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Songs for Soul-Winning

J. E. Sturgis

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SONGS FOR SOUL-WINNING

COMPiled BY
J. E. STURGIS

The Standard Publishing Company
Cincinnati, O.
1. They crucified the Lord on Calvary,... They placed a crown of thorns upon His head; O my Father, Lord, He cried, Ere He bowed His head and died, Forgive them for 'they know not what they do; It is finished now, He said, now, The debt is paid, the world's redeemed from sin; Victory the angels cried, day, The time had come and death received its doom; He has risen, Mary said,

2. For you He shed His blood on Calvary,... For you He gave His life so free from stain; Innocence was on His brow, When He whispered, Take me bore Him to His tomb; Angels rolled the stone away, On the resurrection And the ransom has been paid, And He gave His life and all for you,... While the blood flowed from His side, For He gave His precious blood for you,... Lo, He lives who once was dead, And He's waiting now to welcome you,...
Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber.  
Ad. by J. G. Walton.

1. Faith of our fathers! living still,  In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:  
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  Were still in heart and conscience free;  
3. Faith of our fathers! we will love  Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy  When'er we hear that glorious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate,  If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  By kind-ly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our Fathers! holy faith!  We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our Fathers! holy faith!  We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our Fathers! holy faith!  We will be true to thee till death!
I Love Him Because He First Loved Me.

FRANK E. ROUGH. Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis.

1. Christ Je - sus my Lord from heav - en came, To save me from guilt and
   sin and shame; His death on the cross of Cal - va - ry, Brought
   par - don and gave me lib - er - ty.

2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart - broken in dark Geth -
   sem - a - ne, While an - gels from bless - ed realms of light Gave
   strength to His ach - ing heart that night. I love Him be - cause He
   dark-ness came o - ver earth and sky.

3. Up Cal - va - ry's hill the cross He bore, And for me a crown of
   thorns He wore; They nailed Him up - on the tree to die, Then
   now I love Him as He loves me.

4. My Lord who was slain by sin - ful man, A won - der - ful Friend to
   me has been; He rose from the tomb with vic - to - ry, And
   first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be -

CHORUS.

cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

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Blanche Kerr Brock.

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;

So won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Sav-ior to me . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . For He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;

I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.
Tell It Wherever You Go.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles assail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

If into your darkness His light has shown in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows over-whelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un-till you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

CHORUS
Tell it, tell it, Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!
Win the One Next to You.

Chas. H. Forsyth and Haldor Lillenas.

Copyright, 1916, by Chas. H. Forsyth.

Chas. H. Forsyth.

1. If you would work for the Master today Win the one next to you;
   If you would show some poor wand’rer the way: O, do;
   Win the one next to you; Tell him of Jesus the mighty to save, And win the one next to you.

2. Have you looked o’er the great harvest field; Seeking for work to do; Hasten, go forth, reap the golden yield, And tell him the story of Jesus the mighty to save, And win the one next to you.

3. Close to your door may be some one in sin, Tell Him the story true; Of Him who died that poor soul to win,—O, tell him the story true, Of Him who died that poor soul to win,—O, tell him the story true.

4. You may not go to a far heathen land Or to a country new; But in your home for the Master stand, And tell him the story true, Of Him who died that poor soul to win,—O, tell him the story true, Of Him who died that poor soul to win,—O, tell him the story true.

Chorus.

Win the one next to you. Win the one next to you, to you, to you.
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast 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.

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died
nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy precious, blessed side.
Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.  

Copyright, 1912, by Charlie D. Tillman.  
Robert H. Coleman, Owner.  
Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sinking deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Very deeply  
   In His blessed presence live, Ever His praises sing. Love so mighty and so true  
   Stained within, sinking to rise no more; But the Master of the sea  
   He's the Master of the sea, 

2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling, In His blessed  
   Souls in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves; He will lift you  
   But the Master of the sea  
   His will obey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved today.  

3. When nothing else could help, Love lifted me. Love lifted me.  

Chorus.

Love lifted me!..... Love lifted me!.....  

Even me!  

When nothing else could help, Love lifted me. Love lifted me.
Wonderful Peace.

Copyright, 1923, The Standard Publishing Company
Haldor Lillenas.

1. Coming to Jesus my Savior, I found Wonderful peace,
2. Peace like a river, so deep and so broad, Wonderful peace,
3. Peace like a holy and infinite calm, Wonderful peace,
4. Gone is the battle that once raged within, Wonderful peace,

I have peace, sweet peace.

God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, wonderful peace;

refrain.

Peace, peace, glorious peace, Since my Redeemer has

ransomed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.
9 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 52 = \( \frac{j}{4} \)

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
   old, old story; Then, when twilight falls, and my Savior calls,
   I shall go to Him in glory.

2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the journey
   will be ended; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
   with every burden down, And with Jesus reign forever.

3. Tho' the hills be steep and the valleys deep, With no flow'r's my
   way adorning; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
   lay every burden down, And with Jesus reign forever.

4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my
   heart is burning! Never more to sigh, never more to die-
   Joy awaits me in the morning.

