The Big Quarto Book

GRAPHICS

Chas R Brewer

D. C. Williams

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[illegible] 1919

By S. Y. Williams

THE

Big Quartet Book

FOR

MEN'S VOICES

BY THE

BIG QUARTET

J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley, H. M. Eagle

and B. B. Beall

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., - - - - Dalton, Ga.
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PREFACE.

The Big Quartet Book by "The Big Quartet" is a title for the book and a name for the authors which were selected by the undersigned, and not by the authors themselves.

This explanation is due them in order that all may know that they are not responsible for, and had nothing to do with, calling themselves "The Big Quartet." But we have no apologies to make for giving them this name, for they do, indeed, form a big quartet among those who are engaged in the active work of teaching singing schools and holding normal musical institutes throughout the Southern states. There are no other four men their equal doing this kind of work in the United States today.

In addition to their own many splendid pieces contained in this "Big Quartet Book," it also contains a great many very superior pieces from the pen of their teacher, A. J. Showalter, without a goodly number of whose pieces no book is complete. All of these, together with one or more pieces from each of a number of the younger men of the profession, whose compositions enrich these pages, make a collection of songs for men's voices which is sure to prove a big success, so that it can be fittingly described as

THE BIG QUARTET BOOK BY THE BIG QUARTET, which is a Big Success..

THE PUBLISHERS.

Dalton, Ga., 1918.

No. 1. My Dear Childhood Home.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. Ma - ny years have gone by since we part - ed, With those of our dear child-hood home,
2. There we gath - er a-round the old hearth-stone, When day-light had fad - ed a - way,
3. There I sat by the side of my moth - er, And heard her sweet voice as she read
4. O those bright hap - py days, gone for - ev - er! No more shall my heart beat with joy

But the loved ones of old still we cher - ish,
And with fond - est e - mo - tions of pleas - ure
From the Book which her heart held most sa - cred,
At the sights and the sounds of my child - hood,

REFRAIN.

Tho' far, far a - way we may roam.
We sang at our work or our play.
Her hand gent - ly laid on my head.
With naught of life's cares to a - noy.

O my dear child-hood home,

O my dear child-hood home! How I love to re - call the dear fa - ces of all, As we played round our dear childhood home.....

child-hood home.

No. 2. In the Glory of the Master.

James Rowe. Property of J. D. Patton, 1918. J. D. Patton.

1. In the glo - ry of Him who sought me When I
2. To the way - ward the ti - dings giv - ing, Send - ing
3. None in heav - en will be a - bove Him, For the
1. In the glo - ry of Him who sought me

need - ed the up - lift - ing of His love,..... And who
out the light of love o'er dark-ened ways;..... For the
an - gels there un end - ing prais - es sing,..... And what
When I need - ed the up - lift - ing of His love;

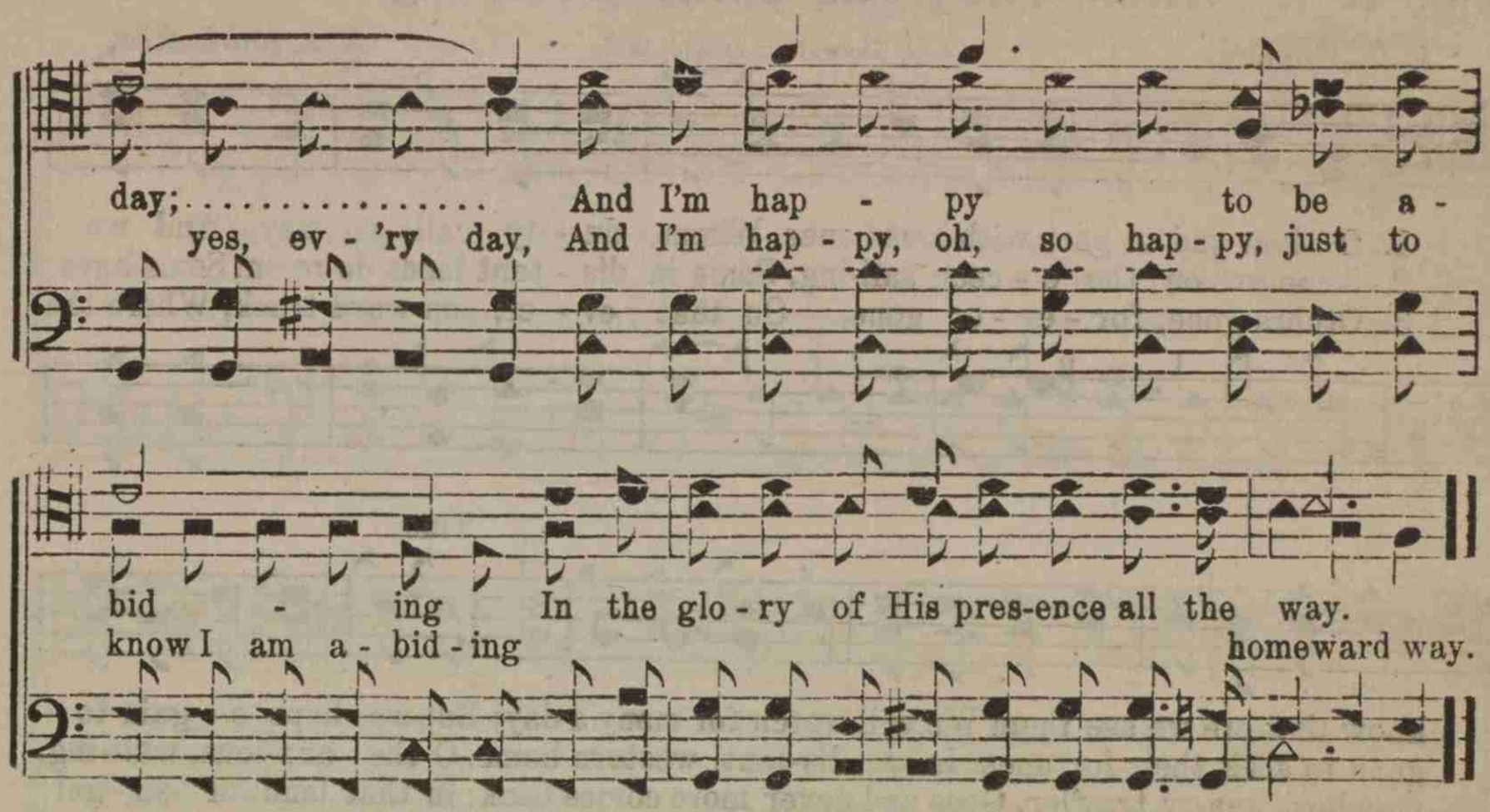
gen - tly to safe-ty brought me, I am go - ing to the
glo - ry of Je - sus liv - ing, I am help-ing Him the
rapt - ure 'twill be to love Him, And a - dore Him in the
And who gen-tly to safe - ty brought me, I am

REFRAIN.

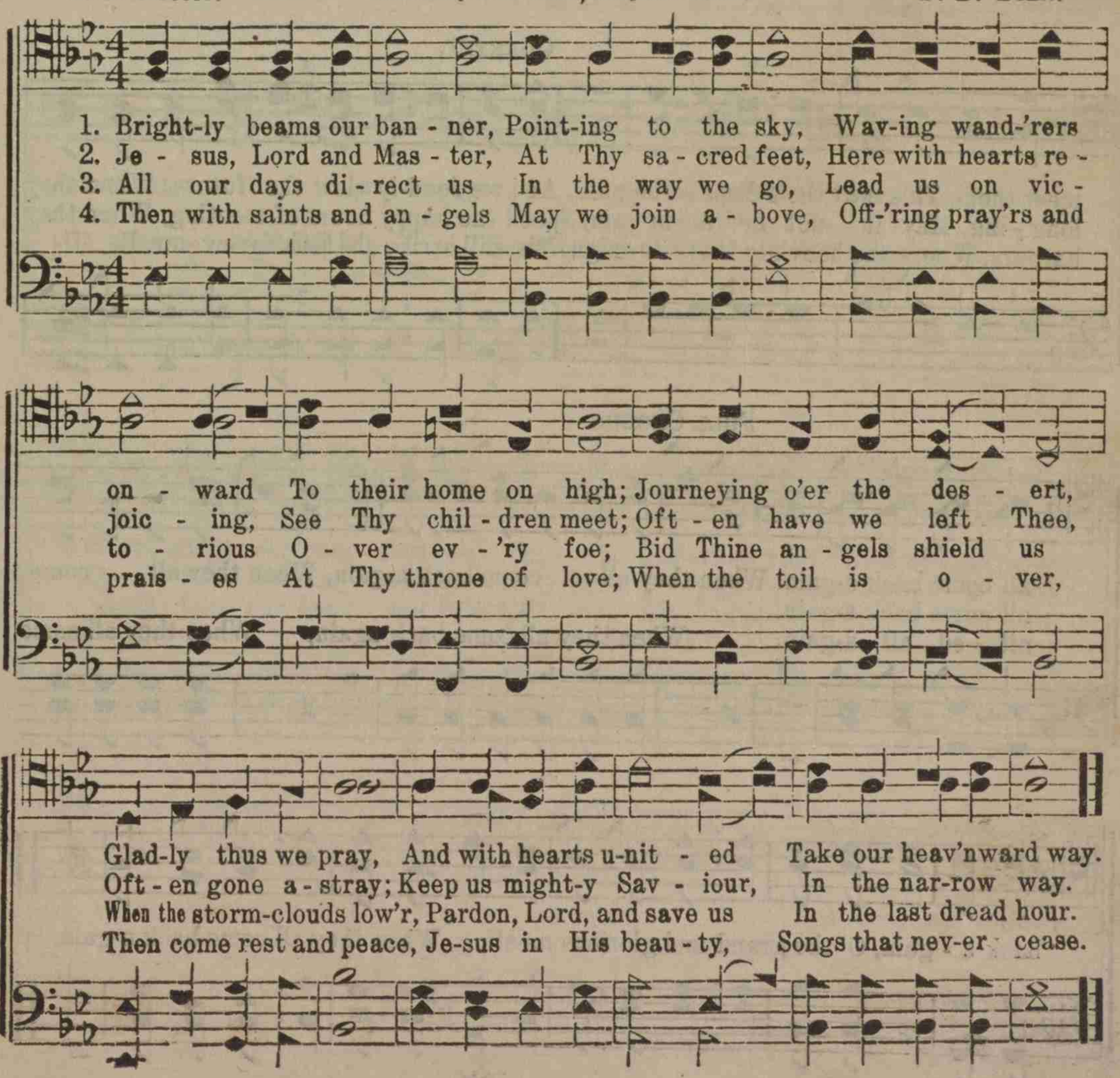
bet - ter world a - bove..... To the home - land His
fal - len ones to raise,.....
cit - y of the King!.....
go - ing to the bet - ter world a - bove. To the homeland He is guid-ing,

hand is guid - ing, Showing to my soul His love from day to
safe - ly, sure-ly guid-ing,

In the Glory of the Master.



No. 3. Brightly Beams Our Banner.

T. J. Potter. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga. **B. B. Beall.**

No. 4. When They All Come Back Again.

J. C. Bushey. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. O how sad to part with loved ones Whom du - ty calls a - way, And we
2. Some are on the o - cean sail-ing, Some in dis - tant lands do roam; Some have
3. Others gone, for - ev - er gone, On that ev - er, on-ward track, Where the

know that ere we see them We will watch for many a day; But we hope a - gain to
gone to seek their fortunes In a dis-tant, western home. O the anx-ious, wait-ing,
trav-'ler, wea-ry trav'ler, Goes and never more comes back; In that land of an - gel

TRIO.

meet them, This sweet tho't dispels the pain, And we fond-ly view the future, When they
long - ing, May it not be all in vain, Speed the happy hours of meeting, When they
harpers, Where the heav'nly hosts do reign, We will strike glad hands for-ev - er, Be U-

QUARTET.

FULL CHORUS.

all come back a-gain. When they all come back a-gain, When they all come
all come back a-gain.
nit - ed all a-gain. When they all come back again, When they all come

back a - gain, O the grand and glorious meeting, When they all come back a-gain.

No. 5. Sign To-Night.

W. W. Downs. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

Sign to-night, Sign to-night, 1. Why stand ye long-er wait-ing?
2. Ere Satan's chains have bound you;
Sign to-night, O sign to-night, sign to-night, 3. A mil-lion hearts are pleading,

The pledge is here with - in your reach, Why long-er hes - i - tat - ing? Sign to -
Come, sign the pledge for God and man, And scat-ter joy a-round you.
And fa-thers, mothers, child-ren, too, For you are in - ter - ced-ing.

night, Sign to-night Your heart will beat the light-er,
Be - hold the work of sor-row,
sign to-night, Sign to-night, You shall re - gret it nev - er,

'Twill cheer and com - fort oth - ers too, And make your path the bright-er.
A mil - lion homes are des - o - late! O wait not for the mor-row.
Come join our band and fight with us To ban - ish rum for - ev - er.

Sign to-night, Sign to-night, O sign, sign to-night.
Sign to-night, Sign to-night,

No. 6. The Star Spangled Banner.

Melody in Second Tenor.

Francis Scott Key. **Arr. by J. D. P.**

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

hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
homes and foul war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - 'try and peace, May the

per - il - ous ni_ht, O'er the ramparts we watch we're so gal-lant - ly stream-ing?
tow-er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es?
heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!

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

CHORUS. *Strict time.*

night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star Spangled
flect - ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the Star Span - gled Ban - ner, O
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star Span - gled Ban - ner in

The Star Spangled Banner.

Ban - ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.
long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.

No. 7. O Sing His Praise.

James Rowe. Property of J. D. Patton. J. D. Patton.

Solo.

1. For all His mer - cy and won - der-ful love, Sing His praise;
2. For nails and thorn-crown which meekly He bore,
3. That those who wan - der may hear the good news,
4. Till we be - hold Him in glo - ry on high, Sing, oh, sing His praise;

While saints and an - gels ex - alt Him a - bove, Sing His praise.
For free - ly dy - ing our souls to re - store,
That souls in bond-age our Sav - ior may choose,
And there, while a - ges of glad-ness go by, Sing, oh, sing His praise.

CHORUS.

O'er and o'er, ev - er - more,
O'er and o'er with joy, oh, praise Him ev - er - more, (a - dore,)

With those who sing a - bove, Praise Je - sus for His boundless love.

No. 8. Lay Me Where My Mother Sleeps.

W. H. Peel. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. Lay me where my mother's sleep-ing, Close be - side her let me lie, With the flow'rs a - bove her creep-ing, There, O lay me when I die; For I loved her
2. Lay me where my mother's sleep-ing, In the cold and si-lent grave, Where the stars their watch are keeping, And the grasses o'er her wave; She was gen-tle,
3. Lay me where my mother's sleep-ing, Where the shadows sweetly lie, And the sun - light ev - er peep - ing Thro' the leaf-lets green on high; There the winds sigh

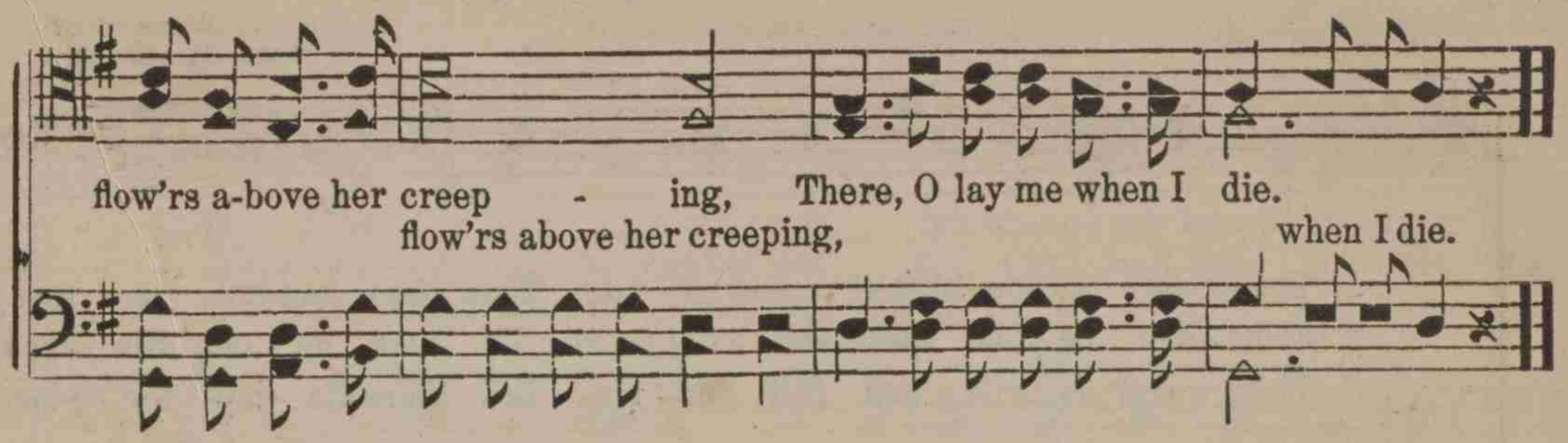
fond and dear - ly, E'er her mem'ry round me creeps, And when I am gone, O
kind and lov - ing, Watched my heart that sadly weeps, And when an - gel voic - es
sad - ly o'er her, And the moon its lone watch keeps, And when life's sad dream is

REFRAIN.

lay me, Lay me where my moth - er sleeps.
call me, Lay me where my moth - er sleeps. Lay me where my moth - er's
o - ver, Lay me where my moth - er sleeps.

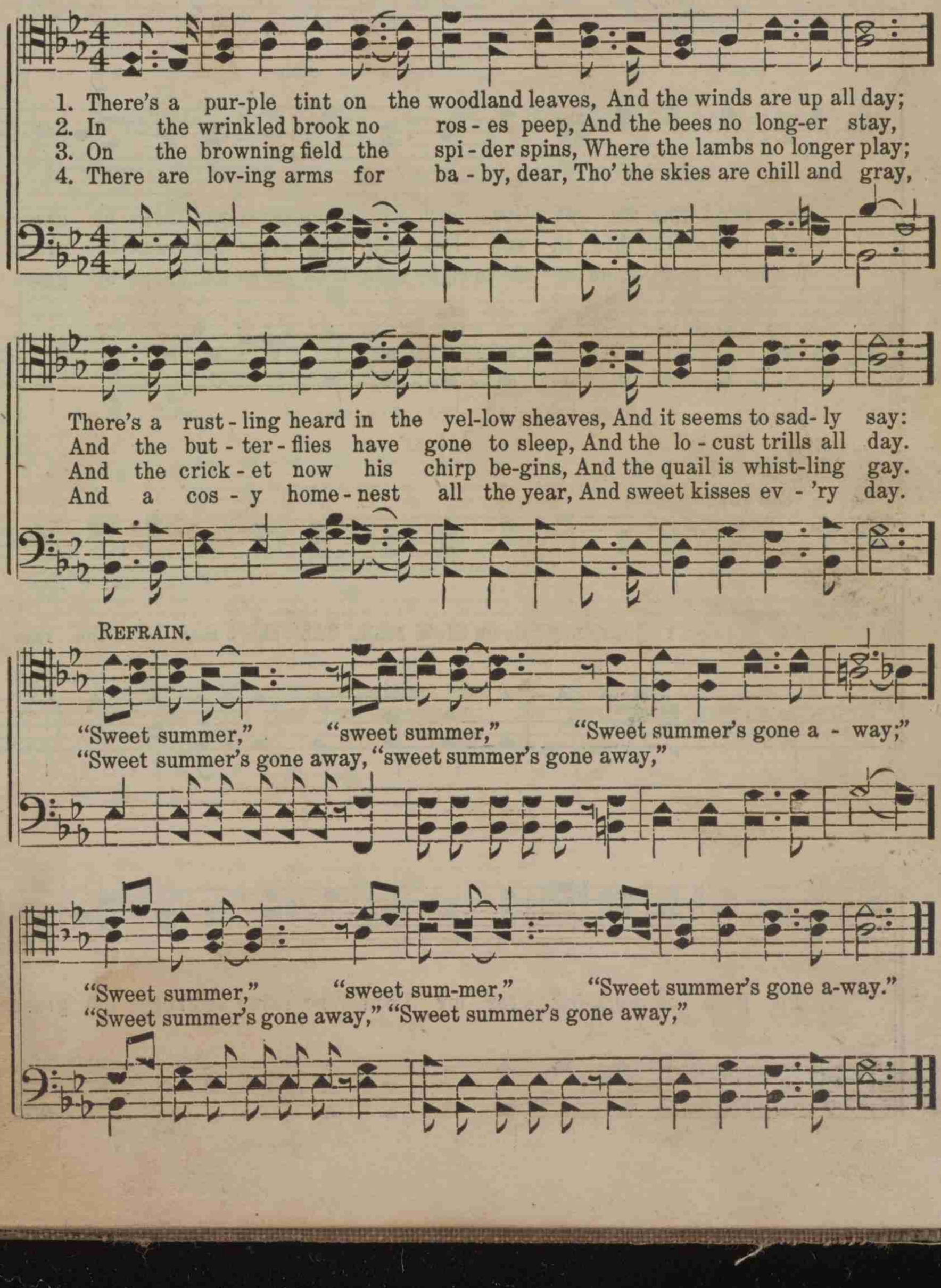
sleep - ing, Close be - side her let me lie, With the
sleeping, sweetly sleeping, let me lie,

Lay Me Where My Mother Sleeps.



No. 9. Sweet Summer's Gone Away.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 10. He Saves and Keeps By Grace.

Wm. M. G. Property of Wm. M. Golden, 1918. Wm. M. Golden.

1. There is a thought that comes to me, That time can-not e - rase;
2. Some-time be-yond these shift - ing shores, I'll look up - on His face;
3. This world is vile and full of sin, But there's a bet - ter place;

Re - mind - ing me of God's own Son, Who saves and keeps by grace.
And praise Him thro' an end - less day, Who saves and keeps by grace.
Where I shall stand at God's right hand, Who saves and keeps by grace.

REFRAIN.

And so I jour - ney down life's road, Tho' short may be the race;

I'll keep on work-ing for my Lord, Who saves and keeps by grace.

No. 11. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

Anna L. Waring. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

I'm safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
My She-pherd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not meas-ure, My path to life is free,

But God is round a - bout me, But God is round a - bout me,
He knows the way He tak - eth, He knows the way He tak - eth,
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, My Sav - iour has my treas - ure,

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

No. 12. All Days Are Thine.

James Rowe. H. M Eagle, Bu.ke's Garden, Va , owner. H. M. Eagle.

1. All days are Thine, dear Lord, and so I must re - mem - ber as they go, That Thou re - quir - est now of me That I shall
2. All days are Thine, not mine to spend, In seek - ing what the world might lend; But I Thy serv - ant here must be, That each new
3. All days are Thine, not mine to use With self - ish aim; not mine to lose; But I must do my best, and see That all its
4. All days are Thine, yet, us - ing them, My soul might win a di - a - dem Of glo - ry for e - ter - ni - ty! Lord, help me

REFRAIN.

spend each day for Thee. Each day for Thee, each day for Thee,
day might count for Thee.
hours are spent for Thee.
spend each day for Thee. Each day for Thee, each

What - ev - er kind of day it be; Since
day for Thee, What - ev - er kind of day it be; Since Thou hast

Thou hast died to make me free, Lord, I would live each day for Thee.
died to make me free,

No. 13. You and I.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Shall we walk the streets to-geth-er? You and I, you and I?
2. Shall we sing that song to-geth-er?
3. Shall we play those harps to-geth-er?
4. Shall we help to crown our Sav-iour?
5. Shall we spend the years to-geth-er? You and I, you and I?

Walk the gold-paved streets to-geth-er? By and by, by and by?
Sing the new, new song to - geth - er?
Play those gold-en harps to - geth - er?
Crown Him Lord of earth and heav - en?
Spend e - ter - ni - ty to - geth - er? By and by,

REFRAIN.

Yes, we will, yes, we will, By and by, by and by:
Yes, we will, yes, we will, By and by, yes, by and by;

Walk the gold-paved streets together? You and I, you and I.
Sing the new, new song to - geth-er?
Play those golden harps to - geth-er?
Crown Him Lord of earth and heaven?
Spend e - ter - ni - ty to - geth-er? You and I.

rit.

No. 14. When Christ Shall Say, "Come In."

Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **B. B. Beall.**

1. When I shall knock at heav - en's door, Redeemed and saved from sin.....
2. What tho' my cross was hard to bear? Tho' rough my road has been?.....
3. I'll not know how to thank my Lord, Or how His praise be - gin,.....
4. Then rise my soul by faith sublime, A-bove the world's mad din,.....

1. When I shall knock at heav-en's door, Redeemed and saved from sin,

What bless - ed words will greet mine ear,..... When Christ shall say, "Come
They'll but en-hance the joys of home,..... When Christ shall say, "Come
But I'll shout, Glo - ry to his name"..... When Christ shall say, "Come
Soon thou wilt find an end - less rest,..... When Christ shall say, "Come
What bless - ed words will greet mine ear, When Christ shall

REFRAIN.

in." ("Come in.") "Come in, my Fa-ther's blessed one,..... I
say, "Come in." "Come in, come in, my Father's blessed one, His bless-ed one, I

died thy soul to win..... In - her - it now e-
died, I died thy soul to win, to win, In - her - it now, in - her - it

ter - nal joys, (e - ter - nal joys,) Come in, my child, come in."
now e - ter - nal joys, Come in, come in, my child, come in, come in."

No. 15. Father, Lead Me Home.

S. H. Chord. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. Fa-ther, lead me, lest I stray, Gently home with Thee; Darkest clouds are
2. Tho' the way be rough and steep, And the tempests roar, Safe - ly thro' the

o'er my way, And no light I see. Long I've wandered far from Thee,
waters deep, Thou wilt guide me o'er. Oft I've heard the ten-der voice,

O'er a des - ert wild, Canst Thou, wilt Thou pit-y me? Save Thy helpless child.
Sad-ly tho' I roam, Bidding me in Thee re-joice, Calling, child, come home.

REFRAIN.

Lead.... me gen - tly home, O lead..... me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly, gen-tly home, O lead me gen - tly,

home; Lead.... me gen-tly home, Gently home with Thee.
gently home; Lead me gen - tly, gently home,

No. 16. Rescued!

James Rowe. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala. 1916. T. B. Mosley.

DUET. *1st and 2d Tenor.*

1. So far I had wandered, Deep stains were within, For life I had squandered In pleasures of sin; No friend was beside me To cheer me along, No light gleamed to guide me A-mid the throng. But Je-sus has found me, His
2. I wasted the treas-ure Of heart and of mind, I lived just for pleasure, Yet none could I find; I followed the highways And tried to be glad, I followed the by-ways, Yet was so sad!
3. In chains I was living, While dear ones all grieved; My best I was giv-ing, The worst I re-ceived; My life was so drear-y, So far from the light; My soul was so wea-ry, So long the night. But Jesus has found me, has found me at last; His own..... He has crowned me,.... His arms..... are a-round me,.... And so I am hap-py to-day..... With me.....
own He has crowned me, is hid-ing my past, His arms are a-round me, a-round me at last; so hap-py to-day. With me He is dwell-

Hum,..... Hum,..... Hum,.....

Hum,..... Hum,..... Hum,..... Hum,....

CHORUS.

Sing.

Rescued!

He is dwell-ing,..... His sto - - ry I'm tell-ing,..... His
ing, my wand'rings are o'er, His sto-ry I'm telling with joy more and more, His

praise..... ev - er swelling,.... With joy on the heavenly way.(bright way.)
praise ever swelling, while Him I a-dore,

No. 17. National Song of America.

Rev. F. S. Smith. A. J. Showalter.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing,
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love,
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song,
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with
Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us

mountain side Let freedom ring, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rapture thrills Like that above, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
silence break, The sound prolong, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
by Thy might, Great God, our King! Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 18.

My Heavenly Friend.

Birdie Bell. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. My heav'n - ly Friend..... is ev - er near,.....
2. My heav'n - ly Friend..... will ev - er guide,.....
3. My heav'n - ly Friend..... is true and kind,.....
4. My heav'n - ly Friend..... is dear to me,.....

My hand to hold,..... my heart to cheer,.....
To Him all fears,..... I can con - fide, ...
What-e'er I need..... in Him I find, ...
In Him a - lone..... all charms I see,.....

Tho' false all friends..... of earth may prove, (of earth may prove,)
My cher-ished joys..... with Him I share, (with Him I share,)
I walk with Him..... from day to day, (from day to day,)
No treas - ures can ..... with Him com - pare, (with Him com-pare,)

REFRAIN.

I'll rest up - on my Sav - ior's love. My heav'nly Friend!
And trust His ev - er watch-ful care.
His pres-ence all my help and stay.
He fills my life with blessings rare. My heav'nly Friend!.....

My Sav - ior dear! His pres-ence fills my life with
My Savior dear!..... His pres-ence fills ..... my life with

My Heavenly Friend.

cheer, My life with cheer, To Him my songs ..... of praise as -
cheer,..... To Him my songs of praise as -

rit.

cend,..... My Sav - ior dear, my heav'nly Friend.....
cend, of praise as-cend, my heav'nly Friend.

No. 19. True Is Thy Love.

James Rowe. **A. J. Showalter, owner.** **A. J. Showalter.**

1. True is Thy love, my joy and my rest, No one com-par-eth with Thee;
2. Homelights were dim before Thou wert mine, Cheerless and dreary the shore;
3. Friendsnip and love un-self - ish and sweet Man un - to man can not give;
4. Keep me Thine own till shad-ows can flee, Close to this bos - om of Thine;

D. S.

FINE.

Clasp Thou my soul a - gain to Thy breast, Al-ways Thy lov - er I'll be.
Now, since my soul is rest-ing on Thine, Life wiil be cheerless no more.
On - ly in Thee, Thou lov-er compete, Per-fect af - fec-tion can live.
Then in the morn Thy face I shall see, Je - sus, my lov - er di - vine.

D. S. Whisper Thy love, till from me shall roll Waves of de - vo - tion to Thee.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

O how I love Thee, Thou life of my soul! More of Thine heart I would see;....
would see;

No. 20. Annie Laurie.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton. Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

1. Max-welton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly falls the
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her neck is like the
3. Like dew on dai-sies ly-ing, Is the fall of her fai-ry

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bonnie, Where ear - - ly falls the
2. Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her neck is like the
3. Like dew on dai - sies ly-ing, Is the fall of her fai - ry

dew;..... 'Twas there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her promise
swan;..... Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone
feet;..... Like winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

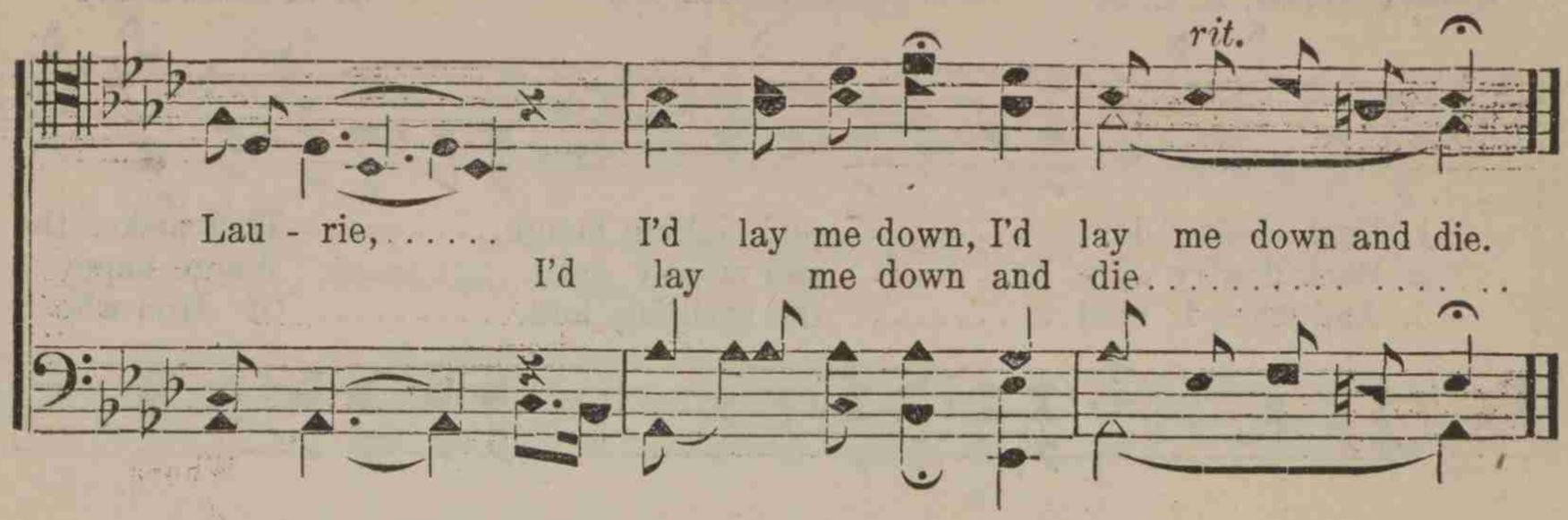
dew;.....'Twas there that An - nie Laurie Gave me her promise
swan;..... Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone
feet;..... Like winds in sum - mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

true, her promise true, Gave me her prom-ise true,..... And
on, the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on,..... And
sweet, is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet,..... And

true,..... Gave me, gave me her promise true,
on,..... That e'er, that e'er the sun shone on,
sweet,..... Her voice, her voice is low and sweet,

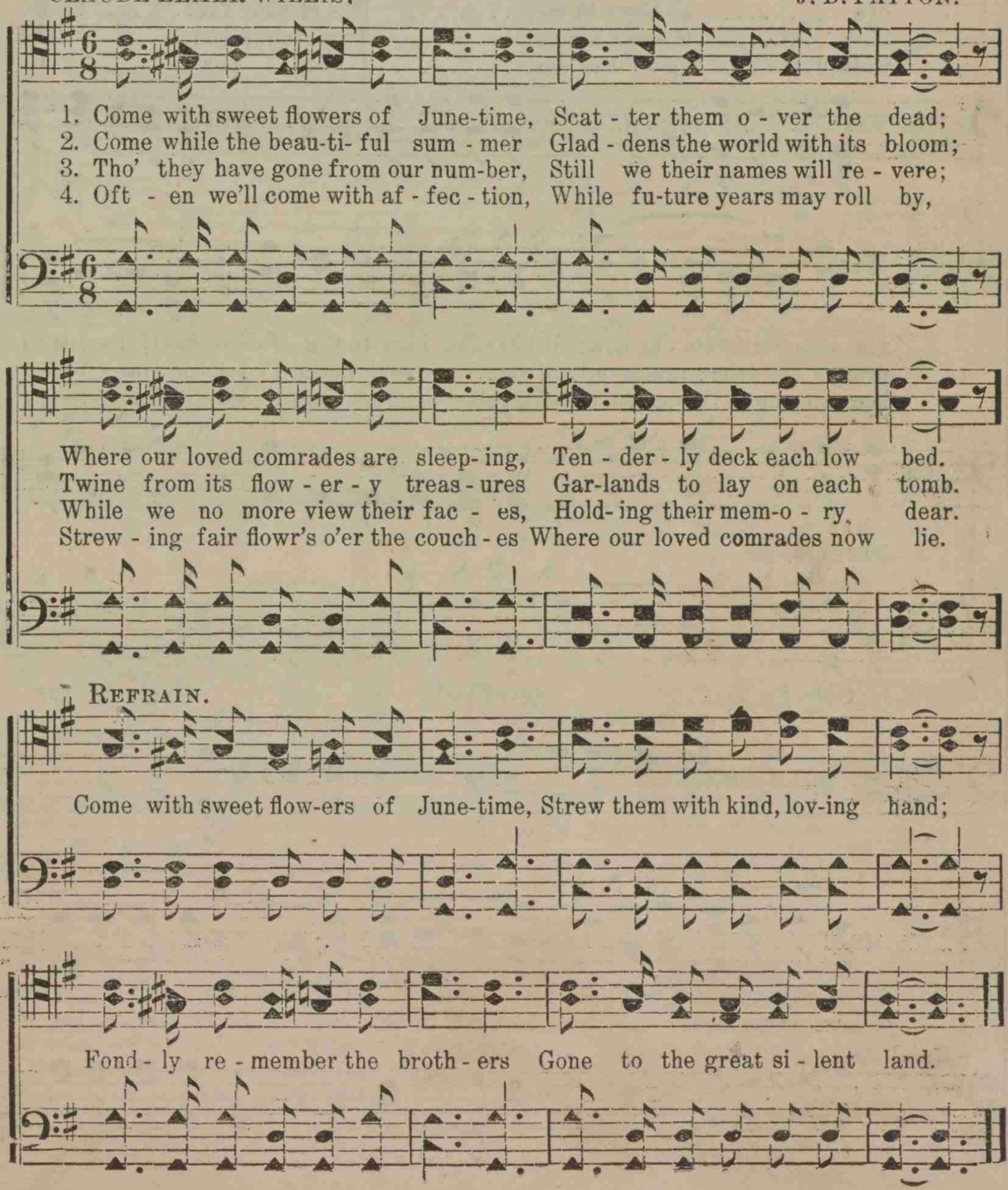
ne'er for-get will I,..... And for bon - nie An-nie
dark blue is her eye,..... And for bon - nie An-nie
ne'er for-get will I,..... That for bon - nie An-nie

And ne'er, and ne'er for - get will I,
And dark, and dark blue is her eye,
And ne'er, and ne'er for - get will I,

Annie Laurie.

No. 21. Come With Sweet Flowers.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

CLAUDE ELMER WILLIS. J. D. PATTON.



No. 22.

Galilee.

Robert Morris, L. L. D. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Each cooing 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

eve ..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny hours..... the
walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, O how..... I

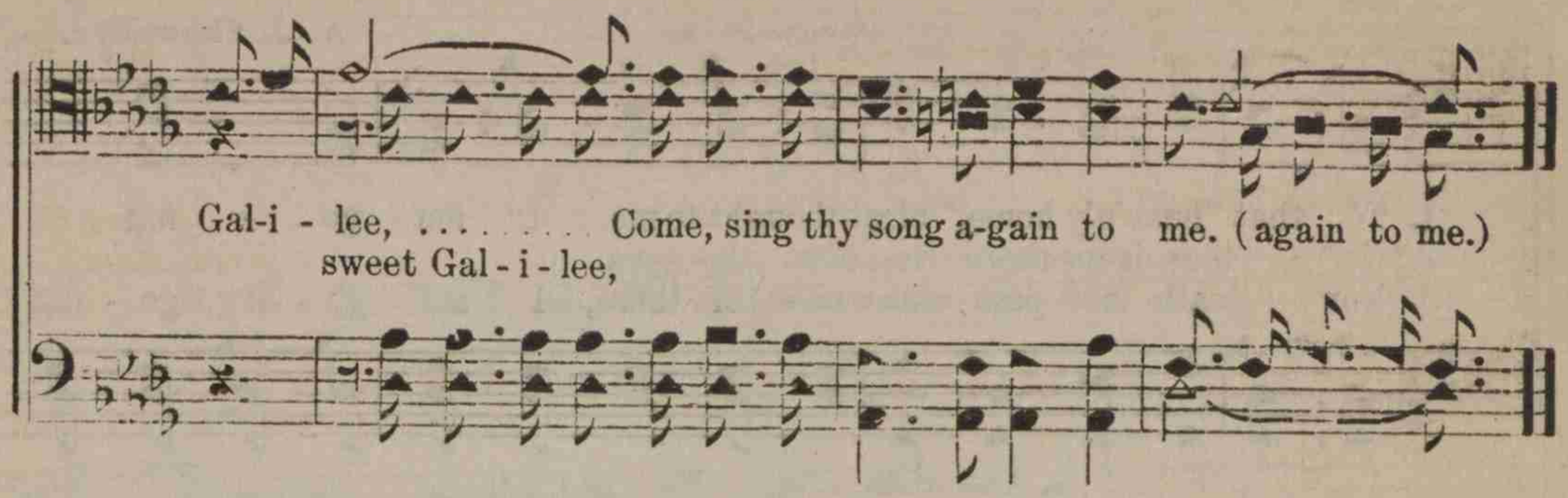
vin - er now: (divin - er now:) It bears me back to Gal - i - lee. (to Gal - i-lee.)
praises tell (the praises tell) Of sights and sounds in Gal-i - lee. (in Gal - i-lee.)
long once more (I long once more) To follow Him in Gal - i - lee. (in Gal - i-lee.)

REFRAIN.

O Gal - i - lee, ... sweet Gal-i - lee,..... Where Je - sus
O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,

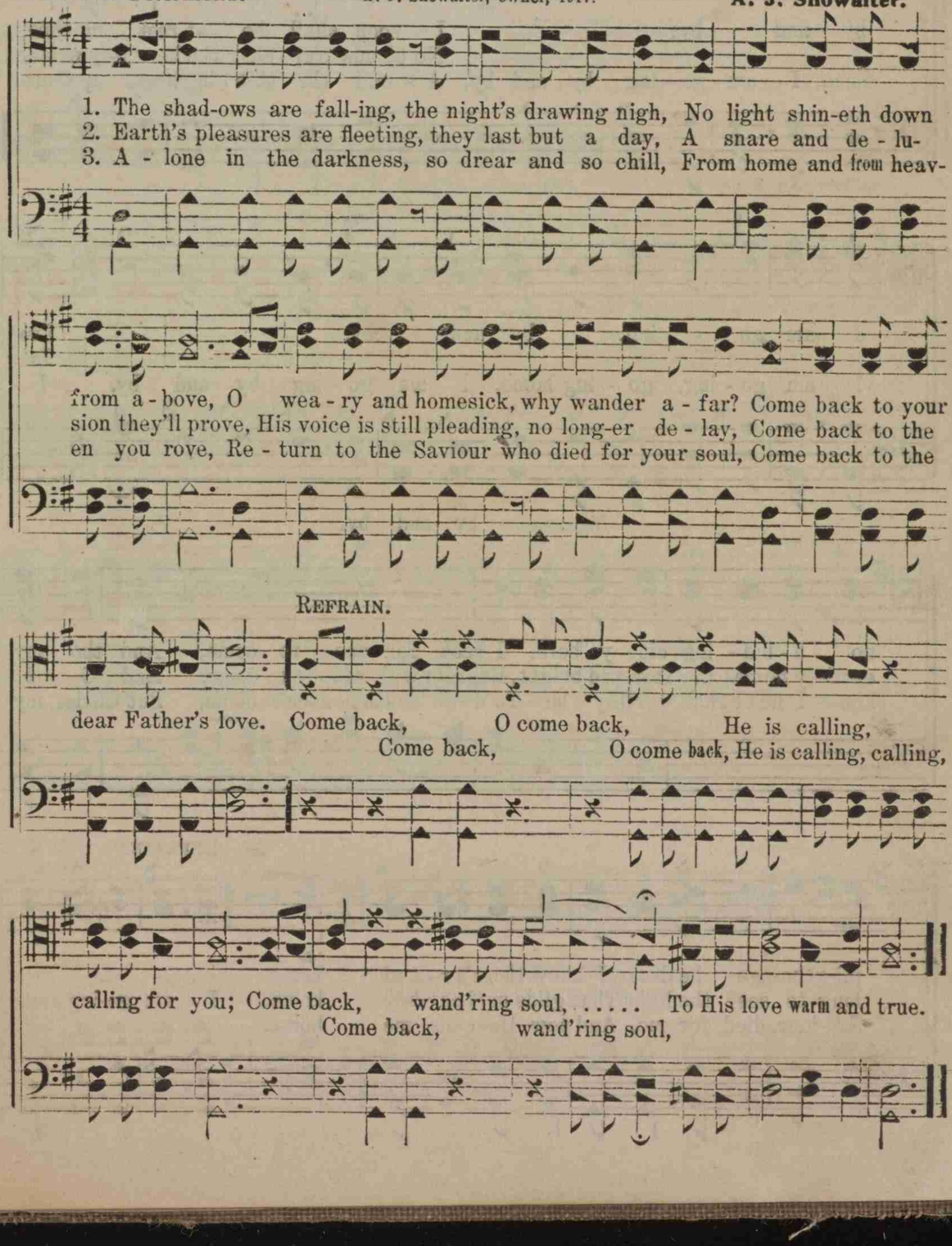
loved..... so much to be,..... O Gal-i - lee,..... sweet
Where Jesus loved so much to be, O Gal - i - lee,

Galilee.



No. 23. Come Back to Your Father's Love.

Lizzie DeArmond. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.



No. 24. I Am Going Home.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. To that "heav'nly home," blest thought to me, I am go - ing
2. No tear-drops there to dim the eyes,
3. Nor death nor pain can en - ter there, I am go - ing, go - ing

by and by; I soon shall be at rest in thee,
No clouds o'er - cast the heav'n-ly skies,
home, I am go - ing by and by; A - mid the shin - ing hosts up there.

I am go - ing, by and by. I've
In

I am go - ing, go - ing home, I am go - ing by and by. I

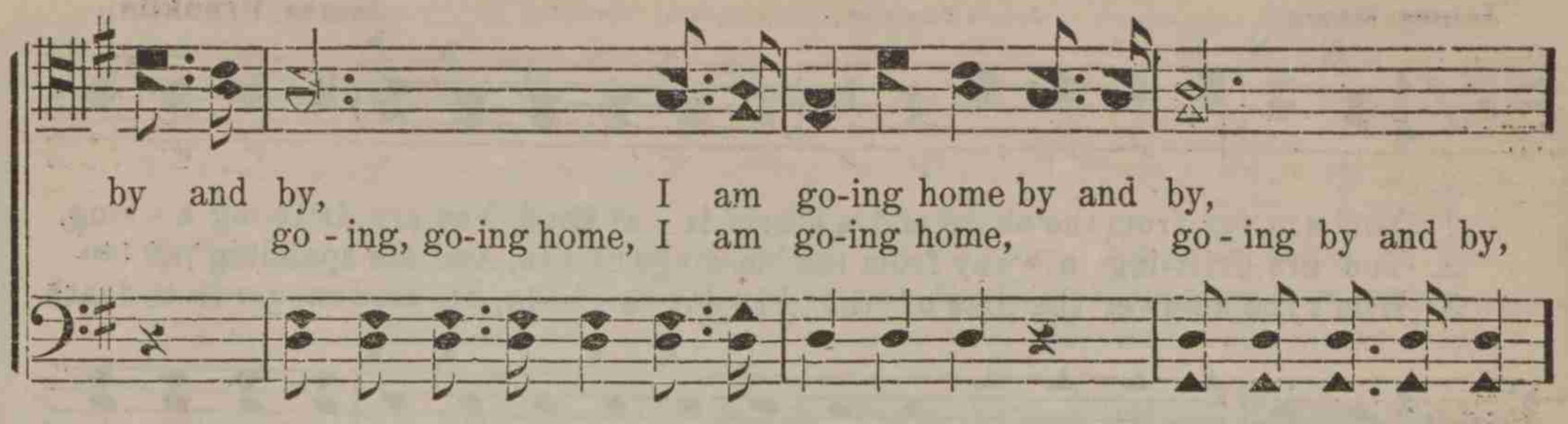
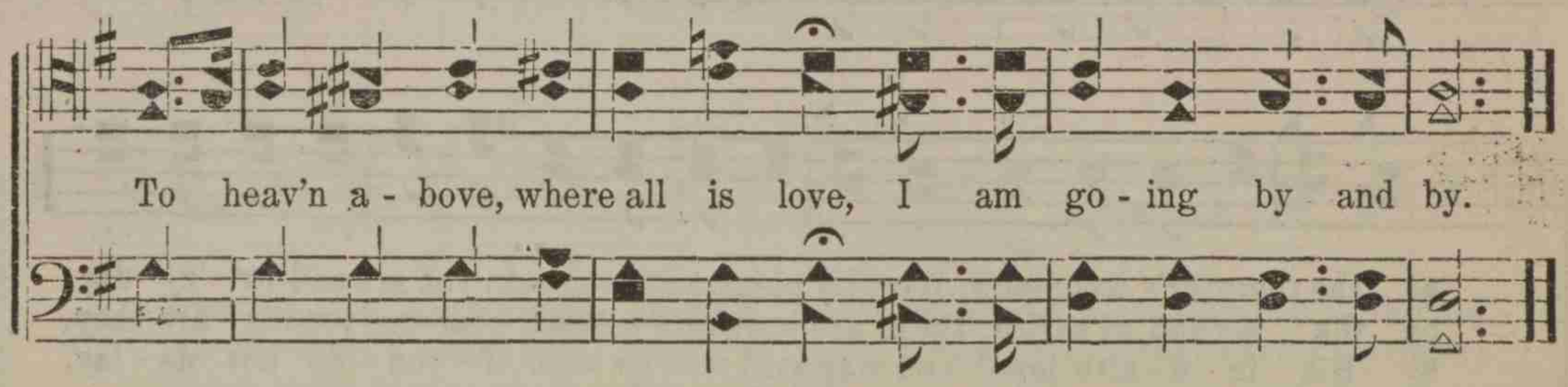
by and by.

no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come, And tho' my
earth-ly homes tho' fair and bright, Regrets will oft - en come, And O I
know I ne'er shall worth-y be To dwell 'neath heaven's dome, But Christ, my

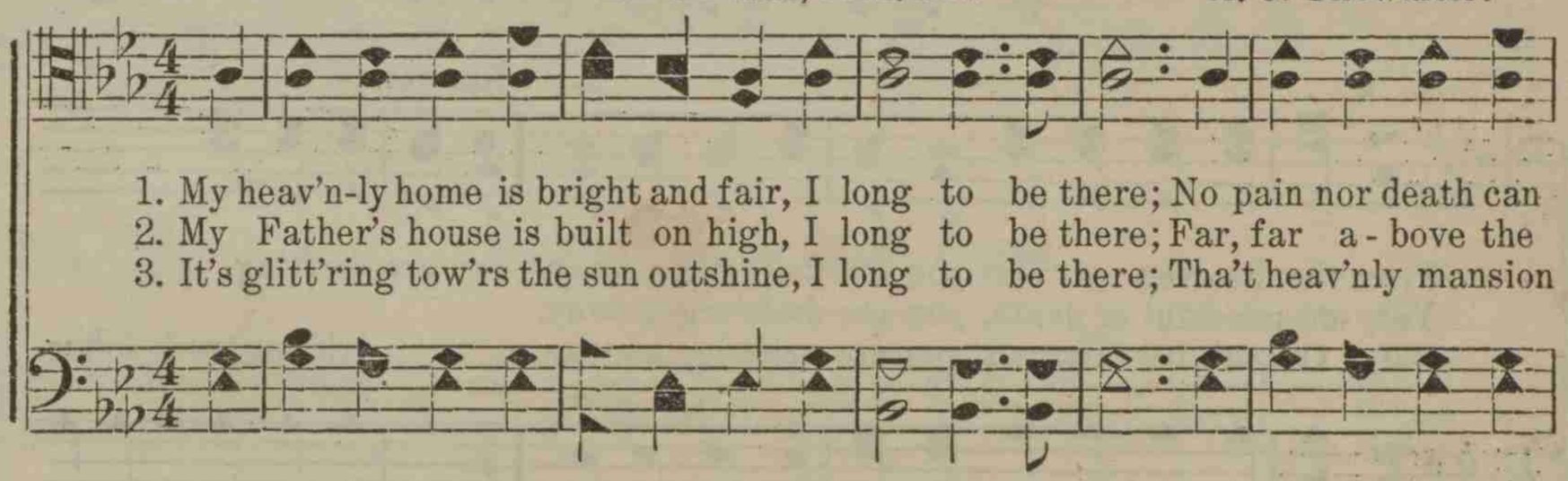
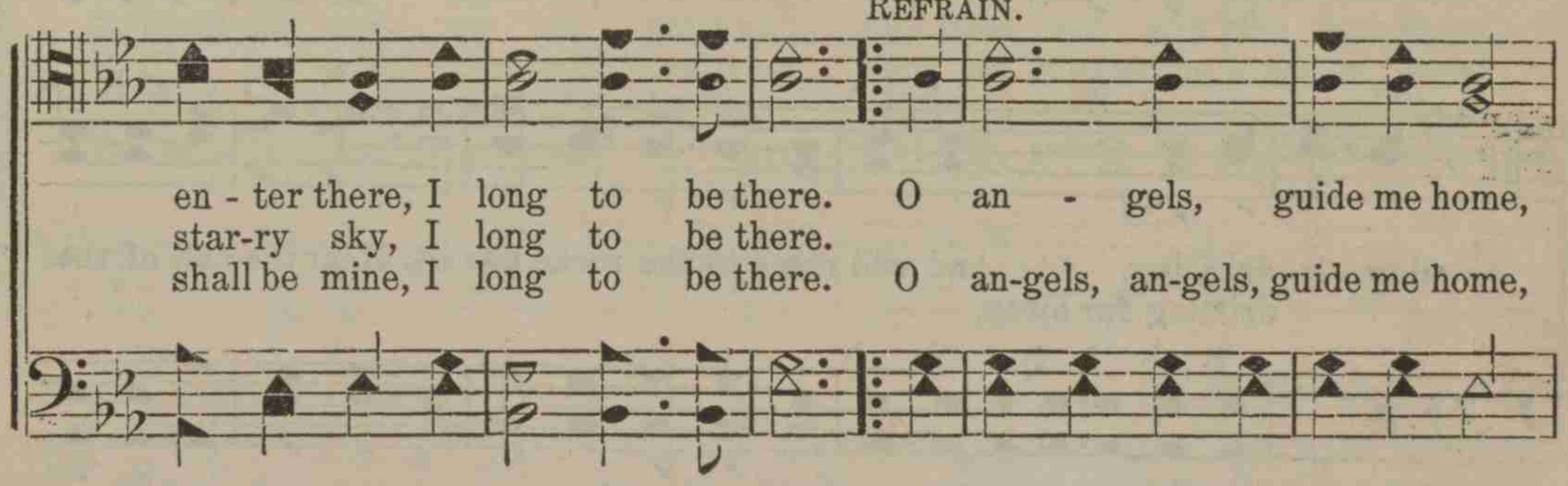
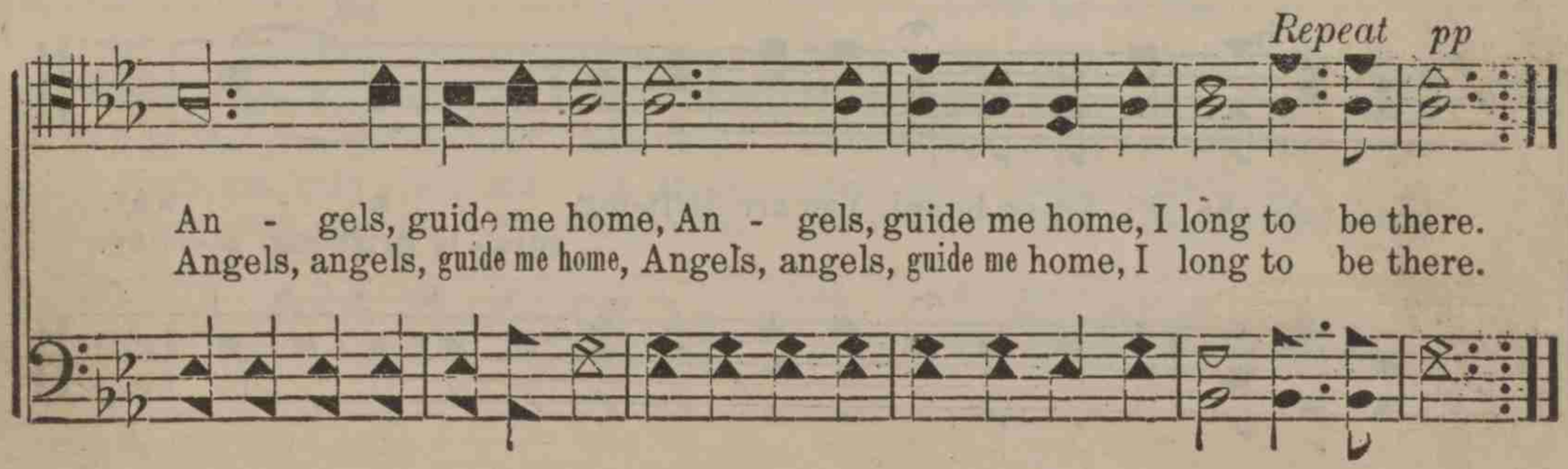
REFRAIN.

pil-grim-age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
long to see the light That gilds my heav-'nly home. I am go-ing home
Sav-iour, died for me, And now He calls me home.

