VICTORY-SONGS

BY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

AND

JAMES H. RUEBUSH

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
Dayton, Va.

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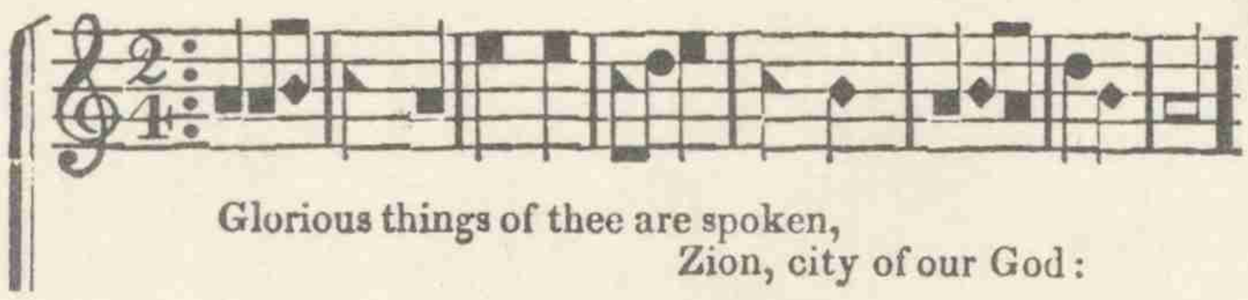
BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
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ACQUIRED BY THE

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1939



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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Victory-Songs

A superior and varied collection of Gospel Songs and Hymns
for Sunday Schools, Church Services, Prayer Meetings,
Revival Meetings, Young People's Societies
and all kinds of Religious Work

BY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY AND JAMES H. RUEBUSH

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Hymn
1910
Vict

PREFACE

WE have thought of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple. According to Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless His name.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things. His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the VICTORY.

Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good; sing praise unto His name, for it is pleasant.

Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

Sing unto the Lord and praise Him in the congregation of Saints.
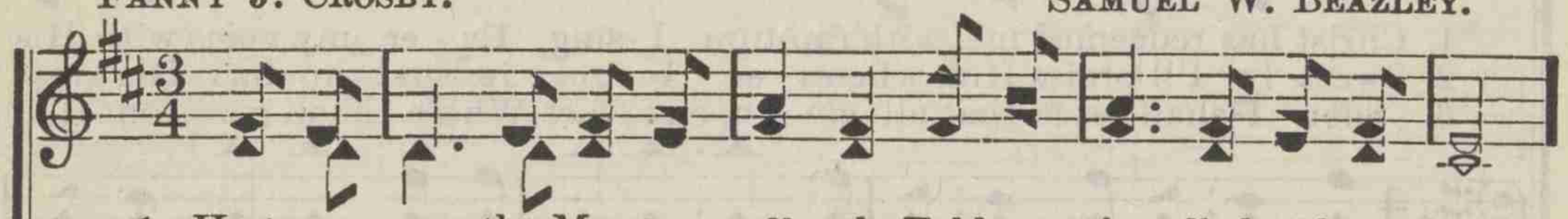
THE BIBLE.

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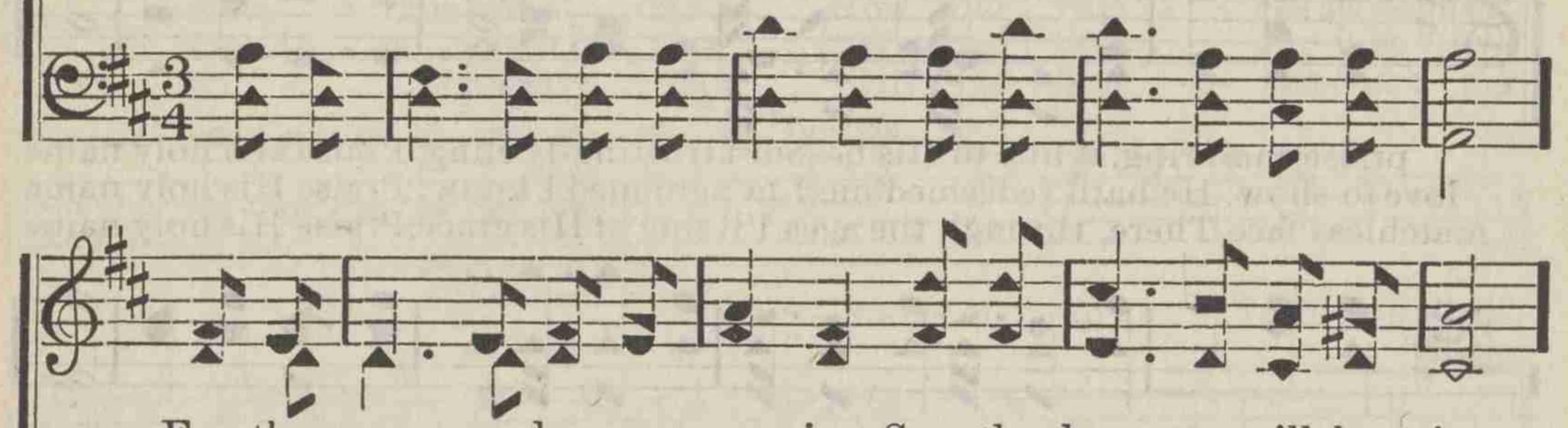
VICTORY-SONGS

No. 1. FOR JESUS' SAKE.
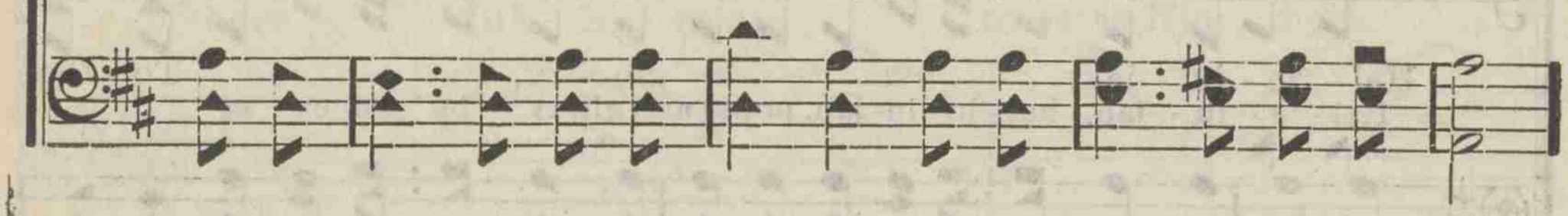
FANNY J. CROSBY. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
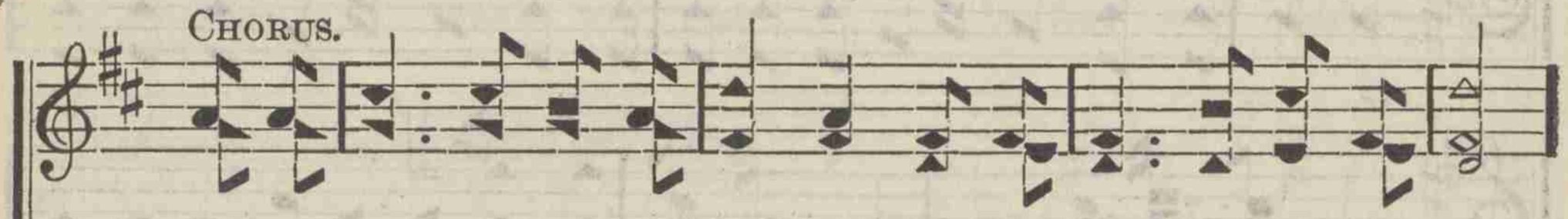


1. Haste we on, the Mas-ter call- eth, Fold our i - dle hands no more,
2. Haste we on to those that per - ish, On the drear- y waste of sin,
3. Haste we on with zeal and cour- age, Hear a - gain our Lord command,
4. Haste we on our sheaves to gather, For the reap-ing soon will come,
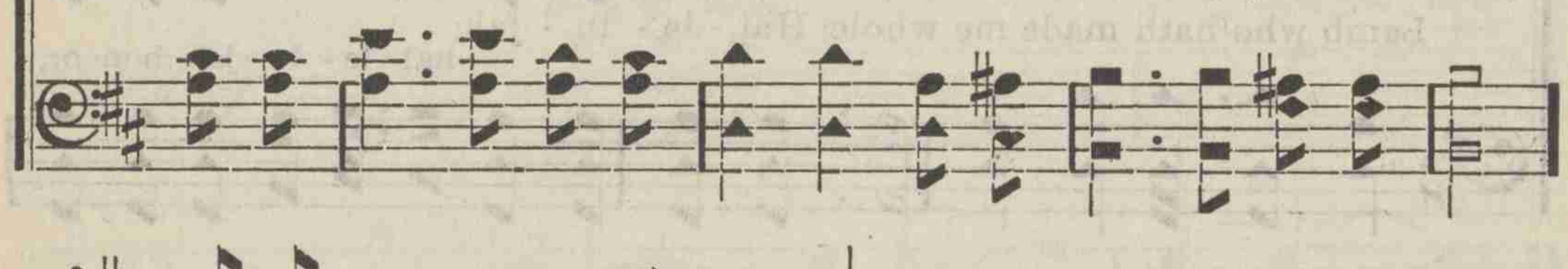


For the sum - mer days are wan - ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er.
To the feast of love that waits them, Quickly go and bring them in.
To the weak and heav-y heart - ed, Go and lend a help-ing hand.
Then with joy, if we are faith- ful, We shall sing the har-vest home.
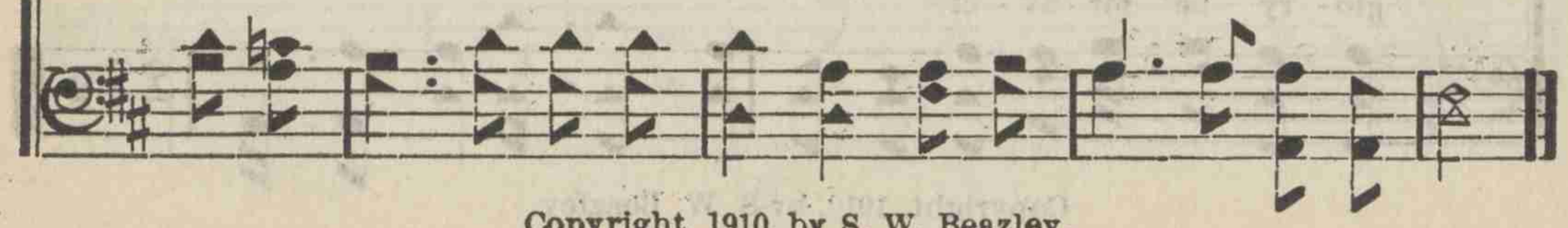


CHORUS.



Slumber not, the time is pre - cious, Bid our ev - 'ry pow'r a-wake,



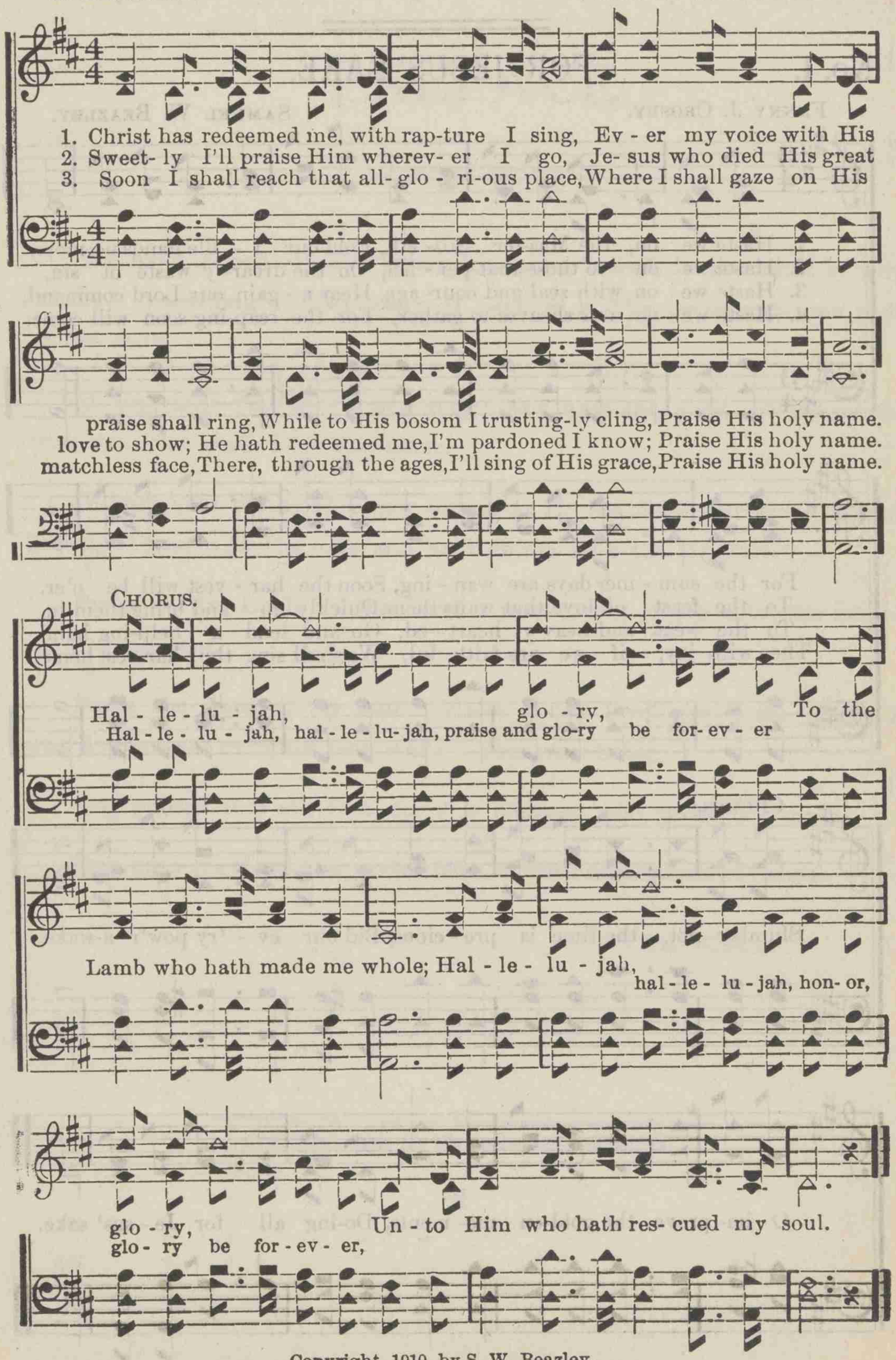
O im- prove the gold-en mo- ments, Do-ing all for Je - sus' sake.



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No. 2. CHRIST HATH REDEEMED ME.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



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No. 3. WHEN WE MEET HIM FACE TO FACE.

JAMES ROWE. JESSE M. HAYES.

1. When our tri - - als all are o'er, When we
2. There a - mid the an - gel - throng, With the
3. We will trust His bound-less love, Ev - 'ry

leave this earthly place, How our voic - - es sweet will
friends who went be - fore, We shall lift our hap - py
tri - - al meekly bear, Till He bids us come a -

D.S.—Songs of rap - - ture we shall

FINE.

soar, When we meet Him face to face.
song, And our Sav - - iour dear a - dore.
bove, With His saints to serve Him there.

sing, When we stand be- fore our King.

CHORUS.

Face to face, yes, face to face,
face to face, face to face,

We shall praise Him for His grace;
We shall praise for His grace;

D.S.

Copyright, 1910, by Jesse M. Hayes.

No. 4. KEEP THE STANDARD WAVING.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Keep the roy - al stand- ard wav - ing, sol- diers of the King;
2. Press a - long, and wav - er nev - er, though the foe be strong,
3. Keep the gos - pel ban - ner o'er you, keep the cross in view,

Sin is ma - ny still en - slav - ing; let the war - cry ring:
Christ the Lord will lead you ev - er, keep- ing you from wrong;
Drive the host of sin be - fore you, fear - less - ly pur - sue;

Help the na - tions all your bright light to see, Help the cap - tive
Tell the sto - ry sweet, wher - ev - er you go, Let your heart with
Christ will crown your souls, when war- fare is o'er, You shall reign with

soul to be free; On ward, faith-ful sol-diers, Christ will vic-t'ry bring.
love o - ver-flow; On ward, Christians, on- ward, with a joy- ous song.
Him ev- er-more; On ward, hap-py sol-diers, to the end be true.

CHORUS.

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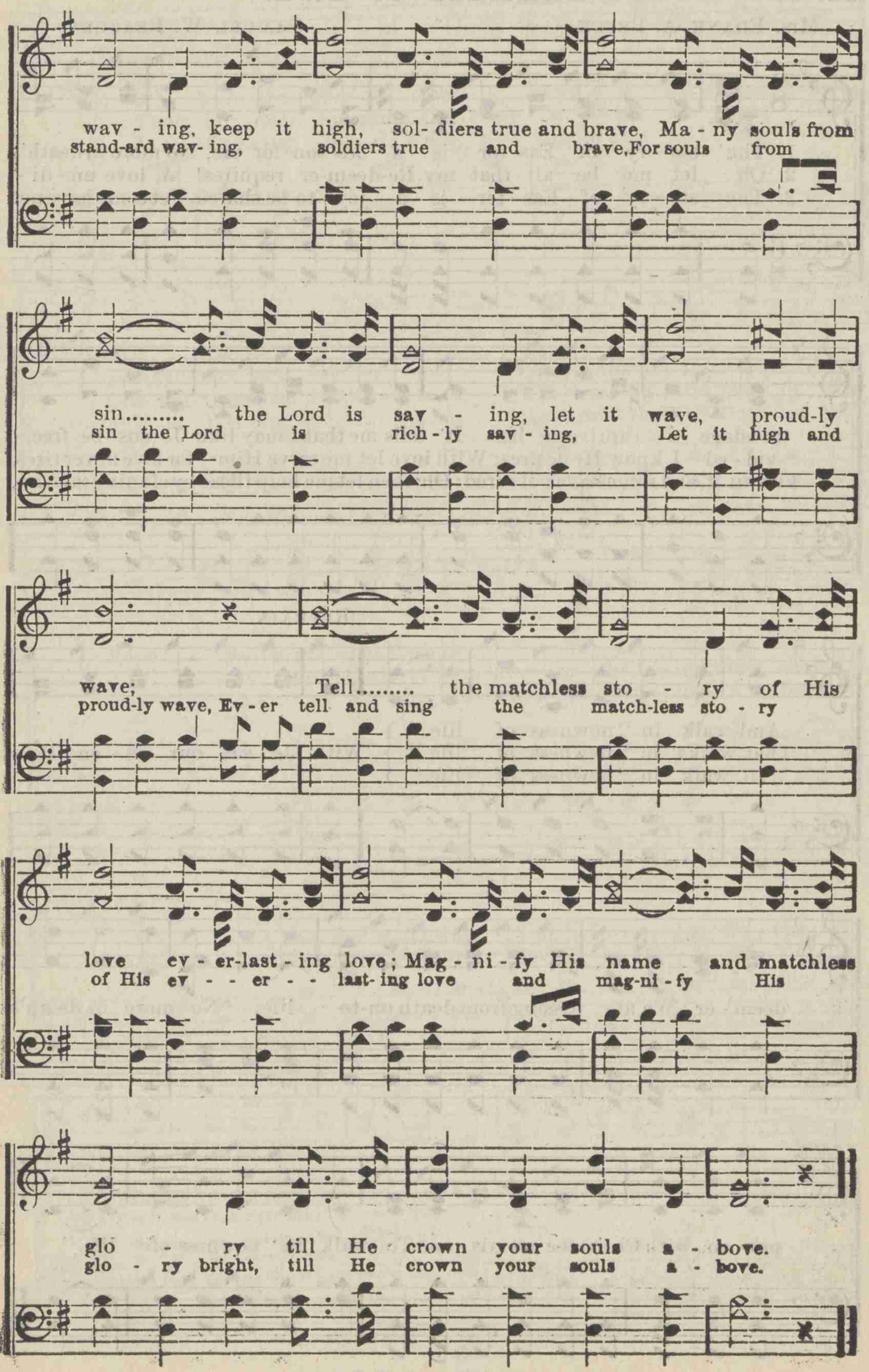
Keep..... the stand - ard

On - ward, for - ward, on - ward, up - ward, Keep the roy - - - al

p

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KEEP THE STANDARD WAVING.—Concluded.



No. 5. NEWNESS OF LIFE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. The sto - ry of Eas- ter is a les- son for me, No more in death's
2. Oh, let me be all that my Re-deem-er requires! A love un - di -
3. The sto - ry of Eas - ter is a joy to be shared, Yet some have not

bondage a captive to be, It tells me that I may like Je- sus be free,
vid - ed I know He desires; With love let me serve Him—for love never tires,
known it, and some have not cared; Oh, then let me help those by sinning ensnared,

REFRAIN.

And walk in "newness of life."
That walks in "newness of life."
To walk in "newness of life."
} With Je - sus our ris - en Re -

deem - er, We are passing from death un-to life; No more in death's

pris- on, with Christ we are ris - en, To walk in "newness of life."

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 6. WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

JAMES ROWE. W. H. SUMRALL.

1. A - bove the blue sky there's a beau - ti - ful home, Where loved ones are wait - ing for me; They anxious - ly wait, for they
2. Their bur - dens are gone and their tri - als are o'er, The One who redeemed them con - trols; They rest in the arms of His
3. I am cling - ing to Je - sus, by night and by day, With faith in His won - der- ful love, As - sured that at last He will

hope I will come, That with them I for - ev - er may be.
love ev - er - more, Per- fect rap - ture is thrill - ing their souls.
bear me a - way, To the loved ones now wait - ing a - bove.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch-ing, Watch - ing for me;
Anxious - ly wait-ing and watch- ing, Wait-ing and watching for me;

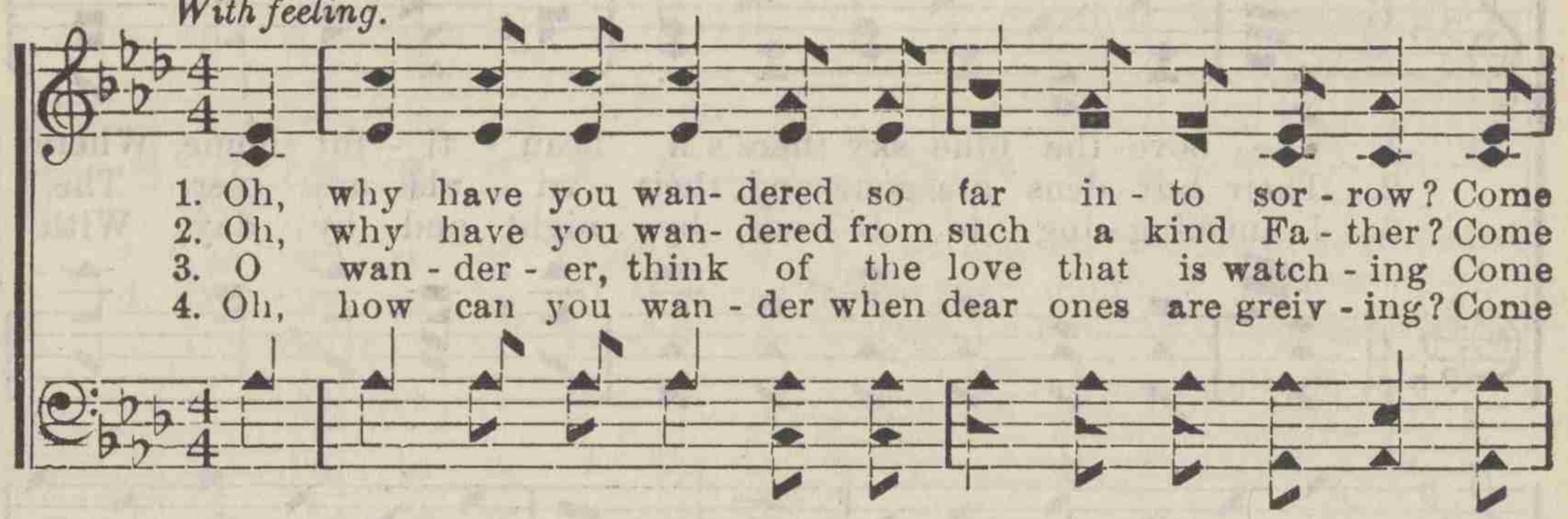
Loved..... ones in heav - en, Are wait-ing and watching for me.....
Loved ones and dear ones in heav - en, for me.
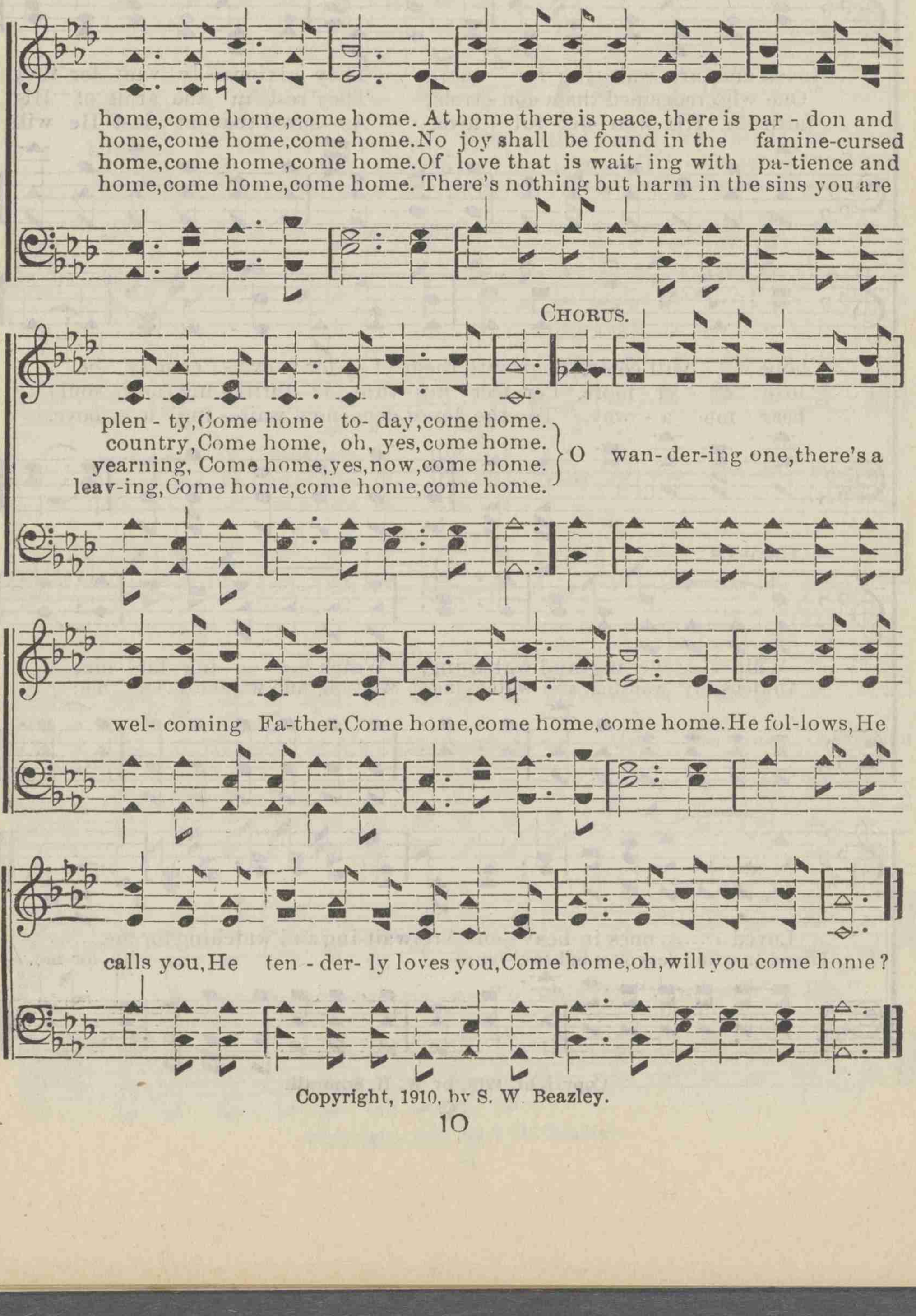
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No. 7. WHY HAVE YOU WANDERED?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

With feeling.





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No. 8. SABBATH SCHOOL BRIGADE.

JAMES ROWE. J. BERRY SMITH.

1. Onward they go, in the light of the Lord, None dis - cour - aged,
2. Ev - er the praise of their Lead - er they sing, Press - ing brave - ly
3. Tell- ing the sto - ry of love to the world, Press - ing back the

none dis - mayed, Spreading the truth of His life - giv - ing word,
on and on, Sure that the Sav - iour will vic - to - ry bring,
hosts of sin, Keeping His glo - ri - ous ban - ner unfurled,

CHORUS.

Val - iant Sab-bath School Bri-gade.
Sure that glo - ry will be won.
On they go, the crown to win.

March a - long,..... sol - diers
March a-long,

strong,..... Win the crown that can - not fade; In ac -
sol- diers strong,

cord,..... serve the Lord. ..... Val- iant Sab- bath School Bri-gade.
In ac-cord, serve the Lord,

Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Smith.

No. 9. ALL THE WAY OVER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Shadowing sor-rows to me may be known, Christ will not leave me to bear them a - lone; Tru - ly He loves me, He cares for His own,
2. All the way o - ver to Canaan's fair land, Tri - als will meet me wher- ev - er I stand; I will not fear them with Je - sus at hand,
3. All the way o - ver, I have such a Friend, Who from all dan- ger will strong-ly de - fend, I may keep sing- ing—care- free to the end,

CHORUS.

Je - sus will stay at my side.
E - vil shall nev- er be - tide.
Trust-ing my com-fort- ing Guide.
} All the way o-ver, all the way o-ver,

All the way o - ver, Christ journeys with me; Grief shall not bind me, de - spair shall not find me, All the way o - ver, Christ journeys with me.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 10. BLESS HIS NAME.

JAMES ROWE. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Christ has died up - on the cross, Just to save my soul from loss,
2. He will nev - er let me stray From the love - lit nar- row way,
3. In the shel- ter of the fold, My Re-deem - er's hand I hold,

Bless His name, bless His name;
Bless His name, bless His name;

:S:

He has wash'd my sins a - way, I am hap - py night and day,
I will trust His matchless grace, Till I meet Him face to face,
All my wan-der - ings are past, I am safe in Christ at last,

D.S.—In His love I will re- joice, He's my soul's e - ter - nal choic

FINE. CHORUS.

Bless His name, bless His name. Glo- ry, glo- ry to the Lamb,
Bless His name,

D.S.

In the peaceful fold I am, Bless His name, bless His name.
Blest His name, bless His name.

Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham.

No. 11. KEEP LOOKING TO HIM.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Not too fast.

1. When the bur - den of sor - row is bend - ing you low, Keep
2. Though the love of com- pan - ions grow cold and de - part, Keep
3. What - so - ev - er be - fall you, have faith in His love, Keep

look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; Christ a - lone can up -
look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; He will al - ways be
look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; Till safe - ly you

hold you and light-en your woe, Keep lov - ing-ly looking to Him.
faith-ful and close to your heart, Keep lov - ing-ly looking to Him.
rest in His kingdom a - bove, Keep lov - ing-ly looking to Him.

D.S.—answer each call, Keep lov - ing- ly look-ing to Him.

CHORUS.

Keep His love in your soul, Let Him whol - ly con - trol, Be the

pathway so sun - ny or dim; He's the best friend of all, And will

D.S.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 12. ONE BY ONE THEY'RE CROSSING OVER.

Effective as a funeral song.

WM. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN.

Slowly.

1. One by one lov- ing friends are go - ing, Day by day, they are cross - ing o'er;
2. One by one they are cross-ing o - ver, To that cit - y of light and love;
3. One by one from this earth of sor - row, Ma - ny mill - ions have passed a - way;

And the time is com-ing, my dear broth - er,
But we'll meet them in the land of won - der,
But they're safe- ly rest- ing o - ver yon - der,

REFRAIN.

When we too must soon cross o'er.
In those man - sions bright a - bove.
Where all tears are wiped a- way.

One by one, see them
One by one,

cross, O'er the dark..... and chill- y tide, But the Sav - iour's
see them cross, O'er the dark

wait-ing there to greet them, O- ver on..... the oth-er side.
O- ver on the oth-er side.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. M. Golden.

No. 13. SING A SONG OF JESUS.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Are you oft - en wea - ry with life's care and strife, Do you sigh for com - fort on the way; Sing a song of Je - sus,
2. Is the heart bow'd down with doubts and dreary fears, Does the day grow dark - er here be - low; Sing a song of Je - sus,
3. Would your heart be glow - ing with a love di - vine, Light - ing up the chambers of your soul; Sing a song of Je - sus,

it will brighten life, Sing a song of Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
pass - ing by He hears, Sing a song of Je - sus as you go.
sing of love sub - lime, Floods of peace will o'er the spir - it roll.

CHORUS.

Keep sing-ing, ... Keep sing-ing, ... 'Twill brighten
ev - er sing - ing, ev - er sing-ing,
up the way here be - low; Oh, sing a song of Je - sus as you go.

Copyright, 1905, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 14. IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.

1. While trav -'ling through this vale of tears,(vale of tears.) Be - set with
2. What-e'er for you the fu - ture brings,(future brings,)Hope bids you
3. Be ev - er found at du - ty's post,(du-ty's post,) And when you're
4. And would you find that home on high,(home on high,)That land which

doubt and end-less years,(endless years,)Acknowledge Him thro' all thy years,
fol - low as she sings,(as she sings,)Ac-knowledge Him the King of kings,
need- ing help the most,(help the most,)Acknowledge Him the Lord of Hosts,
lies be-yond the sky,(yond the sky,)Acknowledge Christ as years go by,

CHORUS.

And He'll dir-ect thy paths.(direct thy paths.) In all thy ways acknowledge

Him, Ac - know- ledge Him, ac- know-ledge Him, In all thy

ways ac - know-ledge Him, And He'll dir - ect thy paths.

Copyright, 1910, by R. D. Burleson.

No. 15. WHEN JESUS SPOKE HER NAME.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When Ma - ry stood with weep - ing eyes, Not know- ing that her
2. And so the Lord speaks to our hearts; When we must weep for
3. Some-times we feel our - selves a - lone, And doubt that watch-ing

Lord would rise, There came a won - der - ful sur - prise, When
griefs and smarts, His lov - ing - kind - ness He im - parts, When
love is shown, Till Je - sus makes His pres - ence known, And

Chorus.

Je - sus spoke her name.
Je - sus speaks our name.
sweet- ly speaks our name.

} When Je - sus spoke her name, When

Je - sus spoke her name, There was glo - ri - ous com- fort and
her name,

wor - ship and rap- ture, When Je - sus had spok- en her name.

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No. 16. SHALL IT BE YOU?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. W. BLACK.

1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one come in, come in?"
2. When you're call'd to go, do you tru - ly know, That you'll hear Him say "come in?"
3. Sad in that great day if He shall not say "Faithful one come in, come in,"

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep despair will fall o'er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

Shall it be you, shall it be you,
shall it be you, shall it be you,
To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you,
Shall it be you,
Shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?"
shall it be you,

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No. 17. MOTHER WILL PRAY FOR ME.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

Deliberately, with feeling.

1. How-ev - er far I go from home, How - ev - er sad - ly stray,
2. How can I slight such reaching love, Or turn from such fond pray'r?
3. Oh, I will rise and homeward go, Though I have strayed so far,
4. No lon - ger pray'r-less will I roam, Where on - ly harm can be;

My moth-er's love will fol- low me, And she will al-ways pray.
Or dis - o - bey my Lord a - bove, To seek the tempter's snare?
And I shall full for- giveness know, Where love and wel-come are.
I'll go to moth - er, God, and home, And make them glad for me.

Chorus. *Slow.*

Moth - er, moth - er, moth - er will pray for me; Moth- er, dear

moth-er will lov- ing - ly pray for me; Wher - ev - er I stay I

know she will pray, Yes, al- ways be pray - ing for me.

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No. 18. JESUS WANTS YOU.

JOHN A. OATES. GEO. W. LASSITER.

1. Je-sus wants you to fol- low Him, A- long life's troublesome way;
2. Je-sus wants you to give up sin, And trust now, in His grace;
3. Je-sus wants you, O wand'ring man, He wants you in your pow'r;

He'll be your guide and clos - est friend, And keep you day by day.
He'll fit you so, when life shall end, To see Him face to face.
He'll make you now a child of grace, He'll save you at this hour.

CHORUS.
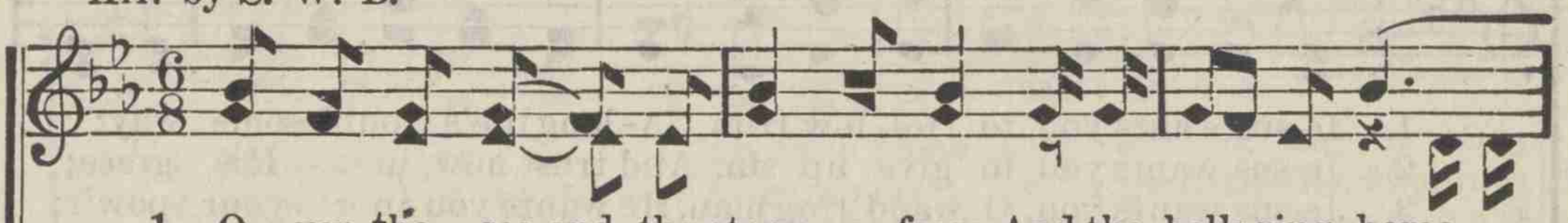
Je - sus wants you, Je - sus wants you, For you His
life He gave;..... Je - sus wants you,.....
He gave,
Je - sus wants you, He died your soul to save.....
soul to save.

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No. 19. WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.

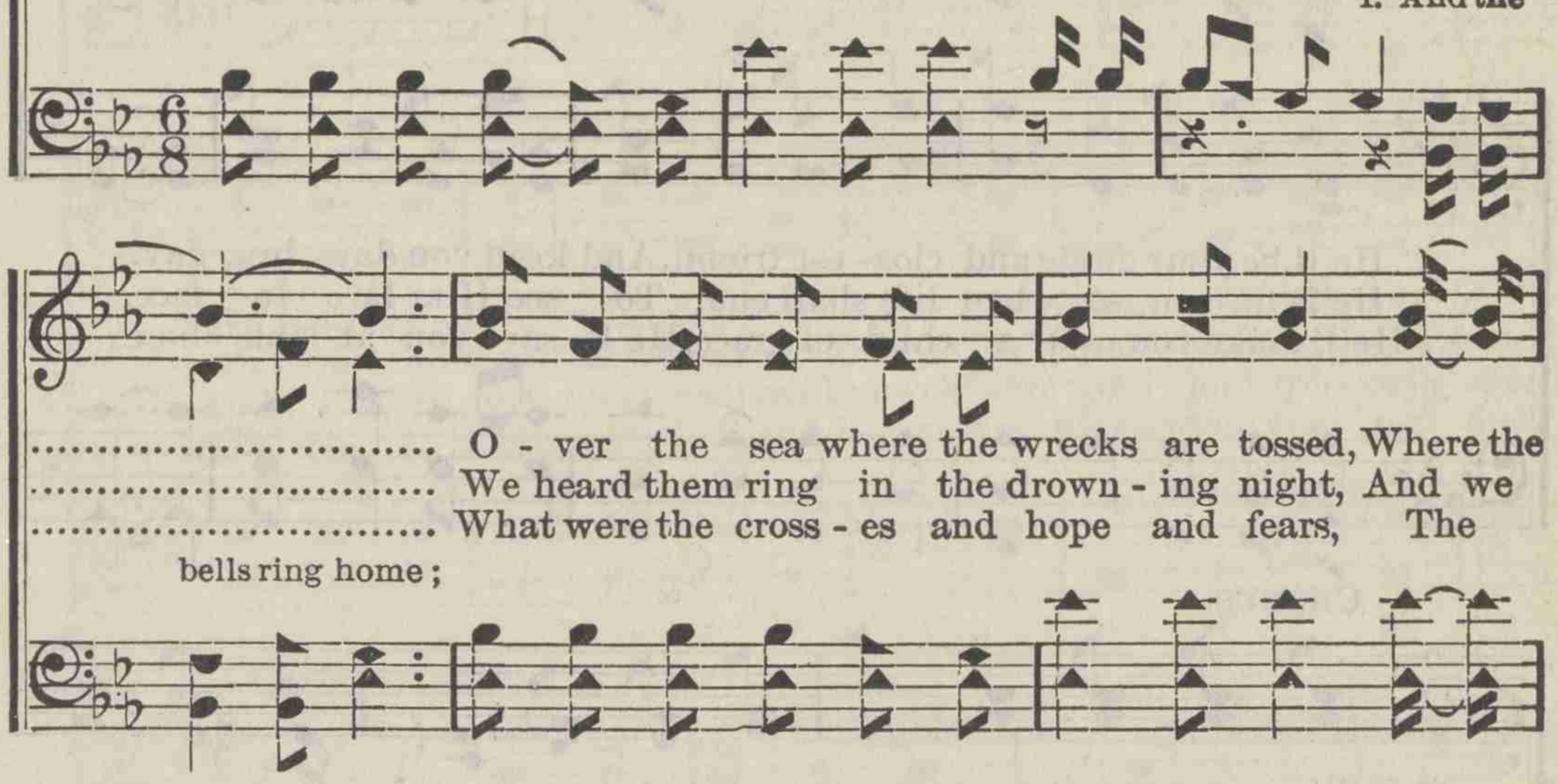
(Quartet for Mixed Voices.)

Words by FRANK L. STANTON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
Arr. by S. W. B.
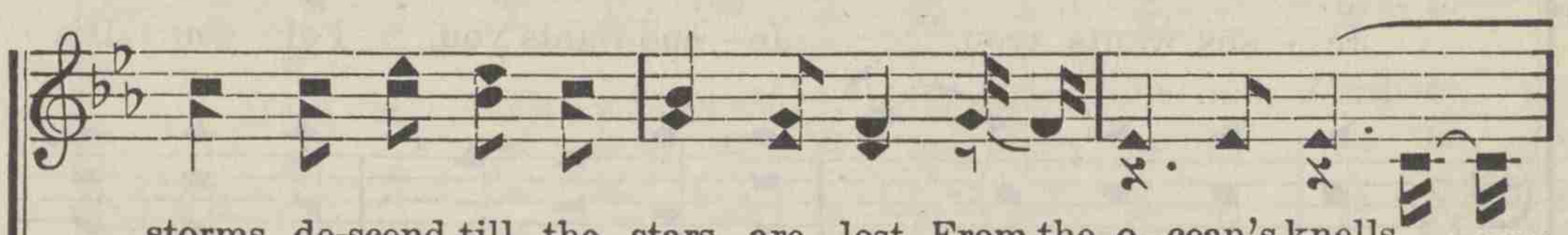


1. O - ver the sea and the storm- y foam, And the bells ring home,.....
2. O, the long voyage 'neath storm and star, But the bells a - far,—.....
3. Home in the ha - ven sweet and blest, And the bells ring rest! .....

1. And the
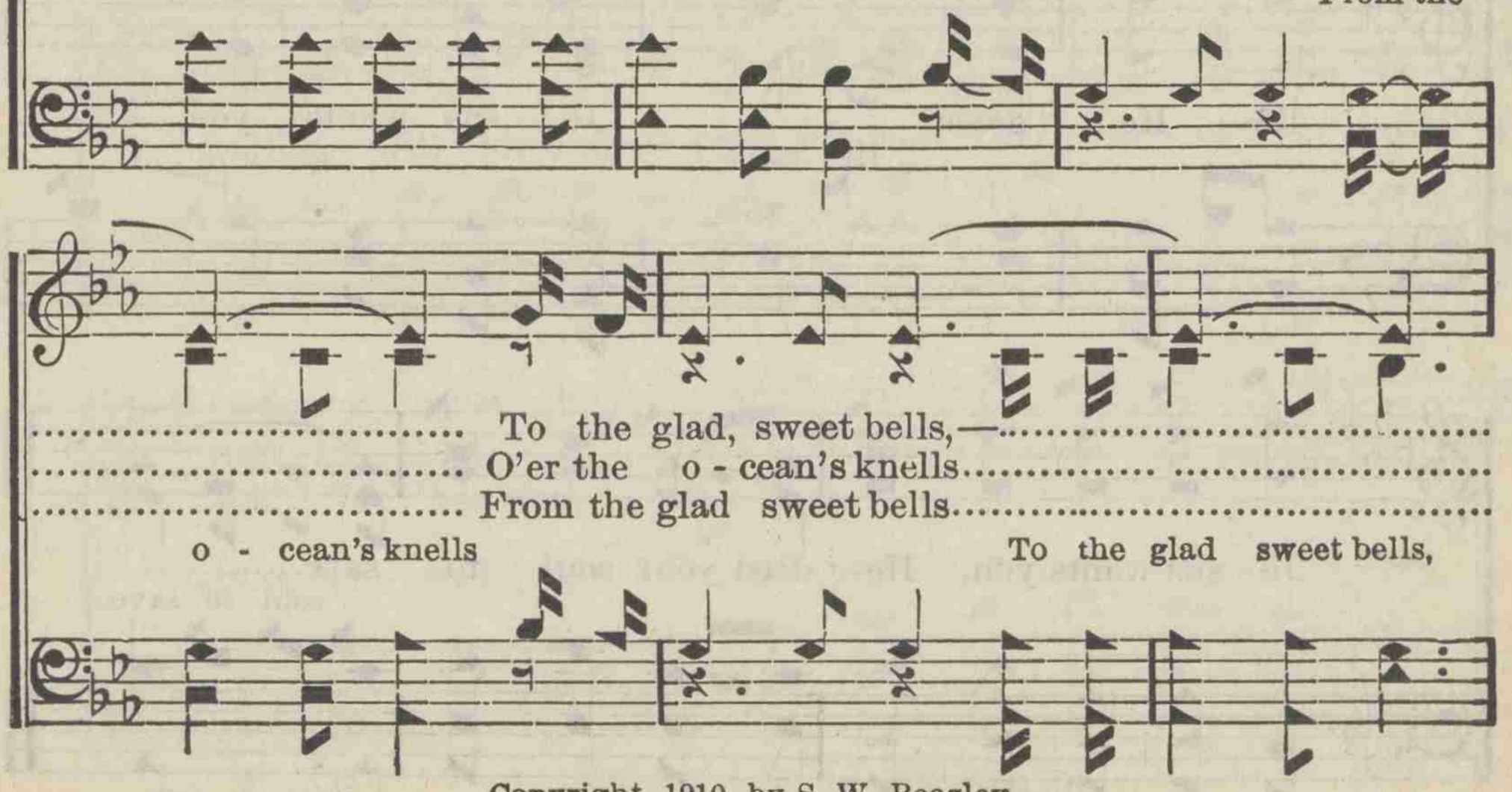


..... O - ver the sea where the wrecks are tossed, Where the
..... We heard them ring in the drown - ing night, And we
..... What were the cross - es and hope and fears, The

bells ring home;



storms de-scend till the stars are lost, From the o - cean's knells,.....
heard them sing of the har - bor light; The bells, the bells,.....
ray - less darkness, the rain of tears? Love's mus - ic swells.....

From the
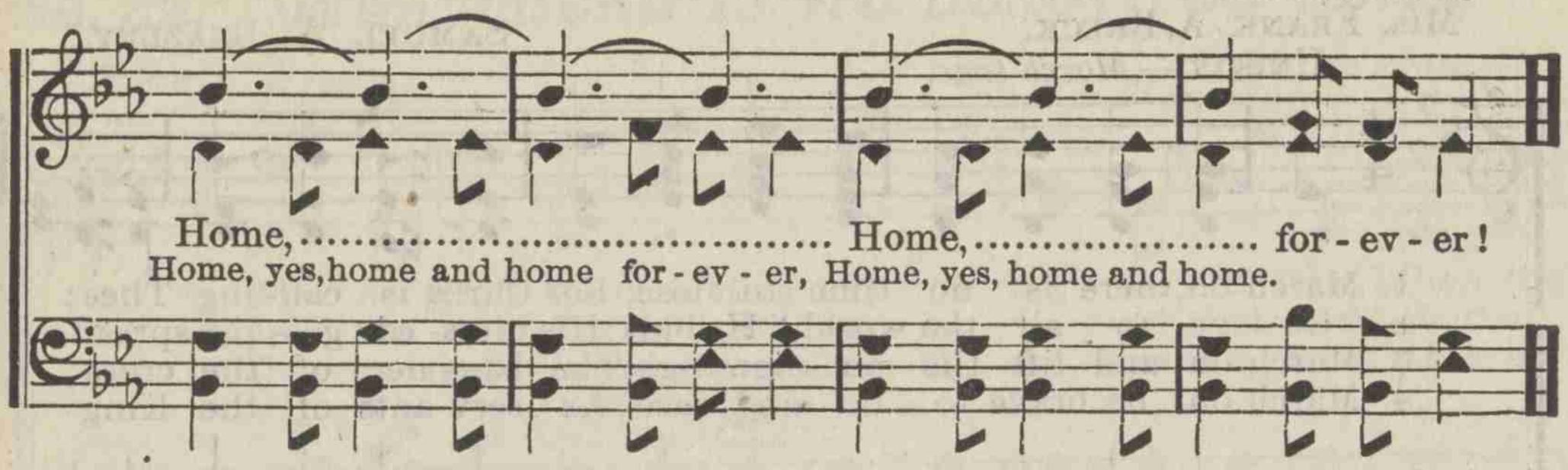


..... To the glad, sweet bells,—.....
..... O'er the o - cean's knells.....
..... From the glad sweet bells.....

o - cean's knells To the glad sweet bells,

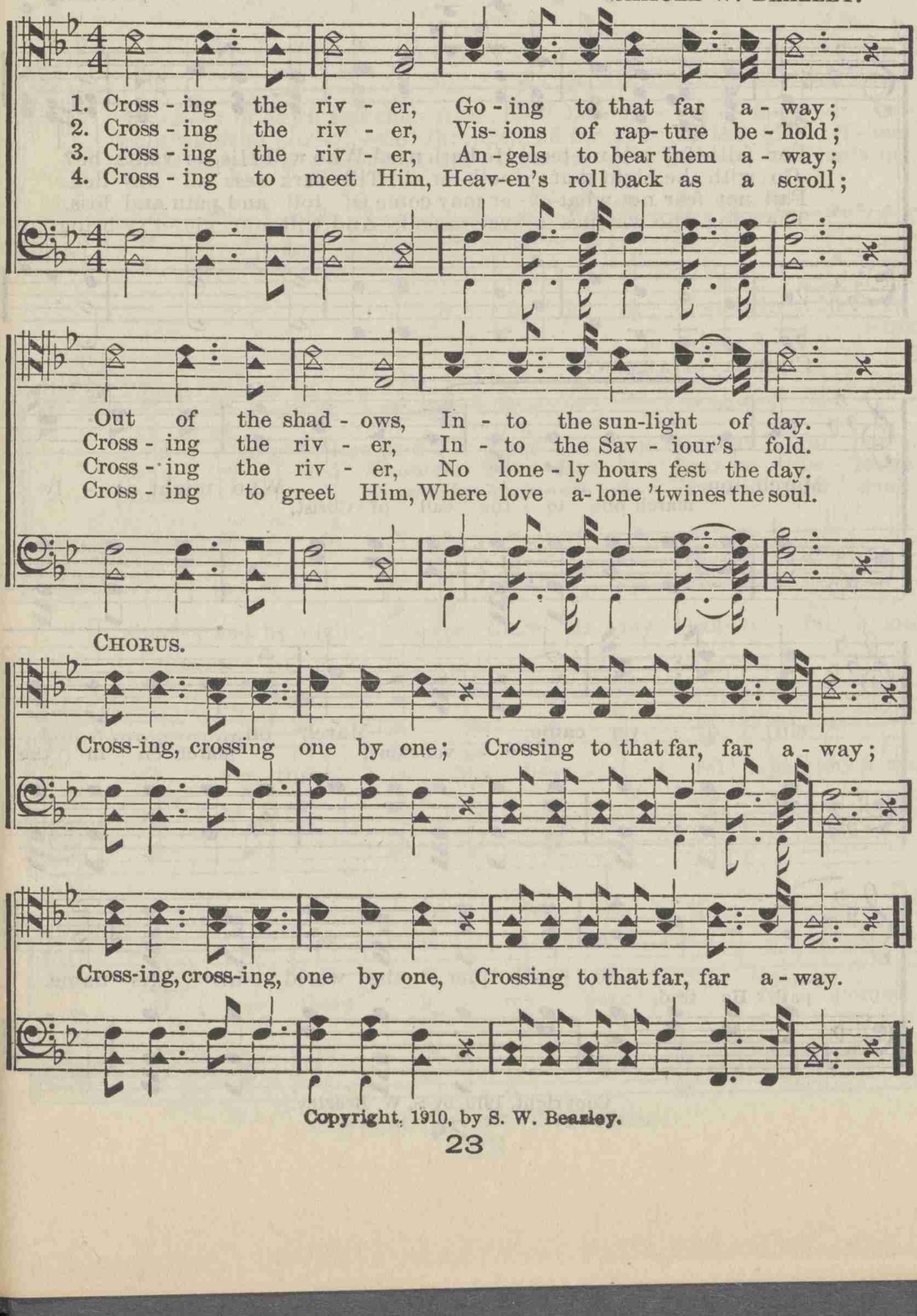
Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.—Concluded.



No. 20. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

S. W. B. (For Male Voices.) SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 21. CONQUER THE WORLD IN HIS NAME.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.—*March time.*

1. March on, there is no time to lose, For Christ is call-ing Thee;
2. "Go ye to all the world," He bids; His bless-ed gos-pel spread;
3. March on and lift the en-sign high, The ban-ner of the cross;
4. March on, be brave to do and dare As serv-ants of the King

For faith-ful vol-un-teers He hath need, Who will His ser-vants be?
Go with the Light that shineth for all, Till dark-ness all has fled.
Fail not, fear not, what-ev-er may come Of toil and pain and loss.
The King who watches o-ver us all, And will our vic-t'ry bring.

Chorus. Harmony.

March on..... Who might-i-ly
march on to the call of Christ,

sin o-ver came, March on.....
o-ver came, march on in the

..... And con-quer the world in His name.
path He trod,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 22, OVER THERE IS MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

JENNIE WILSON. L. T. MIDDLETON.

1. Just be- yond the dark stream by the bor - der of time, Where the
2. In the ra - di - ant path-ways by an - gel feet trod I shall
3. O - ver there in the pres-ence of Je - sus I'll dwell, While e -

bil - lows of death toss their foam, By the vis - ion of faith I be -
walk with the pur - i - fied throngs, And for aye in that glo - ri - ous
ter - ni- ty's a - ges shall roll, And in glad hal- le - lu - jah's of

D.S.—By the ra - di - ant light, Nev - er

FINE.

hold a bright clime, And o'er there is my beau- ti - ful home.
coun - try of God Know the bliss that to heav-en be - longs.
praise I will tell How His mer - cy de - liv- er'd my soul.

shad - owed by night, O - ver there is my beau- ti - ful home.

CHORUS.

O - ver there is my beau - ti - ful home, (my home,)

D.S.

O - ver there is my beau - ti - ful home!

Copyright, 1910, by L. T. Middleton.

No. 23. LET ME HOLD MYSELF READY.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I've a Sav-iour so lov-ing to sin-ners, So will-ing to par-don all sin, That it makes my heart eag-er to serve Him,
2. I've a Sav-iour so read-y to com-fort, When bit-ter-est sor-row is nigh, That I can-not help wanting to show Him,
3. I've a Sav-iour who knows all temp-ta-tion, A vic-tor o'er sin in the fight; And I ask Him to keep, and He keeps me,
4. I've a Sav-iour so pre-cious be-side me, To help me wher-ev-er I go, That I can-not help wishing for oth-ers

read-y .....

CHORUS.

And eag-er at once to be-gin.
How lov-ing and grateful am I.
From go-ing a-way from the right.
His won-der-ful Friendship to know.

Let me hold my-self read-y to serve Him, Yes, read-y and will-ing and true; Let me hold my-self read-y to serve Him, Wherev-er is work I can do.

Copyright, 1910, by Samuel W. Beazley.

No. 24. THE LAND BEYOND.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. R. C. BOLING.

1. How fair must be that land Unseen by mortal eyes, Where flow'rs unfading
2. How fair must be that land, Where all is light and song; And ev - 'ry dweller
3. How fair must be that land, Where comes no tho't of care; Where songs of ecsta-

bloom, Be-neath unclouded skies. Where an-gel anthems swell In ca-dence
there Is of a blood washed throng; No need of moon or stars, No need of
cy For - ev - er fill the air. Oh, land of fadeless bloom, Oh, calm se -

D.S.—Oh, peaceful land of love, Oh, land of

ev - er more, And those long part - ed meet Up - on that blissful shore.
sun to rise, No gloom-y shades of night There ev - er greet the eyes.
rene a-bode; Where weary ones find rest In par - a- dise with God.

joy and light, Where day-light nev - er fades, Where falls no gloom of night.

CHORUS.

Oh, peace - ful land of love, Oh, land of joy and light;

The pres - ence of God's love, Shines forth in ra-diance bright.

Copyright, 1910, by Ruebush & Boling.

No. 25. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. HARVEY B. GREEN.

1. Beau- ti - ful fields of grain Cov- er the roll - ing plain; Gather the
2. I - dle not by the way, La-bor while yet 'tis day; Gather the
3. Gleaning from hill and plain, Garner the precious grain; Gather the

gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... Why will you wait- ing stand
gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... From the first dawn of day,
gold - en grain, beauti - ful grain;..... Gath - er in - to His fold

I - dle on ev- 'ry hand? Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
Till the last evening ray, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
Harvest of pur- est gold, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
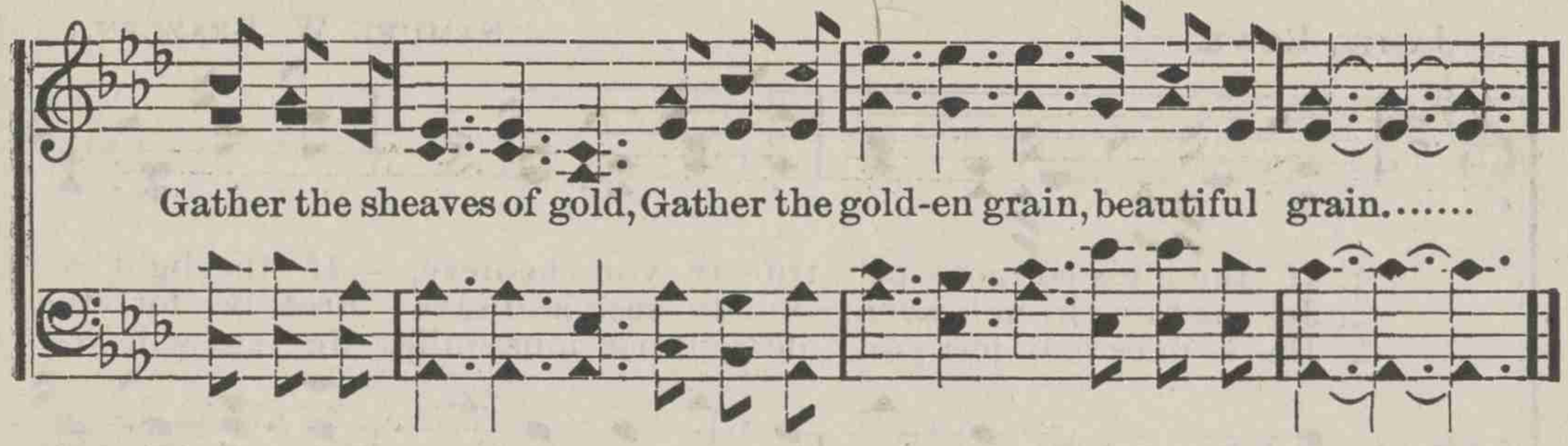
CHORUS.

Gath-er the gold - en grain, beau-ti - ful gold - en grain, Gath- er the

gold - en grain, beau-ti - ful grain;..... In - to His lov - ing fold,

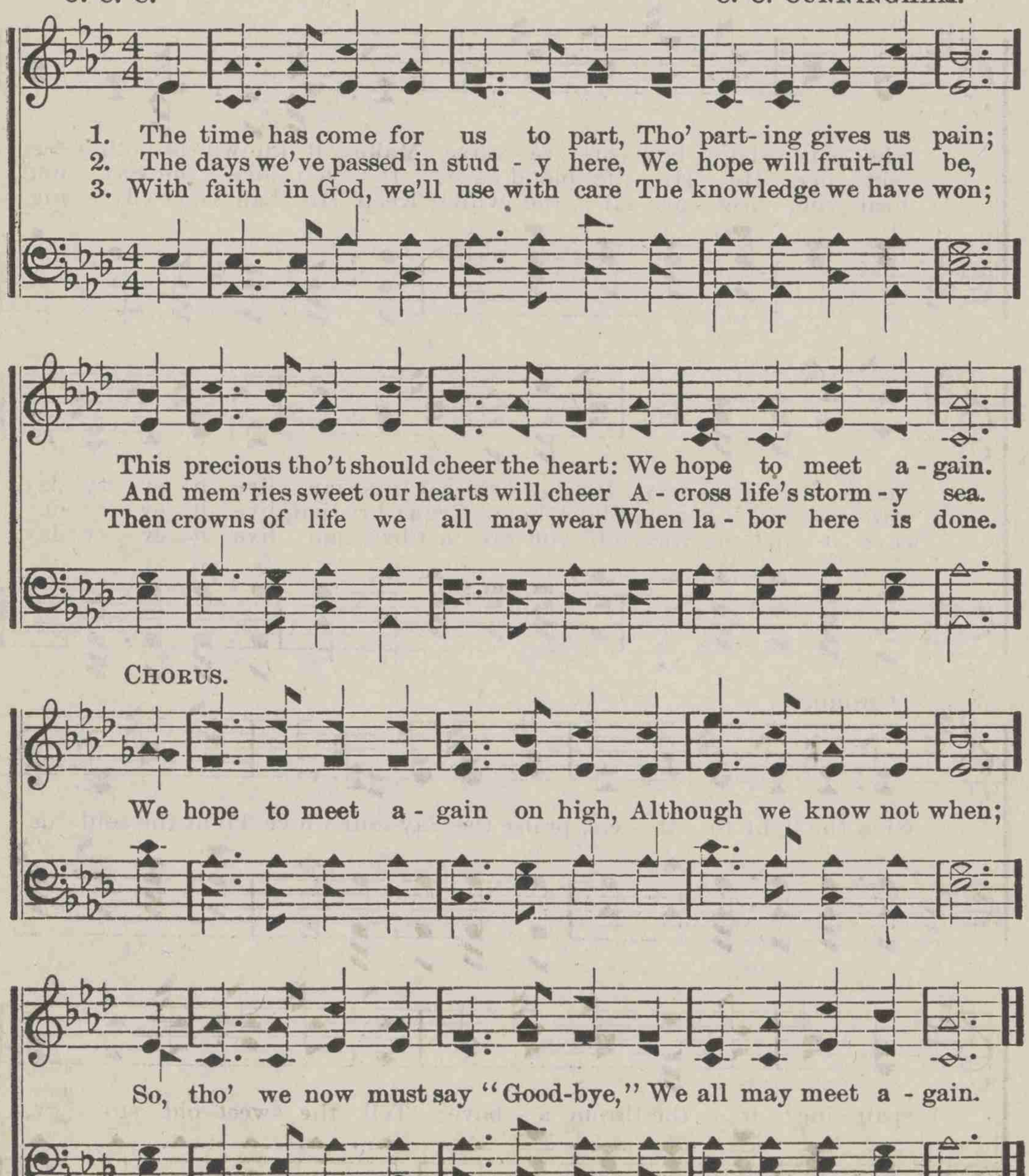
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GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.—Concluded.



No. 26. WE HOPE TO MEET AGAIN.

C. C. C. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.



Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham.

No. 27. LIVE IT EVERY DAY.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. If the bless-ed gos - pel tru - ly you be-lieve, If the light of
2. Je- sus came from heaven, souls to seek and save; Free- ly for the
3. En- e- mies may jeer you, old com-pan-ions smile, Je - sus will be

Je - sus dai - ly you re - ceive, Make it known to oth - ers
sin - ner He His life- blood gave; If you love the Sav - iour,
near you, cheer- ing all the while; Keep His ban - ner fly - ing,

as you go your way, If you are a Christ-ian, live it ev - 'ry day.
walk the shin-ing way, Show that you're a Christian, live it ev - 'ry day.
wave it all the way,—If you are a Christ-ian, live it ev - 'ry day.

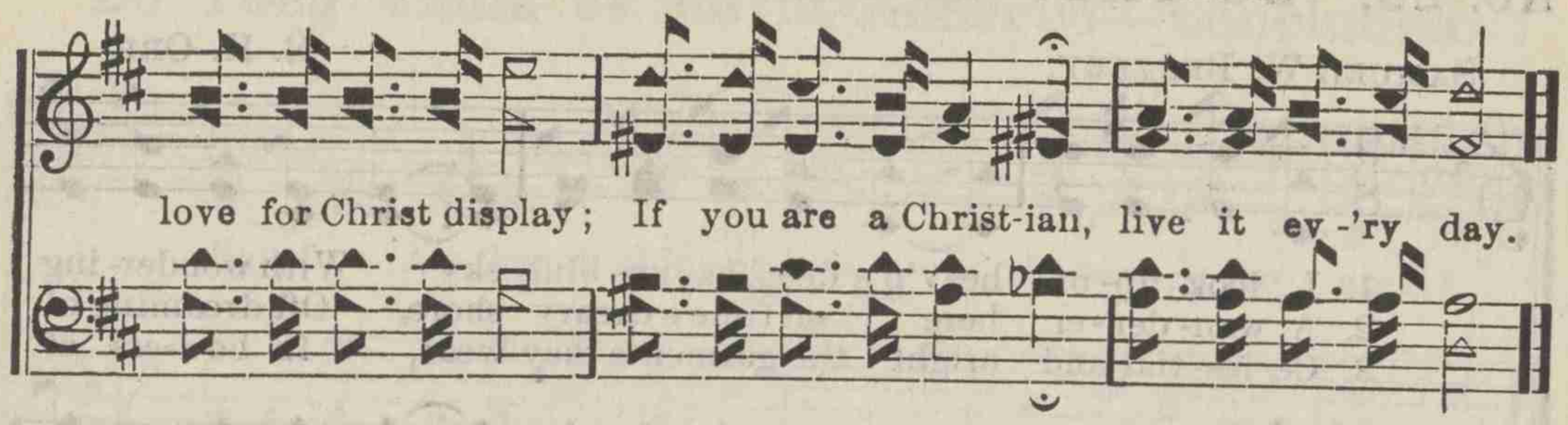
CHORUS.

Give the light to oth - ers, praise the Sav-iour's love, Point the soul de -

spair - ing to the throne a - bove; Tell the sweet old sto - ry,

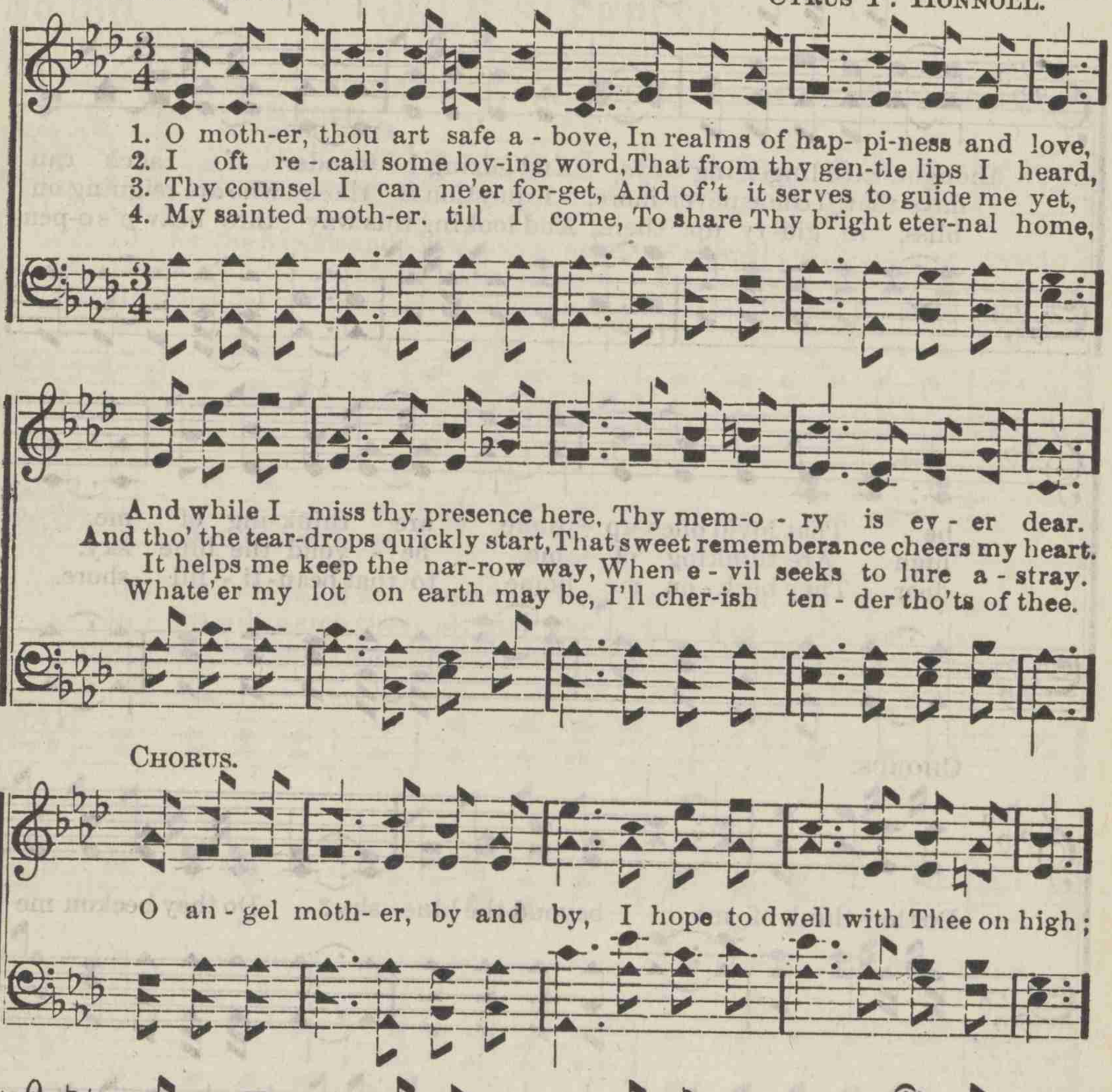
Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

LIVE IT EVERY DAY.—Concluded.

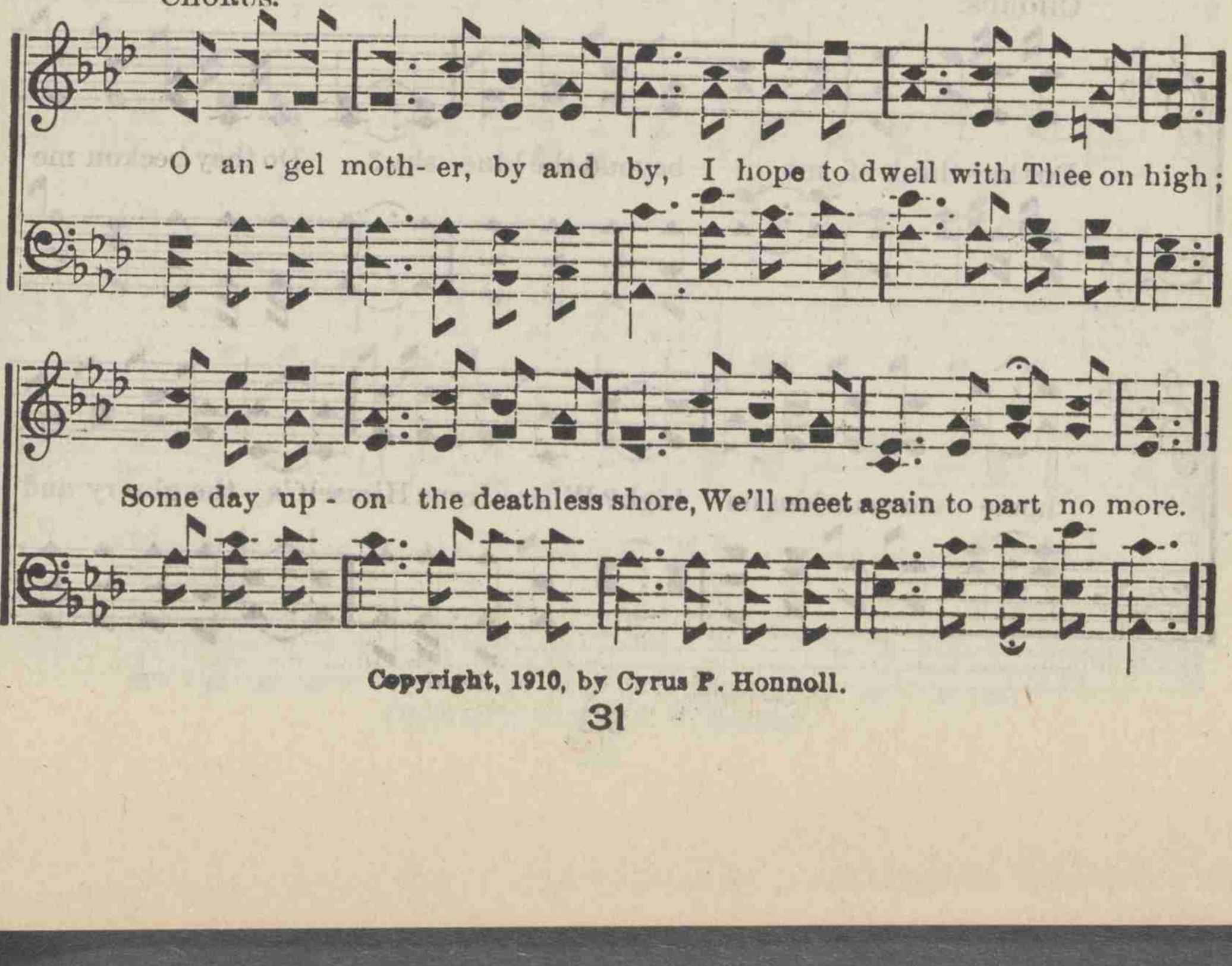


No. 28. MY ANGEL MOTHER.

JENNIE WILSON. CYRUS P. HONNOLL.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910, by Cyrus P. Honnoll.

No. 29. DO THEY THINK OF ME IN HEAVEN?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. R. K. ORR.

1. I look up- on heav'n's deep, az- ure blue sky With wonder- ing
2. A wan- der- er here on time's dreary shore, Oft dreaming of
3. Ce- les- tial and bright the garments they wear, In bow-ers of

thought, with linger-ing eye, And gazing I wonder if such can
days that'll come never-more, I question if those who are reigning on
bliss, in glo- ry up there, And looking this way thro' heav'n's o-pen

be That lov'd ones up there are think-ing of me.
high Are thinking of me be - yond the blue sky.
door They beck - on me home to that beau- ti - ful shore.
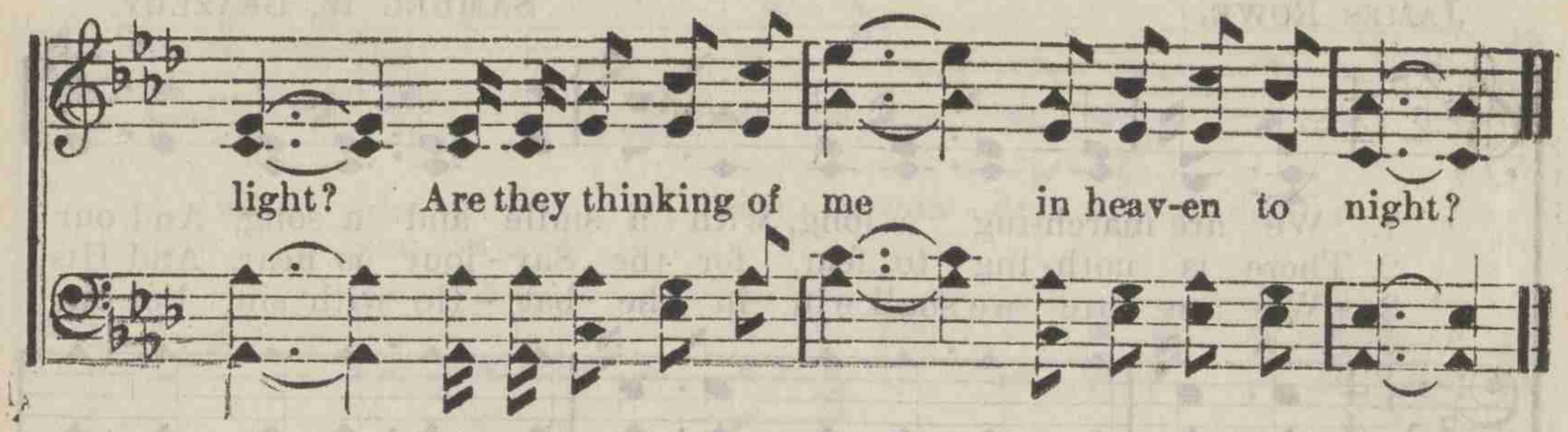
CHORUS.

Do they think of me beyond the blue sky? Do they beckon me

home to mansions on high? Where Jesus Himself's the glo- ry and

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Do They Think of Me in Heaven?—Concluded.

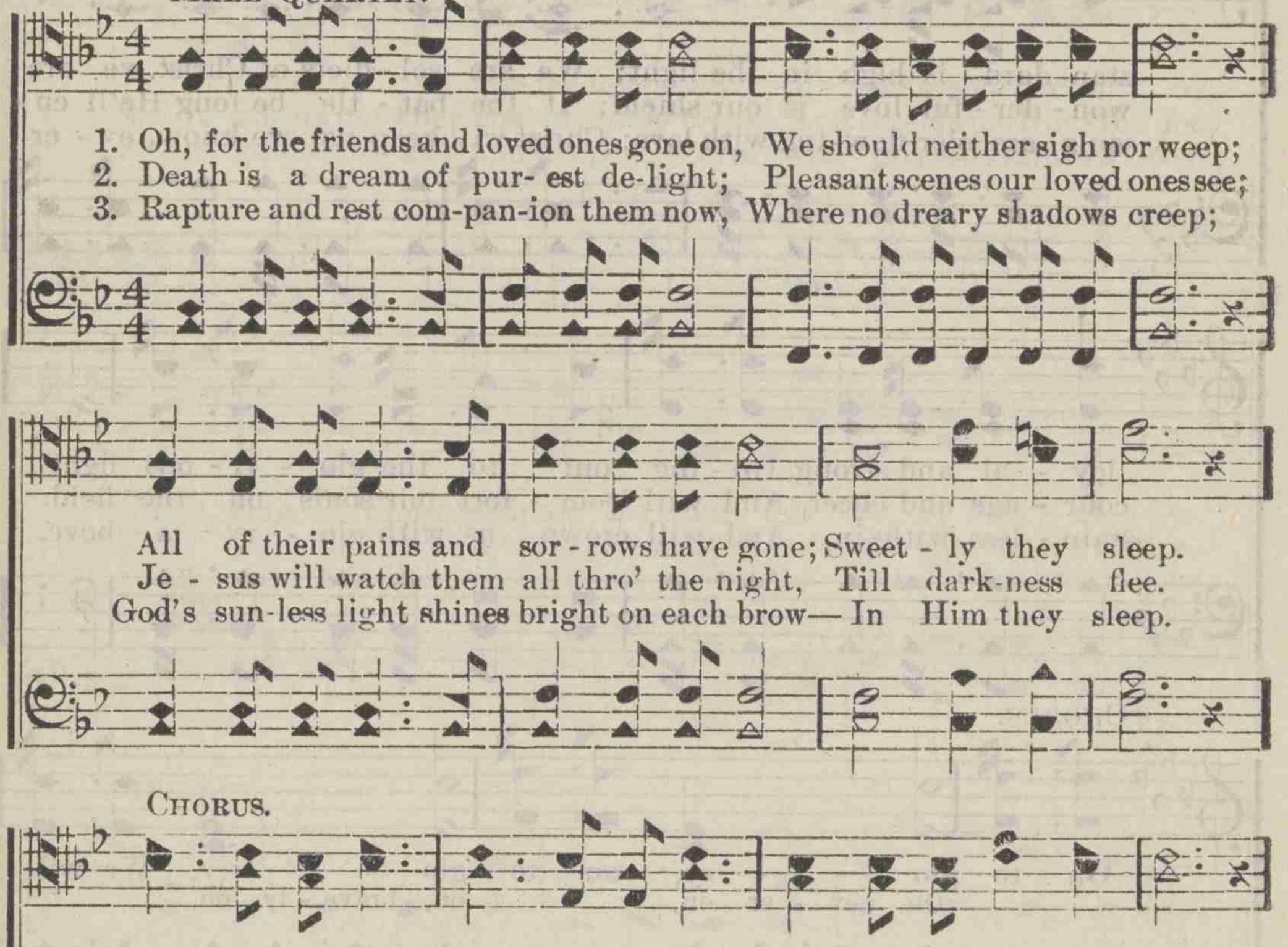


No. 30. ONLY SLEEPING.

(Funeral.)

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

MALE QUARTET.



Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 31. ON TO GLORY.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
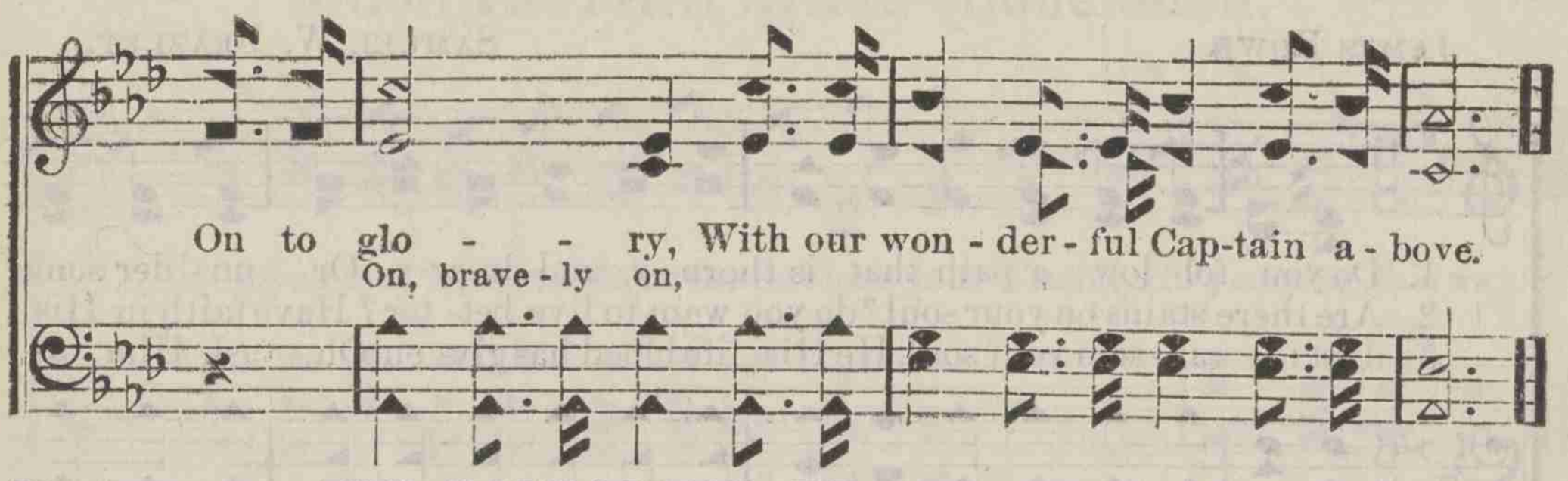
1. We are march-ing a-long, with a smile and a song, And our stan-dard is high in the light; We are sol-diers of Christ, we are loy-al and strong, Go-ing out to the glo-ri-ous fight.
2. There is noth-ing to fear, for the Sav-iour is near, And His won-der-ful love is our shield; If the bat-tle be long He'll en-cour-age and cheer, And will com-fort our souls on the field.
3. We are sure we shall win in the bat-tle with sin, For our souls are o'er-flow-ing with love; Christ will keep us, we know, ev-er stain-less with-in, And will crown us with glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

On to glo - - - ry, on to glo - - - ry, We will fight for the right, In the bright gos-pel light; On to glo - - - ry,
On, ev - er on, on, brave - ly on, On, ev - er on,
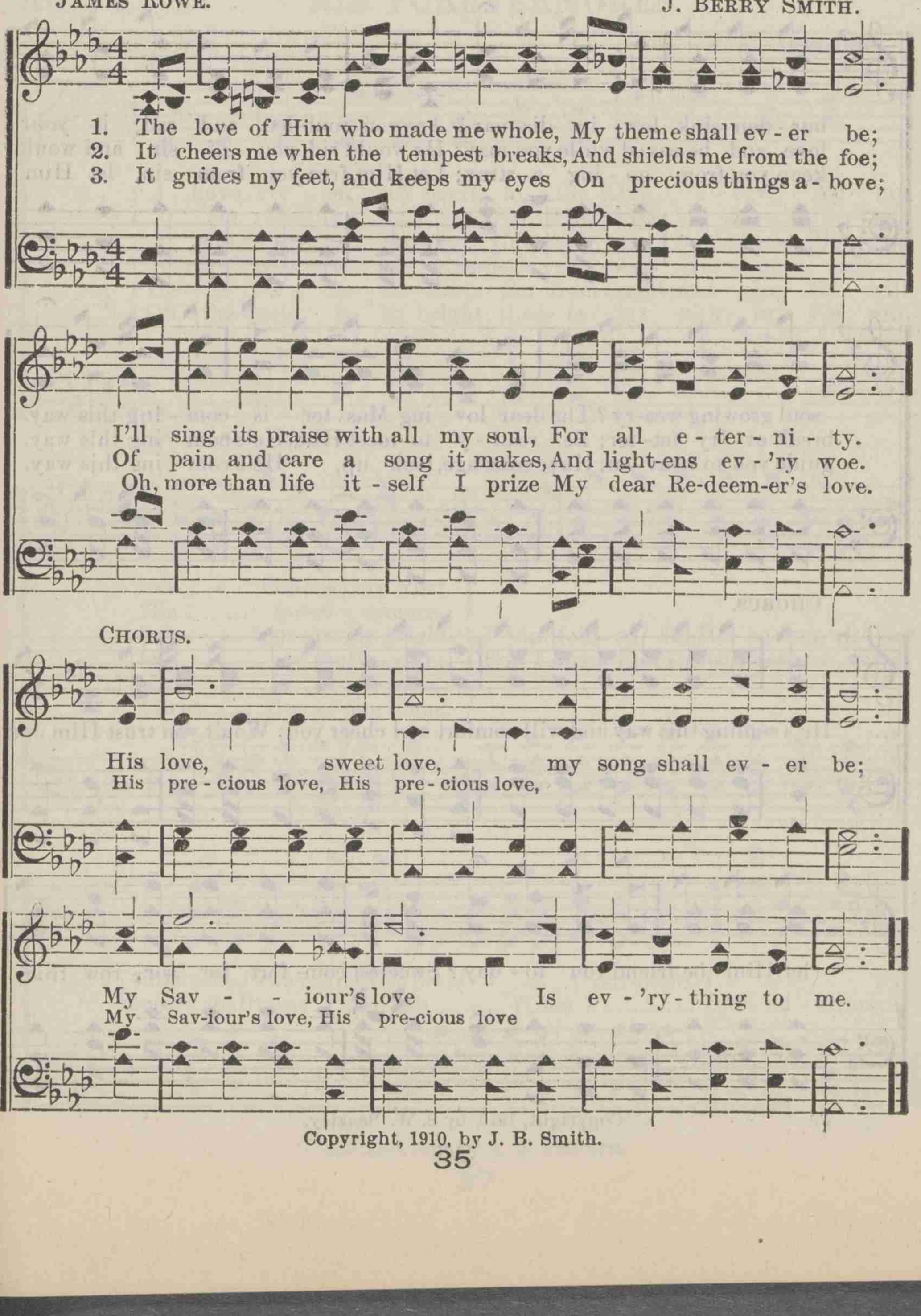
Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

ON TO GLORY.—Concluded.



No. 32. MY SAVIOUR'S PRECIOUS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. J. BERRY SMITH.



Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Smith.

No. 33. COMING THIS WAY.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Do you fol- low a path that is thorn- y and drear-y Or un - der some bur - den sink low in dis-may? Are you troub-led and sad; is your soul growing wea-ry? The dear lov - ing Mas- ter is com - ing this way.
2. Are there stains on your soul? do you want to live bet- ter? Have faith in His love and be saved while you may; He would rid you of sin and would break ev- 'ry fet- ter; Be read - y to meet Him, He's com - ing this way.
3. Just to ran- som your soul, He His life blood has giv- en, Oh, ask Him to keep you from go - ing a- stray; Let Him free you from sin, let Him guide you to heav- en; Have cour-age, look up, He's com - ing this way.

CHORUS.

He's coming this way and will comfort and cheer you; Won't you trust Him and let Him be-friend you to - day? Sweetest com- fort for sor - row from

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

COMING THIS WAY.—Concluded.

Him you may borrow; Make the Saviour your Friend, He's coming this way.

No. 34. HIS FOREVERMORE.

JAMES ROWE. E. B. AUSBORN.

1. I have giv - en my heart to the King a - bove, All my
   I am rest - ing at last in His arms of love, I am
2. I was lost in the val - ley of sin and shame, But the
   Words of com - fort He whis-per'd and, bless His name, He
3. He is a - ble to keep me from doubt and sin; He will
   Oh, the world is so bright; there is joy with - in, For with

CHORUS.

wan - der-ings are o'er;
His..... for-ev - ermore.
Sav - iour saw my plight;
led..... my soul a-right.
nev - er let me roam;
Christ..... I'm go- ing home.

I am fold- ed in His bo-som, with my
For I know that He will keep me, nev-er

sins washed away, And His prais - es I out-pour,
more I shall stray; I am His..... (*Omit.*)..... for- ev - er-more.

Copyright, 1910, by E. B. Ausborn.

No. 35, WITHOUT JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Still there are souls in gall-ing fet-ters pin- ing, Liv- ing with-out the
2. Crush'd by their sin, in darkness they are liv ing, No earth-ly friend is
3. Speed, speed a-way, life's precious message bearing, Com-fort their hearts and

Saviour's precious love, Nev - er they see the gos-pel sunlight shin-ing,
ev - er at their side; Lone - ly and sad, for love their souls are sighing,
fill their souls with cheer; Tell them that Je- sus still for them is dar - ing

CHORUS.
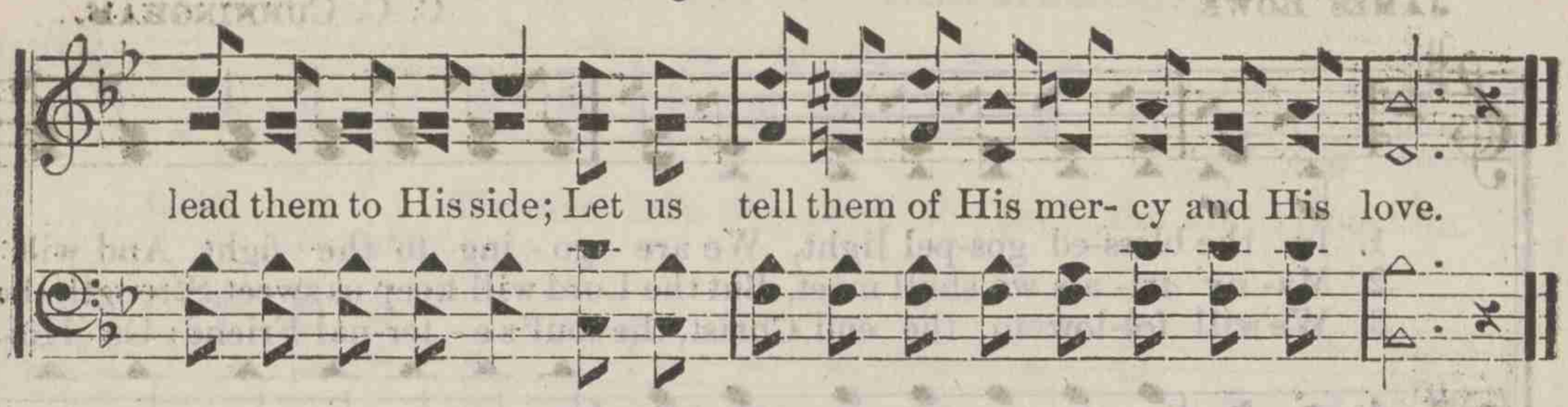
Nev - er they lift their tear-ful eyes a-bove.
Yet 'twas for these the lov-ing Sav-iour died.
Tell them the soul's e - ter- nal Friend is near.
} They are yielding to de -

spair, Sink-ing un - der weights of care, Liv - ing all the while with-

out the Friend a - bove; Let us tell them why He died, Try to
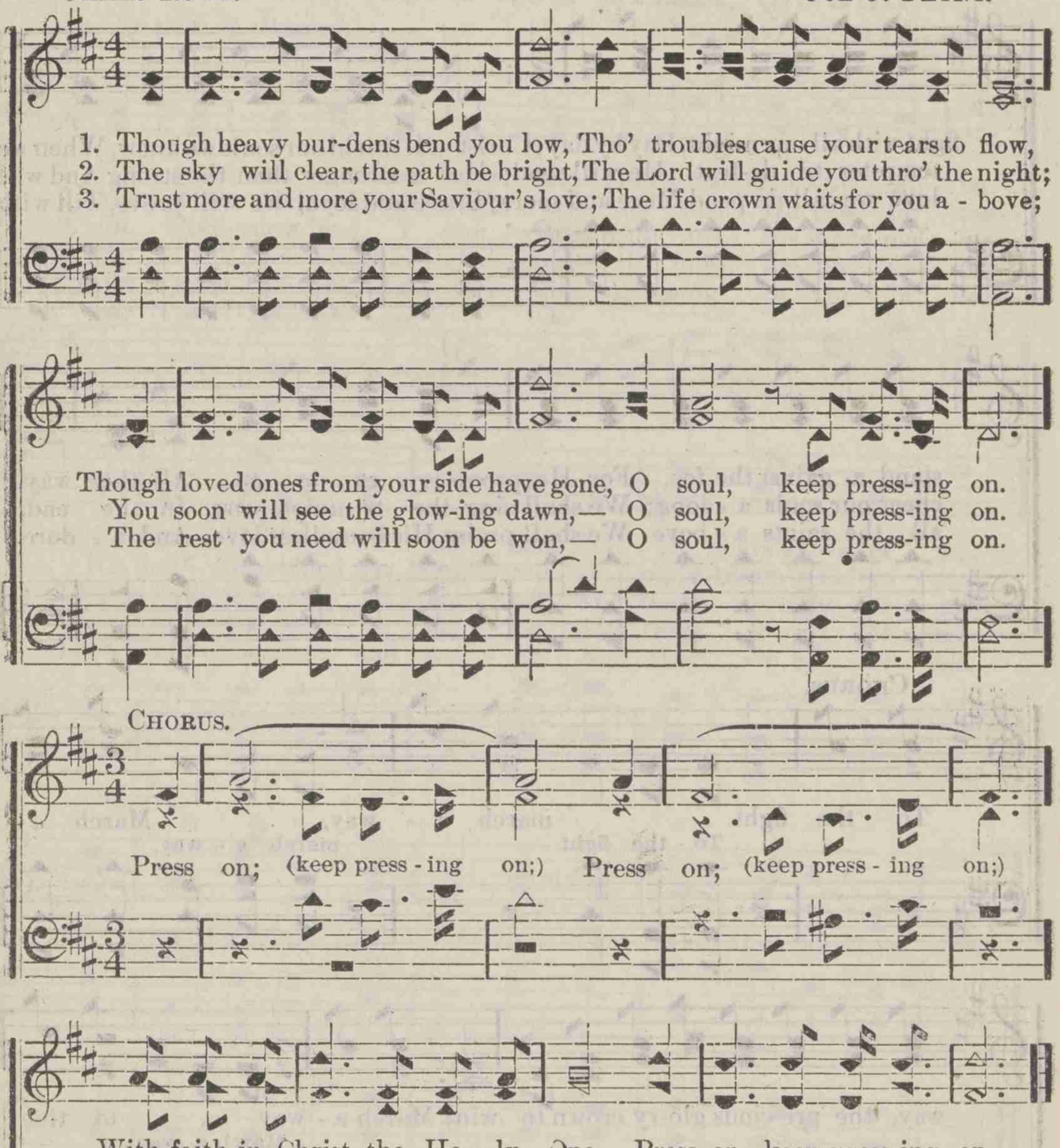
Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

WITHOUT JESUS—Concluded.



No. 36. KEEP PRESSING ON.

JAMES ROWE. JOE J. FLYNT.



Copyright, 1910, by J. J. Flynt.

No. 37. TO THE FIGHT.

JAMES ROWE. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. In the bless-ed gos-pel light, We are go - ing to the fight, And will fight with all our might, Day by day; Christ will shield our souls we know, When we
2. Ma- ny tri- als we shall meet, But the Lord will keep us sweet, Strength the temp-ter to de-feat He will send; He is stronger than the strong And will
3. We will fol-low to the end Christ, the soul's e - ter-nal Friend; On His love we all de-pend More and more; Brave and loyal we will prove, Till with

stand a- gainst the foe, For He prom- is - es to go All the way.
cheer our souls a - long; We shall sing the tri-umph-song, In the end.
all the saints a - bove We shall praise His boundless love, And a - dore.

CHORUS.
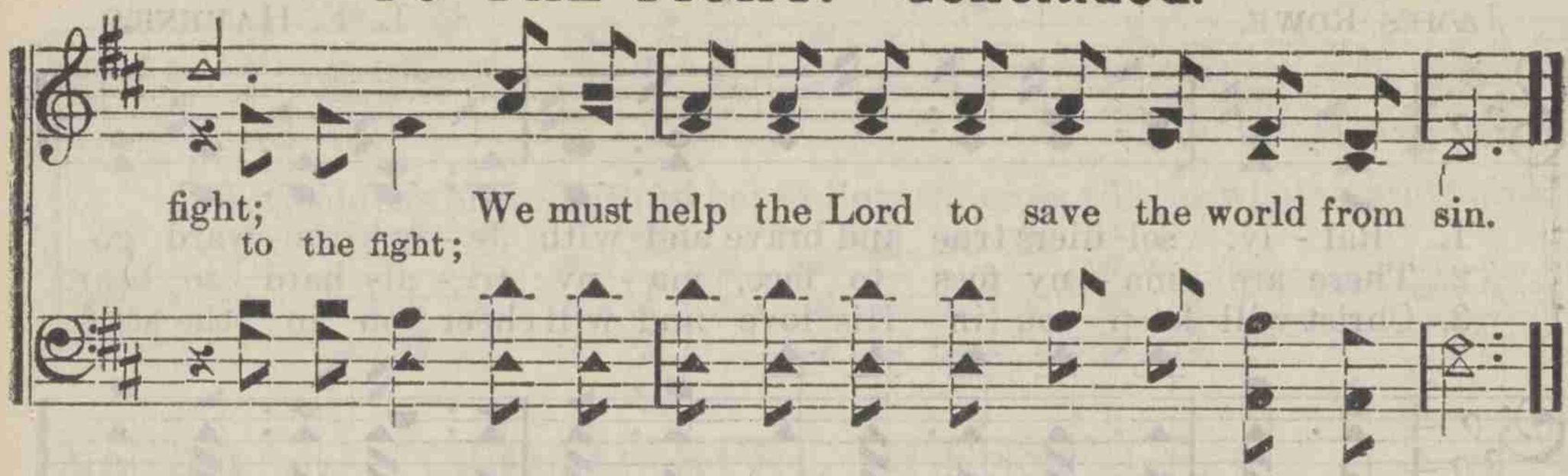
To the fight march a - way, March a - way, the pre-cious glo-ry crown to win; March a - way to the

To the fight march a - way,

March a- way
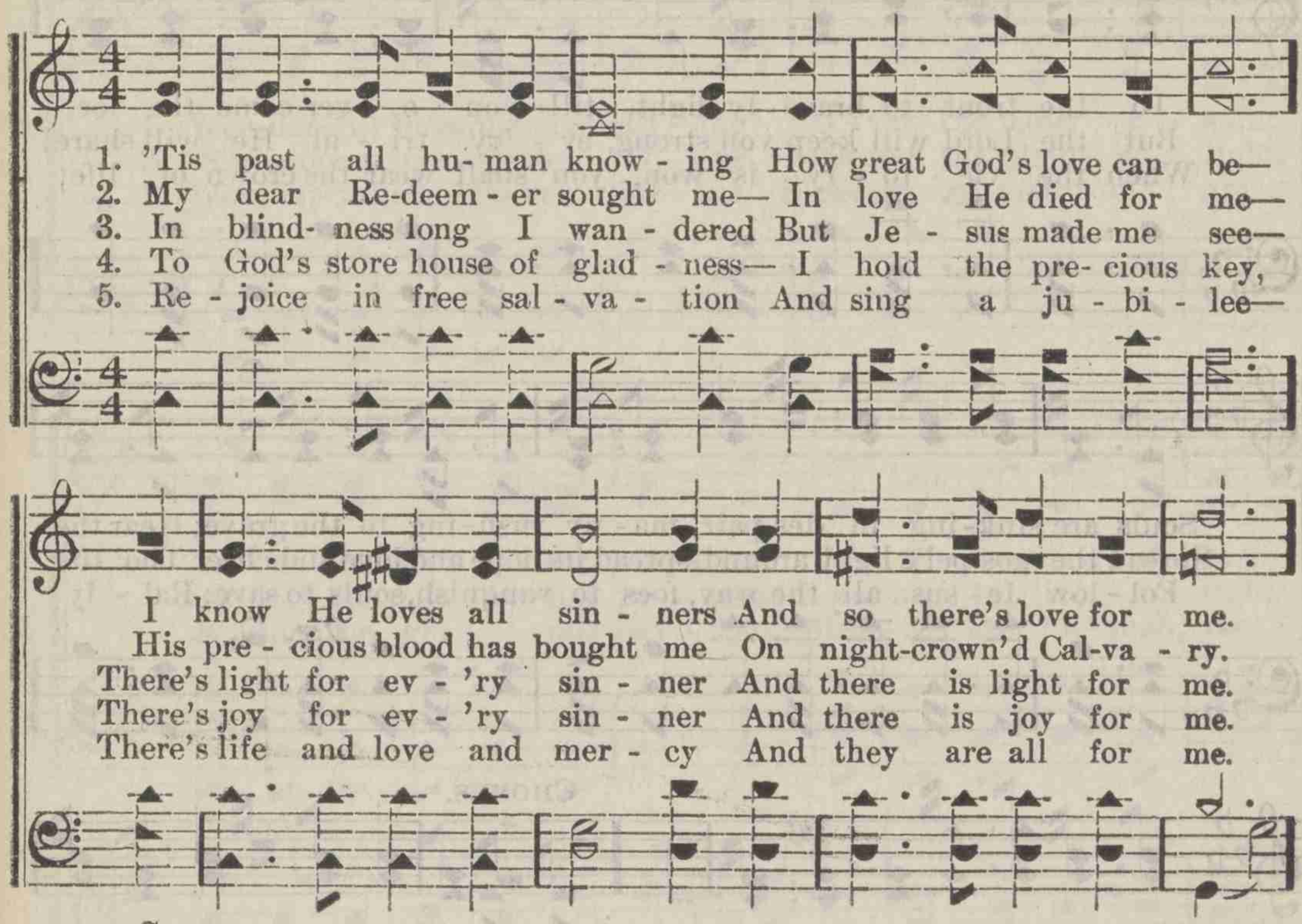
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TO THE FIGHT.—Concluded.
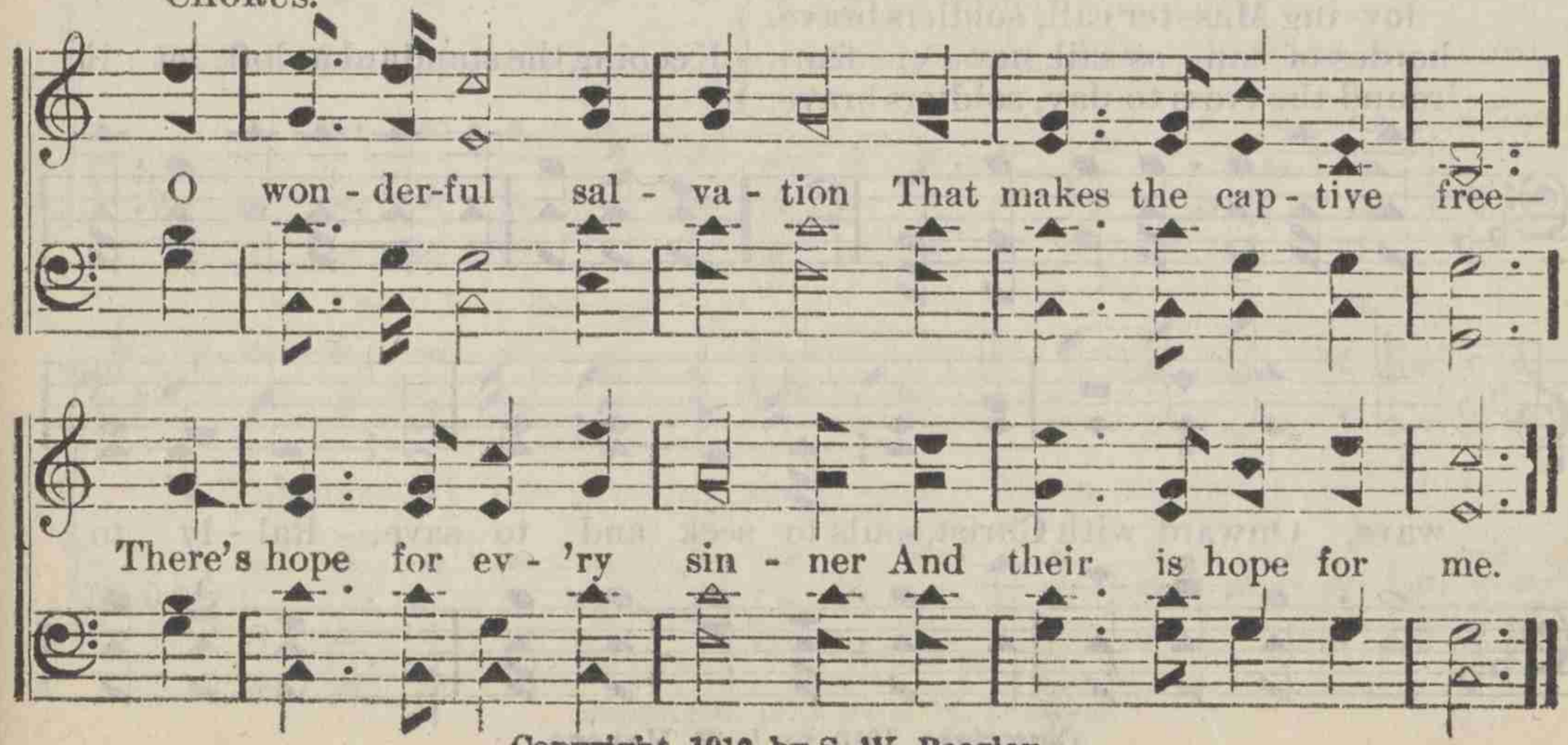


No. 38. THERE'S HOPE FOR EVERY SINNER.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.



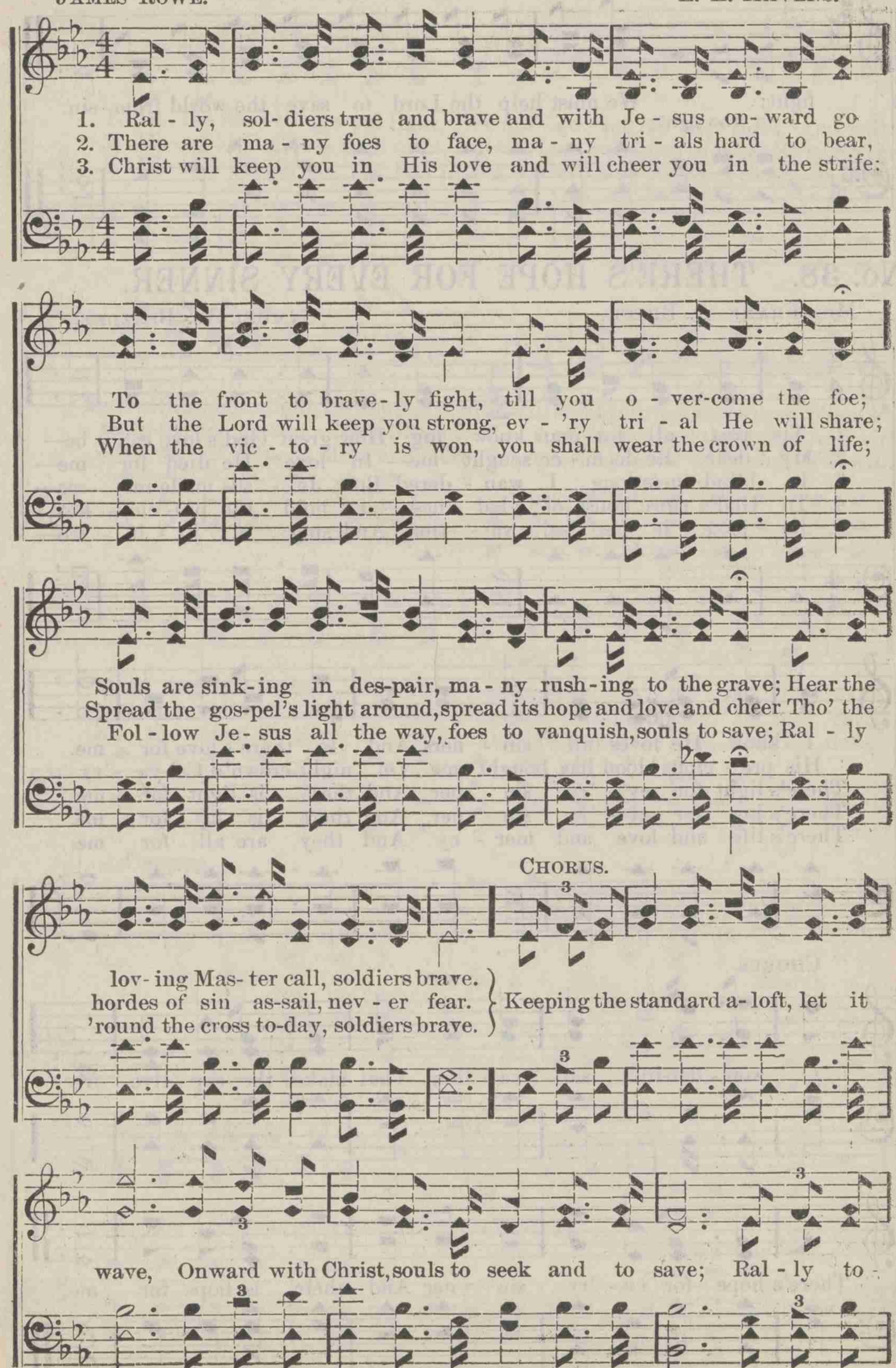
Chorus.