CHORUS.

I'll exchange my cross for a
With eternity is blended.
For that day my heart is yearning.

starry crown, Where the gates swing outward never; At His feet I'll
1. Dark clouds may oft'en hide the goal, But fear will nev-er sway my soul;
2. He loves my soul, and knows the way And my great need of Him each day;
3. That I to Him may faith-ful prove He o-ver-flows my soul with love,
4. I've proved my Sav-ior o'er and o'er, Each day I love and praise Him more;

For He who bled to make me whole, Will nev-er let go my hand.
And, lest from His dear side I stray, He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And tells me of my home a-bove; He'll nev-er let go my hand.
And, till I'm safe on heav-en's shore, He'll nev-er let go my hand.

CHORUS.

He'll nev-er let go my hand; Se-cure in His love I stand;
firm-ly stand;

This wonderful Friend will be true to the end, He'll never let go my hand.
I've found a Friend all in all to me,
No other Friend so true;
I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;
I'm leaning now on His
love He said to me.
"Come, weary one, I will
ransomed me, And what His grace can do for you.....
mighty arm, I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me eternally.....

CHORUS.
Saved..... by His pow'r divine, Saved..... to new life sublime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!
1. The service of Jesus true pleasure affords, In Him there is joy within;
2. It pays to serve Jesus what'ere may be tide, It pays to be true whate'er betide;
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to out an alloy;

... Joy; 'Tis heaven to trust Him and rest on His words; It e'er you may do; 'Tis riches of mercy in Him to abide; It beck-on us home, Our precious Redeemer each toil will repay; It

CHORUS.

It pays to serve Jesus each day. It pays to serve Jesus, it pays ev'ry day, It pays ev'ry step of the way; Tho' the path-way to

... glory may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

Sturgis and Shields sing this duet on Columbia record, made for the Standard Publishing Co.
That Is Where I Want to Go.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosely.

T. B. Mosley.

1. There's a brighter world than this, There's a home of changeless bliss, Where the ransomed
2. Here there's sin and death and pain, Cherished hopes are often vain, And the stormy
3. I have loved ones o-ver there, Forms so dear, and faces fair, And they walk with
4. On-ly thru the Sav-ior's grace, Can we reach that ho-ly place, For His righteou-

ones e-ter-nal life shall know; From His glory-gleaming throne, Jesus smiles up-
winds of sor-row fierce-ly blow; There they never feel a fear, There they nev-
Christ in robes as white as snow; They'll be looking out for me, And I long their
ness on us He must be-stow; All who love and serve Him here, Shall receive a

D. S.—That is where I want to go, Vast e-ter-ni-

on His own, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
shed a tear, O I tell you that is where I want to go. That is where I
smiles to see, O I tell you that is where I mean to go.
welcome there, O my brother, tell me, don't you want to go!

Fine Refrain.

ty to spend, O I tell you that is where I want to go.

D. S.

want to go, That is where I want to go, When this earth-ly life shall end,
I'm Trusting My All In His Hand.

Dr. W. S. Martin.

Copyright, 1923, by J. E. Sturgis

1. Praise God, from all guilt I am free, Redeemed in God's presence I stand;
2. From power of sin He doth save; And as I obey each command,
3. I see but a step at a time, I know not what Jesus has planned;

Christ died, and His cross is my plea, I'm trusting my past in His hand.
His wonderful grace I may have; My present is safe in His hand.
To trust is a pleasure sublime, My future is safe in His hand.

CHORUS.

I'm trusting my all in His hand... I'm trusting my all in His hand...
His hand, His hand;

On the great judgment day, I'll be willing to say, I'm trusting my all in His
I'm trusting my all in His hand...

J. E. Sturgis sings this song on Columbia record, made for The Standard Publishing Co.
The Old Rugged Cross.

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
   suff'ring and shame. And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
   cross, the old rugged cross,... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world; Has a wondrous at-
   FOR a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll cherish the old rugged
   cross, the old rugged cross,... And exchange it some day for a crown.

3. In the old rugged cross stained with blood so divine, A
   beautiful I see, For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
   cross, the old rugged cross,... And exchange it some day for a crown.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-
   To bear it to dark Calvary.
   Where His glory forever I'll share.
   cross, the old rugged cross,... And exchange it some day for a crown.

G. B. SOLO.

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16 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. Hoffman.


1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ever-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ever-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ever-

last- ing Arms! What a blessed- ness, what a peace is mine,
last- ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last- ing Arms! I have bless- ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean- ing on the Ev- er- last- ing Arms! Lean- ing,
Lean- ing on Jesus.

Lean- ing, Safe and se- cure from all al- arms; Lean- ing,
Lean- ing on Jesus.

Lean- ing, Lean- ing on the Ev- er- last- ing Arms,
Lean- ing on Jesus,
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

ARR. 4th V. and arr. by C. R. S.

George A. Minor

ARR. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1911. BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
4. Blessed who-so-ev-er is the in-vi-ta-tion, We are all in-clud-ed,

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,

CHORUS.

