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The harp of glory : the best old hymns, the best new hymns : the cream of song for all religious work and worship. 1911

Nashville, Tennessee: Rev. W.T. Dale, Book and Music Publisher, 1911

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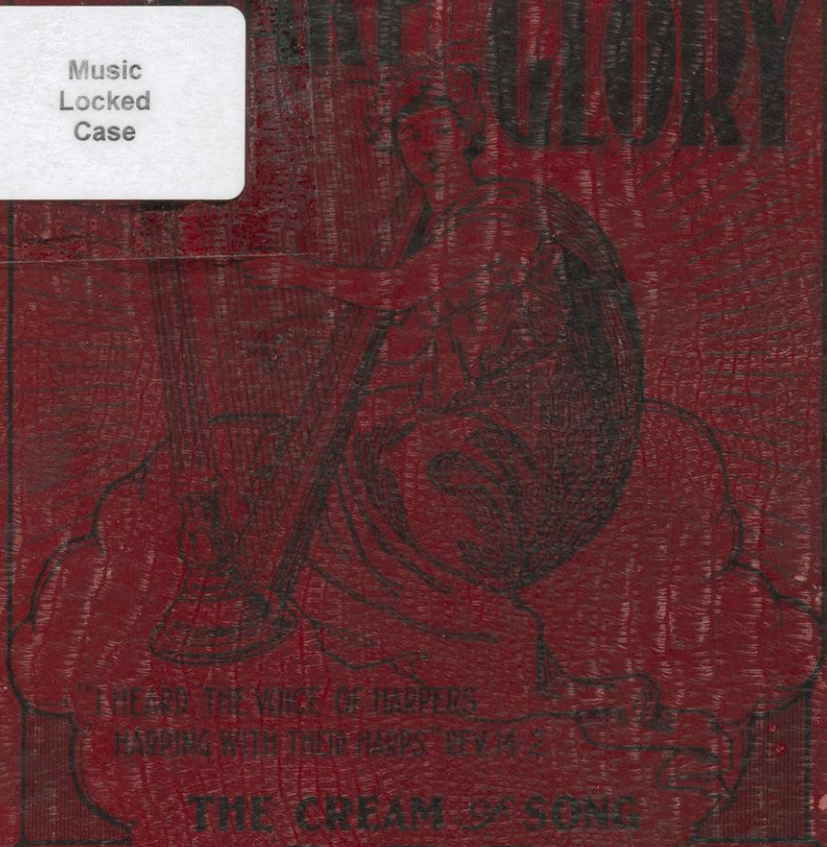
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THE BEST OF ALL

THE HARP OF GLORY



"I HEARD THE VOICE OF HARPERS
HAPPING WITH THEIR HARPS" REV. 14: 2

THE CREAM OF SONG

PUBLISHED BY
REV. W. T. DALE, BOOK AND MUSIC PUBLISHER,
NASHVILLE, TENN. STATION 2

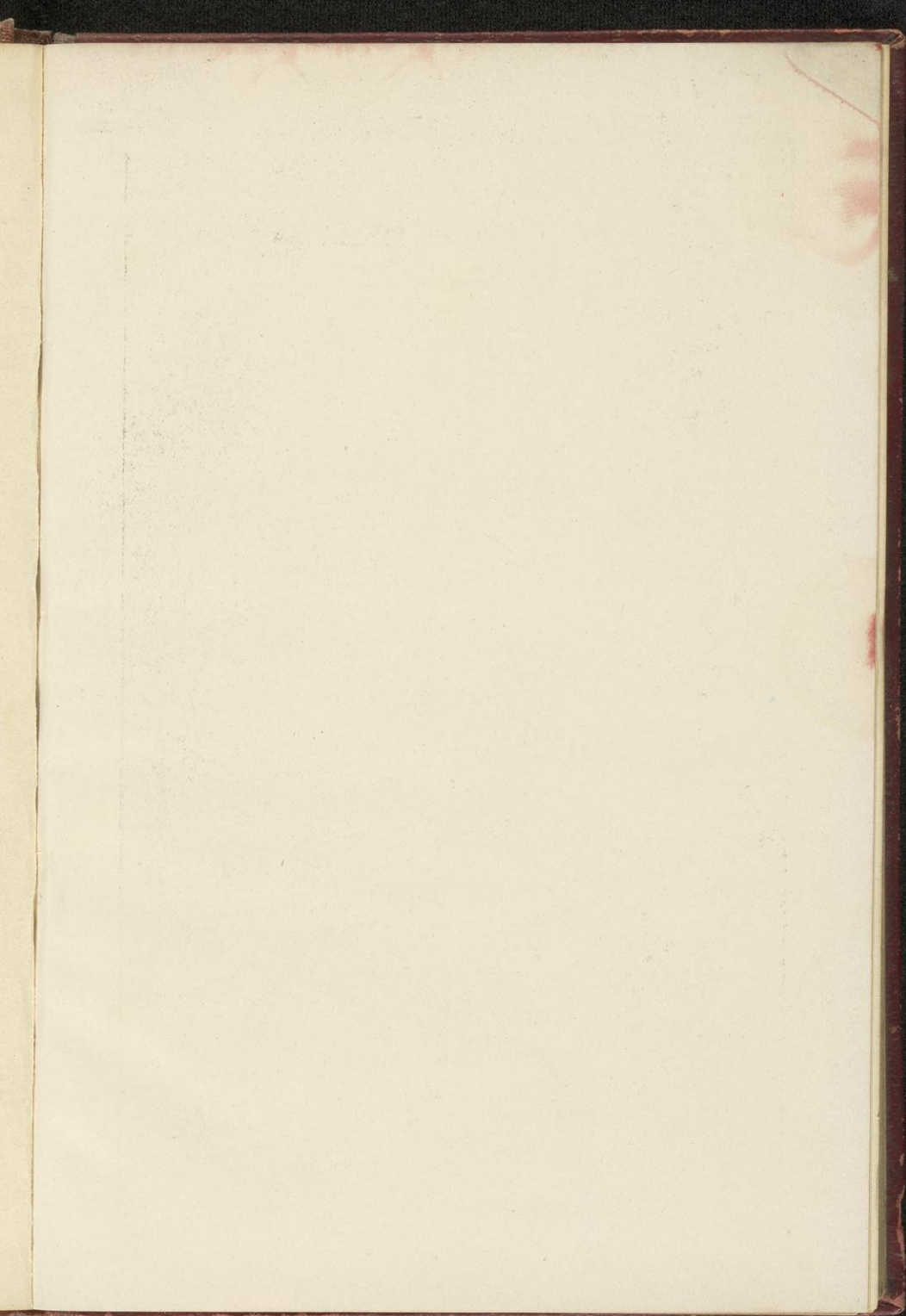
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THE BEST OF ALL

The Harp of Glory

The Best Old Hymns

The Best New Hymns

THE CREAM OF SONG FOR ALL
RELIGIOUS WORK and WORSHIP

— By —

Rev. W. T. Dale, D.D.

and

H. A. R. Horton.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

REV. W. H. BERRY, REV. G. PIERCE HUMPHRIES, REV. E. H. ROY,
HENRY P. MORTON, J. M. HAGAN, DR. J. M. PIERCE,
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Evangelists, Gospel Singers and Quartette Singers Will Find This
Book Well Suited to Their Work.

Approved by the General Assembly, Evansville, Ind., May, 1911, and
Recommended for the Use of the Church.

PUBLISHED BY

REV. W. T. DALE, Book and Music Publisher
Nashville, Tenn. Station B.

FOR SALE BY

THE CUMBERLAND BANNER PUBLISHING CO.
Tullahoma, Tenn.

THE LONE STAR MUSIC CO.

4539 Cole Ave., Dallas, Texas.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

"Of making many books there is no end," says Solomon (Eccl. 12:12), which may be truly said of the making of song books, for the land is teeming with this class of literature, and it is all right, provided each successive book is in advance of its predecessor, and we believe that this may be truly said of "THE HARP OF GLORY," which we take pleasure in introducing to the music loving people of our land of all shades of religious belief, as containing every element needed in making up just the character of book for all religious work and worship. And we believe that the candid verdict of a discriminating public will sustain this claim.

The brethren throughout the country have responded to our appeal for contributions and suggestions, which enables us to present a book in keeping with the expressed wishes of our song loving people. As Music Editor we have had to exercise the prerogative of an editor by using our best judgment in the selection of matter for the book. And in this we have had the special assistance of our musical associate, Brother H. A. R. Horton, whose untiring efforts in securing the very best to be had is hereby acknowledged.

We also acknowledge the valuable contributions of our Special Contributors, Rev. W. H. Berry, Kerens, Texas; Rev. G. Pirece Humphries, Pecan Gap, Texas; Henry P. Morton, Madisonville, Ky.; J. M. Hagan, Owensboro, Ky.; Dr. J. M. Pierce, Atlanta, Ga., and Chas. Edw. Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo.

We also return our thanks to all who have aided in the preparation of this book by giving us permission to use valuable copyrights, whose names appear in connection with their respective pieces.

Since our endorsement as "Music Editor" by the General Assembly, we have put forth every effort in our power to make a book that will give entire satisfaction to the Church at large and be approved by all lovers of sacred song in all denominations of Christians, for all the churches of our land are represented in the book.

The following testimonial from the Tennessee Synod, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, adopted at Lebanon, Tenn., October 13, 1910, is herewith submitted:

From report of Committee on Publication:

"We would call the attention of the Synod to the fact that Rev. W. T. Dale is getting out a new song book entitled 'THE HARP OF GLORY,' and his endorsement by the General Assembly as Musical Editor entitles his musical books to our favorable consideration.—Rev. T. Ashburn, *Chairman*."

Evangelists, Gospel Singers, Soloists and Quartette Singers will find this book well suited to their respective lines of work. And they are earnestly urged to give the book a fair and impartial examination and trial.

With an earnest prayer for the Divine blessing upon the singing of these songs and upon those who sing them, we now submit "THE HARP OF GLORY" to the crucible of a public test, confident that this our latest effort in the field of sacred song will be crowned with abundant success and the name of God be glorified thereby.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Station B,
December 2, 1910.

W. T. DALE,
Music Editor.

The Harp of Glory

No. 1. Golden Harps are Sounding.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. 14: 2.

Hark! I hear the voice of harpers,
As they chant the Saviour's praise,
Sing aloud their heavenly sonnet,
And their loudest raptures raise.—W. T. D.

HERMAS.

GERMAN.

1. Golden harps are sounding, Angel voic-es ring; Pearly gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory,
3. Pleading for His children In that blessed place, Call-ing them to glo-ry,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,
At His Fa-ther's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die;
Sending them His grace; His bright home preparing, Faithful ones, for you,

CHORUS.

Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a-bove.
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end-ed,
Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth, too.

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus has as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King.

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No. 2. The Harps of Heaven.

‘And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.’—Rev. 14: 2.

List! the harps of heaven are ringing,
Mingling in celestial lays;
While the myriad hosts are singing
To their great Redeemer's praise.—W. T. D.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.

1. { Don't you hear the harps of glo-ry, In the heav'nly courts above, Chiming
Hark, the mu-sic of the ransomed, Flows in sweet, melodious lays, While the
2. { List again, hear how they're singing, How they sing the new, new song, And the
See the won-d'ring an-gels lis-ten To that wondrous song of love, While the
3. { Once a - gain I hear them singing, As the prod-i-gals come home, Coming
O, the shout-ing now in heaven, Parents now, with one acclaim, Shout to-

in the old, old sto-ry, Of a Saviour's dy-ing love.
saints with swelling cadence, Raise their joyful shouts of praise.
harps with music ringing, Roll their melo-dy a-long;
harps of heaven glisten, In the sun- light bright above.
with their sins to Jesus, Having ceased from Him to roam;
gether o'er their children, As they praise the Saviour's name.

CHORUS.

Now each saint in glo-ry's sing-ing, And the joy-ful an-them swells;

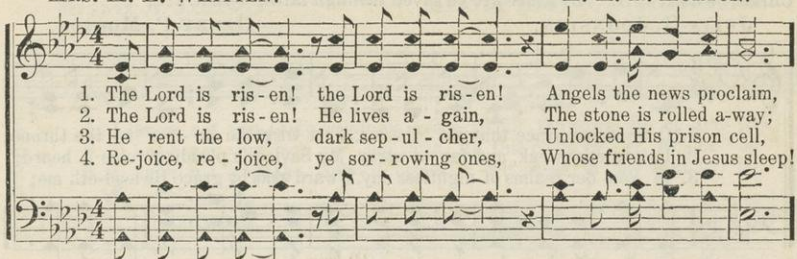
While each harp with mu-sic's ring-ing, And the praise of Je-sus tells.

No. 3. The Lord is Risen.

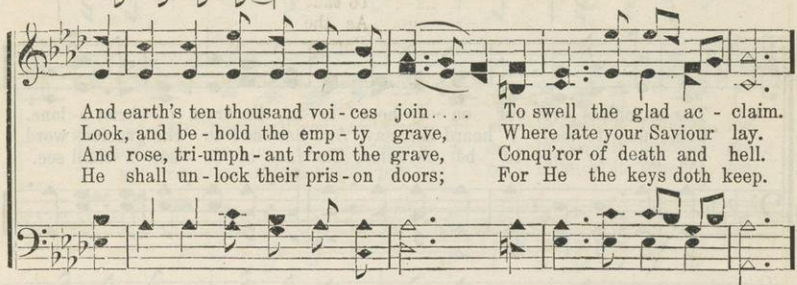
"The Lord is risen, indeed."—Luke 24: 34.

Mrs. M. E. WHITTEN.

H. A. R. HORTON.

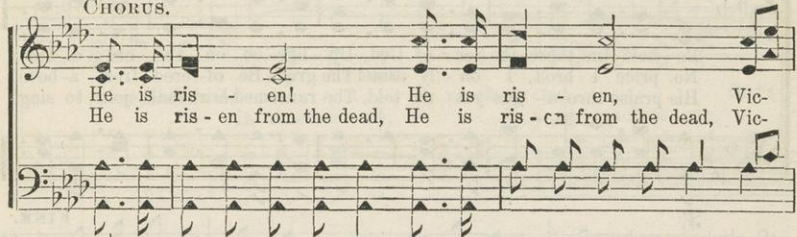


1. The Lord is ris-en! the Lord is ris-en! Angels the news proclaim,
 2. The Lord is ris-en! He lives a - gain, The stone is rolled a-way;
 3. He rent the low, dark sep-ul-cher, Unlocked His prison cell,
 4. Re-joice, re-joice, ye sor-rowing ones, Whose friends in Jesus sleep!

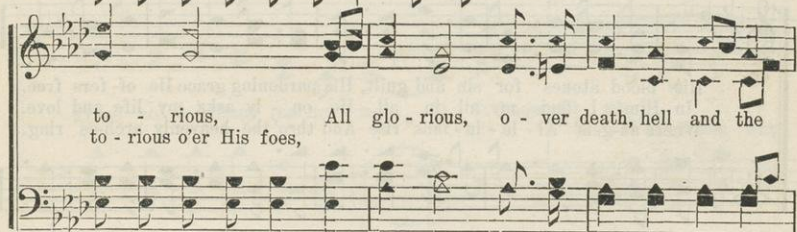


And earth's ten thousand voi-ces join... To swell the glad ac-claim.
 Look, and be-hold the emp-ty grave, Where late your Saviour lay.
 And rose, tri-umph-ant from the grave, Conqu'ror of death and hell.
 He shall un-lock their pris-on doors; For He the keys doth keep.

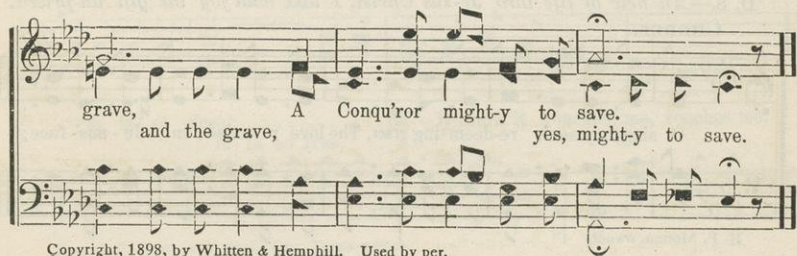
CHORUS.



He is ris-en! He is ris-en, Vic-
 He is ris-en from the dead, He is ris-en from the dead, Vic-



to-ri-ous, All glo-ri-ous, o-ver death, hell and the
 to-ri-ous o'er His foes,



grave, and the grave, A Conqu'ror might-y to save.
 yes, might-y to save.

No. 4. Justified and Saved by Grace.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—ROM. 5:11. "By grace are ye saved through faith."—EPH. 2:8.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.



1. O wondrous grace that jus - ti - fies, That brings the sin - ner to the throne;
2. Un - worthy, weak, and far a - stray, My Saviour's pleading voice I heard;
3. In yon - der realms of nightless day, T'ward which by grace He lead-eth me;



The matchless love, our on - ly hope Is in the cross of Christ a - lone.
 "Come un - to me," I heard Him say, And list - ened to His gracious word.
 In glo - ry yet to be revealed, The face of Je - sus I shall see.



Be - hold Him there, the Son of God, Up - lift - ed on the cru - el tree,
 No price I bro't, I on - ly claimed The grace He of - fered from a - bove,
 His praise thro' a - ges yet un - told, The ransomed host shall join to sing,



His blood atones for sin and guilt, His pardoning grace He of - fers free.
 In Him I find my all in all, He on - ly asks my life and love.
 Where an - gels' "Al - le - lu - iahs" rise And thro' the heavenly arch - es ring.



D. S.—An heir of life thro' Je - sus Christ, I take with joy the gift un - priced.

CHORUS.



O sing, my soul, re - deem - ing grace, The love revealed in Je - sus' face;



H. P. Morton, owner.

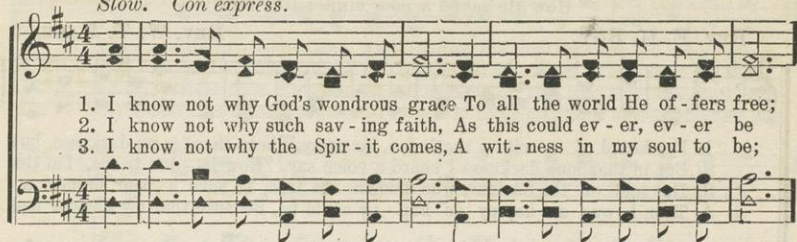
No. 5. It Reaches Me.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

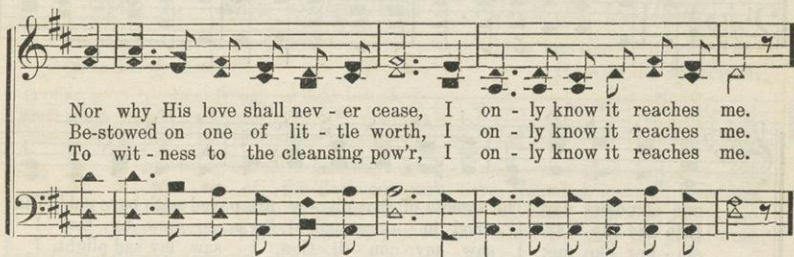
MINNIE B. JACKSON.

Arr. by REV. G. P. HUMPHRIES.

Slow. Con express.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To all the world He of-fers free;
2. I know not why such sav-ing faith, As this could ev-er, ev-er be
3. I know not why the Spir-it comes, A wit-ness in my soul to be;

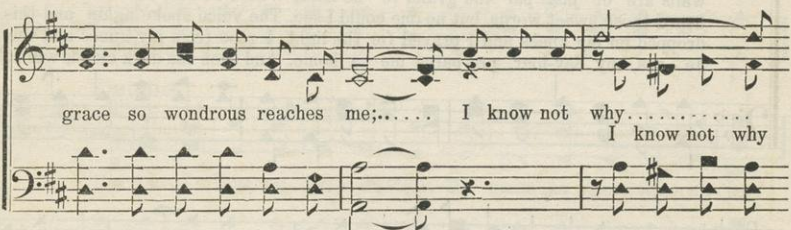


Nor why His love shall nev-er cease, I on-ly know it reaches me.
Be-stowed on one of lit-tle worth, I on-ly know it reaches me.
To wit-ness to the cleansing pow'r, I on-ly know it reaches me.

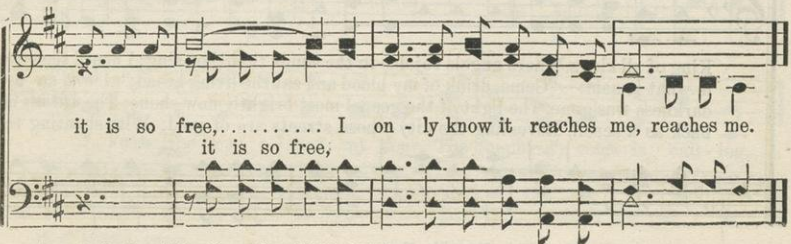
CHORUS.



It reach-es me,..... it reach-es me,..... God's
It reach-es me, it reach-es me,



grace so wondrous reaches me;..... I know not why.....
I know not why



it is so free,..... I on-ly know it reaches me, reaches me.
it is so free,

No. 6. *The Sinner's Awakening.*

"I am walking no longer in darkness,
For the light is now shining on me;
And I'm telling to others of Jesus,
How He saved a poor sinner like me."

REV. E. H. ROY.

REV. W. T. DALE.



1. I've heard of a cit - y that's far, far away, Where there is no darkness, but
2. But in that lone darkness I heard a voice say, "Now lis - ten to me, I'm the
3. He told of the Saviour, who died on the tree, To save a poor sin - ner, a
4. Then I was as hap - py as hap - py could be, Because that my Saviour had .



one cloudless day; The streets of that cit - y are paved with pure gold, The
Life and the Way." I stood in a-mazement, 'twas so new to me, I
sin - ner like me; I saw my con - di - tion, I saw my sad plight, I
saved one like me; Then why should I trouble, or why lon-ger roam? 'Tis



walls are of jas - per and grand to be-hold; Where Je-sus, the Sav-iour, is
heard those sweet words, but no one could I see. The voice spoke again and this
dropped on my knees and I prayed for the light, I rose from my knees and the
Je - sus, my Sav-iour, pre-pares me a home. And soon the dark clouds will roll



King of all kings, Where angels rejoice in the songs that they sing; I heard the sweet
is what it said:—"Come, drink of my blood and eat the living bread;" I was so a-
darkness was gone, The light of the gospel most brightly now shone: The darkness had
back as a scroll, Revealing the city whose streets are of gold; With shouting the



The Sinner's Awakening. Concluded.

sto-ry, although far a-way, And trav'ling the road that had led me a-stray.
 mazed I could not understand, Till one of God's servants ex-pounded the plan.
 fad-ed fore'er from my sight, And I understood now that God was the light.
 saints shall ascend up on high, And dwell in those mansions beyond the blue sky.

No. 7. The Shepherd's Voice is Calling.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep, which was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

1. A wand'ring sheep in pathways drear, Was I who glad-ly own Him,
 2. A-wea-ry of the darksome way, Sore, wounded, lost and bleed-ing,
 3. And now to pastures green and fair, By wa-ters still He guides me,
 4. Come, wand'rer, come, the way pursue To Him, who gen-tly plead-eth,

He is to me the Shep-herd dear, Since I with joy have known Him.
 I knew the Shepherd's voice that day, And fol-lowed in His lead-ing.
 Or, to the fold, with lov-ing care, Where ten-der-ly He hides me.
 My Shepherd is your Shep-herd, too, Come, fol-low where He lead-eth.

CHORUS.

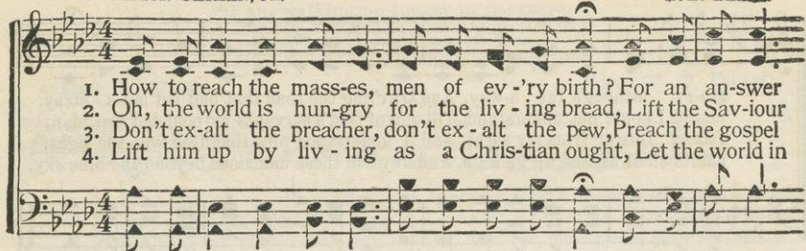
His voice I hear, my Shepherd dear, My name so gen-tly call-ing;

I know Him near, a-way my fear, The Shepherd's voice is call-ing.

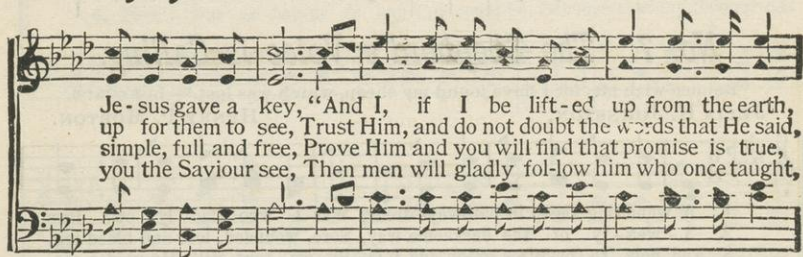
No. 8. Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. B. BEALL.

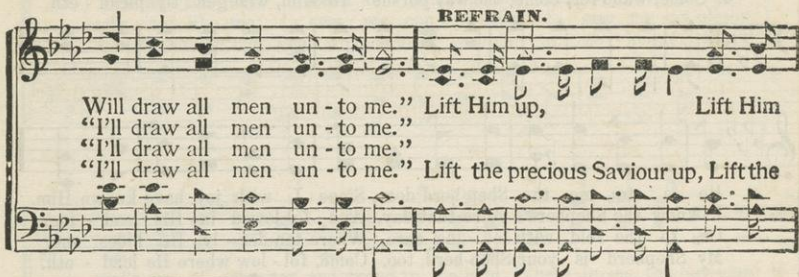


1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
 2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
 3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gospel
 4. Lift him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in

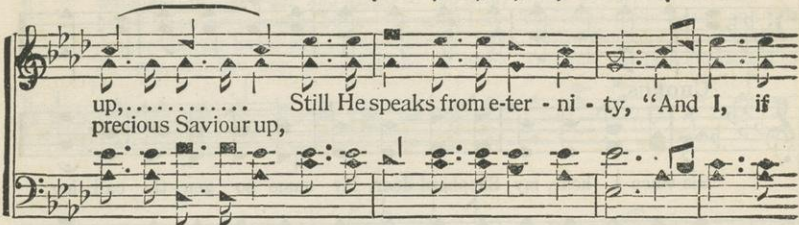


Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
 up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
 simple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that promise is true,
 you the Saviour see, Then men will gladly fol-low him who once taught,

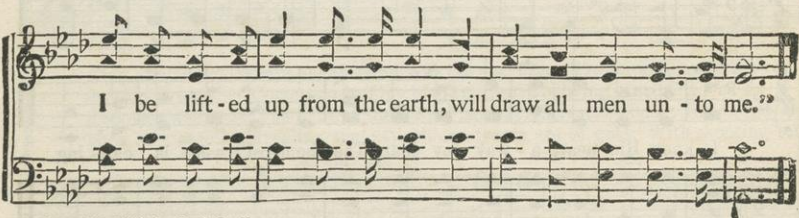
REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me."
 "I'll draw all men un-to me." Lift the precious Saviour up, Lift the



up, Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if
 precious Saviour up,



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to me."

No. 9. Reach Down a Hand.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

HENRY P. MORTON.

1. Reach down a hand from your stronghold of love, Help some poor sinner to
 2. Reach down a hand in the name of the King, Some little kindness to
 3. Reach down a hand, turn your face to earth's woe, Let a weak brother God's

climb up a - bove, Liv - ing to give in a serv - ice most true,
 help - less souls bring. Count it not loss, it is surely worth while,
 sav - ing grace know. Try to be faithful to Je - sus your friend,

CHORUS.

Do - ing for oth - ers what Christ did for you.
 On - ly to brighten life's way with a smile. Reach down a hand, a
 Stand not before Him uncrowned at the end.

kind helping hand, Safe on the Christ-rock your own soul doth stand.

kind helping hand, own soul doth stand,

Reach down a hand, a kind helping hand, Some sinking brother and lost one to save.

kind helping hand,

No. 10. Tell It to All.

T. A. FERGUSON

FRED L. BEARD.

1. Go ye forth in Je-sus' name, And the precious news proclaim, Tell it to
 2. Of the home beyond the sea, He pre-pared for you and me,
 3. Oh, His life He free-ly gave, Your poor sin-ful soul, to save,

all,..... Tell it to all;..... Christ your soul will e'er sus-tain, And with
 In that home beyond the sea, There's a
 Tell to all, Tell to all; Heed His message, heed to-day, E'er to

Him you'll ev-er reign, Tell it to all,..... Tell it to
 place for you and me,
 mor-row be too late, Tell it to all,

Fine. **CHORUS.**
 all..... Look to Je-sus, look to-day, He your soul from sin can save,
 Tell it to all.

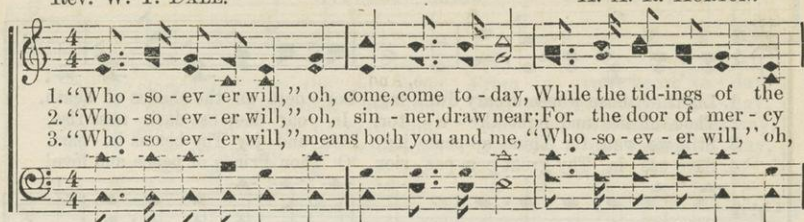
D. S.
 Tell it to all,..... Tell it to all..... Tell it to all.
 Tell it to all,

No. 11. "Whosoever Will."*

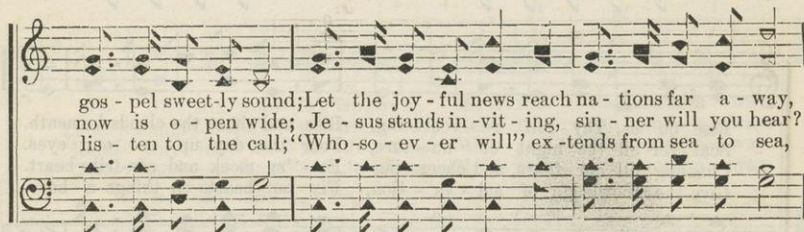
"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

H. A. R. HORTON.

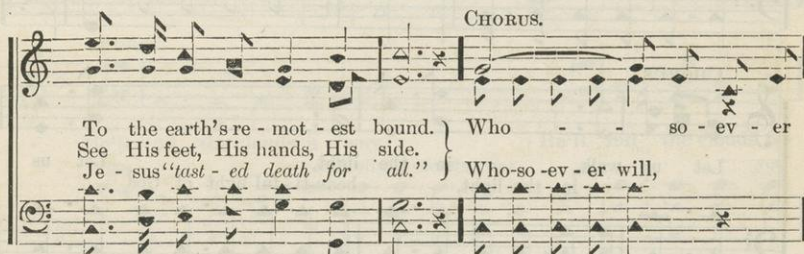


1. "Who-so-ev-er will," oh, come, come to-day, While the tid-ings of the
 2. "Who-so-ev-er will," oh, sin-ner, draw near; For the door of mer-cy
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," means both you and me, "Who-so-ev-er will," oh,



gos-pel sweet-ly sound; Let the joy-ful news reach na-tions far a-way,
 now is o-pen wide; Je-sus stands in-vit-ing, sin-ner will you hear?
 lis-ten to the call; "Who-so-ev-er will" ex-tends from sea to sea,

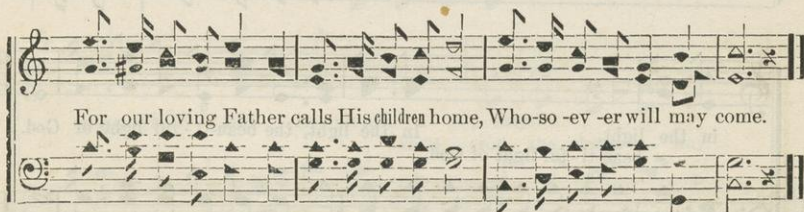
CHORUS.



To the earth's re-mot-est bound. } Who - - - so - ev - er
 See His feet, His hands, His side. }
 Je-sus "tast-ed death for all." } Who-so-ev-er will,



will, Bear the joy-ful tid-ings o-ver plain and hill;
 Who-so-ev-er will,



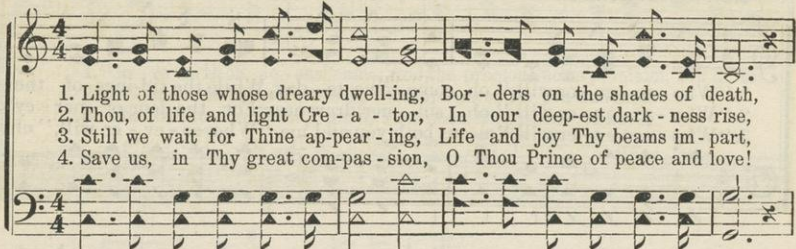
For our loving Father calls His children home, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

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* This is a Cumberland Presbyterian "Whosoever will" Song, and makes the offer of Salvation coextensive with the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the needs of our race.

No. 12. Christ, the Light of the World.

"That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the
 REV. C. WESLEY. world."—JOHN 1:9. H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Light of those whose dreary dwell-ing, Bor - ders on the shades of death,
 2. Thou, of life and light Cre - a - tor, In our deep-est dark - ness rise,
 3. Still we wait for Thine ap-pear-ing, Life and joy Thy beams im-part,
 4. Save us, in Thy great com-pas-sion, O Thou Prince of peace and love!



Rise on us, Thy-self re-veal-ing, Rise and chase the clouds be-neath.
 Scat-ter all the night of na-ture, Pour the day up-on our eyes.
 Chas-ing all our fears, and cheer-ing Ev-'ry meek and con-trite heart.
 Give the knowledge of sal-va-tion, Fix our hearts on things a-bove.

CHORUS.



Let us walk in the light, Let us
 in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God,



walk in the light, O let us walk
 in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, in the light,




in the light, In the light, the beau-ti-ful light of God.
 beau-ti-ful light of God,

No. 13. *He'll Roll the Clouds Away.*

JNO. R. BRYANT.

J. M. PIERCE.




1. If clouds shut out the sun-shine, From in your heart to-day,
 2. If faith has weakened in you, And love grows cold to-day,
 3. If pray'r don't seem to help you, No an-swer comes your way,
 4. If you would go re-joic-ing, To yon-der realms of day,




To Je-sus take thy trou-ble, He'll roll the clouds a-way.
 There's naught but Je-sus need-ed, He'll roll the clouds a-way.
 Keep pray-ing un-til Je-sus Will roll the clouds a-way.
 Just place your trust in Je-sus, He'll roll the clouds a-way.


CHORUS.



He'll roll the clouds a-way, He'll roll the clouds a-
 yes, roll the clouds away, yes,



way;
 The Saviour's ev-er nigh, With pow'r to clear the
 roll the clouds a-way;



sky, He'll roll the clouds a-way.
 He'll roll the clouds a-way.

No. 14. Late At Night.

"Doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it."—LUKE 15: 4.

JULIA H. THAYER.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. Late at night I saw the Shepherd, Toiling slow along the hill;
2. Just one tender lamb was missing, When He called them all by name;
3. Far a - way the tru - ant sleeping, By the chasm of de-spair;

Tho' the flock below were gathered, In the fold so warm and still;
While the others heard and followed, This one only nev - er came;
Lay unconscious of its danger, Shivering in the mountain air;

On His face I saw the anguish, In His locks the drops of night,
Oft His voice rang thro' the darkness Of that long, long night of pain;
But at last the Shepherd found it, Found it ere in sleep it died;

As He searched the misty valley, As He climbed the frosty heights,
Oft He vainly paused and listened For an answering tone a-gain'.
Took it to His lov-ing bosom, And His soul was sat-is-fied.

CODA. After last stanza.

Re - joice, . . . re - joice, . . . For I've found my sheep that was lost.
Re-joice, re-joice,
Rejoice with me, rejoice with me,

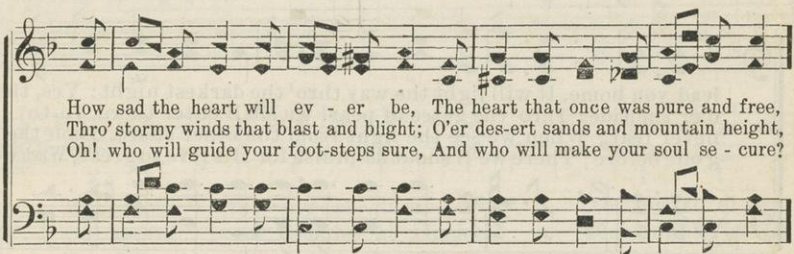
No. 15. Drifting Away.

W. C. McCONNELL.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Drift-ing a - way from God to - day, Out in the world to roam;
2. Drift-ing a - way from God to - day, From mother, home and friend,
3. Drift-ing a - way from God to - day, Far o'er the sea of sin;

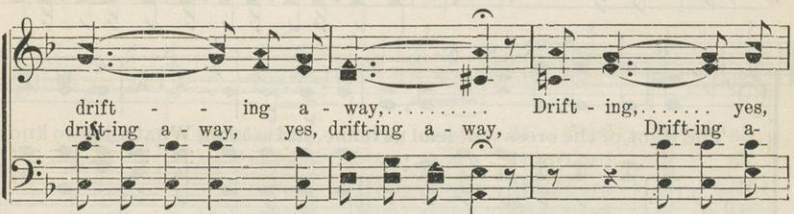


How sad the heart will ev - er be, The heart that once was pure and free,
Thro' stormy winds that blast and blight; O'er des-ert sands and mountain height,
Oh! who will guide your foot-steps sure, And who will make your soul se - cure?

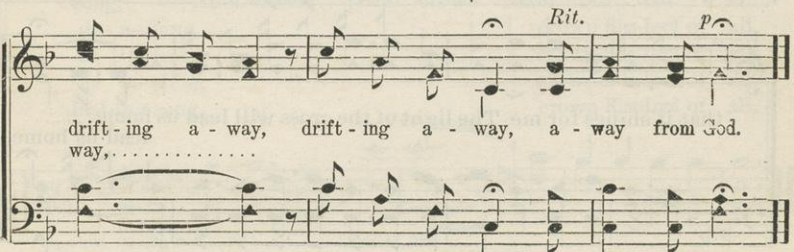
CHORUS.



But wand'ring now a - lone. Drift - ing a - way,.....
Un - to a bit - ter end. Drifting a - way, drift-ing a - way,



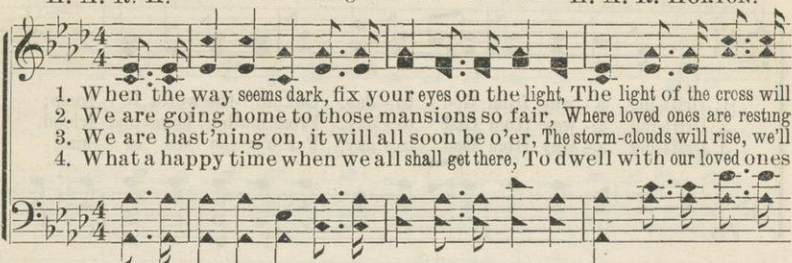
drift - ing a - way,..... Drift - ing,..... yes,
drift-ing a - way, yes, drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing a - way,



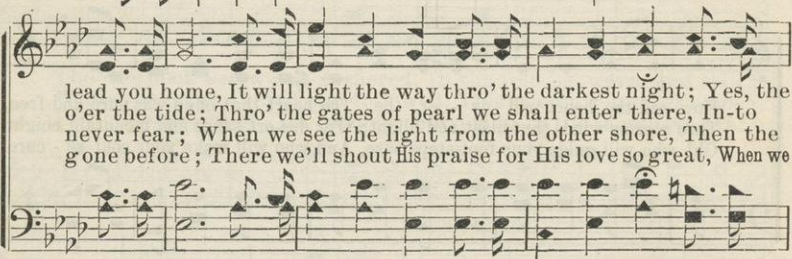
drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, a - way from God.
way,.....

No. 16. *The Light of the Cross.*

"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life."—JOHN 8: 12. H. A. R. HORTON.



1. When the way seems dark, fix your eyes on the light, The light of the cross will
2. We are going home to those mansions so fair, Where loved ones are resting
3. We are hast'ning on, it will all soon be o'er, The storm-clouds will rise, we'll
4. What a happy time when we all shall get there, To dwell with our loved ones

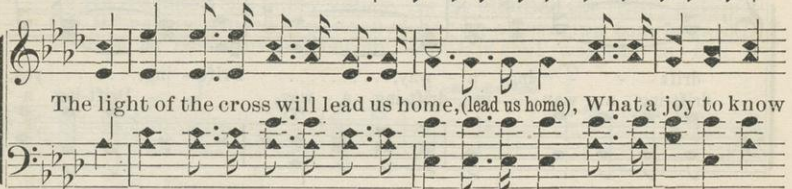


lead you home, It will light the way thro' the darkest night; Yes, the
o'er the tide; Thro' the gates of pearl we shall enter there, In-to
never fear; When we see the light from the other shore, Then the
gone before; There we'll shout His praise for His love so great, When we

CHORUS.



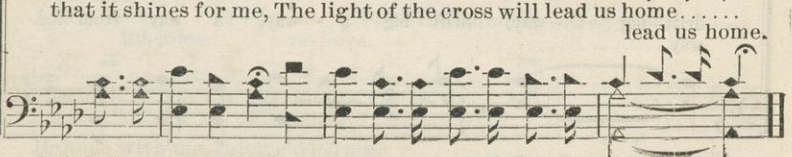
light of the cross leads home.
rest on the oth-er side. The light of the cross will lead us home,
darkness will disappear. will lead us home,
all meet upon that shore.

The light of the cross will lead us home, (lead us home), What a joy to know



that it shines for me, The light of the cross will lead us home.....



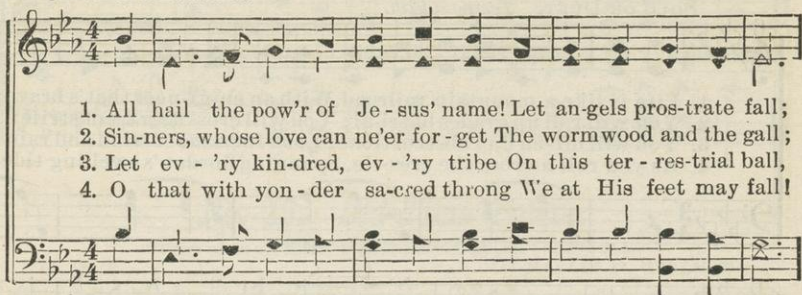
lead us home.

No. 17. All Hail the Power.

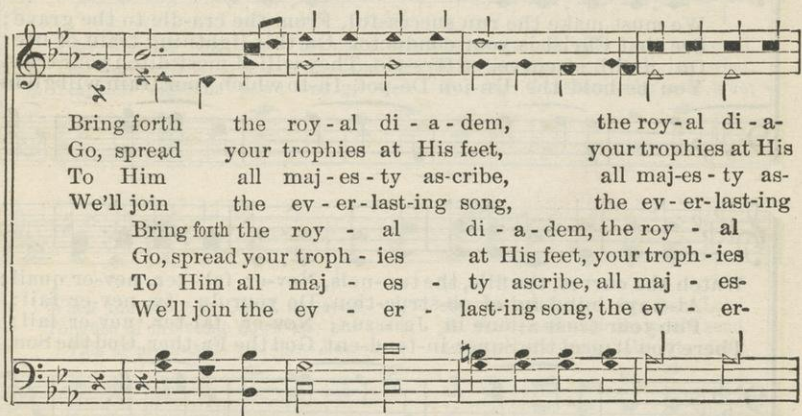
(May be sung in E.)

EDWARD PERRONET.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall;
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball,
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, the roy-al di-a-
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, your trophies at His
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, all maj-es-ty as-
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, the ev-er-last-ing
 Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, the roy-al
 Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, your troph-ies
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, all maj-es-
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, the ev-er-



dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all
 feet, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 crite, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
 di-a-dem, crown Him Lord of all.
 at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.
 ty as-cribe, crown Him Lord of all.
 last-ing song, crown Him Lord of all.

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No. 18. Life's Railway to Heaven.

(Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.)

M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET. *Tempo ad lib.*



1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en-gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri-al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft-en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



We must make the run successful, From the cra-dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conductor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In-to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels, Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er quail;
Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail;
Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail;
There you'll meet the Super-in-tend-ent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,



Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
With the heart-y, joy-ous plaud-it, "Wea-ry pilgrim, welcome home."



CHORUS.



Bless-ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that blissful shore;



Life's Railway to Heaven. Concluded.

Where the an-gels wait to join us, In Thy praise for ev-er-more.

No. 19. Old-Time Power.

C. D. T.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS 2:4.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend - ed With the sound of rush - ing wind;
 3. Yes, this "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers, who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
 Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
 This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.


O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.


No. 20. When Jesus Comes to Crown His Own.

H. A. R. H.

H. A. R. HORTON.




1. When Je - sus comes to crown His own, His faith-ful ones from
 2. What would I do if Christ should come, And He should have no
 3. O burdened heart, why do you fear? There is a crown held
 4. Then toil while here for souls to win, Our days on earth are




sea to sea; O will there be one soul in that ce - les-tial home,
 crown for me? I'd stand with trembling lips in si-lence all a-lone,
 out to thee; Reach forth thy hand in faith, some weeping heart go cheer,
 fleet-ing by; The world's the har-vest field, but heaven is the bin,

CHORUS.




A sparkling gem for me.
 Without one sin - gle plea. There's a crown, there's a crown,
 And sparkling gems you'll see.
 Reward's be-yond the sky. laid up, laid up,



For the faith-ful, kind and true, There are sparkling
 kind and true, There are gems, sparkling

Rit. 3



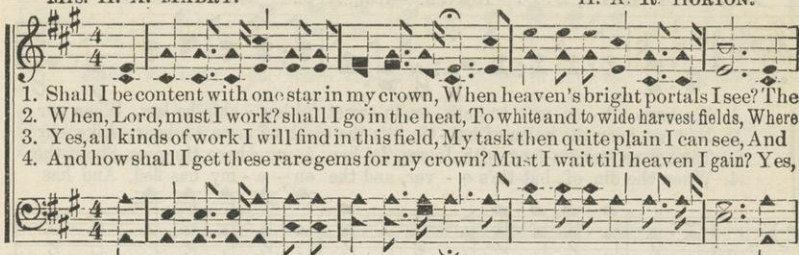
gems be-yond the sky, Waiting to welcome me home by and by.

No. 21. Working for the Crown.

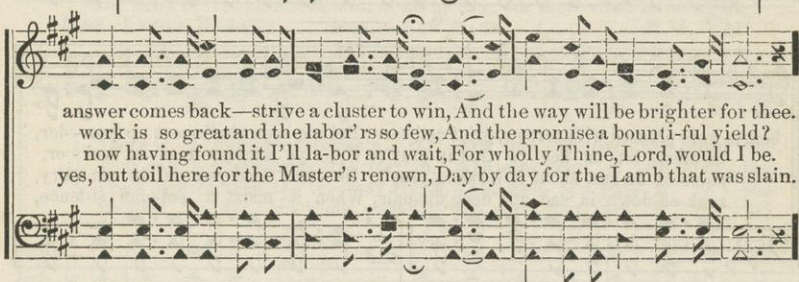
1 COR. 9: 25.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY.

H. A. R. HORTON.

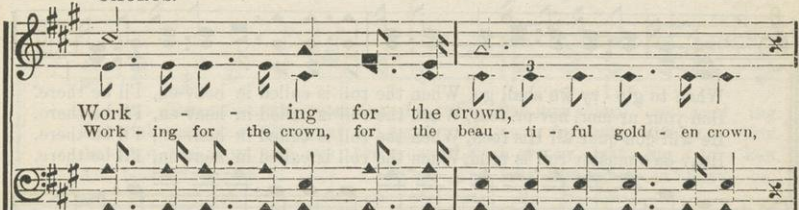


1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The
 2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where
 3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And
 4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain? Yes,



answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
 work is so great and the labor'rs so few, And the promise a bounti-ful yield?
 now having found it I'll la-bor and wait, For wholly Thine, Lord, would I be.
 yes, but toil here for the Master's renown, Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.



Work - ing for the crown,
 Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,



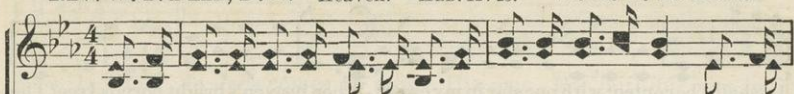
Work - ing for the crown,
 Work - ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,



Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
 Work-ing for the crown, for the beau-ti-ful gold-en crown,

No. 22. When the Roll is Called in Heaven.

"The General Assembly and church of the first born, which are written in
REV. W. T. DALE, D. D. Heaven."—HEB. 12: 23. H. A. R. HORTON.



1. We have oft - en met to-geth - er, in sweet fel-low - ship be-low, When our
2. Now we hear the noise of bat-tle, it's the clash of arms we hear, Like our
3. Take your stand a-long with Je-sus, fol-low a - ny-where He goes, Shout the
4. When the din of bat-tle's o - ver, and the en - e - my has fled, And has



hearts were pressed with sorrow, grief and care; But we soon shall meet up yon - der,
fa - thers, let us flee to God in pray'r; Up, ye might-y men of val - or,
name of Je-sus, shout it forth in pray'r; He will lead you on to vic - try,
sunk-en down in sad and deep dis-pair; When a - midst a sol-emn si-lence,



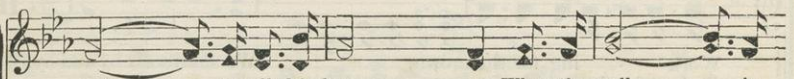
When to glo - ry we shall go, When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there.
Don your ar-mor, nev-er fear, When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there.
He will con-quer all His foes; When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there.
Heav-en's muster roll is read, When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there.



CHORUS.



When the roll is called in heav - - en, When the
When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there,



roll is called in heav - - en, When the roll is
When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there, When the roll is



When the Roll is Called in Heaven. Concluded.

called in heav - en, When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there.

No. 23. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 25. S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all, Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen:
4. Be-yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra - diance from the cross a - far. The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me? Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

No. 24. The Gates will Open for Me.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—REV. 22: 14.

A. S. LEE. (*His last words before entering the golden city.*) H. A. R. HORTON.



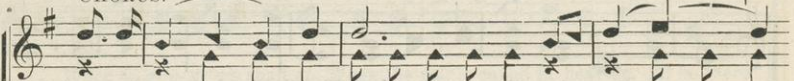
1. My Saviour, can it ev - er be, The gates will open wide for me?
2. My doubts at last shall pass away, And I shall en - ter endless day;
3. O what a happy time 'twill be, From sin and sorrow to be free;
4. The pearly gates shall open wide, When I have crossed the chilly tide;



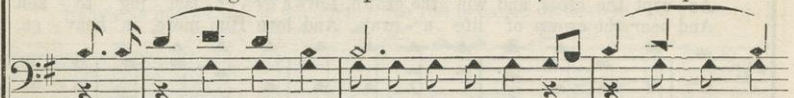
And shall I walk the streets of gold, And my Redeemer's face behold?
I'll rest beneath the tree of life, Forever free from sin and strife.
To bid this world and sin farewell, And ever with my Saviour dwell.
At Jesus' feet I then shall fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



CHORUS.



Yes, the gates..... will o - - - - - pen wide.....
The gates will open wide for me, o - pen wide



for me, (for me), And my Redeemer with outstretched hands I'll see,



Who didst die on the cross to set me free, (set me free).

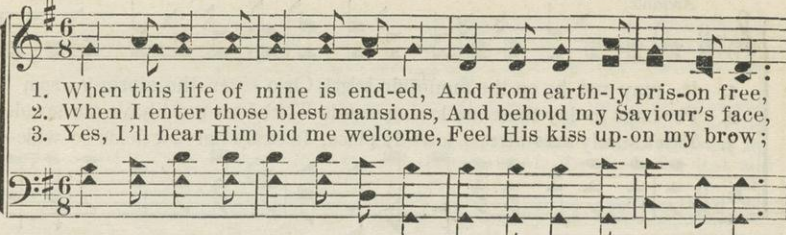


No. 25. A Royal Welcome.

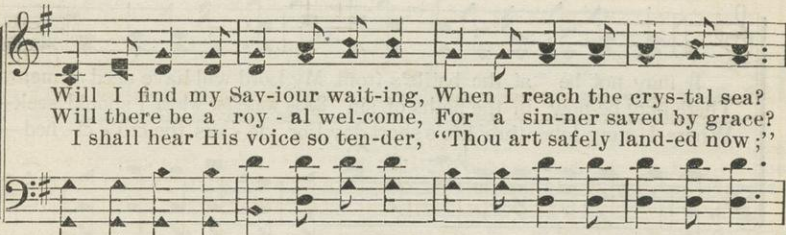
TUNE: "Where the Sweet Sequachie Flows."

MRS. W. L. WALL.

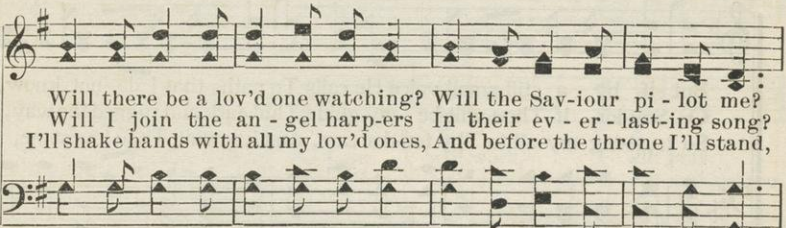
REV. W. T. DALE.



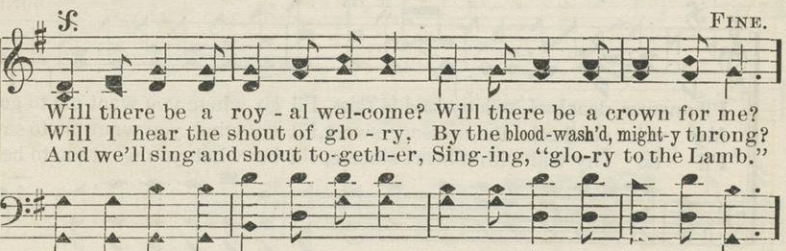
1. When this life of mine is end-ed, And from earth-ly pris-on free,
2. When I enter those blest mansions, And behold my Saviour's face,
3. Yes, I'll hear Him bid me welcome, Feel His kiss up-on my brow;



Will I find my Sav-iour wait-ing, When I reach the crys-tal sea?
Will there be a roy-al wel-come, For a sin-ner saved by grace?
I shall hear His voice so ten-der, "Thou art safely land-ed now;"




Will there be a lov'd one watch-ing? Will the Sav-iour pi-lot me?
Will I join the an-gel harp-ers In their ev-er-last-ing song?
I'll shake hands with all my lov'd ones, And before the throne I'll stand,



Will there be a roy-al wel-come? Will there be a crown for me?
Will I hear the shout of glo-ry, By the blood-wash'd, might-y throng?
And we'll sing and shout to-geth-er, Sing-ing, "glo-ry to the Lamb."

D. S. We will sing and shout to - geth - er, Sing - ing, "glo - ry to the Lamb."

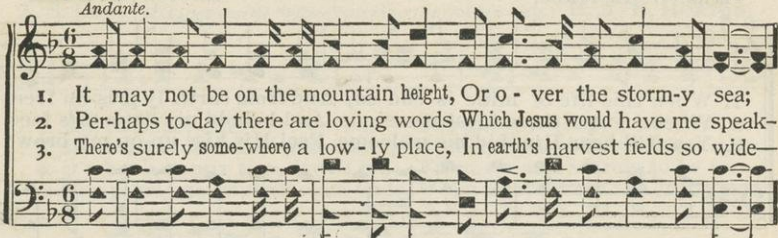


CHORUS. D. S.
Yes, there'll be a roy-al wel-come, And be-fore the throne I'll stand;

No. 26. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

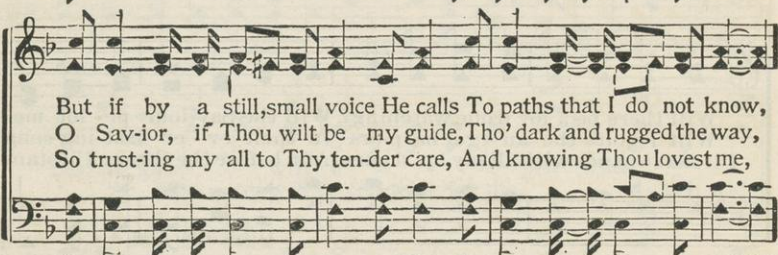
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



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



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



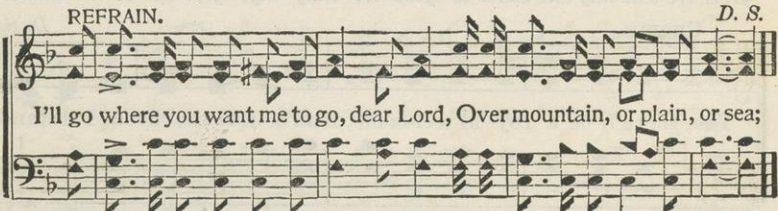
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,



FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. D. S.




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

No. 27. *I Want to Be a Worker.*

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and




trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love
 Jesus pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
 err-ing to thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die


CHORUS.



1. In the vine-ard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
 2, 3, 4. In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will



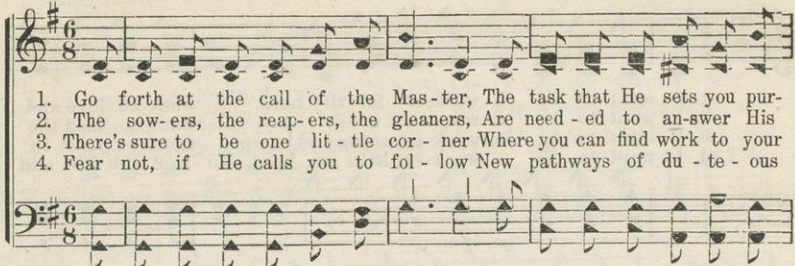
work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 28. *The Work that is Waiting for You.*

"The harvest truly is great." Luke 10: 2.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

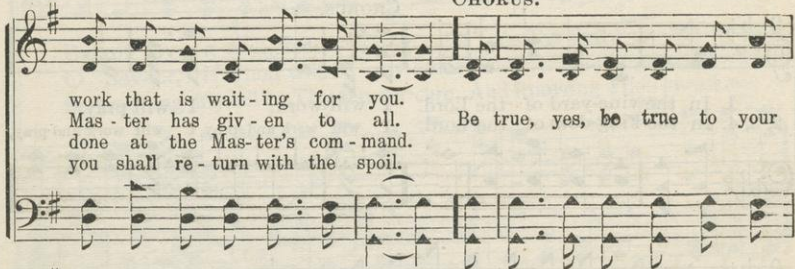


1. Go forth at the call of the Mas-ter, The task that He sets you pur-
2. The sow-ers, the reap-ers, the gleaners, Are need-ed to an-swer His
3. There's sure to be one lit-tle cor-ner Where you can find work to your
4. Fear not, if He calls you to fol-low New pathways of du-te-ous



sue, Be-hold, in the field that is ripe-ning, There's
call, A place and a part in His serv-ice, The
hand, The low-li-est serv-ice is pleas-ing, If
toil, Go la-lor in faith and in pa-tience, And

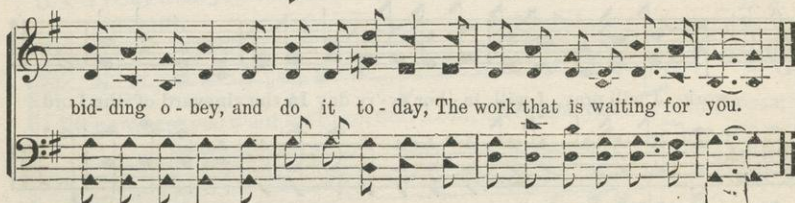
CHORUS.



work that is wait-ing for you.
Mas-ter has giv-en to all. Be true, yes, be true to your
done at the Mas-ter's com-mand.
you shall re-turn with the spoil.



call-ing be true, Your por-tion no oth-er can do, His




bid-ding o-bey, and do it to-day, The work that is waiting for you.

No. 29. *Open the Door for Me.*


"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

IDA L. REED.


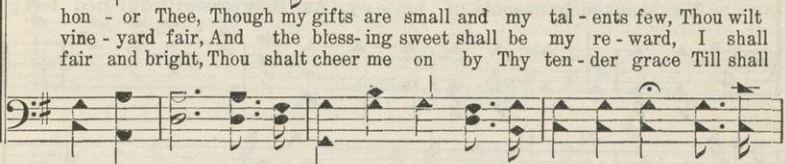
H. A. R. HORTON.




1. I will do all I can in my nar-row sphere, Dear-est Sav-iour to
 2. E'er con-tent with the task Thou hast cho-sen, Lord, I will toil in the
 3. I will work for Thee, Lord, in some hum-ble place, For Thy king-dom so



hon - or Thee, Though my gifts are small and my tal-ents few, Thou wilt
 vine-yard fair, And the bless-ing sweet shall be my re-ward, I shall
 fair and bright, Thou shalt cheer me on by Thy ten-der grace Till shall


CHORUS.




o - pen the door for me. O - pen the door for me, Fa-ther,
 rest in Thy ten-der care.
 deep-en the shades of night. for me,



o - pen the door for me,..... And dai - ly I'll serve
 for me,

Thee the best I can, If Thou'lt o - pen the door for me.

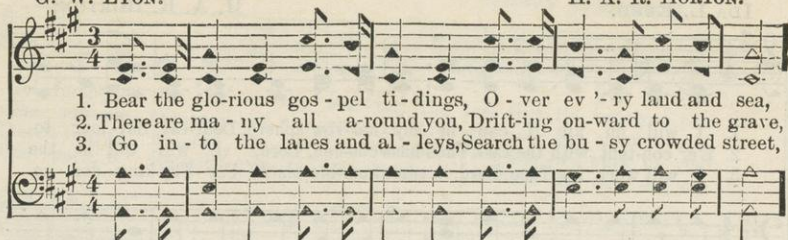


No. 30. Carry the Tidings.

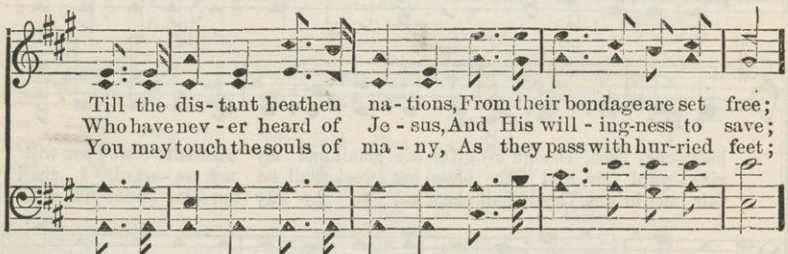
(Missionary.)

G. W. LYON.

H. A. R. HORTON.



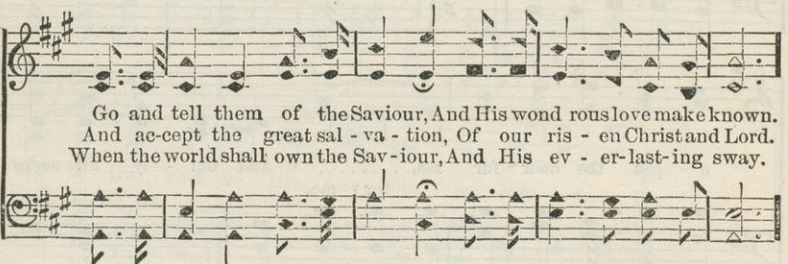
1. Bear the glo-ri-ous gos - pel ti - dings, O - ver ev ' - ry land and sea,
2. There are ma - ny all a - round you, Drift - ing on - ward to the grave,
3. Go in - to the lanes and al - leys, Search the bu - sy crowd - ed street,



Till the dis - tant heathen na - tions, From their bond - age are set free;
Who have nev - er heard of Je - sus, And His will - ing - ness to save;
You may touch the souls of ma - ny, As they pass with hur - ried feet;

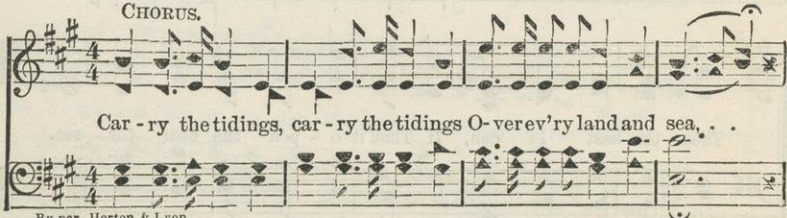


Thousands wor - ship in their blind - ness, At a shrine of wood and stone;
Tell to them the sweet, sweet sto - ry, Urge them to be - lieve His word,
Cease not till your hum - ble mis - sion Brings the glad mil - len - nial day,



Go and tell them of the Sav - iour, And His won - drous love make known.
And ac - cept the great sal - va - tion, Of our ris - en Christ and Lord.
When the world shall own the Sav - iour, And His ev - er - last - ing sway.

CHORUS.



Car - ry the tid - ings, car - ry the tid - ings O - ver ev 'ry land and sea, . .

By per. Horton & Lyon.

Carry the Tidings. Concluded.

Pub - lish a - broad the news of sal - vation, Till the world from sin is free.

No. 31. The Call for Reapers.

G. W. LYON.

J. L. MOORE.

1. O, hear you not the call for reap - ers, Ring - ing o - ver hill and plain?
 2. The fields are white, the harvest ready, Ev - en now 'tis wasting fast;
 3. Tho' you may not be strong as oth - ers, And grow weary by the way,
 4. Then up! be do - ing for the Mas - ter, There are precious souls to save;

The Mas - ter calls for earnest work - ers, Shall He call for them in vain?
 Go quickly bind the golden treas - ures, Reaping - time will soon be past.
 You may be help - ful as a glean - er, And receive your rightful pay.
 You may be sure that you are need - ed, Up, dear friend, be true and brave!

CHORUS.

Has - ten to the harvest - field, Gath - er in the precious store;
 harvest - field, yes, precious store;

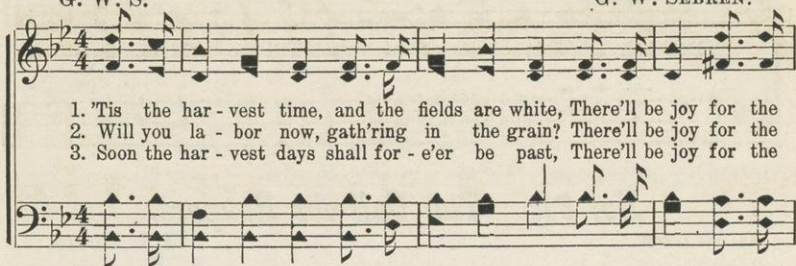
Joy - ous - ly from day to - day, Bear the gold - en sheaves a - way.

No. 32. *There'll be Joy for the Reapers.*

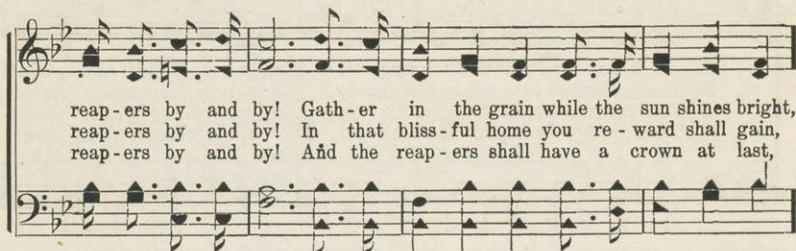
"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126: 5.

G. W. S.

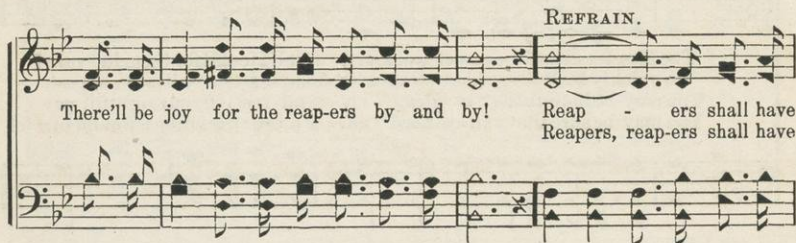
G. W. SEBREN.



1. 'Tis the har-vest time, and the fields are white, There'll be joy for the
 2. Will you la-bor now, gath'ring in the grain? There'll be joy for the
 3. Soon the har-vest days shall for-e'er be past, There'll be joy for the



reap-ers by and by! Gath-er in the grain while the sun shines bright,
 reap-ers by and by! In that bliss-ful home you re-ward shall gain,
 reap-ers by and by! And the reap-ers shall have a crown at last,




REFRAIN.

There'll be joy for the reap-ers by and by! Reap-ers shall have
 Reapers, reap-ers shall have



joy, In..... that home on high; For their toil-ing
 joy, shall have joy, In that home, that home on high,



here they shall have re-ward, There'll be joy for the reap-ers by and by.

No. 33. *Something to Do.*

Arranged.

F. N. BROWN.



1. There's work for the hand and there's work for the heart, Something to do,
2. The sick must be soothed and the hungry be fed, Something to do,
3. The Master says "Work," and has shown us the way, Something to do,



something to do; And each should be bus-y per-form-ing his part,
something to do; The nak-ed be clothed and the err-ing be led,
something to do; He says, "Not to-mor-row, the time is to-day,"



REFRAIN.



There's something for all to do. There's work for the a-ged and



work for the young, There's work for us all and ex-cus-es for none, There's



work for the fee-ble and work for the strong, There's work for us all to do.

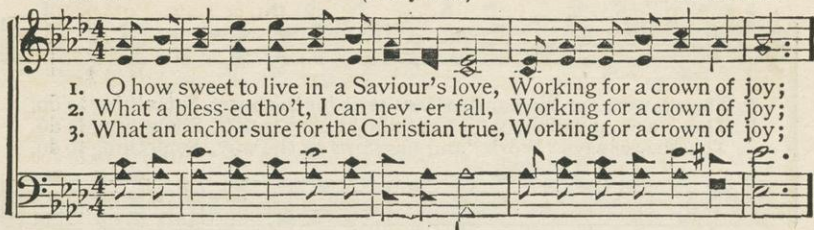


No. 34. Working for a Crown of Joy.

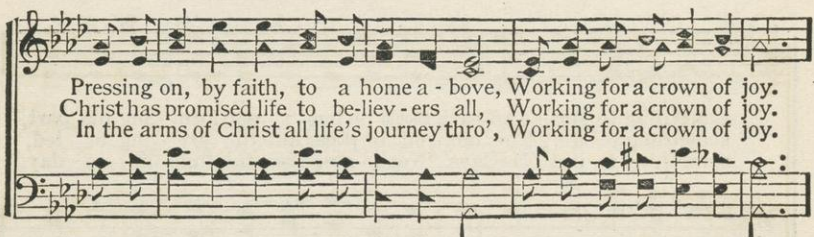
B. B. B.

(To my wife.)

B. B. BEALL.

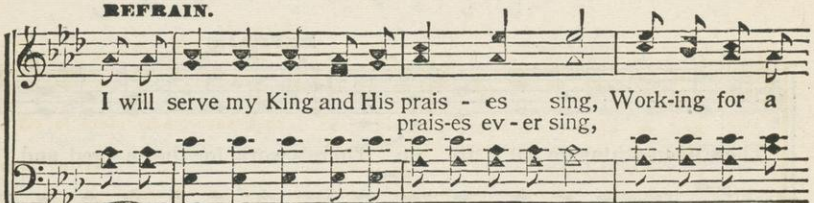


1. O how sweet to live in a Saviour's love, Working for a crown of joy;
 2. What a bless-ed tho't, I can nev-er fall, Working for a crown of joy;
 3. What an anchor sure for the Christian true, Working for a crown of joy;

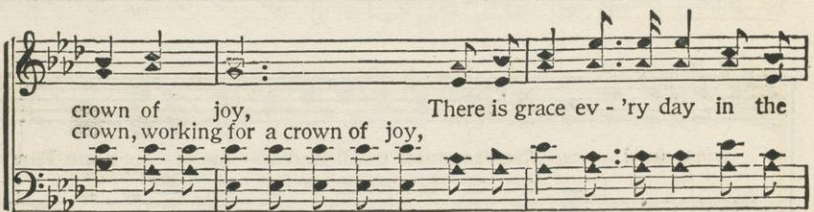


Pressing on, by faith, to a home a - bove, Working for a crown of joy.
 Christ has promised life to be-liev-ers all, Working for a crown of joy.
 In the arms of Christ all life's journey thro', Working for a crown of joy.

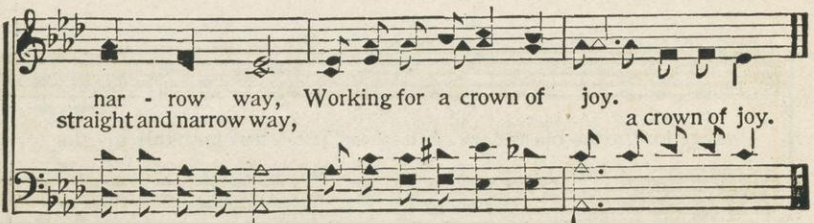
REFRAIN.



I will serve my King and His prais-es sing, Work-ing for a
 prais-es ev-er sing,



crown of joy, There is grace ev-'ry day in the
 crown, working for a crown of joy,



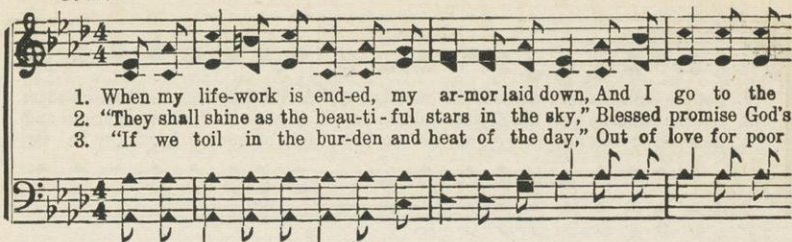
nar-row way, Working for a crown of joy.
 straight and narrow way, a crown of joy.

No. 35. *I Shall Have Many Stars.*

Dan. 12: 3.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

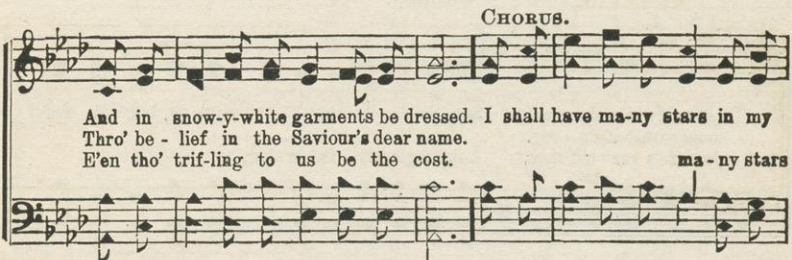


1. When my life-work is end-ed, my ar-mor laid down, And I go to the
 2. "They shall shine as the beau-ti-ful stars in the sky," Blessed promise God's
 3. "If we toil in the bur-den and heat of the day," Out of love for poor



man-sions of rest, I shall have ma-ny beau-ti-ful stars in my crown,
 chil-dren can claim, Who shall lead ma-ny souls to the man-sions on high,
 souls that are lost, The dear Lord for our la-bor will rich-ly re-pay,

CHORUS.



And in snow-y-white garments be dressed. I shall have ma-ny stars in my
 Thro' be-lief in the Saviour's dear name.
 E'en tho' trif-ling to us be the cost. ma-ny stars



crown, When my ar-mer at last is laid down; When I
 in my crown, is laid down;



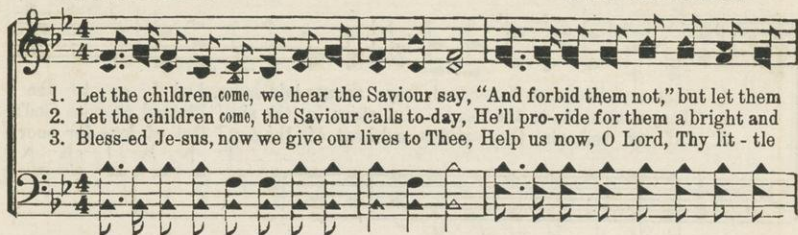
reach that fair land, where the bright angels stand, I shall have many stars in my crown.

No. 36. *Let the Children Come.*

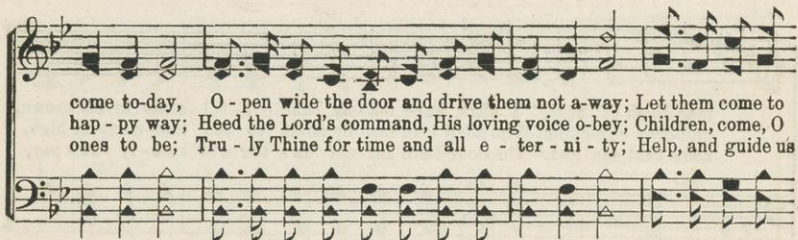
"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

WILL S. JAMES.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Let the children come, we hear the Saviour say, "And forbid them not," but let them
 2. Let the children come, the Saviour calls to-day, He'll pro-vide for them a bright and
 3. Bless-ed Je-sus, now we give our lives to Thee, Help us now, O Lord, Thy lit - tle

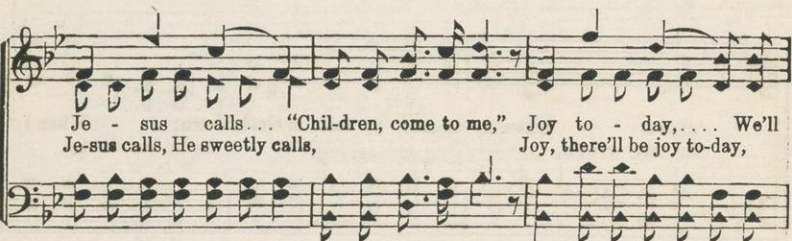


come to-day, O - pen wide the door and drive them not a-way; Let them come to
 hap - py way; Heed the Lord's command, His loving voice o-bey; Children, come, O
 ones to be; Tru - ly Thine for time and all e - ter - ni - ty; Help, and guide us

CHORUS.



Je-sus while they may. Let us sing, . . . hap - py, hap - py we!
 come with-out de - lay.
 o'er life's tur - bid sea. Let us glad-ly, glad-ly sing,



Je - sus calls . . . "Chil-dren, come to me," Joy to - day, . . . We'll
 Je-sus calls, He sweetly calls, Joy, there'll be joy to-day,



hap-py, hap - py be, Je - sus says to chil-dren, "come to me."
 come to me."

No. 37. *Children's Day.*

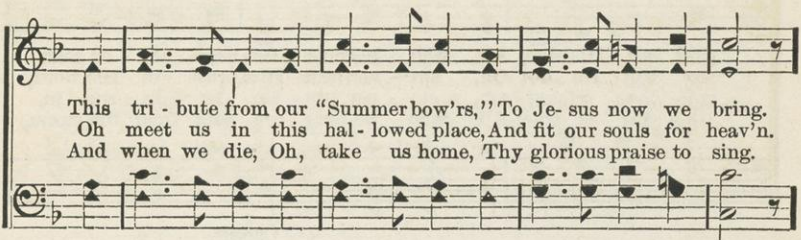
Sung first on Children's Day at C. P. Church, Gallatin, Tenn., June 29, 1890.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.

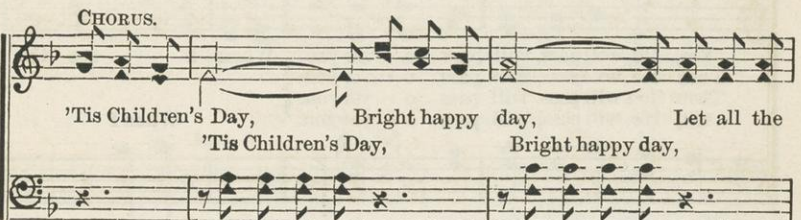


1. We come to-day with brightest flow'rs, To praise our glo-rious King;
 2. We praise Thee, Lord, for all Thy grace, Which Thou hast richly giv'n;
 3. In life's bright morn, O Lord, we come, Ac-cept the praise we bring;



This tri-bute from our "Summer bow'rs," To Je-sus now we bring.
 Oh meet us in this hal-lowed place, And fit our souls for heav'n.
 And when we die, Oh, take us home, Thy glorious praise to sing.

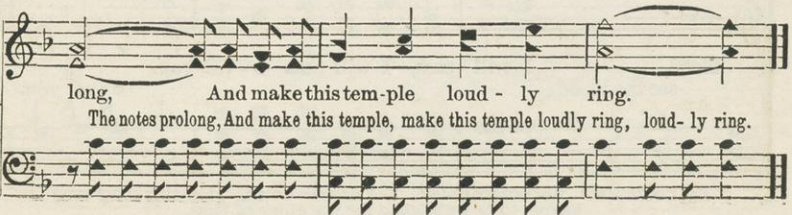
CHORUS.



'Tis Children's Day, Bright happy day, Let all the
 'Tis Children's Day, Bright happy day,



chil-dren gladly sing; In sweetest song, the notes pro-
 Let all the children gladly sing, gladly sing; In sweetest song,

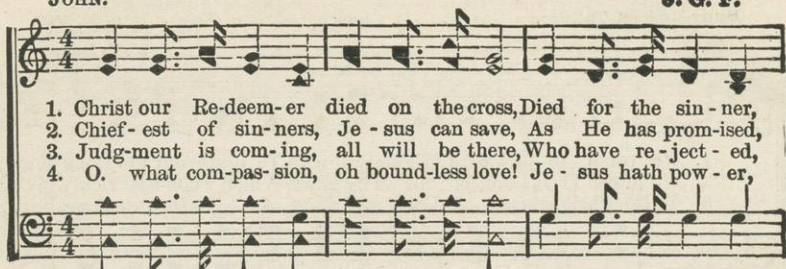


long, And make this tem-ple loud-ly ring.
 The notes prolong, And make this temple, make this temple loudly ring, loud-ly ring.

No. 38. When I See the Blood.

JOHN.

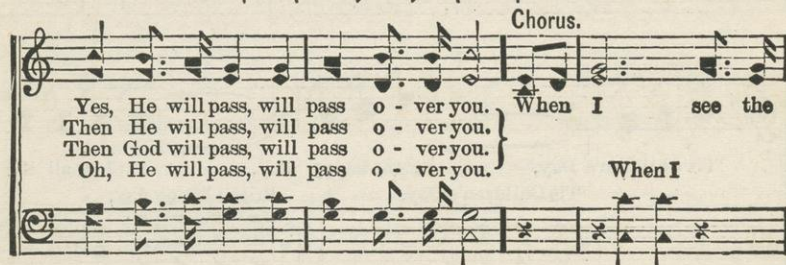
J. G. F.



