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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY
MAGNIFICAT

"This day will I begin to magnify Thee" Josh. III:7
"Magnify the Lord with me" Ps. XXX:3
"Let God be Magnified" Ps. LXX:4
My Soul doth magnify the Lord. Luke 1:46

A Hymnal for Sunday Schools

EDITED AND COMPILED BY
J. LINCOLN HALL C. AUSTIN MILES
AND
ADAM GEIBEL Mus. Doc.

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For convenience of users the contents of this book are divided into groups. The departmental idea has been carried out, although the hymns need not be restricted to particular or occasional use, as, for the most part they are intended for general and regular uses. A few appropriate Scripture selections are given, the reading of which may precede the singing.

SUGGESTION—Learn at least one new hymn at every session.

In compiling this book the editors have had in mind the needs of Sunday Schools. In each group of carefully written new hymns will also be found appropriate favorite church hymns that have lived through the years.

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ARRANGEMENTS OF CLASSIC MASTERPIECES


APPROPRIATE AS SOLOS


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HALL-MACK CO.

HALL-MACK COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
MAGNIFICAT.

No. 1.

Magnify the Lord.

Psalms xxxiv, lxx.

J. Lincoln Hall.

Bless the Lord; Magnify His holy name.

Bless the Lord; Praise the Lord, all ye His saints.

Magnify the Lord with me; Let us exalt His name together.

Blest the man that trusteth Him; There is no want to them that fear Him.

Chorus. (Ps. lxx.)

Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee, Let

such as love Thy salvation say, Let God be magnified.

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No. 2. Seek His Courts.


1. Come, O come ye, O seek His courts with praise. Come, O come ye your glad ho-san-nas raise, O praise ye and a-dore Him. This gold-en day of days, seek your King di- vine, While heaven's ra-diant glo- ries A-bove our pathway shine. in His courts a-dore, Who bless'd in days of old-en Is with us ev-er-more.

2. Come, O come ye, your garlands glad-ly twine, Come, O come ye, and.

3. Come, O come ye, like those who came of yore, Come, O come ye, and.

Chorus. Unison.

On this glad day We would bless Thy name, We would own Thy sway, And Thy won-drous pow'r and might proclaim, O Lord of all, Thou art

Parts.

King di-vine, In Thy courts shall ring the songs we sing, Our praise is Thine.

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No. 3.  O Day of Rest and Gladness.  

(To be read in concert before singing.)

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!  
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.  I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.—From Ps. lxxxiv.

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH  
Arr. by LOWELL MAISON.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly. Thro' con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls, Where gos-pel light is glowing With rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest. To Ho-ly Ghost be prai-ses, To

2. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls; To ho-ly pure and ra-di-ant beams, And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re fresh-ing streams. Fa-ther and to Son; The church her voice uprais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

3. New gra-ces ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest, We reach the ages join'd in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly. Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
No. 4.  

Ringing in the Sunlight.

Edna Randolph Worrell.

Unison. Sprightly.

Parts.

1. Ring-ing in the sun-light Bells of Sabbath sound, While the ra-diant glo-ries
2. Ring-ing in the sun-light 'Neath the skies a-bove, Bells of Sab-bath sound-ing,

Far and wide abound. Bring to our remem-bra-ence, All that God hath done, Happy Sabbath
Tell a Fa-ther's love; Love that gave to mor-tals His be-lov-ed Son, Happy Sabbath

bells, ring ye on, ring on! Ring-ing, gladly ring-ing, Swing-ing, gay-ly swing-ing, Bring-ing
Ring, ring, Swing, swing, Bring.

sure-ly bring-ing Message sweet of rest. Ring-ing, glad-ly ring-ing, Swing-ing,
bring, bring, Ring, ring, Swing,

Chorus. Unison.

gay-ly swing-ing, Bring-ing, joy-ous Sab-bath day so blest! Happy bells are ring-ing,
Ringing in the Sunlight.—Concluded.

Sabbath day to greet, Call to praise the Father, Call to service sweet; 'Tis the day that

blessings Ever new doth bring, Far and near ye echo clear, Sabbath bells, O ring!

No. 5. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Lowell Mason.

1. Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec-on-
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo-
4. May the Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of

blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem
cil-ed face, Take away our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we
meet our eyes, While we in Thy house appear: Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our
grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we

of e-ter-nal rest: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest. rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. ev-
er-lasting feast; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev- er-
join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church above.
1. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth, His wonderful love proclaim! Hail Him! Hail Him! Highest archangels in glory; Strength and honor give to His holy name! Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long.

2. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation, loud with hosannas ring! Jesus, Saviour, reigneth forever and ever; world victorious, Power and glory unto the Lord belong:

3. Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'ly portals opened; soul of the saved, Hallelujah! Heav'nly chorus, 'round the throne, Praise, O praise! Praise Him! Praise Him! Joyful and triumphal strain!

Refrain.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! O'er the world victorious, Pow'r and glory unto the Lord belong:

tell of His excellent greatness; Praise Him! Praise Him! Ever in joyful song!
No. 7.

God Calls You.

C. Austin Miles.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. A-wake, a-wake, the dawn of day is breaking, Re-joice, re-joice, for work that waits for you.
2. A-wake, a-wake, and sing for joy of living; Re-joice, re-joice, your place with honor that God His mercy shows.
3. A-wake, a-wake, the twilight swift is falling, Re-joice, re-joice, that you have work to do.

A-wake, a-wake, while yet His voice is calling, Re-joice, Re-joice!

Chorus. Sop. and Alto.

tak-ing, Re-joice, re-joice, the Lord calls you.
giv-ing, Re-joice, re-joice, your needs He knows.
call-ing, Re-joice, re-joice! that God calls you.

He will pro-vide in ev'-ry time of trouble, He will up-lift His own who faint or fall; Re-

joice, re-joice, and praise for-ev-er Him on whom we, trusting, call.
No. 8.  
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.
(To be read in concert before singing.)
I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.—Ps. cxxii.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.  Aaron Williams Coll.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls before Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs ascend;
4. Beyond my highest joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be giv'n

The church our blest Redeemer saved With His own precious blood.
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glories earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

No. 9.  Father, Again in Jesus Name we Meet.

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE.  James Langran.

1. Father, again in Jesus' name we meet, And bow in
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy
3. Alas, unworthy of Thy bound-less love, Too oft our
4. O by that name in whom all full-ness dwells, O by that

The song text of the first page of the document is as follows:

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4. O by that name in whom all full-ness dwells, O by that
Father, Again in Jesus Name we Meet.—Concluded.

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble
works from day to day de - clare; Is not our life with hour - ly
feet from Thee, our Fa - ther, rove; But now, en - cour - aged by Thy
love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, O by that blood so free - ly

voic - es raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
mer - cies crown'd? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
voice we come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners to a Fa - ther's home,
shed for sin, O - pen blest mer - cy's gate and take us in.

No. 10. Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.

Cecil F. Alexander. (Galilee.) William H. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Savi - our, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.
Jesus is My Song.

C. A. M.  

1. Jesus in the morning when I wake, When the rays of sunshine gently fall,
   When it seems so far to need to claim;

2. Jesus at the noon-day still is near, Calling me again my path to take,
   I shall seek my rest most happily,

3. Jesus in the twilight still shall be Helping me in all to persevere,
   All that I desire or

Chorus. Sop. and Alto, or Unison.

Jesus is my song, my all.  
He is ever at my side.  
If I still may speak His name.  

Jesus ever is my song and story, Never mine, but always God's the glory, Self-for

gotten, in His grace sublime, Jesus ever, only, all the time.

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On Our Way Rejoicing

1. On our way rejoicing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!
2. If with honest-hearted Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us doing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed time.
3. On our way rejoicing Gladly let us go; Conquer'd hath our leader, Vanquished is our foe!
4. Unto God the Father Joyful songs we sing; Unto God the Spirit.

Chorus.

On our way rejoicing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of love!

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No. 13.  
When the Lights Grow Dim.

CLARA E. PUTNAM.  
C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There are golden days when the sunbeams smile, And our pray'r is song,
2. O I know too well that the mists may fall, And the shadows creep,
3. When my hope is crush'd and the world seems dross Let me kneel in pray'r,

When the sky is blue and we sing the while Tho' the path be long;
O'er the brav'est hearts, and the night appal, And the spirit weep;
Lay my burdens down at the living cross, Find a blessing there;

There are hours when peace like a star above Lifts the soul to Him;
But behind the darkness the sky is blue, And the sunbeams shine;
I have known Christ's love that He gave for me, I believe in Him;

May my faith still live in Thy tender love When the lights grow dim!
When the lights grow dim may my faith be true To Thy love divine!
For He lived and died that our hearts might see When the lights grow dim.

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John Fawcett.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; 
2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For Thy gospel's joyful sound; 
3. So, when'er the signal's given, Us from earth to call away, 

D.C.—O refresh us, O refresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness. 
D.C.—May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us evermore be found. 
D.C.—May we ever, May we ever, Reign with Christ in endless day. 

Let us each Thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; 
May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound; 
Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey, 

No. 15. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, 
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose; 
3. Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee; 
4. Thro' the long night-watches, May Thine angels spread 
5. When the morning wakens, Then may I arise, 

Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky, 
With Thy tenderest blessing May our eyelids close. 
Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea. 
Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed. 
Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes. 

Steal across the sky.
No. 16. Scripture Reading.

(To be read before singing “Listen to the Song.” May also be used for other songs.)

LEADER.—O sing unto the Lord a new song: for he has done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

RESPONSE.—The Lord hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

L.—He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

R.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

L.—Sing unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

R.—With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

L.—Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.

R.—Let the floods clap their hands: Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

L.—Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

R.—If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

L.—And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

R.—For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

No. 17. Listen to the Song.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Listen to the song the birds are singing, Harken to the word that
2. Carols sweet they sing of faith and duty, Each, as God has given
3. If the happy birds no sadness borrow, From the hour when night shall

now they bring; High above the trees so swiftly winging, Can you hear the carol as they may; He who form’d their lives of song and beauty Understands their needs, and fall a gain; Let us trust the Lord for His to morrow, For the way He leads us

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Listen to the Song.—Concluded.

Glad they sing? Far above the world's harsh discord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.

Gives each day. Far above the world's harsh discord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.

Shall be plain. Far above the world's harsh discord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.

Chorus. Unison.

For He . . . who clothes the lilies, And robes . . . the earth so bright,

Beholds . . . the birds of heaven That fly . . . on wings of light;

He cares . . . for all who follow, Within . . . His chosen way,

Parts.

Be wise to follow ever, And trust always.
No. 18. The Song of the New Crusade.

Lizzie DeArmond.  

Adam Geibel.

Unison.

1. We come, we come like the hosts of old to triumph o-ver sin, The Sun day
2. We come, we come by the will of God, the Lamp of Truth we bear, Till shines the
3. We come, we come in a might-y band His cross up-lift-ed high, Our feet keep

Semi-Chorus. ad lib

School, in an army strong, the world for Christ to win. We'll onward press at the
light of the gos-pel ray in glo-ry ev-ry where; With Zion's King as our
time to the glad refrain that floods the sunlit sky. We forward march at the

Master's call, in arm-or bright arrayed, Our voic-es ring in a joyous strain—the
Lead-er true, we ne'er can be dis-may'd, But praise His name, as we shout and sing the
trumpet's call, our hearts on Christ are stay'd, While loud and clear sounds the music sweet, the

Full Chorus.

song of the 'New Crusade.' Forward, press forward, forev-er, Forward! With

hearts un-dis-may'd, Forward! The world for Jesus, The song of the 'New Crusade.'


1. For me He left the realms of light, And wandered thro' earth's dreary night;
2. From heav'n to earth for me He came, For me He bore the scorn and shame;
3. O blessed Saviour, take my heart, And let me ne'er from Thee depart;

He tasted every bitter woe, And all because He loved me so.
For me He suffered here below, And all because He loved me so.
My life, my all to Thee I owe, For Thou, O Christ, hast loved me so.

Chorus.

He loved me so! He loved me so! My Saviour loved me so!

My heart, my life to Him I owe, Because He loved me so.

No. 20.

Mrs. S. L. Howell.

Stars.

(Suggested by Miss Slattery's Address.)

C. Austin Miles.

1. There is no star-less sky; The mists of som-bre hue Drift swift-ly by, and
2. If wand’ring o’er the plains The night grows late and long, Look up where shine the
3. God reigns, and all is well; So lift your eyes a-bove; With hope and cheer there

Chorus.

God’s clear sky Reveals a star for me, Reveals a star for you.
rays di-vine, And hear the an-gels sing, And hear the an-gels song.
shin-eth clear, Christ’s morning star of love, Christ’s morning star of love.

Then fol-low, fol-low the star, See where it beckons a-far, 'Twill
Then fol-low, fol-low the star, See where it beckons a-far.

guide me to the light, and a song in the night, If we

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No. 21.  
Twentieth Century Song.  

Rev. Wm. Stone.  

C. Austin Miles.  

1. Marshall, ye hosts of God, And take this world of sin, Long has the battle waged, Yet darkness reigns within. Day dawns, we march away, Our banner to the breeze, Our battle cry, This world or die, The conquest ne'er give o'er. 

2. Forward, we onward march, A vast and mighty throng, Darkness shall be dispelled, All nations hear our song. Jesus our Captain is, And leads the conquest on, A victory win 'O'er death and sin, We raise the victor's song. 

3. Hasten the coming day, When He shall reign supreme, Glory shall crown His brow, His praise the anthem theme. Higher the banner raise, His love and pow'r proclaim, The blood-stain'd cross, Ne'er suffer loss. We claim the victory. 

4. Ground arms! The victory's won, We march from earth away, Jesus still leads us on, In realms of glorious day. Higher the anthem raise, Let heaven its echo swell, Our spoils we bring And crown Him King, Proclaim Him Conqueror. 

Chorus.  

Onward march, and take this world of sin, Press each foe, the battle now begin, See! Sin yields, we shout the victory; Crown Him King! Our song shall ever be.
No. 22.

My Friend.

C. Austin Miles.

Solo, or Sops. and Altos in Unison.

1. I have a Friend, than whom I need no other, Who knows my life, my
2. I know His grace will keep my soul from falling And shall sustain in
3. That He is mine and I am His forever Bespeaks for me a

Chorus. Unison. m\(\phi\)

mine, what else should I require?...)

O Friend of mine, who never will for-

face to face with Him again...)

face I stand with Christ, my Friend...)

Parts.

sake,... Nor leave me here to face my many foes alone,...

My hand in

my many foes alone,

Thine, serene my way I take, Content to know Thy grace is ever my own.(my own.)

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No. 23. Jesus Set the Music Ringing.

Rev. George O. Webster.

C. Austin Miles.

1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am always singing A
glad-some song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus
sins a-way; He o-pened up a foun-tain Whence streams of gladness start, 'Twas Je-sus
Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has

2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mer-cy, My
In my life . . . a heav’nly gladness bring-ing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber

3. His love each day is growing More sweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In

Chorus.

set the mu-sic Ringing in my heart. In my heart . . . He set the mu-sic ringing,

When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus set the mu-sic Ringing, ringing in my heart.
No. 24. The Rose of Sharon.

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.—(Song of Solomon 2:1.)

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God,

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—(Isaiah 35:1, 2, 5-10.)

The Rose of Sharon.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.
The Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, a lovely Rose, And its beauty all the world shall see; There's a Rose, a lovely Rose, Its perfume is for you and for me.

A Rose that blooms for you,

No. 25. By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.


1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How sweet the lily grows!
2. Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod;
3. O' Thou, whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,
4. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace alone

How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God. Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd, Were all alike divine. In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.
He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.
With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Trust and Fear Not.

A. A. Payn. 
C. Austin Miles.

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Trust and Fear Not.—Concluded.

Chorus.

[Music notation]

Trust in God a-lone and nev-er fear,
He the pray'r of faith will surely hear,
Trust in God a-lone and nev-er fear,
He the pray'r of faith will surely hear,

Look to Him when dawns the ear-ly morn-ing, Trust Him in the noon-day,
Look to Him when dawns the [Omit...]

trust Him thro' the night, Then ear-ly morn-ing, Trust Him ever thro' the darkest night.

No. 27. God Is Love—His Mercy Brightens.

John Bowring. (Dorrnance.) Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God is love—His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus- y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move,
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless good-ness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the mist His bright-ness stream-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
No. 28.  

Jesus First.  

GRACE GORDON.  

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Nothing but the best for Jesus, First in ev'ry life and heart,
2. Nothing but the best for Jesus, Follow with a heart so true,
3. Nothing but the best for Jesus, Master, may we mindful be,

Yielding Him our days and moments, Never from His ways depart.
First in ev'ry plan and purpose, First in ev'ry deed we do.
Seeking first a Saviour's kingdom, Knowing all shall added be.

MALE VOICES, or All in Unison.    SOP. AND ALTO, or All in Parts.

Jesus, on Thy name we call, Giving unto Thee our all!

CHORUS. Unison, with great joyfulness.

First, amid the duties thronging, First, amid the joys so sweet,
First, though skies may gleam or darken, First, His name must be confessed.