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

17

saying "who-so-ev-er" He in-clud-ed me. He in-clud-ed me, He in-

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves,
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves,

souls to Christ, We shall come rejoicing, bringing souls to Christ; bringing souls to Christ,

in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves,
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves,
Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.


Andante.

1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
2. All along life's rugged road, Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
3. Thro' the sunlit ways of life Jesus leads, Jesus leads,

Daily finds us pastures new, Jesus leads, Jesus leads;
Till we reach you blest abode, Jesus leads, Jesus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Jesus leads, Jesus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - ry line recedes,

He will watch them lest they stray, Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
Safe in to the folds of God Jesus leads, Jesus leads,
He will spread the waves aside, Jesus leads, Jesus leads.
The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

H. L.

1. Are you walking the path that is leading To the home-land of
beauties untold? Are the pastures in which you are feeding, Near the
mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and confusion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your pathway, unerring, be wending Tow'rd the
blessings untold? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

2. Are you walking the path of de-lusion, Far a-way on the
way from the gates of gold?
beauti-ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.

3. Soon the journey of earth shall be end-ing, And the sto-ry of
O the beauti-ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walking to-

4. Will you come to the Sav-ior for guid-ance To this land rich with
beauti-ful gates of gold?
beauti-ful gates of gold?
beauti-ful gates of gold?

CHORUS.

O the beauti-ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walking to-day
In the heav-en-ward way, To the beauti-ful gates of gold (of gold)?
The City of Dreams.


Jessie Brown Pounds.

Chas. M. Gabriel.

1. There's a City of Dreams, thro' the mist sends its gleams Of sapphire and jasper and gold, And they fall thro' the gray o'er a travel-worn way, song I can hear; And the things of my sight seem to fade in to night, beckoning gleams, For the way is not long as I list to the song.

2. There are times when it seems, this fair City of Dreams, So close that its beauty that can not be told. As visions of glory appear. O the City of Dreams that so near to me seems, Where rest comes when toiling is done! O the rest comes when toiling is done!

3. O my soul, be thou strong, for the way is not long,—I follow the City four-square, beyond earthly compare, The City that needs not the sun.
Going On.

1. The fires of the sun shall be quenched at last, And the steadfast
2. As souls that re-mem-ber and feel and thrill, We shall live when
3. From glo-ry to glo-ry our path shall be, And from grace to

stars be gone; But souls of the ran-somed shall live in strength, And they
seas are dry; As sep-a-rate be-ings, to love and will, We shall
per-fect grace; Thro' all the wide years of e-ter-ni-ty, We shall

still shall be go-ing on. Go-ing on, go-ing on,
live, nev-er-more to die.
look on our dear Lord's face.

*They still shall be go-ing on; For-ev-er and aye,

thro' e-ter-nal day, *They still shall be go-ing on, (go-ing on.)

*Use word we after 2nd and 3rd verses.
O Praise His Name.

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Dr. W. S. Martin. Hawaiian Folk Song.
Arr. T. B. Mosley.

1. Seated now upon the throne of mercy, Is Jesus, our beloved Lord; It is finished, was the cry He offered now on high; "Once for all" He suffered for transgression, long foretold; When He comes again in clouds of glory, godly fear? Are we ready now to meet the Savior?

2. The High Priest for us is interceding, His blood is speaking... When He opened up the living way to God.
Now He lives and never more can Jesus die.

3. Blessed hope that one day we shall see Him, The day by prophets...
Ev'ry eye His wondrous glory shall behold.
As the great day of His coming draweth near.

4. Are we ris'n with Him, and walking daily in holiness and...

CHORUS.

O praise His name, His holy name, For us in glory our Redeemer lives;

And O what joy, what holy joy, This blest assurance ever gives.
Standing On the Promises.

Let His praises ring; Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear assail, By the living word of God I shall prevail,
by love's strong cord, Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' eternal ages
2. Standing on the promises that can not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him eternal
4. Standing on the promises I can not fall, Listening every moment

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the promises of God my Saviour; Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises,

I'm standing on the promises of God.
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys abroad, We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high, Zion; We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.

And thus surround the throne. We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful

Or walk the golden streets.

To fairer worlds on high.
25  Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ever - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bill - lows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or, tempest - tossed,

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be lost.

D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

26  Blest Be the Tie.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual bur - dens bear;

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.
O to Be Faithful.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. O to be faith - full O to be true! Thy bless-ed bid - ding
2. From wea-ry should - ers, lift - ing the load, Help-ing some broth-er
3. O for the bless - ing Thou canst be-stow, Our lives transform - ing

eager to do; Hum - ble and low - ly, seek - ing Thy way,
o-ver the road; Reaching to oth - ers, kind, friendly hands,
Thy life to show; Strengthen and keep us, guide and de - fend,

CHORUS.