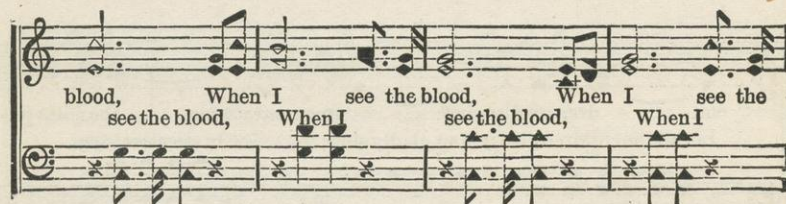
1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
 4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,



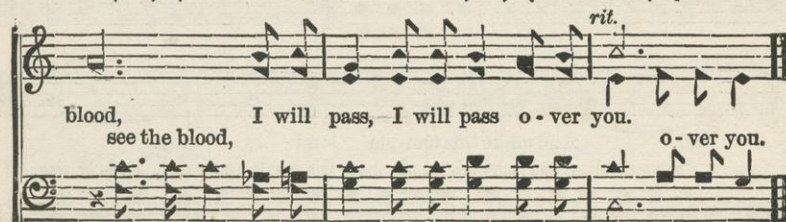
paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,
 so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,
 Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,



Chorus.
 Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the
 Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I



rit.
 blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you. o-ver you.
 see the blood,

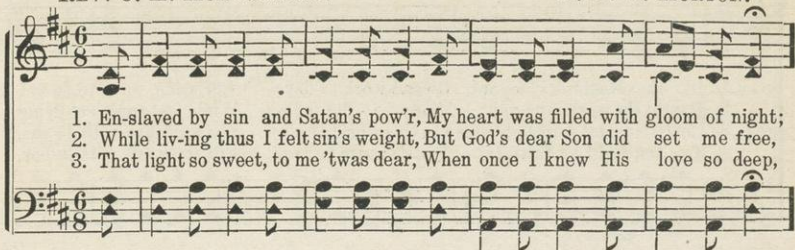
By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever
 be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 39. *He Purged My Soul.*

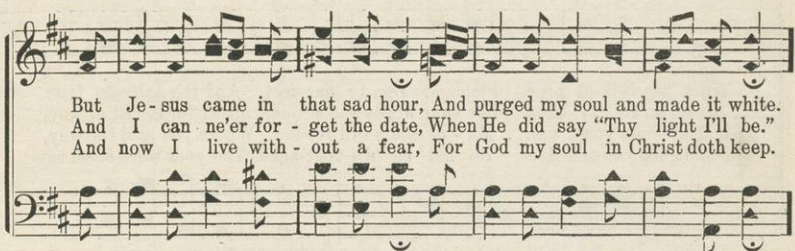
"Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean: wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51:7

REV. C. H. MONTGOMERY.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. En-slaved by sin and Satan's pow'r, My heart was filled with gloom of night;
 2. While liv-ing thus I felt sin's weight, But God's dear Son did set me free,
 3. That light so sweet, to me 'twas dear, When once I knew His love so deep,




But Je-sus came in that sad hour, And purged my soul and made it white.
 And I can ne'er for-get the date, When He did say "Thy light I'll be."
 And now I live with-out a fear, For God my soul in Christ doth keep.

CHORUS.



Re-joice,..... re-joice, I am I am so free,
 Re-joice, I am



I am so free, I am so free, And I will work for His de-light;



For Christ is ev-ry-thing to me, He purged my soul and made it white.

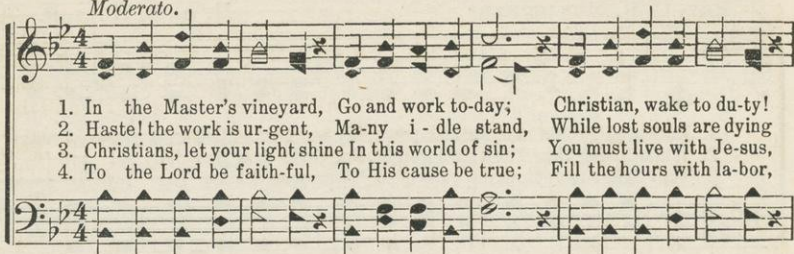
No. 40. Go and Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

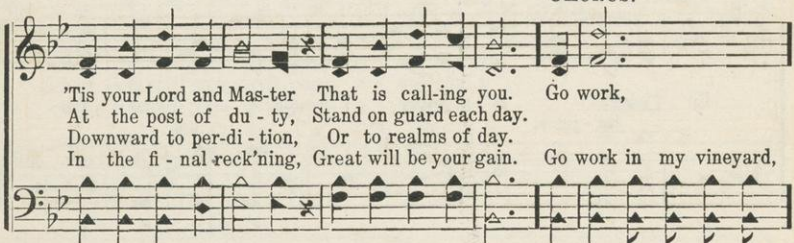


1. In the Master's vineyard, Go and work to-day; Christian, wake to du-ty!
 2. Hast! the work is ur-gent, Ma-n'y i-dle stand, While lost souls are dying
 3. Christians, let your light shine In this world of sin; You must live with Je-sus,
 4. To the Lord be faith-ful, To His cause be true; Fill the hours with la-bor,

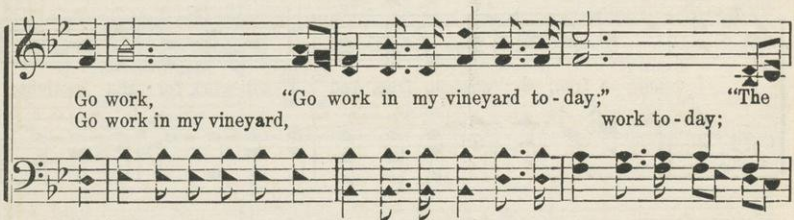


Work as well as pray. Fields are ripe to har-vest, And the lab'ers few;
 'Round on ev-'ry hand. Let your words and actions Speak for Christ al-way,
 If lost souls you'd win. Ma - ny souls will fol-low, Where you lead the way,
 Much good you can do. Do not be dis-cour-aged, Tho' your work seem vain;

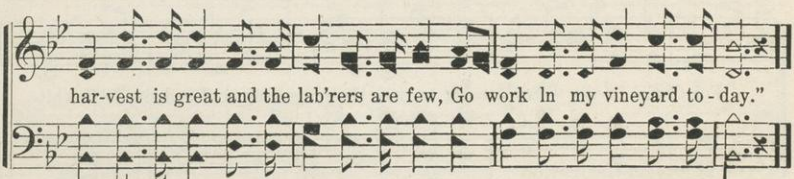
CHORUS.



'Tis your Lord and Mas-ter That is call-ing you. Go work,
 At the post of du - ty, Stand on guard each day.
 Downward to per-di-tion, Or to realms of day.
 In the fi - nal reck'ning, Great will be your gain. Go work in my vineyard,



Go work, "Go work in my vineyard to-day," "The
 Go work in my vineyard, work to-day;



har-vest is great and the lab'ers are few, Go work In my vineyard to-day."

No. 41. *I Love to Tell the Story.*

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the

sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I

CHORUS.
nothing else can do. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

No. 42. *Is Thy Heart Right with God?*

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



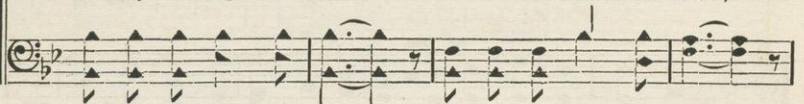
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil without and with in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does he each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
 of God?



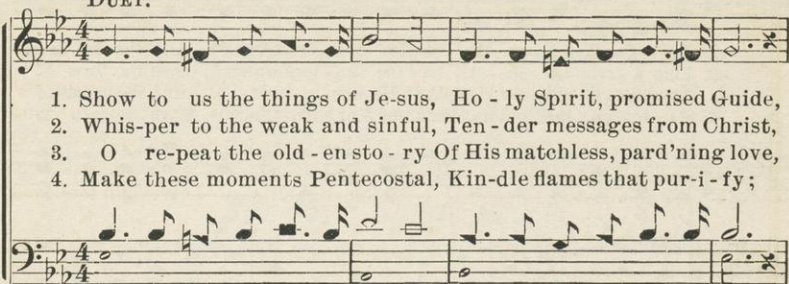
No. 43. Show to Us the Things of Jesus.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, . . . He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—JOHN 14: 26.

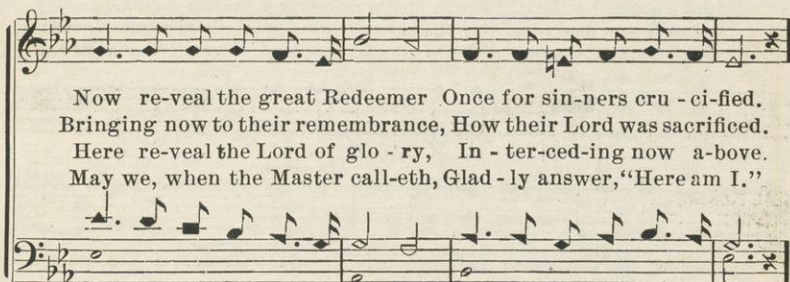
JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

DUET.



1. Show to us the things of Je-sus, Ho - ly Spir - it, promised Guide,
2. Whis-per to the weak and sinful, Ten - der messages from Christ,
3. O re-peat the old - en sto - ry Of His matchless, pard'ning love,
4. Make these moments Pentecostal, Kin-dle flames that pur-i - fy;



Now re-veal the great Redeemer Once for sin-ners cru - ci-fied.
Bringing now to their remembrance, How their Lord was sacrificed.
Here re-veal the Lord of glo - ry, In - ter-ced-ing now a - bove.
May we, when the Master call-eth, Glad - ly answer, "Here am I."

CHORUS.



Breathe up - on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, Com - fort - er and Teacher, Thou,

Roll.



By Thy power, make us ready To receive Thy blessing now.

No. 44. Jesus On the Waters.

W. C. McCONNELL.

(MATT. 14: 26.)

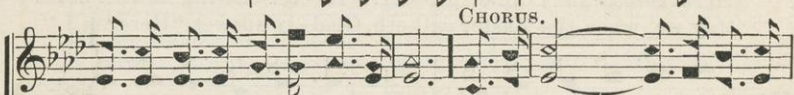
H. A. R. HORTON.



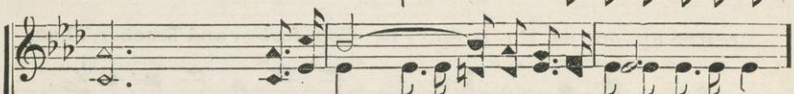
1. Je - sus walked up-on the wa-ters that were troubled, And the bil-lows
2. Like a troub-led spir - it, on the wa-ters walking, Came the form of
3. His dis-ci-ples saw Him, tho't He was a spir - it, And the hearts of
4. Pe - ter on the waters, doubt and fear had seized him, Then be-gan to



dashed up - on the shore, Fear-ing not the temp-est, and its might-y rag-ing,
Je - sus drawing near, There a boat wastoss - ing on the bil-lows rag-ing,
all were sore dismay'd, But the bless-ed Je-sus spake thesè words of comfort,
sink beneath the wave, But the ten-der Shepherd, blessed lov - ing Sav-iour,



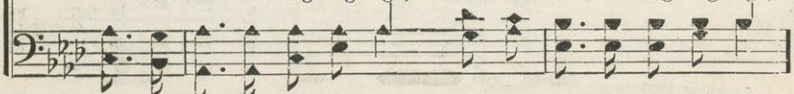
Heed-ing not the ocean's mad'ning roar. Je - sus walked..... up-on the
And His friends within cried out with fear.
"Be of cheer, 'tis I, be not afraid."
Ten-der - ly to him His hand He gave. Jesus walked up - on the



sea, On the sea, on the sea of Gal-i - lee,
sea, the raging sea, Jesus walked upon the sea of Gal-i - lee, of Gal-i - lee,



When the storm..... was rag-ing high,
When the storm was rag-ing high, When the storm was rag-ing high,



By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

Jesus On the Waters. Concluded.

Je - sus walked..... up - on the sea.....
 Je - sus walked up - on the sea of Gal - i - lee. of Gal - i - lee.

No. 45. Christ Arose.

"He rose again the third day according to the scriptures."—1 Cor. 15:4.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

With vigor.

1. From the dark and dis-mal tomb, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose,
 2. 'Twas a vic - t'ry o'er the grave, When He rose, When He rose,
 3. Joy - ful news, He lives a - gain, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose,

From the grave took all its gloom, When He rose, when He rose.
 Making known His pow'r to save, When He rose, when He rose.
 On - ly hope of sin - ful men, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose.

Let the won-drous tid-ings roll 'Round the world from pole to pole;
 Go, the joy - ful tid-ings tell, Christ hath conquered death and hell;
 With the Fa - ther now He pleads, For the sin - ner in - tercedes,

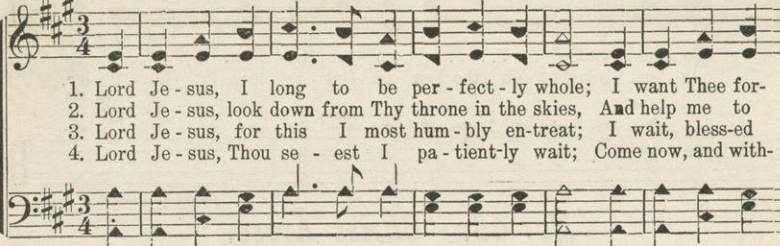
Tell to ev - 'ry liv - ing soul, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose.
 And redeemed a world that fell, When He rose, when He rose.
 Sat - is - fy - ing all their needs, When He rose, when He rose.

No. 46. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

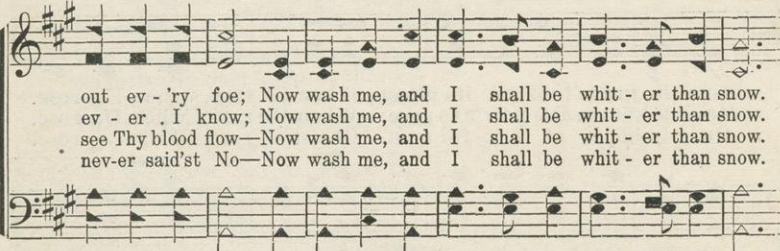
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

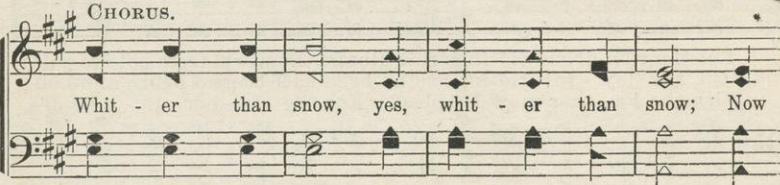


ev-er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast
 make a complete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-
 Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou



out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev-er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 nev-er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now



wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

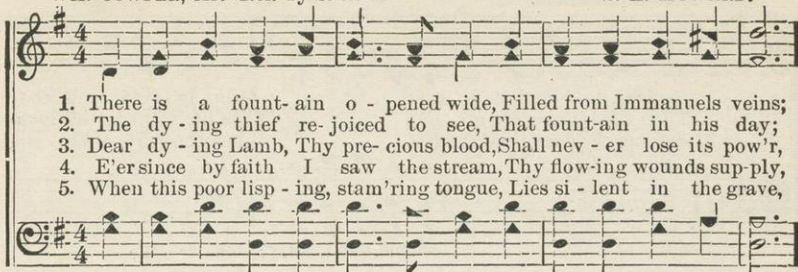
By permission.

No. 47. Saviour, Wash Me in the Blood.

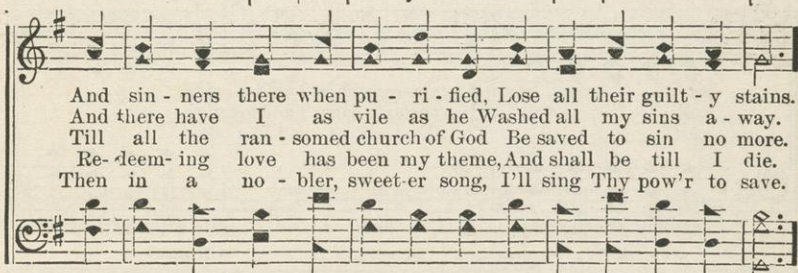
ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, Alt. Ref. by S. L. H.

S. L. HOWARD.



1. There is a fount-ain o - pened wide, Filled from Immanuels veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That fount-ain in his day;
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood, Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. When this poor lisp - ing, stam'ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave,



And sin - ners there when pu - ri - fied, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there have I as vile as he Washed all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

REFRAIN.



Sav - iour wash me in the blood, In the
 Sav - iour wash me in the blood in the precious blood of the Lamb,
 pre - cious blood of the Lamb; Oh! wash me in the
 Oh! wash me in the blood, in the
 blood, And I shall be whit - er than the snow,
 precious blood of the Lamb, than the snow.

No. 48. Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.



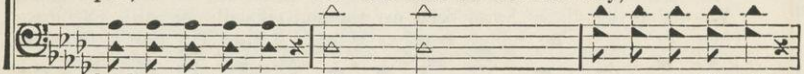
1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the
2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy bil-lows
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly



way;
roll; I am safe when by Thy side,
past, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
To the land of end-less day,



lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.



I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re-ly. } Lead me, lead me,
Where all tears are wiped a-way.



I would in Thy love a-bide.



Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream or
lest I stray;



Rit. e dim.



time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way. (all the way.)

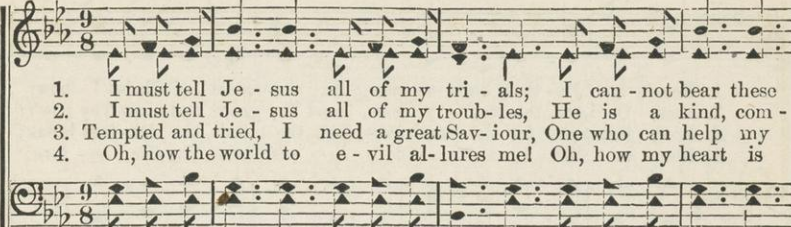


No. 49. I Must Tell Jesus.

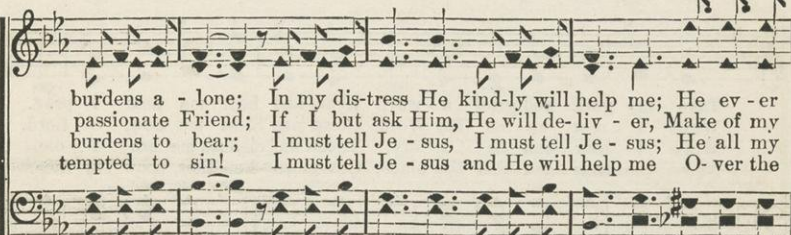
"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

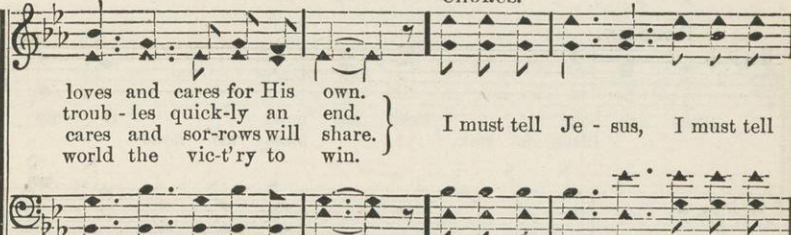


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les, He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
 4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al - lures me! Oh, how my heart is

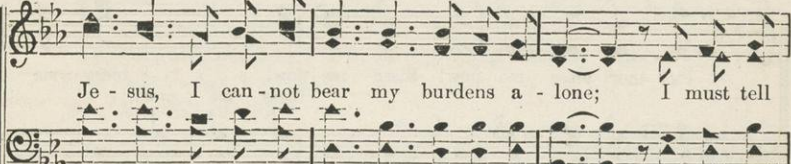


burdens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O - ver the

CHORUS.



loves and cares for His own.
 troub - les quick - ly an end.
 cares and sor - rows will share. } I must tell Je - sus, I must tell
 world the vic - t'ry to win.



Je - sus, I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell



Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

No. 50. Bless Me Now. 7s.

"Bless me, even me, also, oh, my Father."—Gen. 27:34.

Anon.

REV. W. T. DALE.

1. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, bless me now, At the cross of Christ I bow;
 2. Now, O Lord, this ver-y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy pow'r;
 3. Now, just now, for Je-sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet-ters break;
 4. Nev-er did I so a-dore Je-sus Christ, Thy Son, be-fore;

Take my guilt and grief a-way, Hear and heal me now I pray.
 While I rest up-on Thy Word, Come and bless me now, O Lord.
 While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
 Now the time and this the place, Gra-cious Fa-ther, show Thy face.

REFRAIN.

Bless me now! bless me now! O my
 Bless me now, bless me now!

Fa-ther! bless me now! Bless me now! bless me
 Bless me now!

Rit. and dim.

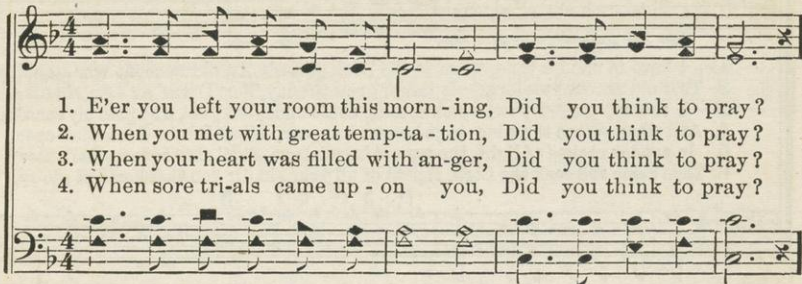
now! O my Fa-ther! bless me now!
 bless me now! bless me now!

No. 51. Did You Think to Pray?

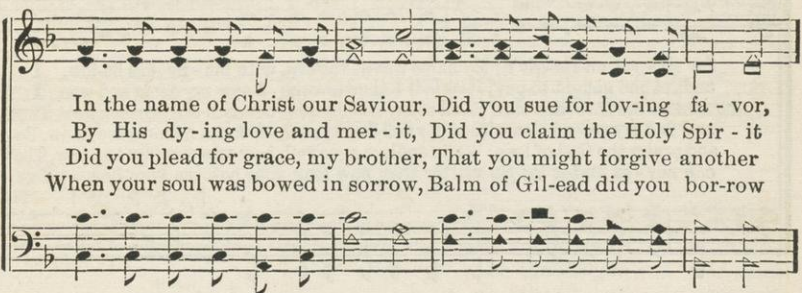
"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—PHIL. 4; 6.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

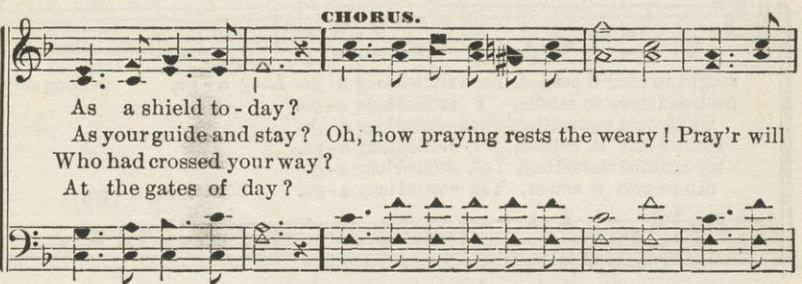


1. E'er you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
 2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
 3. When your heart was filled with an-ger, Did you think to pray?
 4. When sore tri-als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

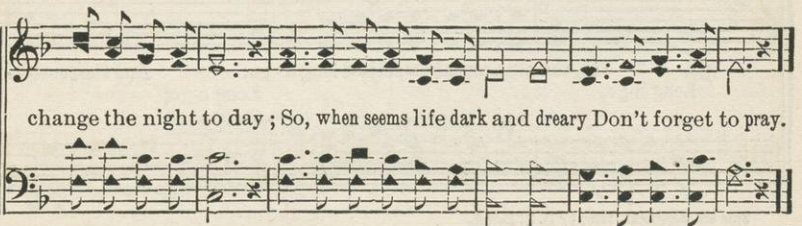


In the name of Christ our Saviour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
 By His dy-ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Holy Spir - it
 Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive another
 When your soul was bowed in sorrow, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row

CHORUS.



As a shield to - day?
 As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the weary! Pray'r will
 Who had crossed your way?
 At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary Don't forget to pray.

No. 52. *The Old Account was Settled Long Ago.*

"My record is on high."—JOB 16: 19.

F. M. G. Alt. by W. G. COOPER.

F. M. GRAHAM.



1. I have in mind a time, when in the Book of heav'n, An old account was standing
2. That old account was large—it larger grew each day, For I was ev - er sin - ning,
3. I saw my guilt-y past, which nothing could undo, That Christ, who paid my ransom,
4. And when before the King in judgment I appear, When He the Book shall open,
5. In yonder realms of light, the ransomed hosts above, Shall sing redemption's story,
6. Then come and seek the Lord, repent of all your sin, Or you that home of glo - ry,



for sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, with ma - ny sins be-low, I
and yet had naught to pay; Thank God! I then a-woke, I saw my doom and woe, I
could save me thro' and thro'; And so my sins He hid beneath the crimson flow, Thus
and find my record clear; Then joy shall thrill my soul, which can no measure know, Be-
and praise the God of love; While endless ages roll, how sweet with them to know, That
can nev - er en - ter in; No matter then how long your sojourn here be-low, You



CHORUS.



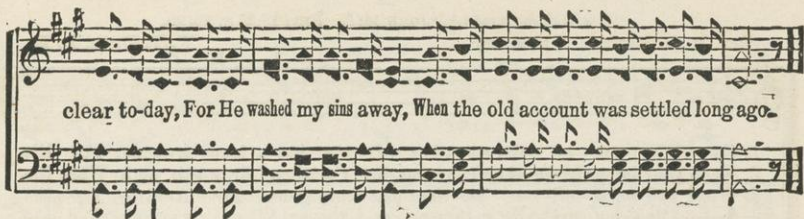
sought to have it settled, 'Twas settled long a - go. Long a - go, Long a -
hastened there to set-tle, I settled long a - go.
my account was settled, 'Twas settled long a - go.
cause I had it settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
my account was settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
can re-gret it nev - er, You settled long a - go. Long a - go,



go, Yes, the old account was settled long a - go; And the record's
Long a-go, Long a-go;



The Old Account Was Settled. Concluded.



No. 53. In the Shadow of The Cross.

Rev. J. W. WAYLAND.

HOMER F. MORRIS.



REFRAIN.



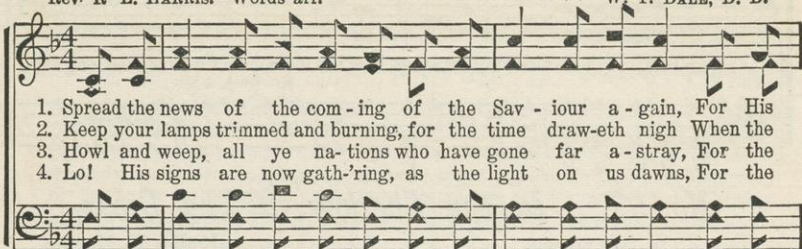
By per. of Homer F. Morris, Brooksville, Ala.

No. 54. *Jesus Is Coming Again.*

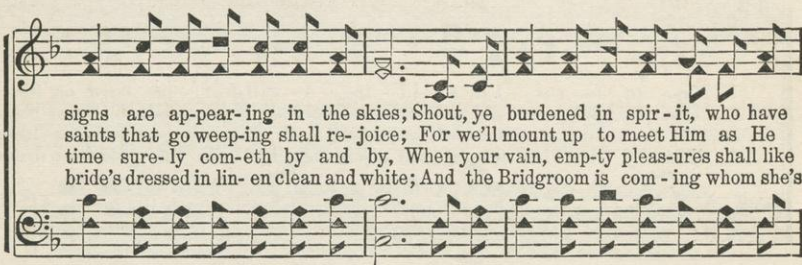
"I will come again." JOHN 14: 3. REV. 19: 7, 8; 22: 20.

Rev. R. L. HARRIS. Words arr.

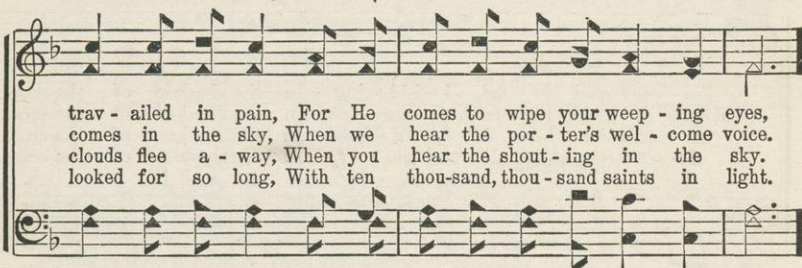
W. T. DALE, D. D.



1. Spread the news of the com-ing of the Sav-iour a-gain, For His
 2. Keep your lamps trimmed and burning, for the time draw-eth nigh When the
 3. Howl and weep, all ye na-tions who have gone far a-stray, For the
 4. Lo! His signs are now gath-ring, as the light on us dawns, For the

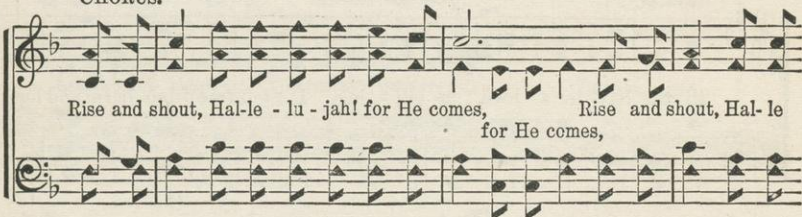


signs are ap-pear-ing in the skies; Shout, ye burdened in spir-it, who have
 saints that go weep-ing shall re-joice; For we'll mount up to meet Him as He
 time sure-ly com-eth by and by, When your vain, emp-ty pleas-ures shall like
 bride's dressed in lin-en clean and white; And the Bridgroom is com-ing whom she's



trav-ailed in pain, For He comes to wipe your weep-ing eyes,
 comes in the sky, When we hear the por-ter's wel-come voice.
 clouds flee a-way, When you hear the shout-ing in the sky.
 looked for so long, With ten thou-sand, thou-sand saints in light.

CHORUS.



Rise and shout, Hal-le-lu-jah! for He comes, Rise and shout, Hal-le
 for He comes,



lu-jah! for He comes; Rise and shout, Hal-le-lu-jah! for He
 for He comes;

W. T. Dale, owner.

Jesus Is Coming Again. Concluded.

comes, And we'll all go to meet Him by and by.
for He comes, by and by.

No. 55. I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J.

GEN. 32: 24-28

C. P. JONES

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Jac - ob in the days of old, I wres-tled with the Lord,
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant - ly, with cour - age bold, I stood up - on His word.
But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ, the Lord is here.

CHORUS.

I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,
de - nied, de - nied,

Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
de - nied.

No. 56. Forward, Soldiers.

SUSAN B. ATRICE.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. Rouse ye now, ye sol-diers Of the cross, a-rise, Laud your Captain's glory
2. Up and do-ing, Christians, 'Tis the Lord's command, Dare ye longer i - dle,
3. Thro' the wea-ry conflict, Bear the toil and pain, Suff'ring here for Je-sus

to the ver - y skies, Foes are lurking 'round you, Seek ye not re-pose,
there is work at hand, Souls are dy-ing 'round you, For the blessed word,
is but heav'nly gain, When the strife is end - ed When your work's complete,

CHORUS.

Christ your faithful lead - er To the bat-tle goes.
Bear to them the mes-sage Of your precious Lord. } Forward, soldiers,
All these earthly tri - als, Makes your rest more sweet.

to the battle field, Fight for Je-sus till the foe shall yield, For the spir-it

rit.

gives you strength to-day, Forward to the bat-tle field, a - way, then, away.

No. 57. You Shall Wear a Crown.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Marching forward in the name of God, Je-sus to lead the way; Fighting with the
2. God will give you strength to do the right, He will be with His own; Marching forward
3. Ev'ry-where the foe you'll surely meet, Constant the fight 'gainst sin; But your faith shall

CHORUS.

Spir - it's mighty sword, You shall win the day. }
 'neath the banner bright, Tow'rd the glory-throne. } And when the battle's o - ver,
 nev - er know de-feat, Vic-t'ry you shall win. }

You shall wear a crown, You shall wear a crown You shall wear a crown; And

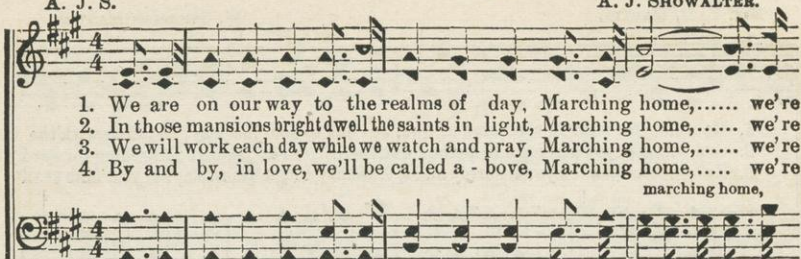
when the bat-tle's o-ver, You shall wear a crown, A crown of vic - to - ry.

Shall wear a crown,..... Shall wear a crown,.....
 You shall wear a crown, You shall wear a crown,

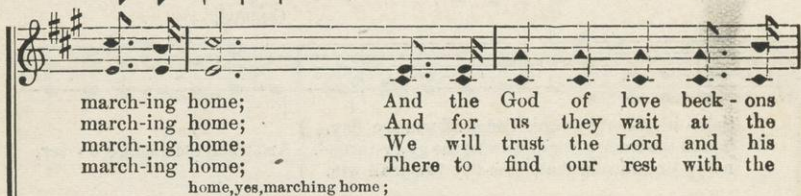
No. 58. Marching Home.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

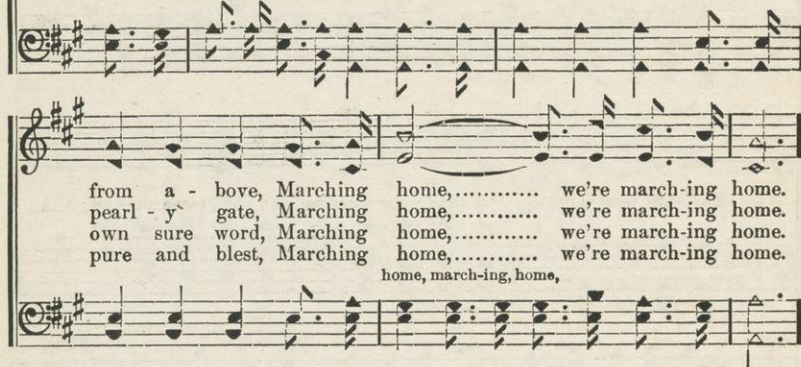


1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home,..... we're
 2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home,..... we're
 3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home,..... we're
 4. By and by, in love, we'll be called a - bove, Marching home,..... we're
 marching home,



marching home;
 marching home;
 marching home;
 marching home;
 home, yes, marching home;

And the God of love beck - ons
 And for us they wait at the
 We will trust the Lord and his
 There to find our rest with the



from a - bove, Marching home,..... we're march-ing home.
 pearl - y gate, Marching home,..... we're march-ing home.
 own sure word, Marching home,..... we're march-ing home.
 pure and blest, Marching home,..... we're march-ing home.
 home, march-ing, home,



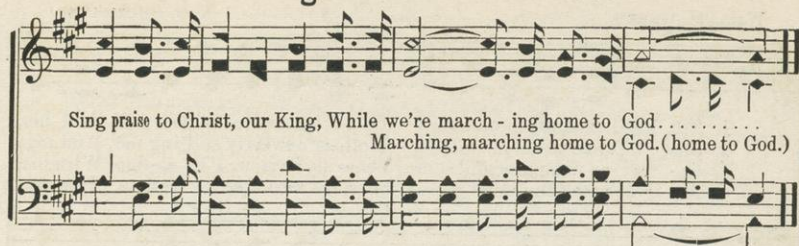
REFRAIN.

We are march - - ing home to God, In the
 We are march - ing home to God, home, to God,



way..... our fa - thers trod, And we'll shout and
 In the way our fa - thers trod, our fa - thers trod,

Marching Home. Concluded.



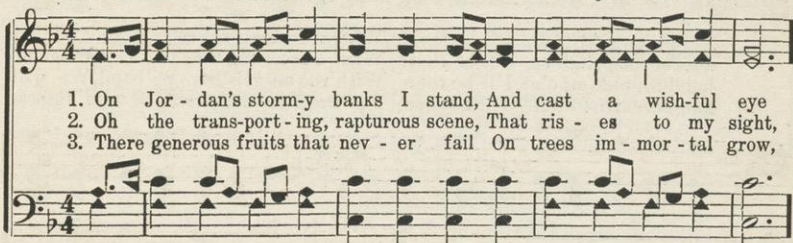
Sing praise to Christ, our King, While we're march - ing home to God.
Marching, marching home to God. (home to God.)

No. 59. Bound for the Promised Land.

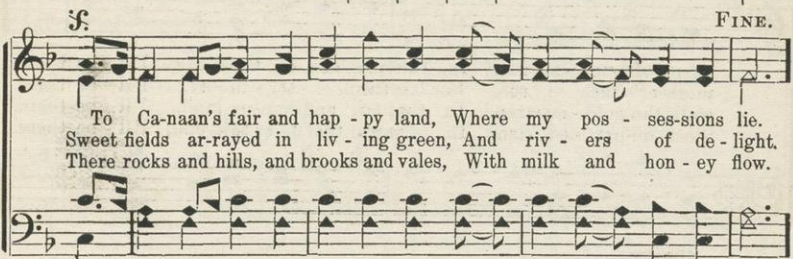
REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

Deut. 34:1-4.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. Oh the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight,
3. There generous fruits that nev - er fail On trees im - mor - tal grow,



To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.

D. S. O who will come and go with me, I am bound for the Promised Land.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



I am bound for the Promised Land, I am bound for the Promised Land:
Promised Land,

- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

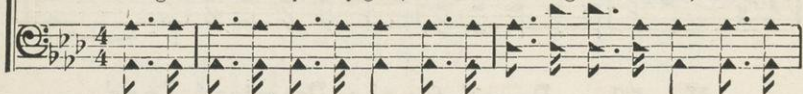
No. 60. I'll Be There.

WILL H. GAREY.

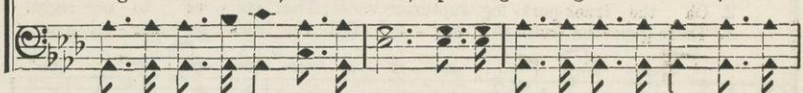
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Oft I've heard my moth-er tell Of a home she lov'd so well, And her
2. Just a-cross the crys-tal sea, Moth-er's sweetly call-ing me, And my
3. O-ver on the peaceful shore, There my Saviour I'll a-dore With his
4. An-gels watch the pearl y gate, There's a mes sage to re-late, I've not



last words softly fell, I'll be there! Where the angels sweetly sing, And their answer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meet ing that will be, When my hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the an-gels' hap-py band, We will long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glitt'ring streets I'll wend, There to



harp with mu-sic ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.
moth-er's face I see, For 'tis thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.
walk the gold-en strand, In that fair and hap-py land, I'll be there.
meet de-part-ed friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there.



CHORUS.

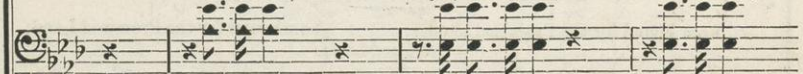


I'll be there..... yes, I'll be there, I'll be there..... yes,

I'll be there,

yes, I'll be there,

I'll be there,



I'll be there,

Where the an-gels sweet-ly sing, And their

yes, I'll be there,



I'll Be There. Concluded.

harps with music ring, In the pal - ace of the King, I'll be there.
yes, I'll be there.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

No. 61. I Will Sing of My Saviour.

J. W. C.

REV. J. W. CULLOM.

1. I will sing of my Saviour and tell of His love, His compassion so boundless and free;
2. There were many sad years, full of grief and of fears, And my bondage increased day by day;
3. Now by day and by night, all my pathway is bright, And my heart sings aloud in His praise;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

He went down into death to deliver my soul, And He bro't full salvation to me.
But He threw in His light, and dispelled all my night, And my darkness all vanished away.
Full salvation complete, all my foes 'neath my feet, And I run with delight in His ways.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS.

I'll tell in glad strains how He's broken my chains, And thrown open my prison be - low;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

Bounding high on glad wing, like a bird I will sing How He saved me from sorrow and woe.

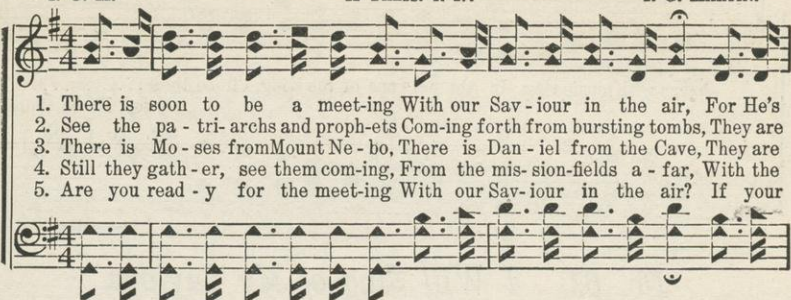
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (F) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes.

No. 62. The Meeting in the Air.

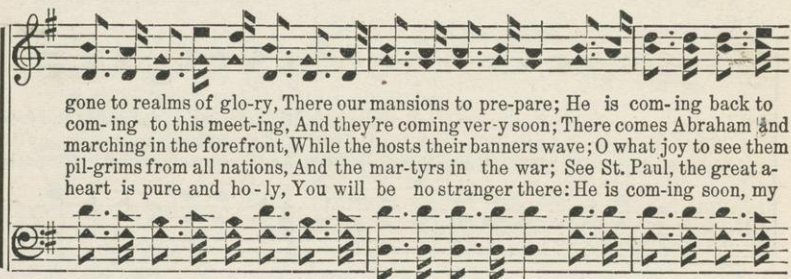
I. G. M.

II THESS. 4. 17.

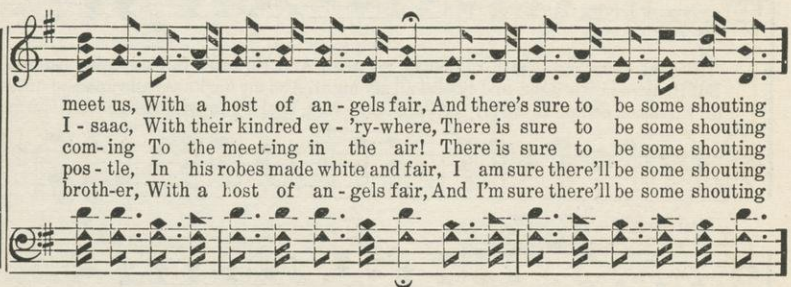
I. G. MARTIN.



1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav-iour in the air, For He's
 2. See the pa - tri - archs and proph-ets Com-ing forth from bursting tombs, They are
 3. There is Mo - ses from Mount Ne - bo, There is Dan - iel from the Cave, They are
 4. Still they gath - er, see them com-ing, From the mis - sion - fields a - far, With the
 5. Are you read - y for the meet-ing With our Sav-iour in the air? If your

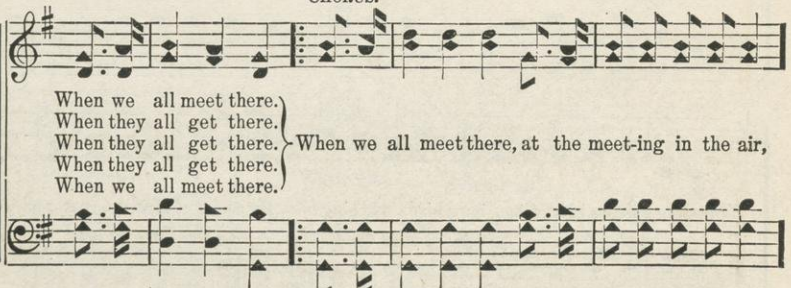


gone to realms of glo-ry, There our mansions to pre-pare; He is com-ing back to
 com-ing to this meet-ing, And they're coming ver-y soon; There comes Abraham and
 marching in the forefront, While the hosts their banners wave; O what joy to see them
 pil-grims from all nations, And the mar-tyrs in the war; See St. Paul, the great a-
 heart is pure and ho-ly, You will be no stranger there: He is com-ing soon, my



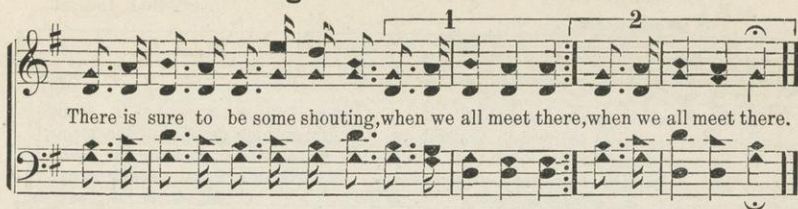
meet us, With a host of an - gels fair, And there's sure to be some shouting
 I - saac, With their kindred ev - 'ry-where, There is sure to be some shouting
 com-ing To the meet-ing in the air! There is sure to be some shouting
 pos - tle, In his robes made white and fair, I am sure there'll be some shouting
 broth-er, With a host of an - gels fair, And I'm sure there'll be some shouting

CHORUS.



When we all meet there.
 When they all get there.
 When they all get there.
 When they all get there.
 When we all meet there.) When we all meet there, at the meet-ing in the air,

The Meeting In the Air. Concluded.



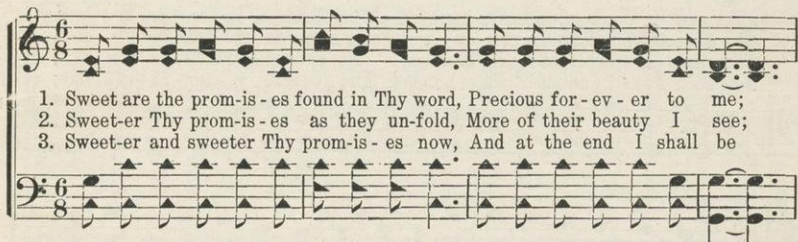
There is sure to be some shouting, when we all meet there, when we all meet there.

No. 63. *I'm Leaning, Dear Saviour, On Thee.*

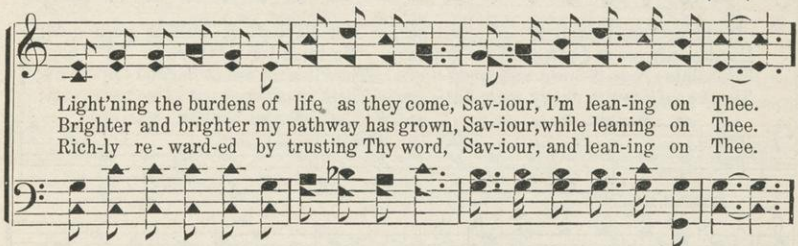
"Trust the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."
—PROV. 3: 5. "And this is the promise that he hath promised us even eternal life."
1 JOHN 2: 25.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

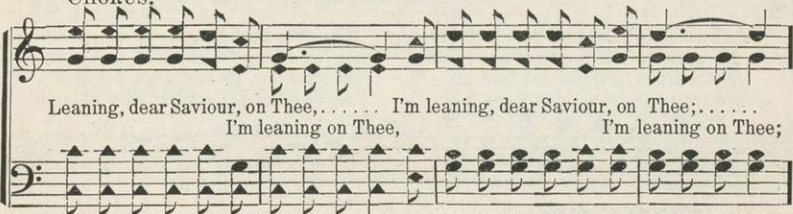


1. Sweet are the prom-is-es found in Thy word, Precious for-ev-er to me;
2. Sweet-er Thy prom-is-es as they un-fold, More of their beauty I see;
3. Sweet-er and sweeter Thy prom-is-es now, And at the end I shall be

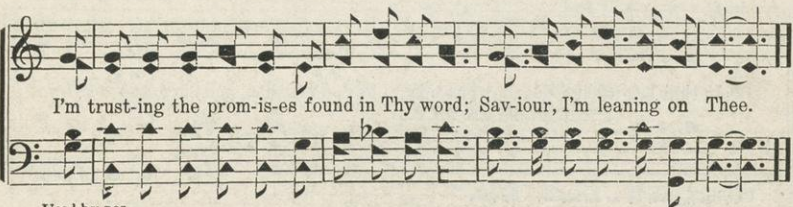


Light'ning the burdens of life, as they come, Sav-iour, I'm lean-ing on Thee.
Brighter and brighter my pathway has grown, Sav-iour, while lean-ing on Thee.
Rich-ly re-ward-ed by trusting Thy word, Sav-iour, and lean-ing on Thee.

CHORUS.



Leaning, dear Saviour, on Thee, I'm leaning, dear Saviour, on Thee;
I'm leaning on Thee, I'm leaning on Thee;



I'm trust-ing the prom-is-es found in Thy word; Sav-iour, I'm lean-ing on Thee.

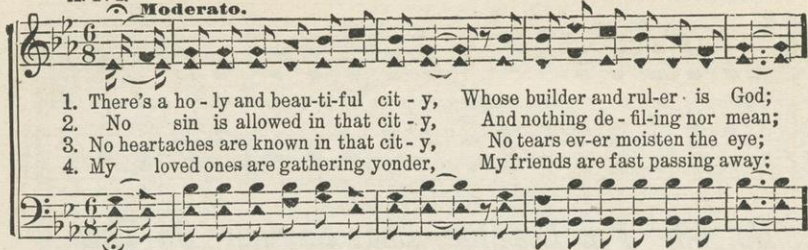
Used by per.

No. 64. The Pearly White City.

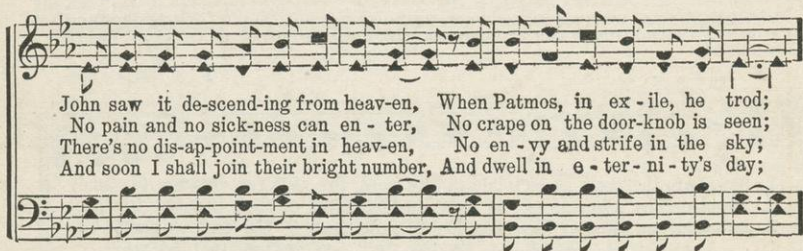
A. F. I.

Moderato.

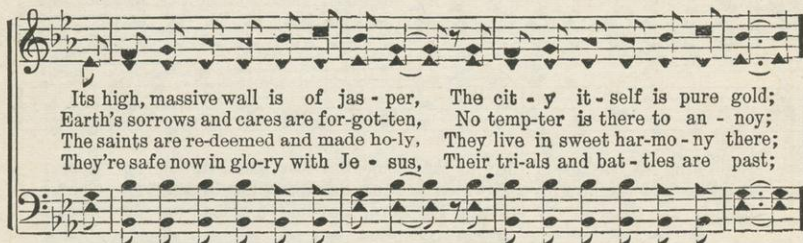
ARTHUR F. INGLER.



1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose build-er and rul-er is God;
 2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing nor mean;
 3. No heart-aches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gather-ing yon-der, My friends are fast pass-ing away;

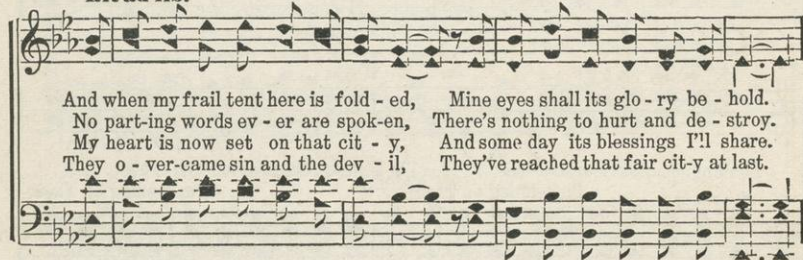


John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex-ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sick-ness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright num-ber, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;



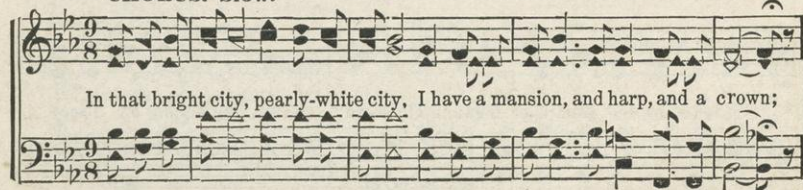
Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an- noy;
 The saints are re-deemed and made ho-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glo-ry with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

Rit ad lib.



And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's noth-ing to hurt and de-stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
 They o-ver-came sin and the dev-il, They've reach-ed that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. Slow.



In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a man-sion, and harp, and a crown;

The Pearly White City. Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.

Now I am watching, waiting and longing For the white city that's soon coming down.

No. 65. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." GAL. 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feast-ing my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stron-ger in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
 clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

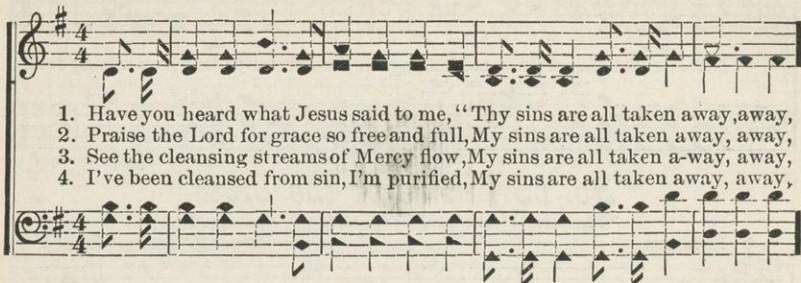
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
 soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

No. 66. *My Sins are All Taken Away.*

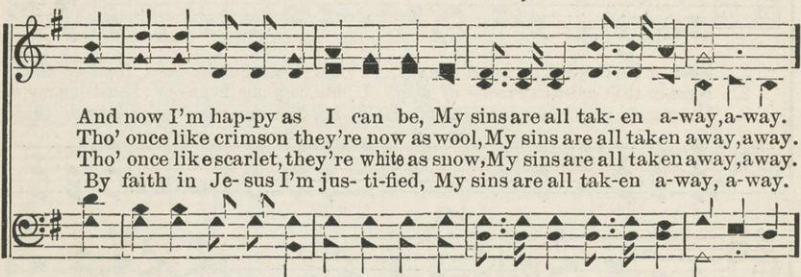
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

Arr. by W. T. D.

Rev. WM. T. DALE.



1. Have you heard what Jesus said to me, "Thy sins are all taken away, away,
 2. Praise the Lord for grace so free and full, My sins are all taken away, away,
 3. See the cleansing streams of Mercy flow, My sins are all taken away, away,
 4. I've been cleansed from sin, I'm purified, My sins are all taken away, away,

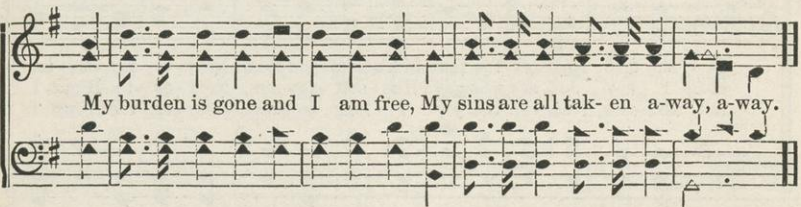


And now I'm hap-py as I can be, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.
 Tho' once like crimson they're now as wool, My sins are all taken away, away.
 Tho' once like scarlet, they're white as snow, My sins are all taken away, away.
 By faith in Je-sus I'm jus-ti-fied, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.

CHORUS.



My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way,



My burden is gone and I am free, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.

5 Oh, the crimson tide has cleansed my soul,
 My sins are all taken away,
 The blood of Jesus has made me whole,
 My sins are all taken away.

6 And the Spirit witnessing to me,
 "Thy sins are all taken away,"
 Now gives assurance of victory,
 My sins are all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord, as on I go,
 My sins are all taken away,
 My soul is happy, for I do know,
 My sins are all taken away.

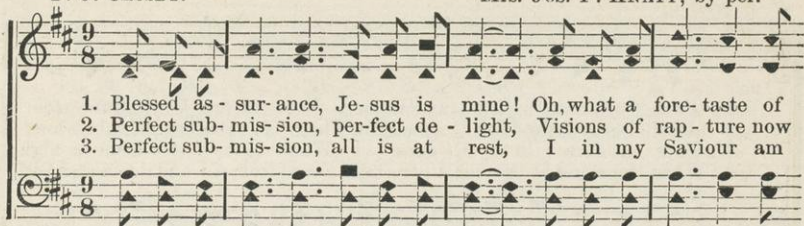
8 When we meet around the throne above,
 My sins are all taken away,
 We'll sing in heaven Redeeming Love,
 My sins are all taken away.

No. 67. *Blessed Assurance.*

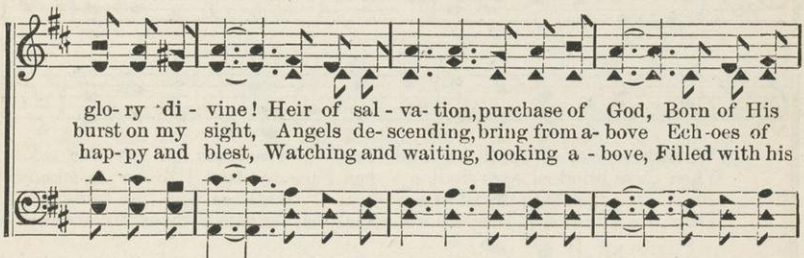
"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—ISA. 32: 17.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Perfect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now
 3. Perfect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, Angels de - scending, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whispers of love. }
 goodness, lost in His love. }



song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



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

No. 68. *I Shall See Him Face to Face.*

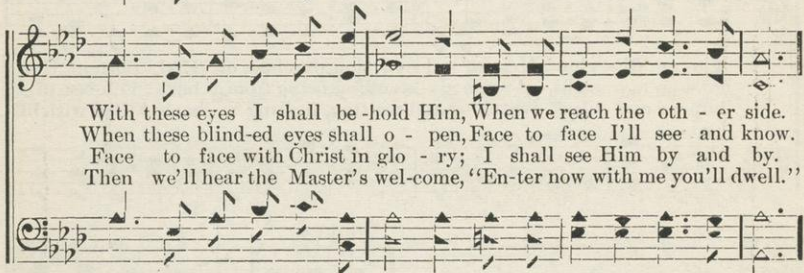
"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." 1 Cor. 13:12.

H. A. R. H.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face be-yond the tide;
 2. Dim-ly now by faith I see Him Thro' life's shadows here be-low;
 3. Face to face with my Re-deem-er When we reach that home on high;
 4. When we stand at heaven's por-tals, Saved from sin and death and hell;



With these eyes I shall be-hold Him, When we reach the oth-er side.
 When these blind-ed eyes shall o-pen, Face to face I'll see and know.
 Face to face with Christ in glo-ry; I shall see Him by and by.
 Then we'll hear the Master's wel-come, "En-ter now with me you'll dwell."

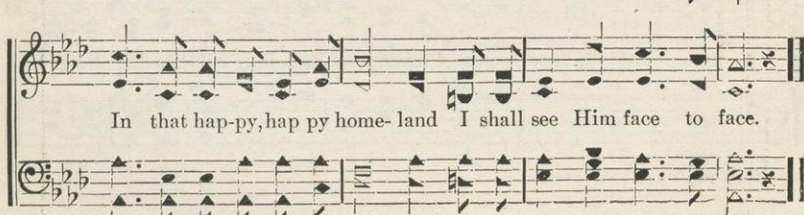
CHORUS.



I shall see..... Him face to face,.....
 I shall see face to face,



See my Sav - iour face to face.....
 See my Sav - iour face to face,

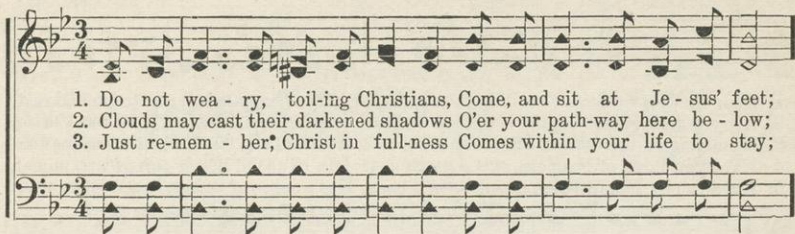


In that hap-py, hap py home-land I shall see Him face to face.

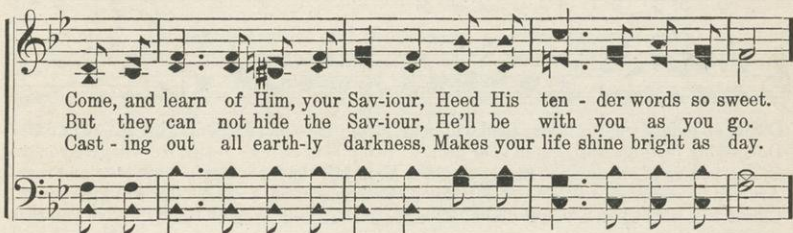
No. 69. Do Not Weary with your Toiling.

NINA CLARK.

J. M. PIERCE.

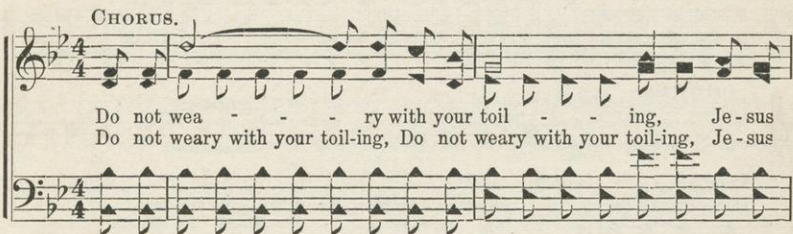


1. Do not wea - ry, toil-ing Christians, Come, and sit at Je - sus' feet;
2. Clouds may cast their darkened shadows O'er your path-way here be - low;
3. Just re-mem - ber; Christ in full-ness Comes within your life to stay;

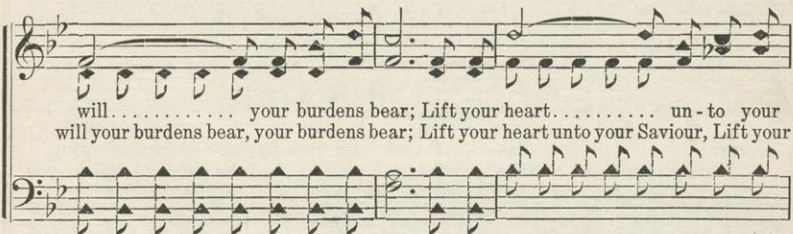


Come, and learn of Him, your Sav-iour, Heed His ten - der words so sweet.
But they can not hide the Sav-iour, He'll be with you as you go.
Cast - ing out all earth-ly darkness, Makes your life shine bright as day.

CHORUS.



Do not wea - - - ry with your toil - - ing, Je - sus
Do not weary with your toil-ing, Do not weary with your toil-ing, Je - sus



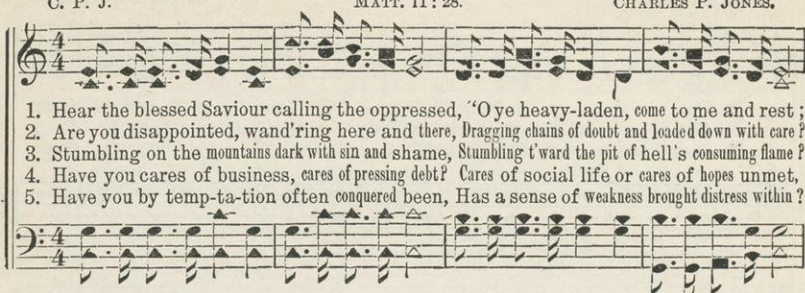
will..... your burdens bear; Lift your heart..... un-to your
will your burdens bear, your burdens bear; Lift your heart unto your Saviour, Lift your



Sav - - iour, For He stand - - - eth ver - y near, (very near.)
heart unto your Saviour, For He standeth, for He standeth ver-y near, (very near.)

No. 70. Come unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—
C. P. J. MATT. 11:28. CHARLES P. JONES.



1. Hear the blessed Saviour calling the oppressed, "O ye heavy-laden, come to me and rest ;
2. Are you disappointed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and loaded down with care ?
3. Stumbling on the mountains dark with sin and shame, Stumbling t'ward the pit of hell's consuming flame ?
4. Have you cares of business, cares of pressing debt? Cares of social life or cares of hopes unmet,
5. Have you by temp-ta-tion often conquered been, Has a sense of weakness brought distress within ?

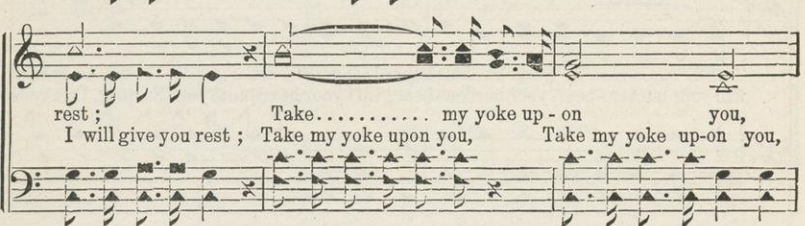


Come, no longer tar-ry, I your load will bear, Bring me ev'ry burden, bring me ev'ry care."
Do un-holy feelings struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Jesus, He will give you rest.
By the pow'rs of sin deluded and oppressed, Hear the tender Shepherd,—"Come to me and rest."
Are you by remorse or sense of guilt depressed? Come right on to Jesus, He will give you rest.
Christ will sanctify you if you'll claim His best, In the Ho-ly Spir-it He will give you rest.

CHORUS.



Come un - to me, I..... will give you
Come un - to me, come un - to me, I will give you rest,



rest ; Take..... my yoke up - on you,
I will give you rest ; Take my yoke upon you, Take my yoke up-on you,



Hear..... me and be blest ;..... I..... am
Hear me and be blest, hear me and be blest ; I am meek and low-

Come unto Me. Concluded.

meek and low - - - ly, Come..... and trust my might;
ly; I am meek and lowly, Come and trust my might, Come and trust my might;

rit.

Come, My yoke is eas - - y, And my burden's light.
Come, O come, Come, my yoke is easy, Come, O come, Come, my burden's light.

No. 71. I Press Toward the Goal.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

C. P. J.

Moderato.

C. P. JONES.

1. I'm pressing on my way to glo - ry, The blood of Christ has saved my soul, And
2. I'm pressing on my way to glo - ry, God's will doth now my life control; With
3. I'm pressing in the strength supplied me, His strength He gives me as I run; His

CHORUS.

yonder is the prize be-fore me, I press to-ward the goal. I'm press - ing
an-gel-keepers hov-'ring o'er me, I press to-ward the goal.
precious blood has sanctified me, And I am press-ing on. I press,

on, I'm pressing on toward the goal, I'm pressing on, I press toward the goal.
I press, I press, I press,

No. 72. Just a Little Sunshine Song.

ROBERT H. WALTON.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine brightens up the way, Just a lit - tle kind word,
2. Just a lit - tle sun-shine cheers the gloomy day Of the sad and wea-ry
3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the heart beat light, O - pen up the door-way,

speak it ev - 'ry day, Mak - ing oth - ers hap - py as you march a - long;
pass - ing by the way, You should not neg - lect them as you go a - long;
let it shine in bright, It will help you dai - ly, keep you from the wrong;

CHORUS.

Sing a lit - tle sun-shine song. Sing a lit - tle sun-shine song,
Sunshine song,

Sing a lit - tle sun - shine song, Cheering those a - round you
sunshine song,

as you go a - long, Sing a lit - tle sun - shine song.

Copyright 1905, by J. M. Pierce.

* Music writers and critics will observe the 3rd of the chord is doubled in this song, also there will be found consecutive octaves, which was used intentionally by the author. Try this song; you will like it.

No. 73. Sunlight of His Love.

CHAS. E. WELDON.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. Let the gold-en sun-light, in your heart if sad, It will bring a bless-ing,
 2. Let the gold-en sunshine, Spread its ray of light, On your path, if gloom-y,
 3. As you journey onward, Do some kindly deed, God will guide and keep you,

And will make you glad, Je-sus, bless-ed Sav-iour, Helps us con-quer sin,
 Sunshine makes it bright, Trusting in God's promise, You a crown shall win,
 Sow-ing precious seed, In the gold-en har-vest, There are souls to win,

CHORUS.

Let the gold-en sunlight of His love shine in. Let the gold-en sun-light

in, Let the golden sunlight in, Sing the joy-ful cho-rus
 sunlight in, sunlight in,

Je-sus saves from sin, Let the gold-en sunlight of His love shine in.

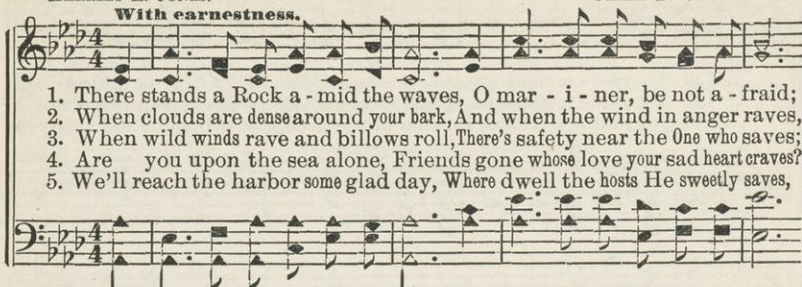
No. 74. The Rock Amid the Waves.

Tenderly inscribed to Mrs. Harriet E. Jones, the author of these sublime words.—J. D. V.

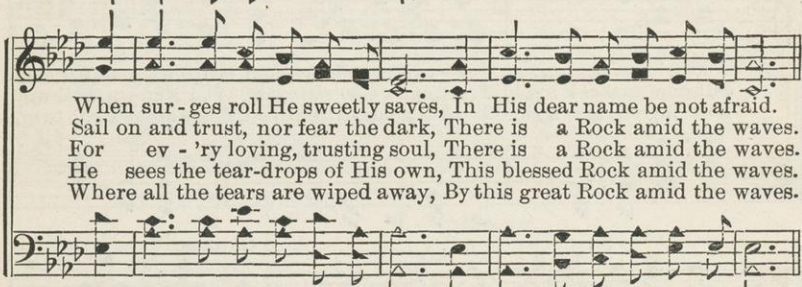
HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With earnestness.

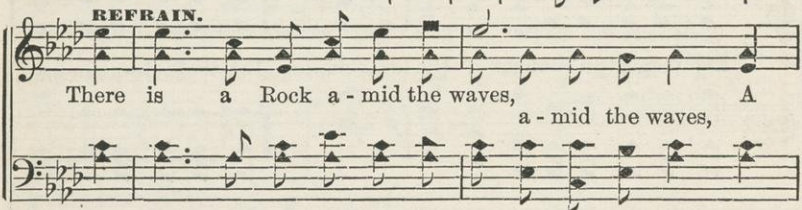


1. There stands a Rock a - mid the waves, O mar - i - ner, be not a - fraid;
2. When clouds are dense around your bark, And when the wind in anger raves,
3. When wild winds rave and billows roll, There's safety near the One who saves;
4. Are you upon the sea alone, Friends gone whose love your sad heart craves?
5. We'll reach the harbor some glad day, Where dwell the hosts He sweetly saves,

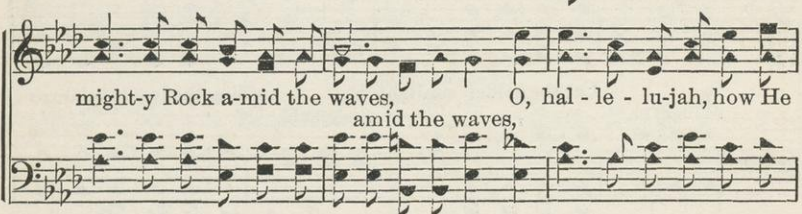


When sur - ges roll He sweetly saves, In His dear name be not afraid.
Sail on and trust, nor fear the dark, There is a Rock amid the waves.
For ev - 'ry loving, trusting soul, There is a Rock amid the waves.
He sees the tear-drops of His own, This blessed Rock amid the waves.
Where all the tears are wiped away, By this great Rock amid the waves.

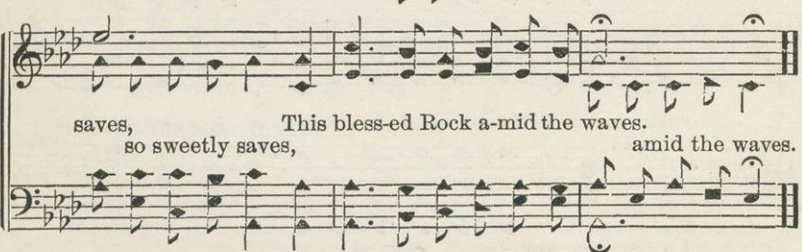
REFRAIN.



There is a Rock a - mid the waves, A
a - mid the waves,



might-y Rock a-mid the waves, O, hal - le - lu-jah, how He
amid the waves,

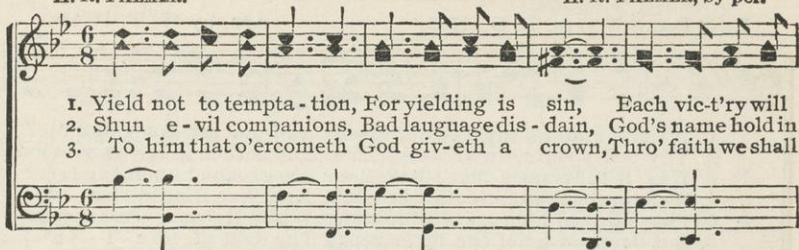


saves, This bless-ed Rock a-mid the waves.
so sweetly saves, amid the waves.

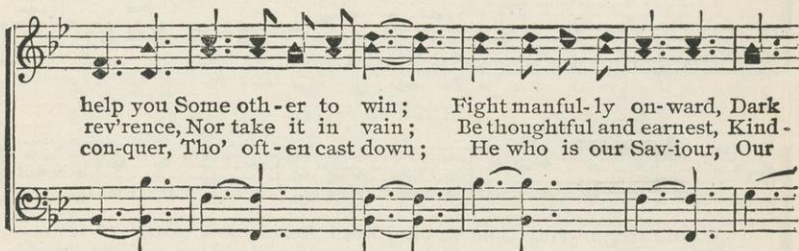
No. 75. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.

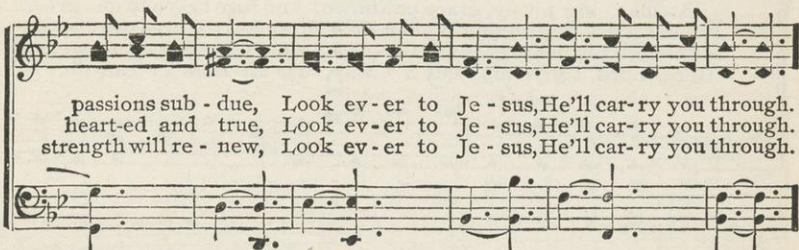
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

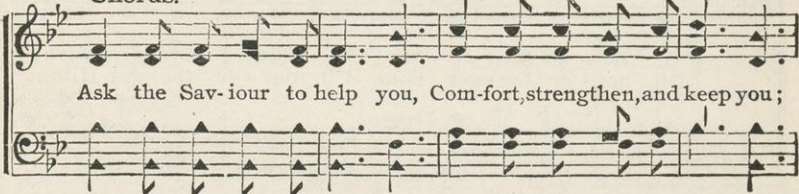


help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought - ful and earnest, Kind -
 con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour, Our

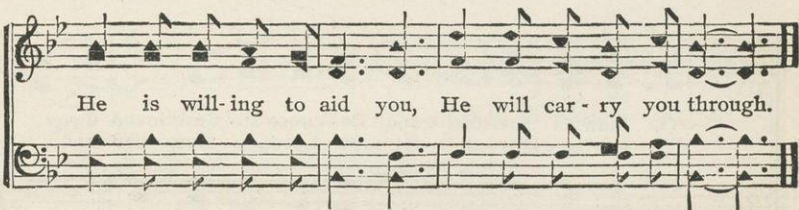


passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

Chorus.



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



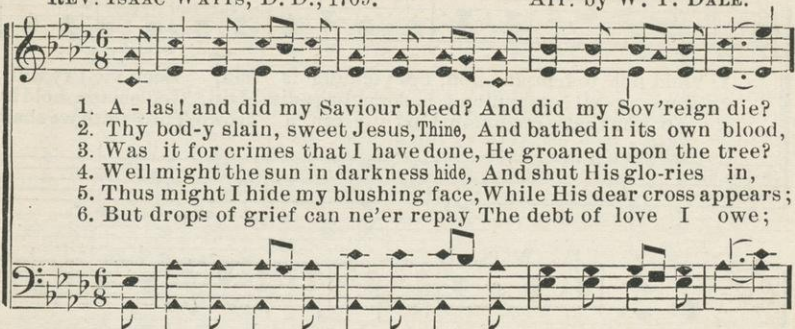
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 76. O How I Love Jesus.

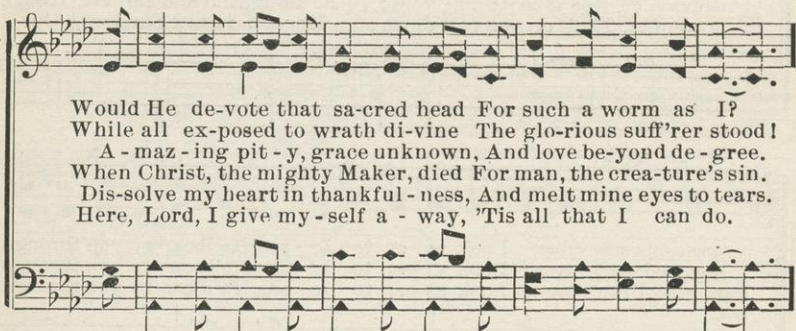
"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John: 4 19.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Thy bod-y slain, sweet Jesus, Thine, And bathed in its own blood,
 3. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 4. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
 5. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears;
 6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

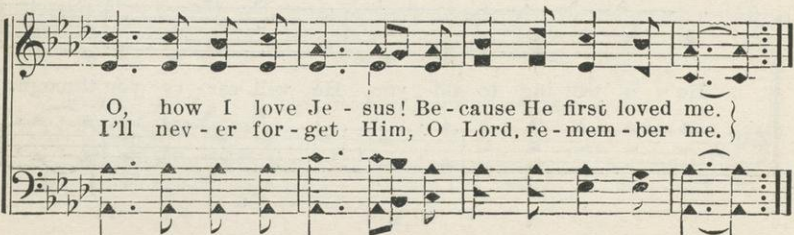


Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 While all ex-posed to wrath di-vine The glo-rious suff'rer stood!
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree.
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thankful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.



{ O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
 { I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,



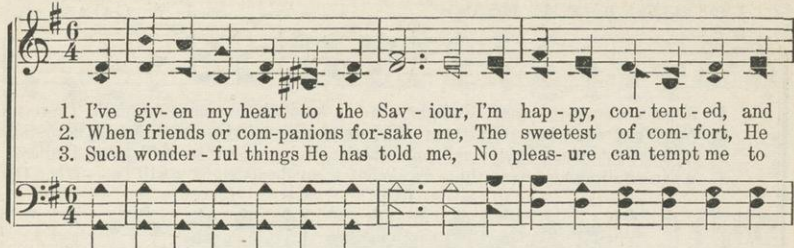
O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me. }
 I'll nev - er for - get Him, O Lord, re - mem - ber me. }

No. 77. Precious His Love Is to Me.

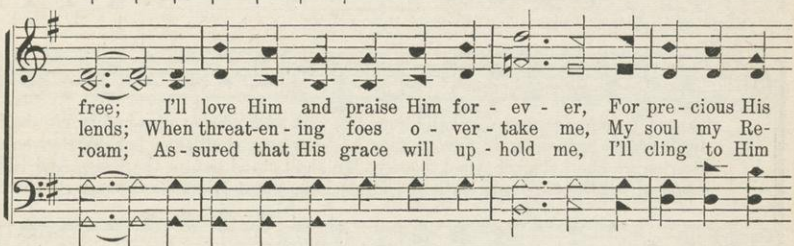
"Unto you therefore, which believe, He is precious." 1 Pet. 2:7.

JAMES ROWE.

HENRY P. MORTON.

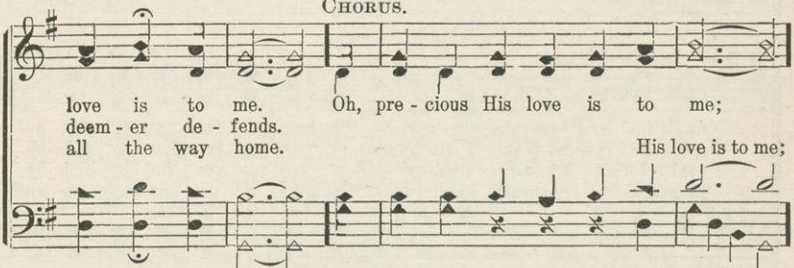


1. I've giv-en my heart to the Sav-iour, I'm hap-py, con-tent-ed, and
 2. When friends or com-panions for-sake me, The sweetest of com-fort, He
 3. Such wonder-ful things He has told me, No pleas-ure can tempt me to



free; I'll love Him and praise Him for-ev-er, For pre-cious His
 lends; When threat-en-ing foes o-ver-take me, My soul my Re-
 roam; As-sured that His grace will up-hold me, I'll cling to Him

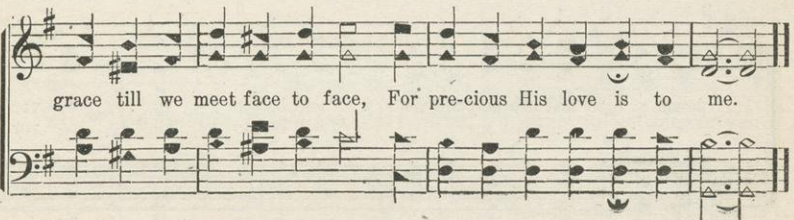
CHORUS.



love is to me. Oh, pre-cious His love is to me;
 deem-er de-fends.
 all the way home. His love is to me;



His ser-vant for-ev-er I'll be;..... I'll rest in His
 for-ev-er I'll be,



grace till we meet face to face, For pre-cious His love is to me.

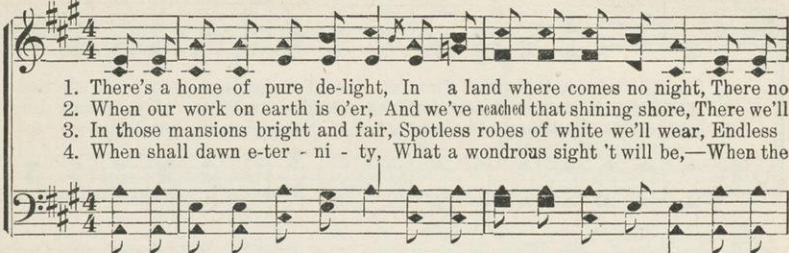
No. 78. 'T will be Glory.

Words written and adapted to music by

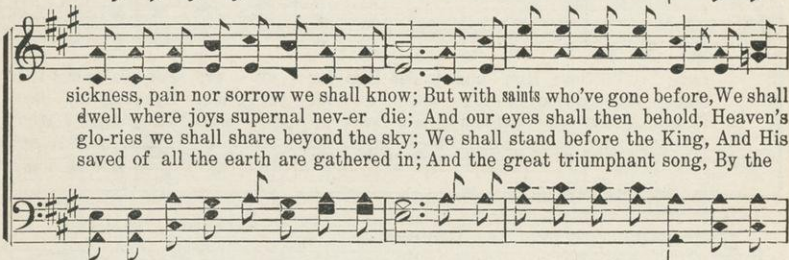
N. W. ALPHIN.

Last stanza by F. L. EILAND.

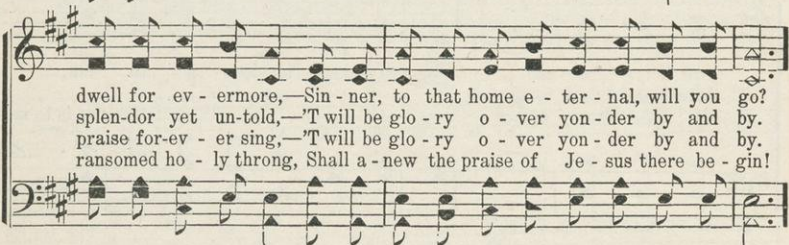
J. W. GAINES.



