SONGS FOR SOUL-WINNING

COMPiled BY

J.E.STURGis

The Standard Publishing Company
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On Calvary.

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A. M. Ball. Arr. by T. B. Mosley.

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 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 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,

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....
Songs for Soul-winning

1. 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 Whene'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!
2 I Love Him Because He First Loved Me.

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

1. Christ Jesus my Lord from heaven came, To save me from guilt and sin and shame; His death on the cross of Calvary, Brought pardon and gave me liberty.

2. He sweat drops of blood in pray'r for me, Heart-broken in dark Gethsemane, While angels from blessed realms of light Gave strength to His aching heart that night. I love Him because 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 wonder-ful Friend to me has been; He rose from the tomb with victo-ry, And first loved me, He first loved me, He first loved me; I love Him be-cause He first loved me, And died on the cross of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

par-don and gave me lib-er-ty.
strength to His ach-ing heart that night. I love Him be-cause He dark-ness came o- ver earth and sky.

now I love Him as He loves me.
He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

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Blenche 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. De-arer 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.

So won-der-ful!

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

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

If into your darkness His light has shown in Tell it wherever you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you abide, Tell it wherever you go.
When sorrows overwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wherever you go.
Until you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wherever you go.

CHORUS.

Tell it, tell it, Tell it wherever you go; If
Tell it that others around you may know,
you would win others from sin and from woe, Tell it wherever you go!
Win the One Next to You.

1. If you would work for the Master to-day
   Win the one next to you;
2. Have you looked o'er the great harvest field;
   Seeking for work to do;
3. Close to your door may be some one in sin,
   Tell Him the story true;
4. You may not go to a far heathen land
   Or to a country new;

If you would show some poor wanderer the way;
O, hasten, go forth, reap the golden yield, And may not go to a far heathen land
Or to a country new;

But in your home for the Master stand, And might-y to save, And win the one next to you.

Chorus.
Win the one next to you.
Win the one next to you, to you.
Tell him of Jesus the mighty to save, And win the one next to you.

Win the one next to you; to you;
Tell him of Jesus the mighty to save, And win the one next 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

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 sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
   In His bl ess ed presence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing, Love so might - y and so true
   Stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
   Heard my despairing cry, From the wa - ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.

2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I’ll cling, In His blessed
   Souls in dan - ger, look a - bove, Je - sus com - pletely saves; He will lift you
   Mer - its my soul’s best songs; Faithful, lov - ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
   Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

   He will lift you stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
   Pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing, Love so might-y and so true
   By His love Out of the an-gry waves, He’s the Mas-ter of the sea,

CHORUS.

Love lift-ed me! ....... Love lift-ed me! .......

When nothing else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.
Wonderful Peace.

H. L.


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,

wonderful peace; Storms in their fury may rage all around, I have peace, sweet peace.

wonderful peace; Resting my soul on the bosom of God, I have peace, sweet peace.

wonderful peace; Like to the strains of an evening Psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.

wonderful peace; Jesus has saved me and cleansed me from sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

REFRAIN. Peace, peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, wondrous peace, Since my Redeemer has ransomed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, wondrous peace, Since my Redeemer has ransomed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, wondrous peace, Since my Redeemer has ransomed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.
Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

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,
   will be ended; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
   way adorning; Though the night be lone and my rest a stone,
   heart is burning! Never more to sigh, never more to die—

2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the journey
   1. I shall go to Him in glory.
   With eternity is blended. I'll exchange my cross for a
   Joy awaits me in the morning.
   For that day my heart is yearning.

3. Tho' the hills be steep and the valleys deep, With no flow'r's my
   Chorus
   starry crown, Where the gates swing outward never; At His feet I'll

4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my
   lay every burden down, And with Jesus reign forever.
1. Dark clouds may oft'en hide the goal, But fear will never 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 faithful prove He over-flows my soul with love,
4. I've proved my Savior o'er and o'er, Each day I love and praise Him more;

For He who bled to make me whole, Will never let go my hand. 
And, lest from His dear side I stray, He'll never let go my hand. 
And tells me of my home above; He'll never let go my hand. 
And, till I'm safe on heaven's shore, He'll never let go my hand.