Hap - py to serve Thee, glad to o - bey. Grant us, dear Sav - ior,
Plant - ing a gard - en 'mid des - ert sands.
Till we shall praise Thee, world without end. Grant us, dear Savior,

ris - en a - bove, More of Thy Spir - it,

more of Thy love; Liv - ing Re-deem - er, help us to

* A few selected voices should sing the grace notes.
0 to Be Faithful.

be, Stead-i-ly grow-ing, dai-ly like Thee, help us to be, Stead-i-ly growing like Thee.

28

God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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C. D. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you take care of you.
If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
sum-shine that I, in peace, abide; But this one thing I know—
deserts to those in sinful strife; And tho’ it be my lot—

2. It may be I must carry the blessed word of life Across the burning
burdens beyond the billow’s foam, I’ll prove my faith in Him—

3. But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
follow the leading of His word; But if to go or stay, or,
it be dark or fair, If Jesus is with me, I’ll go anywhere!

4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord; It is but mine to
whether here or there, I’ll be, with my Savior, content anywhere!

Chorus.

If Jesus goes with me, I’ll go... Anywhere! ’Tis heaven to me, Where

ever I may be, If He is there! I count it a privilege here... His
If Jesus Goes With Me.

cross to bear; If Jesus goes with me, I'll go Anywhere!

His cross to bear;

The Years Can Not Take Him Away.

Copyright, 1922, by The Standard Publishing Co.

Maud Frazer Jackson.

Duet.

1. Since to me the friend of sinners Spoke His kind forgiving words, This glad
2. Then why should my heart be troubled O'er the days that are ahead, Since my
3. Oh, the years, like waves of ocean, Sweep away beloved things; Jesus
4. Till you find a friend in Jesus You can never know true joy; He's the

song my heart keeps singing, Sweeter than the song of birds.
Lord will not forsake me, Since by love my soul is led. The years can not
stands, the Rock of Ages, Unto Him my soul shall cling.
peace earth never giveth, Peace that nothing can destroy.

take Him away, With me the dear Savior will stay; His

love knows no shadow of turning, The years can not take Him away.
Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.

Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis and D. S. Twobig.

J. E. Sturgis.

1. When your heart with life’s burdens is weary, And the pathway a-
2. “Come to me” is the kind invitation Of Jesus, your
3. When the trials of life are all ended, When you reach the glad

round you is drear, There is one who is always beside you, Your
Savior and Lord; Lean on Him, there is rest on His bosom, Find
home of the blest, You will dwell in the glory with Jesus, For-

Chorus.

cry of distress He will hear. Go tell your story to
comfort in His holy word. Go tell the

Jesus, He is your Savior and Guide; He
story to Jesus,
Savior and Guide;

came from above, in infinite love, To save you on Calvary He died;
Go Tell Your Story to Jesus.

Trust-ing this gracious Re-deem - er, You may your courage re - new;
Trust - ing this gracious Redeemer,

Go tell your sto - ry to Je - sus, Find out how much He loves you.

He loves you.

Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly

Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Norris.

J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D. C.-Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
1. There's a place for ev 'ry work-er
   In the vine-yard of the Lord,

2. There's a place for ev 'ry teach-er
   In the Bi - ble train-ing school,

3. There's a place for ev 'ry Chris·tian
   In the church which we should serve,

Where with all our pow'rs u - nit - ed,
   We can toil with one ac - cord;
Where our na-tures are made sweeter
   As we teach the Gold-en Rule;
Where we may up-hold her standards
   And from du - ty nev - er swerve;

There are need - y hearts now wait-ing
   For the help which we can give,
There's a call for loy - al serv - ice,
   Where we all may work and pray;
There are bur-dens to be lift - ed,
   There are hearts in pain and grief,

Let us guide them safe-ly on-ward,
   Let us show them how to live.
Let us then be up and do - ing,
   Teaching men the Sav-ior's way.
Let us help the heav-y la-den
   Bringing com-fort and re - lief.

CHORUS.

There's a place... oh, may I find it,
   Where my mission I can fill,

There's a place, oh, may I find it,
   Where my mis-sion I can fill,
Help Me Find My Place.

Be it humble or exalted, may I hold it with a will;

Help to serve... my generation With a heart of love and grace,

Help me, Lord... from this time onward, Find and occupy my place.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;

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?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy Word.
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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

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

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

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

Chorus.

The winds and the waves shall o-be Thy will, Peace . . . be still . . .
Peace, be still peace, be still
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what ever it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!
1. When my earthly day is waning And my mortal robe I fold,
   With the dawn-ing of eternity begun; I shall enter gates of
   pearl to walk on streets of shining gold, In that city where they
   need no sun.

2. O'er the fields of endless glory I shall wander with delight,
   For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sorrow, no more
   praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of many
   need no sun. In that city where they need no sun,..... When at
   vast domain.

3. With the countless blood washed millions I shall sing beyond the skies,
   waters this triumphant song shall rise, And resound throughout God's
   last my earthly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Revel
   my race is won.
Where They Need No Sun:

P'---'---+,~--
in His love and grace In that cit-y where they need no sun......

37

Jesus is Calling.


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not tum Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call-ing to-day! Call-ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!

Je-sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

Why Not Now?