1. There's a home of pure de-light, In a land where comes no night, There no
 2. When our work on earth is o'er, And we've reached that shining shore, There we'll
 3. In those mansions bright and fair, Spotless robes of white we'll wear, Endless
 4. When shall dawn e-ter - ni - ty, What a wondrous sight 't will be,—When the



sickness, pain nor sorrow we shall know; But with saints who've gone before, We shall
 dwell where joys supernal nev-er die; And our eyes shall then behold, Heaven's
 glo-ries we shall share beyond the sky; We shall stand before the King, And His
 saved of all the earth are gathered in; And the great triumphant song, By the



dwell for - ev - ermore,—Sin - ner, to that home e - ter - nal, will you go?
 splen-dor yet un-told,—'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by.
 praise for-ev - er sing,—'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by.
 ransomed ho - ly throng, Shall a - new the praise of Je - sus there be - gin!

CHORUS.



'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der, In that
 'T will be glo - ry, glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by,



home of light and life be-yond the sky; 'T will be glo - ry o - ver
 'T will be glo - ry, glo - ry o - ver

'T will be Glory. Concluded.

yon - der, 'T will be glo - ry o - ver yon - der by and by.
yon - der by and by,

No. 79. On the Other Side.

As sung by REV. D. W. FOOK.

Arr. by W. T. D.

1. We're now up - on the storm - y side, Dark clouds be - set our way;
2. There is an - oth - er brighter side Of life be - yond the sky;
3. Our jour - ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest;
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flow'rs im - mor - tal bloom;

But just be - yond the roll - ing tide Gleam shores of end - less day.
There sin and sor - row ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun, Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re - deem - er's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.

CHORUS.

On the oth - er side, Be - yond the roll - ing tide, Je - sus is wait - ing for me;

On the golden shore, In that for ev - er - more, Loved ones are watch - ing for me.

No. 80. Hallelujah! We Shall Rise.

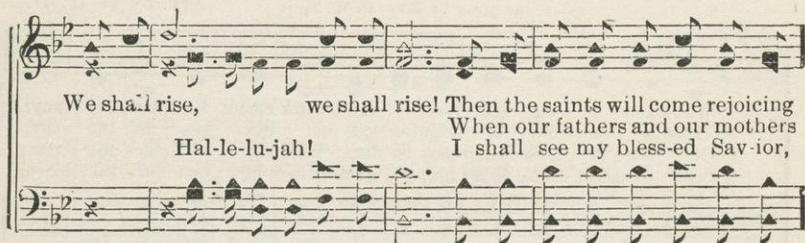
"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen..."—1 Cor 15: 12

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

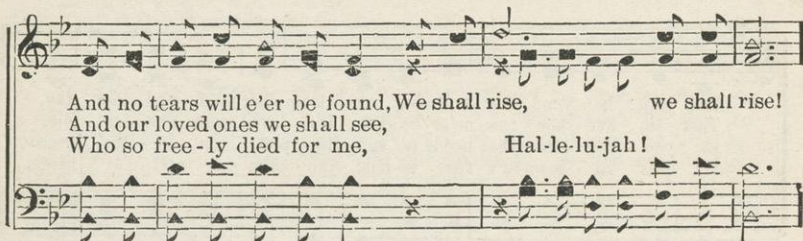
Not too fast.



1. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, What a meet-ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, Bless-ed tho't it is to me,



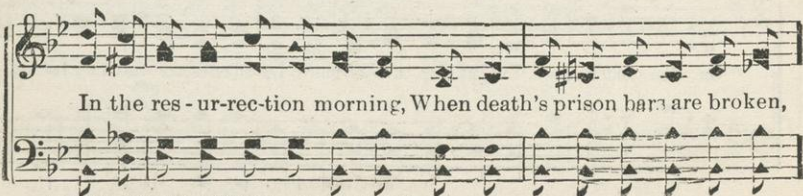
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come rejoicing
When our fathers and our mothers
Hal-le-lu-jah! I shall see my bless-ed Sav-ior,



And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free-ly died for me, Hal-le-lu-jah!



CHORUS.
Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal-le - lu-jah!



In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, When death's prison bars are broken,

Hallelujah, We Shall Rise. Concluded.

We shall rise!
rise! Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall rise!
In that morn-ing we shall rise!

No. 81. Till He Come.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."—1 COR. 11: 26. "For yet a little while and He that shall come will come and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

REV. W. T. DALE.

1. "Till He come!" O, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

Let the "lit - tle while" be-tween, In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear,
All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
Sweet me - mo - rials till the Lord Call us round His heav'n - ly board—

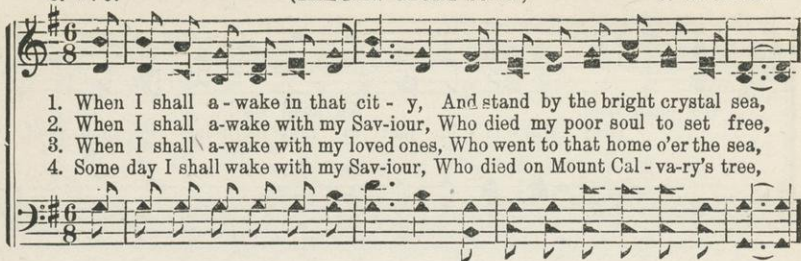
Let us think how heav'n and home, Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
Hush! be ev - 'ry mur - mur dumb! It is on - ly "Till He come."
Death and dark - ness and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come."
Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come."

No. 82. *Glory Enough for Me.*

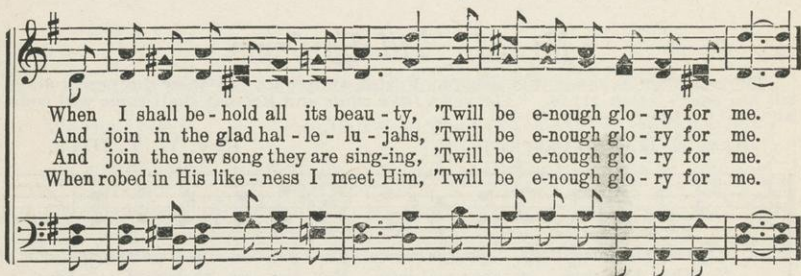
C. W. J.

(THE NEW GLORY SONG.)

C. W. JAMES.



1. When I shall a-wake in that cit - y, And stand by the bright crystal sea,
 2. When I shall a-wake with my Sav-iour, Who died my poor soul to set free,
 3. When I shall a-wake with my loved ones, Who went to that home o'er the sea,
 4. Some day I shall wake with my Sav-iour, Who died on Mount Cal - va-ry's tree,



When I shall be - hold all its beau - ty, 'Twill be e-nough glo - ry for me.
 And join in the glad hal - le - lu - jahs, 'Twill be e-nough glo - ry for me.
 And join the new song they are sing-ing, 'Twill be e-nough glo - ry for me.
 When robed in His like - ness I meet Him, 'Twill be e-nough glo - ry for me.

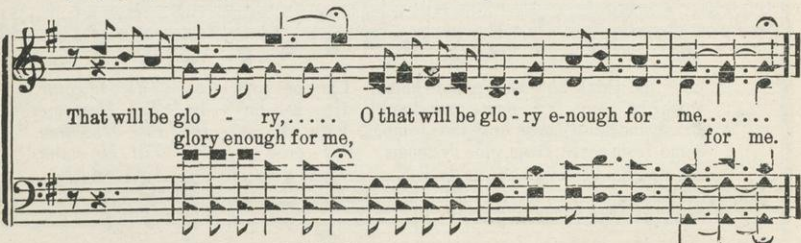
REFRAIN.



O that will be glo - - ry,..... that will be glo - - ry,.....
 glo-ry enough for me, glo-ry e-nough for me,



O that will be glo - ry e-nough for me,..... O that will be glo - ry,.....
 for me, glory enough for me,

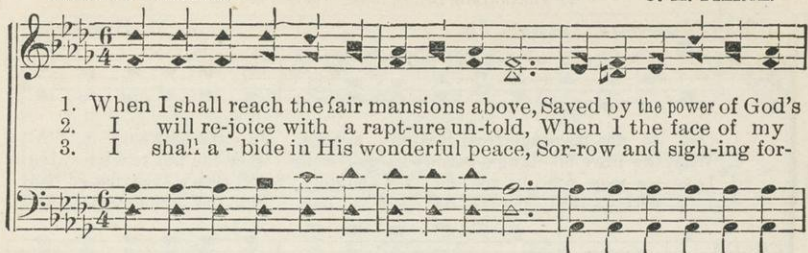


That will be glo - ry,..... O that will be glo - ry e-nough for me.....
 glory enough for me, for me.

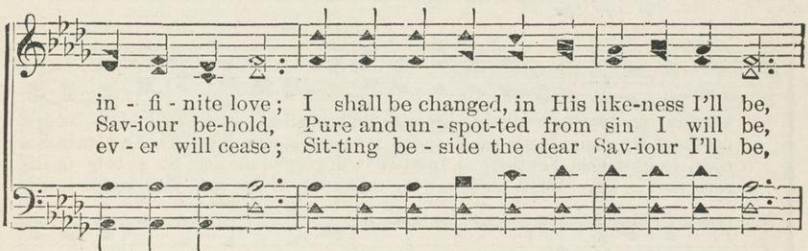
No. 83. *Glory By and By.*

ROBT. H. WALTON.

J. M. PIERCE.



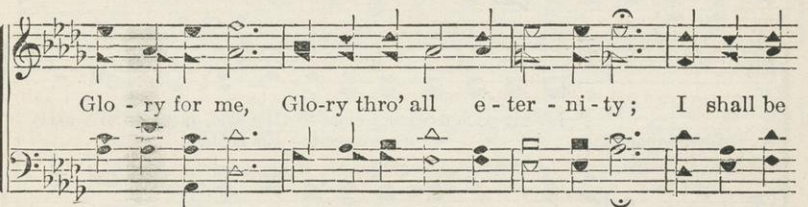
1. When I shall reach the fair mansions above, Saved by the power of God's
2. I will re-joice with a rapt-ure un-told, When I the face of my
3. I shall a-bide in His wonderful peace, Sor-row and sigh-ing for-



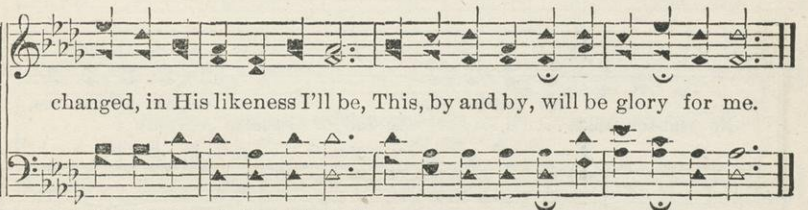
in - fi - nite love; I shall be changed, in His like-ness I'll be,
Sav-iour be-hold, Pure and un - spot - ted from sin I will be,
ev - er will cease; Sit-ting be - side the dear Sav-iour I'll be,



CHORUS.
This, by and by, will be glo-ry for me. Glo-ry for me,



Glo - ry for me, Glo-ry thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; I shall be



changed, in His likeness I'll be, This, by and by, will be glory for me.

No. 84. *Abide in His Love.*

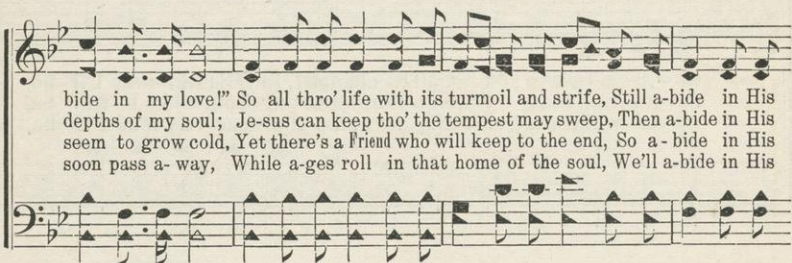
"Ye shall abide in my love."—JOHN 15: 10.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. List to the mes-sage from Heaven a-bove, Je - sus hath sent it, "A-
 2. What tho' life's bil - lows a-round us may roll, They can not reach to the
 3. Loss - es may rob us of sil - ver and gold, Friends whom we've trust-ed may
 4. Life with its toil - ing is but for a day, But tho' our time here will

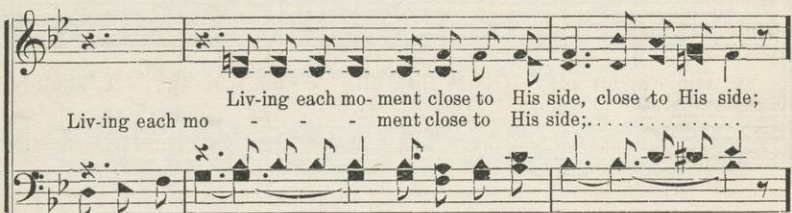


bide in my love!" So all thro' life with its turmoil and strife, Still a-bide in His
 depths of my soul; Je-sus can keep tho' the tempest may sweep, Then a-bide in His
 seem to grow cold, Yet there's a Friend who will keep to the end, So a-bide in His
 soon pass a-way, While a-ges roll in that home of the soul, We'll a-bide in His

CHORUS.



love for-ev-er Yes, in His love e'er let us a-bide,
 Yes, in His love, e'er let us a-bide,



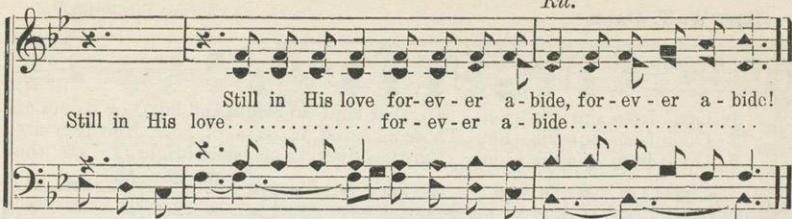
Liv-ing each mo-ment close to His side, close to His side;
 Liv-ing each mo-ment close to His side;.....



No mat-ter what be-fall or be-tide, be-fall or be-tide,
 No mat-ter what..... be-fall or be-tide,

Abide in His Love. Concluded.

Rit.



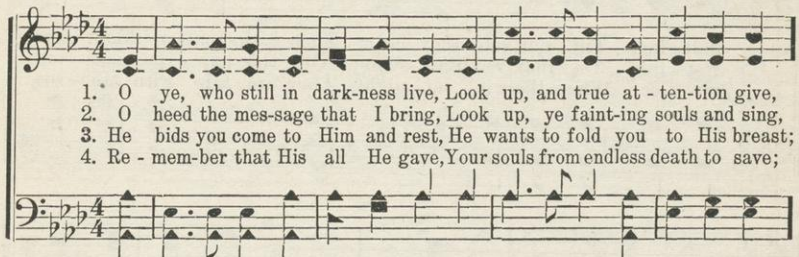
Still in His love for-ev-er a-bide, for-ev-er a-bide!
Still in His love..... for-ev-er a-bide.....

No. 85. A Wireless Message.

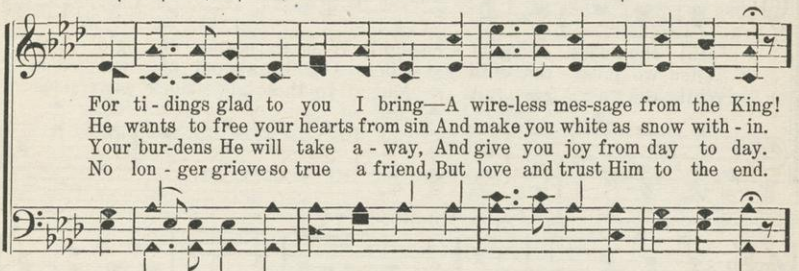
"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISA. 65: 24.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. O ye, who still in dark-ness live, Look up, and true at-ten-tion give,
2. O heed the mes-sage that I bring, Look up, ye faint-ing souls and sing,
3. He bids you come to Him and rest, He wants to fold you to His breast;
4. Re-mem-ber that His all He gave, Your souls from endless death to save;

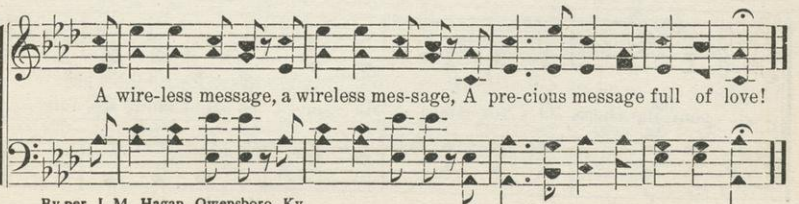


For ti-dings glad to you I bring—A wire-less mes-sage from the King!
He wants to free your hearts from sin And make you white as snow with-in.
Your bur-dens He will take a-way, And give you joy from day to day.
No lon-ger grieve so true a friend, But love and trust Him to the end.

CHORUS.



A wire-less message, a wireless message, From Chist, the King of kings a-bove!



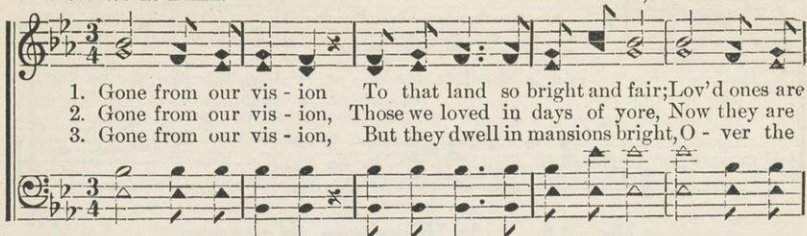
A wire-less message, a wireless mes-sage, A pre-cious message full of love!

By per. J. M. Hagan, Owensboro, Ky.

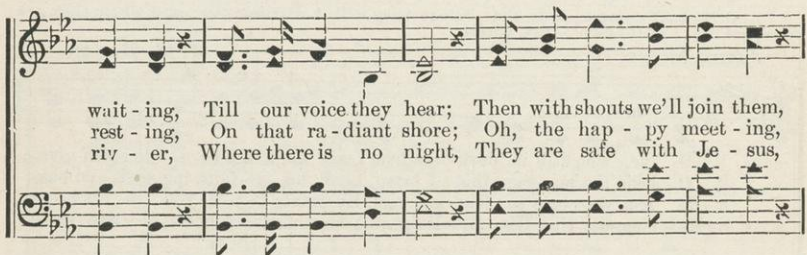
No. 86. *Gone From Our Vision.*

Rev. W. T. DALE.

Tune, "Juanita."



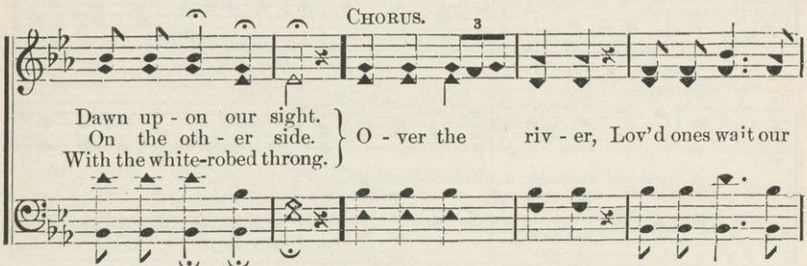
1. Gone from our vis - ion To that land so bright and fair; Lov'd ones are
 2. Gone from our vis - ion, Those we loved in days of yore, Now they are
 3. Gone from our vis - ion, But they dwell in mansions bright, O - ver the



wait - ing, Till our voice they hear; Then with shouts we'll join them,
 rest - ing, On that ra - diant shore; Oh, the hap - py meet - ing,
 riv - er, Where there is no night, They are safe with Je - sus,



'Mid the floods of gold - en light; When the beams of glo - ry
 When we cross the chill - y tide, Oh, the shouts of wel - come
 While the a - ges roll a - long, In those glo - rious man - sions



CHORUS. 3

Dawn up - on our sight. } O - ver the riv - er, Lov'd ones wait our
 On the oth - er side. }
 With the white-robed throng.

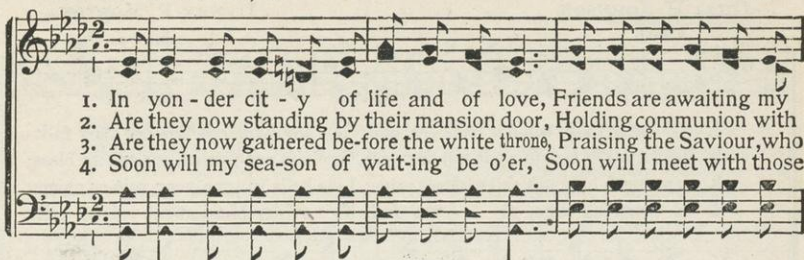


com - ing there, O - ver the riv - er, In that land so fair.

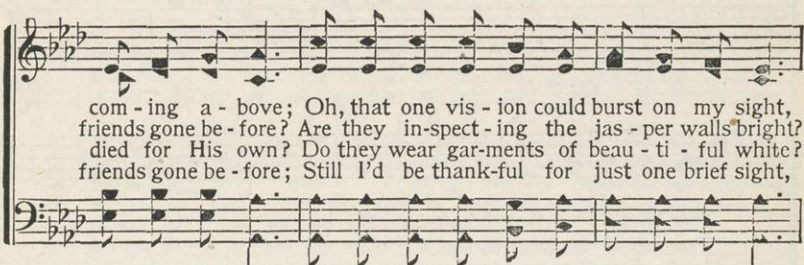
No. 87. *What Are They Doing in Heaven?*

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. L. MOORE.

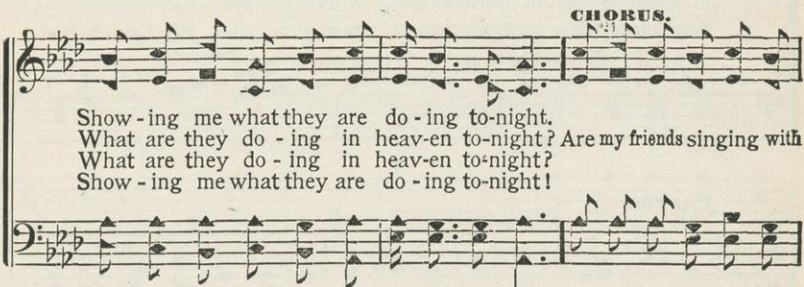


1. In yon - der cit - y of life and of love, Friends are awaiting my
 2. Are they now standing by their mansion door, Holding communion with
 3. Are they now gathered be - fore the white throne, Praising the Saviour, who
 4. Soon will my sea - son of wait - ing be o'er, Soon will I meet with those

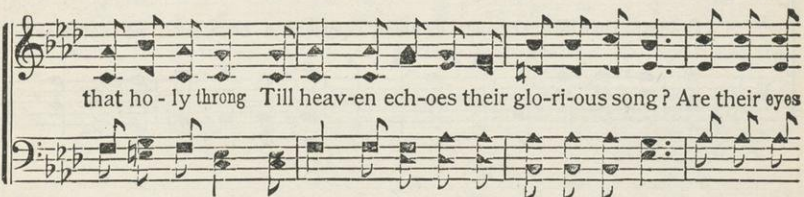


com - ing a - bove; Oh, that one vis - ion could burst on my sight,
 friends gone be - fore? Are they in - spect - ing the jas - per walls bright?
 died for His own? Do they wear gar - ments of beau - ti - ful white?
 friends gone be - fore; Still I'd be thank - ful for just one brief sight,

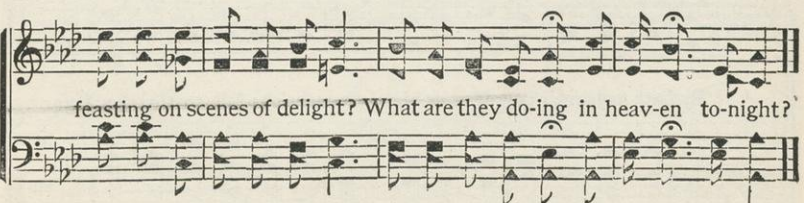
CHORUS.



Show - ing me what they are do - ing to - night.
 What are they do - ing in heav - en to - night? Are my friends singing with
 What are they do - ing in heav - en to - night?
 Show - ing me what they are do - ing to - night!



that ho - ly throng Till heav - en ech - oes their glo - ri - ous song? Are their eyes



feasting on scenes of delight? What are they do - ing in heav - en to - night?


No. 88. Voices Calling Heavenward.

(Dedicated to mother.)



JULIA H. JOHNSON.

HENRY P. MORTON.


TRIO.




1. O hear those ten-der voic-es call; In lov-ing ca-den-ces they fall;
2. Fond mother hearts, your ten-der-ness, Thro' life out-poured, our spirits bless;
3. Dear friends of youth and manhood's prime, Like bells in tune your voic-es chime;
4. At morn-ing time, at e-ven fall, To ev-'ry heart sweet voic-es call;




Dear blessed souls that in-ter-cede, We list-en as you gen-tly plead.
Your voic-es first we heard of old, Your lips the old, old sto-ry told.
In treat-ing us in fer-vent love, To tread the path that leads a-bove.
Thro' human tones our Saviour pleads, His word in-vites, His Spir-it leads.




CHORUS.




O hearts that love! O voic-es clear, They lead a-bove, shall we not hear?



Rit.



By faith and pray'r they draw us nigh To mansions fair, to God on high.



No. 89. *I Want to Go There.*

In memory of my brother, Rufus R., and his wife, Cora Coley Morris.

H. F. M.

HOMER F. MORRIS.

Not too fast.

1. I'm think-ing to-night of my loved ones in heav-en, That beau-ti-ful
 2. How sweet it will be when we all go and meet them, Where partings can
 3. I want to meet all of our fa-thers and mothers, Our broth-ers and
 4. I want to see Je-sus, who once was so low-ly, En-throned all e-

mansion of rest, Where Christ is the light of the faith-ful for-ev-er,
 nev-er-more come, If faith-ful, some day, in that home we shall greet them,
 sis-ter-s, too, With all of our children, our friends and our loved ones,
 ter-ni-ty thro', The King of all kings and the King of all glo-ry,

REFRAIN.
 I want to go there, don't you? I want to go there, I

want to go there, I want to go there, don't you? To dwell with the

Sav-iour and loved ones for-ev-er, I want to go there, don't you?

* This little song I wrote while thinking over my brother's and his wife's untimely death, both of whom died at the early age of 25 and 21 years respectively. Their Christian lives and expressions of resignation to the Father's will comforts us in our bereavement, and we hope "some day" to "go there" and live with them forever.—H. F. M.

No. 90. *Bound for Glory.*

J. M. P.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

J. M. PIERCE.

1. We're a hap - py band, By the right we'll stand; We are lit - tle pil-grims
2. Je - sus is our guide, Go - ing at our side; We are lit - tle pil-grims
3. All your care and woe, Lay a - side and go, We are lit - tle pil-grims

bound for glo - ry; To our home on high, Go-ing by and by; We are lit - tle
bound for glo - ry; In the roy - al way, Go-ing day by day; We are lit - tle
bound for glo - ry; Join our band and we Will your comrades be, We are lit - tle

CHORUS.
pilgrims bound for glo-ry. To our heav'nly home we now are go-ing, go-ing,

Where there'll ne'er be a - ny sin nor sor - row; Where the Saviour's waiting

we are go - ing, go - ing, To that bright and heav'nly shore to - mor-row.

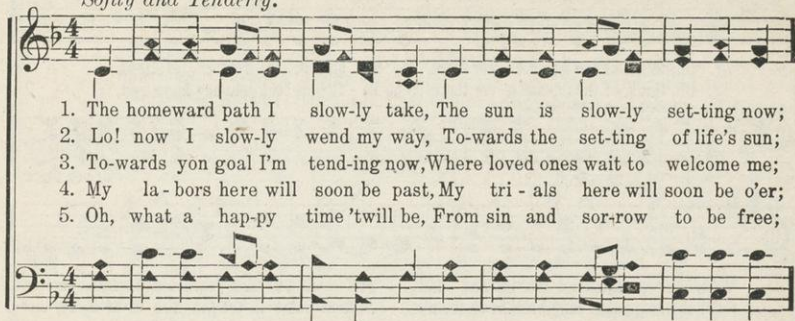
No. 91. The Homeward Path.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. 11: 13.

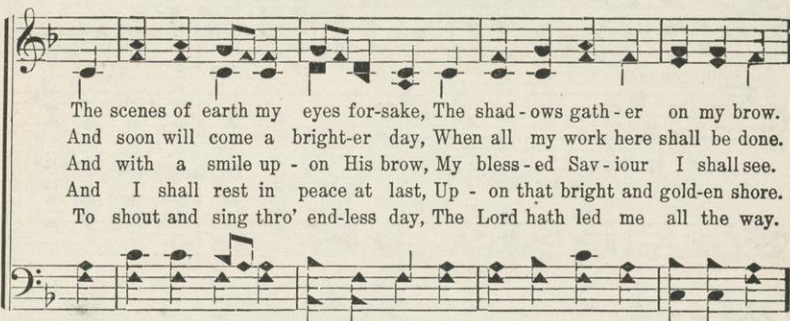
W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.

Softly and Tenderly.

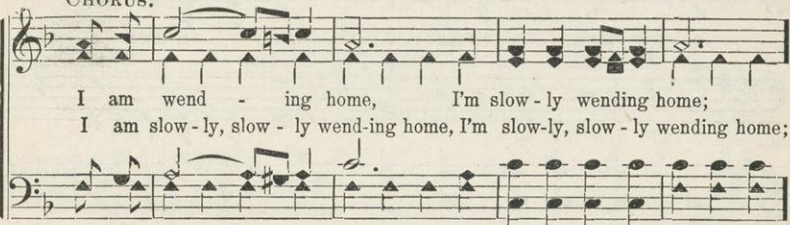


1. The homeward path I slow-ly take, The sun is slow-ly set-ting now;
 2. Lo! now I slow-ly wend my way, To-wards the set-ting of life's sun;
 3. To-wards yon goal I'm tend-ing now, Where loved ones wait to welcome me;
 4. My la-bors here will soon be past, My tri-als here will soon be o'er;
 5. Oh, what a hap-py time 'twill be, From sin and sor-row to be free;

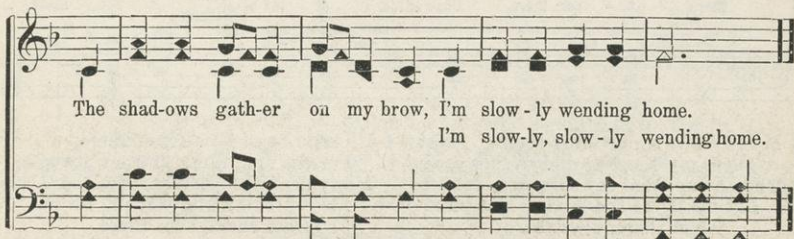


The scenes of earth my eyes for-sake, The shad-ows gath-er on my brow.
 And soon will come a bright-er day, When all my work here shall be done.
 And with a smile up - on His brow, My bless-ed Sav-iour I shall see.
 And I shall rest in peace at last, Up - on that bright and gold-en shore.
 To shout and sing thro' end-less day, The Lord hath led me all the way.

CHORUS.



I am wend - ing home, I'm slow - ly wending home;
 I am slow - ly, slow - ly wend-ing home, I'm slow-ly, slow - ly wending home;



The shad-ows gath-er on my brow, I'm slow - ly wending home.
 I'm slow-ly, slow - ly wending home.

Note - This song, words and music, was written, Aug. 4, 1909, and expresses the feelings of all who realize that they are but strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

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No. 92. The Home Over There.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
o-ver there,

Where the saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robbed in their garments of white, over there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God, over there.

REFRAIN.
O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, Oh, think of the {home friends}

o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver

there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the {home friends} o-ver there.

3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

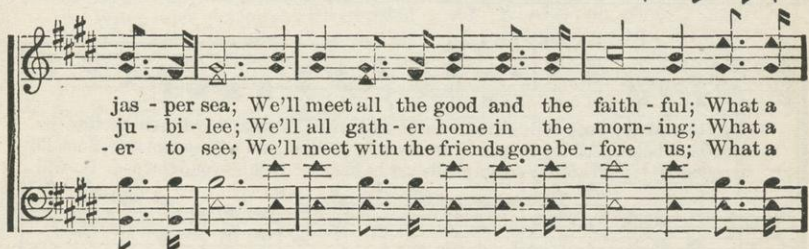
No. 93. *Gathering Home.*

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

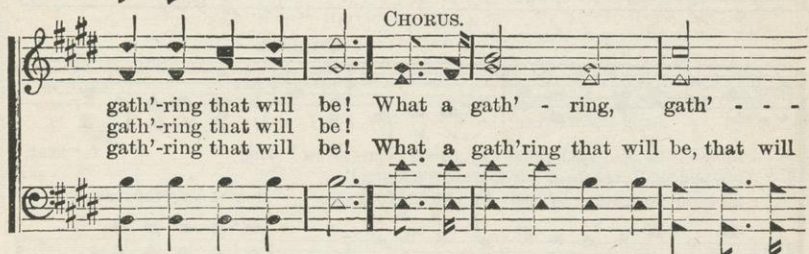
Rev. I. BALTZELL.



1. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, On the banks of the bright
 2. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, At the sound of the great
 3. We'll all gath-er home in the morn-ing, Our bless-ed Redeem-



jas - per sea; We'll meet all the good and the faith - ful; What a
 ju - bi - lee; We'll all gath - er home in the morn-ing; What a
 - er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone be - fore us; What a



CHORUS.
 gath'-ring that will be! What a gath' - ring, gath' - -
 gath'-ring that will be!
 gath'-ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will



- ring, What a gath'ring that will be! that will be! While the
 be,

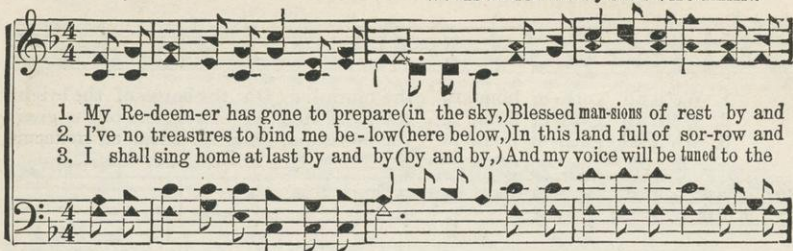


gath' - ring, gath' - - ring,
 an - gels sing, We'll all gather home, What a gath'ring that will be!

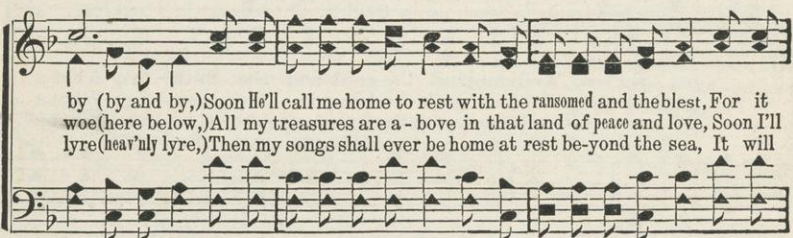
By permission of the Author,

No. 94. 'Twill Be Glory By and By.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

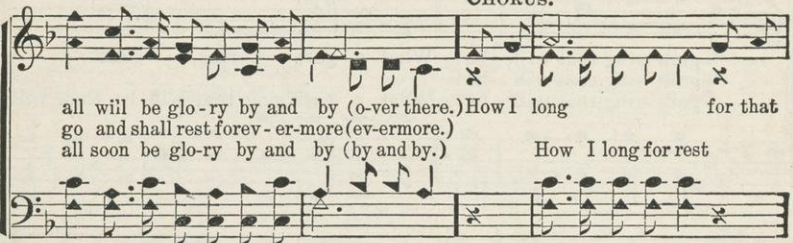


1. My Re-deem-er has gone to prepare (in the sky,) Blessed man-sions of rest by and
 2. I've no treasures to bind me be-low (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
 3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the

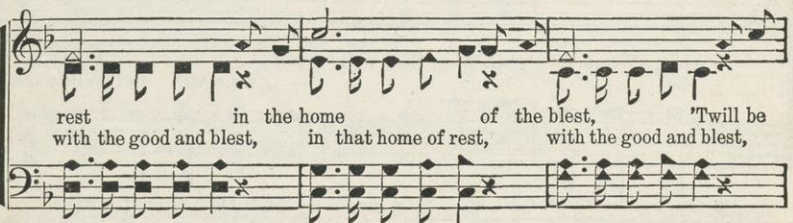


by (by and by,) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the blest, For it
 woe (here below,) All my treasures are a-bove in that land of peace and love, Soon I'll
 lyre (heav'nly lyre,) Then my songs shall ever be home at rest be-yond the sea, It will

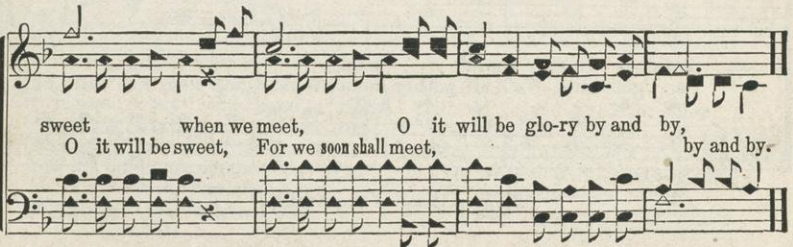
CHORUS.



all will be glo-ry by and by (o-ver there,) How I long for that
 go and shall rest forev-er-more (ev-ermore.)
 all soon be glo-ry by and by (by and by.) How I long for rest



rest in the home of the blest, 'Twill be
 with the good and blest, in that home of rest, with the good and blest,



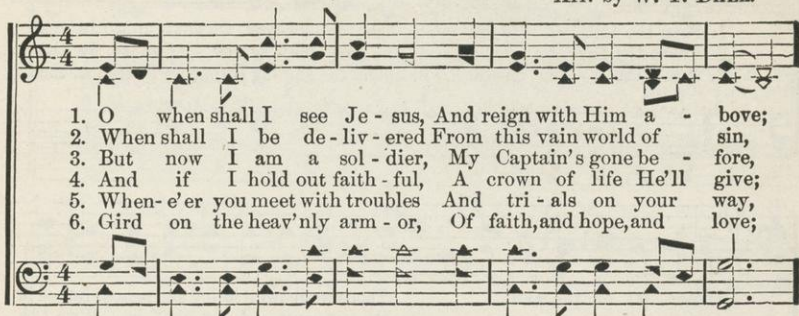
sweet when we meet, O it will be glo-ry by and by,
 O it will be sweet, For we soon shall meet, by and by.

No. 95. O When Shall I See Jesus.

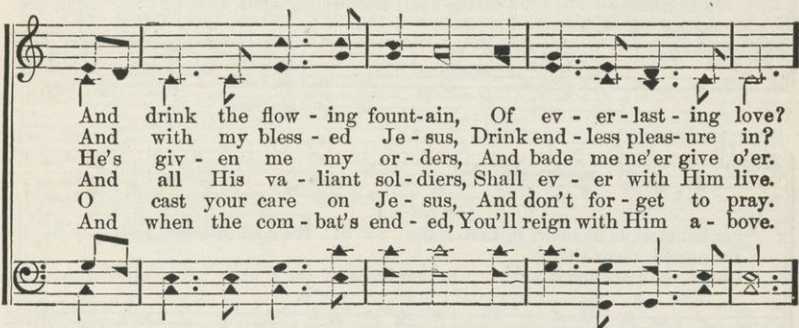
"I will come again and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

TUNE, "Annie Laurie."

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove;
 2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 3. But now I am a sol - dier, My Captain's gone be - fore,
 4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life He'll give;
 5. When - e'er you meet with troubles And tri - als on your way,
 6. Gird on the heav'nly arm - or, Of faith, and hope, and love;



And drink the flow - ing fount - ain, Of ev - er - last - ing love?
 And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ure in?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bade me ne'er give o'er.
 And all His va - liant sol - diers, Shall ev - er with Him live.
 O cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray.
 And when the com - bat's end - ed, You'll reign with Him a - bove.

CHORUS.



Christ is all in all to me; And His glo - ry I shall see;



And be - fore I'd leave my Sav - iour, I'd lay me down and die.

No. 96. In that Home of the Soul.

J. W. G.

JAS. W. GAINES.

1. Soon the toils of life will cease, Then no sor-row we shall know, In that
 2. There the Sav-iour we shall see, And His glo-ry ev-er share, In that
 3. While the a-ges on-ward roll, Round the shining throne we'll sing, In that

home of the soul; There we'll dwell in joy and peace, Robed in
 In that home of the soul; Re-u-nit-ed we shall be, With the
 With the an-gels we'll ex-tol Him, the

REFRAIN.
 garments white as snow, In that home of the soul. Blessed tho't,
 ran-somed o-ver there,
 Christ, our Lord and King, In that home of the soul. Blessed thought,


there to dwell, In that home of the soul; End-less
 ev-er dwell, In that home of the soul;

praise we shall swell, In that home of the soul.
 End-less praise glad-ly swell, In that home of the soul.


No. 97. "O What Must It Be to Be There!"

J. M. V.

J. M. VINES.




1. We speak of the home of the blest (of the blest), That coun-try so
 2. We know it is free from all sin (from all sin), From sor-row, temp-
 3. We speak of the friends we once loved (we once loved), And think of the




bright and so fair, Where all the redeemed are at rest (are at rest),
 ta - tions and care, No tri - als, no troubles within (troubles within),
 glo - ry they share, They dwell in that cit - y a - bove (city a-bove),


CHORUS.



O what must it be to be there! O what must it be to be



there (to be there), O what must it be to be there, No tears there to shed,



No storm-clouds to dread, "O what must it be to be there!"

No. 98. Thinking of Home.

T. D. ARD.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am think - ing to-day, of my friends far a-way, Some I
 2. Oh, how hap - py we'll be when our loved ones we see, Who have
 3. There our fa - thers have gone and are rest - ing at home, Bless-ed
 4. We have broth - ers at rest in that home of the blest, Where no

nev - er shall see an - y more; Un - til death sets me free, from this
 gone on be - fore us to heav'n; We shall sing of His love in the
 Say - iour is wait - ing for me; Yes, our moth - ers are there in that
 cry - ings or pains ev - er come, There our sis - ters we'll see and at

D.S.—There no sor - rows can come, to that

FINE.

bod - y of clay, And my troub - les and tri - als are o'er.
 man - sions a - bove, Where to us a new song shall be giv'n.
 home bright and fair, And I hope we shall see them a - gain.
 rest ev - er be, In that beau - ti - ful, sweet, hap - py home.

sweet, hap - py home, And its pleas - ures can nev - er be told.

CHORUS.

I am think - ing to - day of that home far a - way,

And its joys how I long to be - hold, to be - hold.

No. 99. Will You? And Will I?

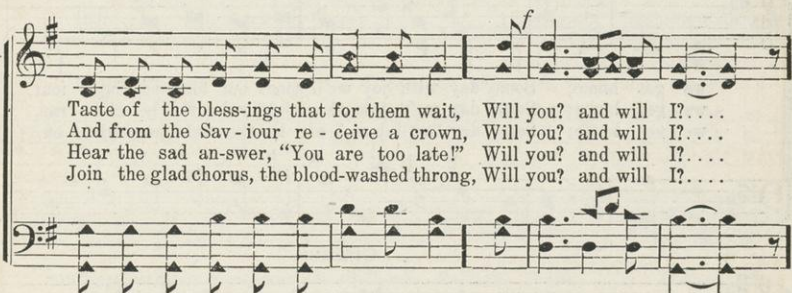
"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—LUKE 13: 24.

H. A. R. H.

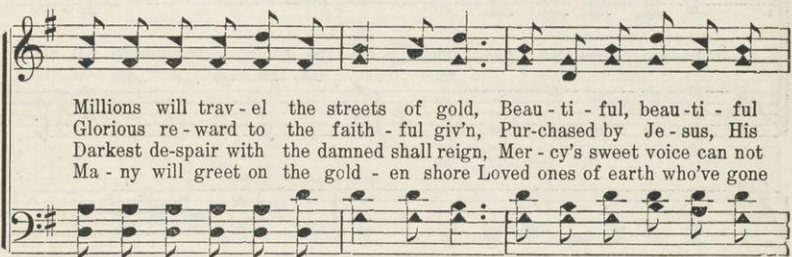
H. A. R. HORTON.



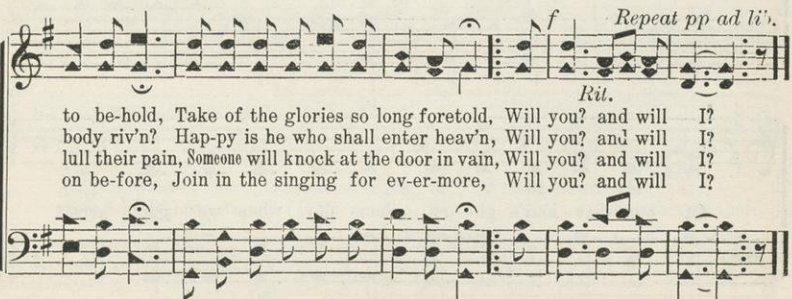
1. Some one will en - ter the gold - en gate, By - and - by, by - and - by,
 2. Some one will gen - tly in death lay down By - and - by, by - and - by,
 3. Some one will call at the pearl - y gate, By - and - by, by - and - by,
 4. Some one will sing the re - demp - tion song, By - and - by, by - and - by,



Taste of the bless - ings that for them wait, Will you? and will I?...
 And from the Sav - iour re - ceive a crown, Will you? and will I?...
 Hear the sad an - swer, "You are too late!" Will you? and will I?...
 Join the glad chorus, the blood - washed throng, Will you? and will I?....



Millions will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 Glorious re - ward to the faith - ful giv'n, Pur - chased by Je - sus, His
 Darkest de - spair with the damned shall reign, Mer - cy's sweet voice can not
 Ma - ny will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who've gone



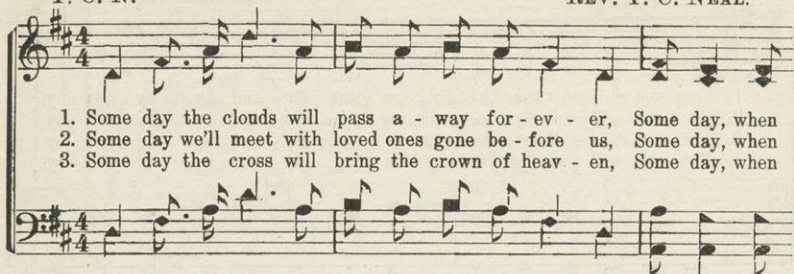
Repeat pp ad li.
Rit.
 to be - hold, Take of the glories so long foretold, Will you? and will I?
 body riv'n? Hap - py is he who shall enter heav'n, Will you? and will I?
 lull their pain, Someone will knock at the door in vain, Will you? and will I?
 on be - fore, Join in the singing for ev - er - more, Will you? and will I?

No. 100. *Some Day When We Get Home.*

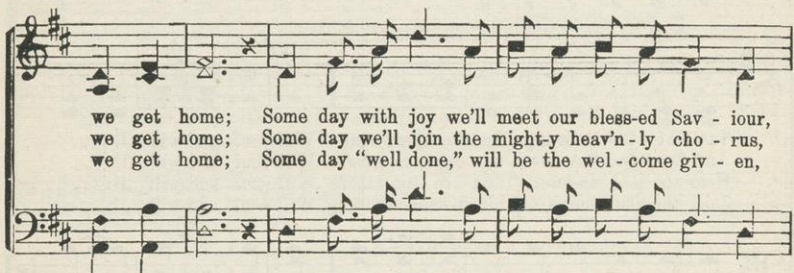
(Dedicated to the North Indiana Conference Quartet.)

T. C. N.

REV. T. C. NEAL.



1. Some day the clouds will pass a - way for - ev - er, Some day, when
 2. Some day we'll meet with loved ones gone be - fore us, Some day, when
 3. Some day the cross will bring the crown of heav - en, Some day, when

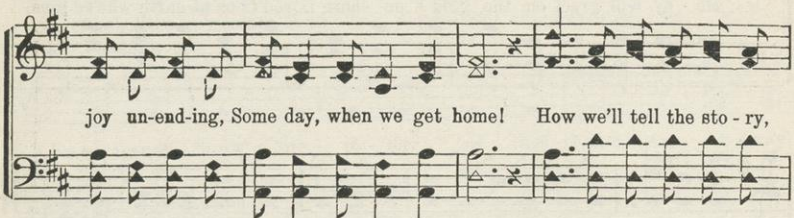


we get home; Some day with joy we'll meet our bless-ed Sav - iour,
 we get home; Some day we'll join the might-y heav'n-ly cho - rus,
 we get home; Some day "well done," will be the wel - come giv - en,

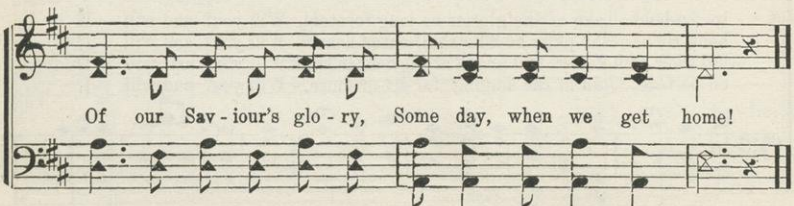
CHORUS.



Some day, when we get home! O the songs as - cend-ing, O the



joy un-end-ing, Some day, when we get home! How we'll tell the sto - ry,



Of our Sav - iour's glo - ry, Some day, when we get home!

No. 101. Oh, Meet Me There.

W. B. DOWNING.

R. E. WINSETT.

1. There's a hap - py home in heav-en that the Mas-ter made for thee; Meet me
 2. How I long to be with an-gels in that home so bright and fair;
 3. Come, my broth-er, then and join me, as I march a - long the way;
 4. When our work on earth is end-ed and the Mas - ter calls us home;

there,..... O, meet me there; There our fa-thers and our
 Where we'll shout and live for-
 And we'll shout God's praise for-
 Meet me there; O meet me there; We shall hear the bells a-

moth-ers, and our loved ones we shall see; Meet me there,..... O meet me
 ev - er, and will nev - er know a care;
 ev - er, in that bright and end-less day;
 ring-ing, and the Sav-iour call-ing, come, Meet me there,

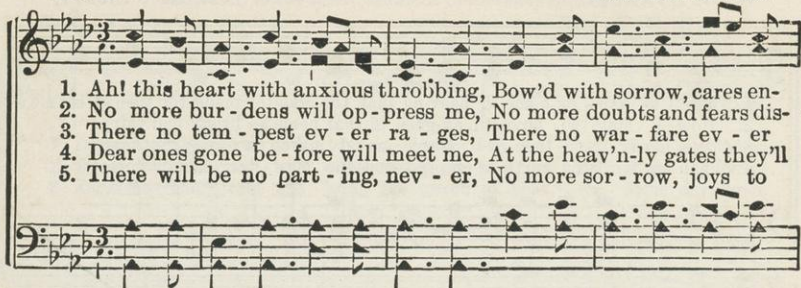
REFRAIN.
 there. Meet me there,..... O meet me there, On the
 o-ver there. Meet me there, O meet me there, o-ver there, When the

hap - py gold-en shore, O meet me there; } meet me there.
 storms of life are o'er, O (Omit) } yes, meet me there.
 o-ver there.

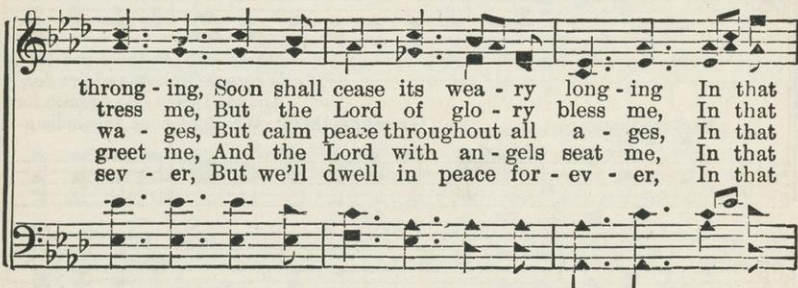
No. 102. In That Happy Home Above.

H. F. M.

HOMER F. MORRIS.



1. Ah! this heart with anxious throbbing, Bow'd with sorrow, cares en-
 2. No more bur - dens will op - press me, No more doubts and fears dis-
 3. There no tem - pest ev - er ra - ges, There no war - fare ev - er
 4. Dear ones gone be - fore will meet me, At the heav'n - ly gates they'll
 5. There will be no part - ing, nev - er, No more sor - row, joys to



throng - ing, Soon shall cease its wea - ry long - ing In that
 tress me, But the Lord of glo - ry bless me, In that
 wa - ges, But calm peace throughout all a - ges, In that
 greet me, And the Lord with an - gels seat me, In that
 sev - er, But we'll dwell in peace for - ev - er, In that

REFRAIN.



hap - py home a - bove. No more sor - row, no more dy - ing,
 No more sor - row, no more dy - ing,



No more heart - aches, no more cry - ing, No more
 No more heart - aches, no more cry - ing,

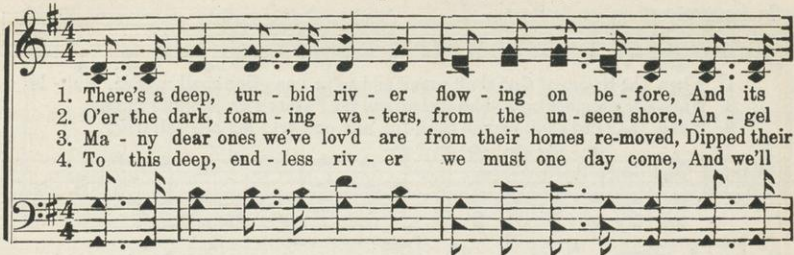


war - fare, sin de - fy - ing, In that hap - py home a - bove.
 No more war - fare, sin de - fy - ing,

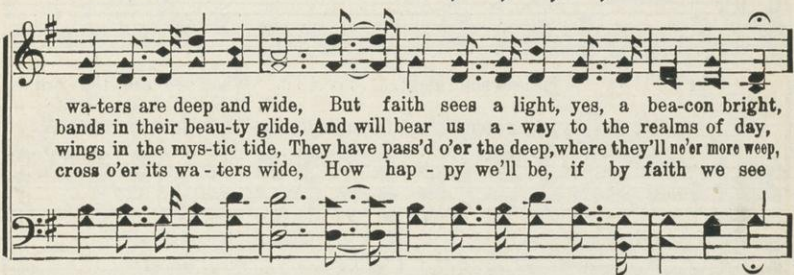
By per. of H. F. Morris, owner.

No. 103. *There's a Light at the River.*

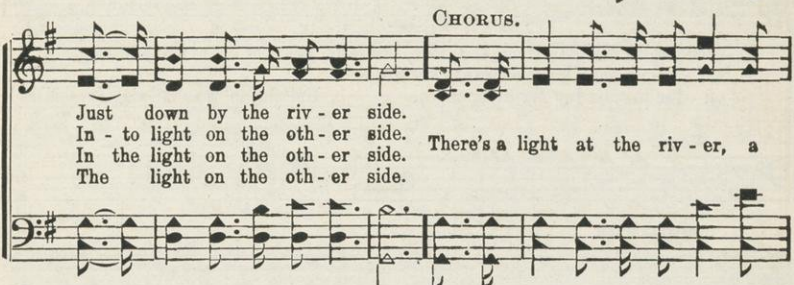
CAPT. D. MERRITT CASEY. C. D. OVERTON, har. by H. A. R. HORTON.



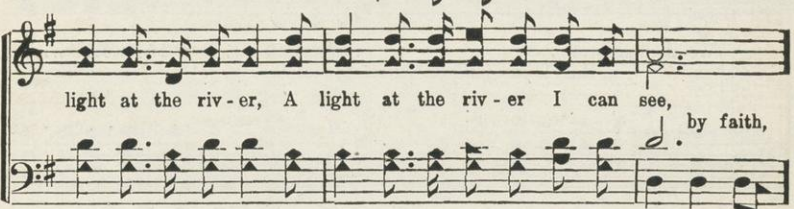
1. There's a deep, tur - bid riv - er flow - ing on be - fore, And its
 2. O'er the dark, foam - ing wa - ters, from the un - seen shore, An - gel
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we've lov'd are from their homes re - moved, Dipped their
 4. To this deep, end - less riv - er we must one day come, And we'll



wa - ters are deep and wide, But faith sees a light, yes, a bea - con bright,
 bands in their beau - ty glide, And will bear us a - way to the realms of day,
 wings in the mys - tic tide, They have pass'd o'er the deep, where they'll ne'er more weep,
 cross o'er its wa - ters wide, How hap - py we'll be, if by faith we see



CHORUS.
 Just down by the riv - er side.
 In - to light on the oth - er side. There's a light at the riv - er, a
 In the light on the oth - er side.
 The light on the oth - er side.



light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er I can see,
 by faith,



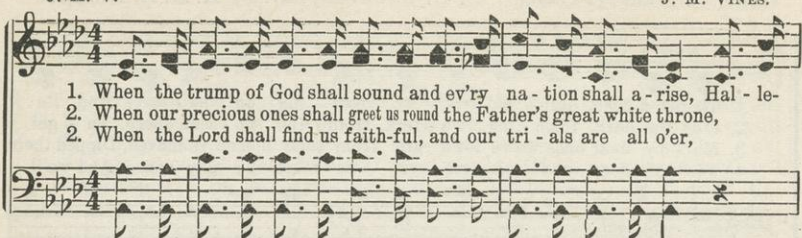
My Lord will stand and hold in His hand, A light at the riv - er for me.

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

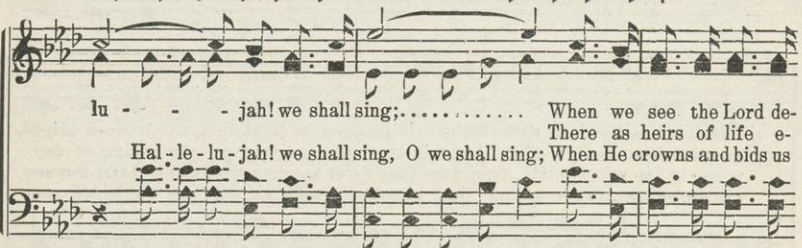
No. 104. Hallelujah! We Shall Sing.

J. M. V.

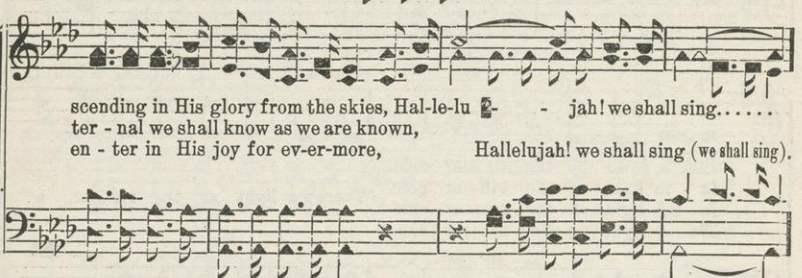
J. M. VINES.



1. When the trump of God shall sound and ev'ry na - tion shall a - rise, Hal - le -
 2. When our precious ones shall greet us round the Father's great white throne,
 2. When the Lord shall find us faith - ful, and our tri - als are all o'er,

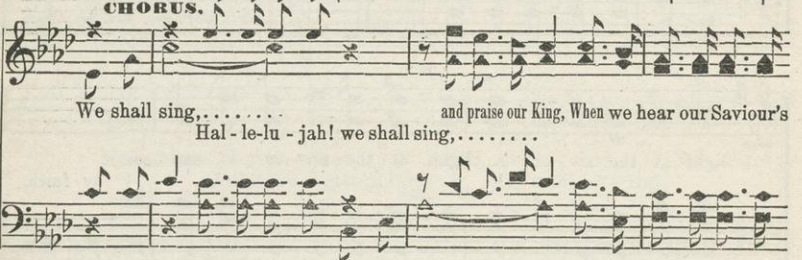


lu - - - jah! we shall sing;..... When we see the Lord de -
 There as heirs of life e -
 Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing, O we shall sing; When He crowns and bids us

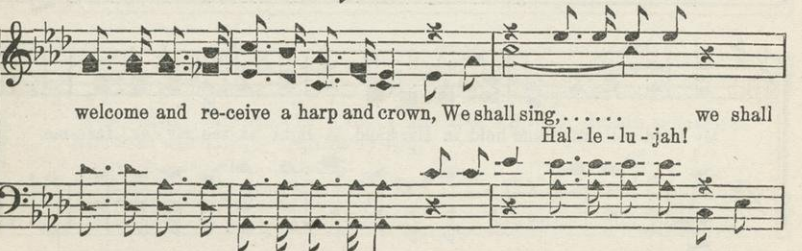


scending in His glory from the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing;.....
 ter - nal we shall know as we are known,
 en - ter in His joy for ev - er - more, Hallelujah! we shall sing (we shall sing).

CHORUS.



We shall sing,..... and praise our King, When we hear our Saviour's
 Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing,.....



welcome and re - ceive a harp and crown, We shall sing,..... we shall
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hallelujah! We Shall Sing. *Concluded.*

and praise our King, Hal-le - lu - - jah! we shall sing.....
sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing (we shall sing).

No. 105. *There Will Be a Great Reunion.*

Tenderly inscribed to my pupils of the two schools I taught in 1908.—J. M. V.

J. M. V.

J. M. VINES.

1. There will be a great re - un - ion In that hap - py home a - bove,
2. There will be a great re - un - ion In that cit - y of the blest,
3. There will be a great re - un - ion, And all heav'n with joy shall ring,

When we meet to ne'er be part - ed From the pre - cious ones we love.
When redeemed ones of all na - tions En - ter through the gates of rest.
As, re - joic - ing through all a - ges, We shall praise our glo - rious King.

REFRAIN.

There will be a great re - un - ion When we join our friends on high,

And to - geth - er praise the Sav - iour Through the end - less by and by.

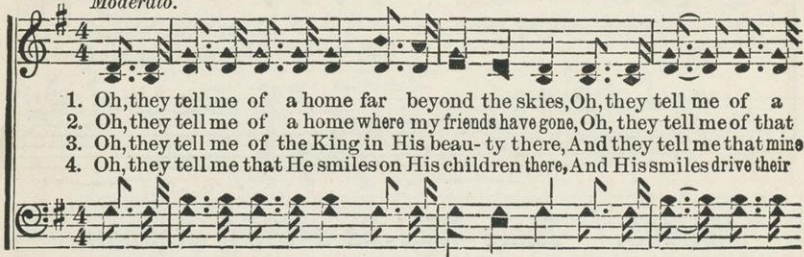
No. 106. The Unclouded Day.

Words and Melody by
Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

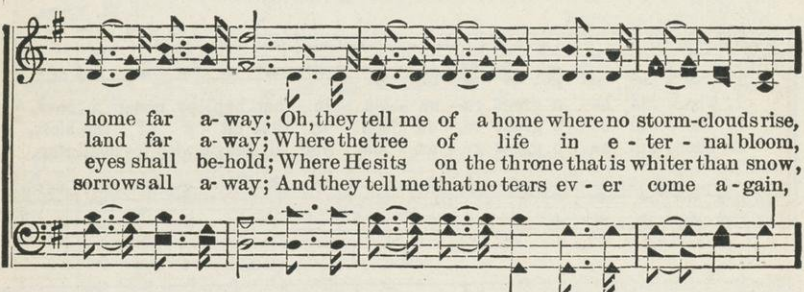
(May be used as a solo.)

Arranged by
J. F. KINSEY.

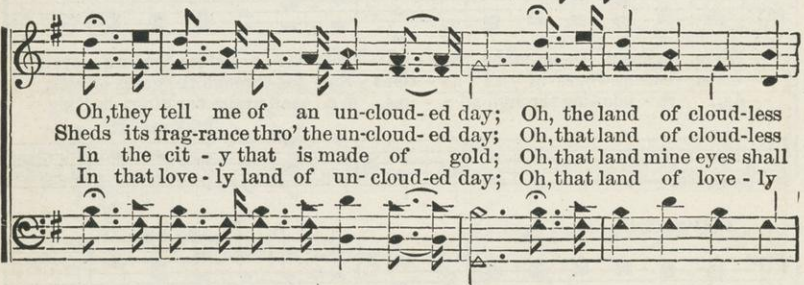
Moderato.



1. Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smiles drive their



home far a-way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom,
eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
sorrows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain,



Oh, they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; Oh, the land of cloud-less
Sheds its frag-rance thro' the un-cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of cloud-less
In the cit-y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall
In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of love-ly



day, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a
day, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my
see, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the
smiles, Oh, the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; Oh, the King in His

The Unclouded Day. Concluded.

home where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 King on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 beau-ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

No. 107. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Moderato.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. We shall reach the riv-er side, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall cross the
 2. We shall pass in-side the gate, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; Peace and plen-ty
 3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; Gath'ring round the

storm-y tide, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
 for us wait, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; We shall hear the wond'rous strain, Glo-ry
 great white throne, Some sweet day, Some sweet day; By the Tree of Life so fair, Joy and

fore our eyes un-fold, Heav-en's splen-dors yet un-told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 to the Lamb that's slain; Christ was dead but lives a-gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 rapt-ure ev-'ry-where; O the bliss of o-ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Used by per. D. B. Towner, owner of Copyright.

No. 108. The Lord is My Shepherd.

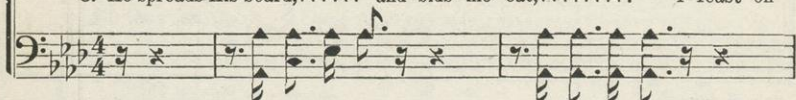
DR. N. H. MURREY.

Psalm 23.

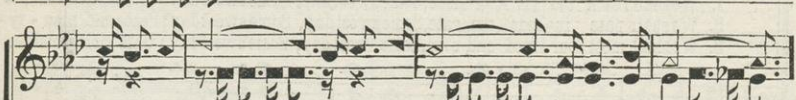
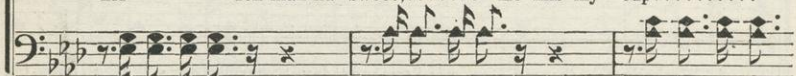
W. T. DALE.



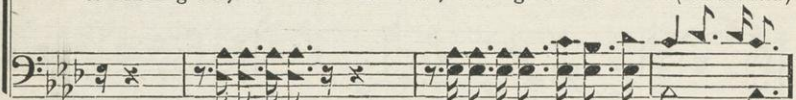
1. The gra-cious Lord,..... my Shep-herd good,..... Sup-plies my
2. Yea, tho' I tread..... the som-bre vale,..... Where shad-ows
3. He spreads His board,..... and bids me eat,..... I feast on



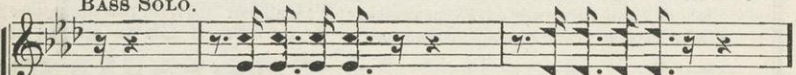
wants..... and dai-ly food;..... I rest where ver - -
 fall..... and foes as-sail;..... No e-vil can.....
 hid - - den man-na sweet;..... He fills my cup.....



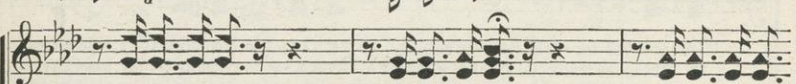
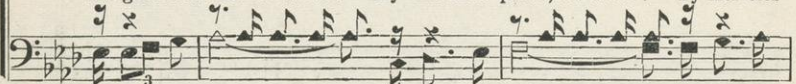
dant pas-tures grow,.... And drink where lim - - pid wa-ters flow. (wa-ters flow.)
 my soul be-tide;.... For He is ev - - er by my side. (by my side.)
 to run-ning o'er,..... And when I ask, gives more and more. (more and more.)



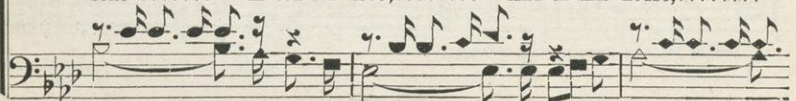
BASS SOLO.



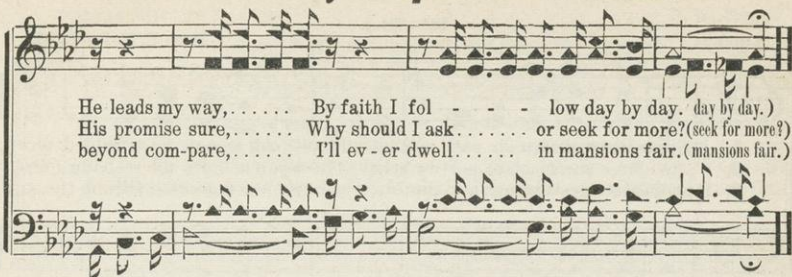
My faint-ing soul..... His grace re-stores,..... On Him I
 His rod and staff..... will ev-er be..... A com-fort
 His good-ness all..... my life shall prove,..... By mer-cies



lean..... for sweet re-pose;..... In right-eous paths.....
 and..... sup-port to me;..... I'll lean up-on.....
 sent..... in ten-der love;..... And in His house,.....



The Lord is My Shepherd. Concluded.

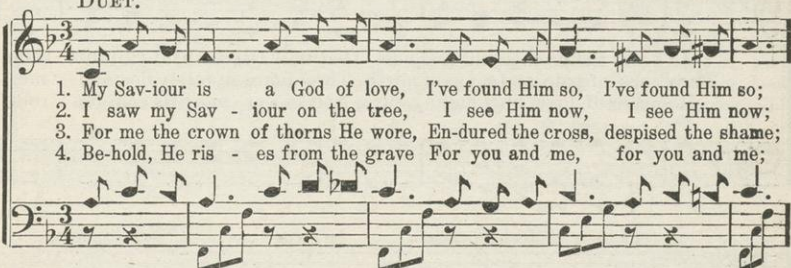


He leads my way,..... By faith I fol - - - low day by day. day by day.)
 His promise sure,..... Why should I ask..... or seek for more?(seek for more?)
 beyond com-pare,..... I'll ev-er dwell..... in mansions fair.(mansions fair.)

No. 109. I've Found Him So.

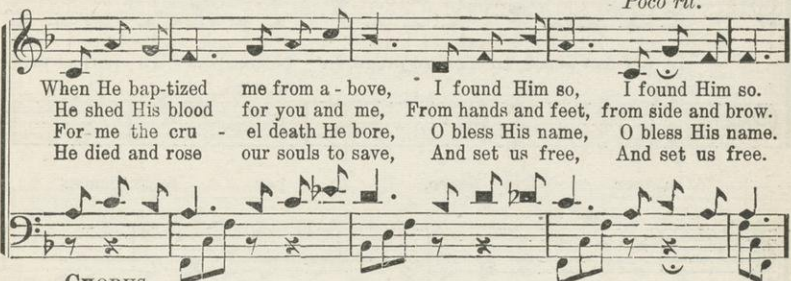
D. W. M.
DUET.

DAN WARD MILAM.




1. My Sav-iour is a God of love, I've found Him so, I've found Him so;
 2. I saw my Sav - iour on the tree, I see Him now, I see Him now;
 3. For me the crown of thorns He wore, En-dured the cross, despised the shame;
 4. Be-hold, He ris - es from the grave For you and me, for you and me;

Poco rit.

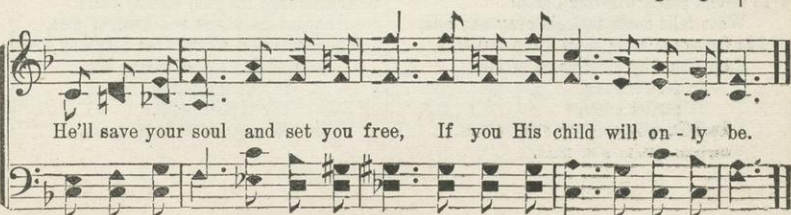


When He bap-tized me from a - bove, I found Him so, I found Him so.
 He shed His blood for you and me, From hands and feet, from side and brow.
 For me the cru - el death He bore, O bless His name, O bless His name.
 He died and rose our souls to save, And set us free, And set us free.

CHORUS.



My Sav-iour's one of per - fect love, He's reign-ing now in Heav'n a - bove;



He'll save your soul and set you free, If you His child will on - ly be.

No. 110. "In Perfect Peace."

Anon.

ISA. 26: 3.

Rev. E. T. BOWERS.

1. Like strains of mu-sic soft and low, That break upon a troubled sleep,
 2. A-bove the clash of par-ty strife, The surge of life's un-rest-ing sea,
 3. It stills the questionings and doubts, The nameless fears that through the soul,

I hear the promise old and new, God will His faithful children keep.
 Thro' sobs of pain and songs of mirth, Thro' hours of toil it floats to me.
 It speaks of love, unchanging, sure, And ev-er-more its ech-oes roll.

In per - - fect peace, In per - - fect peace,
 In per-fect peace, In perfect peace, In perfect peace, In perfect peace,
 In per - - fect peace, In per - - fect peace,

{ God will His faithful children keep,
 Thro' hours of toil it floats to me;
 And ev-er-more its ech-oes roll; } In per-fect, perfect peace, perfect peace.

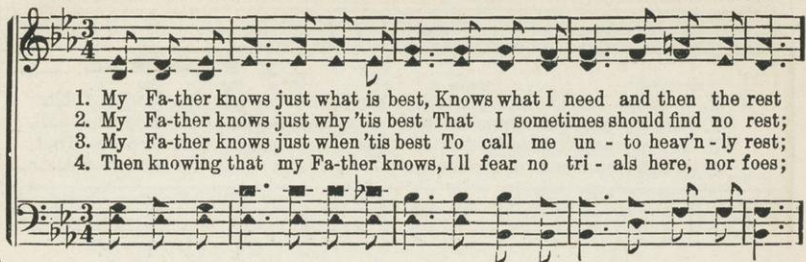
4 In perfect peace, O loving Christ!
 When falls death twilight gray and cold,
 And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
 Keep Thou Thy children as of old,
 In perfect peace,
 In perfect peace,
 Keep Thou Thy children as of old.

5 And through the glad eternal years,
 Beyond the blame and scorn of men,
 The hearts that served Thee here may know,
 The rest that passes human ken,
 Thy perfect peace,
 Thy perfect peace,
 The rest that passes human ken,

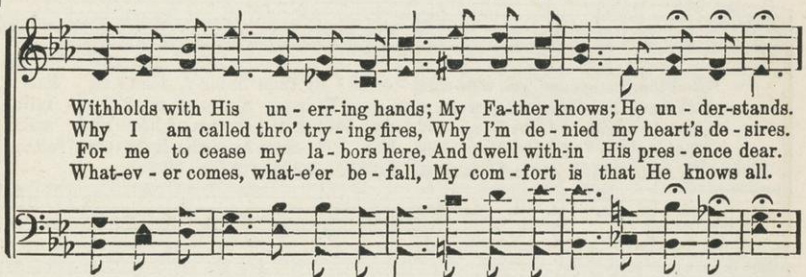
No. 111. *My Father Knows.*

MARGIE HOWARD BENTON.

C. W. JAMES.




1. My Fa-ther knows just what is best, Knows what I need and then the rest
 2. My Fa-ther knows just why 'tis best That I sometimes should find no rest;
 3. My Fa-ther knows just when 'tis best To call me un - to heav'n - ly rest;
 4. Then knowing that my Fa-ther knows, I'll fear no tri - als here, nor foes;




Withholds with His un - err-ing hands; My Fa-ther knows; He un - der-stands.
 Why I am called thro' try - ing fires, Why I'm de - nied my heart's de - sires.
 For me to cease my la - bors here, And dwell with-in His pres - ence dear.
 What-ev - er comes, what-e'er be - fall, My com - fort is that He knows all.

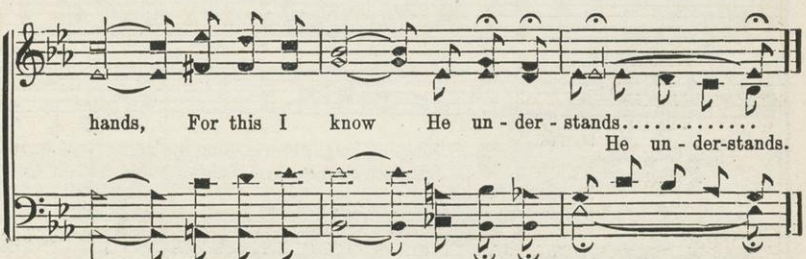
CHORUS.



O yes, He knows,..... My Fa-ther knows,.....
 my Fa-ther knows, O yes, He knows,



What-e'er my joys, what-e'er my woes, I place my - self in His dear

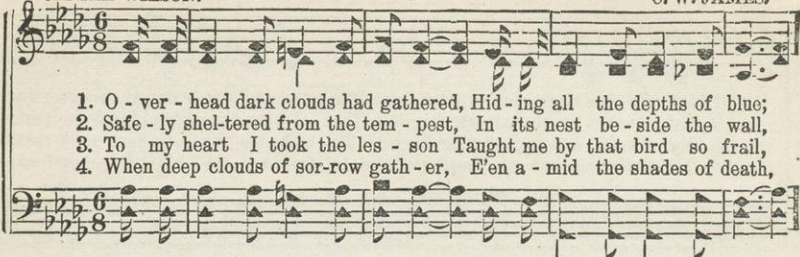


hands, For this I know He un - der - stands.....
 He un - der-stands.

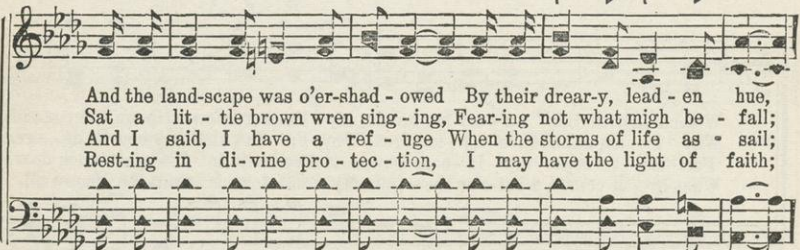
No. 112. Singing in the Storm.

JENNIE WILSON.

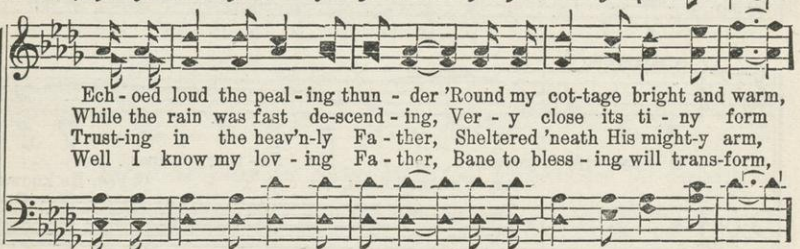
C. W. JAMES.



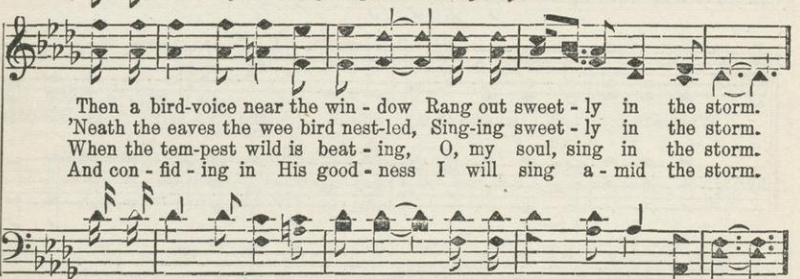
1. O - ver - head dark clouds had gathered, Hid - ing all the depths of blue;
 2. Safe - ly shel - tered from the tem - pest, In its nest be - side the wall,
 3. To my heart I took the les - son Taught me by that bird so frail,
 4. When deep clouds of sor - row gath - er, E'en a - mid the shades of death,



And the land - scape was o'er - shad - owed By their drear - y, lead - en hue,
 Sat a lit - tle brown wren sing - ing, Fear - ing not what might be - fall;
 And I said, I have a ref - uge When the storms of life as - sail;
 Rest - ing in di - vine pro - tec - tion, I may have the light of faith;

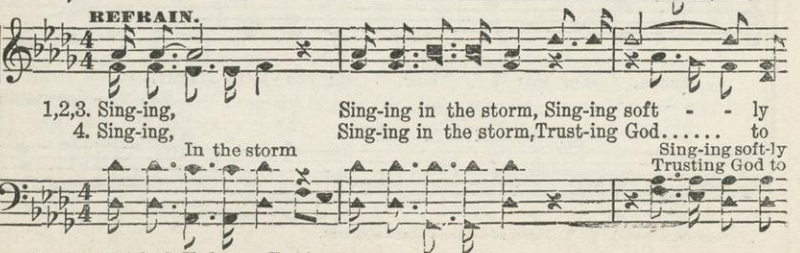


Ech - oed loud the peal - ing thun - der 'Round my cot - tage bright and warm,
 While the rain was fast de - scend - ing, Ver - y close its ti - ny form
 Trust - ing in the heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Sheltered 'neath His might - y arm,
 Well I know my lov - ing Fa - ther, Bane to bless - ing will trans - form,



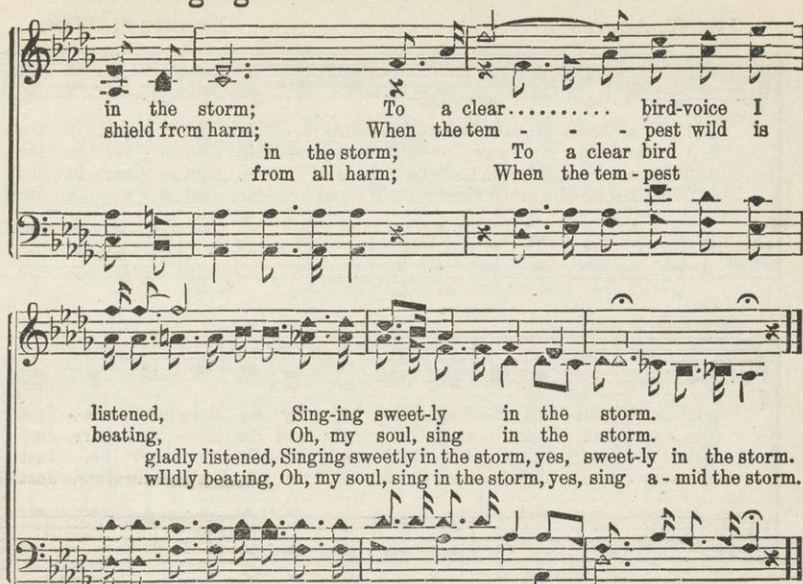
Then a bird - voice near the win - dow Rang out sweet - ly in the storm.
 'Neath the eaves the wee bird nest - led, Sing - ing sweet - ly in the storm.
 When the tem - pest wild is beat - ing, O, my soul, sing in the storm.
 And con - fid - ing in His good - ness I will sing a - mid the storm.

REFRAIN.



1,2,3. Sing - ing, Sing - ing in the storm, Sing - ing soft - - ly
 4. Sing - ing, In the storm Sing - ing in the storm, Trust - ing God..... to
 Sing - ing soft - ly
 Trusting God to

Singing in the Storm. *Concluded.*



in the storm; To a clear..... bird-voice I
shield from harm; When the tem - pest wild is

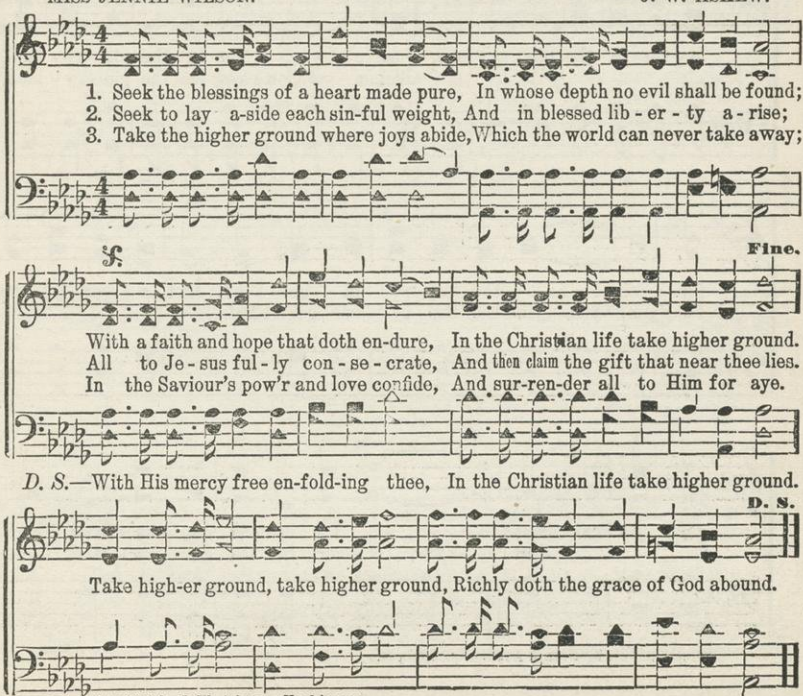
in the storm; To a clear bird
from all harm; When the tem - pest

listened, Sing-ing sweet-ly in the storm.
beating, Oh, my soul, sing in the storm.
gladly listened, Singing sweetly in the storm, yes, sweet-ly in the storm.
wildly beating, Oh, my soul, sing in the storm, yes, sing a - mid the storm.