I Am Going Home.



No. 25. I Long to be There.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

REFRAIN.



No. 26. You Are Drifting Away.

James Rowe. James Franklin, Thersby, Ala., owner. James Franklin.

1. You are far from the shore and a storm is at hand, Yet are drift-ing a - long,
2. You are drift-ing a - way from the blessings of life, And are spending your time
3. Won't you an-swer the plea of the Pi - lot a - bove, Who would save you from death

at the tempter's command; Worldly pleasures you seek, yet are sad ev - 'ry day;
on the o-cean of strife; There are breakers a-head, roar-ing loud-ly are they,
by His in - fi - nite love? You may still reach the shore, if you do not de - lay,

REFRAIN.

From the ha - ven of rest you are drift-ing a - way. You are drifting,
Yet, un-mind-ful of death, you are drift-ing a - way.
But, O soul, be assured you are drift-ing a - way. drifting, surely drifting,

slow - ly drift-ing, And will come to the rocks some day; Hear the call of the
drifting far away,

rit.

Lord, take the Pi - lot on board; You are drift-ing a - way.
sure - ly drift-ing a - way.

No. 27. Are You Helping Somewhere?

Birdie Bell. Arr. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1918. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Are you helping somewhere? Lifting now the load From a wea - ry pil-grim
2. Are you helping somewhere? Lending now a hand To a fall - en broth-er?
3. Are you helping somewhere? Life can not be long; Ma-ny lips are si - lent,
4. Are you helping somewhere, Working now for Him? Friendless hearts are aching,
5. Are you helping somewhere? Then close by your side Walks the loving Master,

Trav - el - ing life's road? From a wea - ry pilgrim Travel - ing life's road?
'Tis the Lord's command; To a fall - en brother? 'Tis the Lord's command.
Teach them joyous song; Ma - ny lips are si-lent, Teach them joyous song.
Wea - ry eyes are dim; Friendless hearts are aching, Weary eyes are dim.
All your steps to guide; Walks the lov - ing Mas-ter, All your steps to guide.

No. 28. Gently Lay Her Low.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1918. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Gen - tly, gen - tly lay her low, Soft - ly, soft - ly press the sod;
2. Plant the ros - es on her tomb, Let them bud and blos - som there;
3. O'er her form the wil - lows weep, Thro' the boughs the breez-es sigh;
4. Hush! sweet mu - sic fills the air, Sum-mer birds are sing - ing clear;
5. Gen - tly, gen - tly come a - way, Soft - ly, soft - ly press the sod;

slow and soft.

Si - lent from the churchyard go; She's with God, she's with God.
Fair are they, and in her bloom She was fair, she was fair.
And the pine-groves mur - mur deep, Sound - ing nigh, sound - ing nigh.
Warblers, vain - ly chant ye there, She'll not hear, she'll not hear.
Weep not as ye home-ward stray, She's with God, she's with God.

No. 29. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep! A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum - ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su- preme - ly blest! No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be! Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-

brok - en by the last of foes, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
death has lost its ven-omed sting, That death has lost its ven - omed sting.
man - i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r, That man-i - fests the Sav - ior's pow'r.
ing the sum-mons from on high, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.

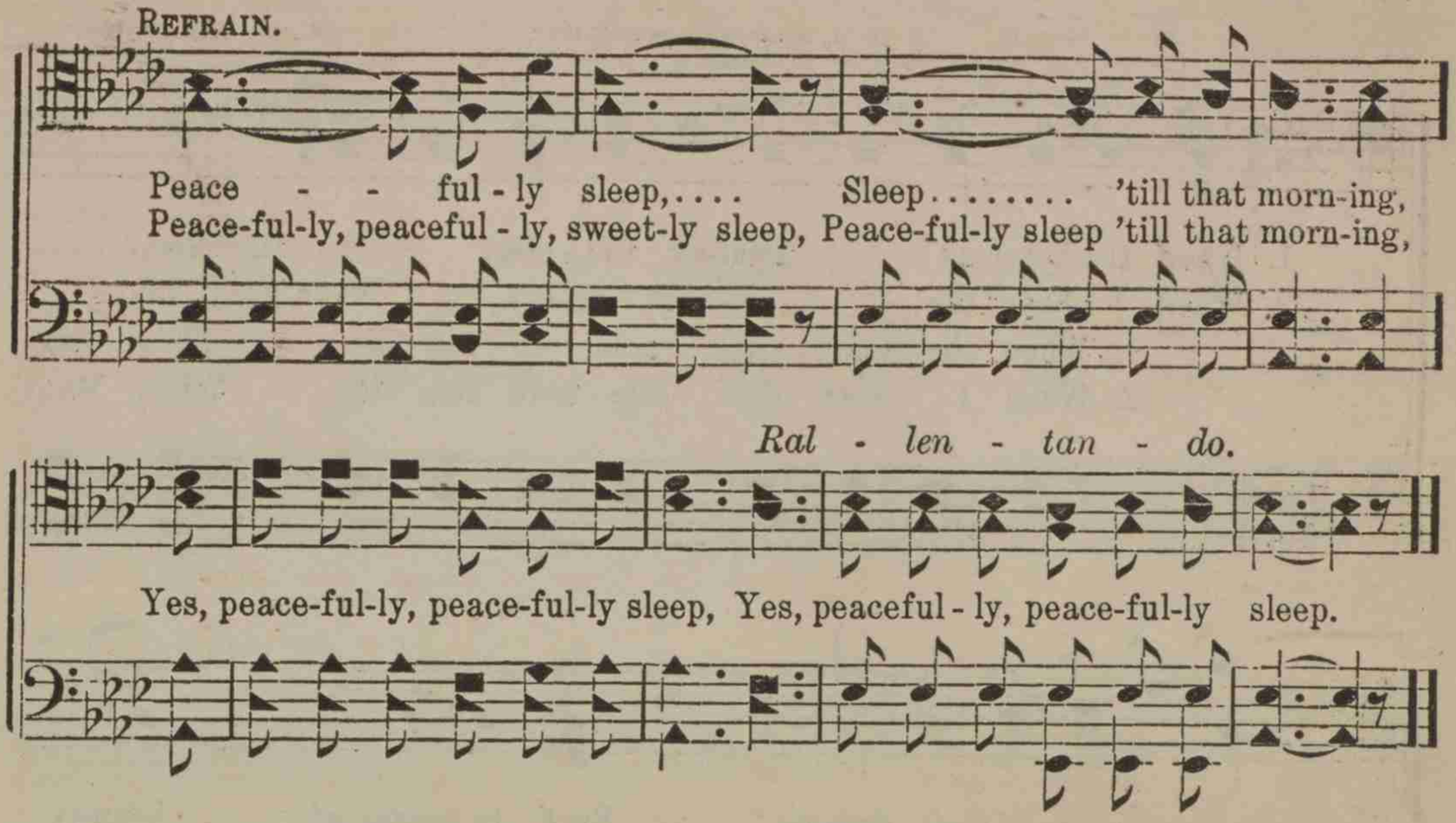
No. 30. Sleep Till That Morning.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

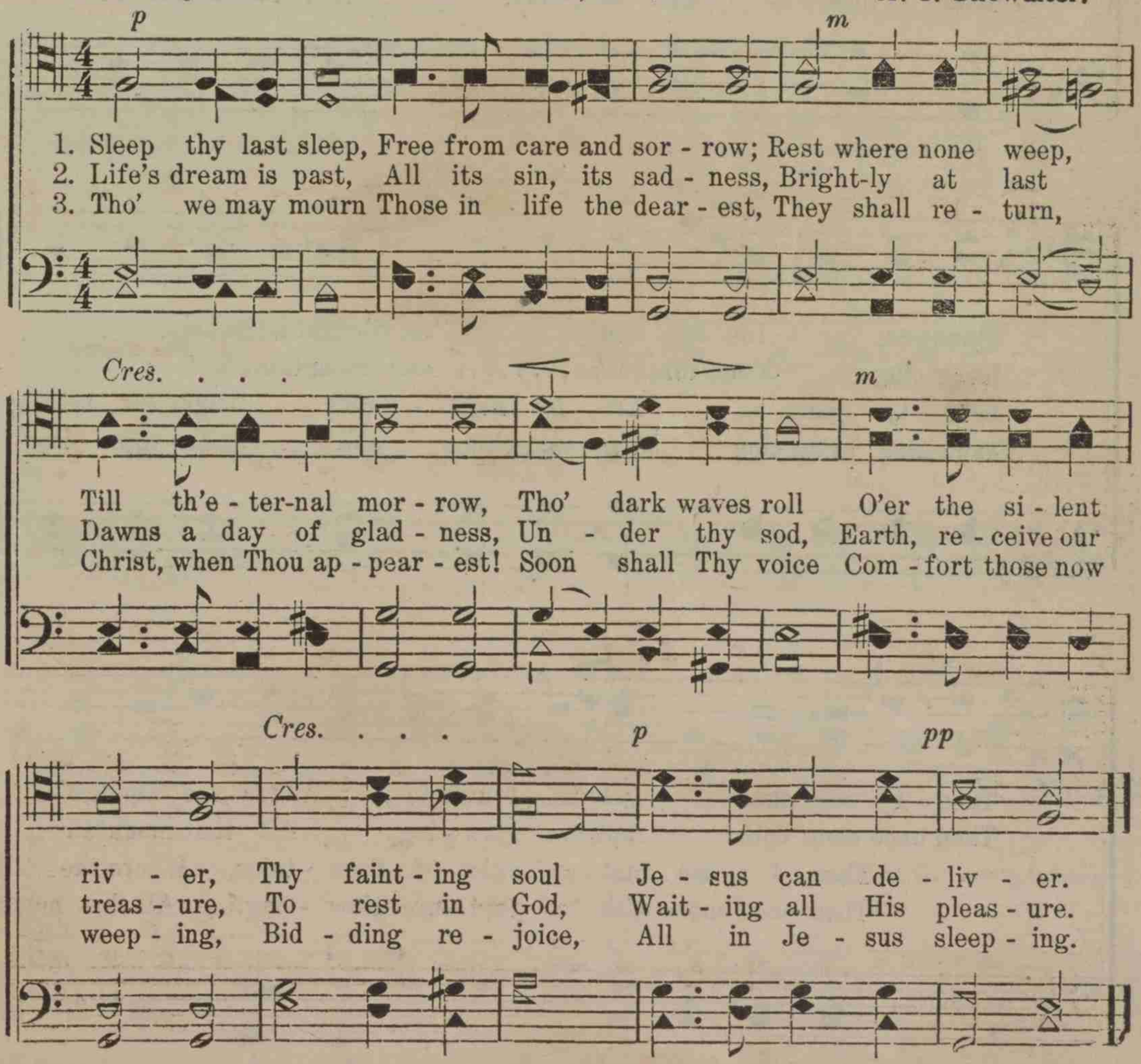
Slow and soft.

1. Peace-ful - ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kind-ly o'er her breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar-row house, Graceful-ly wave, ye wil - low boughs;
3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy la - bor's done;

Sweet be the slum-ber 'neath the sod, While the pure soul is rest - ing with God.
Flow'rs of the wild-wood o - dors shed, O - ver the ho - ly, beau-ti - ful dead.
Rest till the trump from op -'ning skies Bids thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise.

Sleep 'Till That Morning.

No. 31. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. A. Dayman. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 32. The Vale of Chamouni.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917.

A. J. Showalter.

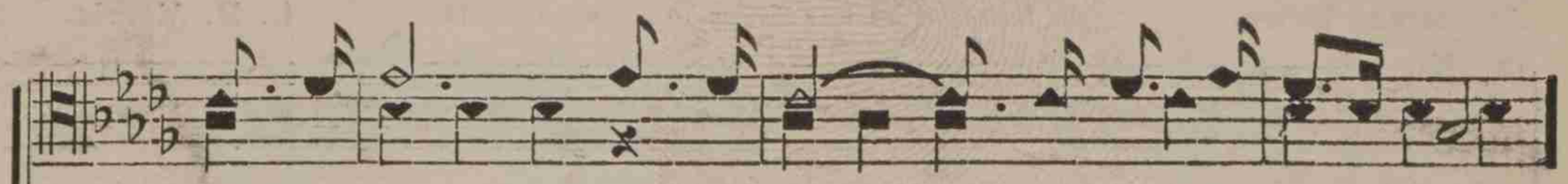
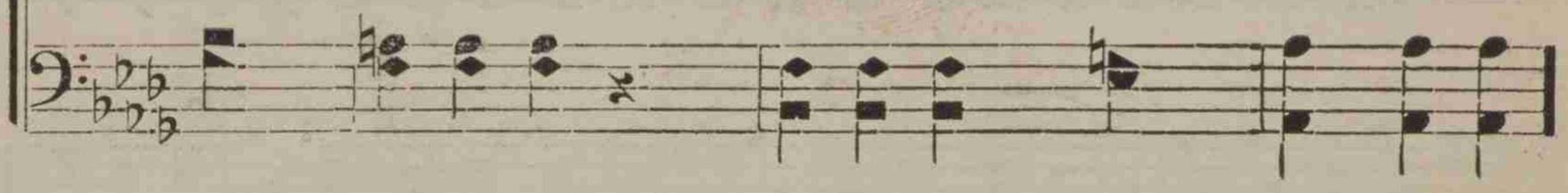
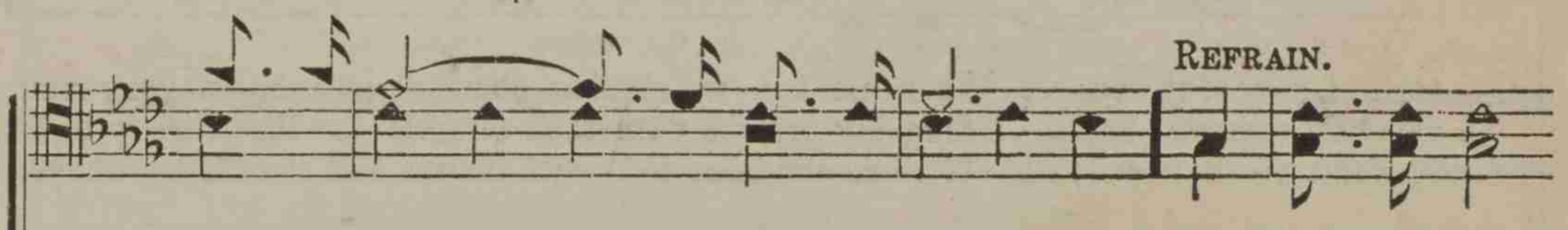
1. When the heart in gold-en fan - cies, To the sway.....
2. When I hear the alp-horn ring-ing, When Mont Blanc....

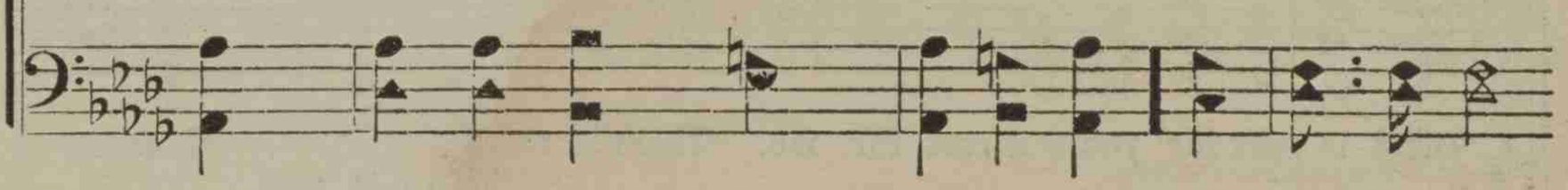
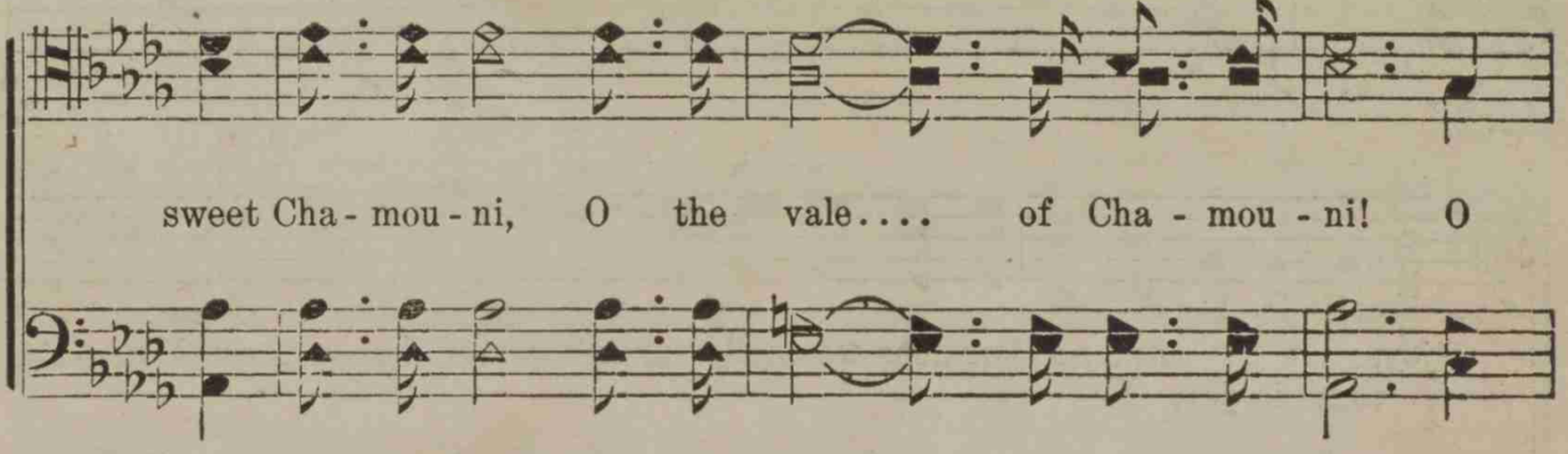
1. When the heart in gold - en fan - cies, To the
2. When I hear the alp - horn ring - ing, When Mont

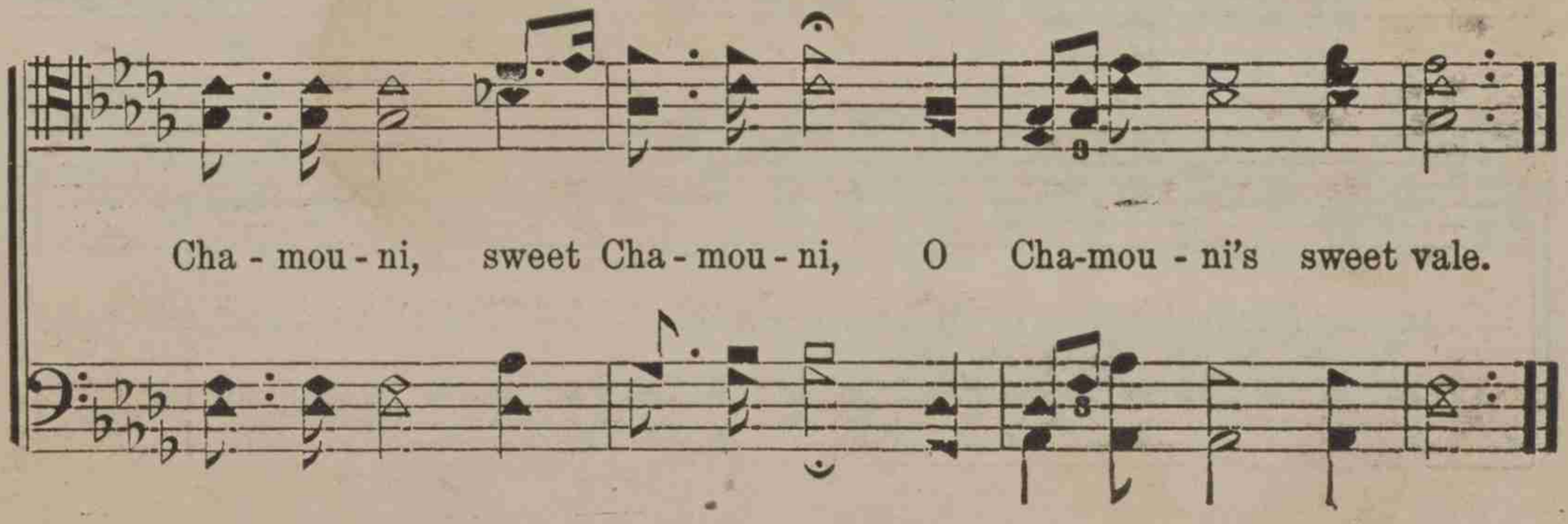
..... of hap - pi - est dreams, Back to scenes of beau-ty
..... fore - tells the day, And the breeze of morning
sway of hap-piest dreams, Back to scenes of
Blanc fore - tells the day, And the breeze of

glanc - es, Lit my mem - 'rie's brightest beams;
bring - ing Moun-tain chime..... and mountain lay!
beau - ty glanc - es, Lit by mem -' rie's bright-est beams;
morn - ing bring - ing Moun - tain chime and moun - tain lay!

Then I see that vale of foun-tains, Where the alp-flow'rs
Then once more with rapt-ure glow - ing All that mountain
Then I see that vale of foun - tains, Where the alp-
Then once more with rapt - ure glow - ing, All that moun-

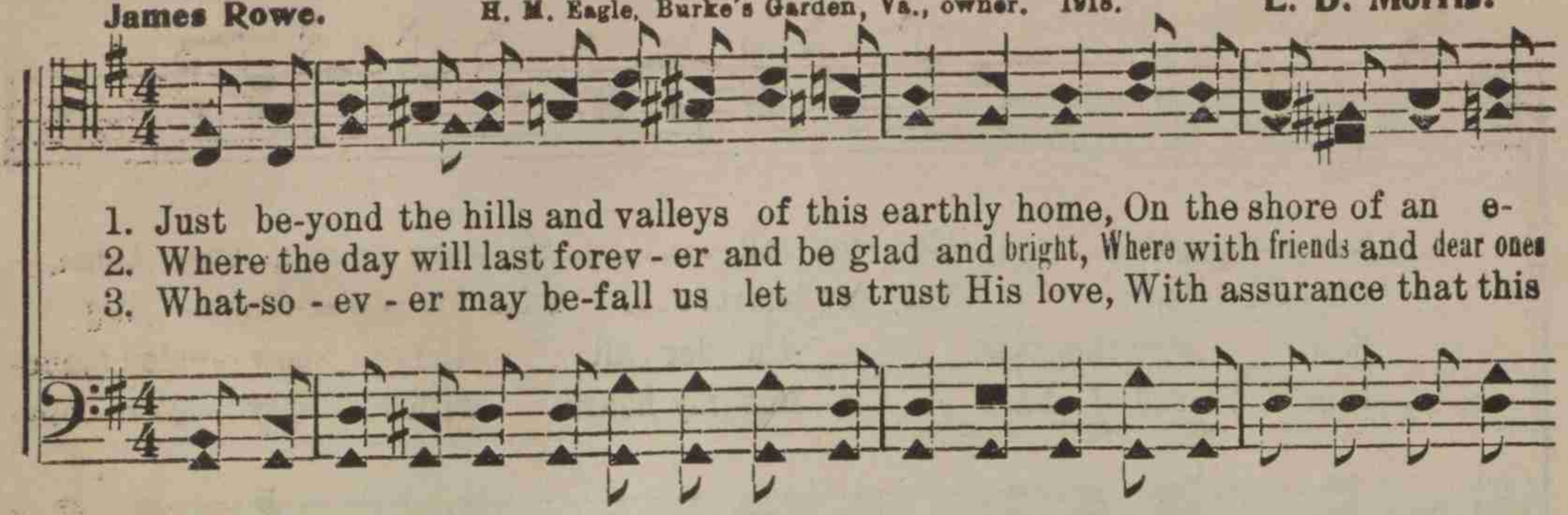
The Vale of Chamouni.

woo the gale, Un - der all..... the snow - clad moun - tains,
land I hail, But my heart..... with joy o'er-flow - ing
flow'rs woo the gale, Un - der all the snow - clad moun-
tain land I hail, But my heart with joy o'er - flow-

REFRAIN.

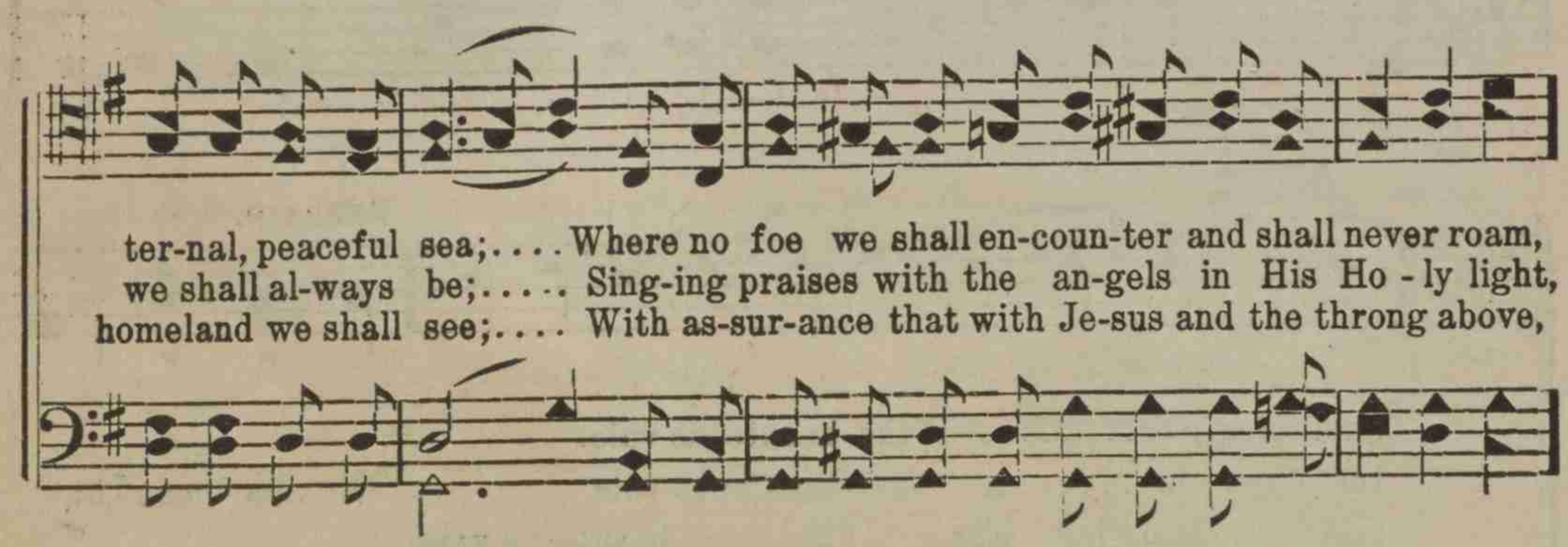
Shin - ing o'er..... the beauteous vale.
Lin - gers in..... that beauteous vale. O Cha - mou - ni,
tains, Shin - ing o'er the beauteous vale.
ing Lin - gers in that beauteous vale.



sweet Cha - mou - ni, O the vale.... of Cha - mou - ni! O

Cha - mou - ni, sweet Cha - mou - ni, O Cha-mou - ni's sweet vale.

No. 33. Rest For the Faithful.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. 1918. L. D. Morris.





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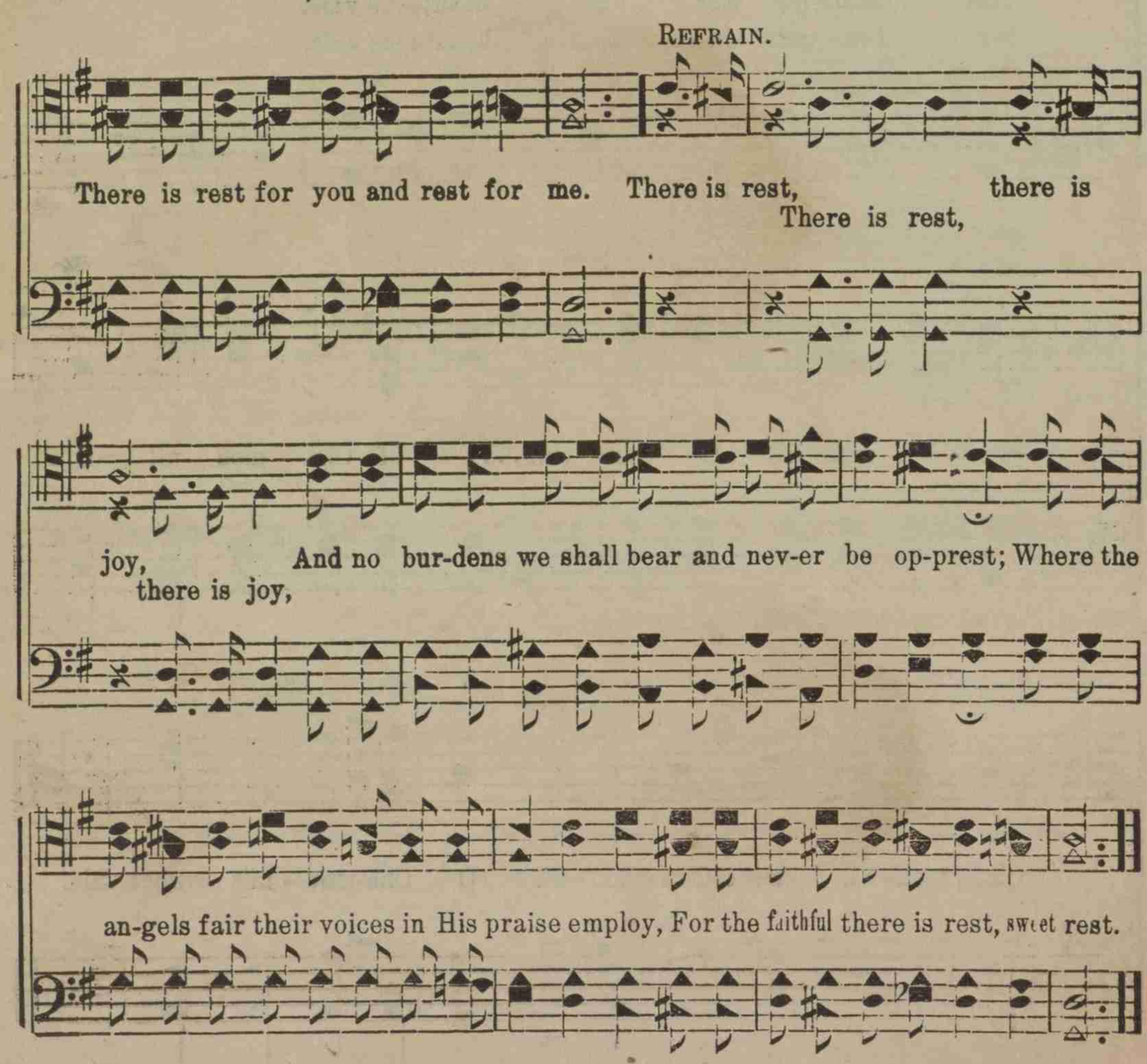


No. 34. I Expect to Have Stars in my Crown.

(Reply to "Will there be any stars in my crown?")

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. When my bark I shall steer for the heav-en - ly land, When my mantle on
2. If I toil for the Mas-ter while He gives me breath, If I live 'neath His
3. If I sow gos - pel seed on the low-lands of sin, Tho' perchance some the
4. What my har-vest will be I may nev-er know here, But when all of life's

earth is laid down, When once more with my loved ones of earth I shall stand,
smile, not His frown, If I'm found at my post by the an - gel of death,
wa - ters may drown, When the har - vest by an - gels is all gath-ered in,
work is laid down, When the rec-ord stands forth on that page white and clear,

REFRAIN.

I ex-pect to have stars in my crown. To have stars in my
Beau-ti - ful stars

crown, When my man - tle on earth is laid down, When my sheaves I shall
in my crown,

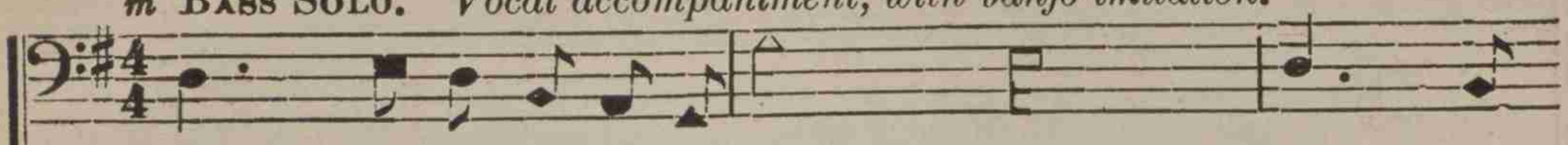
bring to my Sav - iour and King, I ex - pect to have stars in my crown.

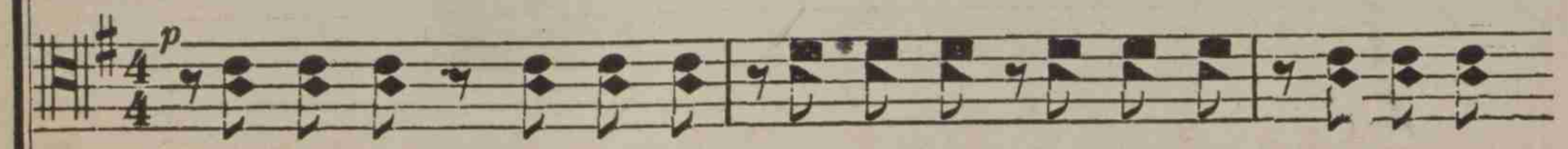
No. 35. Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

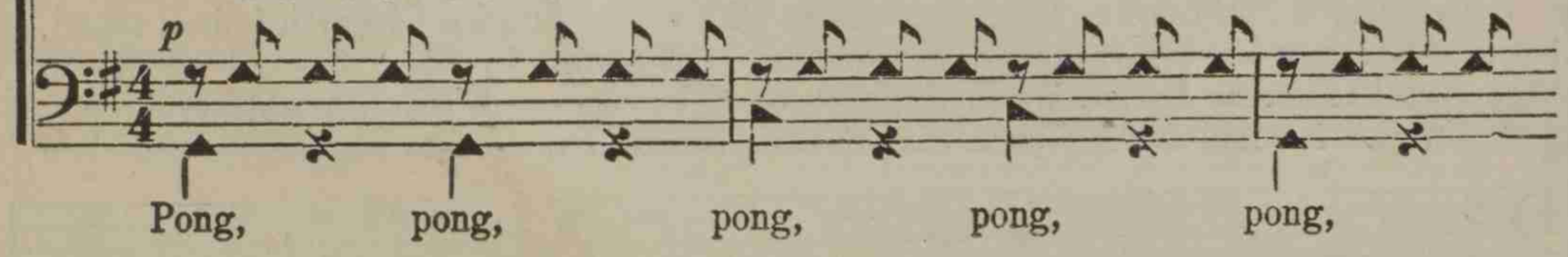
Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

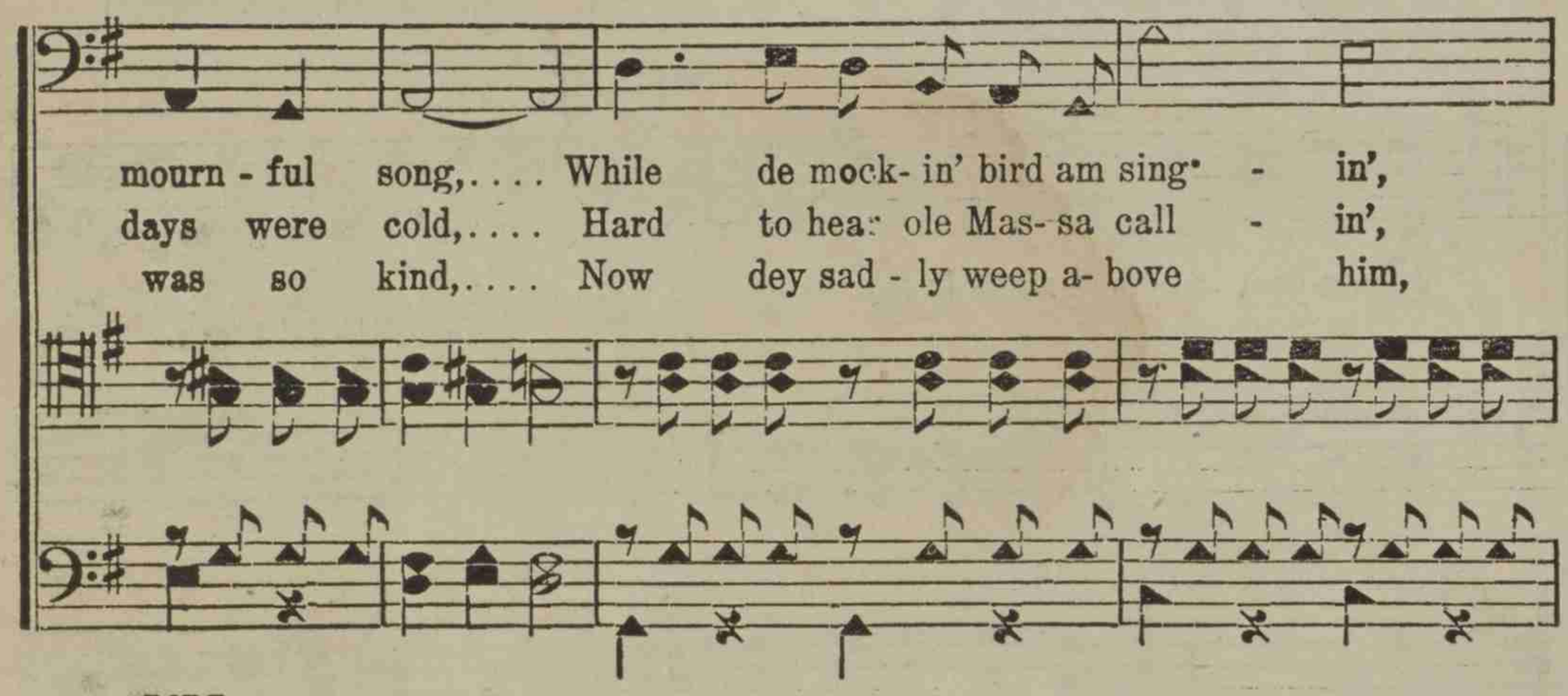
Words and melody by STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

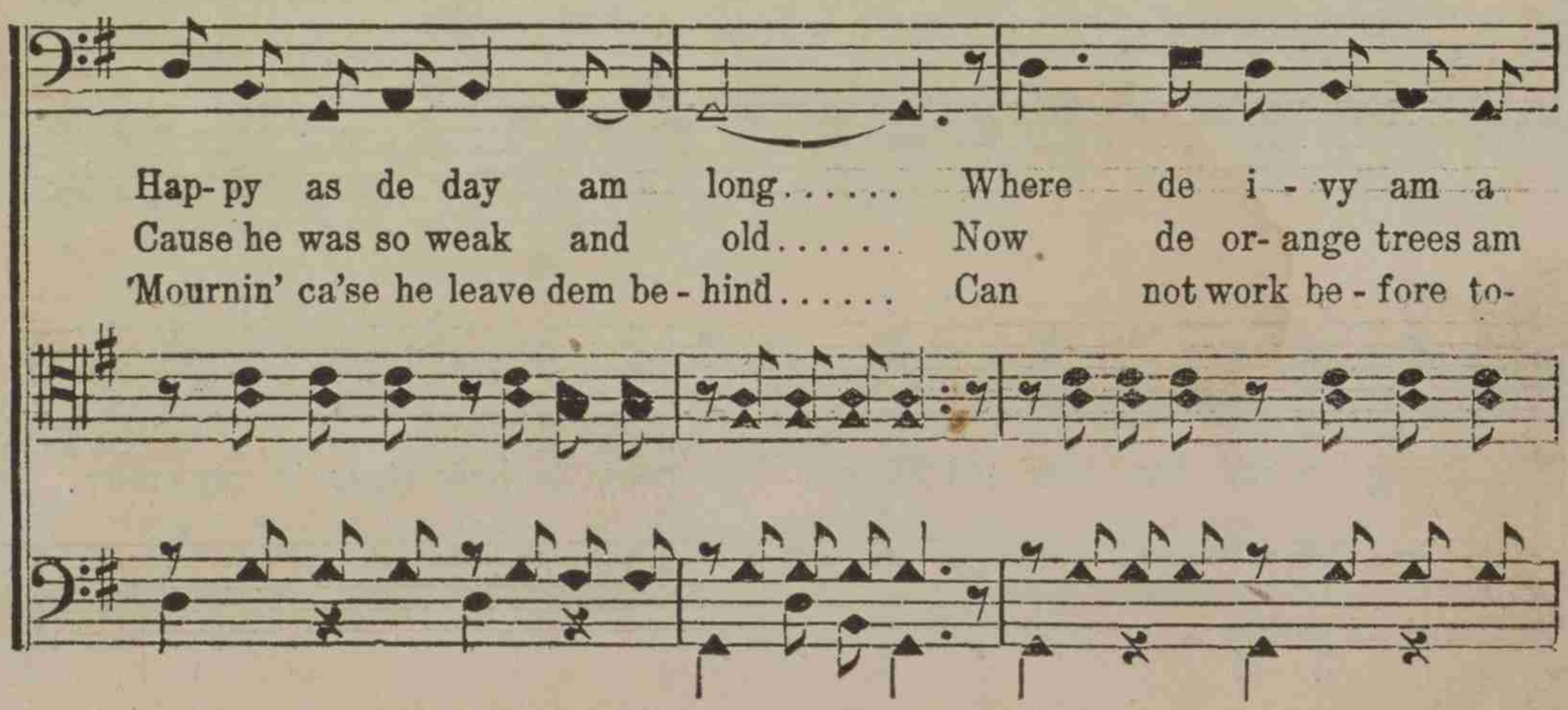
m BASS SOLO. *Vocal accompaniment, with banjo imitation.*

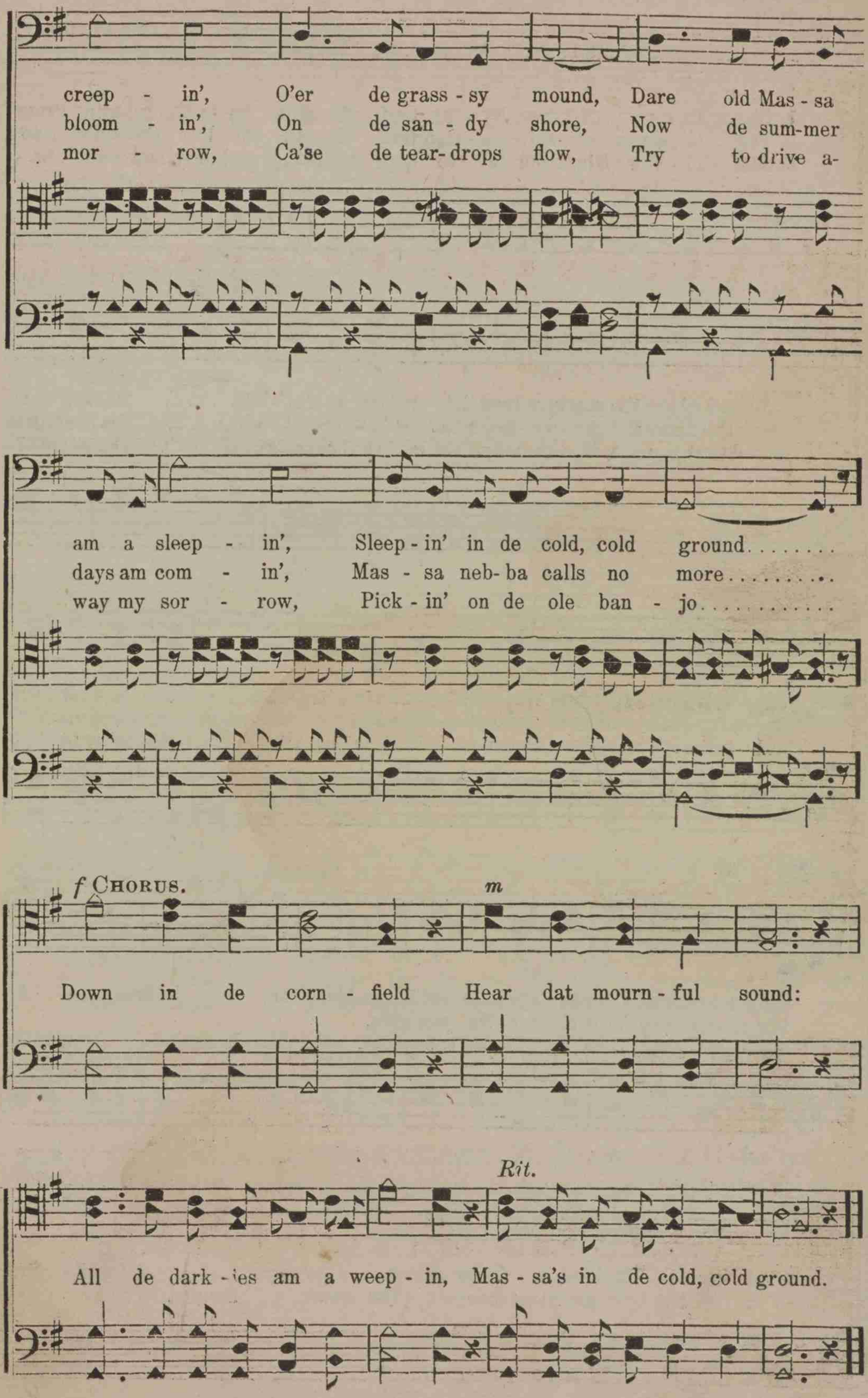


1. 'Round de meadows am a ring - in', Dark - ies
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - in', When de
3. Mas - sa make de darkies love him, Ca'se he

1st Ten. Ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, etc.
2d Ten. Pang, pang, pang, pang, pang, pang, etc.
2d Bass. Pong, pong, pong, pong, pong, pong, etc.



Pong, pong, pong, pong, pong,

mourn - ful song,.... While de mock- in' bird am sing - in',
days were cold,.... Hard to hear ole Mas- sa call - in',
was so kind,.... Now dey sad - ly weep a- bove him,

pong,

Hap- py as de day am long..... Where de i - vy am a
Cause he was so weak and old..... Now de or- ange trees am
'Mournin' ca'se he leave dem be - hind..... Can not work be - fore to-

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

No. 36. Army of the Living God.

James Rowe. L. D. Morris, owner, 1918 L. D. Morris.

1. Oh, ar - my of the liv - ing God, To Him be faith - ful still; Press on-ward where the martyrs trod, His or-ders to ful - fill:..... He will not leave you com - fort-less While here you have to roam, But ling - er near your
2. The ti - dings of sal - va - tion free To all the lost pro-claim, And let His fame and glo - ry be Your one e - ter-nal aim..... His boundless love your souls will keep Un - spot-ted while you live, And when the storms of
3. Just fol - low Him from day to day, And watch and pray and wait, As - sured that you are in the way That leads to heaven's gate..... The songs of home you soon shall hear, From an - gel's voic - es sweet; The lights of home will

REFRAIN.

souls to bless, Till you are safe at home. March on, be true, A - bid - ing in His love; The crown for you A - waits in
life shall sweep, True shelter He will give. in His pre-cious love; The crown for you
soon ap - pear, Then joy will be com-plete. March on, be true,

Army of the Living God.

realms a - bove; His name a - dore, His praise out -
a - bove; His name a - dore, His praise,

pour, Then you shall reign in His domain, With Je - sus ev - er-more.
praise out-pour, With Je - sus ev - er, ev - er-more.

No. 37. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs Elizabeth Codner. W. J. Morris, owner, 1912. W. J. Morris.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

No. 38. The Sun Shineth Bright Over All.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. **A. J. Showalter.**

Allegretto.

1. There are bright tint - ed flow'rs where the soft breez - es float, And the dews of the eve-ning fall, Where the bird and the bee from the hon - ey cups
2. There are beau - ti - ful souls with a calm-ness se - rene, And a hap - py con - tent with all, And they dwell in the glow of the ra - di - ant
3. There are sor - row - ing hearts who the lone vi - gils keep, Where the storms of af - flic - tion fall, There are love cher-ished mounds in the green cov-ered

REFRAIN.

drink, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all,
beam, For the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all.
vale, But the sun shin - eth bright o - ver all. O - ver all,

o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o-ver all,
o - ver all, o - ver all,

'Tis a beau - ti - ful earth, with its bril-liance and shade, For the sun shin-eth

The Sun Shineth Bright Over All.

bright o - ver all, For the sun shin-eth bright o - ver all.
o - ver all,

No. 39. Song of Greeting.

Arr. Owned by A. J. Showalter, 1917.

E. O. Lyte. Arr. by A. J. S.

1 2

FINE.

D. C.—Mer - ry greeting, mer - ry greet-ing, mer - ry greet-ing to all! all!

1. We come . . . . . with mer - ry songs . . . . and gay, ... To
2. A mer - ry greet - ing we . . . . . ex - tend, ... A
1. We come with mer-ry songs and gay, We come with mer - ry songs and gay, To
2. A mer - ry greet-ing we ex - tend, A mer - ry greet - ing we ex-tend, A

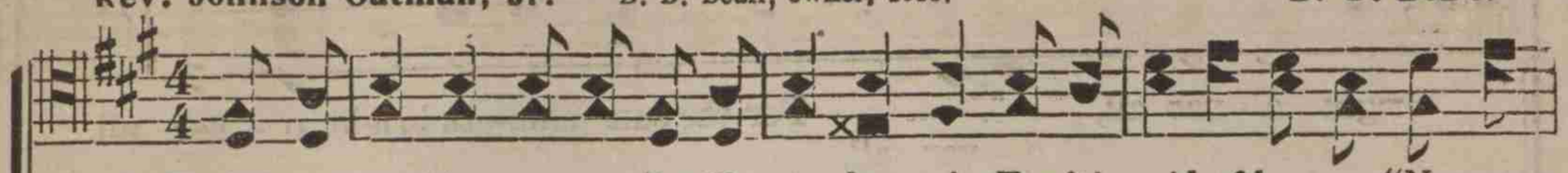
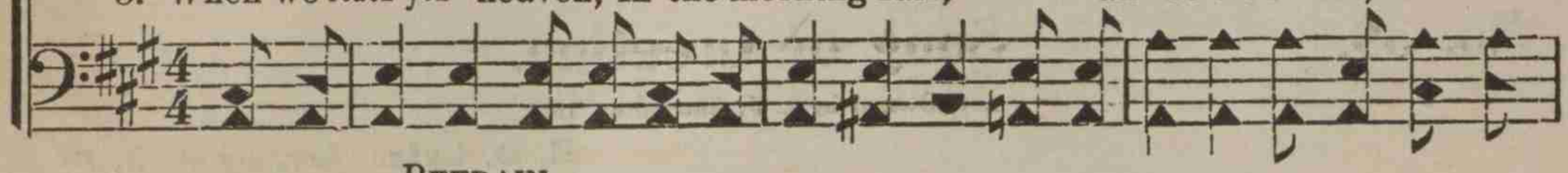
drive . . . . dull care . . . . and gloom . . . a - way: With mu - sic
greet - ing warm . . . to ev - 'ry friend; With
drive dull care and gloom a-way, To drive dull care aud gloom a-way; Our voic-es
greeting warm to ev-'ry friend, A greet-ing warm to ev-'ry friend; Our

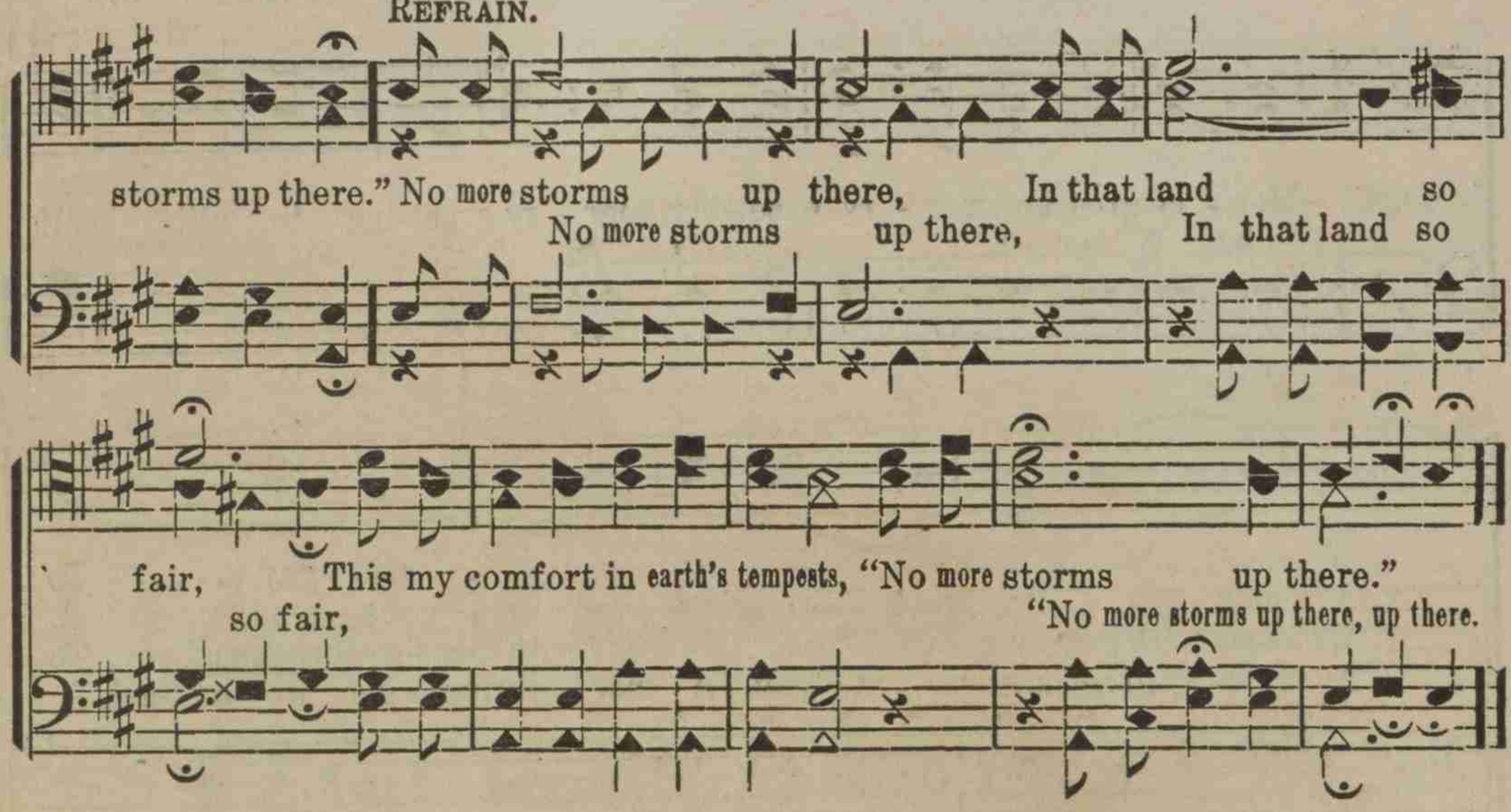
D. C.

sweet the hours to greet, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
mu-sic sweet the hours to greet,
all we'll join in song,
voic-es all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

No. 40. No Storms Up There.