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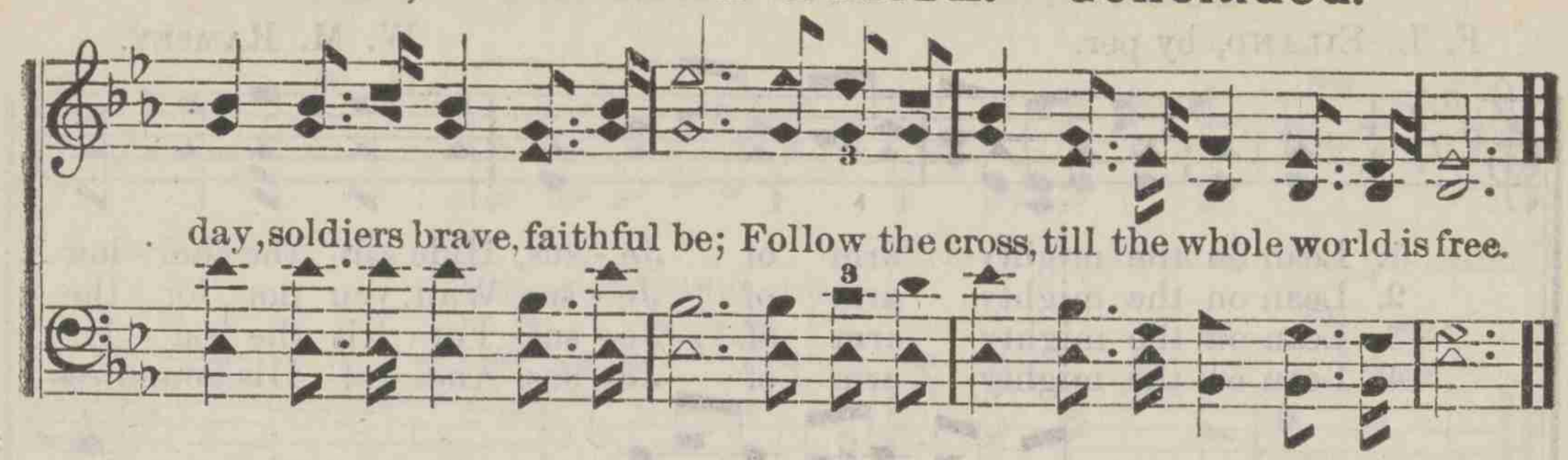
No. 39. RALLY, SOLDIERS BRAVE.

JAMES ROWE. L. E. HAVENS.



Copyright, 1910, by L. E. Havens.

RALLY, SOLDIERS BRAVE.—Concluded.



No. 40. WONDERFUL BLESSINGS.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 41. LEAN ON HIS ARM.

F. L. EILAND, by per. W. M. RAMSEY.

1. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Hide in the hol - low
2. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Wait you not for the
3. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, For 'tis the on - ly
4. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, And of His boundless

of His hand; 'Neath His pro - tect- ing wings a - bide you,
morn - ing dawn; Ev -'ning of life may come and find you,
ref - uge sure; Let not an - oth - er's in - vi - ta - tion,
mer - cy share; Drink of the ev - er - liv - ing fount- ain,

CHORUS.

Firm on the rock of A - ges stand.
And with your strength and courage gone.
Now from this hope, your soul al - lure.
Down by the Rock of A - ges there.

Lean on His arm,...
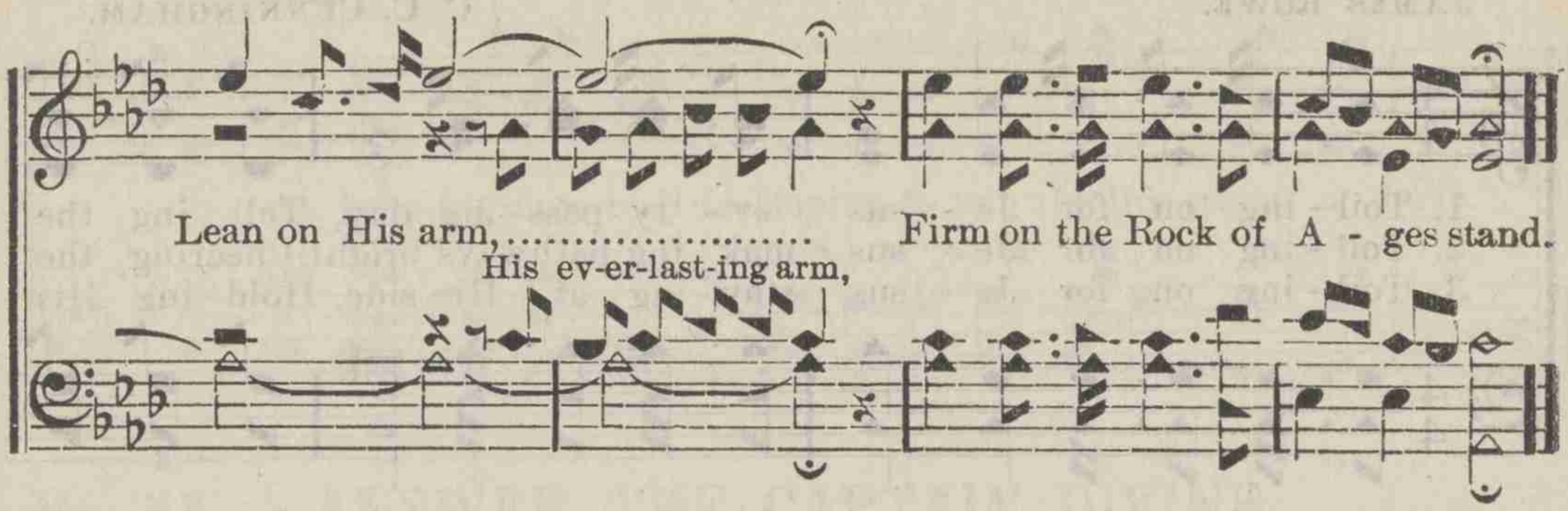
Lean on His arm, His

..... Hide in the hol- low of His hand!

ev-er-last-ing arm, Lean on His arm,

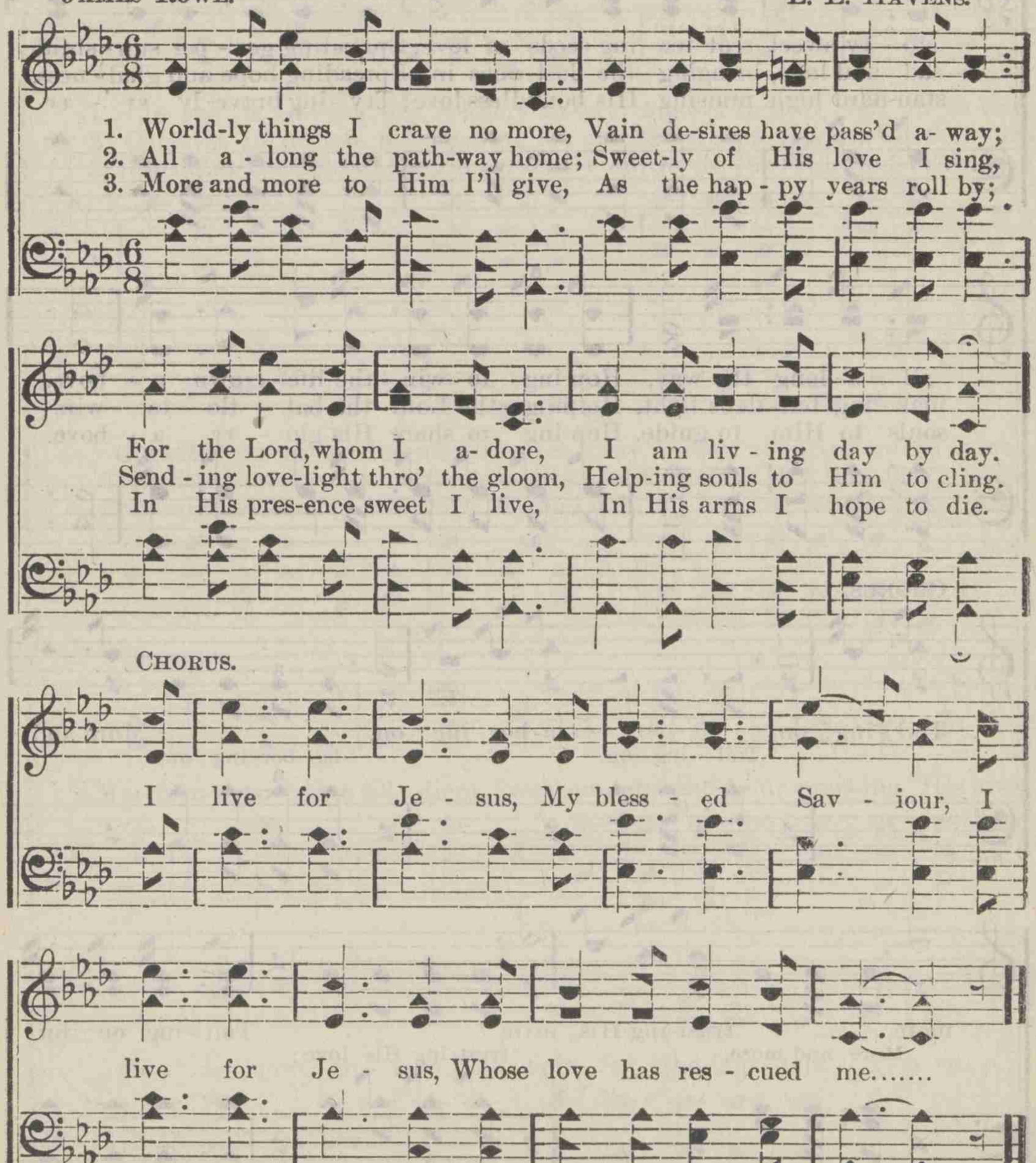
Copyright, 1900, by F. L. Eiland.

LEAN ON HIS ARM.—Concluded.



No. 42. I LIVE FOR JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. L. E. HAVENS.



Copyright, 1910, by L. E. Havens.

No. 43. TOILING ON FOR JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Toil - ing on for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Tell - ing the
2. Toil - ing on for Je - sus, mak - ing pathways bright, Cheering the
3. Toil - ing on for Je - sus, stay - ing at His side, Hold - ing His

sto - ry sweet, scat - ter - ing seeds of love; Spreading gos - pel sun - shine
sad and lone, bringing the lost ones in; Spreading hope and glad - ness,
stan-dard high, praising His boundless love; Try - ing brave - ly ev - er

all a - long the way, Hop-ing to win the life - crown a - bove.
mak - ing bur - dens light, Helping the Lord the bat - tle to win.
souls to Him to guide, Hop-ing to share His glo - ry a - bove.

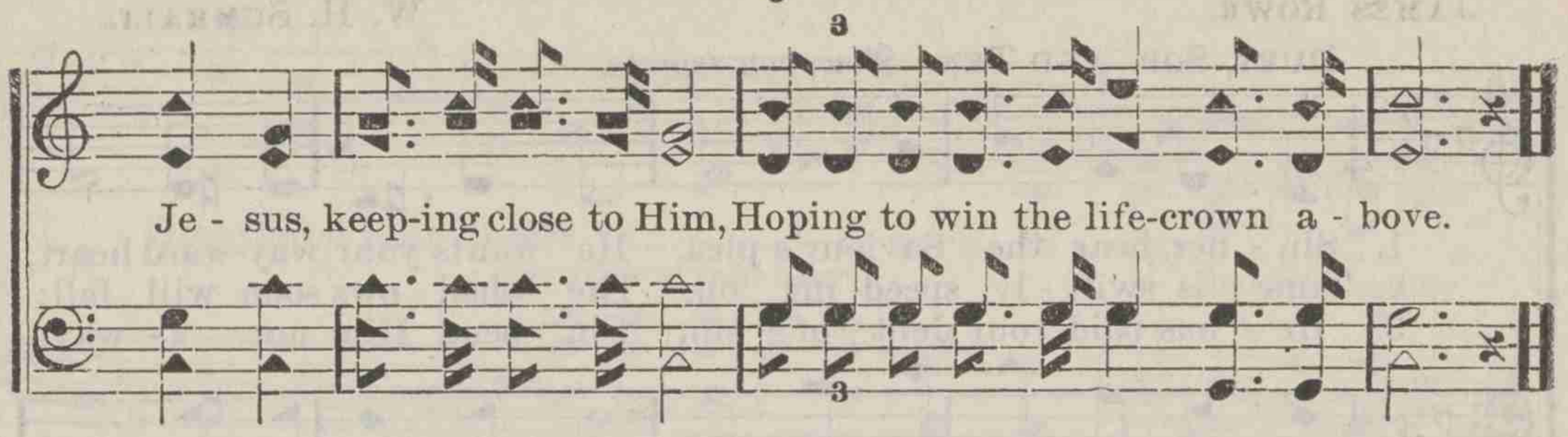
CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, la - bor - ing on, More and
Toil - ing on, la - bor - ing on,

more, trust-ing His love; Toil - ing on for
More and more, trust - ing His love;

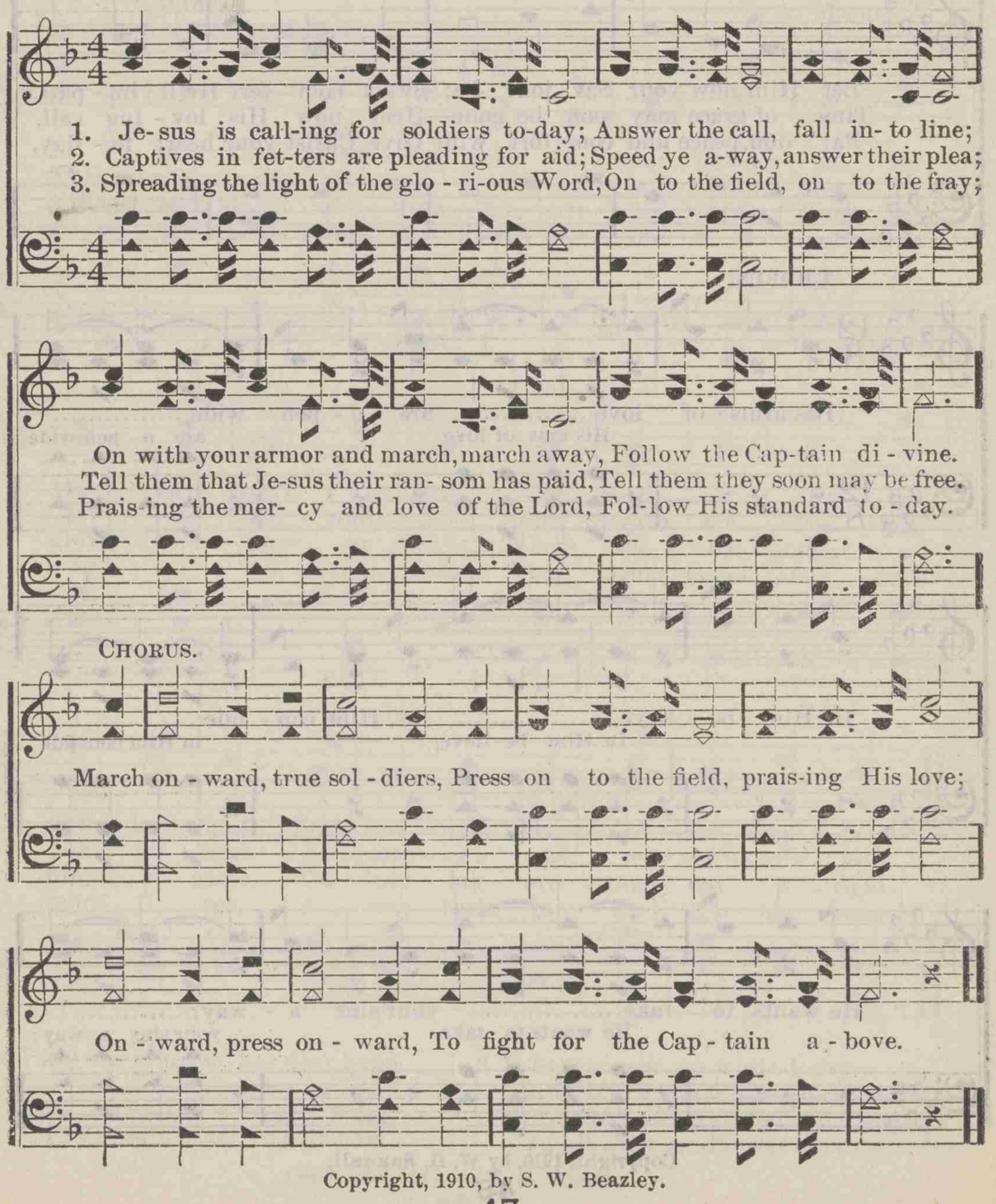
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TOILING ON FOR JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 44. ANSWER THE CAPTAIN DIVINE.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 45. BE SAVED TO-DAY.

JAMES ROWE. W. H. SUMRALL.

DUET, SOP. AND TEN. *Slow, con espress.*

1. Sin - ner, hear the Saviour's plea, He wants your way-ward heart;
2. Time is swift - ly speed- ing on, The shad - ows soon will fall;
3. He has paid your debt of sin, Oh, send Him not a - way;

Let Him now your Sav - iour be; Sweet com - fort He'll im - part.
Time of grace may soon be gone—Hear now His lov - ing call.
Par - don, peace and com- fort win; Give Christ your heart to - day.

CHORUS.
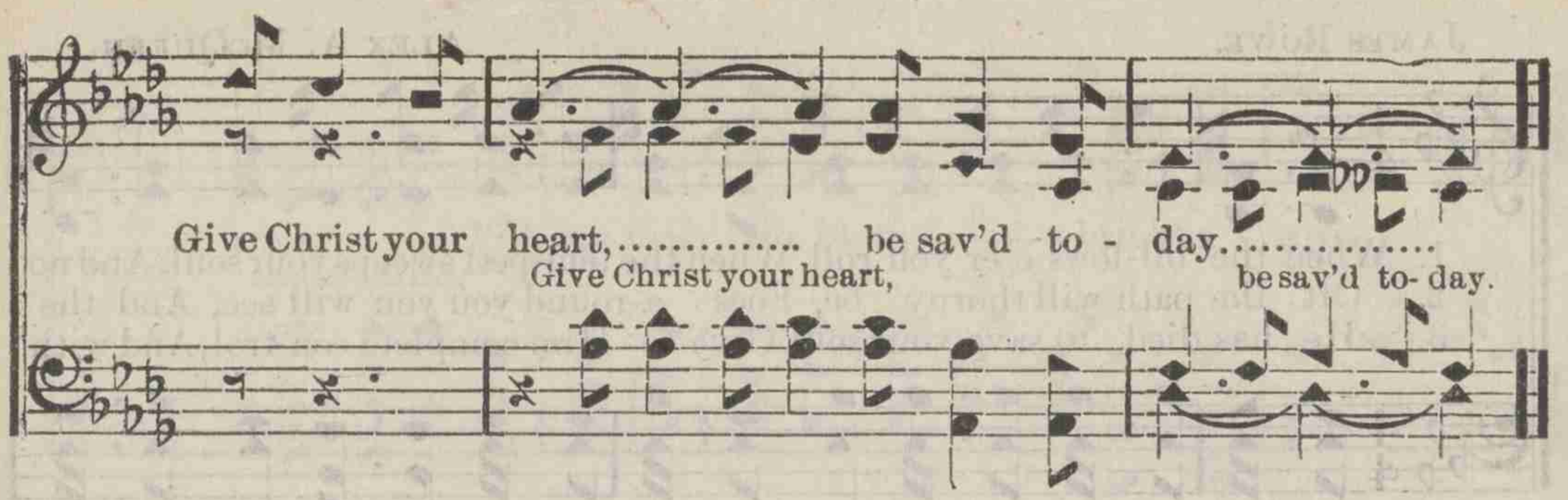
His arms of love..... are o - pen wide,.....
His ams of love are o - pen wide,

In Him be - lieve,..... in Him con - fide;.....
In Him be- lieve, in Him con- fide;

He wants to take..... your sins a - way;.....
He wants to take your sins a - way;

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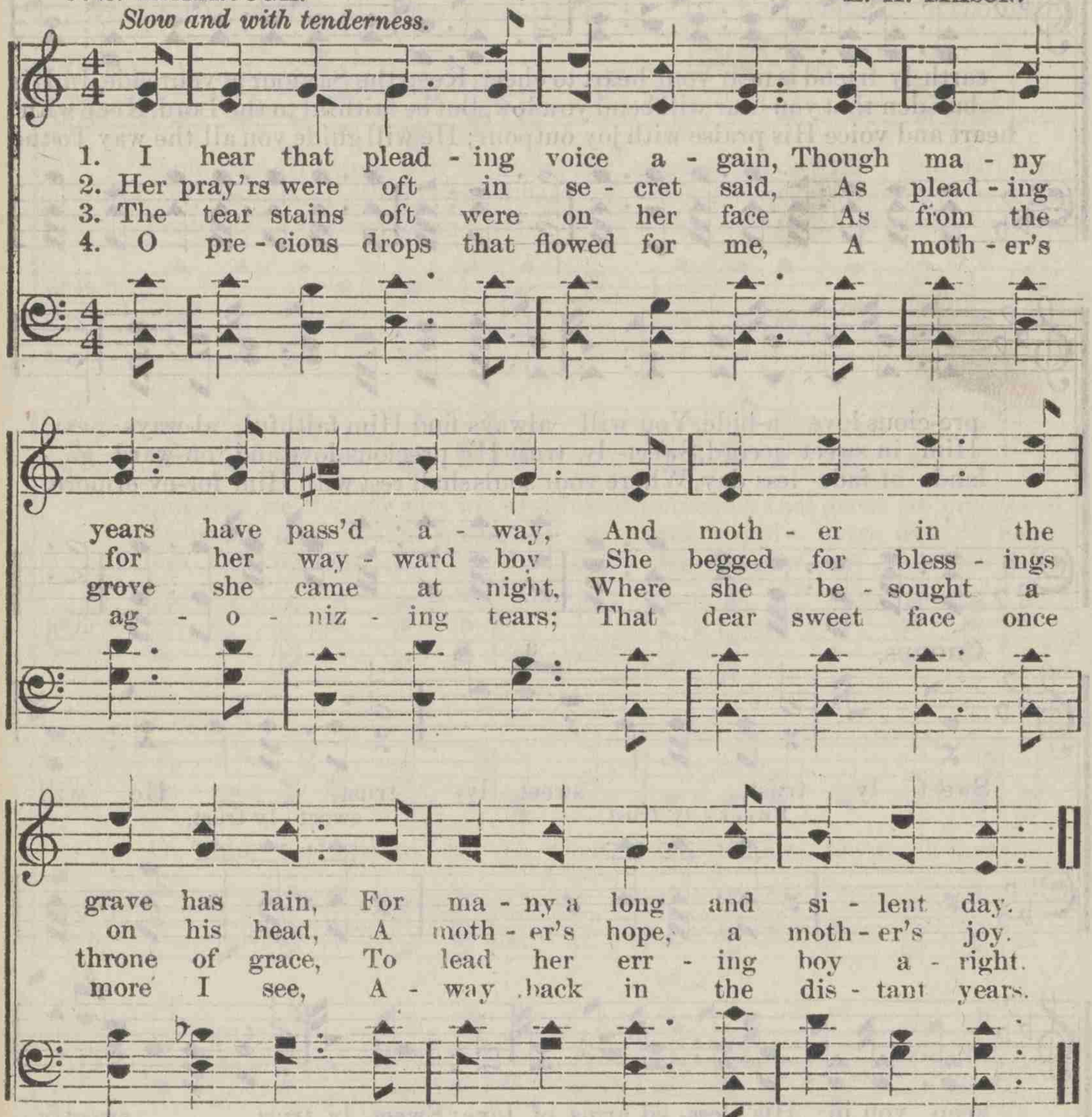
BE SAVED TO-DAY.—Concluded.



No. 46. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. E. A. MASON.

Slow and with tenderness.



5 I feel the touch of her dear hand,
As oft it rested on my brow,
And as upon life's verge I stand,
I feel my mother's spirit now.

6 It hovers near me while I stay
And watch the fast receding years,
Her prayers, her tears, her hand to-day,
In all their tenderness appears.

Copyright, 1910, by E. A. Mason.

No. 47. SWEETLY TRUST.

JAMES ROWE. ALEX A. McQUEEN.

1. When the bil-lows o'er you roll, When the tem-pest sweeps your soul, And no
2. Oft the path will thorny be, Foes a-round you you will see, And the
3. He has died to save your soul, Give to Him complete con-trol, And with

earth-ly friend is near your heart to cheer, Keep the Saviour at your side, In His
bur-den that you bear will bend you low, But be faithful to the Lord, Keep with
heart and voice His praise with joy outpour; He will guide you all the way To the

pre-cious love a-bide, You will always find Him faithful, al-ways near.
Him in sweet accord, Sweet- ly trust His precious love and on-ward go.
land of fade- less day, Where your souls shall rest with Him for-ev-ermore.
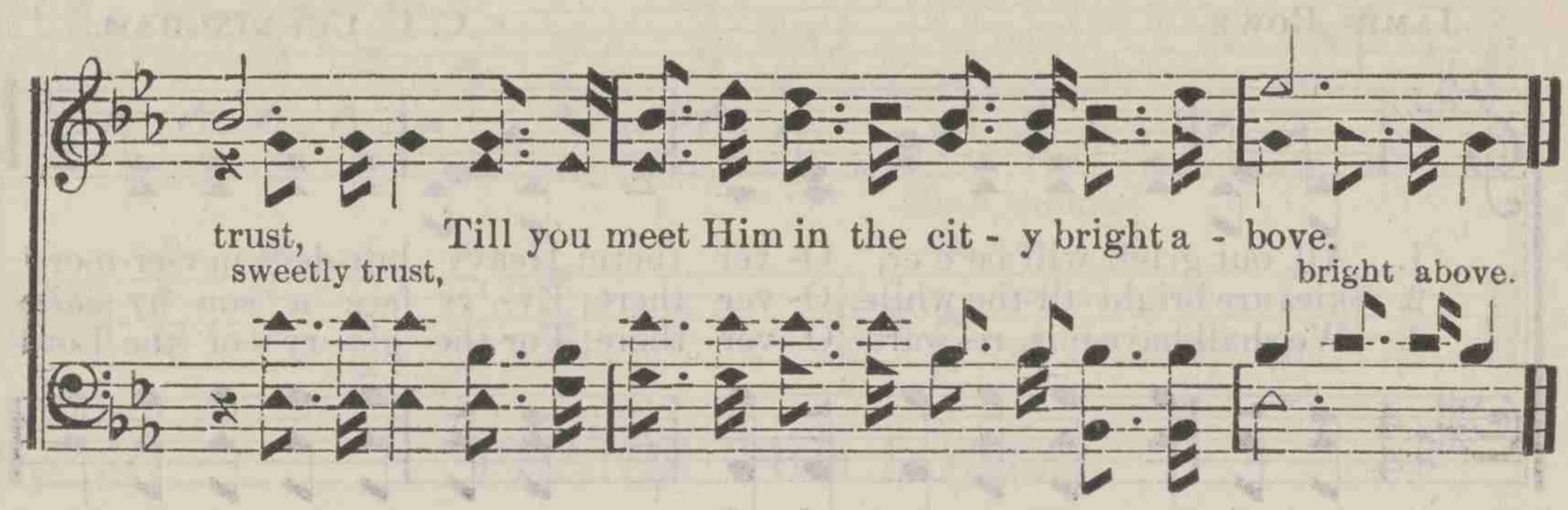
CHORUS.

Sweet - ly trust, sweet - ly trust, He will
Sweet - ly trust, sweet - ly trust,

keep you in His bless- ed arms of love; Sweet- ly trust, sweetly
Sweetly trust,

Copyright, 1910, by Alex. A. McQueen.

SWEETLY TRUST.—Concluded.



No. 48. "THE TIDE WILL TURN."

M. Ethelyn Howe. Arr. by E. B. K. Essie B. Kilgore.

Copyright, 1910, by Essie B. Kilgore.

No. 49. WHEN WE MEET OVER THERE.

JAMES ROWE. C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. All our grief will be o'er, O- ver there; Heavy bur-dens nev-er-more
2. Skies are bright all the while, O- ver there; Ev- 'ry face a sun- ny smile
3. We shall have our re- ward O- ver there; For the glo- ry of the Lord

We shall bear; We shall sing with rap - ture sweet, Gath - ered
There will wear; We shall walk the streets of gold And our
We shall share; With the dear ones gone be - fore, We shall

'round the Sav-iour's feet, Some glad morning, when we meet O - ver there.
Sav- iour dear be - hold, When the pearl-y gates un - fold, O - ver there.
sing for - ev - er - more To the Sav- iour we a - dore, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, on that bright e - ter - nal shore; O - ver

O - ver there,
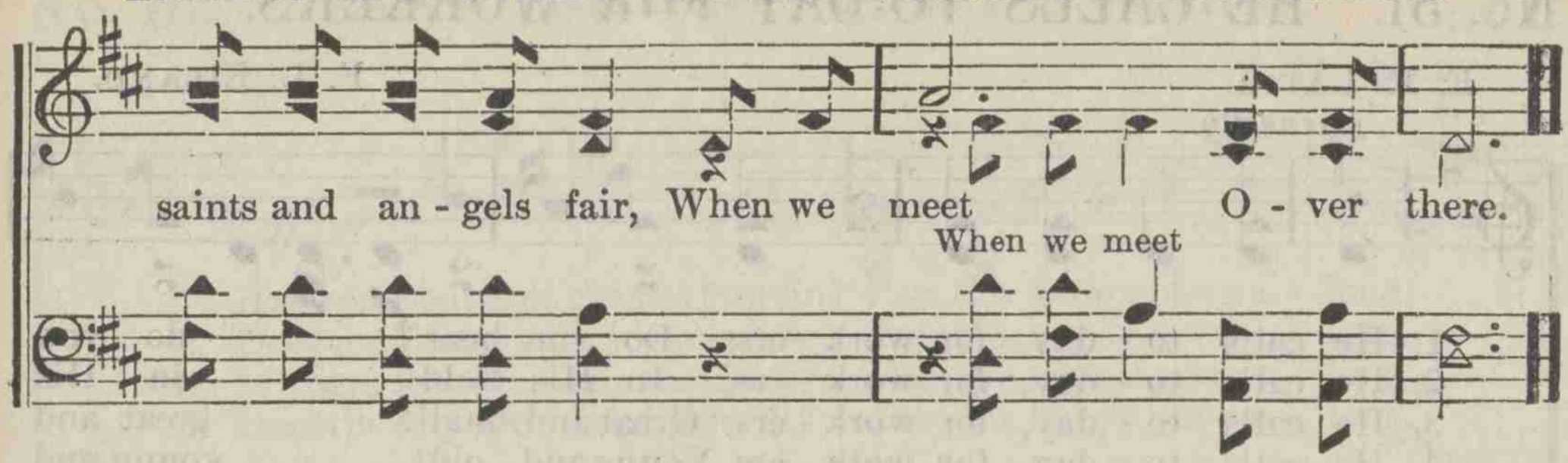
there all our tri- als will be o'er; We shall dwell with the

O-ver there

We shall dwell
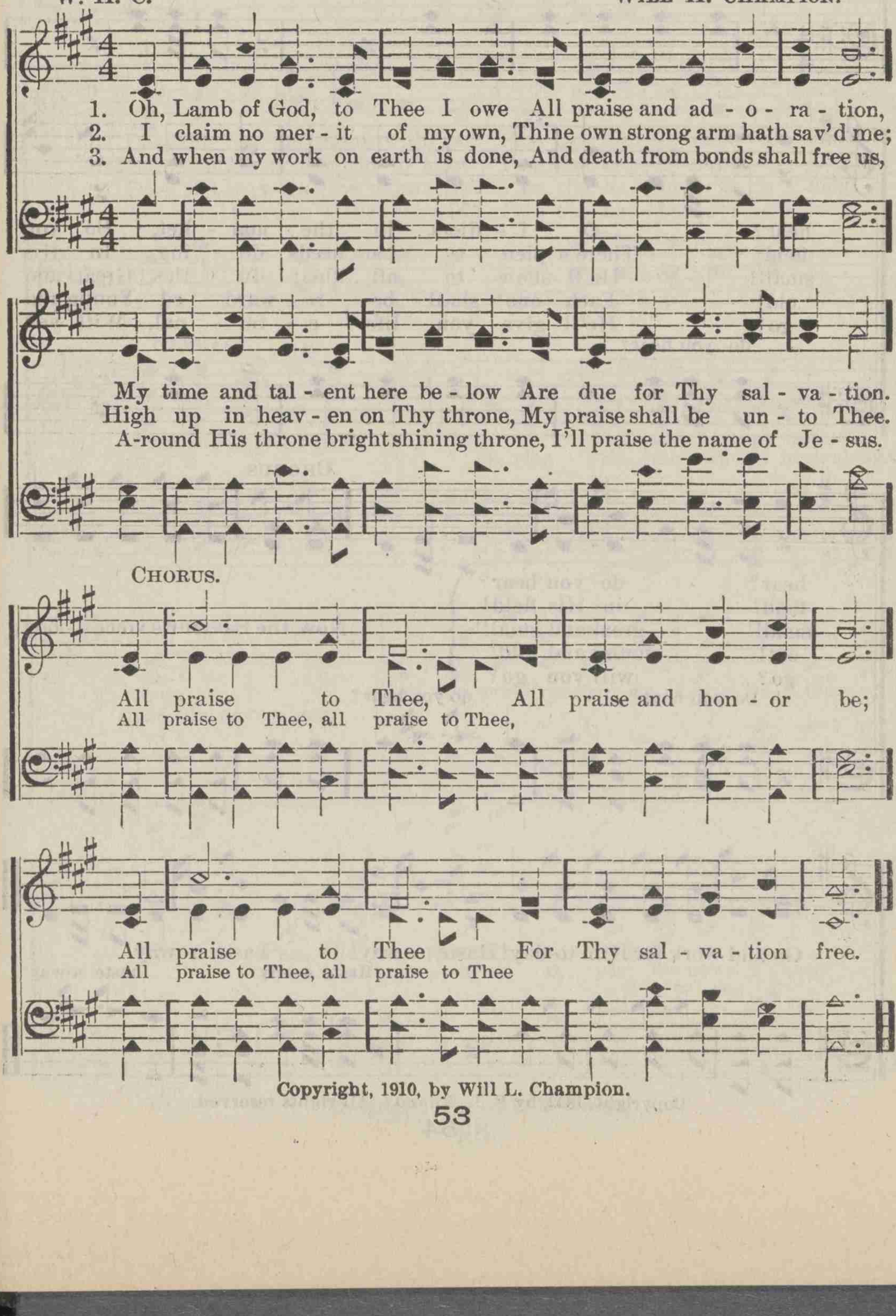
Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham.

WHEN WE MEET OVER THERE.—Concluded.



No. 50. PRAISE THE LORD

W. H. C. WILL H. CHAMPION.



Copyright, 1910, by Will L. Champion.

No. 51. HE CALLS TO-DAY FOR WORKERS.

E. R. LATTA. F. L. EILAND.

Earnestly.

1. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Do you hear? do you
2. He calls to - day, for work - ers, In His field! in His
3. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Great and small! great and
4. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Young and old! young and
5. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Will you go? will you

1. Do you hear?

hear? O i - dlers, in the mar - ket, Do you
field! There's plen - ty that needs do - ing, In His
small! He'll show to all, their du - ties, Great and
old! Each one shall be re - ward - ed—Young and
go? He'll give you life e - ter - nal, Will you

do you hear?

CHORUS.

hear? do you hear?
field! in His field!
small! great and small!
old! young and old!
go? will you go?

Now, the Saviour's voice o - bey;

Do you hear? do you hear?

Go and work for Him to-day! Haste a- way! haste a- way!

Haste a-way! haste a-way!

Copyright, 1892, by F. L. Eiland. All rights reserved.

No. 52. PASS THE HAPPY NEWS ALONG.

C. D. C. C. D. CURRY.

1. Has your soul been cleansed from sin? Pass the happy news a - long.
2. Does your heart with joy o'erflow? Pass the happy news a - long.
3. Is there rest at Je - sus feet? Pass the happy news a - long.
4. Does the way grow brighter still? Pass the happy news a - long.

Does the Sav-iour reign with- in? Pass the hap- py news a - long.
Would you have the world to know? Pass the hap- py news a - long.
Does His serv-ice grow more sweet? Pass the hap- py news a - long.
Are you lost in His sweet will? Pass the hap- py news a - long.

REFRAIN.

Pass the hap- py news a - long, Pass the hap- py news a -
a- long, Pass the hap - py news along, O
long, Tell the wond'rous sto- ry, Christ is King of
pass the news a-long,
Glo - ry, Pass the hap- py news a - long.
Pass the hap - py news, O pass the news a - long.

Copyright, 1910, by C. D. Curry.

No. 53. JESUS SOUGHT ME.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. A - way from God and home was I, No earth - ly friend or
2. The world was deaf to cry and plea, No help - ing hand reached
3. My heart is glad, I'm pure with - in, No more I'll tread the

help was nigh, But Je - sus sought me, bless His name, And
out for me, But Je - sus loved my sin - ful soul And
path of sin But here and in the world a - bove I'll

CHORUS.

res- cued me from sin and shame.
now I'm un - der His con - trol.
praise my Sav- iour's bound-less love.
} Je - sus sought me, and He

bought me, Safe- ly led me in - to the fold, Where so sweet- ly blest

Poco rit.

I will safe - ly rest Till I go to the cit - y of gold.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 54. DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

If we labor for the Master, as we journey here below;
We will meet and greet our loved ones, in that land to which we go.—*Wm. M. G.*

WM. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN.

1. Let your light shine and Je- sus will bless you, Al-ways do good for
2. There is no room in heav-en for sin - ners, They can- not en - ter
3. Ma - ny dear souls are per- ish-ing, Christians, Can you not help them

e - vil each day; Go and speak words of com-fort to oth - ers,
in at the gate; Broad is the road, which thousands now trav - el,
while on your way? To that sweet home just o - ver the riv - er,

REFRAIN.

Show then the light the truth and the way.
Hell will be crowded, share not their fate.
Teach them to walk with Je- sus for aye.
} Come now, poor sinner, come unto

Je - sus, He will re- ceive you in - to His fold; But there are

ma - ny out on the mountain, W and'ring in darkness, hunger and cold.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Golden.

No. 55. TELL THE STORY OF LOVE.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Would you the Saviour o - bey? Live for the kingdom a - bove;
2. Ma - ny are waiting to hear, News of the heav-en - ly call;
3. Tell the old sto - ry so true, Tell it what-ev - er the cost;
3. Tell them the love of the Christ, How He has sought them for years;

Lov - ing the ho - li - est, lift up the low - li - est,
Hearts that are hard - en - ing, yearn for God's par - don - ing,
Life that is du - ti - ful, ev - er is beau - ti - ful,
Lov - ing and need - ing them, let Him be lead - ing them,

Chorus.

Tell the sto - ry of love.
Tell the sto - ry to all.
Haste to res - cue the lost.
Tell the sto - ry with tears.

Oh, it is won - der - ful,

bless - ed - ly won-der-ful Sto - ry of heay-en - ly love! 'Tis a load-

light-en - er, 'tis a heart-brightener, Tell that dear sto-ry of *Love.*

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 56. CHRIST MY REDEEMER LIVES.

L. Dow McD. L. Dow McDonald.

1. Born in a man-ger to shame, Nailed on the cross and slain,
2. See Him in mer- cy and love, Leav-ing the courts a - bove,
3. See Him in Gethsem - a - ne, Hear Him so earn-est - ly pray,
4. See Him in tri-umph a - rise, Up-ward to mansions on high;

Bur- ied, but ris - en a - gain, Christ, my Re- deem - er lives.
Com-ing re-demption to give, That you and I might live.
Father, this cup take a - way, Not mine, but Thy will be done.
Hear the glad song in the sky, Ho- ly! most Ho-ly; most high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus still lives, reign-ing for - ev - er in
Christ my Re - deem - er is reign-ing for - ev - er, up yon - der in
man-sions a - bove, ... Where all is beau - ty and
man- sions, in man - sions a - bove, Where all is beau - ty, is
love, ... Christ my Re - deem - er lives.....
beau - ty and love, Re- deem-er still lives.

Copyright, 1910, by L. Dow McDonald.

No. 57. ONWARD, SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. On - ward, sol- diers, for - ward in the light, Fol - low Je - sus,
2. Christ will shield you when the foe is near, Cheer - ing whis - pers
3. If your souls to Je - sus faith - ful prove, If you trust the

keep your arm-or bright, Nev - er wav - er, fight with all your might,
you shall al-ways hear, Trust Him sweet - ly, nev - er doubt or fear,
pow - er of His love, You shall wear the crown of life a- bove,

CHORUS.

Soldiers of Christ the King. Wav-ing the stand - ard, proudly march along,
Gos-pel standard

Keep - ing faith and cour- age strong, Prais-ing the Sav - iour
Keeping steadfast lov- ing Saviour

with a gladsome song, For-ward to the field to fight for Je - sus.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 58. ON TO VICTORY.

L. Low McDonald. W. Henry Quillen.

1. We're a band of sol - diers in the gos- pel cause, And we're ev- er
2. Christ our roy-al Mas - ter leads a-gainst the foe, See our ban- ner
3. When the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown, And re-ceive the

march-ing on to vic - to- ry, Buck-le on the arm - or of the Lord,
wav - ing on to vic - to- ry, In the name of Christ the fight be- gun,
bless- ings of our vic - to- ry, Cour-age! brother sol-diers, val- iant be,

Trust-ing ev - er in His bless- ed word, In this on-ward march, O,
And for Him the vic - t'ry shall be won, In the smoke of bat - tle
March with steady step to vic - to - ry, Christ is ev - er near Thy

D.S.—In this on-ward march, O,

FINE.

let us nev - er pause, Ev - er marching for-ward, on to vic - to- ry.
see our ban-ner go, As we're marching forward, on to vic - to- ry.
soul to bless and own, As we're marching forward, on to vic - to- ry.

let us nev - er pause, Ev - er marching for-ward, on to vic - to- ry.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

On-ward let our watchword ever be, On-ward, ev-er on to vic - to- ry;
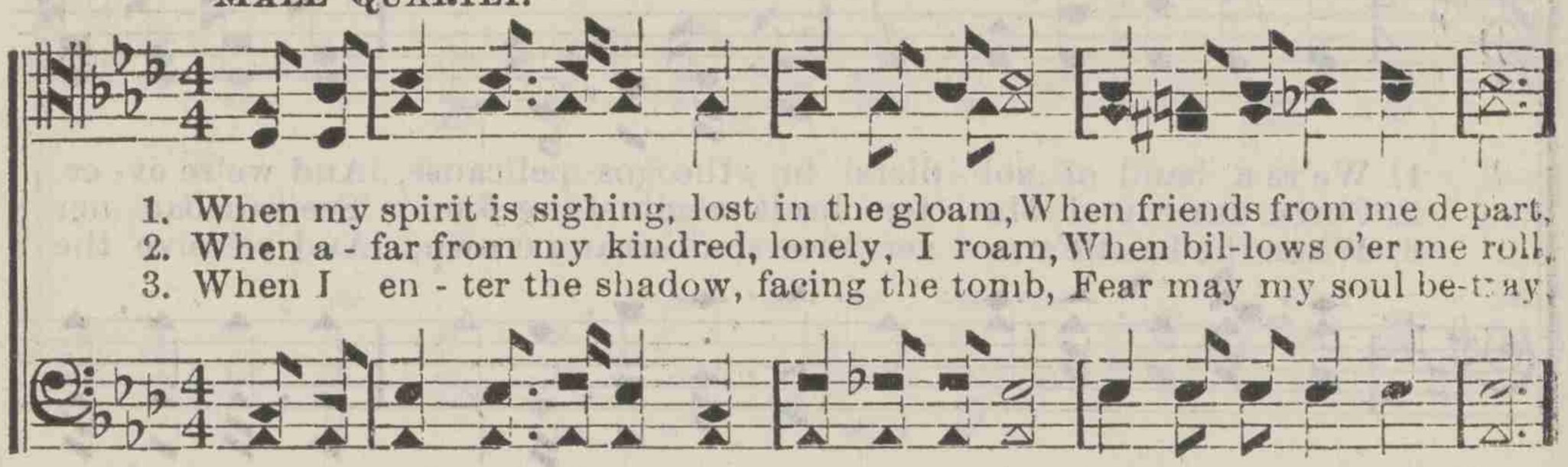
Copyright, 1910, by W. Henry Quillen.

No. 59. THE SWEETEST WORDS TO ME.

(Mother, Home and Heaven.)

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

MALE QUARTET.



Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 60. THE WONDERFUL HOST.

W. Oliver Cooper. Sim J. Calvert.

1. How of - ten a vis- ion of heav-en and glo - ry Is pict-ured be-
2. Our friends and our lov'd ones are gathered to-geth-er, With Je-sus who
3. They're gather'd to-geth-er with Je- sus our Sav-iour, And those who have
4. The Saviour has promised to all of His work-ers A robe and a

fore my poor eyes. I see in my mind a great host of bright an-gels
died for the lost. When life here is o - ver we'll join in their number,
toiled here be - low, Are reap-ing a ten-fold re- ward for their la - bor,
beau- ti - ful crown. Then brother en-list in the ar - my of Je - sus,

Chorus.

All gath-ered up there in the skies.
At home with that wonderful host.
Since joined to that heav-en- ly host.
That you in this host may be found.

O won-der-ful, won-der-ful hosts up in heaven, Bright beautiful, beau-ti-ful band. How sweet there to dwell with our lov'd ones for-ev-er, Up there in that heav-en- ly land.

Copyright, 1910, by Sim J. Calvert.

No. 61. GLORY, GLORY.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Won - der - ful an - gels in gar - ments of white,
2. Oh, what a song was that song from the sky,
3. Birth of a Sav - iour the an - gels pro - claimed,
4. Nev - er those shep - herds for - got what they heard:

Came to the shepherds one beau - ti - ful night, Sing - ing a
Nev - er such glo - ry did shepherds dis - cry, Nev - er had
"Cit - y of Da- vid"—and "Je- sus"—were nam'd—Then was the
Strong - ly and deep - ly their hearts had been stirr'd; Seek - ing for

song of sur - pass - ing de- light—Praise to God on high.
heav - en be - fore been so nigh, Prais ing God on high.
chant of peace sweet - ly ac-claimed, Prais - ing God on high.
Je - sus—they heed - ed. the word— Prais - ing God on high.

CHORUS.

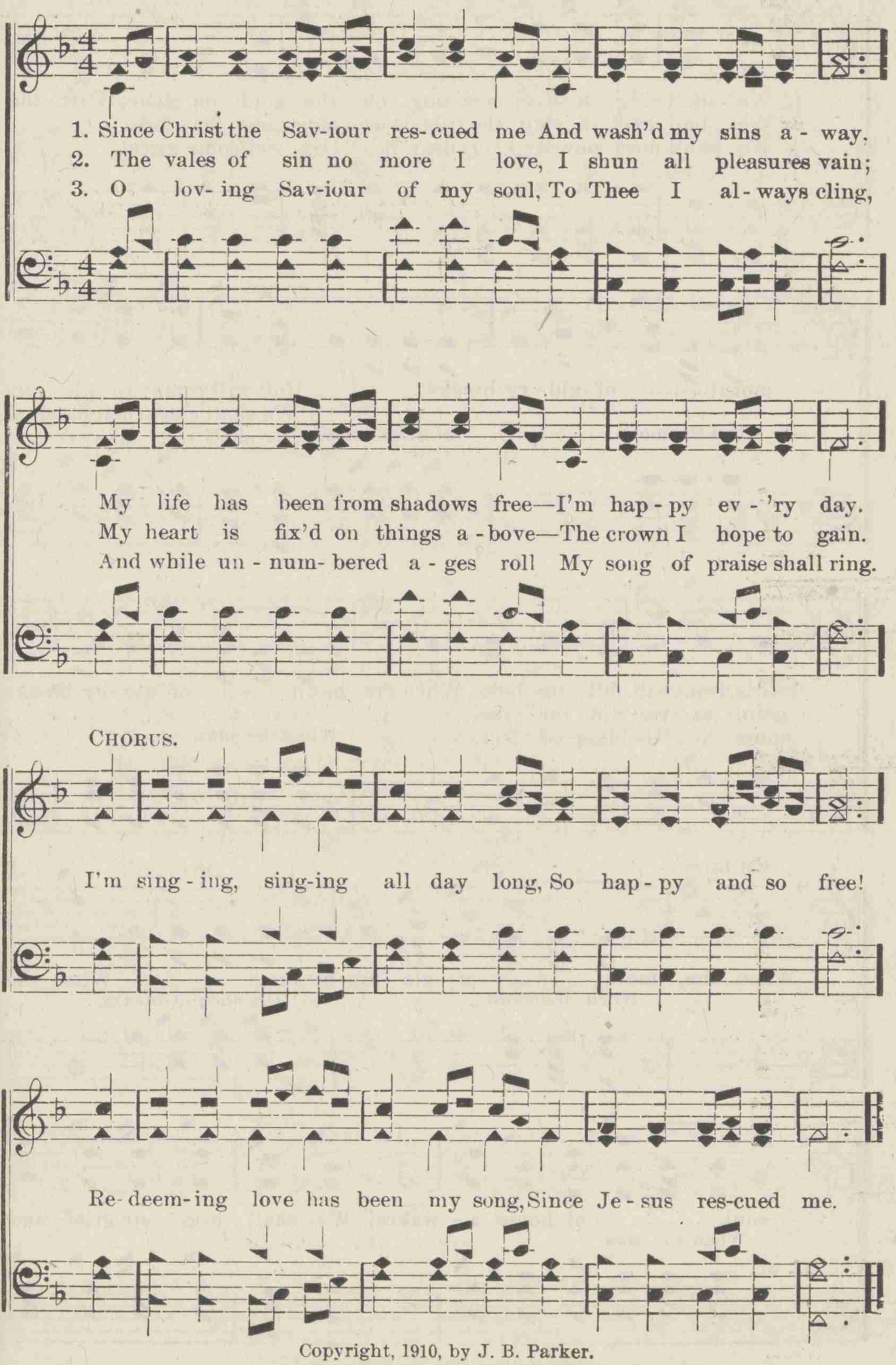
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Oh, glo - ry to God on high!
Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry. Yes, glo - ry to God on high!
Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 62. SINCE JESUS RESCUED ME.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES B. PARKER.



Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Parker.

No. 63. WHEN THE MORN OF GLORY BREAKS.

JAMES ROWE. ALBERT WELLS.

1. We shall sing a sweet new song on the gold - en shore, When the
2. We shall meet a- gain the friends who have gone be - fore,
3. We shall meet our Sav - iour dear, hear His wel-come sweet,

morn..... of glo - ry breaks;

When the morn of glory breaks;

Joy will come to all our hearts, tears will fall no more,
We shall clasp their hands a - gain, as we did of yore,
We shall rest for - ev - er - more at His bless - ed feet,

When the morn..... of glo - ry breaks.

When the morn

When the morn..... of glo - ry breaks,

When the morn

When the morn

Oh, when it breaks,
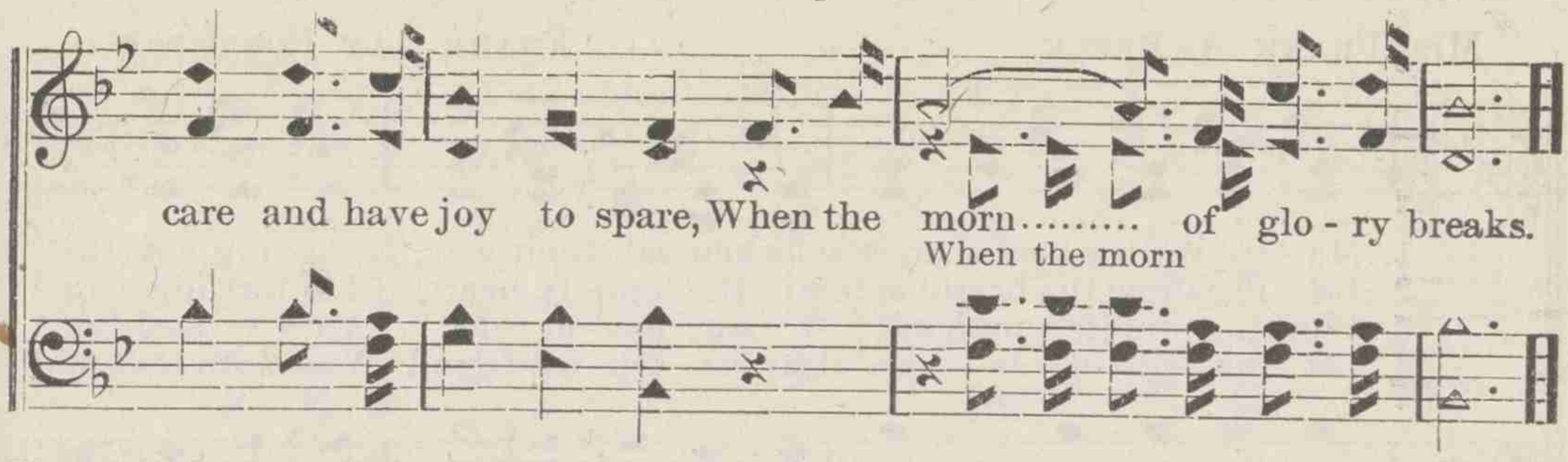
When the soul..... at home a - wakes!

When the soul

We shall lose our grief and

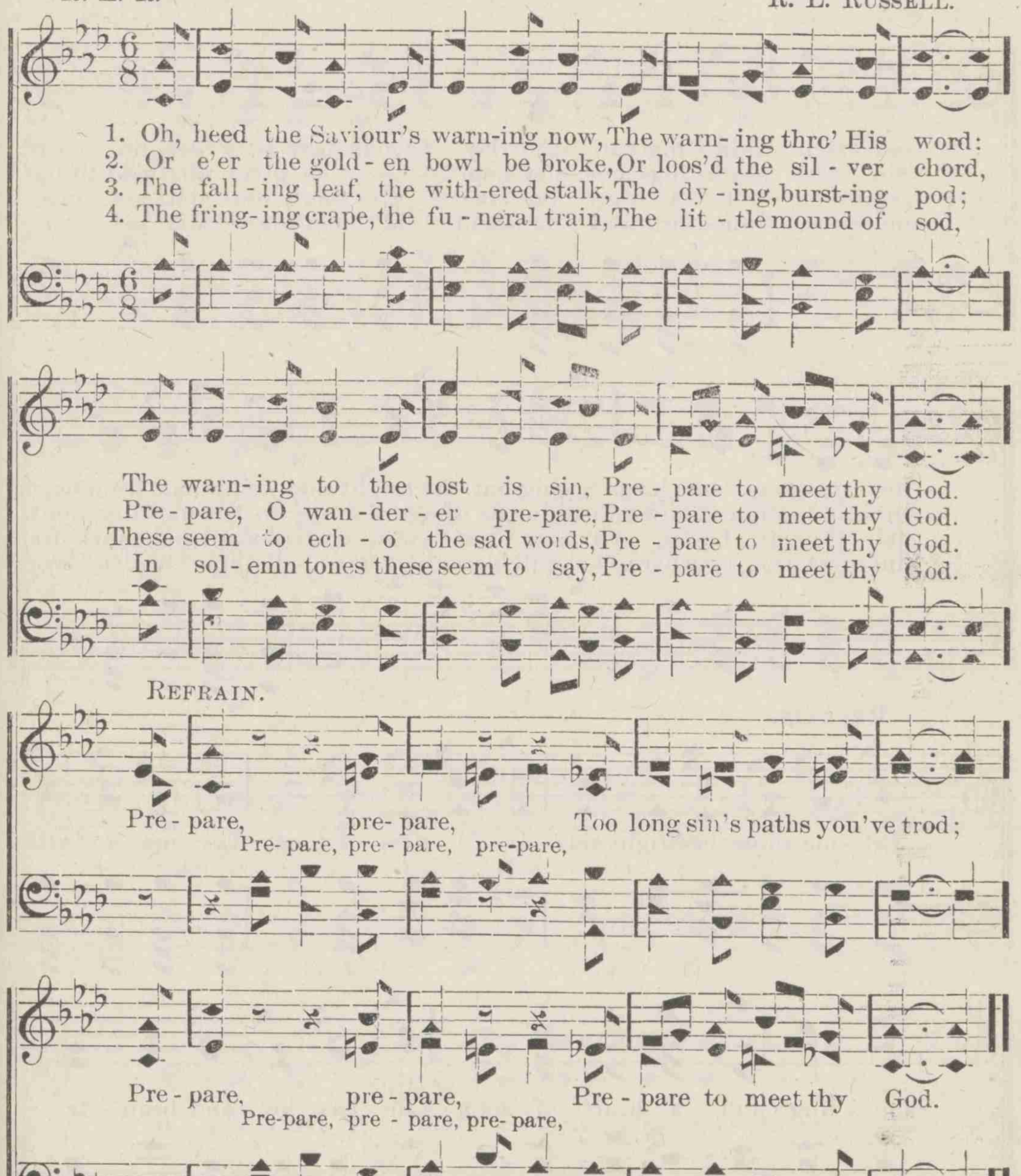
CHORUS.

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No. 64. PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

R. E. R. R. L. RUSSELL.



Copyright, 1910, by R. L. Russell.

No. 65. THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK JAY ROBERTSON.

1. Ma - ny walk where shadows darken all their way, Know-ing not the tone- light, shin - ing all the day, Clouds have sil - ver lin - ings,
2. Let me show the bright side to the lone- ly heart, Com-fort-ing in sor - row sooth- ing ache and smart, Let us give the glad things
3. Walking on life's pathway, I may nev- er do, An - y deed of great-ness, but I may be true, Pa - tient, lov - ing, joy - ous
4. Let me tell of Je - sus—dear-est, tru- est friend, Who doth love and guide us, com - fort and de - fend, Let me show His lov - ing

let us know their charm, Seeing but the bright side we are safe from harm.
smile and song and flow'r, Cheering as the dew-drops in the morning hour.
dai - ly may I be, Giv- ing hope to oth - ers that shall make them free.
kind-ness ev - 'ry-where, That will bless the wea-ry all their bur-dens bear.

REFRAIN.

Let me show the bright side as I pass a- long; Let me go with smi - ling and a heart of song Life has joy and beau - ty

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much that glo - ri-fies! Let me show the bright side un - to long-ing eyes,

No. 66. WASH ME WHITE AS SNOW.

R. L. R. R. L. Russell.

1. Tho' with sin I am de- filed, Am de-filed, am de-filed,
2. Tho' my sins as scar- let be; Scar-let be, scar - let be,
3. He can heal the lep- er's spot, Lep-er's spot, lep - er's spot,
4. In the stream from Ca-v'ry's side, Cal-v'ry's side, Cal-v'ry's side,

God His own re - turn - ing child Wash-es white as snow.
Yet the blood He shed for me Wash-es white as snow.
Cleanse the heart of ev - 'ry blot, Wash it white as snow.
Sin - ners vile are pu - ri - fied, Wash'd as white as snow.

Refrain.

Though in sin I'm fall - en low, Fall - en low, fall - en low.

Je - sus' blood it can I know Wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1910, by R. L. Russell.

No. 67. I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

STEPHEN W. JONES. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I've a message from the King, His great love for you I bring;
2. When you've trust-ed in this King, Praise to Him you'll ev - er sing;
3. Now I plead with one and all, At His feet to hum - bly fall,

Sin - ner, heed the mes - sage He has sent to you; Just re -
For His love will change your long- ing sin - sick soul; Then re -
Trust- ing Je - sus to for - give you of all sin; He will

ceive it now I pray, Trust in Him with-out de- lay, For in
ceive His sav - ing grace, Free to all the hu- man race, Come be -
give you per - fect rest, With the ran-somed and the blest, If you'll
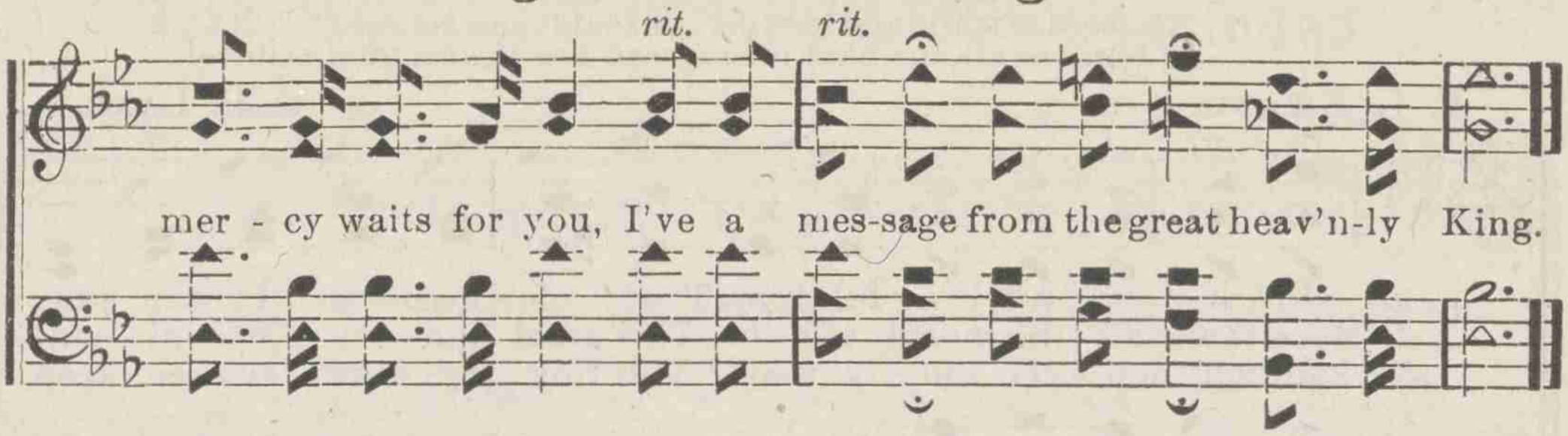
CHORUS.

Him you'll find a friend that's ev - er true.
liev - ing and He'll lead you to the goal.
trust Him He will make you pure with-in.
} I've a message from the King,

I've a message from the King, I will tell the sto - ry true, Sin- ner,

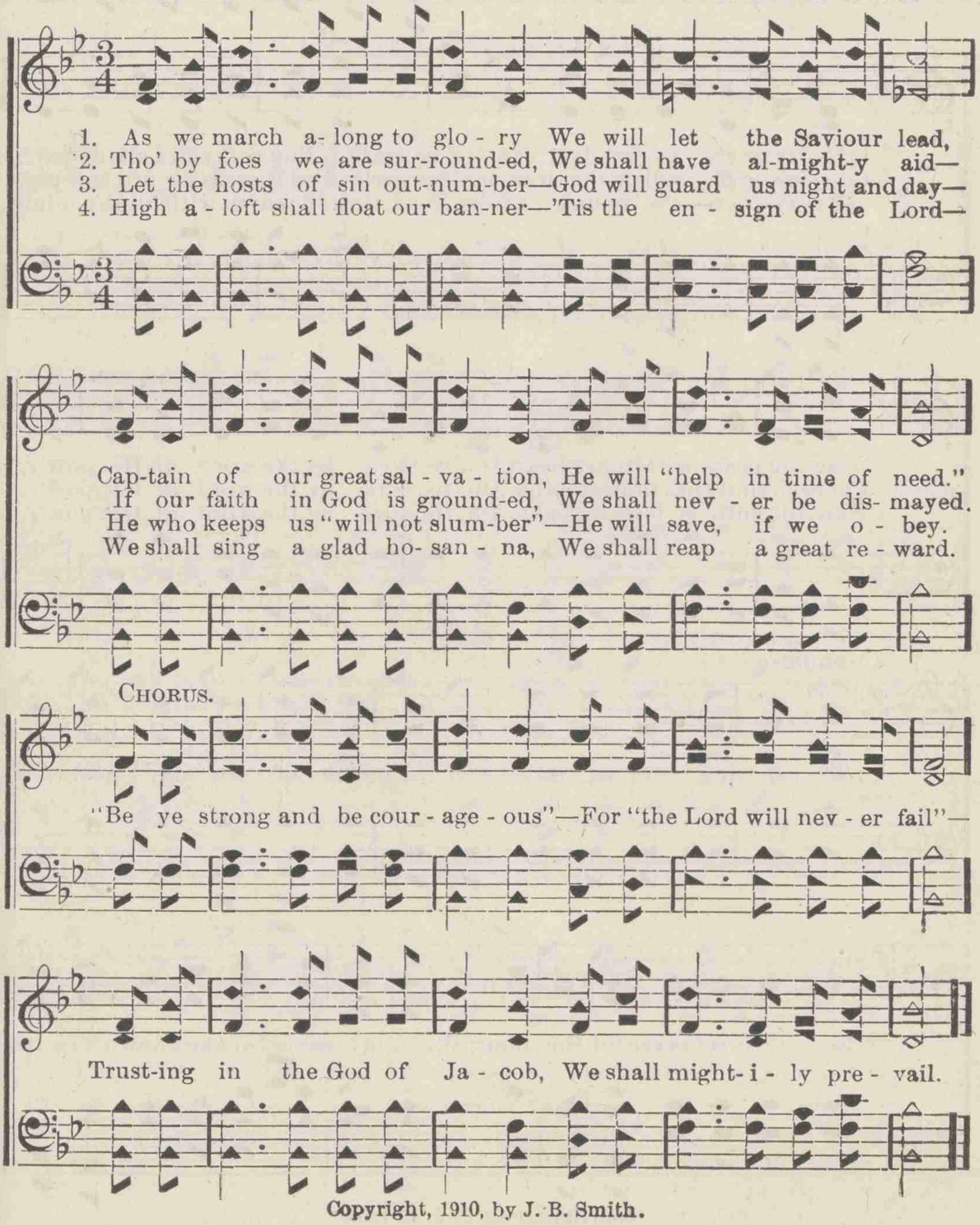
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I've a Message From the King.—Concluded.



No. 68. BE YE STRONG.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. J. Berry Smith.



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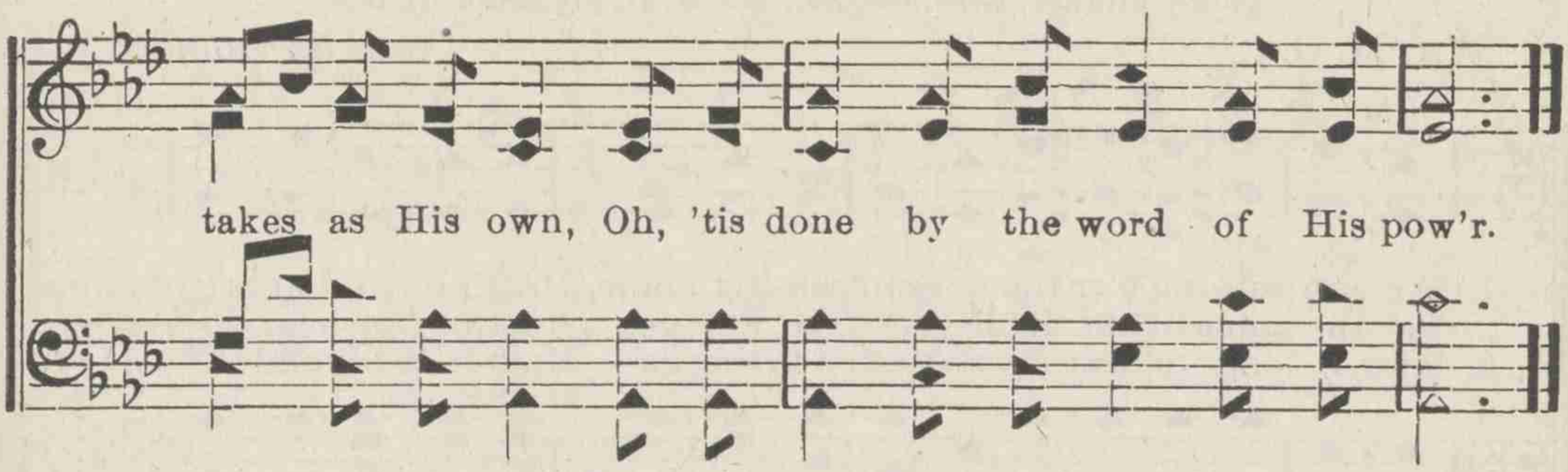
No. 69. THE WORD OF HIS POWER.

His word is spirit and 'tis life, the soul it can relieve,
Of burdens all, the hard to bear, sad heart canst thou believe.

F. L. EILAND. J. P. LANE.
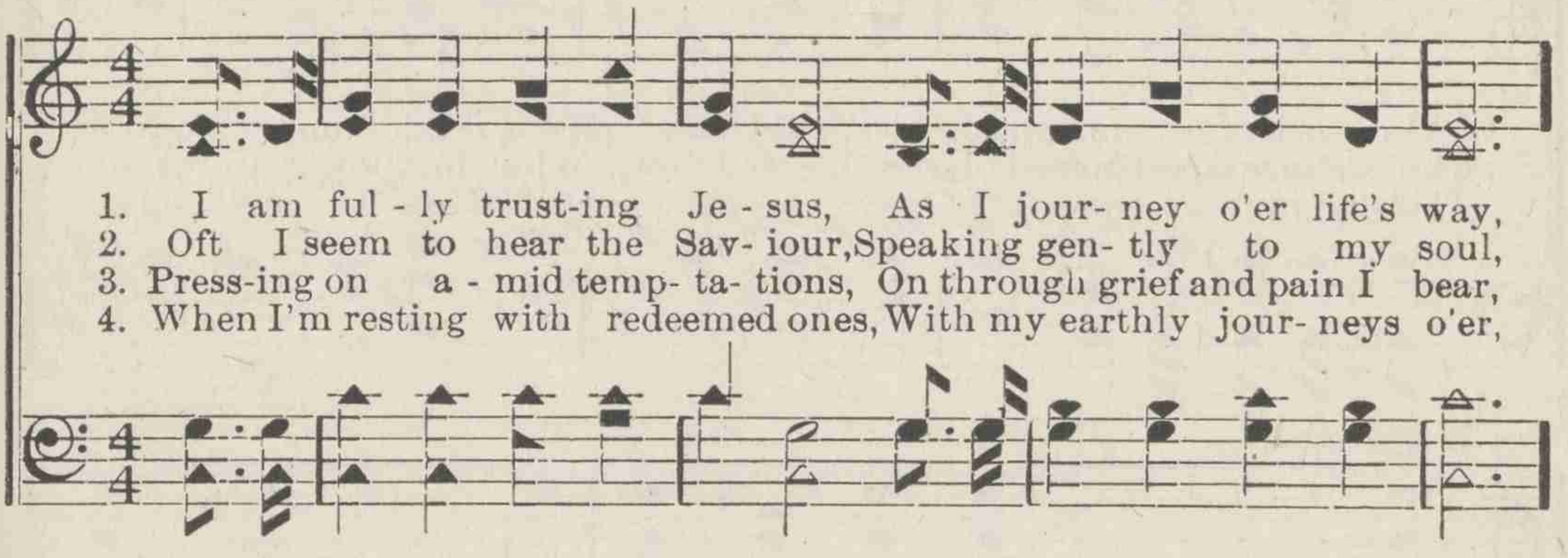
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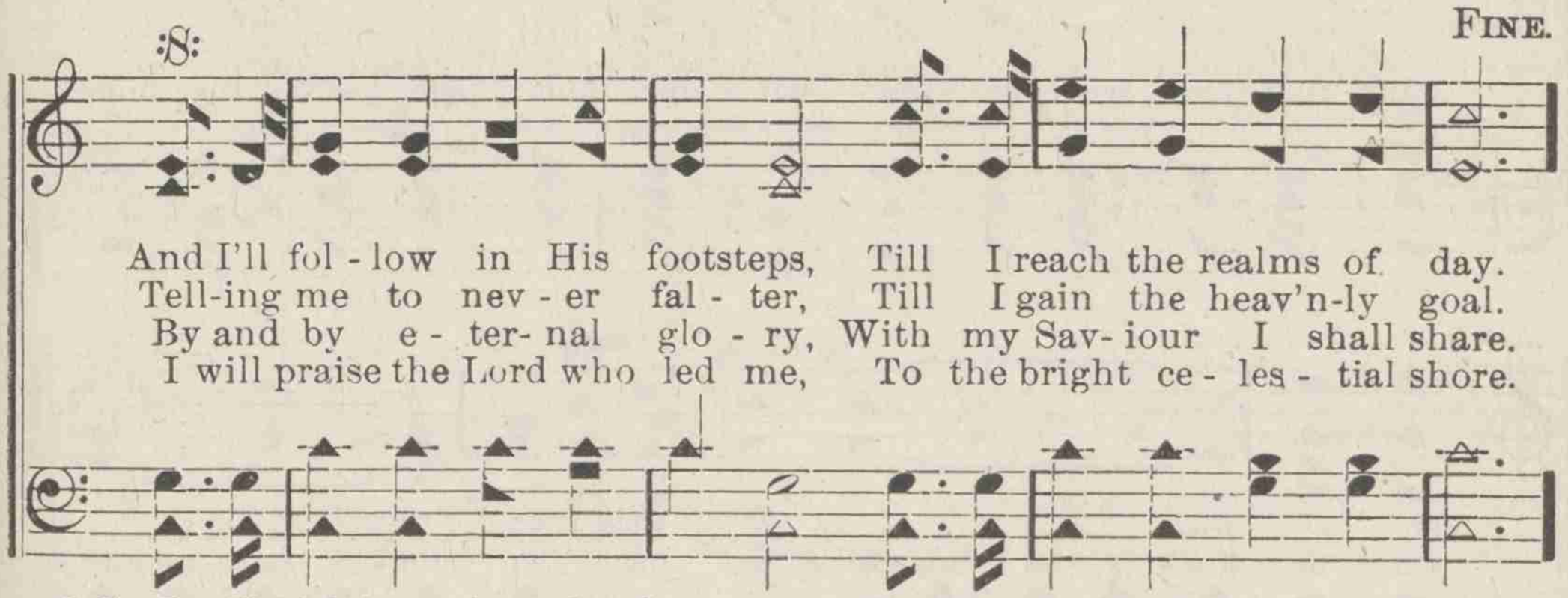
THE WORD OF HIS POWER.—Concluded.
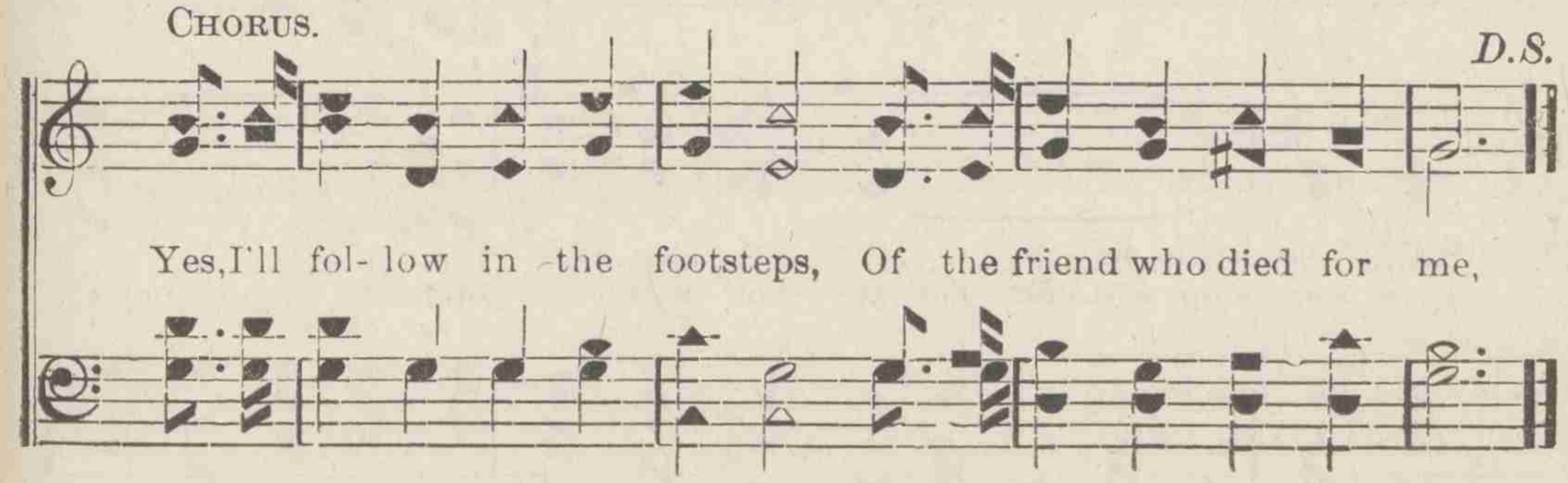


No. 70. IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

JENNIE WILSON. CYRUS P. HONNOLL.







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No. 71. SAILING HOME.

To my brother, Reid. Golden, and to all my sailor friends.

WM. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN.

1. We are sail-ing o'er the o- cean, sail-ing home, Drifting to that bright clime;
2. In the name of our Redeemer on we go, Trusting in one so brave;
3. How I long to hear my Saviour's loving call, Meet Him beyond the tide;

On-ward, ev - er on- ward, o'er the foam, We'll reach home some-time.
Tho' we're tempest-tossed there's One we know, Who has pow'r to save.
Tho' the mur-ky wa - ters may ap - pall, Still He's by my side.

CHORUS.
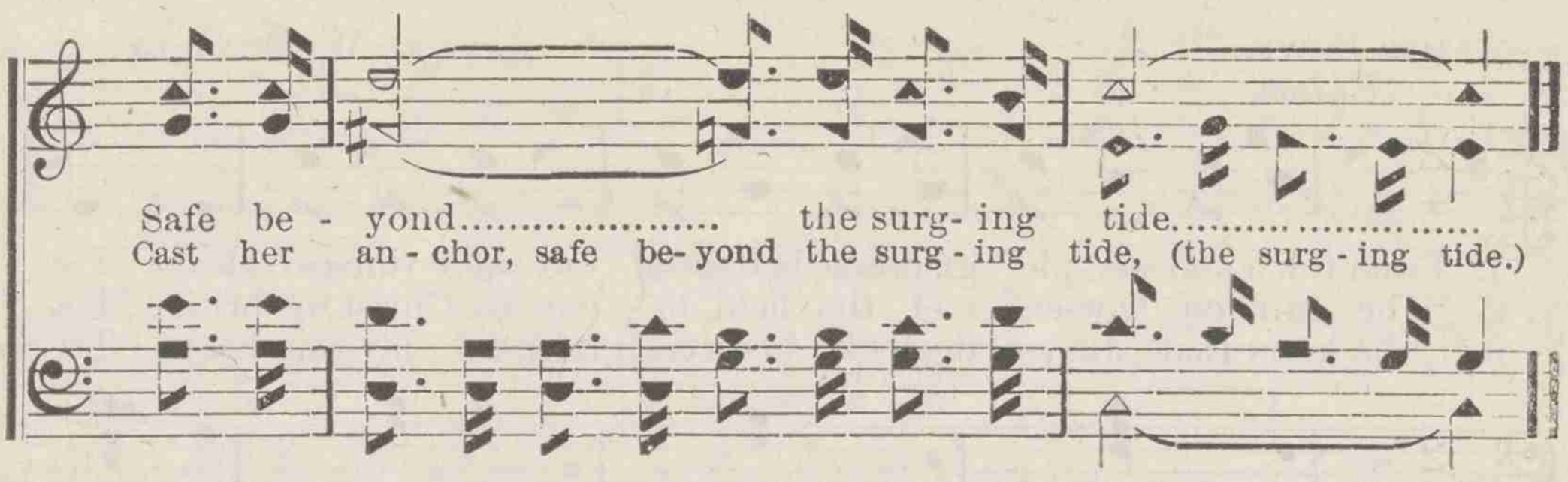
Sail - - - - - ing, sail - ing home,.....
Sail - ing home, we're sail - ing, sail - ing home, we're sail - ing home.

On to glo - - - - ry now we glide.....
On to glo - ry, on to glo - ry, on to glo - ry now we glide;

Soon our ship.....;..... will cast her an - chor,.....
Soon our ship will cast her an - chor, Safe be - yond the surg-ing tide,

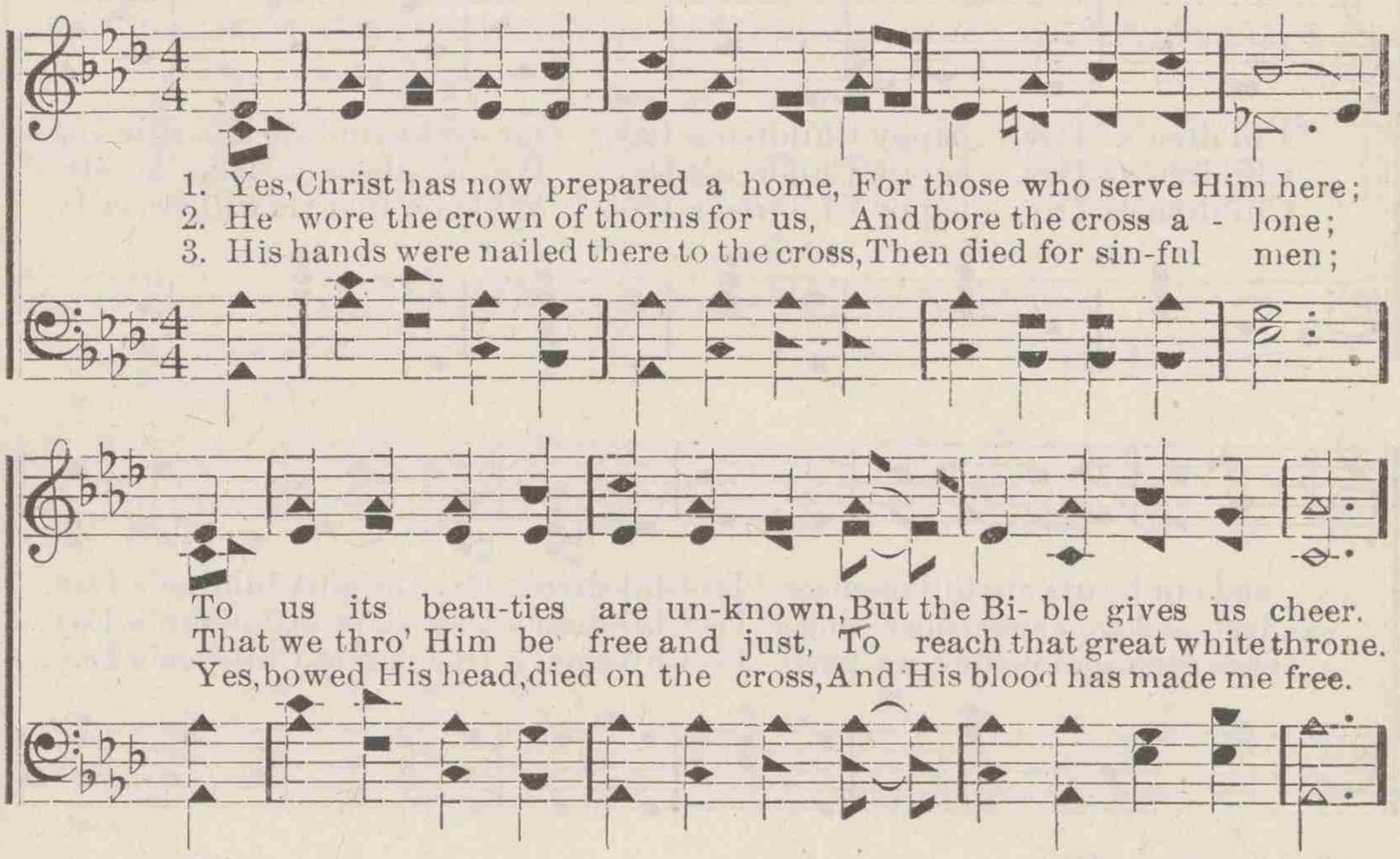
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SAILING HOME.—Concluded.

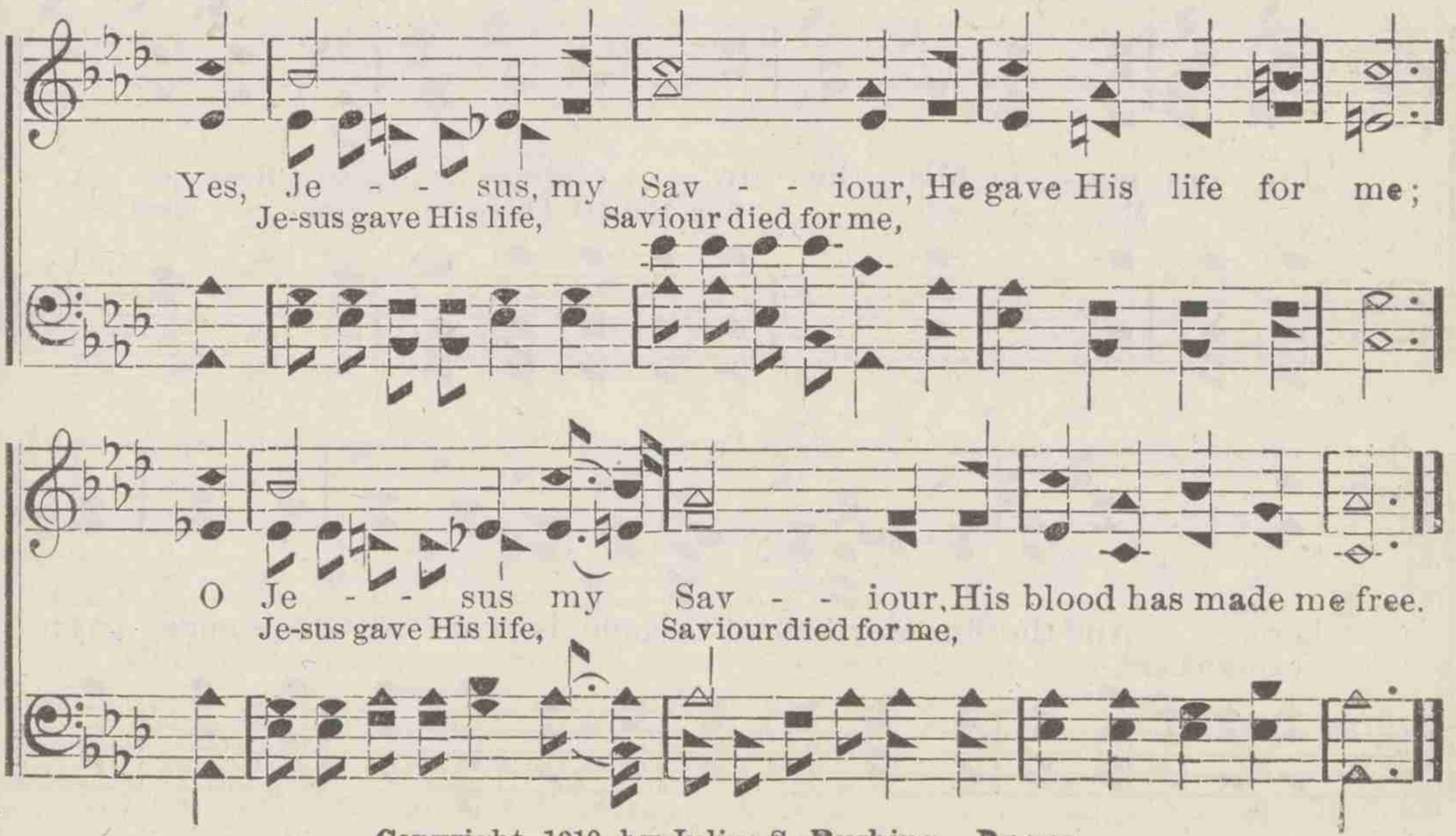


No. 72. BEAUTIES UNKNOWN.

J. S. R. JULIUS S. RUSHING.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910, by Julius S. Rushing. By per.

No. 73. 'TIS CHILDREN'S DAY.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. From tow'r and stee-ple gladsome bells send out their voic-es clear 'Tis
2. The fair- est flow-ers of the field to - day to Christ we bring 'Tis
3. We know that Je- sus dear - ly loves each faith-ful lov- ing heart 'Tis

Children's Day, happy Children's Day. Our eyes with love are shin-ing
Children's Day, happy Children's Day. We lay them at His ho - ly
Children's Day, happy Children's Day. We know that He will sweet-ly

and our hearts are full of cheer 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, bright Children's Day.
feet, as love's sweet offer - ing 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, happy Children's Day.
bless each soul be-fore we part 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, happy Children's Day.

CHORUS. *Parts.*

Joy - ous mu - sic fills the air, There is glad - ness ev - 'ry -
Mu - sic fills the air, There is glad - ness

where, And the Sun- day School Brigade is wav- ing ban- ners gay;
ev-'rywhere,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

'TIS CHILDREN'S DAY.—Concluded.

Sweetest songs of praise we sing To our lov - ing heav'nly King,
Sweetest songs of praise we sing To our lov - ing heav'nly King,

And the world is bright with gos- pel light, For this is Children's Day.

No. 74. GLADSOME CHILDREN'S DAY.

JAMES ROWE. JESSE M. HAYES.

Rather slow.

1. Eyes with love-light gleam and glow, Hearts with glad-ness o - ver - flow,
2. Ga - ther at the Sav-iour's feet, Lift to Him our voic - es sweet,
3. Sav-iour, help us all to be, Ev - er faith-ful, close to Thee;

FINE.

Care and sad-ness hide a - way, This is glad- some Children's Day.
Pre- cious blessings He'll be- stow, Ere from this dear place we go.
Let us nev- er doubt nor roam; Keep us Thine and guide us home.

D.S.—Love for Christ let all dis- play, This is glad- some Children's Day.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Children's Day is here a - gain. Blos-soms bring from field and glen;

Copyright, 1910, by Jesse M. Hayes

No. 75. ARE YOU WORKING.

E. A. M. E. A. Mason.

1. Are you work-ing for the Mas- ter, in His vine-yard here be-low,
2. He who sits in i - dle wait-ing seek-ing not to please the Lord,
3. Prov-ing faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful, to the trust the Sav-iour gave.

Right-ly us - ing ev - 'ry mo-ment, ere from earth you're call'd to go?
Can but come to loss and sor-row, knowing not the blest re-ward;
Look-ing for-ward to the beau- ty of the life be- yond the grave,

:S:

Are you striv-ing, dai - ly striv- ing, for a bright and fadeless crown,
But the good we leave be-hind us, like a mon- u - ment shall be,
Help- ing oth - ers as we jour-ney, bear- ing brave-ly ev - 'ry test,

D.S.—Let us all be up and do - ing, with a pur-pose true and strong,

FINE.

Liv- ing in the bless- ed teach-ing that our lov- ing Lord laid down?
Point-ing pre-cious ones to Heav- en, and a bright e - ter - ni - ty.
We shall be pre-pared for Heaven, with its per - fect joy and rest.
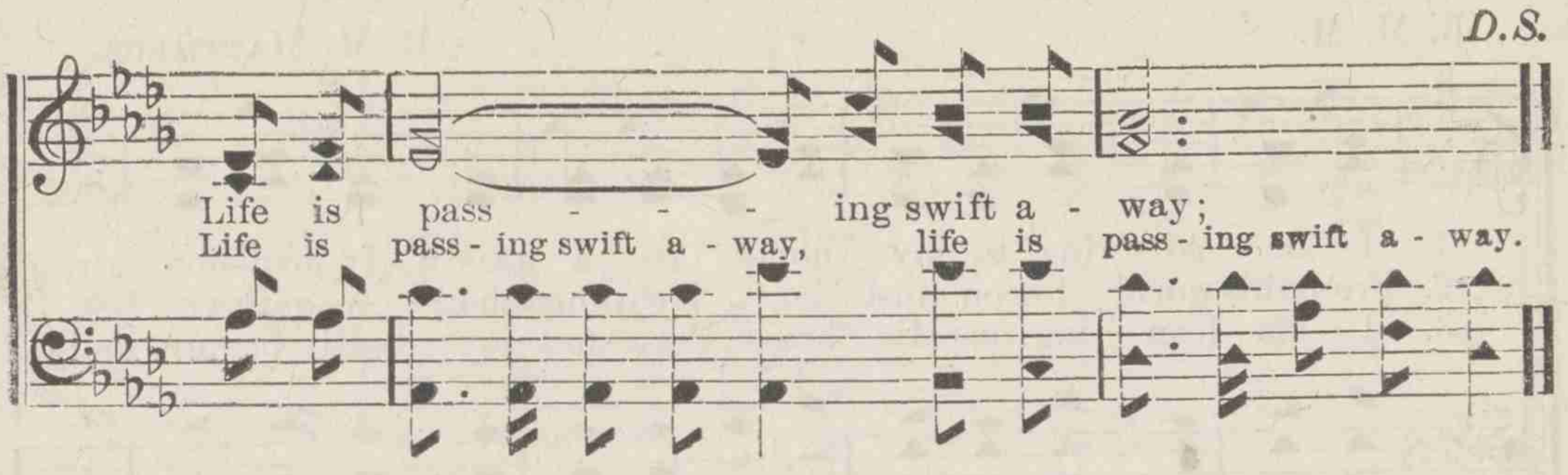
Let our hands be filled with la - bor and our hearts be filled with song.

REFRAIN.

Work for Je - - - - sus while you may,
Work for Je - sus while you may, work for Je - sus while you may,
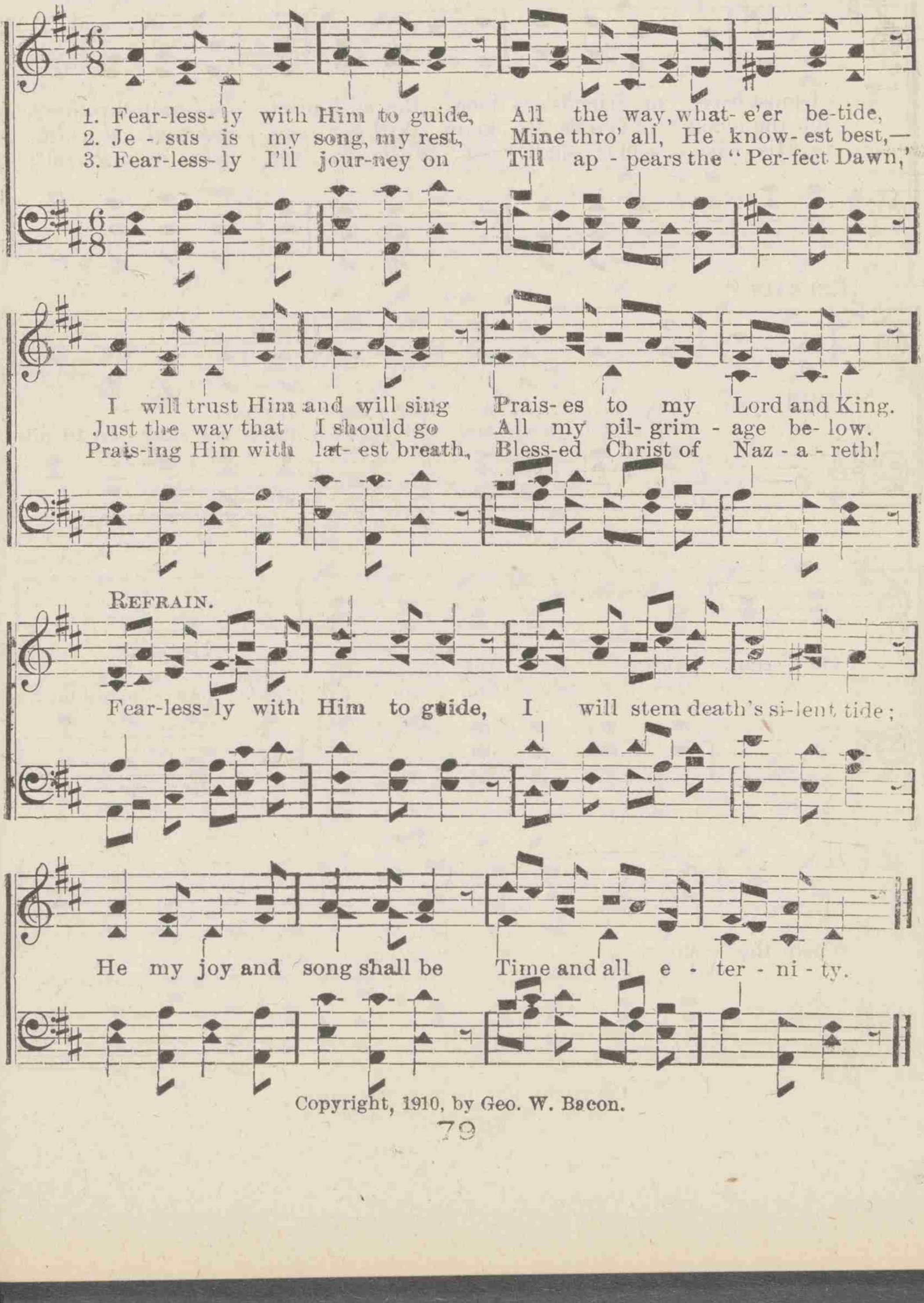
Copyright, 1910, by E. A. Mason.

ARE YOU WORKING.—Concluded.



No. 76. FEARLESSLY WITH HIM TO GUIDE.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.



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No. 77. WILL YOU MEET ME?

B. M. M. B. M. MATTHEUS.
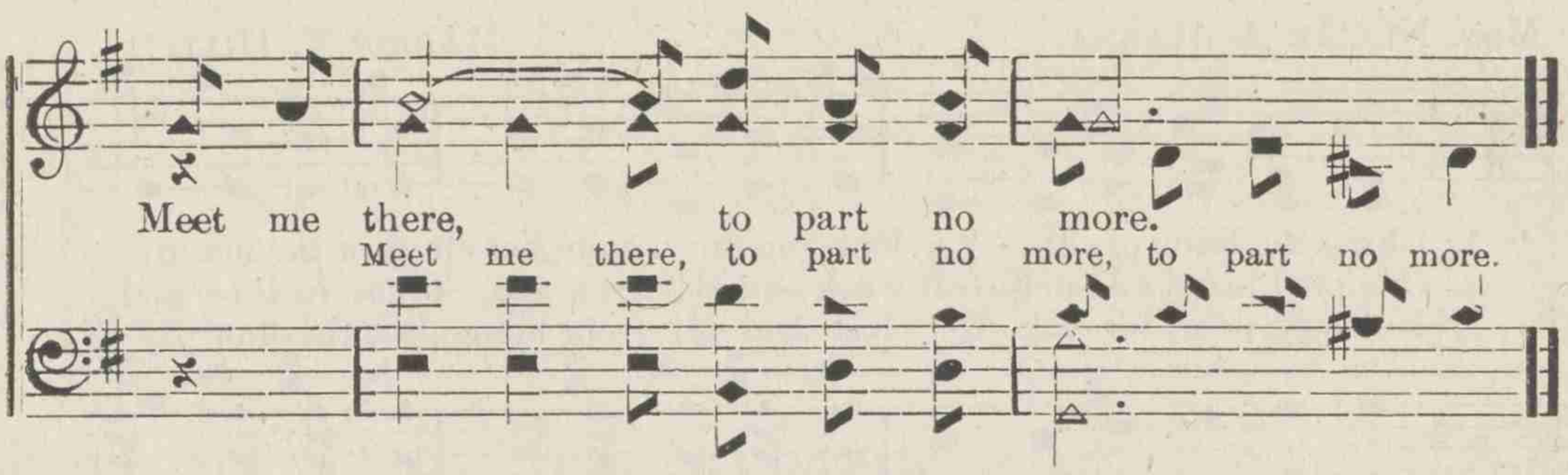
1. I am go - ing to my home In a heav'n - ly man-sion fair,
2. From this world I soon must go, Ev'-ning shad - ows gath-er fast,
3. I am lean - ing on His breast, Peace and joy dwell in my soul,

I must leave my friends a - lone, But will meet a - gain up there.
But the blood of Christ I know Will per - sue my soul at last.
In His bo - som I shall rest While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

REFRAIN.
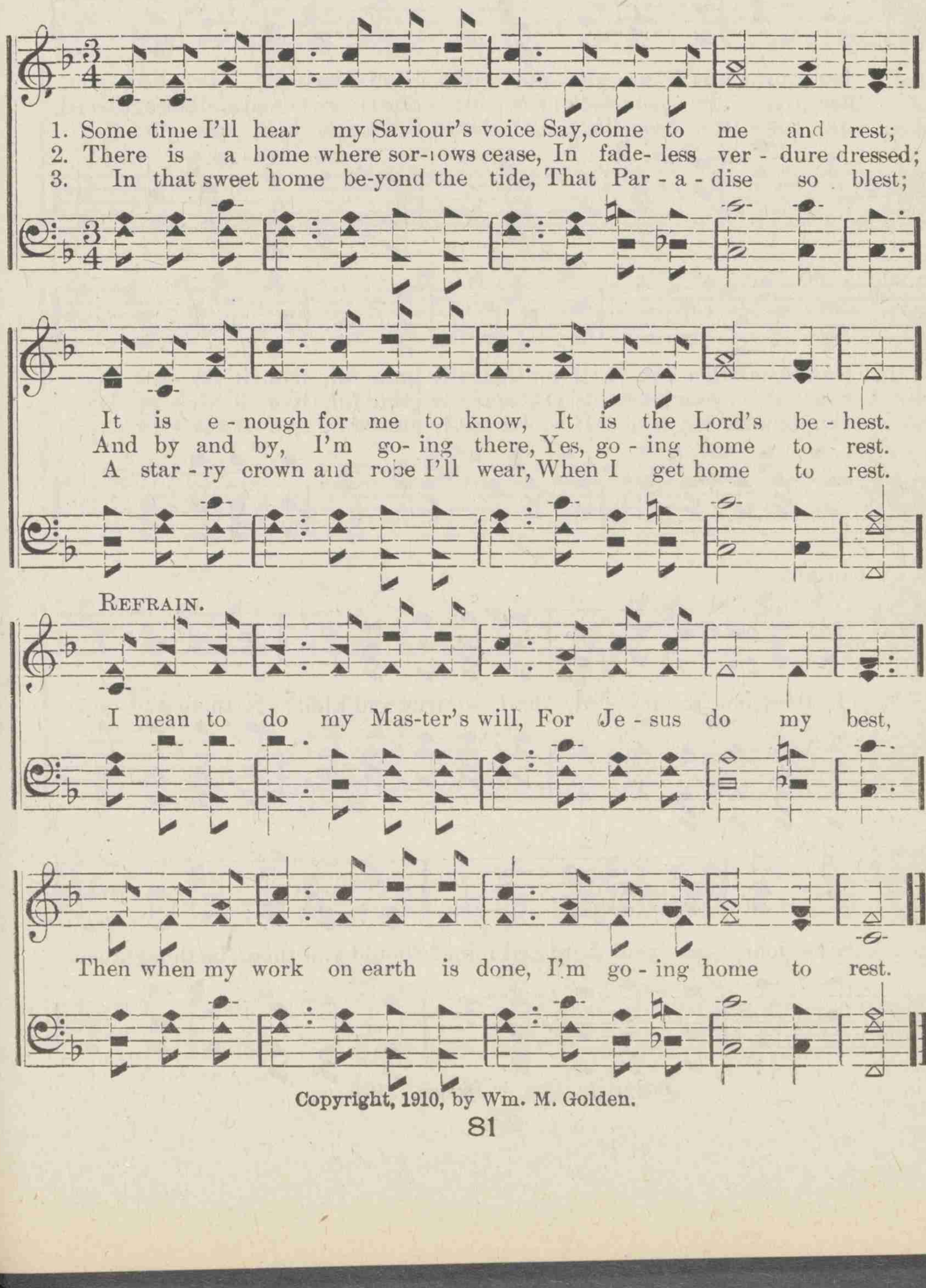
Will you meet..... me, dear - est friends,
Will you meet me, will you meet me dear - est friends,
On that peace - ful, hap - py shore?
On that peace - ful, hap - py shore, hap - py shore?
When the storm - y jour - ney ends,
When the storm - y, when the storm - y jour - ney ends,

Copyright, 1910, by B. M. Mattheus.



No. 78. WHEN I GET HOME TO REST.

WM. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN.



Copyright, 1910, by Wm. M. Golden.

No. 79, LIVE IT EVERY DAY.

Miss. Nellie A. Hanna. Marion T. Hill.

1. Christ the King of glo - ry, look-ing down from heav'n, Saw the ma- ny
2. Crippled, blind and help-less, weak and sick from sin, Thus, in love and
3. Na - ked, poor, for- sak - en, lost and far from home, But this low - ly

bur - dens, which to you were giv'n, Lov - ing - ly, He called you,
mer - cy, Je - sus took you in; Soon re-newed and strengthened,
Je - sus won-drous love hath shown, Rich, an heir of glo - ry,
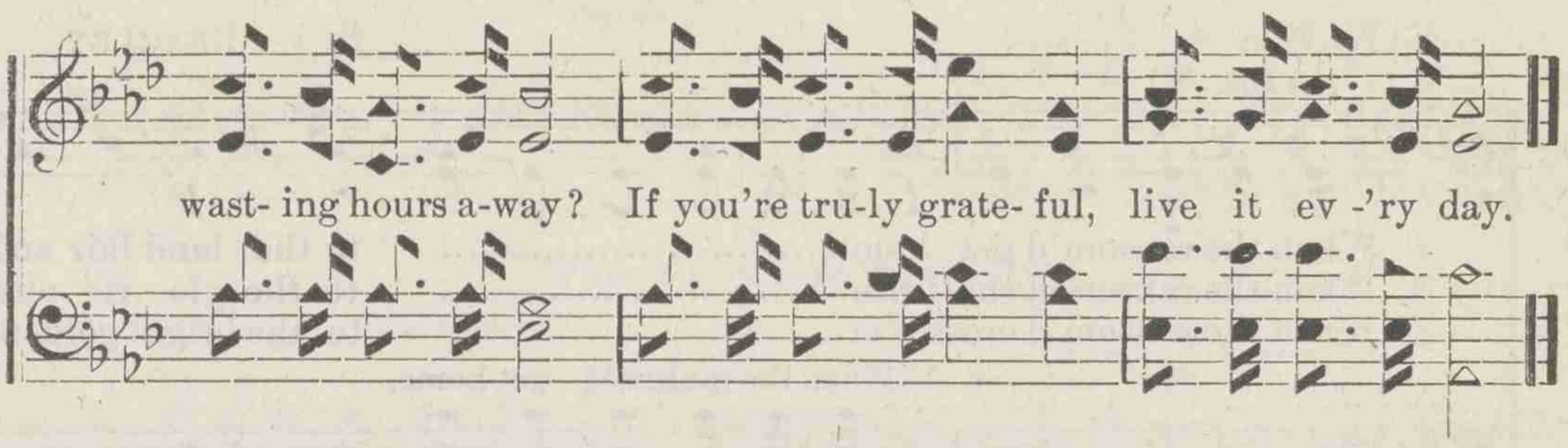
took them, all, a-way— If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev - 'ry day.
you were on your way, If you're tru-ly grate ful, live it ev - 'ry day.
you may be for aye, If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev - 'ry day.

Chorus.

Is there one so loy - al, half so true and kind? Is there such a
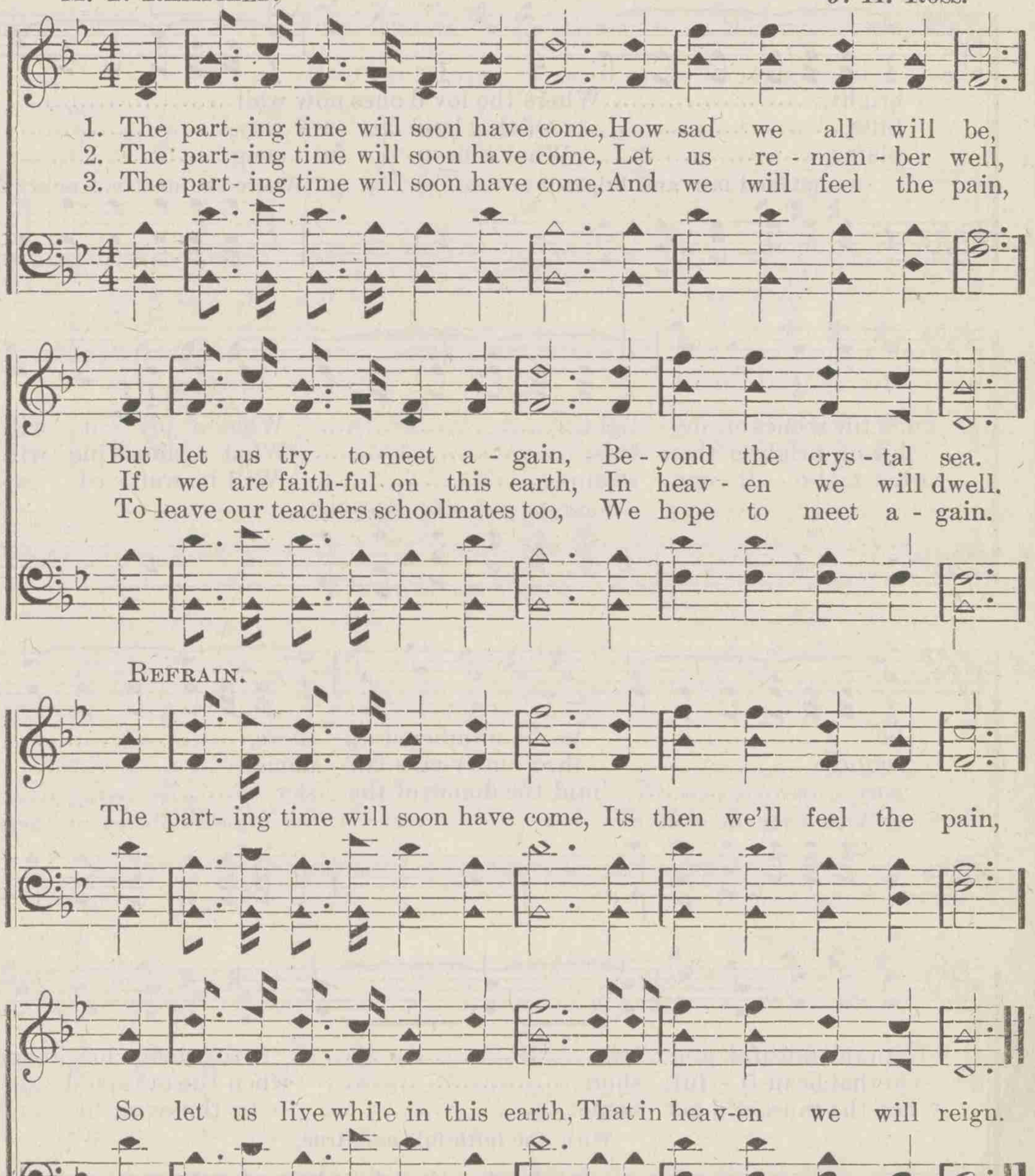
Sav - iour, as your Lord and mine? Should you, then, be thoughtless,

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No. 80. THE PARTING TIME.

M. T. RAMFIELD. J. H. ROSS.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1910, by Ramfield and Ross.

No. 81. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

S. W. B. S. W. BEAZLEY.

Not fast.

