

THE CAMPERS HYMNAL

SONGS FOR THE OUT - OF - DOORS

For Summer Camps . . . Young People's
Outings . . . Sunday-School Picnics . . .
Hiking . . . Scouting . . . Camp Fires

Compiled in such form as to be immediately useful
for camping, pageants, and Bible Conferences.

+

Word Edition, 88 pages

Regular Edition, words and music, 160 pages

High Grade Rose Bristol

Fall Waterproof Cloth Binding, Gold Stamping

+

PUBLISHED BY

The RODEHEAVER
HALL-MACK Co.
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

Copyright 1941 by The Rodheaver Co.

Printed in the U. S. A.

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

MALIBIE D. BABCOCK

Traditional English Melody
Arranged by S. F. L.

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-ning ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, Tho
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That

na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres,
morn-ing light, the ill - y white, De - clare their Ma - ker's praise,
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Eu - ler yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je -

rocks and trees, of al-tics and seas—His hand the won - ders wrought.
rus-ting grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev'ry-where,
sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-men.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Service version. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and hymn books, and for School and Community singing, by Committee of 12.

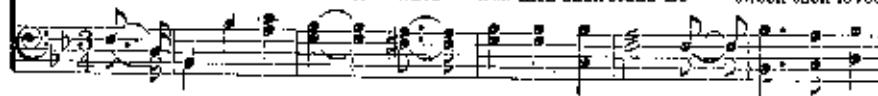
Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith

With spirit f



1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. O thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - ill - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it lit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clo - es?
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!



mf
And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thru' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
Then con - quer we must, whon our cause it is just, And this be our



Chorus f



night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled
fleck-ed now shines on the stream? 'Tis the Star-span - gled Ban - ner, O
met-toe! "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span - gled Ban - ner in



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Broaden

Ban - ver yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3 BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN

Walter O. Cushing

William F. Sherwin

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shim - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,

O - ver the heart of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of batn.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far - a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blast, ... How
the pure and blast,

rit.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

W.B. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Peters



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild - wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath-morn - ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a -



spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bluen; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood wing my



D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

Final Chorus



lit - tie brown church in the vale, weep by the side of the tomb, Come to the
come to the church in the vale, way to the man-sions of light, Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,



lit - tie brown church in the vale,



church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain; . . .
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, ill - pas - sioned stress . . .
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, . . .
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years . . .

For pur - ple moun-tain maj - os - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May God thy gold re - dino
 A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing seal
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all success be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing seal

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

Samuel F. Smith

AMERICA G. G. A. C. G. G. C.

Henry Carey

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mu - ral tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - lung.
 ho - ly light; Pro - teet us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

1. God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand.
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By Thy great might!

2. For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

Charles T. Brooks and John S. Dwight

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

John H. Newman

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John H. Dykes



1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
 I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,....
 And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,....



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since and lost a - while. A - men.



9 TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

(Fifth verse 1877.)

WALTER KITTRELL.

1. We are tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Thinking of days gone by
3. We are tired of the war on the old Camp ground; Ma - ny are dead and gone
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;
5. We are pray-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Praying that war may cease;

Our wan - ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
And loved ones at home that clasped the hand, With tears that said "Good-bye!"
Of the brave and the true who left their homes, And oth - ers wound-ed long,
Both dy - ing are some and oth - era dead, And ma - ny are in tears,
O God, send the dawn of that blest day That brings an end-less peace.

Chorus

Ma - ny are the hearts that are wan - ry to-night, Wishing for the war to cease;

Ma - ny are the hearts that are look-ing for the right To see the dawn of peace.

1-3. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old Camp ground.
4. Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old Camp ground.
5. Pray-ing to-night, Pray-ing to-night, Pray-ing on the old Camp ground.

THE END OF THE ROAD

(Dedicated to Evangelist Harry W. Van Brack)

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY ELTON M. ROTH
HOWEN & ROSENSTEIN, OWNERS

Elton M. Roth

Lizzie DeArmond

1. When I come to the end of the long, long road, The shad-ows will
 2. Look-ing back o'er the years that were hard and drear, The hand of the
 3. When I come to the end of the long, long road, And tri - als will

flee a - way, And I'll stand in the glo - ri - ous light of God,
 will flee a - way,
 Christ I'll see; While my heart will go forth with a song of praise,
 the Christ I'll see;
 all be past, I shall look in the face of my dear - est Friend,
 will all be past,

CHORUS

Where dwell-eth e - ter - nal day. . . . When I come to the end, the
 Be - cause of His love for me. . . .
 Safe home in His heav'n at last. . . . When I come to the

end of the road, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty, When I
 To the land of e - ter - ni - ty.

rit.

come to the end of life's long road, The face of my Lord I'll see.

TAKE UP THY CROSS

A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HENRY A. RODFHEAVEN
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

REV. A. H. ASHLEY.

Slowly, with expression.

54.

1. I walked one day a-long a coun-try road, And there a stranger journeyed, too,
 2. I cried, "Lord Jesus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all bruised and torn;
 3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And lo, a cross for me appeared,
 4. My cross I'll ear-ry till the crown appears, The way I jour-ney soon will end

Bent low beneath the bur-den of His load: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
 I stooped to kiss away the marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
 The one for-gut-ten I had cast a-side, The one, so long, that I had feared.
 Where God Himself shall wipe a-way all tears, And friend hold fellowship with friend.

Chorus

"Take up thy cross and fol-low Me." I hear the bless-ed Sav-ior call;

How can I make a less-er sac-ri-fice, When Je-sus gave His all?

12 ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS

Fanny J. Crosby

COPYRIGHT, 1868, BY MARY RUMYON LOWRY. RENEWAL

Robert Lowry



Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy Who thru life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev - ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
 Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;

Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir - it, clothed im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day.

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thru end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well,
 Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thru end-less a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

BRING THEM IN

ALEXANDRA-THOMAS

Property of Mrs. W. A. Ogden

W. A. OGDEN

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep - herd kind, Help Him the wan-d'ring
 3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains

dark and drear, Call - ing the sheep who've gone a - stray, Far from the
 ones to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be
 wild and high; Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My

CHORUS

Shep-herd's fold a - way,
 shel - tered from the cold? } Bring them in, bring them in,
 sheep wher - e'er they be." }

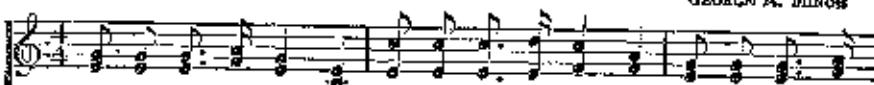
Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in,

bring them in, Bring the wan-d'ring ones to Je - sus.

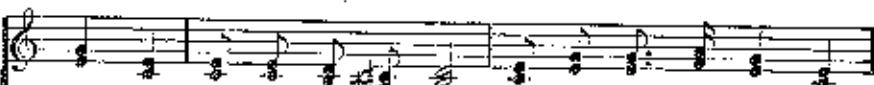
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Knowles Shaw

George A. Minot



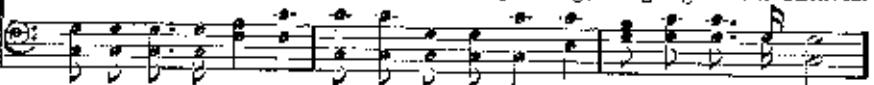
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing bronze; By and by the har - vest,
 tamed our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver,



and the time of reap-ing, We shall e more - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



CHORUS



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic -
 { Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic -



ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



15 THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

Isaac Watts

VARINA C. M. D.

