





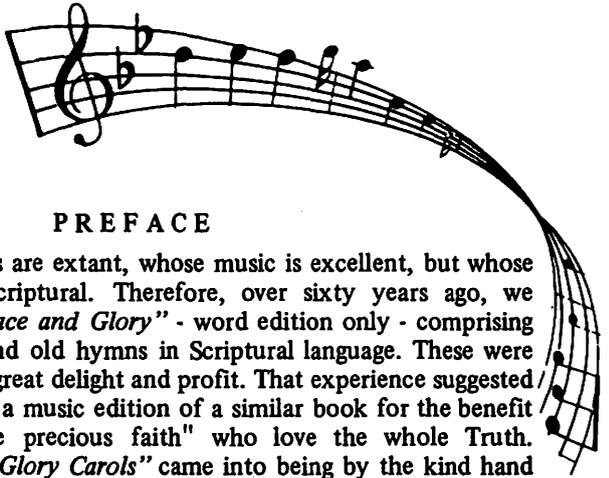
No. 104.



# Grace and Glory Carols



**Grace and Glory Publications**  
**Mountain Grove, Missouri 65711-0803**



## P R E F A C E

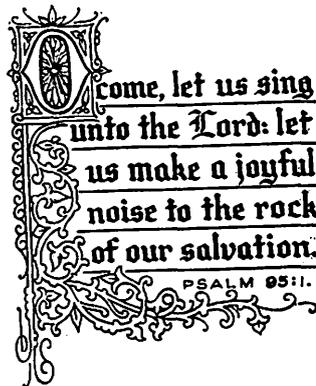
Many songs and hymns are extant, whose music is excellent, but whose teaching in part is unscriptural. Therefore, over sixty years ago, we published "*Hymns of Grace and Glory*" - word edition only - comprising fifty selections of new and old hymns in Scriptural language. These were used in the services with great delight and profit. That experience suggested the wisdom of publishing a music edition of a similar book for the benefit of other saints of "like precious faith" who love the whole Truth. Accordingly, "*Grace and Glory Carols*" came into being by the kind hand of "the God of all grace."

Our hearts rejoice to know that our gracious heavenly Father is making this Hymn Book an increasing blessing and comfort to those who obtain it and sing its contents "with the spirit and with the understanding also." This edition contains more songs than the last edition of 1980. We have added some hymns, and omitted others. We trust that we have left all the "Old Favorites" in this edition.

We hesitated to reprint the Song Book because of the nearness of the Lord's coming. But what should we sing, we who love the Grace Message so deeply? "*Grace and Glory Carols*" is the only Pentecostal Grace Hymn Book in existence today. After singing these songs for six months, no other song book will satisfy those who love the Full Gospel. Therefore, we are reprinting by the grace of God, for the comfort and edification of all who love the good old songs and who wish to "sing unto the Lord a new song" until the trumpet sounds.

2002

- The Publishers



# Overcomers Thru Christ

1

A. S. C.

May, 1917.

A. S. COPLEY

1. I have paid thy debt up - on the cru - el tree; From thy sin and sick ness  
2. Thou art un - der grace; let ev - 'ry bod - y see, From the law of con - dem -  
3. Thou shalt o - ver - come thru faith a - lone in me, Rest - ing on my prom - ise,  
4. Thou shalt wear a crown in glo - ry - land with me, Hav - ing o - ver come, and

thou hast been made free; Un - der Sa - tan's thral - dom thou shalt nev - er be;  
na - tion thou art free; Sin shall nev - er have do - min - ion o - ver thee;  
ef - fort - less and free; Sa - tan aye re - sist - ing, he must sure - ly flee;  
from all bond - age free, All my wealth of glo - ry thou shalt sure - ly see;

CHORUS.  
I have o - ver - come for thee. I have o - ver - come at the cross for thee:

Thou shalt overcome and wear a crown with me; Overcome, overcome thru me.

## Great Rejoicing In My Soul

A. S. C.

May, 1917.

A. S. Copley.



1. There are peace and rest and glo - ry in my soul; For the pow - er  
 2. I was cru - ci - fied with Christ. He paid my toll. He's my pres - ent  
 3. There is heal - ing for my bod - y, I am whole; For the Ho - ly  
 4. There is pen - te - cost - al pow - er in my soul. In His tem - ple,



of re - demp - tion; this the goal. Since the Ho - ly Word, the seed, planted  
 joy - ous life, my fut - ure goal. On His word I'm dai - ly fed, grow - ing  
 Spir - it has complete con - trol. Sim - ply trust - ing in the Word, sweetest  
 bells of grace and glo - ry toll. With the truth my heart's on fire. I en -



in my heart in - deed, There's a song of great re - joic - ing in my soul.  
 up in - to my Head, There's a song of great re - joic - ing in my soul.  
 that was ev - er heard, There's a song of great re - joic - ing in my soul.  
 joy the heav'nly choir. There's a song of great re - joic - ing in my soul.

CHORUS.



I will sing it here be - low; Je - sus' grace to oth - ers show. Then I'll sing it

*rit.*



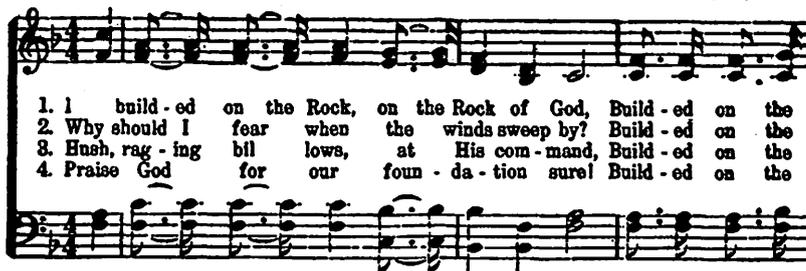
while un - end - ing ag - es roll, while un - end - ing ag - es roll. ag - es roll.

# Builded On The Rock

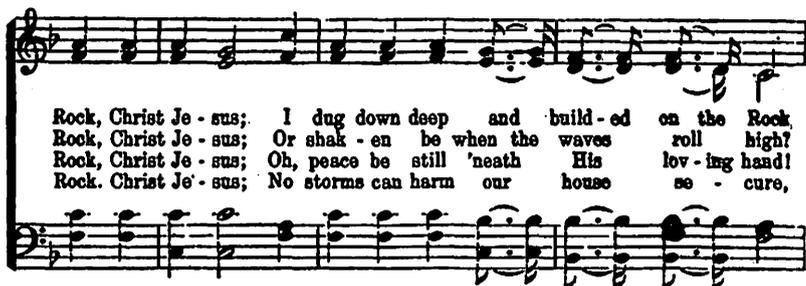
3

Mrs. C. R.

Mrs. C. R.



1. I build-ed on the Rock, on the Rock of God, Build-ed on the  
2. Why should I fear when the winds sweep by? Build-ed on the  
3. Hush, rag-ging bill ows, at His com-mand, Build-ed on the  
4. Praise God for our foun-da-tion sure! Build-ed on the

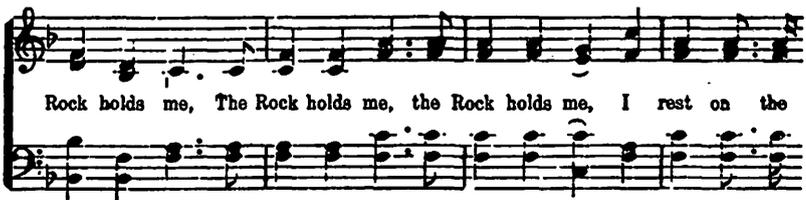


Rock, Christ Je-sus; I dug down deep and build-ed on the Rock  
Rock, Christ Je-sus; Or shak-en be when the waves roll high?  
Rock, Christ Je-sus; Oh, peace be still 'neath His lov-ing hand!  
Rock, Christ Je-sus; No storms can harm our house se-cure,

## CHORUS.



Build-ed on the Rock of God. I hold not the Rock, but the



Rock holds me, The Rock holds me, the Rock holds me, I rest on the



Rock, and the Rock holds me, Rest-ing on the Rock of God.

# He Gave Himself For Me

Mary M. Bodie.

A. S. Copley.



1. While standing on the brink of woe, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry,
2. His dy-ing there my debt has paid— For - ev - er sets me free
3. And gaz-ing on that wondrous scene—My sins nailed to the tree:
4. When I am safe on heaven's shore, My por-tion there will be,
5. And when I see Him as He Is, Like Him I then shall be—



Where Jesus full a - tone-ment made; He gave Him-self for me.  
 From all the guilt of Adam's race. He gave Him-self for me.  
 Could scarce believe the sight I saw. He gave Him-self for me.  
 To sing thru-out e - ter - nal years: "He gave Him-self for me."  
 A body glo - ri - fied I'll have. He gave Him-self for me.



Chorus:



He gave Him-self; He gave Him-self for me. He gave His



life, that I might live; And live a bund - ant - ly.



# The Bridegroom Cometh

5

Mary M. Bodie.

1917.

A. S. Copley.

1. Be - hold the Bridegroom cometh; He skippeth o'er the hills, Then looketh  
2. The Tur-tle's coo-ing car - ol Is heard thru-out the land. The Fig-tree,  
3. For lo! the win-ter pass-eth, The rain has gone a - way. The sing-ing  
4. For all my heart is rav-ish-ed: Oh, come a-long with me. Thou'rt fairer

thru the windows, And leap - eth o'er the sills. I hear His words of  
too, is leaf-ing, And tells us spring's at hand. The Vine no more is  
birds are coming, To grace our wed-ding day, Then to the mountains  
than the dawning—There is no spot in thee, Be-hold, the Bridegroom

greeting; They fall on rapt-ured ear: "Rise up, my Love, my Fair One;  
bar - ren, Nor bare and brown the tree; The shad-ows are re-treat-ing—  
go - ing, Up to the hill of myrrh, To wait the morn's glad breaking,  
com - eth With voice of coo - ing Dove; The Bride is read - y, long-ing,

## CHORUS.

No lon - ger tar - ry here."  
The sun-light bids them flee. "My com-ing draweth near; A-way with all  
With love's flame all a-stir.  
Her heart is "sick of love."

thy fear! Rise up, my Love, my Fair One; No lon - ger tar - ry here!"

# 6 Sins Remembered No More

S. & A. Air adapted.

DR. SIDNEY SMITH.

[This song has been largely used of God among the miners of Cornwall.]

1. I'll sing you a song of glad news to - day, My  
 2. As far as the east is now from the west, My  
 3. Let men re - mem - ber and foes ac - cuse, My  
 4. My sins were man - y, my soul was black, My  
 5. You may search in the depths of the deep, deep sea, My  
 6. For - giv - en, for - got - ten, and cleansed and gone, My

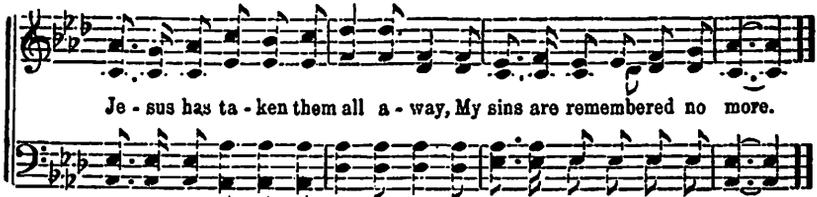
sins are remembered no more, For Je - sus has tak - en them  
 sins are remembered no more, And now my soul is at  
 sins are remembered no more, If God for - gets they may say  
 sins are remembered no more, For God has cast them be  
 sins are remembered no more, At the Judgment throne or e -  
 sins are remembered no more, Atoned for and covered by

## Chorus

all a - way, My sins are re - membered no more. No more, no more, no  
 per - fect rest, My sins are remembered no more.  
 what they choose, My sins are remembered no more.  
 hind his back, My sins are remembered no more.  
 ter - ni - ty, My sins are remembered no more.  
 God's dear Son, My sins are remembered no more.

more, no more, My sins are re - membered no more; For

## Sins Remembered No More



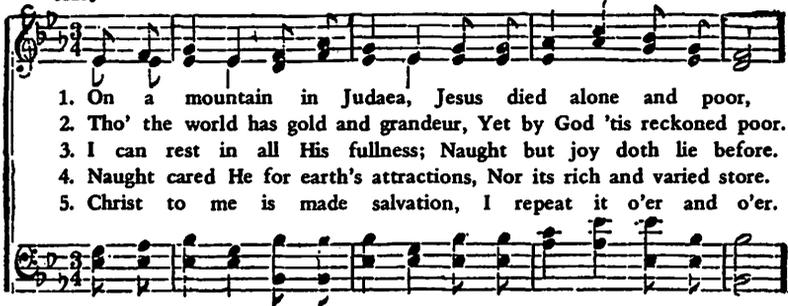
Je - sus has ta - ken them all a - way, My sins are remembered no more.

## I HAVE CHRIST

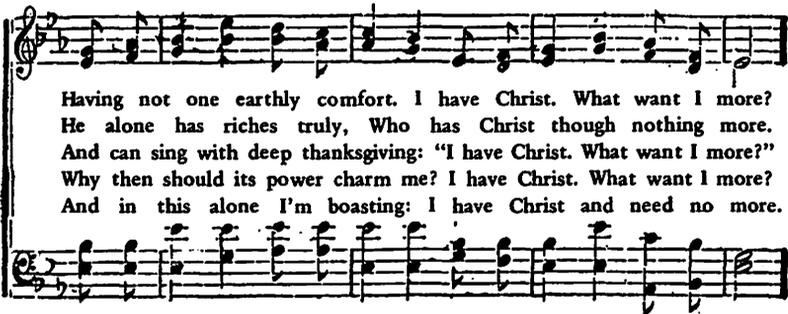
7

Mary M. Bodie.

R. E. HUDSON.



1. On a mountain in Judaea, Jesus died alone and poor,
2. Tho' the world has gold and grandeur, Yet by God 'tis reckoned poor.
3. I can rest in all His fullness; Naught but joy doth lie before.
4. Naught cared He for earth's attractions, Nor its rich and varied store.
5. Christ to me is made salvation, I repeat it o'er and o'er.



Having not one earthly comfort. I have Christ. What want I more?  
He alone has riches truly, Who has Christ though nothing more.  
And can sing with deep thanksgiving: "I have Christ. What want I more?"  
Why then should its power charm me? I have Christ. What want I more?  
And in this alone I'm boasting: I have Christ and need no more.

### CHORUS.

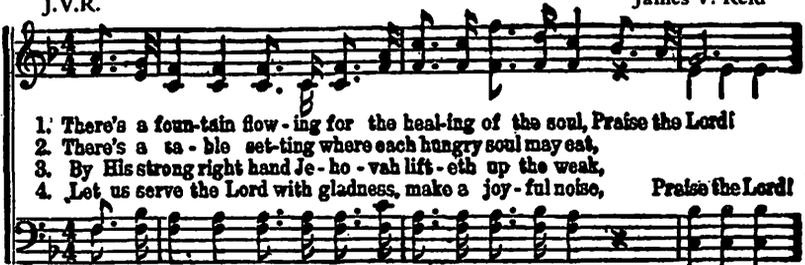


Hallelujah! He has charmed me, Whom I worship and adore;  
And He satisfies my longings. I have Christ and want no more.

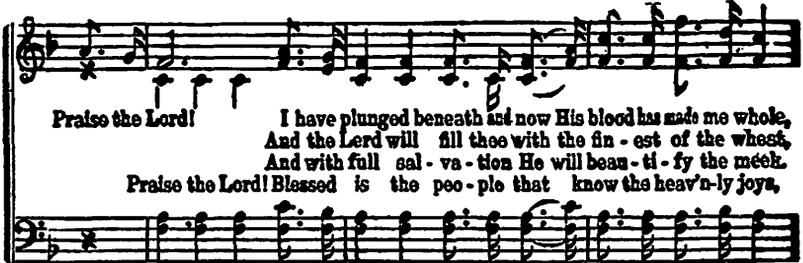
## Praise the Lord

J.V.R.

James V. Reid



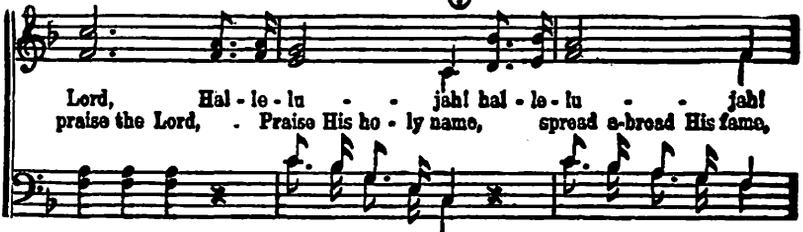
1. There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the heal-ing of the soul, Praise the Lord!  
 2. There's a sa-ble set-ting where each hungry soul may eat,  
 3. By His strong right hand Je-ho-vah lift-eth up the weak,  
 4. Let us serve the Lord with gladness, make a joy-ful noise, Praise the Lord!



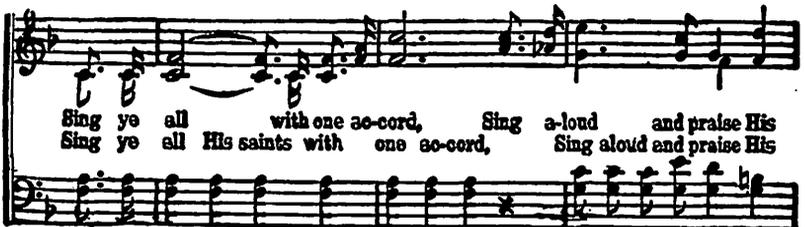
Praise the Lord! I have plunged beneath and now His blood has made me whole,  
 And the Lord will fill thee with the fin-est of the wheat,  
 And with full sal-va-tion He will beau-ti-fy the meek.  
 Praise the Lord! Blessed is the peo-ple that know the heav'n-ly joys,



CHORUS. *With vigor.*  
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the peo-ple praise the  
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the people sing and



Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!  
 praise the Lord, Praise His ho-ly name, spread a-broad His fame,



Sing ye all with one ae-cord, Sing a-loud and praise His  
 Sing ye all His saints with one ae-cord, Sing aloud and praise His

## Praise the Lord.

name, Sing His glo - ry, tell the sto - ry Of His won-drous love to  
men, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Let us spread abroad His fame.

## Oh, How I Love Jesus

9

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each

CHORUS

mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.  
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,  
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.  
sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me!

## The Name of Jesus

Rev. W. C. MARTIN

E. S. LORENZ



1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;



It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.  
 Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.  
 Its mu - sic dries the fall - en tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.  
 Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The precious name



## CHORUS



"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;



"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.  
 Its wor - thy praise



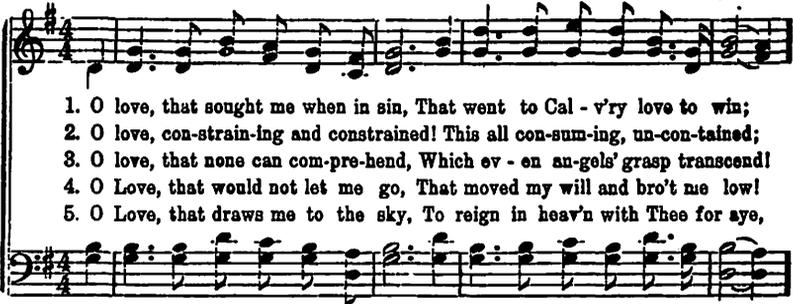
# O Love! O Love!

11

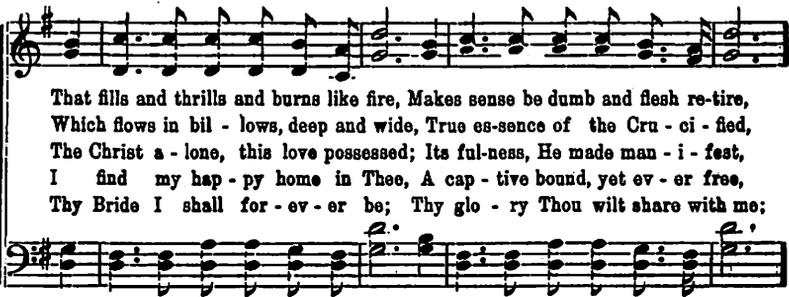
Mary M. Bodie.

July 1919.

A. S. Copley.

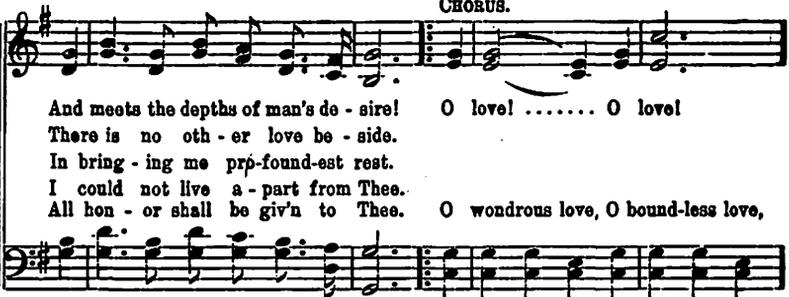


1. O love, that sought me when in sin, That went to Cal - v'ry love to win;  
2. O love, con-strain-ing and constrained! This all con-sum-ing, un-con-tained;  
3. O love, that none can com-pre-hend, Which ev - en an-gels' grasp transcend!  
4. O Love, that would not let me go, That moved my will and bro't me low!  
5. O Love, that draws me to the sky, To reign in heav'n with Thee for aye,

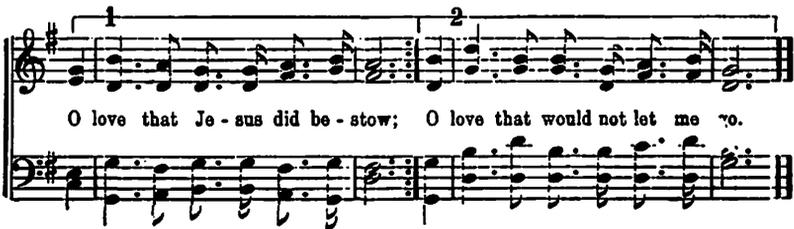


That fills and thrills and burns like fire, Makes sense be dumb and flesh re-tire,  
Which flows in bil - lows, deep and wide, Trus es-sence of the Cru - ci - fied,  
The Christ a - lone, this love possessed; Its ful-ness, He made man - i - fest,  
I find my hap - py home in Thee, A cap - tive bound, yet ev - er free,  
Thy Bride I shall for - ev - er be; Thy glo - ry Thou wilt share with me;

## CHORUS.



And meets the depths of man's de - sire! O love! ..... O love!  
There is no oth - er love be - side.  
In bring - ing me pro-found-est rest.  
I could not live a - part from Thee.  
All hon - or shall be giv'n to Thee. O wondrous love, O bound-less love,



O love that Je - sus did be - stow; O love that would not let me go.

## A Window in the Ark

A. S. C.

June 1917.

A. S. COPLEY.

1. Are you bur-dened down with sin, Whether out or wheth-er in? Is the  
 2. Are you suff'ring night and day—Sick in bod - y, none to pray? Is the  
 3. Do you feel the lack of pow'r, In your toil and try - ing hour? Is the  
 4. Are you dy - ing for God's grace, In no cer - tain dwelling place? Is the

load a break-ing down your bark? Are you filled with grief and pain, Know-ing  
 load a break-ing down your-bark? Does it seem you'll sure - ly die, Tho' all  
 load a break-ing down your bark? Do. the heav - ens seem as brass, And does  
 load a break-ing down your bark? Does your la - bor seem in vain? Christ is

S. FINE.

not how Christ to gain? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.  
 hu - man help is nigh? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.  
 noth - ing come to pass? There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.  
 your e - ter - nal gain: There's a win - dow in the top of the ark.

CHORUS.

When your pain is hard to bear, And there's darkness ev'rywhere, And no bod - y

D. S.

seems at all to care: Look to Je - sus in your grief, He will sure-ly send re-lief;

# In Tenderness He Sought Me

13

W. SPENCER WALTON

A. J. GORDON

1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wear - y and sick with sin, And  
 2. He washed the bleeding sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He  
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A  
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While  
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm

on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While  
 whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I  
 mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I  
 with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It  
 wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When

an - gels in His pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.  
 nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!  
 wondered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.  
 seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.  
 He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

## CHORUS

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

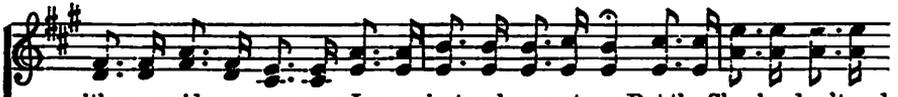
brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

H. G. D., Jr.

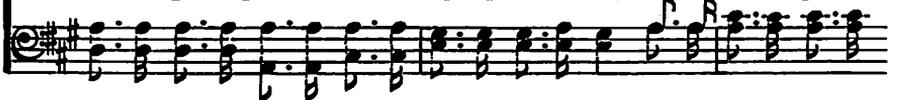
H. G. Desha, Jr.



1. I had wandered far in darkness, Seeing not the Light, the Way, Without
2. Oc - cu - pied with Christ, my Savior, He's my comfort, staff and stay, With the
3. By His blood my soul was purchased, God has quickened me with Christ, Seated
4. And I know that He is coming, Coming soon to claim His own, Those who

*D. S.*—Praise the

eith - er guide or com - pass, I was just a sheep astray; But the Shepherd so't and  
 sheep of His dear pasture, None from Him is plucked away: For the Savior is their  
 with Him in the hea'lies, Here I view the glo - ry prize; My redemption is for -  
 walk in Spir - it pow - er, Soon shall reign upon a throne; Tho' while waiting for His



Lord for life e - ter - nal, Hid with Christ in God a - way; Oh, I fear no con - dem -



found me, Took me to His lov - ing fold, Now in Him I've life e - ter - nal, For in  
 Shepherd, And with care He guards His sheep, Life e - ter - nal to them giv - en, And this  
 ev - er, In my Lord, I am complete, Sealed in God with Christ, my Savior, None this  
 com - ing, I will tell to those a - stray, Of the wondrous love of Je - sus, That doth



na - tion, For His blood doth cover sin, Praise the Lord for life e - ter - nal, He will



Christ I am made whole.  
 life for them He'll keep. Praise the Lord for life e - ter - nal In my heart He's come to stay.  
 seal of His can break.  
 save and keep for aye.



keep me to the end.

# The Glory Dawning Morning

15

H. G. D., Jr.

H. G. Desha, Jr.

1. On the glo - ry dawn-ing morning, We shall meet our Lord a - bove, For He's  
 2. On the glo - ry dawn-ing morning, We shall cast our golden crowns, 'Fore the  
 3. On the glo - ry dawn-ing morning There will be a marriage grad, Ma - ny  
 4. On the glo - ry dawn-ing morning, When the saints have gathered in, And the

com - ing soon to lift us from be - low; On His throne of wondrous splendor,  
 One who washed us in His pre - cious blood; Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters,  
 guests will be as - sem - bled in the air, To be - hold the ho - ly un - ion  
 time of Jacob's troub - les will have ceased; We'll be reigning with the Bridegroom,

We shall praise Him when we love, Oh, the glo - ry up in heav - en we shall know.  
 Veic - es then will min - gle praise To Em - man - u - el, who brought us unto God.  
 Of the Bridegroom and the Bride, And en - joy the marriage supper, rich and rare.  
 Robed with all His glo - ry then, In His king - dom all will be in perfect peace.

*D. S.*—There to live with Jesus while the a - ges fly.

CHORUS. *D. S.*  
 { Oh, what glo - ry we shall see, What re - joic - ing there will be,  
 Free from sor - row, pain and woe, We'll be caught up from be - low,

On the glo - ry dawn - ing morn - ing by and by;

## Joined to the Lord

MARY M. HODIE.

1917.

A. S. COPLEY.

1. There is no more con-dem - na-tion For God's bless-ed new cre - a - tion;  
 2. We're de-liv - ered from the mire, Set on sol - id ground much higher,  
 3. By the Pil - lar safe - ly lead - ing, On the liv - ing Bread we're feed - ing,  
 4. E - gypt's stig - ma gone and dy - ing, Canaan's corn we now are try - ing;

And there is no sep - a - ra - tion, For we are joined un - to the Lord.  
 Filled with Ho - ly Spir - it fire, For we are joined un - to the Lord.  
 As our homeward way we're speed - ing, For we are joined un - to the Lord.  
 For the crowning day we're cry - ing, For we are joined un - to the Lord.

CHORUS,

Joined un - to the Lord, Yes, joined un - to the Lord, One with

Him for - ev - er, liv - ing by His Word. Oh, such match-less

mer - cy, man has nev - er heard, We are joined un - to the Lord.

# Fellowship with Jesus

17

Mary M. Bodie

July, 1880

A. S. Copley

1. Fel-low-ship with Je-sus, priv - i - lege di-vine; This the wondrous glo-ry,  
 2. Fel-low-ship with Je-sus; there's no joy so deep, With Him in the Spir-it,  
 3. Fel-low-ship with Je-sus; what can e'en compare? 'Tis the joy of the heav-en;

which is dai - ly mine. In the morn-ing ear - ly, noon and e - ven night,  
 in - ti-mate and sweet: Lean-ing on His bos - om, know-ing as He knows;  
 noth - ing great-er there. In His love con-tent-ed, filled with ec - sta - sy,

I may talk with Je-sus, bask-ing in the light, Where He dwells for-ev-er,  
 Com-fort-ed and hap-py, there my love o'erflows, Ravished with His fa-vor,  
 Cheer-i-o my life-day, keep-ing ju - bi - lee, One thru-out the a - ges

*D. S.—Rav-ished with His fa - vor*

FINE. CHORUS

daz-zling, pure and bright. Fel - low - ship with Je - sus when I pray,  
 all my sor-row goes.  
 in con-am - o - re. Sweet-est fel-low-ship

*and His won-drous Word.*

Fel - low-ship with Je-sus ev-'ry day, Walking, talking with my loving Lord,  
 Perfect fellowship

*D. S.*

# 18 HE WAS NAILED TO THE CROSS FOR ME

F. A. G.

F. A. Graves

DUET. Tenor and Alto

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior, Who would die on the  
 2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo-ry To ac-com-lish His  
 3. He was wound-ed for our trans-gres-sions, And He car-ried our  
 4. So He gave His life for oth-ers In re-deem-ing this

cross for me! Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life-blood, That the  
 Fa-ther's plan; He was born of the Vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-  
 sor-rows, too; He's the Heal-er of ev-ry sick-ness, This He  
 world from sin, And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at

CHORUS

sin-ner might be made free.  
 on Him the form of man. He was nailed to the cross for  
 came to the world to do.  
 last we may en-ter in. He was

me, He was nailed to the cross for me;  
 nailed to the cross, He was nailed to the cross,

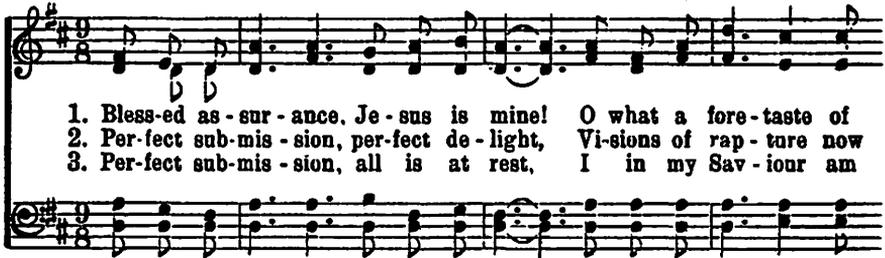
On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nailed to the cross for me.

# BLESSED ASSURANCE

Fanny J. Crosby

USED BY PERMISSION

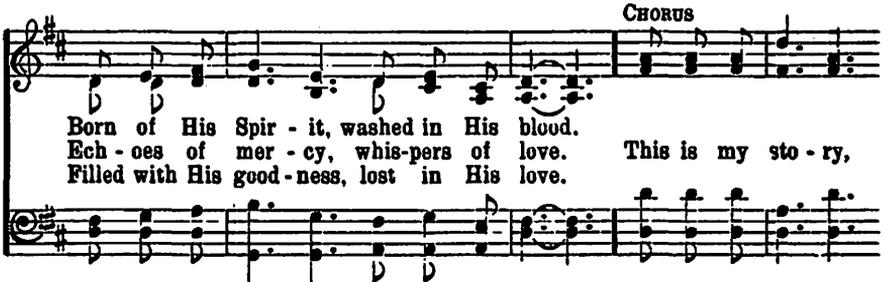
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of  
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now  
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

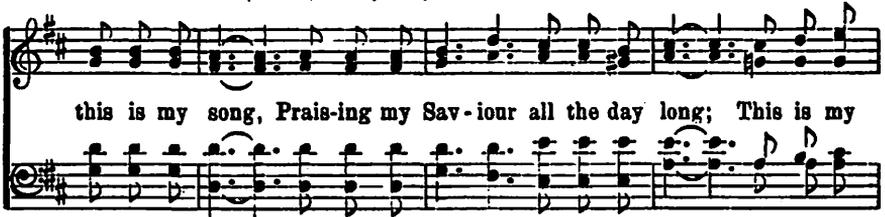


glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,  
burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove  
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



CHORUS

Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry,  
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song. Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

1. Since the face of Christ I see, And His pow - er makes me free, I shall  
 2. Since the Sav - ior's side did rend, His a - bund - ant grace to lend, He will  
 3. Since I'm in the promised land, I have found a heav'n - ly band, Where the  
 4. Since the fel - low - ship I know Of the Sav - ior here be - low, How my

His for - ev - er be; Praise the Lord! Since the Spir - it has con - trol,  
 keep me to the end, Praise the Lord! Since the Spir - it came in pow'r,  
 Lord is in command, Praise the Lord! We are look - ing to that shore,  
 heart with love doth glow, Praise the Lord! Since the second - com - ing ray,

And His pres - ence fills my soul, How the waves of glo - ry roll,  
 I have found the truth a tow'r, Giv - ing vic - t'ry ev - 'ry hour,  
 Where we have e - ter - nal store—E - ven Christ whom we a - dore,  
 I am long - ing for that day, When He'll catch His Bride a - way,

## CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! On a prom - ise I am rest - ing, Praise the Lord!

And this Chris - tian life I'm test - ing by the Word. On the

## Feasting and Praising

up - ward jour - ney go - ing, And in Christ a - dai - ly grow - ing,

On the Bread of Life I'm feast - ing, Praise the Lord!

## Wounded for Me

21

1 - W. G. OVENS, 1870-1945

2-5 - GLADYS WESTCOTT ROBERTS, 1888-

W. G. OVENS, 1870-1945

1. Wound - ed for me,    wound - ed for me,    There on the cross
2. Dy - ing for me,    dy - ing for me,    There on the cross
3. Ris - en for me,    ris - en for me,    Up from the grave
4. Liv - ing for me,    liv - ing for me,    Up in the skies
5. Com - ing for me,    com - ing for me,    One day to earth

He was wound - ed for me;    Gone my trans - gres - sions, and  
 He was dy - ing for me;    Now in His death my re -  
 He has ris - en for me;    Now ev - er - more from death's  
 He is liv - ing for me;    Dai - ly He's plead - ing and  
 He is com - ing for me;    Then with what joy His dear

now I am free,    All be - cause Je - sus was wound - ed for me.  
 demp - tion I see,    All be - cause Je - sus was dy - ing for me.  
 sting I am free,    All be - cause Je - sus has ris - en for me.  
 pray - ing for me,    All be - cause Je - sus is liv - ing for me.  
 face I shall see,    O how I praise Him - He's com - ing for me!

## The Full Salvation

C. E. FOSBER.

1917.

A. S. COPLEY.



1. I am so glad that I found the nar-row way, When out in  
 2. Oh, what a won-der, that Je-sus took my place, My guilt He  
 3. Cleansed from all sin in the Sav-ior's pre-cious blood, I have the  
 4. Pen-te-cost comes, and with flam-ing tongues of fire, For blood-washed  
 5. Yes, He has giv-en the heav'n-ly cho-rus, too—The Spir-it's  
 6. Bless-ed are ye who are hun-gry, thirst-y, dry; For "lat-ter  
 7. Je-sus is com-ing: His day is ver-y nigh, We soon shall




sin, and not one thing to pay; God let the light of Calv-'ry  
 bore, and showed His match-less grace. He put a-way car-nal-i-  
 Spir-it's wit-ness by the word, Oh, what a vic-t'ry Je-sus  
 saints who long to mount up high'r, God doth a-noint us as in  
 car-ol thrills us thru and thru—For-taste of glo-ry, when our  
 rain" is fall-ing from the sky, "You shall re-ceive," de-clar-  
 the hear the Bride-groom's trum-pet cry—"O, be ye read-y; meet me




fall on me— I saw that Je-sus died to set me ful-ly free.  
 ty from me, By cru-ci-fy-ing my old A-dam on the tree.  
 Christ doth give To those who count with Him and to His glo-ry live.  
 days of old, As when the for-mer rain-fall made dis-ci-ples bold.  
 bless-ed Lord Shall come to give His wait-ing Bride her full re-ward.  
 Lord of hosts, "And speak in oth-ertongues—a sign of the Ho-ly Ghost."  
 in the air; The bat-tle o-ver, all my glo-ry you shall share."



## CHORUS.



Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! I'm now in the light, Sing-ing His prais-es, my



# The Full Salvation

path is shin-ing bright: O-ver-com-ing dai-ly by His pow'r and grace,

Look-ing for the rap-ture, when I shall see His face.  
bless-ed smil-ing face.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both systems end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## Jesus Paid it All

23

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness,  
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the  
3. For noth-ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my  
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics written below the notes.

### CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."  
lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all,  
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-vry's Lamb.  
troph-ies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

The chorus is written on a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics below. It ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

The final line of the song is written on a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics below. It ends with a double bar line.

# Risen And Ascended

Mary M. Bodie

May 1917

William Miller



1. Rejoice, the Lord is risen indeed, E'en heav'n's Beloved One.
2. Hail to the Lord's A-nointed One, Bear - er of sin and shame;
3. His life has once been freely given; Low in the grave He lay.
4. He went with hands uplifted high, Those mansions to prepare;
5. And man-y sons to glo-ry then, As Captain, He shall bring;



Death could not hold in prison's greed, The Father's on-ly Son.  
 The Heir of all ap-point-ed, now Revealer of God's name.  
 The bands of death are quickly riven: The stone is rolled away.  
 But He will come all gifted soon, And with His people share.  
 For in His tomb, we're seeing now, That death has lost its sting.



**CROUS.**



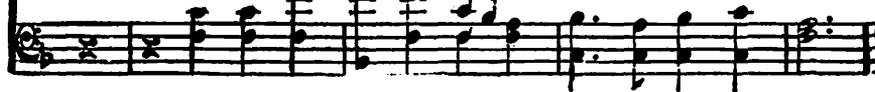
He rose, and went on high: He rose, have you not heard?

He rose He rose



He rose to jus - ti - fy, All who be - lieve His Word.

He rose



# That Glad Day

25

MARY M. BODIE.

August, 1917.

MRS. M. SALINGER.

1. I am watch - ing for the morn - ing, For the bless - ed sun - light  
2. I am long - ing for the break - ing, And the joy of the a -  
3. I am look - ing for the meet - ing, For the joy - ful, hap - py  
4. I am wait - ing for the shar - ing, When Christ's beauty I'll be

dawn - ing, Of that day, glad day. When the vic - t'ry we will  
wak - ing, On that day, glad day. Oh to see the beam of  
greet - ing, On that day, glad day. When the Lord will come in  
wear - ing, On that day, glad day. Then will be the con - sum -

sing, As we see our glo - rious King, Glad day, glad day.  
glad - ness, On the face once marred with sadness, Glad day, glad day.  
pow - er, With His saints, His great - est dow - er, Glad day, glad day.  
ma - tion, And the ful - ness of sal - va - tion, Glad day, glad day

## CHORUS.

How I long from earth to sev - er, With the saints caught up to -

geth - er, With the Lord to be for - ev - er, Glad day, glad day.

## Like the Faithful Ox

MARY M. BODIE.

October, 1917.

A. S. COPLEY.

1. Pull on, pull on, The la - bor - ers are few, we can - not stay, While  
 2. Pull on, pull on, Tho' fruitless seem the toil, and ver - y vain; The  
 3. Pull on, pull on, No time for rest till glows the set - ting sun A .

looms the har - vest in its vast ar - ray; For to each ser - vant  
 hus - band - man hath pa - tience for the rain, Till all a - round Him  
 cross our path - way, when the race is run, And we have heard the

CHORUS.

does the Mas - ter say: "Go work to - day, go work to - day."  
 waves the gold - en grain; Our way is plain, our way is plain. Like the ox  
 Mas - ter's voice: "Well done, My friends, we'll done, my friends, well done."

plod - ding on his way, Nev - er fear - ing rocks, pull - ing ev - 'ry day; So the

o - ver - com - ers work and pray, Till they hear the plaudit: "Well done, well done."

# Indelible Grace

27



1. A debt or to mer - cy a-lone, Of cov-e-nant mer - cy I sing.
2. The work which His goodness be-gan, The arm of His strength will complete.
3. My name from the palms of His hands, E - ter - ni - ty will not e - rase.



Nor fear with God's righteousness on, My person and offering to bring.  
His prom - ise is "yea and a-men," And never was for - feit - ed yet.  
Im - pressed on His heart it re - mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.



The ter - rors of law and of God, With me can have noth - ing to do  
Things future, nor things that are now. Not all things be - low nor a - bove.  
Yes, I to the end shall en - dure, As sure as the earn - est is given.



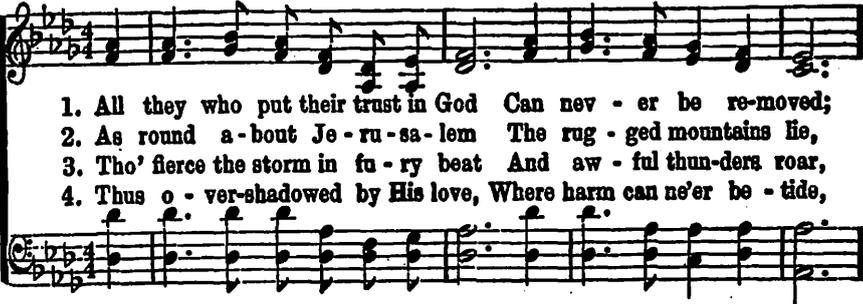
My Savior's obedience to blood, Hides all my transgressions from view.  
Can make Him His purpose fore-go, Or sev - er my soul from His love.  
More hap - py but not more se - cure, The glo - ri - fied spir - its in heaven.



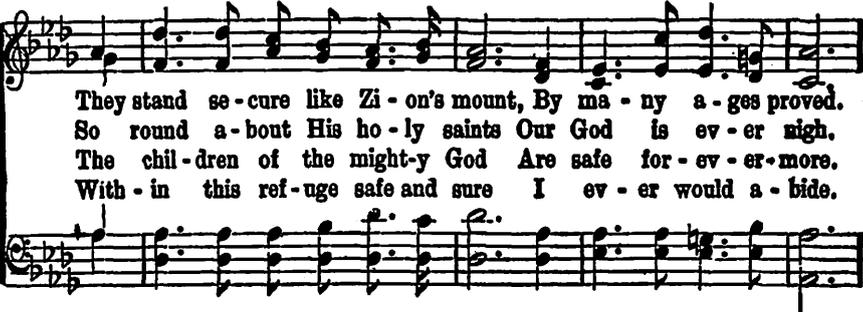
## Like Zion's Holy Mount

C. M. S.

C. H. SEAMANS.

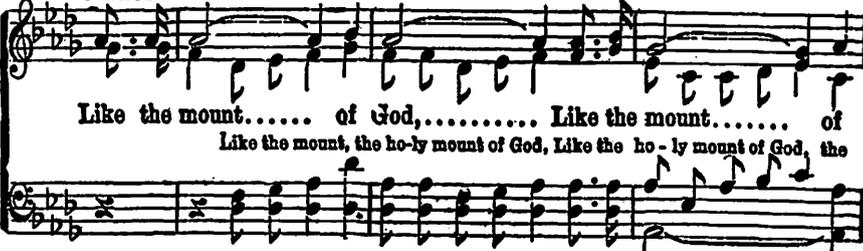


1. All they who put their trust in God Can nev - er be re-moved;  
 2. As round a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem The rug - ged mountains lie,  
 3. Tho' fierce the storm in fu - ry beat And aw - ful thun - dera roar,  
 4. Thus o - ver-shadowed by His love, Where harm can ne'er be - tide,



They stand se - cure like Zi - on's mount, By ma - ny a - ges proved.  
 So round a - bout His ho - ly saints Our God is ev - er nigh.  
 The chil - dren of the might - y God Are safe for - ev - er - more.  
 With - in this ref - uge safe and sure I ev - er would a - bide.

## CHORUS.



Like the mount..... of God,..... Like the mount..... of  
 Like the mount, the ho - ly mount of God, Like the ho - ly mount of God, the



God;..... They stand secure like Zion's mount, By many a - ges proved.  
 ho - ly mount of God;

## Like Zion's Holy Mount

They can nev - er be..... re - moved,..... re -  
 They can nev - er be removed, can nev - er be removed, Can nev - er be removed, can

moved;..... They stand secure like Zion's mount, They can never be removed.  
 nev - er be removed;

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS 29

ISAAC WATTS

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

# Honey in the Rock

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES

1. O my brother, do you know the Sav - ier, Who is won - drous  
 2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gra - cious?" Do you walk in the  
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have  
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the

kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"  
 way that's new? Have you drunk from the liv - ing foun - tain?  
 me to do?" Nev - er fear, He will sure - ly an - swer,  
 man - y or few; Say to ev - 'ry fall - en broth - er,

### CHORUS

There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

broth-er, . . . . . There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you; Leave your  
 my broth-er, for you;

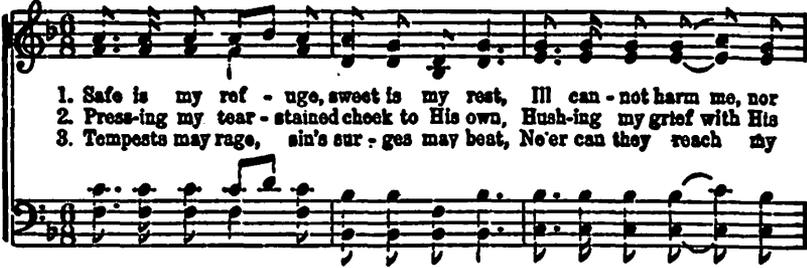
sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you.  
 for you.

# Held In His Mighty Arms

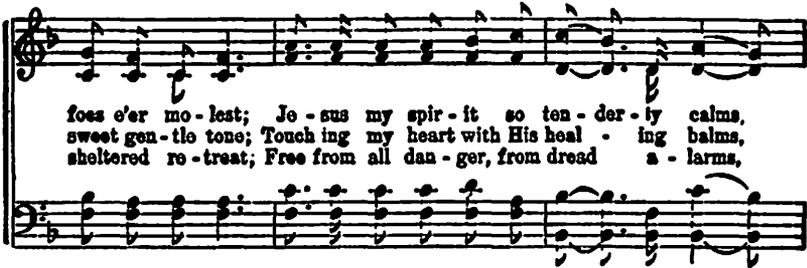
31

W. M.

W. Macomber

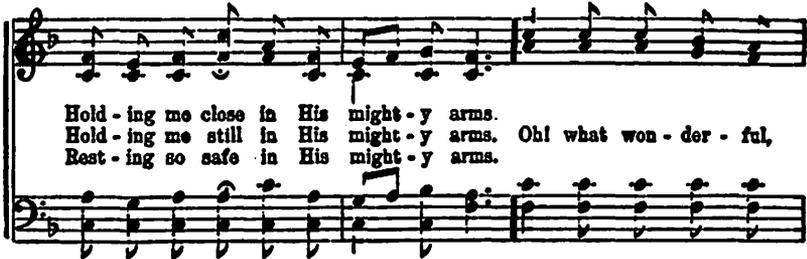


1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can - not harm me, nor  
2. Press - ing my tear - stained cheek to His own, Hush - ing my grief with His  
3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my



foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spir - it so ten - der - ly calms,  
sweet gen - tle tone; Touch ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,  
sheltered re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,

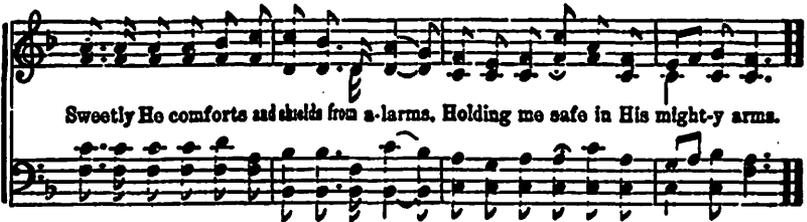
## CHORUS.



Hold - ing me close in His might - y arms.  
Hold - ing me still in His might - y arms. Oh! what won - der - ful,  
Rest - ing so safe in His might - y arms.



won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;



Sweetly He comforts and shields from a - larms. Holding me safe in His might - y arms.

## Jesus is the Door

Mary M. Bodie

June, 1917

A. S. Copley.

1. { The Sav - four says: I am the door; By me oh en - ter in. } I'll cleanse thee  
 2. { Come un - to me and weep no more; *Omit* . . . . . } My love to  
 3. { Thy Shepherd too I'll ev - er be, And lead thee in and out, } And o-pened  
 4. { No more to wan-der far from me, *Omit* . . . . . } That casts out  
 5. { Why should I do without thee, then? It is not yet too late. }  
 6. { I paid thy debt, and set thee free, *Omit* . . . . . }  
 7. { How wilt thou do without me, pray, If death be drawing near? }  
 8. { With-out my love, my love so free, *Omit* . . . . . }

from all sin; The way to God, I ev - er am, None other name is giv'n; 'Tis nev - er doubt; Thy sor - row all, I'll share with thee, I'll banish ev-'ry care; When heav-en's gate; Why wilt thou do without me now? I call and call a - gain; Come ev - 'ry fear; I want to have thee with me aye, Dost thou not want me too? Thou

## CHORUS.

ev-er thus: "Behold the Lamb!" The key that unlocks heav'n. Come un - to friends forsake, thy Friend I'll be; Thy burdens I will bear. un - to me, be - fore me bow; Let me not call in vain. canst not do with-out me, nay! And I must have e'en thee. Come to me;

me; I am the door, Let not thy heart be troubled more; Come to - day, I am still the o - pen door,

*Rit*  
 For thee my heart was very sore, I am the way, the on-ly way to God.

# The Bloodwashed Pilgrim

33



1. I saw a blood-washed pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,  
 2. I saw him in the fur - nace; He doubt - ed not, nor feared,  
 3. 'Mid storms, and clouds, and tri - als, In, pris - on, at the stake,  
 4. I saw him o - ver - com - ing, Thro' all the swell - ing strife,




Up - on the King's great high - way With peace - ful, shin - ing face;  
 And in the flames be - side him The Son of God ap - peared;  
 He leaped for joy, re - joic - ing, 'Twas all for Je - sus' sake;  
 Un - til he crossed the thresh - old Of God's E - ter - nal Life;




Temp - ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright;  
 Tho' sev - on times 'twas heat - ed With all the tempt - er's might,  
 That God should count him worth - y, Was such su - preme de - light,  
 The Crown, the Throne, the Scep - tre, The Name, the Stone so White,




He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."  
 He said, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den, it is light."  
 He cried, "The yoke is eas - y, The bur - den is so light."  
 Were his, who found, in Je - sus, The yoke and bur - den light.



## CHORUS.



Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall wear.



## Freely Forgiven

MARY M. BODIE

Nov. 1917

A. S. COPLEY

1. She owed so much, with naught to pay, This wom - an with her ointment sweet;  
 2. She braved the scorn of Phar - i - see, Led on - ward by At - trac - tion great;  
 3. She saw but Him: a - gone her fears, Tho' oth - ers gaze, she does not care;  
 4. "Her love is great," the Mas - ter said, "She poured the oil on wea - ry feet;  
 5. "In peace de - part; thy sins for - giv'n;" Un - min - gled joy now fills her breast;

"Twas thus she came to Christ one day, And laid her bur - den at His feet.  
 His look was love—"O can it be There still is hope? Not yet too late?"  
 She washed His feet with ma - ny tears, And wiped them with her gold - en hair.  
 But Si - mon did not kiss my head;" Then from His lips fell words most sweet.  
 His blood has paid her way to heav'n; Her soul has found e - ter - nal rest.

CHORUS.

Her sins all for - giv - en, She start - ed for heav - en; For Je - sus the

Sav - our she found. Un - end - ing her pleas - ure With such a rich

treas - ure; Her love and her joy knew no bound. And nev - er, no,

# Freely Forgiven

sor-row will she ev-er bor-row; For Je-sus is al-ways a-round.

## I Will Go

35

A. S. C.

November, 1926.

A. S. Copley

1. { I hear a sound from glory land, Of Jesus coming soon; } At night, or morn, or noon.  
 { The trump will blow, and, oh, how grand, (*Omit*.....) }
2. { I seem to see my Lord arise Up from His Father's throne, } Where He will meet His own.  
 { And journey 'ward the northern skies, (*Omit*.....) }
3. { The signs appear in earth and air, On sea and in the moon; } He cannot come too soon.  
 { And He doth now His saints prepare, (*Omit*.....) }
4. { Oh, how I long for that bright day—The answer to my dream, } And reign with Christ supreme.  
 { When I to heav'n shall flee a-way, (*Omit*.....) }
5. { So let me now His praises sing, At home, or busy mart, } And call me to depart.  
 { And read-y be: His phone may ring, (*Omit*.....) }

I will go, to that land, I will go; When the first trumpet sounds,  
 O how grand!

