

3 Onward Christian Soldiers
1 Stands We for Jesus
Work for the night in

14
53
63

PROPERTY OF
Y. M. C. A. MALE CHORUS,
YORK, PA.



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SONS OF PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS

FOR MEN'S VOICES

By

D. B. Towner, Mus. Doc.

E. S. Lorenz and Ira B. Wilson

PROPERTY OF
Y. M. C. A. MALE CHORUS,
YORK, PA.

THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.

150 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK.

216-218 W. Fifth Street, DAYTON, OHIO

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Prices: 35 cents per copy postpaid.
\$3.60 per dozen by express, charges not paid.

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SONS OF PRAISE.

1.

Stand Still.

JOHN SNAPE.

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Stand still, my soul, and murmur not, God lives and you has not for-
2. Stand still, my soul, and let God fling Love's mantle o'er each hurt-ful
3. Stand still, God knows the path you take; 'Mid scenes untried, he'll not for-
4. Stand still, our Lord comes soon again; He wins who waits and works till

got; Hap-py or sad or hard thy lot, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
sting, Healing and peace to torn hearts bring, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
sake; New changes will new blessings make, Stand still, my soul, stand still.
then; Caught up we'll be in clouds to heav'n, Stand still, my soul, stand still.

CHORUS.

Stand still and God's sal-va - tion see, And wait and hope, he waits for

thee; His will be done for thee and me, Stand still, my soul, stand still.

2. God has Done All He Can.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. God has done all he can to save you, He has done all he
 2. God has done all he can for your soul,
 3. God has done all that ma-jes - ty could, All he can, he has

can! He has giv-en his Son, And left nothing undone That an
 His own spir-it hesent To lead you to repent, And to
 done all he can! And has caused you to know Where the living streams flow, So that

CHORUS.

in-fin-ite Savior could do. } God has done all he can, all he can!
 point you by grace to the goal. }
 you might be saved if you would. } He has done all he can!

He has done all he can, all he can! God has done all he
 He has done all he can!

can, And has published his plan, And the rest is for you to do!

4. There is a Green Hill.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

IRA B. WILSON.

Andante con espressione.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a
 2. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to

cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci -
 make us good, That we might go at last to

fied, Who died to save us all. We
 heav'n, Saved by his pre - ci - ous blood. Oh,

rit. *a tempo.*

may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear; But
 dear - ly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him too, And

'Twas for us He hung and suffered there.
 Trust his blood, And try his works to do.
 we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
 trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

5. Hold up the Lamp of Life.

JENNIE WILSON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hold up God's true and sav-ing light, The Lamp of Life di-vine;
 2. On life's great deep our brother's bark Is drifting with the tide;
 3. In error's gloom with none to save From never-end - ing loss,
 4. While we in God's true light rejoice, For help a pit - eous plea

1. The Lamp of Life divine;

That bright-ly thro' sins drear - y night Its bless - ed rays may shine.
 The bea-con gleaming thro' the dark From dan-ger's course to guide.
 Stray precious souls for whom Christ gave His blood up - on the cross.
 Comes to us in a plain-tive voice From sad lands o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

Hold up..... the Lamp of Life! Hold
 Hold up the Lamp, the Lamp of Life di-vine!

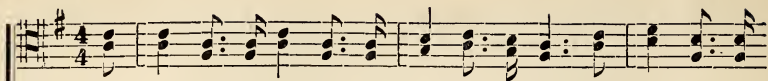
up..... the Lamp of Life! Till all lands and isles a-
 Hold up the Lamp, Oh, let its glories shine!

far Wherein mortal spir-its are Shall re-joice in the light di- vine!
 Shall re-joice

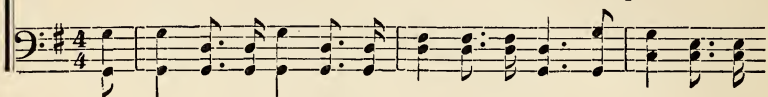
Except Ye Repent.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

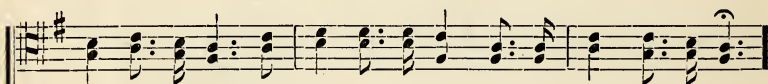
J. E. DELMARTER.



1. "Ex - cept ye repent," 'tis the Sav - ior who cries, "Ye can - not be
2. Ex - cept ye repent, ye will still wan - der on A - far from his
3. Ex - cept ye repent, and his par - don re - ceive, Ye nev - er will
4. Ex - cept ye repent, all the bur - dens of care Will press ev - er -



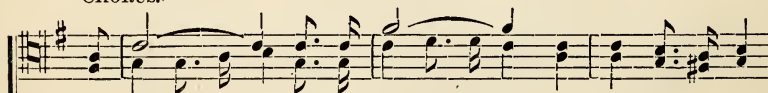
saved, ye must per - ish at last." And now is the time; hear the
face, in the by - ways of sin; And what will ye do when the
know what a Sav - ior is he Who bids you look up and re -
more on thy sin - la - densoul; But he who gives peace, is now



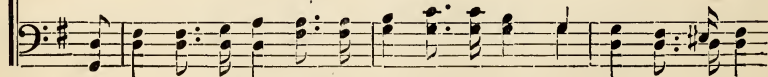
voice from the skies, The sun go - eth down, and the night com - eth fast.
day - light is gone, The por - tals are shut, and no soul en - ters in?
pent and believe, His mer - cy to know, his sal - va - tion to see.
wait - ing to bear All sor - row and sin - not a part, but the whole..



CHORUS.



Re - pent (and be - lieve!) Oh, re - pent (and believe,) While Je - sus is near,



Except Ye Repent—Concluded.

and en - treats you to hear Re - pent (and be - lieve!) Oh, re -

pent (and believe!) Come now, while ye may, for the light fades a - way. *ad lib.*

7. Teach Us to Pray.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

F. S. SHEPARD.

Andante.

1. Fa - ther, in thy lov - ing mer - cy, Teach thy chil - dren how to pray,
2. Ere our pray'rs are offered, Fa - ther, Ere our hearts have made them known,
3. While we yet are speak - ing, Fa - ther, Send an an - swer from a - bove,

That their pray'rs may bring an an - swer From thy gra - cious heart a - way.
Look on us in grace and mer - cy And our sup - pli - ca - tions own.
That shall sat - is - fy our long - ings, And shall thrill us with thy love.

D.S.—And while yet our lips are speak - ing, All our sup - pli - ca - tions own.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Hear us, Fa - ther, we en - treat thee, Make to us thy fa - vor known;

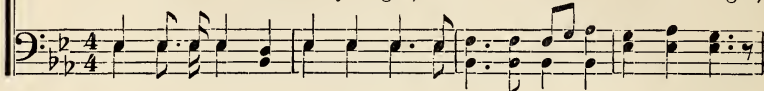
There Stands a Rock.

Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

Vigoroso.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce-les-tial glo-ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'ns unclouded light,



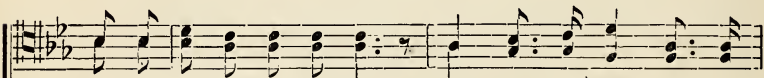
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
 To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
 Ope wide its gates beneath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.



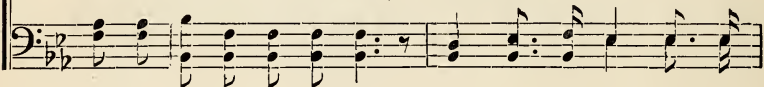
CHORUS.



Some build their hopes on the ev - er drift-ingsand, Some on their fame



or their treas-ure or their land; Mine's on the Rock that for -



ev - er-more shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."



May God Depend on You?

W. C. MARTIN.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. In the war-fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
 2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions, Come they in Sa - tan - ic might, —
 3. From his throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;

When the conflict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night,
 Pow - ers come and dark do - min - ions From the re - gions of the night.
 And our lead - er true is Je - sus And we shall not, can - not fail.

God needs peo - ple brave and true: May he then depend on you?
 God re - quires the brave and true: May he now depend on you?
 Triumph crowns the brave and true, — May the Lord depend on you?

peo - ple brave and true;

CHORUS.

May the Lord depend on you?..... Loy - al - ty..... is but his due;.....

May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy - al - ty is but his due;

Say, O spir - it brave and true, That he may depend on you.

spir - it brave and true,

Stand for Thy Country.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Stand for thy coun-try, brave-ly stand; There's nowhere else so
 2. Stand for thy coun-try, no - bly dare Maintain her glo - ry
 3. Stand for thy coun-try, nev - er fail, What - ev - er cow - ard

good a land, So gen-er-ous, so rich, so free, The worthy home of
 ev-'ry-where; Hold her to purpose true and high, Then loy - al stand to
 hearts should quail; From shore to shore, o'er all the land, May patriot hearts u -

CHORUS.
Stand!

Stand!

lib - er - ty.
 live - or die. } Stand for thy coun-try! Stand for thy coun-try! Where-
 nit - ed stand. }

Stand!

e'er are the brave, the brave and the true! Stand for thy coun-try!

Stand!

Stand for thy coun-try! Stand for her banner of red, white and blue!

11. The Good That I can Do.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. L. ASHFORD.

Moderato.

cres.

1. Life is for ser - vice in Je - sus' dear name. Let me as her - ald his
 2. Let me be find - ing and cheering the sad, Giv - ing the com - fort they
 3. Life is for ser - vice, but life is so brief, I should be bring - ing the

dim.

mer - cy proclaim ; Let me some pit - i - ful wand' rer re - claim, Do - ing what
 nev - er have had ; Oh, let me live to make some - bod - y glad, Do - ing what
 need - y re - lief, Ear - nest - ly striving to les - sen earth's grief, Do - ing what

cres. CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

good I can do..... Life is for ser - vice, Lov - ing, brave and true,

p

Battling with temp - ta - tions Cer - tain to pur - sue. Think - ing for Je - sus,

cres.

Speaking for Je - sus, Liv - ing for Je - sus—and the good that I can do.

When I Survey.

Can be sung in B Flat.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so

For-bid it, Lord, that I should
Were the whole realm of nature
all my pride.
rich a crown? For-bid it,
Were the whole

boast,
mine, Save in the death of Christ, my God,
That were a pres-ent far too small,
Lord, that I should boast, Save in..... the death of Christ, my
realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too

God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them
small; Love so a-maz-ing so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my

When I Survey—Concluded.

to his blood; All the vain things that charm me most,
 life, my all; Love so a-maz - ing, so di-vine,

I sac - ri - fice them to his blood. *p*
 Demands my soul, my life, my all. *pp*

13. I Come to Thee.

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, I come to thee, Seek now thy fa - vor,
 2. Grant thy for - give - ness, thro' Je - sus' name; Thy gra - cious prom - ise,
 3. Thou hast redeemed me, Sav - ior di - vine; Now and for - ev - er,
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, with me a - bide; With thee is giv - en

on bend - ed knee; All my un - worth - i - ness, Dear Lord, I
 Fa - ther, I claim, Guilt - y, by sin de - filed, Oft by its
 Lord, I am thine, Help me 'o - bey thy voice, Thy will my
 all else be - side, — Balm for a soul distressed, Peace 'mid the

would con - fess; Plead - ing thy right - eous - ness, I come to thee.
 pow'r be - guiled, I would be rec - on - ciled, Thro' Je - sus' name.
 on - ly choice; Then shall my heart re - joice, Sav - ior di - vine.
 world's un - rest; Be thou my con - stant guest, With me a - bide.