No. 113. *Take Higher Ground.*

MISS JENNIE WILSON.

J. W. ASKEW.



1. Seek the blessings of a heart made pure, In whose depth no evil shall be found;
2. Seek to lay a-side each sin-ful weight, And in blessed lib - er - ty a - rise;
3. Take the higher ground where joys abide, Which the world can never take away;

Fine.

With a faith and hope that doth en-dure, In the Christian life take higher ground.
All to Je - sus ful - ly con - se - crate, And then claim the gift that near thee lies.
In the Saviour's pow'r and love confide, And sur-ren-der all to Him for aye.

D. S.—With His mercy free en-fold-ing thee, In the Christian life take higher ground.

D. S.

Take high-er ground, take higher ground, Richly doth the grace of God abound.

No. 114. *Just Over in the Glory-Land.*

JAS. W. ACUFF.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I've a home prepared where the saints a - bide, Just o - ver in the
 2. I am on my way to those man-sions fair, Just o - ver in the
 3. What a joy - ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o - ver in the
 4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o - ver in the

glo - ry - land; And I long to be by my Sav - iour's side, Just
 glo - ry - land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just
 glo - ry - land; And with kin - dred saved, there for - ev - er be, Just
 glo - ry - land, Glad ho - san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just

REFRAIN.

o - ver in the glo - ry - land. Just o - - ver in the glo - ry - land,
 Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land,

I'll join..... the hap - py an - gel band, Just o - ver in the
 I'll join, yes, join the hap - py an - gel band,

glo - ry - land; Just o - - ver in the glo - ry - land, There
 Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land, There

Just Over in the Glory-Land. Concluded.

with the mighty host I'll stand, Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.
with, yes, with the mighty host I'll stand,

No. 115. Beyond the Mystic River.

REV. JNO. W. HOLT.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. There is a home of wondrous beau-ty, Love-ly and bright;
2. This home is one of bliss im-mor-tal; Hap-py we'll be,
3. There in that land of song and beau-ty, All heav-en rings
4. Je - sus is dai - ly call - ing loved ones, Home one by one;

Built by our bless-ed, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hid from our mor-tal sight.
When walking thro' the streets of glo-ry, From ev-ry care set free.
With prais-es to our blest Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, and King of kings.
We, too, shall cross the mys-tic riv-er, When all our work is done.

CHORUS.

"Oh, my heart is fond-ly yearning, Yon-der courts to roam,"

Glad-ly each moment draws me near-er To my e-ter-nal home.

No. 116. *Cling Close to the Rock.*

"The Lord is my Rock."—Psa. 18 : 2.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE, D. D.



1. "Cling close to the Rock," when the tempest is near, When dark and appalling the
 2. "Cling close to the Rock," when thy friends have all fled, When sad and forsaken thou
 3. "Cling close to the Rock," when thou'rt weary and sad, There's rest in the "Rock's blessed



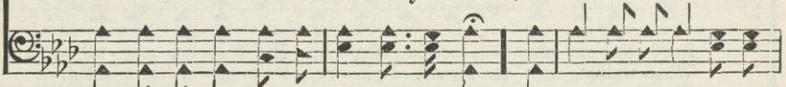

clouds o-ver-head; There's safety in Je-sus, He frees us from fear, He
 stand-est a-lone; For nev-er thy Sav-iour will leave thee in dread, But
 shad-ow for thee," Thy heart shall be light and thy spir-its be glad, When



CHORUS.



gives us sweet rest and release from all dread. }
 comfort and cheer thee with grace from His throne. } Oh, near to the Rock let me
 Je-sus from sin shall have made thy soul free. }




keep. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep; There is
 let me keep, let me keep;




rest, sweet rest, in the shadow of the Rock, Oh, near to the Rock let me keep.

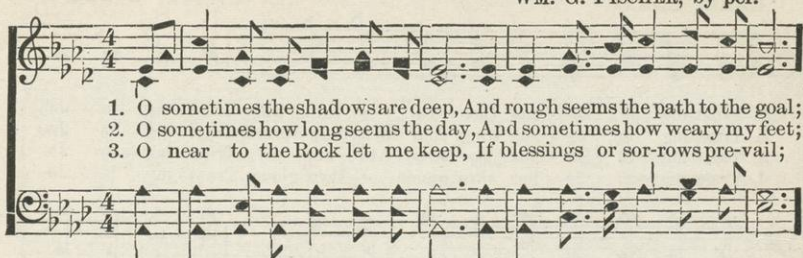


W. T. Dale, owner.

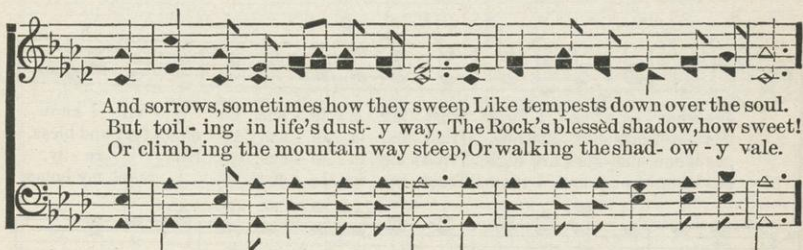
NOTE.—Little Johnny and his sister one day were going through a long, narrow railroad tunnel. The railroad company had built small clefts here and there through the tunnel. Johnny and his sister heard a train coming, and the sister just put her little brother in one cleft, and she hurried and hid in another. The train came thundering along, and as it passed, the sister cried out: "Johnny, cling close to the rock! Johnny, cling close to the rock!" and they were safe.—D. L. Moody.

No. 117. *The Rock that is Higher than I.*

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.




1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows pre-vail;

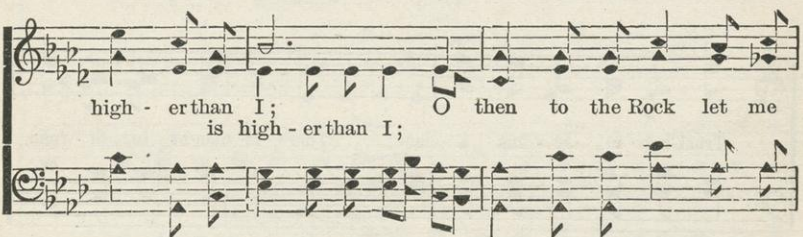


And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadow-y vale.

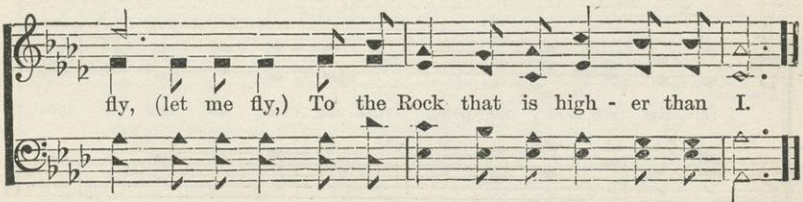
CHORUS.



O then to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) to the Rock that is



high - er than I; O then to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;



fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 118. *Trusting in Jesus Alone.*

To Rev. S. C. Lockett, Whitney, Tex.

EMMET RAMER.

EMMET RAMER.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus thro' weal or thro' woe, Trust-ing in Je-
 2. Trust-ing in Je - sus when bur - dens op - press, Trust-ing in Je-
 3. Trust-ing in Je - sus my need to sup - ply, Trust-ing in Je-
 4. Trust-ing in Je - sus thro' gleam or thro' gloom, Trust-ing in Je-

sus wher - ev - er I go; Trust-ing in Je - sus no e - vil I know,
 sus in times of distress, Trust-ing in Je - sus to com - fort and bless,
 sus when dan - gers are nigh; Trust-ing in Je - sus, on Him I re - ly,
 sus wher - ev - er I roam, Trust-ing in Je - sus till I reach my home,

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone. Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone,...

Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone;... There is naught to of - fend,

On His love I de - pend, Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone.

Emmet Ramer, owner.

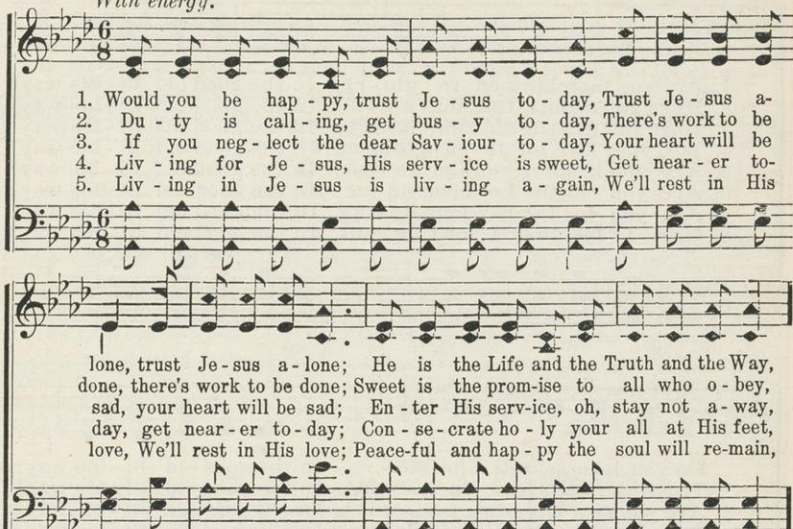
No. 119. I'm Happy When Jesus is Near.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."
—PROV. 3: 13. "And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"—1 CHRON. 29: 5.

H. A. R. H.

H. A. R. HORTON.

With energy.



1. Would you be hap - py, trust Je - sus to - day, Trust Je - sus a -
 2. Du - ty is call - ing, get bus - y to - day, There's work to be
 3. If you neg - lect the dear Sav - iour to - day, Your heart will be
 4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, His serv - ice is sweet, Get near - er to -
 5. Liv - ing in Je - sus is liv - ing a - gain, We'll rest in His

lone, trust Je - sus a - lone; He is the Life and the Truth and the Way,
 done, there's work to be done; Sweet is the prom - ise to all who o - bey,
 sad, your heart will be sad; En - ter His serv - ice, oh, stay not a - way,
 day, get near - er to - day; Con - se - crate ho - ly your all at His feet,
 love, We'll rest in His love; Peace - ful and hap - py the soul will re - main,

REFRAIN.



Just trust and the work is done.
 And joy to the faith - ful one. I am so hap - py when
 But come and He'll make you glad.
 And bright - er will be the way.
 For - ev - er with Him a - bove.

Je - sus is near, When Je - sus is near, when Je - sus is near, I am so

hap - py when Je - sus is near, When Je - sus is near to me.

No. 120. *In the Good Old Bible Way.*


"Stand ye in the ways, and see; and ask for the old paths, and where is the good way, and walk therein."—JER. 6: 16. "I am the way."—JOHN 14: 6.

W. T. D.


W. T. DALE.



1. Are you marching on to glo-ry, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 2. Have you made a full sur-ren-der In the good old Bi-ble way?
 3. Have you got the old-time blessing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 4. Is your love for Je-sus glow-ing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 5. Are you keeping close to Je-sus, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 6. Are you in the Lord con-fid-ing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 7. Are you for the Sav-iour liv-ing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 8. Oh, I feel that I love Je-sus, In the good old Bi-ble way;


Do you love to tell the sto-ry, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Trusting in His love so ten-der, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Are you now His peace pos-sessing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Is your praise for Him o'erflowing, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Who from sin and death now frees us, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Is He now your footsteps guiding, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Of your means and talents giving, In the good old Bi-ble way?
 Who from sin and death now frees us, In the good old Bi-ble way.



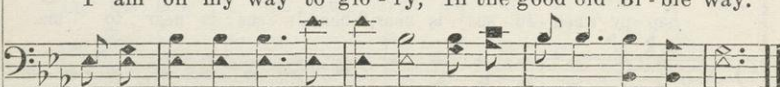
REFRAIN.



In the good old Bi-ble way, In the good old Bi-ble way!

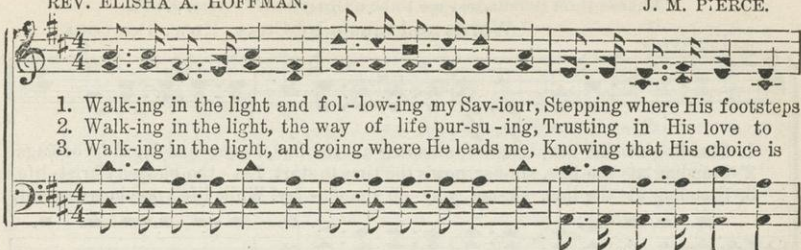
I am on my way to glo-ry, In the good old Bi-ble way.



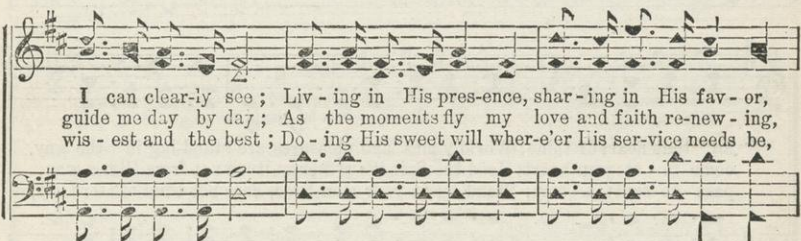
No. 121. *Walking in the Light.*

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


J. M. PIERCE.



1. Walk-ing in the light and fol-low-ing my Sav-iour, Stepping where His footsteps
 2. Walk-ing in the light, the way of life pur-su-ing, Trusting in His love to
 3. Walk-ing in the light, and going where He leads me, Knowing that His choice is

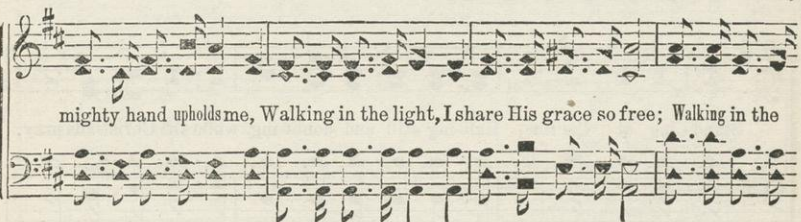


I can clear-ly see; Liv-ing in His pres-ence, shar-ing in His fav-or,
 guide me day by day; As the moments fly my love and faith re-new-ing,
 wis-est and the best; Do-ing His sweet will wher-e'er His ser-vice needs be,



CHORUS.

Such a life is joy and bless-ed-ness to me.
 Such a life is peace and hap-pi-ness al-way. Walk-ing in the light, His
 O in such a life I am su-preme-ly blest.



mighty hand upholds me, Walking in the light, I share His grace so free; Walking in the



light, His ten-der love unfolds me, This is pur-est joy and bless-ed-ness to me.

No. 122. *Standing at the Line.*

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Acts. 26: 28.

Words and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Standing at the line, sin-ner, standing at the line, Doubts and dread forbodings
 2' Standing at the line, sin-ner, now's the time to start, Let the blessed Christ-life
 3. Standing at the line, sin-ner, why do you de-lay? While life's precious moments

fill that heart of thine; Worldly sins and pleasures are stand-ing in the way,
 come in - to your heart; Heed the Spir-it's promptings, turn not from Him a-way;
 pass so swift a-way; Stand up-on your man-hood, care not what oth-ers say;

CHORUS.

Put them all a-side and cross the line to-day. Standing at the line,
 Yield this ver-y moment—cross the line to-day.
 Bold-ly face the world and cross the line to-day.

Stand-ing at the line, Halt-ing still and doubt-ing, while the Christians pray;

Standing at the line, standing at the line, Sinner, step across it and be saved to-day.

No. 123. The Gospel Train.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Words and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Get your ticket and be read-y, For the glorious Gospel train; Have your baggage
2. In your pocket have a Bi-ble, On this railway 'tis the guide; All who get to
3. The Con-duct-or is Christ Jesus, For your wants He will provide; In His care is
4. Only those who have been blood-washed, Can take passage on this train; And a pure and
5. Not one trav'ler o'er this rail-way Ev-er failed to reach the goal; 'Tis the on-ly

CHORUS.

check'd for heaven, So that nothing will re-main. All a-board..... the
heav-en safe-ly, By its teaching must a-bide.
per-fect safe-ty, As toward heav'n you swiftly glide.
spot-less garment, You a tick-et will ob-tain.
route to heav-en, For the wea-ry, sin-sick soul. All aboard the train for glo-ry,

train for glo-ry; Hear the train-man's warn-ing
Hear the trainman's warning cry; All aboard the train for glo-ry, Hear the

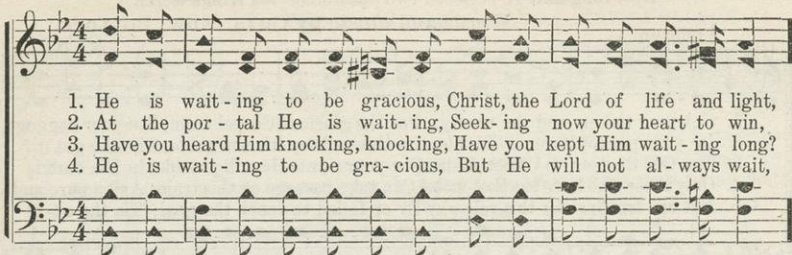
cry;..... Sin-ner, hast-en! Oh, take pas-sage, In the gos-pel
trainman's warn-ing cry; Sin-ner, hast-en! Oh, take passage, In the gos-pel

sage,..... Left be-hind,..... in sin you'll die.
train take passage, Left behind, in sin you'll die, you'll surely die. (in sin you'll die.)

No. 124. *Waiting to be Gracious.*

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

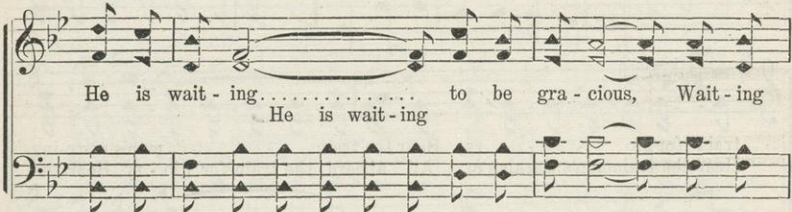


1. He is wait-ing to be gracious, Christ, the Lord of life and light,
 2. At the por-tal He is wait-ing, Seek-ing now your heart to win,
 3. Have you heard Him knocking, knocking, Have you kept Him wait-ing long?
 4. He is wait-ing to be gra-cious, But He will not al-ways wait,

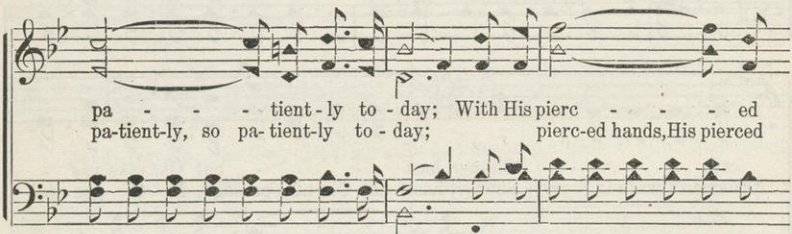


Yearn-ing o'er the lost and straying, Who are pre-cious in His sight.
 But He will not cross your threshold, Till you cry, "Come in! come in!"
 He would par-don, cleanse and save you,—O, the love, so true and strong!
 O, be-lov-ed, bid Him en-ter, For the hour is wax-ing late.

CHORUS.



He is wait-ing..... to be gra-cious, Wait-ing
 He is wait-ing



pa-tient-ly to-day; With His pierc-ed
 pa-tient-ly, so pa-tient-ly to-day; pierc-ed hands, His pierced



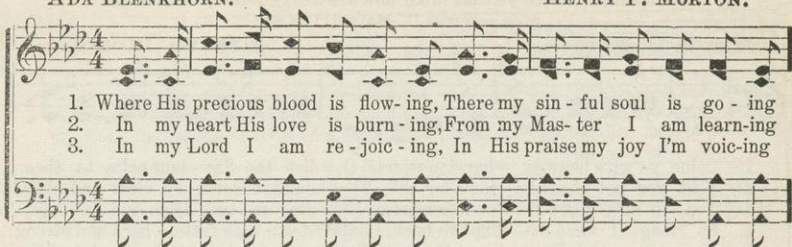
hands He beckons, Trust and fol-low,..... fol-low all the way,
 Trust and all the way.

No. 125. Calling Me.

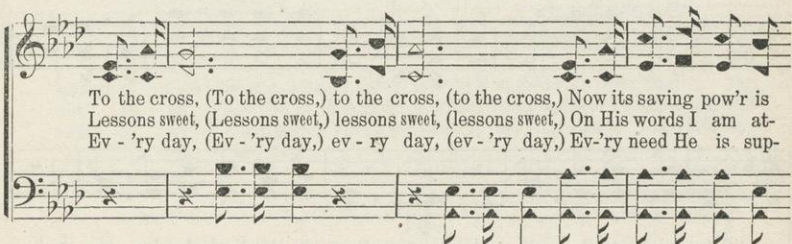
To Rev. W. T. Dale, D. D.

ADA BLENKHORN.

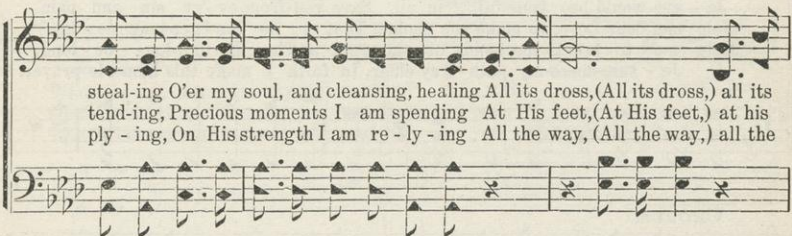
HENRY P. MORTON.



1. Where His precious blood is flow-ing, There my sin-ful soul is go-ing
 2. In my heart His love is burn-ing, From my Mas-ter I am learn-ing
 3. In my Lord I am re-joic-ing, In His praise my joy I'm voic-ing

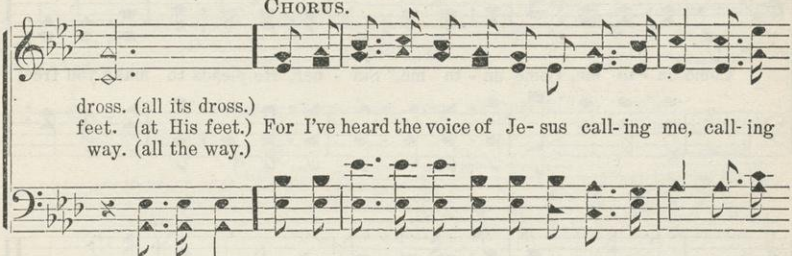


To the cross, (To the cross,) to the cross, (to the cross,) Now its saving pow'r is
 Lessons sweet, (Lessons sweet,) lessons sweet, (lessons sweet,) On His words I am at-
 Ev-'ry day, (Ev-'ry day,) ev-ry day, (ev-'ry day,) Ev-'ry need He is sup-

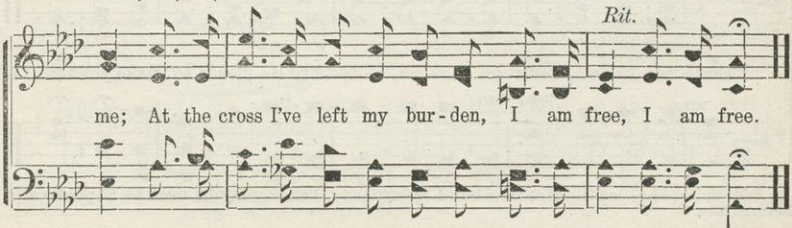


steal-ing O'er my soul, and cleansing, healing All its dross, (All its dross,) all its
 tend-ing, Precious moments I am spend-ing At His feet, (At His feet,) at his
 ply-ing, On His strength I am re-ly-ing All the way, (All the way,) all the

CHORUS.



dross. (all its dross.)
 feet. (at His feet.) For I've heard the voice of Je-sus call-ing me, call-ing
 way. (all the way.)



me; At the cross I've left my bur-den, I am free, I am free.

No. 126. "Come Unto Me."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28-30.

MRS. J. H. MORTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

1. "Come, ye with heav-y bur-den pressed," O, list the Sav-iour calls to thee,
 2. Will you not heed the ten-der call, That comes in words so clear and plain?
 3. Yes, I have heard the Sav-iour's voice, Bid-ding me turn from sin a-way;
 4. So long I have a Captive been, Chain'd down with fetters hard and strong,
 5. I can not walk a-lone for fear, Some sin is lurk-ing ev-'ry-where,

Rit.

"Come now and I will give you rest, Cast all thy load of sin on me."
 Je-sus would be your all in all, Save you from ev-'ry sin and pain.
 Help me, dear Lord, to make the choice, That I no lon-ger may de-lay.
 Help me to break the bonds of sin, And to Thee, Lord, a-lone be-long.
 O Je-sus, make my path-way clear, In faith I make this hum-ble prayer.

CHORUS.

"Come un-to me, Come un-to me," Sin-ner, He pleads to make you free;

Rit.

"Come un-to me, Come un-to me," Sin-ner, He pleads to make you free.

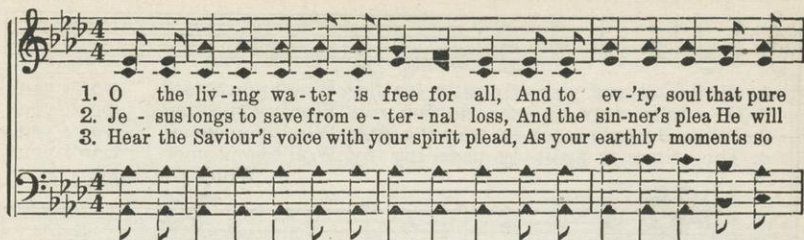
*By using the small notes in second measure of Tenor, may be used as Soprano and Tenor duet.

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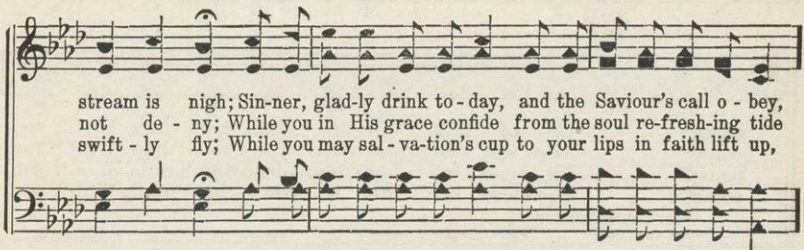
No. 127. Why Will You Die?

JENNIE WILSON.

HOMER F. MORRIS.

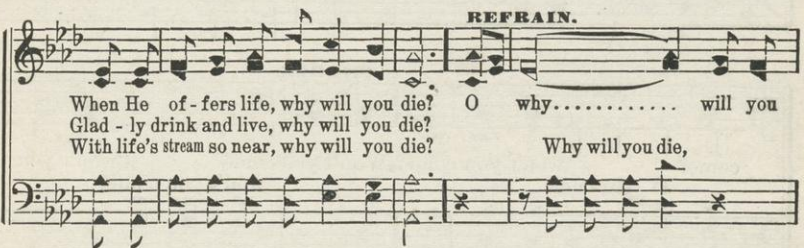


1. O the liv-ing wa-ter is free for all, And to ev-'ry soul that pure
 2. Je - sus longs to save from e - ter - nal loss, And the sin-ner's plea He will
 3. Hear the Saviour's voice with your spirit plead, As your earthly moments so

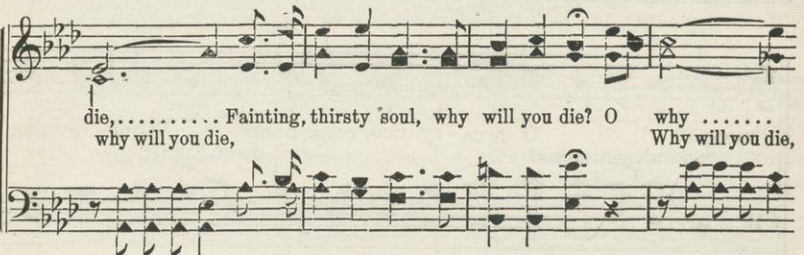


stream is nigh; Sin-ner, glad-ly drink to-day, and the Saviour's call o - bey,
 not de - ny; While you in His grace confide from the soul re-fresh-ing tide
 swift - ly fly; While you may sal - va-tion's cup to your lips in faith lift up,

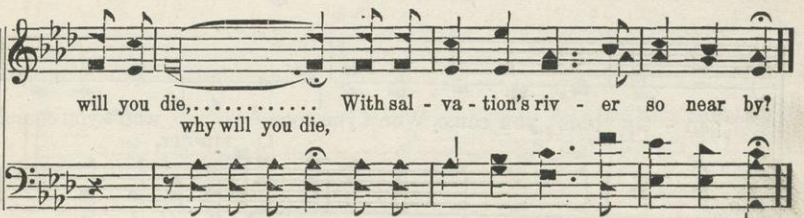
REFRAIN.



When He of-fers life, why will you die? O why..... will you
 Glad - ly drink and live, why will you die?
 With life's stream so near, why will you die? Why will you die,



die,..... Fainting, thirsty soul, why will you die? O why
 why will you die, Why will you die,

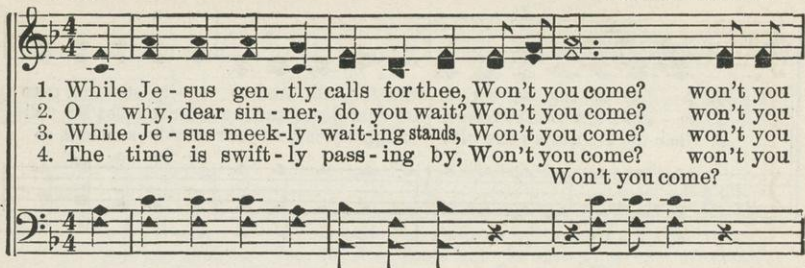


will you die,..... With sal - va - tion's riv - er so near by?
 why will you die,

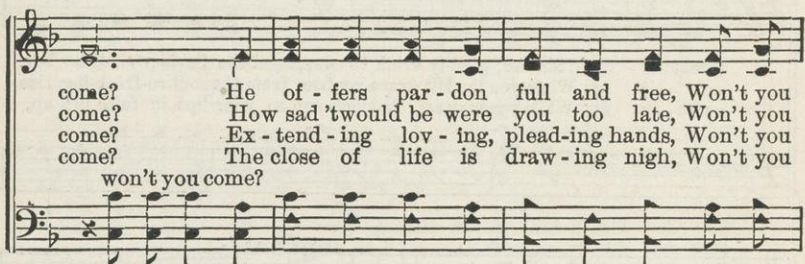
No. 128. Won't You Come?

A. T.

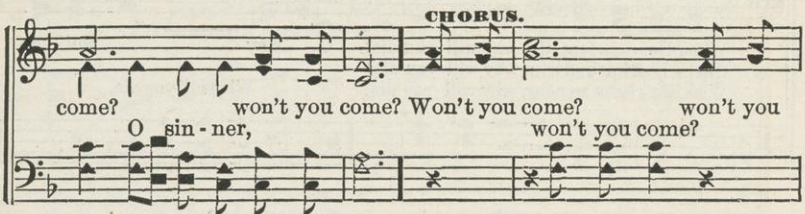
AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. While Je - sus gen - tly calls for thee, Won't you come? won't you
 2. O why, dear sin - ner, do you wait? Won't you come? won't you
 3. While Je - sus meek - ly wait - ing stands, Won't you come? won't you
 4. The time is swift - ly pass - ing by, Won't you come? won't you
 Won't you come?



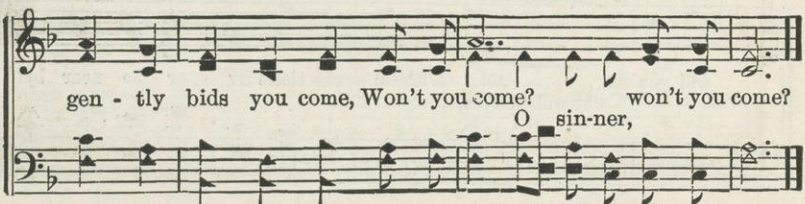
come? He of - fers par - don full and free, Won't you
 come? How sad 'twould be were you too late, Won't you
 come? Ex - tend - ing lov - ing, plead - ing hands, Won't you
 come? The close of life is draw - ing nigh, Won't you
 won't you come?



CHORUS.
 come? O sin - ner, won't you come? Won't you come? won't you
 won't you come?



come? O wea - ry one, come home; While Je - sus
 won't you come? come home;



gen - tly bids you come, Won't you come? won't you come?
 O sin - ner,

No. 129. *Don't You Want to Go?*

Words and music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes
 2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offer'd up for you, Oft-en while you slept dear
 3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in
 4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten

meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a - bove the star-ry sky,
 mother's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal - va - tion, O to her love be true,
 ev - er - last-ing woe, Give your heart to Je - sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
 you must face you know, Je - sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,

REFRAIN.

In that sun - ny clime up - on the gold - en shore.
 While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
 Moth - er now is wait-ing, don't you want to go?
 To that home in glo - ry, don't you want to go?

Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je - sus bids you

come to that hap - py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

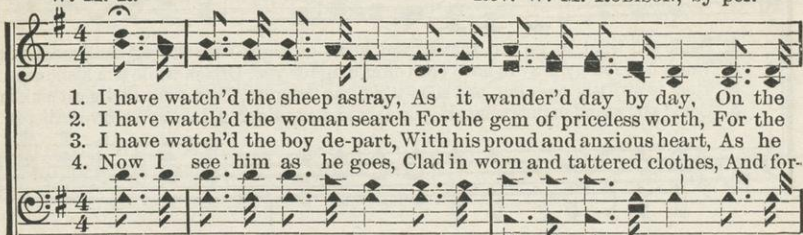
No. 130. Calling for Me.

LUKE 15: 1-24.

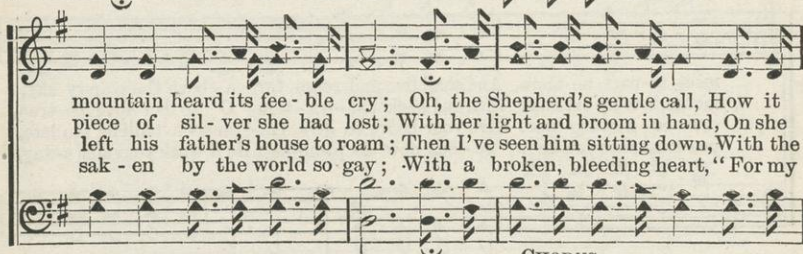
(As sung by Rev. W. T. DALE.)

W. M. R.

Rev. W. M. ROBISON, by per.



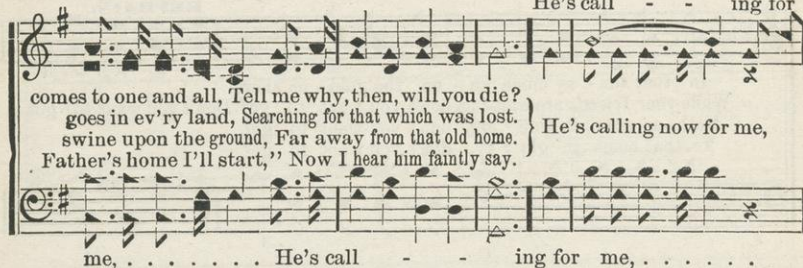
1. I have watch'd the sheep astray, As it wander'd day by day, On the
 2. I have watch'd the woman search For the gem of priceless worth, For the
 3. I have watch'd the boy de-part, With his proud and anxious heart, As he
 4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tattered clothes, And for-



mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh, the Shepherd's gentle call, How it
 piece of sil-ver she had lost; With her light and broom in hand, On she
 left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sitting down, With the
 sak-en by the world so gay; With a broken, bleeding heart, "For my

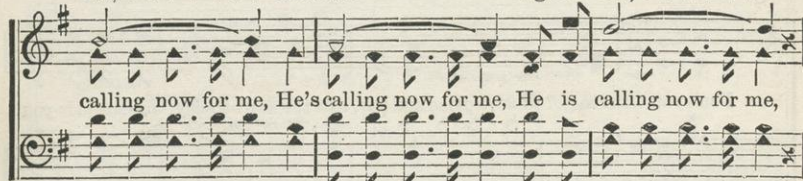
CHORUS.

He's call - - ing for



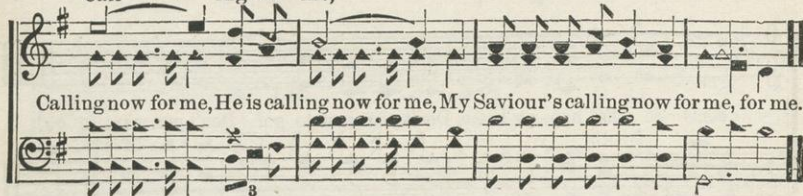
comes to one and all, Tell me why, then, will you die?
 goes in ev'ry land, Searching for that which was lost. } He's calling now for me,
 swine upon the ground, Far away from that old home.
 Father's home I'll start," Now I hear him faintly say.

me, He's call - - ing for me,



calling now for me, He's calling now for me, He is calling now for me,

Call - - ing for me,



Calling now for me, He is calling now for me, My Saviour's calling now for me, for me.

No. 131. For You and For Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. p



1. Softly and tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!



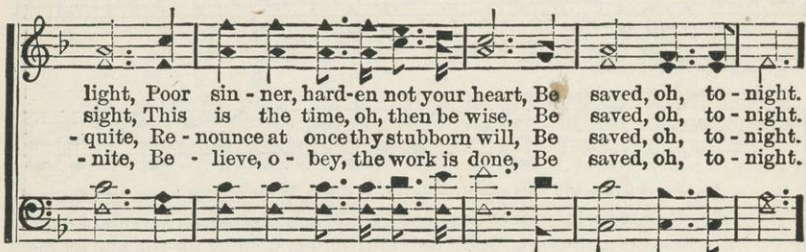
No. 132. O, Why Not To-Night?

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

J. CALVIN BUSHNY.

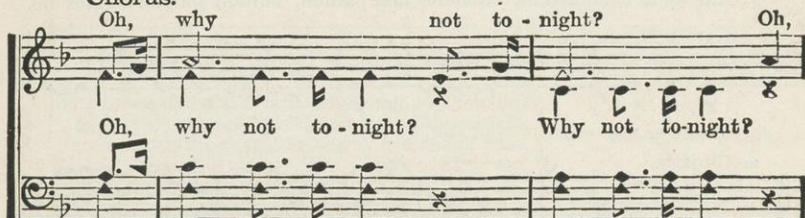


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
 2. The mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed
 3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls u-

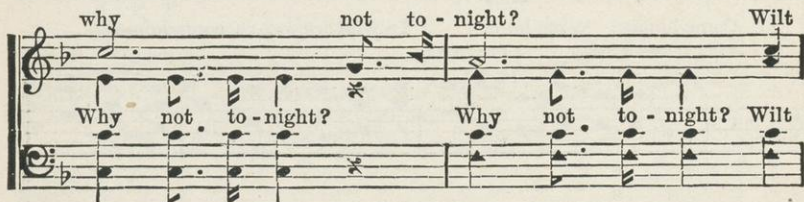


light, Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 sight, This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 - quite, Re - nounce at onceth stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
 - nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

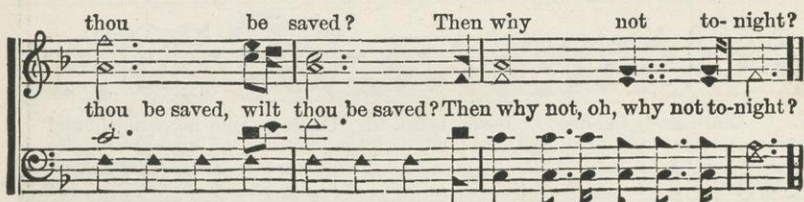
Chorus.



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



why not to - night? Wilt
 Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt



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

No. 133. Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L. M.

Good as a solo.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing
2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,
child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,
child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,
wan-der-ing child, come home!
bids you to - day, come home! Come home, my child, come home, come home,

Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

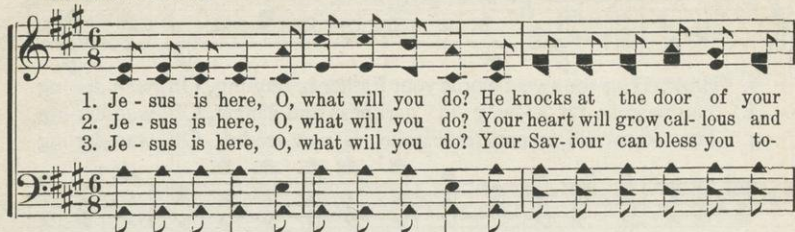
anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!
come home!

No. 134. *Jesus Is Here.*

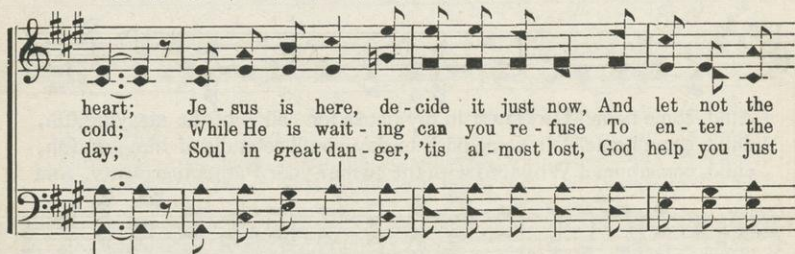
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

R. G. STAPLES.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Je - sus is here, O, what will you do? He knocks at the door of your
 2. Je - sus is here, O, what will you do? Your heart will grow cal - lous and
 3. Je - sus is here, O, what will you do? Your Sav - iour can bless you to -

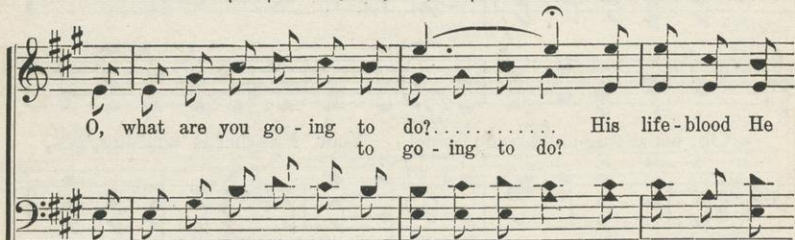


heart; Je - sus is here, de - cide it just now, And let not the
 cold; While He is wait - ing can you re - fuse To en - ter the
 day; Soul in great dan - ger, 'tis al - most lost, God help you just

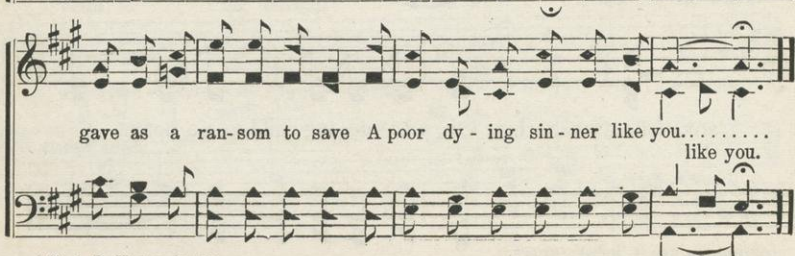
CHORUS.



Sav - iour de - part. Je - - - sus is here,.....
 door of the fold?
 now to o - bey. Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here,



O, what are you go - ing to do?..... His life - blood He
 to go - ing to do?



gave as a ran - som to save A poor dy - ing sin - ner like you.....
 like you.

No. 135. Will You Take Jesus To-Night?

This song was suggested to the author from Dr. Wilber J. Chapman's sermon at the First Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., Monday evening, Oct. 24, 1904.

ROBT. H. WALTON.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. You've heard the message from God's own word, Will you take Jesus to-night?
 2. Just now He's knocking at your heart's door, Will you take Jesus to - night?
 3. I will ac-cept Him, I can't de-lay, I will take Je-sus to - night;

The sweetest message that e'er was heard, Will you take Je-sus to - night?
 He calls the rich and He calls the poor, Will you take Je-sus to - night?
 I'll cast my all at His feet and say, "I will take Je-sus to - night?"

D. S.—If your heart's not right in the Savior's sight, Will you take Jesus to - night?

The moments are passing, 'twill soon be too late, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
 His Spirit will not always plead for your heart, Brother, take Jesus to-night,
 His word now I trust as I turn from my sin, I will take Je-sus to - night;

By wait-ing to - mor-row may seal your fate, Will you take Jesus to - night?
 O bid Him come in lest He now de-part, Will you take Jesus to - night?
 I ope wide the door and in - vite Him in, I'll ac-cept Je-sus to - night.

CHORUS.
 Will you take Jesus to - night?.... Will you take Jesus to - night?.....
 take Je-sus to-night? take Je-sus to-night?

No. 136. *There Is Pardon at the Cross.*

J. M. PIERCE.

ELBERT B. FOWLER.

1. There is par-don at the cross for you, If you will the Mas-ter's bid-ding do ;
 2. There is par-don at the cross to - day, There your sins and guilt He'll wash away ;
 3. There is par-don at the cross just now, If you will un - to the Sav-iour bow ;

There is par - don pure and sweet, When you fall at Je - sus' feet, There is
 Give to Je - sus all your heart, Do not keep back an - y part ; There is
 If you do the Mas - ter's will, He his prom - ise will ful - fill ; There is

CHORUS.

par-don at the cross for you. There is par - don, There is par - don
 par-don at the cross to - day.
 par-don at the cross just now. There is pardon at the cross, there is pardon at the cross,

There is par-don at the cross for you,..... Christ will all yoursins for -
 for you,

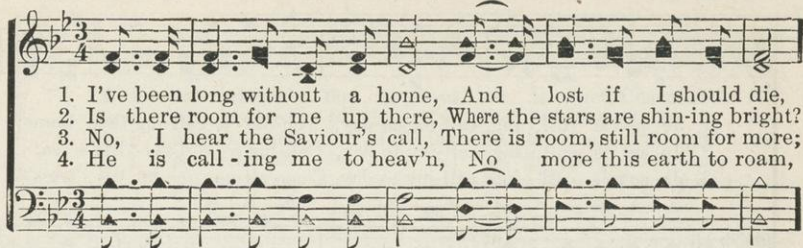
give If you on - ly look and live, There is par-don at the cross for you.

No. 137. *There Is Still Room for More.*

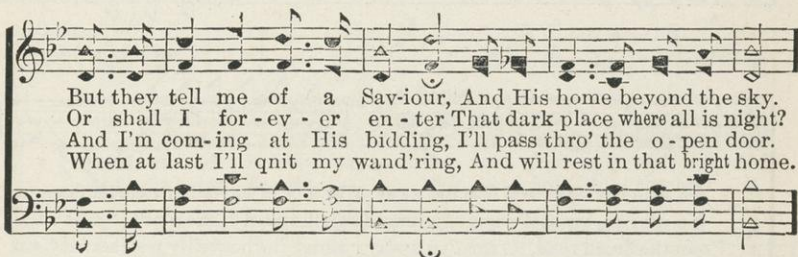
W. C. McCONNELL.

"And yet there is room."—Luke 14: 22.

H. A. R. HORTON.

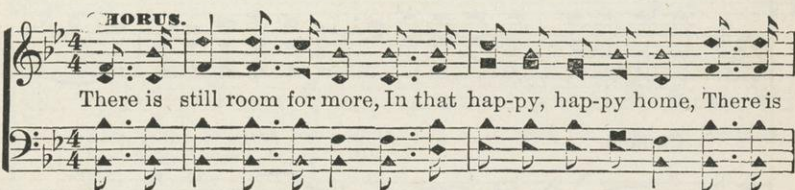


1. I've been long without a home, And lost if I should die,
 2. Is there room for me up there, Where the stars are shin-ing bright?
 3. No, I hear the Saviour's call, There is room, still room for more;
 4. He is call-ing me to heav'n, No more this earth to roam,

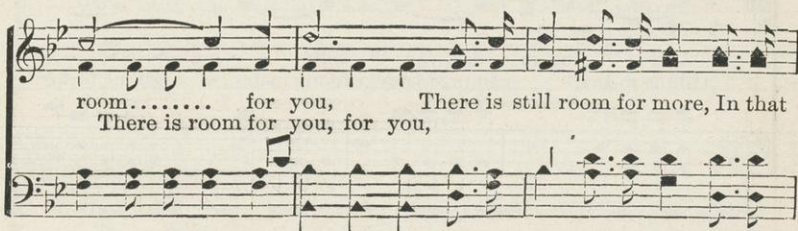


But they tell me of a Sav-iour, And His home beyond the sky.
 Or shall I for-ev-er en-ter That dark place where all is night?
 And I'm com-ing at His bidding, I'll pass thro' the o-pen door.
 When at last I'll quit my wand'ring, And will rest in that bright home.

CHORUS.



There is still room for more, In that hap-py, hap-py home, There is



room..... for you, There is still room for more, In that
 There is room for you, for you,



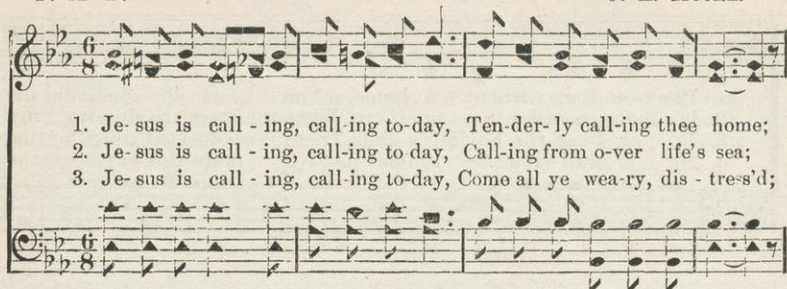
hap-py, hap-py land, There is room, my brother, for you, (for you).

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

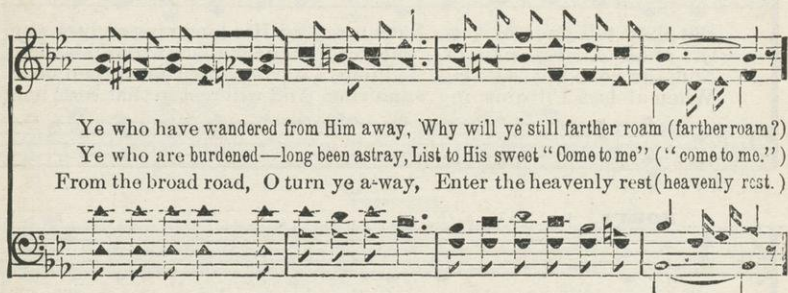
No. 138. *Jesus Is Calling.*

F. M. D.

J. L. MOORE.

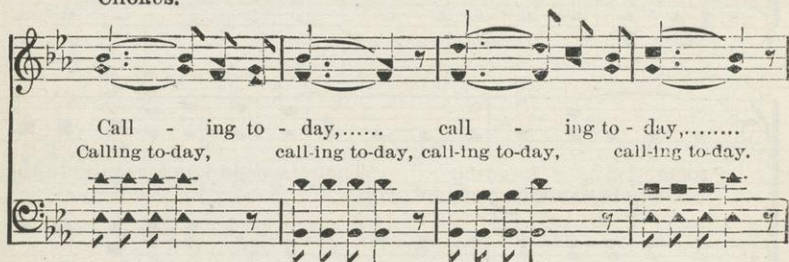


1. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly call-ing thee home;
 2. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to day, Call-ing from o-ver life's sea;
 3. Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day, Come all ye wea-ry, dis-tress'd;

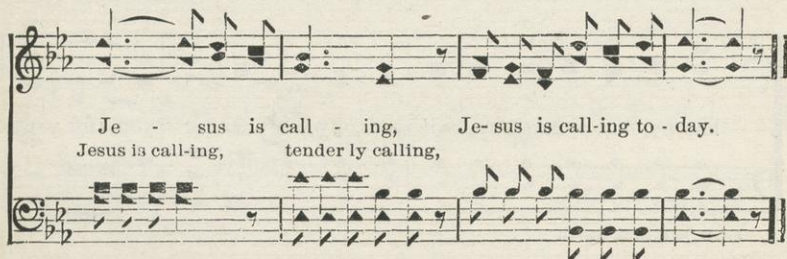


Ye who have wandered from Him away, Why will ye still farther roam (farther roam?)
 Ye who are burdened—long been astray, List to His sweet "Come to me" ("come to me.")
 From the broad road, O turn ye a-way, Enter the heavenly rest (heavenly rest.)

CHORUS.



Call-ing to-day,..... call-ing to-day,.....
 Calling to-day, call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day.

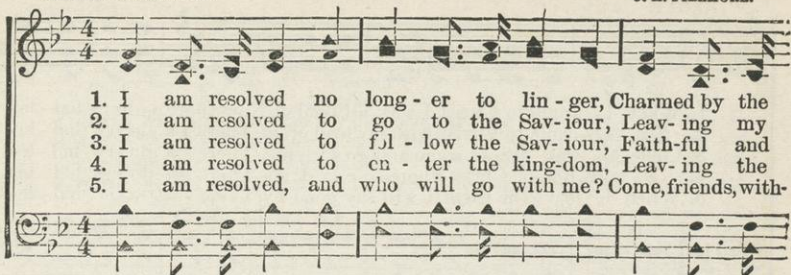


Je-sus is call-ing, Je-sus is call-ing to-day.
 Jesus is call-ing, tenderly calling,

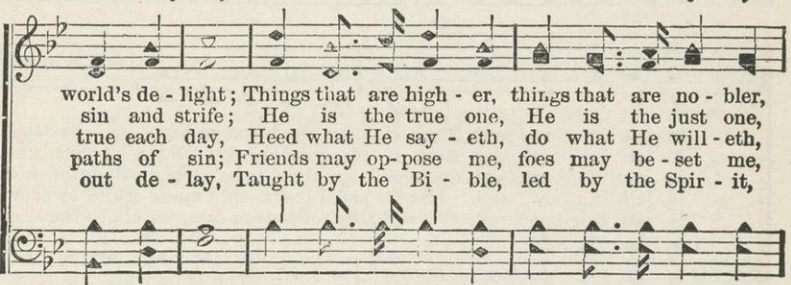
No. 139. *I Am Resolved.*

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the
 2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
 3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
 4. I am resolved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
 5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

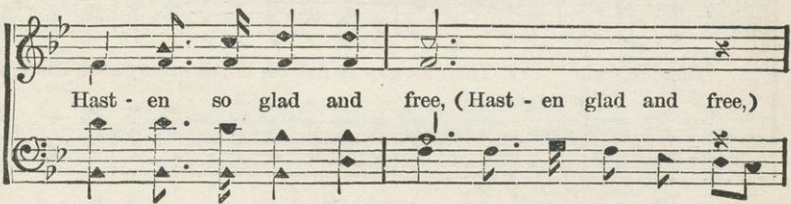


world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

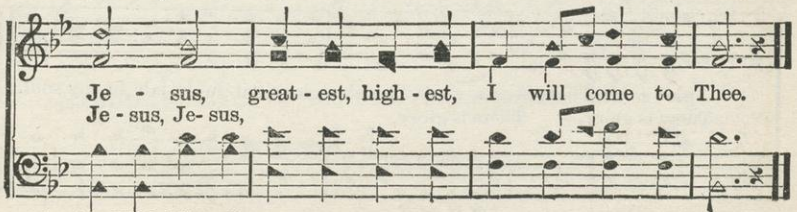
CHORUS.



These have al - lured my sight, I will hast - en to Him,
 He hath the words of life.
 He is the liv - ing way.
 Still will I en - ter in.
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,



Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free,)

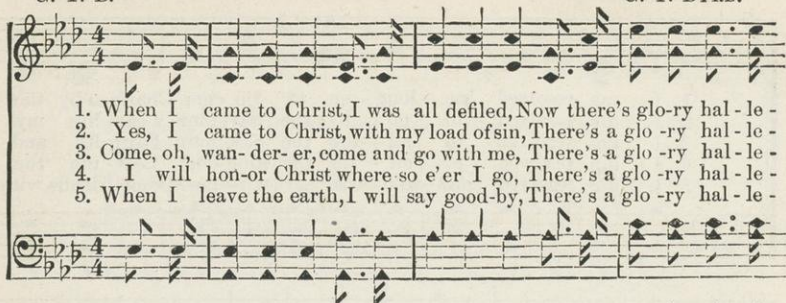


Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

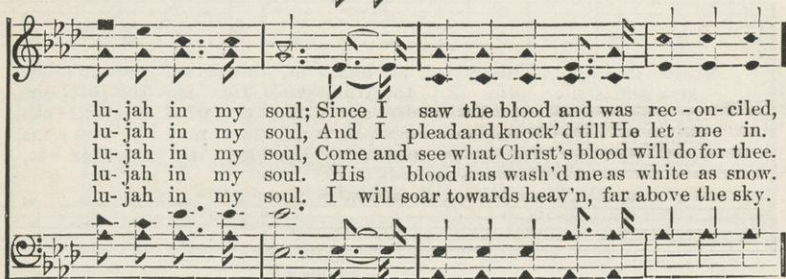
No. 140. *Glory, Hallelujah in the Soul.*

G. T. B.

G. T. BYRD.

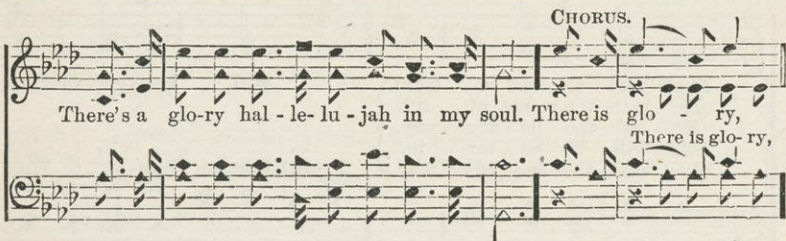


1. When I came to Christ, I was all defiled, Now there's glo-ry hal-le-
 2. Yes, I came to Christ, with my load of sin, There's a glo-ry hal-le-
 3. Come, oh, wan-der-er, come and go with me, There's a glo-ry hal-le-
 4. I will hon-or Christ where so e'er I go, There's a glo-ry hal-le-
 5. When I leave the earth, I will say good-by, There's a glo-ry hal-le-

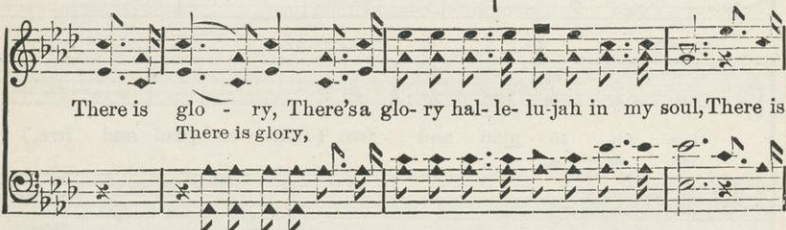


lu-jah in my soul; Since I saw the blood and was rec-on-ciled,
 lu-jah in my soul, And I plead and knock'd till He let me in.
 lu-jah in my soul, Come and see what Christ's blood will do for thee.
 lu-jah in my soul. His blood has wash'd me as white as snow.
 lu-jah in my soul. I will soar towards heav'n, far above the sky.

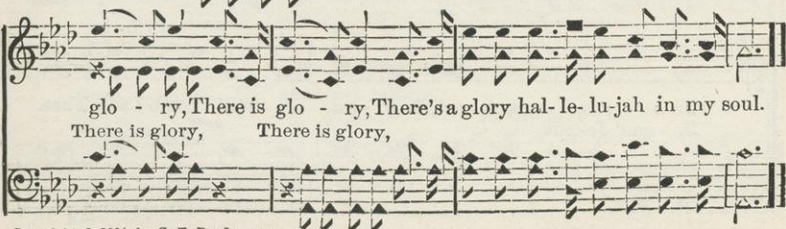
CHORUS.



There's a glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah in my soul. There is glo-ry,
 There is glo-ry,



There is glo-ry, There's a glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah in my soul, There is
 There is glory,



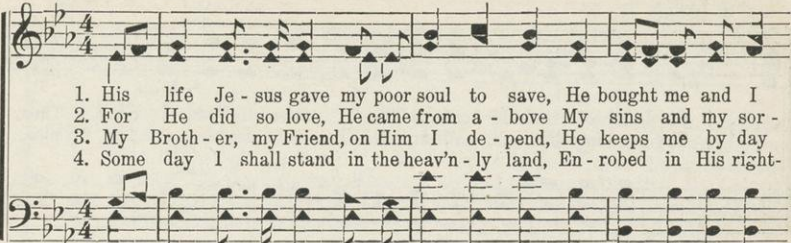
glo-ry, There is glo-ry, There's a glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah in my soul.
 There is glory, There is glory,

No. 141. My Name Has Been Written Down.

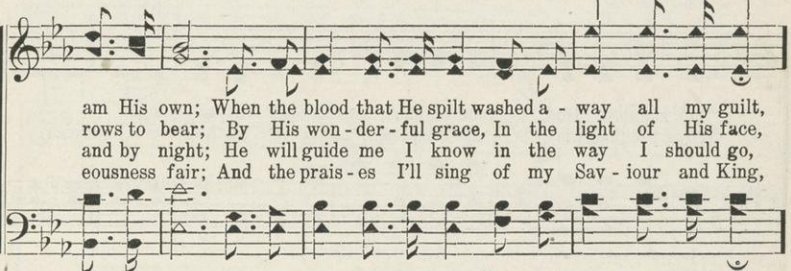
"Rejoice that your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. HAGAN.

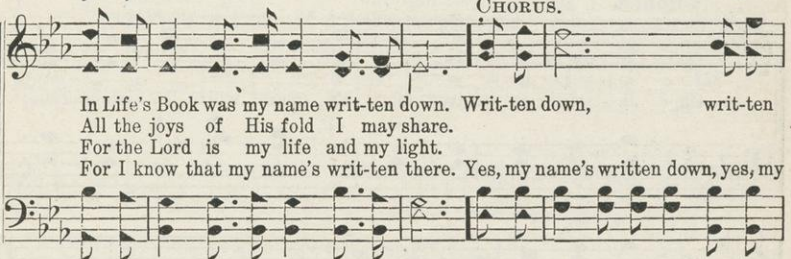


1. His life Je - sus gave my poor soul to save, He bought me and I
 2. For He did so love, He came from a - bove My sins and my sor -
 3. My Broth - er, my Friend, on Him I de - pend, He keeps me by day
 4. Some day I shall stand in the heav'n - ly land, En - robed in His right-

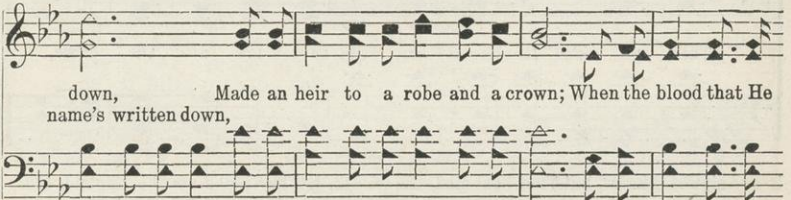


am His own; When the blood that He spilt washed a - way all my guilt,
 rows to bear; By His won - der - ful grace, In the light of His face,
 and by night; He will guide me I know in the way I should go,
 eousness fair; And the prais - es I'll sing of my Sav - iour and King,

CHORUS.

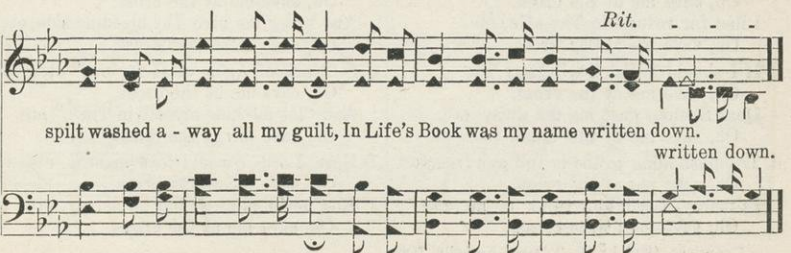


In Life's Book was my name writ - ten down. Writ - ten down, writ - ten
 All the joys of His fold I may share.
 For the Lord is my life and my light.
 For I know that my name's writ - ten there. Yes, my name's written down, yes, my



down, Made an heir to a robe and a crown; When the blood that He
 name's written down,

Rit.



spilt washed a - way all my guilt, In Life's Book was my name written down.
 written down.

No. 142. Oh, Save Me at the Cross.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6:37.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.

1. { Oh, Lamb of God, I come to Thee, I come to Thee, I come to Thee,
Thy precious blood is all my plea, Is all my plea, is all my plea,

Oh, Lamb of God, I come to Thee, Oh, save me at the cross. }
Thy precious blood is all my plea, Oh, save me at the [Omit.] } cross.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus re - ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee;

Thou pre-cious Re-deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross.

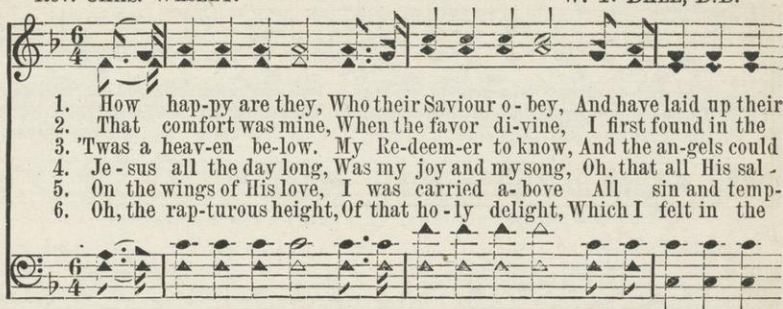
- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
I flee for refuge to Thy side, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. | 5 Oh, let Thy blood now be applied, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And bring me near Thy bleeding side, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. |
| 3 If I should perish I will pray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
Dear Saviour cast me not away, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. | 6 O "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And "let me hide myself in Thee," etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. |
| 4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
In mercy, Lord, now think on me, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. | 7 Here, Lord, I would forever stay, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And never more would go astray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross. |

No. 143. Hallelujah! I'm Saved.

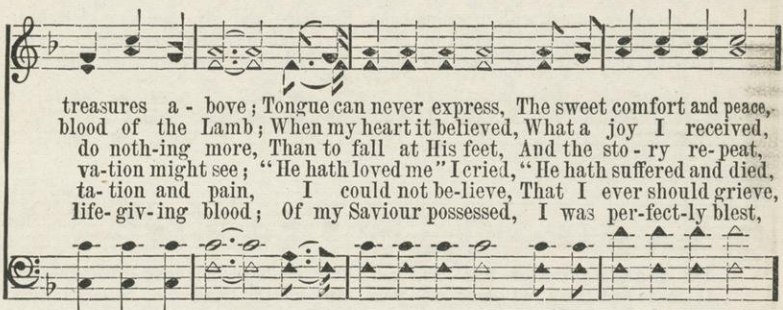
"Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation."—Isa. 45: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

W. T. DALE, D.D.

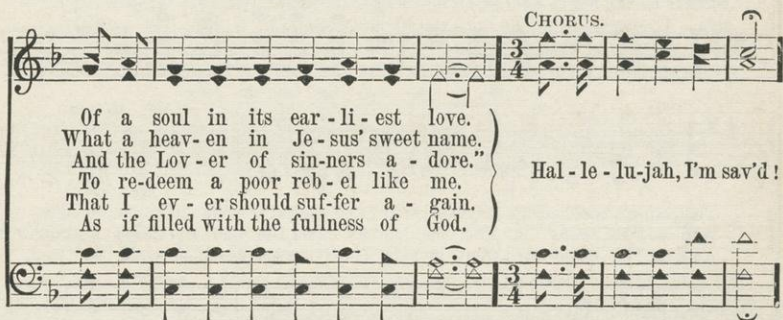


1. How hap-py are they, Who their Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their
 2. That comfort was mine, When the favor di-vine, I first found in the
 3. 'Twas a heav-en be-low, My Re-deem-er to know, And the an-gels could
 4. Je-sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that all His sal-
 5. On the wings of His love, I was carried a-bove All sin and temp-
 6. Oh, the rap-turous height, Of that ho-ly delight, Which I felt in the



treasures a - bove; Tongue can never express, The sweet comfort and peace,
 blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed, What a joy I received,
 do noth-ing more, Than to fall at His feet, And the sto-ry re-peat,
 va-tion might see; "He hath loved me" I cried, "He hath suffered and died,
 ta-tion and pain, I could not be-lieve, That I ever should grieve,
 life-giv-ing blood; Of my Saviour possessed, I was per-fect-ly blest,

CHORUS.



Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
 What a heav-en in Je-sus' sweet name.
 And the Lov-er of sin-ners a - dore."
 To re-deem a poor reb-el like me.
 That I ev-er should suf-fer a - gain.
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm sav'd!



Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm sav'd! Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm sav'd! Thro' the blood of the Lamb.

No. 144. His Mother's Song.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HAGAN.

Good as Solo, with Chorus pp.

1. The Sab-bath day was near-ly o'er; A-lone, and near the old church door,
 2. Those ten-der strains he oft had heard In days when he had loved the Lord;
 3. His soul was sad and sore a - fraid, Yet on his knees he fell and prayed,

A stranger stood, with drooping head, For hope and joy had long since fled;
 The hymn that caused his tears to flow His moth-er loved long years a - go.
 Un - til the Sav - iour heard his plea And from his bur - den made him free.

The or-gan's voice be - gan to roll, The vil-lage choir sang sweet and low;
 It made him think of days of yore, And of the Christ who res-cued men;
 Then in his heart the joy-bells rang, For Christ had come with him to dwell;

The mu-sic touched his wayward soul And caused re-pent-ant tears to flow.
 And so he went in - side the door, As came the cho - rus sweet a - gain.
 And, as he home-ward went, he sang The hymn his moth-er loved so well.

CHORUS. pp **FINE.**
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
 D. S.—Happy day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

His Mother's Song. Concluded.

D. S.

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

No. 145. Happy Day. (New Tune.)

"My heart is fixed."—Psalm 57: 7. (Uniting with the Church.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

W. T. DALE.

With expression.

1. Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;
2. Oh, hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love;
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-tre, rest;
5. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
Here have I found the bet-ter part, Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

CHORUS.

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

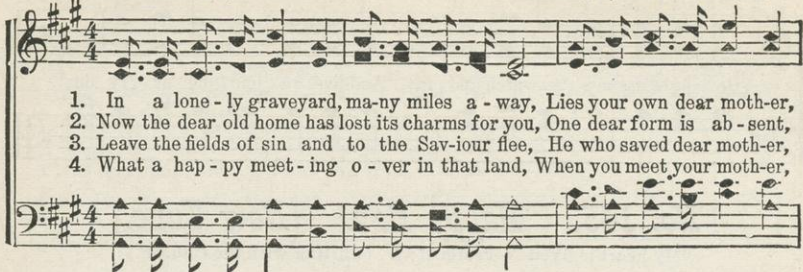
I nev-er can for-get the day, Hap-py day, hap-py day.

W. T. Dale, owner.

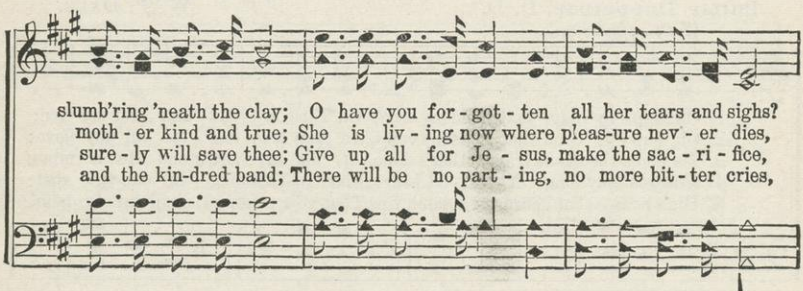
No. 146. *If You Love Your Mother.*

Arr. and 4th stanza by J. D. V.

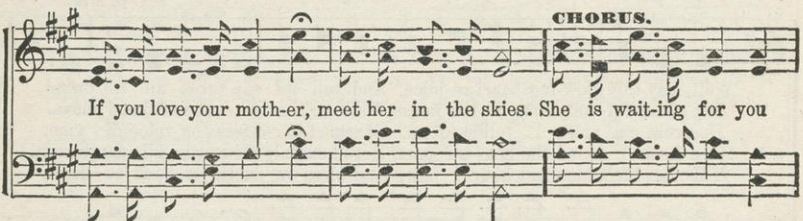
Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



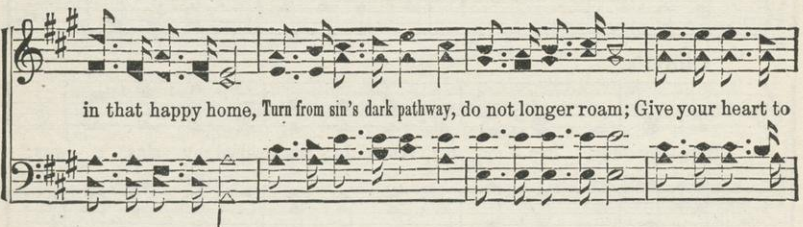
1. In a lone-ly graveyard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your own dear moth-er,
2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav-iour flee, He who saved dear moth-er,
4. What a hap-py meet-ing o-ver in that land, When you meet your moth-er,



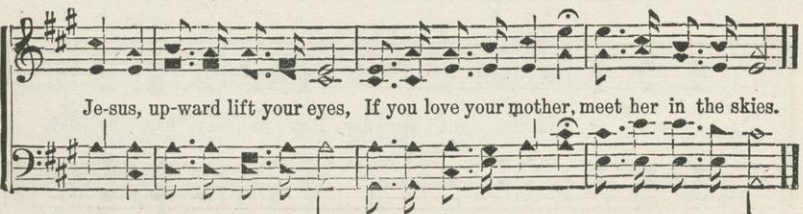
slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for-got-ten all her tears and sighs?
moth-er kind and true; She is liv-ing now where pleas-ure nev-er dies,
sure-ly will save thee; Give up all for Je-sus, make the sac-ri-fice,
and the kin-dred band; There will be no part-ing, no more bit-ter cries,



CHORUS.
If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies. She is wait-ing for you



in that happy home, Turn from sin's dark pathway, do not longer roam; Give your heart to



Je-sus, up-ward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

No. 147. Mother Is Gone to Heaven.

F. M. G.

FRANK M. GRAHAM.

Not too fast.



1. { Once I had a pre-cious moth-er, Whom I loved with ten-der care;
Since that time I've longed to see her, Feel her hand up - on my brow;
2. { Oft I think of that oc-ca - sion, When they said, "she now must die,"
'Twas to us a sad de-part-ing, And our hearts were sad and sore;
3. { May be you have lost a moth-er, Or an-oth - er friend so dear;
Are you think-ing of the judg-ment? Of that aw - ful day to come?



But one day our moth-er left us, All a-lone in sad de-spair. }
But my heart does sad-ly whis-per, "Son, you have no mother now." }
Then she called the children 'round her, Pointing them to heav'n on high. }
For we knew this side of heav-en We would nev-er see her more. }
Did you make to them a prom-ise That you'd try to meet them there? }
When we'll stand be-fore the Sav-ior, And be judged for what we've done. }



CHORUS.



- 1, 2 v. But we'll meet a - gain in heav - en, And will live to - geth-er there,
- 3 v. Will you meet a - gain in heav - en, Will you live to - geth-er there?



Where no death can ev - er en - ter, Nei-ther sor-row nor de-spair.



No. 148. *Some Mother's Child.*

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Emotional.

1. At home or a-way in the al-ley or street, Wherev-er I
 2. When I see those o-ver whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown
 3. No mat-ter how deep he has sunk-en in sin, No mat-ter how
 4. That head hath been pillowed on ten-der-est breast, That form hath been

chance in this wide world to meet, A girl that is thoughtless a
 hardened whose spir-its are cold, Be it wo-man all fall-en or
 much he is shunned by his kin; No mat-ter how foul be his
 wept o'er, those lips have been pressed, That soul hath been pray'd for in

boy that is wild, My heart echoes softly "it is some mother's child."
 man all defiled, A voice whispers gently it is some mother's child.
 fountain of joy, Tho' guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's child.
 tones sweet and mild, For hersake deal gently with some mother's child.

CHORUS.

It's some moth-er's child, It's some moth-er's child, For

her sake deal gent-ly It is some moth-er's child.

No. 149. *Bring Back My Boy.*

"Is the young man Absalom safe?"—2 SAM. 18: 29.

Words arranged.

JUDSON L. MOORE.

SOLO OR DUET. *With pathos.*

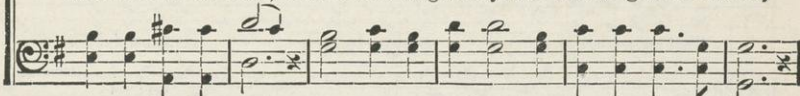


1. Out in the cold world and far a-way from home, Somebody's boy is
2. O could I see him and fold him to my breast, Glad-ly I'd close my
3. Out in the hall-way, there stands a vacant chair, Yon-der the shoes my
4. Well I re-mem-ber the parting words he said, "We'll meet again where

Organ.



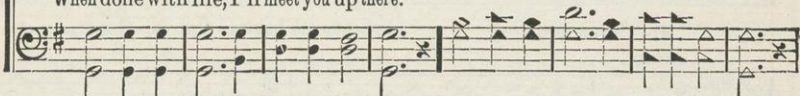
wan-der-ing a-lone, No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right,
eyes and be at rest; There is no oth-er that's left to give me joy,
dar-ling used to wear; Emp-ty the cra-dle, the one he loved so well,
tears are nev-er shed; There'll be no good-byes in that bright land so fair,



CHORUS.



Somebod-y's boy is homeless to-night.
Bring back my boy, my wandering boy.
Just how he's missed, there's no one can tell. } Bring back my boy, my wandering boy,
When done with life, I'll meet you up there."



Far, far a-way wher-ev-er he may be; Tell him his moth-er with



fad-ed cheeks and hair, At the old home, is wait-ing him there.



No. 150. Galilee.

R. MORRIS, L. L. D.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where happy
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1. Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough,

eye..... so blest to me ; Has something far di-vin-er
 birds..... in song a - gree ; Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked..... up - on the sea, I long, O how..... I long once

That makes the eye so blest to me ; Has something far

now : It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 more,..... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee, (to galilee.)

di - vin-er now : - It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.....
 CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee.
 O Gal - i - lee,..... sweet Gal - i - lee,..... Where Je-sus

Where Je-sus love'd so much to be ; O Gal-i-lee,
 lov'd..... so much to be ; O Gal - i - lee,..... Sweet Gal-i-

Galilee. Concluded.



sweet Gal-li-lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me, (a - gain to me.)

lee..... Come sing a - gain..... thy song to me.....

No. 151. Some Glad Day.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

Jno. R. BRYANT.



1. We shall reach the fair - er land, Some glad day, some glad day;
 2. We shall lay our bur - dens down, Some glad day, some glad day;
 3. We shall gath - er 'round the throne, Some glad day, some glad day;

We shall walk its gold - en strand, Some glad day, some glad day.
 And shall there re - ceive a crown, Some glad day, some glad day.
 Where the Lamb shall lead His own, Some glad day, some glad day.

There from care and strife to rest, 'Mong the lov'd ones and the blest;
 There the Sav - iour we'll a - dore, Sing His prais - es ev - er - more;
 'Neath the tree of life so fair, 'Mong the ran - som'd gath - er'd there,

Ne - er more to be distress'd, Some glad day, some glad day.
 For our sor - rows will be o'er, Some glad day, some glad day.
 Heavy - en's glo - ries we shall share, Some glad day, some glad day.

No. 152. "Be of Good Cheer."

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Matt. 14: 27.

Rev. J. B. TIGERT, Howell, Tenn.

W. T. DALE.

1. "Be of good cheer,"the Master said..... "For it is I,.....
 2. They had for-got.....that they were fed. By Him whose pow'r.....
 3. "Be of good cheer," 'twill all be right, For I am near.....

1. "Be of good cheer," the Master said "For it is I,—

be not a - fraid," To His dis - ci - - ples thus He
 had raised the dead; But now they know this is the
 thee day and night; The winds are sub - - ject to My

be not a-fraid," To His dis - ci - -

spake, While toiling on the stormy lake, (the stormy lake.)
 Lord, And all re - joice with one accord, (with one ac-cord.)
 will, And in My strength I'll guide thee still, (I'll guide thee still.)

ples thus He spake, While toiling on the stormy lake.....

So full of love, so full of light His word dispels
 "Be of good cheer, be not a - fraid," Is still the Mas - -
 Each wave may seem con - tra - ry now The night and storm

So full of love, so full of light His word dispels

Be of Good Cheer. Concluded.

the gloom of night;..... And sore a-mazed..... His ser-vants
ter's cheering aid,..... He speaks to you..... He speaks to
thy spir - it bow;..... Press to the oar..... And speed thy

the gloom of night; And sore amazed

stand;..... While sea is calm'd..... at His command; (at His command;)
me,..... While toiling on..... life's troubled sea, (life's troubled sea.)
way,..... This night shall end..... in end-less day, (in end-less day.)

His servants stand; While sea is calm'd at His command.....

No. 153. The Eucharist. L. M.

The Lord's supper instituted. Matt. 26: 26-29.

Scotch Paraphrase.

W. T. DALE.

I. 'Twas on that night when doom'd to know, The eag-er rage of ev'-ry foe;
2. And aft - er thanks and glo - ry giv'n, Tho' He was Lord of earth and heav'n,
3. 'My bro-ken bod - y thus I give, For you, for all, take eat and live;
4. Then in His hands the cup He rais'd, His Fa-ther once again He praised;
5. 'My blood I thus pour forth,' He cries, 'To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
6. 'With love to man this cup is filled, Let all par-take as I have willed;

rit - e - dim.

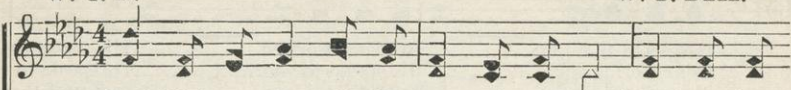
That night in which He was betrayed, The Saviour of the world took bread.
That sym-bol of His flesh He broke; And thus to His dis - ci-ples spoke!—
And oft the sa - cred rite re - new, That brings my wondrous love to view."
While kindness in His bos-om glow'd, And from His lips sal - va-tion flow'd.
In this the cov - e - nant is sealed, And heav'n's eter-nal grace re-vealed.
Thro' lat - est a - ges let it pour, In mem'-ry of my dy-ing hour."

No. 154. *Song of the Angels.*

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—LUKE 2: 14.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.



1. Hark! 'tis a song of the an - gels I hear, Mel - low - ing
2. Earth has no songs like its gen - tle refrains, Sung from the
3. "Glo - ry to God in the high - est!" they say, "Glo - ry to
4. Low in the man - ger of Beth - le - hem laid, Je - sus the



down thro' the still - ness of night; Shepherds of Beth - le - hem
harps of the an - gels on high; Ser - a - phim join in those
Je - sus," our lips shall re - ply: Hast - en to Beth - le - hem,
Sav - iour and Mon - arch of all; Might - y to save, tho' He's



gath - er - ing near, Struck with amazement are fill'd with delight.
heav - en - ly strains Falling so sweet - ly to us from the sky.
speed on your way, Join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the sky.
hum - bly ar - rayed; Lo, at His feet see the shepherds now fall.



