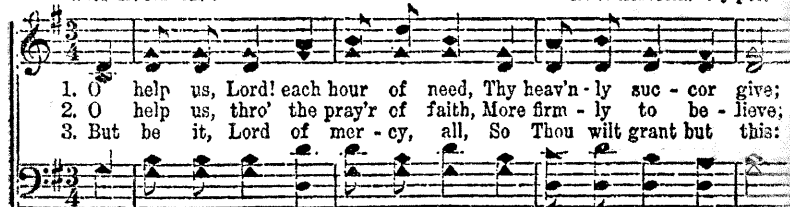
No. 106.

REDEEMING LOVE.

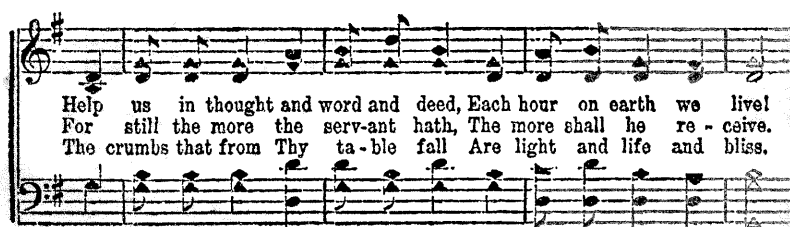
"Lord, help me."—MATT 15: 25.

HENRY H. MUMMAN.

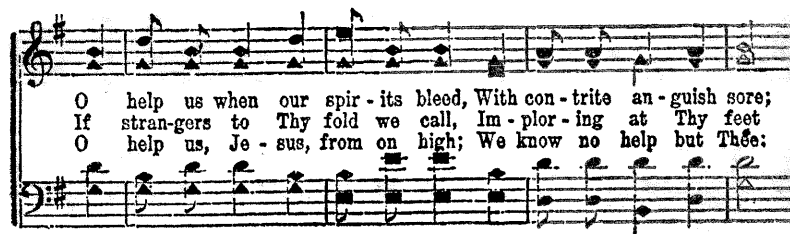
A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



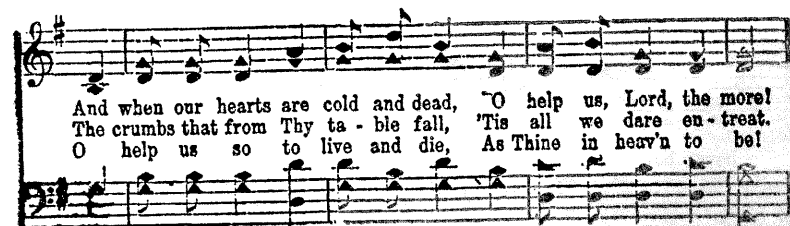
1. O help us, Lord! each hour of need, Thy heav'n-ly suc - cor give;
 2. O help us, thro' the pray'r of faith, More firm - ly to be - lieve;
 3. But be it, Lord of mer - cy, all, So Thou wilt grant but this:



Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live!
 For still the more the serv-ant hath, The more shall he re - ceive.
 The crumbs that from Thy ta - ble fall Are light and life and bliss.



O help us when our spir - its bleed, With con - trite an - guish sore;
 If stran - gers to Thy fold we call, Im - plor - ing at Thy feet
 O help us, Je - sus, from on high; We know no help but Thee:



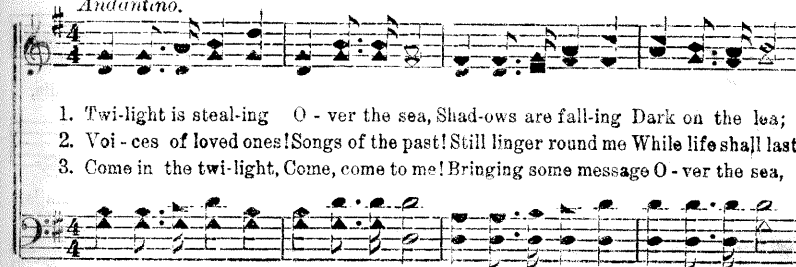
And when our hearts are cold and dead, O help us, Lord, the more!
 The crumbs that from Thy ta - ble fall, 'Tis all we dare en - treat.
 O help us so to live and die, As Thine in heav'n to be!

No. 107.

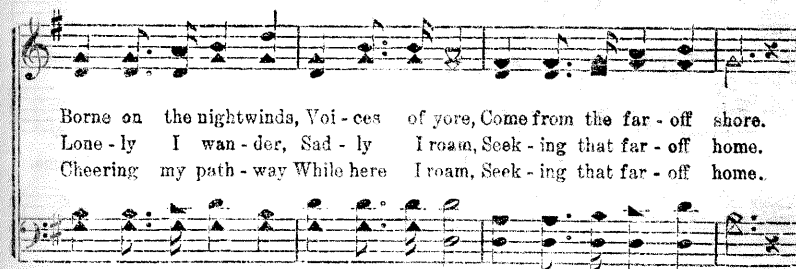
Twilight Is Falling.

A. S. Kieffer.


B. C. Unseld.

Andantino.


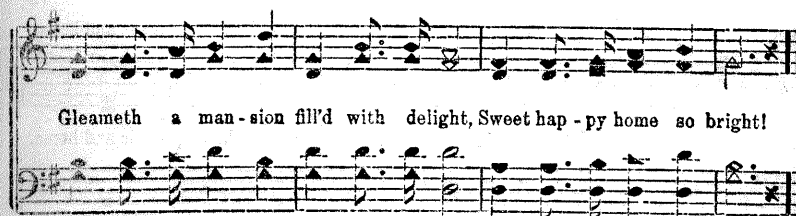
1. Twi-light is steal-ing O - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
 2. Voi - ces of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still linger round me While life shall last:
 3. Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bringing some message O - ver the sea,



Borne on the nightwinds, Voi - ces of yore, Come from the far - off shore.
 Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
 Cheering my path - way While here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.



f CHORUS.
 Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev - er, nev - er dies,



Gleameth a man - sion fill'd with delight, Sweet hap - py home so bright!

No. 108. Mother, Childhood, Friends and Home.

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A. S. Kieffer.

Moderato.

1. Twin'd with ev - 'ry earth - ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can - not die,

2. Oth - er climes may charm a - while, Oth - er eyes in beau - ty smile,

Breath-ing still wher-e'er we roam, Moth - er, childhood, friends and home.

Yet we mur-mur as we roam, Moth - er, childhood, friends and home.

Green the gar - den where we play'd, Dear the old fa - mil - iar shade,

All of joy we fond - ly prize, Twin'd with all our fond - est ties;

In our dreams how oft they come, Moth - er, childhood, friends and home.

Sa - cred still wher - e're we roam, Moth - er, childhood, friends and home.

No. 109

King of Peace.

Arr. by F. Price.

With earnest expression.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anx - ious tho't,

2. If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull and life - less frame?

3. Could my heart so hard re - main, Prayer a task and bur - den prove,

Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?

Hard - ly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev - er heard His name.

Ev - 'ry tri - fle give me pain, If I knew a Sav - iour's love?

No. 109-a Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick, 1742

Arr. H. F. Morris

1. Child - ren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing;

2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;

3. Fear not breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;

4. Lord sub - mis - sive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing our Sav - ior's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious is His works and ways.

They are hap - py now and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

Je - sus Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.

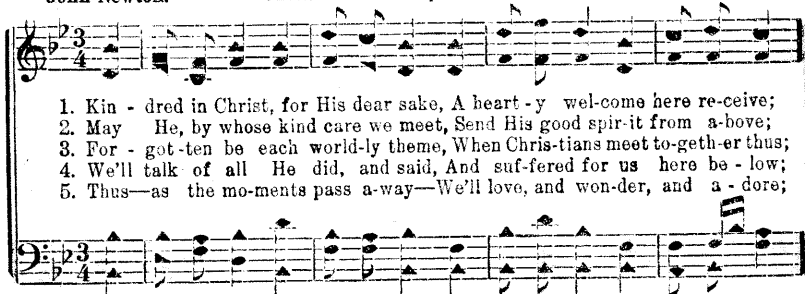
On - ly Thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

No. 110. Kindred In Christ For His Dear Sake.

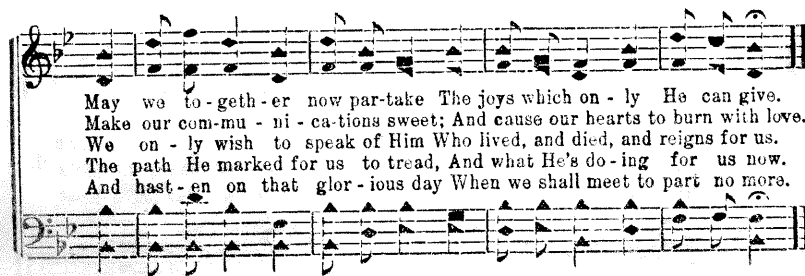
John Newton.

Christian fellowship.—ACTS 10: 33.

A. Chapin, 1898.



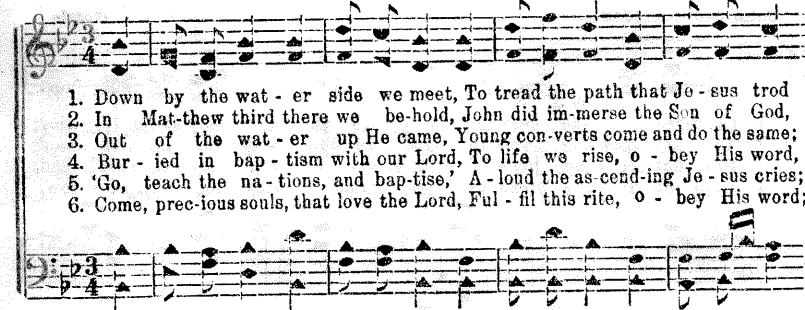
1. Kin - dred in Christ, for His dear sake, A heart - y wel - come here re - ceive;
2. May He, by whose kind care we meet, Send His good spir - it from a - bove;
3. For - got - ten be each world - ly theme, When Chris - tians meet to - geth - er thus;
4. We'll talk of all He did, and said, And suf - fered for us here be - low;
5. Thus—as the mo - ments pass a - way—We'll love, and won - der, and a - dore;



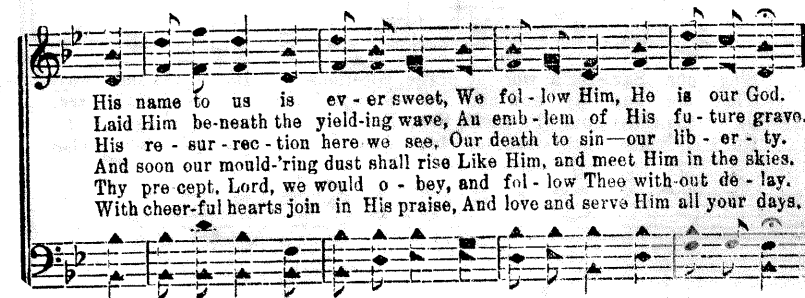
May we to - geth - er now par - take The joys which on - ly He can give.
Make our com - mu - ni - cations sweet; And cause our hearts to burn with love.
We on - ly wish to speak of Him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
The path He marked for us to tread, And what He's do - ing for us now.
And hast - en on that glor - ious day When we shall meet to part no more.

No. 110A. Down By The Water Side.

Christ baptized of John. Matt. ch. iii. A. Chapin, 1898.



1. Down by the wat - er side we meet, To tread the path that Je - sus trod
2. In Mat - thew third there we be - hold, John did im - merse the Son of God;
3. Out of the wat - er up He came, Young con - verts come and do the same;
4. Bur - ied in bap - tism with our Lord, To life we rise, o - bey His word;
5. 'Go, teach the na - tions, and bap - tize,' A - loud the as - cend - ing Je - sus cries;
6. Come, prec - ious souls, that love the Lord, Ful - fil this rite, o - bey His word;



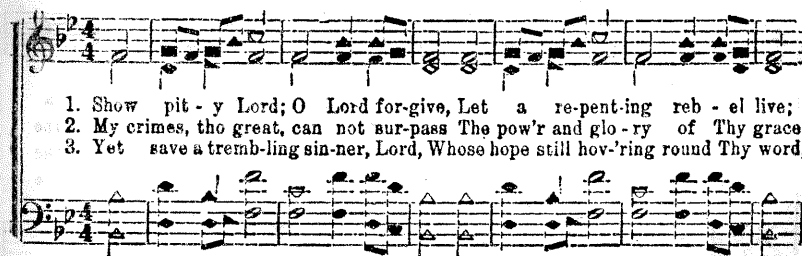
His name to us is ev - er sweet, We fol - low Him, He is our God.
Laid Him be - neath the yield - ing wave, An emb - lem of His fu - ture grave.
His re - sur - rec - tion here we see, Our death to sin—our lib - er - ty.
And soon our mould - ring dust shall rise Like Him, and meet Him in the skies.
Thy pre - cept, Lord, we would o - bey, and fol - low Thee with - out de - lay.
With cheer - ful hearts join in His praise, And love and serve Him all your days.

No. 111.

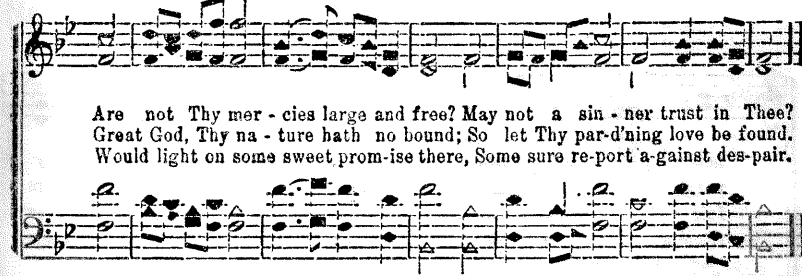
Show Pity, Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Jno. Massengale, Alto, W. M. C.



1. Show pit - y Lord; O Lord for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, can not sur - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace
3. Yet save a tremb - ling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope still hov - ring round Thy word,



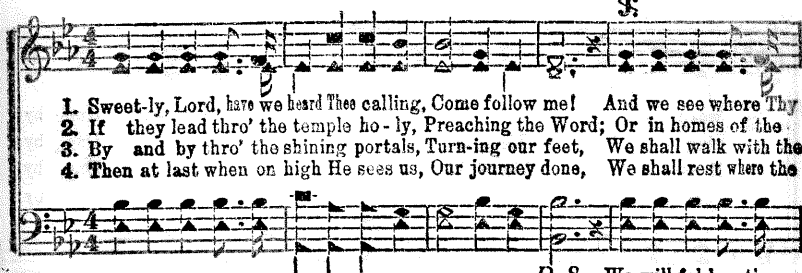
Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound; So let Thy par - d'ning love be found.
Would light on some sweet prom - ise there, Some sure re - port a - gainst des - pair.

No. 111A.

Footsteps Of Jesus.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come follow me! And we see where Thy
2. If they lead thro' the temple ho - ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
3. By and by thro' the shining portals, Turn - ing our feet, We shall walk with the
4. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

D. S.—We will fol - low the



footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.
poor and low - ly, Serving the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
glad im - mor - tals, Hear'n's golden streets.
steps of Je - sus End at His throne.

steps of Je - sus, Where'er they go,

No. 112.

She Is Sleeping.

Mrs. Underwood.

Chas. Edw. Follock.

1. She is sleep - ing, calm - ly sleep - ing, In a
 2. She is sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, In the
 3. She is bloom - ing, bright - ly bloom - ing, 'Mid the
 4. She is wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing, For the

new - made grave to-day; We are weep - ing, sad - ly
 par - a - dise a - bove, Where ce - les - tial courts are
 fair - est flow'rs of light, In the gar - den of sweet
 friends she loved the best, And she'll glad - ly hail their

weep - ing, For the dar - ling gone a - way. One by
 ring - ing With the mel - o - dy of love. One by
 E - den Where the flow - ers nev - er blight. One by
 com - ing, To the man - sions of the blest. One by

one the gen - tle Shep - herd Gath - ers lambs from ev - 'ry fold,
 one the Sav - iour gath - ers Earth - ly min - strels for His own,
 one the Fa - ther gath - ers Choicest flow - ers, rich and rare,
 one the Lord will call us, As our la - bor here is done;

She Is Sleeping. Concluded.

Folds them to His lov - ing bo - som With a ten - der - ness un - told.
 And our Maud has joined the chor - us Of the an - gels round the throne.
 And transplants them in His gar - den; They will bloom for - ev - er there.
 And then as we cross the riv - er, We may meet her one by one.

No. 113.

Coronation. C. M.

O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race—A rem - nant weak and small—
 3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
 4. Let ev - 'ry kind - red, ev - 'ry tribe, On this te - res - trial ball,
 5. O, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

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

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

No. 114.

Condescension.

1. Je - sus, in Thy trans- port - ing name What bliss - ful glo - ries rise;
 2. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky For mis - er - ies and woes?
 3. Vic - to - rious love! can lan - guage tell The won - ders of Thy pow'r,
 4. What glad re - turn can I im - part For fa - vors so di - vine?

Je - sus—the an - gels' sweet - est theme— The won - der of the skies, skies.
 And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die For vile, re - bel - ious foes? foes!
 Which con - quered all the force of hell In that tre - men - dous hour? hour!
 O take my heart, this bro - ken heart, And make it on - ly Thine. Thine.

No. 114A.

BALERMA

"Bear ye one another's burden."—GAL. 6: 2.

Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

C. WENLEY.

1. Help us to help each oth - er, Lord, Each other's cross to bear;
 2. Help us to build each oth - er up, Our lit - tle stock im - prove;
 3. Up in - to Thee, the liv - ing Head, Let us in all things grow;
 4. Then, when the mighty work is wrought, Receive thy read - y bride:

Let each his friendly aid af - ford, And feel his brother's care.
 In - crease our faith, con - firm our hope, And perfect us in love.
 Till Thou hast made us free in - deed, And spotless here be - low.
 Give us in heav'n a hap - py lot With all the san - ti - fied.

No. 114 B

Traveling Pilgrim.

H. S. Rees. Alto, Mrs. R. D. B.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, Where there's no more storm - y clouds to rise.
 2. My Sa - viour smiles, and bids me come, Where there's no more storm - y clouds to rise.

CHORUS.

To the land, To the land, To the land, I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.

No. 114 C

Cross And Crown.

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

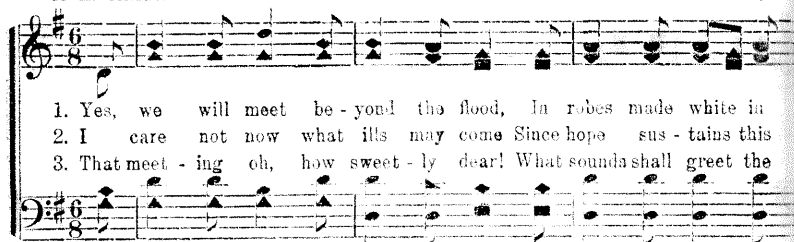
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - rowing here;
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 4. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 5. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O re - sur - rec - tion day!

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

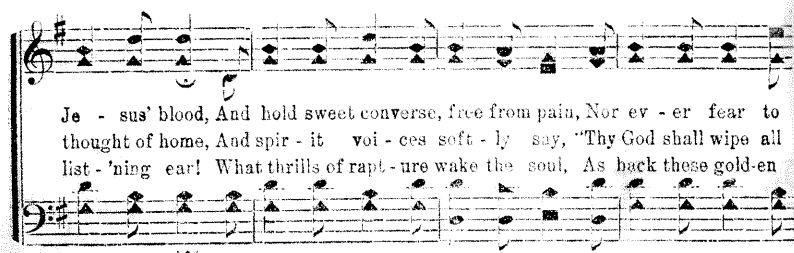
No. 115. *Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs.

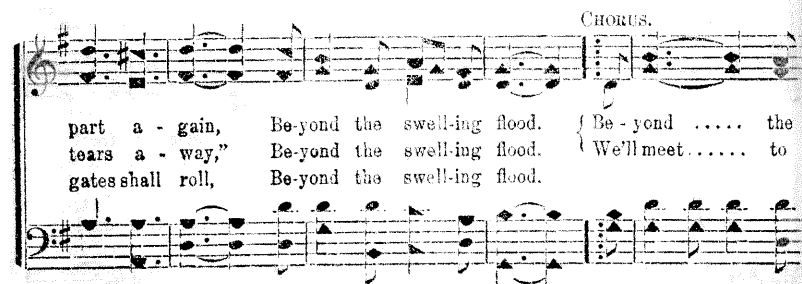
J. H. Tenney.



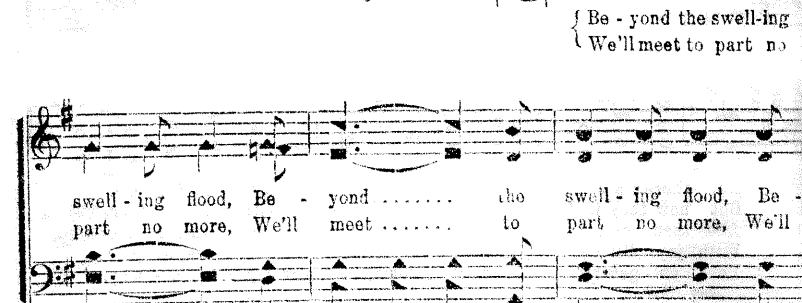
1. Yes, we will meet be - yond the flood, In robes made white in
 2. I care not now what ills may come Since hope sus - tains this
 3. That meet - ing oh, how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the



Je - sus' blood, And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to
 thought of home, And spir - it voi - ces soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all
 list - 'ning ear! What thrills of rapt - ure wake the soul, As back these gold - en



CHORUS.
 part a - gain, Be - yond the swelling flood. { Be - yond the
 tears a - way," Be - yond the swelling flood. { We'll meet to
 gates shall roll, Be - yond the swelling flood.

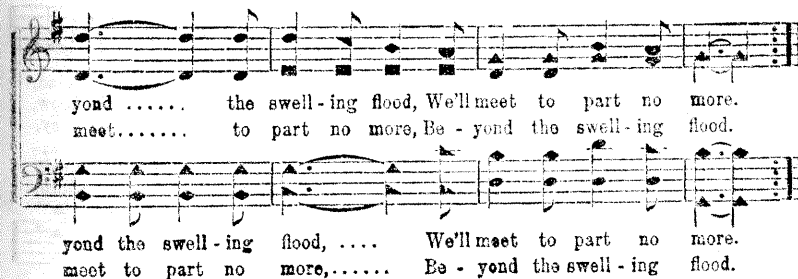


{ Be - yond the swell - ing
 { We'll meet to part no
 swell - ing flood, Be - yond the swell - ing flood, Be -
 part no more, We'll meet to part no more, We'll

flood, Be - yond the swell - ing flood, Be -
 more, We'll meet to part no more, We'll

*From Golden Sunbeams, by per.

Beyond the Swelling Flood. Concluded.

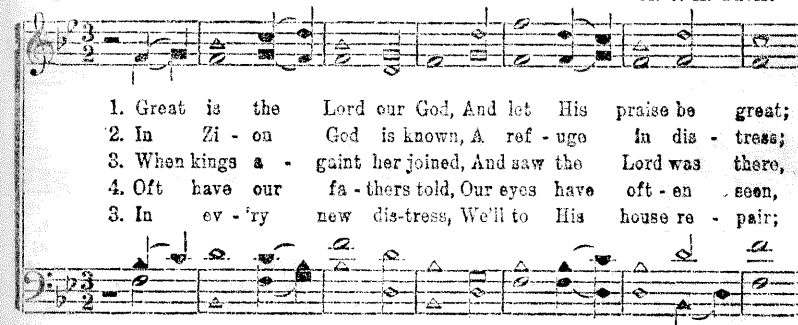


yond the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
 meet to part no more, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.
 yond the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
 meet to part no more, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

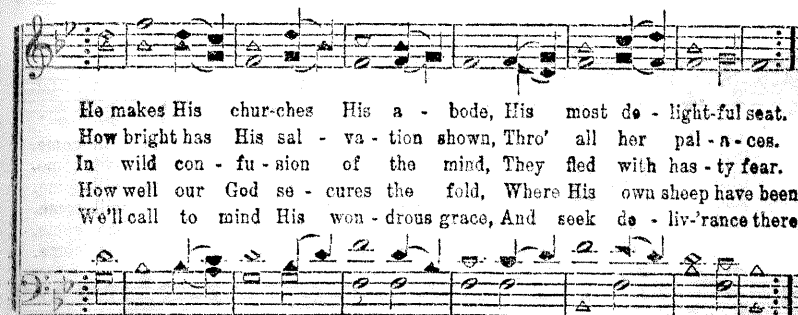
No. 116.

Newry. S. M.

M. C. H. Davis.



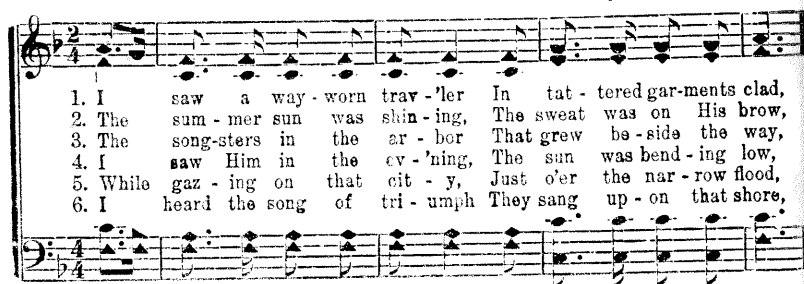
1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;
 2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress;
 3. When kings a - gaint her joined, And saw the Lord was there,
 4. Oft have our fa - thers told, Our eyes have oft - en seen,
 3. In ev - 'ry new dis - tress, We'll to His house re - pair;



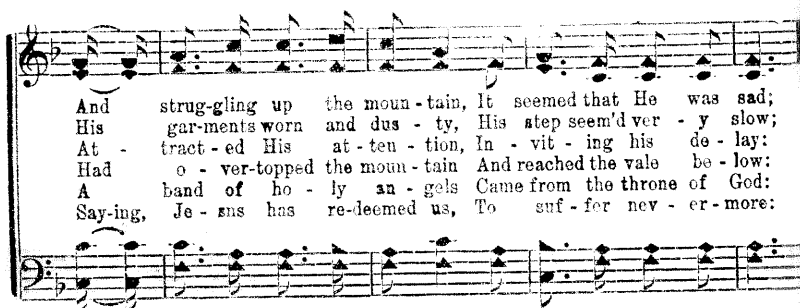
He makes His churches His a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
 How bright has His sal - va - tion shown, Thro' all her pal - a - ces.
 In wild con - fu - sion of the mind, They fled with has - ty fear.
 How well our God se - cures the fold, Where His own sheep have been.
 We'll call to mind His won - drous grace, And seek de - liv - rance there.

No. 117. Deliverance Will Come.

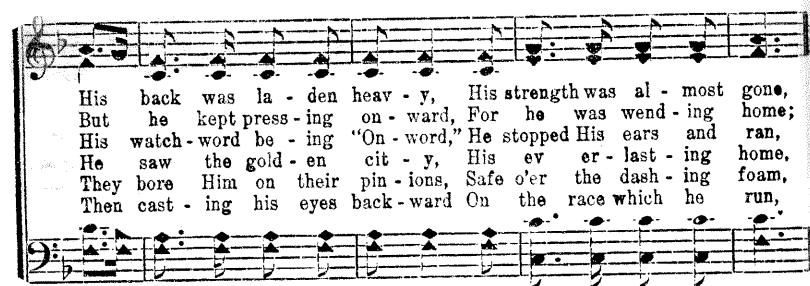
Arr. by D. W. McDonald.



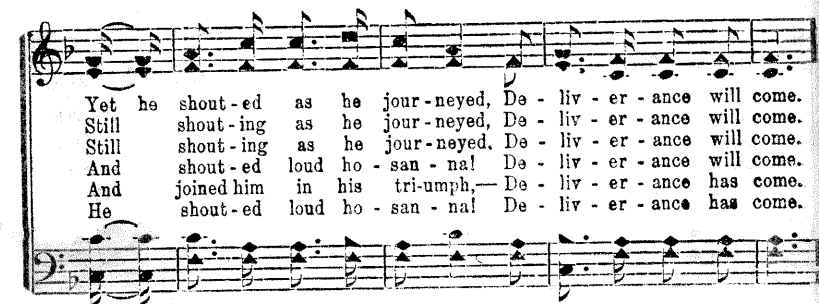
1. I saw a way-worn trav-ler In tat-tered gar-ments clad,
 2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on His brow,
 3. The song-sters in the ar-bor That grew be-side the way,
 4. I saw Him in the ev-'ning, The sun was bend-ing low,
 5. While gaz-ing on that cit-y, Just o'er the nar-row flood,
 6. I heard the song of tri-umph They sang up-on that shore,



And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that He was sad;
 His gar-ments worn and dus-ty, His step seem'd ver-y slow;
 At-tract-ed His at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay;
 Had o-ver-topped the moun-tain And reached the vale be-low:
 A band of ho-ly an-gels Came from the throne of God:
 Say-ing, Je-sus has re-deemed us, To suf-fer nev-er-more:



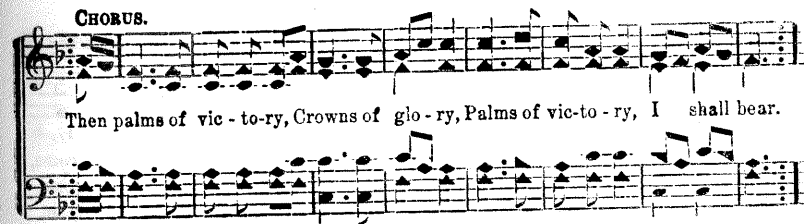
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
 But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
 His watch-word be-ing "On-word," He stopped His ears and ran,
 He saw the gold-en cit-y, His ev-er-last-ing home.
 They bore Him on their pin-ions, Safe o'er the dash-ing foam,
 Then cast-ing his eyes back-ward On the race which he run,



Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
 And shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.
 And joined him in his tri-umph, De-liv-er-ance has come.
 He shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance has come.

Deliverance Will Come. Concluded.

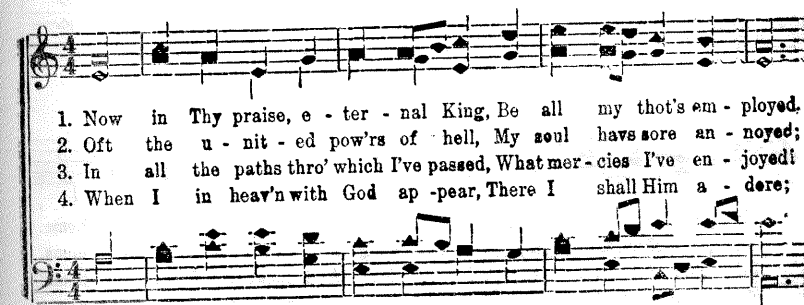
CHORUS.



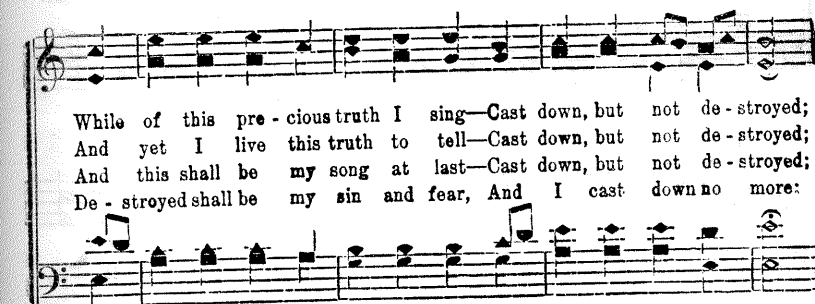
Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry, I shall bear.

No. 118.

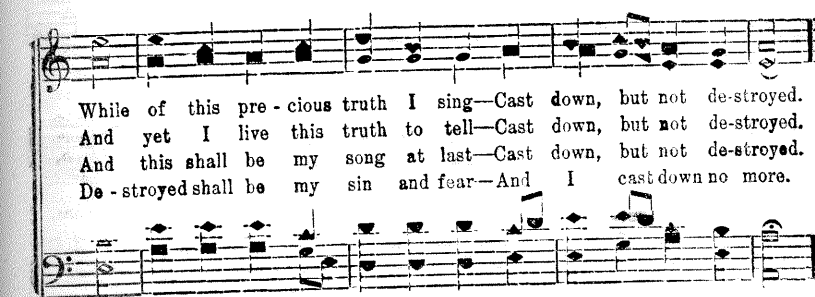
Fairfield. C. M.



1. Now in Thy praise, e-ter-nal King, Be all my thot's em-ployed.
 2. Oft the u-nit-ed pow'rs of hell, My soul have sore an-noyed;
 3. In all the paths thro' which I've passed, What mer-cies I've en-joyed!
 4. When I in heav'n with God ap-pear, There I shall Him a-dore;



While of this pre-cious truth I sing—Cast down, but not de-royed;
 And yet I live this truth to tell—Cast down, but not de-royed;
 And this shall be my song at last—Cast down, but not de-royed;
 De-royed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more:



While of this pre-cious truth I sing—Cast down, but not de-royed.
 And yet I live this truth to tell—Cast down, but not de-royed.
 And this shall be my song at last—Cast down, but not de-royed.
 De-royed shall be my sin and fear—And I cast down no more.

No. 119

Penick. C. M.

My mother passed sweetly away singing this song.—A. N. Whitten.

M. Sikes.

1. While trav-'ling thro' the world be - low Where sore af - flic - tions come,
 2. My soul's de - light has been to sing Of glo - rious days to come,
 3. Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod - y cease to roam.
 4. My ceaseless pleas - ure then shall be, Thro' end - less days to come,
 5. And then I want these lines to be In - scribed up - on my tomb,

My soul a - bounds with Joy to know That I will rest at home.
 When I shall, with my God and King For - ev - er rest at home.
 I'll bid fare-well to all be - low And meet my friends at home.
 To sing that Je - sus died for me And range my peace - ful home.
 Here lies the dust of S. R. P. His Spir - it sings at home.

CHORUS.

Car - ry me home, car - ry me home,..... When my life is o'er,

Then car - ry me to my long sought home, Where pain is felt no more.

No. 120.

Let Us Sing.

W. F. Moore, 1867.

Shall we ev - er meet a - gain at the house, at the house, Then to make the

Let us sing,.... sweet-ly sing,
 cho-rus ring at the house of God? Let us sing, sweet-ly sing,
 Let us sing, sweet-ly sing,

Sing, at the house then we'll sing, Sweetly sing at the house of God.

No. 121

Leaning On Jesus' Breast.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten.

O that my Lord would come.... and meet My soul would

stretch..... her wings in haste, Fly fear-less thro' death's

i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she

passed; Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed feel
Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed feel soft as

soft as down-y pil-lows are, While on His breast I
down-y pil-lows are,.....

Leaning On Jesus' Breast. Concluded.

lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there, And breathe,
And breathe my life

and breathe, and breathe, and breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.
out sweet-ly there..... And breathe, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 121½. The Throne of Grace. S. M.

Newton.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace, The prom - ise calls me near;
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprink - led round I see;
3. Be - yond thy ut - most wants His love and pow'r can bless;
4. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love;
5. Teach me to live by faith, Con - form my will to Thine;

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
Pro - vides for those that come to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.
To pray - ing souls He ev - er grants More than they can ex - press.
I ask to serve Thee here be - low And reign with Thee a - bove.
Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.

No. 122

The Morning Trumpet.

B. F. White. Alto by W. M. C.

{ O when shall I see Je - sus, And reigh with Him above, And shall
And from the flow - ing fountain Drink ev - er - last - ing love, And shall

{ When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin? And shall
And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleasures in? And shall

CHORUS.

hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
hear the trumpet sound in that morning. } Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall

hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
hear the trumpet sound in that morning. } Shout, O glo - ry! for I shall

mount a - bove the skies, When I hear the trum - pet sound in that morn - ing.

No. 123.

Liverpool. C. M.

1. A throne of grace!—then let us go And of - fer up our prayer;
2. A throne of grace!—O at that throne Our knees have oft - en bent;
3. A throne of grace!—re - joice, ye saints, That throne is o - pen still;
4. A throne of grace we yet shall need, Long as we draw our breath,
5. The throne of glo - ry then shall glow With beams from Je - sus' face;

A gra - cious God will mer - cy show, To all that wor - ship there.
And God has show'd His bless - ings down As oft - en as we went.
To God un - bos - om your com - plaints, And then in - quire His will.
A Sav - iour too to in - ter - cede, Till we are changed by death.
And we no long - er want shall know, Nor need a throne of grace.

No. 123 A.

Avon. C. M.

Joseph Hart.

Hugh Wilson.

1. That dread - ful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee;
3. Thy suff - rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re - mem - brance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee;

Did al - most with His dy - ing breath This sol - emn feast or - dain.
Help each re - deemed one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!

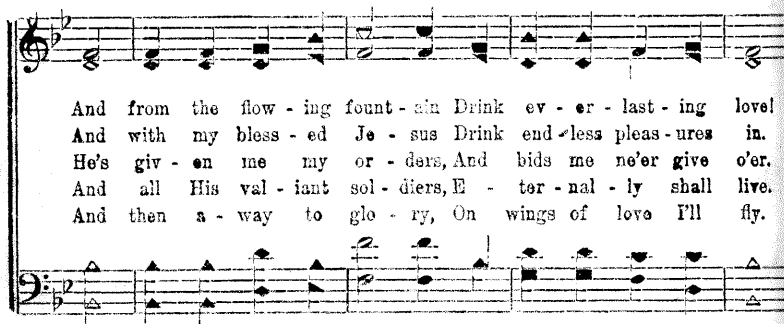
No. 124

Bound For Canaan.

E. J. King.



1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove!
 2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin?
 3. But now I am a sol - dier, My Cap - tain's gone be - fore:
 4. His prom - is - es are faith - ful, A right - eous crown He'll give,
 5. Thro' grace I feel de - ter - mined To con - quer, tho' I die;

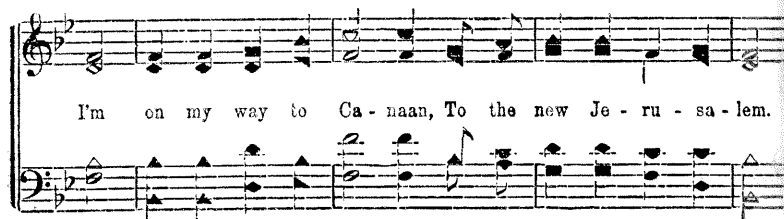


And from the flow - ing fount - ain Drink ev - er - last - ing love!
 And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end - less pleas - ures in.
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bids me ne'er give o'er.
 And all His val - iant sol - diers, E - ter - nal - ly shall live.
 And then a - way to glo - ry, On wings of love I'll fly.

CHORUS.



I'm on my way to Ca - naan, I'm on my way to Ca - naan,

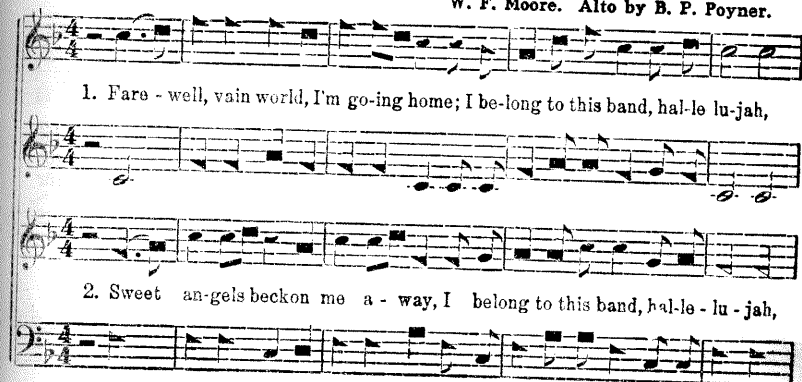


I'm on my way to Ca - naan, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

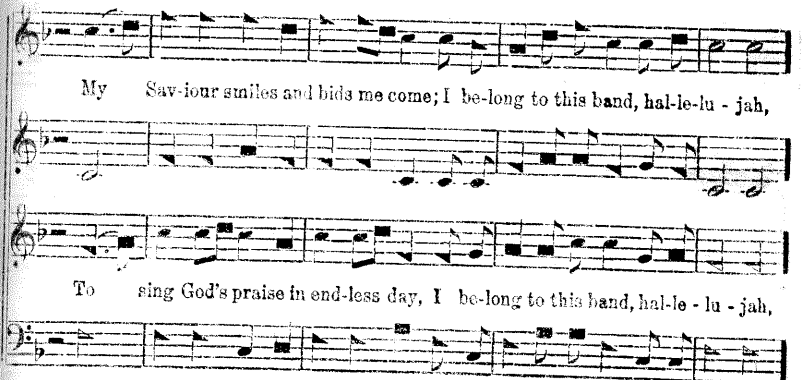
No. 125.

Ragan.

W. F. Moore. Alto by B. P. Poyner.

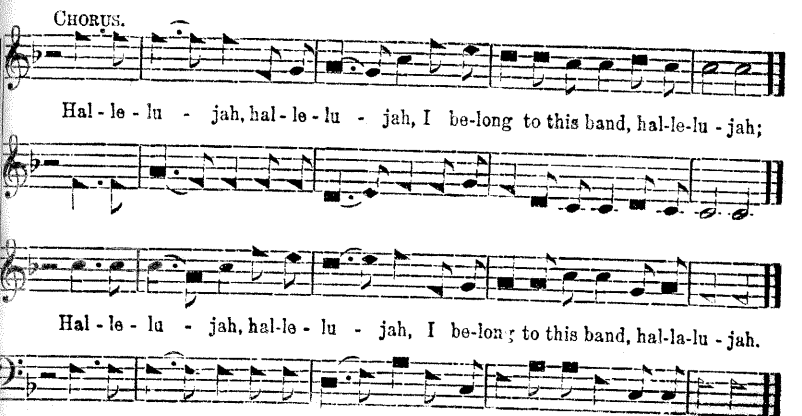


1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home; I be - long to this band, hal - le - lu - jah,



2. Sweet an - gels beckon me a - way, I belong to this band, hal - le - lu - jah,
 My Sav - iour smiles and bids me come; I be - long to this band, hal - le - lu - jah,
 To sing God's praise in end - less day, I be - long to this band, hal - le - lu - jah,

CHORUS.



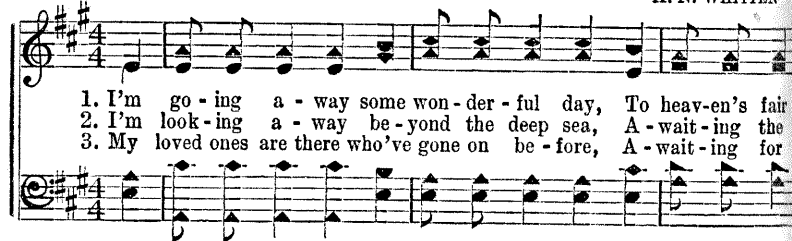
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I be - long to this band, hal - le - lu - jah;
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I be - long to this band, hal - le - lu - jah.

No. 126 I'm Going O'er Home, O Wonderful Trip

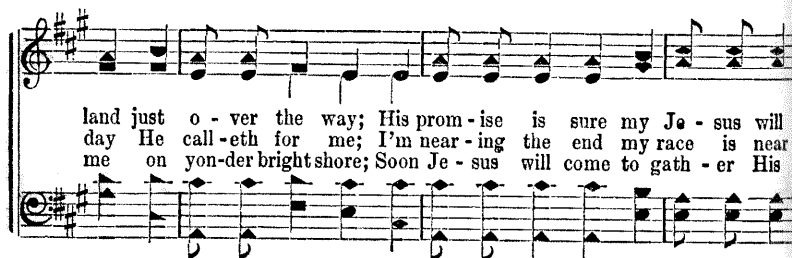
Composed by Mrs. J. B. Edwards and dedicated to A. N. Whitten and Elder S. F. Moore
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MRS. J. B. EDWARDS

A. N. WHITTEN

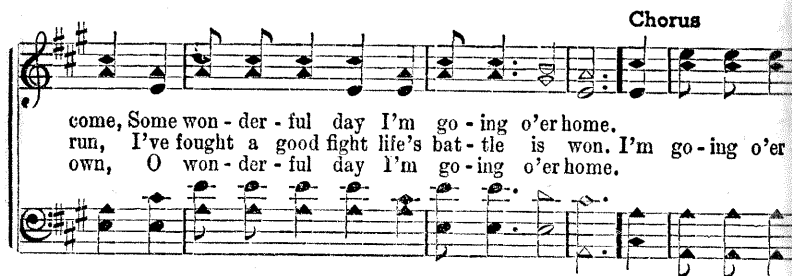


1. I'm go - ing a - way some won - der - ful day, To heav - en's fair
2. I'm look - ing a - way be - yond the deep sea, A - wait - ing the
3. My loved ones are there who've gone on be - fore, A - wait - ing for



land just o - ver the way; His prom - ise is sure my Je - sus will
day He call - eth for me; I'm near - ing the end my race is near
me on yon - der bright shore; Soon Je - sus will come to gath - er His

Chorus



come, Some won - der - ful day I'm go - ing o'er home.
run, I've fought a good fight life's bat - tle is won. I'm go - ing o'er
own, O won - der - ful day I'm go - ing o'er home.



home O won - der - ful trip, My Je - sus is near to



pi - lot my ship, Tho Tem - pest may roar The bil - lows may

I'm Going O'er Home, O Wonderful Trip



foam With Christ at the helm I'm go - ing o'er home.

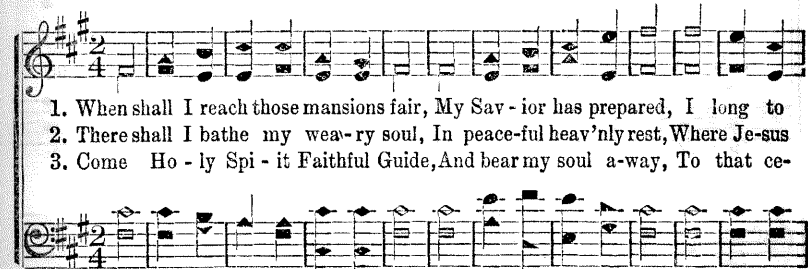
No. 127

From The Heavenly Choir

A. N. W.

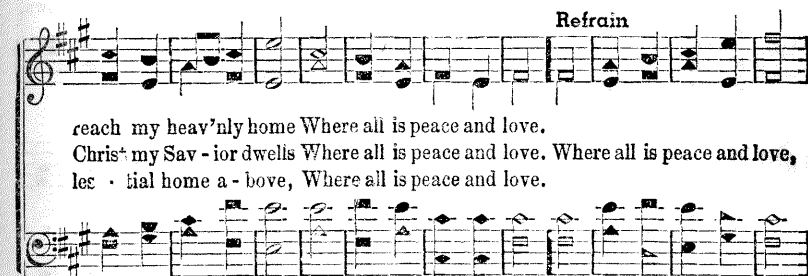
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A. N. WHITTEN

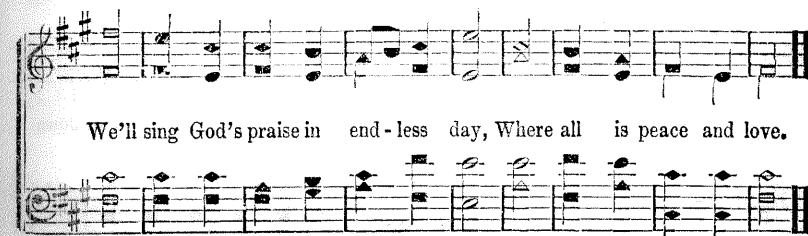


1. When shall I reach those mansions fair, My Sav - ior has prepared, I long to
2. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul, In peace - ful heav'nly rest, Where Je - sus
3. Come Ho - ly Spi - it Faithful Guide, And bear my soul a - way, To that ce -

Refrain



reach my heav'nly home Where all is peace and love.
Chris* my Sav - ior dwells Where all is peace and love. Where all is peace and love,
les - tial home a - bove, Where all is peace and love.

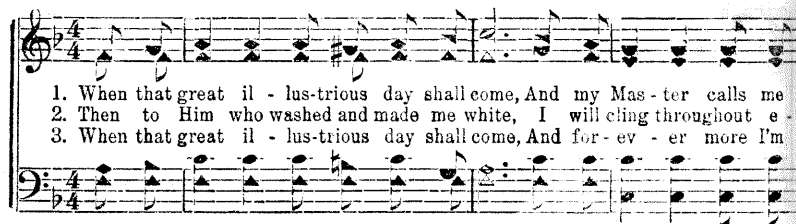


We'll sing God's praise in end - less day, Where all is peace and love.

No. 128. Golden Harp and Crown.

A. J. S.

A. J. Showalter.

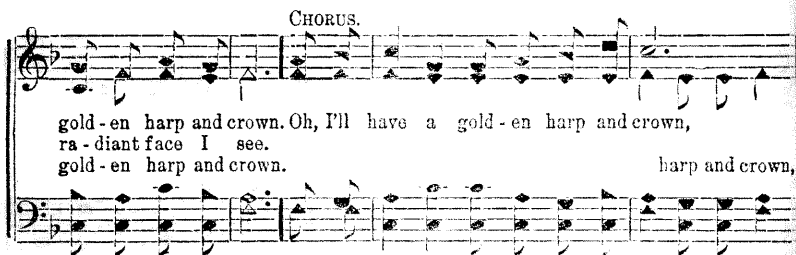


1. When that great il - lus-trious day shall come, And my Mas-ter calls me
2. Then to Him who washed and made me white, I will cling throughout e-
3. When that great il - lus-trious day shall come, And for-ev-er more I'm



to my home, I will lay my cross and ar-mor down, And take up my
tes-ni-ty: Oh, the rap-turous joy and sweet de-light, When my Sav-iour's
safe at home, I will lay my cross and ar-mor down, And take up my

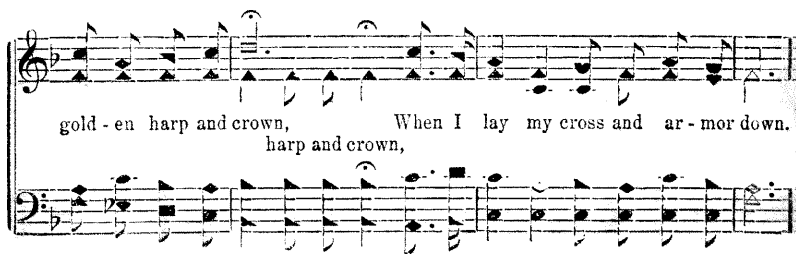
CHORUS.



gold-en harp and crown. Oh, I'll have a gold-en harp and crown,
ra-diant face I see.
gold-en harp and crown. harp and crown,



When I lay my cross and ar-mor down, Yes, I'll have a
ar-mor down,



gold-en harp and crown, When I lay my cross and ar-mor down.
harp and crown,

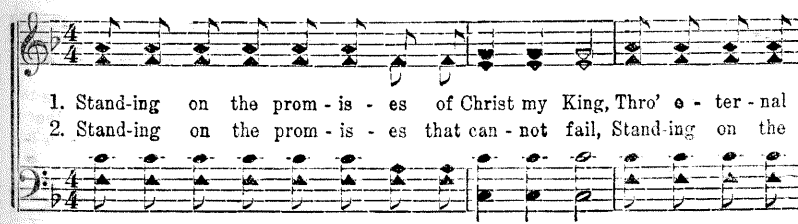
No. 129.

Christ Our King.

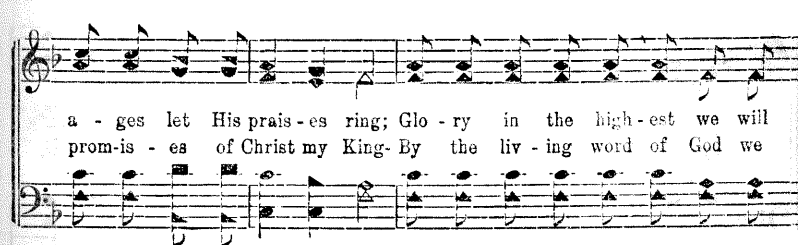
A. N. W.

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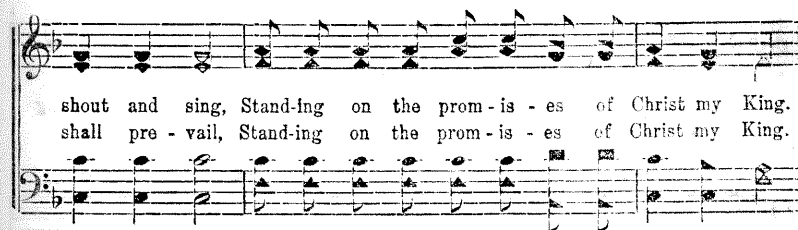
A. N. Whitten.



1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, Stand-ing on the

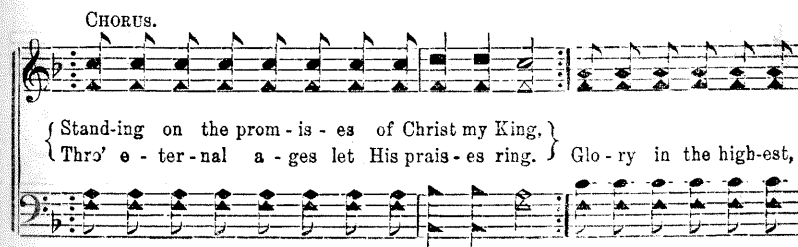


a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est we will
prom-is-es of Christ my King-By the liv-ing word of God we

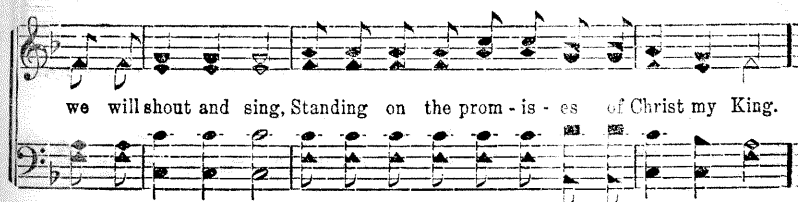


shout and sing, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King.
shall pre-vail, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King.

CHORUS.



{ Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King.
{ Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring. } Glo-ry in the high-est,



we will shout and sing, Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King.

No. 130. Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartet."

J. C. B.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is
 2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the
 3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a -

still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er broth - er,
 mourn - ers tear, Lov - ing still to trace the sto - ry
 cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row,

REFRAIN.

In His ev - er - last - ing name. Weep - ing one, weep - ing
 Of the hearts He strengthened hear.
 He the same doth ev - er prove. Weeping one,

one, Sav - ior who can love like Thee, Weep - ing one,
 weeping one,

one, weep - ing one, Weeping one of Beth - a - ny.
 Weeping one, weeping one,

No. 131.

Sweet Canaan.

E. J. King. Alto by W. M. C.

1. { O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Ca-naan, }
 { I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan, }

2. { I'll join with these who're gone before, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan, }
 { Where sin and sorrow are no more, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan. }

CHORUS.

Oh, Ca - naan, sweet Ca - naan, I'm bound for the land of Ca - naan, Sweet

Ca - naan, 'tis my hap - py home; I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

I'm Going Home. L. M.

Leonard P. Breedlove. Aito, Mrs. R. D. B.

{ Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home! My Sav - ior smiles and bids me
Sweet an - gels beck - on me a - way To sing God's praise in end - less

come, And I don't care to stay here long! }
day, And I don't care to stay here long! } Right up yon - der, Christians, a -

way up yon - der; O yes, my Lord, for I don't care to stay here long.

Words and Music by A. S. Kieffer. By per.

1. Oh, the night of time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py
2. Oh, the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall
3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam, In the light of

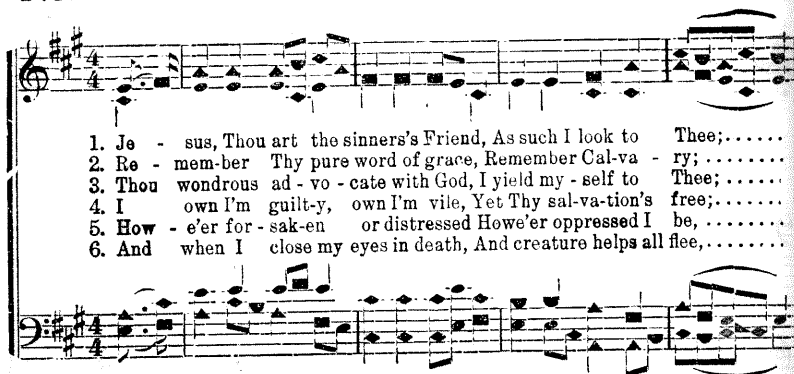
gold - en day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side,
come to earth a - gain! Oh, the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come Him,
an e - ter - nal day! When the saints shall sing un - to Christ their King,

CHORUS.

And the king - ly crown put on.
When He comes once more to reign! We are watch - ing now for the
In their gold - en glad ar - ray!

morn - ing light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come; We are

wait - ing still for the Sav - iour, Christ, Who will call His chil - dren home.

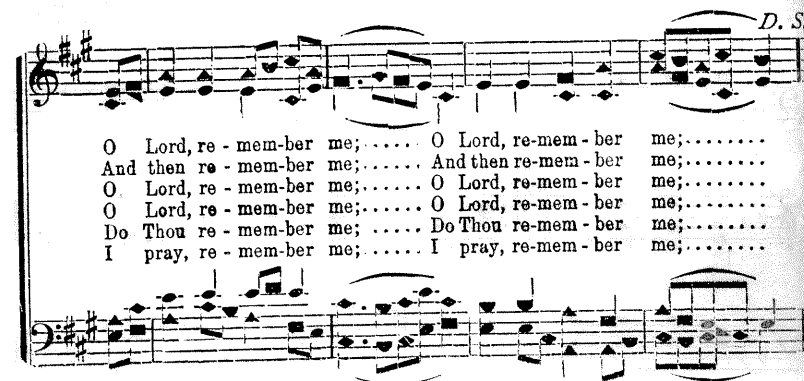


1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinners' Friend, As such I look to Thee;.....
 2. Re - mem-ber Thy pure word of grace, Remember Cal-va - ry;.....
 3. Thou wondrous ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee;.....
 4. I own I'm guilt-y, own I'm vile, Yet Thy sal-va-tion's free;.....
 5. How - e'er for - sak-en or distressed Howe'er oppressed I be,.....
 6. And when I close my eyes in death, And creature helps all flee,.....



Now in the full - ness of Thy love, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem-ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Then in Thy all - a - bound-ing grace, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 How-e'er af - flic - ted here on earth, Do Thou re - mem - ber me.
 Then, O my great Re - deem-er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

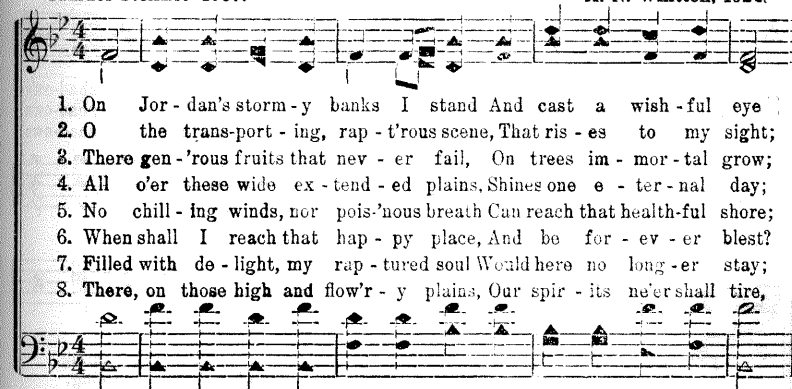
D. S. Now in the full - ness of Thy love, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem-ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Then in Thy all - a - bound-ing grace, Oh, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 How-e'er af - flic - ted here on earth, Do Thou re - mem - ber me.
 Then, O my great Re - deem-er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.



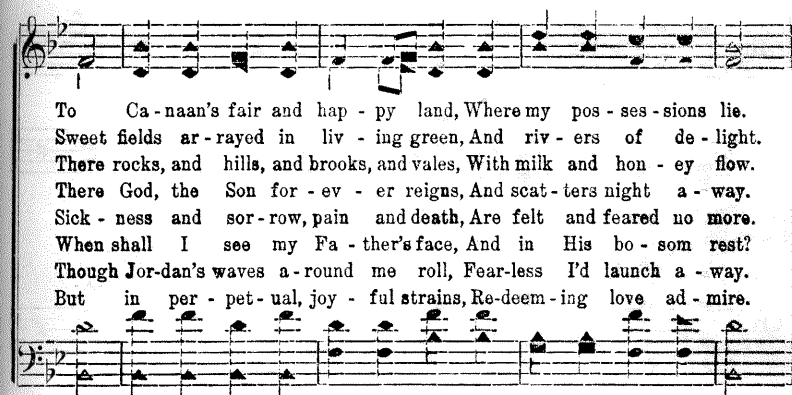
O Lord, re - mem-ber me;..... O Lord, re-mem-ber me;.....
 And then re - mem-ber me;..... And then re-mem-ber me;.....
 O Lord, re - mem-ber me;..... O Lord, re-mem-ber me;.....
 O Lord, re - mem-ber me;..... O Lord, re-mem-ber me;.....
 Do Thou re - mem-ber me;..... Do Thou re-mem-ber me;.....
 I pray, re - mem-ber me;..... I pray, re-mem-ber me;.....

Samuel Stennet. 1787.

A. N. Whitten, 1924.

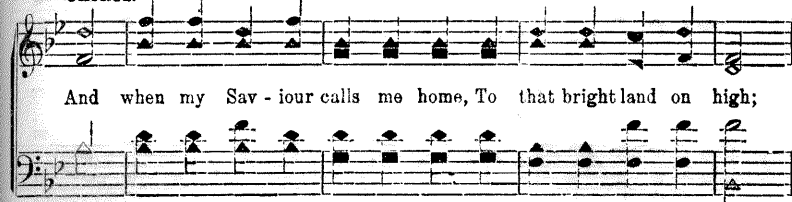


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. O the trans - port - ing, rap - t'rous scene, That ris - es to my sight;
 3. There gen - rous fruits that nev - er fail, On trees im - mor - tal grow;
 4. All o'er these wide ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 5. No chill - ing winds, nor pois - nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;
 6. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
 7. Filled with de - light, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;
 8. There, on those high and flow'r - y plains, Our spir - its ne'er shall tire,



To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 Sweet fields ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
 There God, the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 Though Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
 But in per - pet - ual, joy - ful strains, Re - deem - ing love ad - mire.

CHORUS.



And when my Sav - iour calls me home, To that brightland on high;

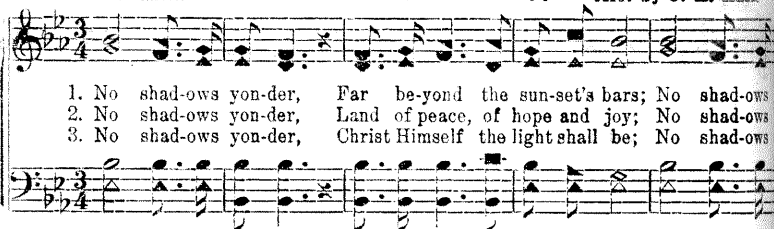


I'll shout and sing re - deem - ing love In sweet - er strains on high.