1. Ye men of God, to arms, to arms! Oh, don't you hear the bu - gle
 2. "To win for Christ," your motto grand, Go forth with banner high in
 3. The foe 'is bold, in numbers strong, You need to keep your arm - or
 4. For God and home and those we love, Be fore-most in the bat - tle -

call? From sin - ful hosts come dread alarms; The foe to quell, go
 air; If you in tri - umph take the land, You must be firm to
 bright; Although the fight be fierce and long, Stand firm to win for
 field; To bear the palm in heav'n a - bove, Fight on un - til the

CHORUS.

one and all. } March on! march on! For Je - sus'
 do and dare. }
 truth and right. }
 foe shall yield. } March on! march on! For Je - sus' pre - cious

name, A - gainst the e - vil pow'rs; To right the wrong
 name, march on! Against the evil pow'rs, To right the wrong

ad lib.

and spread his fame, That victory be ours, That vic - to - ry be ours!
 and spread his fame,

The Eyes of the World.

JAMES ROWE.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Be - cause his gospel's wondrous light Is making earth's dark places
 2. Be - cause his love—a shoresless sea— Flows out for all human-i -
 3. Be - cause with healing in his wings He comes, and free salva-tion
 4. Be - cause he strengthens human ties, And helps the fallen soul to

bright, And help - ing men to walk a-right, The eyes of the
 ty, And makes the na-tions glad and free, The eyes of the
 brings, A - like to low - ly men and kings, The eyes of the
 rise Up t'wards an ev - er - last - ing prize, The eyes of the

CHORUS.

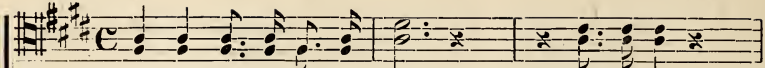
world are on Je - sus. The eyes of the world are on Je - sus!

The eyes of the world are on Je - sus! How clear comes the call,

“Crown him Lord of all!” The eyes of the world are on Je - sus!

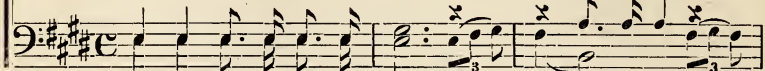
JAMES ROWE.

E. L. ASHFORD.

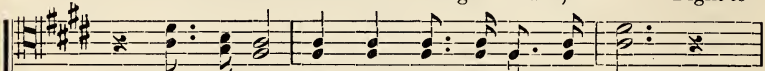


1. Sol-diers on the bat-tle - field,
2. Tho' the strife be long and hard,
3. Fol- low where your Leader leads,

Fight to win;
Fight to win;
Fight to win;



Fight to win; Fight to

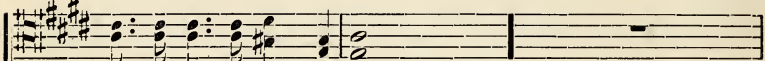


Fight to win. Have no thought that you will yield,
Fight to win. Cour - age is its own re - ward,
Fight to win. Crown your lives with no - ble deeds,

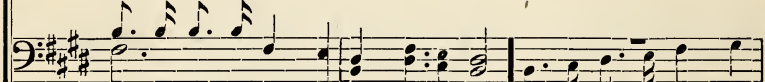


win;

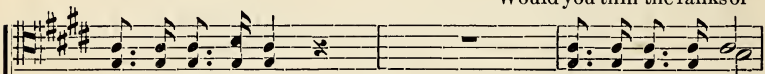
Soldiers,



Soldiers, ev - er fight to win,



fight, Yes, fight to win. Man-ful-ly your col - ors
God is with you, he will
Would you thin the ranks of



Sol-diers, fight to win;

Sol-diers, fight to win;

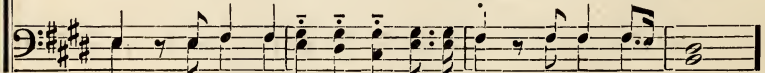


show,
shield,
wrong,

Keep your fa - ces to the foe,.....
Give your strength the sword to wield; ..
Sing at last the vic - tor's song,

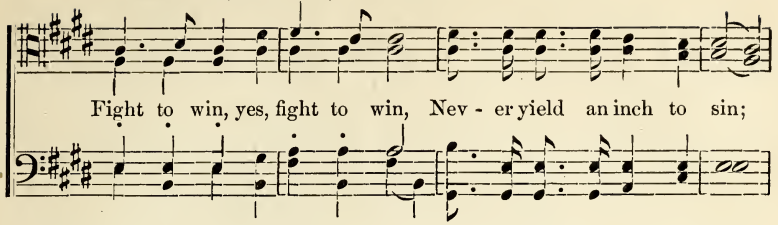


Give, with courage, blow for blow, Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Yours at last shall be the field; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Let your faith in God be strong; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.

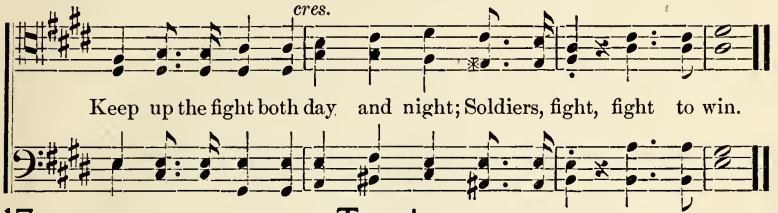


Fight to Win—Concluded.

REFRAIN. (*Time strongly marked.*)



Fight to win, yes, fight to win, Nev - er yield an inch to sin;

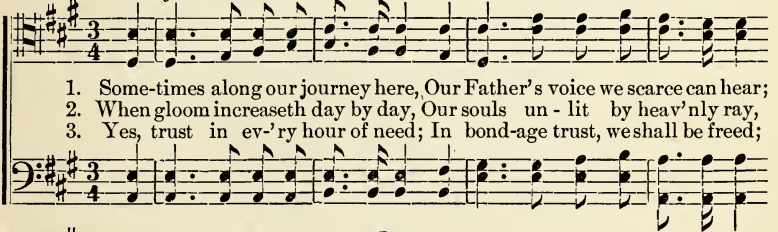


cres.
Keep up the fight both day and night; Soldiers, fight, fight to win.

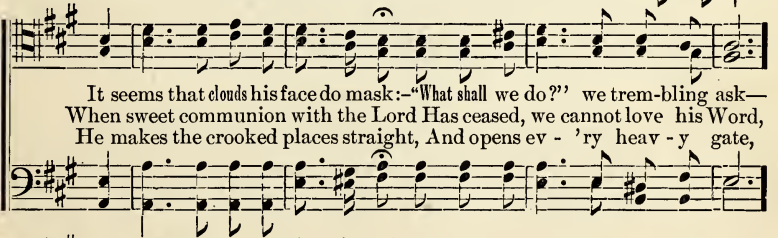
17. Trust.

J. H. B. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*

EDWARD M. FULLER.



1. Some-times along our journey here, Our Father's voice we scarce can hear;
2. When gloom increaseth day by day, Our souls un - lit by heav'nly ray,
3. Yes, trust in ev-'ry hour of need; In bond-age trust, we shall be freed;



It seems that clouds his face do mask:—"What shall we do?" we trem-bling ask—
When sweet communion with the Lord Has ceased, we cannot love his Word,
He makes the crooked places straight, And opens ev - 'ry heav - y gate,



Just sim - ply trust, Just sim - ply trust.
Then we should trust, Then we should trust.
If we will trust, If we will trust.
sim - ply trust, sim - ply trust.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who gave to the
 2. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Whose won-der-ful
 3. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who stooped to the
 4. Oh, sing of the One who is always the same, Who com-eth a -

earth and the heavens their frame, Who ex-iled himself from his
 wis-dom sur-passed hu-man frame, Whose ten-der com-pas-sion smoothed
 cross dis-re-gard-ing the shame, Who pleads for his peo-ple in
 gain with an-gel-ic ac-claim, Who bringeth the glo-ri-fied

glo-ry a-bove To come to our world on an errand of love,
 sorrow a-way, And comforts us now as he did yes-ter-day.
 heaven al-way, And keeps them to-mor-row as well as to-day.
 saints in his train, To set up a kingdom that nev-er shall wane!

CHORUS.

Al - - ways the same!.....

Al-ways the same! Yes! al-ways the same! Un-change-a-ble

Je-sus, with joy we proclaim! Thro' earth's dis-ap-point-ment of

Always the Same—Concluded.

ev - er - y name, Thy love, O our Sav-ior, is al-ways the same!

19. God Never Forgets.

JAMES BRAND.

C. S. COLBORN.

1. The mountains and valleys may sink and decay, God never for-
 2. And youth with its buoyant hope painting the sky, God never for-
 3. Old age with its sil-ver hair rev'rend with years, God never for-
 4. Comethen, ye that weep at the close of the day, God never for-

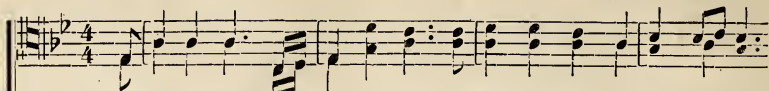
gets, And time with its restless wings onward may flee,
 gets, May furl its bright pinions all bleeding and torn,
 gets, In the cold vale of sorrow may pil-low its head,
 gets, Yes, come with your bonds, and your cross, and your tears,

Meas - ur - ing cy - cles on cy - cles to be, Till he
 Crushed to the earth by a proud world's deep scorn, And
 Pray for the dy - ing and weep for the dead; It
 Come with your blight - ed hopes, cherished for years, Come

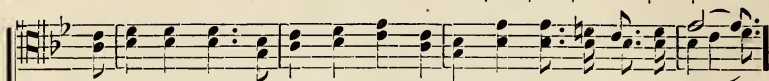
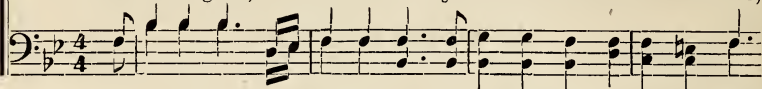
dips his grey plume in e - ter - ni - ty's sea, God never for-gets.....
 die like a star at the ris - ing of morn, God never for-gets.....
 drops from life's stage like a tear that is shed, God never for-gets.....
 ban - ish forebodings and bur-y your fears, God never for-gets.....

JENNIE WILSON.

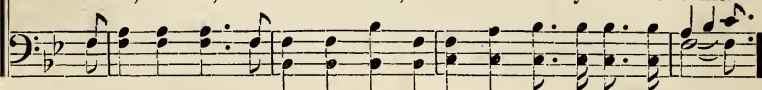
IRA B. WILSON.



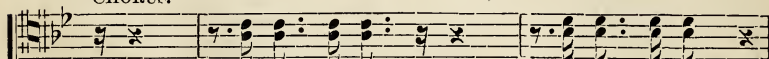
1. Go thro' the gates, O Church of Christ, Cast up, cast up a safe highway;
2. Pre-pare the way of ho-li-ness, Remove the stones that wound the feet,
3. Go thro' the gates, make known the strength That cometh from a faith divine;



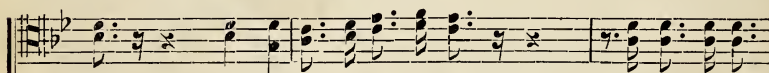
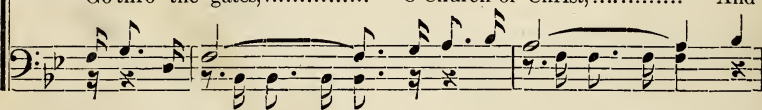
For all the peo-ple make a road, That from the kingdom none need stay.
That all who walk there-in may find A joy and bless-ing pure and sweet.
A- rise, a - rise, O Church of Christ, Be true and vict'ry shall be thine.



