JOYFUL PRAISES

O, come and let
us sing unto the Lord;
let us make a joyful
noise to the Rock of
our salvation.

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FOR CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL, YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS, SINGING CONVENTIONS, SINGING CLASSES, ETC.

BY

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

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H. B. MAPLES.
D. A. CAMP.
R. L. RUSSELL.
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OPENING SERVICE.

Leader.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

School.—Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Leader.—Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

School.—Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Leader.—Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth-

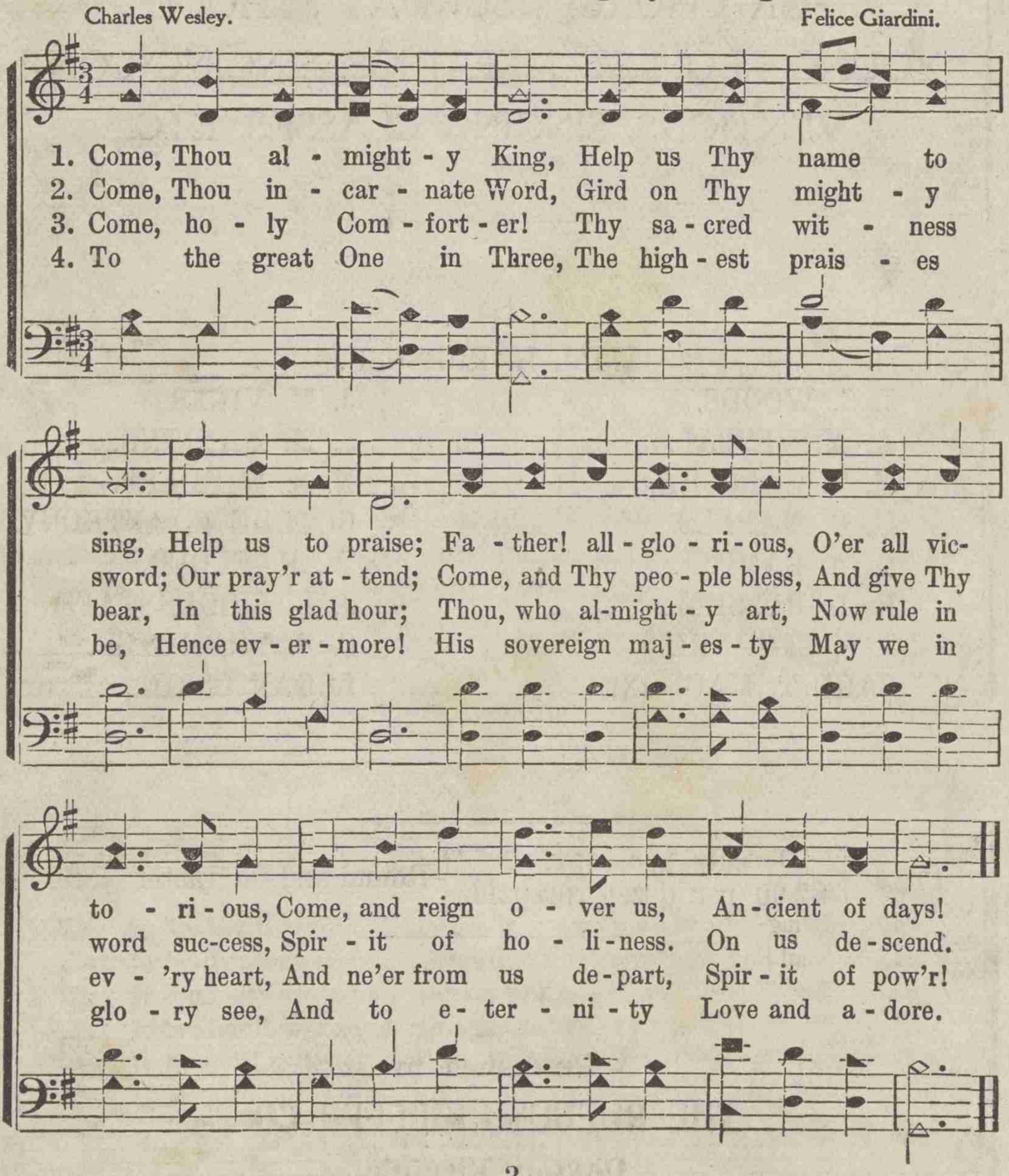
School.—Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Leader.—Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

All.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



Joyful Praises.

No. 1. Conquest. C. M.

Very spirited. Chester G. Allen.



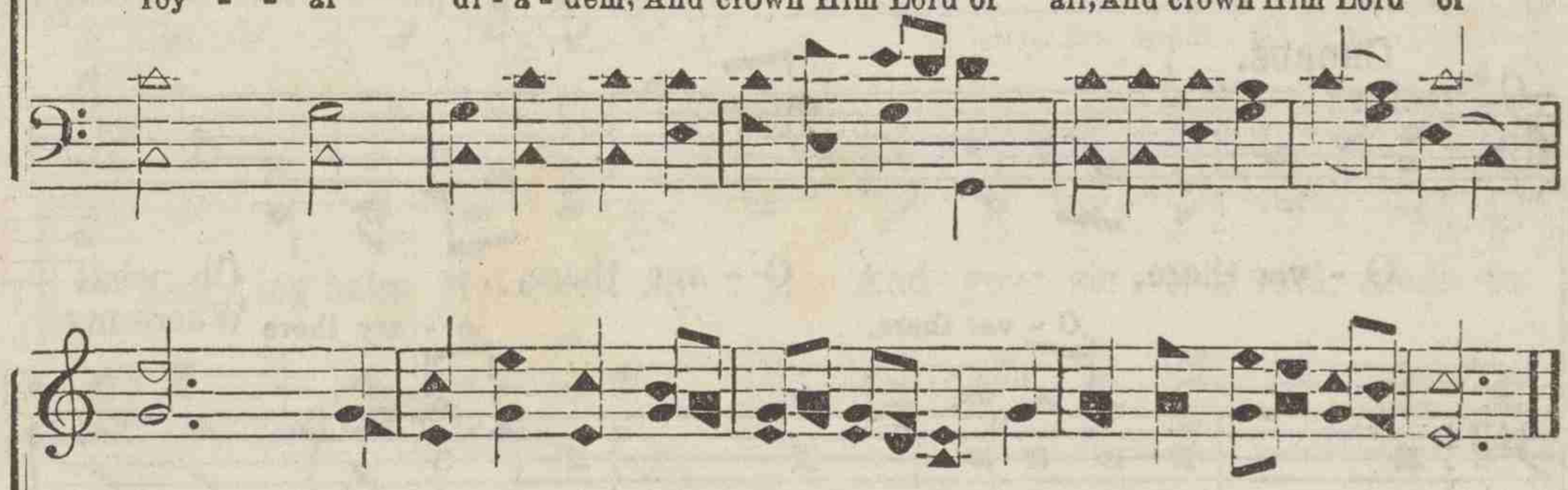
1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring
2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To
4. O, that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, We'll

Bring forth the



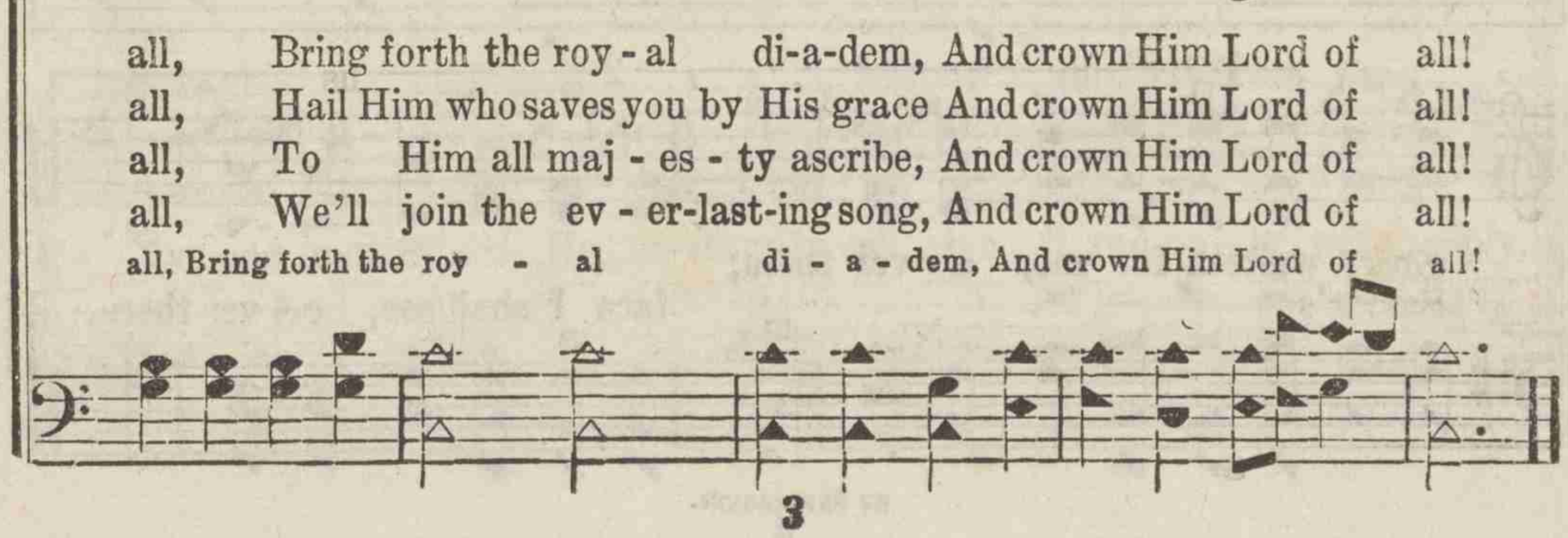
forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of
Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of
join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of

roy - - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of



all, Bring forth the roy - al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
all, Hail Him who saves you by His grace And crown Him Lord of all!
all, To Him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
all, We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!



No. 2. Over There.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Are you wear-y and distrest, There's a bless-ed, hap-py rest, Where the soul for-ev-er is blest, o-ver there; Where no tear is ev-er known,
2. Hal-le-lu-jahs sweep along From that happy, blood washed throng, With their voic-es chanting the song, o-ver there; Earth's dark shadows never come,
3. Oh what joy for e'er to reign Where we meet our loved again, Freed from ev-'ry sor-row and pain, o-ver there; With the tears all wiped a-way,
4. O-ver in that home so bright, Over there where comes no night, Faith gives way to glo-ri-ous sight, o-ver there; Streets all paved in shin-ing gold,

Where the heart is nev-er lone, Where a-waits a beautiful crown, o-ver there.
Neither sickness, death or gloom, In that peaceful heavenly home, o-ver there.
Oh the glad-ness of that day, Crowned of God His children for aye, over there.
Half their glo-ries are un-told, Safely sheltered in that blest fold, o-ver there.

CHORUS.

O-ver there, O-ver there, Oh, what glo-ry waiteth for me, o-ver there;
O-ver there, O-ver there, Where my Savior's face I shall see, o-ver there.

No. 3. Come Ye Sinners.

J. Heart. J. S. Leonard.

1. Come ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
2. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fondly dream;
3. Ag-o-niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo! your Ma-ker pros-trate lies,
4. Lo th' in-car-nate God, as-cend-ed; Pleads the mer-it of His blood;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
On the blood-y tree be-hold him, Hear Him cry be-fore He dies.
Ven-ture on Him, venture whol-ly, Let no oth-er trust in-trude.

CHORUS.

He can make you rich, and your wants can sup-ply, He can give you strength,
heal-ing balm He can ap-ply, And your sin-sick soul, made to
live and nev-er die, He in-stant-ly will save, if you on-ly will ap-ply.

No. 4. There is Work to do.

M. H. C. M. H. Camp.

1. Work to do to-day for the Mas - ter, See the wav - ing
2. Work to do to-day for the Mas - ter, Let us la - bor
3. Work to do to-day for the Mas - ter. Soon the hour of

fields of grain so nigh; Go and gath-er sheaves for the King - dom
on from dawn till night, Bring - ing precious grain, fainting nev - er,
toil will be no more; Let us wear a crown of re - joic - ing

CHORUS.

For the gar - ner by and by.
Jew - els for the crown of light. There is work, there is
O - ver on that hap - py shore. to do,

work, Work for me Work for you, See the
to do, for me, for you,

fields are white and the lab'rers few, There is work for all to do.

Property of M. H. Camp.

No. 5. When We all get Home.

A. M. V. A. M. Vestal.

1. When we reach our home In that bless-ed land, When we all.....
2. O, what joys we'll share, In that land so fair, When we all.....
3. Nev - er more to sigh, Nev-er more to die, When we all.....

When we all

get home at last; All our tri - als o'er, Safe for - ev - er - more,
get home at last; With the an - gels walk, With the ran-somed talk,
get home at last; Thro' e - ter - nal years We will shed no tears,

CHORUS.

When we all..... get home at last. When we all..... get home at

When we all When we all get home at

last, All our tri - - als will be passed; Un - to

last, home at last, All our tri - als will be passed, will be passed;

Christ, our King, Sweetest songs we'll sing When we all.... get home at last....

When we all at last.

No. 6. Rescued!

James Rowe. J. S. Woods.

1. To my Sav - ior I am clinging, And my hap - py soul is sing-ing,
2. He is now my light and glad-ness, For He banished night and sadness,
3. This shall be my song and sto - ry Till I see His face in glo - ry,
4. Oh, ye souls in sin and sor-row, Come to Christ and comfort borrow,

Love di - vine.....has made me free;..... That my Lord may have the
Love di - vine.....has made me free;..... All my heart to Him I've
Love di - vine.....has made me free;..... Then, where we shall nev-er
Love di - vine.....has made me free;..... If to Je-sus you were

Oh, love di-vine has made me free;

glo - ry I am giv-ing out my sto - ry, Love di-vine..... res-cued
giv - en, And I fol-low Him to heav-en, Love di-vine..... res-cued
sev - er, I will sing with saints for-ev-er, Love di-vine..... res-cued
clinging, All day long you would be singing, Love di-vine..... res-cued

Oh, love divine has res-cued

CHORUS.

me..... He has res-cued me,..... He has

me, has rescued me. Love di-vine has res-cued me,

J. S. Woods, owner.

Rescued.

made me free;..... All my sins have been forgiven and I
Love di - vine has made me free;

sing my way to Heav-en; Love di-vine..... res-cued me..... ...
Oh love di-vine has res-cued me, has res-cued me.

No. 7. Near to Thee.

Will H. Ruebush. Jasper N. Barnett.

Prayerfully.

1. Near to Thee, my bless - ed Mas - ter, Keep my hand in Thine I pray,
2. I would wan - der in the dark-ness If I walked the way a - lone;
3. Keep my feet nor let them fal - ter, Keep my heart for - ev - er pure,

Let thy bless - ed pres-ence still me, Be my guide from day to day.
Un - der neath thy strong pa - vil - ion Keep me ev - er all Thine own.
Give me grace that I may con-quer, Hold me that I may en - dure.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Draw me near, Draw me near, Look in pit - y up-on me;
Near to Thee, Near-er, near-er, Lord, to Thee.

By permission.

No. 8. Keep the Hallelujahs Ringing.

James Rowe. Dedicated to the Delta Co. [Texas] Singers Convention. H. B. Maples.

1. Since our hearts we all have giv - en to the King whose side was riven,
2. Je - sus shed His blood to save us, all He had He free-ly gave us,
3. He is al-ways close be - side us and His voice will safe-ly guide us

And are fol - low-ing His foot-steps to the bright-er, bet-ter clime; Let us
He is keep-ing us from dan-ger and the e - vils that de-file; Praise His
Till we reach the gold - en por-tals of the land of fadeless day; Praise His

sing the grand old sto - ry, let us mag - ni - fy His glo - ry, Keep the
ho - ly name for - ev - er, love and trust Him, doubt Him never, Keep the
love in song and sto - ry, till we reach the gates of glo - ry, Keep the

CHORUS.

hal - le-lu-jahs ringing all the time. Keep the hal - -

yes, all the time. Keep the hal - le - lu-jahs ring-

le - lu - jahs ring-ing,..... Praise the King..... to-day with

ing, keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, Praise the King, oh, praise the King,

Keep the Hallelujahs Ringing.



No. 9. Carry Him Everything.

R. L. R. Revised by Jennie Wilson. R. L. Russell.



Property of R. L. Russell,

No. 10. Come and be Saved.

G. W. S. Geo. W. Stapleton.

1. Sin - ner, why will you wait? Je - sus stands at the gate, Come and be
2. Bless - ed fount-ain so free, 'tis for you and for me, Come and be
3. Je - sus' love is so sweet, gives a joy so complete, Come and be

saved, come and be saved; He will save you from sin, cleanse and
saved, come and be saved; If you'll trust and believe you shall
saved, come and be saved; On - ly ask, He will give, on-ly

Come and be saved, come and be saved;

purge you within, Come and be saved, come and be saved.
par-don re-ceive, Come and be saved, come and be saved.
look you shall live, Come and be saved, come and be saved.

Come and be saved, come and be saved.

REFRAIN.

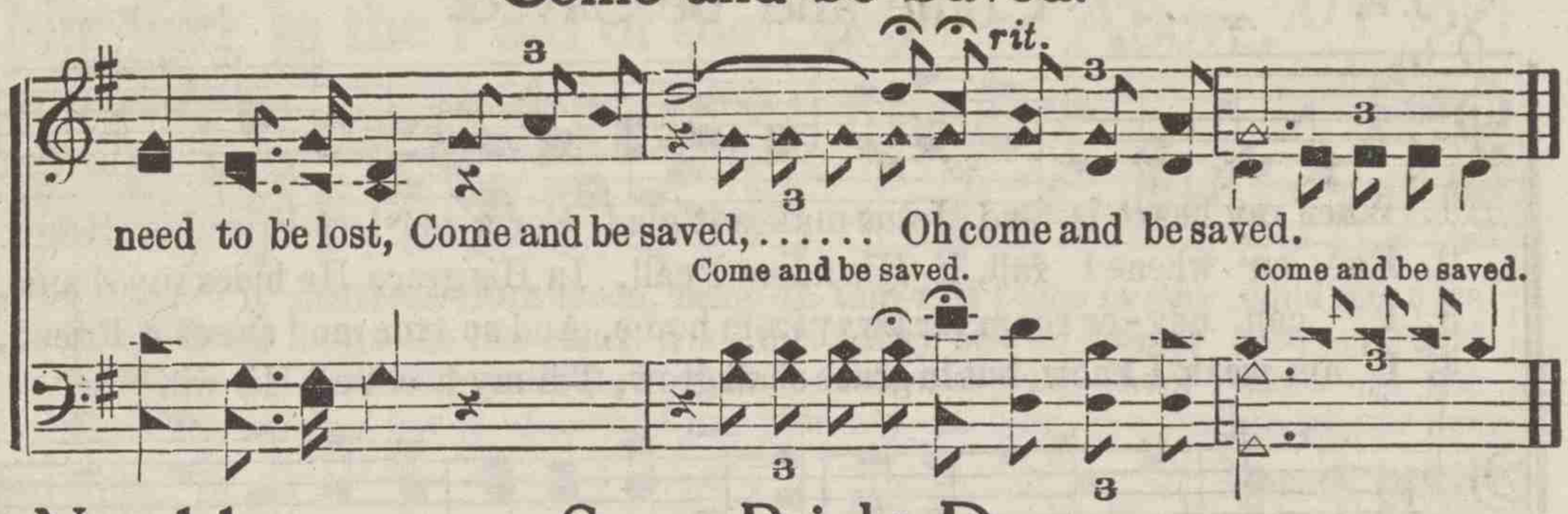
Come and be saved, come to-day, Why will you long-er de-lay? Come and be

saved, come and be saved; Jesus Christ paid the cost, There's no

Come and be saved, come and be saved,

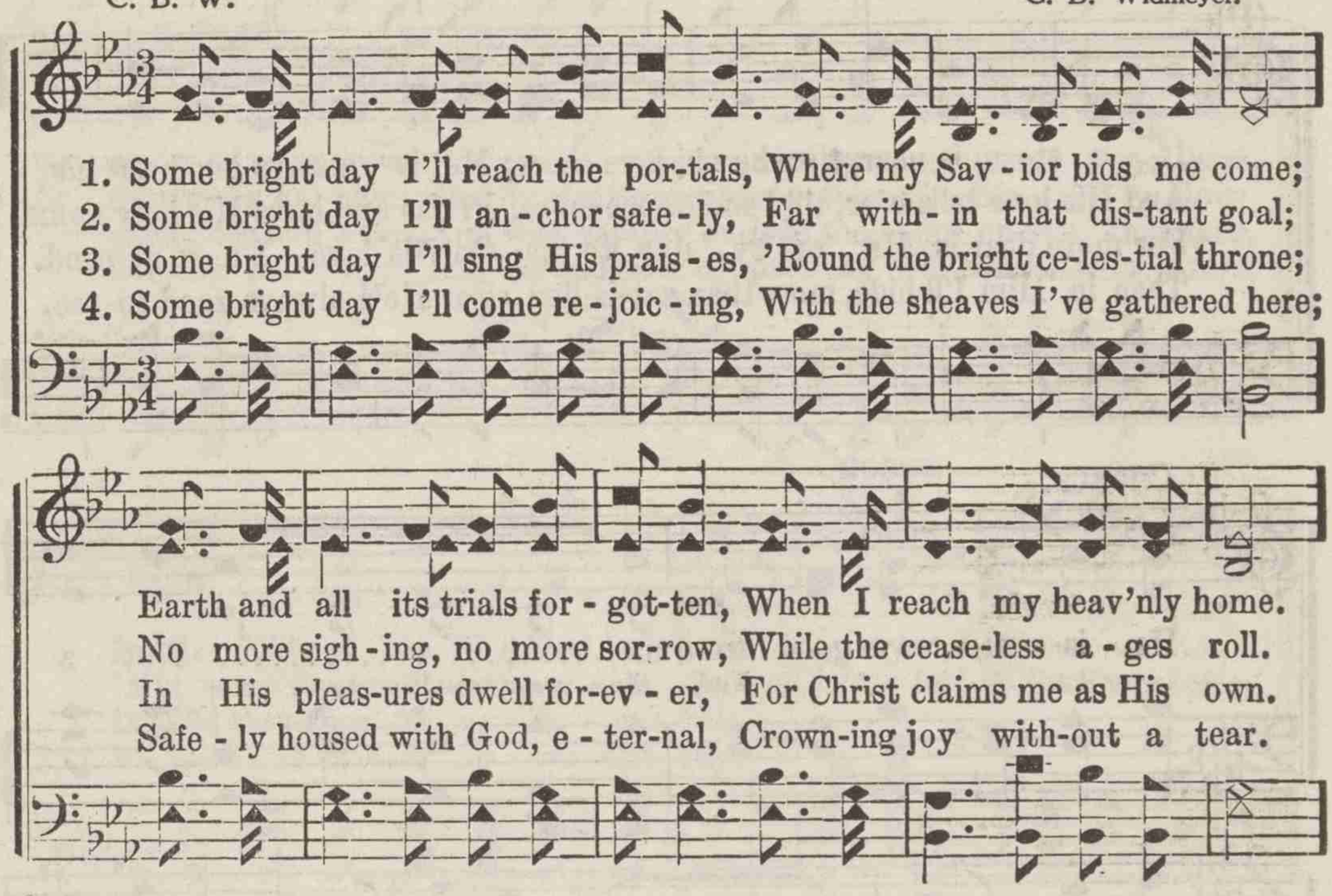
Property of Geo. W. Stapleton.

Come and be Saved.



No. 11. Some Bright Day.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.





Owned by C. B. Widmeyer, Colorado Springs, Colo.

No. 12. He is Always Good to Me.

J. R. James Rowe.

1. When my heart is sad Jesus makes it glad, For a per-fect Friend is He;
2. Ev - en when I fall, if His name I call, In His grace He hides my shame,
3. I can nev - er roam far away from home, And so true and sweet a Friend,
4. I am weak I know, but in grace shall grow, Till my heart all His will be,

If a storm is near, then he whispers cheer; He is always good to me.
And His love tells o'er, till I smile once more, Praise and bless His holy name.
For more dear is He ev-'ry day to me; On His love I now de-pend.
Then in Him I'll hide, more than sat-is-fied, For He's always good to me.

CHORUS.

He is al - ways good to me, ... Not a
Yes, al - ways good to me;
change in Him I see; ..... Till we meet a - bove, I will
no change I see,
trust His love; He is al - ways good to me .....
Yes, al - ways good to me.

No. 13. In the Fold of the Shepherd Above.

Jennie Wilson. (In memory of my little niece, Essie Simmons.) J. W. Camp.

1. Safe - ly sheltered from tri-al, temp-ta-tion and care, Is the child that we
2. With the lambs He has called from this valley below. She is now a - mid
3. While we miss her on earth, in that beau-ti - ful place She is close to the
4. When our la - bor is done and our jour-ney is o'er, We shall meet our dear

guard-ed with love; For no e - vil nor dan-ger can ev-er come there,
fair scenes on high; Glad-ly stray-ing where waters of life calm-ly flow;
good Shepherd's side; And with rapture un-told she looks on His kind face,
one by and by; And the sad-ness of part-ing will come nev-er - more,

CHORUS.

In the fold of the Shepherd a - bove.
'Mid sweet flowers that nev-er will die.
In His pres-ence for aye to a - bide.
In the home that is o - ver the sky.

In the fold of the Shepherd a-

bove,..... In the fold of the Shepherd a-bove;.... Where no harm can mo-

Shep-herd a-bove. the Shepherd a-bove;

lest; she is safe with the blest, In the fold of the Shep-herd a-bove.....

the Shepherd a-bove.

Property of J, W, Camp.

No. 14. While the Angry Waves are Rolling High.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. S. Woods.

1. While the an-gry waves are roll-ing high, While the leaden clouds o'er-cast the sky, Faith can yet look up with trustful eye, For I'm anchored to the Rock.
2. Well I know who hath con-trol of all, Well I know on whom for help to call, He will let no ill his child be-fall— I am anchored to the Rock.
3. I can hear Him saying "peace, be still", An-gry waves and winds o-bey His will, They can but his sov'reign pur-pose fill— I am anchored to the Rock.
4. I shall reach, in His good time, the shore, Where the stormy bil-lows rage no more E'er to dwell with Him whom I a-dore, For I'm anchored to the Rock.

REFRAIN.

While ..... the waves are roll - ing..... And might - - y tem-pests mock,..... I..... am still se - cure— ..... I am anch-ored to the Rock.

While the waves are roll - - ing And the tem-pests mock, While the waves are roll - ing And the tempests mock, I am still se - cure I'm anch - ored to the Rock,

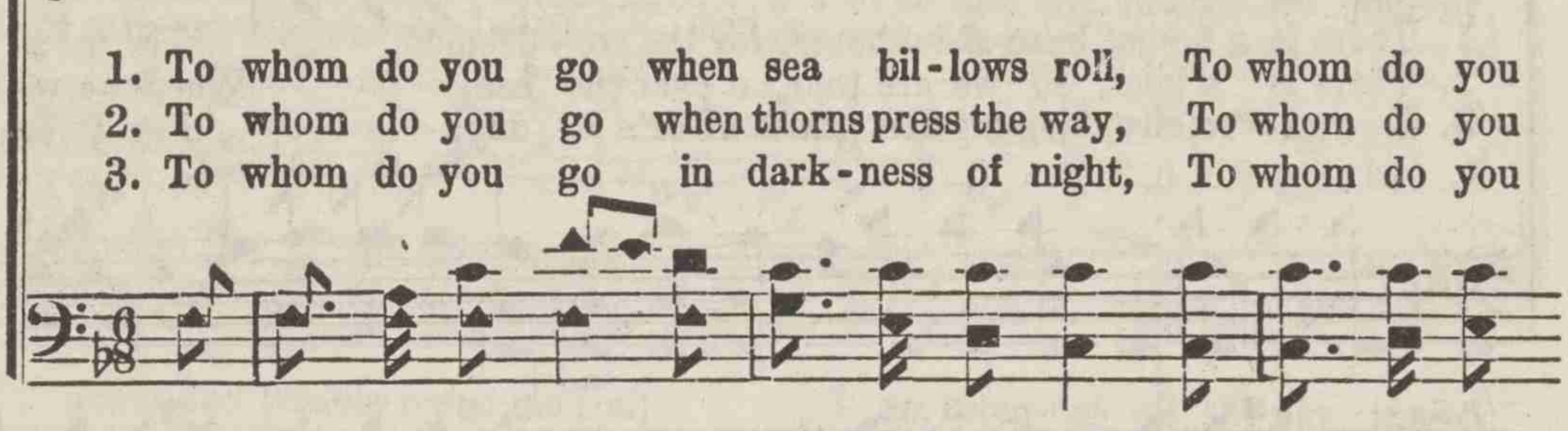
Words and Music owned and controlled by J. S. Woods.

No. 15. To Whom Do You Go?

Will H. Ruebush. Rev. C. B. Widmeyer.

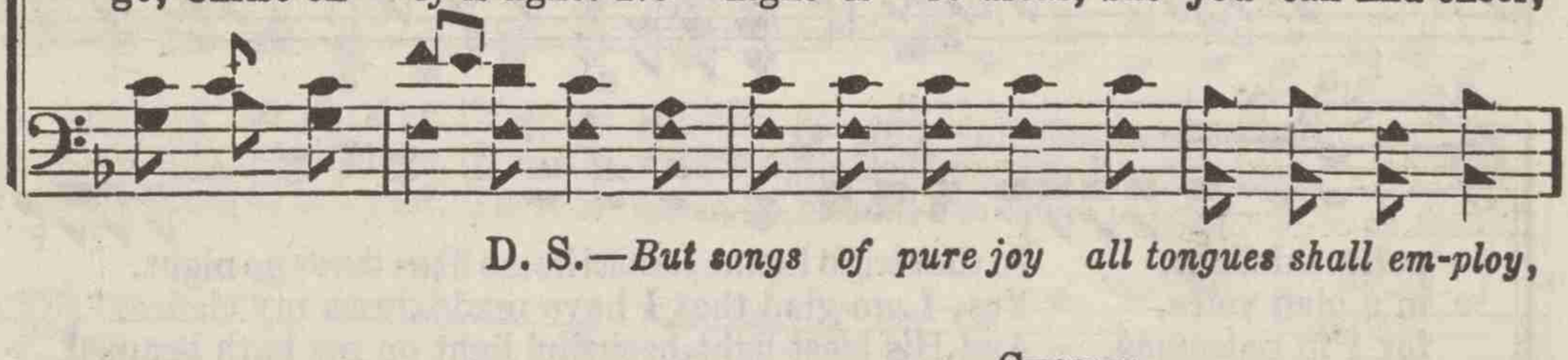


1. To whom do you go when sea bil-lows roll, To whom do you
2. To whom do you go when thorns press the way, To whom do you
3. To whom do you go in dark-ness of night, To whom do you





go when storms try the soul? The tempests grow calm, there's healing and balm,
go for peace ev-'ry day? There's joy so com-plete, a bless-ed re-treat,
go, Christ on - ly is light? No night is so drear, but you can find cheer,



D. S.—*But songs of pure joy all tongues shall em-ploy,*

FINE. CHORUS.



In Je - sus, yes, on - ly in Je - sus. A ha - ven of rest in

In Je - sus, yes, on - ly in Je - sus.

D. S.



Je - sus is found, A mel - o - dy sweet, no dis - cord of sound;

Copyright, 1908, by C. B, Widmeyer, Colo. Springs, Colo.

No. 16. For the Redeemed.

M. T. G. M. T. Galusha.

1. There is a home, beau-ti-ful home, for the re - deemed, 'Tis in a land wonderful land eye hath not seen, Wonderful joy, all is sweet peace,
2. There is a land, so we are told, o - ver the sea; Where we with Christ and the redeemed ever shall be Singing a song, praising our King
3. Now I rejoice, sing-ing His praise ev-er - y day, For I am glad, happy and free all of the way, Glo-ry to God, now I can sing,

for the redeemed,

perfect delight, In that bright home, beautiful home Where there's no night.
in a glad voice, Yes, I am glad that I have made Jesus my choice.
for I'm redeemed, And His blest light, beautiful light on me hath beamed.

eye hath not seen.

perfect delight,

CHORUS.

For the re - deemed, for the re - deemed, There is a home, beautiful home eye hath not seen; There is a home, beautiful home, for the re-deemed.

redeemed. redeemed.

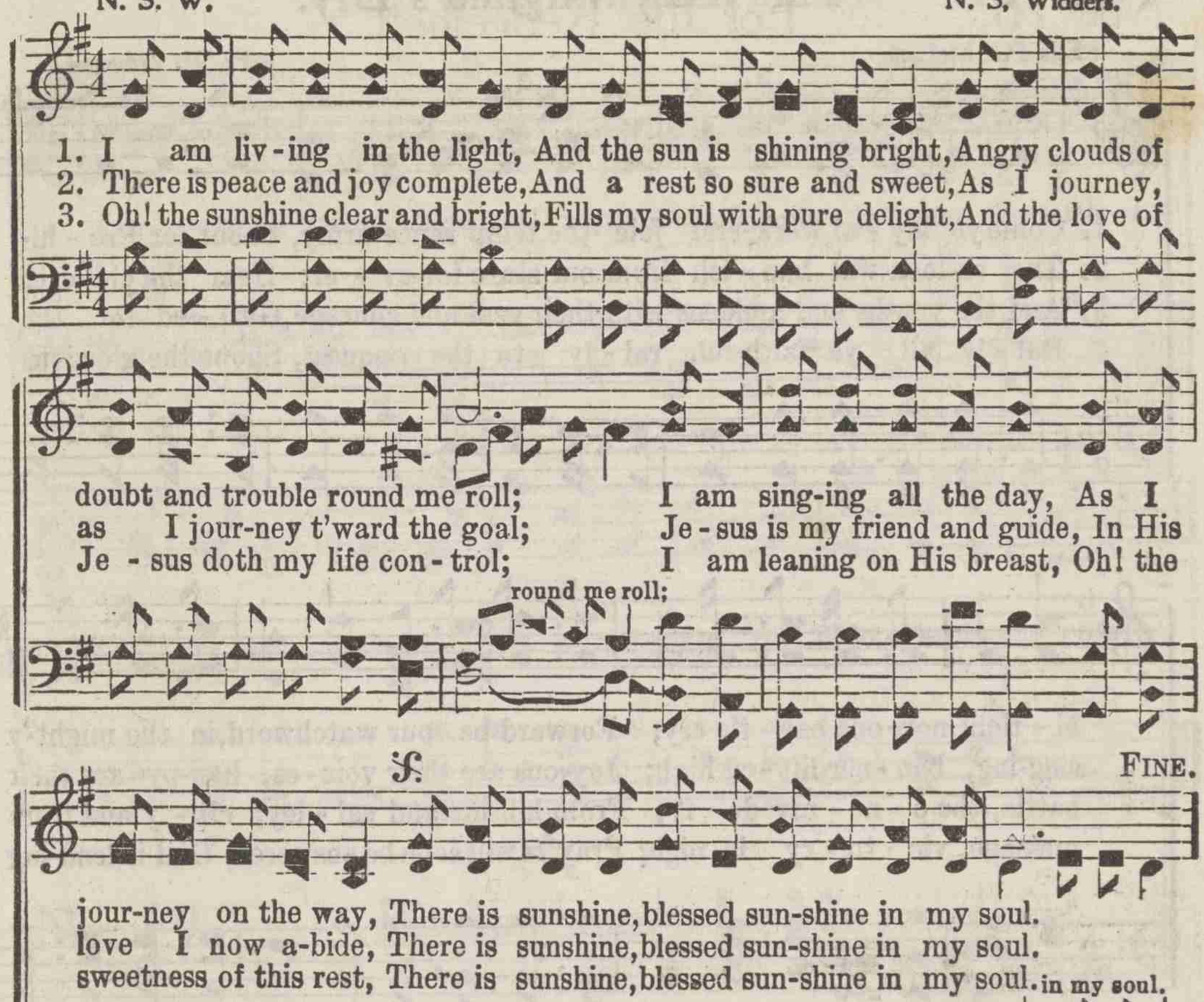
eye hath not seen; for the redeemed.