1. When the ransom'd get home..... to that land fair and
2. When the ransom'd shall rise..... to the glo - ri - ous
3. When the ransom'd cross o'er..... to the bright golden

1. When the ransom'd get home,

bright,.....Where the lov'd ones now wait.....
bliss,..... Of that land far a - way,.....
plains,..... What a beau - ti - ful song,.....

to that land fair and bright, Where the lov'd ones now wait

'mid the scenes of de - light,..... What a joy it will
fair-er, brighter than this;..... What a shout-ing will
what mel-o - di - ous strains,..... Will be waft - ed a -

'mid the scenes of de - light,

be..... to be numbered up there,.....
sound..... thro' heav-en's fair dome,.....
way ..... 'mid the domes of the sky, ...

What a joy it will be to be numbered up there,

With the faithful and true,..... in that home bright and
On that beau-ti - ful shore,..... when the ransom'd get
When the ransom'd get home..... in the sweet by and

With the faith-fnl and true,

By permission of the author.

WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

fair.....
home.....
by.....
in that home bright and fair.

When the ransom'd get home,
When the ransom'd get home,.....

what a joy it will be, To be gath-ered up
what a joy it will be,.....

there,..... blessed Sav-iour, with thee,.....
to be gathered up there, blessed Saviour, with thee;

Where no partings e'er come,
Where no partings e'er come,..... and we nev - er - more

And we nev-er-more roam; In that beauti - ful land,.....
roam;..... In that beautiful land,

when the ran - som'd get home.....
when the ran - som'd get home.

No. 82. THE GOLDEN SHORE.

(Dedicated to Rev. C. J. Dalton by D. H. and R. H. B.)

D. H. BROOKS. R. H. BROOKS.

1. There is a land..... of peace on high,..... We to its
2. There is a land..... and there's a home, ... For ev - 'ry
3. There is a land..... beyond this shore, ...Where we shall
4. There is a land..... of bliss-ful rest..... .....Where we shall

1. There is a land of peace on high,

joy.....there fain would fly;.... .... Our sorrows will.....then all be
one.....to Christ will come,..... And there's a crown..... for you to
dwell..... for-ev - er - more,..... With all the lov'd.....ones gathered
meet .....with all the blest; .....Just o - ver there .....on that bright

We to its joy there fair would fly; Our sorrows will

D.S.—Our sorrows will.....then all be

FINE.

o'er,.....When we land on..... the golden shore, (the golden shore.)
wear, ... If you'll help Him.....His cross to bear, (His cross to bear.)
there,..... In that blest home.....so bright and fair, (so bright and fair.)
shore,.....Where we will nev - - er part no more, (yes, part no more.)

then all be o'er, When we land on

o'er,.....When we land on..... the golden shore. (the golden shore.)
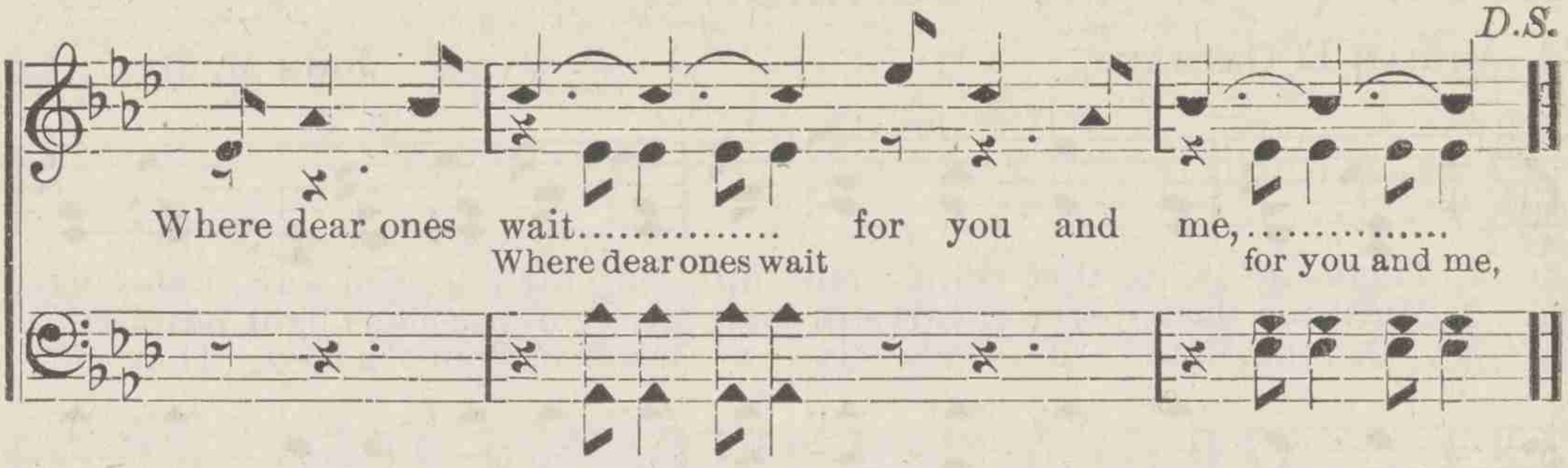
REFRAIN.

The gold - en shore..... we soon shall see, ...

The golden shore we soon shall see,

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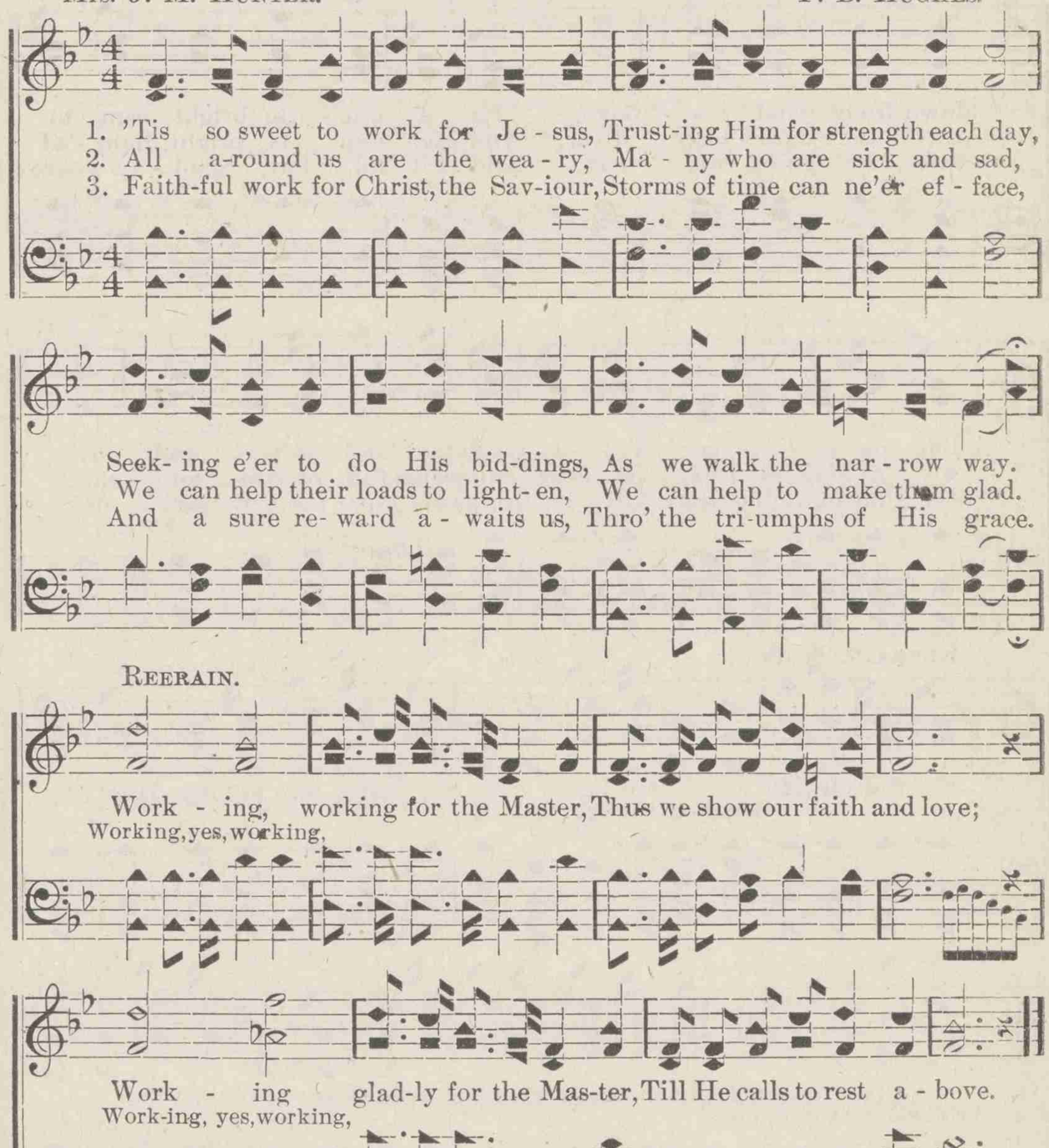
THE GOLDEN SHORE.—Concluded.



No. 83. 'TIS SO SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. J. D. Patton.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. P. B. HUGHES.



REEFRAIN.

Copyright, 1905, by J. D. Patton and P. B. Hughes.

No. 84. SUNLIGHT.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. JOHN M. DYE.

1. There's a light that shin - eth up - on my pil- grim way, Com- ing
2. Midst the dark - est clouds still some ray of pre-cious light, Beam-eth
3. O, the light of God, 'tis a bea- con from a-bove, That will

down from God a - bove, 'Tis a bea - con bright sent to
thro' the dark - ness drear, And each step is bright, light - ed
safe - ly guide my way: And I'll fol - low, glad - ly where -

guide me ev - 'ry day, Till I reach that land of light and love.
all a- long my way, By those sunbeams full of love and cheer.
e'er that light may lead, Till it brings me to the per - fect day.
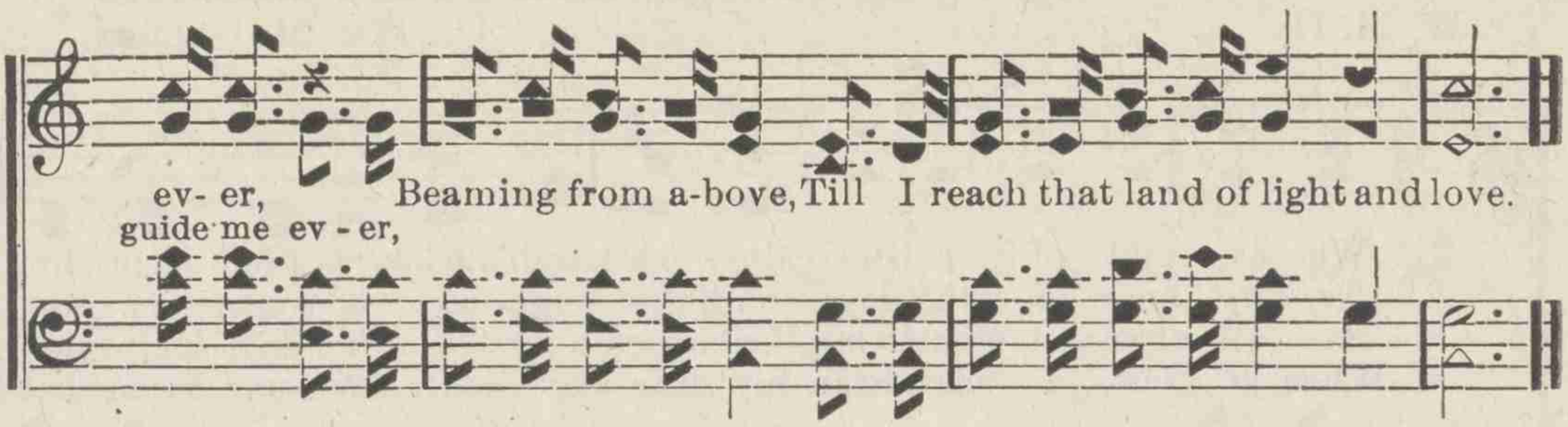
REFRAIN.

O, the sunlight, sun-light Shi - ning on my way, How its
Bless - ed sunlight that is

ra - diant beams, Light my path from day to day, It will guide me
brilliant, radiant beams, It will guide me ev - er,

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SUNLIGHT.—Concluded.



No. 85. MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TO-DAY.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. P. B. Hughes.

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No. 86. I WILL FIND MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

W. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN.

1. We are told of a book called the Lamb's book of life, Kept by an - gels so spot - less and fair;(bright and fair;) And when I have laid
2. Ev - 'ry hour of the day, would the temp- ter of souls, Try to fill me with doubt and de- spair;(dark de- spair;) But be- lieve when the
3. So I'll trust in that "One," who each hour of the day, Helps me car - ry my bur - den of care;(load of care;) And I know if His
4. When at last, I shall hear, my dear Sav - iour, say come, From that book He my name will de-clare;(yes, de- clare;) Then I'll live with my
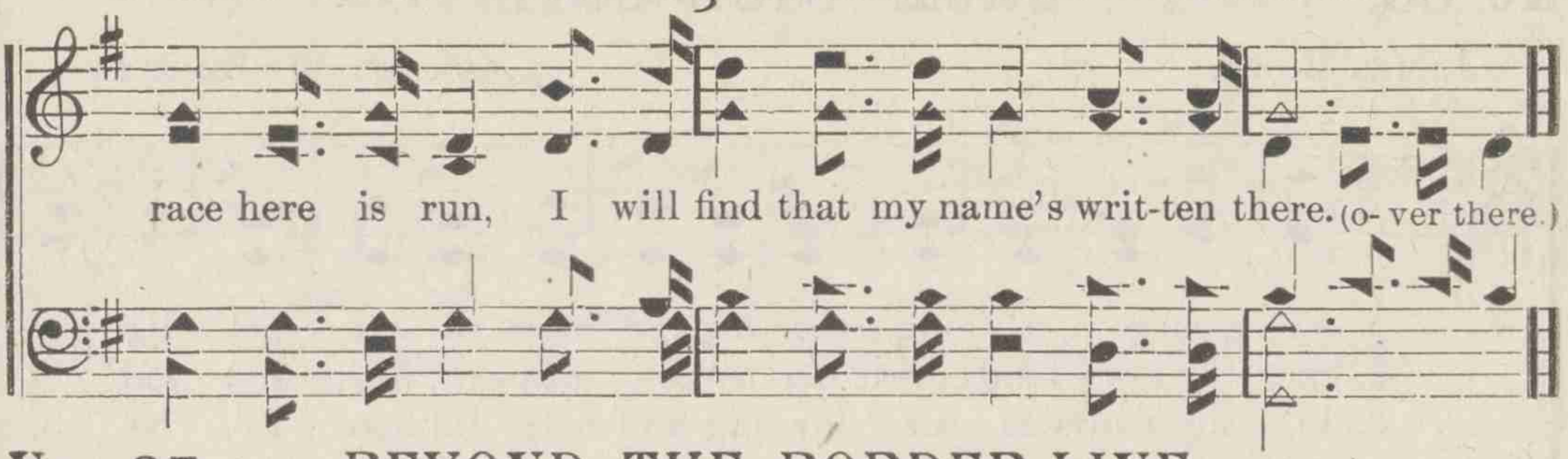
down all earth's sor-rows and strife, I will find that my name's written there.
shad-ows all back-ward shall roll, I will find that my name's written there.
word I but trust and o - bey, I will find that my name's written there.
Lord in His beau- ti - ful home, Praise the Lord that my name's written there.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I'll find that my name's written there,(over there,) On those pa - ges so spot- less and fair,(bright and fair.) When my life's work is done, and my
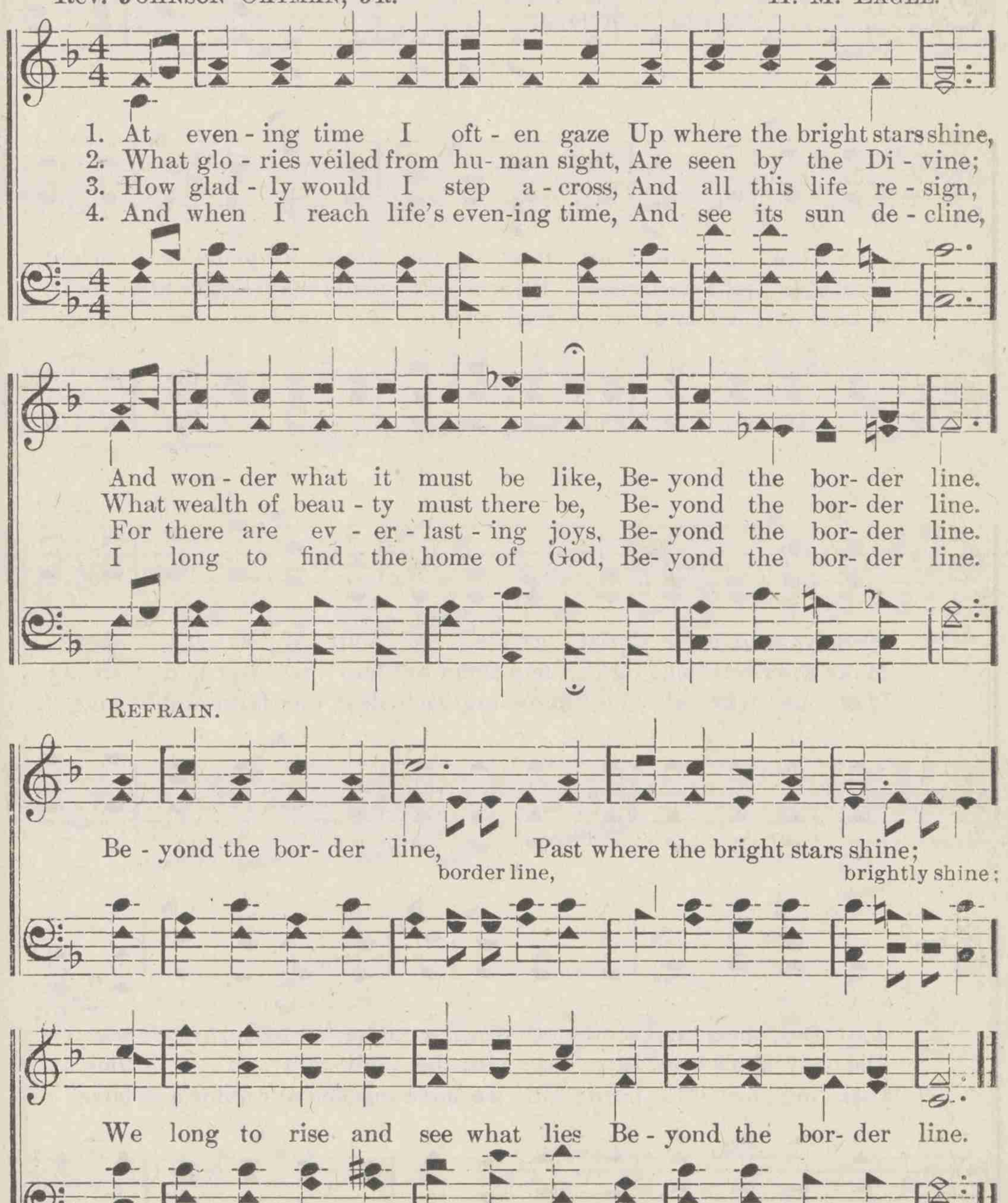
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I Will Find That My Name's etc.—Concluded.



No. 87. BEYOND THE BORDER-LINE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. H. M. EAGLE.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1909, by H. M. Eagle, Dalton, Ga.

No. 88. SHOW YOUR LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

1. As you go a - long, see - ing the bless- ed gos - pel light,
2. In the low - lands drear ma- ny are wea - ry, worn, and sad;
3. Je - sus wants us all lov- ing and help - ful here to be,

La - bor for the Lord, mak-ing the drear - y plac - es bright,
Scat - ter light and cheer, till you have made them bright and glad;
Wants us good and true, read- y to an - swer ev - 'ry plea;
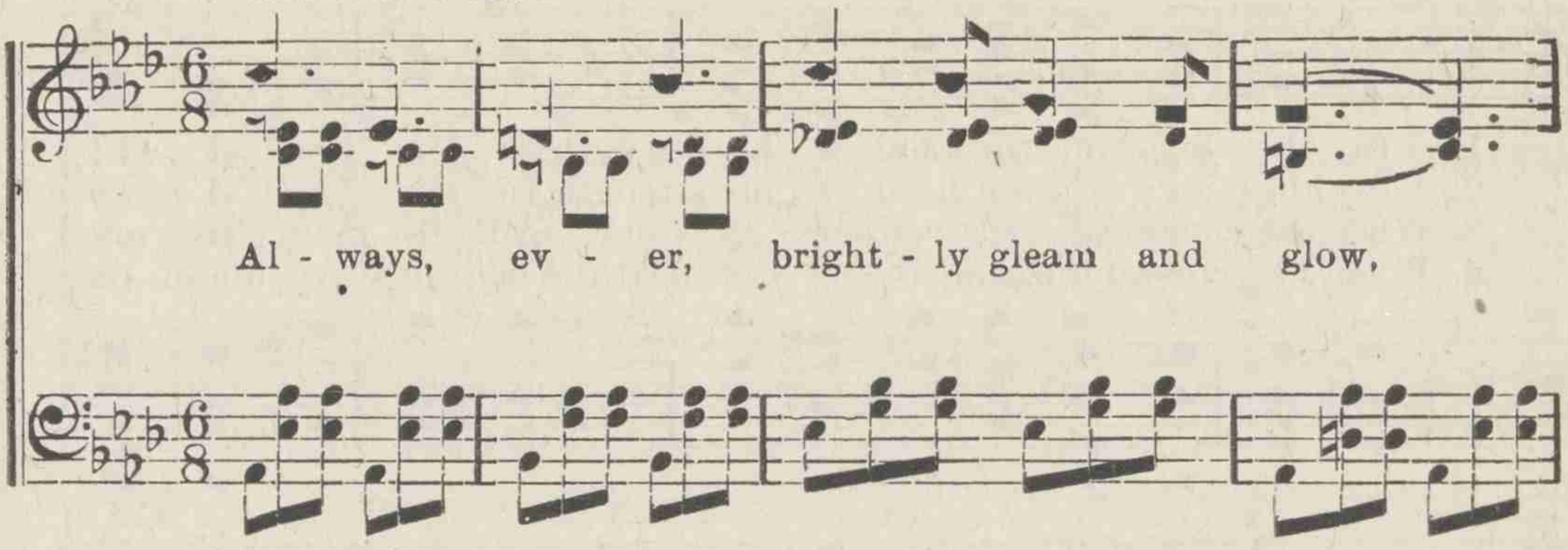
Show your love for Christ, ev - e - -ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
Make their bur-dens light, help them to hap - py be and strong;
Let us trav - el on, show-ing each day our faith and love,
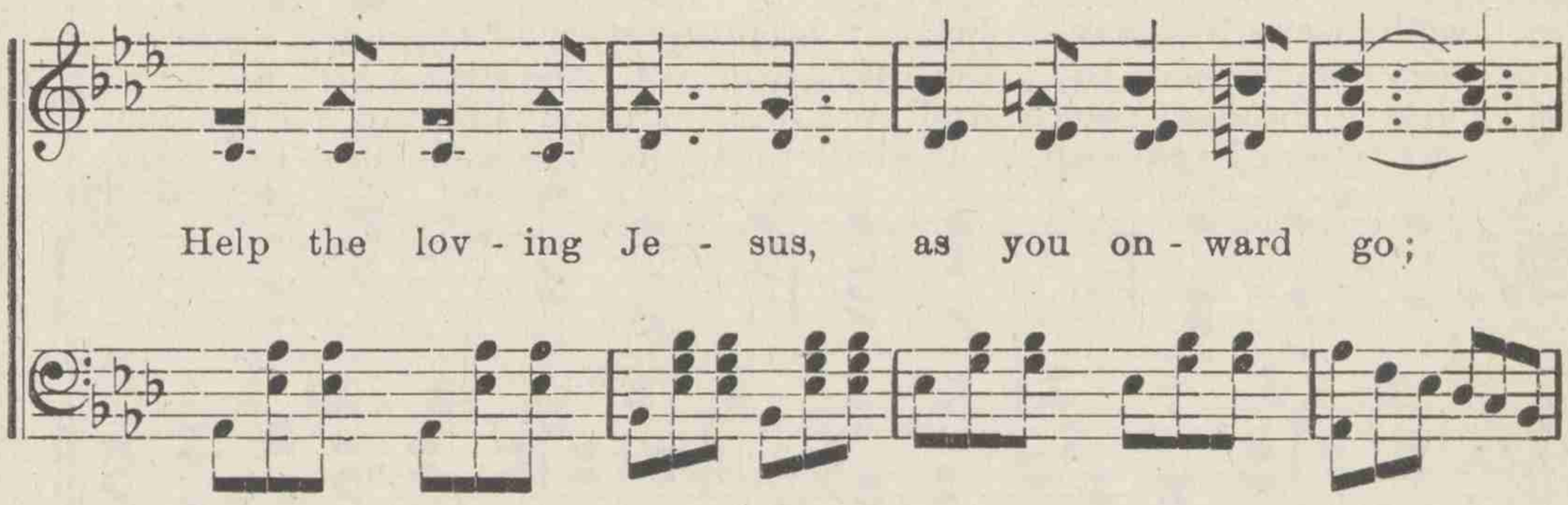
Com- fort, cheer, and soothe oth- ers, a - long life's thorn-y way.
Dai - ly show your love, as with the Lord you go a - long.
Work- ing for the Lord, till we have reached our home a - bove.
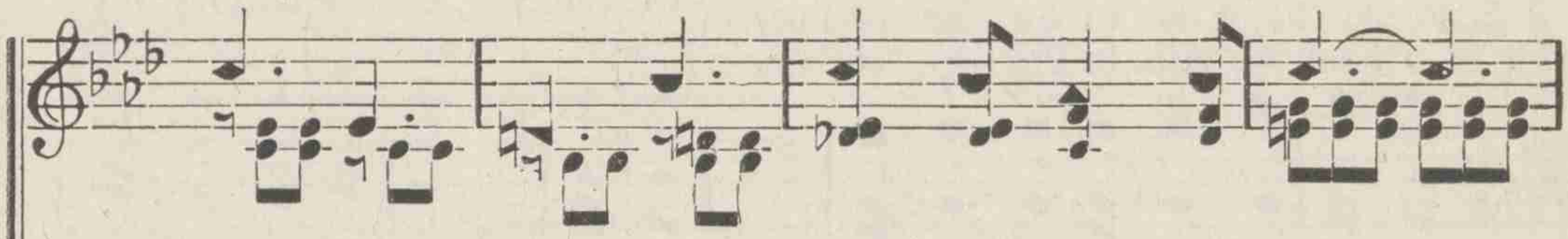
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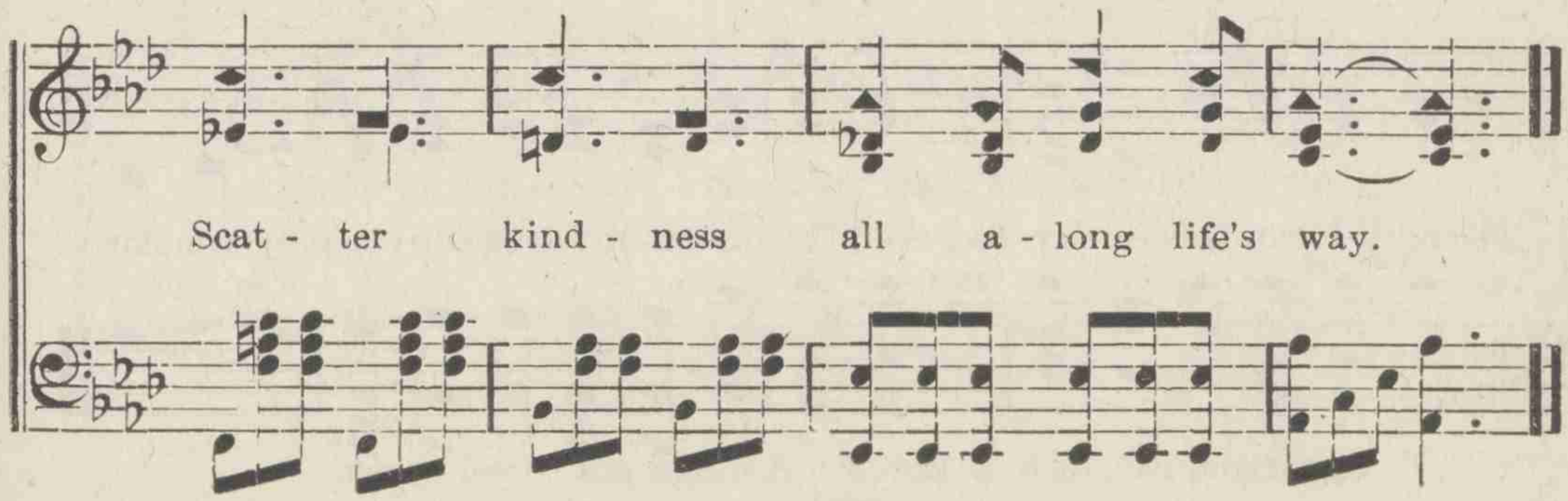
SHOW YOUR LOVE.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Unison.*









No. 89. The Joy of the Lord is My Strength.

Miss MIRIAM E. OATMAN. R. L. PAGE, Jr.

1. In the joy of the Lord is my strength, In His joy I will walk ev - 'ry day, For it bright - ens each bur - den I bear,
2. In the joy of the Lord is my strength, In His joy I can con - stant - ly be, For the song of the con - q'ror is mine—
3. When the clouds of ad - ver - si - ty come, Still I know 'tis my dear Fa-ther's choice, And to meet all af - flic - tion's I'm strong,
4. When I've crossed the cold riv - er of death, When in tri - umph its wa - ters I've passed, I shall then in His pres - ence re - joice,

REFRAIN.

And it brightens my path all the way.
He hath giv - en the vic - t'ry to me.
For He helps me to ev - er re - joice.
I shall see Him in glo - ry at last.

} In the joy of the Lord is my strength, And He fills all my soul with His joy, (with His joy.) In His strength I can face ev- 'ry foe, And His praises my songs do em-ploy. (employ.)

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No. 90. LEAD ME ON.

W. Oliver Cooper. Geo. B. Gay.

1. Lead me on, dear Sav - iour, O lead me by Thy pow'r, Where Thou
2. Lead me on, dear Sav - iour, O lead me ev - 'ry day, Ev - er
3. Lead me on, dear Sav - iour, O lead me to my home, Out be -

call - est I will go, (I will go,) Lead me on, O Sav - iour,
keep my path - way bright, (keep it bright,) Lead me on, dear Sav - iour,
yond the bright blue sky, (bright blue sky,) Lead me on, dear Sav - iour,

Yes, lead me ev - 'ry hour, Lead me on till life is o'er.
O lead me all the way, To a home where comes no night.
O let me nev - er roam, Lead me on un - til I die.

Chorus.

Lead me on,..... lead me on,..... Nev - er
Sav-iour, lead me on, Sav-iour, lead me on,

let me go a - stray; Saviour, lead me all the way.
yes, all the way.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. B. Gay.

No. 91. ONLY A SINNER.

Anon. (Male Quartet.) C. S. VALENTINE.

1. Naught have I got-ten, but what I re-ceived: Grace hath bestow'd it since
2. Once I was fool-ish and sin ruled my heart: Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail-ing no mer - it had I; Mer- cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows; Lov- ing his Saviour to

I have be - lieved: Boast- ing ex- clud- ed pride I a - base:
God to de - part: Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case,
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face,
tell what He knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace;

rit.

CHORUS.

I'm on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
For I am a sin- ner saved by grace!
But now I'm a sin- ner saved by grace!
I'm on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin-ner saved by grace, On- ly a sin-ner saved by grace: This is my sto-ry to

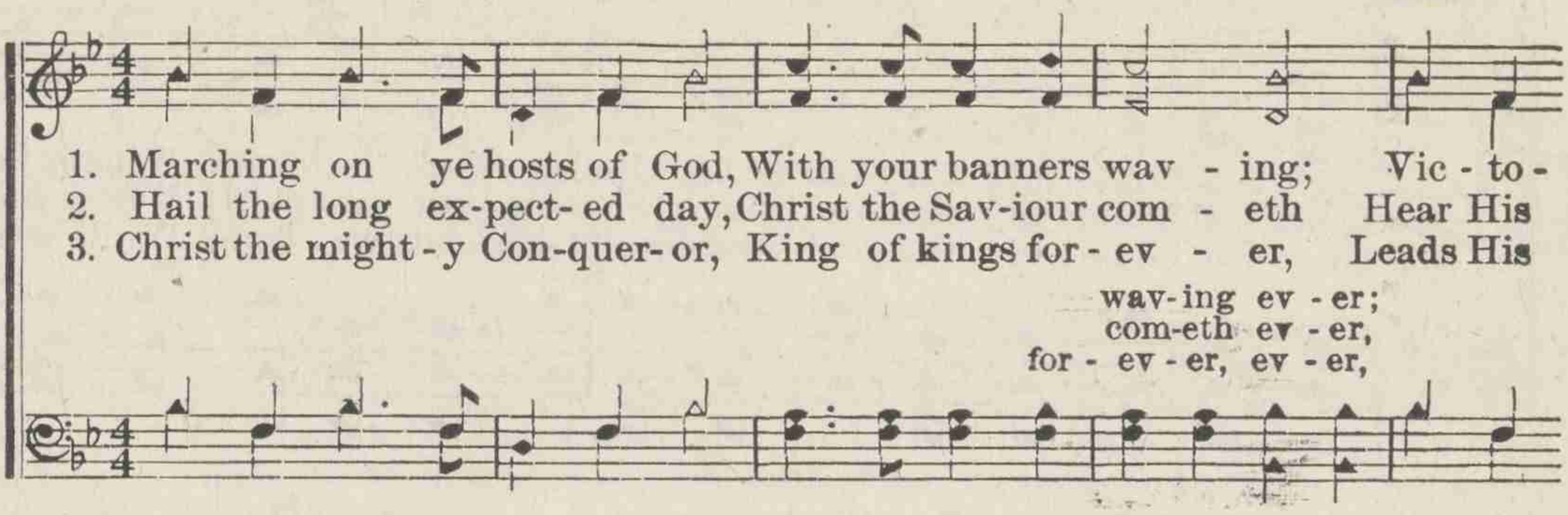
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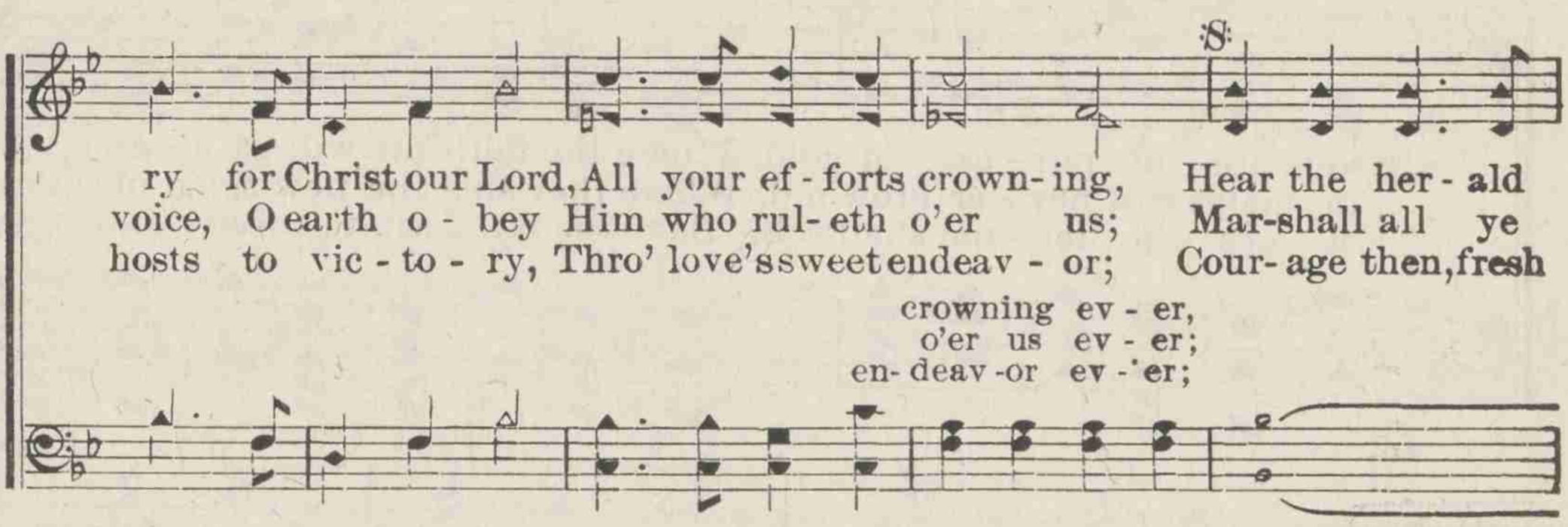
God be the glo - ry; I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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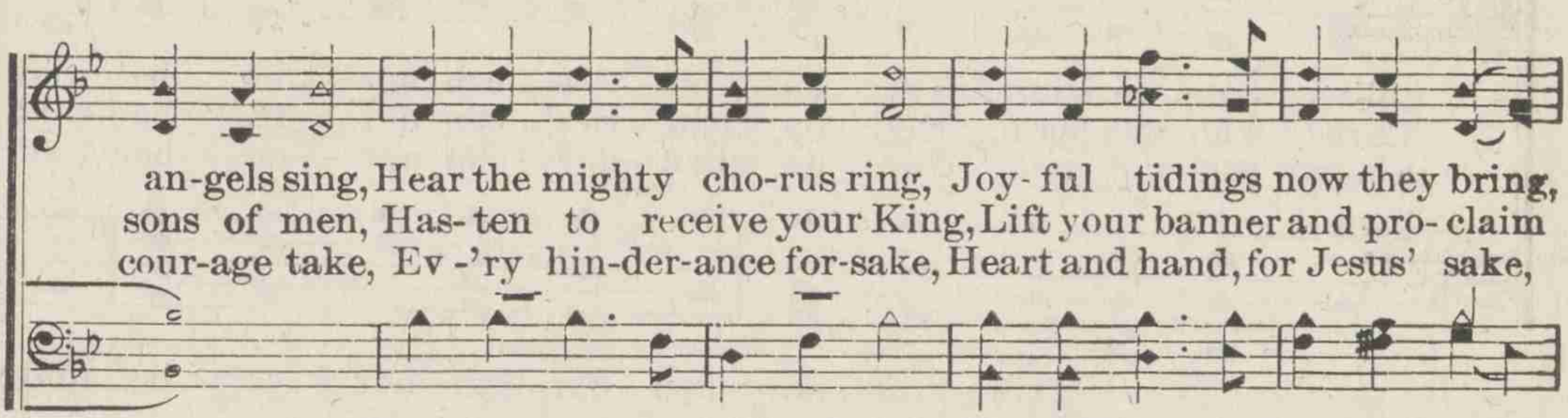
No. 92. HAIL THE MIGHTY SAVIOUR.

GEO. P. HOTT. McD. WEAMS.
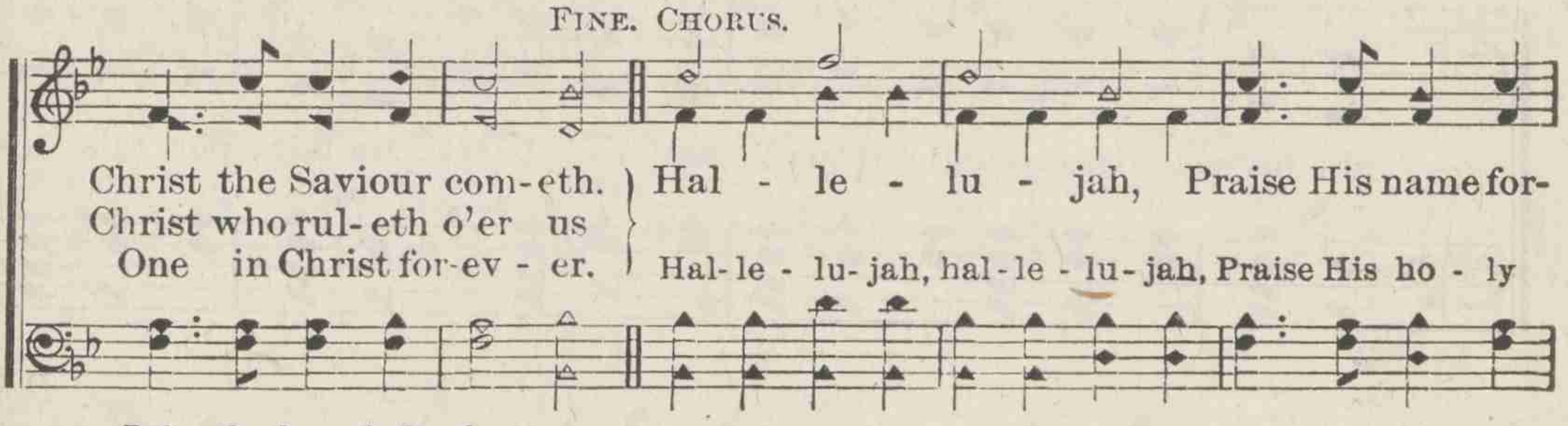




D. S.—Christ the King has
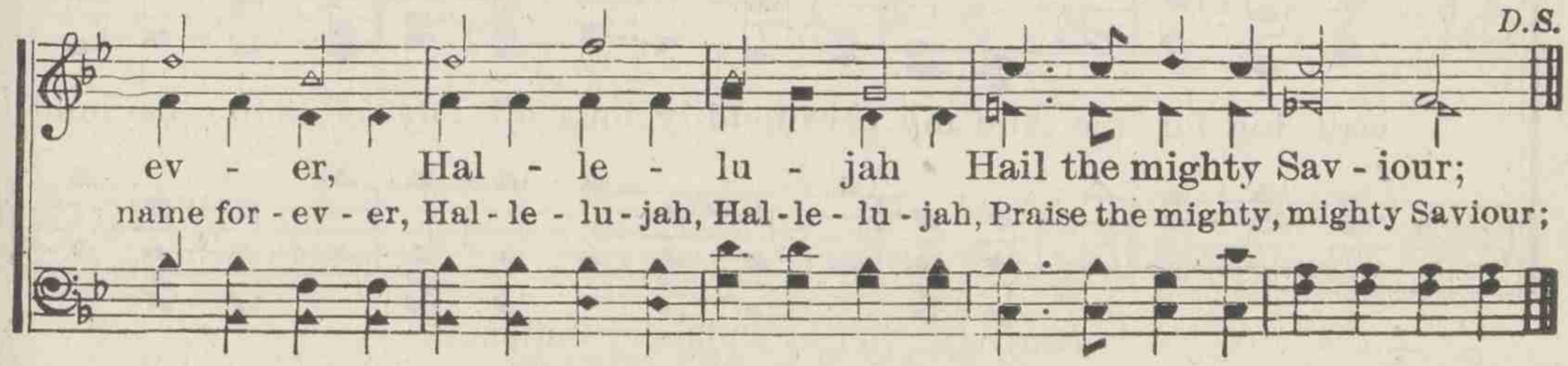


come to reign, Bear the news o'er hill and plain, Chant His praise in loud acclaim,

FINE. CHORUS.



Join the heav'nly cho - rus.



Copyright, 1908, by McD. Weams.

No. 93. THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

L. Low McDonald. J. Chesley Quillen.

1. There's a home of the soul o'er the riv - er of death, Where the
2. There's a home of the soul where there com-eth no pain; Where the
3. There's a home of the soul where the right-eous way dwell While the

streets are of pur - est of gold, Where the faith-ful will gath - er its
in- mates will nev - er grow old, Where they sing the new song of the
a - ges e - ter - nal shall roll, But the mind can't conceive and the

pleas - ure to share, Yet, its beau - ties can nev - er be told.
Christ who was slain, Yet, its beau - ties can nev - er be told.
tongue can- not tell, For its splen - dor can nev - er be told.

D.S.—For its splen - dor can nev - er be told.

FINE.

CHORUS.

In my day-dreams and visions I fan - cy I see, Its fair por- tals a-
wait- ing for me And my eyes fond-ly long all its sights to be- hold,

D.S.

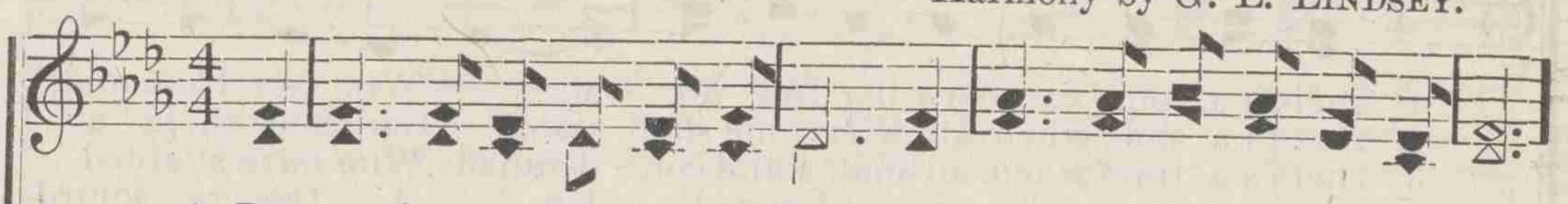
Copyright, 1910, by J. Chesley Quillen.

No. 94. 'TIS SAD TO PART.
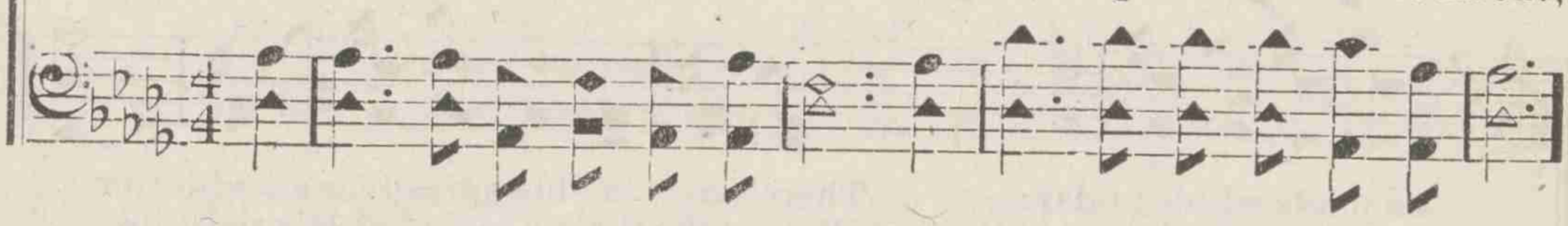
Dedicated to my friends, and pupils, also, all lovers of song everywhere—The author.
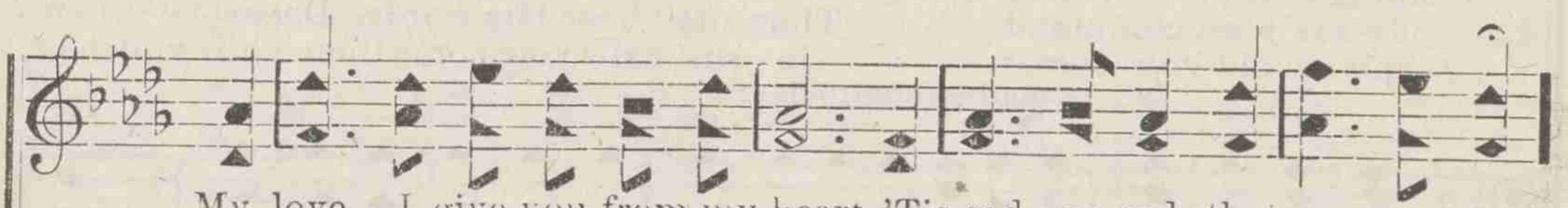
E. B. K.

Essie B. Kilgore,
Harmony by G. L. Lindsey.
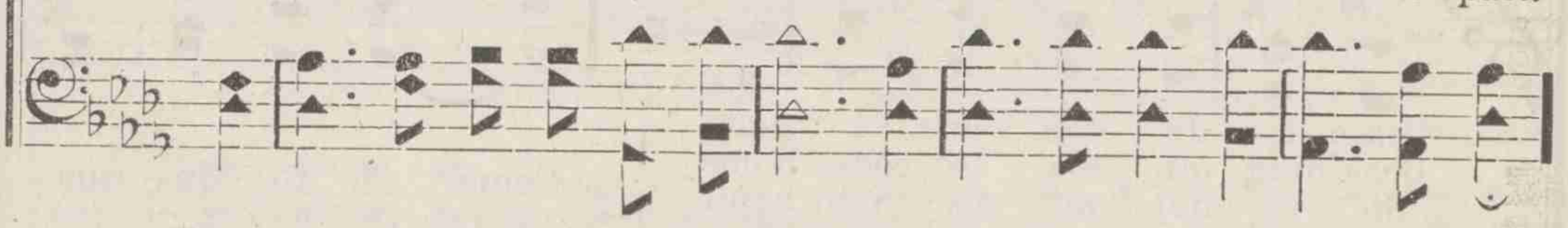


1. Re-mem-ber me dear friends of song, Re-mem-ber me when I am gone,
2. Re-mem-ber that I lov'd to sing, Sweet prais-es to our Saviour King,
3. I would that I could ev - er be A source of good, for God and thee,
4. Re-mem-ber me when far a - way, Be true un-til the Judgment day,
5. Oh, what a song in perfect tone, When we shall gather 'round the throne,
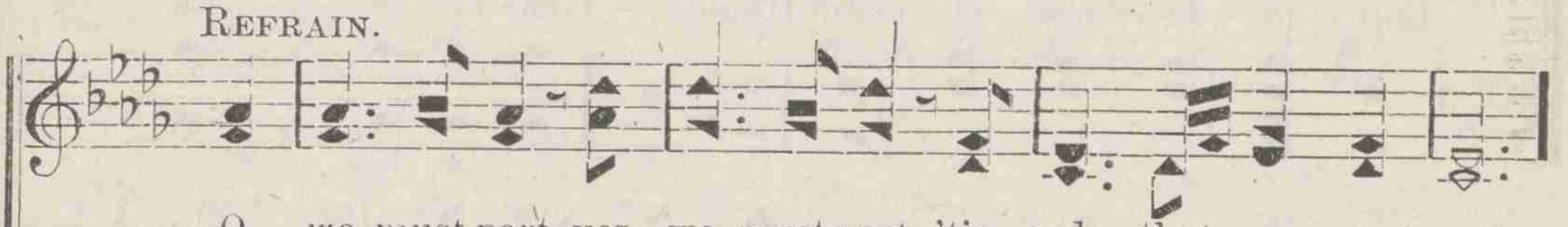




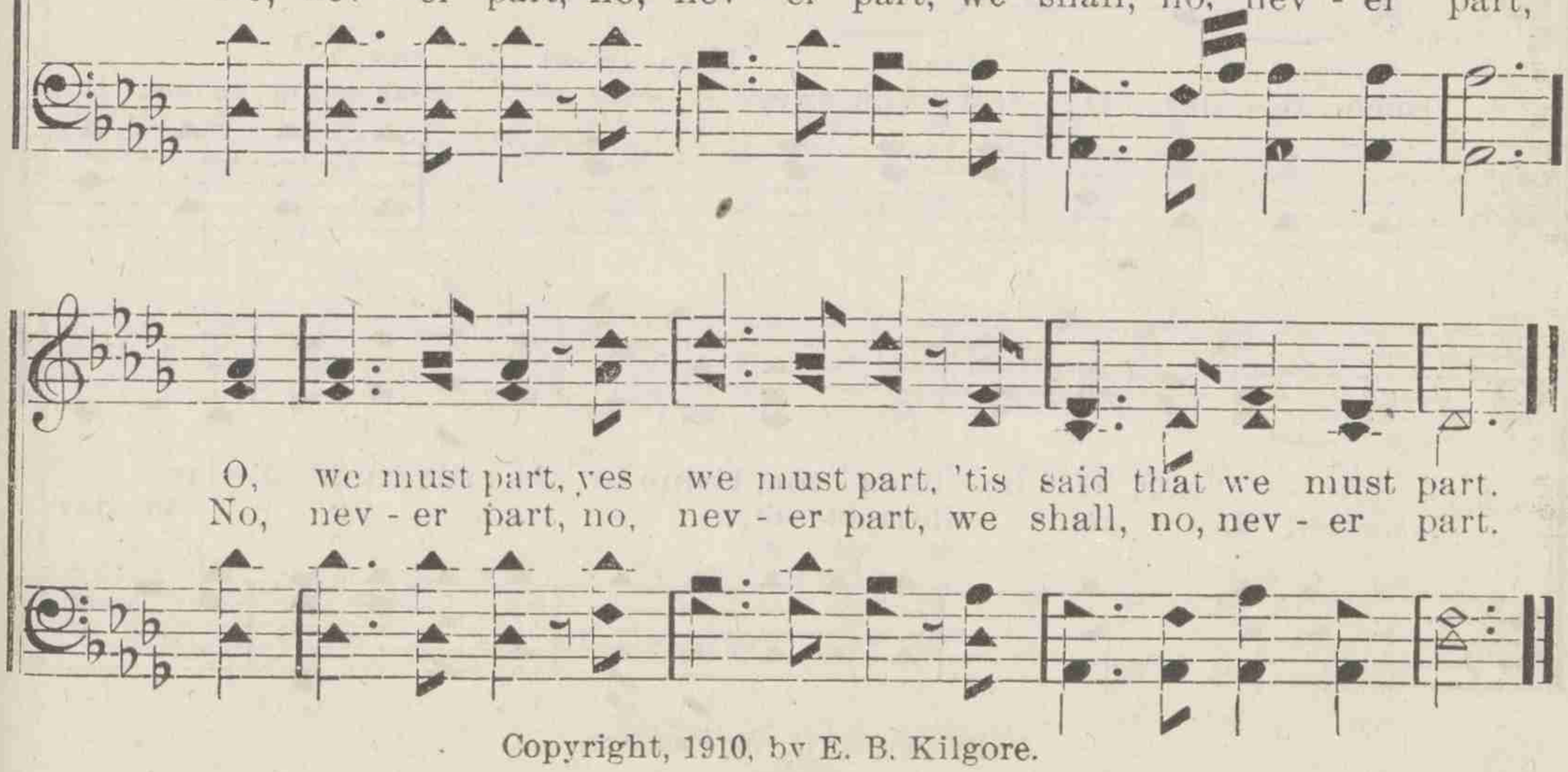
My love I give you from my heart, 'Tis sad, so sad that we must part.
To leave you all now grives my heart, How sad in-deed that we must part.
O, would it heal my wounded heart, Farewell, farewell, now we must part.
And when we all meet heart to heart, We nev - er shall, no, nev - er part.
God's love will be in ev - 'ry heart, How sweet 'twill be to nev - er part.



REFRAIN.



O, we must part, yes, we must part, 'tis sad that we must part,
For fourth and fifth stanzas.
No, nev - er part, no, nev - er part, we shall, no, nev - er part,



O, we must part, yes we must part, 'tis said that we must part.
No, nev - er part, no, nev - er part, we shall, no, nev - er part.

Copyright, 1910, by E. B. Kilgore.

No. 95. COME TO JESUS NOW.

T. O. P. T. O. PENDER.

1. There's a foun- tain flow-ing free for all, Will you drink and be made whole to-day:
2. There's a time when all who come shall stand, Gathered there a - mong the blood-wash'd throng;
3. There's a time when all shall stand con - demned, Who have slighted Je-sus' blest command;
4. Sin - ner, why, O, why will you de - lay, All the ran-somed spir-its bid you come;

There's a ta - ble spread for all who come,
'Round the throne of God, at His right hand,
They shall hear His words, "Depart ye" then,
Je - sus calls you; come then while you may,
be made whole to-day;

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come, I pray.
Beck'ning oth - ers to come home.
Sit ye not at my right hand.
Come to Je - sus, O, come Home.

Come to Je - sus now;.....
Come to Je - - sus, come to - day, O,

Hear Him sweet - ly say,
hear Him sweet - - ly say - ing "come," then

Sin - - ner, O be - lieve me, Come to Je - sus, come to - day.
sin-ner, O, be - - lieve in me, to - day.

By per. of G. W. Lassiter.

No. 96. ALL OF OUR SORROWS SHALL PASS.

J. W. L. JAS. W. LASSITER.

1. When we have reached that beau - ti - ful shore, All of our
2. Though life on earth may be but a strife, All of our
3. When to this world we're bid - ding a - dieu, All of our

sorrows shall pass, We shall then cross death's riv-er no more,
sorrows shall pass, If we o - bey and trust Him through life,
sorrows shall pass, If we trust Christ to car - ry us through,

CHORUS.

All of our sor-rows shall pass. All of our sorrows shall pass,
shall pass,

All of our sor - rows shall pass When we have crossed the
riv - er be - yond, All of our sor- rows shall pass.
shall pass.

By per. of G. W. Lassiter.

No. 97. LOOKING TO THEE.

JAMES ROWE. J. D. HOLIFIELD.

1. I'm look-ing to Thee, my heav-en - ly King, And sweeter each
2. I'm look-ing to Thee, my Sav-iour di - vine, For Thou dost con-
3. I'm look-ing to Thee, and all the day long Thou fill- est my

day Thy praises I sing, Thy fol - ow- er true I ev - er will
trol this spir-it of mine; Thy won - der-ful grace is dwell-ing with
heart with gladness and song; In life and in death, my glo - ri - ous

D.S.—When tri - als be - fall, the whole world shall

CHORUS.

FINE.

be; In shad-ow and shine I'm look-ing to Thee.
in And keeping me free from doubt and from sin.
King, With rapture my soul Thy prais- es shall sing.

} I will praise Thy

see That, trusting Thy love, I'm look-ing to Thee.

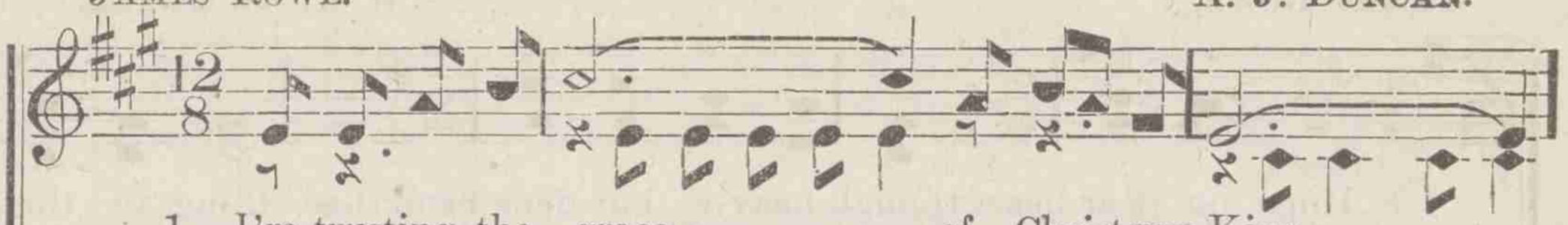
D. S.

love wherev- er I go, That others Thy matchless goodness may know;
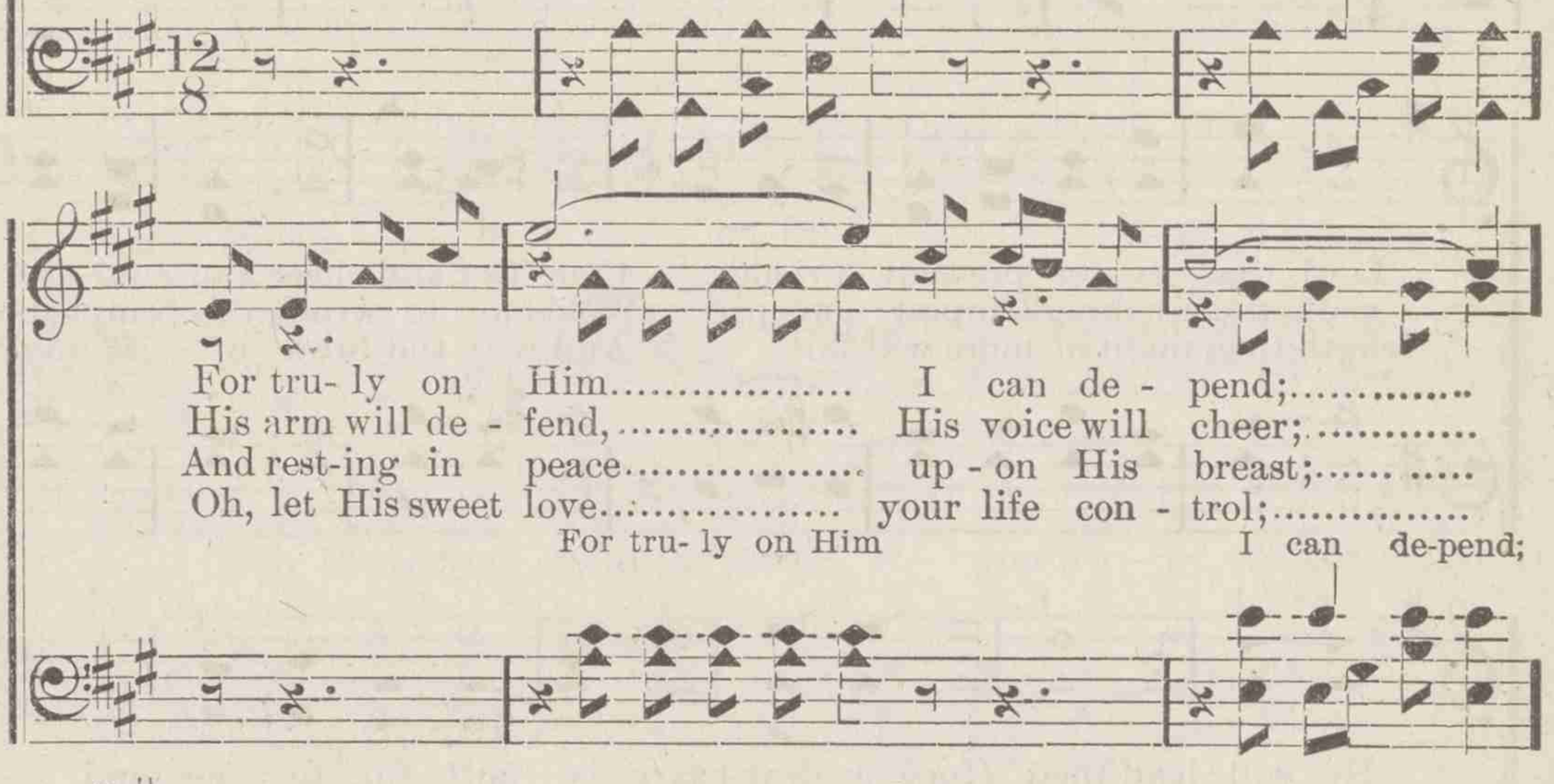
Copyright, 1910, by J. D. Holifield.

No. 98. TRUSTING HIS GRACE.

JAMES ROWE. A. J. DUNCAN.
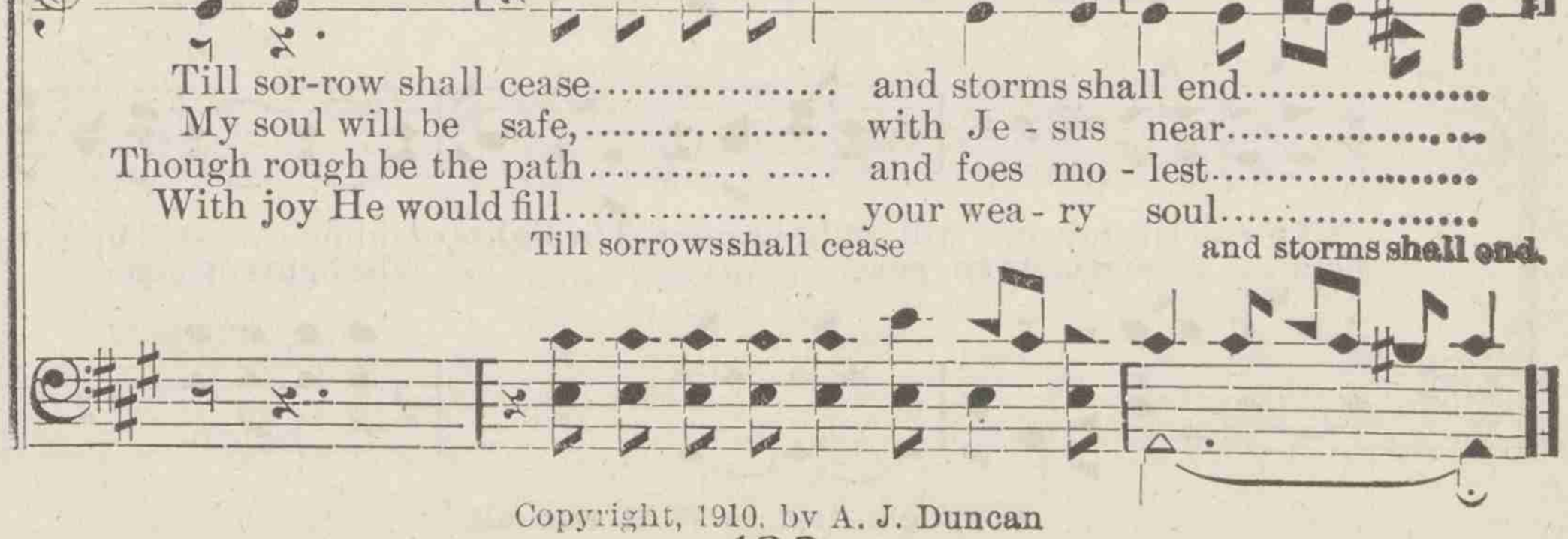


1. I'm trusting the grace..... of Christ my King,.....
2. The heart He has won ..... He'll safe - ly keep,.....
3. I'm trusting His grace..... through tri- als all,.....
4. Come, sinner, to - day,..... make Christ your Friend.....



For tru- ly on Him..... I can de - pend;.....
His arm will de - fend,..... His voice will cheer;.....
And rest-ing in peace..... up - on His breast;.....
Oh, let His sweet love..... your life con - trol;.....

In shadow and shine..... to Him I'll cling,.....
Com-pan-ions may flee,..... the storm may sweep,.....
With faith in His love,..... I shall not fall,.....
Your burden would fall,..... your grief would end.....



Till sor-row shall cease..... and storms shall end.....
My soul will be safe,..... with Je - sus near.....
Though rough be the path..... and foes mo - lest.....
With joy He would fill..... your wea - ry soul.....

Copyright, 1910, by A. J. Duncan

No. 99. HOPE ON.

JAMES ROWE. W. H. SUMRALL.

1. Hope on, dear heart, though heav-y bur-dens bend thee, Cling to the
2. Still on-ward go, though sky and path be drear- y, Though on thy
3. The dawn will come, the bright, the love- ly morn-ing Will break, at

Lord, thy ev - er- pre-sent Friend; Com- fort and cheer and cour-age,
soul the crushing tempest sweep; Yield not to wrong, tho' tempted,
length, then night no more will fall, And, with the brow of life thy

He will lend thee; Hope on, dear heart, be faith- ful to the end.
tried, and wea- ry, Be strong in faith, then Christ will safe-ly keep.
brow a - dorn-ing, Thou shall a - bide tri - umph-ant o - ver all.
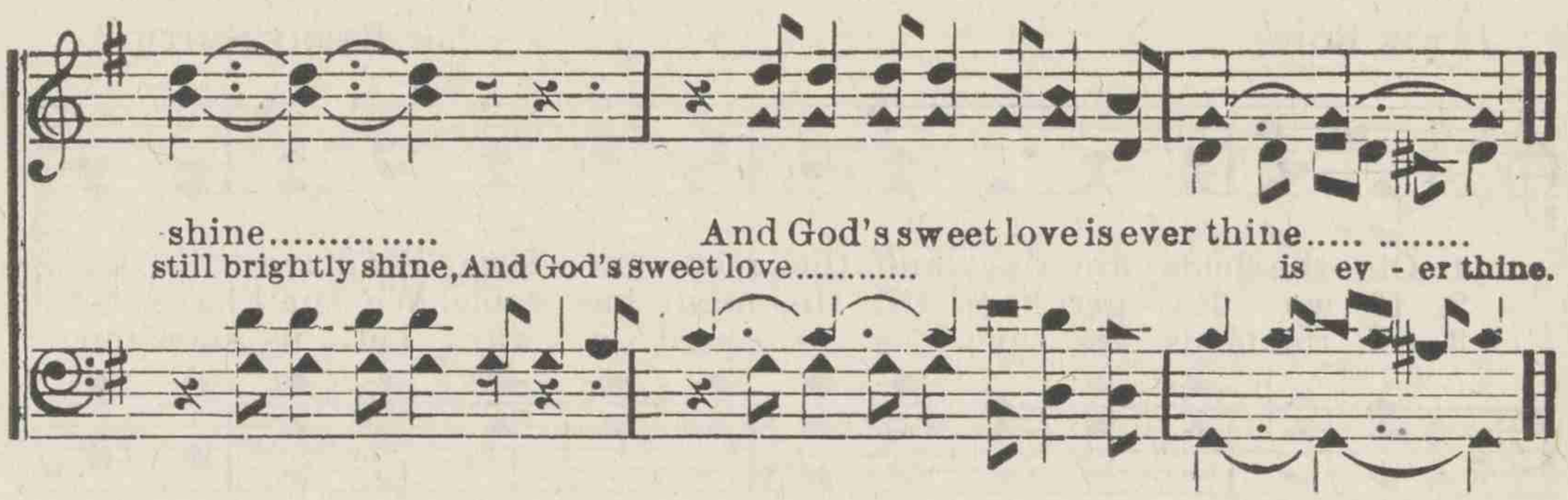
CHORUS.

Hope on, dear heart, Hope on, dear heart, ... Keep hop-ing on, Keep hoping on, ... Till break the

Till break the morn, till night be gone; The lights of home.....still brightly
morn, ...and night be gone; ..... The lights of home

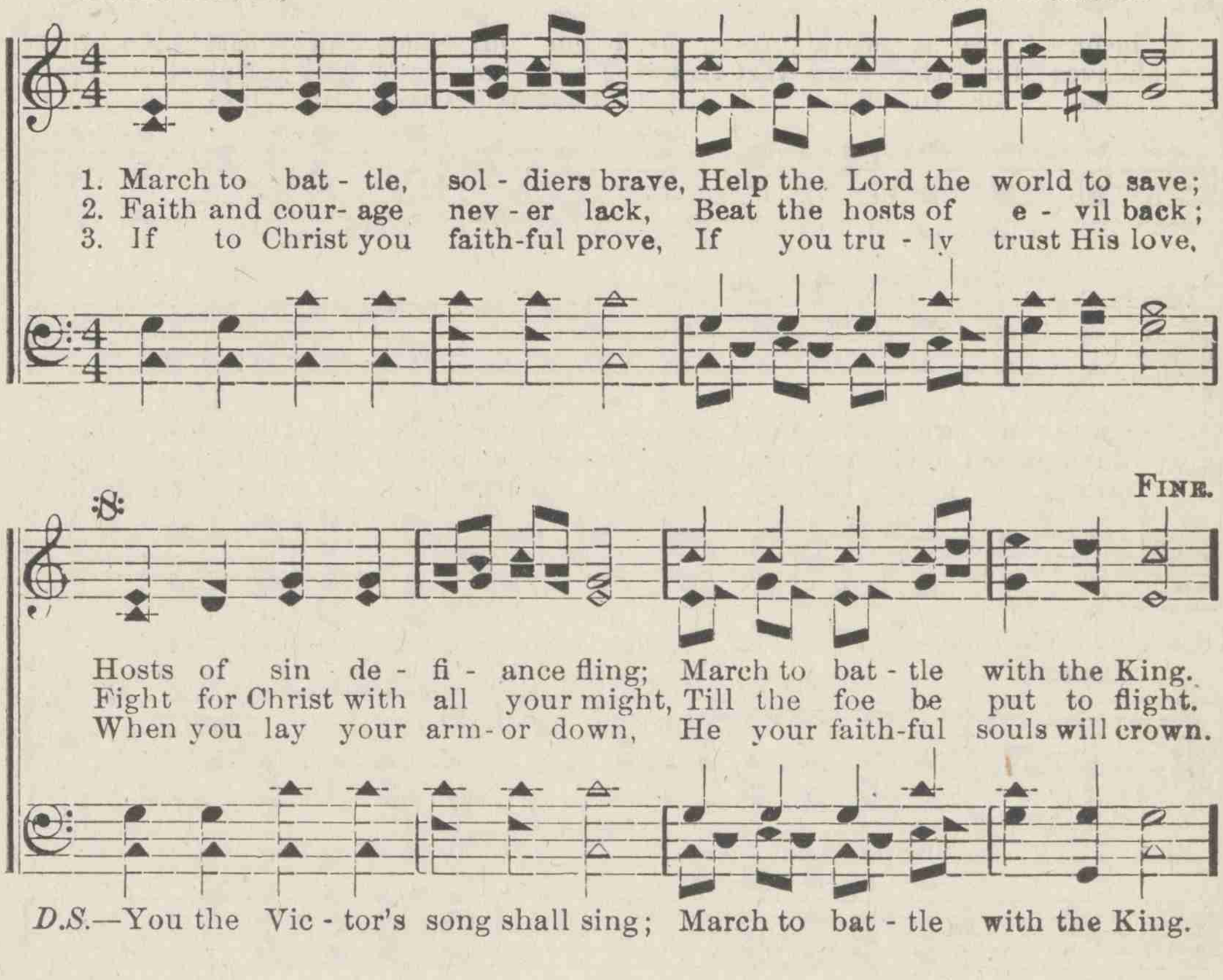
Copyright 1910, by W. H. Sumrall.

HOPE ON.—Concluded.
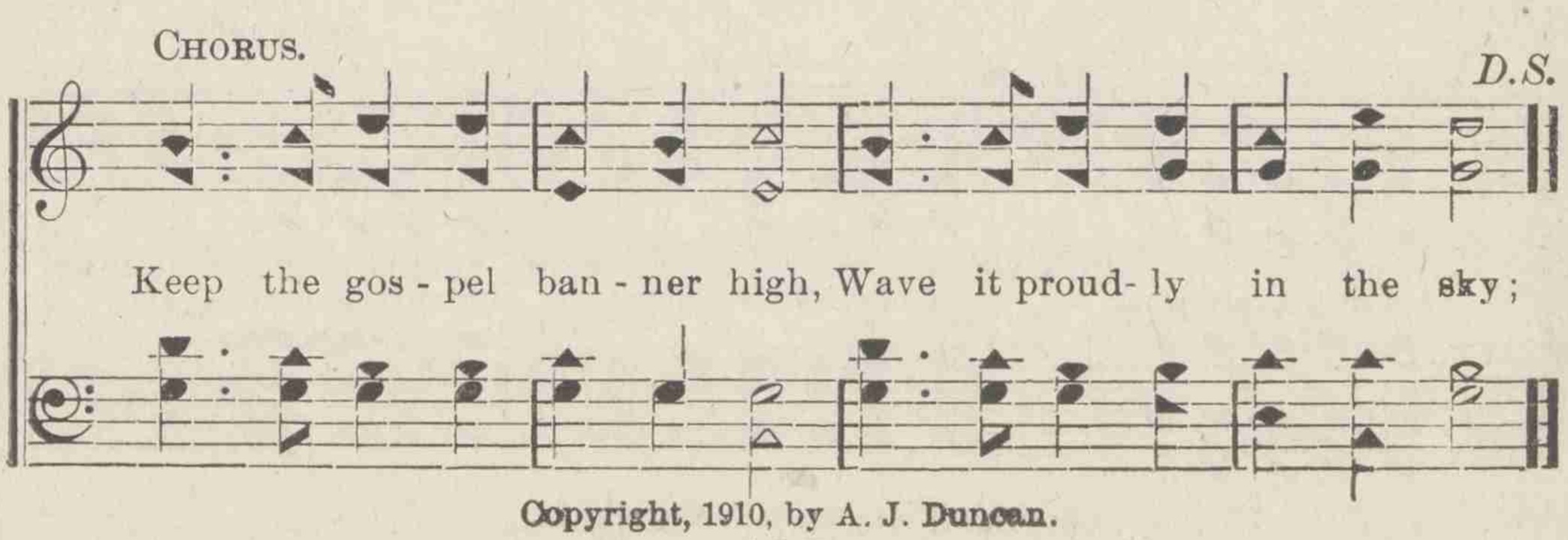


No. 100. MARCH TO BATTLE.

JAMES ROWE. A. J. DUNCAN.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910, by A. J. Duncan.

No. 101. LET US WORK WHILE WE MAY.

JAMES ROWE. J. BERRY SMITH.

1. Oh, the fields are ripe and the reap - ers few; We have i - dle
2. If we lin - ger here till the night has come, We shall have no
3. Oh, the fields are ripe; let us speed a - way, Let us show our

been, there is work to do: From our beds of ease we must
sheaves for the har - vest Home; Then our souls will grieve o - ver
love for the King to - day, That His praise, at last, we may

haste a - way, We must gath - er sheaves for the Har - vest Day.
days passed on, And the gold - en crown which we might have won.
tru - ly gain; Let us gath - er sheaves, let us save the grain.
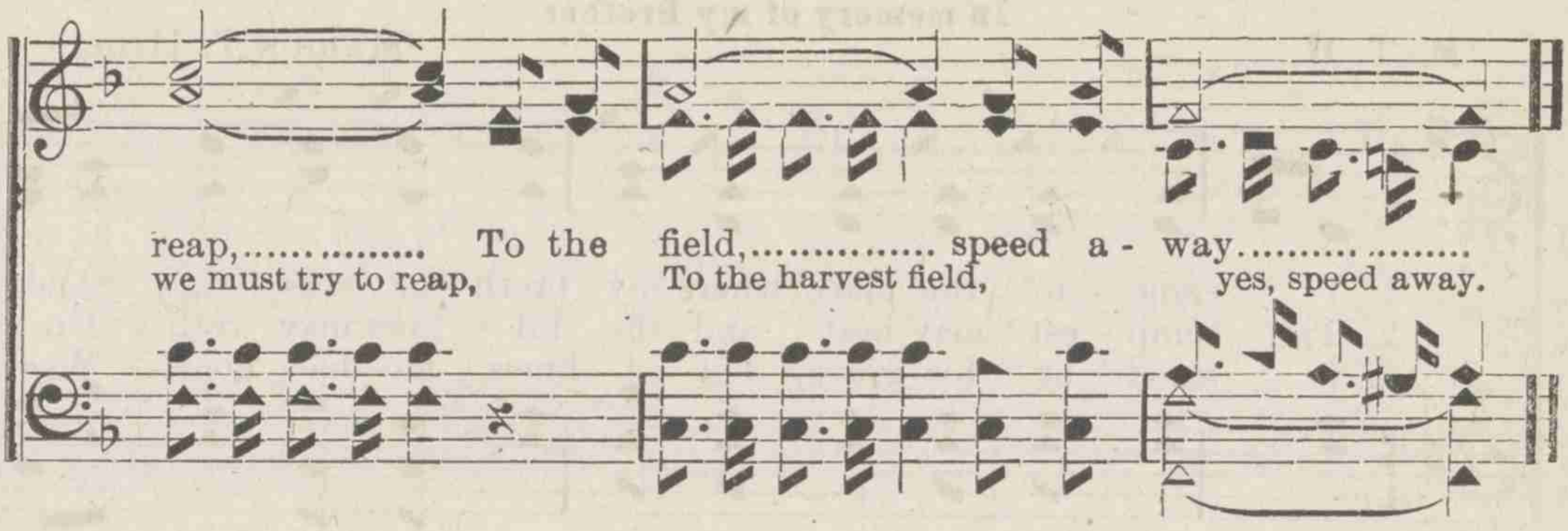
CHORUS.

Speed a - way..... to the field,..... Let us
Swiftly speed a-way, to the har-vest field,

work..... ..... while we may;..... Precious sheaves..... we must
Let us bravely work, labor while we may; Precious golden sheaves
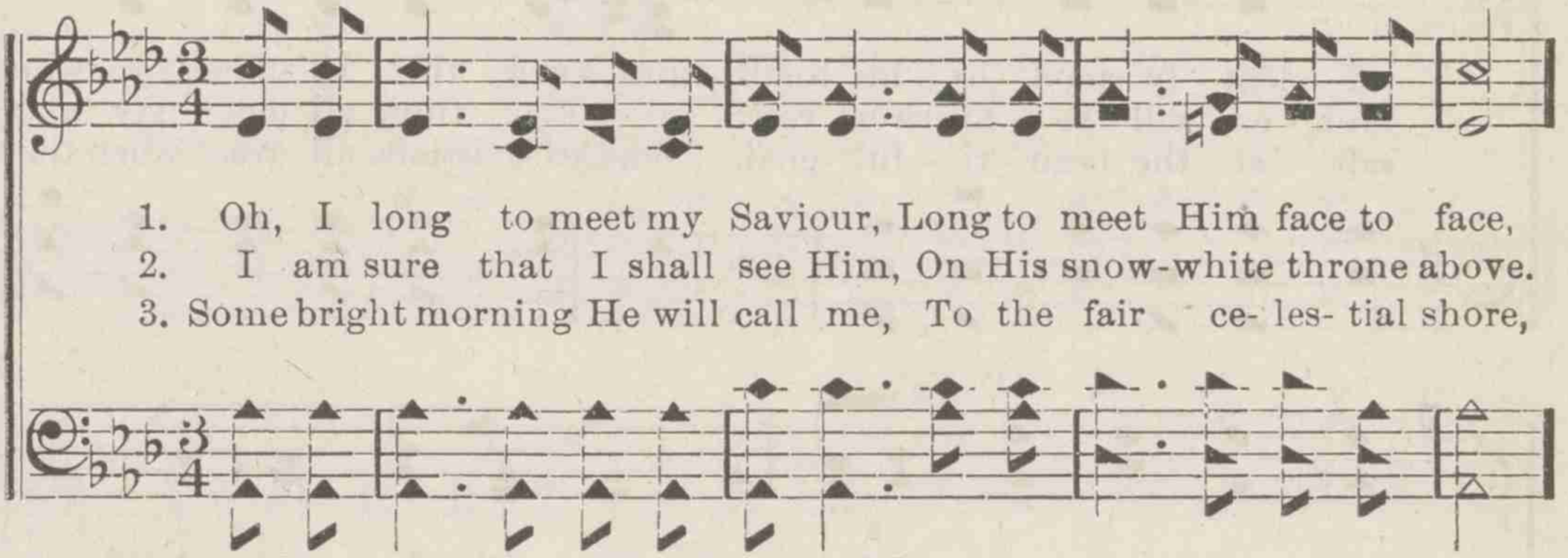
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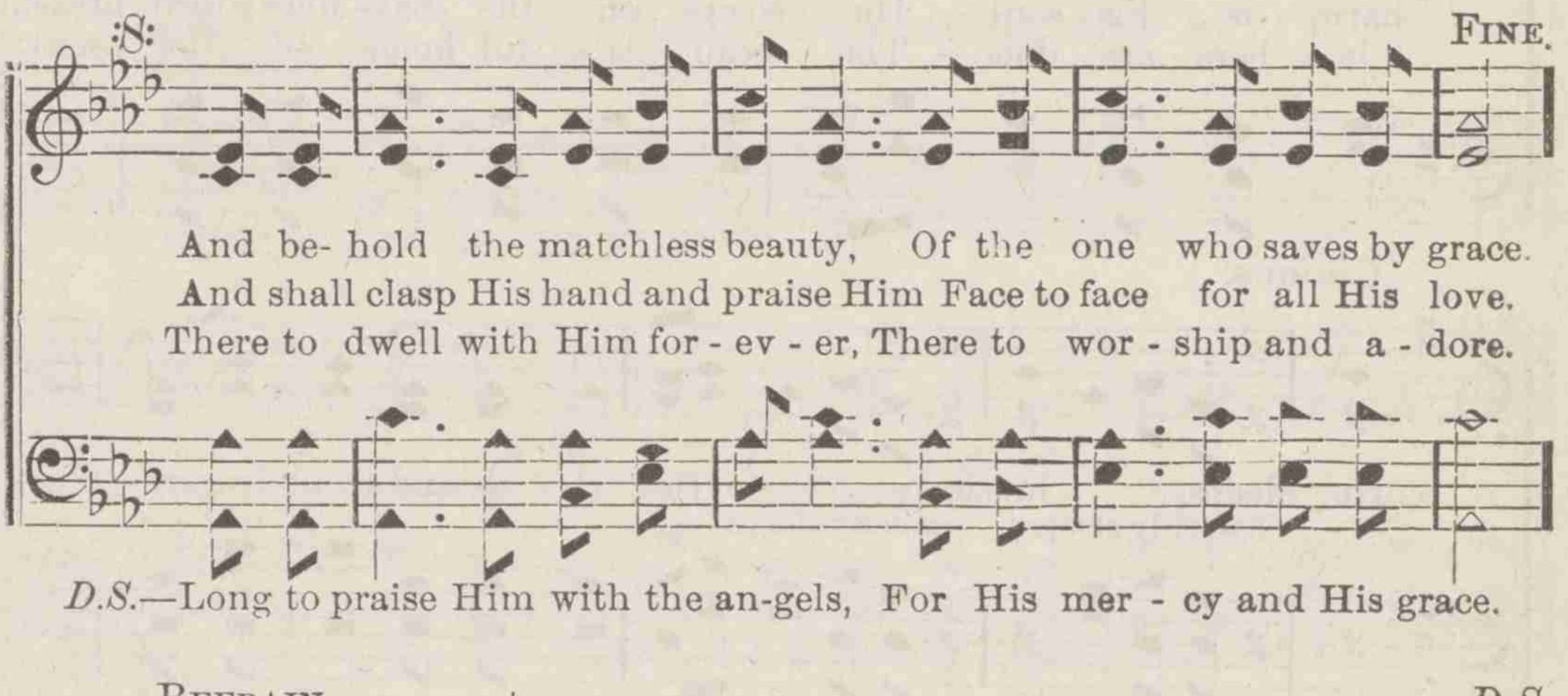
LET US WORK WHILE WE MAY.—Concluded.
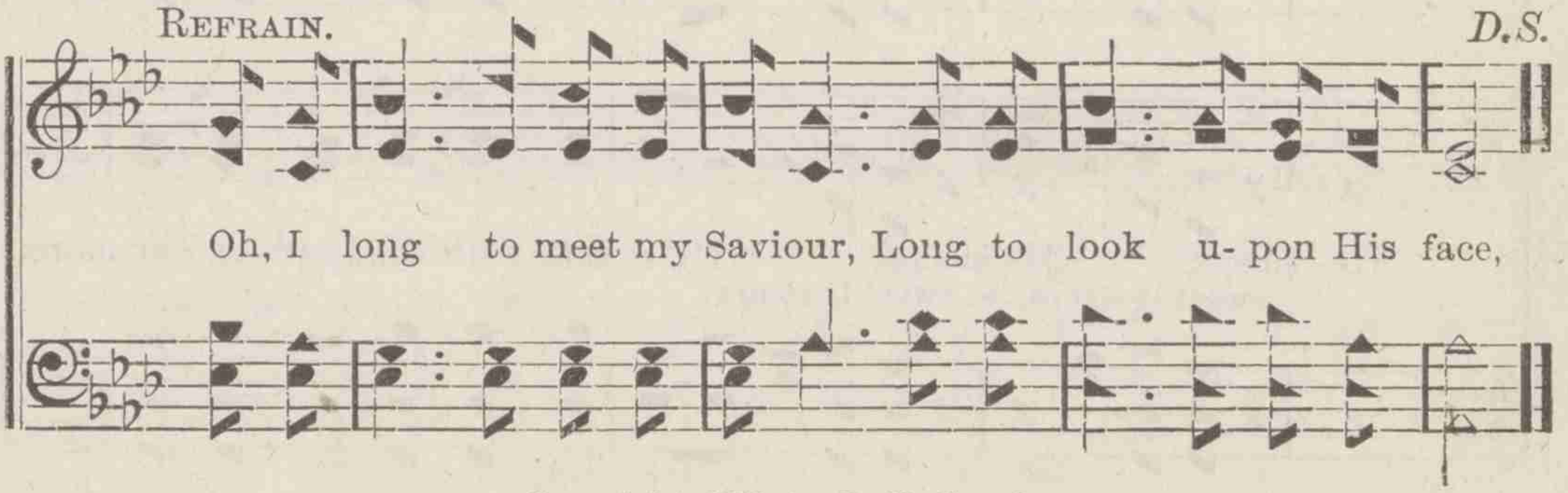


No. 102. I LONG TO MEET JESUS.

R. D. C. R. D. CURVIN.







Copyright, 1910, by R. D. Curvin.

No. 103. HE SWEETLY SLEEPS.

In memory of my Brother.

M. T. H. MARION T. HILL.

1. I came to the place where my broth - er was laid And
2. The temp - est may beat and the bil - lows may roll, Un -
3. I stood by his grave, but I knew he had gone, Was

si - lent - ly stood by his tomb, But knew that in snow - y - white
brok - en will be his sweet rest; A - far from all dan - ger and
safe at the beau - ti - ful goal, Where Christians all rest, when their

gar - ments ar - rayed, His soul was with Je - sus, at home.
harm is his soul— He sleeps on the Sav- iour's dear breast.
la - bors are done— The beau - ti - ful home of the soul.

CHORUS.

He sleeps, he sleeps His tri - als and troub-les are o'er;
Sweet-ly sleeps, sweetly sleeps

He sleeps, He sleeps; He's safe with the Lord ev - er-more.
sweet-ly sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps;

Copyright, 1910, by Marion T. Hill.

No. 104. TRUSTING HIS PROMISE.

JAMES ROWE. WALTER C. MITCHELL.

1. Trust-ing His prom- ise, lov-ing- ly cling- ing, Onward with Je - sus
2. Hear-ing His whis- pers cheering me ev - er, Troub-les and sor - rows
3. Trust-ing His prom- ise tru- ly, com-plete- ly, Noth-ing can ev - er

ev - er I go; Sweet-est of prais-ing, joy-ous-ly sing- ing, Having no
brave-ly I bear; Trust-ing His promise, doubting Him never, Nothing can
cause me to roam; Prais-ing my Sav-iour joy-ous-ly, sweet-ly, Him will I

CHORUS.

fear of temp-est or foe.
cause my soul to de - spair.
fol - low all the way home.

} Trust-ing His prom- ise "I will be

with thee," Sweetly I'm rest - ing deep in His love, Sure that my

pre-cious Saviour will guide me Safe to that bless-ed homeland a - bove.

Copyright, 1910, by Walter C. Mitchell.

No. 105. SAFE IN HIS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. SAM. H. DUKES.

1. Fac-ing the storms of life and doubt-ing Je - sus nev - er, Keep-ing my
2. Having as - sur-ance that the Lord will safe - ly keep me, Turn-ing His
3. Singing His prais-es sweet and of His mer - cy tell - ing, Trust-ing His

eyes up- on the bless - ed goal a - bove, Feel-ing His strong up-lift - ing
way from things that cause the soul to rove, Hav-ing no fear when foes as -
grace, and sure that I shall faith- ful prove, Feeling my heart from day to

arms a-round me ev - er, Onward I go, from day to day, safe in His love.
sail or billows sweep me, Homeward I'm going with the Lord, safe in His love.
day with gladness swelling, Homeward with God's dear Son I go, safe in His love.

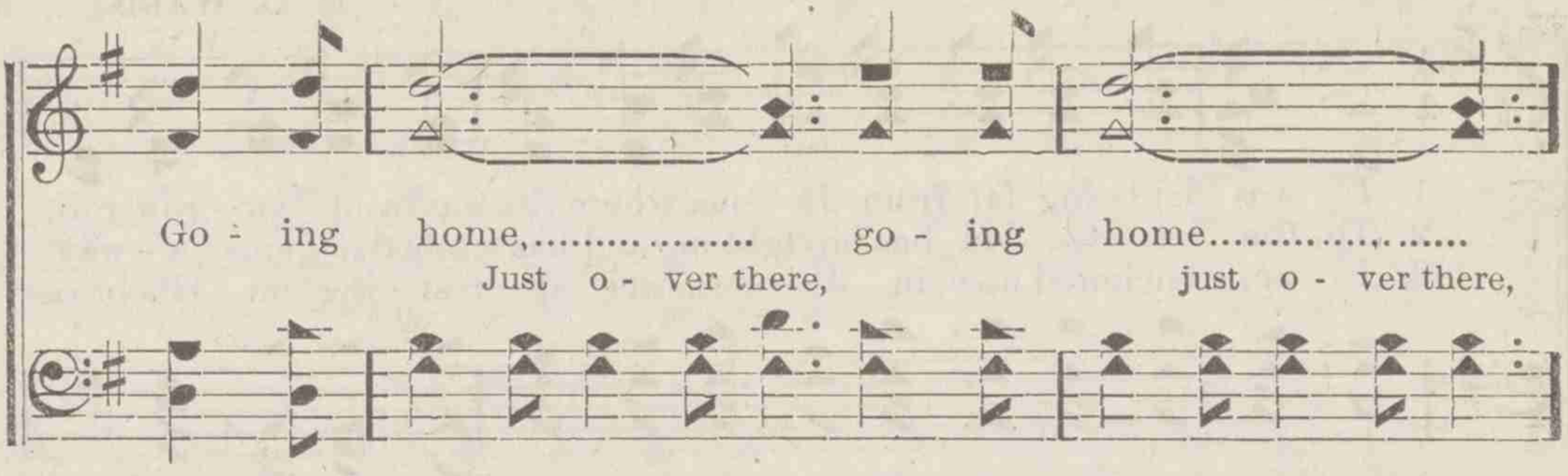
CHORUS.
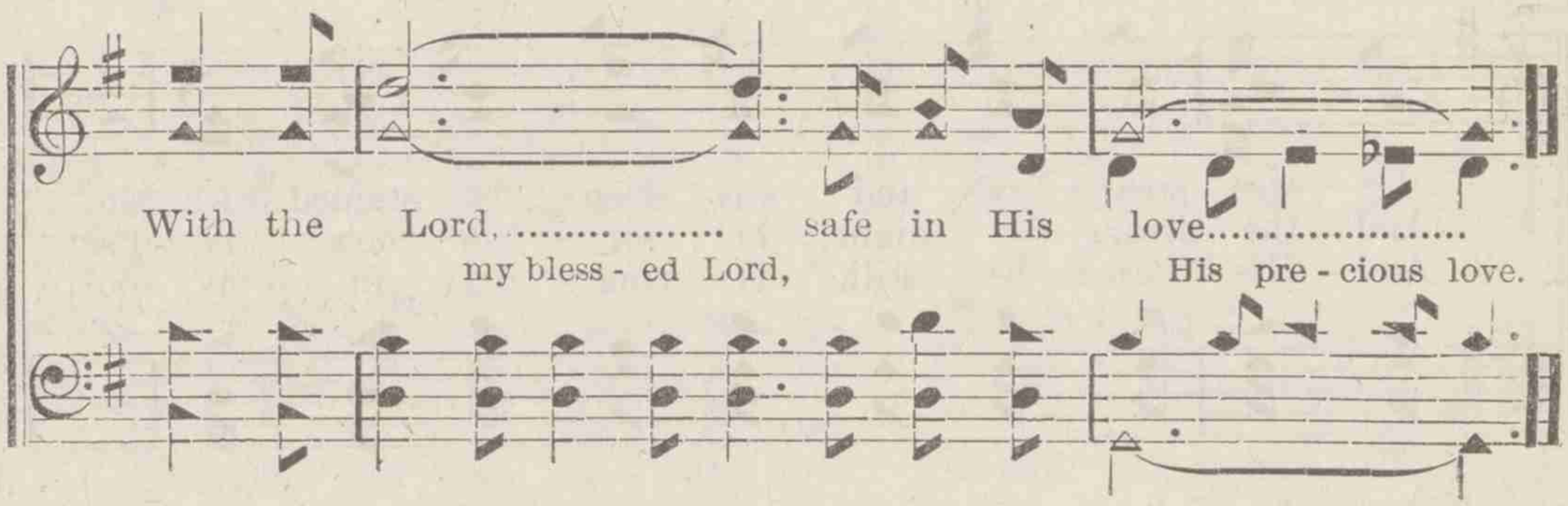
Go - ing home . . . . with the Lord, ...
I'm go - ing home, the bless- ed Lord,

To my hap - - - - - py home a - bove; . . . . .
hap- py, hap - py, hap - py, the home a - bove.

Copyright, 1910, by S. H. Dukes.
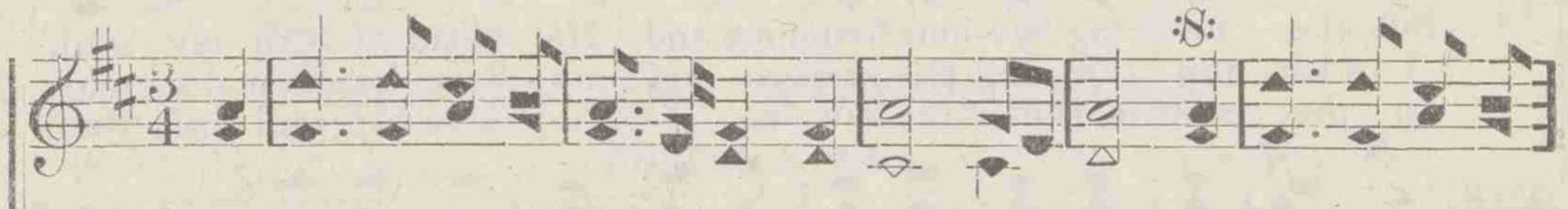
SAFE IN HIS LOVE.—Concluded.
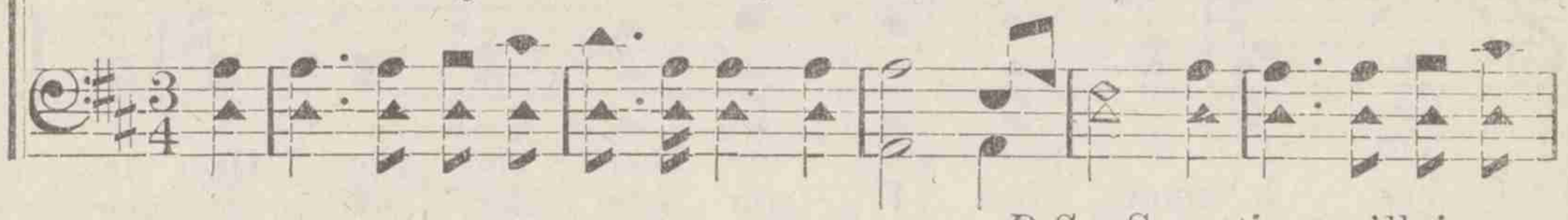




No. 106. SOMETIME.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
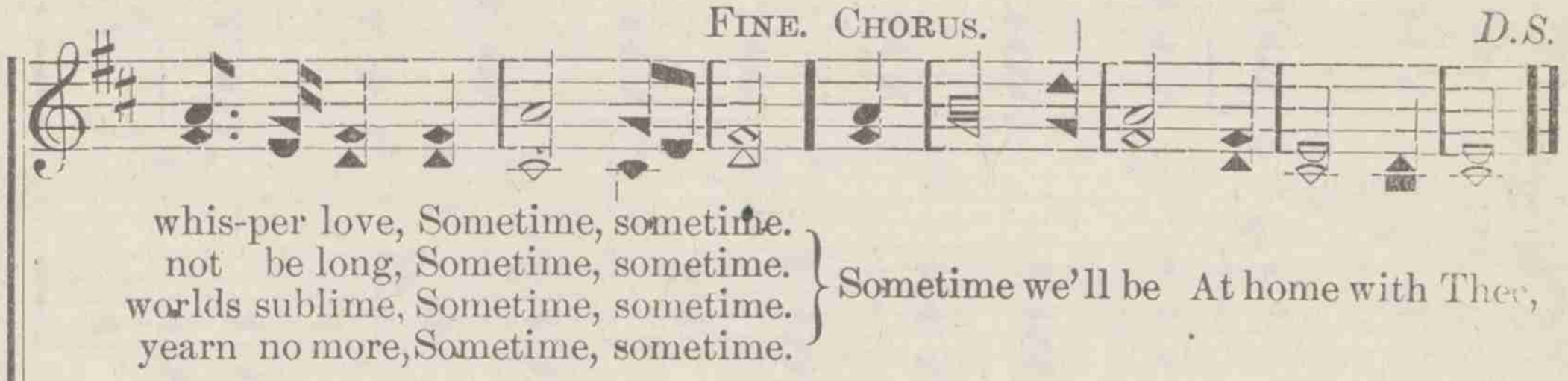


1. Sometime the mist will clear above, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will
2. Sometime the sigh will turn to song, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the day will
3. Sometime we'll breathe that summer clime, Sometime, sometime; Sometime we'll soar to
4. Sometime all anguish will be o'er, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will
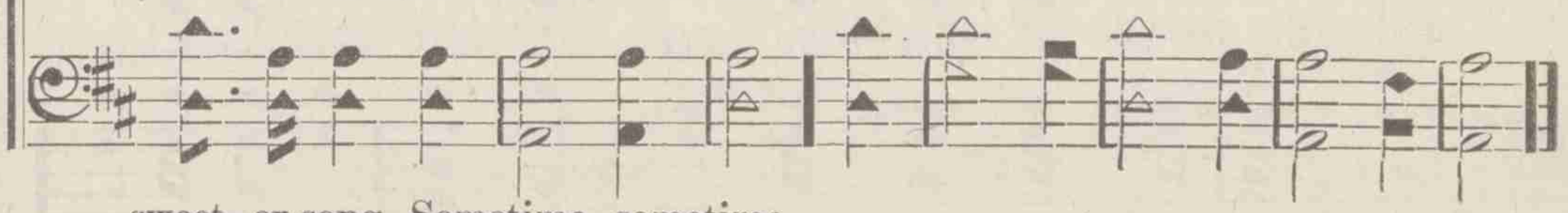


D.S.—Some-time we'll sing a

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*



whis-per love, Sometime, sometime.
not be long, Sometime, sometime.
worlds sublime, Sometime, sometime.
yearn no more, Sometime, sometime.

} Sometime we'll be At home with Thee,



sweet- er song, Sometime, sometime.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

No. 107, SAFE IN JESUS.

B. L. W. B. L. WARD.

1. I was drift- ing far from Je - sus, where the waves of sor - row roll,
2. To the har - bor He has brought me and has washed my sins a - way
3. I am anchored now in Je - sus, sweet- ly rest - ing on His breast

I was wea - ry and was deep - ly stained with sin,
And the drear - y night of sor - row now is o'er;
And His "Peace be still," is ring - ing in my soul;

But the lov - ing Sav-iour found me and He plead-ed with my soul,
I with rap - ture sing His prais-es and my love for Him dis - play,
In the calm and bliss- ful hav - en of His love my soul shall rest,

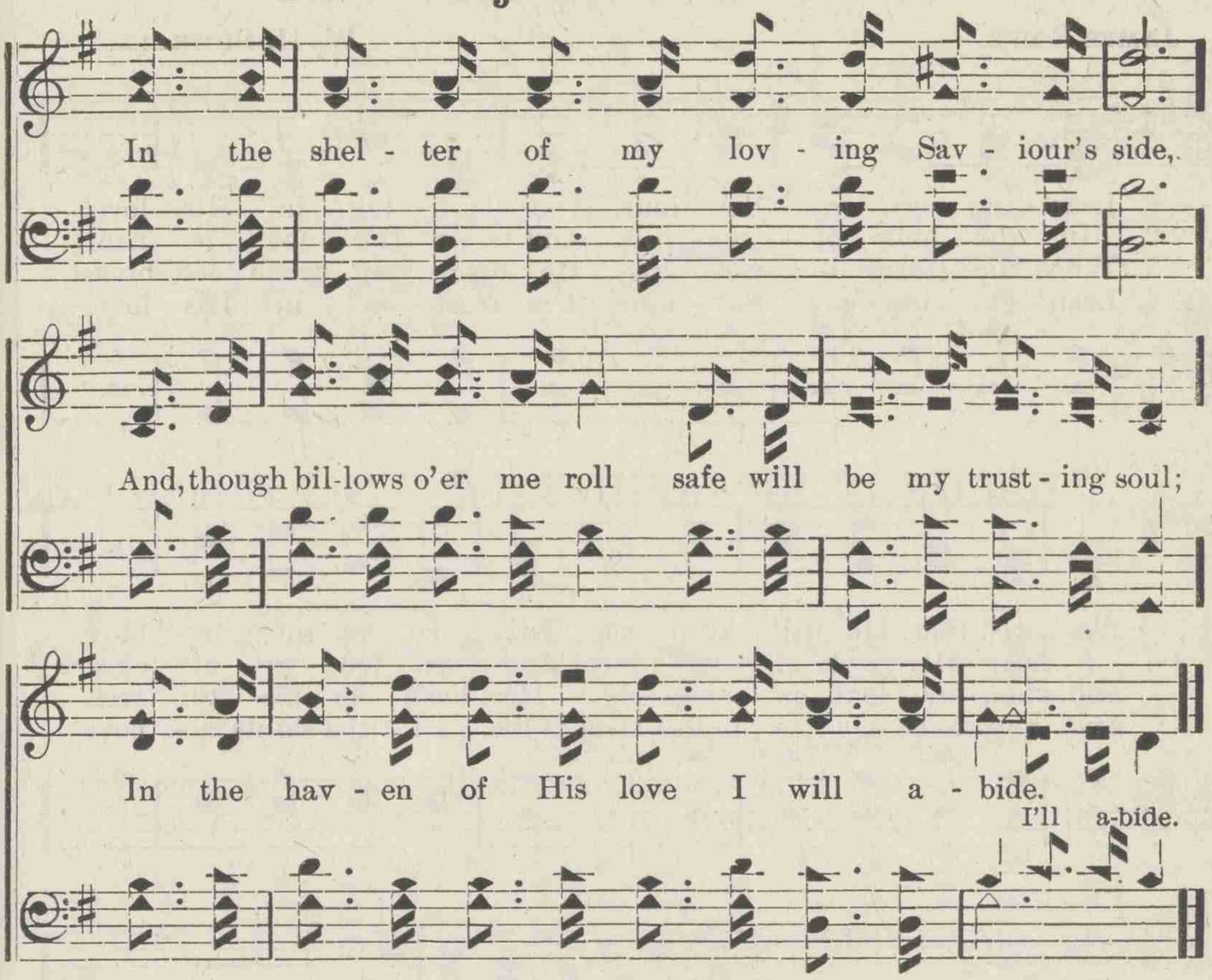
Till I o - pened wide my heart and let Him in.
For I know that I am safe for - ev - er - more.
Till the storm shall end and bil - lows cease to roll.

CHORUS.

Till the storms of life are o'er I will hide, (safe-ly hide,)

Copyright, 1910, by B. L. Ward.

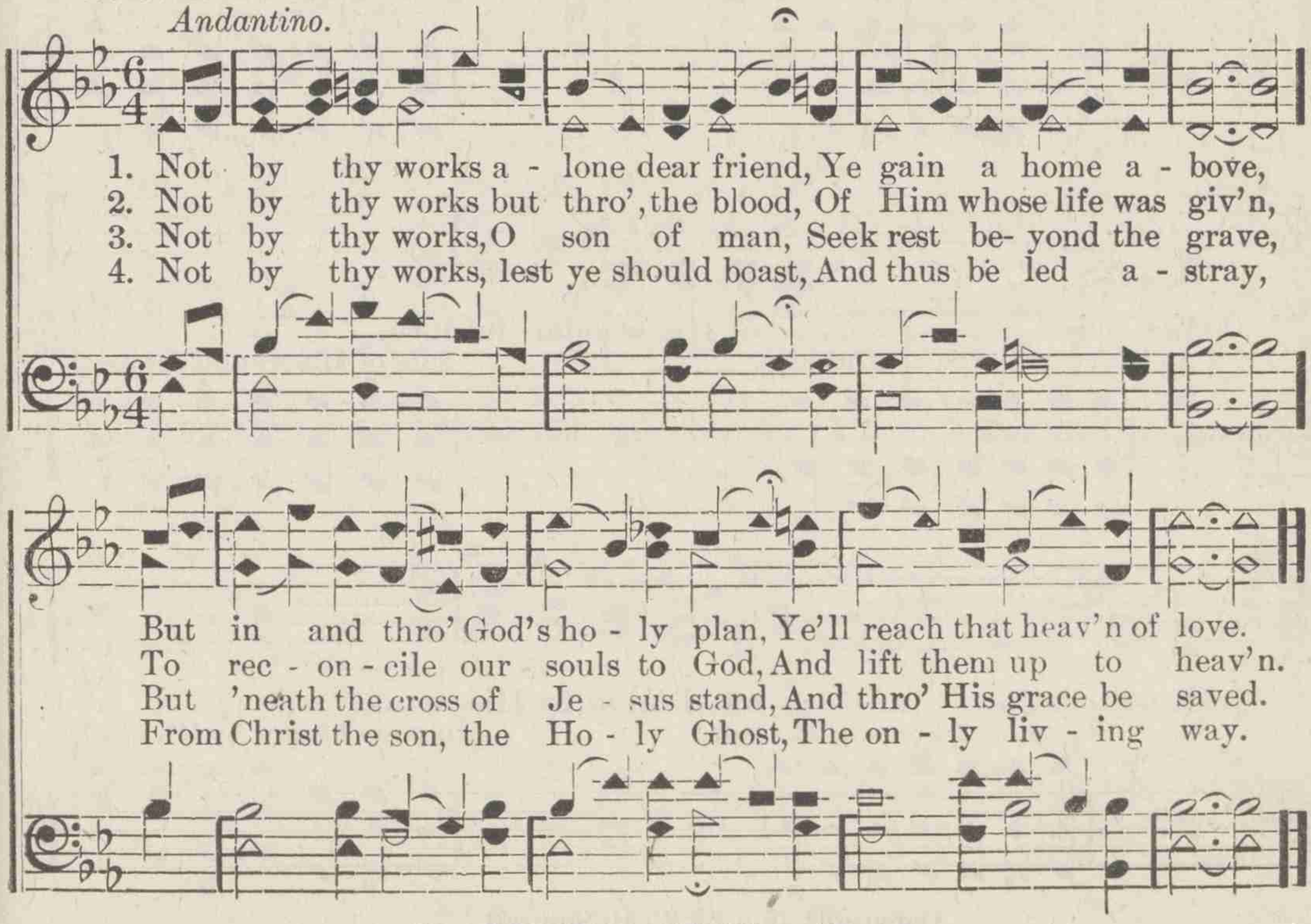
SAFE IN JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 108. NOT BY THY WORKS ALONE.

W. O. C. (CHURCH HYMN.) W. OLIVER COOPER.

Andantino.



Copyright, 1910, by W. Oliver Cooper.

No. 109. LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR

JAMES ROWE. W. H. SUMRALL.

1. Lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I'm trust - ing in His love,
2. In the hour of sor - row, And when the foe is near,
3. When the storm is sweep- ing, He calms my troub - led breast,
4. Lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I'm trust - ing in His love,

As- sured that He will keep me, Till I am safe a - bove.
I hear His words of com - fort, And sen - tenc - es of cheer.
And when my soul is wea - ry, He hush - es me to rest.
And hope, some day to praise Him, With all the saints a - bove.