CHORUS.

He'll never let go my hand; Secure in His love I stand; 
my hand; 
firmly stand;

This wonderful Friend will be true to the end, He'll never let go my hand,
1. I've found a Friend all in all to me, No other Friend so true,
2. He saves me from ev'ry sin and harm, Save my soul each day,
3. When I was need-y and all alone, In 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 et-ter-nal-ly"

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-verse, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r Saved to new life,

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!
It Pays to Serve Jesus.

1. The service of Jesus true pleasure affords, In Him there is joy within;
   Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to you,
   It pays to serve Jesus each day. It pays to serve Jesus, it pays ev'ry day.

2. It pays to serve Jesus what' er may be - tide, It pays to be true what' er may be - tide.
   It e'er you may do; 'Tis riches of mercy in Him to abide; It e'er you may do;
   Tho' the path-way to ev'ry step of the way; Tho' the path-way to ev'ry step of the way;
   Tho' the path-way to ev'ry step of the way;
   Tho' the path-way to ev'ry step of the way;

3. Though the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to you,
   It e'er you may do; 'Tis riches of mercy in Him to abide; It e'er you may do;
   Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to you,
That Is Where I Want to Go.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

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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 fac-es fair, And they walk with
4. On-ly thru the Savi-ior's grace, Can we reach that ho-ly place, For His righteo-

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-er
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.

on His own, 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.

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, . . . .

On the great judgment day, I'll be willing to say, 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.

G. B. SOLO.


1. On a hill far away stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world; Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
traction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau-ty I see, For'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

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

... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.

cross, the

cross, the

cross, the old rug-ged cross,
1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms!

2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms!

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, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms! I have bless- ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms!

REFRAIN.

Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms! Leaning on Jesus,
Leaning, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning, Leaning on Jesus.
Leaning, Leaning on the Ever-last- ing Arms, Leaning on Jesus,
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. 4th v. and arr. by C. R. S.

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

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, 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-ever is the invitation, We are all included,

and the dewy eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit oftentimes grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

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 souls to Christ, bringing

Saying "who-so-ever," He included me; He included 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.
cluded me, Saying "who-so-ever," He included me; He included me.
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, Jesus leads.

2. All along life's rugged road, Jesus leads, Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Jesus leads, Jesus leads, Jesus leads.

Daily finds us pastures new, Jesus leads, Jesus leads; Until we reach you blest abode, Jesus leads, Jesus leads; Thro' the war-rings and the strife Jesus leads, Jesus leads; 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 boundary line recedes, If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds, He will watch them lest they stray, Jesus leads, Jesus leads; Safe into the folds of God Jesus leads, Jesus leads; He will spread the waves aside, Jesus leads, Jesus leads; Jesus leads.
19

The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

H. L.

Copyright, 1911, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with
   beauti-es un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
   mount-ains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con-fus - ion Far a-
   life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend - ing Tow’rd the
   bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

Chorus.

beau - ti - ful gates of gold? O the beau-ti-ful gates of gold,...
way from the gates of gold?
beau - ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.
of gold,

O the beau - ti - ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walking to - day

In the heav-en-ward way, To the beau - ti - ful gates of gold (of gold)?
The City of Dreams.

Jessie Brown Pounds.
Chas. H. 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 into 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 seem 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.

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JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.
May be played in two sharps.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

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

stars be gone; But souls of the ransom shall live in strength, And they
seas are dry; As separate beings, to love and will, We shall
perfect grace; Thro' all the wide years of eternity, We shall

*They still shall be going on; For ever and aye,

thro' eternal day, They still shall be going on, (going on.)

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

Words and arr. copyright, 1923, by The Standard Publishing Co.