George F. Root

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;

In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain,
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - don rolled be - tween.

There ev - er-last - ing spring abides, And nev - er-with - ring flow'rs;
Could we but climb where Mo - es stood, And view the landscape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'ly land from ours.

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore. A - men.

THE NINETY AND NINE

E. C. CLOPPETTE

IRA D. SANKEY

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shal - ter of the fold,
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e -ough for Thee?"
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters cross'd;
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
 5. But all thro' the moun-tains, thunder-riv'u, And up from the rock-y steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
 But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of nine Has wandered a-way from
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
 'They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 There a -ross a great cry to the gate of heav'n, 'Re - joice! I have found my

gold— A - way on the moon - tains wild and bare, A - way from the
 me, And, al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 lost: Out in the des - er-t (He heard its cry— Sick and
 back": "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to
 sheep!" And the an - gels a - round the throne, "Re - joice! for the

ton - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the lan - der Shep - herd's care,
 des - ect to find my sheep, I go to the des - er-t to find my sheep."
 helpless, and ready to die, Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
 night by many a thou. They are pierced to - night by many a thou."
 Lord brings back His own Be - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

TELL US

C. AUSTIN MILLER.

ALL. Union, slowly.

J. H. L. Arr. from "Humoresque," by Anton Dvorak.

1. Flow- ers in the mead-ow grow-ing, Sum-mer breez-es gen-ly blow-ing,
 2. Song-sters in the tree-tops away-ing, Faith in God a-bove dis-play-ing,

One.—On the shore the waves are beat-ing, Time is in the past re-treat-ing,

Have ye not a mes-sage from on high? Is there not a note of greeting,
 Have ye not for us a mes-sage, too? Know ye aught but joy and gladness,

Yea, the past is gone be-yond re-call; God is ours, and for-ev-er,

Or of hope that earthward fleeting, Brings a song of rap-ture nigh?
 Comes there not a time of sad-ness, Are your hours of joy too few?

He is one who fail-eth nev-er, He will guide and guard us all.

SOP. AND ALTO. In parts, faster.

Tell us, O tell us where flee the shadowa, When in the morn the sun appears?
 Tell us, O tell us who bears you safe-ly Where an-ther's breezes ge-a-ble blow?

Tell us, O tell us what bring the moments From the onward march of years?
 Tell us, O tell us who guides you year-ly From the winter's cold and snow?

18 THERE'S NOT A TINT THAT PAINTS THE ROSE

J. G. WALLACE

(P-J)

C. AUGUSTINE MILES.

1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lit - y fair, Or
 2. There's not a star whose twinkling light Shines on the dis - tant earth, And
 3. A-round, be -neath, be -low, a love As far as space ex - tends; There

streaks the lone blast flow'r that blows, But God has placed it there,
 cheers the si - lent gloom of night, But God has given it birth.
 He dis - plays His boundless love, And pow'r with mer - cy blends. A - men.

Copyright, MCMXXIX, by Hoh-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured.

THE ROSEHEAVEN CO., OWNER

19 BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

Reginald Heber

SILOAM, C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lit - y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly foot The paths of peace have trod;
 3. O Then, whose in - fant feet were found With-in Thy Father's shrine,
 4. De-pend - ent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned, Were all a - like di-vine;
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A - men.

SHARON'S ROSE

A. A. PAYN,

DEBT, or all Sop., and Alto.

ADAM GEDHEL.

1. Fair were the ros - es that grew where He trod,
2. Pure in their fra - grant, yet pur - er is He,
3. O may we love Him, than all else be - side,

Our rose of Sha - ron, the dear Son of God,
Who came from heav - en, our Sav - iour may he - tide,
O may we trust Him, what - ever may he

CHORUS. Unison.

{ Fair Rose of Sha - ron, Thy name now con - fess - ing, We
Come in Thy glo - ry and bring each a bless - ing, O

how hero lie - fore Thee and own Thee as King,

Part II.

Rosa of Sha - ron, Saviour divine, Whose praise we fore - er shall sing.

JESUS, ROSE OF SHARON

Ida A. Gudrey

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HOMER A. SKIDMORE
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom with - in my heart; Beau - ties of Thy
 2. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, sweet - er far to me Than the fair - est
 3. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, balm for ev - ry ill, May Thy ton - der
 4. Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, bloom for ev - er - more; Be Thy glo - ry

truth and ho - li - ness im - part, That wher-e'er I go my life may
 flow'rs of earth could ev - er be, Till my life com - plete - ly, add - ing
 mer - ey's healing pow'r dis - til For af - flic - ted souls of wea - ry,
 seen on earth from shore to shore, Till the na - tions own Thy Sov - reign -

shed a - broad Fra - grance of the knowl - edge of the love of God.
 more each day Of Thy grace di - vine and pur - i - ty, I pray.
 bur - dened men, Giv - ing need - y mor-tals health and hope a - gain.
 ty complete, Lay their hon - ors down and worship at Thy feet.

REFRAIN

Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on, Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,

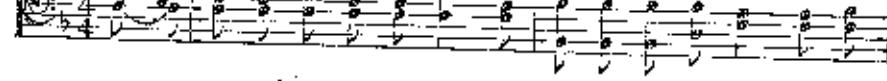
Bloom in ra - diance and in love with - in my heart.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

English Melody



1. I have found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I



fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley,
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for-sak - en,
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,

D.S.—Lil - y of the Val - ley.

Fine.

in Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole,
 and all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

the Bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - blu He's my stay,
 Though all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see His bless - ed face,



D.S.
 He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll, He's the
 Through Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal, He's the
 Where riv - era of de - light shall ev - er roll, He's the



IN THE GARDEN

C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, RENEWAL
THE HOUSEKEEPER CO., OWNER

C. Austin Miles

1. I come in the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS

Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing;

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None other has ev - er known.

WHAT A FRIEND

JAMES BREWER

CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heavy-la-den, Burdened with a load of care?

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev'-ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref-uge.—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

O what peace we oft-en for-felt, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All because we do not car-ry Ev'-ry-thing to God in pray'r!
 Je-sus knows our ev'-ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE

C. A. M.
CHORUS.COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY HODD-MACK CO.,
THE BODENBAUER CO., OWNER

C. Austin Miles

He is a Friend of mine. He is a Friend of mine, The Ruler of the land and sea,

per,

HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE

2

And yet He lov-eth me; I would that you might know Him too, This Friend of mine.