PARTS.

For His likeness we are longing, Ever would His praise repeat.

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Jesus First.—Concluded.

Parts

First, unto His voice we hearken, Ever would we love Him best.

No. 29. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry Everything to God in pray'r; We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r; Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not carry Everything to God in pray'r! Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r! In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

No. 30.


1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
2. O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rugged cross, stain'd with blood so divine, A wondrous sus;
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and re-

suffering 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,
beau-ty I see, For'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died;
proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

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

So I'll cher-ish the old rugged
cross, the

till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the

old rugged cross,

And exchange it some day for a crown.

Never a Friend Like Thee.

1. Loving me ere I knew Him, Calling with voice so sweet, Burdens of life I brought Him, Knelt at His wounded feet; Naught from that love can sever,
light I'm living, Ever I know Him near; Master, in Thee abiding, heav'nly portal, Leading in royal way; Crowning with joy excelling,

2. Sunlight of glad-ness giv-ing, Fill-ing my heart with cheer, E'er in His loving me ere I knew Him, Calling with voice so sweet, Burdens of life I brought Him, Knelt at His wounded feet; Naught from that love can sever,
light I'm living, Ever I know Him near; Master, in Thee abiding, heav'nly portal, Leading in royal way; Crowning with joy excelling,

3. Giving me gifts immor-tal, Life that endures for aye, Op'ning the

Wonder-ful, changeless, free, Master, I'll serve Thee ev-er, Never a
Shad-ows of earth must flee, Ever Thy chil-dren guid-ing, Never a
Heir of His grace I'll be, Master, Thy praise I'm tell-ing, Never a

Chorus.

Friend like Thee! Light like Thee! King like Thee!

Sing of a Friend so loy-al, Sing of a Friend so true,
King of the heav'nly glo-ry, Low-ly of earth was He;

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No. 32.

C. AUSTIN MILES

He is Mine.

J. LINCOLN HALL

Parts.

1. There is a Shepherd who cares for his own, And he is mine; Nothing am
2. Jesus left heaven my Saviour to be, And he is mine; I am not
3. There is a Comforter come from above, He too is mine, Coming to

Tenor and Basses, or all in unison, or solo.

I, he's a King on a throne, But he is mine; How he can love such a
worth all he suffered for me, But he is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy he
me to reveal Jesus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and

sinner as I, Tho' he is mine; I cannot fathom tho' oft'en I try,
dwells in my heart, And he is mine; From him I'll never, no, never de-part,
Comforter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old story is true,

Chorus.

But he is mine. He is mine, ... He
For he is mine. They all are mine.

Tho' all unworthy, I know he is mine, He
is mine; Tho' it is wonderful, yet it is true, That he is mine.

yes, he is mine,
Anchored to His Goodness.

Grace Gordon.

Adam Getbel.

No. 33.

1. I am anchored to His goodness, For His mighty hand upholds, Hope, the

2. I am anchored to His promise, 'Tis the Father's changeless word, It was

3. I am anchored to His mercy, That is boundless and secure, And the

Chorus. Unison.

anchors He has given, And that anchor ever holds,
nevery, never broken, They are safe who trust the Lord.
I am anchored to His storms can never harm me, For my anchor's ever sure.

Parts.

goodness, I am anchored to His love, And I'm holding, ever holding, Unto

faith in God above. O the waves may dash a-round me, And the storm-winds hold their

Unison.

sway, I can never drift to danger, For my anchor holds for aye.
No. 34. Our Great Commander. J. LINCOLN HALL.

A. A. PAYN.

1. Like an army marching, come the
children of the King, seek to win the prize?

2. Who shall bid us tarry as we
battle fought and won, Strength that shall sustain us

3. He who is our Leader Has the
sin it is to falter as the precious moment

Strength that shall sustain us Is the gift of God's own

Unison.

We are striving, ever striving To prepare for noble deeds, As we
flies. Falter never, fear no danger, For the promise is secure, We shall
Son; Trust Him ever, He is with us, 'Til the journey we shall end, Then to

Chorus.

follow, ever follow Where our Great Commander leads,
conquer, surely conquer If we to the end endure, His cross still goes be-
heaven with rejoicing Shall the victory song ascend. MALE VOICE, OR ALL.*

fore, And shall lead to victory; Raise it high that the

* If inadvisable to have this sung by the male voices, have all sing in unison.

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Our Great Commander.—Concluded.

All in Unison.

world its beauty see; We help divine implore, To prepare for nobler deeds, As we follow, ever follow Where our Great Commander leads.

No. 35. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy From His lighthouse evermore,
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar;
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail or tempest-tost,

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

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

Chorus.

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

D.C.
Give Thanks.  
Grace Gordon.

1. Give thanks!  Give thanks!  For-get not all His love; Give
2. Give thanks!  Give thanks!  His good-ness aye re-call; Give
3. Give thanks!  Give thanks!  O wor-ship Him and praise! Give

Unison.

thanks!  Give thanks  to God a-bove! O seek, and ye shall find
thanks!  Give thanks  He giv-eth all; His bless-ings e'er a-bound,
thanks!  Give thanks  thro' all thy days! This is His word so true,

Chorus. Unison.

That He is ev-er kind!
With kindness are ye crowned!
His will con-cern-ing you.

Come to His courts with a cheer-ful song,

Parts.

Come to His courts with praise,  Worship and glo-ry to God be-long,  Joy-ful the

Unison.

anthems raise!  Come to His courts and His name a-dore,  Hear of His wondrous
Give Thanks.—Concluded.

No. 37.  
I Belong to the King.  
IDA L. REED.  
SOLO, or Duet.  
MAURICE A. CLIFFTON.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His palace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in you heaven a-

2. I belong to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mercy and kindness, so free, Are unceasingly mine, wherever I gathered at last In His kingdom above, by life's waters so

goto, And my refuge un failing is He.  
I belong to the King, pure, When this life with its trials is past.

3. I belong to the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be Above, I shall dwell by His glorified throne.

FINE. CHORUS.

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1. Go forward, go forward!
2. Go forward, go forward!
3. Go forward, go forward!

With eager steps and fleet.
God's own can ne'er retreat.
Your watchword glad repeat.

Chorus. Unison.

forward! His cross has never met defeat.
Forth for Him; behold His cross uplifted high!
Forth for Him; the King of kings to you is nigh;
Forth for Him; and count the gain of earth as
The Conquering Cross.—Concluded.

dross, For the Lord of light shall give you might, Ye conquer 'neath His cross.

No. 39. In the Service of the King.


1. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, O so
2. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, O so
3. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, O so
4. I am happy in the service of the King, I am happy, O so

happy; I have peace and joy that nothing else can bring, In the service
happy; Thro' the sunshine and the shadow I can sing, In the service
happy; To His guiding hand forever I will cling, In the service
happy; All that I possess to Him I gladly bring, In the service

Chorus.

of the King. In the service of the King, Ev'ry talent I will

bring; I have peace and joy and blessing in the service of the King.
If we only would love Jesus more every day, If we only would trust Him, and serve Him always,
If we only would follow the path that He trod, What a wonderful life we would live for our God.

If we only would love Jesus more, ... If we only would love Jesus more, ... O the joy of the heart, that would love Him more.
If We Only Would Love Jesus More.—Concluded.

No. 41. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Beyond the storm cloud is the rainbow, Beyond the darkness is the light,
Beyond the winter is the springtime, Beyond the noise of battle, peace,
Beyond all things stands God, our Father, Beyond His love we cannot go,

Beyond the sorrow there is gladness, Beyond the blindness, glorious sight.
Beyond the valley is the hill top, Beyond captivity, release.
Beyond the world, I'll look to heaven, And trust in Him who loves me so.

Chorus. Parts.

A hymn of praise my heart is singing, For just beyond God waits for me,

God waits for me.

By faith to Him my soul is clinging, Till just beyond His face I see.

doth cling, my soul doth cling,

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1. Holy, holy, holy is the Lord! Sing, O ye people,
   gladly adore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
   boundless in mercy, Great is Jehovah, King over all.

2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud the joy, Watchman of Zion,
   herald the story; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
   ye who behold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.

3. King eternal, blessed be His name! So may His children
   gladly adore Him; When in heaven we join the happy strain,
   joyful awaking, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

Chorus.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord! Let the hills be joyful before Him.
No. 44.  Worship the Lord of Glory.

Lizzie DeArmond.  F. CLARK PERRY.

1. Come rejoicing, singing, Praise the Saviour's holy name, . . .
2. Royal tribute bringing, Tell His wonders day by day, . . .
3. Everlast ing praises Be to Him who reigns on high, . . .

1. Blessed name, Giv ing honor, glory, All His majesty proclaim.
Joyful chor als sounding To the Lord who reigns for aye.
Adoration render Jesus, King of earth and sky.

Chorus.

Wor ship His name, creation's mighty King,

MALE VOICES.

SOP. AND TENOR.

Through earth and heaven let songs exultant sing,

ALTO AND SOP.

Gracious Redeemer whom our souls adore.

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Worship the Lord of Glory.—Concluded.

Parts.

Praises we bring, Him who reigns for evermore.

No. 45. Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' your heart may be heavy with sorrow and care, You may others to gladness be guile,
2. Let the well by the wayside that flows unto all Strength impart for each step of the mile;
3. For the work that you faithfully, willingly do, You shall reap a reward after-while;

If a face like the light of the morning you wear, And carry your cross with a smile.
Let your faith the great promises oft-ten recall, And carry your cross with a smile.
O n-ly grace in your service can glo-ri-fy you, So carry your cross with a smile.

Chorus.

Car-ry your cross with a smile, Car-ry your cross with a smile; You may
Car-ry your cross with a smile, Car-ry your cross with a smile;

oth-ers from sadness to gladness beguile, If you carry your cross with a smile.

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1. There's a hand that safely guides me O-ver all the un-known way;
2. There's a hand that ev-er shields me, When the tempt-er would a-larm;
3. There's a hand that leads to heav-en, Safe-ly thro' a world of sin;

And no mat-ter what be-tides me, This, the hand I love to-day;
There's a hand that ev-er helps me, Guard-ing me from sin and harm;
'Tis the hand that o-ver Sa-tan Shall at last the vic-t'ry win;

There's a hand that ev-er holds me, 'Tis the hand that keeps me true;
O the pre-cious hand of Je-sus, That was pier-c'd on Cal-va-ry;
There's a hand reach'd out to sin-ners, In their sin and need to-day;

'Tis the nail-pierc'd hand of Je-sus, That was wound-ed once for you.
I will go wher-e'er it lead-eth, With a will-ing heart, and free.
There's a hand that leads them home-ward, Where-so-e'er their feet may stray.

Chorus.

There's a hand that holds me stead-y, Wound-ed once for you and me;

The Hand that Holds Me Steady.—Concluded.

And my heart cries I am ready, Blessed Lord, to follow Thee.

No. 47. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. 3d and 4th verses by A. A. Payn. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the valley by the wildwood, No lovelier
2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning To list to the
3. It was there I was told of the Saviour, Who died for my
4. It is there when my heart grows weary, I long in its

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood As the
clear ringing bell; Its tones so sweetly are calling, O
sins on the tree; It was there when I prayed for my pardon, That He
shelter to be; And to rest in its sweet sacred stillness, Would bring

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my childhood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale.}
spoke words of comfort to me. o come, come, come, come, come,
showers of blessing to me.}

lit - tle brown church in the vale. D.S.

church in the wildwood, O come to the church in the dale;

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There's a Light.

E. E. Hewitt.

Alto prominent.

1. There's a light on clouds of sadness, And a rose for ev'ry thorn, When the
2. We will bridge the vale of sorrow With the promises of God; Words so
3. Let us glad-den pathways lone-ly With a radiance from the sky; Let the

Lord is near, giving songs of cheer, Till our hearts no longer mourn; There's a gleam of
strong and sure ev'er-more endure, Spreading hope and cheer abroad; And we know the
smiling face be a means of grace, To the wea-ry pass'er-by; We will live for
heav'n-ly gladness, Tho' all oth-er lights should fail, When we know the love of the
bright to-mor-row Will outshine the noonday sun; For the Lord of light drives a-
Je-sus on-ly, And His joy our strength shall be; Till we meet at last, ev'ry

Chorus. Unison.

King a-bove, Love that ev'er shall prevail.
way the night, While e-ter-nal a-ges run. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
tri-al past, Where His beauty we shall see.}

He has pardoned all our sin; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There's a-

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There's a Light.—Concluded.

Unison.

 bidding peace within; (peace within) We are happy in our Saviour, And rejoicing

Parts.

in His love; Hallelujah! Hallelujah To our blessed Friend above!

No. 49. Jesus is All World to Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Jesus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all; He is my strength from
day to day, Without Him I would fall. When I am sad, to Him I go,
blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er. He sends the sunshine and the rain.
friend deny, When He's so true to me? Following Him I know I'm right,
trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end. Beautiful life with such a friend,

No other one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
He sends the harvest's golden grain; Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my friend.
He watches o'er me day and night; Following Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
Beautiful life that has no end; Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my friend.

No. 50.  The Banner of the Cross.  
EL NATHAN.  
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a royal banner given for display
   To the soldiers of the Lord.

2. Tho' the foe may rage and gather as the flood,
   Let the standard of the King;
   As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
   And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,
   Be displayed, and tidings known;
   Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
   Of the King; ti-dings known; day by day—
   Then before our King the foe shall disappear,

Chorus.
While as ransomed ones we sing,
For the truth be not dismayed!
Marching on, Marching on,
And the cross the world shall sway!

on, on, on, For Christ count every-thing but loss!

And to

on, on, on, For Christ count every-thing but loss!

Crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the banner of the cross!

No. 51.

The Everlasting Love.

W. C. Poole.

Unison.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I know of a love that is stronger than sin, A love that is

2. I know of a love that is seeking today, Far over the

3. I know of a love that is tested and tried, A love that is

4. I know of a love that is steady and true, A love that brings

ev-er a-bid-ing with-in, A love that is helping me
mountains for lost ones astray, To bring them back into the
faith-ful and bound-less and wide, A love that is full as the
blessings each day like the dew, A love that is waiting in

vic-t'ry to win; It is the love of Je-sus.
heav-en-ward way; It is the love of Je-sus.
o-cean's full tide; It is the love of Je-sus.
good-ness for you; It is the love of Je-sus.

Wide, wide as the bound-less sea, Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty,

Help-ing me on to vic-to-ry; It is the love of Je-sus.

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No. 52. The Sunday School Army. 

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There's an army true and loyal, Marching on-ward, marching on-ward,
2. There's an army valiant, glorious, Marching on-ward, marching on-ward,
3. There's an army joyous singing, Marching on-ward, marching on-ward.

Marching, marching,

'Tis the King's own army royal, And 'tis marching, marching on.
'Tis the King's own host victorious, And 'tis marching, marching on.
And the trumpet notes are ringing, As 'tis marching, marching on.

Sop. and Alto or Semi-Chorus.

For the right enlisted, serving in His name, With the Leader, God's own Son,
There's a conflict raging—conquest will be sure, And the kingly victory won.
'Tis the royal Leader gives a crown of life, When the task at last is done.

'Tis a world-wide throng, the Sunday School so strong, Like an army marching on.

Chorus. Unison.

March! march! march! march! On-ward, on-ward conquer in His sign,
Onward, onward, lo, His banner bright is leading us, then Onward, onward,

Parts.

vict'ry glorious shine, Marching on, marching on, For the King divine.

No. 53. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

1. Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of Life; Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all, Wonderful words of Life; Sinner, list to the
3. Sweetly echoes the gospel call, Wonderful words of Life; Offer pardon and

beauty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty Teach me faith and
loving call, Wonderful words of Life. All so freely given, Wooing us to
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Jesus, only Saviour, Sanctify for-

Refrain.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life.
No. 54.  The Gospel Call.
Elsie Duncan Yale.  

1. Blessed bells, gospel bells, From the tow'rs they clearly ring,
2. Blessed bells, gospel bells, 'Neath the bending sky ye sway,
3. Blessed bells, gospel bells, Still resounding far and near,

Heavens message sweetly bring, Blessed bells, sil'ry bells, Bid us
Greet the Father's holy day, Blessed bells, sil'ry bells, Far and
Glad of heart your notes we hear, Blessed bells, sil'ry bells, May your
hearken one and all.
wide your echoes fall.
mu-sic aye enthralled.

To the gentle Saviour's call!
With the joy-ful Sab-bath call!
With the joy-ful gos-pel's call!

Chorus. Unison.

Gospel bells, blessed bells, Blessed tidings unto us ye bring,

Parts.

Gospel bells, blessed bells, Ye are calling us to praise our King!

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No. 55.

Memories of Olivet.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

Melody in Alto.*

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. O sunny slope, Which Jesus sought, What blessed hope,

What peace He brought! His words divine, We'll ne'er forget,

2. O mount so blest, O mount so fair! Where sought He rest,

In lonely prayer, Tho' years are dim, We treasure yet,

But Thine be done; The Lord of all, His anguish met,

3. O quiet hill, Where prad the Son, Lord, not my will,

What peace He brought! His words divine, We'll ne'er forget,

The Lord of all. His anguish met, What peace He brought!