Property of M. T. Galusha.

No. 17. There is Sunshine in my Soul.

N. S. W. N. S. Widders.

1. I am liv-ing in the light, And the sun is shining bright, Angry clouds of
2. There is peace and joy complete, And a rest so sure and sweet, As I journey,
3. Oh! the sunshine clear and bright, Fills my soul with pure delight, And the love of



doubt and trouble round me roll; I am sing-ing all the day, As I
as I jour-ney t'ward the goal; Je-sus is my friend and guide, In His
Je-sus doth my life con-trol; I am leaning on His breast, Oh! the

round me roll;

FINE.

jour-ney on the way, There is sunshine, blessed sun-shine in my soul.
love I now a-bide, There is sunshine, blessed sun-shine in my soul.
sweetness of this rest, There is sunshine, blessed sun-shine in my soul.

in my soul.

REFRAIN. D. S.—*There is sunshine, blessed sun-shine in my soul.* (in my soul)

There is sun - shine all the way, Blessed sun - shine
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine all a-long the way, Blessed sunshine, blessed sunshine
There is sunshine all a-long the way. Bless - ed sun-shine

D. S.

in my soul to - day; There is peace and joy complete, And a rest so sure and sweet,
in my soul,

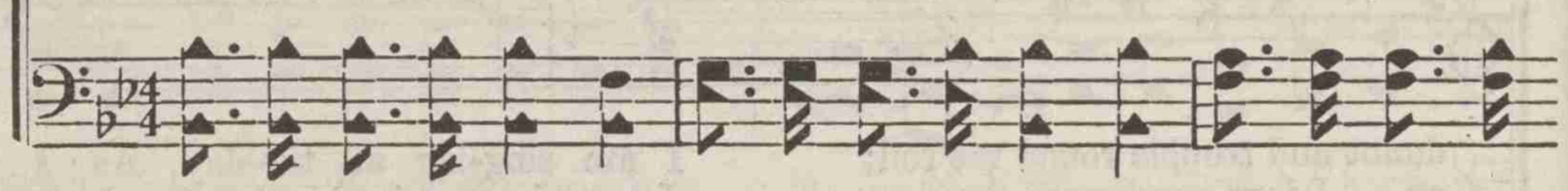
Property of N. S. Widders.

No. 18. Till West Virginia's Dry.

Flla Poe McLane. P. W. Arbogast.



1. Come ye loy - al work-ers: join the temp'rance army, Shout for Pro - hi-
2. The sa-loon will ban - ish from our state for-ev - er; Hear the chil-dren
3. And the youths and maidens with their zeal and courage, Gird - ed for the
4. Ral - ly all ye faith-ful, ral - ly to the conquest, Shout the glo-rious





bi - tion: now our bat - tle cry; Forward be our watchword, in the might-y
sing-ing, ban - ner lift - ed high; Joy-ous are their voic - es, hap-py are their
battle, the e - ne - my de - fy, From hillside and val - ley; cit - y and from
message, vic - to - ry is nigh; Pray'rs will soon be answered, God is lead-ing



con - flict, Keep the hosts ad-vanc - ing, till West Vir - gin - ia's dry.
fa - ces, Keep the hosts ad-vanc - ing, till West Vir - gin - ia's dry.
vil - lage, Keep the hosts ad-vanc - ing, till West Vir - gin - ia's dry.
on - ward, Keep the hosts ad-vanc - ing, till West Vir - gin - ia's dry.



CHORUS.



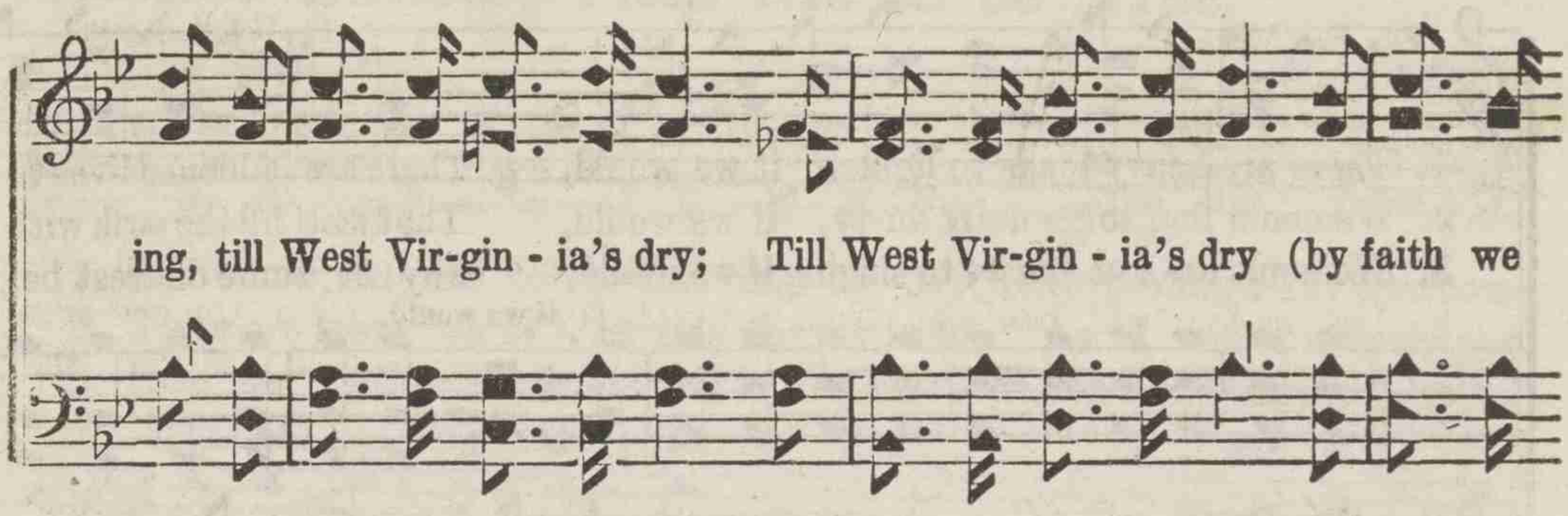
Till West Vir-gin-ia's dry; till West Vir-gin-ia's dry, Keep the hosts ad-vanc-



Property of P. W. Arbogast,

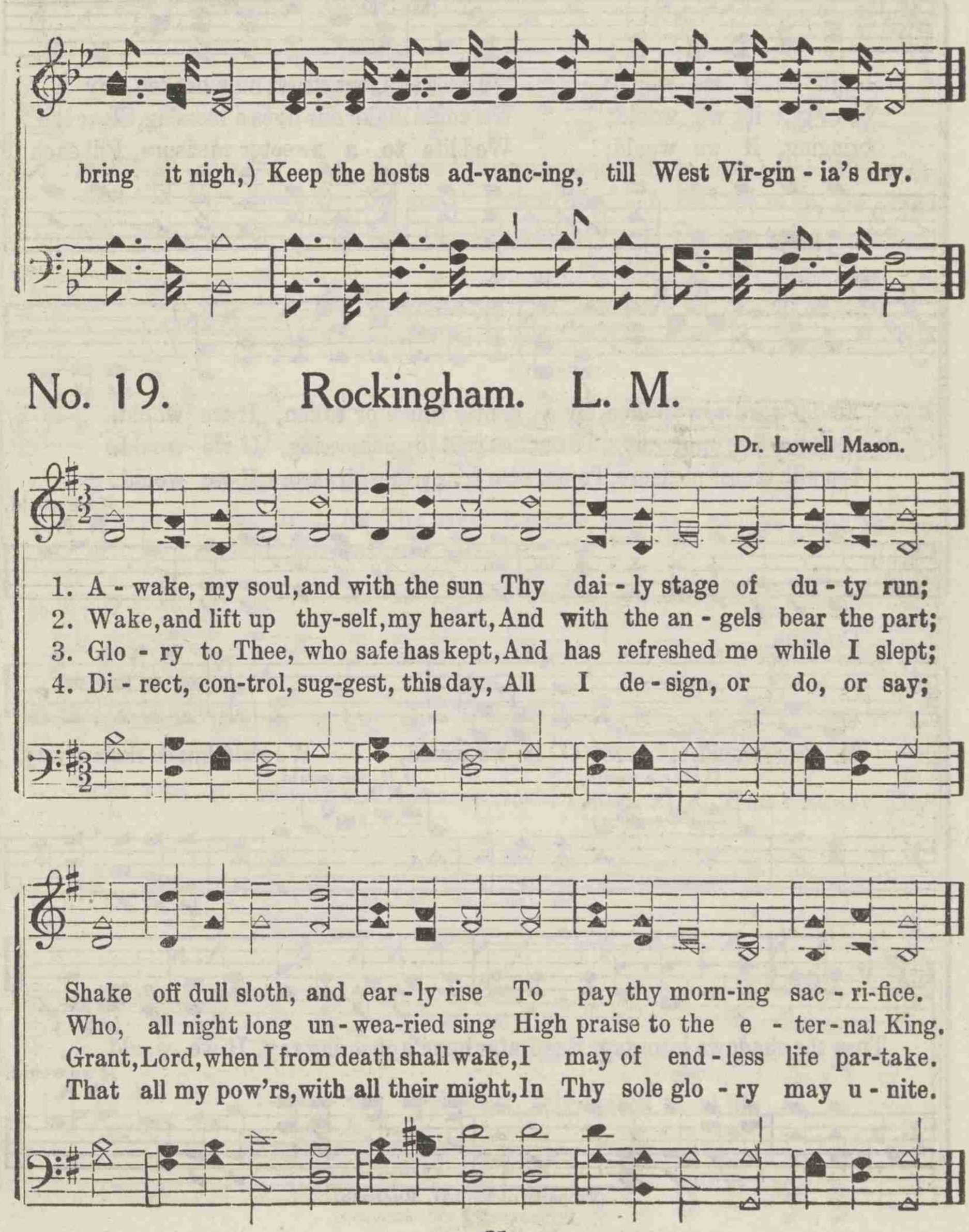
Local names may be substituted for W. Va.

Till West Virginia's Dry.



No. 19. Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 20. If We Would.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. There are heavy loads to lighten, if we would, There are saddened lives to
2. We could find some daily du-ty, if we would, That would fill the earth with
3. We could tune some heart to singing, if we would, Joy to some distrest be

if we would,

bright-en, if we would: We could mend some strands now broken, By a
beau-ty, if we would; We could make our lives a blessing, Clear the
bringing, if we would; Wed life to a sweeter measure, Fill each

if we would:

kindly word now spoken, By a gentle touch or token, If we would.
clouds that hang oppressing, To our lives great joy possessing, If we would.
hour with truest pleasure, To our selves bring priceless treasure, If we would.

If we would.

CHORUS.

If we would,..... O if we would, We could drive the clouds a-way,

O If we would, O if we would,

Turn the shadows into day, Send afar hope's cheering ray, If we would....

If we would.

No. 21. Saviour, Help Me to be True.

Jennie Wilson. W. H. Elder.

1. Sav - iour, help me to be true day by day, Give me strength Thy blest com-
2. There are tasks on ev - 'ry side for my hand, As I meet with sin and
3. Help me ut-ter words of truth in Thy name, Which some tempted, err-ing

mands to o - bey, As I tread the nar-row road to that home Where the
grief in the land; To the need - y cheer-ing aid let me take, Do - ing
one may re - claim; Pointing to the land of rest o'er the skies, Let me

CHORUS.

tri - als of this world nev-er come.
kind and lov-ing deeds for Thy sake. Saviour, help me to be true un - to
help dear souls to gain heaven's prize.

Thee, Con - se - crat-ed to Thy cause would I be,..... That with joy Thy
ev - er be.

ho - ly will I may do, Saviour, help me all thro' life to be true.
rit.

Property of W. H. Elder.

No. 22. The Call of the Master.

James Rowe. J. S. Woods.

1. Hark, the Master calls us, Need-ing helpers true! Tho' the world enthralls us,
2. If a crown of glo - ry We would wear above, We must spread the sto - ry
3. Ma - ny still are needing Comfort, peace and light; Still our Lord is plead-ing:
4. When the shadows gath-er, Making deep the gloam, Would we hear the Fa-ther

There is work to do! From the haunts of pleas-ure Let us turn a-way,—
Of His life and love. Show - ing that we treas-ure What He gave a-way,
"See, the fields are white!" Let our love for leis-ure Now be put a-way,—
Whisper, "Welcome home," We must do His pleas-ure Glad-ly, while we may,—

cres. *f* REFRAIN.

Let us glean a meas-ure For the Lord to-day.
Let us glean a meas-ure For the Lord to-day. Heed..... the Master's
Let us glean a meas-ure For the Lord to-day. Heed the Master's call, Oh,
Let us glean a meas-ure For the har-vest day.

call, An - - swer one and all; Je - -
heed the Master's call, Answer one and all, yes, an-swer one and all; Jesus calls to-

rit. *f* *rit.*

- - sus calls to - day, Speed,..... oh, speed a-way.
- - day, He calls to-day, Speed. oh, speed away, ye work-ers speed a-way.

Property of J. S. Woods.

No. 23. A Sunbeam of Love.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. Have a sun-beam of love In your heart all the while, In the
2. Have a sun-beam of love Al-ways read-y to give To the
3. Have a snn-beam of love For the sin-ful and weak—Have a

form of a song Or a word or a smile. There are ma-ny who
friendless and sad Who in wretch-ed-ness live. Bend-ing un-der life's
son-net to sing Or a sentence to speak. You might turn them from

see On-ly storm-clouds a-bove, And are wait-ing, in tears,
load, In the low-lands they rove; Try to com-fort their souls
sin To the Sav-ior a-bove, Just by touch-ing their souls

CHORUS.

For a sun-beam of love.
With a sun-beam of love. A sun-beam of love, A sun-beam of
With a sun-beam of love.

love! Souls for Christ may be won By a sun-beam of love.

No. 24. The Lure of Life Eternal.

Geo. P. Hott. R. C. Boling.

1. When I wake in the like-ness of Je-sus my Lord, Spotless garments of white I shall wear; In the life ev-er-last-ing with Him I'll a-bide,
2. Je-sus saith, I'm the Way, and the Truth, and the Life, No man com-eth to God but by me; To the cross ev-er cling, there is life for us all,
3. What a life that must be in the land far a-way, Where the surges of time cease to roll; When the life that now is, blends in an end-less day,

CHORUS.

In the mansions of light o-ver there.
In the Sav-ior who died on the tree.
And we en-ter the home of the soul.

Oh that home, bright and fair,
Oh that home so fair, hap-py home so fair,

Soon its joy I shall share; Where no storm-clouds ev-er rise, Far be-
sweet joy, I shall share;

yond the sun-set skies, How the lure of life e-ter-nal wins me there.

The property of R. C. Boling.

No. 25. Our Mother We Will See.

M. H. C. M. H. Camp.

1. Our mother we will see Beyond the sunset bars, And clasp her hand a-
2. The glo-ry waiting there Has nev-er half been told, When mother beckons
3. Our journey soon will end, Our spir-it take its flight, To sing with that blest

gain A-bove the shining stars.
come From out the gates of gold.
throng Where death can nev-er blight.

CHORUS.

We will meet her, we will
We will meet her, we will greet her, We will

greet her on that ev - - - er ver - nal
meet her, we will greet her on that ev - er ver - nal shore; on that

shore; We will meet her, we will
ev - er ver - nal shore; We will meet her, we will greet her, we will

meet her, When the storms of life are o'er.
meet her, we will greet her, When the storms of life are o'er, are o'er.

Property of M. H. Camp.

No. 26. In the New Jerusalem.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar-mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good-by is spok-en And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed ar-my In the sum-mer-land a-bove, And the

bid fare-well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bounding hearts we'll
face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for-

loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
fol - low, For sometime I'll un - der-stand, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.
ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa- lem.

CHORUS.

There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing When the saints come marching home,

In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem:
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;

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In the New Jerusalem.

Wav - ing palms with loud ho - san - nas As the King shall take His throne,
In the new (in the new) Je - ru - sa - lem (Je - ru - sa - lem).

No. 27. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.

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

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

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

No. 28. There is Rest for All.

Geo. P. Hott. E. R. Johnson.

1. Toil-ing for Je-sus, serv-ing my Lord, Bearing His bur-dens, trusting His word; Hid-ing in Je-sus, safe from all harm, Un-der His might-y arm.
2. Rest for the wea-ry, way-worn and sad, Joy for the sorr'wing, hearts ev-er glad; Noon fol-lows morning, night then the day, Shadows shall pass a-way.
3. Sheltered in Je-sus naught can dis-tress, Working to-geth-er, all things will bless; Sor-row and sigh-ing all flee a-way, Bringing a peaceful day.

CHORUS.

There is rest..... ..... for all the wea - - ry,
There is rest for all the wea - ry, there is rest for all the wea - ry,
Rest..... for you and me;.....
Rest for you and me; rest for you and me;
There is rest. sweet rest.
There is rest..... be-yond the riv - - er,
rest e - ter - nal - ly, rest be - yond the riv - er.

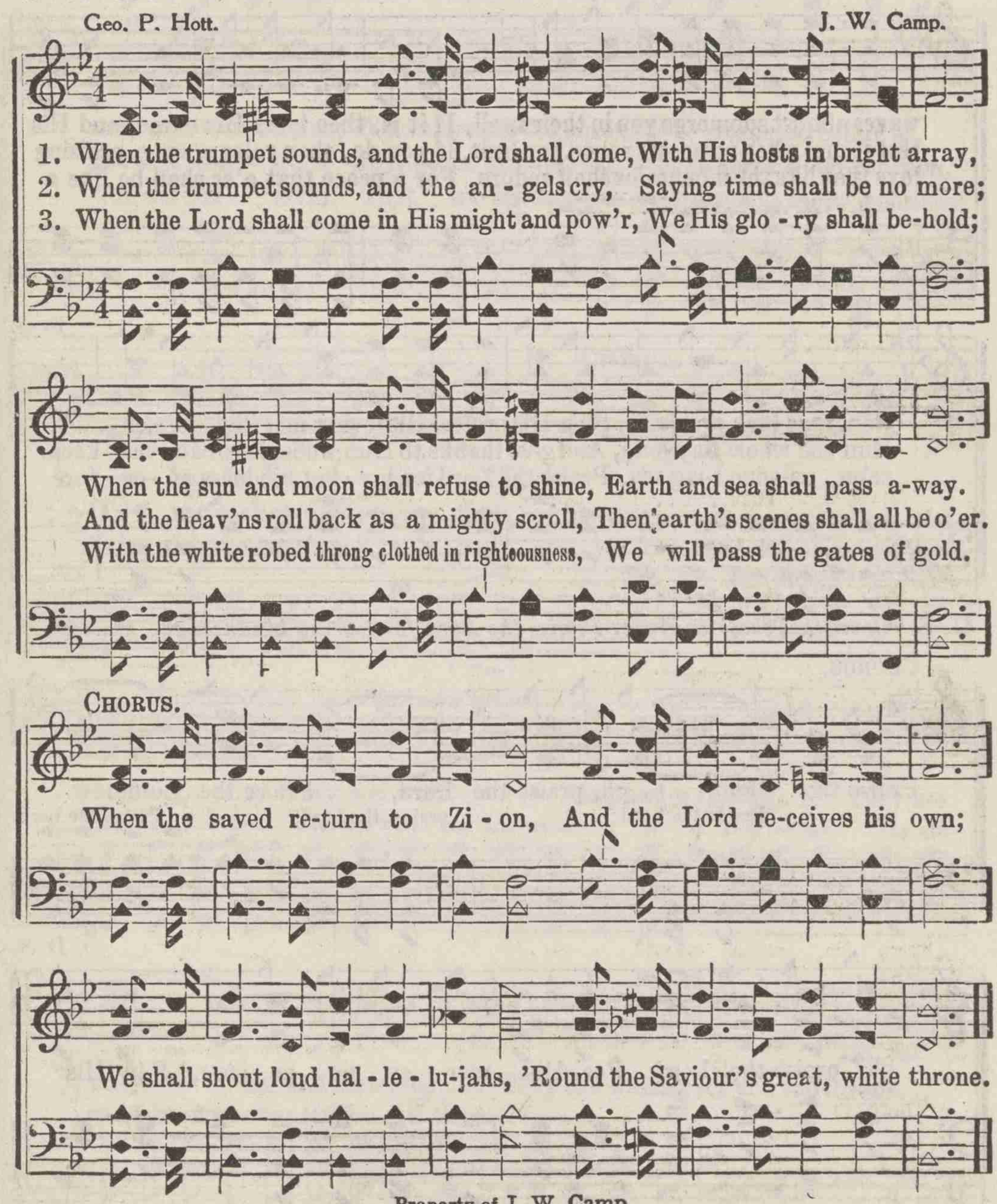
Property of E. R. Johnson.

There is Rest for All.



No. 29. When the Lord Shall Come.

Geo. P. Hott. J. W. Camp.



Property of J. W. Camp.

No. 30. Is Your Anchor Holding.

W. H. Ruebush. Claude E. Anthony.

1. Is your anchor holding, brother, when the storms are raging wild, When the waves almost submerge you in their swell, If it is, then bless His name, and His wondrous love proclaim, Sing His praise, His loving mer - cy ev - er tell.
2. Is your anchor holding, brother, will it safely stand the storm, Do you rest secure when tempests round you beat, If you do, then raise a song, praising Him the whole day long, And give thanks to Him whose love can ever keep.
3. Is your anchor holding, brother, if it is, then bless His name, For His love that like the mountains shall endure, For a peace that e'er shall be like a calm un-sound-ing sea, Praise the Lord for lov - ing kindness ev - er sure.

D. S.—*love that shall en-dure. Praise the Lord for lov-ing kindness ev - er sure.*

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord,..... oh, praise the Lord,..... Praise the Lord,.....
Praise the Lord. praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

oh, praise the Lord, For His mer - cy ev - er sure, For His

Property of Claude E. Anthony.

No. 31. They Are Waiting.

Will H. Ruebush. P. W. Arbogast.

Moderato.

1. O - ver the stars far a - bove there are wait - ing Beau - ti - ful
2. Gone on be - fore all their tri - als now end - ed, Where their Re-
3. Rest in the strength of the arms ev - er - last - ing, Trust in His

mansions called home, Where many loved ones who've journeyed before us,
deem-er con - trols, Joy, peace and rest far a-bove earth's con-cep-tion,
won-der-ful love, That at the last you may dwell in those mansions

CHORUS.

Lov - ing - ly beck-on us come.
O - ver each bo-som now rolls. They are wait - - - ing and
Safe with the loved ones a - bove. wait - ing and watch-ing for

watch-ing,..... They are wait - - - ing and watching,... They are
you and for me, They are wait - ing and watch-ing for you and for me, They are

wait- - - ing and watching,.... They are waiting for you and for me.
wait-ing and watching for you and for me.

No. 32. Walk in the Spirit.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. C. A. Plummer.

1. If you walk by faith and not by sight, Je - sus prom - i-
2. Learn to walk by faith with Christ your Friend, In a fel - low-
3. There's no path so safe for way-ward feet, There's no hope so

ses to lead a - right; Let the flesh and car - nal tho'ts o - bey The
ship that ne'er will end; In that sweet com-pan-ion - ship to be In
sure nor life com-plete; So I'll trust my all to Him a - lone, Who

CHORUS.

man-dates of His will to - day,
time and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Walk in the Spir - it giv - ing
for my sins can best a - tone.

Christ con-trol, Walk in the Spir-it, He will cleanse the soul; Walk in the

Spir - it, and in Him be whole, Walk in the Spir - it saith the Lord.

No. 33. Will You Follow Jesus?

Miss Jennie Wilson. C. W. Wright.

1. Will you glad-ly fol-low Je - sus In the way of truth and light?
2. Will you fol - low in the foot-steps Of the One who knew no sin?
3. List - en to the bless-ed Sav - iour, Who has plead with you so long;

Will you leave the path of er - ror Lead-ing to un-end-ing night?
Will you turn a-way from e - vil, Heav-en's di - a - dem to win?
Fol - low Him and find a dwell-ing With the pure ce - les-tial throng.

CHORUS.

Will you fol - - low Je - sus now, While you
Will you glad - ly fol - low Je - sus, will you fol - low Je - sus now? Will you
hear..... His lov-ing call? Will you fol - low
glad-ly fol - low Je-sus, While you hear His loving call? Will you glad-ly fol-low Je-sus
Je - sus now, Ere e - ter - nal shadows fall?
will you glad-ly follow Jesus? Ere e - ter - nal shadows of despair and loss around you fall?

Property of C. W. Wright.

No. 34. Over the Desert Lies Home.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. O - ver the des-ert, where an-gels sing, Prais-es un - ceas - ing to
2. O - ver the des-ert, where sin is not, Troubles and cares will all
3. O - ver the des - ert, in Glo - ry - land, Hap - py and free, in our

Christ, our King, There, where our home will for-ev - er be, Dear ones are
be for - got; There, in the light of the Lord di - vine, Rest, peace and
man-sions grand, Soon we shall sing with the ransomed throng, Sing to the

CHORUS.

wait - ing for you and me.
joy will be yours and mine.
Sav - ior a glad, new song.

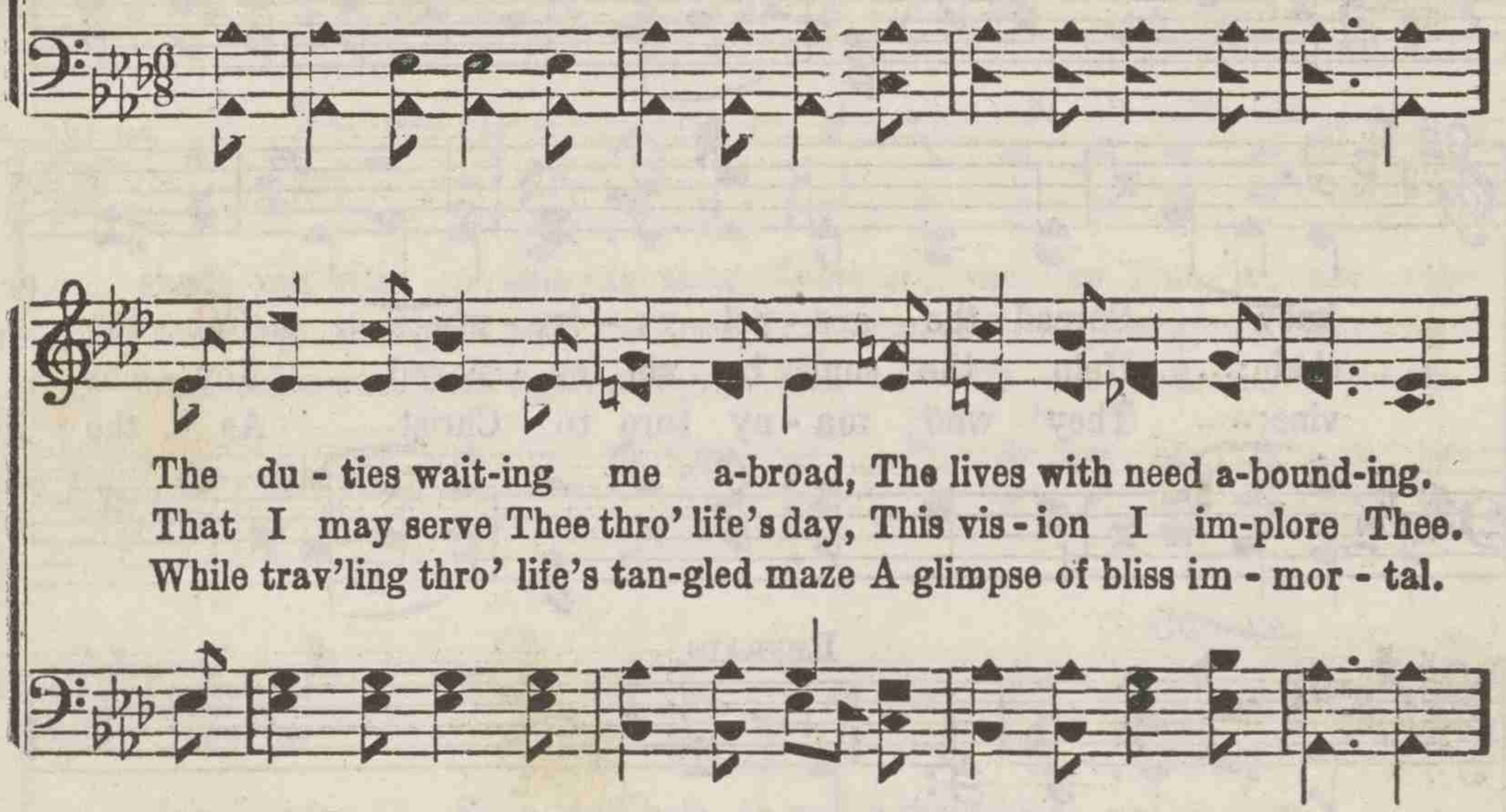
O - ver the des - ert our dear ones wait, Look-ing this way from the cit - y's gate; Soon we shall join them, no more to roam; O-ver the des-ert lies home, sweet home.

No. 35. The Onward, Outward, Upward Look.

Birdie Bell. R. L. Russell.



1. Give me the out-ward look, O Lord, To see the tasks sur-round-ing,
2. Give me the on-ward look, I pray, To see the joys be-fore me,
3. Give me the up-ward look, to gaze With-in the heav'nly por - tal,



The du - ties wait-ing me a-broad, The lives with need a-bound-ing.
That I may serve Thee thro' life's day, This vis - ion I im-plore Thee.
While trav'ling thro' life's tan-gled maze A glimpse of bliss im - mor - tal.

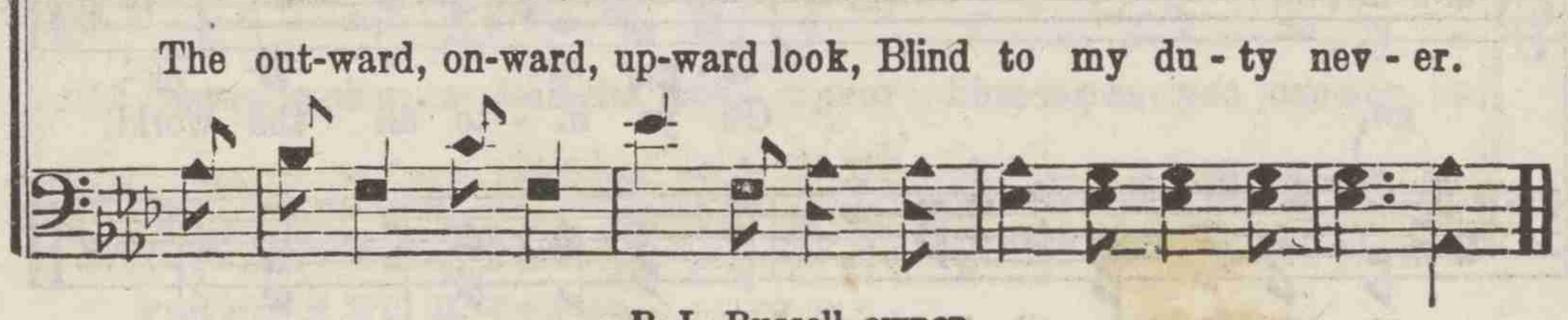


REFRAIN.

Dear Lord, I pray for clear - er light, Be this my soul's en - deav - or,



The out-ward, on-ward, up-ward look, Blind to my du - ty nev - er.



No. 36. Go.

Revised by Jennie Wilson. R. L. Russell.

1. Go ye in - to all the world,..... Teach-ing men the truth to
2. Go ye in - to all the world,..... Break-ing su - per-sti-tion's
3. Go ye in - to all the world,..... Cheered by prom-is - es di-

know;... Spread the gos - pel ev - 'ry - where,... For the
chain;... Help the souls by sin en - slaved..... Joy - ous
vine;..... They who ma - ny turn to Christ..... As the

REFRAIN.

Lord's command is "go."
lib - er - ty to gain. Go, go, go,
stars shall ev - er shine.

Go ye, go ye in - to all the world,

With the ban - ner of Christ un - furled; Go, go,

go, Go ye in - to all the world.

go ye in - to all the world, By per.

No. 37. Sing a Helpful Song.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Are you heav-y-burdened, does the day seem long? Drive a-way the
2. Lift your voice in prais-ing, let it sweet-ly ring, Some one needs the
3. Ma-ny are in troub-le, clouds of doubt hang low, You can scat-ter

shad-ows with a help-ful song; There are ma-ny lone-ly, sor-row-
bless-ing that your song can bring; You can path-ways brighten, bur-dens
sun-shine as you on-ward go; You can lift the fall-en, cheer the

CHORUS.

ing and sad, Sing and help to make them glad.
help to bear, Let some one your bless-ings share. Sing, sing, sing, the
halt and lame, Help some one in Je-sus' name.

clouds will clear a-bove, Sing, sing, sing a mess-age full of love;

Sing, sing, sing, a faith-ful help-er prove, Sing-ing as you jour-ney on.

Property of Will H. Ruebush.

No. 38. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Anon. N. S. Widders.

1. The Lord's our rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes a-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

A shel-ter in the time of storm,
O bless-ed shel-ter
A shel-ter in the time of storm; O Je-sus is a
rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

No. 39. Song of Gladness.