I will go; (quick-ly go;) I will go, (home to glo-ry,) I will

go; (hear my sto-ry;) With the saints who are read-y, I will go. (sure-ly go.)

## Day by Day

LINA SANDELL (Swedish)  
Tr. A. L. S.

OSCAR AHNFELT

1. Day by day, and with each pass - ing mo - ment, Strength I  
2. Ev - 'ry day the Lord Him - self is near me, With a  
3. Help me then, in ev - 'ry trib - u - la - tion, So to

find to meet my tri - als here; Trust - ing in my Fa - ther's  
spe - cial mer - cy for each hour; All my cares He fain would  
trust Thy prom - is - es, O Lord, That I lose not faith's sweet

wise be - stow - ment, I've no cause for wor - ry or for  
bear and cheer me, He whose name is Coun - sel - lor and  
con - so - la - tion, Of - fered me with - in Thy ho - ly

fear. He, whose heart is kind be - yond all meas - ure,  
Pow'r. The pro - tec - tion of His child and treas - ure  
word. Help me, Lord, when toil and troub - le meet - ing,

Gives un - to each day what He deems best, Lov - ing -  
Is a charge that on Him - self He laid; "As thy  
E'er to take, as from a fa - ther's hand, One by

## Day by Day

ly its part of pain and pleas-ure, Min-gling toil with peace and rest.  
 days, thy strength shall be in meas-ure,"—This the pledge to me He made.  
 one, the days, the moments fleet-ing, Till I reach the prom-ised land.

## Sitting at the Feet of Jesus

37

Words by J. H.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav - iour, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;  
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when weary, find sweet rest:  
 Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet,

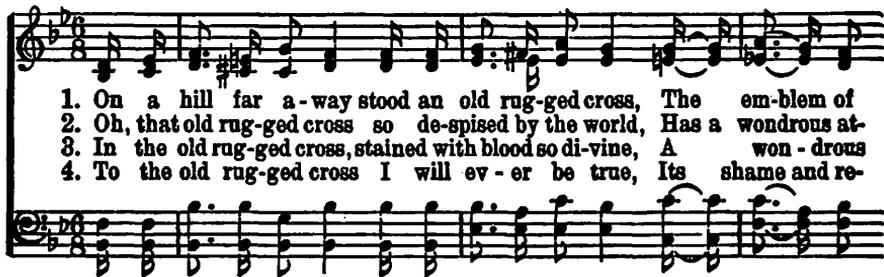
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past;  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,  
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;

For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.  
 While I from his full - ness gath - er Grace and comfort ev - 'ry day,  
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteousness.

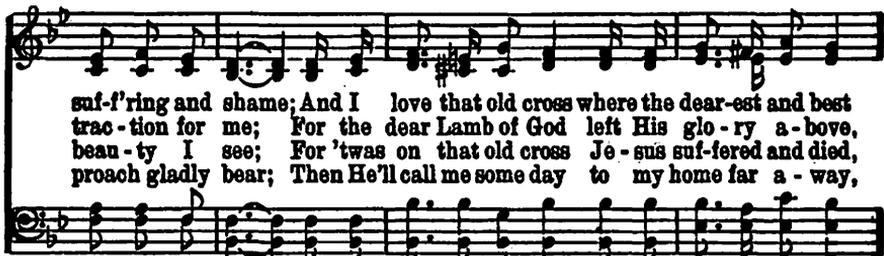
## The Old Rugged Cross

G. B.

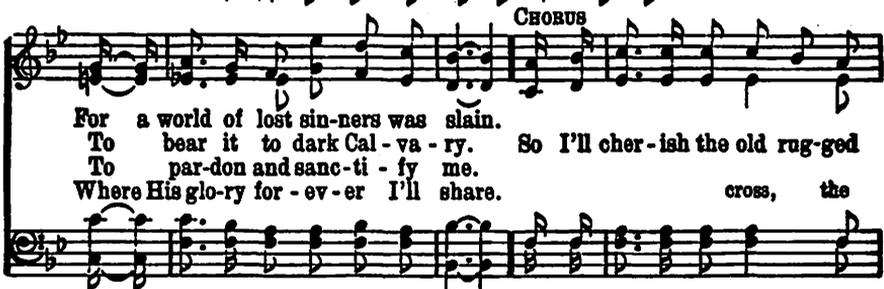
Rev. Geo. Bernard



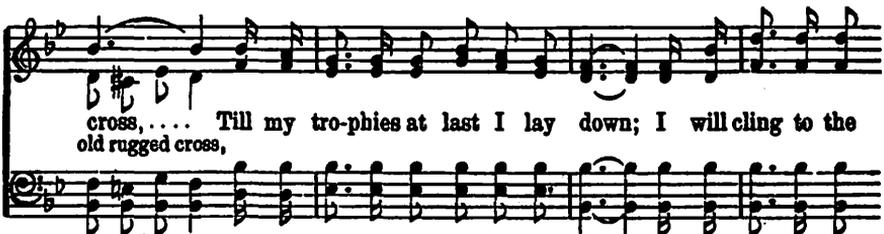
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-



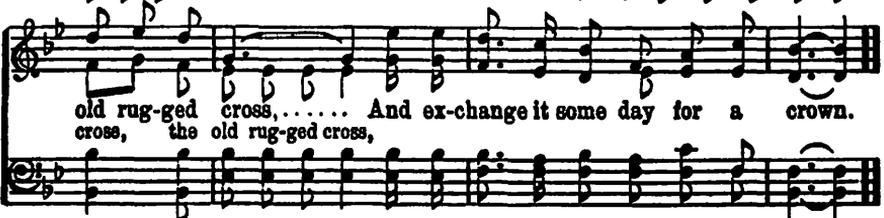
suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best  
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 bean-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



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



cross,.... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rugged cross,



old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

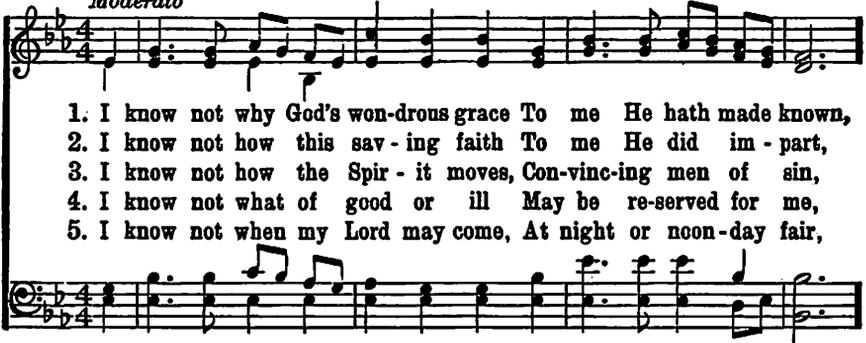
# I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED

39

Maj. D. W. Whittle (in Nathan)

James McGranahan

*Moderato*

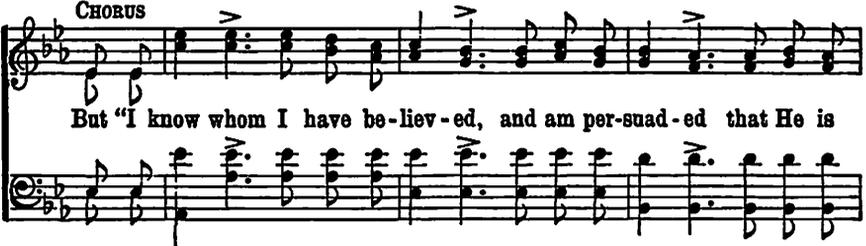


1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,  
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,  
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,  
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,  
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

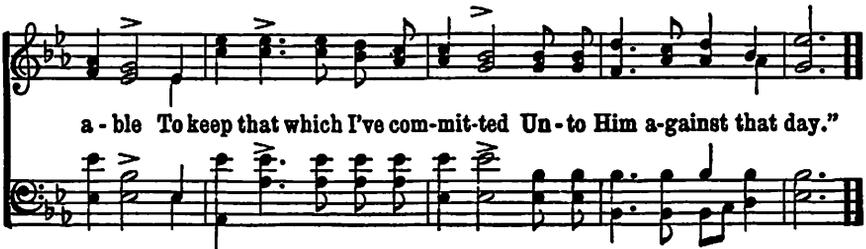


Nor why un-wor-ty—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.  
Nor how be-liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace with-in my heart.  
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.  
Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see.  
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

## CHORUS



But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, and am per-suad-ed that He is



a-ble To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

## I WILL SING THE WONDROUS STORY

Words and music copyrighted 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. Renewal 1914, by P. P. Bilhorn

F. H. ROWLEY

PETER P. BILHORN

1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,  
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from man-y a fall;  
 4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,  
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

## CHORUS

Yes, I'll sing . . . . . the won-drous sto - ry Of the  
 Yea, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ . . . . . who died for me, . . . . . Sing it with . . . . . the saints in  
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

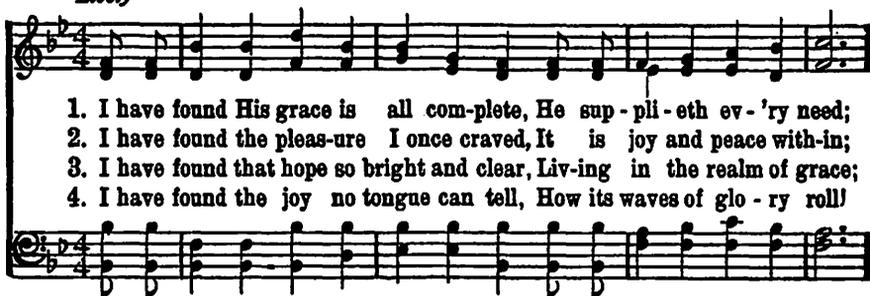
glo - ry, Gath-ered by . . . . . the crys-tal sea . . . . .  
 the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crystal sea.

# JOY UNSPEAKABLE

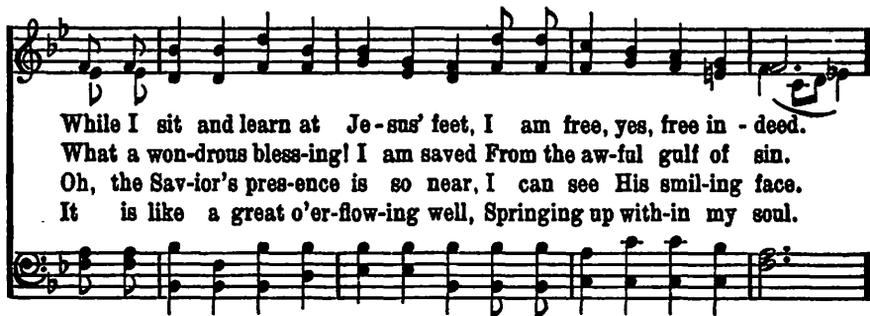
41

B. E. W.  
*Lively*

B. E. WARREN.

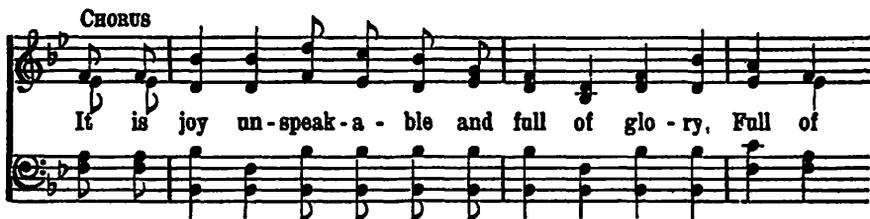


1. I have found His grace is all com-plete, He sup-pli-eth ev-'ry need;  
2. I have found the pleas-ure I once craved, It is joy and peace with-in;  
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv-ing in the realm of grace;  
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo-ry roll!



While I sit and learn at Je-sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed.  
What a won-drous bless-ing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin.  
Oh, the Sav-ior's pres-ence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face.  
It is like a great o'er-flow-ing well, Springing up with-in my soul.

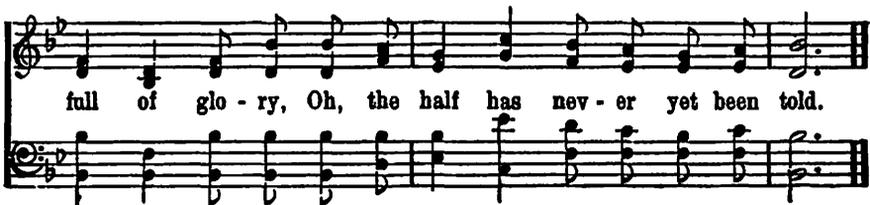
CHORUS



It is joy un-speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of



glo - ry, full of glo - ry; It is joy un-speak-a - ble and



full of glo - ry, Oh, the half has nev - er yet been told.

## In His Name We Triumph

A. S. C.

November, 1926

A. S. Copley

1. In Je - sus' name we triumph O'er sin and ev - 'ry foe; For He has paid a  
 2. In Je - sus' name we triumph O'er ev - 'ry sickness too, Since He has paid the  
 3. In Je - sus' name we triumph E'en by the precious Word, As in the drear-y  
 4. In Je - sus' name we triumph O'er Sa - tan and his host, By rest - ing on the

ran - som His wondrous grace to show. Up - on the cross He suf - fered, Up from the  
 ran - som, He saves us thro' and thro'. His name is sweetest ointment, Which marrows  
 des - ert, The foe He fierce - ly stirr'd; And thus we fight for oth - ers A - gainst all  
 promise Of God, the Ho - ly Ghost; The heav - en - lies in Je - sus Shall be our

*steady.*

grave He sprang, The earth and heav - ens trem - bled, The saints in tri - umph sang.  
 all our bones, And lu - bri - cates the mus - cles, Re - liev - ing us of moans.  
 sin and pain, In - spir - ing faith and cour - age The vic - to - ry to gain.  
 hap - py home, Tho' wrest - ling matches dai - ly En - list while here we roam.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

That name! that name! That all - pre - vail - ing name! That name!  
 That ho - ly name! That mighty name! That worthy name!

that name! O spread a - broad its fame. { As John and Peter healed the lame, }  
 that glorious name! { We trust the Lord and do the same, }

## In His Name We Triumph

In Je - sus' name, we triumph O'er Sa - tan here be - low; In Je - sus' name we

triumph and rout our ev-'ry foe; In Je - sus' name, all sickness and sin and ill must go.

## JESUS LOVES EVEN ME

43

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,  
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-ever I stray;  
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,

Won-der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je - sus loves me.  
Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.  
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je - sus loves me."

CHORUS

{ I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me:  
{ I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - (Omit. ....) ven me.

## LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

Rev. E. A. Hoffman

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY A. J. SHOWALTER &amp; CO.

A. J. Showalter

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy Di-vine, Lean-ing on the  
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the

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

## REFRAIN

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - - ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,  
 Lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean ing on Je - sus,

lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

# STANDING ON THE PROMISES

45

R. E. C.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood

R. KELSO CARTER



1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fall, Lis - t'ning ev - 'ry




a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - erty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
 mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,



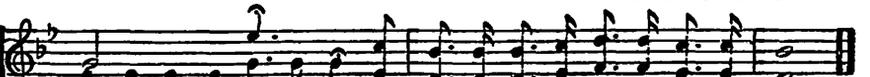
## CHORUS



Standing on the promis-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,




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

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



# I Found The Key

Mary M. Bodie

May, 1926

A. S. Copley

1. I tried to peer be-yond the sky, And see God's ho-ly throne, And hear a  
 2. But ne'er a vis-ion caught my gaze, And naught of sound I heard; I saw the  
 3. I tried to find cre - a-tion's key, Its myst'ries to dis - cern; But tho' I  
 4. Then lol it seemed as tho' by chance, I saw God in the Man Who came, God's  
 5. I heard His voice in gen-tle guise: "For you, my child, I died;" My heart was

FINE. CHORUS.

mes-sage from on high; It seemed so all unknown, It seemed so all unknown, But I  
 sky with sun ablaze; The an-gels bro't no word, The angels bro't no word, But I  
 sought, I did not see, And nothing did I learn, And nothing did I learn, But I  
 glo - ry to advance, And to ful - fill His plan, And to ful - fill His plan, And I  
 filled with glad surprise And I was sat - is - fied, And I was sat - is - fied, For I

*D. S.*—Oh, now I'm sat - is - fied.

found the key, I found the key that made me see, And  
 found the key, the gold - en key,

now I'm sat - is - fied; { I heard a - bove in tones of love, "For you my  
 My heart was stilled, my vis - [Omit. .... ]

child, I died;"  
 ..... ion filled; With joy a - loud I cried, "Oh, now I'm sat - is - fied,

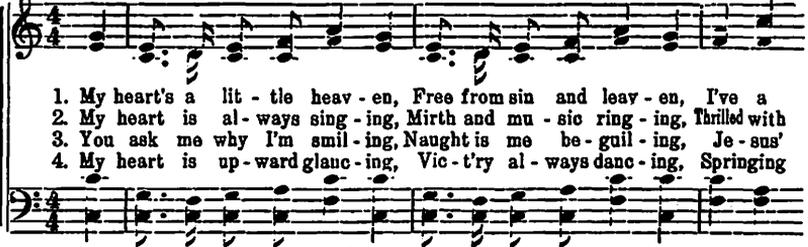
# Jingling Joy

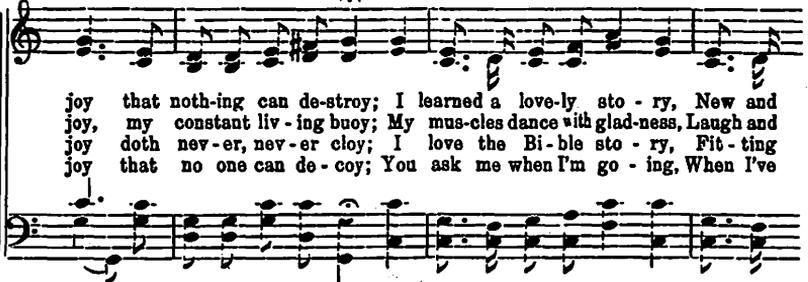
47

A. S. C.

November, 1926.

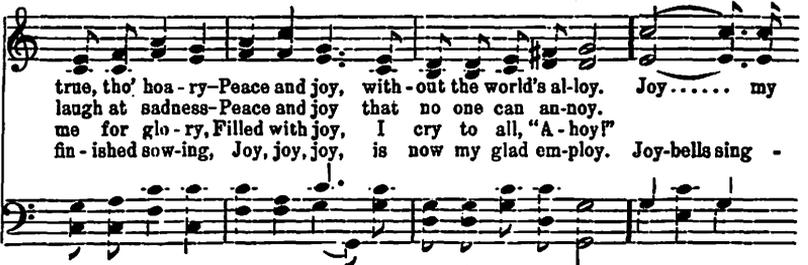
A. S. Copley.

- 
1. My heart's a lit - tle heav - en, Free from sin and leav - en, I've a
  2. My heart is al - ways sing - ing, Mirth and mu - sic ring - ing, Thrilled with
  3. You ask me why I'm smil - ing, Naught is me be - guil - ing, Je - sus'
  4. My heart is up - ward glauc - ing, Vic - t'ry al - ways danc - ing, Springing

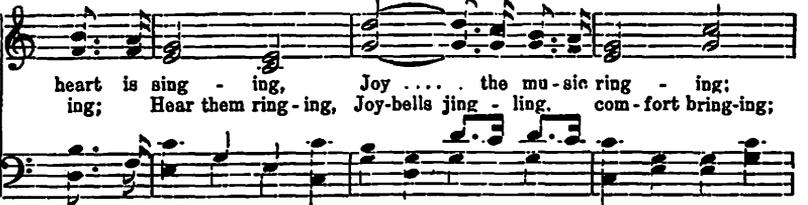


joy that noth - ing can de - stroy; I learned a love - ly sto - ry, New and  
joy, my constant liv - ing buoy; My mus - cles dance with glad - ness, Laugh and  
joy doth nev - er, nev - er cloy; I love the Bi - ble sto - ry, Fit - ting  
joy that no one can de - coy; You ask me when I'm go - ing, When I've

## CHORUS.



true, tho' hoa - ry - Peace and joy, with - out the world's al - loy. Joy..... my  
laugh at sadness - Peace and joy that no one can an - noy.  
me for glo - ry, Filled with joy, I cry to all, "A - hoy!"  
fin - ished sow - ing, Joy, joy, joy, is now my glad - em - ploy. Joy - bells sing -



heart is sing - ing, Joy . . . . the mu - sic ring - ing;  
ing; Hear them ring - ing, Joy - bells jing - ling, com - fort bring - ing;

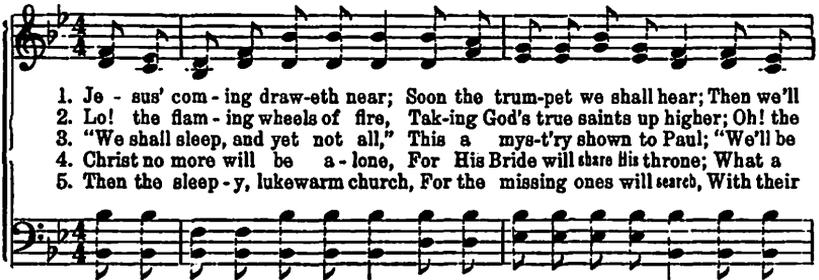


*ff*  
Joy - bells, joy - bells ring - ing, jing - ling in my heart.  
Ring - ing, mingling, joy - bells ring - ing, jing - ling in my raptured heart.

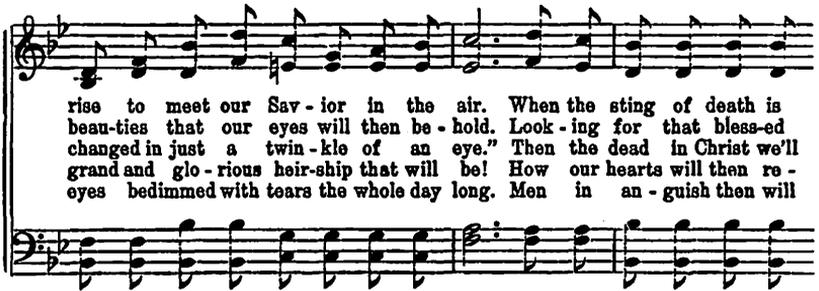
## The Blessed Hope

S. O. SHELDON, 1914.

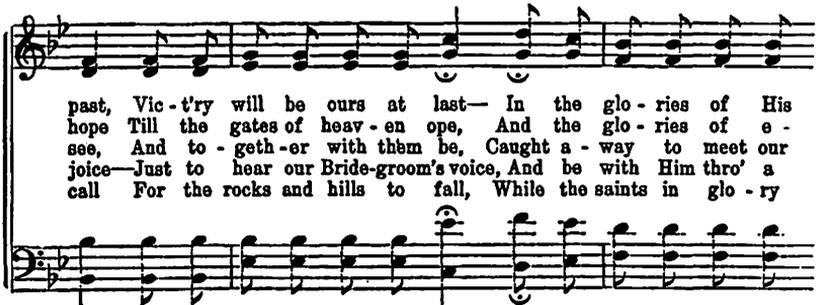
MRS. M. SALINGER, 1917



1. Je - sus' com - ing draw-eth near; Soon the trum-pet we shall hear; Then we'll  
 2. Lo! the flam - ing wheels of fire, Tak-ing God's true saints up higher; Oh! the  
 3. "We shall sleep, and yet not all," This a mys-t'ry shown to Paul; "We'll be  
 4. Christ no more will be a - lone, For His Bride will share His throne; What a  
 5. Then the sleep - y, lukewarm church, For the missing ones will search, With their

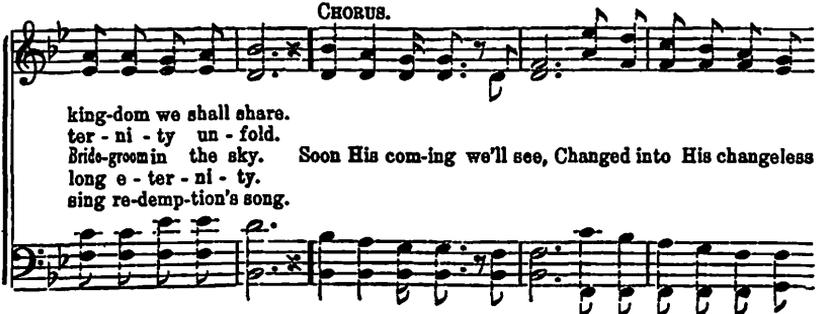


rise to meet our Sav - ior in the air. When the sting of death is  
 beau-ties that our eyes will then be - hold. Look - ing for that bless-ed  
 changed in just a twin-kle of an eye." Then the dead in Christ we'll  
 grand and glo - rious hair-ship that will be! How our hearts will then re -  
 eyes bedimmed with tears the whole day long. Men in an - guish then will



past, Vic - t'ry will be ours at last— In the glo - ries of His  
 hope Till the gates of heav - en ope, And the glo - ries of e -  
 see, And to - geth - er with them be, Caught a - way to meet our  
 joice—Just to hear our Bride-groom's voice, And be with Him thro' a  
 call For the rocks and hills to fall, While the saints in glo - ry

## CHORUS.



king-dom we shall share.  
 ter - ni - ty un - fold.  
 Bride-groom in the sky. Soon His com-ing we'll see, Changed into His changeless  
 long e - ter - ni - ty.  
 sing re-demp-tion's song.

## The Blessed Hope

glo - ry we shall be; We will praise Him for His grace, When we meet Him  
for - ev - er be;

face to face, In that cit - y where the saints shall nev - er die. nev - er die.

## Bound for Heaven

49

M. W. K.

Arr.

1. I'm a pil - grim bound for heav - en, And a stran - ger in these
2. Friends and goods are all sur - ren - dered, All are bid with tears good -
3. Sa - tan comes and sore - ly tries me, Old com - pan - ions call a -
4. Je - sus saves and sanc - ti - fies me, Keeps me safe, and helps me
5. Fare - well, scenes and plans once cher - ished, Glad - ly all I now re -

Cho.—Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me, Hal - le - lu - jah to the

lands; I've a home in yon - der cit - y, And a house not made with hands.  
bye; Je - sus now is my com - pan - ion, As I jour - ney to the sky.  
way; But I pray, and God de - liv - ers, Keeps me in the nar - row way.  
stand; Makes me dai - ly more than con - qu'ror, On and up in Beau - lah - land.  
sign; Tru - er rich - es now a - wait me, And shall be for - ev - er mine.

Lamb! Soon I'll end my pil - grim jour - ney, In my house not made with hands.

## Since The Spirit Came

A. S. Copley

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Since the Ho - ly Spir - it came, He has set my heart a - flame  
 2. Since the Ho - ly Spir - it fell, In me rings a vic - t'ry bell  
 3. Since the Spir - it dwells in me, I can shout o'er land and sea,  
 4. Since the Spir - it fills my soul, I am press - ing to the goal,

With His love, with His love; He is with me day and night,  
 Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour; Toll - ing in mel - o - dious sound,  
 "Come and dine, come and dine; See the ta - ble dai - ly spread -  
 In the skies, In the skies; Box - ing, batt - ling all the way,

And my lamp is burn - ing bright From a - bove, from a - bove.  
 To the sleep - y all a - round, Words of pow'r words of pow'r.  
 Milk and meat and bar - ley bread, Oil and wine, oil and wine."  
 Loos - ing cap - tives in the fray, For the Prize, for the Prize.

## CHORUS.

{ Come with me,..... oh, come with me, Let the Spir - it fall on  
 { Come with me,..... oh, come with me, Come en - joy a full and  
 Come and see, and hap - py be,

1 2  
 thee; Let Him give the vic - to - ry; glo - rious vic - to - ry.

# I Magnify God's Grace

51

H. B.

December, 1926

Herbert Buffum

1. 'Twas the grace of God that planned redemptions schemes, 'Twas the grace of  
2. It is all thro' grace, so where is boast-ing then, That sal - va - tion  
3. When the law quite failed to pur - i - fy the soul, Je - sus wrought re -  
4. 'Twas the blood of Christ that on - ly could a - tone, So by faith in

God of which men could not dream, That has sent His Son, cre - a - tion to re - deem,  
now ap - pear - eth to all men? It is grace; oh, who can ev - er judge a - gain?  
demp - tion just to make me whole; Now by faith, His waves of glo - ry o'er me roll;  
Him, I am a liv - ing stone; And 'tis all thro' grace that I may reach the throne,

CHORUS.  
I mag - ni - fy the grace of God.  
I mag - ni - fy the grace of God. Oh, the grace of God redeemed a  
I mag - ni - fy the grace of God.  
And mag - ni - fy the grace of God.

wretch like me; Oh, the grace of God has saved and set me free! Thru time and

e'en thru - out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll mag - ni - fy the grace of God.

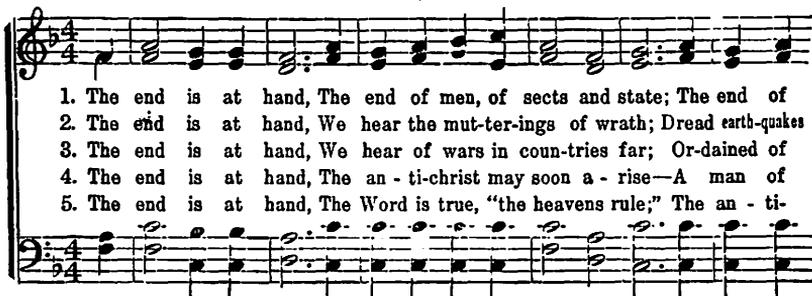
Written for and dedicated to Brother Copley, to be used to the glory of God.

## The Consummation

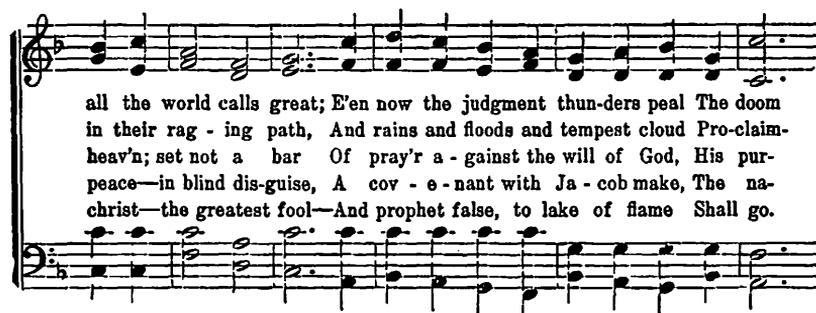
A. S. C.

June, 1917

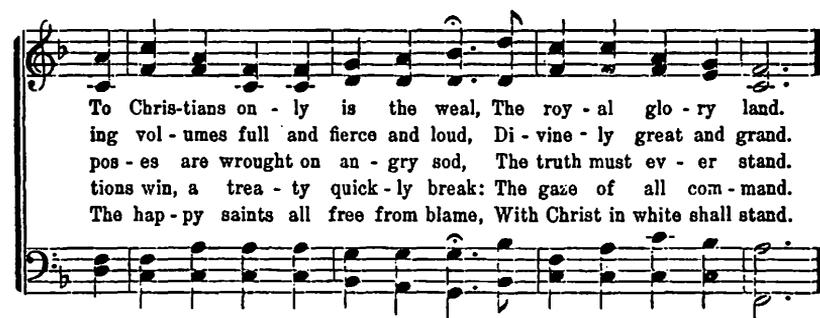
A. S. COPLEY



1. The end is at hand, The end of men, of sects and state; The end of  
 2. The end is at hand, We hear the mut-ter-ings of wrath; Dread earth-ques  
 3. The end is at hand, We hear of wars in coun-tries far; Or-dained of  
 4. The end is at hand, The an - ti-christ may soon a - rise—A man of  
 5. The end is at hand, The Word is true, "the heavens rule;" The an - ti-

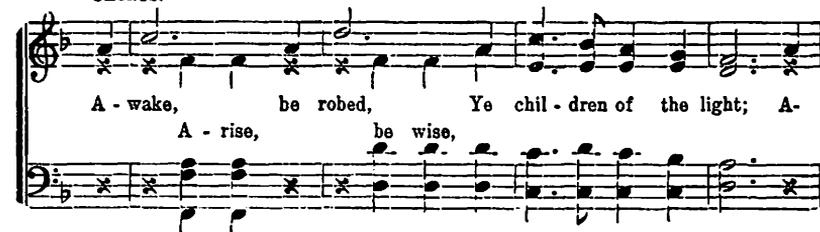


all the world calls great; E'en now the judgment thun-ders peal The doom  
 in their rag - ing path, And rains and floods and tempest cloud Pro-claim-  
 heav'n; set not a bar Of pray'r a - gainst the will of God, His pur-  
 peace—in blind dis-guise, A cov - e - nant with Ja - cob make, The na-  
 christ—the greatest fool—And prophet false, to lake of flame Shall go.



To Chris-tians on - ly is the weal, The roy - al glo - ry land.  
 ing vol - umes full and fierce and loud, Di - vine - ly great and grand.  
 pos - es are wrought on an - gry sod, The truth must ev - er stand.  
 tions win, a trea - ty quick - ly break: The gaze of all com - mand.  
 The hap - py saints all free from blame, With Christ in white shall stand.

## CHORUS.



A - wake, be robbed, Ye chil - dren of the light; A -  
 A - rise, be wise,

## The Consummation

rise and shine, The end - ing is in sight. Gird  
 A - rise and shine,  
 on the truth And hel - met gleaming bright, Thru grace in  
 Gird on the truth

*Ritard*.....

triumph stand, With Christ in glo - ry - land, With Christ in glo - ry - land.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'rise and shine, The end - ing is in sight. Gird A - rise and shine, on the truth And hel - met gleaming bright, Thru grace in Gird on the truth'. The third system begins with a 'Ritard' (ritardando) marking and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics for the third system are: 'triumph stand, With Christ in glo - ry - land, With Christ in glo - ry - land.'

## On Christ, the Solid Rock 53

EDWARD MOTE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. }
2. { When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; } On Christ, the  
 { In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds within the veil. }
3. { His oath, His covenant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; }  
 { When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }

solid rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'solid rock I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.' The score includes three numbered verses of lyrics, each enclosed in curly braces. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords.

## My Dear, Precious Friend

Mary M. Bodie

January, 1927

A. S. Copley

1. If you lis - ten, I'll sing you a song of my Friend, He's the  
 2. If you lis - ten, I'll tell you why He is my Friend, And is  
 3. There is no one so dear as my own pre-cious Friend, Let me

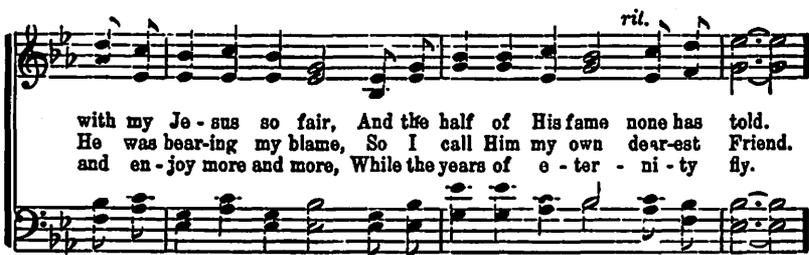
dear - est of all to me; I will love Him to - day and I'll  
 ev - er so dear to me, 'Tis be-cause that I know in the  
 tell it a - gain to thee, I would have you to know, how this

love Him for aye. And will sing in my rap - ture and glee.  
 days long a - go, That He died in my place on the tree.  
 Man loved me so, That He poured all His life out for me.

God gave me this Friend, and the sto - ry is true, He is  
 Yes, I love my dear Friend, and I fear not to say, I will  
 Now I live for my Friend, and am wait - ing His call To the

bet - ter, far bet - ter than gold, There is none to com - pare  
 love Him e'en un - to the end, On the moun - tain of shame  
 ban - quet far up in the sky, Where my Lord I'll a - dore

## My Dear, Precious Friend



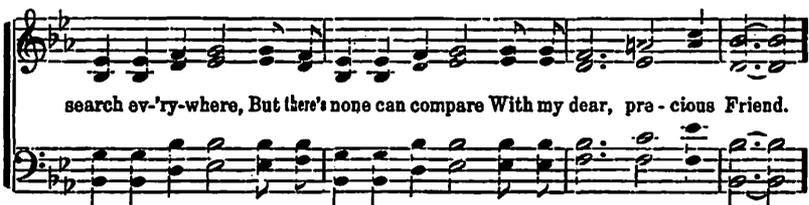
*rit.*

with my Je - sus so fair, And the half of His fame none has told.  
He was bear - ing my blame, So I call Him my own dear - est Friend.  
and en - joy more and more, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty fly.

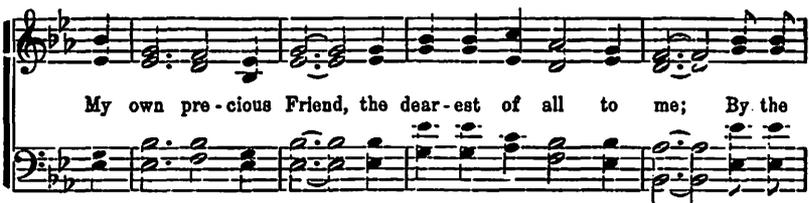
CHORUS.



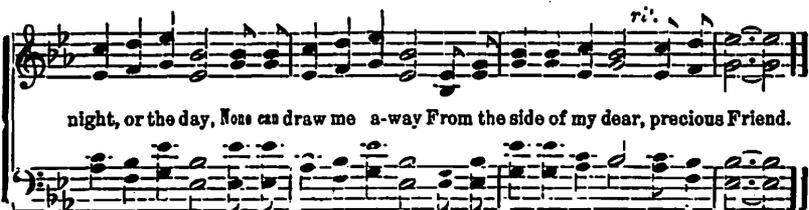
My dear, pre - cious Friend, The dear - est of all to me; You may



search ev - 'ry - where, But there's none can compare With my dear, pre - cious Friend.



My own pre - cious Friend, the dear - est of all to me; By the

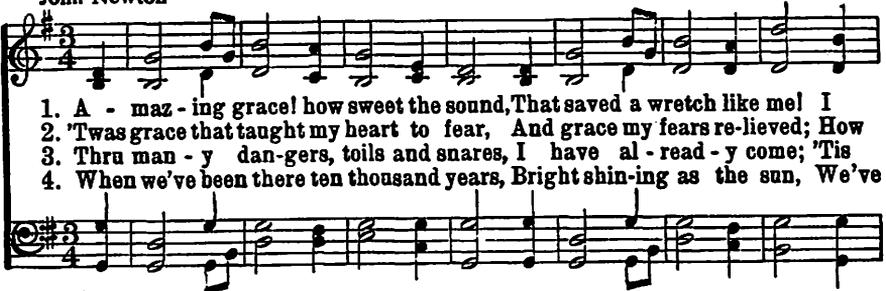


*rit.*

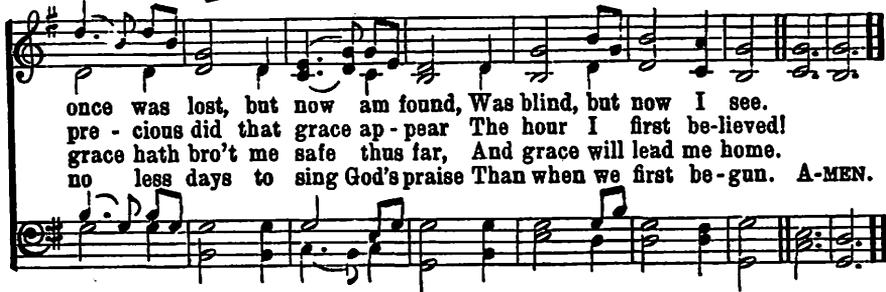
night, or the day, None can draw me a - way From the side of my dear, precious Friend.

## AMAZING GRACE

John Newton



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thru man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun, We've

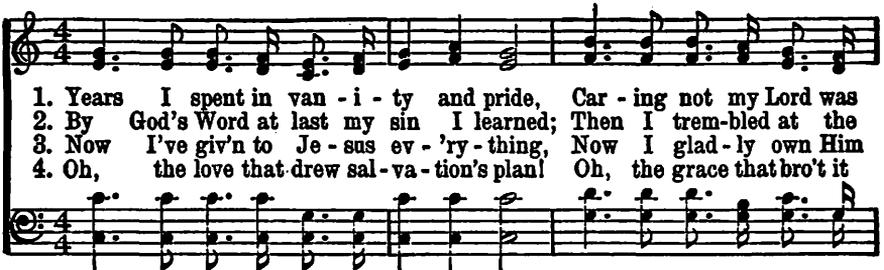


once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!  
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A-MEN.

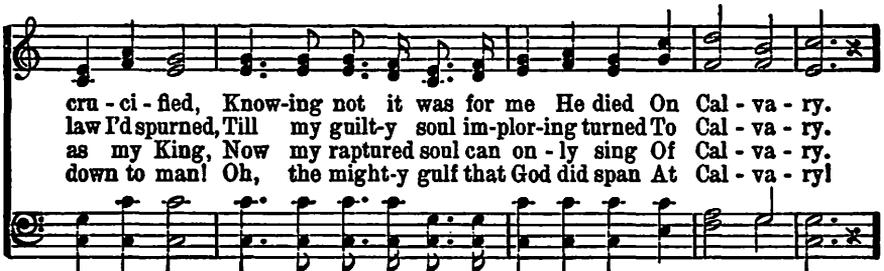
## AT CALVARY

Wm. R. Newell

D. B. Towner

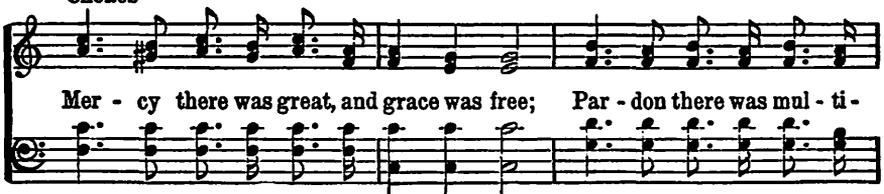


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem - bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh, the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! Oh, the grace that bro't it



cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.  
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turned To Cal - va - ry.  
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.  
down to man! Oh, the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry!

## CHORUS



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Par - don there was mul - ti -

## AT CALVARY

plied to me; There my burdened soul found lib-er - ty, At Cal - va - ry.

## The Inner Chamber

57

SIDNEY SMITH

1917

A. S. COPLEY

1. Not a sound in - vades the still-ness, Not a form in-vades the scene;
2. And with - in these heav'nly plac-es, Calm-ly hushed in deep re - pose;
3. Wrapt in deep a - dor - ing si - lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest thou, O my soul, con - tent - ed; Thou hast reached thy happy place,

Save the voice of my Be - lov - ed, And the per - son of my King.  
 There I drink with joy ab - sorb - ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.  
 Lest I lose the small - est whis - per, Meant to catch the ear of love.  
 In the bos - om of thy Sav - ior, Gaz - ing up in His dear face.

**REFRAIN.** *pp* *cres.* *mf*

Pre - cious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus, Bless - ed Bride - groom of my heart;

*a tempo.*

In thy se - cret in - ner cham - ber, Thou wilt whis - per what Thou art.

Words by permission.

By the editors-

1917

A. S. COPLEY



1. Go - ing as the Mas - ter, sin and pain de - nounc - ing, Call - ing ail to  
 2. Lift - ing up the Sav - ior in the Spir - it's pow - er, Point - ing to the  
 3. Sounding out the ti - dings of His Grace and Glo - ry, Flow - ing down from  
 4. Blessing for the wea - ry, ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Heal - ing at the  
 5. Wit - ness - ing for Je - sus, Sa - tan's craft confounding, Shout - ing out to




lis - ten to the Sav - ior's love; Pow - er for the faint - ing, all our  
 nail - prints and His wound - ed side; Giv - ing out the gos - pel ev - 'ry  
 Cal - v'ry for a sin - ful race; Go - ing with the mes - sage - tell - ing  
 Fount - ain o - pened wide for sin; Bid - ding all a wel - come, nev - er  
 sin - ners, "Full a - tone - ment's made; Heal - ing for the na - tions in the



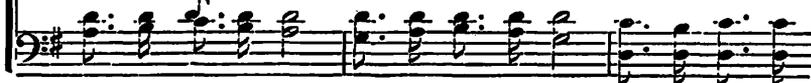

strength re - nounc - ing, Shouting, "Grace and glo - ry from our Lord a - bove."  
 day and hour, Boast - ing in the cross - tree, where with Christ we died.  
 the glad sto - ry, Wait - ing for His com - ing when we'll see His face.  
 one de - ny - ing, Who have come re - pent - ant trust - ing on - ly Him.  
 blood a - bound - ing," Wait - ing for the glo - ry in His grace dis - played.



## CHORUS.



Grace and glo - ry tell, snatch - ing men from hell, Till the Mas - ter



## Grace and Glory

call - eth: "Come with me to dwell," Grace and glo - ry sing, let the

cho - rus ring, Till the Bridegroom com-eth home His Bride to bring.

## Filled With God

59

C. P. J.

CHAR. P. JONES

1. Built on the Rock, not on the sand, O God, Thy holy Church shall stand;  
 2. What grace that I should have a part In this dear band, that my poor heart  
 3. A living stone kept by Thy grace, Thy mercy giveth me a place;  
 4. Yea, built upon that solid Rock, Thy Church shall stand the tempest shock;

Redeemed from sin by Jesus' blood, Pardon'd and cleans'd and fill'd with God.  
 Should be by heavenly power inclined Thy love to seek, Thy peace to find!  
 I, too, am of Thy Body, Lord, Cleans'd by Thy blood, kept by Thy Word,  
 And when the clouds have rolled away, Stand mistress of eternal day.

CHORUS.

Yes, fill'd with God, Yes, fill'd with God, Pardon'd and cleans'd and fill'd with God, cleans'd and fill'd with God.

## MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL

FANNY J. CROSBY

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the  
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the  
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I  
 lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will  
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.  
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.  
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

## CHORUS

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand,  
 I shall know Him,

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.  
 I shall know Him,

# He Is Shining the Same

61

MARY M. BODIE

June 1917

A. S. COPLBY

1. There is no dark val-ley since Je - sus came; For He lights the journey with  
2. There is no more sor-row since Je - sus came; But a glorious morrow with -  
3. There is no more weeping since Je - sus came; But a bless-ed reaping that  
4. There's a praiseful meet-ing since Je - sus came; And a joy - ful greeting with -  
5. There's a hope of glo - ry since Je - sus came; Then His face be-hold-ing with

pil - lar of flame. To His side we ral - ly and praise His name:  
out a - ny shame; And no care we bor - row; we're nev - er lame:  
brings Him fame. We are tell - ing the ti - dings with loud ac - claim:  
out a - ny blame. When we come to - geth - er in His dear Name;  
glo - ri - fied frame, We will prove the sto - ry we now pro - claim -

REFRAIN.

He is shin - ing each day the same. A pil - lar of cloud and

flame; He is shin - ing each day the same. To His side we

ral - ly and praise His name: He is shin - ing each day the same.

## Jesus is Coming Soon

MARY M. BODIE

February, 1918

A. S. COFLEY

1. Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing so soon; It may be at morn, or it  
 2. Je - sus is com - ing, the heay - ens will ope, And we are re - joic - ing in  
 3. Je - sus is com - ing with shout from the skies; And up from the earth all the  
 4. Je - sus is com - ing to loose ev - 'ry band, The u - ni - verse bowing at

may be at noon, Or e - ven at twi - light—the close of the day; Je - sus is  
 this gladsome hope; The groaning cre - a - tion will vic - t'ry proclaim, Anthems re -  
 asants will a - rise In beau - ty transcendant, His im - age to wear—All of His  
 His least command; E'en Satan himself then His scep - ter must own, Mighty and

## CHORUS.

com - ing in glo - ri - ous ar - ray. Je - sus is com - ing,  
 sounding with praise to His name.  
 glo - ry for - ev - er to share.  
 glo - ri - ous—the King on His throne. Je - sus soon is com - ing to reign,

Peace He will bring; Hail ye the summing,  
 Perfect peace He'll sure - ly bring, Hail, all hail the glo - ri - ous summing;

Praise ye the King, Thru the earth and heavens vic - to - ry will  
 Praise, O praise the coming King, Thru the conquered earth and heavens bells of vic - to -

## Jesus is Coming Soon

ring, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah, Let the people sing.  
ry will ring, Glo-ry, glo-ry shout and sing.

## Hallelujah to the Lamb!

63

MARY M. BODIE

1918

A. S. COPLEY

1. Worthy, worth-y is the Lamb once slain, Praise Him, Hallelujah! Hal-le-
2. He redeemed us from an aw - ful fall, Praise Him, Hallelujah! Hal-le-
3. He has made us kings and priests unto God, Praise Him, Hallelujah! Hal-le-
4. We shall reign with Him e - ter - nal - ly, Praise Him, Hallelujah! Hal-le-

lu-jah! Bless His name! Praise and spread abroad His fame, Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
lu-jah! Bless His name! Praise Him, ye His creatures all, Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
lu-jah! Bless His name! Praise and own Him as thy Lord, Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
lu-jah! Bless His name! Praise the Man of Calvary, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

### CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah to the dy-ing Lamb! Oh, glo-ry hal - le-

lu-jah! He rose a-gain and is sit-ting in the heavens, waiting to reign.

# Press Close

Mary M. Bodie

November, 1928

A. S. Copley

1. Press close to the bos-om of Je - sus, Press close in your sor-row-ing plight,  
 2. Press close to the heart that was bro-ken, Press close to the bos-om so true;  
 3. Press close to the In - fi - nite Bos-om, Press close, for He loves and He cares:

There's comfort and hope in thus nestling, While the weeping endures for the night,  
 There's none that can soothe you so gen-tly, As the hand that was wounded for you,  
 The shadows will lift from your pathway, When you find that your troubles He shares,

*S.* While the weeping endures for the night, For the joy cometh quick with the light.  
 As the hand that was wounded for you, For He tast-ed the wormwood and rue.  
 When you find that your troubles He shares, And He joins in your tears and your pray'rs.

**FINE.**

*D. S.*—And His sol-ace will ban-ish the rue.

**CHORDS.**

Press close, ..... press close.....  
 (1st) in your grief for rest and re - lief, { to the heart that was  
 (2nd) to His side what - ev - er be - tide, { to the bos - om so

*D. S.*  
 bro-ken for you; } Press close,.... . . . . . press close,.....  
 ten-der and true. } in your sor-row, He's com-ing to - mor-row,

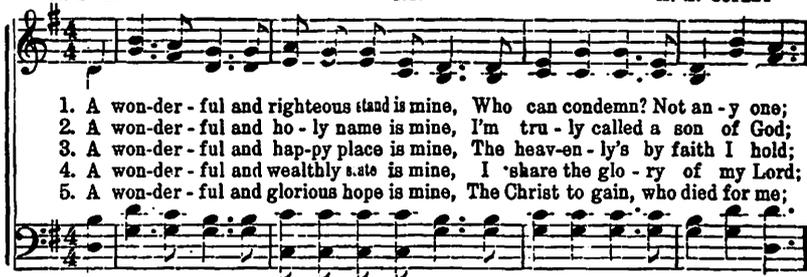
# My Wealth in Christ

65

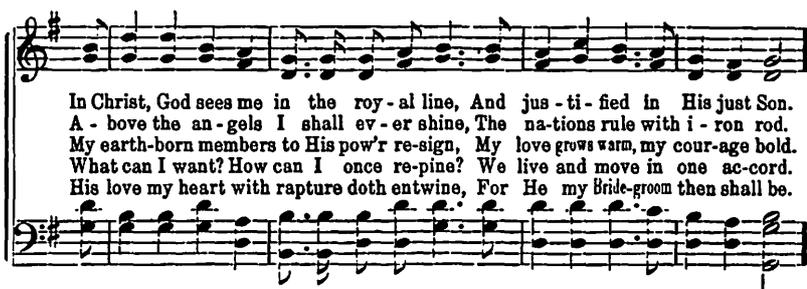
A. S. C.

1917

A. S. COPLEY

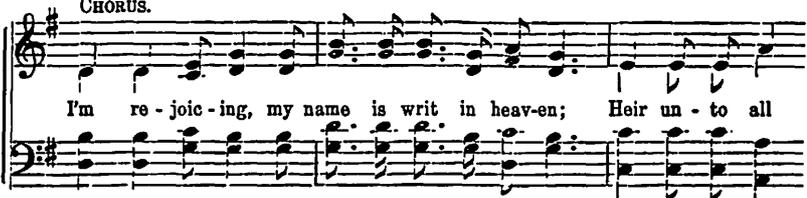


1. A won-der-ful and righteous stand is mine, Who can condemn? Not an-y one;  
2. A won-der-ful and ho-ly name is mine, I'm tru-ly called a son of God;  
3. A won-der-ful and hap-py place is mine, The heav-en-ly's by faith I hold;  
4. A won-der-ful and wealthy state is mine, I share the glo-ry of my Lord;  
5. A won-der-ful and glorious hope is mine, The Christ to gain, who died for me;



In Christ, God sees me in the roy-al line, And jus-ti-fied in His just Son.  
A-bove the an-gels I shall ev-er shine, The na-tions rule with i-ron rod.  
My earth-born members to His pow'r re-sign, My love grows warm, my cour-age bold.  
What can I want? How can I once re-pine? We live and move in one ac-cord.  
His love my heart with rapture doth entwine, For He my Bride-groom then shall be.