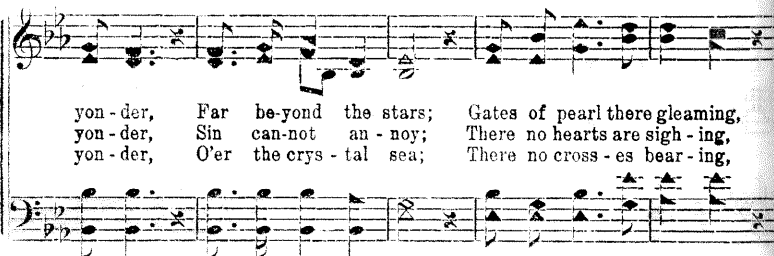
No. 136. No Shadows Yonder.

W. H. Ruebush.

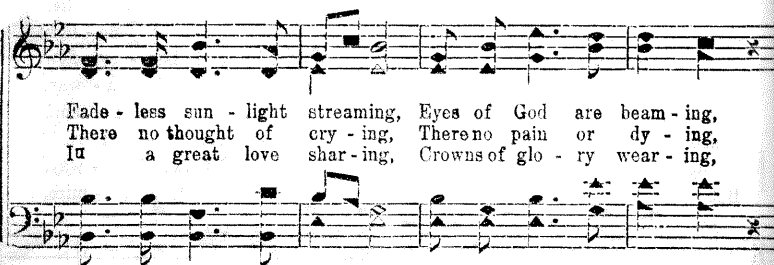
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners. Used by per. Arr. by J. H. Hall.



1. No shad-ows yon-der, Far be-yond the sun-set's bars; No shad-ows
2. No shad-ows yon-der, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shad-ows
3. No shad-ows yon-der, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shad-ows

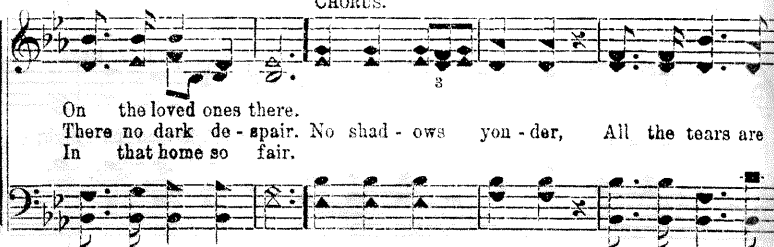


yon-der, Far be-yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming,
yon-der, Sin can-not an- noy; There no hearts are sigh-ing,
yon-der, O'er the crys-tal sea; There no cross-es bear-ing,



Fade-less sun-light streaming, Eyes of God are beam-ing,
There no thought of cry-ing, There no pain or dy-ing,
In a great love shar-ing, Crowns of glo-ry wear-ing,

CHORUS.



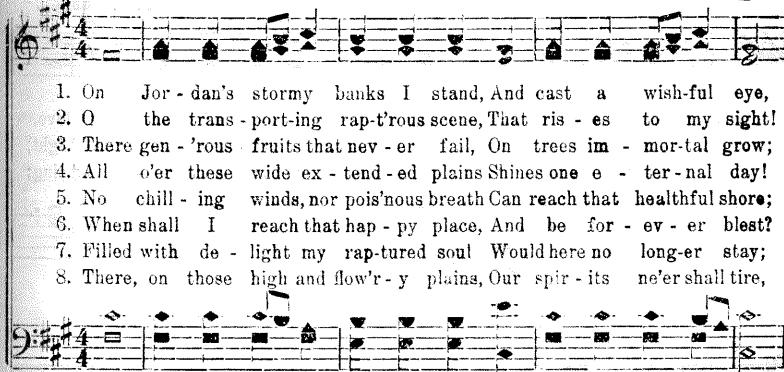
On the loved ones there.
There no dark de-spairs. No shad-ows yon-der, All the tears are
In that home so fair.



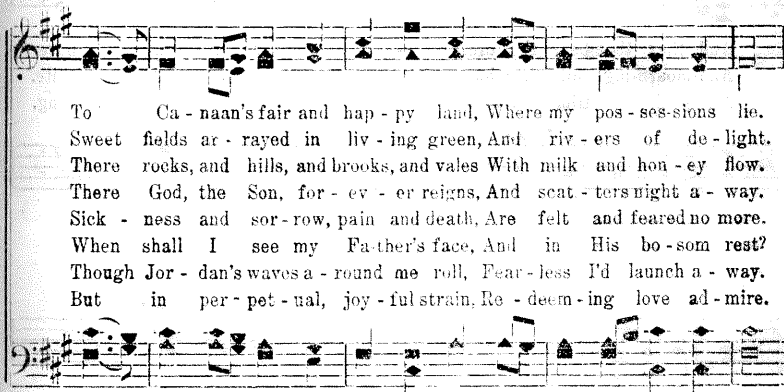
wiped a-way, No shad-ows yon-der, Land of end-less day.

No. 137 The Promised Land. C. M.

Miss M. Durhan.



1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
2. O the trans-port-ing rap-t'rous scene, That ris-es to my sight!
3. There gen-'rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow;
4. All o'er these wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day!
5. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-nous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
6. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
7. Pilled with de-light my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
8. There, on those high and flow'r-y plains, Our spir-its ne'er shall tire,

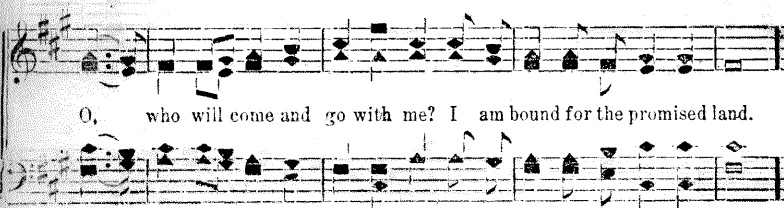


To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales With milk and hon-ey flow.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And seat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Though Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
But in per-pet-ual, joy-ful strain, Re-deem-ing love ad-mire.

CHORUS.



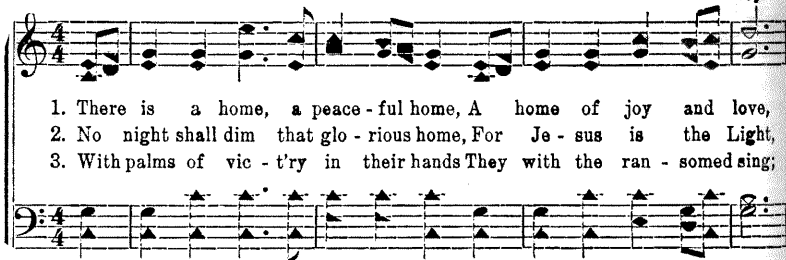
I am bound for the promised land I'm bound for the prom-ised land,



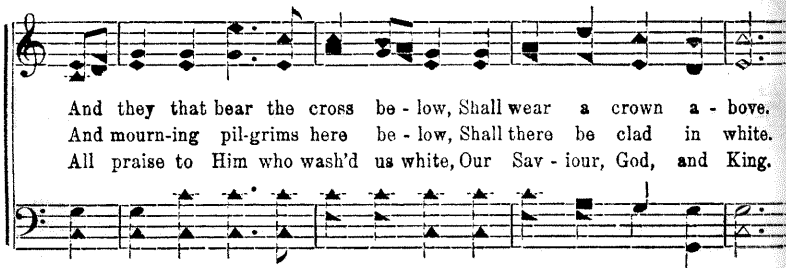
O, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

No. 138. Beautiful Home Above.

J. C. Bushe.



1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je-sus is the Light,
3. With palms of vic-t'ry in their hands They with the ran-somed sing;



And they that bear the cross be-low, Shall wear a crown a-bove.
And mourn-ing pil-grims here be-low, Shall there be clad in white.
All praise to Him who wash'd us white, Our Sav-iour, God, and King.

CHORUS.



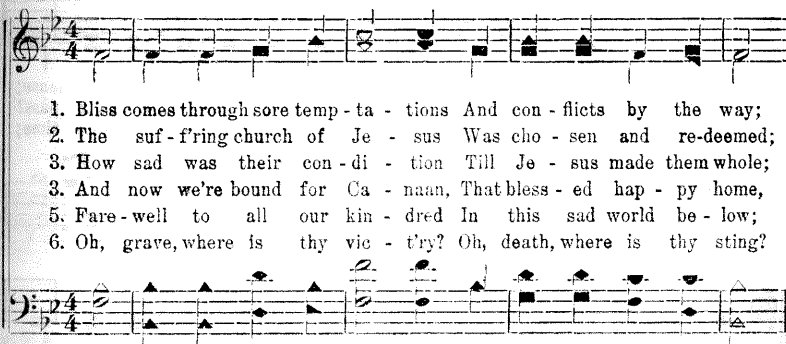
My home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home a-bove;
My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beautiful, beau-ti-ful home a-bove;



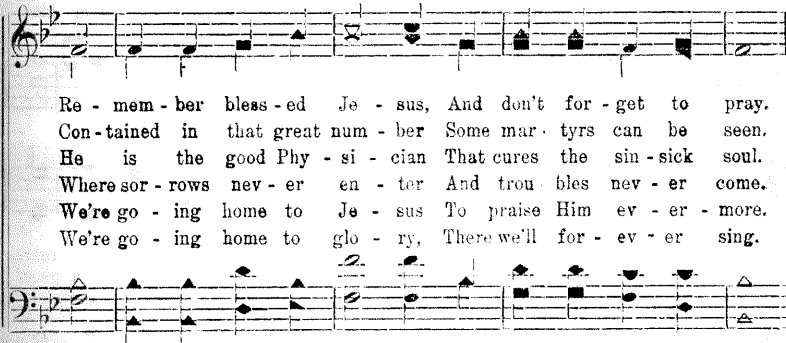
My home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home a-bove.
My home, beau-ti-ful home of joy and love,

No. 139. Conflicts By The Way. 7s and 6s.

E. J. King.



1. Bliss comes through sore temp-ta-tions And con-flicts by the way;
2. The suf-fring church of Je-sus Was cho-sen and re-deemed;
3. How sad was their con-di-tion Till Je-sus made them whole;
3. And now we're bound for Ca-naan, That bless-ed hap-py home,
5. Fare-well to all our kin-dred In this sad world be-low;
6. Oh, grave, where is thy vic-t'ry? Oh, death, where is thy sting?

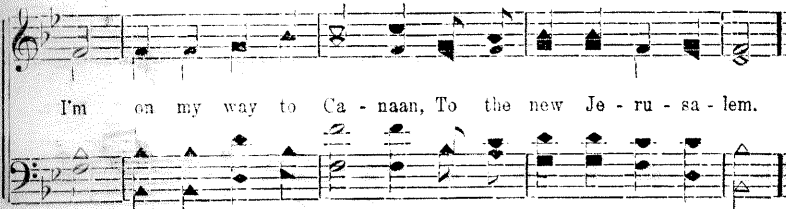


Re-mem-ber bless-ed Je-sus, And don't for-get to pray.
Con-tained in that great num-ber Some mar-tyrs can be seen.
He is the good Phy-si-cian That cures the sin-sick soul.
Where sor-rows nev-er en-ter And trou-bles nev-er come.
We're go-ing home to Je-sus To praise Him ev-er-more.
We're go-ing home to glo-ry, There we'll for-ev-er sing.

CHORUS.

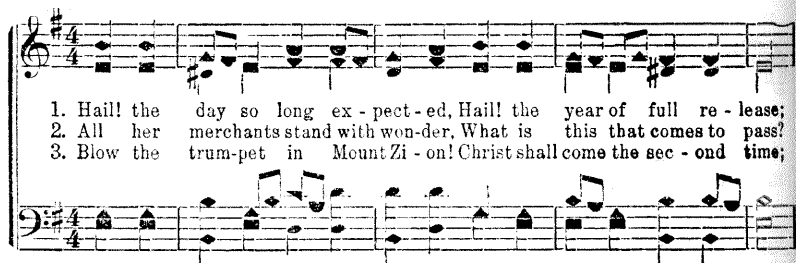


I'm on my way to Ca-naan, I'm on my way to Ca-naan,

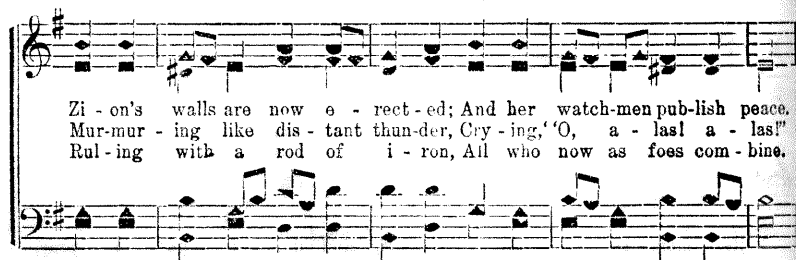


I'm on my way to Ca-naan, To the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

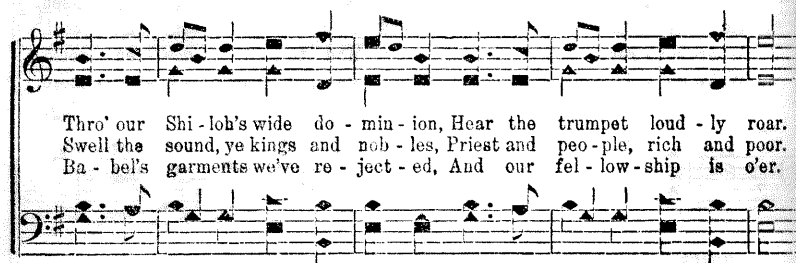
No. 140. Babylon is Fallen. 8s and 7s.



1. Hail! the day so long ex-pect-ed, Hail! the year of full re-lease;
2. All her merchants stand with won-der, What is this that comes to pass?
3. Blow the trum-pet in Mount Zi-on! Christ shall come the sec-ond time;



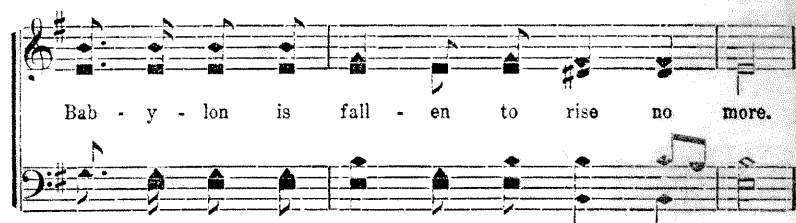
Zi-on's walls are now e-rect-ed; And her watch-men pub-lish peace.
Mur-mur-ing like dis-tant thun-der, Cry-ing, 'O, a-las! a-las!
Rul-ing with a rod of i-ron, All who now as foes com-bine.



Thro' our Shi-loh's wide do-min-ion, Hear the trumpet loud-ly roar.
Swell the sound, ye kings and nob-les, Priest and peo-ple, rich and poor.
Ba-bel's garments we've re-ject-ed, And our fel-low-ship is o'er.



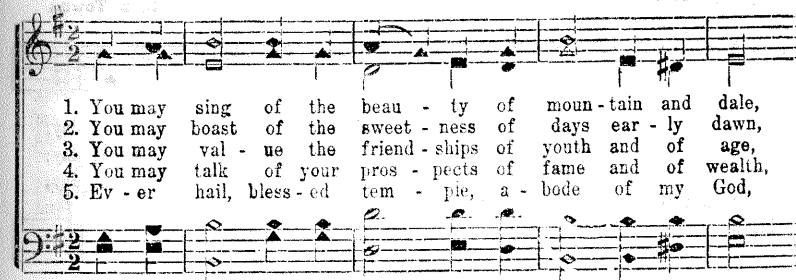
CHORUS.
Bab-y-lon is fall-en, is fall-en, is fall-en,



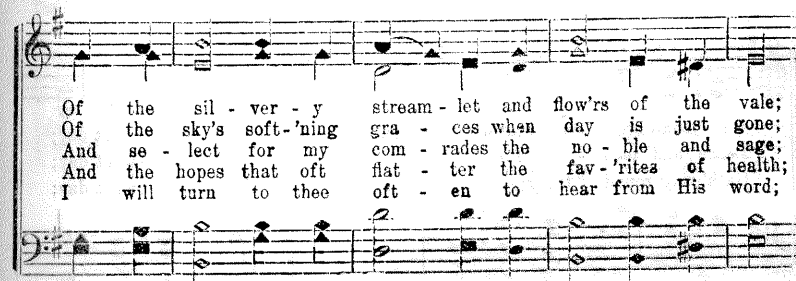
Bab-y-lon is fall-en to rise no more.

No. 141 House of the Lord. 12s.

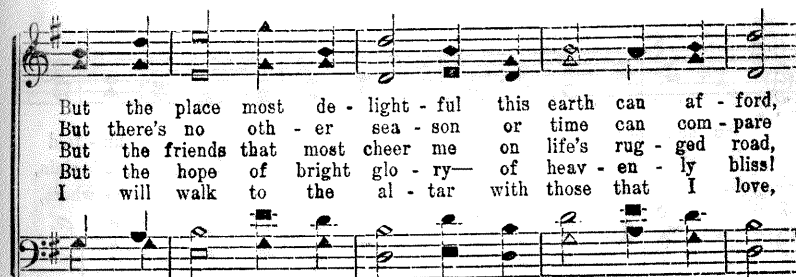
Austin Lane.



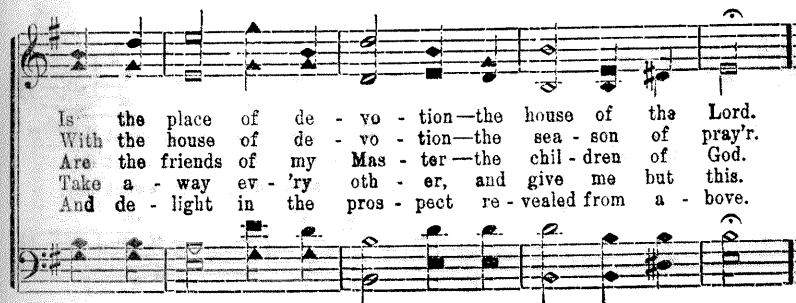
1. You may sing of the beau-ty of moun-tain and dale,
2. You may boast of the sweet-ness of days ear-ly dawn,
3. You may val-ue the friend-ships of youth and of age,
4. You may talk of your pros-pects of fame and of wealth,
5. Ev-er hail, bless-ed tem-pie, a-bode of my God,



Of the sil-ver-y stream-let and flow'rs of the vale;
Of the sky's soft-'ning gra-cies when day is just gone;
And se-lect for my com-rades the no-ble and sage;
And the hopes that oft flat-ter the fav'-rites of health;
I will turn to thee oft-en to hear from His word;



But the place most de-light-ful this earth can af-ford,
But there's no oth-er sea-son or time can com-pare
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rug-ged road,
But the hope of bright glo-ry of heav-en-ly bliss!
I will walk to the al-tar with those that I love,



Is the place of de-vo-tion—the house of the Lord.
With the house of de-vo-tion—the sea-son of pray'r.
Are the friends of my Mas-ter—the chil-dren of God.
Take a-way ev-'ry oth-er, and give me but this.
And de-light in the pros-pect re-vealed from a-bove.

No. 142

Some Sweet Day.

Arthur W. French.

Mod rito.

By per.

D. B. Towne.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath'-ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry-where,

Heav - en's splen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, bnt lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 143 in the Heavenly Morning.

*Earnestly, but not too fast.*Words and Music arranged from a "Spiritual,"
by J. R. Murray.

1. We shall meet and sing to - geth - er, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,
 2. We shall sing the bless - ed sto - ry, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,

Meet and sing to - geth - er, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,
 Sing the bless - ed sto - ry, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,

Meet and sing to - geth - er, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,
 Sing the bless - ed sto - ry, In the heav'n - ly morn - ing,

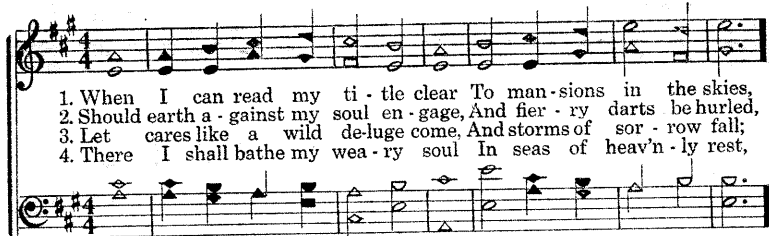
CHORUS.

Meet and part no more. Wor - thy the Lamb, we'll sing, Glo - ry to
 Sing of Je - sus' love.

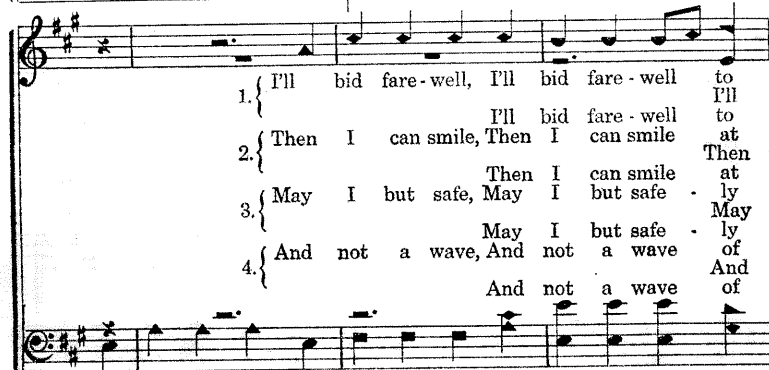
God, our King, Heav'n with our song shall ring, Song of re - deem - ing love.

No. 144 When I Can Read My Title Clear

Cotton



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - ry darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares like a wild de-luge come, And storms of sor - row fall;
 4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,



1. { I'll bid fare-well, I'll bid fare-well to I'll
 2. { Then I can smile, Then I can smile to at
 3. { May I but safe, May I but safe - ly May
 4. { And not a wave, And not a wave of And
 And not a wave of



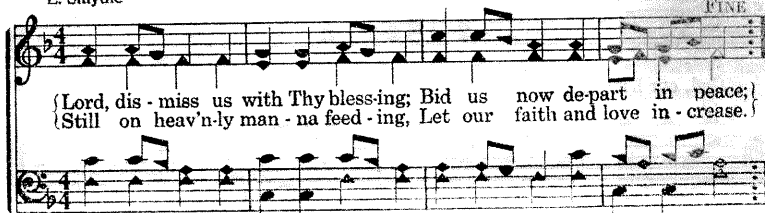
1. { ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 2. { Sa - tan's rage, Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
 3. { I can smile at reach my home, reach my home, My God my heav'n my all.
 4. { I but safe - ly reach my home, roll trou - ble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.
 5. { not a wave of trou - ble roll

No. 145

Lord, Dismiss Us

E. Smythe

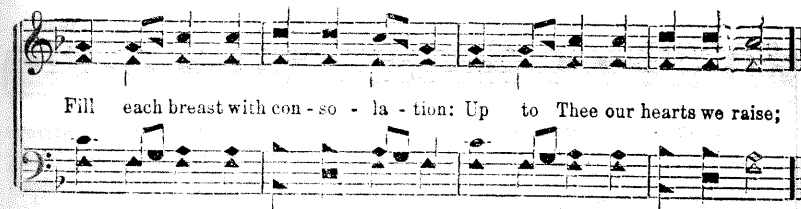
J. J. Rousseau
FINE



{ Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Bid us now de-part in peace; }
 { Still on heav'n - ly man - na feed - ing, Let our faith and love in - crease. }

D.C. - When we reach our bliss-ful sta - tion, then we'll give Thee no - bler praise.

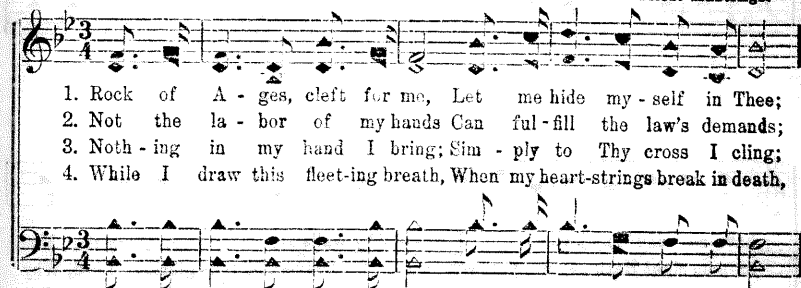
Lord Dismiss Us. Concluded.



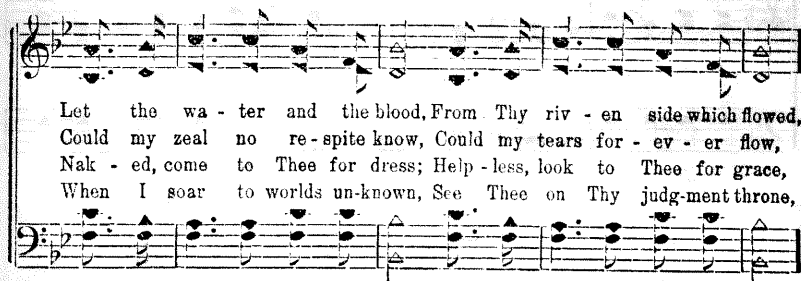
Fill each breast with con - so - la - tion: Up to Thee our hearts we raise;

No. 146. Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 Lines.

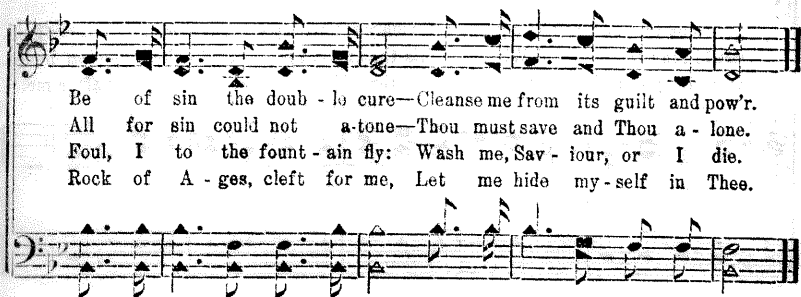
Thos. Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's demands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace,
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a-tone—Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten. 1925.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I long for thee; When will my sorrows
2. Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens, My study long have been; Such sparkling light by
3. Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace And cause me to ascend, Where congregations

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Thy walls are all of precious stone, Most
hu - man sight Hath nev - er yet been seen, If heav - en be thus glorious, Lord, Why
ne'er break up, And sabbaths never end, Je - sus, my love, to glo - ry's gone, Him

glo - rious to be - hold; Thy gates are richly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with gold.
should I stay from thence? What folly 'tis that makes me dread, To die and go from hence.
will I go and see; And all my brethren here be - low, Will soon come after me.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 148. O How Happy Are They.

C. Wesley.

Arr. by H. N. Lincoln.

1. O how hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And whose
2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re - deem - er to know; And the
4. Je - sus, all the day long, Was my joy and my song; O, that
5. O, the rap - tur - ous height Of that ho - ly de - light Which I

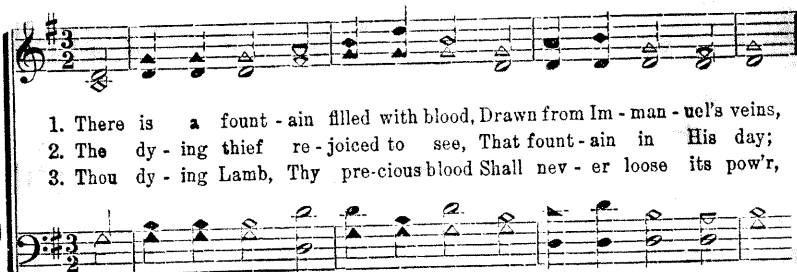
treas - ures are laid up a - bove; Tongue can nev - er ex - press
found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I be - lieved,
an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at His feet,
all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried,
felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour possessed,

That sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
O, what joy I re - ceived! What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the str - ry re - peat, And the lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
"He hath suf - fered and died To re - deem such a reb - el as me."
I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the ful - ness of God.

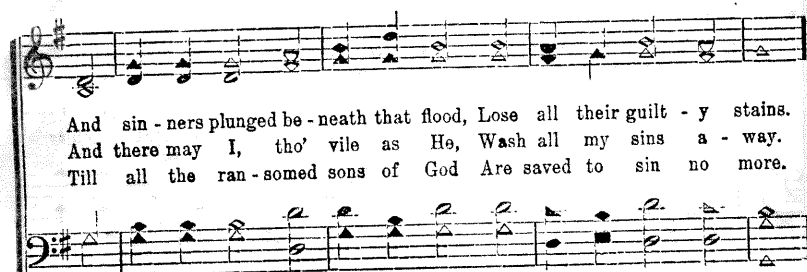
No. 149. Redeeming Love. C. M. D.

Used by permission of Reubush-Kieffer & Co.

Aldine S. Kieffer.

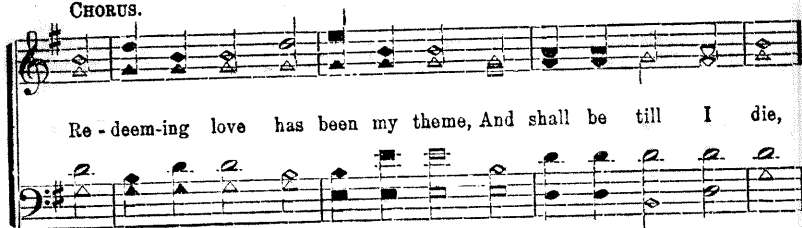


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, That fount-ain in His day;
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er loose its pow'r,

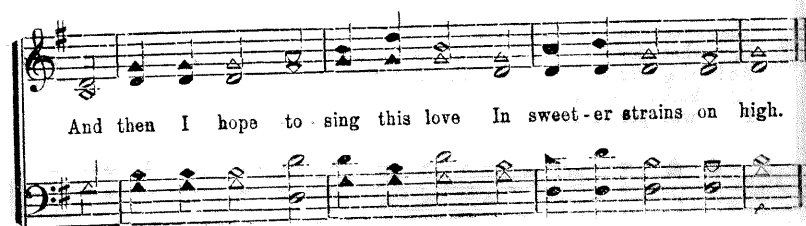


And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as He, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ran-somed sons of God Are saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.



Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,

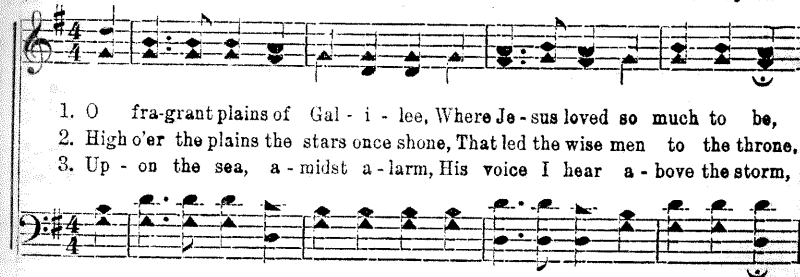


And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high.

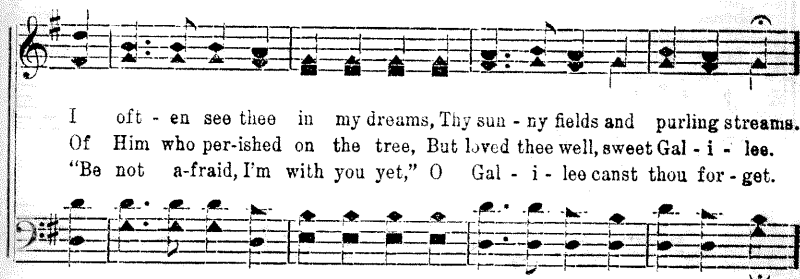
No. 150. Galilee. L. M. Double.

F. A. Evans.

M. Turbyfill.



1. O fragrant plains of Gal-i-lee, Where Je-sus loved so much to be,
 2. High o'er the plains the stars once shone, That led the wise men to the throne,
 3. Up-on the sea, a-midst a-larm, His voice I hear a-bove the storm,



I oft-en see thee in my dreams, Thy sun-ny fields and purling streams.
 Of Him who per-ished on the tree, But loved thee well, sweet Gal-i-lee.
 "Be not a-fraid, I'm with you yet," O Gal-i-lee canst thou for-get.

REFRAIN.



O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, I love to sing, to sing of Thee;



O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, I love to sing, to sing of thee.

1. Hail the blest morn, see the great Me-di-a - tor, Down from the regions of
 2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies His head, with the
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion. O-dors of E-den, and
 4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with gold would His

glo-ry de-scend! Shep-herds go wor-ship the babe in the man-ger,
 beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him in slum-bers re-clin-ing,
 of-f'ring di-vine, Gems from the moun-tain, and pearls from the o-cean,
 fa-vor se-secure; Rich-er by far is the heart's a-dor-a-tion:

CHORUS

Lo, for His guard the bright an-gels attend.
 Wise men and shep-herds be-fore Him do fall. Bright-est and best of the
 Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
 Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the

east, the ho-rizon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er was laid.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace, And thrice bless-ed
 3. I sigh from this bod-y of sin to be free, Which hin-ders my
 4. While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me sub-
 5. What-e'er Thou de-ni-est, O give me Thy grace, The Spir-it's sure

soul is com-mun-ion with saints! To find at the ban-quet of
 Je-sus, whose love can-not cease; Tho' oft from Thy pres-ence in
 joy and com-mun-ion with Thee; Tho' now my temp-ta-tions like
 mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to
 wit-ness, and smiles of Thy face; In-dulge me with pa-tience to

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus, at home!
 sad-ness I roam, I long to be-hold Thee in glo-ry at home.
 bil-lows may foam, All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at home.
 Thee I would come, Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.
 wait at Thy throne And find e-ven now a for-taste of my home.

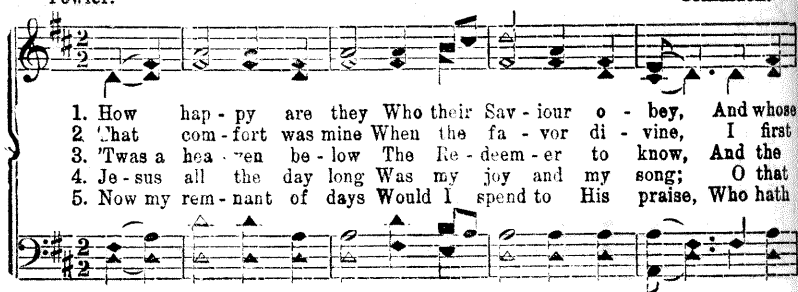
CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

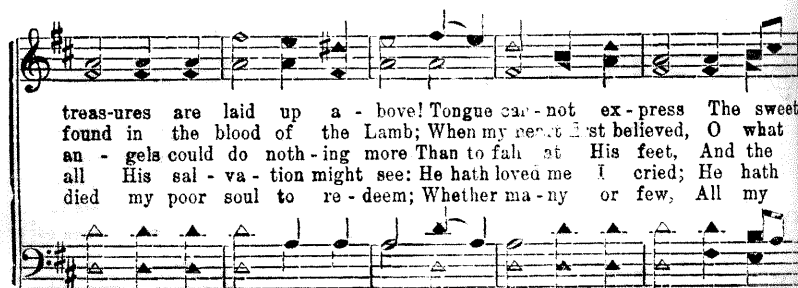
No. 153. How Happy Are They. 11s and 8s.

Fowler.

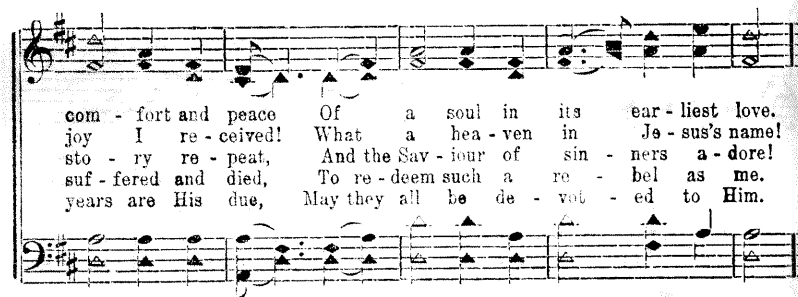
Commack.



1. How hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey, And whose
2. That com - fort was mine When the fa - vor di - vine, I first
3. 'Twas a hea - ven be - low The Re - deem - er to know, And the
4. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song; O that
5. Now my rem - nant of days Would I spend to His praise, Who hath

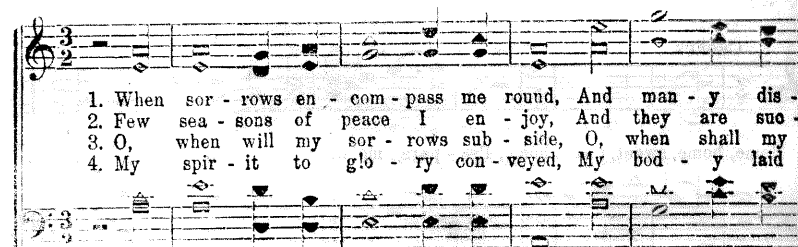


treas - ures are laid up a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press The sweet
found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, O what
an - gels could do noth - ing more Than to fall at His feet, And the
all His sal - va - tion might see: He hath loved me I cried; He hath
died my poor soul to re - deem; Whether ma - ny or few, All my



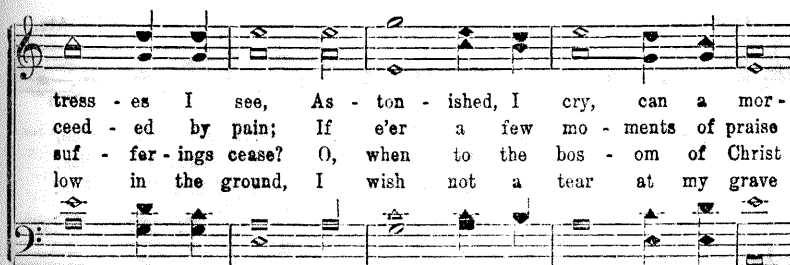
com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - liest love.
joy I re - ceived! What a hea - ven in Je - sus's name!
sto - ry re - peat, And the Sav - iour of sin - ners a - dore!
suf - fered and died, To re - deem such a re - bel as me.
years are His due, May they all be de - vot - ed to Him.

No. 154. When Sorrows Encompass Me Round.

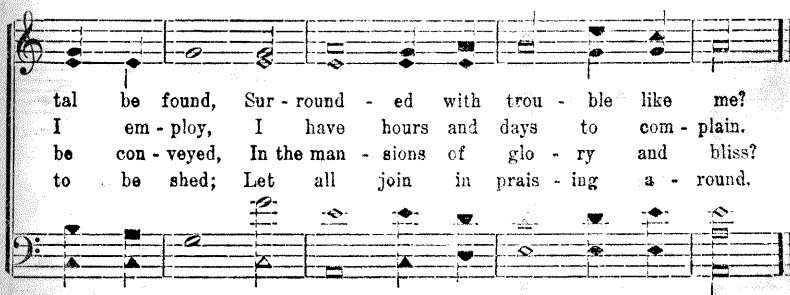


1. When sor - rows en - com - pass me round, And man - y dis -
2. Few sea - sons of peace I en - joy, And they are suo -
3. O, when will my sor - rows sub - side, O, when shall my
4. My spir - it to glo - ry con - veyed, My bod - y laid

When Sorrows Encompass Me Round. Concluded.



tress - es I see, As - ton - ished, I cry, can a mor -
ceed - ed by pain; If e'er a few mo - ments of praise
suf - fer - ings cease? O, when to the bos - om of Christ
low in the ground, I wish not a tear at my grave

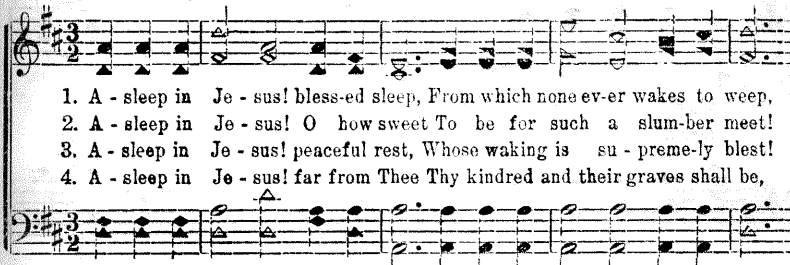


tal be found, Sur - round - ed with trou - ble like me?
I em - ploy, I have hours and days to com - plain.
be con - veyed, In the man - sions of glo - ry and bliss?
to be shed; Let all join in prais - ing a - round.

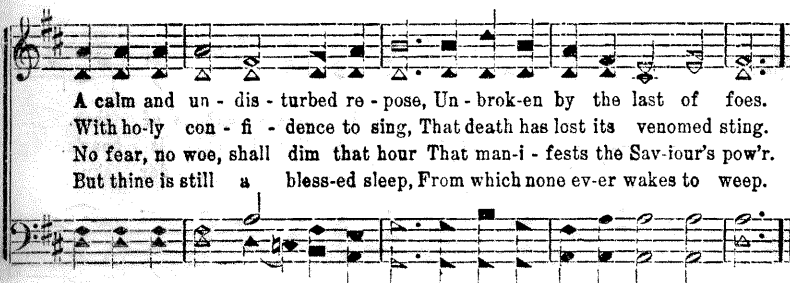
No. 155. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

William B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest!
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from Thee Thy kindred and their graves shall be,



A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venom - ed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.
But thine is still a bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep.

No. 156.

The Blind Girl.

J. M. and J. C. B.

Arr.

1. Moth - er, they say the stars are bright, And the broad heav'n's are blue,
2. I know not why but of - ten think Of thee, fair lands of bliss;
3. O moth-er, will the God a - bove For - give my faults like thee?

I dream of them by day, by night, And think them all like you,
And when I hear the voice I dream That heav'n is like to this,
Will He be - stow such care and love On a blind girl like me?

I can - not touch the dis - tant skies, The stars ne'er speak to me,
When my sad heart to thine is pressed, My fol - lies all for - giv'n,
Dear moth-er, leave me not a - lone, Go with me when I die;

Yet their sweet im - a - ges a - rise And blend with tho'ts of thee.
Sweet pleas-ures warm my beat-ing heart, And this, I say is heav'n.
Lead thy blind daughter to the throne And stay in yon - der sky.

No. 157. We'll Cross the River of Jordan.

A. N. Whitten. Arr.

1. Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, Hap - py, O hap - py, He whom I
2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, Hap - py, O hap - py, The road that
3. Then when I've crossed the stormy waves, Hap - py, O hap - py, I'll sing my

fixed my hopes up - on, Hap - py in the Lord; His tracks I see and
leads from ban-ish-ment; Hap - py in the Lord; I'll go, for all His
Saviour's pow'r to save, Hap - py in the Lord; I'll sing of His re -

I'll pur-sue, Hap - py, O hap - py, The nar - row way till Him I view,
paths are peace, Hap - py, O hap - py, The King's highway of ho - li - ness,
deem-ing blood, Hap - py, O hap - py, And sing with all the saints of God,

CHORUS.

Hap - py in the Lord. We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py O

hap - py, We'll cross the riv - er of Jor - dan, Hap - py in the Lord.

No. 158.

Love Divine.

J. P. Rees.

1. Love di-vine, how sweet the sound; May the theme on earth a-bound;
 2. Love a-maz-ing, large, and free, Love un-known, to think on me;
 3. Bet-ter than earth's gild-ed toys, Or an age of car-nal joys:
 4. Bet-ter than this life of mine, Sav-i-ur, is Thy love di-vine;
 5. While in Mes-siah's toms I stay, Love di-vine shall tune my lay;

May the hearts of saints be-low, With the sa-cred rap-ture flow.
 Let that love up-on me shine, Sav-i-our, with its beams di-vine.
 Bet-ter far than O-phir's gold, Love that nev-er can be told.
 Drop the veil, and let me see Riv-ers of this love in Thee.
 When I soar to bliss a-bove, Still I'll praise a Sav-i-our's love.

No. 159.

Home. S. M.

W. L. Montague.

1. My Fa-ther's house on high Is my e-ter-nal home;
 2. My Fa-ther and my God, O lead me safe-ly on,
 3. Then join the heav'n-ly throng, To sing re-deem-ing love;

O, God for-bid that I should sigh While trav'ling here a-lone.
 Till in that heav'n-ly world a-bove I feel my work is done.
 While end-less a-ges roll a-long We'll praise our God a-bove.

No. 160

The Child Of Grace

E. J. King

1. How hap-py's ev-'ry child of grace, That feels his sins for-giv'n!
 2. A stran-ger in this world he low, I on-ly so-journ here,
 3. O what a bless-ed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay!
 4. When He shall more of heav'n be-stow, And bid my soul re-move,

This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek a place in heav'n;
 Nor can its hap-pi-ness or woe Pro-voke my hope or fear;
 We more than taste the heav'n-ly powers, And an-te-date that day.
 And let my trem-bling spir-it go, To meet the God I love.

A coun-try far from mor-tal sight, Yet oh! by faith I see,
 Its e-vils in a mo-ment end, Its joys as soon are past;
 We feel the re-sur-rec-tion near, Our life in Christ con-cealed;
 With rap-turous awe on Him I'll gaze, Who died to set me free,

The land of rest, the saints' de-light, A heav'n pre-pared for me.
 But oh! the bliss to which I tend E-ter-nal-ly shall last.
 And with His glo-rious pre-sence here Our long-ing hearts are filled.
 And sing and shout re-deem-ing grace In vast e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 161. Humble Souls Who Seek Salvation.

1. Hum - ble souls, who seek sal - va - tion Thro' the Lamb's re - deem-ing blood,
 2. Fol - low Him, your on - ly Sav - iour, In His might - y name con - fide;
 3. Hear, the bless'd Re-deem-er calls you, Lis - ten to His gra - cious voice;
 4. Je - sus says, "Let each be - liev - er Be bap - tiz - ed in my name;"

Hear the voice of rev - e - la - tion, Tread the path that Je - sus trod.
 In the whole of your be - hav - ior, Own Him as your sov - reign guide.
 Dread no ill that can be - fall you, While you make His ways your choice.
 Be Him - self in Jor - dan's riv - er Was im - mersed be - neath the stream.

No. 161A

Detroit

Wm. Bradshaw

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see,
 2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth - ing love;
 3. Is not Thy name mel - o - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?
 4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would dis - dain to feed?
 5. Thou know'st I love Thee, dear - est Lord, But Oh! I long to soar

And turn each curs - ed i - dol out That dares to ri - val Thee.
 Dead be my heart to ev - 'ry joy Which Thou dost not approve.
 Doth not each pulse with pleas - ure beat, My Sav - ior's voice to hear?
 Hast Thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?
 Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, That I may love Thee more.

No. 162.

Concord

Wm. Caldwell

1. In songs of sub - lime ad - o - ration and praise, Ye pilgrims for Zi - on who press,
 2. His love from e - ter - ni - ty fixed up - on you, Broke forth and dis - covered its flame,
 3. O, had He not pit - ied the state you were in, Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt;
 4. What was there in you that could merit esteem, Or give the Cra - a - tor da - light?
 5. 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought, O - bey! While others were suf - fered to go
 6. Then give all the glo - ry to His ho - ly name, To Him all the glo - ry be - longs:

Break forth and ex - tol the great Ancient of days, His rich and distinguishing grace.
 When each with the cords of His kindness He drew, And bro't you to love His great name.
 You all would have lived, would have died, too, in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt.
 "Twas e - ven so, Fa - ther," you ev - er must sing, "Be - cause it seemed good in Thy sight.
 The road which, by na - ture, we choose as our way, Which leads to the re - gions of woe.
 Be yours the high joy to sound forth His great fame, And crown Him in each of your songs.

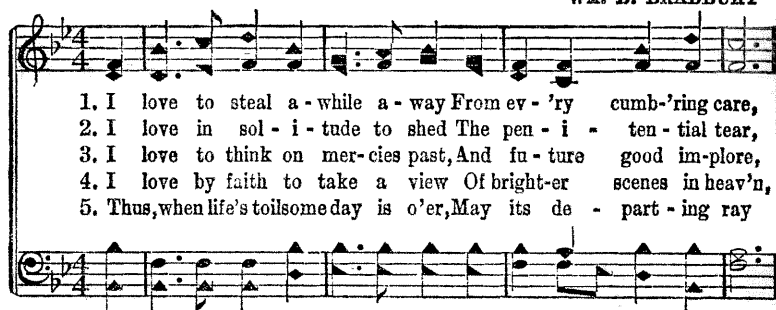
No. 162 - a

Idumea

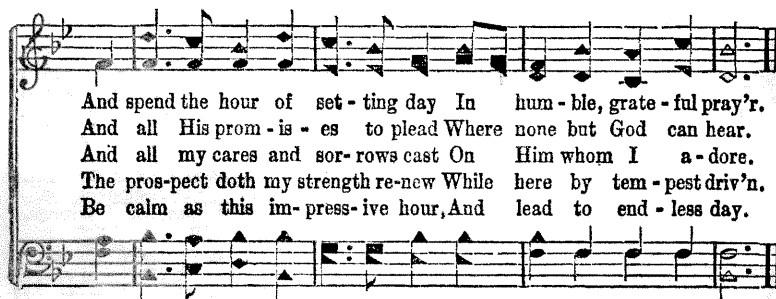
1. I love my Sav - ior, God, Be - cause He first loved me;
 2. 'Twas love my bos - om felt, And made me wipe mine eyes,
 3. Touched by His dy - ing love, I melt - ed in - to grief;
 4. With my whole heart I love The God that loved and bled;
 5. Who can for - bear to love, A God so good and kind?

Be - cause He shed His pre - cious blood To set my spir - it free.
 When low be - fore His throne I knelt To pour my fee - ble cries.
 Swift on the wings of love He moved And brought me sweet re - lief.
 Who left the shin - ing realms a - bove And suffered in my stead.
 Sure He is wor - thy to be loved By me and all man - kind.

Wm. B. BRADBURY



1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cumb-'ring care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n,
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray



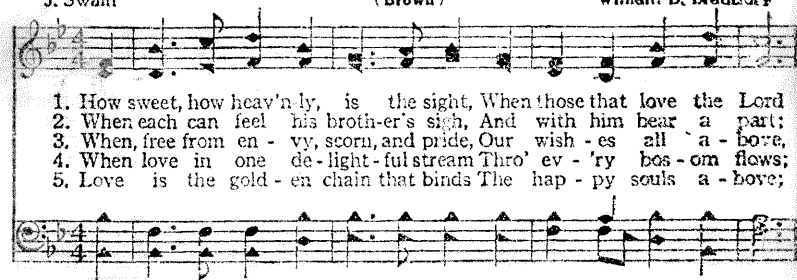
And spend the hour of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.
 And all His prom-is-es to plead Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a-dore.
 The pros-pect doth my strength re-new While here by tem-pest driv'n.
 Be calm as this im-press-ive hour, And lead to end-less day.

163A. How Sweet, How Heavenly, is the Sight

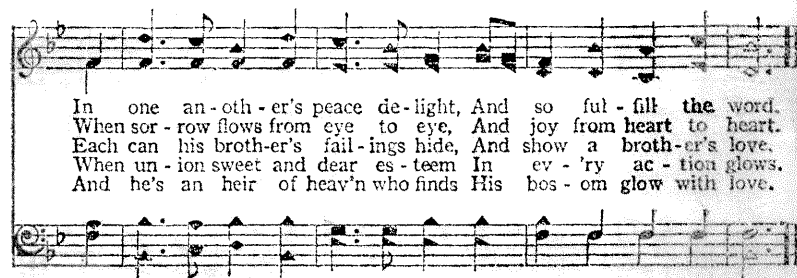
J. Swain

(Brown)

William B. Bradbury



1. How sweet, how heav'nly, is the sight, When those that love the Lord
 2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a-bove,
 4. When love in one de-light-ful stream Thro' ev-'ry bos-om flows;
 5. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The hap-py souls a-bove;



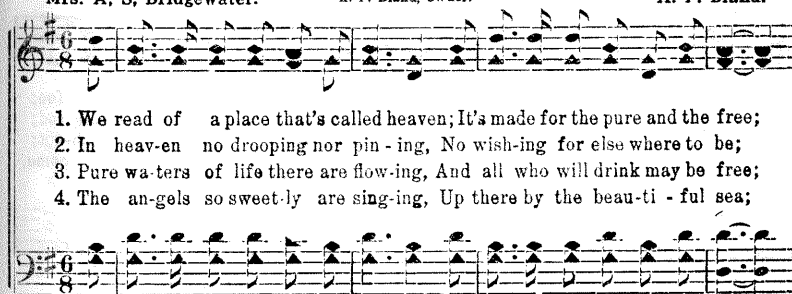
In one an-oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful-fill the word.
 When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
 When un-ion sweet and dear es-teen in ev-'ry ac-tion glows.
 And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos-om glow with love.

No. 164. How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.

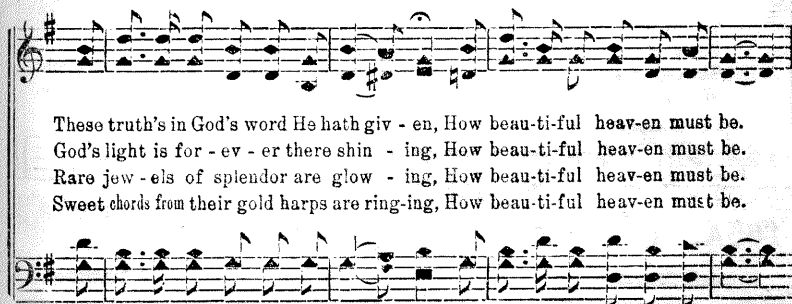
Mrs. A. S. Bridgewater.

A. P. Bland, owner.

A. P. Bland.

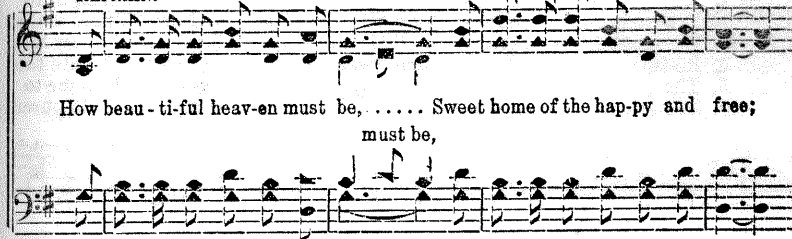


1. We read of a place that's called heaven; It's made for the pure and the free;
 2. In heav-en no drooping nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else where to be;
 3. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
 4. The an-gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau-ti-ful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

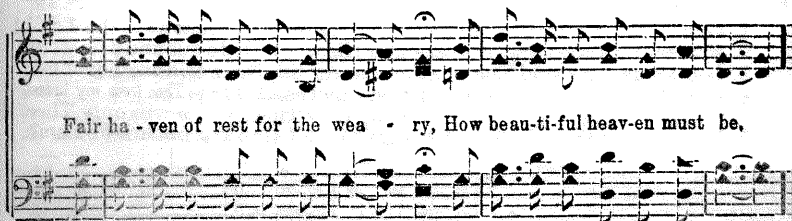


These truth's in God's word He hath giv-en, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 God's light is for-ev-er there shin-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 Rare jew-els of splendor are glow-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.
 Sweet chords from their gold harps are ring-ing, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must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

REFRAIN.



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



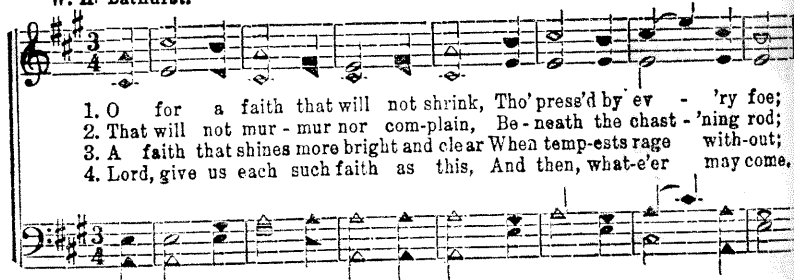
Fair ha-ven of rest for the wea-ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be,

No. 165.

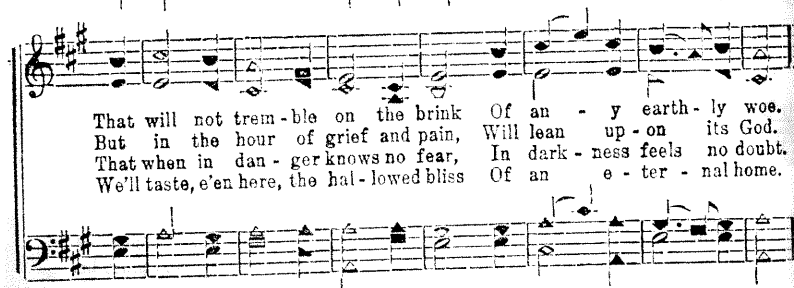
Balerna. C. M.

W. H. Bathurst.

R. Simpson.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain, Be - neath the chast - 'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When temp - ests rage with - out;
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come.



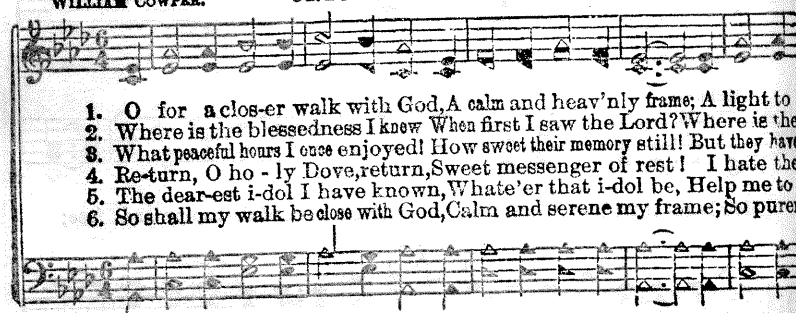
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe.
But in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

165A. O For a Closer Walk With God.

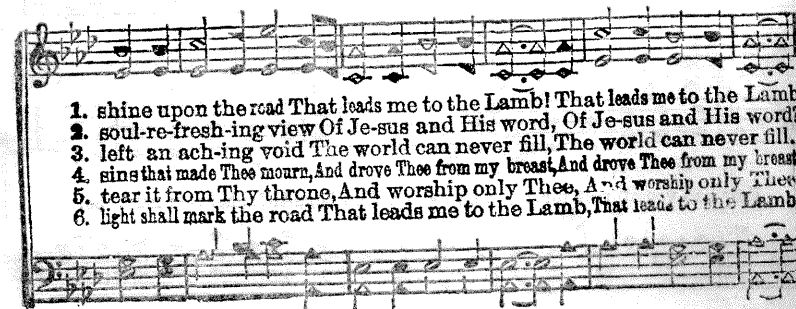
WILLIAM COWPER.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.



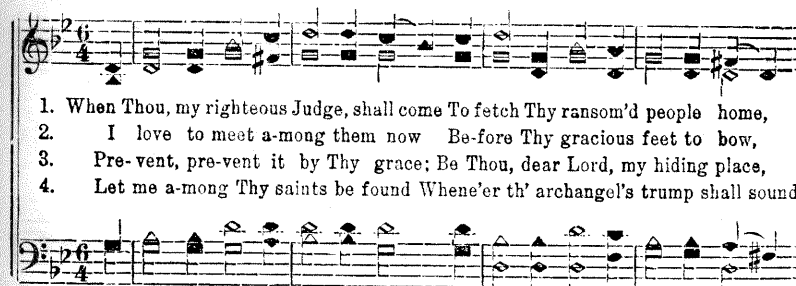
1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be, Help me to
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer



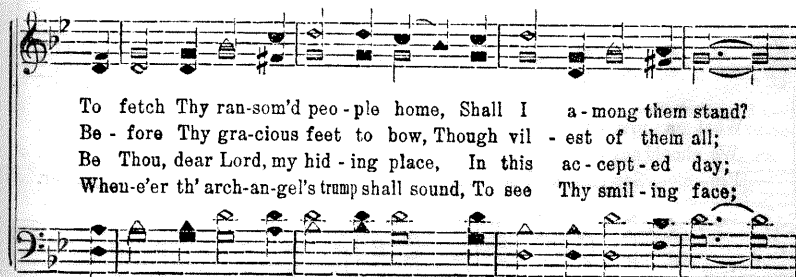
1. shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
2. soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word, Of Je - sus and His word?
3. left an ach - ing void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
4. sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
5. tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.
6. light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 166

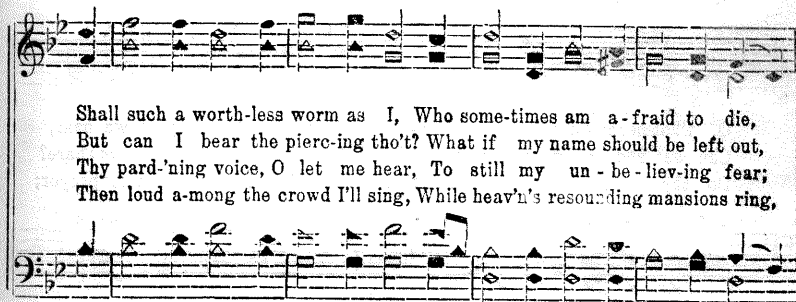
Salem's Bright King.



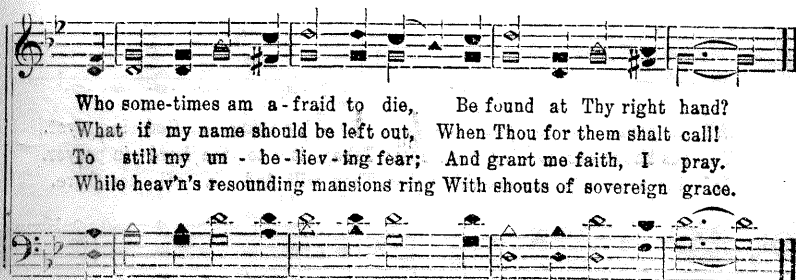
1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come To fetch Thy ransom'd people home,
2. I love to meet a - mong them now Be - fore Thy gracious feet to bow,
3. Pre - vent, pre - vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
4. Let me a - mong Thy saints be found Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,



To fetch Thy ran - som'd peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand?
Be - fore Thy gra - cious feet to bow, Though vil - est of them all;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hid - ing place, In this ac - cept - ed day;
When - e'er th' arch - an - gel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smil - ing face;



Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who some - times am a - afraid to die,
But can I bear the pierc - ing tho't? What if my name should be left out,
Thy pard - ning voice, O let me hear, To still my un - be - liev - ing fear;
Then loud a - mong the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,




Who some - times am a - afraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call!
To still my un - be - liev - ing fear; And grant me faith, I pray.
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sovereign grace.

No. 167

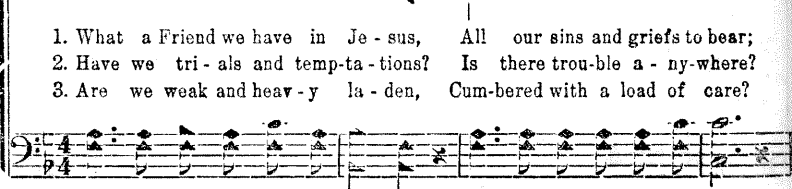

What A Friend We Have.

Anon.