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. Every eye His wondrous glory shall behold. As the great day of His coming draweth near,

3. Blessed hope that one day we shall see Him, The day by prophets.

4. Are we risen with Him, and walking daily In holiness and godly fear? Are we ready now to meet the Savior?

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.

R. K. C.


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 life
3. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him eternal love
4. Standing on the promises I can not fall, List'ning ev'ry moment

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,
ly 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,

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.
We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts;

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Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys abroad, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets,manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high,

3. The hill of Zion yields] A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the

4. Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys abroad, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad. We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful.
Or walk the golden streets.
To fairer worlds on high.
sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zion.

Zion; We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.
Zion, Zion.
25

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.  

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

But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.  
Eager eyes are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore.  
Try ing now to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost.  

D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may save.  

CHORUS.  

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!  

26

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.  

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;  
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers;  
3. We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;  

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.  
And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
O to Be Faithful.


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1. O to be faithful O to be true! Thy blessed bidding
2. From weary shoulders, lifting the load, Helping some brother
3. O for the blessing Thou canst bestow, Our lives transforming

\[\text{\textit{Chorus.}}\]

Hap-py to serve Thee, glad to obey. Grant us, dear Savi-\_\_o-\_
\[\text{\textit{Plant-ing a garden 'mid desert sands.}}\]
\[\text{Till we shall praise Thee, world without end.}}\]

\[\text{\textit{Risen above, More of Thy Spirit,}}\]
\[\text{\textit{More of Thy love;}}\]

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

\[\text{* A few selected voices should sing the grace notes.}\]
O 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.
Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis.
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C. D. Martin.

W. S. 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.
If Jesus Goes With Me.

1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, abide; But this one thing I know—
2. It may be I must carry the blessed word of life Across the burning deserts to those in sinful strife; And tho' it be my lot—
3. But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their burdens beyond the billow's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord; It is but mine to follow the leading of His word; But if to go or stay, or, it be dark or fair,

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

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C. Austin Miles.
If Jesus Goes With Me.

1. Since to me the friend of sinners Spoke His kind forgiving words, This glad song my heart keeps singing, Sweeter than the song of birds.
2. Then why should my heart be troubled O'er the days that are ahead, Since my Lord will not forsake me, Since by love my soul is led, The years can not take Him away, With me the dear Savior will stay; His love knows no shadow of turning, The years can not take Him away.
3. Oh, the years, like waves of ocean, Sweep away loved things; Jesus stands, the Rock of Ages, Unto Him my soul shall cling.
4. Till you find a friend in Jesus You can never know true joy; He's the peace earth never giveth, Peace that nothing can destroy.

The Years Can Not Take Him Away.

Maud Frazer Jackson.

1. Since to me the friend of sinners Spoke His kind forgiving words, This glad song my heart keeps singing, Sweeter than the song of birds.
2. Then why should my heart be troubled O'er the days that are ahead, Since my Lord will not forsake me, Since by love my soul is led, The years can not take Him away, With me the dear Savior will stay; His love knows no shadow of turning, The years can not take Him away.
3. Oh, the years, like waves of ocean, Sweep away loved things; Jesus stands, the Rock of Ages, Unto Him my soul shall cling.
4. Till you find a friend in Jesus You can never know true joy; He's the peace earth never giveth, Peace that nothing can destroy.

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Haldor Lillenas.

Duet.
1. When your heart with life's bur-dens is wear-y, And the path-way a-
2. "Come to me" is the kind in- vi-ta-tion Of Je-sus, your
3. When the tri- als of life are all end-ed, When you reach the glad

round you is drear, There is one who is al- ways be-side you, Your
Sav-ior and Lord; Lean on Him, there is rest on His bo-som, Find
home of the blest, You will dwell in the glo-ry with Je-sus, For-

cry of dis-tress He will hear. Go tell your sto-ry to com-fort in His ho-ly word.
ev-er with Him you will rest. Go tell the

Je-sus, He is your Sav-ior and Guide; He
sto-ry to Je-sus, Sav-ior and Guide;

came from a-bove, in in-fin-ite love, To save you on Calv-ry 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.