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

While our Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God thy face, But today accept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

Chorus.

Why not now? .... why not now?... Why not come to Jesus now?

Why not now? .... why not now?.... Why not come to Jesus now?
I Am Resolved.

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Palmer Hartsough.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am resolved no longer to linger, Charmed by the world's delight;
2. I am resolved to go to the Saviour, Leaving my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to follow the Saviour, Faithful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to enter the kingdom, Leaving the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without delay,

Chorus.

I will hasten to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
I will hasten to Him, Hasten glad and free.

Jesus, greatest, highest! I will come to Thee.
Jesus, Jesus, greatest, highest!
Come to the Feast.


1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the table now is
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is open
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave every care and world-

spread; Ye famishing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
wide; A place of honor is reserved for you at the Master's side.
thee; Delay not while this day is thine, Tomorrow may never be.
strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ever-lasting life.

CHORUS.

Hear the invitation, Come, "Who-sow-ever
Hear the invitation, "Who-so-ever will." Hear the invitation,

will;" Praise God for full sal-
"Who-so-ever will;" Praise God for full salvation For

va - tion For "Who-so-ever will;"
Don't Turn Him Away.


H. L. Lilienas. Chorus arr.

With feeling.

1. Behold the loving Savior stands outside your bolted door, There
2. He stood there when in childishly play your heart was free from care, And
3. He stood there when your heart was filled with sorrow, grief, and pain, And
4. The blood-stained hands of Christ someday Their gentle knocks will cease, When

CHORUS.

knocking with His nail-pierced hands, As oftentimes before, now when locks are silver gray He is still standing there. Don’t turn Him away, when your life with joy was thrilled He stood there all in vain, you at last have grieved away The blessed Prince of Peace.

way, Don’t turn Him away, He has come back to your heart again, Al-

though you’ve gone astray; Oh how you need Him to plead your case On that eternal

day! Don’t turn the Savior away from your heart, Don’t turn Him away.
42

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

4. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

7. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

10. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

13. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
15. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

16. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
18. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

19. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

22. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

25. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
27. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

28. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
30. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

31. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
33. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

34. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
36. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

37. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"

40. "Almost persuaded," now to believe; "Almost persuaded"
41. "Almost persuaded," come, come today; "Almost persuaded,"
42. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past! "Almost persuaded,"

43. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, O why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further delay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother? His Spirit now striving with-in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The harvest is passing away; Your
Why Do You Wait?

Savior is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng
no one to save you but Jesus, There's no other way but His way.
why not accept His salvation, And throw off thy burden of sin.
Savior is longing to bless you; There's danger and death in delay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

Just As I Am.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you desire a new life to begin, Let Jesus come into your heart.

2. If 'tis for purity now that you sigh, Let Jesus come into your heart; Fountains are cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart.

3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Jesus come into your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart.

4. If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.

Chorus.

Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now reject Him no more, Just now throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

1. I've wandered far away from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of

2. I've wasted many precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-

3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy

4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My struggle re-

5. My only hope, my only plea, Now I'm coming home; That Jesus

6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me
Lord, I'm Coming Home.

CHORUS.

sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
pest with bit- ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home,
new, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

Nevermore to roam; O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

47

There Is Joy.

Margaret Moody.

Copyright, 1892, by R. M. McIntosh.

W. A. Ogden.

1. When a sin- ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, . . . . . . there is joy;
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright,
3. When the Word and Spirit a-bide with-in,

There is joy, there is joy;

When he turns to God in the go - pel way, There is joy, . . . . . . there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the go - pel light,
Then we o - vercome in the fight with sin; There is joy, there is joy.

CHORUS.

There is joy among the angels, And their harps with music ring,
When a sin-ner comes repenting, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . ) Bending low before the King.
48  

**Love Divine.**

Charles Wesley.  

1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown; Jesus, Thou art all compassion, for, un-Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest; Take away the love of sinning; Alpha turn, and nev-er, Nevermore Thy temples lean; Thou we would be always blessing, Sams Thee whole sal-va-tion Perfectly secured by Thee; Changed from glory into glory, Till in bounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev'ry trembling heart, and O-mega be; End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.

as Thy hosts a-bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy perfect love! heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

2. Breathe, 0 breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its begin-ning, Set our hearts at liberty.

as Thy hosts above, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love! we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive; Sudden-ly re comes We take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a- tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our

49  

**Joy to the World.**

Rev. Isaac Watts.  

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'-ry

2. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to

3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries
Joy to the World.

heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
make His bless-ing flow Far as the curse is found, Far
of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and heav'n and na-ture sing.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won-ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

50

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro’ the morn-ing hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . .) Work ’mid springing
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thru the sun-ny noon;
Fill brightest hours with la-bor, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . .) Rest comes sure and
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set sky,
While the bright tints are glow-ing, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . .) Work, for day-light

D. C. Work, for the night is coming, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . ) When man’s work is
D. C. Work, for the night is coming, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . ) When man works no
D. C. Work while the night is darkening, (Omit . . . . . . . . . . . . ) When man’s work is

FINE.

flow’rs. Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
soon. Give ev-’ry fly-ing min-ute Something to keep in store;
flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more,

done.
more.
o’er.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.