26

I WOULD BE TRUE

Howard Arnold Walter
Author of 3d stanza unknown

Joseph Yates Peck

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be
3. I would be prayer-fal thru each bus-y mo-ment; I would be

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv-ing, and for-get the gift; I would be hon-ble,
con-stant-ly in touch with God; I would be tuned to

there is much to suf-for; I would be brave, for there is
for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and
hear His slight-est whis-per; I would have faith to keep the

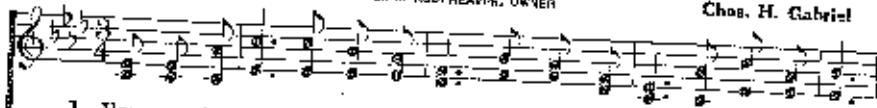
much to dare; I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
love, and lift; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.
path Chirst trod; I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

HIGHER GROUND

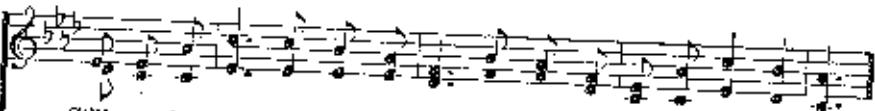
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E.W.L.
SHOWELL A. ROUTHIER, OWNER

Chas. H. Gabriel



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'-ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground,"
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



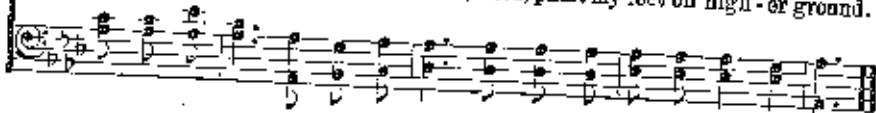
Chorus



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on hea-ven's ta - ble-land,



A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



THERE IS A GREEN HILL

C. F. Alexander

J. B. Herbert



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear,
 3. He died that we might be forgi-v'n, He died to make us good,
 4. Oh! dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all,
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood,
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do,



To save us all, To save us all,
 It was for us, It was for us,
 His pre-cious blood, His pre-cious blood,
 And trust His love, And trust His love,



Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all,
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood,
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.



I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

MARY BROWN

Copyright, 1892, by C. E. Rounsefell, Renewal
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL

1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea,
 2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
 Where I may la - bur thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cruc - i - fied;

But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and trou - bled the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - ero, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

Sheet music for "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go". The music is in common time, key signature of B-flat major. It consists of two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are: "I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

30

LEAD ME TO CALVARY

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY HALE-RACK CO.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Sheet music for "Lead Me to Calvary". The music is in common time, key signature of B-flat major. It consists of two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are:

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der-ly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Ma - ry, thru the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be will-ing, Lord, to bear Dai - ly my cross for Thee;

Sheet music for "Lead Me to Calvary" featuring a chorus. The music is in common time, key signature of B-flat major. It consists of two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are:

Lest I for-get Thy thorn-crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed Guard-ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all fur me.

Chorus:

Sheet music for "Lead Me to Calvary" featuring a chorus. The music is in common time, key signature of B-flat major. It consists of two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are:

Lest I for - get Geth-sem - a - ne; Lest I for - got Thine ag - o - ny;

Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

Rev. George Bernard

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY REV. GEO. BERNARD
HOMER A. BODENBAUER, OWNER

REV. GEORGE BERNARD.

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

Suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 tra-c-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, So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
 To par-don and sancti - fy me.
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross, the

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

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

THEN JESUS CAME

Copyright, 1910, by The Rodeheaver Co.
International Copyright Secured

GEORGE J. SMITH

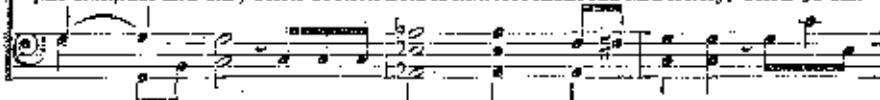
HOWARD RODEHEAVER



1. One sat a lone be-side the high-way beg-ging.
 2. From home and friends the e - vil spir - its drove him,
 3. Un-clean! un-clean! the lep - er cried in tor-ment,
 4. So men to - day have found the Sav-iour a - ble,
- His eyes were blind, the
A-mong the tombs he
The deaf, the dumb, in
They could not con - quer



light he could not see; He clutched his rags and shivered in the shad-ows, Then Je-sus
dwelt in mis-er - y; He cut him-self as demon pow'r's possessed him, Then Jesus
helplessness stood near; The fev-er raged, disease had gripped its victim, Then Je-sus
pas-sion, lust and sin; Their broken hearts had left them sad and lonely. Then Je-sus



REFRAIN

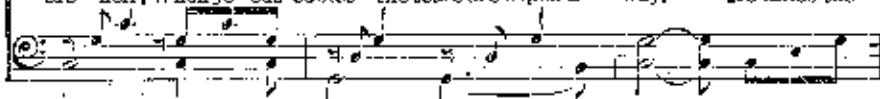


came and bade his dark-ness flee,
came and set the cap-tive free.
came and cast out ev - 'ry fear.
came and dwelt Hisself with - in.

} When Je-sus comes the tempter's pow'r is



bro - ken; When Je-sus comes the tears are wiped a - way. He takes the



gloom and fills the life with glory, For all is changed when Jesus comes to stay.

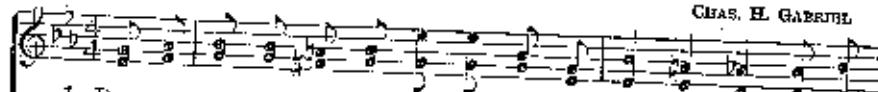


33 BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

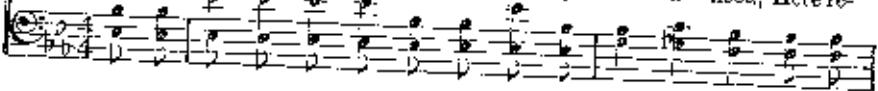
INA DULBY OGDEN

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOWELL P. PODHEAVER

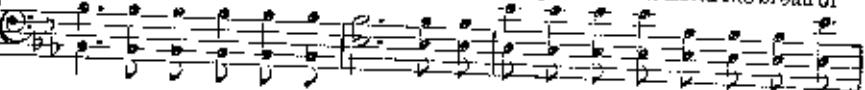
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Do not wait on - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-



wait to shed your light a - far, To the man - y du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' fit - to one heart a - lone may fall your
feet the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of



REFRAIN

now be true, Bright-en the cor-n er where you are,
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-n er where you are, Bright-en the cor-n er
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-n er where you are,



where you are! Bright-en the cor-n er where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je-sus where you are!



har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-n er where you are,



MARCHING WITH THE HEROES

William George Tarrant
Unison

COPYRIGHT, 1919, RENEWAL
HALL-MACK CO., OWNER

Adam Gelbel

1. Marching with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong, Lift we hearts and
 2. Glo - ry to the he - roes. Who in days of old Trod the path of
 3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true, Till a - mong the

voic - es As we march a - long; O the joy - ful mu - sic
 du - ty, Faith - ful, wise, and bold; For the right on - fluech - ing,
 he - roes We are he - roes, too; Loy - al to our Cap - tain

All in cho - res raise! Tho'rs the song of tri - umph, Ours the song of praise.
 Strong the weak to save, War - riors all and frac - men, Fighting for the slave.
 Like the men of yore, March - ing with the he - roes, On - ward ev - er - more.