Where He Leads Me.

1. I can hear my Sav-i-or call-ing, I can hear my Sav-i-or 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-i-or 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.
Help Me Find My Place.
Dedicated to the Loyal Movement.


1. There's a place for ev'ry worker
   In the vine-yard of the Lord,
   Where with all our powers united,
   We can toil with one accord;
   There are needy hearts now waiting
   For the help which we can give.
   Let us guide them safely onward,
   Let us show them how to live.
   There's a place, oh, may I find it,
   Where my mission I can fill.

2. There's a place for ev'ry teacher
   In the Bible training school,
   Where our natures are made sweeter
   As we teach the Golden Rule;
   There's a call for loyal service,
   Where we all may work and pray;
   Let us then be up and doing,
   Teaching men the Savior's way.
   There's a place, oh, may I find it,
   Where my mission I can fill.

3. There's a place for ev'ry Christian
   In the church which we should serve,
   Where we may uphold her standards
   And from duty never swerve;
   There are burdens to be lifted,
   For the help which we can give,
   Let us help the heavy laden
   Bringing comfort and relief.
   There's a place, oh, may I find it,
   Where my mission I can fill.

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 mission I can fill.
Help Me Find My Place.

Be it hum-ble or ex-alt-ed, may I hold it with a will;
Help to serve my gen-er-a-tion With a heart of love and grace,
Help me, Lord, from this time onward, Find and oc-cu-py my place.

Am I a Soldier of the Gross?

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower 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, In-crease my cour-age, 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, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.
35

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high!
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today;
3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest;

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

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

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

Chorus.

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace, be still...
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 dawning of eternity begun; I shall enter gates of
   With the dawning of eternity begun; I shall enter gates of

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
   For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sorrow, no more

3. With the countless blood washed millions I shall sing beyond the skies,
   Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of many
   Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of many

   CHORUS.
   need no sun.
   need no sun. In that city where they need no sun,..... When at
   need no sun. In that city where they need no sun,..... When at

   last my earthly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Revel
   last my earthly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Revel

Where They Need No Sun.

H. L.

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Haldor Lienman.
Where They Need No Sun.

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 turn 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.

Ca ll-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.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far away; 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.

By Palmer Hartsough.

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,

Things that are higher, things that are nobler, These have allured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He saith, do what He willeth, He is the Living Way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may beset me, Still will I enter in.
Taught by the Bible, led by the Spirit, We'll walk the heavenly way.

CHORUS.

I will hasten to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
I will hasten, 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 spread; Ye famishing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.

2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is open wide; A place of honor is reserved for you at the Master's side.

3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; Delay not while this day is thine, Tomorrow may never be strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ever-last-ing life.

4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave every care and worldly  

CHORUS.

Hear the invitation, Come, "whoever will;" Praise God for full salvation For "whoever will;" Praise God for full salvation For "whoever will;"
Don't Turn Him Away.

H. L. Lillenas. Chorus arr.

With feeling.

1. Behold the loving Savior stands out-side your bolt-ed door, There
2. He stood there when in child-ish 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

knocking with His nail-pierced hands, as oftentimes be-fore,
now when locks are sil-ver gray He still is standing there. Don't turn Him a-
when your life with joy was thrilled He stood there all in vain.
you at last have grieved a-way The blessed Prince of Peace.
42

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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

Christ to receive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit,!
turn not away; Jesus invites you here, Angels are
doom comes at last! "Almost" cannot avail; "Almost" is

go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call.
lingering near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost—but lost!"

43

Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Copyright, 1906, by the John Church Co.

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 within? 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, tho' 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!
Fights with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
45 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.  

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; If fountains are cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest, 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; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.

3. If there's a tempest your voice can not still, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you desire a new life to begin, Let Jesus come into your heart; If fountains are cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come into your heart.