H. B. M. H. B. Maples.

1. Sing a song of glad-ness Ev-'ry-where you go, Help to light-en sor-row,
2. Sing a song of glad-ness Sing it ev-'ry day, Help the wea-ry pil-grim
3. Sing a song of glad-ness Till the ech-oes roll On in might-y pow - er,

Help to ban - ish woe; Sing of peace and par - don Purchased on the tree,
All a-long the way; Sing the gos - pel mes-sage, Prom-ise from a-bove,
Reaching ev-'ry soul; Sing till all the na - tions Join with one ac-cord,

CHORUS.

How that Christ the Savior Died to make us free.
Of our precious Savior's Nev - er dy - ing love. Sing..... a song of
In the song of gladness To our ris - en Lord. Sing a song of glad - ness

glad - ness, Sing..... it all the way; Help to lighten
Sing it ev-'ry day, Sing a song of glad - ness; Sing it all the way;

sorrow, Help to ban-ish woe; Bear a cheer-ful message Ev'ry-where you go.

By Per.

No. 40. With Me Alway.

C. B. W. C. B. Widmeyer.

1. I am need - y of a Cap-tain as I'm run-ning life's race, Thro' the
2. Tho' the jour-ney lead thro' tri-als, dis - ap-pointments or pain, Tho' the
3. Soon the bat - tles of this war-fare will for - ev - er be o'er, Then we'll

val - ley, o'er the hill - top, or the dark lone - ly place: Here the
path-way may be rug - ged and my ef - forts seem vain; I will
gath - er with the ran-somed on that bright, hap - py shore; But till

tempt-er waits to lure me and thus lead me a - stray, But if
fol - low where the Sav - ior has be - fore led the way, For He's
that day I will fol - low in the straight nar - row way, For my

CHORUS.

Je - sus is with me He will keep me al - way.
prom-ised to lead me, and be with me al - way. Oh, how far can I
Sav - ior has prom-ised to be with me al - way.

go with-out Je - sus to - day, Not a step will I take un-less

Owned by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Springs, Colo.

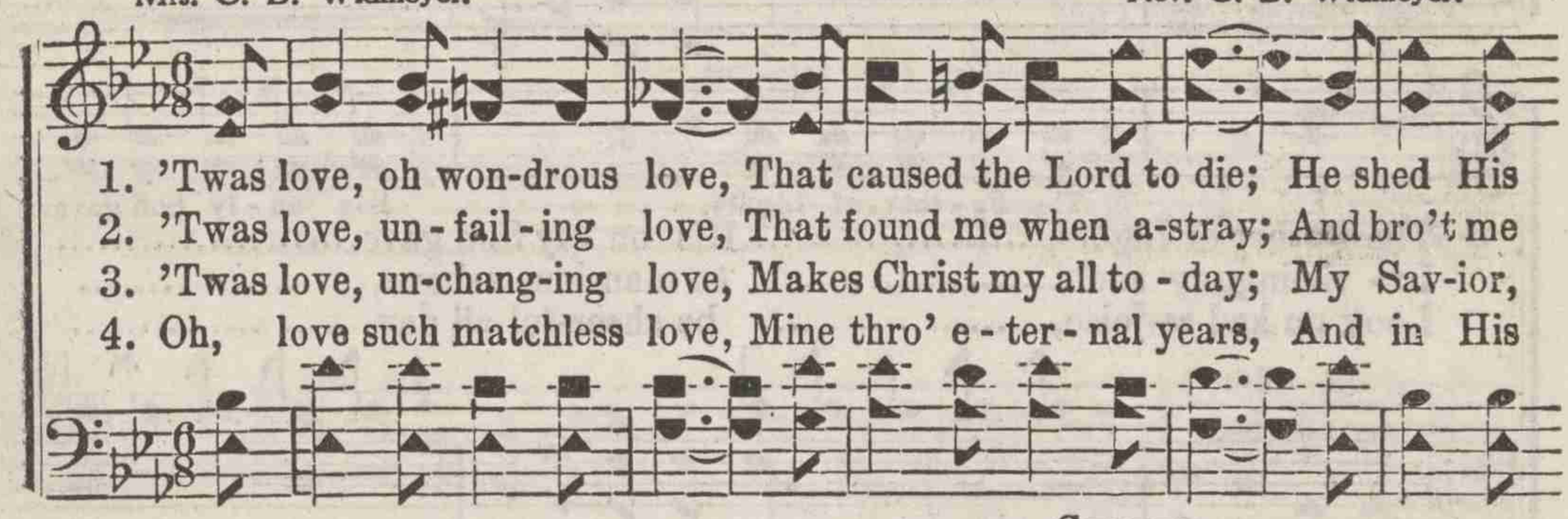
With me Alway.



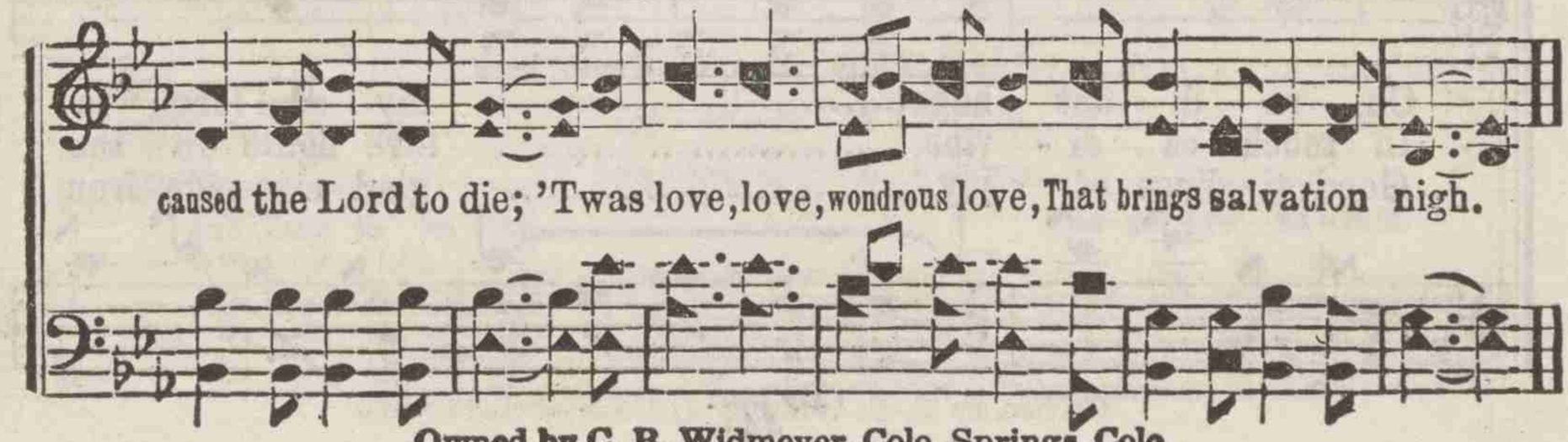


No. 41. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. C. B. Widmeyer. Rev. C. B. Widmeyer.







Owned by C. B. Widmeyer, Colo. Springs, Colo.

No. 42. A Message.

G. P. Hott. Will H. Ruebush.

A mes-sage of hope floats out on the sky,

1. A mes-sage of hope ..... floats out on the sky, ...
2. A mes-sage of love, ... from Calvary's brow, ...
3. A mes-sage of joy ..... to hearts that are sad, ...

By an-gels 'tis brought from mansions on high;

By angels 'tis brought ..... from mansions on high; .....
In pathos more sweet .... is lin-ger-ing now; .....
A message so dear ..... to make each one glad; ....

The Fa-ther of Lights, His on-ly Son gave,

The Father of Lights, ... His on - ly Son gave, ...
In - vit-ing my soul ..... to mansions a-bove, ...
Look up and re-joice, ... be cheer-ful all day, ...

A ran-som for all the might - y to save.

A ransom for all, ...the mighty to save. .....
The triumph of hope, ...the e - den of love. .....
For Christ is the Light, ...the Truth and the Way. .....

Oh, ra - di - ant hope

Oh, ra - di - ant hope ..... my soul longs to
In touch - es di - vine ..... love lights all the
Good ti - dings of joy, ... glad mes-sage from

By per.

A Message.


my soul longs to be,
be.....
way,.....
heav'n,.....
On wings of a dove,.....
My cour-age re - news.....
The Father's best love .....
On wings of a dove
from sor - row set free;.....
turns night in - to day;.....
to earth free - ly giv'n;.....
Mine eyes see a-
In sor - row or
I'll an - chor my
from sor - row set free;


mine eyes see a - far
far.....
joy,.....
hope .....
thy cit - y of gold,.....
what-ev-er be - tide,.....
in ha-vens of love,.....
thy cit - y of gold,
And long to en-
Oh, spir-it of
And I join with the
joy.....
love.....
saints.....
its glo - ry un - told.....
for - ev - er a - bide.....
re - joic-ing a - bove.....
And long to en - joy
its glo - ry un - told.

No. 43. Speak Just a Word for Jesus.

G. P. Hott. W. J. Perry.

1. Speak, and the mes-sage of mer - cy give, Speak that the dy - ing, in
2. Speak to the err - ing in sin's broad way, Speak, and re - call him tho'
3. Speak to your neighbor and bid him come, "Speak," saith the Master, "there

Christ may live; Speak, and the com-forts of grace re-ceive, Speak just a
far a - stray; Speak for your Mas-ter, make no de - lay, Speak just a
yet is room;" Speak of the beau - ti - ful heav'n-ly home, Speak just a

CHORUS.

word for Je - sus. Speak for your Sav - ior a kind - ly word,
Speak in the tones of your ris - en Lord; Speak to your
broth-er, O soul, be heard, Speak just a word for Je - sus.

By Per.

No. 44. Let Jesus In.

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

Laura E. Newell J. H. Hall.



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No. 45. Hide Me.

Mrs. E. G. Floyd. F. M. Ferrell.

1. Fa - ther, hide me from earth's woe, Lest the storms of time a - larm;
2. Hide me from the temp-ter's snares, Ev - 'ry-where a-round me spread;
3. Hide me from sin's 'lur - ing charms, I'm so weak when left a - lone!
4. Hide me, O thou bless-ed One, From the chill - ing doubts that rise,

Keep me, Lord, while here be - low, Hide my soul from ev - 'ry harm.
Hide me from life's blight-ing cares, Till life's fleet - ing day be sped.
Hid - den in Thy shelt'ring arms, All se - cure I trav - el on.
Till I greet Thee by Thy throne, In that home a - bove the skies.

CHORUS.

Hide me, hide me, Till the tem-pest stay, Hide me,
Hide me, bless-ed Je - sus, till the storm of life shall stay, Hide me, dear Re-

hide me, Till night rolls a-way; Hide me, hide me,
deem-er, Till the tem-pest rolls a-way; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, while

while on earth I stand, Hide me in the hol-low of Thy might-y hand.
here on earth I stand,

F. M. Ferrell, owner.

No. 47. He Will Guard.

Will H. Ruebush. W. Amos Jones.

1. Would you have sweet peace when life's cares oppress, When the bil - lows
2. When the tem-pests rage and the fears as - sail, If your guide and
3. 'Neath His shelt'ring arms you can safe - ly hide, Ev - er guard-ed

round you roll; (round you roll;) There's a lov - ing arm Strong to aid and
pi - lot be; (pi - lot be;) He who spake sweet peace to the rag - ing
by His pow'r; (by His pow'r;) You can tru - ly trust such a faith - ful

CHORUS.

bless, Lean on it oh, wea - ry soul.
gale, You can weath-er ev - 'ry sea. He will guard, He will
guide, Dwell in safe - ty ev - 'ry hour. and guide,

guard, He will ev - er safe - ly keep; He will
and guide. safe - ly keep;

guard, He will guard, Tho' the storms may round you sweep.
and guide. and guide.

Property of W. Amos Jones.

No. 48. I Cannot Tell.

C. T. M. Carl T. Maddox.

1. O Sav - ior cleanse ..... my sin - ful heart,.....
2. I can - not tell ..... how much I owe,.....
3. I put my hands ..... in Thine dear Lord,.....

1. O Sav - ior cleanse my sin - ful heart,

Oh take my life ..... and make it blest;.....
To Christ my Lord ..... my Sav - iour friend; .....
I give my all ..... to Thy con - trol; .....

Oh take my life and make it blest;

Oh take my all ..... and not the part,.....
I know this much. ..... this well I know,.....
Oh make my life ..... in full ac - cord, ...

Oh take my all and not the part,

And give me joy ..... and peace and rest. .....
That on the cross ..... for me He died. .....
To Thine own will, ... while a - ges roll. .....

And give me joy and peace and rest.

Property of Carl T. Maddox.

I Cannot Tell.

REFRAIN.

I can-not tell,..... how much I owe,.....
I can-not tell how much I owe,

I know this much,..... this much I know.....
I know this much, this much I know

And in His love..... ..... will e'er con-fide,.....
And in His love will e'er con-fide,

That I will trust..... Him as my guide,.....
That I will trust Him as my guide.

No. 49. Awake! Ye Soldiers.

H. B. M. H. B. Maples.

1. A - wake! a-wake! ye sol-diers of our Lord and King, For Sa - tan's
2. A - wake! a-wake! ye sol-diers, heed the call to - day, And hast - en
3. Look up! look up! the ban - ner of the cross floats high, And Christ, the

hosts are marching thro' the land; O hark! the cry for help, o'er hill and
forth to serv-ice for the King; Be up and go - ing to the front with-
Cap - tain, lead to vic - to - ry; Re - joice! re-joice! the dawn of end - less

vale doth ring, A - gainst the foes of right-eous-ness go take your stand.
out de - lay, And with the shout of tri-umph let your voic - es ring.
peace is nigh, Then ye shall reign with Christ thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

On - - ward to the front..... without de - lay,.....
Onward to the front, onward to the front, on with-out de-lay,

Property of H. B. Maples.

Awake! Ye Soldiers.



No. 50. On that Happy Golden Shore.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. A hap-py day is com-ing in the gold-en by and bye When shadows
2. I can-not know the moment that my soul may wing its flight, Or if the
3. No matter when the call may come I'll strive to live each day That these oft

and the heart aches of this life will all be o'er; When the worn and weary
winds be singing peace, or storm clouds loudly roar; But if it be balm-y
err - ing feet of mine be shod to tread that shore; That in start-ing on that

spir - it shall be free and up-ward fly, To be at home with Jesus, there to
sum-mer or in winter's chil-ly night I'll go to be with Jesus, there to
jour-ney I may hear a loved voice say "Well done, thou faithful servant, come and

CHORUS.

dwell for - ev-er-more. For-ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, To
For - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more,

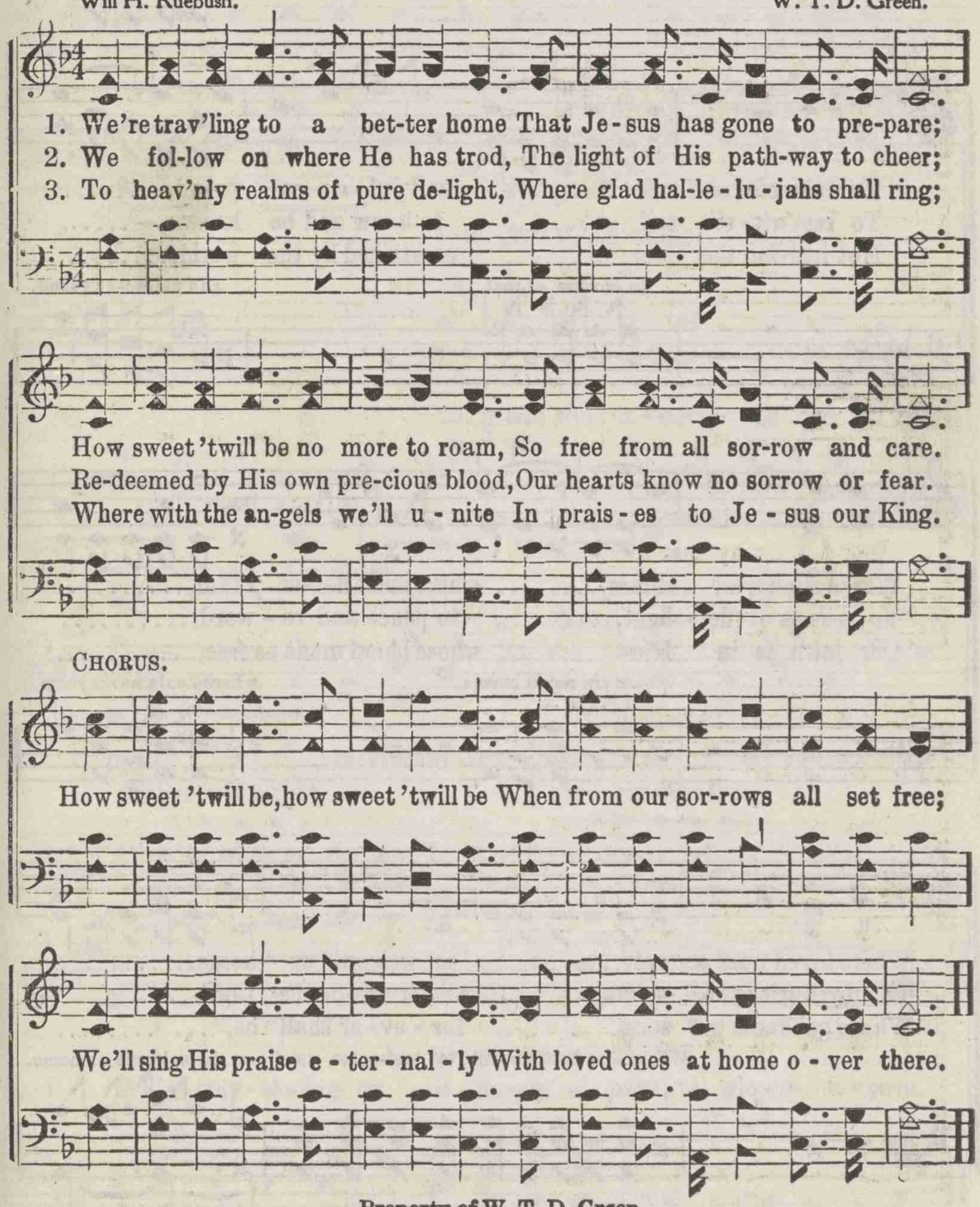
dwell thro' all the a - ges on that hap-py gold-en shore, For-ev - er - more,
For - ev - er-more,

On that Happy, Golden Shore.



No. 51. We're Traveling Home.

Will H. Ruebush. W. T. D. Green.



Property of W. T. D. Green.

No. 52. Traveling Home.

H. G. H. Harvey G. Hodges.

1. We're trav - el-ing on..... to Canaan's bright land,.....
2. We're trav - el-ing on..... and seeking our own,.....
3. We're trav - el-ing on..... with ban-ner un - furled,.....

1. We're trav-el-ing on to Canaan's bright land,

To bow-ers of rest..... and pal - ac - es grand,.....
To rest aft - er toil,..... to know and be known,—.....
Not fear-ing the foe,..... un-stained by the world;.....

to bowers of rest, and pal-ac-es grand,

Where sin nev-er comes,..... where souls nev-er roam,.....
To scenes of de - light,..... to peace and re - ward,.....
Our faith is in Him..... whose blood made us free,.....

Where sin never comes, where souls never roam,

Where loved ones a - wait..... to welcome us home.....
To dwell with the saints..... who trust-ed the Lord.....
Whose goodness our song..... for - ev - er shall be.....

Where loved ones await to wel-come us home, to welcome us home.

By per. of J. S. Woods.

Traveling Home.

REFRAIN.

We're trav - el - ing on

We're trav - el - ing on..... to E - den's fair

to E-den's fair shore, Our glo - ri - ous King

shore,..... ..... Our glo - ri-ous King.....

to praise and a - dore; To live in His

to praise and a - dore;.....

light,..... to rest in His love,..... We're trav-el-ing

To live in His light, to rest in His love,

on..... .... to glo - ry a - bove.....

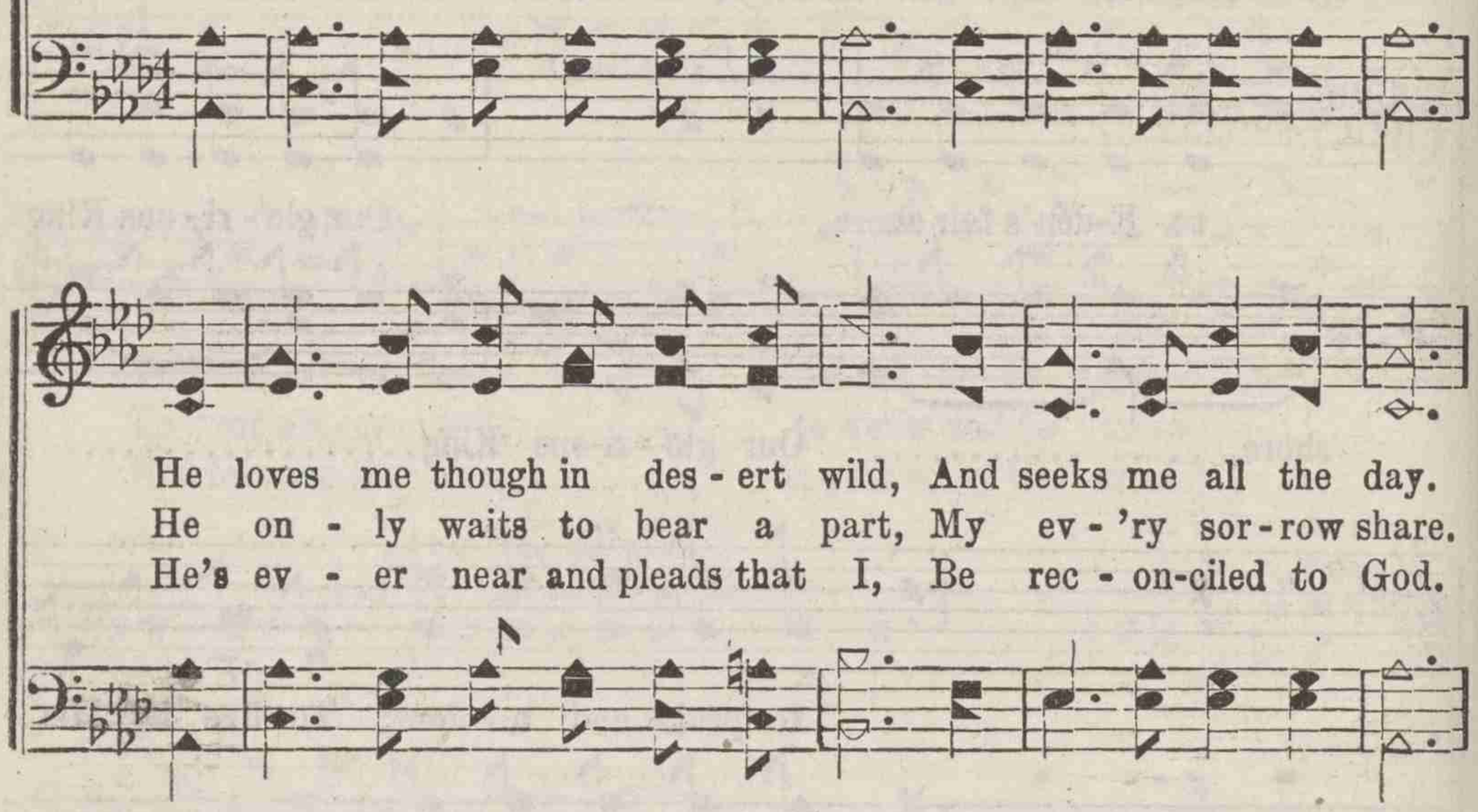
We're trav - el - ing on to glo - ry a - bove, to glo - ry a - bove.

No. 53. He'll Not Forget.

G. P. Hott. W. J. Perry.



1. He'll not for-get, I am His child, Tho' oft I go a-stray;
2. He'll not for-get my bleed-ing heart, My bur-den, grief, and care;
3. He'll not for-get, my way-ward feet, Nor shun the path I've trod;



He loves me though in des-ert wild, And seeks me all the day.
He on-ly waits to bear a part, My ev-'ry sor-row share.
He's ev-er near and pleads that I, Be rec-on-ciled to God.



CHORUS.

He'll not for-get, He'll not for-get, I trust Him ev-'ry day;

I yield Him all my ransomed pow'rs, And choose the Heav'nly way.



Property of W. J. Perry.

No. 54. My Father Cares for Me.

W. H. E. W. H. Elder.

1. My Fa-ther cares for me, 'Tis sweet to trust His love; When dangers
2. My Fa-ther cares for me, I know his love is true, For down the
3. My Fa-ther cares for me, His grace I find se-rene; When I am
4. My Fa-ther cares for me, When care and sorrows come, When life seems

would my path as - sail He's al-ways near, my foes to quail.
rug - ged paths of sin He in-clined his list-'ning ear to me.
weak my foes to meet, I trust his Love my pow'rs com - plete.
use - less or in vain, My joy re - turns to hear His Name.

CHORUS.

1

He cares for me,..... O yes, He cares, O wea-ry soul,
My Sav - ior cares for me, O yes, He al - ways cares,

2

He cares for thee; O wea-ry soul, He cares for thee.....
He al - ways cares, will care for thee.

No. 55. Roll the Praise-waves Out.

James Rowe. H. B. Maples.

1. In our Master's name we meet, Now to ren-der prais-es sweet, Find-ing peace and joy complete For each trusting soul; Let our praises be out-pour'd,
2. Fill the air with gladsome praise For the King who crowns our days, While ho- san - nas glad we raise, Let His love con-trol: Praise Him for His saving grace
3. He is our e - ter - nal King, Sing, ye ransomed hildren, sing, Make His ho - ly temple ring, Sing with heart and soul; Sing with voices true and strong,

Let us sing in true ac-cord, Hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lord, Let the
For the glo - ry of His face, Praise Him, souls of ev - 'ry race, Let the
Sing un - til the an-gel-throng Shall re-peat our hap - py song, Let the

CHORUS.

praise-waves roll. Let the praise-waves roll, roll them out, roll them out, Praise the

Let them out, roll the praise-waves out. oh, Praise

ho - ly name of Him who made us whole; Hal - le - lu - jahs sing to our

His name, For He keep-eth us whole. Praise the nam e of our

Property of H. B. Maples.

Roll the Praise-waves Out.

glo - ri-ous King, Let the bless-ed praise-waves roll, oh, let them roll.

glo - ri - ous King, Let them roll, let the bless-ed waves roll.

No. 56. Bound for Glory.

Hugh A. Wallace. J. S. Woods.

1. To heav - en I am go - ing, That cit - y of the King,
2. In that sweet land a - bove me He builds a home for me,
3. I'm go - ing home to Heav - en, Where there is room for me,
4. Oh, broth - er, won't you meet me, Up yon - der, by and by,

Where ma - ny pre-cious loved ones Glad hal - le - lu - jahs sing.
And there, with those who love me, I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty.
Where joy is ev - er giv - en, And souls from sin are free.
In that e - ter - nal cit - y Where we shall nev - er die.

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home to Glo - ry, Where Je - sus waits for me,
I'm go - ing, yes, go - ing to Glo - ry,

There love shall be my sto - ry For all e - ter - ni - ty.

Property of J. S. Woods.

No. 57. What a Joy 'Twill Be.

C. T. M. Carl T. Maddox.

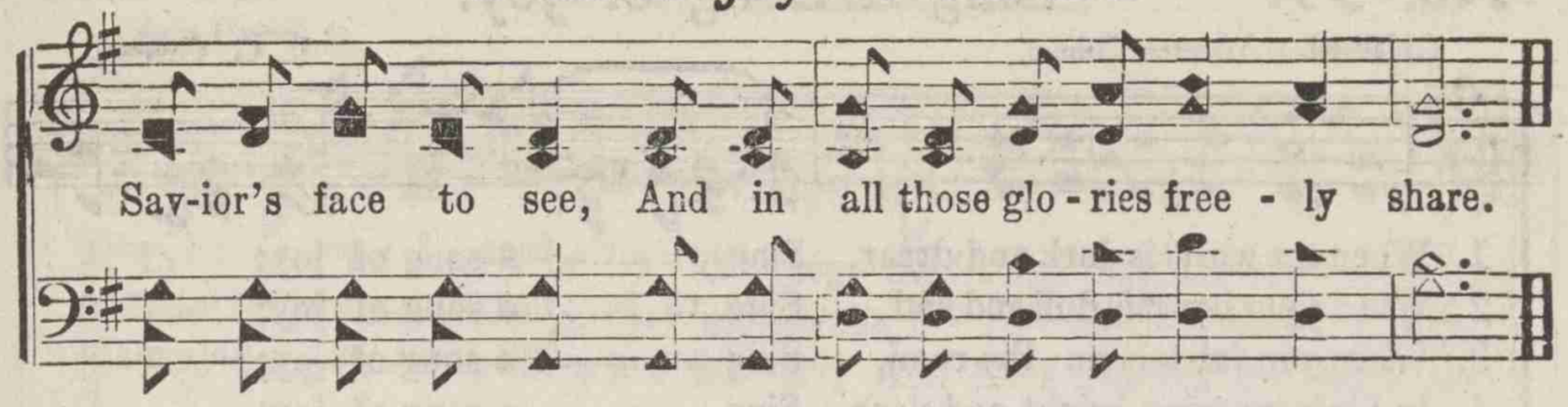
1. What a Joy 'twill be when my Sav - ior's face I see, And with those who've been redeemed shall be; I will shout and sing prais - es to my heav'n-ly King, There to spend a glad e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Ma - ny pre-cious friends will be there to wel-come me Who have jour-neyed to that bet - ter land; What a joy 'twill be, when their fac - es I shall see, There to walk with them the gold - en strand.
3. Won't you en - ter in, to this home so free from sin, There's an in - vi - ta - tion now to come, Won't you share the joy, and the peace with-out al - loy, You are wel-come to this heav'n-ly home.

REFRAIN.

He has bid - den all, won't you heed the gra - cious call, And en- joy this peace be - yond com - pare; What a joy 'twill be, there my

Property of Carl T. Maddox.

What a Joy 'Twill Be.



No. 58. The Wheat and the Tares.

R. L. R. Revised by Jennie Wilson. R. L. Russell.



Property of R. L. Russell.

No. 59. Sing a Song of Joy.

Katherine Atharton Grimes, L. G. Greene,

1. When the world is dark and drear, Sing..... a song of joy;
2. When your heart is dull and sad, Sing..... a song of joy;
3. When you fal-ter on the road, Sing..... a song of joy;
4. In life's morning, bright and clear, Sing..... a song of joy;

Sing a song of joy, sing a song of joy;

It will reach some heart to cheer, Sing..... a song of joy;
It will help you to be glad, Sing..... a song of joy;
It will ease the heaviest load, Sing..... a song of joy;
When the evening draweth near, Sing..... a song of joy;

Sing a song of joy, sing a song of joy;

Let the skies be cold and gray, You can sing the gloom a - way,
Let not troub-le cast you down, From your brow smooth out the frown,
Lift your heart to Him in praise, Who hath guid - ed all your ways,
Sing—for al - ways by thy side, Walks the Christ, the cru - ci - fied,

You can brighten all the day, Sing..... a song of joy.
Rest from sorrow will be found, Sing..... a song of joy.
He will guard your coming days, Sing..... a song of joy.
So, what-ev-er doth be - tide, Sing..... a song of joy.

Sing a song of joy, sing a song of joy.

Property of L. C. Greene.

No. 60. He Will Lead Me.

Ada Powell. J. M. Vines.

1. In a ref - uge I'm a - bid - ing, Shel-tered from the rag - ing storm;
2. Tho' I climbed the cold, dark mount-ain, O - ver ston - y ways I roam;
3. Tho' temp-ta - tions there are ma - ny, And life's troubles oft - en come;

I am trust - ing to my Fa - ther, He will lead me safe - ly home.
Still my heart will not be lone - ly, He will lead me safe - ly home.
Lest I wan - der by the way - side, He will lead me safe - ly home.

REFRAIN.

All the way He walks be - side me, walks beside me, Takes my hand
All the way ..... He walks beside me, Takes my hand. ....

with - in His own, with-in His own; He will lead..... me, gen - tly
with - in His own;..... ..... He will lead me, gen - tly

lead me, He will lead..... me safe-ly home!.....
lead me,oh! He'll lead me, He will lead me safe - ly home, yes, safe - ly home!

Property of J. M. Vines.

No. 61. Will You Rise?

A. M. V. A. M. Vestal.

1. When the res - ur-rec-tion morning In the eastern sky is dawn-ing, And the
2. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning Earth will wear her bright a-dorn-ing For the
3. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning Will you share the glorious crown-ing And on

trump of God shall sound o'er land and sea; Then the saints will come re - joic-ing
ad - vent of the rul - er from on high; And the saved of ev-'ry na-tion,
faith's bright pinions up-ward there a - rise; There to greet those bright im-mor-tals

On their lips glad anthems voicing, What a bright and glo-rious morning that will be.
Will with songs of Ju - bi-la-tion Send the echoes ringing thro' the earth and sky.
Who are wait-ing at the portals, Who are dwelling safe at home in par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

There to meet Him, there to greet Him,
Will you rise Will you rise With your lamps all trimmed and burning,

There to greet your Lord's returning, There to sing hal - le - lu-jahs, Will you rise?

Property of A. M. Vestal.

No. 62. I Want to Go There.

Will H. Ruebush. Jas. M. Manning.

1. I have read of a land on a far a-way strand, And whose glories have
2. I have tho't of the friends who will welcome me there, And my joy when their
3. I've been told of a throne, where no sorrow is known, And where death nev-er

nev - er been told; Where the blest hap - py throng are for-ev - er in song,
forms I be - hold; Of the rap-ture to dwell where His prais-es e'er swell,
en - ters the fold; Oh, I want to go there in its glo - ries to share,

D. S.—*Oh, I want to go there, all those glo-ries to share,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Prais-ing God on their harps of pure gold.
From the choirs with their harps of pure gold. When my life's work is o'er
And to praise on a harp of pure gold.

Prais-ing God with a harp in my hands.

D. S.

And I wan - der no more, In this vale of the swift run-ning sands;

Property of Jas. M. Manning.

No. 63. My Journey Home.

Jennie Wilson.

Jas. C. Moore.
Arr. by J. M. Vines. 1912.