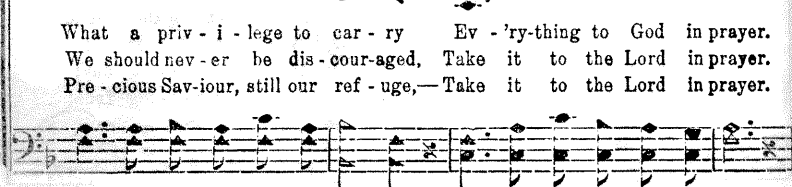

C. C. Converse, by per.



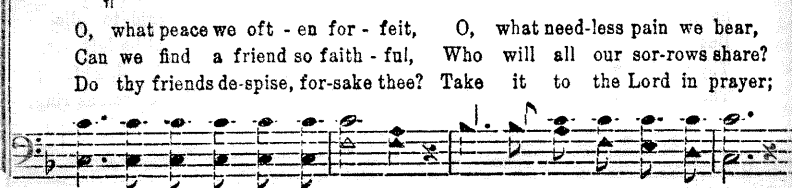
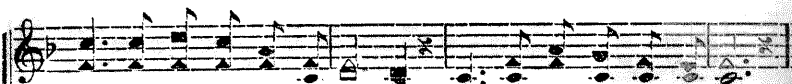
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

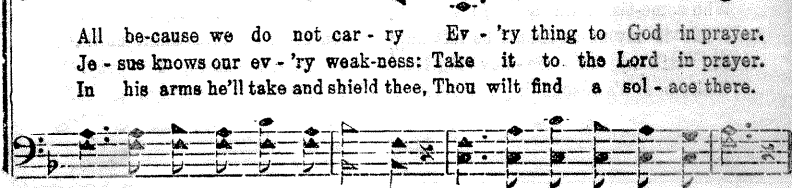
What a priv - i - lege to ear - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

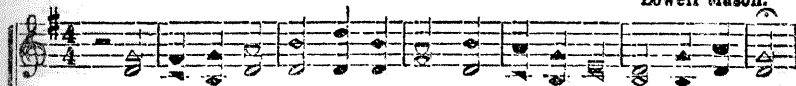
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



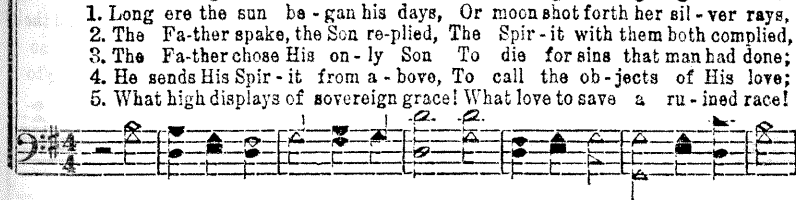
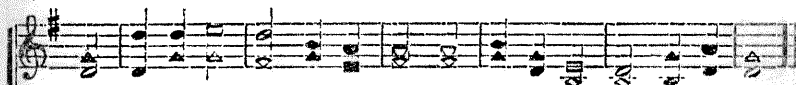
No. 168.

Free Salvation. L. M.

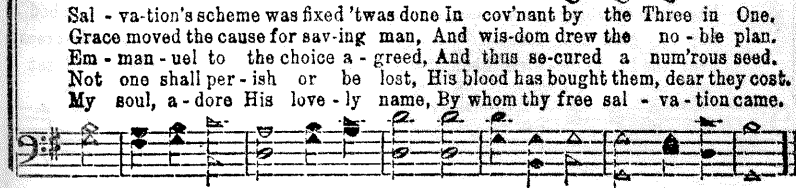
Lowell Mason.



1. Long ere the sun be - gan his days, Or moon shot forth her sil - ver rays,
 2. The Fa - ther spake, the Son re - plied, The Spir - it with them both complied,
 3. The Fa - ther chose His on - ly Son To die for sins that man had done;
 4. He sends His Spir - it from a - bove, To call the ob - jects of His love;
 5. What high displays of sovereign grace! What love to save a ru - ined race!

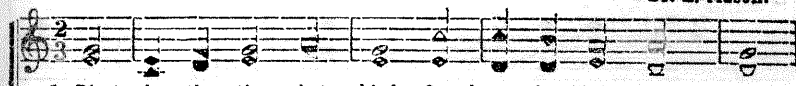
Sal - va - tion's scheme was fixed 'twas done In cov'nant by the Three in One.
 Grace moved the cause for sav - ing man, And wis - dom drew the no - ble plan.
 Em - man - uel to the choice a - greed, And thus se - cured a num'rous seed.
 Not one shall per - ish or be lost, His blood has bought them, dear they cost.
 My soul, a - dore His love - ly name, By whom thy free sal - va - tion came.



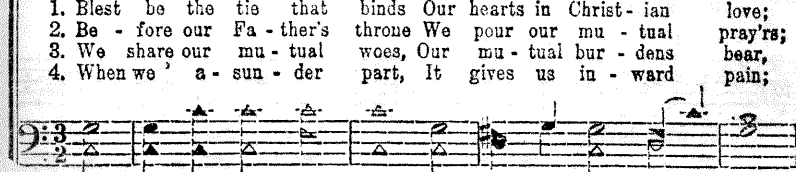
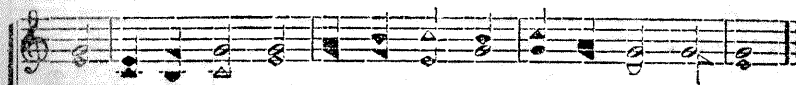
No. 168a.

Boylston. S. M.

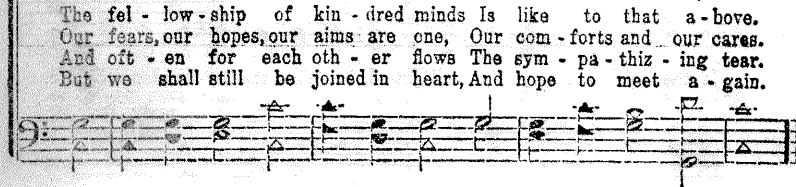
Dr. L. Mason.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our mu - tual pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we 'a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



No. 169 When The Savior Stands By Me.

R. L. R.

Copyright, 1931, by R. L. Rust, Eastland, Texas. Used by per. R. L. Rust.

1. When the toils and cares of life, seem to mix with sin and strife, And then
2. I'm de-light-ed ev-'ry day, feel-ing cheer-ful all the way, And so
3. When be-fore the Judgment great, I must stand and know my fate, There to

bur-dens crushing me, Yes, they all will cease to be, leave my mind and bod-
hap-py glad and free, How my joy doth o-ver-flow! for the Lord de-crees
hear the Lord's de-cree, Then how hap-py I will be! for the Lord will set

REFRAIN.

y free, When the Sav-ior stands by me.
it so, When the Sav-ior stands by me. O how glad I'll
me free, And the Sav-ior stands by me.

be when dwell-ing with my Lord, And the lov-ing Sav-ior I can see!

In the Land of Glo-ry, I'll de-light-ed be, When the Sav-ior stands by me.

No. 170. I Am A Stranger Here Below

Arr.

1. I am a stranger here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
2. When I ex-perience call to mind, My un-der-stand-ing is so blind,
3. I find my self out of the way, My tho'ts are oft-en gone a-stray,
4. 'Tis sel-dom I can ev-er see My self as I would wish to be;
5. So far from God I seem to lie, Which makes me oft-en weep and cry,
6. I sel-dom find a heart to pray, So man-y things step in my way;
7. So by ex-pe-ri-ence I know There's nothing good that I can do;
8. My na-ture is so prone to sin, Which makes my du-y so un-clean,

I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.
All feel-ing sense seems to be gone, Which makes me think that I am wrong.
Like one a-lone I seem to be; Oh is there an-y one like me?
What I de-sire, I can't at-tain, From what I hate, I can't re-frain.
I fear at last that I shall fall: For if a saint the least of all
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know-Cometell me is it thus with you?
I can-not sat-is-fy the law, nor com-fort from it draw.
That when I count up all the cost, If not free grace, then I am lost.

No. 170A. Your Office Is A Sacred Trust.

Elder Len Dalton.

Dedicated to the Ministry.

A. N. Whitten, owner.

A. N. Whitten.

1. Your of-fice is a sa-cred trust, For God Him-self has made it thus,
2. The shepherds of His flock are ye, He leads you on His sheep to see.
3. As bish-ops of the flock you go, To lead the fight a- gainst the foes;
4. You are am-bas-sa-dors for Him, To plead His cause throughout the realm;
5. Your of-fice is su-preme-ly great, Be-cause of Him and His e-state;
6. Oh, pre-cious gift; Oh, love su-preme; That you should tell the precious theme;

He called you from the path of sin, And sends you out the fight to win.
His lit-tle lambs with care to feed, And keep the fold in time of need.
This pre-cious trust your soul adores, And for His grace you should implore.
To rec-on-cile the mourning ones, By lead-ing them to hear His groans.
His pow'r and love no lim-its know, So trust His grace where-e'er you go.
This, of-fice, you, to mag-ni-fy, Should take your cross to live and die.

No. 171.

Blessed Ones.

Arr. copyright, 1906, by William H. Crouse,
in "The Pilgrim's Hymnal."

William H. Crouse. Arr. by

V. atts.

1. Blest are the hum - ble souls that see Their emp - ti - ness and pov - er - ty;
2. Blest are the meek, who stand a - far From rage and pas - sion, noise and war,
3. Blest are the men of peace - ful life, Who quench the coals of grow - ing strife,

Treasures of grace to them are giv'n, And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
God will se - cure their hap - py state, And plead their cause a - gainst the great.
They shall be called the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.

D. C. - The blood of Christ di - vine - ly flows, A heal - ing balm for all their woes.
D. C. - They shall be well sup - plied and fed With liv - ing streams and liv - ing bread.
D. C. - Their souls shall triumph in the Lord, Glo - ry and joy are their re - ward.

Blest are the men of bro - ken heart, Who mourn for sin with in - ward smart;
Blest are the souls that thirst for grace, Hun - ger and long for right - eous - ness,
Blest are the suf - fers who par - take Of pain and shame for Je - sus' sake;

No. 171 A.

The Happy Day.

Arr. H. S. Rees. Alto Mrs. R. D. B.

1. { The happy day will soon appear, And we'll all shout together in that morning,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear, And we'll all shout together in that morning.
2. { Behold the righteous marching home, And we'll all shout together in that morning,
And all the angels bid them come, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

The Happy Day

Sweet morn - ing, sweet morn - ing, And we'll all shout together in that morning.

No. 172.

Oh, Jesus, My Savior

1. O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. The spir - it first taught me to know I was blind, Then taught me the
3. In vain I at - tempt to de - scribe what I feel, The language of

pleas - ures of sin I re - sign: Of ob - jects most pleas - ing I
way of sal - va - tion to find; And when I was sink - ing in
mor - tals or an - gels would fail; My Je - sus is pre - cious, my

love Thee the best, With - out Thee I'm wretch - ed, but with Thee I'm blest.
gloom - y de - spair, Thy mer - cy re - lieved me and bid me not fear.
soul's in a flame, I'm raised to a rap - ture while prais - ing His name.

J. P. Rees.

Great God let all my tune-ful pow'rs a - wake..... and sing Thy

might-y name; Thy hand re - volves my circling hours, Thy hand from whence my

be - ing came. Thus will I sing, Thus will I sing till na - ture cease, Till Thus will I sing, Till

Thus will I sing, Till na - ture cease, Till sense and will I sing Till na - ture cease, Till sense and lan - guage are no sense and lan - guage are no more. And af - ter death Thy na - ture cease, Till sense and lan - guage are no more, lan - guage are no more..... and af - ter death Thy

bound - less grace Through ev - er - last - ing years adore

..... Through ev - er - last - ing years a - dore.

No. 174.

Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing there in
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me; Whom have I on

D. S. — While on oth - ers

Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee, Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 175. There'll Be No More Good Byes.

A. N. Whitten,

Copyright by A. N. Whitten,

A. N. Whitten.

1. We bid fare-well to those we love, when we are called to die, In heav'n a-
 2. We'll join the hap-py an-gel band, where saints shall never die, In heav'n a-
 3. 'Tis sad to part with those we love, when we are called to die, In heav'n a-

CHORUS.

bove where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.
 bove where all is love, there'll be no more good byes. There'll be no more good byes,
 bove where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.

there'll be no more good byes; In heav'n above where all is love, there'll be no more good byes.

No. 175 A.

Alas And Did

Isaac Watts

Hugh Wilson

1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crime that I have done? He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe,

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head for such a worm as I.
 A - maz-ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 176

The Bitter Cup. C. M.

W. C. Givens.

Fa-ther, re-move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will; If

CHORUS.

not, con-tent to drink it up, Thy pleas-ure I ful-fill. Go
 Go to the gar-den,

to the gar-den, sin-ner, see Those pre-cious drops that flow.
 Go to the garden, sinner, see Those pre-cious drops that flow.
 sin-ner, see Those pre-cious drops that flow. The

The heavy load He bore for thee For thee He lies so low.
 heavy load He bore f For thee He lies so low.
 The heav-y load He ore for thee

No. 177 When Shall We All Meet Again.

Thomas Hastings.
Fine.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
2. Though in dis - tant lands we sigh, Parched be - neath a burn - ing sky,
3. When our bur - nished locks are gray, Thinned by many a toil - spent day,

D. C. — Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.
And in fan - cys wide do - main, Oft shall we all meet a - gain.
Long may the loved bow'r re - main, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

Oft shall glow - ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wear - ied love re - tire,
Though the deep be - neath us roll, Friend - ship shall u - nite our souls,
When a - round the youth - ful pine, Moss shall creep and i - vy twine,

No. 177 a Precious Memories.

J. B. F. W.

Stamps and Baxter, owners, 1929. Used by per.

J. B. F. Wright.

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

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

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

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

No. 178.

Here In The Vineyard

J. T. White

1. {Here in the vineyard of my Lord I love to live and la - bor,
{And be o - bedient to my God Un - til the dy - ing hour.
2. {We oft - times meet, both night and day A faith - ful band of sol - diers;
{We read, we sing, we preach and pray, And find the Lord most pre - cious;
3. {But if on earth we meet no more I hope we'll meet in heav - en,
{Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er breakup, But dwell in sweet com - mu - nion.

I love to see the lil - lies grow, And view them all a - stand - ing
But while we sing this mournful song Our hearts are deep - ly wound - ed;
Where all the ransomed church of God Shall meet no more to sev - er,

In the right place while here be - low, Just as the Lord com - manded.
Per - haps we all may meet no more Here in a con - gre - ga - tion.
With not a sor - row, sin or tear, But shout His praise for - ev - er.

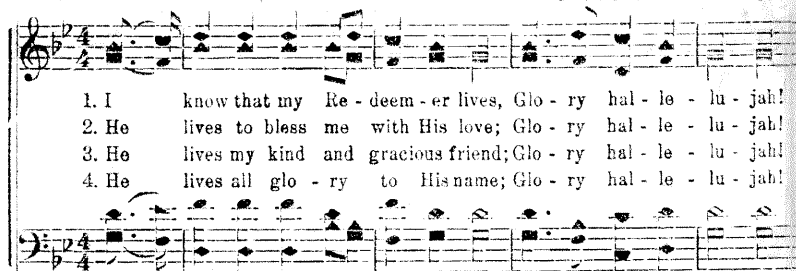
No. 178A. To The Temple We Repair.

1. To Thy tem - ple we re - pair, Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
2. While Thy glo - rious name is sung, Tune our lips, un - loose our tongues;
3. While to Thee our prayers as - cend, Let Thine ear in love at - tend;

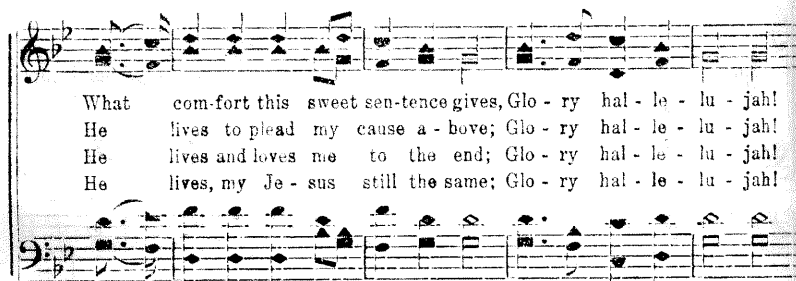
There, with - in the veil we meet Thee up - on the mer - cy seat.
Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Thee the Lord our Right - eous - ness.
Hear us when Thy Spir - it pleads — Hear for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.

No. 179 I Know That My Redeemer Lives. L. M.

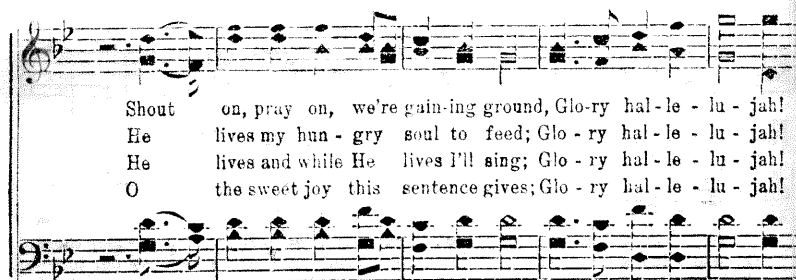
J. W. and W. R. McCoy.



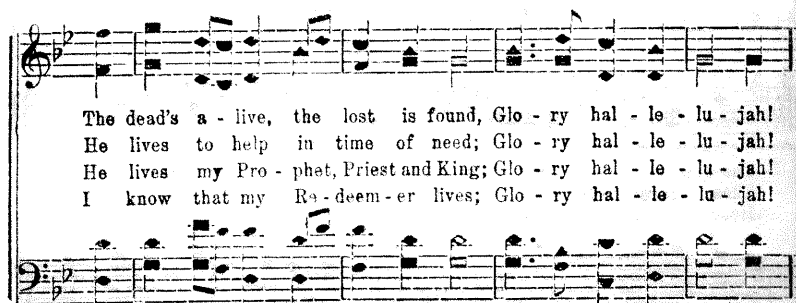
1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 2. He lives to bless me with His love; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 3. He lives my kind and gracious friend; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 4. He lives all glo-ry to His name; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



What com-fort this sweet sen-tence gives, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives to plead my cause a-bove; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives and loves me to the end; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives, my Je-sus still the same; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



Shout on, pray on, we're gain-ing ground, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives my hun-gry soul to feed; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives and while He lives I'll sing; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 O the sweet joy this sen-tence gives; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

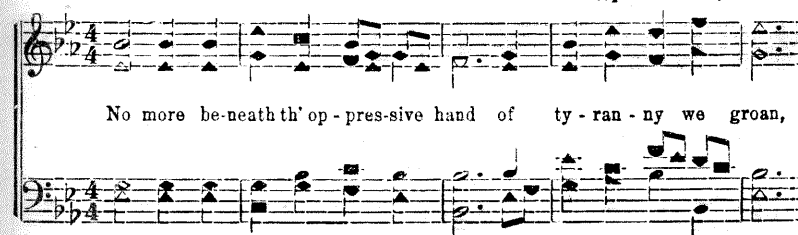


The dead's a-live, the lost is found, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives to help in time of need; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 He lives my Pro-phet, Priest and King; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
 I know that my Re-deem-er lives; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

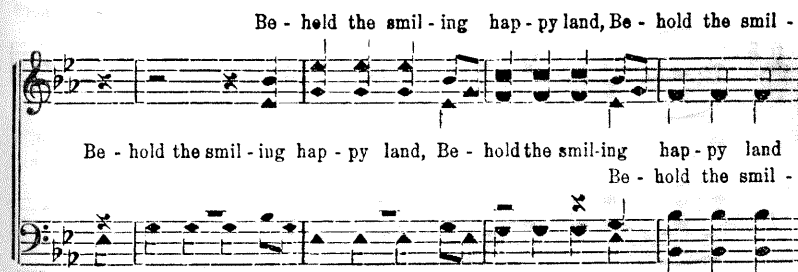
No. 180

Liberty.

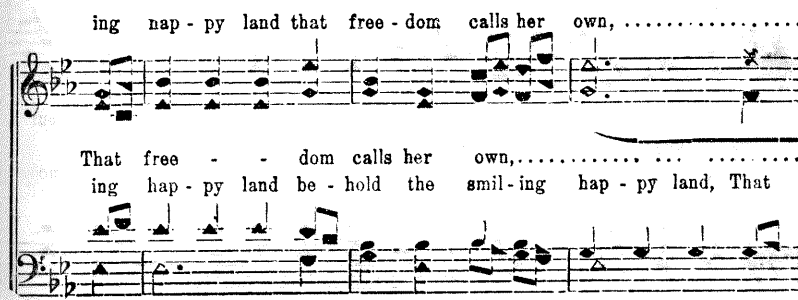
Stephen Jenks, 1803.



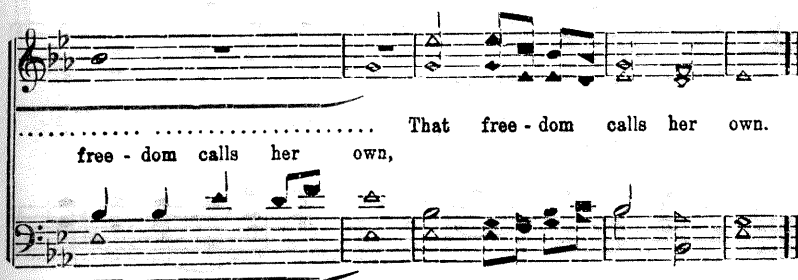
No more be-neath th'op-pres-sive hand of ty-ran-ny we groan,



Be-hold the smil-ing hap-py land, Be-hold the smil-
 Be-hold the smil-ing hap-py land, Be-hold the smil-ing hap-py land
 Be-hold the smil-



ing nap-py land that free-dom calls her own,
 That free-dom calls her own,
 ing hap-py land be-hold the smil-ing hap-py land, That



..... That free-dom calls her own.
 free-dom calls her own,

No. 181 Come On, My Fellow Pilgrims.

Miss Sarah Lancaster.

Come on my fel - low - pil - - grims come, And let us all be

We soon shall land on yon blest shore where
hast - ning home. We soon shall land on

We soon shall land on yon blest shore! Where pain and sorrow
pain and sor - row are no more.
There we our
yon blest shore, Where pain and sor - row are no more.
soon shall land on yon blest shore, Where pain and sor - row are no
are no more;

Je - sus shall a - dore, For - ev - - er blest.
more, There we our Je - sus should a - dore,

No. 182 Tarry With Me. 8s and 7s.

Mrs. C. S. Smith.

By permission of John Church & Co.

Knowles Shaw.

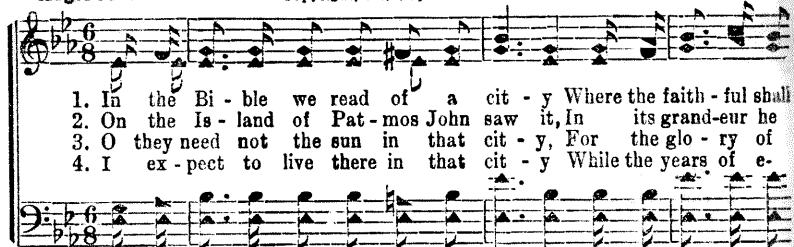
1. Tar - ry with me, oh, my Sav - iour, For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Ma - ny friends were gathered round me, In the bright days of the past;
3. Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
4. Tar - ry with me, oh, my Sav - iour, Lay my head up - on thy breast

See, the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a - bove them, And I ling - er here the last.
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn - ing; then a - wake me, Morn - ing of e - ter - nal rest.

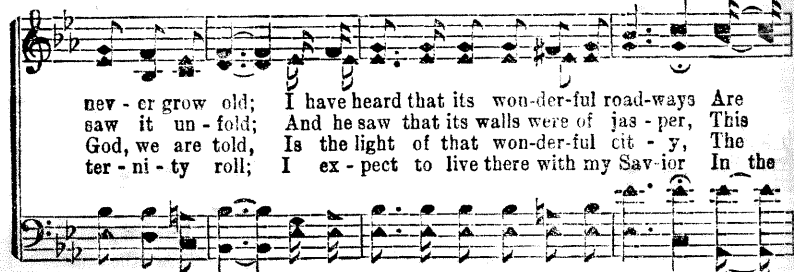
CHORUS.
Tar - ry with me, bless - ed Je - sus, Leave me not till morn - ing light;

For I'm lone - ly here with - out thee, Tar - ry with me thro' the night.

And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.—Rev. 21: 18
 Adger M. Pace Copyright, 1929, by W. Z. Kitts W. Z. Kitts

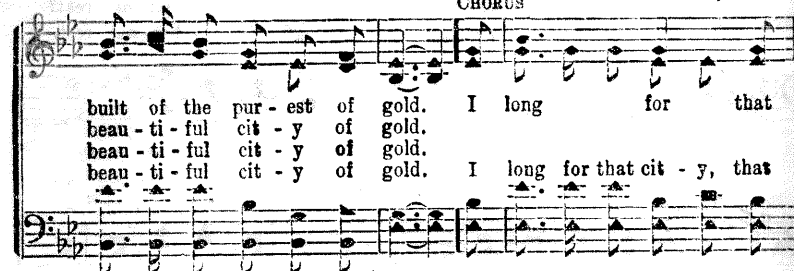


1. In the Bi - ble we read of a cit - y Where the faith - ful shall
 2. On the Is - land of Pat - mos John saw it, In its grand - eur he
 3. O they need not the sun in that cit - y, For the glo - ry of
 4. I ex - pect to live there in that cit - y While the years of e -

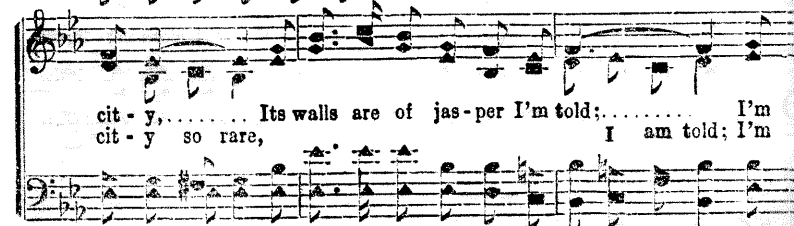


nev - er grow old; I have heard that its won - der - ful road - ways Are
 saw it un - fold; And he saw that its walls were of jas - per, This
 God, we are told; Is the light of that won - der - ful cit - y, The
 ter - ni - ty roll; I ex - pect to live there with my Sav - ior In the

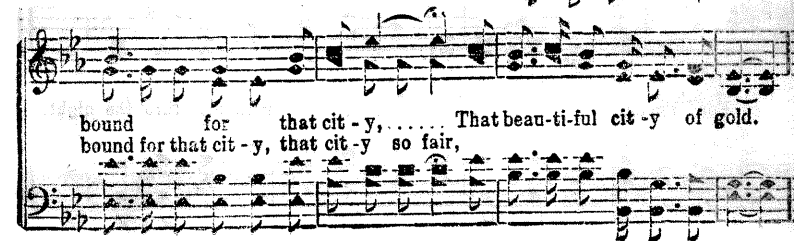
CHORUS



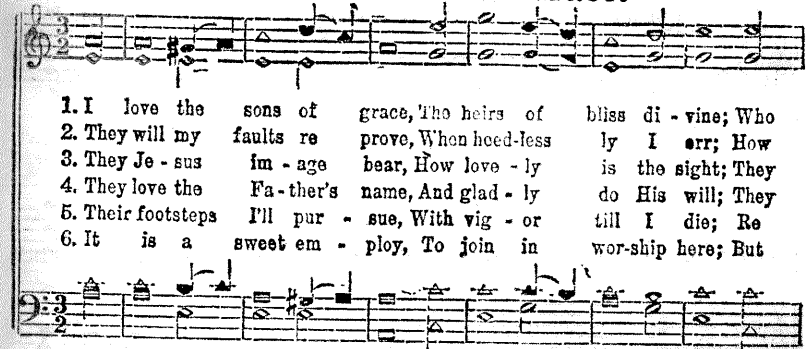
built of the pur - est of gold. I long for that
 beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold. I long for that cit - y, that



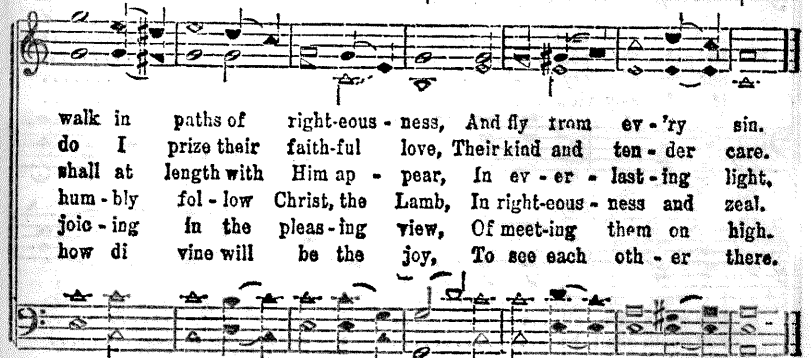
cit - y, Its walls are of jas - per I'm told; I'm
 cit - y so rare, I am told; I'm



bound for that cit - y, That beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 bound for that cit - y, that cit - y so fair,

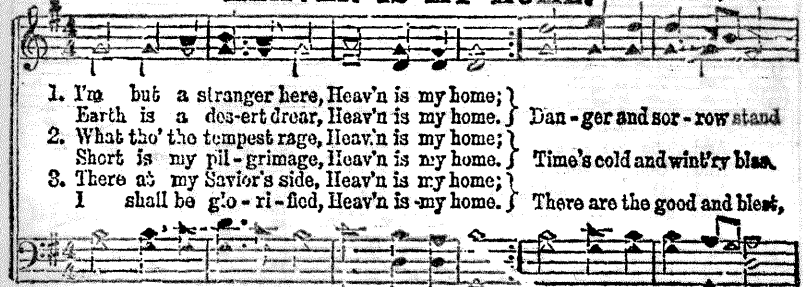


1. I love the sons of grace, The heirs of bliss di - vine; Who
 2. They will my faults re prove, When heed - less ly I err; How
 3. They Je - sus im - age bear, How love - ly is the sight; They
 4. They love the Fa - ther's name, And glad - ly do His will; They
 5. Their footsteps I'll pur - sue, With vig - or till I die; Re
 6. It is a sweet em - ploy, To join in wor - ship here; But

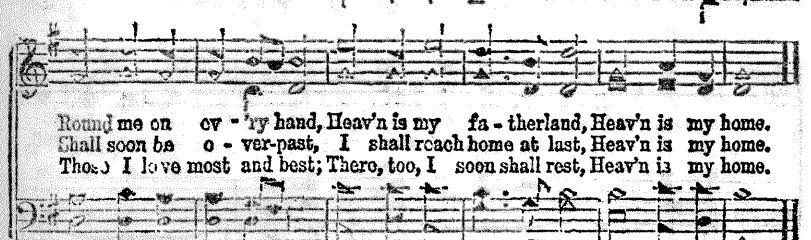


walk in paths of right - eous - ness, And fly from ev - 'ry sin.
 do I prize their faith - ful love, Their kind and ten - der care.
 shall at length with Him ap - pear, In ev - er - last - ing light,
 hum - bly fol - low Christ, the Lamb, In right - eous - ness and zeal.
 joic - ing in the pleas - ing view, Of meet - ing them on high.
 how di vine will be the joy, To see each oth - er there.

No. 184A. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. DR. L. MASON, 1834.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; }
 Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; }
 Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and win'try bles
 3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home; }
 I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,



Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
 Shall soon be o - ver - past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 Tho' I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 185.

Longing For Home.

Elder Len Dalton.

Elder Len Dalton, owner.

J. D. Center, Jr.

Slow.

1. I'm long-ing for..... that fu - ture home,.....
 2. Its streets are all..... of gold so rare,.....
 3. Our God shall wipe..... all tears a - way,.....
 4. The crowning joy..... of that sweet home,.....

And hop-ing that..... its joys are mine,.....
 Its gates of pearl..... are nev - er closed,.....
 Sor-row nor cry..... ing en - ter there,.....
 If I may view..... its won-ders bright,.....

I want to go..... no more to roam,.....
 Its walls are all..... of jas - per fair,.....
 For death shall be..... no more they say,.....
 Will be to see..... Him on the throne,.....

And be for - ev..... er in that clime,....
 And God Him-self..... is the light we're told,....
 And the re-deemed..... will on - ly share,....
 Who gave Him-self..... to win the fight,....

CHORUS.

I long to see..... be - yond the veil,.....
 I long to see..... be - yond the veil,.....

Longing For Home. Concluded.

And view those won - ders rich and rare,.....
 And view those won - ders rich and rare,.....

Though vis-ions now..... are on - ly pale,.....
 Though vis-ions now..... are on - ly pale,.....

rit.
 I hope to view..... those mansions fair,.....
 I hope to view..... those mansions fair,.....

No. 186.

Kedron. L. M.

Dare.

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

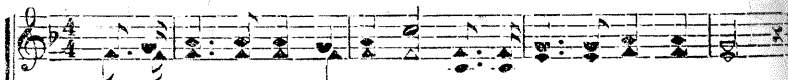
A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
 What love thro' all His ac - tions ran, What wondrous words of grace He spake!
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine—" 'Tis the new cov - nant in My blood."
 Meet at My ta - ble and re - cord The love of your de - part -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

No. 187. When The Evening Shadows Gather.

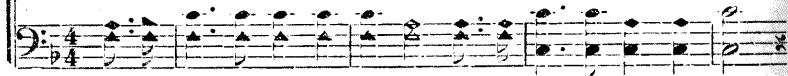

Selected.

Dedicated to C. R. Brannen, Houston, Texas.



A. N. Whitten.



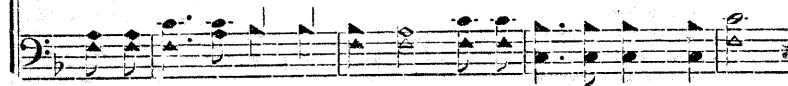
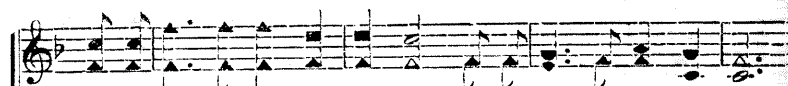
1. When the ev'n-ing shad-ows gath-er, And the bus - y day is done,
2. Mem-'ry paints a scene of beau - ty In the old home far a - way;
3. Far - ther on in life so fleet-ing, Mem-'ry flies on pin - ions light,
4. For dear mo-ther now is sleep-ing 'Neath the dais-ies' pur - ple bloom,


Mem-ries come on gold - en pin - ions, Bring-ing vis - ions one by one:
Fa - ther, mo-ther, sis - ter, bro - ther, Gath - er round the hearth to pray;
To the day that I de - part - ed From my child-hood home so bright.
And her dy - ing words, they tell me, Were "Dear chil-dren, still there's room,

Vis - ions full of love and beau - ty, Tho'ts of hap - py child-hood's hour,
We can hear the pray'r to heav - en That we heard in days of yore,
I can hear my mo-ther's bless-ing. As she bade her boy good bye,
Room a-mong the shin - ing an - gels," There I'll meet her bye and bye,

Tho'ts of man-hood, joy or sor - row, With their bless-ed sooth-ing power.
And the songs we sung so oft - en, We can hear them o'er and o'er.
I shall hear it, too, for - ev - er, Till I meet her in the sky.
Meet to know no pangs of part - ing, Meet for - ev - er in the sky.

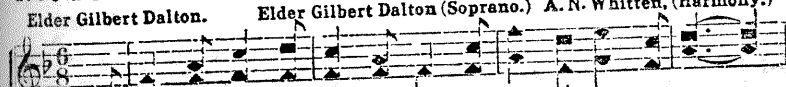


No. 188.

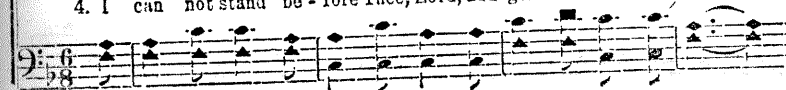

Morning Meditation.

Elder Gilbert Dalton.

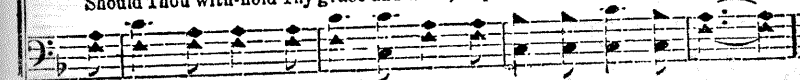
Elder Gilbert Dalton (Soprano.) A. N. Whitten, (Harmony.)



1. As I stroll out each morn-ing here, my heart all filled with cares,
2. O, why should I in sad-ness live, while I am blessed to roam;
3. Should I be called be - fore Him now, to speak of His dear Son,
4. I can not stand be - fore Thee, Lord, and give Thee that sweet praise;

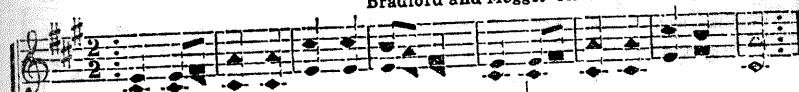
I look to Him who blessed me here, my soul is filled with cheers.
O, why should I not bless His name, though I be far from home?
O, could He cheer my droop-ing heart, my task would soon be done.
Should Thou with-hold Thy grace and word, my voice I could not raise.



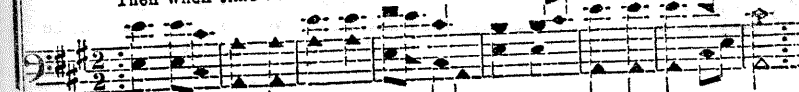
No. 188 A.

Still Better.


Bradford and Meggs. Alto Miss Minnie Floyd.



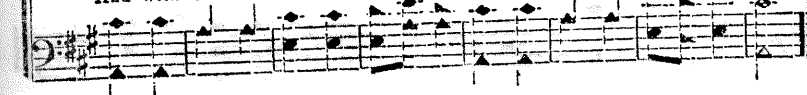
Teach me how to do my du - ty in the ser-vice of my Lord,
Then when time with me is o - ver, I'll re - ceive the great re-ward.



D. C.—When my sor-rows and my toil-ing Shall be ban-ish-ed far a - way.



D. C.
And with Je - sus Christ my Sav - iour, I shall live in end - less day.



No. 189

O Mother, How We Miss You

W. A. McKinney

Dedicated to Mrs. Roy Post, Topelo, Miss.
E. M. Kitchen, owner, 1930

E. M. Kitchen

1. We have lost our dear, sweet mother, She no more on earth shall
2. Mother's life was true and faith-ful And her heart was filled with
3. Some day I shall go to meet her Where there'll be no more good-

room; And there'll nev-er be an-oth-er,..... Who can take her
love, Trusting Je-sus as her Sav-ior,..... Till she joined Him
byes, I can think of noth-ing sweet-er..... Than our meet-ing

CHORUS

place at home. O dear moth-er, how we miss you,.....
up a-bove. O dear mother, how we miss you,
in the skies.

But no more..... on earth you roam; Some sweet day we'll all be
But no more on earth you roam; Some sweet day

Rit.

with you,..... In that bright..... e-ter-nal home.
we'll be with you In that bright sweet home.

No. 190.

The Master Of Love.

Elder Len Dalton.

Elder Len Dalton, owner.

Elder Len Dalton.

1. On the Mas-ter of love I am trusting to-day, That He'll guide me a-
2. On His prom-ise di-vine I am rest-ing se-cure, That He'll help me to
3. When I'm called to go hence, and the bat-tle is won, I hope God will then

long life's troublesome way, He has promised His help when my burdens are great,
win the vic-t'ry so sure, For He prom-is-es grace and He says its e-nough,
call me un-to His Son, Then my sor-rows will end in the joys of that home,

CHORUS.

And by faith I can see my sure fate.
Though the sea may be tur-bid and rough. And by faith I can
And I shall then nev-er-more roam.

see my sure fate, And by faith I can see my sure fate, He has promised His

help when my bur-dens are great, And by faith I can see my sure fate.

NOTE—Repeat words of the other verses as in first for Refrain.

No. 191. Where Jesus Is Will Be Heaven For Me.

J. R. Bickerstaff.

Arr. by A. N. Whitten

1. It may not be..... so far a-way,.....
 2. In that sweet home,..... so I've been told,.....
 3. A time will come..... when I no more,.....

To per-fect rest..... and end-less day; It mat-ters
 Are gates of pearl..... and streets of gold; But this I
 Shall stray from Him..... whom I a-dore; And glo-ry

not..... where it may be,..... Where Je-sus
 know,..... if I can be;..... Where Je-sus
 then..... will ev-er be,..... Where Je-sus

is..... will be heav-en for me.....
 Where Je-sus is will be heav-en for me.

REFRAIN. D. S.
 Will be heaven for me,..... will be heaven for me.....
 Will be heaven for me, will be heav'n for me

No. 192

Lenox.

Edg:n.

1. Blow ye the trump-et, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound;
 2. Ex-alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-toa-ing Lamb;

Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,
 Re-demp-tion by His blood Thro' all the lands pro-claim.

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The
 The year of ju-bi-
 The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The year of ju-bi-

year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. home.
 year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. home.
 lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. home.
 lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. home.

1. Bright morn-ing of glo-ry when Je-sus shall come, To gath-er His
2. The glo-ry of Je-sus shall trans-cend the day, And trans-formed our
3. He is com-ing a-gain oh, won-der-ful sight, E-ter-ni-ty
4. Bright morn-ing of glo-ry, bright morn-ing of joy, Our Sav-iour is
5. Bright morn-ing of glo-ry, we long to be there, To live on for-

1. jew-els and car-ry them home, The graves shall break o-pen, the saints shall a-
2. bod-ies shall nev-er de-cay, Oh, sing, Ho-ly An-gels, this sa-cred re-
3. gleams like a star in the night, Then breaks the glad morn-ing, and time is no
4. com-ing the grave to de-destroy, God grant in that morn-ing, a wel-come shall
5. ev-er, His glo-ry to share, The gate shall swing o-pen, the vic-to-ry

1. rise, To see the Re-deem-er des-cend from the skies.
2. frair, The Sav-iour in glo-ry is com-ing a-gain.
3. more, We meet with our loved ones on Heav-en's blest shore.
4. be, For poor mourn-ing sin-ners, un-worth-y like me.
5. won, Bright morn-ing of glo-ry, Christ sits on His throne.

Bright Morning of Glory

1. The graves shall break o-pen, the saints shall a-rise,
2. Oh, sing Ho-ly An-gels, this sa-cred re-frain.
3. Then breaks the glad morn-ing, and time is no more,
4. God grant in that morn-ing, a wel-come shall be,
5. The gate shall be o-pen, the vic-to-ry won,

1. rise, To see the Re-deem-er des-cend from the skies.
2. frair, The Sav-iour in glo-ry is com-ing a-gain.
3. more, We meet with our loved ones on heav-en's blest shore.
4. be, For poor mourn-ing sin-ners, un-worth-y like me.
5. won, Bright morn-ing of glo-ry, Christ sits on His throne.

No. 194

This Is My Father's World

Malcolm D. Babcock 1958 - 1901

Traditional English Melody
Arr. by F. L. Shepherd 1852 - 1930

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears, All
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That

na - ture sings, and round me sings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.

This is my Fa - ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
 This is my Fa - ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa - ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je -

rocks and trees, of skies and seas His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rus - tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
 sus - who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

No. 195

Cowper

For - give the song that falls so low Be - neath the grat - i -

It means Thy praise, how - ev - er poor.
 tude I owe; It means Thy praise, how -
 It means Thy praise, how - ev - er poor, It means Thy

means Thy praise, how - ev - er poor.
 ev - er poor.
 praise, how - ev - er poor. An an - gel's song can do no more,

It means Thy praise, how - ev - er poor, An an - gel's song can do no more.

No. 196

He Is My Jesus

Jack Young

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All Rights Reserved.Wayland Ethridge
Artie W. Green

1. Some-times we have bur-dens hard to bear, Some-times it seems there's
2. Oh! my friend please place your faith in Him, For He with you will a-

no one to care. Christ the King met death on Cal - va - ry. He
bide 'til the end. Side by side with you He'll walk each day. He'll

CHORUS

is the way, the way for you and me. He is my
go with you, each step a - long the way.

Je - sus, That Man of Gal - i - lee Who bled and died for

me on Cal-v'ry's tree. He is my Je - sus. I'll al - ways

He Is My Jesus

thank-ful be, He shed His blood for me That I might be free.

No. 197 We Will Sing With The Angels There

D. J. Givens

1. There is a place called heav - en, The home - land of the soul,
2. That home is made of jas - per, Its walks are laid with gold,
3. There we shall live for - ev - er, In that e - ter - nal home,

The an - gels will be sing - ing there, While end - less a - ges roll.
The beau - ties of that heav'n - ly place, Have nev - er yet been told.
We'll meet our Sav - iour face to face, A - round that hap - py throne.

CHORUS

We will sing with the an - gels there, In that hap - py home so fair,

In heav - en a - bove where all is love, We will sing with the an - gels there.

No. 198

David's Lamentation.

Bilings.

Slow.

Dav-id the king was griev-ed and mov-ed, He went to his cham-ber, his

cham-ber and wept; O my son!
And as he went he wept, and said,

Would to God I had died,

O my son! Would to God I had

Would to God I had died, Would to God I had

died, Would to God I had died for. thee, O Ab-sa-lom, my son, my son!

No. 199

Holy City

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All Rights Reserved.B. F. White
arr. V. J. Lowrance, Jr.

1. There is a ho-ly ci-ty, A hap-py world a-bove, Be-
2. It is no world of trou-ble, The God of peace is there, He
3. The host of saints a-round Him Pro-claim His work of grace; The
4. Now with a ho-ly trans-port They tell their suf-frings o'er, Their

yond the star-ry re-gions, Built by the God of love; An-
wipes a-way their sor-rows, He ban-nish-es their care; Their
pa-tri-archs and proph-ets, And all the god-ly race, Who
tears and their temp-ta-tions And all the pains they bore; They

ev-er-last-ing tem-ple, And saints ar-rayed in white;
joys are still in-creas-ing, Their songs are ev-er new;
speak of fier-ry tri-als, And tor-tures on their way;
turn and bow to Je-sus, Who gained their li-ber-ty;

They serve their great re-deem-er, They dwell with Him in light.
They praise the ter-nal Fa-ther, The Son and Spir-it, too.
They came from trib-u-la-tion To ev-er-last-ing day.
A-mid our fierc-est dan-gers Our lives are hid in Thee.

No. 200

Song Of Thanks

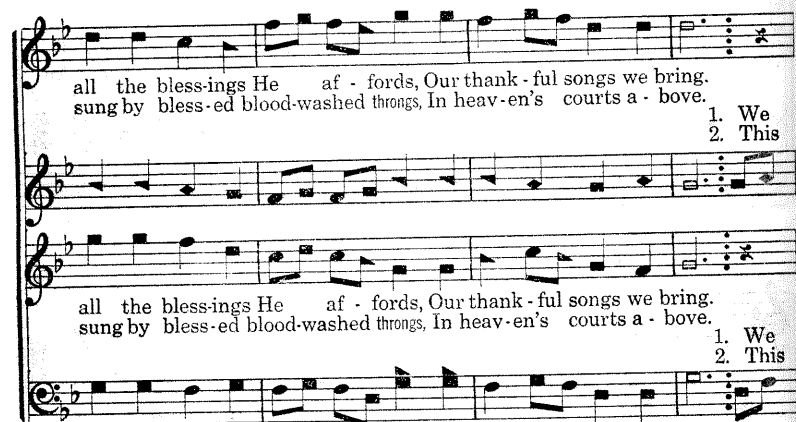
Elder J. A. Rowell

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S. M. Denson




1. With thank-ful hearts we praise the Lord, With thank-ful-ness we sing, For
2. Ac - cept our thanks in thank-ful song, We sing of Je - sus' love, As



all the bless-ings He af - fords, Our thank - ful songs we bring.
sung by bless-ed blood-washed throngs, In heav-en's courts a - bove.

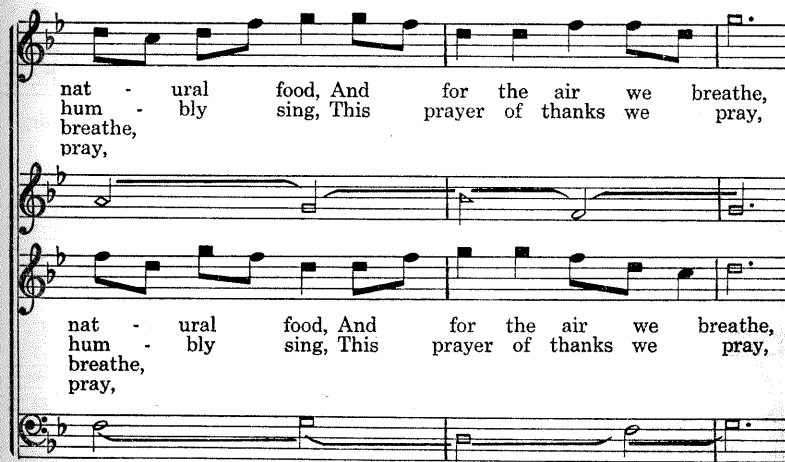
1. We
2. This



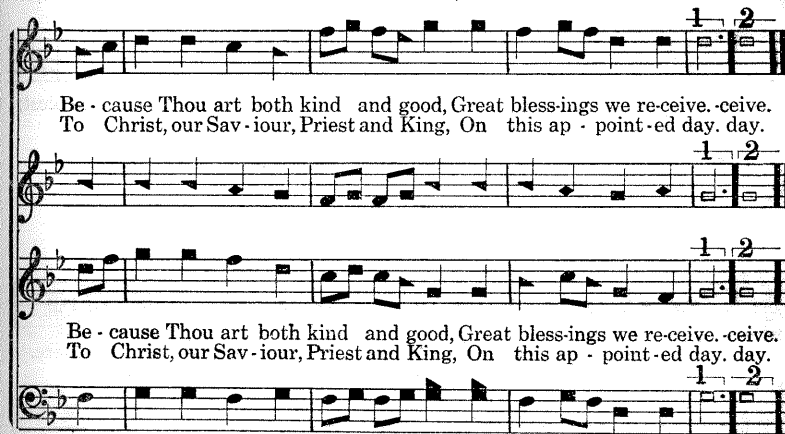
1. We thank Thee Lord for
2. This song of thanks we
thank Thee Lord for nat - ural food And for the air we
song of thanks we hum - bly sing, This prayer of thanks we

1. We thank Thee Lord for
2. This song of thanks we
thank Thee Lord for nat - ural food And for the air we
song of thanks we hum - bly sing, This prayer of thanks we

Song Of Thanks



nat - ural food, And for the air we breathe,
hum - bly sing, This prayer of thanks we pray,
breathe,
pray,



Be - cause Thou art both kind and good, Great bless-ings we re-ceive. - ceive.
To Christ, our Sav - iour, Priest and King, On this ap - point - ed day. day.

1. 2.

Be - cause Thou art both kind and good, Great bless-ings we re-ceive. - ceive.
To Christ, our Sav - iour, Priest and King, On this ap - point - ed day. day.

1. 2.

No. 200-A

I Love The Lord

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L. B. C.

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Lonnie B. Combs



1. I love my pre-cious Lord, Love, love, I love the Lord.
2. I'll sing His hap - py praise, Yes, sing, yes, sing His praise.
3. He's been so good to me, So good, so good to me.

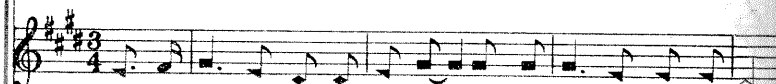
No. 201

Arr. T. J. A.

She Is Sleeping

T. J. Allen
Beulah Dauphin

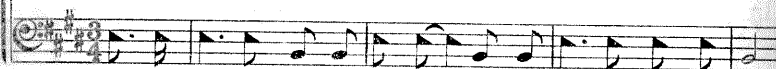
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, Where the skies are ev-er fair;



2. She went o'er the si-lent wa-ters, At the set-ting of the sun;



3. In that land where she is wait-ing, For the ones she loved on earth;



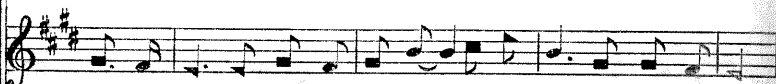
4. When the sol-ern sum-mons call us, To that man-sion of the blest;



And I have an an-gel moth-er, Who is wait-ing for me there.



And I know that she is hap-py, For the Chris-tian's course is run.



Sin and sor-row nev-er en-ter, But e-ter-nal days have birth.



We shall lose our earth-ly sor-row, In a sense of bliss-ful rest.

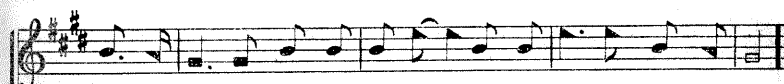
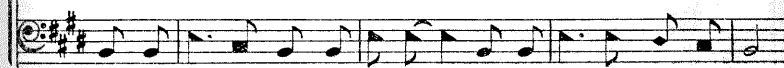
She Is Sleeping



Come, oh boat-man, row me o-ver, To a fair-er land than this;



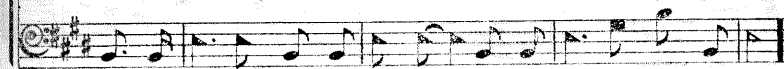
Come, oh boat-man, row me o-ver, To a fair-er land than this;



For my heart grows wea-ry wait-ing, For my an-gel moth-ers kiss.



For my heart grows wea-ry wait-ing, For my an-gel moth-ers kiss.



No. 202

O Lord We Sing

Lutisha Watson

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P. M. Ackley

1. O Lord we sing, How great Thou art, With all Thy rich-es known;
2. Of-ten our path on earth is dark And wea-ry seems the way,
3. Still we can sing, How great Thou art, With all Thy ten-der care;
4. Our span of life, is oh so short Com-pared to that great time

We get a glimpse of Ho-ly bliss A-round the great white throne,
The dawn will come, the sun will shine To drive the clouds a-way.
In life, in death, in peace and war, We know that Thou art there.
When all God's chil-dren are called home For e-ter-nal life sub-lime.

O glorious light, O what a view Of all the beau-ties there,
Of-ten we see our loved ones leave To cross the storm-y sea.
In twin-king stars, the tur-tle dove, The hills, the flow-ing spring
We sing, O Lord, How great Thou art, And cast our eyes a-far,

And yet we see on-ly in part, The cit-y called Four Square.
Our hearts are torn; they are at war, That we may wor-ship free.
Are here to tell us Thou art there To tune our hearts to sing.
Un-to the place called ec-sta-sy, I think I'm al-most there.

No. 203

Hail Sovereign Love

Duane Street, L. M.

George C. L.

1. Hail, sov-'reign love that first be-gan The schemeto res-cue fall-en man;
2. En-wrapt in thick E-gyp-tian night, And fond of dark-ness more than light,
3. In-dig-nant jus-tice stood in view, To Si-na'i's fi-ry mount I flew;
4. Should storms of thun-d'ring vengeance roll, And shake the earth from pole to pole,

Hail, match-less, free, e-ter-nal grace, That gave my soul a hid-ing place.
Mad-ly I ran the sin-ful race, Se-cure with-out a hid-ing place.
But jus-tice cried with frown-ing face, "This moun-tain is no hid-ing place."
No flam-ing bolt shall daunt my face, For Je-sus is my hid-ing place.

A-gainst the God that rules the sky I fought with hand up-lift-ed high;
But thus th'e-ter-nal coun-sel ran, "Al-might-y love ar-rest that man;
Ere long a heav'n-ly voice I heard, And mer-cy's an-gel form ap-peared;
A few more roll-ing suns at most, Will land me safe on Ca-naan's coast,

De-spised His rich, a-bound-ing grace, Too proud to seek a hid-ing place.
I felt the ar-rows of dis-tress, And found I had no hid-ing place.
She led me on, with gen-tle pace, To Je-sus as my hid-ing place.
Where I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glo-rious hid-ing place.

No. 204 The Lone Pilgrim. 11s and 8s.

Wm. Walker.

1. I' came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay, And pen-sive-ly stood by the tomb,
 2. The tem-pest may howl, and the loud thunder roar, And gath-er-ing storms may arise;
 3. The cause of my Mas-ter compelled me from home, I bade my companions farewell;
 4. I wandered an ex-ile and stranger from home, No kin-dred or rel-a-tive nigh;
 5. Oh, tell my com-pan-ion and children most dear, To weep not for me now I'm gone;

When in a low whis-per I heard something say, How sweet-ly I sleep here a-lone!
 Yet calm is my feel-ing, at rest is my soul, The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
 I blest my dear children, who now for me mourn—In far dis-tant re-gions they dwell.
 I met the con-ta-gion, and sank to the tomb, My soul flew to man-sions on high.
 The same hand that led me thro' scenes most severe, Has kind-ly as-sist-ed me home.

No. 205 Fleeting Days. C. M.

Henry G. Mann.

1. Time! what an emp-ty va-por 'tis! And days how swift they are!
 2. The pres-ent mo-ments just ap-pear, Then slide a-way in haste,
 3. Our life is ev-er on the wing, And death is ev-er nigh;

Swift as an In-dian ar-row flies, Or like a shoot-ing star. star.
 That we can nev-er say, "They're here," But on-ly say, "They're past." past.
 The mo-ment when our lives be-gin, We all be-gin to die. die.

No. 206

IN THY GREAT NAME.

HOSKINS.

"Gathered together in My Name."—MATT. 18: 20.

Arr. by J. H. S.

1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at Thy feet;
 2. We come to hear Je-ho-vah speak, To hear the Sav-ior's voice;
 3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear, And understand Thy Word;
 4. Let sin-ners now Thy goodness prove, And saints rejoice in Thee;

Oh, pour Thy Ho-ly Spir-it down On all that now shall meet.
 Thy face and fa-vor, Lord, we seek; Now make our hearts rejoice.
 To feel Thy blissful presence near, And trust our liv-ing Lord.
 Let reb-els be sub-dued by love, And to the Sav-ior flee.

No. 207

The Fruit of Faith

J. A. M.

Arr. J. A. MONSEES

1. { Faith is the arm that ex-pands grace, O'er av-e-nues we love to trace,
 { Hope is the urge, then faith en-dears; And so makes sweet the bit-ter tears.
 2. { Faith leads us where none dare to go, But those to whom the scepter show;
 { The scept-er then is shown so bright; Relieves our fears, makes clear the night.
 D.C.—When the rain falls, and pastures lean, Faith helps us wait to lat-er glean,
 D.O.—An-swers your pray'r gives you a view, Of what sweet heav'n will mean to you

Faith reach-es out to things un-seen; Leads us to feed on pas-tures green,
 Faith is God's gift, to guide your feet, Brings heaven near. makes service sweet.

No. 208

Lone Pilgrim.

FOWLER

COMMAK

1. Ye pil - grims of Zi - on, and chos - en of God, Whose
 2. As Je - sus in cov - e - nant love, did en - gage A
 3. This truth, like its Au - thor, e - ter - nal shall stand, Tho'
 4. They may on the main of temp - ta - tion be toss'd! Their
 5. Sur - round - ed with sor - row, temp - ta - tions and cares, This

spir - its are filled with dis - may, Since ye have e - ter - nal re -
 ful - ness of grace to dis - play, The pow - ers of dark - ness in
 all things in na - ture de - cay, Up - held by Je - ho - vah's om -
 sor - rows may swell as the sea; But none of the ran - somed shall
 truth with de - light we sur - vey, And sing, as we pass thro' this

demp - tion thro' blood, Ye can - not but hold on your way.
 mal - ice may rage, The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 nip - o - tent hand, The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 ev - er be lost; The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 val - ley of tears, The right - eous shall hold on his way.

No. 209

Purer In Heart, O God

DAVISON

Used by Per.

J. H. Fillmore

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Wholly to Thee.
 2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly.
 3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy ho - ly face One day may see.

Purer In Heart, O God. Concluded.

Watch Thou my wayward feet, Guide me with coun - sel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Be Thou my Friend and guide, Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
 Keep me from secret sin, Reign Thou my soul within; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

No. 210

I'll Live On Somewhere

H. F. M.

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HOMER F. MORRIS

1. When this life is o'er, and I'm here no more, I'll live on some where;
 2. Tho' my bod - y lies in the cold, cold ground, I'll live on
 3. Tho' the grave my bed for ten - thousand years, I'll live on
 4. As the days go by, as the a - ges fly,

In a hap - py home nev - er - more to roam, I'll live on some where.
 When the dead a - rise at the trumpet sound,
 Free from toil and cares, free from pain and tears, I'll live on some where.
 In that hap - py place for the saved by grace,

D. 3.—With my loved ones gone, I'll live on and on,

REFRAIN:
 I'll live on some where, I'll live on some where;
 I'll live on live some where, I'll live on I'll live on;
 D. S.

No. 211

Sing An Old Song

Elder J. A. Rowell

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All Rights Reserved.Marie Bass
Charles Richards

1. Oh sing to me an old old song And pitch the key-note low,
2. Just sing it like they used to sing, An old song just once more,
3. A sim - ple ea - sy mel - o - dy, A soft and sweet re - frain,
4. The songs they sang when I was young, Of grace and hope and love,
5. The old songs may not be the best, I sure - ly do not know.

With har - mo - ny and me - ter long, The mu - sic soft and slow.
Sweet mem - o - ries such sing - ing bring, Of long-gone days of yore.
Please sing an old, old song for me, An old song once a - gain.
The kind of songs our par - ents sang, Of Christ and heav'n a - bove.
But when they car - ry me to rest, Just sing one soft and low.

No. 212

Mercy And Grace

Elder J. A. Rowell

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Sara White

1. Oh mer - cy is my on - ly plea, Have noth - ing else to pay, The
2. By grace the guilt sin - ner lives, Though doomed by sin to die, Grace
3. Ye saints re-deemed with rap-ture sing, Since Je - sus paid and freed, Sing

hea - vy debt I owe to Thee; Grant mer - cy Lord I pray.
in - ter - cedes the Lord for - gives; The Sav - iour jus - ti - fies.
glo - rious an - thems to your King, Now you are free in - deed.

No. 213

Solemn Warning.

8 Lines

E. P. BOROUGH
Fine

1 { The bless-ed Spir - it, like the wind, Blows when and where He please;
How hap - py are the men who feel The soul en - liv - 'n' breeze! }
3 { He sheds a-broad the Fa - thers love, Ap - plies re - deem - ing blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief re - move, And brings us near to God. }

D.C.—He takes a - way the heart of stone, And plants His grace with - in.
None can the might-y power control—Thy glo - rious work de - stroy.

2. He forms the in - ward mind a - fresh, Sub - dues the love of sin,
4. Lord, fill each dead, be - night - ed soul With life and light and joy,

No. 214

Eden.

B. F. White, Alto by C. H. C.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all His kind-ness shown?
2. A - mong the saints that fill Thy house, My of - frings shall be paid;
3. How much is mer - cy Thy de - light, Thou ev - er bless - ed God!
4. How hap - py all Thy ser - vants are! How great Thy grace to me!

My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.
There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
How dear Thy ser - vants in Thy sight How pre - cious is Thy blood!
My life which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de - vote to Thee!

No. 215

Sweet Prospect

Wm. Walker

1. Lo, what an en - ter - tain - ing sight, Those friend - ly
2. 'Tis like the oil di - vine - ly sweet, On Aa - ron's

breth - ren prove! Whose cheer - ful hearts in bands u - nite
rev - 'rend head- The trick - ling drops per - fumed His feet,

Of har - mo - ny and love. When streams of bliss from
And o'er his gar - mentsspread. 'Tis pleas - ant as the

Christ, the spring De - scend to ev - 'ry soul, And heav'nly
morn - ing dews That fall on Zi - on's hill, Where God His

peace, with balm - y wing, Shades and be - dews the whole.
mild - est glo - ry shows, And makes His grace dis - til.

No. 216

Gethsemane. 7s. 6 Lines.

A. Ogletree.

1. Man - y woes had Christ en - dured, Man - y sore temp - ta - tions met,
2. There my God bore all my guilt: This, thro' grace, can be be - lieved;
3. All my sins a - gainst my God— All my sins a - gainst His laws—
4. Here's my claim, and here a - lone— None a Sav - iour more can need:

Pa - tient, and to pains in - ured! But the sor - est tri - al yet
But the tor - ments which He felt Are too vast to be con - ceived:
All my sins a - gainst His blood— All my sins a - gainst His cause:
Deeds of right - eous - ness I've none, Not a work that I can plead:

Was to be sus - tained in thee, Gloom - y, sad Geth - sem - a - ne!
None can pen - e - trate thro' thee, Dole - ful, dark Geth - sem - a - ne!
Sins as bound - less as the sea! Hide me, O Geth - sem - a - ne!
Not a glimpse of hope for me, On - ly in Geth - sem - a - ne!