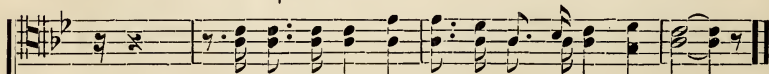
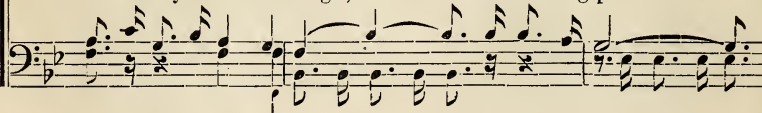
CHORUS.



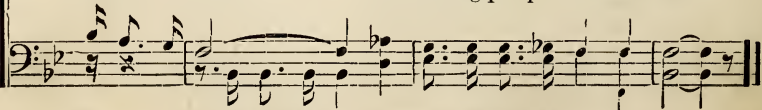
Go thro' the gates, O Church of Christ,
Go thro' the gates,..... O Church of Christ,..... And



And lift the roy - al stand-ard high; The sav-ing pow'r
lift the roy-al stand-ard high;..... The sav-ing pow'r.....



of Je - sus tell
of Je - sus tell..... Ere wait-ing peo-ple faint and die....



Remembered Yet.

E. S. L. *Andante con espressione.*

E. S. LORENZ.

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

1. Sol-dier, rest in peace! now is over thy strife; Well hast thou won in the
2. Dream no more of battle, the vic-t'ry is won, Hearts dis - u - ni - ted are

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

Hm..... Hm Hm.....

bat - tle of life! O'er thy grave the millions their kind vigil keep;
beat - ing as one; Freedom rules the nation, our col - ors wide sweep;

Hm..... Hm..... Hm.....

Hm..... REFRAIN.

Thou art re - mem - bered yet, peace - ful - ly sleep. } Sleep - ing!
Thou art re - mem - bered yet, peace - ful - ly sleep. }

Sleep - ing!

yet not for - got - ten, Thy toils and griefs are re - mem - bered yet;

Sleep - ing!

Slum - ber!

Slum - ber, as - sured the na - tion Her he - roes ne'er will for - get!

Slum - ber!

INA DULY OGDON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lo, the storms are fiercely rag-ing O - ver life's un-rest-ing deep,
 2. I have built where naught can move me, I shall live thro' ev'ry shock,
 3. Nev-er shall my lamp be hid-den, It is set up-on a hill;
 4. I will keep so brightly shining, Oth-er pil-grims, passing by,

Slower and emphatic.

But my God is all con-troll-ing, 'Tis for him the light I keep.
 Winds and waves shall on-ly prove me, For I stand up-on the Rock.
 By the Mas-ter I am bid-den, And my mis-sion must ful-fil.
 My great source of light di-vin-ing, God shall find and glo-ri-fy.

CHORUS.

I'm the keep-er..... of the light!
a tempo.

I'm the keep-er of the light In the dark-ness of the night!

I'm the keep-er..... of the light!

I'm the keep-er of the light, I must keep it burn-ing bright!

In the gloom and tumult burning, Souls to heav'n it's safe-ly turn-ing!

The Keeper of the Light—Concluded.

Slow and emphatic.

I'm the keep-er, I'm the keep-er of the light!
I'm the keep-er, I'm the keep-er of the light!

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

23. The Crimson Stream.

J. W. STEVENSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I stand be-side the crimson stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount;
2. The blood of Christ a - lone will save From guilt and fear and care;
3. I claim the promised blessing now, Free-dom from ev - 'ry sin;
4. I sink in - to the crim-son stream, Christ's blood is now applied;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

And long to wash a - way all sin With - in its cleansing fount.
His blood will sweet-ly pu - ri - fy, When sought in earn-est prayer.
The power to lead a ho - ly life With Christ in God shut in.
I rise a - gain, redeemed by him, And whol - ly pu - ri - fied.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

The Breaking Day.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. The shadows of night must soon be gone, The troubles of earth must
 2. The sorrows of earth must all depart, The sorrowful eyes must
 3. The moments of time may slowly pass, And trials severe hold
 4. The hours of our life must have an end, The hope of the soul will

pass a-way; Then look above for the golden dawn, The first fair light of the
 all be gay; For true the signs, to the faithful heart, That point with joy to the
 fiercest sway; But o'er the soul that is true at last Shall stream the light of the
 win its way; High o'er the wrecks that now earthward bend Shines out the light of the

CHORUS.

break-ing day. Oh, see a - far..... Oh, see a - far..... o-ver mountain

o'er mountain heights The first fair gleam..... of the sun's bright
 heights;..... The first fair gleam..... of the sun's bright

the sun's bright ray; A-rise and greet
 ray;..... A - rise and wel - come the glo-ri-ous

The Breaking Day—Concluded.

the glorious light, The her-ald swift, herald of the breaking day.
light, The herald swift..... of the breaking day.....

25. Are You Weary?

Mrs. J. W. KENNEDY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
2. Are you wea - ry with sin's pleasures, That can nev - er sat - is - fy?
3. Are you wea - ry with the friendships This vain world has to be - stow?
4. Are you wea - ry with life's burdens, With its con - flicts and its care?
5. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry, lost one, Come, for he is pass - ing by:

Je - sus waits with full for-give-ness For the soul with sin oppressed.
Would you have joys pure and last - ing, That earth's gold can nev - er buy?
Come to Christ, the friend of sin - ners, Then true friendship you shall know.
Come with all thy need to Je - sus, Sweet - est rest is for thee there.
Ven - ture all, and ful - ly trust him, He will save, and sat - is - fy.

CHORUS. *Melody in 1st Bass.*

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins forgive;

He is call - ing, he is call - ing, Trust him now and you shall live. *ad lib.*

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO, OR UNISON.

1. A Sav - ior who died our sal - va - tion to win, A Sav - ior who
 2. A Shep - herd who giv - eth his life for the sheep, A Shepherd both
 3. A Pi - lot who knoweth the dan - gers at hand, A Pi - lot who
 4. A Shel - ter from tem - pest, from wind and from storm, A Shelter from

knows how to save us from sin,—Yes, he is the Sav - ior, the
 might - y to save and to keep,—Yes, this is the Shep - herd, the
 bring - eth all ves - sels to land,—Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
 judg - ment, a Shel - ter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the

rall. *a tempo.*

Sav - ior we need, And he is a Sav - ior in - deed!...
 Shep - herd we need, And he is a Shep - herd in - deed!...
 Pi - lot we need, And he is a Pi - lot in - deed!...
 Shel - ter we need, And he is a Shel - ter in - deed!...

rall. *a tempo.*

Is He Yours?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is he yours?..... Is he yours?..... Is this Savior, who loves you, yours?
Is he yours? Is he yours?

27. Beautiful Threads of Gold.

HARRIET H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Slow-ly the web of life un-rolls, Shimmer-ing fold on fold,
2. Gath-er we now the gleaming strands, All that our hands will hold,
3. O-ver us still the Mas-ter's eye Watch-es the web un-fold,
4. Swift-ly the years may come and go, Fad-ed the web and old,

Som-ber and bright and ash-en gray, Wov-en with threads of gold.
Toss-ing the shut-tle to and fro, Weav-ing our threads of gold.
Sees in the loom his pat-tern grow, Rich with its threads of gold.
Yet will their lus-ter bright-er grow, Beau-ti-ful threads of gold.

Glit-tering threads like sunshine fair, Light-ing the woof of toil and care,
Weav-ing them in thro' smiles and tears, Weav-ing them in thro' hopes and fears,
Patient the Master Weaver stands, Guides with his own our child-ish hands,
Un-der the good the threads will run, O-ver the wrong that we have done,

Mak-ing the web a fab-ric rare, Beau-ti-ful threads of gold.
Weav-ing them in thro' pass-ing years, Beau-ti-ful threads of gold.
Hold-ing the fair and shin-ing strands, Beau-ti-ful threads of gold.
Won-der-ful threads that love has spun, Beau-ti-ful threads of gold.

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28. Do You Know Your Name is Written?

J. S. SAMMIS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Do you know your name is writ-ten On the book before the
 2. On - ly they shall pass the por - tal, On- ly they shall see his
 3. They shall find that hap - py heav'n; In their minds, with heav'nly

1. Do you know your name is writ-ten On the book be -

throne? In the blood of Je - sus, smitten To redeem you for his
 face, Who up-on the page im-mor-tal Are recorded by his
 art, Christ has set his im - age graven, And his law upon their

fore the throne? In the blood of Je-sus, smitten To re - deem you

CHORUS.

own..... } Is your name inscribed in heav-en,
 grace..... }
 heart..... }

for his own. Is your name in - scribed in heav-en,

On the pa - ges white and fair? When the crowns, the

On the pages white and fair?..... When the crowns of

crowns of life are giv - en, Will you find it writ - ten, writ-ten there?

life..... are giv - en, Will you find it writ - ten there?.....

Mrs. FRANK A. BREOK.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would be con-se-cra-ted day by day, Hum-bly walk-ing in thy
 2. I would be con-se-cra-ted, heart and soul, Liv - ing ev - er in thy
 3. I would be con-se-cra-ted by thy love, Blest with pow - er giv-en

chos - en way; Earnestly - ev - er o - bey - ing thy will, Fill - ing a - ny
 blest con - trol, Faithful - ly an - swer - ing when thou dost call, Giving thee my
 from a - bove, Pa - tient - ly win - ning lost souls un - to thee; Hap - py in thy

CHORUS.

place thou dost ask me to fill. }
 serv - ice - my love and my all. } Work - ing anywhere, work - ing
 love, they should tru - ly be free. }

anywhere, I am thine for work - ing anywhere! On - ly let me

do some la - bor good and true; I am thine for work - ing anywhere!

ROBERT T. MCCHEYNE.

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 1st Bass; may be sung as a Solo.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, I knew not my
 2. When free grace a-woke me by light from on high, Then le-gal fears
 3. My ter-rors all van-ish-ed be-fore his sweet name; My guilt-y fears

dan-ger, and felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap-ture of
 shook me, I trem-bled to die; No ref-uge, no safe-ty in
 banished, with bold-ness I came To drink at the foun-tain so

Christ on the tree, Je-ho-vah, my Savior, seem'd nothing to me.
 self could I see: Je-ho-vah, thou on-ly my Savior must be.
 co-pious and free: Je-ho-vah, my Sav-ior, is all things to me.

CHORUS. *Melody 2nd Tenor.*

To God be the glo-ry! he did me a-wake, And out of my

sin-ful se-cur-i-ty shake; To God be the glo-ry! By

I Once was a Stranger—Concluded.

faith now I see The Lamb up-on Cal-va-ry suf-fered for me....

31. Fair Eden-Land, my Home.

JENNIE WILSON.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. By faith I see thy hap-py shore, Where earthly tri-als come no
2. Made pure from ev-'ry taint of wrong I long to sing redemption's
3. In thy do-main I shall be-hold E-ter-nal mys-ter-ies un-

more, There I shall rest with conflicts o'er, Fair E-den-land, my home....
song Among thy holy ransomed throng, Fair E-den-land, my home....
fold, And see my Lord with joy untold, Fair E-den-land, my home....

CHORUS.

Fair E - den-land, my home! Fair E - den-land, my home! I

long to stand up-on thy strand, Fair E - den-land, my home, my home. *rit.*

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. It is heav - en with - in since the tu - mult of sin Has been
 2. I have heav - en be - low, and the peace which I know Is a
 3. Life in Christ is so sweet and with joy so re-plete, What will

stilled by the voice of the Lord; (the Lord;) Since he came to be - gin
 peace earth can - not take a - way; (a-way;) Since my soul came to know
 heav - en be when I go there; (go there;) When God's work is complete,

his do - min - ion with - in All my soul is with God in ac - cord....
 that the Lord loves me so I am hap - py, so hap - py al - way....
 and his an - gels I greet, And the robe of my glo - ry I wear....