1. Oh! I have a pre-cious Friend, Who will guide me to the end, Trusting
2. In what-ev-er path I go 'Mid these changing scenes be-low, Trusting
3. While the tempt-er seeks to win To the down-ward path of sin, Trusting
4. Well I know He cares for me, And from fear my soul is free, Trusting

Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home; In His care I can con-fide,
Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home; Tho' I walk 'mid shadows dim,
Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home; Ev-er look-ing to the prize,
Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home; Soon I'll see His bless-ed face,

What-so-ev-er may be-tide, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my journey home.
Still in faith I fol-low Him, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my journey home.
Gleaming bright above the skies, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my journey home.
And ex-tol His boundless grace, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my journey home.

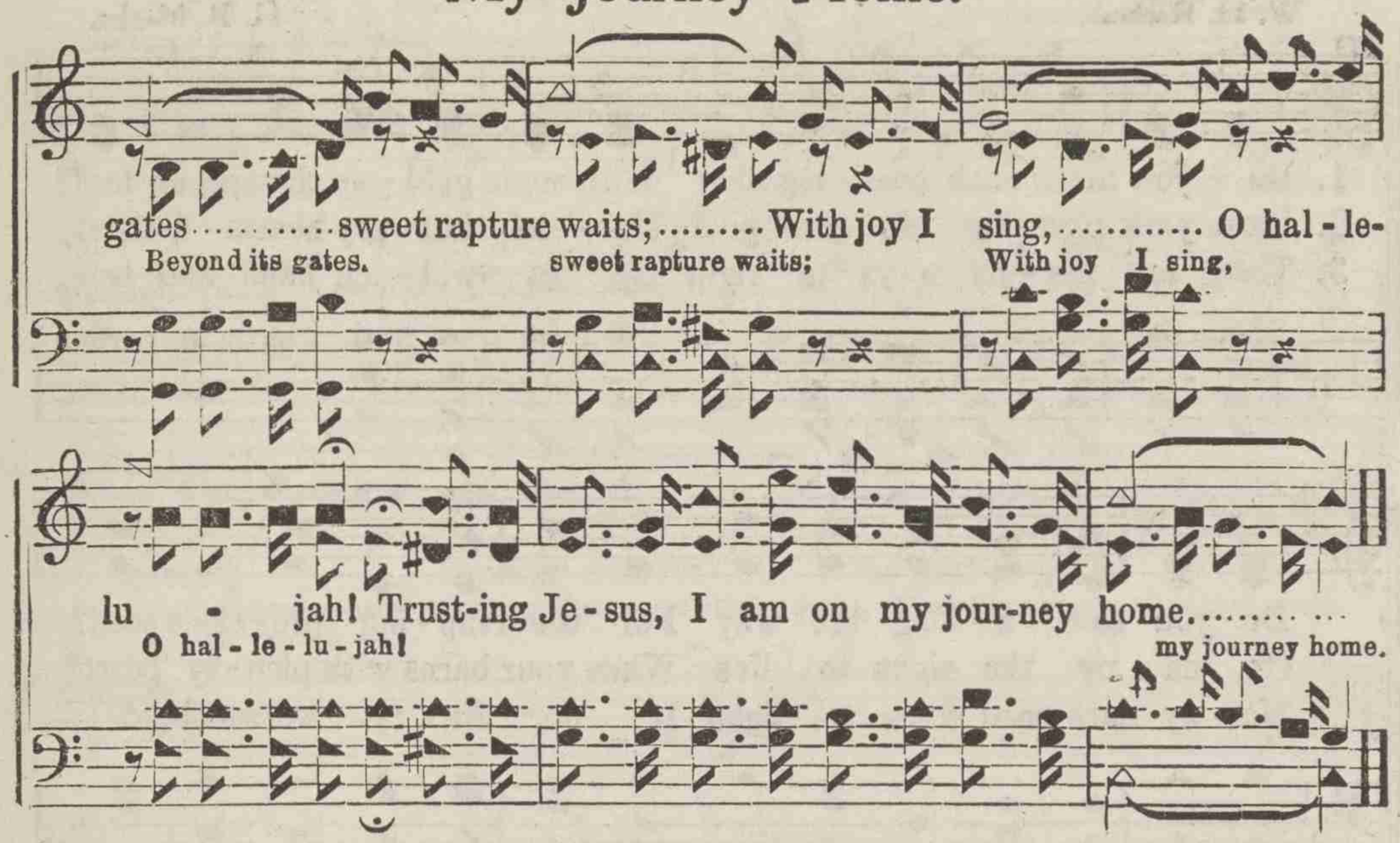
REFRAIN.

Oh! hap-py home, ... my heav'n-ly home, ... Be-yond its

Oh! hap-py home, my heav'nly home,

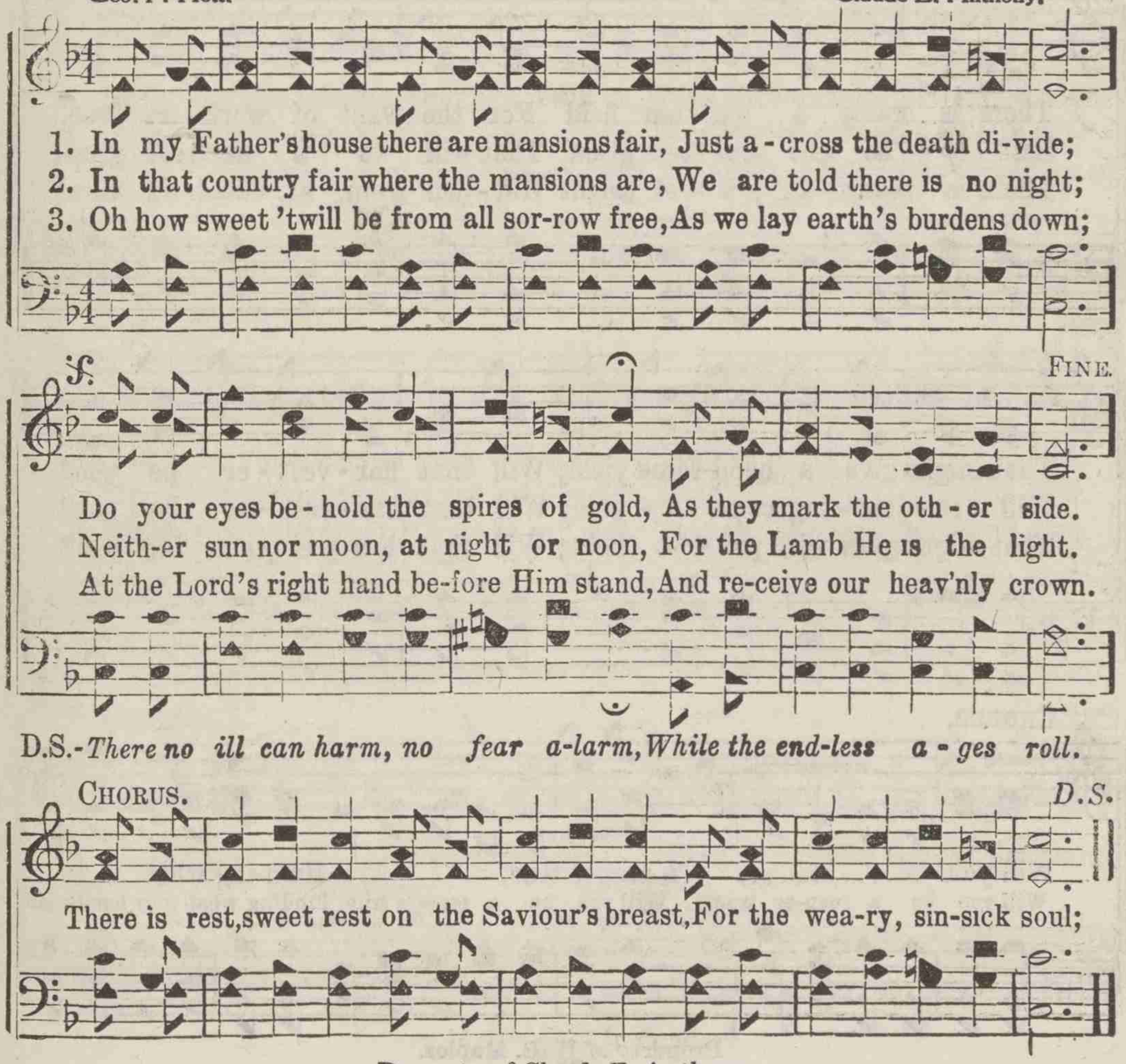
Property of Vines and Moore.

My Journey Home.



No. 64. There is Rest, Sweet Rest.

Geo. P. Hott. Claude E. Anthony.



Property of Claude E. Anthony.

No. 65. Sowing and Reaping.

W. H. Ruebush. H. B. Maples.

1. Do you mark each pass - ing day With some gold - en thought or deed?
2. From your plen - ty do you give Un - to hun - gry hearts a-thirst,
3. There are ma - ny ways to right By a will - ing hand and true,

Do you sow a - long the way For the reap - ing pre - cious seed?
Or de - ny the right to live When your barns with plen - ty burst?
Ma - ny dark-ened lives to light If our du - ty we would do;

There is many a bar - ren field For the want of work - ers true,
Sure - ly he who scat - ters grain That will to a har-vest grow,
There is many a jew - el bright Hid - den from a cloud - ed view,

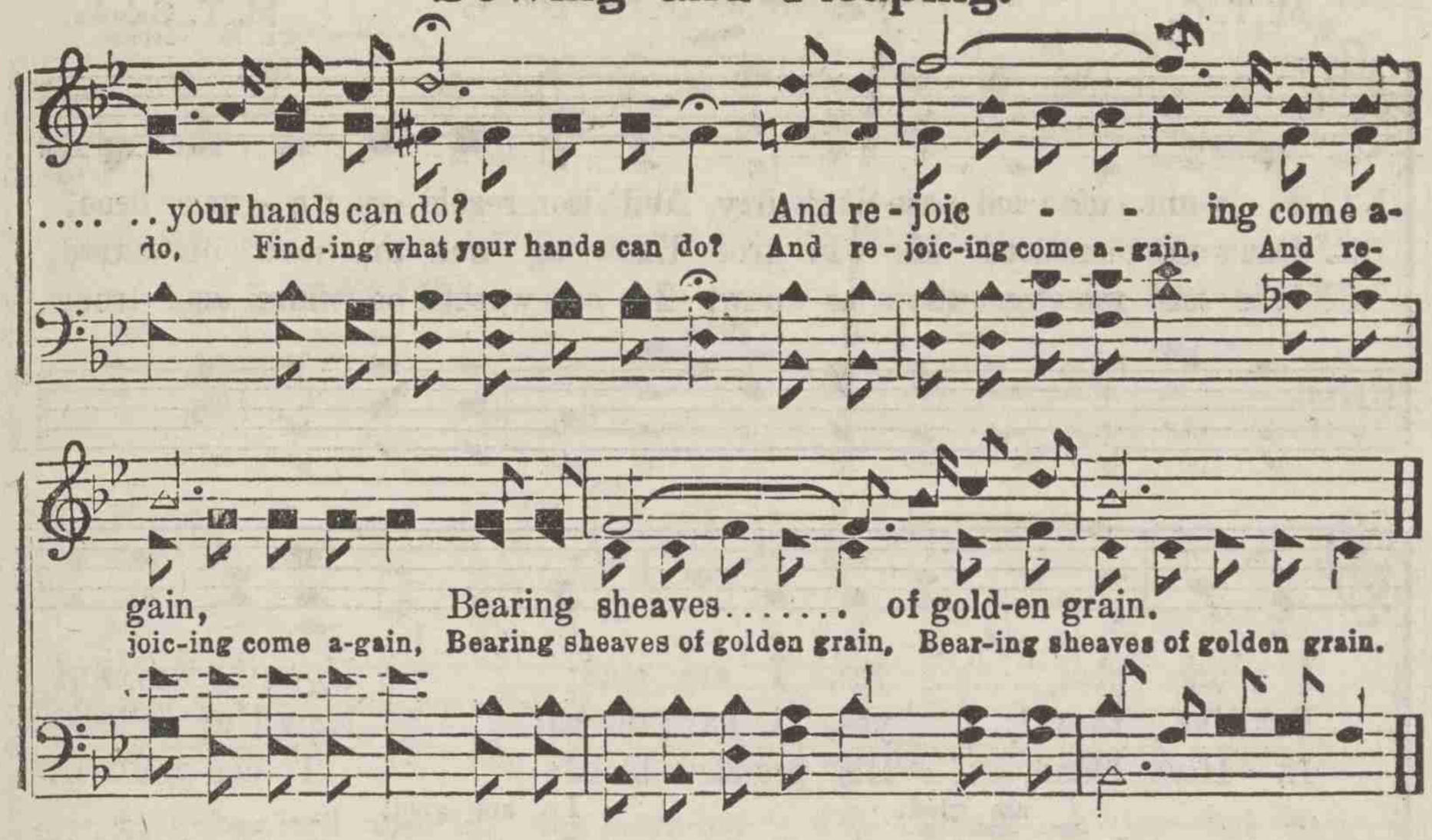
That might give a hand-some yield; Will that har - vest - er be you?
Will re - joic - ing come a - gain; Will that har - vest - er be you?
That might glow with pur - est light; Will that jew - el shine for you?

CHORUS.

Will you be..... a reaper true, Find-ing what.....
Will you be a reap-er true, Will you be a reap-er true, Finding what your hands can

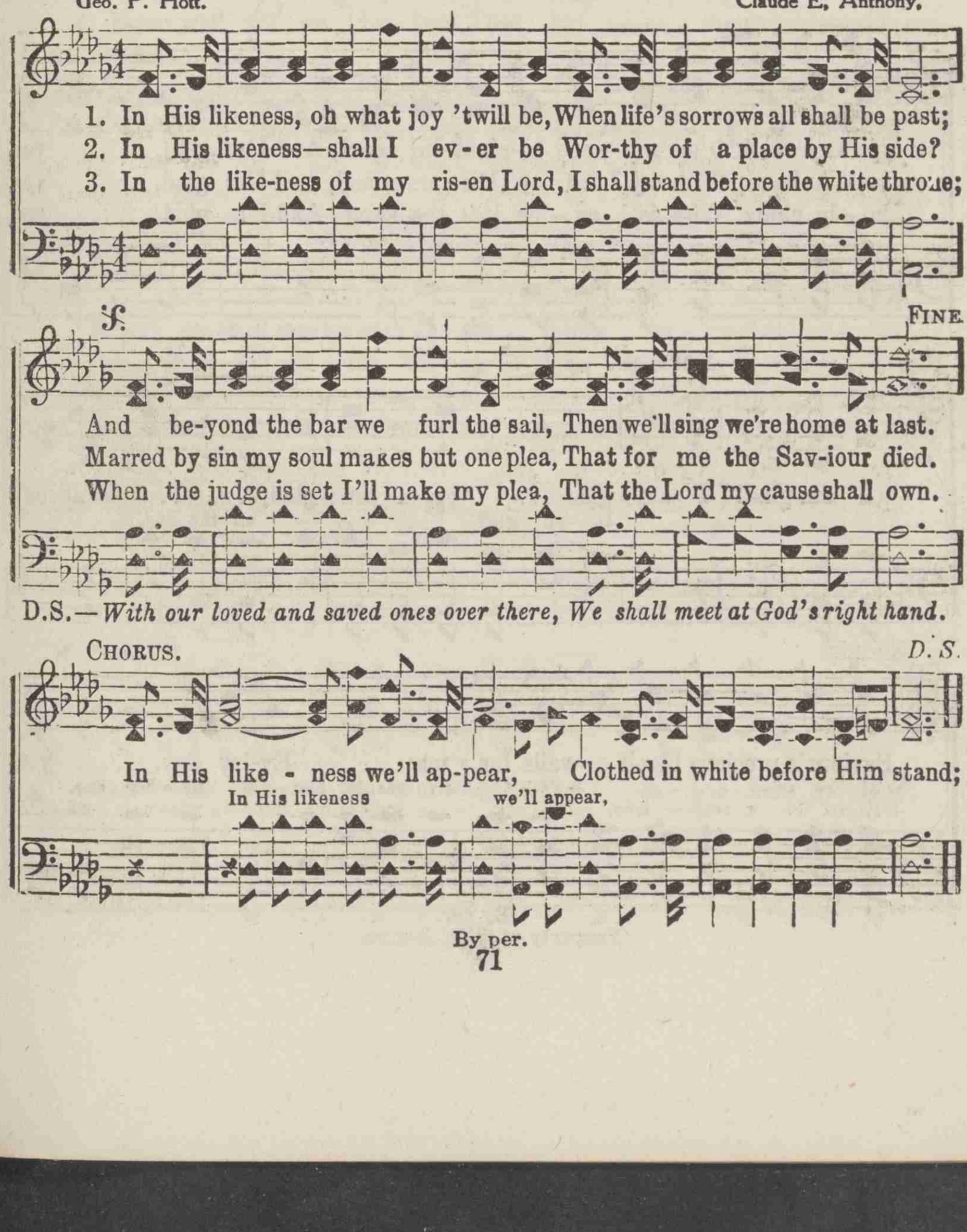
Property of H. B. Maples.

Sowing and Reaping.



No. 66. In His Likeness.

Geo. P. Hott. Claude E. Anthony.



No. 67. I Am Glad.

M. T. G. M. T. Galusha.

1. I am glad sal - va-tion's free, And it reach - es e - ven me,
2. Once the road of sin I trod, Know-ing not the love of God,
3. 'Tis the sweet-est tho't to know, I am washed as white as snow,

I am glad,..... yes, I am glad;
But I've turned,.... yes, I have turned;
In His blood,..... His pre-cious blood;

I am glad, I am glad;

glo - ry roll, O'er my once be-night-ed soul, And I'm glad,..... yes,
hand in hand, With my Lord at His com-mand, And I'm glad,..... yes,
ho - ly name, Who is ev - er just the same, And I'm glad,..... yes,

Now the waves of
Now I'm walk-ing
I can praise His

REFRAIN.

I am glad! I am glad,..... yes, I am glad,..... That my

I am glad all the day,

Saviour's precious blood a - vails for me; Ev-'ry day,..... yes,

yes, for me; Ev - 'ry day,

I Am Glad.



No. 68. Farewell Until the Morning.

Jennie Wilson. C. W. Wright.



No. 69. I'm the Purchase of the Blood.

G. P. H. Geo. P. Hott.

1. I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb, He has bo't me
2. I'm the pur-chase of the life - giv - ing blood, Shed on Cal - va-
3. I'm the pur-chase of His in - fi - nite love, He on me the

and I'm His ev - er-more; I'm no more the child of sin, He has
ry for me by my Lord; He redeemed and made me free, And I'm
gift of son - ship be-stowed; He redeemed me by His grace, Now with

made me pure with-in, I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb.
His e - ter - nal - ly, I'm the pur-chase of the life - giv - ing blood.
Him I have a place, I'm the pur-chase of His in - fi - nite love.

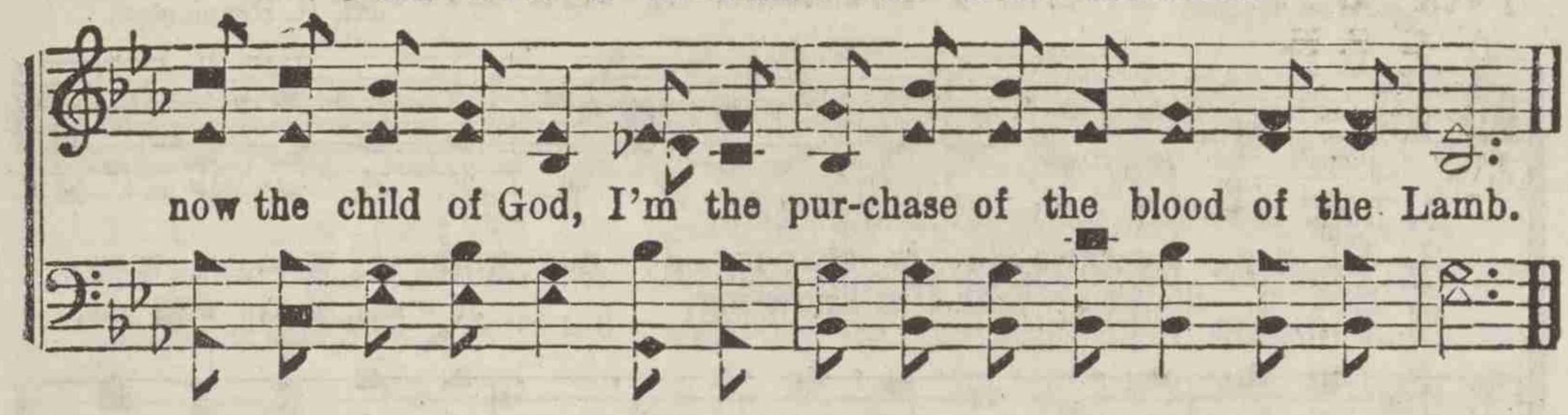
CHORUS.

I'm the pur-chase of the blood of the Lamb, I'm the pur-chase

of the blood of the Lamb; I'm the pur-chase of the blood, And I'm

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., 1912.

I'm the Purchase of the Blood.



No. 70. The Fountain.

Cowper. Carl T. Maddox.



No. 71. Jesus Walks With Me.

Katharyn Bacon. Jas. B. Pennington.

1. Tho' the way be rough and drear-y,
2. All my sor-rows He is shar-ing, Je - sus walks with me;
3. Not a doubt or fear I'm know-ing, Je - sus walks with me,

And the night be long and wea - ry,
Ev - 'ry care and bur-den bear-ing, Je - sus walks with me;
Dai-ly strength and grace be-stow-ing, Je - sus walks with me;

For my wants He is pro-vid-ing, In His strength I am confiding, Safe-ly
O 'tis joy be-yond all tell-ing, Earthly pleasures far ex-cell-ing, In His
He'll be near me, courage lending, Till my voice with angel's blending, Ris-es

D.S. *Naught can me from Je-sus sev-er, He'll forsake and fail me nev - er, I am*

FINE. REFRAIN.

in His love a-bid-ing,
presence to be dwelling, Je-sus walks with me. Glo - - - ry,
in His praise unending, Je-sus walks with me. Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,

safe, and safe for-ev-er, Je-sus walks with me.

D. S.

Je-sus walks with me, Glo - - - ry, Je-sus walks with me;
Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

No. 72. By His Side.

M. T. Galusha, Millard F. Milner.

1. There's a land so fair, and I'm go-ing there Where my loved ones ev-
2. Tho' the path be long, and the conflict strong, Still to Christ my all
3. With this Friend and Guide walk-ing by my side, All the pow'rs of sin

er a - bide; For I've been redeemed by the Savior's blood, And I'm
will I cling; Tho' the tempests rage, and the thun-ders roll, Still I
can - not harm; Soon I'll rest in peace on the oth - er side, Safe at

CHORUS.

walk - ing now by His side.
trust in my Sav - ior, King. Now I walk by His
home 'neath His shelt'ring arm.

Now I walk by His side,

side, And He gen - tly leads me a - long; In His
now I walk by His side.

love I con-fide, And I praise his name with a song.
In His love I confide,

In His love I confide,

No. 73. I Want to Go Home.

J. M. V. J. M. Vines.

1. I want to go home to that beau - ti - ful cit - y which Je - sus pre-
2. I want to go home to that beau - ti - ful cit - y the blood of my
3. I want to go home to that beau - ti - ful cit - y where sor-rows and

pared for the true and the blest, And meet with my kindred and loved ones to
Sav-iour has purchased for me, And bask in the light of His glo - ri - ous
tri - als can bur-den no more, And joy - ous - ly roam by the banks of life's

nev - er a - gain say fare - well; The mansions re-splen-dent with
pres-ence while a - ges shall roll; I want to be crowned by His
riv - er so pure and so bright; I want to be - hold the dear

glo - ry are wait-ing for all the re-deemed ones to en - ter and rest,
own bless-ed hand that was nailed to the cross up - on dark Cal - va - ry,
Lord on His throne as the glo - ri - fied mill-ions His won-ders a - dore,

I want to go home to that beau-ti-ful cit - y for-ev - er to dwell.
I want to go home to that beau-ti-ful cit - y His love to ex - tol.
And with their glad voices in praise and thanksgiving for-ev - er u - nite.

J. M. Vines. 1910. By per.

I Want to Go Home.

I want to go home..... to that cit - y of
to that cit - y, that cit - y,

gold,..... ..... I want to go home ..... and
that bless-ed cit-y of gold, O I want to go home

en - ter His fold;..... ..... I want to go home..... .....
and en-ter His fold; to that mansion, that

..... to that man-sion a - bove,..... I want to go
mansion, that fair mansion a-bove,

home to that beau-ti-ful cit - y of light and of love.....
to that cit - y of love

No. 74. Marching On!

W. H. Ruebush. W. Amos Jones.

1. We are marching a-long at our Captain's command, With the ban-ner of love lift-ed high; For the good and the true, we will e'er firm-ly stand;
2. Brother, join with us now; loud and clear comes the call, Join the ranks that are marching to-day; To the loy - al, true-heart-ed, no ill can be-fall,
3. There are wrongs we can right, there are souls we can save, We can lead some from sor - row and sin; There are laur - els that wait for the brow of the brave,

CHORUS.

And our cause which is just, ne'er will die.
Gird for bat - tle and on to the fray. Marching on, marching on, We are marching to dare and to do, Marching on,
There's a crown of re - joic-ing to win. Bold-ly on, Bold-ly on, and to do,
Marching on, Marching on, To our Cap-tain and Guide ev-er true.
Boldly on, Bold-ly on,

No. 75. Be a Worker.

D. W. Ewing. Claude E. Anthony.

1. Will you be a faith-ful work-er in the har-vest of the Lord, For the grain is ripe and la-b'rers few; See the fields now bending low for want of will - ing work-ers hands, There is work for ev - 'ry one to do.
2. Faithful gleaners now are need-ed in the har-vest of the Lord, While the gold-en days are pass-ing by: And the grain is dai - ly wast-ing in the might-y har - vest field, Then let not the hours pass swift - ly by.
3. Go bid those who in the mar-ket pla-ces stand with i-dle hands, For the Master needs them ev-'ry day; Bid them come and share the reaping ma-ny pre-cious sheaves to bring, Soon the har - vest days will pass a - way.

CHORUS.

See the fields bending low, For the want of willing workers hands;
fields are bending low, fields are bending low,
And the grain, golden grain, For the want of gleaners wasting stands.
grain, the golden grain, and the golden grain

Property of Claude E. Anthony.

No. 76. Galilee.

Robert Morris. C. W. Wright.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... ..... and sigh-ing bough,..... That makes the
2. Each flow'ry glen....., and mos-sy dell,.....Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore,..... Of Him who

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

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more ..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.

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

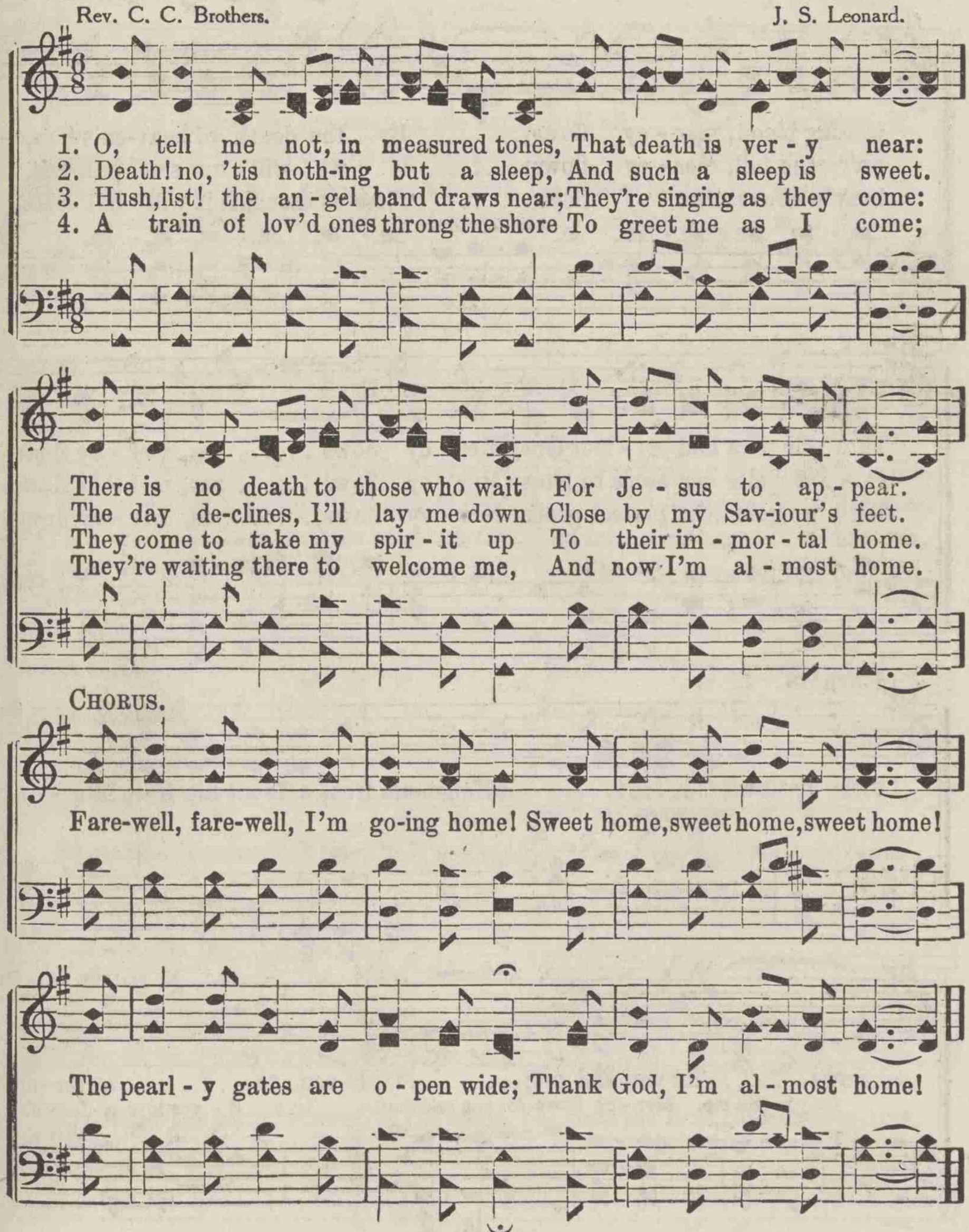
loved..... so much to be;..... O Gal - i - lee..... blue Gali-

Galilee.



No. 77. Almost Home.

Rev. C. C. Brothers. J. S. Leonard.



No. 78. Mercy Flows.

J. M. V. J. M. Vines.

1. From the lov - ing heart of God, mer - cy flows,..... By his all - a-
2. For the weak-est of us all, mer - cy flows,..... For the ones who
3. Oh! the won - der of his love! mer - cy flows,..... From the courts of

mer - cy flows,

ton-ing blood, mer - cy flows;..... By the death of heav-en's Son,
err and fall, mer - cy flows:..... If we will our sins con-fess,
heav'n above, mer - cy flows;..... Bless-ed thought! it will not cease,

mer - cy flows;

Thro' the pure and per - fect One, Mer - cy flows,..... yes, mer - cy flows.
Je - sus waits our souls to bless, Mer - cy flows,..... yes, mer - cy flows.
Till we gain the perfect peace, Mer - cy flows,..... yes, mer - cy flows.

mer - cy flows,

REFRAIN.

Mer - cy flows,..... a fount-ain free, a fount-ain free, Mer - cy

yes, mer - cy flows,

flows.....for you and me;..... E-ven to..... e - ter - ni-

for you and me, Mer - cy flows for you and me; E - ven to e - ter - ni-

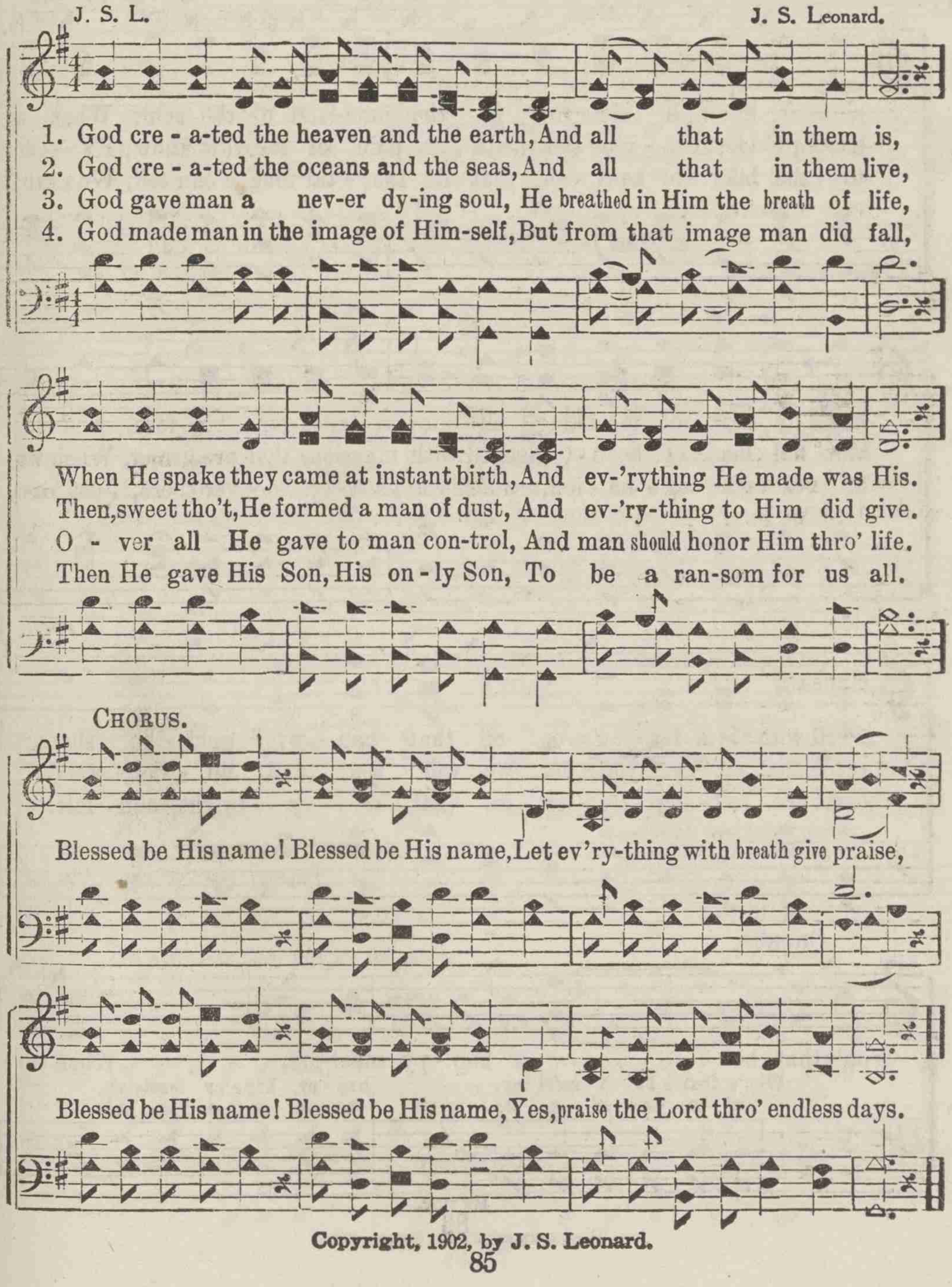
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Mercy Flows.