1: Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going before;
2. At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to victory!
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the royal Master, Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See His banner go!
Hell's foundations quake At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices. Loud your anthems raise.
We are not divided One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
Glory, laud and honor Un to Christ, the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Refrain.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going before.

"Whosoever Will."

F. P. B.

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1. "Whosoever heareth, shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-e-ev-er man is found;
Tell the joy-ful news wher-e-ev-er man is found;

2. "Whoso-ev-er cometh not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Now the do- or is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;

3. "Whoso-ev-er will, the promise is secure; "Whoso-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
"Whoso-ev-er will," tis life for ev-er more;
"Whoso-ev-er will," tis life for ev-er more;

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come," "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will:" Send the proclamation o-ver vale and hill.
'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'ring home.

D.S. "Whosoever will may come,"

procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill: 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'ring home:
53

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,


1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; On this terrestrial ball, We at His feet may fall, To Him all majesty, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Let every kindred, every tribe, Ye shall be a cross Towards the way appear, That raiseth me, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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

54

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.


1. All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

55

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Even tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

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

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

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

**1.** Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine! 

**2.** Perfect submission, perfect delight; Visions of rapture now bless my sight. 

**3.** Perfect submission, all is at rest; In my Saviour am happy and blest.

---

**Chorus.**


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**He Leadeth Me.**

**1.** He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught! 

**2.** Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, 

**3.** Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine; No e'er murmur or despair, 

**4.** And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory won,

---

**Chorus.**

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

---
I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

1. I love to tell the story, Of un-seen things a-bove,
2. I love to tell the story; More won-der-ful it seems
3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis plea-sant to re-peat
4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best

Of Je-sus and His love,
Of all our gold-en dreams,
More won-der-ful sweet,
To bear it like the rest.

Seem hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing
Than all the gold-en fan-cies
What seems, each time I tell it,
Seem hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing

I love to tell the story,
Be-cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
I love to tell the story,
For some have nev-er heard
To bear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glo-ry,

Oh! that beautiful city,
With mansions of light,
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the an-gels are us-ing, Is my name written there?

It sat-is-fies my long-ings as noth-ing else would do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
The mes-sage of sal-va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have lov-ed so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,

3. Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are using, Is my name written there?
Stand Up for Jesus.


1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiery of the cross; Lift high His royal banner, Till ev'ry foe is vanquished.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict, In this His glorious day.

3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone; The strife will not be long;

4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song;

It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.


1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea: Unknown waves before me roll,

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Distant waters, obey Thy will

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar "Twixt me and the peaceful rest,

When Thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Then, while leaning on Thy breast, When I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee,"

Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoals;
Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Rock of Ages.


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

2. Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and Thou alone:

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

Let me hide myself in Thee.

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

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What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry
   D. S.—All because we do not carry

Fine

D. S.

Ev'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
   All our sins and griefs to bear!
   What a privilege to carry
   Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
   Is there trouble anywhere?
   We should never be discouraged,
   Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
   Cumbered with a load of care?
   Precious Savior, still our refuge,
   Take it to the Lord in prayer.

4 Can we find a friend so faithful,
   Who will all our sorrows share?
   Jesus knows our every weakness,
   Take it to the Lord in prayer.

The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'Kane, Owner of Copyrights

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. Think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints, all im-
   mer-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.

2. Think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
   breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a-way from my
   heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me, o-ver there.

4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma-ny dear to my
   home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.

f i n e

O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
**Nearer the Cross.**

Mrs. F. J. Crosby.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, nearer the cross from day to day,
2. nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I am coming nearer, feasting my soul on manna sweet,
3. nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I am coming nearer, deeper the love my soul desires.

I am coming nearer; nearer the cross where Jesus died, nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
I am coming nearer; stronger in faith, more clear I see Jesus, who gave Himself for me;
I am coming nearer; nearer the end of toil and care, nearer the joy I long to share,

Nearer my Saviour's wounded side, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer,
Nearer to Him I still would be; Still I'm coming nearer, still I'm coming nearer,
Nearer the crown I soon shall wear, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer.

---

**Yield Not to Temptation.**

H. P. P.

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin, Each victory will help you
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue, Look ever to Jesus,
Shun evil companions, bad language disdain, God's name hold in reverence,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Jesus,
To him that overcometh, God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer,
He who is our Saviour, our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus,

CHORUS.

Some other to win; He'll carry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll carry you thro'. Ask the Saviour to help you,
Tho' often cast down; He'll carry you thro'.

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.
67

Abide With Me.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A·bide with me! Fast falls the e·ven· tide, The dark·ness deep·ens—Lord, with me a·bid·e!
2. Swift to its close eb·bes out life's lit·tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo·ries pass a·way;
3. I need Thy pre·sen·ce ev·ry pass·ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be·fore my clos·ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth·er help·ers fail, and com·forts flee, Help of the help·less, oh, a·bide with me!
Change and de·cay in all a·round I see; O Thou who changest not, a·bide with me!
Who, like Thy·self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a·bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's rain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a·bide with me!