No. 217

Amsterdam. 7s and 6s. D.

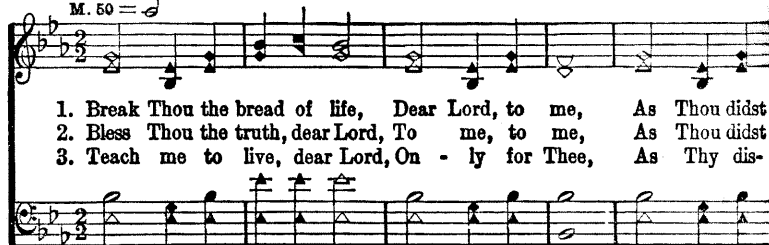
1. { Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; }
{ Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb; }
2. { Time is wing - ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home; }
{ Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb; }

Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Bloom - ing beau - ty lose its charms;
But the Chris - tian shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon, a - bove,

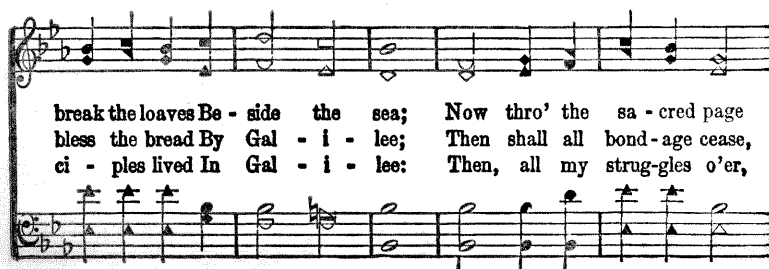
No. 218 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury
M. 50 =

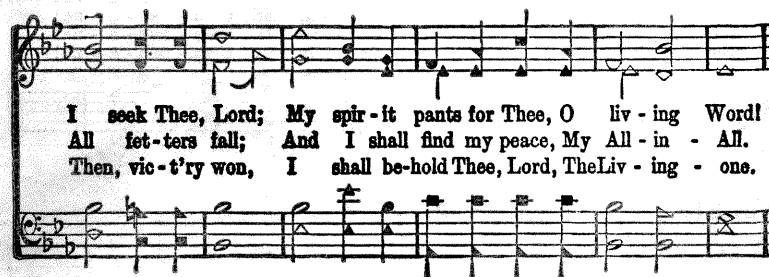
William F. Sherwin.



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis-



break the loaves Be - side the sea; Now thro' the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee: Then, all my strug-gles o'er,



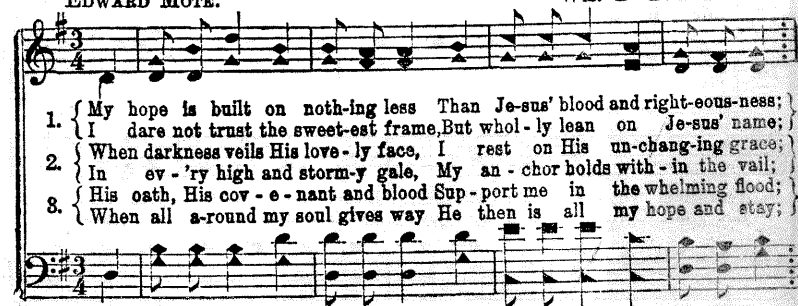
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in - All.
Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv-ing - one.

No. 219

Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



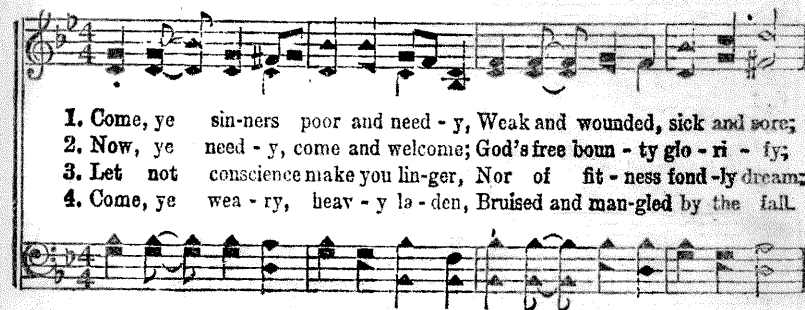
1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name;
2. { When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail;
3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
When all a-round my soul gives way He then is all my hope and stay;

Solid Rock



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

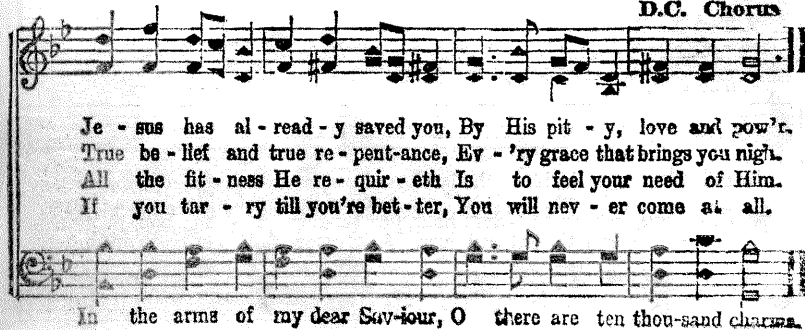
No. 220 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus Arr. by H. F. MORAN



1. Come, ye sin-ners poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall.

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms

D.C. Chorus



Je-sus has al-read-y saved you, By His pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 221 I Love The Lord, My God

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Karen Winchester

Karen Winchester

1. I love the Lord, my God. With-in His hand I'm held. He's
2. When first I knew His name, My mind was so filled with awe. I
3. Then by His won-drous grace, I felt His mer-cy and His power. He
4. I love the Lord, my God. With-in His hand I'm held. He's

shel-tered me from all dis-tress, And storms a-bout me He's quelled.
would not hark-en to his face, Re-fused to heed His call.
o-pened my world blind-ed eyes, I seek Him now this hour.
shel-tered me from all dis-tress, And storms a-bout me He's quelled.

No. 222 The Gospel

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Elder J. A. Rowell

Thomas Hastings

1. The gos-pel tells how Je-sus came to save His peo-ple from their sin.
2. Grace is the gos-pel's glo-rious song; It sings of Je-sus and His love,
3. The gos-pel filled with migh-ty pow'r, Will com-fort souls in dire dis-tress;
4. The gos-pel is a sa-cred trust, Be-stowed up-on God's cho-sen race,

To heal the sick, the blind, the lame, And com-fort wretch-ed dy-ing men.
Sung by re-deemed and blood-washed throng; A-round the great white thrones a-bove.
And turn men in their sad-dest hour, From sor-row in-to hap-pi-ness.
By Je-sus Christ, the good and just, A Sav-ior full of truth and grace.

No. 223

Balm In Gilead

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1. Fa-ther I stretch my hands to Thee, No
2. What did Thine on-ly Son en-dure Be
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I
4. Au-thor of faith! to Thee I lift My
5. How would my faint-ing soul re-joice, Could

oth-er help I know. If Thou with-draw Thy-
fore I drew my breath? What pain, what la-bor
now should feel Thy pow'r. And all my wants Thou
wear-y long-ing eyes; O let me now re-
I but see Thy face; Now let me hear Thy

self from me, Ah! with-er shall I go?
to se-cure My soul from end-less death!
would'st re-lieve In this ac-cept-ed hour. There's
ceive that gift My soul with-out it dies.
quick-'ning voice, And taste Thy pard-'ning grace.

balm in Gi-le-ad, That cures the sin sick soul;

There's balm in Gi-le-ad, That makes the wound-ed whole.

No. 224

John 4:14

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Morris Nowlin

Morris Nowlin
Carolia Johnson

1. Lord, lead me to the crys-tal foun-tain, Where I may bathe my wea-ry soul;
2. Oh, see the stream of liv-ing wa-ters, So free-ly flow-ing from His throne,
3. He brought sal-va-tion to His peo-ple. Ho-ly and Rev-erend is His name.
4. Lord, let me drink of that pure wa-ter. Oh, this shall be my dai-ly cry,

Where I may drink of it so free-ly, En-vel-oped in His grace and love.
To this vain world of sin and sor-row, Where my dear Sav-ior's feet have trod.
He is the source of all my com-fort; In him a-lone my hope doth cling.
Or else the weight of sin and sor-row My wea-ry soul would faint and die.

No. 225

Prayer

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Drummond

R. P. Drummond

1. Now un-to Thee our Fa-ther, We come on bend-ed knee,
2. Grant as Thy lov-ing pres-ence, Give us the grace to see
3. Thou art our strength and com-fort, And we in Thee be-lieve;

Our hearts are full of praise That brings us now un-to Thee.
Thy will in our dai-ly lives, And bring us nigh un-to Thee.
But being men, out faith is weak, Help Thou our un-be-lief.

No. 226

The Christian Warfare

William Walker

1. {Ye friends of the Sav-iour, I pray give at-ten-tion, And I'll tell what
A sin-ner by na-ture, a sin-ner by prac-tice, An un-worth-y
2. {But mer-cy, free mer-cy, that still in-ter-pos-es, And pleads for the
God's good-ness ap-peared in the suff'rings of Je-sus, And o-pened a
3. {I soon did dis-cov-er my guilt was re-moved, And I was de-
For Christ's pure o-be-dience when stric-ly ex-am-ined, By jus-tice, it

Je-sus has done for my soul; } I saw that my heart was a seat of cor-ruption,
sin-ner by grace was made whole. }
vil-est of sin-ners like me; } God's jus-tice re-quired a sin-less o-be-dience,
way for to set my soul free. }
liv-'red from un-der the law; } On this I de-pend for my jus-ti-fi-ca-tion,
would not ad-mit of one flaw. }

And my best per-form-ance could do me no good; I cried out for mer-
And I was a-shamed, and I fell to the ground; Then Je-sus ap-peared,
When I must ap-pear in the judg-ment to come, And for my a-dop-

cy, Lord Je-sus, re-lieve me, Or I must be spurned from the pres-ence of God.
and quick-ly re-lieved me, And that ver-y mo-ment the par-don I found.
tion and sanc-ti-fi-ca-tion, And true per-se-ver-ance un-til I get home.

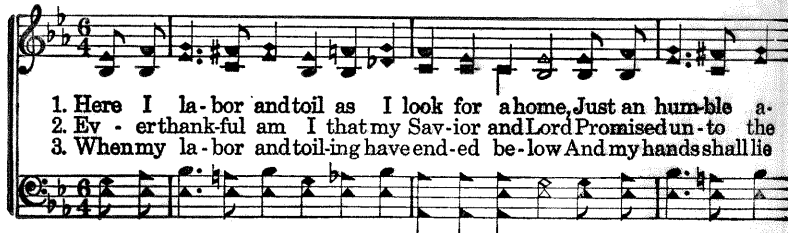
No. 227

An Empty Mansion

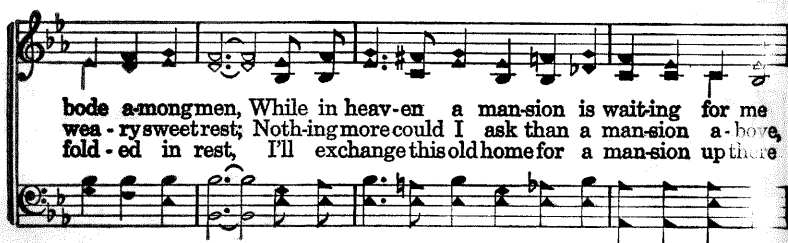
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Mrs. J. B. Karnes

C. A. Luttrell

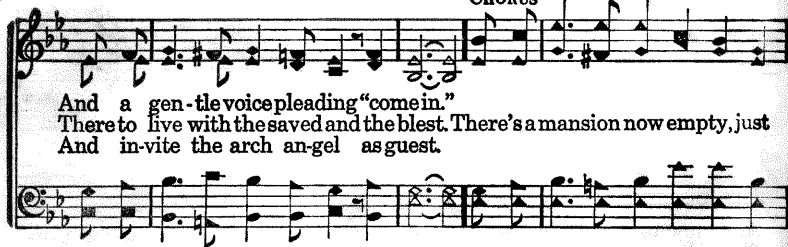


1. Here I la-bor and toil as I look for a home, Just an hum-ble a-
2. Ev-er thank-ful am I that my Sav-ior and Lord Promised un-to the
3. When my la-bor and toil-ing have end-ed be-low And my hands shall lie

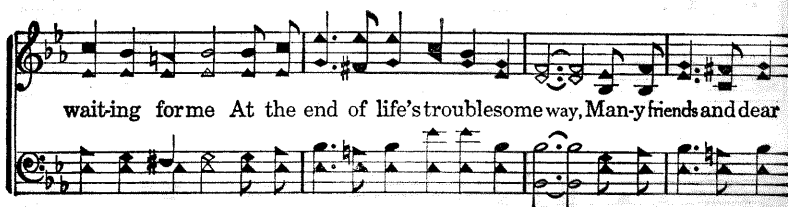


bode a-mong men, While in heav-en a man-sion is wait-ing for me
wea-ry sweet rest; Noth-ing more could I ask than a man-sion a-bove,
fold-ed in rest, I'll ex-change this old home for a man-sion up there

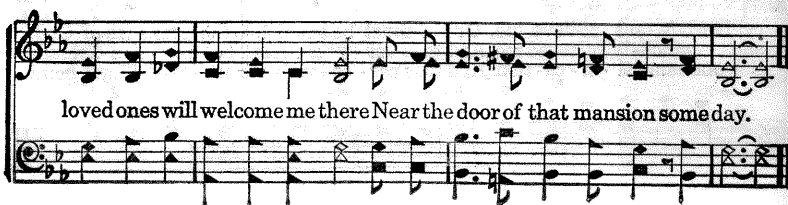
CHORUS



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



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

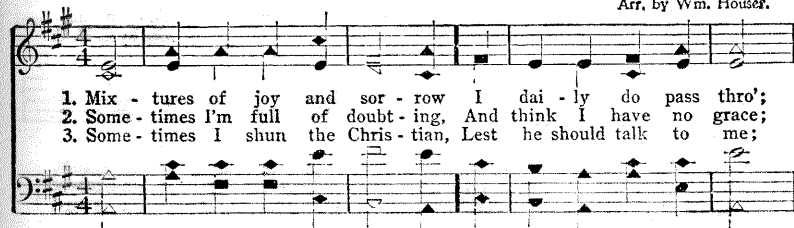


loved ones will wel-come me there Near the door of that man-sion some day.

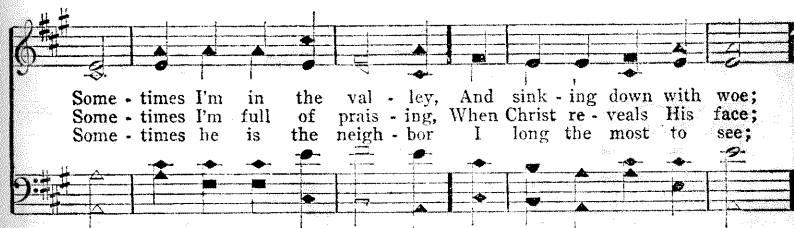
No. 228

Mixture. 7s and 6s.

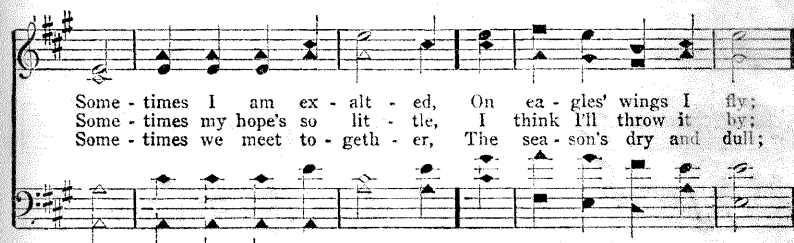
Arr. by Wm. Houser.



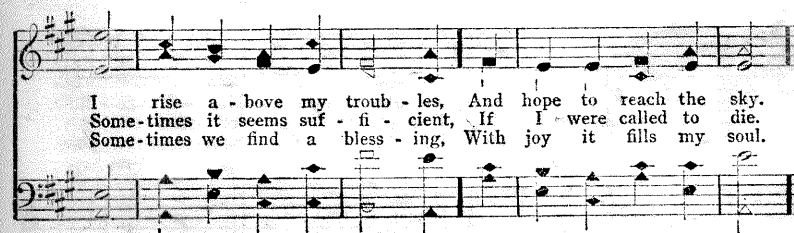
1. Mix-tures of joy and sor-row I dai-ly do pass thro';
2. Some-times I'm full of doubt-ing, And think I have no grace;
3. Some-times I shun the Chris-tian, Lest he should talk to me;



Some-times I'm in the val-ley, And sink-ing down with woe;
Some-times I'm full of prais-ing, When Christ re-veals His face;
Some-times he is the neigh-bor I long the most to see;



Some-times I am ex-alt-ed, On ea-gles' wings I fly;
Some-times my hope's so lit-tle, I think I'll throw it by;
Some-times we meet to-geth-er, The sea-son's dry and dull;



I rise a-bove my trou-bles, And hope to reach the sky.
Some-times it seems suf-fi-cient, If I were called to die.
Some-times we find a bless-ing, With joy it fills my soul.

No. 229

Poor And Afflicted

A. Grambling
Alto by C. H. C.

1. Poor and af-flict-ed, Lord, are Thine, A-mong the great
2. Poor and af-flict-ed oft they are, Sore-ly op-pressed
3. And while they walk the thorn-y way, They're oft-en heard

un-fit to shine; But tho' the world may think it strange
with want and care; Yet He who saves them by His blood,
to sigh and say, "Dear Sav-ior, come, O quick-ly come,

They would not with the world ex-change. Poor and af-flict-ed,
Makes ev-'ry sor-row yield them good. Poor and af-flict-ed,
And take Thy mourn-ing pil-grim home." Poor and af-flict-ed-

yet they trust In God, the gra-cious, wise and just; For them He
yet they sing, For Christ, their glo-rious con-quer-ing King, Thru suf-frings
yet ere long, They'll join the bright ce-les-tial throng, And all their

deigns this lot to choose, Nor would they dare His will re-fuse.
per-fect, reign on high, And does their ev-'ry need sup-ply.
suf-frings then shall close, And heav'n af-ford them sweet re- pose.

No. 230

Balm

J. N. Pitman

1. A-gain, from calm and sweet re-pose, I rise to hail the dawn;
2. Great God of love, Thy praise I'll sing, For Thou hast safe-ly kept
3. Glo-ry to Thee, e-ter-nal Lord, O teach my heart to pray,
4. Let ev-'ry thought and word ac-cord With Thy most ho-ly will;
5. From dan-ger, sin, and ev-'ry ill, My con-stant Guard-ian prove;

A-gain my wak-ing eyes un-close To view the smil-ing morn.
My soul be-neath Thy guard-ian wing And watched me while I slept.
And Thy blest Spir-it's help af-ford, To guide me thru the day.
Each deed the pre-cepts of Thy word With pi-ous aim ful-fill.
O sanc-ti-fy my heart and fill With thoughts of ho-ly love.

No. 231

Hester

L. C. E.

1. I love to see the Lord be-low, His church dis-plays His grace;
2. I love to wor-ship at His feet, Tho' sin an-noy me there;
3. I love to meet Him in His courts, And taste His heav'n-ly love;
4. O Lord, I love Thy ser-vice now; Thy church dis-plays Thy pow'r;

But up-per worlds His glo-ry know, And view Him face to face.
But saints ex-alt-ed near His seat Have no as-saults to fear.
But still His vis-its seem too short, Or I too soon re-move.
But soon in heav'n I'll to Thee bow, And praise Thee ev-er more.

No. 232

Refuge. 7s.

Minshall.
FINE.

1. { Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra - cious prom - ise flee, }
Lay - ing hold up - on His word: "As thy day, thy strength shall be."
2. { Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - cession thou may'st see; }
This is still thy sweet re - lief: "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

D. C.—God has prom - ised need - ful grace: "As thy day, thy strength shall be."
D. C.—Faith-ful, pos - i - tive and sure: "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

D. C.

If the sor - - rows of thy case, Seem pe - cul - iar still to thee,
Rock of A - - ges, I'm se - cure, With Thy prom - - ise, full and free,
If the sor - rows of thy case, Seem pe - cul - iar still to thee,
Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure, With Thy promise, full and free,

No. 233

Lord, Save. L. M.

Ino. Massengale.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn, My sins which have Thy bod-y torn;
2. O could I gain the moun-tain's height, And gaze up - on that bleed-ing sight;
3. I'd smite up - on my breast and mourn, And nev - er from the cross re - turn:

Give me, with bro - ken heart, to see Thy last tre-men-dous ag - o - ny. ny.
O that with Sa - lem's daughters I Might stand and see my Sav - iour die! die!
I'd weep o'er an ex - pir - ing God, And mix my tears with Je - sus' blood, blood.

No. 234

Amanda

Arr.

1. Thy mer-cy my God is the theme of my song, The joy of my
2. With - out Thy sweet mer-cy I could not live here; Sin soon would re-
3. Thy mer-cy is more than a match for my heart, Which won-ders to
4. The door of Thy mer-cy stands o - pen all day; To the poor and
5. Thy mer-cy in Je - sus ex-empts me from hell, It's glo-ries I'll
6. Great Fa-ther of mer-cy, Thy good-ness I own, And the cov-e-nant

heart and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace a - lone, from the
duce me to ut - ter de-spair; But thro' Thy free good-ness my
feel its own hard-ness de-part; Dis - solved by Thy sun - shine I
the need - y, who knock by the way; No sin - ner shall ev - er be
sing and its won-ders I'll tell; 'Twas Je - sus my friend when He
love of Thy cru - ci - fied Son; All praise to the Spir - it whose

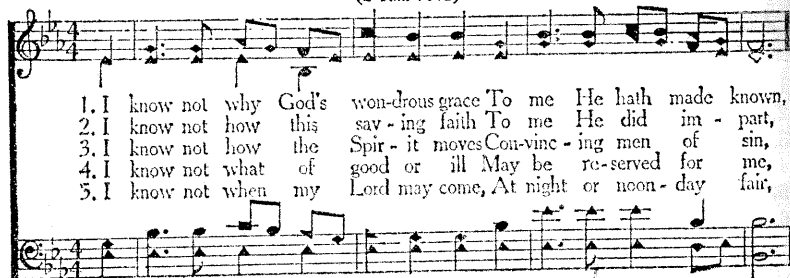
first to the last, Hath won my af - fec-tions, and bound my soul fast.
spir-its re-vive, And He that first made me still keeps me a - live.
fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mer - cy I found.
emp - ty sent back, Who comes seek - ing mer - cy for Je - sus' sake.
hung on the tree, Who o - pened the chan - nel of mer - cy for me.
whis - per di - vine, Seals mer - cy and par - don and right - eous - ness mine.

No. 235 I Know Whom I Have Believed


Oliver W. Whitte 1810 - 1901

El Nathan
(2 Tim. 1:12)

James McGranahan 1810 - 1907

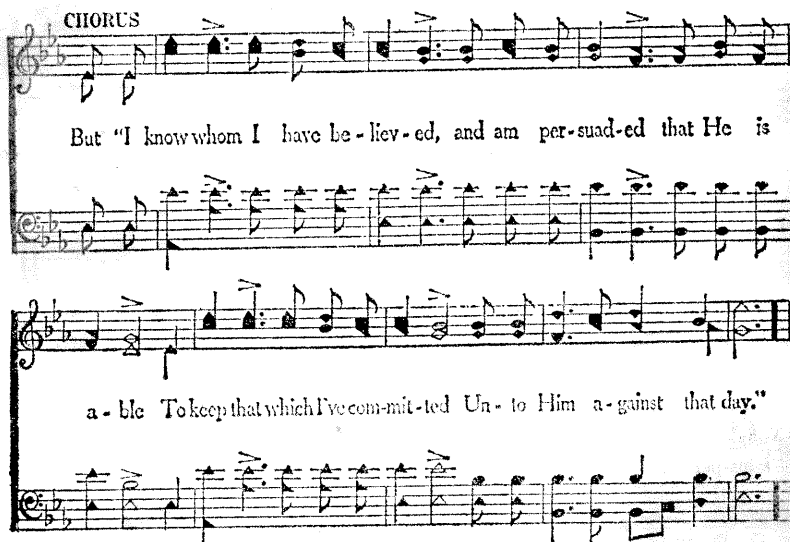


1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves Con-vinc-ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



Nor why, un-wor-thy, Christ in love Redeemed me for His own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I sec.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS

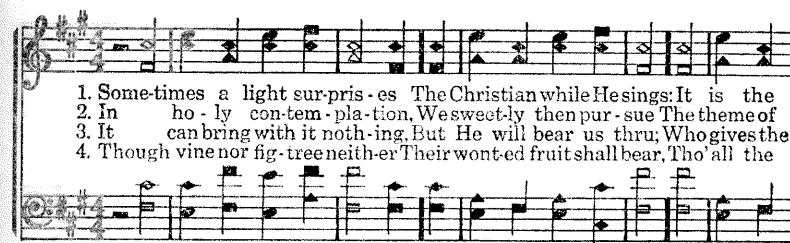


But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is
a-ble To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

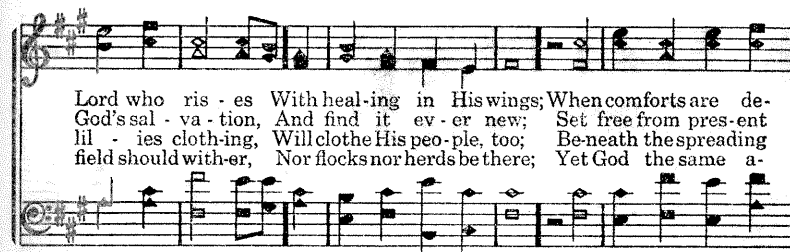
No. 236

Ecstasy

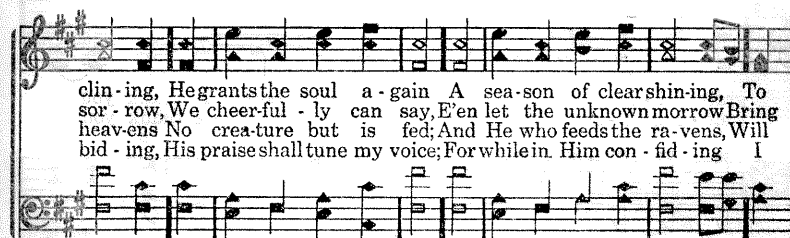
T. W. Carter. Alto by C. H. C.



1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Christian while He sings: It is the
2. In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion, We sweet-ly then pur-sue The theme of
3. It can bring with it noth-ing. But He will bear us thru: Who gives the
4. Though vine nor fig-tree nei-ther Their wont-ed fruit shall bear, Tho' all the

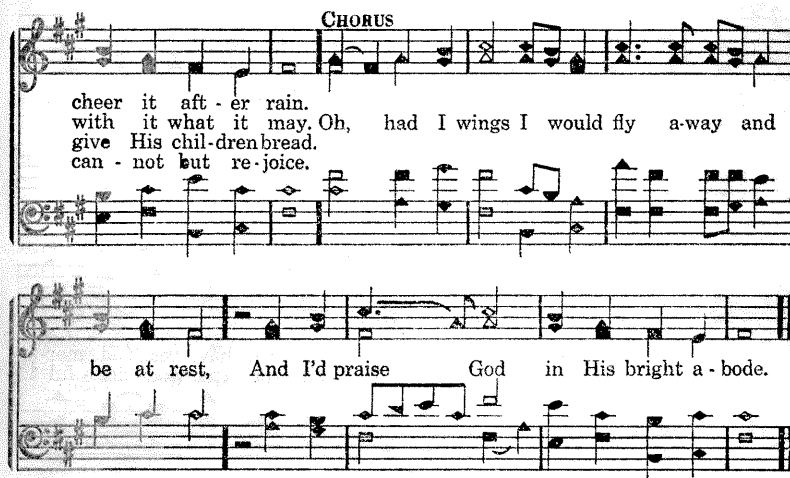


Lord who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings; When comforts are de-
God's sal-va-tion, And find it ev-er new; Set free from pres-ent
lil-ies cloth-ing, Will clothe His peo-ple, too; Be-neath the spread-ing
field should with-er, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet God the same a-



clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To
sor-row, We cheer-ful-ly can say, E'en let the unknown morrow Bring
heav-ens No crea-ture but is fed; And He who feeds the ra-vens, Will
bid-ing, His praise shall tune my voice; For while in Him con-fid-ing I

CHORUS



cheer it aft-er rain.
with it what it may. Oh, had I wings I would fly a-way and
give His chil-dren bread.
can-not but re-joice.
be at rest, And I'd praise God in His bright a-bode.

No. 237

I Thank You, Lord

Elder J. A. Rowell

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Sara White

D.C.-1. I come to the end of life's beau - ti - ful day, The
2. We are thank-ful for church and a Sa - viour to love. For a

end of the jour - ney I view; With heart o - ver - flow - ing I
Sa - viour who loves us too; For a hope of bright glo - ry a -

grate - ful - ly say, Sin - cere - ly dear Lord, I thank you.
wait - ing a - bove, For these bless - ings, dear Lord, we thank you.

I thank you, dear Lord, for each won - der - ful friend. They have
Had I the lan - guage of an - gels in heav'n, Just to

aid - ed my bur - dens to bear. And when we have reach - ed mor -
find words of thanks to ex - press, For all of the won - der - ful

I Thank You, Lord

D.C. al Fine.

tal - i - ties end, We shall dwell to - geth - er up there.
gifts Thou hast giv - n, Which have brought me true hap - pi - ness.

No. 238

Walk With God

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Morris Nowlin

1. I love the quiet - ness of the morn - ing, The peace - ful beau - ty of the day.
2. Oh what a joy and peace it gives me, To talk to Je - sus in a prayer.
3. Things seem brigh - ter in the morn - ing, As God so bold - ly shows His face.

I love to go there to my bow - er, And hum - bly bow my head and pray.
It gives me hope and con - so - la - tion, It lifts me from my eve - ry care.
Makes me want to shout His prai - ses, And thank Him for a - ma - zing grace.

D.S. - When the eve - ning sun is set - ting, I have walked with God to - day.

CHORUS D.S. al Fine.
Oh, that His grace and mer - cy guide me, That when it's fin - ished I can say;

No. 239

Solemn Thought.

In loving memory of L. W. Koen.

F. Price.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. Thro' all the world be-low, God is seen all a-round Search hills and valleys thro'.
2. See springs of wa-ter rise, Fountains flow, riv-ers run; The mist be-low the skies
3. The sun, to my sur-prise, Speaks of God as he flies; The com-ets in their blaze
4. Then let my sta-tion be Here on earth, as I see The sa-cred One in Three

There He's found; The grow-ing of the corn, The lil-y and the thorn, The pleas-ant
Hides the sun; Then down the rain doth pour, The o-ccean, it doth roar, And dash a-
Give Him praise; The shin-ing of the stars, The moon as it ap-pears, His sa-cred
All a-gree; Thro' all the world is made, The for-est and the glade; Nor let me

and for-lorn, All de-clare God is there; In the meadows dressed in green, There He's seen,
gainst the shore, All to praise, in their lays, That God that ne'er de-clines His de-signs.
name de-clares; See them shine, all di-vine! The shades in si-lence prove God's a-bove.
be a-fraid, Tho' I dwell on the hill, Since nature's works declare God is there.

No. 240

Boylston.

Dr. Mason. By per.

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

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

No. 241

An Evening Prayer

Copyright 1911 by Chas. H. Gabriel, The Rodeheaver Co., Owner
© Ren. 1939 (extended) The Rodeheaver Co., Owner, Used by PermissionC. M. Battersby
Arr. by C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. If I have wound-ed an-y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to
2. If I have ut-tered i-dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from
3. Forgive the sins I have con-fessed to Thee; For-give the se-cret sins I

go a-stray, If I have walked in my own wil-ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
want or pain, Lest I my-self shall suf-fer thru the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
do not see; O guide me, love me, and my Keep-er be, In Je-sus' name.

No. 242

A Penitent Heart.

CHARLES WHEAT.

BALERMA. C. M.

A. SIMPSON.

1. O for that ten-der-ness of heart Which bows before the Lord,
2. O for those humble, contrite tears, Which from repentance flow;
3. Saviour, to me in pit-y give The sen-si-ble dis-tress;
4. Wilt from the dreadful day re-move, Be-fore the e-vil come;

1. Acknowledging how just Thou art, And trem-bling at Thy word!
2. That consciousness of guilt which fears The long sus-pend-ed blow!
3. The pledge Thou wilt at last re-ceive, And bid me die in peace.
4. My spir-it hide with saints a-bove, My bod-y in the tomb.

No. 243

In Worlds On High

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J. B. W.

OWNED BY MORRIS & HENSON

J. B. F. WRIGHT

1. There's a land, a gold-en strand, Where saints and angels robed in white;
 2. In that sweet home no more to roam, No more to weep o'er scenes of woe;
 3. Oh! morning fair, Oh! glo-ries rare, When on that hap-py gold-en shore;
 4. Some hap-py time in yon-der clime, Be-yond the reach of pain and care;

Are sing-ing praise thro' end-less days In shin-ing worlds of pure de-light.
 Safe there at last all tri-als past, The won-ders of those worlds to know.
 With loved ones meet, with joy complete I'll live with them for-ev-er-more.
 In lands of spring where an-gels sing, I'll live for-ev-er o-ver there.

REFRAIN

In worlds on high, In yon-der sky,
 In worlds on high, In yon-der sky,

Are dazzling man-sions bright and fair; I'll fly a-way.....
 I'll fly a-way

Some hap-py day, And live for-ev-er o-ver there.
 Some hap-py day,

No. 244

Our Father Cares

J. F. P.

Matt. 5 26-28

J. F. Parker owner

J. F. Parker

SLOWLY

1. Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows all we need be-fore we
 2. See the lil-ies how they grow, and the beau-ty they dis-
 3. When we find our-selv in need, then we to the Fa-ther

ask, Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows and He cares;
 play, He is watch-ing o-ver them, for He cares;
 plead, For He is our friend in-deed, and He cares;

Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther sees ev-'ry spar-row when it
 When He wa-ters with the dew, lil-ies raise their heads a-
 He'll be watch-ing o-ver us when we're sleep-ing in the

falls, Here our heav'n-ly Fa-ther sees, and He cares.
 now, He will do the same for you, for He cares.
 dust, And He'll come a-gain for us for He cares.

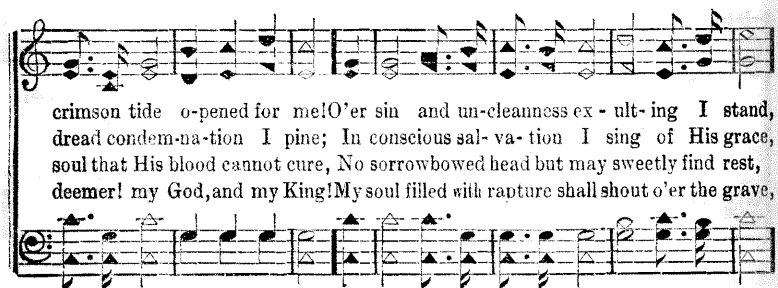
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No. 245 O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. 11s

WM. BRADBURY

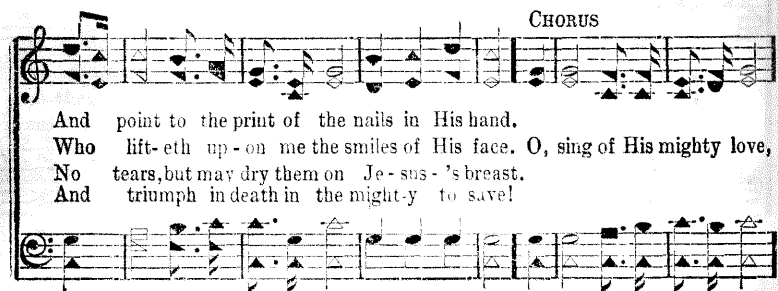


1. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free! I'm plunged in the
2. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! Je - sus is mine, No lon - ger in
3. O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
4. O, Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing! My bless - ed Re -

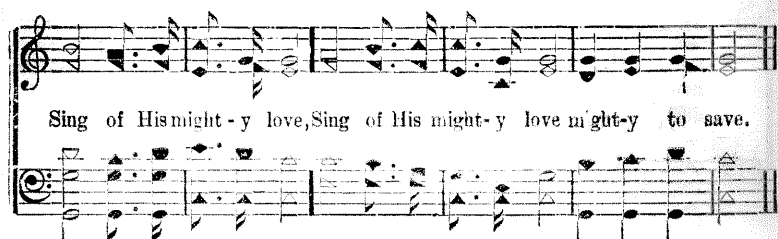


crimson tide o - pened for me! O'er sin and un-cleanness ex - ult - ing I stand,
dread condem-na-tion I pine; In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace,
soul that His blood cannot cure, No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
deemer! my God, and my King! My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,

CHORUS



And point to the print of the nails in His hand,
Who lit-eth up - on me the smiles of His face. O, sing of His mighty love,
No tears, but may dry them on Je - sus - 's breast.
And triumph in death in the might-y to save!

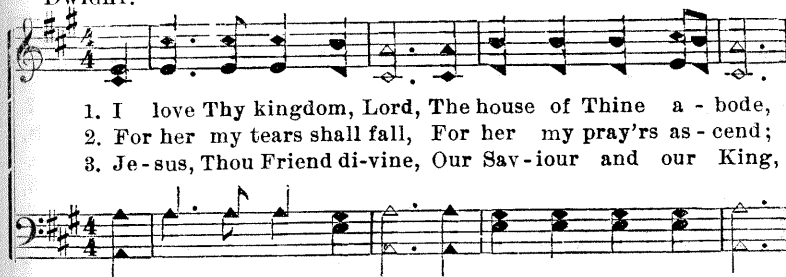


Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love might-y to save.

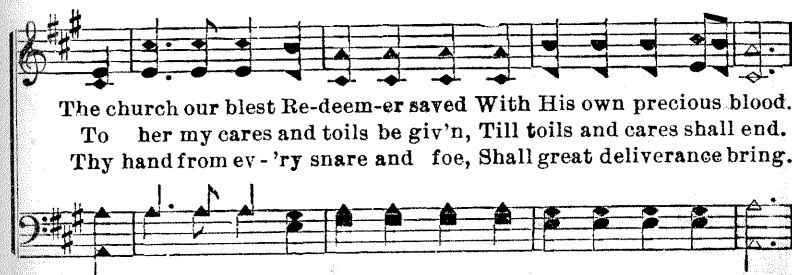
No. 246

Zealoth. S. M. D.

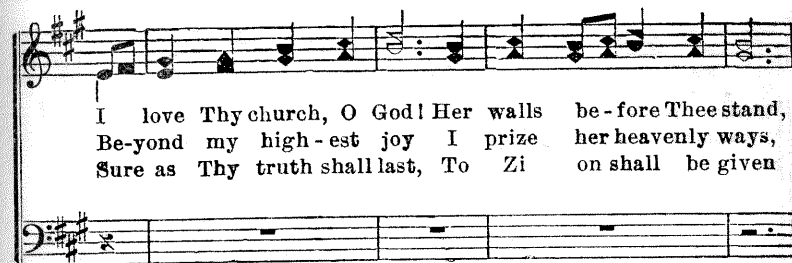
DWIGHT.



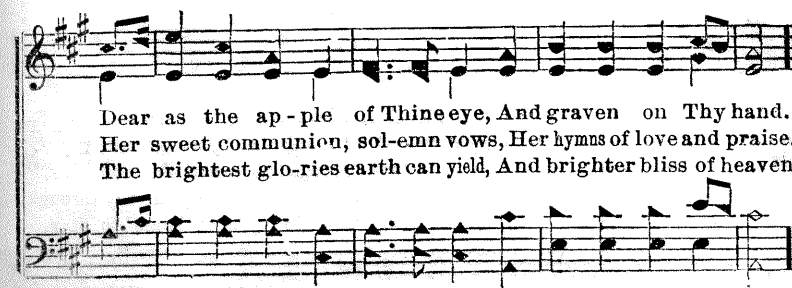
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav - iour and our King,



The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own precious blood.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe, Shall great deliverance bring.



I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi on shall be given



Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
Her sweet communion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 247

COUNSEL

L. H. C.

LEON H. CLEVENGER, OWNER

Leon H. Clevenger

1. Oh dear pil-grim are you trou-bled, By the dark-ness of the way?
 2. Then, Oh lis-ten to your Sav-iour, As He kind-ly sweet-ly calls,
 3. On the road from earth to glo-ry, Man-y pit-falls do a-bide,
 4. Thus the Sav-iour gives His coun-sel, To His chil-dren here on earth,
 5. Some sweet day we hope to see Him, In that home a-bove the sky.

Do your sor-rows and your bur-dens, Fill your heart with dark dis-may?
 "Come to me ye heav-y la-den," "I will take your bur-dens all".
 Sa-tan oft-en dark-ens coun-sel, And the pit-falls oft-en hide.
 For He loves each one so dear-ly, That for them He gave His life;
 Whol-ly by His grace and fav-or, We shall see Him by and by.

Do your toils and tears and trou-bles, Grieve your heart from day to day?
 Come and take my yoke up-on you, Learn of me from day to day.
 "I will lead you on your jour-ney In your trav-els here be-low.
 Then, Oh then we all should lis-ten, To His words so kind and true.
 Then let's lis-ten to His coun-sel, For He too has passed this way.

Does your soul in tref-ta-tion, Of-ten long to fly a-way?
 Lis-ten to my lov-ing coun-sel, "I will help you all the way".
 I will guide your fee-ble foot-steps, Through this vale of sin and woe.
 Walk with Him and seek His pres-ence, Day by day, 'Ne jour-ney through.
 And will soon re-turn from Heav-en, Then to t-ake us home to stay.

No. 248

Arlington.

I. WATTS.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
 2. Je-sus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se-cure
 4. Then will He own my worthless name, Be-fore His Father's face,

Maintain the hon-or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit-ted to His hands, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
 And in the New Je-ru-salem, Ap-point my soul a place.

No. 249

Devotion

KENT.

1. When overwhelmed with doubts and fear, Great God, do Thou my spir-it cheer;
 2. When storms of sin and sor-row beat, Lead me to this di-vine re-treat;
 3. When guilt lies heav-y on my soul, And waves of fierce temp-tation roll,
 4. When called the vale of Death to tread, Then to this rock may I be led;

Let not mine eyes with tears be fed, But to the Rock of A-ges led.
 Thy per-fect right-eous-ness and blood, My rock, my Fort-ress and my God.
 I'll to the Rock for shel-ter flee, And take my re-fuge, Lord in Thee.
 Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea, Since Thou hast tasted death for me.

No. 250

Our Faith

E. N. Weeden

Elizabeth N. Weeden
Arr. by Virginia N. Speiden and J. H. D.

1. When the Lord bids us walk in the val-ley of woe, We would
2. If the path-way be rough as we jour-ney a-long, Then our
3. Now our faith is an an-chor to which we may cling, All se-

fal-ter and fall by the way; Were it not for our faith ev-er
faith makes us look far a-head For the light that e'er shines on a
core till the tem-pest is done— Walk by faith and not sight in o-

strong to press on. 'Till we get to the bright-ness of day,
road that is smooth, Where our foot-steps for-ev-er may tread.
be-dience to God, For 'tis thus that our vic-t'ry is won.

No. 251

God's Promise

Sel. by Eld. T. R. Crawford Arr. by J. H. D.

J. Harvey Dailey

1. God has not promised skies always blue, Flower strewn pathway All our lives thro'
2. But God has promised strength as our day, Rest when we labor Light on the way.
3. Tho' we have mingled sunshine and rain, Clouds decked with rainbows, Joy mixed with pain.

God has not promised sun without rain, Peace without sorrow, joy without pain,
Grace for our tri-als help from a-bove, Un-fad-ing kindness, un-de-ving love.
Let us still trust His mer-cies right on And sing His praises all the day long.

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No. 252

My Jesus, I Love Thee

London Hymn Book

A. J. Gordon

1. { My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign; } My gra-cious Re-deem-
2. { I love Thee be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me,
And purchased my par-don on Cal-vary's tree; } I love Thee for wear-
3. { In mansions of glo-ry and end-less de-light,
I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright; } I'll sing with the glit-

er, my Sav-ior art Thou;
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now,
ter-ing crown on my brow,

No. 253

Where Could I Go?

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Renewed 1968. All Rights Reserved.

J. B. C.

J. B. Coats

1. Liv-ing be-low in this old sin-ful world, Hardly a com-fort can af-ford;
2. Neighbors are kind, I love them ev-ry one, We get a-long in sweet ac-cord;
3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Comfort I get from God's own word;

Cho.-Where could I go, O where could I go, Seek-ing a ref-uge for my soul?

D. C. for Chorus

Striv-ing a-lone to face temptations sore,
But when my soul needs manna from a-bove, Where could I go but to the Lord?
Yet when I face the chill-ing hand of death,

Need-ing a friend to save me in the end, Where could I go but to the Lord?

No. 254

Blessed Hope. 10s and 9s.

A. D. Fillmore.

1. Bless-ed hope, with her an-chor of safe-ty, It points up-ward, with
 2. When we're pin-ing in sick-ness and an-guish, And the sweet ties of
 3. Tho' the cross may be heav-y, to car-ry, Tho' se-vere be the
 4. Bless-ed hope be our con-stant com-pan-ion, Ev-er shield from the

in-dex of love, Say-ing, "Chil-dren of sor-row and sad-ness,
 friendship are riv'n, Hope is whis-p'ring in ac-cents of glad-ness,
 chas-ten-ing rod, Hope is tell-ing of rest for the wea-ry,
 chill of de-spair, Point-ing up-ward to man-sions of glo-ry,

CHORUS.

There's a home with the bless-ed a-bove."
 "There's a home with the bless-ed in heav'n." Bless-ed hope—sure and stead-fast,
 And a home with the bless-ed of God. Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare.

An-chor of the soul, Guid-ing thro' the vail, To the heav'n-ly goal.

No. 255

Carradoc Plains.

W. E. Chute.

1. How love-ly the place where the Saviour ap-pears To those who be-lieve in His word!
 2. One day in His courts, than a thou-sand be-side, Is bet-ter and love-li-er far;
 3. Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints, For low at Thy feet I would lie;
 4. Give strength to the souls that now wait upon Thee; Oh, come in Thy char-i-ot of love!

His pres-ence dis-pers-es my sor-rows and fears, And bids me re-joice in my Lord.
 My soul hates the place where the wicked re-side, And all their de-lights I ab-hor.
 I know that Thou hearest my fee-ble complaints—Thou hearest the young raven's cry.
 From earth's vain enchantments, oh, help us to flee, And set our af-fec-tions a-bove.

No. 256

Weeping Sinners.

J. P. Rees.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. God of love, O hear our prayer, Kind-ly for Thy peo-ple care:
 2. Save us in the pros-p'rous hour, From the flat-tring tempt-er's pow'r,
 3. Cut off our de-pend-ence vain, On the help of fee-ble man;
 4. Men of world-ly, low de-sign, Let not these Thy peo-ple join;

We on Thee a-lone de-pend, Love and save us to the end.
 From his un-sus-pect-ed wiles, From the world's per-ni-cious smiles.
 Ev-'ry arm of flesh re-move, Stay us on e-ter-nal love.
 Till they noth-ing know be-side Je-sus, and Him cru-ci-fied.

Wm. Walker.

1. A few more days on earth to spend,
2. Then, O my soul, despond no more,
3. My soul an-tic-i-pates the day,
4. Tho' dire af-flictions press me sore,

And all my toils and cares shall end,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
I'll joy-ful-ly the call o-bey,
And death's dark billows roll be-fore,

And I shall see my God and friend, And praise His name on high;
And I shall find the peace-ful shore Of ev-er-last-ing rest.
Which comes to sum-mon me a-way To seats pre-pared a-bove.
Yet still by faith I see the shore, Be-yond the roll-ing flood:

No more to sigh or shed a tear, No more to suf-fer pain or fear.
O hap-py day! O joy-ful hour! When freed from earth my soul shall tow'r
There I shall see my Saviour's face, And dwell in His be-loved em-brace,
The banks of Ca-naan, sweet and fair, Be-fore my rap-tured eyes ap-pear;

But God, and Christ, and heav'n ap-pear Un-to the rap-tured eye.
Be-yond the reach of Sa-tan's pow'r, To be for ev-er blest.
And taste the ful-ness of His grace, And sing re-deem-ing love.
It makes me think I'm al-most there, In yon-der bright a-bode.

Alto by
C. H. Casey

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters Spring-ing
3. Round each ha-bi-ta-tion hov-'ring, See the

ci-ty of our God; He whose word can-not be
from e-ter-nal love, Well sup-ply thy sons and
fire and cloud ap-pear, For a glo-ry and a

bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode. On the Rock of
daugh-ters And all fear of want re-move. Who can faint while
cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near. Thus de-riv-ing

A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose? With sal-
such a ri-ver E-ver flows their thirst to assuage; Grace which,
from their ban-ner Light by night and shade by day, Thus they

va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
like the Lord, the Giv-er, Ne-ver fails from age to age.
feed up-on the man-na Which He gives them when they pray.

No. 259

Lead Me On

J. H. Lullie

C. E. Pollock

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the
 2. With a Shep - herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me
 3. Thro' the storms of life mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me

shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 close to Thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by Thy
 safe - ly on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and nar - row way;

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of end - less day.

No. 260

People Of The Living God

James Montgomery

Ennius
Ruth 1:16

Fine

1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round,
 Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com - fort no - where found.
 2. Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.
 3. Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en - joy - ment, pomp, or pow'r,
 Wel - come pov - er - ty and cross, Shame, re - proach, af - flic - tion's hour:

D. C. - Breth - ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.
 D. C. - Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.
 D. C. - Now I take this yoke by choice; Light Thy bur - den now to me.
 D. C.

Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;
 Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re - deem - er shall be mine;
 "Fol - low Me," I know Thy voice; Je - sus, Lord, Thy steps I see;

No. 261

To Die No More.

E. Dumas.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, No pain or death can en - ter there;
 2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
 3. I en - vy not the rich and great, Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
 4. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames de - vour, or waves o'er - flow,

Cho. - I'm go - ing home to Christ a - bove; I'm go - ing to the Chris - tian's rest,

D. C. for Cho.
 Its glit - t'ring tow'rs the sun out - shine; I hope that man - sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth - ly pris - on free, I hope that man - sion mine shall be.
 My Fa - ther is a rich - er King, That heav'nly man - sion still I sing.
 Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man - sion near the throne.

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

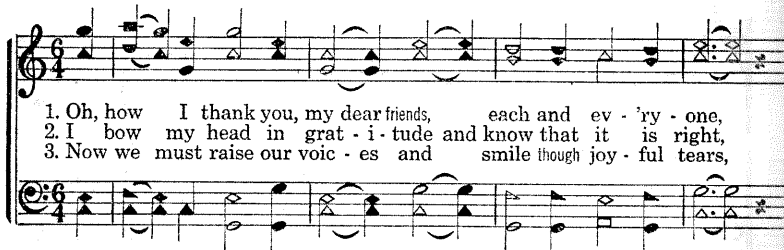
No. 262

To My Dear Friends

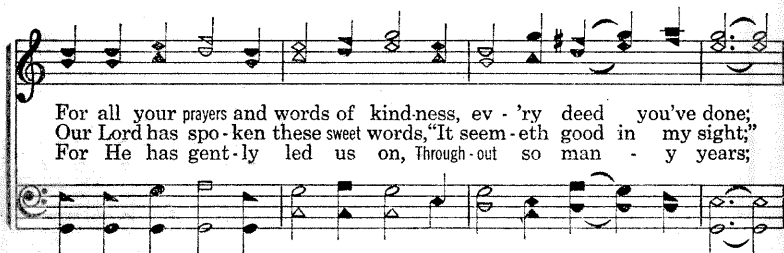
Alice Baker

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Merle Benbow



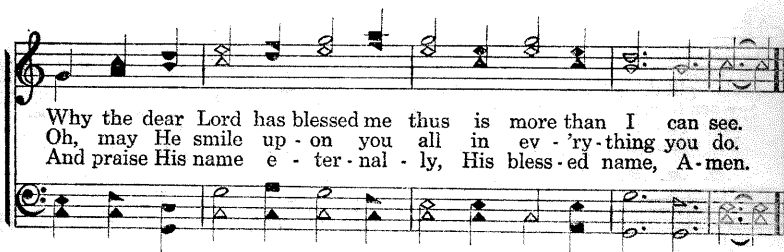
1. Oh, how I thank you, my dear friends, each and ev - 'ry - one,
2. I bow my head in grat - i - tude and know that it is right,
3. Now we must raise our voic - es and smile though joy - ful tears,



For all your prayers and words of kind-ness, ev - 'ry deed you've done;
Our Lord has spo - ken these sweet words, "It seem - eth good in my sight,"
For He has gent - ly led us on, Through - out so man - y years;



Although I'm weak and worth-less, you've been so good to me,
I know the Lord has touch - ed your heart, and put His spir - it in you,
Yes, sing His grace and glo - ry, 'till time and world shall end,



Why the dear Lord has blessed me thus is more than I can see.
Oh, may He smile up - on you all in ev - 'ry - thing you do.
And praise His name e - ter - nal - ly, His bless - ed name, A - men.

No. 263

Let Me Stand By the Mountain

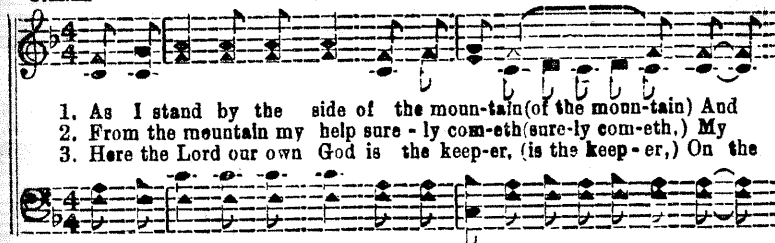
Written Aug. 4th 1947; standing near the mountain at the old home place on Rocky Creek,
Gordon Co., Ga., While there I could see the old trail leading up the mountain that I crossed
to attend my first singing school in 1805

Copyright, 1948, in "Sweetest Melodies"

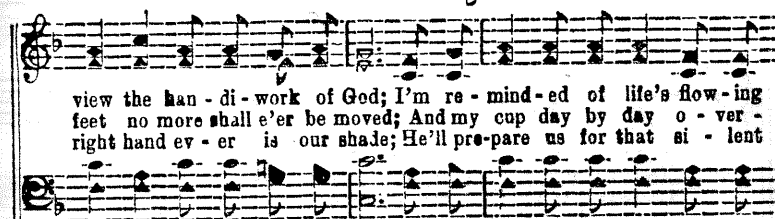
J. M. H.

OWNED BY J. M. HENSON

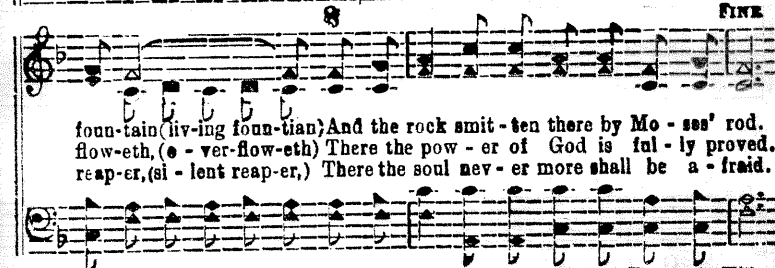
J. M. HENSON



1. As I stand by the side of the moun-tain (of the moun-tain) And
2. From the mountain my help sure - ly com-eth (sure-ly com-eth.) My
3. Here the Lord our own God is the keep-er, (is the keep-er,) On the

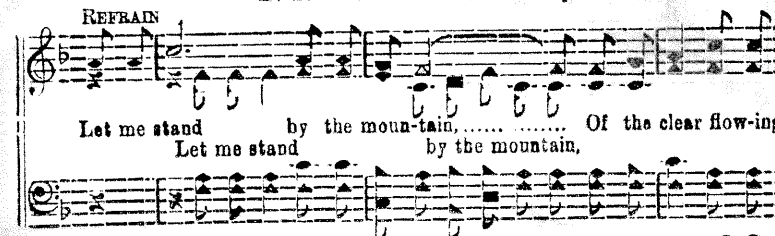


view the han - di - work of God; I'm re - mind - ed of life's flow - ing
feet no more shall e'er be moved; And my cup day by day o - ver -
right hand ev - er is our shade; He'll pre - pare us for that si - lent

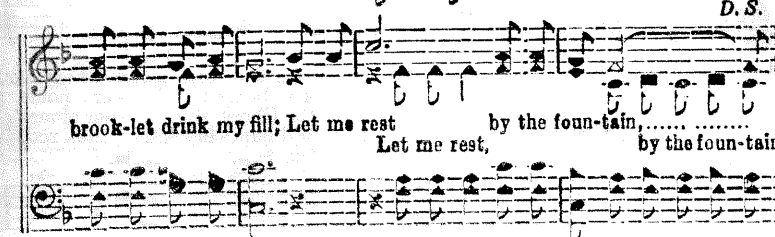


foun-tain (liv-ing foun-tain) And the rock smit - ten there by Mo - ses' rod.
flow-eth, (e - ver-flow-eth) There the pow - er of God is ful - ly proved.
reap-er, (si - lent reap-er,) There the soul nev - er more shall be a - fraid.

D. S.—And sit down at the top of Zi - on's Hill.



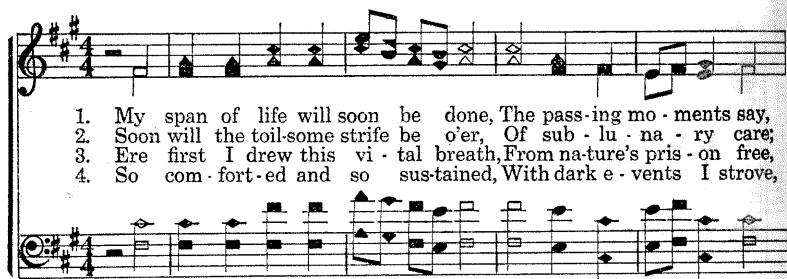
REFRAIN
Let me stand by the moun-tain, Of the clear flow-ing
Let me stand by the mountain,



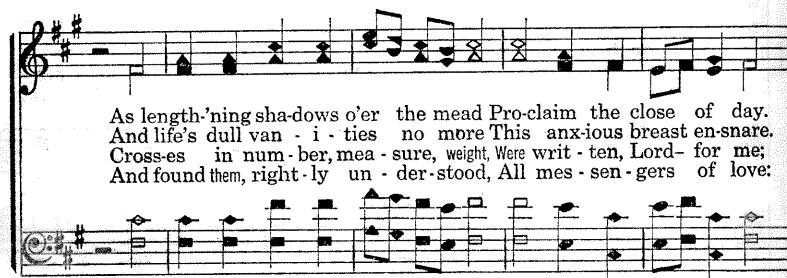
D. S.
brook-let drink my fill; Let me rest by the foun-tain,
Let me rest, by the foun-tain,

No. 264

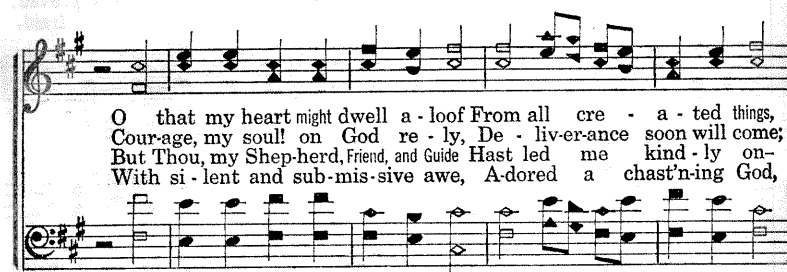
Span Of Life

S. M. Brown
C. H. Casey


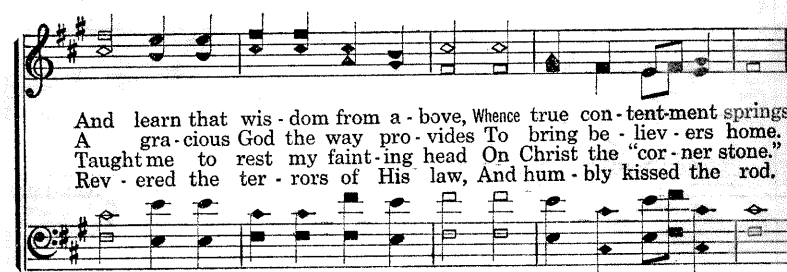
1. My span of life will soon be done, The pass-ing mo - ments say,
2. Soon will the toil-some strife be o'er, Of sub - lu - na - ry care;
3. Ere first I drew this vi - tal breath, From na-ture's pris - on free,
4. So com - fort-ed and so sus-tained, With dark e - vents I strove,



As length-'ning sha-dows o'er the mead Pro-claim the close of day.
And life's dull van - i - ties no more This anx-i-ous breast en-snare.
Cross-es in num-ber, mea - sure, weight, Were writ - ten, Lord - for me;
And found them, right - ly un - der-stood, All mes - sen - gers of love:



O that my heart might dwell a - loof From all cre - a - ted things,
Cour-age, my soul! on God re - ly, De - liv-er-ance soon will come;
But Thou, my Shep-herd, Friend, and Guide Hast led me kind - ly on -
With si - lent and sub-mis-sive awe, A-dored a chast'ning God,



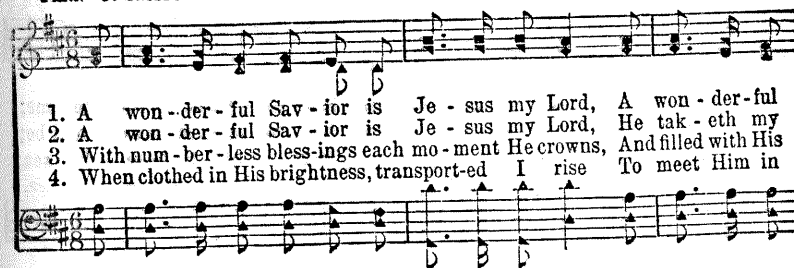
And learn that wis - dom from a - bove, Whence true con - tent-ment springs.
A gra - cious God the way pro - vides To bring be - liev - ers home.
Taught me to rest my faint-ing head On Christ the "cor - ner stone."
Rev - ered the ter - rors of His law, And hum - bly kissed the rod.