CHORUS.
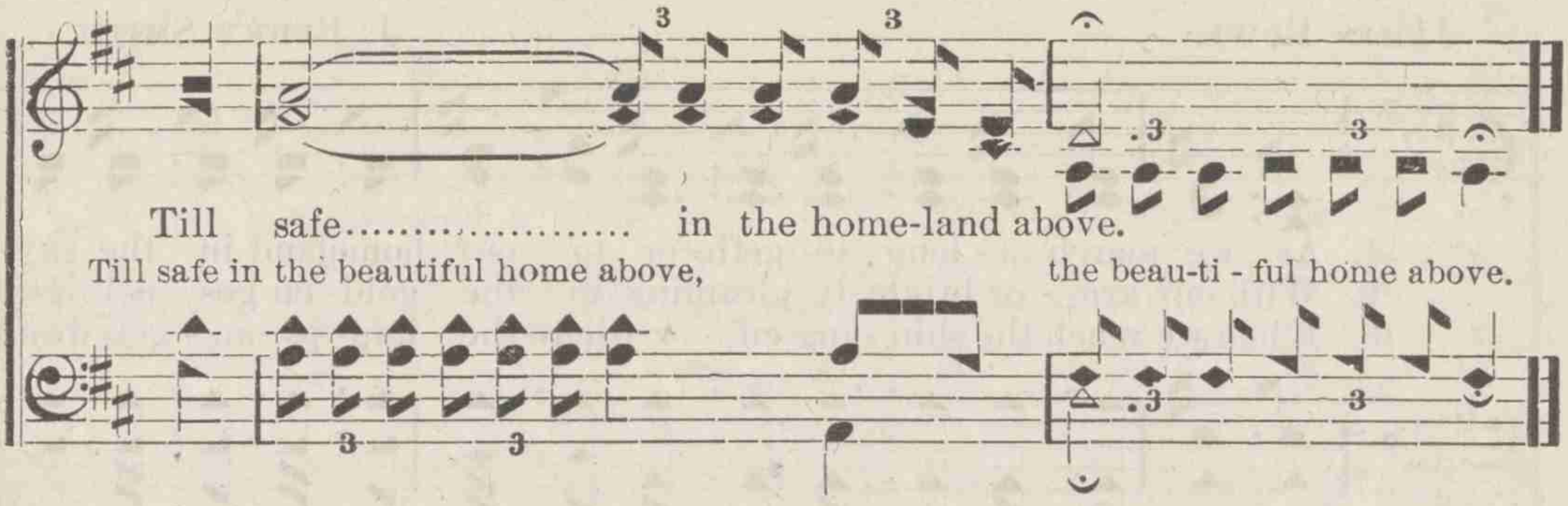
I am lean - - - ing on Je-sus my Lord,.....
Leaning on Jesus, my Lord; Leaning on Jesus, my Lord.

As - sured..... of His wonder- ful love;
As - sured of His wonderful love, sure of His wonderful love;

He will keep..... me, I know, by His word,
Keep me I know by His word, keep me I know by His word,

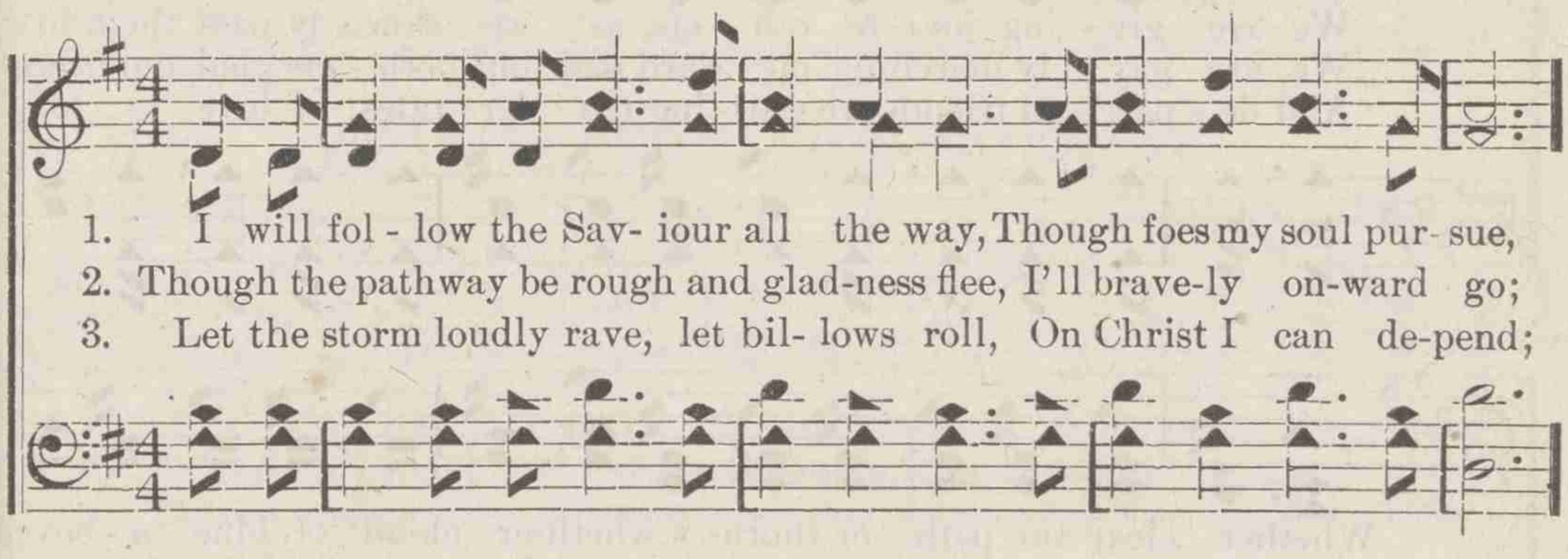
Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Sumrall.

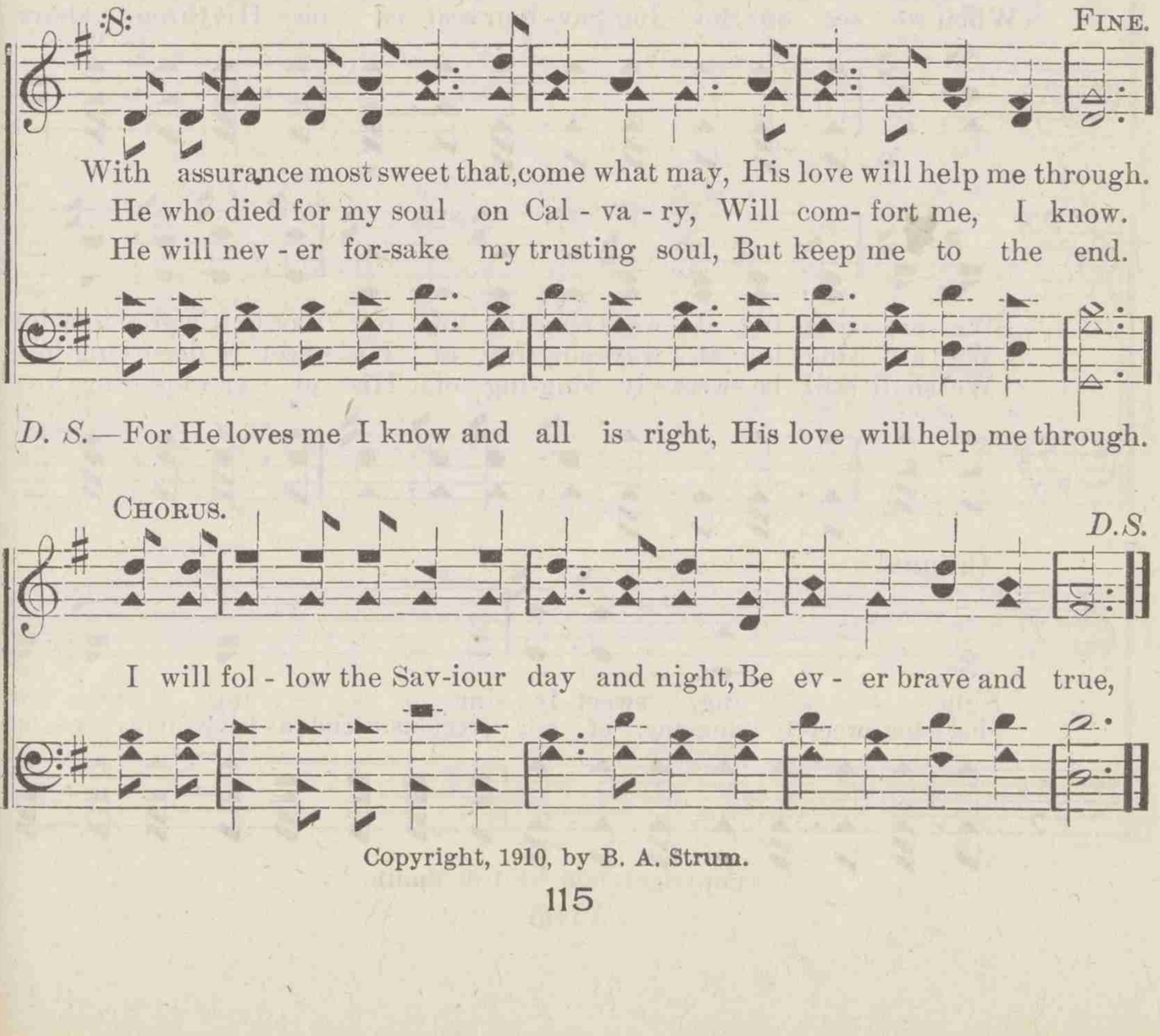
LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.—Concluded.



No. 110. HIS LOVE WILL HELP ME THROUGH.

JAMES ROWE. B. A. STRUM.





Copyright, 1910, by B. A. Strum.

No. 111. ALWAYS SINGING OF HIS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. J. BERRY SMITH.

1. As we march a - long to- geth- er to our homeland in the sky,
2. With our arm - or bright-ly gleaming in the gold- en gos - pel light,
3. When we reach the shin - ing cit - y where the hap- py an - gels dwell

We are giv - ing joy to oth - ers, as we slow - ly pass them by;
We are gay - ly marching on - ward mak-ing oth - ers glad and bright;
And de - part - ed friends are wait- ing ten - der tales of love to tell,

Whether clear the path or thorn- y, wheth-er cloud or blue a - bove,
Mak-ing known our dear Re-deem- er to the souls who blind-ly rove,
When we see our lov - ing Sav- iour seat- ed on His throne a- bove,

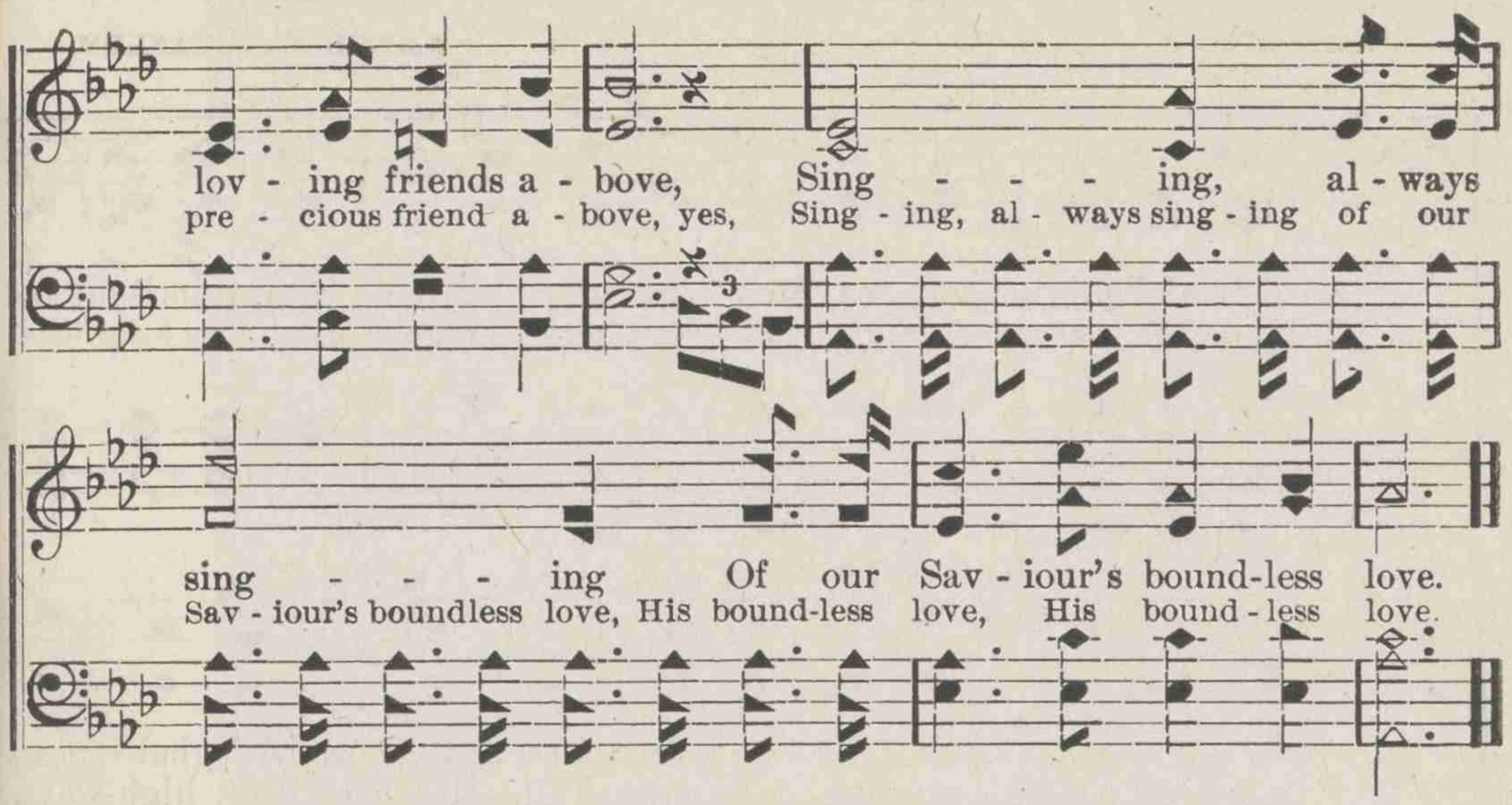
We are sing- ing, al - ways sing-ing, of our Sav-iour's pre-cious love.
We are sing- ing, al - ways sing-ing, of His sweet re-deem- ing love.
We shall still be sweet - ly sing-ing of His ev - er - last- ing love.

CHORUS.

Sing - - ing, sweet- ly sing - - - ing Of our
Sing - ing, sweet- ly sing- ing, of our precious friend a - bove, our lov - ing
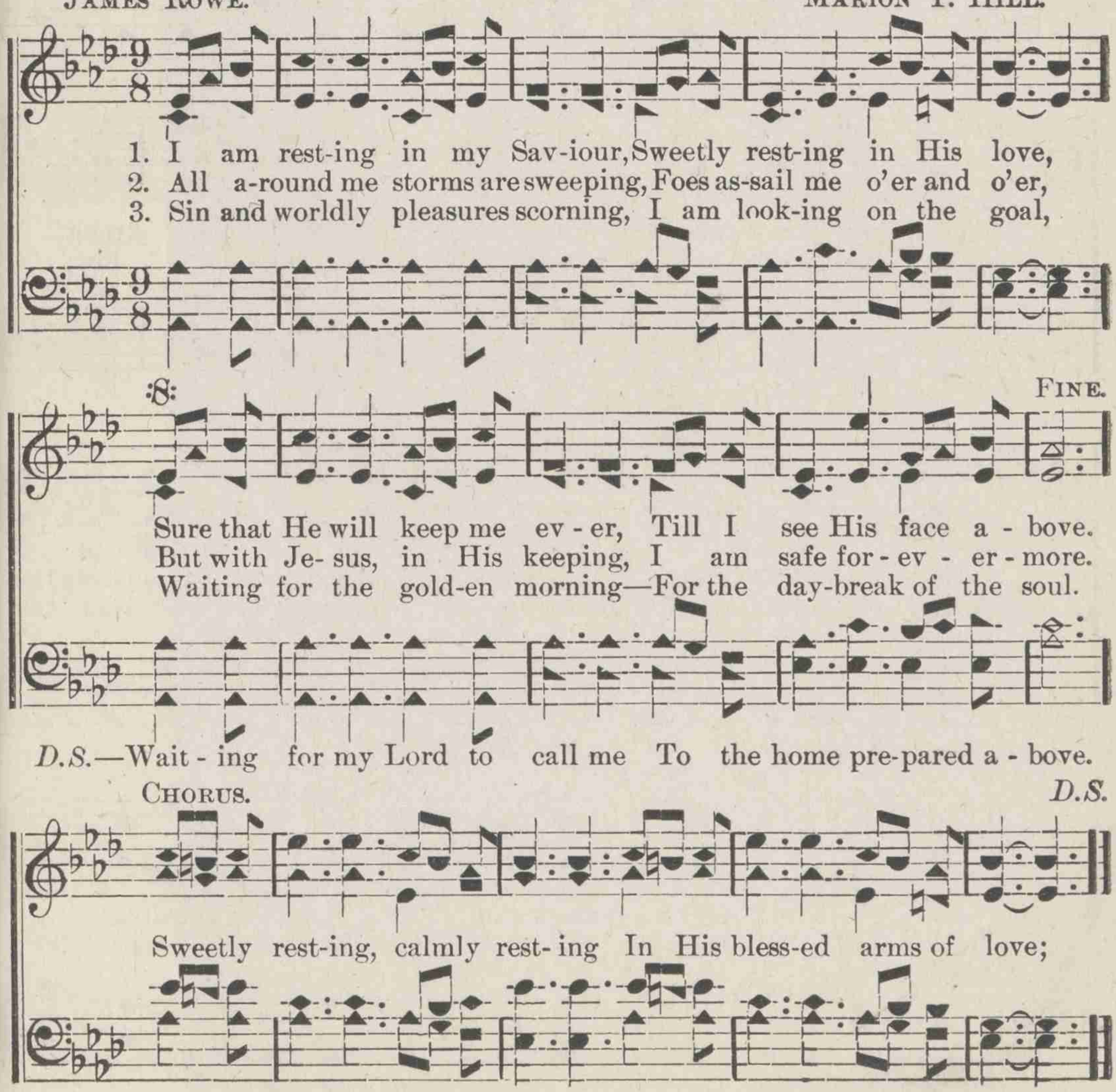
Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Smith.

ALWAYS SINGING OF HIS LOVE.—Concluded.



No. 112. WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

JAMES ROWE. MARION T. HILL.



Copyright, 1910, by Marion T. Hill.

No. 113. TELL ALL THE WORLD ABOUT JESUS

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Tell the gos- pel sto - ry, Sing it to the throng; Spread its light and beau - ty, As you go a-long; Tell it out with glad - ness, Less - en sin and sad - ness, Make the weak heart strong; Ev - 'rywhere around us Souls are lone and sad; Let them hear the sto - ry, It will make them glad; Tell it to the drear - y,
2. Tell the gos- pel sto - ry, Ev - 'rywhere you go, Let us help the sin - ner Love di-vine to know; Tell it on the high-ways, In the gloom - y by - ways, And in val - leys low; Spread a-broad its com- fort, Send a - far its light; Try to lead the way - ward Till they live a-right; Tell the sweet old sto - ry

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

TELL ALL THE WORLD ABOUT JESUS.—Concluded.

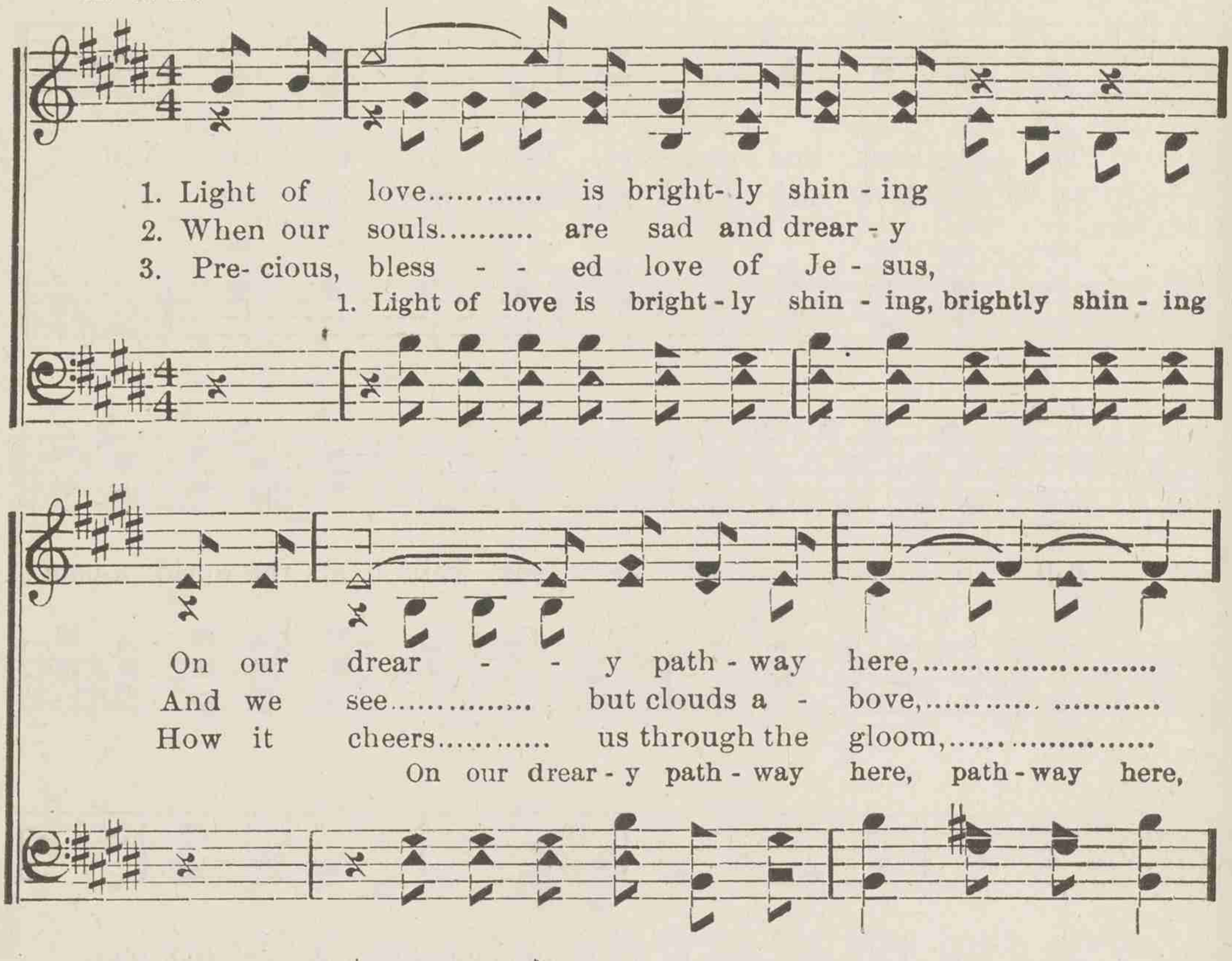
To the weak and wea - ry, Tell it to the bad.
Of His love and glo - ry, Morn - ing, noon, and night.

CHORUS.

Tell all the world a- bout Je - sus, Tell all the world a-bout
Je - sus; Tell the sto - ry more and more, Sing it o'er and o'er;
Tell of its com- fort for sor - row, Tell how it brightens the
mor- row; Mag- ni- fy the King a-bove, Spread the message of love.

No. 114. THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

H. C. P. H. C. Pruitt.



Copyright, 1910, by H. C. Pruitt.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Oh, that bliss - ful home up yon - der
Oh, the bliss-ful home up yon - der, home up yon- der

We are near - - ing day by day, ...
We are near-ing day by day, day by day,

And the love - - light of the Sav- iour
And, the love-light of the Sav- iour, of the Sav- iour

Cheers our hearts. . . . . a - long the way. . . . . .
Cheer our hearts a - long the way, a - long the way.

No. 115. HE DIED FOR ME.

JAMES ROWE. R. H. GILLEY.

1. O, spread the news..... o'er land and sea:..... .....
2. Let na - tions know ..... the ti - dings glad,.....
3. Proclaim the pow - - - - er of His grace, ...

1. O spread the news o'er land and sea,

The Son of God..... has died for me;.....
Re - peat the news ..... to worn and sad,.....
To ev - 'ry tribe..... and ev - 'ry race,.....

The Son of God has died for me,

His pre - cious blood..... He free - ly gave,..... .....
For, since to save..... me from the fall,.....
Till ev - 'ry soul..... on land and see,..... . .... .

His pre - cious blood He free - ly gave,

My way-ward soul..... ..... from death to save.....
His life He gave,..... He died for all .....
Can sing with joy,....."He died for me.".....

My way-ward soul from death to save.

Copyright, 1910, by R H. Gilley.

HE DIED FOR ME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I know not why..... He loved me so,.....

I know not why He loved me so,

Nor why He died..... for one so low,.....

Nor why He died for one so low,

But this my song..... will al - ways be:.....

But this my song will al - ways be:

Up - on the cross..... He died for me.....

Up - on the cross

No. 116. SAVED BY GRACE DIVINE.

JAMES ROWE. JOE J. FLYNT.

1. There is glad-ness in my soul, I have giv - en Christ con-trol,
2. I have lost my load of sin, I am pure and sweet with-in;
3. Be the path or bright or dim, He will keep me close to Him,

In the vales of sin no more I shall pine; I am
Je - sus holds my hand in His all the while; He will
Till I've reached the hap - py home - land a - bove, There thro'
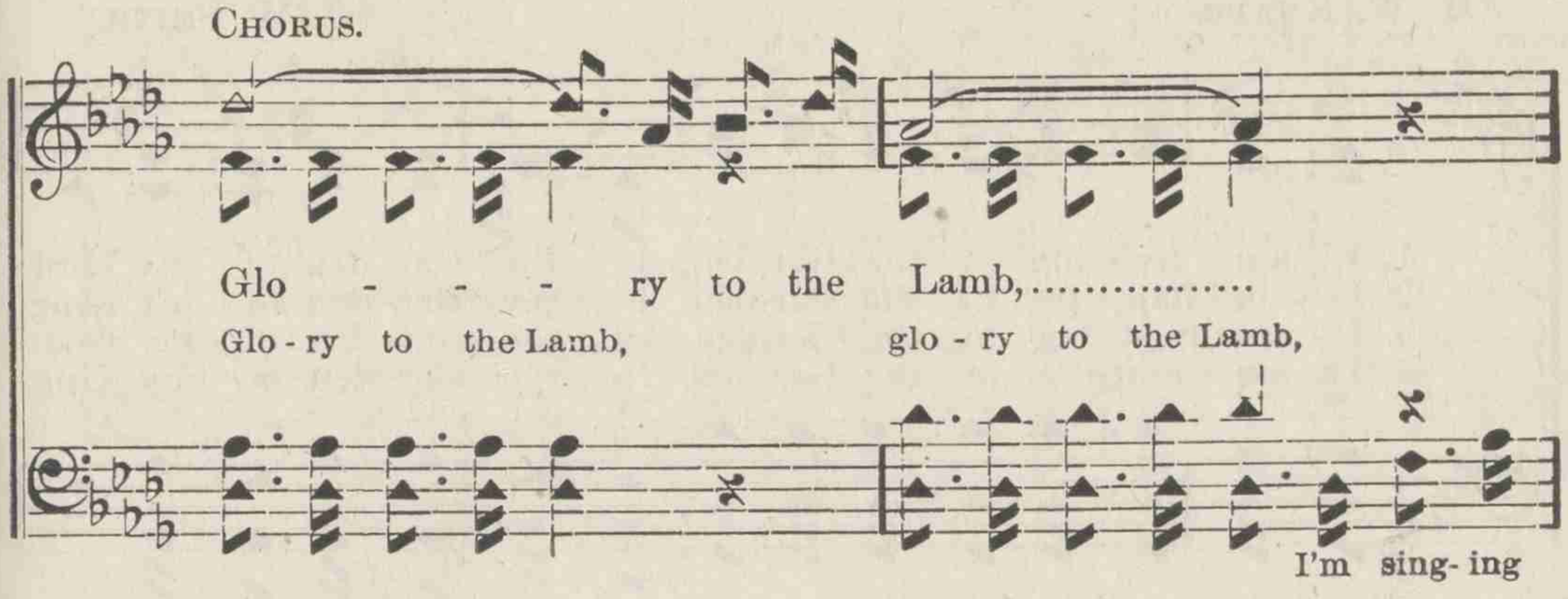
hap - py night and day, sing - ing all a - long the way,
keep my soul, I know, safe from temp - est and from foe,
count - less bliss - ful day, with the saved I'll sing His praise,
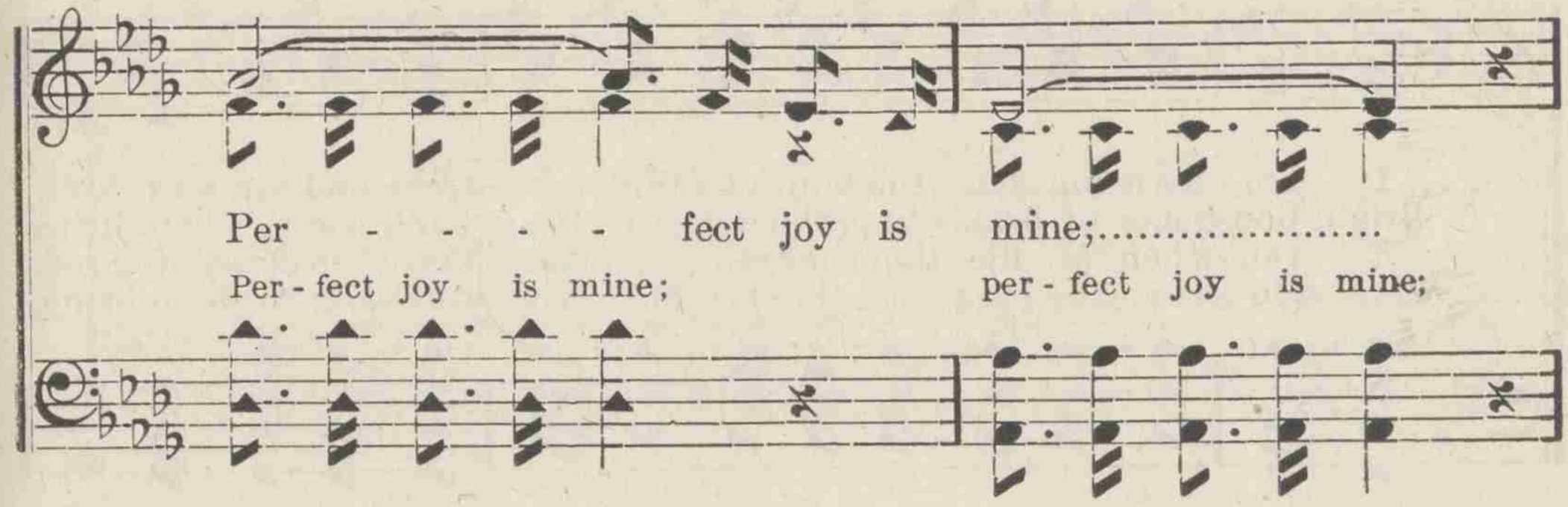
For my soul is saved by grace—grace di - vine.
And will cheer me with the light of His smile.
Ev - er rest - ing in the arms of His love.
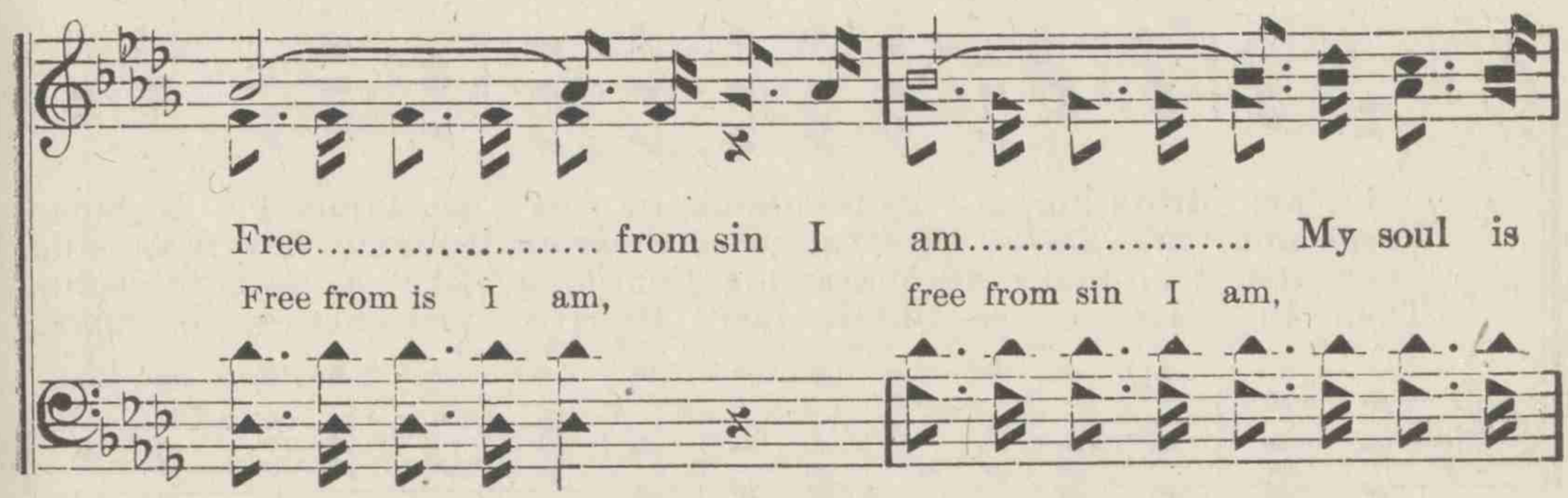
Copyright, 1910, by J. J. Flynt.
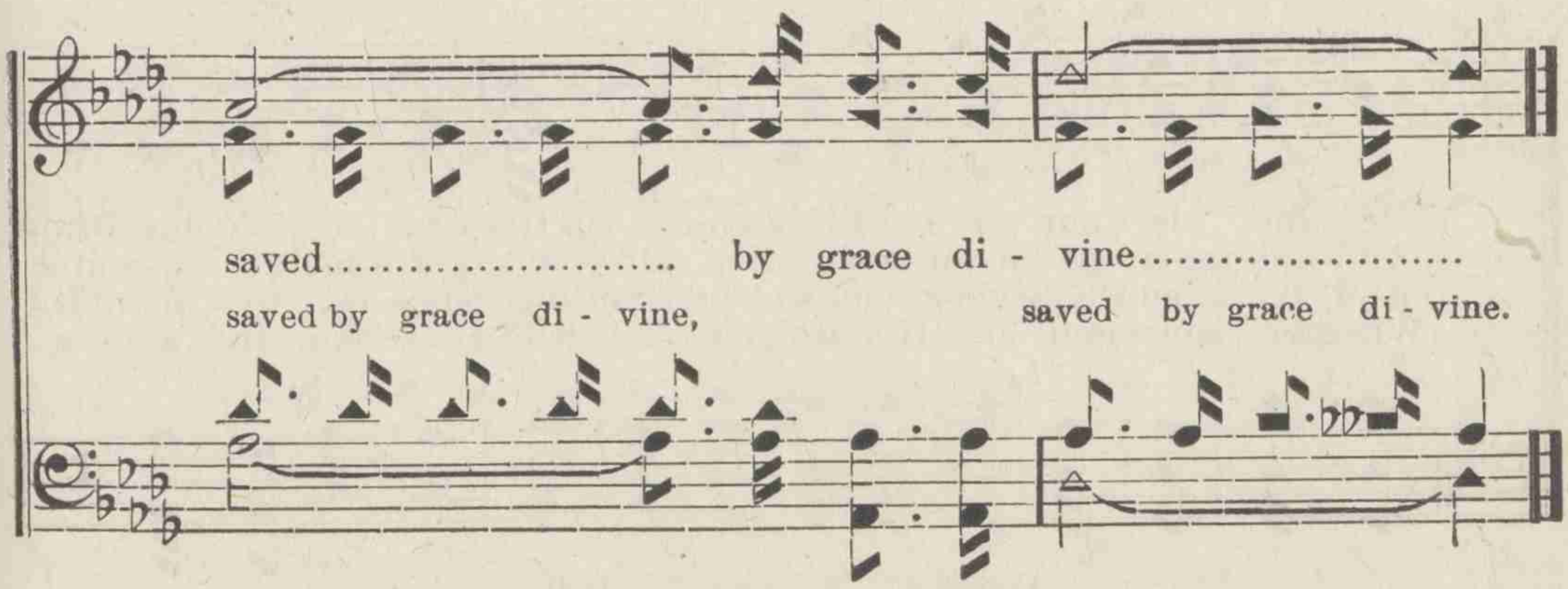
SAVED BY GRACE DIVINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



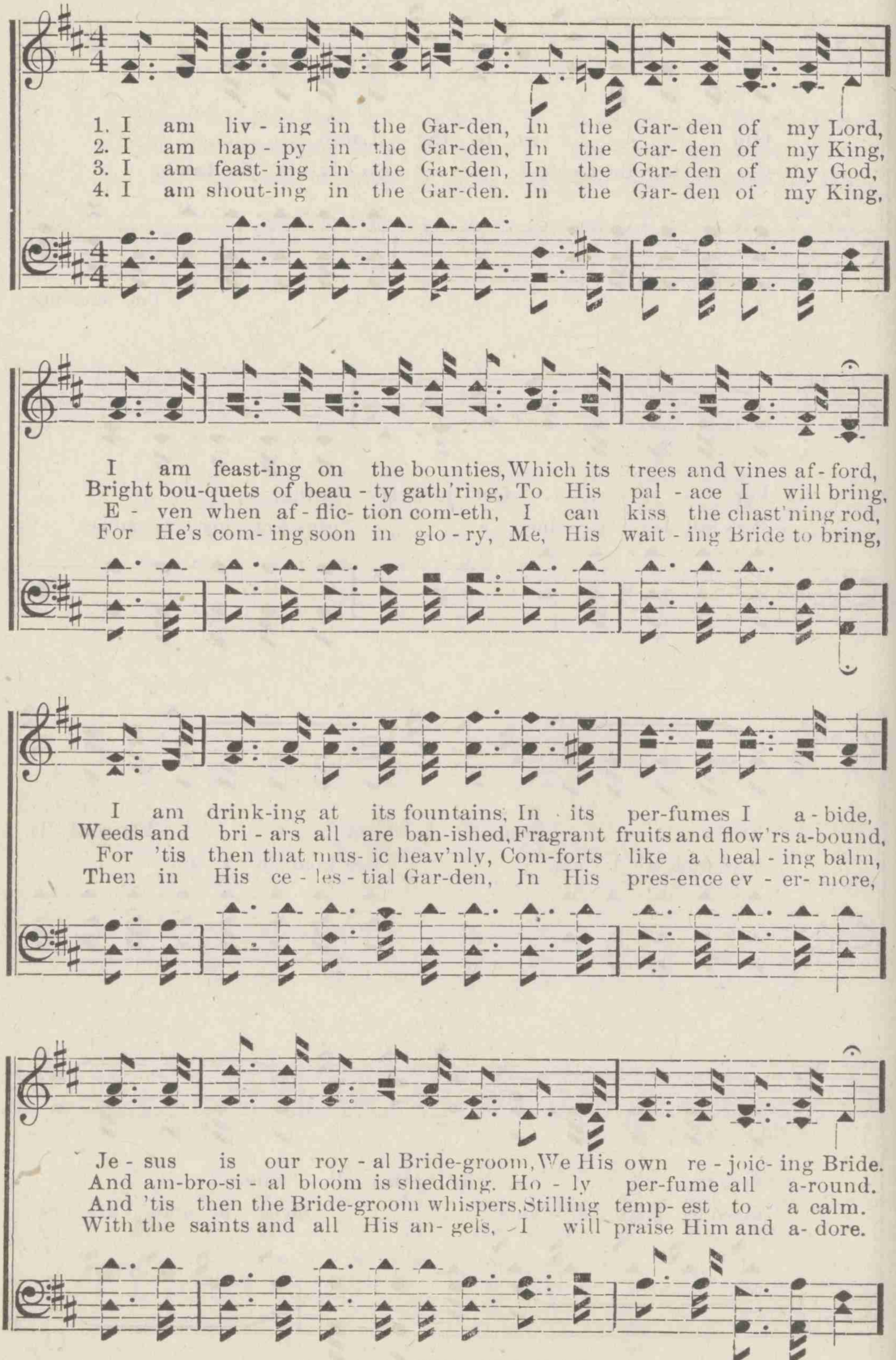






No. 117. MY GARDEN.

M. W. KNAPP. J. W. SMITH.



1. I am liv - ing in the Gar-den, In the Gar- den of my Lord,
2. I am hap - py in the Gar-den, In the Gar- den of my King,
3. I am feast- ing in the Gar-den, In the Gar- den of my God,
4. I am shout-ing in the Gar-den. In the Gar- den of my King,

I am feast-ing on the bounties, Which its trees and vines af - ford,
Bright bou-quets of beau - ty gath'ring, To His pal - ace I will bring,
E - ven when af - flic- tion com-eth, I can kiss the chast'ning rod,
For He's com- ing soon in glo - ry, Me, His wait - ing Bride to bring,

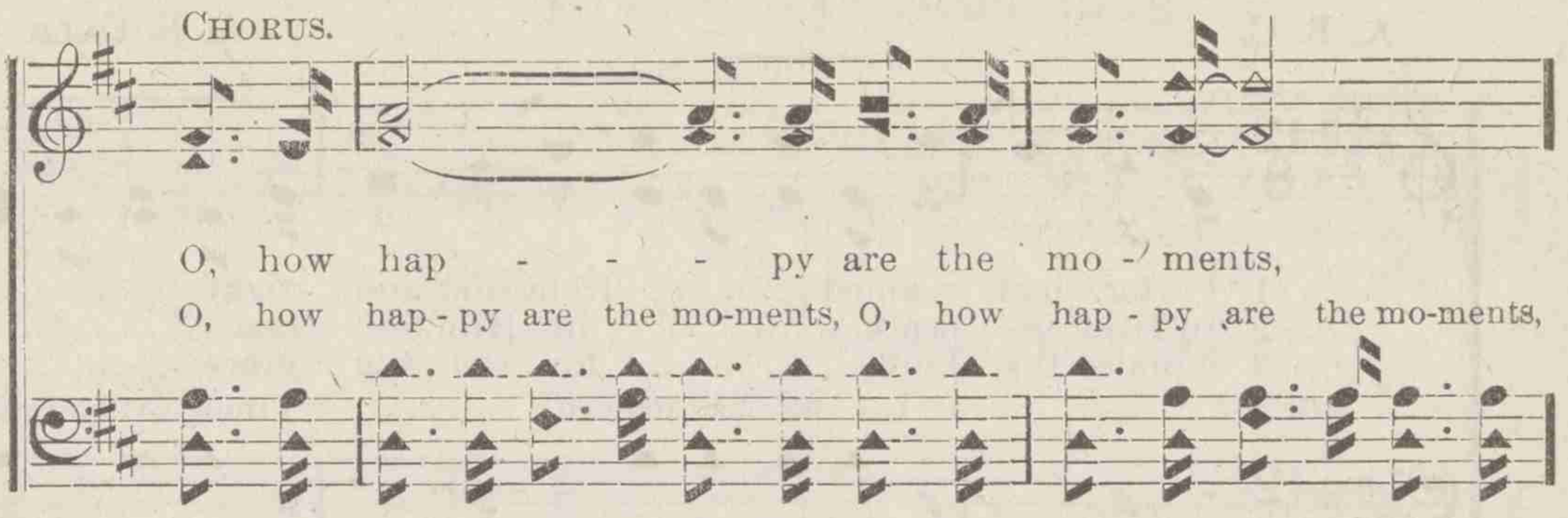
I am drink-ing at its fountains, In its per-fumes I a - bide,
Weeds and bri - ars all are ban-ished, Fragrant fruits and flow'rs a-bound,
For 'tis then that mus- ic heav'nly, Com-forts like a heal - ing balm,
Then in His ce - les - tial Gar-den, In His pres-ence ev - er- more,
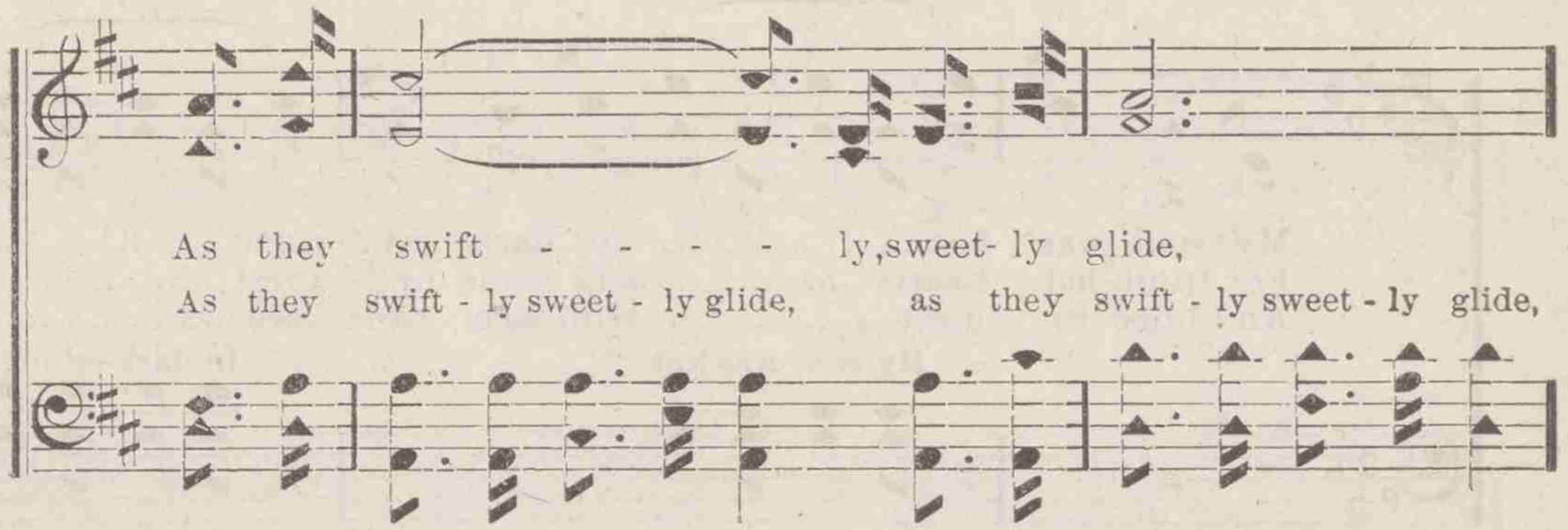
Je - sus is our roy - al Bride-groom, We His own re - joic- ing Bride.
And am-bro-si - al bloom is shedding. Ho - ly per-fume all a-round.
And 'tis then the Bride-groom whispers, Stilling temp- est to a calm.
With the saints and all His an- gels, I will praise Him and a- dore.
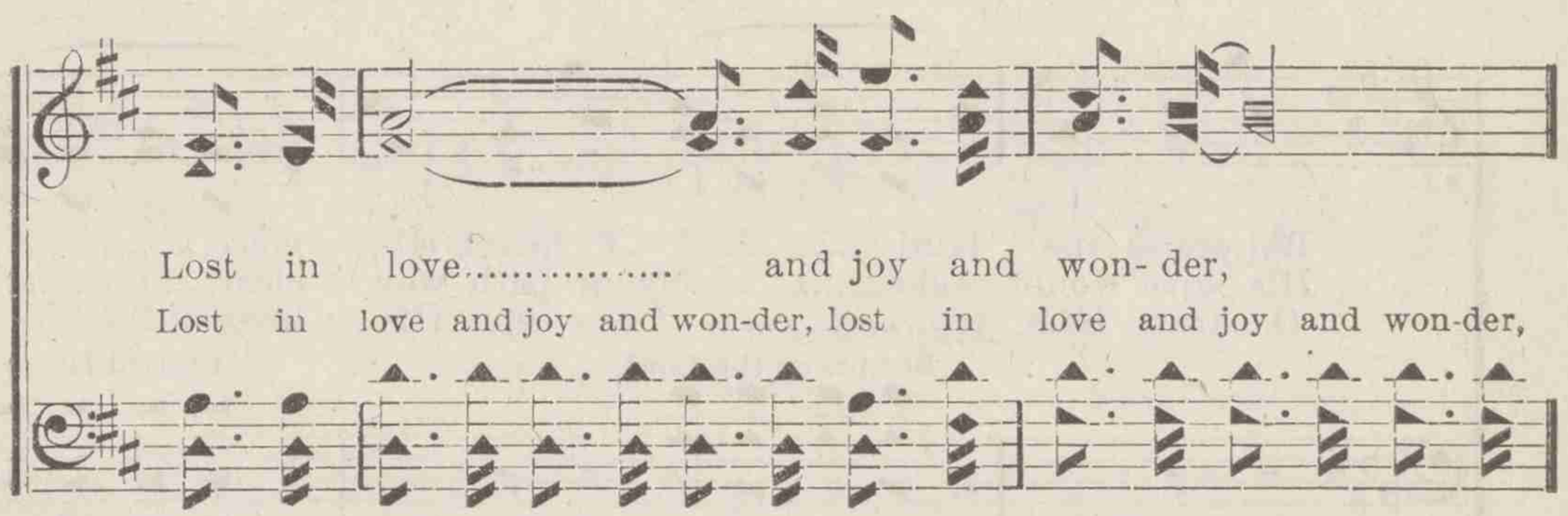
Copyright 1910, by J. W. Smith.
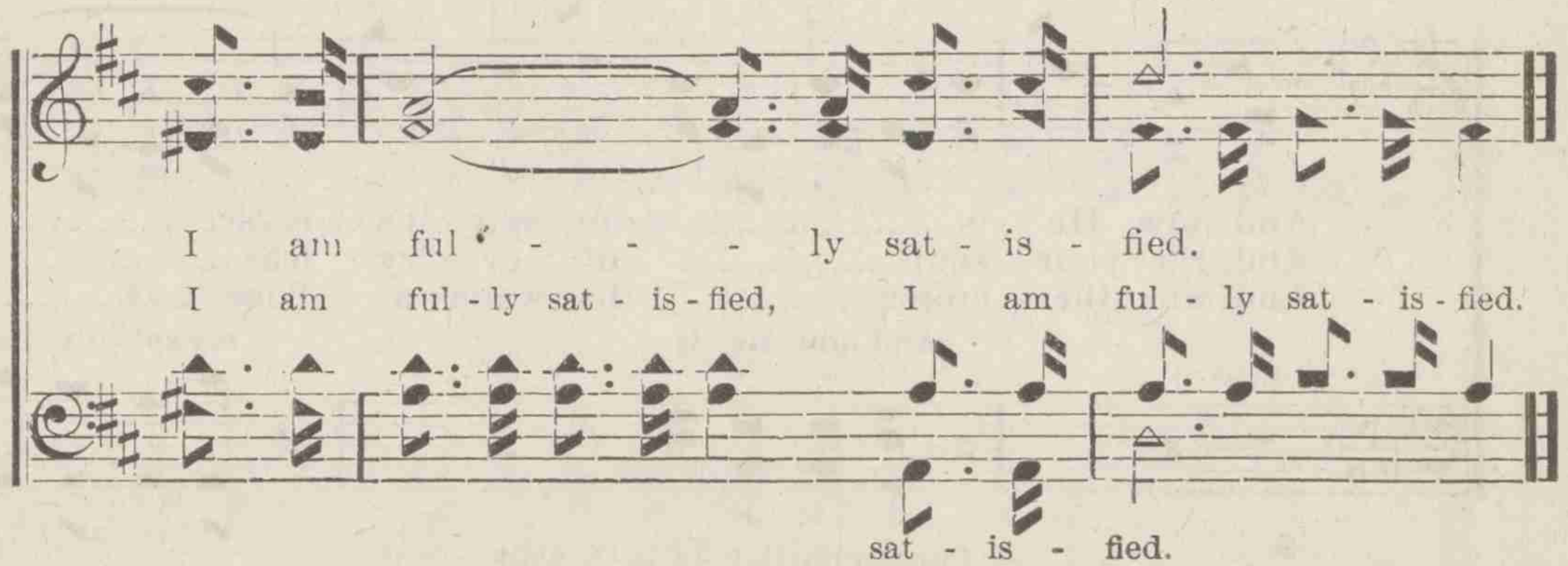
MY GARDEN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



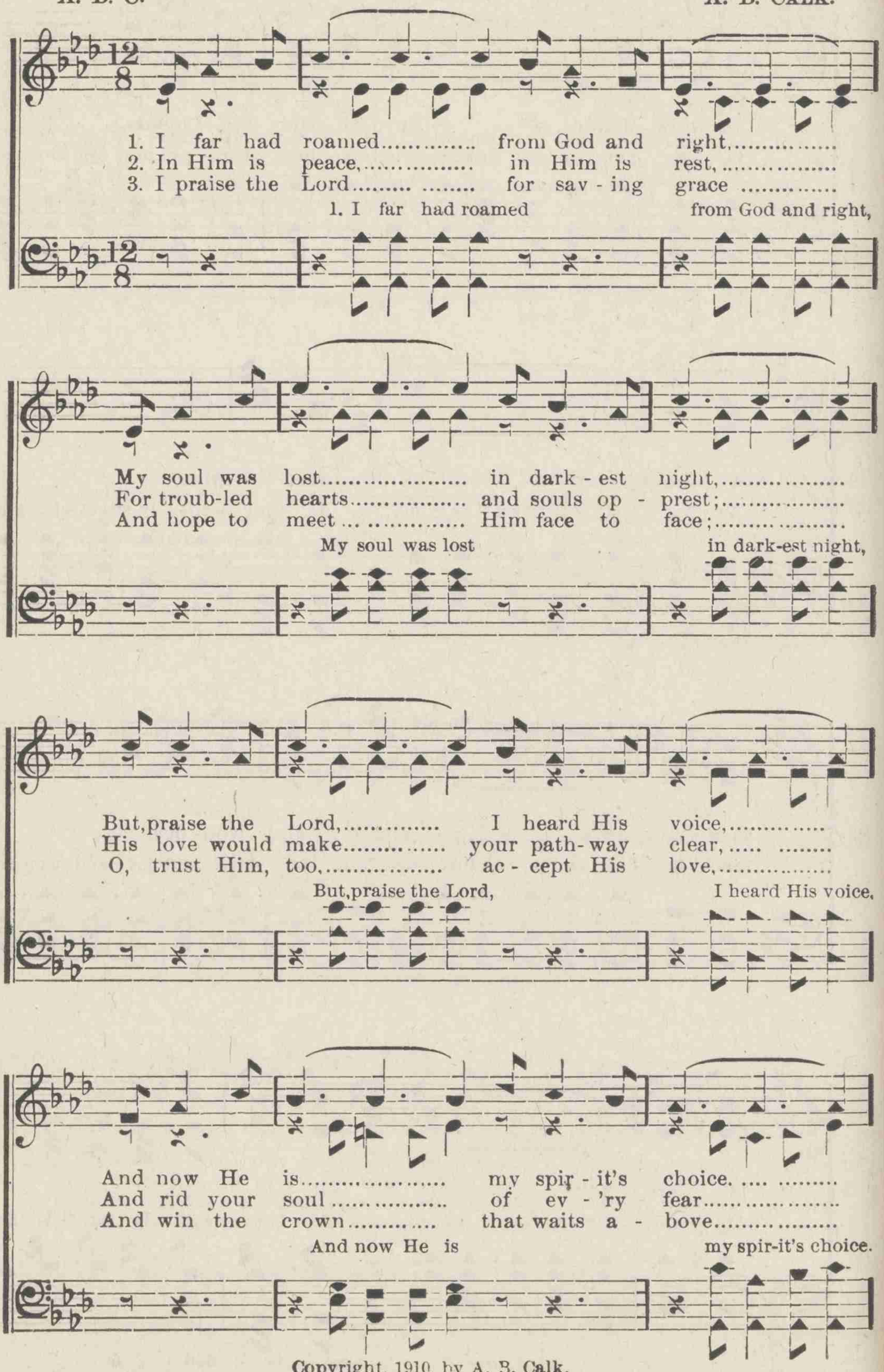






No. 118. COME TO CHRIST.

A. B. C. A. B. Calk.



Copyright, 1910, by A. B. Calk.

COME TO CHRIST.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O, come to Christ,..... be saved to - day;.....

O, come to Christ, be saved to- day;

Let Je - sus take..... your sins a - way;.....

Let Je - sus take your sins a - way;

While time re - mains..... make Christ your choice, ...

While time re-mains, make Christ your choice,
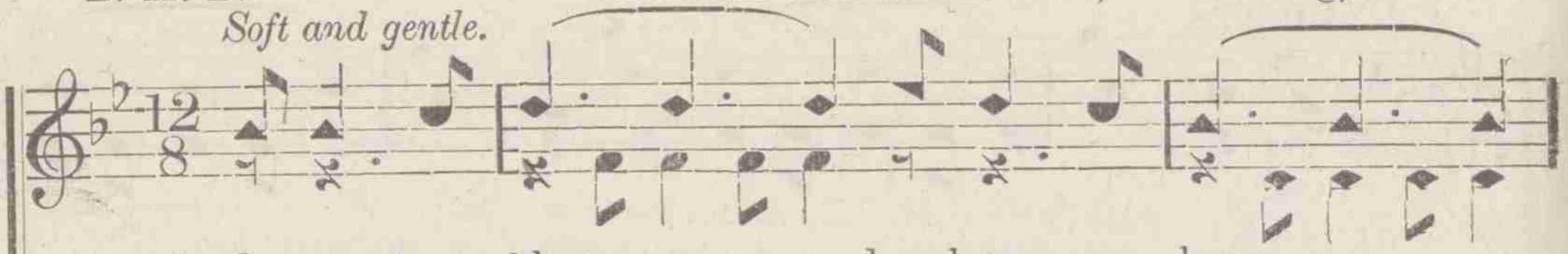
And ev - er - more..... in Him re - joice .....

And ev - er-more in Him re-joice.

No. 119 O BLESSED HOME.

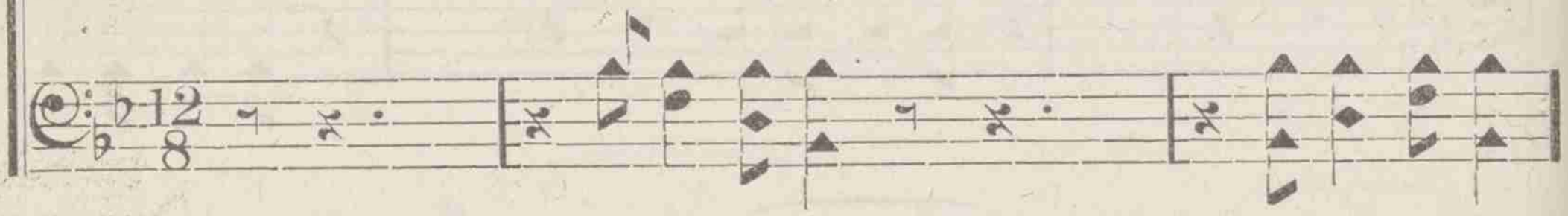
B. H. B. BERTIE HILTON BROOKS, Whitesburg, Tenn.

Soft and gentle.
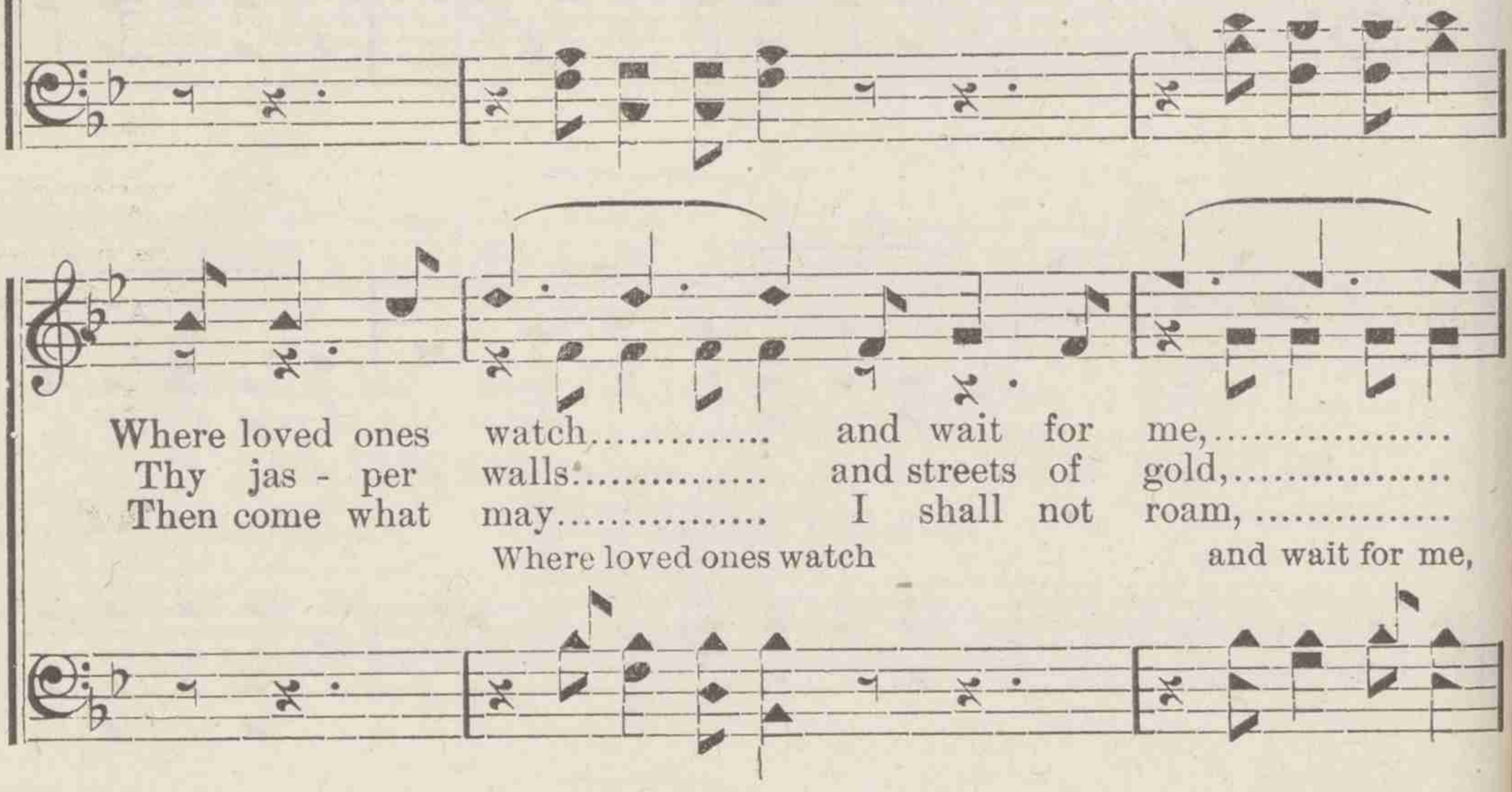


1. O coun- try blest,..... dear home a - bove,.....
2. O hap - py home..... where falls no night,.....
3. O Sav- iour dear, ... O match-less King, ...

1. O coun- try blest, dear home a-bove,
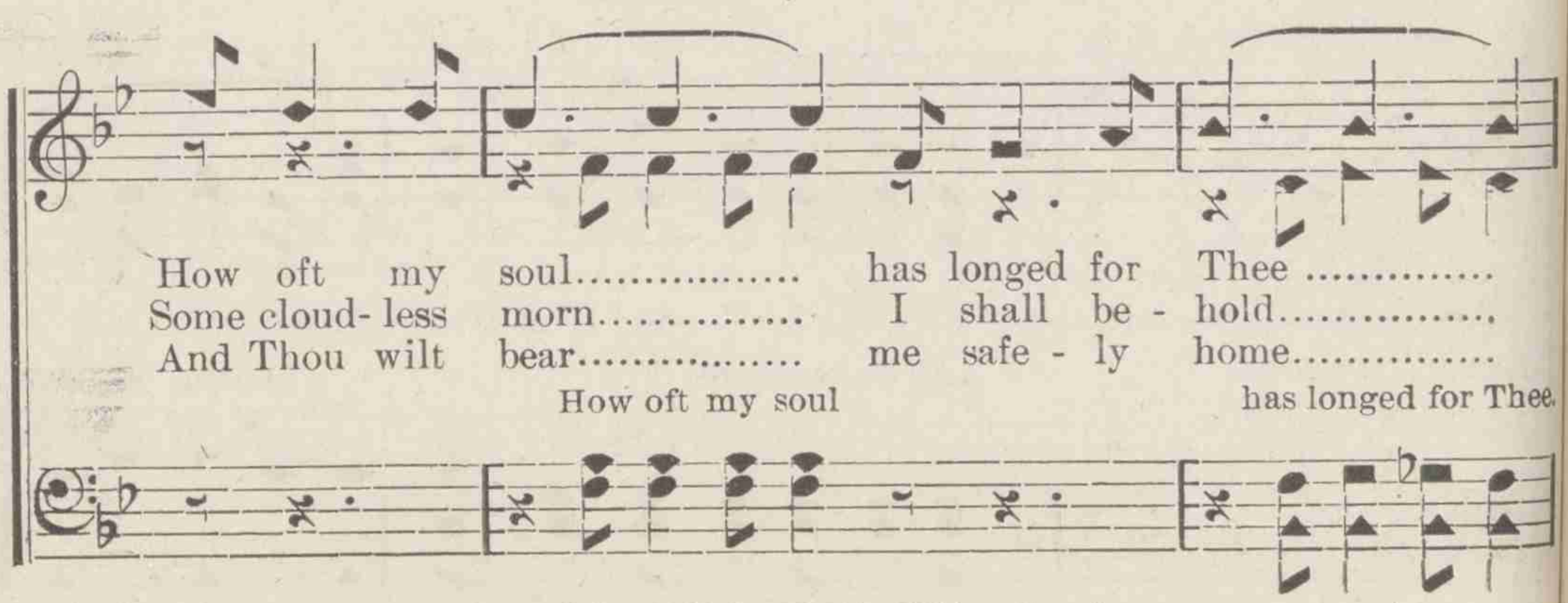


E - ter - nal land..... of light and love,.....
Where sim - ple faith..... is lost in sight,..... .....
Till life be o'er ..... to Thee I'll cling,.....

E - ter- nal land of light and love,



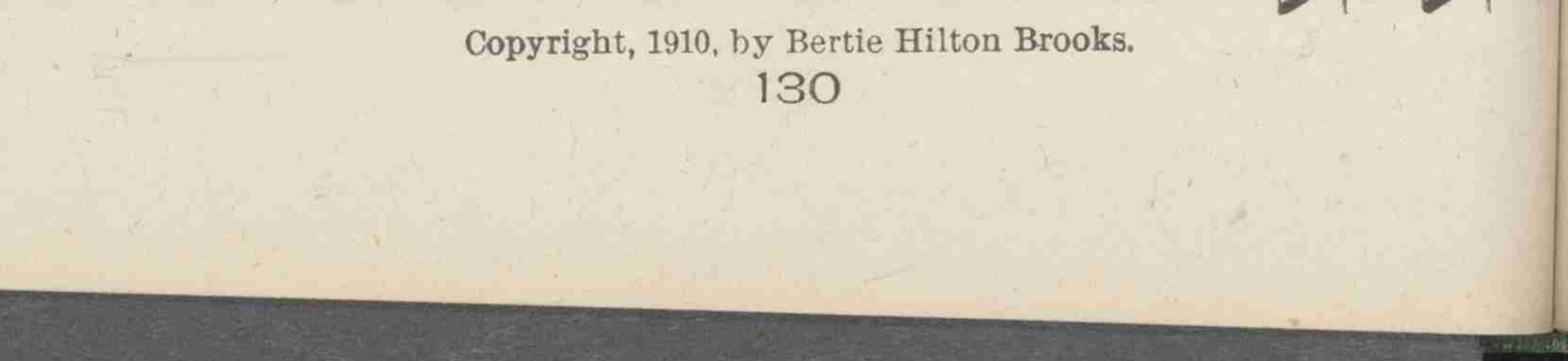
Where loved ones watch..... and wait for me,.....
Thy jas - per walls:..... and streets of gold,.....
Then come what may..... I shall not roam, ...

Where loved ones watch and wait for me,



How oft my soul..... has longed for Thee .....
Some cloud- less morn..... I shall be - hold.....
And Thou wilt bear..... me safe - ly home.....

How oft my soul has longed for Thee.



Copyright, 1910, by Bertie Hilton Brooks.

O BLESSED HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O bless - ed home..... of rest and peace,.....

O, bless-ed home

of rest and peace,

Where songs of joy..... will nev - er cease,.....

Where songs of joy

will nev-er cease,

Where face to face..... I hope to see,.....

Where face to face

I hope to see,
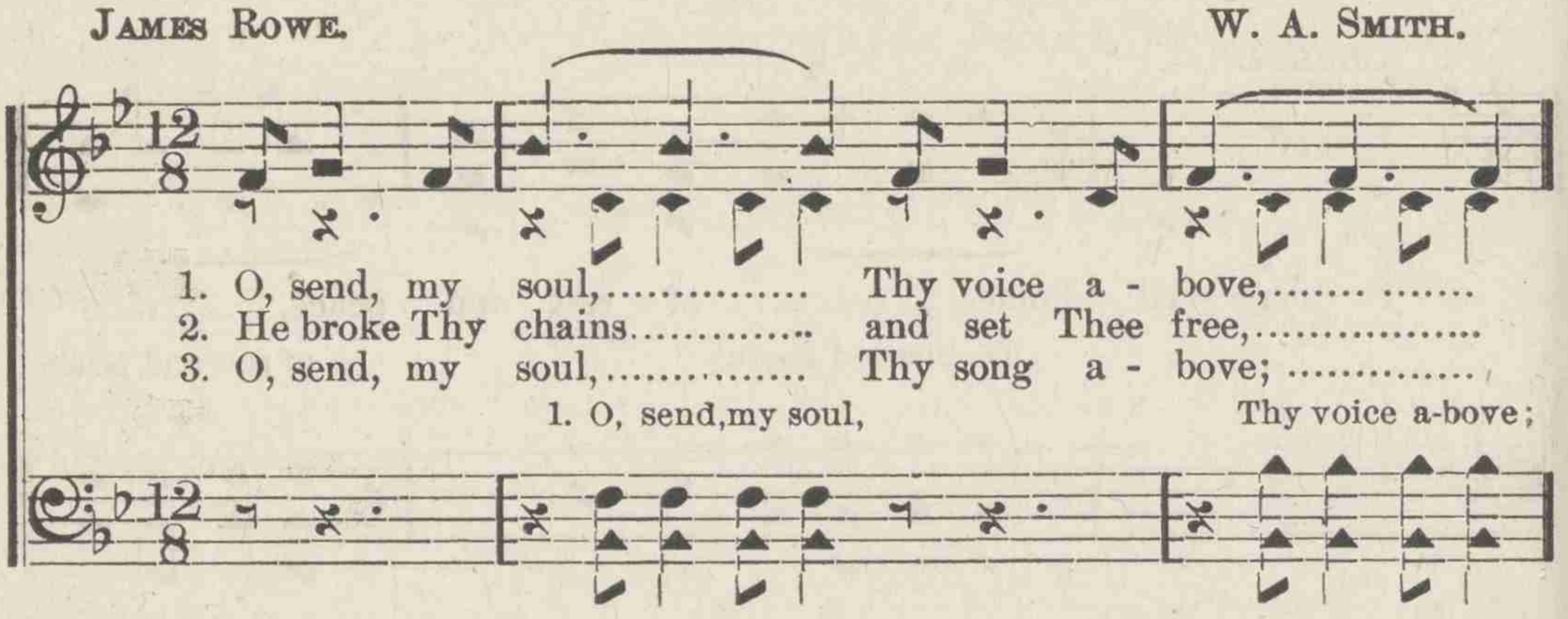
The Sav - iour dear..... who died for me.....
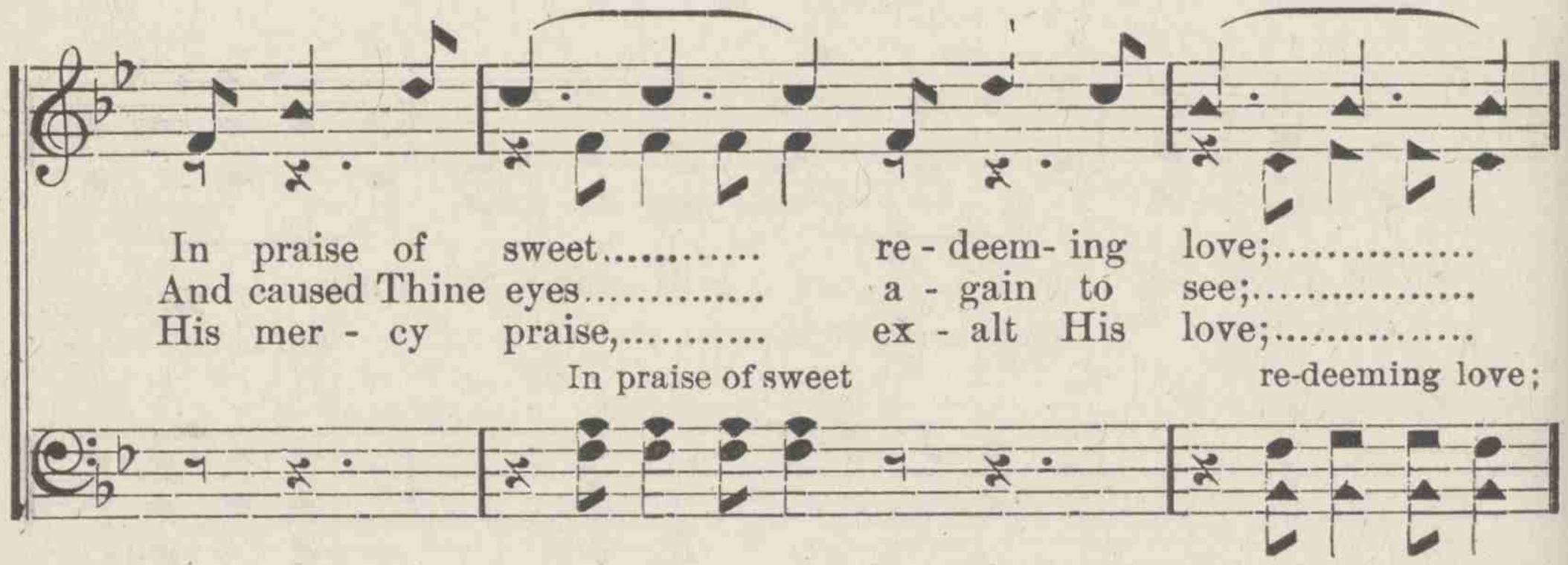
The Sav-iour dear
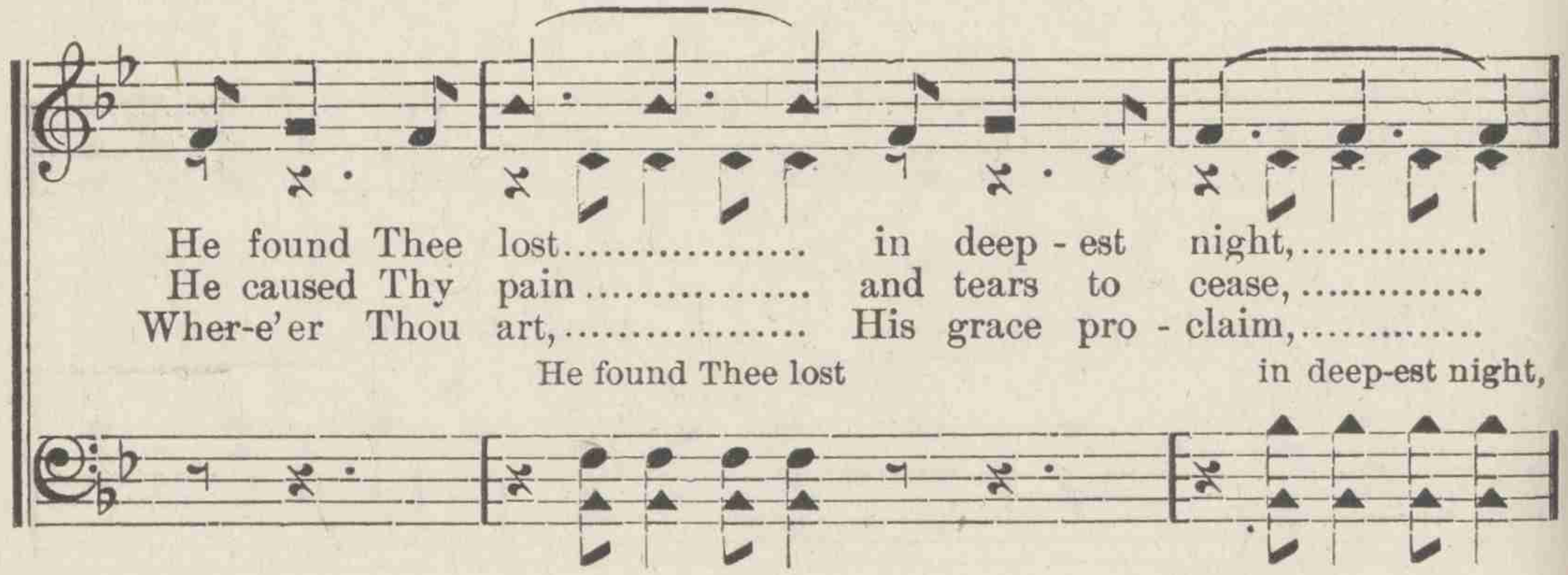
who died for me.
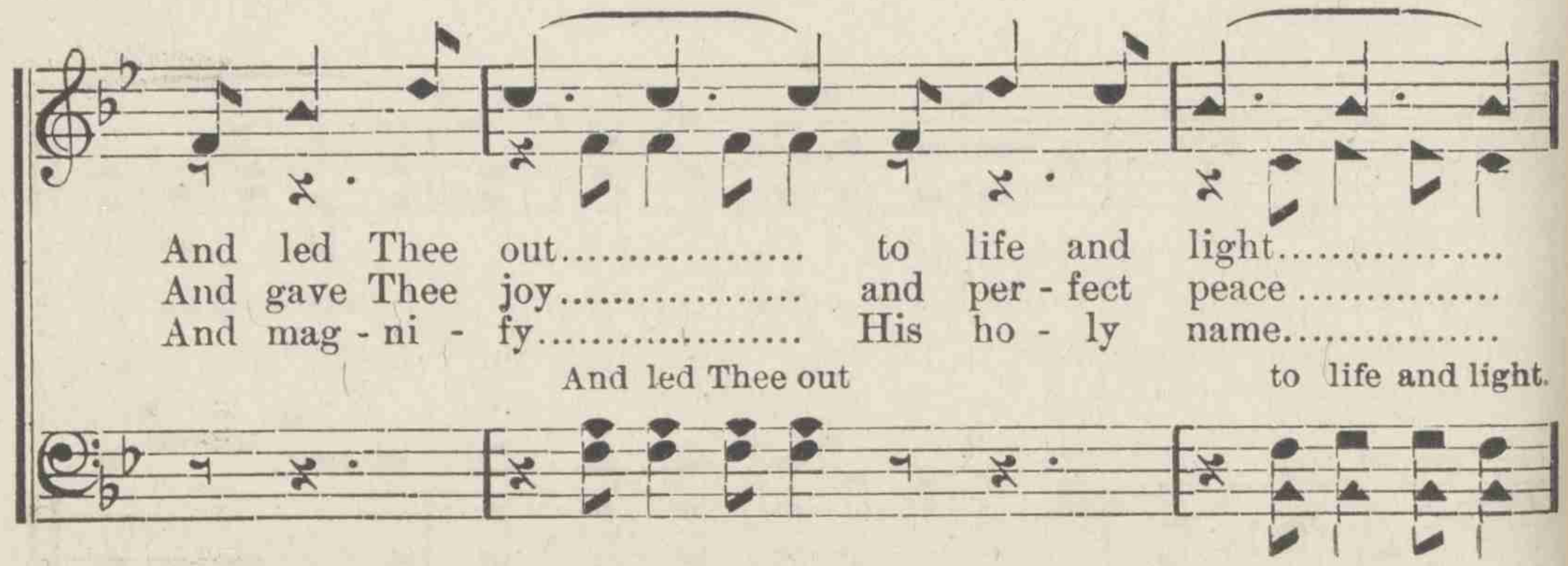
No. 120. REDEEMING LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. W. A. SMITH.
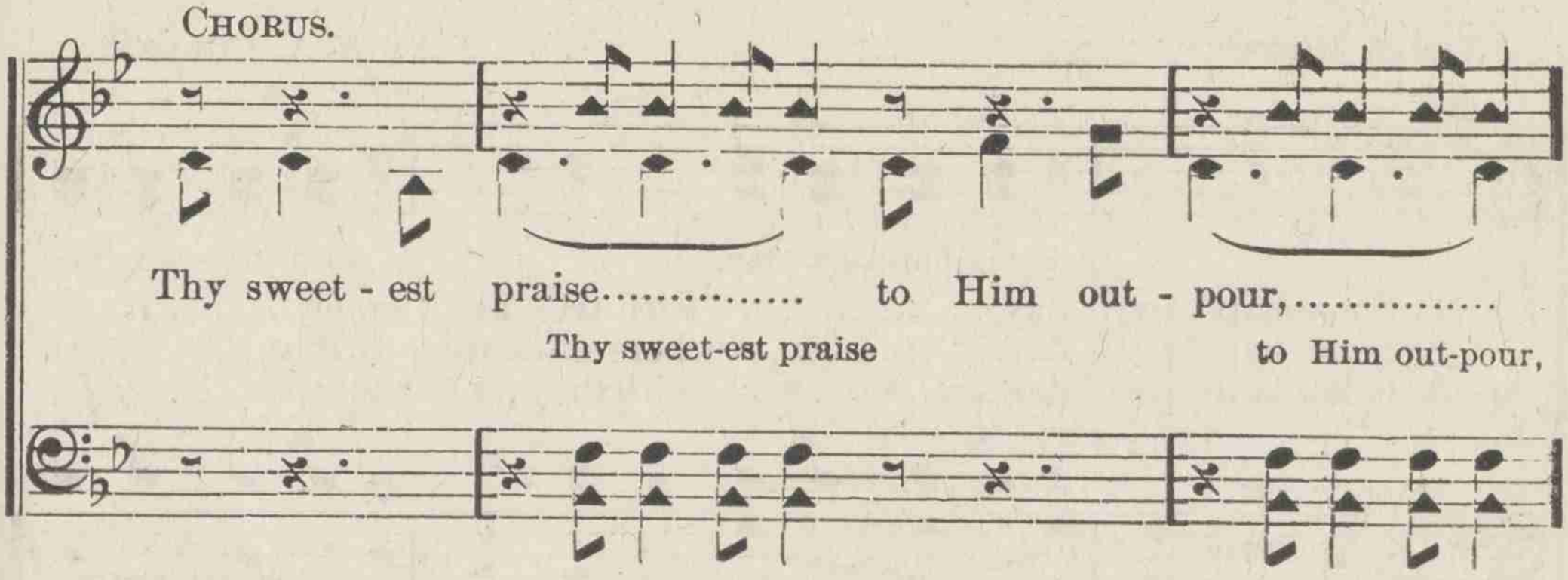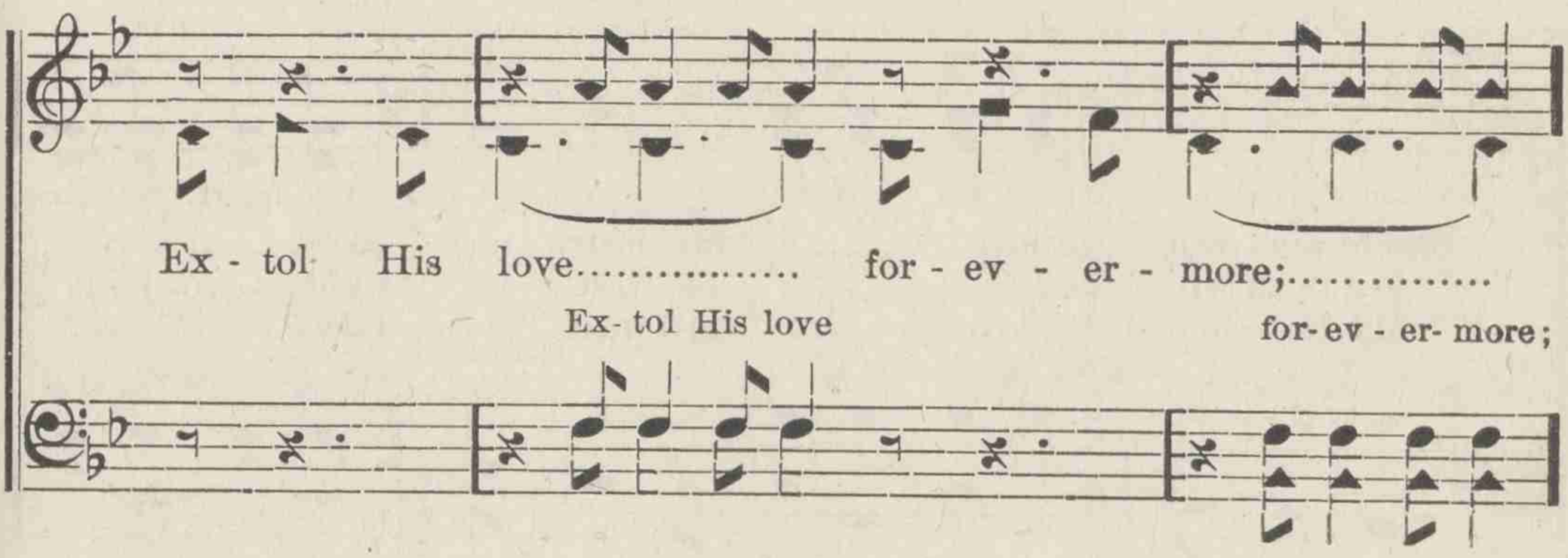








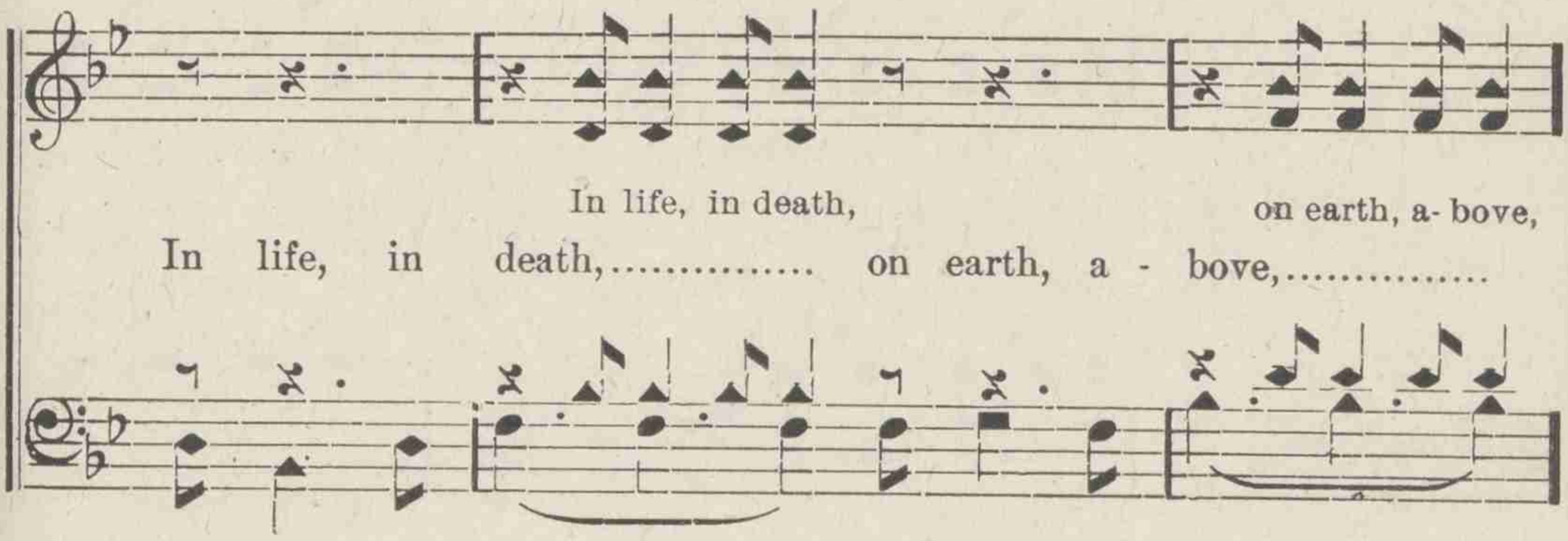
Copyright, 1910, by W. A. Smith.
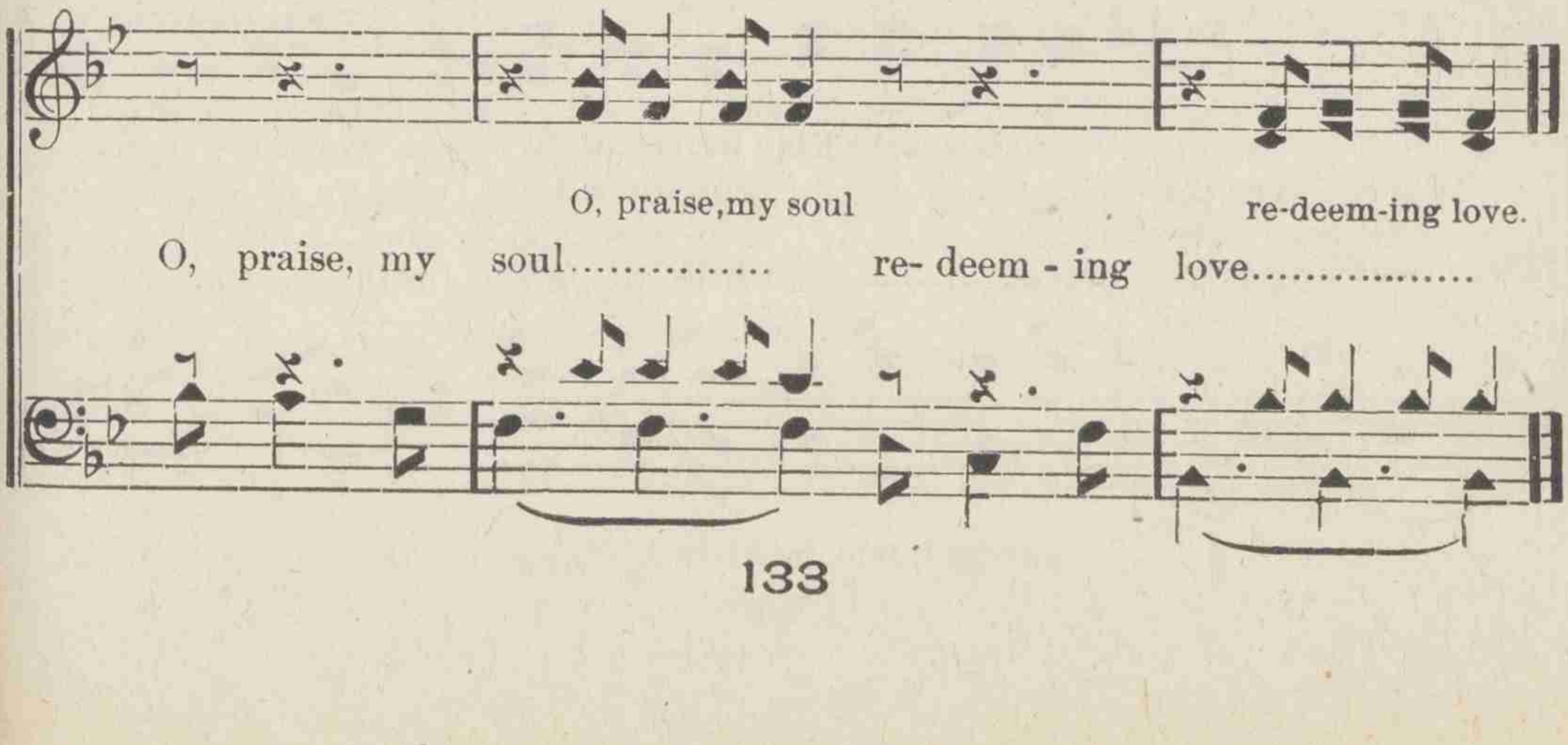
REDEEMING LOVE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
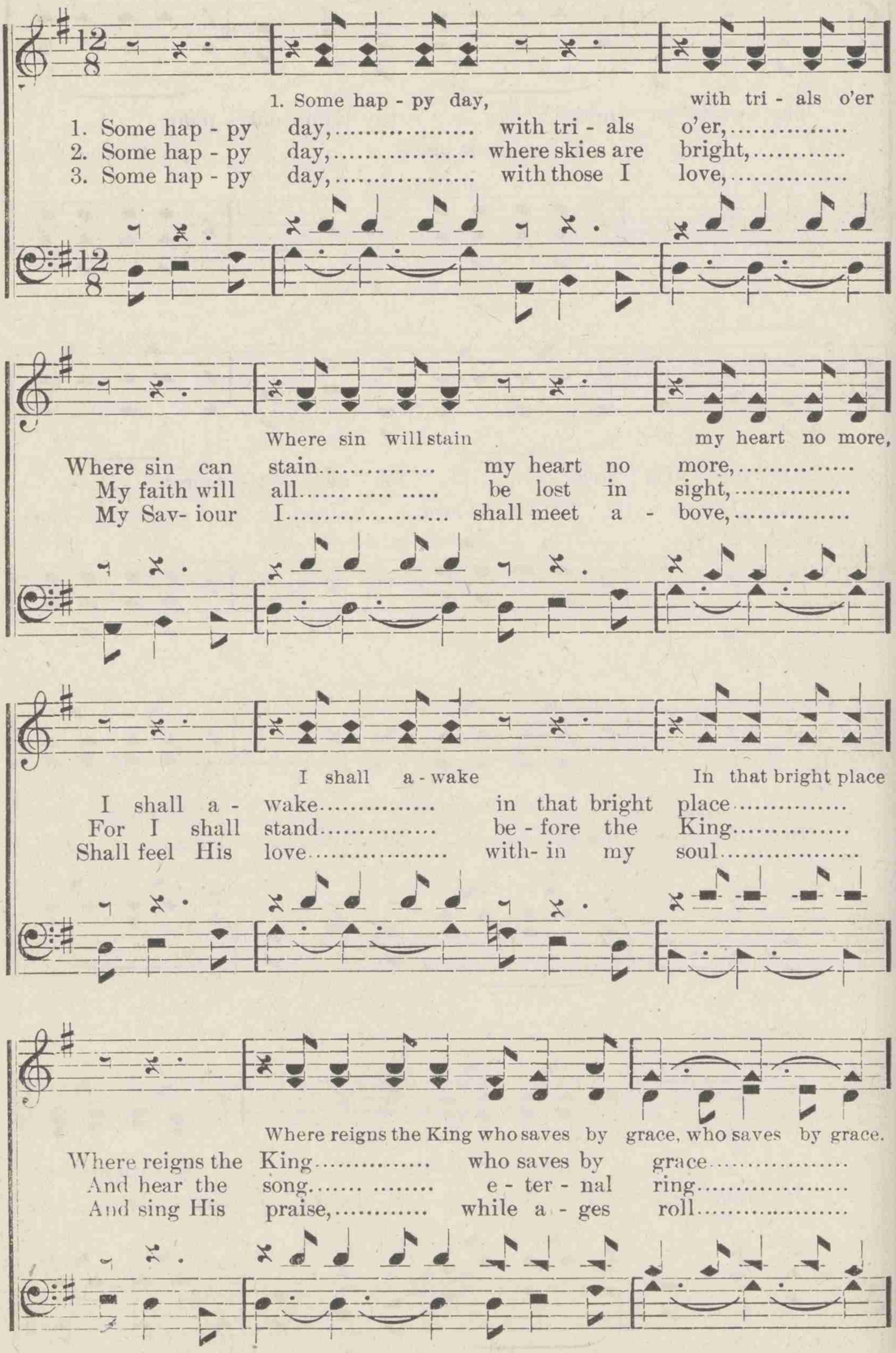








No. 121. SOME HAPPY DAY.
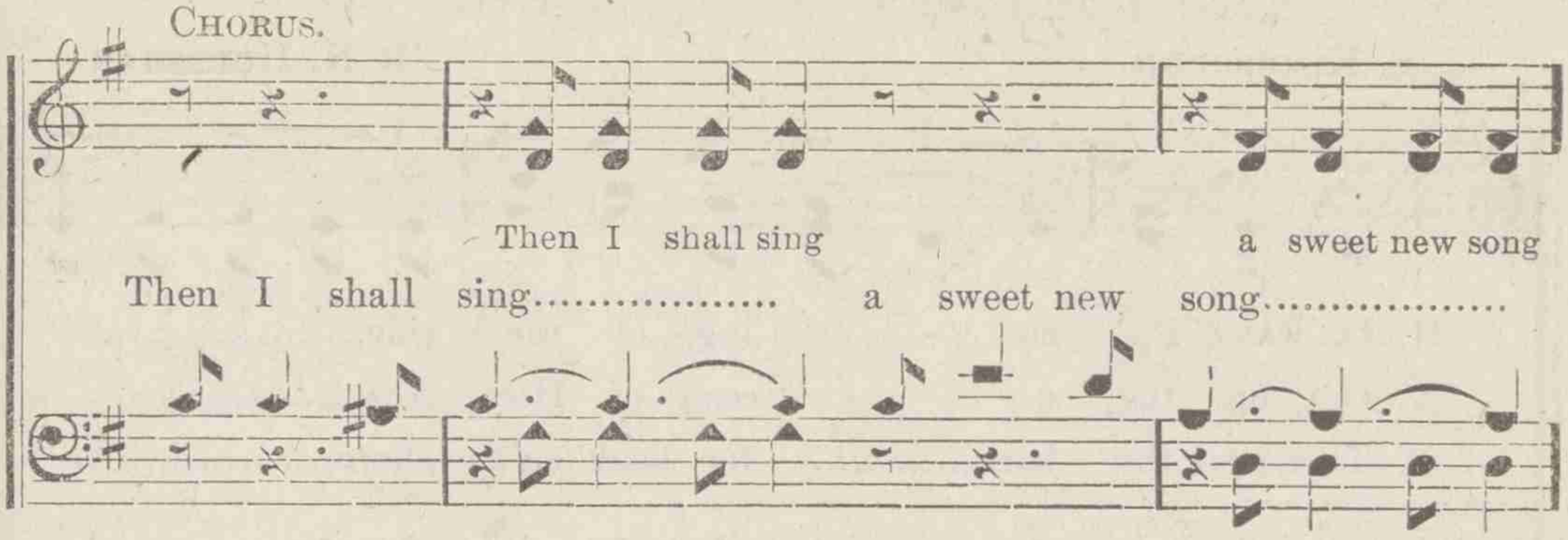
JAMES ROWE. AMOS A. CORLEY.
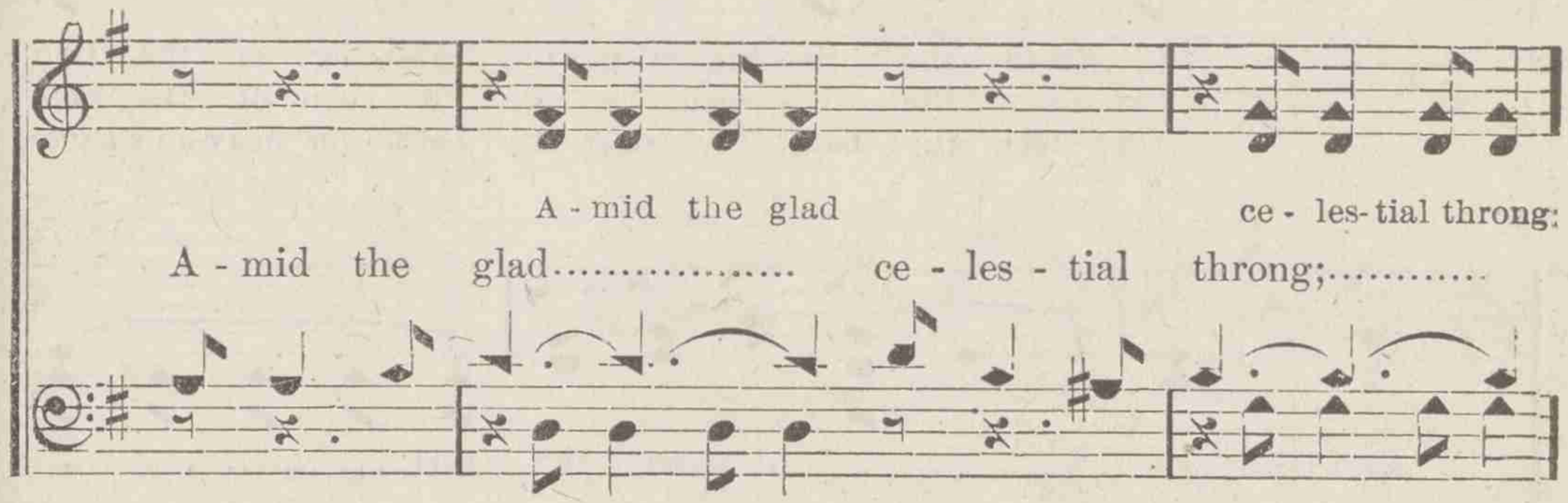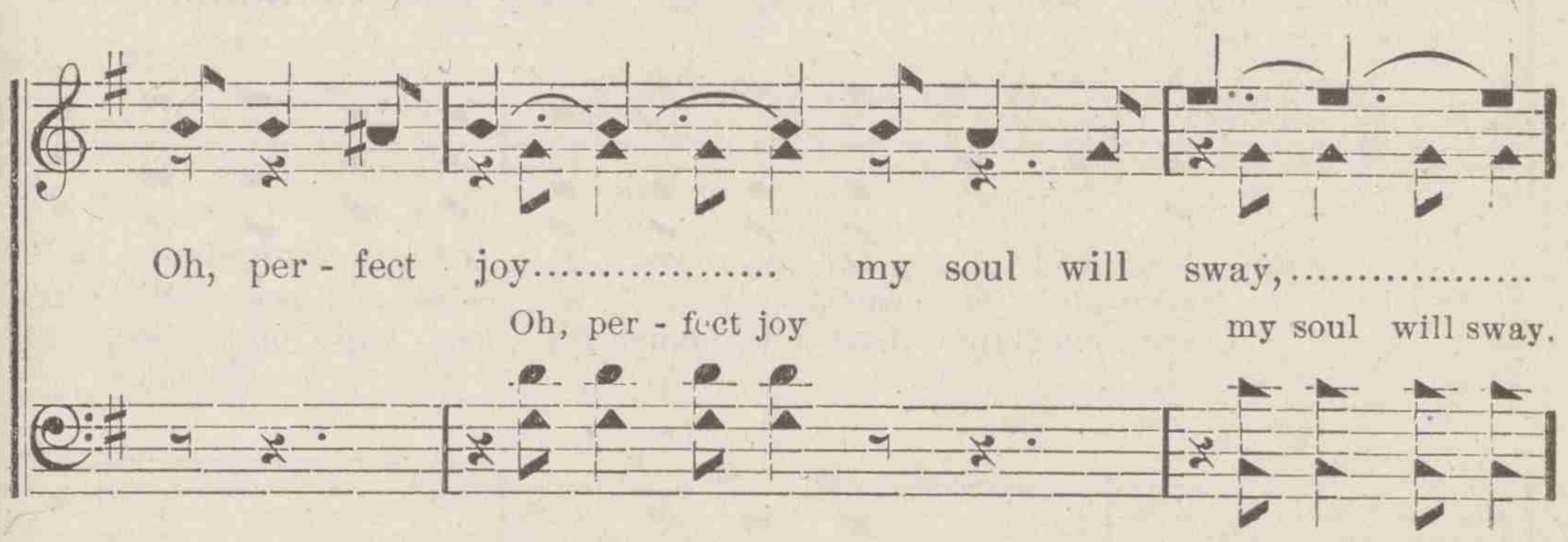


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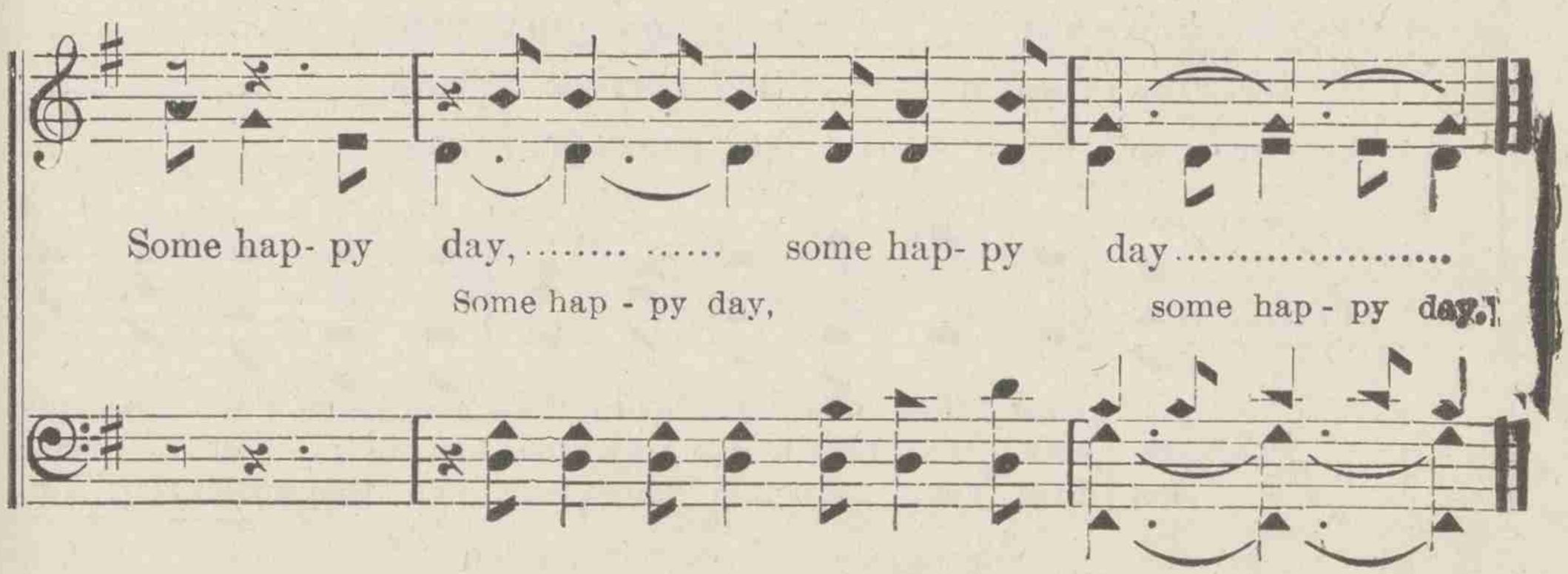
SOME HAPPY DAY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
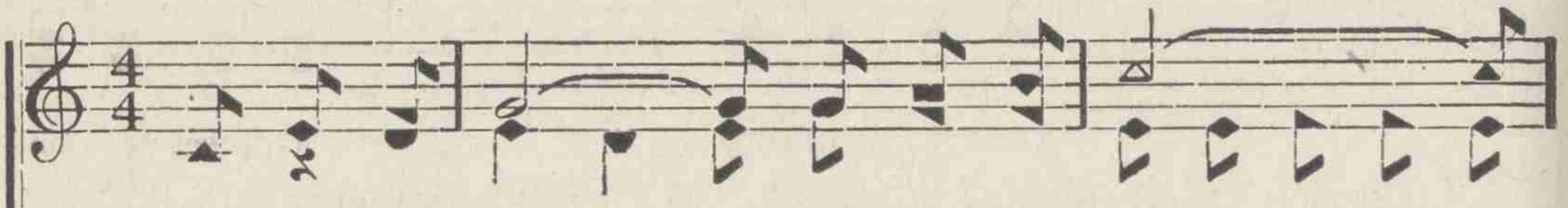






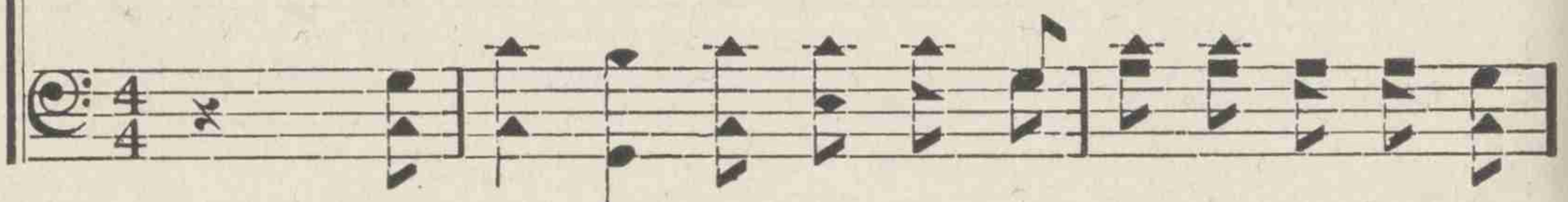


No. 122. THE TIDE IS RISING.
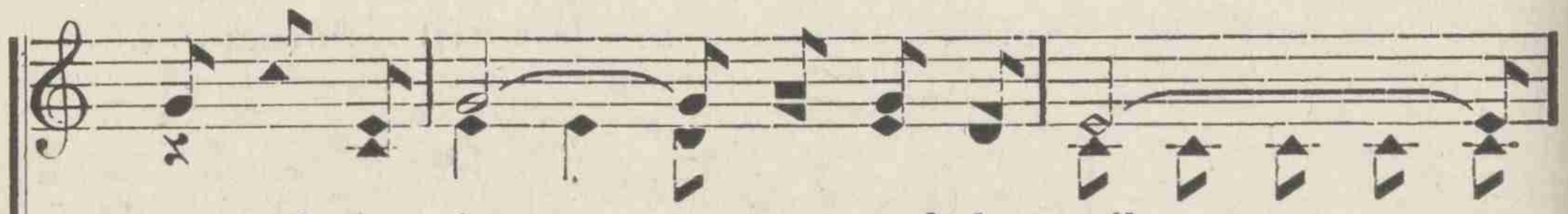
J. S. KIMBROUGH. B. N. HULTSMAN.
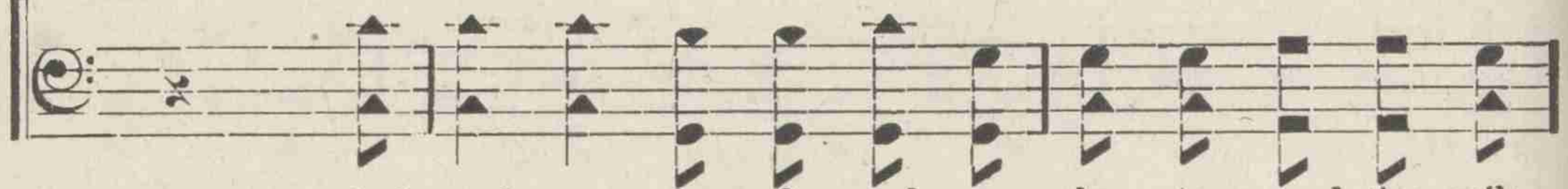


1. O, watch the ris - - ing, of the tide,.....
2. Out on the o - - cean of His love,.....
3. Then steer thy bark..... for heav-en's shore,.....
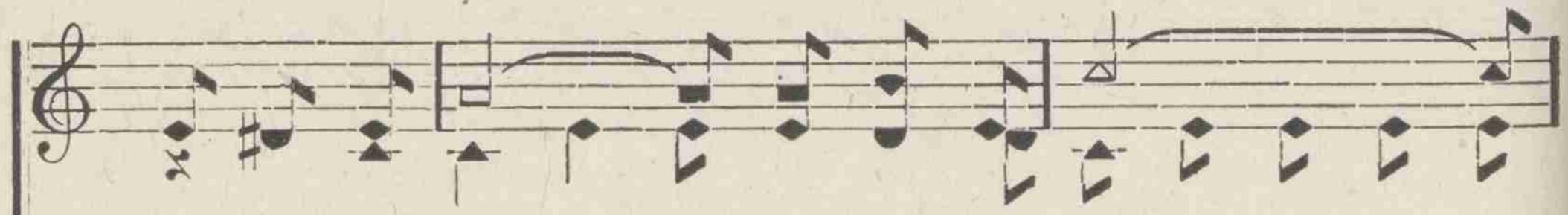


1. O, watch the ris - ing, watch the ris - ing of the tide,
2. Out on the o - cean, on the o - cean of His love,
3. Then steer thy bark, O, steer thy bark for heav-en's shore,



And read - y be..... to spread thy sail;.....
Where all is calm..... and peace and rest;.....
And launch thy boat..... up - on the tide;.....