No. 79. The Creation.

J. S. L. J. S. Leonard.



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No. 80. Over Jordan.

M. T. G. M. T. Galusha.

1. On the oth-er side of Jor-dan where the billows cease to roll, There will nev - er know a sor - row in the home-land of the soul; What a
2. On the oth-er side of Jor-dan where the liv-ing wa-ters flow, And the hap - py blest im - mor-tals neith - er pain or sor-row know; Ev - er
3. On the oth-er side of Jor-dan we shall with the ransomed dwell, And en- joy the bliss of heav - en, that no mor - tal tongue can tell; Won't that

hap - py tho't of meet - ing all our loved ones gone be - fore, And to
ver - nal land of beau - ty, decked with mansions that are grand, When we
be a glad re - un - ion, when we gath - er o - ver there, Just a-

dwell with them for - ev - er on that hap - py gold - en shore.
reach that cit - y yon - der we will see and un - der - stand.
cross the roll - ing riv - er in that cit - y bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Won't that be ..... a hap - py meet-ing, When we
Won't that be a meet-ing, hap - py, hap - py meet-ing,

Over Jordan.

cross..... ... the swelling tide?..... When our loved..... ones we are
When we cross the river's swelling tide, the river's tide; and our loved ones greeting

greet-ing, And for-ev - - er sat-is - fied.
Joy-ful, joy-ful greeting. Yes, for - ev - er sat-is - fied, for - ev - er sat - is-fied.

No. 81. In the Cleansing Blood.

W. H. Ruebush. M. T. Galusha.

1. In the cleansing blood of Christ for a - tone-ment I re - ly, For it
   And with-out this precious blood in my sins I'd sure-ly die, For it
2. On - ly thro' the blood He shed can I e'er ob-tain a peace, For it
   For my an-guish, pain, or grief there's no oth - er sure re-lease, For it
3. Thro' the precious blood He shed can I ho - ly be and live, For it
   All the jour-ney to that home it can com-fort ev - er give, For it

D. C.—*In the cleans-ing blood of Christ for a - tone-ment I re - ly, For it*

FINE. CHORUS.

on - ly has the pow'r to save. Wonderful pow'r, Wonderful
Wonderful, wonderful pow'r,

on - ly has the pow'r to save.

D. C.

pow'r,
Wonderful, wonderful pow'r,
For it saves and keeps me ev - 'ry hour.
wonderful pow'r

By per.

No. 82. Hallelujah! We Shall Sing.

J. M. V. J. M. Vines.

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

Hal - le - lu - - jah! we shall sing; .....
Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing, O we shall sing;

When we see the Lord de-scend-ing in His glo - ry from the skies,
There as heirs of life e - ter - nal we shall know as we are known,
When He crowns and bids us en - ter in His joy for ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall sing..... We shall sing.....
Hal - le-lu-jah! we shall sing (we shall sing.) Hal-le-lu-jah!

and praise our King, When we hear our Saviour's wel-come and re-
we shall sing, ...

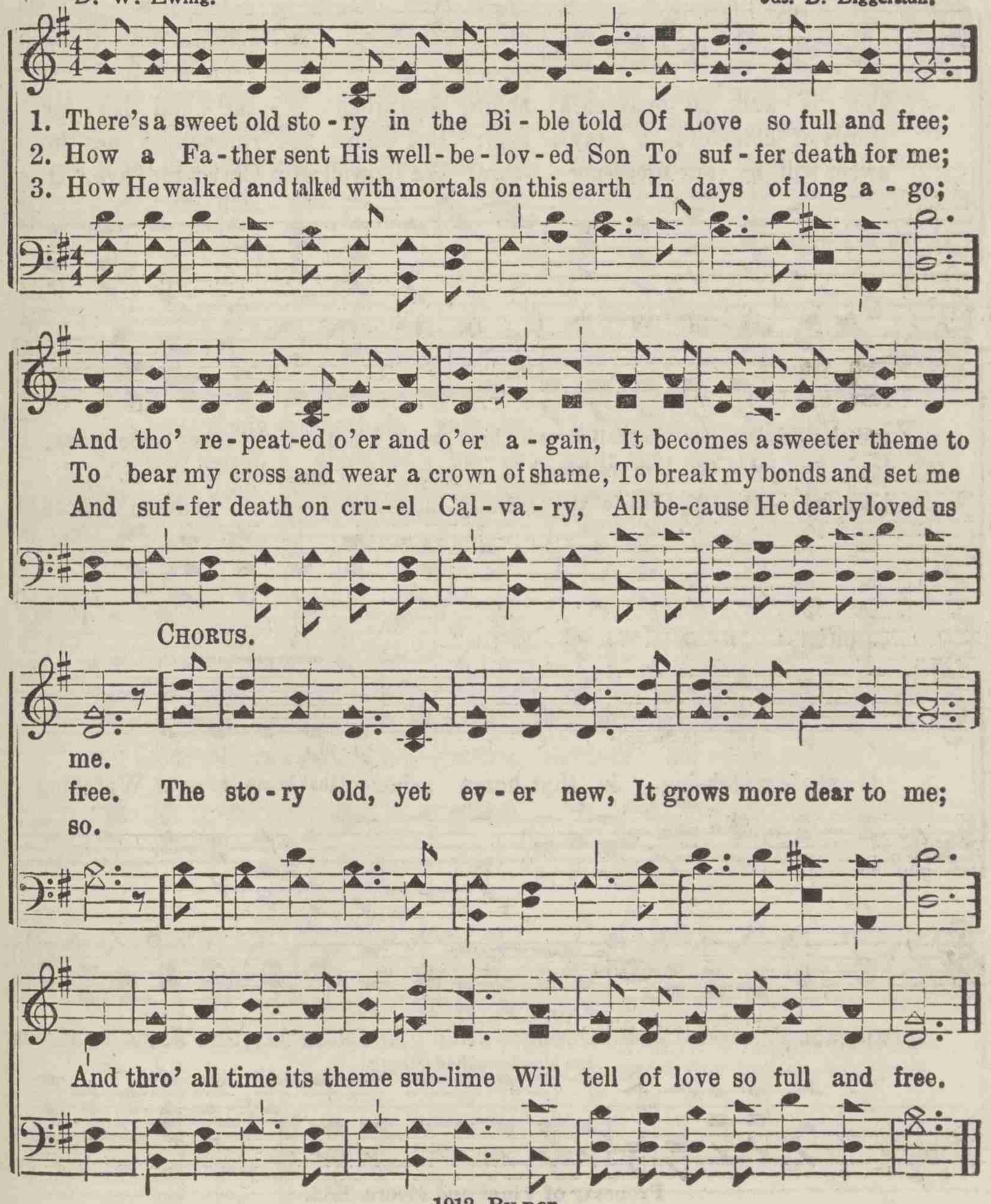
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Hallelujah! We Shall Sing.



No. 83. The Sweet Old Story.

D. W. Ewing. Jas. B. Biggerstaff.



1912, By per.

No. 84. She's Waiting.

J. C. M.

Jas. C. Moore.
Words and Music Arr. by J. M. Vines.

1. I am so sad and lone since mother's gone, (since mother's gone) But she is safe on heav-en's shore; And when e - ter - nal day for me shall dawn, (for me shall dawn,) Thro' grace I trust we'll meet once more.
2. No more on earth I'll hear her ten - der voice (her ten - der voice) Speak words of com-fort to my soul; But where the ran-somed ones in love re - joice (in love re-joice,) A - gain I'll hear her Christ ex - tol.
3. She's watching for me at the pearl-y gate, (the pearl - y gate,) How sweet will be our meet-ing there! We'll dwell with Christ for aye, O bliss-ful state, (O bliss-ful state,) And all the joys of heav-en share!

CHORUS.

O she's watch-ing in that home a-bove, (that home a-bove,) Watching with the sinless blood-washed throng; ..... And some day, thro' Jesus' wondrous the blood-washed throng.

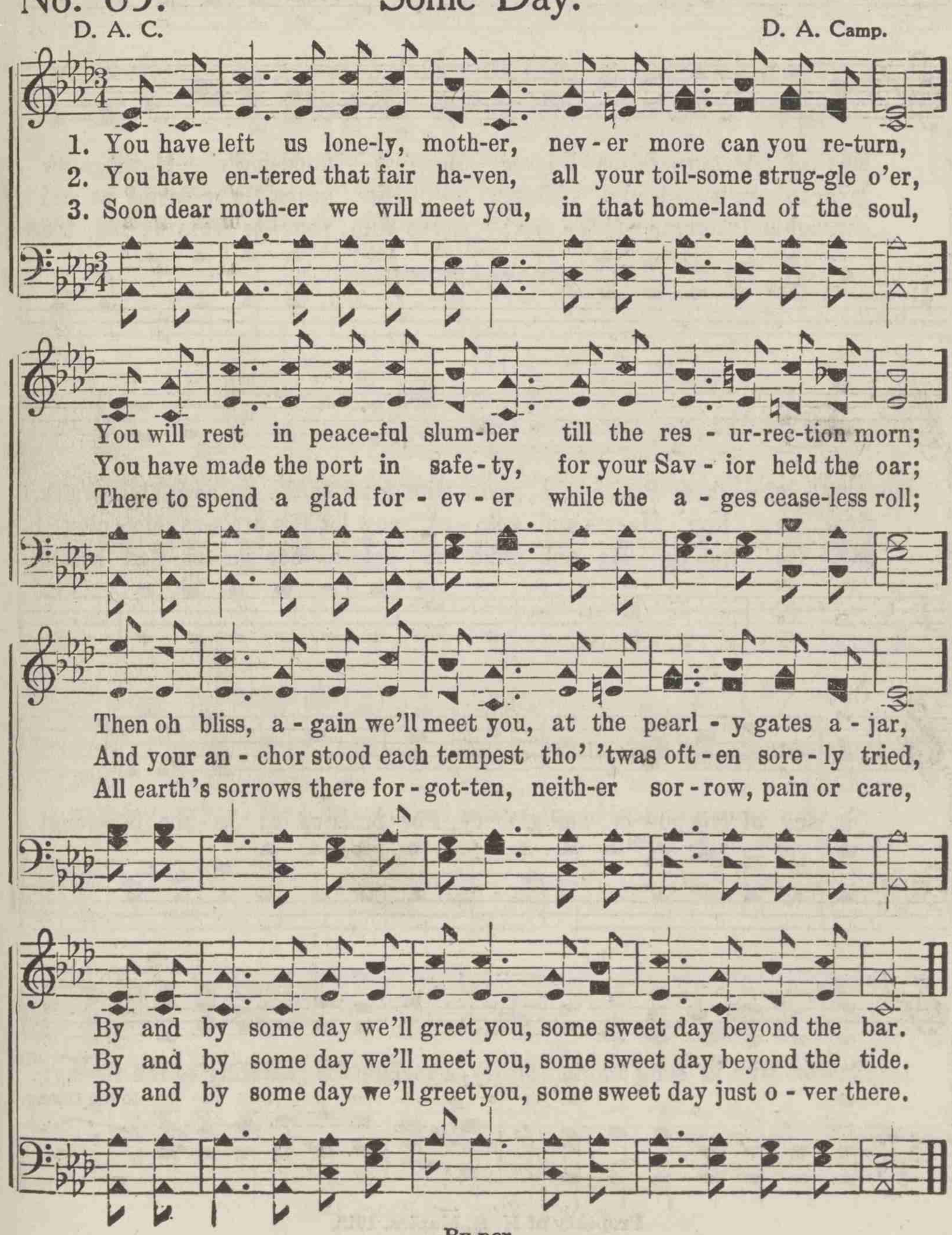
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She's Waiting.



No. 85. Some Day.

D. A. C. D. A. Camp.



No. 86. Sing of the Glorious Savior.

James Rowe, H. B. Maples.

1. Praise Him, Je-sus the Sav-ior and King a - bove, Come, ye faith-ful,
2. Come ye, gath-er a-round Him and sweet-ly sing, Hon-or, glo-ry,
3. Comrades, trust Him for-ev-er, for He is true, He will keep us,

sing of His glo-ri-ous love; He is flood-ing with blessings our
give to the won-der-ful King; By His grace He re-deems us and
courage and strength will re-new; Serve Him, nev-er from Je-sus, the

earth-ly days; Praise Him, praise Him, gladden the earth with His praise.
gives us joy; Hearts and voic-es now let His prais-es em-ploy.
Sav-ior roam; He will guide us safe to our glo-ri-fied home.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing of His pow-er and glo-ry, For prais-es to Je-sus be-long;
Ex-tol Him in song and in sto-ry, Proclaim the great King to the throng;
to the throng.

Property of H. B. Maples, 1912.

Sing of the Glorious Savior.



No. 87. More Love to Thee.

"Lovest thou me?—John 21: 16.

E, P, Prentiss. T, E. Perkins.



By permission.

No. 88. Songs of Paradise.

J. M. V. J. M. Vines.

1. We will sing the prais-es of our King, As our hap-py voic-es rise,
2. There is mer-cy, now on Je-sus' call, Grace and love that nev-er dies;
3. When we reach the mansions fair and bright, Far be-yond the star-ry skies,

Thank-ing Him for all He died to bring, With the songs of Par-a-dise.
Heed the message that He gives to all Thro' the songs of Par-a-dise.
We with hap-py an-gels shall u-nite In the songs of Par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

O the songs, ... the beau-ti-ful songs, ...

the beau-ti-ful songs, beau-ti-ful songs, the beau-ti-ful songs,

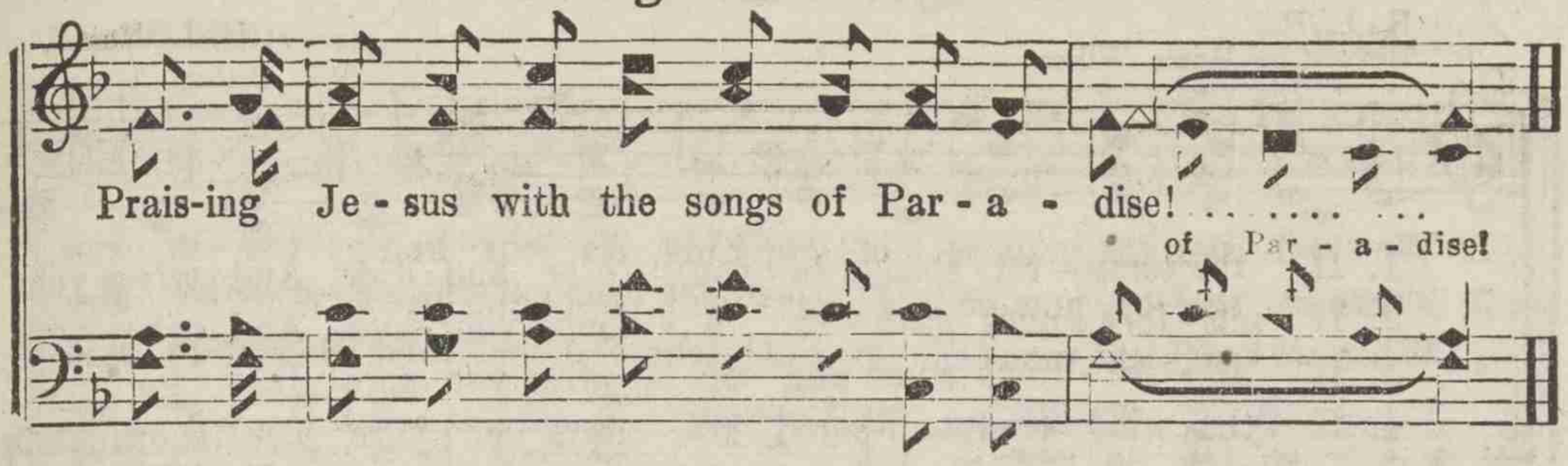
Tell-ing of the joys be-yond the skies; ..... May we

be-yond the skies;

join ..... the rapt-ur-ous throngs, ...

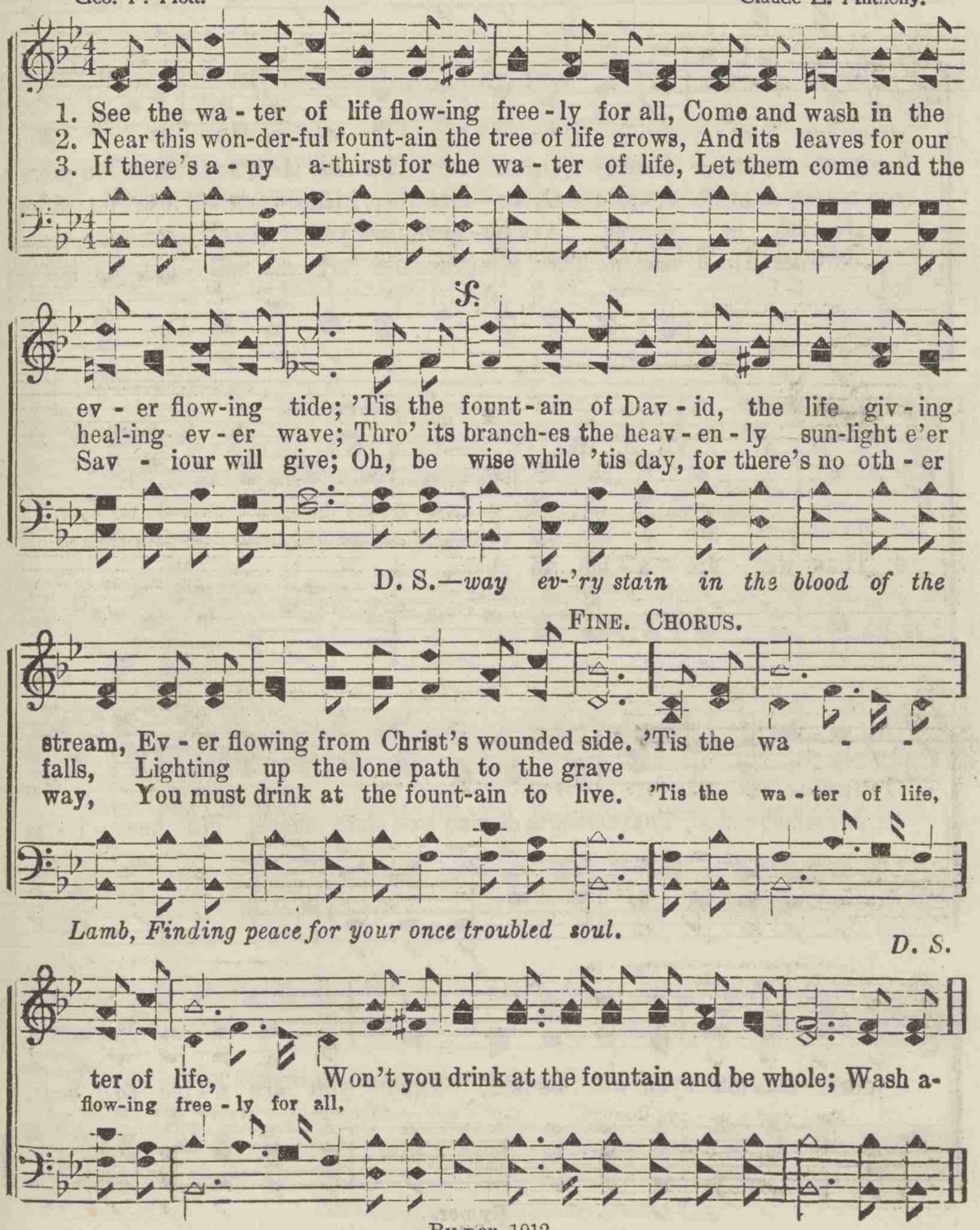
the rapt-ur-ous throngs, rapt-ur-ous throngs, the rapt-ur-ous throngs.

Property of J. M. Vines, 1912.



No. 89. The Water of Life.

Geo. P. Hott. Claude E. Anthony.



By per. 1912.

No. 90. No More Than You are Able to Bear.

R. L. R.
Revised by Jennie Wilson.

R. L. Russell.

1. If the temp - ter speaks to you o'er and o'er, And strives your
2. If mis - fort - unes gath - er a - round your door And take your
3. If af - fec - tions come and op - press you sore Just go to
4. If the wind God tem-pered in days of yore To shorn lambs

soul to en - snare, O, re - mem - ber he shall not tempt you more
treas-ure most fair, O, re - mem-ber, friend, you shall lose no more
Je - sus in prayer, And be - lieve that you shall not suf - fer more
un - der His care; Thro' His grace our tri - als will not be more

REFRAIN.

1-3. Than you are a - ble to bear. Re - ly on the prom-ise that
4. Than we are a - ble to bear.

Jesus has made, That strength di-vine you shall share; No heav - i - er

bur - den on you will be laid, Than you are a - ble to bear.

No. 91. Scattering Sunshine.

W. H. Ruebush. J. H. Ruebush.

SOLO. *Slow.*

1. Strive to be scat-ter-ing sun-shine each day, Send forth a lov-ing word
2. Strive to be fill-ing each sad heart with song, Ma-ny the struggling ones,
3. Speed a sweet message in day-light, in dark, Ma-ny are drift-ing a-

to those who stray, Cull the sweet flow-ers sent down from a-bove,
help them be strong, Bring them a mes-sage of cheer to the heart,
way on life's barque; Help them raise heav'nward the fal-ter-ing eye,

CHORUS.

Send on their mis-sion, a mis-sion of love.
God knows thine effort wher-ev-er thou art. Scat-ter-ing sun-shine, in
God's star of hope shin-eth bright in the sky.

word and in deed, Scat-ter-ing sun-shine, this is the world's need,

Scat-ter-ing sunshine, some fainting heart feed, Scat-ter-ing sunshine each day.

No. 92. Just Over the Stars.

L. O. Logan Oskin.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where troub-le nev - er mars;
2. In that bright land our lov'd ones wait, And when we cross the bars,
3. We'll sing and shout with that glad throng, When safe from Sa-tan's wars;

But joy and peace for - ev-er reigns, 'Tis that land just o - ver the stars.
They'll bid us welcome home up there, In that land just o - ver the stars.
And praise our Sav-iour ev - er-more, In that land just o - ver the stars.

CHORUS.

Just o - - ver the stars, Just o - - ver the stars,
Just o-ver the beau-ti - ful shin-ing stars, Just o - ver the beau-ti - ful shin-ing stars,

The blood-washed throng sings home sweet home, In that land just o - ver the stars,

Just o - - ver the stars, Just o - - ver the stars,
Just o-ver the beau-ti - ful shin-ing stars, Just o - ver the beau-ti - ful shin-ing stars,

Used by permission.

Just Over the Stars.



No. 93. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.



By permission.

No. 94. Sailing.

W. H. R. W. H. Ruebush.

1. We are sail-ing on the stream of time, that swift-ly glid-eth by,
2. We are sail-ing on the stream of time, to that bright glorious home,
3. We are sail-ing on the stream of time, and sometimes think we view

We are sail-ing on its bo-som, to the land of cloud-less sky;
Whose fair streets no mor-tal yet hath trod, no mor-tal eye hath known;
Heav-ens fair un-end-ing arch-es, out be-yond our dome of blue;

Where the songs of the redeemed ones float for-ev-er on the air,
Where the gates of Jas-per bright-ly gleam in one un-end-ing day,
And if we but trust our pi-lot, and o-bey His blest com-mand,

rit.

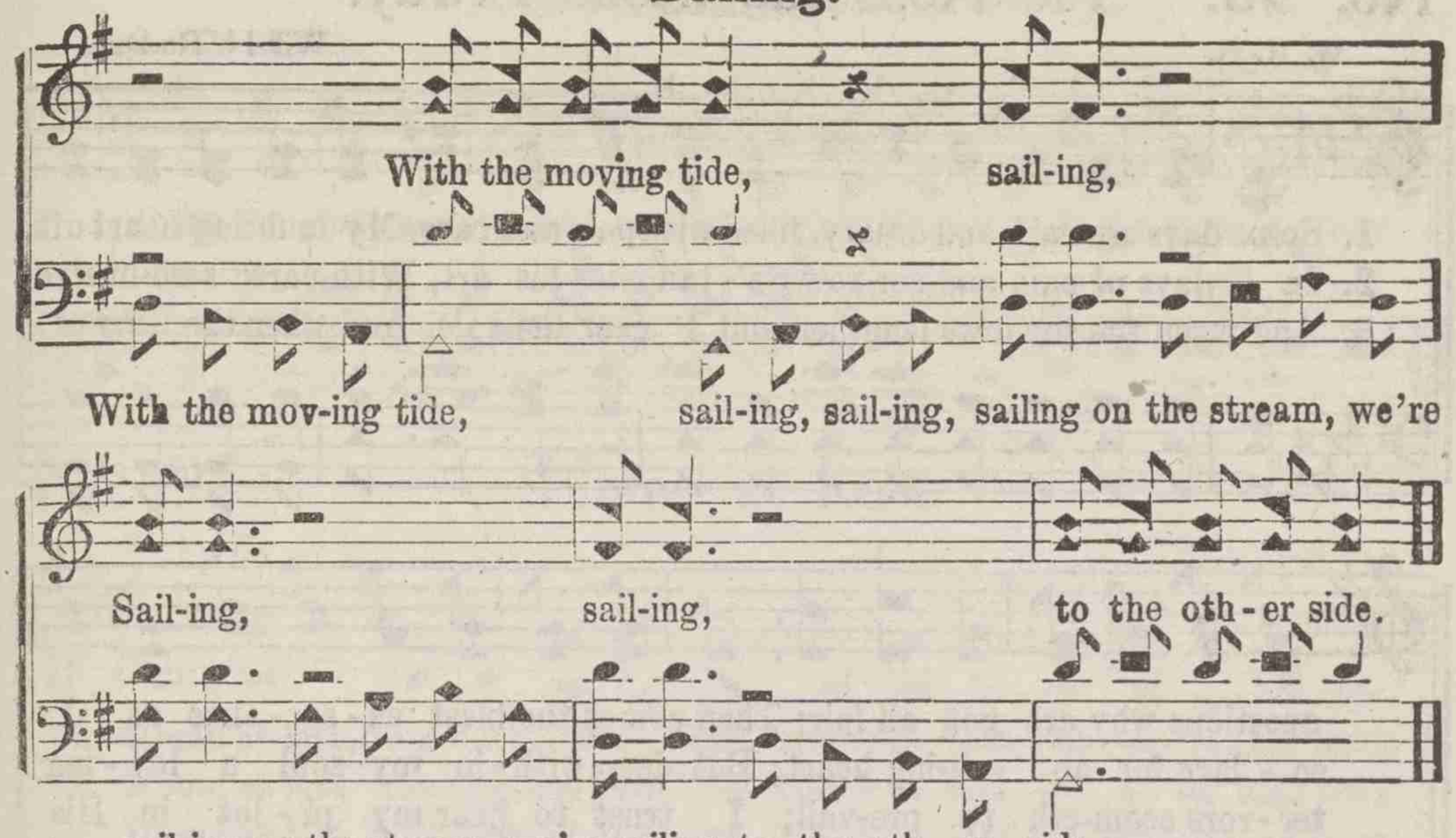
And our loved, with ra-diant fac-es, wait to wel-come o-ver there.
For the sun-light of a Sav-iour's love drives shad-ows all a-way.
We shall safe-ly reach the har-bor, and a-bide in that blest land.

CHORUS.

Sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing,
Sail-ing, on the stream we're sail-ing, on the stream we're sail-ing,

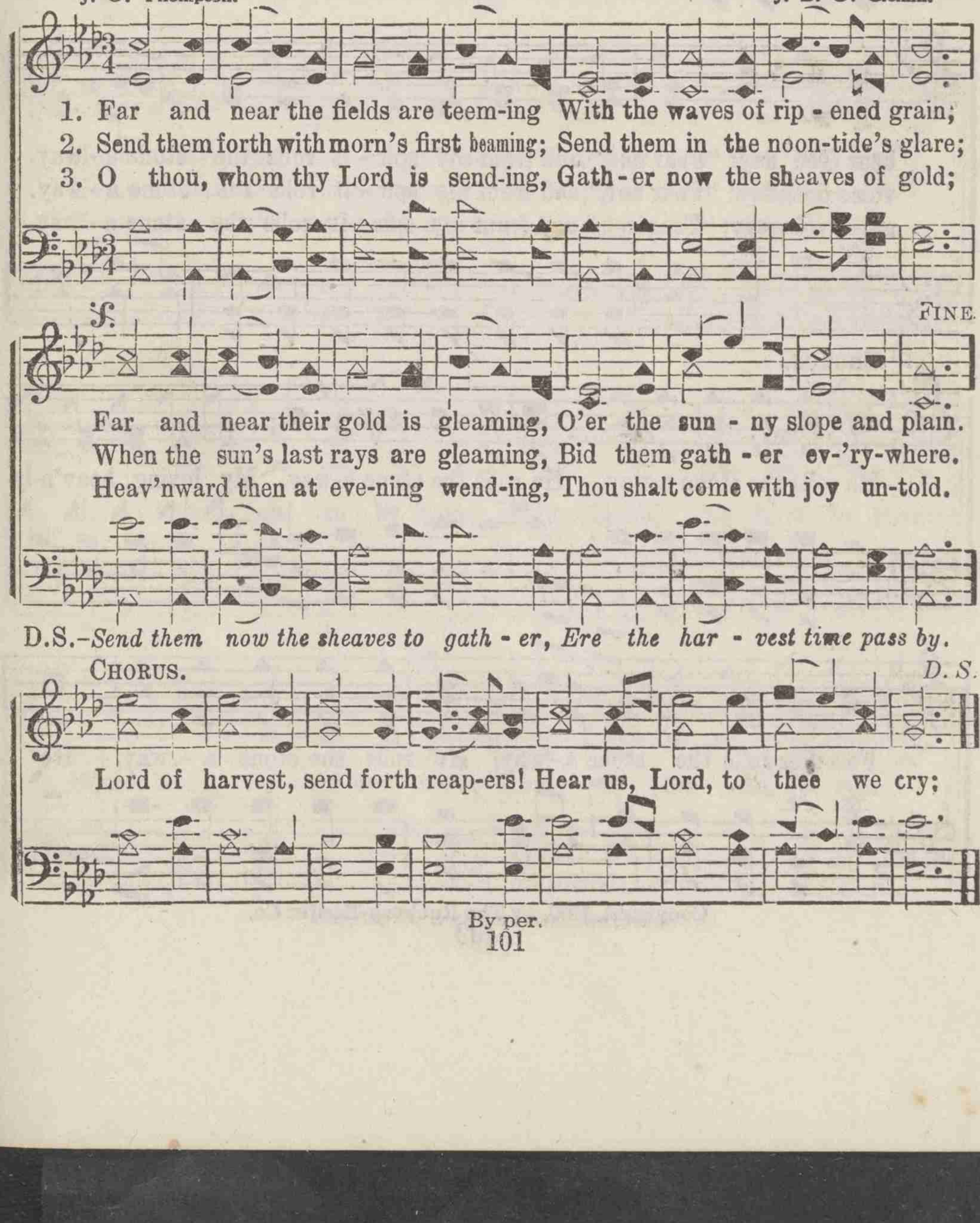
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Sailing.



No. 95. The Call for Reapers.

J. O. Thompson. J. B. O. Clemm.



No. 96. He Rolls the Stone Away.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Some days are dark and dreary, filled with pain and care, My doubting heart oft
2. In days of pain and sor-row Sa - tan tries his art, With earth's de-lu-sive
3. And when the shadows lengthen and I near the vale, And when the King of

questions why are not all fair; Then comes the blest as - sur - ance as I
so - lace for an ach-ing heart; But deep with - in my soul a lov - ing
ter - rors seem-eth to pre-vail; I trust to hear my pi - lot in His

hear God say: "Fear not," and from my spir - it rolls the stone a - way.
voice doth say: "Fear not," and from my spir - it rolls the stone a - way.
sweet voice say: "Fear not," and from my spir - it rolls the stone a - way.

CHORUS.

He rolls the stone a-way, He rolls the stone a-way, My loving, heav'n-ly
Fa - ther rolls the stone a - way, He rolls the stone a - way, He

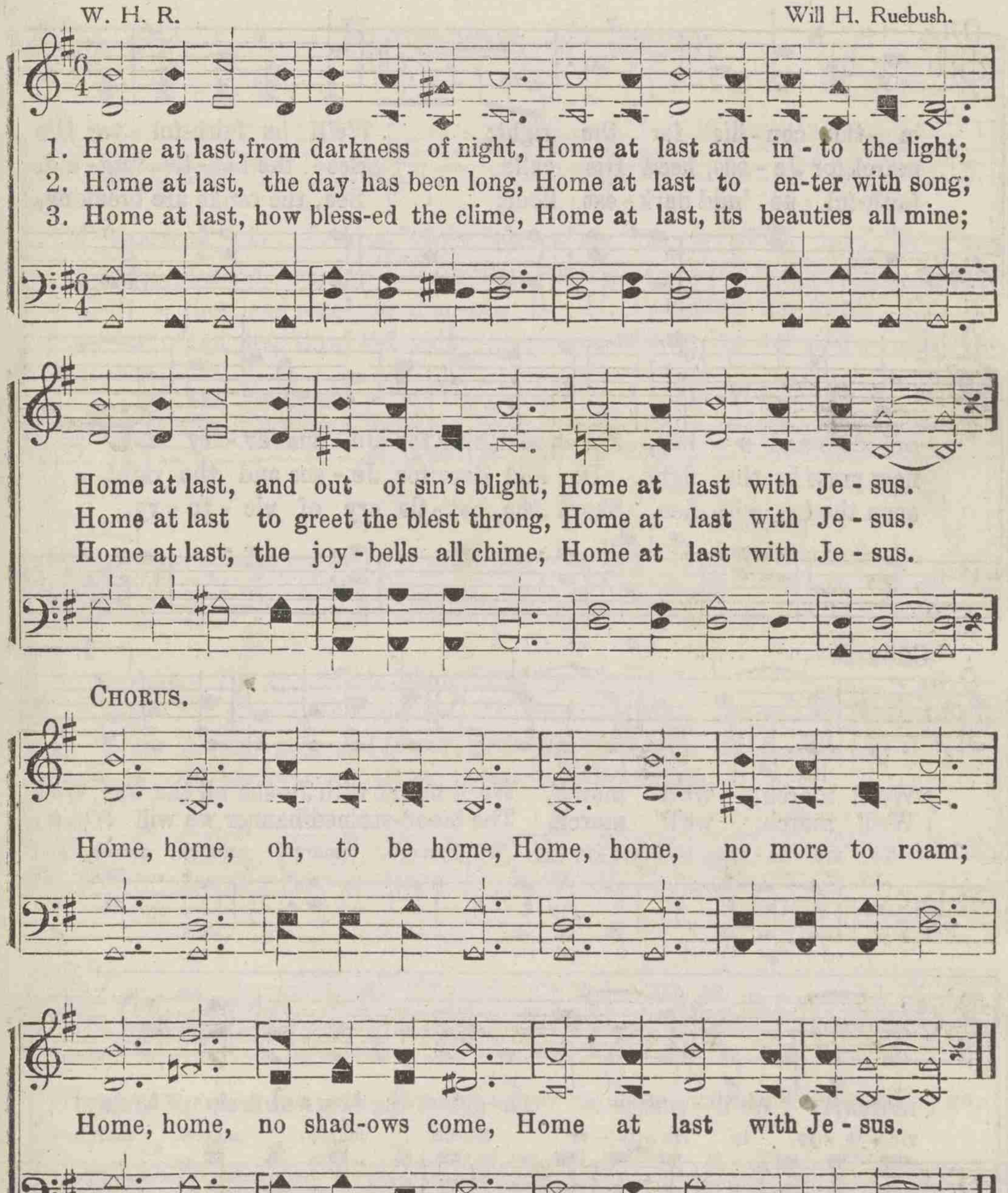
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He Rolls the Stone Away.