No. 265

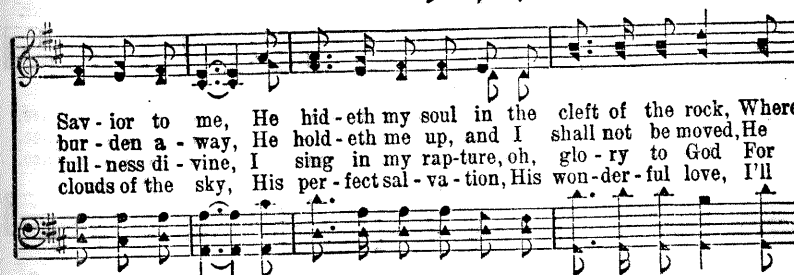
He Hideth My Soul

FANNY J. CROSBY

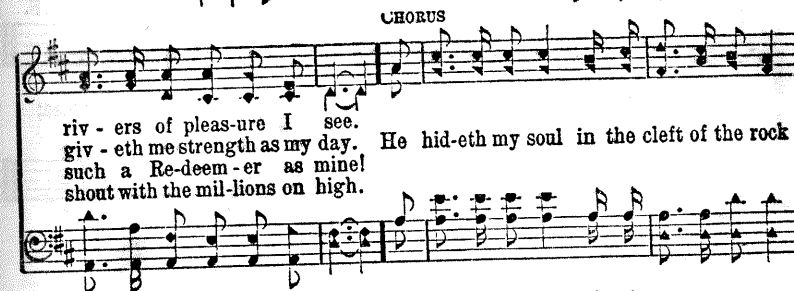
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



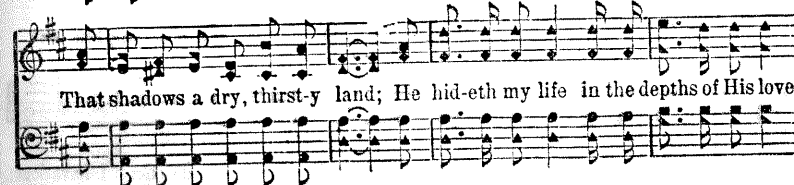
1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness, transport - ed I rise To meet Him in



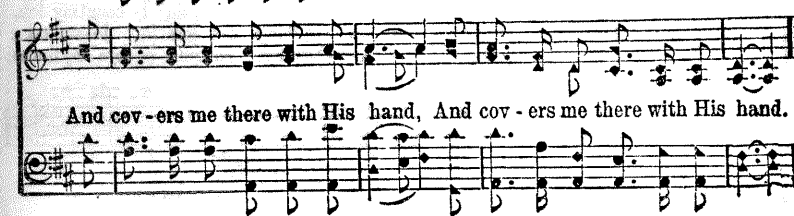
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll



CHORUS
riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
such a Re - deem - er as mine!
shout with the mil - lions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,



And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

No. 266

Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY

SILAS J. VAIL

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me through the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

D. S. - All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
D. S. - Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S. - Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN *D. S.*
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 267

No More, My God

Woodworth L. M.
Phil. 3:7-9

Wm. B. Bradbury 1816 - 1868

1. No more, my God! I boast no more Of all the du - ties I have done;
 2. Now, for the love I bear His name, What was my gain I count my loss,
 3. Yes, and I must, and will, es - teem All things but loss for Je - sus' sake;
 4. The best o - be - dience of my hands Dares not ap - pear be - fore Thy throne;

No More, My God

I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of Thy Son.
 My for - mer pride I call my shame, And nail my glo - ry to His cross.
 Oh! may my soul be found in Him, And of His right - eousness par - take.
 But faith can an - swer Thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

No. 268

Traveler

Eld. Leon H. Clevenger

Eld. Leon H. Clevenger

1. My days are pass - ing swift - ly by, My jour - ney soon will end, I seek a home
 2. A bless - ed home not made with hands, E - ter - nal - ly on high, Pre - pared by Je -
 3. Dear Lord with hope sus - tain our hearts, While on our jour - ney here The bless - ings of

be - yond the sky, E - ter - ni - ty to spend, O how I long to fly a - way
 sus in that land Where none shall ev - er die, A - waits the sin - ner saved by grace
 Thy grace im - part, De - liv - er from all fear, Then when life's wea - ry day is done

Where I can be at rest, And in that home of per - fect day To lean on Je - sus' breast.
 Thro' faith in God above There they shall see His smil - ing face, And rest in per - fect love.
 And death shall give release, Take us to dwell with God's dear Son in per - fect love and peace.

No. 269

Be Still, My Soul

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL
Tr. by JANE L. BORTHWICK

FINLANDIA

JEAN SIBELIUS

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; . . . Bear pa-tient.
2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un-der-take . . . To guide the
3. Be still, my soul: the hour is has-tening on . . . When we shall

ly the cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to
fu-ture as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con-fi-
be for-ev-er with the Lord, When dis-ap-point-ment,

or-der and pro-vide; . . . In ev-ery change He faith-ful will re-
dence let noth-ing shake; . . . All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at
grief, and fear are gone, . . . Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-

main. Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heaven-ly Friend, . .
last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know. . .
stored. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past, . . .

Thro' thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end. . .
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low. . .
All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last. . . A-MEN.

No. 270

Minister's Farewell


1. Dear friends, fare-well, I do you tell, Since you and I must part;
2. Yet do I find my heart in-clined To do my work be-low;
3. I trust you'll pray both night and day And keep your gar-ments white
4. If I'm called home whilts I am gone, In-dulge no tears for me;
5. I long to go; the fare-well woe; My soul will be at rest;

I go a-way, and here you stay, But still we're joined in heart;
When Christ doth call I trust I shall Be read-y then to go;
For you and me, that we may be The chil-dren of the light;
I hope to sing and praise my King To all e-ter-ni-ty.
No more shall I com-plain or sigh, But taste the heav'n-ly feast.

Your love to me has been most free, Your con-ver-sa-tion sweet;
I leave you all, both great and small, In Christ's en-cir-cling arms,
If you die first, a-non you must, The will of God be done.
Mil-lions of years o-ver the spheres Shall pass in sweet re- pose,
O may we meet and be com-plete And long to-geth-er dwell,

How can I bear to jour-ney where With you I can-not meet?
Who can you save from the cold grave, And shield you from all harms.
I hope the Lord will you re-ward With an im-mor-tal crown.
While beau-ty bright un-to my sight Thy sa-cred sweets dis-close.
And serve the Lord with one ac-cord, And so, dear friends, fare-well.

Arr. by J. B. V.




1. { Saviour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion; Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain! }
 { All will come to des - o - la - tion, Unless Thou re - turn a - gain. }
 2. { Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, }
 { Lest, for want of Thine as - sis - tance, Ev'ry plant should droop and die. }
 3. { Sure - ly once Thy garden flour - ished, Ev'ry part looked gay and green; }
 { Then Thy word our spirits nourished, Hap - py sea - sons we have seen. }
 4. { Dearest Saviour, has - ten hith - er, Thou canst make them bloom a - gain; }
 { O per - mit them not to with - er, Let not all our hopes be vain. }

CHORUS.



Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;



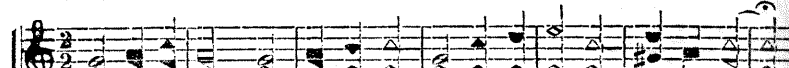
Lord, re - vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

William H. Crouse.



Words and arr. copyrighted, 1936, by William H. Crouse.
in "The Pilgrim's Hymnal."

Davidson.


Arr. by William H. Crouse.



1. So swift the time has passed a-way, And we are blest to see this day,
 2. As hap - py saints we gath - er round, To hear the bless - ed gos - pel's sound,
 3. If Christian love and un - ion reigns, God's Ho - ly Word our cause sus - tains,
 4. This is in - deed a sa - cred place, As now be - fore His throne of grace,





Once more to take each oth - ers hand, And wor - ship as a Christ - ian band.
 Dis - pelled our doubts and ban - ished fear, We hope to read our ti - tles clear.
 Our voi - ces we can join to sing, The loft - y praise of Christ our King.
 We beg our Lord our souls to cheer, And make us hap - py while we're here.

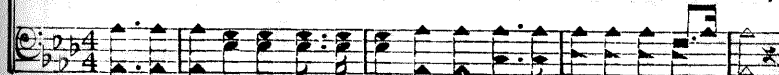



Fanny J. Crosby


William H. Doane



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

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.



Chorus

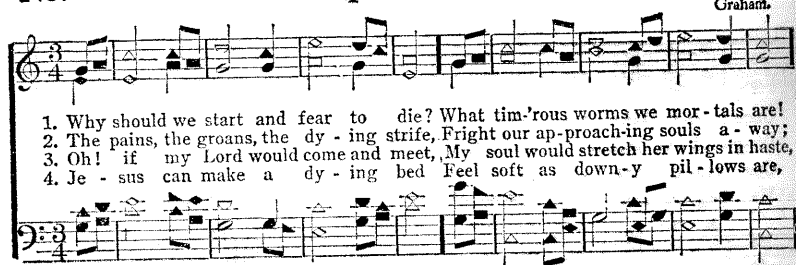


Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
 near - er, near - er,

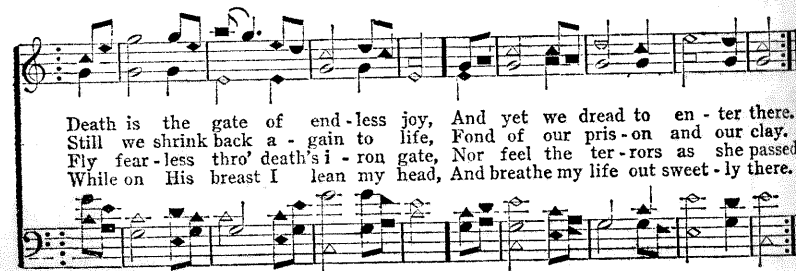


Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.





1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are!
 2. The pains, the groans, the dy-ing strife, Fright our ap-proach-ing souls a-way;
 3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 4. Je-sus can make a dy-ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,

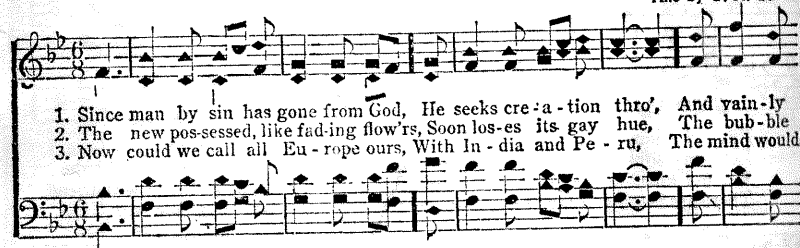


Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.
 Still we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.
 Fly fear-less thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed.
 While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

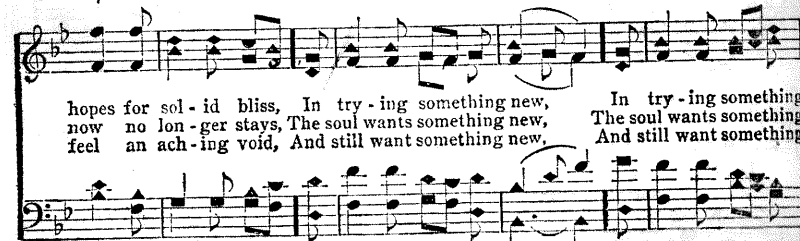
No. 275

Something New. C. M.

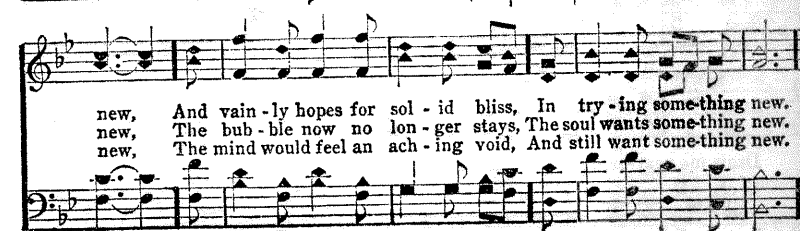
Alto by C. H. C.



1. Since man by sin has gone from God, He seeks cre-a-tion thro', And vain-ly
 2. The new pos-sessed, like fading flow'rs, Soon los-es its gay hue, The bub-ble
 3. Now could we call all Eu-rope ours, With In-dia and Pe-ru, The mind would



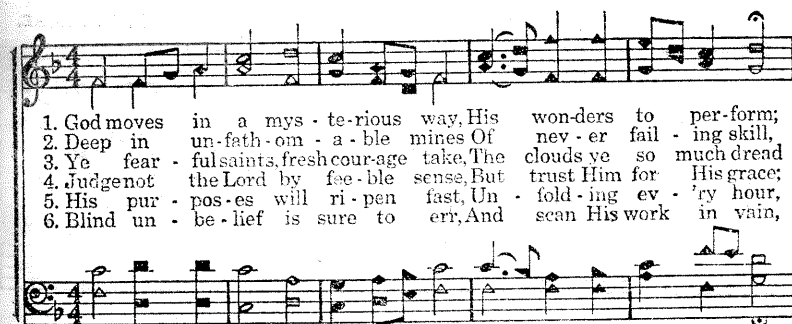
hopes for sol-id bliss, In try-ing something new, In try-ing something
 now no lon-ger stays, The soul wants something new, The soul wants something
 feel an ach-ing void, And still want something new, And still want something



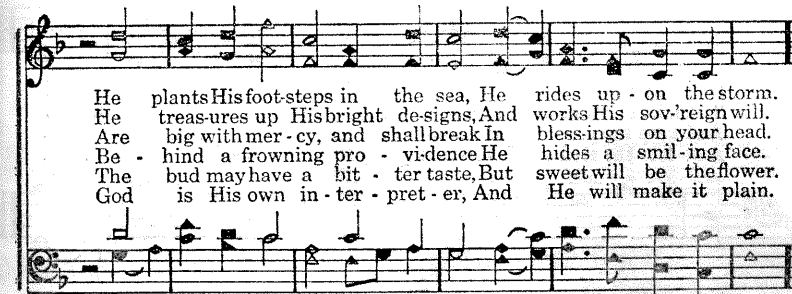
new, And vain-ly hopes for sol-id bliss, In try-ing some-thing new.
 new, The bub-ble now no lon-ger stays, The soul wants some-thing new.
 new, The mind would feel an ach-ing void, And still want some-thing new.

No. 276

Liverpool



1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way, His won-ders to per-form;
 2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er fail-ing skill,
 3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take, The clouds ve so much dread
 4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
 5. His pur-pos-es will ri-pen fast, Un-fold-ing ev-'ry hour,
 6. Blind un-be-lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain,

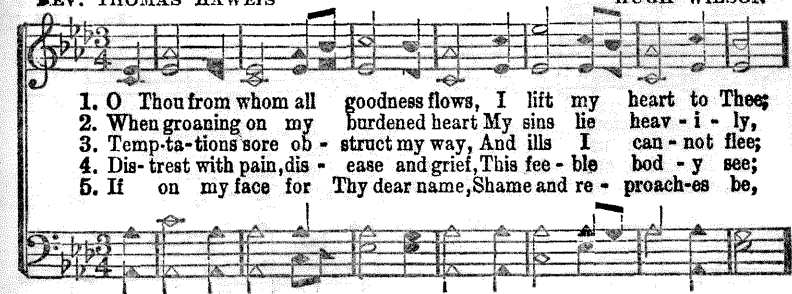


He plants His foot-steps in the sea, He rides up-on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-er-ign will.
 Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 Be-hind a frowning pro-vid-ence He hides a smil-ing face.
 The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
 God is His own in-ter-pret-er, And He will make it plain.

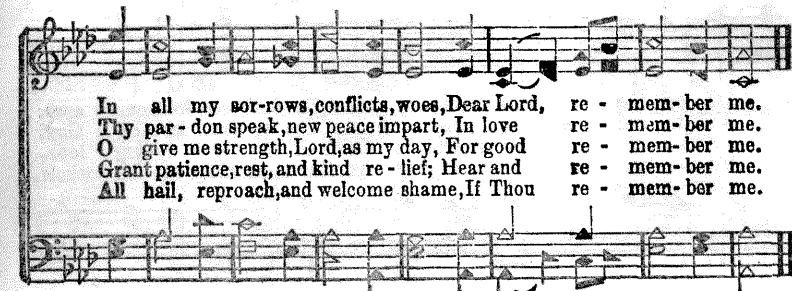
No. 277 ALL GOODNESS FLOWS. C. M.

REV. THOMAS HAWES

HUGH WILSON



1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
 2. When groaning on my burdened heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,
 3. Tem-pa-tions sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee;
 4. Dis-trest with pain, dis-ease and grief, This fee-ble bod-y see;
 5. If on my face for Thy dear name, Shame and re-proach-es be,



In all my sor-rows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
 Thy par-don speak, new peace impart, In love re-mem-ber me.
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day, For good re-mem-ber me.
 Grant patience, rest, and kind re-lief; Hear and re-mem-ber me.
 All hail, reproach, and welcome shame, If Thou re-mem-ber me.

No. 278

Prayer

JOSEPH HART, 1788.

J. C. MOORE.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God, Once more His bless - ings ask;
 2. Fath - er thy quick'n'g spir - it send, From heaven in Je - sus' name;
 3. May we receive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;
 4. To seek Thee all our hearts dis - pose, To each Thy bless - ings suit;

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship prove a task!
 To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.
 And keep the precious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.
 And let the seed thy ser - vant sows, Pro - duce a - bun - dant fruit.

No. 279

KENTUCKY. S. M.

HART

INGALLS

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, now, Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
 2. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood;
 3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move;
 4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul;

Dis - pel the sor - row from our mind, The darkness from our eyes.
 And to our wand'ring eyes re - veal The se - cret love of God.
 And kin - dle in our hearts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
 To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part And new cre - ate the whole.

No. 280

Christ Satisfies

J. M. H. Ref. [by L. D. M. OWNED BY THE AUTHORS.

L. D. MORRIS

1. When e'er you need a friend, Who is all - wise, On whom you can de - pend,
 2. When darkness hov - ers near, And torrents rise, Christ comes the soul to cheer,
 3. Noth - ing of earth is sure, Vain hope soon dies, Things of the Lord endure,

D. S. — On Him your burdens roll,
 D. S.
 He sat - is - fies. Christ, sat - is - fies the soul, When He has full con - trol;
 He sat - is - fies.
 D. S. — Christ sat - is - fies.

No. 281 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

DR. LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior!

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and distress remove; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul.

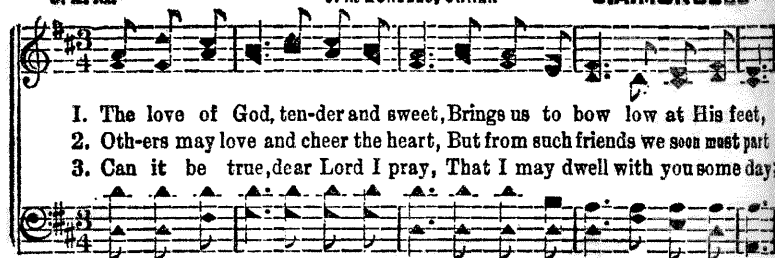
No. 282

The Supreme Love

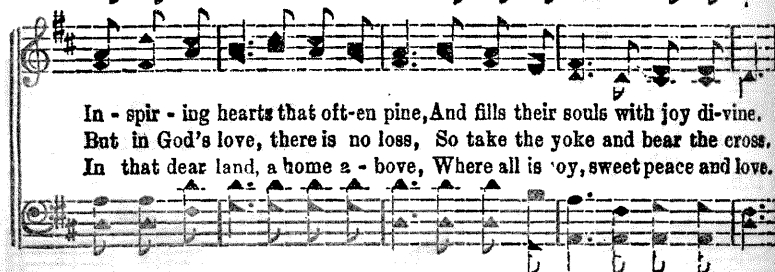
J. A. R.

J. A. MONSEES, OWNER

J. A. MONSEES



1. The love of God, ten-der and sweet, Brings us to bow low at His feet,
2. Oth-ers may love and cheer the heart, But from such friends we soon must part
3. Can it be true, dear Lord I pray, That I may dwell with you some day;

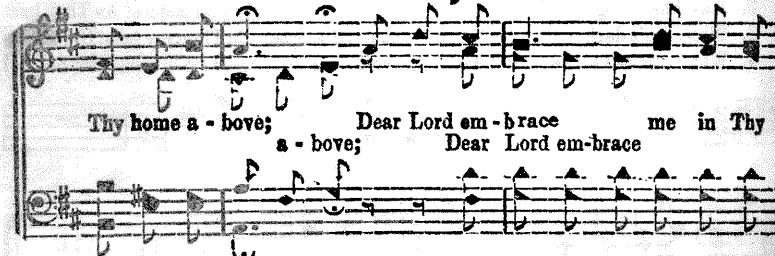


In - spir - ing hearts that oft-en pine, And fills their souls with joy di-vine.
But in God's love, there is no loss, So take the yoke and bear the cross.
In that dear land, a home a - bove, Where all is 'oy, sweet peace and love.

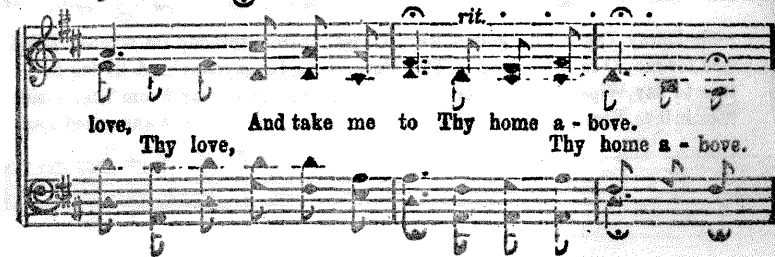
REFRAIN



Dear Lord em-brace me in Thy love, And take me to
Dear Lord em-brace Thy love,



Thy home a - bove; Dear Lord em-brace me in Thy
a - bove; Dear Lord em-brace



love, And take me to Thy home a - bove.
Thy love, Thy home a - bove.

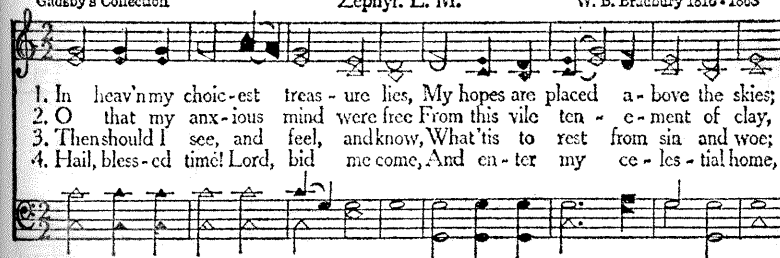
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No. 283 In Heav'n My Choicest Treasure Lies

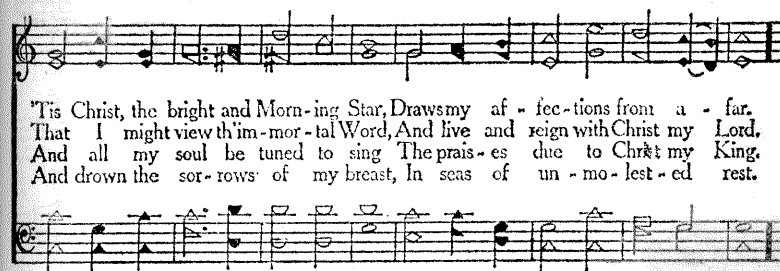
Gadsby's Collection

Zephyr. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury 1816-1863



1. In heav'n my choic-est treas-ure lies, My hopes are placed a - bove the skies;
2. O that my anx-i-ous mind were free From this vile ten - e - ment of clay,
3. Then should I see, and feel, and know, What tis to rest from sin and woe;
4. Hail, bless-ed time! Lord, bid me come, And en - ter my ce - les - tial home,



'Tis Christ, the bright and Morn-ing Star, Draws my af - fec-tions from a - far.
That I might view th'im-mor-tal Word, And live and reign with Christ my Lord.
And all my soul be tuned to sing The prais-es due to Christ my King.
And down the sor - rows of my breast, In seas of un - mo - lest - ed rest.

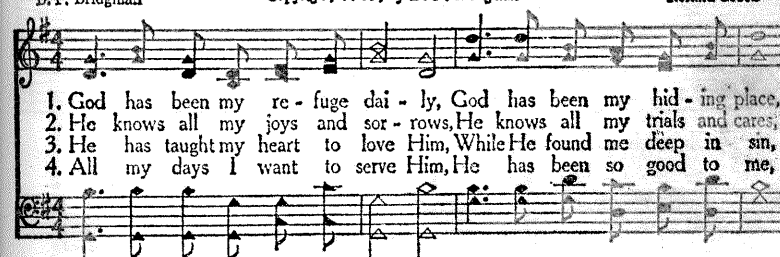
No. 284

Meditations

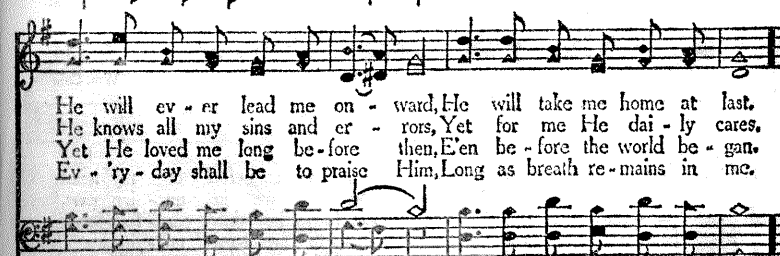
D. P. Bridgman

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Roland Green



1. God has been my re - fuge dai - ly, God has been my hid - ing place,
2. He knows all my joys and sor - rows, He knows all my trials and cares;
3. He has taught my heart to love Him, While He found me deep in sin,
4. All my days I want to serve Him, He has been so good to me,



He will ev - er lead me on - ward, He will take me home at last.
He knows all my sins and er - rors, Yet for me He dai - ly cares.
Yet He loved me long be - fore then, E'en be - fore the world be - gan.
Ev - ry - day shall be to praise Him, Long as breath re - mains in me.

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No. 285

The Pilgrim's Song

S. M.

Horatius Bonar 1808 - 1889

A. S. Keiffer

1. A few more year's shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore,
3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,

And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb,
And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And surg - es swell no more,
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;

Oh, wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

No. 286 Oh Happy Time Long Waited For

Love. C. M. D.

Wm. Cole

1. Oh, hap - py time, long wait - ed for, The com - fort of my heart,
Since I have met the saints once more, May we in un - ion part,
2. My sor - rows past, and I, at last, Have heav - nly com - forts found;
My heart with Je - sus and His saints in sweet - est un - ion bound,
3. While here we sit and sing His love With rap - tures so di - vine,
Our joys are more like theirs a - bove, While in their songs we join.

Oh Happy Time Long Waited For

Temp - tations cease to break my peace, And all my sorrows die;
When I with you my love re - new, [Omit] O what a heav'n have I.
If fel - low - ship with saints below, Is to our souls so sweet,
What heav'nly rapture shall we know When round the throne we meet?
Our hearts are filled with ho - ly zeal, We long to see the King,
We long to see those heav'nly hills, Where saints and angels sing.

No. 287

The Heavenly Home

Composed Dec. 25, 1941

Obo Ting-n

Obo Ting-n

1. We're trav - ling on to that blest home, Where saints in mor - tal dwell,
2. There'll be no sun, no stars, nor moon In that sweet home on high,
3. There'll be no aches, no pain, nor tears, No sor - row nor de - spair;
4. There'll be no fare - well tears to shed, And there'll be no goodbyes,
5. We'll see our Sav - ior as He is, And shout His praise on high,

We'll join in song with loved ones there, And make our voic - es swell
For God Him - self and His dear Son, Will be the light up there.
For in that home of peace and love, Our loved ones al - ways there,
For in that home of pure de - light For - e'er be - fore our eyes,
We'll all be one u - nit - ed band, And nev - er feel a sigh.

D. S. - The song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, The song of God's dear Son.

CHORUS

D. S.

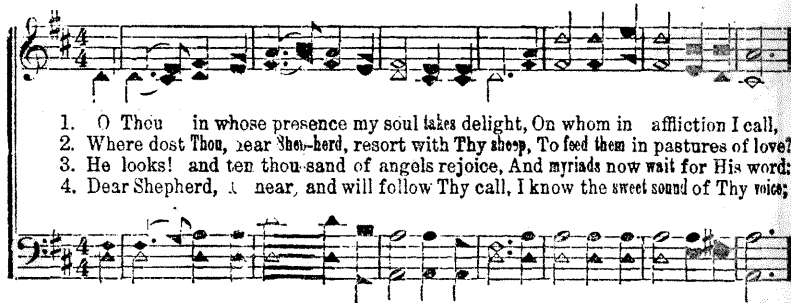
O who will come and go with us, And help us sing that song?

No. 288

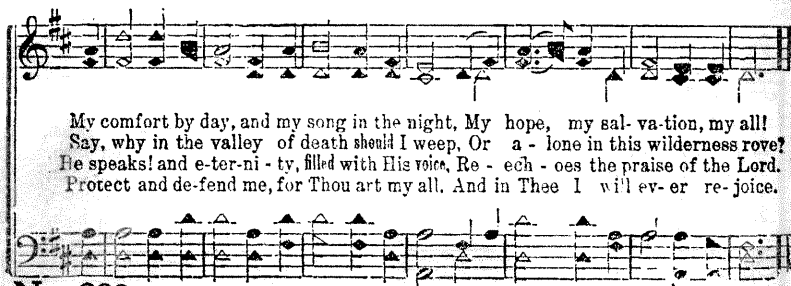
JOSEPH SWAIN.

Meditation.

FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear She-herd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks! and ten thou-sand of angels rejoice, And myriads now wait for His word:
4. Dear Shepherd, a - near, and will follow Thy call, I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;



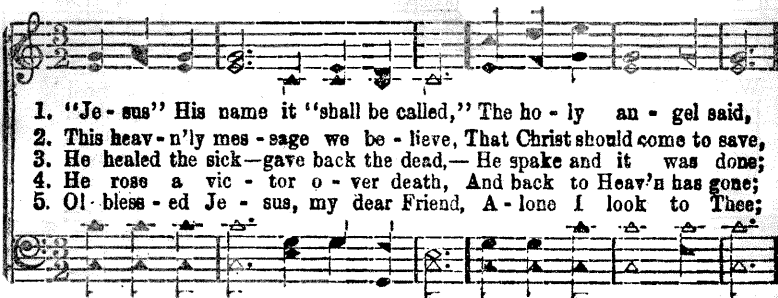
My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wilderness rove?
He speaks! and e - ter - ni - ty, filled with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Protect and de - fend me, for Thou art my all. And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

No. 289

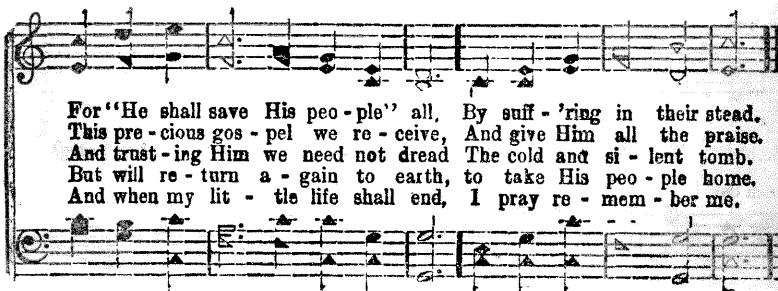
R. H. Pittman

He Shall Save His People

L. C. Everett



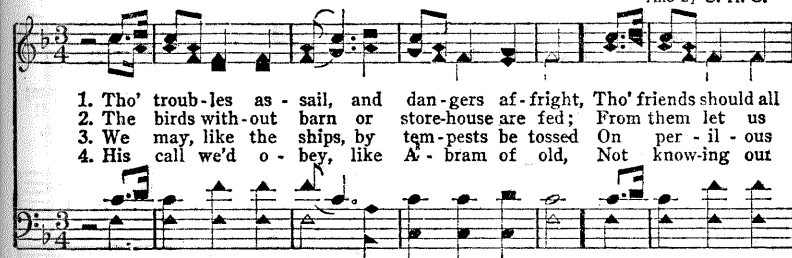
1. "Je - sus" His name it "shall be called," The ho - ly an - gel said,
2. This heav - n'y mes - sage we be - lieve, That Christ should come to save,
3. He healed the sick - gave back the dead, - He spake and it was done;
4. He rose a vic - tor o - ver death, And back to Heav'n has gone;
5. Ol - bless - ed Je - sus, my dear Friend, A - lone I look to Thee;



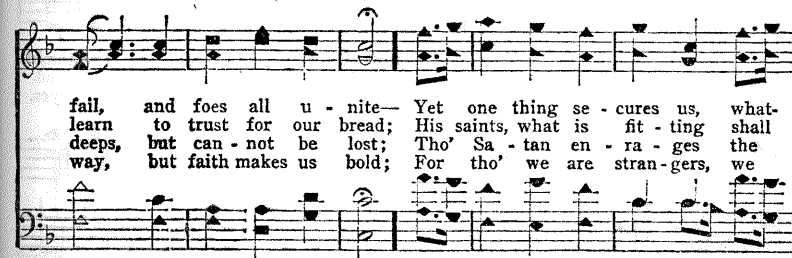
For "He shall save His peo - ple" all, By suff - 'ring in their stead.
This pre - cious gos - pel we re - ceive, And give Him all the praise.
And trust - ing Him we need not dread The cold and si - lent tomb.
But will re - turn a - gain to earth, to take His peo - ple home.
And when my lit - tle life shall end, I pray re - mem - ber me.

No. 290 The Lord Provides. 10, 10, 11, 11.

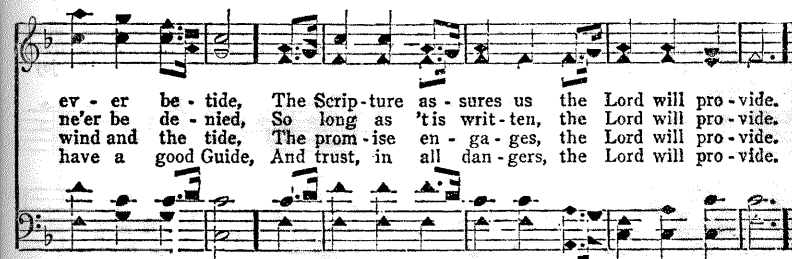
Alto by C. H. C.



1. Tho' troub - les as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds with - out barn or store - house are fed; From them let us
3. We may, like the ships, by tem - pests be tossed On per - il - ous
4. His call we'd o - bey, like A - bram of old, Not know - ing out



fail, and foes all u - nite - Yet one thing se - cures us, what -
learn to trust for our bread; His saints, what is fit - ting shall
deeps, but can - not be lost; Tho' Sa - tan en - ra - ges the
way, but faith makes us bold; For tho' we are stran - gers, we

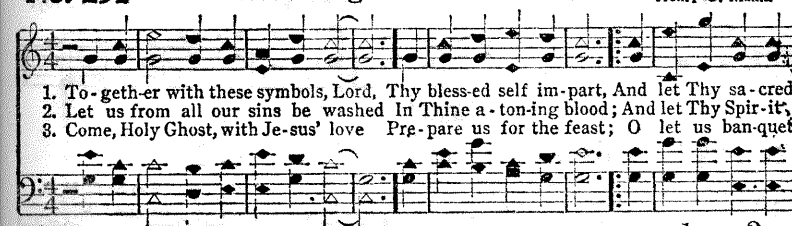


ev - er be - tide, The Scrip - ture as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.
ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten, the Lord will pro - vide.
wind and the tide, The prom - ise en - ga - ges, the Lord will pro - vide.
have a good Guide, And trust, in all dan - gers, the Lord will pro - vide.

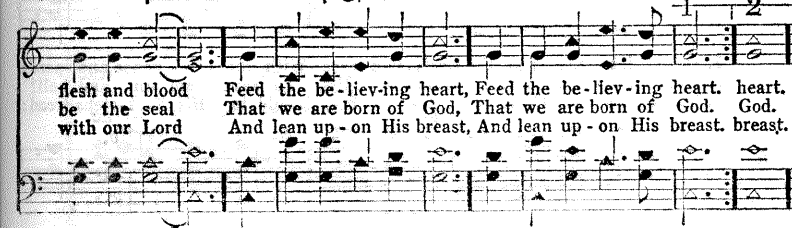
No. 291

Blooming Youth. C. M.

Henry G. Mann.



1. To - geth - er with these symbols, Lord, Thy bless - ed self im - part, And let Thy sa - cred,
2. Let us from all our sins be washed In Thine a - ton - ing blood; And let Thy Spir - it;
3. Come, Holy Ghost, with Je - sus' love Pre - pare us for the feast; O let us ban - quet



flesh and blood Feed the be - liev - ing heart, Feed the be - liev - ing heart. heart.
be the seal That we are born of God, That we are born of God. God.
with our Lord And lean up - on His breast, And lean up - on His breast. breast.

Wm. Houser.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. Hail! ye sigh-ing sons of sor-row; Learn with me your cer-tain doom;
2. Lo! in yon-der for-est stand-ing, Loft-y ce-dars; how they nod!
3. Hol-low winds a-bout me roar-ing, Noi-sy wa-ters 'round me rise,

Learn with me your fate to-mor-row-Dead-per-haps laid in the tomb!
Scenes of na-ture, how sur-pris-ing! Read, in na-ture, na-ture's God.
While I sit, my fate de-plor-ing, Tears fast stream-ing from mine eyes.

See all na-ture fad-ing, dy-ing! Si-lent, all things seem to pine;
While the an-nual frosts are crop-ping Leaves and ten-drils from the trees.
What to me is au-tumn's treas-ure, Since I know no earth-ly joy?

Life from veg-e-ta-tion fly-ing, Brings to mind the moul-d'ring vine.
So our friends are year-ly drop-ping-We are like to one of these.
Long I've lost all youth-ful pleas-ure, Time will health and youth de-stroy.

No. 293 This World Not My Home. C. M.

Alto by C. H. C.

1. O let me run the Chris-tian race With dil-i-gence and speed;
2. Did Je-sus leave the realms of bliss, To save from sin and hell?
3. Those who to Christ for ref-uge flee, Should in His foot-steps tread:

This World Not My Home

God's word, His Spir-it, and His grace Do all to du-ty lead.
A love so won-der-ful as this Calls for a glow-ing zeal.
Our Proph-et, Priest, and King should be Both trust-ed and o-beyed.

No. 294 The Babe of Bethlehem. 8s and 7s.

Wm. Walker.
Alto by C. H. C.

1. Ye Chris-tians all, on you I call, Come, hear this dec-la-ra-tion,
2. To Ab-ra-ham the prom-ise came, And to his seed for-ev-er,
3. His par-ents poor in earth-ly store, To en-ter-tain the Stran-ger,

And don't re-fuse this glo-rious news Of Je-sus and sal-va-tion.
A light to shine in I-saac's line, By Script-ure we dis-cov-er;
They found no bed to lay His head, But in the ox-'s man-ger;

To roy-al Jews came first the news Of Christ the great Mes-si-ah,
Hail, prom-ised morn! the Sav-iour's born, The glo-rious Me-di-a-tor-
No roy-al things, as used by kings, Were seen by those that found Him,

As was fore-told by proph-ets old, I-sa-iah, Jer-e-mi-ah.
God's bless-ed Word made flesh and blood, As-sumed the hu-man na-ture.
But in the hay the Stran-ger lay, With swaddling bands a-round Him.

No. 295

My Vision

Beth Baker

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All Rights Reserved.Beth Baker
Sonny Lowrance

1. I saw in a vi-sion, a beau-ti-ful riv-er. This
2. I saw in my vi-sion, a beau-ti-ful Sav-iour. He
3. The end of the riv-er, is a beau-ti-ful cit-y. A
4. One glo-ri-ous morn-ing, is a hap-py re-un-ion. With

beau-ti-ful riv-er is the riv-er of life; It now
who is the way to the riv-er of life; He was
place called heav-en where my Sav-iour I'll see; At the
Je-sus my Sav-iour and loved ones I'll be; All His

wan-ders so free-ly o'er the des-ert and gar-den; and
tempted in the des-ert He, prayed in the gar-den; He
gates of that cit-y are all of our loved ones;
chil-dren will be there, in that beau-ti-ful some-where. That's

through the high moun-tains, to a place called Cal-va-ry.
preached on the moun-tain, and He died at Cal-va-ry.
watch-ing and wait-ing for you and for me.
why He was born and He died at Cal-va-ry.

No. 296

Stand By Me

C. A. Tindley

F. A. Clark

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Stand by me,
2. In the midst of trib-u-la-tions, stand by me,
3. In the midst of faults and fail-ures,
4. In the midst of per-se-cu-tion, by me,
5. When I'm grow-ing old and fee-ble,

When the storms of life are rag-ing, Stand by me;
In the midst of trib-u-la-tions,
In the midst of faults and fail-ures,
In the midst of per-se-cu-tion, stand by me;
When I'm grow-ing old and fee-ble,

When the world is toss-ing me Like a ship up-on the sea,
When the hosts of hell as-sail, And my strength be-gins to fail,
When I do the best I can, And my friends mis-un-der-stand,
When my foes in bat-tle ar-ray, Un-der-take to stop my way,
When my life be-comes a bur-den, And I'm near-ing chil-ly Jor-dan,

Thou who rul-est wind and wa-ter, Stand by me.
Thou who nev-er lost a bat-tle, stand by me.
Thou who know-est all a-bout me,
Thou who saved Paul and Si-las,
O Thou "Lil-y of the val-ley," by me.

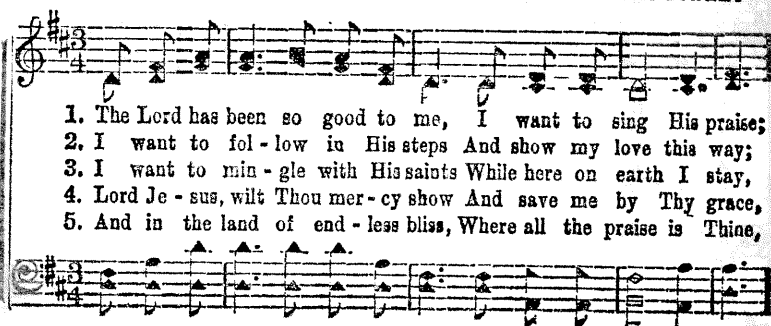
Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley

No. 297 The Lord Has Been So Good to Me

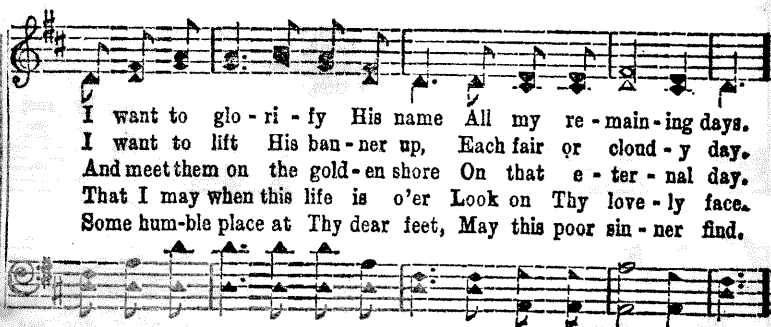
The Lord is good: sing praises to His name: Ps. 135: 3

R.H. PITTMAN

J. HARVEY DAILEY

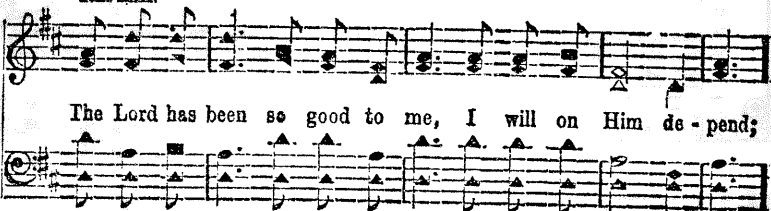


1. The Lord has been so good to me, I want to sing His praise;
 2. I want to fol-low in His steps And show my love this way;
 3. I want to min-gle with His saints While here on earth I stay,
 4. Lord Je-sus, wilt Thou mer-cy show And save me by Thy grace,
 5. And in the land of end-less bliss, Where all the praise is Thine,

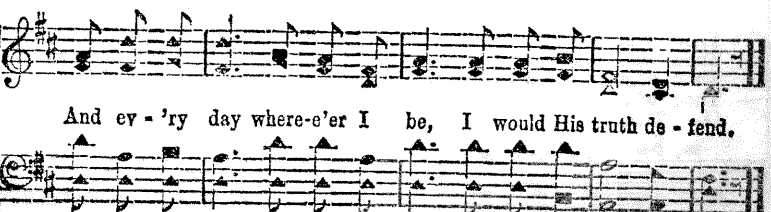


I want to glo-ri-fy His name All my re-main-ing days.
 I want to lift His ban-ner up, Each fair or cloud-y day.
 And meet them on the gold-en shore On that e-ter-nal day.
 That I may when this life is o'er Look on Thy love-ly face.
 Some hum-ble place at Thy dear feet, May this poor sin-ner find.

REFRAIN



The Lord has been so good to me, I will on Him de-pend;

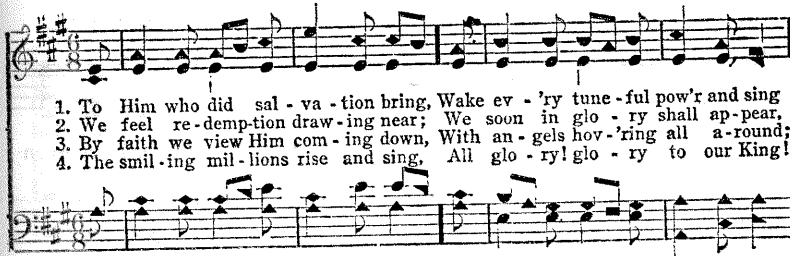


And ev-'ry day where-e'er I be, I would His truth de-fend.

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No. 298

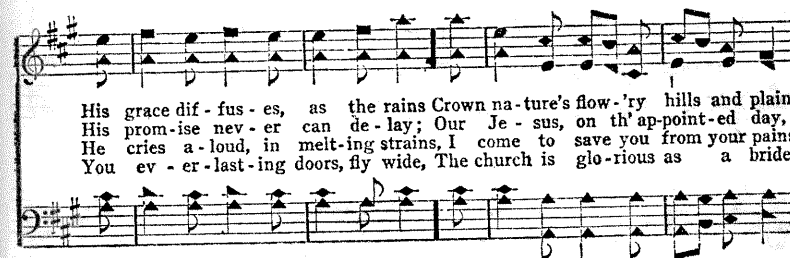
Goodwin



1. To Him who did sal-va-tion bring, Wake ev-'ry tune-ful pow'r and sing
 2. We feel re-demp-tion draw-ing near; We soon in glo-ry shall ap-pear;
 3. By faith we view Him com-ing down, With an-gels hov-er-ing all a-round;
 4. The smil-ing mil-lions rise and sing, All glo-ry! glo-ry to our King!



A song of sweet-est praise, A song of sweet-est praise;
 And be for-ev-er blessed, And be for-ev-er blessed;
 He smiles up-on His saints, He smiles up-on His saints;
 The Grand As-size is come, The Grand As-size is come;



His grace dif-fus-es, as the rains Crown na-ture's flow-'ry hills and plains,
 His prom-ise nev-er can de-lay; Our Je-sus, on th'ap-point-ed day,
 He cries a-loud, in melt-ing strains, I come to save you from your pains
 You ev-er-last-ing doors, fly wide, The church is glo-rious as a bride,



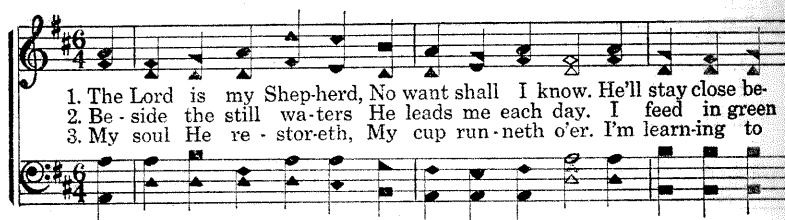
And spread a thou-sand ways, And spread a thou-sand ways.
 Will give His peo-ple rest, Will give His peo-ple rest.
 And end your sore com-plaints, And end your sore com-plaints.
 And Je-sus takes her home, And Je-sus takes her home.

No. 299 The Lord Is My Shepherd

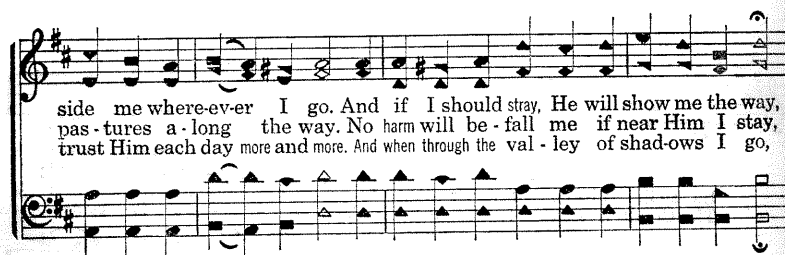
Merle Benbow

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Merle Benbow

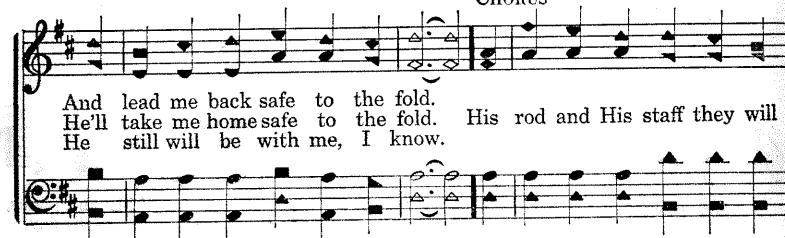


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, No want shall I know. He'll stay close be-
2. Be-side the still wa-ters He leads me each day. I feed in green
3. My soul He re-stor-eth, My cup run-neth o'er. I'm learn-ing to

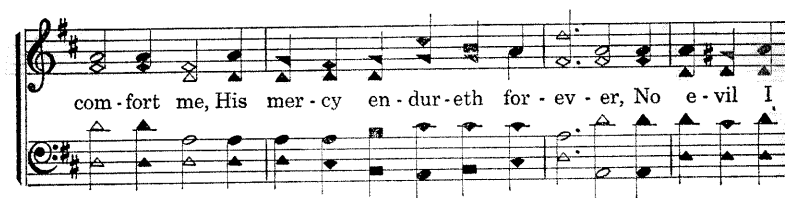


side me where-ev-er I go. And if I should stray, He will show me the way,
pas-tures a-long the way. No harm will be-fall me if near Him I stay,
trust Him each day more and more. And when through the val-ley of shad-ows I go,

CHORUS



And lead me back safe to the fold.
He'll take me homesafe to the fold. His rod and His staff they will
He still will be with me, I know.



com-fort me, His mer-cy en-dur-eth for-ev-er, No e-vil I



fear when my Shep-herd is near. He'll take me home safe to the fold.

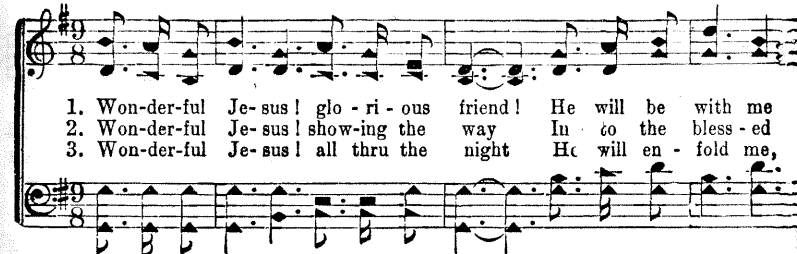
No. 300

James Rowe

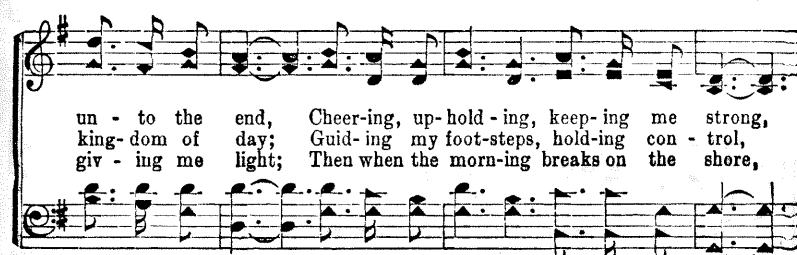
Wonderful Jesus

J. P. Denton, owner

J. P. Denton

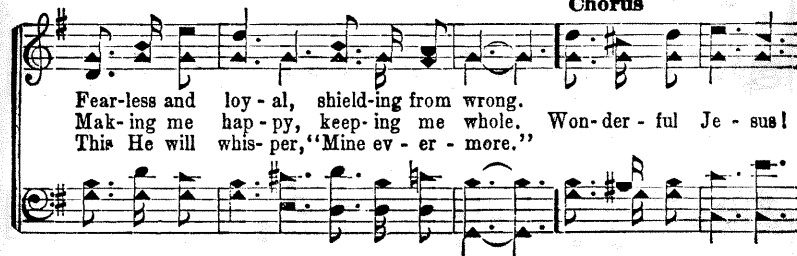


1. Won-der-ful Je-sus! glo-ri-ous friend! He will be with me
2. Won-der-ful Je-sus! show-ing the way In-to the bless-ed
3. Won-der-ful Je-sus! all thru the night He will en-fold me,



un-to the end, Cheer-ing, up-hold-ing, keep-ing me strong,
king-dom of day; Guid-ing my foot-steps, hold-ing con-trol,
giv-ing me light; Then when the morn-ing breaks on the shore,

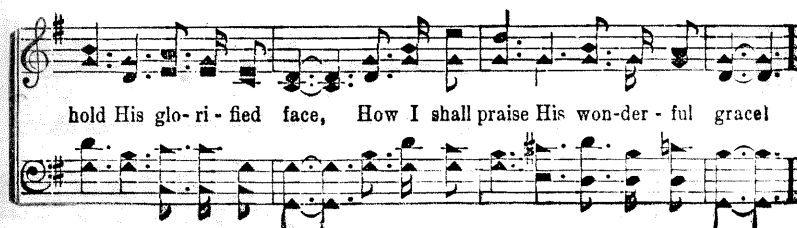
Chorus



Fear-less and loy-al, shield-ing from wrong.
Mak-ing me hap-py, keep-ing me whole. Won-der-ful Je-sus!
This He will whis-per, "Mine ev-er-more."



mar-vel-ous King! Ev-er His praise my spir-it shall sing, When I be-



hold His glo-ri-fied face, How I shall praise His won-der-ful grace!

No. 301

The Rock that is Higher than I

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet; But
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows pre-vail; Or

Chorus

sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
toil-ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet! O, then, to the Rock let me
climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I; O,
let me fly, is high-er than I;

then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 302 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

DOROTHY A. THRUPP

SHEPHERD

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor; Ear-ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray:
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;

Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear-ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 303

Adoration

MRS. MARY F. STEWART, OWNER

M. F. S.

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1. Lord, let me praise Thee in the morn - ing While the day is new,
2. Lord, keep me with Thee through life's jour - ney, Else I'll lone - ly be,
3. Lord, I must come to Thee for com - fort, To Thee, Lord, a - lone,

Let me praise Thee at the noon-tide. And the eve - 'ning too.
Let me ev - er feel Thy pres - ence, Keep me close to Thee,
All that we may do for oth - ers Can't for sin a - tone.

Let me not for - get to praise Thee, For since on the cross they
Let me not for - get 'tis Je - sus That has nev - er yet for -
Lord, we know that Thou did'st tell us That the poor are al - ways

nailed Thee, Thy love has nev - er failed me, And it nev - er will,
got us, He says He'll al - ways love us. And I know He will.
with us. And that Thy love is jeal - ous, Let us love Thee more.

No. 304 Won't It Be Wonderful There?

James Rowe

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Homer F. Morris

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

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

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

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

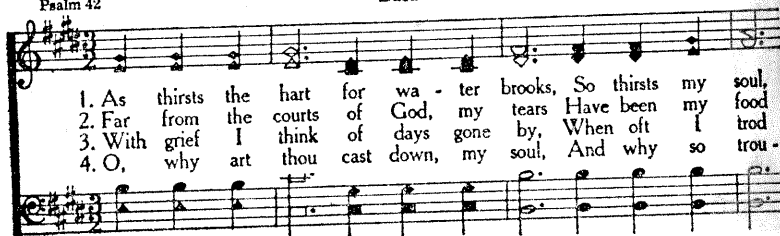
heart - bells all ring - ing, O won't it be won - der - ful there?
won - der - ful there?

No. 305 As Thirsts The Hart For Water Brooks

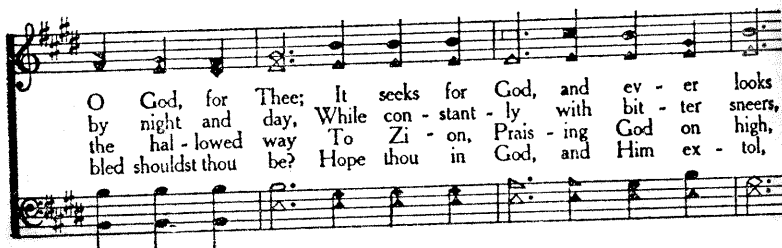
Psalm 42

Baca

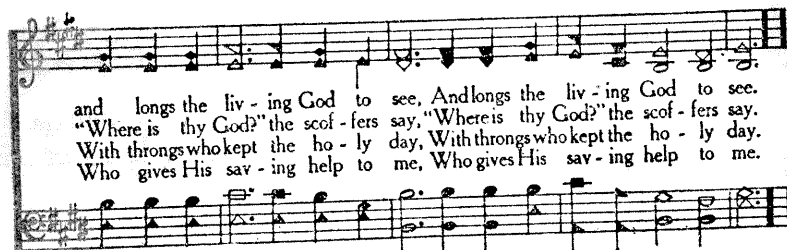
William Bradbury 1816-1868



1. As thirsts the hart for wa - ter brooks, So thirsts my soul,
2. Far from the courts of God, my tears Have been my food
3. With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod
4. O, why art thou cast down, my soul, And why so trou -



O God, for Thee; It seeks for God, and ev - er looks
by night and day, While con - stant - ly with bit - ter sneers,
the hal - lowed way To Zi - on, Prais - ing God on high,
bled shouldst thou be? Hope thou in God, and Him ex - tol,



and longs the liv - ing God to see, And longs the liv - ing God to see.
"Where is thy God?" the scof - fers say, "Where is thy God?" the scof - fers say.
With throngs who kept the ho - ly day, With throngs who kept the ho - ly day.
Who gives His sav - ing help to me, Who gives His sav - ing help to me.

No. 306 Almighty King! Whose Wondrous Hand

Wm. Cowper 1731-1800

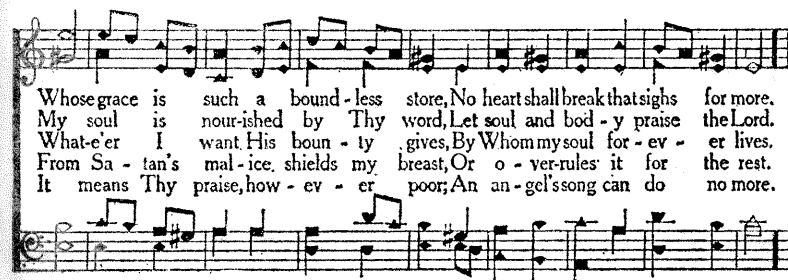
Hiding Place. L. M.

Benjamin Smith 1738



1. Al - might - y King! whose won - drous hand Sup - ports the weight of sea and land;
2. Thy prov - i - dence sup - plies my food, And 'tis Thy bless - ing makes it good;
3. My streams of out - ward com - fort came, From Him, Who built this earth - ly frame;
4. Ei - ther His hand pre - serves from pain, Or, if I feel it, heals a - gain;
5. For - give the song that falls so low Be - neath the gra - ti - tude I owe;

Almighty King! Whose Wondrous Hand



Whose grace is such a bound - less store, No heart shall break that sighs for more.
My soul is nour - ished by Thy word, Let soul and bod - y praise the Lord.
What - e - r I want His boun - ty gives, By Whom my soul for - ev - er lives.
From Sa - tan's mal - ice, shields my breast, Or o - ver - rules it for the rest.
It means Thy praise, how - ev - er poor; An an - gel's song can do no more.

No. 307

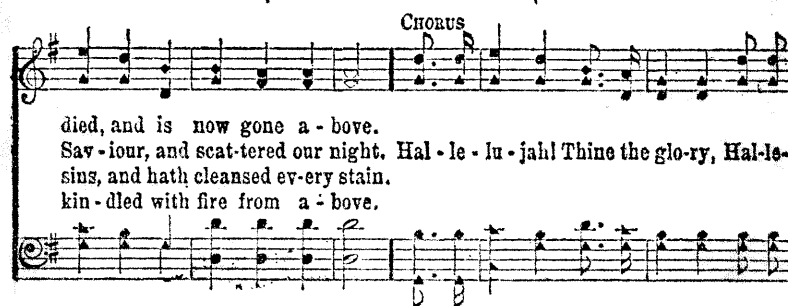
Revive Us Again

WILLIAM P. MACKAY

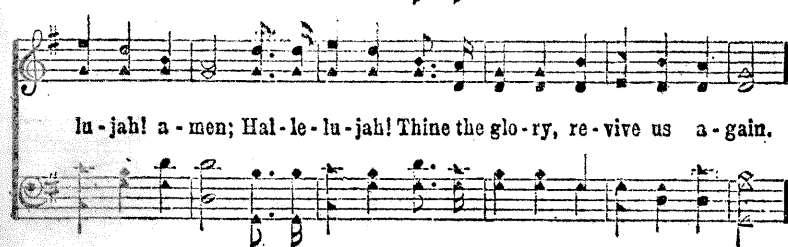
JOHN J. HUSBAND



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



CHORUS
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
sins, and hath cleansed ev - ery stain.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

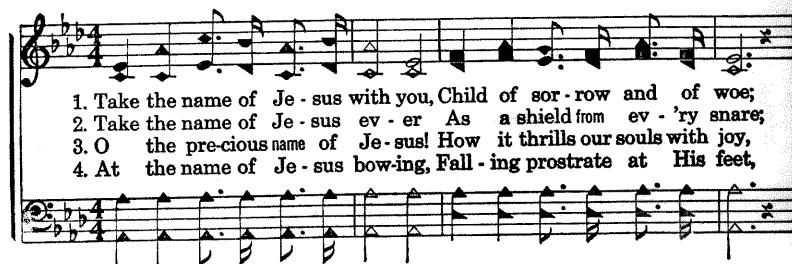


lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

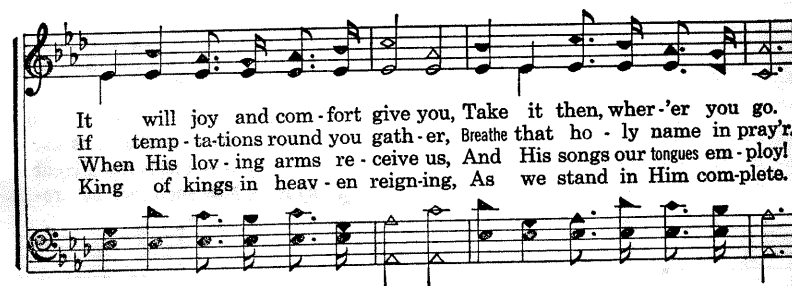
No. 308 Take The Name Of Jesus With You

Lydia Baxter

William H. Doane

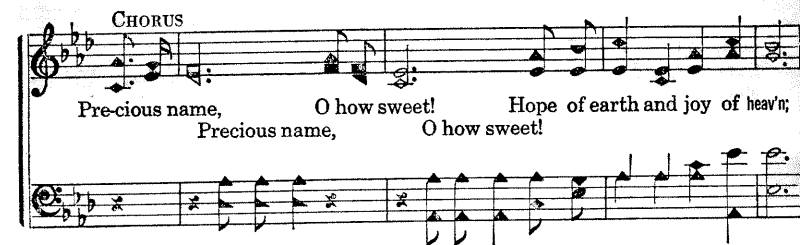


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

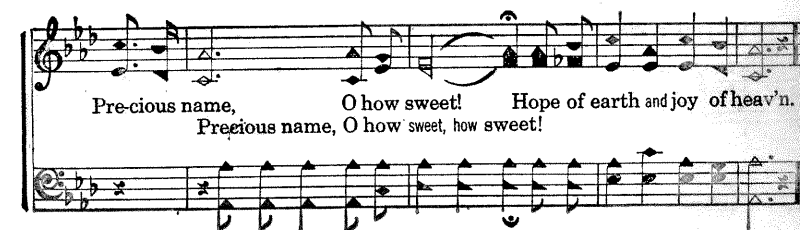


It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, wher - 'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
King of kings in heav - en reign - ing, As we stand in Him com - plete.

CHORUS



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!