Lovingly inscribed to my wife.—B. B. Beall.

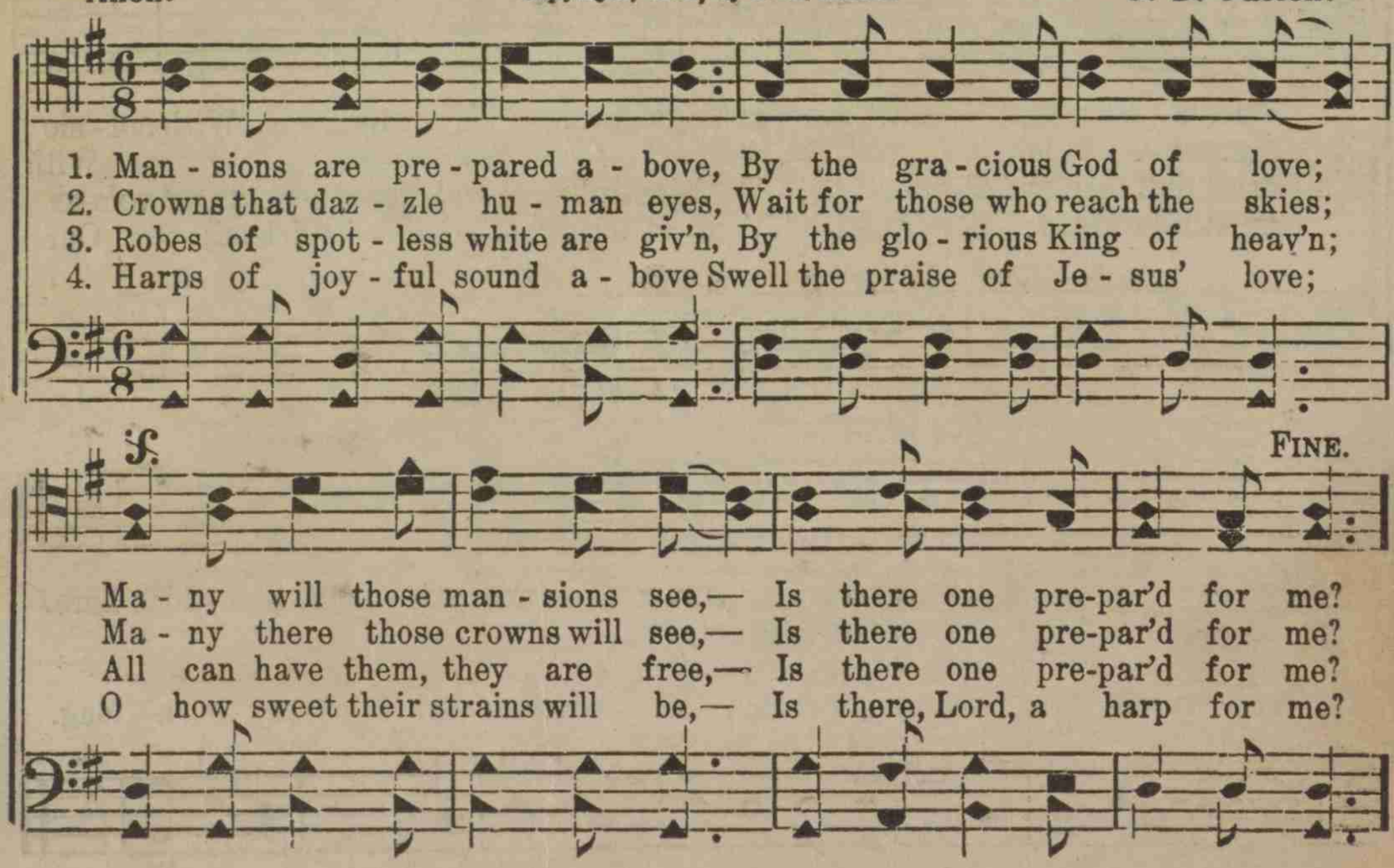
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. B. Beall, owner, 1918. B. B. Beall.

1. Tho' the storm-king rag-es I will not de-spair, For 'tis said of heaven "No more
2. In each storm of ma-lice, In each storm of care, Hope still sweetly whispers, "No more
3. When the deep-toned thun-der Breaks the still night air, Still I'll slumber, knowing, "No more
4. Here are storms of sor-row, Each one has his share, But no tears in heaven, "No more
5. When we reach yon heaven, In the morning fair, Skies will all be cloudless, "No more

REFRAIN.



storms up there." No more storms up there, In that land so
No more storms up there, In that land so
fair, This my comfort in earth's tempests, "No more storms up there."
so fair, "No more storms up there, up there.

No. 41. Is There One For Me?

Anon. Copyright, 1895, by J. D. Patton. J. D. Patton.

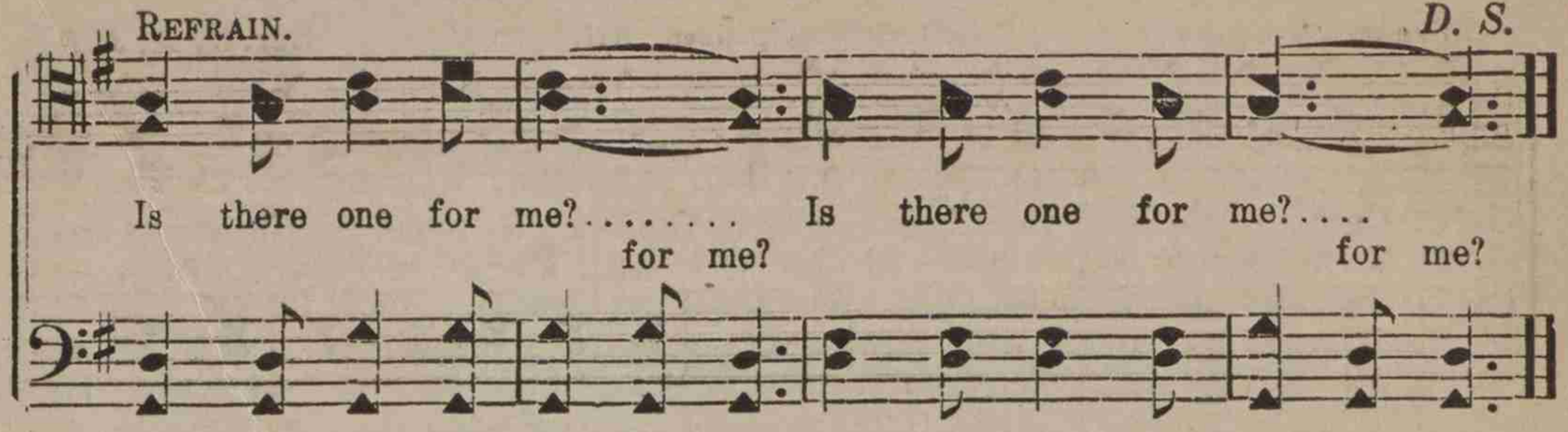


1. Man - sions are pre - pared a - bove, By the gra - cious God of love;
2. Crowns that daz - zle hu - man eyes, Wait for those who reach the skies;
3. Robes of spot - less white are giv'n, By the glo - rious King of heav'n;
4. Harps of joy - ful sound a - bove Swell the praise of Je - sus' love;

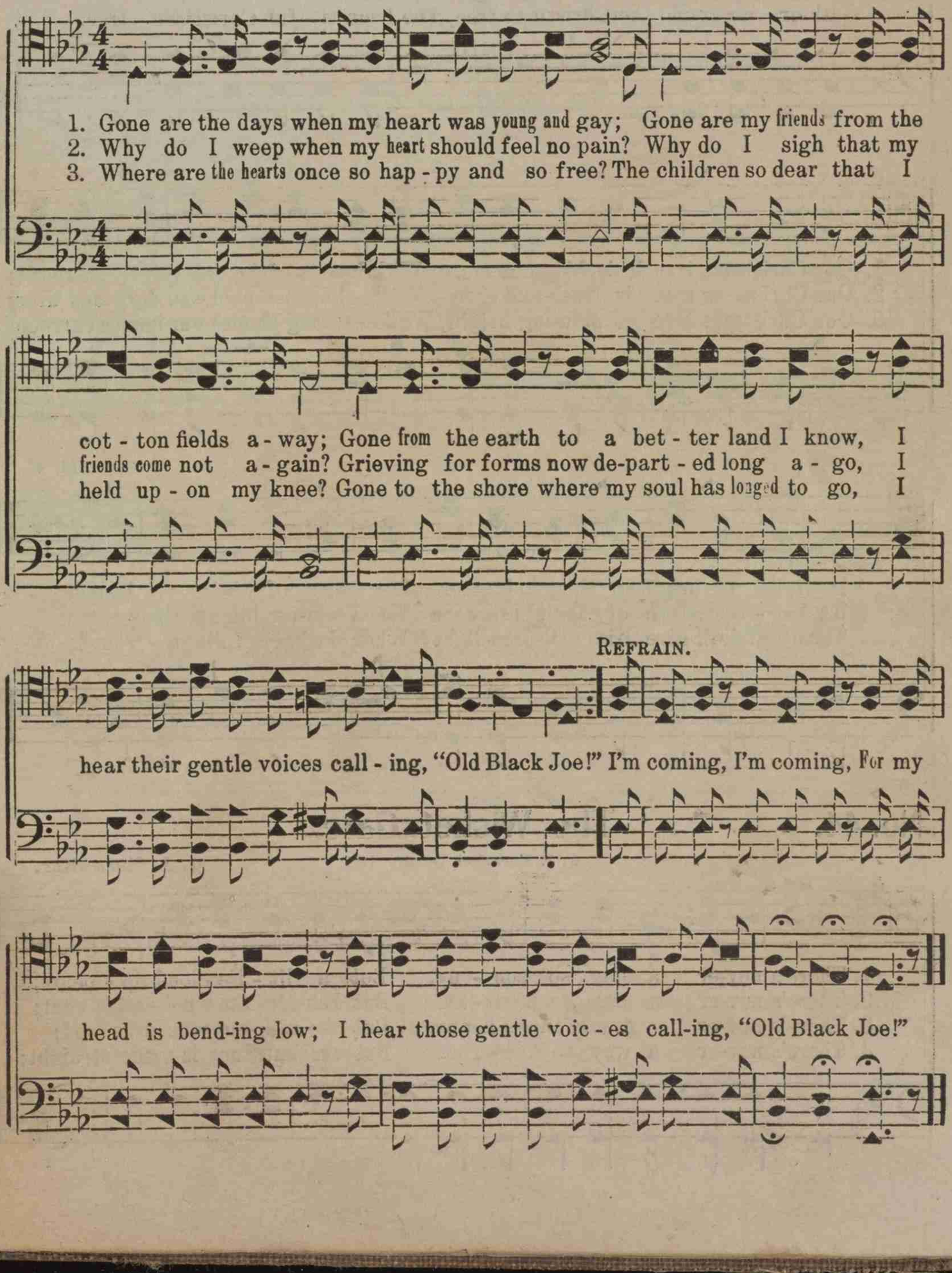
FINE.

Ma - ny will those man - sions see,— Is there one pre-par'd for me?
Ma - ny there those crowns will see,— Is there one pre-par'd for me?
All can have them, they are free,— Is there one pre-par'd for me?
O how sweet their strains will be,— Is there, Lord, a harp for me?

Is There One For Me?

REFRAIN. D. S.

No. 42. Old Black Joe.

Stephen C. Foster. Arr. by A. J. S.



No. 43. Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

Frederick Ogilly. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1917. Har. by A. J. S.

D. C.–Gath-er a - round the Christmas tree, Gath-er a - round the Christmas tree,

FINE.

Gath-er a - round the Christmas tree, The beau-ti - ful Christmas tree.

1. Our Christmas tree is deck'd once more; With hearts of joy we meet a - round;
2. Our Christmas tree is fresh and green; While skies are cold and dark and drear;
3. Our Christmas tree is shin-ing bright, While evening shades our homes surround;

D. C.

It tells of bright-er things in store, Let songs of praise a - bound.
Its har - vest store of fruit are seen When win-ter blights the year.
Thus God doth give His chil-dren light When darkness falls a - round.

No. 44. The Wicket Gate.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. There's nev-er a day so sun - ny, But a lit - tle cloud ap - pears;
2. There's nev-er a cup so pleas - ant, But has bit - ter with the sweet;
3. There's nev-er a dream that's happy, But the wak-ing makes us sad;
4. There's nev-er a way so nar - row, But the entrance is made straight;

The Wicket Gate,

There's nev-er a life so hap - py, But has had its time of tears.
There's nev-er a path so rug - ged, That bears not the print of feet.
There's nev-er a dream of sor - row, But the wak - ing makes us glad.
There's al-ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick - et gate.

REFRAIN.

There is al - ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick-et gate,
And the an - gels will be near - er To the soul that's des - o - late.

No. 45. Leaning on Thee.

C. Elliott. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend, My gracious Saviour, I am blest!
2. Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith, To Thee the fu-ture I con - fide;
3. Leaning on Thee, no fear a - larms; Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;

Tho' wea-ry, Thou dost con-de-scend To be my rest, To be my rest.
Each step of life's un-trod-den path Thy love will guide, Thy love will guide.
I feel the "ev - er - lasting arms," I can not sink, I can not sink.

No. 46. Montmorenci.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter, 1917.

J. C. Johnson. J. H. Tenney. Arr. by A. J. S.

Allegro.

1. From yon-der cliff ..... see the wa-ters are leap - ing, White as a
2. Pure from thy fount ..... on the Laur-en-tide mountains, Old - est of

1. From yonder cliff see the wa-ters are leap - ing,
2. Pure from thy fount on the Laur-en-tide mountains,

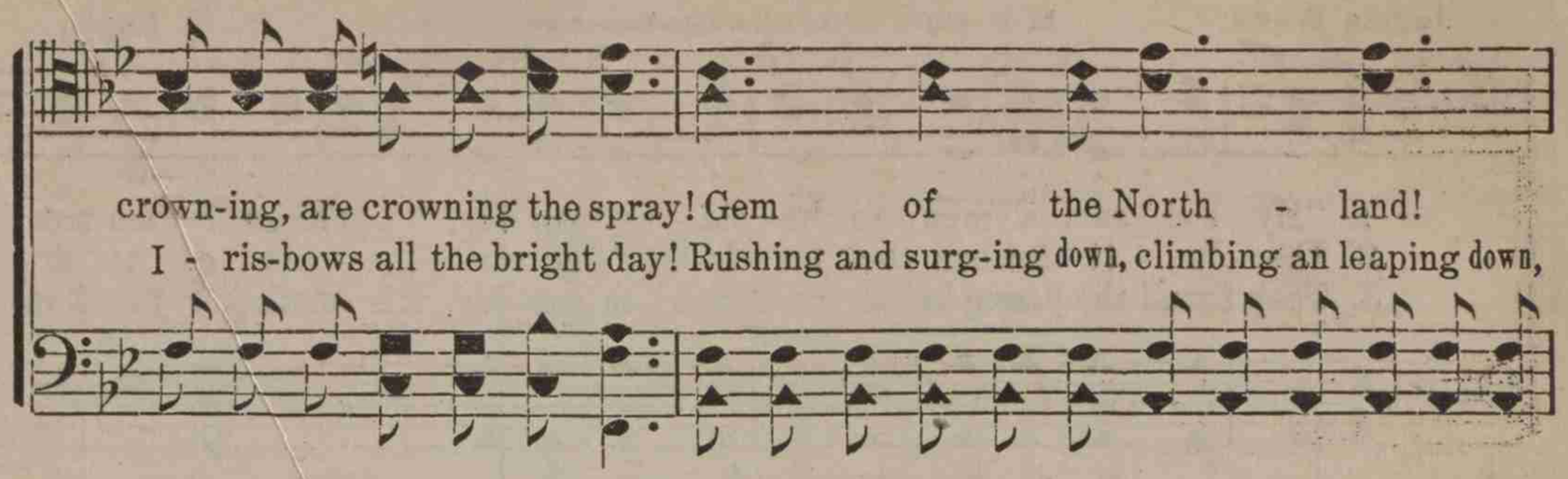
bride ..... to the riv - er be - low! And soft - ly yon boughs .....
rocks ..... that ere rose from the sea, Soon dash-ing in glee .....
White as a bride to the riv - er be - low! And softly yon boughs
Old - est of rocks that e'er rose from the sea, Soon dashing in glee

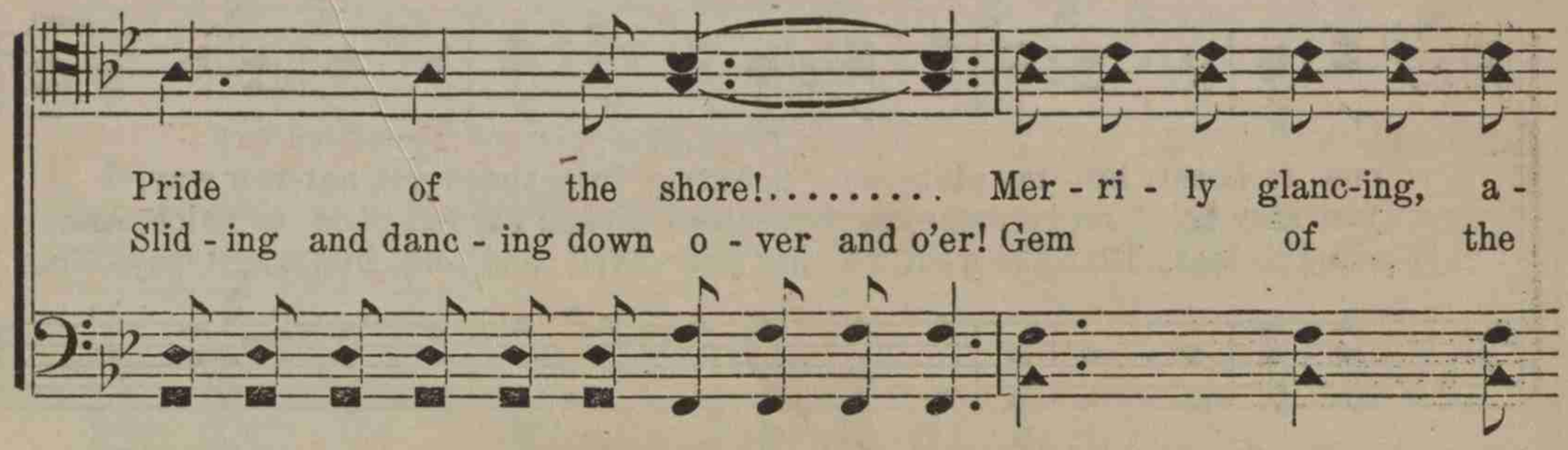
on the hillside are waving, "Welcome, fair stream .... who art whiter than snow!"
from thy cliff Montmorenci, Nev-er a riv - - er more beauteous could be.
on the hillside are waving, "Welcome, fair stream who art whiter than snow!"
from thy cliffs, Montmorenci, Nev-er a river more beauteous could be.

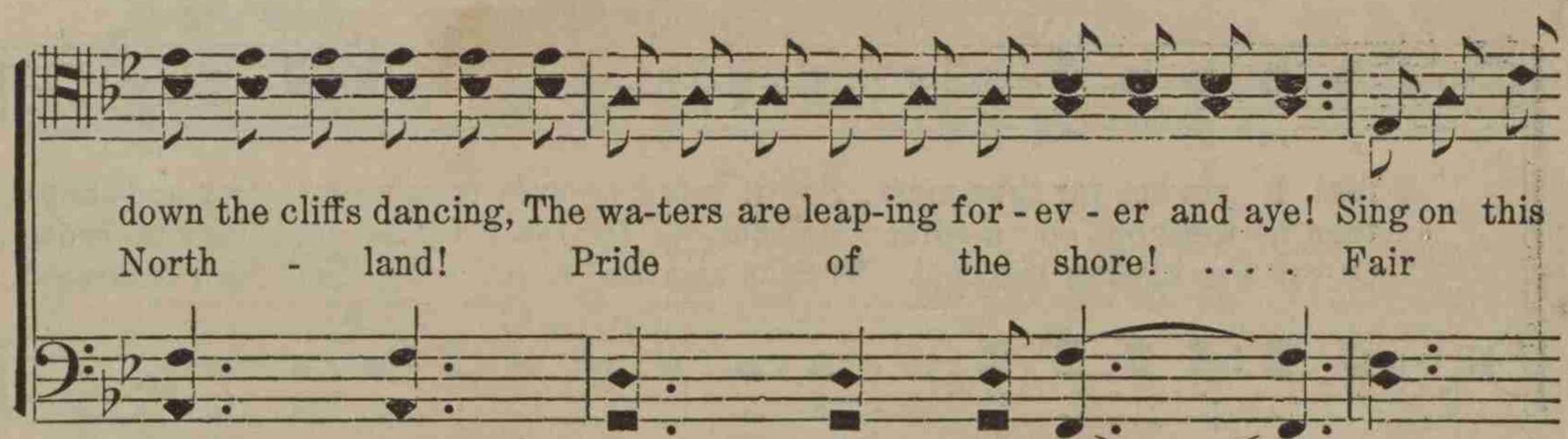
Rush-ing and surging down, swinging and dancing down, Rap-id-ly, cease-less-ly
Rush-ing and surging down, swinging and dancing down, Rap-id-ly, cease-less-ly

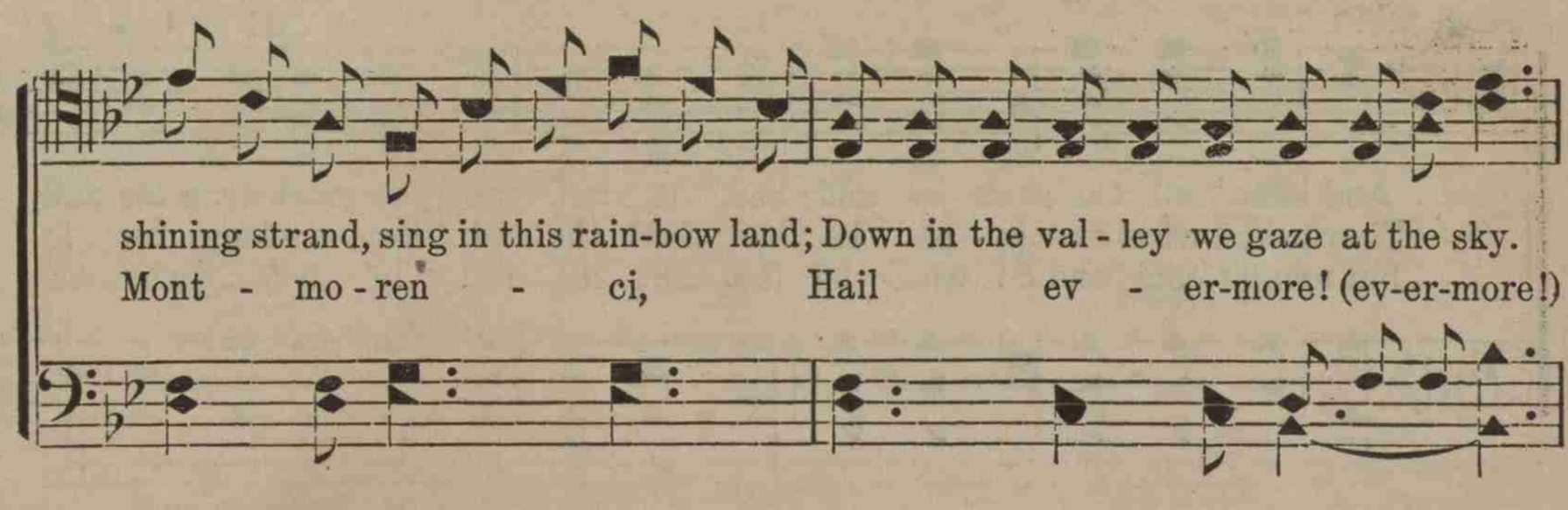
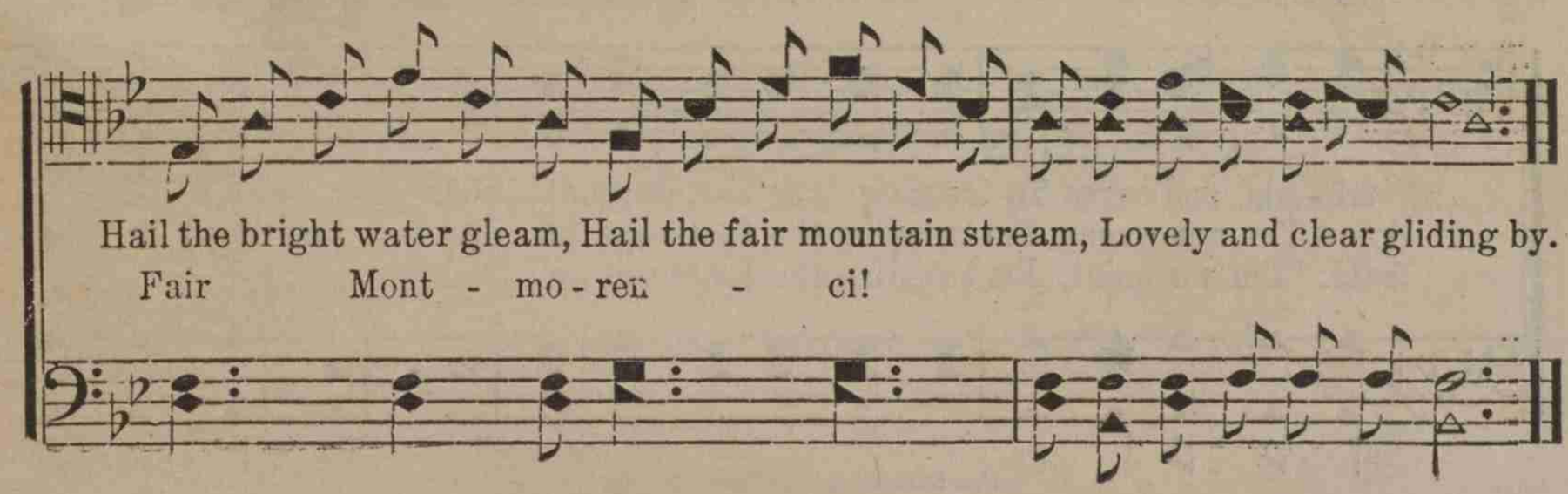
all the bright day! All the brown cliffs around ech-o the tireless sound, rainbows are
all the bright day! While all the breezes near catch at the spray in cheer, fill it with

Montmorenci.









No. 47. Treading In the Footsteps of Dad.

James Wells. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. 1918. H. M. Eagle.

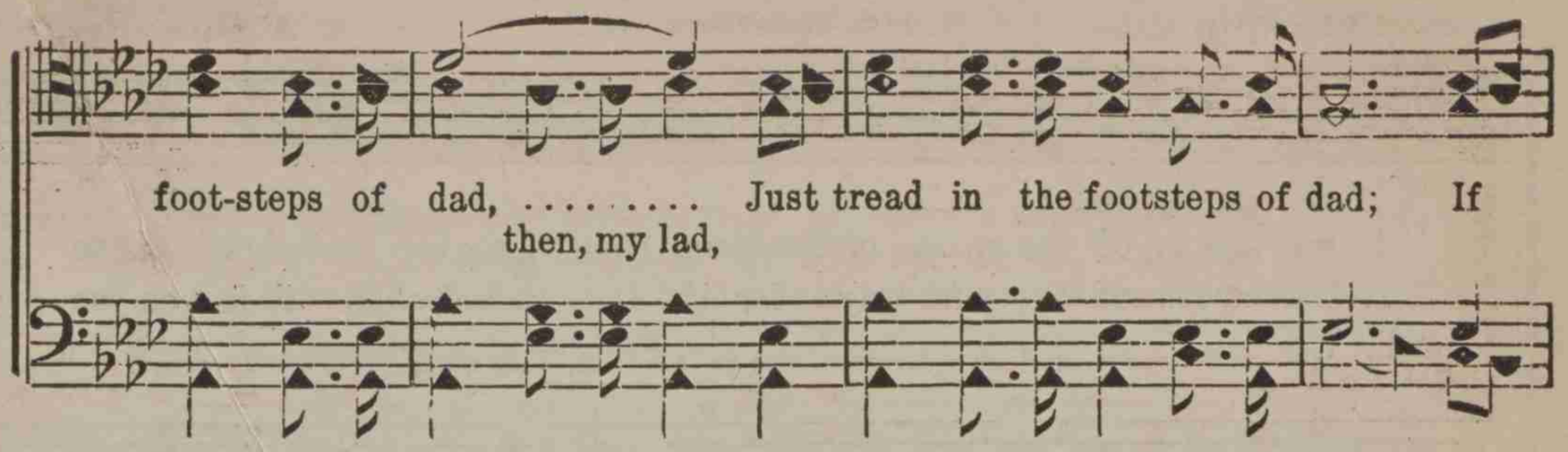
1. "My son," said a man to his old - est one day, "You know I am not one to boast, But my steps do not stray from the straight, nar-row way, I
2. The du - ti - ful one took his fa-ther's ad-vice—De - cid - ed to do just like he, So he came home from school, kicked the cat once or twice, And
3. They found the young lad in the kitch - en one day, His moth - er just hap- pened to look, Then she went to her hus - band and told him straight way: "Our

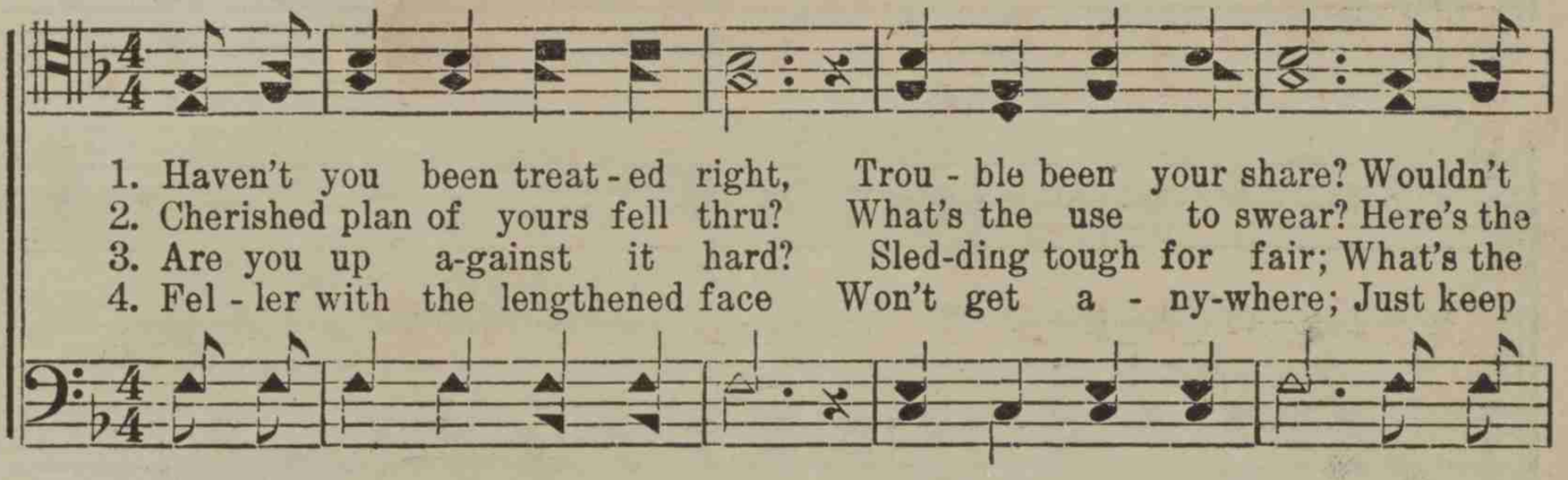
feel I am bet-ter than most; So if you'd be safe from tempta-tion and snares,
then he went out on a spree; He took in the town, for he did things up brown,
Os-car was kissing the cook," Then in rage she stormed, said she tho't he'd reformed,

And shun all the shab - by and bad, It will save you much trou-ble and
They asked what ex-cus - es he had; Said the lad, "Run a - long, for I
But naught could she do with the lad, But she fell in a faint when he

REFRAIN.

tri - als and cares To tread in the footsteps of dad."
know I'm not wrong, I'm treading the footsteps of dad." Just tread in the
said: "I'm no saint, I'm treading the footsteps of dad."

Treading In the Footsteps of Dad.

No. 48. Swear You Don't Care.

James Wells. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. 1918. **H. M. Eagle.**

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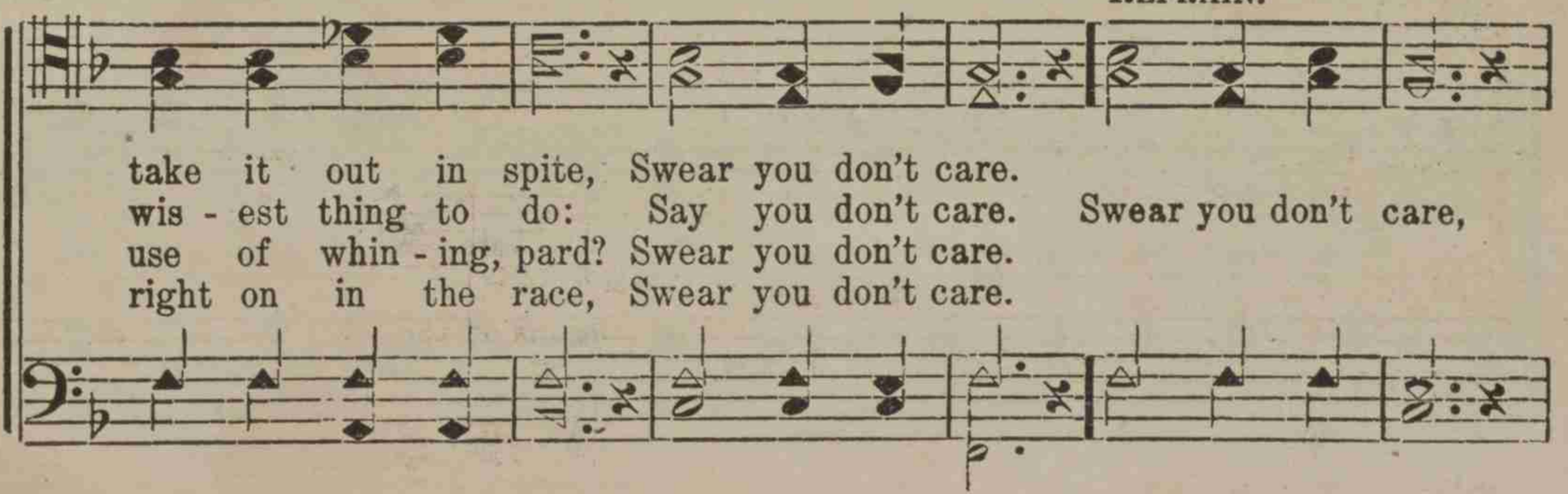
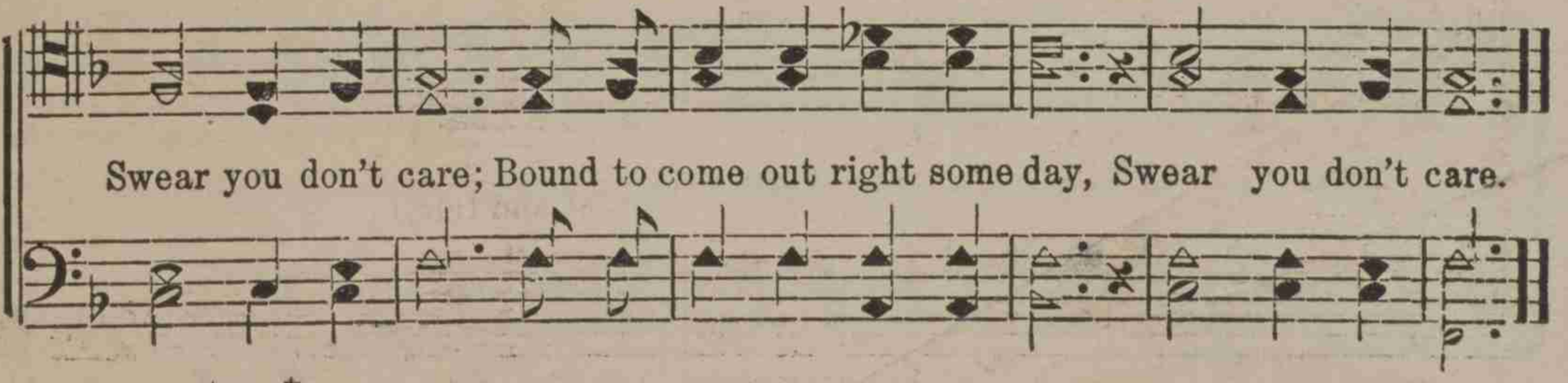



No. 49. We Speak of the Realms of the Blest.

Miss Elizabeth Mills. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. A. J. Showalter.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con-fessed, But what must it be to be there?
2. We speak of the path-way of gold, Its walls decked with je-wels so rare; Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
3. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-ta - tions and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

O beau-ti - ful realms of the blest, (of the blest,) Those man - sions so bright and so fair, (bright and fair,) With Je - sus, our Sav - ior, to rest, (sweetly rest,) Oh, what must it be to be there?

No. 50. We'll Never Grow Old.

Will M. Gray. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala, 1916. T. B. Mosley.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land With a won-der-ful strand, In the Bi-ble the
2. If our bur-dens of dross At the foot of the cross By our Sav-iour di-
3. In this cit-y most fair, Free from sor-row and care, Where the beauties of
4. Let us go to this land With the won-der-ful strand, And partake of its

sto-ry is told, There the ros-es e'er sway And the leaves ne'er de-cay,
vine have been rolled, We shall en-ter the gate Of this cit-y, where wait
God now un-fold, Brok-en ties He'll re-store, We shall part nev-er-more,
pleasures un-told; There, with heaven's pure throng, Let us sing the "new song"

REFRAIN.

And in-hab-i-tants nev-er grow old.
Ma-ny dear ones who nev-er grow old.
And shall nev-er, oh, nev-er grow old.
Thro' the a-ges and nev-er grow old.

In the midst of that land There's a

cit-y most grand, And the streets are all paved with pure gold; In the pal-a-ces

there, Al-ways sin-less and fair, We shall dwell and shall never grow old.

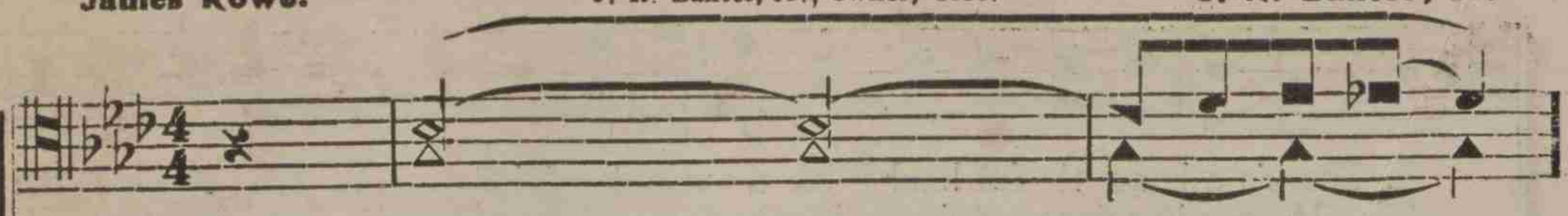
No. 51.

*Ain't It Awful?

James Rowe.

J. R. Baxter, Jr., owner, 1918.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.



*Singers should wear clothes much too large and look sad, etc.

Ain't It Awful?

seems un-law - ful; Tho' our hearts with sorrow melt, we must tighten

seems un - law - ful; Ain't it aw-ful?

up our belt; Oh, my brethren, oh, my sistern, ain't it aw - ful?

aw-ful, aw-ful?

No. 52. The Soldier's Farewell.

Kinkel.

Andante. *Cres.*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er more can I be - hold thee, Or to my heart en - fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long - ing; Think thou when tears are throng-ing,

Dim.

And then what-e'er be - falls thee, I go where du - ty calls me.
With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing.
That with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft when dy - ing:

p Cantabile. *Rit. pp*

Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

No. 53. In Memory of Mother.

T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1918.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. T. B. Mosley, 1906.

Introduction.

Baritone.

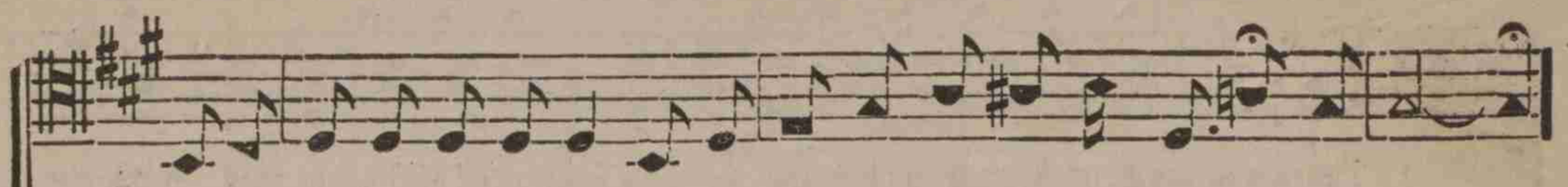
1. In the mansions o - ver yon-der Is a loved one dear to me, Pur - est
2. I re-mem-ber my dear mother As she taught my youthful heart, At the
3. She was ver - y kind and ten-der, She was ver - y pure and good, And to

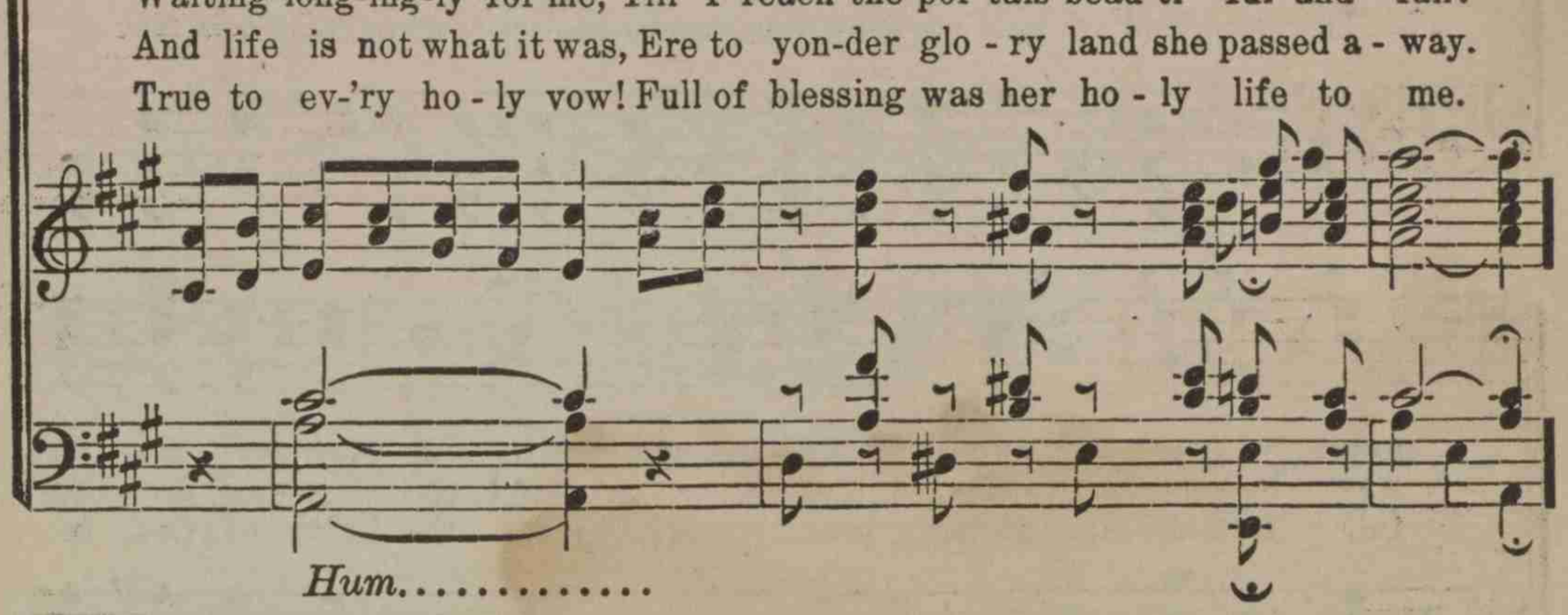
* *Hum.....* *Hum.....*

of the pure and ho - ly, dwelling there; 'Tis my gen-tle, sainted moth-er,
feet of my dear Lord to kneel and pray; O I miss her smiles so loving,
know her was to love her fer-vent-ly; O she was a faithful Christian,

Hum.....

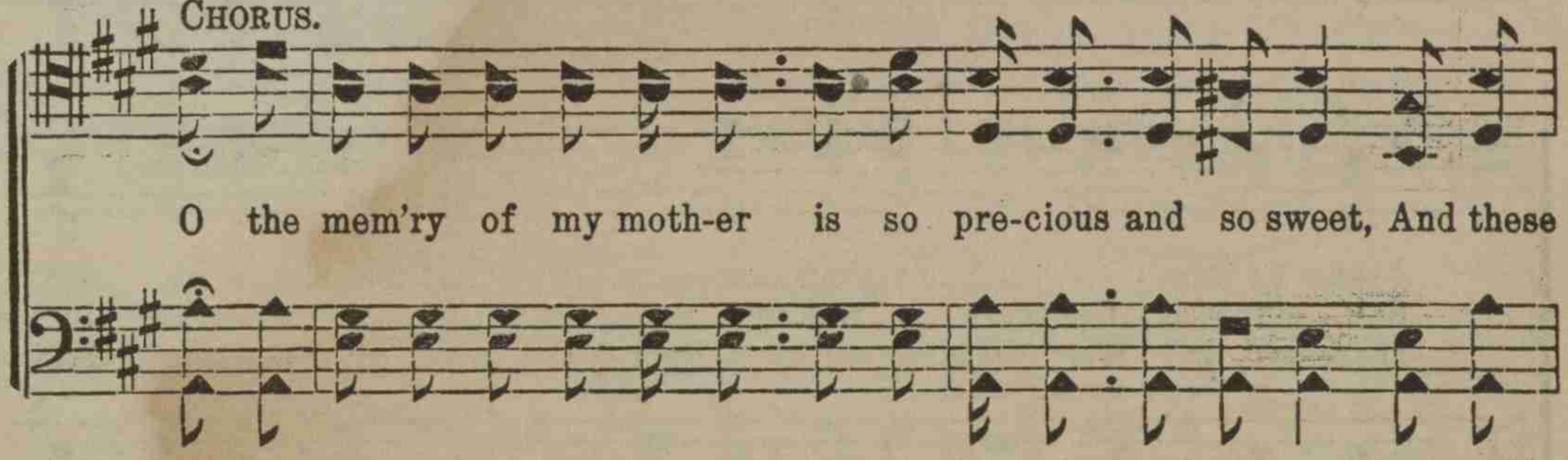
* Bass, Baritone and 1st Tenor may hum while 2d Tenor sings Solo.

In Memory of Mother.

Waiting long-ing-ly for me, Till I reach the por-tals beau-ti - ful and fair.
And life is not what it was, Ere to yon-der glo - ry land she passed a - way.
True to ev-'ry ho - ly vow! Full of blessing was her ho - ly life to me.

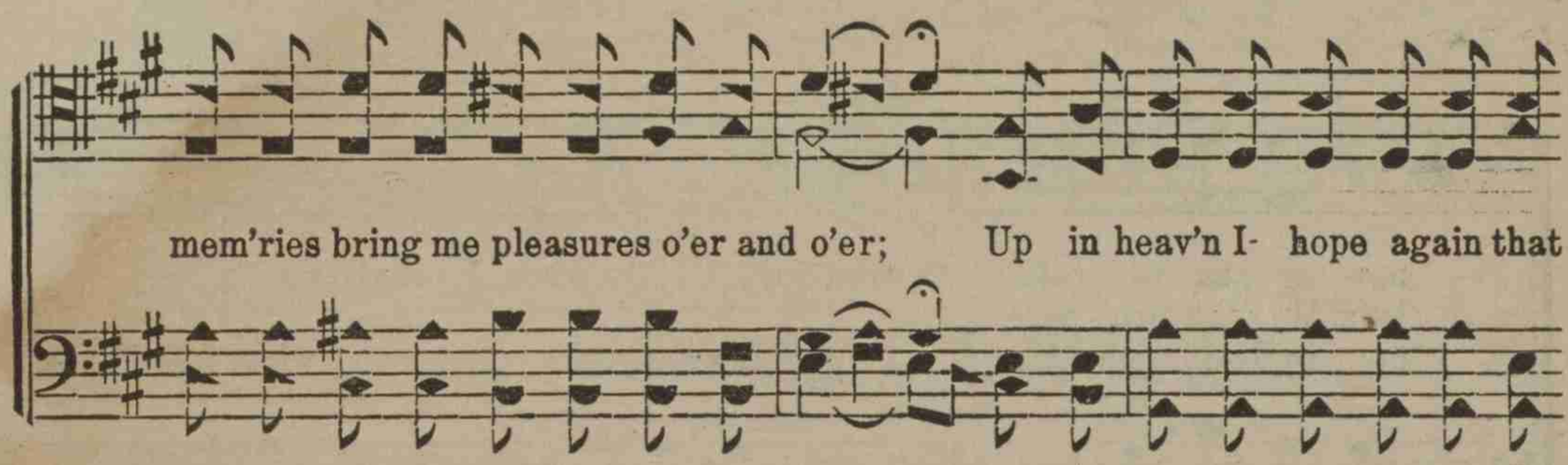


Hum.....

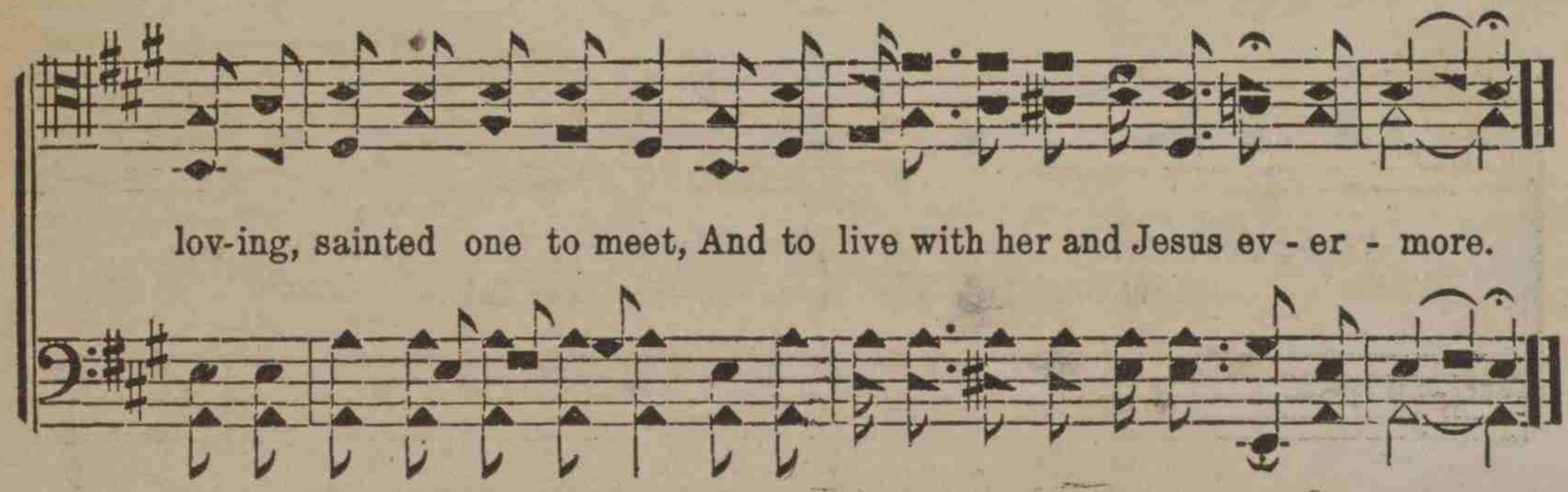
CHORUS.