68

Sun of My Soul.

Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav·ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind·ly sleep My wea·ried eye·lid gen·tly steep, Be my last
3. Abide with me from mom till eve, For with-out Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere tho' the world my way I take, Abide with me till in Thy love, I lose myself in heaven above.

69

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

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 im·part Strength to my faint·ing heart, My zeal in·spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a·round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark·ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold oun·stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav·ior

while I pay, Take all my sins a·way, O let me from this day Be whole·ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and change·less be, A liv·ing fire
then, in love, Fear and dis·trust re·move; O bear me safe a·bove,—A ran·somed soul.
Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Julia Ward Howe.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terror tar in the evening dews and mists; I can read His right-ous sentence by the dim and heart of men before His judgment seat; O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be just-bosom that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and mists; I can read His right-ous sentence by the dim and heart of men before His judgment seat; O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be just-bosom that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make

3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; Reckless his words, and🏛️, The Father waits. We will offer our tribute of praise, For the glorious

4. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His

5. In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in His

Fine Chorus.

Sweet By-and-By.
S. Fillmore Bennett.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.

2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-dious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall

3. To our home-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will offer our tribute of praise, For the glo-rious

Chorus.

5. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.

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Chorus.
72 My Jesus I Love Thee.

1. My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fowl of sin I re-sign;
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;

My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou; If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dey lies cold on my brow; "If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now,"
I'll sing with the glorious crown on my brow; "If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now,"

73 Now the Day is Over.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steel across the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet reposè; With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning walks, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

dawning Steel across the sky.

74 Come, Thou Almighty King.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - tar - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al -
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est praise - es be Hence, ever more! His sov' - reign

gló - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of day;
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend;
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!
75 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt. 

B. Schmolke.  

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In to Thy hand of love I would my all re-sign; 
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! The seen thr'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-appear; 
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee; 

76 Lead, Kindly Light. 

J. H. Newman.  

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; 
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now 
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till 

77 Break Thou the Bread of Life. 

Mary Ann Lathbury.  

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea, 
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal-i-lee; 
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy di-ci-ples lived In Gal-i-lee; 

Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O Liv-ing Word! 
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fret-ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All. 
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-tory won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv-ing One.
Jesus Lover of My Soul.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.

2. Other refuge have I none;Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;More than all in Thee I find; Rejoice the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams a - bide

storm of life is past;Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

help from Thee I bring;Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

all un - right - eous - ness;Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace,

let me take of Thee;Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, Hide me, O, my Savior hide,

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

Gome, Ye Disconsolate.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where - ever you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stra - y - ing, Hope of the pen - - tent, fade - less and pure;

3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure," Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.
Jesus Gall Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

1. Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me." Keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more." 

2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each idol that would bind us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more." 

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

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

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray. Find in me thine all in all." 

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

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

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

Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am. 

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am. 

3. No preparation can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am. 

4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I cannot move, Oh, take me as I am. 

D. S. — Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am. 

D. S.

Fine Chorus.
Glory to His Name.


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, Glory to His name.
   There to my heart was the blood applied;

2. Down at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
   There to my heart was the blood applied,

D.C. — There to my heart was the blood applied;

Chorus.

Glory to His name, Glory to His name;

Glor. to His name.

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

D.C. — There to my heart was the blood applied;

Glory to His name.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. First Tune P.M. John Wyeth.

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

D.C. — Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!

2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
   Hither by Thy help I'll come;
   Jesus sought me when a stranger,
   Safely to arrive at home;
   Interposed His precious blood.

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

D.C. — There to my heart was the blood applied;

Glory to His name.

Blessed Be the Name.


1. For a thousand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
   The glories of my God and King! Blessed be the name of the Lord!

2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
   'Tis music in the sinner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

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

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

James Nicholson.

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want Thee forever to live in my soul; Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and what-ever I know;

I. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
I want Thee forever to have my soul;

CHORUS.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidest nay
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus,
D. S.—Sweetest carol ever sung, "I Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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

3. All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear;

4. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
I love the name of Jesus;
The charming name of Jesus.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

1. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul returning from the wild;
2. Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer now is reconciled;
3. Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast today, Angels swell the glad triumphant strain,

D.C.—Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

Glor-y! glo-r-y! how the angels sing; Glor-y! glo-r-y! how the loud harps ring;
Only Trust Him.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev•ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord; And He will surely give you rest By trusting in His word. You are washed white as snow. You are fully blest. You are im•mer•tal flow. He will save you. He will save you. He will save you now.

2. For Je•sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless•ings to bestow; Plunge now in•to the crimson flood That trust•ing in His word. Washes white as snow. You are fully blest. You are im•mer•tal flow. He will save you. He will save you. He will save you now.

3. Yes, Je•sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in•to rest; Be•lieve in Him without de•lay, And trusting in His word. Washes white as snow. You are fully blest. You are im•mer•tal flow. He will save you. He will save you. He will save you now.