REFRAIN. Harmony

March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,
 March - ing, march - ing

Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

MUSIC ADAPTED FROM THE SONG, "GARDEN OF PARADISE," U. S. AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1910
 USED BY PERMISSION OF THE COMPOSER
Silver Boy Prince Song WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY THE Y. W. C. A. OF AMERICA

Sallie Hume Douglas

Bryn Mawr College

1. To the Knights in the days of old,
 2. And we who would serve the King *Inst.* Keeping watch on the
 And luy - al - ly

mona - tain height, Came a vi - sion of Mo - ly Grail And a
 Bim o - boy, In the con - se-crate si - lence know That the

REFRAIN

voice thro' the wait - ing night, Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low the gleam,
 challenge still holds to - day. Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low the gleam,

Ban - nors un - for - led o'er all the world. Fol - low, fol - low,
 Stand - ards of worth o'er all the earth. Fol - low, fol - low,

fol - low, the gleam Of the Chal - ice that is the Grail.
 fol - low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

A. H. Ackley

COPYRIGHT, 1940, HEARWELL
THE RODGECAYER CO., OWNER

R. D. Ackley

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
 2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
 3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py
 4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth - ing else can bring,
 Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad - ow I can sing,
 Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
 Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos - sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

Refrain.

In the serv - ice of the King. In the serv - ice

of the King Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have

peace and joy and bless - ing In the serv - ice of the King.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

SALMEN BARING-GOULD

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng; Bold with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, land, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tie, See, His banners gol -
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thru' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Chorus

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore,

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

IRAN WALTER
Spirited

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUTHA LOWMYER. USED BY PERMISSION. ROBERT LOWMYER

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets Be-
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur-round the throne, And thus, sur-round the throne,
 speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad,
 walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets,
 fair er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high,

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi-on,

march-ing upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

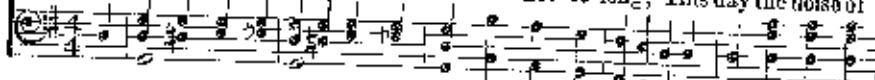
George Duffield
Song for Unison

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY FRED
THE PUBLISHER CO., CHICAGO

Adam Geibel



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arms of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of



ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic - t'ry on - to vic - t'ry His ar - my
con - flict, In this His glo - ri - ous day; "Ye that are men now serve Him" Against an -
fall you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put
bat - tie, The next, the victor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of



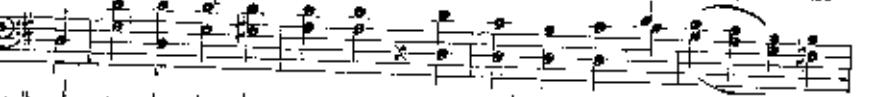
shall He lead, Till ev - ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed,
num - bered foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose,
on with prayer; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there,
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



Chorus Harmony



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; . . . Lift



high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not sui - fer loss,



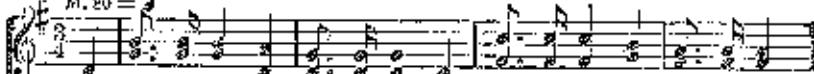
BEULAH LAND

Edgar Page.

BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. C. BRENTY KIRKPATRICK.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 20 = J.



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



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



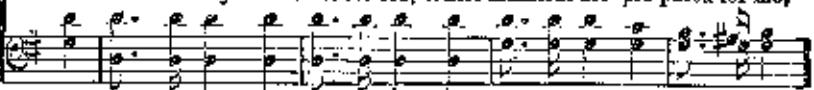
Chorus.



O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



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



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



41

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE

MARY ANN LATHROP

WILLIAM B. SHAWBURN

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the Truth, dear Lord, To me - to me - As Thou didst
 3. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may
 4. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly

break tho loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - li - lec; Then shall all bond - age cease,
 touch my eyes, And make me see; Show me the truth con - cealed
 Word the truth That say - eth me; Give me to eat and live

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word.
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 With - in Thy Word, And in Thy book revealed I see the Lord.
 With Thee: a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.

42 BREAD OF HEAVEN, ON THEE WE FEED

Josiah Conder

In moderate time

William B. Bradbury

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;
 3. Day by day with strength sup - plied, Thro' the life of Him who died,

BREAD OF HEAVEN

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread,
Lord. Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, oh, let us be Root-ed, graft-ed, built on Thee.

43

COME AND DINE

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY C. H. BOLTON 1014, BY THORO HARRIS
HILLMAN PUBLISHING CO., OWNER

C. B. Widmeyer

"Come and dine," the Mas-ter call-eth, "Come and dine," You may
O come and dine;
feast at Je-sus'ta-ble all the time; He who fed the mul-ti-tude,
O come and dine,
Turned the wa-ter in-to wine, To the hun-gry call-eth now, "Come and dine."

44

GRACE

To be sung before and after meat

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

BETHANY BLESSING

Curtie Stewart-Besserer

Dedicated to the Bethany Girls
COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY CURTIE STEWART-BESSERER
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

B. D. Addley

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff is in G major, common time, featuring a soprano vocal line. The second staff is in C major, common time, featuring a basso continuo line with bassoon and cello parts. The third staff is in G major, common time, featuring a piano or organ line. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line of the first staff.

Accept our grat-i-tude, Lord, For all the blessings Thou dost give; Di-rect and
 guide our dai-ly paths, And teach us how | to live. For Je-sus' sake, A-men.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul"

See No. 73

Thou of life the Fountain Head,
By Thy hand must we be fed;
As we bow in gratitude,
Lord, we thank Thee for this food. Amen.

Thou art great and Thou art good,
And we thank Thee for this food;
By Thy hand must we be fed;
Give us Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

Tune: "Jesus, Kinslow, Pilot Me"

See No. 104

Heavenly Father, kind and good,
Thanks we offer for this food;
For Thy love and tender care,
For the blessings that we share;
Now to Thee our voices raise
In a hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

Tune: "Old Hundred"

See No. 150

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee. Amen.

Lord Jesus, be our holy Guest,
Our morning Joy, our evening Rest;
And with our daily bread impart
Thy love and peace in every heart. Amen.

We thank Thee for the morning light,
For rest and shelter of the night.
For health and food, for love and friends
And for everything Thy goodness sends.
Amen.

Tune: "Sun of My Soul"

See No. 125

For food and health and happy days,
Accept our gratitude and praise;
In serving others, Lord, may we
Repay our debt of love to Thee. Amen.

RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

Rev. W. O. Cushing
Joyfully

G. F. Root

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day,
For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day,
For the wan-d'er
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day!
An-gels, swell the

turn-ing from the wild! See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is rec-on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-un-phant strain! Tell the joy-fol ti-dings, bear it far a-way!

CHORUS

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wan-d'ring child.

And is born a-new a ransomed child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the
For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain.