## CHORUS.



I'm re-joic-ing, my name is writ in heav-en; Heir un-to all



that in Christ has been giv-en; By His grace to the glo-ry I am



driv-en; My heart is filled with His love— Filled and burning with His love.

## It Is Finished.

H. G. D., Jr.

H. G. Desha, Jr.

1. { On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus proved His love for me. All my sins and  
Oh, such wondrous grace displayed! Full a - tone - ment has been made. [Omit.....]

2. { "It is fin - ished," Je - sus said, In the tomb they lay the dead; Bursting prison  
Hence He was my sub - sti - tute, Wondrous grace! who can re - fute, [Omit.....]

3. { Je - sus now doth in - ter - cede, For the souls whom He hath freed. By His pow'r, I'm  
With His seal up - on my soul, Sweet com - mun - ion has con - trol. [Omit.....]

4. { So, I thank Him for His grace Which has brought in a new race, E'en a heav'nly  
And thru Christ, my Life and light, Day by day my hopes are bright, [Omit.....]

sick - ness free - ly He did bear. "It is finished," wondrous words supremely fair!  
bars, He rose tri - umph - ant - ly. That He won for me e - ter - nal vic - to - ry.  
dai - ly kept with lov - ing care. Oh, the rich - es of His grace I sure - ly share.  
one to share His great re - nown. That I shall en - joy an out - translation crown.

## CHORUS.

It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!  
"It is fin - ished," Je - sus cried; Then He bowed His head and died!

Not by works that I have done; Grace a - lone my son - ship won,

It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!  
It is fin - ished; dead to sin. I have vic - t'ry, Christ with - in.

# PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

67

FANNY J. CROSBY

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'ny por-tals

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christis com-ing! o-ver the

## REFRAIN

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:  
 bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!  
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

tell of His ex-cel-lent great-ness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

## Walk In the Light

A. S. C.

September, 1921

A. S. Copley

1. Let us walk in the light of the Lord, Let us heed all the truth we have  
 2. We will suf - fer reproach and all loss, Dearest friends will re - ject us and  
 3. When our friends pass a - way with disease, Hav - ing yield - ed to flesh and ap -  
 4. Thru the a - ges e - ter - nal we'll prove All the mar - vels of in - fi - nite

heard; 'Tis the good - ness of God that has come to a - bide, And re -  
 scorn; Yes, our hearts will be wrung with deep an - guish and grief, And in  
 plause; And when some turn to self - ish - ness, en - vy and hate, Then we  
 grace, And for - ev - er re - jice that we walked in the light By the

veal wondrous things thru the word. To the world we must say one "Good - bye,"  
 sore dis - ap - point - ment we'll mourn. But the Lord will speak peace thru His word,  
 know what's the deep - seat - ed cause. Let us walk in the light of the Lord,  
 Spir - it, and quick - ened our pace. In the glo - ry we'll find a re - ward,

To the flesh and all sin one "Nay! nay!" 'Neath the shade of the wings of the  
 Ample strength will He give us to stand, And the arm of Je - ho - vah will  
 And with hearts full of gladness press on, Nev - er slack - en our gate, Je - sus'  
 We will walk on the ev - er - green plane, And for - ev - er have Je - sus our

D. S.—'Neath the shade of the wings of the

# Walk In the Light

FINE. CHORUS

Christ we will hide, And to Him shout an e - ter-nal "Yea."  
bring quick re-lief, As we press on and heed His command. { We will walk in the  
com - ing a - wait, Then in triumph we soon will be gone. } With the Bridegroom in  
Bridegroom in sight, As a cer-tain and e - ter-nal gain.

Christ we will hide, And to Him shout an e - ter-nal "Yea."

*D. S.*

light, We will walk in the light, We will walk in the light of the Lord; }  
sight, We will walk by His might, Ev - er trust-ing His joy-bring-ing Word, }

F. J. C.

## Unsearchable Riches

JNO. R. SWENEY

69

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ!—Wealth that can nev-er be told;—
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their great-ness de-clare!
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en-dure

Rich-es ex-haust-less of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!  
Jew-els whose lus-ter our lives may a - dorn, Pearls that the poor-est may wear.  
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev - er they go.  
Tri - als, af-flic-tions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like these to se - cure!

*D.S.*—O the un-search-a - ble rich - es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS

*D. S.*

Pre - cious, more pre - cious;—Wealth that can nev - er be told;

## My Resurrection Bounty

A. S. C.

1918

A. S. COPLEY

1. Oh! give e - ter - nal glo - ry to the Man of Cal - va - ry,  
 2. I find a life e - ter - nal in the Man from Jo - seph's tomb.  
 3. I'm learn - ing in the Christ of res - ur - rec - tion here to move.  
 4. I'm liv - ing in the heav'n - lies where my Fa - ther seat - ed me,

He's the Rock of A - ges hoar - y; but He died for you and me.  
 He as - cend - ed in - to heav - en to pre - pare for me a room.  
 And the pow - er and the vic - t'ry of that life I dai - ly prove.  
 In the Man of the As - cen - sion whom from death He had set free.

Thru that bless - ed bleed - ing Lamb, Saved by wondrous grace I am; And with  
 Thru His in - ter - ces - sion there, I can live a - bove all care, And be  
 By His buoyant joy with - in, Je - sus keeps me 'bove all sin, And His  
 I'm a - live for ev - er - more Thru His life my dai - ly store; And with

## CHORUS.

Him in realms ce - les - tial I shall sure - ly be. I've been raised from the  
 read - y for trans - la - tion to my glo - ry home.  
 res - ur - rec - tion glo - ry I shall share a - bove.  
 Him on high I'll sure - ly reign e - ter - nal - ly. as the

dead, With Christ Jesus my Head; I'm a - live for  
 scrip - ture said, glo - rious Head;

## My Resurrection Bounty

ev - er-more, O praise His name! Free from law and condemnation, free from blame;

For my Sav-ior's faithful, ev-'ry day the same, So I rest on His Word.

## Hold the Fort

71

P. P. B.

P. P. BLUES

1. Ho, my comrades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-inforcements
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: Might-y men a-
3. See the glorious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's
4. Fierce and long the battle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our

### CHORUS.

now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.  
 round us fall-ing, Cour-age almost gone. "Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,"  
 name we'll triumph O-ver ev-'ry foe.  
 great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

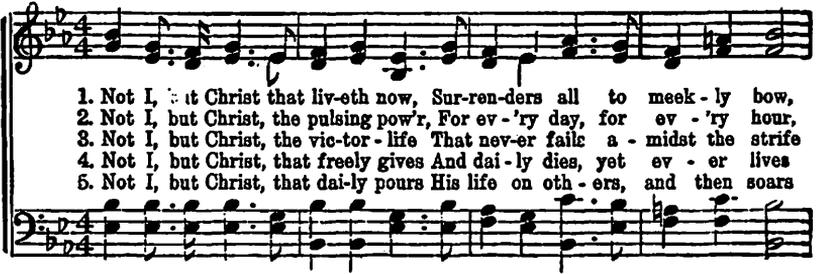
Je-sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

## Not I, but Christ

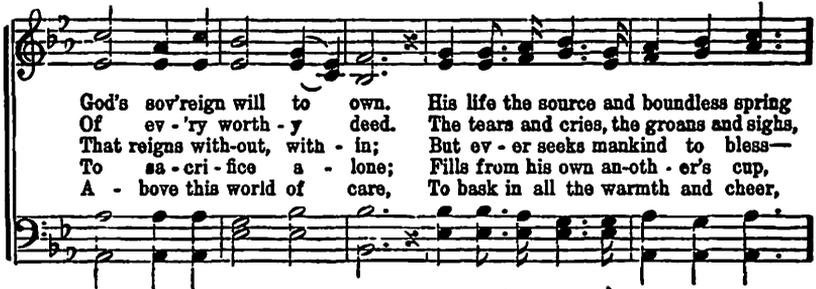
MARY M. BODIE

February, 1918

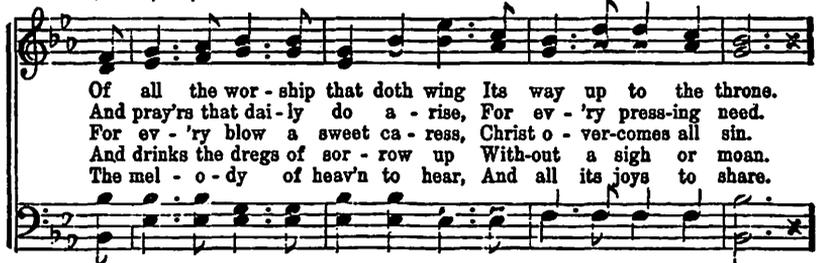
A. B. COPLEY



1. Not I, but Christ that liv-eth now, Sur-ren-ders all to meek-ly bow,  
 2. Not I, but Christ, the pulsing pow'r, For ev-'ry day, for ev-'ry hour,  
 3. Not I, but Christ, the vic-tor-life That nev-er fails a - midst the strife  
 4. Not I, but Christ, that freely gives And dai-ly dies, yet ev - er lives  
 5. Not I, but Christ, that dai-ly pours His life on oth - ers, and then soars

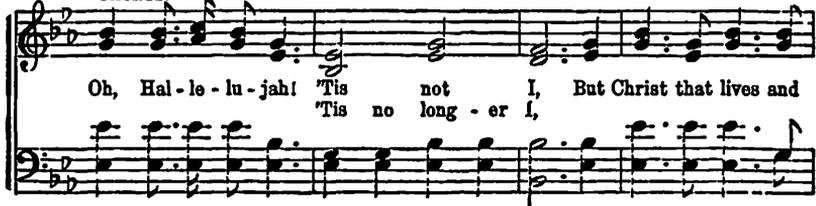


God's sov'reign will to own. His life the source and boundless spring  
 Of ev-'ry worth-y deed. The tears and cries, the groans and sighs,  
 That reigns with-out, with - in; But ev - er seeks mankind to bless—  
 To sa - cri - fice a - lone; Fills from his own an - oth - er's cup,  
 A - bove this world of care, To bask in all the warmth and cheer,

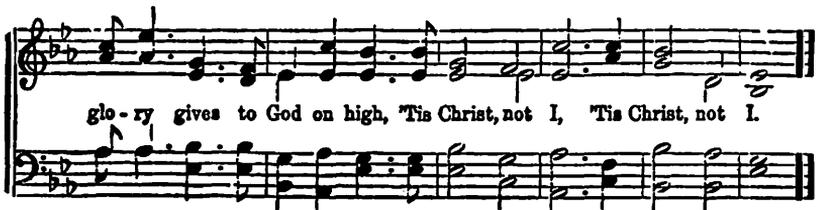


Of all the wor - ship that doth wing Its way up to the throne.  
 And pray'rs that dai-ly do a - rise, For ev - 'ry press-ing need.  
 For ev - 'ry blow a sweet ca - ress, Christ o - ver-comes all sin.  
 And drinks the dregs of sor - row up With-out a sigh or moan.  
 The mel - o - dy of heav'n to hear, And all its joys to share.

## CHORUS.



Oh, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis not I, But Christ that lives and  
 'Tis no long - er I,



glo - ry gives to God on high, 'Tis Christ, not I, 'Tis Christ, not I.

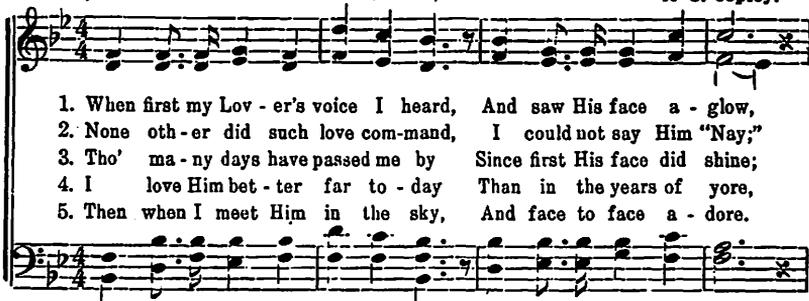
# I Love Him Better Far

73

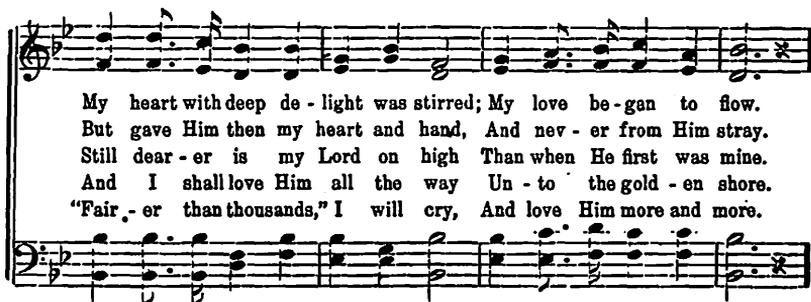
Mary M. Bodie.

November, 1925

A. S. Copley.



1. When first my Lov - er's voice I heard, And saw His face a - glow,  
2. None oth - er did such love com - mand, I could not say Him "Nay;"  
3. Tho' ma - ny days have passed me by Since first His face did shine;  
4. I love Him bet - ter far to - day Than in the years of yore,  
5. Then when I meet Him in the sky, And face to face a - dore.

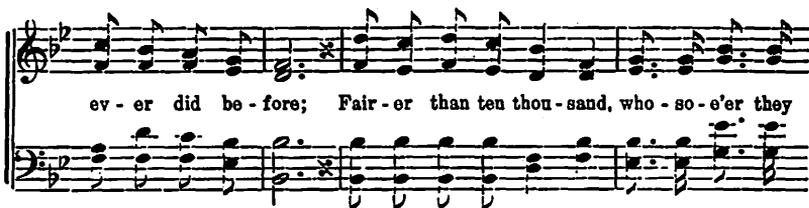


My heart with deep de - light was stirred; My love be - gan to flow.  
But gave Him then my heart and hand, And nev - er from Him stray.  
Still dear - er is my Lord on high Than when He first was mine.  
And I shall love Him all the way Un - to the gold - en shore.  
"Fair - er than thousands," I will cry, And love Him more and more.

## CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Him, love Him bet - ter far Than I ev - er,



ev - er did be - fore; Fair - er than ten thou - sand, who - so - e'er they



are; I love Him more and more, I love Him more and more.

## Is It Not Wonderful?

Mary M. Bodle.

June, 1922.

A. S. Copley.

1. There's a se - cret God had hid - den, In Him - self 'twas safe - ly sealed;  
 2. Then the Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, Tho' the name of God is one,  
 3. When at last in old Ju - de - a, In due time Je - ho - vah came,  
 4. Yet, it was as man He conquered, And all Sa - tan's pow'r de - fled;

But to those who seek His fa - vor, Is the mys - t'ry now re - vealed.  
 There de - cid - ed on the pur - pose, Which to man is now made known—  
 Man - i - fest - ed was the se - cret, Shin - ing forth in Je - sus' Name;  
 Thus thru Him we have re - demp - tion—Vic - t'ry thru the Cru - ci - fied.

In the past e - ter - nal a - ges, Long be - fore the worlds were made,  
 That in Christ the hope of a - ges God's ef - ful - gence should be seen,  
 For the Word then dwelt a - mong us, Full of De - i - ty pos - sessed;  
 So the saints of God tri - umph - ant, More than lost es - tate re - gain;

There was held a might - y coun - sel, And Di - vine foun - da - tion laid.  
 And man's fall and full re - demp - tion, Is the work - ing of this scheme.  
 And in flesh, the Fa - ther's im - age Was most per - fect - ly ex - pressed.  
 For when Christ comes back in glo - ry, Ma - ny sons with Him shall reign.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*—Ma - ny sons with Him shall reign.

{ Is it not won - der - ful? Yes, it is won - der - ful! Je - sus died and rose a - gain; }  
 { Oh, it is won - der - ful! Glori - ous and won - der - ful! Jesus saves from sin and pain. }

# Is It Not Wonderful?

D. S.

When He comes the hope of a - ges; To re - ward the saints and sa - ges,

## He Rolled the Sea Away

75

Rev. H. J. Zelle

H. L. Gilmour

1. When Is - rael out of bond - age came, A sea be - fore them lay;  
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;  
3. When sor - rows dark, like storm - y waves, Were dash - ing o'er my way;  
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;

My Lord reached down His might - y hand, And rolled the sea a - way.  
My heart's de - sire the Sav - ior read, And rolled the sea a - way.  
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And rolled the sea a - way.  
I know the Lord will quick - ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

### CHORUS

Then for - ward still, 'tis Je - ho - vah's will, Tho' the bil - lows dash and spray;

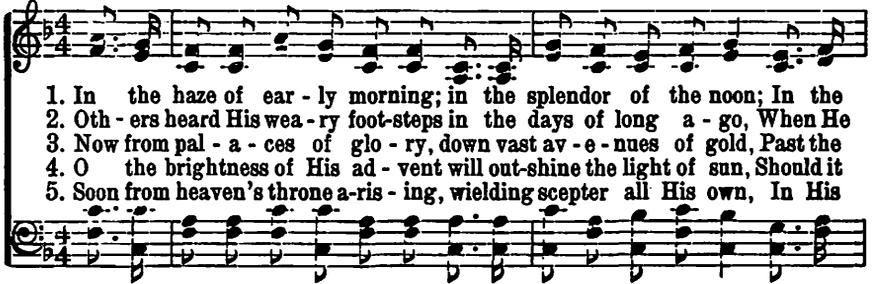
With a con - qu'ring tread we will push a - head, He'll roll the sea a - way.

## The Coming Of His Feet

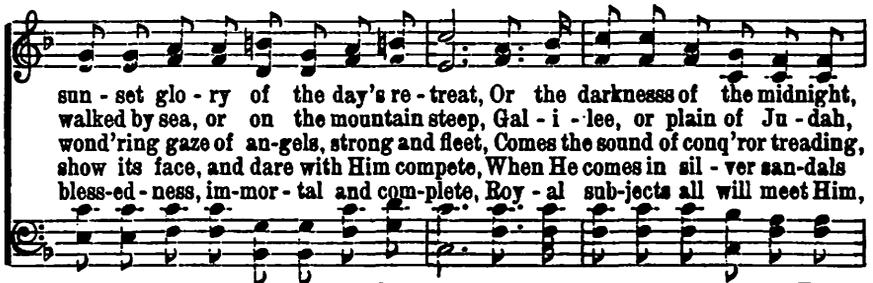
Mary M. Bodie

May, 1935

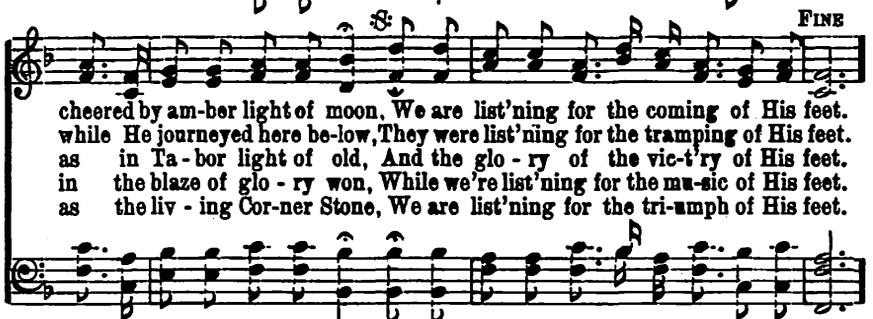
A. S. Copley



1. In the haze of ear - ly morning; in the splendor of the noon; In the  
 2. Oth - ers heard His wea - ry foot - steps in the days of long a - go, When He  
 3. Now from pal - a - ces of glo - ry, down vast av - e - nues of gold, Past the  
 4. O the brightness of His ad - vent will out - shine the light of sun, Should it  
 5. Soon from heaven's throne a - ris - ing, wielding scepter all His own, In His

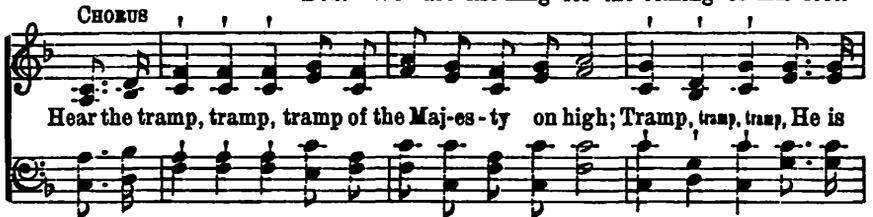


sun - set glo - ry of the day's re - treat, Or the darkness of the midnight,  
 walked by sea, or on the mountain steep, Gal - i - lee, or plain of Ju - dah,  
 wond'ring gaze of an - gels, strong and fleet, Comes the sound of cong'ror treading,  
 show its face, and dare with Him compete, When He comes in sil - ver san - dals  
 bless - ed - ness, im - mor - tal and com - plete, Roy - al sub - jects all will meet Him,



cheered by am - ber light of moon, We are list'ning for the coming of His feet.  
 while He journeyed here be - low, They were list'ning for the tramping of His feet.  
 as in Ta - bor light of old, And the glo - ry of the vic - t'ry of His feet.  
 in the blaze of glo - ry won, While we're list'ning for the mu - sic of His feet.  
 as the liv - ing Cor - ner Stone, We are list'ning for the tri - umph of His feet.

D. S.—We are list'ning for the coming of His feet.



CHORUS  
 Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Maj - es - ty on high; Tramp, tramp, tramp, He is



sure - ly draw - ing nigh; In sil - ver sandals glorious, In tri - umph all vic - to - rious.

# The Journey and the Glory

77

MARY M. RODIE

June 1917

A. S. COPLEY

1. Once in Pal-es-tine journeyed a stranger, Yet a prophet of hum-ble re -  
2. The scene is so wondrous and thrilling, We're entranced by the sight we be -  
3. And these light af-flictions of a mo-ment, Can - not with the glo - ry com -  
4. In the sky we shall see Him de-scend-ing. His shout will be heard in the

nown; He was toil - ing and teach - ing, tho' home - less, For He sight - ed an  
hold: For this ver - y same Je - sus is com - ing, The coun - sels of  
pare; The suf - fring with Christ is but trans - ient, E - ter - nal the  
air; The Bride shall as - cend then to meet Him, And rai - ment of

un - fad - ing crown. And the path of this lone Gal - li - le - an, Is  
God to un - fold. And the ar - mies of heav - en shall fol - low, As the  
heir - ship we share. And a crown is laid up for the vic - tor, Who  
beau - ty shall wear. His face we will see in the glo - ry, And

## REFRAIN.

mine as He shows me the way.  
King of all kings leads the way. For the toils of the jour - ney seem nothing,  
runs on this up - shin - ing way.  
nev - er from Him go a - way.

While we look to that glo - ri - ous day, While we look to that glo - ri - ous day.

## IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

H. G. SPAFFORD

P. P. BRES



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,  
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



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

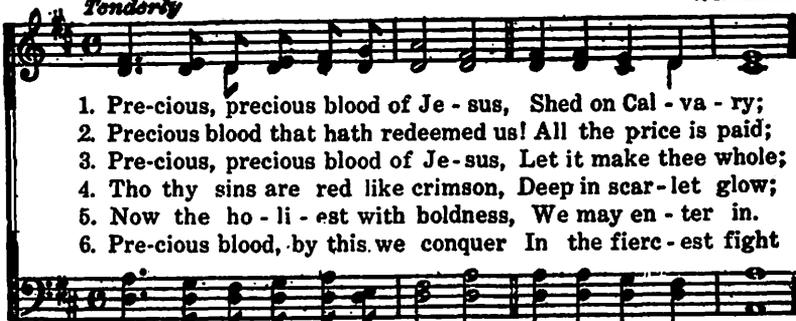


# Precious Blood!

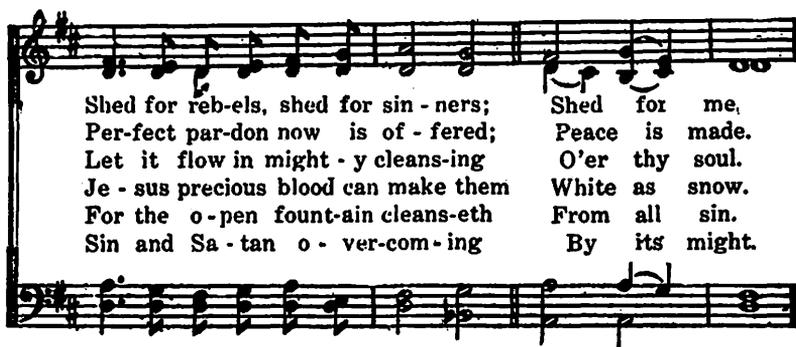
79

Frances B. Havergal  
*Tenderly*

J. McManis

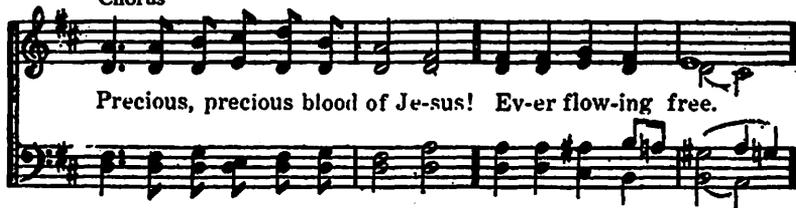


1. Pre-cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;  
2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid;  
3. Pre-cious, precious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;  
4. Tho thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar - let glow;  
5. Now the ho - li - est with boldness, We may en - ter in.  
6. Pre-cious blood, by this we conquer In the fierc - est fight

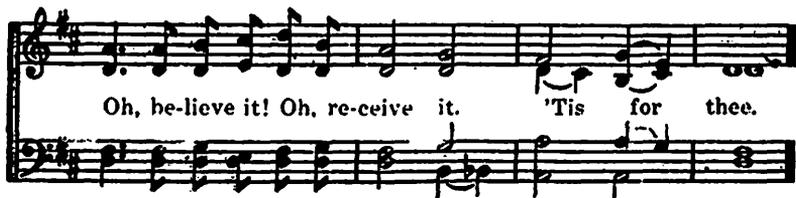


Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners;      Shed for me,  
Per - fect par - don now is of - fered;      Peace is made.  
Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing      O'er thy soul.  
Je - sus precious blood can make them      White as snow.  
For the o - pen fount - ain cleans - eth      From all sin.  
Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing      By its might.

## Chorus



Precious, precious blood of Je - sus! Ev - er flow - ing free.

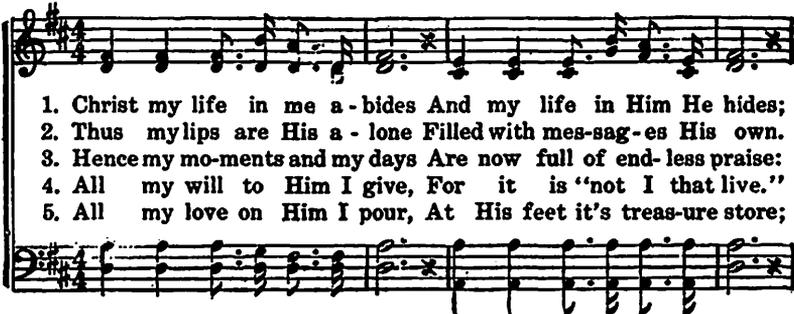


Oh, he - lieve it! Oh, re - ceive it. 'Tis for thee.

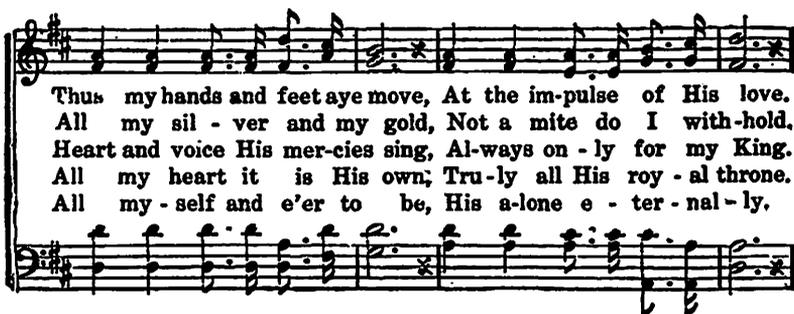
## Christ My Life

Mary M. Bodie

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

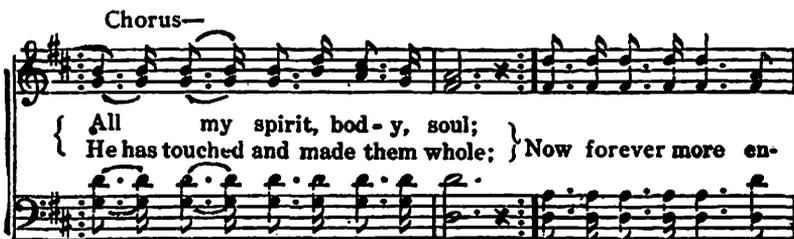


1. Christ my life in me a-bides And my life in Him He hides;  
 2. Thus my lips are His a-lone Filled with mes-sag-es His own.  
 3. Hence my mo-ments and my days Are now full of end-less praise:  
 4. All my will to Him I give, For it is "not I that live."  
 5. All my love on Him I pour, At His feet it's treas-ure store;

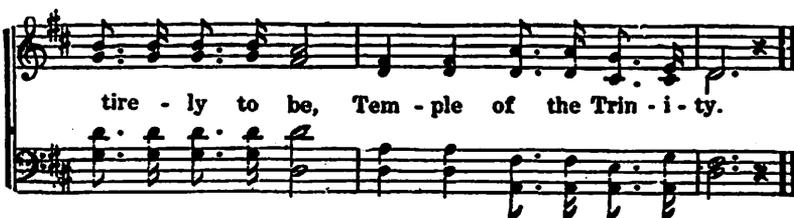


Thus my hands and feet aye move, At the im-pulse of His love.  
 All my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite do I with-hold.  
 Heart and voice His mer-cies sing, Al-ways on-ly for my King.  
 All my heart it is His own; Tru-ly all His roy-al throne.  
 All my-self and e'er to be, His a-lone e-ter-nal-ly.

Chorus—



{ All my spirit, bod-y, soul;  
 He has touched and made them whole: } Now forever more en-



tire-ly to be, Tem-ple of the Trin-i-ty.

# He Hideth My Soul

81

FANNY J CROSBY  
*Allegretto,*

WM. J KIRKPATRICK



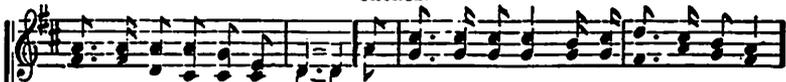
1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful  
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my  
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And fill'd with His  
4. When cloth'd in His brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him with



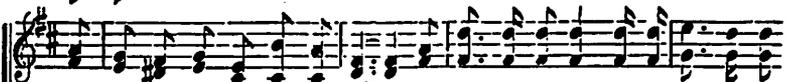
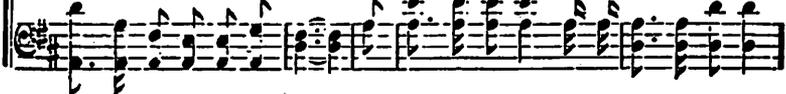
Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where  
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He  
full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rapt ure, oh, glo - ry to God For  
saints in the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll



## CHORUS.



riv - ers of pleasure I see  
giveth me strength as my day He hid eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
such a Re - deemer as mine  
shout with the millions on high



That shadows a dry, thirst - y land He hid - eth my life in the depths of His



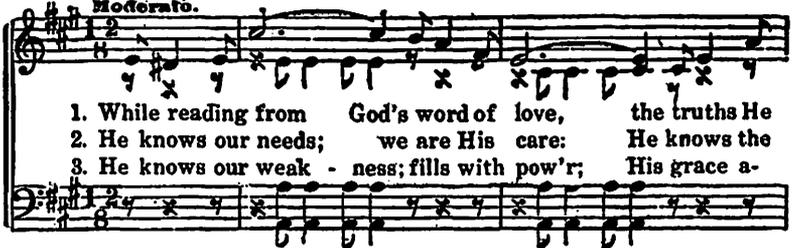
love, And cov - ers me there with His hand. And cov - ers me there with His hand.



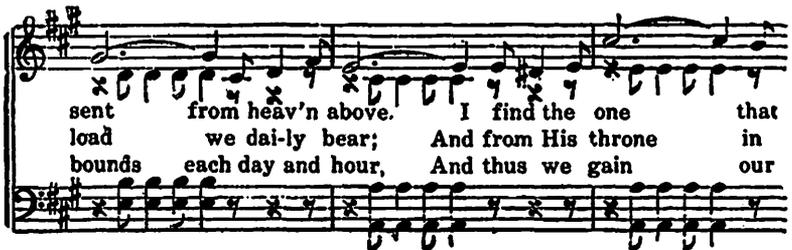
## My Savior Knows!

Arranged "God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." I JOHN 3: 20  
A. F. MYERS

Moderato.



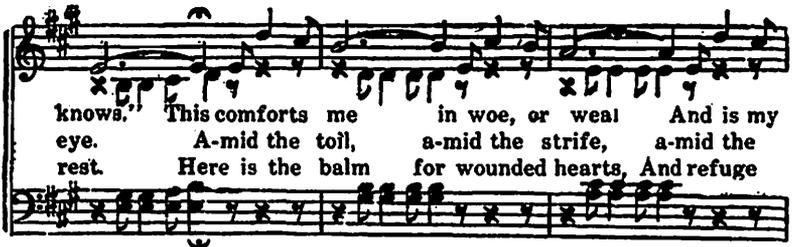
1. While reading from God's word of love, the truths He  
2. He knows our needs; we are His care: He knows the  
3. He knows our weak - ness; fills with pow'r; His grace a-



sent from heav'n above. I find the one that  
load we dai-ly bear; And from His throne in  
bounds each day and hour, And thus we gain our



brightest glows, A jew-el rare "My Savior  
heav-en high, Our Savior guides with watchful  
por-tion blest. With-in His arms of love to



knows. This comforts me in woe, or weal And is my  
eye. A-mid the toil, a-mid the strife, a-mid the  
rest. Here is the balm for wounded hearts, And refuge



staff how-e'er I feel: And from my heart a  
cares and griefs of life; This precious thought brings  
from sa-tan-ic darts. What-e'er be-tide, or

# My Savior Knows!

car-ol flows; I'm filled with joy. My Savior knows.  
 sweet repose: "He sanc - ti - fies, and al-ways knows."  
 tempest blows; Our hearts re-joice; the Savior knows.

# The Sure Foundation T. C. O'KANE 83

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sub-lime, }  
 That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who (*Omit.* .....
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head; }  
 To its firm base my. all I bring, And (*Omit.* .....
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft-y height, Illumed with heav'n's un-cloud-ed light, }  
 Swings wide its gates be-neath the dome, Where (*Omit.* .....

2 **CHORUS**

find with - in the cleft a rest.  
 to the cross of a - ges cling. Some build their hopes on the  
 saints find rest with Christ at home.

ev - er drift-ing sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land;

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

## The Sun Will Shine

Mary M. Bodie

April 1926

A. S. Copley

1. When sorrows pall . . . . . and shadows fall, . . . . . As on all lives they must.  
 2. When thorns are there . . . . . more than thy share, . . . . . And ros-es few on the way.  
 3. When ev-'ry plan . . . . . seems all of man, . . . . . And ev-'ry trust betrayed:

Oh, that's the time . . . . . in ev-'ry clime . . . . . To seek the Lord and trust.  
 Thru blackest night . . . . . when nothing's right, . . . . . And not a gleam of day;  
 When tear-drops fall . . . . . and o-ver all, . . . . . The mists of doubt are laid;

Then watch and wait, . . . . . He'll not be late, . . . . . Tho' darkness veil thy sky.  
 Oh, that's the hour . . . . . to test the pow'r . . . . . Of Je-sus' name and love.  
 Oh, then its best . . . . . to stand the test, . . . . . And smile in-stead of frown;

How-ev-er drear, . . . . . the sun will peer . . . . . From out the clouds on high.  
 Tho' joys are few, . . . . . He'll take thee thru, . . . . . Just look to Him a-bove.  
 For out of fears . . . . . and anguished tears, . . . . . The Lord will form a crown.

D. S.—The sun will shine, . . . . . 'twill sure-ly shine, . . . . . Its golden beams bring day.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, yes; oh, yes; . . . . . the sun will shine, . . . . . { the mists will roll a-way; }  
 { in rainbow thru the spray; }

# The Sun Will Shine

D. S.

Oh, yes, 'twill shine,..... do not re-pine,.....  
 Oh, yes, 'twill shine, do not re-pine,

# I'm Coming Soon

85

Mary M. Bodie

April 1930

A. S. Copley

1. My Sav-ior speaks a-cross the way. "I'm coming soon," He seems to say.
2. "Oh, yes, be brave. I'm coming soon," He whisp-ers low. It may be noon,
3. I hear His voice. It clos-er coos—"I'm coming soon." His Bride He woos
4. "O love, a-rise and haste a-way. I'm com-ing soon; may-be to-day.

"I'll break the clouds and come for thee." Oh, joy and rest and ec-sta-cyl  
 Or ev-en night, His face I'll see, And ev-er-more with Him will be.  
 With words of love and hope and cheer. He's coming soon. I need not fear.  
 Then up, we'll fly to heav'n and home, For-ev-er there to-geth-er roam."

CHORUS. *p*

{ I'm coming soon. I'm coming soon, Mid-night, or morn or shining noon. }  
 { I'm coming soon. I'm coming soon, Down thru the sky a-glow with roon. }

*f*  
 Far from beyond the sil-ver moon, I'm coming soon. I'm com-ing soon.

1. Long I tried to earn sal - va - tion, Knew not it was free; Sad and sick with  
 2. Could not mend the old cre - a - tion, Tho' I long had tried; Hence, in bitter  
 3. Won - der - ful is God's sal - va - tion, Per - fect, free and grand; Onward led by  
 4. Come and seek this great sal - va - tion, Christ the sinner's friend; Come, enjoy re -

con - dem - na - tion, Christ I did not see. Some one cried: "A new cre - a - tion,  
 con - ster - na - tion, Fre - quent - ly I cried: Till I learned of full sal - va - tion,  
 ex - pec - ta - tion, In His grace I stand. Stab - lished on this firm foun - da - tion,  
 gen - er - a - tion To your jour - ney's end. Be prepared for con - sum - ma - tion,

Hear the Gos - pel call." And exclaimed with ex - ul - ta - tion: "Je - sus did it all."  
 Heard the Gos - pel call. Now I sing with ex - ul - ta - tion: "Je - sus did it all."  
 Can I ev - er fall? Nay, I am a new cre - a - tion: "Je - sus did it all."  
 Hear the bu - gle call; Join the shout of cor - o - na - tion: "Je - sus did it all."

## ♩: CHORUS.

{ Je - sus did it all, Hear His loving call, } O it is so won - der - ful, won - der -  
 { Can - celed all my debt, Ev - 'ry need is met, } (Omit.)

D. S.

ful and true; Now I trust and praise Him, Nothing else to do, Je - sus did it all.

# Jesus' Blood Covers Me

87

D. W. G.

D. W. GRIFFIN



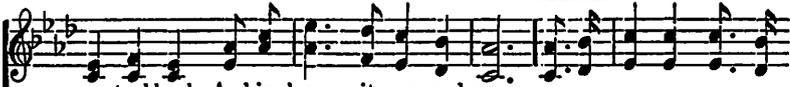
1. For the world in blind-ness 'neath a ty - rant's rod, Was a foun-tain  
 2. Je - sus was my ran - som on the cross that day When cre - a - tion  
 3. Hav - ing once for - ev - er met the law's de - mand, He, my High Priest,  
 4. Death has lost its ter - rors, sin has lost its pow'r; Thro' the Lamb once




o - pened in the heart of God, And a stream of mer - cy, e - ven  
 trembled and the veil gave way, And when all man's glo - ry tru - ly  
 ev - er sits at God's right hand, And His worth and pow - er are at  
 of - fered all the curse is o'er; Not a foe can en - ter at the



\*CHORUS.



un - to blood, And in love it cov - ered me.  
 passed a - way In the blood that cov - ers me. O that foun-tain o - pened  
 my command, Thro' the blood that cov - ers me.  
 sprinkled door, For the blood it cov - ers me.




in the heart of God, That bless - ed cleansing, heal - ing flood, And a




stream of mer - cy flows for e - ven me, I was bound but now I'm free.



By permission of Mrs. Griffin, owner.

## Mine! Mine! Mine!

H. G. D., Jr.

August 1925

H. G. Decha, Jr.

1. O the wealth in Christ I see, Free-ly of-fered un-to me; It is mine, mine,  
 2. O the glo-ry bil-lows roll, Heaving, swelling in my soul; It is mine, mine,  
 3. Sit-ting low at Je-sus' feast, Here is milk and here is meat, It is mine, mine,  
 4. In the true and liv-ing Vine, I am in the roy-al line; It is mine, mine,

mine, yes, its mine; Freedom from all guilt and sin, I've a life that's bound to win;  
 mine, yes, its mine; I am filled up to the brim, Running o-ver at the rim;  
 mine, yes, its mine; Liv-ing by His ho-ly Word, Sweetest message ev-er heard;  
 mine, yes, its mine; Ca-na's feast will come at last, All the earth seems will have pass'd;

CHORUS.  
 It is mine, mine, mine, yes, its mine. It is mine, mine, mine, yes, its  
 It is wine, wine, wine, Canaan's wine.  
 It is fine, fine, fine, tru-ly fine.  
 Then we'll shine, shine, shine, ever shine. Praise the Lord its mine;

mine;..... Praise the Lord, I'm in the roy-al line. Christ en-light-ens  
 al-ways whol-ly mine;

me to see, All His wealth is now for me; It is mine, mine, mine, all is mine.

# AT THE CROSS

89

ISAAC WATTS

R. E. HUDSON

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, — 'Tis all that I can do.

## CHORUS

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a - way, It was there by

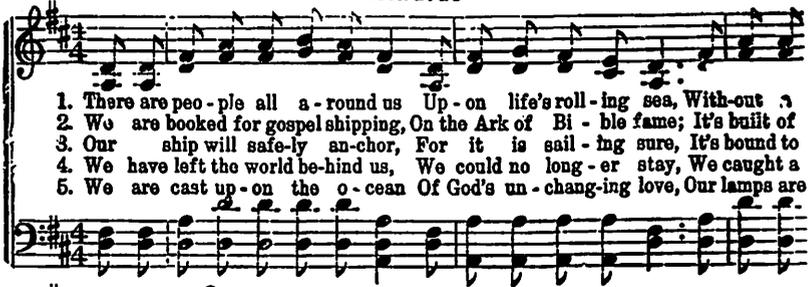
faith I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

## Where We Are Going

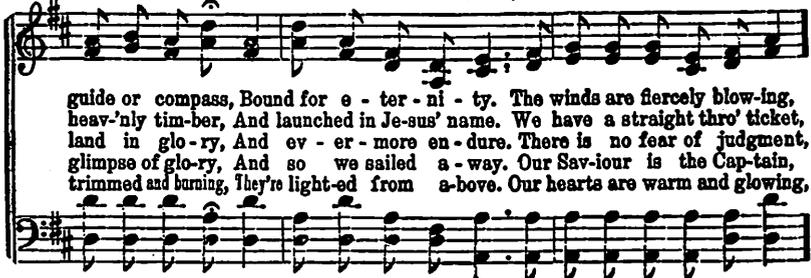
MARY M. BODIE

March 1918

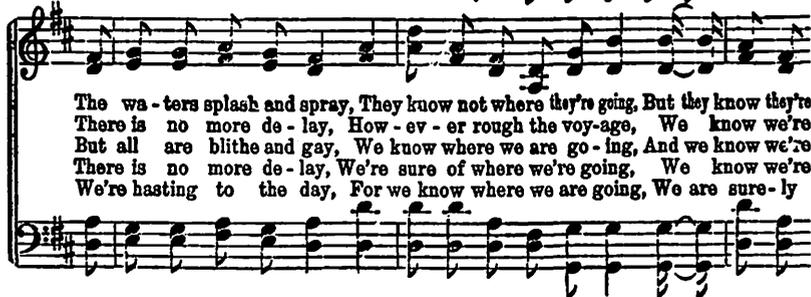
A. S. COFLEY



1. There are peo-ple all a-round us Up-on life's roll-ing sea, With-out a  
 2. We are booked for gospel shipping, On the Ark of Bi-ble fame; It's built of  
 3. Our ship will safe-ly an-chor, For it is sail-ing sure, It's bound to  
 4. We have left the world be-hind us, We could no long-er stay, We caught a  
 5. We are cast up-on the o-cean Of God's un-chang-ing love, Our lamps are



guide or compass, Bound for e-ter-ni-ty. The winds are fiercely blow-ing,  
 heav-nly tim-ber, And launched in Je-sus' name. We have a straight thro' ticket,  
 land in glo-ry, And ev-er-more en-dure. There is no fear of judgment,  
 glimpse of glo-ry, And so we sailed a-way. Our Sav-iour is the Cap-tain,  
 trimmed and burning, They're light-ed from a-bove. Our hearts are warm and glowing,

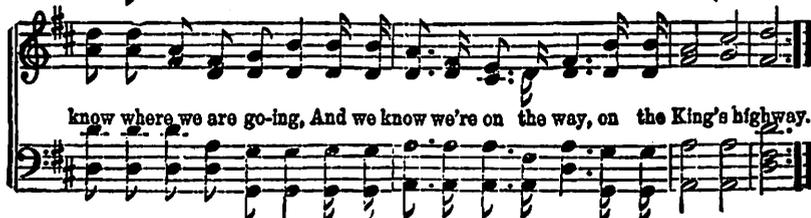


The wa-ters splash and spray, They know not where they're going, But they know they're  
 There is no more de-lay, How-ev-er rough the voy-age, We know we're  
 But all are blithe and gay, We know where we are go-ing, And we know we're  
 There is no more de-lay, We're sure of where we're going, We know we're  
 We're hasting to the day, For we know where we are going, We are sure-ly

CHORUS.



on the way. But }  
 on the way. And } we are bound for heaven, We can no long-er stay; We



know where we are go-ing, And we know we're on the way, on the King's high-way.

# Saved By Grace

FANNY J. CROSBY

Geo. C. STRESSIS

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;  
 2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,  
 3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,  
 4. Some day, till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!  
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.  
 That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the  
 . shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to  
 . shall see

face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.  
 to face,

## Glory in My Soul

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of  
 2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way in a  
 3. Peace that pass-eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my  
 4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful Word As I

gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold - ing sweet communion with my  
 fel - low - ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each  
 life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me  
 jour - ney in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of

new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.  
 new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.  
 as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.  
 my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.

## CHORUS.

There is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, in my soul to - day, Wondrous  
 glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, all a - long the way, Pen - te - cost - al  
 glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, pow - er,

# Glory In My Soul

blessings o'er my spir - it roll, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.  
 joy and glo - ry

## My Title-Deed

93

A. S. Copley

Arr. by T. C. O'Kane

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, My heart is free from slav - ish fear, And  
 Since now by faith I'm jus - ti - fied, Like saints of old I'm oft - en tried; But
2. Tho' Sa - tan oft - en doth en - gage To blot my name from heaven's page; Yet  
 For in God's Word I dai - ly read The rec - ord of my ti - tle deed; And
3. My hope grows brighter ev - 'ry day, My ti - tle holds me on the way; Thru  
 If Je - sus calls for us this year, I have a ti - tle-deed all clear. My

### CHORUS.

words of grace I al - ways hear—My life, my strength, my all. } For I stand  
 Christ for me was cru - ci - fied, From Him I can - not fall. }  
 I can smile at all his rage And wave a - loft my spear; }  
 'tward my mansion now I speed, And shout "my title's clear." }  
 Christ I con - quer in the fray, Tho' oft - en faint and sore. }  
 mansion glorious will ap - pear. My war - fare will be o'er. } in the fray

on the Word, I've a ti - tle - deed on high, up on high;  
 of God to-day, I've a ti - tle in the sky to a mansion up on high;

Yes, I stand on the Word, It will land me by and by.  
 ev - 'ry day of God and say: by and by.

MARY M. BODIS.

1917

A. S. COPLEY

1. What tho' the cur-tains of the night be drawn, And dark the shade where-  
 2. A - wake, a - wake, the morn breaks o'er the hills, The star, swift her-ald  
 3. Up from the grave the dead will then a - rise, And liv - ing saints quick  
 4. E - ter - nal joy will wing the saints a - way, E - ter - nal glo - ry

in God's peo - ple dwell, We hear the myr - lad voic - es of the dawn -  
 of of - ful - gent day, Now hastes to ban - ish all the mist that fills  
 changed and glist'ning white, Will mount God's char-iots in their glad sur-prise,  
 we with Christ will share, E - ter - nal years will span our wed-ding day,

CHORUS.

Me - lo - dious sounds, Je - ho-vah's praise to swell. A - wake, ye  
 The val - ley of the shad - ow far a - way.  
 And with the Bridegroom speed to realms of light.  
 With-in the cit - y ho - ly, bright and fair. A - wake and sing,

chil - dren of the light; Be robed, be read - y for the flight;  
 Be robed and winged,

He comes in train of spot-less white, Behold the Bridegroom comes.  
 He comes as King

# Tune Your Harps

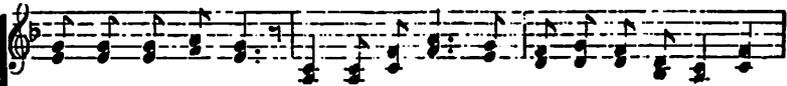
95

A. S. COPLEY

L. WATTS



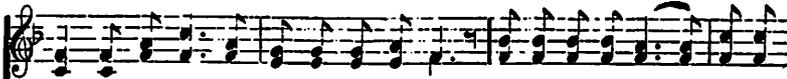
1 Tidings of grace with joy we are proclaiming. News of salvation,  
2 Grace, peace, and glory - this our joyous carol. Fullness of blessing,  
3 Jesus is calling us to highest glory, With Him to rule the  
4. Why will you linger by a broken cistern? You may enjoy a



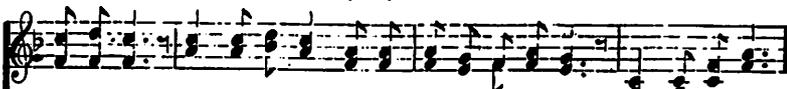
deep and full and free. Viewing His glory we are now exclaiming,  
fitness for a throne. His righteousness alone is our apparel.  
heavens and the earth. Fruitage of grace must hear this sweetest story,  
well of endless life. Why do you falter? Get the Holy Spirit -



## CHORUS.



Where He has gone, forever we shall be.  
Heirs to a crown we are but little known.      Tune a harp and sing, make the  
And tune the harps to sing with holy mirth.  
Rivers of water, ending care and strife.



welkin ring. Jesus is Victor, and grace is on the wing. Oh! What a won-



derful and loving Savior. Let us tell the tidings, then we'll crown Him King.

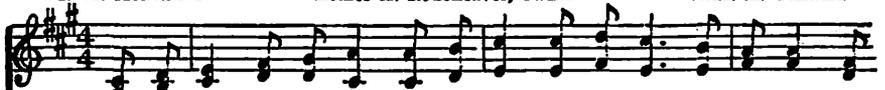


## SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

R. H. MCDANIEL

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel  
Homer A. Kodscheaver, owner

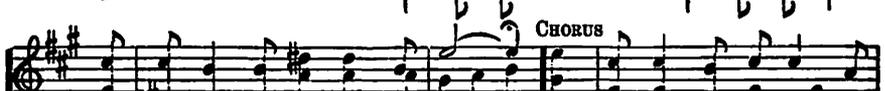
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came  
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came  
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came  
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came  
5. I shall go there to dwell in that cit - y I know, Since Je - sus came



in - to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
in - to my heart; And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way,  
in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,  
in - to my heart; And the gates of the cit - y be - yond I can see,  
in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

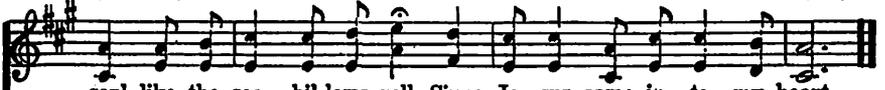


CHORUS

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my  
Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my  
in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;



soul like the sea - bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

# In My Heart There Rings a Melody

ELTON M. ROTH, 1891-1951

ELTON M. ROTH, 1891-1951

1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from  
 2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my  
 3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels

heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a  
 sins a - way; He put with - in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I  
 I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo - rious har - mo - ny, When the

## CHORUS

mel - o - dy of love.  
 know it's there to stay. In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy,  
 courts of heav - en ring.

There rings a mel - o - dy with heav - en's har - mo - ny; In my

heart there rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

“He which testifieth these things, saith,  
 surely I come quickly.  
 Amen. Even so, Come, Lord Jesus.”  
 (Revelation 22:20)

# HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
 2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
 3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt- y heart, to the

mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is  
 mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is  
 sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is

**CHORUS**

a - ble to de-liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de-liv - er thee,  
 a - ble, He is a - ble

He is a - - - - ble to de-liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-press,  
 a - ble, He is a - ble

Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de-liv - er thee."