And read - y be, O, read - y be to spread thy sail;
Where all is calm, where all is calm and peace and rest;
And launch thy boat, O, launch thy boat up - on the tide;



A- gainst life's dan - - gers, now pro - vide,.....
O, seek the heav'n - - ly port a - bove,.....
For Christ your Cap - - tain, guides your o'er,.....



A - gainst life's dan - gers, 'gainst life's dan - gers now pro - vide,
O, seek the heav'n- ly, seek the heav'n- ly port a - bove,
For Christ your Cap - tain, Christ your Cap - tain guides you o'er,

Copyright, 1910, by B. N Hultsman.

THE TIDE IS RISING.—Concluded.

A- gainst the temp - est and the gale.....
Where ev - 'ry soul is Je - sus' guest.....
And He a hav - en will pro - - vide.....
and the gale.
is Je - sus guest.
will pro - vide.

REFRAIN.

1st. The tide is up,..... and from the shore,.....
the tide is up, and from the shore,
2d. O, sin - ner haste,..... de - lay no more,.....
O, sin- ner haste, de - lay no more,

1
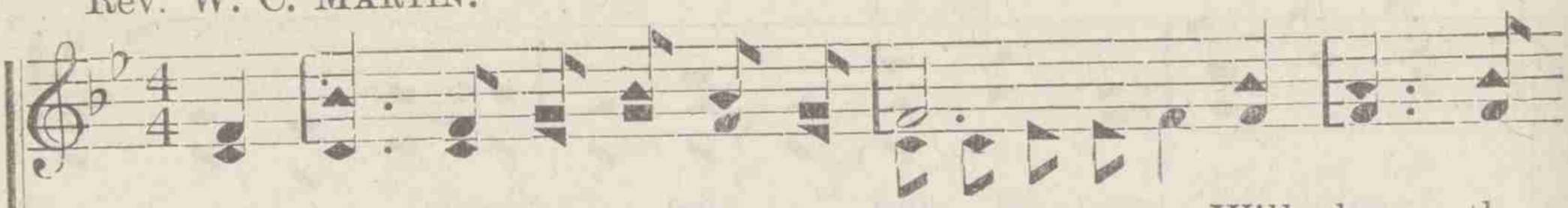
The life - boat glides..... up - on the wave,.....
The life- boat glides up - on the wave,

2

The God of mer - cy waits to save.....
He waits to save.
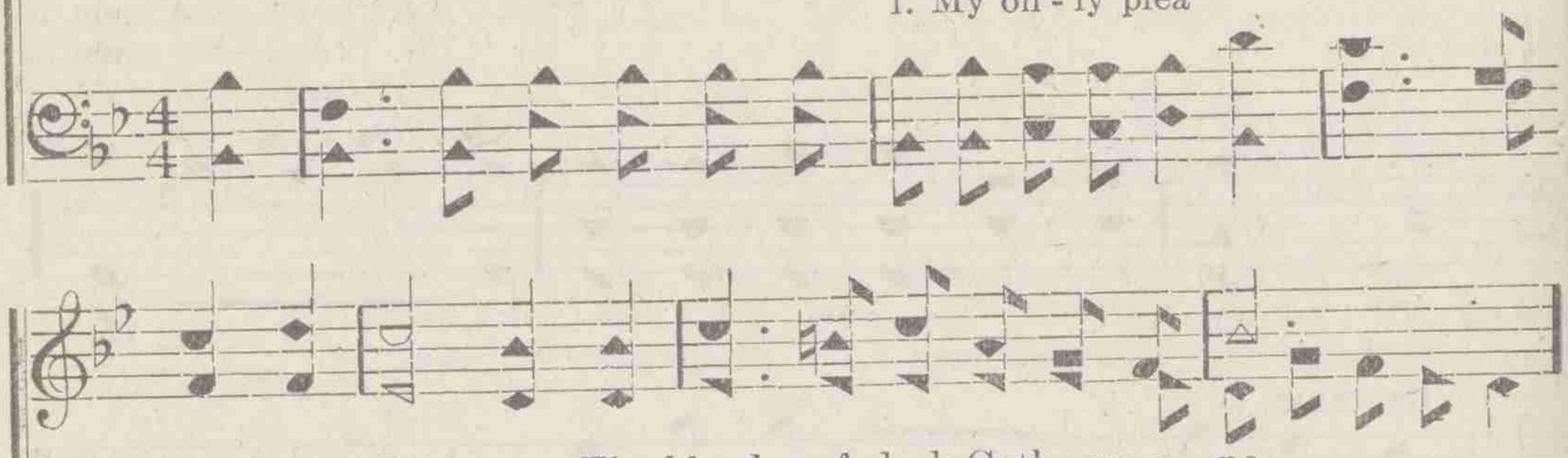
No. 123. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. P. M. BOYD.



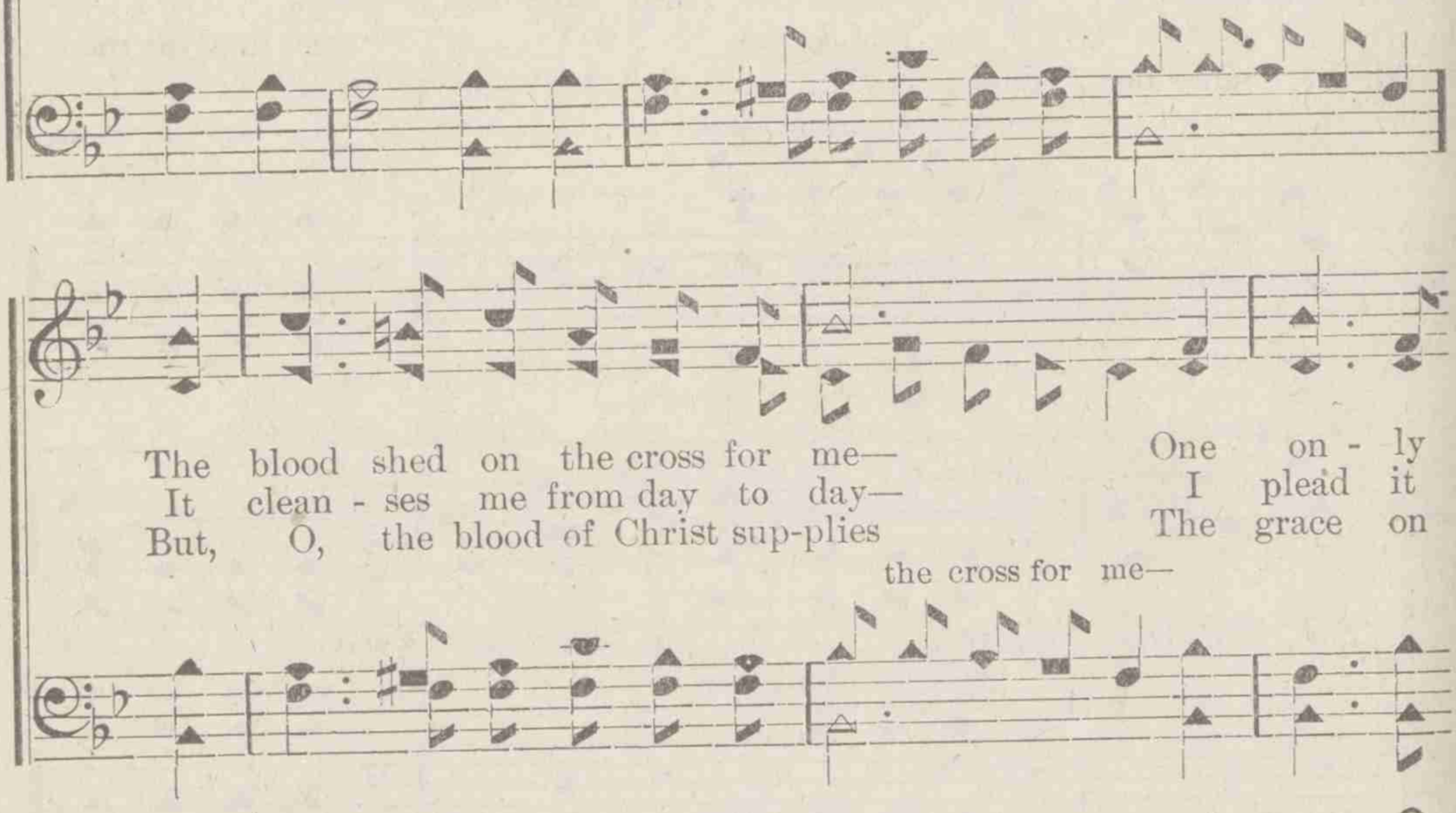
1. Be - fore the Judgment throne my plea Will be the
2. It wash - es all my sins a - way, The pre - cious
3. The sin - ner's hope of par - don lies In just the

1. My on - ly plea
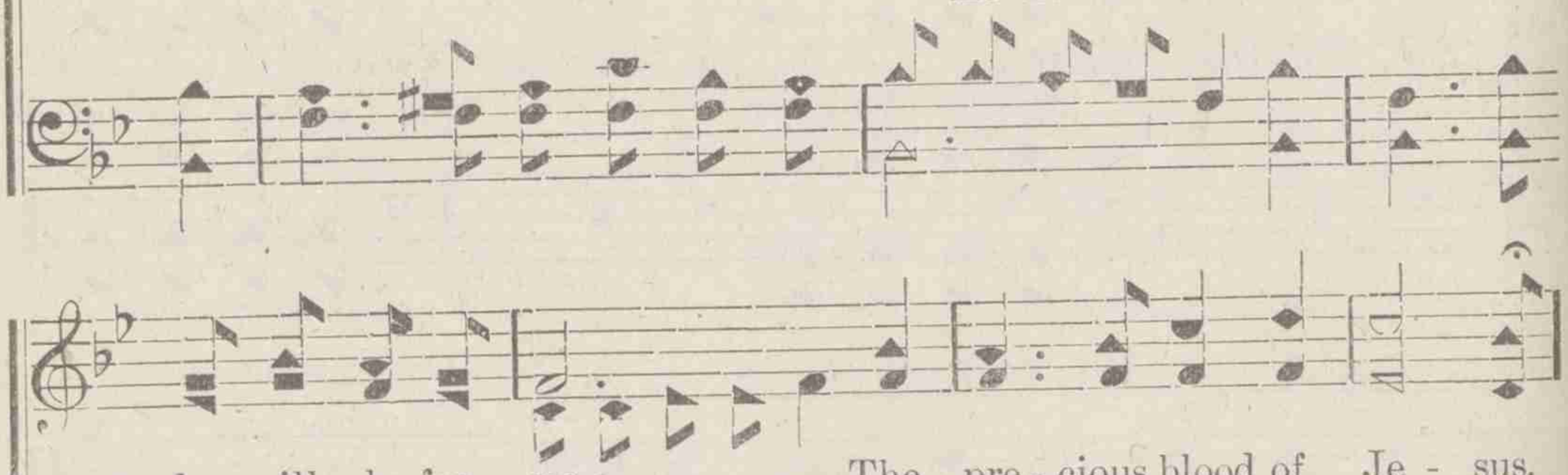


blood of Je - sus; The blood of dark Geth-sam-a - ne,
blood of Je - sus, It pays the debt I can-not pay;
blood of Je - sus. With-out this hope he sure- ly dies;

Geth-sam - a- ne;



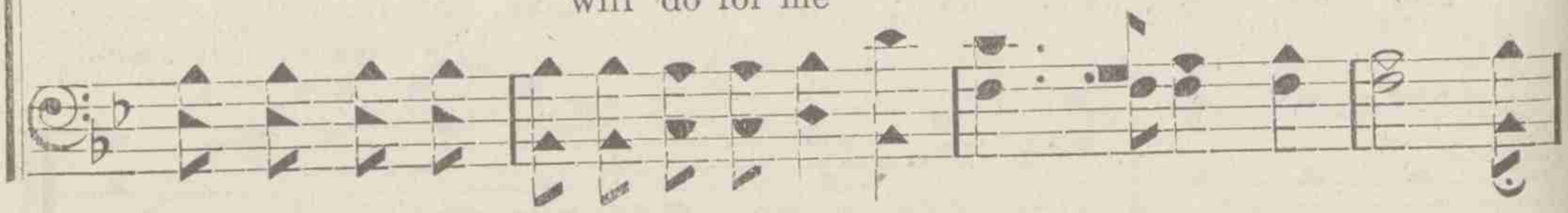
The blood shed on the cross for me— One on - ly
It clean - ses me from day to day— I plead it
But, O, the blood of Christ sup-plies The grace on

the cross for me—



plea will do for me The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
when I kneel to pray: The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
which my soul re - lies; The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
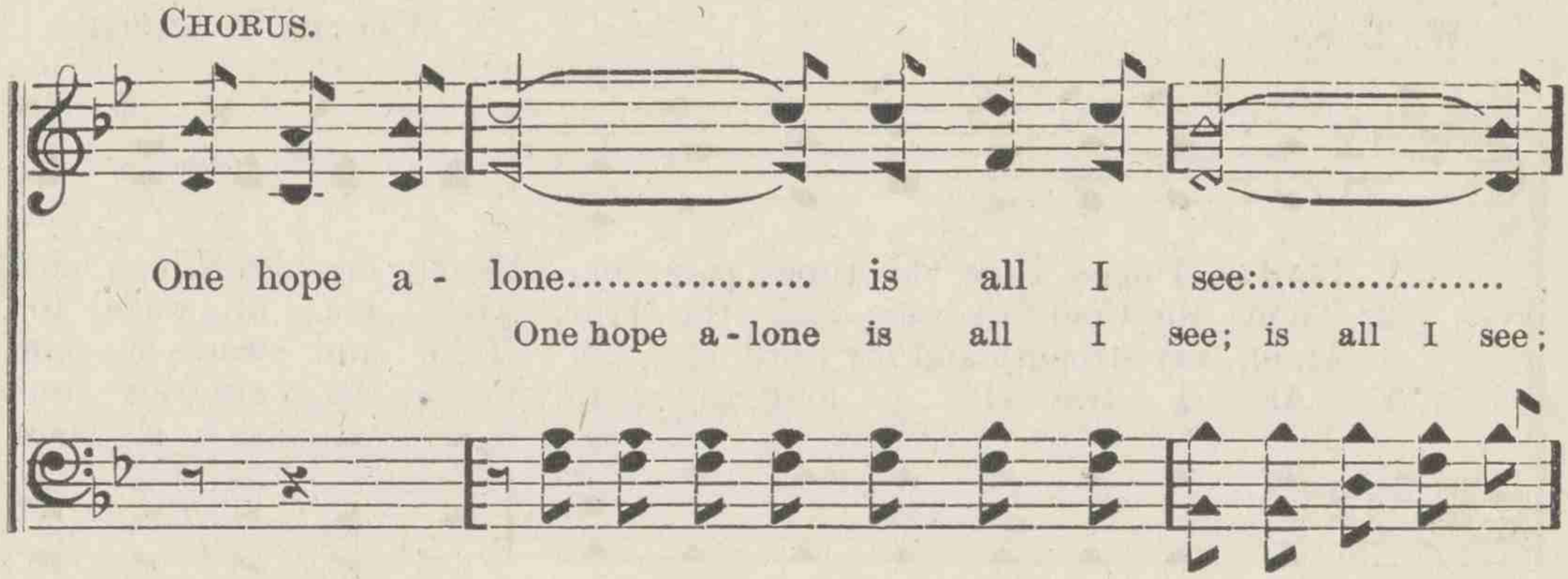
will do for me
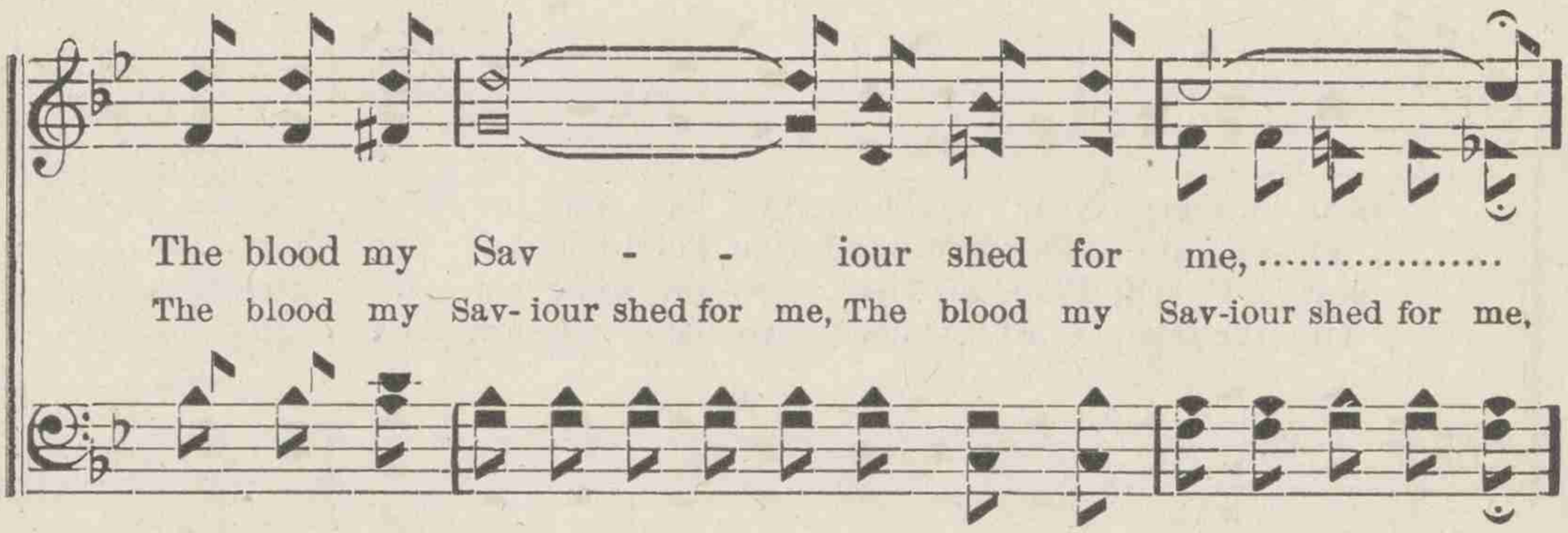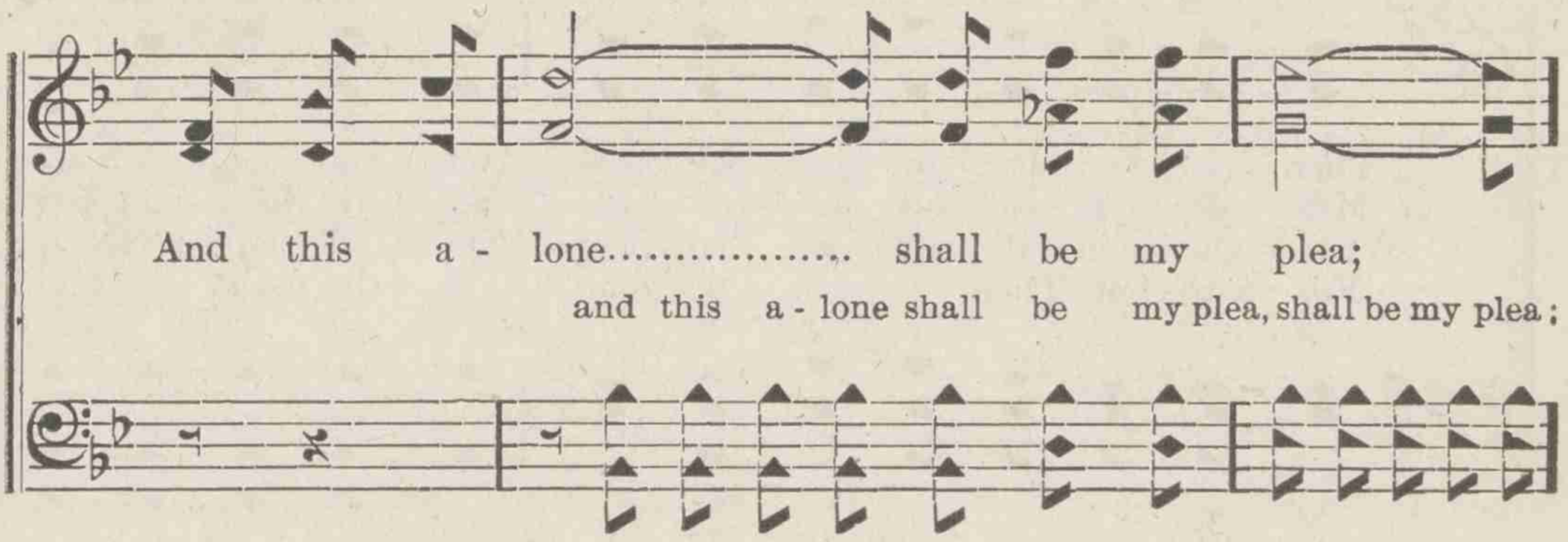


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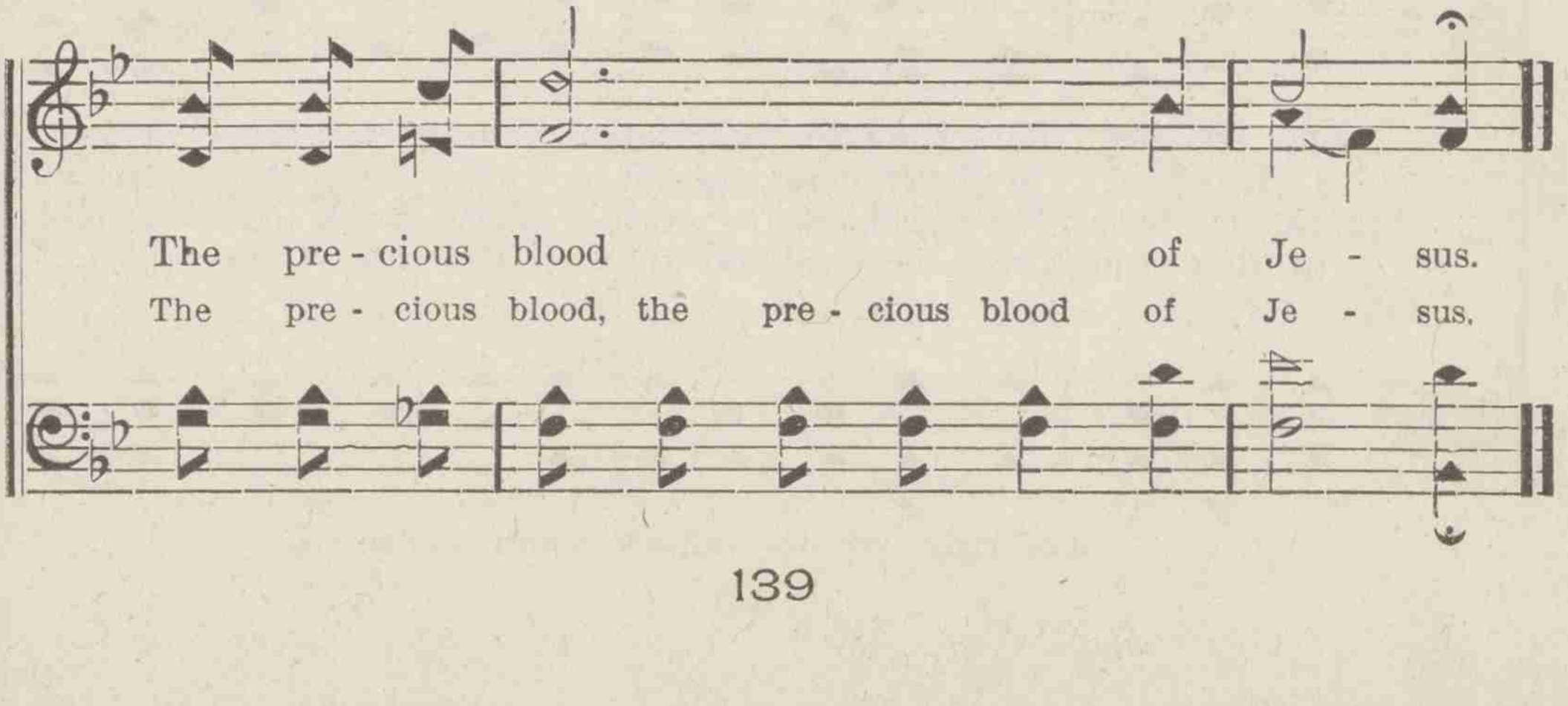
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 124. NEAR TO THEE.

W. T. S. WALTER T. SMITH.

1. Lord, I need Thee as times pass by, Hear my plead- ings and
2. Thou, the Com-fort - er and the True, Help me al - ways to
3. Thou, my strength and my Lord of all, Take and stead - y me
4. As I trav- el a - long my path, From be - gin-ning un -

hear my cry, Near to Thee O let me ev - er be,.....
ev - er do, The commands that Thou hast left for me;.....
lest I fall, Place my feet up - on some sol - id ground,...
til the last, Lord I need to lean up - on Thy arm;.....
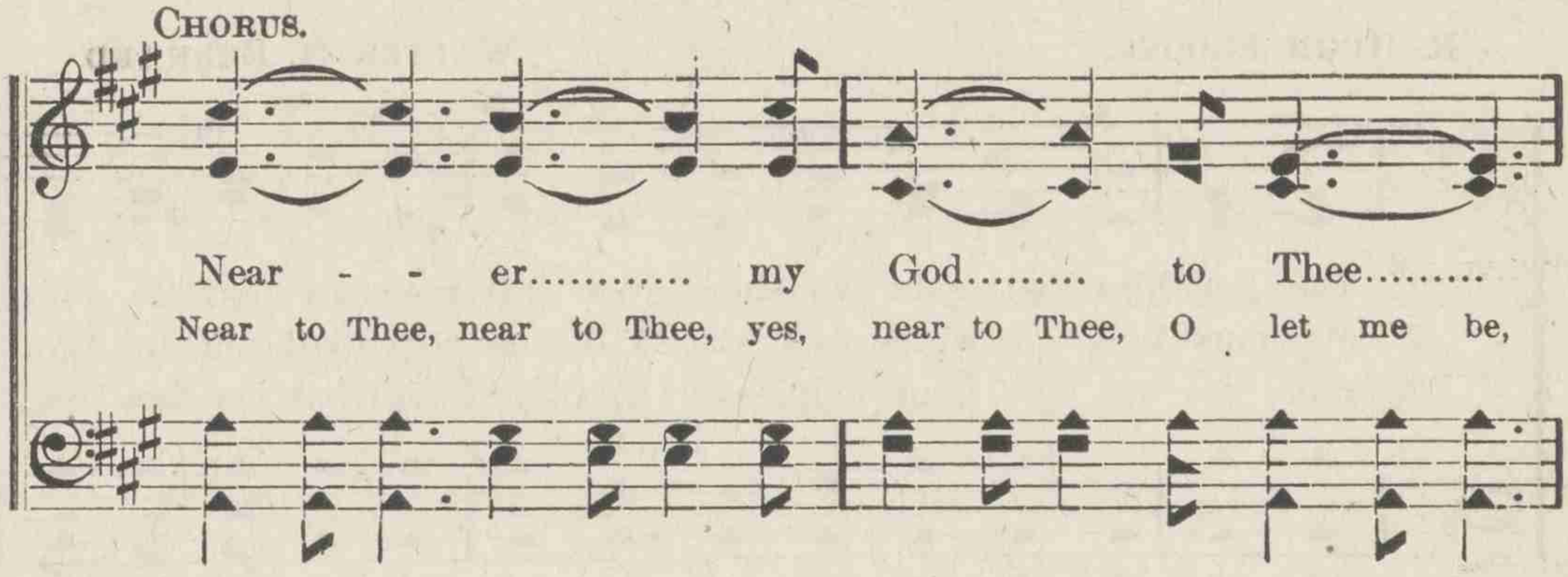
Then 'tis ea - sy to bear the cross And 'tis ea - sy to
May I du - ti - ful ev - er be, So in heav - en that
Where the sands will not be so deep, Or the sharp rocks to
For with- out Thee I walk a - lone, In the paths of temp -
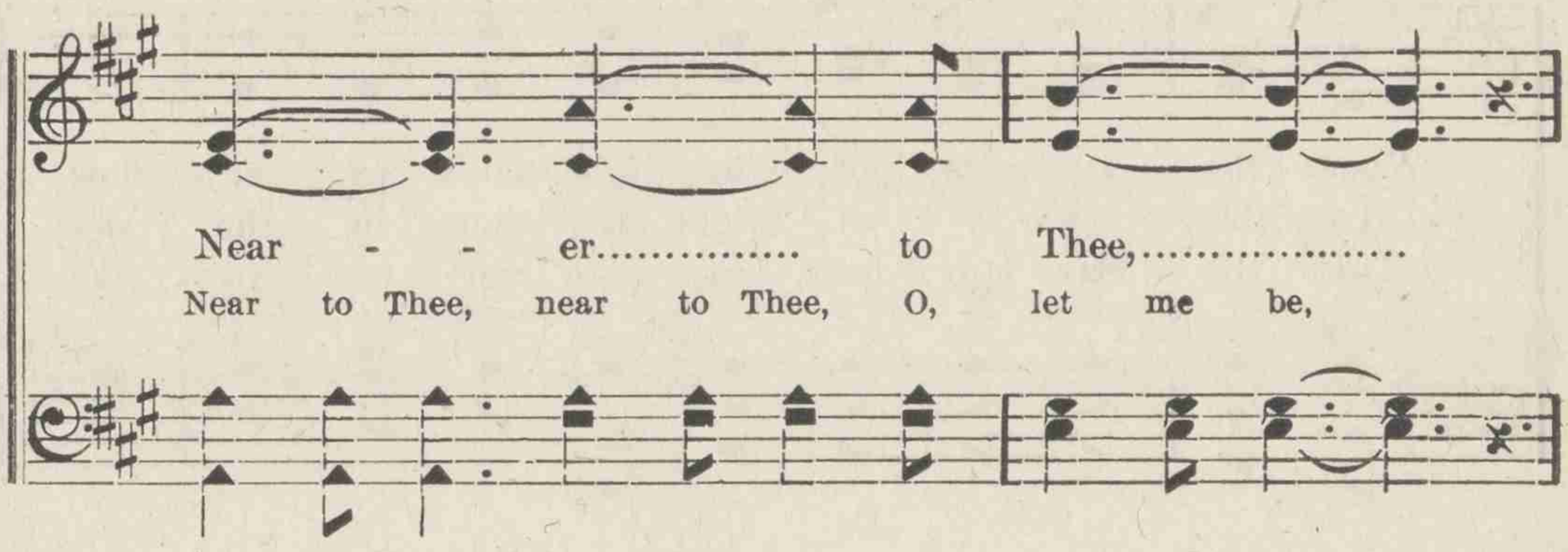
suf - fer loss, For the Lord has done so much for me.
I may see, My loved ones u - nit - ed with the free.
bruise my feet, For 'tis hard to walk with bleed- ing wound.
ta- tion roam, Take me, Lord, and then I'm safe from harm.
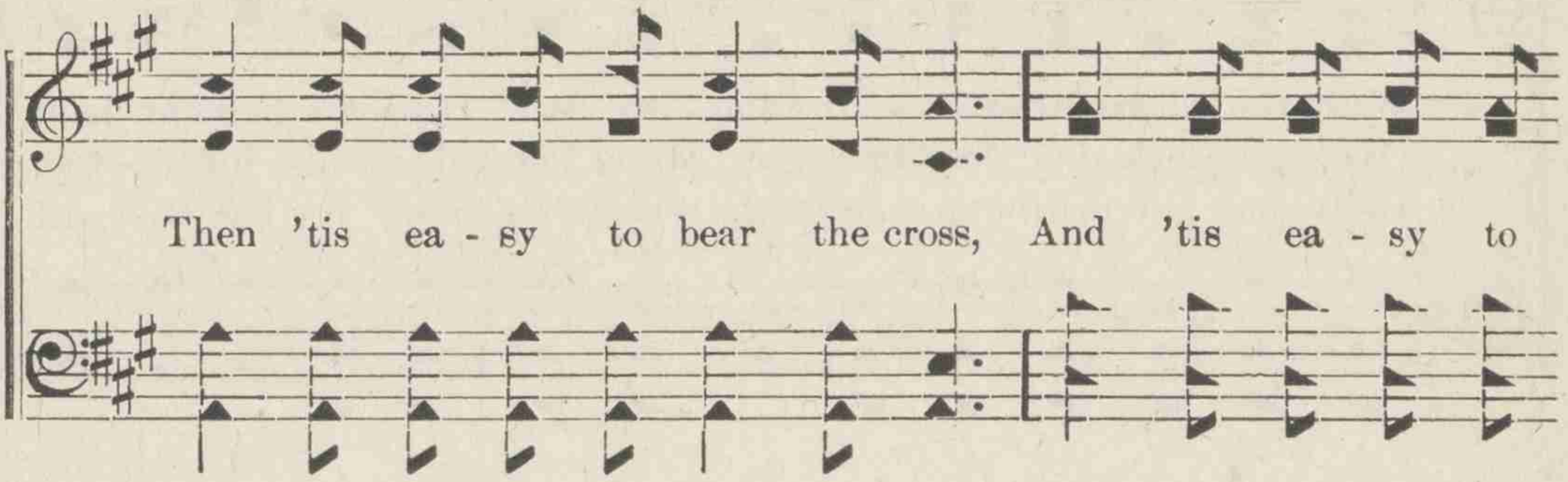
Copyright, 1910, by Walter T. Smith, McRae, Ga.
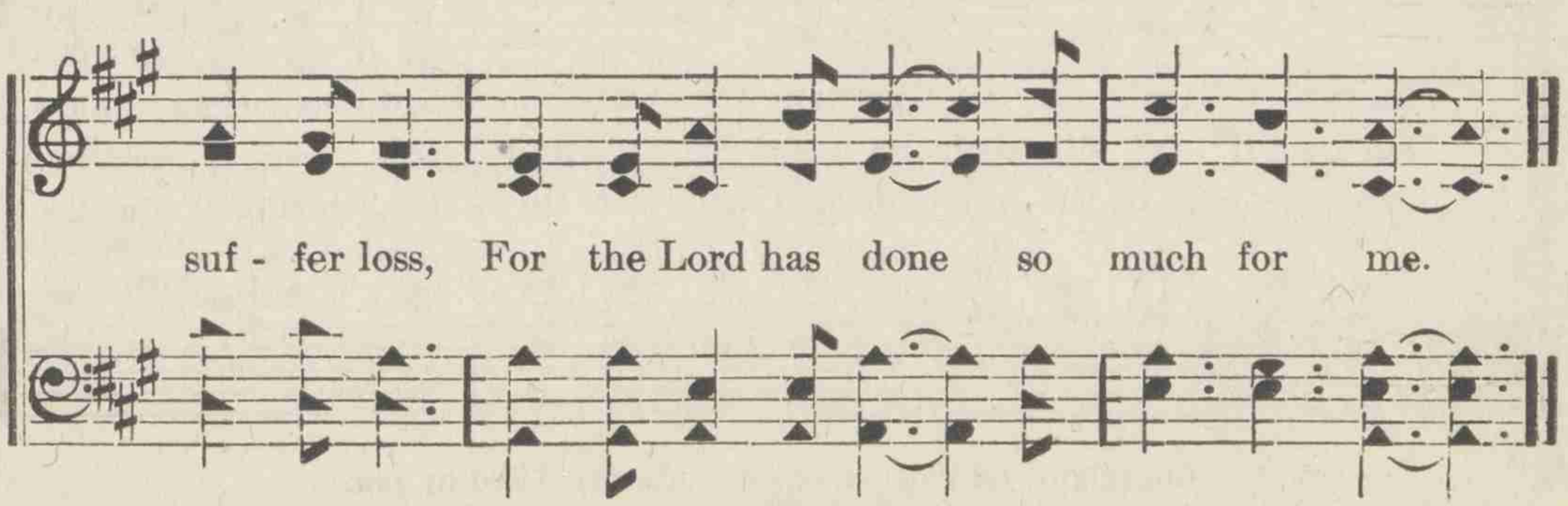
NEAR TO THEE.--Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 125. SINGING WITH THE RANSOMED.

R. HUGH BROOKS. WALTER H. BERNARD.

1. On that bless - ed gold - en shore, We will meet to part no more,
2. We must bide a - while be - low, 'Till the time shall come to go,
3. Come, ye wea - ry and oppressed, And en - joy that per - fect rest,

Where the riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er flow;
To that cit - y of bright man - sions in the sky;
That the Sav - iour has in store for you to - day;
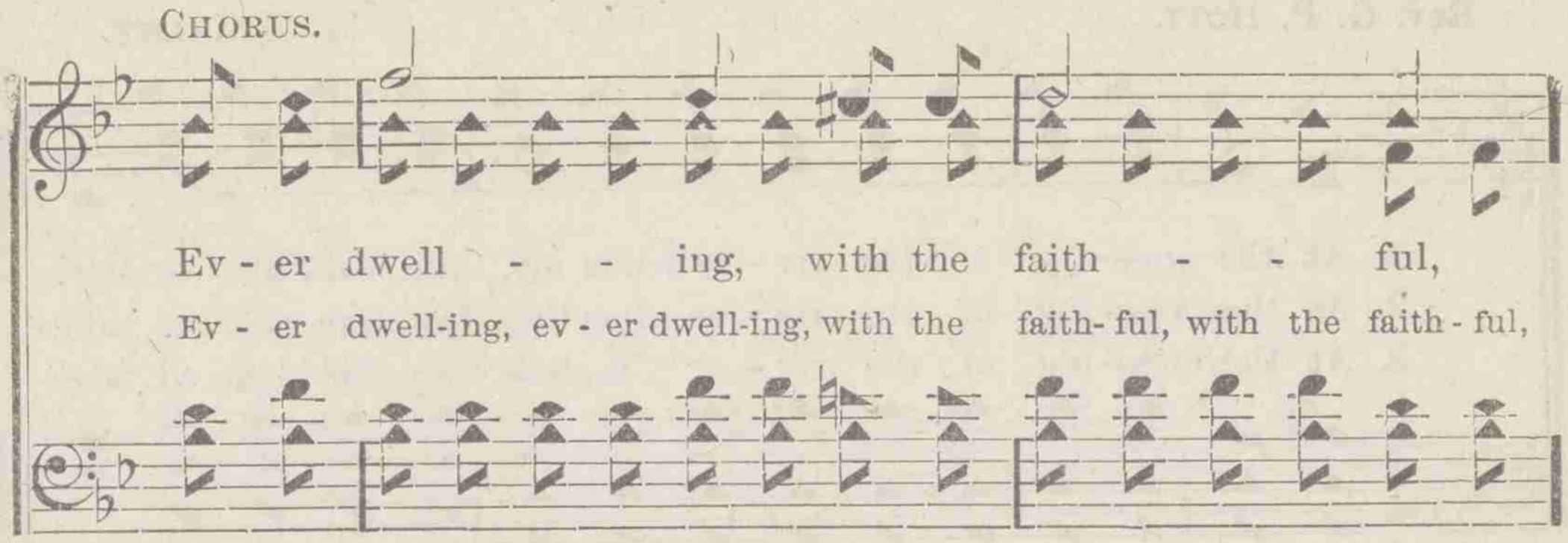
With the faith - ful ones we'll stand, On fair Canaan's hap - py land,
We are look - ing for that day, When the tide shall ebb a - way,
He'll your life with rap - ture fill, Won't you now o - bey His will,
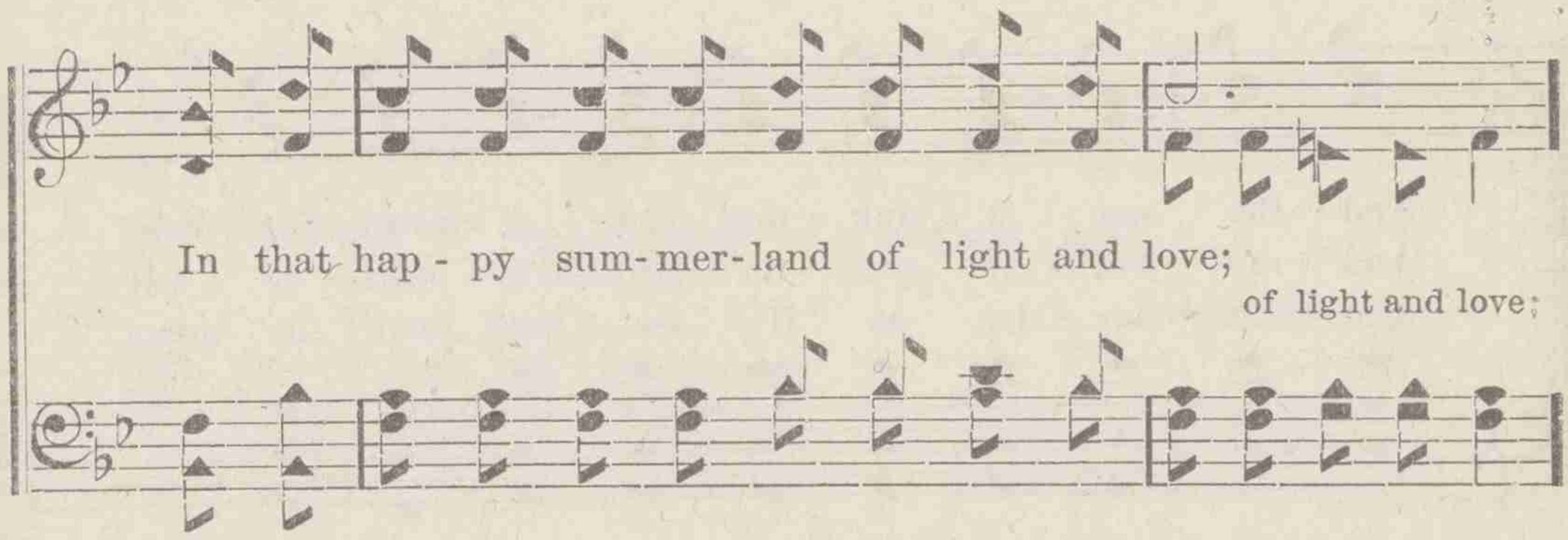
Where there'll nev - er be no win - try winds to blow. (cold winds to blow.)
Then we'll see our dear Re-deem - er by and by. (yes, by and by.)
And re - ceive the pre-cious gift with-out de - lay. (with-out de - lay.)

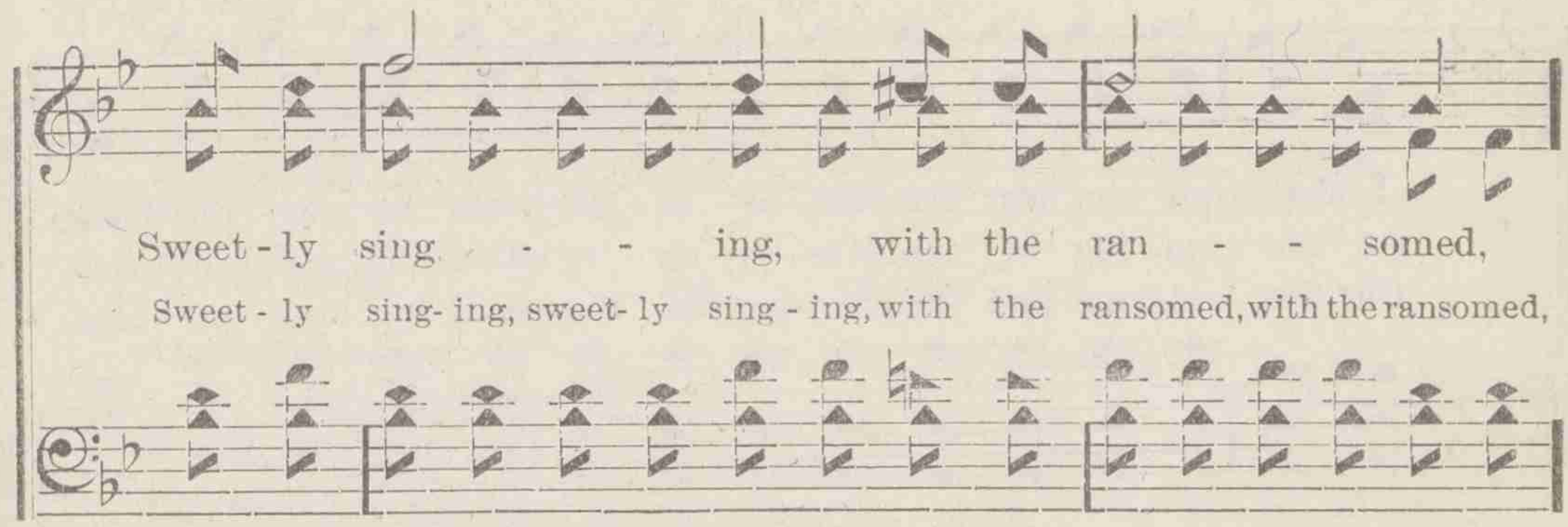
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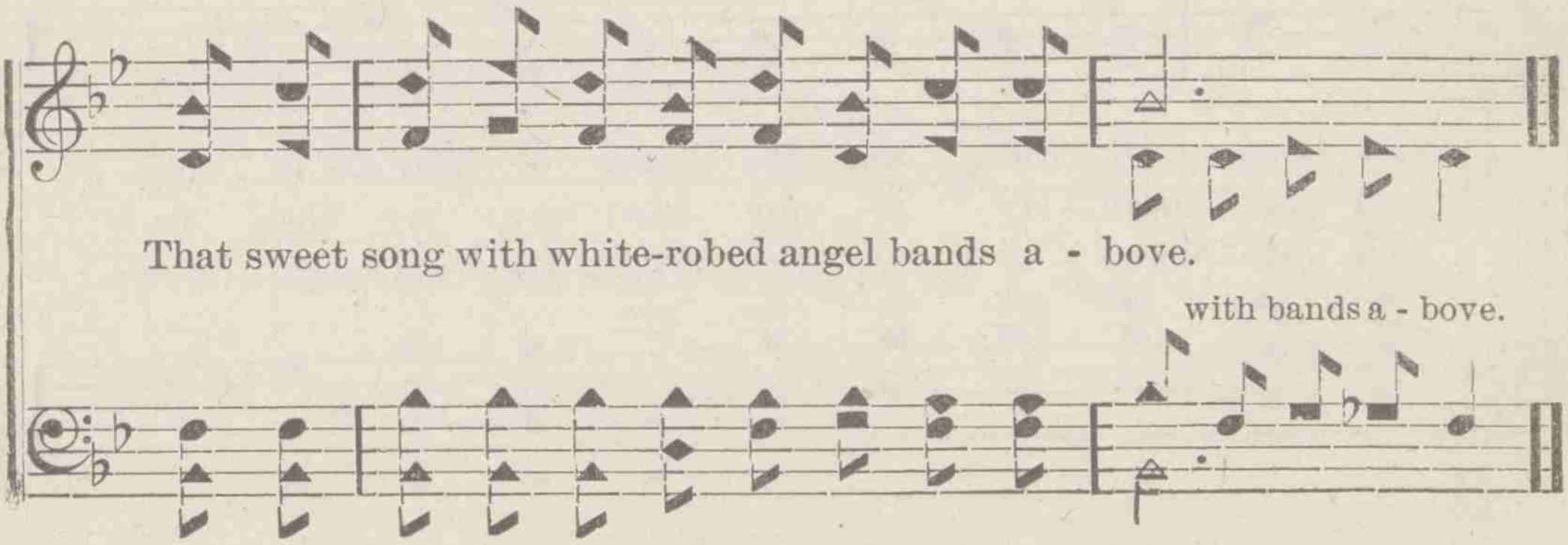
SINGING WITH THE RANSOMED.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



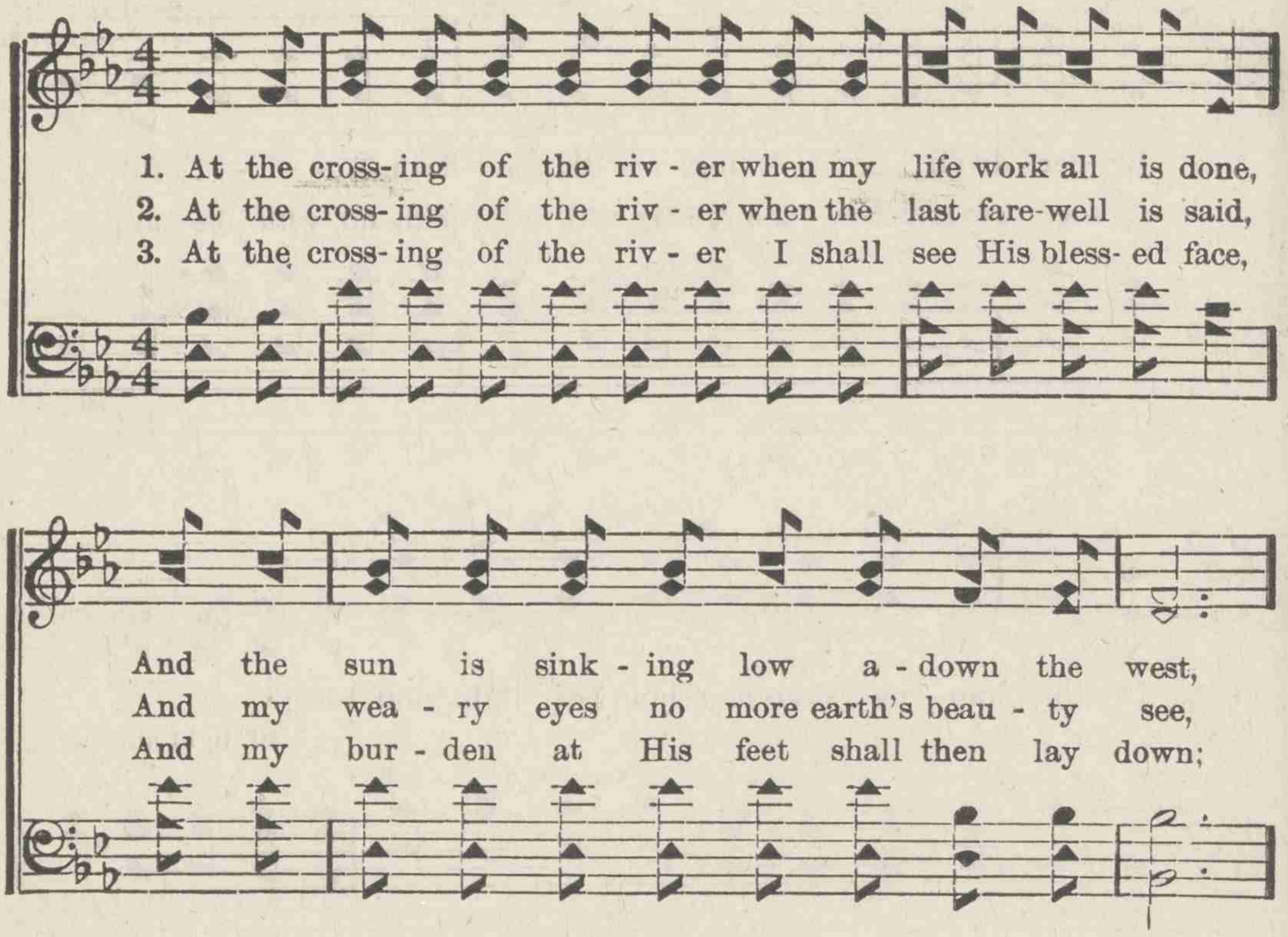


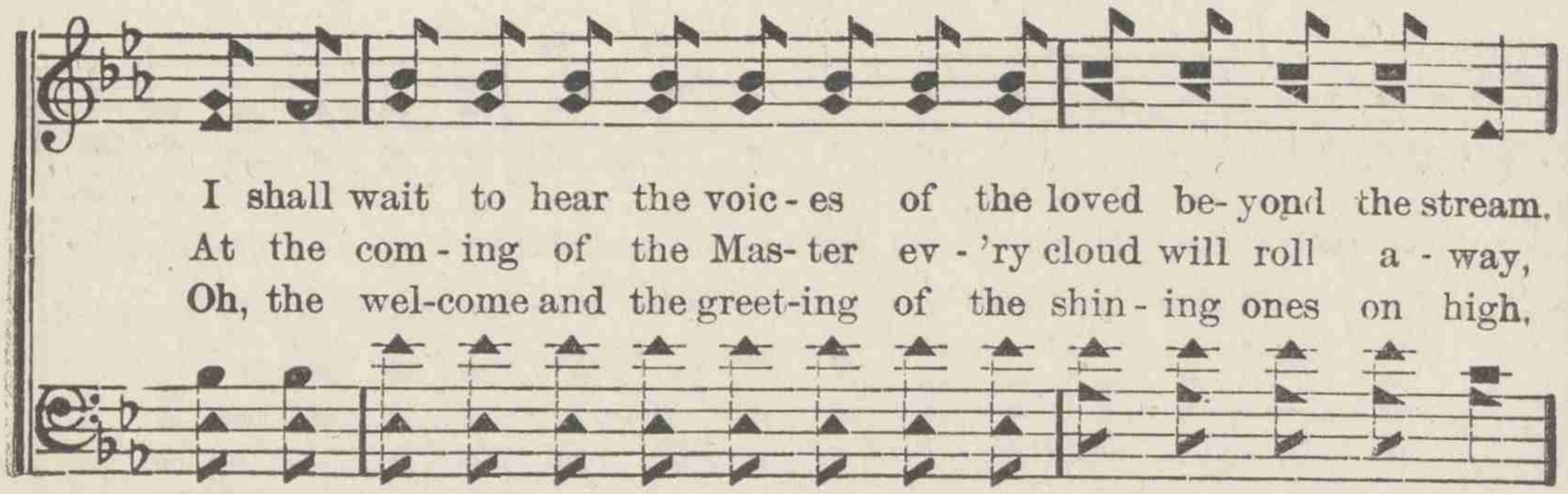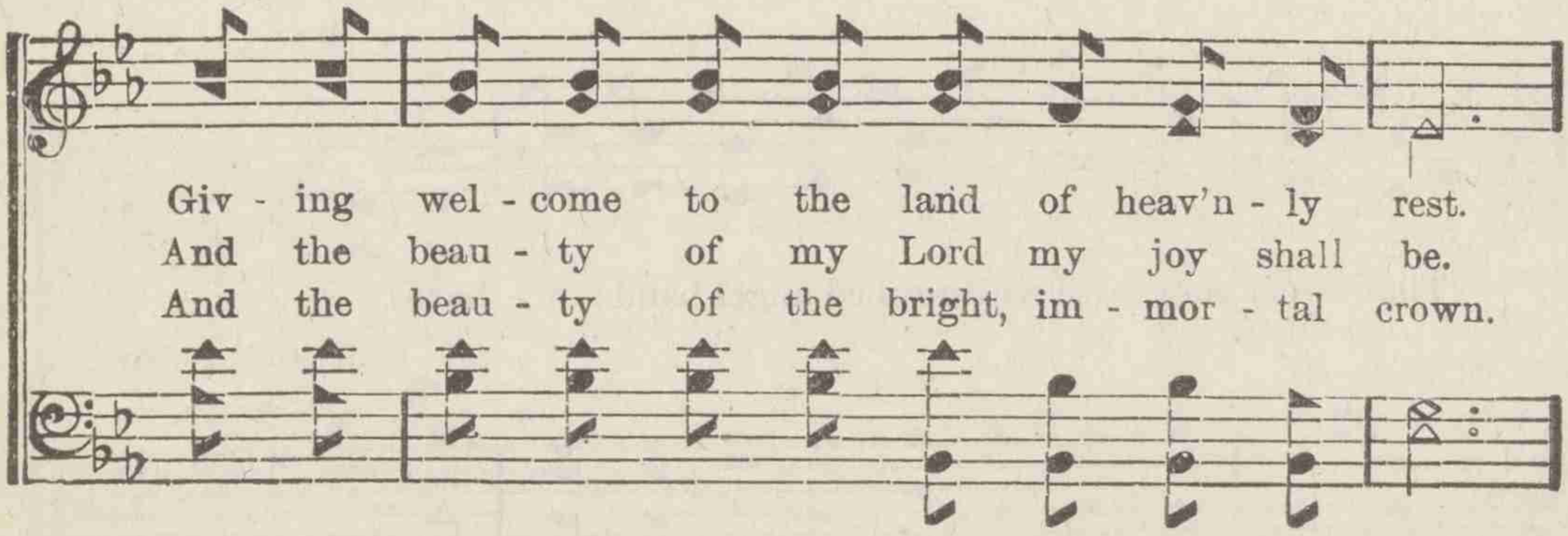




No. 126. AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.

Rev. G. P. Hott. S. W. Beazley.







S. W. Beazley, owner.

At the Crossing of the River.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

At the cross - - ing of the riv - - er,

At the cross-ing of the riv - er, At the crossing of the riv- er,

To the land of heav'nly rest so bright and fair;

bright and fair;

At the cross - - - ing of the riv - - er,

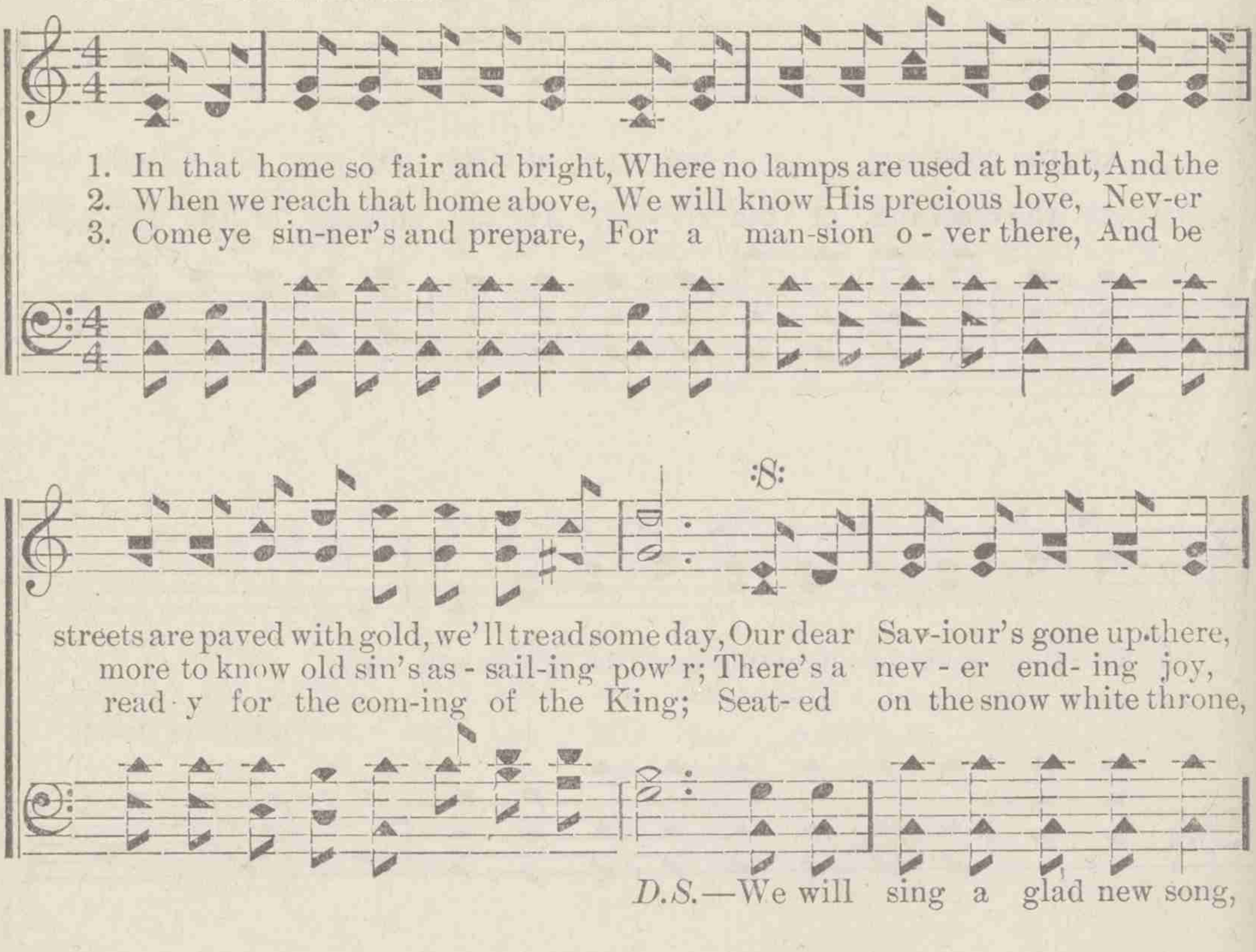
At the cross-ing of the riv - er, At the cross-ing of the riv- er,

We will meet and greet the loved ones o - ver there.....

o - ver there.

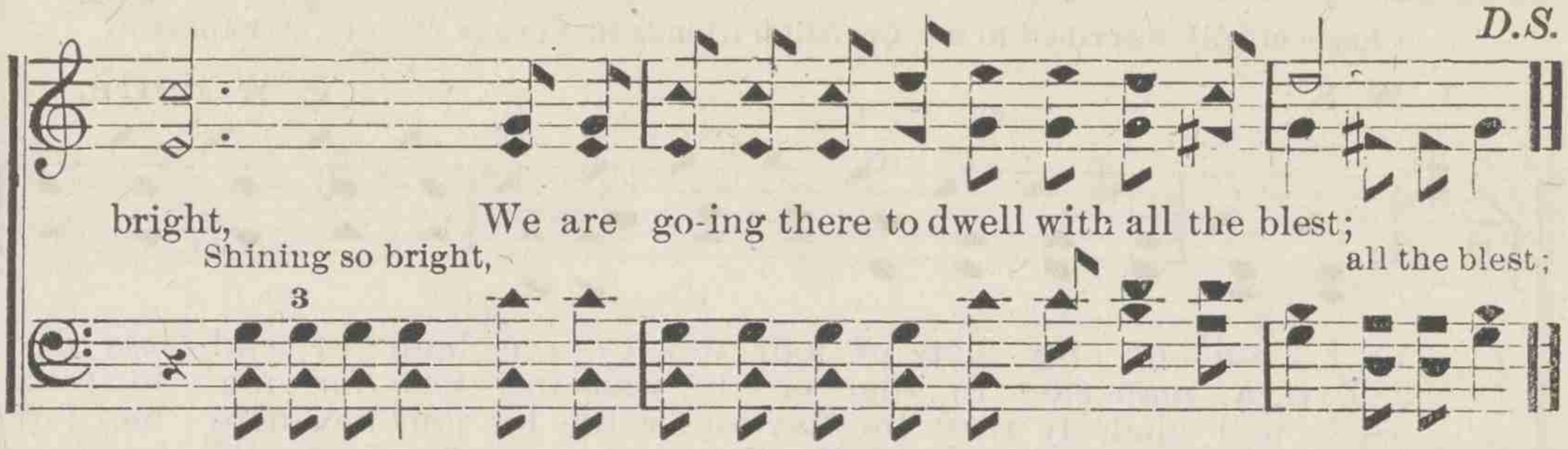
No. 127. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

ROBERT HUGH BROOKS. (To My Mother.) W. H. LEE.



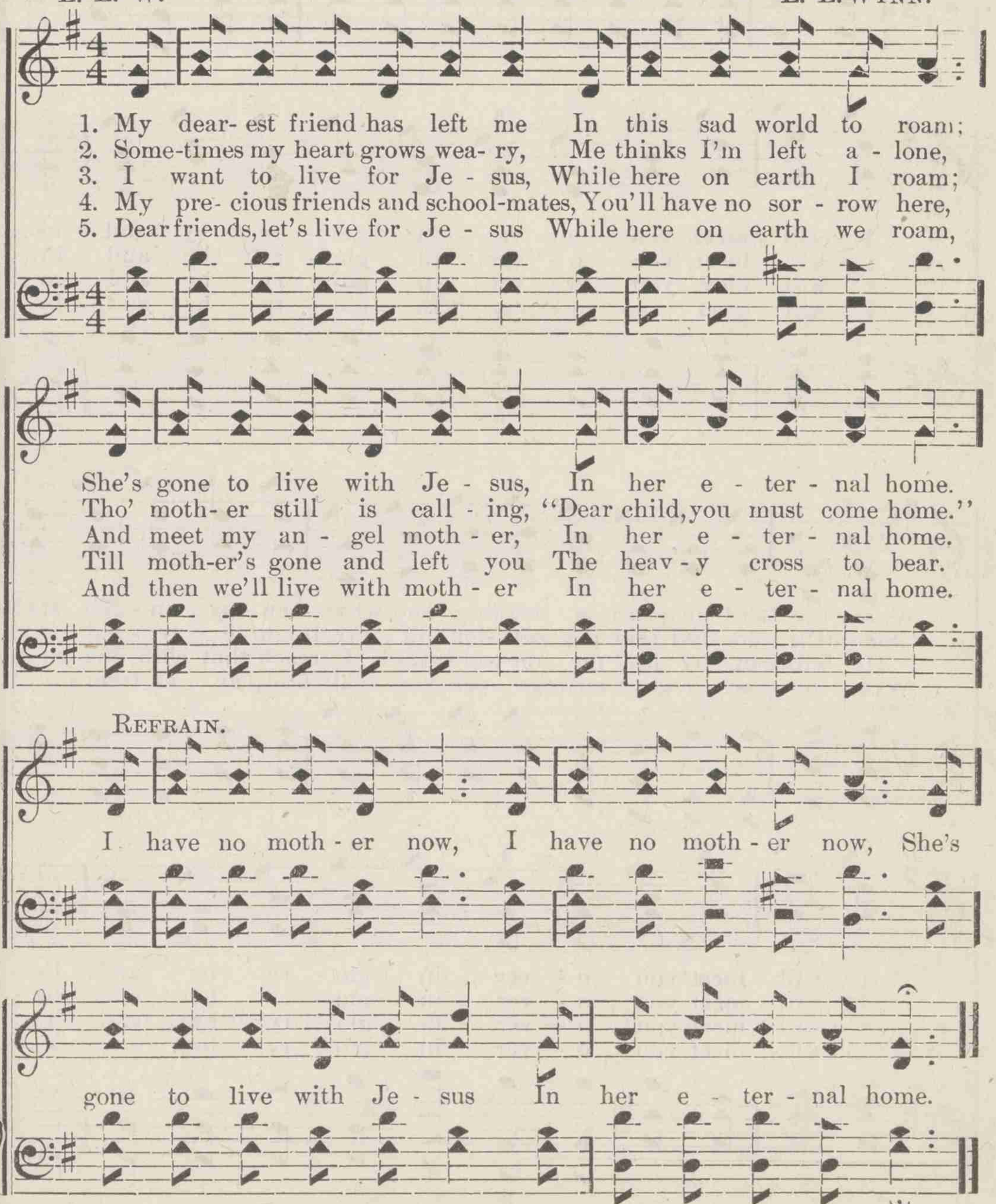
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THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.—Concluded.



No. 128. I HAVE NO MOTHER.

L. L. W. L. L. WYNN.
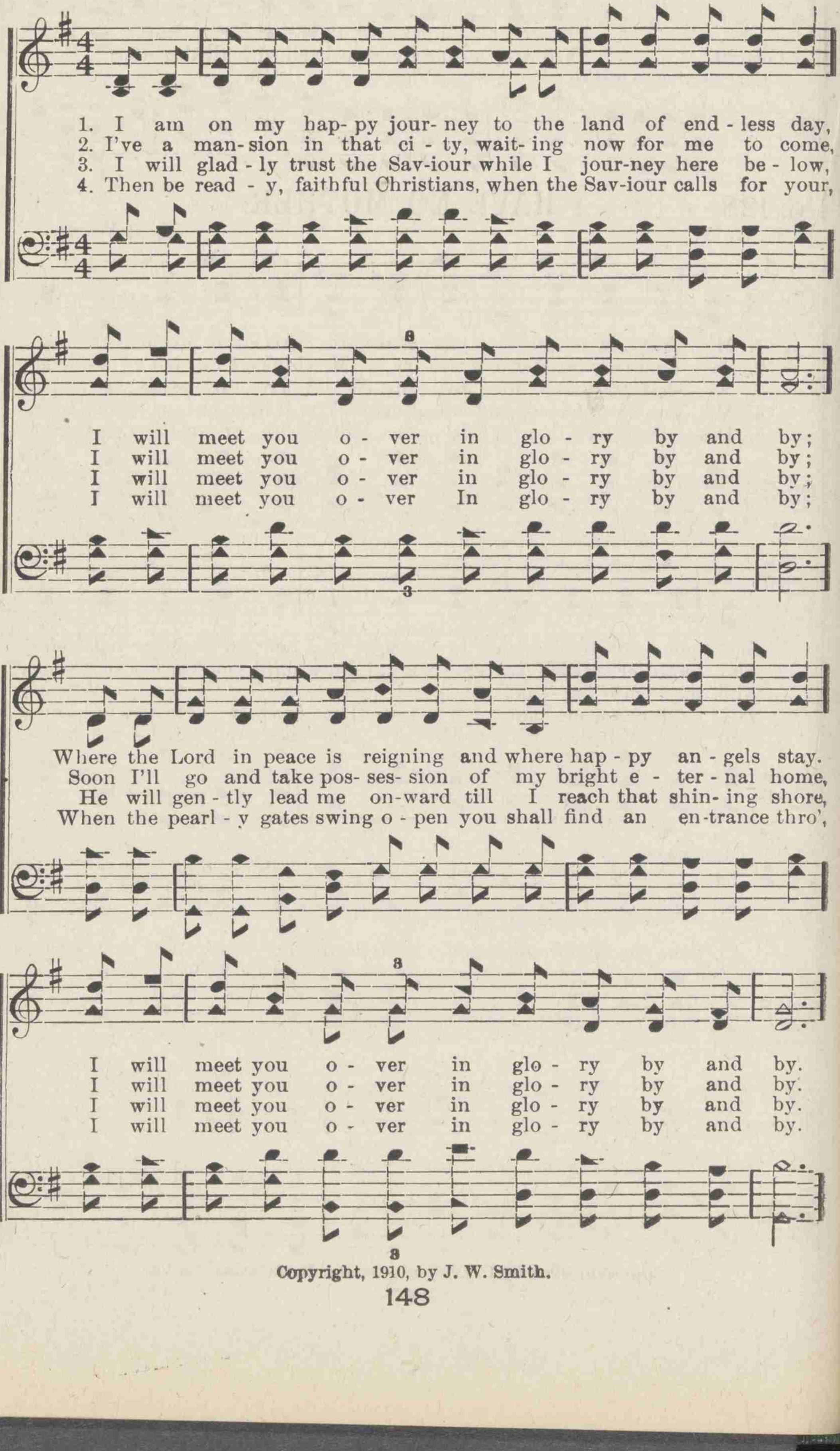


Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Wynn, Owner, Burke's Garden, Va.

No. 129. I Will Meet You Over In Glory By and By.

(Respectfully inscribed to my Christian friends in Nevada County, Arkansas.)

J. W. S. J. W. SMITH.



Copyright, 1910, by J. W. Smith.

I Will Meet You Over In Glory, etc.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by,

by and by,

I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by,

by and by,
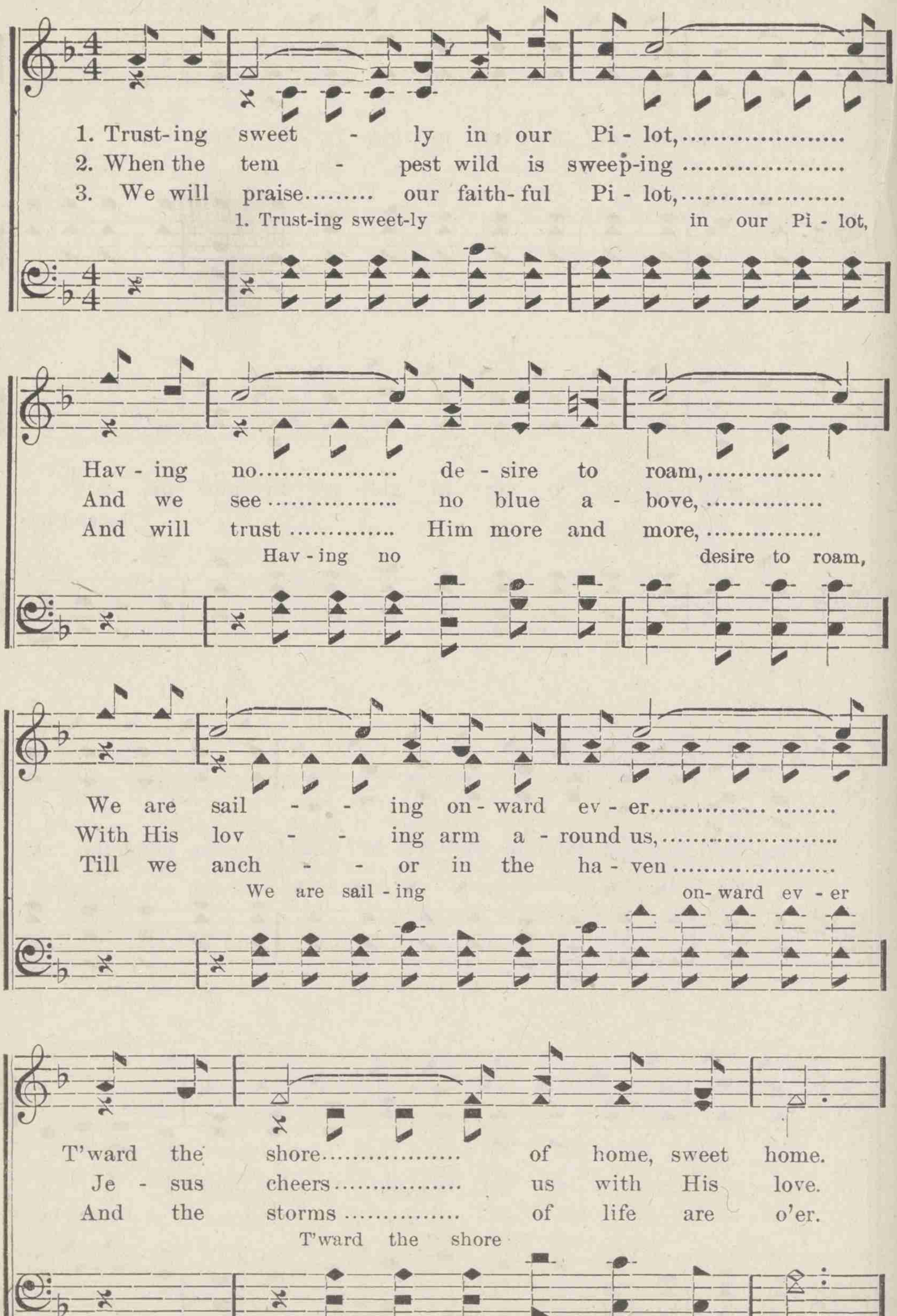
There we'll sing and shout for- ev - er in that home be- yond the sky,

I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by.

by and by.

No. 130. NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.

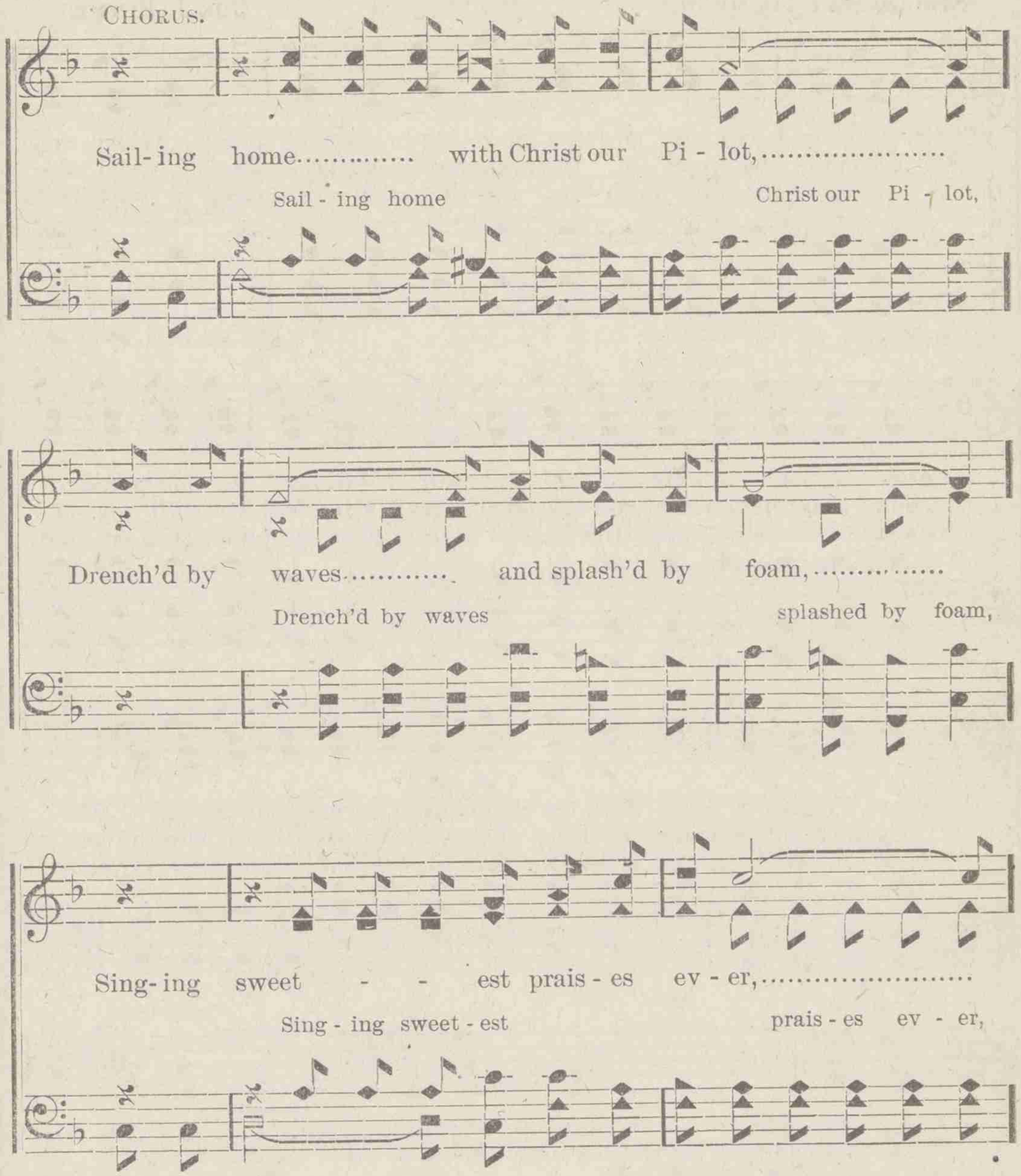
JAMES ROWE. S. NOAH JOHNSON.



Copyright, 1910, by S. N. Johnson.

NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 131. AT THE DAWNING.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. JOE J. FLYNT.

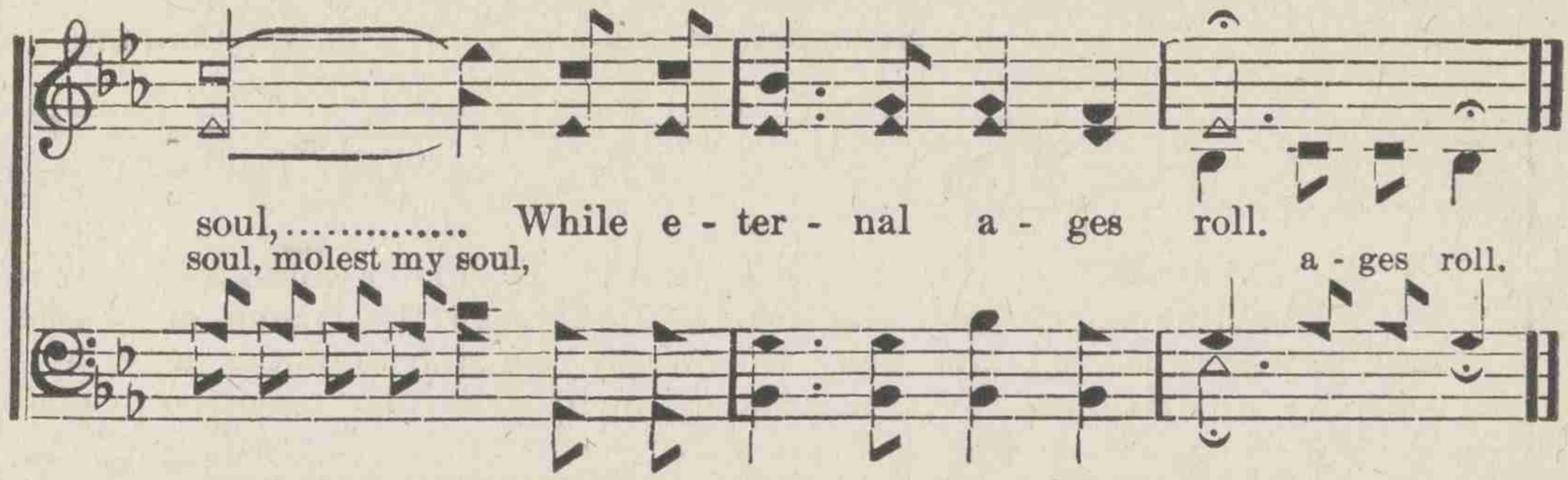
1. At the dawn- ing of that morn- ing bright and fair, When the cries of souls u - nit - ed fill the air; Will you be pre-pared to wear a crown of gold, With the righteous in the peaceful, heav'nly fold?
2. When the shad- ows of the night have passed a - way, And the sun as-cends the sky on that glad day; Oh! shall we with joy o - bey the trumpet's blast, Feel-ing that our sorrows all are with the past?
3. If we're ev - er faith - ful in this earth - 'ly race, At the dawn-ing we shall meet Him face to face; E'er to praise Him on that blest e - ter- nal shore, Where the light of love shall beam forev- er- more.

CHORUS.

At the dawn - - ing we shall meet,..... And His pre - cious name re - peat; Sin shall ne'er mo - lest my
At the dawn-ing, at the dawn- ing we shall meet, we shall meet, Sin shall ne'er, sin shall ne'er mo- lest my
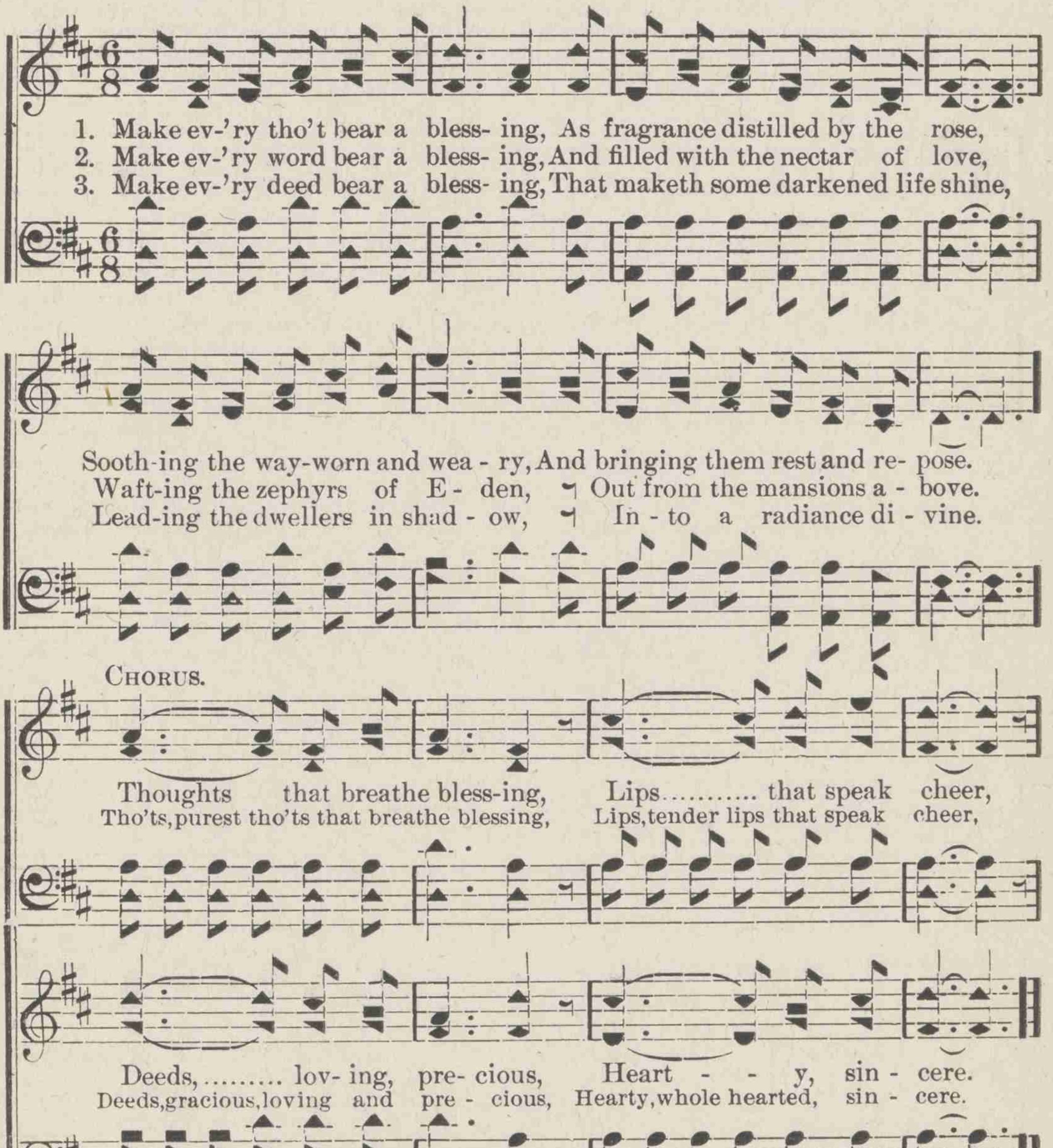
Copyright, 1910, by Joe J. Flynt.

AT THE DAWNING.—Concluded.



No. 132. BEAR A BLESSING.

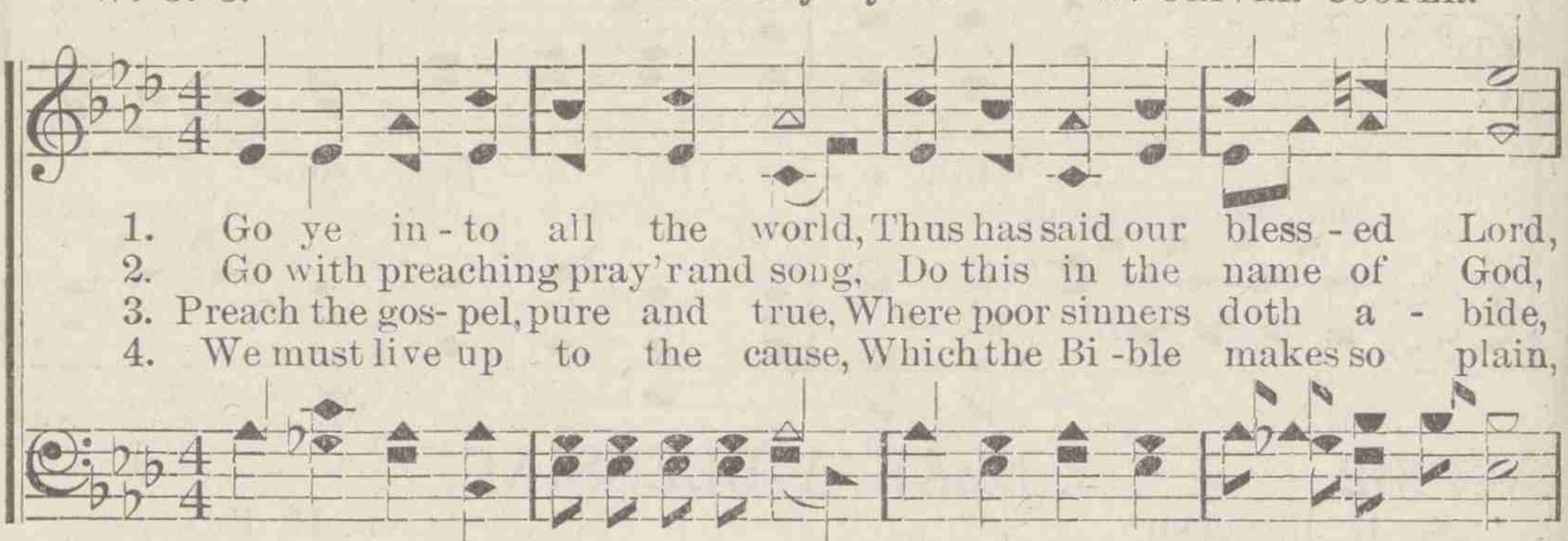
W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

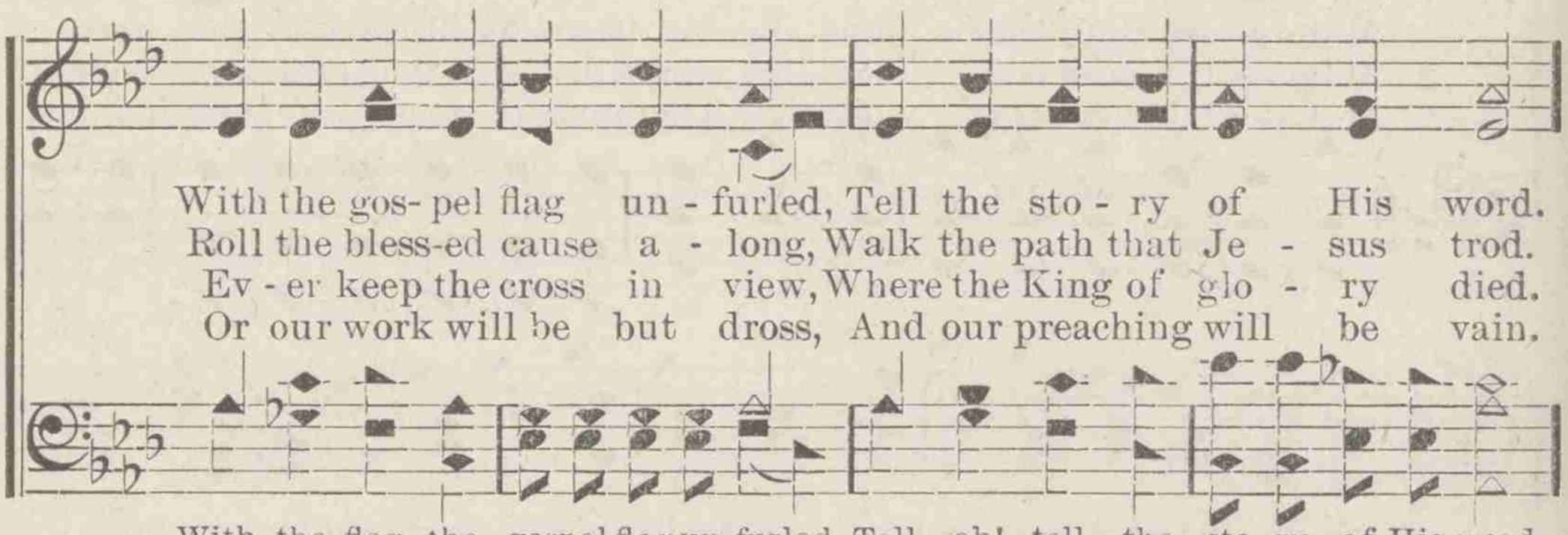


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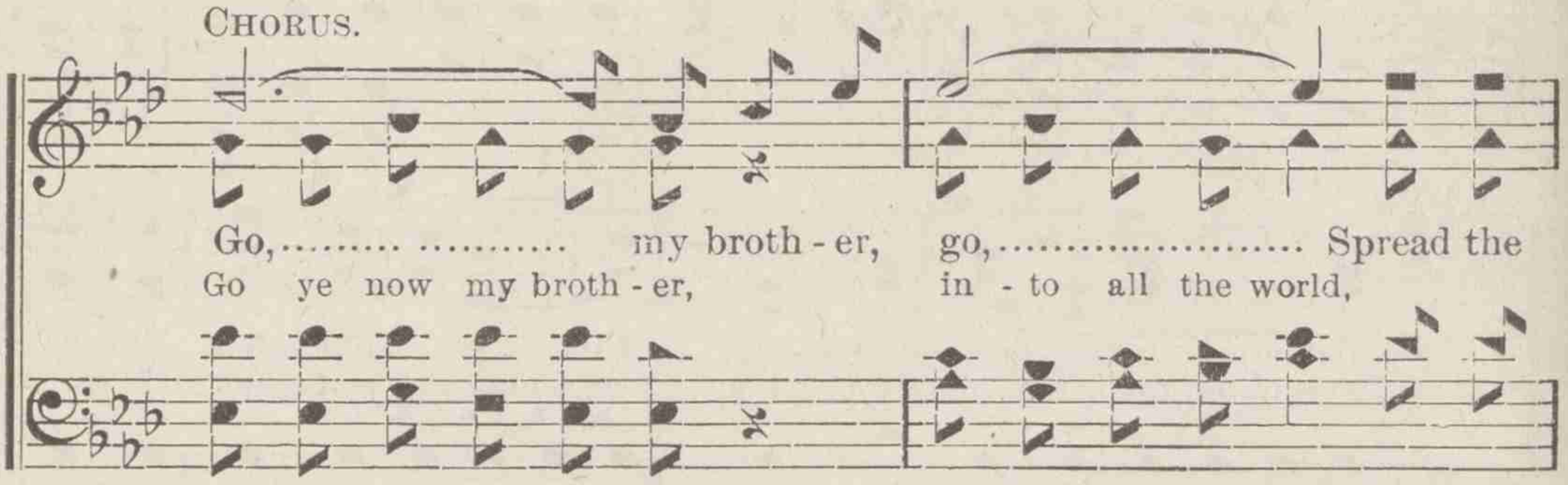
No. 133. GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

W. O. C. **Missionary Hymn.** W. OLIVER COOPER.



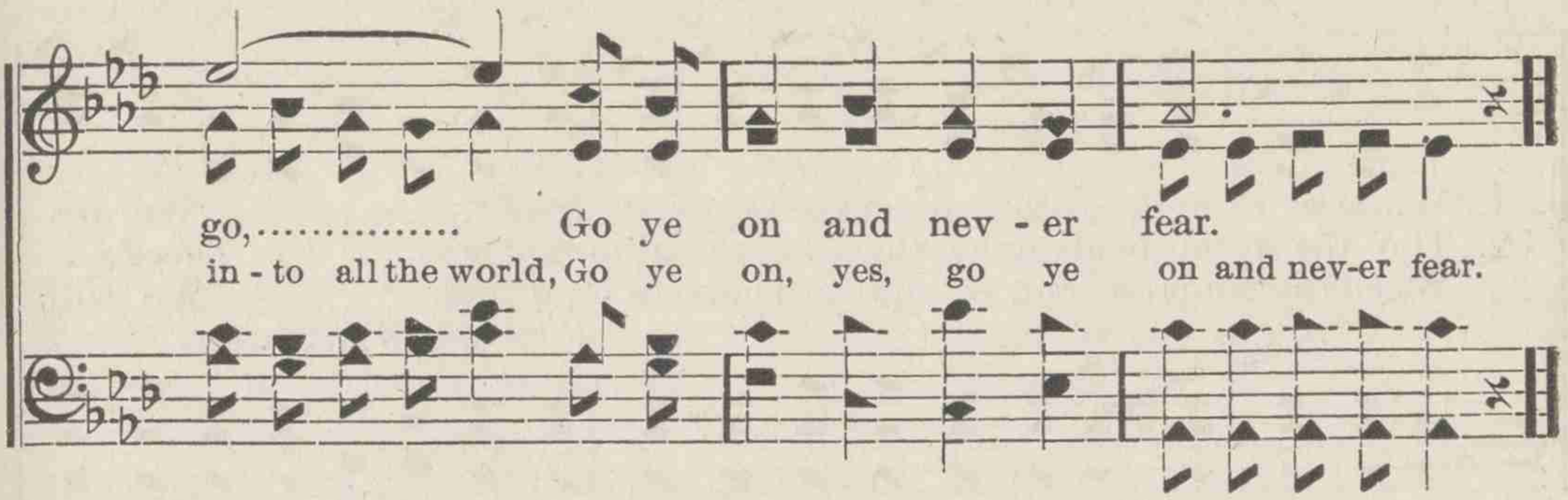


CHORUS.



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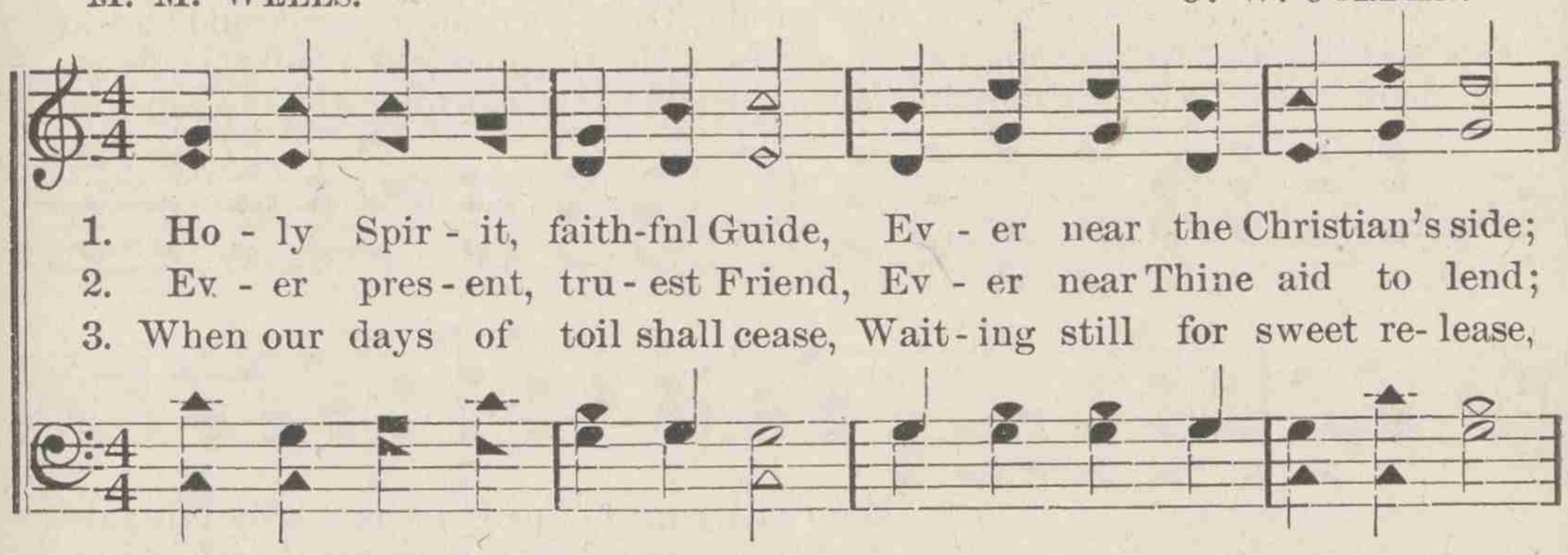
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.—Concluded.

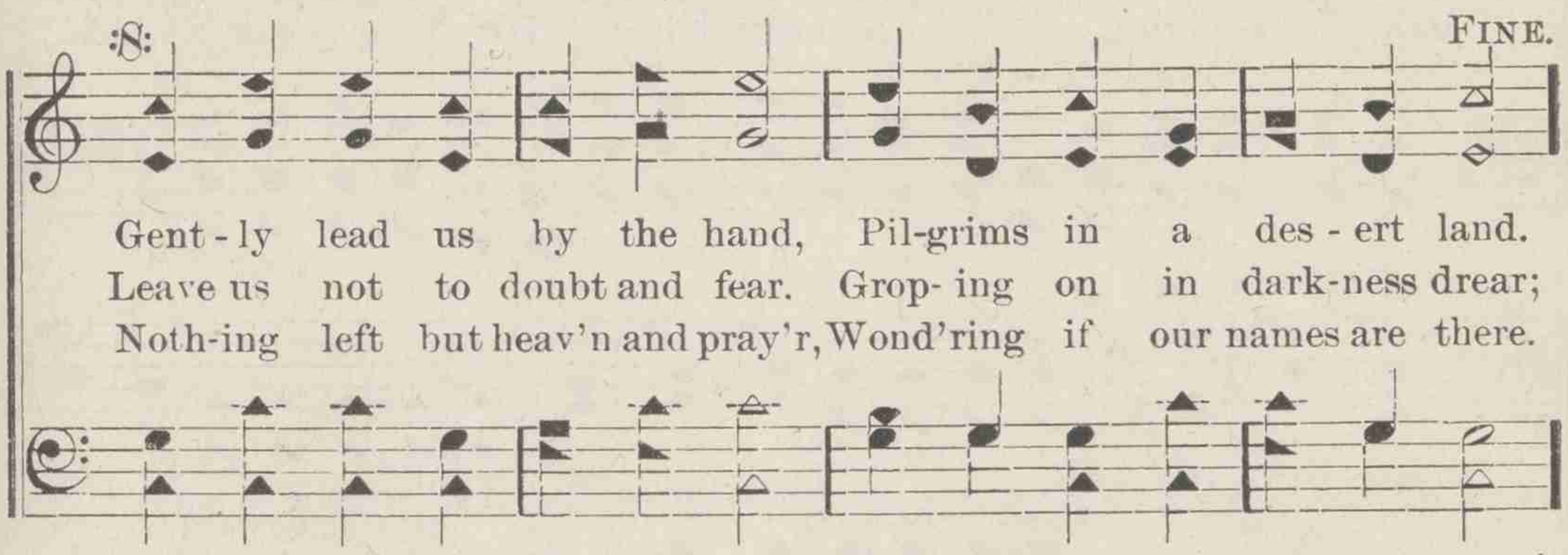


No. 134. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

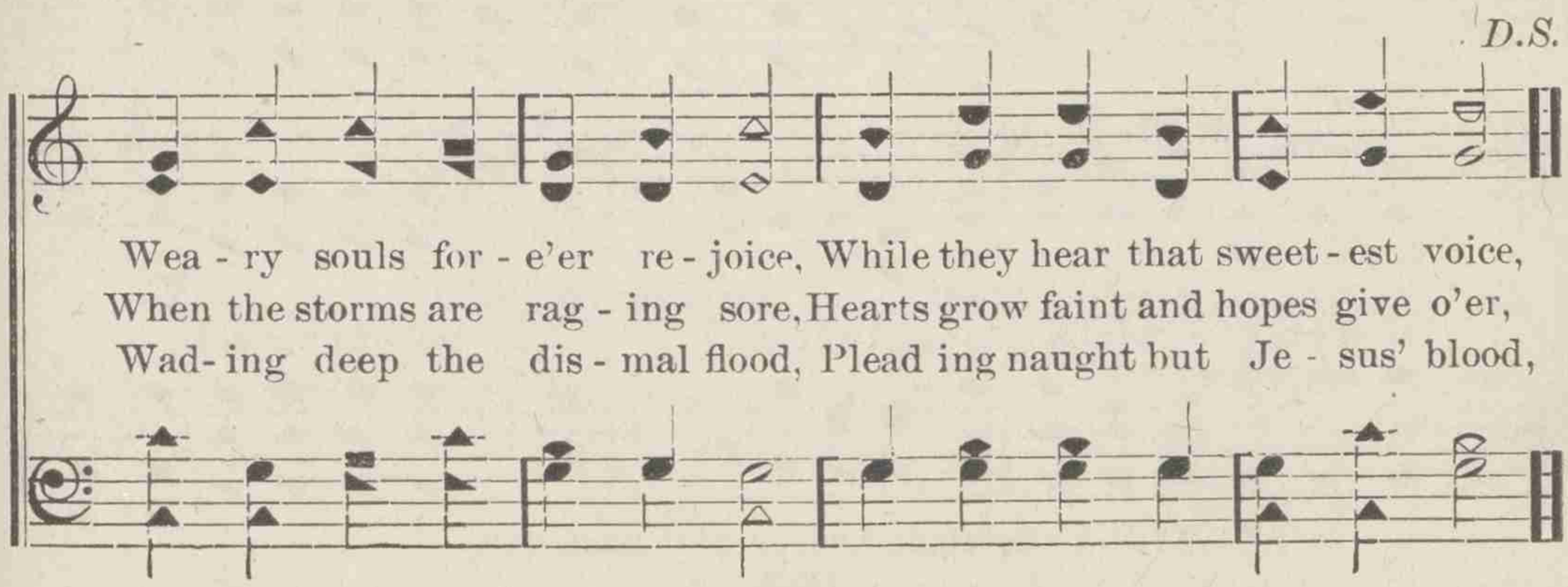
"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS. J. W. JORDAN.





D.S.



No. 135. LOOKING UPWARD, NEVER DOUBTING.

A. C. G. A. C. GANN.

1. While we're on the path that's rugged dark and dreary, We are
2. Tho' the storm clouds gather thick and threat'ning o'er us, There's a
3. When the temp-est rag- es and the winds are blow- ing, We will

1. dark and dreary,

clinging to our Sav-iour as our guide; There's a comfort, peace and blessing
star that will be guid-ing us al - way; It is Christ our read-y lead- er,
look un- to our Sav-iour and our guide; He's the morning star the bea- con

for the wear-y
Bless-ed Je - sus,
light that's glowing,

Who will walk in low-ly meekness by His side.
And He'll bring us to the realms of perfect day.
And with Him in safe-ty we may e'er a - bide.

for the wear-y,

REFRAIN.

Look- ing up - ward, Look-ing for - ward, As the
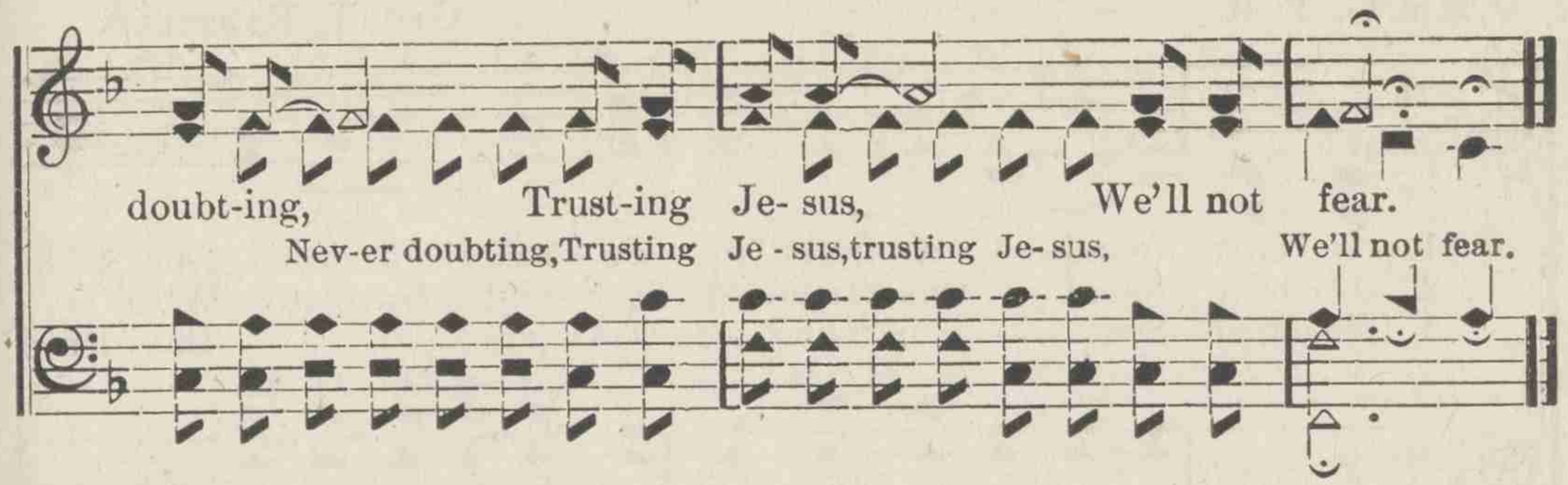
Look-ing up-ward, looking forward,

heav'n - ly goal we near: Looking up - ward, Nev-er

As the heav'nly goal we near, goal we near, look-ing upward,

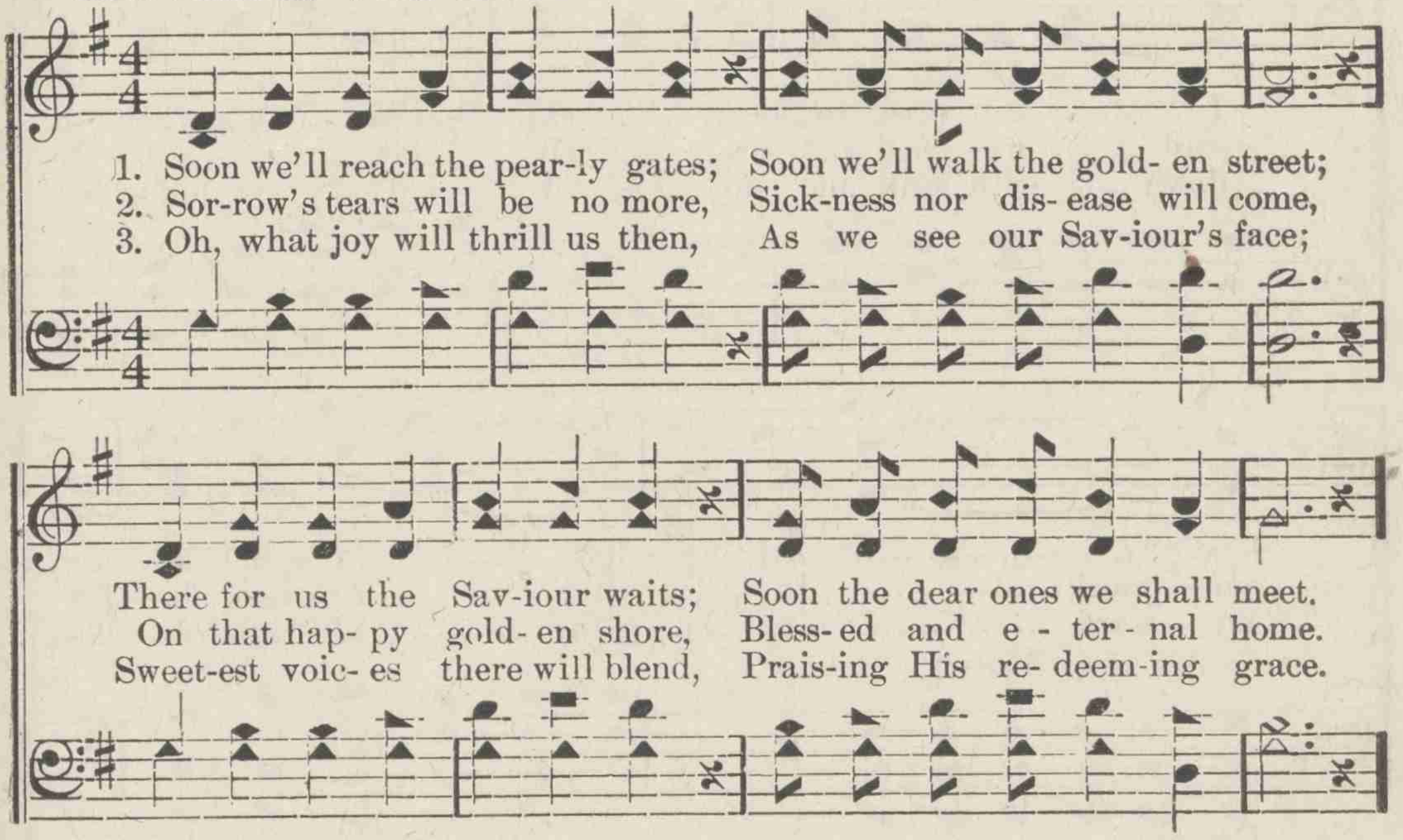
Copyright, 1910, by A. C. Gann.