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harpe ring! 'Tis the ransomed

ar-my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

53 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING

S. F. SMITH

G. J. WOOD

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
 2. See hea-then na-tions bend-ing Be-fore the God of love,
 3. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pur-sue Thine on-ward way;
 4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In man-y a gen-tle show'r,

The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
 And thou-sand hearts as-cend-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove;
 Few have to ev-ry na-tion, Nor in Thy rich-ness stay;
 And bright-er scenes be-fore us Are op-ping ev'-ry hour;

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a-far, Of
 While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The Gos-pel's call o-hoy, And
 Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-um-phant reach their home; Stay
 Each cry to heav-en go-ing, A-bon-dant an-swer brings, And

na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.
 seek a Sav-ior's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day.
 not till all the ho-ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
 heav'nly gates are blow-ing, With peace up-on their wings. A-men.

IT IS MORNING IN MY HEART

A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY HOWARD L. ROOPHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. All the dark-ness of the night has passed a-way,
 2. I can hear the songbirds sing-ing their re-train,
 3. Christ has made the world a par-a-dise to me,
 4. Joy has come to dwell with me for-ey-er-more,
- It is morn-ing in my
It is morn-ing in my
It is morn-ing in my
It is morn-ing in my

- heart; I am liv-ing in the sun-light of the day, It is
 heart; And I know that life for me be-gins a-gain, It is
 heart; Ev'-ry du-t-y in the light of love I see, It is
 heart, I shall sing it when I reach the oth-er shore, It is

REFRAIN

morn-ing in my heart. It is morning, it is morn-ing in my heart, . . . in my heart,

Je-sus made the gloomy shadows all de-part; Songs of gladness now I
made all de-part;

sing, for since Je-sus is my King It is morning, it is morn-ing in my heart.

AWAKENING CHORUS

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1911, RENEWAL
HOMER & HOEHLER, OWNERS

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. A - wake! A - wake! a - wake! and sing the blessed sto - ry;
 2. Ring out! ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness!

A-wake! A-wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A-Re-pea-t Re-pea-t Re-pea-t a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till

wake! a - wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is
 A-wake! a - wake! all the earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a -
 Till all the earth And shout
 beam ing from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and
 is beam-ing
 New a - new the glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing

Music voices in Unison

hills re-sound with glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph
 of the great sal - va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and

hills re-sound with glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph
 of the great sal - va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and

AWAKENING CHORUS.

Full harmony

song. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!
death. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled!
sin is backward hurled)

Unison

Re-joice, re-joice! Lift heart and voice; Je - ho - vah reigns!

Full harmony

Pro-claim His sov'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

56 WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

Translated from the German by Edward Caswell

Joseph Barnby

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
 2. When-er the sweet church bell Peals o-ver hill and dell
 3. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say,
 4. In heav'n's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-ble di-vine,

May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and pray'r,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! O! bark to what it sings,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e-ter-nal song

To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 As joy-ous-ly it rings, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 From depth to height re-ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
 Through all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-men.

57

INTO MY HEART

(MY PRAYER)

H. D. C.

Sing Prayerfully

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY HARRY D. CLARKE
MARY S. CLARKE, OWNER

Harry D. Clarke

In-to my heart, in-to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Lord Je-sus;

INTO MY HEART



Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come in to my heart, Lord Je-sus.

58

O THOU IN WHOSE PRESENCE

Joseph Swain

Freeman Lewis



1. O Thou in whose pres- ence my soul takes de - light,
2. Where dost Thon, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep,
3. O why should I wan - der an a - lie from Thee,
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The



whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my
feed them in pas - tures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of
cry in the des -ert for bread? Thy foes will re - joice when my
star that on Is - ra - el shone? Say, if in your tents my be -



song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.

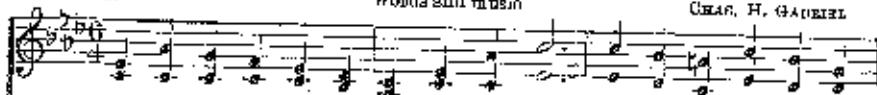


O THAT WILL BE GLORY

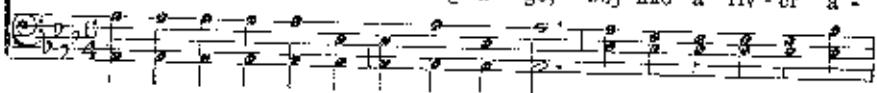
Copyright, 1888, renewed. Munier A. Rudcheyer, owner
Words and music

CHARL. H. GARNET

C. H. G.



1. When all my labors and trials are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His infinite grace, I am accorded in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a river a-



beam - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,



rit.

CHORUS. Faster.



Will thro' the a-gos be glo-ry for me.... O that will be
o..... that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me.....



I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.



60 GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

Lizzie DeArmond

Homer A. Rodeheaver

1. When comes to the wea - ry a bless-ed re - lease, When upward we
 2. When fad - eth the day and dark shadows draw nigh, With Christ close at
 3. When home-lights we see shin-ing brightly a - bove, Where we shall be

pass to His kingdom of peace, When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
 hand, it is not death to die; He'll wipe ev'-ry tear, roll a-way ev'-ry care;
 soon, thro' His wonderful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heaven to share,

CHORUS.

We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there.
 We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there. Good morning up there where
 We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there.

Christ is the Light, Good-morning up there where cometh no night; When we step from this

earth to God's heaven so fair, We'll say "good-night" here, but "good-morning" up there.

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

Mrs. C. D. Martin

COPYRIGHT, 1914, RENEWAL
HOME & ROSENSTEIN, OWNERS

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged,
 2. "Let not your heart be troub-led,"
 3. When-ev - er I am tempt-ed,
- Why should the shad-ows come,
 His ten-der word I hear,
 When-ev - er clouds a - rise,

Why should my heart be lone-ly,
 And rest-ing on His good-ness,
 When song gives place to sigh-ing,

And long for heav'n and home, When
 I lose my doubts and fears; The
 When hope with-in me dies. I

Je - sus is my por - tion? My con-stant friend is He: His
 by the path He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
 draw the clos - er to Him. From care He sets me free; His

eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch-es me; His
 eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch-es me; His
 eye is on the spar - row. And I know He cares for me; His

eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me.
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me.
 eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me.

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

CHORUS

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of B-flat major (two flats). The first staff is for the soprano voice, the second for the alto, the third for the tenor, and the fourth for the bass. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The vocal parts begin with a 'Chorus' section, followed by a verse where the bass part provides harmonic support. The bass part also features a melodic line in the final section.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, I sing be-cause I'm free.
 I'm hap-py, I'm free.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me.

62 DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

John G. Whittier

RILTON S. C. S. S. C.

Frederick C. Maker

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of C major. The first two staves are for the soprano and alto voices, and the third staff is for the bass. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. The bass part provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our fay'ish ways! Reclote us in our
 2. In simple trust, like theirs who heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling
 3. O Sabbath rest by Gal-i-lee! O calm of hills a-bove, Where Jesus knelt to
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the
 5. Breache thro' the heats of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let

rightful mind; In par-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deeper rev'rence, praise.
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee,
 Share with Thee The silence of o - ter - ni - ty, In - ter-pre-ted by lowl
 strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace,
 flesh retire: Speak thro' the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm! A-men.

The musical score continues with the bass part providing harmonic support. The bass line is rhythmic and sustained, creating a sense of depth and reverence.