# Joy and Glory Too

99

Mary M. Bodie

1913

A.S. Copley

1. O child of God, there is for thee, A gladsome hope where'er thou be;  
2. O child of God, this prom-ise see, A - noint-ed with the Spir - it be;  
3. He deigns to come; re-ceive Him now, And low - ly at His foot-stool bow;  
4. O child of God, yield all to Him, And He will glad - ly en - ter in;  
5. Then joy un - min - gled will be thine, For He will give of His new wine,

The prom-ise of the Fa - ther true—That He with pow'r will thee en - due.  
He comes to ev - 'ry trust - ing heart, And nev - er will from him de - part.  
The love of God makes man to be The tem - ple of the Trin - i - ty.  
Dis - pel - ing all thy doubt and fear, And fill - ing thee with hope and cheer.  
Earth's tears and tri - als all for - got, His word is sure; He'll tar - ry not.

## CHORUS.

He fills and thrills with joy and glo - ry too, The fire still high'r will

*accel.* burn and hope re - new; The praise of Christ you'll sing, The glo - ry

*m* bells will ring; For the Ho - ly Spir - it now is fill - ing you.

## We Shall Meet Him

Arranged

April, 1918

Adapted

1. We shall meet our Bridegroom yonder, Where the sur-g-es cease to roll;  
 2. We shall meet our Bridegroom yonder, He has on - ly gone be - fore;  
 3. We shall meet our bless-ed Bridegroom, With no veil to dim our eye;  
 4. We shall meet Him, Christ our Bridegroom, When He comes to claim His own;

We shall meet Him, we shall greet Him, Where no sor-rows press the soul.  
 To pre - pare a hab - i - ta - tion, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.  
 He shall call us to be with Him, In that rapt - ure in the sky.  
 We shall see Him and be like Him, And sit down up - on His throne.

## CHORUS.

We shall meet, Him bright and fair, we shall greet, Him in the air, We shall

meet our bless-ed Bridegroom o-ver there; Then we'll dine..... and  
 and ne'er re - pine,

drink new wine, And for - ev - er in His glo - ry we shall share.  
 and with Him shine,

# Waiting Till I Come

101

Anon

April 1918

A.S. Copley

1. 'Midst the darkness, storm and sorrow, one bright gleam I see, Well I know the  
2. Long the bless-ed Guide has led me by the des-ert road, Now I see the  
3. There a-midst the songs of heav-en, sweet-er to His ear Is the foot-fall  
4. O the bless-ed joy of meet-ing, all the des-ert past! O the wondrous  
5. He who in the hour of sor-row bore the curse a-lone, I, who thro' the

bless-ed mor-row, Christ will come for me; 'Midst the light and peace and glory  
gold-en tow-ers— Cit-y of my God: There a-midst the love and glo-ry,  
thru the des-ert ev-er drawing near; There, made ready, are the mansions  
words of greeting He shall speak at last! He and I to-geth-er en-tr'ing  
lone-ly des-ert trod where He had gone; He and I in that bright glo-ry

*S:* Fine  
of the Father's home, Christ for me is waiting, watching, waiting till I come.  
He is waiting yet, On His hands a name is grav-en He can ne'er forget.  
glorious, bright and fair, But the Bride, the Father gave Him, still is wanting there.  
those bright courts above, He and I to-geth-er sharing all the Father's love.  
one deep joy shall share, Mine, to be for-ev-er with Him; His that I am there.

*D. S.*—Christ for me is waiting, watching, waiting till I come

REFRAIN. *D. S.*  
Wait - ing, watch-ing, woo - ing me to come home.  
I be - hold Him watch-ing, wait-ing,

## I'm Going Up

H. B.

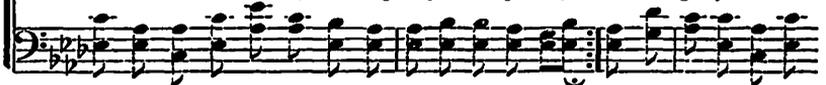
Herbert Buffum



1. { Ev - er since I have sal - va - tion and my bur - den rolled a - way, I have  
Since I first looked on the Sav - ior - saw the love - light in His eye, (*Omit*)
2. { I'm not climb - ing up a mountain on my wea - ry, lag - ging feet, Once I  
Je - sus found me struggling there in disappointment, woe and pain, (*Omit*)
3. { It is strange how ma - ny peo - ple try their best to put me down, Friends who  
For they think I have disgraced them, so they try to hold me back, (*Omit*)
4. { Yea, I mean to keep on go - ing; for the at - mos - phere is clear, And the  
I am off to meet the Bridegroom, He is com - ing soon to greet (*Omit*)




found the path grows brighter all a - long and ev - 'ry day; There has been a mighty  
tried that up - hill jour - ney, which for saints is never meet; Then He picked me up and  
used to smile up - on me, face me now with angry frown; Down upon the road called  
heavens are not crowd - ed, there is plenty room up here; All the might - y o - ver -



CHORUS.



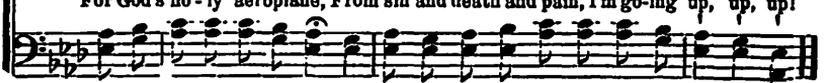
pull - ing from the earth up to the sky.  
seat - ed me with - in His ae - ro - plane. I'm go - ing up, up, up, I'm go - ing  
"rea - son," on the skeptic's wick - ed track.  
com - ing band in ret - i - nue complete.




up; You can - not hold me here, I'm go - ing up; I have left old Sa - tan's train,




For God's ho - ly aeroplane, From sin and death and pain, I'm go - ing up, up, up!



# Trusting On

103

Mary M. Bodle.

January, 1927.

A. S. Copley



1. { If the day looms somewhat gloomy, And the chances rath-er slim; Tho' the  
If the problems seem a-press-ing, And your hope is al-most gone; (*Omit*)
2. { There is no use in a-grow-ing, And a - tell-ing all your fears; Chant an  
Je - sus' love will nev-er fail you, And the morning brings the dawn; (*Omit*)
3. { Fuss-ing will not win the bat-tle, And your fretting nev-er pays; There is  
Faith will sure-ly bring the vic-t'ry, And the race will soon be won; (*Omit*)



sit - u - a - tion's puzzling, And the prospect aw - ful grim. Just look up and  
an-them thru your sorrow, Make a rain-bow of your tears. Just look up and  
no use in a brooding In those pes - si - mist - ic ways. Just look up and



## FINE. CHORUS.



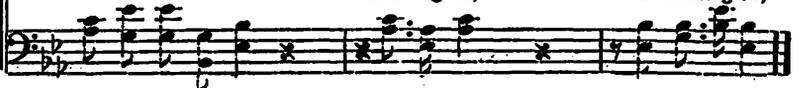
trust your Sav-ior, And keep on, a trusting on. Trusting on,..... a  
Trusting on,



trust - ing on;  
a trust - ing on; Faith will bring the vic - to - ry, And turn



darkness in - to dawn, Trusting on,..... a trusting on;  
Trusting on, a trusting on;



# Have A Talk With Jesus

Mary M. Bodie

April 1933

A. S. Copley

1. Have a talk with Je - sus ev - 'ry morn - ing with the dawn, Tell Him  
 2. Have a lit - tle talk with Je - sus ere the cares a - rise, While the  
 3. Have a talk with Je - sus when the sun steals o'er the hill, And all

of your griefs and sor - rows, ev - en ev - 'ry one; List - en to His  
 dew lies heav - y on the man - na from the skies; Steal an hour from  
 nat - ure lies so peace - ful and the world is still, Mem - o - ry will

warn - ing and His gen - tle words o - bey, Then you'll have a bet - ter and far  
 la - bor and from home, or so - cial time, Then you'll sing in har - mo - ny with  
 lin - ger till the try - ing day is done, And you'll be re - joic - ing for the

*D.S.*—Sing all day in har - mo - ny with

FINE CHORUS

cheer - ier day.  
 heav - en's chime. Have a lit - tle talk with Je - sus; Catch a wave of  
 vic - t'ry won.

heav - en's chime.

glo - ry breez - es; Learn de - vo - tions rhyme with a joy - ous time;

*D.S.*

# SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED

105

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL



1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,



Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.  
 Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deemed.



CHORUS.



Since I . . . . have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-  
 Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,



deemed, I will glo - ry in His name; Since I . . . . have been re-  
 Since I have been redeemed, Since



deemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.  
 I have been re-deemed,



## FAITH IS THE VICTORY

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John H. Yates

Ira D. Sankey



1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And  
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We  
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let  
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n; Be-




press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-against the  
 tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph frod. By faith, they  
 tents of ease be left be-hind, And-on-ward to the fray. Sal-va-tion's  
 fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n, Then on-ward




foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-  
 like a whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they  
 hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout. The earth shall trem-ble  
 from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame; We'll vanquish all the



CHORUS



ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.  
 conquered death Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry!  
 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.  
 hosts of night, In Je-sus' con-quer-ing name. Faith is the vic-to-ry!



## FAITH IS THE VICTORY

Faith is the vic-to-ry! O glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry, That o-ver-comes the world.  
Faith is the vic-to-ry!

## Christ My Prize!

107

MARY M. BODIE

JAS. H. YOAMAN

1. If I may but win Him, if Christ I may gain; I care not how hot is the fire.
2. I've count-ed the cost, yes, I've counted the cost—The loss of all earth-winning gain.
3. His cup I am drinking, His cup I will drink; For this is the price I must pay.
4. For thus would I know Him; His suffering know, Be found in His fulness as mine.

Tho' dark be the way and tho' storm-y the day; The Christ is the Prize I de-sire.  
The cross I will bear, and His sor-row will share, That jointly with Him I may reign.  
Tho' pleasure it cost and all E-gypt is lost; I'll go ev'-ry step of the way.  
In fel-low-ship deep the good har-vest to reap, U-nit-ed in wed-lock di-vine.

CHORUS.

My heart is a-glow with a ve-he-ment flame, To win the Be-lov-ed as mine;

All else I fore-go to be called by His name, U-nit-ed in wedlock di-vine.

# Thinking of Him

C. E. FOSTER

March 1918

Mrs. C. E. FOSTER

1. [Jesus the Son of God on high, The brightest Jewel of all, .....  
 Came from the Father in the sky, .....] To re-  
 2. [He lived on earth despised of men, A self-emptied, Spirit-filled life, .....  
 Fulfilling all the law's demands, .....] The  
 3. [On Calvary He was crucified, The Lamb without blemish or spot, ...  
 The blood that flow'd out from His side, .....] Frees  
 4. [He rose up from the tomb so bright, in power of an endless life, .....  
 Our High Priest in the Father's sight, .....] So

deem us from the fall. He laid aside His royal robe, And left the glo-  
 end of symbols and types. God said of Him: "I am well pleased, The Son of love  
 us from all stain and blot. He cried out: "It is finished done," Redemption pur-  
 He keeps us from all strife. He is our Advocate above, And pleads the cause

ry's bright gleam. He took on Him a mortal robe, and sought us who were in sin.  
 in My sight." He was the One who suffered grief, Resisted darkness with light.  
 chased so dear. He fought the battle thru and won; Now eternal victory is here.  
 of His own; Restores the fallen in His love, And brings them gently back home.

CHORUS.

Over and over, over and over again, Comes to my heart a rejoicing,

§

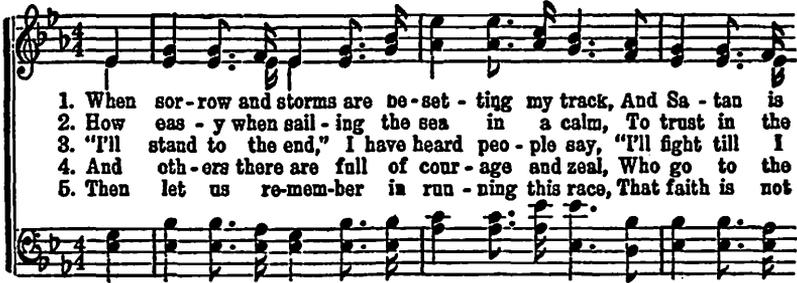
FINE

D. S.

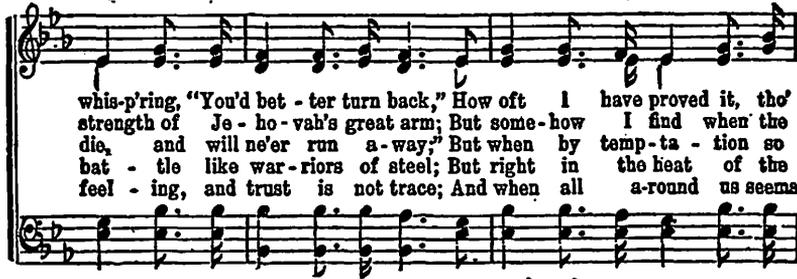
As I think of Him, of Him, of Him, of Him.

# Lord I Believe

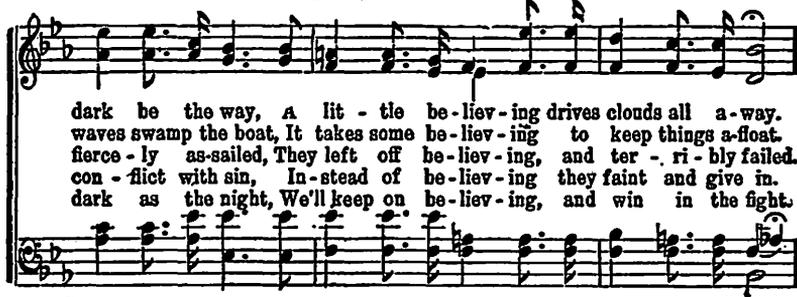
109



1. When sor-row and storms are be-set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is  
 2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the  
 3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I  
 4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the  
 5. Then let us re-mem-ber ia run - ning this race, That faith is not

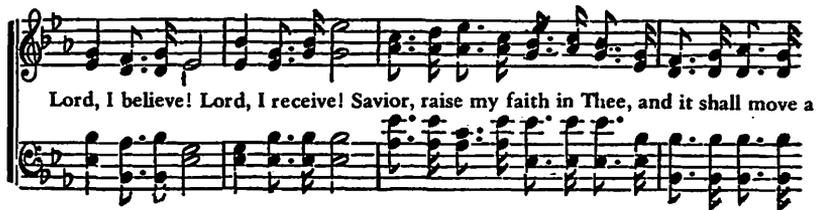


whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'  
 strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some-how I find when the  
 die, and will ne'er run a-way," But when by temp-ta - tion so  
 bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the  
 feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems

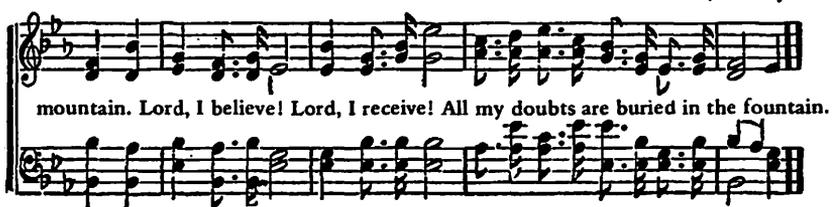


dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a-way.  
 waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.  
 fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.  
 con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.  
 dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.



Lord, I believe! Lord, I receive! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, and it shall move a



mountain. Lord, I believe! Lord, I receive! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

## MY REDEEMER

P. P. BLISS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;  
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,  
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,  
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.  
 In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.  
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.  
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

CHORUS

Sing, oh, sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er,  
 of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me,  
 He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

On the cross . . . . . He sealed my par-don,  
 He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

## MY REDEEMER

Paid the debt. . . . . and made me free. . . . .  
and made me free, . . . . . and made me free.

## Oh, Why Not To-night?

111

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long - de - lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.  
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.  
quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.  
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

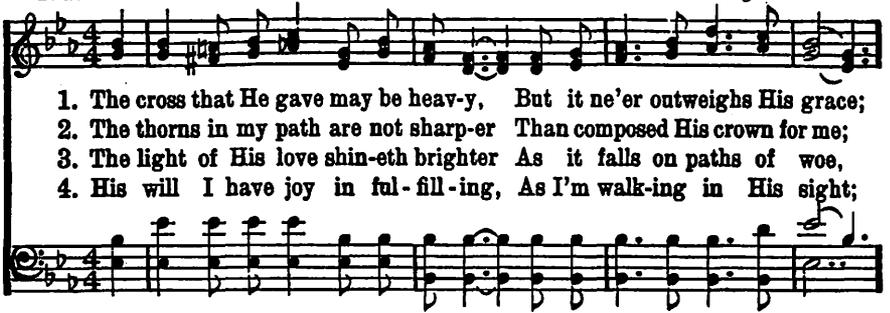
**CHORUS.**

Oh, why not to-night? not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?  
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night?

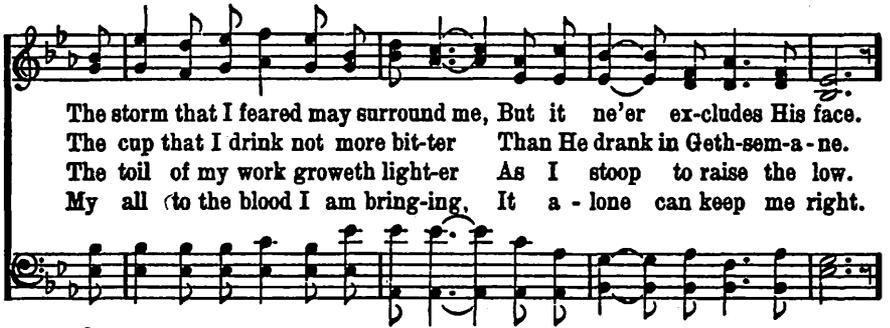
night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

B. B.

Ballington Booth

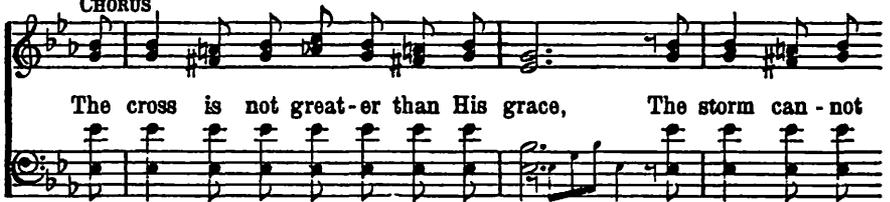


1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me;  
 3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter As it falls on paths of woe,  
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;



The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth light-er As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all (to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

## CHORUS



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-sied to know



That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

# Living in Canaan Now

113

Arr. by F. B. GILLESPIE

1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might  
 2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth  
 3. A life at peace with God; With Je-sus in my soul; A heart wash'd in the  
 4. This rest it is for you; Then leave the wilder-ness; You'll find God's Word is

go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And  
 smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God, Be-  
 blood, By Him made ful-ly whole. From death to life di-vine; Each  
 true; You're a-ble to pos-sess. So put a-way the things That

*rit.*

at His cross did bow, I found sal-va-tion thro' the blood; I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan  
 cause He shows me how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Ca-naan  
 dark spot white as snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; My soul re- ceives it  
 God does not al-low And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Ca-naan

CHORUS.  
*a tempo.*

now. . . . I'm liv-ing in Ca- naan now, I'm liv-ing in Ca- naan

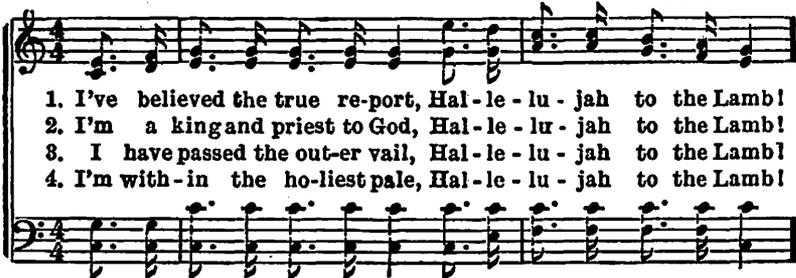
now; I'm do-ing well. I'm glad to tell; I'm liv-ing in Ca- naan now.

## I Believe the True Report

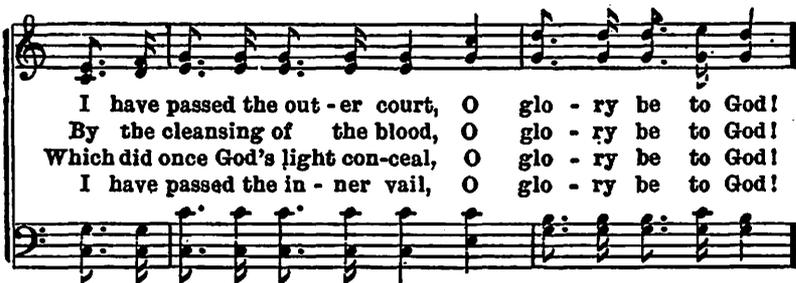
"Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with a true heart and full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:19-22.

C. P. J. Arr.

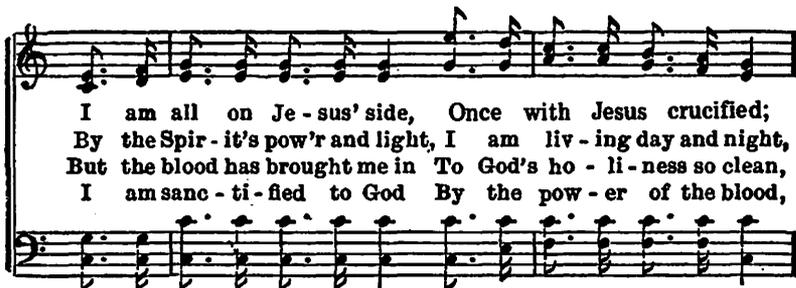
C. P. JONES



1. I've believed the true re-port, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 2. I'm a king and priest to God, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 3. I have passed the out-er vail, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 4. I'm with-in the ho-liest pale, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!



I have passed the out-er court, O glo-ry be to God!  
 By the cleansing of the blood, O glo-ry be to God!  
 Which did once God's light con-ceal, O glo-ry be to God!  
 I have passed the in-ner vail, O glo-ry be to God!



I am all on Je-sus' side, Once with Jesus crucified;  
 By the Spir-it's pow'r and light, I am liv-ing day and night,  
 But the blood has brought me in To God's ho-li-ness so clean,  
 I am sanc-ti-fied to God By the pow-er of the blood,



To the world and sin I've died, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 In the ho-liest place so bright, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 Where His glori-ty e're is seen. Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!  
 Now the Lord is my a-bode, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!

I BELIEVE THE TRUE REPORT

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I have passed the  
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

riv - en vail, where the, glo-ries nev - er fail, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am living in the Presence of the King.  
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

115

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 impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

when I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!  
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire!  
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

## Christ Returneth!

H. L. TURNER, 19th century

JAMES McGRANAHAN, 1840-1907

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When  
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It  
 3. While hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heav - en de - scend - ing, With  
 4. O joy! O de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No

sun - light thru dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will  
 may be, per - chance, that the black - ness of mid - night Will burst in - to  
 glo - ri - fied saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His  
 sick - ness, no sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thru the

come in the full - ness of glo - ry To re - ceive from the world His own.  
 light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.  
 brow, like a ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive His own.  
 clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.

CHORUS

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song - Christ re -

turn - eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

# REDEEMED

117

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Re-deemed-how I love to pro-claim it! Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Re-deemed and so hap-py in Je - sus, No lan-guage my rap-ture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light;



Redeemed thro' His in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.  
I know that the light of His pres-ence' With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.  
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.  
Who lov - ing - ly guard-eth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.



## CHORUS



Re - deemed, re - deemed, Re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
re-deemed, re-deemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.  
re-deemed, re-deemed,



## He Cometh!

Mary M. Bodie

April, 1935

A. S. Copley

1. Af - ter the silence of a - ges; Af - ter the waiting of years; He cometh, the  
 2. Re - gal in splendor, He cometh, Scepter of ir - on to sway; All glorious the  
 3. Then shall the world feel the power Of the great King in ar - ray; For long has it  
 4. Rich - es and honor and glo - ry Saints will en - joy with Him then, The climax of

an - swer to sa - ges, The vis - ion foretold by the seers. Quickly as lightning that  
 King in His triumph Up - on His in - aug - ur - al day— Comes for the help of His  
 wait - ed Mes - si - ah, Its ran - som from sin soon to pay. Earth shall be filled with His  
 hope's radiant story Proclaimed in past a - ges to men. Death swallowed up in glad

flash - es; Brighter than sun in its beams, He cometh the Migh - ty Je - hov - ah.  
 peo - ple, Con - quer - or, faithful and true, And calls for the parted blue heavens,  
 knowledge As wa - ters cov - er the sea; And then for one glorious millennium,  
 vic - t'ry, Life ev - er - last - ing will reign. The earth and the heavens conjointly

**FINE. CHORUS.**

But not as the dreamer of dreams. He com - eth! He com - eth!  
 "Be - hold, I will make all things new."  
 All men shall be hap - py and free.  
 Will sing one mel - o - di - ous strain. O hear Him, Re - vere Him;

D. S.—He cometh to make all things new.

Bat - tal - ions with Him in review; He com - eth! He com - eth!  
 O hail Him, Don't fail Him;

# Glory to Jesus, I'm Free 119

A F M. Arr

A F MYERS



1. If you want par - don, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and  
2. Liv-ing be - neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of  
3. If you want bold-ness, take part in the fight, If you want pur - i - ty,  
4. If you want Je-sus to reign in your soul Plunge in the fountain and



sigh-ing to cease, Look to the Sav - ior who died on the tree, Je - sus can  
earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Je - sus can  
walk in the light, If you want lib - er - ty shout and be free, Je - sus can  
you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flow-ing for thee, Je - sus can



## CHORUS.



save you, for He saved me.  
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je - sus He sat - is - fies me,  
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.  
cleanse you, for He cleansed me



Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll



Shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I can - not keep still.



## Companionship with Jesus

MARY D. JAMES

WM, J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - pre - me - ly sweet!
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way;
4. I know His shel - tring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread,



Com - pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete;  
 The soft - est whis - pers of His love In fel - low - ship so dear,  
 My path il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows bright - er day by day;  
 And tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread,



In un - ion with the pur - est One, I find my heav'n on earth be - gan.  
 And feel His great Al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.  
 No foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al - might - y Friend so near.  
 My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of Thy wings



## REFRAIN.



Oh, won - drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



Oh, won - drous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



# The Half was Never Told 121

"Behold, the half was not told" - I Kings 10:7

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS

1. Repeat the story o'er and o'er, Of GRACE so full and free.  
 2. Of PEACE I only knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,  
 3. My highest place is lying low At my Redeemer's feet.  
 4. And, oh, what rapture will it be With all the host above,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.  
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my weary breast.  
 No real JOY in life I know, But in His Presence sweet.  
 To sing through all eternity The wonders of His LOVE.

**CHORUS.**

The half.....was never told,

The half was nev - er told, The half was nev - er told,  
 nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,

The half.....was never told.

1. Of grace divine,  
 2. Of peace, etc. } so won-derful, The half was nev - er told:  
 3. Of joy, etc.  
 4. Of love, etc. }  
 nev - er told.

## Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bear - ing  
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav - ior Whose mer - ci - ful call, Free - ly  
 3. Are you halt - ing and strug - gling, O'er - pow'rd by your sin, While the  
 4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, as - sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the

balm for the wound - ed, Heal - ing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the  
 of - fers sal - va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'n'ing  
 wa - ters are troubled, Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav - ior stands  
 soul heal - ing pow - er On us now be out - poured; Wash a - way ev - 'ry

suf - 'rer Who lay at the pool, He is say - ing this mo - ment, "Wilt  
 to Him Each sin - taint - ed soul, And lov - ing - ly ask - ing, "Wilt  
 wait - ing To strengthen your soul, He is ear - nest - ly plead - ing, "Wilt  
 sin - spot, Take per - fect con - trol, Say to each trust - ing spir - it, "Wilt

D. S. cleansing waves roll; Step in - to the cur - rent and  
 FINE. REFRAIN.

thou be made whole?" Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O, come, weary  
 thou shalt be whole.

suf - 'rer, Oh, come, sin - nick soul; See, the life - stream is flow - ing, See, the

# Joy, Joy is Mine

123

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES

Zech. ix. 9

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeem - er has come, He has tak - en my  
 2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my  
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His  
 4. He has come to a - bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as His own cho - sen home; At last I have giv - en the welcome He sought,  
 be - ing is swayed by His word: He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,  
 word that He will not de - part; No trou - ble can en - ter, no e - vil can come  
 Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my praise, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all glad - ness has bro't.  
 And His scap - tre is love, O bless - ed con - trol! Joy! joy is mine, my  
 To the heart where the God of peace has His home.  
 Made meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav - ior di - vine Comes to a - bide with me, with me, Comes to a - bide,  
 with me.

ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Sav - ior a - bid - eth with me.

## It's Just Like His Great Love

EDNA R. WORRELL

DEKOVEN



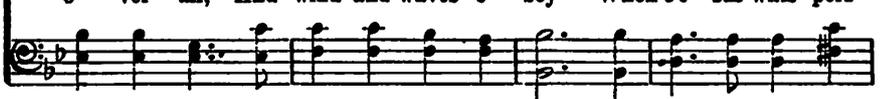
1. A Friend I have, called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er  
 2. Sometimes the clouds of troub - le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not  
 3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems  
 4. Oh, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His




fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a - gainst this  
 see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His won - drous love; But He, from Heav - en's  
 worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to  
 care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and




love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my  
 mer - cy - seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the  
 Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He  
 o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey When Je - sus whis - pers



CHORUS



guilt to Him, The sin - clouds rolled a - way.  
 clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to  
 gives that cheers Like sun - shine aft - er rain.  
 "Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.



## It's Just Like His Great Love

roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,

It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

## Chains Break

125

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav-iour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a  
 2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my  
 3. O slaves of vile hab - its there's vic-t'ry for you, Your lusts and your  
 4. Come, sin-ners, to Je - sus no long - er de lay, A full; free sal-

*Cho.*—For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the

fount-ain for sin-ners like me. His blood is that fount-ain, which  
 Boun-ty, His love in my heart; So now I am joined with the  
 tem-pers the Lord will sub - due; Your sins He will bur - y, your  
 va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a-

*vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain, For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall*

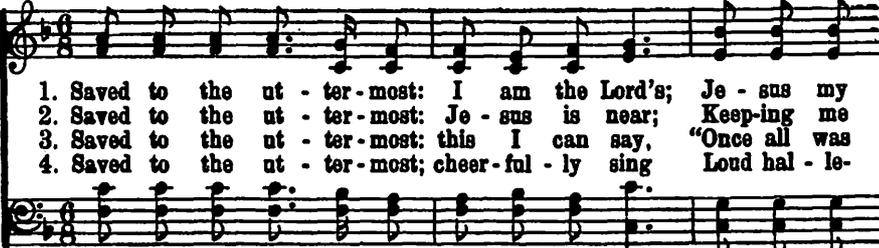
par - don be - stows, And cleans-es the foul-est wher - ev - er it flows.  
 con - quer - ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus command.  
 yokes He will break, Your pas-sions will car - ry, your foes He will take.  
 wake from your dream, And Je - sus will save you, O come un - to Him.

*break ev 'ry chain. And give us the vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain*

# SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST

W. J. K.

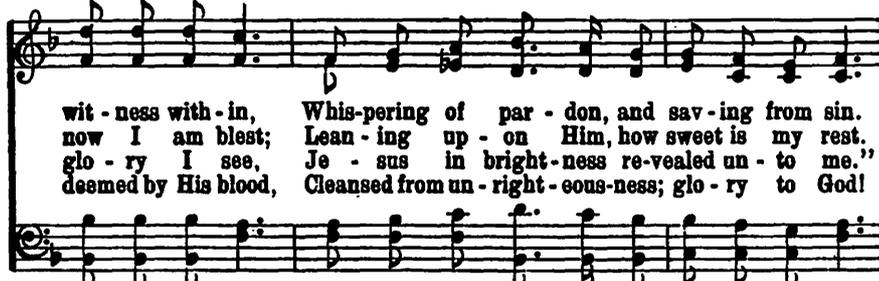
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus my  
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me  
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was  
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most; cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -



Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it, a  
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,  
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of  
 Ia - ias to Je - sus my King; Ran - somed and par - doned, re -



wit - ness with - in, Whis - pering of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.  
 now I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.  
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me."  
 deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un - right - eous - ness; glo - ry to God!

## REFRAIN



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most; Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus the Sav - iour is mine!

# Holy Is His Name

127

Arr. from Luke 1: 46-55, by A. S. C.

A. S. COFLEY

1. My soul doth mag-ni - fy the Lord, My spir-it hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
2. All gen - er - a-tions call me blest, The Mighty One His grace to me is showing.  
3. And strength Jehovah's arm has shown; Proud heart im-ag-i-na-tions He has scattered,  
4. He filled the hungry with good things, The rich He could not lead; they wanted nothing,  
5. Yes, Is - ra - el Je-ho-vah helped: His word to Ab-ra - ham can-not be bro-ken.

This low es-tate of mine He saw, And raised me up in - to His high-est fav - or,  
His mer-cy reach-es all mankind—To nations ev-ry-where, His love o'er-flow-ing,  
And hurled the mighty from their seats, He lifts the lowly; human schemes are shattered,  
Tho' starving, naked, sad their state, And wretched, poor and blind, and needing something,  
In boundless mercy, He came forth, A cov - e - nant to all his seed was spo-ken,

**FINE. CHORUS.**  
1, 2, 3, 5—And holy is His name, And worthy is His fame. Ho - ly, ho -  
4—Yet ho - ly is His name, And worthy is His fame. Ho - ly Je - sus, I a-

- ly, Hear my sweet refrain; Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
- dore Him, sweet refrain; Ho - ly Je - sus, He is call-ing,

**D. S.**  
'Tis a glor-ious strain, My spir-it doth re-joice, For Je - sus is my choice;

Mary's Pean of Faith, presented to Sister Bodie, by her Bible Class, Decemter, 1918.

## SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL  
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous  
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple  
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss— To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of  
thronged a-boat Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-  
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-en s, My  
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In  
glo-ry, Let us our veic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS

them shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by, . . . .  
love for e-ven me. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis  
our Redeemer's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,  
sweet-er as the years go by;

## SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

*rit.*

Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

## Happy With Jesus Alone

129

C. P. J. Auld, by A. S. C.

C. P. Jones, owner

CHAS. F. JONES

1. There's no one so pre-cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its  
 2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of de - spair, No light on my  
 3. When noth - ing but death for my ran - som could pay, And make me ac -  
 4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up - on

treasures be gone. I'm rich in my Sav-iour, as rich as can be;  
 path-way to shine, 'Twas Je - sus who found me and made me an heir  
 cept - ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free - ly Him-self made a prey  
 earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach - es me dai - ly to pray,

### FINE. CHORUS.

And hap - py with Je - sus a - lone. I'm hap - py with Je - sus a -  
 To man - sions of glo - ry di - vine. lone.  
 And ran - somed my soul with His blood.  
 And walk in the light He has giv'n.

lone,..... I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;.....  
 a - lone, a - lone;

## His Grace Is Sufficient

MARY M. BODIE

November 1918

A. S. COPLEY

1. When pow'rs of sin as-sail, And en-e-mies pre-vail, And you long for  
 2. The val-ley may be deep, The moun-tain may be steep, Of trav'l-ing  
 3. In hard-ships of this life, In bat-tles and in strife, When doubts flow  
 4. When the race is well-nigh run, When bask-ing in the sun, The ef-ful-gent

peace and lib-er-ty; Then look un-to the Lord, 'Tis writ-en in His word,  
 you may wea-ry be; Still trust the ver-y One Who takes you safe-ly on,  
 o'er you like the sea; Just list un-to His call, He'll nev-er let you fall,  
 light of heav'n to see; Then Je-sus you will praise, Thru ev-er-last-ing days,

**FINE. CHORUS.**

"His grace is suf-fic-ient for thee." Grace, won-der-ful  
 "His grace is suf-fic-ient for thee." Grace, great grace,

grace, Great, bound-less and free, How its rich-es thrill my  
 grace, free grace, matchless grace,

**D. S.**

soul, And its glo-ries o'er me roll; Oh, I'll shout from pole to pole,

# The Song of the Blood

131

Johnson Outman Jr.

Herbert Buffum



1. O what is the song that the blood washed sing?  
2. O what is the song of the newborn soul? 'Tis the song - of the blood.  
3. O what is the song that the pilgrims love? 'Tis the song of the blood:  
4. O what is the song of the Church below?



O what is the theme that they ev - er ring?  
What song do men sing when they're been made whole? 'Tis the song of the blood.  
What's the sweetest song sung in heav'n above? 'Tis the song of the blood, the blood.  
What do an-gels hear, but they do not know?



## CHORUS.



O the song of the blood! Blessed song to the ransomed giv'n;  
O the song of the blood! the ransomed giv'n;



O the song of the blood! 'Tis the song of both earth and heav'n.  
O the song of the blood, earth and heav'n.



By Permission

## Beulah Land

Edgar Page

Geo. R. Sweney

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;  
 2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,  
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.  
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.  
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fading grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 As an - gels with the white - robed throng Join in the sweet re - damp - tion song.

## CHORUS.

1) Beau - lah Land, sweet Beau - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore, — My heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!

# A Hardy Soldier

133

MARY M BODIE

November 1918

A. S. COPLEY

1. I do not love the plains, Nor e'en the verdant val-ley; Care not for  
2. No fear with-in my breast, While mountain tops I'm scaling A - bove the  
3. High o - ver wood-ed crest And mos - sy, ragged boul-der, By air and  
4. In yon-der heav'nly place The glo - ry bells all chiming, I'll praise the

coun - try lanes, Nor crowd-ed al - ley; But give me hills—the trail, That  
ea - gle's nest, By pow'r un - fail-ing, For I do love the crag, The  
sun-light blessed, A hard - y sol-dier. So let me hold my way, By  
God of grace For strength for climbing To heights up - on the throne, Tho'

*f*  
ev - er scorns the hollow, Far up a - bove the dale, Where few dare fol-low.  
summit peak so hoa - ry, Where I may wave the flag Of grace and glo - ry.  
nothing dazed or daunted, To stand at close of day With Christ, a-nointed.  
Sa - tan fumes and rages, With Christ my ve - ry own Throughout the ag - es.  
*FINE.*  
*D. S.*—For Christ is all my might; I am a sol - dier.

**CHORUS.**  
Oh, tempt me not to stay In verdant dales to-day, For I must hie a-way,

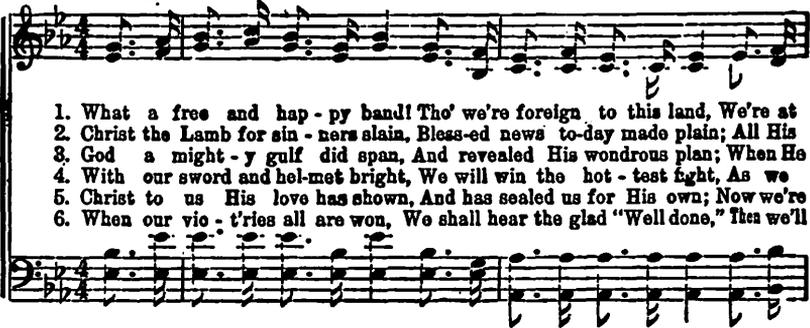
*D. S.*  
A har - dy sol-dier. I scale the mountain height, With glory just in sight,

## In the Heavies

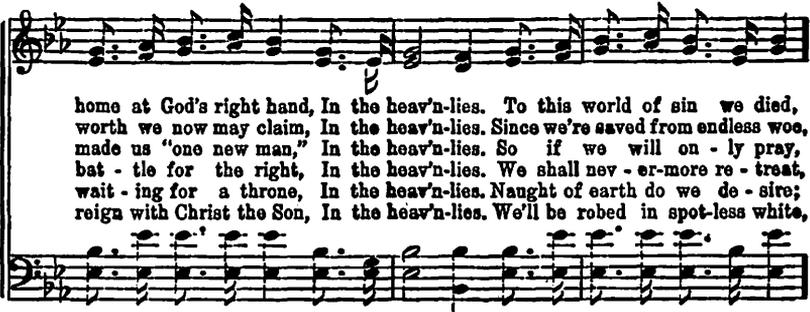
S. O. Sheldon

1919.

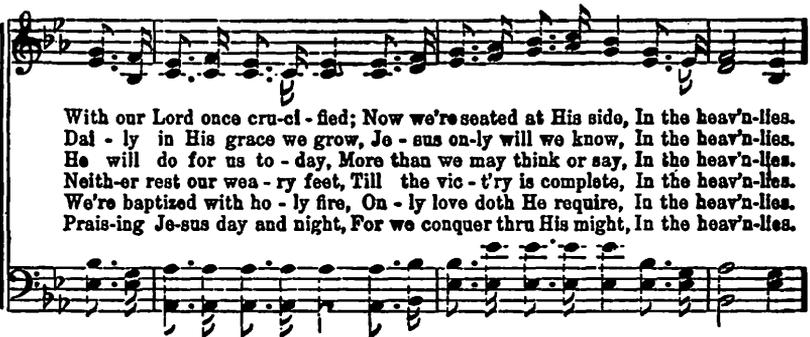
J. R. Murray. Chorus by S. O. S.



1. What a free and hap - py band! Tho' we're foreign to this land, We're at  
 2. Christ the Lamb for sin - ners slain, Bless-ed news to-day made plain; All His  
 3. God a might - y gulf did span, And revealed His wondrous plan; When He  
 4. With our sword and hel-met bright, We will win the hot - test fight, As we  
 5. Christ to us His love has shown, And has sealed us for His own; Now we're  
 6. When our vic - t'ries all are won, We shall hear the glad "Well done," 'Tis we'll

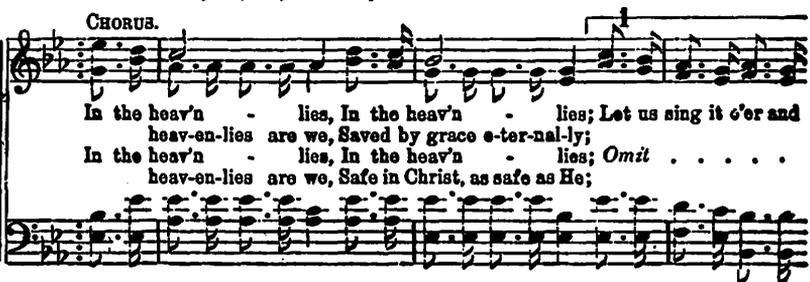


home at God's right hand, In the heav'n-lies. To this world of sin we died,  
 worth we now may claim, In the heav'n-lies. Since we're saved from endless woe,  
 made us "one new man," In the heav'n-lies. So if we will on - ly pray,  
 bat - tle for the right, In the heav'n-lies. We shall nev - er-more re - treat;  
 wait - ing for a throne, In the heav'n-lies. Naught of earth do we de - sire;  
 reign with Christ the Son, In the heav'n-lies. We'll be robed in spot-less white,



With our Lord once cru-ci - fied; Now we're seated at His side, In the heav'n-lies.  
 Dal - ly in His grace we grow, Je - sus on - ly will we know, In the heav'n-lies.  
 He will do for us to - day, More than we may think or say, In the heav'n-lies.  
 Neith - er rest our wea - ry feet, Till the vic - t'ry is complete, In the heav'n-lies.  
 We're baptized with ho - ly fire, On - ly love doth He require, In the heav'n-lies.  
 Prais - ing Je - sus day and night, For we conquer thru His might, In the heav'n-lies.

CHORUS.



In the heav'n - lies, In the heav'n - lies; Let us sing it o'er and  
 heav-en-lies are we, Saved by grace e-ter-nal-ly;  
 In the heav'n - lies, In the heav'n - lies; *Omit . . . . .*  
 heav-en-lies are we, Safe in Christ, as safe as He;

# In the Heavenlies

o'er; Tell it out from shore to shore. Safe in Christ for-ev-ermore, In the heav'nlies.

## Exalt His Name

135

S. O. S.

1919

S. O. Sheldon

1. Oh, the Name of the Lord is a ver-y strong tow'r; Let us ex-alt His
2. We are bone of His bone, and we're flesh of His flesh; Let us ex-alt His
3. There is no want to those who are fear-ing the Lord; Let us ex-alt His
4. Our Lord loves His own, and for-sak-eth not His saints; Let us ex-alt His
5. When around His bright throu our dear Lord we sure-ly meet; We will ex-alt His

Name to - geth - er; Tak - ing ref - uge in Him, we are safe for - ev - er - more,  
 Name to - geth - er; And we boast now a - lone in His per - fect righteous - ness,  
 Name to - geth - er; All our needs He supplies thru the rich - es of His word,  
 Name to - geth - er; There's a full, rich re - ward for the one who nev - er faints,  
 Name to - geth - er; And we'll cast our crowns at His glo - ri - fied feet,

### CHORUS.

Let us ex - alt His Name for - ev - er.  
 Let us ex - alt His Name for - ev - er. { Oh, mag - ni - fy the  
 Let us ex - alt His Name for - ev - er. { The Name that sets a  
 Let us ex - alt His Name for - ev - er.  
 And we'll ex - alt His Name for - ev - er.

Lord with me, Let us ex - alt His Name to - geth - er;  
 sin - nor free, Let us ex - alt His Name *Omit* . . . for - ev - er.

## Never Pluck Them Out

A. S. C.

March 1923-

A. S. Copley

1. When I was sor-row-ful and sad, One spoke the word that made me glad,  
 2. I was in need of liv - ing bread, My heart was sick and faint my head.  
 3. My way was dark, my feet were sore, I knew not Christ my troubles bore;  
 4. The mes - sen - ger I still can see, Who preached the word that set me free.  
 5. This mes - sage now I love to tell, With bub-ling joy in wood-ed dell,

A word so tender, sweet and grand,—“No man can ev - er pluck them out  
 Then came the word from heaven's strand, “No man can ev - er pluck them out  
 And that He cried in Canaan's land, “No man can ev - er pluck them out  
 I'm one with Christ's victorious band, Who teach that none can pluck them out  
 And for my Sav - ior firm - ly stand, Who shout-ed, “None can pluck them out

CHORUS.

Of my dear Fa - ther's hand.” I nev - er will for - get the day, When

all my sad - ness fled a - way, And when I heard the Sav - ior say:

“No man can ev - er pluck them out Of my dear Fa - ther's hand.”

# Blessed Be the Name

137

W. H. CLARK, 19th century  
Chorus — RALPH E. HUDSON, 1843-1901

RALPH E. HUDSON, 1843-1901  
Arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921



1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove In maj - es - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,



Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem!  
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel - hosts a - dore.  
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.  
Of all earth's king - doms Con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.



## CHORUS



Bless - ed be the name,      bless - ed be the name,      Bless - ed



be the name of the Lord!      Bless - ed be the name,



bless - ed be the name,      Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!



# One With Christ

Herbert Buffum

L. C. Hall



1. Made one with Christ; O what a bliss-ful un-ion, Made one with Him, what  
 2. One in His suff'ring, one in pain and sor-row; He gives the cross to-  
 3. One in the mind of Him when He was dy-ing; One with Him in the  
 4. One with Him now, while o'er the lost He's yearning; One with Him when to



bless-ed, sweet com-mun-ion! One thru the blood, that poured from Calv'ry's  
 day, the crown to-mor-row; One in re-proach and one to share His  
 tomb where He was ly-ing; One with Him in His heav-en-ly as-  
 cend-ment He is re-turn-ing; One with Him while the throne He is re-



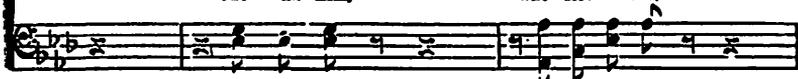
mount-ain: Praise Him for - ev - er, for the cleans-ing fount-ain  
 glo - ry; Long as life lasts, I'll tell the bless-ed sto - ry.  
 can - sion; One on the throne, what won-drous con - de - scen-sion!  
 gain - ing; One for a thou-sand years of earth - ly reign-ing.



**CHORUS.**



Made one with him..... who died for me,..... One thru the  
 One with Him, who died for me,



blood..... from Cal - va - ry;..... Made one with Him, I  
 One thru the blood, from Cal - va - ry;





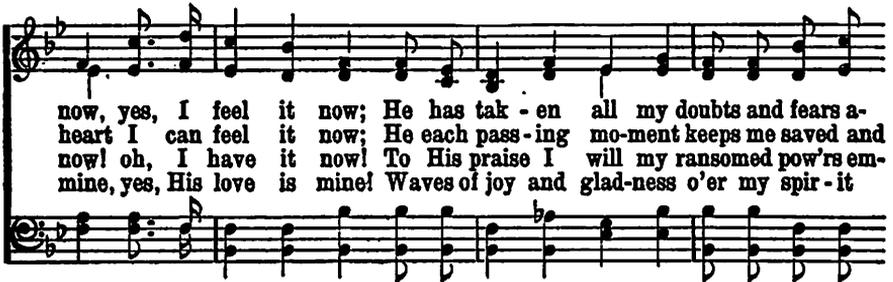
## It is Mine Mine

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

WM. EDIE MARES

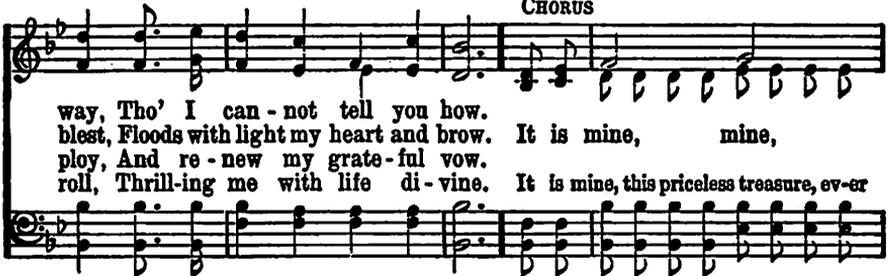


1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it  
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest, In my rap - tured  
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it  
 4. Oh, the love of God is com - fort - ing my soul, For His love is

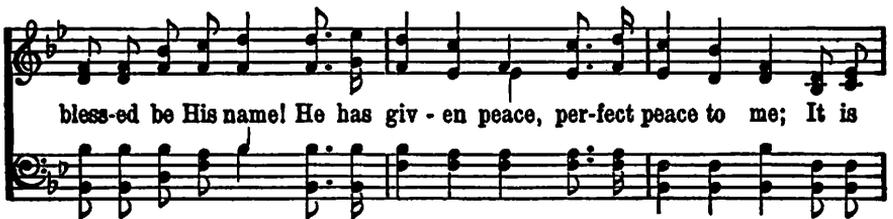


now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a -  
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass - ing mo - ment keeps me saved and  
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransomed pow'rs em -  
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad - ness o'er my spir - it

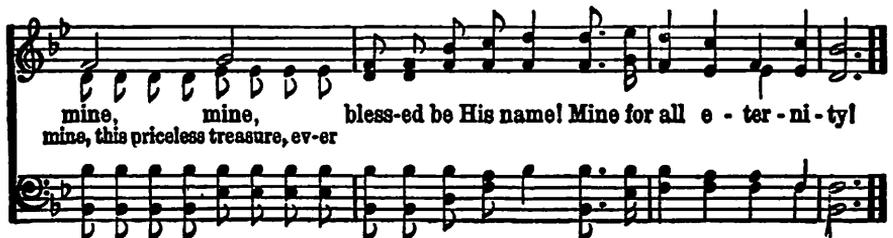
## CHORUS



way, Tho' I can - not tell you how.  
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine,  
 ploy, And re - new my grate - ful vow.  
 roll, Thrill - ing me with life di - vine. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er



bless - ed be His name! He has giv - en peace, per - fect peace to me; It is



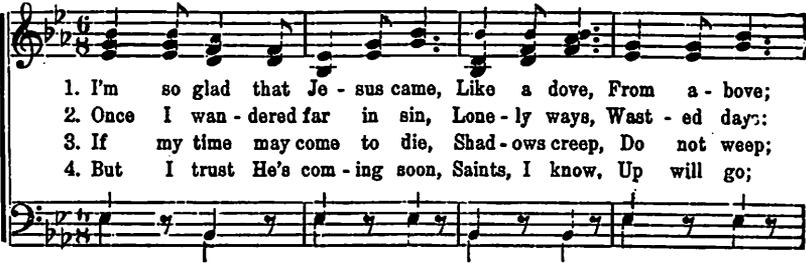
mine, mine, bless - ed be His name! Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty!  
 mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er

# I Am So Glad

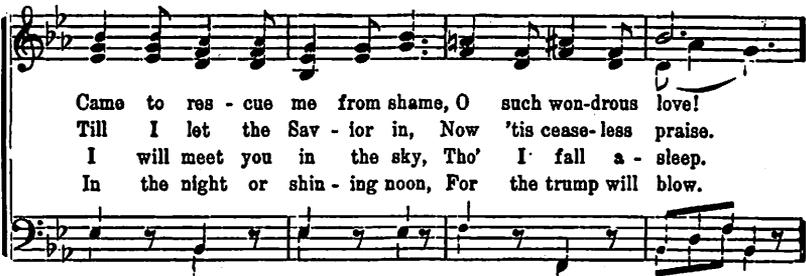
141

ii. B. Last verse by A. S. C.