Looking Upward, Never Doubting.—Concluded.
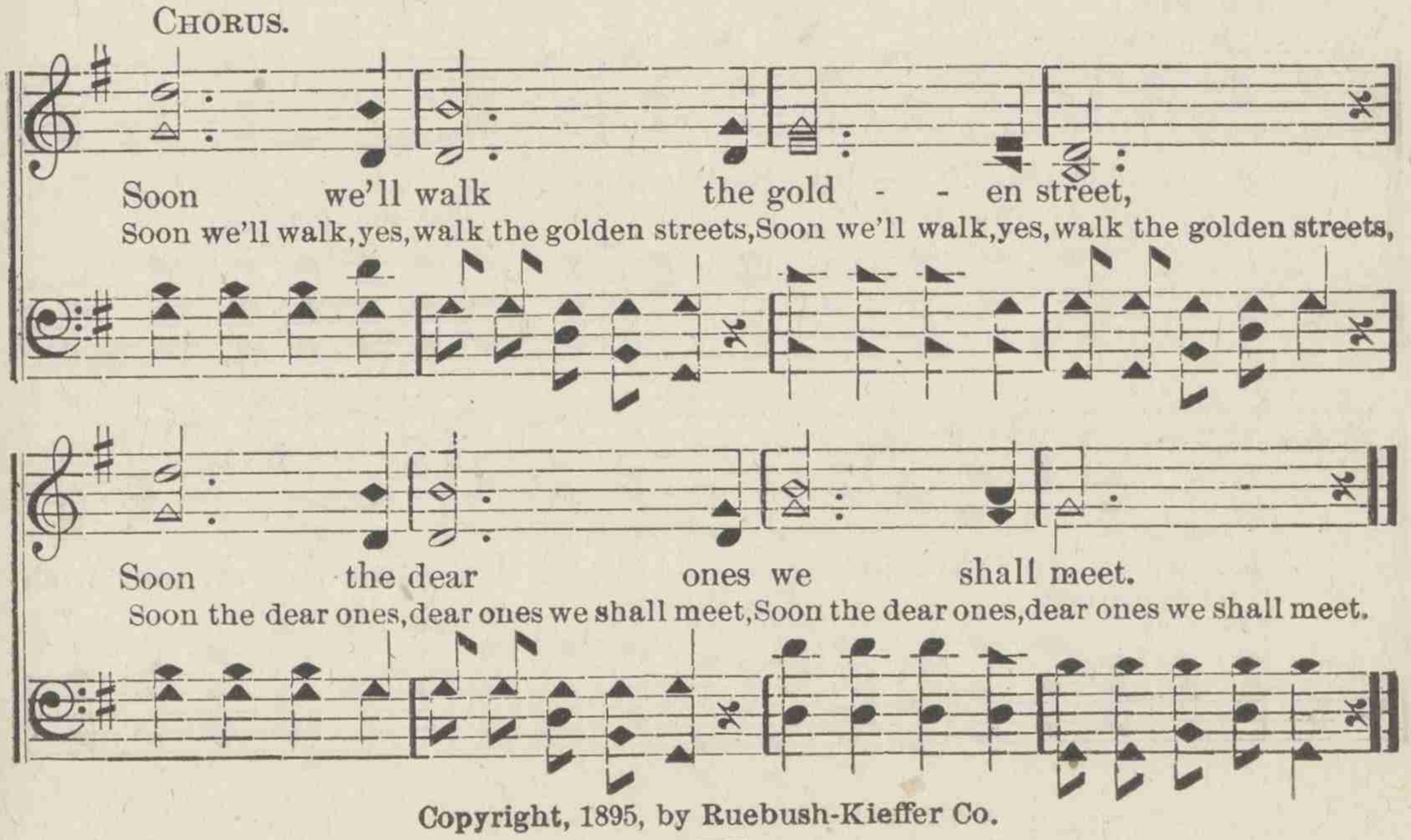


No. 136. Soon We'll Walk the Golden Streets.

Rev. CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN. J. H. RUEBUSH.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1895, by Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 137. A FRIEND IN JESUS.

Mrs. G. T. R.

GEO. T. RAYFIELD.

1. I have found..... a friend in Je - sus,..... One who
2. I have found..... this friend so faith - ful..... When my
3. This dear Sav - - iour found me wea - ry,..... Bur- dened

1. Friend in Je - sus

I..... can trust so dear, For He saved..... me when so
soul..... was tried and sore, And He leads..... me gen - tly
down..... with guilt and sin, And I glad - ly follow- ed

lone - ly,..... All for - lorn..... in sin be - low.
on - ward,..... In this wild - er - ness be - low.
on - ward,..... In the paths..... of right-ous - ness.

Where so lone- ly,

CHORUS.
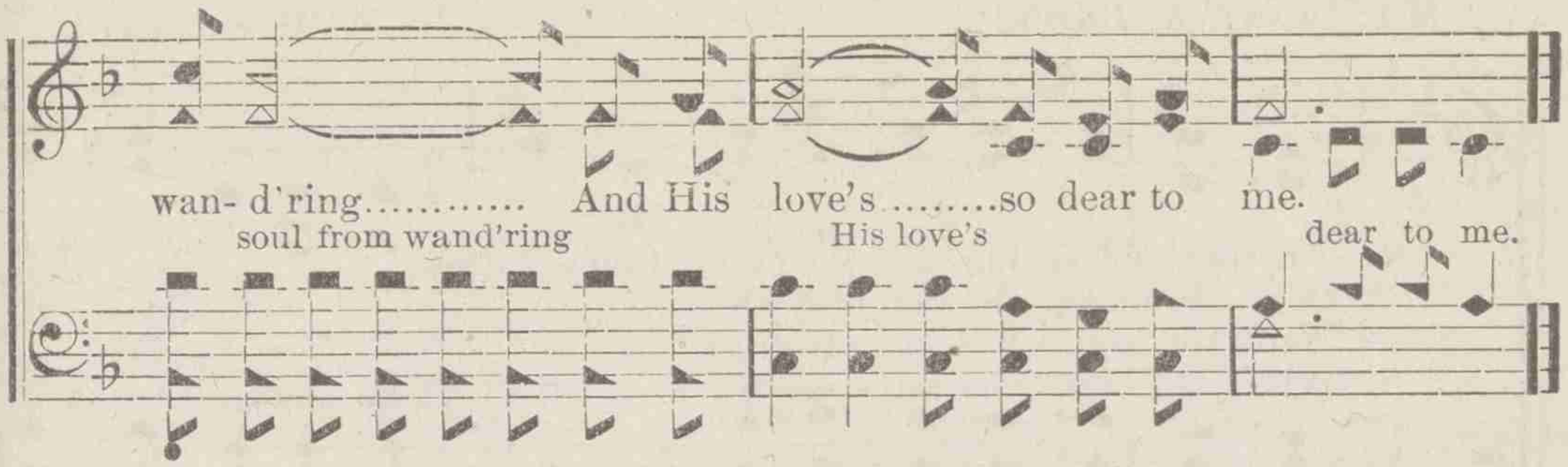
I can trust this Sav- iour dear - ly,..... For I've

I can trust Sav-iour dear-ly,

learned To love Him so,..... And He saved..... my soul from
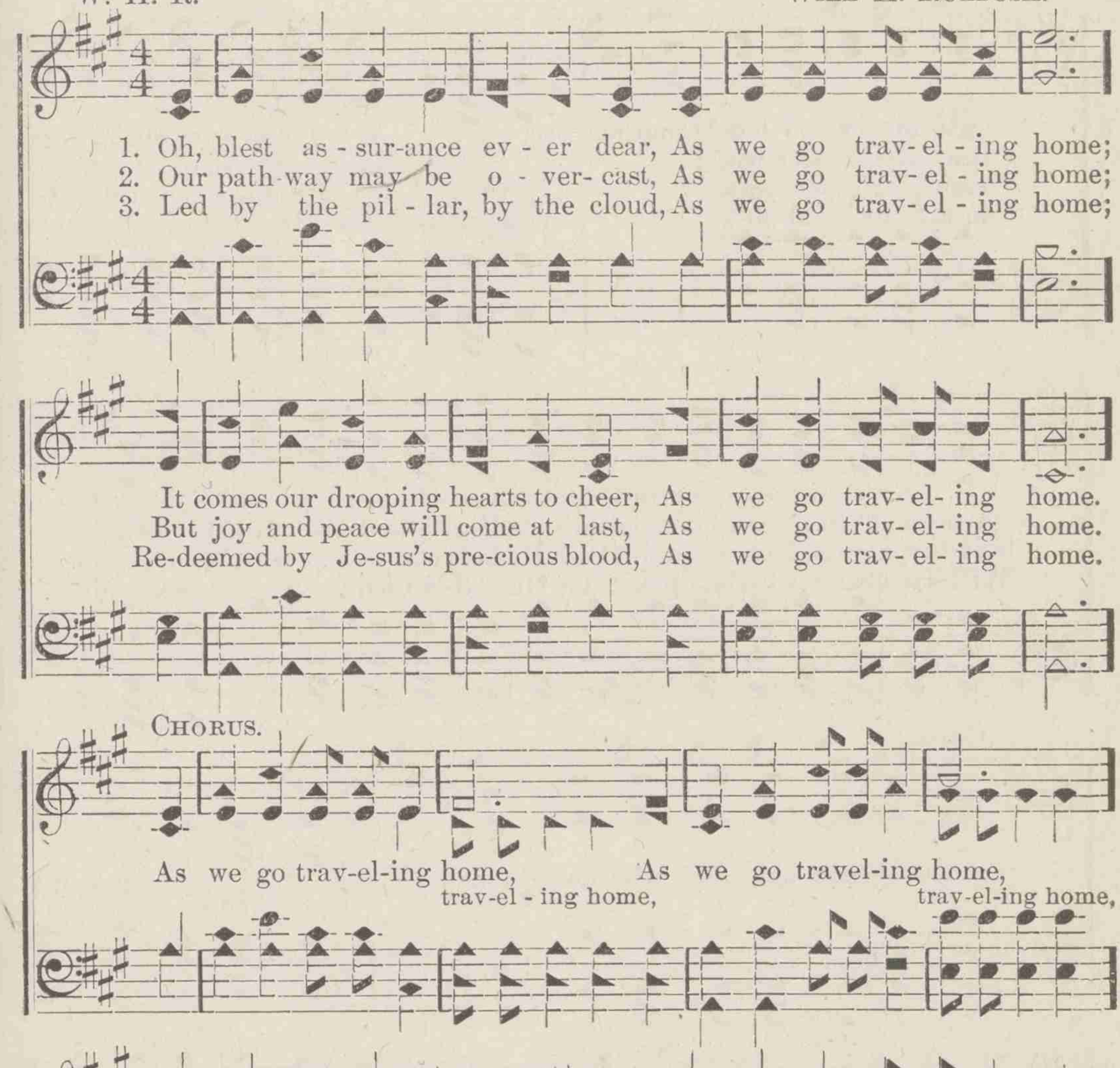
I've learned love Him so, He saved

Copyright, 1910 by Geo. T. Rayfield.



No. 138. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



No. 139. COME AND SEE.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. W. H. Sumrall.

1. Is there bless- ing at the cross? Come and see, is there
2. Does He make the wounded whole? Does He
3. Will He com - fort in dis-tress? Be a
4. Will He long- ings sat - is - fy? come and see, Teach me

gain for ev- 'ry loss? Come and see, If I ev - 'ry sin resign,
heal the sin-sick soul? Has the Christ of Naz -a reth,
sinner's righteousness? Is He true when oth-ers fail?
how to live and die? come and see, Has He cared what I could be?
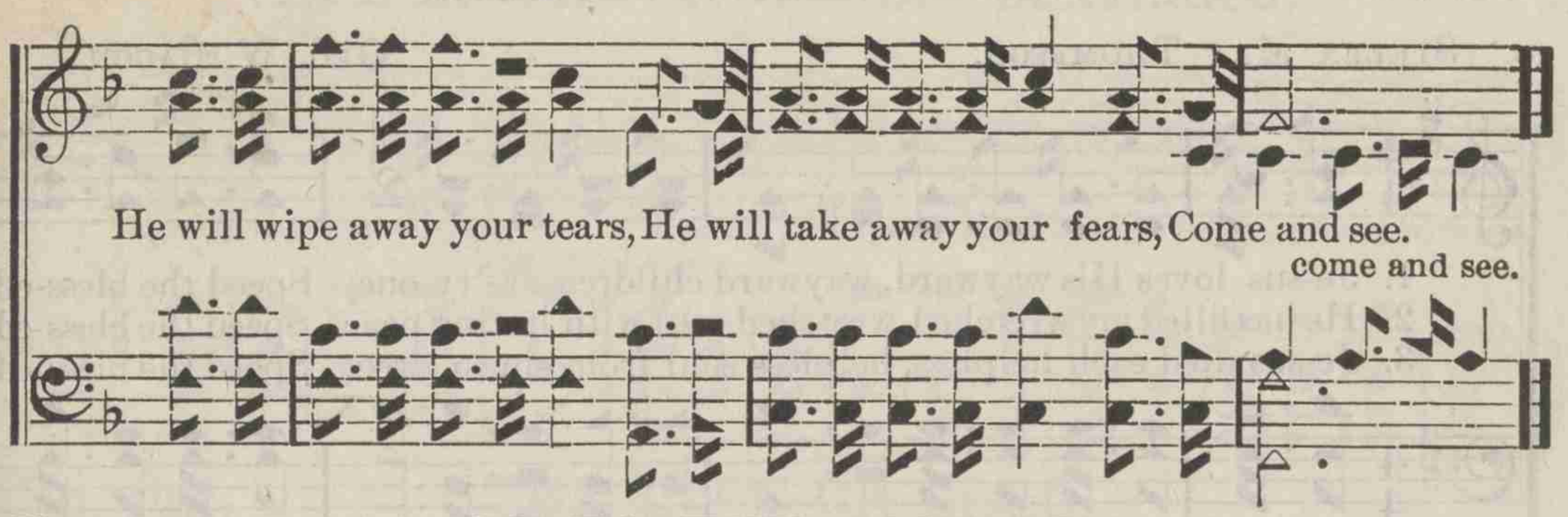
If I make the Saviour mine, Shall I know His grace divine? Come and see.
Pardoned sin and conquered death? Is He all the Bible saith? Come and see.
Is He strong when others quail? Will He help the weak prevail? Come and see.
Will He hear my earnest plea? Has He real-ly died for me? Come and see.

CHORUS.

Come and learn how kind He is, Come and see, Come and
Come and see,
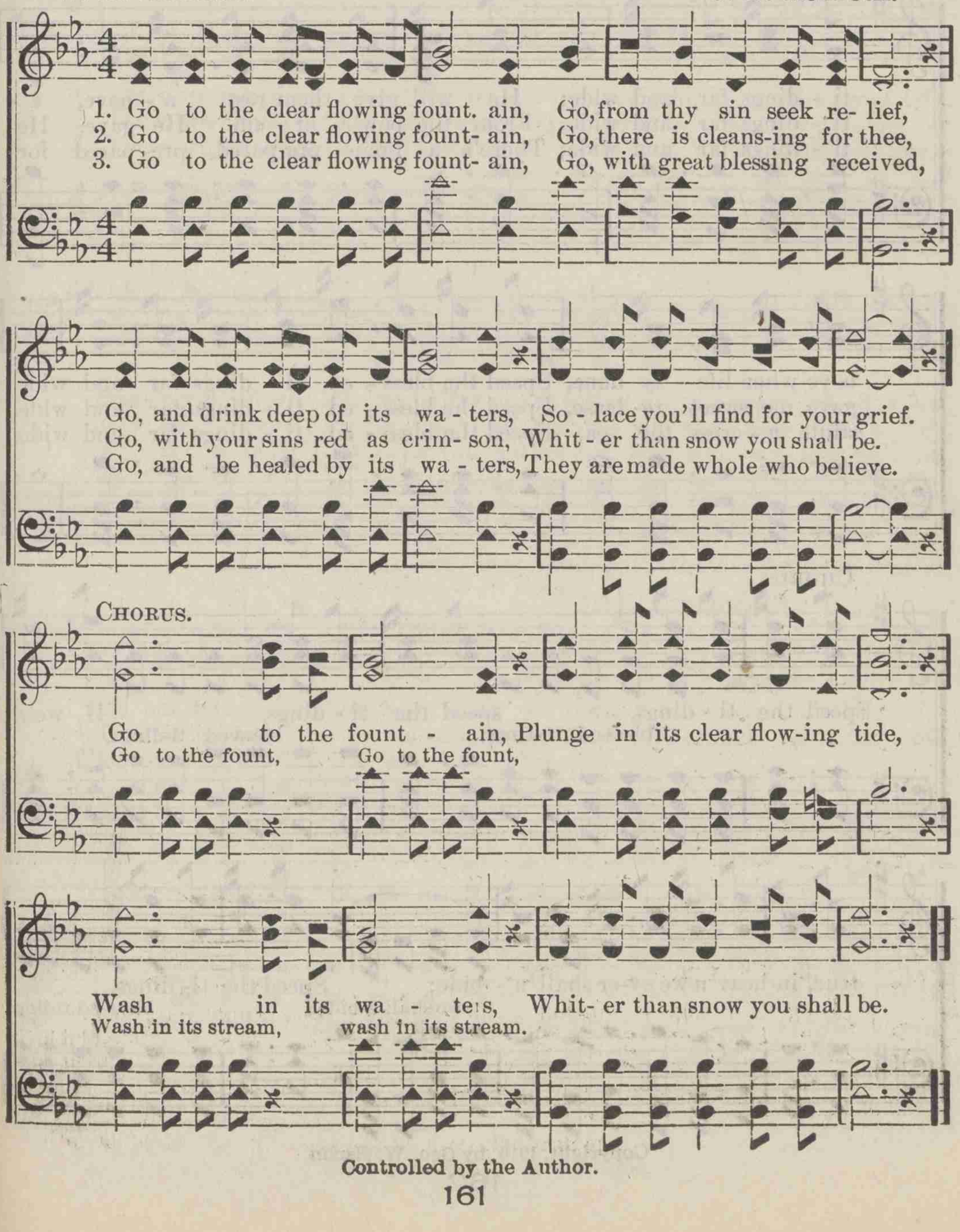
learn what peace is His, Come and see, He has loved you all the years,
come and see,

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No. 140. GO TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.



Controlled by the Author.

No. 141. SPEED THE TIDINGS.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Je-sus loves His wayward, wayward children ev-'ry one, Speed the bless-ed
2. He has filled my wretched, wretched soul with lasting peace, Speed the bless-ed
3. Je-sus died each helpless, helpless soul from sin to free, Speed the bless-ed

ti - dings far and wide; He will give them rest a - bove, a -
ti - dings far and wide; From the pow'r of sin He gave, He
ti - dings far and wide; There's a home pre-pared, pre- pared for

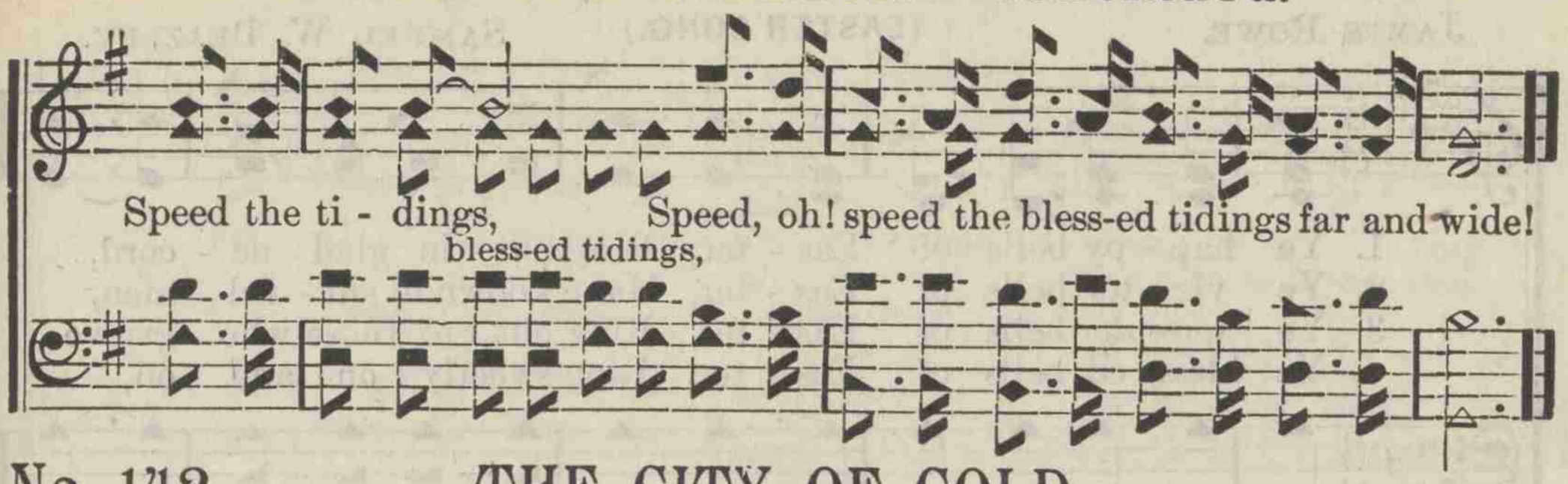
bove when life is done, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.
gave me sweet re- lease, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.
saints a - cross the sea, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.

CHORUS.

Speed the ti - dings, speed the ti - dings, If we're
bless-ed ti-dings, bless-ed ti-dings,

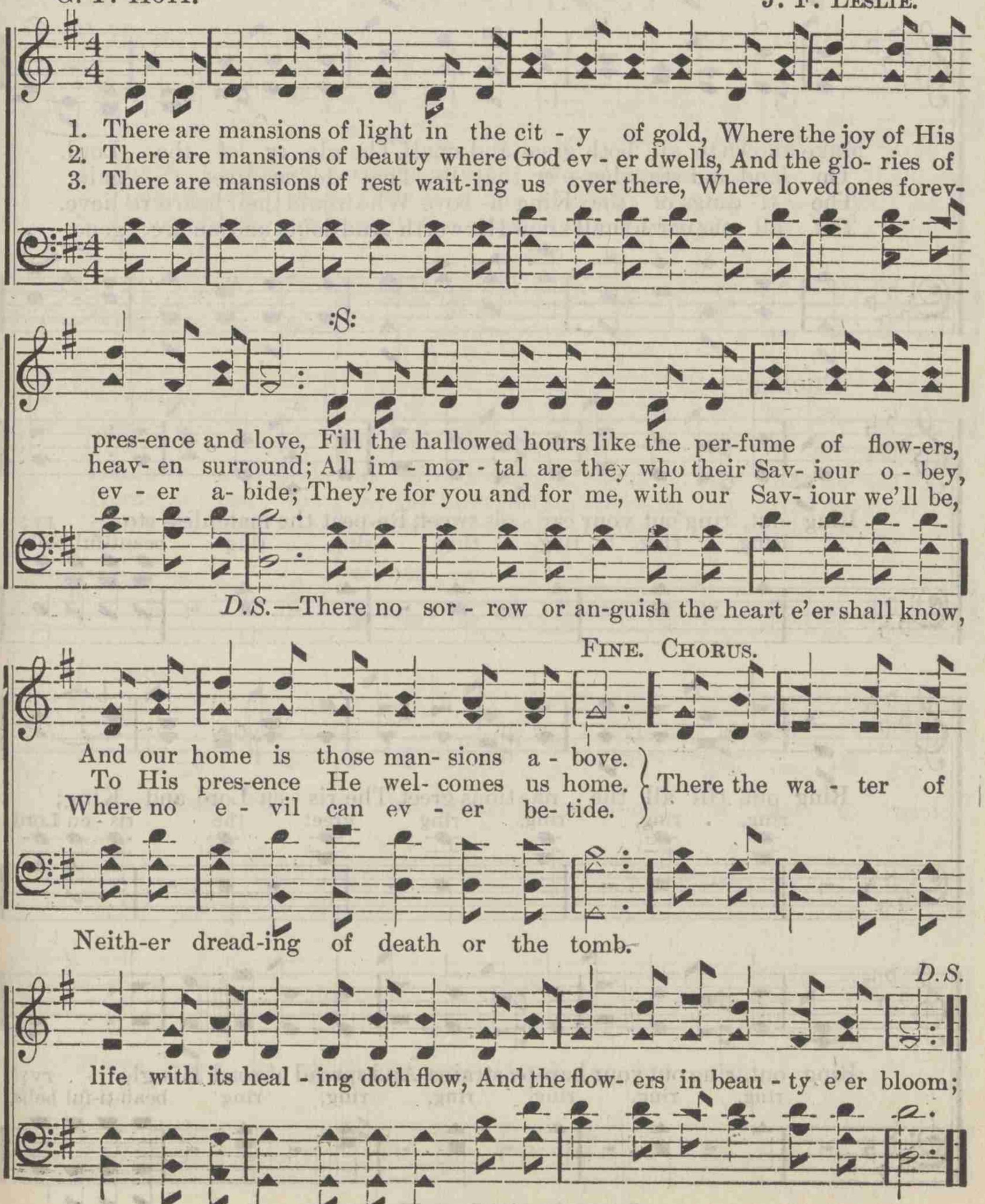
true, in heav'n we ev-er shall a - bide; Speed the ti- dings,
we shall a-bide; bless-ed tidings,

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. W. Bacon



No. 142. THE CITY OF GOLD.

G. P. HOTT. J. F. LESLIE.



Copyright, 1910, by McD. Weams.

No. 143. HAPPY BELLS.

JAMES ROWE. (EASTER SONG.) SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Ye hap - py bells of Eas - ter, Ring out in glad ac - cord,
2. Ye vic - tor bells of Eas - ter, Make known to sin - ful men,
3. Ye ten - der bells of Eas - ter, Ring out to those who grieve
4. Ye bless - ed bells of Eas - ter, Ring sweetly on and on,

Make known to all, both great and small, The glo- ry of the Lord.
On land and sea, wher-e'er they be, That Je- sus lives a - gain.
The ti- dings of the King a- bove Who would their hearts re-lieve.
Till all the earth shall know His worth And doubt and sin are gone.

CHORUS.
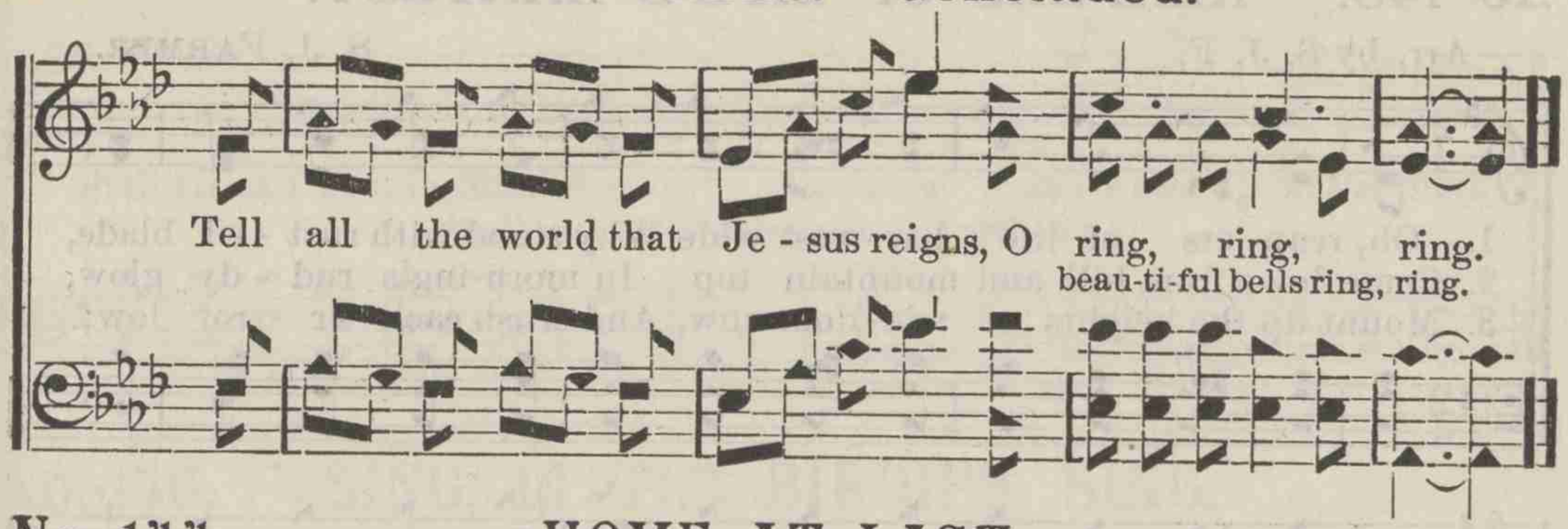
Ring out, ring out your car - ols sweet, Re-peat the matchless sto - ry;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring beautiful bells,

Ring out, till all the na- tions greet The ris - en Lord and King;
ring, ring, ring, ring greet the ris - en Lord,

Ring out, ring out your hap-py strains And spread abroad His glo - ry;
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring beau-ti-ful bells,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

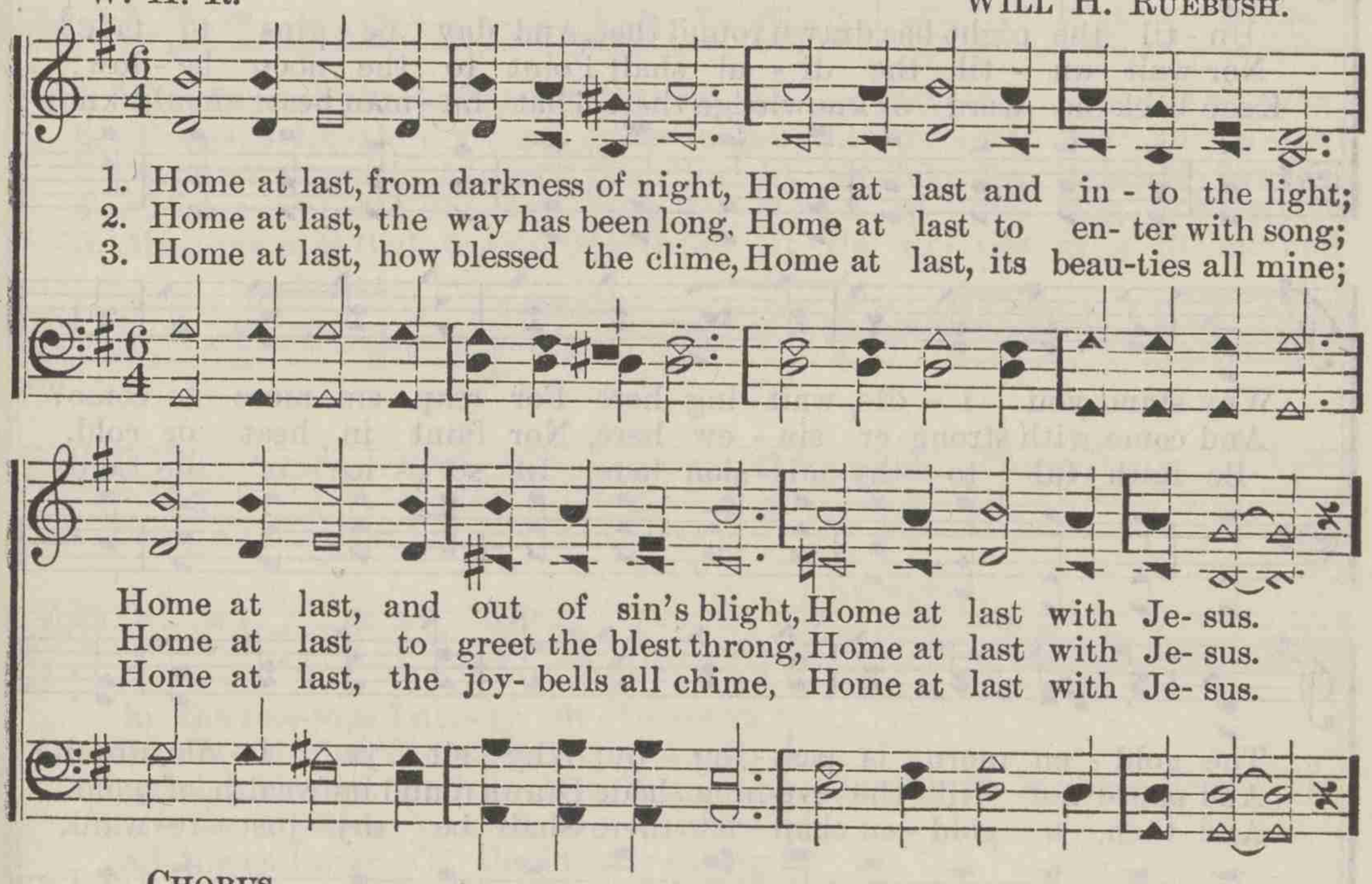
HAPPY BELLS.—Concluded.



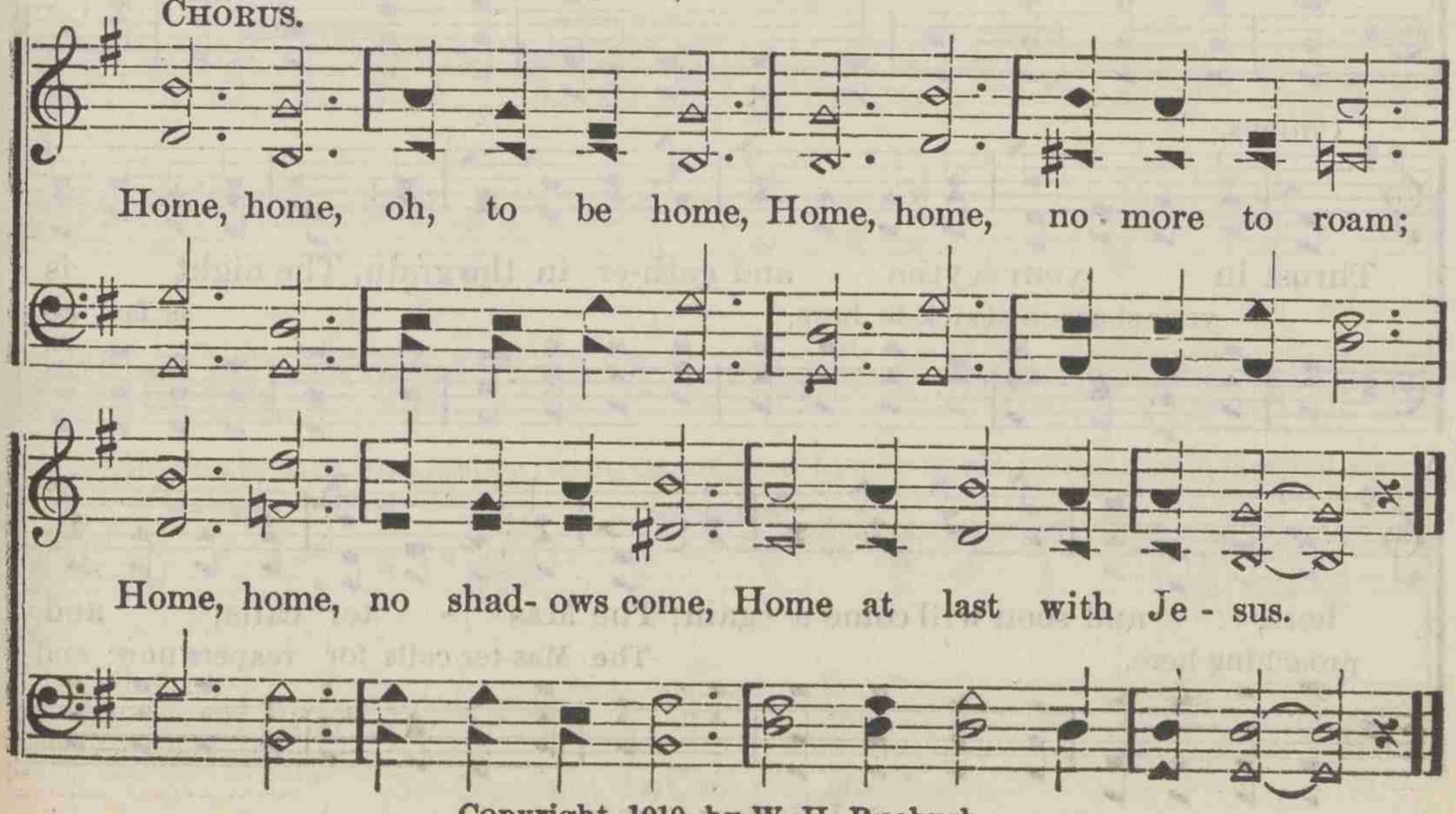
No. 144. HOME AT LAST.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Ruebush.

No. 145. REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

Arr. by S. J. F. S. J. FARMER.

1. Oh, reap - ers of life's har - vest wide, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Come down from hill and mountain top In morn-ing's rud - dy glow,
3. Mount up the heights of wis - dom now, And crush each er - ror low;

Un - til the night has drawn round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
Nor wait un - til the di - al shall Point to the noon be - low;
Keep back no word of knowledge there That hu - man heart should know;

Why stand you i - dle, wait - ing here For reap - ers more to come?
And come with strong- er sin - ew here, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion here, In serv - ice of the Lord,
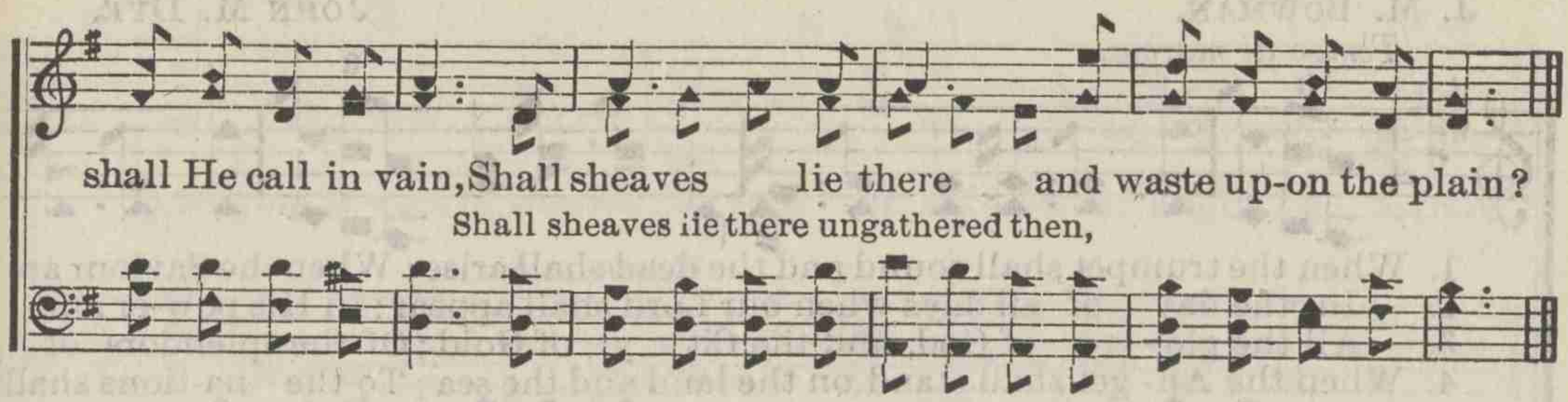
The gold - en morn is pass - ing by; Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
And pause not till the eve-ning shade Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then, a gold - en chap - let there Shall be thy just re- ward.

CHORUS.

Thrust in your scythe and gath-er in the grain, The night is
your sharpened sick-le here, is fast ap -

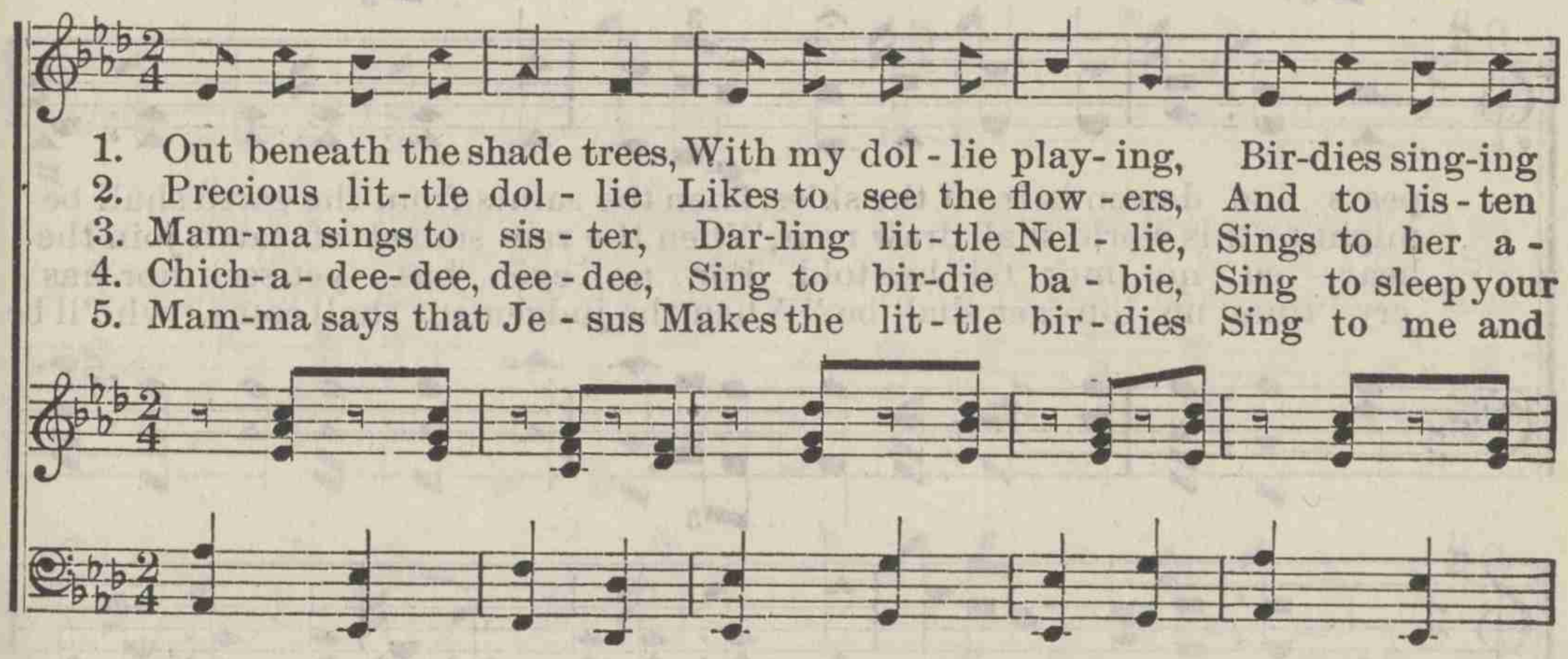
here, and soon will come a - gain; The Mas - ter calls; and
proaching here, The Mas-ter calls for reapers now; and
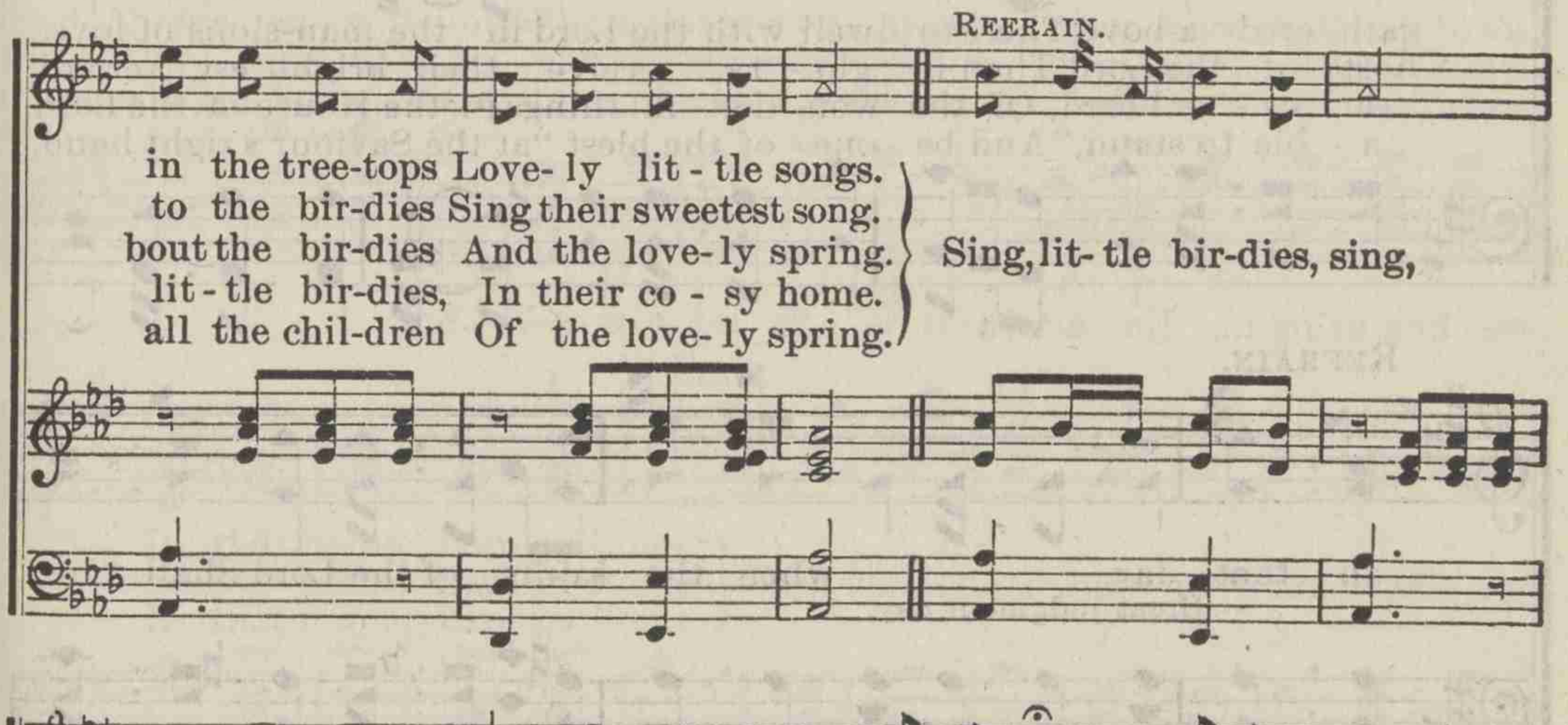
REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.—Concluded.
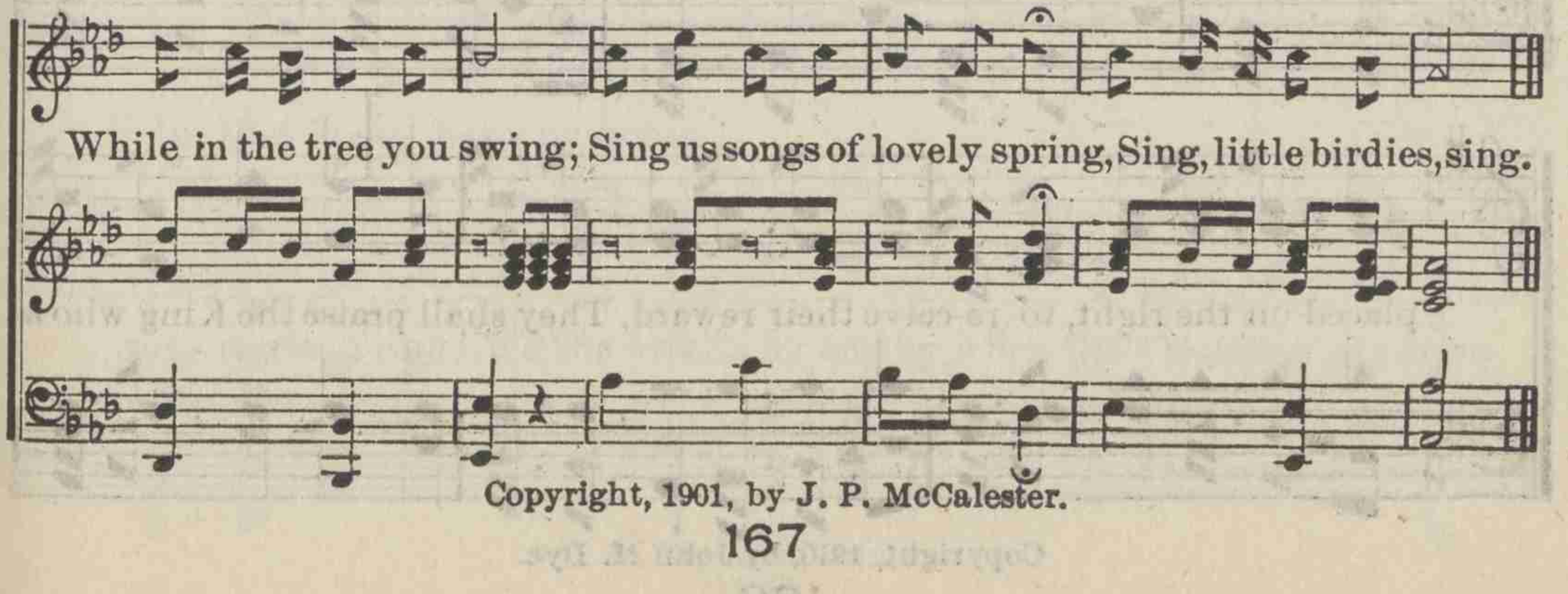


No. 146. SING, LITTLE BIRDIES, SING.

J. P. McC. J. P. McCALESTER.







Copyright, 1901, by J. P. McCalester.

No. 147. THE COMING OF CHRIST.

J. M. BOWMAN. JOHN M. DYE.

Tempo di marcia.

1. When the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise; When the Saviour ap-
2. In the day of all days when our Lord shall appear; In His pow-er and
3. All the glo - ry of God, and the Cit - y of Gold; Of the splendors of
4. When the An- gel shall stand on the land and the sea; To the na-tions shall

pears and descends from the skies, Then the saints from the earth shall be
might, to this world shall draw near, When the ran- somed of earth join the
heav - en no mor- tal has told, For no eye has yet seen nor has
cry "time no lon- ger shall be," When the judgement shall come, "who'll be
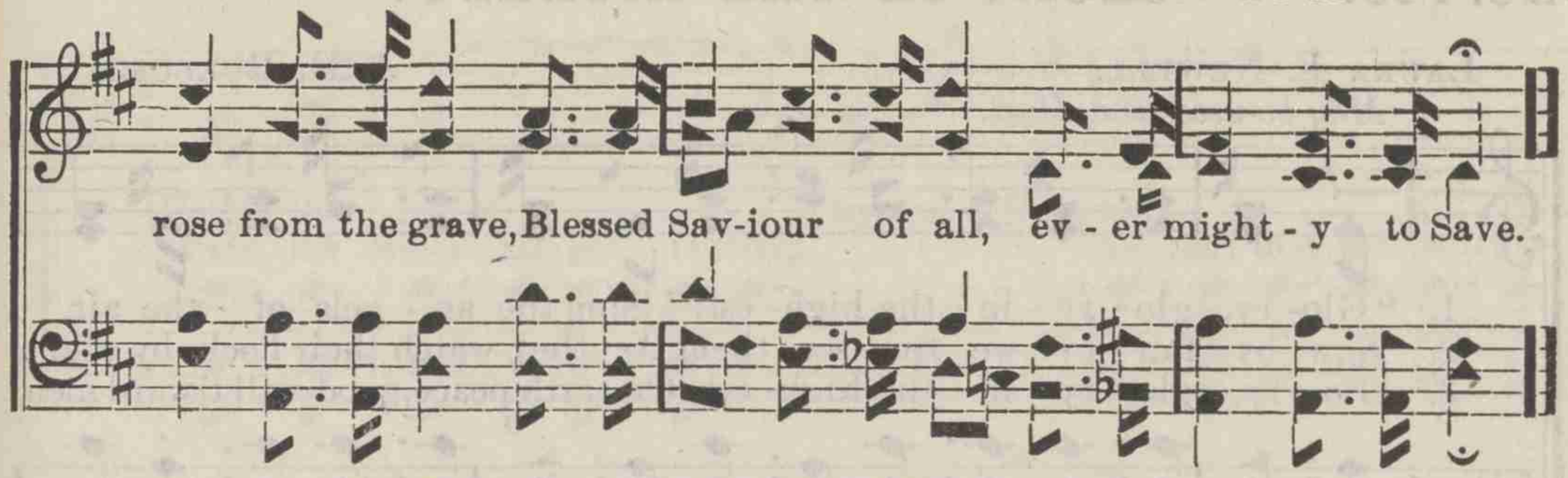
gath- ered a-bove, There to dwell with the Lord in the man-sions of love.
hosts of the Lord, Then, in glo - ry receive their bright- est reward.
ear ev - er heard, Of the won- der - ful things in the House of the Lord.
a - ble to stand," And be one of the blest "at the Saviour's right hand."

REFRAIN.

In that day, when the saints of the Lord, Shall be
Great judgment day,

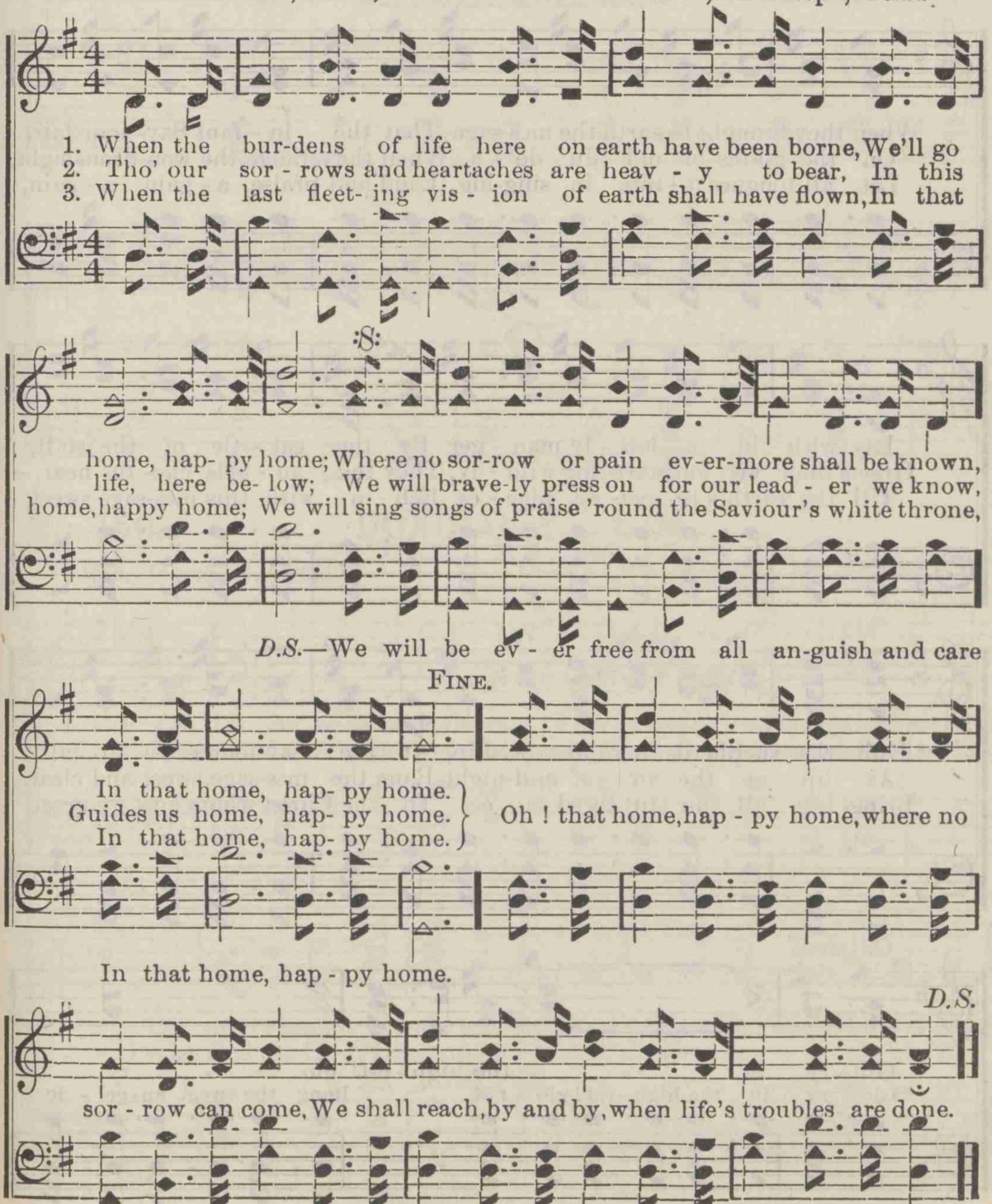
placed on the right, to re-ceive their reward, They shall praise the King who a-

Copyright, 1910, by John M. Dye.



No. 148. IN THAT HOME, HAPPY HOME.

L. Dow McDonald, Dunn, Tenn. N. F. Haygood, St. Joseph, Tenn.



No. 149. GLORY IN THE HIGHEST!

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. RUEBUSH.

May be used as a Duet.

1. "Glo- ry, glo - ry in the high- est!" Sang the an - gels of the air,
2. Now by fan - cy we can see them, As they watch their flocks by night,
3. Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high- est On earth peace, good-will t' ward men,

When they brought to earth the mes-sage That the in - fant Sav- iour fair,
On the plains of old Ju - de - a, When the strange, the won-drous sight,
Let all tongues u - nite in sing-ing, Laud and praise, a - gain, a - gain,
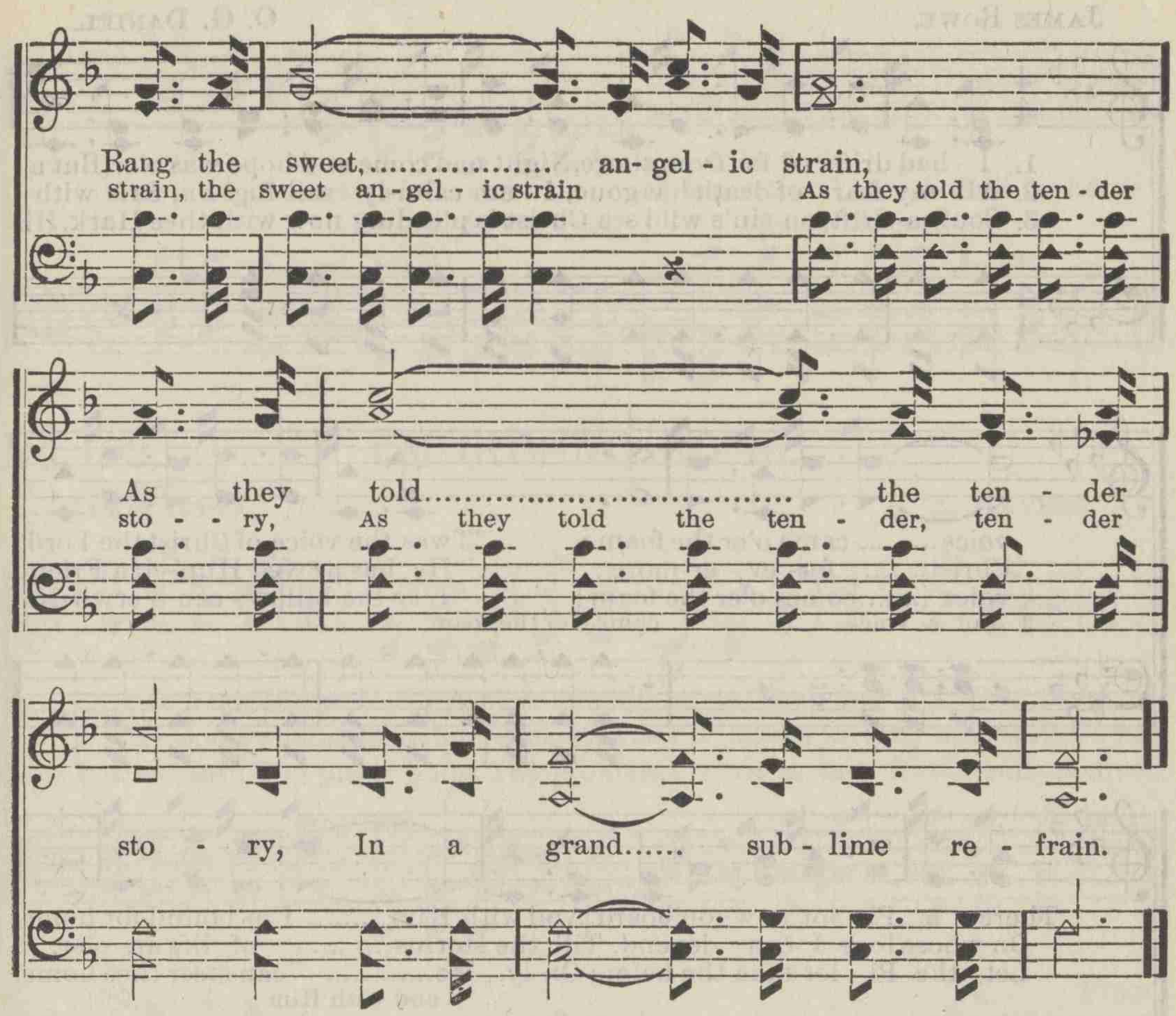
Lay with - in a low - ly man - ger By the cat - tle of the stall,
Greets their vis- ion, start-ling wild - ly, They the an - gels cho- rus hear,—
Till the earth's re- mot- est plac - es Ech - o with this mes-sage sweet,

Bade the shepherds there to wor-ship, At the Sav-iour's feet to fall.
As up - on the air of mid-night Rang the mes-sage, sweet and clear.
Bring- ing all un - tu- tored ra - ces To the Christ whom now we greet.

CHORUS.

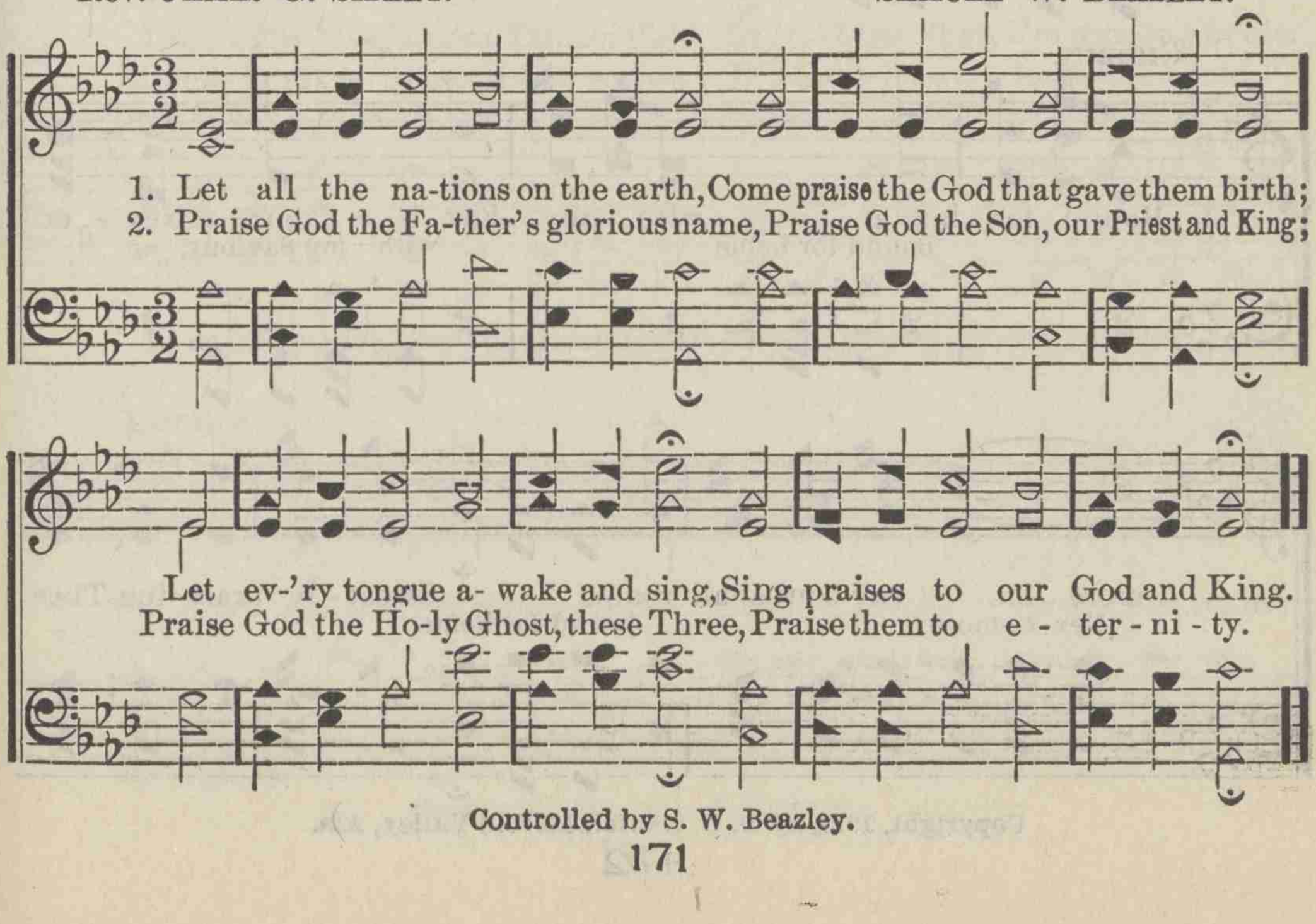
Glo - ry in..... the high - est! glo - - - ry,
Glo - ry in the high - est! glo - ry! Rang the sweet an- gel - ic

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.



No. 150. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

No. 151. LET THE PILOT TAKE THE HELM.

JAMES ROWE. O. G. DANIEL.

1. I had drift- ed far from shore, Night had come and hope was o'er, But a
2. All my fear of death has gone, I am calm-ly sail-ing on, Safe with
3. Soul a- drift on sin's wild sea, Christ is pleading now with thee Hark, His

voice..... came o'er the foam ; 'Twas the voice of Christ the Lord :
Christ..... for- ev - er-more ; He has proved Himself a Friend
voice..... comes o'er the foam ; E'er the billows can o'erwhelm,

1. But a voice came o'er the foam;

There's a Pi - lot now on board, And with Him..... I'm bound for home.
On whose love I can depend, Till the storms..... of life are o'er.
Let the Pi - lot take the helm ; On-ly He..... can steer thee home.
and with Him
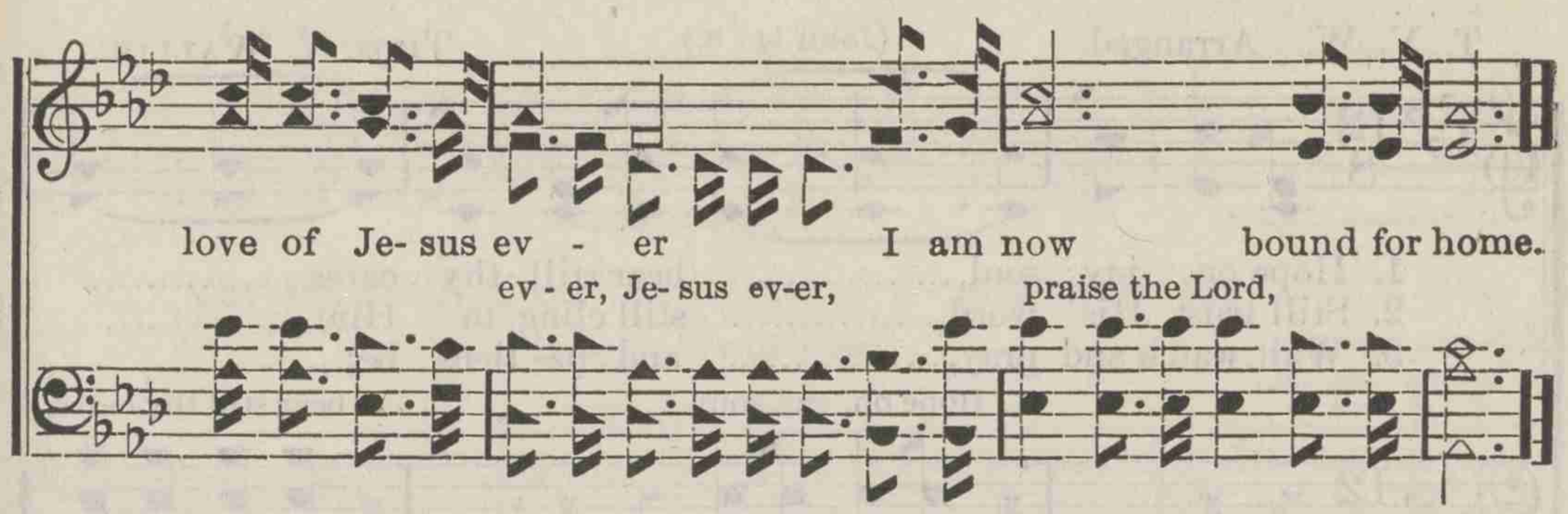
CHORUS.

Bound for home with my Sav - - iour, Nev - er -
Bound for home with my Saviour,

more..... my soul shall roam, Sweet - ly prais- ing Thee
Nev- er-more bound for home
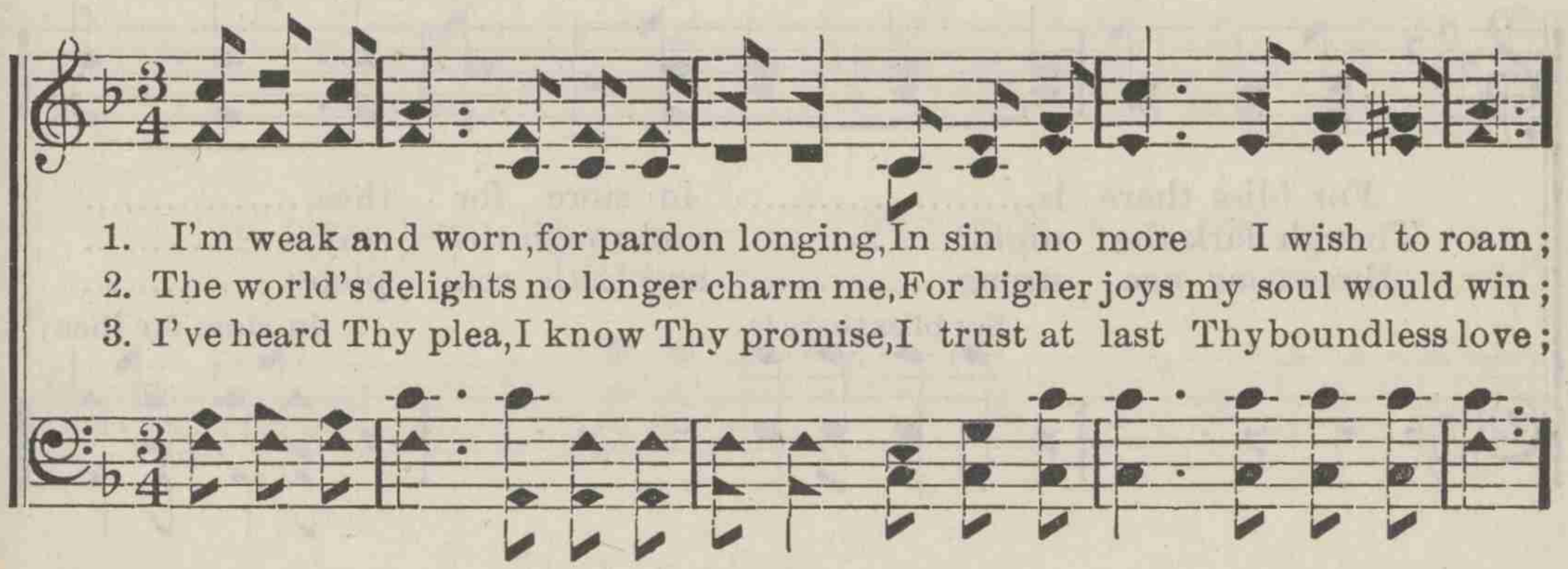
Copyright, 1910, by O. G. Daniel, Marble Valley, Ala.
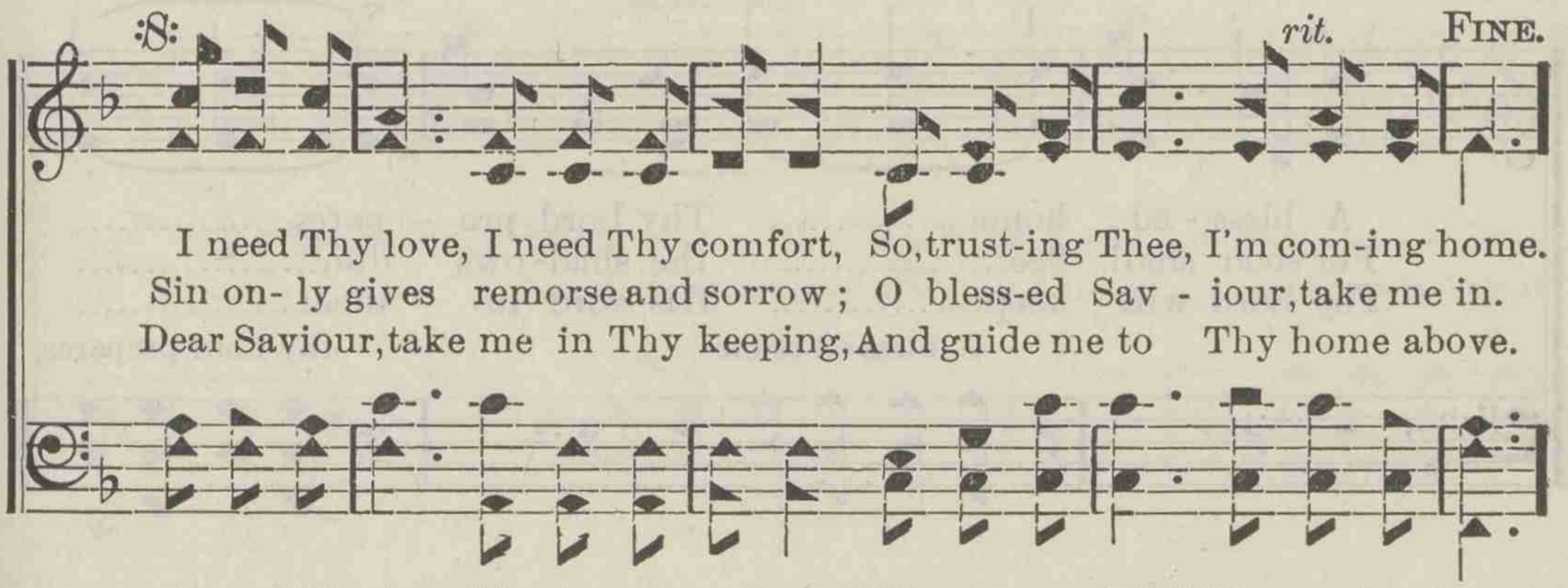
LET THE PILOT TAKE THE HELM.—Concluded.

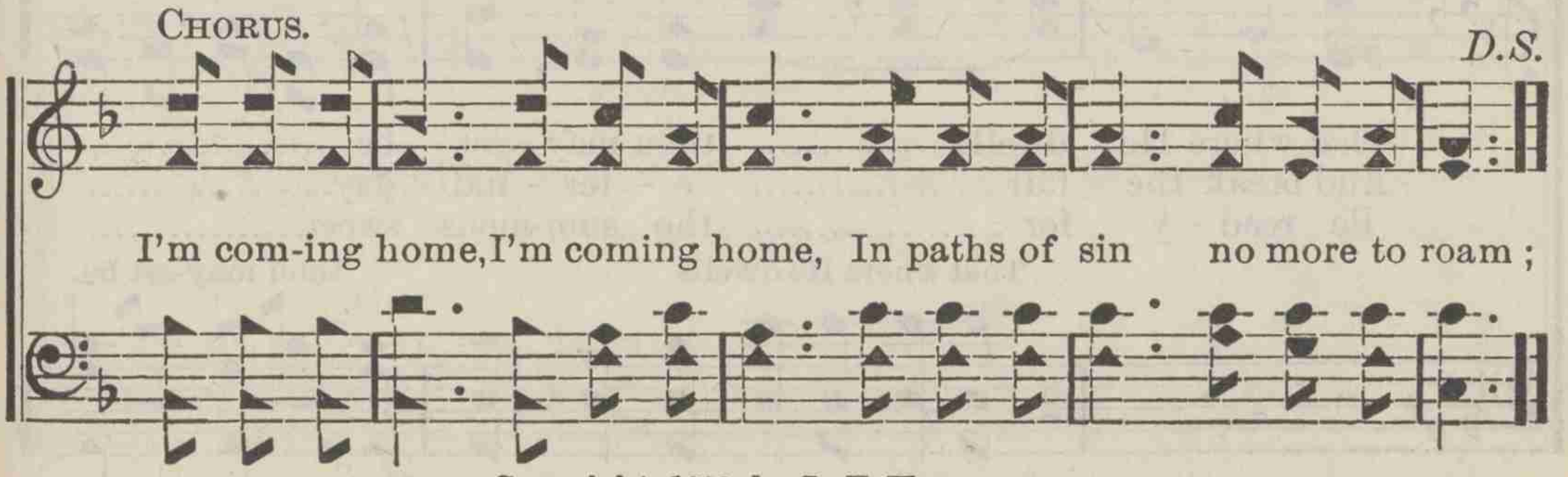


No. 152. I'M COMING HOME.

JAMES ROWE. L. E. HAVENS.
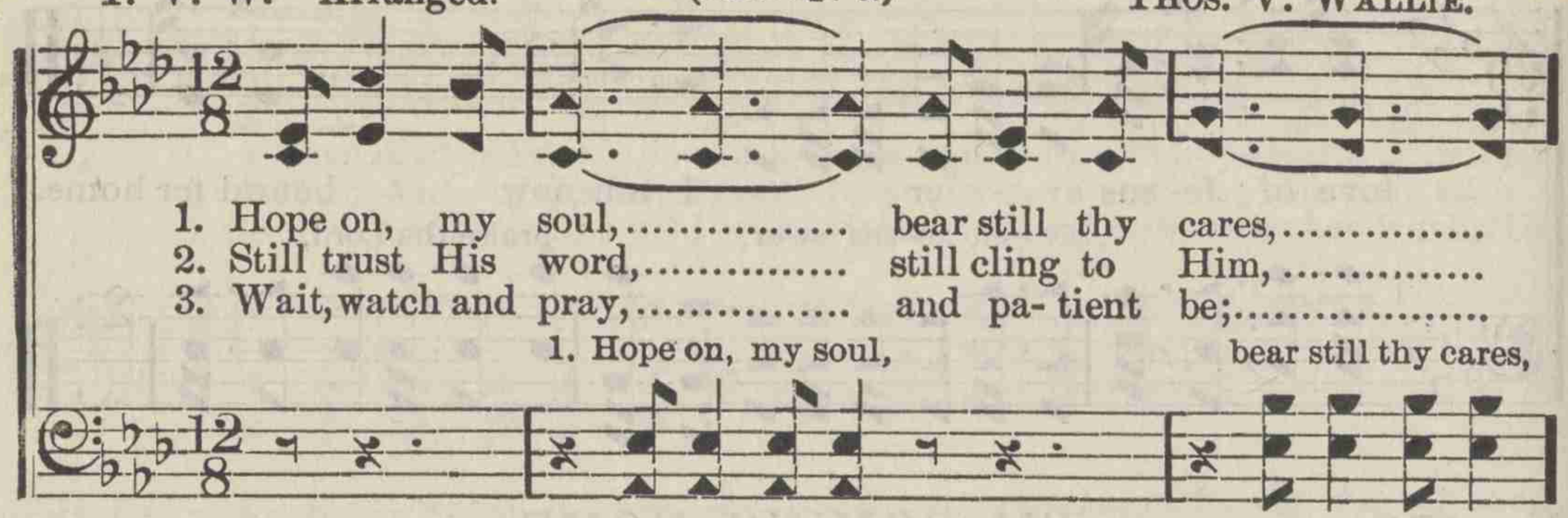




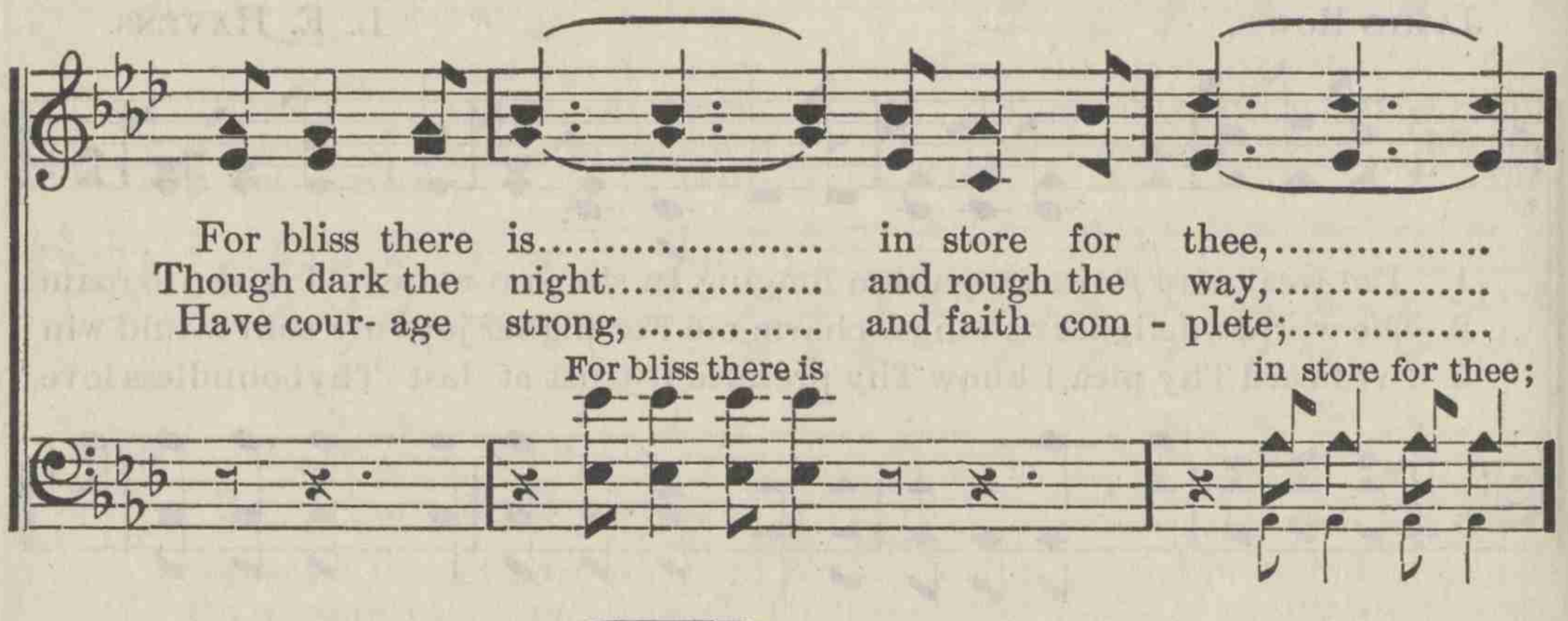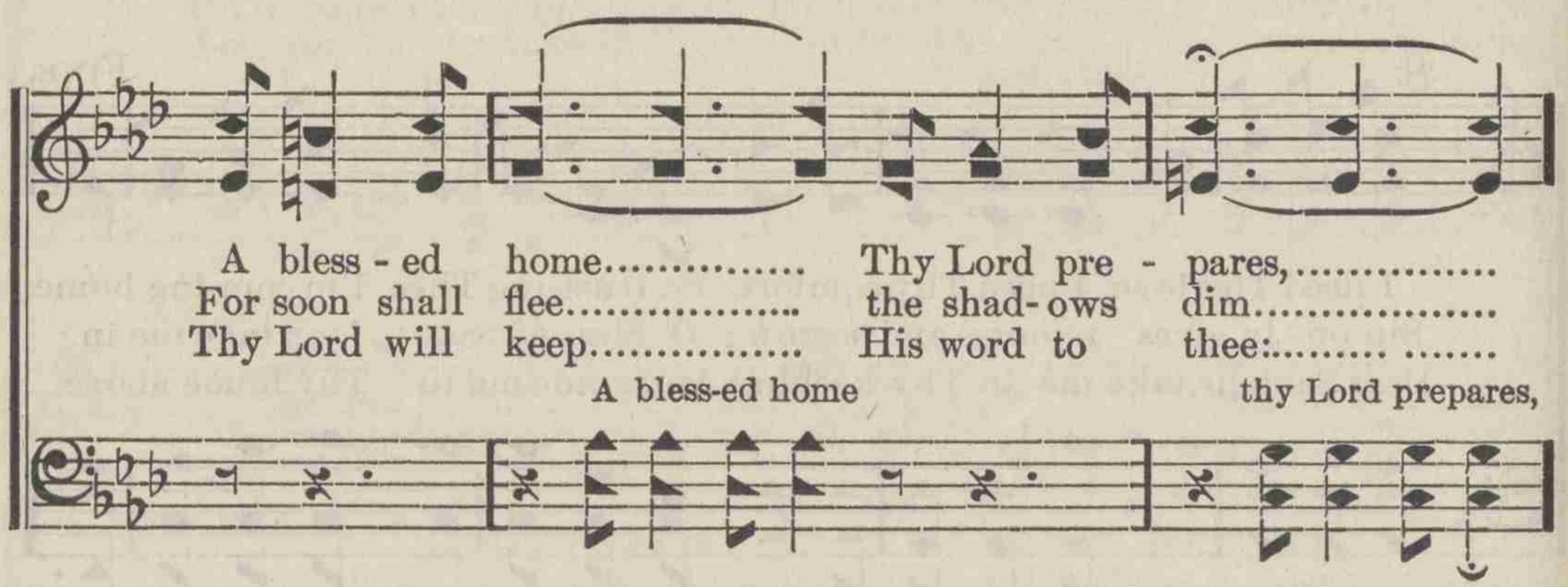


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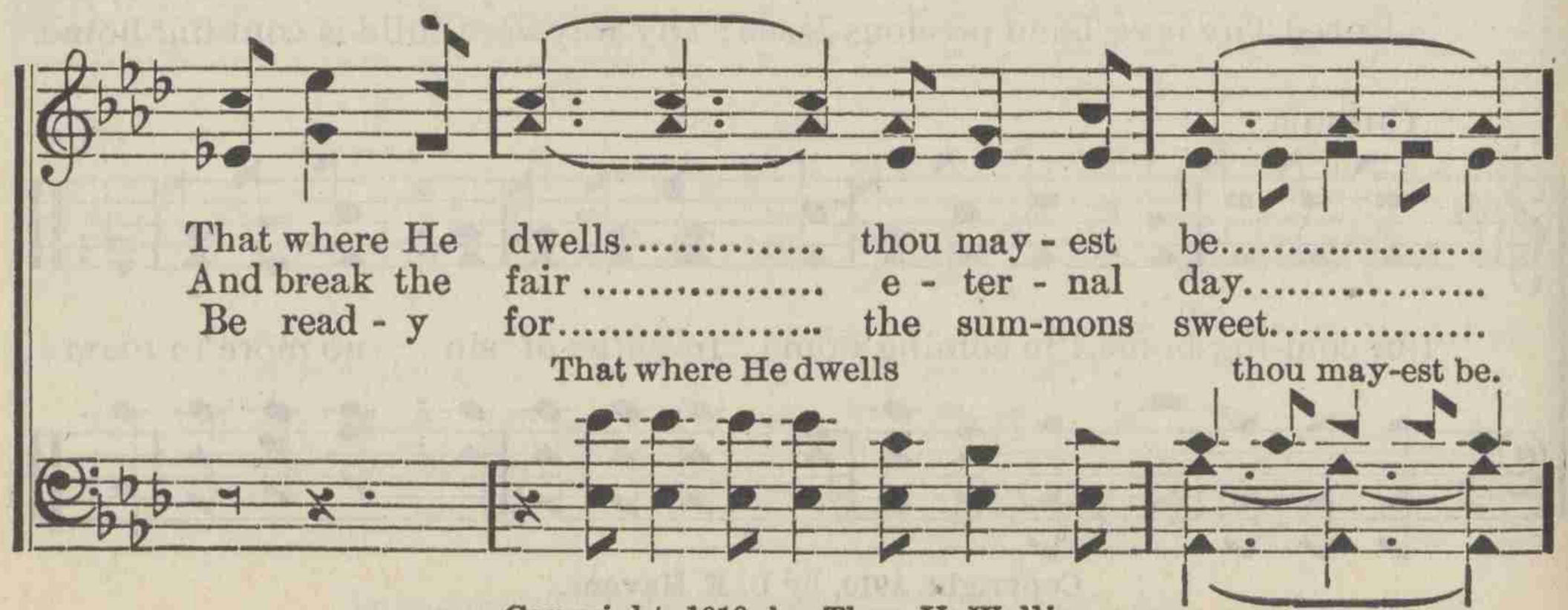
No. 153. I WILL COME AGAIN.

T. V. W. Arranged. (John 14 : 3.) THOS. V. WALLIE.









Copyright, 1910, by Thos. V. Wallie.

I WILL COME AGAIN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Thy Lord will come..... a - gain some day.....

Thy Lord will come a- gain some day,

To bear thee far..... from earth a - way,.....

To bear thee fare from earth a- way,

To heav - en's bright,..... e - ter - nal shore,.....

To heaven's bright, e - ter - nal shore,

rit......

To dwell with Him..... for - ev - er - more.....

To dwell with Him for - ev - er- more.

No. 154. There's a Voice that is Calling To-day.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. There's a voice that is call - ing to - day,.....
2. Oh, I think of our Sav - iour who came.....
3. And that same pa - tient Sav - iour is here,.....
4. We will heark - en, and loy - al - ly heed.....

is call - ing to - day,

"Come to Me" is the mes - sage I hear,.....
Un - to earth in the low - li - est guise, ...
He is call - ing to me and to Thee,.....
This dear Sav - iour the chil- dren's best Friend.....

the mes - sage I hear,

Oh, it bids us re - pent and be - lieve,.....
And who bore per - se - cu - tion and shame,.....
With His pres - ence to coun - sel and cheer, ...
Oh! He sees, and sup - plies ev - 'ry need,.....

re - pent and be - lieve,
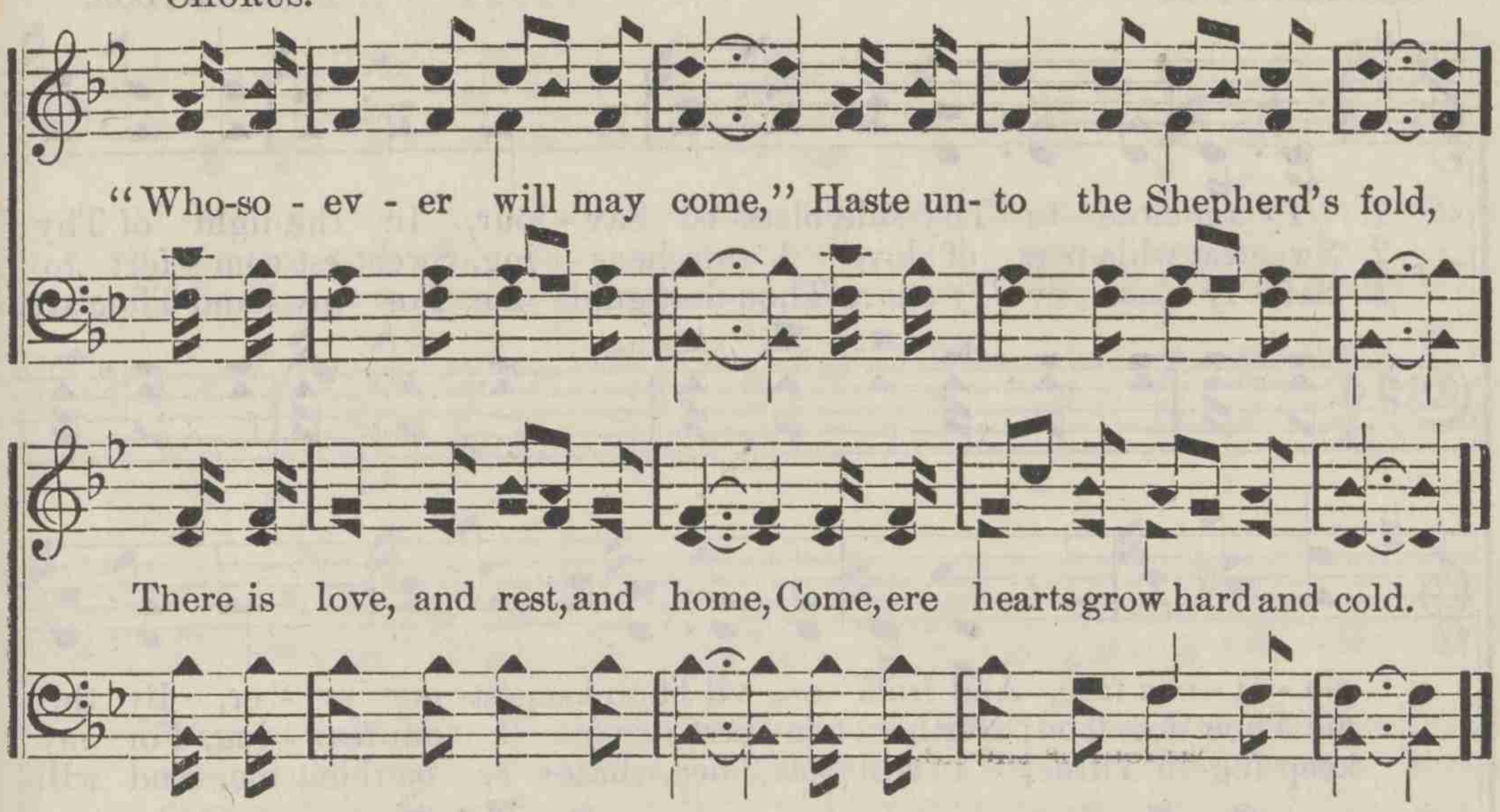
And seek Je - sus while He is so near.....
To se - cure us a home in the skies.....
Still re - joic - ing we ev - er may be.....
And will keep us till life's day shall end.....

while He is so near.

Controlled by the Author

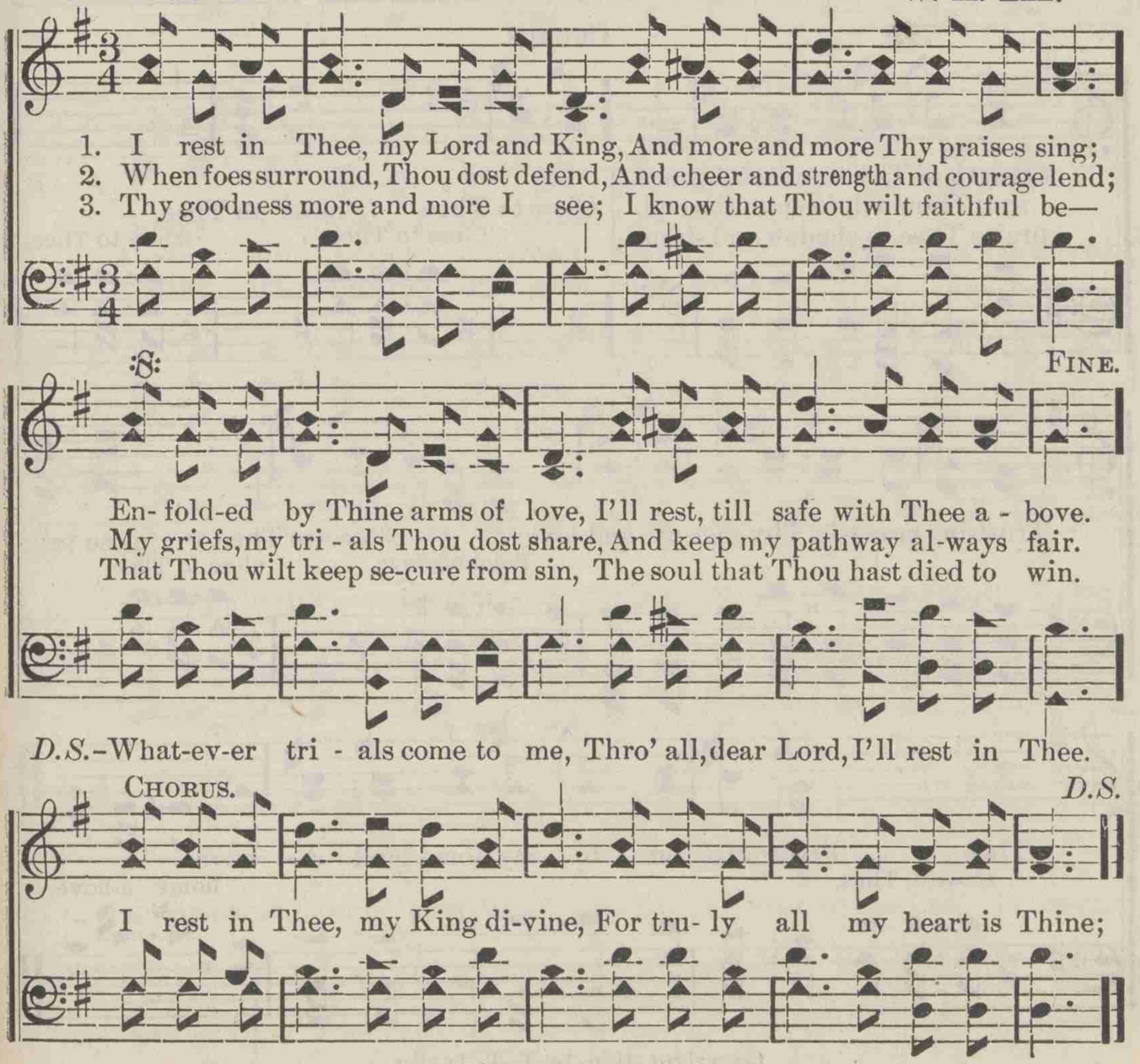
There's a Voice that is calling To-day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 155. I REST IN THEE.

JAMES ROWE. W. H. LEE.



Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Lee.

No. 156. CLOSE TO THEE.

JAMES ROWE. T. T. TAYLOR.

1. I am close to Thy side, bless- ed Sav - iour, In the light of Thy glo - ri - ous face, And from e - vil Thou keepest me ev - er, By the
2. Sweetest whis-pers of love I am hear - ing, Sweet-est com - fort to me Thou dost lend; Neither tem- pest nor foe I am fear - ing, For my
3. Safe- ly past ev- 'ry snare Thou dost guide me, For my hand Thou art keep-ing in Thine; I will trust Thee, whatev- er be-tide me, And will

CHORUS.

strength of Thy wonderful grace.
soul Thou wilt keep to the end.
praise Thee in shadow and shine.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Trust-ing sweet-ly Thy mer-cy and love, Close to Thee. close to
Precious love, close to Thee,

Thee, Press- ing on to my home-land a - bove.
close to Thee, home a-bove.

Copyright, 1910, by T. T. Taylor.

No. 157. GOING UNPREPARED.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. N. LINCOLN

1. Go-ing un - prepared to the judg- ment throne, Go- ing to be
2. Go-ing rash - ly on in your guilt and sin. Care-less - ly a -
3. Go-ing fast as mo - ments can bear you on, Knowing that your

tried at the bar a - lone, Go-ing up unsaved thro' the precious blood,
long, naught of peace within, Trampling on the ten- der Redeem-er's blood,
days will be quick- ly run, Soon will lay your bod- y be-neath the sod,

REFRAIN.

Go-ing un - prepared to meet your God.
Go-ing all a- lone to meet your God.
Go-ing un - prepared to meet your God.
} Go-ing un - prepared,

go-ing un-prepared, Go-ing un- prepared to the judgment seat; Go-ing

un-prepared, Go-ing unprepared, Go-ing un-prepared the Lord to meet.

Copyright, 1909, by H. N. Lincoln. By per.

No. 158. TRUSTING IN HIS LOVE.

GEO. W. LASSITER. L. J. GODWIN.

1. I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love, Trusting Him as my pi- lot and guide;
2. Earth's companions seem to prove untrue, And our con-fi-dence is all but lost;
3. So I'll serve Him for His love to me, Trusting Him as my guard and my stay;

Ev- er seek-ing for a home a- bove, I am safe when I'm close by His side.
But the Saviour is the same to you, Ev - er-more, nev-er counting the cost.
For I know with such a love, so free, He will lead me a- right all the way.

CHORUS.
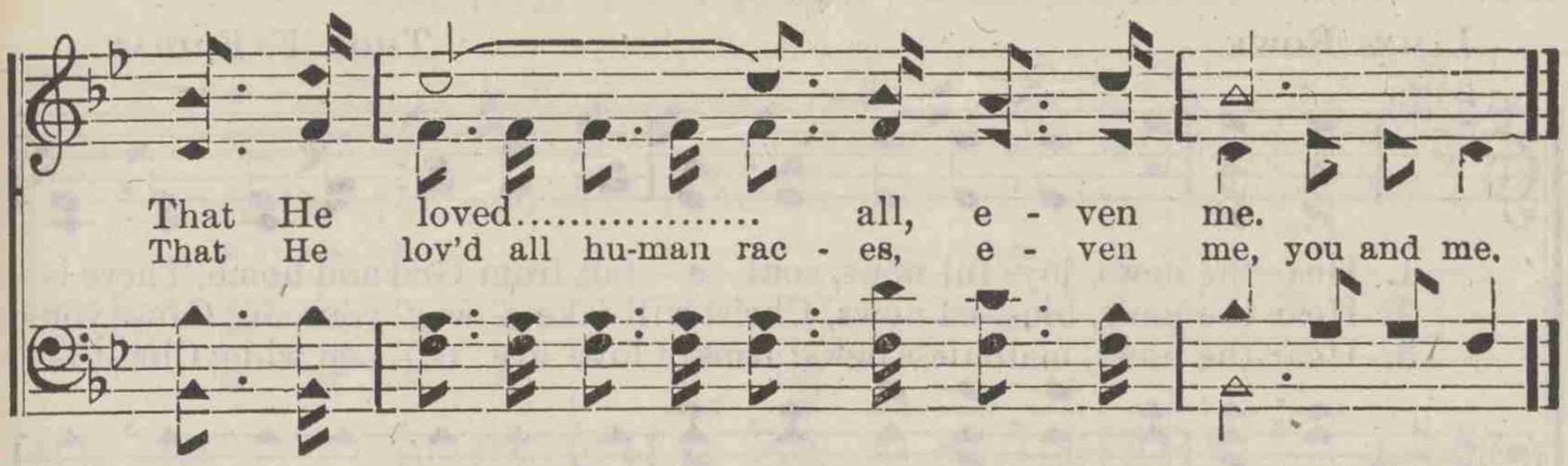
I am trust - - - ing, in His love,.....
I am trust- ing in Him, trust - ing in the bless - ed Sav-iour's love,

For there's none..... whose love's so free;.....
For there's none whose love, is fade - less, and so ten - der and so free;

As the Lord..... who died to prove,.....
As the Lord who died so will - ing - ly up - on the tree to prove,

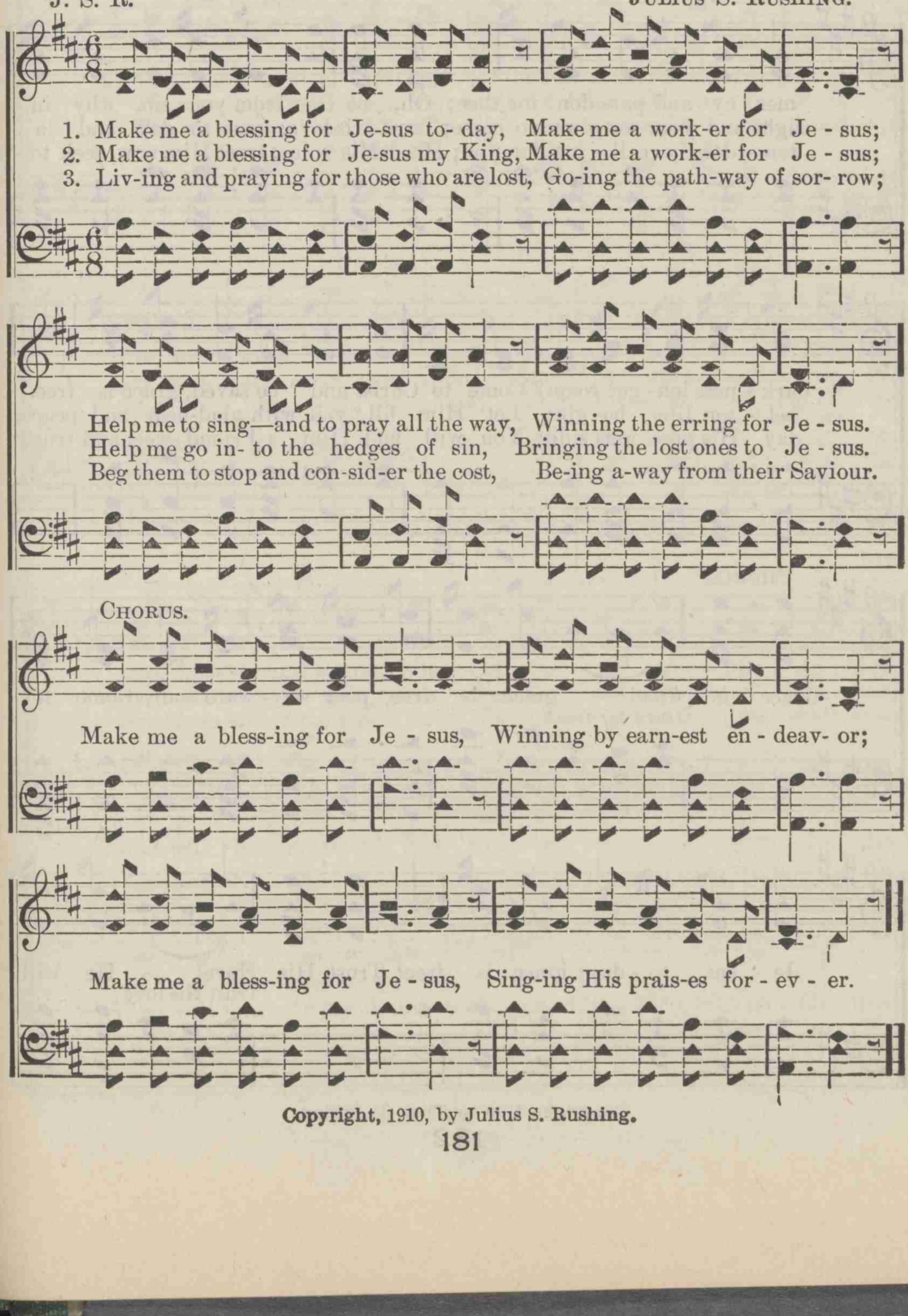
Copyright, 1910, by Lassiter & Godwin.

TRUSTING IN HIS LOVE.—Concluded.



No. 159. MAKE ME A BLESSING.

J. S. R. JULIUS S. RUSHING.



Copyright, 1910, by Julius S. Rushing.

No. 160. GRACE IS FREE.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. F. FRIDAY.

1. Hear the news, joy- ful news, soul a - far from God and home, There is mer - cy and par- don for thee; Oh, be free from your sin, why in dark - ness lon- ger roam? Come to Christ and be saved, grace is free.
2. Hear the news, bless-ed news, Christ will take a- way your sin; Cause your sighs and your sor-rows to cease; Trust His love; come to- day and a bet - ter life be- gin; Let Him fill you with glad-ness and peace.
3. Hear the news, matchless news; arms of love are o - pen wide; Christ is ten - der- ly call - ing for you; Heed His voice; trust Him now, seek to - day His prec- ious side; You will find Him a Friend sweet and true.

CHORUS.

Grace is free! grace is free, poor way- ward soul; Come to Je - sus to - day; grace is free; Trust His love! He will

Grace is free!

Trust His love;

Copyright, 1910, by Thos. F. Friday.

GRACE IS FREE.—Concluded.

make you pure and whole; There is mer - cy and par - don for thee.

No. 161 WHO WILL BE A SOLDIER?

JAMES ROWE. W. R. HYDE.

1. The Sav - iour is call- ing for sol-diers brave and strong, Who will
2. The Sav - iour is call- ing: don't let Him call in vain; Buck - le
3. The Sav - iour is call- ing: oh, ral - ly round the cross; Read - y

love for Christ now dis - play? For souls must be res- cued, or
on your arm - or and sword, And for - ward to bat - tle, the
be to do and to dare; Be loy - al, and help Him to

D.S.—No harm will be- fall us, for

FINE.

won, from sin and wrong; Who will be a sol - dier to - day?
crown of life to gain, Trust - ing in the strength of the Lord.
save these souls from loss; In His glo - ry then we shall share.

Christ will be our shield, Who will be a sol - dier to - day?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Who will firm - ly stand for truth and right? Who will no - bly fight?

Copyright, 1910, by W. R. Hyde.

No. 162. WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?

Written in memory of Dr. G. C. Chapman and others, who were killed in the great Cyclone at Birmingham, Ala., March 25, 1901.

Jos. W. Ellis. J. D. Patton.

1. To that bright ce- les-tial shore, those we loved have gone be- fore,
2. To a hap - py, sin - less life, from this world of grief and strife,
3. To that bright a- bode so blest, to a place of per - fect rest,

They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; In that place of pure de-light, they will nev - er know a night, Will you
They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; With sweet songs of praise they sing, to their Sav-iour, Lord and King, Will you
They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; And a - mong the faith-ful, true, they will wait and watch for you, Will you

meet them, surely meet them, meet them there? They have drift - ed, drifted o'er..... To that bright and golden shore, To a Father's loving care.