CHORUS.

It is heav - en with - in.....
 It is heav - en with - in, It is heav - en with - in

To be free..... from all sin!.....
 To be free from all sin, To be free from all sin!

Heaven Within—Concluded.

It is not far a - way, 'Tis with - in us to - day,

Slow and emphatic.

'Tis heav - en, it is heav - en with - in!.....
It is heav - en with - in.

33. May I Come In?

With feeling.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - hold me stand - ing at the door, And hear me
2. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee; I lis - ten
3. There's sure - ly room with - in thy breast For one more
4. I would not have thee beat in vain My Fa - ther's

plead - ing ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice a - bove the
long and pa - tient - ly To hear thy foot - steps from with -
lov - ing than the rest, More lov - ing far than earth - ly
door, and plead in pain, When an - gels all heav'n's joys be -

Ad lib.

din,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
in,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
kin,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"
gin,..... "May I come in? May I come in?"

Victory will Come.

FLORA E. BRECK.

BYRON BURDITT.

1. We will ral - ly one and all, We will an - swer Je - sus' call;
 2. Foes op - press on ev - 'ry hand, Je - sus Christ is in com - mand,
 3. Christ will wise - ly lead the way, We will fol - low and o - bey,
 4. We will ev - er march a - long, Christ will make us true and strong,

He will nev - er let us fall, Vic - to - ry will come.
 He will ev - er near us stand; Vic - to - ry will come.
 He will help us win the day; Vic - to - ry will come.
 We shall sing the vic - tor's song; Vic - to - ry will come.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry will come, Vic - to - ry will come, Vic - to - ry will

come by and by; If on Je - sus we re - ly, Ev - 'ry need he

will sup - ply, He a - lone can sat - is - fy— Vic - to - ry will come.

35. Forward, Soldiers of the Cross.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. For - ward, for - ward, sol-diers of the cross! For - ward, for - ward!
 2. March-ing! march-ing o'er the toil-some way, Je - sus' le - gions
 3. Cour - age! cour - age, loy - al hearts and true; Fear not, fear not,
 4. Rest not, rest not, till the day is done! Life's long bat - tle

count-ing all but loss, Love's fair ban - ner lift a - gainst the sky;
 may not now de - lay; For - ward! for - ward thro' the bat - tle's din,
 Je - sus fights with you; Trust him, trust him, praise his ho - ly name,
 will at last be won; Shouts of tri-umph thro' his courts will ring,

CHORUS *Unison.*

For - ward, for - ward, vic - to - ry is nigh.
 Crowns un - fad - ing in his name to win.
 He has conquered sin and death and shame. } Hark! this watchword rings a -
 Al - le - lu - ia unto Christ the King!

Harmony.

long the line, Fol - low, follow where the colors shine! Christ your Cap - tain

gives the rally - ing call, Loy - al sol - diers, for - ward, for - ward all!

Consecrate Your Money.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. God has giv-en you the sun-shine and the showers for the field;
 2. There are na-tions still in bond-age and the gos-pel should be sent,
 3. Je-sus sat a-mong the giv-ers and he no-ted how they gave,

All you have, he gave ac-cord-ing to his word; Then re-turn to him a
 And the Master leaves that blessed work to you; Oh, re-turn the Lord a
 And he spake in their be-half a kind-ly word. Oh, he gave for you his

meas-ure of the sea-son's goodly yield, You should con-se-crate your
 por-tion of the mon-ey he has lent, For the first of all the
 ver-y life your soul from hell to save; You should con-se-crate your

CHORUS.

mon-ey to the Lord. } Con-se-crate your mon-ey to the
 har-vest is his due. } Ev-er
 mon-ey to the Lord. }

Lord! Yes, con-se-crate your mon-ey to the
 con-se-crate your mon-ey to the Lord! Ev-er

Consecrate Your Money—Concluded.

Lord! All you have is what he gave to you, ac-
con - se - crate your mon-ey!

Slow and emphatic.

cord - ing to his word: Con - se - crate your mon - ey to the Lord!

37. Yet There is Room!

HORATIUS BONAR.

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length - en,
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in, pass in and
4. Yet there is room! still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love, it
5. Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom; Then the last low, long

REFRAIN.

beck-ons thee a - long. } Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter
light makes haste to go. }
be the Bridegroom's guest. }
is not yet too late. } *Last verse.*
cry, "No room, no room!" } No room, no room! O woe - ful cry, "No

now! Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!
room!" No room, no room! O woe - ful cry, "No room."

Rest in the Lord.

N. B. SARGENT.

N. B. SARGENT, arr.

1. I was temp - est-tossed on the sea of life For years, and years;
 2. In the hu - man heart I had sought re - pose, With joy and pride;
 3. I will sing a glad and a grate - ful song, Long as I live,

I had fought a - lone in the dai - ly strife, With tears, and tears;
 But the pain that followed, God on - ly knows, When love had died;
 Un - to Him that doth, all the way a - long, His sweet peace give;

With heav - y load op - pressed, My heart could find no rest, Till I
 There was no rest for me On life's dark storm - y sea, Till I
 All earth - ly din a - bove, His ten - der voice of love Bids us

rest - ed in the Lord, Till I rest - ed in the Lord.
 rest - ed in the Lord, Till I rest - ed in the Lord.
 come to him and rest, Bids us come to him and rest.

REFRAIN.

Oh, rest in the Lord, rest in the Lord,

Rest in the Lord—Concluded.

Rit ad lib.

And wait, wait, wait; Pa-tient-ly wait for him....

39.

Gathered Home.

J. H. B., arr.

J. H. BENNER. Arranged by D. B. T.

1. On-ly a few more fleet - ing years, Then we'll be gath - ered home.
2. We shall join the heav-nly choir, When we are gath - ered home.
3. Then we'll join the ransomed throng, When we are gath - ered home.

On-ly a few more sighs and tears, Then we'll be gath - ered home.
 We shall strike the gold - en lyre, When we are gath - ered home.
 Chant - ing love's re-demp-tion song, When we are gath - ered home.

CHORUS.

Gath - ered home, gath - ered home, Then
 Gath - ered home, gath - ered home,

we'll be gath - ered home, Then we'll be gathered home.
 Gath - ered home, gathered home.

40. The Lord will Comfort Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. S. LORENZ

Melody in First Bass.

1. Oh, lis - ten again to the mu - sic That sounds from the far - a - way
 2. No bur - den too heav - y to car - ry, With Je - sus so close at thy
 3. Thy peace then shall flow as a ri - ver, His love shall so wondrously

time, When God's holy seer brought a mes - sage That down through the
 side; No billows shall ev - er o'er - whelm thee, For he shall the
 shine; And sadness shall turn to re - joic - ing, A - bun - dance of

CHORUS.

ages shall chime. } As one whom his mother com - fort - eth, So the
 wa - ters di - vide. } So the
 glo - ry be thine. }

Lord will com - fort thee! As one whom his
 Lord will comfort thee; So the Lord will comfort thee!

moth - er com - forteth, So the Lord will comfort thee!
 will com - fort thee!

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I can tell it all to Je - sus, All the tri - als of the
 2. I can tell it all to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry
 3. I can tell it all to Je - sus, And it brings my heart re -

day; All the heart-aches and the bur - dens That o'er - take me
 care, For he hears me and he bids me Leave my bur - den
 lease; Aft - er ev - 'ry storm - y con - flict Comes a calm of

CHORUS.

on the way. } Oh, what com - fort it brings! O my
 with him there. } Oh, what com - fort it brings!
 sweet - est peace. }

heart, how it sings! For my sor - row takes
 O my heart, how it sings! For my sor -

wings When I car - ry my bur - den to Je - sus.
 row takes wings

42. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Oh, be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and be saved, The Re-
 2. On the cross that he bore was the pen - al - ty paid For the
 3. By the blood of the Lamb, with-out mon - ey or price, You may
 4. Oh, be-lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and be saved, And to

ad lib.
 deem-er, and Mas - ter, and King; He is faith-ful and true, there is
 sin of a world that was lost. Will you lon - ger re - fuse that re -
 now be set free from your sin. In his par - don and peace you may
 ser - vice di - vine set a - part. In the joy of your Lord you will

naught you can do But in faith to his prom - is - es cling.
 demp-tion to choose That he pur - chased at in - fi - nite cost?
 find the re - lease From the bond - age and bur - den with - in.
 find the re - ward Of the trust - ing and pen - i - tent heart.

CHORUS.

Oh, be - lieve,..... just be - lieve,.....

Oh, be - lieve, just be - lieve, and sal - va - tion re - ceive, For to

you is the mes - sage to - day. He is Lord o - ver all, and to -

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

those who will call He's the Life and the Truth and the Way.

43. Keep the Heavenly Hills in View.

JENNIE WILSON.

IRA B. WILSON.

Hm.....

Hm.....

1. Look in faith beyond the shadows While life's pathway you pur-sue;
 2. Tho' the road you tread be rugged And you oft may wea - ry grow,
 3. When you bear the weight of sorrow, Seeing thro' the blind-ing tears,
 4. In the land of life im-mor - tal Rise those peaks serene and fair;

Hm.....

Hm.....

Tho' the mists may darkly gather, Keep the heav'nly hills in view.
 Look to those ce-les-tial highlands Where the throne of God doth glow.
 Look to heights where peace and gladness Reign thro' the e-ter-nal years.
 Tri- als here will soon be o - ver, Joy un-told is wait-ing there.

CHORUS.

p

Keep the heav'n-ly hills in view, Keep the heav'n-ly hills in view;

Look a - way from time's dim valley, Keep the heav'nly hills in view.

J. W. SYLVESTER.

C. S. COLBORN.

1. Tell o-ver, and o-ver, and o-ver to me That sto-ry of
 2. Tell o-ver, and o-ver, and o-ver a-gain That sto-ry of
 3. Tell o-ver, and o-ver, and o-ver to all That sto-ry so
 4. Tell o-ver, and o-ver, for-ev-er and aye, This sto-ry that

old so pre-cious-ly sweet; How Je-sus the Sav-ior who
 love for A-dam's lost race; Till all of the wan-der-ing
 full of mer-cy and love; That Je-sus who died to re-
 saints and an-gels ap-plaud, The cross of the Sav-ior has

died on the tree Wrought out our sal-va-tion so full and com-plete.
 chil-dren of men Shall hear of the Sav-ior and feel his em-brace.
 store those who fall Has man-sions made ready in heav-en a-bove.
 o-pened the way From path-ways of sin to the pal-ace of God.

CHORUS.

Re - demp - - - tion for you,..... Re -

The sto - ry is true, I know it is true, Re -

demp - tion for me.....

demp-tion for you, Re-demption for me, Redemption for you, Re-

The Story is True—Concluded.

dem-p-tion for me, The sto-ry is true sal - va - tion is free.

45. The Voice of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Whose voice is that which stilled the wind, And calmed the wild and raging sea;
2. Whose voice is that, with mu-sic sweet, In an-swer to the sinner's plea
3. Whose voice is that which raised the dead, And set the demon's victim free;

ad lib......

That healed the lep - er and the blind, And sweetly whispers, "Come to Me"?
 Be-stow-ing life with grace re-plete, And now is say-ing, "Come to Me"?
 Who spake the word and de-vils fled, And now says sweetly, "Come to Me"?"

CHORUS.

The voice of Je - sus, soft and clear, In lov - ing accents comes to thee,

ad lib.

And of - fers rest and peace and cheer, And sweetly whispers, "Come to Me."?"