Chorus.

As mem'ries twine, round Olivet.

The thought of Him, on Olivet.

May we recall, blest Olivet.

O Olivet, blest

O Olivet, the blest,

O Olivet, the blest.

O Olivet, blest

O Olivet, blest

The Syrian skies are bending fair above; O Olivet,

are bending fair above;

branding fair above;

bring to our hearts the Lord we love.

Bring to our hearts the Lord we love.

* If preferred, soprano may sing the melody with the alto.

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1. Raise the standard of the Lord on high, Bring the banner of salvation nigh;
2. Joyful be our hearts, our lives be bright, Pressing onward in the Saviour's might;
3. Take the message unto all the earth, Let the nations know the gospel worth;

Forward, Christians, shouting victory, Victory! Victory! Victory! This the song shall be.
Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call, Victory! Victory! Peace and joy for all.
Hasten with the news that God is love; Victory! Victory! Victory! Cometh from above.

Chorus.
On! On! With His banner o'er us, On! On! Jesus goes before us,
On! On! Where-so-e'er He sends us, On! On! God above defends us,

On! On! Raise the happy chorus, Victory!

On! On! Victory attends us Ev'rywhere we go.
No. 57. Listen to the Song Birds.

A. H. A.


Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. If you walk in the vale of sorrow, Do not droop like the fading flow'r, God still
   lives and His arms are a-bout you, Hear the birds in the vine-covered bow'r...
2. In the morn when the day is break-ing, When at evening the shadows fall; When the
   night folds the world in its darkness, Their sweet music the soul seems to call...
3. Ev'-ry tune is a hymn of glad-ness, Ev'-ry note is a song of praise; In the
   storm and the rain they are singing, As they sing on the bright summer days...
4. Trust in God, He will nev-er fail you, Why re-pine when He loves you so; If the
   song birds re-joice in His keep-ing, There is joy and contentment for you...

Chorus.

Listen to the song birds sing,

Messages of joy they bring,

In your gloom and sad-ness,

Catch their note of glad-ness, Listen to the song birds sing.
No. 58. **Take My Yoke and Learn of Me.**

**Grace Gordon.**  
**SOP. AND ALTO.**

**Alfred Judson.**  
*(Cho. arr. from Czibulka.)*

**SOP. AND ALTO.**

1. In the days of old, en, Came a throng who sought, While a message golden,  
2. With our hearts so lowly, Unto Him we turn, And His lessons holy  
3. Master, all forsaking, Thy disciples, we, And Thy yoke now taking

**Parts.**

Chorus. *(From Czibulka.)*

**SOP. AND ALTO.** *Moderato espress*

Christ the Saviour taught.  
Would we ever learn.  
"Take my yoke and learn of me," Golden are the words of  
We would learn of Thee.

Galilee, Words of peace 'mid earthly strife, Message of the Master, words of life.

**Parts.**

"Take my yoke and learn of me," Master, may we hearken, taught by Thee,

Lesson sweet from heav'n above, Learning of the Saviour, Lord of love.

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No. 59.  
'Tis Love, Redeeming Love.

C. A. M.  
C. Austin Miles.

1. Faith-ful is He, and great His mer-cies are; Last-ing is His love,
   'Tis love that o-pened wide a crim-son tide That wash-es white as snow.

2. Love found a way to res-cue fall-en man, Love so full and free,
   'Tis love that form'd and car-ried on the plan, And hap-py souls a-bove;

3. 'Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds Hap-py souls a-bove,
   He is an heir of heav'n in-deed who finds His

   love shall nev-er move.

Chorus. Unison.  
Parts.

'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deem-ing love, 'Tis love that
bo-som glow with love.'

ev-er will a-bide, . . . . . . 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor flow, . . . . . .

'Tis love that o-pened wide a crim-son tide That wash-es white as snow.

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No. 60. Have Ye Ne'er Heard of a Shepherd?

Elsie Duncan Yale.

Duet.—Sop. and Alto.

1. Have ye ne'er heard of a Shepherd
   Guiding with hand of love?
   Leading, so

2. Have ye ne'er heard of a Master
   Treading our earthly way,
   Toiling in

3. Have ye ne'er heard of a Saviour?
   Never was love so free;
   Higher than

---

Low Voices.

lovingly leading
Un-to His fold above?
Guiding where pastures are

Nazareth lowly,
Faithful from day to day.
Love of the Father re-

height of the heaven,
Deep as unfathomed sea.
Burdens for us He was

---

High Voices.

growing,
Guiding where waters are flowing,
Care that is constant be-

bidding.
By His own Spirit now sealing,
Low at Thy feet we are

bearing,
Blessings with us He was sharing,
E'en unto Calvary

---

Parts.

Chorus.

stowing, Shepherd, we'll follow Thee.

kneeling, Master, we'll follow Thee.

far ing, Saviour, we'll follow Thee.

Follow, follow, Sweet is the path of His

choosing; Never His bidding refusing; Hear ye Him!

Follow, follow,
1. Take the world, but give me Jesus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Sweet-est comfort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Jesus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Jesus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love abideth ever, Thro' eternal years the same,
With my Saviour watching o'er me I can sing, tho' billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clearer, brighter vision, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

O the height and depth of mercy! O the length and breadth of love!

O the fullness of redemption, Pledge of endless life above!

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Faithful and Fearless.

No. 62.

Louella Leonard.

All voices in Unison. Spirited.

G. Verdi.

(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

1. Faithful and fearless, go forth 'neath His guiding, The joy of Jehovah, is strength all abiding; He that hath call'd you shall crown you with glory, Then faithful and joyful shall greet you, His is the armor, the armor un-failing, The sword of the

2. Stead-fast and stalwart, there's naught can defeat you, The anthems of victory, re-

fearless, proclaim ye His story, Tell ye His story, Be fearless! spirit, His promise prevailing, Promise prevailing, Be faithful!

Chorus.

On, on, a crown of life shall be your victory token, On, on, your sword in strife, the word that He hath spoken, On, on, let naught your soul dis-

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Faithful and Fearless.—Concluded.

may! There shall be given, a crown in heaven, A crown of life for aye.

No. 63.
'Tis Thine To-Day.

Grace Gordon.

From Beethoven's 2d Symphony.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

1. Just for to-day He giveth light, See o'er thy way His glory bright.
2. Just for to-day He giveth pow'r, He is thy stay Thro' ev'ry hour.
3. Just for to-day He giveth peace, 'Neath His dear sway All care must cease.

Refrain.

For to-day He's providing, For to-day He is guiding, Then lean on His loving arm, Who bids us trust for aye, While the moments are winging, Daily joy He is bring-ing, Then trust to His tender care, 'Tis thine, 'tis thine to day.

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No. 64.  All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.
Elsie Duncan Yale.  
J. Lincoln Hall.

Unison.

1. All Thy works shall praise Thee, King most high, Lo, Thy hand hath wrought them, Mountain peaks of old, Vales of sunlight golden, Beauty Thou hast brought them; Lofty is Thy bearing, Pow'r divine declaring, Tells creation's story, Distant isles of wonder, Humbly may we ponder, Love divine beholding; Blessings day by day our pathway crown, Great Thy loving kindness, King most high, King most high;

2. Everlasting hills Thy might proclaim; Midnight's starry glory, Silent tribute love as distant sky, Deep as rolling ocean, King most high, King most high; Ocean bless Thy name, Own Thee bounteous Giver, King most high, King most high;

3. Thine the hand so mighty, tender, strong, Evermore upholding, All His works of old, Yales of sunlight golden, Beauty Thou hast brought them; Loftiness is Thy bearing, Pow'r divine declaring, Tells creation's story, Distant isles of wonder, Humbly may we ponder, Love divine beholding; Blessings day by day our pathway crown, Great Thy loving kindness, King most high, King most high;

Chorus. Unison.

Great Creator, praise! We praise Thee! Pow'r is Thine, changeless as of old,

Parts.  

'Tis Thy hand earth hath spanned; All Thy wondrous works declare Thee, King divine.

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No. 65. 

Trust ing Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE. 

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Simply trusting every day; Trusting through a stormy way;
2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine;
3. Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear;
3. Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by,

Even when my faith is small,— Trusting Jesus, that is all.
While He leads, I cannot fall,— Trusting Jesus, that is all.
If in danger, for Him call,— Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting Him, what e'er befall,— Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus.

Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past—

Till within the jasper wall— Trusting Jesus, that is all.
The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

O lift your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, Ye everlasting doors, and let the King of glory in.
Unfold, O hearts; for He waits, the King of glory waits To rule with pow'r, to rule with love, the hearts that He loves to win. Who is this King, Whose praise we sing

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For whom the portals of the heavens swing! The Lord of hosts, He is
called the King of glory, The mighty Lord of battle, He Who conquers the
world of sin. Then seek His face with conscience pure, His holy hill with-
in to dwell secure, Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye
lifted up, Ye everlasting doors, and let the King of glory in!
No. 68.  
Keep in Step.  
LOUELLA LEONARD.  
S. B. STAMBAUGH.  
UNISON.  Lively march time.  
Parts.

1. Keep in step with teaching of His word, 'Tis a guide for all our way, As we
2. Keep in step, and fal - ter not nor fear, 'Tis the way that He has trod, As we

on-ward go in serv-ice of the Saviour, There is vic-t'ry ev-ry day.
on-ward press to win a crown of glo-ry, In the man-sions of our God.

Unison.  
Parts.  

Ev-er keep in step with sol-diers of the cross, 'Neath a light that ne'er grows dim,
'Tis a joy-ful jour - ney in His path divine, And His call our hearts o - bey,

For the Lord is lead-ing, then His guidance heeding, Keep in step with Him!
For the Lord is lead-ing, then His guidance heeding, Keep in step for aye.

Chorus. Unison.  
There is vic-t'ry ev-ry day, If we walk His cho - sen way,
There's a ra-diant crown of life, Af-ter earth-ly toil and strife,

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No. 69.  
O Worship the King.  
ROBERT GRANT.  
F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King all-glorious above, 
   And grateful ly sing His wonderful love; 
   Our Shield and Defender, the light, whose canopy, space; 
   His chariots of wrath the deep air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain. 

2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, 
   Whose robe is the trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender! How ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. 
   And dark is His path on the wings of the storm. 

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

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, 
   In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender! How ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. 
   And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
1. There's a word of comfort, For our way, 'Tis a loving Father
2. There's a word of gladness He has given, Speaks in tenderest mercy
3. There's a word of courage E'er shall cheer. Though the shadows darken

Chorus. Unison. Much faster.

Speaks to day, Thou art mine! Thou art mine!
God in heaven! Thou art mine! Thou art mine!
Yes, I am with thee, fear thou not!

Parts.

Sop. and Alto.

Rivers shall overflow thee never.

Male Voices, or All Unison.

I have redeem'd thy soul forever, Fear thou not!

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Thou Art Mine.—Concluded.

Fear thou not!
Fear thou not! . . . . Thou art mine! Fear not! . . . .

* A few selected voices may sing small notes.

No. 71. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour too;
3. Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not like them untrue.
Life with trials hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet, how rich is my condition! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
No. 72. All My Father Has is Mine.

Dorothy Ward. M. Isabelle Ritter.

1. I can nev-er count my treas-ure, Rich-es of His grace di-vine,
2. Mine, His promised word un-brok-en Ev-er like a light to shine,
3. Ev-ry need His hand sup-ply-ing, Un-to Him I’ll all re-sign.

Blessings in their full-est meas-ure, All my Fa-ther has is mine!
Ev-ry day brings some new tok-en, All my Fa-ther has is mine!
Ev-er on His word re-ly-ing, All my Fa-ther has is mine!

Chorus.

Prais-ing Him, the boun-teous Giv-er, Who can count His bless-ings fair?

MALE VOICES.

Lov-ing kindness keeps me ev-er, Rich-es of the King I share.

ALL IN UNISON, a tempo.

Ev-er shall my heart be sing-ing, Sing-ing of His love di-vine.

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All My Father Has is Mine.—Concluded.
Parts.

Free-ly are they giv-en, wondrous gifts from heaven, All my Fa-ther has is mine!

No. 73. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign,
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green;
3. O could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,

E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.
And see the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!

There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-ring flow'rs;
But tim'-rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea;
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood. And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides, This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin-ger, shiv'r-ing on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
No. 74.
Grace Gordon.
Solo, or All in Unison.

'Tis Done for Thee.

Adam Geibel.

1. 'Tis done for Thee! The service may be lowly, A kindly
2. 'Tis done for Thee! A lowly deed, yet loyal, A humble
3. 'Tis lived for Thee! A life of daily duty, 'Mid thronging

word, forgotten though it be, ... Yet Thou dost heed, within Thy heav'n so
deed that few perchance could see, ... But Thou dost know, upon Thy throne so
cares, and ne'er from toil set free, ... Yet Thou art nigh, O King in all Thy

holy, ... And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!
royal, ... And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!
beauty, ... And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!

Chorus, mp

'Tis done for Thee! ... 'Tis done for Thee! ... 'Tis done for Thee!

mf

"Yea, inasmuch ye do it unto me." ... do it unto me"

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Marching with the Heroes.

( Via Militaris. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.)

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

Adam Geibel.

No. 76.

1. Marching with the heroes, Comrades of the strong, 
   Lift we hearts and voices As we march along;
   All in chorus raised!
   Theirs the song of triumph, Ours the song of praise.

2. Glory to the heroes, Who in days of old 
   Trod the path of duty, Faithful, wise and bold,
   Strong the weak to save,
   Warriors all and freemen, Fighting for the slave.

3. So we sing the story Of the brave and true, 
   Till among the heroes We are heroes, too;
   Like the men of yore,
   Marching with the heroes Onward evermore.

Refrain. Parts.

Marching with the heroes, Comrades of the strong,
Marching, marching.

Lift we hearts and voices As we march along.

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No. 77. Scripture Reading.

(To be read before singing.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.—Eccles. xii: 1-7, 13.

There is One whom I Love.

A. A. Payn.

Andante molto.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

(From New World Symphony.)

1. There is One whom I love, Who has placed me here, That for Him I might sing With my loving Lord, O may I faithful be To the work thus giv'n. And of Him be approved, And that shall be heav'n.

2. Since His will is revealed In His written word, He commands that I walk Trusting Him Thro' the night and day; Walk with Him, trusting Him Thro' the night and day. I shall find Comfort there and rest; Knowing well I shall find Comfort there and rest.

3. Then will I do His will As to me revealed, Nor to doubt nor despair Should I be distressed, Knowing well I shall find Comfort there and rest.

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Hold Fast the Faith.

Grace Gordon.  

Adam Geibel.

1. Hold fast the faith all-glorious, Hold fast the truth victorious, The faith by which our fathers lived, The light that ne'er grew dim! Hold fast the promise lamp that shines upon the way That pilgrim feet have trod. Hold fast, thro' storms as joy that doth before us wait A beacon e'er shall shine! Hold fast the peace that

faith, ... the faith of old, ... The path it bright-ens, the way it light-ens, The

2. Hold fast the Book that's given, The Word of God in heaven, The spoken, The word that ne'er was broken, Let trust secure for aye endure, His word is all-prevailing, Let trust secure for aye endure, whose blessed sway endures for aye,

sailing, His word is all-prevailing, Let trust secure for aye endure, ever Un-failing, ceaseth never, Whose blessed sway endures for aye,

3. Hold fast the hope of glory, Hold fast the precious story, The joy that doth before us wait A beacon e'er shall shine! Hold fast the peace that

faith, ... the faith of old, ... The path it bright-ens, the way it light-ens, The faith that

CHORUS.

Hold fast the faith in Him!  
Hold fast the Word of God! 
Hold fast to peace divine!

Hold, ... O hold ye fast ... Unto the

MALE VOICES.

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Hold Fast the Faith.—Concluded.

All in Unison.

fear-less shall up-hold.

Hold, . . . O hold for aye, . . . and ev-ry
care . . . up-on Him cast, . . . Un-to the fearless faith of old, O hold ye fast!

Parts.

No. 79. There is a Green Hill Far Away.


1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit-y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear; But we be-lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiv’n, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4 There was no oth-er good enough To pay the price of sin; He on-ly could un-

Chorus.

cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us He hung and suffered there.
last to heav’n, Saved by His precious blood.
lock the gate Of heav’n and let us in.

O de-arl-ly, de-arl-ly has He loved, And
we must love Him, too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

The Cloud and Fire.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Israel Were compelled in the wilderness to dwell,
2. To and fro as a ship without a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'ring they were fed; To the land of the promise they were led;

Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of perfect day.
But the sign of their God was ever near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.

Chorus. Unison.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just before, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,
No. 81.  The Lord Is My Shepherd.

JAMES S. MONTGOMERY.  

No. 81.  The Lord Is My Shepherd.

THOMAS KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pasture, safe
   fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when
   e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
   curp runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I
   meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their

2. Thro' the val-ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
   fall, with my Com-fort-er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Comfort - er near.
   ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
   sojourn, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

3. In the midst of af-flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my

4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I
No. 82.  
Sunshine and Rain.  
C. H. G.  