No. 97. Home at Last.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.



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No. 98. March to Victory.

C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

Unison. **March time.**

1. We are sol-diers of the Lord, who bids us fight In His serv-ice
2. Hear the bu - gle sounding forth to one and all, Haste a - way and
3. Take the sword and wield it in the Spir - it's pow'r, Nev - er yield, but

in the con - flict for the right; We'll be faith-ful to His
march for Je - sus, heed His call; See the bat - tle wag - ing,
faith-ful be 'mid dark - est hour; See, the ranks are breaking,

or - ders and o - bey, March and sing for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
now press in the fight, Do and dare for Je - sus and the right.
soon the foe will flee, Shout the bat - tle cry of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

{ We'll march, we'll march, We'll march with Je-sus all the way, We'll
{ We'll march, we'll march, The blood-stained banner we will (*Omit*)

To vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry. We'll march, march, march, march, To

march,.. we'll march..... A - gainst the hosts of sin to-day;

vic - to - ry, to vic - to - ry, March, march, march, march,

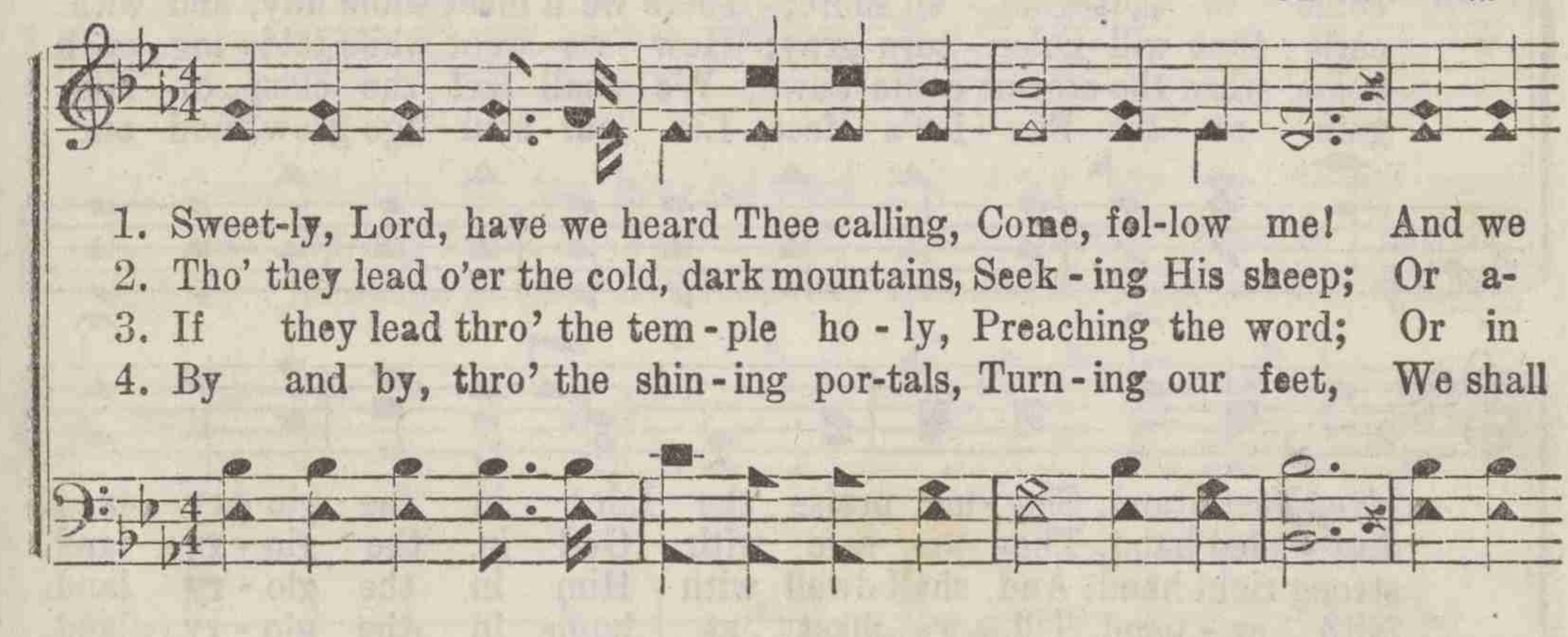
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March to Victory.



No. 99. Footprints of Jesus.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. A. D. Everett.



Property of A. D. Everett.

No. 100. The Glory Land.

L. O. Logan Oskin.

1. There's a sun - ny land where the storms are o'er, And no sor - rows come to that gold - en shore; There we'll meet some day, and with
2. There are fair young fac - es now hid with clay, With their gold - en curls that will ne'er turn gray; How we wept while fold - ing each
3. We shall see our Lord tho' the night may frown, We shall hear His voice when the storms come down; We shall feel the clasp of His
4. There the brok - en links will be all com-plete, When we meet a- gain at the Sav - ior's feet; Let our cour - age grow, and our

loved ones stand, Sing - ing, praise the Lord in the glo - ry land.
dim - pled hand, They are safe with God in the glo - ry land.
strong right hand, And shall dwell with Him in the glo - ry land.
faith ex - pand, Till we meet at home in the glo - ry land.

CHORUS.

In the glo - ry land..... there will be no night; In the glo - ry land..... In the glo - ry land, ... never com - eth blight; With our Sav - ior let us firm-ly

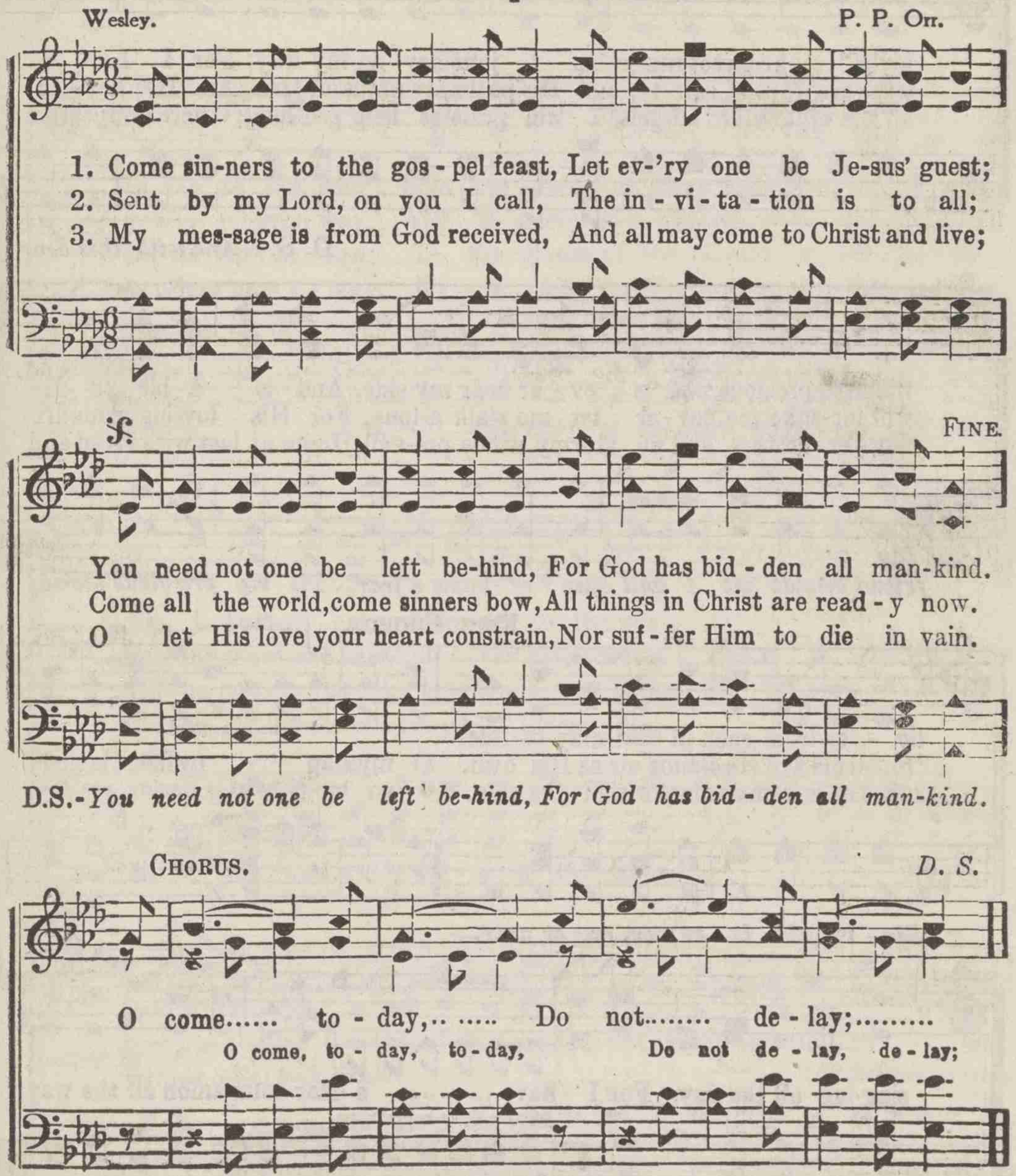
By per, 1912.

In Glory Land.



No. 101. The Gospel Feast.

Wesley. P. P. Orr.



CHORUS. *D. S.*

No. 102. My Heart is Singing.

Will H. Ruebush. J. S. Kea.

1. O my heart is glad-ly sing-ing, there is peace with-in to-day, And the joybells make sweet music as I jour-ney on my way; For I have a
2. O my heart is singing, sing-ing, and for - ev - er sing it must, For His ways are ways of safe-ty, and His paths are paths of trust; And He nev - er
3. Soon earth's trials will be end-ed, soon I'll sing the victor's song, When with all the white robed an-gels I will prais-es help pro-long; Where temptation

D. S.—*And with this dear friend be-side me I will nev - er know a fear, 'Tis my pre-cious lov-ing Sav - ior who is ev - er, ev - er near.*

friend so precious who is ev - er near my side, And is a - ble to de-liv - er from each ill that may be-tide.
will for-sake me, nev - er let me walk a-lone, For His lov-ing arms are 'round me and He claims me as His own. O my hap - py heart is sing-
nev - er en-ters, and no stormy winds pre-vail, Home at last with loved and saved ones, home at last within the vale. O my hap-py heart is singing, yes, 'tis

FINE. CHORUS.

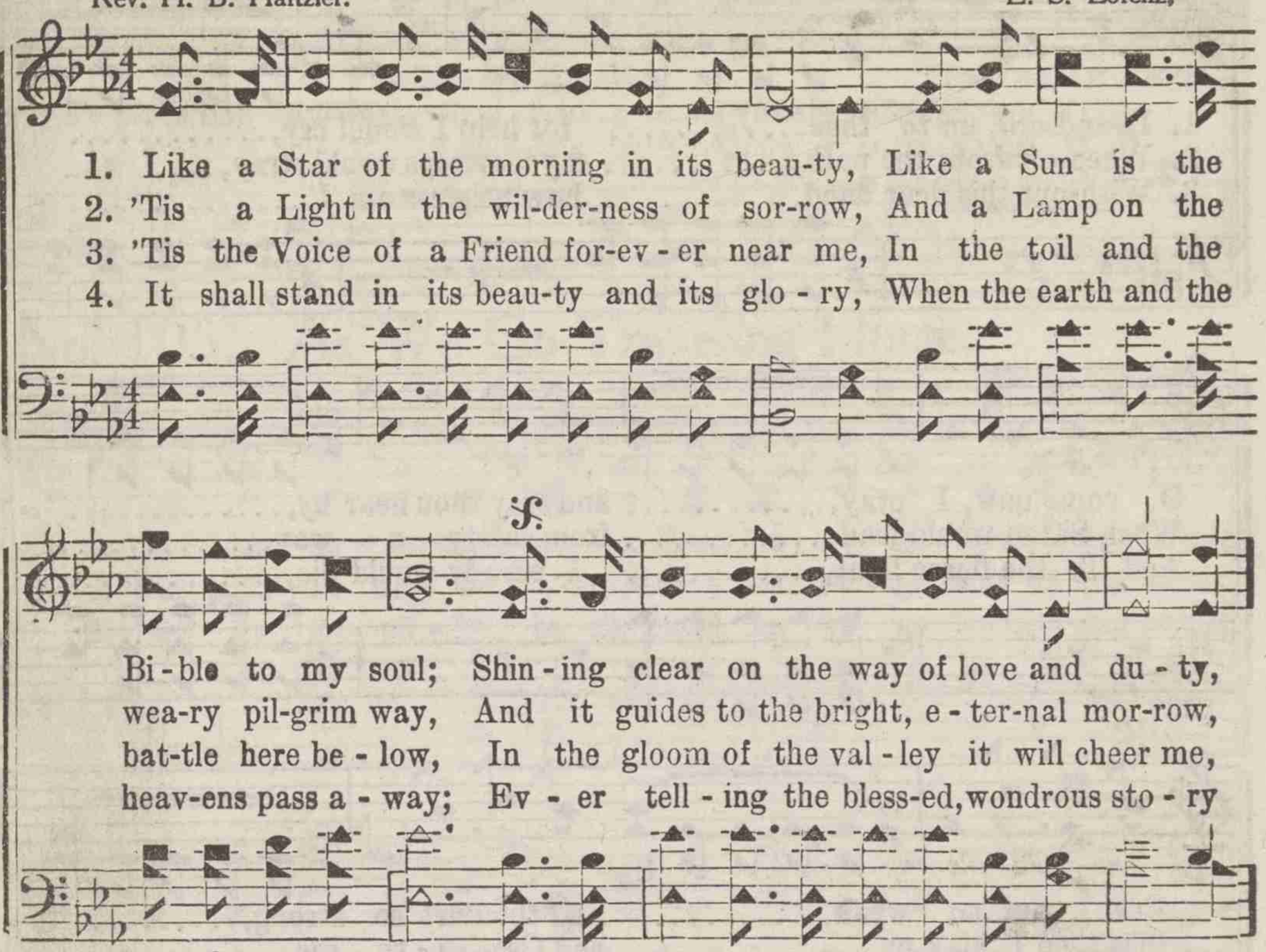
sing-ing all the day, For I have....., a dear companion all the way;
have a dear companion

Property of J. S. Kea.

No. 103. My Precious Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119: 105.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz,



No. 104. He Leadeth Me On.

S. C. A. S. C. Arnold.

1. Dear Lord, un-to thee..... for help I would cry,.....
2. When oft from the path..... my footsteps would stray,..... ....
3. With-out this dear hand,..... how helpless am I,.....

O, come now, I pray,..... and stay thou near by,.....
When Satan would lead..... from safety a - way,.....
And in the fierce fight,..... I sure-ly would die,.....

For I am so weak,..... and thou art so strong,.....
'Tis then I look up,..... and Cal - va - ry see,.....
No weapons I have,..... no strength of my own,.....

D.S.-*The clouds oft obscure*..... *the path I would see*,.....

FINE.

O, hold thou my hand,..... and lead me a - long.....
And know that his hand..... is still lead-ing me.....
In him is my trust,..... in Je - sus a - lone.....

I safe-ly may go..... *if he lead-eth me*.....

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me on, I fol-low his voice,
He lead-eth me on,..... I fol - low his voice,.....

Property of S. C. Arnold, 1912.

He Leadeth Me On.

D. S.

To serve him each day, I now make my choice,

To serve him each day, ... I now make my choice, ...

No. 105. As We Go Traveling Home.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Oh, blest as - sur-ance ev - er dear, As we go trav - el - ing home;
2. Our path-way may be o - ver-cast, As we go trav - el - ing home;
3. Led by the pil - lar, by the cloud, As we go trav - el - ing home;

It comes our droop-ing hearts to cheer, As we go trav - el - ing home.
But joy and peace will come at last, As we go trav - el - ing home.
Re-deemed by Je - sus precious blood, As we go trav - el - ing home.

CHORUS.

As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go trav-el-ing home,

trav-el-ing home, trav-el-ing home,

All sor-rows past, sweet peace at last, As we go trav - el - ing home.

No. 106. We'll Walk and Talk with Jesus.

Geo. P. Hott. C. W. Wright.

1. We'll walk and talk with Je - sus, And learn to love the way, That
2. We'll walk and talk with Je - sus, Un - til our hearts shall burn, With-
3. We'll walk and talk with Je - sus, We know no bet - ter way To

leads from earth to heav-en–Leads onward ev - 'ry day; For still the path-way
in our ach-ing bosoms, For Christ, our Lord's return; And as He jour-neys
gain the heav'nly mansions–To pass each earth-ly day; So hour by hour we'll

D. S.—*And when the journey's*

bright-ens, And joy-ful hopes a - rise, Till noon-day crowns the temple—The
with us, We'll sing redemption's song, Till in the bet - ter coun-try We
seek him, Our ev - 'ry du - ty own, And strive to win our brothers, To

o-ver, Life's sto - ry sweet - ly told, We'll walk and talk with Je - sus, A-

CHORUS.

FINE.

cit - y of the skies.
join the heav'n-ly throng. We'll walk and talk with Je - sus, A - long the
meet us at the throne.

long the streets of gold.

D. S.

King's high-way, And tell Him how we love Him, And how to Him we pray;

Property of C. W. Wright, 1912.

No. 107. We Shall Meet Him in the Skies.

Geo. P. Hott. James M. Manning.

1. Gen - tly as the evening zephyrs time is swift-ly pass-ing by, On life's ev - er changing pathway length'ning shadows daily grow; Oft the flow'r we learn to cher-ish is the first to fade and die, But the Bi - ble still assures us and the truth we ful - ly know.

2. With the glow of youth abounding hopes run high for future years, Prospects brighten with their coming till the tide be-gins its flow; Then we walk in si - lent numbers thro' the valley drenched with tears, But the Com-fort-er assures us and the truth we ful - ly know.

3. When the eve-ning shadows low-er and the coming night grows chill, When the last good-bye is spok-en and the loved ones from us go; We will count the pass-ing a - ges from our grave up - on the hill, Still the word of God assures us and the truth we ful - ly know.

CHORUS.

{ At the morning dawn when the trumpet
When the Lord shall come with the white-robed

1 2

sounds a-wake us, And the dead in Christ shall rise;
throng to take us, (*Omit*) .....
} We shall meet Him in the skies.

By permission.

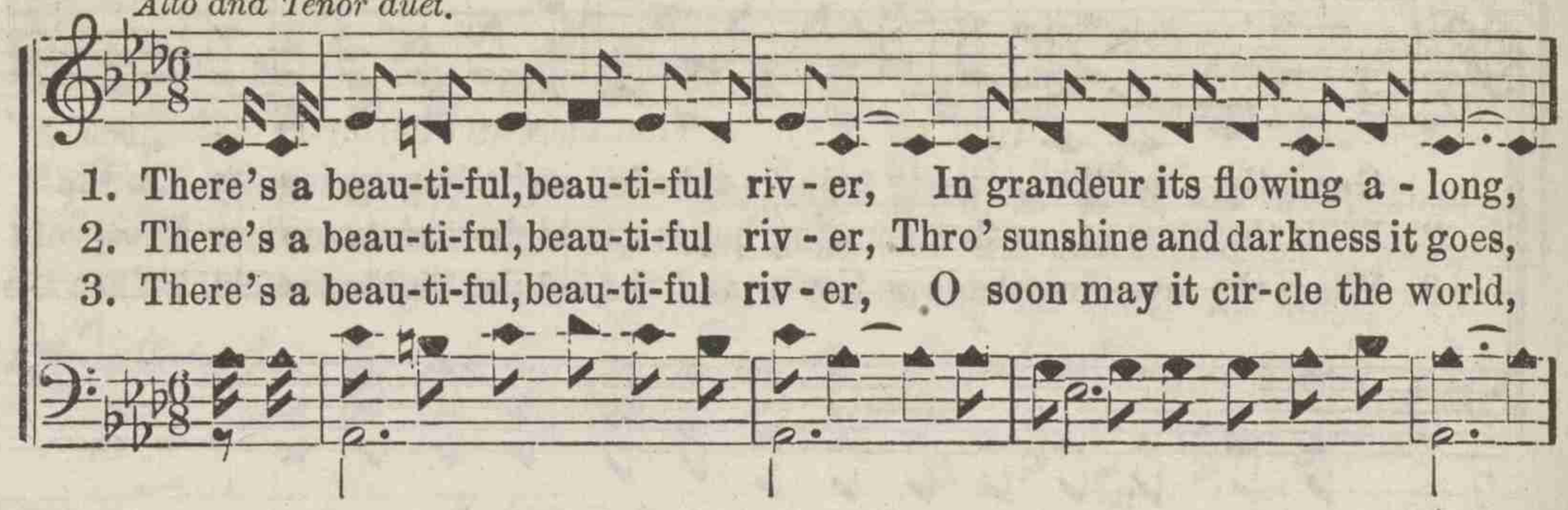
No. 108. Beautiful River.

L. O.

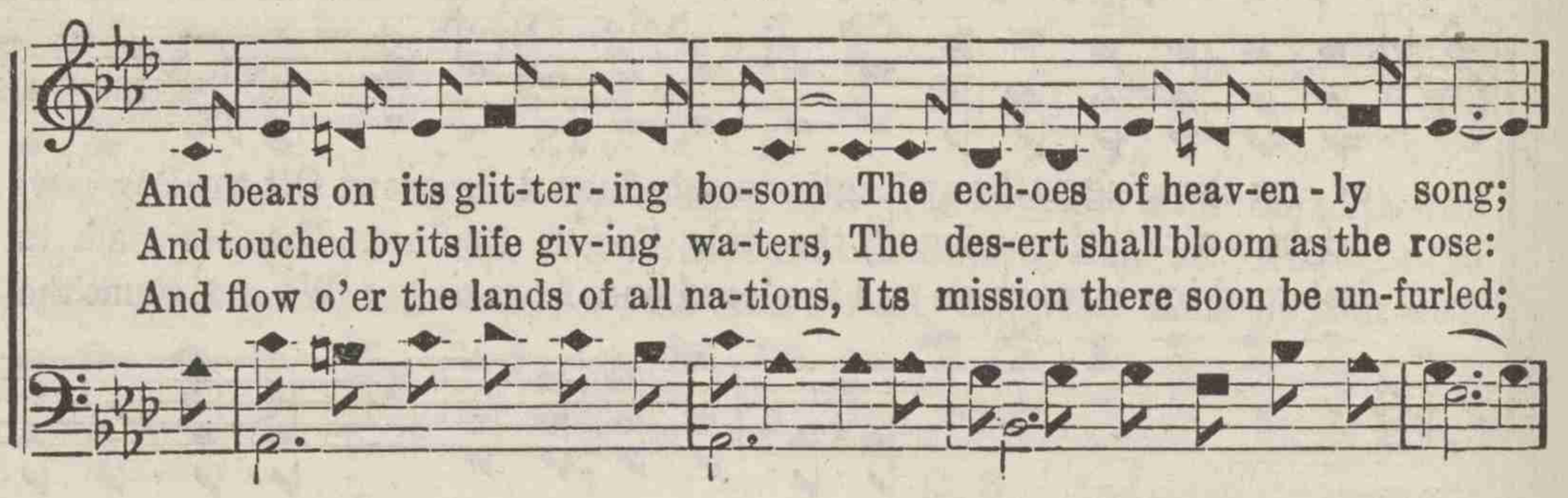
Logan Oskin.

Alto and Tenor duet.

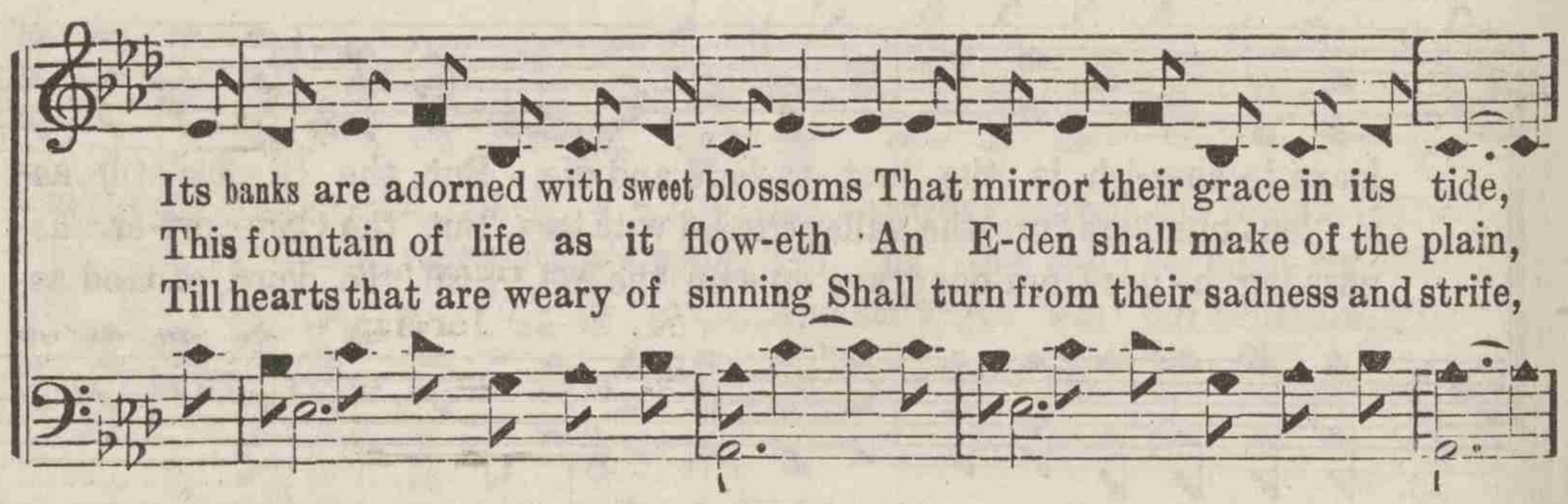
1. There's a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful riv - er, In grandeur its flowing a - long,
2. There's a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful riv - er, Thro' sunshine and darkness it goes,
3. There's a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful riv - er, O soon may it cir-cle the world,



And bears on its glit-ter - ing bo-som The ech-oes of heav-en - ly song;
And touched by its life giv-ing wa-ters, The des-ert shall bloom as the rose:
And flow o'er the lands of all na-tions, Its mission there soon be un-furled;



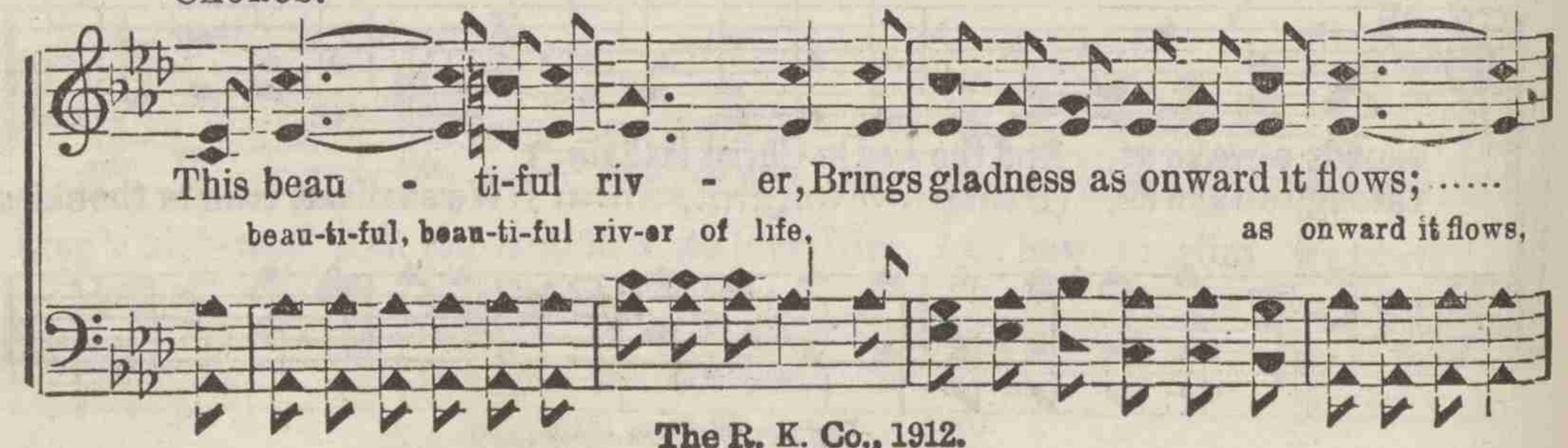
Its banks are adorned with sweet blossoms That mirror their grace in its tide,
This fountain of life as it flow-eth An E-den shall make of the plain,
Till hearts that are weary of sinning Shall turn from their sadness and strife,



And peace, love and gladness aboundeth, Wher-ev - er this riv - er doth glide.
And lands that are ly-ing in darkness, Shall come forth in beau-ty a - gain
To live with the Sav-ior for - ev-er, And dwell by this riv - er of life.



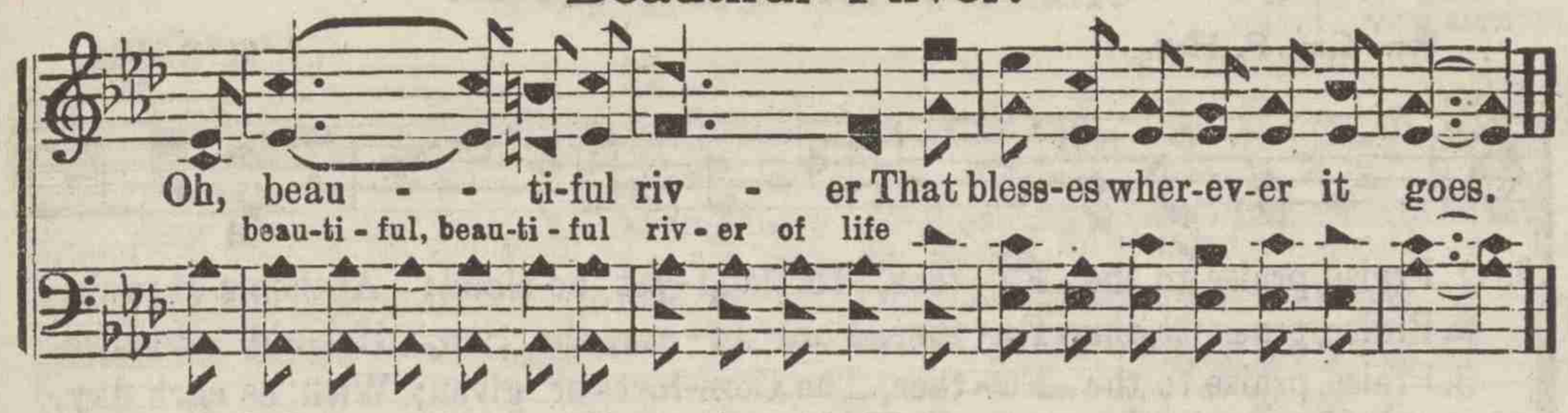
CHORUS.



This beau - ti-ful riv - er, Brings gladness as onward it flows; .....
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful riv-er of life, as onward it flows,

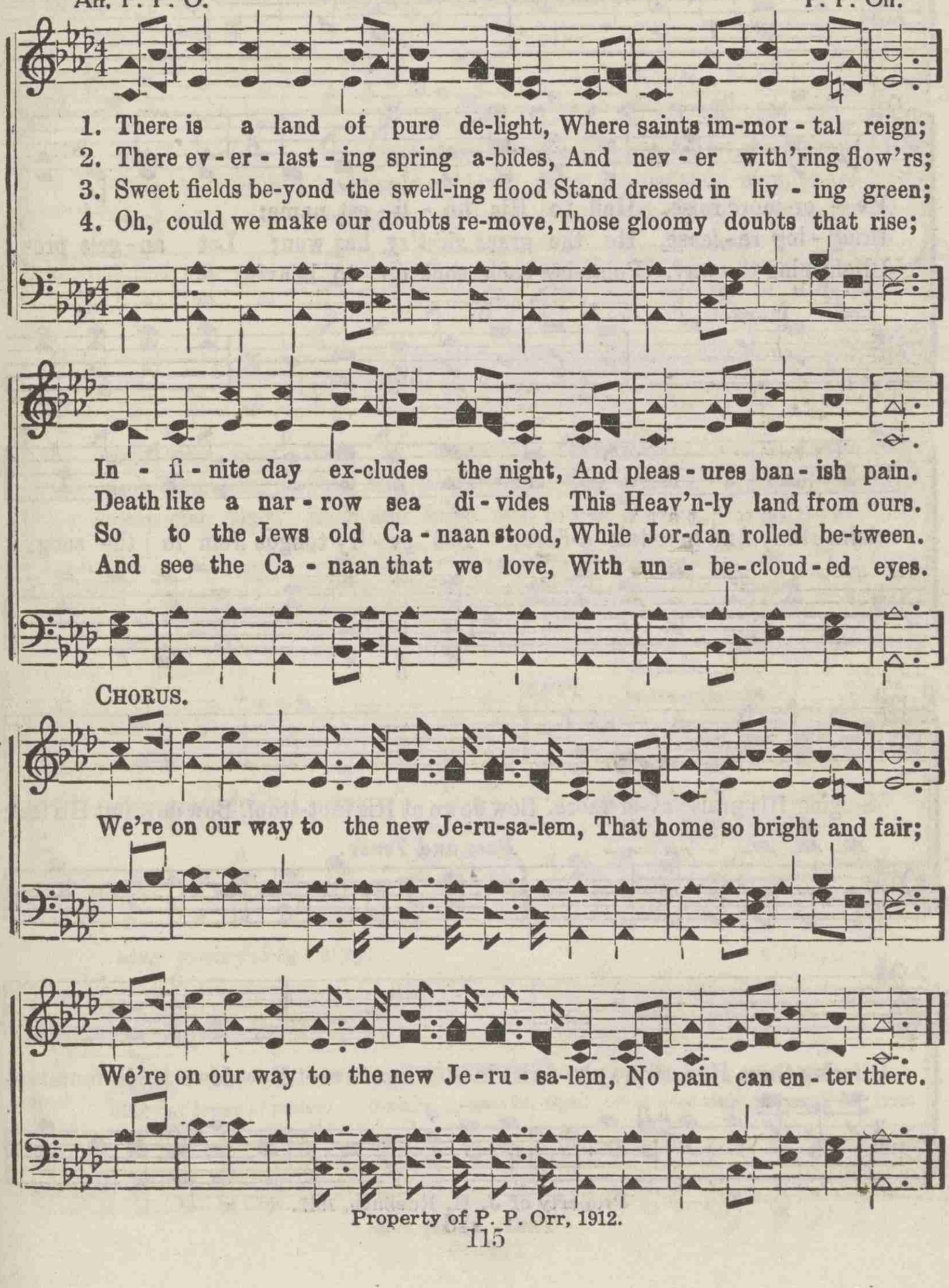
The R. K. Co., 1912.