E. S. LORENZ.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Let us re-joice! sing happy songs! Gladness and cheer to us belongs;
 2. Let us re-joice! we need not fear; Hearts be at peace, the Lord is near!
 3. Let us re-joice! the hour draws near When we shall find our home so dear

We are the chil - dren, the chil - dren of the King! God is our
 He will pro - tect us, pro - tect us ev - er - more; Foes may sur -
 In that fair cit - y, fair cit - y o'er the sea; There we shall

Fa - ther kind and true, Gladly to us he good will show; Lifting our
 round us threat'ning sore, Still we rejoice, they fright no more; Dai - ly new
 greet friends gone before, Meet them again to part no more; Join the re -

CHORUS.

voi - ces, our voices, praise we sing.
 mer - cies, new mercies are in store. } Let us re - joice!.....let us
 joy - ing, re-joy - ing God to see. } Let us rejoice!

sing on our way!..... Lift - ing songs of grateful praise
 sing on our way!

Let Us Rejoice—Concluded.

Let us cheer the passing days; Joy should a-bound.....and our
Joy should abound

praises re - sound, As we march to realms of endless day.
praises resound,

47. In My Heart.

Words arr.

Slave Song. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

With feeling.

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
2. Lord, I want to be more humble In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
3. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I

CHORUS.

want to be a Christian In my heart. } In my heart, in my
want to be more humble In my heart. } In my heart,
want to be like Je-sus In my heart. }

heart,
in my heart, Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.
Lord, I want to be more humble in my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus in my heart.

F. S. SHEPARD.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Take Christ to men!..... They wan-der far..... From
 2. Take Christ to men!..... He waits to give..... Rich
 3. Take Christ to men!..... The hu-man heart..... Longs
 4. Take Christ to men!..... In word and deed..... Be
 Take Christ to men! They wan-der far

paths of right a - way; They know not of his won - drous love, As
 mer - cies from a - bove; A - bun - dant grace and par - don free His
 deep for peace and rest; In him a - lone is what they need, In
 what the Lord would be; That in the warmth and glow of love He

CHORUS.

forth from sin they stray.
 ten - der-ness will prove. } Take Christ to men!..... Take Christ to
 him they will be blessed. } Take Christ to men!
 may be seen in thee.

men!..... His grace and love pro-claim! Take Christ to men!.....
 Take Christ to men! Take Christ to men!

Take Christ to men! There's pardon thro' his name.
 Take Christ to men! There's pardon thro' his name.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Lift up your eyes to the change-less hills, Lift up your eyes,
 2. Lift up your eyes to the guard-ian hills, Lift up your eyes,
 3. Lift up your eyes to the light-crowned hills, Lift up your eyes,

Lift up your eyes. Look till with rap-ture your spir-it thrills,
 Lift up your eyes. Noth-ing can touch you but as God wills,
 Lift up your eyes. Gaze, till his pres-ence your spir-it fills,

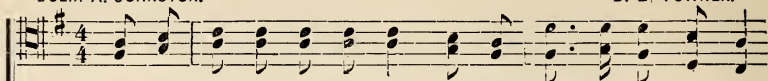
Lift up your long-ing eyes..... God is your ref-uge and
 Lift up your long-ing eyes..... Still as his mount-ains are
 Lift up your long-ing eyes..... Why should you grope in the
 long-ing eyes,

pres-ent aid, Trust and a-dore him, nor be a-fraid, Dwell in his
 round a-bout, So he will guard you from fear and doubt, He who is
 val-leys dim, On-ly behold-ing the shadows grim? Lift up your

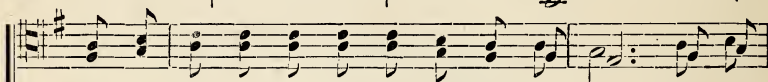
shad-ow, all un-dismayed, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
 a-ble your foes to rout, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
 eyes to the hills—to Him, Lift up your eyes to the hills.....
 your eyes to the hills.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON.

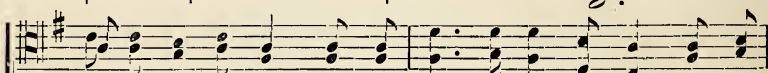
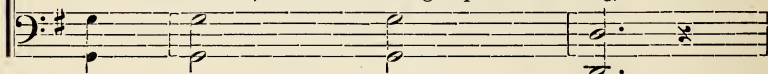
D. B. TOWNER.



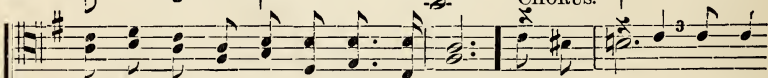
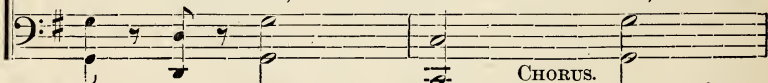
1. There's a pic-ture fair and bright hang-ing still on mem-'ry's wall,
2. While I look the pic-tures change, and I see my mother's face,
3. Oh, the bless-ed days of old, when I felt my mother's hand,
4. When I long for voic-es hushed, and the touch of van-ished hands,



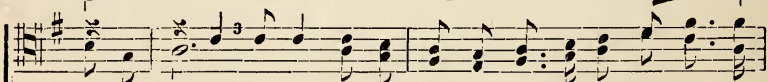
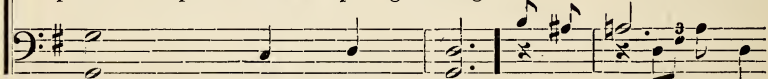
There I see my Fa-ther take the Book di-vine; Dear home-
 In her hand the Bi-ble, worn and stained with tears; But the
 With its ten-der touch of love up-on my head, While the
 In the dark-ness, when death's an-gel spreads his wing, Let me



fa-ces gath-er round As the shad-ows soft-ly fall, And a
 light is shin-ing still, and with-in the hal-lowed place There is
 old, old sto-ry sweet, that a child can un-der-stand, From the
 turn to moth-er's Book, with its com-forts and commands, For the



light from out the pa-ges seems to shine.
 comfort for earth's griefs, and doubts and fears. } Dear old Book,
 pa-ges of the Book di-vine she read. } Dear old Book,
 peace and hope its bless-ed pa-ges bring!



pre-cious Book, On thy pa-ges soiled and worn I love to
 precious Book,



The Old Fireside—Concluded.

look! O thou balm for hearts that ache, For my precious Book,

ad lib.

saint-ed mother's sake, Thou art dearer day by day, thou bless-ed Book!

51. Begin!

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. There is work that must be done, Then begin! Ere the sands of life are run,
 2. There are souls for you to win, Then begin! Fields for you to enter in,
 3. There is seed for you to sow, Then begin! There is truth, the world should know,

CHORUS.

Then be- gin! No, no more in sloth de- lay-ing, All your debts of love be

pay-ing; Help the weak, restore the stray-ing, Now be- gin! now be- gin!

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YORK, PA.

O Eyes That are Weary.

JOHN H. DARBY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to
 2. While look-ing to Je - sus my heart can-not fear; I trem-ble no
 3. Still look-ing to Je - sus, oh, may I be found, When Jordan's dark

Je - sus, and sor - row no more! The light of his coun - te-nance
 more when I see Je - sus near, I know that his pres - ence my
 wa - ters en - com - pass me round: They bear me, a - way in his

shin-eth sobright That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
 safeguard will be, For, "Why are ye troub - led?" he saith un - to me.
 pres-ence to be: I see him still near - er whom al - ways I see.

CHORUS.

Then look..... a-way to Je - sus, Our strength in ev-'ry fear;
 Then look a-way to Je -sus, look to him,

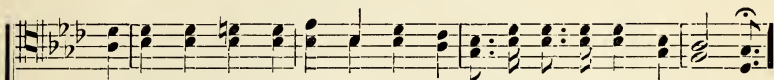
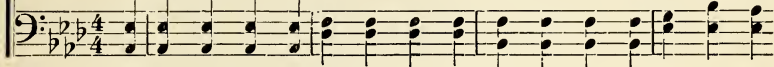
Then look..... a-way to Je - sus, Who wipes a-way each tear.
 Then look away to Je -sus, look to him,

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A-mid life's bus- y, hurrying through, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way- far- ers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je- sus hid, That I may do what he shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sub- lime,



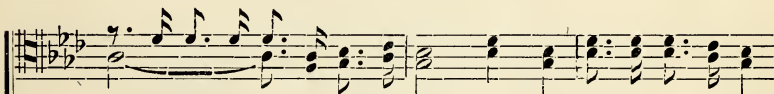
While I am trav- el- ling a- long, I want my life to tell for Je- sus.
 And help them on their way a- right; I want my life to tell for Je- sus.
 I want to love as Je- sus did; I want my life to tell for Je- sus.
 And ev'-ry-where—and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je- sus.



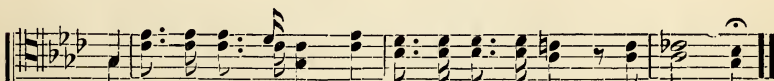
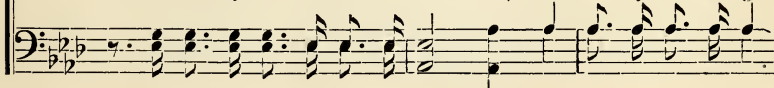
CHORUS.



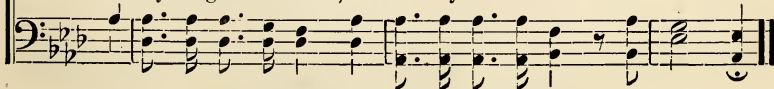
I want my life..... to tell for Je- sus! I want my
 I want my life



life.....
 I want my life to tell for Je- sus, That ev'-ry-where I go



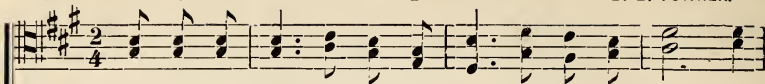
Men may his goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je- sus!



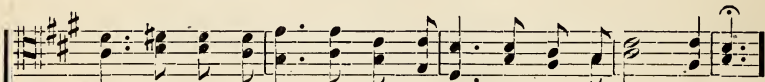
Be not Deceived.

HARRIET FITHIAN.

D. B. TOWNER.



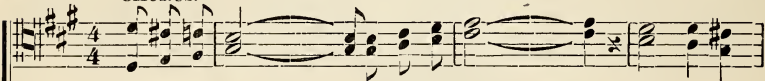
1. Be not de-ceived; each soul shall reap Its har-vest soon or
2. Sow e-vil deeds with care-less hand, And, one sad day, be-
3. Sow deeds of faith, and hope, and love, Perchance with fall-ing
4. God's law will stand for-ev-er-more, The law his love made



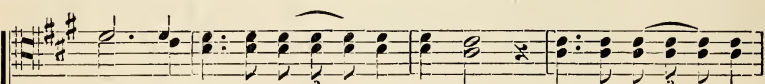
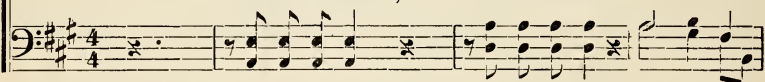
late; Sow now thy seed; the field is wide, The world is thine es-tate.
 hold Thy gar-ner filled with blighted hopes, And woes an hun-dred fold.
 tears, A har-vest home of peace and joy Will crown the work of years.
 known; From out the har-vest field of life We reap as we have sown.



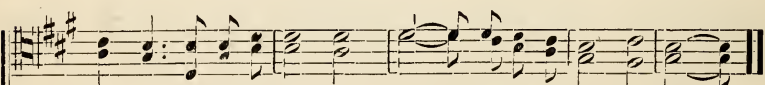
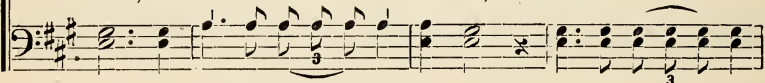
CHORUS.