1. Had we only sunshine all the year around, Without the blessing of refreshing rain, Would we scatter seed upon the fallow ground, And hope to gather flowers, fruit and grain?  
2. Had we not a sorrow or a cross to bear, For Him who bore our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or even strive eternal joys to win?  
3. Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain, Repining when the days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures yet distant? Can we hope for pleasures yet distant?  

Chorus.  
Sunshine and rain, refreshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above!  

Sunshine and rain, to nurture the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

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1. Praise the Lord for cloudy skies, Sing His love again, What He sends is
2. Praise the Lord when dark days come, Days all full of pain; He who watches
3. Praise the Lord for all He sends, Trust Him nor complain: He who doeth

Chorus. Sop. and Alto.

for the best, Tho' He sends the rain. From above. Sometimes gives us rain. So we must praise Him for the show'rs,

Parts.

For the clouds are rich with blessing, Bringing the grain and golden flow'rs,

Sop. and Alto.

All the wealth of earth possessing, He who doth mark the sparrows fall, Sees thee in thy

Trio.

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No. 84.  Grace Gordon.
The Armor of God.  Alfred Judson.  
(Cho. arr. from Wagner.)

1. There's an armor given, By the King's command, While the host of heaven Round you circling stand.
2. There's an armor royal, 'Tis the Conqueror's own, Forth with courage loyal, God is on His throne.
3. God Himself shall arm you, Let each heart be glad, Naught can ever harm you, In His armor clad.

Be strong, be strong, Be ye strong, be ye strong,
Be ye strong, be ye strong,
Be ye strong, be ye strong,

Chorus.*
 valorant for the Lord your God! . . . . . . .  
There is a spirit sword that The Lord of hosts will aye your

you shall wield A helmet of salvation, And faith shall strength renew, Go forth with exultation, Put on the

be your shining shield, Your path a King has trod . . . . . . . . . ar - mor tried and true, The armor of your God . . . . . . . . .

* Sing Chorus twice. First time Male Voices, second time all voices in Unison.

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Has He Chosen You?

No. 85.

Dorothy Ward. Adam Geibel.

1. He has chosen helpers tried and true, Who His word have heeded;
2. He has chosen comrades of the cross, Who must fail Him never;
3. Since He chose as friends to be His own From the meek and lowly,

All who gladly seek His will to do In His cause are needed.
They who count the gain of earth as loss Reign with Him forever.
We may live for Him and Him alone, Who is Lord most holy.

Chorus.

Has He chosen you? Has He chosen you? As a comrade in His

SERVING, And His will to do? Gladly leaving all, heed His loving

call, Be a steadfast friend, and faithful, If the Lord has chosen you.

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The Captain is Calling.

No. 86.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. In the ranks so true there's a place for you, The Captain is calling;
2. To a conflict long 'gainst a foe so strong, The Captain is calling;
3. To a rich reward by His wondrous word, The Captain is calling;

Then enlist today serve Him while you may, The Captain calls for you.
As a comrade brave come the lost to save, The Captain calls for you.
Win a crown of life when shall end earth's strife, The Captain calls for you

Chorus.

Sops and Altos.

For comrades loyal-hearted ever, The Captain is calling;

Male Voices.

O come with glad and true endeavor, The Captain calls for you.

Then enlist beneath His standard royal, Then be ready both to dare and

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The Captain is Calling.—Concluded.

ALL Parts.

do, The Captain is calling, He calls for you.

No. 87.

Thine For Service.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I have made my choice to follow Christ each day, I am Thine for service Lord;
2. Let me idle not the precious hours away, I am Thine for service Lord;
3. I will never ask Thee 'How,' or 'Where,' or 'Why?' For I've cast my lot with Thee
4. I am Thine for service 'till the last glad hour Shall have passed on earth from me;

Tho' I sometimes falter on the thorny way, I am Thine for service Lord.
As Thy voice shall bid me, I will go or stay, I am Thine for service Lord.
'Til the glory-gates shall open by and by, With a 'Welcome Home' for me.
And I wake to service of a greater pow'r, Thro' a glad eternity.

CHORUS.

Thine for service when the days are drear, Thine for service when the skies are clear;

Yes, Thine for service thro' the coming years, I am Thine for service, Lord.

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Win the Waiting World.

No. 88.

Grace Gordon.

Adam Geibel.

1. O win the world for Jesus, for the call is sounding, Let the royal standard be unfurled, His command is given, list the Lord of heaven, I am with you always, hear His promise ringing, Then onward!

2. O win the world for Jesus, on His strength relying, Open ye the blessed gospel gates, Send the light of glory, tell the wondrous story, Joy divine each trusting heart for aye elates, Go forward!

3. O win the world for Jesus, and to others bear ye tidings of a triumph over sin, Lo, He goes before you, lo, His love is o'er you, Neath the cross of Jesus win the waiting world, Then onward!

Chorus.

Neath the cross of Jesus win a world that waits, Go forward!

Neath the cross of Jesus all the wide world win.

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Win the Waiting World.—Concluded.

conqu'ring King, forward! win for Him a world that waits.

No. 89. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. (Barnard.) Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Master; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Master; Naught else is worthy His love;

Ref.—Give of your best to the Master; Give of the strength of your youth;

Fine.

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ardor into the battle for truth.
Give Him first place in your service, Consecrate every part.
He gave Himself for your ransom, Gave up His glory above;

Clad in salvation's full armor, Join in the battle for truth.

Jesus has set the example; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be given; God His beloved Son gave;
Laid down His life without murmur, You from sin's ruin to save;

Give Him your loyal devotion, Give Him the best that you have.
Gratefully seeking to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's adoration, Give Him the best that you have.
No. 90. The Lord Hath Need of Me.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

Adam Geibel.
No. 91. The Service of the Lord Means Victory.

A. A. Payn. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Put on the armor of the Gospel, Nor fear the mighty foe; With the
2. With faith we storm the heights before us, And ever upward climb; For to
3. Then let us never be discouraged, But always of good cheer; Tho' the

Chorus. All in Unison.

Cross of Christ before us, In confidence we go.} The {service of the Lord means
follow where He leads us Means victory all the time.} willingly we hear His
victory seems far distant, We know it must be near.

"Victory," Glad victory, sure victory! Then} Who leads to heights sublime.
"Follow me," (Omit) 

We'll follow in His footsteps every day, His promise shall sustain us all the way;

Male Voices.

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No. 92. Will You Say, "Here Am I, Send Me?"

A. A. Payn.  J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There are souls that wait for the Gospel light, Jesus calls for thee;
2. If to bear His cross into lands unknown Far beyond the sea,
3. If I bear a cross I shall win a crown, Ready I shall be,

Will you answer be, if by day or night, "Here am I, send me?"
Will your heart respond, tho' you go alone, "Here am I, send me?"
Try to bear it well 'til I lay it down, Should He call on me.

Chorus.

Will you say when the Master calls, "Send me, I'll go, I'll go,

I am ready now for Thy service, Lord, All I am I give to Thee?"
I am ready now for Thy service, Lord, Here am I, send me?

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No. 93.  
**In His Name.**

Edna Randolph Worrell.  
Adam Geibel.

1. How can we serve the Master, Far from His dwelling place?
2. What can we do for Jesus, Who for our lives gave all,
3. How can we prove we love Him? Words without deeds are vain;

Heaven is high above us, Nor can we see His face.
Is there no gift to offer, Poor tho' it be and small?
Service will tell the story Praises can ne'er contain.

Chorus, Unison.

{In His name . . . loving service be given}
{Do His will . . . as 'tis done . . . in His (Omit)}

In His name, unto those whom we pass on our way;

2 Parts.

Heaven, We would be serving our Master and King from day to day, day to day.

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No. 94.  True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful andloy-al, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be Un-der the standard ex-alt-ed androy-al, Strong in thy glo-ri-ous King; Val-lant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-bedienc, Free-ly and reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-tor-ious, Free-ly sur-

2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our joy-ous-ly now would we bring, ren-dered and whol-ly thine own. Peal out the watchword! Si-lence it nev-er! Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watchword! Loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all-glo-rious! Take thy great pow-er and strength we will bat-tle for thee. Peal out the watchword! Si-lence it nev-er! Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watchword! Loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o-bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to Him con-fide, Trusting in His grace a-lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-se-ma-ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-sw'er to His call?
Would you an-sw'er "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you an-sw'er "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev'-ry com-fort you have known?
When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

Chorus.

Answer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And no mat-ter what He says to you.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And your serv-ice He will bless.

Do not fal-ter, hes-i-tate, nor ask Him "Why?" But an-sw'er "Yes."

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1. I am a stranger here, within a foreign land; My home is far away, upon a golden strand; Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

2. This is the King's command: that all men, everywhere, repent and turn away from sin's seductive snare; That all who will obey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.

3. My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain, Eternal life and joy thro'-out its vast domain; My Sovereign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell. And that's my business for my King.

Chorus.

This is the message that I bring, A message angels fain would sing: "O be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye reconciled to God."

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Come With Him.

Chorus. A little slower.

Then follow, follow in the Master's way, With loving hearts and true, His bidding gladly do, Then follow, follow,

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One More Day's Work for Jesus

Anna B. Warner

Rev. Robt. Lowry

1. One more day's work for Jesus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dearer, Than yesterday to me; His love and light Fill all my soul tonight.

2. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the glory, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Before His face I fall.

3. One more day's work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the glory, When Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Before His face I fall.

4. O blessed work for Jesus! O rest, at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

Chorus.

One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus.

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No. 99. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

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

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

Chorus.

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

vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Com-mand-er; "On!" . . . . We'll move at His command,
great Com-mand-er; "On!"

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

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Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there be any stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there be any stars in my crown?

3. O what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his praise like the sea billow rolls. Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown, any stars in my crown?

Chorus.

When at evening the sun goeth down... When I wake with the blest

In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?... any stars in my crown?

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No. 101. **O Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.**

**Jessie H. Brown.**

Fred. A. Fillmore.

1. O scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fertile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy untold, your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

**Chorus.**

Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast.
That ripened grain from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last.

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No. 102.  Win Them One by One.  C. A. M.
  In march time.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
   Men re-deemed we strive to bring,

2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
   Saved are we, but lost are they;

3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis-use;
   Dare this gift of God mis-use;

4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;
   Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;

   Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.
   Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.

   They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by pray'r.
   They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by pray'r.

   Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
   Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.

   Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.
   Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

Chorus.

   So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
   So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In

   all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;
   all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;

   no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.
   no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.
No. 103. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me,  
   As Thou didst break the loaves beside the sea;  
   I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!

2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,  
   As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee; Then shall all bondage cease,  
   I shall find my peace, My All in All.

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JOHN BURTON.

1. Holy Bible, Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
   Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.

2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
   Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to punish or reward.

3. Mine to comfort in distress, Suffering in this wilderness;  
   Mine to show, by living faith, Man can triumph over death.

4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom:  
   O thou holy Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.
(May be sung before the study of the lesson.)

Grace Gordon.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Book of the a-ges, Guide our way, Fair o'er thy pa-ges Shines hope's ray;
2. Book of the a-ges, God has plann'd, When tempest ra-ges Thou dost stand;
3. Book of the a-ges, Strong in might, To thee the sa-ges Turn for light;

Ev-er thy bea-con bright-ly doth shine, Book of the a-ges di-vine!
Rock and foun-da-tion, deep treasure mine, Book of the a-ges di-vine!
All peace and com-fort, all hope is thine, Book of the a-ges di-vine!


Guid-ing, guid-ing, won-der-ful bea-con for-ev-er, Guid-ing, guid-ing,

Parts.  Unison.  Parts.

com-pass that faileth us nev-er; Guid-ing, guid-ing, light that is lead-ing us

Unison.  Parts.

ev-er; Wonder-ful word, gift of our Lord, Book of the a-ges blest.
1. Holy Bible, Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to comfort in distress, Suffering in this wilderness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom;

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to punish or reward;
Mine to show by living faith, Man can triumph over death;
O thou holy Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Quartet or Chorus.

Holy Bible, Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;

O thou holy Book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.
No. 107.  Carry Your Bible.

FRED P. MORRIS.  
Arr. by R. H.  

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Carry your Bible with you; Let all its blessing out flow;
2. Carry the Word of pardon; Sweeter each day it will grow;
3. Carry the wondrous story; Tell it to hearts plunged in woe;
4. Carry the Word of promise; Sinners unpardoned may know

It will supply you each moment; Take it wherever you go.
Somewhere some heart will be waiting; Take it wherever you go.
This Word of gracious redemption, Take it wherever you go.
God's path from sin unto safety; Take it wherever you go.

Refrain.

Take it wherever you go, . . . Take it wherever you go, . . .

God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go . . .
My Mother's Bible.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which recalls the happy
days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand upon my brow, And I
died up-on the tree; Of his heavy load of care, Then she dried my flowing tear With her
day has been my guide; And I seek to do his will, As my mother taught me then, And

2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As he blest the children dear, How he suffered, bled and

3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the dear old Book each

Chorus.

heard her voice in gentle tones and low. Blessed book, ... precious book, ...

kiss - es as she said it was for me.} 
ev - er in my heart his words abide.} 

Blessed book, precious book, 

On thy dear old tear-stain'd leaves I love to look; ... Thou art sweeter day by day, 

love to look;

As I walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

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No. 109.

**Fill Me Now.**

E. H. Stokes, D. D.

---

D.S. — Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

1. Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

D. S.

---

M. M. Wells.

---

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I cannot tell Thee how; But I need Thee, greatly need Thee; Come, O come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sacred feet I bow;

---

No. 110.

**Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.**

M. M. W.

---

By permission of John J. Hood.


D. C. — Whisp'ring softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend, Ever near, Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear.

3 When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release, Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names are there; When the storms are raging sore, Wading deep in dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood; Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!

When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release, Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names are there; When the storms are raging sore, Wading deep in dismal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood; Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!

---

Fine. Chorus.

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He Must Reign.

C. Austin Miles.

No. 111.

1. A - wake, and in His strength renewed, The bat - tle cry take up a - gain;
2. Too long His fol - low - ers i - dly stood, By self - ish creed and doc-trine rent;
3. U - nite and in His strength go on, Nor count a life as lost, but gain;
4. To dare and do for Him is meet, The strug - gle shall not be in vain;

All en - e - mies shall be sub - dued, And Christ the Lord shall reign.
Nor knew that for one Broth - er - hood His own short life was spent.
And soon the vic - t'ry shall be won, For Je - sus Christ must reign.
The trum - pets shall not call "Re - treat," For Je - sus Christ must reign.

Chorus.

For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! Our hope in Him is not in vain, For Christ must reign!

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Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilty, vile and helpless, we; Spotless Lamb of God was He,
4. Lifted up was He to die, "It is finished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

Ruined sinners to reclaim! Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Sealed my pardon with His blood; Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
"Full atonement," can it be? Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Now in heaven exalted high; Hallelujah, what a Saviour!
Then anew this song we'll sing: Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

L. B. Bridgers.

1. There's within my heart a melody Jesus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wreck'd by sin and strife, Discord fill'd my heart with pain,
3. Feasting on the riches of His grace, Resting'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Trials fall a-cross the way,
5. Soon He's coming back to welcome me Far beyond the starry sky;

"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still." In all of life's ebb and flow.
Jesus swept across the broken strings. Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Always looking on His smiling 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 flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

D.S.—Keeps me singing as I go.
He Keeps Me Singing.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,—Sweetest name I know, Fills my every longing,

No. 114. Ivory Palaces.

(Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45:8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.)

H. B.

1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
2. His life also its sorrows sore, For aloes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cassia dipp’d, With healing in a touch;
4. In garments glorious He will come, To open wide the door;

Its fragrance reach’d to this heart of mine, With joy my being thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp’d, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall enter my heav’n-ly home, To dwell for ev-er-more.

CHORUS. DUET. Slowly, softly, and with much expression.

Out of the ivory palaces Into a world of woe,

FULL CHORUS.

Only His great eternal love Made my Saviour go.

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

2. All my heart to Him I give, Ever to Him I'll cling, In His blessed love Out of the angry waves. He's the Master of the sea, 

3. Soul in danger, look above, Jesus completely saves; He will lift you Heard my despairing cry, From the waters lifted me, Now safe am I. Merits my soul's best songs; Faithful, loving service, too, To Him belongs. Billows His will obey; He your Saviour wants to be—Be saved today.

CHORUS.

When nothing else could help, Love lifted me.

No. 116.

Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O bless-ed Lord, to Thee I'm com-ing, My lit-tle all to
give to Thee; My stub-born will I yield for-ev-er, Have Thine own
doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur-render, O bless-ed
ev-er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re-deem-er, Thou art my
way, 'tis best for me.
Lord, be ev-er near.} Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own
King, my Lord di-vine.

2. I need Thy help, O bless-ed Sav-iour, I'm tired of sin and

Chorus. a tempo. cres.

way, All on the al-tar I glad-ly lay; Thou art the

Pot-ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

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No. 117.  Yes, I Know that He is Able.