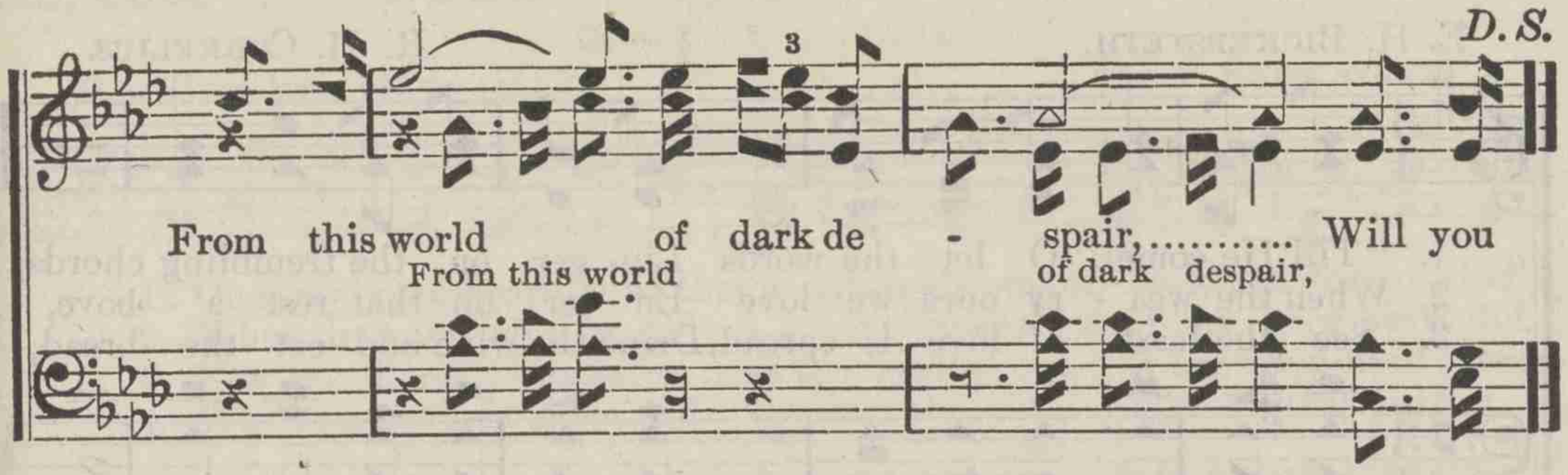
Fine. Refrain.

They have drifted, drift - ed o'er,

D.S.—meet them, surely meet them, meet them there?

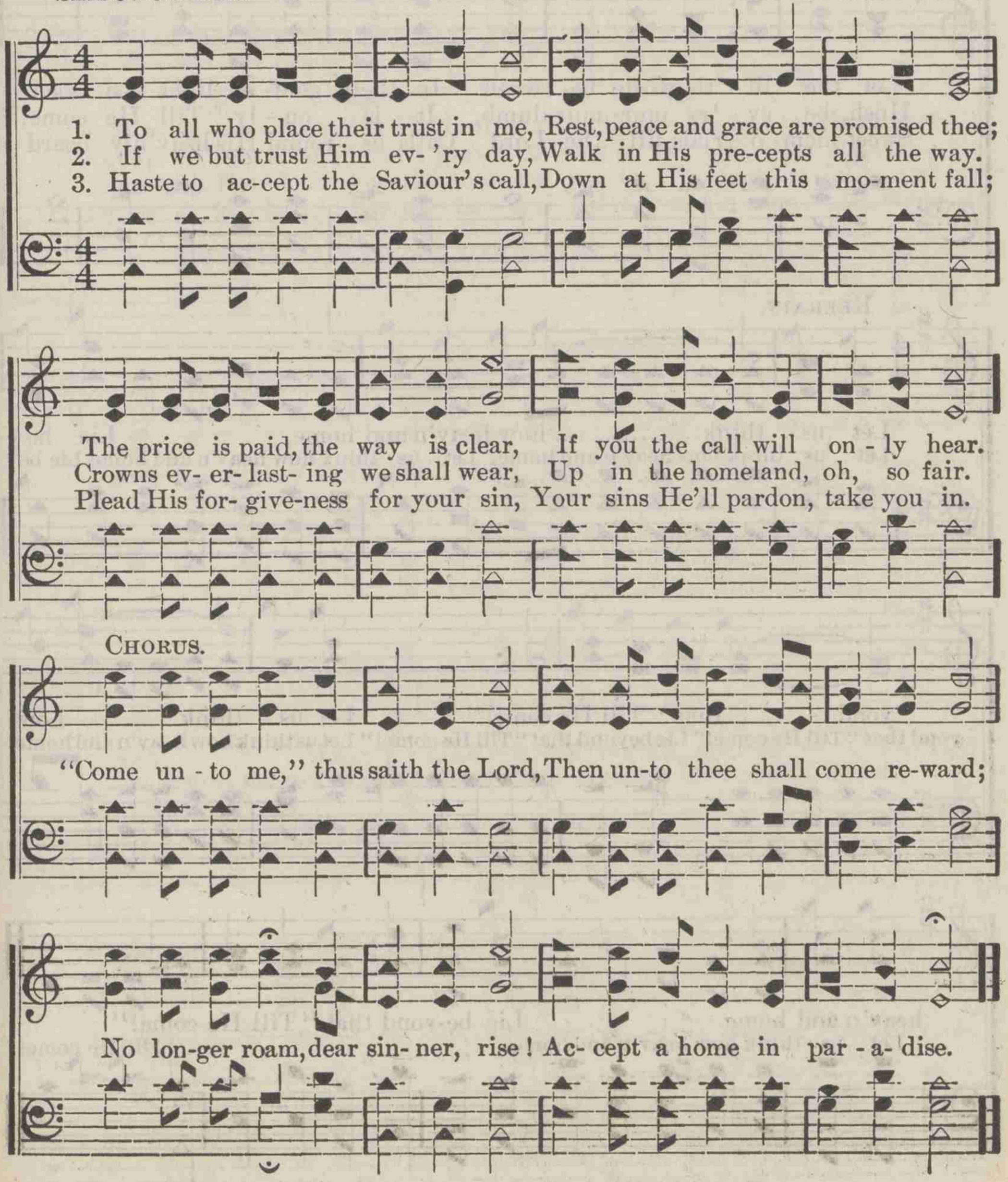
Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton. By per.

WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?—Concluded.



No. 163. COME UNTO ME.

SAM J. GOLDEN. JNO. J. GOLDEN.



Copyright, 1910, by Jno. J. Golden.

No. 164. TILL HE COME.

E. H. Bickersteth. R. H. Cornelius.

1. "Till He come!" O let the words Lin- ger on the trembling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove,
3. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread,

Let the lit - tle while be- tween In their gold- en light be seen.
Hush, be ev - 'ry mur- mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
Sweet mem- o - rials, till the Lord Calls us round His heav'nly board

Reerain.

Let us think..... how heav'n and home, Lie be -
Let us think how heav'n and home, Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be -

yond..... that "Till He come!" Let us think..... how
yond that "Till He come!" Lie beyond that "Till He come!" Let us think how heav'n and home,

heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"
Let us think how heav'n and home "Till He come!"

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Cornelius. Used by per.

No. 165. HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

Deut. 32: 13. Ps. 81: 16.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Once my poor heart found that a sin-ner's prayer Could the door of God's mer-cy un - lock, For He heal'd my soul when He met me there, And He
2. When the waves of life did a - bove me roll, And my poor heart did quail at the shock, Then I pray'd to God to pre - serve my soul, And He
3. Now no more I roam on the mountains cold, For the Shep-herd counts me with His flock, For He took me in - to His bless-ed fold, And He
4. When my work is done and I cross the tide, At the great pearl-y gates I will knock, For my Sav-iour said they would o-pen wide, When He

REFRAIN.

gave me hon-ey from the rock. Yes, He gave me hon-ey from the rock,
Yes, He gave me hon-ey, gave me honey from the rock, When my faith did those portals un- lock; For God heard my pray'r when I met Him there, And He gave me honey from the rock.

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

No. 166. SEEKING THE LIGHT.

Dedicated to every faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

N. W. A. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. Bear the ti- dings of Sal - va - tion, To the lost of ev - 'ry na- tion; They are seek - - ing for the light; O - ver
2. Turn them not a- way in sor - row, Bid- ding them re-turn to - mor- row; Help you
3. On- ward, time is swift - ly steal - ing; Art thou just - ly with them deal- ing? Go the
4. Show them by His word in kind- ness, How they grope in hu- man blind-ness; Seek- ing, they are seek- ing, Tell them

faint-est hopes, they ponder, Yet in dark-ness still they wan-der; Show to
not their mourning lengthen, Speak to them their faith to strengthen;
gos - pel sto - ry tell- ing, Thus, their night of gloom dispelling;
what the Lord hath spoken, That sin's fet-ters may be brok - en,
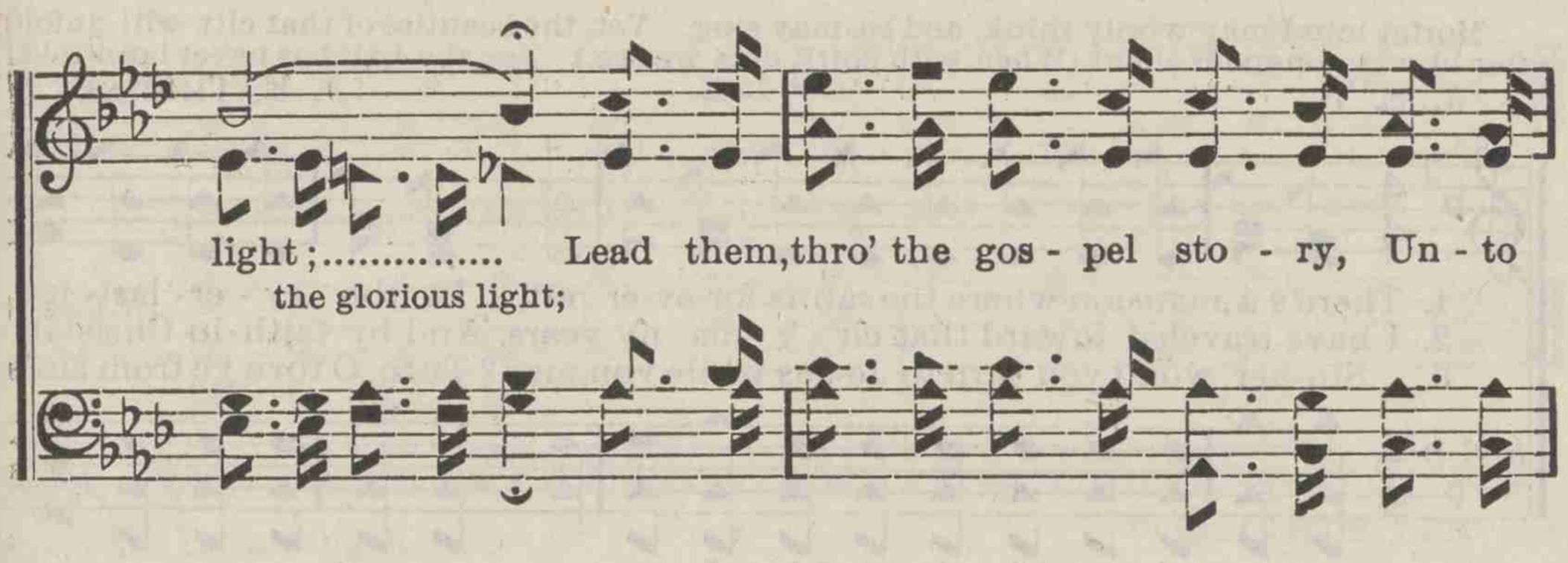
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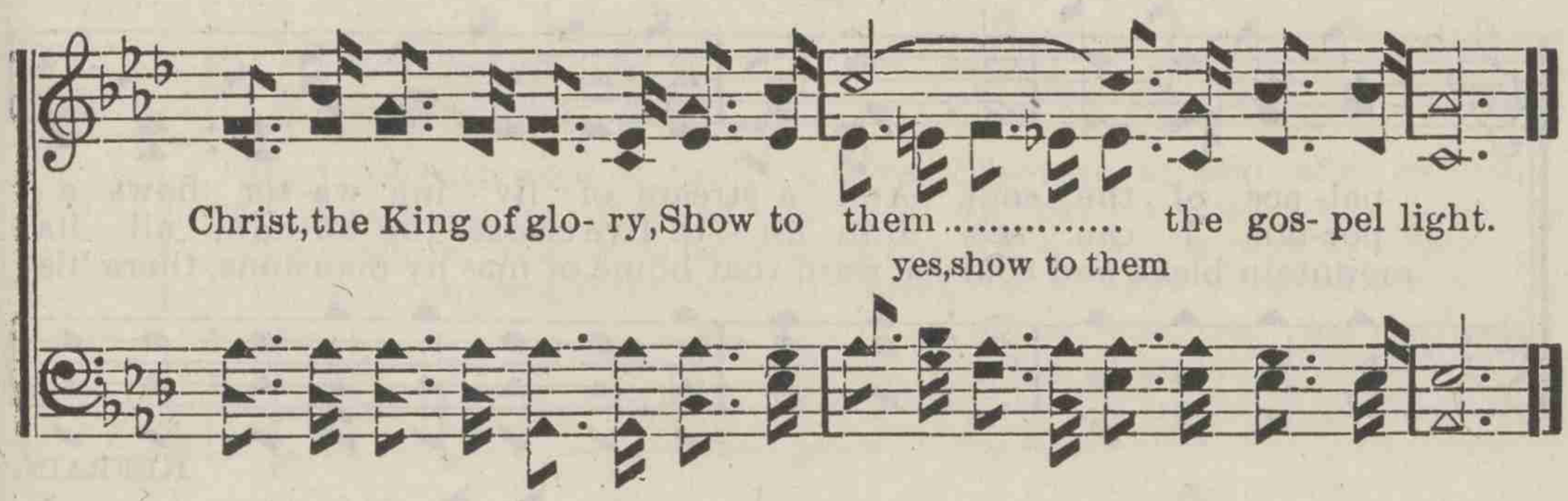
them ..... the gos - pel light. They are seek - - ing
yes, show to them seek-ing, they are seek-ing

for the light, ... They are seek - - ing for the
the gospel light, seek-ing, they are seek-ing,

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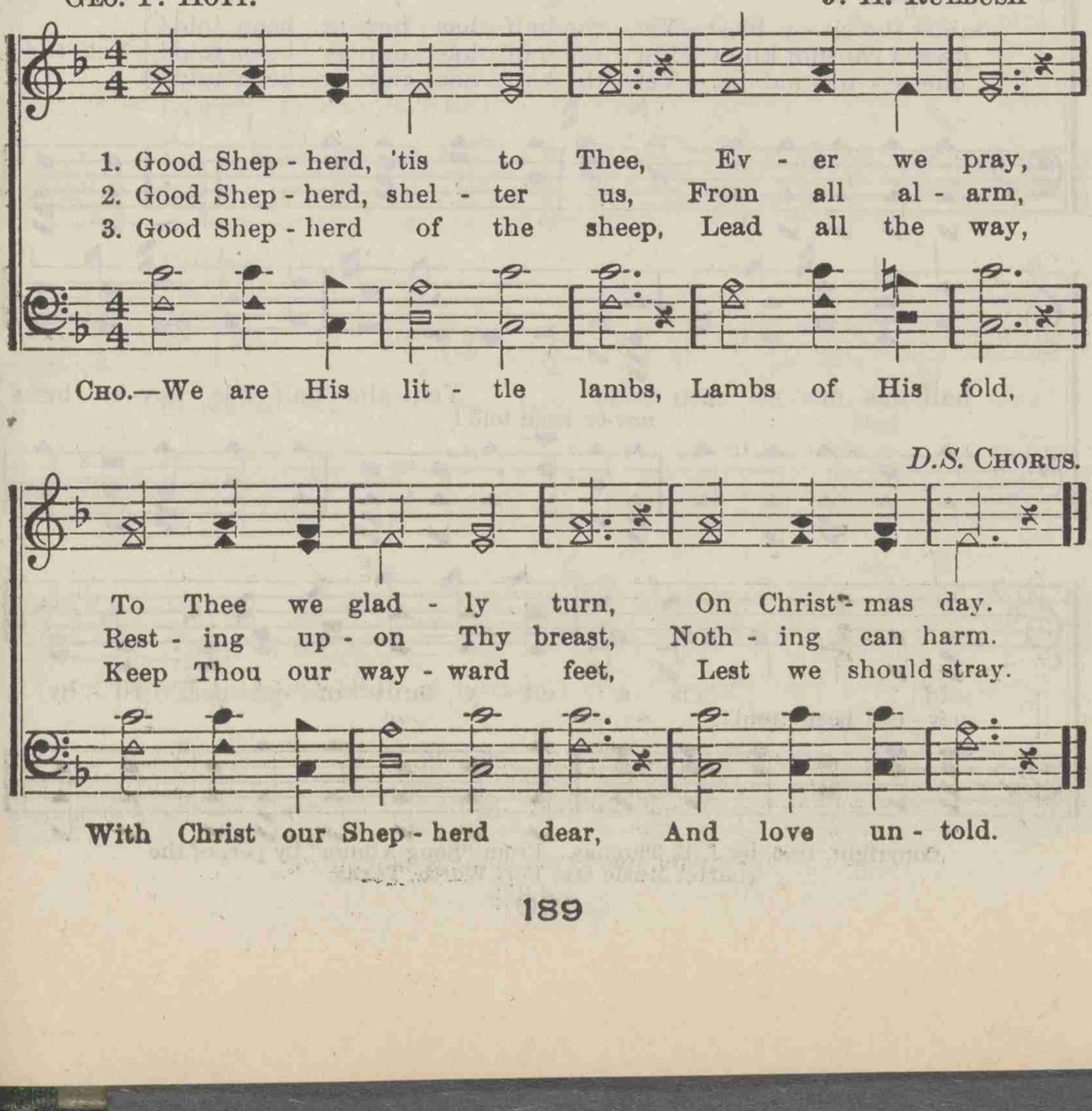
SEEKING FOR THE LIGHT.—Concluded.





No. 167. GOOD SHEPHERD.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. RUEBUSH



No. 168. YET, THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet, the beauties of that city will unfold after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see.) Yes, the half has never been told!

J. E. T. —F. L. E. J. E. THOMAS
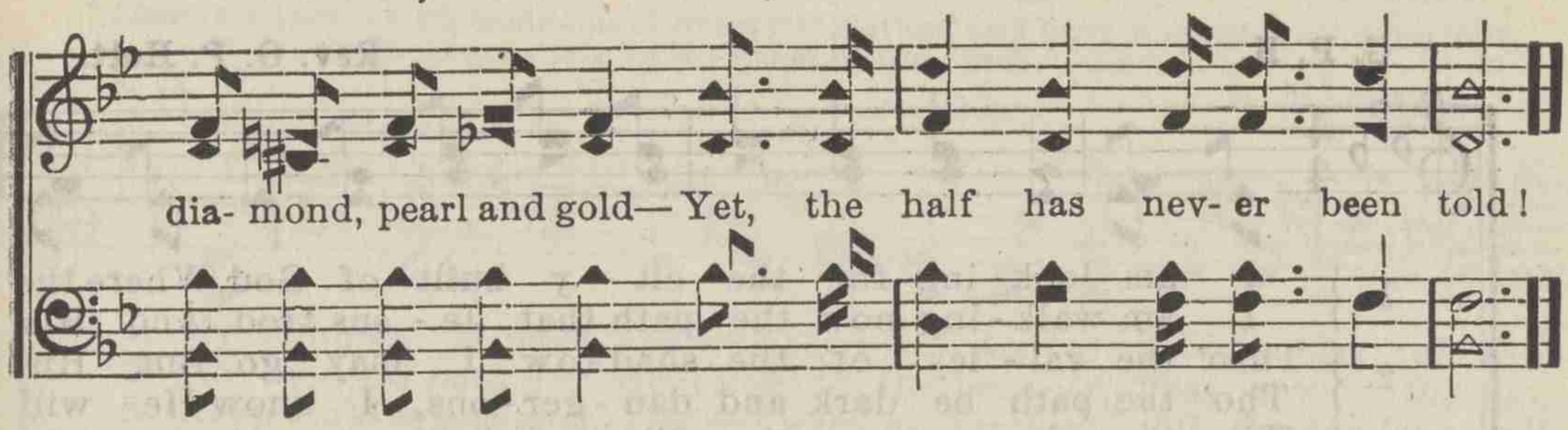
1. There's a mansion where the saints for-ev-er rest, In the ev - er- last- ing pal- ace of the soul, And a stream of liv - ing wa- ter flows a - midst the cit - y blest—Yet, the half has nev- er been told!
2. I have traveled toward that cit - y ma- ny years, And by faith in Christ its por-tals I can see, But un - til I've crossed the Jor-dan, all its joys I can-not know—For the half has nev- er been told!
3. Sin-ner, won't you turn to Je-sus while you may? Turn, O turn ye from sin's mountain bleak and cold—T'ward that home of ma- ny mansions, there 'tis one e - ter- nal day—Yet, the half has nev- er been told!

REFRAIN.

Yet, the half has nev- er been told! Yet, the half has nev- er been told! Yet, the half has nev- er been told! 'Tis a cit - y built of jas- per, ru - by,

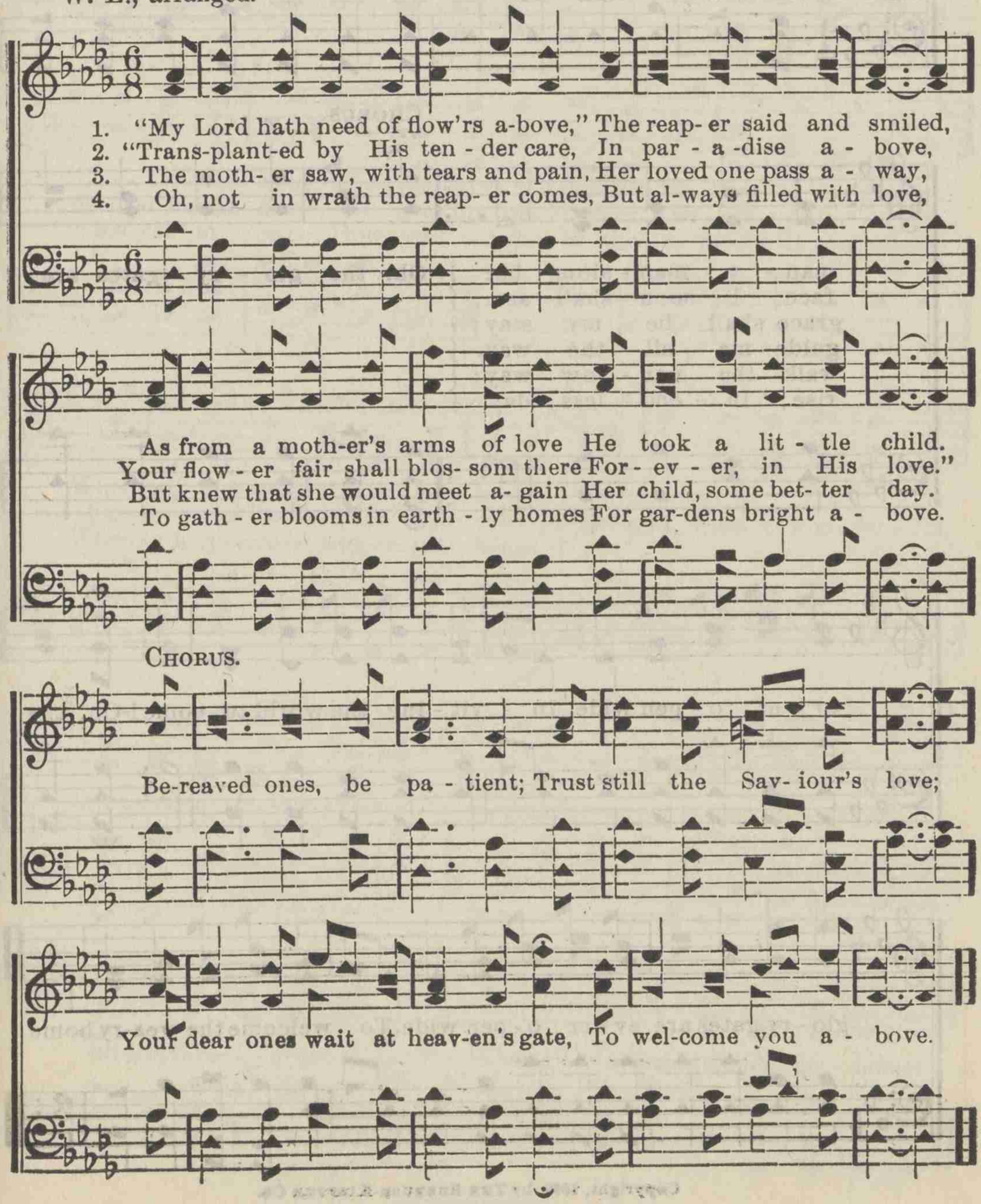
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YET, THE HALF, etc.—Concluded.



No. 169. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

W. L., arranged. WASHINGTON LEE.



No. 170. Glory Gates.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.

1. I am look-ing for the cit-y built of God, Where the
   I am walk-ing now the path that Je-sus trod, And His
2. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I may go, But His
   Tho' the path be dark and dan-ger-ous, I know He will
3. 'Tis the glo-ry now that fills and thrills my soul, As I
   I am look-ing for the heav'n-ly light to dawn, That shall

CHORUS.

man-y man-sions be;
face I soon shall see.
grace shall be my stay;
guide me all the way.
walk the nar-row way;
rise in end-less day.

Oh, the glo-ry gates are

ev-er o-pen wide, In-vit-ing the world to come! Oh, the

glo-ry gates are ev-er o-pen wide, To welcome the wea-ry home!

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No. 171. When All Redeemed Singers Get Home.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

By permission.

No. 172.

BE SOWING.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Be sow - ing the seed at the break of the morning, Pre- par - ing the
2. Be sow - ing the seed till the shades of the ev'n-ing Pro-claim to the
3. Be sow - ing the seed for sure is the har-vest, And they that went

field with your pray'rs. The prospects seem dreary, the ground rough and stony,
wea- ry one rest, The dew of God's blessing re-fresh-eth the sowing,
sow-ing in tears, Shall come with rejoic-ing for joy at the harvest,

CHORUS.

Some wheat will spring up by the tares.
And work of the toil - er is blest.
From fields that seem'd fruitless for years.

Be sow-ing,..... be sow-ing the seed, be sow-ing the seed, be sow - ing,..... Rich grain to the har - vest will come Be sow - ing the seed,

sow-ing,..... be sow-ing,..... And welcome the call harvest home.
sow-ing the seed, be sowing the seed,

No. 173. SING PRAISES TO JESUS.

LENA J. JOHNSON. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

DUET.

1. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, 'Tis due His great name;
2. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, The Beth - le - hem Child;
3. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, Shine out His great love;

Shout forth a glad cho - rus, A joy - ous re - frain.
Who came to re - deem us, The Sav - iour so mild.
That poor, wea - ry sin - ners May win joys a - bove.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing a - loud His prais - es, While the youth-ful

days are go - ing by,..... Then at last with
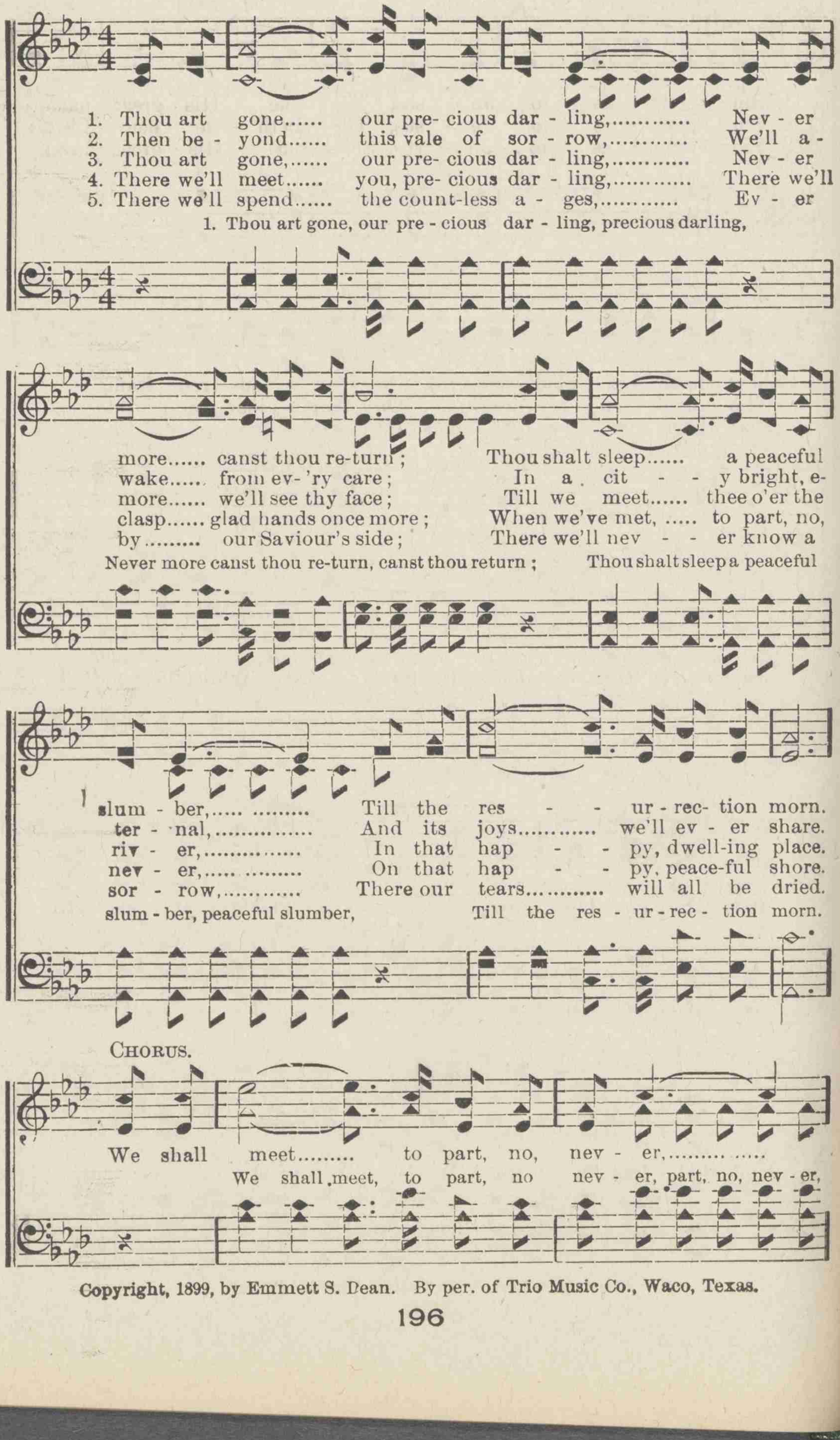
go - ing by,

loud hal - le - lu - jahs, We shall tri - umph by and by.

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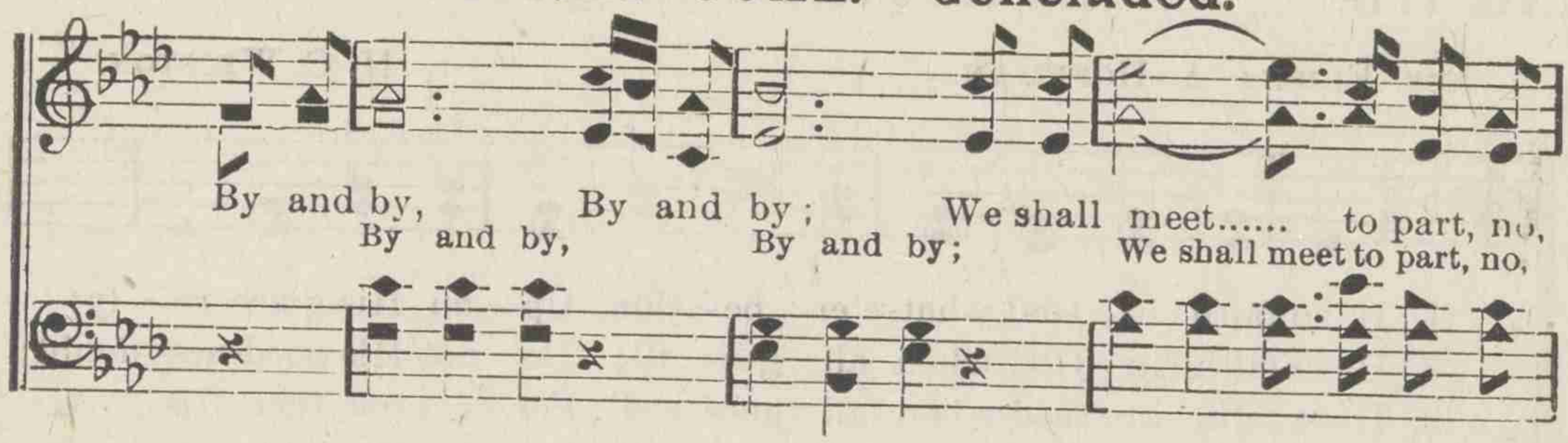
No. 174. THOU ART GONE.
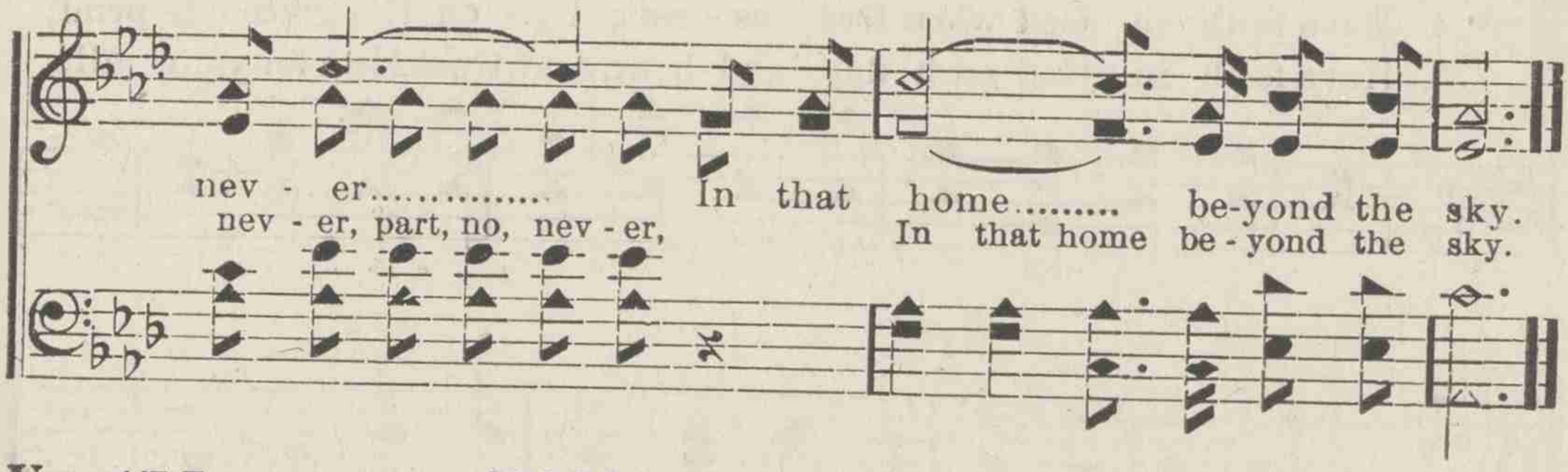
SAM. SHULTZ. EMMETT S. DEAN.



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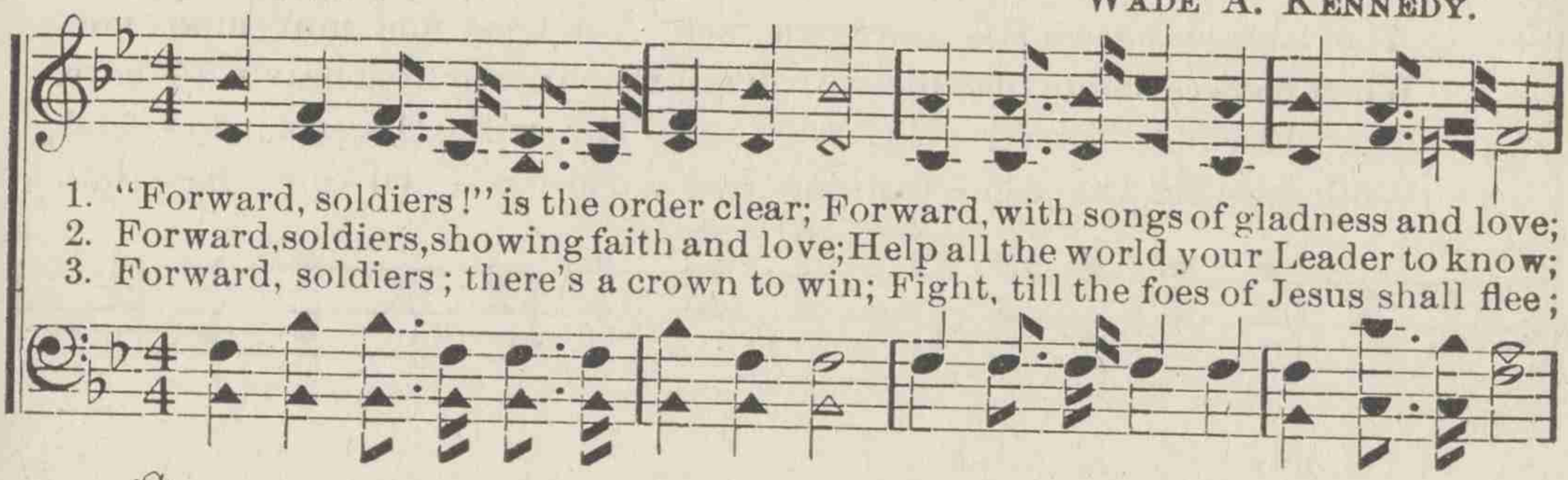
THOU ART GONE.—Concluded.

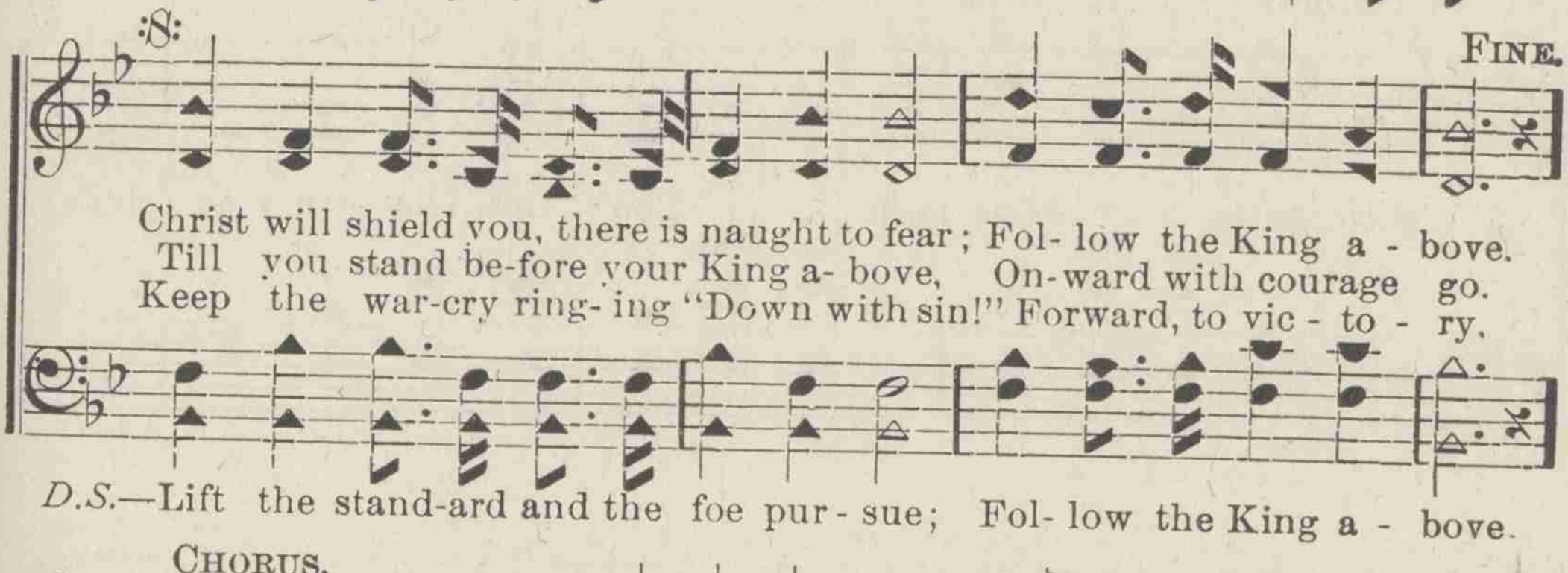




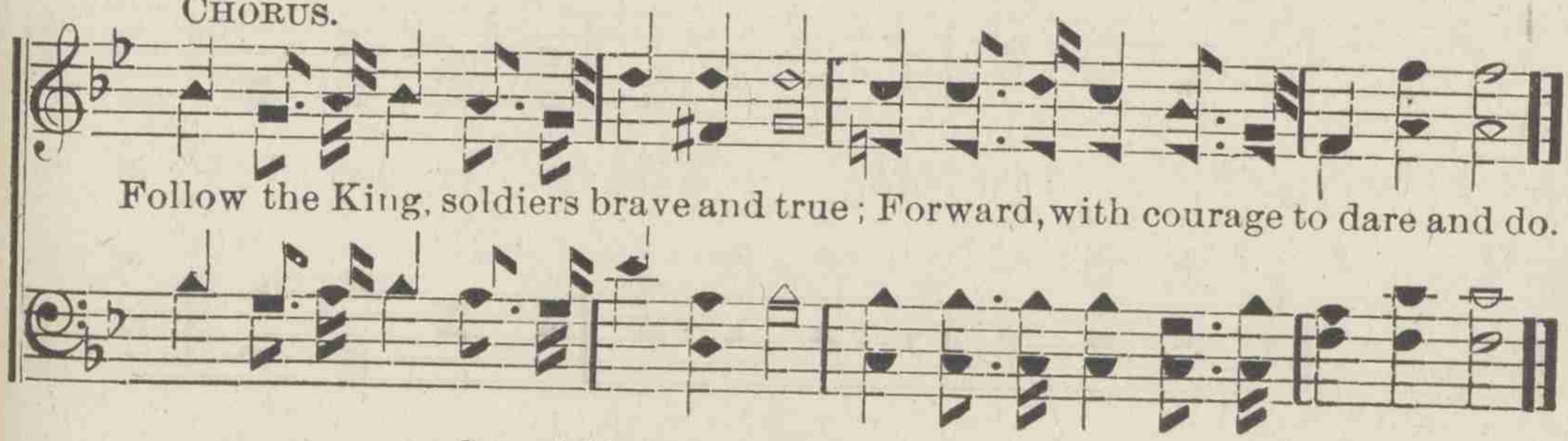
No. 175. FOLLOW THE KING.

JAMES ROWE. WADE A. KENNEDY.





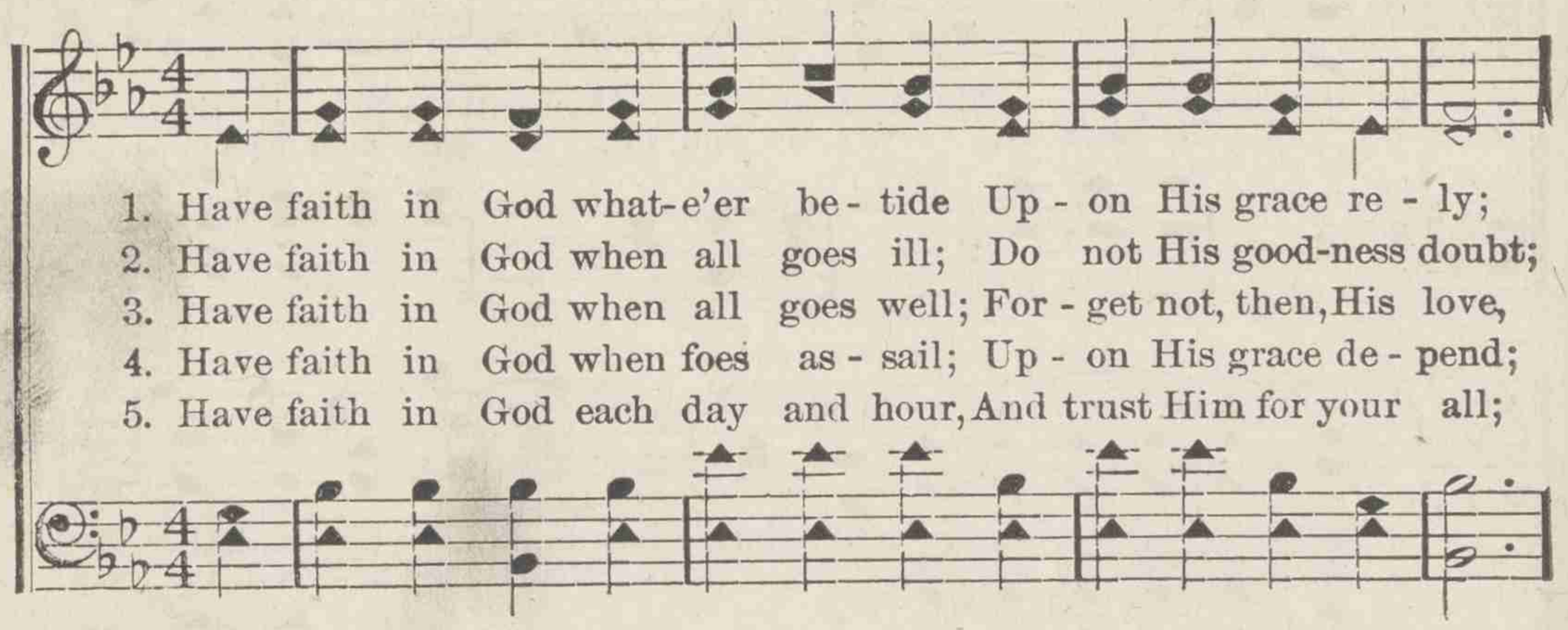
CHORUS.

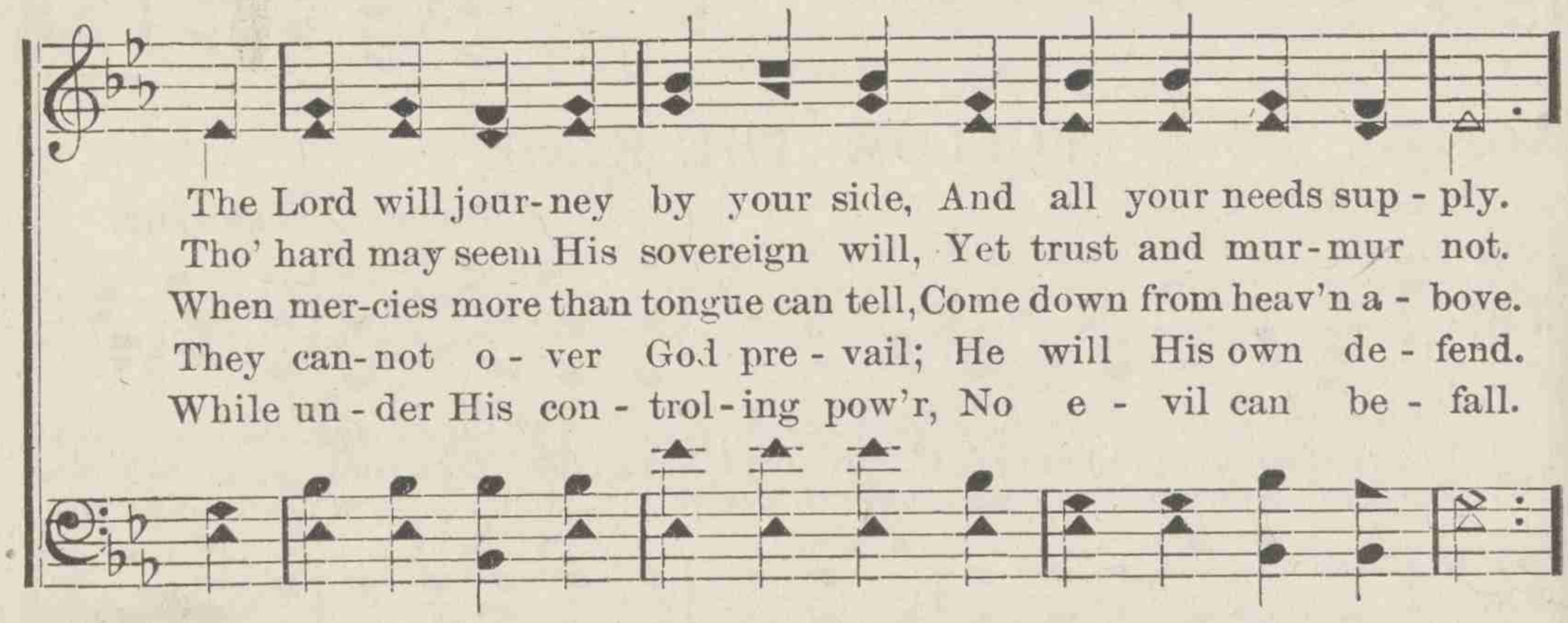


Copyright, 1910, by Wade A. Kennedy.
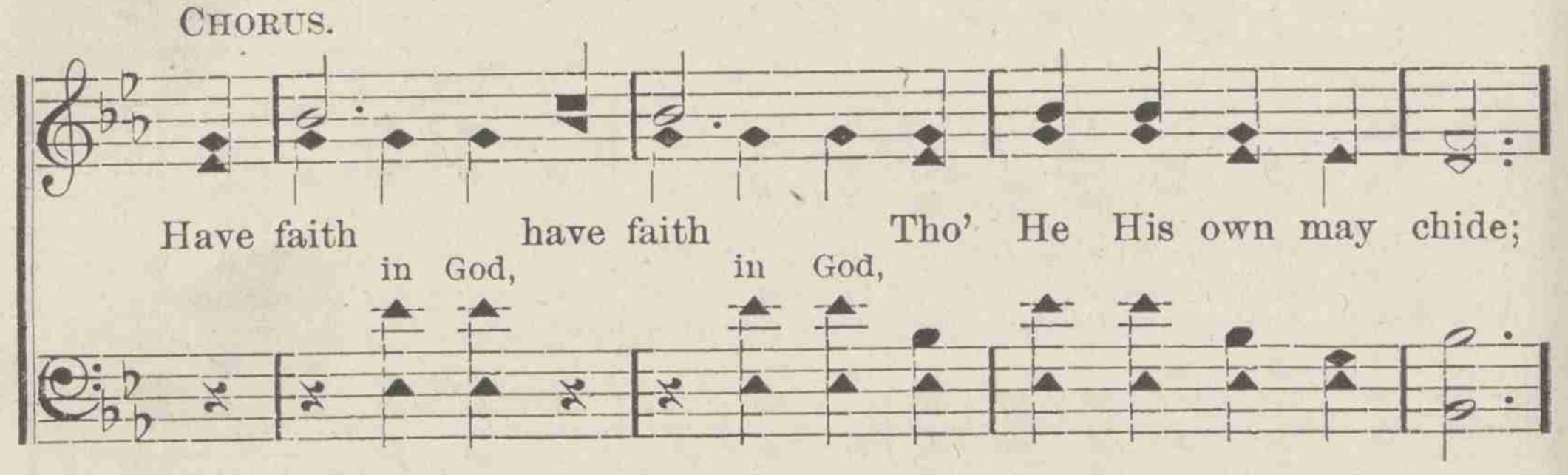
No. 176. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.
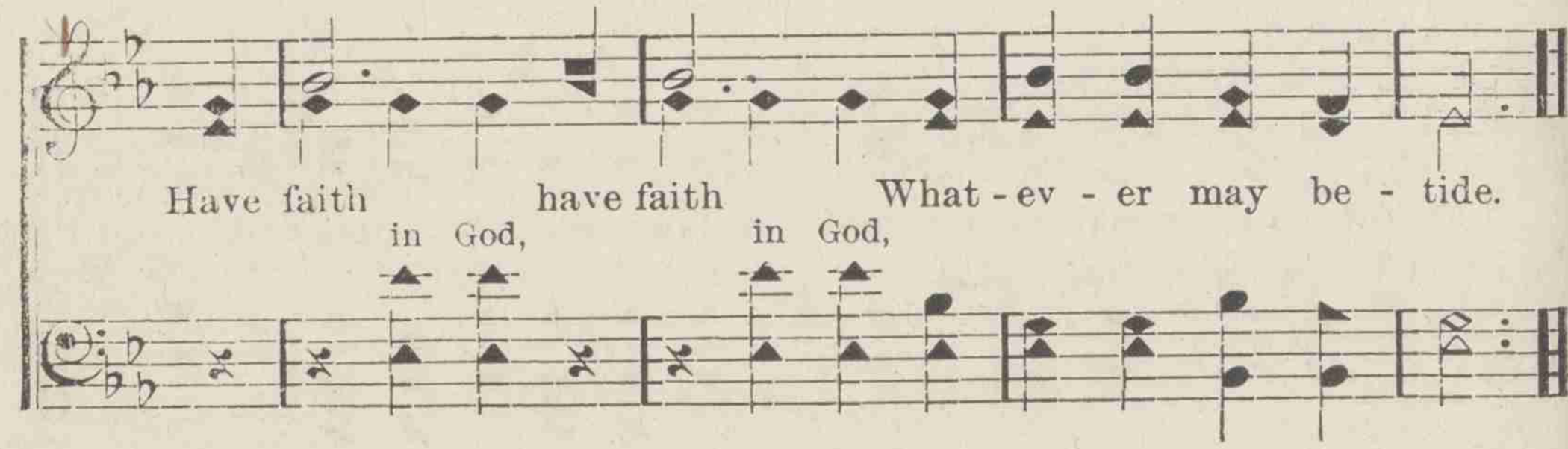
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. C. WRISTON.





CHORUS.





Copyright, 1907, by H. C. Wriston. By per.

No. 177. WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, Wake the

song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... lee,

Wake the song of ju - bi - lee;

Let it ech - o,..... Let it

Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

ech - o..... Let it ech - o o'er the sea.

Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

p Organ. Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Continued.

Wake the song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... Loud as
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,
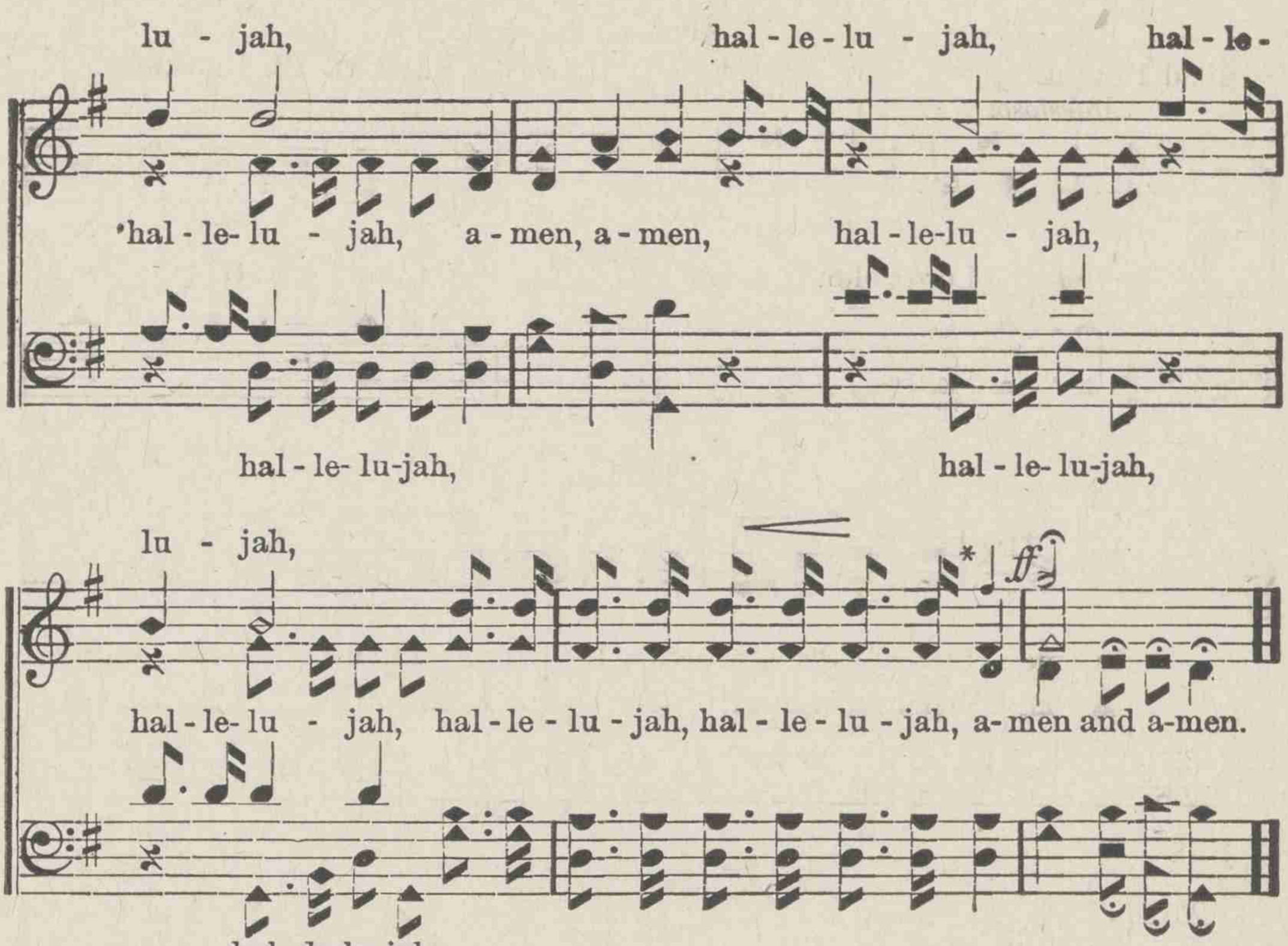
might - ty thunders roar, When it breaks..... upon the shore.
Loud as mighty thunders roar, When it breaks

See Je - hovah's banner furled, Sheath'd the sword, He speaks, 'tis done,
See Je - ho - vah's banner furled, Sheath'd the sword, He speaks, 'tis done,

Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of His Son,
Now the king - doms of this world, Are the king - doms of His Son.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, hal · le - lu-jah,

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Concluded.

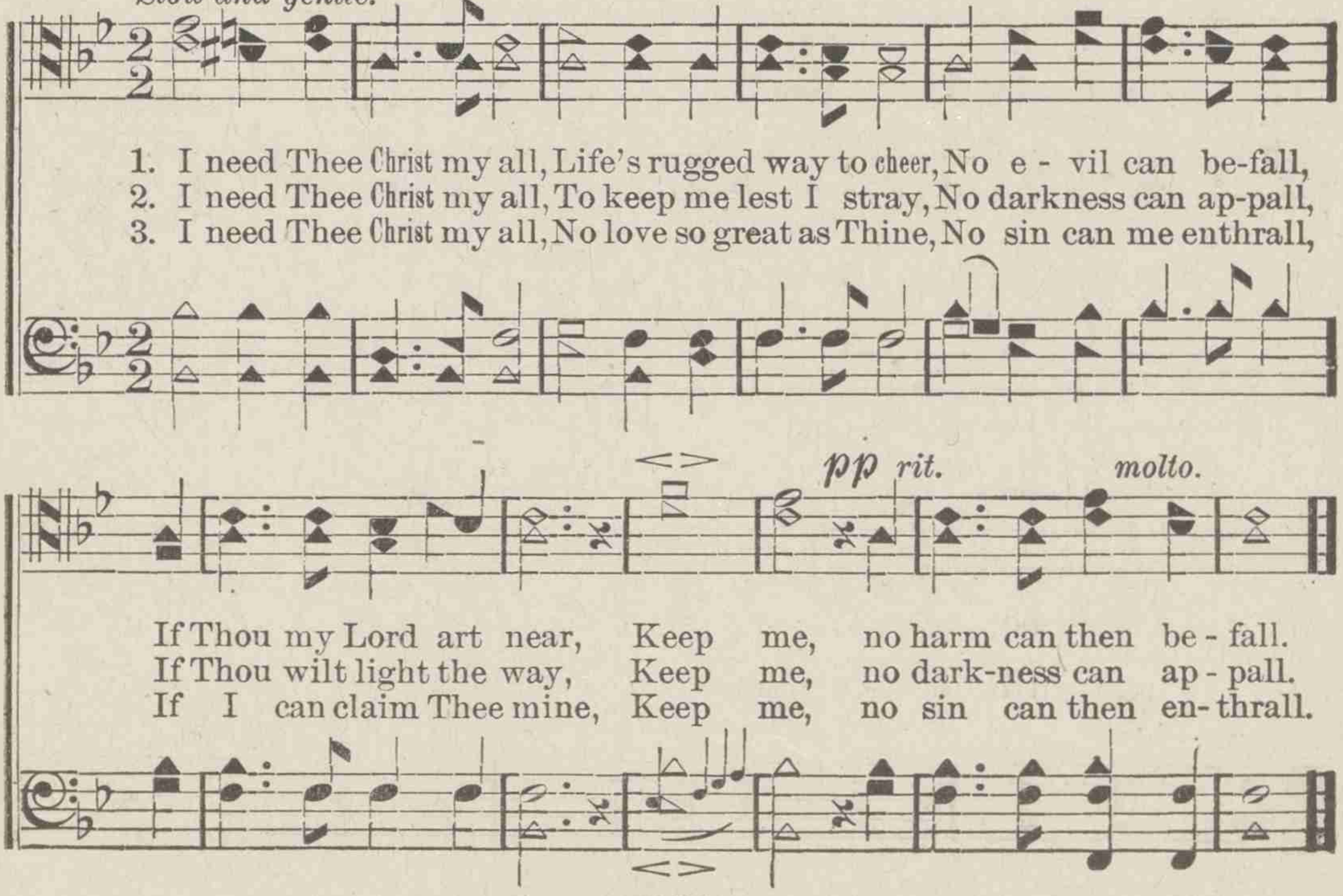


*Several high voices sing small notes.

No. 178. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH. I. B. WOODBURY.

Slow and gentle.



No. 179. BLESS THE LORD.

Anthem.

103d PSALM. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Maestoso.

Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my soul; And all that is with-

in me, bless His ho - ly name, Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my

soul; And all that is with-in me, bless His ho - ly name,

SOLO.

Yea, bless the Lord O, my soul, And for - get not

p

DUET.

all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es.

f TUTTI.
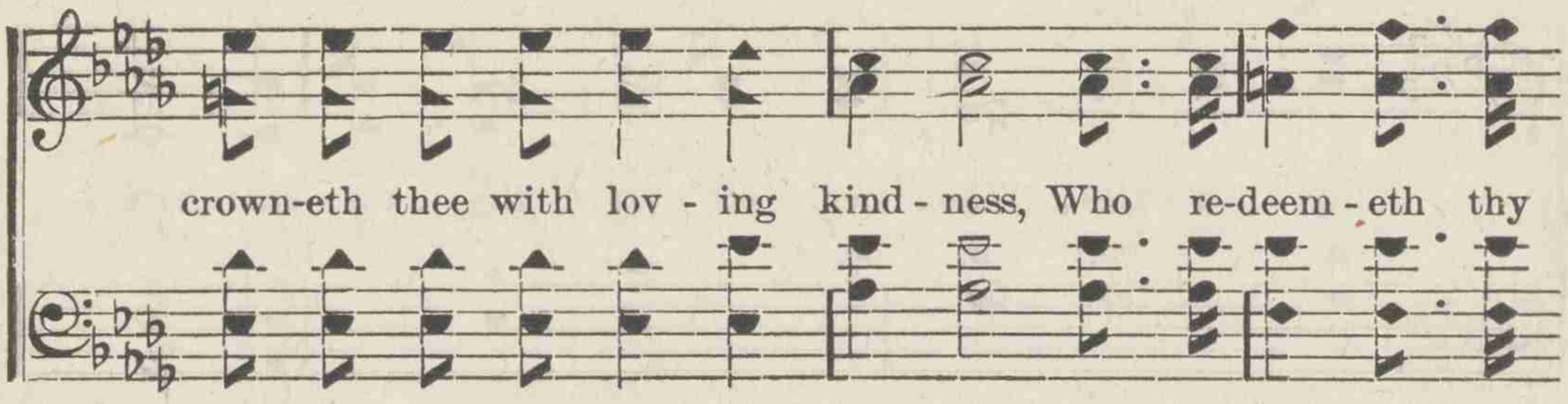
Yea, bless the Lord, O my soul, And for - get not
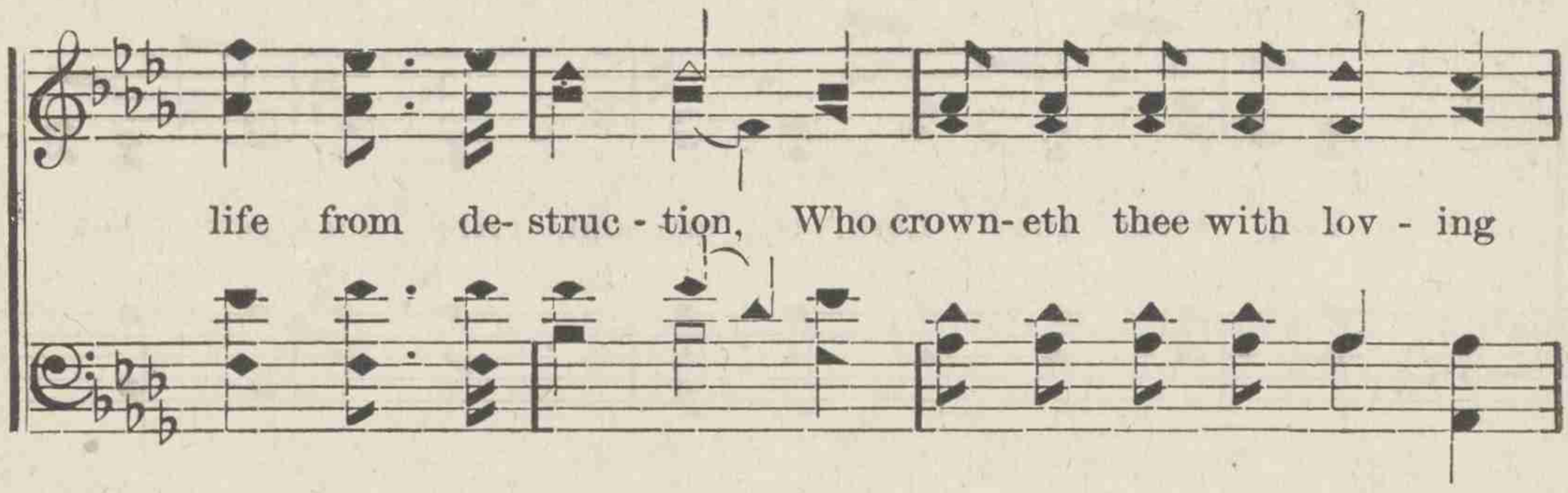
all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

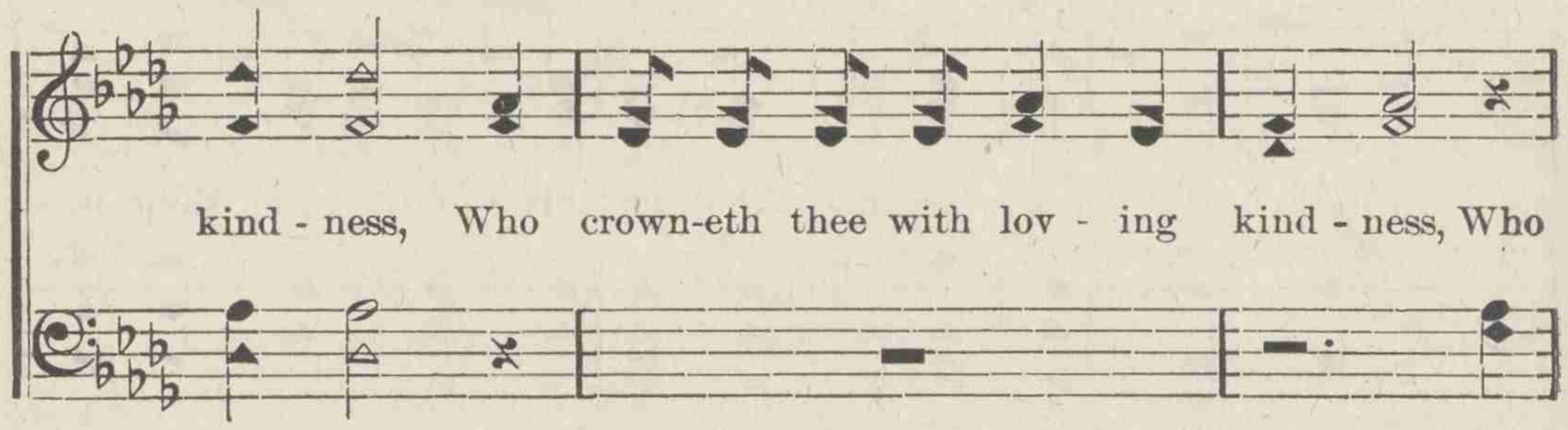
iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es,

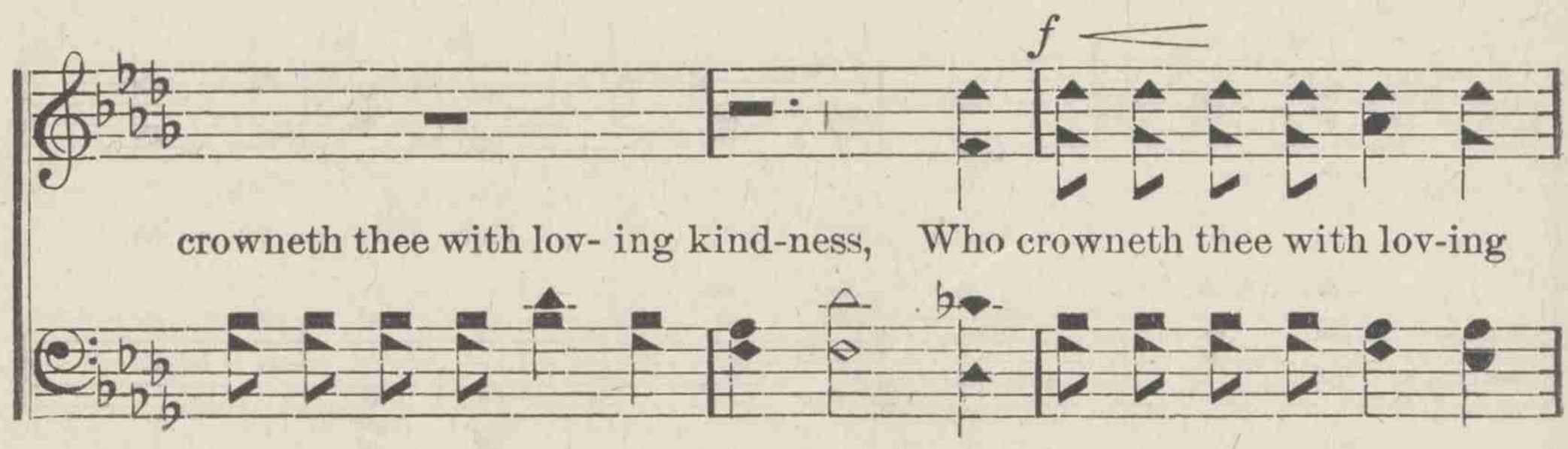
f
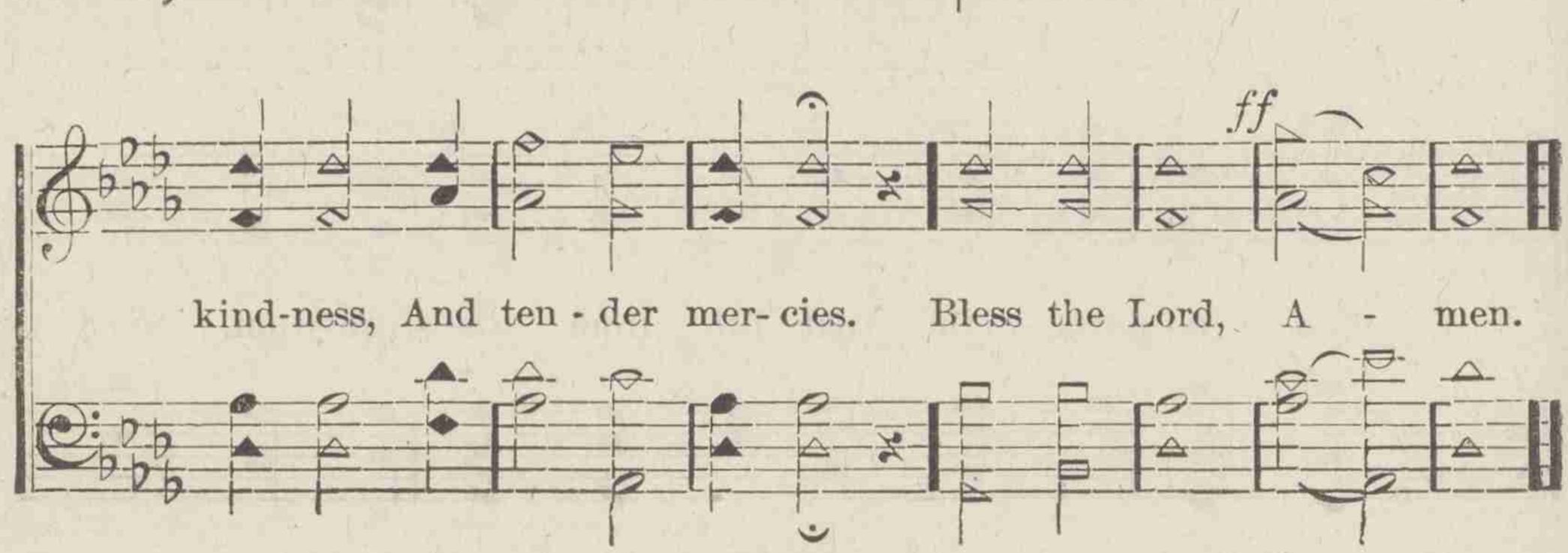
Who re- deem - eth that life from de- struc - tion, Who


crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who re-deem - eth thy


life from de- struc - tion, Who crown- eth thee with lov - ing


kind - ness, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who
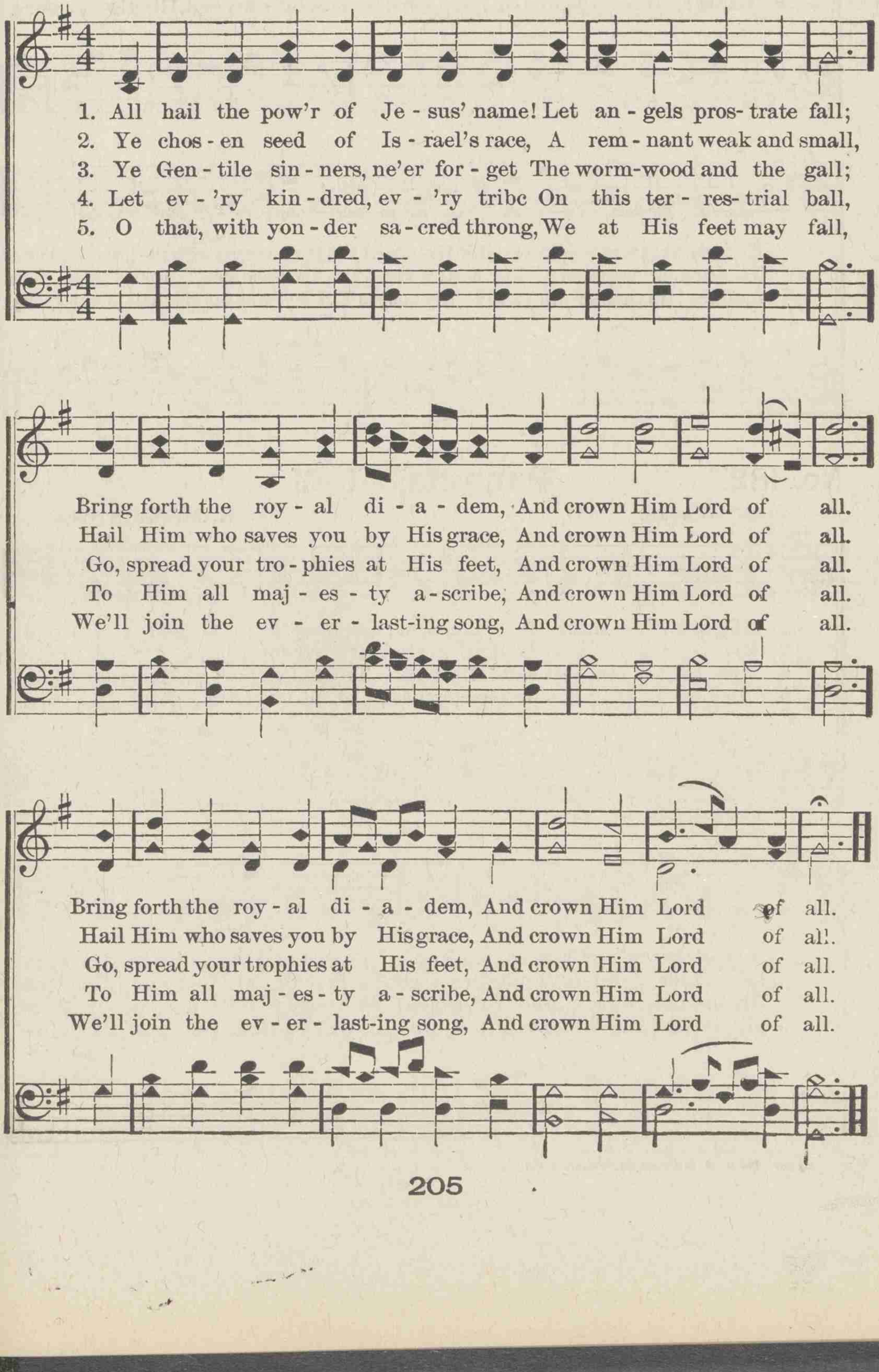

f
crowneth thee with lov- ing kind-ness, Who crowneth thee with lov-ing


ff
kind-ness, And ten - der mer- cies. Bless the Lord, A - men.

SELECTED HYMNS.

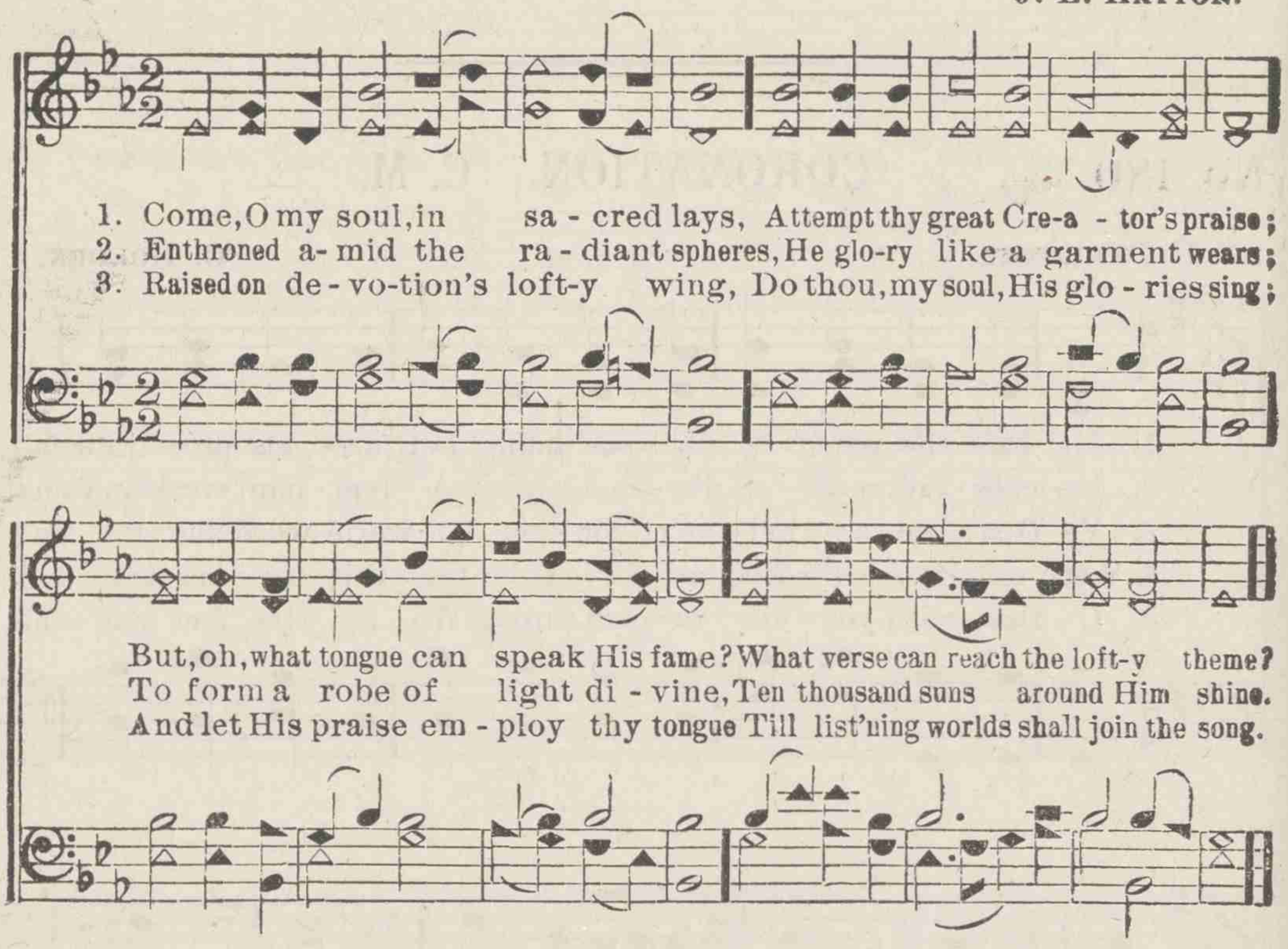
No. 180. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



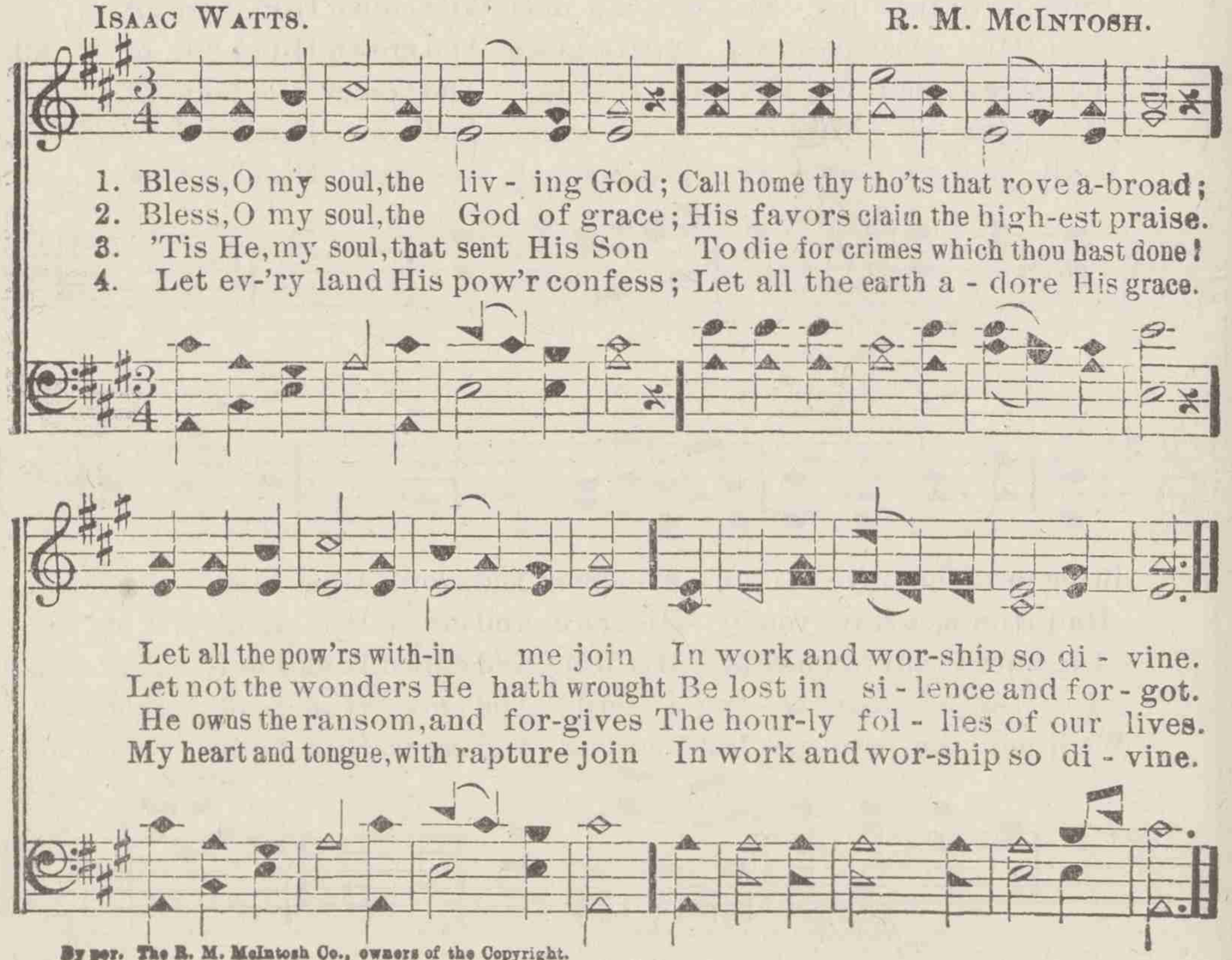
No. 181. Duke St. L. M.

J. L. Hatton.



No. 182. Nauweta. L. M.

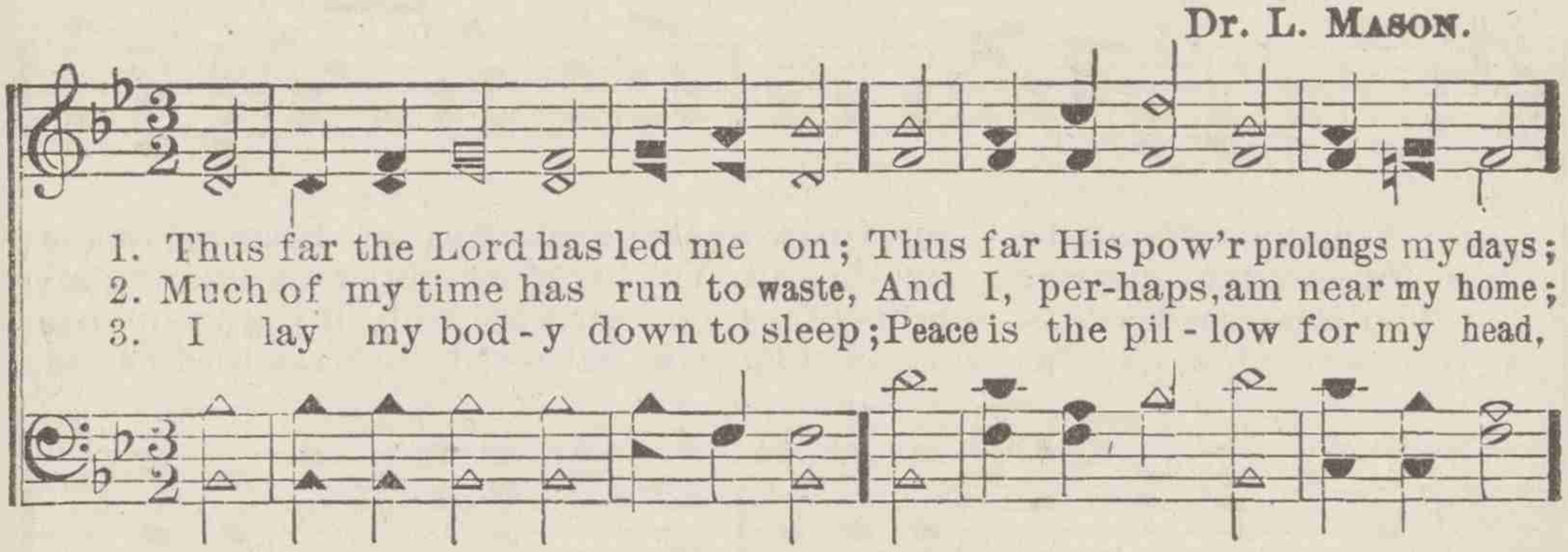
Isaac Watts. R. M. McIntosh.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

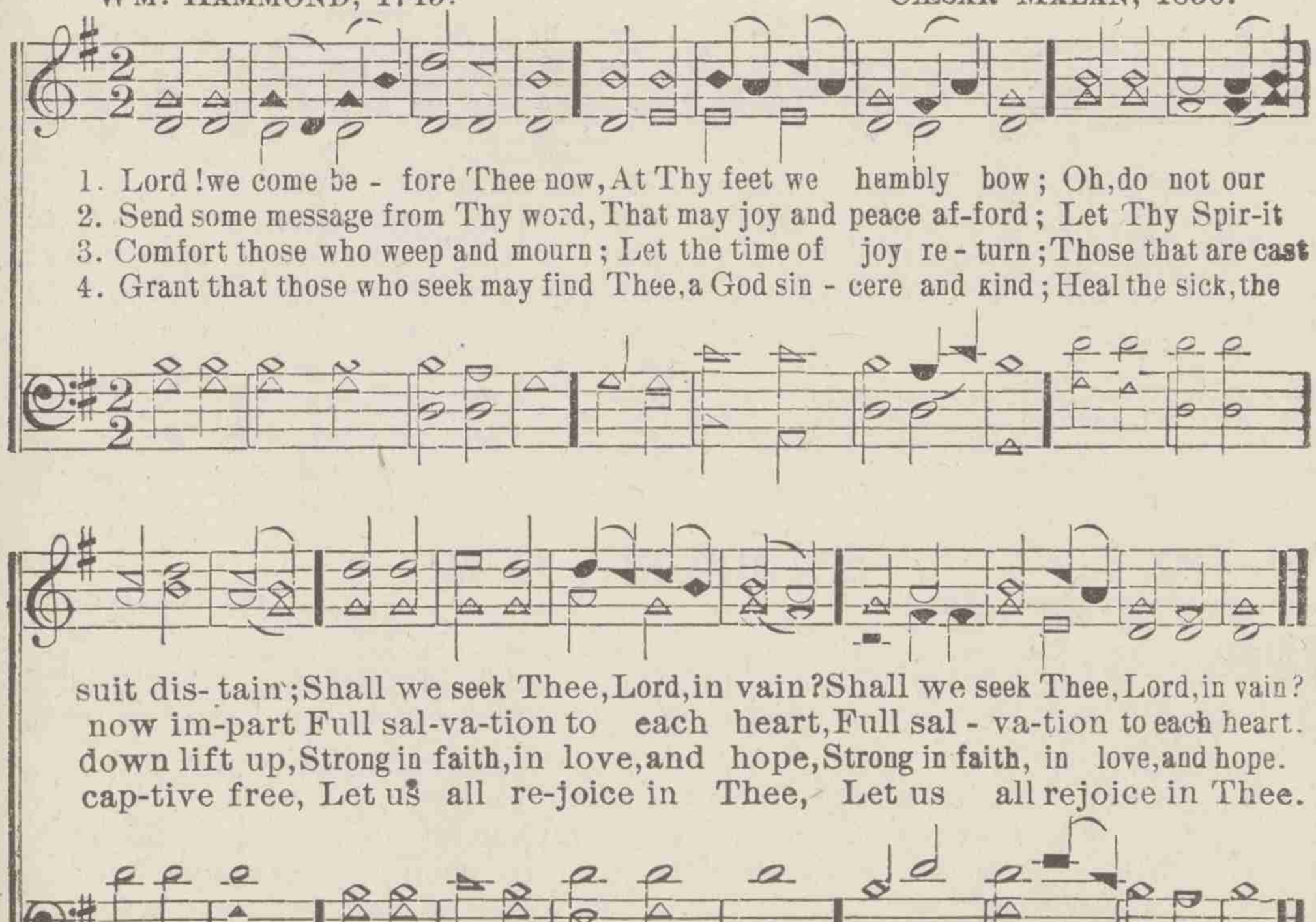
No. 183. Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.
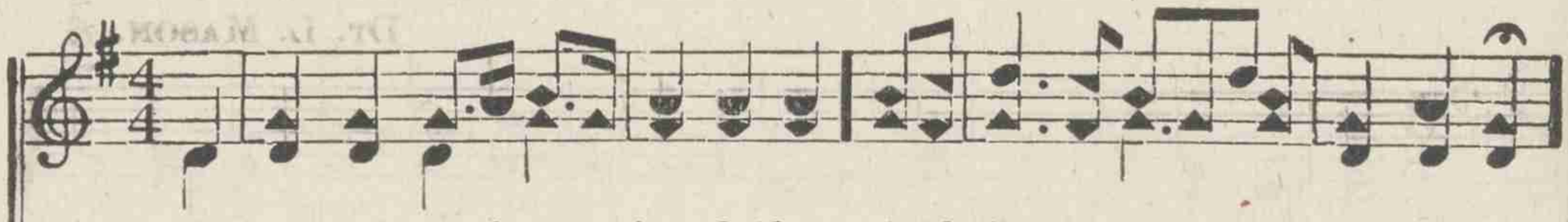


No. 184. Hendon. 7s.

Wm. Hammond, 1745. Cæsar Malan, 1830.

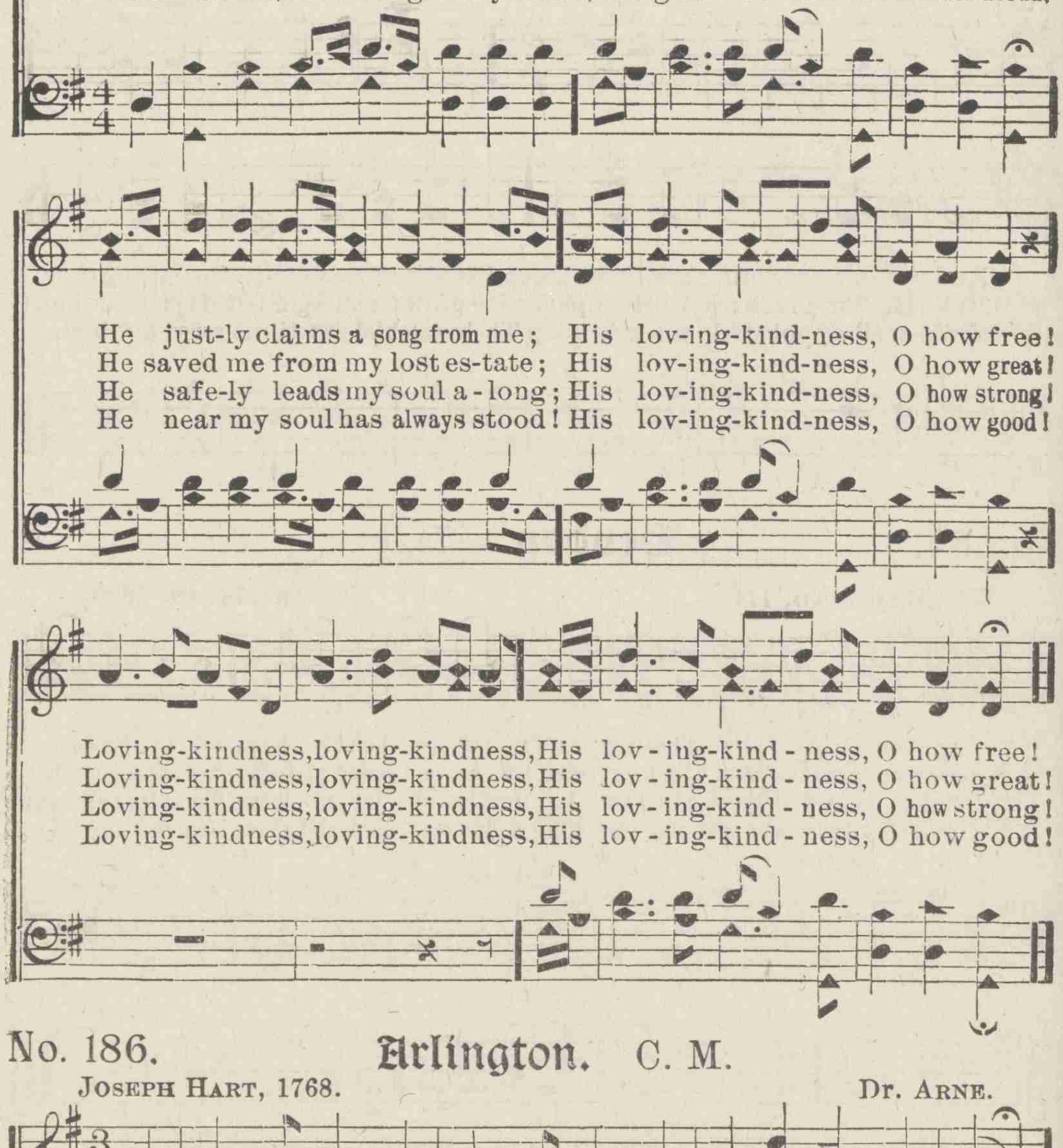


No. 185. Loving-kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Tune.



1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-full lays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin-ed by the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num-'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!

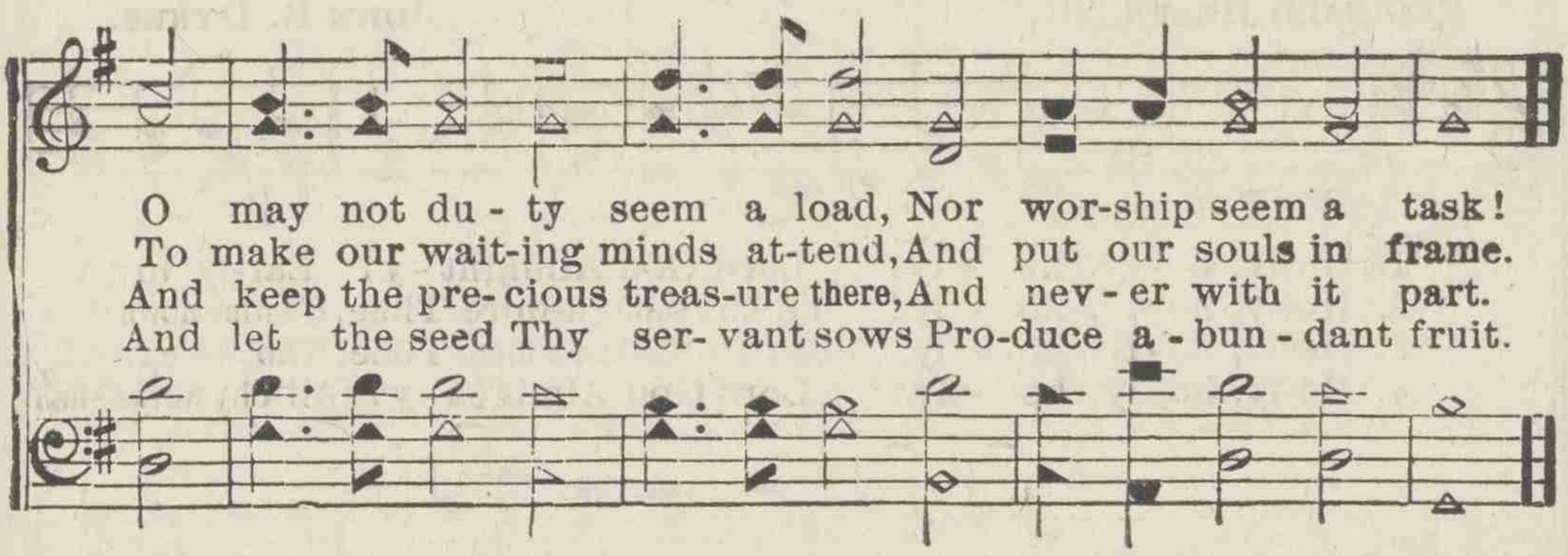
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!

No. 186. Arlington. C. M.

JOSEPH HART, 1768. DR. ARNE.

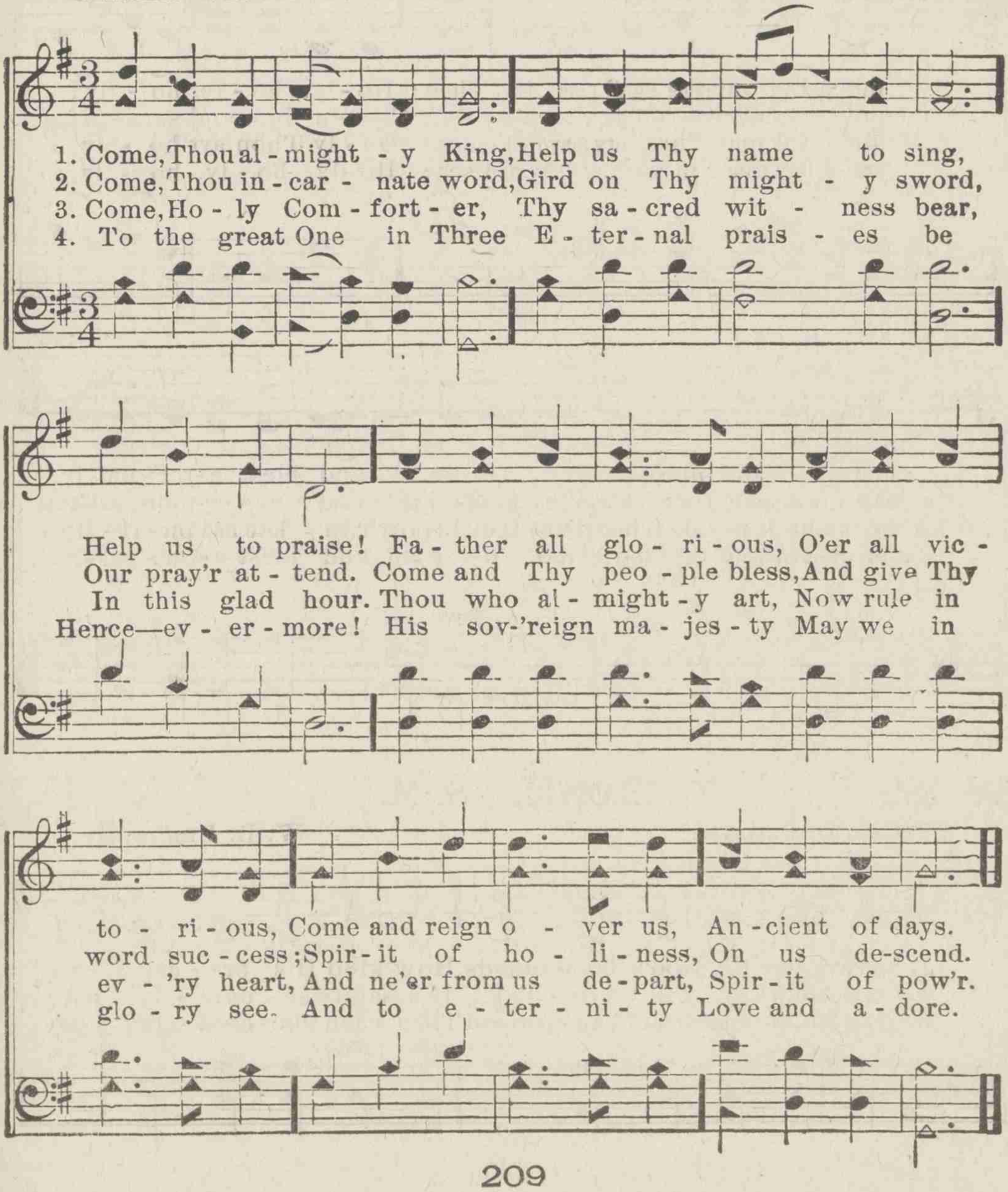
1. Once more we come be-fore our God; Once more His bless-ings ask.
2. Fa-ther, Thy quick-'ning Spir-it send From heav'n in Je-sus' name,
3. May we re-ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart;
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dis-pose, To each Thy blessings suit,

Arlington. (Concluded.)



No. 187. Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

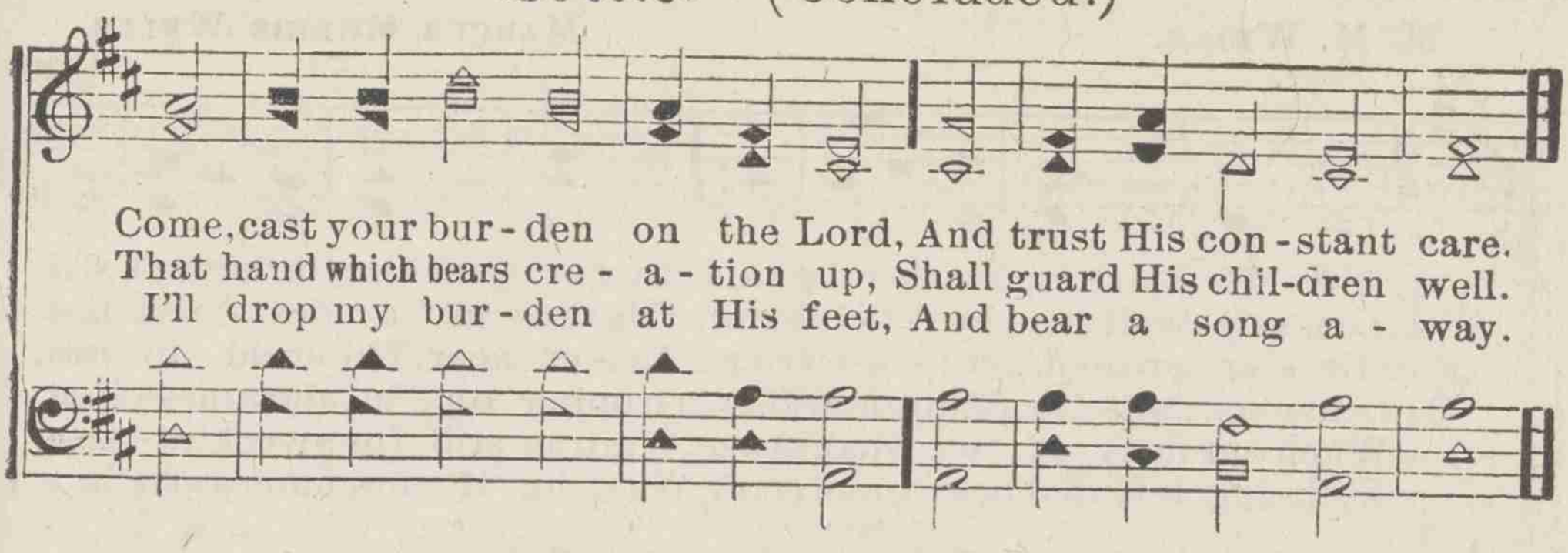
CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.



No. 188. Nicæa. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

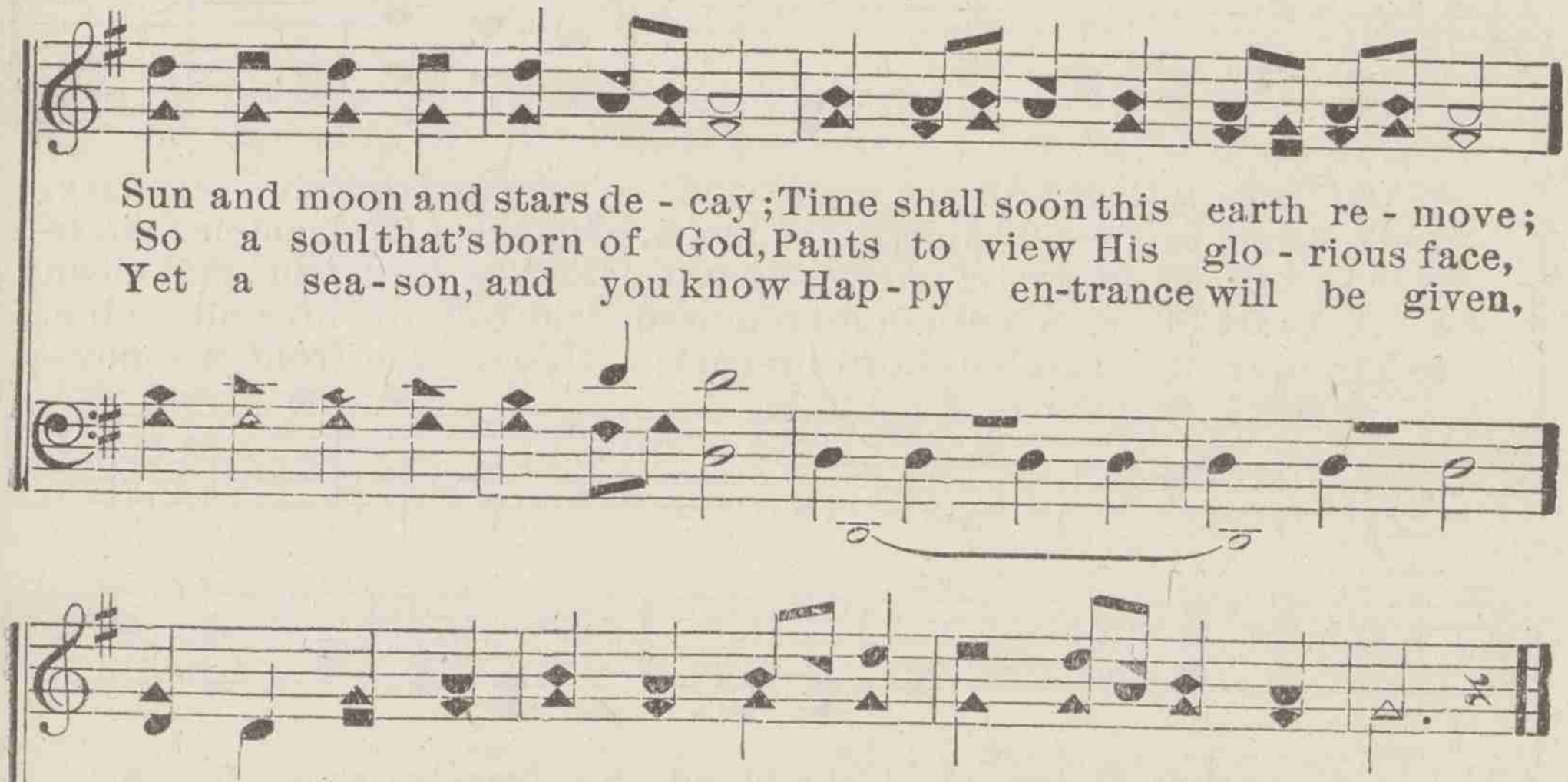
REGINALD HEBER, alt. JOHN B. DYKES.
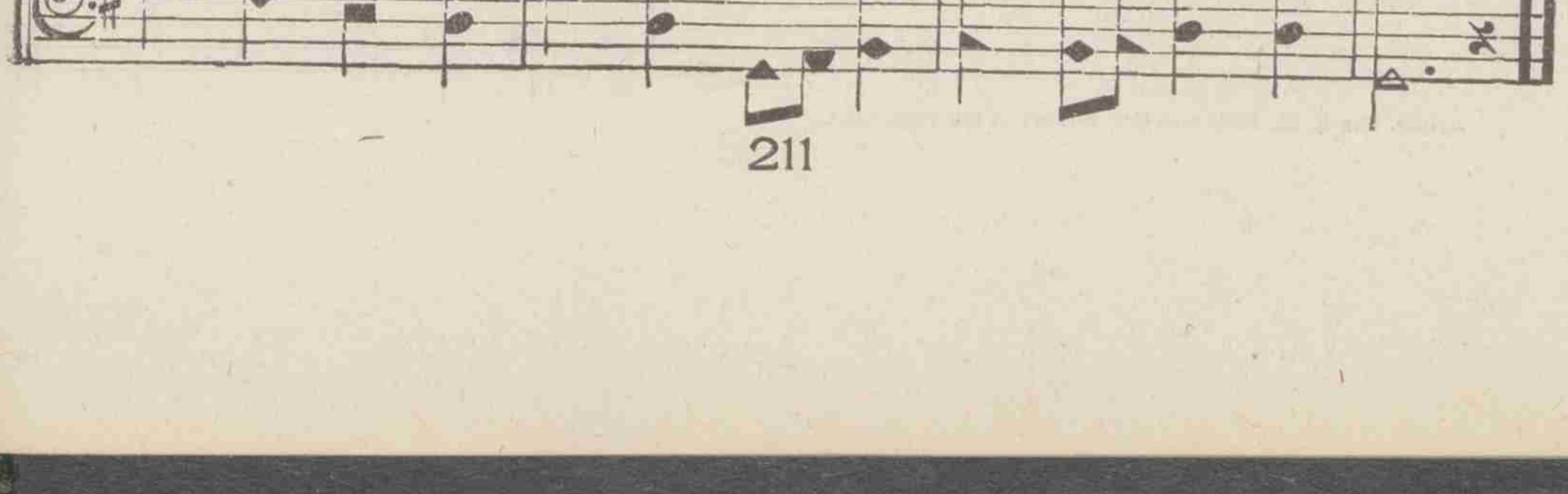
Lottie. (Concluded.)