HE LIFTED ME

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1915, RENEWAL. MORGEN AL INCORPORATED, OWNERS

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came, My soul in mer- cy to re-claim,
 2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
 3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
 4. Now on a high-or plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me,
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me,
 When from my guilt and grief for-lorn, In love He lift-ed me,
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me,

He lift-ed me.

Chorus

From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-dot hand He lift-ed me,

From shades of night to planes of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

LOST, BUT JESUS FOUND ME

A. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MORN AL INCORPORATED
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

A. Phipps

Lost, but Je-sus found me; Blind, but now I see;

LOST, BUT JESUS FOUND ME

Bound, but, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has set me free.

65 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. B.

Dated by permission

P. P. B. 1888

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-ey From His lighthouse ev - er - more;
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother! Some poor sea-man, tempest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ha - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har-ber, In the dark-ness may be lost.

Chorus

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

Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

GIVE ME OIL IN MY LAMP

Anabaptists

Give me oil in my lamp, Oil in my lamp, Give me oil in my lamp, I pray;
 Give me oil in my lamp, Keep me shining in my camp Un-til the break of day.

AN EVENING PRAYER

C. M. Bautersby
Arr. by C. H. G.COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
THE ROCHEMAY CO., OWNER

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. If I have wound-ed an - y soul to - day, If I have caused one
2. If I have ut-tered i - dle words or vain, If I have turned a-
3. If I have been per-verse, or hard or cold, If I have longed for
4. For-give the sins I have con-fessed to Thee; For-give the se - cret

foot to go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will - ful way,
 side from want or pain, Lest I of - fend some oth - er thru the strain,
 shel-ter in the fold, When Thou hast giv - en me some fort to hold,
 sins I do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be,

Verses 1, 2 & 3.

D. C. 4th Verse only.

- 1-3. Dear Lord, for - give (for - give)!
 (Omit.) 4. (Inst. only.) A - men (A-men).

SILENT NIGHT

Joseph Mohr

P. M.

Franz Gruber

1. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright 'Round yon
 2. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake at the sight Glo - ries
 3. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant

vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - lant, so ten - der and mild,
 stream from heaven, a - far, Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born, Christ, the Sav - ior, is born,
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth. A - men.

TAPS

1. Fad - ing light, dim the sight, And a star gems the sky,
 2. Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hills,

gleam-ing bright. From a - far draw - ing nigh Falls the night,
 from the sky; All is well, safe - ly rest; God is nigh

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

H. R. Palmer

H. R. Palmer

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pa-nions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain; God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly ou-ward,
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, The' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

REFRAIN

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

HE LEADETH ME

Joseph H. Gilmore

William B. Bradbury



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-don's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-try's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubl-ed sea,-- Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



His faith-ful fol-low-er I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



72 I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS

Frances R. Havergal

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus. At Thy feet I bow;
 2. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a lone shalt lead,
 3. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus; Nev-er let me fall;

For Thy grace and ten-der mer- cy, Trust-ing now.
 Ev-ry day and hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
 I am trust-ing Thee for-ev-er, And for all. A-MEN.

73 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

Charles Wesley

S. B. Marsh

Fine

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
 While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
 2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not a lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me!
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 4. Plen-toos grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;
 Let the heal-ing strams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

D. G.-Safe in-to the hor-ri-ble night, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 D. C.-Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 D. G.-False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace,
 D. C.-Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
 Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

WHERE HE LEADS ME

E. W. Blandly

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. R. MORRIS
USED BY PERMISSION

J. R. Morris

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

Ref.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thru the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thru the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him with Him all the way.

75 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE

Frances R. Havergal

C. H. A. Melen

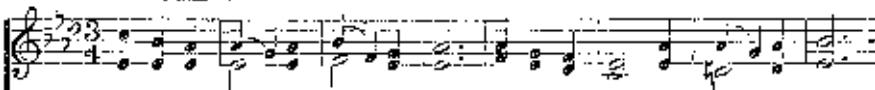
1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
 2. Take my feet, and let them be swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my mo-ments
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love. At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King,
 and my days. Let them flow in cease-less praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

FREDERICK W. FAIRY

H. M. HENRY



1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
 3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



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



Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



YOU MUST OPEN THE DOOR

Ira Duley Ogdon

COMPLETE SONG COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT EXCLUDED

Homer A. Rodeheaver



You must o-pen the door, You must o-pen the door, When



YOU MUST OPEN THE DOOR



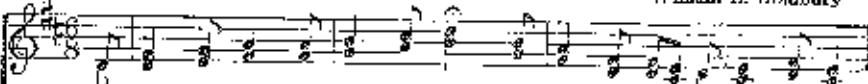
Je-sus comes in, He will save you from sin, But you must o - pen the door.

78

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

W. W. Walford

William B. Bradbury



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

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

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

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

JESUS WHISPERS PEACE

D. M. W.

Copyright, 1886, by The Rodcheaver Co.
International Copyright Secured

DRILLA MCGRATH WARREN

1. There is a name to me so dear, Like sweet - est mu - sic to my ear;
 2. When grief seems more than I can bear, My soul weighed down with heavy care;
 3. O, that the world might hear Him speak, The word of comfort that men seek;

For when my heart is troubled, filled with fear,
 And I am more - ly tempted to de - spair,
 To all the low - ly, and un - to the meek,
 Je - sus whispers peace. Je - sus whispers peace.
 Je - sus whispers peace.

80 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

Ray Palmer

Lowell Mason

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark mire I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Did darkness

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

81 THE PEACE THAT MY SAVIOR HAS GIVEN

H. L.

DUET *Slowly*

COPYRIGHT, 1932, BY HOWARD A. RODPHEVEN
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

Haldor Lilleoren

1. Like the fra-grance of flow-ers, Like the soft sum-mer show-ers, Is the
2. Like the twi-light comes stealing, Like an eve-ning bell peal-ing, Is the
3. Like a cloud that is rift-ed, Like a bur-den that's lift-ed, Is the

peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en; Like the dew of the morn-ing All the
peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en; Like a sun-set of splen-dor, Like a
peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en; Like a rest aft-er sor-row, Like a

hill-sides a-durn-ing, Is the peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en,
song sweet and ten-der, Is the peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en.
ju-bilant mor-row, Is the peace that my Sav-i-or has giv-en.

CHORUS PARTS

Peace that my Savior has giv-en, Peace that He sendeth from heav-en; As
Peace that my Savior has giv-en, Peace that He sendeth from heaven;

high as the mountain and deep as the sea Is the peace Jesus gives to me (given to me).

DOES JESUS CARE

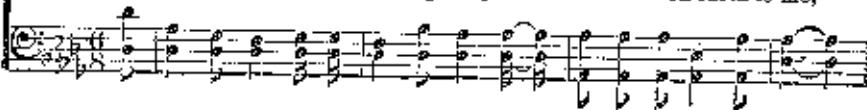
Frank E. Groom

Copyright, 1920, BY HALL-MACK CO., RENEWAL
THE ROBERT-MAYER CO., OWNER

J. Lincoln Hall



1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song,
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "goodbye" To the dearest on earth to me,



As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
 When for my deep grief There is no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches 'Til it nearly breaks, Is it aught to Him? does He see?



REFRAIN



O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; ...