E. E. Hewitt.
Sop. and Alto.

1. Do you know the mighty Saviour thron'd a-bove, Nev-er chang-ing in His
2. Do you know He o-ver-com-eth ev-’ry foe, As when Daniel prov’d His
3. Do you know He ev-er-more will keep His own, That the trust-ing soul He

wis-dom, pow’r and love, Will de-liv-er you to-day, When for
God, so long a-go? When temp-ta-tions round you throng, Is He
will not leave a-lone? In your tri-als, day by day, Cares and

"Pres-ent help" your pray; Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?
still your strength and song? Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?
dan-gers by the way, Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?

Chorus.

Yes, I know... that He is a-ble; Yes, I know... that

Yes, I know

He is will-ing; He is a-ble, He is will-ing;

He is a-ble, He is will-ing;

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Yes, I Know that He is Able.—Concluded.

No. 118. 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 Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,
4. It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;

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 that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho’dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lov-est me,

D.S.—I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O’er mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy message 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.

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

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No. 119.  

God's Way.  

L. S. L.  

DUET. *Espressivo.*  

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri- als
2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath plann'd, I'll trust in Him al- way
3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up- on Him,

Oft gath-er 'round me;  He ev-er is seek- ing My gold to re-fine,
While hold-ing His hand.  In shad-ow or sun-shine He ev-er is near,
Sweet, sweet is my rest.  No harm shall be-fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

Chorus. *Animato.*  

So hum-bly I trust Him, My Sav-iour di- vine.
With Him for my ref- uge, I nev-er need fear.  } God's way is the best way,
I'll cling to Him ev- er, So pre-ci-ous is He.

God's way is the right way, I trust in Him al- way, He knoweth the best.

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No. 120. I Have Left All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. CLYDE WILLARD.

1. I have left all to follow my Saviour, Where He may lead by night or by day;
2. I have left all to follow my Saviour, Ev’ry desire I merge in His will;
3. I have left all to follow my Saviour, All of my pride and sinful desires;
4. I have left all to follow my Saviour, Never will I turn back to the world;

And I’m resolved that I will be faith-ful To my dear Friend the whole of the way.
Tho’ He may walk the valley of sorrow, All of the way I’ll go with Him still.
Will-ing to be conformed to His im-age, Ready to do whate’er He re-quires.
Then I shall reign with Je-sus in glo-ry, Af-ter the stars from heaven are hurl’d.

CHORUS.

I have left all . . . . to follow my Sav-iour, To follow my Sav-iour, To follow my Sav-iour, To follow my Sav-iour.

Lord . . . each hour of the day, . . . I have left all . . . . to follow my Sav-iour, Will-ing to go . . . . each step of the way.

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No. 121. To the Mountain.

1. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where the sweet-est spic-es grow;
2. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where my Sav-iour died for me;
3. I will get me to the mount-ain, To the mountain-top of prayer;

I will rest be-side the fount-a in, With the heav’n-ly light a-glow.
In the depth of Cal-v’ry’s fount-a in, Find-ing peace and pur-i-ty.
By the ev-er-flow-ing fount-a in, I will meet my Sav-iour there.

Chorus.

Till the day-break, till the daybreak, And the shadows flee a-way;
Till the day-break, till the day-break, And the shadows flee a-way.

Copyright, MCMXXI, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson. By per.
1. Into the valley of grief and shame, Into the twilight dim,
   White is the fleece of the ninety and nine, Murmur ye not in scorn,
   You were a little lost sheep astray, Brother, and so was I.

2. Over the mountain the Shepherd came And gathered His own to Him,
   "Little Lost Sheep, this coat of thine Is blackened and soiled and torn."
   Wounded and sick on the hills away, And ready almost to die.

3. Over the mountain the Shepherd came And gathered His own to Him,
   "Little Lost Sheep, this coat of thine Is blackened and soiled and torn."
   Wounded and sick on the hills away, And ready almost to die.

4. Ten der the love in the Shepherd's voice, The quivering soul is
   Only the Shepherd our souls can keep, Our feet are so prone to
   moan? Will they be kind to the little lost sheep When the
   lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the
   lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my
   lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the
   lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my
   lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the
   lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my
   lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the

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1. Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling, Then I know the
sins of earth beset on ev'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
vain to me are calling, None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.

2. Far below the storm of doubt upon the world is beating, Sons of men in
bishop long the enemy withstand. Safe am I within the castle
of God's word retreat ing, Nothing then can reach me-'tis Beulah Land.

3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry can-not alarm me, I am safely
shelter'd here protected by God's hand. Here the sun is always shining,
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for ever in Beulah Land.

4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation, Hearing now His
of God's word retreat ing, Nothing then can reach me-'tis Beulah Land.

Chorus.

I'm living on the mountain, underneath a cloudless sky, Praise God!

drink ing at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast ing on the

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Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

manna from a bountiful supply For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.

No. 124.

In the Garden.

C. A. M.  C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the
   voice I hear, Falling on my ear; The Son of God discloses.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing And the
   bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is calling.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be falling, But He
   Chorus.

   And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,

   And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

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Note.—On all "Talking Machine" records. Nearly 600,000 have been sold. Also supplied in Sheet Music, 25cts., net.
No. 125. The Heart that was Broken for Me.
J. W. V.

J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There came from the skies in the days long ago
   The Lord with a message of love;
   The world knew Him not, He was treated with scorn—This
   hat-ed and driv-en a-way.

2. He came to His own—to the ones that He lov’d;
   The sheep that had no place for His head;
   They heard not His voice, but the friend of mankind Was
   will-ing to suf-fer the pain.

3. The birds have their nests, and the fox- es have holes,
   But He had no wound Him a-gain;
   A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain side Was
   4. I can-not re-ject such a Saviour as He;
   Dis-hon-or and will-ing to suf-fer the pain.
   I’ll go to His feet and re-pent of my sin, Be

   A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain side Was
   wound Him a-gain;
   I’ll go to His feet and re-pent of my sin, Be

   stripes; He was smit ten and nail’d to the tree, (to the tree.) But the pain in His
   side, For the path-way of du-ty I see, (yes, I see,) I will fol-low my

   heart was the hard-est to bear, The heart that was broken for me:
   Lord and a-bide in His heart, The heart that was broken for me:

   They crown’d Him with thorns, He was beaten with
   hat-ed and driv-en a - way.
   They crown’d Him with thorns, He was beaten with

   They crown’d Him with thorns, He was beaten with
   hat-ed and driv-en a - way.
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No. 126.  
Let Him In.  
J. B. Atchinson.  
E. O. Excell.

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

Let the Sav'our in, Let the Sav'our in;

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

Let the Sav'our in, Let the Sav'our in;

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

Let Him in, Him in;
Let Him in, Him in;
Let Him in, Him in;
Let the Sav'our in, Let the Sav'our in;

Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
take you home to heav'n, Let the Sav'our in, Let the Sav'our in.

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"Choose ye this day whom you will serve."
Hear ye it not the Lord's command?
Ever along the way
snares lie all around;
Pleasures of earth will oft
Lord indeed your King;
Faint not nor falter, press
of life, You will need a guiding hand.
be-guile, Climb above to higher ground.
ahead, To the cross of Cal'vy clinging.

CHORUS. Parts.
Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;
As for me and my house we will serve the Lord's command? Ev'er a-long the way
snares lie all a-round; Pleas-ures of earth will oft
Lord in-deed your King; Faint not nor fal-ter, press
of life, You will need a guid-ing hand.
be-guile, Climb a-bove to high-er ground.
ahead, To the cross of Cal'vy cling.

Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;
As for me and my house we will serve the Lord's command? Ev'er a-long the way
snares lie all a-round; Pleas-ures of earth will oft
Lord in-deed your King; Faint not nor fal-ter, press
of life, You will need a guid-ing hand.
be-guile, Climb a-bove to high-er ground.
ahead, To the cross of Cal'vy cling.

Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;
As for me and my house we will serve the Lord's command? Ev'er a-long the way
snares lie all a-round; Pleas-ures of earth will oft
Lord in-deed your King; Faint not nor fal-ter, press
of life, You will need a guid-ing hand.
be-guile, Climb a-bove to high-er ground.
ahead, To the cross of Cal'vy cling.

Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day, . . . . Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;
As for me and my house we will serve the Lord's command? Ev'er a-long the way
snares lie all a-round; Pleas-ures of earth will oft
Lord in-deed your King; Faint not nor fal-ter, press
of life, You will need a guid-ing hand.
be-guile, Climb a-bove to high-er ground.
ahead, To the cross of Cal'vy cling.
Choose Ye this Day.—Concluded.

Duet. Slowly.

Quartet.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;
2. God’s voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;

Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam, Some-bod-y’s prayer ing for you;
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;
God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;

Some-bod-y loves you wher-ev-er you stray, Some-bod-y’s praying for you;
Some-bod-y’s wrest-ling in pray’r for your soul, Bears you in faith to God day aft-er day;
Kneel in your weak-ness confess-ing your sin, Long-ing to see you made perfect-ly whole;

Pray’rful-ly follow-s you all the dark way, Some-bod-y’s praying for you, for you;
Down where the billows of Cal-va-ry roll, Some-bod-y’s praying for you, for you;
O-pen your heart, let love’s cleansing tide in, Some-bod-y’s praying for you, for you;

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I’m praying for you.

Chorus. ("For You I Am Praying.") Very softly.

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1. Behold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ever-more,
2. I bore the cruel thorns for thee; I waited long and patiently;
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Remember all my grief and pain!
4. I bring thee joy from heav’n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and love;

With gentle voice, O heart of sin, May I come in? May I come in?
Say, weary heart, oppress’d with sin, May I come in? May I come in?
I died to ransom thee from sin, May I come in? May I come in?
Say, weary heart, oppress’d with sin, May I come in? May I come in?

Chorus.

Behold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ever-more;

Say, weary heart, oppress’d with sin, May I come in? May I come in?
The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

Elizabeth C. Clephane.  Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine, that safely lay In the shelter of the fold.
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransom'd ever knew How deep were the waters cross'd;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far-off from the gates of gold—
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wander'd a-way from me.

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:

"They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re joice! I have found my sheep!"

A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender And, although the road be rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to

Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick and helpless and And the an-gels echoed a-round the throne, "Re joice! For the Lord brings

Shepherd's care, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care. find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."

read-y to die, Sick and help-less and read-y to die. many a thorn, They are pierc'd to-night by many a thorn." back His own! Re joice! For the Lord brings back His own!"

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Tell Me the Old, Old Story

1. Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and His love; Tell me the story simply, As to a little child, For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled.

2. Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in— That wonder-grave; Remember that this world’s passing away at noon. 

3. Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember that the early dew of morning is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Story: A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear That this world’s empty glory Is costing me too dear; Yes, and when that world’s ly, When you have cause to fear That this world’s

Chorus.

And helpless and defiled.

Has pass’d a-way at noon.

A comforter to me.

"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story Of Jesus and His love.

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No. 132. Where the Years Shall be Counted No More.

W. C. POOLE
B. D. ACKLEY.

Solo.

1. There are mansions awaiting for you and for me, When all of life's
2. There the glory of Jesus drives darkness away, And gives us the
3. There are blessings unmeasured beyond the bright blue That fill all the

journey is o'er, Where the shadows of parting will never more be,
spring-time of youth. Where the Saviour forever makes endless our day,
heavenly shore. There is glory eternal where live all the true,

Chorus. Parts.

And time shall be counted no more,
In heavenly gladness and truth. Where the years shall be counted no more,

Solo. ad lib.

more, ... Where the years shall be counted no more, ... We shall never grow

no more,

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1. If path-less forests meet my view, I will not doubt nor fear;
2. No track-less plain my faith can dim, De-spite its vast do-main;
3. No sea too deep nor wide for me, With faith shall I em-bark;
4. So an-where and ev'-where In pleas-ure, woe, or pain,

What has been done that I can do, My way shall be made clear.
But with my faith made strong in Him, I’ll sing my glad re-frain.
For He who walked on Gal-i-lee Will saf-ely guide my bark.
My cross a-lone I do not bear, Nor do I trust in vain.

Chorus.

I’ve de-cid-ed, Lord, that I will fol-low Thee, An-y-where, An-y-where, An-y-where,

O-ver the land or o-ver the sea, It mat-ters not where

it may be, For I’ve de-cid-ed, Lord, to fol-low Thee, An-y-where, An-y-where.
No. 134.  Room for Jesus.

C. Austin Miles.  H. P. Danks.

1. Room for Jesus; can it be, Bethlehem could find no place
2. Does He yet inquire in vain For a place His head to lay?
3. Enter in, O Heavenly Guest, Make my heart Thy dwelling fair;
4. I, with Christ, am one today; Weakness I, but strength is He.

For the Christ of Galilee, Saviour of a fallen race?
Can I still His plea disdain, Let Him turn from me away?
Then am I forever blest With my Saviour's presence there.
Will He ever with me stay? Yea, thro' all eternity.

Refrain.

O, my Master, Thou wilt find... Room within my heart for Thee...

And I know Thou, ever kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.

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No. 135. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. Austin Miles.

B. D. Ackley.

1. “I am the Way,” the Saviour said, And I would follow on,
   Content to know that after night Shall break a glorious dawn.

2. “I am the Truth;” then Truth shall be A beacon light to guide
   My bark across the stormy sea To where still waters glide.

3. “I am the Life,” there is no death For me to fear, nor dread,
   Since by His all-atoning blood My life to His is wed.

CHORUS.

“I...... am the Way, ...... the Truth, ...... and the Life, ......
No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” (by Me.)
No. 136. Bring Ye All the Tithes.

"Bring ye all the tithes ... prove me now ... if I will not open the windows of heaven."—MAL. 3: 10.

Chas. H. Reynolds

C. Austin Miles.

1. Heav'ns win-dows are not o - pen wide, There's dearth in all the land to - day.
2. God's choic-est bless-ings are with-held, He tells us in His ho - ly word;
3. The vine yields not her rich - est fruit, And tares grow up in place of wheat.

The times have chang'd, but God has not, His chal-lenge is the same al - way;
Be - cause our sins be-tween us come And sep - a - rate us from our Lord.
God is not pleas'd to have it so; O let us seek His mer - cy seat.

Chorus.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house; And prove me now," saith the Lord your God;

And I will pour you out such a bless-ing, There will not be room e - nough to con-

tain it," Heap'd up, press'd down, Shaken togeth-er, And run - ning o - ver.

Heap'd up, press'd down,

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No. 137.  For God so Loved the World.

E. E. Hewitt.  

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A story sweet and wondrous, Like heav’n-ly music swells;
2. When, griev-ing, brok-en-heart-ed, Be-cause of sin and shame,
3. This love, be-yond all meas-ure Of earth or sea or sky,
4. Come, broth-er, come to Je-sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim-ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos-pel bells.
We find a joy earth can-not de-stroy, Be-liev-ing on His name.
Could on-ly show its full o-ver-flow, When Je-sus came to die.
His grace re-ceive, His prom-ise be-lie-ve, And sing His praise a-new.

Chorus.

For God so loved the world that He gave His on-ly be-
For God . . . . so loved the world,

got-ten Son, that who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth in Him, who-so-
ev-er be-liev-eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not

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For God so Loved the World.—Concluded.

per-ish, but have ever-last-ing life.

No. 138. Some Day He’ll Make It Plain.
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.
Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know why oft’round me My hopes all shat-ter’d seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father’s heart a-bove;
3. Tho’ tri-als come thro’ pass-ing days, My life will still be fill’d with praise;

God’s perfect plan I can-not see, ... But some day I’ll un-der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, ... But some day I’ll un-der-stand.
For God will lead thro’ darken’d ways, ... But some day I’ll un-der-stand.

Chorus.

Some day he’ll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

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No. 139.  I Am Alpha and Omega.

C. Austin Miles.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. My trust I place now and ever In One my soul can deliver, A
2. My heart with joy now is telling Of Him who finds there a dwelling, Whose
3. Jehovah, God! Still attend me, From doubt and fear still defend me, Faith

Chorus.

Refuge strong, failing never, For His word is sure. I am Alpha and Omega, The beginning and the ending, Which is and which

was, And which is to come. I am Alpha and Omega, The Beginning and the ending, The Almighty, the Almighty, saith the Lord.
No. 140. Behold, What Manner of Love.

C. A. M.  
C. Austin Miles.

1. O the won - drous love the Fa - ther shows Un - to us un - 
wor - thy His to be, For we have been made the sons of God Thro'
joy and bliss di - vine, We shall be like Him whose own we are, And
pear His own to greet, Read - y may we be, true sons in - deed, With

2. When He shall ap - pear what we shall be Fills the soul with

3. Hope - ful - ly we wait for that glad day, When He shall ap-

Chorus. Slower.

Christ of Cal - va - ry, in His beau - ty shine, Be - hold, what man-ner of love, Be-
joy our Lord to meet.

hold, what man-ner of love, the Fa - ther has be-stowed up - on us, that

we should be called the chil - dren of God, the chil - dren of God.
No. 141. He was Wounded for Our Transgressions.