4. Come, then, and join this bo•ly band, And on to glo•ry go, To dwell in that ce•les•tial land, Where trusting in His word. Washes white as snow. You are fully blest. You are im•mer•tal flow. He will save you. He will save you. He will save you now.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

E. D. Rimbault.

1. O hap•py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav•ior and my God! I Hap•py day, hap•py day,

2. O hap•py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer•its all my love! I Hap•py day, hap•py day.

3. Well may this glowing heart re•joice, And tell its rap•tures all a•broad, I Hap•py day, hap•py day,

4. Let cheerful an•thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move, I Hap•py day, hap•py day.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je•sus who died And is now gone a•bove.

2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir•it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.

3. All glo•ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, And has cleansed ev•ry stain.

4. Re•vive us a•gain; Fill each beast with Thy love, May each soul be re•kindled With fire from a•bove.

Refrain.

Hal•lo•lu•jah! Thine the glo•ry, Hal•lo•lu•jah! A•men! Re•vive us a•gain.
Hold the Fort.

1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Waving in the sky!
   Re-in-force-ments now appearing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
   See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
   Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.

2. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow!
   In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over ev-ry foe.
   See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
   Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.

3. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;
   Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.
   Onward comes our great Com-mand-er,
   In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over ev-ry foe.

4. See the glori-ous banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow!
   In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over ev-ry foe.
   Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;
   Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.

Chorus.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven,"By Thy grace we will."

Must Jesus Bear the Gross Alone?

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmixed love, And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free; Then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
4. Upon the crystal pavement, down, At Jesus pierced feet, Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown And His dear name repeat.

America.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
3. Let mus-i-c swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, An-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!
INDEX

Abide with Me...........................................67
All Hail the Power..................................53
All Hail the Power (2d tune).........................54
Almost Persuaded......................................42
America..................................................95
Am I a Soldier of the Cross?.........................34
Battle Hymn of the Republic..........................70
Blessed Assurance......................................56
Blessed Be the Name..................................86
Blest Be the Tie.........................................26
Break Thou the Bread of Life........................77
Bringing in the Sheaves................................17

Come, Thou Almighty King..........................74
Come, Thou Fount......................................85
Come, Ye Disconsolate................................80
Don't Turn Him Away..................................41
Draw Me Nearer..........................................6

Faith of Our Fathers..................................1
Glory to His Name......................................84
God Will Take Care of You...........................28
Going On..................................................21
Go Tell Your Story (solo).............................31
He Leadeth Me...........................................57
He'll Never Let Go My Hand...........................10
Help Me Find My Place................................33
He's a Wonderful Saviour to Me......................3
Hold the Fort............................................93

I Am Resolved..........................................39
I Love Him Because.....................................2
I Love to Tell the Story................................58
If Jesus Goes with Me..................................29
I'm Trusting My All.....................................14
Is My Name Written There?...........................59
It Pays to Serve Jesus (duet).........................12

Jesus Calls Us..........................................81
Jesus Is Calling.........................................37
Jesus Leads (duet)......................................18
Jesus, Lover of My Soul...............................78
Jesus, Lover of My Soul (2d tune)....................79
Jesus Paid It All........................................82
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me...............................61
Joy to the World.........................................49
Just as I Am..............................................44

Lead, Kindly Light......................................76
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms......................16
Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.......................45

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.....................25
Lord, I'm Coming Home................................46
Love Divine..............................................48
Love Lifted Me............................................7

Master, the Tempest Is Raging.......................35
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?.....................94
My Faith Looks Up to Thee..............................69
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.................................75
My Jesus, I Love Thee..................................72

Nearer, My God, to Thee...............................55
Nearer the Cross.........................................65
Now the Day Is Over....................................73

O Happy Day..............................................91
O Praise His Name (duet)..............................22
O to Be Faithful (duet)................................27
Only Trust Him..........................................90
Onward, Christian Soldiers............................51

Revive Us Again.........................................92
Ring the Bells of Heaven...............................89
Rock of Ages.............................................62

Saved, Saved.............................................11
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus........................60
Standing on the Promises..............................23
Sun of My Soul..........................................68
Sweet By and By........................................71

Take Me as I Am.........................................83
Tell It Wherever You Go...............................4
That Is Where I Want to Go............................13
The Beautiful Gates of Gold..........................19
The City of Dreams.....................................20
The Great Physician....................................88
The Home Over There..................................64
The Old Rugged Cross..................................15
The Years Can Not Take (duet).........................30

There Is Joy.............................................47

We Are Marching on to Zion..........................24
What a Friend...........................................63
Where He Leads Me.....................................32
Where the Gates Swing................................9
Where They Need No Sun................................36
Whiter than Snow.......................................37
Whosoever Will.........................................53
Why Do You Wait?........................................43
Why Not Now?............................................38

Win the One Next to You..............................5
Wonderful Peace.........................................8
Work, for the Night Is Coming........................50

Yield Not to Temptation................................66
SONGS FOR SOUL-WINNING

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