O the mem'ry of my moth-er is so pre-cious and so sweet, And these



mem'ries bring me pleasures o'er and o'er; Up in heav'n I- hope again that



lov-ing, sainted one to meet, And to live with her and Jesus ev - er - more.

No. 54. Oh! What Joy.

Mabel J. Rosemon. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1918. **H. M. Eagle.**

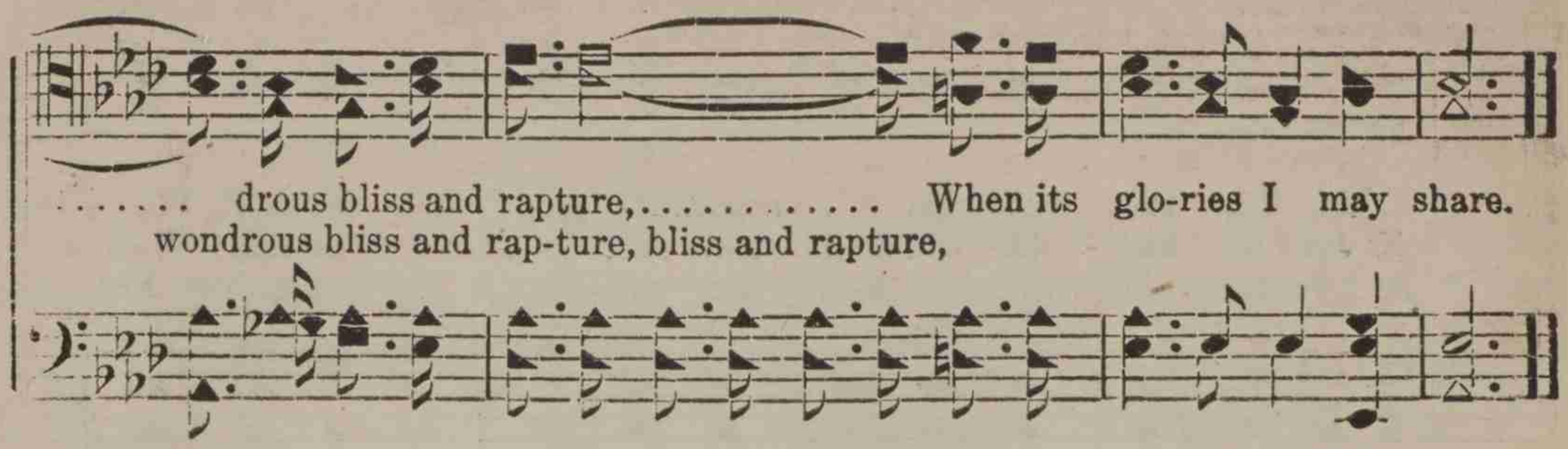
1. There's a land of wondrous beauty in the realms of light so fair, With its gates of pearl and shin-ing streets of gold; O its gran-deur and its beau - ty are so far be-yond com-pare, That its match-less glo - ries
2. Far a - way be-yond earth's trials is a land I long to see, Far a - way be-yond earth's tri - als and its care; And the bless - ed, lov - ing Sav - iour will be there to wel-come me, In the man-sions that in
3. 'Tis a land of gold-en sun-shine, where the shadows of the night Nev-er fall to make its glow-ing beau-ties dim, For the Lamb of God is there and in His presence all is light, O what joy when I shall

REFRAIN.

nev - er can be told. O what joy..... when I shall see,.....
love He doth pre - pare.
go to dwell with Him. O what joy when I shall see,

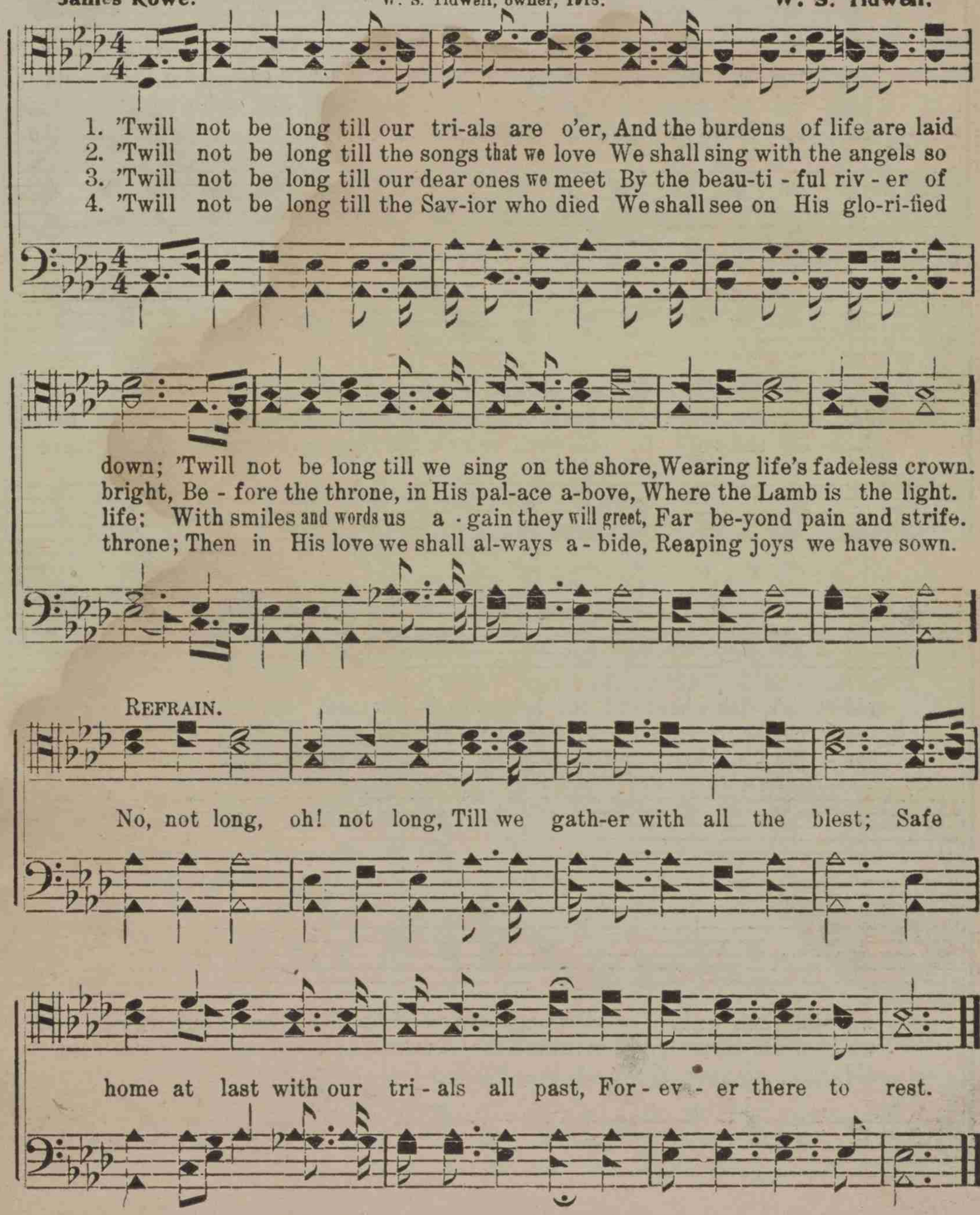
That blest land..... so bright and fair,..... O the won -
That blest land so bright and fair, so fair, O the

Oh! What Joy.



No. 55. 'Twill Not Be Long.

James Rowe. W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1918. W. S. Tidwell.



No. 56. The Old Water-Mill

James Wells. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1918. B. B. Beall.

1. At the foot of the hill stands the old wa - ter mill, Where the mil - ler so dust - y and gray, Thro' the long sum-mer morn ground the bright yel - low corn In my boy-hood's long since dis-tant day. O the
2. Just to sad - dle "Old Bill" and ride o - ver the hill With a bag - ful of grain slung be - fore And the gold - en grain spill in the old wa - ter mill As I did in the old days of yore, Just to
3. Now the old wheel is still and de - sert - ed the mill; The roof fal - len in and de - cayed. And the bri - er now grows in the place of the rose In the yard where the farm-er-boys played. But there

old wa - ter wheel and the bright yel - low meal And the farm - er lads wait-ing their turn, Who with laughter and shout all dull care put to rout— O
see sweet-heart Kate as she stood at the gate With a smile as she watched me draw nigh. Just to stop for a word as the breeze gently stirred The
lin - gers a charm and af - fec - tion grows warm As I think of the old days of yore, While an un - bid-den tear to my eye will steal near For a

The Old Water-Mill.

rit. REFRAIN.

how for the old days I yearn. O the old wa-ter-mill
grass in the meadows near by.
day that will nev-er come more. O the old wa-ter-mill, O the old wa-ter-mill,

As it ground out the grain, How I long
As it ground out the grain, the bright, golden grain, How I long there to be,

there to be, Just a bare-footed boy once a - gain.
hap - py, joy - ous and free, once a - gain.

rit.

No. 57. A Song of You.

S. J. A. S. J. Anthony, owner, 1918. S. J. Anthony.

1. Tho' dark-est clouds obscure the sky, No ray of light from heaven's blue, Yet
2. At morn-ing, noon, or in the night This song of you makes light for me; It
3. O song of one to me so dear, No har - mo - ny like thine can be! While
4. O won - der of this dream of life—The love that comes to mortals here! It

1 2

hap-py all day long am I, For in my heart I sing of you, For sing of you!
fills my soul with joy so bright, That shadows all away must flee, That way must flee!
mem'ry lin-gers I shall hear The strains of thy sweet mel-o-dy. The mel - o - dy!
sooths all sorrow, calms all strife,—O love of mine, to me how dear, O me how dear!

No. 58. Where Is My Wand'ring Boy Tonight?

R. L.

Rev. R. Lowery. Arr. T. B. Mosley.

1. Where is my wan'dring boy to-night— The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time;
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night, Go search for him where you will;

Hum. ..... *Hum.* .....

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring Him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

Hum. ..... *Hum.* *Hum.* *Hum.*

REFRAIN.

O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?

My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows, O where is my boy to-night?....
my boy to-night?

No. 59. My Childhood Home.

Words arr. C. H. Bottoms, owner, 1917. Used by per. **C. H. Bottoms.**

1. I'm dream-ing to-night of my dear old home, The home of my child -
2. I'm dream-ing to-night of my hap - py days I've past in my in -
3. I'm dream-ing to-night of the dear ones gone To realms where no sor -

hood so free, The rocks and the rills, The woods and the hills, Of that
no - cent glee, While sport-ing 'neath bow'rs, All fra-grant with flow'rs, O that
row is seen, Their bright wings I see, Now beck'ning to me, From that

REFRAI

spot are so sa-cred to me. I'm dream - ing, I'm dream - ing,
home was so hap-py and free.
land far be-yond the dark stream. I'm dreaming to-night, I'm dreaming tonight,

I'm dreaming of my child-hood so free, (so free,) I'm dream-ing to-night
dreaming of my child-hood so free,

Repeat Ref. pp

of my child - hood home, The spot that is sa - cred to me.

No. 60.

Broder Jonah.

A. B. C.

Copyright, 1902, by A. B. Condo. Used by per.

A. B. Condo.

Moderato.

1. Brod-er Jo - nah was called to du - ty, But he was a - fraid to go,
2. Den they blame him 'cause it was storm - y, And they would not with Him sail;
3. Brod-er Jo - nah was a tough prob - lem, For he made that whale feel sad,
4. Brod-er Jo - nah still found hard liv - in' For de hot sun on him poured,

rit.

And took ship to an - oth - er coun - try, But de winds be - gin to blow.
Den they waked him and throwed him o - ver,—He was swallowed by de whale.
In a ver - y few days of sail - in', Dat whale throwed up all he had.
And he had to take up his dwell - in' In de shad - ow of de gourd.

REFRAIN. *Not too fast.*

O de whale he swallowed broder Jo - nah, Brod-er Jo - nah, A

2d Bass speaking. (Swallowed who?) · When?

long time a - go, Down in de sea. O my Lord! Yes, de

(*Sobs.*)

(*Each one sobs*

(*Sobs.*)

Where?

(*2d Bass weeps*

whale he swallowed broth-er Jo - nah, Poor brod - er Jo - nah.

at each quarter rest)

during the four whole rests.)

No 61. Quit You Like Men, Be Strong.

Jennie Wilson. **Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917.** **B. B. Beall.**

1. There's a glo - ri - ous vic - t'ry for you to win In the war-fare that's waged with wrong; As you stand face to face with the hosts of sin, "O quit you like men, be strong."
2. 'Neath the ban - ner of right - eous - ness march a - way When you're called to the bat - tle-field; Trust your heav-en - ly Cap-tain thro' all the fray, And nev - er to weak-ness yield. As sol-diers of Je - sus with
3. In the ranks of the cho - sen and faith - ful stand, Till the con - flict shall all be done; If you will - ing-ly fol - low the Lord's com- mand Full tri-umph will soon be won.
3. Be ye strong when temp-ta - tions your soul as - sail, Be ye strong in the faith di - vine; O - ver - com-ing thro' Je - sus who can - not fail, His glo - ry will on you shine.

REFRAIN.

cour-age fight, Though the struggle be hard and long, (hard and long,) As val - iant defenders of truth and right, "O quit you like men, be strong." (be strong.)

No. 62. Ere the Summer of Life Fades Away.

James Wells. K. C Rob nson, cwaer, 1918. K. C. Robinson.

1. Long time have you wan-dered so care-less - ly on, Grow-ing fur - ther from
2. The years swift-ly come and the years swift-ly go, Rav - en locks fast are
3. The phan-toms of life you have chased all these years, But to find all the
4. The time has-tens on and 'twill soon be too late, For the man-dates of

Je - sus each day, O turn from your paths ere your last chance is gone, Ere the
turn-ing to gray, O come to the Sav-iour ere falls winter's snow, Ere the
world common clay, O come to the Lord who'll re-move all your fears, Ere the
death none may stay, Be read - y to pass through the beau-ti-ful gate, Ere the

REFRAIN.

sum-mer of life fades a - way. Ere the sum - mer fades a-
Ere the sum-mer of life fades a-

way,..... Ere the sum - mer fades a - way,..... Give
way, fades a - way, Ere the sum-mer of life fades a - way, fades a-way,

Je-sus your heart ere your time shall de-part, Ere the sum-mer of life fades a - way.

No. 63. Where Longing Hearts Shall Meet Again.

T. B. Moseley, owner. Albertville, Ala. 1918.

Mrs J. M. Hunter. T. B. Mosley.

1. Far, far a - way be-yond these changing skies, Where storms of sor - row
2. Here we must bear of grief a heav - y load, Wear - y the feet and
3. "Our loved and lost" are safe on that bright shore, Sweetly they'll greet us,
4. True to my Lord I am re-solved to be, Gent-ler to loved ones

nev - er, nev - er rise, Faith sees a land untouched by sin and pain.
thorn - y oft' the road, But mur - mur not, sometime 'twill all be plain,
smil - ing as of yore, Trust all to God and cease from anx-ious strain,
He has spared to me, Soon, soon at best, life's lit - tle day shall wane,

REFRAIN.

Where long-ing hearts their own shall meet a - gain.
And long-ing hearts, thro' Christ, shall meet a - gain. Beau - ti - ful land,
For well we know, thro' Christ we'll meet a - gain.
Then with my own, thro' grace, I'll meet a - gain.

sweet promised land! Bright, happy land, untouched by sin and pain, Beau-ti - ful

Softly.

land, sweet promised land! There we'll meet a - gain, yes, we'll meet a - gain.

No, 64. Can All You Can While You Can.

James Wells. (To the Canning Clubs of the Country.) A. J. Showalter.

1. You may save a world from woe, Scat - ter sunshine as you go, If you
2. Fill the cans with lus-cious fruit, Un - cle Sam - my you will suit, If you
3. Ev - 'ry ap - ple, peach and pear You may make to do its share, If you
4. Then what-ev - er may be - tide There'll be plen - ty at your side, If you

can while you can; Woe-ful want you may not know, If your
And you need - n't give a hoot For food
Sur-plus beans and corn so rare, Too, will
If you can while you can; All your wants may be supplied And pros -

pru-dence you will show—If you can all you can while you can.
pi - rates and their loot,
help the bur-den bear,
per - i - ty you'll ride— while you can.

REFRAIN.

If you can all you can, If you can all you can, Up - on hun - ger you

thus put a ban: You will help to win the war If you
while you can:

Can All You Can While You Can.

keep the wolf a - far, So can all you can while you can. (while you can.)

No. 65. When Your Note Falls Due.

Atlanta Constitution. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga. **B. B. Beall.**

1. You may say that life is trouble When the clouds are in the blue, But a
2. Sorrow's noth-ing but a bub-ble That will van-ish from the view; But it's
3. And the corn—it goes to stubble, And the rose—it with-ers too; And it's
4. Go it sin - gle file, or doub-le, There'll be work enough for you, In a

fel-low finds it doub-le, When his note falls due, When his note (when his note)
trouble, trouble, trouble, When your note falls due, When your note (when your note)
trouble, trouble, trouble, When your note falls due, When your note (when your note)
liv - ing world of trouble, When your note falls due, When your note (when your note)

falls due, (falls due,) When his note (when his note) falls due, (falls due,) But a
But it's
But it's

2, 3, 4. falls due, (falls due,) When your note (when your note) falls due, (falls due,) In a

fel - low finds it doub-le When his note falls due, When his note falls due.
trouble, trouble, trouble, When your note falls due, When your note falls due.
trouble, trouble, trouble, When your note falls due, When your note falls due.
liv - ing world of trouble, When your note falls due, When your note falls due.

No. 66. America, We Love Thee.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. Mosley, owner, Al[illegible]e tville, Ala., 1917. T. B. Mosley.

1. Babb-ling brooks and spark-ling foun-tains, Ver-dant trees and mountains grand,
2. Lib - er - ty and light and glad - ness, Yea, we dwell in sweet con-tent,
3. Broad thy riv - ers, rich thy val - leys, Peace and plent-y here a - bound,

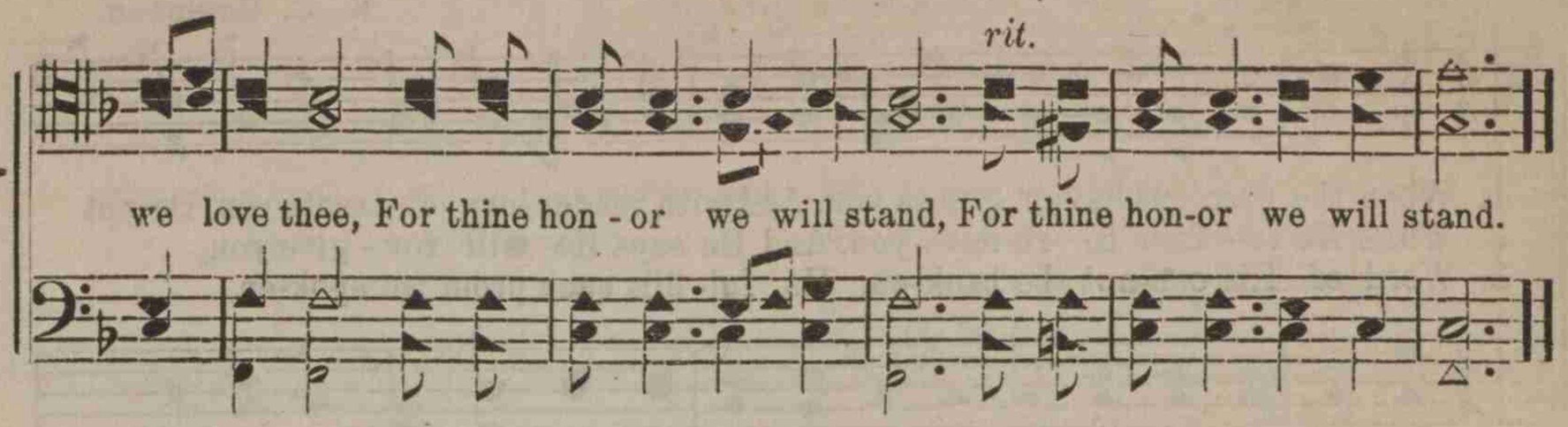
Was there e'er a coun-try fair - er than our own? O, A - mer - i -
For the des - pot in thy bor - ders is un-known; Youth is strengthened,
All we need up - on thy bos - om fair is grown, Fel - low - ship, for

ca we love thee, For thine hon-or we will stand, In our hearts our na-tive
age is hon-ored, Here may all our days be spent, In our hearts our na-tive
all are brothers, Where can sweeter joys be found? In our hearts our na-tive

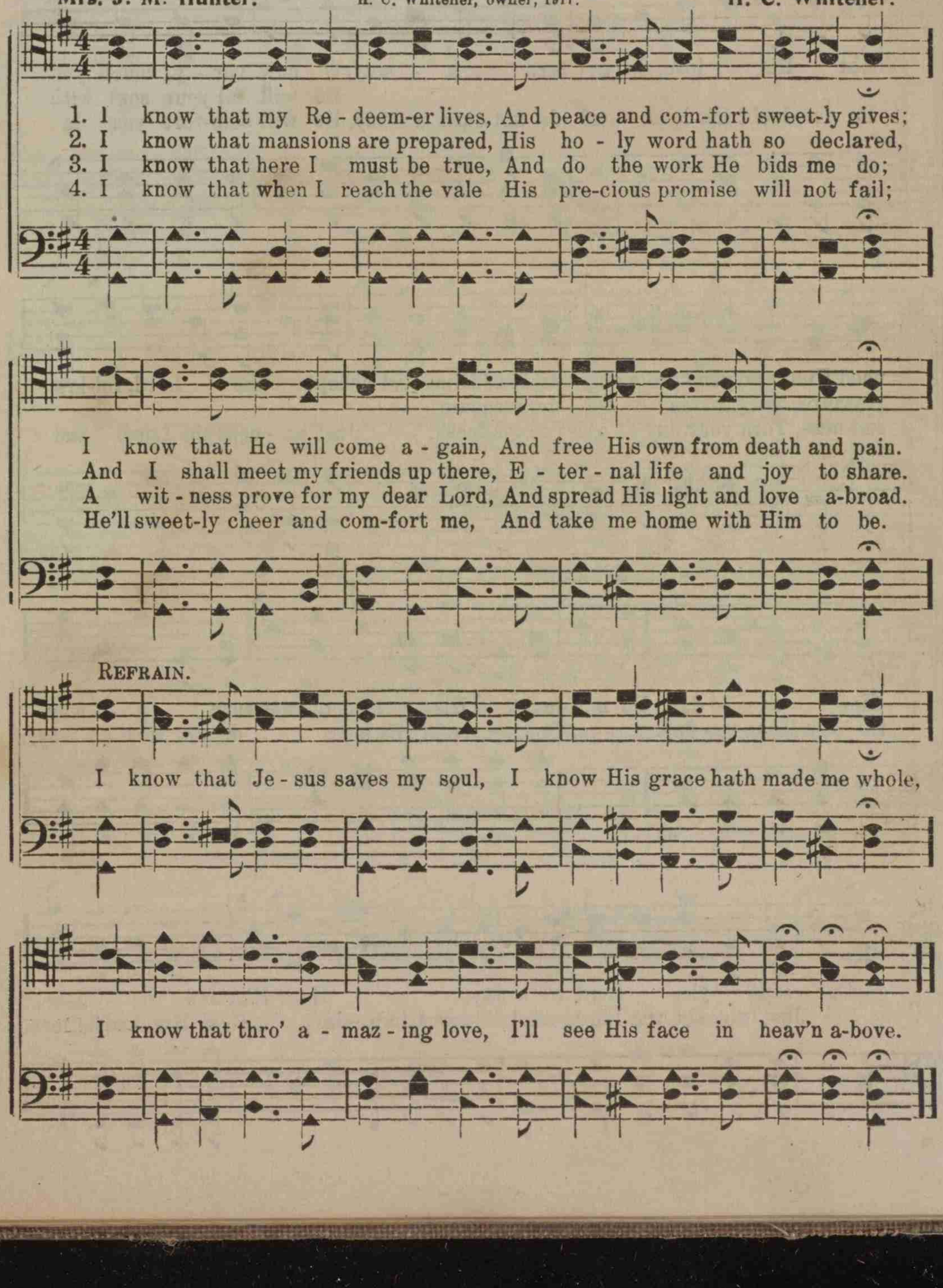
REFRAIN.

coun-try we en-throne. O, A - mer - i - ca, we love thee, Fair-est

of the fair art thou, Jew-els crown thy no - ble brow, O, A - mer - i - ca

America, We Love Thee.

No. 67. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. H. C. Whitener, owner, 1917. H. C. Whitener.



No. 68. Do Not Doubt His Love.

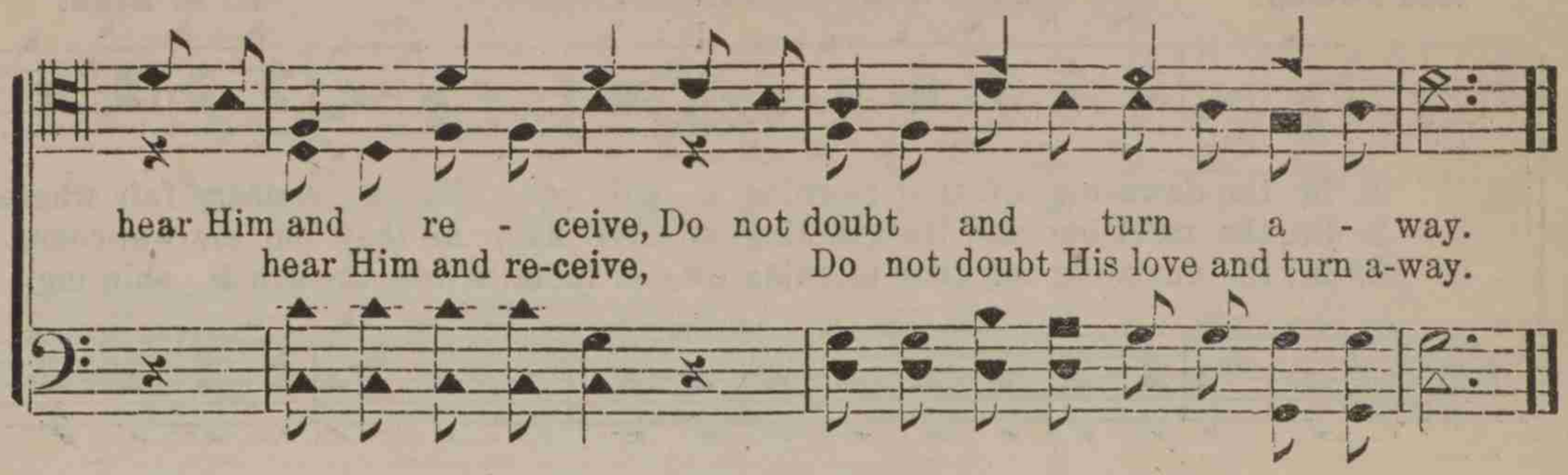
W. C. Martin. K. C. Robinson, owner, 1918 K. C. Robinson.

1. When the precious Savior greets you, And with tender love en-treats you, Do not doubt His love, do not turn a - way, O how ver - y much you need Him, And you surely ought to heed Him, Just accept the Lord, fol-low Him to - day. Do not doubt His love, do not turn a - way,
2. While He of - fers to re-lieve you, And He says He will for - give you, He will fill your soul with pleasure, and provide e - ter - nal treasure, Do not doubt His love and do not turn a - way, He will com-fort you in sad-ness, Turn your day of grief to gladness, Just ac - cept the Lord, and fol - low Him to - day. Do not doubt His love, do not turn a - way,
3. Word of His can-not be brok-en, He ful- fills each prom-ise spok-en, Just ac-cept the Lord, and fol-low Him to-day, Hear Him and be - lieve, Just ac-cept the Lord, and fol-low Him to-day, Hear Him and believe,

REFRAIN.

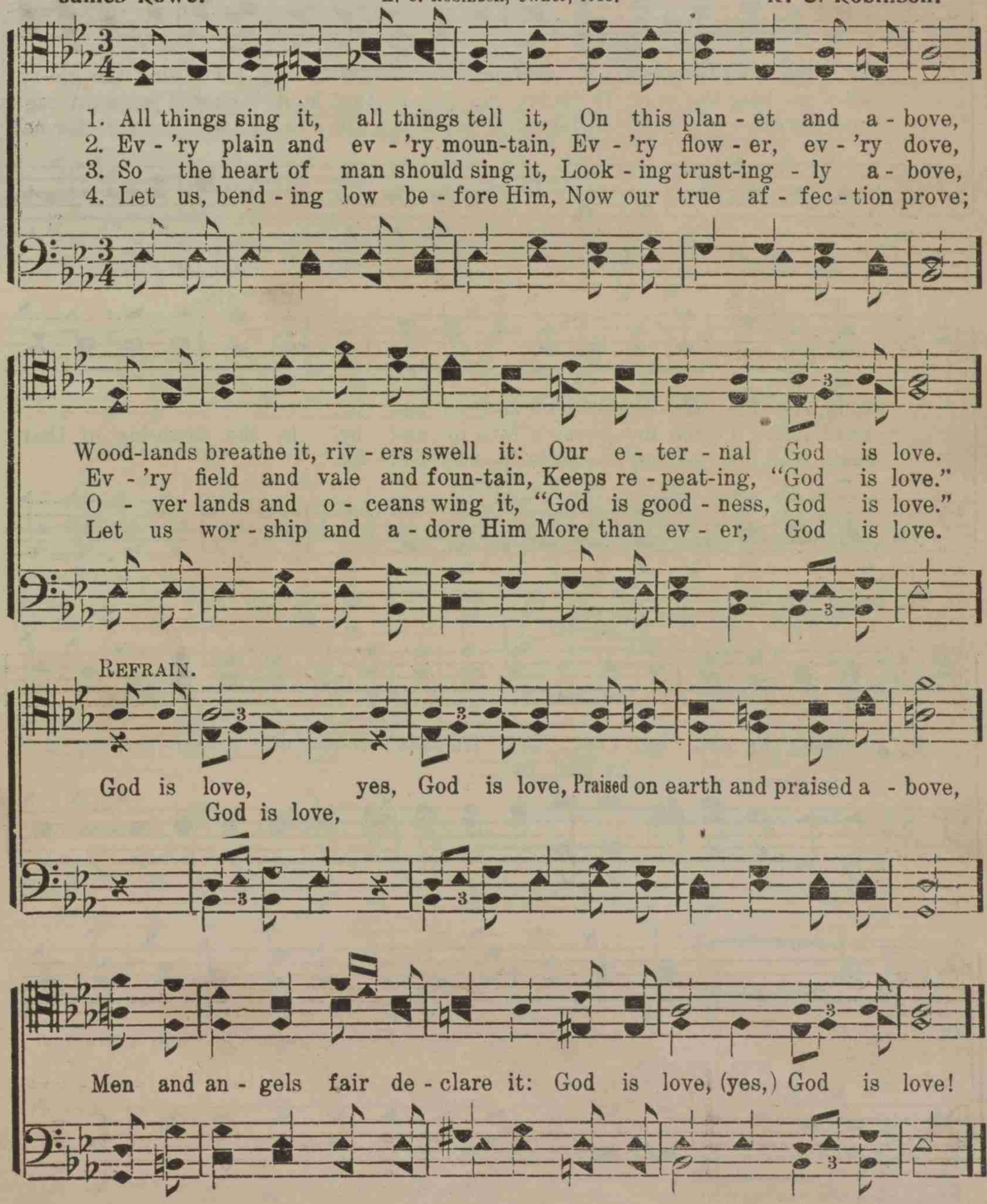
Just ac - cept the Lord to - day, Hear Him and be - lieve,
Just ac-cept the Lord, and fol-low Him to-day, Hear Him and believe,

Do Not Doubt His Love.



No. 69. God Is Love.

James Rowe. K. C. Robinson, owner, 1918. K. C. Robinson.



No. 70. I Wil See Him By and By.

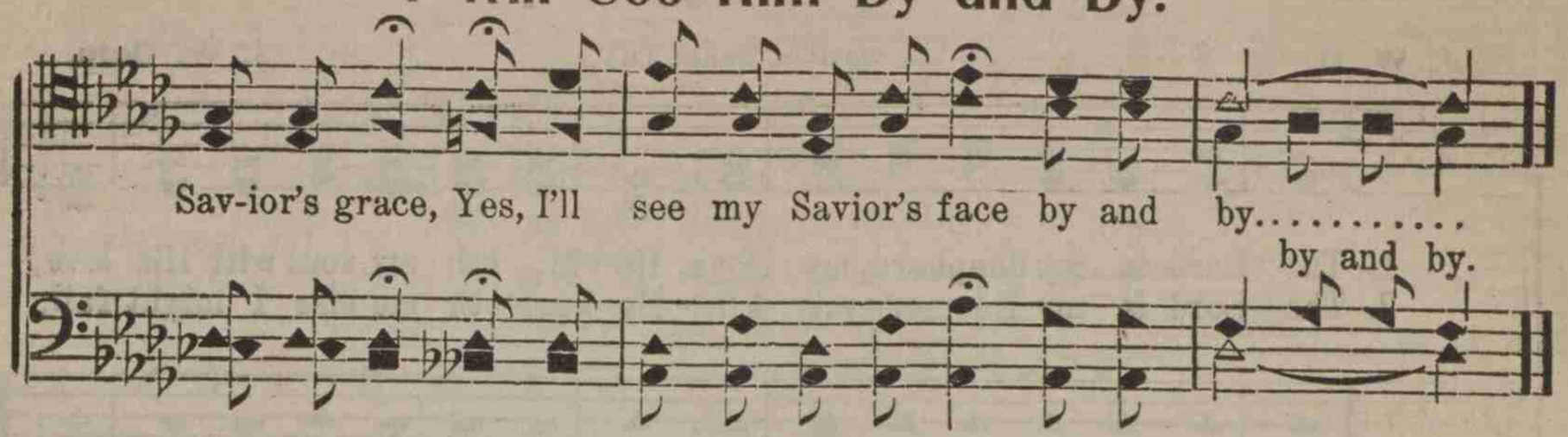
Ada Powell. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917. **B. B. Beall.**

1. In the dawn-ing of that morning I will go To a country fair where liv - ing wa - ters flow, I will join the an-gel throng, I will sing the glo-ry
2. Oh, the meet-ing and the greeting on that day, As they bid me wel-come all a - long the way, There are ma - ny in that land, Who will press my eager
3. In the dawn-ing of that morning ov - er there, Where the sun is shin-ing and the skies are fair, Sor-rows of my heart will cease, I will know e - ter-nal

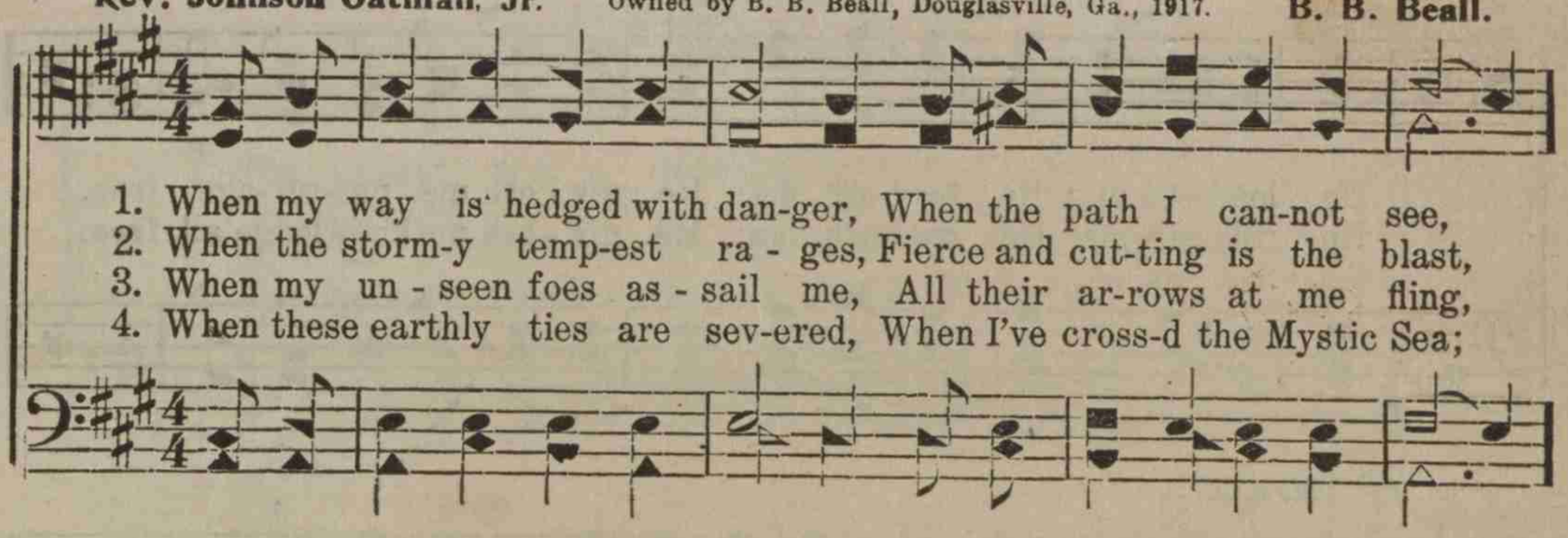
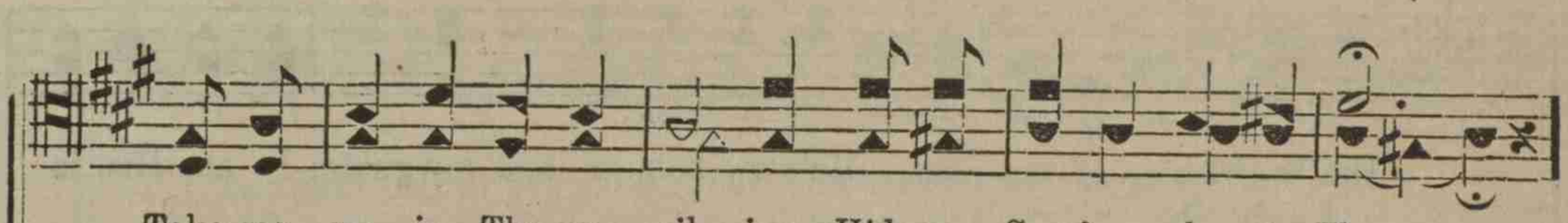
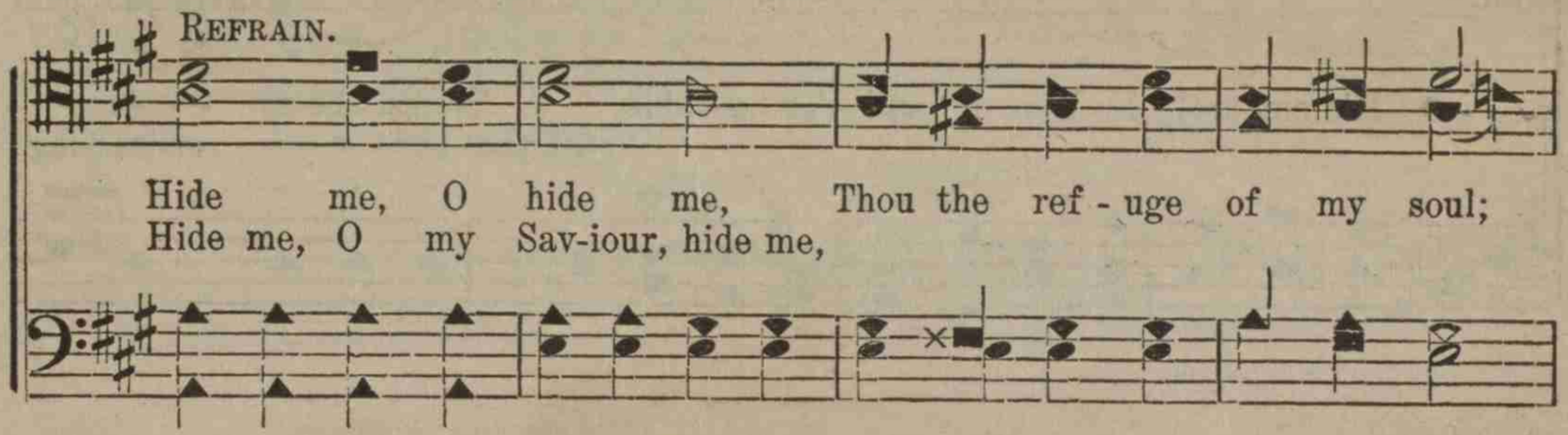
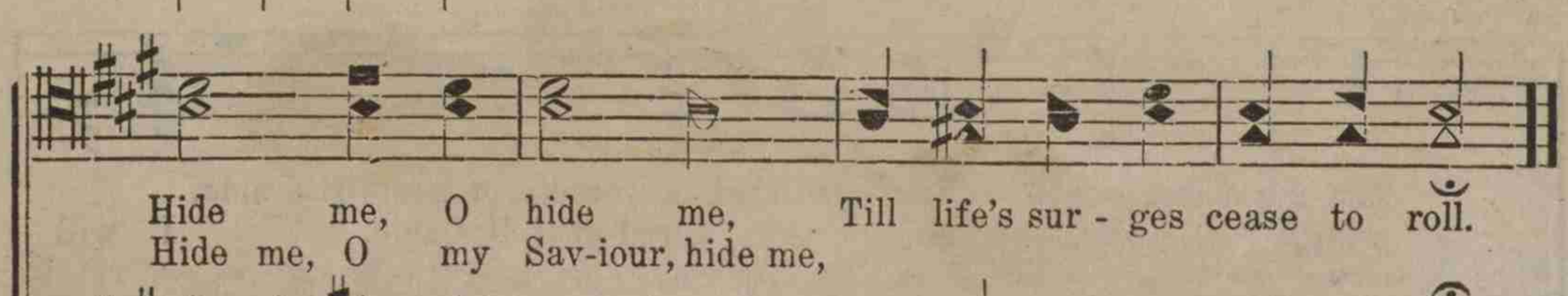
song, And I'll see my Savior's face by and by.
hand, And I'll see my Savior's face by and by. In the dawn-ing of that
peace, And I'll see my Savior's face by and by.

REFRAIN.

morning by and by,..... On that mor-row not a sor-row, not a sigh,..... I will see my Sav-ior's face, I will know my
by and by,
a wea - ry sigh,

I Will See Him By and By.

No. 71. Hide Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917. **B. B. Beall.**



No. 72. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

J. W. G. J. W. Guin, owner, 1918. J. W. Guin,

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, my Dove; He fill - eth my soul with His love;
2. The Lord is my Keep-er, my All; He keep-eth me else I might fall;

He lead-eth me; He feed-eth me; He giv - eth me pas-tur-age free.
He fold-eth me; He hold-eth me; He giv - eth me knowledge all free.

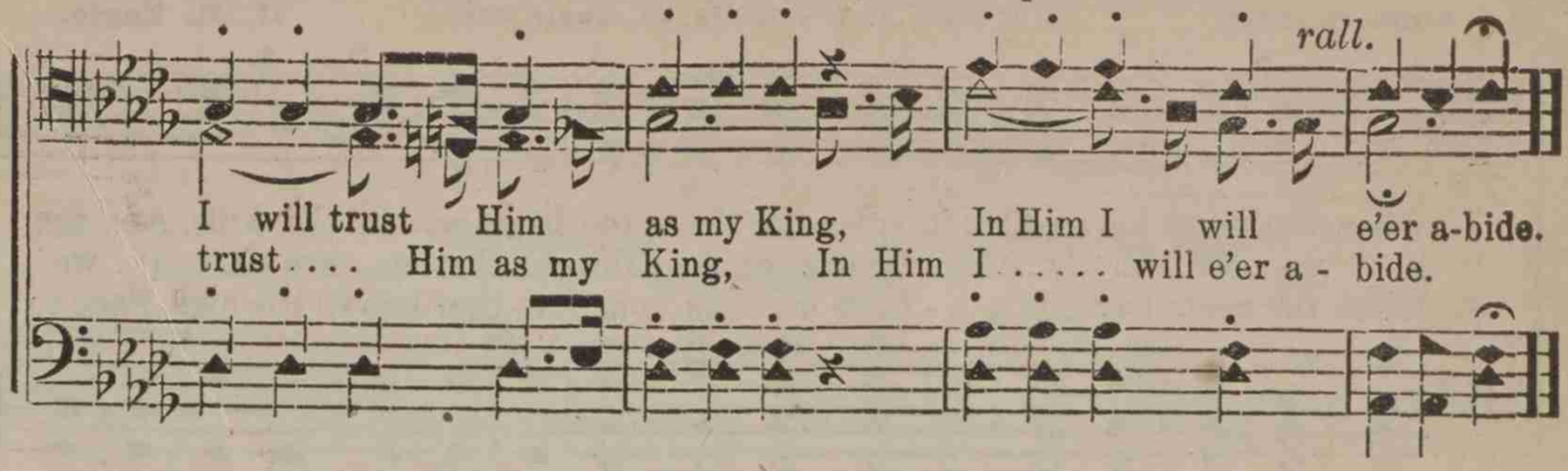
ff REFRAIN. *p*

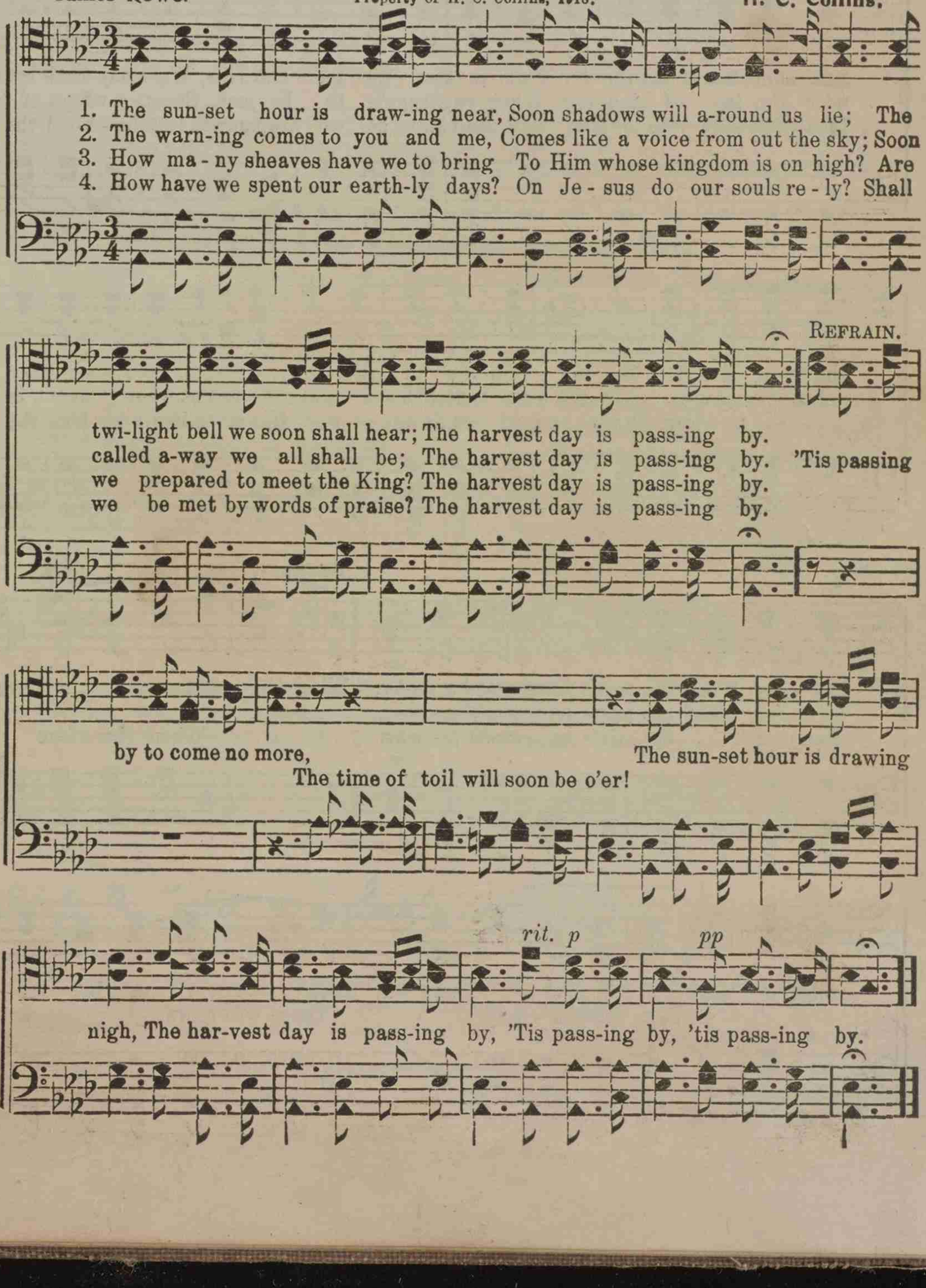
He is Bish-op of my soul; He's my help-er and my guide; I am His, in

rit. f

His con-trol; In Him I will e'er a - bide, 'Neath the ev - er -
'Neath the ev - - er-last-ing

last-ing wing, Ev - er shel - tered near His side,
wing, Ev - er shel - tered near His side, I will

The Lord Is My Shepherd.

No. 73. Passing By.

James Rowe. Property of H. C. Collins, 1918. H. C. Collins.

No. 74. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

Anna Herbert. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1918. **H. M. Eagle.**

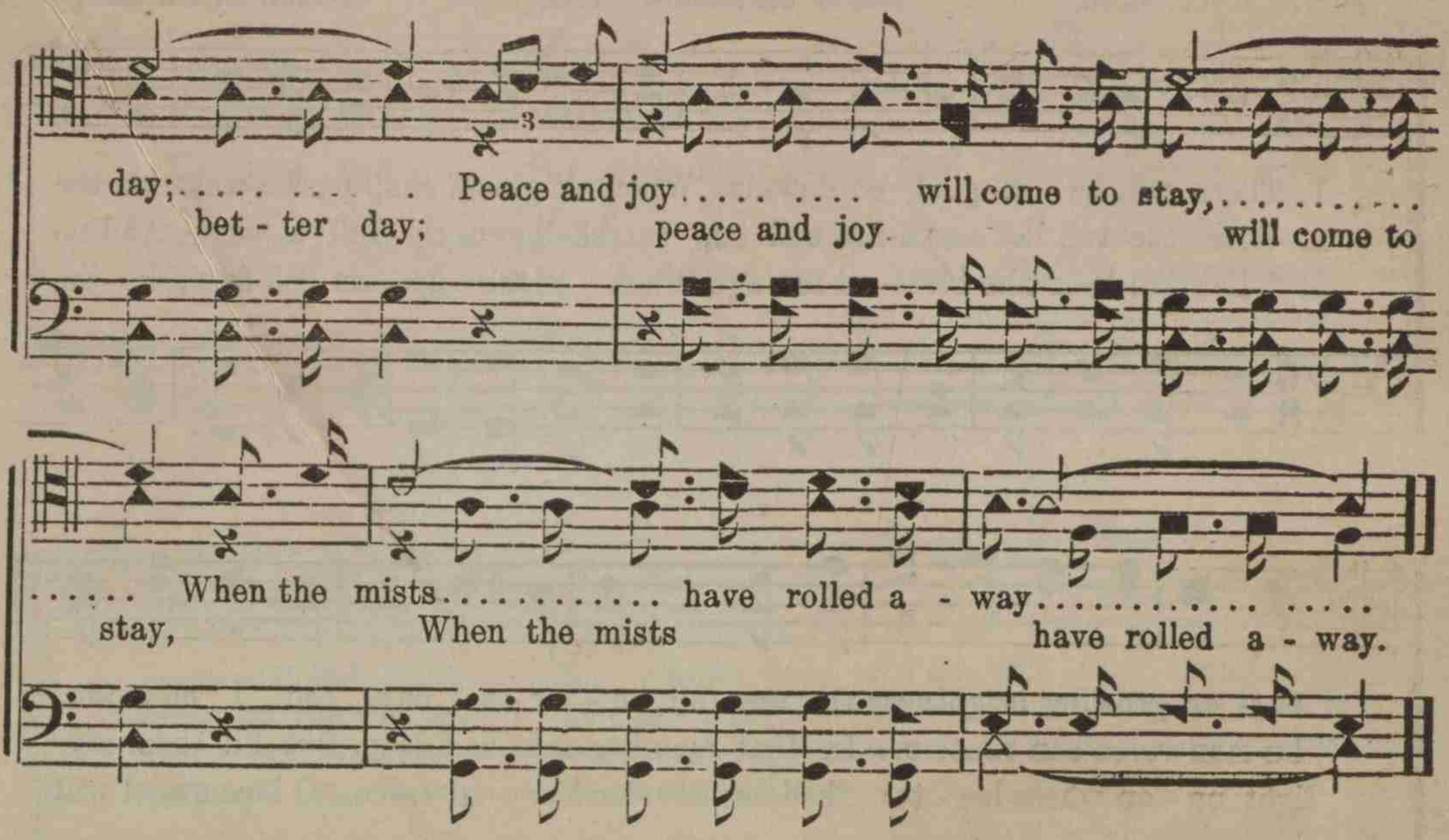
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the sun - shine warm and ten-der Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's
2. If we err in hu - man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just, Snow - y wings of
2. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows His own, Face to face with those who lov'd us, We shall know as we are known. Lo! be - yond the shin - ing let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray, We shall know each other
peace may cov - er All the pain that hides a - way, When the wea-ry watch is
or - ient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day, Heart to heart we hide the

REFRAIN.

bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way. When the mists ..... have
o - ver, When the mists have cleared a - way.
shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a - way. When the mists

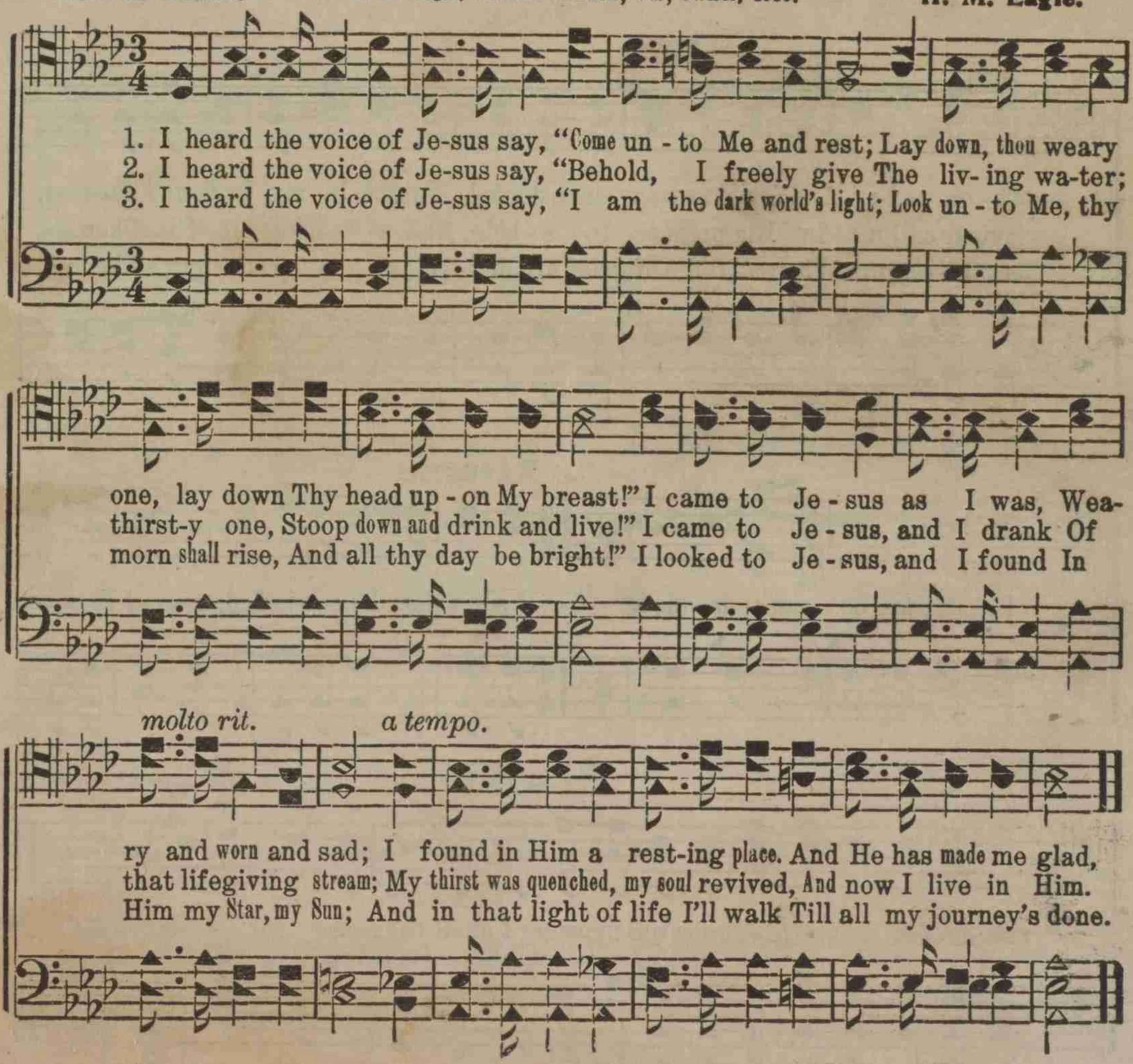
rolled a - way ..... There will dawn ..... a bet - ter
have rolled a - way There will dawn

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.