Beautiful River.



No. 109. Land of Rest.

Arr. P. P. O. P. P. Orr.



Property of P. P. Orr, 1912.

No. 110. Praise to the Father.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Ruebush.

D.C. 1. Praise, praise to the Fa-ther, In loud-est ac-claim; Anthems of praise,
2. Praise, praise to the Fa-ther, For Je-sus, the Son; Her-ald of peace,
3. Praise, praise to the Fa-ther, The Com-fort-er given; With us each day,

Ev - er-more raise, Hail to His ho - li - est name:
Bring - ing re - lease, He the great vic-t'ry has won; Let an-gels pro-
Bright'ning the way, Point-ing each soul up to heav'n;

claim Him, And mor-tals a-dore; Let ev - 'ry tongue Join in the song,

FINE.

Singing His praise ev-er-more. Bow down at His foot-stool, Bow down at His feet;

Bass and Tenor.

Offering there Holiest pray'r, Earth's incense most sweet. Bow down at His footstool,

Property of J. H. Ruebush, 1912.

Praise to the Father.

D. C. first stanza.

Bow low at His feet; Of-fer-ing there Ho-li-est pray'r, Earch's incense most sweet.

No. 111. Sing Gratefully.

Geo. P. Hott. Jas. B. Biggerstaff.

1. Sing un - to the Lord most high, Sing, grate-ful-ly sing, grate-ful-ly
2. Sing to Him in tones of love, Sing, grate-ful-ly sing, grate-ful-ly
3. Sing with all your glow-ing heart, Sing, grate-ful-ly sing, grate-ful-ly

sing, sing, sing; Sing as hap - py days go by, Sing, grate-ful-ly
sing, sing, sing; Sing the songs they sing a-bove, Sing, grate-ful-ly
sing, sing, sing; Sing and hope will ne'er de-part, Sing, grate-ful-ly

D. S.—*Sing to Him thro' hap - py days, Sing, grate-ful-ly*

FINE. CHORUS.

sing, grate-ful-ly sing. Sing..... our songs of
grate-ful - ly sing. Sing our songs of praise,

sing, grate-ful-ly sing.

D. S.

praise, Sing..... in grateful lays;
Sing our songs of praise, Sing in grate - ful lays, sing in grate-ful lays;

No. 112. Full of Hope and Victory.

Geo. P. Hott. TEMPERANCE SONG. A. M. Vestal.

1. Ral - ly now and join the con-q'ring hosts to-day, Broth-er, show your faith in God, be brave and true; Are you strong a-gainst the tempter's lur - ing sway? Then your broth-er looks for help and strength to you.
2. Hear the voice of men now speak-ing for the right, 'Tis the coun-try's righteous call they now o - bey; See the Southland's free-men ris - ing in their might, For the on-ward temp'rance host let all make way.
3. Let "Old Glo-ry" wave till ev - 'ry man is free From this slav - e- ry, this gall-ing chain of sin; Till the drunk-ard's home a par - a- dise shall be, If you ral - ly, men, and will, it can be done.

D. S.—*For the temp'rance host ten hun - dred thousand strong, March in tri-umph thro' the land from sea to sea.*

FINE

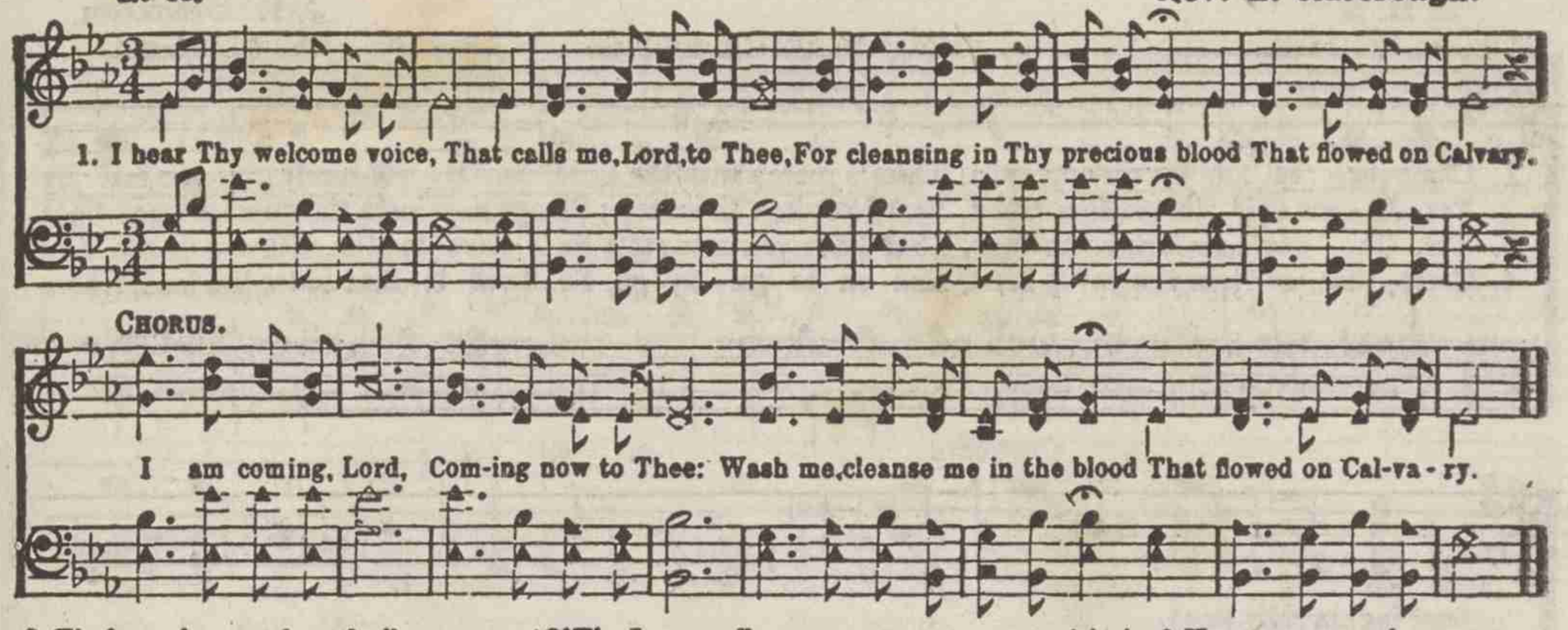
CHORUS. D. S.

To the Lord of Hosts, oh, let us sing, Full of hope and vic-to - ry; ev - er sing,

By per. A. M. Vestal.

No. 113. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.



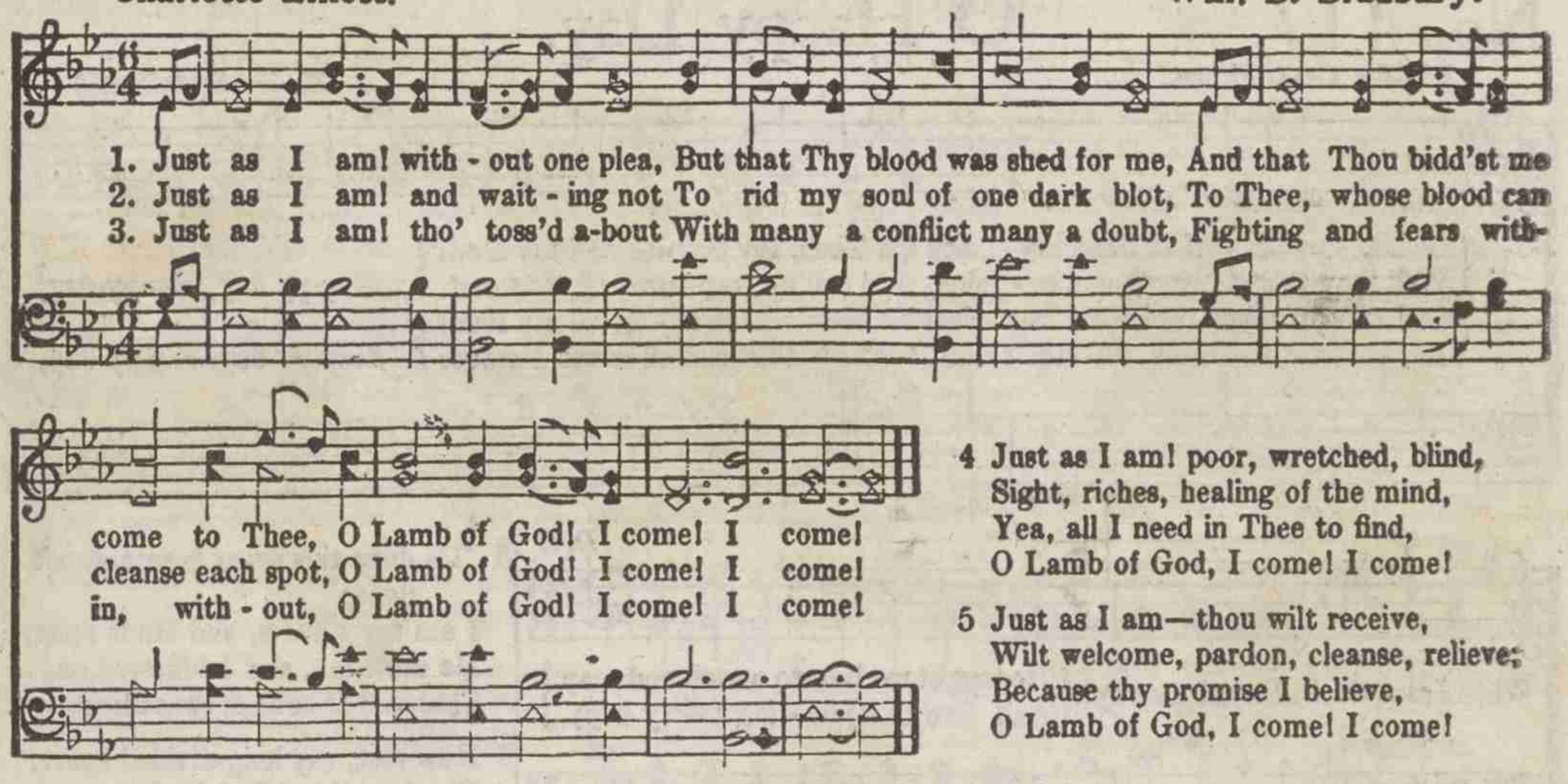
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 114. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

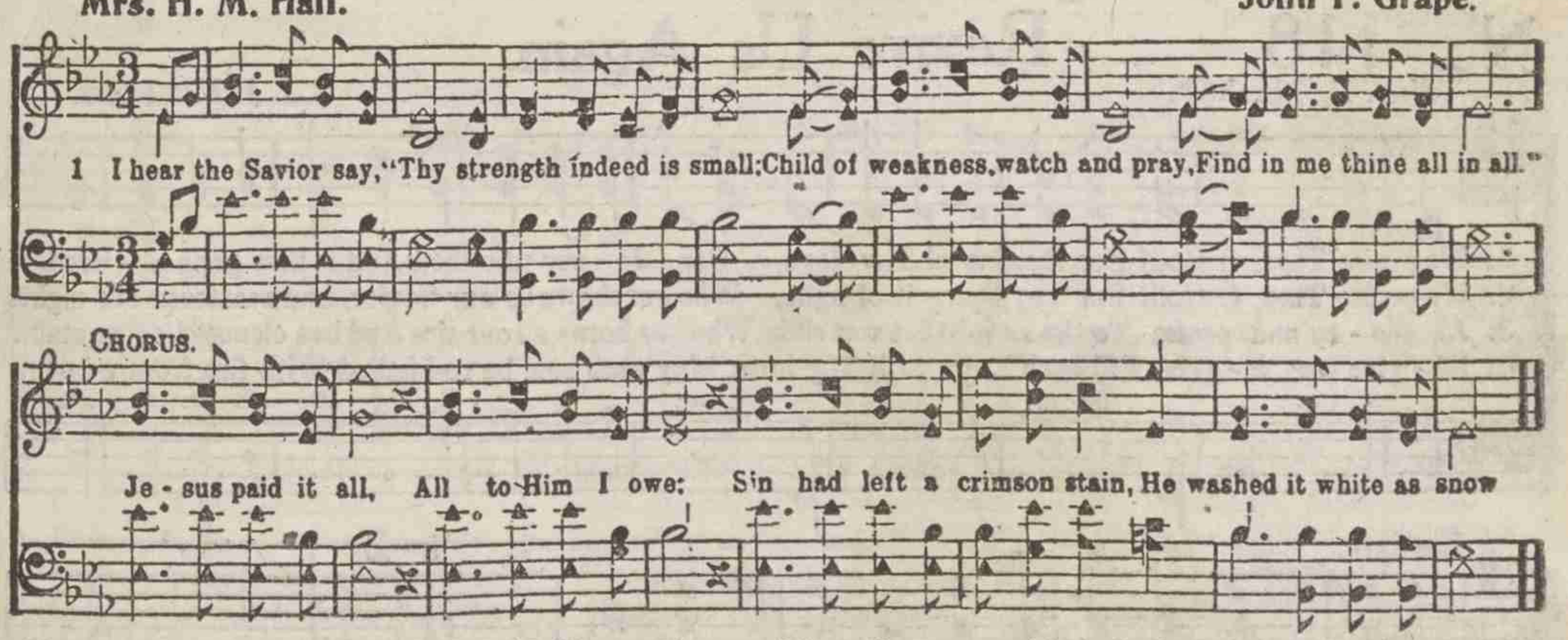


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 115. Jesus Paid it All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 116. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 117. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
   { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
   { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
{ And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 118. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

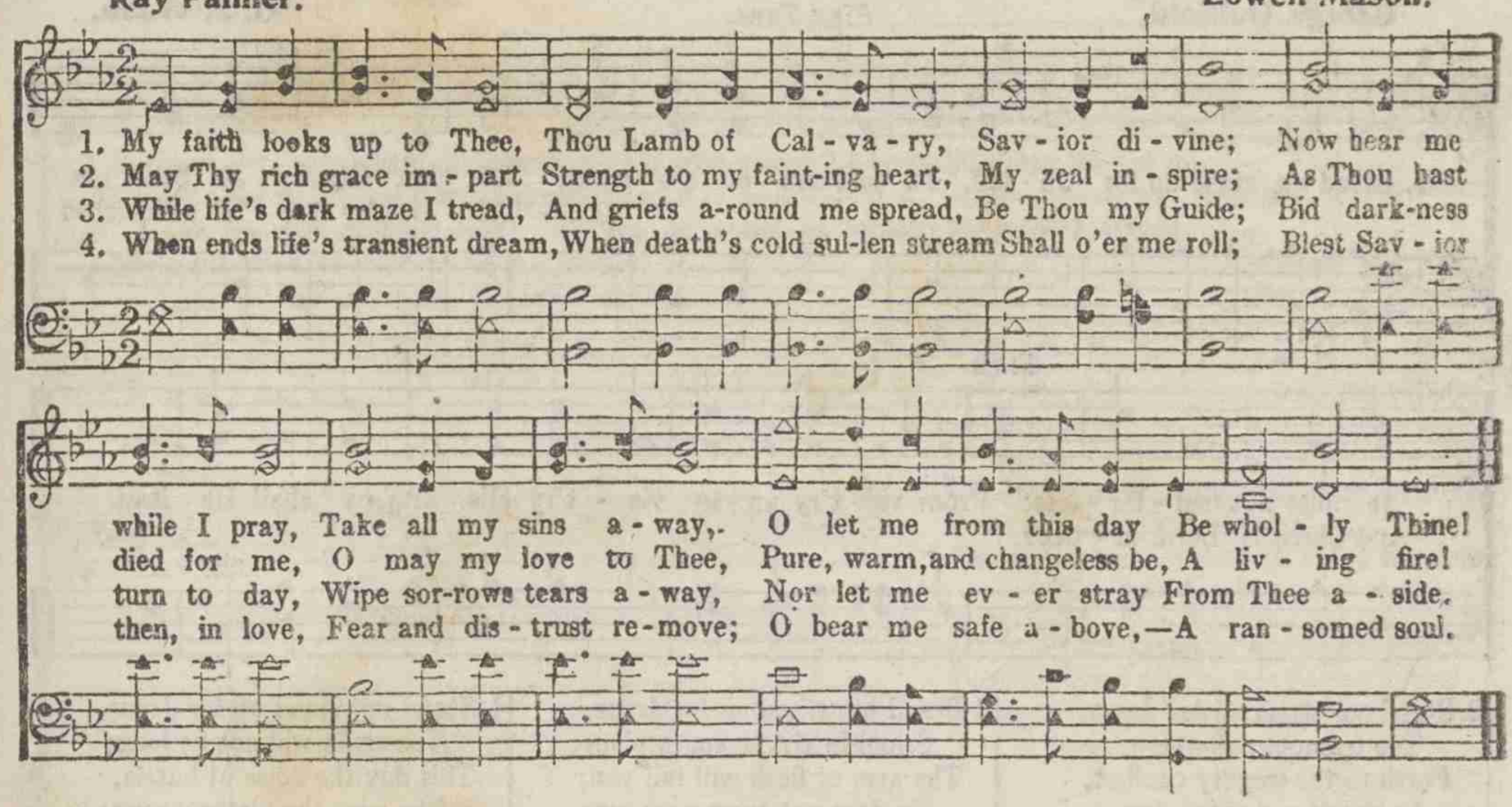
1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 119. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 120. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. **Henry Monk.**



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 121. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**



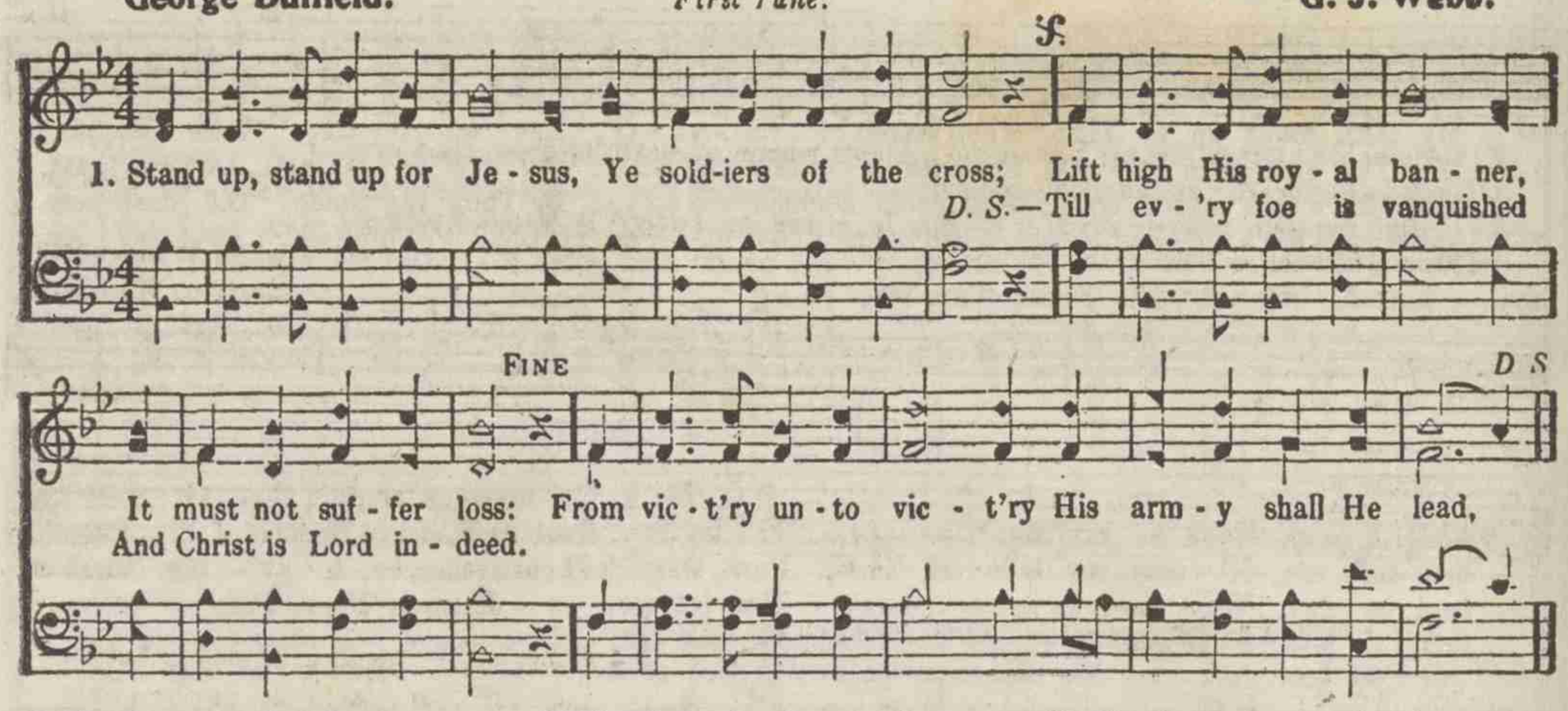
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 122. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* **G. J. Webb.**



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 123. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

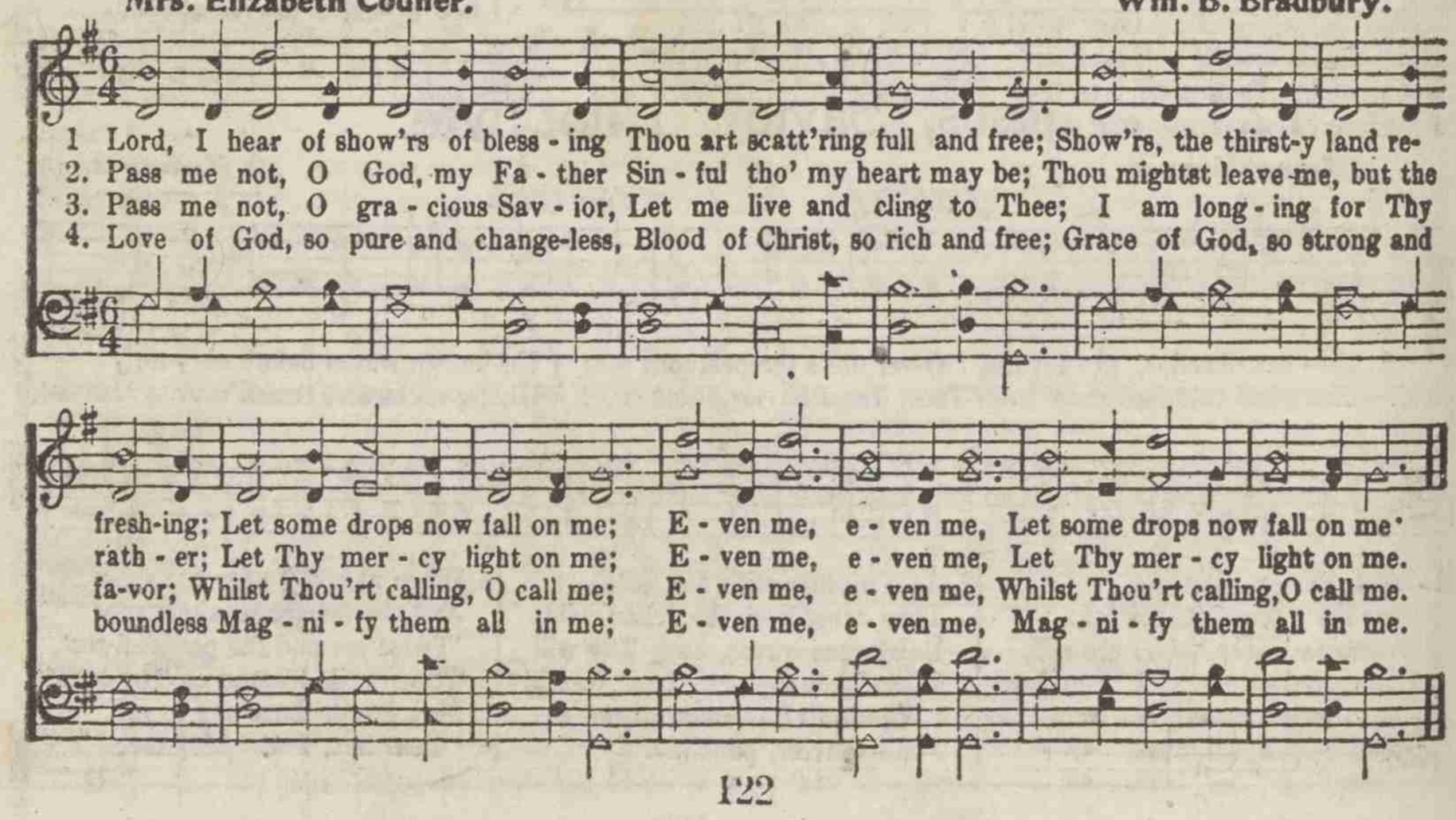
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

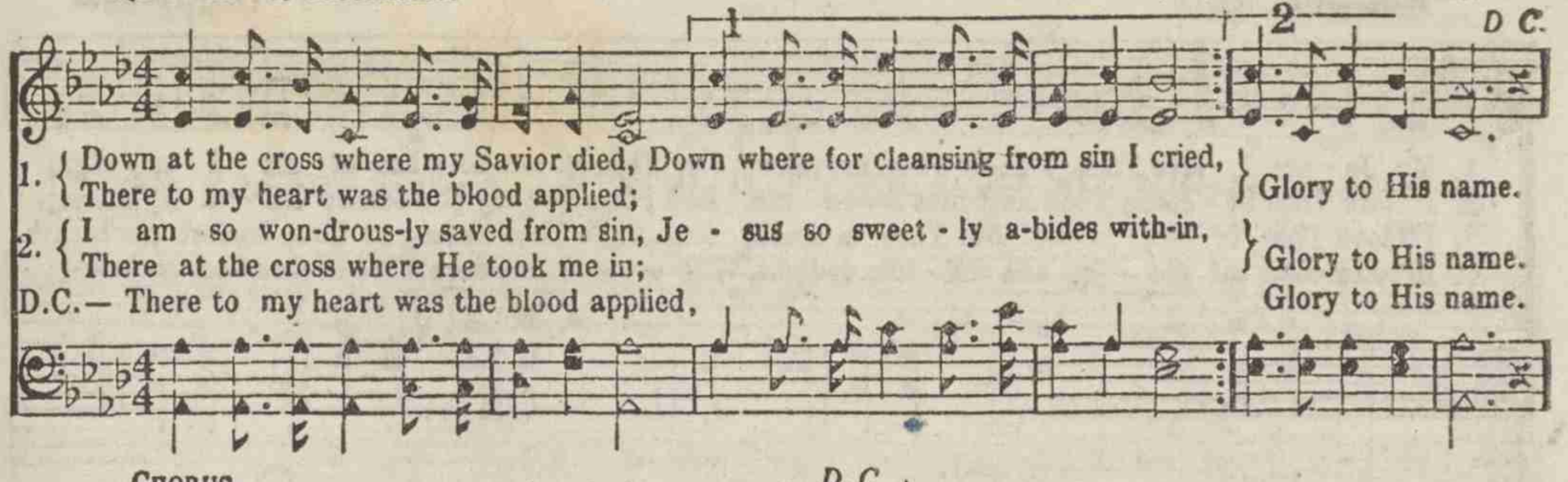
No. 124. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



No. 125. Glory to His Name.

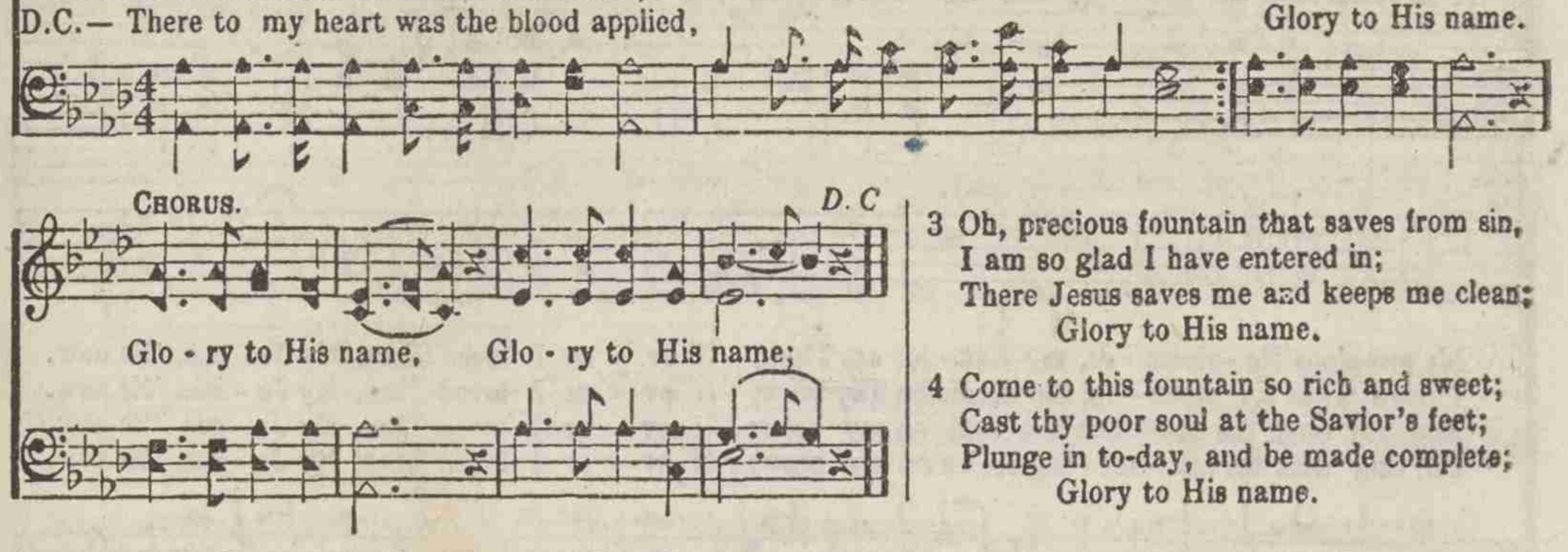
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.

2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

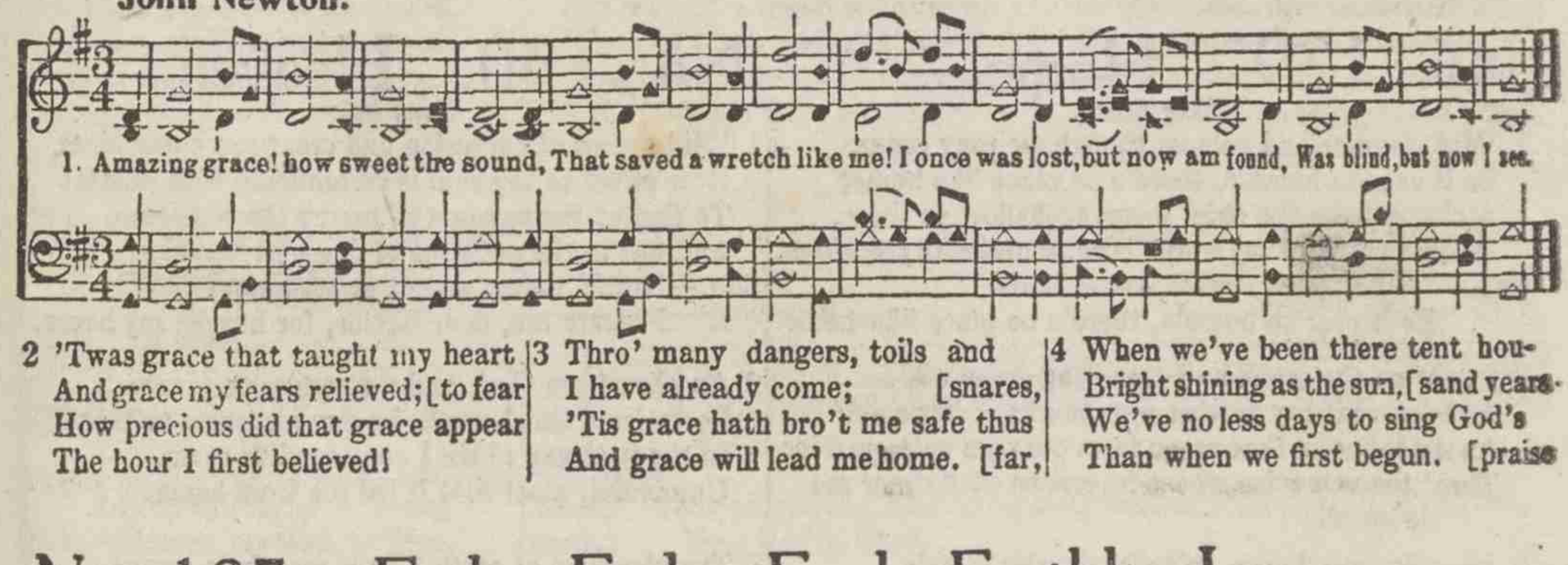


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 126. Amazing Grace.