W. Cowper.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dying thief re-joic'd to see That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song. I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away;
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stam'mring tongue Lies silent in the grave.

Chorus. Unison.
(Isaiah 53: 5.)

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities;

Parts.

The chastise-ment of our peace was upon Him, And with His stripes we are heal'd,

Unison.

He was wound-ed for our transgres-sions, He was wound-ed for our trans-
He was Wounded for Our, etc.—Concluded.

Parts. * piu lento.

gress-sions, And with His stripes we are heal’d, With His stripes we are heal’d.

No. 142. Let Me Help Someone To-day.

"They helped everyone his neighbor."—Isa. 41:6.

Mrs. J. I. McC.
Duet.—Sop. and Alto.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. Burdens are pressing in somebody’s life, Thou knowest whom it may be;
2. Comfort is need-ed by ma-ny a heart Saddened by sorrow and loss,
3. Some-body’s needing a message of cheer, Writ-ten or spok-en by you,
4. Ma-ny are blind to the need of Thy love, Ma-ny are deaf to Thy call;

Times of tempta-tion and tri-al and strife, All are permit-ted to see.
Not as the world gives would I have a part, On-ly what comes from Thy cross.
If from your heart He has cast out all fear, Someone needs that work done, too.
O-pen their eyes and their ears from above, May they find Thee as their all.

CHORUS. Parts.

Let me be help-ful in some-bod-y’s life, Time is now slip-ping a-way;

Here in this world where temptations are rise, Let me help someone to-day.

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When I Awake.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Sin may leave its mark on me That no eye but God can see,
   But from this I shall be free, When I awake.

2. On the rocks of trouble wrecked, Body bent, but soul erect,
   Naught shall fail that I expect, When I awake.

3. In His robe of righteousness, My "All-perfect heav'n-ly dress,"
   I with joy shall Him confess, When I awake.

Chorus.

"As for me, as for me, When I behold His face in righteousness,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, When I awake, when I awake in His likeness."
No. 144. Greater is He that is in You.

C. Austin Miles.

C. Austin Miles.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Look up when all the way is dark, And see the stars above; Your every step is guided by A mighty Saviour's love, passed this way before Most surely knows it all. "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world," By whom the forces of evil shall from their pow'r be hurled; This is your consolation, This is your great salvation, Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.

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I Love to Think of Jesus.

No. 145.

C. Austin Miles.

Solo, or All in Unison.

Adam Geibel.

1. I love to think of Jesus, who else could it be, Who could come down from heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not repay the debt I owe, I'll do my best my gratitude to show...

2. I love to think that He has given me a part In pardon that He promise brings a blissful rest; In sorrow, pain and anguish He is near I know, What He has done for me, and for us all.

3. I love to think of Jesus when I am distressed, To think upon His suffering and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my burdens nor complain, I never yet have called to Him in vain...

4. I love to think of Him when tears of sorrow fall, To know that He has lost me I wonder that I love Him so.

Chorus.*

I love to think of Jesus.... I love to think of Jesus and His love for me; My soul is lost in wonder that such love could be; I've known the love of mother, Of

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass). The upper notes, (small) are to be sung by the high voices (Soprano and Tenor), or they may be merely played.

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I Love to Think of Jesus.—Concluded.

sister, friend and brother, Like Jesus there’s no other, He’s more than all to me.

No. 146. What are You Doing for Jesus?

In the mean while his disciples prayed him, saying, Master, eat. But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of. Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought him ought to eat? Jesus saith unto them, My meet is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—St. John iv: 31-36.

EMILY P. MILLER.

1. What are you doing for Jesus, As you journey thro’ life? Sowing the grain for the harvest, Or scattering seeds of strife? To brighten someone’s way? Of rest beyond the sky? Lest you leave some work undone. What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day?

2. What are you doing for Jesus? Are you striving each day, By little acts of kindness, What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day?

3. What are you doing for Jesus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the weary What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day?

4. What are you doing for Jesus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hasten and tell the glad tidings, What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to-day?

Chorus.

What are you doing for Jesus? What are you doing for Jesus? What are you doing for Jesus? What are you doing for Jesus? What are you doing for Jesus?
No. 147.  **Wherefore Sing Ye?**  
**Elsie Duncan Yale.**  

1. Wherefore sing ye, praises bring ye? We are heirs of Christ our Lord! What your tok-en? Hath He spok-en? Yea, we have His royal word. Who hath blessings freely

2. Will He hold you, e'er en-fold you? As our days our strength shall be. Ever giv-en? 'Tis the Father thron'd in heaven! We would praise Him, we would bless Him,

3. Is He guid-ing, e'er a-bid-ing? Yea, He knows the way we take. Inter-

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices. May be used as four-part harmony.

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1. We give our lives to Him so loy - al - ly, We trust in Him what -
2. We bring our needs to Him so trust - ing - ly, We know He marks the
3. We bring our cares to Him so joy - ous - ly, The bur - dens may be

ev - er may be - fall, Each tal - ent seek to use so faith - ful - ly, Our
low - ly sparrow's fall, His might - y hand sup - plies un - fail - ing - ly, Our
great or may be small, And lo, He bears them ev - er pa - tient - ly, Our

Two-Part Chorus.*
O give ye all!

loving Fa - ther bids us bring them all!
loving Fa - ther bids us tell them all!
loving Fa - ther bids us cast them all!

O give ye all!

Give all! . . . . . O give ye all! . . . . . O hear ye, O hear ye the loy - ing Fa - ther's call! Give

O give ye all! And naught withhold,

all! . . . . . And naught withhold, . . . . And He has promised joy un - told.

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* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.
No. 149. There's a Work that Waits Your Hand.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There's a work that waits your hand, Just for you, just for you! 'Tis a task your Lord has plann'd Just for you, just for you! Just to speak for Him a kind-ly, cheering word, boye claim For you, for you? O the joy of Christ that humble hearts can fill, For you, for you! There are tidings to pro-

2. There are deeds of low-ly love There's a work for One a-

3. There is serv- ice in His name For you, for you! There are tidings to pro-

SOP. AND ALTO.

Just to tell of Christ your Lord, There is serv - ice glad for loy-al hearts and true, O the joy to do His will, And your dai- ly strength He's promised to re-new, Serv-ing Him with heart and mind, There's a task each day in Je - sus' name to do,

PARTS.

There's a work that waits for you! There is serv - ice glad for loy-al hearts and true, O the joy to do His will, And your dai- ly strength He's promised to re-new, Serv-ing Him with heart and mind, There's a task each day in Je - sus' name to do,

Two-Part Chorus.*

There's a work that waits for you! There's a call to serv-ice sweet, Just for you, just for you! There is work so low-ly for a King most ho-ly, There is work that waits for you!

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

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No. 150. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.


1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow’ring o’er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gather round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o’er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy. Never shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! It glows with peace and joy.

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

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

Chorus.

This my story, joyful. Light is gleaming, light is streaming, O’er the pathway radiance Gather round its head sublime.

Male Voices. Unison.

sto-ry, In the cross of Christ I glory, I am singing, I am singing, Of the Christ who died for me. Light is gleaming, light is streaming, O’er the pathway radiance beam-ing, 'Tis my story; and my glory, In the cross shall ever be.

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* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.
Blessed Gospel Bells.

No. 151.

C. A. M.

1. Hear the chimes of the Gospel Bells, Thro' all the noise of strife,
2. Now they ring of a burden borne Even to Calvary,
3. Ring, sweet bells, never more to cease. Until shall dawn that day

Hark! O earth, as their ringing tells Of eternal life.
Hope they bring to the weary, worn, Earth shall yet be free.
When all earth in an endless peace Dwells in love for aye.

*CHORUS.

Ring merri-ly, ring cheer-i-ly. Glad Gospel bells,

Merri-ly ring, cheer-i-ly ring Ring the gospel story, ring it ever-more,

Ring merri-ly, ring cheer-i-ly, Night and day, ring ye!

Merri-ly ring, cheer-i-ly ring, Tell the message night and day, ring ye!

Tell the story, O'er ocean waves,

Tell the world the gospel story, Bear it o'er the ocean waves.

* Tenors sing with Sopranos. Altos with Basses

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Blessed Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

Ring mer - ri - ly, ring cheer - i - ly,
Mer - ri - ly ring, cheer - i - ly ring, Je - sus saves.

No. 152.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

Give Thanks.

Schumann.

1. Give thanks, give thanks, for mercies ev - er new! Each day is crown’d, His gifts abound,
2. Give thanks, give thanks, for wonders He hath wrought! What peace and light, what blessings bright,
3. Give thanks, give thanks, for strength from day to day! His presence near, shall guide and cheer,

Like morn - ing dew. Give thanks, give thanks, for skies that bright - ly shine! See His hand hath brought. Give thanks, give thanks, for all His gifts di - vine! O A - long the way. Give thanks, give thanks, He tells thee "Thou art mine!" On

D.S.—Give thanks, give thanks! To Him thine all re - sign, His Fine. Chorus.

ev - rywhere His con-stant care, His wealth is thine.)
joy so sweet, O joy com-plete, His wealth is thine. Give thanks, give thanks! His Him, O call, who giv - eth all, His wealth is thine.)
gifts so free, He giv - eth thee, His wealth is thine. D.S.

wondrous goodness tell, Give thanks, give thanks! He do - eth all things well.

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No. 153. Scripture Reading.

(To be read before singing.)

LEADER.—Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.—Matt. v: 14.

RESPONSE.—Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. v: 16.

L.—No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel * * * but setteth it on a candlestick that they which enter in may see the light.—Luke viii: 16.

R.—But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost:

L.—In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God should shine unto them.

R.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord;

ALL.—For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 Cor. iv: 3-6.

Shining Inside.

A. PRINTZLAU BOWEN. A. ADAM GIEBEL.

1. When I can - not see the sun-light thro' the clouds, And the way be - fore me stretches lone and wide, There's still sun-shine in my heart That no cloud can make de - part; For Je - sus keeps it shin - ing in - side.

2. At the cross my lone - ly hours all fled a - way, When by faith the cleansing blood was there ap - plied; And my soul re - joic - es there fleet - ing pleasure still is sat - is - fied, Just would take the homeward way, In a Saviour's brooding care That keeps the love-light shin - ing in - side. For the Fa - ther waits to - day, To wel - come home each pen - i - tent child.

3. O that ev - 'ry - one now wand'ring far from home, Who with 1. thro' the clouds, way be - fore me stretches lone and wide, There's still sun-shine in my heart That no cloud can make de - part; For Je - sus keeps it shin - ing in - side.

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Shining Inside.—Concluded.

Two Part Chorus.*

Shine on. O Love-light pure! With peace that shall endure;

Shine on, O Love-light bright and pure! With peace that ever shall endure;

I know there's e'er a song somewhere Of joy... another soul may share;

I shall rejoice no matter what be tide, And keep the Love-light shining inside.

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices.

No. 154. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, fuller be.

2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart rep. stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be.

3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn should tearless be.

4. O Cross that lift'st up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.
No. 155.  As Eastern Children Came.

1. As eastern children came, A Saviour to acclaim, So we our
2. He bade them all draw near, As rang their songs so clear, So He our
3. We come like those of yore To worship and adore, To bless Him

Chorus.
King proclaim, This holy day,
Praise will hear, This holy day.
Evermore, This holy day.
For with joy we're singing,

'Tis His holy day. And the bells are ringing,
'Tis His holy day;
O the echoes winging Near and far away,

For the joyous bells are ringing,
'Tis His holy day.

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

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No. 156. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

COLIN STERNE.

We've a story to tell to the nations That shall turn their hearts to the right,


We've a song to be sung to the nations That shall lift their hearts to the Lord,

We've a message to give to the nations That the Lord who reigneth above,

We've a Saviour to show to the nations Who the path of sorrow has trod,

A story of truth and mercy, A story of peace and light,

Chorus.

A song that shall conquer evil And show us that God is love,

Shatter the spear and sword, And shatter the spear and sword.

Hath sent us his Son to save us, And come to the truth of God!

That all of the world's great peoples Might come to the truth of God!

Might come to the truth of God!

C H O R U S .

For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noonday bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth! Go forth for Jesus now, Be working! Be watching! The
   Lord Himself will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
   field to choose, No work He gives must thou refuse, Be working! Be

2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De-lay not, But
   let love's banner be un-furl'd, And grace be told. O let redeeming
   love be sung, A song of joy on ev'ry tongue! Be working! Be
   strength di-vine, The vic-tory is sure-ly thine! Be working! Be

3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be working! Be watching! O
   Go forth! Go forth!
   stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipp'd with love and
   watch-ing! Be pray-ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Jesus who
   calls thee; The har-vest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God.

Chorus.

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No. 158. The Story of Jesus is Sweeping Along!

AliceJean Cleator. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Ye lands, where the flag of the Lord is un-furl'd, Re-joice, for it soon shall en-
circle the world! In glad in-vi-ta-tion and soul-stir-ring song The story of
3. Go for-ward with cour-age, ye hosts of the King; Press on till the world with His

praise shall ring! Fear not, for His kingdom is growing more strong! The story of

Chorus.

Jesus is sweep-ing a-long! Sweep-ing a-long! Sweep-ing a-long! In

Sweep-ing a-long! The story of Je-sus is sweep-ing a-long!

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No. 159. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.
D. K. W. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus! Once more, before we part, Ring out the joyful
   watch-word From every grateful heart; The whole wide world for Jesus! Be
   this our battle-cry; The Crucified shall conquer, And victory is nigh.

2. The whole wide world for Jesus! From out the Golden Gate, Thro' all the South Sea
   watch-word In loud and joyous tones: The whole wide world for Jesus! With
   Persia's land of bloom, To storied Palæstina, And Africa's desert bloom.

3. The whole wide world for Jesus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones; Ring out again the
   watch-word In every grateful heart; The whole wide world for Jesus! Be
   pray'r the song we'll wing, And speed the pray'r with labor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

Chorus.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gospel
   tidings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Jesus, His

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ban-ner be un-furled, Till ev 'ry tongue con-fess Him thro' the whole wide world.

No. 160. The Kingdom Coming.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. From all the dark plac-es Of earth's hea-then races, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar-mies ad-va-nce-ing, To con-quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju-bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-

thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion A-wakes ev'-ry na-tion, king-dom of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His pres-ence shall bless them, bel-lion cast down, At last ev'-ry na-tion The Lord of sal-va-tion,

D.S.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo-ry.

Come o-ver and help us, they cry.
His beau-ty shall en-ter them in.
Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!

As wa-ters that cov-er the sea.

tell ye the sto-ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be!

FINe. Chorus.
1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly;  
2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your hand,

All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky, rend the sky.  
That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand, take your stand,

Now we see the brightness of His word, And we hail the rising dawn,  
And no ill thy soul unmov'd shall see, In the battle's din and shock,

Now Jehovah takes His conqu'ring sword, And His cause goes marching on.  
For the Lord Himself thy strength shall be, And thine everlast-ing Rock.

Chorus.

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Fly Your Banners.—Concluded.

Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying shout To do or die; In the name of Christ let them fly, In the name of Christ let them fly; O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.

No. 162. Christ for the World We Sing.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

Felice de Giardini.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
o- ver-borne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With fervent pray'r; The way-ward and the lost, By restless
pas-sion toss'd, Re-deemed at count-less cost From dark de-spair.

3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
With one ac-cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.
No. 163. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood's helpless-ness, From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
4. The cup of water given to Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

A-bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vision of Thy tears.
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has never known recoil.
Yet long these multitudes to see The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod,
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.

No. 164. The Morning Light is Breaking.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. (WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.)

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are
2. See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion! Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev'-ry

wak-ing To pen-i-tent-ial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings
cond-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove; While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The
na-tion, Nor in Thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-
The Morning Light is Breaking.—Concluded.

1. Tidings from a far, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.
2. Gospel call obey, And seek the Saviour's blessing,—A nation in a day.
3. Umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 165. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

MARY ANN THOMSON.

1. O Zion, haste thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the
   tidings from a far, Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.
2. Gospel call obey, And seek the Saviour's blessing,—A nation in a day.
3. Umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 165. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

MARY ANN THOMSON.

1. O Zion, haste thy mission high fulfilling, To tell to all the
2. Behold how many thousands still are lying Bound in the darksome
3. Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him, Make known to every

Refrain.

One soul should perish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live above.
And all thou sendest Jesus will repay.
Thro' thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

Tidings of peace, Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.
No. 166.  
If Jesus Goes with Me.  
C. A. M.  

C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide,  
   It may be in the sunshine that I, in peace abide:  
   But this one thing I know—if it be dark or fair,  
   If Jesus is with me, I'll go anywhere!  

2. It may be I must carry the blessed word of life  
   Across the burning sands to those in sinful strife;  
   And tho' it be my lot to bear my colors there,  
   If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere!  

3. But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home,  
   While others bear their burdens beyond the billow's foam,  
   And, if He stays with me, I'll stay anywhere!  
   And, if He stays with me, I'll stay anywhere!  

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

Chorus.

If Jesus goes with me, I'll go anywhere! 'Tis heaven to me,  
   Where e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a privilege here  
   His cross, His

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If Jesus Goes with Me.—Concluded.