4. If you would join the glad songs of the blast, Let Jesus come into your heart; If you desire a new life to begin, Let Jesus come into your heart; If fountains are cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come into your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, 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.

46 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.  

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.
peal 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.

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 goe-pel way, There is joy,......... there is joy.
When we walk by faith in the goe-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.
Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

1. Love divine, all love Excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into ev'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy grace receive; Sudden-ly re-
4. Finish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spotless may we be; Let us see our

hum-bled love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its begin-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.

bounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
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heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

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 sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest 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.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.
And as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
Wonders of His love, And wonders, and wonders of His love.

Sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

50 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, (Omit .................. ) Work 'mid springing
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;

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thru the sun-ny noon;
Fill brightest hours with la-bor, (Omit ................. ) Rest comes sure and
Flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more,

3. Work, for the night is coming, Un-der the sun-set sky,
While the bright tints are glow-ing, (Omit .............. ) Work, for day-light
Done.

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 done.

L. Mason.

Fine.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sahine Gould.  

Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before;
At the sign of triumph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to victory!
Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
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; For-ward into battle, See His banner go!
Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
As we are not divided, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.

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CHORUS.

"Whosoever will!" Send the proclamation o'er vale and hill; 'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:

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"Whosoever will!" Send the proclamation o'er vale and hill; 'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:
53 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet.

First Tune.

James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, 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; We at His feet may fall, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Let every kindred, every tribe, To Him all majesty 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.

Edward Perronet.

Second Tune. Oliver Holden.

55 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

D. S.
Blessed Assurance.

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glory divine! What a fore-taste of glory divine! Hair of sail.
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight, Angels descend.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I, in my Savior am happy and blest, Watching and waiting.

va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from above, Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story.
wait-ing, looking above, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D.C.—Praising my Savior all the day long.

this is my song. Praising my Savior all the day long; This is my story, this is my song;

57

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

C. Chorus.

o'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low' I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.
I Love To Tell The Story.


1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His glory
2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Digitally rendered lyrics:

I love to tell the story Of Jesus and His love. Of all our golden dreams, More wonderful it seems. More wonderful it seems. To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I love to tell the story.

Chorus:

It satisfies my longings as nothing else would do. And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story. The message of salvation From God's own holy word. 'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the story Of Jesus and His love. Of all our golden dreams, More wonderful it seems. More wonderful it seems. To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I love to tell the story.

Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

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. Tell me, Jesus, my Savior, Is my name written there? Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?

D. S. — In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

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, "Thy sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

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 walking, Is my name written there?
Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban-ner,
   D. S. Till ev-ery foe is vanquished.

2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey;
   Forth to the mighty con-flict, In this His glo-rious day,
   "Ye that are men, now serve Him," Against un-num-bered foes;
   Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.

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

4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long;
   This day the noise of battle, To Him that overcometh,
   A crown of life shall be; We shall reign eternally.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. C. Gould.

1. Jesus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tempest-u-ous sea:
   Un-known wa ves beFore me roll,
   Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Jesus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
   Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
   When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar
   "Twix me and the peace ful rest,
   "Fear not, I will pilot thee."
   When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar
   "Twix me and the peace ful rest,
   "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
   Let the wa-t-er and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd
   Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears for-ev'er flow, Could my zeal no lang-ner know,
   These for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and Thou alone:
   Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
   When I rise to worlds un-known, And behold Thee on Thy throne,
   I will not of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

   Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in Thee.
What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

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

Ev'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,

Ev'ry thing to God in prayer.

The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

1. Think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have trod,
3. My Sav • ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

Moral and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O • ver there, O • ver there, O think of the
breath on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
O think of the sor • row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
My Sav • ior is heart, o • ver there, Are watching and waiting for me over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, Over there, o • ver there, o • ver there, O think of the home o • ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o • ver there.
now over there, My Sav • ior is now o • ver there,
home over 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, Near-er the cross from day to day,
   Near-er the cross where Jesus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide,
   Near-er my Savior's wounded side, I am coming nearer, I am coming nearer,
   Near-er to Him I still would be; Still I'm coming nearer, Still I'm coming nearer.