CHORUS.



"Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the highest," they say:



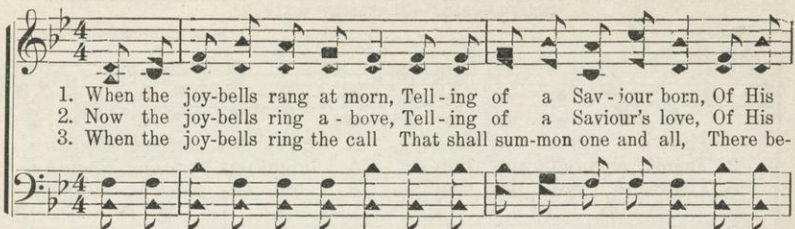
"Je - sus is born! Je - sus is born! Born in the cit - y of Da - vid this day!"



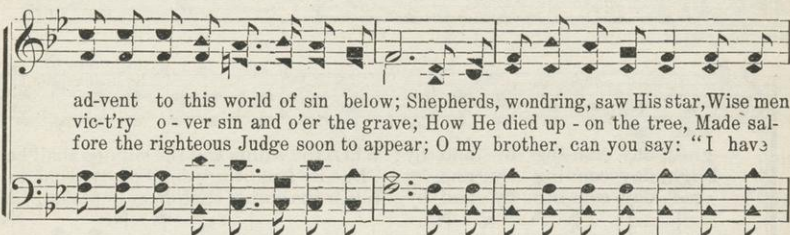
No. 155. Joy-Bells Ringing.

J. M. H.

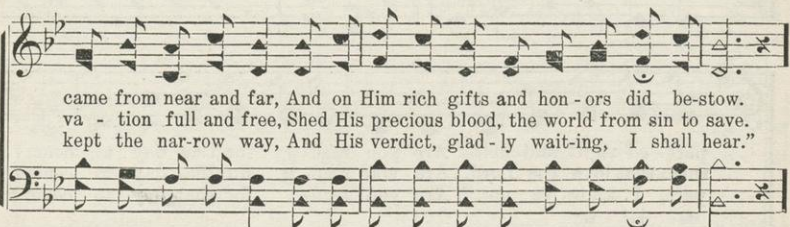
J. M. HAGAN.



1. When the joy-bells rang at morn, Tell - ing of a Sav - iour born, Of His
 2. Now the joy-bells ring a - bove, Tell - ing of a Saviour's love, Of His
 3. When the joy-bells ring the call That shall sum-mon one and all, There be-



ad-vent to this world of sin below; Shepherds, wondring, saw His star, Wise men
 vic-t'ry o-ver sin and o'er the grave; How He died up - on the tree, Made sal-
 fore the righteous Judge soon to appear; O my brother, can you say: "I have



came from near and far, And on Him rich gifts and hon - ors did be-stow.
 va - tion full and free, Shed His precious blood, the world from sin to save.
 kept the nar-row way, And His verdict, glad-ly wait-ing, I shall hear."

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Joy - bells ring - ing, An - gels bring - ing The good news of One born
 Joy - bells ring - ing, Glad hearts sing - ing, (*Omit*.....)



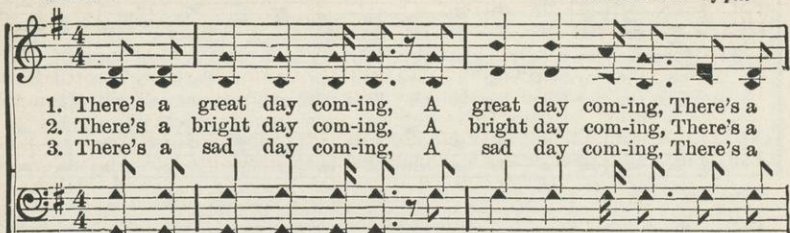
from a - bove!
) Tell the sto - ry of the Sav-iour's love.

No. 156. *There's a Great Day Coming.*

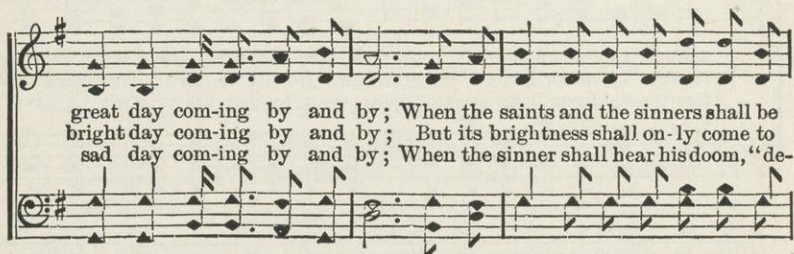
"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATTHEW xxiv: 14.

W. L. T.

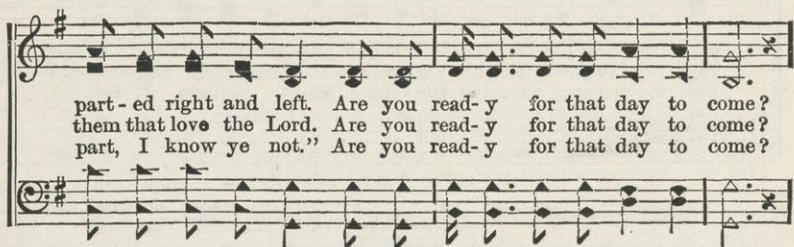
W. L. THOMPSON. By per.



1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a

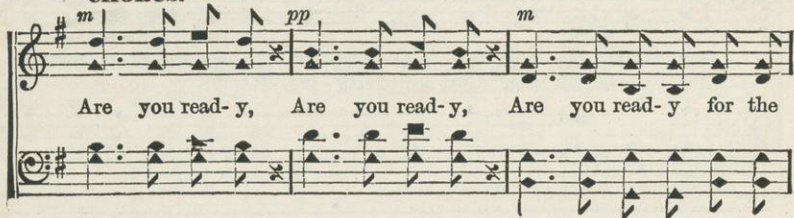


great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

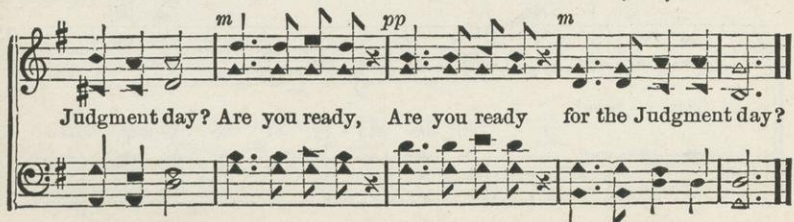


part-ed right and left. Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord. Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.



Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the



Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?


By per. W. F. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 157. O! Who Shall Be Able to Stand?


"For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—REV. 6: 17.

W. T. DALE.

G. W. BROWN.




1. There's a great judgment day that is com-ing, we know, Is com-ing to
 2. Then the righteous and wick-ed to-gether shall meet, To judgment they
 3. Then there'll be great re-joic-ing of happy ones there, Who followed the
 4. But there'll be lam-en-ta-tion and mourning that day, When Jesus shall
 5. O pre-pare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The judgment of




one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His pow-er di-vine,
 shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the righteous, "Well done."
 Sav - our here; When they hear Him declare "Come, ye blessed of mine,
 say "De-part;" And the wick-ed shall flee from His presence a - way;
 that great day; When the saints shall rejoice in Thy presence with song,



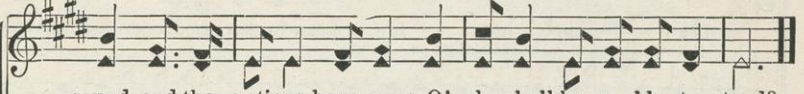
REFRAIN.



And shall judge both great and small.
 The wick-ed, "I know you not," }
 And en-ter my home so fair." } When Je-sus comes, and the
 What rend-ing of ev-'ry heart! }
 The wick-ed be driv'n a - way.

judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the trumpet shall

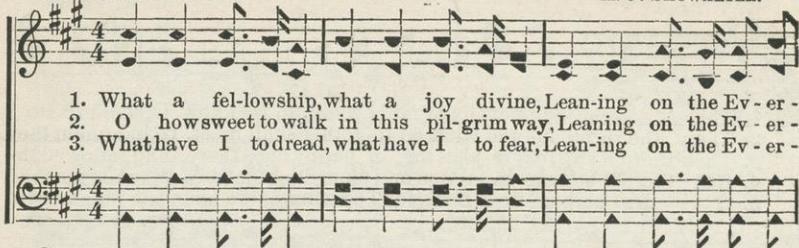


sound, and the nations have come, O! who shall be a-ble to stand?

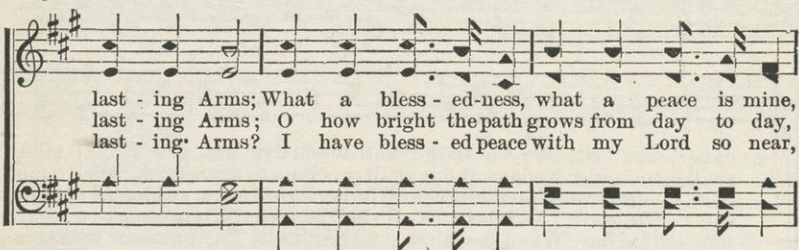
No. 158. *Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.*

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.




1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

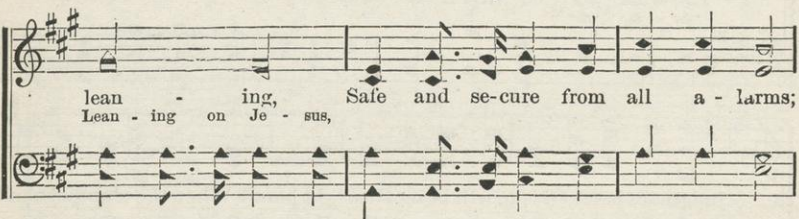


last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

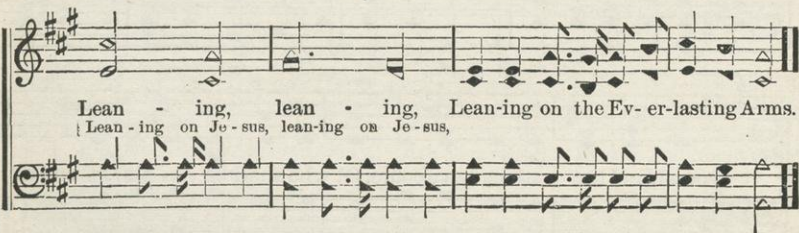
CHORUS.



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



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



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

No. 159. When the "Book of Life" is Unsealed.

"And the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the *book of life*, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."—Rev. 20: 12.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by REV. G. P. HUMPHRIES.



1. You are writ-ing a rec-ord each day that you live On the soul where your choic-
2. O, ye care-less ones, thoughtless ones living in sin, So neg-lect-ful of deeds
3. Yet there's hope for the trusting and pen-i-tent soul, All its sins may be blot-



es are sealed; By and by an account for your life you must give, And the which you do; Know you not that your sin is re-cord-ed with-in, And will ted a-way; By and by all shall know that the blood maketh whole, When the



CHORUS.



record will then be revealed. (revealed.) When the great "Book of Life" is un-sealed, go to the judgment with you. (with you.) "Book" is unsealed in that day. (that day.) unsealed,



And your rec-ord is clear-ly re-vealed; What hope then for you, is clear-ly revealed;



What, soul, will you do? When the se-crets of life are revealed? revealed?



No. 160. They Which Follow the Lamb.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

REV. 14: 1-4.

J. M. PIERCE.

ALTO AND TENOR. *Andante.*

I looked, and lo! a Lamb.....stood on.... Mount Zi-on, Stood on,....stood on,
A bless-ed lamb stood on, stood on,

on,..... stood on..... Mount Zi- on, Stood on,..... stood on,..... stood on,
stood on, stood on, Stood on, stood on,

FULL CHORUS. *Moderato.*

on.... Mount Zi- on, A Lamb, a blessed Lamb.....stood on.... Mount Zi- on.
stood on a Lamb stood on

First time 3 or 4 Soprano voices only, 2d time Full Chorus.

And with Him, and with Him An hun-dred and for-ty - four thousand

Hav-ing His Fa-ther's name in their foreheads, And I heard a voice from

Heav-en, As the voice of ma-ny wa-ters, As the voice of ma-ny

They Which Follow the Lamb. Concluded.

wa - ters, As the voice of ma - ny wa - ters, And the voice of harp - ers

This system consists of a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

harp - ing with their harps, And the voice of harp - ers
and the voice of harp - ers harp - ing,

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

harping with their harps, harps, Singing, These are they that fol - low the Lamb,
harping with their harps,

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

These are they that fol - low the Lamb, These are they, these are they, these are they,

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

these are they, they that follow, they that fol - low, that fol - low the Lamb;
fol - low the Lamb;

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

They that follow, they that follow, These are they that follow the Lamb.
fol - low the Lamb, fol - low the Lamb.

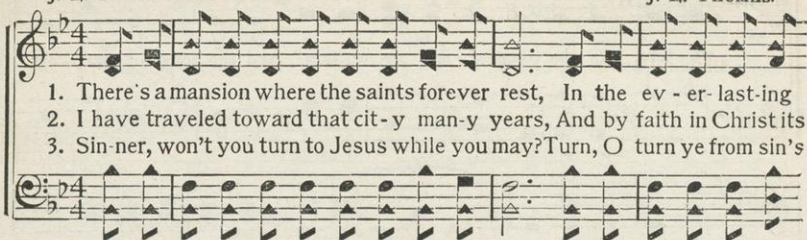
This system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staff.

No. 161. Yet the Half Has Never Been Told!

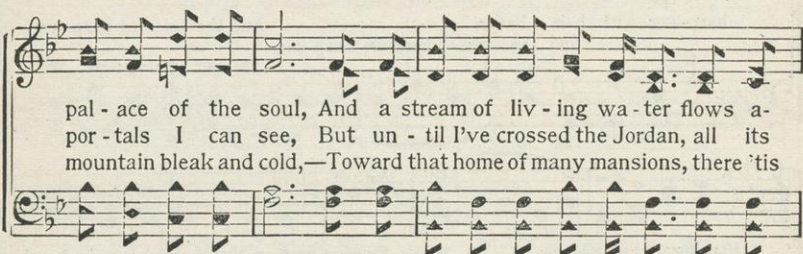
Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet, the beauties of that city will unfold after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see). Yes, the half has never been told!—F. L. E.

J. E. T.

J. E. THOMAS.

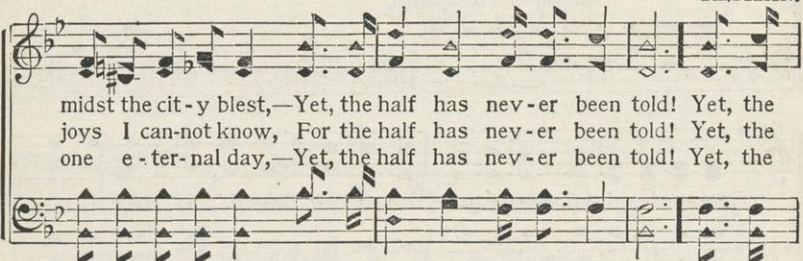


1. There's a mansion where the saints forever rest, In the ev - er - last - ing
2. I have traveled toward that cit - y man - y years, And by faith in Christ its
3. Sin - ner, won't you turn to Jesus while you may? Turn, O turn ye from sin's



pal - ace of the soul, And a stream of liv - ing wa - ter flows a -
por - tals I can see, But un - til I've crossed the Jordan, all its
mountain bleak and cold, — Toward that home of many mansions, there 'tis

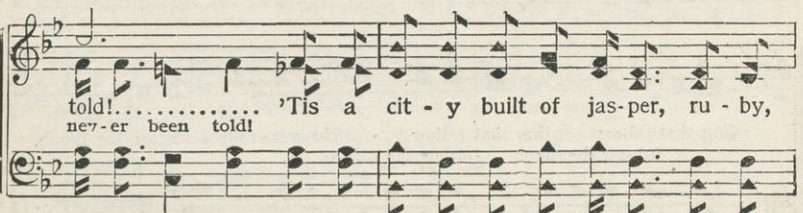
REFRAIN.



midst the cit - y blest, — Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
joys I can - not know, For the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
one e - ter - nal day, — Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the



half has nev - er been told!..... Yet, the half has nev - er been
nev - er been told!



told!..... 'Tis a cit - y built of jas - per, ru - by,
nev - er been told!

Yet, the Half, Etc. Concluded.

musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

diamond, pearl and gold,—Yet, the half has nev - er been told!

No. 162. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

REV. A. J. GORDON.

musical notation for the first system of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee.', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou at first didst love me, And purchased my
 3. I love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

musical notation for the second system of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee.', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature.

fol - lies of earth I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

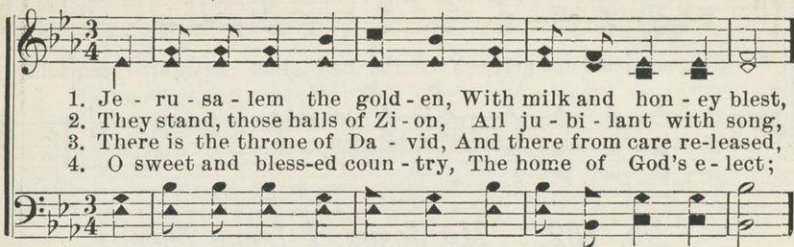
musical notation for the third system of 'My Jesus, I Love Thee.', featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature.

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

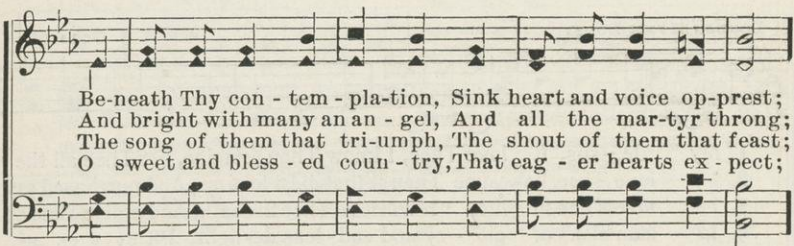
No. 163. Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century.
Tr. J. M. NEAL, 1851.

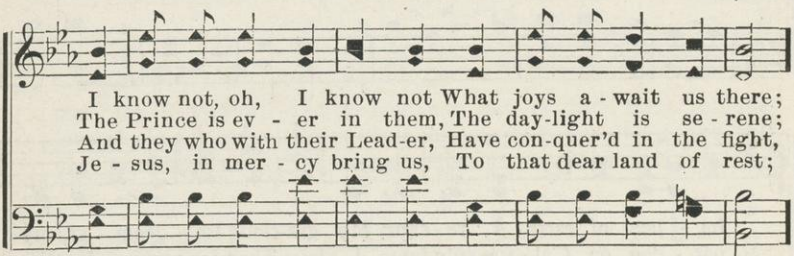
W. T. DALE.



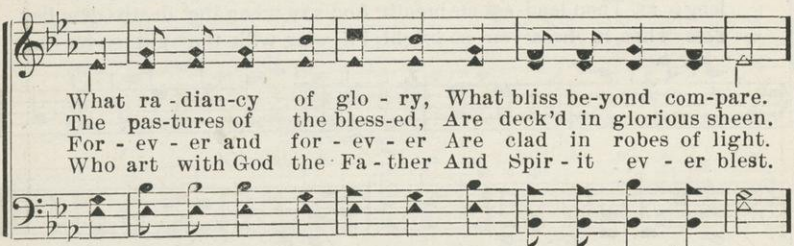
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect;



Be - neath Thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That eag - er hearts ex - pect;

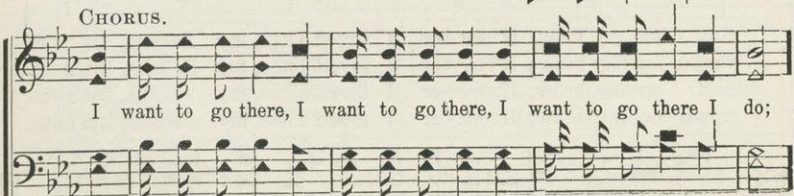


I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait us there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quer'd in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us, To that dear land of rest;



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed, Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of light.
Who art with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it ev - er blest.

CHORUS.



I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there I do;

Jerusalem, the Golden. Concluded.

I want to go there, I mean to go there, I ex-pect to go there, don't you?

No. 164. The Way the Fathers Trod.

J. CENNICK.

ISA. 35: 8.

W. T. DALE.

1. Child-ren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
2. Shout, ye lit-tle flock and blest, You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
3. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand, On the bord-ers of your land;
4. Lord! submissive make us go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
 There your seat is now pre-par'd, There your kingdom and reward.
 Je-sus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you un-dis-may'd go on.
 On-ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.

CHORUS.

We are trav'ling home to God In the way the fa-ther's trod;

They are hap-py now, and we, Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

No. 165. O Blessed Hour.

JAMES ROWE.

MALE QUARTET.

J. M. HAGAN.

1. O bless-ed hour,..... when I shall rise..... To my Re-
 2. O bless-ed hour,..... when I shall stand..... With Him up-
 3. O bless-ed hour,..... when I shall be,..... Where I His

1. O blessed hour, when I shall rise

deem - - er in the skies!..... When I up - on..... my King shall
 on..... the golden strand!..... When I with Him,..... who made me
 lov - ing smile may see!..... When He to me..... will sweet-ly

To my Redeem - er in the skies! When I up-on

Rit.

gaze,..... And with the saints..... repeat His praise.....
 whole,..... Shall view the home - land of my soul.....
 come,..... And whisper, "Dear..... one, welcome home!".....
 Dear one, come home.

my King shall gaze, And with the saints repeat His praise.....
 CHORUS.

O blessed hour, O time of bliss, When I His hands,

O blessed hour,..... O time of bliss,..... When I His wound -

His hands shall kiss, When I shall look..... up-on His

ed hands shall kiss!..... When I shall look

J. M. Hagan, owner,

O Blessed Hour. Concluded.

Rit.

face, And praise my Sav - - iour for His grace! (His saving grace!)

up-on His face, And praise my Saviour for His grace.

No. 166. Just Across the River.

J. S.

REV. JOHN STEPHENS.

1. Just a - cross the riv - er, Where an - gel feet have trod;
 2. Where our friends are gath - ring, A - round the great white throne,
 3. Oh, my heart is long - ing To reach the gold - en strand;
 4. Now I have a fa - ther And moth - er o - ver there;
 5. There our friends are sing - ing The song the ran - somed sing;

Just a - cross the riv - er, In th' Par - a - dise of God.
 To re - ceive a wel - come, And wear a gold - en crown.
 Where my saint - ed loved ones, Are hap - py in that land.
 By and by I'll meet them In heav'n so bright and fair.
 Prais - ing Christ, their Sav - iour, Re - deem - er, Lord and King.

CHORUS.

I've a home, a beau - ti - ful home, Where the hap - py an - gels are;

Oh, my home, my beau - ti - ful home, Where there'll be no grief nor care.

No. 167. Christian, Awake!

(Male Quartet.)

J. L. MOORE.

Earnestly.



1. Christian, awake! the daylight breaks o'er thee, All the dark shadows hasten away;
2. Tossed on the dark mad waves of the ocean, Calmly composed, undaunted still be;
3. Christian, behold! the homeland is nearing, And the wild tempest soon will be o'er;
4. Cheer up, O Pilgrim! daylight breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sun in midsummer day.



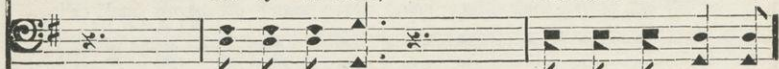
Tinged are the distant clouds that hang o'er thee, Christian, behold the coming of day.
'Midst the fierce tempest's angry commotion, Jesus, thy Saviour, lingers with thee.
Listen, the heav'nly host are now cheering, See now the ransomed thronging the shore.
Angelic throngs in realms of bright glory, Beckon thy hap - py spirit a - way.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry to Thee..... day-light is dawn - ing,
Glo - ry to Thee, day-light is dawn-ing



Pilgrim look up - ward, See the bright shore?..... soon you will
Pilgrim look upward, see the bright shore?



an - chor in the soul's harbor, Glo-ry to God! you'll sorrow no more.



J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 168. The Broken Chord.

(QUARTET.)

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. (ECCLES. 12: 6, 7.)

LOUIS PIKET.

Andante sostenuto.

p

1. When the chord of life is bro - ken, And the soul flies heavenward,
 2. Je - sus, lead us ev - er on - ward, Teach us but the heav'nly way,
 3. As the sil - ver chord is brok - en, And the spir - it flies back home,

p

As the last farewell is ut - tered, And fond hearts with sorrow stirred,
 So that when the summons calls us, We re - joic - ing shall o - bey,
 Oh, how sweet to be with Je - sus, In the heav'n - ly realms to roam;

f

How the heav'n - ly gates will o - pen To re - ceive the soul released,
 Fol - low - ing the Master's call - ing, To the high - er realms a - bove,
 Freed from all the weights of sor - row, On - ly bliss - ful joys to share,

p

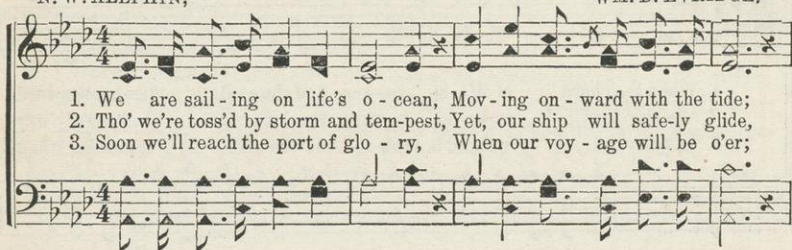
As the spir - it will soar up - ward With its bliss - ful joy increased.
 That we'll feel our spir - its go - ing To the home of per - fect love.
 With our spir - its free and trust - ing In our heav'n - ly Fa - ther's care.

No. 169. *Sailing on Life's Ocean.*

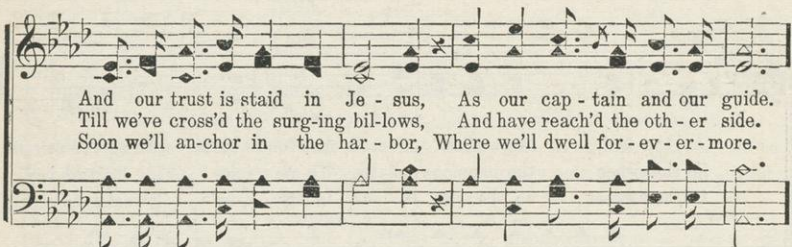
As we sail from earth to heaven,
Let our banner be unfurled,—
Waving, bearing the inscription:
Christ, the Saviour of the world!

N. W. ALLPHIN,

WM. D. EVRIDGE,

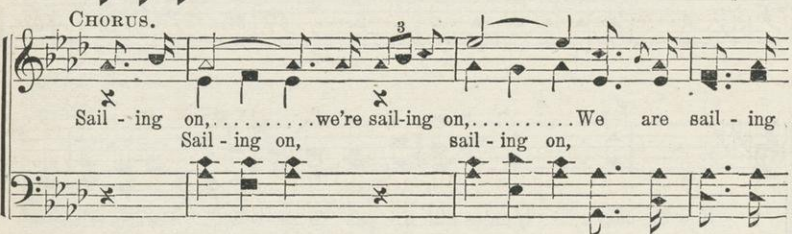


1. We are sail - ing on life's o - cean, Mov - ing on - ward with the tide;
2. Tho' we're toss'd by storm and tem - pest, Yet, our ship will safe - ly glide,
3. Soon we'll reach the port of glo - ry, When our voy - age will be o'er;



And our trust is staid in Je - sus, As our cap - tain and our guide.
Till we've cross'd the surg - ing bil - lows, And have reach'd the oth - er side.
Soon we'll an - chor in the har - bor, Where we'll dwell for - ev - er - more.

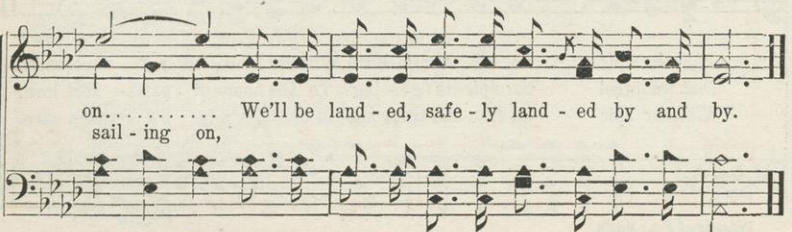
CHORUS.



Sail - ing on,.....we're sail - ing on,.....We are sail - ing
Sail - ing on, sail - ing on,



to a port be - yond the sky; Sail - ing on,.....we're sail - ing
Sail - ing on,

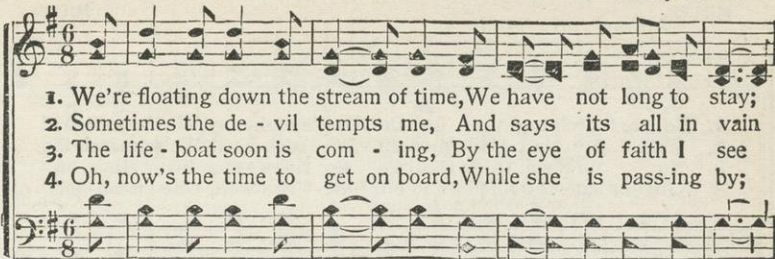


on..... We'll be land - ed, safe - ly land - ed by and by.
sail - ing on,

No. 170. The Life Boat.

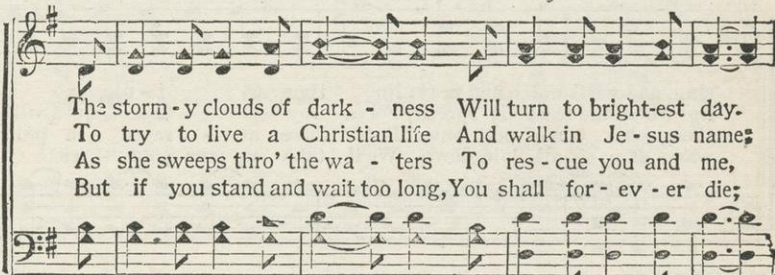
First 3 verses anon. Last verse by F. M. G.

Arr. by F. M. G.



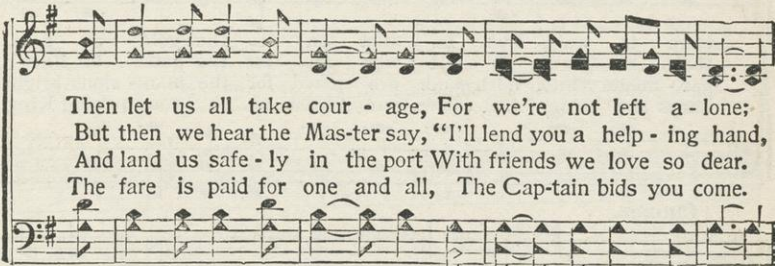
1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
 2. Sometimes the de - vil tempts me, And says its all in vain
 3. The life - boat soon is com - ing, By the eye of faith I see
 4. Oh, now's the time to get on board, While she is pass-ing by;

CHO. Then cheer, my broth-er, cheer, Our trials will soon be o'er,



The storm-y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to bright-est day.
 To try to live a Christian life And walk in Je - sus name;
 As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res - cue you and me,
 But if you stand and wait too long, You shall for - ev - er die;

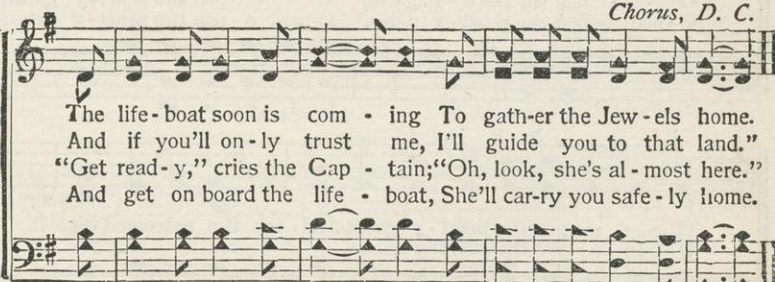
Our lov'd ones we shall meet, shall meet, Up-on the gold-en shore.



Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a-lone;
 But then we hear the Mas-ter say, "I'll lend you a help - ing hand,
 And land us safe - ly in the port With friends we love so dear.
 The fare is paid for one and all, The Cap-tain bids you come.

We're pilgrim's and we're strangers here, We're seeking a cit-y to come,

Chorus, D. C.



The life - boat soon is com - ing To gath-er the Jew - els home.
 And if you'll on - ly trust me, I'll guide you to that land."
 "Get read - y," cries the Cap - tain, "Oh, look, she's al - most here."
 And get on board the life - boat, She'll car-ry you safe - ly home.

The life - boat soon is com - ing, To gather the Jew - els home.

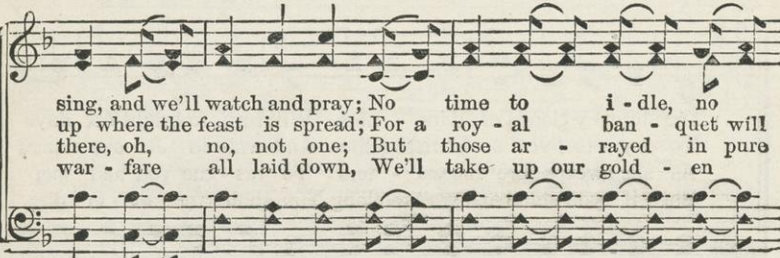
No. 171. Open the Pearly Gates.

MILLER.

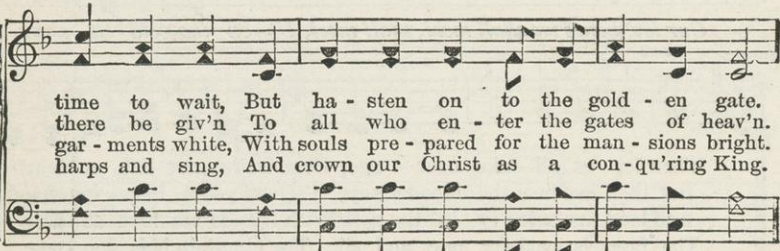
MILLER.



1. We are march-ing up on the King's high-way, We'll shout and
 2. With joy and glad-ness up - on each head, We're march-ing
 3. No un-clean thing shall go up there - on, No li - on
 4. With our bat - tles fought and our vic-t'ries won, Our weap - ons of

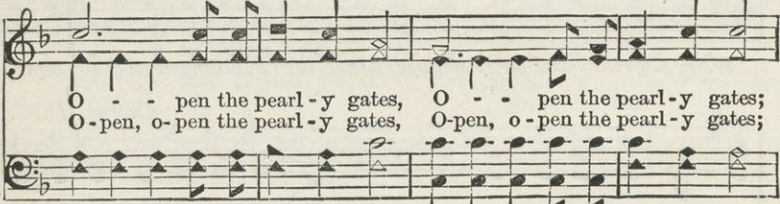


sing, and we'll watch and pray; No time to i - dle, no
 up where the feast is spread; For a roy - al ban - quet will
 there, oh, no, not one; But those ar - rayed in pure
 war - fare all laid down, We'll take up our gold - en

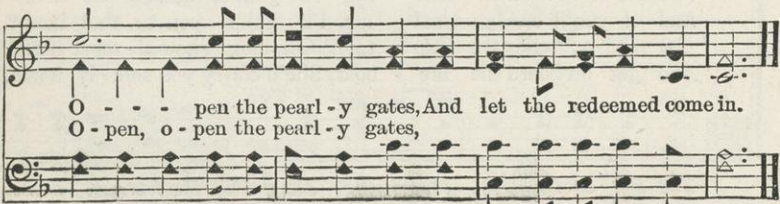


time to wait, But ha - sten on to the gold - en gate.
 there be giv'n To all who en - ter the gates of heav'n.
 gar - ments white, With souls pre - pared for the man - sions bright.
 harps and sing, And crown our Christ as a con-qu'ring King.

CHORUS.



O - - pen the pearl - y gates, O - - pen the pearl - y gates;
 O - pen, o - pen the pearl - y gates, O - pen, o - pen the pearl - y gates;



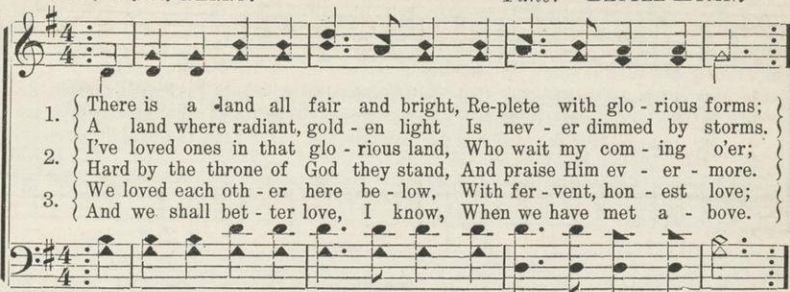
O - - - pen the pearl - y gates, And let the redeemed come in.
 O - pen, o - pen the pearl - y gates,

No. 172. The Future Meeting.

"Then shall He send His angels and shall gather together His elect."—MARK 13: 27.

REV. W. H. BERRY.

Tune: "BATTLE HYMN."

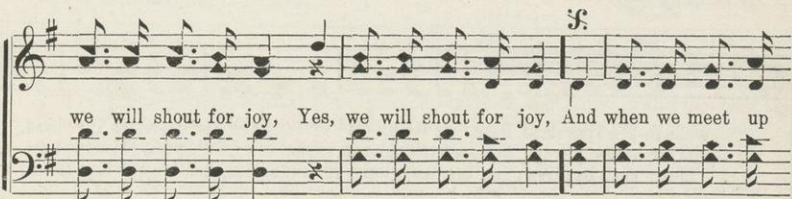


1. { There is a land all fair and bright, Re-plete with glo - rious forms; }
 { A land where radiant, gold - en light Is nev - er dimmed by storms. }
 2. { I've loved ones in that glo - rious land, Who wait my com - ing o'er; }
 { Hard by the throne of God they stand, And praise Him ev - er - more. }
 3. { We loved each oth - er here be - low, With fer - vent, hon - est love; }
 { And we shall bet - ter love, I know, When we have met a - bove. }

CHORUS.



And when we meet up yon - der, We will shout for joy, Yes,



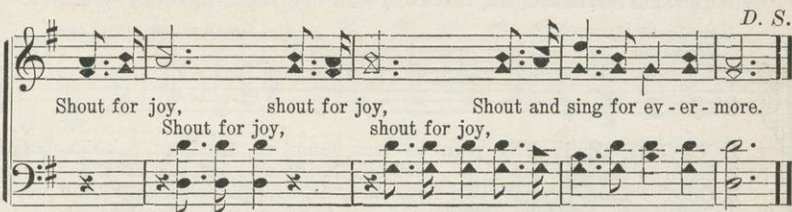
we will shout for joy, Yes, we will shout for joy, And when we meet up

FINE.



yon - der, We will shout for joy, In the saints' e - ter - nal home.

D. S.



Shout for joy, shout for joy, Shout and sing for ev - er - more.
 Shout for joy, shout for joy, shout for joy,

4 Oft in this earthly, weary life,
 I fondly think of them;
 And long to quit these scenes of strife,
 To wear life's diadem.

5 O glorious home, O happy throng,
 O scenes forever blest;
 When shall I join your heav'nly song,
 And be with you at rest?

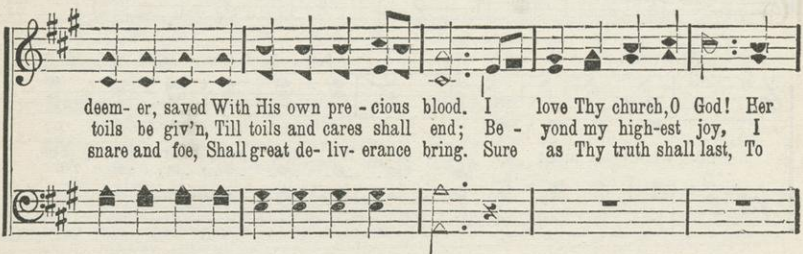
No. 173. *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.*

Rev. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D. Psalm 137.

TUNE BEALOTH, S. M.



1. I love Thy Kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode; The Church, our blest Re-
 2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her my cares and
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King, Thy hand from eve-ry



deem - er, saved With His own pre - cious blood, I love Thy church, O God! Her
 toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end; Be - yond my high-est joy, I
 snare and foe, Shall great de - liv - erance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To



walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
 prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 Zi-on shall be given; The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

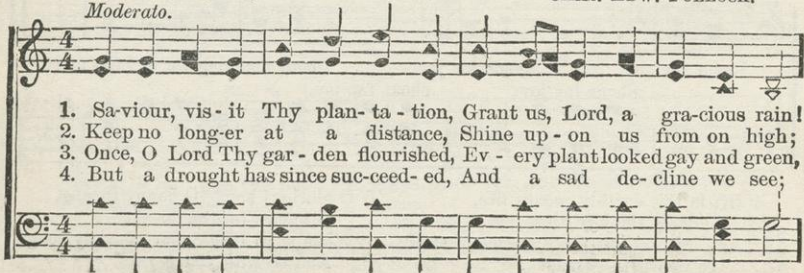
No. 174. *Lord, Revive Us.*

"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—Ps. 85: 6.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.



1. Sa-viour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain!
 2. Keep no long-er at a distance, Shine up - on us from on high;
 3. Once, O Lord Thy gar - den flourished, Ev - ery plant looked gay and green,
 4. But a drought has since suc-ceed - ed, And a sad de-cline we see;

Lord, Revive Us! Concluded.

All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain.
 Lest for want of Thy as - sist - ance, Eve - ry plant should droop and die.
 Then Thy word our spir - its nourished, Hap - py sea - sons we have seen.
 Lord, Thy help is great - ly need - ed, Help can on - ly come from Thee.

Repeat p.

Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us! All our help must come from Thee.

No. 175. Happy Day. L. M.

Uniting with the Church.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

Arr. by W. T. D.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }
2. { Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ; I am my Lord's and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine. }

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

4

D.S. Now rest my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
 Here have I found the better part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5

{ He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev' - ry day. }

High heaven that heard the solemn
 vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 176. Close to Thee.

FANNY CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Lead me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 177. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell within this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme—and reign alone.

No. 178. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS, D. D.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men, their songs em-ploy;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sounding joy,

And heav'n and nat-ure sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing.
Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 179. Ye Christian Heralds.

MARK 16: 15.

Arr.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim, Salvation thro' Immanuel's name, To distant climes
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire, Bid raging winds
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more, Meet with the blood-

the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace, And hush the tempest into peace.
bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

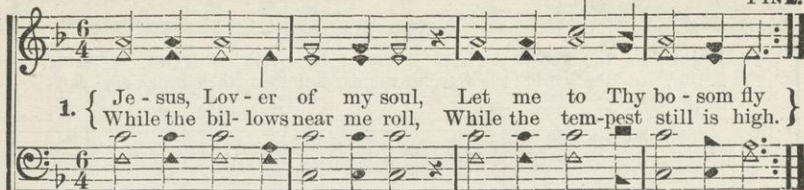
No. 180. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHAS. WESTLEY, 1740

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

FINE.



1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly }
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last,

D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound.
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

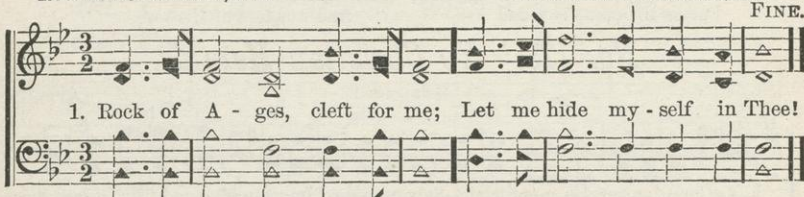
No. 181. Rock of Ages. 7s & 6s.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834.

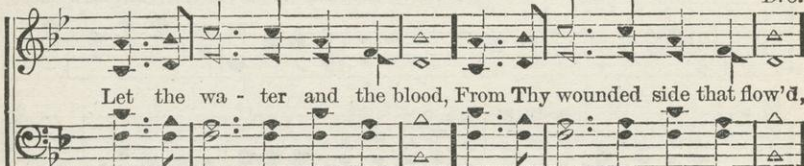
FINE.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in Thee!

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flow'd,

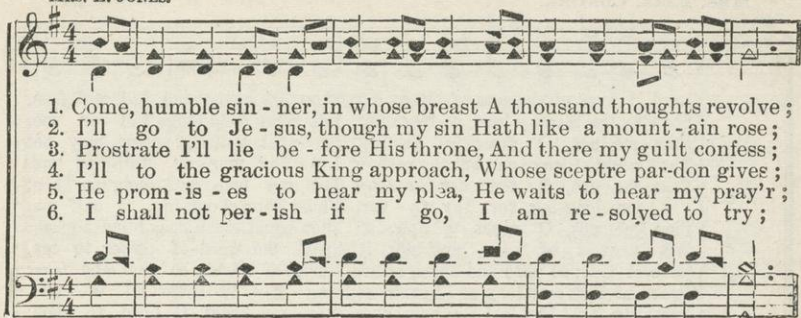
2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

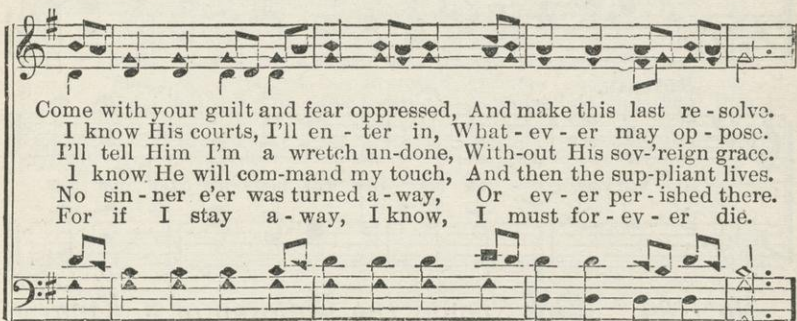
No. 182. *Come, Humble Sinner.* C. M.

"If I perish, I perish."—ESTHER 4: 16.

MRS. E. JONES.



1. Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve ;
 2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a mount - ain rose ;
 3. Prostrate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt confess ;
 4. I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre par-don gives ;
 5. He prom-is-es to hear my plea, He waits to hear my pray'r ;
 6. I shall not per-ish if I go, I am re-solved to try ;

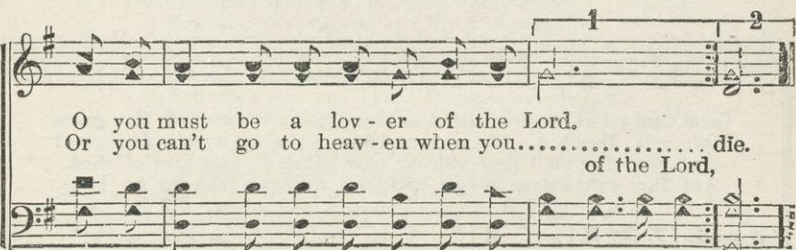


Come with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'-rein grace.
 I know He will com-mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives.
 No sin-ner e'er was turned a-way, Or ev - er per-ish-ed there.
 For if I stay a-way, I know, I must for-ev - er die.

CHORUS.



O you must be a lov - er of the Lord,.....
 O you must be a lov - er of the Lord (of the Lord),



O you must be a lov - er of the Lord.
 Or you can't go to heav-en when you..... die.
 of the Lord,

No. 183. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 33.

MRS. ELIZ. CONDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat-tring full and free, }
 { Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drop-pings fall on me. }
 2. { Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; }
 { Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me. }
 3. { Pass me not, O ten - der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee; }
 { I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me. }
 4. { Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see; }
 { Wit - ness-er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me. }
 5. { Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so rich and free; }
 { Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Mag - ni - fy them all in me. }
 6. { Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee; }
 { While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth - ers, O bless me. }

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

No. 184. Why Should the Children of a King?

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

MATT. 9: 15.

W. T. DALE.

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn-ing all their days?
 2. Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 3. As - sure my con - science of her part In the Re-deem - er's blood;
 4. Thou art the earn - est of His love, The pledge of joy to come,

Great Com - fort-er, de-scend and bring Some to - ken of Thy grace.
 When wilt Thou ban - ish my com-plaints, And show my sins for - giv'n?
 And bear Thy wit - ness with my heart That I am born of God.
 And Thy soft wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Will safe con - vey me home.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 185. *How Firm A Foundation.* 11s.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PETER. 1: 4.

KIRKHAM.

Arr. by W. T. D.

1. How firm a found-a-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismay'd; I, I am thy

faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be."
 cause thee to stand, Up-held, by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee over flow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
 I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

No. 186. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. 1758.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mercy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 2. { Teach me some melodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove; }
 { Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up-on it! Mount of Thy redeem-ing love. }

D.C.—Lord re - vive us, Lord re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Lord re - vive us, Lord re - vive us, Send Thy bless-ings full and free.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I've come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd His precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 187. I Want to Go There, Too.

JOHN CENNICK, of England.

Arr. by W. T. D

1. Je - sus, my all to heav'n is gone, I want to go there too;
 2. His track I see and I'll pur-sue, I want to go there too;
 3. The way the ho - ly proph-ets went, I want to go there too;
 4. The King's highway of ho - li-ness, I want to go there too;

Cho. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too;

He whom I fix my hopes up-on, I want to go there too.
 The nar-row way till Him I view, I want to go there too.
 The road that leads from ban-ish-ment, I want to go there too.
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace, I want to go there too.

Wheresol - id ioy's my soul shall fill, I want to go there too.

No. 188. Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

Rev. GEO. ASKINS, 1820. (AN OPENING SONG.)

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.



1. { Breth - ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God; }
2. { Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word? }
2. { Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go? }



D.C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.

D.C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.

D.C.



All is vain un-less the Spir-it, Of the Ho-ly One comes down:
See our fa-thers and our moth-ers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;



- 3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that He will be found,
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

- 4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new,
Then He'll call us home to heaven
At His table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird Himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

Mrs. A. STEELE.

No. 189. Naomi.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry murmur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend;



Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end."



No. 190. *Amazing Grace.*

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease;
6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess with - in the veil A life of joy and peace.
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

No. 191. *I Will Arise.*

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

Arranged.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
3. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 Praise the Mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
 And I hope by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

No. 192. Old Time Religion.

Revival Song.
Not too fast.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. It was good..... for our fa-thers, | It was good..... for our fa-thers, |
| 2. It was good..... for our mothers, | It was good..... for our mothers, |
| 3. It was good..... for our brothers, | It was good..... for our brothers, |



Cho.—'Tis the old..... time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old..... time re - lig-ion,



- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| It was good..... for our fathers, | And it's good e-nough for me. |
| It was good..... for our mothers, | And it's good e-nough for me. |
| It was good..... for our brothers, | And it's good e-nough for me. |



'Tis the old..... time re - lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 It was good for our sisters, etc. | 10 It was good enough for martyrs, etc. |
| 5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc. | 11 It will do while I am living, etc. |
| 6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc. | 12 It will do when I am dying, etc. |
| 7 It was good for the Hebrew children, etc. | 13 It will land us over Jordan, etc. |
| 8 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc. | 14 It will take us all to heaven, etc. |
| 9 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc. | 15 It will give us joy forever, etc. |

No. 193. Lord, I Want More Religion.

Arr. by W. T. D.



- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. Religion makes me happy, And then I want to go, | To leave this world of |
| 2. Oh, fathers, are you ready? And don't you want to go, | To leave this world of |

CHORUS.



sor-row, And trouble here be - low. Lord, I want more re - lig-ion, Lord, I



want more re-lig-ion, Lord, I want more re-lig-ion, To help me on to Thee.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 Oh, mothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc. | 5 Oh, sisters, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc. |
| 4 Oh, brothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc. | 6 Oh, Christians, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc. |

No. 194. Come ye Sinners. 8s. & 7s.

Rev. JOSEPH HART, 1759.

MATT. 11 : 28.

Old Melody.

FINE.

1. { Come ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.

D.S.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing doubt no more.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth

Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

No. 195. Come to Jesus just Now.

English Melody.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.

6 He is waiting, etc.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc.
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.

10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Hallelujah, etc.

No. 196. *Coming to the Cross.*

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Rev. W. M. McDONALD.

W. T. DALE.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 197. *Show Pity, Lord.*

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer - cy! can it be That mercy's still re-served for me?

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul was sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

No. 198. Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 fall, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 all a - round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.

No. 199. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WUDWORTH. L. M.)

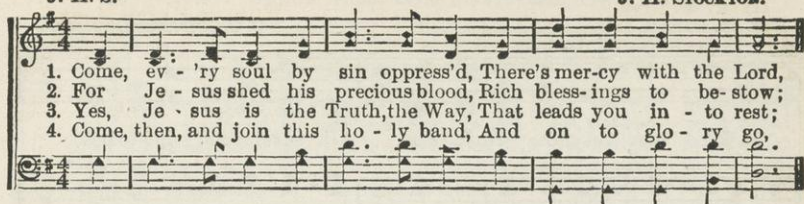
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am - poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 5 Just as I am thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 6 Just as I am - thy love unknown Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

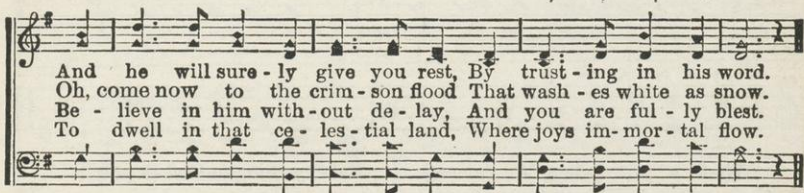
No. 200. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

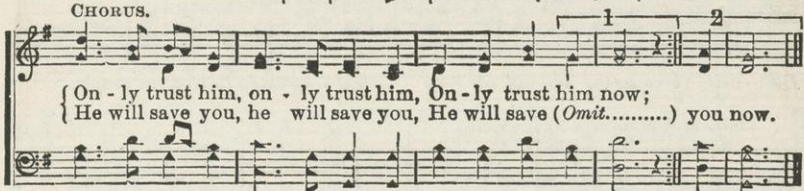


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.



And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Oh, come now to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

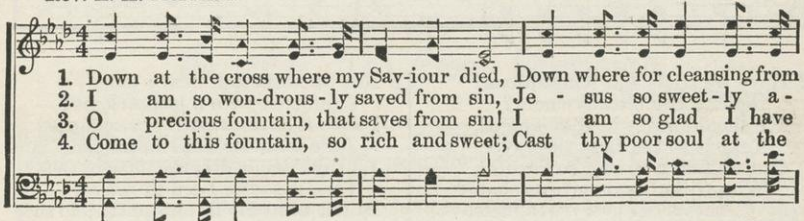


{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will save (*Omit.....*) you now.

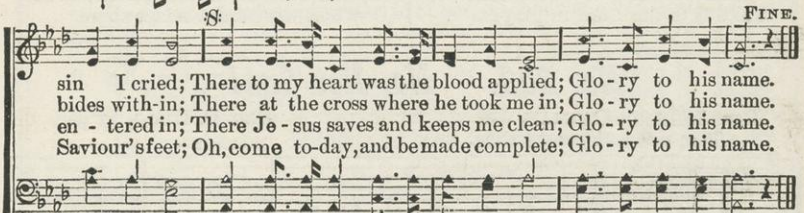
No. 201. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



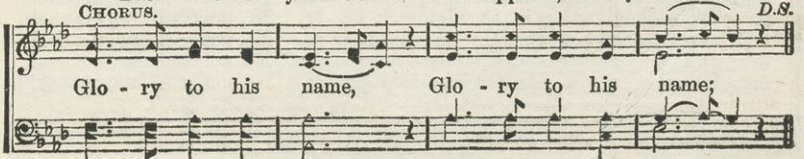
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. O precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.
 bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his name.
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name.
 Saviour's feet; Oh, come to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his name.

D.S. - There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his name.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

No. 202. What a Friend. 8s & 7s.

There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18 : 24.

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ;

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev' - ry thing to God in pray'r.

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,—

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 203. No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.
Slow, and with great feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er Saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

No, Not One. Concluded.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,
 There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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No. 204. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je-sus. }
2. Your ma-ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je-sus, }
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus; }
 I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus. }
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus; }
 O, how my soul de-lights to hear, The charming name of Je-sus. }

D. C. Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, blessed Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue.

No. 205. *I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.*

L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The bless-ed work with-in By add - ing grace to
 5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev-'ry promise
 6. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the gift of

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful-ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove. I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing
 welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
 is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 Christ, our Lord, Our strength, and righteousness.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 206. *Pass Me Not.*

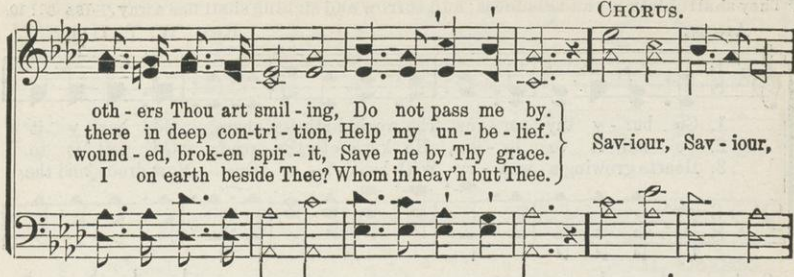
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

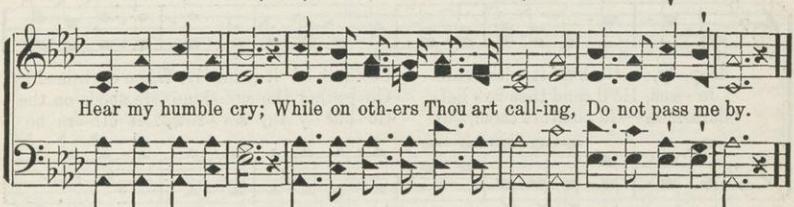
Pass Me Not. Concluded.

CHORUS.



oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wound - ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

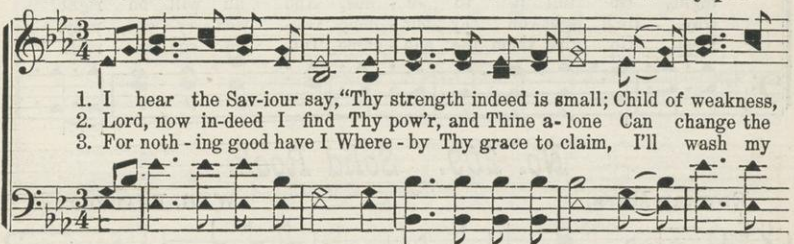


Hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 207. Jesus Paid It All.

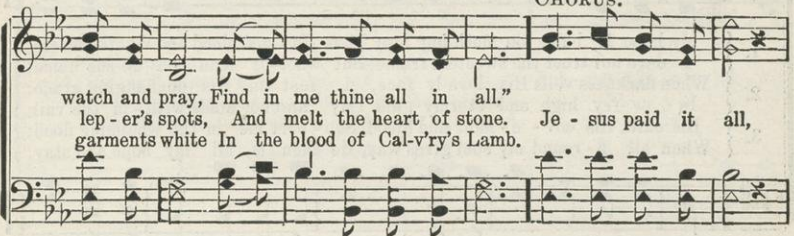
MRS. E. M. HAIL.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

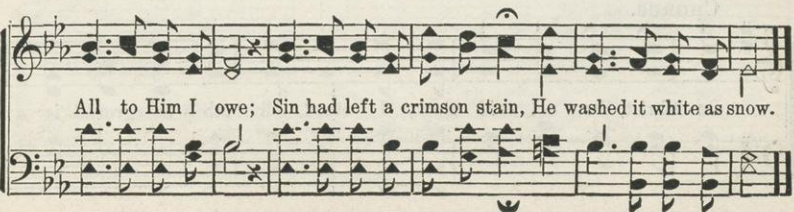


1. I hear the Sav - iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my

CHORUS.



watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
garments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.



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

No. 208. *Go Bury Thy Sorrow.*

"They shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa 35:10.

ANON.

REV. W. T. DALE.



1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share, Go bur - y it
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief; Go tell it to
 3. Hearts growing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the

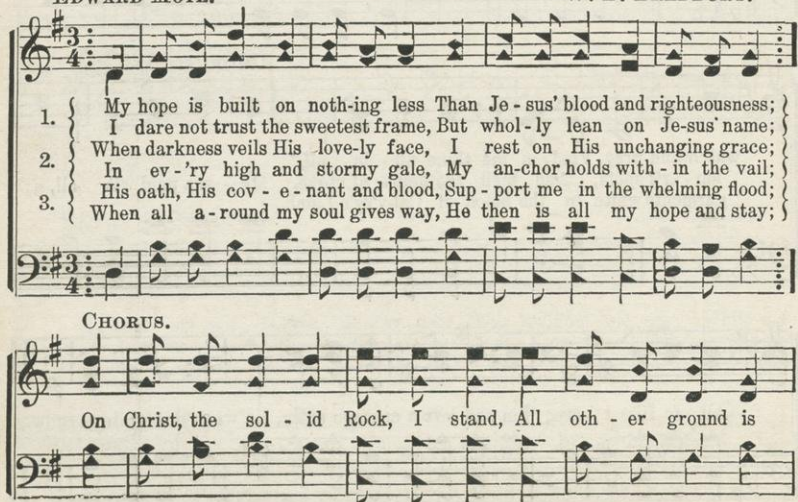
deep - ly, Go hide it with care. Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by
 Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief. Go gather the sun - shine He sheds on the
 dark-ness—Go comfort them, go! Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be

night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 way, He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 blest, Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

No. 209. *Solid Rock.*

EDWARD MOTE.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. { My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name; }
 2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace; }
 { In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vail; }
 3. { His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; }
 { When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay; }

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is

Solid Rock. Concluded.

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

No. 210. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor th

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive, Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;
 grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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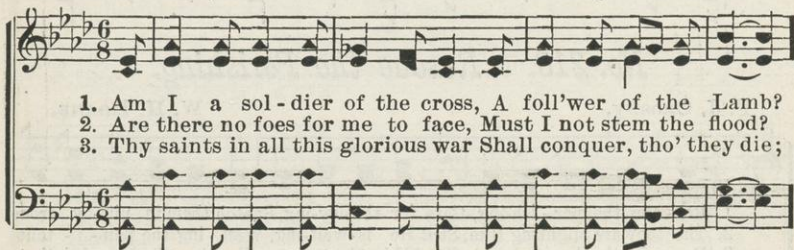
HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

No. 211. *A Soldier of the Cross.*

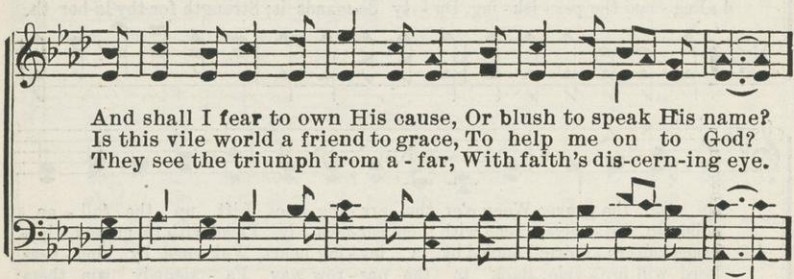
"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2:3.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

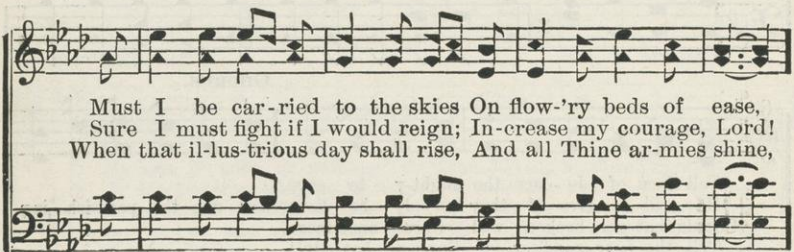
Arr. by W. T. DALE.



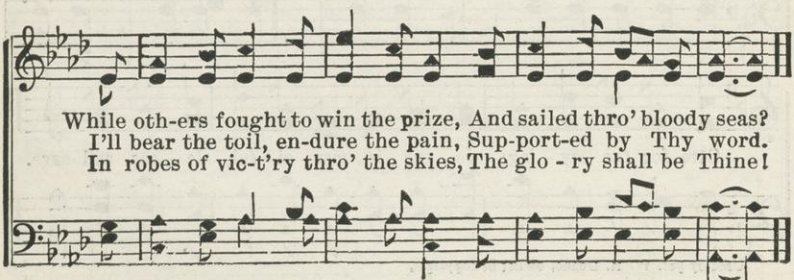
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, tho' they die;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the triumph from a - far, With faith's dis-cern-ing eye.



Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my courage, Lord!
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar-mies shine,



While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine!

No. 212. "Hinder Me Not." C. M.

J. KYLAND.

Uniting with the Church.—Gen. 24: 56.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur-sue.
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where He goes,

"Hin-der me not" ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.
"Hin-der me not" shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op-pose.

3 Through duties and thro' trials too,
I'll go at His command;
'Hinder me not" for I am bound,
For my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be;
"Hinder me not" come welcome death
I'll gladly go with thee.

No. 213. Ruth's Choice. 7s.

Uniting with the Church.—Ruth 1: 16, 17,

Rev. JAS. MONTGOMERY.

W. T. DALE.

FINE.

1. { Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round;
Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort no where found

D.C.—Breth-ren where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in-to rest.

D.C.

Now to you my spir-it turns, Turns a fug-i-tive un-blest;

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me," I know Thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see,
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light the burden now to me.

No. 214. *Arlington.* C. M.

Infant Baptism. Gen. 17: 8. Acts 2: 39.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

1. How large the promise! how di-vine To Abr'ham and his seed:
2. The words of His ex-tensive love From age to age en-dure:

"I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need."
The an-gel of the covenant proves, And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are His ways,
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace
Blots out the children's name.

No. 215. *Azmon.* C. M.

After baptism of child. Gen. 17: 7. Acts 16: 15, 33.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

C. G. GLASER.

1. Thus saith the mer-cy of the Lord, "I'll be a God to thee;" I'll bless thy numerous

REFRAIN.
race and they Shall be a seed for me. Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

2 Abrah'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God:
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;

Thus the believing jailor gave,
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thy covenant embrace;
Our infant offspring now we bring,
And supplicate Thy grace,

No. 216. Rockbridge. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. "Lord's Supper."—MATT 26: 26-30.

A. CHAPIN. Arr.

1. 'Twas on that dark that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose;
2. Be-fore the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and blessed and brake;

Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake.

- This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
- Meet at my table, and record,
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

No. 217. Kentucky. S. M.

A. R. W.

After Communion.

MATT. 26: 30.

Old Melody.

1. A part - ing hymn we sing, A - round Thy ta - ble Lord;

A - gain our grateful tribute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.

- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace,
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
- The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love,
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

No. 218. Hebron. L. M.

The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 19, 10. Mark 16: 15, 16.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

DR. L. MASON, 1830.

1. "Go preach my Gospel," Saith the Lord, "Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gospel true

He shall be saved that trusts my word, And he condemned who'll not believe.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won- ders ye shall do.

- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands, I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands;
I can destroy and I defend."
4 He spake, and light shone round His head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode,
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

No. 219. McPherson. L. M.

On Ordination of a Minister.

C. P. COLL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus with truth and power divine, Send forth this messen-ger of Thine;
2. Be Thou his mouth and wisdom Lord; Thou by the hammer of Thy word,

His hands confirm his heart in- spire, And touch his lips with hallowed fire.
The rock- y hearts in pie- es break, And bid the son of thunder speak.

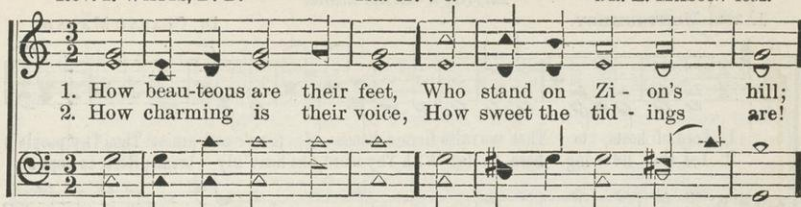
- 3 To those who would the Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.
4 Let all with thankful hearts confess,
The welcome messenger of peace,
And power in his report be found,
And in Thy work may he abound.

No. 220. *Boylston. S. M.*

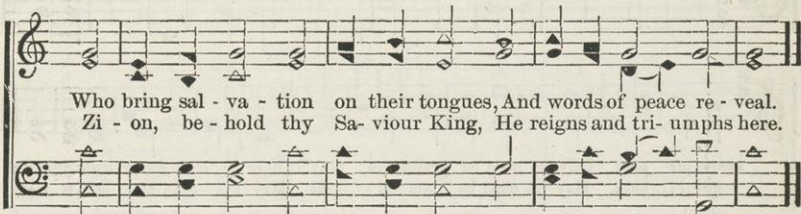
Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

Isa. 52: 7-8.

DR. L. MASON. 1832.



1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill;
2. How charming is their voice, How sweet the tid-ings are!



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, He reigns and tri - umphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

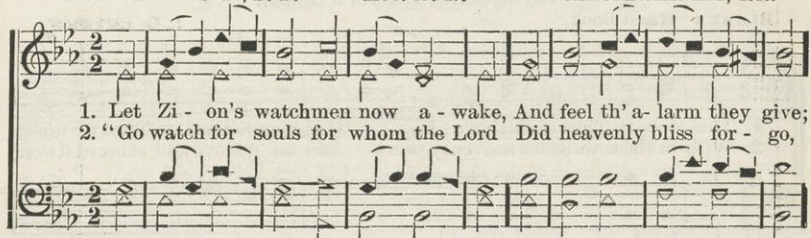
6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 221. *Warwick. C. M.*

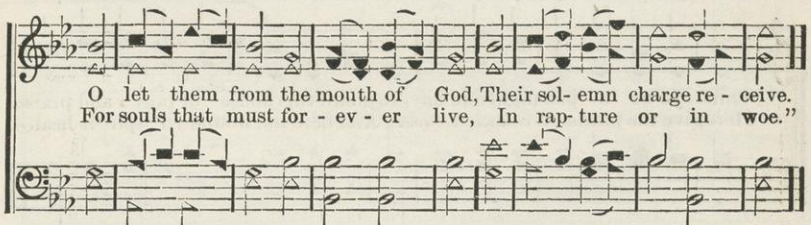
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Heb. 13: 17.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



1. Let Zi-on's watchmen now a - wake, And feel th'a-larm they give;
2. "Go watch for souls for whom the Lord Did heavenly bliss for - go,



O let them from the mouth of God, Their sol- emn charge re - ceive.
For souls that must for - ev - er live, In rap - ture or in woe."

3 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart
And filled a Saviour's hands.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And may Thy Spirit guard their hearts
That they may watch for Thee.

No. 222. Hendon. 7s.

Laying a Corner stone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Dr. CESAR MALAN.

1. Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise: Thon Thy people's
2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With Thy word, the heav'nly bread; Here, in hope of

hearts pre - pare Here to meet for praise and pray'r: Here to meet for praise and pray'r.
glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest: May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

No. 223. Sessions. L. M.

Laying corner stone of a church.

BLAKE'S "Hand Book."

L. O. EMERSON.

1. This stone to Thee in faith we lay; This temple Lord, to Thee we raise;
2. With-in these walls let heavenly peace And ho - ly love and concord dwell;

Thine eye be o - pen night and day, To guard this house of pray'r and praise.
Here give the burden'd conscience ease, And here the wound-ed spir - it heal.

3 But will in deed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest;
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

4 Ne'er let Thy glory hence depart,
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

No. 224. *Dedication.* L. M.

Composed for dedication of C. P. Church, Gallatin, Tenn.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE

1. Oh! God, our fath-ers' God, to Thee We ded-i-cate this house to-day;
 2. Here when Thy waiting people meet To of-fer prayer and pay their vows;

Oh! keep it from all er-ror free, And here Thy rich-est grace dis-play.
 Oh! hear Thou from Thy mercy seat, And let Thy glo-ry fill this house.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 And here when sinners seek Thy face.
 Do Thou Thy gracious aid impart;
 Oh! let Thine own pure word of grace,
 Give comfort to each mourning heart.</p> <p>4 When strangers to this house repair,
 May they a hearty welcome meet;
 And with Thy people richly share
 The grace of love and friendship sweet.</p> | <p>5 Here when Thy gospel we proclaim,
 Do Thou Thy gracious power make known;
 Oh! magnify Thy glorious name,
 And send salvation from Thy throne.</p> <p>6 And when our lips to dust shall turn,
 And to this house we no more come;
 On other lips Thy praise shall burn,
 While we are safe with Thee at home.</p> |
|--|--|

No. 225. *Uxbridge.* L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Dedication of a Church.

DR. L. MASON.

1. And will the great e-ter-nal God, On earth es-tab-lish His a-bode?
 2. These walls we to Thy hon-or raise, Long may they echo with Thy praise;

And will He from His heavenly throne, A-vow our temples for His own?
 And Thou descending fill the place, With choicest to-kens of Thy grace.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of His train;
 While power divine His word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.</p> | <p>4 And in the great decision day,
 When God the nations shall survey;
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.</p> |
|---|--|

MISSIONARY HYMNS

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. I saw and behold a white horse and He that sat on him had a bow and a crown was given unto Him and He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

No. 226. *Jesus Shall Reign.* L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 72

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je- sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His success-ive jour-neys run:
 2. For Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;
 3. Peo-ple and realms of ev-ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev'ry morning's sacrifice.
 And in-fant voices shall proclaim, Their early blessings on His name.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest.
 And all the son's of want are blest.</p> | <p>5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King :
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen !</p> |
|---|---|

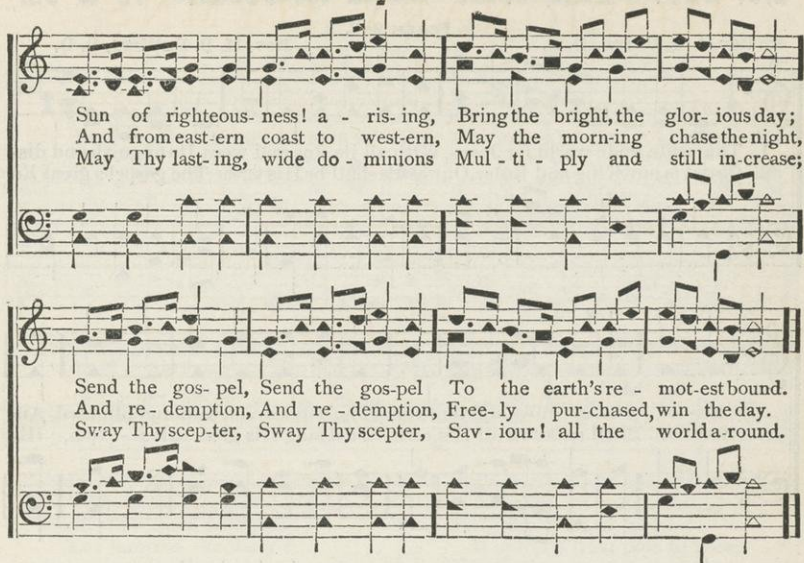
No. 227. *Send the Gospel.* 8s, 7s, & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of darkness Cheered by no ce - les-tial ray,
 2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, — Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
 3. Fly a - broad, thou migh-ty gos-pel ! Win and con - quer, nev-er cease;

Send the Gospel. Concluded.



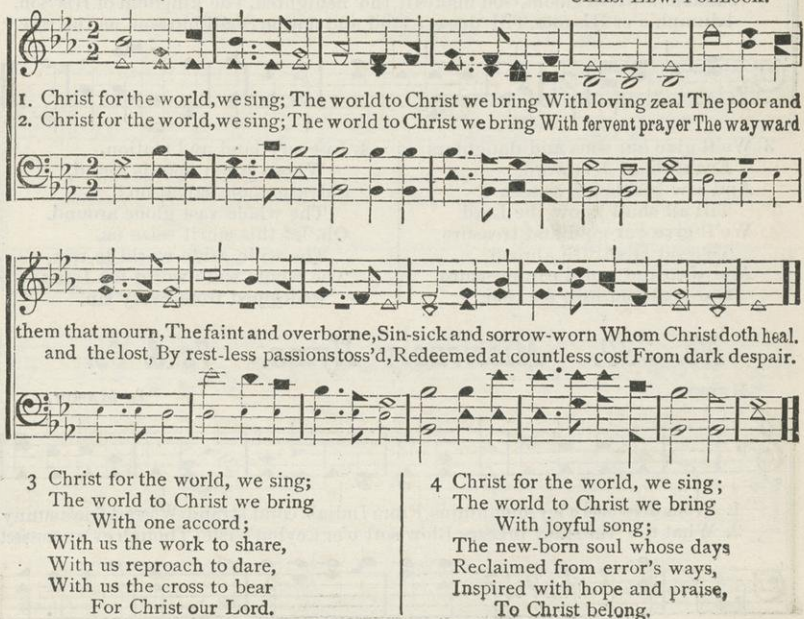
Sun of righteous-ness! a - ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glor-ious day;
 And from east-ern coast to west-ern, May the morn-ing chase the night,
 May Thy last-ing, wide do-minions Mul-ti-ply and still in-crease;

Send the gos-pel, Send the gos-pel To the earth's re-mot-est bound.
 And re-demption, And re-demption, Free-ly pur-chased, win the day.
 Sway Thy scept-er, Sway Thy scepter, Sav-iour! all the world a-round.

No. 228. Christ for the World. 6s & 4.

S. WALCOTT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal The poor and
 2. Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring With fervent prayer The wayward

them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn Whom Christ doth heal,
 and the lost, By rest-less passions toss'd, Redeemed at countless cost From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world, we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world, we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song;
 The new-born soul whose days
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

No. 229. *This Wide World for Jesus.* 7s & 6s.

Rev. A. J. BAIRD, D. D.

PSALM 2: 8.

Rev. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

1. This wide, wide world for Jesus, With all its sins and woes, Its anguish and dis-
2. Christ is our King and Ruler, Our hearts shall be His throne; The gospel's great Re-

eas- es, Its sor-rows and its throes. Tho' cursed, and torn, and blighted, And
veal- er Shall make us all His own. We'll sing His great salva- tion, His

sunken down in gloom, God makes it, tho' benighted, The kingdom of His Son.
triumph o'er His foes, Till des-ert, land, and nation Shall blossom as the rose.

3 We'll give our sons and daughters
Evangels of His word,
And sow beside all waters,
Till all shall know the Lord.
We'll give our gold and treasure
To send His truth abroad,
And then the world can measure
Our zeal and love for God.

4 In every land and station,
Where fallen man is found,
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The whole vast globe around.
Oh, let this spirit seize us,
The wide, wide world to win,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Redeemed from every sin,

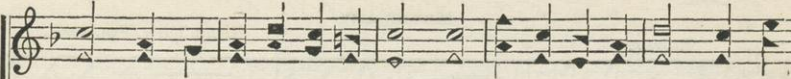
No. 230. *Missionary Hymn.* 7s & 6s.

HEBER.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though ev'ry prospect

Missionary Hymn. Concluded.



foun- tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lavish kind-ness The



many a palm-y plain They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!




3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.


No. 231. Dennis. S. M.

Mrs. W. J. DARBY.

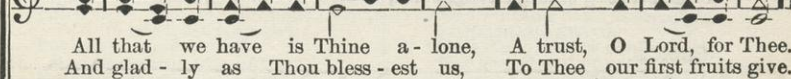
From H. G. NAGELI.



1. We give Thee but Thine own, What e'er the gift may be;
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus, As stew - ards true re-ceive,



All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, for Thee.
And glad - ly as Thou bless - est us, To Thee our first fruits give.



3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 And we believe Thy word
Though dim our faith may be,
And every thing we do, O Lord,
We do it as to Thee.

No. 232. The Rose of Sharon.

MISSIONARY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. Ye Christian her - - - alds go pro-claim Sal-va-tion
 2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With ho-ly
 3. And when your la - - - bors all are o'er, Then may we

1. Ye christian heralds go proclaim, yes go proclaim,
 2. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
 3. And when your labors all are o'er, yes all are o'er,

in Immanuel's name: To dis-tant climes
 zeal your hearts inspire, Bid rag-ing winds
 meet to part no more, Meet with the ran - -

Salvation in Immanuel's name, Immanuel's name;
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire, your hearts inspire,
 Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more, To distant climes
 Bid rag-ing winds
 Meet with the ran-

the tid-ings bear,
 their fu-ry cease,
 somed throng to fall,
 And plant the Rose of Sha-ron there:
 And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

the tid-ings bear, the tidings bear,
 their fu-ry cease, their fury cease,
 somed throng to fall, throng to fall,

CHORUS.

To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the
 To distant climes the tidings bear, the tidings bear,

The Rose of Sharon. Concluded.

rose of Sha-ron there; To dis-tant climes
And plant the rose of Sharon there, of Sharon there; To distant climes

Repeat pp.

the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.
the tidings bear, the tidings bear,

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

FINE. *D.S.*

No. 233. Stand Up for Jesus!

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you:
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 234. The Morning Light.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 235. Over the Billows.

Missionaries Welcome.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. O - ver the bil-lows, o - ver the sea, Com - eth the good ship
 2. Com - eth the greet-ing, words of good cheer, Com - eth the God-sped
 3. Count-ing our pleas-ures, all things but dross, Win- ning the lost ones

on-ward so free; Broth - er in Je - sus o - ver the sea,
 un - to us here; Bid - ing us la - bor, learn-ing to wait,
 un - to the cross; Sol - dier of Je - sus o - ver the sea,

CHORUS.

Bring-eth the good ship safe to the lea. } O - ver the bil-lows, o - ver
 Work-ing for Je - sus earl-y and late. }
 Bear - er of tid-ings, welcome shall be. }

the sea, Friends of the heathen welcome shall be; Broth-er in Je - sus,

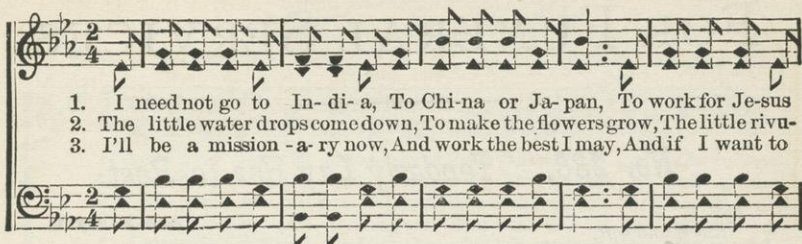
faith-ful and true, Hearts full of wel-come are wait-ing for you.

No. 236. The Little Missionary.

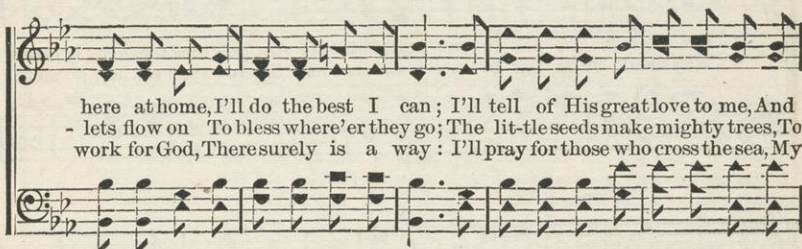
Mrs. W. J. DARBY.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

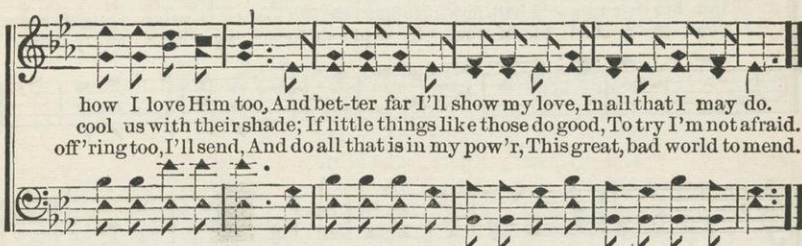
W. T. DALE.