No. 75. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Dr. H. Bonar. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1918. **H. M. Eagle.**



No. 76. I Shall Then Be Satisfied.

JENNIE WILSON. John O. Beall, owner. 1912. JOHN O. BEALL.

1. There will be a gold - en dawning, When all gloom shall pass a-way, In the
2. With the toil of earth-life end- ed, I shall gen- tly fall a - sleep, And no
3. I shall bear His bless- ed im - age When I look up - on His face, In the

ev - er growing brightness Of the fair, e - ter - nal day. Tho' I now am
hu-man voice can reach me In that slumber calm and deep. But I'll hear my
light up - on whose lus - ter Shadows nev - er leave a trace. O how sweet will

oft - en wea-ry, And fond hopes may seem denied, Waking in my Saviour's likeness,
Saviour call me In His presence to a - bide, And a - wak-ing in His likeness,
be the rapture When all tears of grief are dried, Waking in my Saviour's likeness,

REFRAIN.

I shall then be sat - is - fied. I shall then be sat-is-fied, I shall then be

sat - is- fied, In the glad celestial morning I shall then be sat - is - fied.

No. 77. Take It to Jesus in Prayer.

James Wells. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala. 1918. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. Do sore trib - u - la - tions per - plex you? Is your life filled with sor - row and care?
2. Tho' oft - en of life you are wea - ry, You need nev - er give way to de - spair.
3. The Sav - iour is a - ble and will - ing All your tri - als and sor-rows to share;
4. Then do not give way to your sor - row, Tho' it seems most too heav-y to bear;

No lon-ger your tri - als will vex you, If you
You al - ways will find life more cheer - y, When you
With comfort your heart will be fill - ing, When you
The world will seem brighter to - mor - row, If you

REFRAIN.

take it to Je - sus in prayer.... Then take it to Je - sus in prayer.

prayer, sweet prayer, Tell all your sorrows, your troubles, your care; There at His feet

rit..... *ad lib.....*

is a so - lace so sweet, Then take it to Je - sus in prayer.....
to Je - sus in prayer.

No. 78. Swing Low.

Arr. T. B. Mosley.

1st Tenor.

Swing low, sweet Char-i - ot, Coming for to car-ry me home, Swing low, sweet

Hum..... Coming for to car-ry me home;.....

⊕ FINE.

1. I looked over Jordan, what did I see,
Char-i - ot, Coming for to carry me home. 2. If you get there be-fore I do,
3. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,

..... Coming for to carry me home. *Hum*..... .....

A band of an-gels coming af-ter me,
Coming for to car-ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too,
But still my soul is heaven - ward bound,

Coming for to car-ry me home; *Hum*.....

D. S. CODA. *rit.*

Com-ing for to car-ry me home. Coming for to car-ry me home.....

Com-ing for to car-ry me home. Com-ing for to carry me home.....

⊕ *Sing Coda after last time only.*

No. 79. It's Pretty Sad.

James Rowe. H. G. Carter, owner, 1918. H. G. Carter.

1. My life is full of trou - ble and I long to die; It's
2. You see I wed a wid - ow who was tall and fat; It's
3. She eats the best of but - ter and she gives me lard; It's
4. I'd leave her in a min - ute, but the sand I lack; It's

sad, so sad! But earth just seems to hold me, and I can't tell why;
sad, so sad! She makes me wash the dish - es and such things as that;
sad, so sad! Sometimes I show my spir - it, but she hits so hard;
sad, so sad! Be-cause she'd lick me aw - ful if I did come back;

REFRAIN.

It's sad, so sad! We sym - pa - thize sin - cere - ly with you,

yes, we do; Our bit - ter tears are fall-ing for you, boo - hoo, And

I have al-ways loved her so sin - cere - ly, too; It's sad, aw - ful sad.

No. 80. My Dear Old Home.

Copyright, 1902, by A. B Condo. Used by per.

Arr. by A. B. C. A. B. Condo.

1. Near the cool, shady bank, Of the wil - low-bound brook, Stands the dear old home, With its quaint old look; O how oft, when a child, I have sported in
2. What a charm to my eye Was the wa - ter so clear, As it flowed a - long, Like a song of cheer; Faces dear to my heart, Tho' long parted we've
3. Fa - ther's voice is not heard In his- fam - i - ly pray'r; Mother's voice now still; There's the vacant chair; Children scattered a-far, And I jour-ney a -

REFRAIN.

play, In the dear old home, Thro' the live-long day.
been, Rise in mem'ry now, And I love the scene. O the dear old home, With its
lone, But I love to think Of that dear old home.

quaint old look, As it stood by the bank of the willow-bound brook, Cherished in my

rit. ad lib.

heart, Tho' a - far I roam, Are the scenes of youth, And my dear old home. (dear old home.)

No. 81. I Gouldn't Lose That Dog.

James Wells. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917. B. B. Beall.

1. I went down town the oth - er day And took my worth-less hound, I thought per-haps the dog might stray And thus get in the pound. I dodged to left, I dodged to right, The air was full of fog; But tho' I tried with all my might, I
2. I went un - to the riv - er side, That pup I tried to drown; A lot of rocks to him I tied To try to keep him down, I threw him in and down he sank; I thought I had him drowned, The dog came scrambling up the bank—I
3. I went in - to a butcher shop And then slipped out the door, I said, "Old dog, right here you stop, I'll nev-er see you more." That day a saus-age I would eat, Ere homeward I should roam, It barked and dropped down at my feet And

REFRAIN.

could not lose that dog.
could not lose that hound. I could not lose that dog-gone dog, He'd come right fol-lowed me right home.

back somehow; And at my feet my presence greet, With a lit - tle "Bow-wow-wow."

No. 82. Come and Abide With Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Jno. O. Beall, Coffee Springs, Ala., 1918. Jno. O. Beall.

1. Dear Sav-iour, come a - bide with me, My spir - it longs for on - ly Thee, Thy
2. Thy presence will new pow-er bring; And in the dark-ness I shall sing; And
3. Thy love is sweet, Thy love is pure, Thy prom-is - es are ver - y sure; Thy

REFRAIN.

smile brings gladness to my heart, And shadows at Thy word de - part.
I shall conquer ev -'ry fear, If Thou wilt on - ly lin-ger near. Come, Je - sus,
smile will warm this heart of mine, And kindle there a love like Thine.

Come, Je - sus, come, a-bide with me, My pre-cious
come,..... a - bide with me,..... My precious friend.....

Friend of Cal - va - ry,
..... of Cal-va-ry,..... Like heav'n a-bove.... this earth will

this earth will be, When Thou shalt sweetly dwell, shalt dwell with me.
be,..... When Thou shalt sweet - ly dwell with me.....

No. 88. Over In the Sunny Clime.

R. A. Lester. J. W. Askew and R. A. Lester, owners, 1916. J. W. Askew.

1. There is a home of pure de - light, O - ver in the sun - ny
2. There we shall see those gone be - fore, O - ver in the sun - ny
3. No storm-clouds there will ev - er rise, O - ver in the sun - ny
4. But best of all we'll Je - sus see, O - ver in the sun - ny

clime;.... And there is nev - er sin nor night, O - ver in the
clime;.... And be with them for ev - er - more, O - ver in the
clime;.... The Sav-iour's face will light the skies, O - ver in the
clime;.... And dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly, O - ver in the
bright clime;

REFRAIN.

sun - ny clime..... O - ver in the sun - ny clime,....
bright clime. bright clime,

O - ver in the sun - ny clime;..... There the Sav-iour ev - er
bright clime;

reigns, For He is the King of kings, O - ver in the sun - ny clime.....
bright clime.

No. 84. Each Cooing Dove.

Dr. R. Morris. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Each coo - ing dove..... and sigh - ing bough.....
2. Each flow - 'ry glen..... and mos - sy dell.....
3. And when I read ..... the thrill - ing lore .....

That makes the eve..... so blest to me, (so blest to me,)
Where hap - py birds..... in song a - gree, (in song a - gree,)
Of Him who walked..... up - on the sea, (up - on the sea,)

:S:

Has some-thing far..... de - vin - er now,.....
Thro' sun - ny morn..... the prais - es tell.....
I long, O how..... I long once more,.....

D. S.—O Gal - i - lee, (O Gal - i - lee,) sweet Gal - i - lee, (sweet Gal-i - lee,)

FINE.

It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee. (to Gal - i - lee.)
Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee. (in Gal - i - lee.)
To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee. (in Gal - i - lee.)

Come sing thy song..... a - gain to me.....
Come sing thy song a - gain to me. (a - gain to me.)

REFRAIN,

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,
O Gal - i - lee,..... sweet Gal - i - lee,.....

Each Gooing Dove.

D. S.

Where Je - sus loved so much to be, (so much to be,)
Where Je - sus loved ..... so much to be, ...

No. 85. Beautiful Spring-Time.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., ownor. H. M. Eagle.

1. Beau - ti - ful spring-time is with us a - gain, Smiling each girl and each lad;
2. Leaves are ap-pear-ing a - gain on the trees, Clear is the laugh of the rill;
3. Beau - ti - ful spring-time, our hearts you enthrall, Causing our joy-bells to ring;

Song-birds are sing-ing in woodland and glen, Making the valleys so glad.
Ten - der and sweet is the voice of the breeze, Wandering o - ver the hill.
Beau - ti - ful spring-time so dear to us all, "Welcome, thrice welcome, we sing."

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful spring-time so bright and so gay, Causing the flowers to peep by the

way; O we are hap-py to sing and to say, Spring-time is with us again.

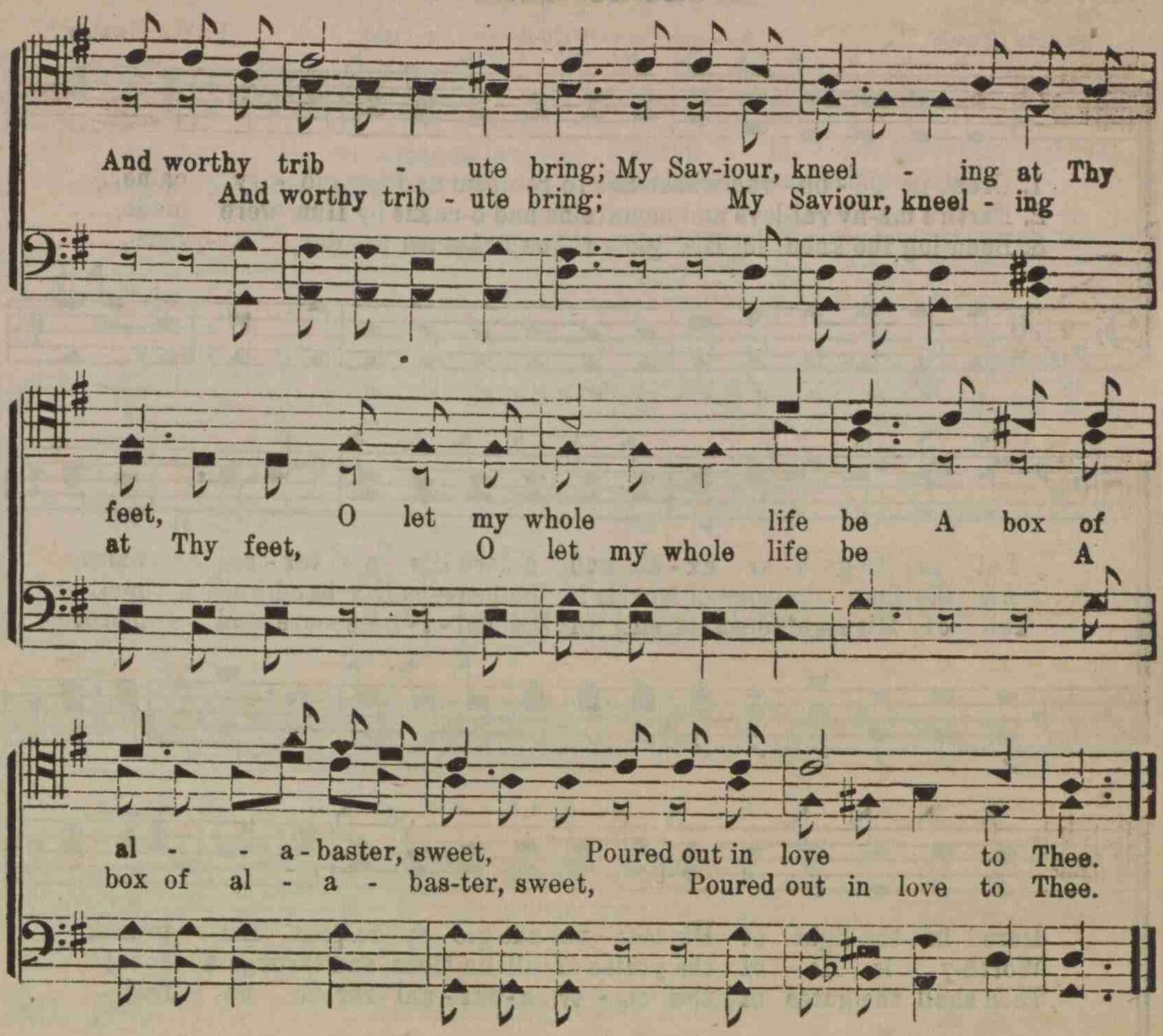
No. 86. Gratitude.

Mrs. Noble Beall Ward. T. N. Beall, owner. T. N. Beall.

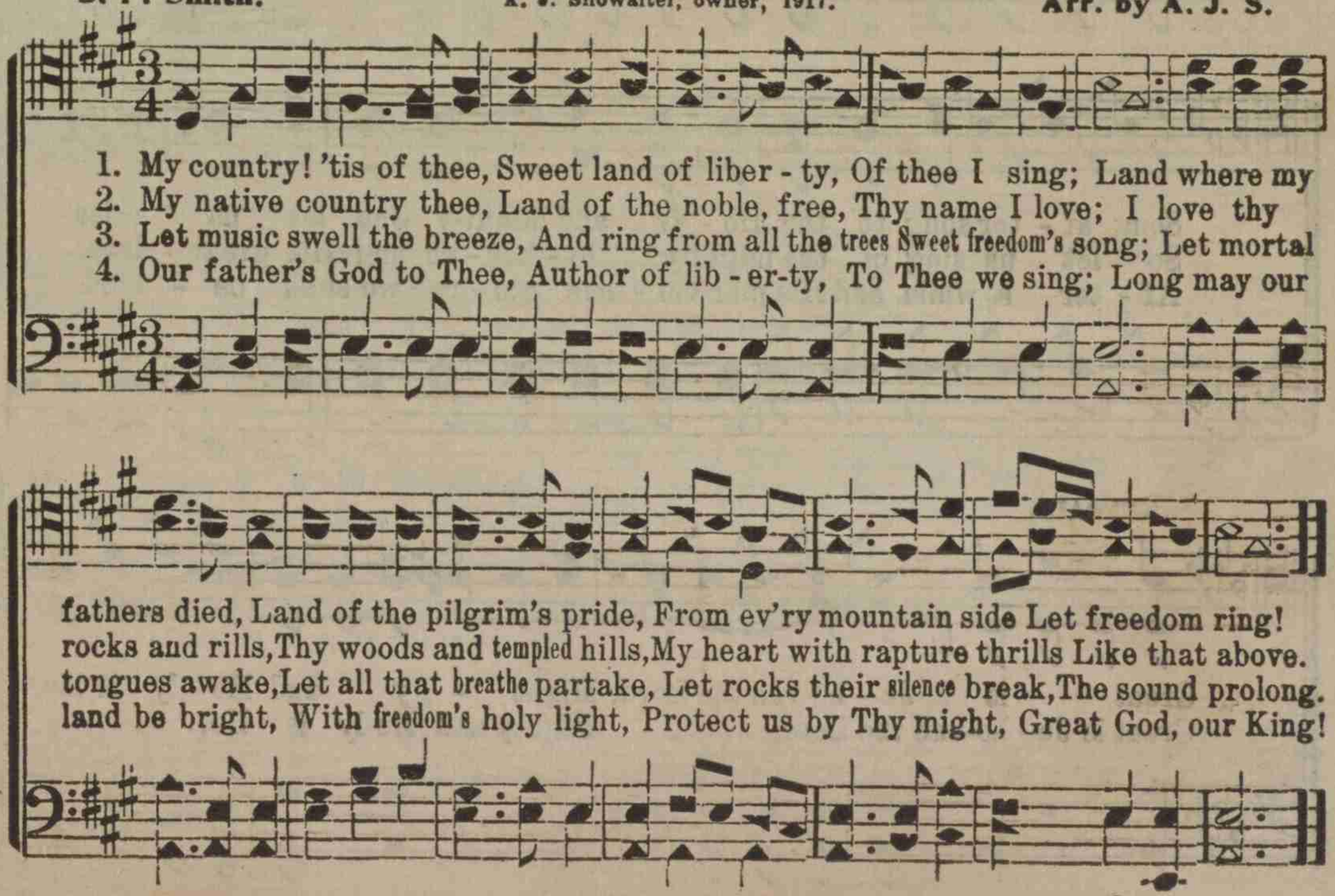
1. My life lay help-less in the snare That sin had laid for me, When Je-sus came and found me there, And stooped to set me free. No hand the deadly sword could
2. Although a Prince of kingdoms vast, He heard a pau-per's plea; His spotless robe o'er me He cast And shared His all with me. Since then, for me, no beau-ty
3. Tho' all friends else may fail my need, Tho' sor-rows' dirge I learn, Thou, still un- changed, a Friend indeed, Dost bid me to Thee turn; My tender guide, my comfort
raise God's law held o'er my head, But love led Him to take my place And die there
lies In aught that mocks my Lord, Nor good in that which Him denies, Nor truth a-
sure, My joy thro' lone - ly days, The fairest words seem all too poor, Lord, help me

REFRAIN.

in my stead. O thorn-crowned King of Cal-va - ry, I long so much to sing My soul's deep grat - i - tude to Thee,
gainst His Word.
live Thy praise. O thorn-crowned King of Cal-va - ry, I long so much to sing My soul's deep grat - i - tude to Thee,

Gratitude.

No. 87. America.

S. F. Smith. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1917. Arr. by A. J. S.



No. 88. Great is Jehovah.

James Rowe. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1918. T. B. Mosley.

1. Great is Je - ho - vah whose Son to re-deem us from glo - ry came,...
2. Earth's ma-ny val-leys and mountains and o-ceans by Him were made,...
3. Bend-ing the knee in His glo - ri-ous Presence to - day, a - dore,...

Let us to-geth - er ex - alt and a-dore His e - ter - nal name;
All the foun - da-tions of worlds in the heavens His hand hath laid;
Tell of His righteousness, sing of His hol - i - ness more and more;

Here in the light of His mar - vel-ous glo - ry re-peat His praise,
Worth-y is He of the praise of all na-tions, and throngs a - bove;
Then shall the gates of the ci - ty e - ter - nal for us un - fold

Song af - ter song to the Ho - ly and Might-y One let us raise.
So let us sing of the might-y Je - hov - ah and His great love.
Af - ter a while, and His mar-vel - ous glo - ry we shall be - hold.

REFRAIN.

Great is Je - ho-vah the Lord, Might - y and Ho - ly is He,
Great is Je - ho-vah the Lord,..... Mighty and Ho-ly is He,.....

Great is Jehovah.

Swell we His prais-es a-gain, Send it o'er mountain and sea;
Swell we His praises a-gain,..... Send it o'er mountain and sea;.. .....

He is the Rul-er di-vine, An-gels o-bey and a-dore;.....
He is the Rul-er di-vine,..... An - gels o-bey and a-dore;

Praise Him re-joic-ing, His prais-es be voic-ing, For ev - er - more.

No. 89. Crossing the River.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, owner. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Cross-ing the riv - er, Bound for the heav-en - ly shore, Pain gone for - ev - er,
2. Deep is our sad-ness, Un - der great sor-row we bow, Yet all is glad-ness
3. An - gels are sing-ing Wel-come up-on that bright strand, Joy-bells are ring-ing
4. Some morning, yon-der, When all our tri - als are o'er, Where hearts are fonder,

D. S.—Tri - als all end - ed,

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Troubles and sorrows all o'er.
Where our companion is now. Crossing the riv-er, Safe on the Savior's breast,
O - ver that beau-ti-ful land.
We'll be u - nit-ed once more.

En - ter-ing in to rest.

No. 90. Coming O'er the Sea.

Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

B. B. Beall.

1. On the shore I lin - ger, Looking o'er the waves, Where the i - dle rip - ple
2. All the pearls of o - cean, All the hoards that lie In the state-ly ves - sels,

Rock and shingle laves, Colored shells and seaweed, Bearing un - to me, Wait-ing
Black a-gainst the sky; All the waves' wild beauty, What are they to me, Waiting

REFRAIN.

for my true love, Coming o'er the sea. Waiting for my true love, coming o'er the

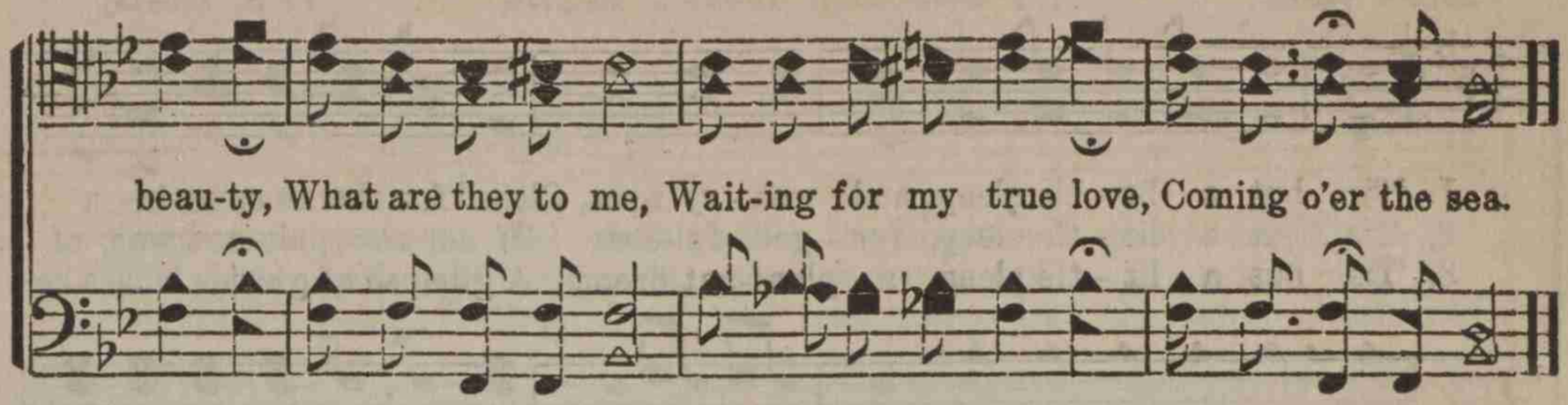
sea, Com-ing, Com - ing, Com - ing o'er the sea, yes, com-ing,

Com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

Com-ing, com-ing, Com-ing o'er the sea, All the wave's wild

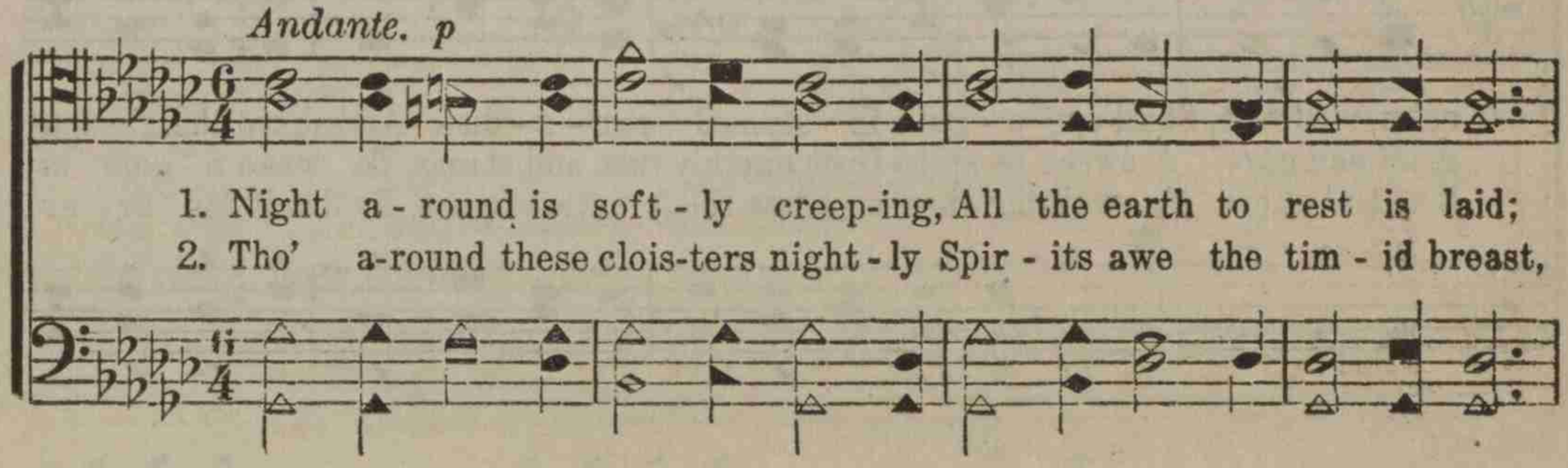
Com-ing, com-ing, Com-ing, com - ing,

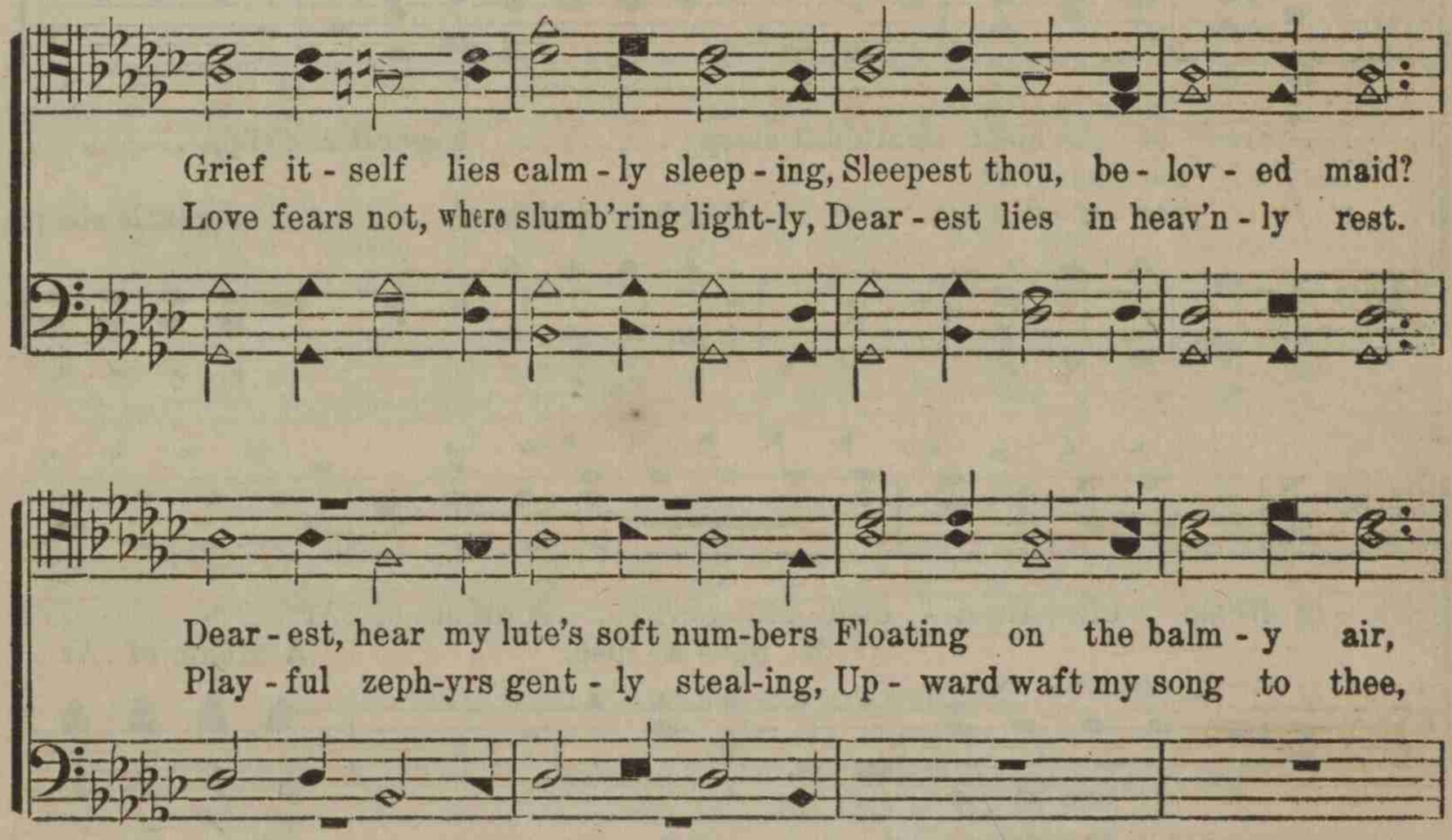
Coming O'er the Sea.

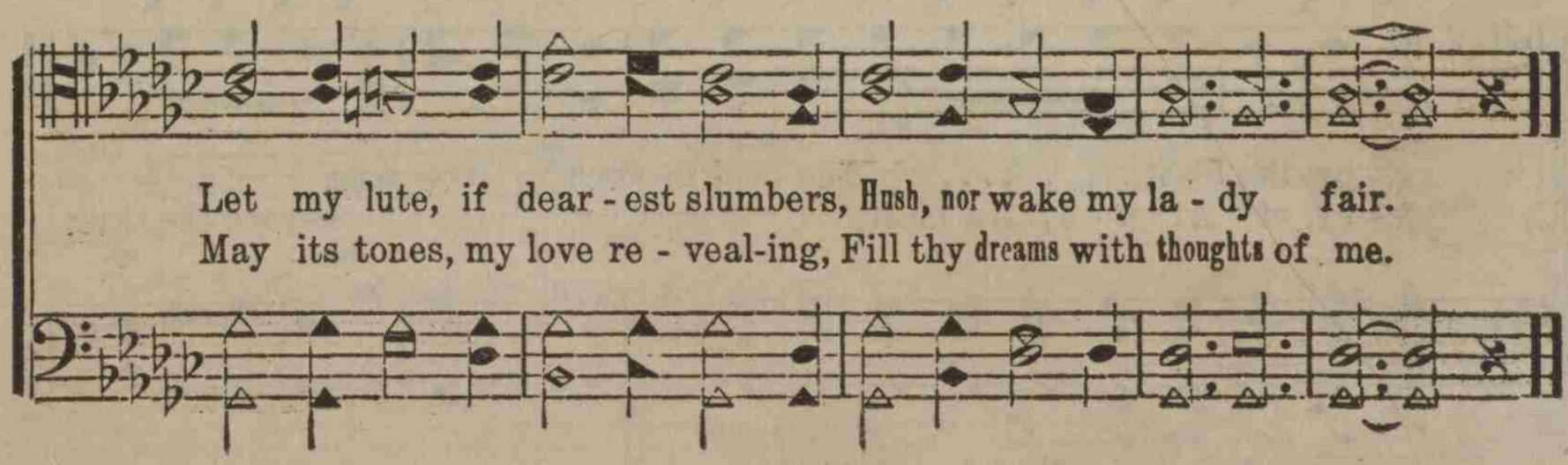


No. 91. An Evening Song.

Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga. **B. B. Beall**







No. 92. 'Tis But a Little Sleep.

James Wells. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1918. T. B. Mosley

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle sleep, and wea - ry eyes, Closed for the moment in a
2. 'Tis but a lit - tle sleep, for - get - ful-ness Of sor-row, pain and woe, of
3. 'Tis but a lit - tle sleep, a pleas-ant dream, A glimpse of glories 'neath ce-

calm, sweet rest, Shall ope a - gain in blessed par - a - dise And share the glorious
grief and care, A sweet re-spite from earthly storm and stress, To wake a - gain in
les - tial skies, A - wak-ing then a - cross the crystal stream, To dwell for ev - er -

REFRAIN.

rap-tures of the blest. Death is a sleep,..... a gen-tle sleep,.....
heav'n-ly mansions fair.
more in par - a - dise. Death is a sleep, a gentle sleep,

A dream of par - a - dise,..... A dream of Ar - -
of par - a - dise, A dream of Ar -

a - by the blest,..... The land be-yond the skies.....
a - by, of Ar - a - by the blest, beyond the skies.

No. 93. The Land Where the Light Never Dies.

Lizzie DeArmond. K. C. Robinson, owner, 1918. **K. C. Robinson.**

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where the bright an - gels dwell, Where no
2. Though the path-way we tread may be wea - ry and long, And
3. There's a beau - ti - ful land and the prom - ise is sure, That "with

shad-ows can dark - en our eyes, Where the good and the blest from their
ma - ny a snare 'round us lies, When the life shad - ows break, then to
Je - sus we too shall a - rise," Fa - ther grant us this pray'r, "that we

REFRAIN.

la - bor find rest, In the land where the light nev-er dies.
joy we'll a - wake, In the land where the light nev-er dies. O beau-ti - ful
all may be there," In the land where the light nev-er dies.

land O glo - ri - ous land, Where nev-er a cloud can a - rise, O

bring us some day, dear Sav-ior, we pray, To the land where the light never dies.

No. 94. In God We Trust.

H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner.

James Rowe. **T. B. Mosley, Jr. and N. A. Smith.**

1. Du - ty calls and we must go, Love for God and home to show, And our
2. It is ver - y hard to leave Our dear home and friends who grieve; But we
3. If on earth we meet no more, We will wait up - on the shore, Till your
4. But, be-cause for right we stand, We may see our na-tive land, And your

ut - most we will do; Tho' by foes we shall be tried, Close to Him we
rest up - on the Lord; Al-ways with us He will be, And will heed each
earth - ly days shall cease; Yes, with joy we'll meet you there, With the saints and
fa - ces dear once more; On the bright side look each day, While we bat - tle

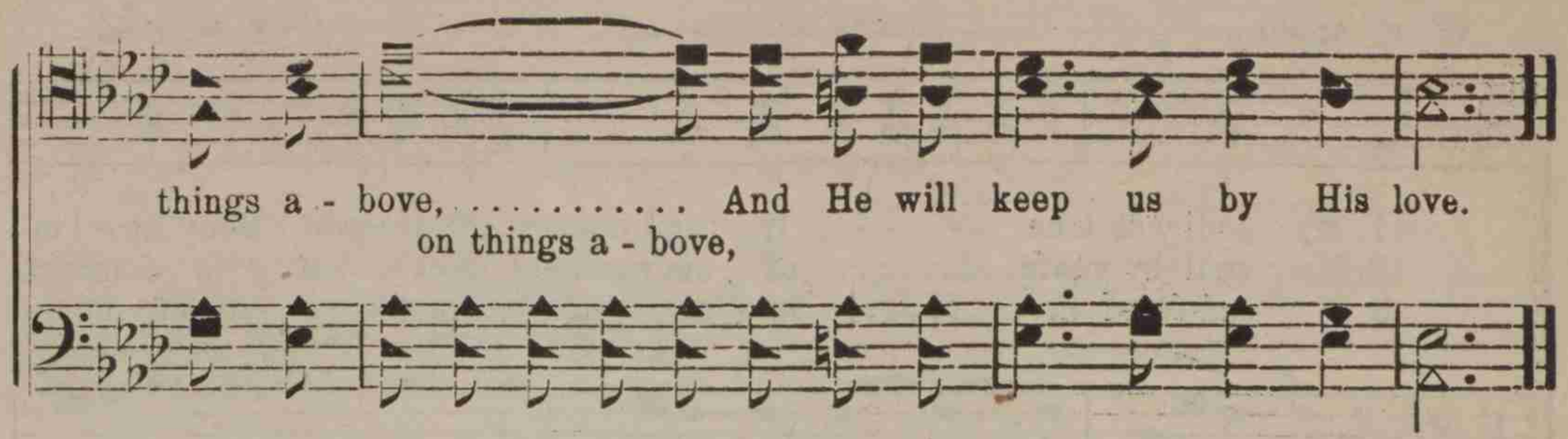
REFRAIN.

will a - bide, And His love will keep us true. In God we trust. .....
call or plea, And for tri - als will re-ward.
an - gels fair, And en - joy e - ter - nal peace.
far a - way, For the strife may soon be o'er. In God we trust,

and all is well, ... Se - cure with Him .....
yes, all is well, Se - cure with Him

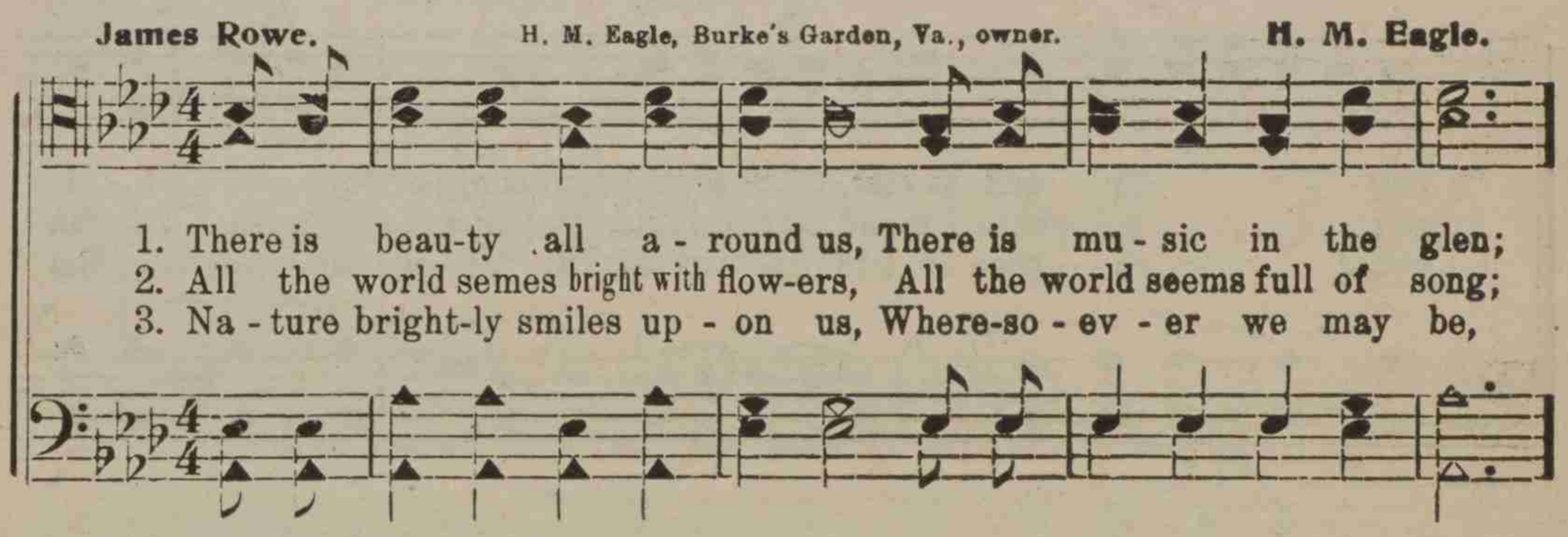
our souls will dwell; .... Our hearts are fixed, ... on
our souls will dwell; Our hearts are fixed

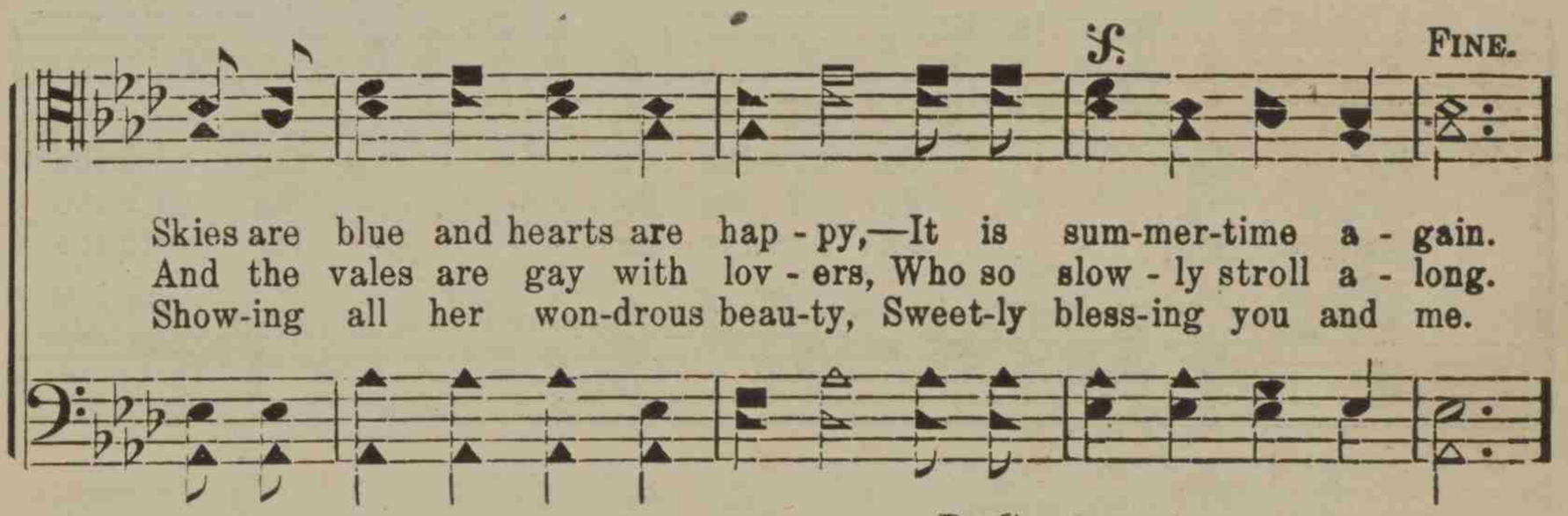
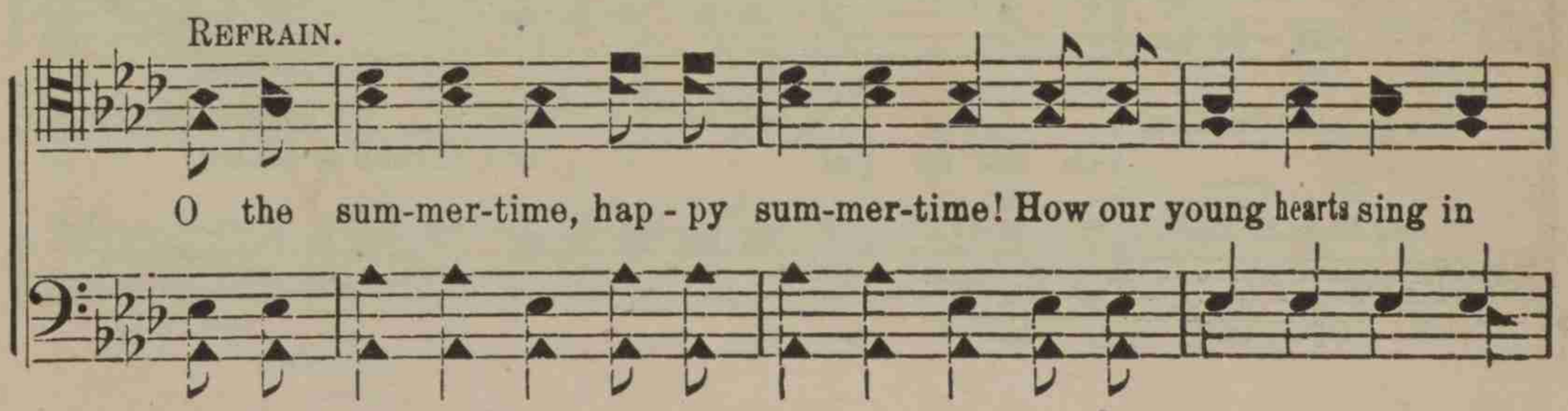
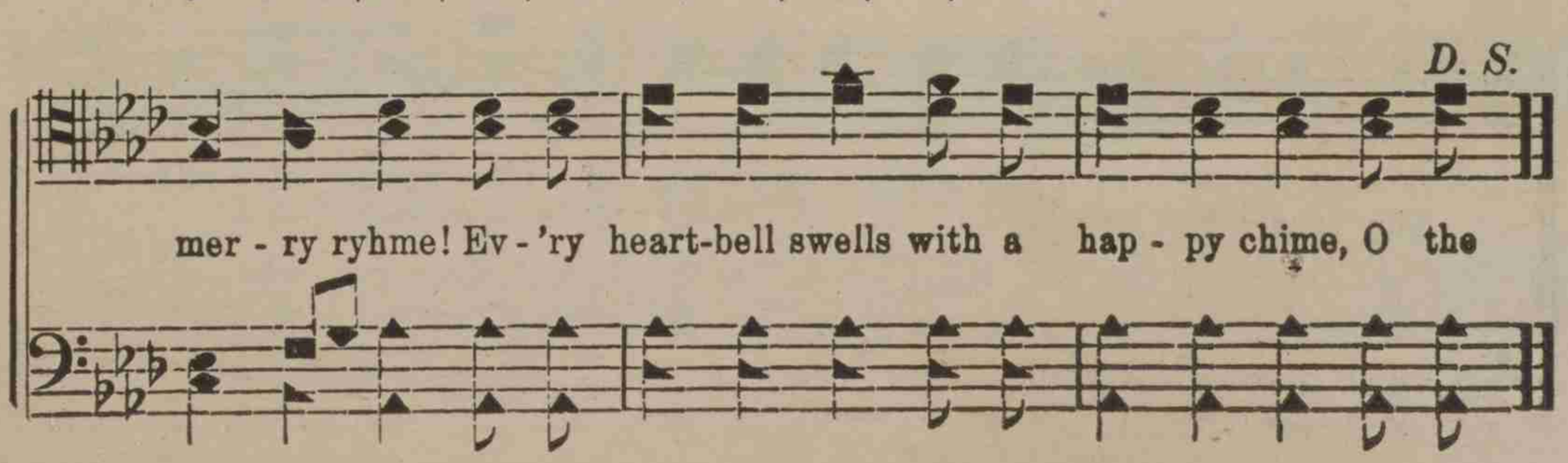
In God We Trust.



No. 95. O The Summer-Time.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. H. M. Eagle.





No. 96. I Am Living With the King.

W. C. Martin. T. N. Beall, owner. T. N. Beall.

1. My soul was lone - - ly and opprest, (and oppress,) But now I'm
2. My soul by years ..... of sin was bound, (of sin was bound,) No comfort
3. I suf-fered in ..... ig - no-ble strife, (ignoble strife,) And found no

hap - - py and at rest, (and at rest,) And songs of joy I
and ..... no peace I found, (no peace I found,) But now I make ..... the
sweet ..... re - pose in life (repose in life) Till Je - sus came ..... His

dai - ly sing, ... For now I'm liv - - ing with the
welk-in ring, ... For I am liv - - ing with the
grace to bring, ... And now I'm liv - - ing with the

REFRAIN.

King. (with the King.) You see no pal-ace, throne or crown,
You see no pal - - ace, throne or crown, ...

You see no peo - ple of re - nown, of re-nown,
You see no peo - - - ple of re - nown, ...

I Am Living With the King.

You on - ly hear me glad - ly sing,
You on - ly hear..... me glad - ly sing,.....

But O I'm liv - ing with the King, my heav'n-ly King.
But O I'm liv - - ing with the King.....

No. 97. Just His Love.

Rev. J. W. Johnson. H. M. Eagle, owner. **H. M. Eagle,**

1. What made Je - sus come for me, From His Fa-ther's house a - bove,
2. What made Je - sus seek my soul, Sweet - ly breath-ing His dear plea,
3. What made Je - sus plead for me, As the earth He hung a - bove,

Free - ly die on Cal - va - ry? It was just His love.
Par - don me and make me whole? Just His love for me.
Dy - ing there in ag - o - ny? Just to show His love.

FINE.

D. S.—Praise His name for ev - er - more, It was just His love.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Just His love, just His love, Brought my Sav - iour from a - bove;

No. 98. When Reuben Rode the Goat.

Respectfully inscribed to the Woodmen of the World.

Alice C. Kennedy. Copyright, 19.4, by J. D. Patton. **J. D. Patton.**

1. On a glo - rious win - ter night, When the stars were shin-ing bright,
2. When the word was passed a - round, There was heard a sud - den bound,
3. Bil - ly Wood-craft knew the ropes, Dodged Old Rube who with his hopes

A band of mer - ry Wood-men Gathered 'round a glow-ing fire.
And Old Bil - ly Goat jumped in And at Reu - ben made a plunge.
Went down a - mong the chop - pers Who ap-plaud - ed his de - feat;

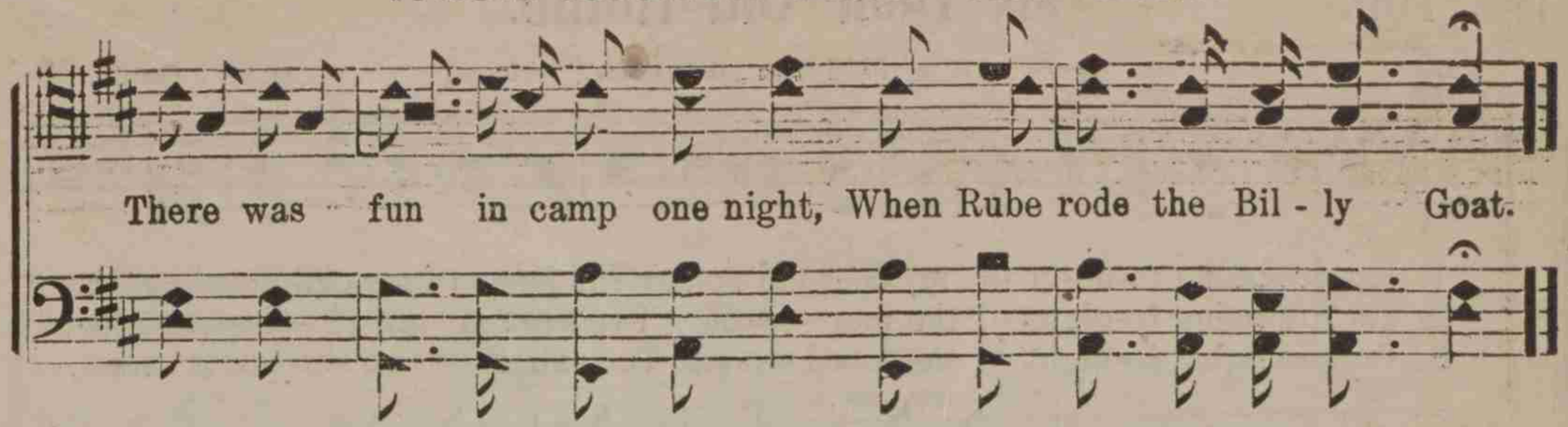
There were jokes and words of cheer, Till the hour of fun drew near—
First they struck and then they clinched, Nei-ther Rube nor Bil - ly flinched,
Then Old Bil - ly with a spring Stood up proud - ly as a king,

The hour when broth - er Reu - ben Would en - coun - ter troubles dire.
And it seemed a bat - tle drawn, Till Rube made a sor - ry lunge.
While Reu - ben joined the Woodmen With ac - cou - trements complete.