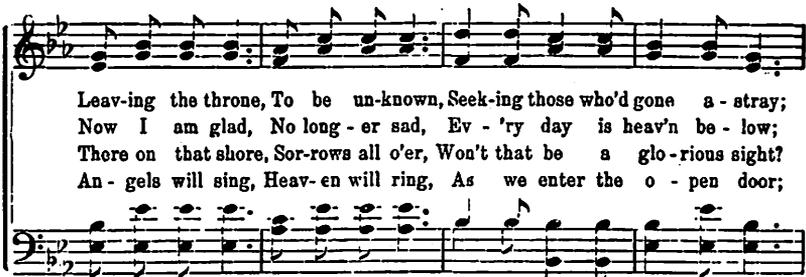
Arr. by HERBERT BUFFUM



1. I'm so glad that Je - sus came, Like a dove, From a - bove;  
2. Once I wan - dered far in sin, Lone - ly ways, Wast - ed days;  
3. If my time may come to die, Shad - ows creep, Do not weep;  
4. But I trust He's com - ing soon, Saints, I know, Up will go;

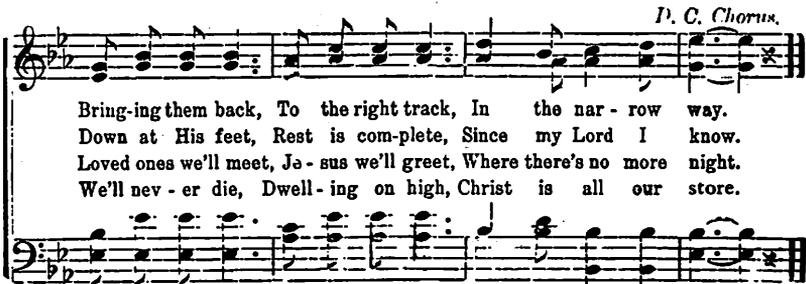


Came to res - cue me from shame, O such won - drous love!  
Till I let the Sav - ior in, Now 'tis cease - less praise.  
I will meet you in the sky, Tho' I fall a - sleep.  
In the night or shin - ing noon, For the trump will blow.



Leav - ing the throne, To be un - known, Seek - ing those who'd gone a - stray;  
Now I am glad, No long - er sad, Ev - 'ry day is heav'n be - low;  
There on that shore, Sor - rows all o'er, Won't that be a glo - rious sight?  
An - gels will sing, Heav - en will ring, As we enter the o - pen door;

CHORUS. I am so glad, I am so glad, Glad the debt has all been paid;



*D. C. Chorus.*  
Bring - ing them back, To the right track, In the nar - row way.  
Down at His feet, Rest is com - plete, Since my Lord I know.  
Loved ones we'll meet, Je - sus we'll greet, Where there's no more night.  
We'll nev - er die, Dwell - ing on high, Christ is all our store.

Now I am free, Hap - py and free, Christ this change has made.

# Jesus Heals All Today

A. S. C.

B. E. Warren

1. Have you not heard one say: "Jesus can heal today?" Driving out  
 2. Enter the open gate: Tarry not till too late. Jesus is  
 3. Never such darkness nigh, Never so loud a cry But the kind

every pain, If in His Name we pray? He will dispell all gloom,  
 standing here Making the maimed ones strat He will not ask you. "How?"  
 hand of Love, Heals all who for Him sigh. Be the case small or great,

Crowning with life and bloom: Vigor and health you gain; Trust Him, I pray.  
 Never demand a vow; Suffering one draw near; Why do you wait?  
 Jesus is ne'er too late. Looking to heav'n above, You need not die.

CHORUS.

Trust in the Lord; ..... Trust Him today. ....  
 Trust in the Lord today; Trust Him always I pray.

Jesus heals all, ..... None sent away.....  
 Jesus heals all who come, None sent away to rosm.

# Jesus Heals

Rest in His word..... Trust and obey.....  
 Rest on His promises now. Nevermore saying, "But how?"

E'en tho' you can - not see, sickness will flee.  
 E'en tho' you cannot see, sickness and pain will speedily flee.

## 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus 143

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word; Just to rest up -
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood; Just in simple
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Jesus
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that

### REFRAIN.

on His promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."  
 faith to plunge me 'neath the healing, cleansing flood. Jesus, Jesus, How I trust Him!  
 .sim - ple tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.  
 Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

How I've prerd Him o'er and o'er! Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! By His grace I'll trust Him  
 more.

## In the Center of God's Will

H. B.

HERBERT BUFFUM

1. In the cen-ter of God's will I'm sweetly rest-ing, And I know that naught can  
 2. In the cen-ter of God's will I'm safe-ly hid-ing, And no e-vil can be-  
 3. In the cen-ter of God's will I am con-tent-ed, Tho' the clouds at times may  
 4. In the cen-ter of God's will, why should I mur-mur? For I know that in His

harm me an-y-where; As a moth-er folds her arms a-bout her chil-dren,  
 fall me where I dwell; 'Tis the secret place known on-ly to God's chil-dren,  
 hide His lov-ing face; I am kept each day by His al-might-y pow-er,  
 lov-ing Fa-ther-hood, He'll per-mit no e-vil thing to o-ver-take me,

CHORUS.  
 So I'm safe-ly kept in Je-sus' lov-ing care.  
 Oh, the peace that fills me now no tongue can tell. In the cen-ter of God's  
 And I'm rest-ing in His all-suf-fi-cient grace.  
 And "all things" shall work to-geth-er for my good.

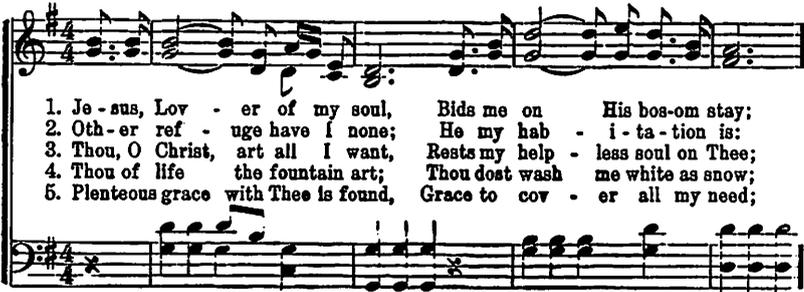
will, oh, what a ref-uge! I will hide me till the storms are past; In the

cen-ter of His will He'll ev-er keep me, Till I see His precious face at last.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

145

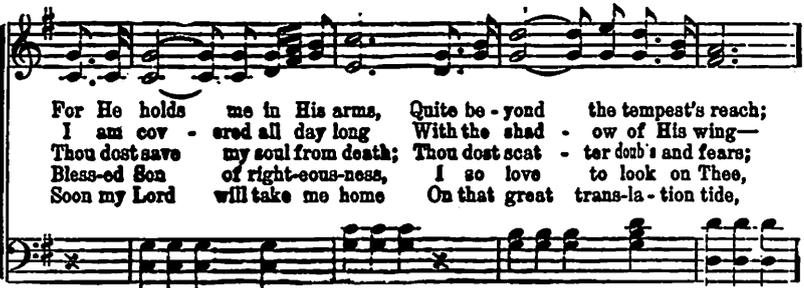
Paul's Version



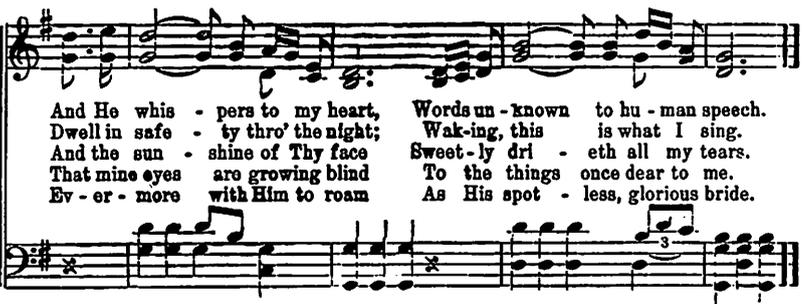
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul,      Bids me on      His bos-om stay;  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none;      He my hab - i - ta - tion is;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,      Rests my help - less soul on Thee;  
 4. Thou of life      the fountain art;      Thou dost wash      me white as snow;  
 5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,      Grace to cov - er all my need;



And tho' bil - lows round me roll,      I am safe - ly hid a - way;  
 Here no e - vil can be - fall;      I am kept      in per - fect peace;  
 Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone,      Nor for - get      to com - fort me;  
 I'm con - tent      to dwell a - part      From all else,      Thy love to know;  
 Full sup - plies      in Christ a - bound—      Soul and bod - y on Him feed;



For He holds      me in His arms,      Quite be - yond      the tempest's reach;  
 I am cov - ered all day long,      With the shad - ow of His wing—  
 Thou dost save      my soul from death;      Thou dost scat - ter doubt's and fears;  
 Bless - ed Son      of right - eous - ness,      I so love      to look on Thee,  
 Soon my Lord      will take me home      On that great      trans - la - tion tide,



And He whis - pers to my heart,      Words un - known      to hu - man speech.  
 Dwell in safe - ty thro' the night;      Wak - ing, this      is what I sing.  
 And the sun - shine of Thy face      Sweet - ly dri - eth all my tears.  
 That mine eyes      are growing blind      To the things      once dear to me.  
 Ev - er - more      with Him to roam      As His spot - less, glorious bride.

## Hidden Away With Him

"Your life is hid with Christ, in God."—Col. 3:3.

H. B.

Herbert Buffum



1. My life is hid - den with Christ in God,  
 2. I have no fear of the ter - ror by night,  
 3. A thousand may fall at my side as I stand,  
 4. He is my fort - ress, my huck - ler and shield,  
 5. The lion and ad - der of sin I'll de feat,




Hid - den a - way, hid - den a - way; I'm hid - den from sin by the  
 Hid - den a - way, hid - den a - way; No fear of the ar - row by  
 Hid - den a - way, hid - den a - way; And ten thou - sand more may fall  
 Hid - den a - way, hid - den a - way; From all fi - ery darts which the  
 Hid - den a - way, hid - den a - way; And tram - ple the drag - on of




pow - er of the blood, Yes, hid - den a - way with Him.  
 day in its flight, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.  
 at my right hand, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.  
 temp - ter may wield; I'm hid - den a - way with Him.  
 Death 'neath my feet, I'm hid - den a - way with Him.



## CHORUS.



Hid - - den a - way..... in His dear..... wound - ed  
 Hid - den a - way in His dear wounded side, Hid - den a - way in His



## Hidden Away With Him

side,..... Hid - - - den from sin..... .. and from  
 dear wound-ed side, Hid-den from sin and from wrath I a - bide,

wrath..... I a - bide;..... Cleansed..... by the  
 Hid - den from sin and from wrath I a - bide; Cleansed by the prec-ious shed

pre - - - cious shed blood..... from all sin.....  
 blood from all sin; Cleansed by the pre-cious shed blood from all sin;

Mo - - - ment by mo - - - ment I'm hid-den a - way with Him.  
 Moment . by moment I'm hidden with Him. I'm hid-den a - way with Him.

# My Precious Bible

ISAAC BALDWIN (1851 A. D.)

January 1919.

Mrs. C. E. FOCHER

1. My Bi-ble, 'tis..... a book di-vine,.... Where heav'nly truth.....  
 2. My Bi-ble, here..... with joy I trace..... The rec-ords of.....  
 3. My Bi-ble, in..... this book a-lone,.... I find God's ho - -  
 4. My Bi-ble, source.... of com-fort pure..... To those who tri - -  
 5. I love my Bi - - ble; may I ne'er..... Con-sult it but.....

and mer-cy shine;.... And wis-dom speaks.... in ev-'ry line,.... It  
 re-deem-ing grace.... Glad ti-dings for..... a sin-ful race,.... Good  
 ly will made known;... And here His love ... to man is shown,.... His  
 als here en-dure;..... The hope of heav'n .... it ren-ders sure,.... Beat  
 with faith and pray'r,.... That I may find..... my Sav-ior there; .... Who

CHORUS.

speaks to thee,.... and speaks to me. Christ my hope, ..... an  
 news for thee,.... good news for me.  
 love to thee,.... His love to me.  
 hope for thee,.... best hope for me.  
 died for thee,.... who died for me. My blessed hope,

*rit.*

an-chor sure,..... With-in the vale..... I am se-  
 my an-chor sure, 'Twas rent for me,

cure;..... Not I, but Christ,..... who doth en-  
 for aye se-ure, My all is He,

# My Precious Bible

*Rit.*

dure, ..... 'Tis Christ with-in, ..... 'tis Christ with-in. ....  
 His all for me, to keep from sin, to live for Him, and Him to win.

## Songs in the Night 148

HERBERT BUFFUM

January 1919

Mrs. C. F. FOSTER

1. I'm hav - ing a good time with Je - sus, While walking with Him in the light;
2. At night, in the hour of sor - row, When loved ones are bur - ied from sight;
3. When plans have mis-car-ried, and all things Have failed me, and nothing seems right;
4. So on - ward I go with re - joic - ing, The days may be cloud - y or bright;
5. I will not re - bel, then, nor mur - mur, What - ev - er my Lord does, is right;

He fill - eth my soul with His presence, And He giv - eth me songs in the night.  
 'Tis then that His presence is near - est; And He giv - eth me songs in the night.  
 E'en then, midst my shattered am - bi - tions; He giv - eth me songs in the night.  
 I fear not the gath - er - ing shad - ows, Since He giv - eth me songs in the night.  
 I'm ful - ly re - paid for my heartaches, Since He giv - eth me songs in the night.

**CHORUS.**

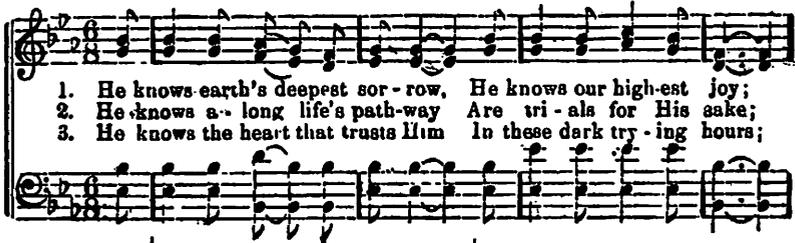
He giv - eth me songs in the night, My pathway to glo - ry is bright, All  
 shining and bright,

day I am singing, the mu - sic is ringing, And He giveth me songs in the night.  
 songs in the night.

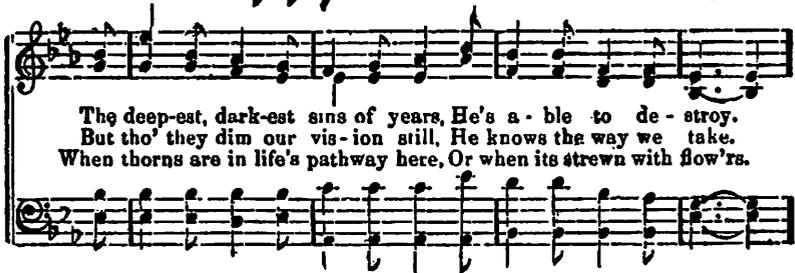
## "HE KNOWS"

C. E. S.

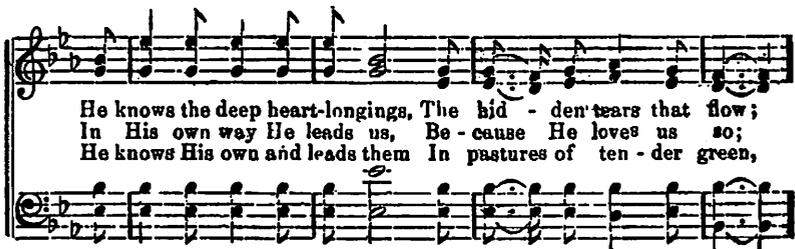
CELIA E. STANTON



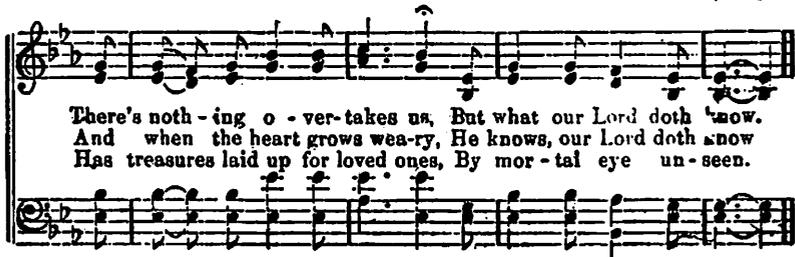
1. He knows earth's deepest sor - row, He knows our high - est joy;  
 2. He knows a - long life's path - way Are tri - als for His sake;  
 3. He knows the heart that trusts Him In these dark try - ing hours;



The deep - est, dark - est sins of years, He's a - ble to de - stroy.  
 But tho' they dim our vis - ion still, He knows the way we take.  
 When thorns are in life's pathway here, Or when its strewn with flow'rs.

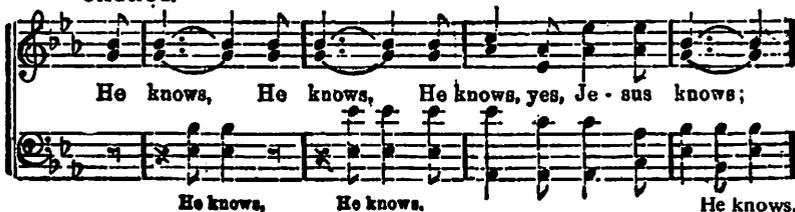


He knows the deep heart - longings, The hid - den tears that flow;  
 In His own way He leads us, Be - cause He loves us so;  
 He knows His own and leads them In pastures of ten - der green,



There's noth - ing o - ver - takes us, But what our Lord doth know.  
 And when the heart grows wea - ry, He knows, our Lord doth know  
 Has treasures laid up for loved ones, By mor - tal eye un - seen.

## CHORUS.



He knows, He knows, He knows, yes, Je - sus knows;  
 He knows, He knows. He knows.

# "HE KNOWS"



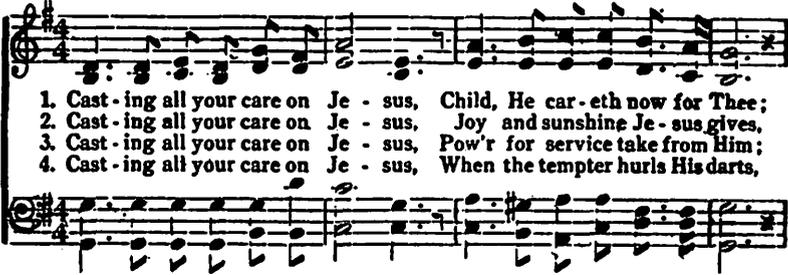
He's a - ble to de - liv - er, For He knows, He knows.

## Casting All Your Care On Jesus 150

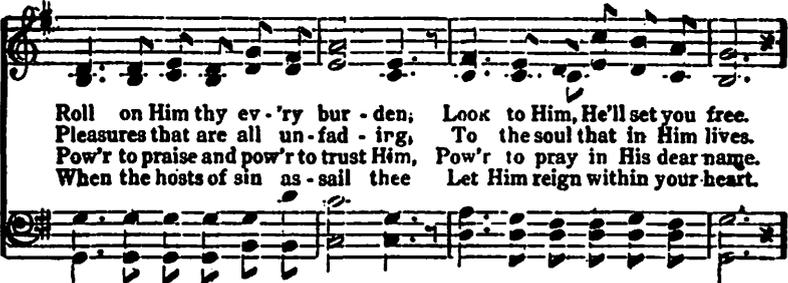
F. H. L.

1 PETER 5: 7

F. H. LEONARD



1. Cast - ing all your care on Je - sus, Child, He car - eth now for Thee;
2. Cast - ing all your care on Je - sus, Joy and sunshine Je - sus gives,
3. Cast - ing all your care on Je - sus, Pow'r for service take from Him;
4. Cast - ing all your care on Je - sus, When the tempter hurls His darts,

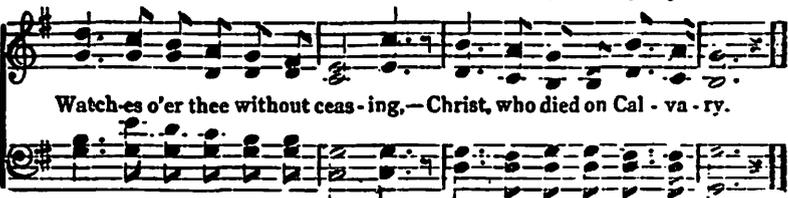


Roll on Him thy ev - 'ry bur - den; Look to Him, He'll set you free.  
 Pleasures that are all un - fad - ing, To the soul that in Him lives.  
 Pow'r to praise and pow'r to trust Him, Pow'r to pray in His dear name.  
 When the hosts of sin as - sail thee Let Him reign within your heart.

CHORUS.



Cast your bur - dens, then, up - on Him, For He cares, He cares for thee.



Watch - es o'er thee without ceas - ing, — Christ, who died on Cal - va - ry.

## Victory at Hand

HERBERT BUFFUM

January 1919

Mrs. C. E. FOSTER

1. { Once I saw de-liv-er-ance a long way off, Freedom from my heav-y load of guilt  
And I did not know that in this present life, We could have the know-so evidence  
2. { We may not possess a joy too great to tell, May not al-ways see the an-swer to  
Clouds may come and hide the face of Him we love; But by faith we know that He is ev-  
3. { Then remember, brother, as you press along, Feel-ing is not vic-t'ry an-y more  
For tho' you be tempted, tried on ev'ry line, Faith will always bring the tangled threads

and sin; with-in. But when I sur-rend-ered at the cross of Christ, And for  
our pray'r; er there. Faith, then, is the vic - to - ry that o - ver-comes, And tho'  
than sight, out right. Do not then look on - ly to some fu - ture time, Whea with

God and truth I firm - ly took my stand; Then I sang no lon - ger, "Vic - to -  
things go dif - fer-ent than we had planned; Still God's ways are best, and we can  
o - ver-com - ers you may one day stand, Shout-ing your de - fi - ance in the

CHORUS.

ry a-head;" For I had the vic-to-ry, praise God, at hand.  
al-ways say: "Now by faith I have the vic-to-ry at hand." Vic - to-ry at hand!  
face of foes, You may sing: "I have the vic-to-ry at hand."

vic - to - ry at hand! Thru the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry at hand. Trusting

# Victory at Hand

in the Lord, I move at His command; In Christ I have the vic-to - ry at hand.

## GLORY TO HIS NAME

152

E. A. HOFFMAN

J. H. STOCKTON

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.  
 bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.  
 en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.  
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

*D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.*

**CHORUS** D. S.

Glo - ry to His name, ... Glo - ry to His name; ..

S. O. S.

January 1919

S. O. SHELDON

1. Come and lis - ten to the gos - pel sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me;  
 2. On the cross He suffered pain and an - guish, That no hu - man heart could bear;  
 3. While He tast - ed death for all cre - a - tion, Hear, oh hear the Sav - ior cry;  
 4. He was mocked and brused for my transgressions, And for me they pierced His side;

{ How He shed His precious blood so free - ly, That from sin my soul might be made free. }  
 { But there was no oth - er way to save me, So He free - ly gave His life for me. }  
 { For His life was of - fered for my ran - som, As the wicked soldiers nailed Him there. }  
 { Oh, such words of grace and peace and pardon, Spoken by that man who died for me. }  
 { Oh, my God, why am I thus for - sak - en? Why hast thou left me a - lone to die? }  
 { For my sin to Je - sus was im - put - ed, When on Cal - va - ry He died for me. }  
 { 'Tis by faith I take my place and reck - on, I with Him that day was cru - ci - fied. }  
 { And He cried in tri - umph, "It is fin - ished," As He bowed His head and died for me. }

D. S.  
 Friends and loved ones fain would per - suade Him, In my help - less - ness to let me be,  
 But He prayed: "Oh, Father forgive them, Take my life and let them now go free;"  
 'Twas because God counted Him a sinner, Tho' from sin His life was always free;  
 He has borne my sins and di - seas - es, In His bod - y there up - on the tree,

CHORUS.  
 Oh, he loved me! how He loved me, Hang - ing there on Cal - va - ry;

rit  
 How I love the gos - pel sto - ry, Of the Christ who bled and died for me.

# Fifteen Hundred Miles High

154

H. G. Desha, Jr.

January 1927

Melody and Chorus  
by A. S. Copley

1. Lo, the ær - o - plane is com - ing by and by, What a blaze of  
2. Yes, the glo - ry plane is sure - ly draw - ing nigh, And me - thinks I  
3. Would you have me tell you just the rea - son why, Ear - nest - ly I'm  
4. Oh, my broth - er, are you read - y for the sky? Get your tick - et

glo - ry will il - lume the sky; Then the ov - er - com - ers here Will for -  
hear it whirr - ing in the sky; Soon we'll make the up - ward bound, Go - ing  
gaz - ing up in - to the sky? 'Tis be - cause in daz - zling white, On that  
from the A - gent pass - ing by; You may sail and reach the throne, Where no

sake this land so drear, And as - cend up fif - teen hun - dred miles on high.  
homeward to be crowned In the cit - y fif - teen hun - dred miles on high.  
plane we'll take our flight To the cit - y fif - teen hun - dred miles on high.  
ship has ev - er flown, In the cit - y fif - teen hun - dred miles on high.

FINE.

*D. S.*—All a - board for fif - teen hun - dred miles on high.

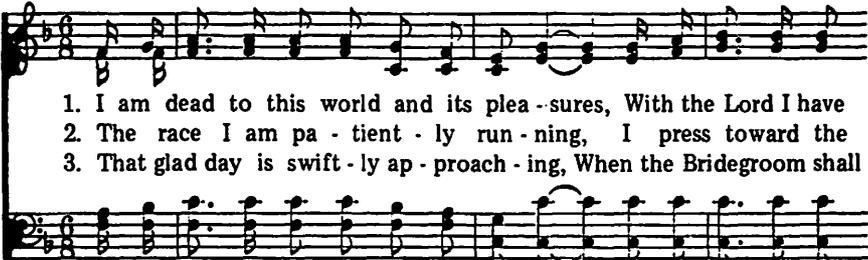
## CHORUS.

Hear it, Trust its flut - ter - ing wings; Lo! the  
Hear it whirring in the air, Lur - ing us to come where

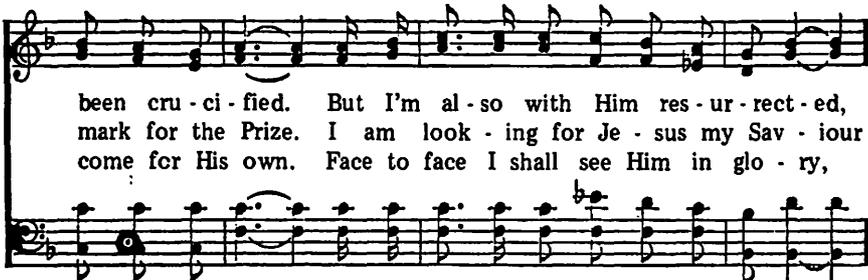
heav - en - ly chorus sings, Hear the Pi - lot at the wheel, Calling us with loud appeal;  
heav - en - ly mu - sic rings,

Vicky Moots

William Edie Marks

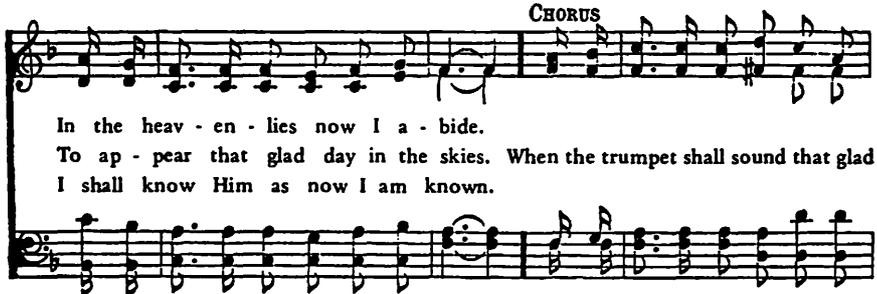


1. I am dead to this world and its plea - sures, With the Lord I have  
 2. The race I am pa - tient - ly run - ning, I press toward the  
 3. That glad day is swift - ly ap - proach - ing, When the Bridegroom shall

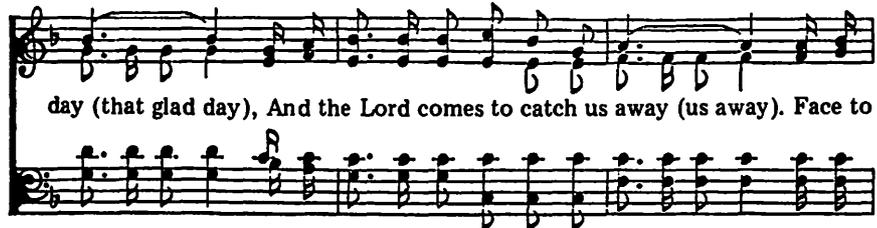


been cru - ci - fied. But I'm al - so with Him res - ur - rect - ed,  
 mark for the Prize. I am look - ing for Je - sus my Sav - iour  
 come for His own. Face to face I shall see Him in glo - ry,

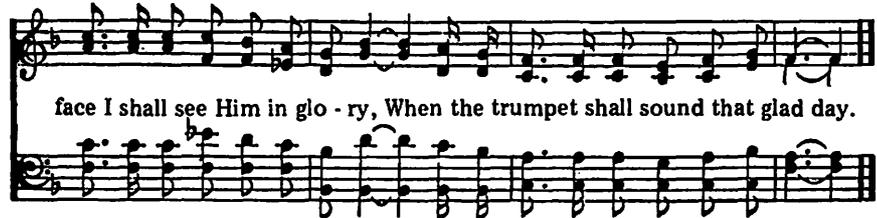
CHORUS



In the heav - en - lies now I a - bide.  
 To ap - pear that glad day in the skies. When the trumpet shall sound that glad  
 I shall know Him as now I am known.



day (that glad day), And the Lord comes to catch us away (us away). Face to



face I shall see Him in glo - ry, When the trumpet shall sound that glad day.

# The Goodly Pearl

Mary M. Bodie

1919

R. E. Winsett

1. Down in the o - - cean billow's whirl,..... I went to  
 2. I saw Thee first..... in mire and gloom,..... A shell of  
 3. I did not count..... the aw-ful cost..... Of waves and  
 4. I loved the Pearl..... of matchless worth,..... That bro't me  
 5. My cup is full,..... I'm sat - is - fied,..... I've gained my

seek..... a goodly pearl;..... I found one there..... in depth of  
 death..... and darkened tomb.... Encased my pre - cious jew- el  
 bil - lows tempest tossed;.... My gaze was on ..... the Pearl a-  
 all..... the way to earth;..... I chose to leave..... the courts a  
 Pearl,..... Thou art my Bride,..... A Jewel rare,..... of life and

sea,..... And bro't it forth..... my own to be.....  
 rare;..... But I have freed..... my Pearl so fair.....  
 lone,..... Which I de - sired..... to make my own.....  
 bove;..... My heart was fixed..... up - on my Love.....  
 sheen,..... To sit with me,..... a roy - al Queen.....

### CHORUS.

My Un - de - fied,..... my Choice, my Dove;..... None can com-  
 Oh Pearl so fair,..... my Bride, my Friend,..... I'll love Thee

pare..... with Thee, my Love;.....  
 ev - - [Omit . . . . .] - er with-out end.....

## Mighty Power

A. S. COPLEY

E. S. LORENZ

1. Oh what mean-eth this bab-ble and com-mo-tion? For the  
 2. Oh, what mean-eth the clov-en tongues of fire, And the  
 3. And what mean-eth the brav-er-y of Peter? He de-  
 4. But what mean-eth his fiery ex-hor-ta-tion? "Be ye  
 5. Then what mean-eth the present-day re-jec-tion Of the

people seem drunken with new wine. Is it only a new re-  
 signs and the wonders done to-day? Go and tell ev-ry man that  
 clar-eth that Christ is raised a-gain. Oh, his message is heav-en-  
 filled with the mighty Holy Ghost." Oh this pow'r is for us, a  
 pow'r and the speaking in new tongues? 'Tis the foretold and latter

D. S.—let us sing of the pen-te-  
 FINE.

lig-ious notion? Nay! It is the promised mighty pow'r di-vine.  
 doth en-quire, That the God of pow-r hath come to earth to stay  
 ly and sweeter. For he saith that Jesus will come back to reign.  
 con-firm-a-tion That our Master is to us the Lord of hosts.  
 day in-fec-tion Ere the judgment of the un-be-liev-ing comes.  
 cost-al pow-er That was sent to give us vict'ry all the way.

## CHORUS.

Might-y pow-er the Spir-it's pow-er:  
 pen-te-cost-al pow-er, pen-te-cost-al pow'r di-vine.

# Mighty Power

*D. S.*

Gift of God bestowed from heav'n a plentiful show - er  
and it is mine.

The image shows the musical notation for the hymn 'Mighty Power'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

# In Emmanuel's Land

158

ANNE R. COUSIN

CHRISTIEN D'URHAN  
HAR E. F. RIMBALT

1. Oh I am my Be-lov-ed's. and my Beloved's mine. He brings a  
2. Oh Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love! The streams of  
3. With mer-cy and with judgment, My web of time He wove. And aye the  
4. The bride eyes not her gar-ment, but her dear bridegroom's face, I will not

The first system of the musical score for 'In Emmanuel's Land' is shown. It features a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics for the first four lines of the hymn are written below the staves.

poor vile sin-ner, in-to His house of wine. I stand up-on His mer-it  
earth I've tasted; more deep I'll drink a-bove. There to an ocean fulness  
dews of sor-row were lustred with His love. I'll bless the hand that guided,  
gaze at glo-ry, but on my King of grace; not at the crown He giv-eth,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics for the next four lines are placed between the staves.

I know no other stand; not e'en where glo-ry dwelleth. In Emmanuel's land.  
His mercy doth expand, and glory, glory dwelleth. In Emmanuel's land.  
I'll bless the heart that plann'd, when thron'd where glo-ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.  
But on His pierced hand; the Lamb is all the glo-ry Of Emmanuel's land.

The third and final system of the musical score is shown. It concludes the hymn with the final lines of the lyrics. The musical notation continues on both staves.

## Wonderful! Out of and Into

Sept. 1919

A. S. Copley

1. Out of the dis - tance and dark-ness so deep, Out of the set - tled and  
 2. Out of the clam - or, the noise and the strife, Out of the glamor, which  
 3. Out of my pov - er - ty in - to His wealth, Out of my sick-ness - es

per - il - ous sleep, Out of the re - gion and shad - ow of death, Out of its  
 once I called life, Out of the sin and the sor - row and shame, Out of the  
 in - to His health, Out of what measured the full depth of "lost," Out of it

foul and its pes - ti - lent breath; In - to a sense of forgiveness and rest,  
 fol - ly, the sad-ness, the blame; In - to the love and the fav - or of God,  
 all, and at in - fin - ite cost; In - to that which there is nothing beyond,

*slowly*  
 In - to in - her - it-ance with all the blest, In - to the peace of an in - fin -  
 In - to the ho - li - est, cleansed by the blood, In - to the fore-taste of rapture  
 In - to that to which my heart doth respond, In - to that union which nothing

*a tempo.* *steady.*  
 its calm, In - to the place of the song and the psalm; Wonderful change from the  
 di - vine, In - to the Ca - naan of old corn and wine; Wonderful word of life,  
 can part, In - to what sat - is-fies His and my heart; Wonder-ful Person, whose

## Wonderful! Out of and Into

false to the true, Won-der-ful standing where all is made new, Won-der-ful  
 o - pened to me, Won-der-ful heav - en where I am to be, Won-der-ful  
 face I'll be - hold, Won-der-ful sto - ry, then all to be told, Won-der-ful !

*ritard.*

place in - to which I have come, Won-der-ful ten - der-ness, welcoming home.  
 glo - ry to which I am bound, Wonderful throne where I soon will be crowned.  
 all the dread way which He trod, Won-der-ful end, He has brought me to God.

## STAND UP FOR JESUS

160

G. DUFFIELD

G. J. WEBB

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross, Lift high His  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of

roy - al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss. From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His  
 might-y con-flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -  
 flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.  
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 watching un-to pray'r, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er wanting there.

## Christ Arose

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they  
 3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - iour! He tore the

REFRAIN *Faster*

com - ing day— Je - sus my Lord!  
 seal the dead— Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose,  
 bars a - way— Je - sus my Lord! He a - rose,

With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a  
 He a - rose!

Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign.

He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

# Ev'ry Whit Whole

162

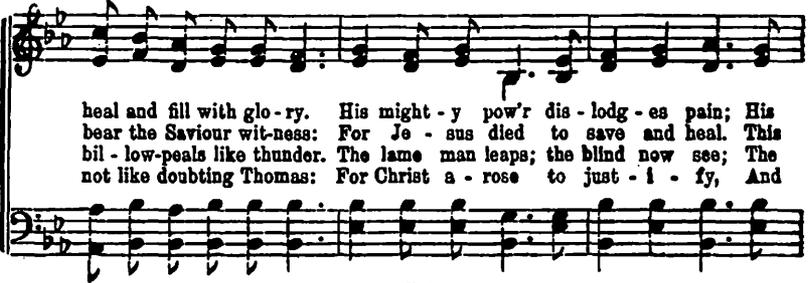
A. S. C.

March 1922

A. S. Copley



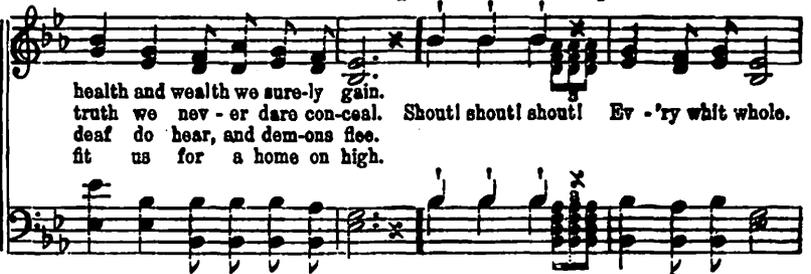
1. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, hear the Bi-ble sto-ry, Let Christ con-trol, And  
2. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, learn the Bi-ble fit-ness, Bod-y and soul Will  
3. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, what a Bi-ble wonder, Health anthems toll In  
4. Ev-'ry whit whole! Oh, hear the Bi-ble promise, Let this con-sole: Fear



heal and fill with glo-ry. His might-y pow'r dis-lodg-es pain; His  
bear the Saviour wit-ness: For Je-sus died to save and heal. This  
bil-low-peaks like thunder. The lame man leaps; the blind now see; The  
not like doubting Thomas: For Christ a-rose to just-i-fy, And

*f* CHORUS

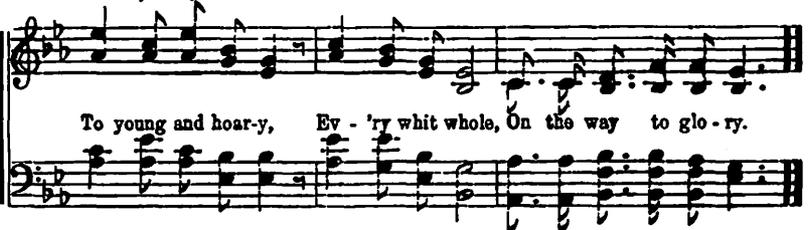
*p*



health and wealth we sure-ly gain.  
truth we nev-er dare con-veal. Shout! shout! shout! Ev-'ry whit whole.  
deaf do hear, and dem-ons flee.  
fit us for a home on high.



Count sick-ness out: Je-sus takes con-trol. Sound the sweet sto-ry



To young and hoar-y, Ev-'ry whit whole, On the way to glo-ry.

## Mighty Army of the Young

JOHN R. COLGAN

Last verse by A.S.C.

A. F. MYERS



1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Youthful army, filled with power, Pentecost a happy shower,



Sond the wel-come word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,  
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all man-kind,  
Shining faces every hour. Jesus lives! Children love this Bible way,



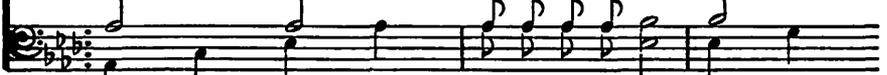
Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!  
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!  
Cheerful, joyful, blithe, and gay; And from Christ they never stray, Jesus lives!



## CHORUS



Wait not till the shad-ows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and  
Wait not Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,  
sing,



Je - sus,

# Mighty Army of the Young

*f rit. Rep. Cho. pp*

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed ti-dings fly, Je - sus lives!

## He Will Save

164

A. S. Copley

R. Lowry

1. He will save, He will save; Je - sus bids you go free;
2. He will cleanse, ful - ly cleanse; Wash thee whit - er than snow;
3. Won-drous love! Won-drous love! Will you Je - sus re - ceive?
4. Je - sus died for your sins, For your sick - ness - es, too;
4. Trust the Lord, trust Him now; Ev - 'ry bur - den He'll bear;

He has bought with a price, ev - en thee, ev - en thee.  
 He is might - y to save, this I know, this I know.  
 Will you rest on His word? oh, be - lieve! oh, be - lieve!  
 He will save, He will heal, e - ven you, e - ven you.  
 You may join in the throng, o - ver there, o - ver there.

### CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus; He will glad - ly save and heal you;

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus; He will save you just now.

## Just Over in the Glory Land

Jas. W. Acuff

R. E. Winsett, Dayton, Tenn., owner

Emmet S. Dean

1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land;  
 2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land;  
 3. What a joy-ful thought that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land;  
 4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land;

And I long to be by my Sa-vior's side, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land.  
 There to sing God's praise and His glo-ry share, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land.  
 And with kindred saved, there-for-ev-er be, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land.  
 Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land.

CHORUS.

Just o-ver in the glo-ry land, I'll join the hap-py  
 Just o-ver, o-ver I'll join, yes, join

an-gel band, Just o-ver in the glo-ry land; Just o-ver  
 Just o-ver, o-ver

in the glo-ry land, There with the might-y host I'll stand,  
 There with, yes, with

D. S.

# Glory Enough Over There

166

Mary M. Bodie

A. F. Myers

1. Let us the Name of Christ pro-claim, The com - ing King of kings;  
2. Let us not wait the glo - ry throne, To shout a - loud His praise;  
3. Let us just now be bold and sing The prais - es of our God;  
4. Let us lift up the stand - ard high, The blood-stained banner wave;  
5. Let us now make the wel - kin ring, Our heav'n - ly an - thems raise;

And shout for Him, the Lamb once slain, And touch the heav'n - ly strings.  
But ev - en now His worth make known, Fore-taste of end-less days.  
Ex - alt the pow'r of our great King, Who saved us by His blood.  
O'er land and sea, thru earth and sky, Pro - claim its pow'r to save.  
Christ soon shall sit as Zi - on's king, All na - tions Him shall praise.

## CHORUS. *Faster.*

There will be glo - ry e - nough o - ver there, O - ver there,  
O - ver there,

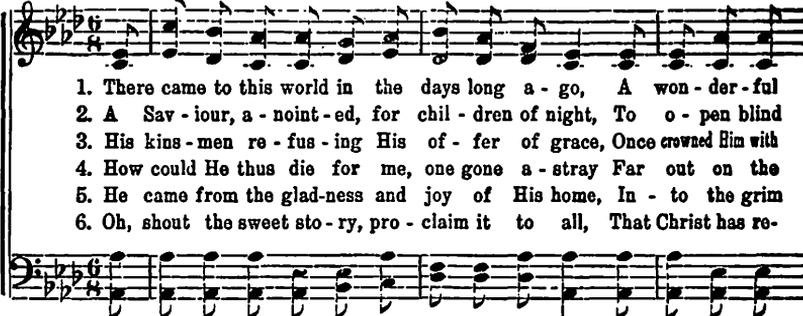
there, O - ver there, There will be glo - ry e - nough o - ver  
O - ver there, Glo - ry e - nough

there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there.  
O - ver there, Glo - ry e - nough O - ver there, o - ver there.

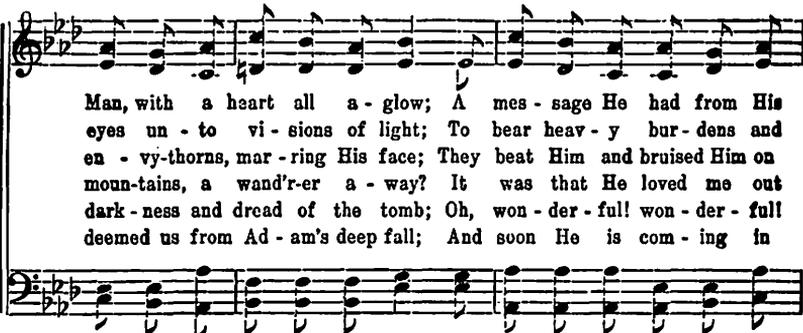
## I Love Him, He Loves Me

Mary M. Bodie

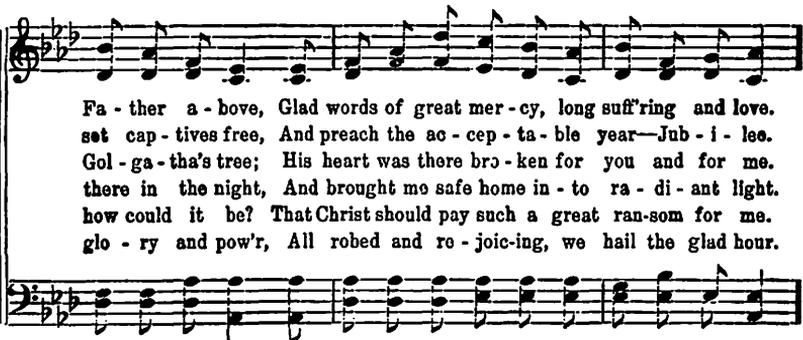
A. F. Myers



1. There came to this world in the days long a - go, A won - der - ful  
 2. A Sav - iour, a - noint - ed, for chil - dren of night, To o - pen blind  
 3. His kins - men re - fus - ing His of - fer of grace, Once crowned Him with  
 4. How could He thus die for me, one gone a - stray Far out on the  
 5. He came from the glad - ness and joy of His home, In - to the grim  
 6. Oh, shout the sweet sto - ry, pro - claim it to all, That Christ has re -

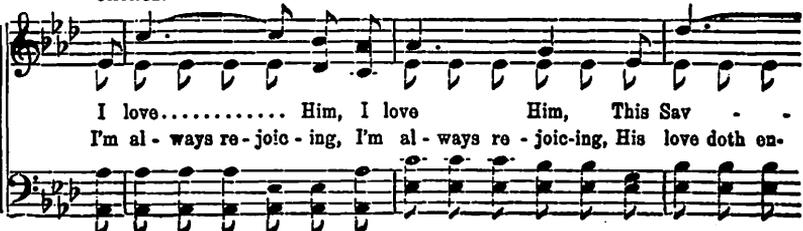


Man, with a heart all a - glow; A mes - sage He had from His  
 eyes un - to vi - sions of light; To bear heav - y bur - dens and  
 en - vy - thorns, mar - ring His face; They beat Him and bruised Him on  
 moun - tains, a wand'r - er a - way? It was that He loved me out  
 dark - ness and dread of the tomb; Oh, won - der - full! won - der - full  
 deemed us from Ad - am's deep fall; And soon He is com - ing in



Fa - ther a - bove, Glad words of great mer - cy, long suff'ring and love.  
 set cap - tives free, And preach the ac - cep - ta - ble year - Jub - i - lee.  
 Gol - ga - tha's tree; His heart was there bro - ken for you and for me.  
 there in the night, And brought me safe home in - to ra - di - ant light.  
 how could it be? That Christ should pay such a great ran - som for me.  
 glo - ry and pow'r, All robed and re - joic - ing, we hail the glad hour.

## CHORUS.



I love..... Him, I love Him, This Sav -  
 I'm al - ways re - joic - ing, I'm al - ways re - joic - ing, His love doth en -

## I Love Him, He Loves Me.

- - iour of mine,..... He loves me, He  
 twine, and Je - sus is mine, He al - ways is lead - ing and  
 loves me, Oh, rap - - ture di - vine,.....  
 heal - ing and teach - ing, Oh, rap - ture di - vine, Oh, rap - ture di - vine.

## Drinking at the Fountain

168

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;
3. Tho' sin and sor - row wound my soul, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;
4. Let all the world fall down and know, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;
5. Still thirsty to this spring I fly, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;

### CHORUS.

I will for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my jour - ney home.  
 Ask, and He turns my hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour - ney home.  
 Je - sus, Thy balm now makes it whole, I'm on my jour - ney home. Glo - ry to  
 That none but God such love can show, I'm on my jour - ney home.  
 I drink, and so am nev - er dry, I'm on my jour - ney home.

God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.

## Face to Face

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK

GRANT COLPAX TULLAR



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav- iour, Face to face—what will it be—  
 2. On - ly. faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween;  
 3. What re-joic-ing in His pres- ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;  
 4. Face to face! O bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;




When with rap-ture I be-hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?  
 But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo-ry shall be seen.  
 When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.  
 Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



## CHORUS



Face to face I shall be-hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;




Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

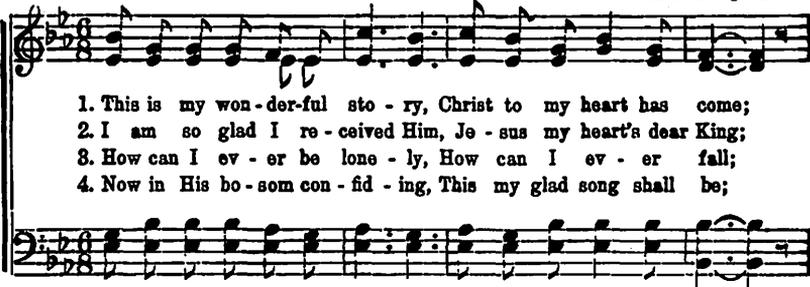


# Christ In Me

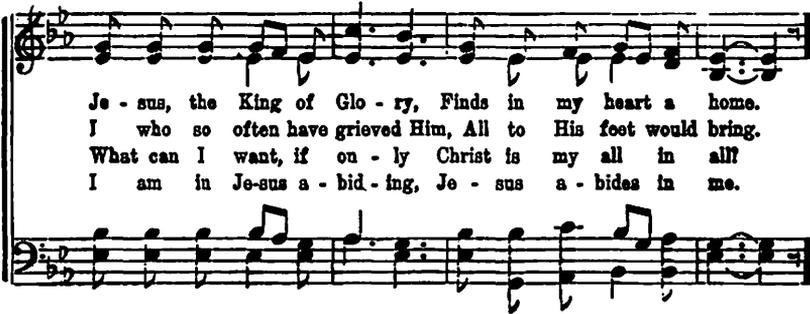
170

A. B. S.

A. B. Simpson



1. This is my won-der-ful sto - ry, Christ to my heart has come;  
2. I am so glad I re - ceived Him, Je - sus my heart's dear King;  
3. How can I ev - er be lone - ly, How can I ev - er fall;  
4. Now in His bo - som con - fid - ing, This my glad song shall be;



Je - sus, the King of Glo - ry, Finds in my heart a home.  
I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.  
What can I want, if on - ly Christ is my all in all?  
I am in Je - sus a - bid - ing, Je - sus a - bides in me.

## CHORUS.



Christ in me. Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto - ry:



Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, the hope of glo - ry.

## The Aeroplane of Heaven

A. S. Copley

1919

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. List for the aer - o - plane on high, Soon the trump will call us home;  
 2. List for the air-ship of the King, Hear trans - la - tion's up - ward call.  
 3. Haste! for the ae-ro-plane draws near, Speed-ing, call - ing us to rise.

Let not its swift-ness pass you by, Hastel for Je - sus comes.  
 Oh, make the heav - ens loud - ly ring, For our Je - sus comes.  
 List for its mu - sic, greet with cheer; Je - sus sure - ly comes.

Be ye filled with ho - ly fire, Read-y for the up - ward flyer.  
 Let your heart be all a - glow, Read-y with the Lord to go.  
 Have your air-ship gar-ments on, Read-y any time to be gone.

Pass the strain a - long the line, Hastel for Je - sus comes.  
 Loud pro - claim to ev - 'ry one, "Je - sus quick - ly comes."  
 Rouse, ye vir - gins, trim your lamps, Je - sus sure - ly comes.

Pass the strain—the coun - ter-sign, Sound the ti - dings: Je - sus comes.  
 Loud pro-claim from sun to sun—Glo - rious ti-dings—"Je - sus comes."  
 Rouse, ye vir - gins, stir the camps, Shout the ti - dings, Je - sus comes.

# The Aeroplane of Heaven

CHORUS

Je - sus comes a - gain, On His aer - o - plane, He comes,  
yes, Je - sus comes

Be ye read - y, watch - ing, wait - ing, Je - sus comes to reign.

# The Bleeding Lamb

172

Arr. W. J. K.

1. { My Sav - iour suf - fered on the tree, Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb! }  
Oh, come and view the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb! }  
D. C. - It sets my spir - it all a - flame. Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!

## REFRAIN.

D. C.

The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleed - ing Lamb! I love the sound of Je - sus' name.

2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
And I am saved through Jesus' name,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
And I am on my way to heav'n,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be—  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!  
That Jesus tasted death for me,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Where He Leads I'll Follow

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than an - y  
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than an - y  
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea - ry, heav - y lad - en

mes - sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ, Sin - less I see;  
 love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one, Faith - ful is He;  
 there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom - is - es, Faith - ful and sure;

CHORUS.