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

No. 167. Yes, the Lord Can Depend on Me.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There are fields that to harvest are white, And a reaper with joy I will be;
2. There's a message to bear far and near, Of a Saviour whose love sets us free,
3. There are souls who are drifting away, Let me bring them, dear Lord, unto Thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Master and King, For the Lord can depend on me!
And the call ringing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!
I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor delay, For the Lord can depend on me!

Chorus.

Yes, the Lord can depend on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me;

And His name I'll confess, unto Him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!
No. 168.  We Rally To-day.  
LYCURGUS L. FORD.  
ADAM GEIBEL, Mus. Doc.

1. We rally to-day to honor our King, With hearts that are loyal we sing, "All glory to Jesus the Saviour of men, All glories to Jesus belong, And guideth our ways every hour."

2. We witness to-day for Jesus our Lord, Who tells of His love in His word; (His word;) We rally and joyously witness and sing, "All glory to Jesus our King, All glories to Jesus belong, And guideth our ways every hour."

3. Our hearts are elate with glory within, For He is redeeming from sin; (from sin;) Let all in deep gratitude join in the song, "All glory again and again, All glories to Jesus belong, And guideth our ways every hour."

4. We rally to-day and witness and sing To honor our Saviour and King; (our King;) Who holdeth the world in His wonderful power, And

REFRAIN.

SOPS. AND ALTOS. Unison.  
MALE VOICES.

We rally to-day, ... We rally to-day, ... We rally to-day to honor our King, With hearts that are loyal we sing.

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1. To God be the glory,—great things He hath done, So lov'd He the world that He
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 believes, That moment from
Je-sus the Son; But pur - er, and high-er, and great-er will be Our wonder, our
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 Je-sus 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.
No. 170.  
Elsie Duncan Yale.  

The Heavens Are Telling.  

Haydn.  
(Refrain by Alfred Judson.)

1. The heav-ens are tell-ing the glo-ry of God;
2. The heav-ens are tell-ing the glo-ry of God;

And all the host on high In ra-diant splendor shine;  
And lo, in a-zure height, Cre-a-tion's sto-ry old,

Lo, all the earth and sky Proclaim His pow'r di-vine!  
The won-ders of His might A-dor-ing we be-hold.

Refrain.

Pro-claim Him! Pro-claim Him! Cre-a-tor ac-claim Him, O hills in beau-ty 

clad, O vales in ver-dure glad, The Lord of all, He is Lord of all!

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1. With love and praise all nature's voice is sounding, The praise of God for blessings of His love;
   And ev'ry field with treasures rich a-bound-ing, Looks up in joy to stows; And bird and beast in forest home a-bid-ing, A refuge find when hand; And ev'ry tongue from true and thankful people, Tell of His love for heav'ns bright above.

Chorus.

2. Each tiny flow'r in woodland shelter hid-ing, Proclaims the care that God in love be-
   stows; And bird and beast in forest home a-bid-ing, A refuge find when hand; And ev'ry tongue from true and thankful people, Tell of His love for win'try temp'ry blows. O flow'er bells, In shady dells, Ring out your praises, in your fragrance ev'er ring. . . . From city tow'rs, In twi-light hours, The bells are swinging, And ringing Their praises to our King.

3. Let bells ring out from ev'ry sacred steeple, In praise to Him who holds us in His love; And ev'ry field with treasures rich a-bound-ing, Looks up in joy to stows; And bird and beast in forest home a-bid-ing, A refuge find when hand; And ev'ry tongue from true and thankful people, Tell of His love for

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No. 172. My Heart is Filled with Gratitude.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

1. O for words to sing Unto Christ my King, For His mercies full and free,
   That I might express All the happiness That His love has given me.
   When His life He gave, Passing thro' the grave By the way of Calvary.

2. For the cross He bore, And the crown He wore, And the ransom paid for me,
   For a home that waits Just beyond the gates Of the heav'n-ly courts above.

3. For communion sweet, And a joy complete, In a fellowship of love,
   In communion sweet, And a joy complete, Heaven's glories round me.

Chorus. Unison.

My heart is filled with gratitude, To Jesus, my Saviour,

Parts.

For strength which daily is renewed, In a fellowship divine,

Sops. and Altos.

In communion sweet, And a joy complete, Heaven's glories round me

Tenors and Basses.

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No. 173.

His Name, Jesus.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

(Matt. 1:21.)

Mrs. J. I. McClelland.

1. O magnify the Lord with me, And let us exalt His name. Our
   ris-en, liv-ing Lord is He Whose pow’r is still the same.
   Chiepest among ten thousand, Jesus, Jesus, Dearer than life to me, Jesus,

2. As in His name we come each day God hears us, and answers pray’r, And
   when we let Him have His way He carries all our care.
   Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus, al-to-geth-er love-ly, My precious Saviour, some day His face I’ll see,

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E. E. Hewitt.

Moderato con espressione.

1. When the cold breath of sorrow blights our joys, Let us trust in our Father undismayed; There is gladness no wint’ry grief destroys, In the
2. When our hopes fail like leaves before the blast, We should never be troubled, nor afraid, For in Jesus, we’ll gather home at last, In the
3. Working on, trusting ever in His love, Let our hearts on our Saviour still be stayed; For we know we shall see His face above, In the

B. D. Ackley.
The Land Where the Roses, Etc.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Land where the roses never fade. In the Land where the roses never fade, Where no sin, neither sorrow dare invade, We shall meet our loved ones there, And eternal glories share, In the Land where the roses never fade.
When Mother Prayed!

Chorus, a tempo.

When mother pray'd, . . . . . . . she found sweet rest!
When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest!

When mother pray'd, . . . . . . . her soul was blest!
When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.
No. 177.

Mother

C. Austin Miles.

Solo or Duet, and Chorus.*

1. Tho’ all the world may pass me by, And none may heed my earnest cry;
2. I’d give the world if I could hear Her loving whisper, “Do not fear,
3. Her toil worn hands are dear to me, Her loving face in dreams I see;
4. O thoughtless child, to her be kind, For one like her you cannot find;

There’s one who cares for such as I, It is my own dear mother.
Just go to sleep, for I am near,” The voice of my dear mother.
And some sweet day I hope to be In heav’n with God and mother.
The greatest love that God designed Is that of your own mother.

Chorus.

Mother, dear mother, How you watch’d o’er me I’ll never forget;
Mother, dear mother, There’s a crown for you beyond the sky;

1. Mother, dear mother, Tho’ old and gray I love you yet,

Mother, dear mother, In heav’n I’ll meet you, by and by.

* Chorus may be used as duet.

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No. 178. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Service Version. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by Committee of 12.

Francis Scott Key. John Stafford Smith.

With spirit. (J = 104.)

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep. Where the foe's haughty host in dread confusion rent, Had not the rocket's breath aflame his like spirit filled? And both that war's desolation! Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3. O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Chorus. f (J = 96.)

Star-spangled Banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

John Stafford Smith.
No. 179.  My Country, 'Tis of Thee.


1. My country! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break. The sound prolong.

4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 180.  America, the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates.  S. A. Ward.

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain majesties Above the fruit-ed plain! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern impassioned stress A thoroughfare for freedom beat, A cross the wilderness! America! America! God mend thine every flaw, Conform thy soul in self control, Thy liberty in law!

3. O beautiful for patriot dream That see'st beyond the years Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears! America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
Praise God the Father, The King of earth and heaven;
Sing we His praises, For all His loving kindness;
Praise God the Father, O praise Him for His mighty acts!
Praise and adore Him, Great Father all Omnipotent!
Praise we the Lord, We the children of His love; Let ev'ry heart now rejoice, Raise to Him our tuneful voices.
Rejoice, rejoice.
Now to the Lord, To the Lord our praise ascending; We will Our praise,
Praise God the Father.—Concluded.

bless and adore His holy name, O sing! O sing forth His glory!

Glory, laud and honor, To the mighty King of heaven! Praise Him, sing His glory, Let your anthems exultant ring! Praise the Lord! Let world-wide hosannas ring. Let all nations bow before His throne, To our God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, World-wide hosannas sing. wide hosannas sing.
No. 183.
Be Strong.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

SOP. AND ALTO.

Parts.

1. Fear ye not, O hear His word,
   Be ye strong! Be ye strong! For your
day, He's the Rock of sure found-
good-ness shall re-store.

2. O for-get not all His deeds,
   Be strong! Be strong! Keep the faith and fal-
ter
MALE VOICES, or All unison.

3. For the joy that's set be-
   fore,
   Be strong! Lo, His

help-er is the Lord. Be ye strong! Be ye strong! Fear ye not, His hand up-
know-eth all your needs.

Chorus. Unison. Sprightly.

strong in His strength, be ye strong! Serve Him, serve Him with a trust that's true and

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Be Strong.—Concluded.

For the Beauty of the Earth.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPONT.  (Dix.) Arr. from Conrad Kocher.

1. For the beauty of the earth, For the glory of the skies,
2. For the wonder of each hour, Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child,
4. For thy church that evermore Lifteth holy hands above,

For the love which from our birth Over and around us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends above, For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Offering up on every shore Her pure sacrifice of love,

Refrain.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This, our hymn of grateful praise.
No. 185. 

Greet the Golden Hours.

C. Austin Miles.

A. A. Payn.

Sop. and Alto.

1. Hear the song of the murm'ring sea, God is love, God is love!
2. From the birds in their sil-v'ry notes, God is love, God is love!
3. Ev'ry-where, o-ver all, we hear, God is love, God is love!

MALE VOICES.

On the waves roll-ing glad and free, God is love, God is love!
O'er the earth full the mes-sage floats, God is love, God is love!
Let us all join the car-ol clear, God is love, God is love!

CHORUS. Unison.

Greet ... the gold-en hours ... that summer day dis-clos-es,
Praise ... the love so true ... that brings the time of ros-es;

Give ... to God a-bove ... our many songs of pray'r and praise;

MALE VOICES.

Praise ... the King for-ev-er for bless-ings of the sum-mer days.

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No. 186.

List the Song.

Elsie Duncan Yale.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. List the song we hear from a distant year, Of a promised Prince fore-told;
2. List the song sublime, down the path of time, Angels touch their harps of gold,
3. List the herald song of a shining throng, And in visions blest behold,

O the notes that ring happy mem'ries bring, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!
And there rings on high anthem of the sky, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!
Angel host above carol wondrous love, With a song that ne'er grows old!

Chorus.

Glory, glory, glory to God! Glory, glory, glory to God! Glory, glory,

O the notes that ring happy mem'ries bring, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!

And there rings on high anthem of the sky, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!

Angel host above carol wondrous love, With a song that ne'er grows old!

Copyright, MCMXXII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.
1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the
3. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

dreamless sleep The silent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The
angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together Pro-
human hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

No. 188.

We Three Kings of Orient.

1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar, Field and fountain
2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again King forever
3. Frankincense to offer have I; Incense owns a Deity nigh: Prayer and praising
4. Myrrh is mine; Its bitter perfume Breathes of gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing,
5. Glorious now behold Him arise King, and God, and Saviour, Alleluia.

No. 187.

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks.

Lewis H. Redner.

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the
3. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

No. 188.

We Three Kings of Orient.

John H. Hopkins.

John H. Hopkins.
We Three Kings of Orient.—Concluded.

Refrain.

moor and mountain Following yonder star.
ceasing nev-er O-ver us all to reign.
al men raising, Worship Him, God on high.
bleeding, dying Seal’d in the stone-cold tomb.

all men raising, Worship Him, God on high.

O star of wonder, star of night; Star with
bleeding, dying Seal’d in the stone-cold tomb.

al- le - lu - ia! Heaven and earth replies.

No. 189. The First Noel.

Traditional. Traditional Melody.

1. The first No - el the angels did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
2. They look - ed up and saw a Star Bright in the East be - yond them far,
3. And by the light of that same Star, Three Wise Men came from coun -try far;
4. Then en - tered in those Wise Men three, Full rev'-rent - ly up - on the knee,

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter’s night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
To seek for a King was their in-tent, And to follow the Star wher-ev-er it went.
And of - fered there, in His pres - ence, Their gold, and myrrh and frankincense.

Refrain.

No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
No. 190. Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH Mahr.

1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright! 'Round yon vir-gin mother and Child!
2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight, Glories stream from heaven a-far,
3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God, love's pure light, Radiant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho-ly Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heaven-ly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace,
heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born!
with the dawn of redeem-ing grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.


ISAAC WAtTS.

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
ev-ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And
1. And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and heav'n and na-ture sing,
peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And won-ders, and won-ders of His love.

sir, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
No. 192.  
O Come, All Ye Faithful.  

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent) Tr. F. Oakeley.  

John Reading.  

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, O come ye to Bethlem; Come and behold Him Born the King of Angels; O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Righteousness, Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  

2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation, Thro' heaven's high arches be your praises poured; Now to our God be Glory in the highest; O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th' in- 

3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, forever be Thy name adored; Word of the Father Now in flesh appearing O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord, Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th' in- 

No. 193.  
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.  

Charles Wesley. Mendelssohn.  

1. Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!" Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th' in-

3. Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Righteousness, Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  

sons of earth; Born to give them second birth, Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth, self impart, Form'd in each believing heart. O to all Thyself impart, Form'd in each believing heart.
No. 194.  
_Sleep, My Little Jesus._

**William C. Gannett.**

**Unison.**

1. Sleep, my little Je-sus, On Thy bed of hay, While the shepherds homeward journey on their way. Moth-er is Thy shepherd And will her vig-il keep: Did the voic-es of the throne? Will they call me bless-ed? Shall I stand and weep? Be it far, Je-vine. Thro’ my heart, as heav-en Low the ech-oes sweep Of glo-ry to Je-

2. Sleep, my little Je-sus, While Thou art my own! Ox and ass Thy neighbors, Shalt Thou have a wake Thee? O sleep, my Jesus, sleep! ho-vah! O sleep, my Jesus, sleep! Soft-ly sleep, sweetly sleep, My Je-sus, sleep! ho-vah! O sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

3. Sleep, my little Je-sus, Wonder-ba-by mine! Well the singing an-gels Greet Thee as di-

**Refrain.**

wake Thee? O sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

Soft-ly sleep, sweetly sleep, My Je-sus, sleep!

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No. 195.  
_Fairest Lord Jesus._

**(Crusader's Hymn.)**

arr. by Richard S. Willis.

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus! Rul-er of all na-ture! O Thou of God and man the Son!

2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;

3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry host;

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thee, my soul’s glory, joy, and crown. Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing. Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines pur-er Than all the an-gels heav’n can boast.
Hear the Easter Bells.

A. A. Payn.

C. Austin Miles.

Parts.

Sop. and Alto.

1. Hear the Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, As they sing in clarion tone
2. Ring, O Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, Earth has cause for joy to-day,
3. Ring, ye Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, Ring the end of sin and wrong,

Songs that echo from the throne, Thro' the earthly way, On this happy day;
Angels roll'd the stone away, Tell, O Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells,
Blessed be your Easter song; Happy Easter bells, On this happy day;

Chorus.

Sva. ad lib.

Christ is ris-en, He is ris-en from the dead, Ring; O ring!
Christ is ris-en, He is ris-en from the dead, Ring, ring,
Telling us that Christ is ris-en from the dead.

Ring, O ring!
Blessed bells of Easter, Ring of joy for

sadness; ring!
Ring a reign of gladness, Ring! Ring! Ring!

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No. 197.  
Who Shall Roll the Stone Away?

Elsie Duncan Yale.  
Solo or All.  Slowly and quietly.  

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. 'Neath darkened skies we sadly fare, To garden lone, our Lord is there, We seek His tomb, ere dawn of day, But who shall
2. On Calvary's hill, His life He gave, Behold He sleeps in garden grave, His tomb is veiled in shadows gray, And who shall
bear, Our Master lies, in death's array, But who shall
3. With broken hearts, we sadly fare, To Him we love, our spices

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Who Shall Roll the Stone Away?—Concluded.

**Unison.**

Fear not, the vale of the shadow Ever more shall bring dismay.

 Rolled away, rolled away, Lo, the stone is rolled away!

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No. 198. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-Day.

**Charles Wesley.**

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Alleluia! Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia! Raise your joy and triumphs high,

Alleluia! Sing, ye heav'n, and earth reply, Alleluia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! The sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gates of hell: Death in vain forbids Him rise; Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King; Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once He died our souls to save; Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Follow our exalted Head; Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
1. Easter gladness now proclaim, Ye bells, ye bells; Praise a mighty Monarch’s name,
2. Easter hope to mortals bear, Ye bells, ye bells; Light is glowing ev’rywhere,
3. Easter gladness now proclaim, Ye bells, ye bells; Praise a mighty Monarch’s name,

Ye bells, ye bells; Chorus. Unison. (Arr. from Lefeburh Wely’s “Monastery Bells.”)

Brightly shines thy glory, Easter-tide.

Chime a-near and chime a-far, As glory gates of morn un-bar; Proclaim to earth her risen King, Ye

bells of Easter, ring; Ye bells, ye bells, ye bells of Easter, ring.