When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Saviour cares....

Hecares.



RAINING

A. H. A.

A. H. ACKLEY.

1. What's the use of our com-plain-ing? When it's rain-ing, rain-ing,
 2. What's the use of our com-plain-ing? When it's rain-ing, rain-ing,
 3. What's the use of our com-plain-ing? When it's rain-ing, rain-ing,

rain-ing? God has will'd the rain, so let it be, He knows
 rain-ing? Flow'r must drink the wa-ter if they grow, Streams must
 rain-ing? Think of all the bless-ings it will bring, Look your

CHORUS.

what is best for you and me. car-ry wa-ter if they flow, it's a-rain-ing rain, it's a-rain-ing rain,
 sun-ni-est and smile and sing.

Hear it pe-tar-on on the win-dow pane; It's a-rain-ing rain, It's a-

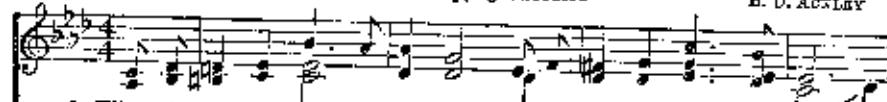
rain-ing rain, And it nev-er will rain the same rain a-gain.

84 THERE'S A RAINBOW SHINING SOMEWHERE

ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

Copyright, 1890, by Horner A. Rodheaver
International Copyright Secured

B. D. ACKLEY



1. When the cares of life as-sail me, Then I search the skies a - bove;
2. When the darkness falls a-round me, When the clouds a-bove my door
3. God will come to heal my sor - row, God will come to bring me peace,



For the God who will not fail me Sends an em-blem of His love.
Come to say that trouble's found me, Then I watch the skies once more.
With a rain-bow on the mor-row, When the storms of life shall cease.



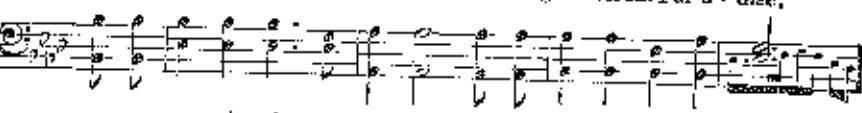
REFRAIN



There's a rain-bow shin-ing somewhere, There's a light a-cross the skies;



There's a rain-bow shin-ing somewhere, Like a gleam from Par-a - dise;



Though to-day the clouds are drift-ing Far a-cross the stormy sea,



THERE'S A RAINBOW SHINING SOMEWHERE



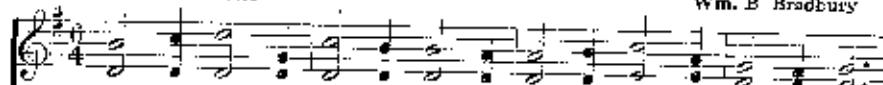
There's a rain-bow shin-ing some-where That will some day shine for me.

85

EVEN ME, EVEN ME

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner

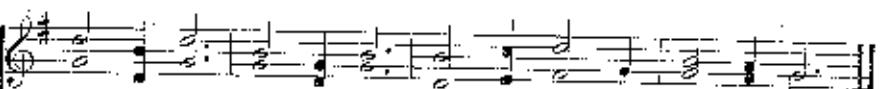
Wm. B. Bradbury



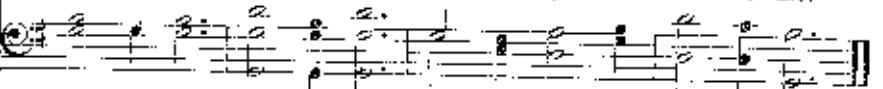
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;



Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and bound-less, Mag - ni - fy them all in me;



E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



SUNSHINE AND RAIN

COPYRIGHT, 1920. RENEWAL
THE NOUVELLE CO., OWNER

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, With -
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to beat, For
3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re-

out the bless - ing of re-fresh - ing rain, (refreshing rain.)
Him who bore the bur - den of our sin, (who bore our sin.)
pin - ing when the days are dark and drear? (are dark and drear?)

1. Would we

Would we scatter seed up - on the fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or e - ven strive e -
Can we hope for plea-sures yet de - ny, the pain, Or share the joys of
scat - ter seed up - on the fal - low ground,

flow - ers, fruit and grain?

ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain, re-fresh - ing, re - viv - ing rain,
life with-out the tear?

CHORUS

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

Light of faith and love, Show-ers from a - bove! Sun - shine and rain, to
nur -ture the grow-ing grain, Send us, Lord, the sun-shine and the rain.

87

SING AND SMILE AND PRAY

Dedicated to our good friend, Horace A. Raddehauer

Virgil P. Brock

COPYRIGHT, 1954, BY HOWELL A. PODHAEFER
INTERCULTURAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

Blanche Kerr Brock

1. Sing the clouds a - way, night will turn to day; If you sing and
2. Smile the clouds a - way, night will turn to day; If you smile and
4. Sing and smile and pray, that's the on - ly way; If you sing and

PINK.

sing and sing, You'll sing the clouds a - way.
smile and smile, You'll smile the clouds a - way. 2. Pray the clouds a - way,
smile and pray, You'll drive the clouds a - way.

D. C. 4th Verse

Pray and pray and pray; Night will turn to day. No mat - ter what they say.

88 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
 2. On the bosom of the riv - er, Where the Sav-iour-King we own;
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys-tal tide, for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God.
 We shall meet, and sorrow nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

REFRAIN

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

RIVER OF EDEN

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.



1. From the throne flows a wondrous stream,
2. Clear as crystal the wa - ter flows,
3. Bless-ed riv-er flowen, flow on!

On its wa-ters the love lights gleam;
Bear-ing blessings for hu-man woes,
Bear your message from God the Son,



Chorus.



Flow! Flow! Riv-er of E - den fair and bright; On! On!



bear-ing a mes - sage from the throne of light; God is lovel....



ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL

Slave Hymn

Roll, Jor-dan, roll; Roll, Jor-dan, roll, I want tu go to heav-en when I die,

1. O broth-ers, you ought t'have been there;
 To hear Jor-dan roll. 2. O preach-ers, you ought t'have been there;
 3. O sin-ners, you ought t'have been there;

Yes, my Lord! A - sit-ting in the King-dom. To hear Jor-dan roll.
 Yes, my Lord! A - sit-ting in the King-dom, To hear Jor-dan roll.
 Yes, my Lord! A - sit-ting in the King-dom, To hear Jor-dan roll.

4. O mourners, etc. 5. O sisters, etc. 6. O mothers, etc. 7. O children, etc.

91 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

Samuel Sennett

Arr. by R. M. McInosh

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor poi-sious breath, Can reach that health-fol shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-or blest?

ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

FINE

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And sent - ters night n - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

REFRAIN

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

D.S.