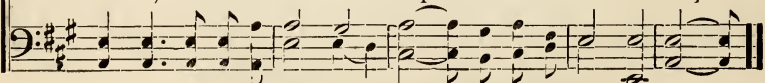
Be not de-ceived,be not de-ceived:..... God is not
 Be not deceived, be not deceived:



mocked; For what-so-ev-er a man sow-eth, What-so-ev-er a man



sow-eth, That shall heal-so reap... That shall heal-so reap...



FRED. SCOTT.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. May the Christ-like life be mine, Ev-'ry pur - pose to con-trol;
 2. May the Christ-like life be mine, E'en as he to do and bear;
 3. May the Christ-like life be mine, Shin-ing forth in word and deed

May his Spir - it, lov - ing, true, Take pos - sess - ion of my soul.
 That in kind - li-ness and love I may oth - ers' bur - den bear.
 Hearts to glad - den and to cheer, Where - so - ev - er there is need.

CHORUS.

May the life..... of Christ be mine..... That the
 May the life be mine,

world..... in me may see..... Shad - owed forth.....
 That the world may see Shad - owed forth

Largamento.
 his life di - vine,..... Giv - ing strength and vic - to - ry.
 di - vine,

F. S. SHEPARD.

E. S. LORENZ.

Do what you can! Do what you can! Do what you can! Do what you can!

1. Do what you can! That is your best; Be faith-ful here and leave the rest
2. Do what you can! It mat-ters not Your tal-ents few and hum - ble lot;
3. Do what you can! With heart aflame With love for Christ and in his name
4. Do what you can from day to day, In ten - der love as best you may;

To God whose will is your be - hest—Do what you can!
 To shirk or shrink that makes the blot—Do what you can!
 Seek souls to win, not wealth or fame—Do what you can!
 At last "Well done" the Lord will say—Do what you can!

What-e'er the place, what-e'er the need, Do what you can!

FINE.

CHORUS.

Do what you can!..... with ear - nest heed;.....
 Do what you can with ear-nest heed;

Do what you can..... in word and deed;.....
 Do what you can in word and deed;

D.S.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

N. B. SARGENT, Arr.

1. The treasures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil - ver and
 2. The treasures of earth must all fail, Its rich - es and hon - or de -
 3. Compared with the rich - es of love, The wealth of the world is but
 4. Come, take of the rich - es of Christ, Exhaustless and free is the

gold: But a treas - ure far great - er is mine; I have rich - es of
 cay, But the rich - es of love that are mine Even death can - not
 dross; I will seek but Christ Je - sus to win, And for him I count
 store; Of its won - der - ful full - ness re - ceive, Till you hun - ger and

CHORUS.

val - ue un - told.
 take them a - way. } Oh, the depths of the riches of love..... The
 all things but loss. } the rich - es of love,
 thirst nev - er - more.

rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus! Far bet - ter than gold, or

wealth un - told, Are the rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus.

1. This the joy of my sal-va-tion, Je - sus keeps, In the
 2. In life's strong decis - ive bat-tle Je - sus keeps, I shall
 3. Will you come to him be-liev-ing Je - sus keeps, Strength for
 Je - sus keeps,

mo - ment of temp-ta - tion Je - sus keeps, Safe from
 nev - er fear its rat - tle, Je - sus keeps, Helps me
 ev - 'ry day re - ceiv - ing, Je - sus keeps, Will you
 Je - sus keeps,

each de - cep - tive lair, From the wi - ly tempt - ers snare Which he
 o - ver - come the wrong, Helps me be a sol - dier strong; Sing with
 now the call o - bey, Will you fol - low him to - day? Let him

CHORUS.

doth for me pre - pare, Je - sus keeps. } Je - sus keeps..... me,
 me the vic - tor's song, Je - sus keeps. }
 lead you all the way, Je - sus keeps. } Je - sus keeps
 Je - sus keeps,

this I know, Safe with him..... I on - ward
 me safe - ly, this I know; Safe with him I

Jesus Keeps—Concluded.

go; Oh, what joy to-day is mine Just to
on - ward, up - ward go;

have this Friend divine And my all to him re - sign, Je - sus keeps!

59. O Life Beyond.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. This world is brim - ming full with joy, Each pass - ing moment thrills;
2. The sky is blue, its clouds are white, My life is all se - rene;
3. O life be - yond, my tho'ts still rove To thy su - preme de - lights.

And yet my soul is not content, Its gaze on high - er things is bent,
Be - yond the blue en - cir - cling me, A lar - ger life oft beck - ons me,
My pur - est earth - ly joys are rifts, Thro' which the bliss e - ter - nal drifts,

God's ev - er - last - ing hills, God's ev - er - last - ing hills.
The sky is but its screen, The sky is but its screen.
And up - ward still in - vites, And up - ward still in - vites.

60. Does Your Signal-Light Shine?

REBECCA S POLLARD.

D. B. TOWNER.

Melody for Verse in 1st Bass.

1. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Oh, my broth - er, say! Is it
 2. Does your sig - nal-light shine Far out o'er the wave, Where the
 3. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Do you tell the lost Of God's
 4. Does your sig - nal-light shine? Should the Bridegroom come, Are you

light - ing the path of the feet that stray? Is it warn - ing the
 life - boats are speed - ing some souls to save? Are you earn - est - ly
 won - der - ful love, of re - demp - tion's cost? Are you pray'r - ful - ly
 read - y with sheaves for the har - vest home? Have you souls who, re -

heed - less, who, un - a - wares, Will sure - ly be caught in the
 seek - ing the lost to win, Ere they sink 'neath the wreckage of
 tell - ing the sin - sick soul That the blood of Christ Je - sus can
 deemed from the blight of sin, Are wait - ing his sum - mons to

CHORUS.

tempt - er's snares? } Does it shine?..... Does it shine?.....
 lust and sin? }
 make it whole? } Does it shine? Does it shine?
 en - ter in.

Does it shine and flash in the dark - est night? Does it shine?
 Does it shine?

Does Your Signal-Light Shine?—Concluded.

Does it shine?.....
Does it shine? Oh, say, does your sig-nal-light shine?

61. Close to the Cross.

JAMES ROWE.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Close to the cross of my Sav - ior, Oh, it is sweet to be;
2. Here from the storm there is shel - ter; Foes can- not harm me here;
3. Here when my bur - den is heav - y Al - ways re - lief I find,
4. Here the dear Sav - ior is wait - ing—Wait - ing to free from sin;
5. Close to the cross of my Sav - ior, Oh, it is sweet to be;

Here I can see him and hear him, Je - sus who died for me.
Close to my might-y De - fend - er, Noth - ing have I to fear.
And when my spir - it is lone - ly Fel - low - ship sweet and kind.
Here may the pen - i - tent sin - ner Peace and for - give - ness win.
For I can hear him and see him— Je - sus who died for me.

CHORUS.

Close to the cross, close to the cross, At my Re - deem - er's feet,.....
Close to the cross, at my Redeemer's feet.

Here I am blest, Here there is rest; Here there is joy com - plete.

In the Blessed By and By.

Rev. GEO. O. WEBSTER.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Christ the Sav - ior, king of glo - ry, Left for us his throne a -
 2. Ang - el voic - es swell the cho - rus, Tell - ing forth his wond'rous
 3. Lift your voic - es now to praise him, Tell - ing forth his dy - ing

bove; Stooped to con - quer sin's domin - ion, Wond'rous pow'r and wond'rous
 might; He has triumphed, hail the Vic - tor, Triumphed o - ver sin and
 love; Let the mu - sic of our prais - es Greet the an - gel choir a -

love! Now once more he has as - cend - ed To his throne, his throne on
 night; Wond'rous theme for an - gels singing, — How our hearts, our hearts re -
 above: By his grace he has redeemed us, Now he reigns, he reigns on

high, And in glo - ry we shall see him, In the blessed
 ply; We shall sing his pow'r and glo - ry, In the blessed
 high Where through grace we shall be - hold him, In the blessed

REFRAIN. *ad lib.* *rit. e dim.*
 by and by, In the bless - ed by and by.....
 by and by.

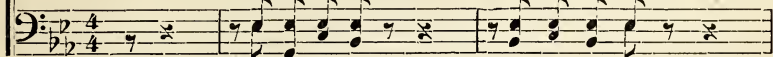
Better than We Think.

FRED SCOTT.

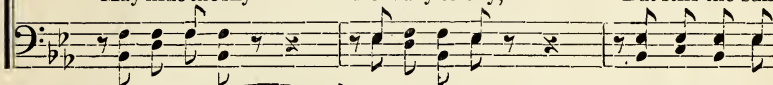
F. S. SHEPARD.



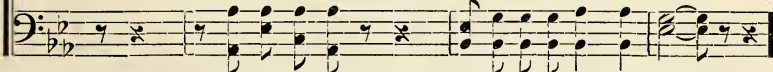
1. The dark'ning clouds..... a-bove my way..... May hide the
 2. Griefs may our hearts with fear ap-pall,..... And dire dis-
 3. When we're as-sailed..... by wea-ry care..... And loads that
 4. And if a - far..... from his blest way..... In paths of
- The dark'ning clouds a - bove my way



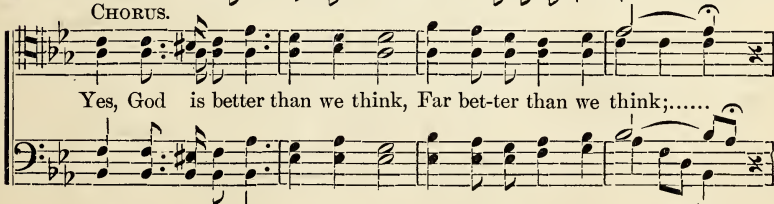
sky..... from day to day,..... But still the sun
 tress..... up-on us fall,..... The Father's love.....
 seem..... too hard to bear,..... The Lord will still.....
 sin..... our feet may stray,..... The Lord will seek.....
 May hide the sky from day to day, But still the sun



shines on for aye,.... For God is bet-ter than we think.
 is o- ver all,..... For God is bet-ter than we think.
 our burdens share..... For God is bet-ter than we think.
 us night and day, For God is bet-ter than we think.
 shines on for aye, God is bet-ter than we think.



CHORUS.



Yes, God is better than we think, Far bet-ter than we think;.....



We find in him a lov- ing Friend, Far better than we ask or think.....
 we ask or think.



JOSEPH GRIGG.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee,
 2. Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let ev-'ning blush to own a star;
 3. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a-way,
 4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Sav-ior slain;

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save,
 And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Je - sus! that dearest Friend,
 Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend,.....

On whom my hopes of heav'n depend;
 On whom my hopes..... of heav'n de-pend,.....

No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,.....

Ashamed of Jesus—Concluded.

That I no more..... re - vere his name.....
That I no more..... re - vere his name.....

65. Take My Heart.

Words arranged.

I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. by D. B. T.

1. Take my heart; O Fa-ther, take it; Make and keep it all thine own;
2. Fa-ther, make me pure and low-ly, Fond of peace and far from strife,
3. Ev-er let thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r di- vine,

Let thy spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turning from the paths un- ho - ly Of this vain and sin- ful life.
Till thy cords of love have bound me; Make me to be whol-ly thine.

CHORUS.

May the blood of Je- sus heal me, And my sins be all for- giv'n;

Ho-ly Spir- it, take and seal me, Guideme in the path to heav'n.

CHAS. WESLEY.