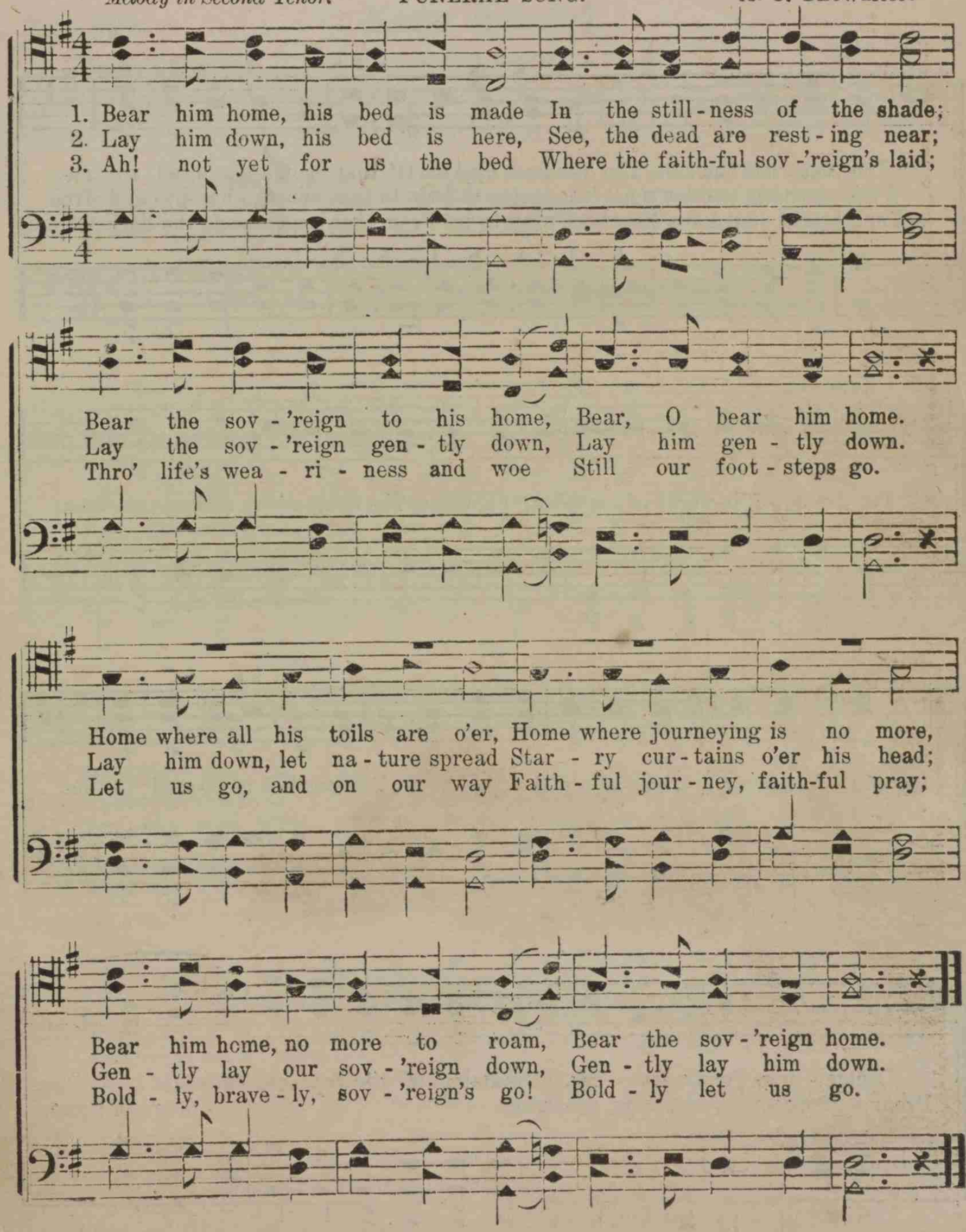
REFRAIN.

When Rube rode the Bil - ly Goat, When Rube rode the Bil - ly Goat,

When Reuben Rode the Goat.



No. 99. Bear Him Home.

Melody in Second Tenor. FUNERAL SONG. **A. J. Showalter.**

No. 100. My Dear Old Home.

Owned by B. B Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917. **B. B. Beall.**

1. I'm dreaming to-night of my dear old home, The home of my childhood so free;
2. I'm dreaming to-night of the mer - ry days I've passed in my in - no-cent glee;
3. I'm dreaming to-night of the loved ones gone To realms where no sor-row is seen;

The rocks and the rills, The ver-dure clad hills Of that spot are sa-cred to me.
While sporting 'neath bow'rs All fragrant with flow'rs In that home so hap-py and free.
Their bright wings I see Now beck'ning to me From that land beyond the dark stream.

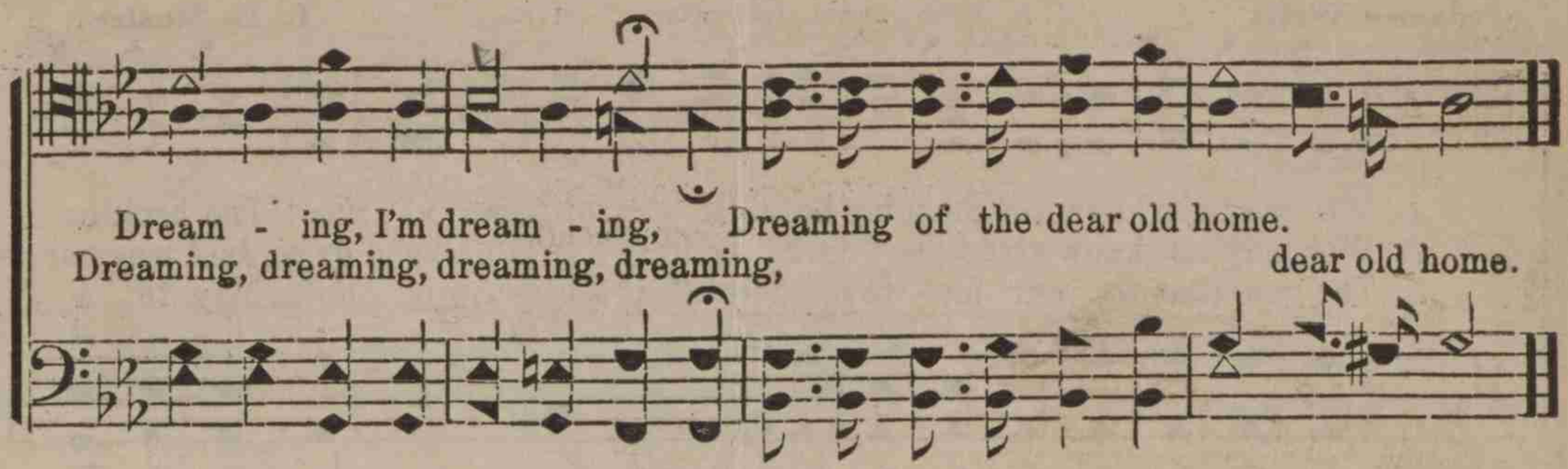
REFRAIN.

I'm dreaming to-night of my dear old home, The home of my childhood so free;

I'm dream-ing to-night of my dear old home, The spot that is sa-cred to me.

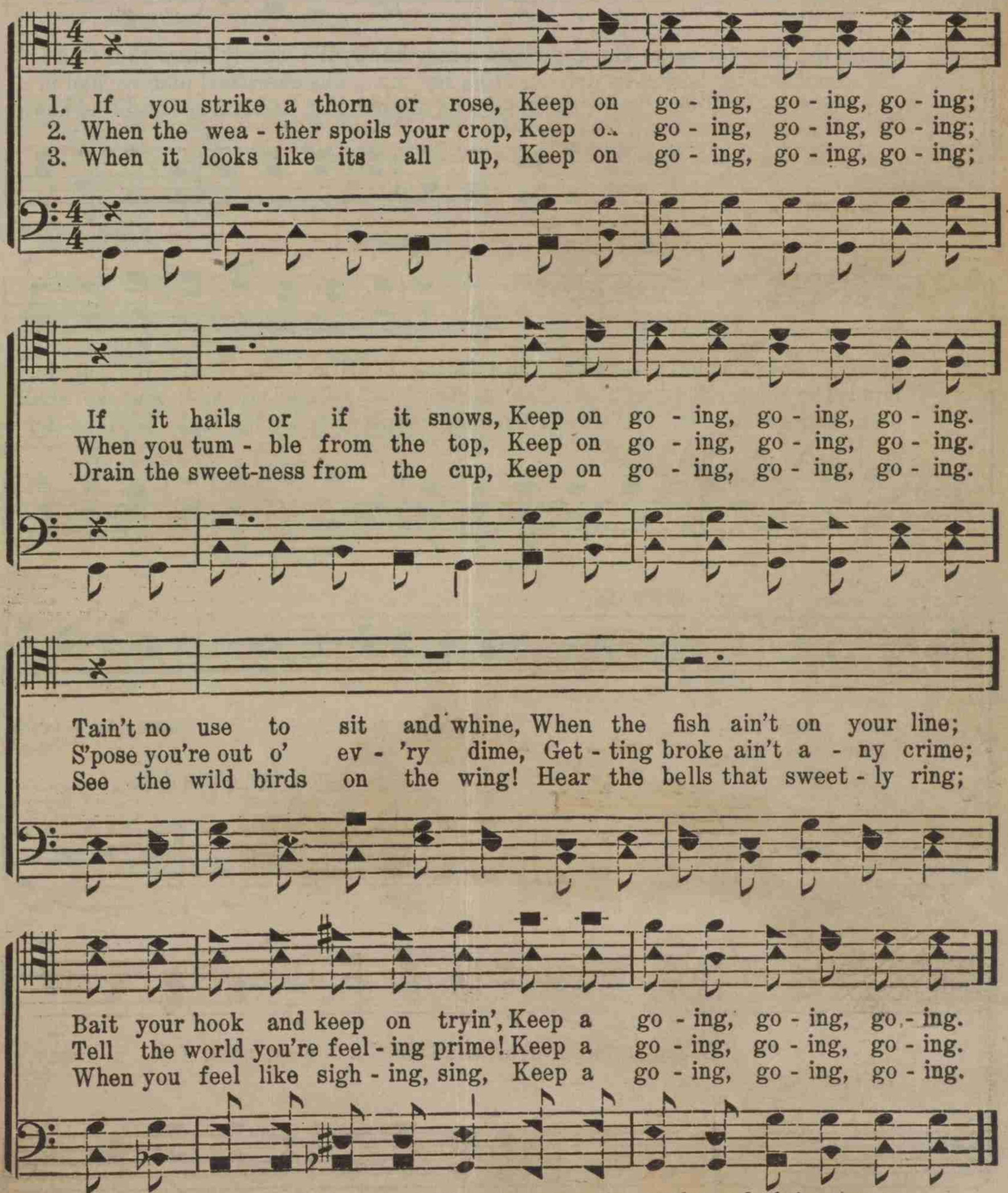
Dream - ing, I'm dream - ing, Dreaming of the dear old home,.....
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dear old home,

My Dear Old Home.



No. 101. Keep A-Going.

Chicago Chronicle. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1917. **B. B. Beall.**



NOTE.—This song should be sung without any pausing at the end of the stanzas.

No. 102. We'll Understand Some Day.

James Wells. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1918 T. B. Mosley.

1. We may not know the meaning here Of sor-rows and of woe; The brok-en heart, the bit - ter tear; The anguish we may know, We on - ly know that God is good, And this is but His way, And trusting in Him as we should, We'll un-der -
2. We may not know when days are dark, And life seems dull and gray, Just why our life's frail lit - tle bark, Is driv-en from its way, The cherished plan we had in mind, The Master bids us stay, The answer now we may not find, But we shall
3. The gem that to our fin - ite mind Seems brightest to be - hold, May to a pro - vi-dence all-wise, Show dross instead of gold, For God can see and God knows best, And wisest is His way, Then simply trust Him for the rest, We'll un-der -

REFRAIN.

stand some day. We'll un-der-stand, some day, some day,
know some day.
stand some day. We'll un-der-stand, ... some day, some day, ...

When from our eyes, shall fall a - way, shall fall a - way,
When from our eyes, ...

We'll Understand Some Day.

The earth - ly scales, ... the clod of clay, ...
The earth-ly scales, the clod of clay,

rit.

We'll un - der - stand, ... some day, some day. . . . . .
We'll un - der-stand, some day, some hap-py day.

No. 103. Sweet Is Thy Love.

James Rowe. J. R. Baxter, Jr., owner, 1917. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

1. Je-sus, my Friend for-ev-er, Sweet is Thy love to me, Nothing our hearts shall
2. Whether the storm be sweeping, Whether the sky be fair, I shall be in Thy
3. Sometime across the riv - er, Safe in that ho-ly place, Jesus, my Friend for -

sev - er, Ever Thine own I'll be. Feeling Thy love enfold me Close to Thy
keep-ing, Happiness will be there. Nearer, dear Master, nearer Draw me to
ev - er, I shall behold Thy face. Then, in the light of glo - ry, How I shall

precious side, Feeling Thine arms uphold me, Safe shall my soul a - bide.
Thy dear breast, Ev-er be-com - ing dear-er, All the way home to rest.
praise Thy love! How I shall tell the sto - ry With the redeemed a-bove!

No. 104. This and That.

J. R. Baxter, Jr., owner. 1918.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.

I wish I wus in de lan' ov cotton, Old times dar am not forgotten, look a-

'Way down up-on the Swa-nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ev - er, (*Omit.* . . . Dere's wha de ole folks

Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis - ten to the mock-ing bird, The

mocking bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Lis-ten

to the mocking bird, Still singing—Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if

This and That.

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta? Lean thou on— My coun-try tis of thee,

Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where—We shall meet, but we shall

miss him, There will be one vacant chair; we shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, When we

lay down de sho-vel and de hoe..... Hang up de fid - dle an' de

bow; For dere's no more work for poor ole Ned, He's gone where—Mer - ri-ly we

This and That.

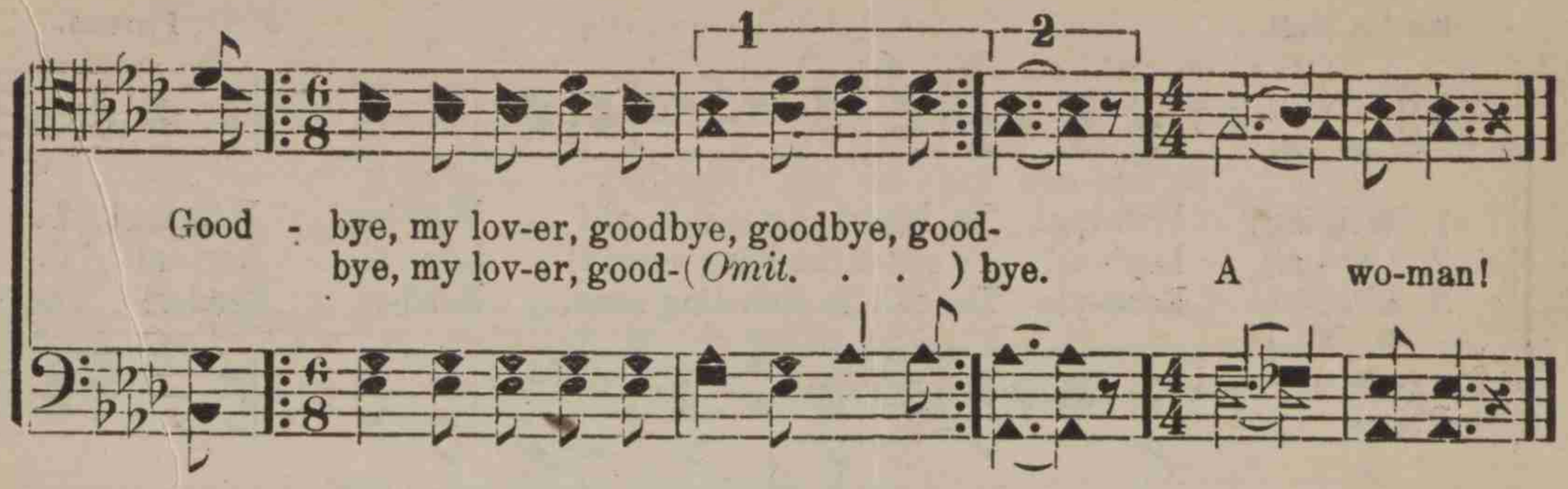
roll a-long, Roll a-long, roll a - long, mer-ri - ly we roll a-long, O-ver—My

Bon-nie is o - ver the o - cean, My bon-nie is o - ver the sea; My

Bonnie is o - ver the— Old oak-en buck-et, the i - ron bound bucket, The

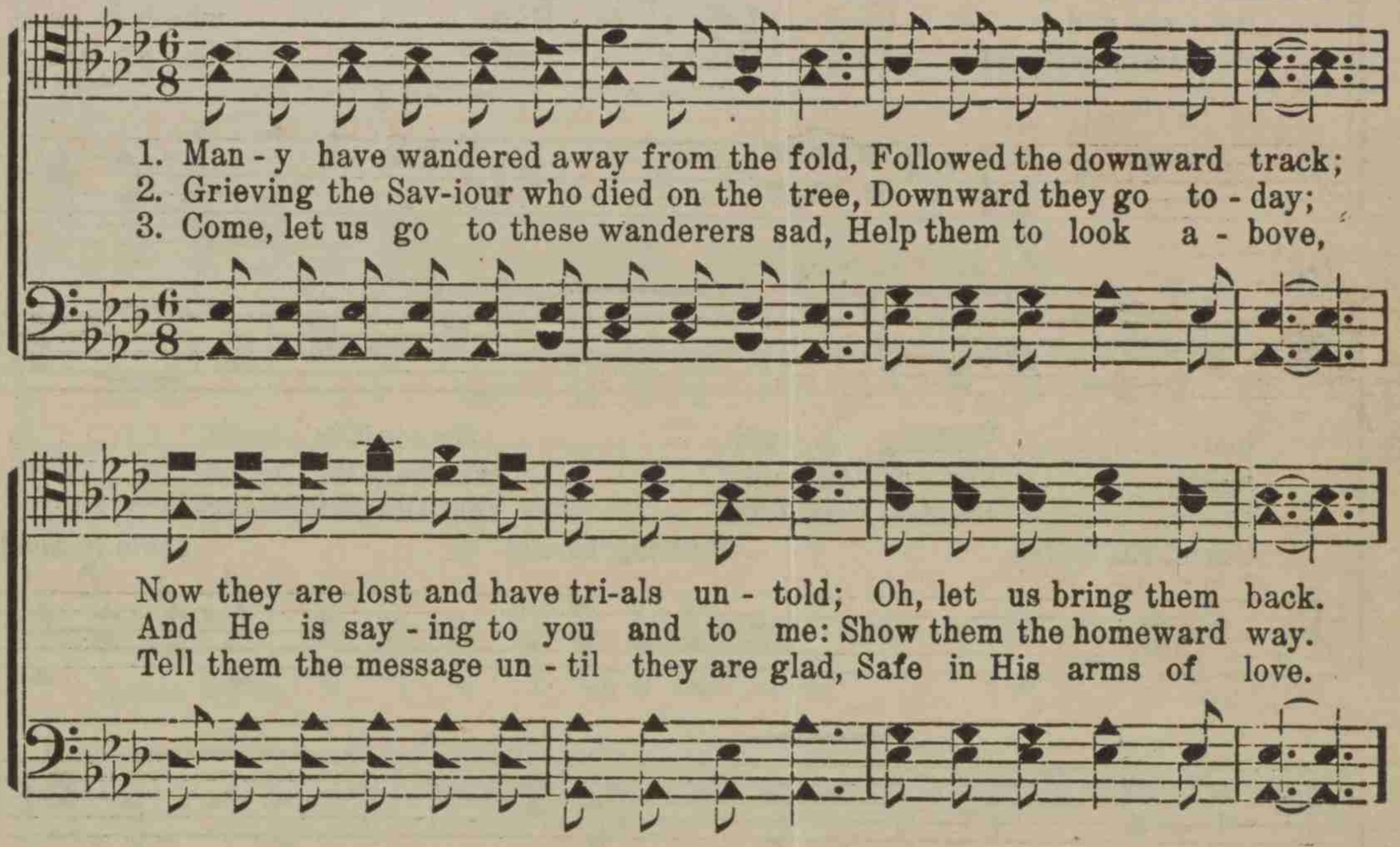
moss-covered bucket that hung in the–Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like–

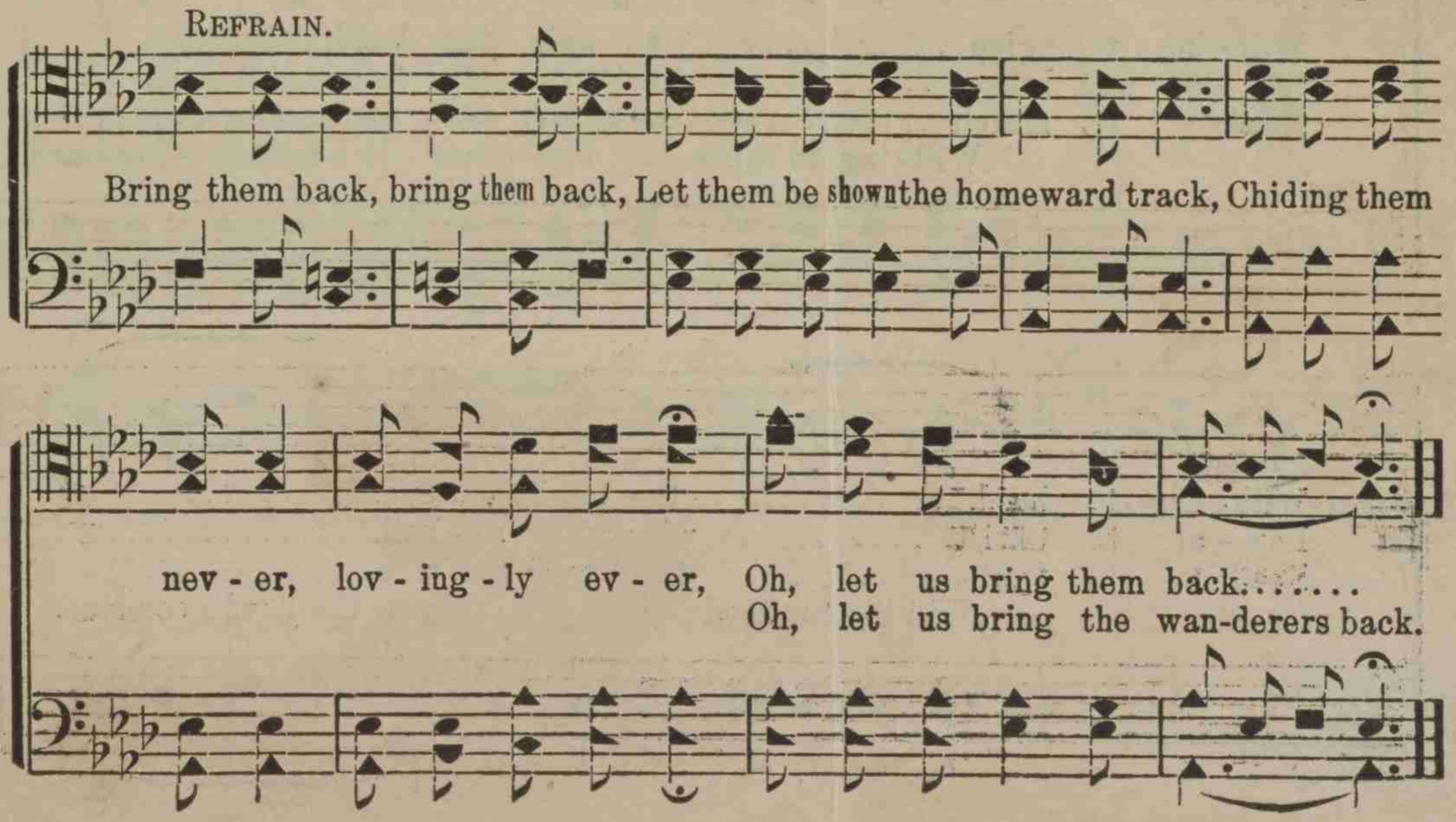
Down in de corn-field Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkies am a weep-ing,—

This and That.

No. 105. Bring Them Back.

J. W. Askew, owner. 1918.

James Rowe. J. W. Askew.





No. 106. Willing! Loyal! Ready!

Birdie Bell. J. D. Patton, owner, 1918. **J. D. Patton.**

1. Will-ing! Will-ing! To lab-or, one and all! Will-ing! Will-ing! To
2. Loy - al! Loy - al! To serve the King to-day! Loy - al! Loy - al! To
3. Read-y! Read-y! The call is sounding near, Read-y! Read-y! The

an-swer at the call! Will-ing to go ..... as Christ shall
list - en and o - bey! Loy - al to Him..... who bids us
words are loud and clear, Read-y to prove..... that we are

1. Will-ing to go

lead,..... Will-ing to aid..... the souls in need, ...
fight,..... Loy - al to all..... who help the right,.....
brave,..... Read-y to trust..... that Christ will save,.....
Christ shall lead, Will-ing to aid souls in need,

Will - ing to give..... a help - ing hand,.....
Loy - al and brave,..... tho' oth - ers fail,.. .....
Read - y to march ..... a - gainst the foe,.....
Will - ing to give a help - ing hand,

Will - ing to heed..... the Lord's com-mand.....
Loy - al to Christ..... when foes as - sail.....
Read - y to fight..... thro' weal and woe.....
Will-ing to heed the Lord's command.

Willing! Loyal! Ready!

REFRAIN.

Will-ing! Will-ing! To la - bor, one and all!
Will-ing to la - bor, one and all!..... Loy - al to

Loy-al! Loy-al! To go at du-ty's call! Will-ing! Loy-al! For
go at du - ty's call! ..... Will-ing! For we must toil and

we must toil and fight! Read-y! Ready! To strive for God and right!
fight!..... Read-y to strive for God and right!.....

No. 107. Death.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, owner. **J. A. Lesley.**

1. Death has a - gain be - reft us, A - gain we've said, "good-by,"
2. Our friend is on - iy sleep - ing, Then why be sad to - day?
3. There comes a time of meet - ing, Where all is joy and love,
4. All clouds of care shall van - ish, All sor-rows pass a - way,

An - oth - er friend has left us To live with Him on high.
In God's e - ter - nal keep - ing The soul is safe for aye.
And soon we shall be greet - ing This friend a - gain a - bove.
For God the night will ban - ish, And give un - end - ing day.

No. 108. "When We Get Home."

"For our light affection which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Property of J. D. Patton, 1918. **J. D. Patton.**

1. We needs must have our earthly cares, And be oft-times op - prest; But God, our
2. The tri - als of this pres - ent time Are "blessings in dis-guise," They turn our
3. What matters it tho' storms may come, And life a con-flict prove? We'll fix our
4. O lov-ing Christ, be this our aim All tri - als to surmount, And then e -

REFRAIN.

God, a home prepares, Where we shall sweetly rest. When we get home.....
hearts to joys sublime, Beyond these changing skies.
hopes on that glad home, With faith no storm can move.
ter - nal life to claim Thro' Thee, of life the fount.

When we get home

to that bright land,..... Where saints a-bide ..... at God's right hand; ..... We'll lift glad hearts..... and Him a - dore.....
to that bright land, Where saints abide at God's right hand; We'll lift glad hearts whose glo - ry shines for ev - er-more.

dore..... Whose glo - ry shines for ev - er-more.
and Him a-dore whose glo - ry shines for ev - er-more.

No. 109. His for Service.

James Rowe. B. F. Clark, owner, 1918. **B. F. Clark.**

1. Je - sus died to win all the world from sin, And by grace He keeps me free;
2. I was lost and sad and He made me glad, Helped my soul the light to see;
3. Ma-ny spend their days in for-bid - den ways, Heeding not His lov-ing plea,
4. That at last a - bove I may praise His love With the throng beside the sea,

So, what-e'er be - tide, true I will a - bide, His for serv-ice I will be.
So, wher-e'er I go, love for Him I show, His for serv-ice I will be.
But be - cause He gave all, my soul to save, His for serv-ice I will be.
Till He bids me come to that hap-py home, His for serv-ice I will be.

REFRAIN.

His for serv - ice I will be, All the world my faith shall see:
I have heard the call, He's my all in all, His for serv-ice I will be.

No. 110. Be True.

James Rowe. Property of J. D. Patton, 1918. J. D. Patton.

1. Let us be true to our e - ter - nal Friend, Day aft - er day in lov - ing
2. Ma - ny are need-ing light and love to - day, Ma - ny are tempted from the
3. Pleasures invite us from His wound-ed side, E - vils, to tempt us, close to
4. Let us be true, whatev - er may be - fall, Sure that His love will guide us

serv-ice spend; Prais-ing His love to oth-ers o'er and o'er, Let us be
gos - pel way; Je - sus ap-peals to me, ap-peals to you; More for His
us a - bide; Let us be strong and firmly stand for right, Do - ing our
thro' it all; That His dear face at last we all may view, Do - ing His

REFRAIN.

true to Him for ev - er - more. Be true,.... be true, For Him our
glo - ry dai - ly let us do.
best in our Re-deem-er's sight.
will, O let us all be true. Be true, be true,

ut-most do; Be true, .. be true,... In life and death be true.
Be true, be true, be true, be true,

rit.

No. 111. Your Exceeding Great Reward.

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Property of J. D. Patton. 1918. J. D. Patton.

1. Toil - er in the Master's vine - yard, Oft with heav-y cares op-pressed,
2 Pa - tient deeds of lov-ing kind - ness, Words and smiles to those a - round,
3. Give the precious gos-pel mes - sage, Keep the light of love a - glow;

Lift your eyes and look a - bove you To a sweet and per-fect rest;
These are count-ed to the Mas - ter, O let faith and works a-bound!
Sing the songs of peace and par - don, Live for oth - ers here be - low,

Tho' to-day you're worn and wea - ry, Keep your faith in Christ, the Lord,
Nev - er mind the gloomy sha - dows— Sun and rain He will af - ford,
Nev - er think your work forgot - ten, An - gel-watchers will re - cord,

Look to Him and trust Him ev - er, He will be your great re-ward.
Live for Him and trust Him ev - er, He will be your great re-ward.
Live for Him and trust Him ev - er, He will be your great re-ward.

No. 112. In the Homeland of My Soul.

James Rowe. R. Edwin Perry, owner, 1918. R. Edwin Perry.

1. There's a tho't that cheers me o'er and o'er, As I watch and wait on this dreary shore,
2. There may still be troubled years to wait, Ma - ny foes to face, ma-ny tri-als great,
3. With this thought to cheer me day by day, For the fi - nal call I will wait and pray,

To my Saviour clinging more and more, When the waves around me roll; Not a
Ere my name be called in that es-tate, Ere I've reached that happy goal; But my
In His ho - ly, bless-ed presence stay, Un-der His di-vine con - trol, Till up -

storm will beat or breaker roar, In the blessed home of my soul, In the bless-ed
rapt - ure will in-deed be great, In the blessed bome of my soul, In the bless-ed
on His breast I'm borne away To the blessed home of my soul, To the bless-ed

REFRAIN.

home of my soul. It has been prepared for me, I know, By the Friend who made me

whole; And some happy morning I shall go To the homeland of my soul.
made me whole;

No. 113. The Song of the Surf.

J. C. JOHNSON. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The sound of the surf as it swings to the shore, So cool on the beach with its
2. O waves, roll-ing in from the far distant deep, Where winds hold their courts, where the
3. How plainly the course of our plan - et is seen, And sails cross the line of deep

smooth, lev- el floor, It lulls and it soothes all the cares of the soul, So swift on the
glad wa-ters leap, What ship hast thou rock'd? and what isles hast thou past, To mingle thy-
blue or of green, Then down, sail-ing down, till the masts disappear, And glide to the

REFRAIN.

sea, and so ceaseless its roll. Friendly sea, sing to me!
self in my dreams at the last?
shores of a far hem-is-phere. Friendly sea, sing to me! Friendly sea, sing to me!

Lull thy song all the long summer day! Friendly sea,
summer day! Friendly sea, sing to me!

sing to me! Lull my soul with thy great har - mo- ny!
Friendly sea, sing to me! har-mo-ny!

No. 114. We'll Win the Victory.

James Rowe. Refrain arr. W. J. Morris, owner, 1 18. W. J. Morris.

1. Sol - diers of the cross on the bat - tle line, Sing and tell of
2. Let the bless - ed news ev - er swell and ring, O - ver val - leys
3. Keep - ing up the fight, let us do our best, For the Lord of

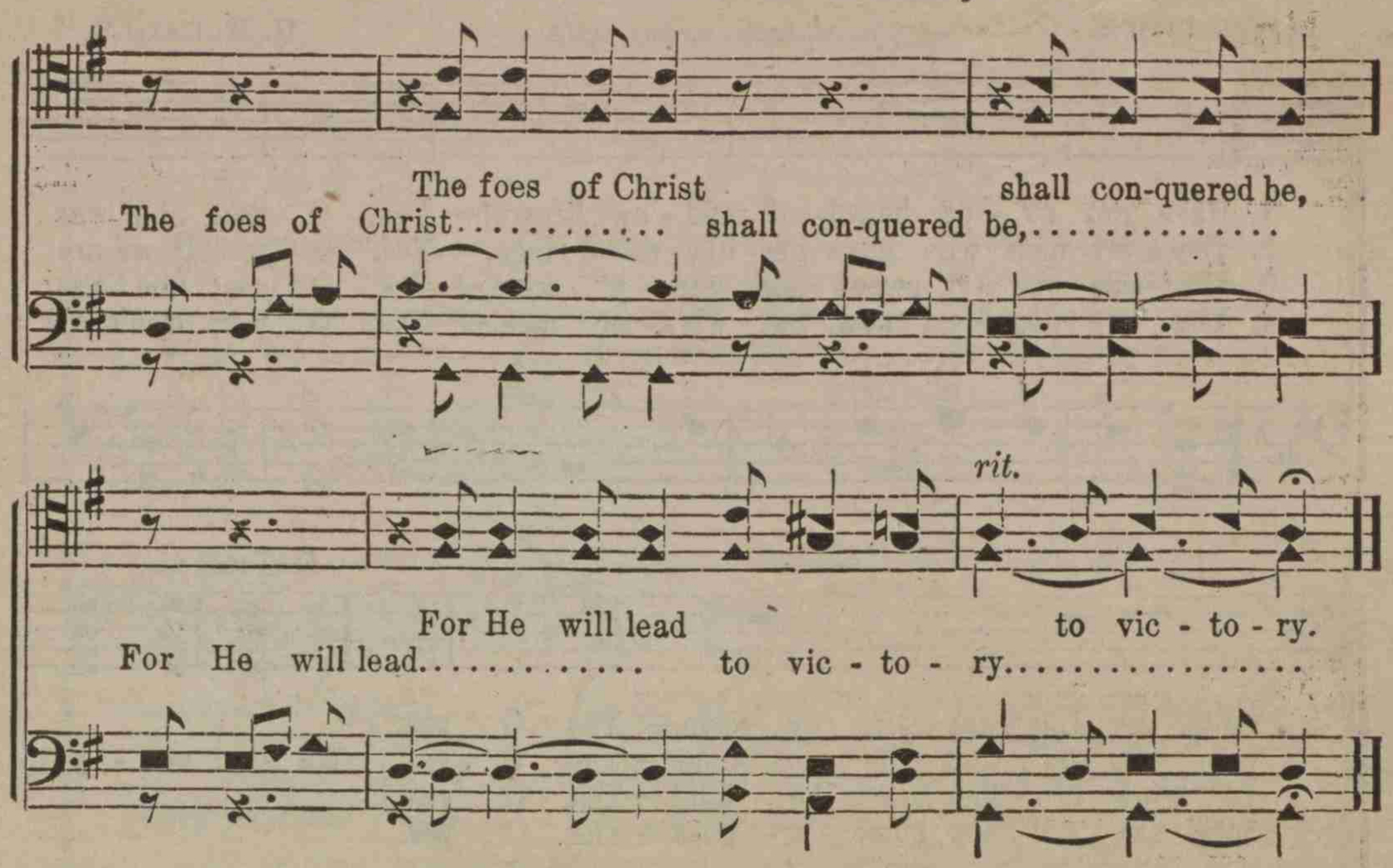
Him who is a - ble to save; Stand-ing for the right, let your
drear where the lost ones re - main; Tell them of the joy that His
life and His king - dom of love, Till with songs of joy we go

ar - mor shine; March-ing in the light, let the stand - ard wave.
love will bring, Tell them of the blood that re - moves all stain.
home to rest, In the man-sions bright that a - wait a - bove.

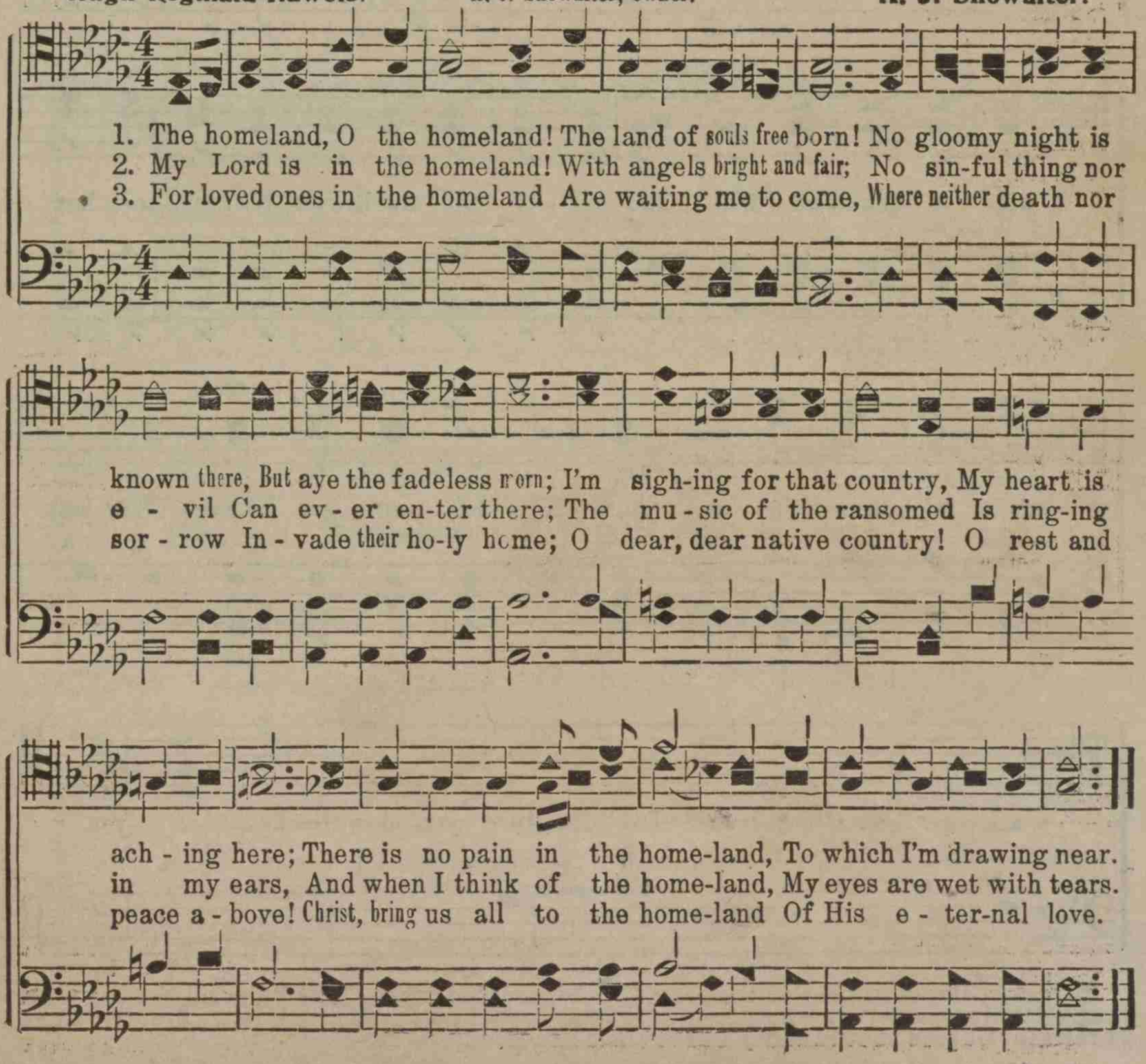
REFRAIN.

For now we stand, To face the foe,
For now we stand,..... to face the foe,

We'll win the vic - t'ry, yes, soon we know,
We'll win the vic - - - t'ry soon we know,.....

We'll Win the Victory.

No. 115. The Homeland!

Hugh Reginald Haweis. A. J. Showalter, owner. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 116. The Pretty Widow Brown.

JAMES ROWE. H. M. Eagle. owner. 1912. H. M. EAGLE.

1. Have you ev - er heard of wid - ow Brown?— Yes, O yes; She was
2. There are men who gave her dia - mond rings,— Yes, O yes; There are
3. She was ver - y sweet and ver - y kind,— Yes, O yes; She has
4. You are poor - er, now, but wis - er men,— Yes, O yes; Don't you

REFRAIN.

quite the fair - est girl in town,— Yes, O yes.
men who tho't that she wore wings,—Yes, O yes. We are ver - y
left some bro - ken hearts be - hind,—Yes, O yes.
hope she will not come a - gain,—Yes, O yes.

well ac - quaint-ed with the pret - ty wid - ow Brown; We have seen her

smile of sun - shine and her aw - ful an - gry frown; Did you

ask her for her heart? Did she turn you down?—Yes, O yes.

To make this song effective the parts should be acted; "yes, O yes," should be sung with heads lifted and eyes turned up, hands folded across breast. While singing first two lines of refrain, singers should sadly shake their heads.

No. 117. Love-Making Days.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER. **W. R. Catron.**

1. What greater joy..... can mortals feel..... Than that which comes.....
2. We quite for-get..... the time and place,.... When side by side,.....
3. Al-though we might..... not own a dime,.... We al-ways have .....
4. When we're a-part..... the moments creep; ... When side by side,.....

when heart-bells peal,..... To fill us with..... the tho't pro-found.....
or face to face;..... And oft we give..... our-selves a pain.....
a "dan-dy time;".... While those who board .... us wealth-y grow,.....
they run and leap;..... But joy is ours..... from dawn till night,.....

REFRAIN.

That Cu-pid has..... been fooling round?
By mak-ing love..... out in the rain. O days of joy,..... O time of
For lit - tle then..... we eat, you know.
When Cupid does..... the thing just right.

O days of joy,

bliss,..... Hand-squeezing time..... and kiss, kiss, kiss!.... Life fits us
O time of bliss, Hand-squeezing time and kiss, kiss kiss!

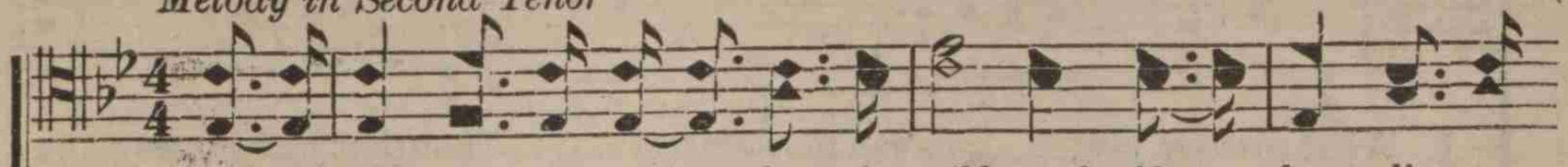
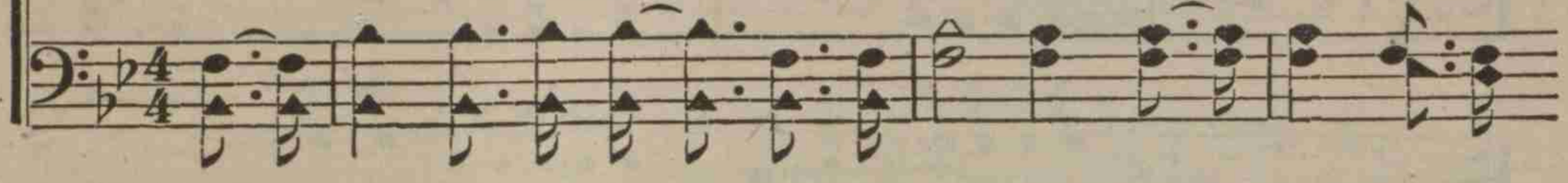
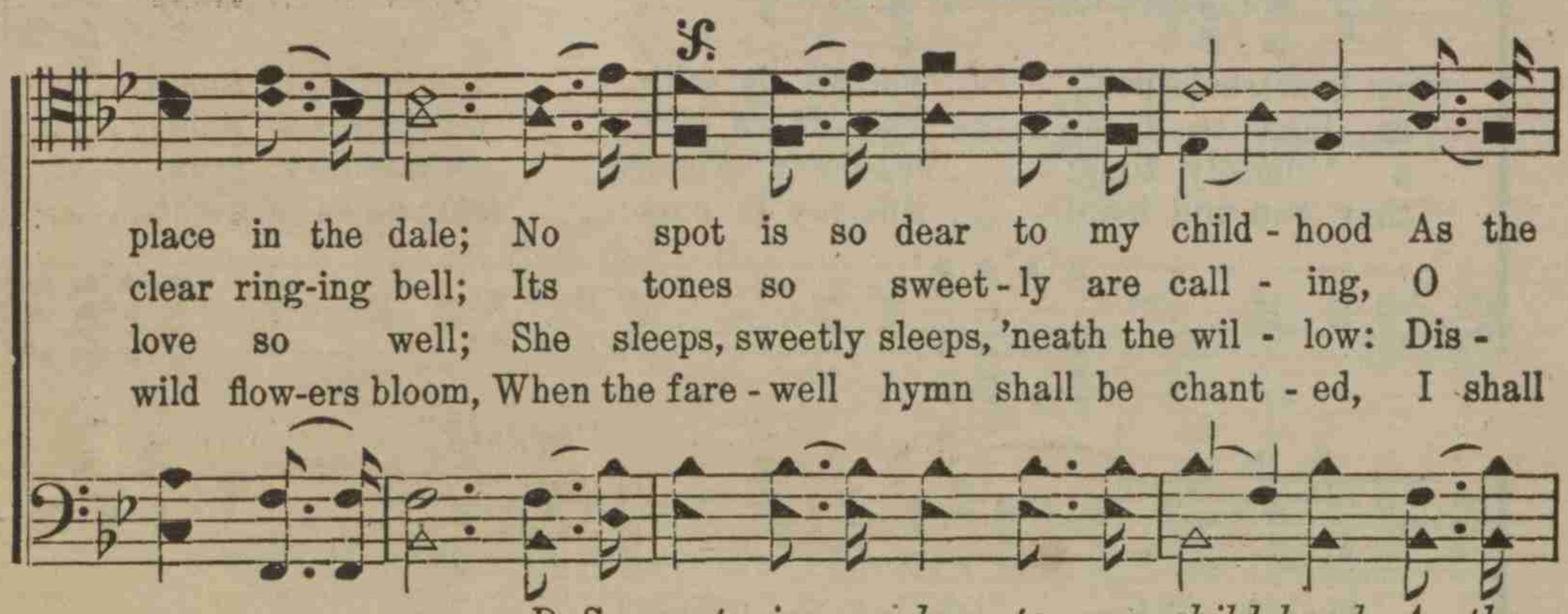
rit.

like..... the softest glove,..... Come rain or shine, when we're in love.
Life fits us like the softest glove,

No. 118. The Church In the Wildwood.

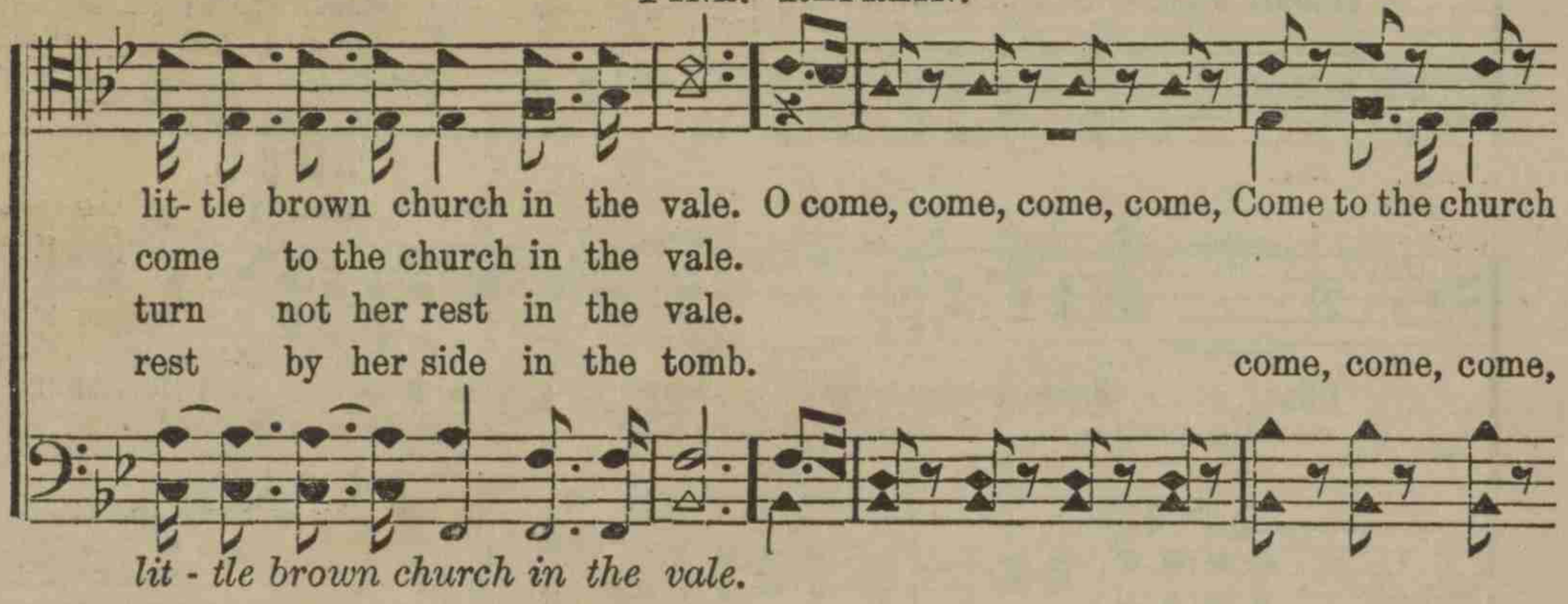
Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

W. S. P. DR. WM. S. PITTS. Arr. by A. J. S.

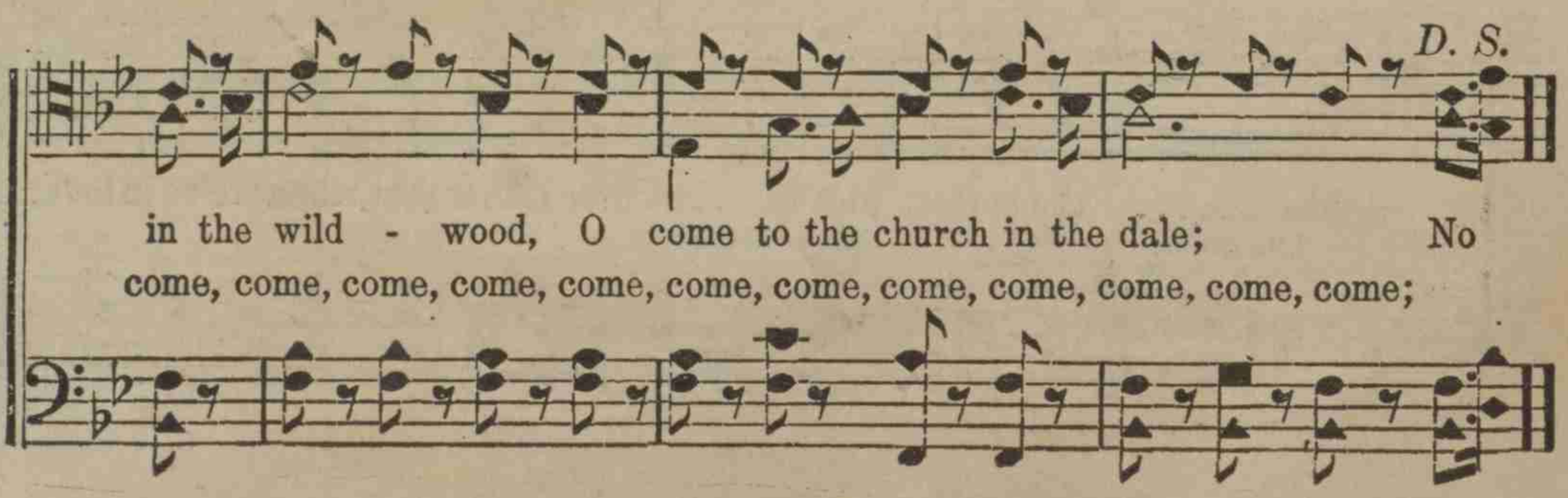
Melody in Second Tenor

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O
love so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil - low: Dis -
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—*spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. REFRAIN.



lit- tle brown church in the vale. O come, come, come, come, Come to the church
come to the church in the vale.
turn not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. come, come, come,

lit - tle brown church in the vale.

in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

D. S.

No. 119. The Time of His Coming Is Nearing at Last.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Property of J. D. Patton, 1918. J. D. Patton.

1. The time of His com-ing is near-ing at last, The days of long
2. The hour of His com-ing will not long de - lay, The great day of
3. Be warned, for His com-ing has long been fore-told, By ser-vants of
4. He's com - ing! He's com-ing! And who can a - bide The pres-ence of

wait-ing will soon be o'er-past; Ere long we shall en - ter e - ter - ni - ty
judgment is not far a - way, Let all God's a - noint-ed be watchful and
God, by the proph-ets of old; The Judge on His throne we shall quickly be -
Je - sus, the Lord Cru - ci - fied? Seek God and from pathways of sin turn a -

REFRAIN.

vast, For the com-ing of Je - sus is near. Near, ver-y near,
pray, For the com-ing of Je - sus is near.
hold, For the com-ing of Je - sus is near.
side, For the com-ing of Je - sus is near. It is near,.....

Near, ver - y near, O the day of His com-ing is near.
It is near,..... ....

No. 120. Homesick for Thee.