He the great ex - am - ple is and pat - tern for me. Where . . . . . He  
 He the great ex - am - ple is and pat - tern for me.  
 Lean up - on the Sav - iour, and thy soul is se - cure. Where He leads I'll follow,

leads I'll fol - - low, Fol - - low all the  
 where He leads I'll fol - low, Fol - low all the way; yes,

way, Where . . . . . He leads I'll  
 fol - low all the way, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

# Where He Leads I'll Follow

fol - - low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.  
Where He leads I'll fol - low,

## They're All Taken Away

174

Mary M. Bodle

J. H. Weber

1. Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus say: "They're all tak-en a - way;
2. "On Cal-v'ry's brow my blood was spilt, They're all tak - en a - way;
3. The cleansing flow will wash you white, They're all tak - en a - way;
4. Oh, plunge be-neath the crim-son tide, They're all tak - en a - way;
5. Oh, bless the Lord for sins for-giv'n, They're all tak - en a - way;
6. And when we stand be - fore His face, They're all tak - en a - way;

I bore your sins the oth - er day, They're all tak - en a - way."  
And there a - toned for all thy guilt, They're all tak - en a - way."  
And Je - sus' word will keep you right, They're all tak - en a - way."  
And now by faith be pur - i - fied, They're all tak - en a - way.  
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, They're all tak - en a - way.  
We'll praise Him for re-deem-ing grace, They're all tak - en a - way.

### CHORUS.

They're all tak - en a - way, (a-way,) They're all tak - en a - way, (a - way,)

*Great Chorus pp*  
They're all tak - en a - way, (a-way,) Thro' the blood (the blood) of the Lamb.

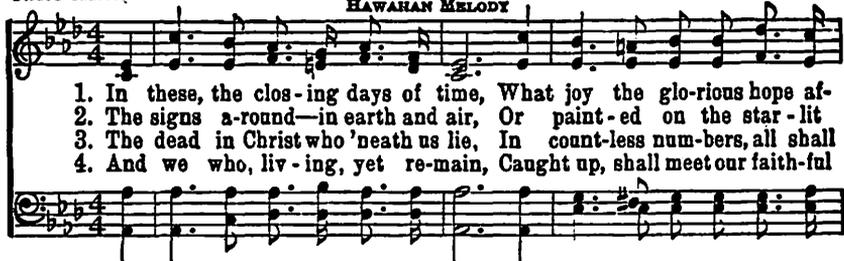
# He's Coming Soon\*

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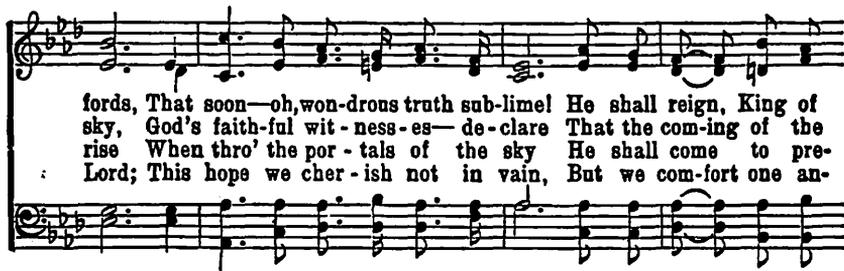
Thoro Harris

HAWAIIAN MELODY

Liluokalani. Arr. by T. H.



1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glo-rious hope af-  
2. The signs a-round—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit  
3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In count-less num-bers, all shall  
4. And we who, liv-ing, yet re-main, Caught up, shall meet our faith-ful

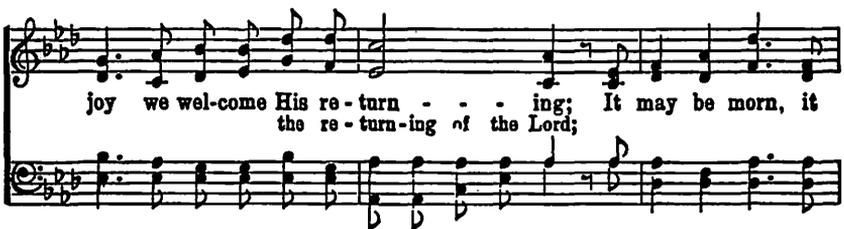


fords, That soon—oh, won-drous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of  
sky, God's faith-ful wit-ness-es—de-clare That the com-ing of the  
rise When thro' the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-  
Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we com-fort one an-

REFRAIN



kings and Lord of lords. He's com-ing soon, He's com-ing soon; With  
Sav-our draw-eth nigh. pare our Par-a-dise.  
oth-er by this word.



joy we wel-come His re-turn - - - ing; It may be morn, it  
the re-turn-ing of the Lord;



may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon,  
our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

# The Hope of the Ages

176

R. KELSO CARTER

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF

1. Je - sus comes, He comes in glo - ry, Ech-oes thro' the a - ges hoar - y  
 2. Je - sus comes, the dead are wakin', Earth with mortal pangs is quak - ing;  
 3. Je - sus comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Sin re-straining, sor-row end - ing,  
 4. Je - sus comes, all things re-stor - ing, Cry a-loud, His grace im - plor - ing,

Jesus comes!  
 Blessed hope and thrill-ing sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!  
 Stars are fall - ing, heav - ens shak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!  
 Broken ties for - ev - er mend - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!  
 Bow the knee, the King a - dor - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

CHORUS.

Hope of all the a - ges past, King of kings, He comes at  
 Blessed hope, Blessed hope, King of kings,

last. Je - sus comes Up, ye saints of God a - wak - ing! See the

morn - ing light is break - ing! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

## Land Beyond the Blue.

A.S. Copley

1919

W. A. Ogden



1. { On-ward, Christian; do not fal-ter, Tho' the cross be hard to bear.  
Je - sus will il - lume your path-way, All the darksome jour-ney thru;

2. { On-ward, Christian; be not faith-less, But be-lieve what God has said,  
God the Fa-ther's eye is watching, Not-ing all the deeds you do.

3. { On-ward, Christian, war-ring ev - er, Look-ing to the Lord a - lone.  
Mov-ing on - ward, up-ward, Godward, Ev - er keep the crown in view;

4. { On-ward, Christian, hop - ing, running, For the prize you'll sure-ly gain.  
All the Fa-ther's will and pur-pose Ev - er faith-ful - ly pur - sue.




Christ will be your strength and psalter; All His vic - t'ry you may share. }  
A re - ward will come here - aft - er, In the land be - yond the blue. }  
And a crown will be your por - tion, On to vic - t'ry you'll be led. }  
Your re - ward is just and cer - tain, In the land be - yond the blue. }  
He is faith - ful, He will lead you Al - ways in the vic - t'ry zone. }  
Soon you'll be with Christ for - ev - er, In the land be - yond the blue. }  
Work and war, and wait the sum - ming, Faith is nev - er, nev - er vain. }  
Then en - joy the heav'n - ly Bridehood, In the land be - yond the blue. }


CHORUS. *ff*


There's a shining robe in glo - ry, And a gold - en crown for you;  
a robe in glo-ry, a crown for you;




There's a throne of won - drous splen - dor In the land be - yond the blue.



# Blessed Quietness

178

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON

W. S. MARSHALL  
Adapted by JAMES M. KIRK



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and glad-ness, All a - round this heav'nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Bless-ed fruit of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face!



He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.  
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our wea-ri-ness to rest.  
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.  
And the streams of life are flow-ing In the lone - ly wil-der-ness.  
What a per-fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place!



## REFRAIN



Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul!



On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil-lows cease to roll!



## Still Sweeter Every Day

W. C. MARTIN

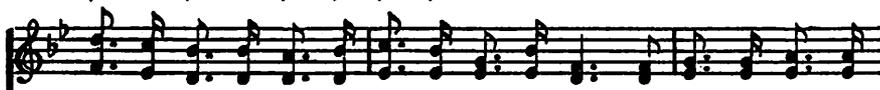
C. AUSTIN MILES



1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's
2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's
3. My heart is some-times heav-y, but He comes with sweet re - lief; He



fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my  
 fair - er than the lil - y, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and  
 folds me to His bos-om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the



fan - cy pic-tures in its fair-est dreams, and more; Each day He grows still  
 sat - is - fies my long-ing spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still  
 Christ who all my bur-dens in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still



sweet-er than He was the day be - fore. The half . . . . can-not be  
 sweet-er than He was the day be - fore.

sweet-er than He was the day be - fore. The half can-not be fan-cied on this



fan - cied this side . . . . the gold-en shore; Oh,  
 side the gold-en shore, The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the golden shore; Oh,



## Still Sweeter Every Day

there . . . He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.  
 there He'll be still sweeter than He ev - er was be - fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.

## The Cleansing Wave

180

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer

Mrs. J. F. Knapp

1. Oh! now I see the crim - son wave, The foun - tain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak - ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A - bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood - ap - plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.  
 It speaks! pol - lu - ted na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood.  
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ en - throned with - in.  
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS

The cleans - ing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans - eth me!

Oh! praise the Lord, it cleans - eth me, It cleans - eth me, yes, cleans - eth me!

Rebekah, The Bride

A. S. C.

January 1927

A. S. Copley

1. A - bra-ham sent El - i - e - zer on the run To en-gage the brightest  
 2. So the Spir - it calls a peo - ple, true and tried, To be read - y for the  
 3. Wilt thou go with El - i - e - zer far a - way? Asked the friends who wished her  
 4. On a cam - el then, Re - bek - ah mount - ed high; To her fa - ther, moth - er,  
 5. El - i - e - zer put the jew - els on her hand, To Re - bek - ah all he  
 6. With the wealth of A - bra - ham, was I - saac blest, Oh, the joy that filled Re -

mai - den for his son. When Re - bek - ah came in view, E - li - e - zer sure - ly  
 rap - ture as the Bride; For the Lamb whose wife she'll be, Longs to make her just like  
 lon - ger home to stay. With this man I'll glad - ly go, All my love to I - saac  
 brother, said goodbye; Then they blest the maiden there, Say - ing, Ma - ny mil - lions  
 did was good and grand. I - saac was his tho't and theme; For the journey long did  
 bek - ah's hopeful breast; Lo, at set - ting of the sun, When the journey they had

§ FINE. CHORUS.  
 knew, That the Lord had led him to the fair - est one.  
 He, Who, up - on the cross, for her has bled and died.  
 show, Come a - long, be with us on our wedding day. Will you go?  
 bear, Thru the seed, which giveth life that can - not die.  
 seem, Rid - ing on the cam - els to the promised land.  
 run, I - saac met them, shouting, God bestows the best. I will go,

D. S.—Come a - long, be with us on our wedding day.

Will you go?..... Will you I - saac glad - ly wed, Who has ris - en  
 Can't say No!

## Rebekah, The Bride

*D. S.*

from the dead? I will go, glad-ly go.....  
with this man and the cam-el car-a-van,

## Oh, I Am So Happy In Jesus 182

Arthur T. Pierson

James McGranahan

1. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, His blood has redeemed me from sin,  
2. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, He taught me the se-cret of faith,  
3. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;  
4. Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

I weep and I sing in my glad-ness, To know He is dwell-ing with-in.  
To rest in be-liev-ing His prom-ise, And trust what-so-ev-er He saith.  
The love He has kindled with-in me Makes service and suf-fer-ing sweet.  
What joy in His glo-ri-fied pres-ence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

### CHORUS.

Oh, I am so hap-py in Je-sus, From sin and from sor-row so free:

So hap-py that He is my Sav-iour, So hap-py that Je-sus loves me.

## Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES



1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His




sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle  
 sheltered here, pro-ject-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,  
 bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I




vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beau-lah Land.  
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me-'tis Beau-lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beau-lah Land.  
 learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beau-lah Land.



## CHORUS



I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm  
 Praise God!




drink-ing at the foun-tain that never shall run dry; O yes! I'm feasting on the



## Dwelling in Beulah Land

man-na from a boun-ti - ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beau-lah Land.

### Love Lifted Me -

184

JAMES ROWE, 1865-1933

HOWARD E. SMITH, 1863-1918

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly  
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed  
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, 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,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me-Now safe am I.  
 Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice too To Him be-longs.  
 Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be-Be saved to-day.

#### CHORUS

Love lift-ed me, ——— Love lift-ed me, ——— When noth-ing  
 e-ven me, e-ven me,

else could help, Love lift-ed me; Love lift-ed me.

## One Of These Days

A. S. C.

1920

A. S. Copley

1. One of these days all earth-scenes will be changed; All of the ways of  
 2. One of these days a stone cut not with hands Then will a-maze the  
 3. One of these days our Lord will call us home; One of these days we'l  
 4. One of these days with Christ with-in the throne, 'Velloped in praise, we'l

men be dis - ar - ranged. Mighty and pom-pous things will then go down;  
 na - tions break their bands. Je - sus our Lord will reign in righteous-ness  
 cease on earth to roam. All of our toils and tears will then be o'er;  
 reap what we have sown. Then we will wear a gold - en glo - ry crown;

Peo - ple of wealth and wis - dom lose re - nown, One of these days.  
 O - ver the earth, and Jews and Gen - tiles bless, One of these days.  
 Up - ward on wings of faith to heav'n we'll soar, One of these days.  
 And with the Sav - iour share His great re - nown, One of these days.

CHORUS.

One of these days, One of these days. We shall  
 won - der - ful days! glo - ri - ous days!

join in heav-en - ly lays, Dwell with Christ wher - ev - er He stays,

# One Of These Days

Shout for joy in glo - ri - ous praise, One of these days, One of these days.

*rit.*

# I'll Be There

186

A. S. Copley

Adapted by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. { There is a land of won-drous love, Re - demp-tion made it nigh. }  
 { And those who will may dwell a - bove, And nev - er, nev - er die. }

2. { There ev - er - last-ing joy a - bides, And nev - er end - ing praise; }  
 { Sub - lim - est, high-est good be-tides, As Christ His grace dis - plays. }

3. { In yon - der clime is per - fect peace, For Christ the Lord is King, }  
 { And wor - ship there will nev - er cease, His praise we'll ev - er sing. }

4. { The saints will there be clad in light, And with the Bride-groom reign, }  
 { E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And sor - row, tears and pain. }

5. { There glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry bells Will peal the brid - al song; }  
 { The Bride her an-them rolls and swells E - ter - nal ag - es long. }

## REFRAIN.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there,  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

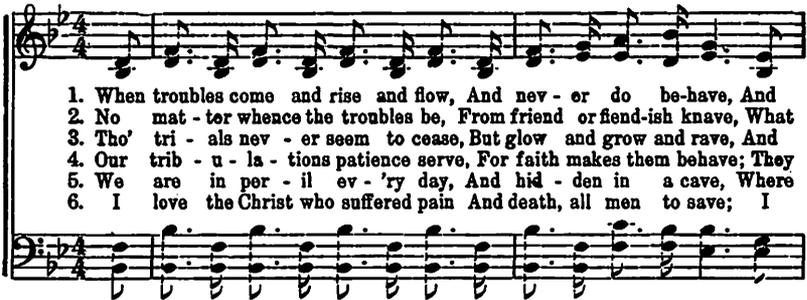
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds, I'll be there.  
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

## Mount the Wave

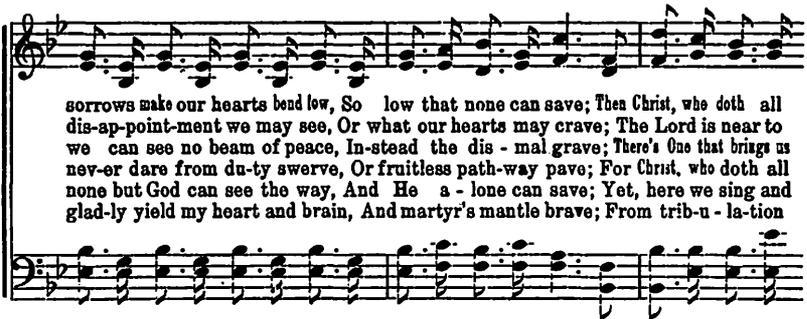
A. S. C.

November 1920

A. S. Copley

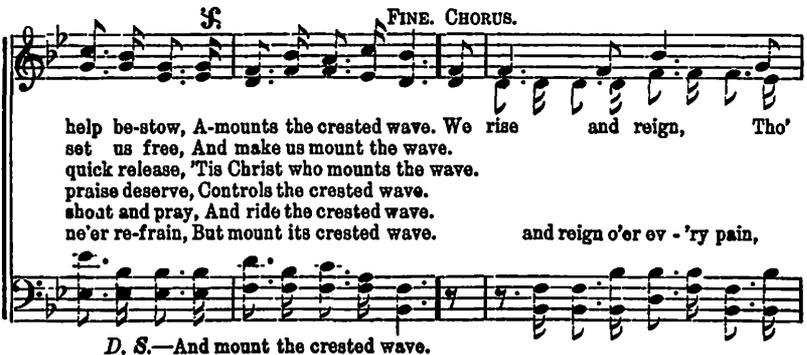


1. When troubles come and rise and flow, And nev - er do be-have, And  
 2. No mat - ter whence the troubles be, From friend or fiend-ish knave, What  
 3. Tho' tri - als nev - er seem to cease, But glow and grow and rave, And  
 4. Our trib - u - la - tions patience serve, For faith makes them behave; They  
 5. We are in per - il ev - 'ry day, And hid - den in a cave, Where  
 6. I love the Christ who suffered pain And death, all men to save; I



sorrows make our hearts bend low, So low that none can save; Then Christ, who doth all  
 dis-ap-point-ment we may see, Or what our hearts may crave; The Lord is near to  
 we can see no beam of peace, In-stead the dis - mal grave; There's One that brings us  
 nev-er dare from du-ty swerve, Or fruitless path-way pave; For Christ, who doth all  
 none but God can see the way, And He a - lone can save; Yet, here we sing and  
 glad-ly yield my heart and brain, And martyr's mantle brave; From trib-u - la-tion

♩ FINE. CHORUS.



help be-stow, A-mounts the crested wave. We rise and reign, Tho'  
 set us free, And make us mount the wave.  
 quick release, 'Tis Christ who mounts the wave.  
 praise deserve, Controls the crested wave.  
 shout and pray, And ride the crested wave.  
 ne'er re-frain, But mount its crested wave. and reign o'er ev - 'ry pain,

*D. S.*—And mount the crested wave.



tri-als surge and rave, The tri - umph gain, And make them all behave;  
 And shout a-loud a glad re-frain,

## Mount the Wave

*D. S.*

We rise and reign, And ev-'ry tempest brave; We swell the strain,  
in Christ the vic-t'ry gain,

## I Surrender All

188

J. W. Van DeVenter.

W. S. Weedon

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }  
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }  
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly Thine; }  
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }
4. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee; }  
 { Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me. }
5. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame; }  
 { O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! }

### CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,  
I sur - ren - der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

## Let Us Sing, Hallelujah!

P. C. Tankersley

1920

A. S. Copley

1. I have bid my a-dien to the world and its lure, Since the fullness of love I can see:  
 2. I will praise Him for-ev-er; I praise Him today, For the perfect provision He made;  
 3. Will you join in His praises, and sing of His love? Will you bow with me low at His feet?

And I'm will-ing for Christ's sake all things to endure, Since His wonderful grace made me free.  
 For my hope is in Christ, whom I love and obey; And my mind upon Him now is stayed.  
 What a fore-taste of heaven and rich-es a-bove, To be-hold that in Christ we're complete!

Now my highest am-bi-tion is whol-ly in Him That His life man-i fest-ed may be;  
 Oh, I so love to come with the Saviour apart—Oh, what comfort He brings to me there!  
 Let us sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! O glo-ry! A-men! Let the an-them ring out ev'-ry-where;

And the things of the world now are growing quite dim, Since He caused me with Him to agree.  
 For His Spirit broods o'er the great deep of my heart; And He takes from my mind ev'ry care.  
 Ver-y soon, He is coming: He's coming again; And I'm longing that rapture to share.

CHORUS. cres.

Let us sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! O glo-ry! A-men! Make the anthem ring out ev'rywhere.

# Let Us Sing, Hallelujah!

Let us sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! a - gain and a - gain; Make our mel-o-dies float on the air.

*rit.*

## Trust the Lord 190

Mary M Bodie

October 1920

A. S. Copley

1. If the dev - il makes you blue, Trust the Lord; And you know not  
 2. If your flesh doth fume and fret, Trust the Lord; You will have the  
 3. If some say you're look - ing ill, Trust the Lord; And they rec - om -  
 4. If the peo - ple judge you wrong, Trust the Lord; And you can - not

what to do, Trust the Lord. Do not sit and mope and fear; Waste no  
 vic - t'ry yet, Trust the Lord. Tho' the clouds are full of rain; In your  
 mend a pill, Trust the Lord. Doc - tor's, drug - gists and dis - ease, Would your  
 sing a song, Trust the Lord. Tho' He does not show His face; Yet, there

*D. S.* - There will be suf - fi - cient grace; For the

time in i - dle tear, Tho' your friends may mock and sneer, Trust the Lord.  
 heart a sting - ing pain; Do not e - ven then com - plain; Trust the Lord.  
 bod - y quick - ly sieze, You can al - ways save the fees; Trust the Lord.  
 is suf - fi - cient grace, Be a win - ner in the race; Trust the Lord.

Lord will show His face, Be a win - ner in the race; Trust the Lord.

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Trust the Lord,  
 with all your heart, Trust the Lord;  
 He'll ne'er de - part;

## I Hope to Be There

A. S. C.

1920

A. S. Copley

1. I read of a most ho-ly wed-ding, Far up in the a-zure sky, The  
 2. The Bride will be full o-ver-com-ers, Who left all the world be-hind, And  
 3. We'll soon hear the loud hal-le-lu-jahs, The voice of a mul-ti-tude, Praise  
 4. Oh, come, let us go to the ban-quet, And dance to the wed-ding lyre; Or

Saints will be caught up to heav-en, A thousand, five hundred miles high. The  
 pressed to the mark for the crowning, The Christ as the Prize then to find. All  
 God, all that serve and that fear Him; The na-tions will have been subdued. The  
 join in the sweet Brid-al an-them, Whose notes angel ears will ad-mire. Best

Bride and the guests will be joyful, The fruits of redeeming blood; Re-splendant with  
 fel-low-ship car-nal is severed; The road is "the narrow way," And suff'ring with  
 Bride will have made her-self read-y To put on the wedding ring; The servants and  
 wine will be poured in the goblets, Communion with Christ above; The Bride will en-

grace and with glory, A jasper stream like a flood, I hope to be there by and by.  
 Him is her wag-es, She's dy-ing now day by day, I hope to be there by and by.  
 guests will give honor, All heaven praises will sing, I hope to be there by and by.  
 joy high-est glo-ry, The crown of redeeming love, I hope to be there by and by.

## CHORUS.

I hope to be there, I hope..... to be there,  
 hope to be there, Christ's glory share, a glo-ry crown to wear,

# I Hope to Be There

Re-splendant with grace and with glo-ry, I hope to be there by and by.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature.

# I Am Saved

192

A. S. Copley

Jno. R. Sweney

1. Je - sus saves, He ful - ly saves me; And I shout the hap - py news,  
2. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion! Let me shout from pole to pole,  
3. I find heal - ing in the foun - tain O - pened for dis - ease and woe,  
4. I have been en - dued with pow - er, For the Spir - it dwells with - in,  
5. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Knowing it will reach the skies,

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature.

I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis sweet as hon - eyed dewa.  
Un - til men of ev - 'ry na - tion Hear that God can make them whole.  
Je - sus bore my pain and sick - ness; And His heal - ing pow'r I know.  
Giv - ing vic - t'ry hour by hour, O - ver sick - ness, self and sin.  
Je - sus keeps me safe for - ev - er, Un - der His pro - tect - ing eyes.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature.

## CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;

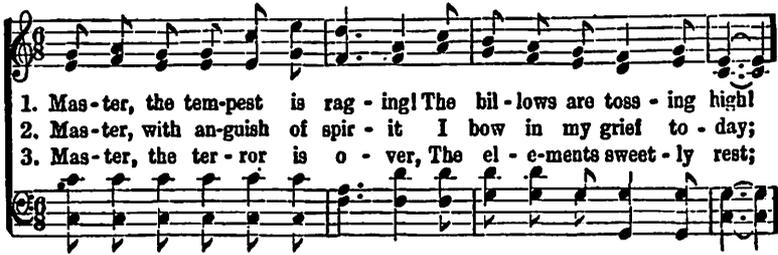
Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am sav'd in Je - sus' name.

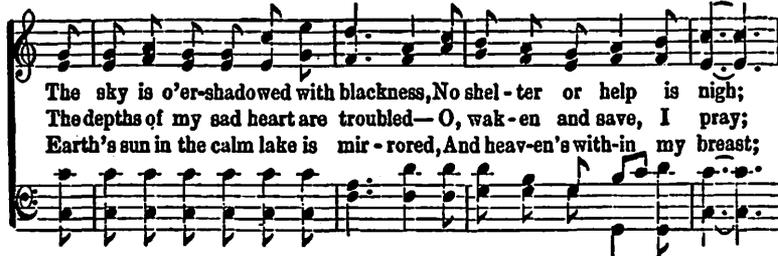
Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature.

## Master, the Tempest is Raging

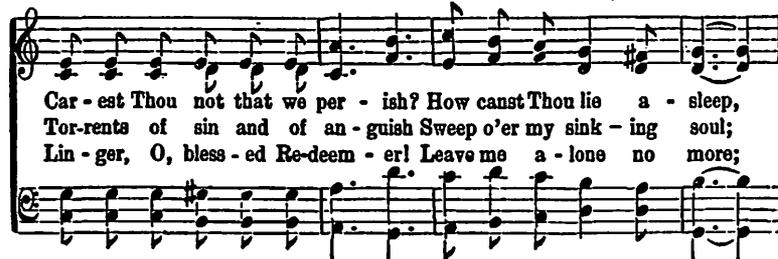
H. R. Palmer



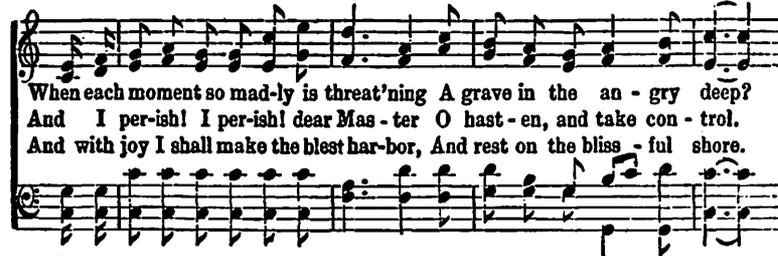
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The hil - lows are toss - ing high!  
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;  
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;



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

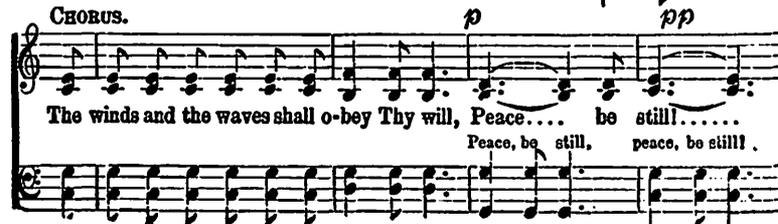


Car - eat Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,  
 Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;  
 Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;



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 O hast - en, and take con - trol.  
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS. *p* *pp*



The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace.... be still.....  
 Peace, be still, peace, be still.

## Master, the Tempest is Raging

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

*cres.*

ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

# 194 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

EDWARD PERRONET

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall,  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

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

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

# 195

# Fills Me Now

E. H. Stokes

Jno. R. Sweney

1. O the Spirit hovers o'er me, Bathes my yielding heart and brow,  
 2. He can fill me and controll me, Tho' I cannot tell Him how.  
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At His sacred feet I bow.  
 4. O such peace and joy and comfort; How can Jesus this allow?  
 5. He will keep me, lead and use me; As I seize the gospel plow;

FINE

Fills me with His joyous presence; Yes, He comes and fills me now.  
 For I need Him, greatly need Him, Oh, He comes and fills me now.  
 As I rest up-on His promise, With His pow'r He fills me now.  
 In another tongue I praise Him; for He fills, and fills me now.  
 Keep me youthful, faithful, joyful; for He fills and thrills me now.

CHORUS D. S.

Fills me with the Holy Spirit. Je-sus comes and fills me now.  
 Fills me now; He fills me now; Jesus comes and fills me now.

**There's Power in Jesus' Blood** 196

Hope Tryaway

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the  
 2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of  
 3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -  
 4. I plunge be - neath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from  
 5. O Crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my Friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

hear'n - ly voic - es, And sing re - deem - ing love,  
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.  
 way my bur - den, And bade my tears de - part. For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood,  
 Calv'ry's mountain, With bless - ing in its flow,  
 crys - tal riv - er His praise shall nev - er end.

pow'r in Je - sus' blood; There's pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow,

# 197 IT IS GLORY JUST TO WALK WITH HIM

Avis Burgeson

Haldor Lillenas

1. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him whose blood has ransomed me; It is  
 2. It is glo - ry when the shad - ows fall, to know that He is near; Oh! what  
 3. 'Twill be glo - ry when I walk with Him on heav - en's gold - en shore, Nev - er

rap - ture for my soul each day; It is joy di - vine to feel Him near wher - e'er my  
 joy to sim - ply trust and pray! It is glo - ry to a - bide in Him when skies a -  
 from His side a - gain to stray; 'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry with the Sav - ior

CHORUS

path may be; Bless the Lord, it's glo - ry all the way!  
 bove are clear; Yes, with Him, it's glo - ry all the way! It is glo - ry just to walk with  
 ev - er - more, Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry all the way!

Him, . . . . It is glo - ry just to walk with Him; . . . . He will guide my steps aright,  
 walk with Him, walk with Him;

Thro' the vale and o'er the height; It is glo - ry just to walk with Him . . . . .  
 walk with Him.

# Rejoice! Grace Will Win

198

A. S. C.

Frank L. Bristow



1. Joyfully march along and shout the song To the earth's remotest
2. Joyfully hie a - way in love to - day O'er the sea of sin and
3. Joyfully sing the praise of heav'nly grace Till the saints in bondage
4. Joyfully ring your bells to all in cells, E'en the hope of glo - ry



bound; The Lord of grace will win the race, And be for aye renowned.  
 woe. In ev'-ry case God saves by grace; Let all the people know.  
 see, That law may rave; but God doth save All who will bow the knee.  
 sound. By grace begin and glo-ry win. Man's reason thus confound.



Rejoice! rejoice! with heart and voice; Repeat the welcome sound.  
 Tho' men deride and sins they hide; The word of grace doth grow.  
 And trust His pow'r each day and hour; For Calv'ry made men free.  
 A throne you gain, with Christ you reign Unto the utmost bound.



**CHORUS**



With songs of joy your tongues employ, And re-peat the welcome sound,



Rejoice! rejoice! with heart and voice; The word of grace abounds.



To God Be the Glory

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE



1. To God be the glo-ry,—great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He  
 2. O - per - fect re-demp-tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be-liev - er the  
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'



gave us His Son, Who yield-ed His life an a-tone-ment for sin, And o-pened the  
 prom-ise of God; The vil - est of-fend-er who tru-ly be-lieves, That moment from  
 Je - sus the Son; But pu - rer, and higher, and greater will be Our won-der, our



CHORUS



Life-gate that all may go in.  
 Je - sus a par-don receives. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His  
 transport, when Jesus we see.



voice! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice! O come to the



Fa-ther, thro' Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry,—great things He hath done.



# I Will Praise Him!

*And they overcame Him by the blood of the Lamb.*

— Revelation 12:11

Margaret J. Harris

I WILL PRAISE HIM  
Margaret J. Harris



1 When I saw the cleans-ing foun-tain, O - pen wide for all my sin,  
2 *Tho the way seems straight and nar-row,* All I claimed was swept a - way;  
3 Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus! I'm so glad He took me in;  
4 *Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Fa-ther!* Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Son!



1 I o-beyed the Spir - it's call - ing When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"  
2 *My am - bi - tions, plans and wish - es* At my feet in dis - ar - ray.  
3 He's for - giv - en my trans - gres - sions, He has cleansed by heart from sin.  
4 *Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Spir - it!* Glo - ry to the Three in One!



I will praise Him! I will praise Him! Praise the Lamb for sin - ners slain;



Give Him glo - ry, all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash - a - way each stain.



## Abiding and Confiding

A. B. SIMPSON

L. L. PICKETT

1. I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;  
 2. I was cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And he lives and reigns in me;  
 3. All my cares I cast up - on him, And he bears them all a - way;  
 4. For my words I take his wis - dom, For my works his Spirit's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in his word;  
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;  
 All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my needs from day to day,  
 For my ways his gracious presence Guards and guides me ev - ry hour,

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am drinking of His Blood;  
 All my will is yield - ed to him, And his Spir - it dwells within;  
 All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By his breath I live and move;  
 Of my heart he is the Por - tion Of my joy, the boundless Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.  
 And his precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.  
 E'en his ver - y mind he gives me, And his faith, and life, and love.  
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Healer, Glorious Lord and com - ing King

## CHORUS

I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -  
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

## Abiding and Confiding

fid - ing in his word, And I'm hid - ing in his word, And con - fid - ing in his word, And I'm hid - ing, safely

ing, safe - ly hid - ing, In the bos - om of his love.  
hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing.

## Hallelujah! Amen

202

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR

Adapted and arr. by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. How oft in holy converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pas'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

### CHORUS.

mil - lions That sing around his throne:  
conquest, And sing the victor's song. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le -  
Je - sus, I sing from day to day.  
a - ges I'll shout beyond the sky.

*poco ritard.*

lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

## I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

MARY BROWN

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;  
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;  
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
 There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.  
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,  
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,  
 So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

## REFRAIN

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

# I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer

204

WILLIAM W. WALFORD, 1772-1850

SWEET HOUR

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868

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

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known!  
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;  
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height I view my home and take my flight:

*D.S.*- And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
*D.S.*- I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.  
*D.S.*- And shout, while pass-ing thru the air, "Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!"

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

## BE NOT AFRAID

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUSE

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;  
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er bound-less seas of spnce,  
 3. Thro' chang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm - y winds that blow, And molds the gold-en day.  
 And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;  
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bos - om hides.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,  
 But sweet - ly whispers while His hands Up - on my own are laid,—  
 On nois - y street, in still re - treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."  
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa - ther stands, My child, be not a - fraid."  
 That voice 'is heard with accents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

CHORUS. *f* *p*

Be not a - fraid,..... Be not a - fraid,.....  
 Child, be not, be not a - fraid, Child, be not, be not a - fraid,

# BE NOT AFRAID

P. S.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."

# He Leadeth Me

206

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth, me O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.  
 By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me!  
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me!  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

## REFRAIN

{ He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me!  
 { His faithful toll'wer I would be, For by His hand He (*Omit.* . . . ) leadeth me.

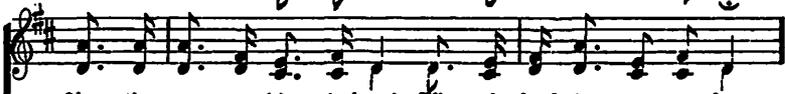
## The Healing Waters

H. H. Helmar

Rev. L. L. Pickett



1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,  
 2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;  
 3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow  
 4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!  
 5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en - snow,



Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Streaming from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS



Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the  
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the



joys ce - les - tial glow; Oh, there's peace . . . . and  
 joys celestial glow, Where the joys celestial glow; Oh, there's peace and rest and love.



rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow.

# Healing For Me

208

MARY M. BODIE

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Far a-way in the depths of my' spirit there flows Like a  
2. It was years that I wandered away from the fold, As a  
3. Like a mar-i-ner lost, I was thrown all about On the  
4. I am safe on the bo-som of mer-cy Divine. In the

river, a glo-ry that glows; For my Saviour has touched all my  
captive by sin's pow'r controlled; But the Saviour called softly, "O  
sea of great sorrow and doubt; But I've anchored my soul in the  
home that will ever be mine. I am filled with delight in His

sorrow a-way; Gone the night, I have welcomed the day.  
will you go free? And I knew there was healing for me  
mark of His love, And I rest on the wings of the Dove.  
presence so bright. And I boast in His in-fi-nite might

## CHORUS.

Healing for me, Saviour from Thee. A touch and there's healing for me

Now at Thy side, I ev-er a-hide. And always find healing in Thee  
in thee.

## The Pentecostal Power

Mrs C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1 The pow'r that fell at Pentecost, When in that up-ber room, Up-  
 2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Jesus) when, The Holy Ghost is come;" Your  
 3. The wav'ring shall steadfast become; The weak in faith be strong. With  
 4. Breathe on us now the Holy Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let

on the watching, waiting ones. The Holy Ghost has come. Remaineth ever-  
 loosen'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb, The timid, shrinking  
 holy boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each  
 each receive his Pentecost. Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonderful trans-

CHORUS

more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name. The pow'r, the pow'r, the  
 ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save.  
 heart aflame, A whole salvation to proclaim.  
 forming pow'r. Come now in this accepted hour. The pow'r. The pow'r,

Pen-te-cost-al pow'r, Is just the same to-day. Is just the same to-day,  
 Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day,

The pow'r, the pow'r. The Pentecostal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.  
 The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

# He Keeps Me Singing

210

L. B. B.

L. B. BRIDGERS



1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.  
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.  
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.  
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.  
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



## CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go,



## Honey Without Money

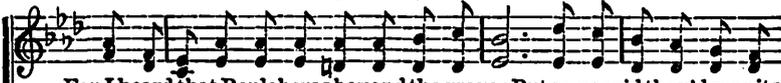
J. C. BRICE

"And thy land shall be called Beulah."

W. A. WATSON



1. Long I sought for worldly treasure, Found in earth-joys all my pleasure,
2. Glad, I sought the great Physician, Who now bro't me to E-lys-ian,
3. I am now in Canaan living, Where the richest gifts God's giving:
4. Tho' I'm oft in strait and tri-al, Yet I look not at the di-al,



For I heard that Beulah was beyond the grave; But some said they'd seen its  
Where pomegranates, grapes, and corn, and olives grow; All I need I find in  
And my heart is ev-er bounding with delight; All its hills are green and  
For time ends so soon, e-ter-ni-ty be-gins, But I look a-lone to



mountains, And its cool and sparkling fountains, And had pass'd dry-shod, both  
Beu-lah, And my heart sings hal-le-lu-jah, While I plant and gath-er,  
growing, And with wine and milk are flowing, O this land is full of  
Je-sus, For with pitying eye he sees us, And he bears my sorrows,



FINE. D.S. treasure, And the sweetness fills with  
CHORUS.

sea and Jordan's wave. 'Here is hon - - - ey, with-out  
eat, drink, reap and sow.  
joy, and song, and light.  
since he hid my sins.



fragrance ev'ry breeze.



mon - - - ey, It is in the rocks and dripping from the  
take it with-out mon-cy, It is



# Honey without Money

*D. S.*

trees; Here I found it without measure, When I sought it as hid  
dripping from the trees;

## Heavenly Sunlight 212

H. J. ZELBY

G. H. COOK

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my journey; O-ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,  
Sav-iour and guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,  
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

*D. S.*—Hal - le - lu - jah I am re-joic - ing,

CHORUS

*FIN.*

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.  
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. Heav-en-ly sun-light,  
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.

Sing-ing his praises, Je-sus is mine.

*D. S.*

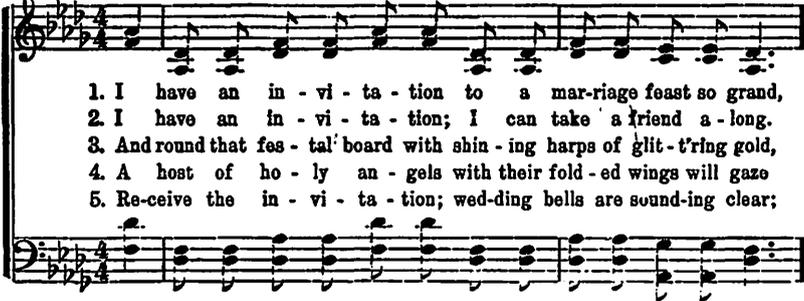
heavenly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glory di-vine:

## Wedding Bells

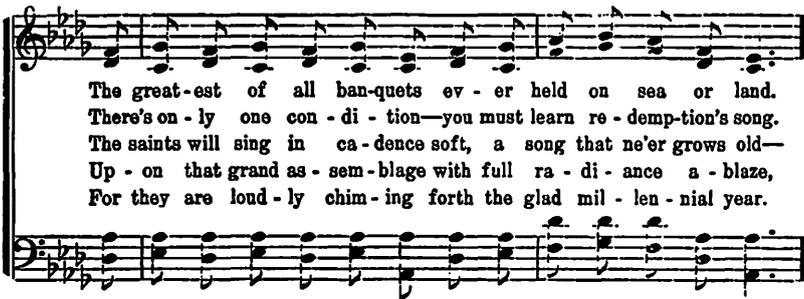
Mary M. Bodie.

January 1925.

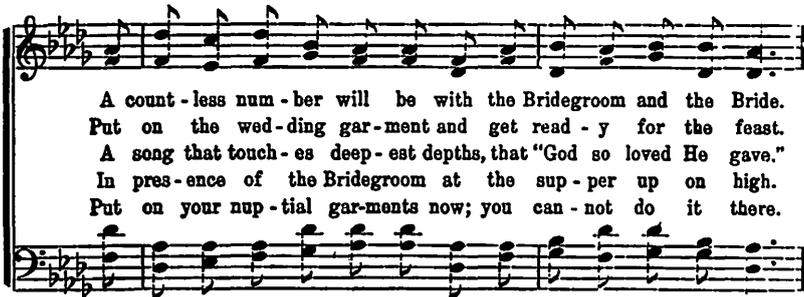
A. S. Copley



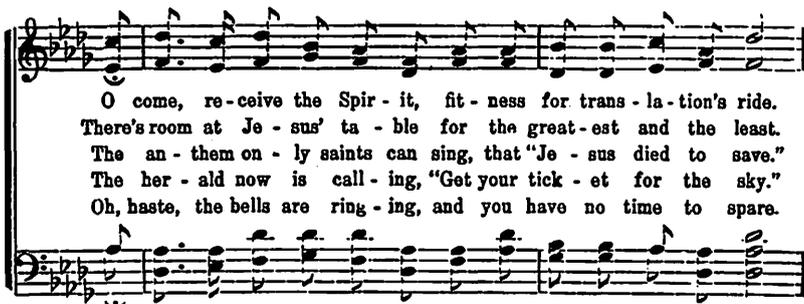
1. I have an in - vi - ta - tion to a mar-riage feast so grand,  
 2. I have an in - vi - ta - tion; I can take 'a friend a - long.  
 3. And round that fes - tal' board with shin - ing harps of glit - t'ring gold,  
 4. A host of ho - ly an - gels with their fold - ed wings will gaze  
 5. Re - ceive the in - vi - ta - tion; wed - ding bells are sound - ing clear;



The great - est of all ban - quets ev - er held on sea or land.  
 There's on - ly one con - di - tion—you must learn re - demp - tion's song.  
 The saints will sing in ca - dence soft, a song that ne'er grows old—  
 Up - on that grand as - sem - blage with full ra - di - ance a - blaze,  
 For they are loud - ly chim - ing forth the glad mil - len - nial year.



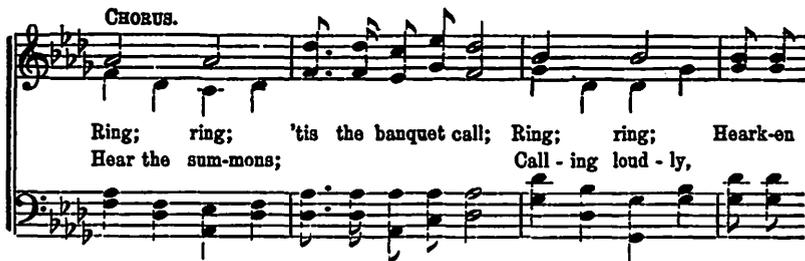
A count - less num - ber will be with the Bridegroom and the Bride.  
 Put on the wed - ding gar - ment and get read - y for the feast.  
 A song that touch - es deep - est depths, that "God so loved He gave."  
 In pres - ence of the Bridegroom at the sup - per up on high.  
 Put on your nup - tial gar - ments now; you can - not do it there.



O come, re - ceive the Spir - it, fit - ness for trans - la - tion's ride.  
 There's room at Je - sus' ta - ble for the great - est and the least.  
 The an - them on - ly saints can sing, that "Je - sus died to save."  
 The her - ald now is call - ing, "Get your tick - et for the sky."  
 Oh, haste, the bells are ring - ing, and you have no time to spare.

# Wedding Bells

## CHORUS.



Ring; ring; 'tis the banquet call; Ring; ring; Hearken  
Hear the sum-mons; Call - ing loud - ly,



one and all. Wed-ding bells are chim - ing, loud and clear; Sweet-est

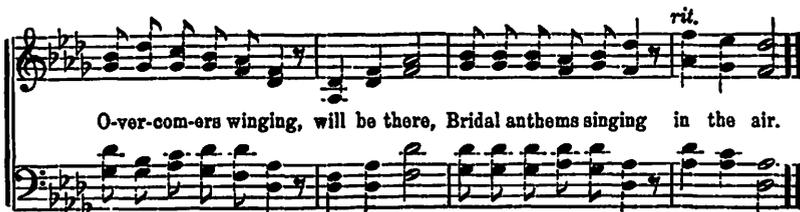
## *Slowly*



cadence rhy-m-ing: don't you hear? Ring - ing, chim - ing,  
Ring-ing soft - ly, chim-ing gen - tly;



oh, sweet bells! Call - ing us where Je - sus dwells.  
oh, sweet wedding bells! Loud - ly call-ing us to be where Je - sus dwells.



O-ver-com-ers winging, will be there, Bridal anthems singing in the air. *rit.*

# Loosed Long Ago

Mary M. Bodie

March 1922

A. S. Copley

1. There's good news to be told, And we ought to be bold, We were loosed at the  
 2. "Go in peace," we can tell, To the man bound for hell, We were loosed at the  
 3. Now we sing and we shout, There is nev - er a doubt, We were loosed at the  
 4. And we cry on the way, "There is noth - ing to pay," We were loosed at the  
 5. And this truth we do know, Tell to all, high and low, We were loosed at the

cross long a - go; Je - sus paid all our debt, And sin's pen - al - ty He met.  
 cross long a - go; Je - sus Christ did it all, He redeemed us from the fall.  
 cross long a - go; From our pain, don't you see? Je - sus sets us ful - ly free.  
 cross long a - go; 'Er His word standeth true, And we bank up - on it too.  
 cross long a - go; Lo! our voice we now raise, And our Lord we tru - ly praise.

CHORUS.

We were loosed at the cross long a - go. Long a - go, Long a -  
 at the cross

go, We were loosed at the cross long a - go; Long a - go,  
 at the cross, now we know.

# Loosed Long Ago

Long a - go, it is so, We were loosed at the cross long a - go.

## Healing at the Fountain 215

Adapted

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. There is heal-ing at the foun - tain, Come, be-hold the crimson tide;
2. There is heal-ing at the foun - tain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul;
3. There is heal-ing at the foun - tain, Look to Je - sus now and live;
4. There is heal-ing at the foun - tain, Be your troubles great or small;

Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's moun-tain, Where the Prince of glo-ry died.  
 There your sick-ness-es were cov - ered, Je - sus waits to make you whole.  
 Roll up - on Him all thy bur - den, Joy and health He'll freely give.  
 Christ has made a full a - tone - ment, And will glad-ly heal them all.

CHORUS

Oh, the fountain! bless-ed, healing foun-tain, I am glad 'tis flow-ing free;

Oh, the foun-tain! pre-cious, healing fountain, Praise the Lord! it hea-leth me.

# God Gannot Fail

Mary M. Bodie

April, 1929

A. S. Copley

1. 'Tis not to fail,..... tho' it ap-pear.....  
 2. 'Tis not to fall,..... tho' men may say.....  
 3. 'Tis not to fail,..... to do your best,.....

That life has lost..... its zest and cheer.....  
 That you are down..... and out to - day.....  
 And give your all..... at Christ's be - hest.....

And all the days..... you prayed with tears.....  
 And all your work..... has been in vain.....  
 His re - com-pense..... is great-est gain;.....

Are count-ed now..... as wast-ed years.....  
 Do not de - spair;..... there's gold-en grain.....  
 The bow of prom - ise fol - lows rain,.....

Tho' men de - ride..... and at you rail.....  
 Which you have sown..... on hill and dale.....  
 And spring's soft wind..... the win - ter's gale.....

# God Cannot Fail

Keep trust - ing on; ..... God can - not fail.....  
Keep trusting on; God can-not fail.

## CHORUS.

This is my song..... God can-not fail;.....  
The whole day long, this fills my sail;

Tho' all goes wrong..... and foes as - sail,.....  
midst weak and strong till men grow pale.

On hill, or dale..... In calm, or gale,.....  
He guides the sail tho' we feel frail,

Keep trust - ing on,..... God can - not fail.....  
Keep trusting on, God can-not fail.

# We're Marching On

Dedicated to Mary M. Bodie, my Bible teacher

E. E. R.

Owned by A. S. Coploy, 1929

Elsie E. Richardson

1. We be-long to Gideon's band, al-ways read-y for command, By our  
 2. All our foes we will sub-due, tho' in num-bers we are few, And as  
 3. Would you be a sol-dier true? can the Cap-tain count on you? Are you  
 4. Christ wants soldiers tried and true; fear-ful ones will nev-er do, Those en-  
 5. Soon all fight-ing will have passed, and rewards will come at last, When the

faith-ful Cap-tain, who has gone be-fore. We will win the hottest fights, tho' we're  
 gi-ants in our sight, they seem to be. When our trumpets we shall blow and our  
 read-y, will-ing for the fierc-est fight? By God's grace you'll win the day, as He  
 tan-gled with the glare of world-ly lure. Cer-tain is a great re-ward for those  
 Cap-tain says, our wars on earth are o'er. Then we'll nev-er, nev-er roam. He will

faced by Mid-ian-ites, Thru the might of Him, who lives for ev-er-more.  
 lights shall brightly glow, Then the whole wide world our vic-to-ry will see.  
 leads you in the fray, Al-ways fol-low-ing by faith and not by sight.  
 al-ways standing guard, And by grace the toil and hard-ship now en-dure.  
 lead us safe-ly home, Where the vic-tors sing and shout for ev-er-more.

## CHORUS.

We're march-ing on! To bat-tle we will go. The tri-umph

we shall gain o'er ev-'ry might-y foe: For Christ our Cap-tain

## We're Marching On

leads His sol-diers thru, And vic - to - ry we'll sure - ly know.

## Glory to Jesus

218

WAKEFIELD MACGILL

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN  
and ELLA MACGILL

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... Came He to res - cue  
saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is  
lead me, I can - not tell where;..... But I will fol - low  
crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen-dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore;      Glo - ry to Je - sus—  
D. C. Chorus

sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd for Him I would die.  
He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.  
thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, sweet peace or de - spair.  
I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

## MY BELOVED LORD!

H. M. BRADLEY.

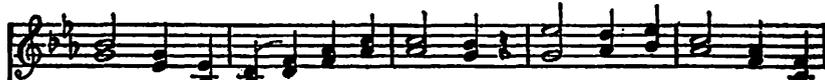
THOS. O. LOWE



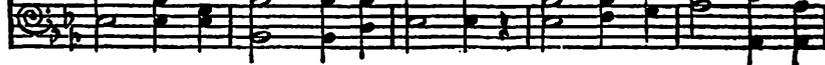
1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,  
 2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee! oh, haste to dis - cov - er  
 3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,  
 4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,



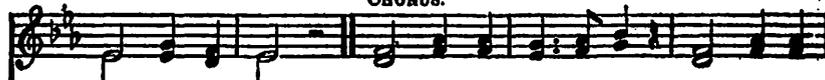

1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to  
 2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost  
 3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy  
 4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me

1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy  
 2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -  
 3. face' from the heart that a - dores Thee!— Hast Thou not sought me, and  
 4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness



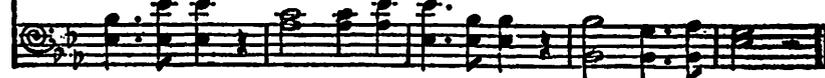
## CHORUS.



1. dear name to me!  
 2. search'd by the heat!  
 3. call'd me Thy dove!  
 4. thus let me die. } Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy




life - blood pour'd, Thou bless - ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!



# He is Coming For Me

220

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON, Changed

JOHN T. BEXSON

1. Do you know why I'm longing for the com-ing of the Lord, And watching His  
2. Do you know why no longer I can call the world my home, My heart from its  
3. Do you know why He's robed me in garments of white, And bid-den me  
4. Do you know why I'm send-ing the ti-dings to all, And warn-ing from

glo-ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom, beloved, and a-dored,  
fat-ters is free? 'Tis be-cause I am wait-ing my Bridegroom to come,  
read-y to be..... With oil in my ves-sel, and my lamp trimmed and bright?  
Judgment to flee?..... He has sent me His guests to the wed-ding to call,

FINE. CHORUS.

And I know He is com-ing for me. Oh! He's com-ing aft-er me,  
And I know He is com-ing for me.  
'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.  
For He's com-ing, and com-ing for me.