1. I need not go to In-di-a, To Chi-na or Ja-pan, To work for Je-sus
2. The little water drops came down, To make the flowers grow, The little rivu-
3. I'll be a mission-a-ry now, And work the best I may, And if I want to



here at home, I'll do the best I can; I'll tell of His great love to me, And
- lets flow on To bless where'er they go; The lit-tle seeds make mighty trees, To
work for God, There surely is a way: I'll pray for those who cross the sea, My



how I love Him too, And bet-ter far I'll show my love, In all that I may do.
cool us with their shade; If little things like those do good, To try I'm not afraid.
off'ring too, I'll send, And do all that is in my pow'r, This great, bad world to mend.

No. 237. MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Yes—my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home!—thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home!—'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!

Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows! bear me;
Lovely native land!—farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

- 5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

S. F. SMITH.

FOR FUNERAL SERVICES

No. 238. *Tenderly Lay Her to Rest.*

A. S. K.

Slow and soft.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Ten - der - ly lay her to rest 'neath the sod: An - gels look ten - der - ly down!
2. Why should we lin - ger to weep round the tomb? Sor - row shall vex her no more!

But her fair spir - it hath flown to her God,—Gone to re - ceive a bright crown:
Nev - er a shad - ow of trou - ble or gloom Reach - es yon heav - en - ly shore.

In the fair field of the bless - ed to roam, Sing - ing with an - gels so fair;
There with the glo - ri - fied spir - its to reign Through the bright ages a - bove:

Dwell - ing with Christ in His beau - ti - ful home,—All its bright splendor to share.
Free from all sor - row and sick - ness and pain, Rest - ing in heav - en - ly love!

No. 239. Asleep in Jesus.

"Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."—1 THES. 4: 14.

Farewell, beloved, till we meet
Before the throne of God above;
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing the triumphs of His love.—W. T. D.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep From which none ev-er wake to weep.

No. 240. Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell! we meet no more this side of heaven,
The parting scene is o'er, the last sad look is given;
Farewell! and shall we meet in heaven above,
And there in union sweet, sing of a Saviour's love?"

REV. A. WEAVER.

R. S. COWARD.

1. Fare-well, fare - well, a sad fare-well, No more thy face we'll see;
2. Our sighs must speak the last fare-well, Be - reav-ed tho' we be;
3. O, sweet shall be thy slumbers here, And calm thy peace-ful breast;
4. Fare-well, fare - well, a sad fare-well, We'll breathe it o'er and o'er;

No balm can heal, no tongue can tell The sor - row felt for thee.
We would not break the ho - ly spell That sweet-ly rests on thee.
Be - yond the reach of earth-ly care, Thy soul has found its rest.
'Till 'round His throne at Je - sus' feet, We'll meet to part no more.

No. 241. *Balerna.* C. M.

2 Sam. 12: 23.

Note.— By changing *italicised* pronouns, will suit for either a boy or girl.

1. Alas! how changed that lovely flow'r, Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
2. And shall my bleeding heart ar - raighn, That God whose ways are love?

Fair fleet-ing com-fort of an hour, How soon we're called to part.
Or vain-ly cher-ish anx-ious love, For *her* who rests a - bove?

- 3 No! let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will;
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still,"
- 4 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favored soul He bore,

- And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart or fast,
No more *she'll* visit me:
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

No. 242. *Rest Sweetly, Darling One.* S. M.

J. H. K.

For Funeral of a Child.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Rest sweetly, darl- ing one, Naught shall dis- turb thy sleep;
2. Tho' scarce life's bloom had come, The Fath-er tho't it best;

The Father's ho - ly will be done, Tho' we are left to weep.
To take thee to His heavenly home, To lean on Je - sus' breast.

- 3 Thine is a mansion fair,
There in Immanuel's land,
Where all the holy angels are,
With the redeemed band.

- 4 Shed not the bitter tear,
Why should thy heart despair?
The darling's spirit hovers near,
And whispers, "Meet me there."

Used by per. of J. H. Kurzenknabe, owner of Copyright.

No. 243. China. C. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

2 Cor. 5: 8.

T. SWAN, 1800.

1. Why do we mourn de-part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms?
 2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As fast as time can move?

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And scattered all the gloom.</p> <p>4 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?</p> | <p>5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
 At the great rising day.</p> <p>6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake! ye nations underground;
 Ye saints! ascend the skies.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 244. A Calm for Those Who Weep.

Rev. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

W. T. DALE.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry
 2. The storm that wrecks the wint - ry sky No more disturbs their

pil-grims found; They soft-ly lie and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.
 deep re - pose Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Now, traveler in the vale of tears
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through time's dark wilderness of years
 Pursue thy flight,</p> | <p>4 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day,</p> |
|---|---|

No. 245. O Sing to Me of Heaven. S. M.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops, Roll off my mar-ble brow;

CHO.—There'll be no sor-row there There'll be no sor-row there;



Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-cy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in strains of joy-ful-ness, Let heaven be-gin be-low.

In heaven a-bove where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

3 When the last moment comes
Oh, watch my dying face:
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

4 Then to my raptured soul;
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And fold my pale and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

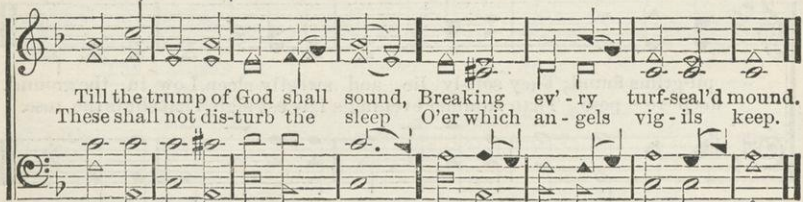
6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

No. 246. Funeral Dirge. L. M.

ALDINES S. KIEFFER, 1882.



1. Dust to dust with ash-es lay, Till the fi-nal judgment day:
2. Let our tears fall on the grave, Let the wild winds moan and rave,—



Till the trump of God shall sound, Breaking ev'-ry turf-seal'd mound.
These shall not dis-turb the sleep, O'er which an-gels vig-ils keep.

3 God's sweet morn shall break at last
When Time's night of pain is past:
Then from out the grave's dull gloom
Souls shall wake in beauteous bloom.

4 Crowns of glory, wings of light,
Radiant robes of dazzling white;
These await that glorious day
When the grave-stones roll away.

No. 247. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY.

Music and Refrain by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out - ride, 'To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

REFRAIN.

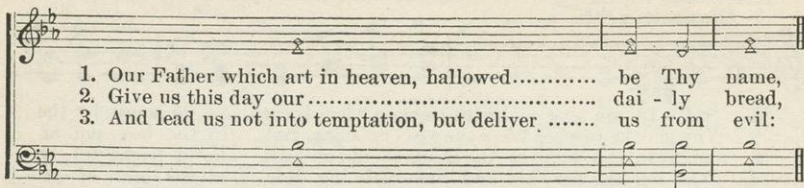
On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream And glo - ry be - yond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

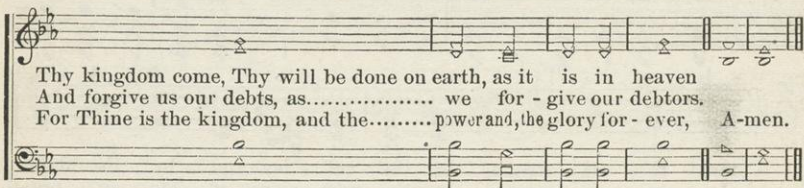
No. 248. *The Lord's Prayer.*

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.)

TALLIS.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed..... be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

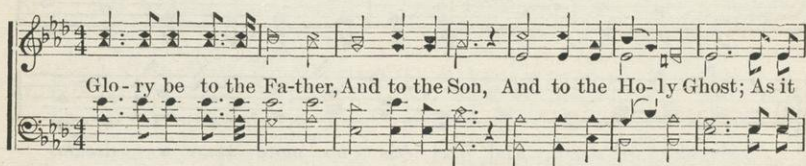


Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven
And forgive us our debts, as..... we for - give our debtors.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the..... power and, the glory for - ever, A-men.

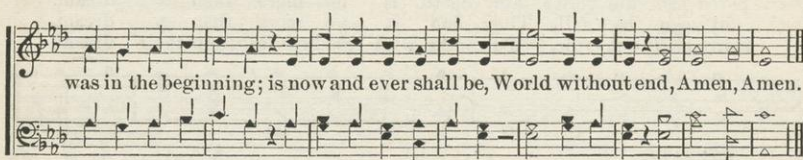
No. 249. *Gloria Patri. (Glory be to the Father.)*

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.)

W. T. DALE.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, And to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



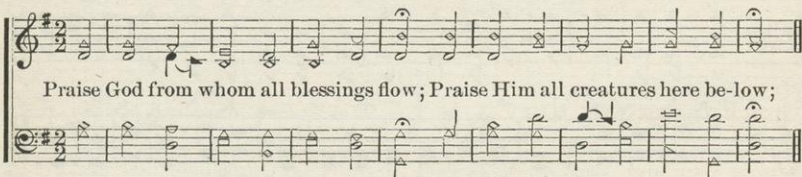
was in the beginning; is now and ever shall be, World without end, Amen, Amen.

No. 250. *Old Hundred.*

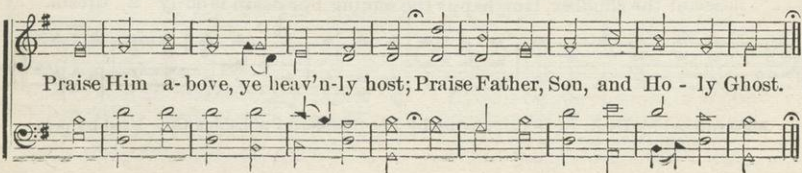
THOMAS KEN.

(FOR DISMISSION.)

G. FRANC.



Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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Supplement to

"The Harp of Glory"

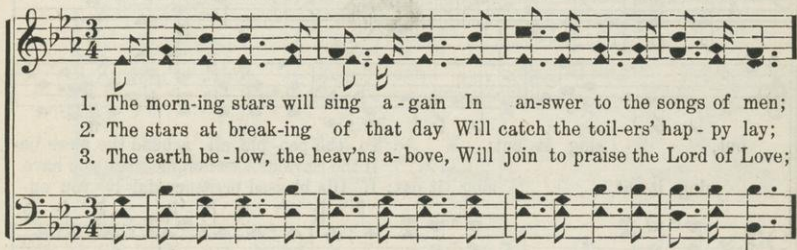
No. 1. *The Morning Stars Will Sing Again.*

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for

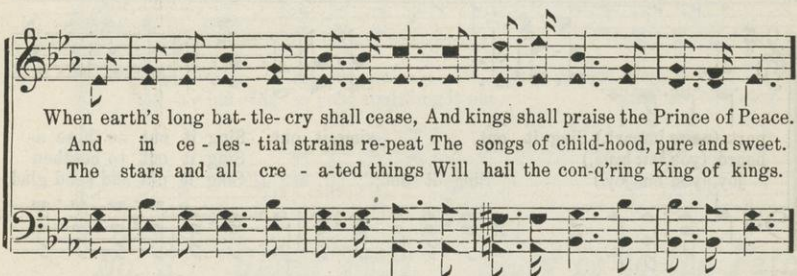
JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

joy."—Job 38: 7.

HENRY P. MORTON.

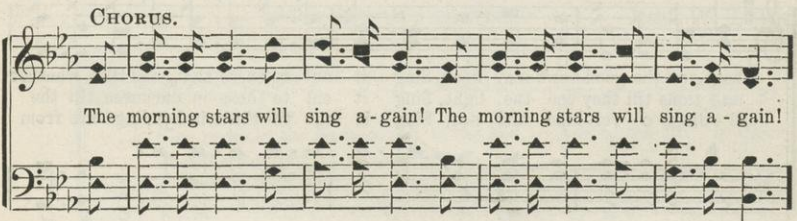


1. The morn-ing stars will sing a - gain In an - swer to the songs of men;
 2. The stars at break-ing of that day Will catch the toil-ers' hap - py lay;
 3. The earth be - low, the heav'ns a - bove, Will join to praise the Lord of Love;

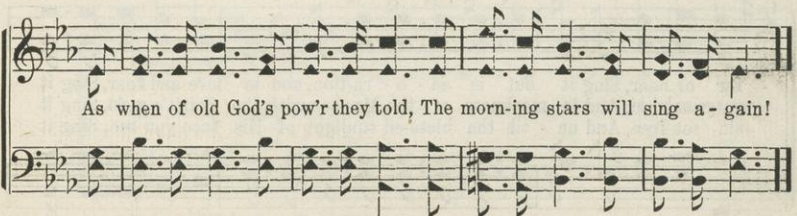


When earth's long bat-tle-cry shall cease, And kings shall praise the Prince of Peace.
 And in ce - les - tial strains re-peat The songs of child-hood, pure and sweet.
 The stars and all cre - a - ted things Will hail the con-q'ring King of kings.

CHORUS.



The morning stars will sing a - gain! The morning stars will sing a - gain!



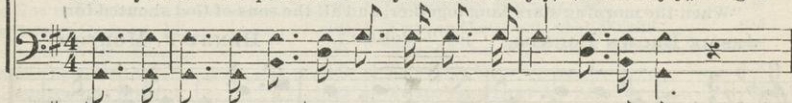
As when of old God's pow'r they told, The morn-ing stars will sing a - gain!

No. 2. Sing It Out, Sing It Out.

Written after hearing an address by Bishop Fitzgerald, before the Y. M. C. A.,
J. M. H. Bowling Green, Ky. J. M. HAGAN. By per.



1. If you have the love of God now in your heart, (in your heart,) Sing it
2. If you know your sins for-giv-en thro' the word, (thro' the word,) Sing it
3. If you have the peace that fills your soul with joy, (soul with joy,) Sing it



out, sing it out; To the peo-ple all around the news im-
sing it out, sing it out; If the Saviour's wondrous message you have
If His blessed presence dai-ly you en-



part, (news impart,) Sing it out, sing it out; Sing it out so those a-
heard, (you have heard,) Sing it out to heathen
joy, (you en-joy,) Sing it out; Sing it out and send glad



bout you the good news may hear, Sing it out to those that need Him, whether
na-tions till they see the light, Sing it out to those in darkness till the
ti-dings o-ver land and sea, Sing it out till those in bond-age are from



far or near, Sing it out in ad-o-ra-tion, and in love and fear, Sing it
way grows bright, And in meekness of the Mas-ter with the Spirit's might, Sing it
sin set free, And un-till the bless-ed sunlight of His face you see, Sing it



Sing It Out, Sing It Out. Concluded.

CHORUS.

out, sing it out, sing it out. Sing it out to those a-bout you, tell the
sto-ry old, Sing it out, sing it out; If you have God's
sto-ry old, Sing it out, sing it out; If you have the grace of
grace with - in your soul, Sing it out, sing it out,
God a - bid - ing in your soul, Sing it out, sing it out, sing it out.

No. 3. Gloria Patri. (Glory be to the Father.)

(FOR OPENING SERVICE.)

REV. W. T. DALE.

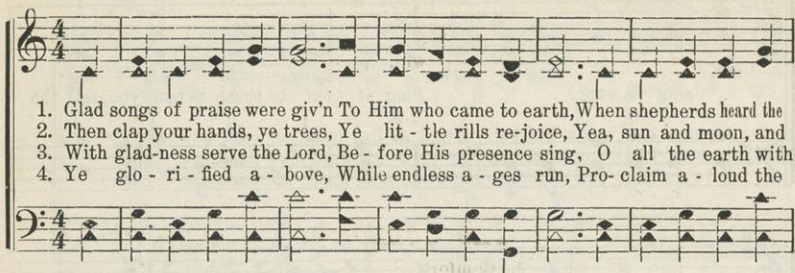
1. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be-ginning, Is now and ev-er shall be, World without end. Amen. Amen.

No. 4. *Glory to God In the Highest.*

J. S. B.

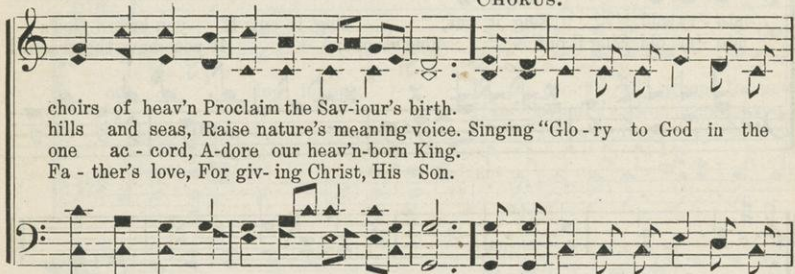
Luke 2: 14.

REV. J. S. BOYD.

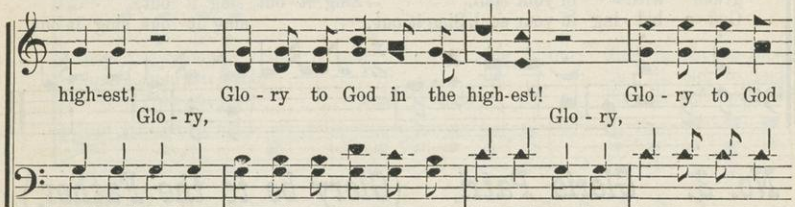


1. Glad songs of praise were giv'n To Him who came to earth, When shepherds heard the
 2. Then clap your hands, ye trees, Ye lit - tle rills re-joice, Yea, sun and moon, and
 3. With glad-ness serve the Lord, Be - fore His presence sing, O all the earth with
 4. Ye glo - ri - fied a - bove, While endless a - ges run, Pro - claim a - loud the

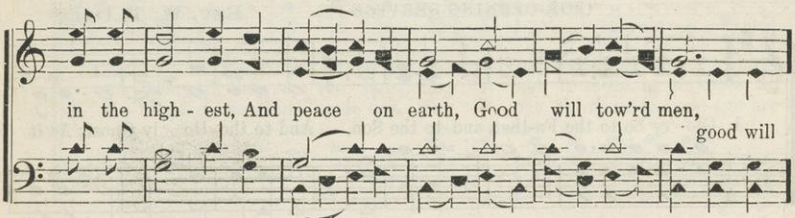
CHORUS.



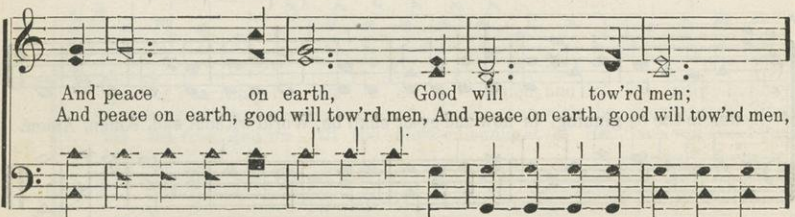
choirs of heav'n Proclaim the Sav-iour's birth.
 hills and seas, Raise nature's meaning voice. Singing "Glo - ry to God in the
 one ac - cord, A-dore our heav'n-born King.
 Fa - ther's love, For giv - ing Christ, His Son.



high-est! Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Glo - ry to God
 Glo - ry, Glo - ry,



in the high - est, And peace on earth, Good will tow'rd men,
 good will



And peace on earth, Good will tow'rd men;
 And peace on earth, good will tow'rd men, And peace on earth, good will tow'rd men,

Glory to God In the Highest. Concluded.

And peace..... on earth, good will, good will tow'rd men." to - ward men.

No. 5. The Comforter Is Come.

"When the Comforter is come."—John 15: 26.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

1. O soul in dark-ness and distress, He lives who knoweth how to bless;
2. Redeem'd by blood that Je - sus shed, And now thus quickened from the dead,
3. O grieve Him not by fear and doubt, Nor let the tempt-er shut Him out;
4. To bring to our remembrance here, The Saviour's lov - ing words of cheer,

In all His love and ten - der-ness, The Com - fort-er is come.
 Ye shall have pow'r, as Je - sus said, The Com - fort-er is come.
 Be - lieve, with faith and love de - vout, The Com - fort-er is come.
 To teach us, till He shall ap - pear, The Com - fort-er is come.

Re - ceive ye now the Ho - ly Ghost With faith and joy, ye ran - som'd host,

To sanc - ti - fy and guide you home, The Com - fort - er is come.


Henry P. Morton, owner,

No. 6. *Keep Singing As You Go.*


To my dear friend and teacher, Prof. J. B. Vaughan.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD.

F. M. FERRELL.




1. While trav'ling thro' time's desert bleak and drear, Keep singing as you
 2. Thro' storm and shine, on land or on the sea,
 3. Look to the Lord in seasons of distress,
 4. The God of light will guide you all the way, singing, singing as you




go;
 Tho' dan - gers gath - er round your path-way here, Keep
 A brave heart wins wher - ev - er you may be, Keep
 For He doth wait to com - fort and to bless, Keep
 go, as you go; He'll lead you on to ev - er - last - ing day, Keep

CHORUS.



sing - ing as you go. Keep sing-ing as you
 sing-ing, sing-ing as you go. singing, singing, Sing-ing.



go, Keep sing-ing as you go, Fear
 singing as you go, singing, singing, singing as you go, as you go,



not, the Lord will be with you all the way, Keep singing as you go.
 singing, singing, singing as you go.

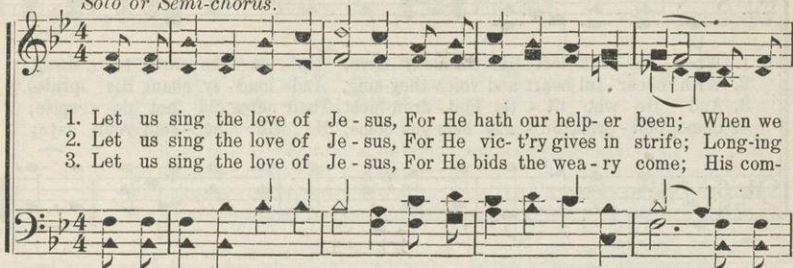
No. 7. Sing, Gladly Sing.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Psalm 11: 17.

J. S. B.

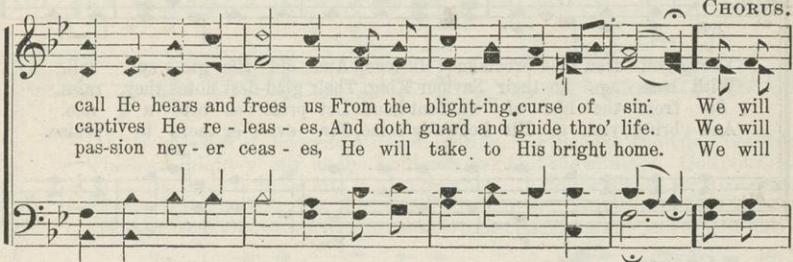
REV. J. S. BOYD.

Solo or Semi-chorus.

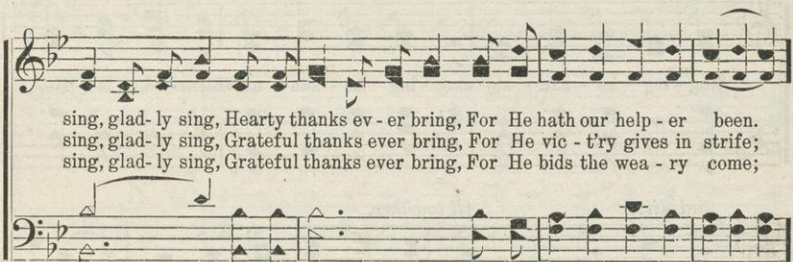


1. Let us sing the love of Je-sus, For He hath our help-er been; When we
 2. Let us sing the love of Je-sus, For He vic-t'ry gives in strife; Long-ing
 3. Let us sing the love of Je-sus, For He bids the wea-ry come; His com-

CHORUS.



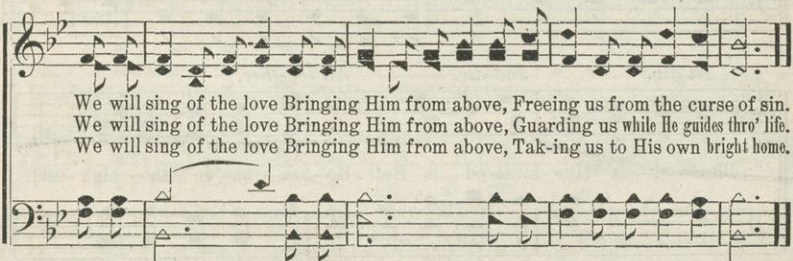
call He hears and frees us From the blight-ing, curse of sin. We will
 captives He re-leas-es, And doth guard and guide thro' life. We will
 pas-sion nev-er ceas-es, He will take to His bright home. We will



sing, glad-ly sing, Hearty thanks ev-er bring, For He hath our help-er been.
 sing, glad-ly sing, Grateful thanks ever bring, For He vic-t'ry gives in strife;
 sing, glad-ly sing, Grateful thanks ever bring, For He bids the wea-ry come;

sing,..... glad-ly sing,

helper been.
 gives in strife;
 wea-ry come;



We will sing of the love Bringing Him from above, Freeing us from the curse of sin.
 We will sing of the love Bringing Him from above, Guarding us while He guides thro' life.
 We will sing of the love Bringing Him from above, Tak-ing us to His own bright home.

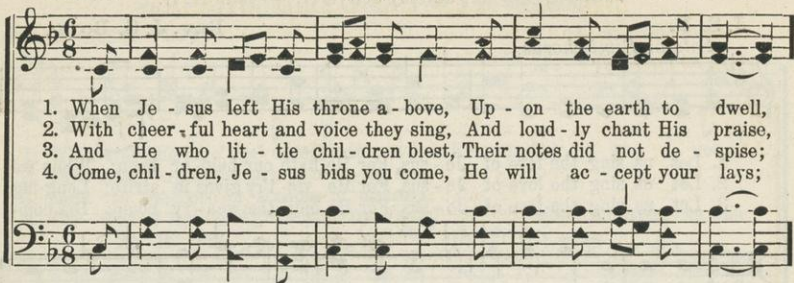
We will sing. of the love,

No. 8. Singing Hosanna.

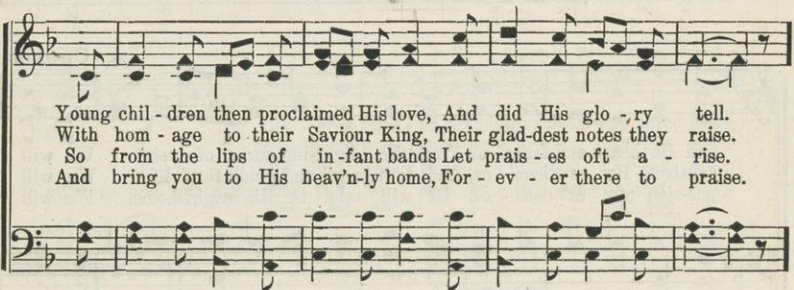
MARY.

Matt. 21:9.

REV. J. S. BOYD.



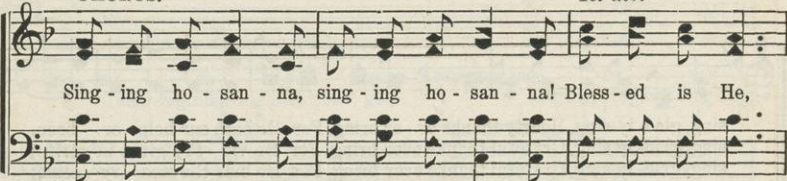
1. When Je - sus left His throne a - bove, Up - on the earth to dwell,
2. With cheer - ful heart and voice they sing, And loud - ly chant His praise,
3. And He who lit - tle chil - dren blest, Their notes did not de - spise;
4. Come, chil - dren, Je - sus bids you come, He will ac - cept your lays;



Young chil - dren then proclaimed His love, And did His glo - ry tell.
With hom - age to their Saviour King, Their glad - dest notes they raise.
So from the lips of in - fant bands Let prais - es oft a - rise.
And bring you to His heav'n - ly home, For - ev - er there to praise.

CHORUS.

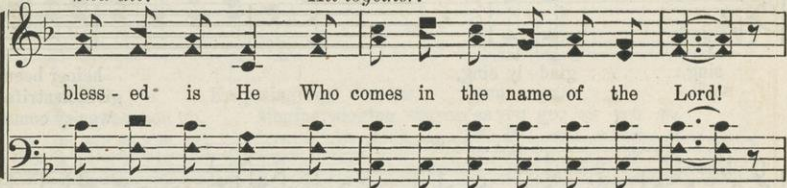
1st div.



Sing - ing ho - san - na, sing - ing ho - san - na! Bless - ed is He,

2nd div.

All together.

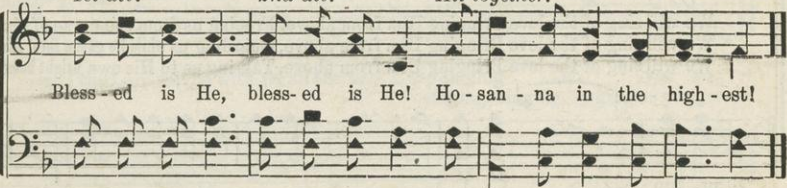


bless - ed is He Who comes in the name of the Lord!

1st div.

2nd div.

All together.



Bless - ed is He, bless - ed is He! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

No. 9. The Old Camp Ground.

Designed to be sung at the 77th meeting of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Dickson, Tenn., May, 1907.

D. S. WARNER.

B. E. WARREN.

1. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And our hearts, O God o'er-flow,
 2. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And our shouts of glo - ry ring,
 3. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, Oh, the fel-low-ship so sweet!
 4. We have met to-day on the old camp ground, And we come in Je - sus' name,
 5. We have met to day on the old camp ground, And we come to work and pray,

With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks, For the love Thou dost be-stow.
 There's a might-y stir as the Lord comes down, And the saints of God pour in.
 As the pure in heart all to - ge-ther flow, In the bonds of love complete.
 Here, oh might-y God, let Thy thunder sound, And Thine awful Spir-it flame.
 Here re-deem, dear Lord, e'en in mul-ti-tudes, At Thine al - tars day by day.

We will sing praise the Lord, Let the
 (hal - le - lu - jah!) (praise the Lord)

joy - ful mu - sic roll; We will strike the hap - py key, Hal - le -

lu - jah! I am free, We will sing in sweet ac - cord.

NOTE. — "New" may be substituted for "old," and "at" or "near" for "on," as circumstances may require.

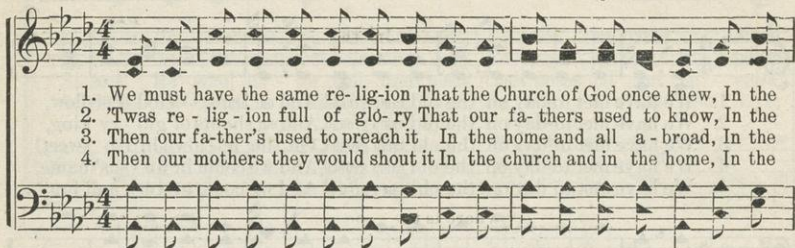
By per of B. E. Warren. Springfield. O.

No. 10. In the Olden Time.

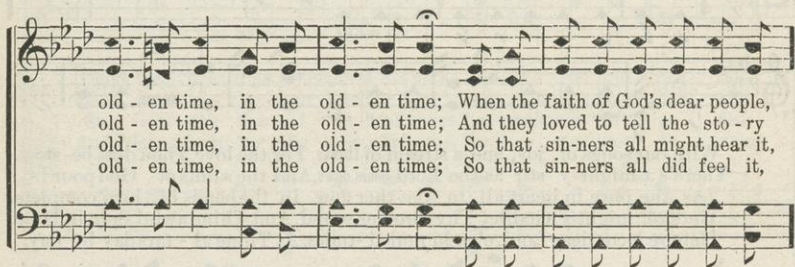
"As in the days of old, and as in former years."—Mal. 3:4.

W. T. D.

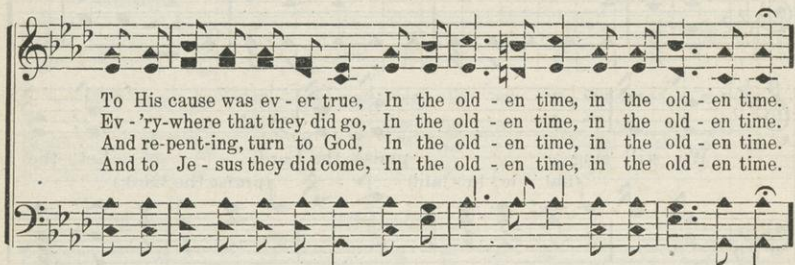
Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. We must have the same re-lig-ion That the Church of God once knew, In the
2. 'Twas re-lig-ion full of glo-ry That our fa-thers used to know, In the
3. Then our fa-ther's used to preach it In the home and all a-broad, In the
4. Then our mothers they would shout it In the church and in the home, In the

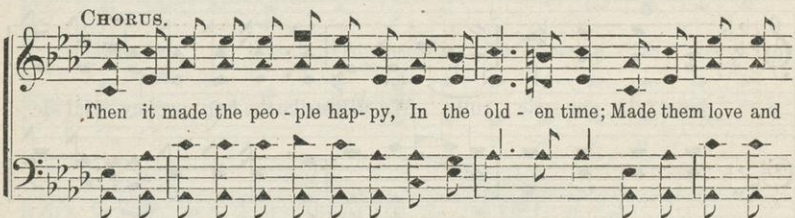


old - en time, in the old - en time; When the faith of God's dear people,
 old - en time, in the old - en time; And they loved to tell the sto-ry
 old - en time, in the old - en time; So that sin-ners all might hear it,
 old - en time, in the old - en time; So that sin-ners all did feel it,

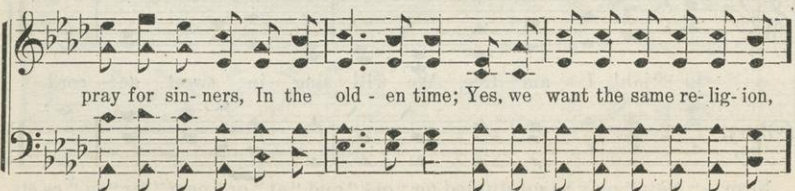


To His cause was ev - er true, In the old - en time, in the old - en time.
 Ev - 'ry-where that they did go, In the old - en time, in the old - en time.
 And re-pent-ing, turn to God, In the old - en time, in the old - en time.
 And to Je - sus they did come, In the old - en time, in the old - en time.

CHORUS.



Then it made the peo - ple hap-py, In the old - en time; Made them love and



pray for sin-ners, In the old - en time; Yes, we want the same re-lig-ion,

In the Olden Time. Concluded.

That our fathers used to know, In the old - en time, in the old - en time.

No. 11. The Dear Old-Fashioned Way.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

HENRY P. MORTON.

1. The king - dom of our Mas - ter Comes nigh to you to - day,
 2. To all the Spir - it's plead - ings, O do not an - swer "Nay,"
 3. The way of true re - pen - tance Take now while yet you may,
 4. Make God's own word your coun - sel, And dai - ly watch and pray,

But you can en - ter on - ly In the dear old - fash - ioned way.
 Seek not new paths un - trod - den, Take the dear old - fash - ioned way.
 Let no al - lure - ments win you From the on - ly liv - ing way.
 Lay all your sin on Je - sus, He's the Life, the Truth, the Way.

CHORUS.

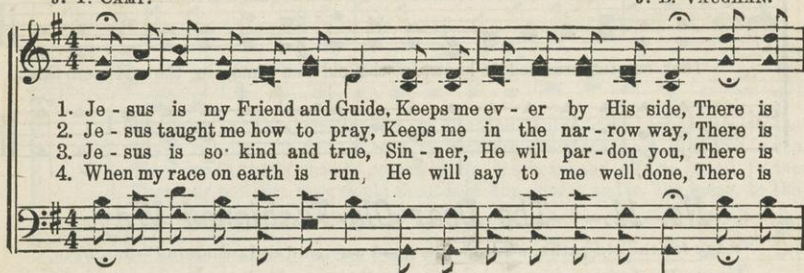
'Tis the way of faith, my broth - er, You must trust Him and o - bey;

You must pass the cross of Je - sus, 'Tis the old, and on - ly way.

No. 12. *Glory in My Soul.*

J. T. CAMP.

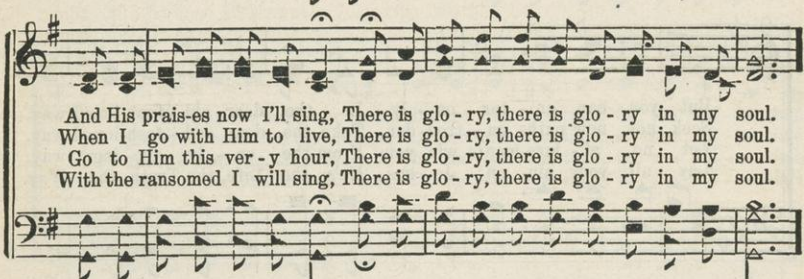
J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Je - sus is my Friend and Guide, Keeps me ev - er by His side, There is
 2. Je - sus taught me how to pray, Keeps me in the nar - row way, There is
 3. Je - sus is so kind and true, Sin - ner, He will par - don you, There is
 4. When my race on earth is run, He will say to me well done, There is

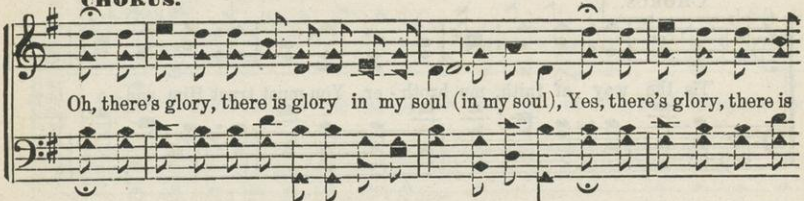


glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He's my Sav - iour, He's my King,
 glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He a crown of life will give
 glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He will countless blessings show'r,
 glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul (in my soul); In the pal - ace of the King,

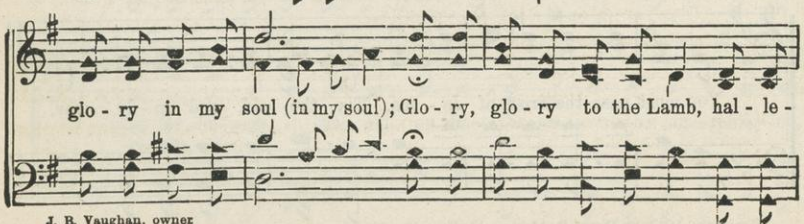


And His prais - es now I'll sing, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
 When I go with Him to live, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
 Go to Him this ver - y hour, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
 With the ransomed I will sing, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.

CHORUS.



Oh, there's glory, there is glory in my soul (in my soul), Yes, there's glory, there is



glo - ry in my soul (in my soul); Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, hal - le -

Glory in My Soul. Concluded.

lu-jah, His I am, There is glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul (in my soul).

No. 13. Over the River.*

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O-ver the riv-er, the riv-er of time, Lies the bright land of a verdure sublime;
2. O-ver the riv-er time never grows old, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
3. O-ver the riv-er our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of the heavenly peace;

Val-leys of beau-ty in splendor do shine, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.
There is a cit-y with streets of pure gold, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.
When we get there what a hap-py re-lease, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home.

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - er, O - - ver the riv - er,
O-ver the beau-ti-ful riv - er, O-ver the beau-ti-ful riv - er,

O - - ver the riv - er The beau-ti-ful fields are all green.
O-ver the beau-ti-ful riv - er

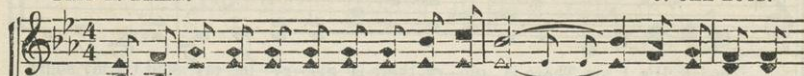
*"Over the River" is one among the author's first compositions, and is republished at the request of hundreds.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.


No. 14. O I Want to Be a Witness for the Lord.

FRED L. BEARD.


J. OMA BOYD.



1. O I want to be a wit-ness for the Lord,..... Tell-ing dai-ly
 2. I will tes-ti-fy for Je-sus day by day,..... To the err-ing
 3. I will tell them of His mighty pow'r to save,..... How on Cal-va-




cf His wondrous love for all;..... Tell-ing souls the way above, where there's
 ones who tread the gloomy way;..... Show to them the guid-ing star, beaming
 ry His life He free-ly gave;..... Just to cleanse their souls from sin that they



peace and joy and love, O I want to be a wit-ness for the Lord.....
 bright-ly from a-far, O I want to be a wit-ness ev-'ry day.....
 might be pure with-in, O I want to be a wit-ness ev-'ry day.....

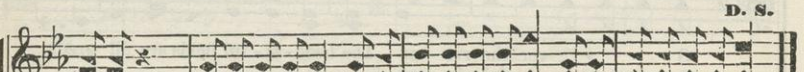
D. S.—O I want to be a witness for the Lord (for the Lord).

CHORUS.



For the Lord,..... for the Lord,..... O I want to be a
 O I want to be a witness for the Lord, for the Lord,

D. S.



witness, witness ev'ry day, Telling souls the way above, Where there's peace and joy and love,
 be a

No. 15. Joy in My Soul.

(To my friend, Dr. M. W. Laney, of Eden, Ala.)

GEORGE DUNN.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, He's ev-er my song, There's joy in my soul, there's
 2. Our bless-ed Re-deem-er is com-ing a-gain, There's joy in my soul, there's
 3. They say that in heav-en no sor-row can come, There's joy in my soul, there's
 4. Blest home-land of heaven, sweet E-den di-vine, There's joy in my soul, there's

joy in my soul; He gives me sweet peace as I jour-ney a-long, There's
 joy in my soul; He'll take me to heav-en, there with Him to reign, There's
 joy in my soul; Our Sav-iour and loved ones we'll meet in that home, There's
 joy in my soul; I long for that day when that home shall be mine, There's

Rit.

CHORUS.

joy in my soul, there's joy in my soul. There's joy, yes,
 There's joy, won-der-ful joy,

joy in my soul, There's joy, yes, joy in my soul, There's
 won-der-ful joy,

joy, yes, joy in my soul, 'Tis precious, 'tis won-der-ful joy.
 won-der-ful joy,

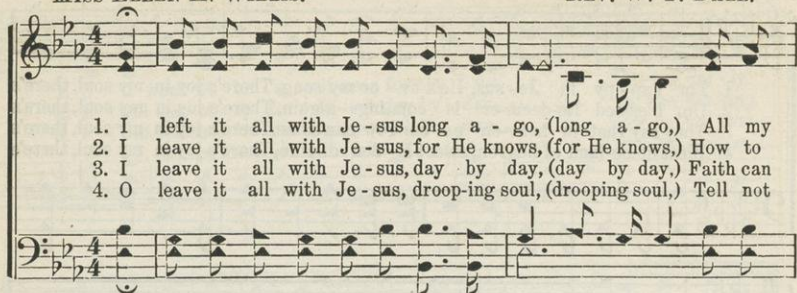
Austin Hazelwood, owner, Pell City, Ala.

No. 16. I Left It All With Jesus.

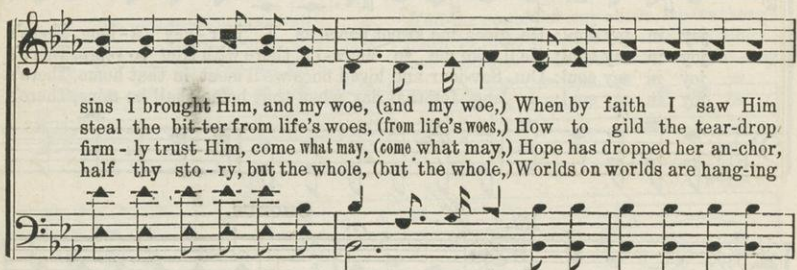
"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,"—I Pet. 5: 7.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

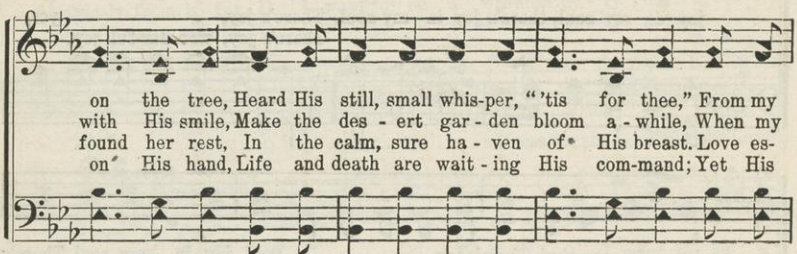
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. I left it all with Je-sus long a - go, (long a - go,) All my
 2. I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows, (for He knows,) How to
 3. I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day, (day by day,) Faith can
 4. O leave it all with Je-sus, droop-ing soul, (drooping soul,) Tell not

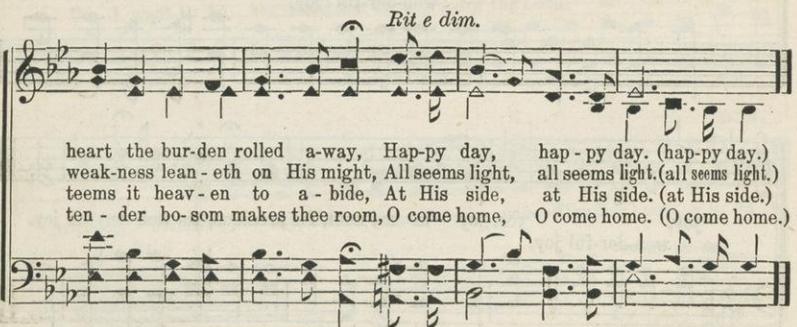


sins I brought Him, and my woe, (and my woe,) When by faith I saw Him
 steal the bit-ter from life's woes, (from life's woes,) How to gild the tear-drop
 firm-ly trust Him, come what may, (come what may,) Hope has dropped her an-chor,
 half thy sto-ry, but the whole, (but the whole,) Worlds on worlds are hang-ing



on the tree, Heard His still, small whis-per, "'tis for thee," From my
 with His smile, Make the des-ert gar-den bloom a - while, When my
 found her rest, In the calm, sure ha-ven of* His breast. Love es-
 on' His hand, Life and death are wait-ing His com-mand; Yet His

Rit e dim.



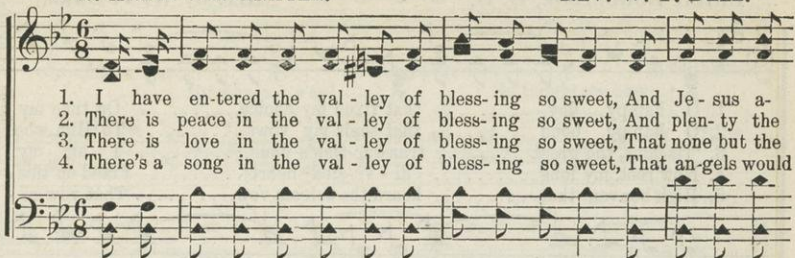
heart the bur-den rolled a-way, Hap-py day, hap-py day. (hap-py day.)
 weak-ness lean-eth on His might, All seems light, all seems light. (all seems light.)
 teems it heav-en to a-bide, At His side, at His side. (at His side.)
 ten-der bo-som makes thee room, O come home, O come home. (O come home.)

No. 17. The Valley of Blessing.

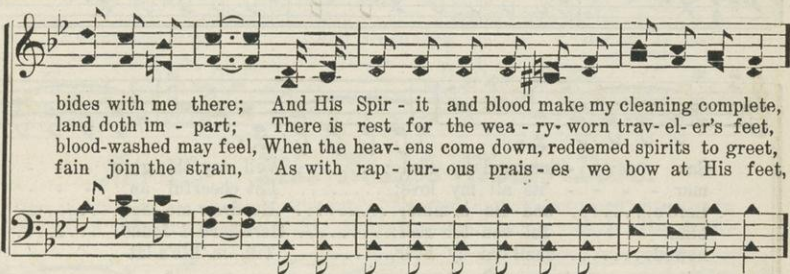
"They assembled themselves in the valley of Berachah, *i. e. Blessing.*"—2 Chron. 20: 26.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

REV. W. T. DALE.

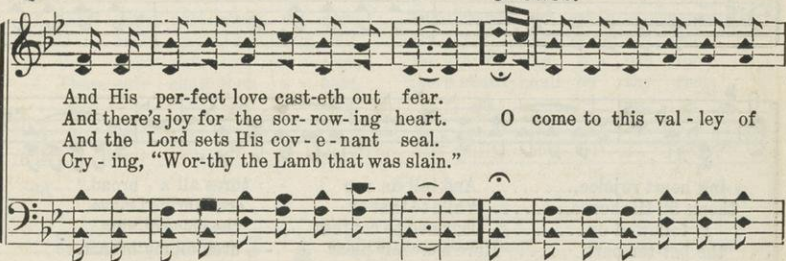


1. I have entered the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And Je - sus a -
 2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, And plen - ty the
 3. There is love in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, That none but the
 4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless - ing so sweet, That an - gels would

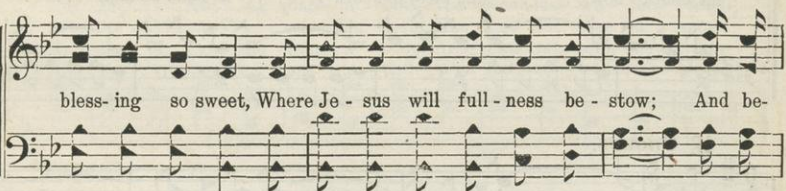


bides with me there; And His Spir - it and blood make my cleaning complete,
 land doth im - part; There is rest for the wea - ry - worn trav - el - er's feet,
 blood-washed may feel, When the heav - ens come down, redeemed spirits to greet,
 fain join the strain, As with rap - tur - ous prais - es we bow at His feet,

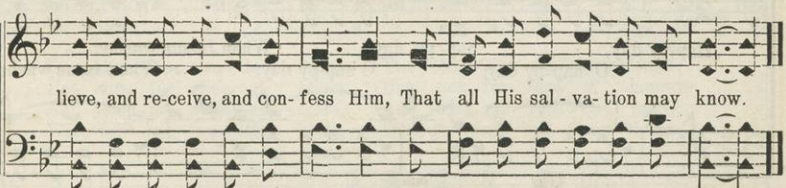
CHORUS.



And His per - fect love cast - eth out fear.
 And there's joy for the sor - row - ing heart. O come to this val - ley of
 And the Lord sets His cov - e - nant seal.
 Cry - ing, "Wor - thy the Lamb that was slain."



bless - ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow; And be -



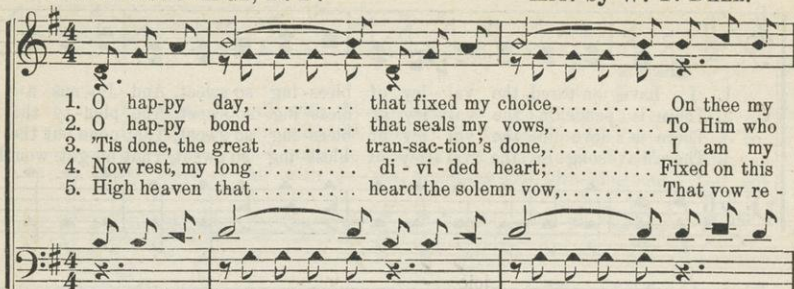
lieve, and re - ceive, and con - fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

No. 18. O Happy Day.

"My heart is fixed.—Psalm 57: 7.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

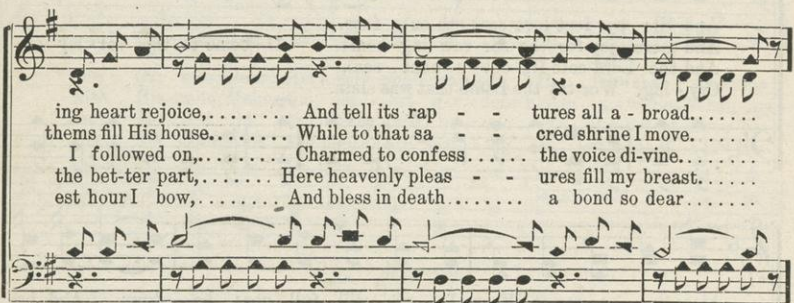
Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On thee my
 2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows, To Him who
 3. 'Tis done, the great tran-sac-tion's done, I am my
 4. Now rest, my long, di-vi-ded heart; Fixed on this
 5. High heaven that, heard the solemn vow, That vow re-

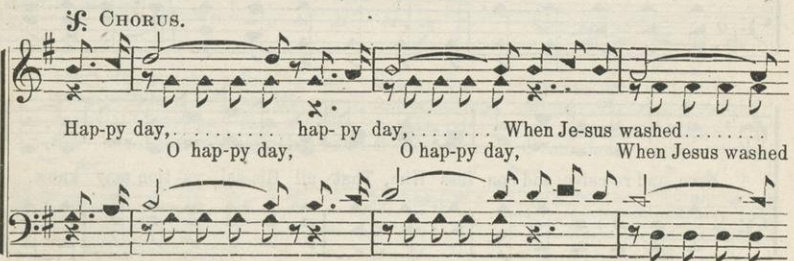


Sav - - - iour and my God, Well may this glow - - -
 mer - - - its all my love; Let cheerful an - - -
 Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me and
 bliss - - - ful cen-ter rest; Here have I found
 renewed, shall dai-ly hear, Till in life's lat - - -



ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - - - tures all a - broad,
 them fill His house, While to that sa - - - cred shrine I move.
 I followed on, Charmed to confess, the voice di-vine,
 the bet-ter part, Here heavenly pleas - - - ures fill my breast,
 est hour I bow, And bless in death, a bond so dear,

♩ CHORUS.



Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed,
 O hap-py day, O hap-py day, When Jesus washed

O Happy Day. Concluded.

FINE.

my sins a - way! He taught me how..... to watch and
 My sins a - way! He taught me how

D. S.

pray..... And live re - joic - - - ing ev - 'ry day!.....
 to watch and pray, And live re - joic - - - ing ev - 'ry day!

No. 19. Like Noah's Weary Dove.

"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in
 REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D. the ark."—Gen. 8:9. R. R. BLADES.

1. Like No - ah's wear - y dove,.. That soared the earth a - round;
 2. O cease my wand'ring soul... On rest - less wing to roam,
 3. Be - hold the ark of God,.. Be - hold the o - pen door;
 4. There safe shalt thou a - bide,.. There sweet shall be thy rest;

FINE.

But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer-less wa - ters found.
 All the wide world to ei - ther pole Has not for thee a home.
 Has - ten to gain the dear a - bode, And roam, my soul, no more.
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied With full sal - va - tion blest.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

The cheer-less wa - ters found, The cheer-less wa - ters found;...
 Has not for thee a home, Has not for thee a home;...
 And roam, my soul, no more, And roam my soul no more;...
 With full sal - va - tion blest, With full sal - va - tion blest;...

No. 20. Windows of Heaven.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Great
 2. Rich bless - ings are fall - ing for all who be - lieve, Poor
 3. The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Yes,

bless - ings so full and so free; Sweet show - ers are fall - ing for
 sin - ner thy're fall - ing for you; Oh, will you look up and the
 o - pen for you and for me; Poor wander'r in darkness and

those who o - bey, Yes, fall - ing for you and for me.
 bless - ing re - ceive? The prom - ise though old, is yet true.
 out of the way, The bless - ing is wait - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

The win - dows are o - pen to - day,..... To -
 The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Yes,

day,..... to - day,..... And bless - ing so full and so
 o - pen to - day, yes o - pen to - day, Show - ers of bless - ings for
 to - day, to - day,

Windows of Heaven. Concluded.

free, so free,..... The win-dows are o - pen to - day.
all who o - bey, they fall to-day.

No. 21. Walking with Jesus.

J. B. V.

L. C. TAYLOR.

1. I'll fol - low my dear Sav-iour, I'll walk near by His side;
2. I've wan-der'd far from Je - sus, In paths of sin I've roam'd;
3. And when at home in glo - ry, On yon - der shin - ing shore;

FINE.

For Je - sus is my Lead - er, Yes, Je - sus is my Guide.
I'm go - ing to fol - low Je - sus, Un - til I reach my home.
I'll walk and talk with Je - sus, And rest for - ev - er more.

D.S.—I'll fol - low my dear Sav-iour, I'll fol - low where He leads.

CHORUS. D.S.

I'll fol - low where He leads I'll fol - low where He leads.
I'll fol - low where my Saviour leads, I'll fol - low where my Saviour leads.

No. 22. Will there be any Stars in My Crown?


"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. 12: 3.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.



1. There's a home far a-way in that beau-ti-ful land, Where I'll dwell when my
 2. Help me Lord as I la-bor for souls here each day, Ere the summer of
 3. Then with shouting I'll come as my sheaves I shall bring Gathered from precious

sun has gone down; But oh, tell me, I pray, when in heav-en I stand,
 life shall have flown, Ev-er watch-ful to be, as I la-bor and pray,
 seed I have sown; Then I'll stand in the pres-ence of Je-sus, my King



CHORUS.



"Will there be an-y stars in my crown?"
 So I'll gain ma-n-y stars for my crown. } Will there be a-ny stars shining
 And receive from His hand a bright crown. }




bright in my crown, When the sun of my life has gone down? When the time comes to



Rit......



die, and I soar up on high, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
 in my crown?



No. 23. *Ships That Enter My Harbor No More.*

Mrs. A. B. WADE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Of ships that with pride I have launch'd from my harbor, And watch'd them sail forth over
2. With joy I have seen them go forth in the morning; At evening I've watch'd for the
3. The hand that doth guide them o'er life's changeful ocean, With infinite love rules on
4. Just o-ver life's ocean, in heaven's blest harbor, I'll find them, those ships that to



life's changeful sea; A few may re-turn that will bring my heart gladness But
glimpse of a sail; With bea-con-light burning, by night, have I waited; And
land and on sea; Then why should it grieve me if, in His great wisdom, The
me come no more. Those ships I have launch'd with such fond expectation, Shall



CHORUS.



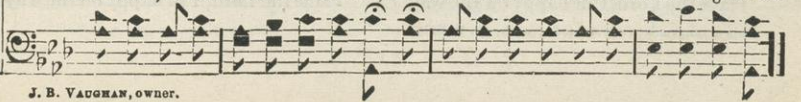
more on this side I shall nev-er more see.
wept that my efforts should nothing avail.
ships I have launch'd ne'er return unto me? } But why should it grieve me; O!
add to my bliss on e-ter-nity's shore.



why should I sorrow For ships that may enter my harbor no more? Just o-ver



life's ocean, some blessed to-morrow, I'll find them safe-anchored on heaven's bright shore.



No. 24. *I'm Happy on the Way.*

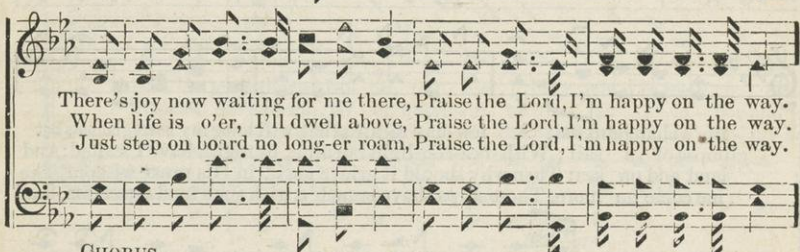
H. A. R. HORTON, Alt.

Theme from H. A. R. HORTON.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. I'm go-ing home to heav'n so fair; Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
 2. I'm glad I have a Saviour's love, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
 3. The ship of Zi-on bears us home, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way;



There's joy now waiting for me there, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
 When life is o'er, I'll dwell above, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
 Just step on board no long-er roam, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

CHORUS.



Hap-py on the way, yes hap-py on the way, Praise the



Lord, I'm hap-py on the way; Hap-py on the way; yes,



hap-py on the way, Praise the Lord, I'm hap-py on the way.

- 4 At heaven's gate our loved we'll meet; Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
 Then fall prostrate at Jesus' feet.
 Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.
- 5 Dear brethren, let our actions say,
 Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
 We're marching upward day by day,
 Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 25. *Traveling On.*

T. J. L.

THOMAS J. LANEY.

1. We are trav-ling on to-day In sal-va-tion's nar-row way;
 2. Come, O come and join our band, To the hap-py glo-ry land,
 3. Je-sus will our lead-er be, Till the pearl-y gates we see,

Trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, Traveling, traveling on,

To the land of joy and rest, Where we'll dwell among the blest,
 To the home be-yond the tide, Where the ransomed throngs abide,
 Soon we'll reach the gold-en shore, Where our tri-als will be o'er,

D. S.—As we jour-ney let us sing Prais-es to our Sav-iour, King.

Trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing on, we're trav-el-ing on,

REFRAIN. Trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on;
 we're trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on;

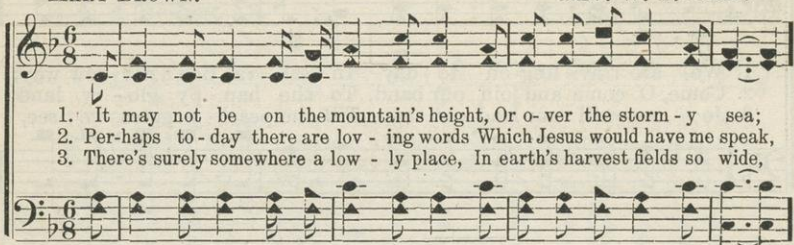
No. 26. *I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.*

(A CONSECRATION HYMN.)

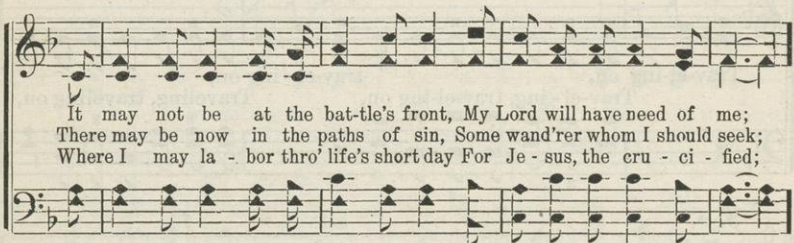
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—Acts 9: 6.

MARY BROWN.

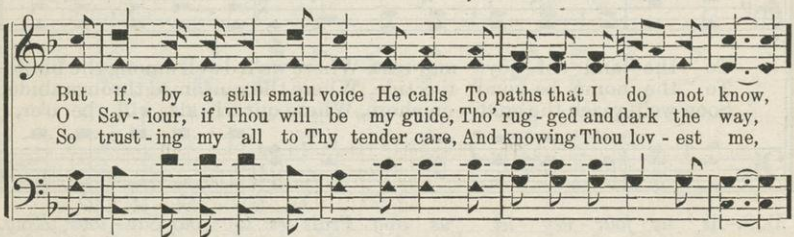
REV. W. T. DALE.



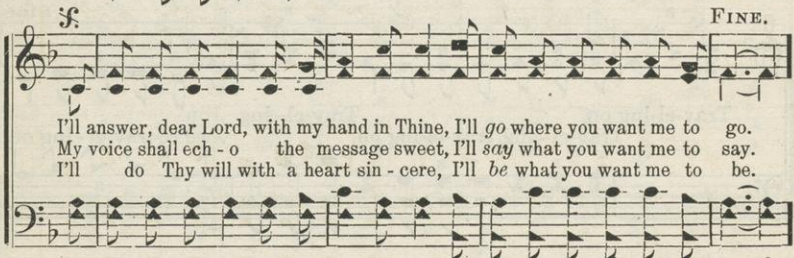
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak,
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



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



But if, by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou will be my guide, Tho' rug-ged and dark the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lov-est me,



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

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN

D. S.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea,

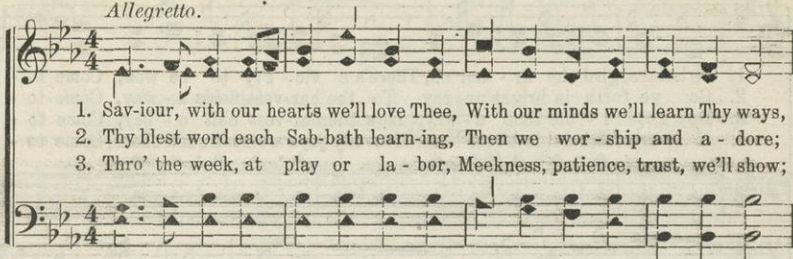
No. 27. Hearty Service.

"With good will doing service."—Eph. 6:7.

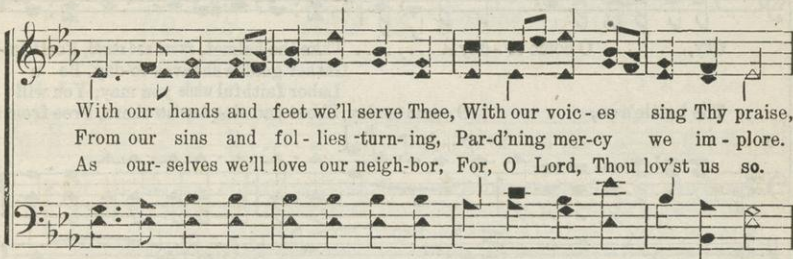
J. S. B.

REV. J. S. BOYD.

Allegretto.



1. Sav-iour, with our hearts we'll love Thee, With our minds we'll learn Thy ways,
2. Thy blest word each Sab-bath learn-ing, Then we wor-ship and a-dore;
3. Thro' the week, at play or la-bor, Meekness, patience, trust, we'll show;

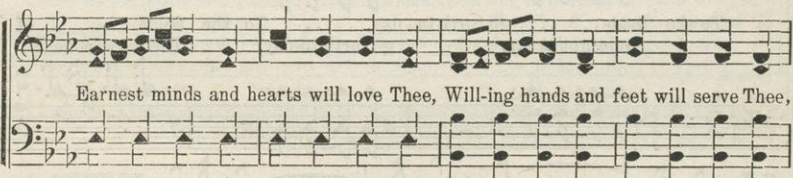


With our hands and feet we'll serve Thee, With our voices sing Thy praise,
From our sins and fol-lies turn-ing, Par-d'ning mer-cy we im-plore.
As our-selves we'll love our neigh-bor, For, O Lord, Thou lov'st us so.

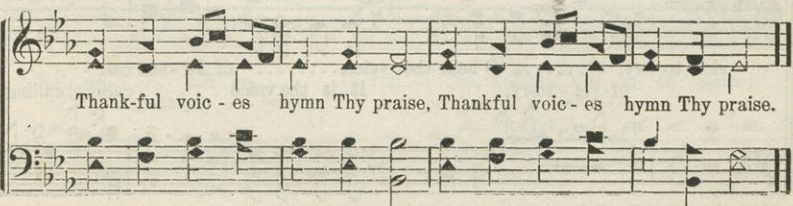


Guid-ing Sav-iour, with Thy bless-ing, Thee we'll fol-low all our days.
Win-ning Sav-iour, with Thy bless-ing, We will love Thee more and more.
Giv-ing, Sav-iour, with Thy bless-ing, All thro' life in grace we'll grow.

REFRAIN.



Earnest minds and hearts will love Thee, Will-ing hands and feet will serve Thee,



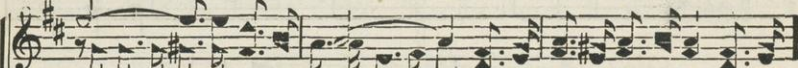
Thank-ful voices hymn Thy praise, Thankful voices hymn Thy praise.

No. 28. Victory.

Sincerely inscribed to the Beard Music Co., Tylertown, Miss.—J. J. H.
1st Anon, 2, 3, 4 by F. L. BEARD. J. J. HULSEY.
May be sung in C.



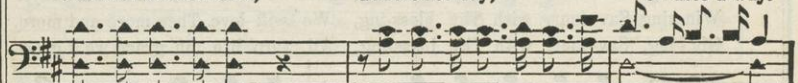
1. Christians, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won, Come to -
2. Go ye forth in bright ar - ray To the har - vest fields a - way, Come to -
3. Do not i - dle time a - way, Now the har - vest call o - bey, Come to -
4. If we're faith - ful la - b'ers here, Heav'nly joys we soon shall share, Come to -



day, O come to - day Take the helmet, sword and shield, Forth in -
Gather golden sheaves to - day, Be a
Labor faithful while you may, You will
The battle's on, O come to - day, Shout and sing together there, Free from



to the bat - tle field, Haste a - way, O haste a - way
help - er all the way,
have reward some day,
this vain world of care, Go forth to - day, O haste a - way.



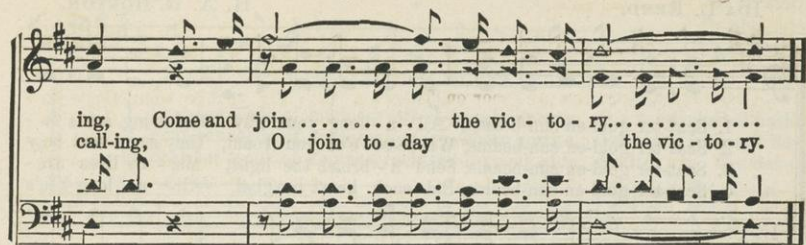
To the fields go forth to - day, To the fields of
In bright array, go forth to - day, The harvest fields



vic - to - ry, O hear the voice of Je - sus call - - -
of vic - to - ry, It is the voice calling, calling,



Victory. Concluded.



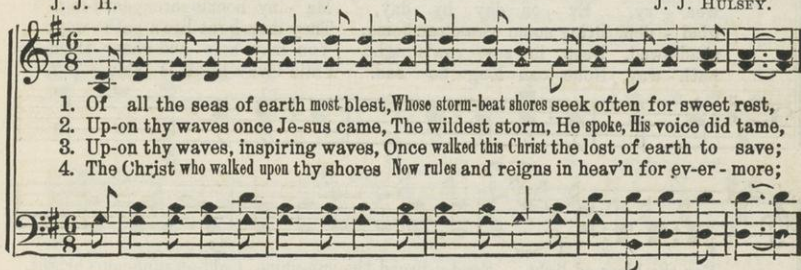
ing, Come and join the vic - to - ry.....
call-ing, O join to - day the vic - to - ry.

No. 29. Roll on, Sweet Galilee.

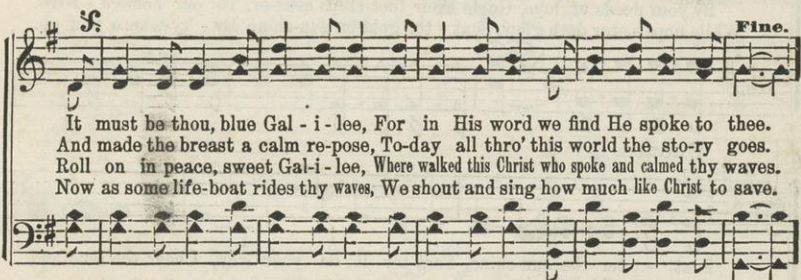
"He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water."—LUKE 18: 24.

J. J. H.

J. J. HULSEY.



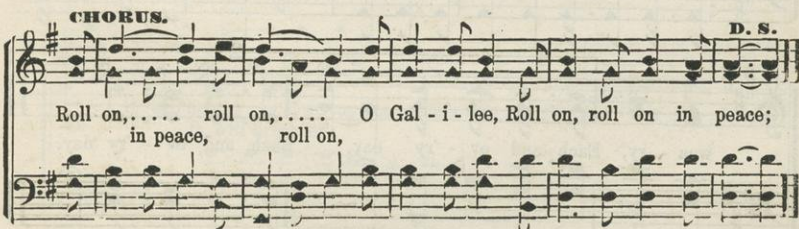
1. Of all the seas of earth most blest, Whose storm-beat shores seek often for sweet rest,
2. Up-on thy waves once Je-sus came, The wildest storm, He spoke, His voice did tame,
3. Up-on thy waves, inspiring waves, Once walked this Christ the lost of earth to save;
4. The Christ who walked upon thy shores Now rules and reigns in heav'n for ev-er - more;



Fine.

It must be thou, blue Gal - i - lee, For in His word we find He spoke to thee.
And made the breast a calm re- pose, To-day all thro' this world the sto-ry goes.
Roll on in peace, sweet Gal-i- lee, Where walked this Christ who spoke and calmed thy waves.
Now as some life-boat rides thy waves, We shout and sing how much like Christ to save.

D.S.—For once this Saviour calmed thy shore To prove His wondrous pow'r on earth to save.



CHORUS.

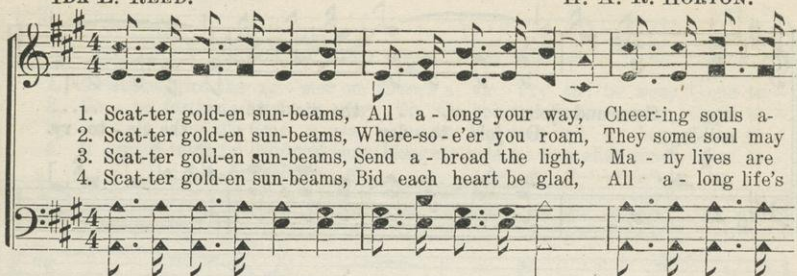
D. S.

Roll on,..... roll on,..... O Gal - i - lee, Roll on, roll on in peace;
in peace, roll on,

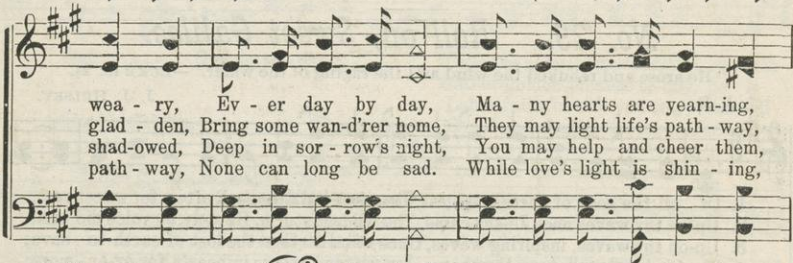
No. 30. Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

IDA L. REED.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, All a - long your way, Cheer-ing souls a -
 2. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Where-so-e'er you roam, They some soul may
 3. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Send a - broad the light, Ma - ny lives are
 4. Scat-ter gold-en sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad, All a - long life's

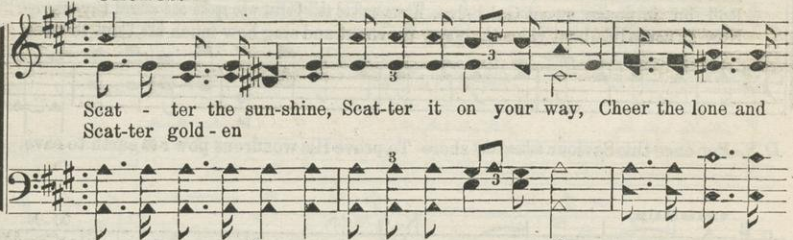


wea - ry, Ev - er day by day, Ma - ny hearts are yearn-ing,
 glad - den, Bring some wan-d'rer home, They may light life's path - way,
 shad-owed, Deep in sor - row's night, You may help and cheer them,
 path - way, None can long be sad. While love's light is shin - ing,

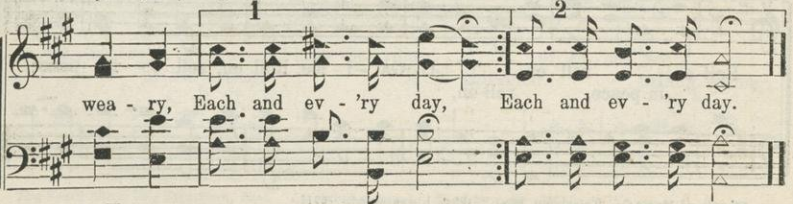


For the bless-ed light, Send a-broad the sun-shine, Gold-en sunbeams bright.
 With love's fadeless glow, Ma - ny griefs may ban-ish, More than you may know.
 By your deeds of love, Guide their foot-steps near-er, To our home a - bove.
 While hope's star doth glow, Scat - ter gold-en sun-shine Ev - 'ry-where you go.

CHORUS.



Scat - ter the sun-shine, Scat-ter it on your way, Cheer the lone and
 Scat-ter gold - en



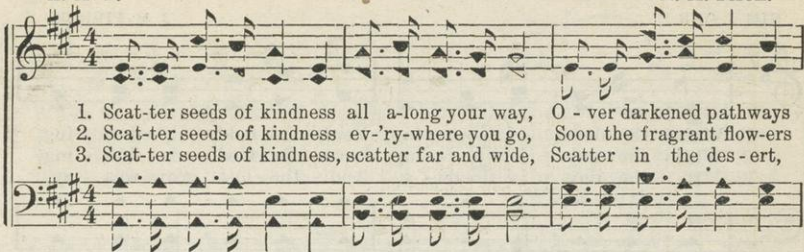
wea - ry, Each and ev - 'ry day, Each and ev - 'ry day.

H. A. R. Horton, owner.

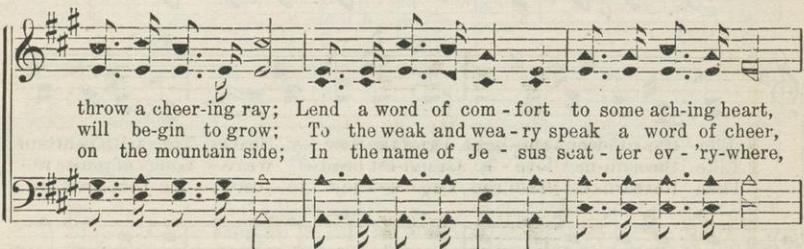
No. 31. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

A. M. P.

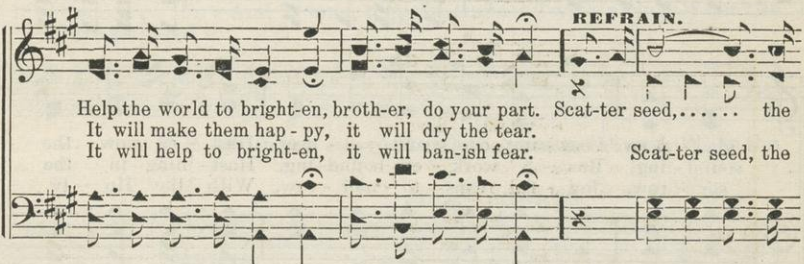
A. M. PACE.



1. Scat-ter seeds of kindness all a-long your way, O - ver darkened pathways
 2. Scat-ter seeds of kindness ev'-ry-where you go, Soon the fragrant flow-ers
 3. Scat-ter seeds of kindness, scatter far and wide, Scatter in the des-ert,



throw a cheer-ing ray; Lend a word of com-fort to some ach-ing heart,
 will be-gin to grow; To the weak and wea-ry speak a word of cheer,
 on the mountain side; In the name of Je - sus scat-ter ev - 'ry-where,

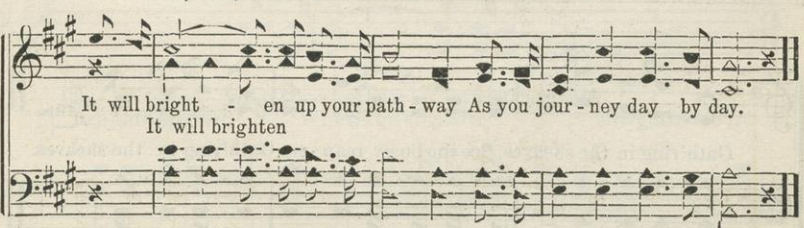


REFRAIN.

Help the world to bright-en, broth-er, do your part. Scat-ter seed,..... the
 It will make them hap-py, it will dry the tear.
 It will help to bright-en, it will ban-ish fear. Scat-ter seed, the



seeds of kind - - ness, Scat-ter seeds a - long your way;
 seeds of kindness, seeds of kind-ness,




It will bright - en up your path - way As you jour - ney day by day.
 It will brighten


No. 32. *Gathering in the Sheaves.*

NIM J. ORR.

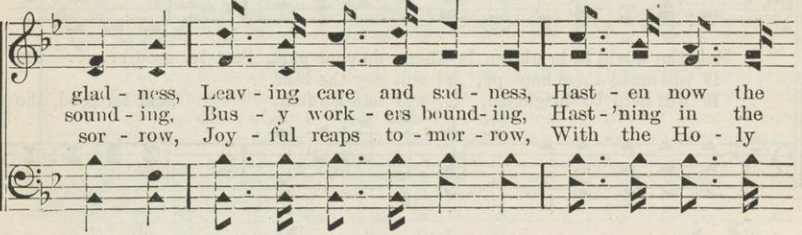
J. M. PIERCE.



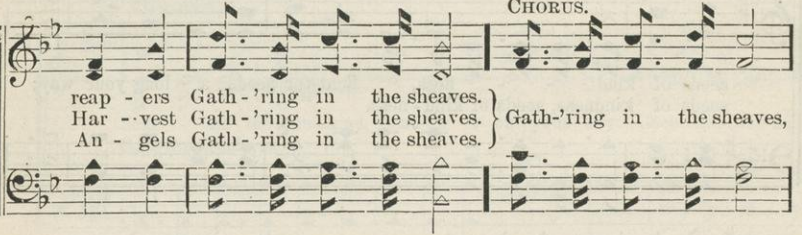
1. While the dews of morn - ing, Verd - ant fields a - dorn - ing,
 2. While the day is go - ing, Love for God is flow - ing,
 3. If the day is drear - y, And the feet grow wea - ry,



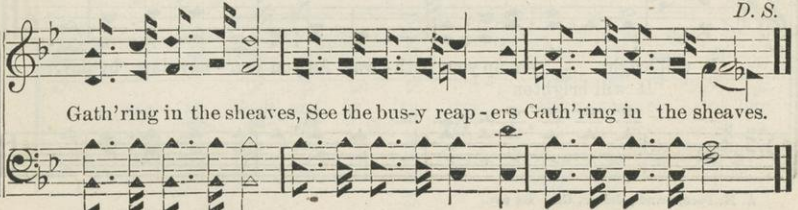
E'er the glo - rious sun - light, Dries the dew - y leaves, Thus with hearts of
 Like the sum - mer love - ly, Grand - est beau - ty weaves, Songs of praise re -
 Then the earn - est la - b'ors, Great - est joy re - ceive, He that sows in



glad - ness, Leav - ing care and sad - ness, Hast - en now the
 sound - ing. Bus - y work - ers bound - ing, Hast - 'ning in the
 sor - row, Joy - ful reaps to - mor - row, With the Ho - ly



CHORUS.
 reap - ers Gath - 'ring in the sheaves.
 Har - vest Gath - 'ring in the sheaves. } Gath - 'ring in the sheaves,
 An - gels Gath - 'ring in the sheaves.



D. S.
 Gath'ring in the sheaves, See the bus-y reap - ers Gath'ring in the sheaves.

No. 33. When the Sheaves are Gathered In.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. When the morning dawns of the judgment day, When the sheaves are gathered
 2. 'Mid the conflicts here we no more shall roam, When the sheaves are gathered
 3. We shall have a home in the cit-y fair, When the sheaves are gathered
 4. What a blessed tho't, we shall see our King, When the sheaves are gathered
- When the sheaves



in;..... God will crown His own, wipe their tears away, When the
in;..... There'll be joy un-told, in the harvest home, When the
in;..... If we work and toil, burdens meekly bear, When the
in;..... And in songs of praise make the welkin ring, When the
are gathered in;



D. S.—With the an-gel band, the redeemed shall stand, When the

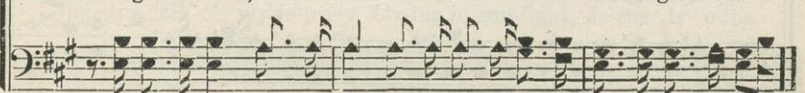


FINE. CHORUS.

sheaves.... are gathered in..... When the sheaves are gathered
When the sheaves are gathered in. When the sheaves



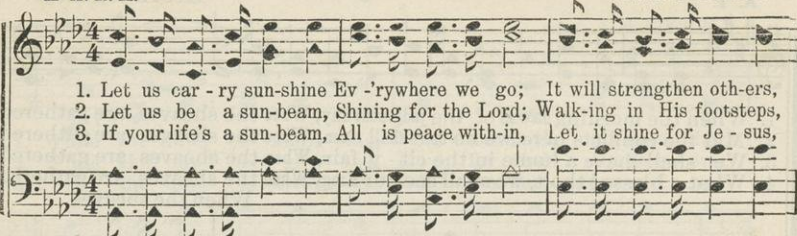
in, When the sheaves.... are gathered in.
are gathered in, When the sheaves are gathered in.