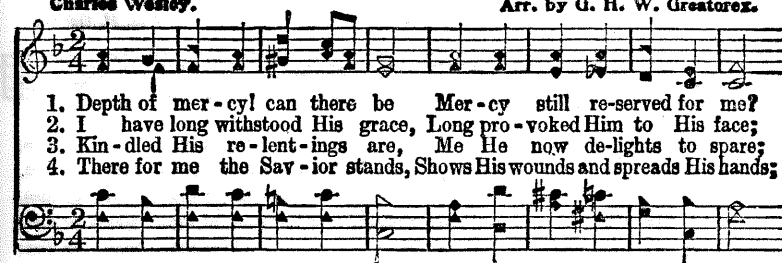
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 309

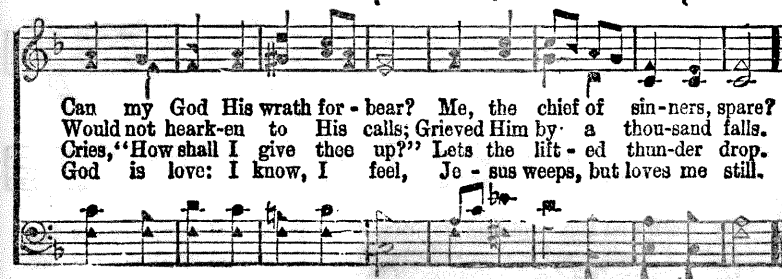
Seymour.

Charles Wesley.

C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by G. H. W. Grestorex.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are, Me He now de - lights to spare;
4. There for me the Sav - ior stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;



Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
Ories, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
God is love: I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.

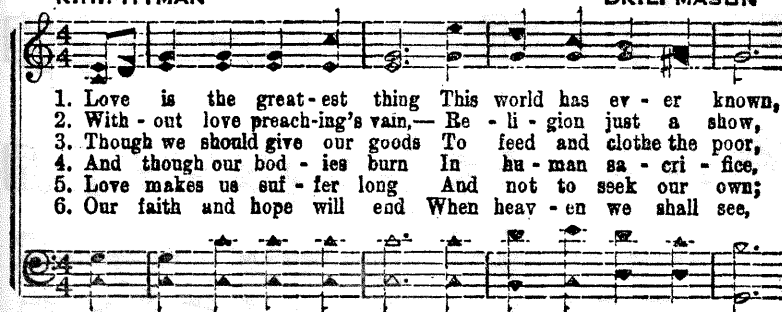
No. 310

Charity

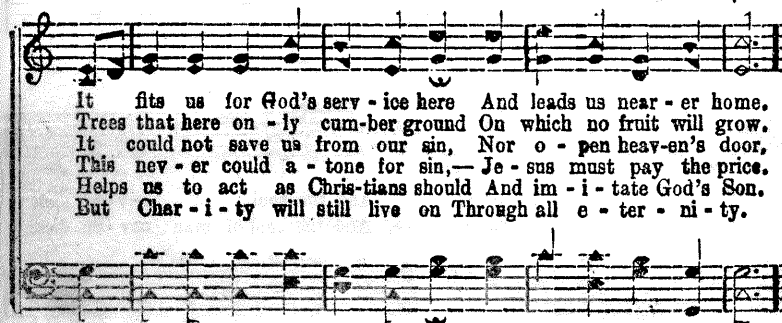
R. H. PITTMAN

(LABAN S. M.)

DR. L. MASON



1. Love is the great - est thing This world has ev - er known,
2. With - out love preach - ing's vain, — Re - li - gion just a show,
3. Though we should give our goods To feed and clothe the poor,
4. And though our bod - ies burn In hu - man sa - cri - fice,
5. Love makes us suf - fer long And not to seek our own;
6. Our faith and hope will end When heav - en we shall see,



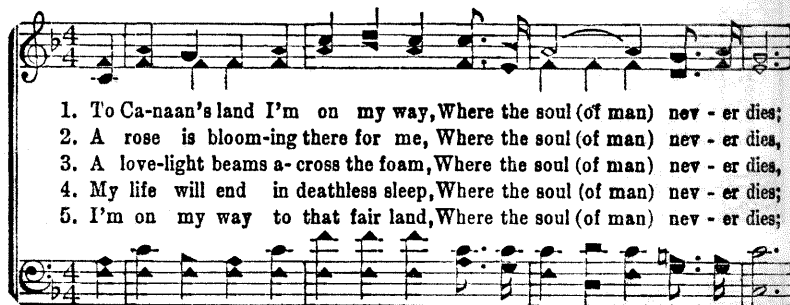
It fits us for God's serv - ice here And leads us near - er home.
Trees that here on - ly cum - ber ground On which no fruit will grow.
It could not save us from our sin, Nor o - pen heav - en's door.
This nev - er could a - tone for sin, — Je - sus must pay the price.
Helps us to act as Chris - tians should And im - i - tate God's Son.
But Char - i - ty will still live on Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1914, by Wm. M. Golden

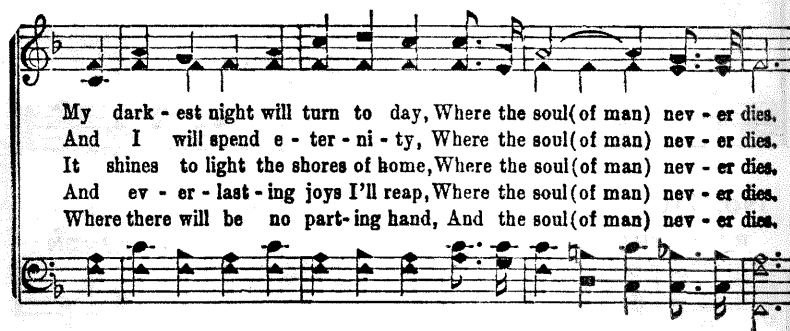
W. M. G.

R. E. Winsett, owner

Wm. M. Golden



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



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

Chorus



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



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

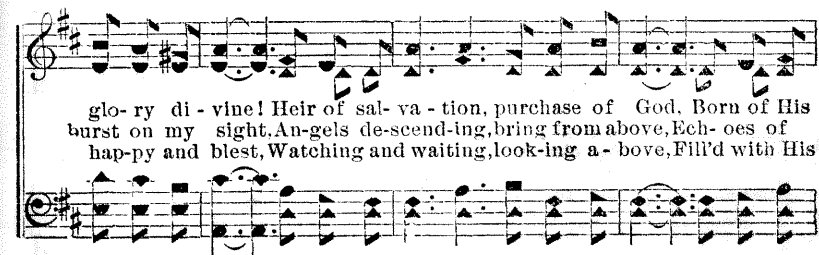
Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9. 28

F. J. Crosby.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

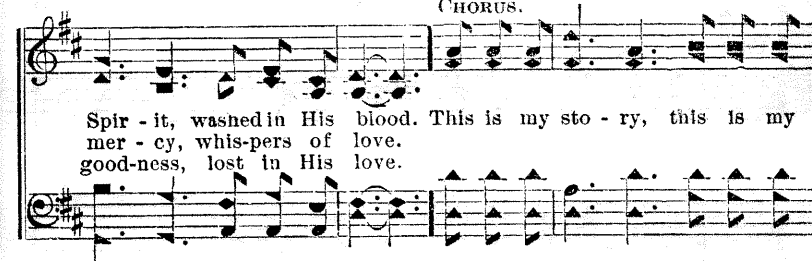


1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

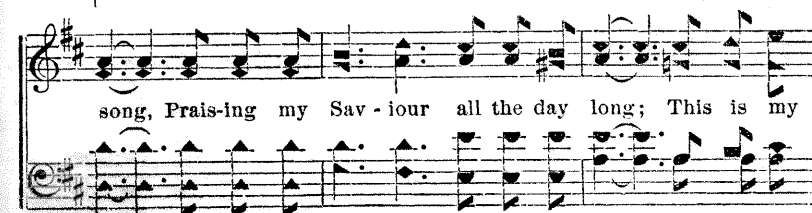


glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God. Born of His
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from above, Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, look - ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

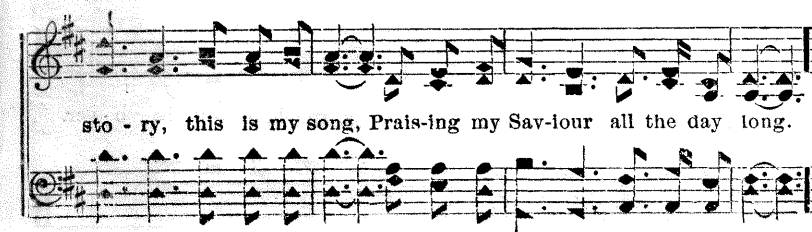
CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness, lost in His love.



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



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

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T. W. Carter
C. H. Casey

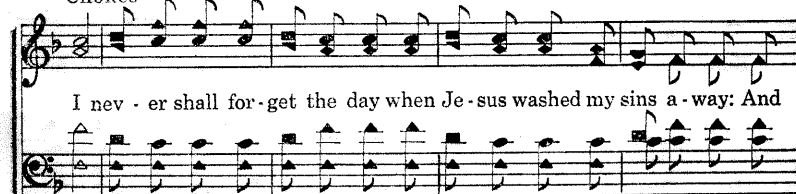


1. {O may I wor- thy prove to see The saints in-
To see the bride, the glit- t'ring bride, Close seat - ed
2. {I soon shall pass this vale of death, And in His
O then my hap - py soul shall tell, "My Je - sus

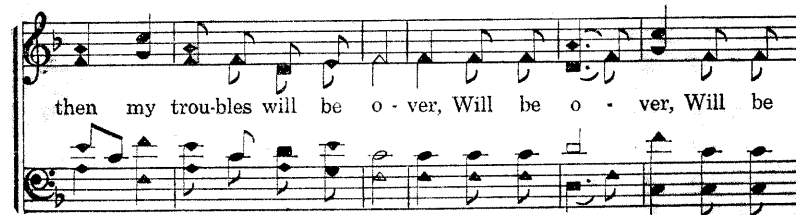


full pros - per - i - ty; }
by the Sav - iour's side; } Then my trou- bles will be o - ver.
arms re - sign my breath; }
has done all things well." }

CHORUS



I nev - er shall for - get the day when Je - sus washed my sins a - way: And



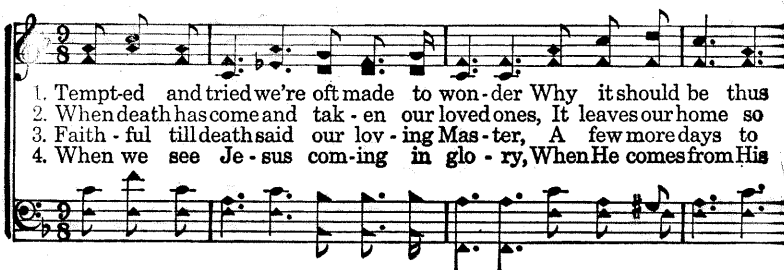
then my trou- bles will be o - ver, Will be o - ver, Will be



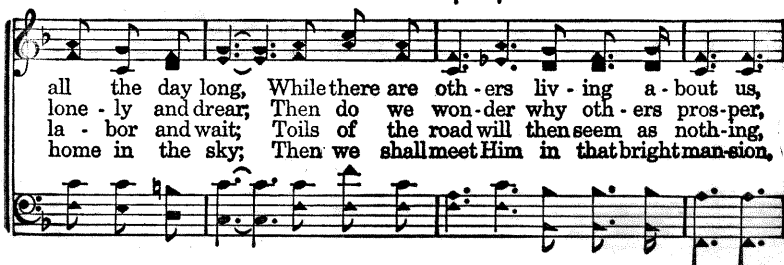
o - ver, will be - ver, And then my trou- bles will be o - ver.

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Rev. W. B. Stevens
J. R. Baxter, Jr.

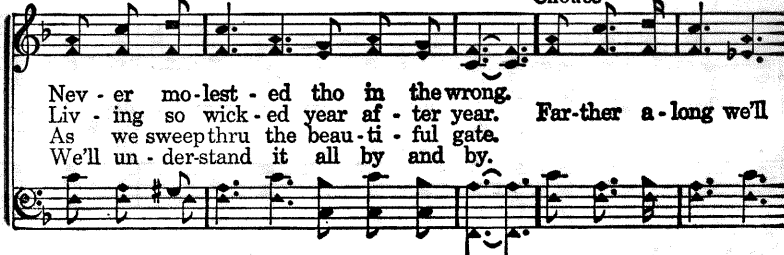


1. Tempt - ed and tried we're oft made to won - der Why it should be thus
2. When death has come and tak - en our loved ones, It leaves our home so
3. Faith - ful till death said our lov - ing Mas - ter, A few more days to
4. When we see Je - sus com - ing in glo - ry, When He comes from His

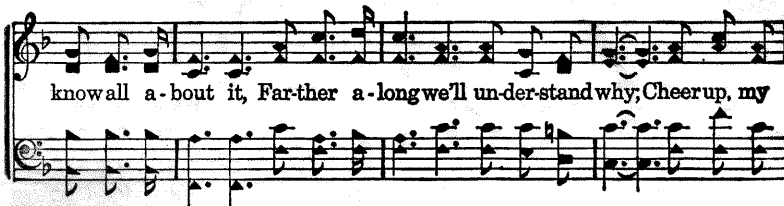


all the day long, While there are oth - ers liv - ing a - bout us,
lone - ly and drear; Then do we won - der why oth - ers pros - per,
la - bor and wait; Toils of the road will then seem as noth - ing,
home in the sky; Then we shall meet Him in that bright man - sion,

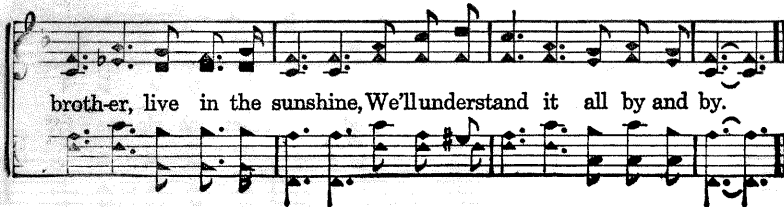
CHORUS



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



know all a - bout it, Far - ther a - long we'll un - der - stand why; Cheer up, my



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

No. 315

When We All Get to Heaven

MRS. J. G. W.

MRS. J. G. WILSON

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

No. 316

The Bride of Christ

Song of Solomon. 2-10

J. F. Parker

Copyright 1956, by J. F. Parker

J. F. Parker

1. The Church of Christ we have to-day, A bless-ing from the Lord,
 2. She was His Bride be-fore she knew She had a Hus-band dear;
 3. When She a-dorned with all His Grace, Shall be ex-alt-ed there,

He gave Her to His Son to save, And take Her home a-bove.
 And when for Her His choice was made, It caused Her to draw near.
 No queen with all her glo-ry here, Was ev-er half so fair.

REFRAIN

The tur-tle dove is sing-ing now; The win-ter's past and gone;

Rise up my fair one, come a-way! I'll take you home to stay.

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No. 317

I'll Live On

T.J.L.

Thos. J. Laney

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

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

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

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

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

No. 318

We're Marching to Zion

Isaac Watts

Robert Lowry

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

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground,

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

(1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

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

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

No. 319

Bower Of Prayer

P. Richerson and Wm. Walker

1. To leave my dear friends, and from neighbors to part, And
2. Dear bow'r where the pine and the pop-lar havespread, And
3. The ear-ly shrill notes of the loved night-in-gale That
4. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine, The
5. For Je-sus, my Sav-ior, oft deigned there to meet, And
6. Dear bow'r, I must leave you and bid you a-dieu, And

go from my home, it af-flicts not my heart, Like
wove with their branch-es, a roof o'er my head, How
dwelt in my bow'r, I ob-served as my bell, To
i-vy, the bal-sam, and wild eg-lan-tine; But
blessed with His pres-ence my hum-ble re-treat, Oft
pay my de-vot-ions in parts that are new, For

tho'ts of ab-sent-ing my-self for a day From that bless'd re-
oft have I knelt on the ev-er-green there. And poured out my
call me to du-ty, while birds of the air Sing an-thems of
sweet-er, ah! sweet-er, su-per-la-tive were The joys I have
filled me with rap-ture and bless-ed-ness there, In-dit-ing, in
Je-sus, my Sav-ior, re-sides ev'-ry-where, And can, in all

treat where I've cho-sen to pray, I've cho-sen to pray.
soul to my Sav-ior in prayer, my Sav-ior in prayer.
prais-es as I went to prayer, as I went to prayer.
tast-ed in an-swer to prayer, in an-swer to prayer.
heav-en's own lan-guage, my prayer, own lan-guage, my prayer.
plac-es give an-swer to prayer, give an-swer to prayer.

No. 320

My God, What Silken Cords

Gentle

Sprague. C. M.

Smith
Alto by C. H. Cayce

1. My God, what silk - en cords are Thine! How soft and yet how strong!
2. Thou saw'st us crushed be - neath the yoke Of Sa - tan and of sin;
3. The guilt of twice ten thou - sand sins One mo - ment takes a - way;
4. Drawn by such cords, we on - ward move, Till round Thy throne we meet;

While pow'r, and truth, and love com - bine To draw our souls a - long.
Thy hand the i - ron bond - age broke, Our worth - less hearts to win.
And grace, when first the work be - gins, Se - cures the crown - ing day.
And cap - tives in the chains of love, Em - brace our Con - quer - or's feet.

No. 321

Not Made With Hands

1 Heb. 11:10

Old Melody

1. Christ went a build-ing to pre-pare, It will be decked with
2. Put on the ar-mor of our God, Not made with hands; And take the path the
3. With shield of faith de-fy the foe, Un-til you hear the
4. That cit-y's built with precious stones, With-in we'll gath-er

8 FINE CHORUS

jew-els rare, Not made with hands. I know, I know, I
Cap-tain trod, I know, I know,
trum-pet blow, round the throne,
have an-oth-er build-ing, I know, I know, I know, I know.

No. 322

Walk Beside Me

KATHARINE E. PURVIS

JAS. M. BLACK

1. Walk be-side me, O my Sav-ior, While life's morning sky is bright; Grant me
2. When the noontide's glowing splen-dor Brings its weight of toil and care, May Thy
3. When the twilight shades, descending, Warn my soul that night is near, With the

now Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Flood my path with heav'nly light Whether good or
love, so pure and ten-der, All my heav-y bur-dens bear! In a wea-ry
hues of sun-set blending, Let the light of heav-en ap-pear, Thru the valley,

ill be-tide me Wheth-er skies be dark or clear, Ev-er stay so close be-
land, pro-vide me Sheltering rock and cooling spring; When the tem-pest rag-es,
Sav-ior, take me, Close my eyes when night shall come, Then bid an-gel voic-es

Chorus

side me I may know and feel Thee near,
hide me Un-der-neath Thy folded wing. Bless-ed Sav-ior, walk with me, Take a-
wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."

way all anxious fear; Ever stay so close beside me, I may know and feel Thee near.

No. 323 Is Not This the Land Of Beulan?

ANON.

Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Nor of bur-dens hard to bear,
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo-ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

1. O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
2. Oft-en hind-ered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
3. For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;
4. For I've found this great sal-va-tion Makes each burden light ap-pear;
5. When I'm in the way so nar-row, I can see a pathway thro';

1. Where the air is pure, e-the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
2. Bro-ken vows and dis-ap-point-ments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
3. There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,
4. And I love to fol-low Je-sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
5. And how sweetly Je-sus whispers: "Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

CHO.-Is not this the land of Beau-lah? Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.

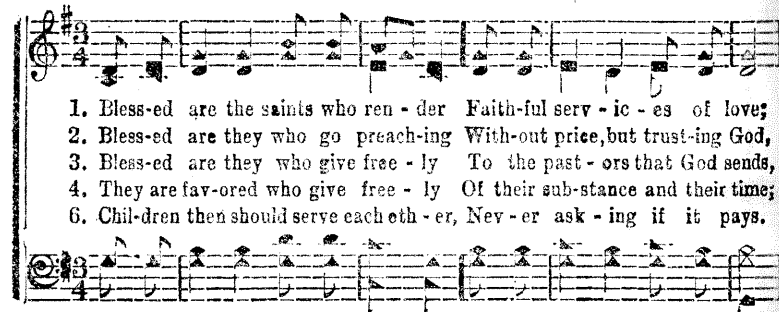
1. They are bloom-ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ran-thine bow'rs.
2. But the Spir-it led, un-err-ing, To the land I hold to-day.
3. For I've found a rich-er treas-ure, One that fad-eth not a-way.
4. Worldly hon-ors all for-sak-ing For the glo-ry of the Cross.
5. "For I've tried the way be-fore thee, And the glo-ry lin-gers near."

Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright

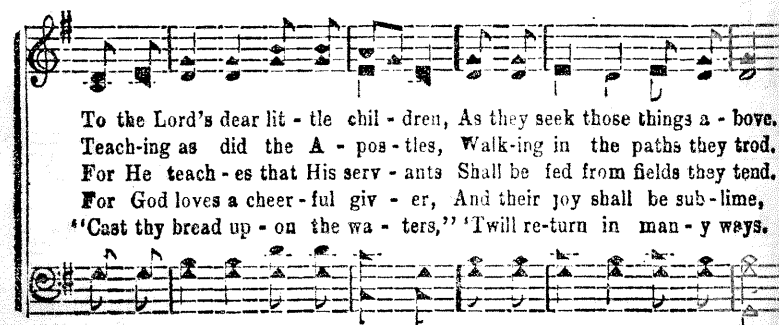
Cast your bread upon the waters Eccl. 11:1

R. H. PITTMAN

J. HARVEY DAILEY

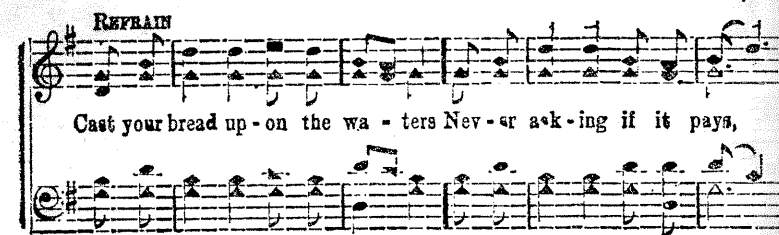


1. Bless-ed are the saints who ren - der Faith-ful serv - ic - es of love;
 2. Bless-ed are they who go preach-ing With-out price, but trust-ing God,
 3. Bless-ed are they who give free - ly To the past - ors that God sends,
 4. They are fav - ored who give free - ly Of their sub - stance and their time;
 6. Chil - dren then should serve each oth - er, Nev - er ask - ing if it pays.

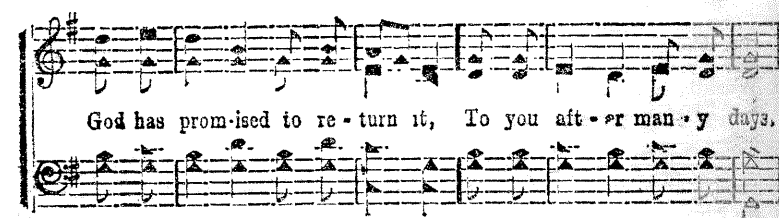


To the Lord's dear lit - tle chil - dren, As they seek those things a - bove.
 Teach-ing as did the A - pos - tles, Walk-ing in the paths they trod.
 For He teach - es that His serv - ants Shall be fed from fields they tend.
 For God loves a cheer - ful giv - er, And their joy shall be sub - lime,
 "Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters," 'Twill re - turn in man - y ways.

REFRAIN



Cast your bread up - on the wa - ters Nev - er ask - ing if it pays,

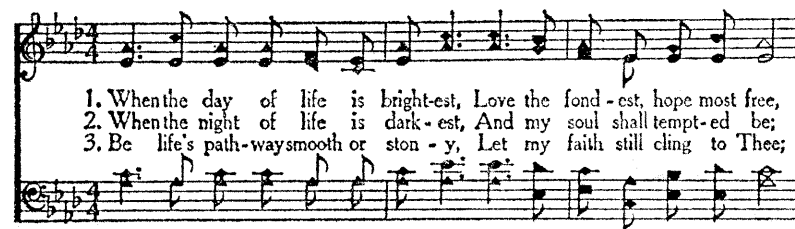


God has prom - ised to re - turn it, To you aft - er man - y days.

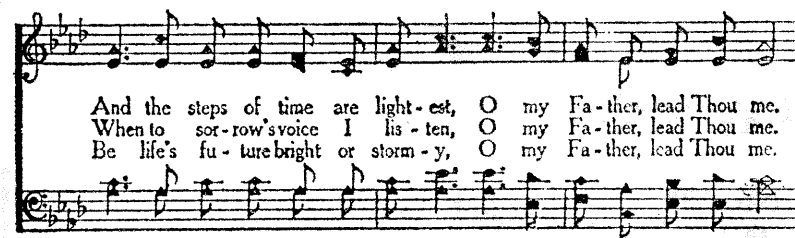
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Mrs. S. W. Straub

Eld. Levi S. Saylor

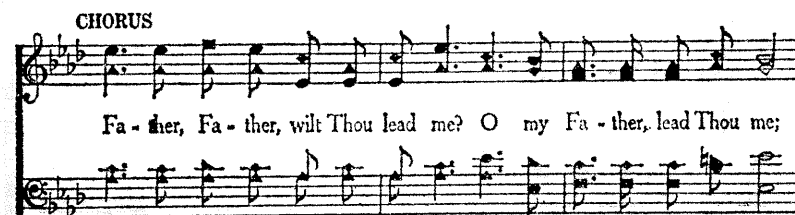


1. When the day of life is bright - est, Love the fond - est, hope most free,
 2. When the night of life is dark - est, And my soul shall tempt - ed be;
 3. Be life's path - ways smooth or ston - y, Let my faith still cling to Thee;

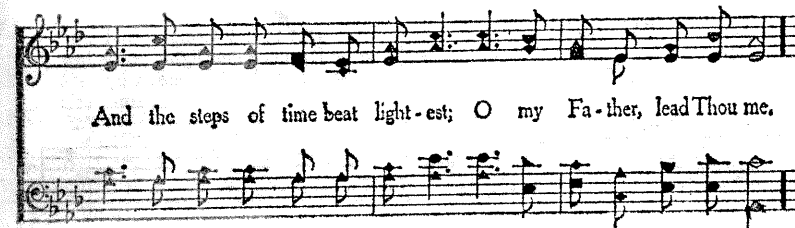


And the steps of time are light - est, O my Fa - ther, lead Thou me.
 When to sor - row's voice I lis - ten, O my Fa - ther, lead Thou me.
 Be life's fu - ture bright or storm - y, O my Fa - ther, lead Thou me.

CHORUS



Fa - ther, Fa - ther, wilt Thou lead me? O my Fa - ther, lead Thou me;



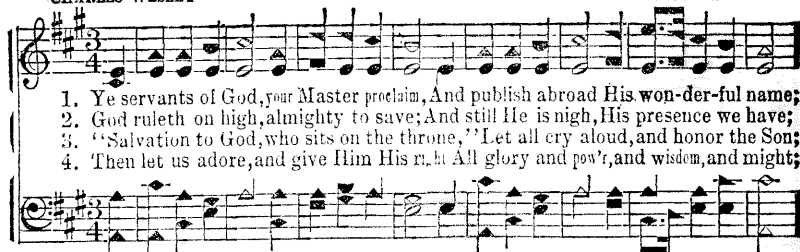
And the steps of time beat light - est; O my Fa - ther, lead Thou me.

No. 326

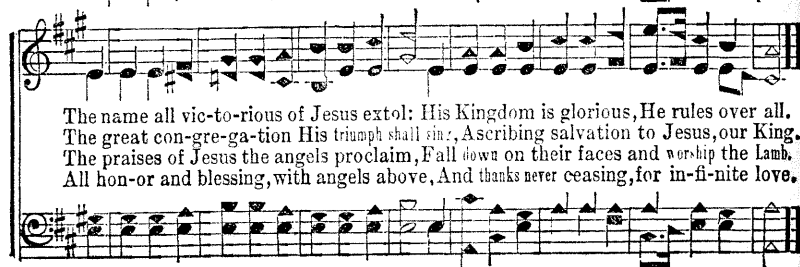
Lyons

CHARLES WESLEY

FRANZ J. HAYDN



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His won-der-ful name;
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
3. "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
4. Then let us adore, and give Him His right All glory and pow'r, and wisdom, and might;



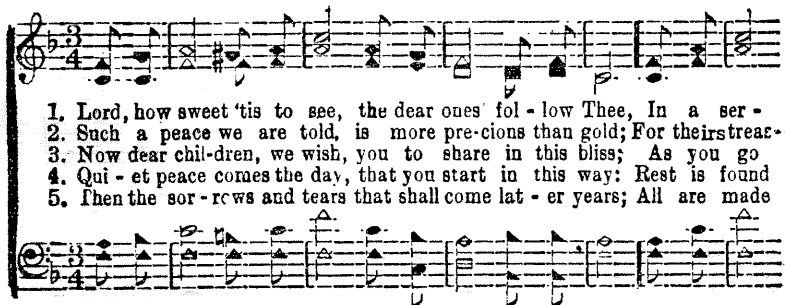
The name all vic-to-rious of Jesus extol: His Kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.
The great con-gre-ga-tion His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
All hon-or and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing, for in-fi-nite love.

No. 327

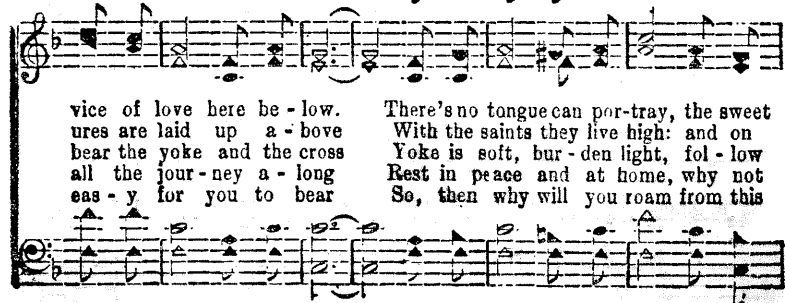
Sweet to Follow the Lord

J. A. M.

Arr. by J. A. Monsees



1. Lord, how sweet 'tis to see, the dear ones fol-low Thee, In a ser-
2. Such a peace we are told, is more pre-cious than gold; For their trear-
3. Now dear chil-dren, we wish, you to share in this bliss; As you go
4. Qui-et peace comes the day, that you start in this way: Rest is found
5. Then the sor-rows and tears that shall come lat-er years; All are made

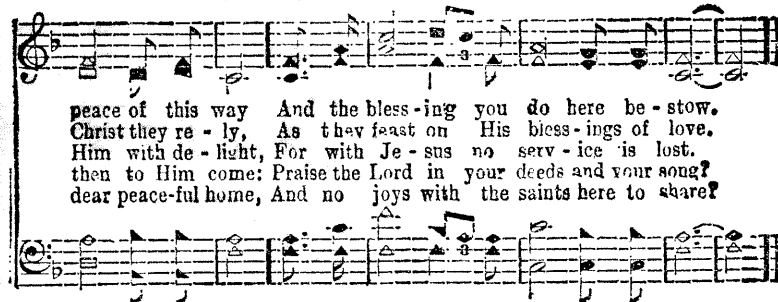


vice of love here be-low.
ures are laid up a-bove
bear the yoke and the cross
all the jour-ney a-long
eas-y for you to bear

There's no tongue can por-tray, the sweet
With the saints they live high: and on
Yoke is soft, bur-den light, fol-low
Rest in peace and at home, why not
So, then why will you roam from this

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Sweet to Follow the Lord



peace of this way And the bless-ing you do here be-stow.
Christ they re-ly, As they feast on His bless-ings of love.
Him with de-light, For with Je-sus no serv-ice is lost.
then to Him come: Praise the Lord in your deeds and your song?
dear peace-ful home, And no joys with the saints here to share?

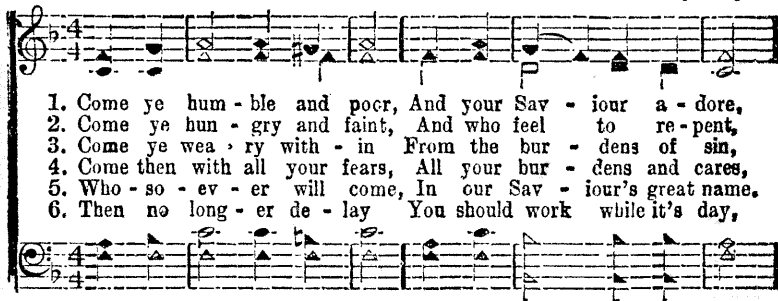
No. 328

J. H. D.

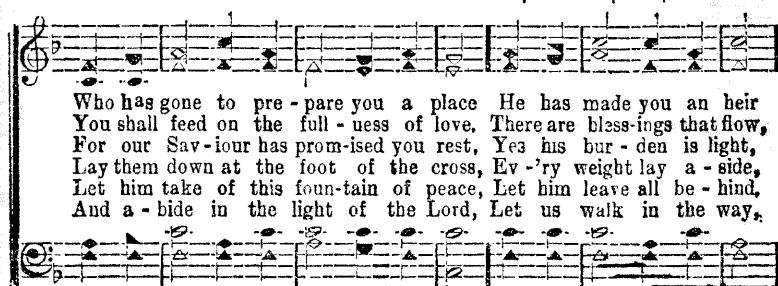
Come Ye Weary

Matt. 11. 28

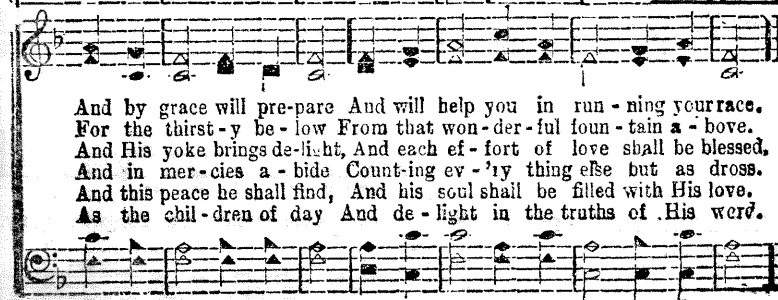
J. Harvey Daily



1. Come ye hum-ble and poor, And your Sav-iour a-dore,
2. Come ye hun-gry and faint, And who feel to re-pent,
3. Come ye wea-ry with-in From the bur-dens of sin,
4. Come then with all your fears, All your bur-dens and cares,
5. Who-so-ev-er will come, In our Sav-iour's great name,
6. Then no long-er de-lay You should work while it's day,



Who has gone to pre-pare you a place He has made you an heir
You shall feed on the full-ness of love. There are bless-ings that flow,
For our Sav-iour has prom-ised you rest, Yes his bur-den is light,
Lay them down at the foot of the cross, Ev-'ry weight lay a-side,
Let him take of this foun-tain of peace, Let him leave all be-hind,
And a-bide in the light of the Lord, Let us walk in the way,



And by grace will pre-pare And will help you in run-ning your race.
For the thirst-y be-low From that won-der-ful foun-tain a-bove.
And His yoke brings de-light, And each ef-fort of love shall be blessed,
And in mer-cies a-bide Count-ing ev-'ry thing else but as dross.
And this peace he shall find, And his soul shall be filled with His love.
As the chil-dren of day And de-light in the truths of His word.

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No. 329

Did You Think to Pray?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4: 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor,
By His dy-ing love and mer-it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth-er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row

CHORUS.
As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? O how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 330

Zellville. S. M.

Wm. Hauser.

1. Pre-pare me, gra-cious God, To stand be-fore Thy face;
2. In Christ's o-be-dience clothe, And wash me in His blood;
3. Do Thou my sins sub-due, Thy sov-'reign love make known,
4. Let me at-test Thy pow'r, Let me Thy good-ness prove,

Thy Spir-it must the work per-form, For it is all of grace.
So shall I lift my head with joy, A-mong the sons of God.
The spir-it of my mind re-new, And save me in Thy Son.
Till my full soul can hold no more, Of ev-er-last-ing love.

No. 331

Sing to Me of Heaven. S. M.

Arr. by Wm. Hauser.

1. O, sing to me of heav'n When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow,
3. When the last mo-ments come, O, watch my dy-ing race
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n,
5. Then round my sense-less clay As sem-ble those I love,

CHO.-There'll be no sor-row there; There'll be no sor-row there;

Repeat for Chorus.

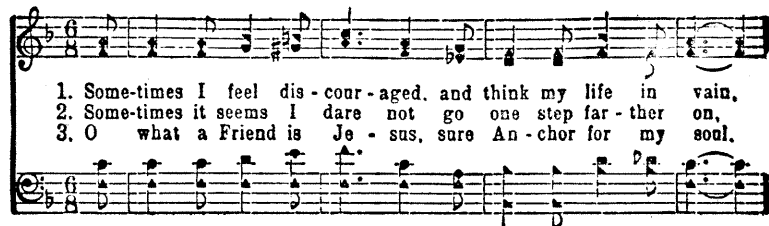
Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy To wait my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy-ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be-low.
To catch the bright ser-aph-ic gleam Which o'er my fea-tures plays.
Let mu-sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
And sing of heav'n, de-light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a-bove.

In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

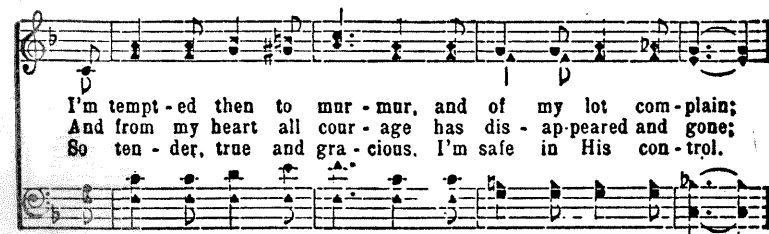
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L. R. Tolson

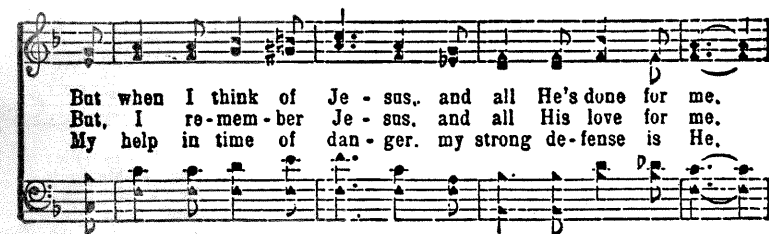
Thoro Harris



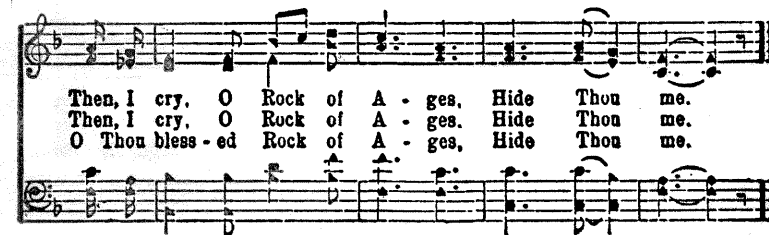
1. Some-times I feel dis-cour-aged, and think my life in vain,
2. Some-times it seems I dare not go one step far-ther on,
3. O what a Friend is Je-sus, sure An-chor for my soul.



I'm tempt-ed then to mur-mur, and of my lot com-plain;
And from my heart all cour-age has dis-ap-peared and gone;
So ten-der, true and gra-cious, I'm safe in His con-trol.



But when I think of Je-sus, and all He's done for me,
But, I re-mem-ber Je-sus, and all His love for me,
My help in time of dan-ger, my strong de-fense is He.

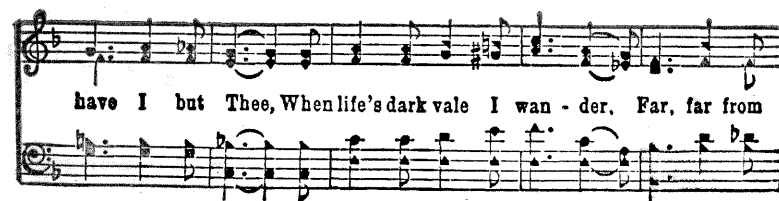


Then, I cry, O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me.
Then, I cry, O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me.
O Thou bless-ed Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me.

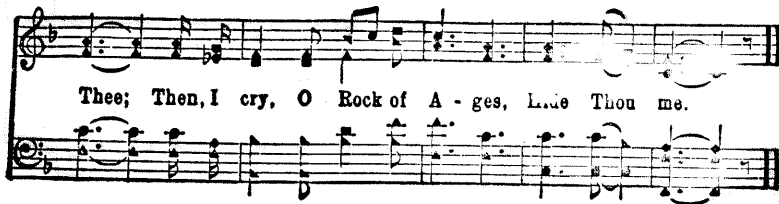
CHORUS



O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me. No oth-er Ref-uge,



have I but Thee, When life's dark vale I wan-der, Far, far from



Thee; Then, I cry, O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me.

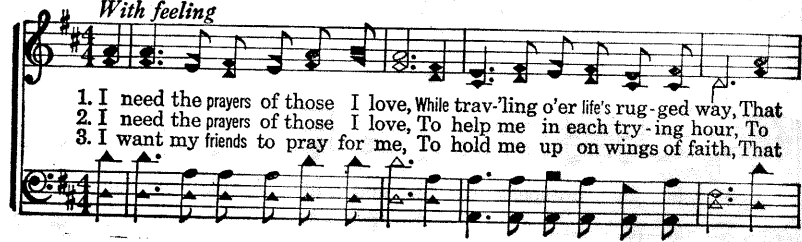
"and pray one for another... The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much"
James 5: 16.

J. D. V.

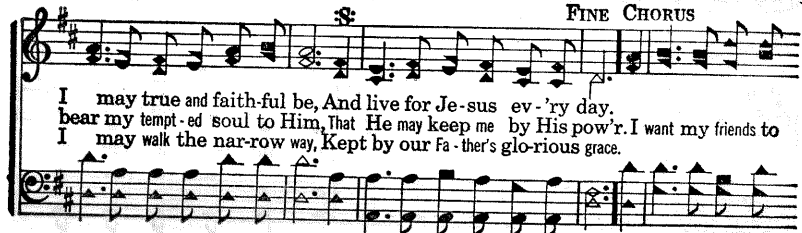
Copyright, 1936, by James D. Vaughan, Renewal.

James D. Vaughan

With feeling




1. I need the prayers of those I love, While trav-ling o'er life's rug-ged way, That
2. I need the prayers of those I love, To help me in each try-ing hour, To
3. I want my friends to pray for me, To hold me up on wings of faith, That



FINE CHORUS
I may true and faith-ful be, And live for Je-sus ev-'ry day,
bear my tempt-ed soul to Him, That He may keep me by His pow'r. I want my friends to
I may walk the nar-row way, Kept by our fa-ther's glo-rious grace.

D.S. - I need the prayers of those I love.



D.S.
pray for me, To bear my tempt-ed soul a-bove, And in-ter-cede with God for me;

No. 334

Joy Unspeakable

B. E. W.

B. E. Warren

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

No. 335

In Mercy Lord Remember Me

J. F. Herzog

Night. C. M.

W. Beale

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night;
2. With cheer - ful heart I close my eyes, Since Thou wilt not re - move;
3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my tran - sient days,

And grant to me most gra - cious - ly The safe-guard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise, Re - joic - ing in Thy love.
Oh, take me to Thy prom - ised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 336

Jesus Has Done All Things Well

Eld. J. A. Monsees 1883.

Eld. J. A. Monsees 1883.

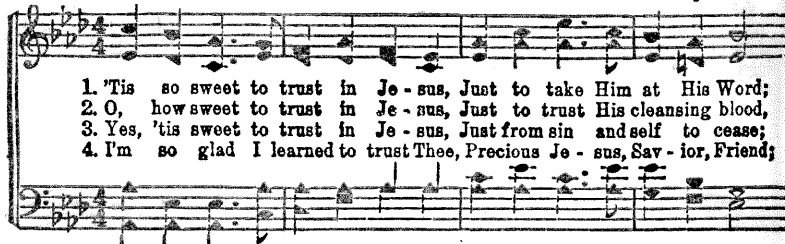
1. Out in the cold world a-way from God, No signs of where man's feet have trod;
2. All of my pray'rs were chat-ter-ing words! And real-ly felt they were not heard;
3. In sin-ful-ness a-way from home, Spir-it all bro-ken and a-lone;
4. The an-swer came as I gave up, A-bout to drink the bit-ter cup;
5. And, now, I'm sing-ing on my way That Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

With bro-ken heart I tried to pray, That God would take my sins a-way.
The more I felt to be de-nied; The more I prayed, the more I cried.
No one to care, no place to flee, Where will I spend e-ter-ni-ty?
That Je-sus died on Cal-v'ry's tree To save poor sin-ners just like me.
And as I live I want to tell, That Je-sus has done all things well.

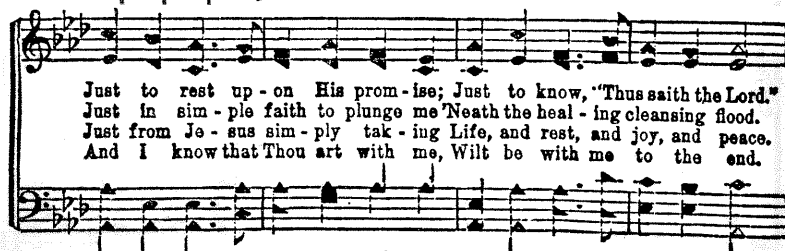
No. 337 'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

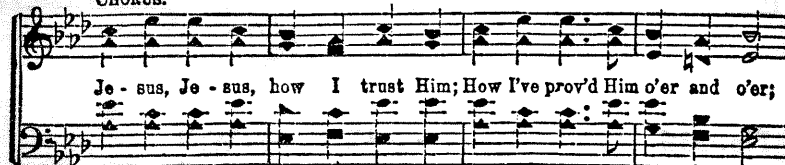


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood,
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

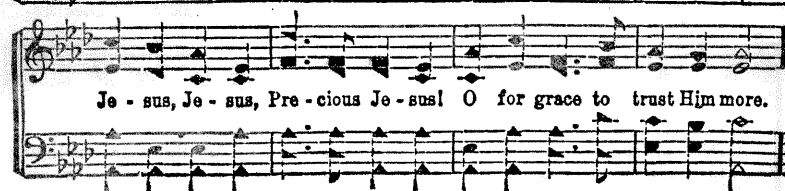


Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er;

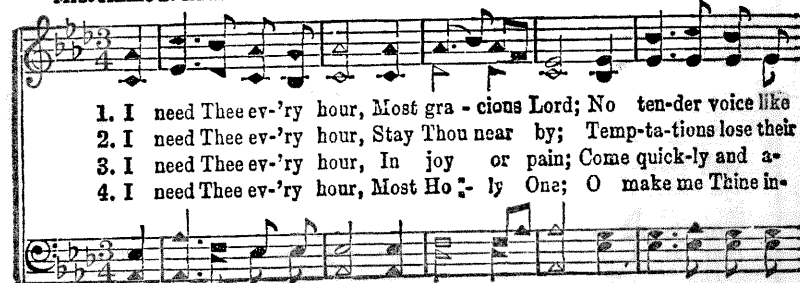


Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 338 I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

Rev. Robert Lowry



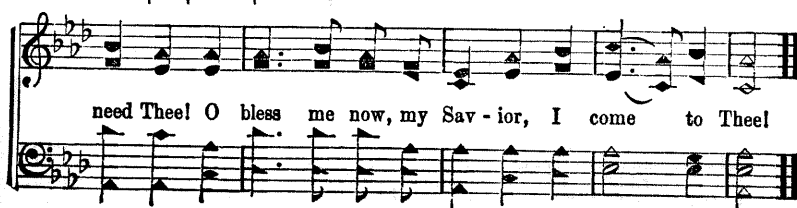
1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

Chorus



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.



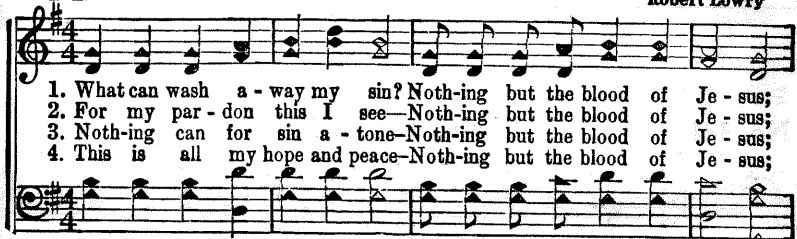
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 339

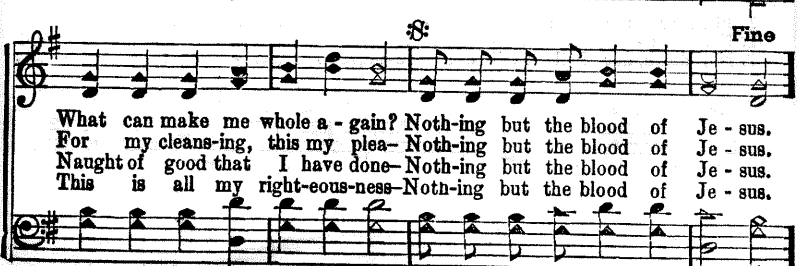
Nothing But the Blood

M. L.

Robert Lowry

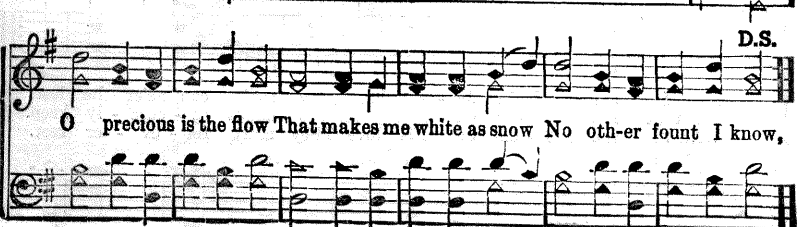


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;



What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans - ing, this my plea - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right - eous - ness - Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Fine



O pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow No oth - er fount I know,

D.S.

No. 340

Meditation. L. M.

With earnest expression.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His cause.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 341

Chalmers. C. M.

Arr. by Wm. Houser.

1. Firm as the earth Thy prom-ise stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 2. His hon-or is en-gaged to save The mean-est of His sheep;
 3. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er re-move His fav-rites from His breast;

If I am found in Je-sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.
 All that His heav'n-ly Fa-ther gave, His hands se-cure-ly keep.
 With-in the bos-om of His love They must for-ev-er rest.

No. 342

ASHVILLE.

"Meeting for council."—ACTS 15: 6.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Lord, in Thy pres-ence here we meet: May we in Thee be found!
 2. With har-mo-ny Thy serv-ants bless, That we may own to Thee
 3. May Zi-on's good be kept in view, And bless our fee-ble aim,

O make the place di-vine-ly sweet, And let Thy grace a-bound.
 How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis When brethren all a-gree.
 That all we un-der-take to do, May glo-ri-fy Thy name.

No. 343

Boylston.

NEWTON.

L. MASON.

1. Hun-gry, and faint, and poor, Be-hold us, Lord, a-gain
 2. Thy word in-vites us nigh, Or we must starve, in-deed;
 3. The food our spir-its want Thy hand a-lone can give;

As-sam-bled at Thy mer-cy's door, Thy boun-ty to ob-tain.
 For we no mon-ey have to buy, No righteousness to plead.
 Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant That we may eat and live.

No. 344

He Lives

Elder J. A. Rowell

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All Rights Reserved.Harvey Bass
Karen Winchester

1. She came to the gar - den while yet it was dawn. As the
2. Oh, where has He gone my dear Sav - ior so kind? Who has
3. As weep - ing and trem - bling she knelt at the door. Then a
4. Go tell my a - pos - tles that I a - rose. Go

morn - ing breaks o - ver the hill. She came to the tomb but the
tak - en His bod - y a - way? They left His ap - par - el and
voice whis - pered soft - ly and clear. The Sav - ior of sin - ners, the
spread the glad mes - sage a - round. Go car - ry the gos - pel to

CHORUS

Sav - ior was gone. The gar - den lay si - lent and still. He has
nap - kin be - hind, both fold - ed and neat - ly they lay. friend of
the poor, was stand - ing be - side Ma - ry there. all that I chose. Let hope in the Sav - ior a - bound. He has

ris - en, Oh, hear His most won - der - ful voice. This mes - sage to
ris - en, Oh, re - joice, re - joice.

sin - ners He gives Free grace for sal - va - tion; the

He Lives

an - gels re - joice. Our Sav - ior has ri - sen, He lives.

No. 345

Crucifixion

Merle Benbow

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Merle Benbow

1. Je - sus my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Cru - ci - fied.
2. I see the nail prints in His hands, in His hands.
3. They laid His bod - y in the tomb, in the tomb.
4. He bore it all that we might live, we might live.

They nailed Him there to the cross. Though not a fault in
A crown of thorns He did wear. They pierced His bod - y
His dear dis - ci - ples were grieved; But oh, what joy when
Such love is hard to con - ceive. But some glad morn - ing,

Him was found. They hung my Sav - ior on the cross, on the cross.
with a sword. Je - sus my Sav - ior shed His blood, shed His blood.
He a - rose. He rose a vic - tor o'er the grave, o'er the grave.
bright and fair. We'll meet our Sav - ior o - ver there, o - ver there.

No. 346

Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doane

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Chorus

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 347

The Lord of Glory

F. P. Branscome

John R. Daily

1. The Lord of glo - ry came to earth, To set His peo - ple free;
 2. While here He lived, and bled and died, And groaned up - on the tree,
 3. Then He was laid with - in the tomb, As God de - signed should be;
 4. I know He'll come to raise the dead, When all His saints shall see,

The Lord of Glory

He makes them heirs by heav'n - ly birth, O did He come for me?
 To save, re - deem and clothe His bride, O did He die for me?
 But He a - rose up from that gloom, O did He rise for me?
 The glo - ry of their liv - ing Head, O will He come for me?

No. 348

Christ Arose

R. L.

Robert Lowry

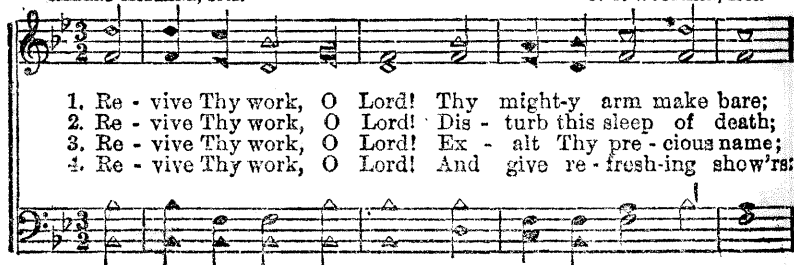
1. Low in the grave He lay - Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the com - ing day -
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed - Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead -
 3. Death can - not keep His prey - Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way -

CHORUS

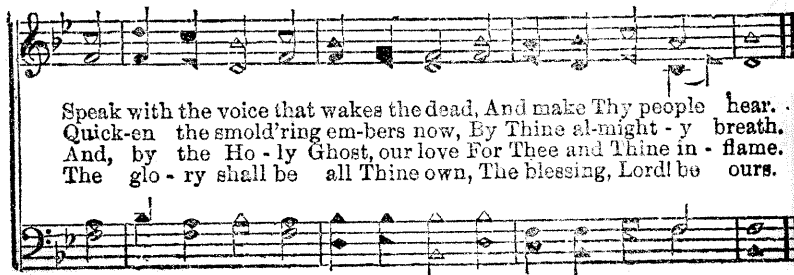
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
 He a - rose,

foes; He a - rose a vic - tor from the dark domain, And He lives for - ev - er with His
 He a - rose

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



1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! And give re - fresh-ing show'rs;

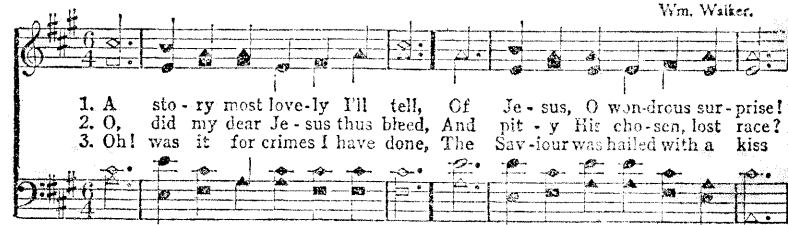


Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.
 Quick-en the smold'ring em-bers now, By Thine al-might - y breath.
 And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
 The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing, Lord! be ours.

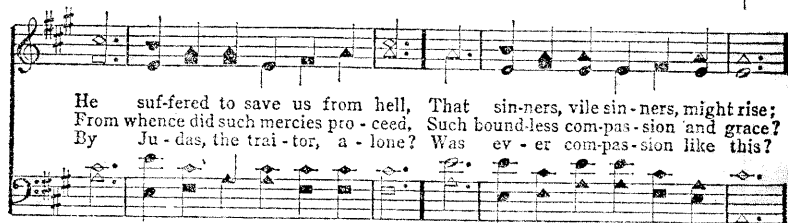
No. 350

Lovely Story

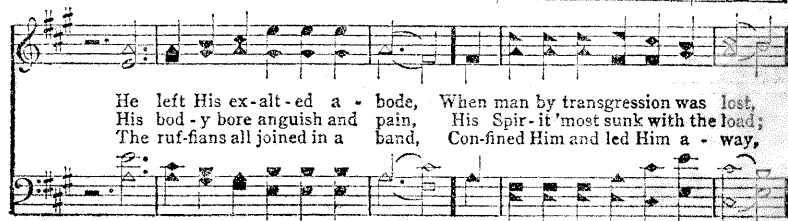
Wm. Walker.



1. A sto - ry most love-ly I'll tell, Of Je - sus, O won-drous sur-prise!
 2. O, did my dear Je - sus thus bleed, And pit - y His cho-sen, lost race?
 3. Oh! was it for crimes I have done, The Sav-iour was hailed with a kiss

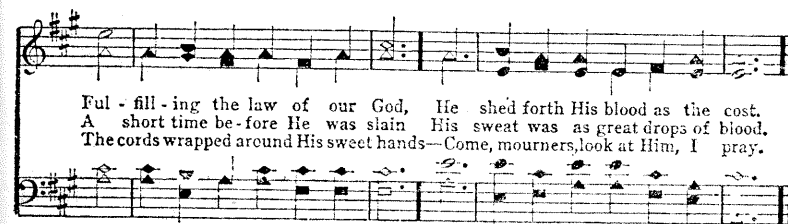


He suffered to save us from hell, That sin-ners, vile sin-ners, might rise;
 From whence did such mercies pro - ceed, Such bound-less com-pas-sion and grace?
 By Ju - das, the trai-tor, a - lone? Was ev - er com-pas-sion like this?



He left His ex-alt-ed a - bode, When man by transgression was lost,
 His bod - y bore anguish and pain, His Spir-it 'most sunk with the load;
 The ruf-fians all joined in a band, Con-fined Him and led Him a - way,

Lovely Story



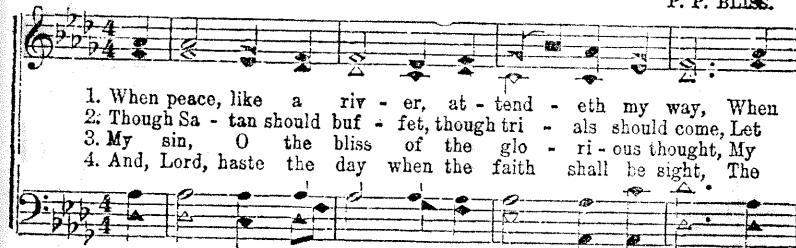
Ful - fill - ing the law of our God, He shed forth His blood as the cost.
 A short time be - fore He was slain His sweat was as great drops of blood.
 The cords wrapped around His sweet hands—Come, mourners, look at Him, I pray.

No. 351

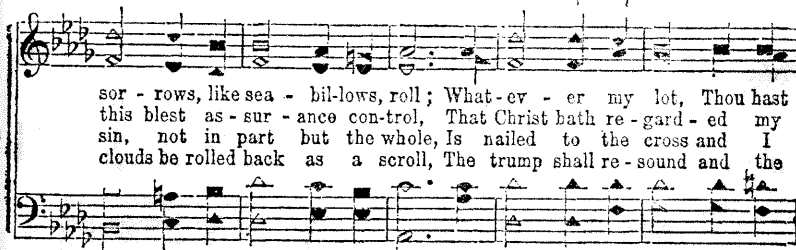
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. C. SPAFFORD.

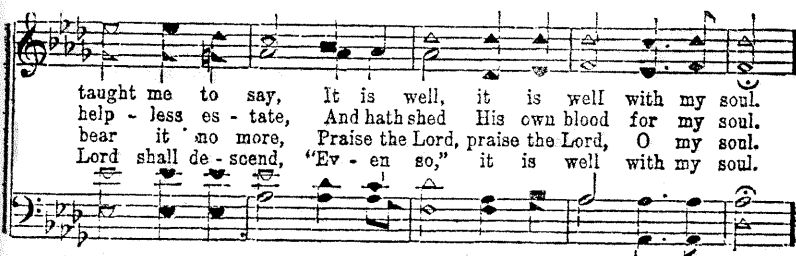
P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let
 3. My sin, O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous thought, My
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

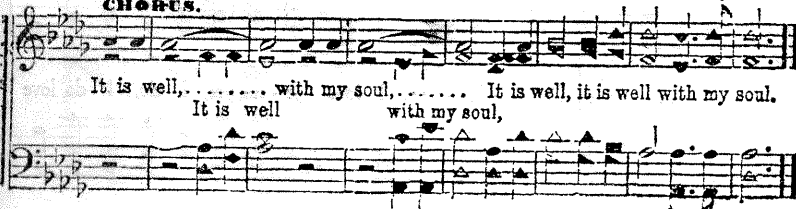


sor - rows, like sea - bil-lows, roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con-trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin, not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the



taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
 Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so," it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.



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

No. 352

Dripping From The Cross

Copyright, 1911, by L. B. Leister, Used by permission.

L. B. Leister

L. B. Leister

1. Guilt-y nail pierced ho-ly vein Je-sus bore the loss; There was blood with ho-ly pain
 2. Je - sus Thou hast loved us so, Tho' we be so gross; Saved us by the liv-ing flow
 3. Sick and faint my soul did seem, Poisoned by sin's dross; But re-lief came by the stream
 4. Tho' less that for sin I owe, Counted not my loss; Grateful now to view the flow
 5. Worldly pleasures once my dream, Tempted by their gloss, Till I saw the scar-let stream

FINE CHORUS D. S. - Keep my heart fixed on Thy woe; D. S.

Dripping from the cross, All because He loved us so, He sustained the crimson flow
 Dripping from the cross,

No. 353

I Love Jesus

Nettleton 8s & 7s

John Wyeth 1770-1853

1. When the world my heart is ren-ding, With it's heav-iest storm of care,
 My glad tho'ts to God as-cend-ing, Find a ref-uge from des-pair,
 2. There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of trou-ble roar,
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er,
 3. O to rest in peace for-ev-er, Joined with hap-py souls a-bove,
 Where no foe my heart can sev-er From the Sav-ior whom I love,
 4. This the hope that shall sus-tain me, Till life's pil-grim-age is past,
 Tears may vex and trou-ble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS

I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love

I Love Jesus

Je - sus; He's my Sav - ior; Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

No. 354 Come All Ye Chosen Saints Of God

Confidence, L. M.
 2 Cor. 12:9

J. R. Turner 1807-1874
 Arr. Roland Green

1. Come, all ye cho - sen saints of God, Whose souls are washed in Je-sus' blood,
 2. I know how nu - mi'rous are your foes; I know the ways which they op - pose;
 3. Do you want proof of this, My love? Cal - va - ry sur-vey, then heaven a - bove;

Hear what He says, His word is true, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.
 I know their un - ning mal-ice too, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.
 See how the ran - somed mil-lions do, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.