*D. S.*—I'm so glad He is com-ing for me.

Like Him I shall ever be. I'm so glad that He is com-ing aft-er me.

*D. S.*

er me. He is com-ing aft-er me, And His glo-ry I shall see.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

CHAS. H. MARSH

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when  
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they  
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He  
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the  
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be  
 nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -  
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His  
 stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver  
 skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He!  
 spised and re - ject - ed: Bearing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!  
 tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - iour is He!  
 death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!  
 lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, this Je - sus is mine!

## CHORUS

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way, Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

# One Day!

Musical score for "One Day!" in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes dynamic markings: *cres.* and *rit.* with accents. The lyrics are: "free - ly for - ev - er: One day He's com - ing— Oh, glo - rious day!"

# Till He Come

222

Arranged

W. Warren Bentley

Musical score for "Till He Come" in D major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. 'Till He come!' oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords; 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove, 3. Clouds and shadows round us press, Would we have one sor - row less! 4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread,—"

Musical score for "Till He Come" (second system). The lyrics are: "Let the 'lit - tle while' be - tween, In their gold - en light be seen; When their words of grace and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear; All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss; Sweet mem - o - rials, till the Lord Calls us round His heav'n - ly board;"

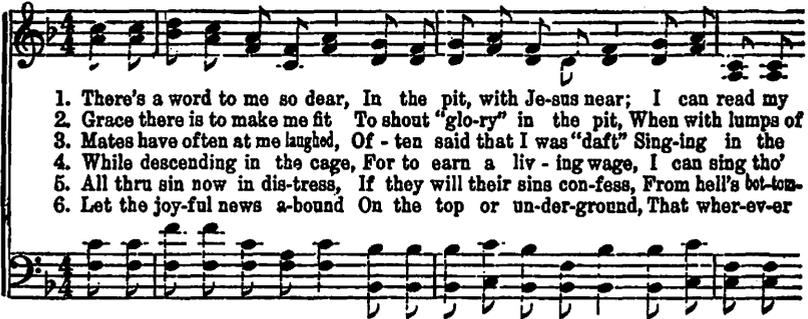
Musical score for "Till He Come" (third system). The lyrics are: "Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that 'Till He come.' Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb! It is on - ly 'Till He come.' Death and dark - ness and the tomb, Pain us on - ly till He come. Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Severed on - ly till He come."

## REFRAIN.

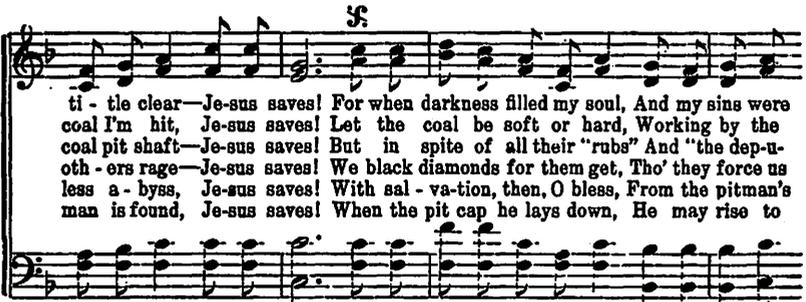
Musical score for "Till He Come" (refrain). The lyrics are: "Till He com - eth, till He com - eth, It is on - ly 'Till He come.'"

## Jesus Saves

Property of "Grace and Glory"



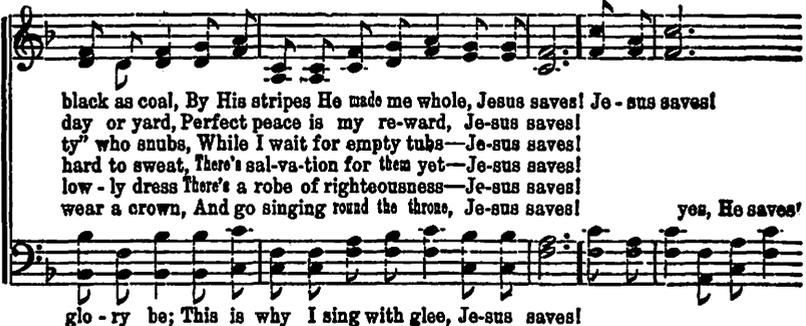
1. There's a word to me so dear, In the pit, with Je-sus near; I can read my  
 2. Grace there is to make me fit To shout "glo-ry" in the pit, When with lumps of  
 3. Mates have often at me laughed, Of - ten said that I was "daff" Sing-ing in the  
 4. While descending in the cage, For to earn a liv - ing wage, I can sing tho'  
 5. All thru sin now in dis-tress, If they will their sins con-fess, From hell's bot-tom  
 6. Let the joy-ful news a-bound On the top or un-der-ground, That wher-ev-er



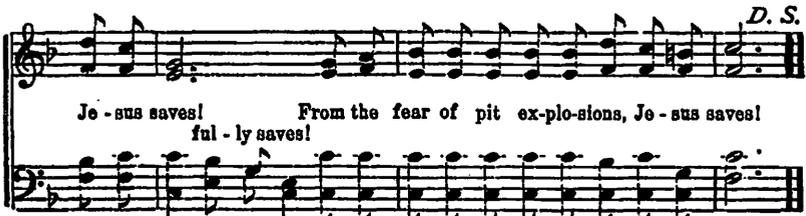
ti - tle clear—Je-sus saves! For when darkness filled my soul, And my sins were  
 coal I'm hit, Je-sus saves! Let the coal be soft or hard, Working by the  
 coal pit shaft—Je-sus saves! But in spite of all their "rubs" And "the dep-  
 oth - ers rage—Je-sus saves! We black diamonds for them get, Tho' they force us  
 less a - byss, Je-sus saves! With sal - vation, then, O bless, From the pitman's  
 man is found, Je-sus saves! When the pit cap he lays down, He may rise to

D. S.—In the pit from sin set free, Sudden death would

## FINE. CHORUS.



black as coal, By His stripes He made me whole, Jesus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 day or yard, Perfect peace is my re-ward, Je-sus saves!  
 ty" who snubs, While I wait for empty tubs—Je-sus saves!  
 hard to sweat, There's sal-va-tion for them yet—Je-sus saves!  
 low - ly dress there's a robe of righteousness—Je-sus saves!  
 wear a crown, And go singing round the throne, Je-sus saves! yes, He saves!  
 glo - ry be; This is why I sing with glee, Je-sus saves!



Je - sus saves! D. S.  
 From the fear of pit ex-plo-sions, Je - sus saves!  
 ful - ly saves!

Written by a coal miner.

# Seeking for Me

224

E. E. HASTY



1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor - row and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a - far from the fold;
4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as wea - ry years fly;



Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.  
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.  
Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.  
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



for me . . . . . for me . . . . .  
Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me;  
Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;  
Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me;  
Com - ing for me, com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me;



Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.  
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.  
Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.  
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



## Be An Overcomer

Mary M. Bodie

April 1924

Adapted by A. S. C.

1. Be an o - ver-com - er with the Lord, Armored for the con - flict  
 2. Be an o - ver-com - er in the field, Bear a shin - ing hel - met,  
 3. Be an o - ver-com - er in the fight, Loy - al as a wit - ness  
 4. Be an o - ver-com - er, choose to share Je - sus' deep a - base-ment,

by His word; Waiting for His or - ders, yield your hand, Go - ing on to  
 sword and shield; Read-y, quick to answer, "Here am I," Nev - er ask a  
 to the light; Stand a-against the foe in Canaan's land, Faint, yet e'er pur-  
 tho' un - fair; Yet, with Him in glo - ry, tried and true, Crowned with honors

## CHORUS.

win at God's com-mand. Choose now, choose now,  
 ques-tion, where? or why?  
 su - ing with God's hand.  
 in the grand re - view. Be an o - ver-com - er, be an o - ver-com - er,

Read - y, quick to an - swer, "Here am I," Choose now.  
 Be an o - ver-com - er.

Choose now, Nev - er ask a ques - tion, where? or why?  
 Be an o - ver-com - er,

# Run For the Prize

226

Mary M. Bodie

April 1924

A. S. Copley

1. Soon comes the dawning, brother, day is at hand, Je - sus is near - ing,  
2. Press on the pathway, brother, sound no re-treat, Keep in the front rank,  
3. Wake up the sleeping, there is no time to lose, Harv - est is rip'ning,  
4. Hear, hear the trumpet, brother, shout, "Saints arise;" Lo, now the Bride is

rouse the conq'ring band; Push past the judg - es, tho' the li - ons loud-ly roar,  
nev - er know de-feat; Let no man take your crown nor pass you swiftly by,  
glo - ri - ous the news; Bright gleams the morning, broth - er, up-ward lift the eye,  
wait-ing for the prize; Go forth to meet Him, as His chosen One, His Dove,

*f* FINE. CHORUS  
Stren-u - ous the rac-ing, broth-er, now al-most o'er.  
Stepping on the gas, my broth-er, win tho' you die. Run for the prize, brother,  
And be-hold the breaking light in you az - ure sky.  
Mounting up to-geth - er gold-en stair-way of love.

*D. S.*—Leave the worldly church behind, And run for the Prize.

Run for the Prize, Heed not the tempter's voice, What-ov - er the guise;

*D. S.*  
Speed up your go - ing, broth - er, Slug - gish - ness de - spise;

## The Way of the Sea

Mary M. Bodie

May 1924

A. S. Copley



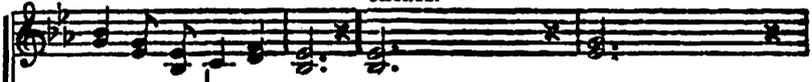
1. Oh, the way of the sea is the path-way for me, For it leads to the  
 2. It was dense, dark-est night, when I first caught a sight Of the pil-lar of  
 3. Phar'oh's host com-ing fast, but the danger was past, When the Lead-er His  
 4. On the Christ was the rod, and I journeyed dry-shod Thru the waters di-




promised land; And the Captain said, "Go, I will make Egypt know All the  
 cloud and fire; And I fol-lowed the light that was shining so bright, To the  
 rod lift up; So the way thru the sea was made o-pen for me, For an-  
 vided for me; Hence, I stand on the brink, liv-ing wa-ters I drink, For the



## CHORUS.



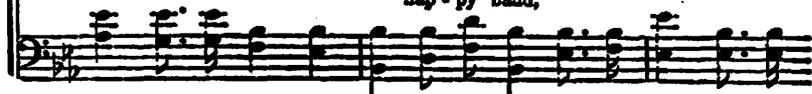
pow'r of my own right hand." Sing, Sing,  
 land of the harp and lyre.  
 oth-er has drank my cup.  
 fruit of the land is free. Sing ye to the Lord, Sing ye to the Lord.




Sing of the way thru the sea; Sing, Sing,  
 Sing ye of the blood, Sing ye of the blood,




Sing, oh, ye blood-washed band, Oh, the way of the  
 hap-py band,



# The Way of the Sea

sea is the path-way for me, For it leads to the prom-ised land.

## Sometime, We'll Understand 228

Mary M. Bodie.

May 1924

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Sometime, sometime, we'll understand, It may be in a future year; When
2. Sometime, we'll catch the broken thread, And end our work on heaven's stair; Life's
3. Sometime, our Je - sus will tell why The dark'ning clouds o'er-hung our sun, And
4. Sometime, we'll know why it was best Our songs should cease, our castles fall, And

CHORUS.

we are in a bet-ter land, God's plan will all be clear.  
 mys-ter-ies will there be read, Oh, then we'll understand. Sometime, we'll un-der-  
 cov-ered all the a - zure sky, De-feat-ing plans bo-gun.  
 we should find no oth - er rest Save in the Lord, our all.

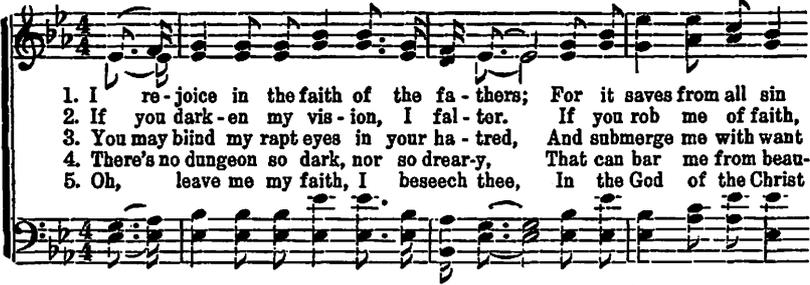
stand the pur-pose of God's ways, Sometime, we'll understand the myst'ries of our

days: In vale of tears, thru wea - ry years, Sometime, we'll un - der - stand.

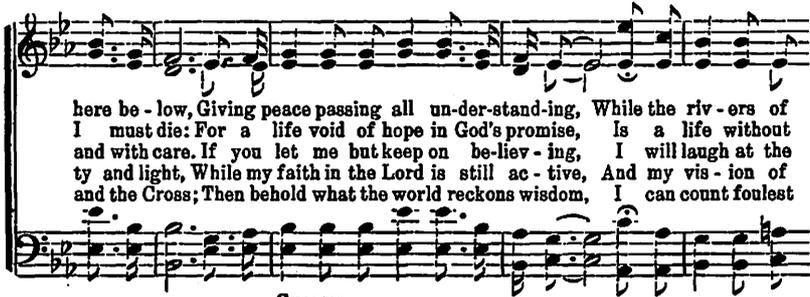
## Faith Of The Fathers

Mary M. Bodie

Mrs. M. J. Harris

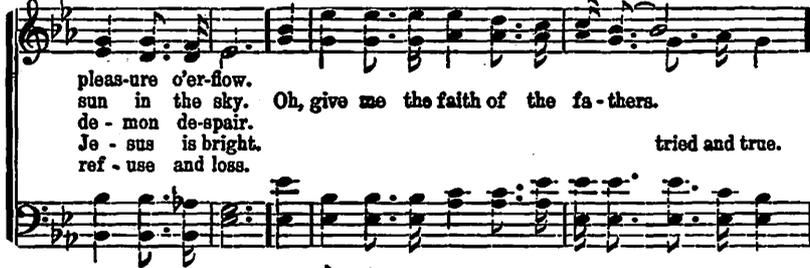


1. I re-joice in the faith of the fa-thers; For it saves from all sin  
 2. If you dark-en my vis-ion, I fal-ter. If you rob me of faith,  
 3. You may blind my rapt eyes in your ha-tred, And submerge me with want  
 4. There's no dungeon so dark, nor so drear-y, That can bar me from beau-  
 5. Oh, leave me my faith, I beseech thee, In the God of the Christ



here be-low, Giving peace passing all un-der-stand-ing, While the riv-ers of  
 I must die: For a life void of hope in God's promise, Is a life without  
 and with care. If you let me but keep on be-liev-ing, I will laugh at the  
 ty and light, While my faith in the Lord is still ac-tive, And my vis-ion of  
 and the Cross; Then behold what the world reckons wisdom, I can count foulest

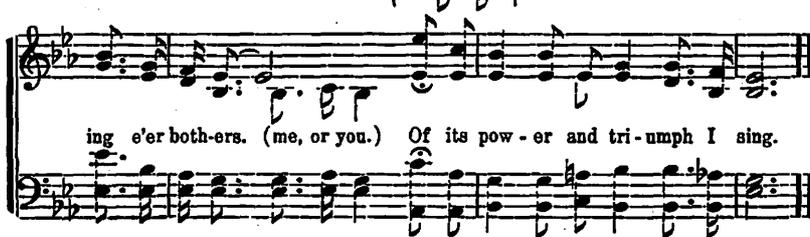
## CHORUS.



pleas-ure o'er-flow.  
 sun in the sky. Oh, give me the faith of the fa-thers.  
 de-mon de-spair.  
 Je-sus is bright. tried and true.  
 ref-use and loss.



Oh, give me the joy it doth bring, (all day thru.) And the vic-t'ry where noth-



ing e'er both-ers. (me, or you.) Of its pow-er and tri-umph I sing.

# God Is Faithful

230

Mary M. Bodle

February 1927

A. S. Copley

1. God is faith-ful. Sound the mes-sage In the ear-ly hours of dawn,  
2. God is faith-ful. Sing it loud-ly, When the noon-tide glare is bright,  
3. God is faith-ful. Chant it soft-ly At the mel-low ev-'ning glow,

When the light is just a-peep-ing O'er the hills at dew-y morn.  
And the sun in all its splen-dor Bathes the world in lus-trous light.  
When the dark'ning shad-ows gath-er, And the pil-grims home-ward go.

*Fine.*  
God is faith-ful. Shout it bold-ly: On the winds, let it be borne.  
God is faith-ful. Strain the an-them. 'Tis a bul-wark in the fight.  
God is faith-ful. Sing it hum-bly. Let its mu-sic ev-er flow.

*D. S.*—God is faith-ful; al-ways faith-ful. Shout the ti-dings loud and long.

**CHORUS.**  
God is faith-ful, al-ways faith-ful. Sing to weak and strong.  
Sing, sing, sing, sing,

*D. S.*  
Chant, chant, chant the an-them soft-ly, In mel-o-di-ous song.

## God Is Still on the Throne\*

Mrs. F. W. S.

Mrs. F. W. Suffield



1. Have you start-ed for glo - ry and heav-en, Have you left this old
2. Bur-dened soul, is your heart growing wea-ry With the toil and the
3. You may live in a tent or a cot-tage, Un - no - ticed by
4. He is com-ing a - gain, is the promise To dis - ci - ples when




world far be-hind; In your heart is the Com-fort-er dwell-ing,  
 heat of the day; Does it seem that your path is more thorn-y,  
 those who pass by; But a man-sion for you He is build-ing  
 He went a - way; In like man-ner as He has gone from you,




Can you say "Praise the Lord, He is mine;" Have the ones that once  
 As you jour - ney a - long on life's way? Go a - way and in  
 In that beau - ti - ful cit - y on high; It will out-shine the  
 You will see Him re - turn ing some day; Does His tar - ry - ing




walked on the high-way, Gone back, and you seem all a-lone? Keep yr  
 se - cret be-fore Him Tell your grief to the Saviour a - lone; He will  
 wealth and the splendor Of the richest on earth we have known; He's the  
 cause you to won-der, Does it seem He's for-got-ten His own? His



# God Is Still on the Throne

*f* FINE

eyes on the prize, for the home in the skies, God is still on the throne.  
 light-en your care, for He still answers pray'r,  
 Arch-i-lect true, and He's building for you;  
 prom-ise is true, He is com-ing for you; God is still on the throne.

*D. S.* promise is true, He will not forget you, God is still on the throne.

## CHORUS.

God is still on the throne, ..... and He will re-mem-ber His  
 God..... is still on the throne,

own; Tho' tri - als may press us and bur-dens dis-tress us, He

nev - er will leave us a - lone;.... God is still on the  
 God ..... is

*D. S.*

throne, ..... He nev - er for - sake - eth His own; His  
 still on the throne,

## SING PEACE

Mary M. Bodla.

MARCH 1927

A. S. Copley



1. Sing peace, my soul, sing peace, Sing ev - er - last-ing, deep-est peace,
2. He broke death's bands so strong, And Sa-tan's craft-y pow-er stilled;
3. Sing peace, my soul, deep peace, Made by my dear-est, tru-est Friend,
4. Sing peace, my soul, sing peace, A glad tri-umph-ant, glo-rious song,




Since Christ, the Dead, a - rose, Since Christ, the Dead, a - rose,  
 In weak-ness conquered him, In weak-ness conquered him,  
 On Cal-v'ry's cross of shame, On Cal-v'ry's cross of shame,  
 And make the wel-kin ring, And make the wel-kin ring,



## CHORUS.



And brot complete re - lease. Sing peace, sing peace,  
 Je - ho-vah's will ful-filled. Sing peace to - day, sing peace al-way,  
 A peace that knows no end.  
 The sound of peace pro-long.




Sing ev - er - last-ing peace; Lift high your voice in loft'est song, Thru-




out the world the sound pro-long, God makes all troub-les cease.



# I Know Who Pilots Me

233

James Rowe

Howard E. Smith



1. When angry waves a-bout me roll And hide my path across life's sea, No fear a -
2. Day af-ter day, tho' tossed about, And often dang'rous rocks I see, There comes to
3. Tho' each new day brings trials sore; Tho' rougher still the ocean be, I know that
4. My Savior's love still guides me on, My on-ly chart and compass He; I'll trust Him



## CHORUS.



larms my trust-ing soul; For well I know who pi - lots me.  
me no fear, nor doubt; For well I know who pi - lots me. Yes, well I  
I shall reach the shore; For well I know who pi - lots me.  
till the jour-ney's done; For well I know who pi - lots me.



know, . . . who pi - lots me; . . . A-cross life's ev - - er  
Yes, well I know, . . . who pi - lots me; . . . A-cross life's



trou - bled sea; . . . The winds may rave . . . and waves may  
ev - er troubled, ev - er troubled sea; . . . The winds may rave



swell, . . . While Je - sus pi - - lots, all is well.  
and waves may swell . . . While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well.



## The Holy City

Mary M Bodie

1920

A. S. Copley

1. Be - hold a white Cit - y far up in the sky, The beau - ti - ful dwell -  
 2. Come hith - er: I'll show you this Cit - y di - vine. Her walls gleam with jas -  
 3. The Cit - y is built by the Ar - chi - tect wise, A heav - en - ly home  
 4. No need of the sun has this Cit - y so bright: She basks in the splen -  
 5. No clos - ing of gates in that Won - der, sun - clad; For there shall be no  
 6. And there's a pure riv - er, the streams which make glad The Cit - y of God.

ing of God by and by—The wife of the Lamb; She's all-glorious with-in.  
 per, with bright glory shine. She stands without riv - al, Her flag she un-furls—  
 for the King in the skies. He dwells in her bos - om, en - joys her deep love:  
 dor of De - i - ty's light. Her measurements vast, and her bulwarks are grand:  
 night in that cit - y glad: Her glo - ry all-gold - en doth light-en the earth:  
 She is nev - er-more sad: But lives on for-ev - er most ho - ly and blest,

With rai-ment of nee-dle-work, His love she did win. And now on a mount,  
 The Bride of the conqu'ring Lamb; her gates sparkling pearls. She's made herself read -  
 She reigns with Him jointly on His throne from a-bove. And gone are the sor -  
 She boasts in the bri - dal robes all made by her hand—The fine lin - en gar -  
 Redeemed nations bring un-to her, treas - ures of worth. And naught can there en -  
 The Bride of the reigning Lamb; She's loved and caressed. And God the great build.

She sits state-ly and fair, A cit - y most ho - ly, trans-cen-dant - ly rare.  
 y, this Wo-man so fair. To her has been granted, King's hon-or to share.  
 row, the tears and the care: The curse has been lift-ed from Cit - y up there.  
 ments so daint-y and white, Be - fit - ting a Prin-cess ma - jes - tic with might.  
 ter of sin's woe and strife; But those who are written in Lamb's book of life.  
 er re - joic - es to see The beau-ti - ful Cit - y, which He has made free.

# The Holy City

## CHORUS.



Ho - ly, x ho - ly! Beau-ti - ful cit - y of ra - di - ant  
She is reigning with her Bridegroom,

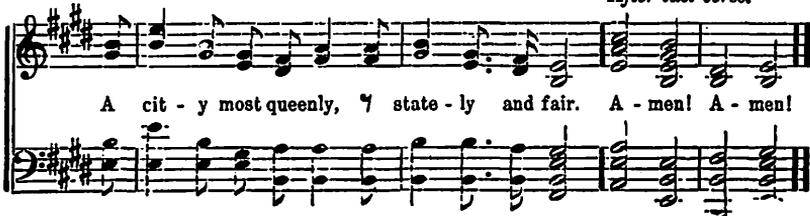


light, Shin-ing in garments all glis-ten-ing white. Ho - - - ly!  
Reigning in pow-er

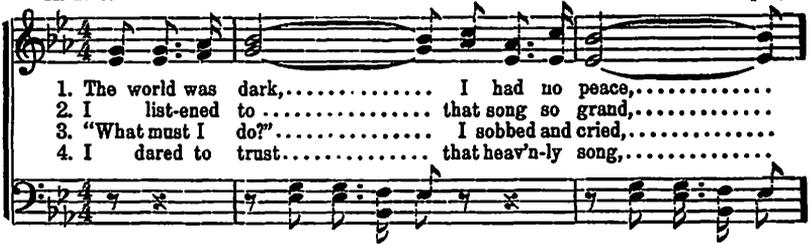


ho - - - ly! In bri - dal a - dorn - ment, She sits in the air,  
and in great glo - ry!

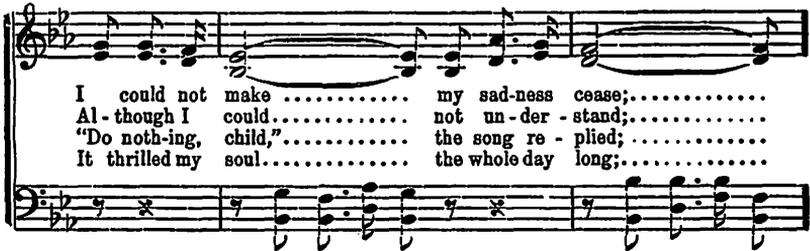
## After last verse.



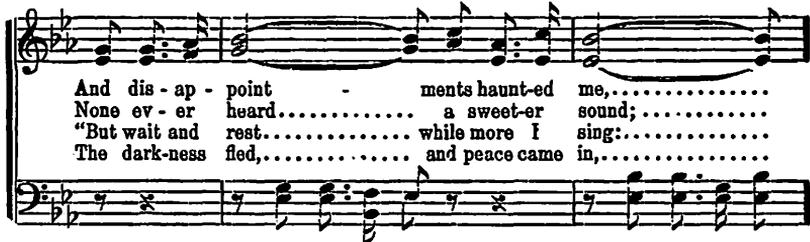
A cit - y most queenly, y state - ly and fair. A - men! A - men!



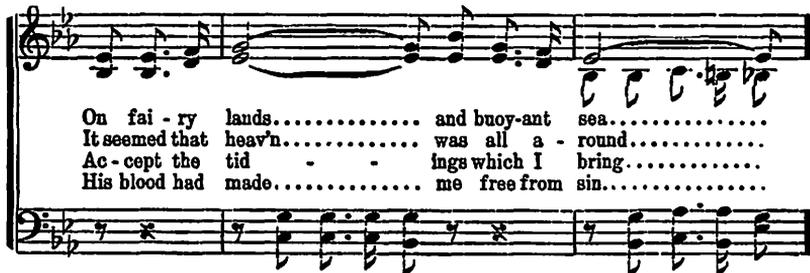
1. The world was dark,..... I had no peace,.....  
 2. I list-ened to ..... that song so grand,.....  
 3. "What must I do?"..... I sobbed and cried,.....  
 4. I dared to trust..... that heav'n-ly song,.....



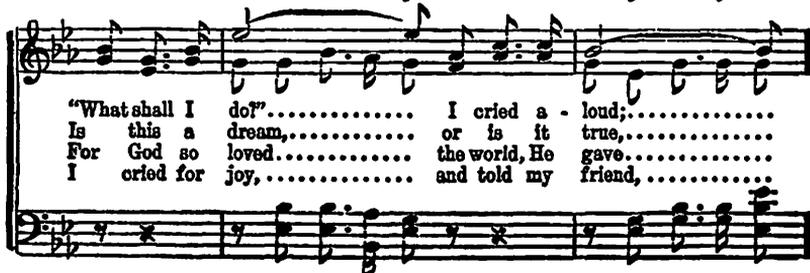
I could not make ..... my sad-ness cease;.....  
 Al-though I could ..... not un-der-stand;.....  
 "Do noth-ing, child,"..... the song re-plied;.....  
 It thrilled my soul..... the whole day long;.....



And dis-ap-point - ments haunt-ed me,.....  
 None ev-er heard..... a sweet-er sound;.....  
 "But wait and rest..... while more I sing;.....  
 The dark-ness fled,..... and peace came in,.....



On fai-ry lands..... and buoy-ant sea.....  
 It seemed that heav'n..... was all a-round.....  
 Ac-cept the tid - ings which I bring.....  
 His blood had made..... me free from sin.....



"What shall I do?"..... I cried a-loud;.....  
 Is this a dream..... or is it true,.....  
 For God so loved..... the world, He gave.....  
 I cried for joy,..... and told my friend,.....

# A Far-Off Strain

To tell a friend,..... I was too proud:.....Just then, I  
That I may know..... just what to do?..... A-gain I  
His Son Thy soul..... from sin to save;..... Believe, be-  
Of deep con- tant - ment with-out end;..... And now I

D. S.—A- gain I

heard..... a far-off strain—.....“My Son has borne thy grief and pain.”  
heard..... that soothing strain—.....“My Son has borne thy grief and pain.”  
lieve..... the glo-rious strain, ..... That Christ has borne thy grief and pain.  
sing..... and sing that strain, ..... God’s Son has borne my grief and pain.

heard..... that far- off strain—.....“My Son has borne thy grief and pain.”

**REFRAIN. Lively.**

Oh, is it true?..... Oh, is it true?.....  
Oh, yes, 'tis true, In- deed 'tis true.  
Last v. Oh, yes, 'tis true, ..... Oh, yes, 'tis true,.....

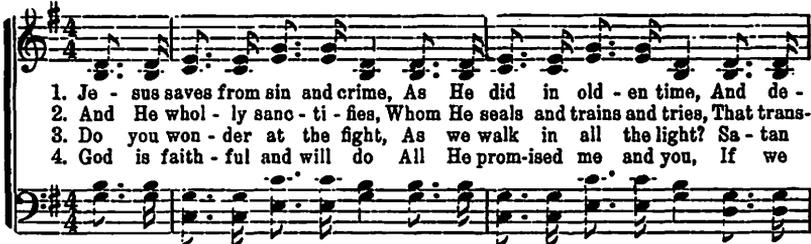
That Je- sus died ..... for me and you;.....  
In- deed He died to make us new;

## Ready For The Rapture.

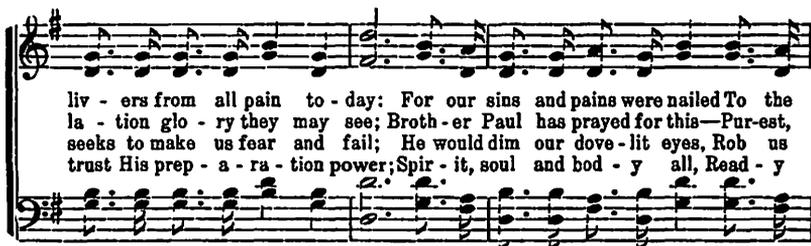
A. S. C.

May, 1928.

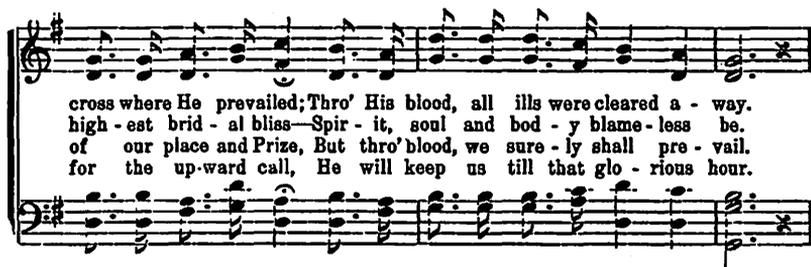
A. S. Copley.



1. Je - sus saves from sin and crime, As He did in old - en time, And de -  
 2. And He whol - ly sanc - ti - fies, Whom He seals and trains and tries, That trans -  
 3. Do you won - der at the fight, As we walk in all the light? Sa - tan  
 4. God is faith - ful and will do All He prom - ised me and you, If we



liv - ers from all pain to - day: For our sins and pains were nailed To the  
 la - tion glo - ry they may see; Broth - er Paul has prayed for this—Pur - est,  
 seeks to make us fear and fail; He would dim our dove - lit eyes, Rob us  
 trust His prep - a - ra - tion power; Spir - it, soul and bod - y all, Read - y

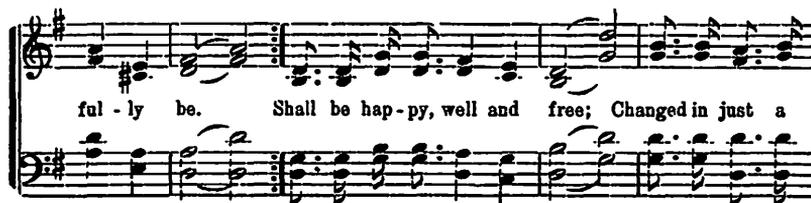


cross where He prevailed; Thro' His blood, all ills were cleared a - way.  
 high - est brid - al bliss—Spir - it, soul and bod - y blame - less be.  
 of our place and Prize, But thro' blood, we sure - ly shall pre - vail.  
 for the up - ward call, He will keep us till that glo - rious hour.

## CHORUS.



{ Read - y for the rap - ture! Read - y for the crown! Read - y we must  
 { Bod - y, soul and spir - it, When the Lord comes down, (Omit.....)



ful - ly be. Shall be hap - py, well and free; Changed in just a

## Ready For The Rapture

mo - ment spite of Sa - tan's frown, Then to glo - ry we will flee.

## How He Loved Me

237

Helen White

January 1927

A. S. Copley

1. Christ came down from pal - a - ces rare, That is how He loved me;
2. Christ lived here midst glam - or and glare, That is how He loved me;
3. He bore all my sor - row and pain, That is how He loved me;
4. In the grave, He quickened my soul, That is how He loved me;
5. Some glad day the trump - et will blow, That is how He loved me;

Now His glo - ry I may share, That is how He loved me.  
 Naught had He of men's rich fare, That is how He loved me.  
 Cleansed me from my sin - ful stain, That is how He loved me.  
 Now my heart He doth con - sole, That is how He loved me.  
 Then to glo - ry I will go, That is how He loved me.

**REFRAIN.**

{ He loved me, He loved me, How could it ev - er be!  
 Re - deemed me on Cal - v'ry, Oh, that is how He loved me; }

He saved me and healed me, That is how He loved me.

# One Thing I Know

Arranged.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. One thing I know, . . Christ died for me, . And rose a-gain, my Lord to  
 2. One thing I know, . . The Spirit came, . As at the first, yes, just the  
 3. One thing I know, . . in Ro-mans eight, . I find the vic-tor's hap-py  
 4. One thing I know, . . thru heal-ing grace, . All fleshly cures, we do a-  
 5. One thing I know, . . for Christ I wait, . He's coming soon, and not too

be . . . I died with Him . . . . and rose to see. . . This I  
 same. . . And filled my heart . . with love's bright flam<sup>e</sup> This I  
 state; . . . So Ro-mans seven . . . thru six va-cate. This I  
 base; . . . For Je-sus' blood . . . did pain ef-face. This I  
 late. . . . Be-hold! be-hold . . . the o-pen gate. This I

## CHORUS.

know, . . . . . this I know. I know, I know, . . . . . he loved me

so, . . . . . He said my soul . . . . . from sin and woe, . . . . . Now peace and  
 Last verse He'll call me home; Then bliss sub

# One Thing I Know

joy..... he doth bestow..... This I know..... this I know.  
 lime . . . He will bestow.

# What a Friend \*

239

Joseph Scriven

Charles C. Converse

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

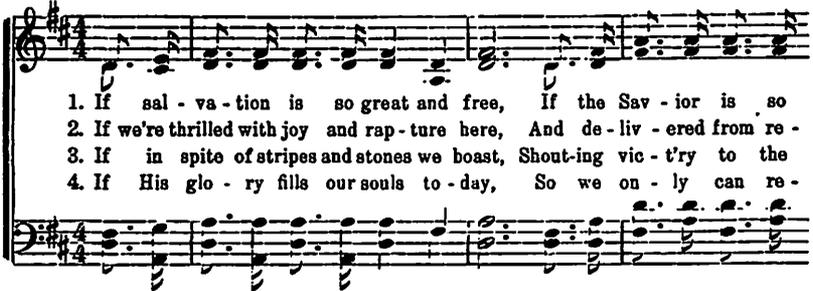
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

## What Will It Be?

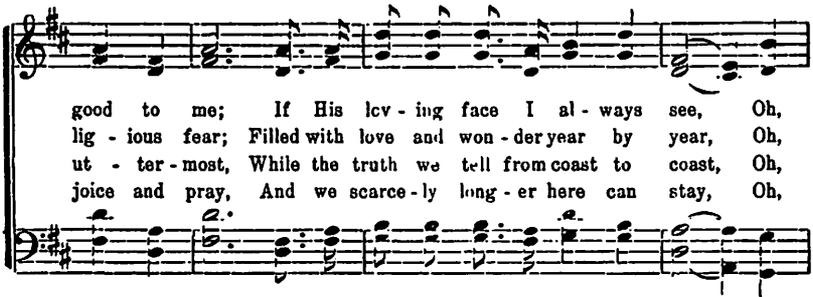
A. S. C.

December 1927

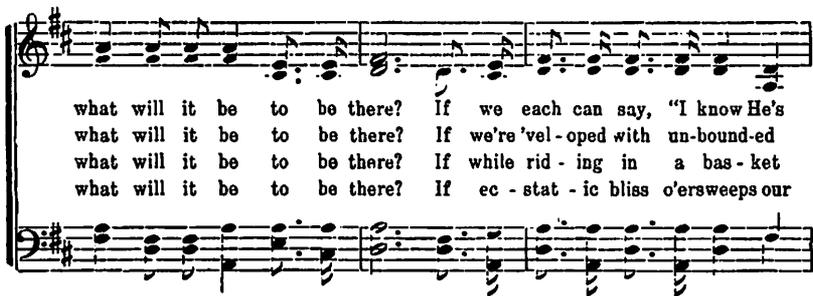
A. S. Copley



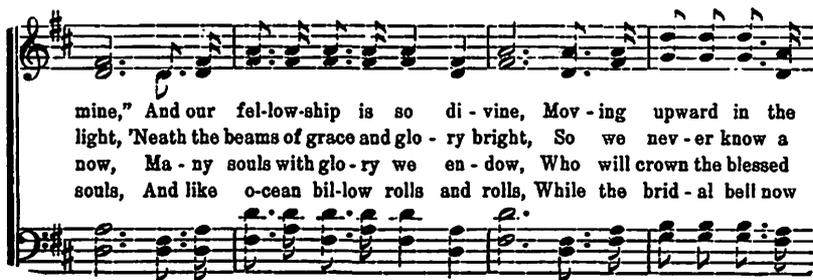
1. If sal - va - tion is so great and free, If the Sav - ior is so  
 2. If we're thrilled with joy and rap - ture here, And de - liv - ered from re -  
 3. If in spite of stripes and stones we boast, Shout - ing vic - t'ry to the  
 4. If His glo - ry fills our souls to - day, So we on - ly can re -



good to me; If His liv - ing face I al - ways see, Oh,  
 lig - ious fear; Filled with love and won - der year by year, Oh,  
 ut - ter - most, While the truth we tell from coast to coast, Oh,  
 joice and pray, And we scarce - ly long - er here can stay, Oh,

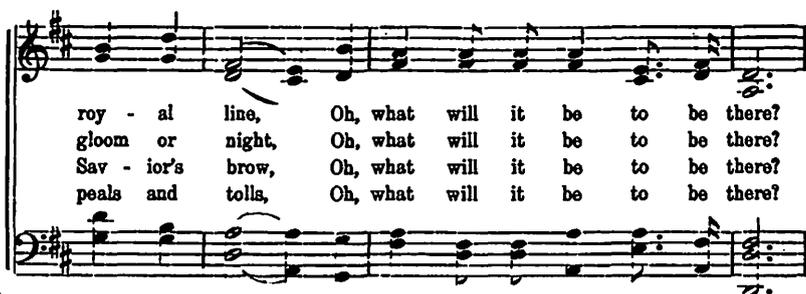


what will it be to be there? If we each can say, "I know He's  
 what will it be to be there? If we're 'vel - oped with un - bound - ed  
 what will it be to be there? If while rid - ing in a bas - ket  
 what will it be to be there? If ec - stat - ic bliss o'er sweeps our



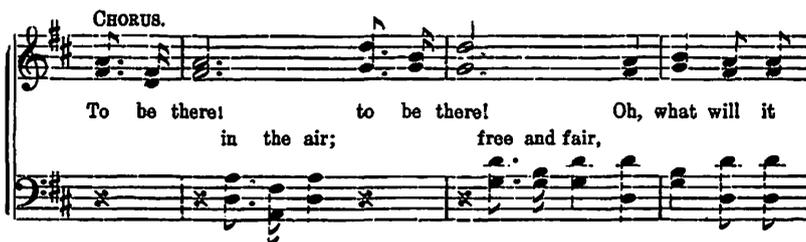
mine," And our fel - low - ship is so di - vine, Mov - ing upward in the  
 light, 'Neath the beams of grace and glo - ry bright, So we nev - er know a  
 now, Ma - ny souls with glo - ry we en - dow, Who will crown the blessed  
 souls, And like o - cean bil - low rolls and rolls, While the brid - al bell now

# What Will It Be



roy - al line, Oh, what will it be to be there?  
gloom or night, Oh, what will it be to be there?  
Sav - ior's brow, Oh, what will it be to be there?  
peals and tolls, Oh, what will it be to be there?

CHORUS.



To be there! in the air; to be there! free and fair, Oh, what will it



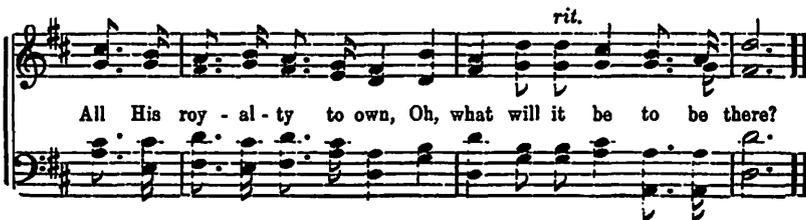
be to be there? With the Lord in one ac - cord, in the air?

*Accel.*



In the midst and round the throne, Fall - ing down 'fore Him a - lone,

*rit.*



All His roy - al - ty to own, Oh, what will it be to be there?

JAMES M. GRAY, 1851-1935

DANIEL B. TOWNER, 1850-1919

1. Nor sil-ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, Nor rich-es of  
 2. Nor sil-ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my  
 3. Nor sil-ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The ho-ly com-  
 4. Nor sil-ver nor gold hath ob-tained my re-demp-tion, The way in-to

earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my  
 con-science too heav-y had grown; The blood of the cross is my  
 mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my  
 heav-en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

on-ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior now mak-eth me whole.  
 on-ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior could on-ly a-tone.  
 on-ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior re-mov-eth my fear.  
 on-ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav-ior re-demp-tion hath wrought.

CHORUS

I am re-deemed but not with sil-ver, I am  
 I am re-deemed, I'm re-deemed but not with sil-ver,

bought but not with gold, Bought with a price—  
 I am bought, I am bought but not with gold, Bought with a

Nor Silver nor Gold

the blood of Je - sus, Pre-cious price of love un-told.  
price - the pre-cious blood of Je-sus,

JESUS IS CALLING

242

Fanny J. Crosby

George C. Stebbins

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 wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;  
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;  
4. Je - sus is plead - ing, O 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 fest low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger do - lay.  
They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

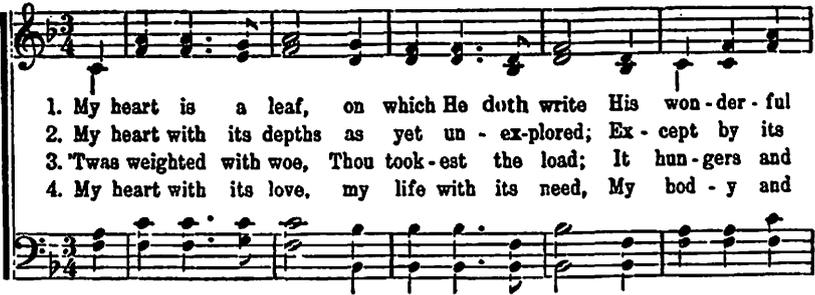
CHORUS

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

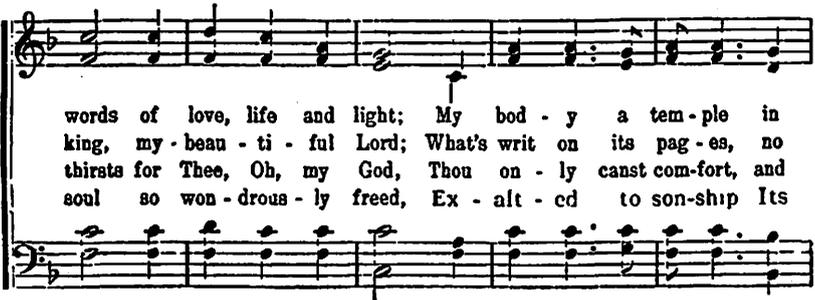
Je - - sus is call - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.  
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

M. T.

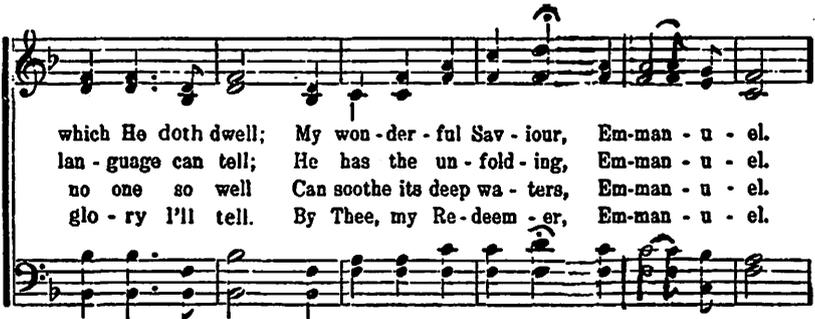
M. TURNER



1. My heart is a leaf, on which He doth write His won-der-ful  
 2. My heart with its depths as yet un-ex-plored; Ex-cept by its  
 3. 'Twas weighted with woe, Thou took-est the load; It hun-gers and  
 4. My heart with its love, my life with its need, My bod-y and

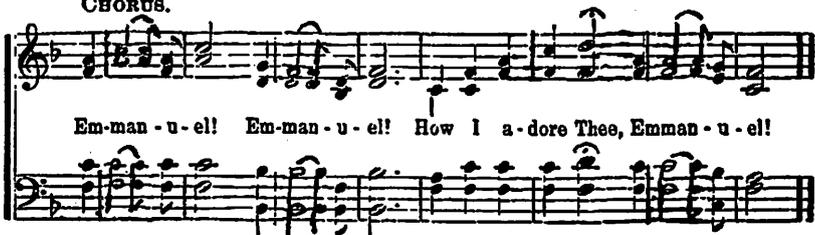


words of love, life and light; My bod-y a tem-ple in  
 king, my-beau-ti-ful Lord; What's writ on its pag-es, no  
 thirsts for Thee, Oh, my God, Thou on-ly canst com-fort, and  
 soul so won-drous-ly freed, Ex-alt-ed to son-ship Its



which He doth dwell; My won-der-ful Sav-our, Em-man-u-el.  
 lan-guage can tell; He has the un-fold-ing, Em-man-u-el.  
 no one so well Can soothe its deep wa-ters, Em-man-u-el.  
 glo-ry I'll tell. By Thee, my Re-deem-er, Em-man-u-el.

## CHORUS.



Em-man-u-el! Em-man-u-el! How I a-dore Thee, Em-man-u-el!

# Once for All

244

P. P. B.

P. P. Blues

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath  
 2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro -  
 3. "Chil - dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His

bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the  
 vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to Me," O hear His sweet  
 grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His

## CHORUS

fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.  
 call, Come, and He saves us once for all. Once for all, O sin - ner, re -  
 call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.

ceive it; Once for all, O broth - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the

cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re - deem - ed us once for all.

## He Cometh!\*

W. T. P.

Wm. T. Pettengell

1. Je - sus is com - ing! go, her - ald the ti - dings Far o - ver the  
 2. Lift up your heads and re - joice, O ye right - eous, Your per - fect re -  
 3. Come, dear Lord Je - sus, Thy prom - ise ful - fill - ing; "Come quick - ly!" our

land and the sea; Je - sus is com - ing to gath - er the ransomed, Re -  
 demp - tion is nigh; Swift - ly the dark - ness of mid - night approaches, "He  
 souls cry to Thee: Long has the world been enthralled by the tempter, The

deemed by His death on the tree. An - gels at - tend - ing, the  
 com - eth," shall sound from the sky. Long has the bat - tle been  
 curse is on land and on sea. Yet Thou shalt tri - umph, the

heav - ens de - scend - ing—All language our joy will tran - scend, When we shall  
 waged a - gainst e - vil By suf - fer - ing saints here be - low. Je - sus is  
 na - tions sub - du - ing, The truth of the Word can - not fail; God's won - drous

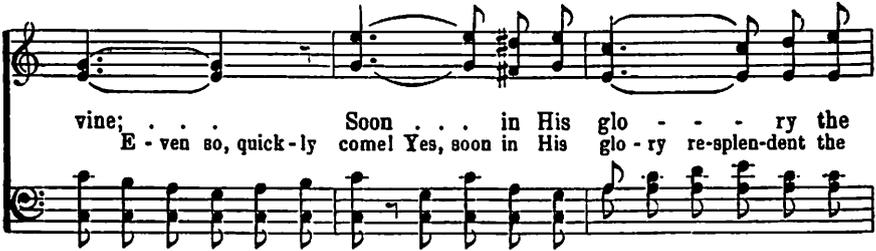
see Him, the King in His beau - ty, Our Bridegroom, Redeemer, and Friend.  
 com - ing to ban - ish our sor - row, And lead us where tears nev - er flow.  
 glo - ry, like o - cean's deep bil - lows, To earth's farthest bounds shall pre - vail.

# He Cometh!

## CHORUS



Je - - - sus is com - - - ing, our Sav - ior and Lov - er di -  
Yes, Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing,



vine; . . . Soon . . . in His glo - - - ry the  
E - ven so, quick - ly comel Yes, soon in His glo - ry re - splen - dent the



ran - sored of a - ges will shine; . . . A - - - ges on  
Through a - ges on  
Hal - le - lu - jah to God!



a - - ges we'll reign with our King on His throne; . . . Won - der - ful  
a - ges e - ter - nal on His throne; O won - der - ful



sto - ry! We'll share in His glo - ry, Re - deemd by His mer - cy a - lone.

## The Living Creatures

A. S. C.

May 1929

A. S. Copley

1. See the liv - ing crea-tures. Hear their rust-ling wings. Note the roll - ing  
 2. Quickened by the Spir - it, Guid - ed ev - 'ry day, Run-ning, ris - ing,  
 3. Who the liv - ing crea-tures? Who can ev - er tell? Man and li - on,  
 4. On and on they're bounding, If not stand-ing still, Help-ing hand to  
 5. Fruit-age of re - demp-tion Are this mys - tic throng, Rul - ing now by

wheels all full of eyes; Go - ing forth ma-jes - tic, Loud their chorus rings,  
 turn - ing ne'er a - side; Sparkling like the ber - yl, Hid - den all the way,  
 ox and ea - gle - one. John in Rev - e - la - tion Doth their na - ture spell -  
 need - y souls they lend. Al - ways gaz - ing up - ward To the Father's will,  
 faith 'midst ev - 'ry care; Wait - ing for trans - la - tion, Hop - ing is their song,

CHORUS.

Hast'ning on with splen - dor for the Prize. O wheel O  
 Ra - di - at - ing Je - sus is their pride.  
 Saved from ev - 'ry kind - red 'neath the sun.  
 Pray - ing, shin - ing, shout - ing to the end.  
 Sure to reign with Je - sus in the air. roll - ing on.

wheel (mighty throng.) Like a sound of ma - ny wa - ters we hear, The

noise of a migh - ty host. Roll - ing on! (with harp and song.) roll - ing

# The Living Creatures

on all day long. Lo! a whirl-wind of flame draws near That

saves to the ut - ter - most. O wheel! roll - ing on!  
O wheel! roll - ing on.

And the glo - ries of the Lord ap - pear - The voice of the Ho - ly Ghost.

## I'll Live For Him

247

R. E. Hudson

C. C. Dunbar

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be - lieve Thou dost re - ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

Chorus-I'll live for Him who died for me; How hap - py then my soul shall be!

*D. C. for Chorus.*

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!  
And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!  
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

## The Story can Never Grow Old

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE

MAY WHITTLE MOODY

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we  
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun - light is old, Tho' its new ev - 'ry  
3. For what can we say to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal -  
4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers

preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,  
morn, all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad - ness and light,  
va - tion from sin? And how can we com - fort the souls that de - part,  
far . from the fold; With hearts for the mes - sage they'll join in our song,

## REFRAIN.

For the wise of this world will not do.  
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.  
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain? } It can nev - er grow old, It can  
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.

nev - er grow old, Tho' a mill - ion times o - ver the sto - ry is told; While sin lives un -

vanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Je - sus can nev - er grow old.

# The Coming King

249

S. O. SHELDON

C. W. WALKER, JR.

*With majesty*

1. Je - sus shall o - ver the earth be King; All peo - ple their rich - es to  
 2. Blood shall no long - er de - file the street, Swords in - to plow - shares shall  
 3. Deafness and blind - ness shall then be healed, Lameness for - cv - er shall  
 S. Sunshine in shame shall not light the day; Moon - light for - cv - er shall

Him shall bring. Bells on the hors - es with peace shall sound, Je - sus shall  
 then be beat. Bat - tles and ru - mors of wars shall cease; Je - sus shall  
 be re - pealed. Sick - ness and sor - row shall all take wing, When on Mount  
 fade a - way. God and the Lamb the e - ter - nal light, Shin - ing shall

*ritard.* stand then on Zi - on's ground. Glo - ry to  
 reign as the King of peace.  
 Zi - on, He reigns as King. Glo - ry to Je - sus,  
 glis - ten ex - ceed - ing bright.