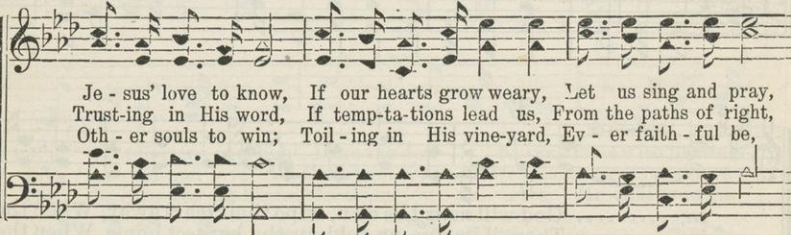
No. 34. *Let Us Carry Sunshine.*

H. A. R. H.

H. A. R. HORTON.

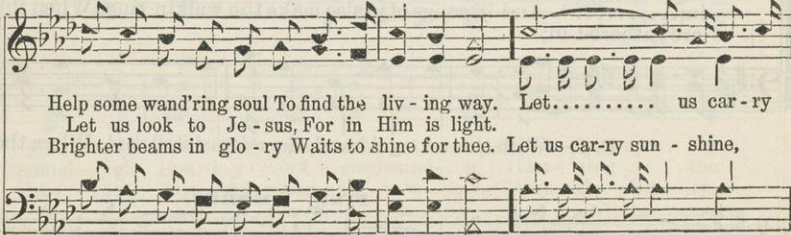


1. Let us car - ry sun - shine Ev - rywhere we go; It will strengthen others,
 2. Let us be a sun - beam, Shining for the Lord; Walk - ing in His footsteps,
 3. If your life's a sun - beam, All is peace with - in, Let it shine for Je - sus,



Je - sus' love to know, If our hearts grow weary, Let us sing and pray,
 Trust - ing in His word, If temp - ta - tions lead us, From the paths of right,
 Oth - er souls to win; Toil - ing in His vine - yard, Ev - er faith - ful be,

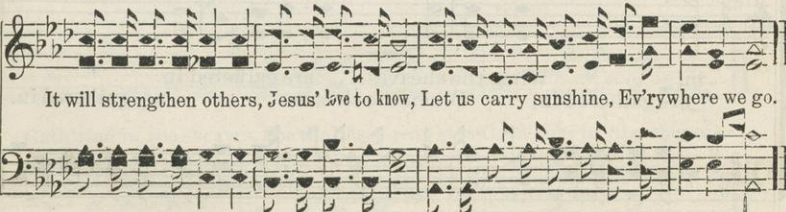
REFRAIN.



Help some wand'ring soul To find the liv - ing way. Let..... us car - ry
 Let us look to Je - sus, For in Him is light.
 Brighter beams in glo - ry Waits to shine for thee. Let us car - ry sun - shine,



sun - shine, Ev - - - - rywhere we go,
 Ev - rywhere we go; Let us car - ry sun - shine, Ev - ry - where we go;



It will strengthen others, Jesus' love to know, Let us carry sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go.

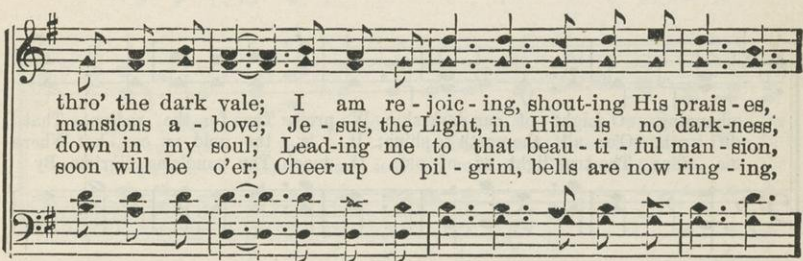
No. 35. *Living in Sunlight.*

T. J. L. and J. F. B.

JAMES F. BOOZER.

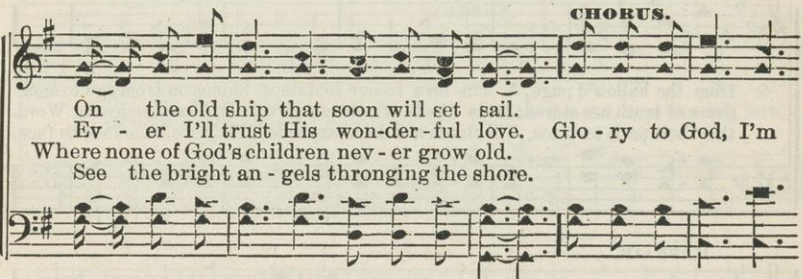


1. Liv-ing in sun-light, beau-ti-ful sun-light, Shining from heav-en
 2. Liv-ing in sun-light, watch-ing and wait-ing, Pressing my way to
 3. Liv-ing in sun-light, heav-en-ly sun-light, Shin-ing from glo-ry
 4. Liv-ing in sun-light, home-land is near-ing, All the dark shadows



thro' the dark vail; I am re-joic-ing, shout-ing His prais-es,
 man-sions a-bove; Je-sus, the Light, in Him is no dark-ness,
 down in my soul; Lead-ing me to that beau-ti-ful man-sion,
 soon will be o'er; Cheer up O pil-grim, bells are now ring-ing,

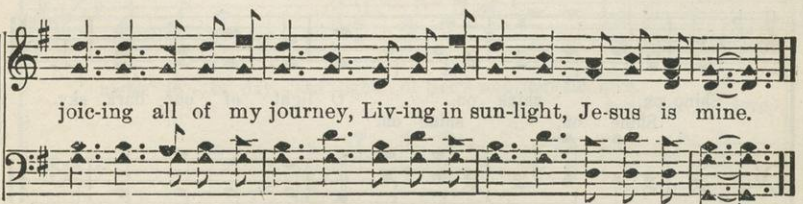
CHORUS.



On the old ship that soon will set sail.
 Ev-er I'll trust His won-der-ful love. Glo-ry to God, I'm
 Where none of God's children nev-er grow old.
 See the bright an-gels thronging the shore.



liv-ing in sun-light, Beam-ing with love, O glo-ry di-vine; I am re-



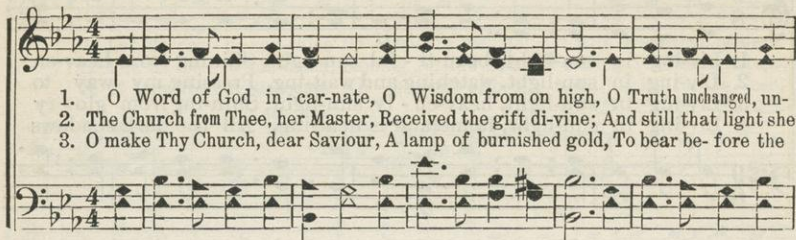
joic-ing all of my journey, Liv-ing in sun-light, Je-sus is mine.

No. 36. Shine On From Age to Age.


"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119: 105.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

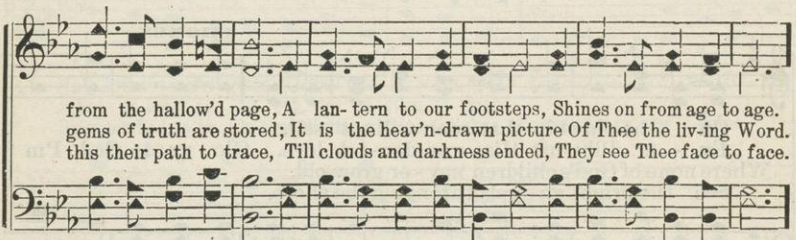
R. R. BLADES.



1. O Word of God in-car-nate, O Wisdom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
 2. The Church from Thee, her Master, Received the gift di-vine; And still that light she
 3. O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear be-fore the

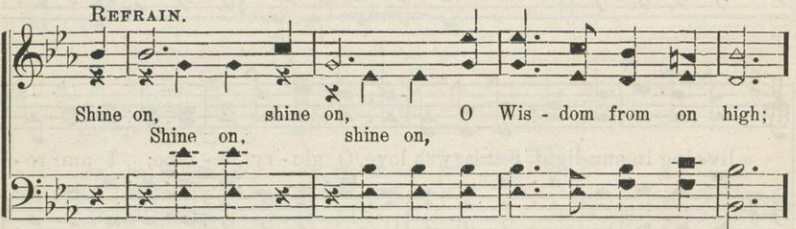


changing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the radiance That
 lift-eth, O'er all the earth to shine; It is the gold-en cas-ket Where
 na-tions The true light as of old; O teach Thy wand'ring pilgrims By

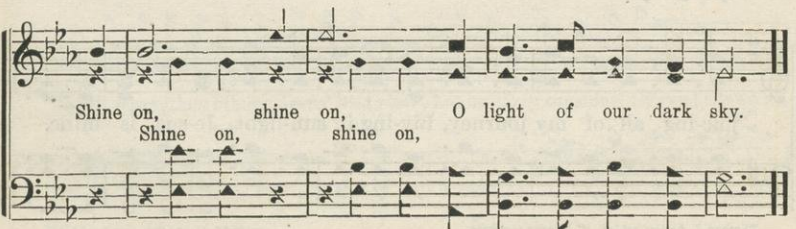


from the hallow'd page, A lan-tern to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.
 gems of truth are stored; It is the heav'n-drawn picture Of Thee the liv-ing Word.
 this their path to trace, Till clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face.

REFRAIN.



Shine on, shine on, shine on, O Wis-dom from on high;
 Shine on, shine on, shine on,



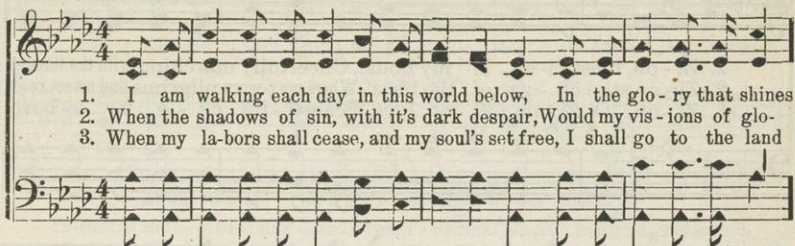
Shine on, shine on, shine on, O light of our dark sky.
 Shine on, shine on, shine on,

No. 37. *In the Light of God's Wonderful Love.*

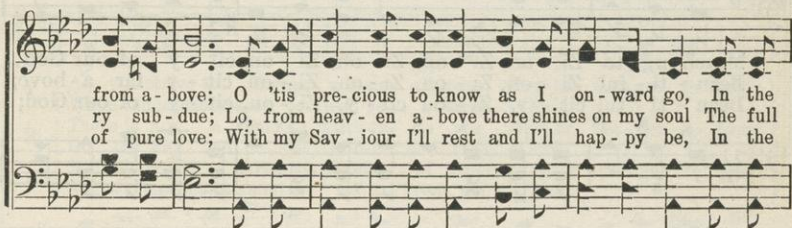
"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—John 8: 12.

S. A. BERRIE.

REV. W. T. DALE.

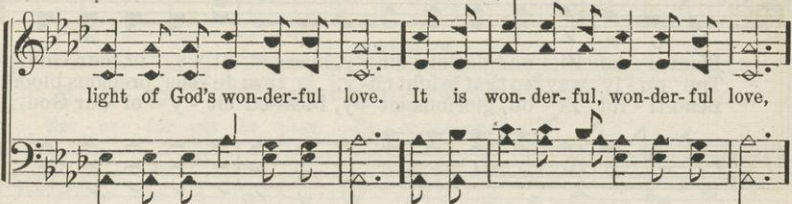


1. I am walking each day in this world below, In the glo-ry that shines
 2. When the shadows of sin, with it's dark despair, Would my vis-ions of glo-
 3. When my la-bors shall cease, and my soul's set free, I shall go to the land

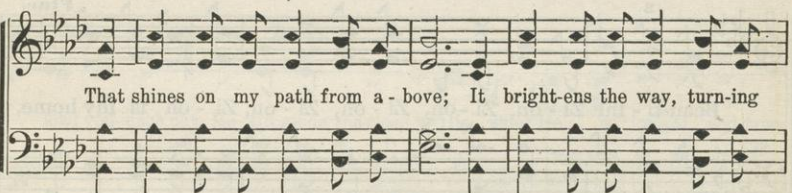


from a - bove; O 'tis pre-cious to know as I on - ward go, In the
 ry sub - due; Lo, from heav - en a - bove there shines on my soul The full
 of pure love; With my Sav - iour I'll rest and I'll hap - py be, In the

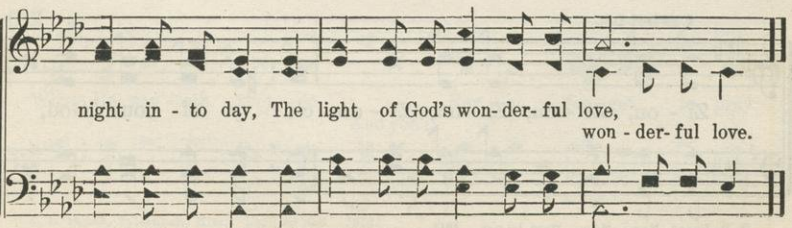
CHORUS.



light of God's won-der-ful love. It is won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



That shines on my path from a - bove; It bright-ens the way, turn-ing



night in - to day, The light of God's won-der-ful love,
 won - der - ful love.

No. 38. Zion Is My Home.

D. N. BEARD.

T. R. BEARD.

1. Zi-on, blest Zi-on, is my home, Cheerfully marching with the throng,
2. Zi-on, the cit-y of the blest, Where way-worn pilgrims find sweet rest,
3. Zi-on, O Zi-on, Zi-on, love, Beau-ti-ful cit-y far a-bove,

March-ing to Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God,
Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y far a-bove;
Beau-ti-ful cit-y, Zi-on cit-y, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, glorious cit-y, bless-ed cit-y of our God,
The on-ly way to that bright cit-y, is thru Je-sus' pre-cious blood,
Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, glorious cit-y, bless-ed cit-y of our God,

Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on is my home, **Fine.**

CHORUS.

Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, Zi-on, cit-y of our God,

Zion Is My Home. Concluded.

D. S.

Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on, hap - py home a - bove.

This block contains the musical score for the first song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on, hap - py home a - bove.' written below the notes. A 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instruction is at the top right.

No. 39. Never Forget to Pray.

Dedicated to the graduating class of Beard's Normal Musical Institute, Tylertown
F. L. B. Normal, 1910, 1911.—F. L. B. F. L. BEARD.

1. { As you strive to fill your mis-sion each day, Nev-er for-get to pray; }
 { When temptations seek to lead you a-stray, [Omit.] }
 2. { There is not a friend so faith-ful to you, Nev-er for-get to pray; }
 { Go thy way and la-bor, faith-ful and true, [Omit.] }
 3. { Tell the world of Christ the Saviour of men, Nev-er for-get to pray; }
 { Strive some hopeless soul to res-cue from sin, [Omit.] }

This block contains the musical score for the first three verses of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the first song. The lyrics for each verse are provided, with some parts marked as '[Omit.]'.

2 CHORUS.

Nev-er for-get to pray. Ev-er on-ward brave-ly on-ward, Christ will

This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics 'Nev-er for-get to pray. Ev-er on-ward brave-ly on-ward, Christ will' are written below the notes.

lead you each day, He will guide you close by His side; He is loy-al and true,

This block contains the musical score for the fourth line of the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues from the previous block. The lyrics 'lead you each day, He will guide you close by His side; He is loy-al and true,' are written below the notes.

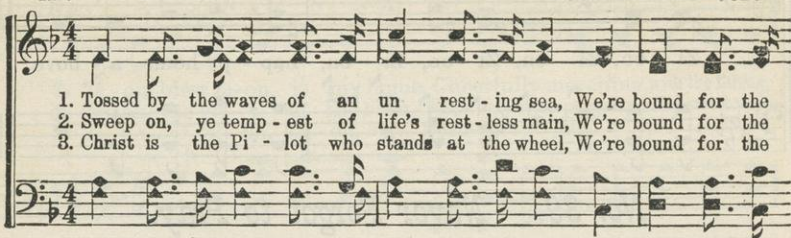
What He say-eth then do, Nev-er for-get to pray.
And you'll

This block contains the musical score for the fifth line of the chorus. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues from the previous block. The lyrics 'What He say-eth then do, Nev-er for-get to pray. And you'll' are written below the notes.

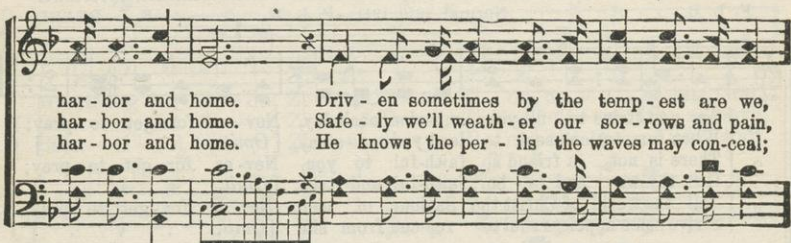
No. 40. Bound for the Harbor and Home.

Respectfully inscribed to my dear teacher, Prof. A. M. Pace.—Austin H.
REV. W. C. MARTIN.

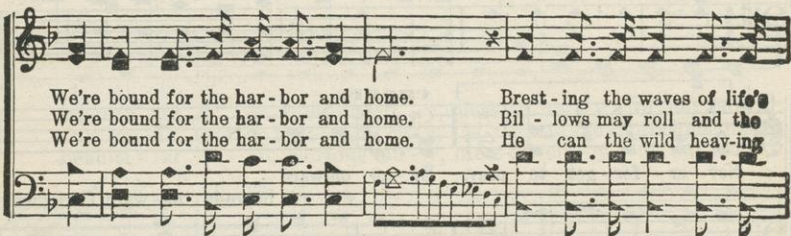
AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.




1. Tossed by the waves of an un-rest-ing sea, We're bound for the
2. Sweep on, ye temp-est of life's rest-less main, We're bound for the
3. Christ is the Pi-lot who stands at the wheel, We're bound for the




har-bor and home. Driv-en sometimes by the temp-est are we,
har-bor and home. Safe-ly we'll weath-er our sor-rows and pain,
har-bor and home. He knows the per-ils the waves may con-veal;



We're bound for the har-bor and home. Brest-ing the waves of life's
We're bound for the har-bor and home. Bil-lows may roll and the
We're bound for the har-bor and home. He can the wild heav-ing




o-cean a-far, God's word our chart and His spir-it our star,
break-ers may roar, Al-most we now see that beau-ti-ful shore.
o-cean re-strain; He can speak peace to the bil-low-y main.



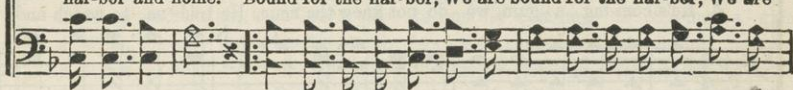
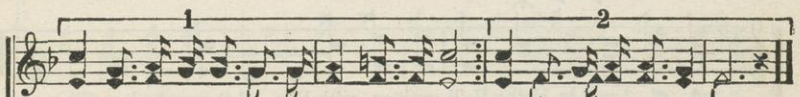
Soon we shall cross o-ver yon har-bor bar, We're bound for the
Where we shall rest, sweet-ly rest, ev-er more; We're bound for the
Soon that blest har-bor of heav-en we'll gain; We're bound for the

Bound for the Harbor and Home.


REFRAIN.



har-bor and home. Bound for the har-bor, Bound for the har-bor,
har-bor and home.
har-bor and home. Bound for the har-bor, We are bound for the har-bor, We are

Bound for the harbor, blessed har-bor and home, Bound for the har-bor and home

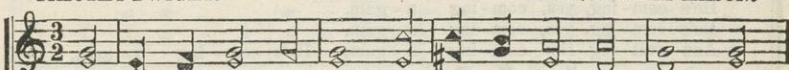


No. 41. *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.*

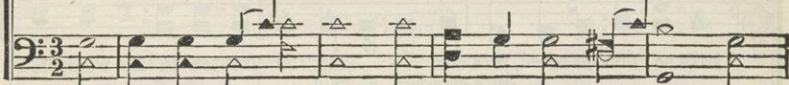
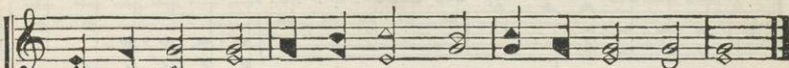
"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

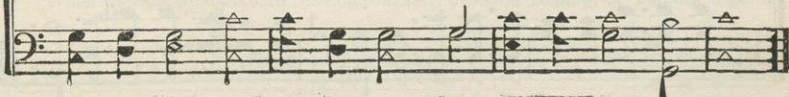
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend; To
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her

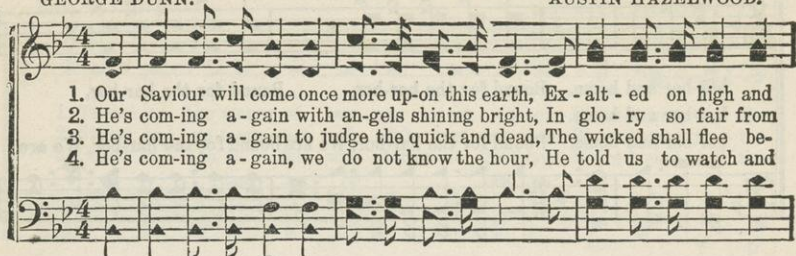



church our blest Re - deem - er saved, With His own pre - cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

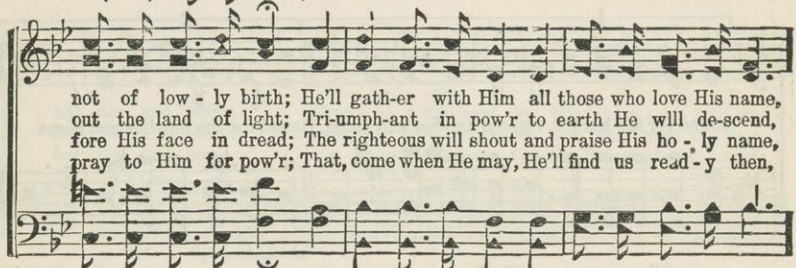


No. 42. *He's Coming Again.*

(Dedicated to all who are preparing for the coming of our blessed Saviour.)—AUSTIN H. GEORGE DUNN. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. Our Saviour will come once more up-on this earth, Ex - alt - ed on high and
 2. He's com-ing a - gain with an-gels shining bright, In glo - ry so fair from
 3. He's com-ing a - gain to judge the quick and dead, The wicked shall flee be-
 4. He's com-ing a - gain, we do not know the hour, He told us to watch and

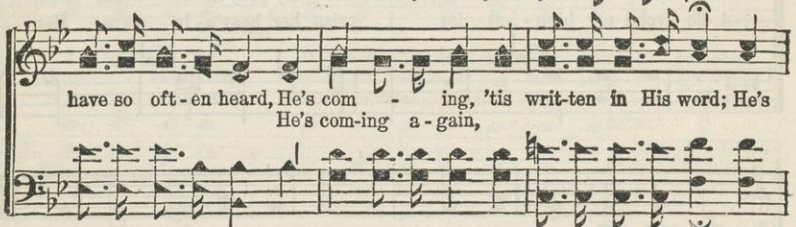


not of low - ly birth; He'll gath-er with Him all those who love His name,
 out the land of light; Tri-umph-ant in pow'r to earth He will de-scend,
 fore His face in dread; The righteous will shout and praise His ho - ly name,
 pray to Him for pow'r; That, come when He may, He'll find us read - y then,

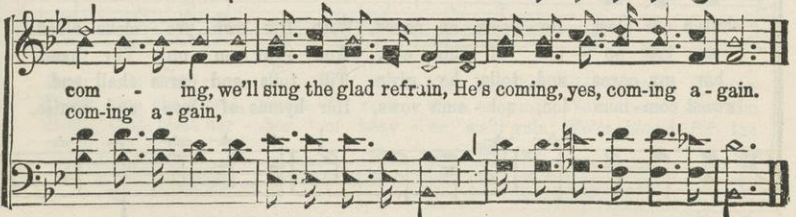
REFRAIN.



He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a - gain. He's com - - ing, I
 He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a - gain.
 He's com-ing, yes, com-ing a - gain.
 And wait-ing His com-ing a - gain. He's com-ing a - gain,



have so oft - en heard, He's com - ing, 'tis writ - ten in His word; He's
 He's com-ing a - gain,



com - ing, we'll sing the glad refrain, He's coming, yes, com-ing a - gain.
 com-ing a - gain,

No. 43. *Jesus Is Coming Again.*

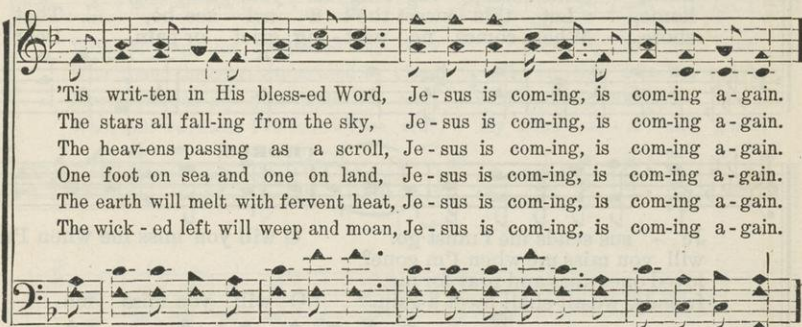
C. M. TATE.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

C. M. TATE.



1. Pre-cious promise of our Lord, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;
2. When we see the light-ning fly, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;
3. When we hear the thun-der roll, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;
4. When the an-gel takes his stand, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;
5. When we hear his com-ing feet, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;
6. When He gath-ers all His own, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain;

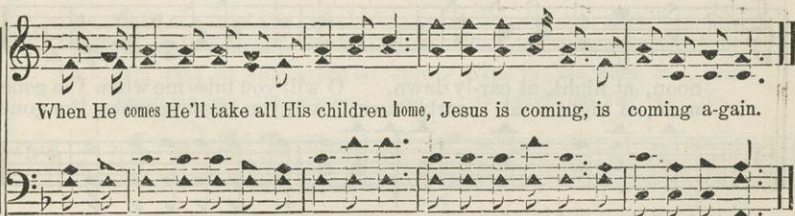


'Tis writ-ten in His bless-ed Word, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.
The stars all fall-ing from the sky, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.
The heav-ens passing as a scroll, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.
One foot on sea and one on land, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.
The earth will melt with fervent heat, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.
The wick-ed left will weep and moan, Je-sus is com-ing, is com-ing a-gain.

CHORUS.



He is com - ing, com - ing,
Coming a-gain, coming a-gain, yes, Je-sus is com-ing a - gain;

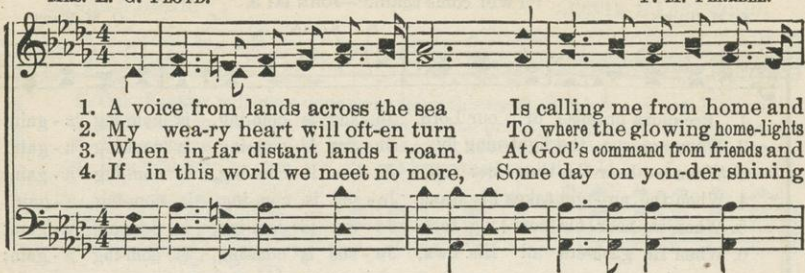


When He comes He'll take all His children home, Jesus is coming, is coming a-gain.

No. 44. Will You Miss Me?

Mrs. E. G. FLOYD.

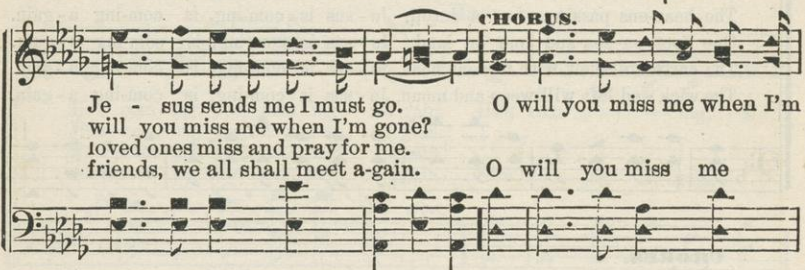
F. M. FERRELL.



1. A voice from lands across the sea Is calling me from home and
 2. My wea-ry heart will oft-en turn To where the glowing home-lights
 3. When in far distant lands I roam, At God's command from friends and
 4. If in this world we meet no more, Some day on yon-der shining

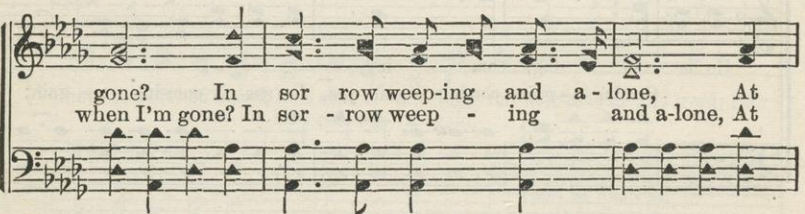


thee; Tho' part - ing fills my heart with woe, Where
 burn, And weep - ing long for you, dear one, O
 home, Let this sweet tho't a sol - ace be, That
 shore, Where comes no part - ing, grief or pain, Dear

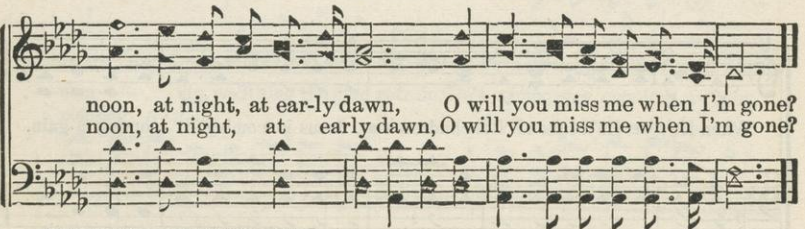


CHORUS.

Je - sus sends me I must go. O will you miss me when I'm
 will you miss me when I'm gone?
 loved ones miss and pray for me.
 friends, we all shall meet a-gain. O will you miss me



gone? In sor row weep-ing and a-lone, At
 when I'm gone? In sor - row weep - ing and a-lone, At



noon, at night, at ear-ly dawn, O will you miss me when I'm gone?
 noon, at night, at early dawn, O will you miss me when I'm gone?

No. 45. *My Mother's Bible.*

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart."—Psalm 119: 11.

ANON.

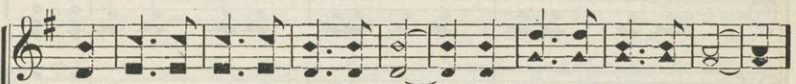
R. R. BLADES.



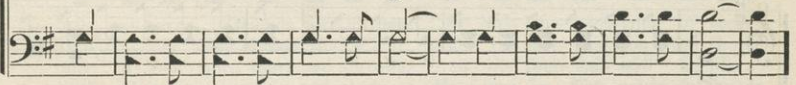
1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid-den start;
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear;
3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To broth-er, sis-ter, dear;
4. Thou tru-est Friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stance I have tried;



With falt'ring lips and throbbing brow I press it to my heart.
 Who 'round the hearthstone used to close, Aft-er the ev'n-ing pray'r,
 How calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who loved God's word to hear;
 Where all was false I've found Thee true, My coun-sel-or and guide;



For ma-n-y gen-er-a-tions past This was our fami-ly tree,
 And speak of what these pa-ges said In tones my heart would thrill;
 Her an-gel face—I see it yet,— With throng-ing mem'-ries come,
 The mines of earth no treas-ures give That could this vol-ume buy;



My moth-er's hand this Bi-ble clasped, She dy-ing gave it me.
 Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.
 A-gain that lit-tle group is met With-in the walls of home.
 In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.



No. 46. *Home to My Mother In Heaven.*

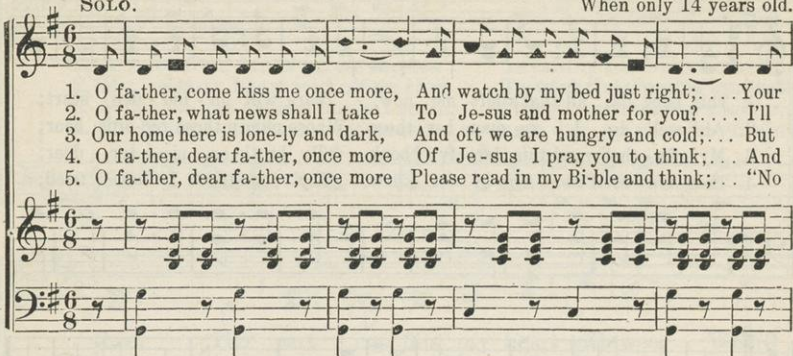
(A TEMPERANCE SONG.)

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

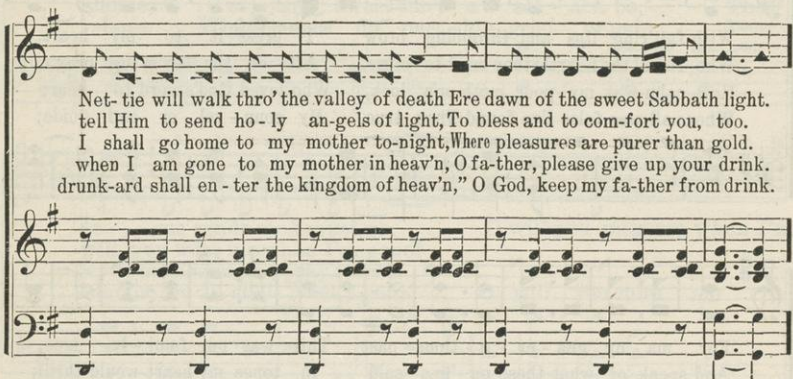
MISS ALLIE R. DALE.

SOLO.

When only 14 years old.

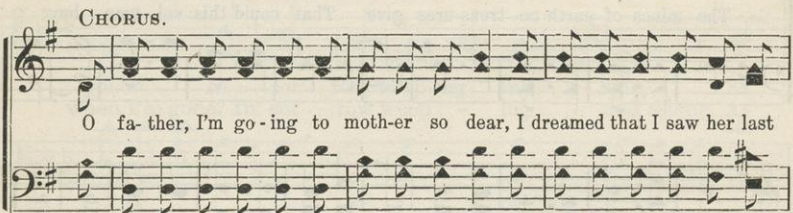


1. O fa-ther, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just right; . . . Your
2. O fa-ther, what news shall I take To Je-sus and mother for you? . . . I'll
3. Our home here is lone-ly and dark, And oft we are hungry and cold; . . . But
4. O fa-ther, dear fa-ther, once more Of Je-sus I pray you to think; . . . And
5. O fa-ther, dear fa-ther, once more Please read in my Bi-ble and think; . . . "No

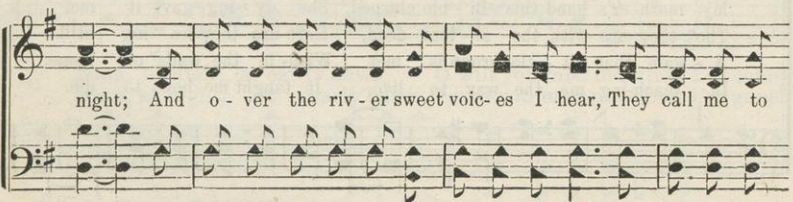


Net-tie will walk thro' the valley of death Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light.
tell Him to send ho-ly an-gels of light, To bless and to com-fort you, too.
I shall go home to my mother to-night, Where pleasures are purer than gold.
when I am gone to my mother in heav'n, O fa-ther, please give up your drink.
drunk-ard shall en-ter the kingdom of heav'n," O God, keep my fa-ther from drink.

CHORUS.



O fa-ther, I'm go-ing to moth-er so dear, I dreamed that I saw her last



night; And o-ver the riv-er sweet voic-es I hear, They call me to

Home to My Mother In Heaven. Concluded.



mansions of light. Home, home, home, home, Home to my mother in heaven!



No. 47. Song of the Aged Christian.

REV. A. M. JOHNSON.

REV. W. T. DALE.



1. Wea - ry, worn, sad and for - sak - en, Lin - g'ring on this cheerless shore;
2. Throngs of youth - ful fac - es 'round me But re - mind me of the past
3. I am wait - ing for the an - gel Of the Cov - e - nant to come,
4. Bless - ed hope, sweet balm of com - fort, To this with - ered heart of mine;



All life's sweet - est ties are brok - en, And my loved ones come no more.
When I held my dear de - part - ed To my bo - som fond - ly clasped.
And re - lease me from my pris - on And con - duct His ex - ile home.
Light my path a lit - tle lon - ger, With Thy beams of light di - vine.



All my ear - ly friends have left me, In this lone - some vale of tears;
One by one they crossed the riv - er, And I'm shiv - ring on the shore;
But a few more tears and sorrows, And the foun - tain will be dry;
God of mer - cy, grace and goodness, Hold me by Thy pow'r - ful hand;



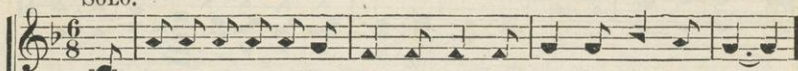
Sigh - ing for their smil - ing fac - es, Where they know no griefs or fears.
Long - ing, pray - ing to embrace them, Where the loved shall part no more.
Then I shall em - brace my kin - dred In my hap - py home on high.
Till I greet my lov - ing kin - dred In the glo - rious heav'n - ly land.



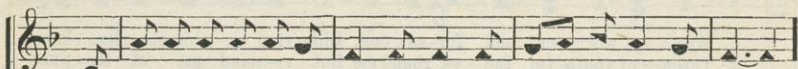
No. 48. *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.*

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.
SOLO.

REV. W. T. DALE.



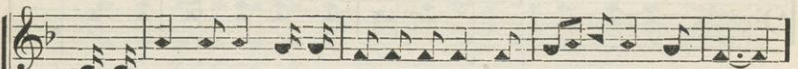
1. A wid - ow sat watching her fair-haired boy One wea - ry win - ter day;
2. "O moth - er, the angels stood 'round my bed, All day they sang to me;
3. "And An - nie, my sis - ter, that died, you know, Just four long years a - go,



As burning with fever and racked with pain, The lit - tle sufferer lay;
And sweetly they told me of that bright land That lies be - yond the sea;
I tho't she came with them and stood just here, In robes as white as snow;



But the day went out and the night came down, The pain had passed a - way,
And they told me, too, of a riv - er pure, Whose wa - ters I shall drink,
And she sang of Christ, and of heav'n so bright, That I for - got my pain,



And the child looked up and the mother bent down, To hear what he might say:
And it flows so still thro' a beau - ti - ful vale, I'm near it now, I think;
And I think to - night, as you watch by my side, That she will come a - gain;



Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Softly and tenderly.*

"Kiss me, moth - er, let me go Where is nei - ther pain nor woe;

Rit. e dim.

Kiss me, moth - er, do not weep, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

No. 49. Rock of Ages.

"And one of the soldiers with a spear, pierced His side, and forth-with came there-out blood and water."—John 19: 34.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

REV. J. S. BOYD.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 Could my zeal - no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

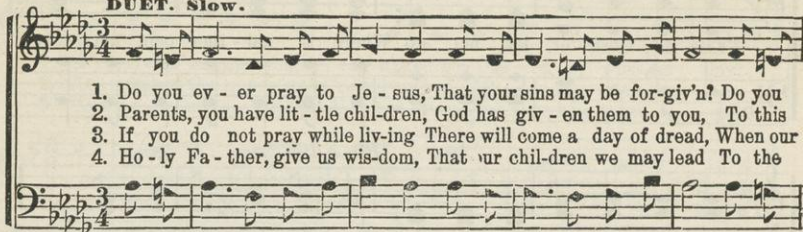
No. 50. Do You Ever Pray?

(May this little song sink deep in every father and mother's heart that hears it.)

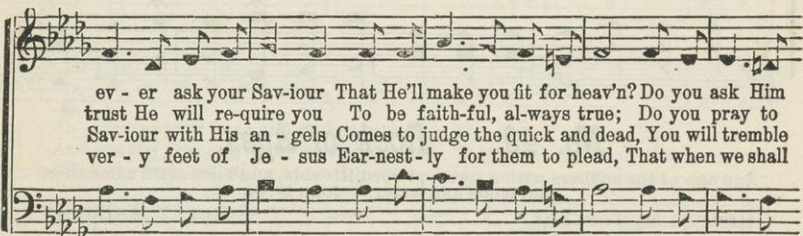
GEORGE DUNN.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

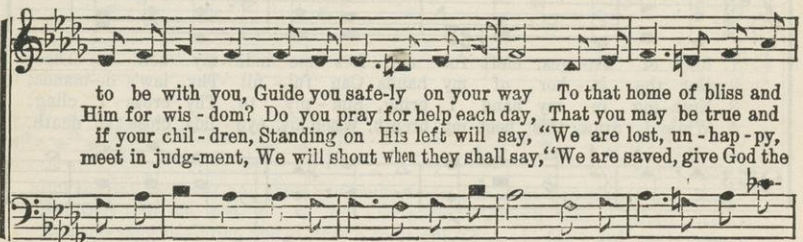
DUET. Slow.



1. Do you ev - er pray to Je - sus, That your sins may be for-giv'n? Do you
 2. Parents, you have lit - tle chil-dren, God has giv - en them to you, To this
 3. If you do not pray while liv-ing There will come a day of dread, When our
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, give us wis-dom, That our chil-dren we may lead To the

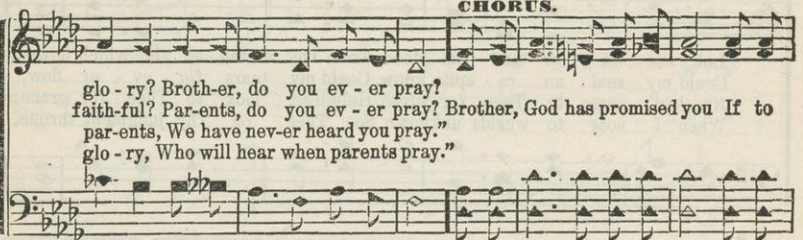


ev - er ask your Sav-iour That He'll make you fit for heav'n? Do you ask Him
 trust He will re-quire you To be faith-ful, al-ways true; Do you pray to
 Sav-iour with His an - gels Comes to judge the quick and dead, You will tremble
 ver - y feet of Je - sus Ear-nest-ly for them to plead, That when we shall

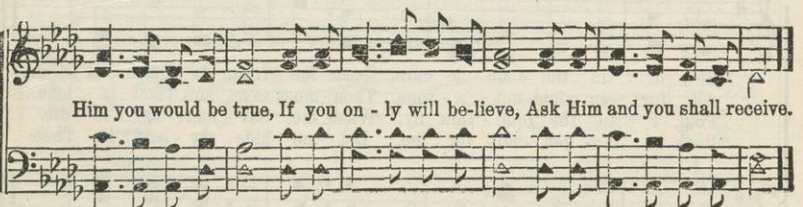


to be with you, Guide you safe-ly on your way To that home of bliss and
 Him for wis - dom? Do you pray for help each day, That you may be true and
 if your chil - dren, Standing on His left will say, "We are lost, un - hap - py,
 meet in judg-ment, We will shout when they shall say, "We are saved, give God the

CHORUS.



glo - ry? Broth-er, do you ev - er pray?
 faith-ful? Par-ents, do you ev - er pray? Brother, God has promised you If to
 par-ents, We have nev-er heard you pray."
 glo - ry, Who will hear when parents pray."



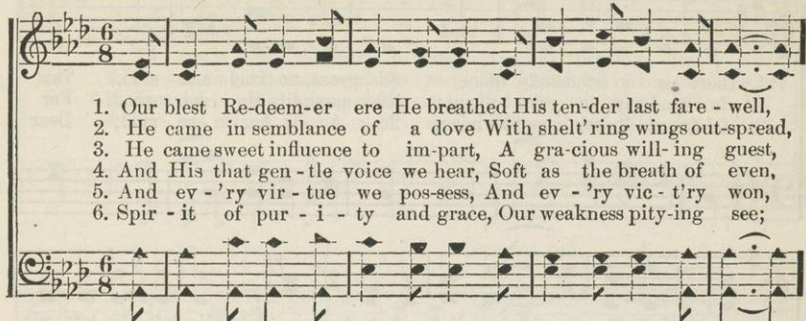
Him you would be true, If you on - ly will be-lieve, Ask Him and you shall receive.

No. 51. The Comforter.

"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father."—JOHN 15: 26.

HARRIET AUBER.

W. T. DALE.



1. Our blest Re-deem-er ere He breathed His ten-der last fare - well,
 2. He came in semblance of a dove With shelt'ring wings out-spread,
 3. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious will-ing guest,
 4. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
 5. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,
 6. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weakness pity-ing see;



A guide, a Com-fort-er bequeathed With us to dwell.
 The heal-ing balm of peace and love, On earth to shed.
 While He can find one will-ing heart, Where-in to rest.
 That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
 And ev-'ry tho't of ho-li-ness, Are His a-lone.
 O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing place, And meet for Thee.

REFRAIN.



O Com-fort-er, sweet Com-fort-er, Come dwell within my heart,



Di-rect, con-trol, re-new the whole, But ne'er de-part.

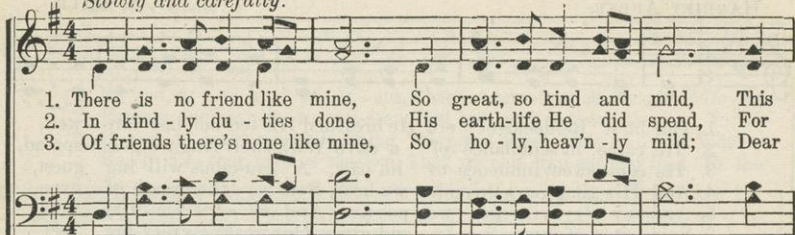
No. 52. The Friend Above all Friends.

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."—Cant. 5: 16.

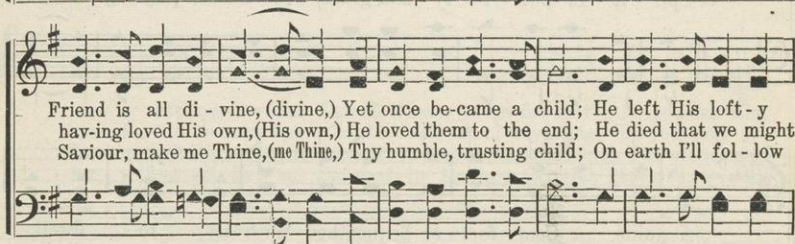
J. S. B.

Slowly and carefully.

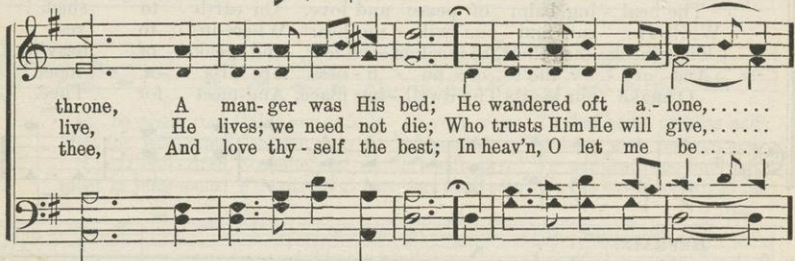
REV. J. S. BOYD.



1. There is no friend like mine, So great, so kind and mild, This
 2. In kind - ly du - ties done His earth-life He did spend, For
 3. Of friends there's none like mine, So ho - ly, heav'n - ly mild; Dear

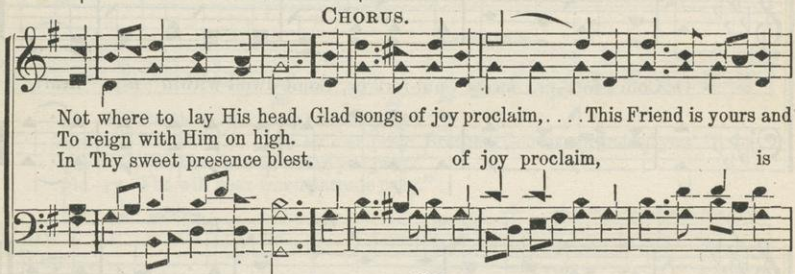


Friend is all di - vine, (divine,) Yet once be - came a child; He left His loft - y
 hav - ing loved His own, (His own,) He loved them to the end; He died that we might
 Saviour, make me Thine, (me Thine,) Thy humble, trusting child; On earth I'll fol - low

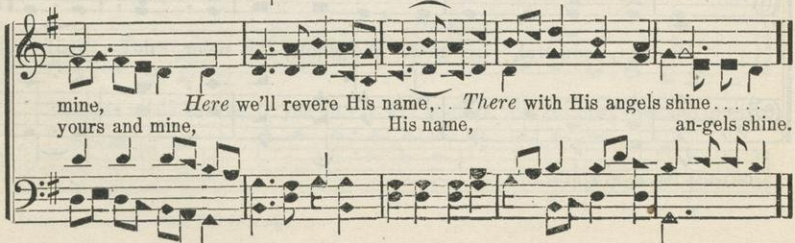


throne, A man - ger was His bed; He wandered oft a - lone,
 live, He lives; we need not die; Who trusts Him He will give,
 thee, And love thy - self the best; In heav'n, O let me be

CHORUS.



Not where to lay His head. Glad songs of joy proclaim, . . . This Friend is yours and
 To reign with Him on high.
 In Thy sweet presence blest. of joy proclaim, is

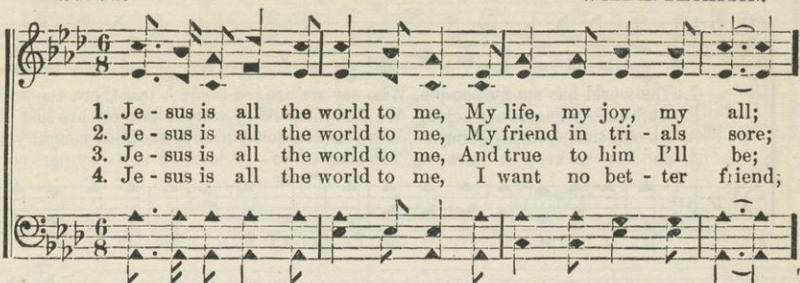


mine, Here we'll revere His name, . . . There with His angels shine, . . .
 yours and mine, His name, an - gels shine.

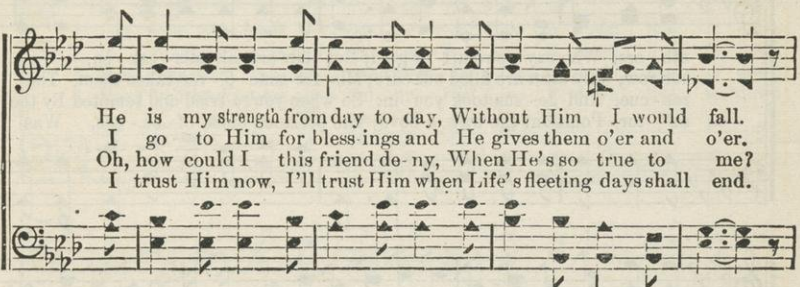
No. 53. *Jesus Is All the World to Me.*

W. L. T.

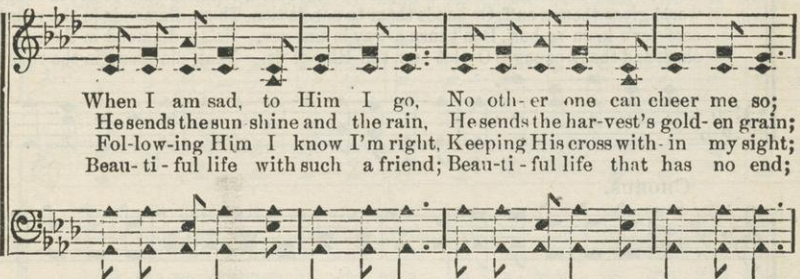
WILL L. THOMPSON.



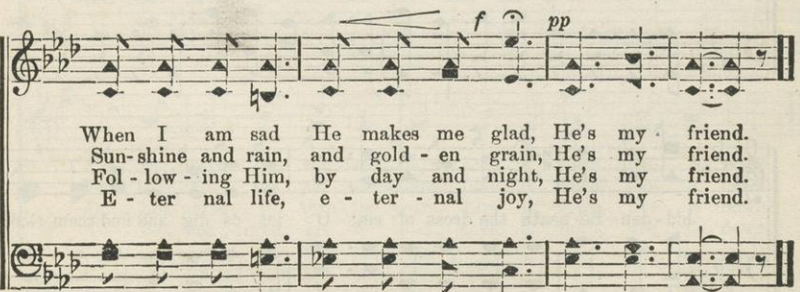
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with - in my sight;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

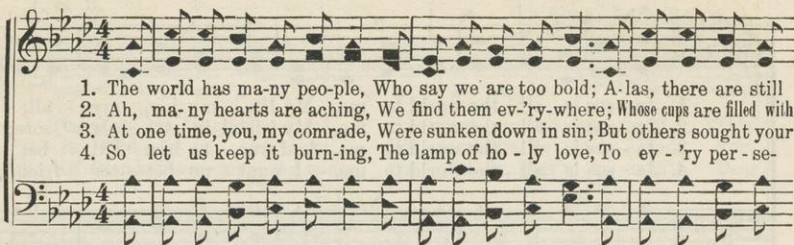


When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

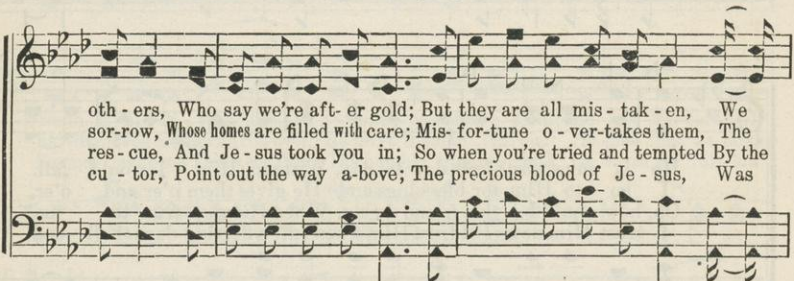
No. 54. *Diamonds in the Rough.*

ANON.

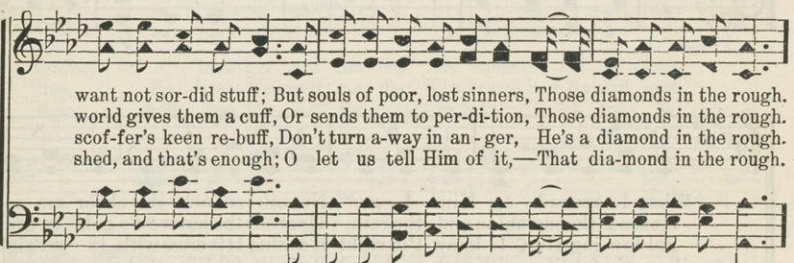
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. The world has ma-ny peo-ple, Who say we are too bold; A-las, there are still
 2. Ah, ma-ny hearts are aching, We find them ev-'ry-where; Whose cups are filled with
 3. At one time, you, my comrade, Were sunken down in sin; But others sought your
 4. So let us keep it burn-ing, The lamp of ho-ly love, To ev-'ry per-se-

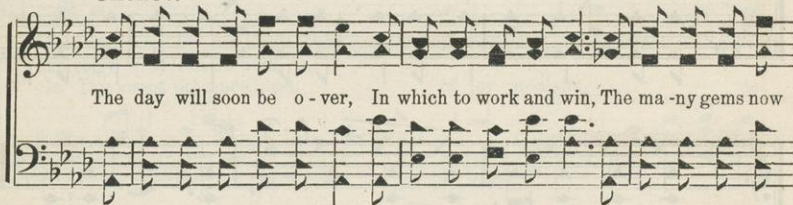


oth-ers, Who say we're aft-er gold; But they are all mis-tak-en, We
 sor-row, Whose homes are filled with care; Mis-for-tune o-ver-takes them, The
 res-cue, And Je-sus took you in; So when you're tried and tempted By the
 cu-tor, Point out the way a-bove; The precious blood of Je-sus, Was

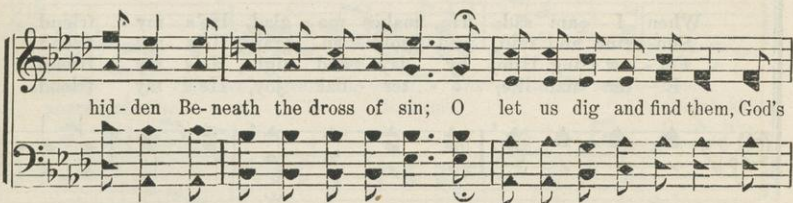


want not sor-did stuff; But souls of poor, lost sinners, Those diamonds in the rough.
 world gives them a cuff, Or sends them to per-di-tion, Those diamonds in the rough.
 scof-fer's keen re-buff, Don't turn a-way in an-ger, He's a diamond in the rough.
 shed, and that's enough; O let us tell Him of it,—That dia-mond in the rough.

CHORUS.



The day will soon be o-ver, In which to work and win, The ma-ny gems now



hid-den Be-neath the dross of sin; O let us dig and find them, God's

Diamonds in the Rough. *Concluded.*

power, it is e-nough, To pol-ish in - to beau-ty, Those diamonds in the rough.

No. 55. *Live it Down.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.—From *Maury Democrat*.

W. T. DALE.

1. Has your life been bit - ter sor - row? Live it down, live it down;
 2. Is dis-grace your gall - ing bur - den? Live it down, live it down;
 3. Has your heart a se - cret troub - le? Live it down, live it down;
 4. Have you made some aw - ful er - ror? Live it down, live it down;

Think a - bout a bright to - mor - row, Live it down, live it down;
 Ask the Lord to grant you par - don, Live it down, live it down;
 Use - less griefs will make it doub - le, Live it down, live it down;
 Do not hide your face in ter - ror, Live it down, live it down;

You will find it nev - er pays, Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze
 Make your life so free from blame That the lus - ter of your fame
 Do not wa - ter it with tears, Do not feed it with your fears,
 Look the world square in the eyes, Go a - head as one who tries,

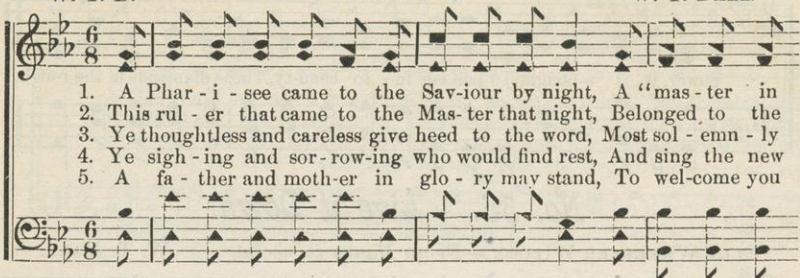
On the grave of van - ished days, Live it down, live it down.
 Shall hide all the old - en shame, Live it down, live it down.
 Do not nurse it thro' the years, Live it down, live it down.
 To be hon - ored ere be dies, Live it down, live it down.

No. 56. *Ye Must Be Born Again.**

W. T. D.

JOHN 3: 7.

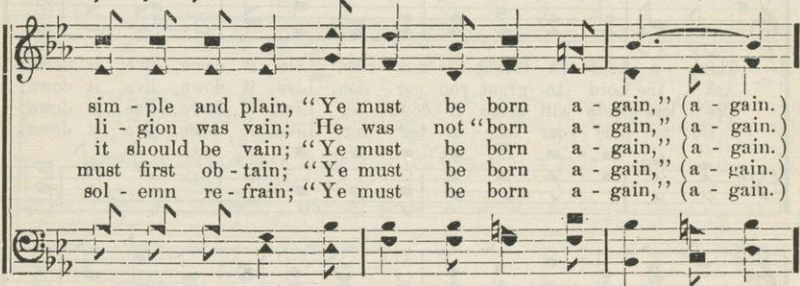
W. T. DALE.



1. A Phar-i-see came to the Sav-iour by night, A "mas-ter in
 2. This rul-er that came to the Mas-ter that night, Belonged to the
 3. Ye thoughtless and careless give heed to the word, Most sol-enn-ly
 4. Ye sigh-ing and sor-row-ing who would find rest, And sing the new
 5. A fa-ther and moth-er in glo-ry may stand, To wel-come you

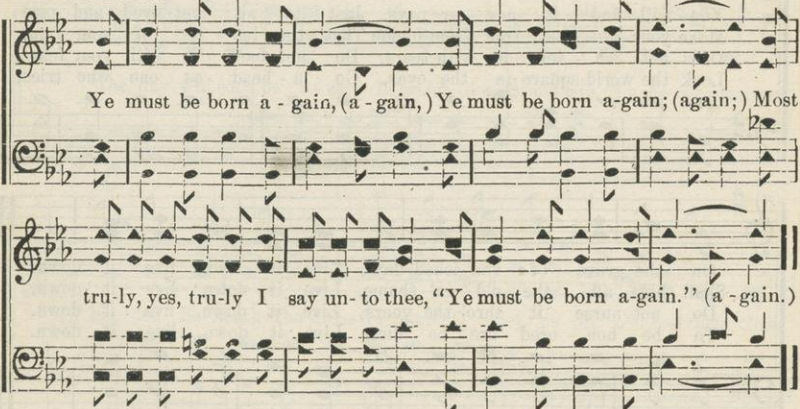


Is-ra-el," seek-ing for light; And Je-sus made an-swer both
 church but he had not the light; Like thou-sands to-day his re-
 spok-en by Je-sus our Lord; At-tend to this mes-sage lest
 song of the ran-somed and blest; His mer-cy and par-don you
 home to that heav-en-ly land; Then heark-en and heed this most



sim-ple and plain, "Ye must be born a-gain," (a-gain.)
 li-gion was vain; He was not "born a-gain," (a-gain.)
 it should be vain; "Ye must be born a-gain," (a-gain.)
 must first ob-tain; "Ye must be born a-gain," (a-gain.)
 sol-enn re-frain; "Ye must be born a-gain," (a-gain.)

REFRAIN.

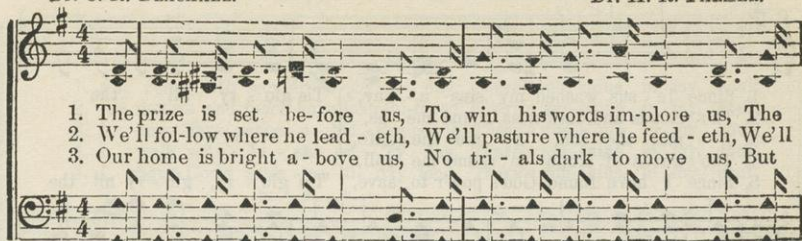


Ye must be born a-gain, (a-gain,) Ye must be born a-gain; (again;) Most
 tru-ly, yes, tru-ly I say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain," (a-gain.)

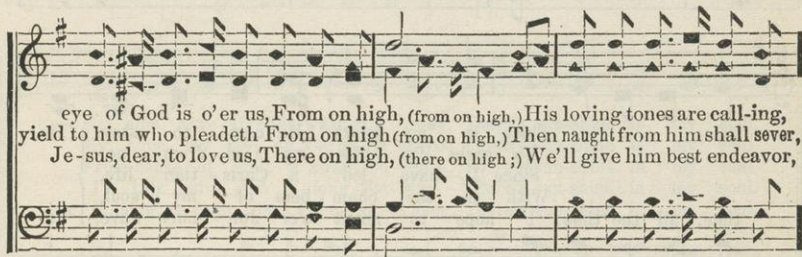
No. 57. *Triumph By and By.*

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

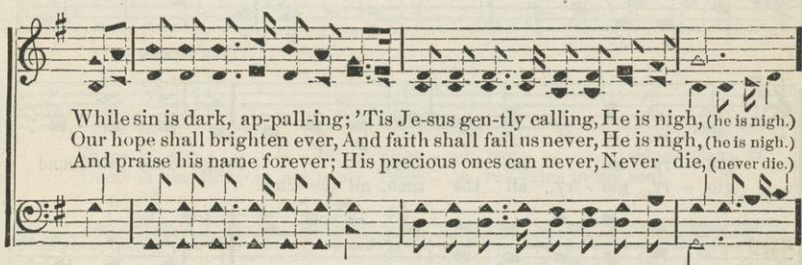
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win his words im-plore us, The
 2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll pasture where he feed-eth, We'll
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But

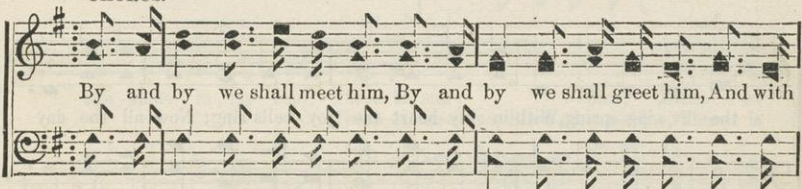


eye of God is o'er us, From on high, (from on high,) His loving tones are call-ing,
 yield to him who pleadeth From on high (from on high,) Then naught from him shall sever,
 Je-sus, dear, to love us, There on high, (there on high;) We'll give him best endeavor,

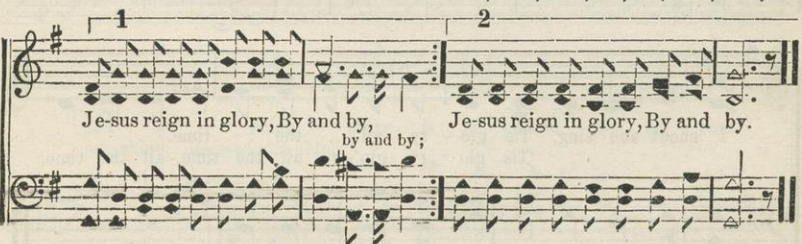


While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly calling, He is nigh, (he is nigh.)
 Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, (he is nigh.)
 And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, (never die.)

CHORUS.



By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with



Je-sus reign in glory, By and by, Je-sus reign in glory, By and by.
 by and by;

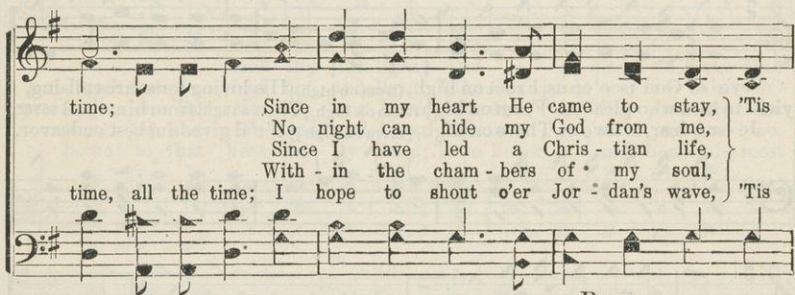
No. 58. 'Tis Glory All the Time.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

EMMET RAMER. By per.

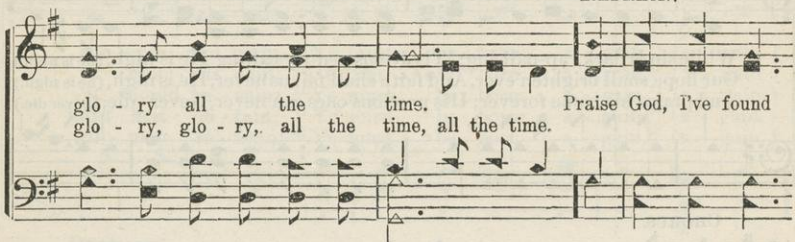


1. Since Je - sus washed my sins a - way, } 'Tis glo - ry all the
 2. Tho' clouds and dark-ness round me be, }
 3. A - mid the toil, a - mid the strife, }
 4. Tho' waves of troub - le round me roll, }
 5. Since I have found God's pow'r to save, } 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all the



time; Since in my heart He came to stay, } 'Tis
 No night can hide my God from me, }
 Since I have led a Chris - tian life, }
 With - in the cham - bers of my soul, }
 time, all the time; I hope to shout o'er Jor - dan's wave, } 'Tis

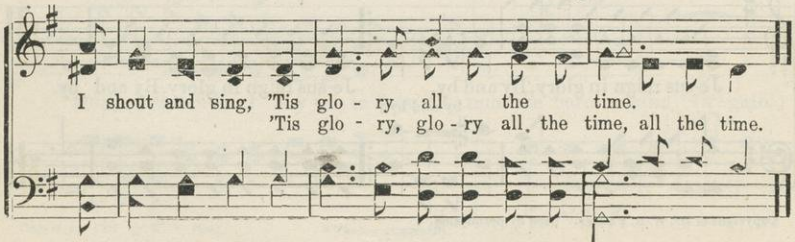
REFRAIN.



glo - ry all the time. Praise God, I've found
 glo - ry, glo - ry, all the time, all the time.



the liv - ing spring, With - in my heart the joy - bells ring; Now all the day

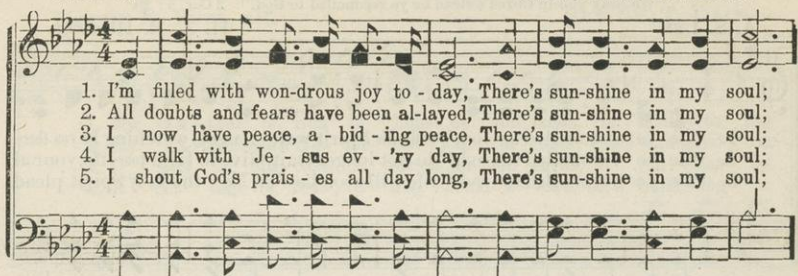


I shout and sing, 'Tis glo - ry all the time.
 'Tis glo - ry, glo - ry all the time, all the time.

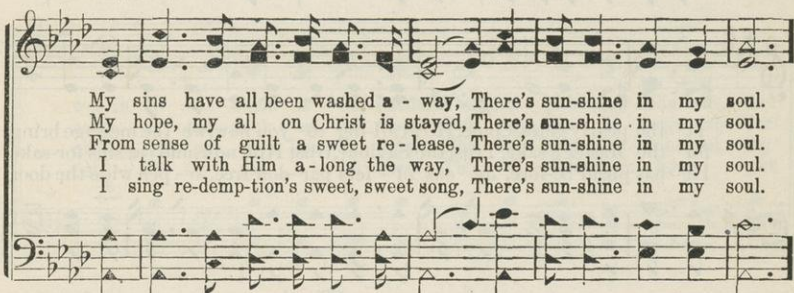
No. 59. *There's Sunshine in My Soul.*

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I'm filled with won-drous joy to - day, There's sun-shine in my soul;
 2. All doubts and fears have been al-layed, There's sun-shine in my soul;
 3. I now have peace, a - bid - ing peace, There's sun-shine in my soul;
 4. I walk with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, There's sun-shine in my soul;
 5. I shout God's prais - es all day long, There's sun-shine in my soul;



My sins have all been washed a - way, There's sun-shine in my soul.
 My hope, my all on Christ is stayed, There's sun-shine in my soul.
 From sense of guilt a sweet re - lease, There's sun-shine in my soul.
 I talk with Him a-long the way, There's sun-shine in my soul.
 I sing re-demp-tion's sweet, sweet song, There's sun-shine in my soul.

CHORUS.



There is sun - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - shine, There is
 There is sun-shine in my soul, There is sun-shine in my soul,



sun - shine in my soul; There is sun - - shine, Bless - ed
 There is sun-shine, Bless-ed sun-shine, There is



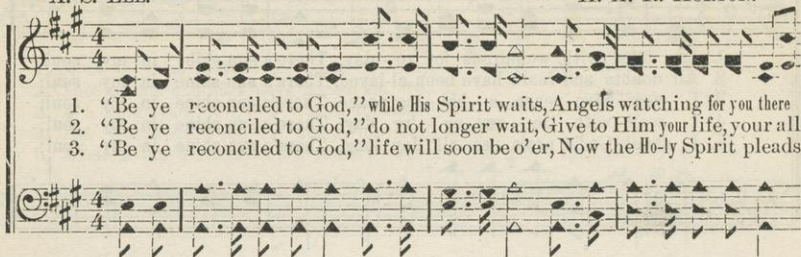
sun - - shine, There is sun - shine in my soul.
 sun-shine, Bless-ed sun-shine,

No. 60. Be Ye Reconciled to God.

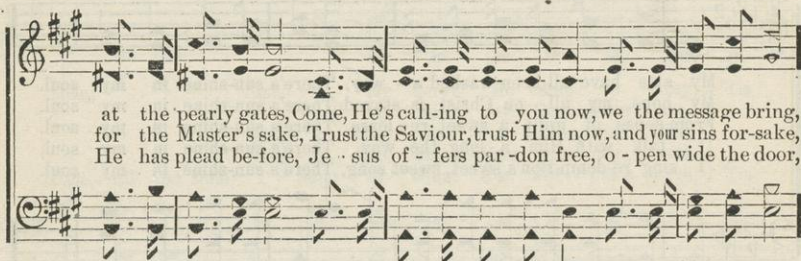
"For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God, through the death of His Son." Rom 5: 10.
 "We pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." 2 Cor. 5: 20.

A. S. LEE.

H. A. R. HORTON.



1. "Be ye reconciled to God," while His Spirit waits, Angels watching for you there
 2. "Be ye reconciled to God," do not longer wait, Give to Him your life, your all
 3. "Be ye reconciled to God," life will soon be o'er, Now the Ho-ly Spirit pleads



at the pearly gates, Come, He's call-ing to you now, we the message bring,
 for the Master's sake, Trust the Saviour, trust Him now, and your sins for-sake,
 He has plead be-fore, Je-sus of-fers par-don free, o-pen wide the door,



'Tis the mes-sage from your
 REFRAIN.
 'Tis the message from your Lord and King. 'Tis the message from your King, 'tis the



King, Hear the mes-sage while we sing,
 message from your King, Hear the message, hear it while we sing, while we sing,



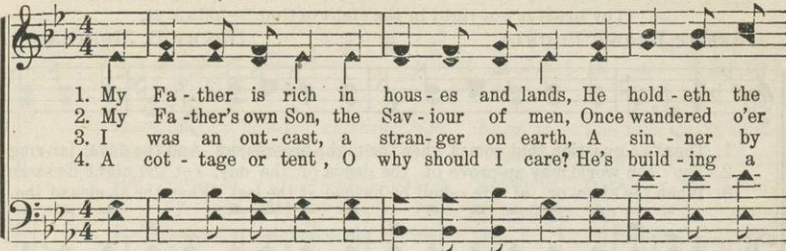
O lis-ten to the call, thus saith the Lord and King, O be ye reconciled to God.

No. 61. *I'm the Child of a King.*

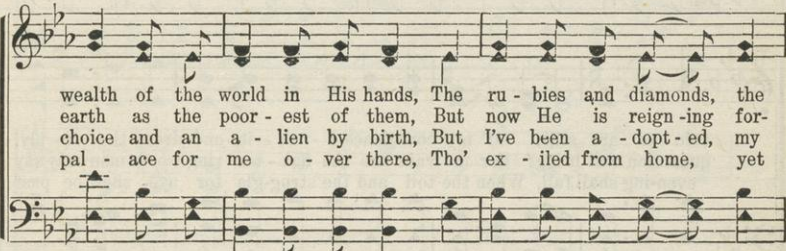
"Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8: 17.

HATTIE E. BUEL, alt.

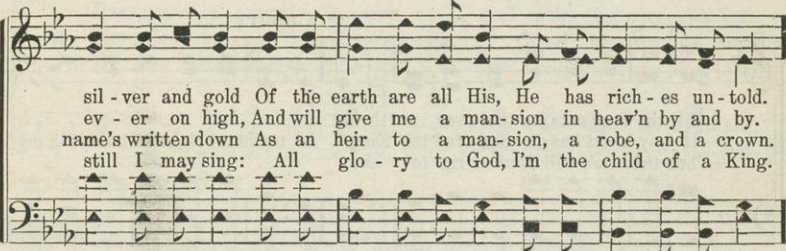
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered o'er
 3. I was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by
 4. A cot-tage or tent, O why should I care? He's build-ing a



wealth of the world in His hands, The ru-bies and diamonds, the
 earth as the poor-est of them, But now He is reign-ing for-
 choice and an a-lien by birth, But I've been a-dopt-ed, my
 pal-ace for me o-ver there, Tho' ex-iled from home, yet



sil-ver and gold Of the earth are all His, He has rich-es un-told.
 ev-er on high, And will give me a man-sion in heav'n by and by.
 name's written down As an heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
 still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, The child of a King, With God as my

Coda after last verse.



Fa-ther, I'm the child of a King. A-men! A-men!

No. 62. *Is My Heart Right With God?*

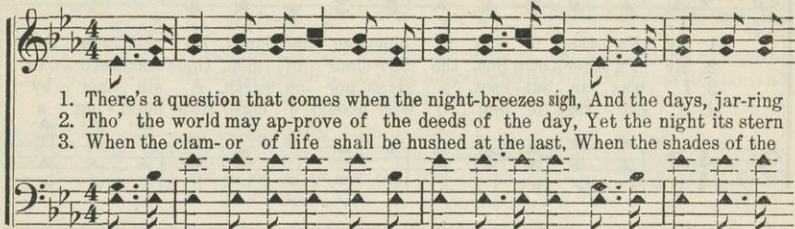
"Shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart."—Psa. 32: 11.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matt. 5: 8.

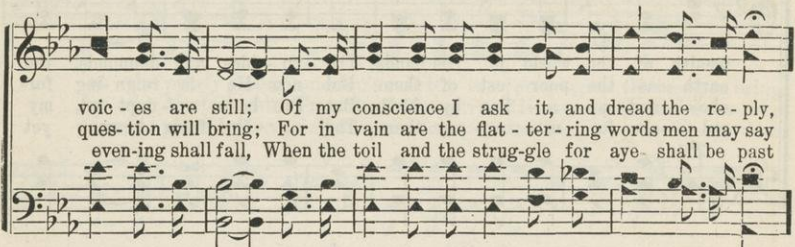
"Thy heart is not right in the sight of God."—Acts 8: 21.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

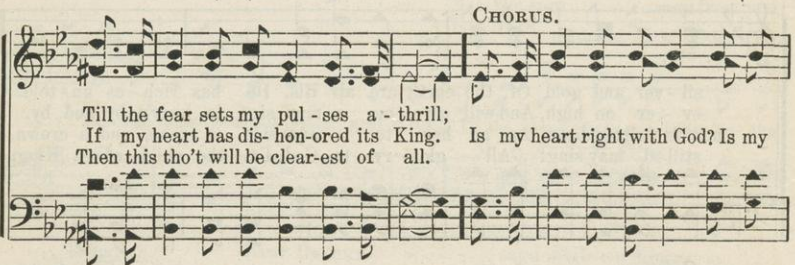
HENRY P. MORTON.



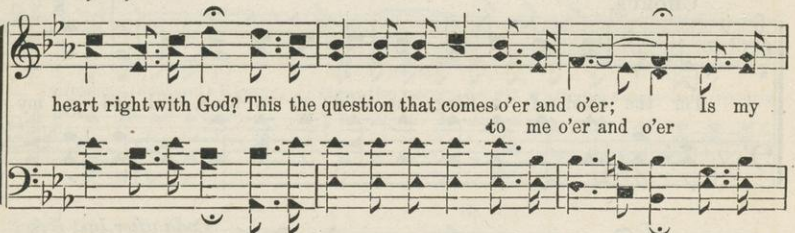
1. There's a question that comes when the night-breezes sigh, And the days, jar-ring
2. Tho' the world may ap-prove of the deeds of the day, Yet the night its stern
3. When the clam-or of life shall be hushed at the last, When the shades of the



voic-es are still; Of my conscience I ask it, and dread the re-ply,
ques-tion will bring; For in vain are the flat-ter-ing words men may say
even-ing shall fall, When the toil and the strug-gle for aye shall be past



CHORUS.
Till the fear sets my pul-ses a-thrill;
If my heart has dis-hon-ored its King. Is my heart right with God? Is my
Then this tho't will be clear-est of all.



heart right with God? This the question that comes o'er and o'er; Is my
to me o'er and o'er



heart right with God? Is my heart right with God? Is the question that comes evermore.

No. 63. The New "Fountain Filled With Blood."

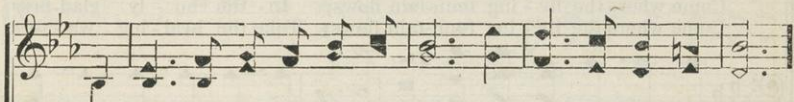
"There shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."—Zach. 13: 1.

W. T. D.

REV. W. T. DALE.



1. There is a heal-ing, cleans-ing tide, Filled from Em-man-uel's veins;
2. The saints in heav'n rejoiced to see, That foun-tain in their day;
3. The blood of Je-sus Christ His Son, Will cleanse from ev-'ry sin;
4. O! dy-ing Lamb, Thy blood a-vails, To make me white as snow,
5. And when my voice shall cease be-low, And I . to heav'n as-cend;



And sin-ners there, when pur-i-fied, Are free from all their stains.
And there may all, tho' vile they be, Wash all their stains a-way.
Has power to sanc-ti-fy each one, And make us pure with-in.
O'er all my sins it now pre-vails, I feel its gen-tle flow.
My lips with praise shall o-ver-flow, My song shall nev-er end.



CHORUS.



Come, sin-ners, to the crim-son flood, And wash your guilt-y stains a-way;



For you the Saviour shed His blood, And He will free-ly save to-day.

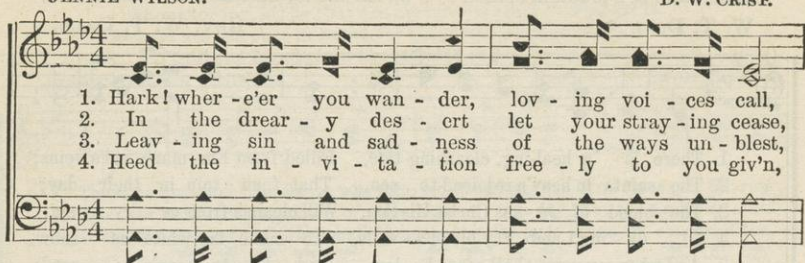


N. B.—This song is not copyrighted, but is left free to be used by any one for the glory of God.—W. T. D.

No. 64. *Where the Living Fountain Flows.*

JENNIE WILSON.