I am your sure, al - might - y friend, Who lov - ing, loves you to the end;
 Though Sa-tan tries your souls to ensnare, You're still the ob-jects of My care;
 I'll guide you safe - ly in the way, Thro' life's dark night to heav'n's bright day.

I will be near you, and will show, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.
 You're near my heart, I'll bring you through, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.
 And there with won - der you shall view, My grace suf-fi-cient is for you.

No. 355

A Flower

Nina Reaves Moore

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Sara White

1. And the hand of God a-las did move. It
 2. And the flow'r it took did leave a root. From the
 3. For the root of that flow'r is God's own Church. Where

moved o'er the earth's love-ly face. And as it passed by, a
 root sprang ma-ny new leaves. And from those leaves, a
 ma-ny such flow-ers do meet. And God's hand shall move a-

flow-er did pick, A flow-er for God's own bou-quet.
 flow-er did bloom; As on-ly God's hand could de-cree.
 gain and a-gain; Un-til His bou-quet is com-plete.

No. 356

My Strength

Mary D. Phipps

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arr. by A. E. Richards

1. Dear Lord di-vine in Thee I find; New strength for ev-'ry day.
 2. Reach down Thine arm, re-move the charm From Sa-tan's lur-ing face.
 3. Lord, lin-ger near, dis-pel the fear, I need Thy sov-erign grace.
 4. Sweet hour of prayer, Thy lov-ing care Thus far has kept me safe.
 5. Teach me to pray, help me to say, Thy will not mine be done.

Oh, loose my tongue that I may sing; And give Thee all the praise.
 From vain cor-ruption let me flee In-to Thy sweet em-brace.
 Lest I should wav-er in de-spair, And fall a-long the way.
 And at death's door I look to Thee, To grant me dy-ing grace.
 Oh, gent-ly waft my soul a-way, At the set-ting of my day.

No. 357

Sweet Canaan

E. J. King
C. H. Casey

1. {Come in, ye bless-ed of the Lord,}
 {Your Sav-iour's bound-less good-ness prove,}
 2. {Why should you long-er stay with-out?} I am bound for the land of Ca-naan;
 {Why will you long-er ling-ering wait?}
 3. {Let ev-'ry soul that's born a-gain,}
 {Pray to the Lord, and thence re-ceive,}

1. {Ye that be-lieve His Ho-ly Word,}
 {And feast on His re-deem-ing love,}
 2. {Why should you long-er fear and doubt?} I am bound for the land of Ca-naan;
 {O, en-ter now fair Zi-on's gate,}
 3. {No long-er wait but now come in,}
 {The love our blessed Sav-iour gives,}

CHORUS

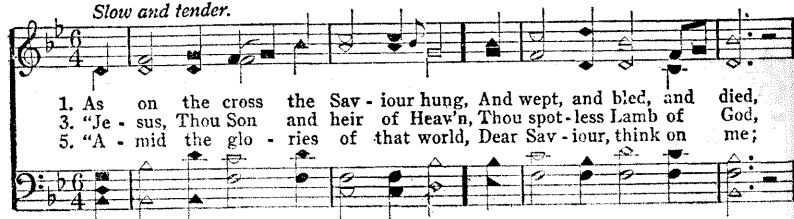
O Ca-naan, sweet Ca-naan; I'm bound for the land of Ca-naan;

Sweet Ca-naan, 'tis my hap-py home; I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.

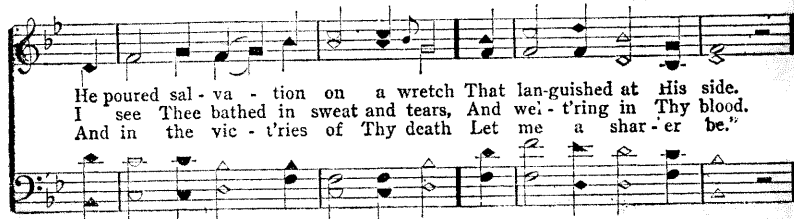
No. 358 The Converted Thief. C. M. 8 Lines.

Moore.

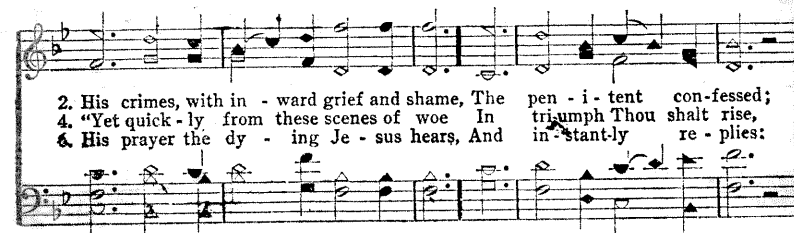
Slow and tender.



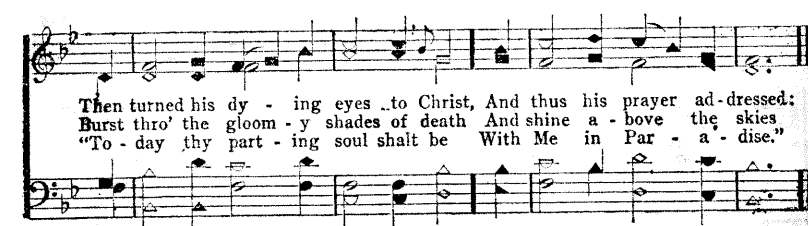
1. As on the cross the Sav- iour hung, And wept, and bled, and died,
3. "Je- sus, Thou Son and heir of Heav'n, Thou spot- less Lamb of God,
5. "A- mid the glo- ries of that world, Dear Sav- iour, think on me;



He poured sal- va- tion on a wretch That lan- guished at His side.
I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears, And we- t'ring in Thy blood.
And in the vic- t'ries of Thy death Let me a shar- er be."



2. His crimes, with in- ward grief and shame, The pen- i- tent con- fessed;
4. "Yet quick- ly from these scenes of woe In triumph Thou shalt rise,
6. His prayer the dy- ing Je- sus hears, And in- stantly re- plies:



Then turned his dy- ing eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer ad- dressed:
Burst thro' the gloom- y shades of death And shine a- bove the skies
"To- day thy part- ing soul shalt be With Me in Par- a- dise."

No. 359

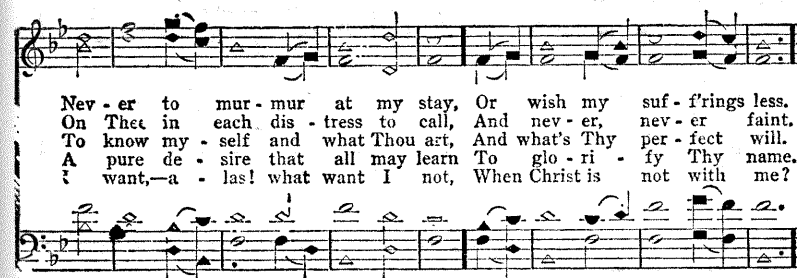
New Year. S. M.

P. M. Atchley.
Alto by C. H. C.



1. I want a heart to pray, To pray and nev- er cease;
2. This bless- ing a- bove all, Al- ways to pray I want;
3. I want with all my heart, Thy pleas- ure to ful- fill;
4. I want a true re- gard, A sin- gle, stead- y aim,
5. I want- I know not what; I want my wants to see;

New Year



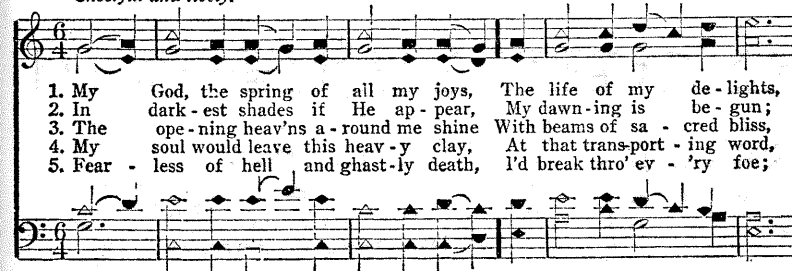
Nev- er to mur- mur at my stay, Or wish my suf- f'rings less.
On Thee in each dis- tress to call, And nev- er, nev- er faint.
To know my- self and what Thou art, And what's Thy per- fect will.
A pure de- sire that all may learn To glo- ri- fy Thy name.
I want, a- las! what want I not, When Christ is not with me?

No. 360

Brightest Days. C. M.

Alto by C. H. C.

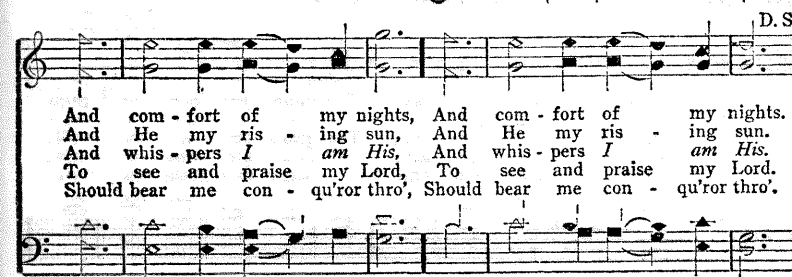
Cheerful and lively.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de- lights,
2. In dark- est shades if He ap- pear, My dawn- ing is be- gun;
3. The ope- ning heav'n's a- round me shine With beams of sa- cred bliss,
4. My soul would leave this heav- y clay, At that trans- port- ing word,
5. Fear- less of hell and ghast- ly death, I'd break thro' ev- 'ry foe;




The glo- ry of my bright- est days, And com- fort of my nights.
He is my soul's sweet morn- ing star, And He my ris- ing sun.
While Je- sus shows His heart is mine, And whis- pers I am His.
Run up with joy the shin- ing way, To see and praise my Lord.
The wings of love and arms of faith Should bear me con- qu'ror thro'.




And com- fort of my nights, And com- fort of my nights.
And He my ris- ing sun, And He my ris- ing sun.
And whis- pers I am His, And whis- pers I am His.
To see and praise my Lord, To see and praise my Lord.
Should bear me con- qu'ror thro', Should bear me con- qu'ror thro'.

No. 361


Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.
M. 68 = 

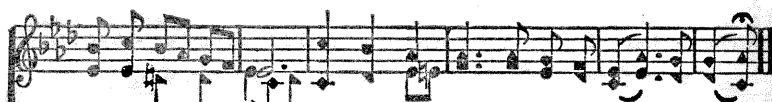
J. B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



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



do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
 an- gel fa- ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while.


No. 362

Abbeville.

B. J. King.
Alto by C. H. C.


1. As- sist Thy serv- ant, Lord, The gos- pel to pro- claim;
 2. Bid un- be- lief de- part; With love his soul in- flame;
 3. May stub- born sin- ners bend To Thy di- vine con- trol;

Abbeville.




Let pow'r and love at- tend the word, And ev- 'ry breast in- flame. flame.
 Take full pos- ses- sion of his heart, And glo- ri- fy Thy name. name.
 Con- strain the wand'ring to at- tend, And make the wound- ed whole. whole.

No. 363


Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

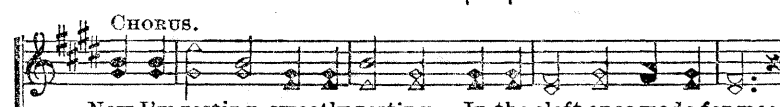


1. In the rift- ed Rock I'm resting, Safe- ly sheltered I a- bide;
 2. Long pur- sued by sin and Sa- tan, Wea- ry, sad, I longed for rest,
 3. Peace which passeth understanding, Joy the world can never give,
 4. In the rift- ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storm of life is past;

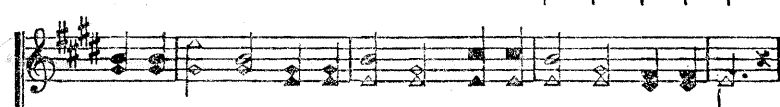


There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'ny shelter, Opened in my Saviour's breast.
 Now in Je- sus I am find- ing, In His smiles of love I live.
 All se- cure in this blest refuge, Heeding not the fier- est blast.

CHORUS.



Now I'm resting, sweetly resting, In the cleft once made for me;

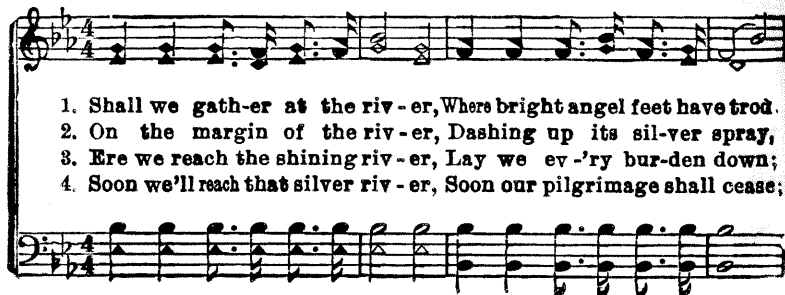


Je- sus, bless- ed Rock of A- ges, I will hide my- self in Thee.

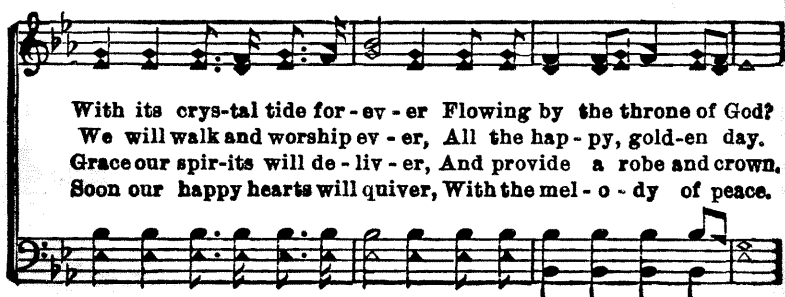
No. 364 Shall We Gather At the River

R. L.

ROBERT LOWMY.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright angel feet have trod.
2. On the margin of the riv-er, Dashing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach that silver riv-er, Soon our pilgrimage shall cease;

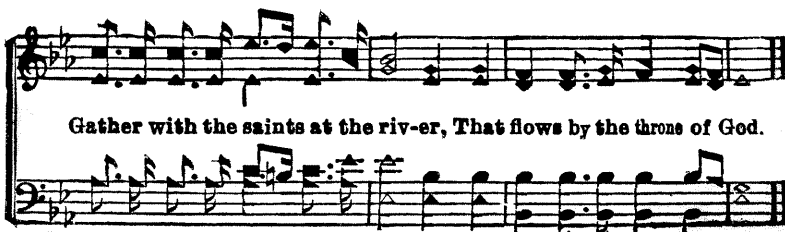


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And provide a robe and crown,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver, With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv-er,



Gather with the saints at the riv-er, That flows by the throne of God.

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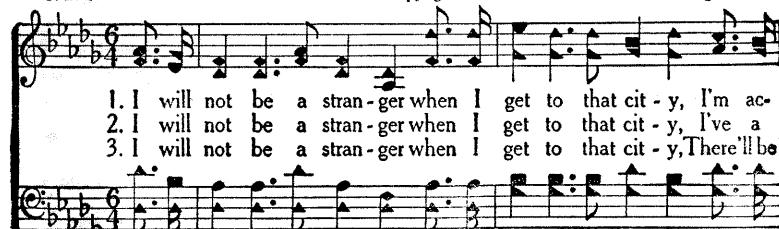
No. 365 I Will Not Be A Stranger

Copyright, 1956, by Stamps Quartet Music Co., Inc., in "Christian Way"

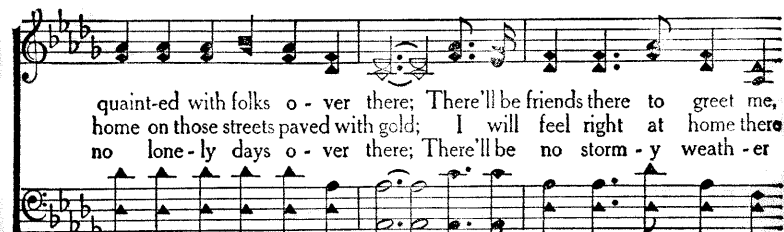
J. B. S.

International Copyright Secured

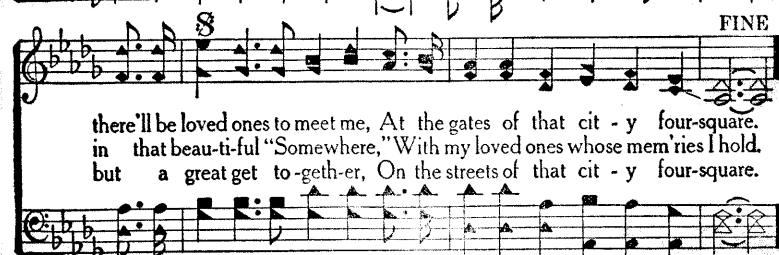
James B. Singleton



1. I will not be a stran-ger when I get to that cit-y, I'm ac-
2. I will not be a stran-ger when I get to that cit-y, I've a
3. I will not be a stran-ger when I get to that cit-y, There'll be



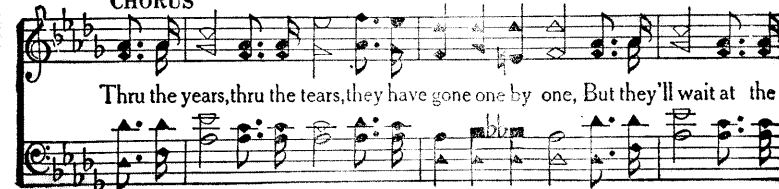
quaint-ed with folks o-ver there; There'll be friends there to greet me,
home on those streets paved with gold; I will feel right at home there
no lone-ly days o-ver there; There'll be no storm-y weath-er



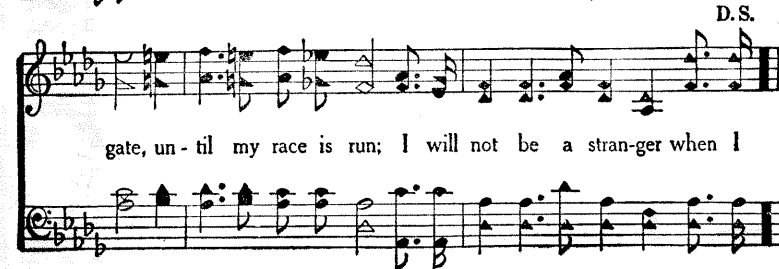
there'll be loved ones to meet me, At the gates of that cit-y four-square.
in that beau-ti-ful "Somewhere," With my loved ones whose mem-ries I hold.
but a great get-to-geth-er, On the streets of that cit-y four-square.

D. S.-get to that cit-y, I'm ac-quaint-ed with folks o-ver there.

CHORUS



Thru the years, thru the tears, they have gone one by one, But they'll wait at the

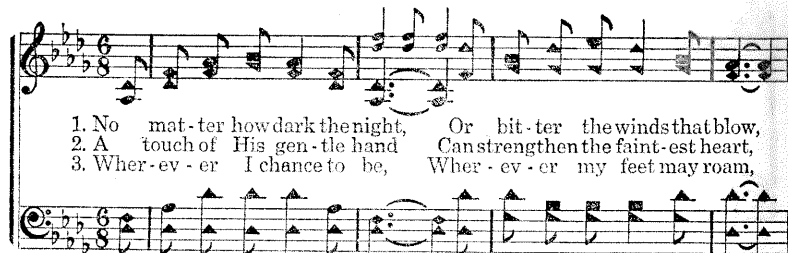


gate, un-til my race is run; I will not be a stran-ger when I

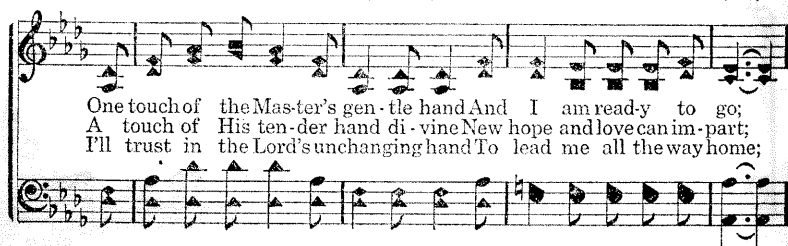
No. 366

The Touch Of His Gentle Hand

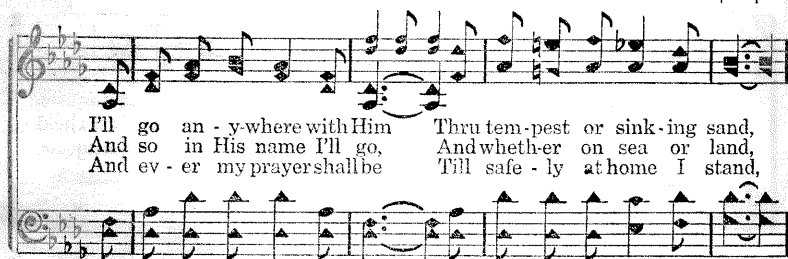
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A. E. B. International Copyright Secured Albert E. Brumley



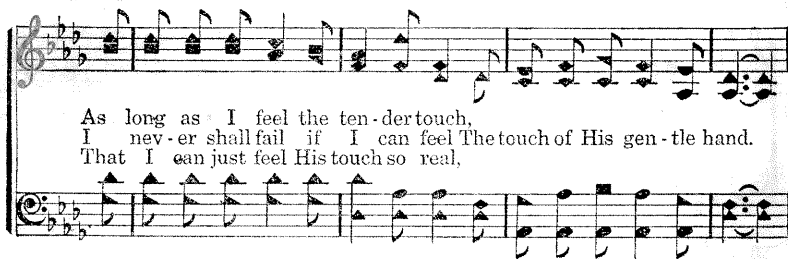
1. No mat-ter how dark the night, Or bit-ter the winds that blow,
2. A touch of His gen-tle hand Can strength-en the faint-est heart,
3. Wher-ev-er I chance to be, Wher-ev-er my feet may roam,



One touch of the Mas-ter's gen-tle hand And I am ready to go;
A touch of His ten-der hand di-vine New hope and love can im-part;
I'll trust in the Lord's unchanging hand To lead me all the way home;

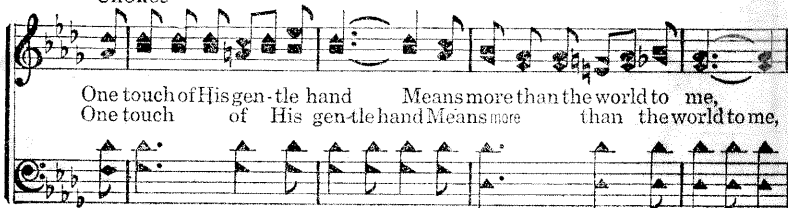


I'll go an-y-where with Him Thru tem-pest or sink-ing sand,
And so in His name I'll go, And wheth-er on sea or land,
And ev-er my prayers shall be Till safe-ly at home I stand,



As long as I feel the ten-der touch,
I nev-er shall fail if I can feel The touch of His gen-tle hand.
That I can just feel His touch so real,

CHORUS

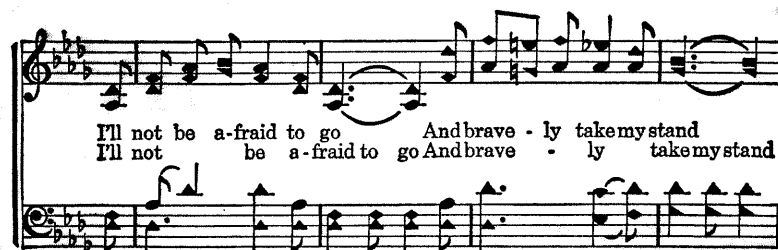


One touch of His gen-tle hand Means more than the world to me,
One touch of His gen-tle hand Means more than the world to me,

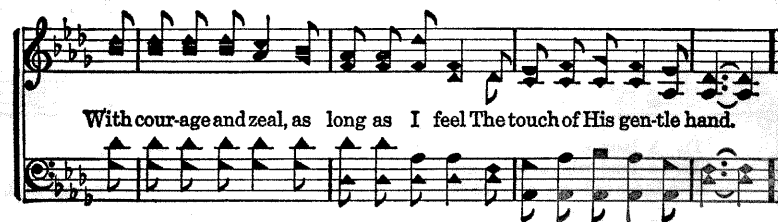
The Touch Of His Gentle Hand



One touch of His gen-tle hand Will make ev-'ry shad-ow flee;
One touch of His gen-tle hand Will make ev-'ry shad-ow flee;



I'll not be a-fraid to go And brave-ly take my stand
I'll not be a-fraid to go And brave-ly take my stand

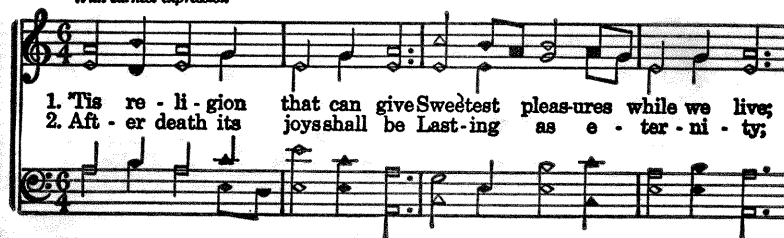


With cour-age and zeal, as long as I feel The touch of His gen-tle hand.

No. 367

'Tis Religion

With earnest expression



1. 'Tis re-li-gion that can give Sweetest pleas-ures while we live;
2. Aft-er death its joy shall be Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;



'Tis re-li-gion must sup-ply Sol-id com-forts when we die.
Be the liv-ing God my friend Then my bliss shall nev-er end.

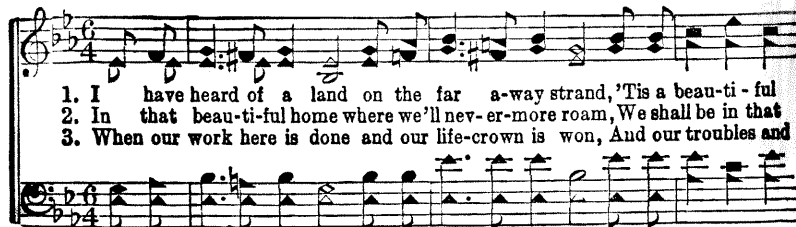
No. 368

Where We'll Never Grow Old

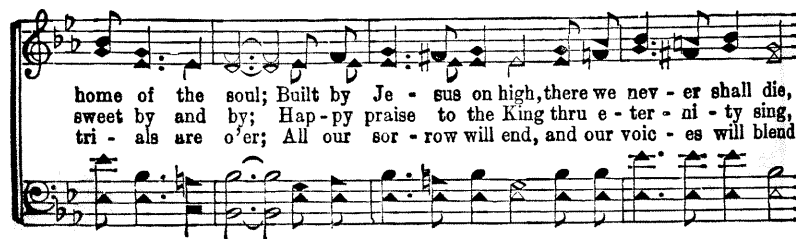
(To my father and mother.—J. C. M.)

J. C. M.

JAS. C. MOORE

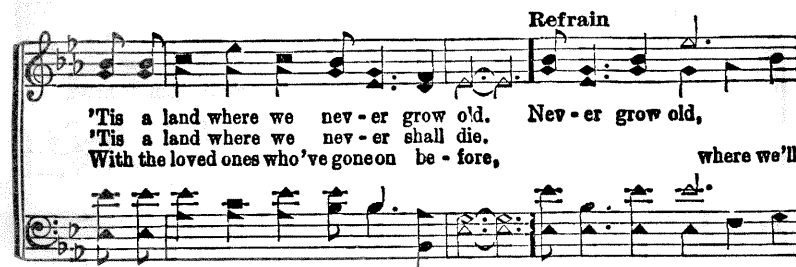


1. I have heard of a land on the far a-way strand, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful
2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev-er-more roam, We shall be in that
3. When our work here is done and our life-crown is won, And our troubles and



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

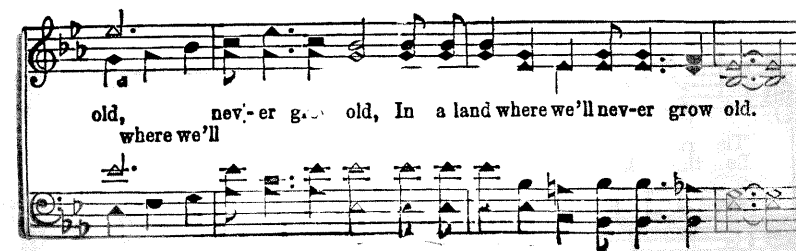
Refrain



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



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



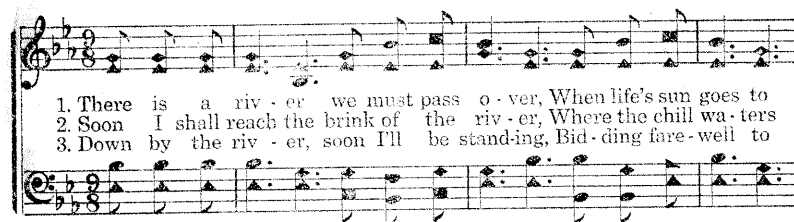
old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.
where we'll

No. 369

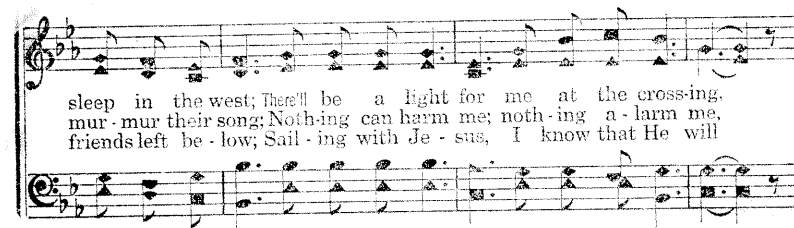
A Light At The River

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Elder & Mrs. Ray Retenizer All Rights Reserved.

Arr. by
Morris Nowlin
Harvey Bass

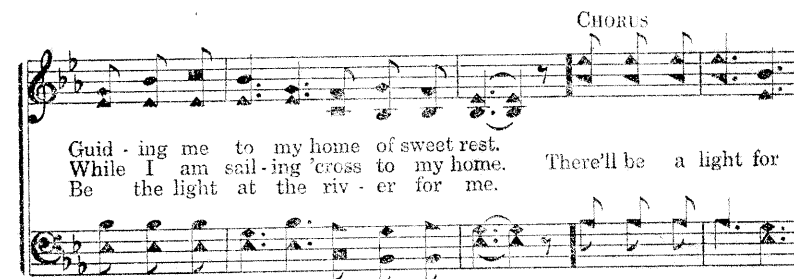


1. There is a riv - er we must pass o - ver, When life's sun goes to
2. Soon I shall reach the brink of the riv - er, Where the chill wa - ters
3. Down by the riv - er, soon I'll be stand - ing, Bid - ding fare - well to

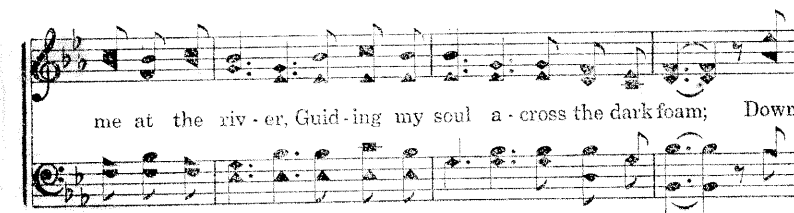


sleep in the west; There'll be a light for me at the cross - ing,
mur - mur their song; Noth - ing can harm me; noth - ing a - harm me,
friends left be - low; Sail - ing with Je - sus, I know that He will

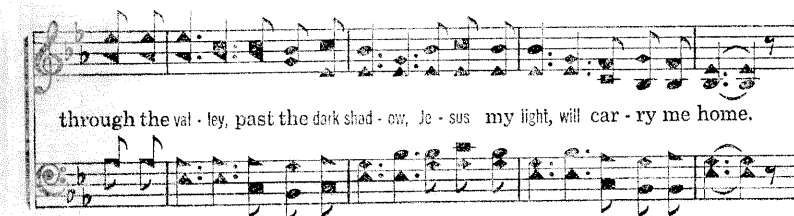
CHORUS



Guid - ing me to my home of sweet rest.
While I am sail - ing 'cross to my home. There'll be a light for
Be the light at the riv - er for me.



me at the riv - er, Guid - ing my soul a - cross the dark foam; Down



through the val - ley, past the dark shad - ow, Je - sus my light, will car - ry me home.

No. 370

I Feel Like Traveling On.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.
With feeling.

Arr. by JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
4. Be mine a hap-pier lot to own, I feel like trav-el-ing on,
5. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el-ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
A heav'nly mansion near the throne, I feel like trav-el-ing on.
Un-til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav-el-ing on.

CHORUS.

Yes, I feel like trav-el-ing on, I feel like trav-el-ing
trav-el-ing on,

on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
traveling on;

No. 371 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

E. A. Hoffman

A. J. Showalter

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

Chorus

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms, Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms, Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

No. 372

He Bore It All

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

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

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

Fine Chorus

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

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

He Bore It All

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

No. 373

How I Love Jesus

FREDERICK WHITFIELD

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And, tho' I tread a dark-some path, Yields sun-shine all the way,
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Chorus

O how I love Je-sus! O how I love Je-sus!
(Omit.....) Because He first loved me.

No. 374 Where the Roses Never Fade

Copyright 1942 by Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co., in "Blessed Hope"
E. J. & J. Copyright © Renewed 1970. All Rights Reserved. Elsie Jack & Jim

1. I am go-ing to a ci - ty Where the streets with gold are laid,
2. In this world we have our trou-bles, Sa-tan's snares we must e - vade;
3. Loved ones gone to be with Je - sus, In their robes of white ar - rayed,

Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the ros-es nev-er fade.
We'll be free from all temp-ta-tions Where the ros-es nev-er fade.
Now are wait-ing for my com-ing Where the ros-es nev-er fade.

D.S.-I am go-ing to a ci - ty Where the ros-es nev-er fade.

Chorus

D.S.

Here they bloom but for a sea-son, Soon their beau-ty is de-cayed;

No. 375

Abide with me.

H. F. LYTE, 1847.

WM. H. MONK, 1861.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy presence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the

Abide with me.

deep-ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo-ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morning breaks and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see, O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 376

When I Survey the Cross

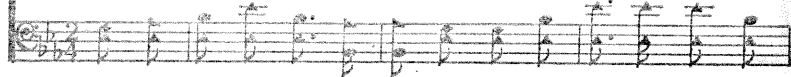
By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. 6:14
Isaac Watts, 1707 HAMBURG L. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



1. We are trav-'ling thru life's jour-ney, Hope and fear are side by
 2. 'Tis a hope we long have cher-ished, 'Tis a stay what e'er be-
 3. When this wea-ry life is o-ver, When we've lain-us down and



side, hope to wak-en in His like-ness And be sat-is-fied.
 tide that we'll wak-en in His like-ness And be sat-is-fied.
 died and we wak-en in His like-ness We'll be sat-is-fied.



CHORUS



When we wake In His like-ness, when we wake When we
 in His like-ness, in His like-ness, When we



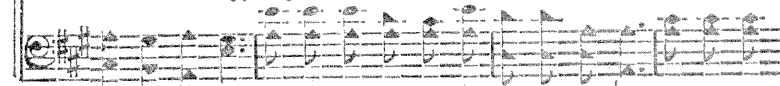
wake in His like-ness o-ver there; We'll be sat-is-fied.
 o-ver there;



1. I was an al-ien and death reigned with-in, Sit-ting in dark-ness
 2. In this old na-ture there's noth-ing that's good, I can't be per-fect
 3. When I have come to the end or the way, And the last sum-mons



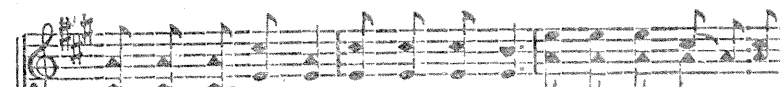
walk-ing in sin; Then life e-ter-nal my Lord did be-stow, Je-sus then
 try as I would; On-ly one thing I can trust in I know, Je-sus has
 I must o-bey; May I be a-ble to sing as I go, Je-sus has



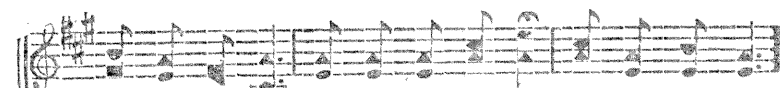
REFRAIN



washed me whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, the beau-ti-ful snow,
 washed me
 washed me



Won-der-ful sto-ry, can it be so? Tell me a-gain as



on-ward I go, Je-sus has washed me whit-er than snow.

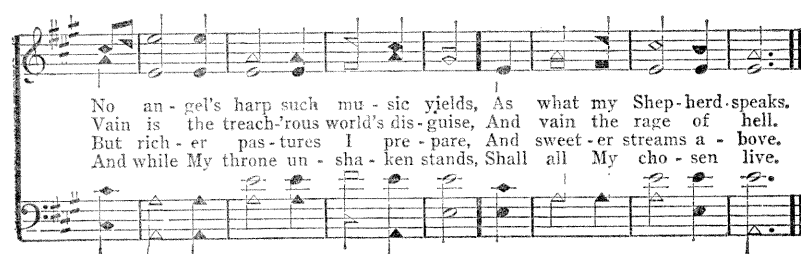


No. 379

The Hill of Zion. S. M.

B. F. White,
Alto by Wm. Walker.


1. My soul, with joy at-tend, While Je-sus si-lence breaks;
2. 'I know My sheep,' He cries, 'My soul ap-proves them well;
3. 'I free-ly feed them now, With to-kens, of My love;
4. 'Un-num-bered years of bliss I to My sheep will give;



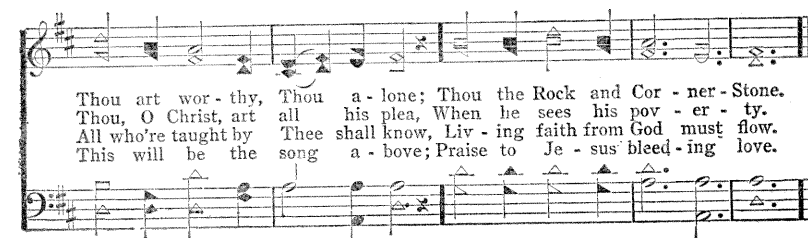
No an-gel's harp such mu-sic yields, As what my Shep-herd speaks.
Vain is the treach-rous world's dis-guise, And vain the rage of hell.
But rich-er pas-tures I pre-pare, And sweet-er streams a-bove.
And while My throne un-sha-ken stands, Shall all My cho-sen live.

No. 380

St. Louis. 7s.



1. Bless-ed Je-sus! Thee we sing; Thou of life th'e-ter-nal spring;
2. 'Tis from Thee sal-va-tion flows; This the ran-somed sin-ner knows.
3. None shall glo-ry in Thy sight Of their la-bors, e'er so bright;
4. Grace shall be our love-ly theme; Free re-demp-tion, glo-rious scheme!



Thou art wor-thy, Thou a-lone; Thou the Rock and Cor-ner-Stone.
Thou, O Christ, art all his plea, When he sees his pov-er-ty.
All who're taught by Thee shall know, Liv-ing faith from God must flow.
This will be the song a-bove; Praise to Je-sus bleed-ing love.

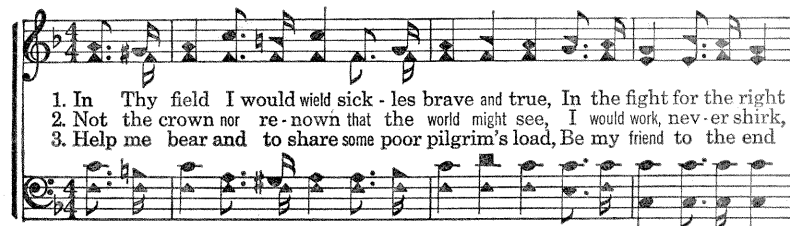
No. 381

Let Me Live Close To Thee

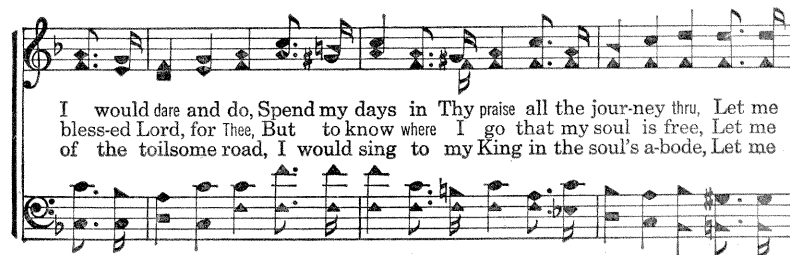
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J. R. Baxter, Jr.

Virgil O. Stamps



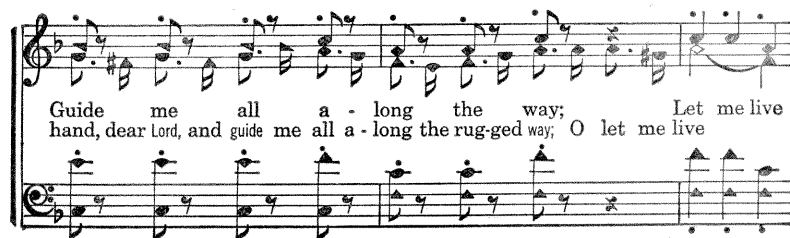
1. In Thy field I would wield sick-les brave and true, In the fight for the right
2. Not the crown nor re-noun that the world might see, I would work, nev-er shirk,
3. Help me bear and to share some poor pilgrim's load, Be my friend to the end



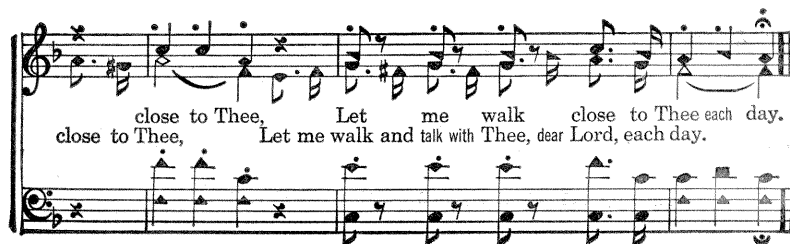
I would dare and do, Spend my days in Thy praise all the jour-ney thru, Let me
bless-ed Lord, for Thee, But to know where I go that my soul is free, Let me
of the toilsome road, I would sing to my King in the soul's a-bode, Let me



live close to Thee each day. Let me live close to Thee, Take my



Guide me all a-long the way; Let me live
hand, dear Lord, and guide me all a-long the rug-ged way; O let me live

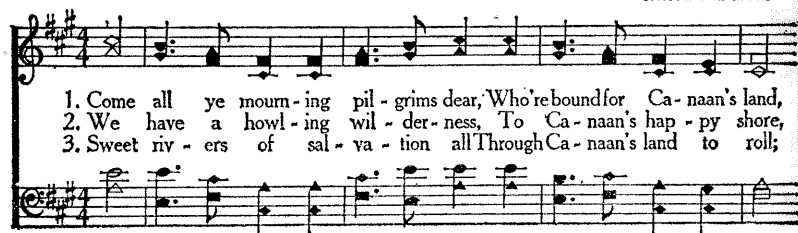


close to Thee, Let me walk close to Thee each day.
close to Thee, Let me walk and talk with Thee, dear Lord, each day.

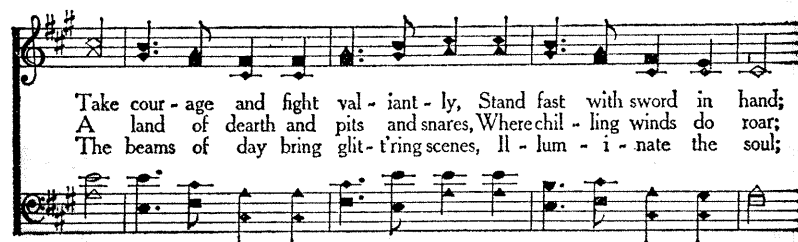
No. 382

Come All Ye Mourning Pilgrims

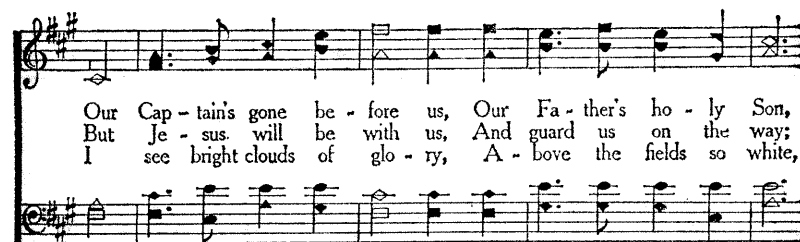
Pilgrim

John B. Dyke
Arr. Roland Green


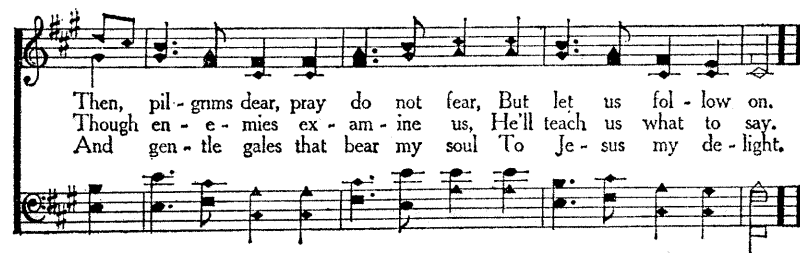
1. Come all ye mourn-ing pil-grims dear, Who're bound for Ca-naan's land,
2. We have a howl-ing wil-der-ness, To Ca-naan's hap-py shore,
3. Sweet riv-ers of sal-va-tion all Through Ca-naan's land to roll;



Take cour-age and fight val-iant-ly, Stand fast with sword in hand;
A land of dearth and pits and snares, Where chil-ling winds do roar;
The beams of day bring glit-tring scenes, Il-lum-i-nate the soul;



Our Cap-tain's gone be-fore us, Our Fa-ther's ho-ly Son,
But Je-sus will be with us, And guard us on the way;
I see bright clouds of glo-ry, A-bove the fields so white,



Then, pil-grims dear, pray do not fear, But let us fol-low on.
Though en-e-mies ex-am-ine us, He'll teach us what to say.
And gen-tle gales that bear my soul To Je-sus my de-light.

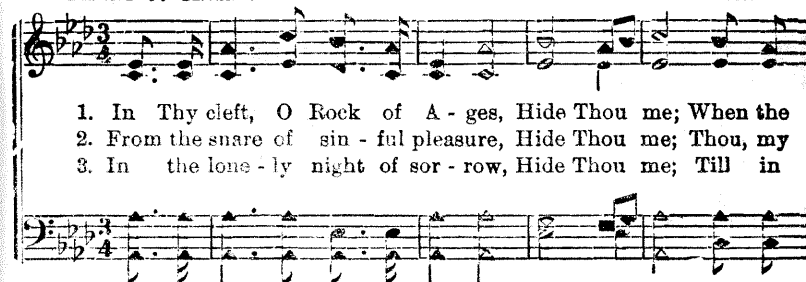
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No. 383

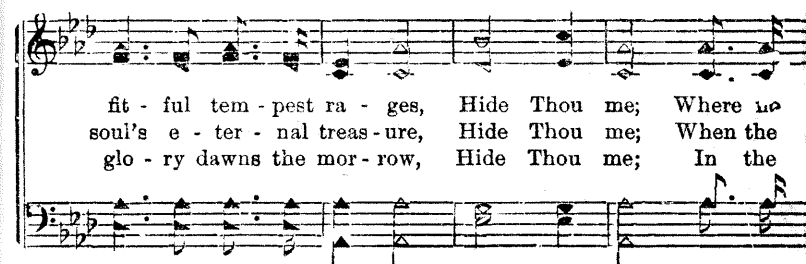
Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

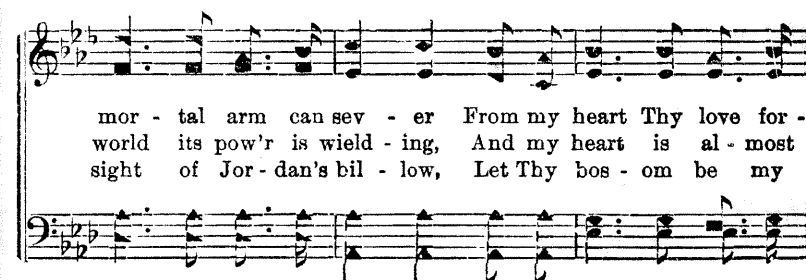
ROBERT LOWRY.



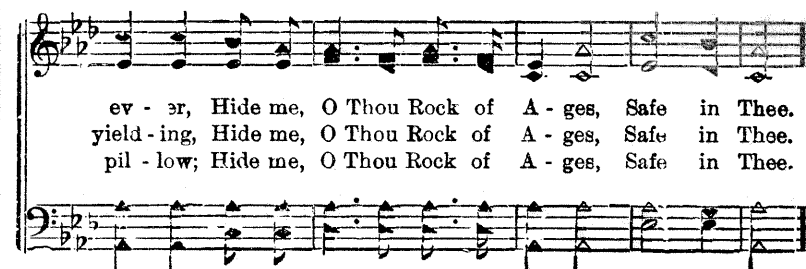
1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A-ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin-ful pleasure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone-ly night of sor-row, Hide Thou me; Till in



fit-ful tem-pest ra-ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e-ter-nal treas-ure, Hide Thou me; When the
glo-ry dawns the mor-row, Hide Thou me; In the



mor-tal arm can sev-er From my heart Thy love for-
world its pow'r is wield-ing, And my heart is al-most
sight of Jor-dan's bil-low, Let Thy bos-om be my



ev-er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
yield-ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.
pil-low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A-ges, Safe in Thee.

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No. 384 All the Way My Savior Leads.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
 3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heav-nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thro'-end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro'-end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 385

William Hunter 1811-1877

Rest For The Weary

J. W. Dadman

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
 2. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 3. Sing, O sing ye heirs of glo-ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;

There my Sav-iour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
 But, in that ce-lestial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Zi-on's gate will o-pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
 On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you.
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

No. 386

Jesus Knows

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. H. HALL.

1. Come what may of joy or sor-row, Be my por-tion pain or rest,
 2. I would nev-er choose my pathway, But by faith would walk with Him;
 3. Je-sus sees if heav-y heart-ed, I am toil-ing on life's road;
 4. Je-sus calls me to be faith-ful, To be help-ful as I roam;

Je-sus guides me and di-rects me, And His way is al-ways best.
 Trust-ing ev-er, and be-liev-ing, If the skies are bright or dim.
 And with love He lifts the shad-ows That ob-scure His blest a-bode.
 And when toils and tears are end-ed, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows,..... Je-sus knows,.....

Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, All the

way,..... my feet must go; Je-sus knows,..... Je-sus
 way, all the way, my feet must go, feet must go; Je-sus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus

knows,..... Him I trust,..... who loves me so,.....
 knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, Him I trust, who loves me so, loves me so.

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No. 387.

Assurance

J. R. D.

John R. Daily

1. Oh, my Lord, I am Thine; What a bless-ing di-vine, What a com-fort to
 2. In the rap-turous sound of Thy name I have found Sweetest mu-sic my
 3. This is on-ly a taste of the heav-en-ly feast, I shall find when my

feel Thou art near! In the arms of Thy love, I am car-ried a-bove
 spir-it can know; With the light of Thy face and the charms of Thy grace
 jour-ney is o'er; This sweet truth I shall prove when with joy I re-move

D. S.—To Thy wings I will flee, I will shel-ter in Thee,

FINE REFRAIN

Ev-'ry sin and temp-ta-tion and fear. I will rest
 I have found a sweet heav-en be-low.
 To my home on the heav-en-ly shore. Sweet-ly rest

I will rest, sweet-ly rest in Thy love.

in Thy love, I will rest, sweet-ly rest in Thy love,
 In Thy love,

No. 388

Lord, Lead Me On

M. W. E.

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Marion W. Easterling

1. When the way seems dark and long, as I pass a - mid the throng,
2. In this world of doubt and gloom, when hopes flow - ers fail to bloom,
3. When old age is steal - ing on, and my strength is al - most gone,

Hold to my hand, Hold to my hand, dear Lord, I pray,
dear Lord, I pray;

Give me grace to shout and shine, ev - er in the light di - vine,
I have put my faith in Thee, till the home - land I shall see,
Sure - ly Thou wilt ne'er for - sake, till in heav - en I a - wake,

Lord, lead me on from day to day.
Lord, lead me on, from day to day,

CHORUS
Lord, lead me on, from day to day, I want to
Lord, lead me on, from day to day, I want to

Lord Lead Me On

walk, the ho - ly way; Tho friends for - sake,.....
want to walk, the ho - ly way; Tho friends for - sake,

me all a - lone, I ask Thee Lord,
me all a - lone, I ask thee Lord to lead me on.

No. 389 The Half Has Never Been Told,

FRANCIS R. HAVEEGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy
2. I know that Thou art near - er still, Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior pre - cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace, Which noth - ing can des - troy,
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee, Than an - y love - ly song,
With - out the as - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown, Our walk on earth with Thee?

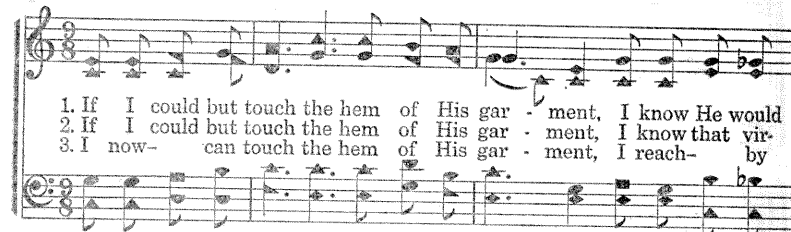
{ The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
yet been told,

No. 390 The Hem Of His Garment

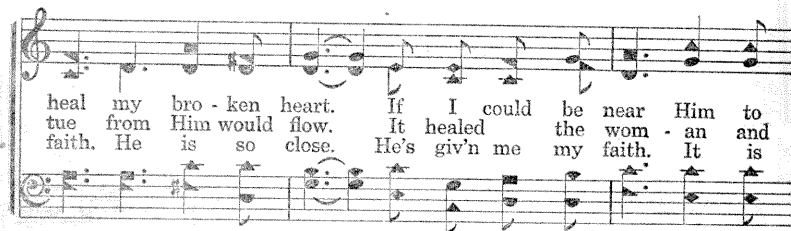
Karen Winchester

In love for I. M. and Este Lee Hausenfluke.
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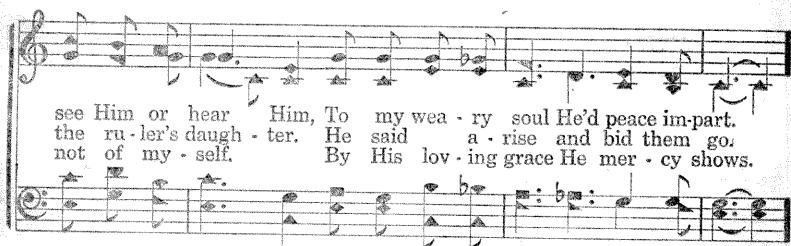
Karen Winchester



1. If I could but touch the hem of His gar - ment, I know He would
2. If I could but touch the hem of His gar - ment, I know that vir -
3. I now - can touch the hem of His gar - ment, I reach - by

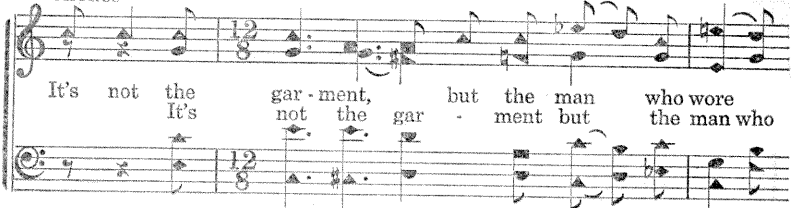


heal my bro - ken heart. If I could be near Him to
tue from Him would flow. It healed the wom - an and
faith. He is so close. He's giv'n me my faith. It is



see Him or hear Him, To my wea - ry soul He'd peace im-part.
the ru - ler's daugh - ter. He said a - rise and bid them go.
not of my - self. By His lov - ing grace He mer - cy shows.

CHORUS

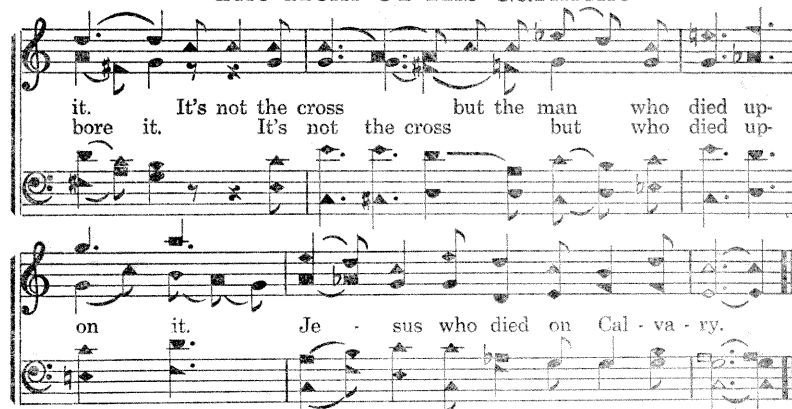


It's not the gar - ment, but the man who wore
It's not the gar - ment but the man who



it. It's not the nail prints but the man who bore
wore it. It's not the nail prints but the man who

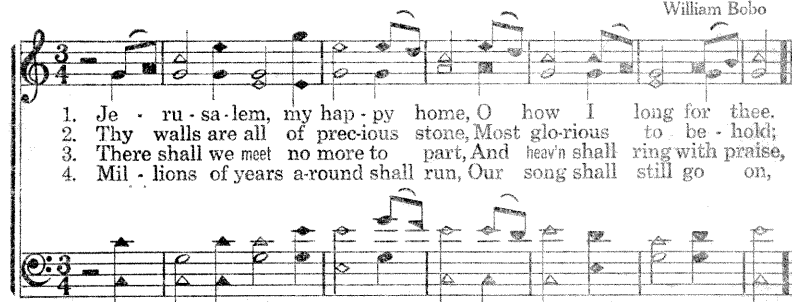
The Hem Of His Garment



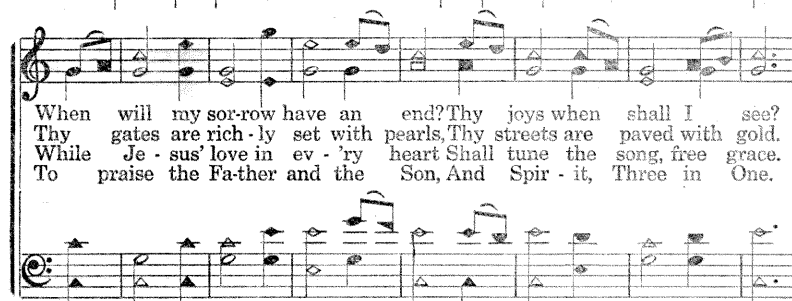
it. It's not the cross but the man who died up -
bore it. It's not the cross but who died up -
on it. Je - sus who died on Cal - va - ry.

No. 391 Long Sought Home

William Bobo

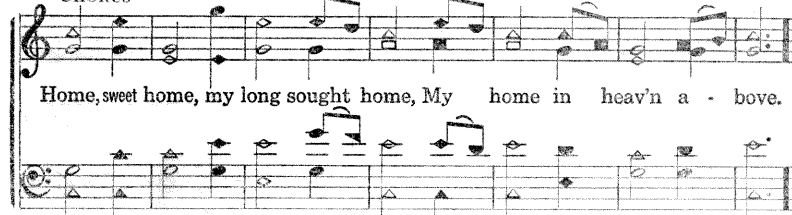


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee.
2. Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. There shall we meet no more to part, And heav'n shall ring with praise,
4. Mil - lions of years a - round shall run, Our song shall still go on,



When will my sor - row have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with gold.
While Je - sus' love in ev - 'ry heart Shall tune the song, free grace.
To praise the Fa - ther and the Son, And Spir - it, Three in One.

CHORUS



Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove.

1. I have a feel-ing from in-side, My Lord is com-ing to His bride,
 2. Since He has gone, she's lone-ly here, And oft-en feels the burn-ing tear,
 3. And when He comes the an-gels say She has no guilt to wash a-way,
 4. And now in man-sions bright and fair, She'll ev-er live with Him up there.

And when He comes, I want to see, The glo-rious meet-ing it will be.
 She is now wait-ing not in vain For Her dear Lord to come a-gain.
 For all her sins ev-en the dross, Were put a-way on Cal-v'ry's cross.
 No sor-rows there can ev-er come, E-ter-nal-ly with Christ at home.

CHORUS

He has a man-sion where they'll meet, To part no
 He has a man-sion where they'll meet,
 more, the thought is sweet; And they to-gether ev-er
 more, the tho't is sweet, supremely sweet; And they to-gether
 stay; In that sweet home of end-less day.
 er ev-er stay, of end-less day.

DUET *slow with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain-ly to re-peat,
 2. Some day my jour-ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav-en won;
 3. "Some day," I say, con-tent to wait, The op'ning of the jas-per gate,
 4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

It's mel-o-dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
 And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be-hold the face of God.
 Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end-less rest to me.
 But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home 'some day.'

REFRAIN

Some day, some hap-py day to be, My voice will
 Some hap-py day, a day to be, My

learn voice will learn it's mel-o-dy, And I shall
 it's mel-o-dy,

sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je-sus' feet.

Prayeron Hall

H. E. Barnett

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

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

Chorus

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

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

THOS. KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise above;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives its worth;
 3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - lasting crown;
 4. Saviour, hast - en Thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, the smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
 When, the aw - ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away.

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hap - py objects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glory to our King!"
 See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
 Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing "Glory, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destin'd to be - hold Thy face.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

1. As I trav-el on my journey t'ward the set-ting of the sun, Wheth-er
2. Oft He lets me climb the mountain then He takes me thru the vale, For He
3. Tho the storms may so surround me that I can-net see the way, And I

sun-shine or in shadows, night or day; Je-sus stays so
knows just how much sorrow I can bear; Je-sus loves me
suf-fer thru the heat and thru the cold; He's safely guiding, Yet I know my

close be-side me helps me thru the race I run, There's a hand that's safe-ly
tho I falt-er and He sees me when I fail, But in mer-cy He my
lov-ing Sav-ior watches o'er me, come what may, And will guide me to that

CHORUS
guiding all the way. There's a hand that's always
burden gladly shares. (O hallelujah).
cit-y built of gold. There's a loving hand,

guid-ing, O-ver life's rough wea-ry
that is al-ways guid-ing, O'er life's rug-ged way,

way, By this hand I'm safe-ly hid-ing
rough and weary way, By this faithful hand I am safely hiding

from the temp-ter day by day; When the
From the temp-ter hide ev-'ry pass-ing day;

storms around are beat-ing, It will make
When the howling storms are around me beating, It will make the

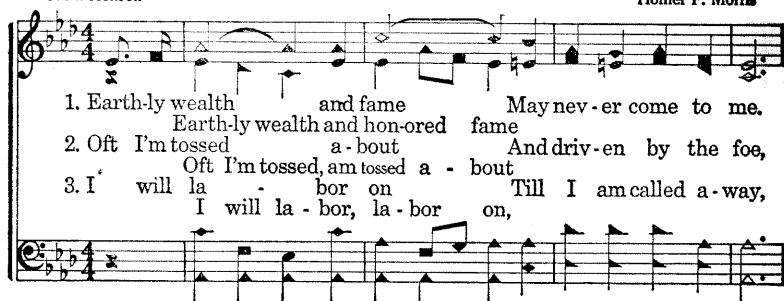
the sun to shine, O what joy it is in
sun O so bright to shine, What a wondrous joy

meet-ing, With the hand of love di-vine.
joy it is in meet-ing, With the guiding hand of love divine. (of love divine).