LEE G. KRATZ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the
2. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring, Cov - er

near - er wat - ers roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
my defenseless head, With the shad - ow of thy wing;
tem - pest still is high;
shad - ow of thy wing;

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is
Thou, O Christ, art all I want— O my Sav - ior, hide, More than all in thee I
Thou art all I want, More than all I want,

past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re -
Till the storm is past; Raise the fall - en cheer the faint, Heal the
find; All in thee I find;

ceive my soul at last. Oth - er ref - uge have I
my soul at last. Just and ho - ly is thy
sick and lead the blind. and lead the blind.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul—Concluded.

none, have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;—..... Leave, oh,
 refuge have I none, Hangs my soul on thee;
 name, is thy name, I am all unrighteousness;..... False and
 ho-ly is thy name, all unrighteousness;

leave me not a-lone, Still sup- port and com- fort me.
 full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 me, and com- fort me.
 art full of truth and grace.

67.

Hear and Forgive.

L. O. EMERSON.

pp

Hear, O Lord, the prayers of thy peo- ple, Hear and for-give,
 hear and forgive; Hear and for-give in thy lov - ing kindness!

Hear and for - give in thy lov- ing kind-ness! A - men. A - men.

68. Conquering and to Conquer.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Con-quer-ing and to con-quer, For-ward, in this thy might,
 2. He who is al-ways vic-tor, Lead-eth against the foe;
 3. Yon-der the palms are wav-ing, Tell-ing of rest and peace;

Fol-low the dauntless Lead-er, Tri-umph-ing in the fight.
 Con-quer-ing and to con-quer, Faith-ful and fear-less, go.
 Here is the bat-tle-on-set, Here there is no re-lease.

March with "the bright ba-tal-lions," Trust in the Lord of hosts,
 Rea-dy his call to an-swer, Has-ten at his com-mand,
 Up, for the sun goes west-ward, On, till the day is won,

Un-der the Great Com-mand-er Thou shalt en-large thy coasts.
 Then, if the Lord needs watch-men, "Hav-ing done all things, stand."
 Then be the Cap-tain's plau-dit, "Sol-dier of mine, well done."

CHORUS.

Look at the sig-nal wav-ing, Fol-low that cross of light,

Conquering and to Conquer—Concluded.

Ev - er by this sign con - quer, For - ward in this thy might.

69. Some Day, Sometime.

ELLA LANDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Some day, sometime, the boatman gray, O'er death's dark riv - er far a -
2. Some day, sometime, our eyes shall see The King in won - drous majes -
3. Some day, sometime, our hearts shall know Sweet peace and rest from earthly
4. Some day, sometime, thro' streets of gold Our feet shall walk 'mid joys un-

way, Shall guide us in - to end - less day, Some day, some gold - en day.
 ty, And from earth's bondage we'll be free, Some day, some gold - en day.
 woe, And we shall leave these scenes below, Some day, some gold - en day.
 told, And boundless love shall then en - fold, Some day, some gold - en day.

CHORUS.

Some day, some - time, we soft - ly say, 'Twill sure - ly come, that glo - rious

day, When Christ shall call his own a - way, *ad lib.*
 Some day, some gold - en day.

F. W. FABER.

GEO. B. NEVIN.

*Andante con molto esp.**mp**A tempo.*

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a -dise! Who does not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a -dise! The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a -dise! I great - ly long to see
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a -dise! Oh, keep me in thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;
 The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me;
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

CHORUS.

mf

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
 Where loy - al hearts and true

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight; All

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight! A - men.

W. C. MARTIN.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Je - sus shall con - quer From sea un - to sea; The king - doms of
 2. Je - sus shall straighten This world's ev'ry wrong; The weak and the
 3. Has - ten the dawn - ing Of that glo - rious day When men from their

earth shall His own king - doms be; His ex - cel - lent glo - ry The
 wea - ry In him shall be strong; The na - tions in dark - ness Shall
 i - dols Shall all turn a - way; When to thy do - min - ion All

whole earth shall fill And ev'ry - where na - tions Shall bow to his will.
 see a great light, And day ev - er - last - ing Shall fol - low their night.
 na - tions shall bow—O Je - sus, our Sovereign, Thy king - dom come now!

CHORUS.

Ho - san - nas, Ho - san - nas To Je - sus we sing!

rall.
 Soon all tribes and na - tions Shall own him their king.

My Best and Truest Friend.

W. C. MARTIN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. There was a Friend..... who took my place.....
 2. There was a Friend..... who bore a cross.....
 3. There is a Friend..... who guards me now.....

When I was in..... such deep dis - grace;.....
 To save me from..... e - ter - nal loss.....
 And guides me tho'..... I know not how;.....

And all my stripes..... he meek - ly bore:.....
 Who suf - fered at..... the hands of men.....
 Sup - plies me with..... his sav - ing grace.....

He suf - fered death..... for me, — and more.....
 That I, tho' dead,..... might live a - gain.....
 And glimp - ses grants..... me of his face.....

CHORUS.

My Friend, my best..... and tru - est Friend,.....
 My Friend, my best..... and truest Friend,

My Best and Truest Friend—Concluded.

On whom my hopes..... of heav'n de - pend,.....
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,

My heart is thine,..... yes, whol-ly thine,—.....
 My heart is thine, yes, wholly thine,—

My faith-ful Friend,..... my Friend di - vine.....
 My faithful Friend, my Friend divine.

73.

Now the Day is Over.

S. B. GOULD.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing night,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross, the sky.

1. O lonely one and wea-ry, With dust and noon-tide heat, The way is
 2. O soul so full of sor-row, And bowed beneath thy grief, Why say-est
 3. Hast thou a loved one dy-ing—A dear and cherished one? And art thou

long and drear-y, And wounded sore thy feet; Thy Lord is ver-y near thee,
 thou, "To-morrow Will bring me no re-lief?" De-spair not, but the rath-er
 vain-ly try-ing To say, "Thy will be done"? O mourner, God is keep-ing

To him thy weakness tell; He speaks to soothe and cheer thee, For oh, he
 Lend thou a list'-ning ear To words thy lov-ing Father Doth speak thine
 To thy sad soul so near, A mo-ment hush thy weep-ing His still small

p REFRAIN. *mf*
 loves thee well. } Fear not, fear not, Al-tho' thou canst not
 heart to cheer. }
 voice to hear. }

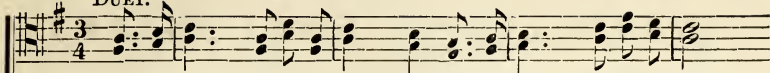
p *mf* *f*
 Fear not, sad heart to trust him still Altho, thou canst not

f *Rall.*
 see; For as a moth-er com-forteth, So will he com-fort thee.
 see;.....

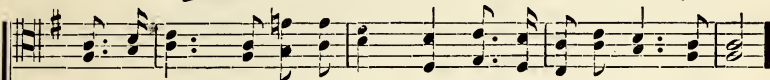
E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

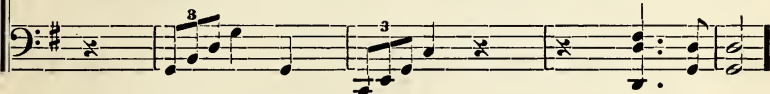
DUET.



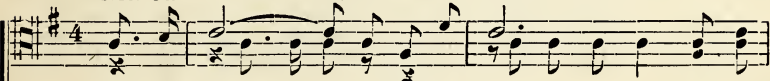
1. Sweetest name in earth or heav-en, Name of com - fort, end-less cheer,
2. Greatest name in earth or heav-en, Name of might, of wondrous pow'r,
3. Pur - est name in earth or heav-en, Without blot, no stain we see;
4. Grandest name in earth or heav-en, An- gels sing its glo-ry o'er,



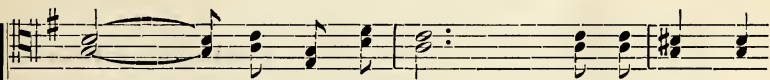
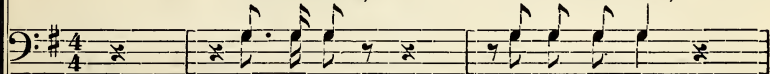
'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en For our joy and sol - ace here.
 'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en Human souls with strength to dow'r.
 'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en From our sin to set us free.
 'Tis the name of Je - sus, giv - en That e'en here we may a - dore.



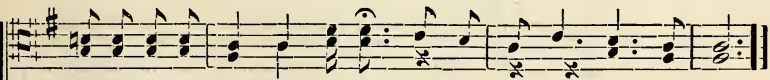
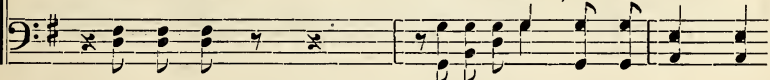
CHORUS.



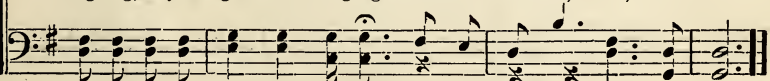
Je - sus' name, of all most dear, Doth the
 Je - sus' name, of all most dear,



soul..... in trou - ble cheer;
 Doth the soul in trouble cheer; O'er the world it's



ring-ing, Joy and gladness bringing! Name of Je - sus, Oh, how dear!



GEO. O. WEBSTER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. A lit-tle while, a little while, How swift the moments fly, Our bark of
 2. A lit-tle while, a little while, And dare we i - dly stand, When harvest
 3. A lit-tle while, a little while, And then our work is done, So swiftly

life so smoothly glides In - to the by and by; A lit-tle
 fields are read - y white In this and ev - 'ry land? A lit-tle
 do the moments fly, So near the set - ting sun; A lit-tle

while, a lit-tle while, And then our songs shall swell The cho - rus of
 while, a lit-tle while To gar - ner for the King, And then to come
 while, a lit-tle while, Then we our sheaves shall bring, And with the reap -

REFRAIN.

the ransomed ones Who now in glo - ry dwell.
 be - fore his throne Our gathered sheaves to bring. } A lit-tle while, a lit-tle
 ers gone before The harvest-home shall sing. }

while, And we no more shall roam; A lit-tle while, a lit-tle while,

A Little While—Concluded.

And we are safe at home.* m.....

* Let the word home merge into a hum and continue to the end.

77. Pray It Through.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. S. FEARIS.

Melody in 1st Bass.

1. Do not cease your earn-est pray-ing Till the an - swer is in view.
2. If the need is ver - y press-ing, And your faith is tried and true,
3. Je-sus pray'd while earth lay sleeping, And his locks were wet with dew,
4. Do not light-ly ask a bless - ing, Then for-get the thing in view;

Is the gra-cious Lord de-lay - ing? Pray it thro'—pray it thro'.
 God will not withhold the bless-ing: Pray it thro'—pray it thro'.
 Pray'd with earn - est-ness and weep-ing, So should you pray it thro'.
 But, a stead-fast faith pos-sess - ing, Pray it thro'—pray it thro'.

CHORUS.

Pray it through, pray it through, With a steadfast faith and
 Pray it through, pray it through, With a stead - fast faith and

Pray it through,
 true, He will not withhold the bless - ing, Pray it through, pray it thro'.

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 YORK, PA.