John Newton.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

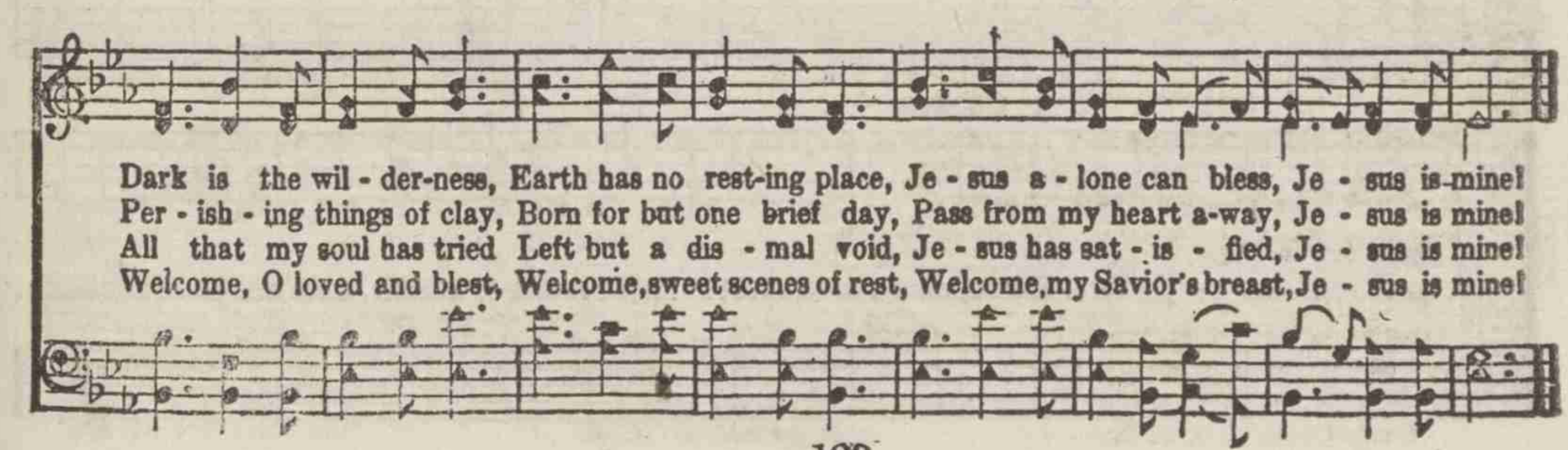
3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

No. 127. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.





No. 128. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.



No. 129. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 130. Heaven.

Tune below.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

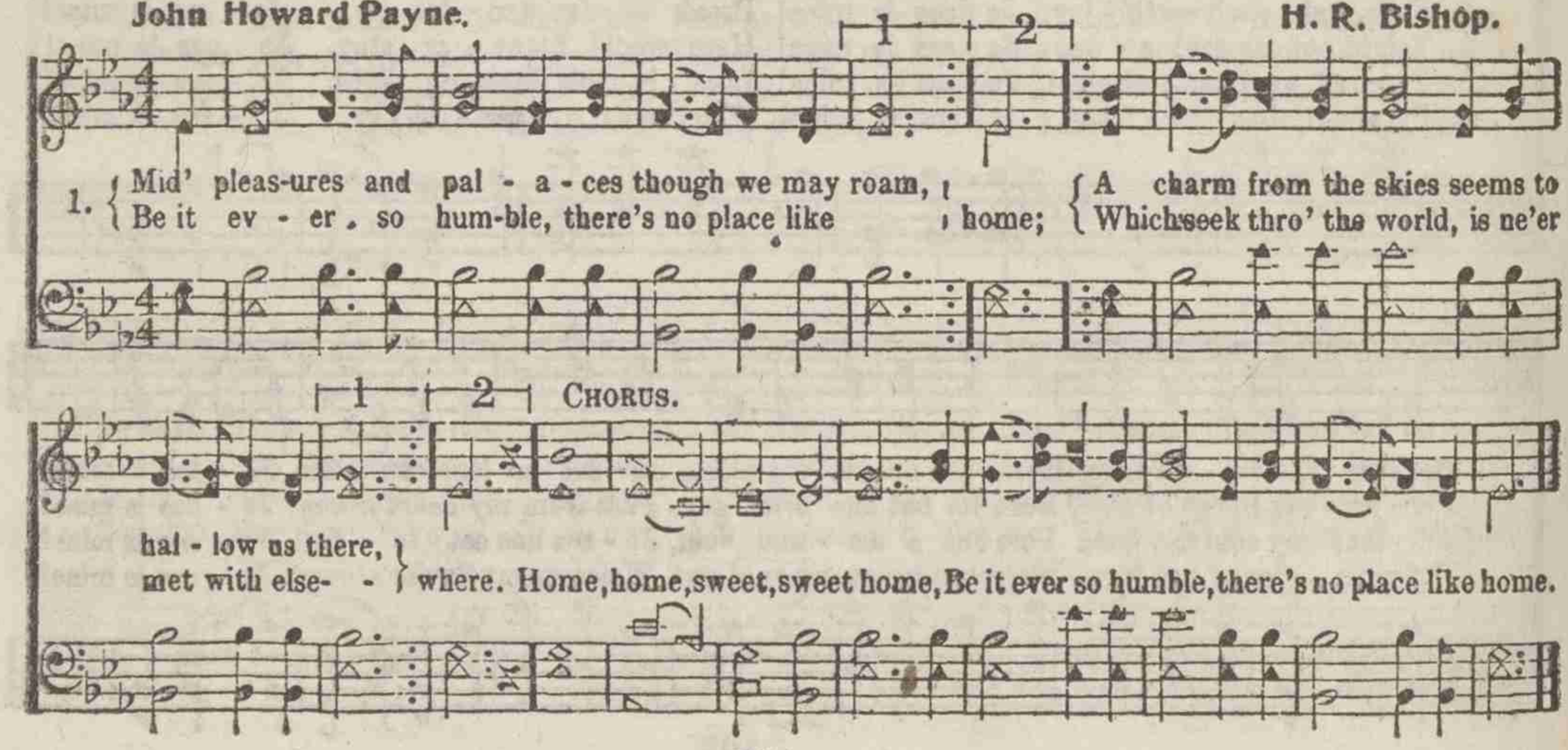
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

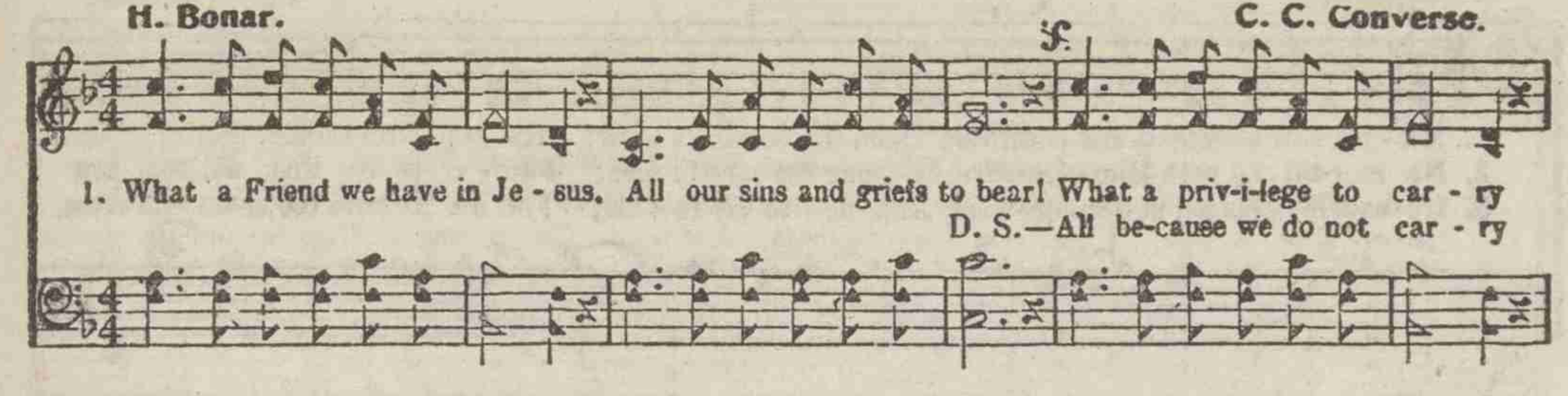
No. 131. Home, Sweet Home.

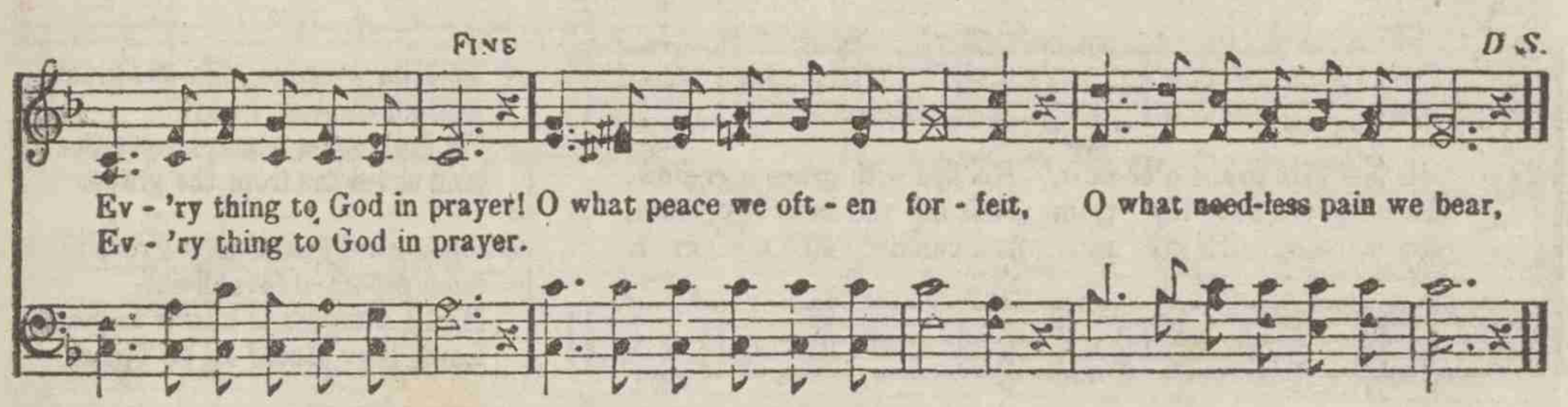
John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 132. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

No. 133. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.



2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 134. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



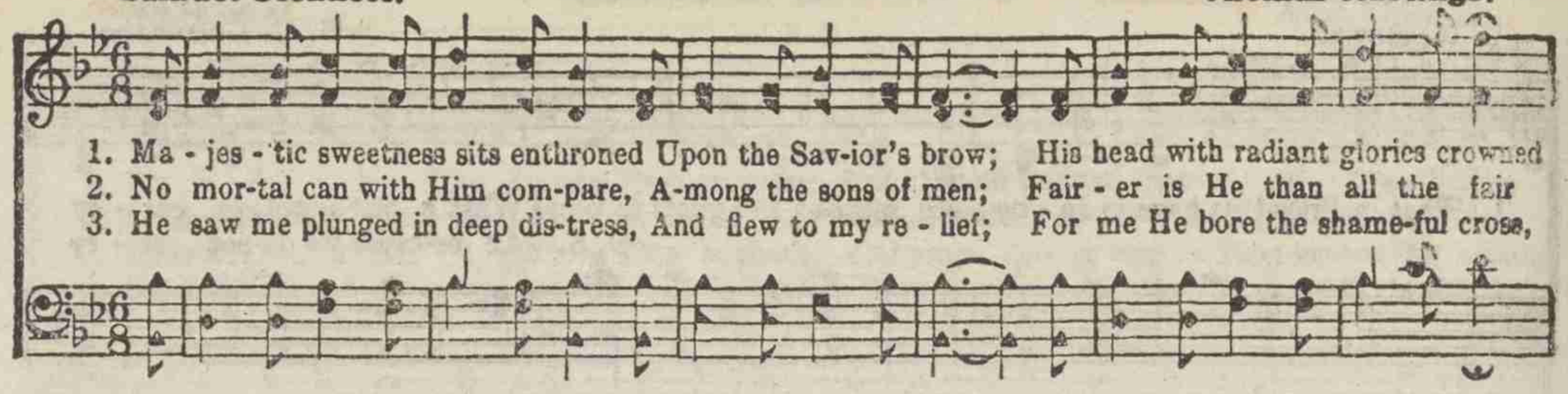
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 135. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**



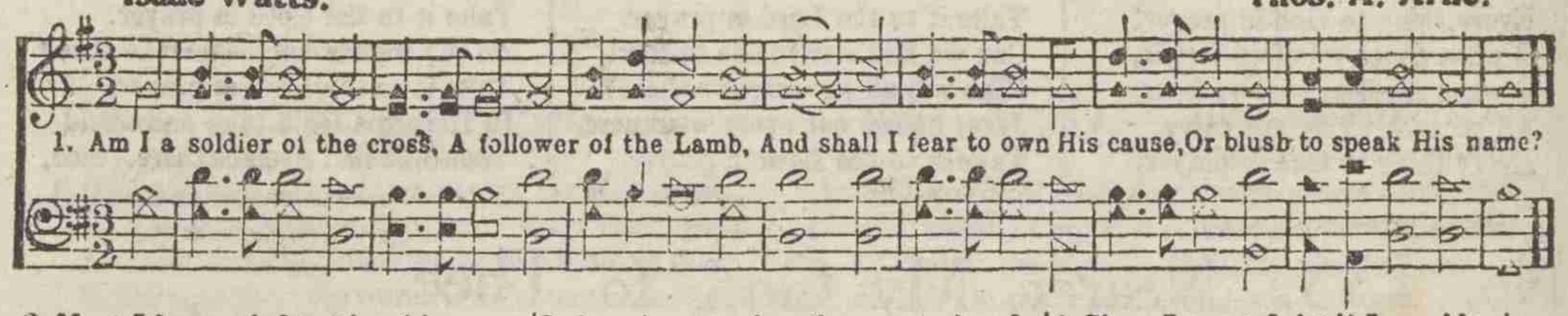


4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 136. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. **Thos. A. Arne.**



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 137. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. **Anne Steele.**



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

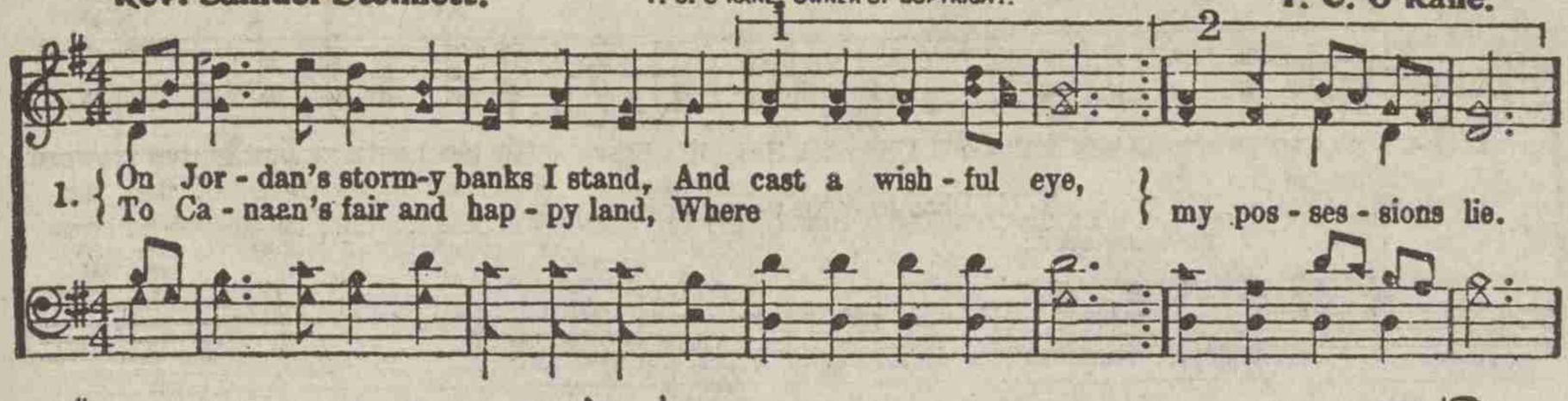
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

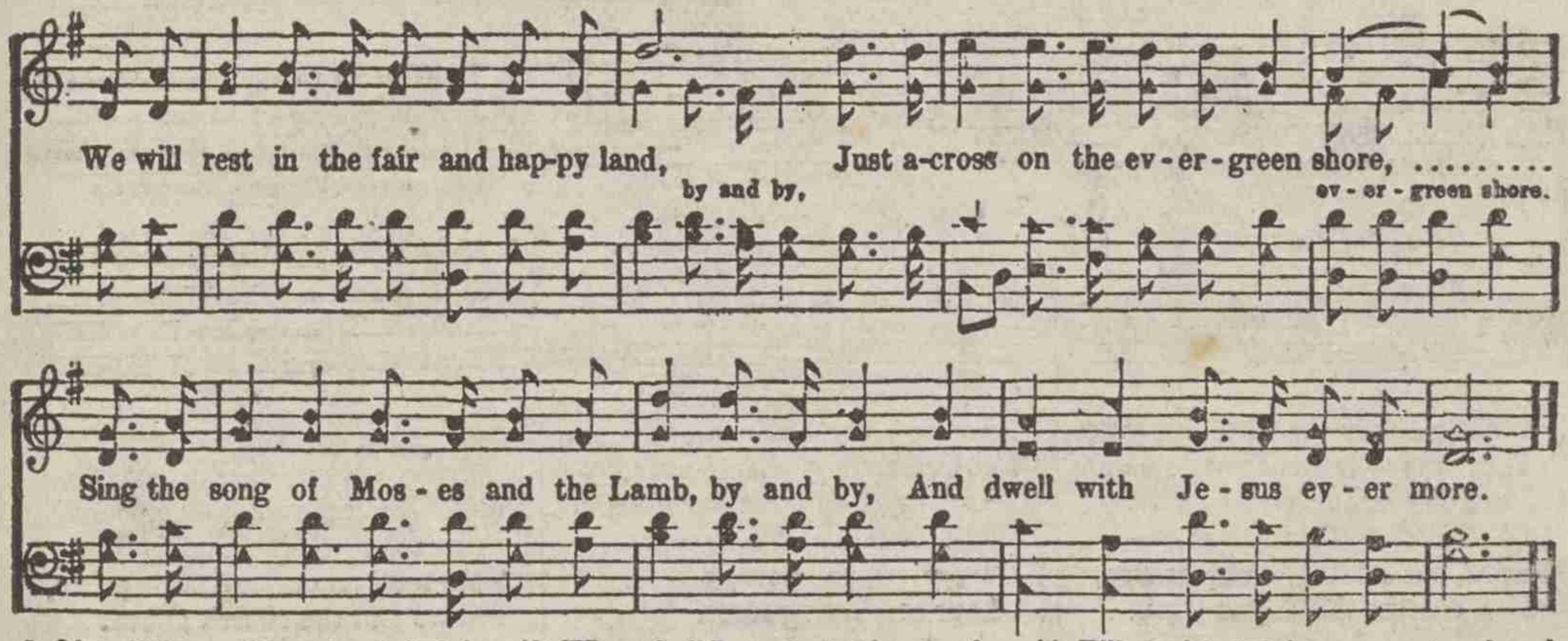
No. 138. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.





2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

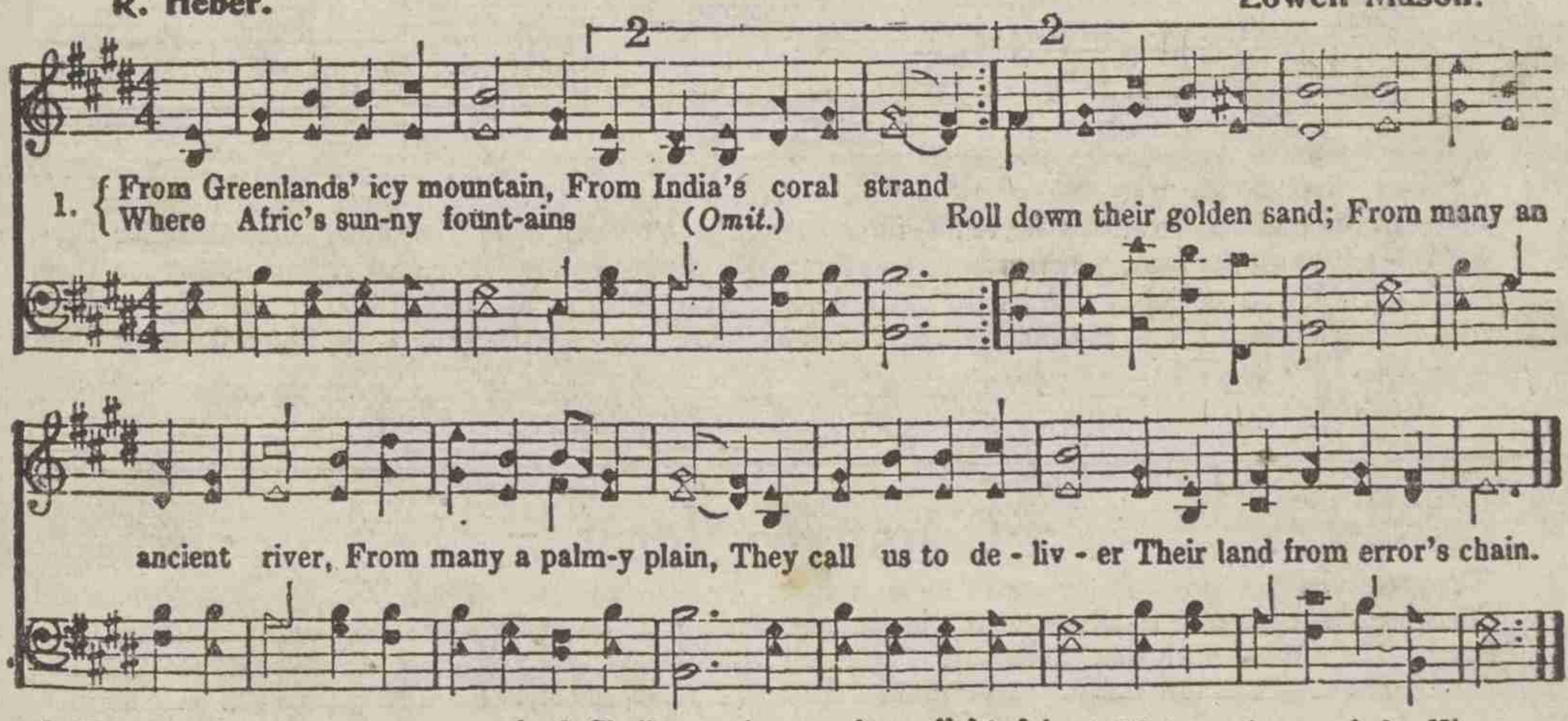
3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 139. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Lowell Mason.



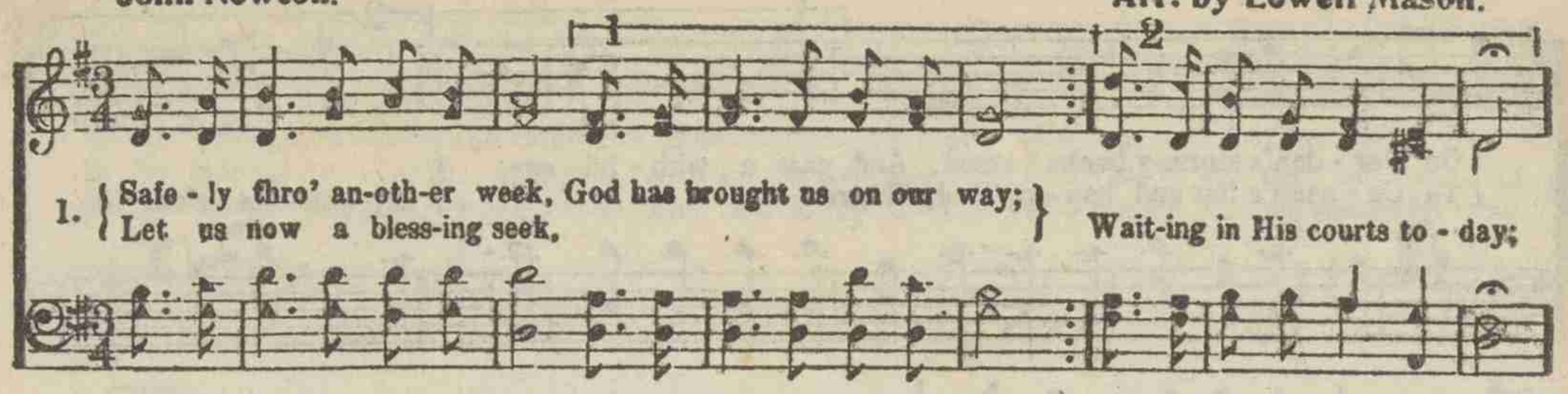
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 140. Safely Thro' Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



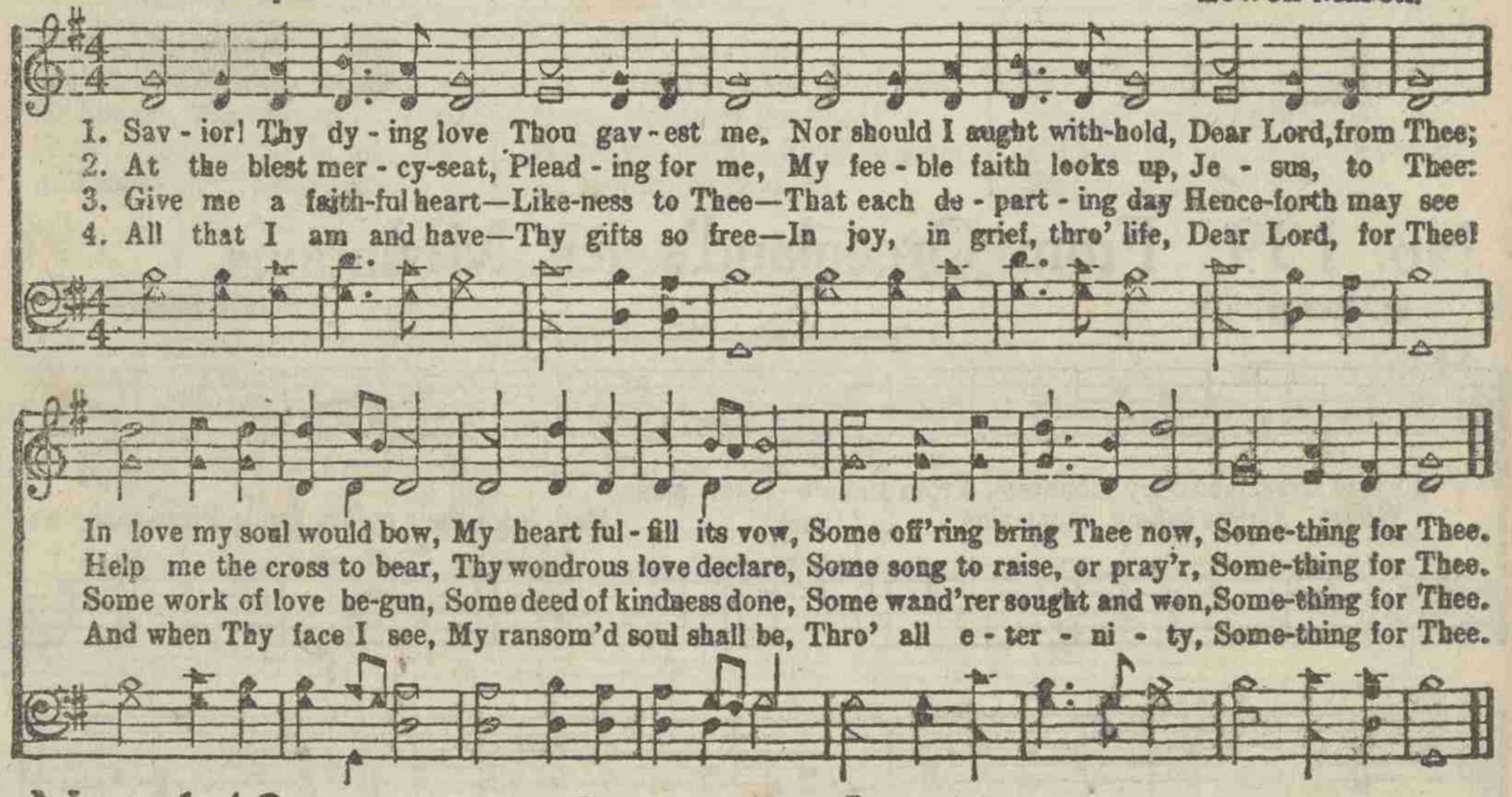
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

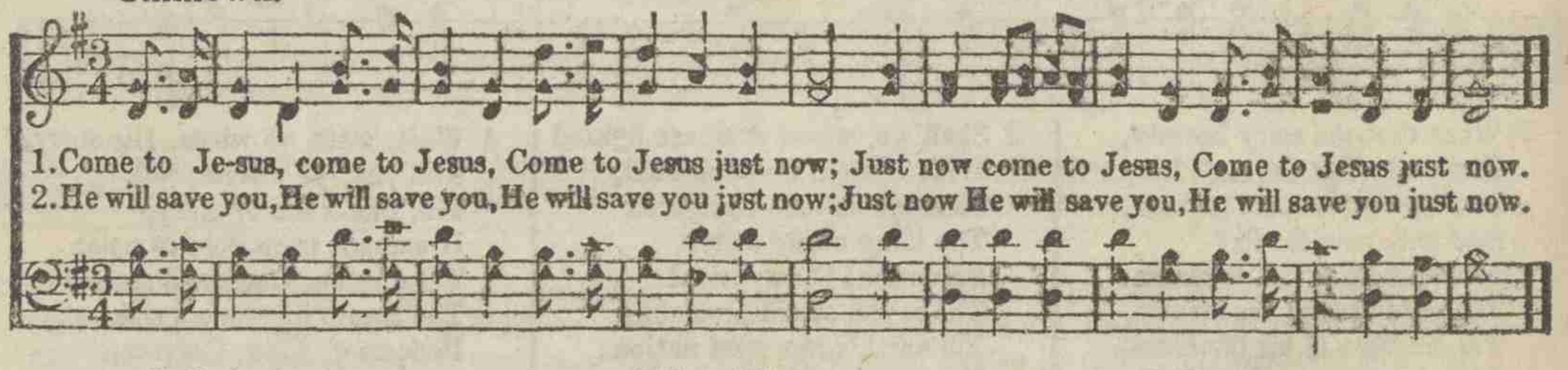
No. 141. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. Lowell Mason.



No. 142. Come to Jesus.

Unknown.



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

INDEX

JOYFUL PRAISES

	No.
A Sunbeam of Love	23
A Shelter in the Time of Storm	38
A Message	42
Awake! Ye Soldiers	49
Almost Home	77
Amazing Grace	126
Am I a Soldier?	136
As We Go Traveling Home	105
Bound for Glory	56
By His Side	72
Be a Worker	75
Blest Be the Tie	134
Beautiful River	108
Carry Him Everything	9
Conquest	1
Come Ye Sinners	3
Come and Be Saved	10
Come to Jesus	142
Even Me, Even Me	124
Footsteps of Jesus	99
For the Redeemed	16
Farewell Until the Morning	68
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy	127
From Greenland's Icy Mountains	139
Full Hope and Victory	112
Galilee	76
Glory to His Name	125
Go	36
Gospel Feast	101
He is Always Good to Me	12
Hide Me	45
He Will Guard	47
He'll Not Forget	53
He Will Lead Me	60
Hallelujah! We Shall Sing	82
Home	129
Heaven	130
Home, Sweet Home	131
How Firm a Foundation	137
Home at Last	97
He Rolls the Stone Away	96
He Leadeth Me On	104
In the Fold of the Shepherd Above	13
If We Would	20
In the New Jerusalem	26
Is Your Anchor Holding?	30
I Cannot Tell	48
I Want to Go There	62
In His Likeness	66
I Am Glad	67
I'm the Purchase of the Blood	69
I Want to Go Home	73
In the Cleansing Blood	81
I Am Coming, Lord	113
Jesus Walks With Me	71
Just as I Am	114
Jesus Paid It All	115
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	121
Just Over the Stars	92
Keep the Hallelujahs Ringing	8
Let Jesus Come In	44
Land of Rest	109
My Father Cares for Me	54
My Journey Home	63
Marching On	74
Mercy Flows	78
More Love to Thee	87
My Faith Looks Up to Thee	119
My Jesus, I Love Thee	128
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned	135
March to Victory	98
My Heart is Singing	102
My Precious Bible	103
Near to Thee	7
No More Than You Are Able to Bear	90
Nearer, My God, to Thee	133
Over There	2
Our Mother We Will See	25
Over the Desert Lies Home	34
On that Happy Golden Shore	50
Over Jordan	80
Only Trust Him	116
O Happy Day	117
On Jordan's Stormy Banks	138
Praise to the Father	110
Rescued!	6
Rockingham	19
Rock of Ages	27
Roll the Praise-waves Out	55
Revive Us Again	118
Room at the Cross	93
Some Bright Day	11
Saviour, Help Me to be True	21
Sing a Helpful Song	37
Song of Gladness	39
Speak Just a Word for Jesus	43
Sing a Song of Joy	59
Sowing and Reaping	65
She's Waiting	84
Some Day	85
Song of the Glorious Saviour	86
Songs of Paradise	88
Sun of My Soul	120
Stand Up for Jesus	122
Safely Through Another Week	140
Something for Jesus	141
Sing Gratefully	111
Scattering Sunshine	91
Sailing	94
There is Work to Do	4
To Whom do you Go	15
There is Sunshine in My Soul	17
Till West Virginia's Dry	18
The Call of the Master	22
The Lure of Life Eternal	24
There is Rest for All	28
They Are Waiting	31
The Onward, Outward, Upward Look	35
Traveling Home	52
The Wheat and the Tares	58
There is Rest, Sweet Rest	64
The Fountain	70
The Creation	79
The Sweet Old Story	83
The Water of Life	89
The Morning Light is Breaking	123
The Call for Reapers	95
The Glory Land	100
When We All Get Home	5
While the Angry Waves are Rolling High	14
When the Lord Shall Come	29
Walk in the Spirit	32
Will You Follow Jesus?	33
With Me Always	40
Wondrous Love	41
We're Traveling Home	51
What a Joy 'Twill Be	57
Will You Rise?	61
What a Friend	132
We Shall Meet Him in the Skies	107
We'll Walk and Talk With Jesus	196