Birdie Bell. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. A bird that has roamed far a - way from its nest Will long for a
2. A child that is wil - ful and way-ward may roam, But wea - ry, re -
3. There's on - ly one ref - uge which nev - er will fail, There's on - ly one

ref - uge where none can mo-lest. O Fa-ther, my soul to its shel-ter would
turns to the safe - ty of home; I long was a wan-der - er, careless and
home when life's troubles as-sail, And vain-ly I've trav-el'd o'er land and o'er

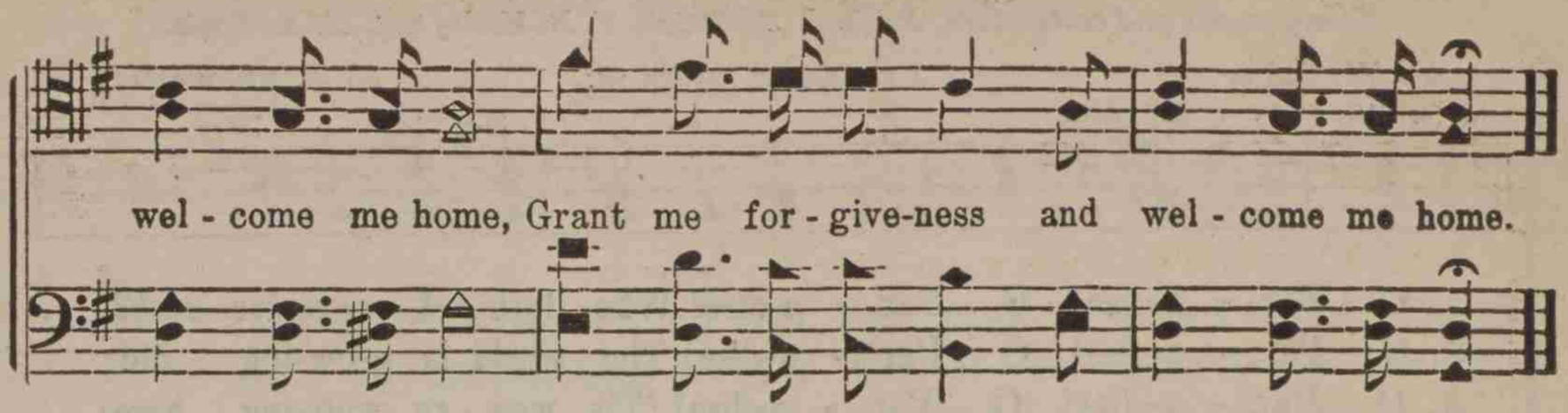
REFRAIN.

flee, I'm wea - ry and lone - ly and home-sick for Thee.
free, Now foot - sore and sad, I am home-sick for Thee. Homesick for Thee
sea, No peace can I find, I am home-sick for Thee.

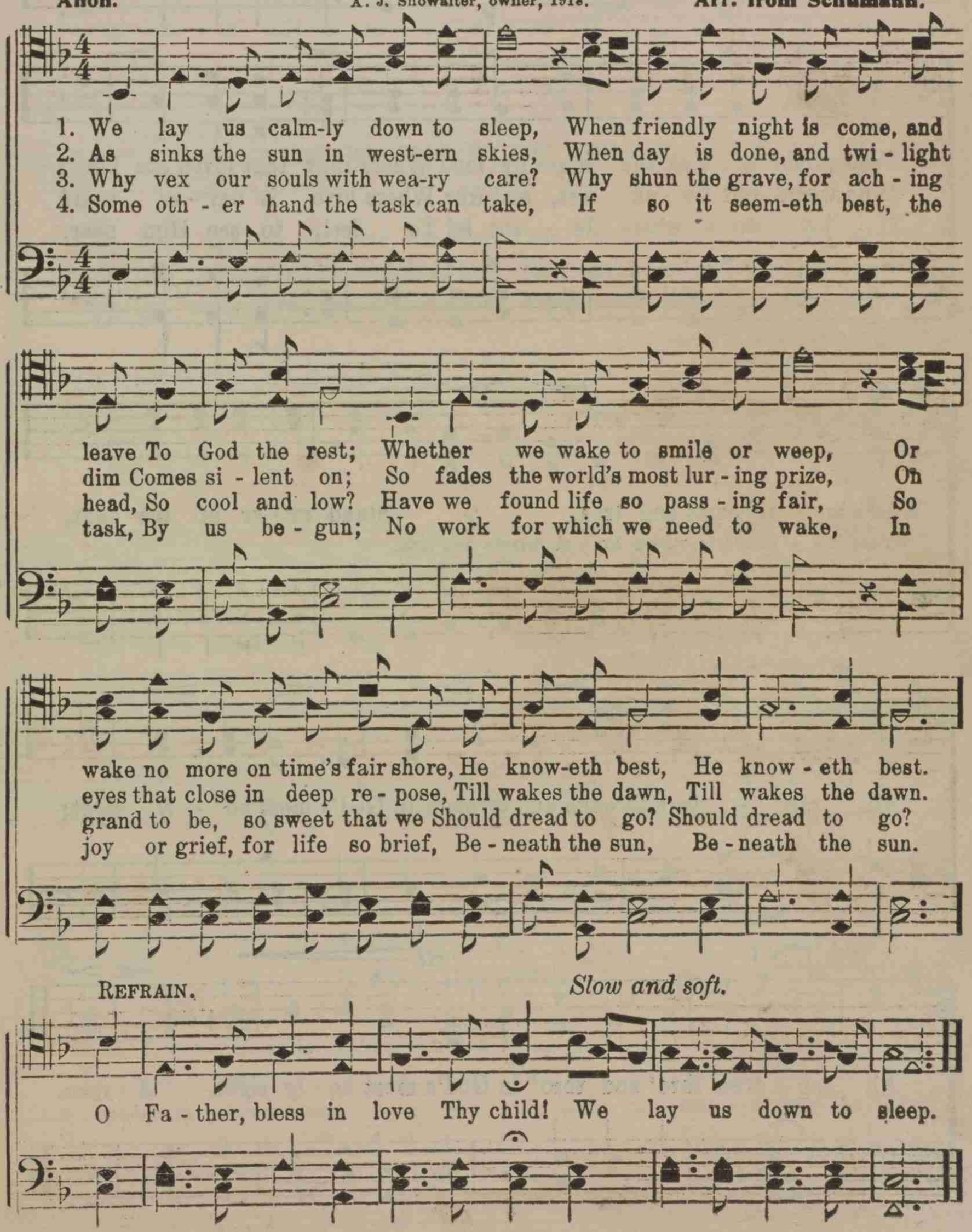
when temp-ta - tions mo-lest, Homesick for Thee, I am long - ing for rest;

Wea - ry of wand'ring, no more would I roam, Grant me for-give-ness and

Homesick for Thee.



No. 121. We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

Anon. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1918. **Arr. from Schumann.**

No. 122.

O Paradise.

To my pupils and co-workers, Profs. J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley and H. M. Eagle.

F. W. Faber.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.

Andante con espress.

1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here:

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest, and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
O joy to be where Je - sus is! To feel, to see Him near.

REFRAIN. *m* *f*

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

ff

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

ff *rit.*

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

No. 123. Still More Like Thee.

James Rowe. Property of J. D. Patton, 1918. J. D. Patton.

1. O Thou great lov - er of my soul, Still close to Thee I would re - main,
2. O Thou who com-est from a - bove To of - fer up Thy-self for me,
3. Still more like Thee will be my pray'r While life shall last, from day to day;

That, un - der Thy di - vine con-trol, The crown of life I may ob - tain,
Help me to spread Thy words of love That oth - er souls may lean on Thee.
That I may have Thy like-ness there Where an - gel throngs Thy will o - bey.

Still more like Thee I long to be, More, bet - ter serv-ice I would give,
Still more like Thee is my de - sire, For great-er love I plead and call;
O let Thy love en - fold my soul That strong when tempted I may be;

That those a - stray my light may see And find the way in which to live.
To high - er heights I now as - pire, That Thou may'st be my all in all.
Then while un-num-bered a - ges roll, I shall be growing more like Thee.

No. 124. We're Passing On.

James Rowe. L. D. Morris, owner, 1918. L. D. Morris.

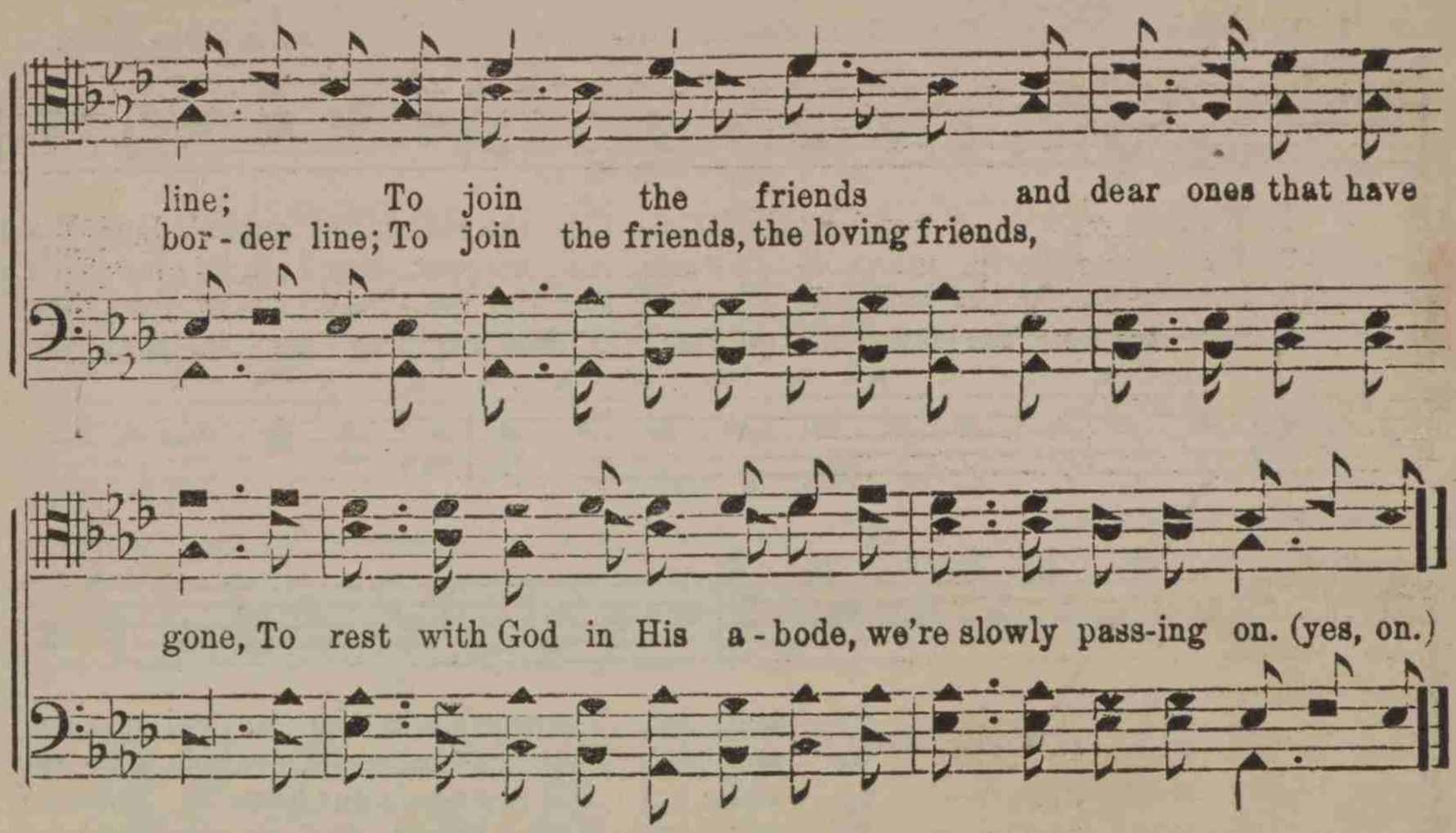
1. A - mid the scenes of toil and strife, Of sor - row, pain and care, We're pass - ing on from high - er life—The house of mansions fair. A - long the
2. The tri - als met a - long the way Will leave us at the gate, When light of ev - er - last - ing day Comes from that blest es-tate; And joy our
3. We're pass-ing on from toil to rest, From grief to end - less joy, Our voic - es there with all the blest In prais - es to em-ploy. Yes, to the

path to joy and rest, By which all saints have gone, To join our friends a - mong the blest, We're slowly passing on. We're pass - ing on, all
souls will o - ver-flow When we all en - ter in To greet the ones who love us so, Be-yond the reach of sin.
cit - y of our Lord On heav-en's peaceful shore, We're pass-ing on to our re-ward—Sweet rest for evermore. We're passing on, all pass-ing on, all

REFRAIN.

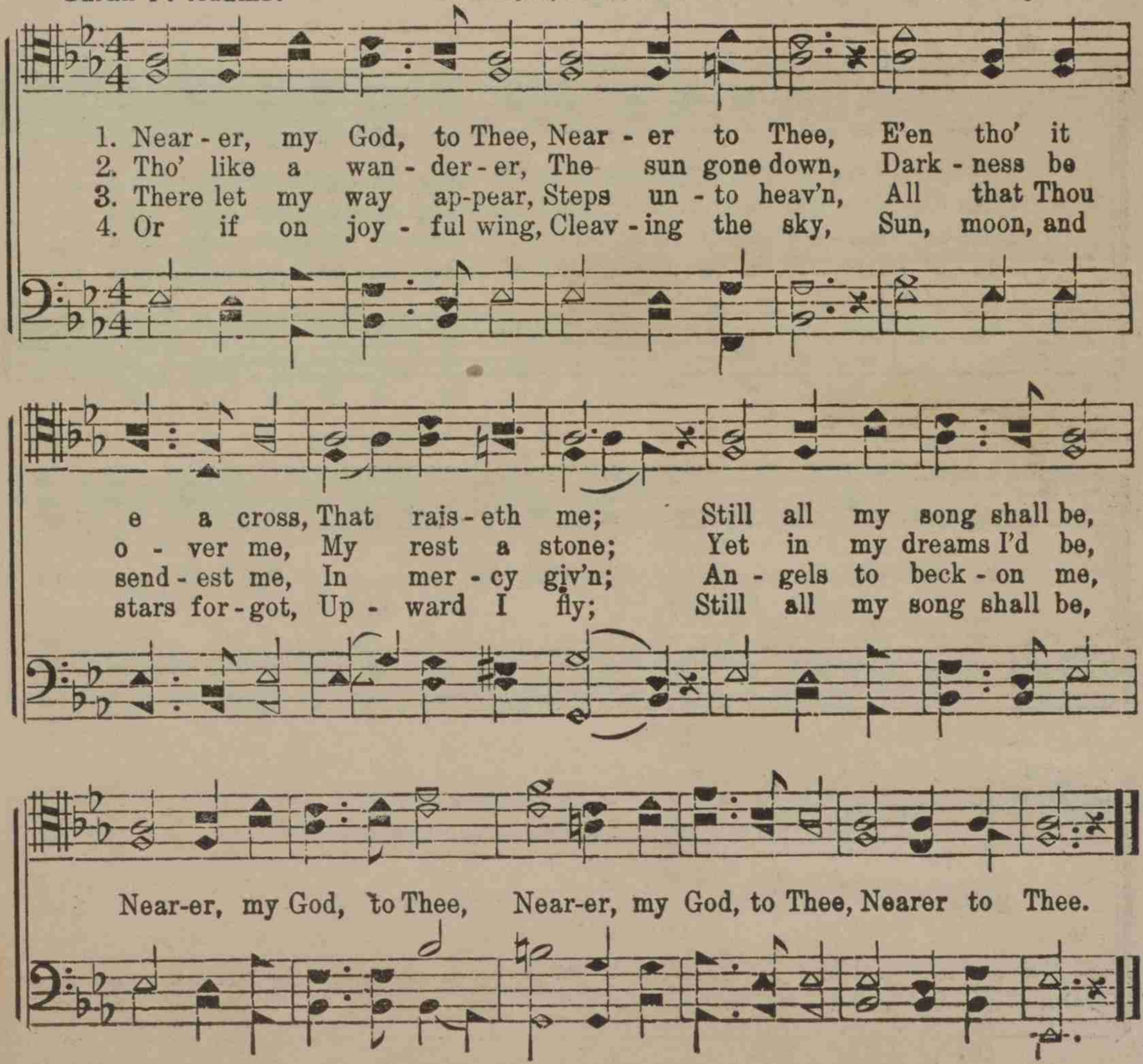
safe in love di - vine, We're pass - ing on, and soon shall cross the
We're passing on, all pass-ing on,

We're Passing On.



No. 125. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. W. T. Taylar, owner, 1918. W. T. Taylor.



No. 126. We'll All Sing Together By and By.

L. E. Green. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1913. A. J Showalter.

1. We're a band of sing-ing Christians On the march to Canaan's land, We'll
2. We will sing the praise of Je - sus, As we jour - ney here be - low, We'll
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Fa - ther For the sa - cred gift of song, We'll
4. As we walk the streets to - geth-er, In that bright ce - les - tial land, We'll

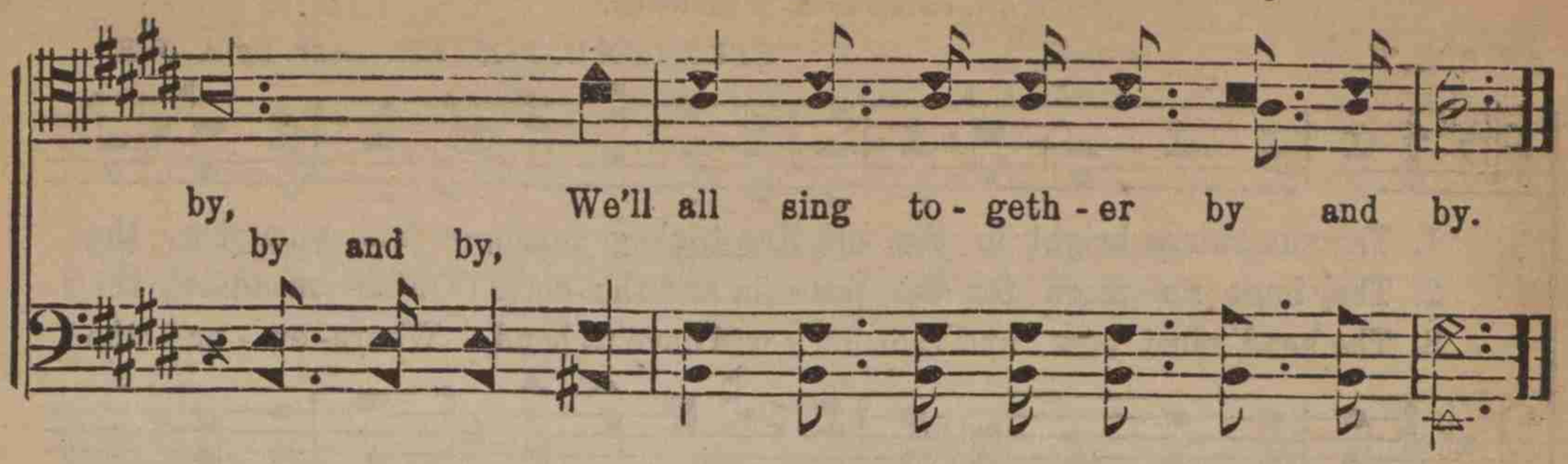
all sing to-geth-er by and by; There we'll join the an - gel cho-rus,
all sing to-geth-er by and by; Then with ransomed souls in glo - ry,
all sing to-geth-er by and by; Till we reach our home in heav-en
all sing to-geth-er by and by; With a crown up - on our fore-head,

And with loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing to - geth-er by and by.
With our robes made white as snow, We'll all sing to - geth-er by and by.
Then with yon - der hap-py throng, We'll all sing to - geth-er by and by.
And a harp with-in our hand, We'll all sing to - geth-er by and by.

REFRAIN.

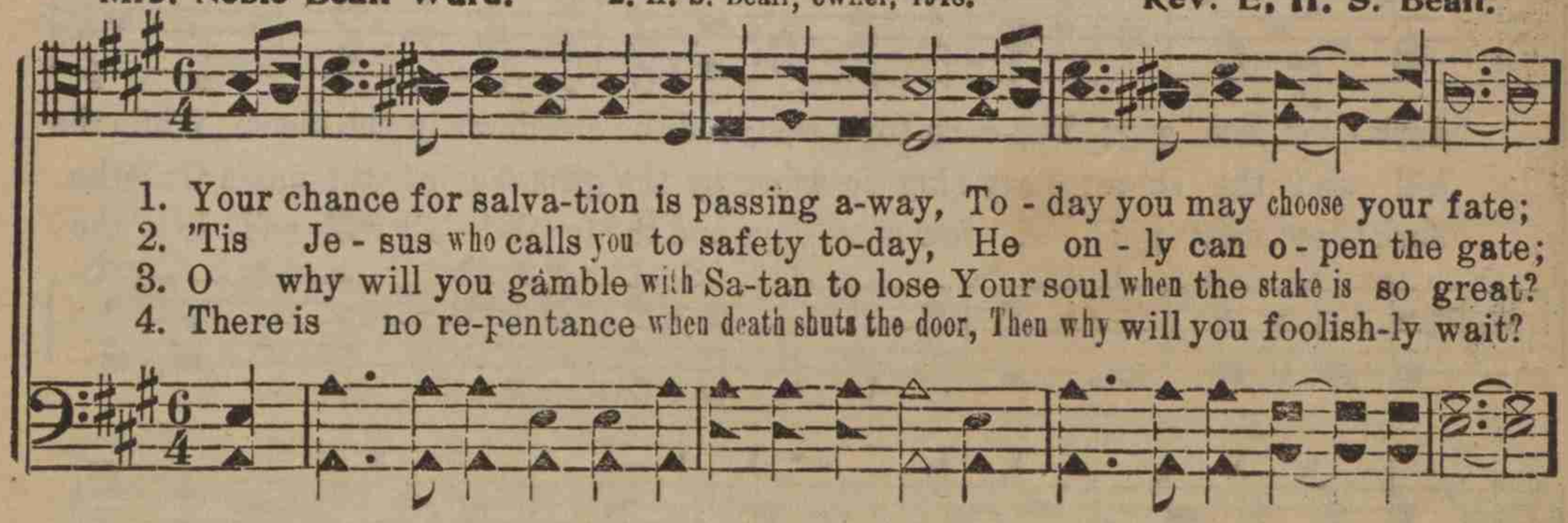
By and by, by and by, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by;
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and
by and by; By and by,

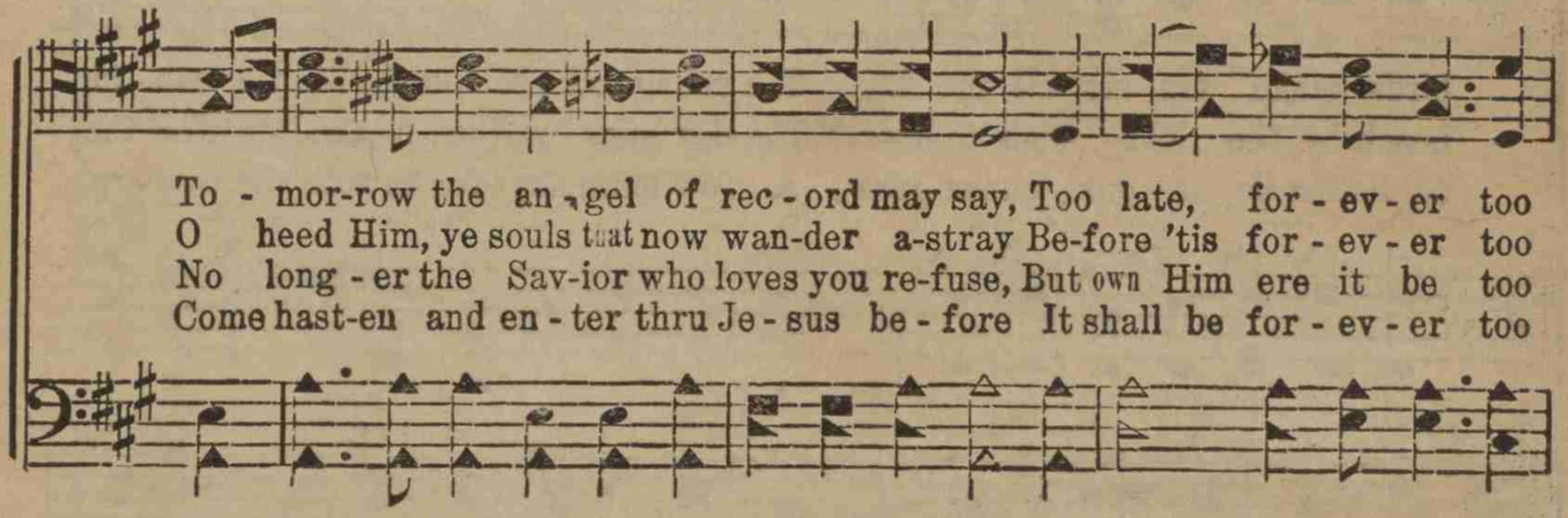
We'll All Sing Together By and By.



No. 127. Too Late.

Mrs. Noble Beall Ward. E. H. S. Beall, owner, 1918. **Rev. E. H. S. Beall.**





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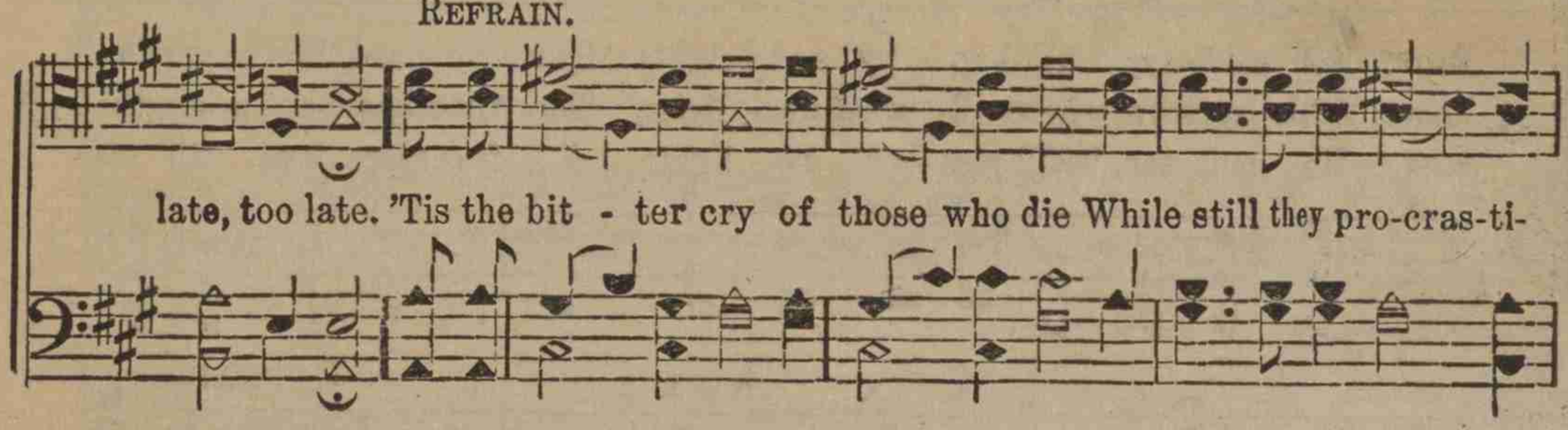
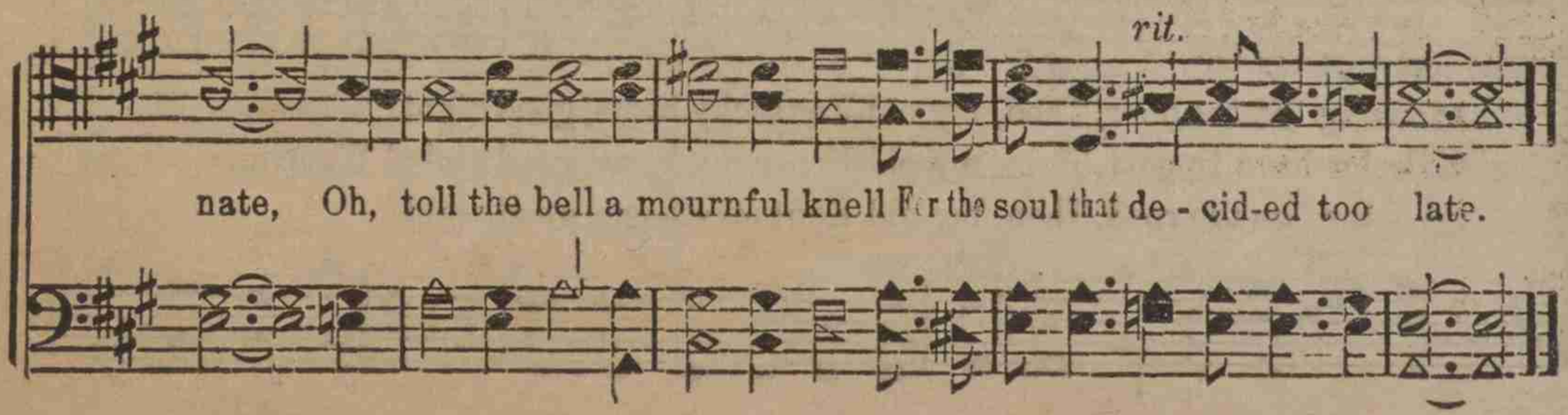


No. 128. My Old Kentucky Home.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter.

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. J. S.

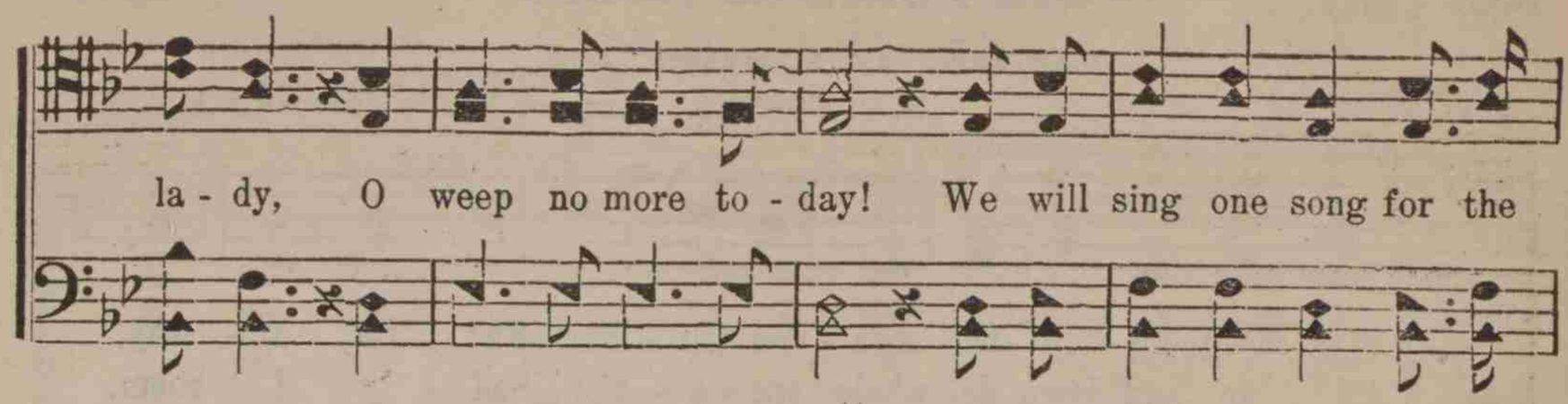
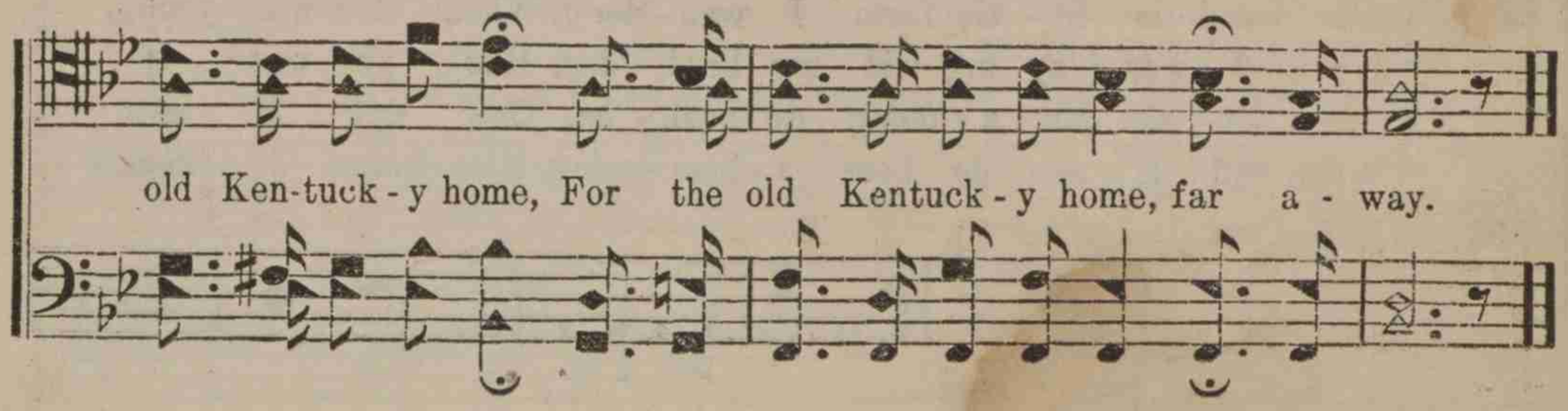
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home,— 'Tis sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor; All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'm - by hard times comes a - knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the beach by the old cab- in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart; With sor-row where all was de - light; The time has come when the dark- ies have to part, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night! Weep no more, my

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where- ev - er the dark - ey may go; A few more days and the troub-le all will end, In the field where the su - gar - canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load,—No mat- ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

REFRAIN.

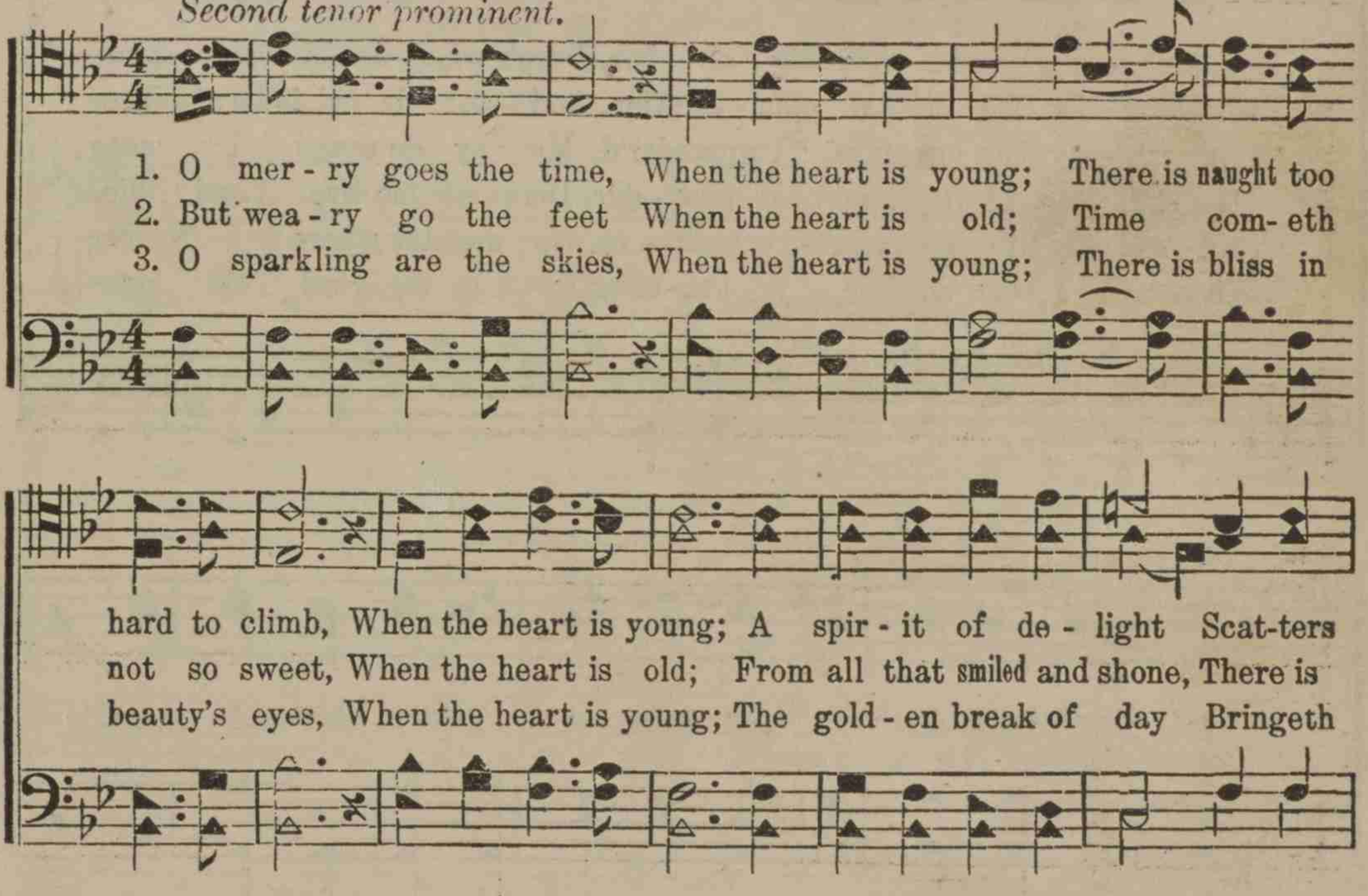
My Old Kentucky Home.

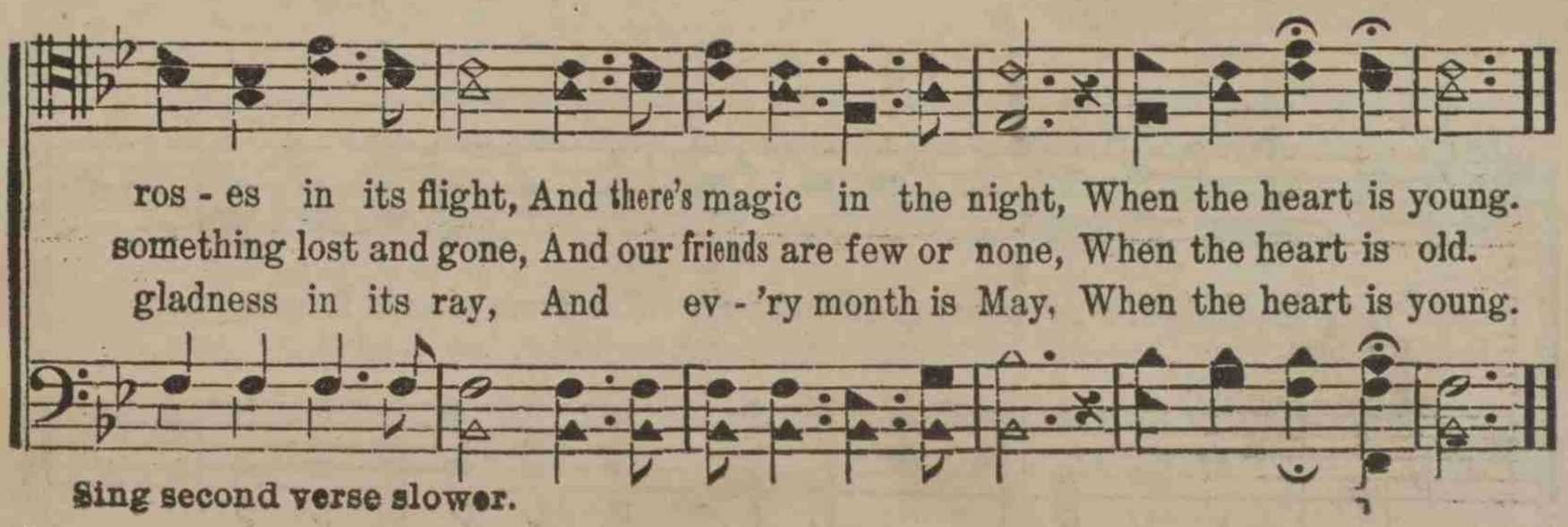


No 129. When the Heart is Young.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Second tenor prominent.



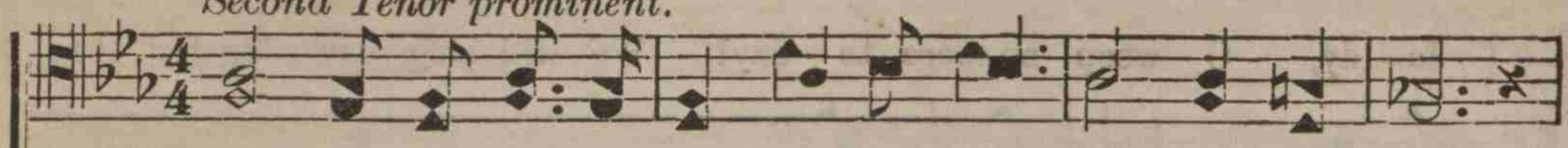
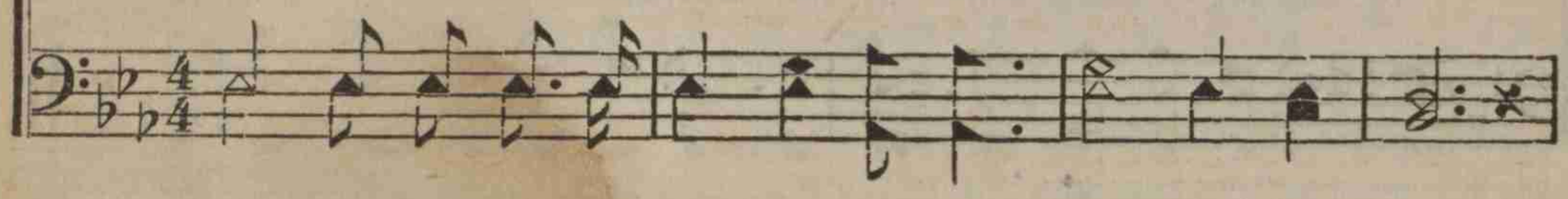
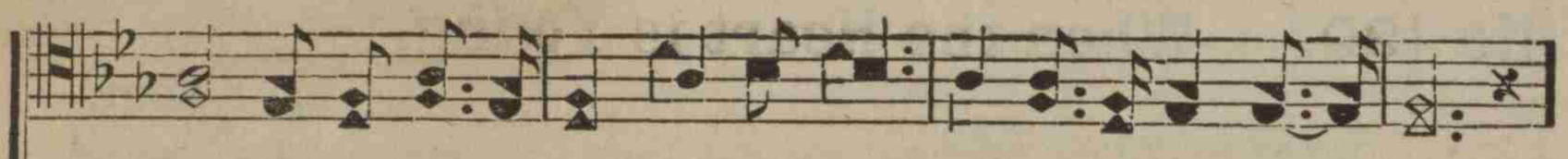
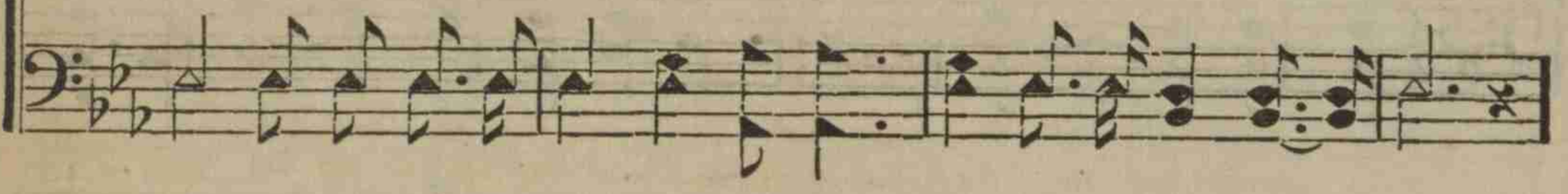


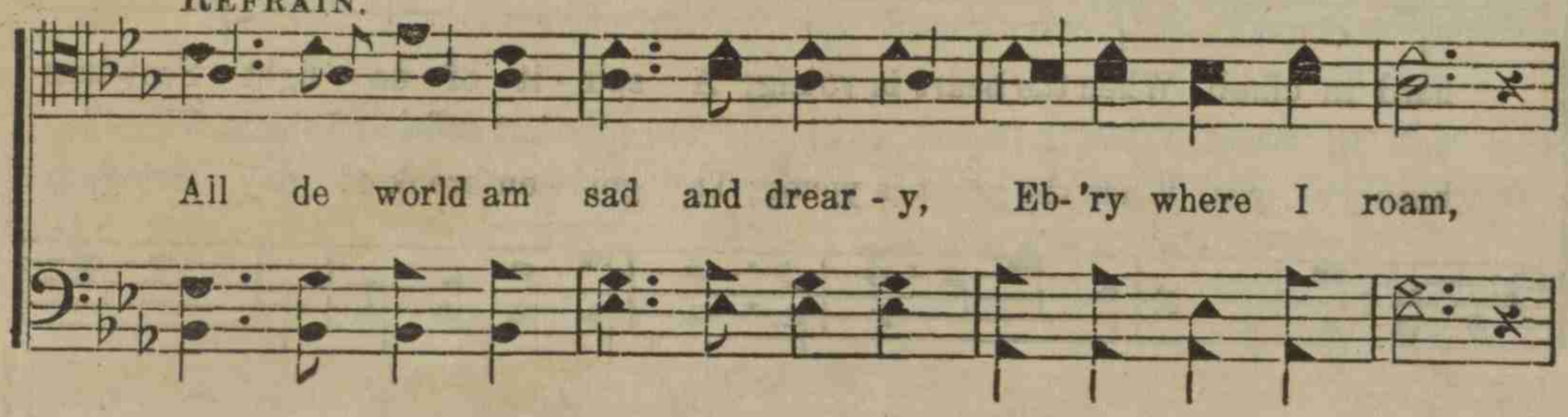
Sing second verse slower.

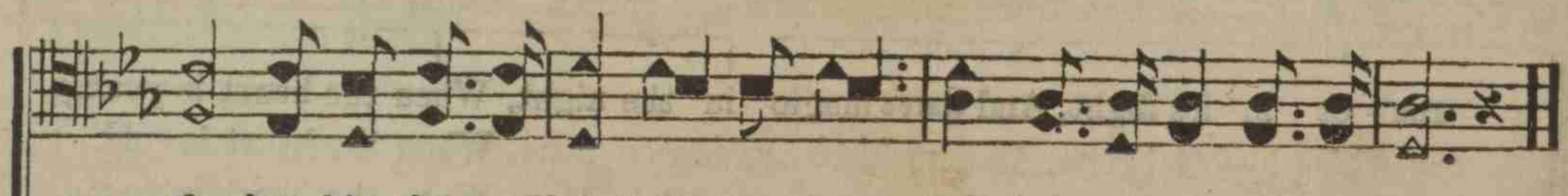
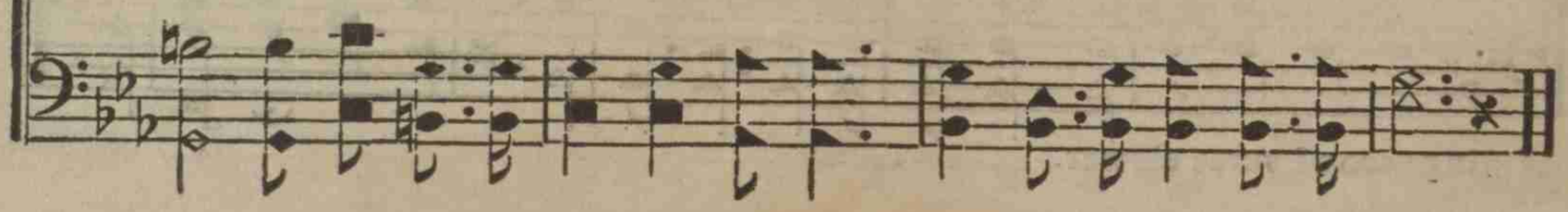
No. 130. Old Folks at Home.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

S. C. F. S. C. FOSTER. Arr. for Men's Voices by A. J. S.

Second Tenor prominent.

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd, When I was young,
   When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All 'round de comb?

Dere's where my heart is turn- ing eb - ber, Dere's where de old folks stay;
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung;
O take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem' - ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove;
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?

REFRAIN.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb- 'ry where I roam,

O dar - kies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

No. 131. The Dying Woodman.

Sovereign Visitor.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

Revised by J. S. KIMBROUGH.

J. D. PATTON.

1. As the gold - en sun was set - ting, As it fell with lin-g'ring ray
2. As the sov'reigns gath'red 'round Him, His brave comrades of the fight,
3. O! to stop the cur - rent flow-ing, Soon they found it was in vain;
4. "Come and gath - er 'round me, sov'reigns, Lis - ten now to what I say,
5. "I have there a dar - ling sis - ter, She was both my joy and pride,
6. "When our coun- try was in - sult - ed, And they called for vol - un- teers,
7. "Gath - er close a-round me, sov'reigns, Lis - ten to my dy - ing pray'r;

'Neath the shad - ows of the for - est, Where the wound- ed Woodman lay;
Tears were steal- ing down their fac - es, As he bade them all good-night.
Tears fell on each sov'reign's bo - som, Fell in sym - pa - thy like rain.
Lis - ten to my last sad sto - ry, Ere my soul has pass'd a - way.
I a - dored her from my childhood, And I have no one be - side.
Sis - ter threw her arms a-round me, While her eyes were full of tears.
Who will be to Nell a broth-er? Shield her from the tempter's snare?"

'Neath the shade of green pal - met- tos, 'Neath the ra -diant star - lit sky,
One dear lov - ing friend and brother, Close was kneel - ing at His side,
Faint - ly spoke the dy - ing Woodman, Say - ing, "Boys, weep not for me,
Far a - way in North-west Tex - as, In that dear old lone - star State,
I have loved her as no oth - er, Shield - ed her from ev - 'ry care;
'Go,' said she, my dar - ling brother, Drive the foe from Cu - ba's shore,
Spake the brave and no - ble Woodmen, As they an-swered one and all,

Rit.

Far a - way from friends and homeland, There we laid him down to die.
If to stop the life-blood flow- ing, But a - las! in vain they tried.
For I'm cross- ing death's dark riv- er, To a land from sor - row free."
There is one who, for my com- ing, With a wea - ry heart will wait."
And have tried in grief and sor - row, Her fond, lov - ing heart to cheer."
Hearts will sad- ly need your presence, But our coun - try needs you more."
"We will be to her as broth-ers, 'Till the last of us shall fall."

No. 132. The Back-Sliding Brother.

W. T. Taylor, owner, 1918.

Frank L. Stanton, in "Wit and Humor of America." **W. T. Taylor.**

Slowly, ad lib.

1. De screech owl screech f'um de ol' barn lof', "You drinked yo' dram sence you done swear off; En you gwine de way, Whar' de sin-ners stay, En Sa - tan
2. De ol' ha'nt say f'um de ol' chu'ch wall, "You des so trif-lin' dat you had ter fall! En you gwine de way, Whar' de brimstone stay, En Sa - tan
3. De screech owl screech f'um de north ter south, "You drinked yo' dram, en you smacked yo' mouth! En you gwine de way, Whar' de brimstone stay, En Sa - tan

REFRAIN.

gwine ter roas' you at de Jedg-mint day!" Den I shake en shiv-er, En I hunt fer kiv - er, En I cry ter de good Lawd, "Please de-liv-er," En I tell 'im plain, Dat my hopes is vain, En I drinked my dram fer ter ease my pain!

No. 133. I Shall Be Satisfied.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

DR. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When I a - wake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose
2. When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me

dawn - ing night ne'er re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day ev - er
arms the long, long re - moved, And find how faith - ful Thou then hast
died, with eye no more dim, And praise Him with heav'n's deep swell - ing

REFRAIN.

burns, I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be
proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied. I, yes, I shall be

sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a-
sat - is - fied, I, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied,

wake in Thy like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 134. Eternity Bound.

Jennie Wilson. B. B. Beall, owner. B. B. Beall.

1. As the days of this earth-life are has - ten - ing on, No con-tin - u - ing
2. We are bound for the land of the great ev - er - more, Where the a - ges no
3. By the blood of the mer-ci - ful Saviour made white From all sin - ful pol -

home can be found; Soon our fast-fleet-ing por-tion of time will be gone,
end - ing will know; And a - wait - ing us there on that in - fi - nite shore
lu - tion and stain; May we ev - er a - bide in the cit - y of light

f REFRAIN. *p*

And our souls are e - ter - ni - ty bound.
Is sweet rap - ture or bit - ter - est woe. E - ter - ni - ty bound, e -
Where redeemed ones in tri-umph shall reign.

ter - ni-ty bound, While the seasons of time roll a - round; 'Mid the joys and the

rit.

tears of our brief earth-ly years, Our souls are e - ter - ni - ty bound.....

No. 135. I'm Sailing Away.

Wm. M. Golden. H. L. Ellis, Millport, Ala., owner, 1918. H. L. Ellis.

1. To that beau-ti - ful port I am sail - ing a - way, To en - ter that an - gel - ic throng; To dwell in that cit - y for - ev - er and aye, In God's ho - ly pal - ace of song.

2. Soon the old ship of Zi - on will bear me a - way, Tho' mad - ly the bil - lows may roar; I'll en - ter that cit - y where all will be day, And no bark will leave that fair shore. Tho' I meet with ob-struc-tions I've

3. I shall soon bid this old world of sor - row a - dieu, And land on that heav - en - ly shore; Where all of the beau - ties of glo - ry I'll see, And Je - sus I'll ev - er a - dore.

REFRAIN.

noth - ing to dread, This road has been trav-eled be - fore; And so I press on - ward while look-ing a - head, Still seek - ing that far - ther-most shore.

No. 136. Our School-Boy Days.

ANON. J. MOORING YORK.

1. I'm think-ing of the old - en time,—The sweet long time a - go,—
2. Though ma - ny years have pass'd since then, And we are men to - day,
3. What fun we used to have when boys, While on the way to school,
4. Oft we would gath-er wild-wood flow'rs Which grew a - long the way,

When we were boys to - geth - er, Ray, With Har - ry, Tim and Joe.
I'll ne'er for - get what boys we've been, The gay - est of the gay.
How we did waste our time with toys, And thus we'd play the fool.
And give them to the pret - ty girls Who came to school that day.

REFRAIN.