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Happy Hours of Eastertide.


1. Words of gladness greet thy beauteous ray, Joyous Easter day,
2. Heavenly Warden with His flaming sword, Sent from heav'n a-bove,
3. Grief dispelling, happy Easter-tide, Has ten on your way,

Chorus.

On this Resurrection Morn. Happy hours of Easter-tide,

Bear your message far and wide, Tell the vic'try of the Crucified,

Parts.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Sing Ye Alleluia!

1. Sing ye angels at His tomb, Alleluia! Dawn has banished Calv'ry's gloom, Alleluia!
2. Sing ye mourning hearts and sad, Alleluia! Lo, He lives, in Him be glad, Alleluia!
3. Sing O endless ages long, Alleluia! Let His triumph be your song, Alleluia!

Chorus.

\{ Crown Him, crown Him \} Victor o'er the vale; Swing, ye gates, lo, He waits, (Omit)
\{ Crown Him, crown Him, Calv'ry's Conqu'ror hail, \}

He who shall prevail;
Sing, O sing ye allelujah!
No. 202. The Strife is O'er.
Latin. Tr. by Francis Pott. (Palestrina.) Giovanni Palestrina.

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done, The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun. Alleluia!

2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy out-burst. Alleluia!

3. The three sad days are quickly sped, He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

4. He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell! Alleluia!

No. 203. Faith of Our Fathers.
Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glorious word:

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free,
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!

3. Faith of our fathers, God's great power Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be truly free.

4. Faith of our fathers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
No. 204.  

Holy, Holy, Holy.  

Reginald Heber.  

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, holy, holy, gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-ubim and seraphim praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, holy, merci-ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed trin-i-ty!

2. Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be. Lord God almighty! God in three per-sons, bless-ed trin-i-ty!

No. 205.  

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.  

Charles Wesley.  

John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav’n, to earth comedown! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave; Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, great sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee. Chang’d from glory in-to glo-ry, Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev’ry trembling heart. Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glor-y in Thy perfect love.

2. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive; Sud-den-ly re-

3. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be; Let us see Thy
No. 206. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber.

Henry S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umphant over pain, Who patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.

2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw His Mas-ter midst of mor-tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train? per-il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in His train.

3. A glorious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame; They climb'd the steep ascent of heav-en Thro' the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In the night, should I be led to them, I know not where, I will fol-low in His train.

No. 207. Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see. The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.

2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar-ish fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those day, and, spite of fears, ... Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and an-gel fac-es smile, ... Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
No. 208.  
Come, Thou Almighty King.  
CHARLES WESLEY.  

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;  
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend;  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour;  
4. To the great One in Three, E-ter-nal prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more!  

Fe-ther! all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!  
Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.  
Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!  
His sov'reign maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

No. 209.  
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.  
Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.  

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

D.C.—Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.  
D.C.—Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.  
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot Thee."  

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist-rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

My Jesus, I Love Thee.  
London Hymn Book.  

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re-sign;  
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Cal-va-ry's tree;  
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

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

No. 211. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Augustus M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood
2. Could my tears for ever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Thou must save, and Thou alone: In my hand no price I bring Simply to Thy cross I cling.
And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 212. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Nearer my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be across That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be o'er me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Angel to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
No. 213.  
Sun of My Soul.  
John Keble.  

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near.
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eyelids gently steep.
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I cannot live.
4. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store.
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
Till, in the ocean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 214.  
Just As I Am.  
Charlotte Elliott.  
William B. Bradbury.

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

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 215.  
O For a Thousand Tongues.  
Charles Wesley.  Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
3. Jesus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;

1. just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

1. 0 for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
3. Jesus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;
O For a Thousand Tongues.—Concluded.

The glo- ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a- vailed for me.

No. 216. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim,its glories pass a-way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'ry
4. I fear no foe,with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less,O a-bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who change-not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord,a-bide with me!
Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy victo-ry? I tri umph still, if Thou a-bide with me!
Heav'n's mor-ning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 217. All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET, Alt.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro-phies
4. Let ev-ry kind-red ev-ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. O that, with yon-der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.
by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.
at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.
thy as-crime, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.
last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, Lord of all.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.

From victory unto victory
His conflict, in this glorious day;
"Ye that are men now serve him!
A-fail you, ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each battle, the next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
Does Jesus Care?

No. 219.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur-dens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
As the day-light fades in-to deep night shades, Does He care e-noughto be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks—Is it naught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares; His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib.

When the days are wea - ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav-iour cares.......

He cares.

No. 220.

O Thou in Whose Presence.

Joseph Swain.

Tune, Meditation.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af-flic-tion I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in past-ures of love?
3. He looks and ten thousands of an-gels re-joice, And myr - i - ads wait for His word;
4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol-low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wil - derness rove?
He speaks! And e-ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
Re - store and de-fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.
No. 221.  I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY.  WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,  
2. I love to tell the story: 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems, each time I tell it,  
3. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the story. Because I know 'tis true; It  
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the story, For some have never heard The  
To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill

I love to tell the story,  
be - the old, old sto - ry That I have lov - d so long!

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

Refrain.

sat - is - fies my longings As noth - ing else can do,  
message of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.

No. 222.  My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.  (OLIVET.)  LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -  
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in -  
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

vine! Now hear me while I pray Take all my guilt a-way, O let me spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me

from this day Be wholly Thine. changeless be, A living fire. ever stray From Thee a-side.

No. 223. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTYN) SIMEON B. MARSH.

D.C.—Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave. O leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love Fear and distrust remove, O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.
God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings protecting, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-failing' round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smited death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet, Till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet,
meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

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Ten Commandments Song.

No. 225.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Thou shalt not have, so says the Lord, Before me any other God; 2. Thou shalt not
3. Thou shalt not take my name in vain, Else guiltless thou shalt not remain; 4. Always re-
5. Thy father and thy mother, too, Thou shalt do honor and be true; 6. Thou shalt not
7. To base desire thou shalt not yield, God's word on this shall be revealed; 8. Thou shalt not
9. False witness thou must never bear, God's word on this is very clear; 10. Thou shalt not

Chorus.

make nor worship one, I am thy God and I alone.
member, this obey, Holy to keep the sabbath day.
kill, but rather give Out of thy love that all may live.

Ten Commandments sent from heaven,

steal nor take away That which is not thy own alway.
covet, this is wrong, If to another it belong.

God to me each one has giv'n; All of these I will obey, Walking thus in wisdom's way.
No. 226.  Gloria Patri, No. 1.  

Charles Meineke.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men, Amen.

No. 227.  Gloria Patri No. 2.  

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; }  
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A-men. }
No. 229.  Sanctus.
Theme from the "Holy City," ALFRED R. GAUL.

No. 230.  Thy Word Have I Hid.

No. 231.  The Lord is In His Holy Temple.
Orders of Worship.

General Suggestions.

Punctuality should be impressed upon the scholars, and also a feeling of reverence should be inculcated. Hence at the beginning of the exercise, the doors should be closed and the tardy ones not admitted until after the opening hymn and prayer, so that they will not disturb the worship with which the session should always begin.

The Superintendent should always insist upon silence before prayer; the teachers should by precept and example sustain such effort and in a little while the whole school will feel the impulse; as a result the words, "Let us pray," will at once create an atmosphere, reverent and impressive, uplifting and inspiring.

VISITORS. The announcement by a teacher that "A visitor from (Name of place.) is in my class to-day," is far more interesting to the school than the mere statement by the Secretary, "Visitors present, 1."

SINGING. Learn, or try at least two new songs every Sunday. Set aside a period before or after lesson study for this purpose. Divide the School, setting one part in friendly competition with the other, especially in "two-part" singing. Not how loud, but how well sung should be the keynote of the music, though sometimes permission to "sing as loudly as you wish" results in better attention thereafter.

These Orders of Worship are offered merely as suggested forms to be enlarged by the addition of other features, or reduced by omissions of parts if it be necessary or desirable to shorten the sessions.

No. 232.

Instrumental Prelude.
Silence.
Officer in charge declares school open for Worship and Instruction.
Hymn.
Prayer, concluding with Lord's Prayer.
Response.

Scripture Reading. (Lesson.)
Hymn.
Lesson Period.
Offering.
Fifteen minutes of song.
Silent Prayer.
Dismissal.

No. 233.

Silence.
Doxology.
Responsive Scripture Reading.
Gloria.
Hymn.

Prayer.
Lesson Period and Offering.
Singing two or three selections.
Silent Prayer.
Dismissal.

No. 234.

1. Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Louis Bourgeois.
Orders of Worship.

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

2. Sentences.

The Lord is in His holy temple. Let the whole earth keep silence before him. Enter ye into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

4. Prayer.
5. Responses.

God is a Spirit.

And they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

SUPT.—Why should we bless God?

(Various classes may be called on to repeat a verse regarding the blessings of God.)

ALL.—Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.

7. Scripture Lesson.
8. Lesson Study Period.
9. Worship in Song. (Learning new songs.)
10. Announcements.
11. Lesson Review.
Orders of Worship.

No. 235.

1. Hymn.
2. Prayer. (All standing.)
3. Responses.

Supt.—Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of Me.

Women and Girls.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

Men and Boys.—The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Teachers.—The entrance of Thy word giveth light.

All.—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.

4. Singing. C. Austin Miles.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy statutes. Amen.

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What names are given to God’s Word?

Bible, and Scriptures.

Of what is the Bible composed?

Of sixty-six books written by at least forty authors, through a period extending over fifteen hundred years.

(Though the “Song of the Book” can be sung, it is intended as a Recitation with music, and in the hands of the Superintendent to lead in reciting and the pianist to follow closely, will be found a very interesting part of the service.)


2. Job and Psalms and Proverbs and then Ecclesiastes, With Songs of Solomon.
3. Hosea and Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Then Micah, Nahum.
4. Matthew, Mark and Luke and John, the writers of the Gospels, The Acts, the Book of
5. First and Second Thessalonians, First and Second Timothy, Then Titus,Philippians.
Orders of Worship.

my complete the Books of law. Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 
mon are Books of poetry. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lam-en-
hab-ab-kuk, with perfect faith in God; Zeph-an- 
His t’ry Romans follow next; First Corinthians, Second, then Gal-
mon and Hebrews, fourteen all. Sev’n Epis tles,

First and Second Samuel, First Kings, Second Kings, Chronicles One and 
tations and Ezekiel. Daniel follows these mighty men of 
Hag-gai, *‘be strong and work,” Zecha-ri-ah, Mal-a- chi last of 
a-tions and Ephesians Tell us that we must *‘gird on our arm- or’ 
James and Peter One and Two, John One, Two and Three, Jude, they were all with 

Two; With Ezra, Esther, Nehemiah are Books of his- to ry. 
God; All these are the Maj or Prophets with mes-sage strong and clear. 
all; And these are the Min or Prophets and mighty men of God. 
bright; Phil- pians, Col os si ans tell us *‘we are complete’ in Him. 
Paul; And one book of Revela tions, complete the Word of God.

* Key Phrase. Copyright, MCMXVI, by Rev. Wm. Stone.

No. 236.

1. Instrumental Prelude.

2. Doxology. (Standing.)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be low;
Orders of Worship.

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

3. Responsive Reading.
I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.
This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

4. Prayer.
5. Response.

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Fa ther, hear us when we pray, Look in mercy from above.

Turn not, Lord, Thy face away; Hear and grant Thy pard'ning love. Amen.

7. Announcements.
8. Reading of Lesson.
9. Lesson Study.
10. Questions on the Lesson.
11. Singing. (Fifteen minutes of new songs.)
12. Closing Worship.

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.—Jude 25.
Orders of Worship.

No. 237.

1. Call for Silence.

2. Doxology.

3. Superintendent.

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.—Deut. vi: 5, 6.

4. Singing.

(Opening Sentence.) J. Wesley Hughes

The Lord is in His Holy temple, The Lord is in His Holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence, Keep silence before Him.

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5. Superintendent. How many teachers are in their places? How many Bibles can be shown? How many classes have perfect attendance? How many classes have visitors present?

"And the Lord said unto his servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke xiv: 23.


7. Reading of Lesson.

8. Lesson Study.

Orders of Worship.

No. 238.

SUITABLE FOR A STORMY SUNDAY.

1. Hymn. ("Sunshine and Rain," No. 82.)
2. Prayer.
3. Responsive Reading.
   If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them, then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit.
   I would seek God, and unto God would I commit my cause, which doeth great things and unsearchable, marvellous things without number, who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth water upon the fields.
   He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth,
   For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;
   So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
   ALL.—Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain to the earth.

4. Singing.

C. Austin Miles.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy statutes. Amen.

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5. Scripture Reading—Lesson for Day.
7. Service of New Songs.
8. Announcements.
10. Hymn. ("A Rainy Day Song," No. 83.)
Orders of Worship.

No. 239.

SUBJECT—MISSIONS.

1. Processional. (Scholars march in carrying flags of various nations, led by two boys, one carrying an American flag, and the other the "Conquest" flag.)

2. Sentence. And many nations shall come and say, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.


4. Prayer.

5. Hymn.

6. The Command. (Boy carrying Christian flag goes upon platform, salutes Superintendent, and announces "Orders from headquarters." Repeats): Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.


8. Scripture Lesson THE MACEDONIAN CALL.

Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia,

After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithnia: but the Spirit suffered them not.

And they passing by Mysia came down to Troas.

And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.

And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.

Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis;

And from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony: and we were in that city abiding certain days.

And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither.

And a certain women named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, and she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.

And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.—Acts xvi: 5-16.


10. The Call To-day. (Various members of the school, costumed to represent foreign nations, may come on the platform, and present the needs of the various fields, each speaker being allotted three minutes.)

11. Hymn.


14. Recessional Hymn. (Scholars march out, led by boys carrying flags.)
Orders of Worship.

No. 240.

SUBJECT—LOYALTY TO GOD.

1. Hymn. ("The Sunday School Army," No. 52.)

2. Sentence. (All.)

Thou art my God, I will praise thee. Thou art my God, I will exalt thee!

3. Singing. Theme from the "Holy City," ALFRED R. GAUL.

4. Responsive Scripture Reading.

Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

All.—For evildoers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

5. Sentence Prayer. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live. I will lift up my hands in thy name.

6. Singing. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy statutes. Amen.

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Orders of Worship.

7. Reading of Lesson and Study.
8. Service of New Songs.
9. Announcements.
11. Pledge of Loyalty. (Boy comes upon platform with Christian flag. All rise, salute flag and repeat): I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for whose kingdom it stands. One brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love.
12. Hymn. ("Answer Yes," No. 95.)

No. 241.

SUBJECT—PATRIOTISM.

1. Processional. (School marches in singing, led by two boys carrying flags.)
2. Call for Silence.
3. Superintendent. Blessed is that people whose God is Jehovah. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.
4. Scripture Reading.
   O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
   Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
   For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.
   In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.
   The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.
   O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
   All.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
5. Gloria. 

   Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it
   was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

   Charles Meineke.

7. Lesson Study Period.
8. Service of New Songs.
9. Announcements.
Orders of Worship.

10. Patriotic Quotations by Members of Different Classes

11. Brief Patriotic Address.

12. Salute to the Flag. (A boy carrying large flag comes upon platform and all repeat):
   I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.

13. Closing Worship.
   The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.
   The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
   All.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

14. Recessional. Instrumental. (No. 181 may be played only, or sung if desired.)

Scripture Selections.

No. 242

Old Testament Beatitudes.

LEADER.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; but his delight is in the law of the Lord.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord promised to them that love him.

LEADER.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in the Lord.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the day of evil.

LEADER.—Blessed are they who regard justice, and who practice righteousness at all times.

   ALL.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

No. 243.


LEADER.—Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

LEADER.—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

LEADER.—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

   ALL.—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
Scripture Selections.

No. 244.

Unison Recitation.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm xxiii.

No. 245.

Responsive Reading.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.—Psalm xci.

No. 246.

Unison Recitation.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength wherewith he hath girden himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved. Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.—Ps. xciii.
Scripture Selections.

No. 247.

Responsive Reading.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

*My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.*

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

*Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

*The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*—*Psalm cxxi.*

No. 248.

Responsive Reading.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

*Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.*

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

*Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.*

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

*He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.*

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

*Fire, and hail; snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:*

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

*Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:*

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

*Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:*

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

*He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.*—*Ps. cxlviii.*

No. 249.

Unison Recitation.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—*Ecclesiastes xii: 1-7.*

280
Scripture Selections.

No. 250.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Responsive Reading.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

ALL.—And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.—St. Luke: 8-20.

No. 251.

FOR EASTER.

Responsive Reading.

But Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

221
Scripture Selections.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—St. John xx: 11-18.

And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

And they worshipped him, and returned unto Jerusalem with great joy:

And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.—St. Luke xx: 11-18.

No. 252.

Unison Recitation.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his.

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.

For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—Hebrews iv: 9-16.

No. 253.

Responsive Reading.

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

Rejoice evermore.

Pray without ceasing.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

Quench not the Spirit.

Despise not prophesyings.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

All.—Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.
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