Je - sus we'll sing, Wor - ship to Him we'll bring, Play on a  
 Wor - ship to Him,

*Repeat, pp*  
 harp of a thousand strings And reign with the King of Kings.  
 of Kings.

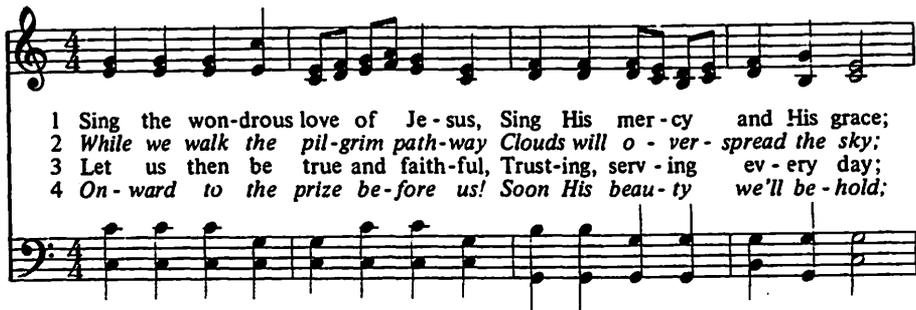
## When We All Get to Heaven

Then we . . . shall be caught up together with the Lord . . .  
and so shall we ever be with the Lord. — 1 Thessalonians 4:17

HEAVEN

Emily D. Wilson

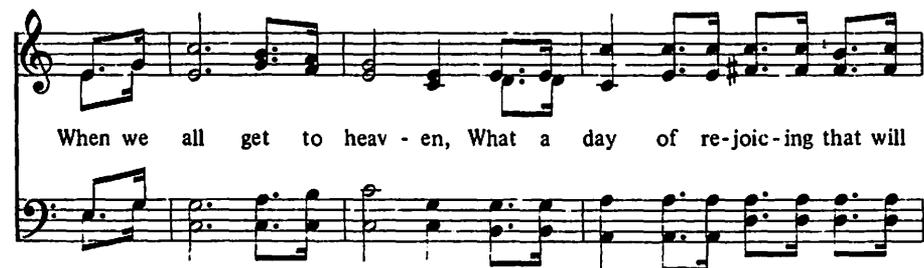
Eliza E. Hewitt



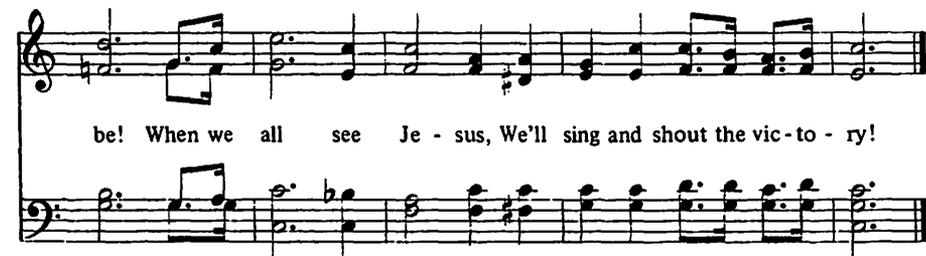
1 Sing the won-drous love of Je-sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace;  
2 While we walk the pil-grim path-way Clouds will o-ver-spread the sky;  
3 Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-ery day;  
4 On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;



1 In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre-pare for us a place.  
2 But when trav-eling days are o-ver Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.  
3 Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.  
4 Soon the pearl-y gates will o-pen— We shall tread the streets of gold.



When we all get to heav-en, What a day of re-joic-ing that will



be! When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry!

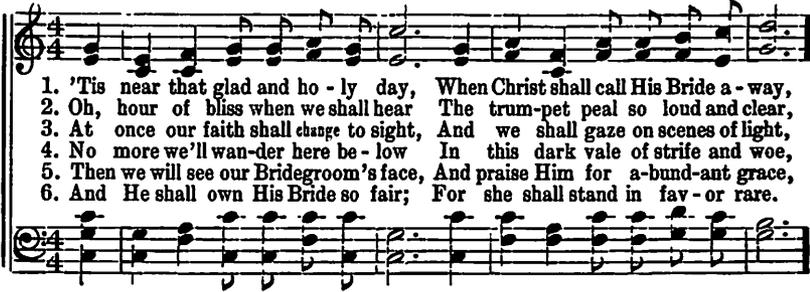
# In The Twinkle Of An Eye

251

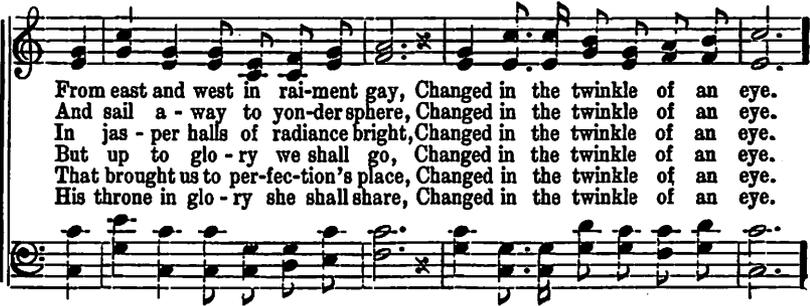
Mary M. Bodie

March 1881

A. S. Copley



1. 'Tis near that glad and ho - ly day, When Christ shall call His Bride a - way,  
 2. Oh, hour of bliss when we shall hear The trum-pet peal so loud and clear,  
 3. At once our faith shall change to sight, And we shall gaze on scenes of light,  
 4. No more we'll wan-der here be - low In this dark vale of strife and woe,  
 5. Then we will see our Bridegroom's face, And praise Him for a-bund-ant grace,  
 6. And He shall own His Bride so fair; For she shall stand in fav-or rare.

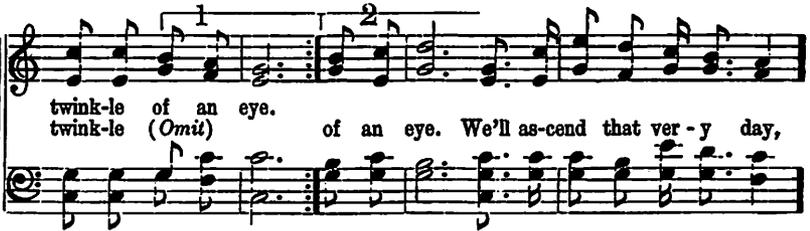


From east and west in rai-ment gay, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.  
 And sail a - way to yon-der sphere, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.  
 In jas - per halls of radiance bright, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.  
 But up to glo - ry we shall go, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.  
 That brought us to per-fec-tion's place, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.  
 His throne in glo - ry she shall share, Changed in the twinkle of an eye.

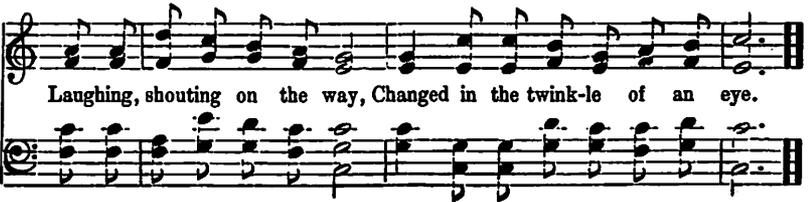
## CHORUS.



{ In a moment, we will go, Leaving ev-'ry-thing be-low, Changed in the  
 { In a moment, we will rise, Meet the Bridegroom in the skies, Changed in the



twink-le of an eye.  
 twink-le (Omit) of an eye. We'll as-cend that ver-y day,



Laughing, shouting on the way, Changed in the twink-le of an eye.

## Jesus Rose To Never Die

Mary M. Bodie

April, 1931

A. S. Copley

1. Redemtion's wro't; the night is gone. All grief and pain fled at the dawn.  
 2. Redemption's wro't; the last tear shed. The Lord has ris - en from the dead.  
 3. Redemption's wro't; what can be-tide? No more shall He in tomb a - bide.  
 4. Redemption's wro't; the work is done. Oh, hail the Vic - tor, God's own Son.

Oh, wondrous day when Christ a-rose, And conquered all His might-y foes.  
 Oh, glo-r'ous triumph which He had. The grave is o - pen, and I am glad.  
 How strangely sweet it must have been. Oh, let us tell the news to men.  
 He is a - live for ev - er-more, The glo-r'ous Lord whom we a - dore.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus rose ..... to nev - er die. Je - sus  
 from the dead nev - er die.

rose ..... He said to jus - ti - fy. jus - ti - fy. Rose to

life ..... and vic - to - ry, Rose to reign in ma - jes - ty.  
 a - bund - ant life

# O Gethsemane

253

Mary M. Bodie

April 1881

A. S. Copley

1. Christ came to Geth - sem - a - ne's vale, As the shad - ows of  
2. 'Twas dark in that gard - en of tears, And the cup of  
3. He prayed to His Fa - ther a - lone. And the an - gels in  
4. Geth - sem - a - ne's life waits a crown, Thru the depths is the

night then were fall - ing. Oh, His voice was heard and all heav - en stirred.  
sin He was tast - ing. O the threat'ning gloom of His death and tomb,  
pi - ty cease sing - ing. Now the ag - o - ny that He bore for me,  
way of at - tain - ing. On a throne a - bove, O what won - drous love!

CHORUS.

To His Fa - ther, He was call - ing.  
Un - to which all men were hast - 'ning. Oh, Geth - sem - a - ne! oh, Geth -  
His life un - to me is bring - ing.  
It will be for - ev - er reign - ing.

sem - a - ne! Where the Sav - ior was dy - ing for me. It's the

way to the throne. There He'll meet all His own, Who go thru Geth - sem - a - ne.

## Remember

"As oft as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me."

M. S. LEMONS. 47. S. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT

1. I re-mem-ber how my Sav-iour died for me (died for me)  
 2. I re-mem-ber how He blessed and broke the bread, (broke the bread.)  
 3. I re-mem-ber how He blessed the cup of wine, (cup of wine.)  
 4. Just re-mem-ber how they pierced Him in the side, (in the side.)

On the rug-ged cross of dark Mount Cal-va-ry; (Cal-va-ry);  
 Sig-ni-fies my brok-en bod-y, thus He said; (thus He said);  
 That which is the pre-cious fruit-age of the vine; (of the vine);  
 From which flowed the pre-cious heal-ing cleans-ing tide; (cleansing tide);

I remembered how He cried, How He bowed His head and died, I re-  
 Brok-en on the cru-el tree, Hang-ing there for you and me; I re-  
 O this is my blood, He said, And for ma-ny it was shed; I re-  
 It was shed for you and me, That from sin we might be free; I re-

D. S.—O the blood of Calvary's brow, I can see it flow-ing now, I re-  
 FINE. CHORUS.

member dark Cal-va-ry. (dark Cal-va-ry.) I re-mem-ber how He paid the

member dark Cal-va-ry. (dark Cal-va-ry.)

debt for me. (debt for me.) How His blood was shed on dark Calvary. (dark Calvary.)

D. S.

# We're Marching On

leads His sol-diers thru, And vic - to - ry we'll sure - ly know.

# Glory to Jesus

218

WAKEFIELD MACGILL

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN  
and ELLA MACGILL

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will
4. Je - sus will crown me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

CHO.—Glo - ry to Je - sus— won - der - ful Sav - ior, Glo - ry to

loved me, I can - not tell why;..... Came He to res - cue  
 saved me, I can - not tell how;..... All that I know is  
 lead me, I can - not tell where;..... But I will fol - low  
 crown me, I can - not tell when;..... White throne of splen-dor

Je - sus, the One I a - dore;      Glo - ry to Je - sus—  
D. C. Chorus

sin - ners all worth-less, My heart He conquer'd for Him I would die.  
 He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on Calv'ry with thorns on His brow.  
 thro' joy or sor - row, Sun-shine or tem-pest, sweet peace or de - spair.  
 I hail with glad-ness, Crown'd 'mid the plau-dits of an - gels and men.

won - der - ful Sav - ior! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

## MY BELOVED LORD!

H. M. BRADLEY.

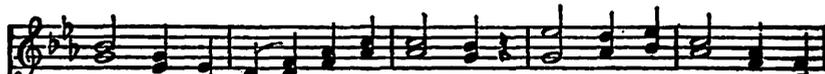
THOS. O. LOWE



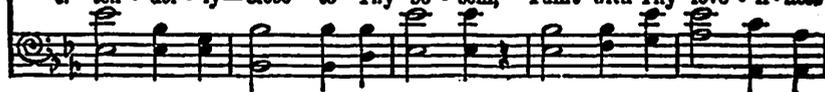
1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,  
 2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er  
 3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,  
 4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,



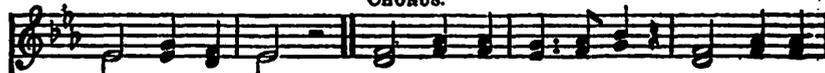

1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to  
 2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost  
 3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy  
 4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me

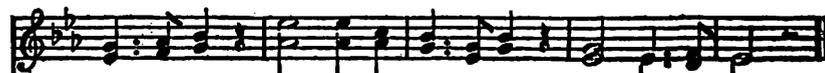
1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy  
 2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -  
 3. face from the heart that a - dores Thee!— Hast Thou not sought me, and  
 4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness



## CHORUS.



1. dear name to me!  
 2. search'd by the heat!  
 3. call'd me Thy dove!  
 4. thus let me die. } Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy

life - blood pour'd, Thou bless - ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!



# Kept in Peace

C. P. J.  
*Briskly*

Isa. 26: 3. Ps. 119: 165

1902, by C. P. Jones

1. O have you made the Lord your own? O have you  
2. O does His peace with - in you reign? O have you  
3. O have you all the world de-nied? O have you  
4. Have you the Ho ly Ghost re-ceived? O have you

stayed your mind on Him? And has He made  
stayed your mind on Him? And are His ways  
stayed your mind on Him? Chos - en the Lord  
stayed your mind on Him? Have you been "sealed"

your heart His throne? O are you stayed on Him.  
to you made plain? O are you stayed on Him.  
and none be - side? O are you stayed on Him.  
since you be - lieved. O are you stayed on Him.

## CHORUS.

In per - fect peace He'll keep you Whose mind is stayed,

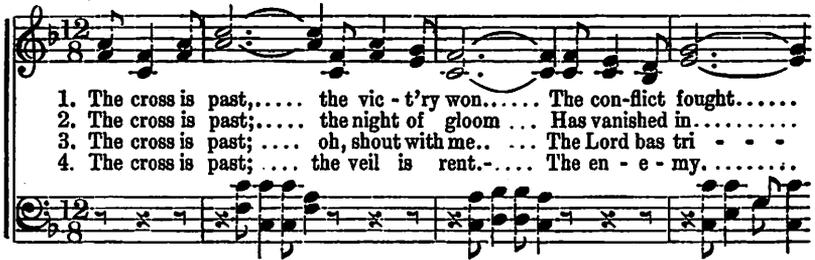
is stayed on Him. In perfect peace He'll keep you Whose mind is stayed on Him.

## The Cross Is Past

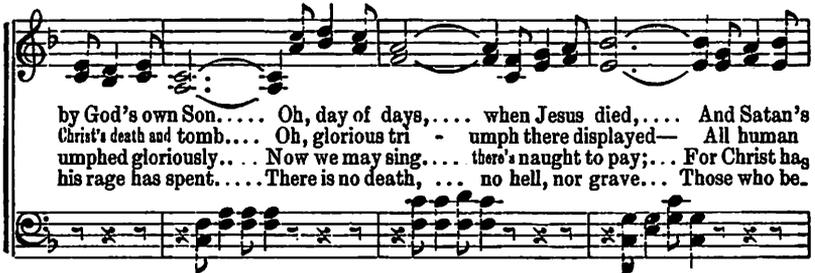
Mary M. Bodie

April 1931

A. S. Copley



1. The cross is past,..... the vic - t'ry won..... The con - flict fought.....  
 2. The cross is past;..... the night of gloom ... Has vanished in.....  
 3. The cross is past; .... oh, shout with me.. ... The Lord has tri -  
 4. The cross is past; .... the veil is rent..... The en - e - my.....



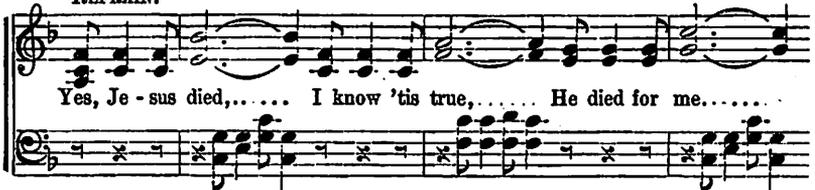
by God's own Son..... Oh, day of days,.... when Jesus died,.... And Satan's  
 Christ's death and tomb.... Oh, glorious tri - umph there displayed— All human  
 umphed gloriously.... Now we may sing.... there's naught to pay;... For Christ has  
 his rage has spent..... There is no death, ... no hell, nor grave... Those who be-



hosts..... were all de - fied,..... And heaven's gate flung o - pen wide.....  
 debt .... to God was paid,.... When Je - sus in the grave was laid.....  
 trod..... the blood-marked way, And bro't us home, who went a-stray.....  
 lieve,.... Christ lives to save,.... Tho' Sa - tan loud may boast and rave.....

*D. S.*—The cross is past to end-less days.....

## REFRAIN.



Yes, Je - sus died,..... I know 'tis true,..... He died for me.....



He died for you. .... Now we may sing and shout His praise,

*D. S.*

# I've Pitched My Tent in Beulah 257

(Respectfully dedicated to the choir at Hallow Rock.)

M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS



1. I long a - go left E-gypt, for the promised land, I trust-ed in my  
2. I fol-lowed close be-side Him and the land soon found, I did not halt or  
3. I start-ed for the high-lands where the fruits a-bound, I pitched my tent near  
4. My heart is so en-rapt-ured as I press a-long, Each day I find new



Sav-ior and to His guiding hand, He led me out to vict'ry through the  
trem-ble, for Ca-naan I was bound, My Guide I ful-ly trust-ed and He  
He-bron, there grapes of eshcol found, With milk and hon-ey flow-ing, and new  
blessings which fill my heart with song, I'm ev-er marching on-ward to that

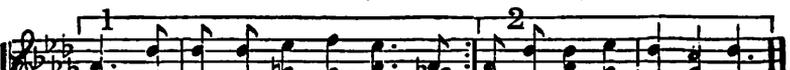


great red sea, I sang a song of triumph, and shout-ed I am free.  
led me in, I shout-ed hal-le-lu-jah, my heart is free from sin.  
wine so free, I have no love for E-gypt, it has no charms for me.  
land on high, Some day I'll reach my mansion that's build-ed in the sky.

## CHORUS.



You need not look for me, down in E-gypt's sand, For I have pitched my



tent far up in Beu-lah land; You tent far up in Beu-lah land.

1. 'Twill not be long, . . . our jour-ney here; . . . A lit - tle  
 2. A lit - tle while, . . . 'twill soon be past, . . . The time to  
 3. A lit - tle hour . . . twill pass a - way, . . . And Christ will

hour . . . the fall - ing tear; . . . They'll soon be o'er,  
 watch, . . . to pray and fast; . . . Oh, priv'lege rare,  
 come . . . at dawn of day; . . . Oh, blest in-deed,

the sighs and groans, . . . The night of sor - - row and of  
 to us is giv'n, . . . To wait for Christ . . . our Lord from  
 the ones who hear . . . The trumpet call - - - ing loud and

moans; . . . and then a day . . . of cloudless sky;  
 heav'n; . . . He's coming soon . . . with wordless pow'r;  
 clear; . . . Come up a - bove . . . the watch is past;

*D. S.*—En - joy the clime . . . of cloudless sky; . . .

FINE REFRAIN

E - ter-nal years . . . with Christ on high. O come a - way, . . .  
 Oh, let us watch . . . the lit - tle hour.  
 The gath'ring home . . . has come at last. O come a - way,

E - ter-nal years . . . with Christ on high.

# A Little Hour

*D. S.*

my un-de-filed, . . . I hear Him say, . . . from scenes beguiled.  
my un-de-filed. I hear Him say,

# Nothing But The Blood

259

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ir- at the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-i. t the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
Naught of good that I have done— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## REFRAIN

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

## Jesus Is Risen, Praise Him

Mary M. Bodie

May 1931

A. S. Copley

1. Je-sus is ris-en, ris-en in glo-ry. Men may rejoice with songs of good cheer.  
 2. Je-sus is ris-en; an-gels are telling. O, let us sound our anthems of praise.  
 3. Je-sus is ris-en; lift up glad voi-ces, Praising the Lord who reigneth a-bove.  
 4. Je-sus is ris-en, liv-ing and lov-ing. Soon He will come with timbrel and song.

Glo-ri-ous morning, radiant with sun-light, Earth glows with beauty—Jesus draws near.  
 Filled with the Spirit, favored with goodness, Let us tell oth-ers all of our days.  
 Tru-ly He leads in paths of re-fresh-ing, Sure-ly in tri-umph, blest in His love.  
 Shin-ing from heaven, He'll call us with Him. Let us be watching all the day long.

## CHORUS.

Praise Him? Praise Him! Je-sus is ris-en to-day.  
 Praise Him, ye people, a-dore His dear name.

Praise Him! crown Him! Ris-en in glorious ar-ray.  
 Praise and ex-tol Him and His love proclaim.

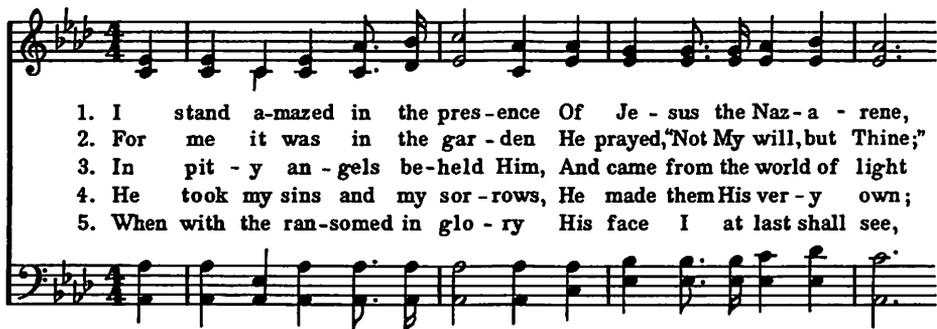
We will love Him, laud and crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

# My Savior's Love

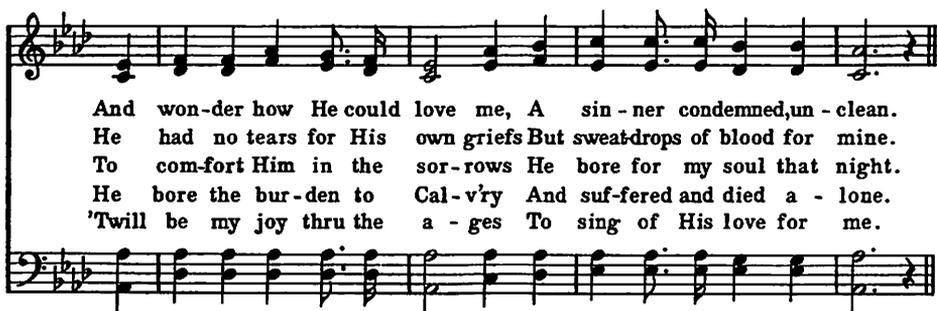
261

CHARLES H. GABRIEL, 1856-1932

CHARLES H. GABRIEL, 1856-1932

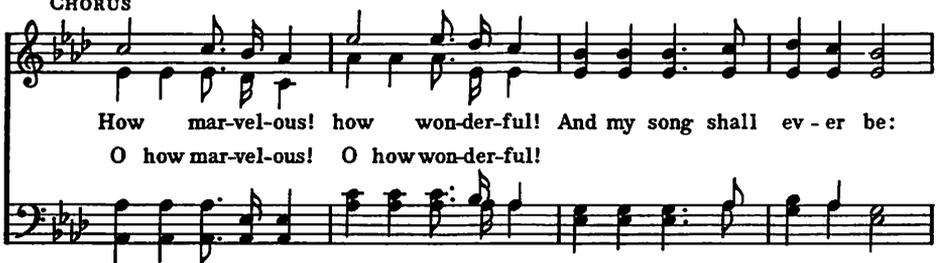


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,  
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed, "Not My will, but Thine;"  
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light  
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;  
5. When with the ran-somed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

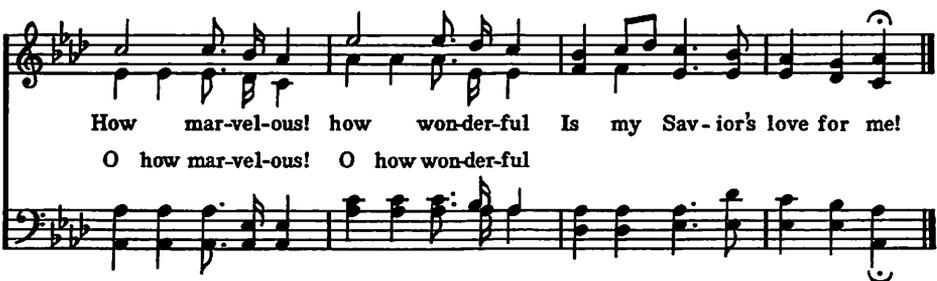


And won-der how He could love me, A sin - ner condemned, un - clean.  
He had no tears for His own griefs But sweat-drops of blood for mine.  
To com-fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.  
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry And suf-ered and died a - lone.  
'Twill be my joy thru the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

## CHORUS



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:  
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav - ior's love for me!  
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful

## JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME

W. L. T.

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Will L. Thompson

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;  
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;  
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;  
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.  
 I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.  
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?  
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;  
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain;  
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night;  
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end.

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.  
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.  
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.  
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

# Solomon's Song

263

Mary M. Bodie

August, 1938

A. S. Copley

1. { I am come to my gar-den, fair La-dy of mine, To my gar-den of  
Where thou art a-wait-ing in beau-ty so dear, There to cher-ish my  
2. { I am come to my gar-den of laugh-ter and joy, With its sun-shine all  
O its ro-ses and lil-ies; its flow-ers are rare, All so pre-cious and  
3. { I am come to my gar-den with en-clos-ed wall, As a cap-tive to  
Thou hast rav-ish-ed my heart, my fair Sis-ter, my Dove; In my house of best

flow-ers, so fra-grant di-vine,  
heart with thy [Omit . . .] charm and thy cheer; } With the kiss of thy  
gold-en and naught to an-noy; }  
won-der-ful: [Omit none can com-pare; } With sweet ros-es of  
love, I am held in its thrall; }  
wine, thou art [Omit . . .] Queen, O my love; } I will cher-ish thee

mouth that's far sweeter than wine, I am come to my gar-den, fair La-dy of mine.  
Shar-on in beau-ty so coy, I am come to my gar-den of laugh-er and joy.  
ev-er, my Spouse and my All; I have come to my gar-den with enclosed wall.

*D. S.*—I am come to my gar-den, fair La-dy of mine.

CHORUS

{ To my gar-den, my own choice Lady fair; To my gar-den  
To my gar-den, roy-al Queen so di-vine; To my gar-den,  
gar-den of wine, gar-den di-vine;

till we meet in the air; } Full of laugh-ter and joy, Sure-ly naught can an-noy;  
e'en a ban-quet of wine, }

## There is Power in the Blood

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES



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




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



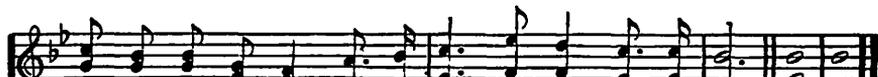
CHORUS. >



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




In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,  
In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der - work - ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.



# The Hallelujah Side

265

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

1. Once a sin - ner far from Je - sus, I was per - ish - ing with cold, But the  
 2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz - zle and her dreams, Yet I  
 3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place, Tho' the  
 4. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, here the sky is al-ways bright; 'Tis no  
 5. And up - on the streets of glo - ry, when we reach the oth - er shore, And have

bless-ed Sav-ior heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe a-round me, and He  
 en - vy not her van - i - ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heav-en, where the  
 tempt-er to per-suade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa - vil - ion, hap-py  
 place for gloom-y Christians to a - bide, For my soul is filled with mu-sic and my  
 safe-ly crossed the Jordan's roll-ing tide, You will find me shout-ing "Glory" just out-

led me to His fold, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 gold - en sun-light gleams, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 in His love and grace, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 heart with great de - light, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.  
 side my man - sion door, Where I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

*D. S.* - win-dows of my soul, And I'm liv - ing on the hal - le - lu - jah side.

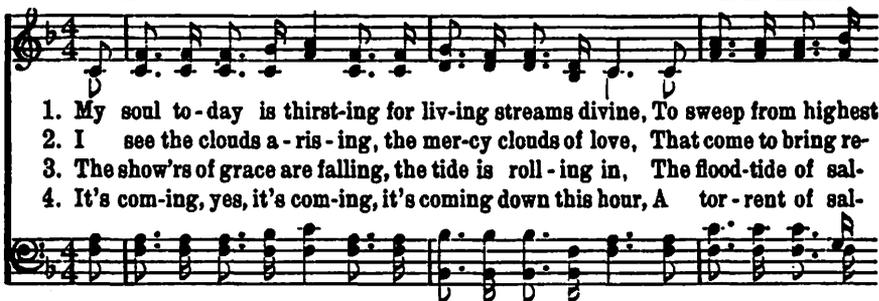
Oh, glo - ry be to Je - sus, let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll; Help me

ring the Sav-ior's prais-es far and wide, For I've o-pen-ed up tow'rd heaven all the

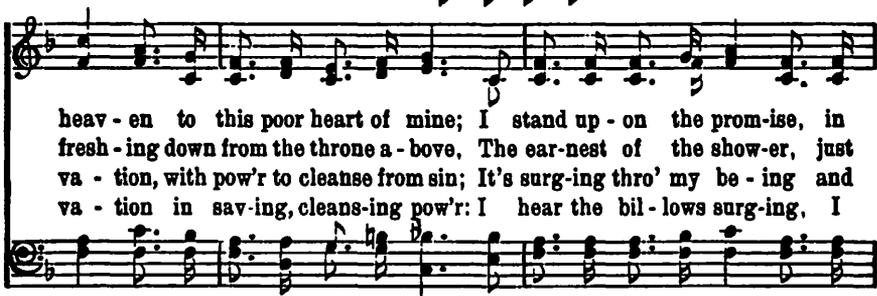
## Like a Mighty Sea

A. I. ZELLY

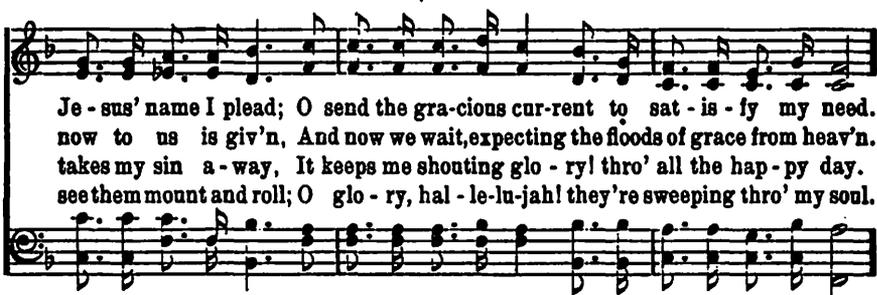
H. L. GILMOUR



1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To sweep from highest  
 2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That come to bring re-  
 3. The show'rs of grace are falling, the tide is roll-ing in, The flood-tide of sal-  
 4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's coming down this hour, A tor-rent of sal-

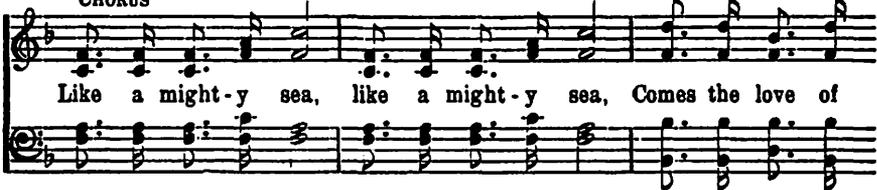


heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the prom-ise, in  
 fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The ear-nest of the show-er, just  
 va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surg-ing thro' my be-ing and  
 va-tion in sav-ing, cleans-ing pow'r: I hear the bil-lows surg-ing, I



Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gra-cious cur-rent to sat-is-fy my need.  
 now to us is giv'n, And now we wait, expecting the floods of grace from heav'n.  
 takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting glo-ry! thro' all the hap-py day.  
 see them mount and roll; O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're sweep-ing thro' my soul.

## CHORUS



Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea, Comes the love of



Je-sus, sweep-ing o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

## Like a Mighty Sea

shouts I can't con-trol, Comes the love of Je - sus, sweeping o'er my soul.

## When I See the Blood

267

J. F. G. and E. A. H.

J. F. H.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner, paid all his due;
2. Chief-est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom-ised, that He will do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re- ceiv - ing just - ly his due;
4. O great com-pas-sion! O bound-less love! O lov - ing kind-ness, faith-ful and true!

Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.  
 Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.  
 Hide in the sav - ing sin - cleans - ing blood, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.  
 Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood, And I will pass, will pass o - ver you.

### CHORUS

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

*rit.*  
 I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.  
 When I see the blood, o - ver you.

## Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

*Very slow pp*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer - cies for you and for me?  
 Shadows are gathering, death - beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS *m*

Come home, .. come home, .. Ye who are wear - y, come home; ..  
 Come home, come home,



Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!



# "Whosoever Will"

269

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss



1. "Who-so-ev-er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings  
2. Who-so-ev-er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,  
3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise is se - cure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-



all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found,  
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:  
ev - er must en - dure; "Who-so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er more;



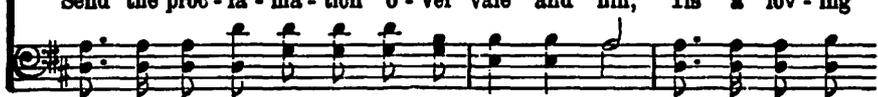
## CHORUS



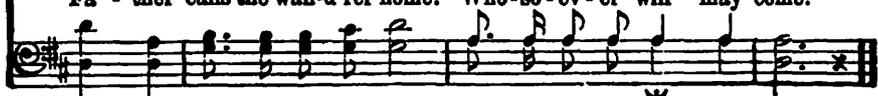
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will"



Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing



Fa - ther calls the wan-d'r'er home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."



# JUST AS I AM

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood washed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,  
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,  
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

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!  
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Be- cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

# WHERE HE LEADS ME

E. W. Blandly

J. S. Norris

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,  
 2. I'll go with Him thru the gar-den, I'll go with Him thru the gar-den,  
 3. I'll go with Him thru the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thru the judg-ment,  
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me,"  
 I'll go with Him thru the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thru the judg-ment, 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,

## Sweet By and By

SANFORD F. BENNETT, 1836-1898

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER, 1819-1875

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

see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way To pre -  
 songs of the blest; And our spir - its shall sor - row no more - Not a  
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love And the

## CHORUS

pare us a dwell - ing - place there.      In the sweet      by and  
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.      In the sweet  
 bless - ings that hal - low our days.

by,      We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;      In the  
 by and by,      by and by,

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

# 273 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

J. M. B.

J. M. Black



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and timeshall be no more, And the  
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the  
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - tingsun, Let us



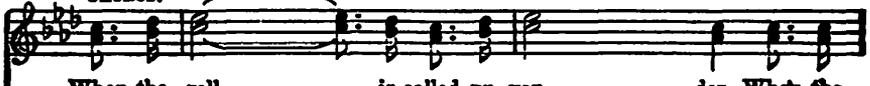
morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather  
 glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather  
 talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.  
 and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



**CHORUS.**



When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the  
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll . . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . . is called up  
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



## WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

## More About Jesus.

274

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com - mun - ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.  
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

### REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

## My Hope Is in Thee

AVIS M. CHRISTIANSEN

GEORGE S. SCHULER

1. My hope, bless-ed Je-sus, is an-ched in Thee, Thy right-eous-ness  
 2. I stand on the Rock that no tem-pest can shake, And life from Thy  
 3. My hope for e - ter - ni - ty rests in Thy hand, My heart deep - ly

on - ly now cov-er-eth me, Thy blood, shed on Cal-va-ry, now is my plea;  
 hands ev-ery mo-ment I take, Thy love will endure when all others for-sake;  
 longs for that fair bet-ter land, Where one day complete in Thyself I shall stand;

*rit.*  
 My hope, my hope is in Thee. . . . Won - der - ful  
 is in Thee.

Sav - iour, all glo - ry to Thee! . . . In Thee is sal-  
 Wonderful Saviour, all glo-ry to Thee!

va - tion so full and so free; . . . I'll shout forth Thy  
 full and so free;

# My Hope Is in Thee

WOMEN                      MEN

prais - es thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;      My Sav - iour, My Sav - iour,

PARTS                      *ad lib.*      My hope, my hope is in Thee.

My hope is in Thee.      My hope is in Thee.

# Holy, Holy, Holy

276

Reginald Heber

NICAEA

John B. Dykes

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!      Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!      All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!      Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!      Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;      Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;      Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,      On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;      Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!      A - MEN.



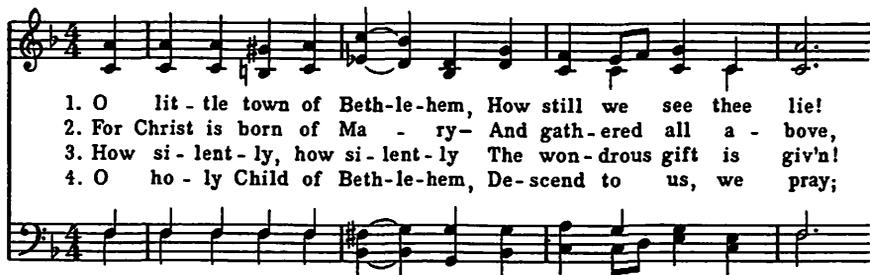
# O Little Town of Bethlehem

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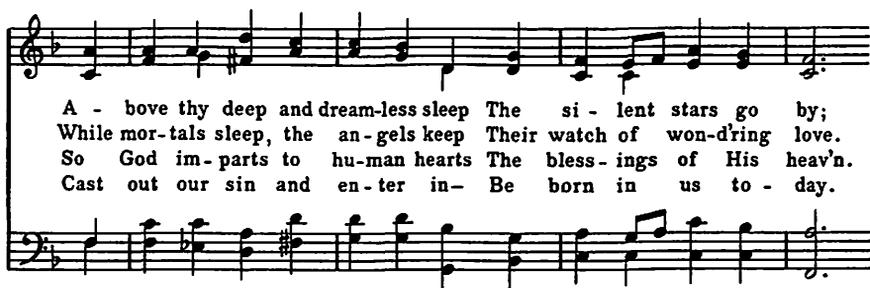
PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1835-1893

ST. LOUIS

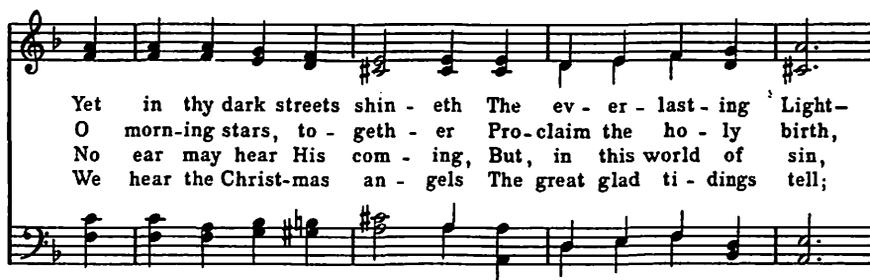
LEWIS H. REDNER, 1831-1908



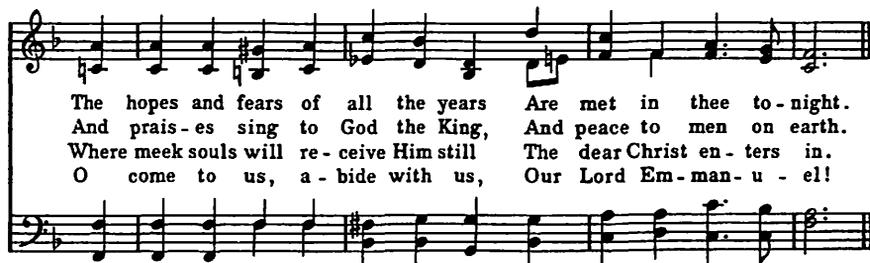
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!  
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry- And gath - ered all a - bove,  
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in - Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light -  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,  
No ear may hear His com - ing, But, in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

# The Babe of Bethlehem

Mary M. Bodie

December 1920,

A. S. Copley

1. One star - ry night in old - en days, The sto - ry you have heard; The  
 2. In man - ger bare, this Roy - al Son Was laid a - mid the hay, The  
 3. No couch had He of splen - dor bright, Of gold - en glitt'ring sheen; He  
 4. And now be - hold Him as a man, Da - pend - ent and a - lone; With

tale is old, yet ev - er new; And mil - lions has it stirred—A lit - tle  
 fit - ting im - age of the world Where He had come to stay, And as the  
 shared the common home of beasts, In hum - ble low - ly mien, And yet, He  
 no great host of an - gels near, To wait a - round His throne; Yet in His

Babe on earth was born, A sign of God's good will; The an - gels came and  
 or - dained sac - ri - fice, The Lamb to Cal - v'ry led; His birth was in the  
 was the Lord of life From out the glo - ry land; All pow - ers in the  
 deep a - base - ment here, Un - riv - aled still His claim; For he who would ex -

## CHORUS.

sang of Him, When all the world was still. O sing of Him, the  
 low - ly place, Where lambs and sheep were fed.  
 u - ni - verse O - beyed His least command.  
 alt - ed be, Man's pride and pomp must shame. O sing of Him, O sing a - gain,

Babe of Beth - le - hem, O spread the fame Of Jes - ses'  
 O spread the fame, a - loud pro - claim,

## The Babe of Bethlehem

rod and stem, In man - - ger born, Where lambs and sheep were fed;  
In low - ly guise, He spoils the wise,

O sing of Him, The Lamb to Cal-v'ry led, O sing of Him.

## Silent Night, Holy Night

280

JOSEPH MOHR

FRANZ GRÜBER

1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright  
2 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep-herds quake at the sight.  
3 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

1 Round you vir - gin moth-er and child. Ho - ly in-fant so ten-der and mild,  
2 Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far, Heavenly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia;  
3 Ra - dant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

1 Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
2 Christ, the Sav - ior is born! Christ, the Sav - ior is born!  
3 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

## Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King;  
 2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord;  
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!  
 4. Come, De-sire of Na-tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum-ble home:

Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild— God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!"  
 Late 'in time be-hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir-gin's womb.  
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings.  
 Rise, the wom-an's con-q'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser-pent's head.

Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;  
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty!  
 Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die;  
 Ad-am's like-ness now ef-face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:

With th'an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem."  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Em-man-u-el.  
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.  
 Sec-ond Ad-am from a-bove, Re-in-state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES

282

Latin hymn, 18th century

Trans. by Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880

From Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, Come ye, O  
 2. † Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing all ye  
 3. ‡ Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn-ing, Je-sus, to

come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him,  
 bright hosts of heav'n a-bove; Glo-ry to God, all  
 Thee be all glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther,

REFRAIN

born the King of an-gels:  
 glo-ry in the high-est: O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let  
 now in flesh ap-pear-ing:

senza ped.

us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

ped.

## O Holy Night

"Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts; The whole earth is full of His glory!"

—Isaiah 6:3

John S. Dwight

NIGHT DIVINE  
Adolphe C. Adam

1 O ho - ly night the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, It is the  
2 Led by the light of Faith se - re - ne - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing  
3 Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

1 night of the dear Sav - ior's birth; Long lay the world in  
2 heart by His cra - dle we stand; So led by light of a  
3 Love and His gos - pel is Peace; Chains shall He break, for the

1 sin and er - ror\* pin - ing, 'Til He ap - peared and the soul felt its  
2 star sweet - ly gleam - ing, Here came the Wise Men from the O - rient  
3 slave is our broth - er, And in His Name, all op - pres - sion shall

1 worth. A thrill of hope the wea - ry world re - joic - es, For  
2 land. The King of kings lay thus in low - ly man - ger, In  
3 cease. With hymns of joy in grate - ful cho - rus rais - ing, Let

1 yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn! Fall on your knees! O  
2 all our tri - als born to be our Friend; He knows our need, He  
3 ev - ery heart a - dore His Ho - ly Name! Christ is the Lord! With

or sorrow

JESUS CHRIST: HIS BIRTH

1 hear the an-gel voic-es O night di-vine! O night when Christ was  
 2 guards us from all dan-ger, Be-hold your King! be-fore Him low-ly  
 3 saint and ser-aph prais-ing, His pow'r and glo-ry ev-er-more pro-

1 born! O night di-vine! O night, O night di-vine!  
 2 bend! Be-hold your King! be-fore Him low-ly bend!  
 3 claim! His pow'r and glo-ry ev-er-more pro-claim!

## Away in a Manger

284

1-2 - Anonymous

3-JOHN THOMAS MCFARLAND, 1851-1913

JAMES R. MURRAY, 1841-1905

Arr. by Norman Johnson, 1928-

*Unison*

1. A-way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit-tle Lord  
 2. The cat-tle are low-ing, the Ba-by a-wakes, But lit-tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je-sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

Je-sus laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky looked  
 Je-sus, no cry-ing He makes; I love Thee, Lord Je-sus! look  
 ev-er, and love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil-dren in

down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus, a-sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.  
 Thy ten-der care, And fit us for heav-en, to live with Thee there.

## THE EVENING CHIME

MARY M. BODIE

A. S. COPLEY

It will mat - ter much I ven - ture, at the end - ing of our race. We were  
When the miles have all been count - ed, as we journ - ey here be - low, with no  
Yes, some - times the way is rug - ged, and the arch - ing skies are gray, but the

halt - ed by the Mas - ter in our choice of earth - ly place but the lit - tle frets and wor - ries that be -  
lag - ing on the high - way, with no halt - ing as we go. All the dai - ly vex - ing de - tours that con -  
rap - ture waits our watch - ing, when we reach the close of day. We shall walk a - midst the flow - ers in that

set the ways of time, will not be re - mem - bered yon - der when we hear the ev - 'ning chime.  
sume the pil - grim's time, will not mar our pleas - ure yon - der when we hear the ev - 'ning chime.  
gold - en sun - lit clime, and for - get our earth - ly hard - ships, when we hear the ev - 'ning chime.

**Chorus**  
Interlude. Chimes ad lib. When we hear the ev - 'ning chime, Float - ing  
Glad - ly hear so sub - lime

out up - on the air from the ho - ly ci - ty fair. When we hear the ev - 'ning  
loud and clear

chime. just on time Noth - ing sad will be re - mem - bered, when we hear the ev - 'ning chime.

Last song written by A.S. Copley and Mary M. Bodie, 1945

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 277 Joy to the world  
 270 Just as I am without one plea  
 166 Let us the Name of Christ proclaim  
 68 Let us walk in the light of the Lord  
 171 List, for the aeroplane on high  
 211 Long I sought for worldly treasure  
 154 Lo, the aeroplane is coming by and by  
 161 Low in the grave He lay  
 138 Made one with Christ, O what a  
 193 Master, the tempest is raging!  
 101 'Midst the darkness, storm and sorrow  
 163 Mighty army of the young  
 274 More about Jesus I would know  
 147 My Bible 'tis a Book divine  
 115 My faith looks up to Thee  
 196 My happy soul rejoices  
 243 My heart is a leaf  
 47 My heart's a little heaven  
 275 My hope, blessed Jesus, is anchored  
 53 My hope is built on nothing less  
 146 My life is hidden with Christ in God  
 247 My life, my love, I give to Thee  
 85 My Savior speaks across the way  
 172 My Savior suffered on the tree  
 127 My soul doth magnify the Lord  
 266 My soul is thirsting for living streams  
 57 Not a sound invades the stillness  
 72 Not I, but Christ that liveth now  
 99 O child of God, there is for thee  
 282 O Come, all ye faithful  
 255 O have you made the Lord your own  
 283 O holy night the stars are brightly  
 11 O love that sought me when in sin  
 30 O my brother, do you know the Savior  
 195 O the Spirit hovers o'er me  
 69 O the unsearchable riches of Christ  
 88 O the wealth in Christ I see  
 131 O what is the song that the blood-washed  
 120 Oh, blessed fellowship divine  
 111 Oh, do not let the Word depart  
 70 Oh, give eternal glory to the Man of Calvary  
 174 Oh, Hear the voice of Jesus say  
 158 Oh, I am my Beloved's  
 180 Oh! Now I see the cleansing wave  
 207 Oh, the joy of sins forgiv'n  
 135 Oh, the Name of the Lord is  
 227 Oh, the way of the sea  
 157 Oh, what meaneth this babble  
 168 Of Him who did salvation bring  
 128 Of Jesus' love that sought me  
 38 On a hill far away  
 7 On a mountain in Judea  
 66 On the Cross of Calvary, Jesus proved  
 15 On the glory dawning morning  
 265 Once a sinner far from Jesus  
 77 Once in Palestine journeyed  
 151 Once I saw deliverance a long way off  
 221 One day when heaven was filled  
 185 One of these days all earth scenes  
 279 One starry night in olden days  
 238 One thing I know  
 177 Onward, Christian, do not falter  
 159 Out of the distance and darkness  
 67 Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 79 Precious, precious blood of Jesus  
 64 Press close to the bosom of Jesus  
 26 Pull one, pull on  
 117 Redeemed! How I love to proclaim it  
 252 Redemption's wro't; the night is gone  
 24 Rejoice, the Lord is risen indeed  
 121 Repeat the story o'er and o'er  
 31 Safe is my refuge, sweet is my rest  
 126 Saved to the uttermost  
 246 See the living creatures,  
 34 She owed so much, with naught to pay  
 280 Silent night, holy night  
 93 Since I can read my title clear  
 20 Since the face of Christ I see  
 50 Since the Holy Spirit came  
 232 Sing peace, my soul, sing peace

250 Sing the wondrous love of Jesus  
 37 Sitting at the feet of Jesus  
 268 Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling  
 91 Some day the silver cord will break  
 228 Sometime, sometime, we'll understand  
 226 Soon comes the dawning, brother  
 249 So precious is Jesus, my Savior  
 45 Standing on the promises of Christ  
 160 Stand up, stand up for Jesus  
 173 Sweet are the promises  
 204 Sweet hour of prayer,  
 256 The Cross is past; the victory won  
 112 The Cross that He gave may be heavy  
 52 The end is at hand  
 10 The Name of Jesus is so sweet  
 209 The pow'r that fell at Pentecost  
 32 The Savior says, I am the Door  
 235 The world was dark  
 2 There are peace and rest and glory  
 90 There are people all around us  
 167 There came to this world in the days  
 186 There is a land of wondrous love  
 9 There is a Name I love to hear  
 215 There is healing at the fountain  
 61 There is no dark valley since Jesus  
 83 There stands a Rock on shores  
 8 There's a fountain flowing  
 74 There's a secret God had hidden  
 272 There's a land that is fairer than day  
 223 There's a word to me so dear  
 214 There's good news to be told  
 129 There's no one so precious as Jesus  
 210 There's within my heart a melody  
 248 They tell me the story of Jesus is old  
 170 This is my wonderful story  
 95 Tidings of grace with joy  
 222 Till He Come, Oh let the words  
 251 'Tis near that glad and holy day  
 216 'Tis not to fail  
 143 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus  
 98 'Tis the grandest theme  
 199 To God be the glory  
 179 To Jesus ev'ry day I find  
 125 'Twas Jesus my Savior who died  
 51 'Twas the grace of God that planned  
 258 'Twill not be long our journey here  
 212 Walking in sunlight, all of my  
 217 We belong to Gideon's band  
 100 We shall meet our Bridegroom yonder  
 44 What a fellowship, what a joy divine  
 134 What a free and happy band!  
 239 What a Friend we have in Jesus

96 What a wonderful change in my life  
 18 What a wonderful, wonderful Savior  
 259 Who can wash away my sin?  
 96 What a wonderful change in my life  
 94 What tho' the curtain of the night  
 233 When angry waves about me roll  
 73 When first my Lover's voice I heard  
 75 When Israel out of bondage came  
 200 When I saw the cleansing fountain  
 29 When I survey the wondrous cross  
 136 When I was sorrowful and sad  
 60 When my life work is ended  
 78 When peace like a river  
 130 When pow'rs of sin assail  
 109 When sorrow and storms are  
 84 When sorrows pall and shadows fall  
 273 When the trumpet of the Lord  
 187 When troubles come and rise and  
 82 While reading from God's Word of  
 4 While standing on the brink of woe  
 269 "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout  
 63 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb  
 264 Would you be free from your burden  
 21 Wounded for me, wounded for me,  
 56 Years I spent in vanity and pride