O I nev - - - - er will for - get,
Nev - er will for - get, nev - er will for - get,
I nev - - - er will for - get,
Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will for - get,

O I nev - - - er will for - get, No, I
Nev - er will for - get, nev - er will for - get,
No, I nev - - - er will for - get, I
Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will for - get,

Our School-Boy Days.

nev - - er will for-get,

Nev-er will forget, nev-er will forget
nev - - er will for- get The sweet long time a - go.

Nev-er, never, nev-er will forget

No. 137. Why Should I Fear?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Copyright, 1909, by T. B. Mosley.

T. B. MOSLEY.

Second Tenor prominent.

1. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Will He not care for His own?
2. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Why should my heart feel a - larm?
3. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Does He not walk by my side?

Has not my Lord giv - en His word, Nev - er to leave me a - lone?
My faith is sure, my hope se- cure, Rest - ing on His might-y arm.
Tho' all is dim, if I love Him, For me the Lord will pro - vide.

REFRAIN.

I will not fear, for my Lord is too near, Ev - er to leave me a - lone;

So I have rest, and I am blest, Sure He will care for His own.

No. 138. Growing.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1918. **B. B Beall.**

1. Since the bless-ed Sav-iour made my spir - it whole, Since the light of
2. I could scarcely fol - low when He first did call, Weak was I and
3. Tho' I once was tim - id, robbed of joy and cheer, I am grow-ing
4. This my sup - pli - ca - tion dai - ly sent a - bove, Ev - er to grow

heav - en shone up - on my soul, Since my heav'nly Fa-ther showed His
fee - ble, frail-est of them all, But on bread from heaven, wa - ter
brav - er, noth - ing now I fear, Since His Ho - ly Spir - it o'er my
like Him, like my Lord in love, But I shall be like Him in that

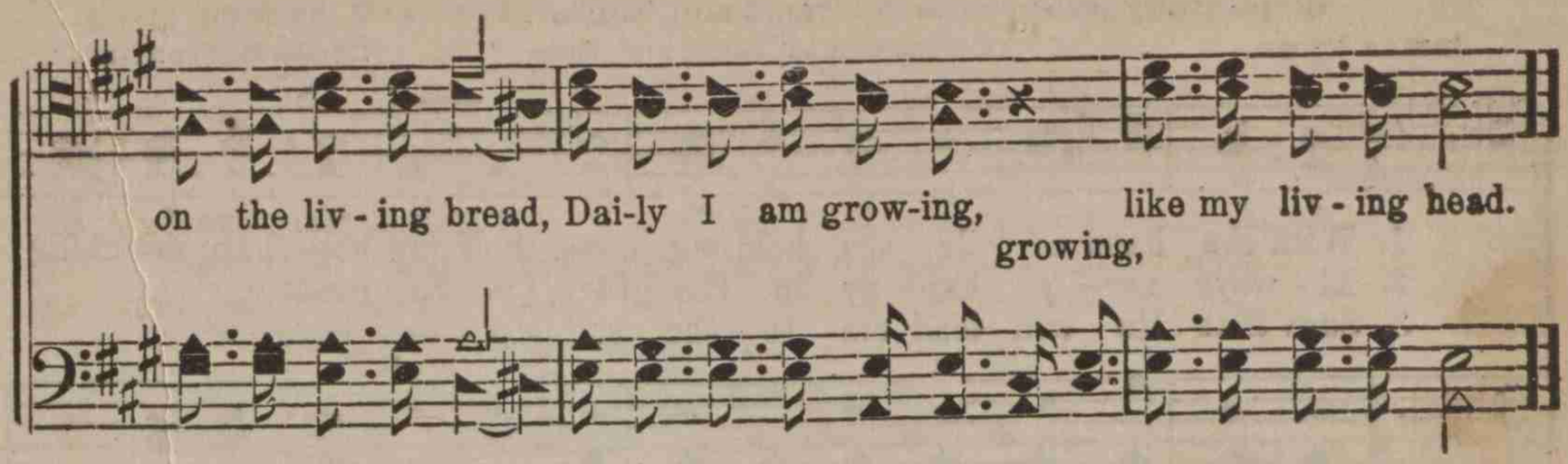
smil - ing face, Dai - ly I've been growing, growing in His grace.
from the spring, Dai - ly I am grow-ing, grow-ing like the King.
soul was poured, I am growing stronger, stronger in the Lord.
land of bliss, When I see my Sav-iour, see Him as He is.

REFRAIN.

Growing, grow-ing, grow-ing ev - 'ry day, Growing more like
Growing, growing, growing, yes, I'm grow-ing ev - 'ry day, Growing more like

Je - sus, walk-ing in the way; While He dai - ly feeds me
Je - sus, And I'm walk-ing in the way;

Growing.

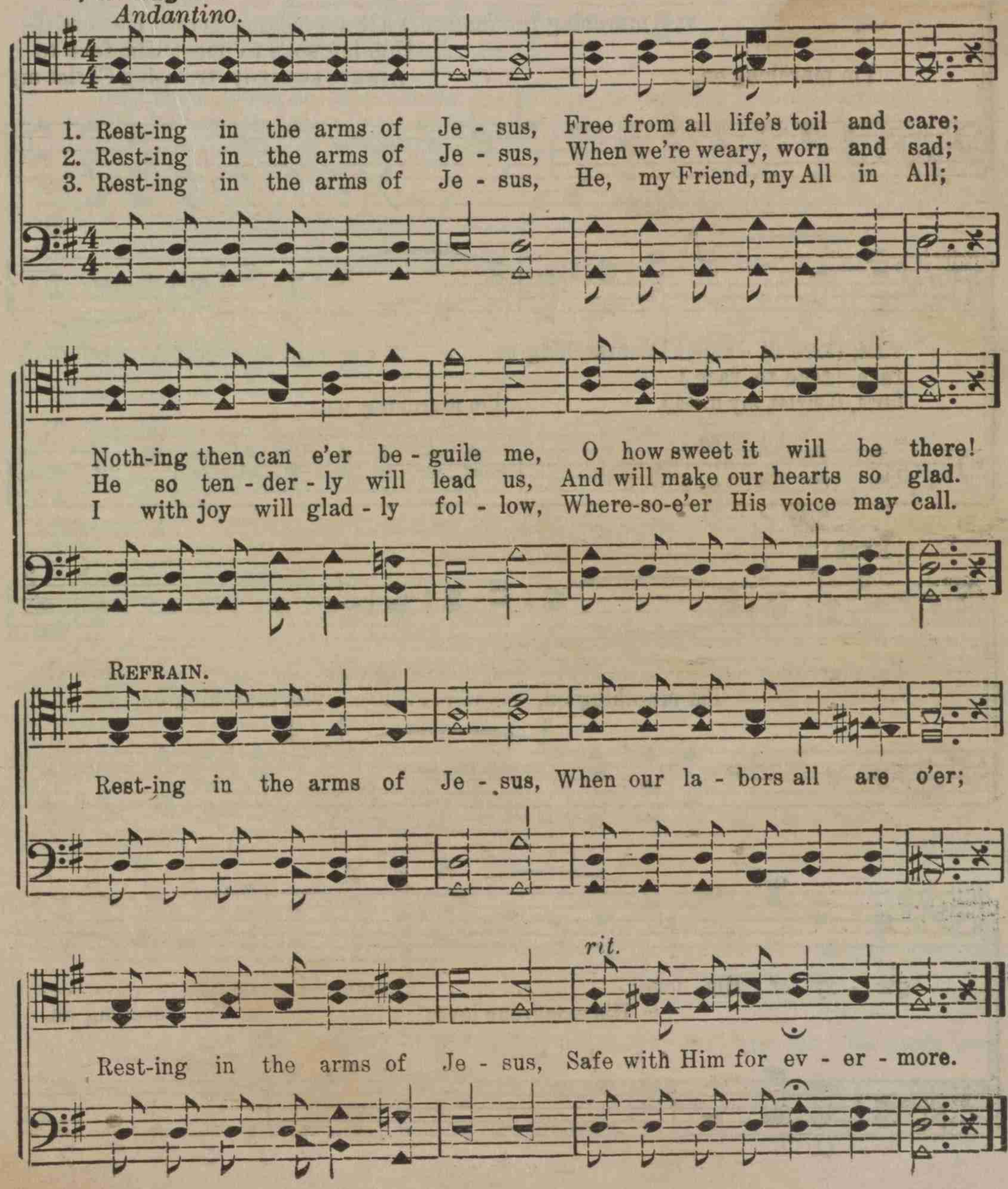


No. 139. Rest In Jesus.

Copyright, 1905, by K. C. Robinson and P. B. Hughes. Used by per.

P, H. Hughes. K. C. Robinson.

Andantino.



No. 140. Still Marching On.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and teacher, Prof J. D. Patton.

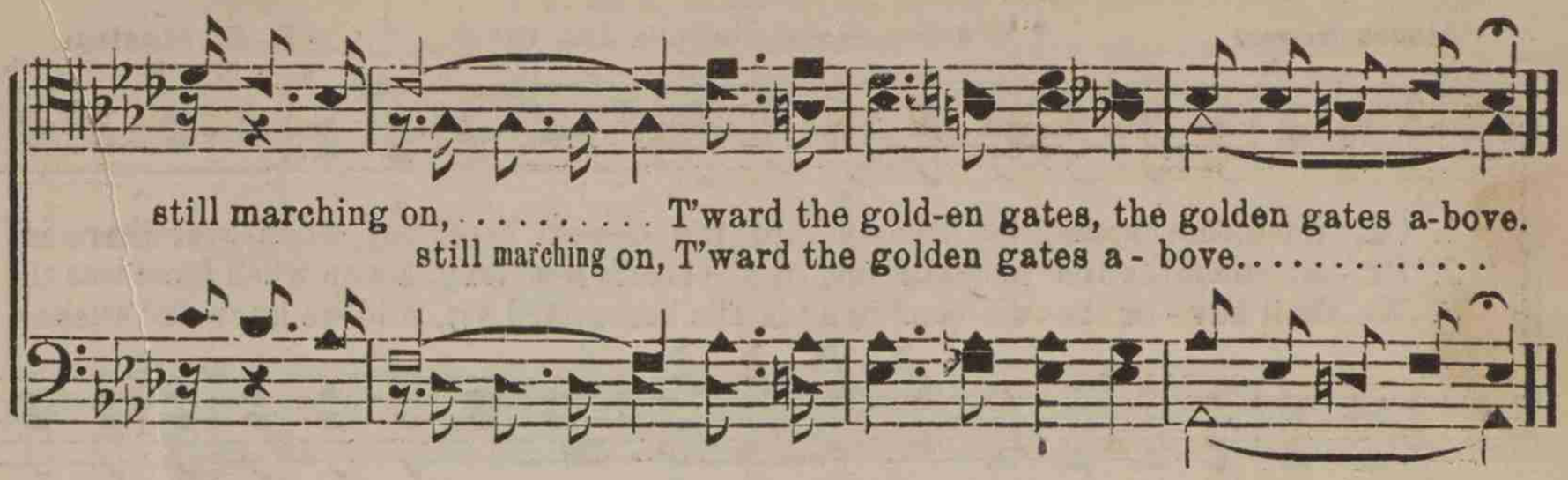
James Rowe. (Carlis Barrentine, Berry, Ala., owner. 1918. **Carlis Barrentine.**

1. With the hand of Je - sus hold-ing mine, (hold-ing mine,) I'm marching
2. Al - ways ver - y hap - py in His grace, (in His grace,)
3. Sure that He will lead me to the end, (to the end,)

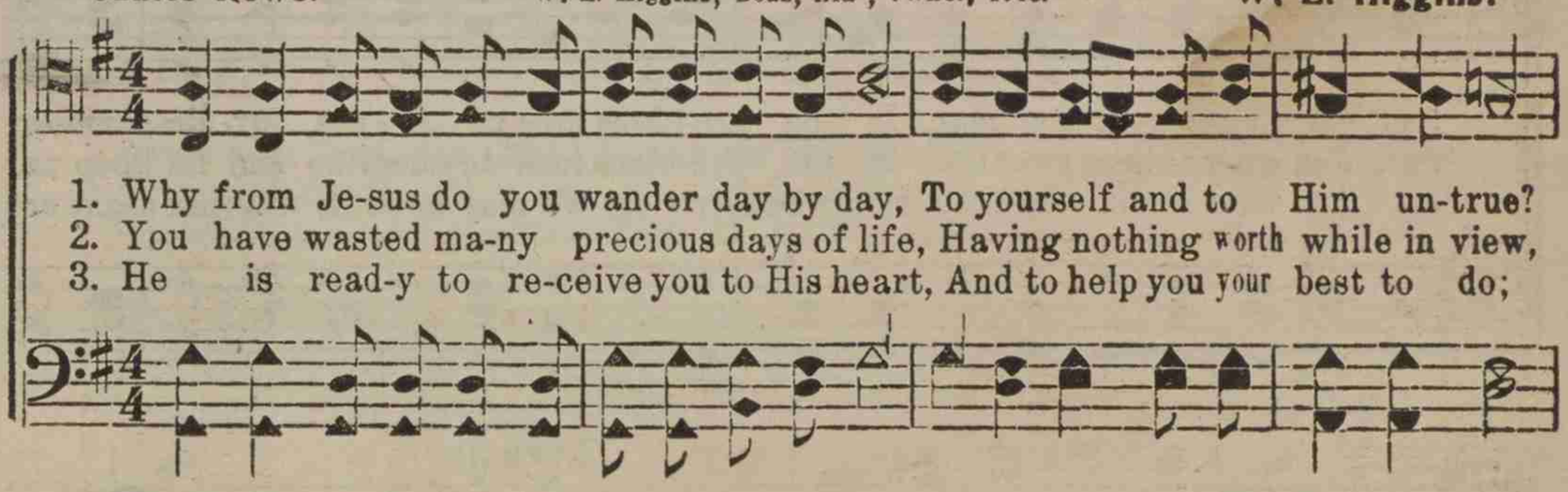
on,..... still marching on; (and on;) Always making known His love di-
Hop-ing soon to meet Him face to
I'm marching on, Always sweet-ly trust-ing Christ my
vine, (love di - vine,) I'm marching on,.....still marching on. (and on.)
face, (face to face,)
friend, (Christ my friend,) I'm marching on,

REFRAIN.

I'm marching on,..... yes, marching on, In the
I'm marchiug on,..... yes, marching on,
glo - ry of His love;..... I'm marching on,.....
His wondrous love; I'm marching on,

Still Marching On.

No. 141. You Need Jesus.

James Rowe. W. L. Higgins, Boaz, Ala , owner, 1918. W. L. Higgins.



No. 142. There's a Song for the Soul.

James Rowe. T. B Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1918. T. B. Mosley.

1. Oh, the pathway may be drear-y thro' the des-ert here, But, when-ever there is trou-ble or temp-ta-tion near, In the pre-cious love of Je - sus, our Re-deem-er
2. Ev - en when the foe as-sails us, or the storm seems long, Ev-en when from morn till darkness ev-'ry-thing goes wrong, In His pre-cious love to cheer us and to keep us
3. We shall nev - er be dis-cour-aged in the homeward way, And we know that we shall all be vic-tors in the fray, For, when-ev - er we may need it, whether night or

REFRAIN.

dear, There's a song for the soul. There's a song for the strong,
day, There's a song for the soul. There's a song for the

There's a

soul,..... All the way to the goal;..... In the
soul,..... All the way to the goal;.....

song for the soul, All the way to the goal;

precious love of Jesus, our Redeemer dear, There's a song for the soul.
There's a song, there's a song for the soul.

No. 143. Praise the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe. F. F. Jolley, Albertville, Ala., owner, 1918. F. F. Jolley.

1. If the Lord has made you free from sin and glad, Try to com-fort oth-ers,
2. There are some around you who are need-ing cheer, Bending un - der bur-dens,
3. Make your life a blessing, fill your earthly place; La - bor in His vineyard,

cheer the lone and sad; Spread the hap-py sto - ry of His precious love,
full of doubt and fear; Je - sus loves them dearly, though they live in sin,
praise His sav - ing grace; Then, at last, in heav - en, by the crys-tal sea,

REFRAIN.

And be true and help - ful to your Friend a-bove.
And it is your du - ty souls for Him to win. Working, sing-ing, Help Him
You shall share His glo - ry for e - ter - ni - ty.

ev - 'ry day; Love-light spreading All a - long the way. Since He died to

save you, Made you white as snow, Praise the love of Je-sus Ev-'ry-where you go.

No. 144. In Line With the King.

James Rowe. C. Z. Pierce, Albertville, Ala., owner, 1918. C. Z. Pierce.

1. Faith and cour-age show-ing, on to glo - ry go - ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es we sing, In His presence liv - ing, lov - ing serv-ice giv - ing, We are
2. Ma - ny bat - tles fight-ing, wrongs with Je - sus righting, Help-ing souls to lean on the Lord; Looking backward nev-er, marching on-ward ev - er, Fighting
3. Songs of vic - t'ry sing-ing, bells of vic - t'ry ring-ing, Ev - 'ry storm and foe safe-ly passed, Friends and dear ones greeting, our Redeemer meeting, We shall

REFRAIN.

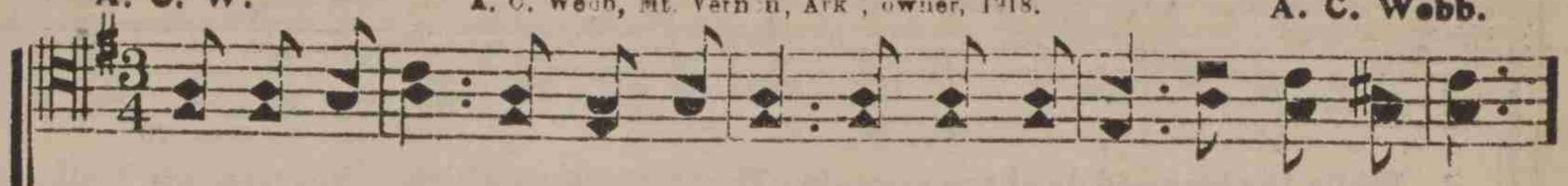
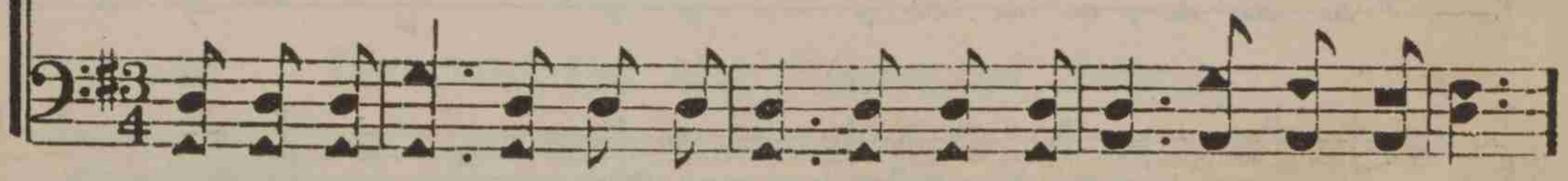
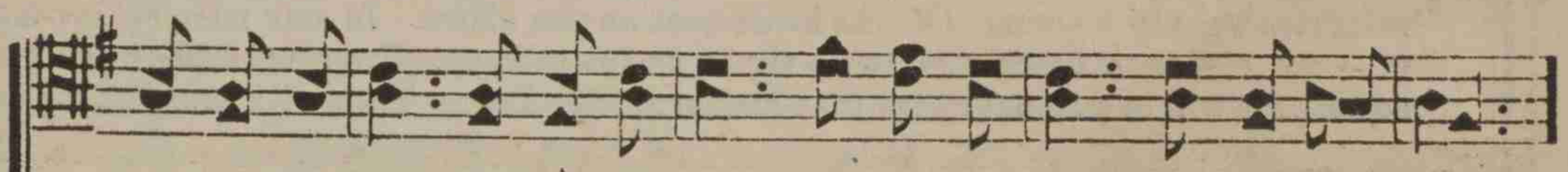
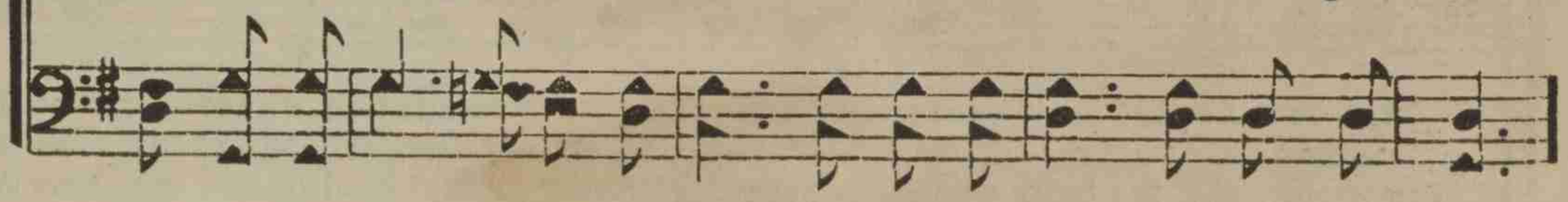
all in line with the King. All in line..... with the King,.....
for the prom-ised re-ward.
en - ter glo - ry at last. All in line heav-en - ly

..... Let - ting praise..... swell and ring; .... On His
King, Let - ting prais - es swell and ring;

love de-pend-ing, light to oth - ers sending, We are all in line with the King.

No. 145. Be of Good Cheer.

(Respectfully inscribed to my earnest students of Center Point, Ark.)

A. C. W. A. C. Webb, Mt. Vernon, Ark., owner, 1918. A. C. Webb.

1. Tho' foes each day your soul as - sail, Yield not to doubt, yield not to fear;
2. When mighty waves a - round you rise, Let Christ in His your hand still keep,
3. Be of good cheer whate'er be-tides, And nev - er from your Sav - ior roam,
4. The blessings that you need each day Will come to you, for He is near;

To harm you they will sure-ly fail, For to de-fend the Lord is near.
For He who formed the earth and skies Can hush to rest the troub-led deep.
For safe-ly He each dear one guides, And will not fail to lead you home.
So, trusting Him, press on your way, And to the end, be of good cheer.

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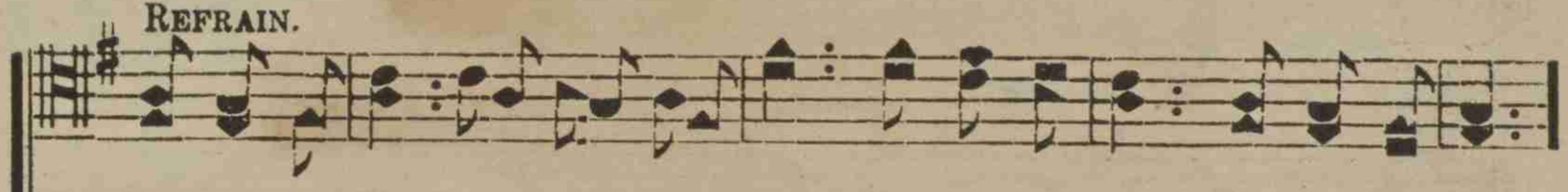
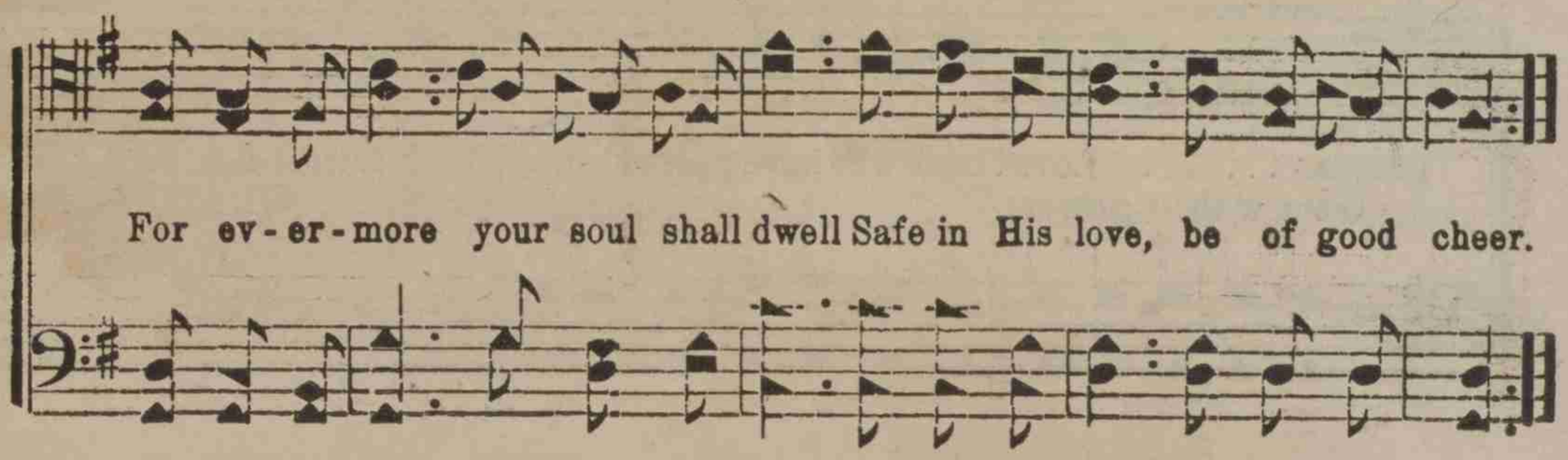

Be of good cheer, for all is well With those who trust the Sav-iour dear;

For ev - er - more your soul shall dwell Safe in His love, be of good cheer.

No. 146. Strew Their Graves With Flowers.

I. T. Hudgens, Waldo, Ark., owner, 1918.

James Wells. **Isaac T. Hudgens.**

Adagio. Con expressione.

1. While the bless-ed dead are sleep-ing That long sleep which wakes no more, Hallowed
2. Soft - ly, sweet-ly, they are sleeping; Naught disturbes their tranquil sleep, And the
3. Ev - er in our mem-'ry, saddened, Are the loved ones passed a-way, But our

mem'ries we are keeping Of the loved ones on yon shore. In our mem'ry, lov-ing,
i - vy o'er them creeping Loving vig - il seems to keep. Fragrant zephyrs, softly
sad hearts will be gladdened On that Ressurrection Day. Then with mingled joy and

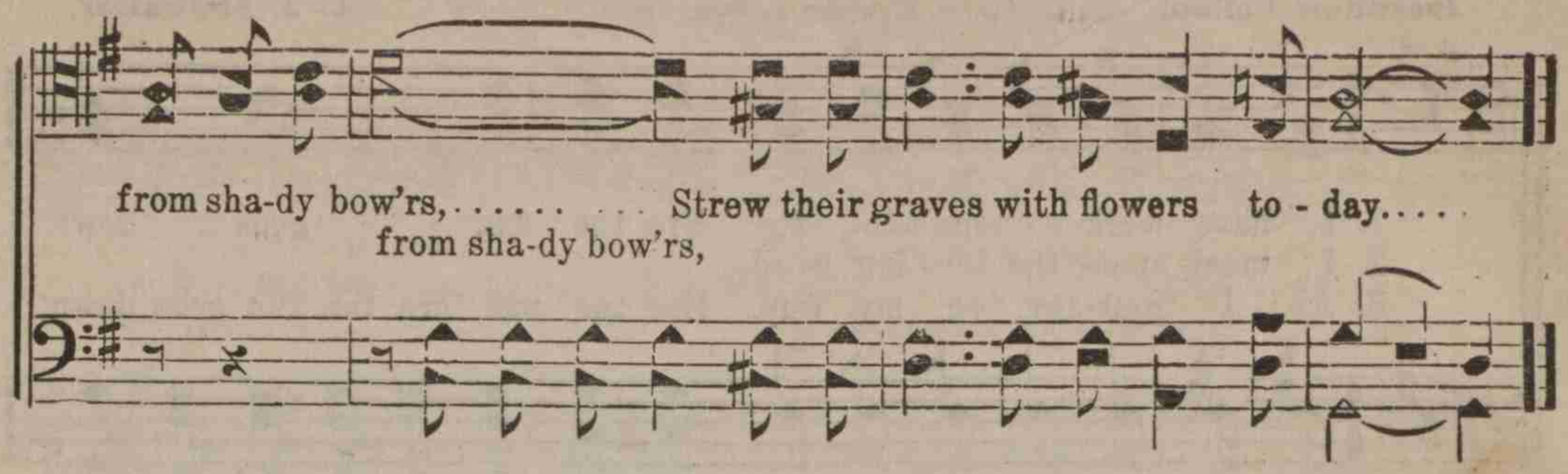
ten-der, Are the loved ones passed away; Lov-ing hom-age now we ren-der, Strew their
sighing, Sing a re - quiem as they stray, Where our blessed dead are lying, Strew their
sor-row, Tho' the tears we may not stay, Thinking of that glad to-mor-row, Strew their

REFRAIN.

graves with flowers to - day. Then strew their graves,..... Then strew their
O strew their graves,

graves,..... Loved ones who have passed a-way; With fairest flow'rs.....
O strew their graves, With fairest flow'rs

Strew Their Graves With Flowers.



No. 147. Blessed Be the Name of Jesus.

James Rowe. B. W. Merritt, Branen, Ga., owner, 1918. B. W. Merritt.

No. 148. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

Josephine Pollard. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. I have work e-nough to do, Ere the sun goes down,
2. I must speak the lov-ing word,
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

For my-self and kin-dred, too, Ere the sun goes down;
I must let my voice be heard,
God's command I must o-bey, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down;

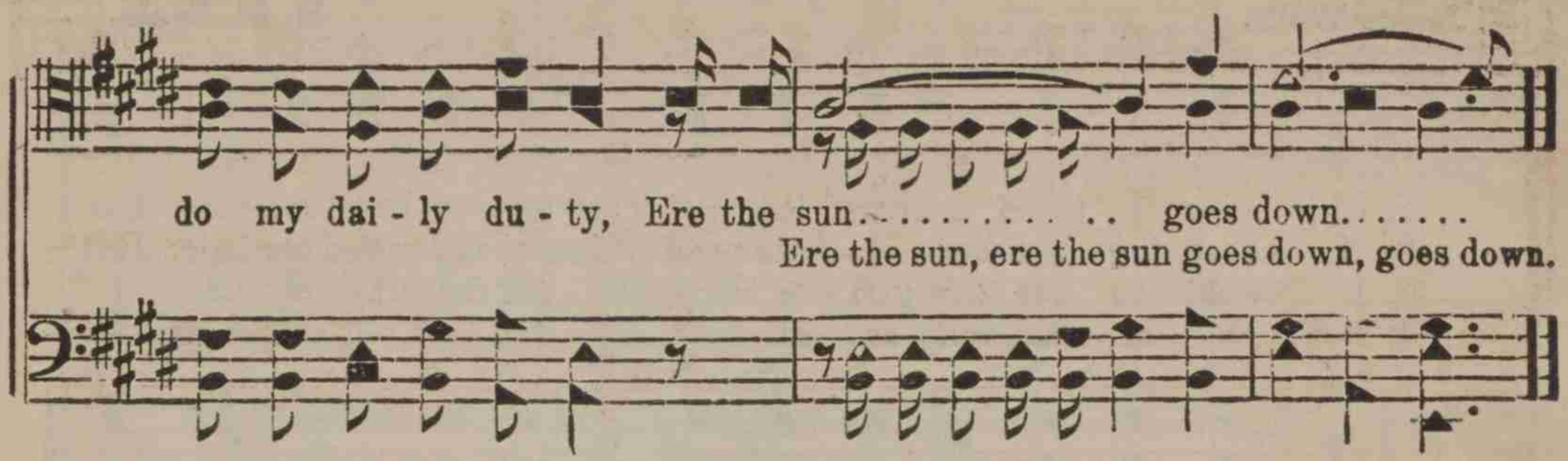
Ev-'ry i-dle whis-per still-ing, With a pur-pose firm and will-ing.
Ev-'ry cry of pit-y heed-ing, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing,
There are sins that need con-fess-ing, There are wrongs that need re-dress-ing,

All my dai-ly tasks ful-fill-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
To the light the lost ones lead-ing,
If I would ob-tain the bless-ing, Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

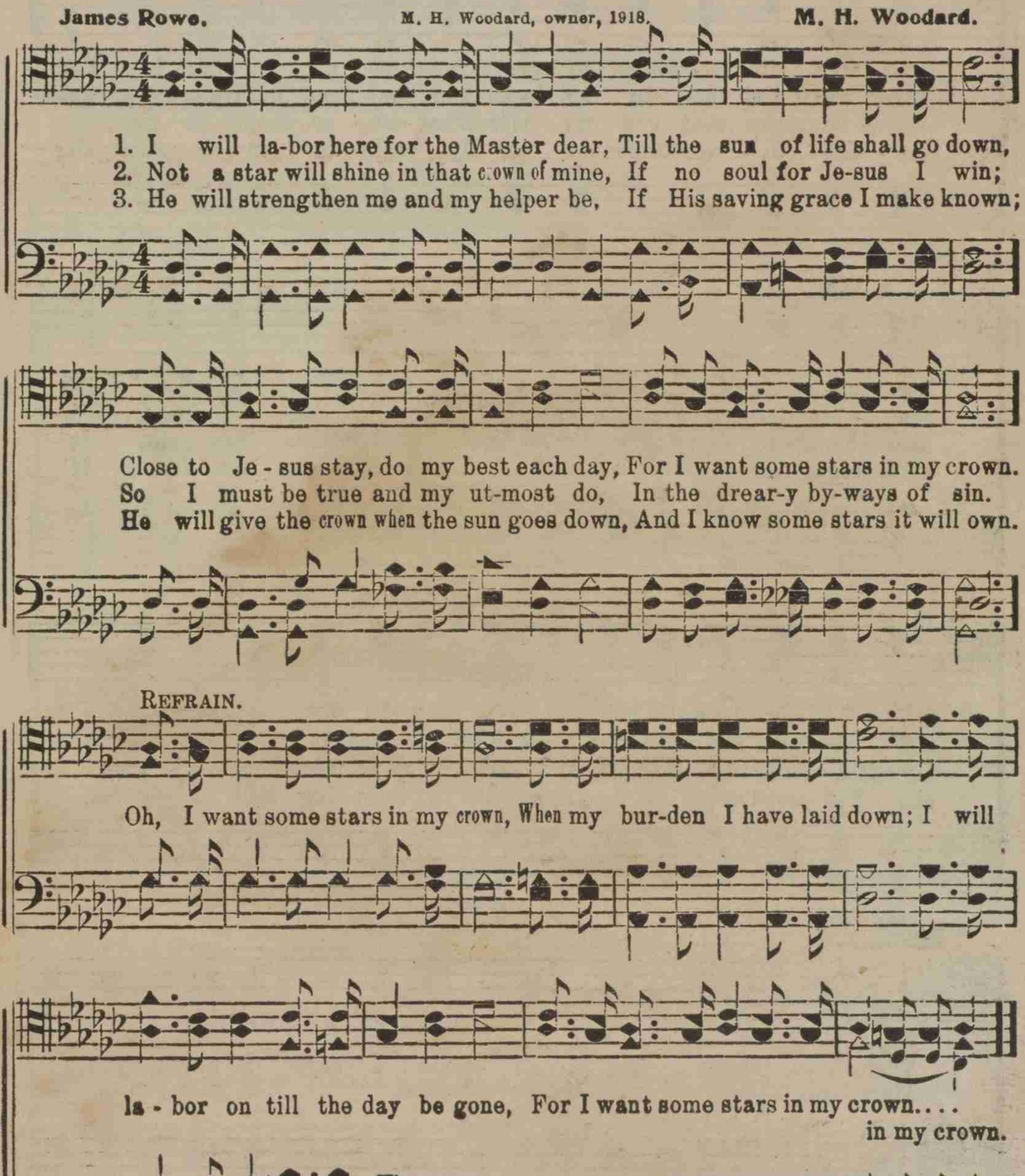
REFRAIN.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, I must
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the Sun Goes Down.



No. 149. I Want a Starry Crown.

James Rowe. M. H. Woodard, owner, 1918. M. H. Woodard.

No. 150. The Girl With Auburn Hair.

H M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA , OWNER.

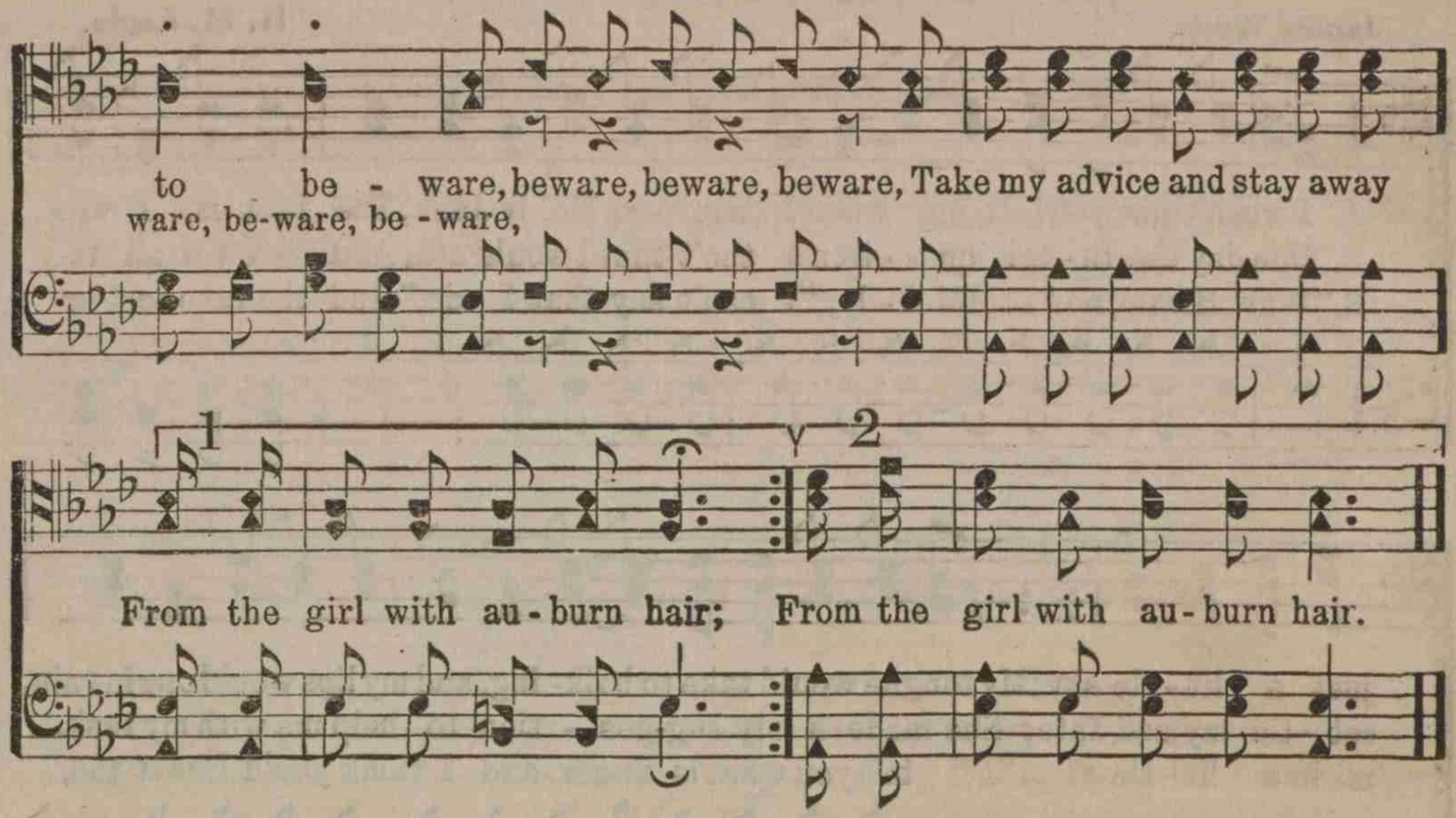
James Wells. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Oh! once I loved a charm-ing girl, That girl-ie loved me too; Her hair was quite in-clined to curl: 'Twas of an au-burn hue; But 'twas the cause of such mis-haps It bro't me to de-spair And so I say be-ware, young chaps Of the girl with au-burn hair.
2. No heat-ing did her i-rons need Whene'er she curled her hair; Just touch the i-rons to her locks And they grew hot right there; When-e'er the kitch-en fire she built, It was to her no dread, She sim-ply filled the stove with wood, And touched it with her head.
3. I went to see this girl-ie once, She sat down by my side; I vowed I'd make that girl my wife What-ev-er should be-tide; She leaned her head a-gainst my breast And I screamed out with pain, It burned a hole right thro' my vest,—I ne'er went back a-gain.
4. But Oh! a-las, what cru-el fate Be-fell this red-haired girl, E-mo-tion o-ver-comes me so, My brain is in a whirl; Her clothes caught fire from her red hair—A flim-sy cot-ton dress,— If she has not burned up by now, She is burn-ing still, I guess.

REFRAIN.

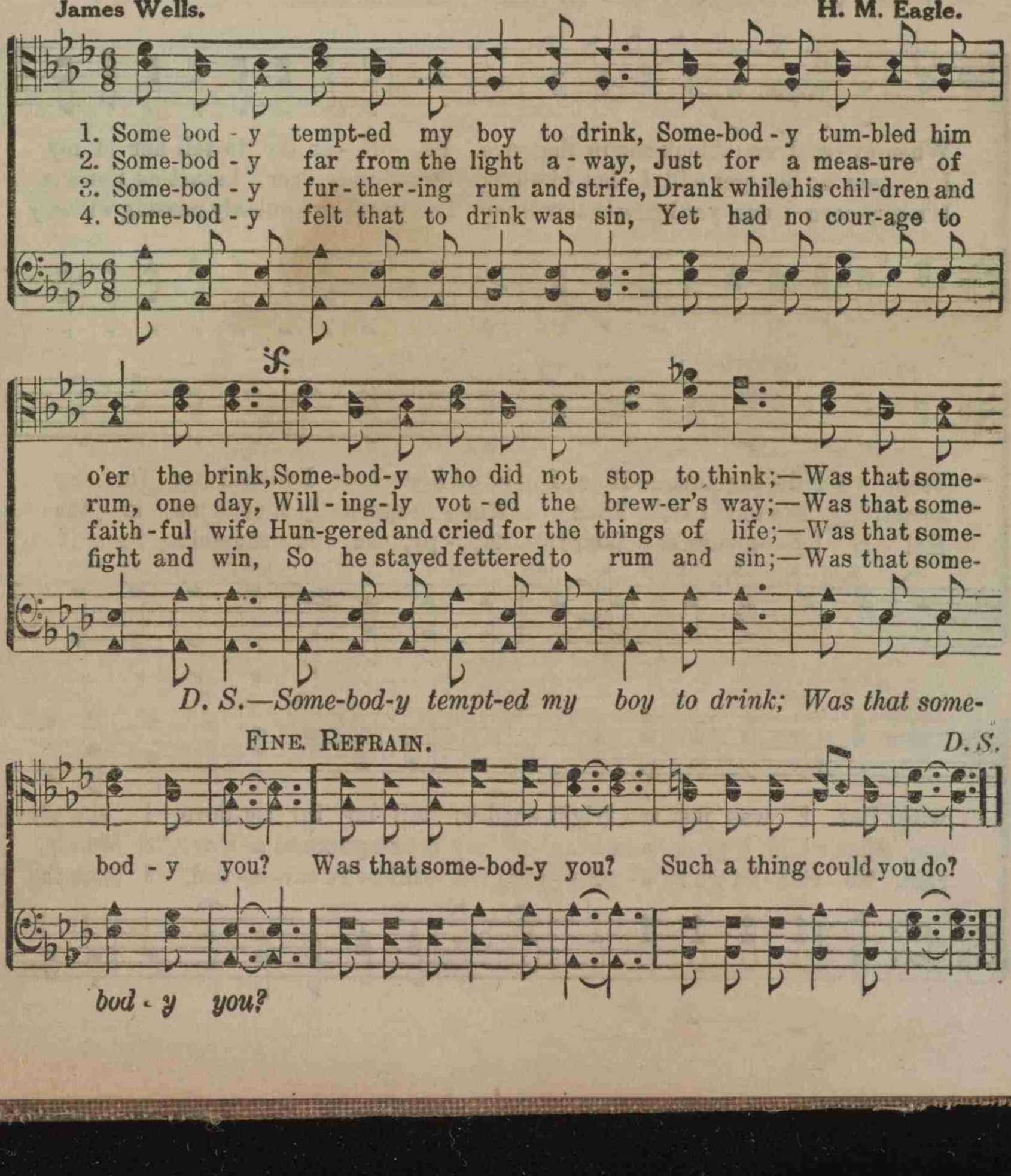
Then, boys, take my ad-vice, I say, I warn you
Then, boys, take my ad-vice, take my ad-vice, I warn you to be-

The Girl With Auburn Hair.



No. 151. Was It You?

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER.



No. 152.

Courting Molly Jane.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA . OWNER.

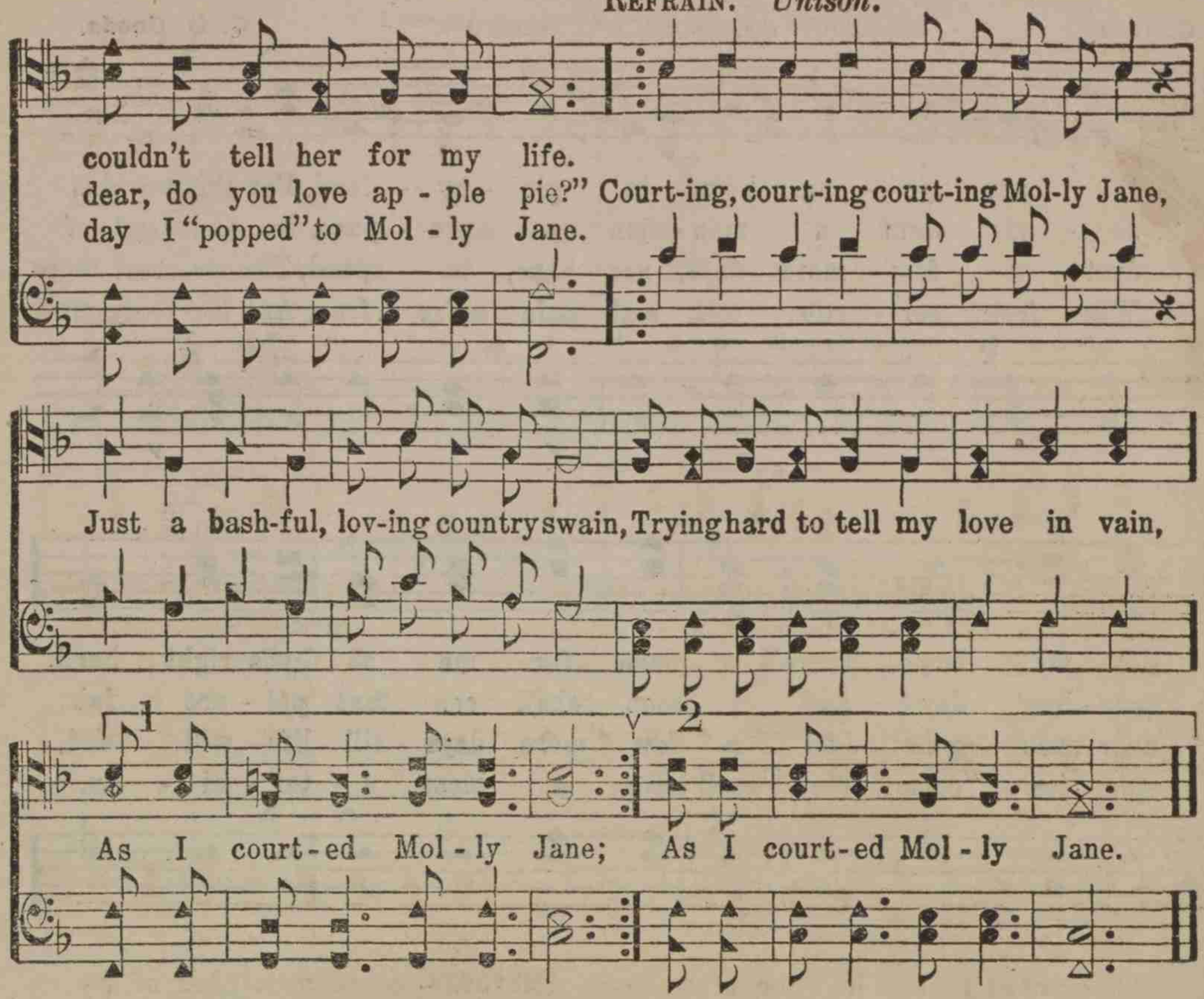
James Wells. H. M. Eagle.

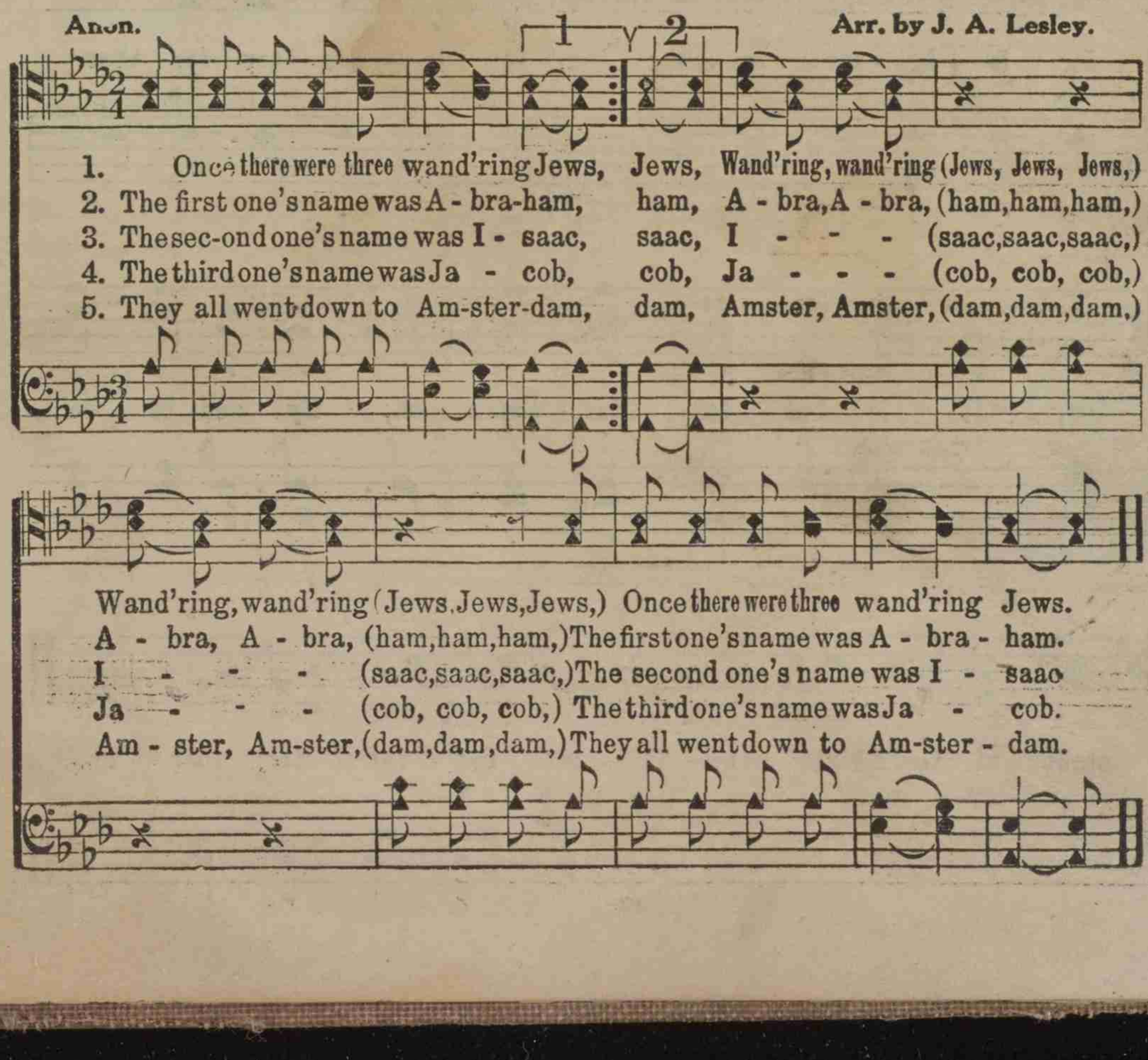
1. I wasn't much on talk-ing when I court-ed Mol-ly Jane; The fact is, I was just a lit - tle shy; My tongue would take to balk- ing, and my lips would ope in vain,
2. One day the fa - tal ques - tion I tho't that I would ask, And once for all to set - tle my sad fate; She made a sly sug-ges - tion to help me with my task,
3. "Why, Hiram, no," said Mol - ly, "I can't say that I do," And then she sort-er made a lit - tle stop. "I'll tell you what is ni-cer and I think you'd like it too,

When-ev - er I would look her in the eye. I'd oft - en try to tell her of my deep, a - bid - ing love— How I loved her—how I wished her for my
I said no lon-ger will I hes - i - tate. "O Mol - ly, dear," I start-ed, there is something I would say," Then Mol - ly quick - ly looked me in the
It's pop-corn–'cause you know that will pop." The years are quickly passing with my Mol - ly by my side, We're hap - py, be it sun-shine, be it

wife, But I was just too fright-ened to tell my tur - tle dove—I sim-ply
eye, Then while I grew faint heart-ed my cour-age oozed a - way, "O Mol - ly,
rain; No rich - es we're a - mass - ing but still we're sat - is - fied, I bless the

Courting Molly Jane.

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

No. 153. Three Wand'ring Jews.

Anon. Arr. by J. A. Lesley.

No. 154. It Is Better Farther On.

C. D. G. C. D. Goode, Holland, Ark., owner, 1918. C. D. Goode.

1. I am go - ing home to glo - ry - land, For this world is not my home; There's a place for me at God's right hand,
2. Je - sus went a man - sion to pre - pare, In that land of fade - less dawn, And I soon shall see that pal - ace fair,
3. Just a few more days, per - haps, to spend, Till we meet those dear ones gone; Just a few more days till life will end,
4. When from sor - row, toil, and pain we're free, And He bids our spir its, "come," We shall have a blest e - ter - ni - ty,

REFRAIN.

It is bet - ter far - ther on. It is bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet - ter far - ther on; By and by we'll stand at God's right hand, It is bet - ter far - ther on.

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Schöpfung

Ke = great -

Redlines

. Vier Hörnerpaare [illegible]

Strings Flut

Escort

Eulogized

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