66 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P.

1. 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,

2. To him that overcometh, God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer,
   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' oft ten cast down; He'll carry you thro',

3. Look ever to Jesus, Our strength will be renewed,
   Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.
**Abide With Me.**

**F. Lyte.**

**Wm. H. Monk.**

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a-way.
3. I need Thy pre-sence 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!

**Sun of My Soul.**

**John Kepler.**

**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 - lida gen-tly steep, Be my last
3. Abide with me from mom till eve-
Abide with me when night is nigh,
4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
Abide with me till in Thy love I lose myself in heaven above.

**My Faith Looks Up to Thee.**

**Ray Palmer.**

**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 - spine; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Eid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream,When death's cold shul-ten stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-ior

while I pray, Take all my sins 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 sor-row-rows tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; O hear me safe a-bove,—A ran-somed soul.
70 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have built Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is set-ting out the
4. In the beau-ty of the il-lies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-
al-tar in the even-ing dews and damps; I can read His right-cons sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-
bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
fiar-lampe, His day is marching on. Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)

71 Sweet By-and-By.

5. Fillmore Bennett.

Melody, "By-and-By." J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the Fa-th'er waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our born-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-

o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall

gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
My Jesus I Love Thee.

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-decay lies cold on my brow; 'If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now,' I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow; 'If ever I loved Thee, My Jesus, 'tis now.'

Now the Day is Over.

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 repose; 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 morn-ing walk - ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days! 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.

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 thro'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;

B. Schmolke.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the 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 blesTme, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

J. H. Newman.

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;

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;

William F. Sherwin.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the 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 blesTme, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

John B. Dykes.

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene.—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
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; Reise 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 - flow.

5. While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
6. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and bo - ly is Thy name, I am bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

7. While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
8. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and bo - ly is Thy name, I am bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

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. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; 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'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - 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;

4. Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
5. Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
6. Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

S. B. Marsh. D. C.
Jesus Calls Us.

1. Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, 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 wadd, "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.

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.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am. Take me as I am... Take me as I am... Take me as I am...
84

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;
   Glory to His name.

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

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

Chorus. D.C.

Glory to His name, Glory to His name;

85

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. First Tune—Fine. John Wyeth. 2—D.C.

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; |
   Stream of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise;

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

D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

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

1 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.

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

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

86

Blessed Be the Name.


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

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

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! 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; 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;
3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
4. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;

CHORUS.

D.S. I shall be whiter than snow.

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.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus,
2. Your many sins are all forgiven,
3. All glory to the dying Lamb!
4. His name dispels my guilt and fear,

CHORUS.

D.S. Sweetest name on mortal tongue.

No other name but 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 ransomed army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

CHORUS.

D.C. Glory! glory! how the angels sing; Glory! glory! 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.

2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in to rest; Be - lieve in Him without de - lay, And you are fully blest.

4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys in - mer - tal flow.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-i-or and my God! When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray!

2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! And live re - joicing ev'ry day; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from above.

3. Tie done this great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray!

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

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

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 Sav - ior 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 heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

Refrain.

Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS.

P. P. BLISS

1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Waving in the sky!}  
   Re-in-force-ments now appearing,}  
   Vic-to-ry is nigh.
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;  
   Mighty men a-round us fall-ing;}  
   Cour-age almost gone.
3. See the glorious banner wav-ing! Hear the trumpet blow!  
   In our Leader's name we'll triumph;}  
   O-ver ev-ry foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;  
   Onward comes our great Command-er;}  
   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."

94

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.

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; And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

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

95

America.

S. P. Smith.

The National Song of America.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my forefathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mount and side, Let freedom ring! Rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy tongue awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let me sing; Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, An-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light, Pro-pect 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 Nea r er ............................................. 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 ..........................................  87
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

COMPILED BY J.E. STURGIS

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