GEO. O. WEBSTER,

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Fill me, Sav-ior, with the sun-light of thy love di - vine; O - ver
 2. Fill me, Sav-ior, with the pow-er that can cleanse from sin, That each
 3. Fill me dai - ly with thy Spir - it who a-lone can seal, Who a -

all my sin and dark-ness let thy bright-ness shine; There's no
 day can cleanse and keep me pure and clean with - in; Fill me
 lone my strick - en spir - it of its wound can heal; Let his

oth - er friend can help me, there's no love like thine, Fill me with thy
 dai - ly with thy pur-pose precious souls to win, Fill me with thy
 bless - ed heal - ing pow - er dai - ly o'er me steal, Fill me with thy

CHORUS.

love to - day..... } Fill me with..... thy love to-day,
 love to - day..... } Fill me with thy love to - day,
 love to - day..... }
 to-day,

Drive all gloom..... and fear a - way; In the
 Drive all gloom and fear a - way;

Fill Me with Thy Love—Concluded.

sun - light let me stay, In the sun-light of thy love.
In the sun - light let me stay,

79. I Wait His Time.

ADA BLENKHORN,

J. S. FEARIS.

mf

1. I wait His time, when shadows dark A-long my path-way rise,
2. I wait His time for vic - to - ry, What-ev - er foes as-sail;
3. I wait His time, when I must bear The heav-y cross of pain;
4. I wait His time: each spar-row small The Father's eye doth see;

And view by faith the land of light That just be-fore me lies.
A friend so faith-ful, and so true, I know he will not fail.
In pa-tience wait un-til his touch Shall make me whole a - gain.
I know what-ev - er lot is mine, His care is o - ver me.

f REFRAIN.

I wait his time, my Sav-ior's time, Sub-miss - ive to his will,

Rall.

A friend so faith-ful and so true, I know he will not fail.

HATTIE H. PIERSON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach - es
 2. E'en now I can see thro' a mist of tears That hand still out-
 3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Holds treasure more

down to the world be - low; 'Tis beck - on - ing now to the
 stretched o'er the gulf of years, With heal - ing and hope for my
 pre - cious than gems or gold, The price of re - demp - tion from

souls that roam, And point - ing the way to the heav - n'ly home.
 sin - sick soul; One touch of its fin - ger will make me whole.
 sin and shame, The gift of sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

The hand of my Sav - ior I see, My Sav - ior I see,
 I see..... The hand that was
 I see,

wound - ed for me; was wounded for me;
 wound - ed for me;..... 'Twill lead me in love to the
 for me;

The Hand That was Wounded—Concluded.

man- sions a-bove, The hand that was wound-ed for me.....

ad lib. was wounded for me.

81. Wanderer, Come.

ANNA ALLISON.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Nev-er too old to come, Tho' bent with the weight of years;
 2. Nev-er too vile to come, Tho' black with the stain of crime;
 3. Nev-er in vain to cry From des-erts of sin and doubt;

Nev - er too sad to come, Tho' the eyes o'er- flow with tears.
 Nev - er too late to come, Till e - ter - nity fol - lows time.
 For "him that comes to me I will in no wise cast out!"

CHORUS.

Come! Come! wan-der-er, come! Je-sus is wait-ing to save you!
 Wanderer, wanderer, come! come! is waiting to save!

Come, come! wan-der-er, come! You are never too sinful to come!
 Wanderer, wanderer, wanderer, come!

W. C. MARTIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep; Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
 3. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul, Griefs like billows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That shall ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
 I can face them and be bold, - I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds—Concluded.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an-chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

83. Lord, if He Sleep.

W. POLLOCK.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well!" Why should we
2. No - bly he wrought; strong-ly he ran; Brave - ly he
3. Till the day break, here let him be; Then shall he

weep? why should a knell, Dirg - ing and deep, o - ver him
fought, fought in the van: Rest hath he sought, — he was but
wake, glo - rious and free, For thy dear sake; like un - to

swell? He shall do well! He shall do
man. He shall do well!
thee!

well!.....
He shall do well! "Lord, if he sleep! he shall do well!"

84. The Promise Made to Mother.

INA DULEY OGDEN.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Ere you left the home- stead in the van - ished long a - go,
 2. When you sought the world she bade you take this faith - ful Friend,
 3. Far from grace you wan - dered in the wea - ry pass - ing years,
 4. Once a - gain you prom - ised when her pil - grim work was done,

When your heart was hap - py and your soul was pure as snow,
 Begged you to con - fess him and in him your soul de - fend,
 Pa - tient - ly she suf - fered and en - dured her grief and fears;
 When she went in tri - umph to re - ceive her gold - en crown,

You were bade to Je - sus' feet, his shel-t'ring love to know:
 Oft you vowed to claim him and to trust him to the end:
 Ma - ny times you told her you would heed the pray'rs and tears:
 When she said, thro' Christ a - lone were life and vic - t'ry won:

D.S.—don't for - get her Sav - ior who is call - ing you to - day:

Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
 Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
 Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.
 Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.

Don't for - get the prom - ise made to moth - er.

The Promise Made to Mother—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Don't for - get those ten - der hands that soothed your cares a - way;

Don't for- get that gen- tle face, those tress- es thin and gray; And

D.S.

85.

Remember Me.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con- trol its rag- ing mo- tion;
3. When weight of sin op- press- es, When dark de- spair dis- tress- es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall- ing, 'Mid tempters' voi- ces call- ing,
When from its dan- gers shrink- ing, When in its dread deeps sink- ing,
All thro' the life that's mor- tal, And when I pass death's portal,

REFRAIN.

Re- member me, O Might- y One! Remember me, O Might- y One!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Mrs. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Baritone Solo with Quartet accompaniment.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea,
 2. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive,

But that thy blood was shed for me
 Wilt welcome, par - - don, cleanse, relieve;
 But that thy blood was shed for me
 Wilt wel-come, par - - don, cleanse, re - lieve;.....

And that thou bidst me come to thee,
 Be-cause thy prom - - ise I be-lieve,
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,
 Be-cause thy prom - - ise I be - lieve.....

O Lamb of God, I come, I come! Just as I
 O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come! Just as I

Lord, we come and wait ing not Souls to rid of
 Bound-less love, thy love un-known, Breaks each hind'ring
 am, O Lord and Savior, waiting not To rid my trembling soul of one dark
 am, O Lord, thy boundless love unknown, Thy mighty love has bro-ken ev'ry

Just as I Am—Concluded.

sin - ful blot To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 bar - rier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine a -
 sin - ful blot.... To thee, whose par - d'ning blood can cleanse each
 bar - rier down; Now to be thine, yea, to be thine a -

spot, I come, I come, O Lamb of God, I come!
 lone, O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.....

87. With Tearful Eyes.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round, Life seems a dark and
 2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my
 3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest - ing -
 4. O voice of mer - cy, voice of love! In con - flict, grief and

storm - y sea; Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A
 soul may flee: Oh, to the wea - ry, faint, op - pressed, How
 place for thee; To heav'n di - rect thy weep - ing eye, I
 ag - o - ny, Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove, And

p heav'nly whisper, "Come to me!" A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me!"
 sweet the bidding, "Come to me!" How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
 am thy portion, Come to me! I am thy por - tion, Come to me!"
 gen - tly whisper, "Come to me!" And gen - tly whis - per, "Come to me!"

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Je - sus lives ! no more in darkness shall the earth re - main, Je - sus
 2. Death is vanquish' d, now a liv - ing Christ do we a - dore,

lives ! Je - sus lives ! Now the grave has lost its
 Je - sus lives ! Je - sus lives ! He has filled for us with

terrors, death himself is slain, Christ our dying Savior lives again ! lives again !
 hope the path he trod be - fore, Crowns with life our souls forevermore ! evermore !

CHORUS.

Je - sus lives ! Je - sus lives ! He who on the cross for
 Je - sus lives ! Je - sus lives !

us hung dy - ing ! Je - sus lives a - gain ! Je - sus lives a -
 Jesus lives ! oh, tell the story ! Conquer'd death so grim and

Jesus Lives—Concluded.

cres. ff

gain! Let the world shout forth his glo-ry, Je-sus lives! Je-sus lives!
 ho-a-ry, *molto rit.*

89. Steer for Home.

JAMES ROWE.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Soul, on sin's wild o - cean go - ing Swift - ly on to doom,
 2. Why, for but a sin - ful leis - ure Miss the hap - py goal?
 3. Sure de - struc - tion is be - fore thee, Rock and swamping wave!
 4. Broth - er, see, the night is fall - ing! Haste, to safe - ty come!

See, the warn - ing light is glow - ing Clear - ly thro' the gloom.
 Why, for but an earth - ly pleas - ure, Lose thy pre - cious soul?
 Soon the break - ers will be o'er thee, Then no hand can save.
 Je - sus plead - ing - ly is call - ing; Steer, oh, steer for home!

CHORUS.

Steer for home, steer for home! Drift, oh, drift no more;
drift no more;

Lov - ing voi - ces bid thee come; Steer for the home - ward shore!

He is Able to Deliver.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the proph-et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend ed knee,
 2. Where-fore is the king so sad, and where - fore does he fast,
 3. "O king, live for - ev - er! and from anx - ious care be free,
 4. From the roar - ing li - on, seek - ing whom he may de vour,
 5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in peace,

With his win-dows o - pen wide, de - spite the king's de - cree,
 As he thinks of Dan - iel, who with - in the den is cast?
 For my God has sent his an - gel to de - liv - er me;
 God is a - ble to de - liv - er by his might - y pow'r;
 Till life's pil - grim - age is end - ed, and my con - flicts cease;

And they cast him in the li - on's den, his life to close,
 O thou ser - vant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pray,
 He has shut the li - on's mouths, my soul in tri - umph sings,
 And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins op - pressed,
 And when Death, the la - test en - e - my, shall end the strife,

He is Able to Deliver—Concluded.

God was a - ble to de - liv - er him from all his foes.
 From the li - on's cru - el pow - er, can he save to - day?
 Oh, what joy to trust for shel - ter un - der - neath his wings.''
 He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to give him rest.
 He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to crown with life.

CHORUS.

For God's an - gel is en - camp - ing Round a -
 For God's an - gel is en - camp - ing, is en - camp - ing

bout..... all them that fear him; He is
 Round a - bout them, round a - bout all them that fear him;

a - ble to de - liv - er
 He is a - ble, he is a - ble to de - liv - er All who put their trust in him.

Beyond the Horizon.

E. E. HEWITT.

FINLEY LYON.

Be- yond the dim hor - i - zon line..... What glo - ries

lie, what joys divine; My tho'ts go forth like ships to-day..... Like ships to-day,

Ships outward bound to far a - way; My hopes take hap - py, hap - py

flight, To greet the land of light; Where love shall bloom, shall bloom and
Take happy flight,

Shall bloom and shine, rit.
shine..... Be- yond the line, the part - ing line.

Beyond the Horizon—Continued.

m *f*

Where sunset fires burn in the west, Lights love's pure flame with - in my breast;

rit.

Grant that thy peace, a healing balm, Lull, like the waves, my fears to calm;

lento. *a tempo.* *cres.*

When earthly tides are low, And hushed life's ebb and flow; Be thou my soul's sweet

ff

morning star, sweet morning star; Be thou my soul's sweet morning star, sweet

morn - ing star. I look to thee,

Then thro' the night I look to thee,.....

Beyond the Horizon—Concluded.

The sun shall rise be - yond the sea, Be - yond the dim hor - i - zon

Hor - i - zon there
there..... Lies Glo - ry Land, my home so fair, Lies Glo - ry

Land, my home so fair, Lies Glory Land, my home so fair.

Lies Glory Land, My home so fair.

92.

Speed Thee, Christian.

B. T. WORDEN.

Maestoso.

1. Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling; With
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An upward race to run, A
3. The shield of faith re - pels the dart That Satan's hand may throw; His
4. The glowing lamp of pray'r will light Thee on thy anxious road; 'Twill

gird - ed loins the call o - bey That grace and mer - cy bring.
crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won.
ar - row can - not reach thy heart, If Christ con - trol the bow.
keep the goal of heav'n in sight, And guide thee to thy God.

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