D. W. CRIST.

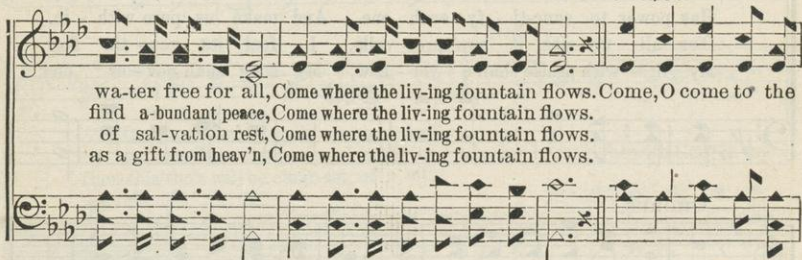


1. Hark! wher - e'er you wan - der, lov - ing voi - ces call,
 2. In the drear - y des - ert let your stray - ing cease,
 3. Leav - ing sin and sad - ness of the ways un - blest,
 4. Heed the in - vi - ta - tion free - ly to you giv'n,

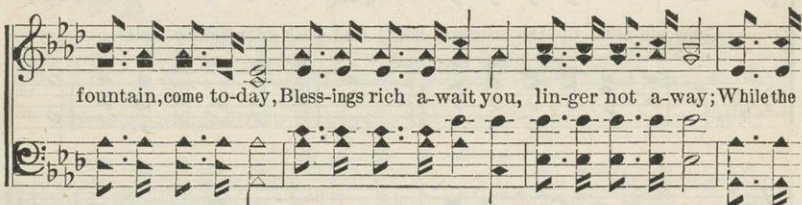


Come where the liv - ing foun - tain flows; There is soul - re - fresh - ing
 Come where the liv - ing foun - tain flows; Where the pure stream gush - es
 Come where the liv - ing foun - tain flows; In the ho - ly glad - ness
 Come where the liv - ing foun - tain flows; Take the heal - ing wa - ters

CHORUS.



wa - ter free for all, Come where the liv - ing fountain flows. Come, O come to the
 find a - bundant peace, Come where the liv - ing fountain flows.
 of sal - vation rest, Come where the liv - ing fountain flows.
 as a gift from heav'n, Come where the liv - ing fountain flows.



fountain, come to - day, Bless - ings rich a - wait you, lin - ger not a - way; While the

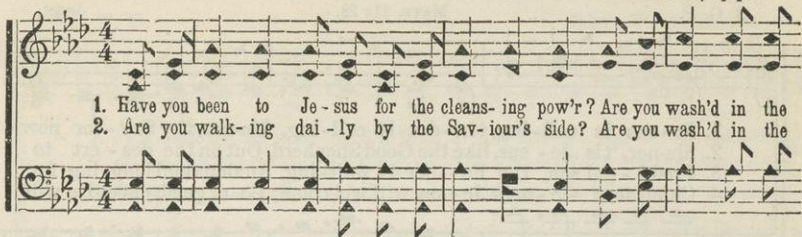


Lord is plead - ing will - ing - ly o - bey, Come where the living fountain flows!

No. 65. Are You Washed in the Blood?

Rev. E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you wash'd in the

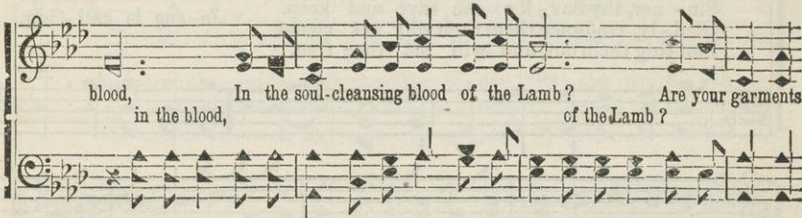


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you

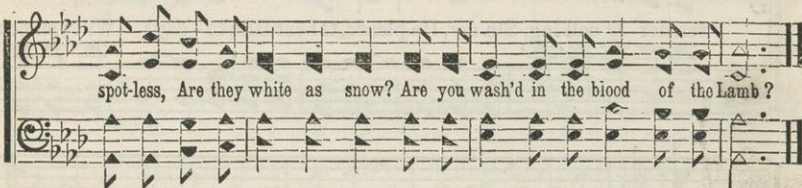
CHORUS.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you wash'd in the
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? } Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



spot-less, Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes
 be white,
 Pure and white with the blood of the Lamb?
 Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
 And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?</p> | <p>4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with
 sin,
 And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
 There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
 Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!</p> |
|--|---|


No. 66. Jesus Tenderly Calling.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

J. G. F.

MATT. 11: 28.

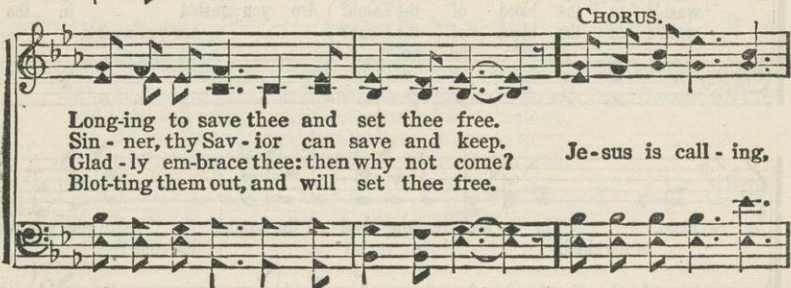
JOHN.



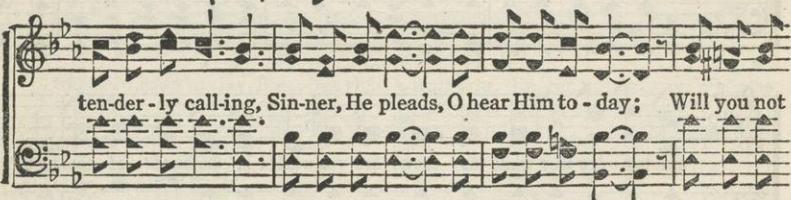
1. Je-sus is call-ing, ten-der-ly call-ing, Sin-ner, thy Sav-ior now
 2. Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus, like the Good Shepherd, Out on the des-ert to
 3. Prod-i-gal son, thy Fa-ther is wait-ing, Anxious and long-ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin-ners Je-sus will wel-come; Be of good, cheer He will



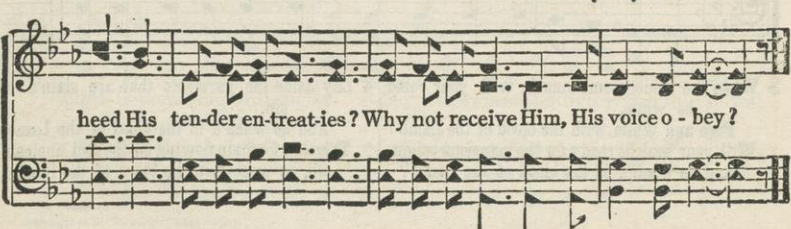
pleads for Thee; Stand-ing and knock-ing, anx-ious-ly wait-ing,
 find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav-en re-joice;
 thy re-turn; He will for-give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re-move your ev-'ry trans-gres-sion,



CHORUS.
 Long-ing to save thee and set thee free.
 Sin-ner, thy Sav-ior can save and keep. Je-sus is call-ing,
 Glad-ly em-brace thee: then why not come?
 Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free.



ten-der-ly call-ing, Sin-ner, He pleads, O hear Him to-day; Will you not



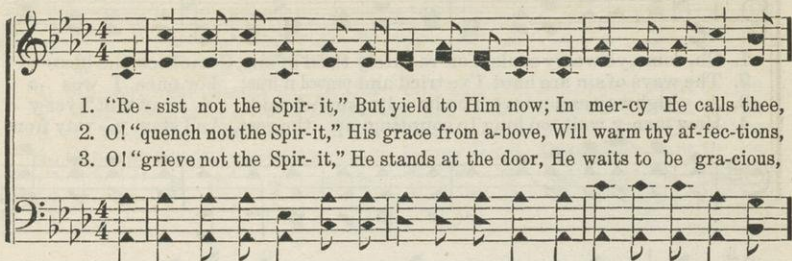
heed His ten-der en-treat-ies? Why not receive Him, His voice o-bey?

No. 67. Three Warnings.

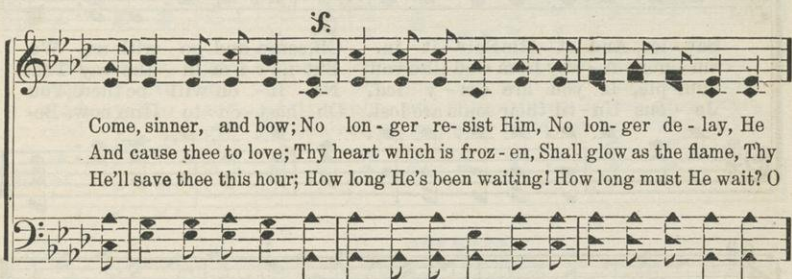
Acts 7:51; 1 Thes. 5:19; Eph. 4:30.

W. T. D.

REV. W. T. DALE.

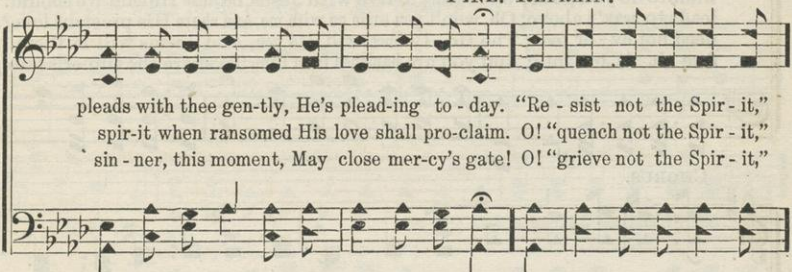


1. "Re - sist not the Spir - it," But yield to Him now; In mer - cy He calls thee,
 2. O! "quench not the Spir - it," His grace from a - bove, Will warm thy af - fec - tions,
 3. O! "grieve not the Spir - it," He stands at the door, He waits to be gra - cious,

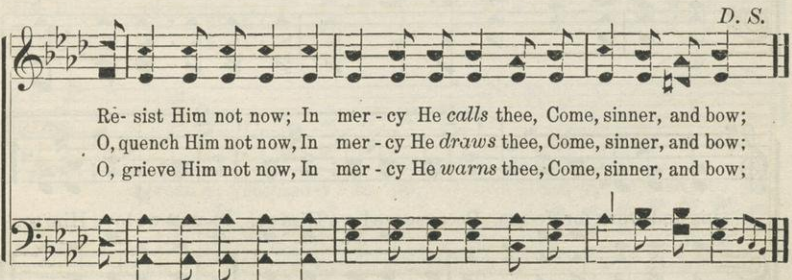


Come, sinner, and bow; No lon - ger re - sist Him, No lon - ger de - lay, He
 And cause thee to love; Thy heart which is froz - en, Shall glow as the flame, Thy
 He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been waiting! How long must He wait? O

FINE. REFRAIN.



pleads with thee gen - tly, He's plead - ing to - day. "Re - sist not the Spir - it,"
 spir - it when ransomed His love shall pro - claim. O! "quench not the Spir - it,"
 sin - ner, this moment, May close mer - cy's gate! O! "grieve not the Spir - it,"

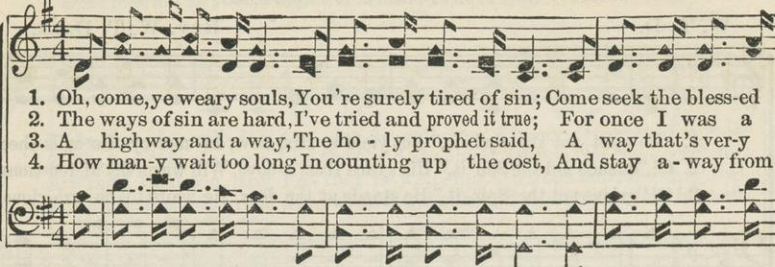


Rè - sist Him not now; In mer - cy He calls thee, Come, sinner, and bow;
 O, quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, Come, sinner, and bow;
 O, grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, Come, sinner, and bow;

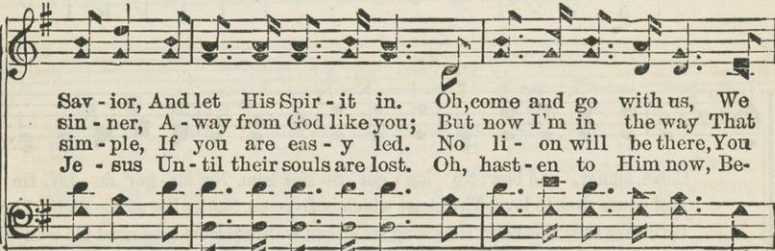
No. 68. Come and Go.

F. M. G.

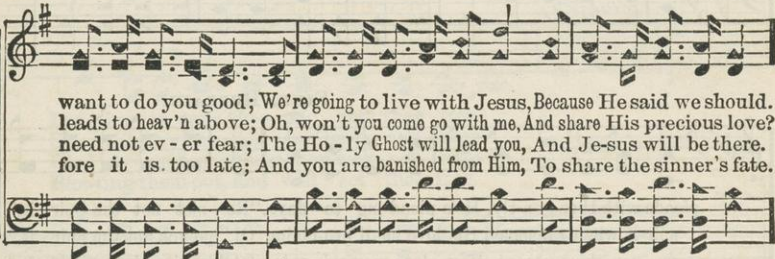
FRANK M. GRAHAM.



1. Oh, come, ye weary souls, You're surely tired of sin; Come seek the bless-ed
 2. The ways of sin are hard, I've tried and proved it true; For once I was a
 3. A highway and a way, The ho - ly prophet said, A way that's ver-y
 4. How man-y wait too long In counting up the cost, And stay a-way from

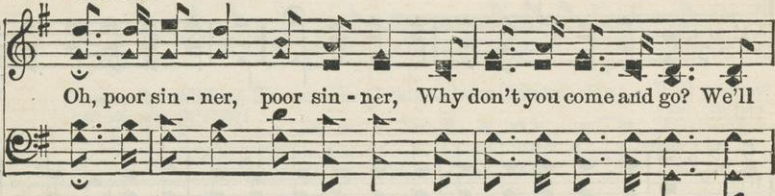


Sav - ior, And let His Spir - it in. Oh, come and go with us, We
 sin - ner, A - way from God like you; But now I'm in the way That
 sin - ple, If you are eas - y led. No li - on will be there, You
 Je - sus Un - til their souls are lost. Oh, hast - en to Him now, Be -



want to do you good; We're going to live with Jesus, Because He said we should.
 leads to heav'n above; Oh, won't you come go with me, And share His precious love?
 need not ev - er fear; The Ho - ly Ghost will lead you, And Je - sus will be there.
 fore it is too late; And you are banished from Him, To share the sinner's fate.

CHORUS.



Oh, poor sin - ner, poor sin - ner, Why don't you come and go? We'll



sing and work for Je - sus, Because we love Him so. Be - cause we love Him so.

No. 69. Ready to Go.

"Therefore be ye ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24: 44. G. A. L. GEO. A. LANEY.

1. Sin-ner, hear the call, 'tis for one and all, Don't you want to be
 2. Won't you turn a-way from your sins to-day, Don't you want to be
 3. O what joy and love in the home a-bove, Don't you want to be
 4. Come and march a-long with the happy throng, Don't you want to be

read - y to go? Come to Je - sus now and be - fore Him bow,
 read - y to go? O to Je - sus fly and for mer - cy cry,
 read - y to go? At the gold - en gate sainted loved ones wait,
 read - y to go? We shall shout and sing 'round our heav-'nly King,

Fine. REFRAIN.
 Don't you want to be ready to go? Read-y to go,
 read-y, yes, read-y to go,

read-y to go; Don't you want to be ready to go?
 read-y, yes, read-y to go;

D. S.
 Read-y to go, read-y to go,
 read-y, yes, read-y to go, read-y, yes, ready to go,


No. 70. *I Wonder if There's Room There for Me.*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

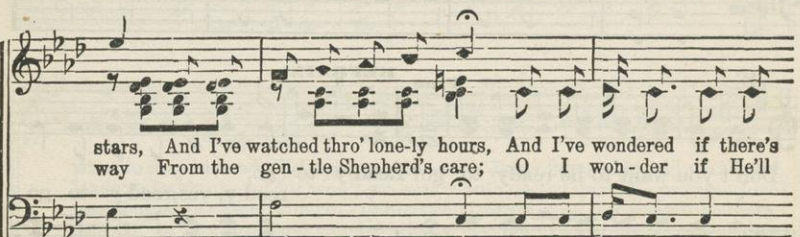
First Voice.



1. I have heard of a home far a-way a-bove the skies, Where the
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarcely en-ter there; How

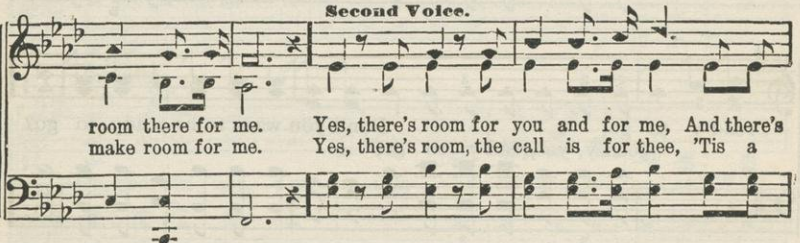


good and the true may hap-py be; I have looked thro' the
then may a sin-ner like me? I am far, far a-

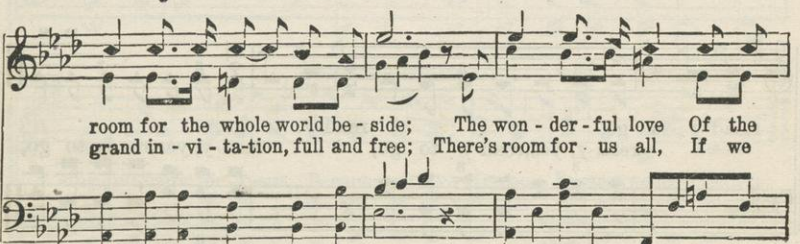


stars, And I've watched thro' lone-ly hours, And I've wondered if there's
way From the gen-tle Shepherd's care; O I won-der if He'll

Second Voice.

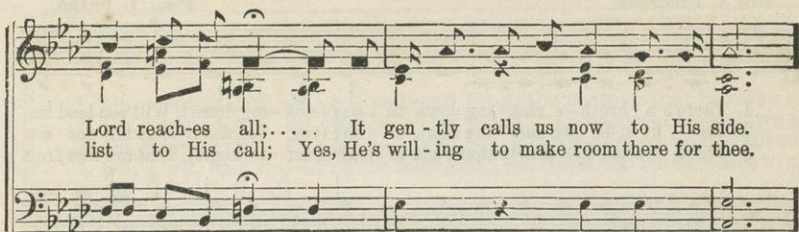


room there for me. Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's
make room for me. Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a

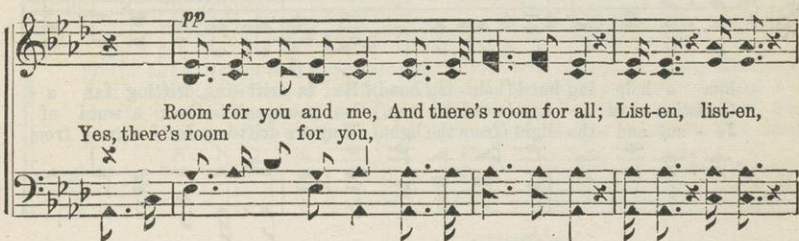


room for the whole world be-side; The won-der-ful love Of the
grand in-vi-ta-tion, full and free; There's room for us all, If we

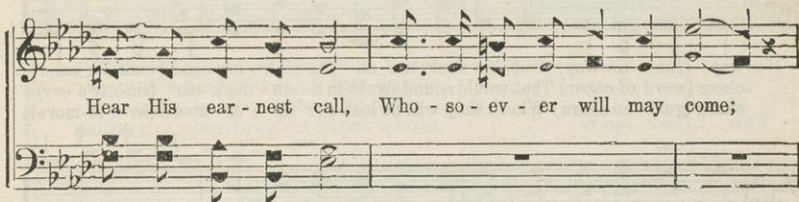
I Wonder if There's Room There for Me. Con.



Lord reach-es all;.... It gen-tly calls us now to His side.
list to His call; Yes, He's will-ing to make room there for thee.



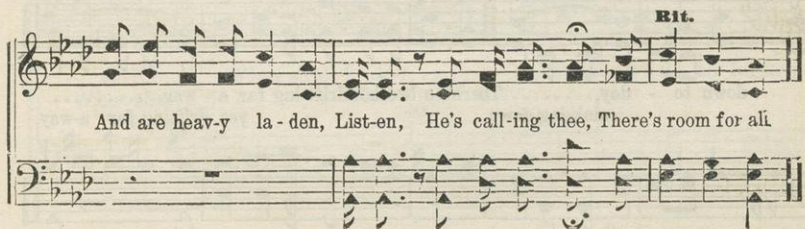
pp
Room for you and me, And there's room for all; List-en, list-en,
Yes, there's room for you,



Hear His ear-nest call, Who-so-ev-er will may come;



Who-so-ev-er will may come; Come ye that are wea-ry



Bit.
And are heav-y la-den, List-en, He's call-ing thee, There's room for all

No. 71. Sinking Down.

TOM A. FERGUSON.

FRED. L. BEARD.

1. There's a broth-er sink-ing down to - day (sink-ing down), Will you lend to
 2. Ma - ny souls are sink-ing down to - day (yes, to-day), That has not a
 3. There are bro-ken hearts that's sad to - night (sad to-night), That are lost from

him a help - ing hand (help-ing hand)? He is drift-ing, drifting far a -
 Christian word to say (word to say,) Can you speak to them a word of
 Je - sus and the light (from the light) They are drift-ing far a-way from

way (far a-way) And his feet are on the sink-ing sand (sink-ing sand).
 cheer (word of cheer) That would sound sweet in a sin-ner's ear (sin-ner's ear).
 shore (gold-en shore) Where they will be lost for ev - er - more (ev - er-more).

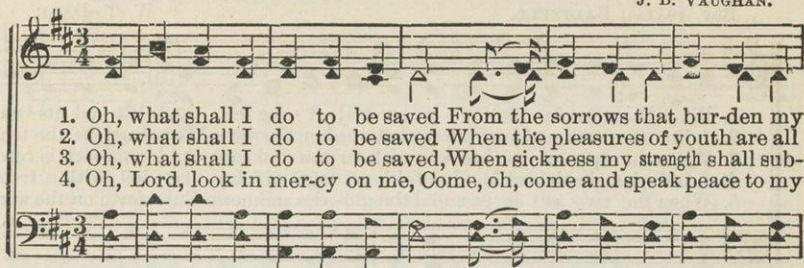
REFRAIN.

Sink-ing down, sink-ing down,..... There's a brother sink-ing
 yes, sinking down, yes, sinking down,

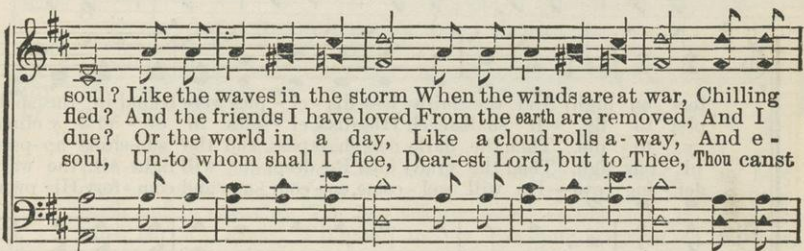
down to - day,..... There's a brother drift-ing far a - way.....
 sink-ing down, yes, drifting far a-way.

No. 72. What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

J. B. VAUGHAN.

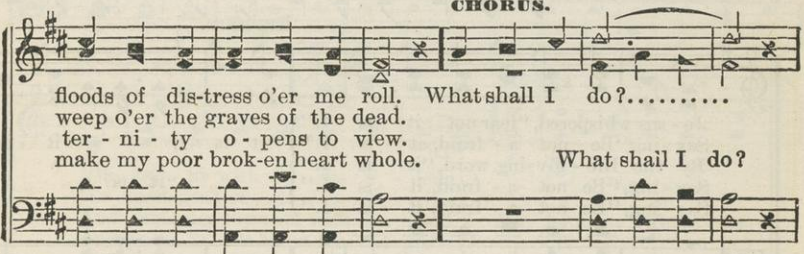


1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that bur-den my
 2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all
 3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall sub-
 4. Oh, Lord, look in mer-cy on me, Come, oh, come and speak peace to my

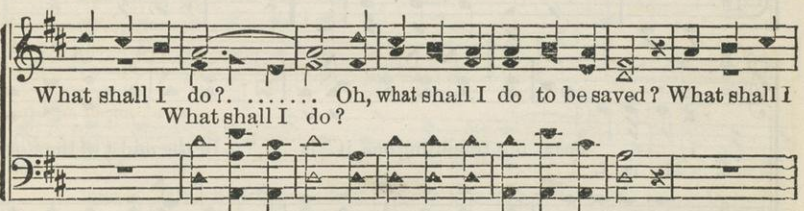


soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chilling
 fled? And the friends I have loved From the earth are removed, And I
 due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e-
 soul, Un-to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst

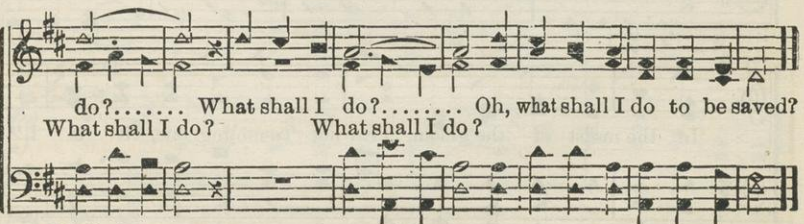
CHORUS.



floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do?.....
 weep o'er the graves of the dead.
 ter - ni - ty o - pens to view.
 make my poor brok-en heart whole. What shall I do?



What shall I do?..... Oh, what shall I do to be saved? What shall I
 What shall I do?



do?..... What shall I do?..... Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
 What shall I do? What shall I do?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 73. "It Is I, Be Not Afraid."

John 6: 20.

Rev. ISAIAH BALTZELL.

W. T. DALE.



1. When the storm in its fur - y on Gal - i - lee fell, And lift - ed its wa -
2. But the storm could not bur - y that word in the wave, 'Twas taught thro' the tem -
3. When the spir - it is bro - ken with sor - row and care, And com - fort is read -
4. And when death is at hand and this cot - tage of clay, Is left with a trem -
5. When the riv - er is past and the glo - ries unknown Burst forth on the won -



ters on high: And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell,
pest to fly, It shall reach His dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime,
y to die, Then the dark - ness shall pass, and the sun - shine ap - pear,
ul - ous sigh, Then the grac - ious Re - deem - er will light all the way,
der - ing eye - He will wel - come, en - cour - age and com - fort His own,



REFRAIN.



Je - sus whispered, "fear not it is I,"
Say - ing "Be not a - fraid, it is I," "It is I, it is
By the life - giv - ing word, "it is I."
Say - ing, "Be not a - fraid, it is I." "It is I,
Say - ing, "Ee not a - fraid, it is I.")



I, Fear not trembling one, it is I," In the midst of the storm,
It is I,



In the msdst of the gloom, "Fear not trembling one, it is I."



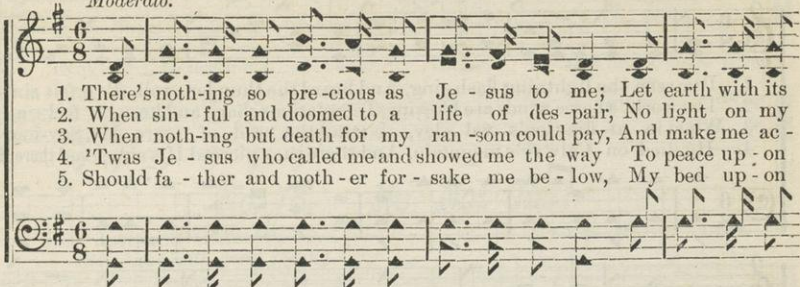
No. 74. I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." —Jer. 17: 7.

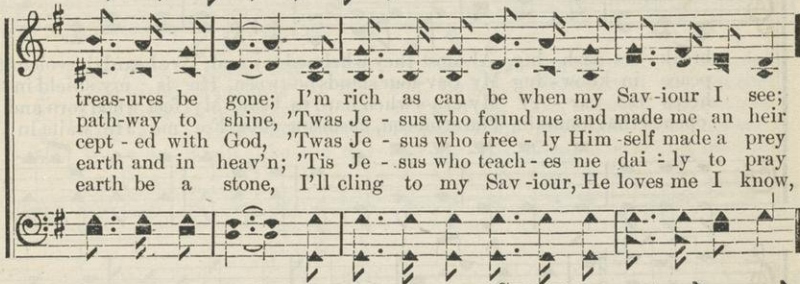
C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.

Moderato.



1. There's noth-ing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its
 2. When sin - ful and doomed to a life of des-pair, No light on my
 3. When noth-ing but death for my ran-som could pay, And make me ac-
 4. 'Twas Je - sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up-on
 5. Should fa - ther and moth-er for - sake me be - low, My bed up-on

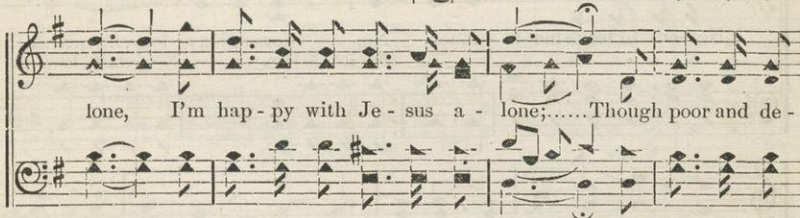


treas-ures be gone; I'm rich as can be when my Sav-iour I see;
 path-way to shine, 'Twas Je - sus who found me and made me an heir
 cept-ed with God, 'Twas Je - sus who free-ly Him-self made a prey
 earth and in heav'n; 'Tis Je - sus who teach-es me dai-ly to pray
 earth be a stone, I'll cling to my Sav-iour, He loves me I know,

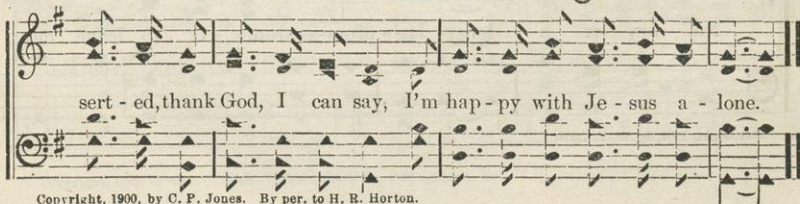
CHORUS.



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



lone, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;..... Though poor and de -



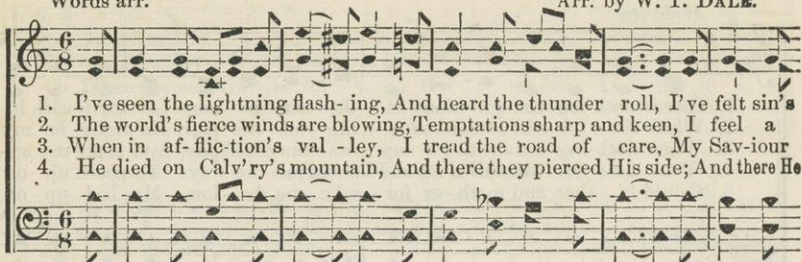
sert-ed, thank God, I can say, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.

No. 75. *Never Alone.*

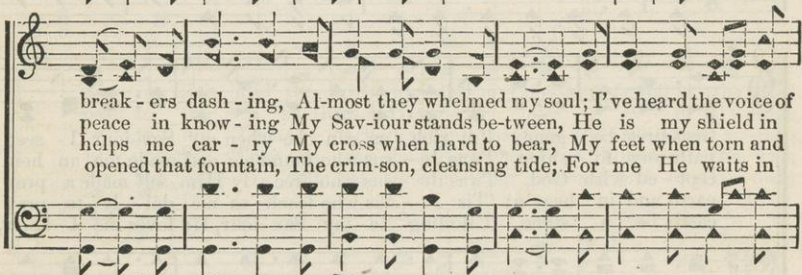
"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—HEB. 13: 5.

Words arr.

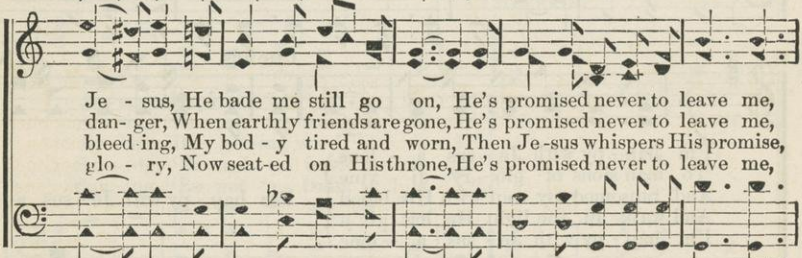
Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll, I've felt sin's
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temptations sharp and keen, I feel a
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I tread the road of care, My Sav - iour
4. He died on Cal - v'ry's mountain, And there they pierced His side; And there He



break - ers dash - ing, Al - most they whelmed my soul; I've heard the voice of
peace in know - ing My Sav - iour stands be - tween, He is my shield in
helps me car - ry My cross when hard to bear, My feet when torn and
opened that fountain, The crim - son, cleansing tide; For me He waits in

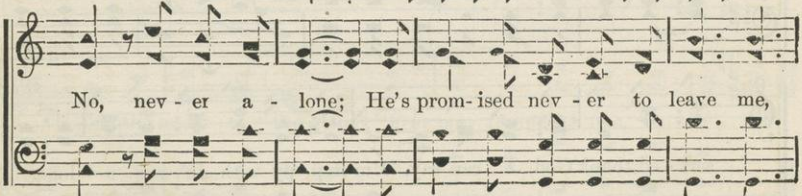


Je - sus, He bade me still go on, He's promised never to leave me,
dan - ger, When earthly friends are gone, He's promised never to leave me,
bleed - ing, My bod - y tired and worn, Then Je - sus whispers His promise,
glo - ry, Now seat - ed on His throne, He's promised never to leave me,

CHORUS.



Nev - er to leave me a - lone. No, nev - er a - lone,.....
Nev - er a - lone, Nev - er a - lone,



No, nev - er a - lone; He's prom - ised nev - er to leave me,

Never Alone.—Concluded.

1 2

Nev - er to leave me a - lone; Nev - er to leave me a - lone. (alone.)

No. 76. No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.
Slow, and with great feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er Saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

No. 77. To the Fields, Away.

FRED L. BEARD.

R. G. READ.

1. { Go ye forth in bright ar-ray, to the har-vest call, To the fields,.....
 { Gath-er gold-en sheaves to-day, be a help to all, To the fields,
 2. { Do not i-dle time a-way, hear the har-vest call, To the fields,.....
 { La-bor faithful while you may, you will have re-ward, To the fields,
 3. { If we're faithful lab'ers here, heav'nly joys we'll share, In the sweet (in the sweet)
 { Shout and sing to-geth-er there, free from worldly care, Hap-py home (happy home),

haste a-way (haste a-way). a-way (haste a-way).
 haste a-way (haste a-way). a-way (haste a-way).
 by and by (by and by). I'll be there (I'll be there).

CHORUS.

Go ye forth in bright ar-ray, Gath-er in the gold-en grain; To the

fields,..... haste a-way,..... Heed His call, O heed to-day, Gather
 To the fields, haste a-way,

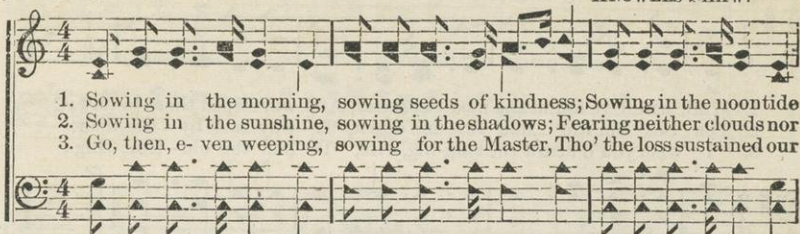
in the gold-en grain, Gath-er grain,..... gold-en grain.....
 Gold-en grain, gold-en grain.

No. 78. *Bringing in the Sheaves.*

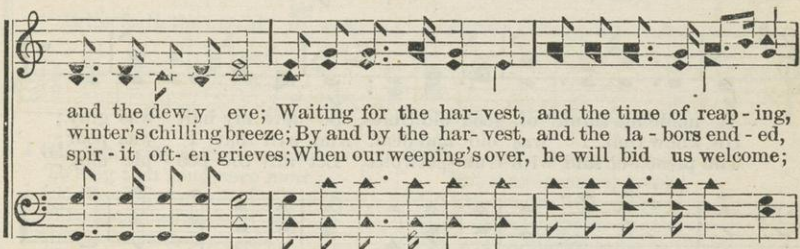
"Bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126: 6.

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

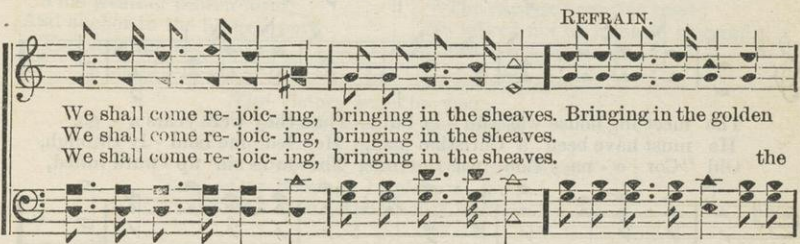


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

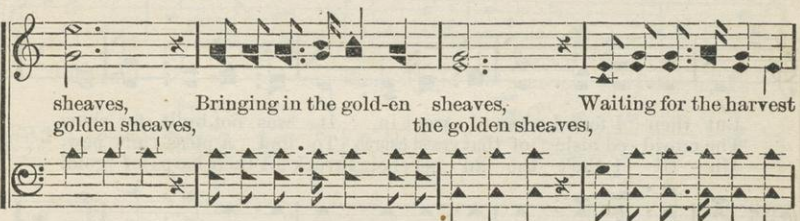


and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bors end-ed,
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome;

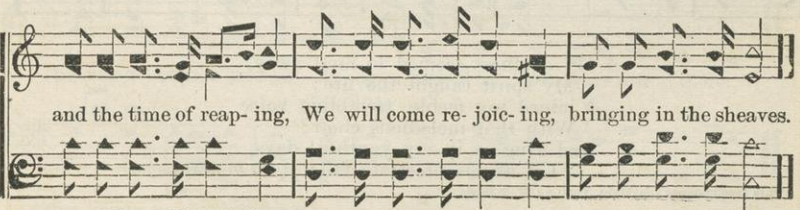
REFRAIN.



We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the golden
 We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. the



sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, Waiting for the harvest
 golden sheaves, the golden sheaves,



and the time of reap-ing, We will come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 79. The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. Well, wife I've found the mod - el church, And worshiped there to-day ;
 2. The Sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door,
 3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring ;

It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray ;
 He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor ;
 The preach-er said with trum-pet voice, "Let all the peo - ple sing ;"

The meet-ing house was fin - er built, Than they were years a - go,
 He must have been a Christian man, He led me bold - ly through,
 Old "Cor - o - na - tion" was the tune, The mu - sic up - ward rolled,

But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
 The crowd-ed aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
 Un - til I tho't the an - gel choir, Struck all their harps of gold.

- 4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
 My spirit caught the fire ;
 I joined my feeble, trembling voice
 With that melodious choir ;
 And sang as in - my youthful days,
 "Let angels prostrate fall ; (Go to next page.)

The Model Church. Concluded.

*
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all."

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that song once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner,
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me,
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

*
"There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In

heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there."

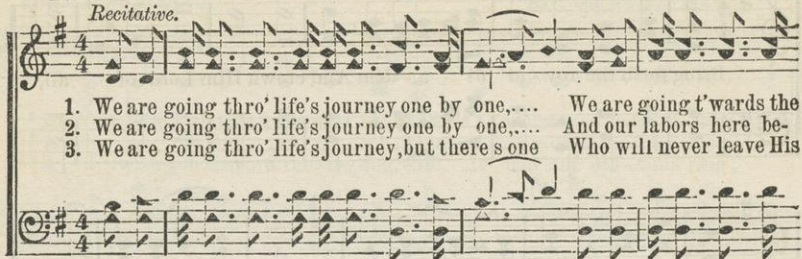
* Everybody sing the old tunes.

No. 80. We Are Going One by One.

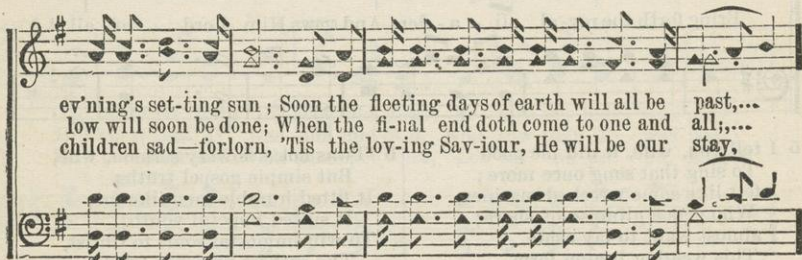
F. H.

FRED. HEUMEL.

Recitative.

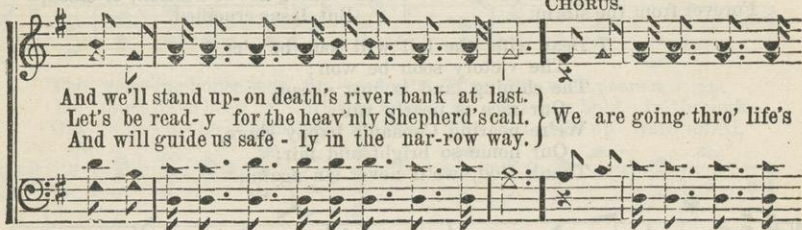


1. We are going thro' life's journey one by one,.... We are going t'wards the
 2. We are going thro' life's journey one by one,.... And our labors here be-
 3. We are going thro' life's journey, but there's one Who will never leave His

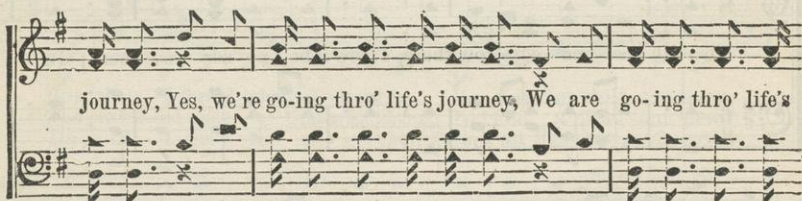


ev'ning's set-ting sun; Soon the fleeting days of earth will all be past,...
 low will soon be done; When the fi-nal end doth come to one and all,...
 children sad—forn, 'Tis the lov-ing Sav-iour, He will be our stay,

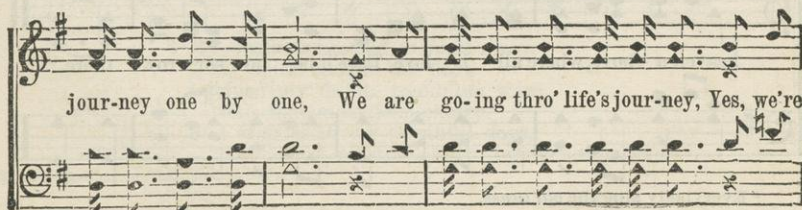
CHORUS.



And we'll stand up-on death's river bank at last.
 Let's be read-y for the heav'nly Shepherd's call. } We are going thro' life's
 And will guide us safe-ly in the nar-row way.



journey, Yes, we're go-ing thro' life's journey, We are go-ing thro' life's



jour-ney one by one, We are go-ing thro' life's jour-ney, Yes, we're

We Are Going One by One. Concluded.

going thro' life's journey, We are go-ing thro' life's journey one by one.

No. 81. There Is a City Bright and Fair.

Words arr.

J. L. MOORE.

1. There is a cit-y fair and bright, Glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I'll be there, The
 2. This cit-y shall not pass a-way, Glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I'll be there, —It
 3. There God will wipe all tears away, Glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I'll be there; There'll
 4. With-in the jasper walls will be, Glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I'll be there; The

Lord of glo-ry is its light, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be there.
 is the land of endless day, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be there.
 be no sickness, no de-cay; Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be there.
 saved for all e-ter-ni-ty; Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be there.

CHORUS.

I'll be there..... yes, I'll be there In that cit-y bright and fair,
 I'll be there yes, I'll be there, I'll be there.

2

I will meet you, o-ver there, Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I'll be there.

No. 82. Turn On the Search-light.


Written after hearing a prayer by Rev. Wm. Lunsford, Bowling Green, Ky.

J. M. H.


GOOD AS A SOLO.

J. M. HAGAN.

Deliberately.



1. While aim-less - ly sail-ing on life's rug-ged sea, Oft halt-ing twixt wrong
 2. That whis-per I welcomed, the voice I obeyed, And peace filled my soul
 3. Dear friends, whither drifting, by what hand now led, No rud-der or com-
 4. Flee to the Great Captain, who speaks, "Peace, be still," And calm are the waves



and the right, A sweet voice ten-der-ly whispered to me,
 with de-light; I came to the Sav-iour, not a moment de-layed,
 pass in sight? The whirlpool, de-struc-tion, lies there just a-head,
 that af-fright; Just trust Him for guid-ance, con-fide in His will,




REFRAIN.



"There's dan-ger, turn on the search-light."
 He helped me turn on the search-light. Turn on the search-light, turn
 Bet-ter halt and turn on the search-light.
 Fear not, He'll turn on the search-light.



on the search-light, There's dan-ger in fur-ther de-lay: Turn on the search-



light, turn on the search-light, And res-cue some lost one to-day.

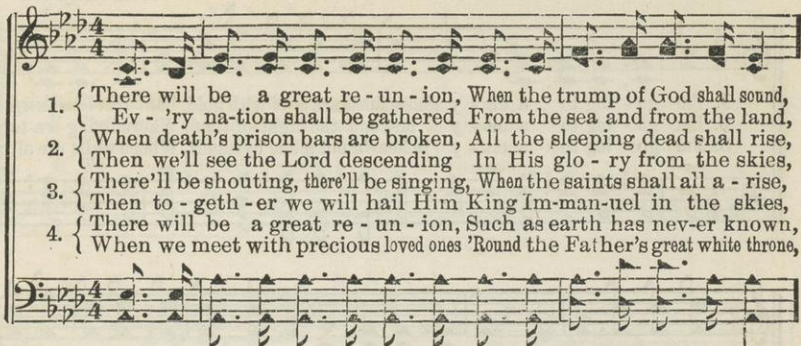


No. 83. The Final Judgment Day.

T. J. L.

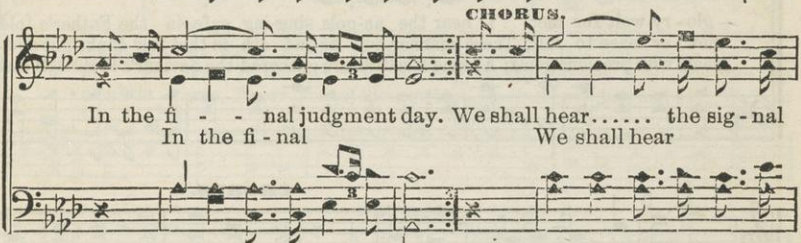
"O sinner, where will you stand in that day?"

T. J. LANEY.

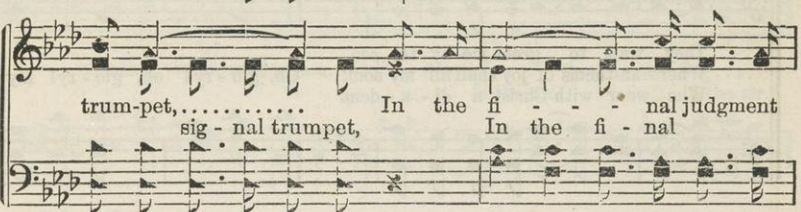


1. { There will be a great re-un-ion, When the trump of God shall sound,
Ev-'ry na-tion shall be gathered From the sea and from the land,
2. { When death's prison bars are broken, All the sleeping dead shall rise,
Then we'll see the Lord descending In His glo-ry from the skies,
3. { There'll be shouting, there'll be singing, When the saints shall all a-rise,
Then to-geth-er we will hail Him King Im-man-uel in the skies,
4. { There will be a great re-un-ion, Such as earth has never known,
When we meet with precious loved ones 'Round the Father's great white throne,

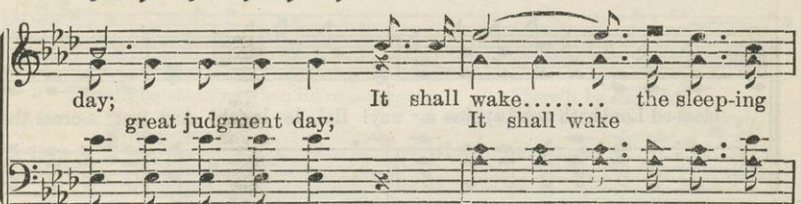
CHORUS.



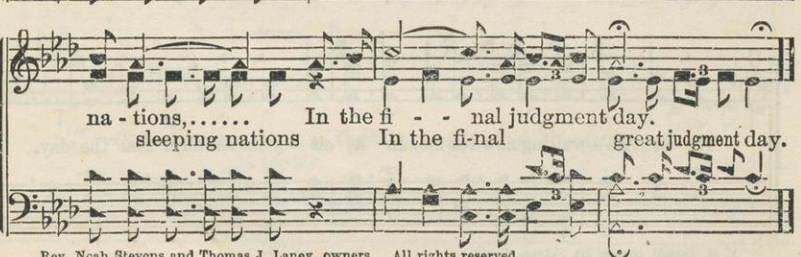
In the fi - - nal judgment day. We shall hear..... the sig-nal
In the fi-nal We shall hear



trum-pet,..... In the fi - - nal judgment
sig-nal trumpet, In the fi-nal



day; It shall wake..... the sleep-ing
great judgment day; It shall wake

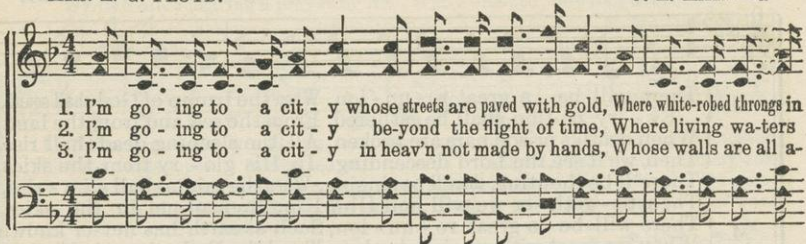


na-tions,..... In the fi - - nal judgment day.
sleeping nations In the fi-nal great judgment day.

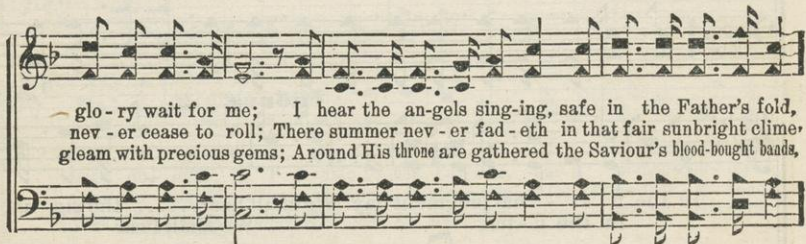
No. 84. *I'm Going to a City.*

MRS. E. G. FLOYD.

J. E. HARPER.

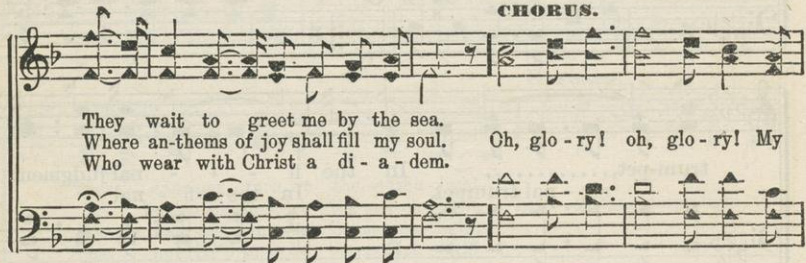


1. I'm go - ing to a cit - y whose streets are paved with gold, Where white-robed throngs in
 2. I'm go - ing to a cit - y be - yond the flight of time, Where living wa - ters
 3. I'm go - ing to a cit - y in heav'n not made by hands, Whose walls are all a -



glo - ry wait for me; I hear the an - gels sing - ing, safe in the Father's fold,
 nev - er cease to roll; There summer nev - er fad - eth in that fair sunbright clime,
 gleam with precious gems; Around His throne are gathered the Saviour's blood-bought bands,

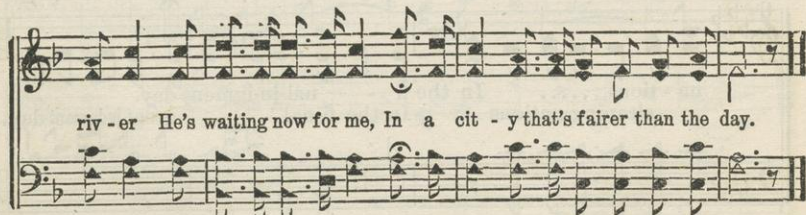
CHORUS.



They wait to greet me by the sea.
 Where an - thems of joy shall fill my soul. Oh, glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! My
 Who wear with Christ a di - a - dem.



bles - sed Lord hath washed my sins a - way! Hal - le - lu - jah! And just a - cross the



riv - er He's waiting now for me, In a cit - y that's fairer than the day.

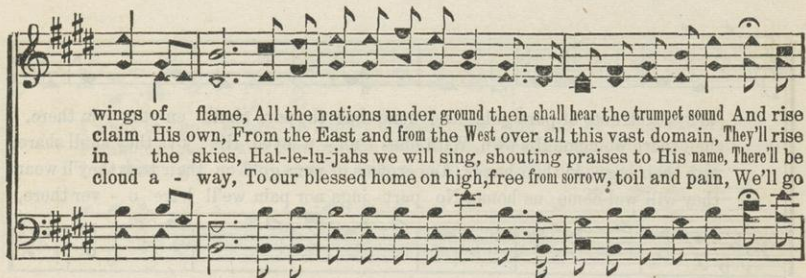
No. 85. *There'll Be Shouting in the Air.*

O. B. W.

O. B. WILSON.




1. There'll be shouting in the air when the Saviour comes, With His clouds of light and
2. There'll be shouting in the air when the Saviour comes, When He comes to earth to
3. When the res - ur - rec - tion comes and the saints a - rise To go meet the Saviour
4. 'Tis a blessed, blessed tho't that He'll come some day, And will bear us in a

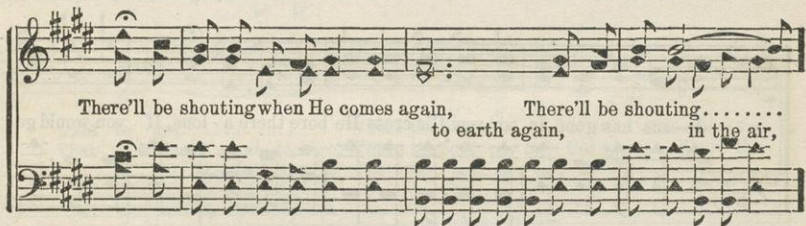


wings of flame, All the nations under ground then shall hear the trumpet sound And rise
claim His own, From the East and from the West over all this vast domain, They'll rise
in the skies, Hal-le-lu-jahs we will sing, shouting praises to His name, There'll be
cloud a - way, To our blessed home on high, free from sorrow, toil and pain, We'll go

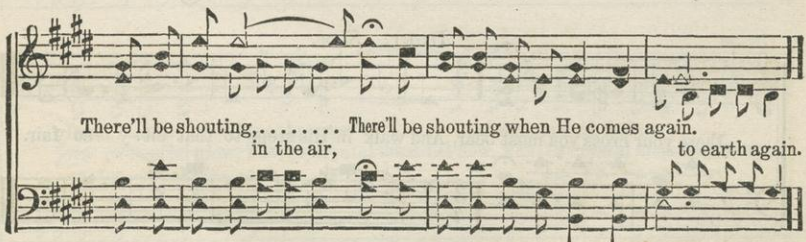
REFRAIN.



shouting when He comes a - gain. There'll be shouting there'll be shouting
in the air, in the air,



There'll be shouting when He comes again, There'll be shouting
to earth again, in the air,



There'll be shouting There'll be shouting when He comes again.
in the air, to earth again.

No. 86. Will You Tell Me the Way to That City?

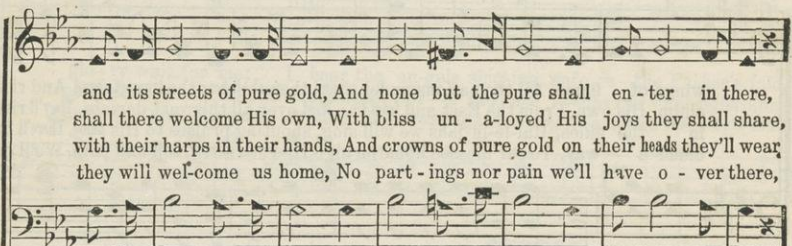
GEORGE DUNN.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

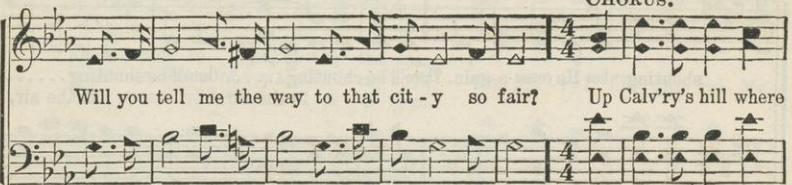


1. There's a cit - y so fair, with beauties un - told, Whose gates are of pearl
 2. In that cit - y so fair, up - on a white throne, Our Sav-iour so kind
 3. In that cit - y so fair the ransomed will stand, Be - fore the white throne
 4. To that cit - y so fair our loved ones have gone, With Je - sus our Lord

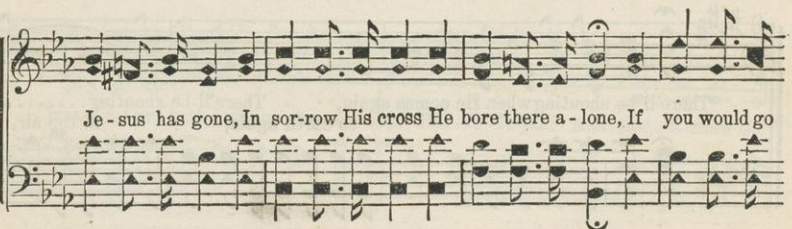


and its streets of pure gold, And none but the pure shall en - ter in there,
 shall there welcome His own, With bliss un - a-loyed His joys they shall share,
 with their harps in their hands, And crowns of pure gold on their heads they'll wear
 they will wel - come us home, No part - ings nor pain we'll have o - ver there,

CHORUS.

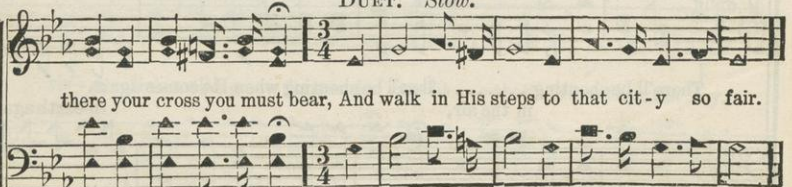


Will you tell me the way to that cit - y so fair? Up Calv'ry's hill where



Je - sus has gone, In sor - row His cross He bore there a - lone, If you would go

DUET. *Slow.*



there your cross you must bear, And walk in His steps to that cit - y so fair.

No. 87. That Is Where I Want to Go.

MRS. T. J. LANEY.

THOMAS J. LANEY.

1. There's a land of light and love, There's a mansion bright above, That is where
 2. Where the angels sweetly sing, And the harps with music ring, That is where
 3. There we'll see the Saviour's face, In that bright and happy place, That is where

I want to go; Where the balm-y breezes blow, And the liv - ing wa-ters flow,
 I want to go; When be-fore the Father's throne, We shall meet our loved ones gone,
 I want to go; Ev - er-more with Him to be, There to spend e - ter - ni - ty,

Fine. REFRAIN.
 That is where I want to go. That is where..... I
 I want to go. That is where I want to go,

want to go,..... Where the joys..... ce-les-tial
 That is where I want to go, Where the joys ce-les-tial glow, Where the

glow,..... Where the crys - - tal stream doth flow,.....
 joys ce-les-tial glow, Where the crystal stream doth flow, Where the crystal stream doth flow,

No. 88. Over There.

In memory of R. C. our invalid baby, who departed this life, October 15, 1910 (over there), awaiting and watching for papa, mama, brothers and sisters.

J. F. B.

JAMES F. BOOZER.

Not too fast.

1. { I have loved ones o - ver there, In that home so bright and fair; }
 { There for me they watch and wait, At the shin-ing, gold-en gate; }
 2. { There they nev-er shed a tear, And will nev-er feel a fear; }
 { They are sing-ing all the time, O - ver in the sun-bright clime; }
 3. { There in sweet com-mun-ion blend, In a world that ne'er shall end; }
 { In that hap-py, hap-py place, I shall meet them face to face; }

O - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver

REFRAIN.

there, O - ver there, o - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver

there, When I meet my loved ones gone over there; O - ver
 o - ver there,

there, o - ver there, Home, sweet home will be my song over there.
 O - ver there, o - ver there,

rit.

No. 89. I'll Be There.

FRED L. BEARD.

L. T. SIMMONS.

May be sung in E \flat .

1. There's a home just o - ver yon - der, In a land that's bright and fair, Hal - le -
 2. When my pil - grim - age is o - ver, And I jour - ney here no more,
 3. Bless - ed hope of life e - ter - nal, Bless - ed promise, oh, how sweet,

lu - - jah, I'll be there; Ma - ny mansions there are waiting
 I shall lay me down to slum - ber,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am cling - ing to my Sav - iour,

Fine.
 For the faith - ful by and by, Hal - le - lu - - jah, I'll be there.
 Soon to wake on yon - der shore,
 I am sit - ting near His feet. Hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there.

D. S. - In those mansions bright and fair, Hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

What a meet - ing that will be, When my Sav - iour's face I see, Hal - le -


lu - - jah, I'll be there, There'll be peace and joy and gladness
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

No. 90. *Nearing the Port.*

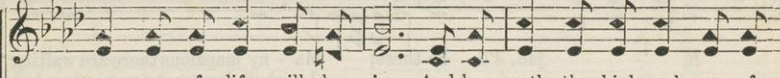
"My brother, I am nearing the port." Last words of Rev. W. H. Crutcher of Texas.

W. T. DALE.

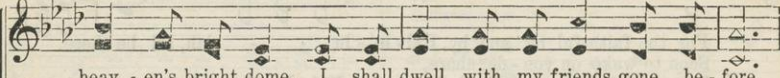
REV. W. T. DALE.



1. "I am near-ing the port," I will soon be at home, And the
 2. "I am near-ing the port," I will soon be at rest, I will
 3. "I am near-ing the port," for the land is in sight, And the
 4. "I am near-ing the port," see the bless-ed have come, And are
 5. When I've an-chored in port and have reached the bright strand, And the




voy-age of life will be o'er; And be-neath the high arch-es of
 an-chor at peace on the strand; I shall stand on the shore 'mid the
 mountains in gran-deur are seen, And the landscapes of E-den I
 gath-er-ing a-long on the shore; Now they watch to re-ceive me and
 tem-pests of life are all past, With my Sav-iour I'll dwell in that



heav-en's bright dome, I shall dwell with my friends gone be-fore.
 throng of the blest, I will dwell in that beau-ti-ful land.
 hail with de-light, And the plains that are cov-ered with green.
 wel-come me home, Where we'll part nev-er, no, nev-er-more.
 beau-ti-ful land, And with rap-ture I'll shout, "Home at last!"

CHORUS.



I am near-ing, yes, near-ing, I am
 I am near-ing the port, yes, near-ing the port,



near-ing the port in the sky; I am near-ing,
 I am near-ing the port,

Nearing the Port. Concluded.

pp Rit.



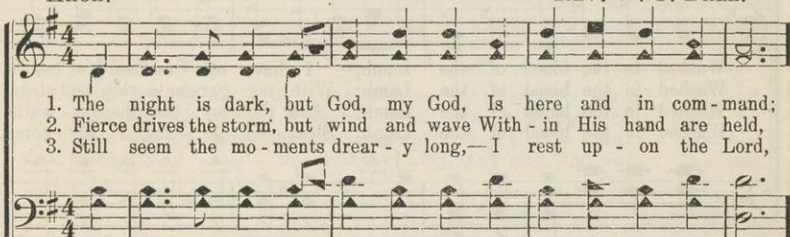
yes, near - ing, I am near - ing the har - bor on high.
yes, near - ing the port,

No. 91. Casting Anchor.

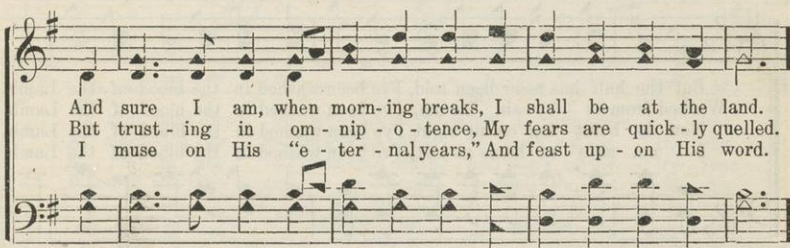
"They cast four anchors.....and wished for the day." Acts 27: 29.

Anon.

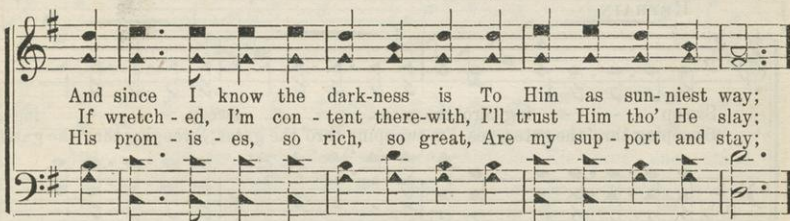
REV. W. T. DALE.



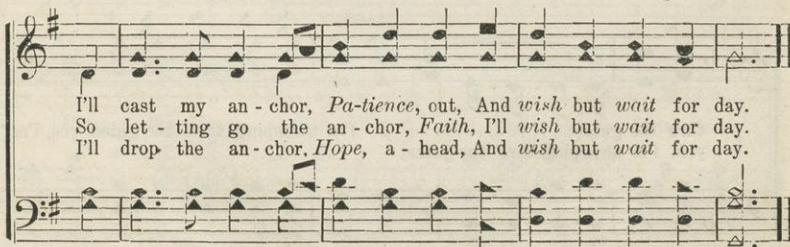
1. The night is dark, but God, my God, Is here and in com-mand;
2. Fierce drives the storm, but wind and wave With - in His hand are held,
3. Still seem the mo - ments drear - y long, - I rest up - on the Lord,



And sure I am, when morn-ing breaks, I shall be at the land.
But trust - ing in om - nip - o - tence, My fears are quick - ly quelled.
I muse on His "e - ter - nal years," And feast up - on His word.



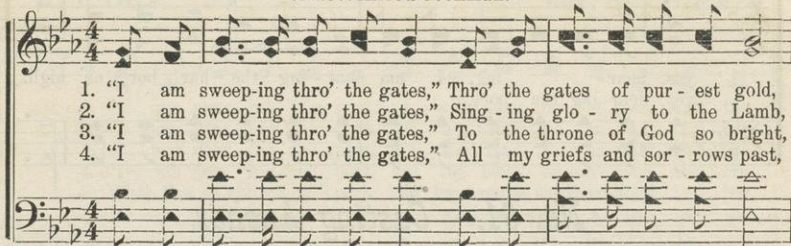
And since I know the dark-ness is To Him as sun-niest way;
If wretch - ed, I'm con - tent there-with, I'll trust Him tho' He slay:
His prom - is - es, so rich, so great, Are my sup - port and stay;



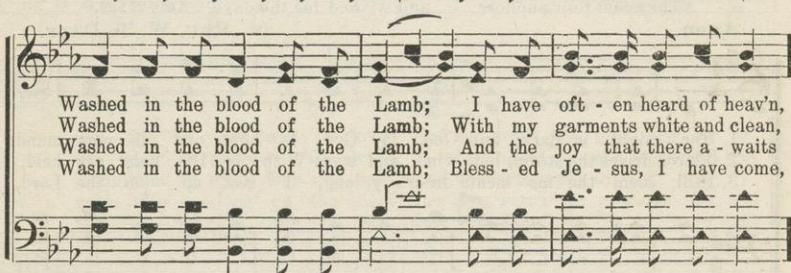
I'll cast my an - chor, *Pa-tience*, out, And *wish* but *wait* for day.
So let - ting go the an - chor, *Faith*, I'll *wish* but *wait* for day.
I'll drop the an - chor, *Hope*, a - head, And *wish* but *wait* for day.

No. 92. *Sweeping Through the Gates.*

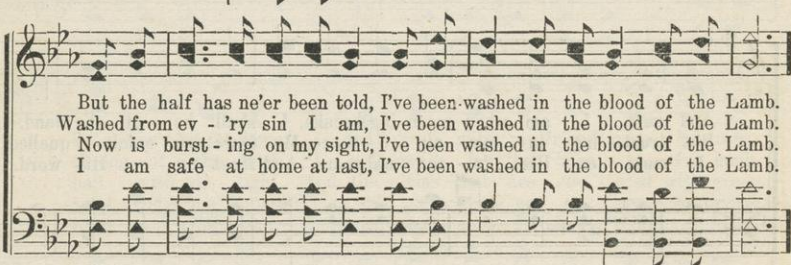
"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Last words
W. T. D. of Rev. Alfred Cookman. REV. W. T. DALE.



1. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," Thro' the gates of pur-est gold,
2. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," Sing-ing glo-ry to the Lamb,
3. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," To the throne of God so bright,
4. "I am sweep-ing thro' the gates," All my griefs and sor-rows past,

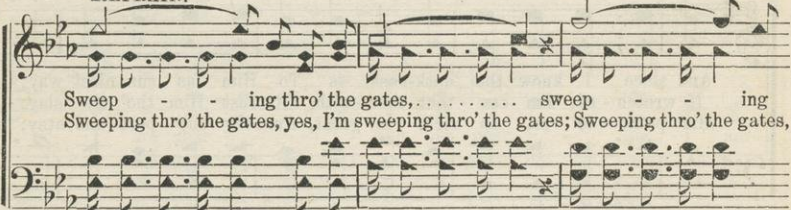


Washed in the blood of the Lamb; I have oft-en heard of heav'n,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb; With my garments white and clean,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb; And the joy that there a-waits
Washed in the blood of the Lamb; Bless-ed Je-sus, I have come,

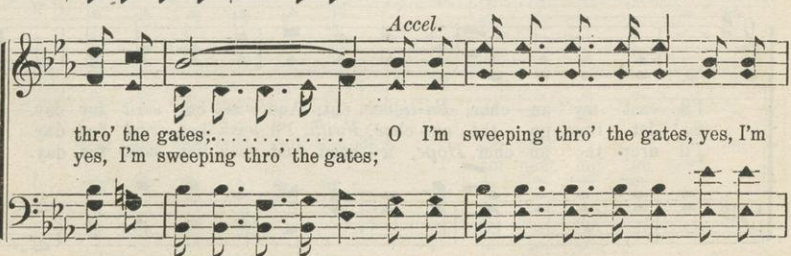


But the half has ne'er been told, I've been-washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Washed from ev-ry sin I am, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Now is burst-ing on my sight, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I am safe at home at last, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

REFRAIN.



Sweep-ing thro' the gates,..... sweep-ing
Sweeping thro' the gates, yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates; Sweeping thro' the gates,



thro' the gates;..... O I'm sweeping thro' the gates, yes, I'm
yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates;

Sweeping Through the Gates. Concluded.

sweep-ing thro' the gates; I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb
of the Lamb.

No. 93. Some Day.

M. H. C.
DUET.

REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. Some day my la - bor here shall cease, And earth-ly cares be past;
2. Some day this earth - ly house will fail, — A build-ing yet have I, —
3. Some day my pre - cious, lov - ing God Shall wipe a - way each tear,
4. Some day I shall be - hold my King, And with Him e'er a - bide,

My soul shall dwell in per - fect peace When I am home at last.
A man - sion fair, "not made with hands" E - ter - nal in the sky.
E - lim - in - ate all pain and death, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
When in His like - ness I a - wake, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

And I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And in His pres - ence stand

Thro'- out the long e - ter - ni - ty, In that ce - les - tial land.

No. 94. There'll Be Joy.

B. F. S.

B. F. SIMS.

1. There'll be joy in heav-en when we all get home, There'll be joy
2. When we meet our loved ones who have gone be-fore,
3. What a great re - un-ion, what a hap-py day! There'll be joy,

I know, When we all shall gath-er round the great white throne;
 We will see our Sav-iour when we reach that shore;
 there'll be joy, I know, When we all are gathered home for - e'er to stay;

CHORUS.

There'll be joy I know. There'll be joy in heav-en when we
There'll be joy I know, I know.

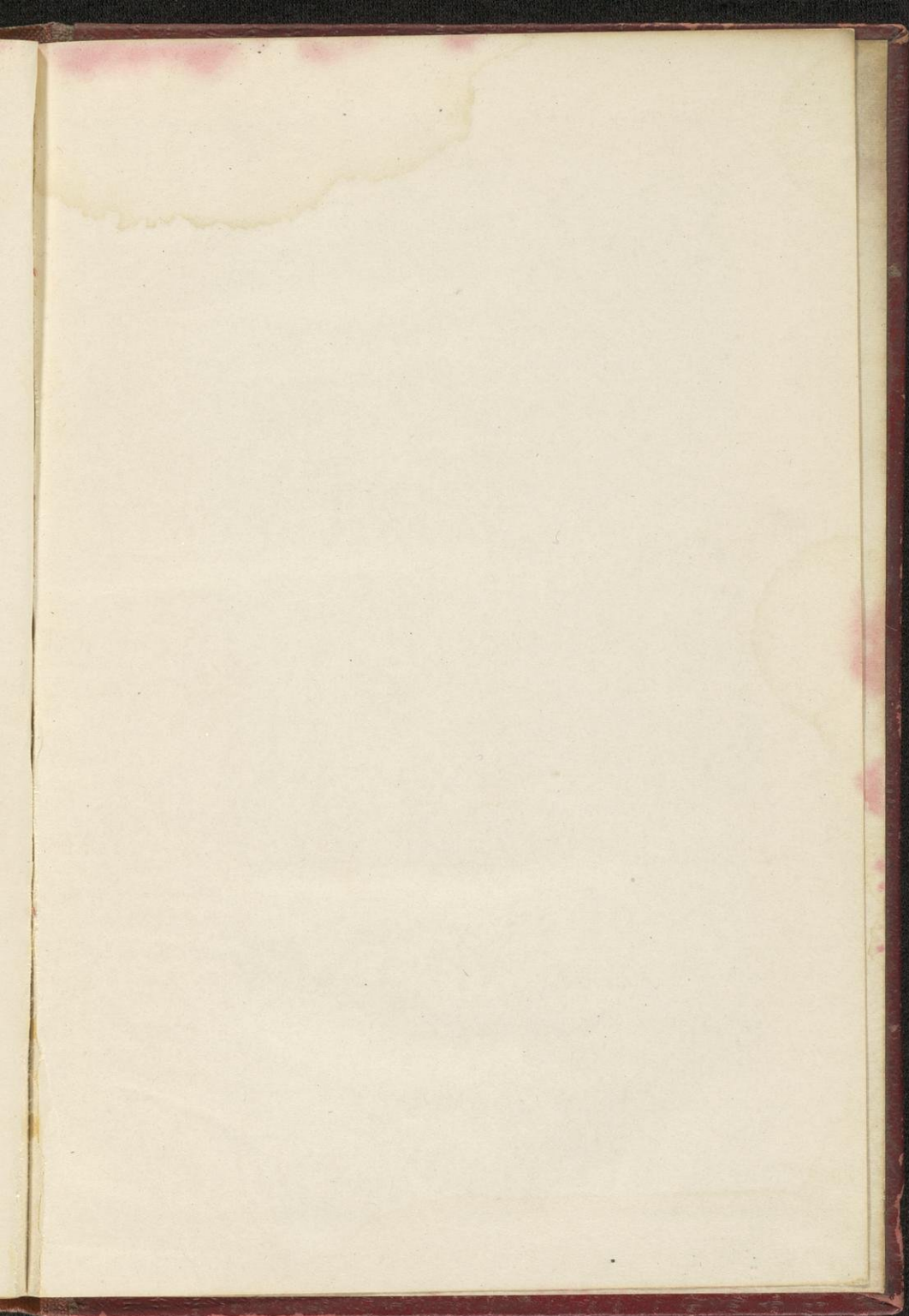
all get home, There'll be joy I know, There'll be shout-ing,
There'll be joy, there'll be joy, I know,

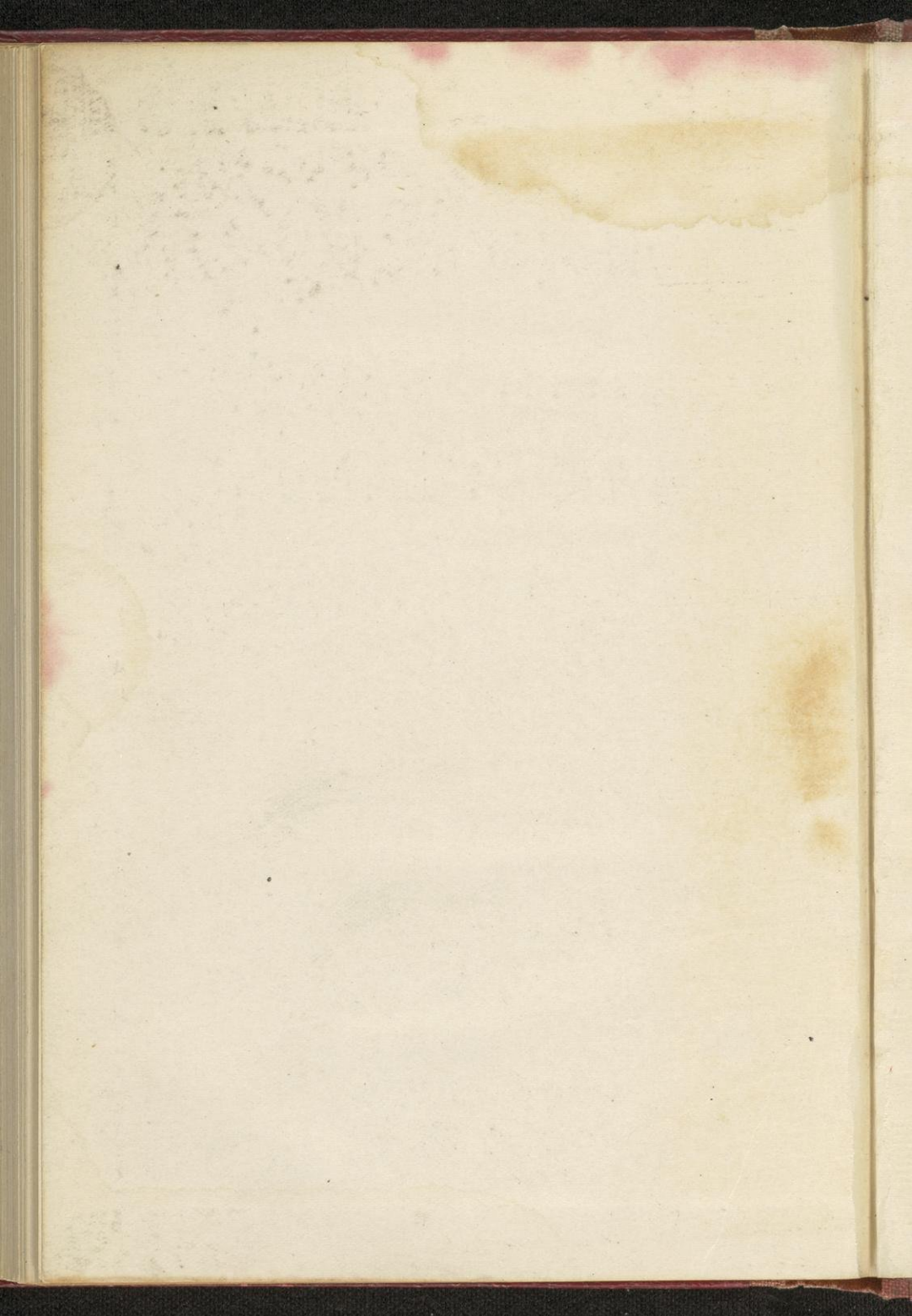
sing-ing round the great white throne, There'll be joy I know.
 There'll be joy, there'll be joy, I know.

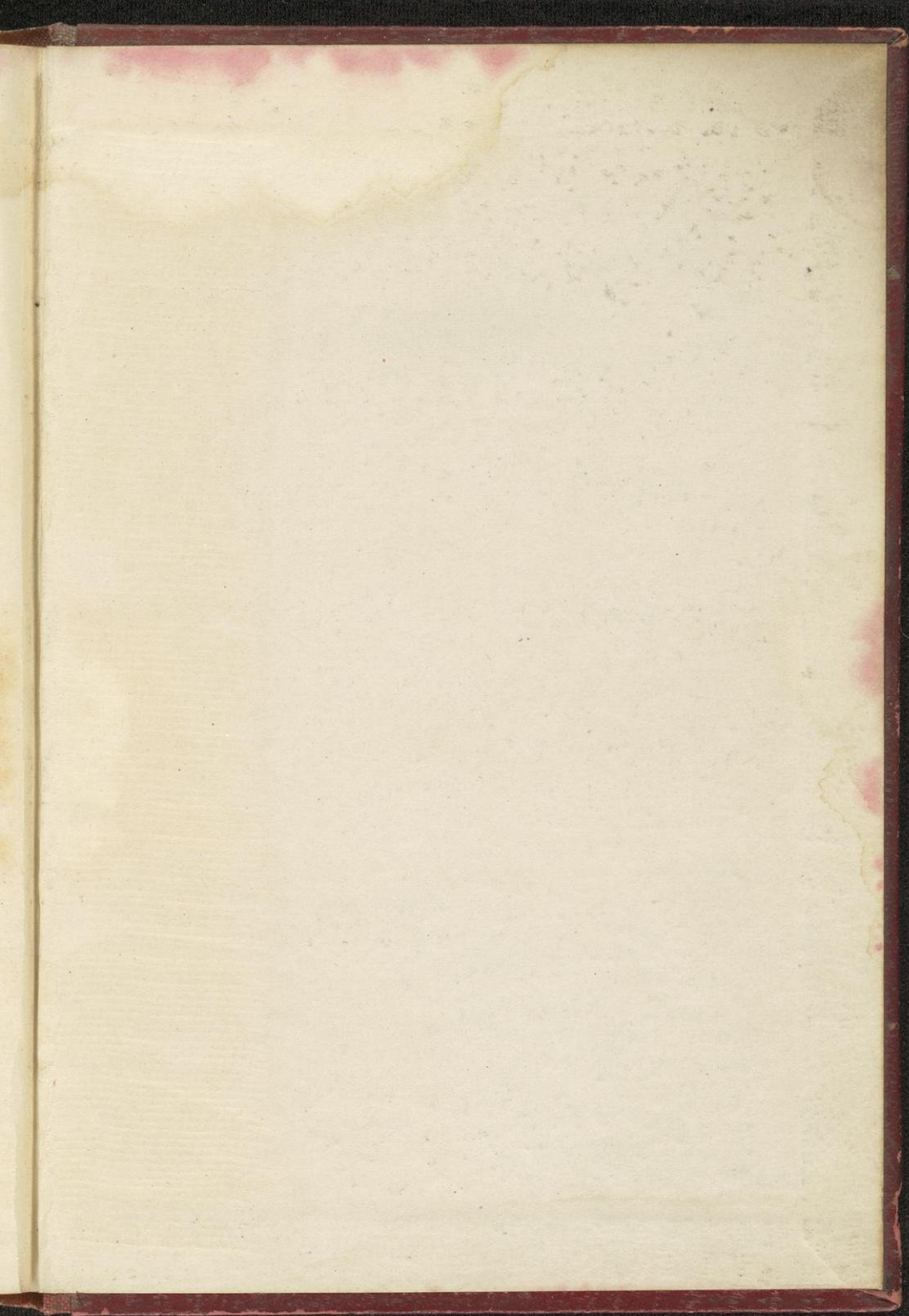
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