92

FISHERS OF MEN

H. D. C.

Copyright, 1827, by Harry D. Clarke
MARY C. CLARKE, OWNER

HARRY D. CLARKE
HAT. BY TALMAGE J. RUTTER

1. I will make you fish-ers of men, Fish-ers of men, fish-ers of men,
2. Hear Christ call - ing, Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me;

I will make you fishers of men If you fol - low Me; If you fol - low Me,
Hear Christ calling, Come un-to Me, I will give you rest, I will give you rest,

If you fol - low Me, I will make you fishers of men If you fol - low Me,
I will give you rest; Hear Christ calling, Come un-to Me, I will give you rest,

I'M ON THE ROCK AT LAST

Rev. Herbert Buffum

COPYRIGHT, 1940, RENEWAL
THE ROBERT DEAN CO., OWNER

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. My lit-tle bark was tempest-tossed, and drifting with the tide; I had no
 2. I built my house up-on the sand which could not stand the test, For when the
 3. When Satan comes to buf-fet now, when fiercely beats the tide, I do not
 4. And here up-on the rock I'll stay, till Je-sus comes a-gain, And catches

chart or com-pas tree, no pi-lot for my guide; A life-boat came to
 storm of life swept o'er, my heart was sore dis-tress-ed; I called on Christ to
 fear the an-gry gale, but in the rock I bide, And there I sing with
 up His wait-ing Bride a thou-sand years to reign; And then I'll sing His

rea-son when hope was al-most past; I en-terred and now I can sing,
 save me from the fu-ry of the blast; I've found the sure foun-dation now,
 trust-ing heart, tho' clouds may o-ver-cast; I'm safe-ly hid-den in the Cleft,
 song a-new with all earth's sorrows past; All glu-ry be to Cal-vry's Lamb,

CHORUS

I'm on the rock at last. I'm on the rock at last,..... I'm on the
 I'm on the rock at last, I'm on

rock at last,..... No more I sail a storm-y sea, My wan-drings are
 the rock at last,

I'm On the Rock At Last

past, I stopped in - to the life - boat and now my an-chor's
hat-ic - ia-jah,
east, Oh, bal - le - ia-jah! Praise the Lord, I'm on the rock at last.
an-chor's east,

94

The Solid Rock.

Edward Mote.

M. 68 =

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blond and right-cous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est strain, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }
2. { When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
In ev - ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the vale. }

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol - il Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand, All

oth - er ground is sink-ing sand. 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

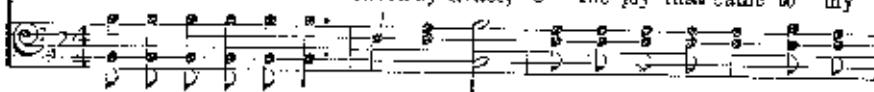
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faithless to stand before the throne.

A NEW NAME IN GLORY

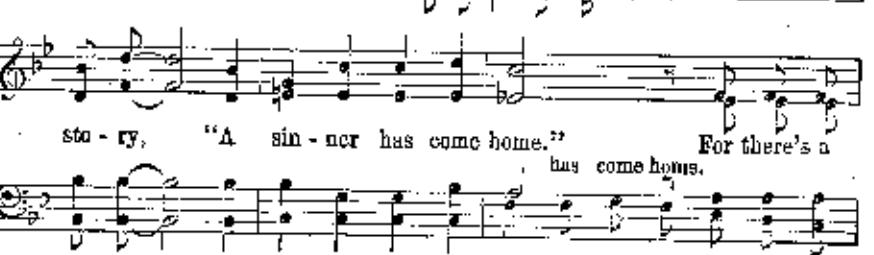
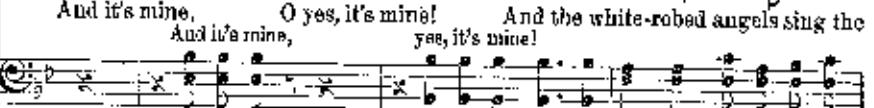
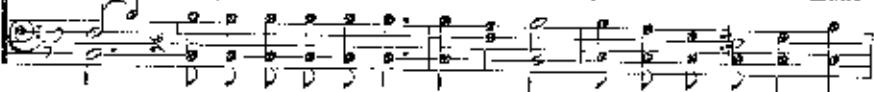
C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, RENEWAL. THE ROSEHORN CO., OWNER

C. Austin Miles



Lord: This was free-ly giv-on, and I found That He al-ways kept His
 frown; When the heavens opened and I saw That my name was writ-ten
 soul! Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made



A NEW NAME IN GLORY

new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!
 And it's mine, yea, it's mine!

With my sins for-giv-en I am bound for heav-en, Nev-er-more to roam.

96

O HAPPY DAY

François Dommange

E. F. BRAUER

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
 Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-bread.
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 Let choicest an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done; the great transac-tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
4. { Now rest, my long-di-vul-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest; }
 Nor ev-er from my Lord do-part, With Him of ev-ry good possessed.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day;

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. E.

FRANK M. DAVIS

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would
 2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
 3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
 blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fil - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
 glo - ri-fied in - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing

King - dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
 writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing,

REPEAT

Is my name writ - ten there? }
 I will make them like snow, }
 Is my name writ - ten there? } Is my name writ - ten there, On the

page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

THE HAVEN OF REST

H. L. Gilmore

DRED BY FER. DR. H. L. GILMORE

George D. Moore

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
 2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der em-brace, And faith tak-ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
 4. How pre-cious the tho't that we all may re-cline. Like John the be-
 5. O come to the Sav-iour, He pa-tient-ly waits To save by His

sin and dis-tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Make Me your choice;"
 hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I an-chor-ed my soul;
 sto-ry so blest, Of Je-sus who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
 lov-ed and blest, On Je-sus' strong arm, where no tem-pest can harm,
 pow-er di-vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest,"

CHORUS

And I en-tered the "Ha-ven of Rest."

The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.

A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest." I've an-chor-ed my soul in the

Se - cure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."

And say, "My Be-lov-ed is mine."

"Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tem-pest may

sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er - more.

WIDE AS THE OCEAN

C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY ALL-WORK CO., THE RODE-LAVER CO., OWNER
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED

C. Austin Miles



land and of sea, Whose throne is on high; He ev - er is nigh,
 sound of His voice Is call - ing to me, wher - e'er I may be,
 pleasures a - bound; So close to His side I'll ev - er a - bide,

CHORDS

To love and care for me. Wide, wide as the o - - cean,
 To make my heart re - joice. Wide as the o - - cean, deep as the sea,
 For safe - ty there is found. Wide as the o - - cean, deep as the sea,

High as the heav'ns a - bove; Deep, deep as the deep-est sea,
 a - bove; Deep as the deep - est

Is my Sav - iour's love; is His love; tho' so un -
 is His love; tho' un - worth - y,

WIDE AS THE OCEAN

A musical score for 'Wide as the Ocean' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are: "wor - thy, Still am a child of His care, Still am His child His care." The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

wor - thy, Still am a child of His care,
Still am His child His care.

For His Word teach-es me that His love reach-es me Ev - ry - where.

100

ROCK OF AGES

Augustus M. Toplady

Thomas Hastings

A musical score for 'Rock of Ages' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are: "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know, While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,"

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

A continuation of the musical score for 'Rock of Ages' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The lyrics are: "Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed, These for sin could not a - tune; Then must save, and Thou a - lone: When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,"

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tune; Then must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

A continuation of the musical score for 'Rock of Ages' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The lyrics are: "Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,"

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim -ply to Thy cross I cling,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,