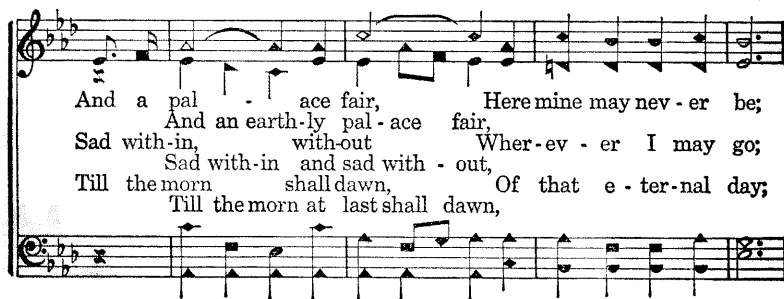
Anywhere Is "Home"

J. M. Henson

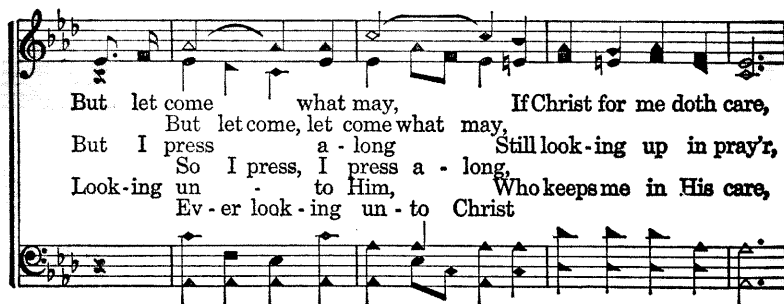
Homer F. Morris



1. Earth-ly wealth and fame May nev-er come to me.
 2. Oft I'm tossed a-bout And driv-en by the foe,
 3. I will la-bor on Till I am called a-way,
 I will la-bor, la-bor on,



And a pal-ace fair, Here mine may nev-er be;
 And an earth-ly pal-ace fair,
 Sad with-in, with-out Wher-ev-er I may go;
 Sad with-in and sad with-out,
 Till the morn shall dawn, Of that e-ter-nal day;
 Till the morn at last shall dawn,



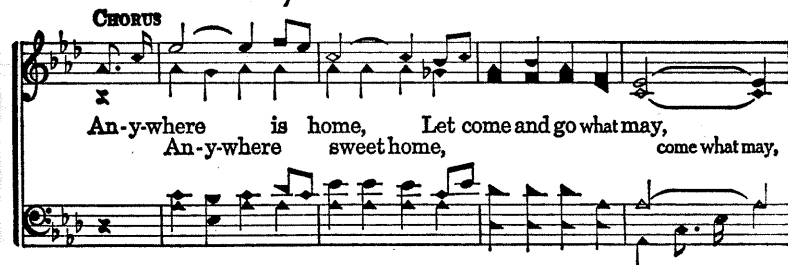
But let come what may, If Christ for me doth care,
 But let come, let come what may,
 But I press a-long Still look-ing up in pray'r,
 So I press, I press a-long,
 Look-ing un-to Him, Who keeps me in His care,
 Ev-er look-ing un-to Christ




An-y-where is home, If He is on-ly there.
 An-y-where is home, sweet home,
 For it's home, sweet home, If Christ is on-ly there.
 O I know 'tis home, sweet home,
 An-y-where is home, If Christ, my Lord, is there.
 An-y-where is home, sweet home,

Anywhere Is "Home"

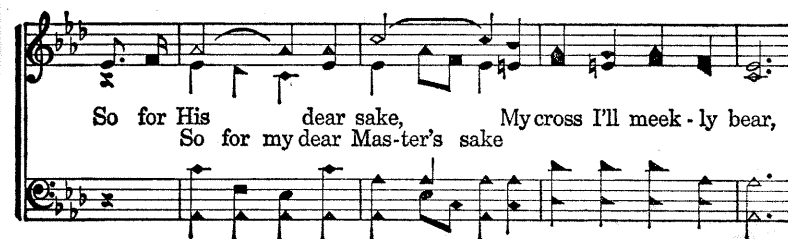
CHORUS



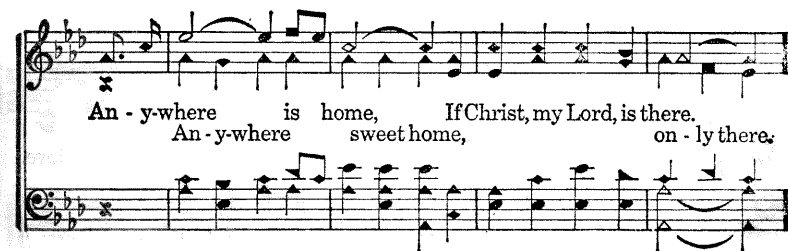
An-y-where is home, Let come and go what may,
 An-y-where sweet home, come what may,



An-y-where I roam, He keeps me all the way;
 An-y-where I chance to roam, each day,



So for His dear sake, My cross I'll meek-ly bear,
 So for my dear Mas-ter's sake



An-y-where is home, If Christ, my Lord, is there.
 An-y-where sweet home, on-ly there,

No. 398

Oh, Wonderful Day

Donie Weldon

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Charles Richards

1. Oh, won - der - ful day when I saw the light Of my Sav - iour's love
2. Oh, won - der - ful day when I knew it mine, The pre - cious love of
3. Oh, won - der - ful day when I felt Him near. It took a - way my

shin - ing so bright; It came when I had knelt to pray,
Je - sus di - vine. He whis - pered sweet peace to my trou - bled soul,
trou - ble and fear. His gar - ment's hem I felt I could touch,

CHORUS
This glo - ri - ous feel - ing on that day.
This won - der - ful day of joys un - told. Oh, won - der - ful day
This won - der - ful day that meant so much.

when He took my hand, And showed to me His an - gel band. He bids

me now to look a - bove, And press on in His won - der - ful love.

No. 399

I'll Be Satisfied

T. N. Pannell

1. When my soul is sing - ing in that prom - ised land a - bove,
2. Liv - ing in a ci - ty where the soul shall nev - er die,
3. When I meet the ran - somed o - ver on the gold - en shore,

I'll be sat - is - fied; Prais - ing Christ the Sav - ior for re -
There to meet with loved ones, nev - er
There I'll join the an - gels sing - ing

CHORUS
deeming grace and love,
more to say good by, I'll be sat - is - fied. I'll be sat - is -
prais - es ev - er - more,

fied, I'll be sat - is - fied; sat - is - fied; When my soul is
sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied;

rest - ing in the pres - ence of the Lord, I'll be sat - is - fied.

Jesus, Hold My Hand

Copyright, 1933, in "Gems of Gladness," by Hartford Music Co.

A. E. R.

Albert E. Brumley

1. As I trav-el thru this pil-grim land There is a Friend who
 2. Let me trav-el in the light di-vine That I may see the
 3. When I wan-der thru the val-ley dim To-ward the set-ting

walks with me, Leads me safe-ly thru the sink-ing sand, It is the
 bless-ed way; Keep me that I may be whol-ly Thine And sing re-
 of the sun, Lead me safe-ly to a land of rest If I a

Christ of Cal-va-ry; This would be my pray'r, dear Lord, each
 demp-tion's song some day; I will be a sol-dier brave and
 crown of life have won; I have put my faith in Thee, dear

day To help me do the best I can, For I need Thy light to
 true And ev-er firm-ly take a stand, As I on-ward go and
 Lord, That I may reach the gold-en strand, There's nooth-er friend on

guide me day and night, Bless-ed Je-sus, hold my hand.
 dai-ly meet the foe, Bless-ed Je-sus, hold my hand.
 whom I can de-pend, Bless-ed Je-sus, hold my hand.

Jesus, Hold My Hand

CHORUS

Bless-ed Je-sus, hold my hand, Yes, I need Thee
 Je-sus, hold my hand, I need Thee ev-'ry

ev-'ry hour, Thru this land, this pil-grim land
 hour, Thru this pil-grim land, Pro-

By Thy sav-ing pow'r; Hear my plea, my fee-ble plea,
 tect me by Thy pow'r; Hear my fee-ble plea,

O Lord, dear Lord, look down on me, When
 Lord, look down on me, When I kneel in

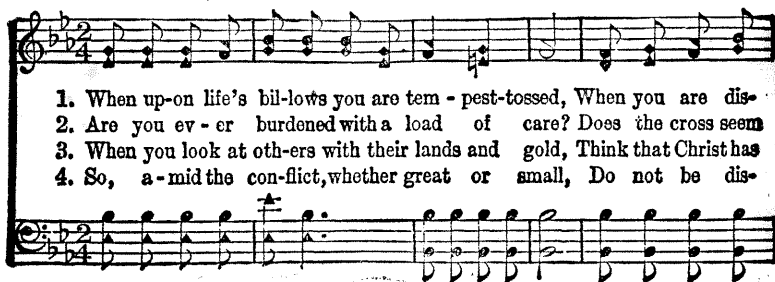
I kneel in pray'r, Bless-ed Je-sus, hold my hand.
 pray'r I hope to meet you there,

No. 401 Count Your Blessings

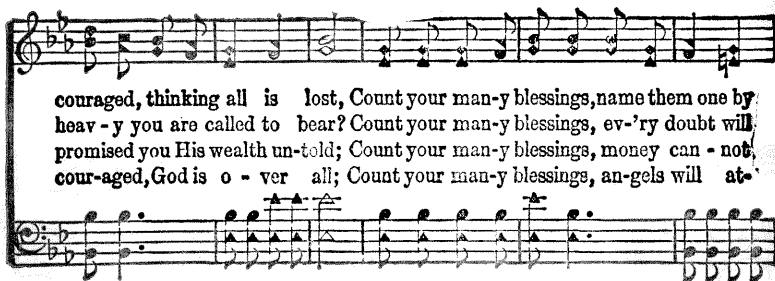
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

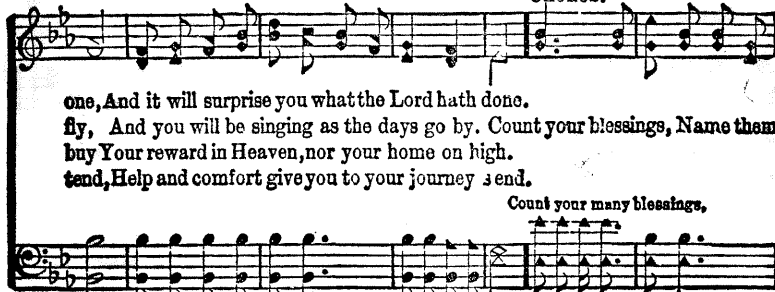


1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a-mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



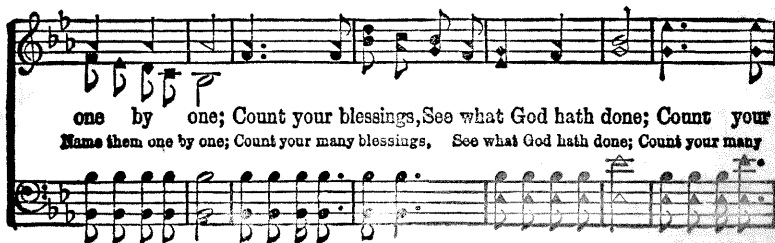
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev-'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, money can - not,
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an-gels will at-

CHORUS.



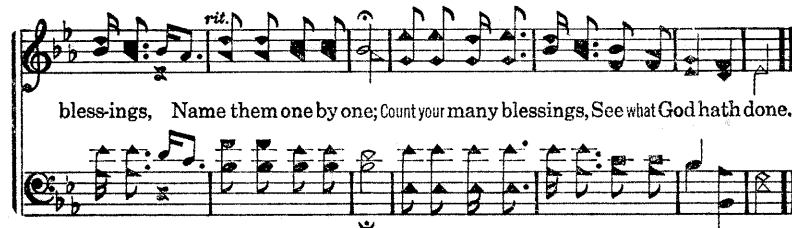
one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in Heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,



one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings



blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

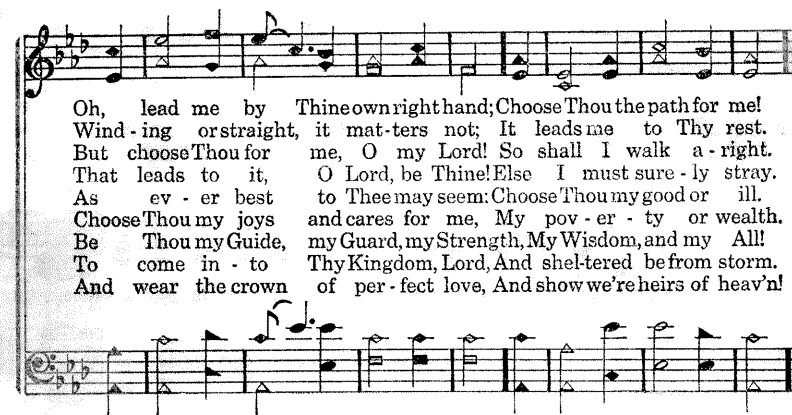
No. 402

Thomasson

Wm. Hauser



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be;
2. Smooth let it be, or rough, It still will be the best;
3. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
4. The king - dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way
5. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy, or sor - row fill,
6. Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick - ness, or my health;
7. Not mine, not mine the choice, If things be great, or small;
8. Oh, may Thy power - ful word In - spire a fee - ble worm,
9. Oh, may we all im - prove The grace al - rea - dy given;



Oh, lead me by Thine own right hand; Choose Thou the path for me!
Wind - ing or straight, it mat - ters not; It leads me to Thy rest.
But choose Thou for me, O my Lord! So shall I walk a - right.
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine! Else I must sure - ly stray.
As ev - er best to Thee may seem: Choose Thou my good or ill.
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me, My pov - er - ty or wealth.
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All!
To come in - to Thy Kingdom, Lord, And shel - tered be from storm.
And wear the crown of per - fect love, And show we're heirs of heav'n!

E. A. H.

E. A. Hoffman

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

Chorus
 He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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A. E. B.

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Albert E. Brumley

1. Some glad morn - ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a -
 2. When the shad - ows of this life have grown, fly a - way
 3. Just a few more wea - ry days and then,

way;
 To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore,
 Like a bird from pris - on bars has flown,
 To a land where joys shall nev - er end,
 fly a - way;

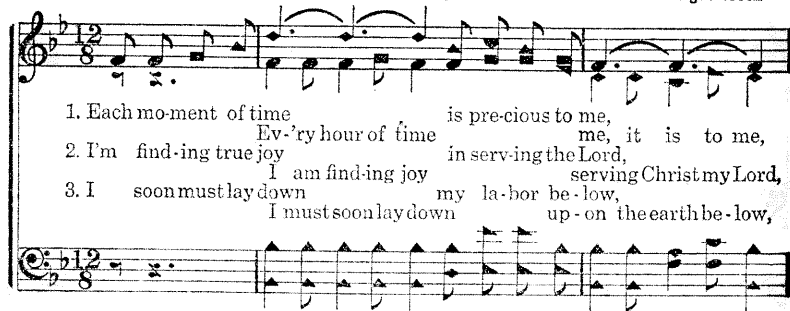
CHORUS
 I'll fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way, I'll fly a - way,
 fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way,

way, O glo - ry, I'll fly a - way; When I die,
 fly a - way, in the morn - ing,

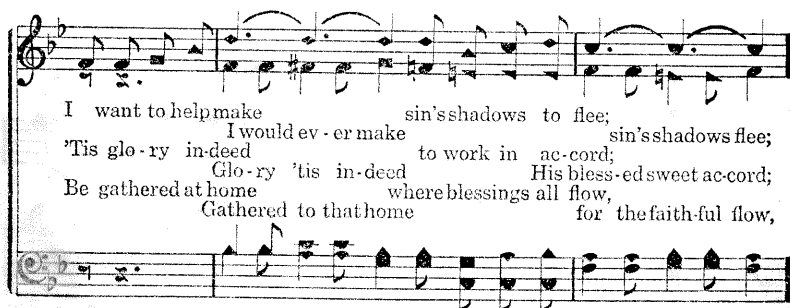
Hal - le - lu - jah, by and by, I'll fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way,
 fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a - way,

Each Moment Of Time

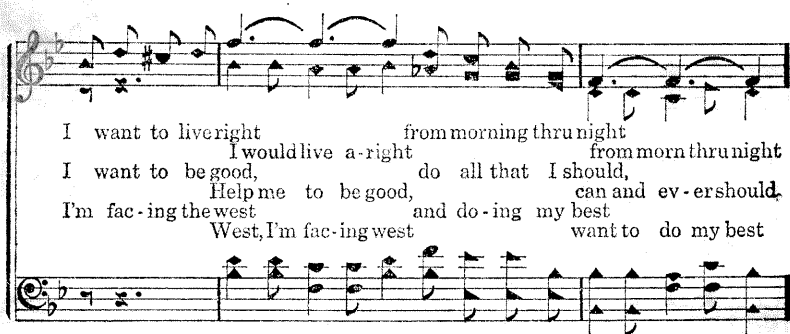
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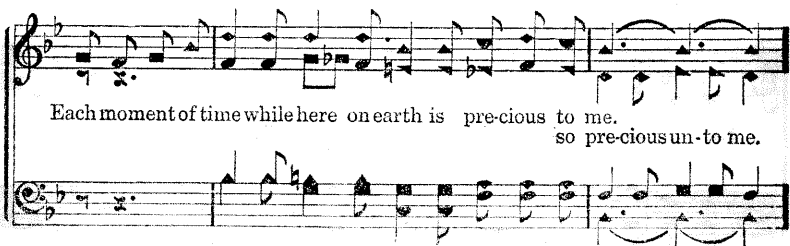
1. Each mo-ment of time is pre-cious to me,
Ev-'ry hour of time me, it is to me,
2. I'm find-ing true joy in serv-ing the Lord,
I am find-ing joy serv-ing Christ my Lord,
3. I soon must lay down my la-bor be-low,
I must soon lay down up-on the earth be-low,



I want to help make sin's shadows to flee;
I would ev-er make sin's shadows flee;
'Tis glo-ry in-deed to work in ac-cord;
Glo-ry 'tis in-deed His bless-ed sweet ac-cord;
Be gathered at home where blessings all flow,
Gathered to that home for the faith-ful flow,



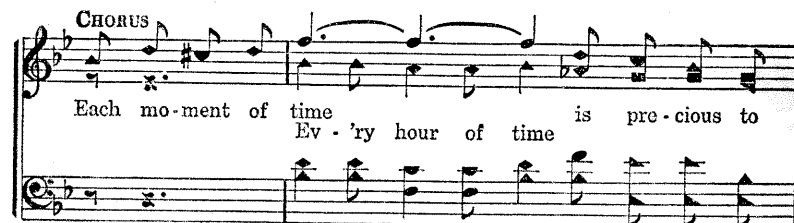
I want to live right from morning thru night
I would live a-right from morn thru night
I want to be good, do all that I should,
Help me to be good, can and ev-ersould,
I'm fac-ing the west and do-ing my best
West, I'm fac-ing west want to do my best



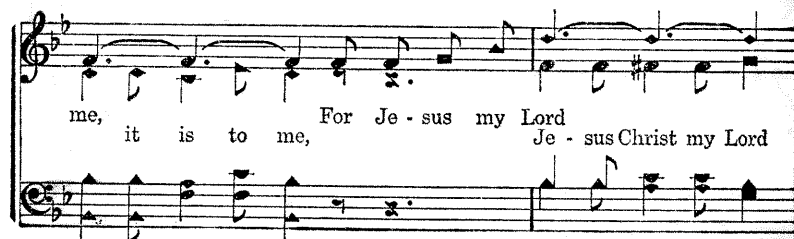
Each moment of time while here on earth is pre-cious to me.
so pre-cious un-to me.

Each Moment Of Time

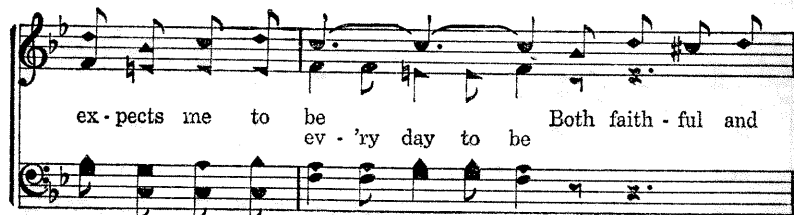
CHORUS



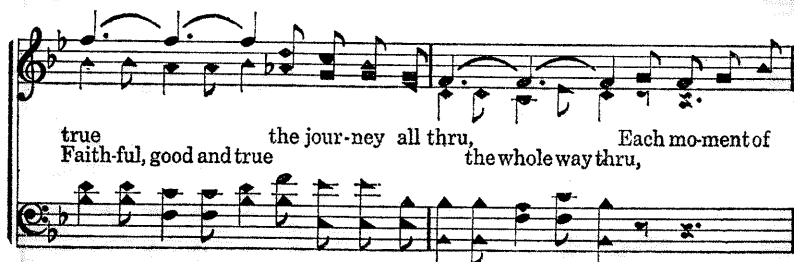
Each mo-ment of time is pre-cious to
Ev-'ry hour of time



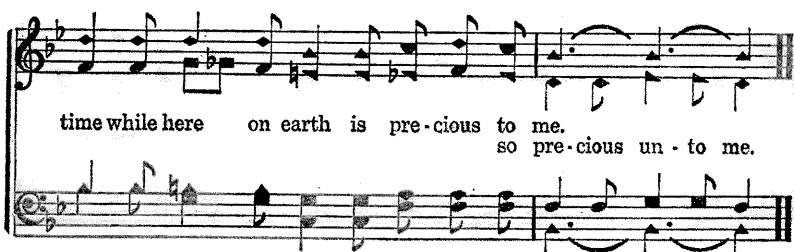
me,
it is to me, For Je-sus my Lord
Je-sus Christ my Lord



ex-pects me to be ev-'ry day to be Both faith-ful and



true the jour-ney all thru, Each mo-ment of
Faith-ful, good and true the whole way thru,



time while here on earth is pre-cious to me.
so pre-cious un-to me.

No. 406 I'll Meet You In The Morning

Respectfully dedicated to my wife, Goldie, and sons, Billy Joe, Albert E. Jr., Thomas Rexton, Robert Bartlett, and Jackie Stamps.—A. E. B.

A. E. B. Copyright, 1936, by Hartford Music Co., in "Lights of Life" Albert E. Brumley

1. I will meet you in the morn-ing, by the bright riv - er side,
 2. I will meet you in the morn-ing, in the sweet by and by,
 3. I will meet you in the morn-ing, at the end of the way,

When all sor-row has drift-ed a-way, I'll be stand-ing at the-
 And ex-change the old cross for a crown; There will be no dis-ap-
 On the streets of that ci - ty of gold; Where we all can be to-

por-tals, when the gates o - pen wide, At the close of life's long, dreary day.
 pointments and no-bod-y shall die, In that land where the sun goeth down,
 geth-er and be hap-py for aye, While the years and the a - ges shall roll.

CHORUS
 Meet you in the morn-ing, meet you in the morn-ing,
 I'll meet you in the morn-ing,

"How do you do," "How do you do,"
 with a "How do you do," and we'll

I'll Meet You In The Morning

sit down by the riv - er, sit down by the riv - er, And with
 sit down by the riv - er

Rapture our "auld" acquaintances renew; Know me in the morn-
 rapture "auld" acquaintance re - new; You'll know

ing know me in the morning, Smiles that I wear,
 me in the morning, By the smiles that I

smiles that I wear, Meet you in the morning, meet you in the morning,
 wear, When I meet you in the morning,

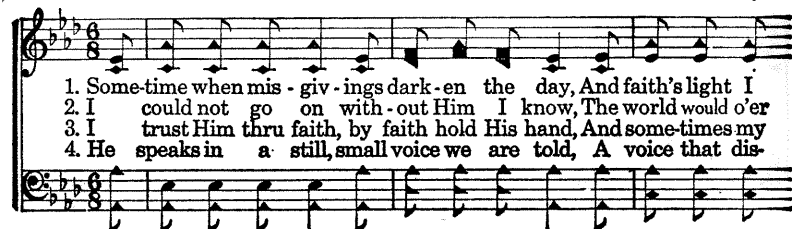
Ci - ty, ci - ty built, that ci - ty built four square,
 In the ci - ty that is built, four square.

No. 407 He Whispers Sweet Peace To Me

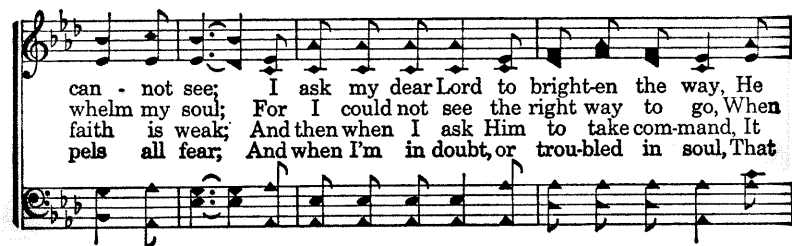
W. M. R.

Copyright, 1932, in "New Songs." Owned by Morris & Henson

Will M. Ramsey



1. Some-time when mis-giv-ings dark-en the day, And faith's light I
2. I could not go on with-out Him I know, The world would o'er
3. I trust Him thru faith, by faith hold His hand, And some-times my
4. He speaks in a still, small voice we are told, A voice that dis-



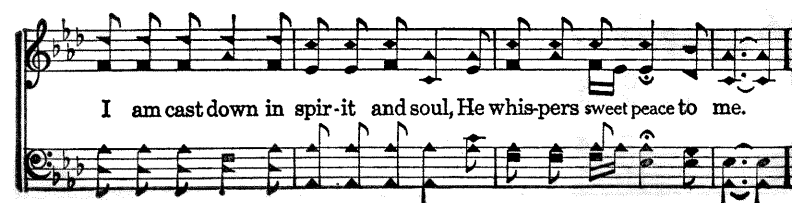
can - not see; I ask my dear Lord to bright-en the way, He
whelm my soul; For I could not see the right way to go, When
faith is weak; And then when I ask Him to take com-mand, It
pels all fear; And when I'm in doubt, or trou-bled in soul, That



CHORUS
whis-pers sweet peace to me. Yes, He
temp-ta-tions o'er me roll.
seems that I hear Him speak.
still small voice I can hear. He whis-pers sweet peace to



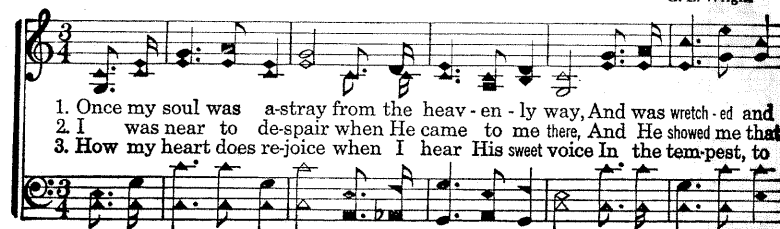
whis-pers to me, He whis-pers sweet peace to me, When
me, He whis-pers sweet peace to me,



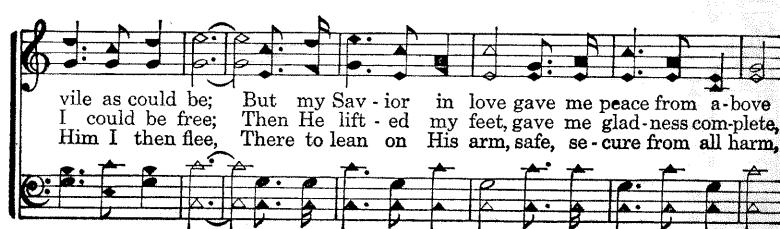
I am cast down in spir-it and soul, He whis-pers sweet peace to me.

408 When The Savior Reached Down For Me

Copyright 1921, by Quartet Music Co. Renewal 1948, assigned to Stamps-Baxter Music & Ptg. Co.
G. E. W. All Rights Reserved. G. E. Wright



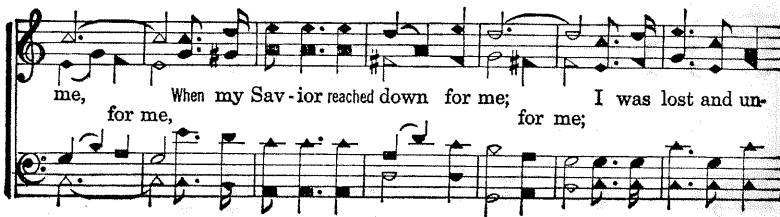
1. Once my soul was a-stray from the heav-en-ly way, And was wretch-ed and
2. I was near to de-spair when He came to me there, And He showed me that
3. How my heart does re-joice when I hear His sweet voice In the tem-pest, to



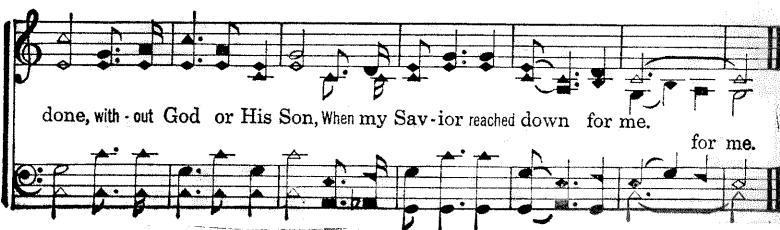
vile as could be; But my Sav-ior in love gave me peace from a-bove
I could be free; Then He lift-ed my feet, gave me glad-ness com-plete,
Him I then flee, There to lean on His arm, safe, se-cure from all harm,



CHORUS
1-2 When He reached down His hand for me. When my Sav-ior reached down for
3 Since He for me.



me, When my Sav-ior reached down for me; I was lost and un-
for me, for me;



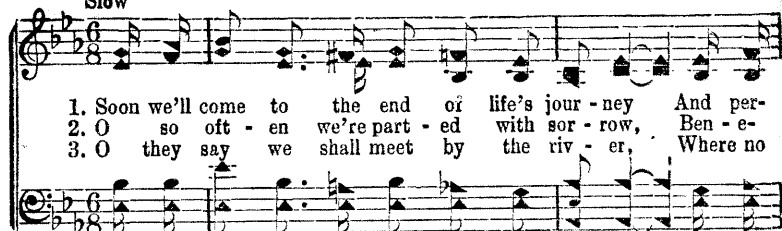
done, with-out God or His Son, When my Sav-ior reached down for me.
for me.

No. 409

If We Never Meet Again

Copyright, 1945, by Stamps Quartet Music Co. in "Divine Praise"
Assigned, 1949, Stamps Quartet Music Co., Inc. and Albert E. Brumley
A. E. B. Albert E. Brumley

Slow



1. Soon we'll come to the end of life's jour - ney And per -
2. O so oft - en we're part - ed with sor - row, Ben - e -
3. O they say we shall meet by the riv - er, Where no

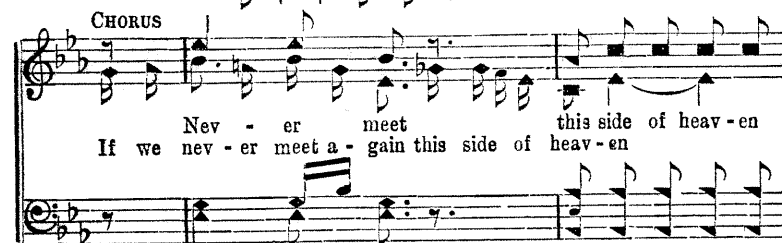


haps we'll nev - er meet an - y more, Till we gath - er in
dic - tions oft - en quick - en our pain, But we nev - er shall
storm - cloud - ev - er dark - en the sky, And they say we'll be

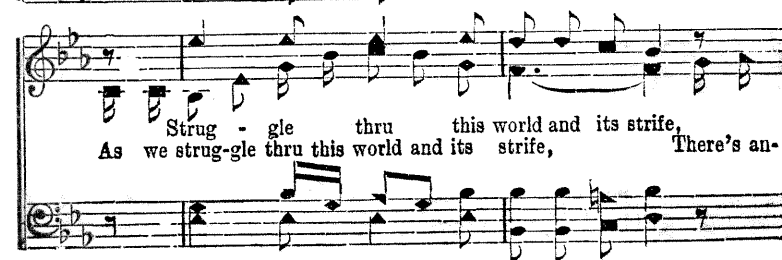


heav - en's bright cit - y Far a - way on that beau - ti - ful shore.
sor - row in heav - en, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
hap - py in heav - en In the won - der - ful sweet by and by.

CHORUS



Nev - er meet this side of heav - en
If we nev - er meet a - gain this side of heav - en

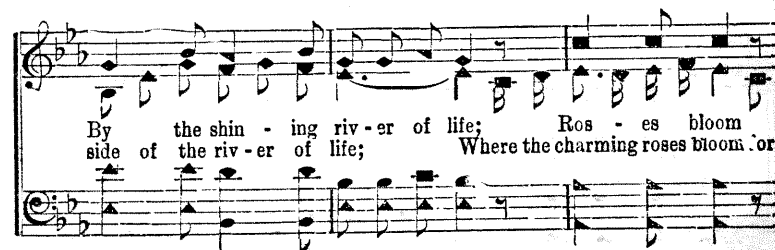


Strug - gle thru this world and its strife,
As we strug - gle thru this world and its strife, There's an -

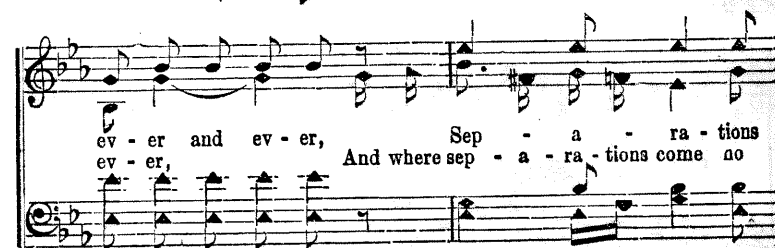
If We Never Meet Again



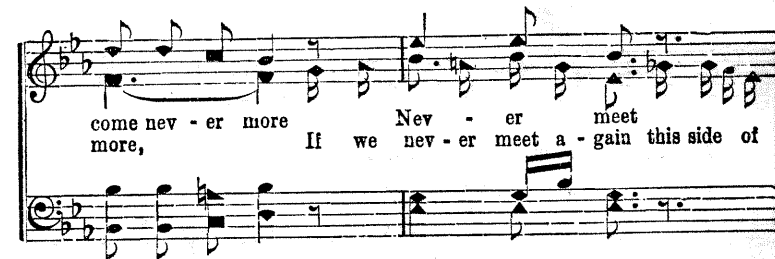
Meet - ing place some - where in heav - en
oth - er meet - ing place somewhere in heav - en By the



By the shin - ing riv - er of life; Ros - es bloom
side of the riv - er of life; Where the charming roses bloom for



ev - er and ev - er, Sep - a - ra - tions
ev - er, And where sep - a - ra - tions come no



come nev - er more Nev - er meet
more, If we nev - er meet a - gain this side of



this side of heav - en Meet you on that beau - ti - ful shore.
heav - en I will meet you on that beau - ti - ful shore.

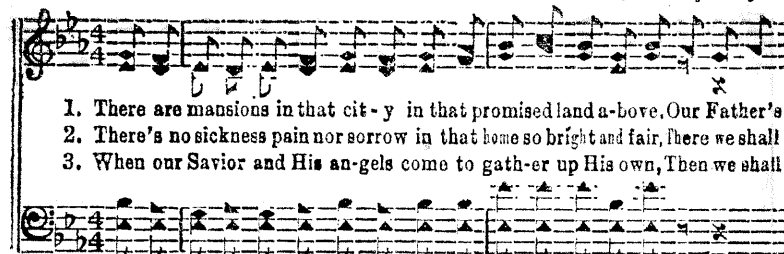
No. 410

We Have a Home

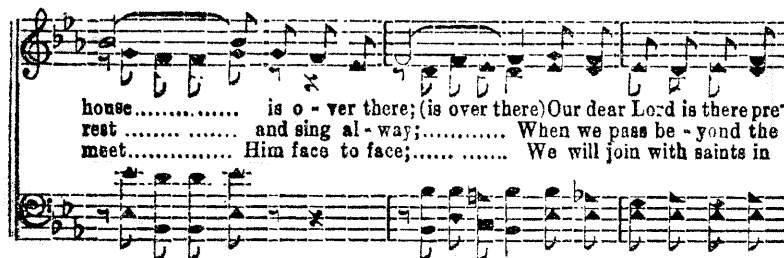
J. H. D.

J. HARVEY DAILY OWNER

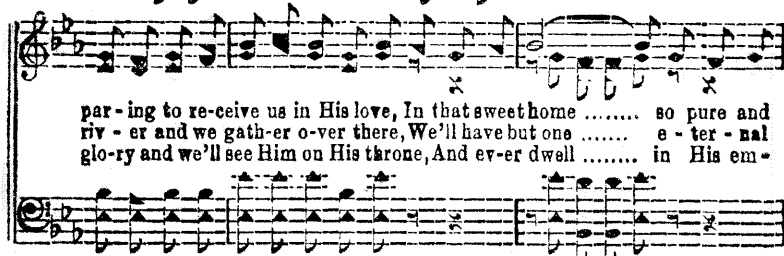
J. Harvey Daily



1. There are mansions in that cit-y in that promised land a-bove, Our Father's
2. There's no sickness pain nor sorrow in that home so bright and fair, there we shall
3. When our Savior and His an-gels come to gath-er up His own, Then we shall



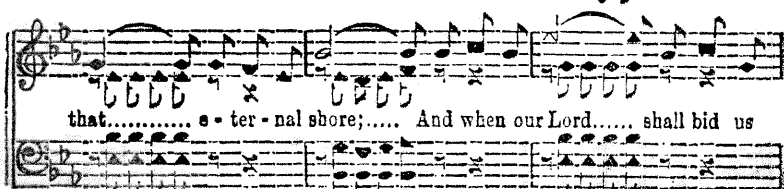
house..... is o-ver there; (is over there) Our dear Lord is there pre-
rest and sing al-way;..... When we pass be-yond the
meet..... Him face to face;..... We will join with saints in



par-ing to re-ceive us in His love, In that sweet home so pure and
riv-er and we gath-er o-ver there, We'll have but one e-ter-nal
glo-ry and we'll see Him on His throne, And ev-er dwell in His em-



REFRAIN
fair We have a home a bless-ed home, Prepared on
day
brace..... We have a home a bless-ed home

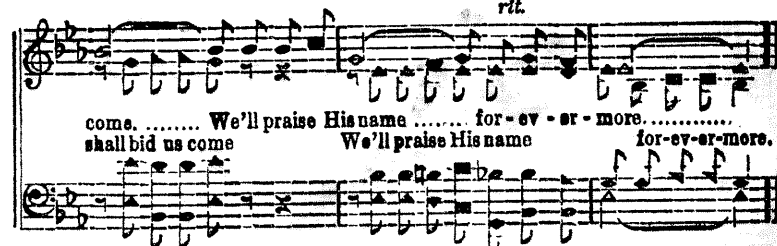


that..... e-ter-nal shore;.... And when our Lord..... shall bid us

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We Have a Home

rit.



come. We'll praise His name for-ev-er-more.....
shall bid us come We'll praise His name for-ev-er-more.

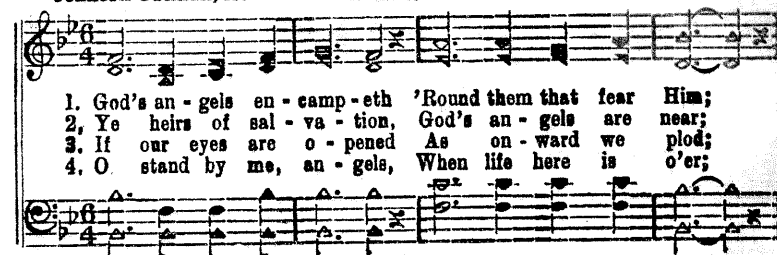
No. 411

Bear Me Up, Angels

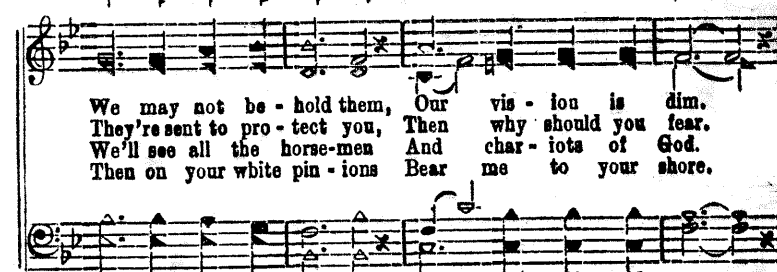
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.
PSA, 34, 7.

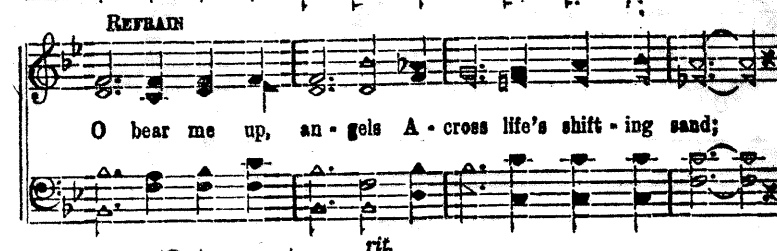
H. M. Eagle



1. God's an-gels en-camp-eth 'Round them that fear Him;
2. Ye heirs of sal-va-tion, God's an-gels are near;
3. If our eyes are o-pened As on-ward we plod;
4. O stand by me, an-gels, When life here is o'er;



We may not be-hold them, Our vis-ion is dim.
They're sent to pro-tect you, Then why should you fear.
We'll see all the horse-men And char-iots of God.
Then on your white pin-ions Bear me to your shore.



REFRAIN
O bear me up, an-gels A-cross life's shift-ing sand;
rit.



Lest I should stum-ble, Bear me up in your hands.

FOR 211 AND 212, SEE 7 AND 8

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Francis Foster

Samuel W. Beazley

1. How I love the great Re-deem-er Who is do-ing so much for me;
 2. He has purchased my re-demp-tion, Rolled my bur-den of sin a-way,
 3. Glo-ry be to Him for-ev-er! End-less prais-es to Christ the Lamb!

With what joy I tell the sto-ry Of the love that makes men free. Till my
 And a walk-ing on be-side me, Growing dear-er day by day. That is
 He has filled my life with sun-shine, He has made me what I am. O that

earth-ly life is end-ed, I will send..... songs a-bove,.....
 why I sing His prais-es, That is why..... joy is mine,.....
 ev-'ry one would know Him, O that all..... would a-dore!

Then be-side the crys-tal sea More and more my soul shall be Prais-ing
 That is why for-ev-er more On the ev-er-last-ing shore I shall
 O that all would trust the love Of the might-y Friend a-bove And be

♩ Chorus *

Je-sus and His love.
 sing of love di-vine. He is ev-'ry-thing to me, to me, He is
 His for-ev-er more.

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

He is ev-'ry-thing to me, And ev-'ry-thing shall
 ev-'ry-thing to me, And ev-'ry-thing shall al-ways

al-ways be; I will nev-er cease to raise A
 be; I will nev-er cease to raise A song of

song of glad-ness in His praise; Here, and in the
 glad-ness in His praise; Here, and in the world a-

world a-bove, My soul shall sing of sav-ing love;
 bove, My soul shall sing of sav-ing love; Life and

Life and light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.
 light and joy is He, The precious Friend who died for me.

No. 413

Heavenly Sunlight

Rev. H. J. Zelle

G. H. Cook

1. Walk-ing in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shad-ows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

thru the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-ior and Guide; He is the light in Him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing His prais-es glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

Chorus
 Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

No. 414

He Prayed

Copyright, 1923, by J. M. Henson

Owned by R. E. Winsett

E. M. Bartlett

J. M. Henson

1. Je-sus went up-on the moun-tain that He might com-mune with God,
 2. All a-lone while in the gar-den where He sweat great drops of blood,
 3. When up-on the cross of Cal-v'ry in His ag-o-ny and pain,

He prayed, He prayed; On the hills of old Ju-de-a which my
 Not my will but Thine be done, my Fa-ther,
 He prayed, He prayed; That the Fa-ther might for-give them whom, the.

Refrain
 bless-ed Sav-ior trod, He prayed, He prayed. He prayed, He prayed,
 was His prayer to God,
 Son of God, had slain, He prayed, He prayed. He prayed, He prayed,

Je-sus prayed un-to the Fa-ther ev-'ry day; From the man-ger to the cross,

Not a moment's time was lost, Je-sus prayed un-to the Fa-ther all the way.

No. 415

Step By Step, Day By Day

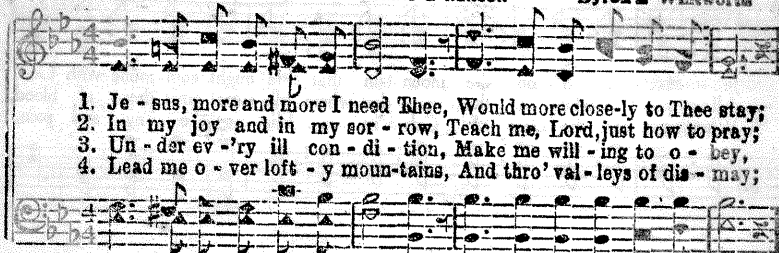
To my friend and co-worker, Mr. Fred Thomas.—B. L. W.

COPYRIGHT 1938, IN "GLORY WADES NO. 2".

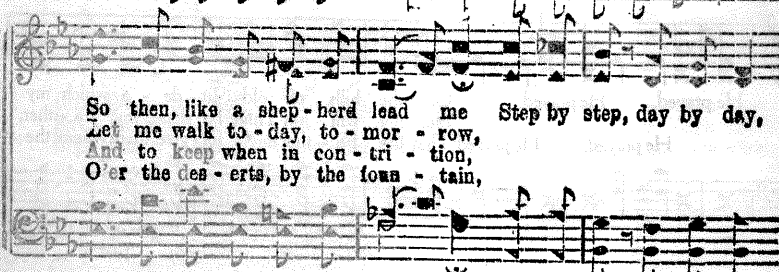
Vide Munden Nixon

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Byron L. Whitworth

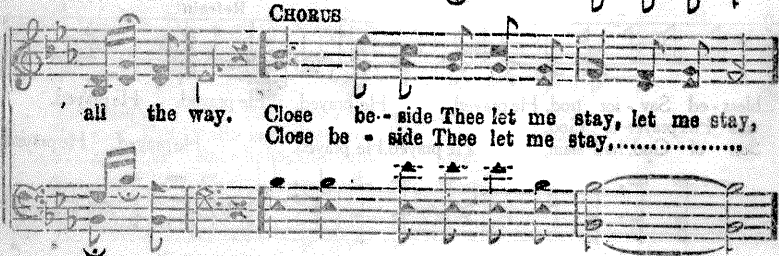


1. Je - sus, more and more I need Thee, Would more close-ly to Thee stay;
 2. In my joy and in my sor - row, Teach me, Lord, just how to pray;
 3. Un - der ev - 'ry ill con - di - tion, Make me will - ing to o - bey,
 4. Lead me o - ver loft - y moun - tains, And thro' val - leys of dis - may;

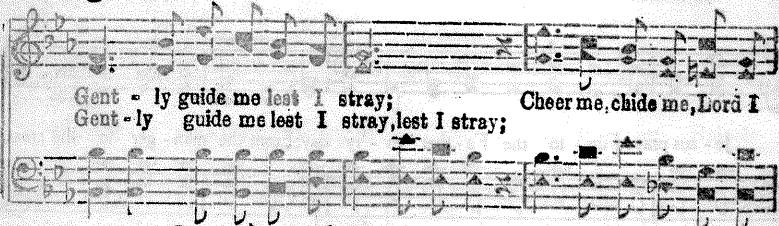


So then, like a shep - herd lead me Step by step, day by day,
 Let me walk to - day, to - mor - row,
 And to keep when in con - tri - tion,
 O'er the des - erts, by the low - tain,

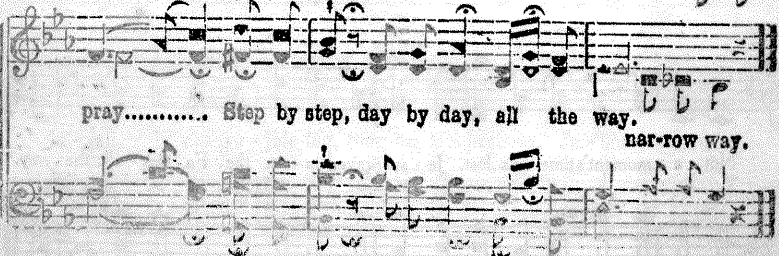
CHORUS



all the way. Close be - side Thee let me stay, let me stay,
 Close be - side Thee let me stay.....



Gent - ly guide me lest I stray; Cheer me, chide me, Lord I
 Gent - ly guide me lest I stray, lest I stray;



pray..... Step by step, day by day, all the way.
 nar - row way.

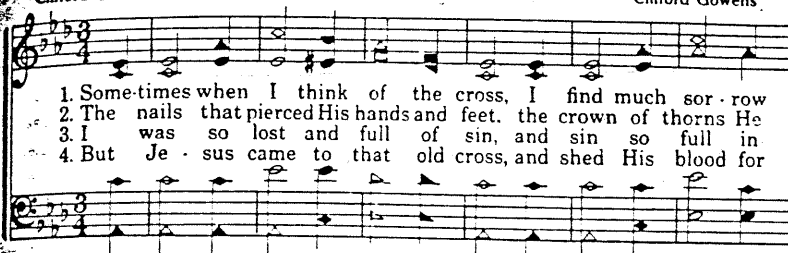
No. 76

He Died For Me

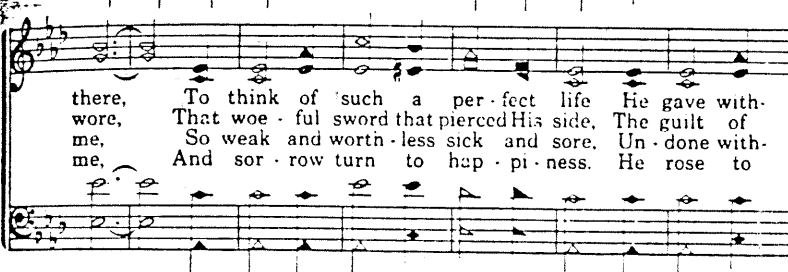
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Clifford Gowens

Clifford Gowens

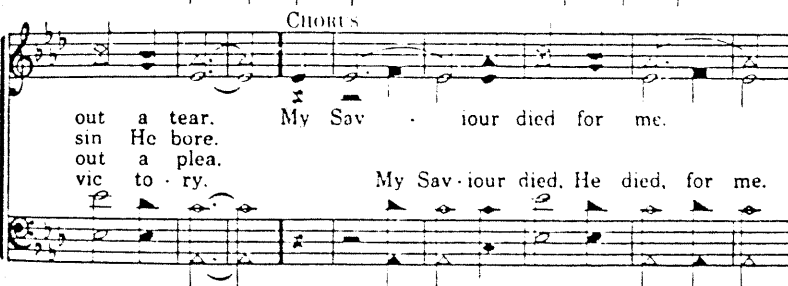


1. Some-times when I think of the cross, I find much sor - row
 2. The nails that pierced His hands and feet, the crown of thorns He
 3. I was so lost and full of sin, and sin so full in
 4. But Je - sus came to that old cross, and shed His blood for

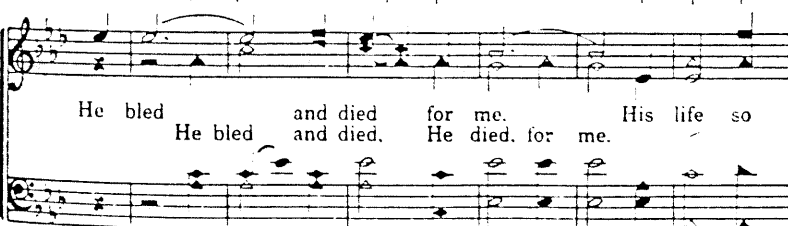


there, To think of such a per - fect life He gave with -
 wore, That woe - ful sword that pierced His side, The guilt of
 me, So weak and worth - less sick and sore, Un - done with -
 me, And sor - row turn to hap - pi - ness. He rose to

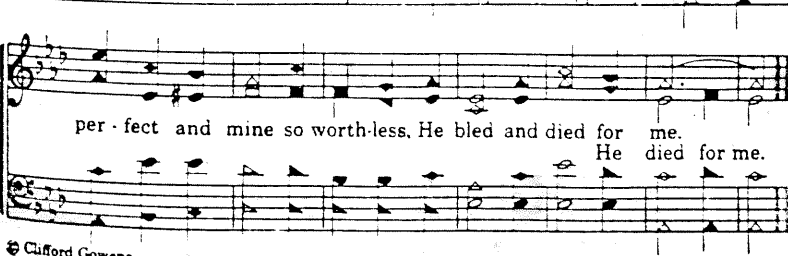
CHORUS



out a tear. My Sav - iour died for me.
 sin He bore.
 out a plea.
 vic to - ry. My Sav - iour died. He died, for me.



He bled and died for me. His life so
 He bled and died. He died, for me.



per - fect and mine so worth - less, He bled and died for me.
 He died for me.

© Clifford Gowens

1. There is com - ing a day when no heart aches shall
 2. There'll be no sor - row there, no more bur - dens to

come, No more clouds in the sky, no more tears to dim the
 bear, No more sick - ness, no pain, no more part - ing o - ver

eye; All is peace for - ev - er more on that hap - py gold - en
 there; And for - ev - er I will be with the One who died for

shore, What a day, glo - ri - ous day that will be
 me,

CHORUS

What a day that will be when my Je - sus I shall

see, And I look up - on His face, the One who saved me by His

grace; When He takes me by the hand, and leads me through the Prom - ised

Land, What a day, glo - ri - ous day that will be

1. I know that I can not pray just like old Dan - iel, I can not
 2. I love to hear the gos - pel preached while here I'm liv - ing, I'm made to

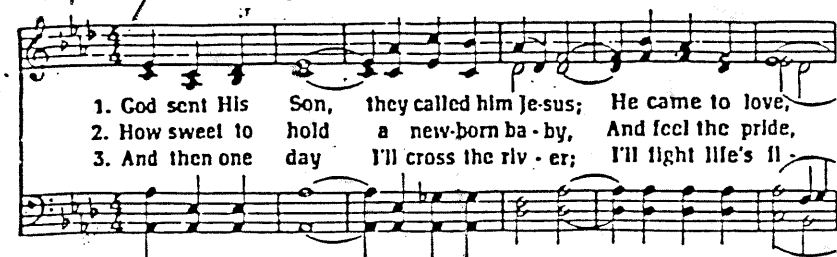
preach like the great a - pos - tle Paul. But I know I love my Lord
 feel up - on the moun - tain top so high. While in this val - ley old Sa -

for all His fa - vors. For He died for me to save me from the fall.
 tan is de - ceiv - ing. Then I fear the time to come for me to die.

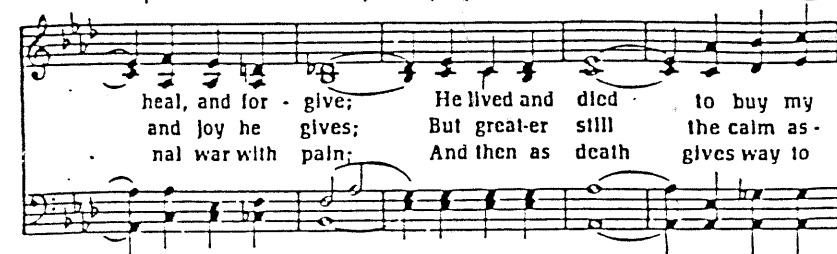
Let me feel my Sav - ior near when I am dy - ing. Let me feel His
 There'll be shout - ing on the hills of shin - ing glo - ry. When I leave this

pre - cious arms a - round me tight While I'm cross - ing Jor - dan's stream
 world of sin and toil and strife. I will be with Christ my Lord

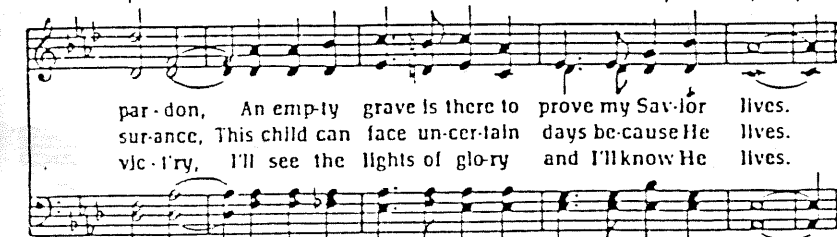
there'll be no sigh - ing. For on that shore my blessed Lord will be the Light.
 to tell the sto - ry Of His gift to me for my e - ter - nal life.



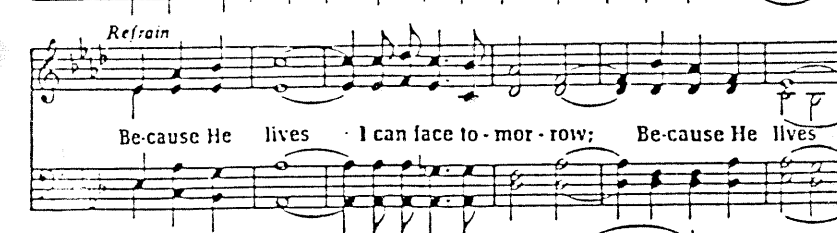
1. God sent His Son, they called him Je-sus; He came to love;
2. How sweet to hold a new-born ba-by, And feel the pride,
3. And then one day I'll cross the riv-er; I'll fight life's il-



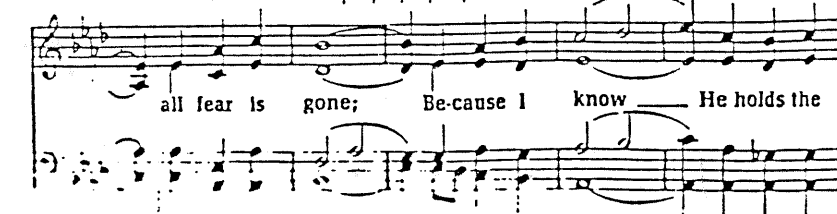
heal, and for-give; He lived and died to buy my
and joy he gives; But great-er still the calm as-
nal war with pain; And then as death gives way to



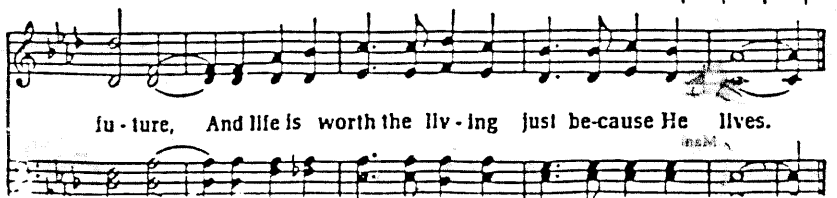
par-don, An em-py grave is there to prove my Sav-ior lives.
sur-ance, This child can face un-cer-tain days be-cause He lives.
vic-t'ry, I'll see the lights of glo-ry and I'll know He lives.



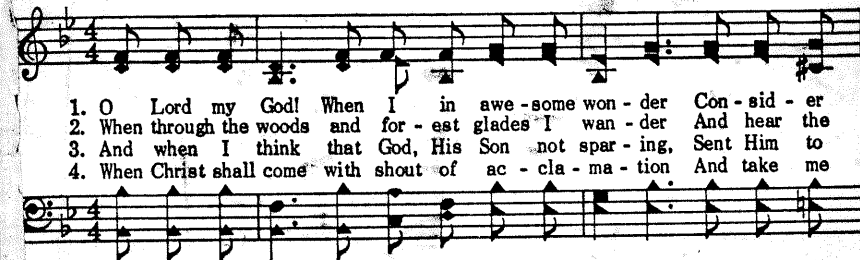
Refrain
Be-cause He lives I can face to-mor-row; Be-cause He lives



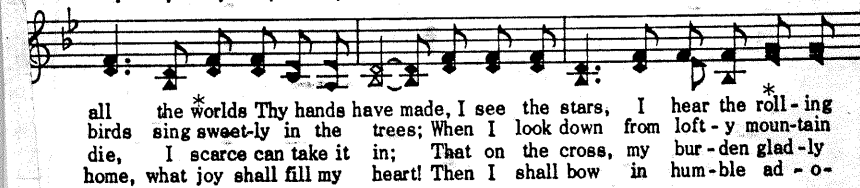
all fear is gone; Be-cause I know — He holds the



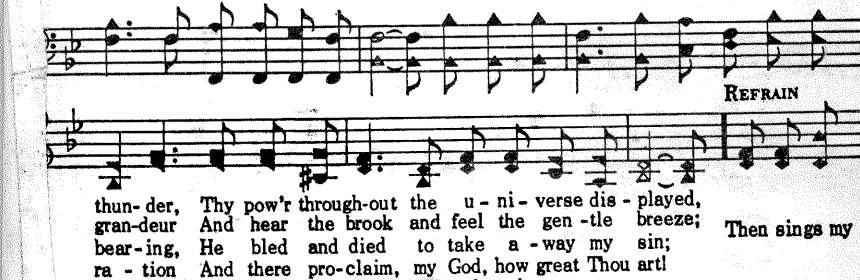
fu-ture, And life is worth the liv-ing just be-cause He lives.



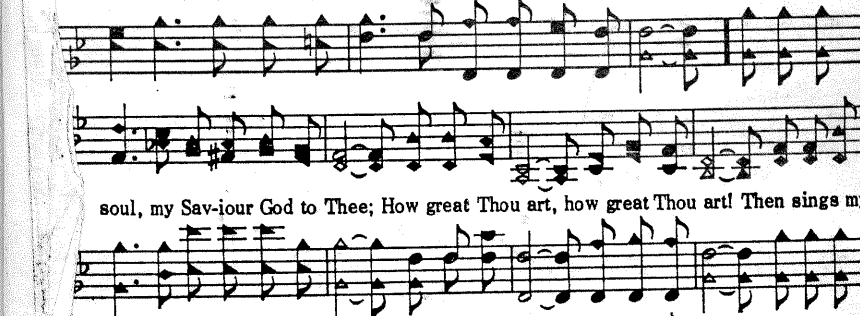
1. O Lord my God! When I in awe-some won-der Con-sid-er
2. When through the woods and for-est glades I wan-der And hear the
3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar-ing, Sent Him to
4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion And take me



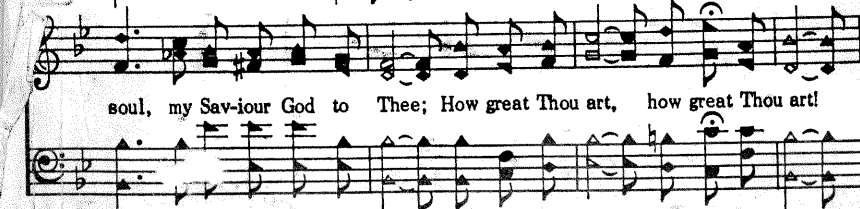
all the *worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll-ing
birds sing sweet-ly in the trees; When I look down from loft-y moun-tain
die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my bur-den glad-ly
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum-ble ad-o-



REFRAIN
thun-der, Thy pow'r through-out the u-ni-verse dis-played,
gran-deur And hear the brook and feel the gen-tle breeze; Then sings my
bear-ing, He bled and died to take a-way my sin;
ra-tion And there pro-claim, my God, how great Thou art!



soul, my Sav-iour God to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art! Then sings my



soul, my Sav-iour God to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art!

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