No. 190. Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

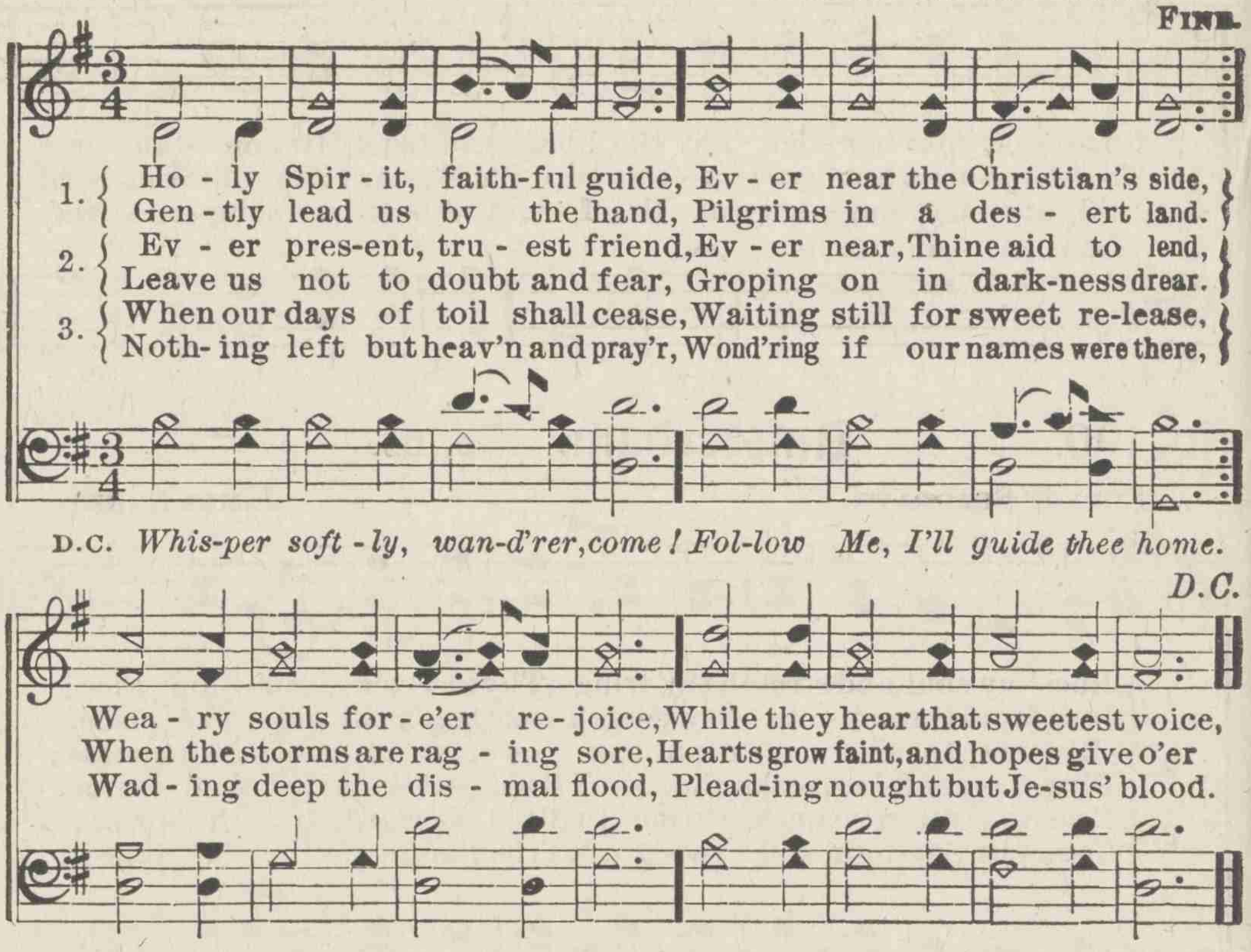
ROBERT SEAGRAVE. JAMES NARES.





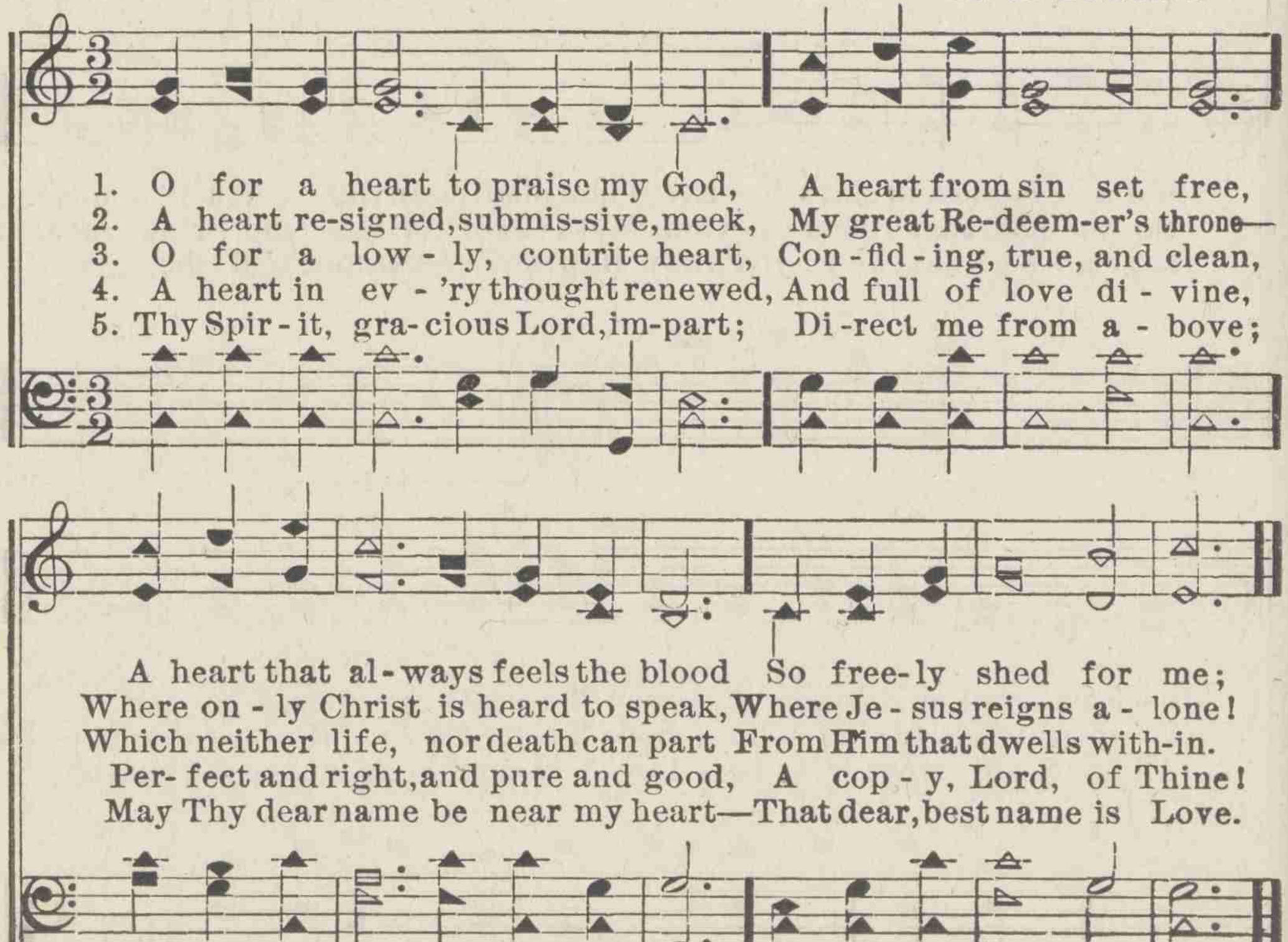
No. 191. Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



No. 192. Spring. C. M.

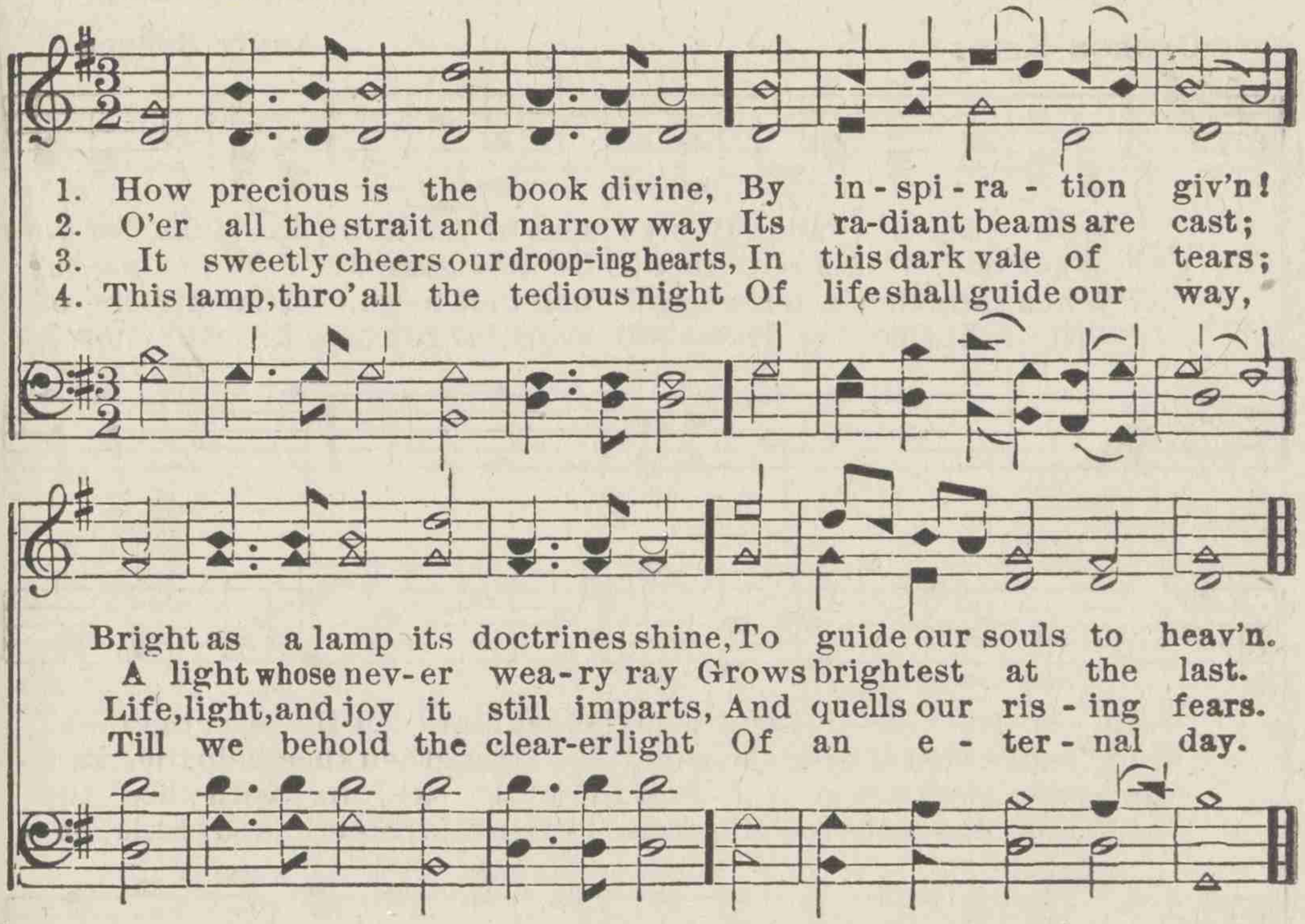
CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

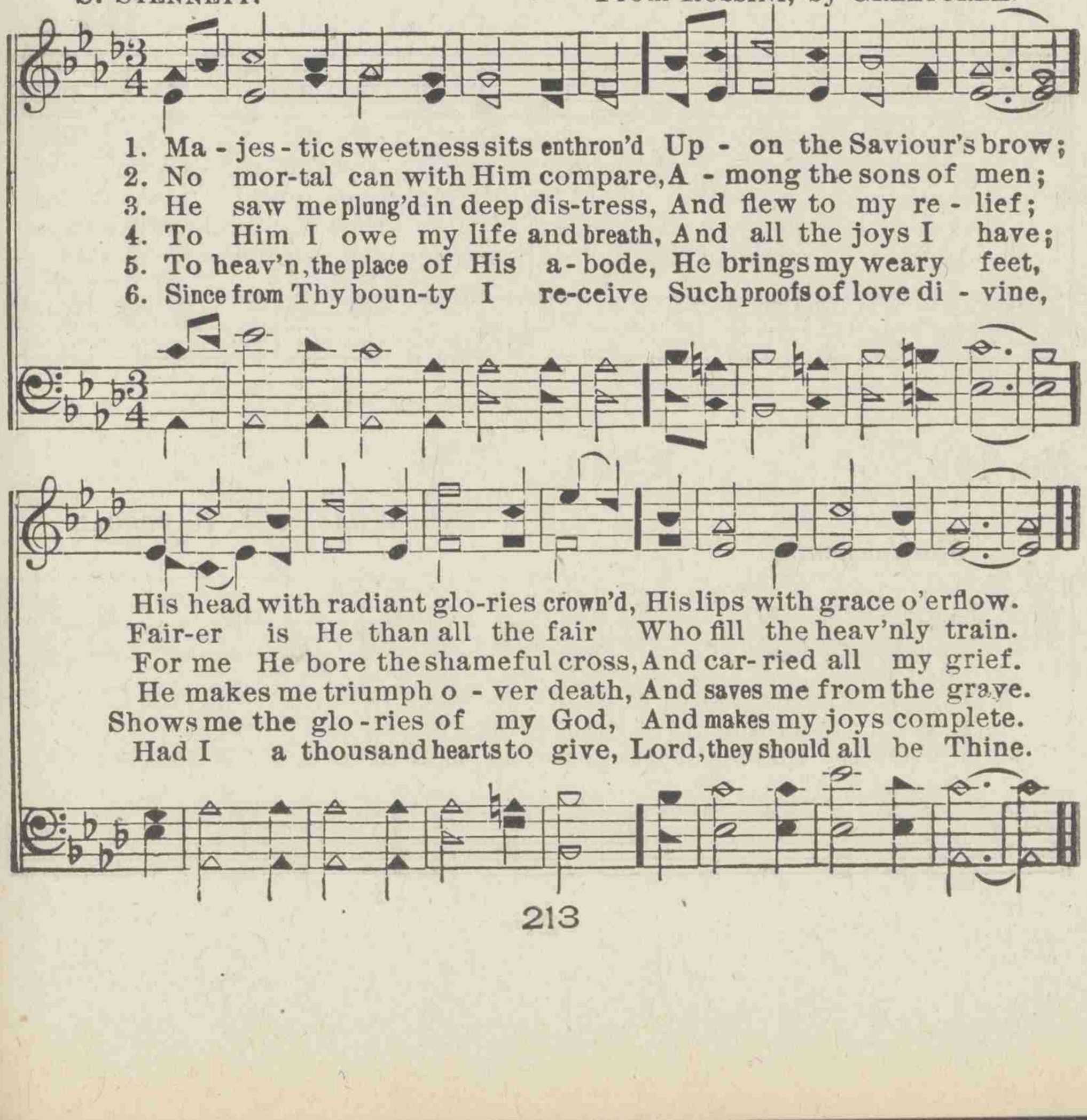
No. 193. Woodstock. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. DUTTON, 1829.



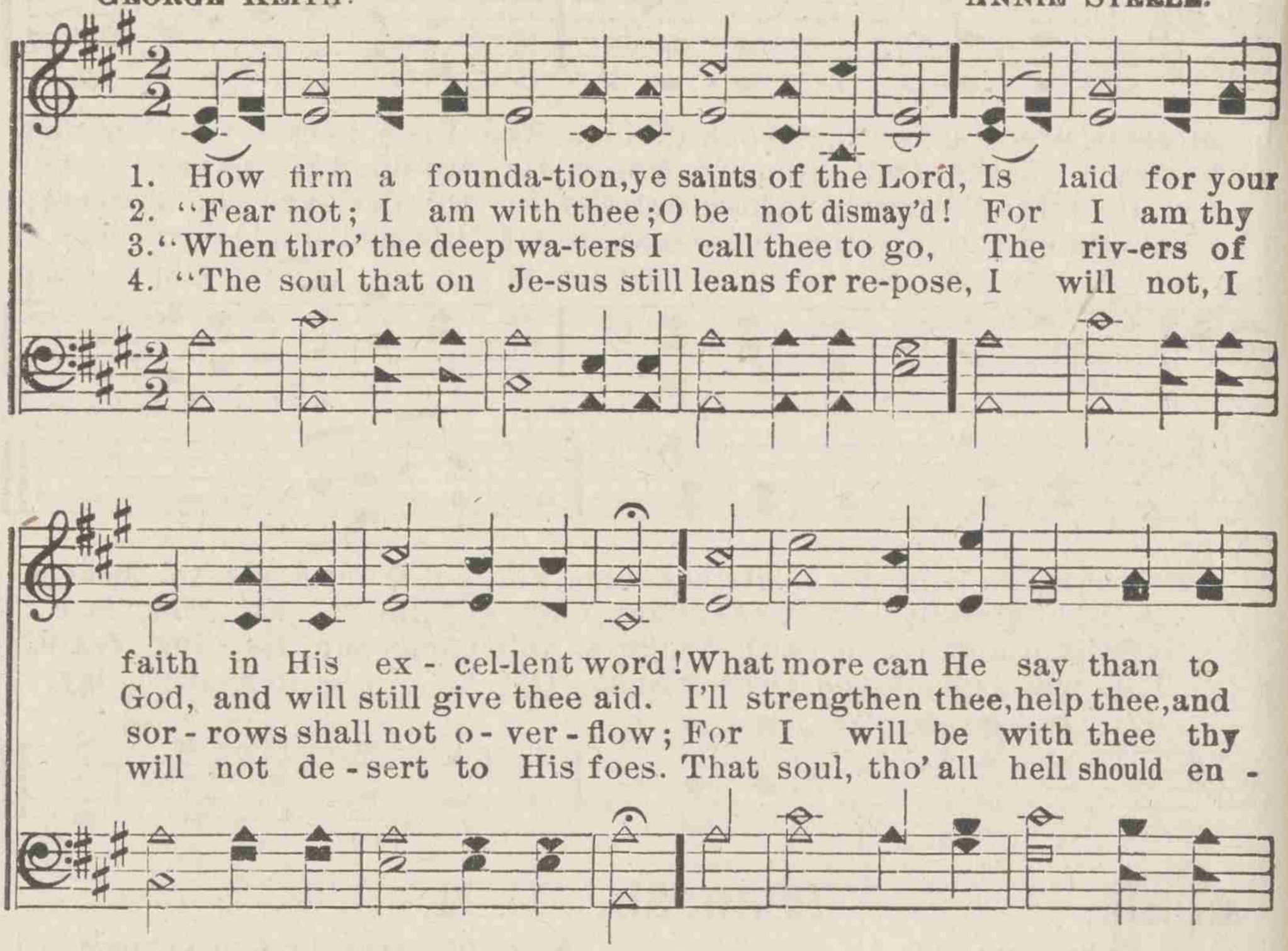
No. 194. Manoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



No. 195. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.
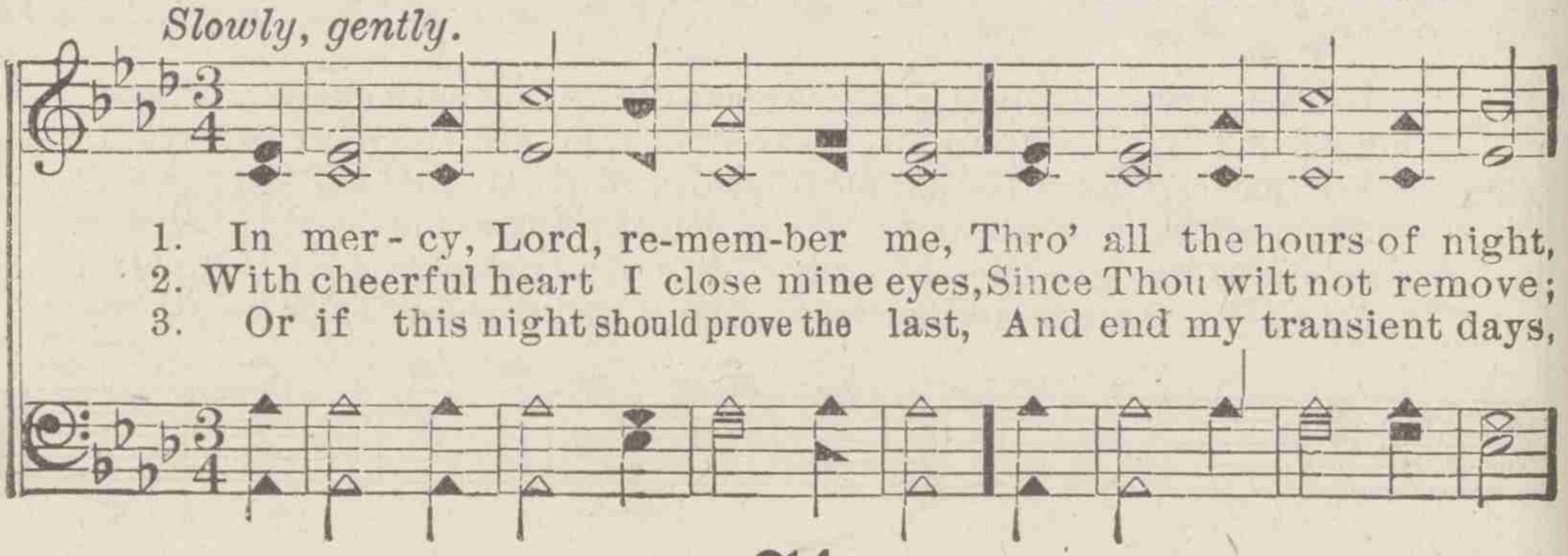
GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



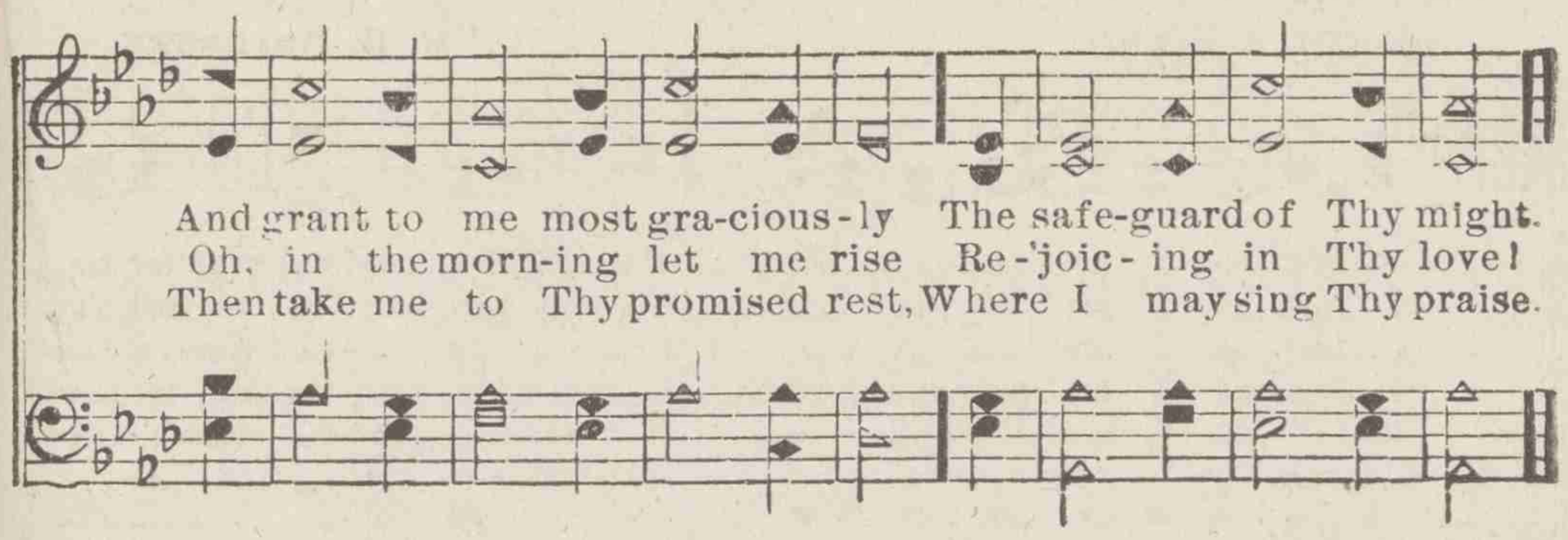
No. 196. Evan. C. M.

REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

Slowly, gently.

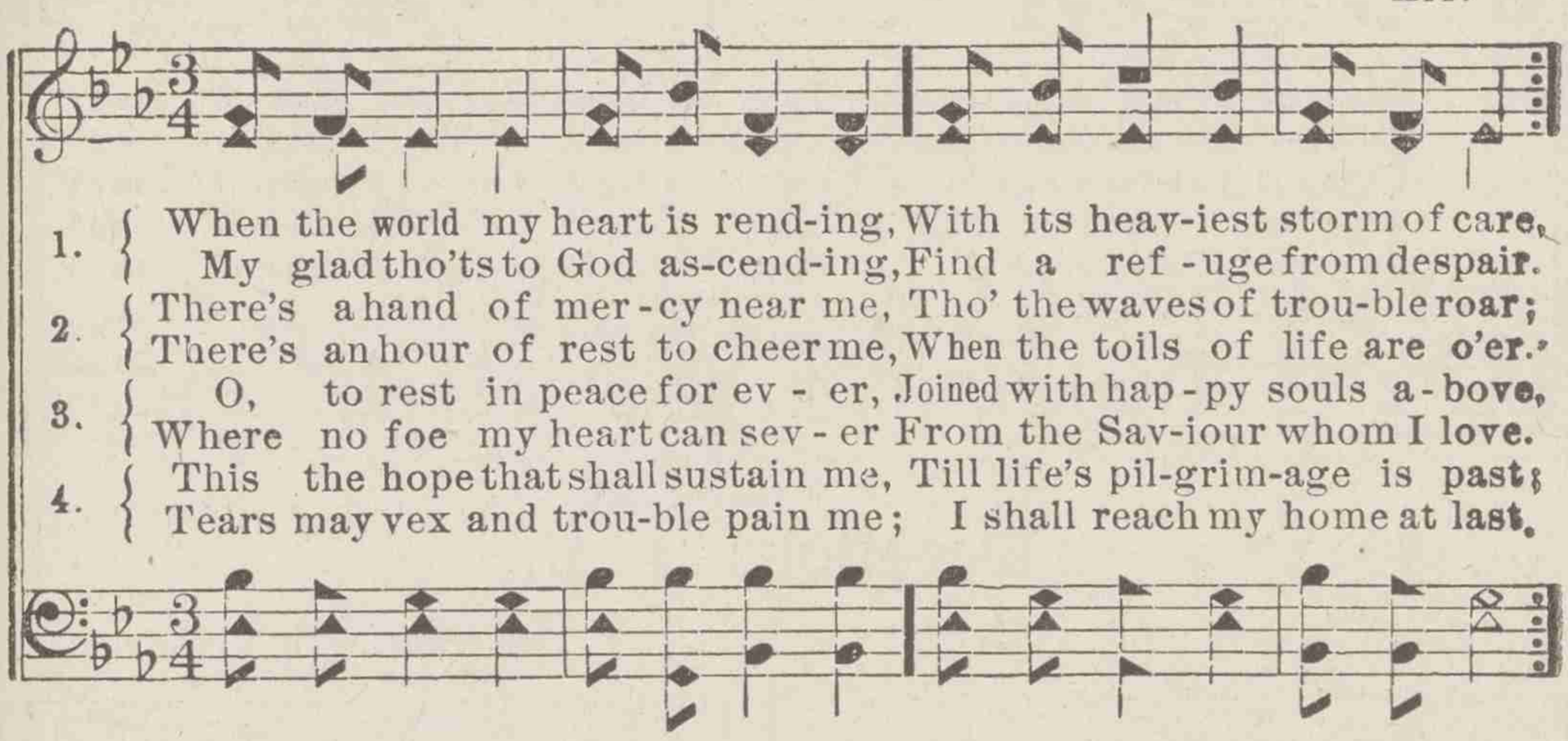


Evan. (Concluded.)

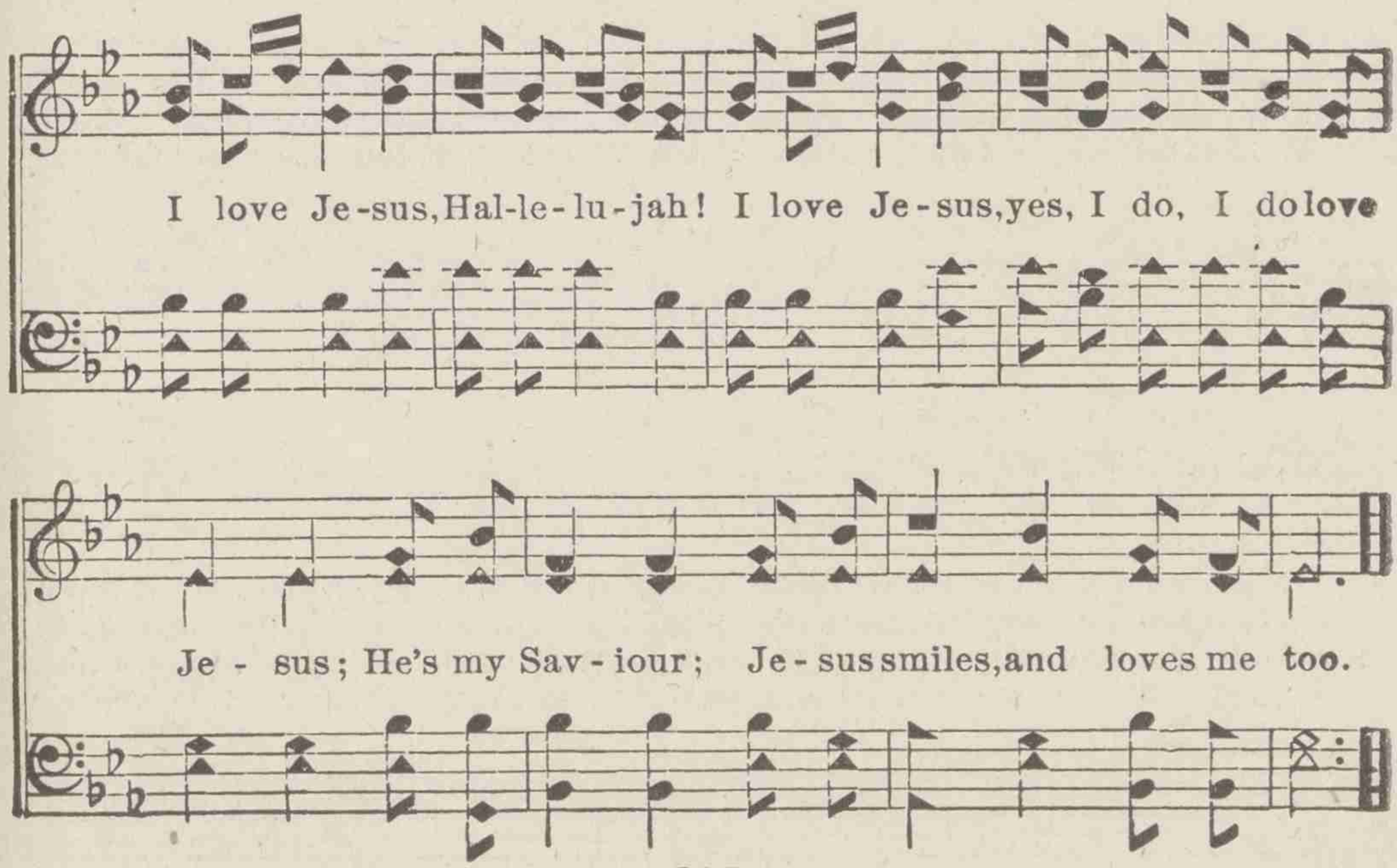


No. 197. I Love Jesus. 8s & 7s.

Arr.

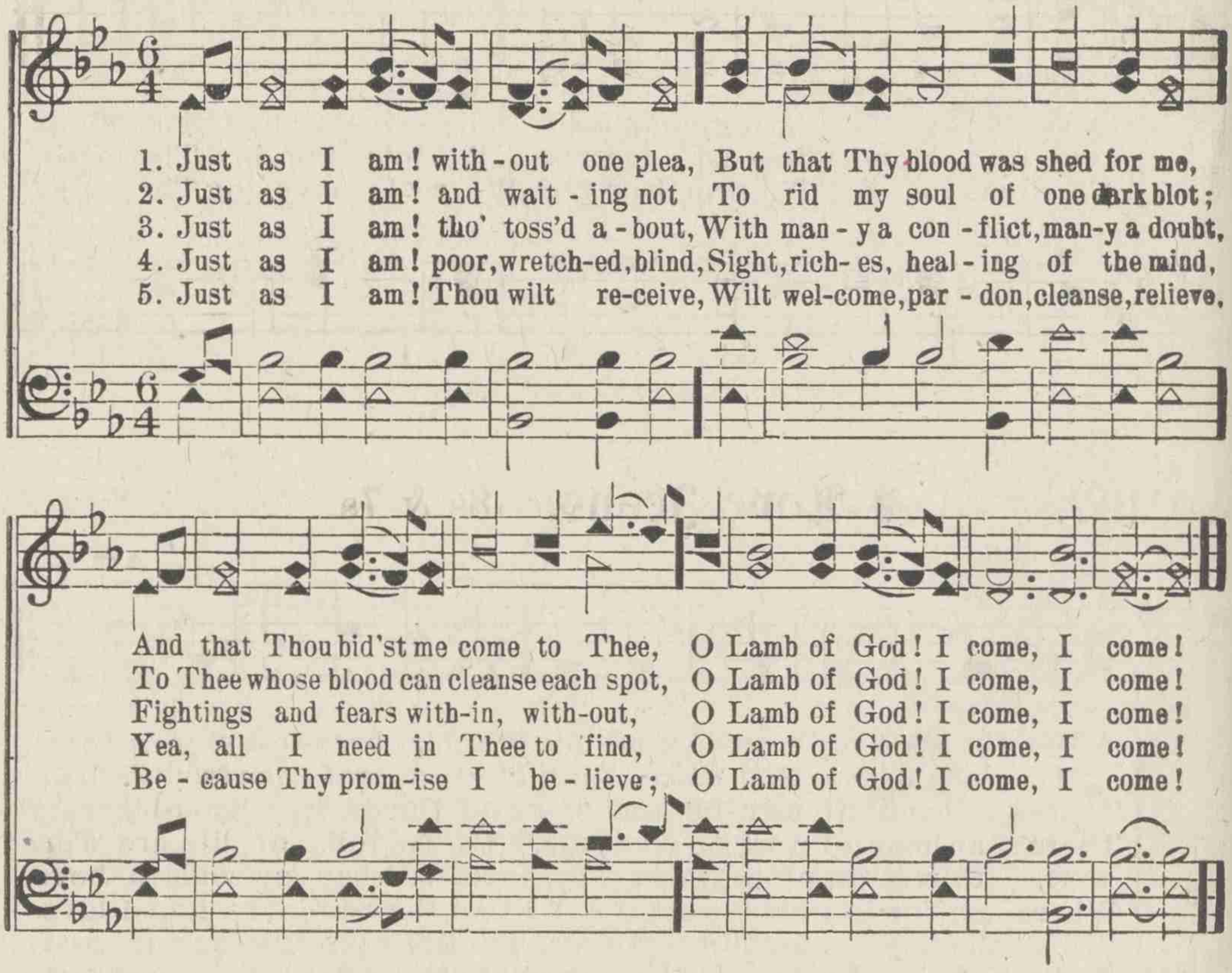


CHORUS



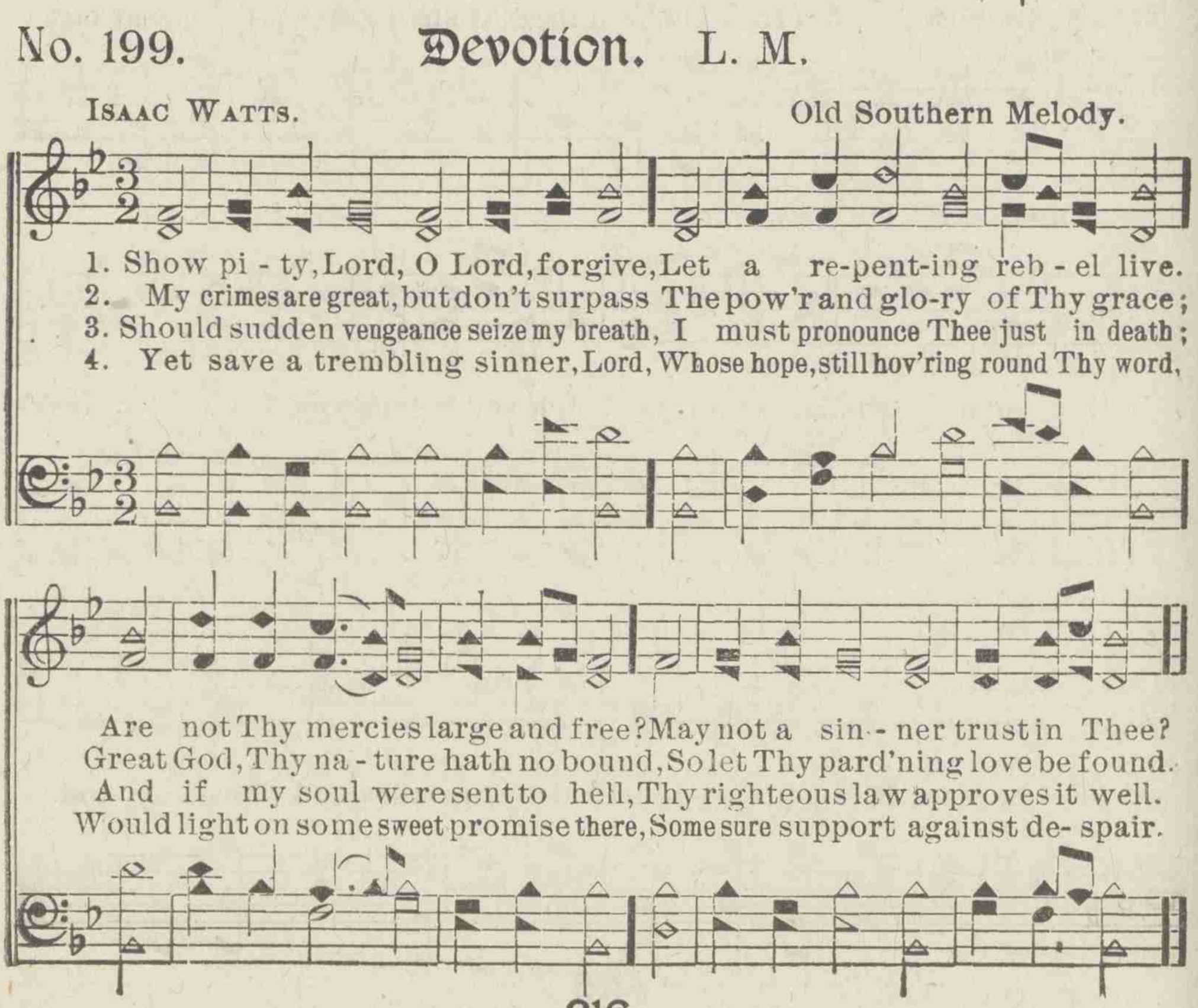
No. 198. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY



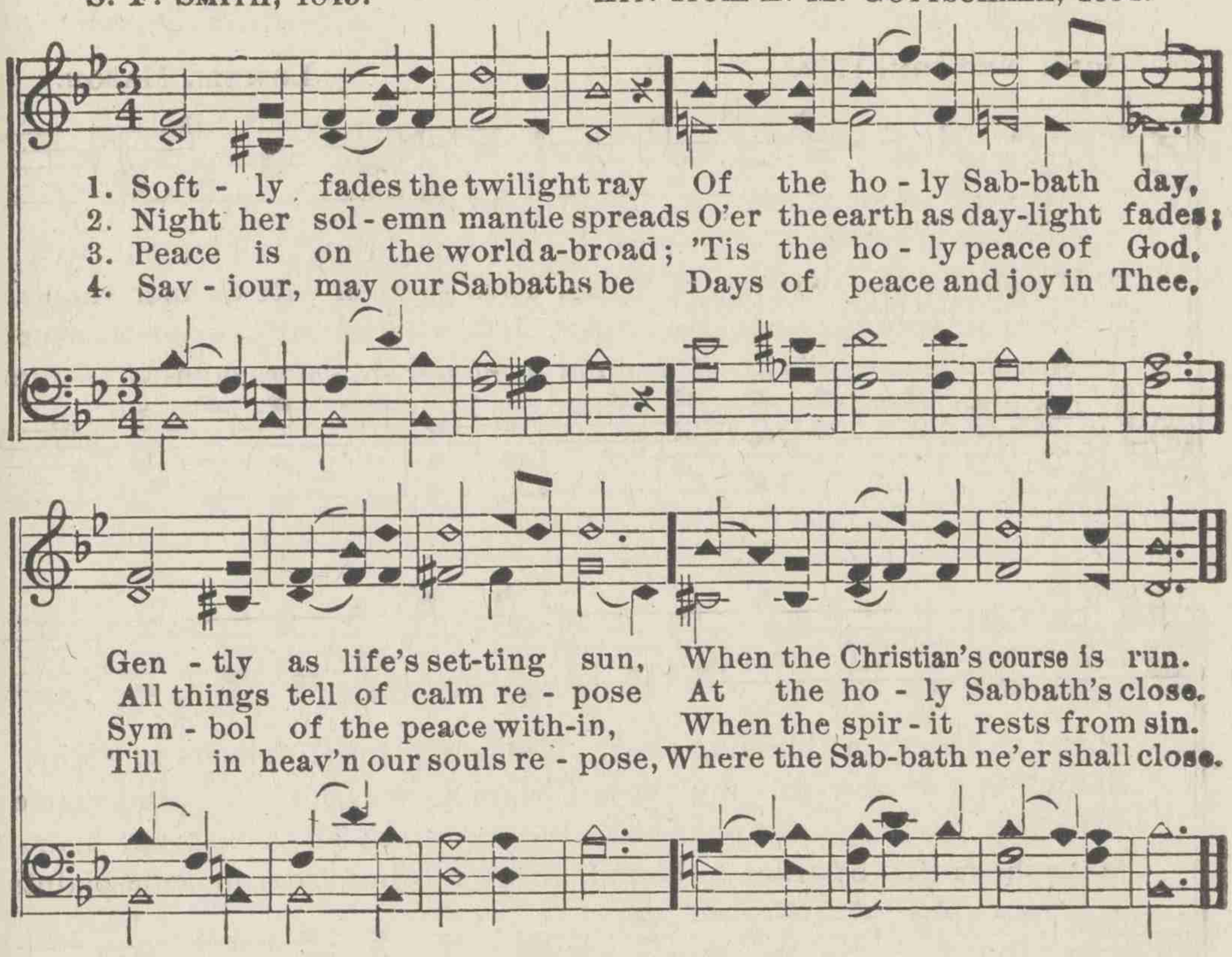
No. 199. Devotion. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



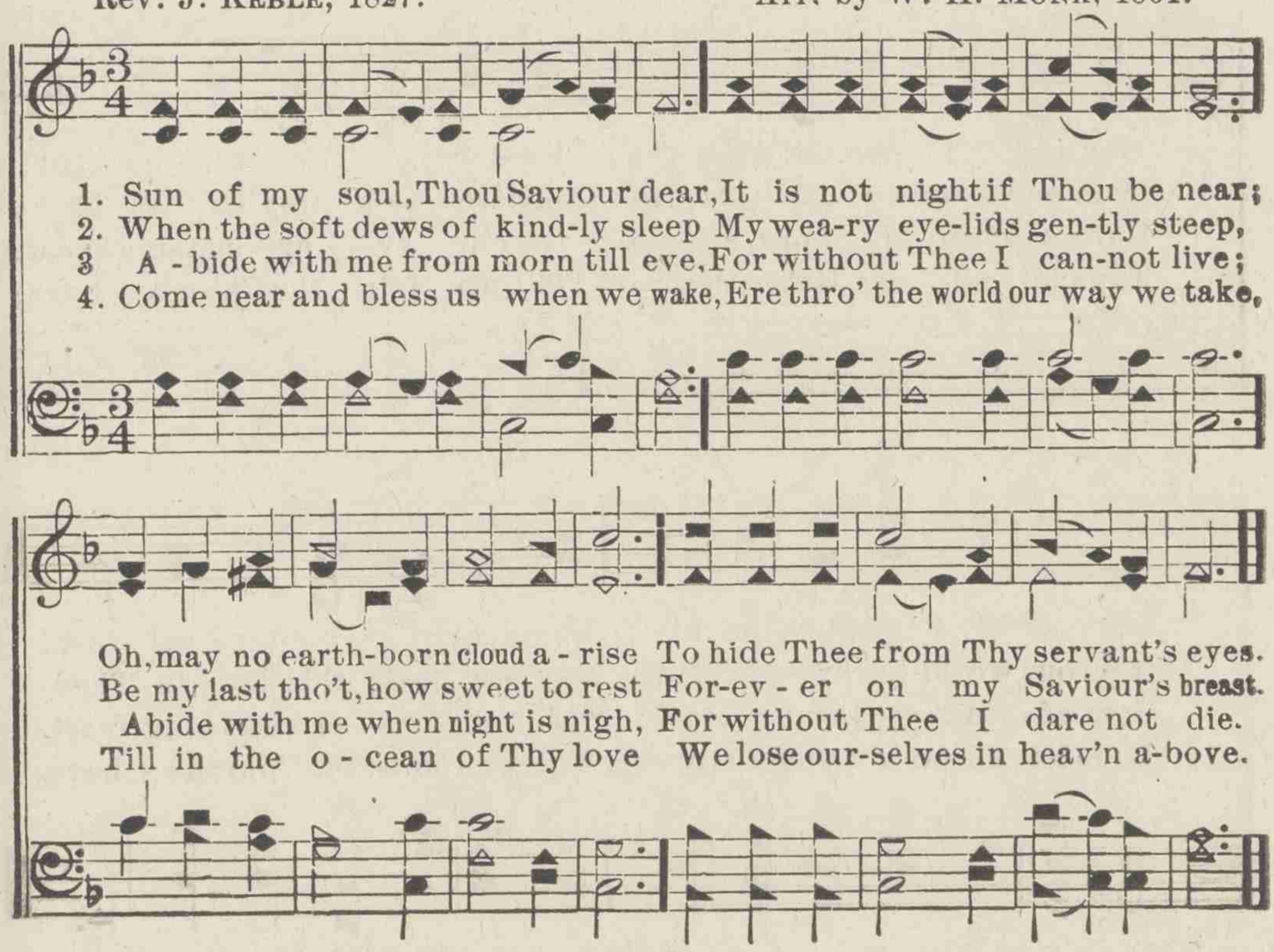
No. 200. Last Hope. 7s.

S. F. Smith, 1843. Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk, 1854.



No. 201. Hursley. L. M.

Rev. J. Keble, 1827. Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861.
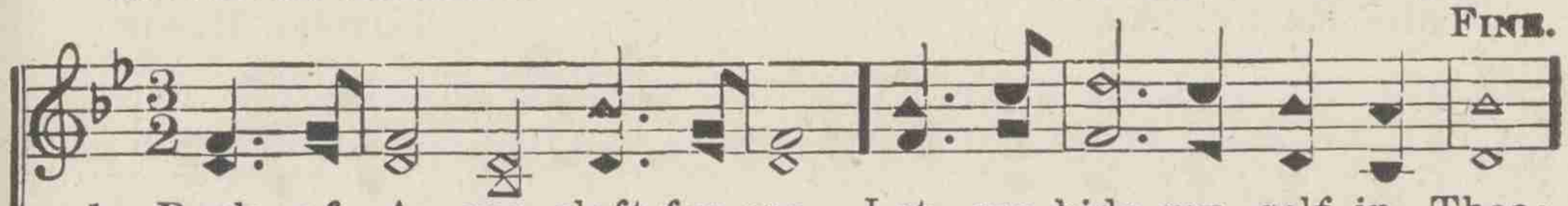


No. 202. Sabbath. 7s.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. LOWELL MASON.
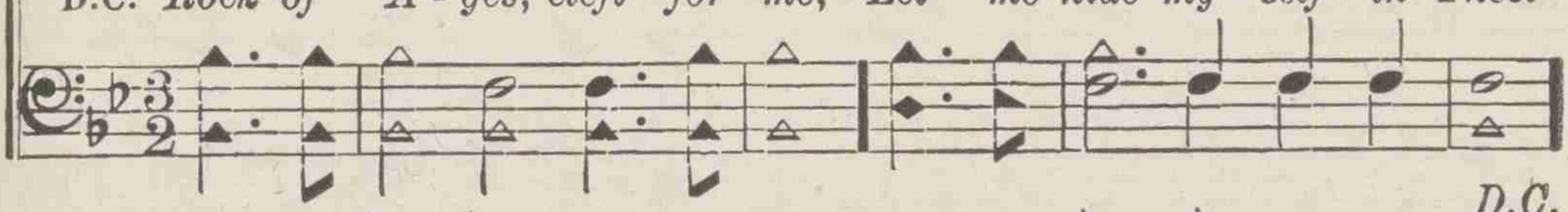
No. 203. Toplady. 7s.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

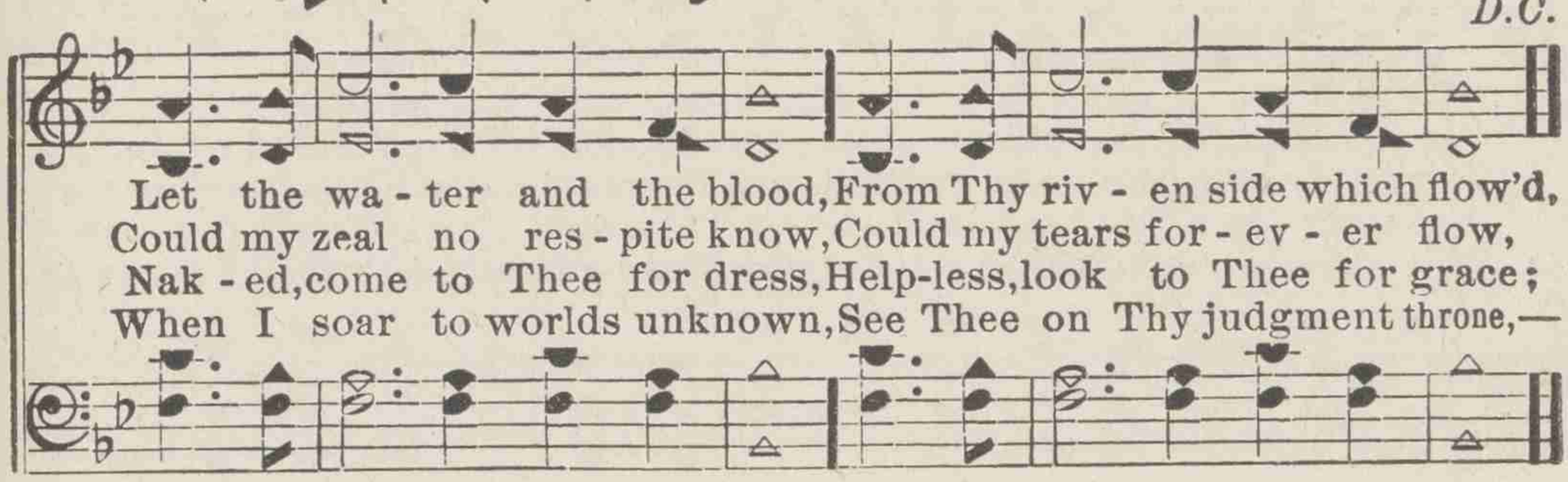
Fine.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D.C. *Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.*
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws' demands;
D.C. *All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.*
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
D.C. *Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.*
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.*
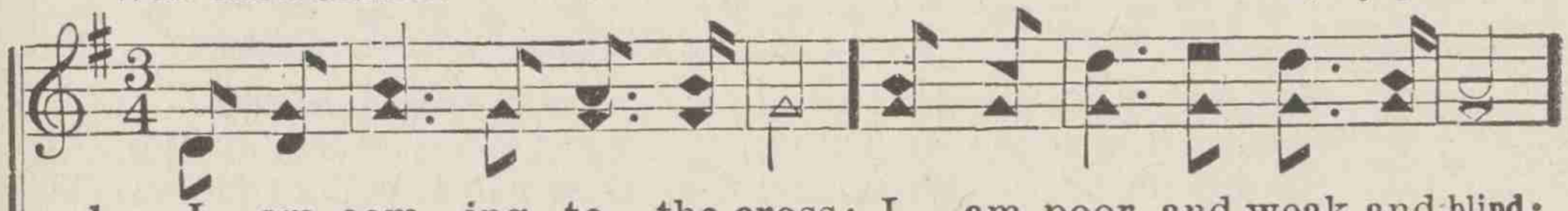


D.C.
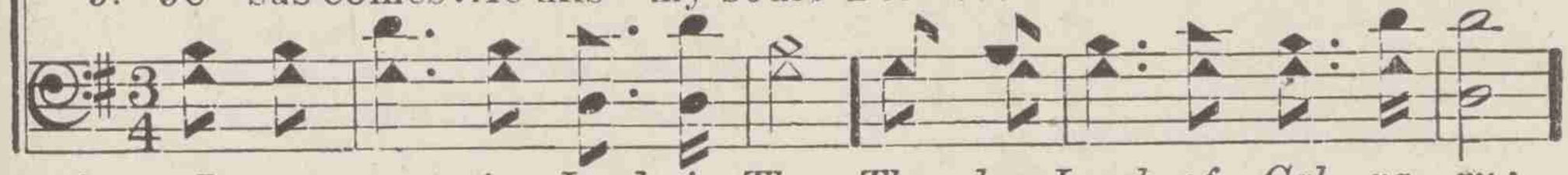


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 204. Trusting. 7s.

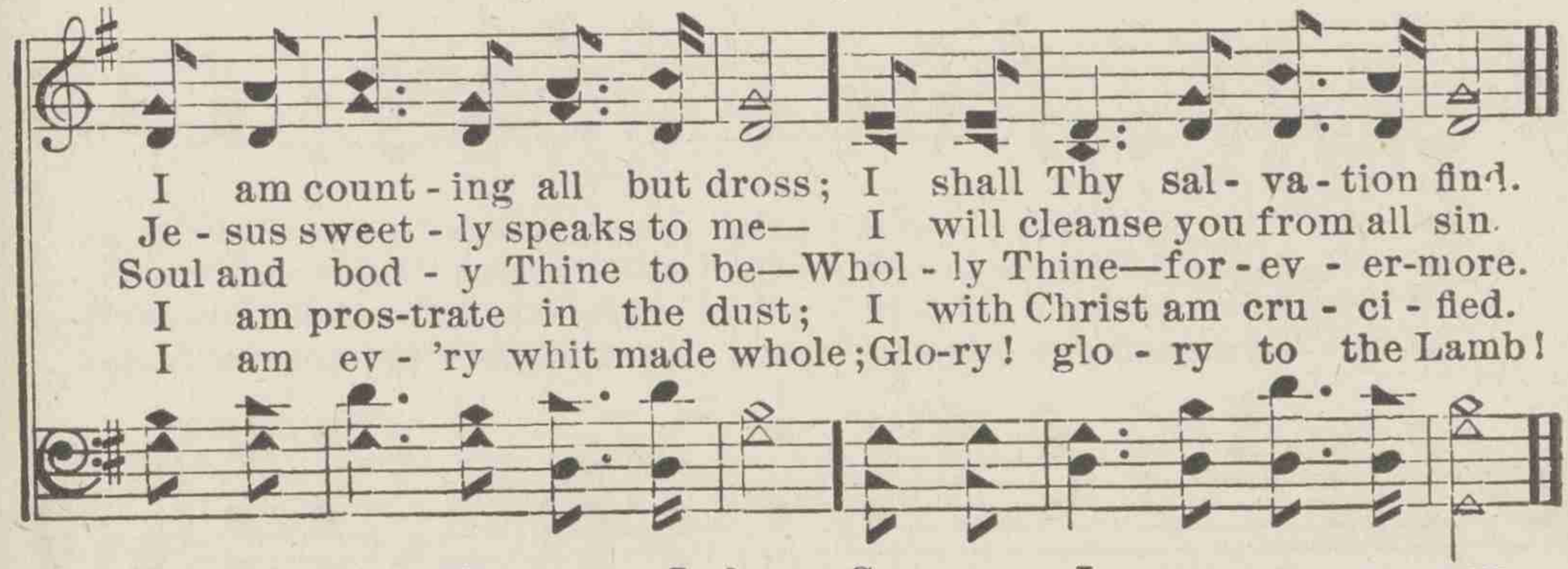
Wm. McDonald. W. G. Fischer, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in love I am!



Cho. *I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*



I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 205. Barwell. 8s & 7s.

THOS. KELLY, 1806. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown;
4. Sav - iour, hast-en Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
When, the aw - ful summons hearing, Heav-en and earth shall pass away.

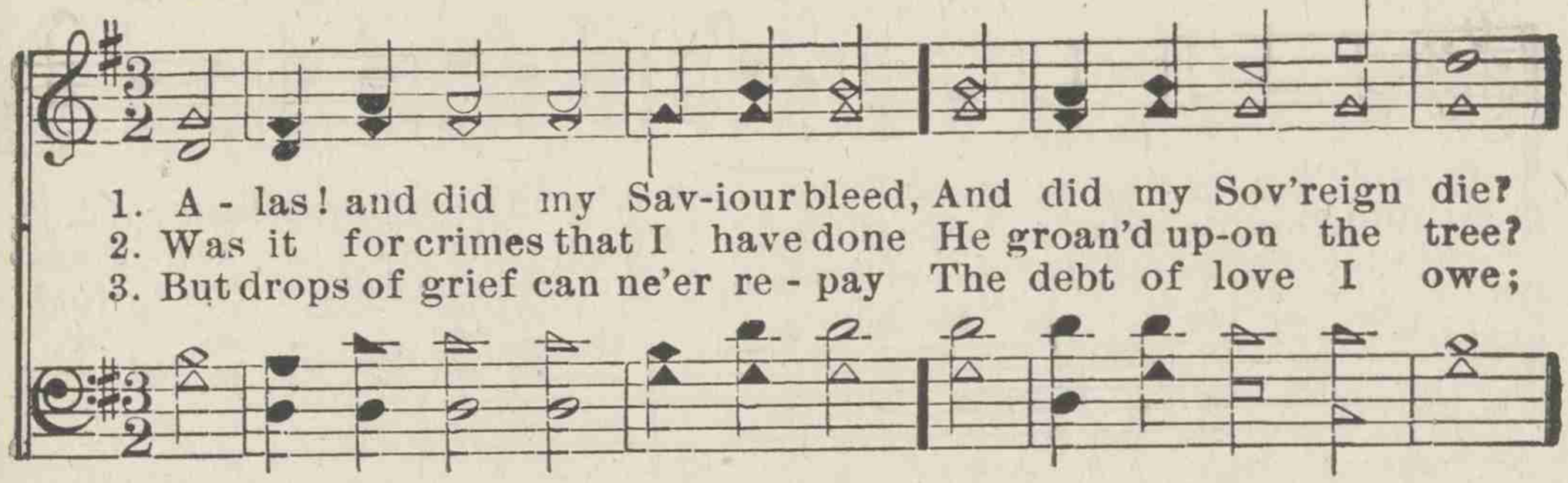
See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King!"
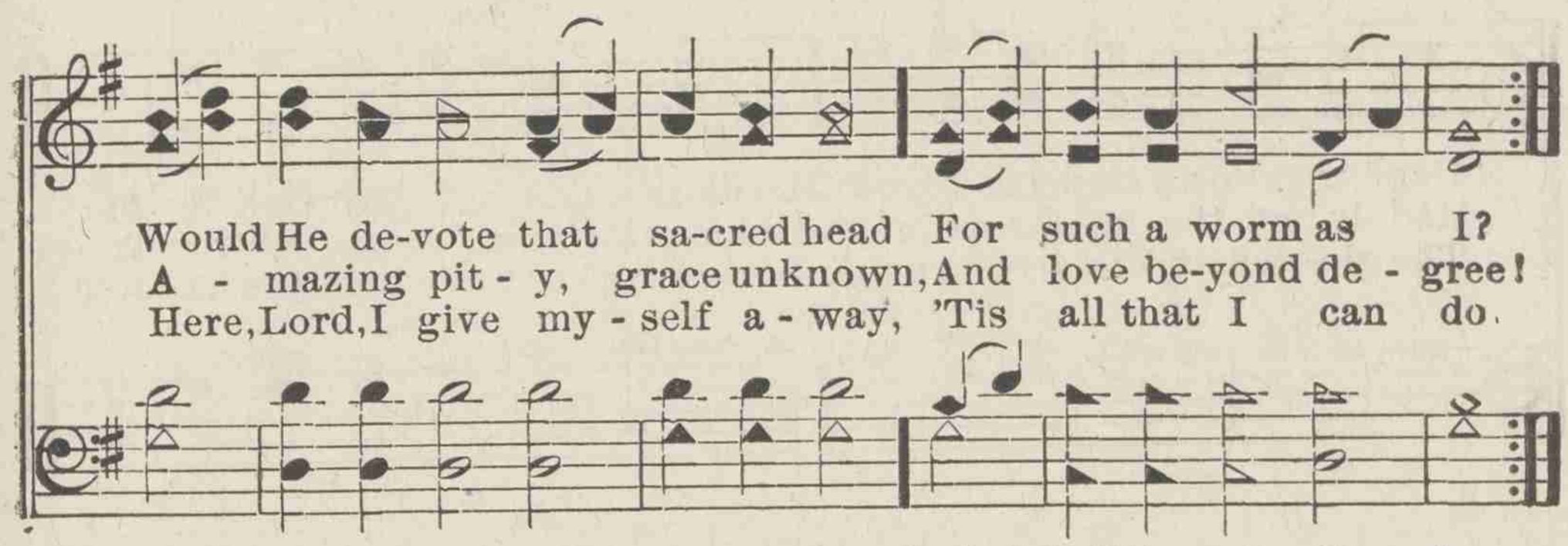
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hal - le lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be-hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

No. 206. I Do Believe. C. M.

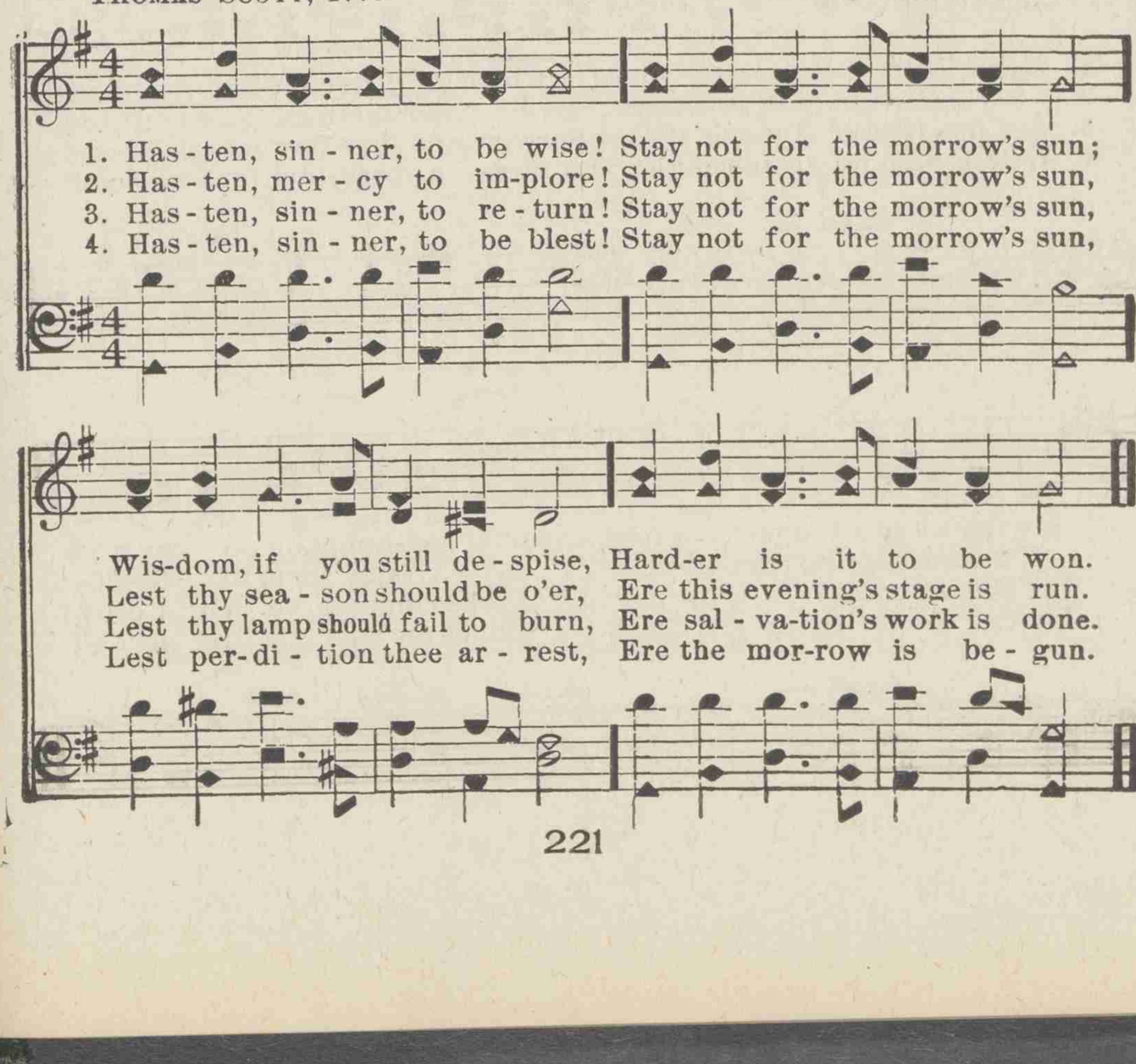
ISAAC WATTS. American Spiritual





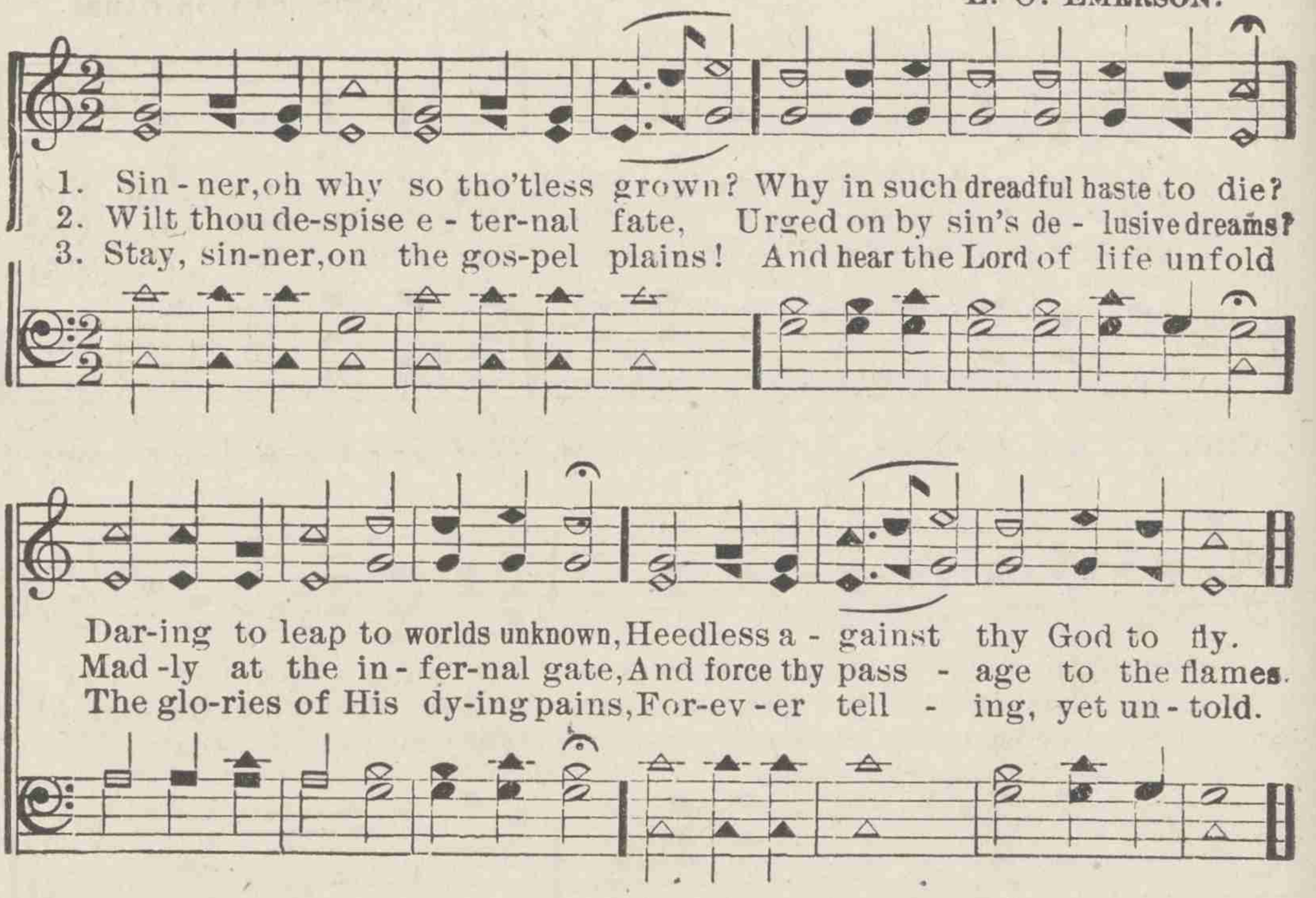
No. 207. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



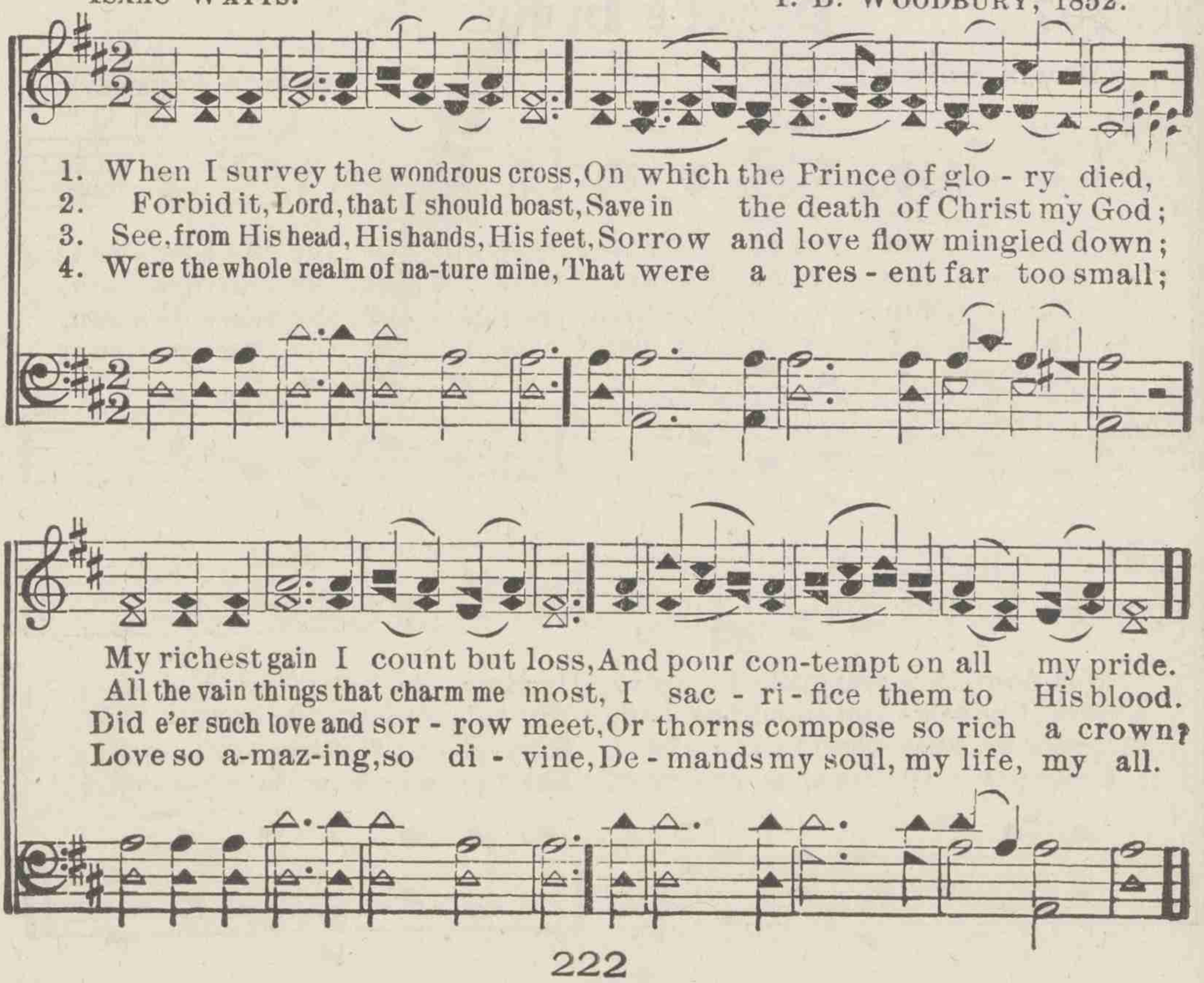
No. 208. Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.
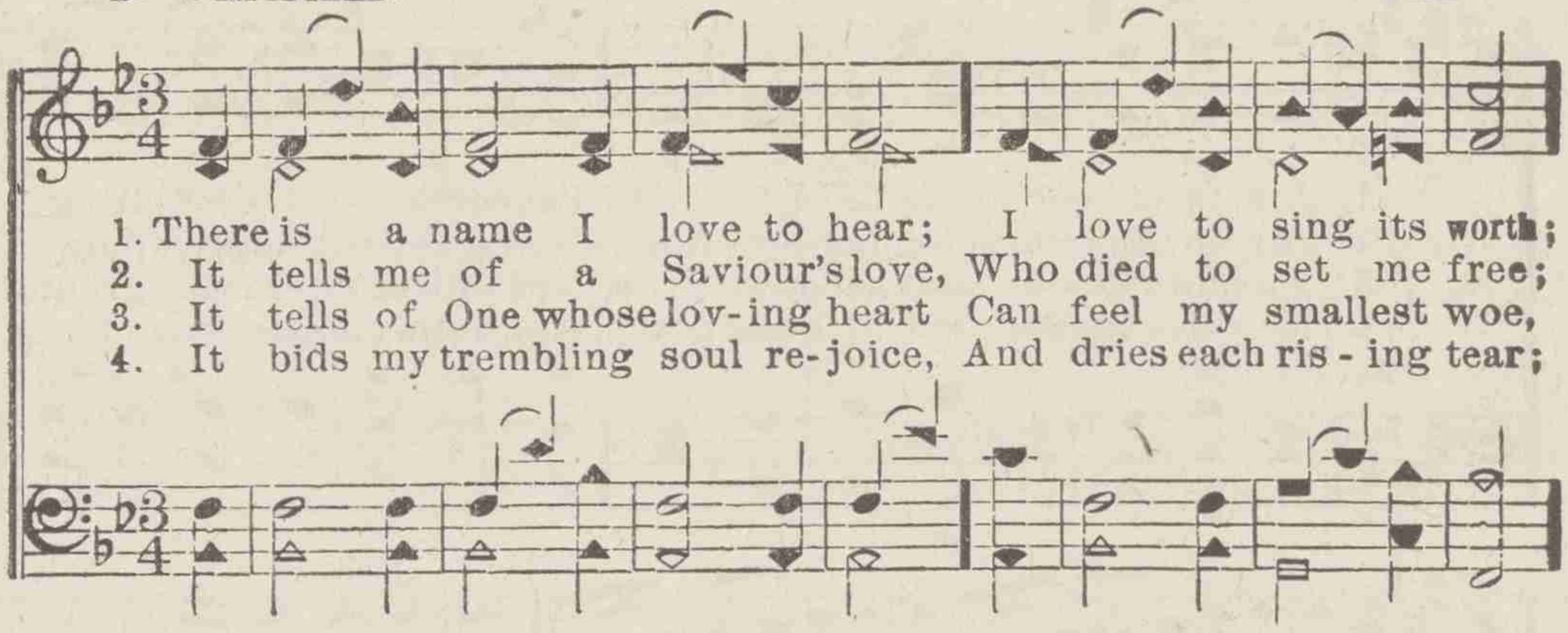


No. 209. Olivet. L. M.
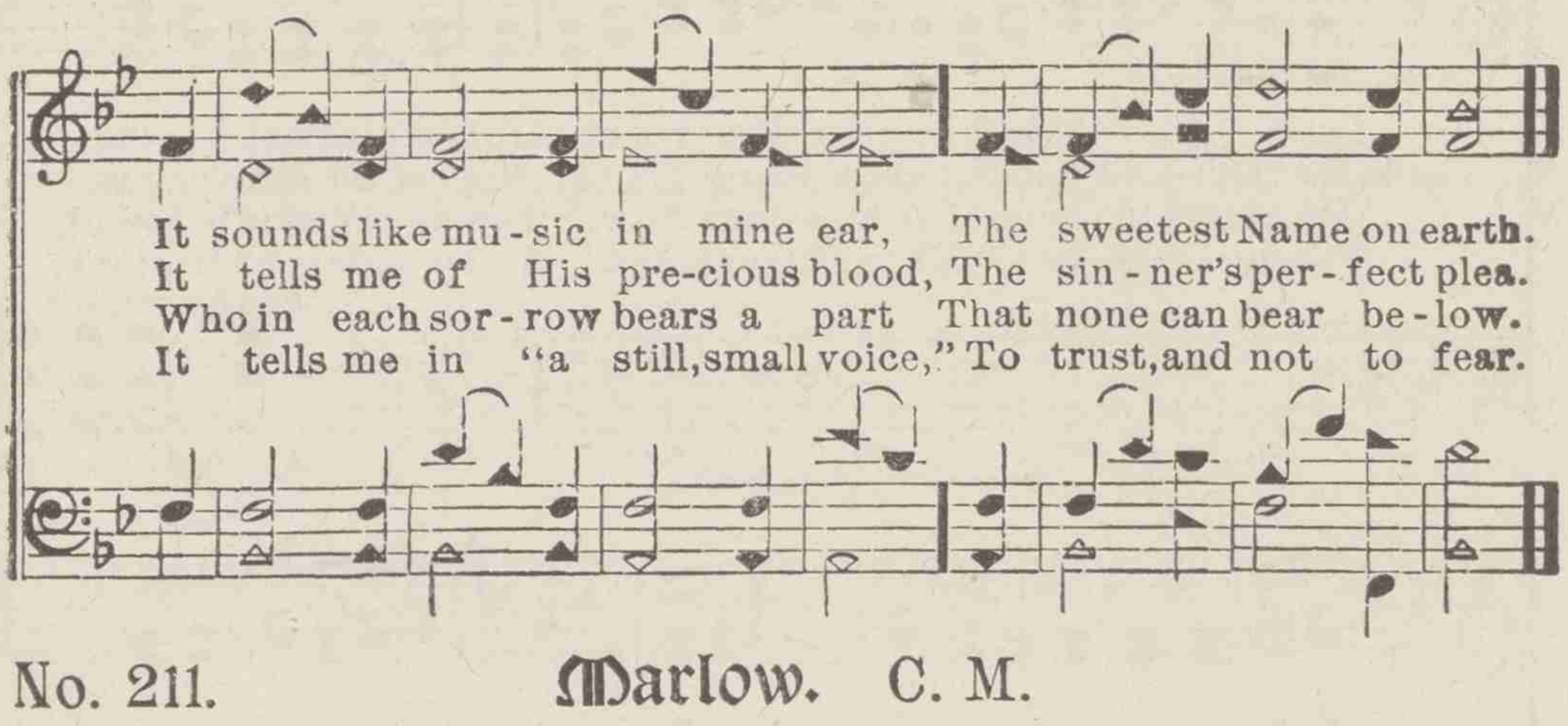
Isaac Watts. I. B. Woodbury, 1852.



No. 210. Geer. C. M.
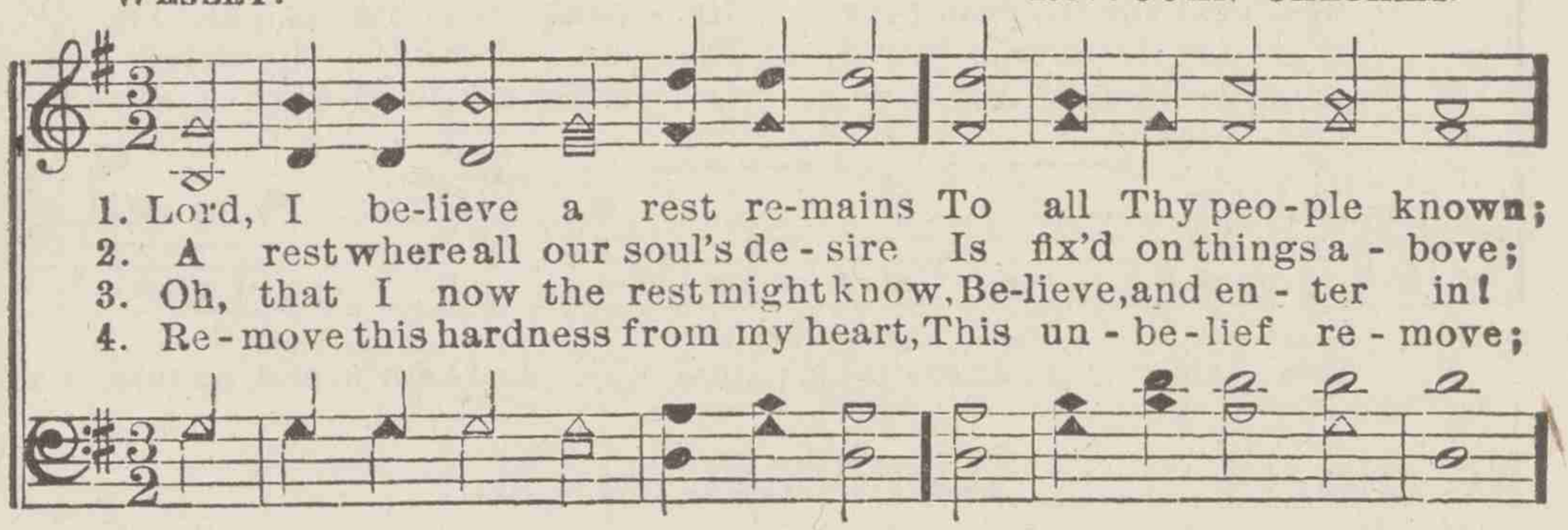
F. WHITFIELD. H. W. GREATOREX.
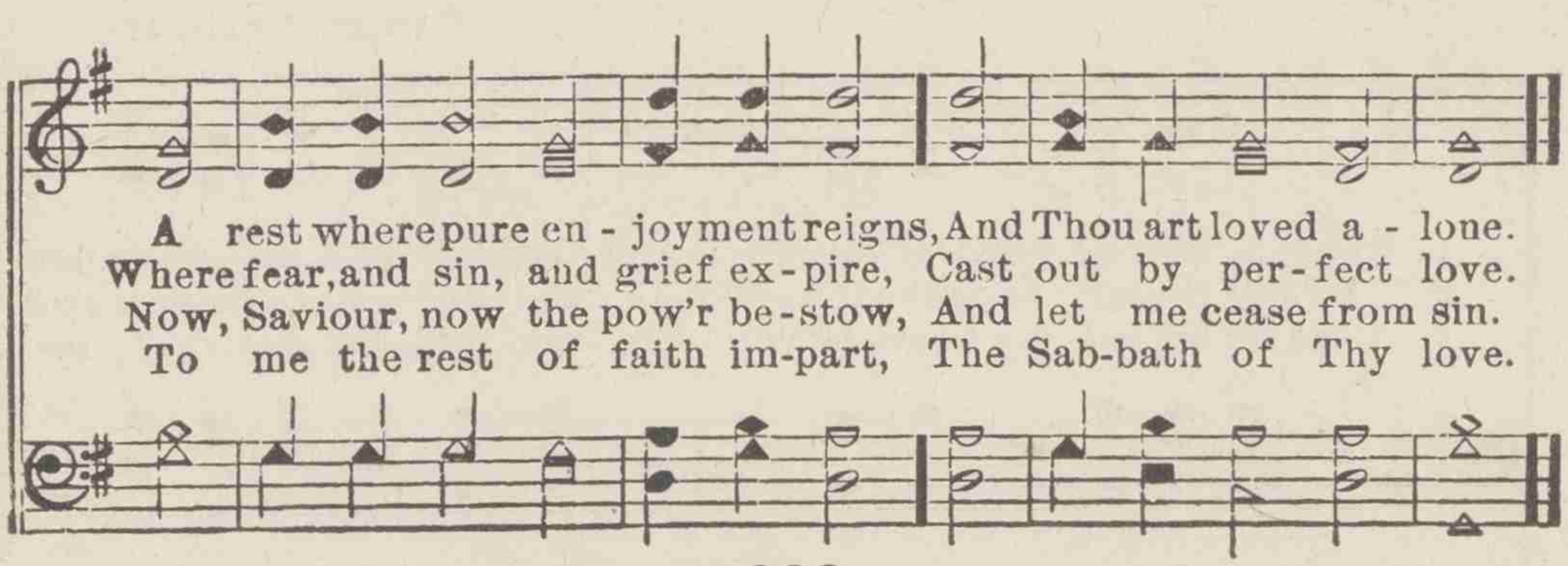




No. 211. Marlow. C. M.

WESLEY. REV. JOHN CHETHAM.





No. 212. Antioch. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world — the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth — the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love,

And heav'n and na-

And heav'n and na-

And heav'n and nature sing,
Re - peat the sounding joy,
Far as the curse is found,
And wonders of His love,

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders, and won - ders of His love

ture sing, ...

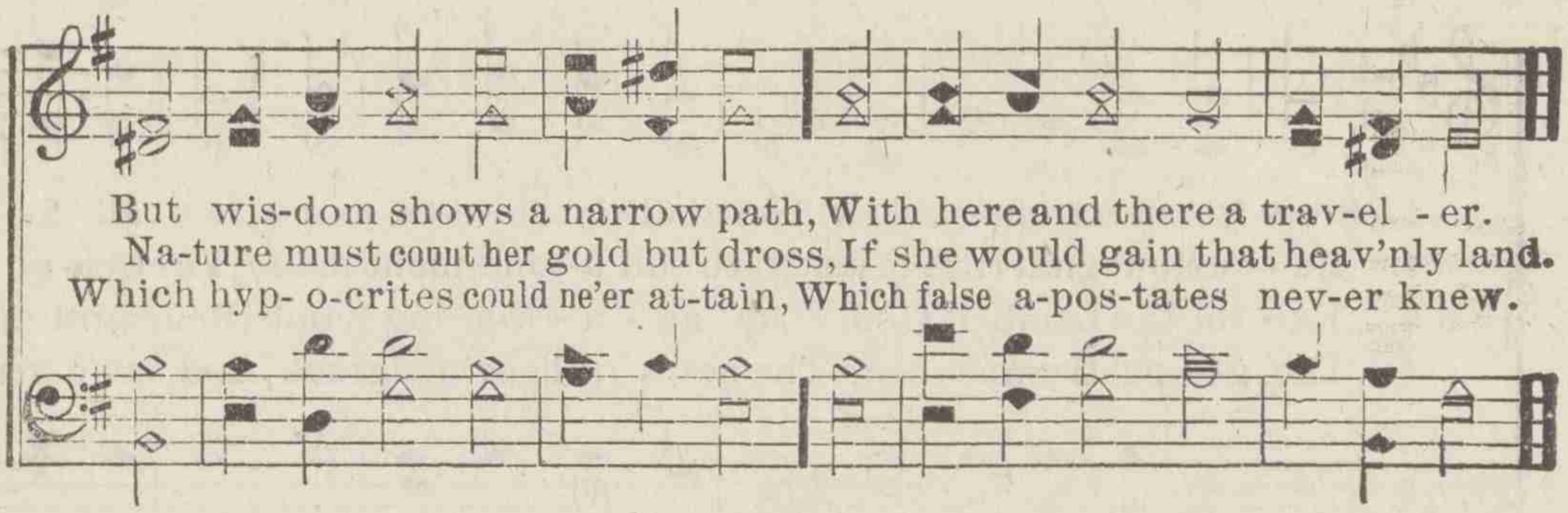
ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

No. 213. Windham. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

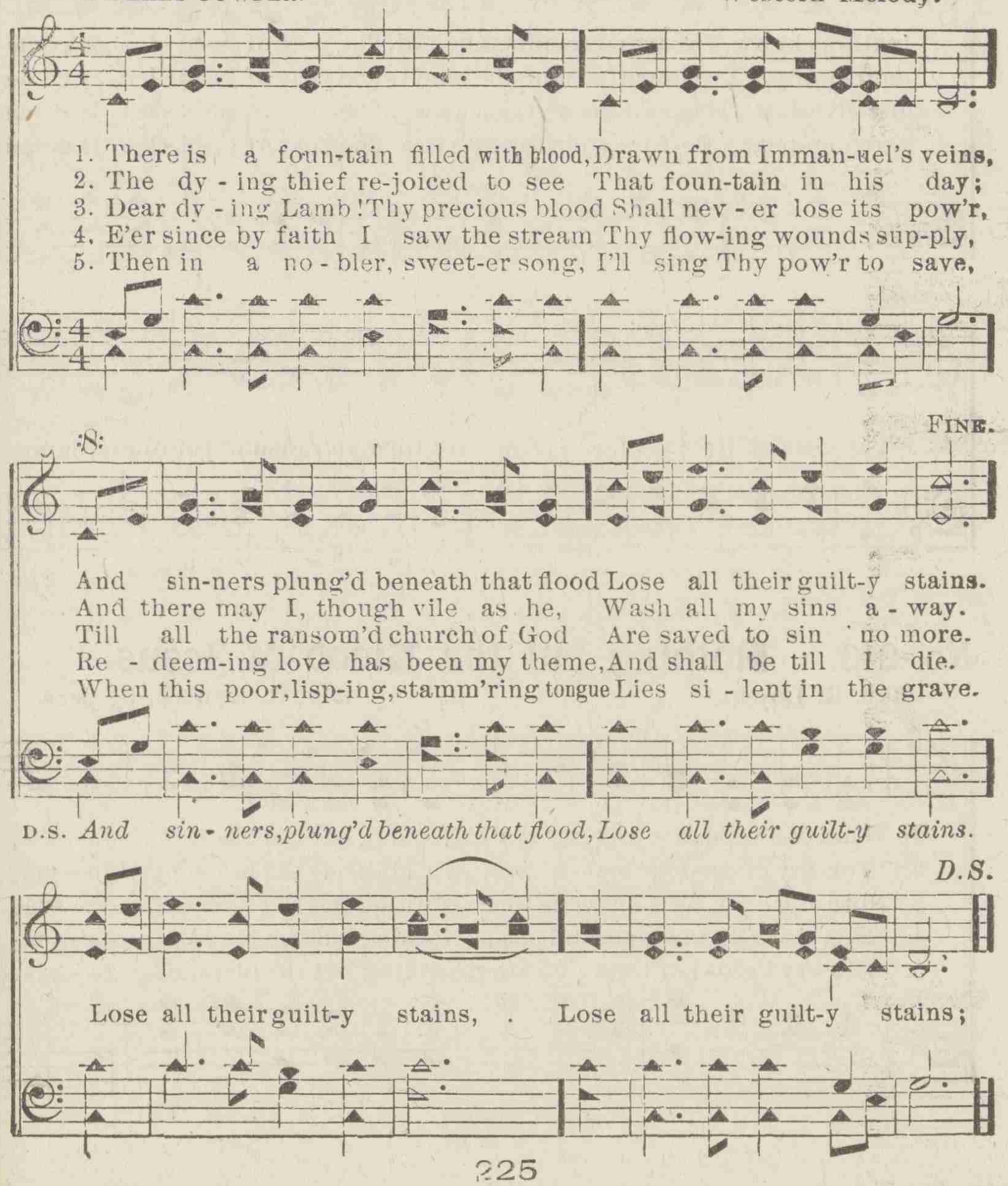
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De - ny thyself, and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en-tire - ly new —

Windham. (Concluded.)



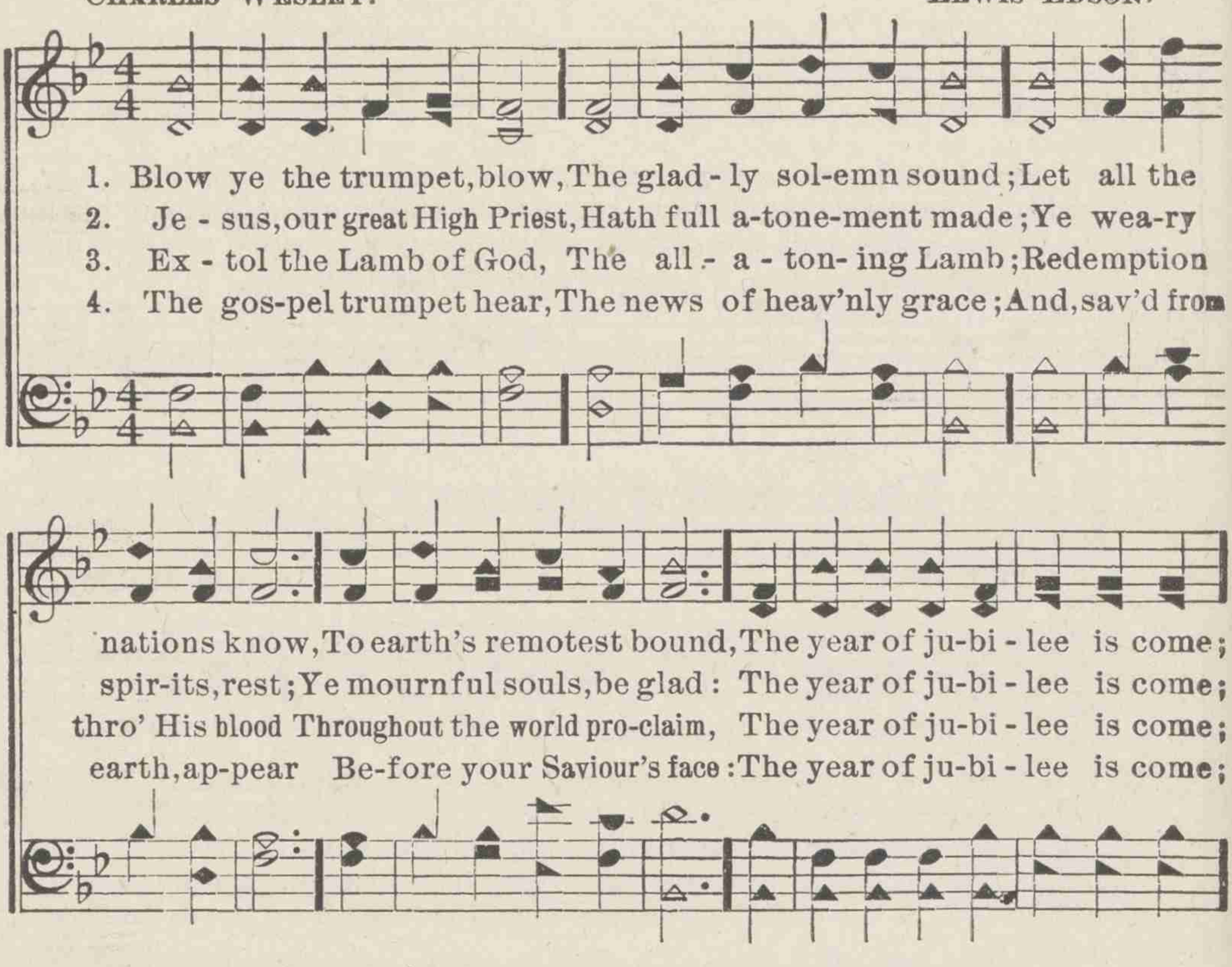
No. 214. There is a Fountain. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



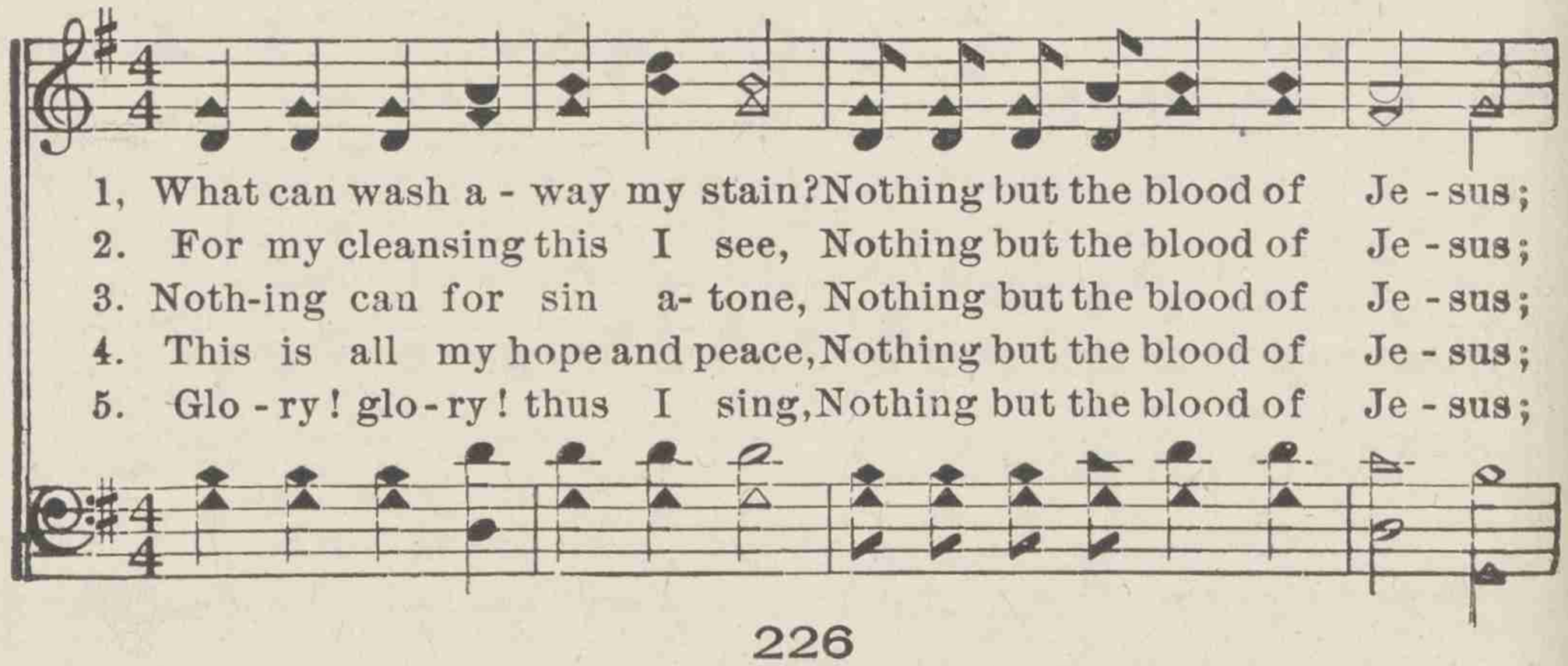
No. 215. Tenor. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

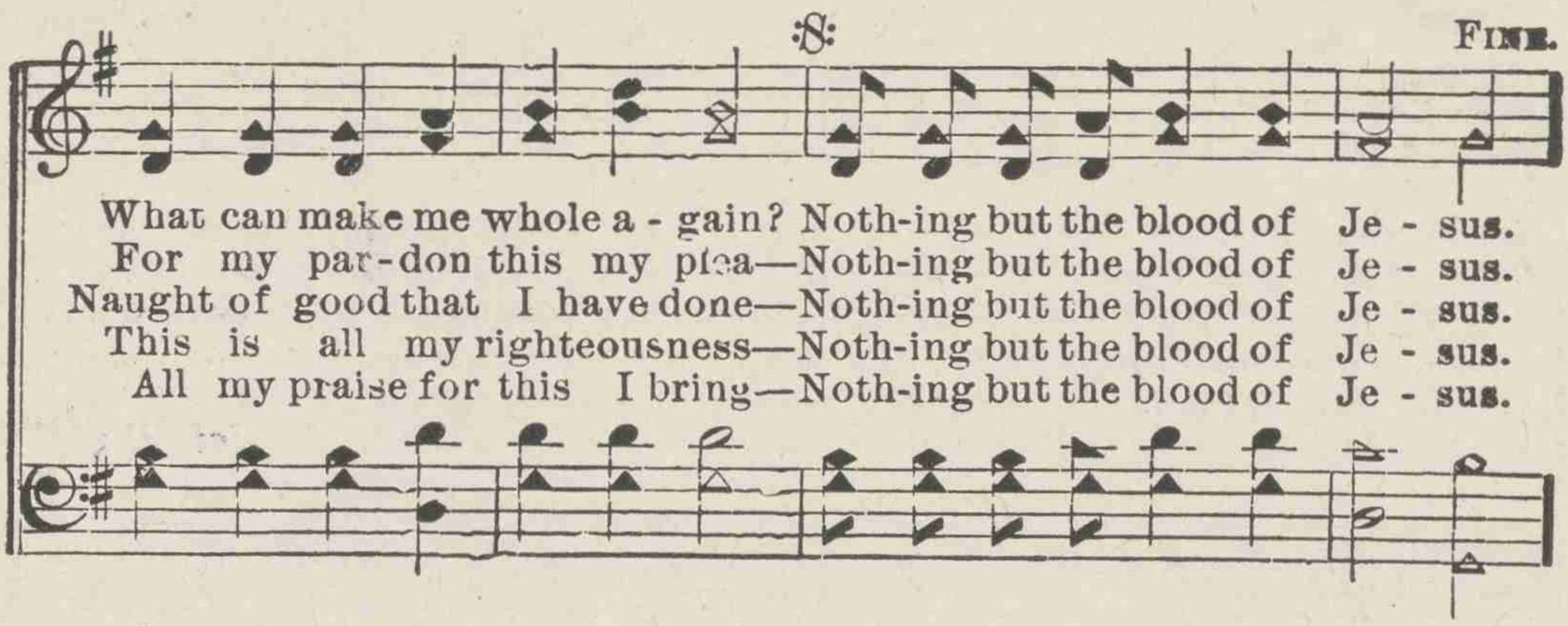


No. 216. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.
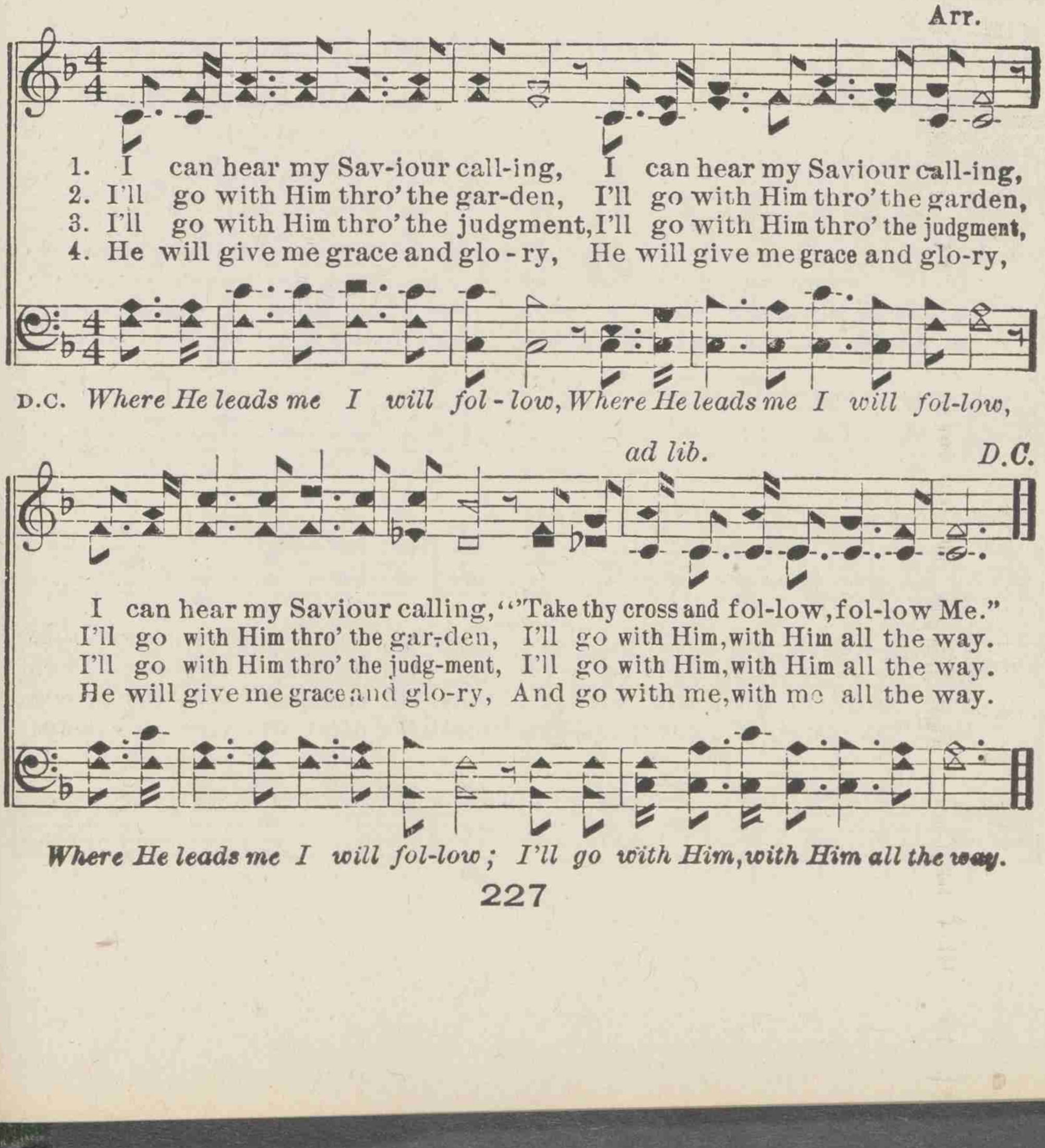
Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. (Concluded.)
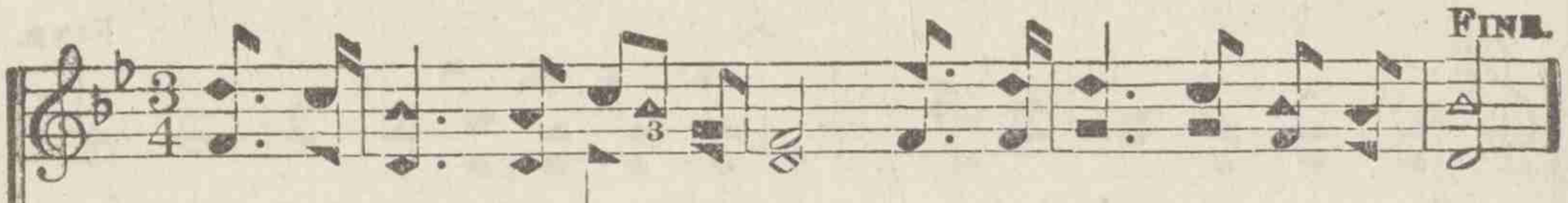


No. 217. I will Follow Jesus.
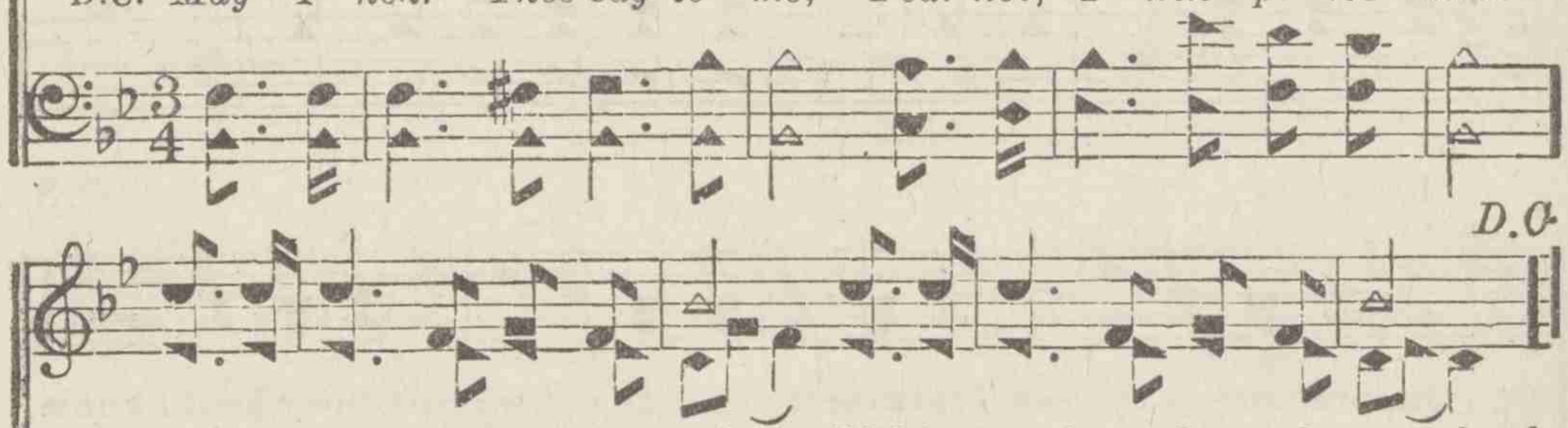


No. 218. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s.
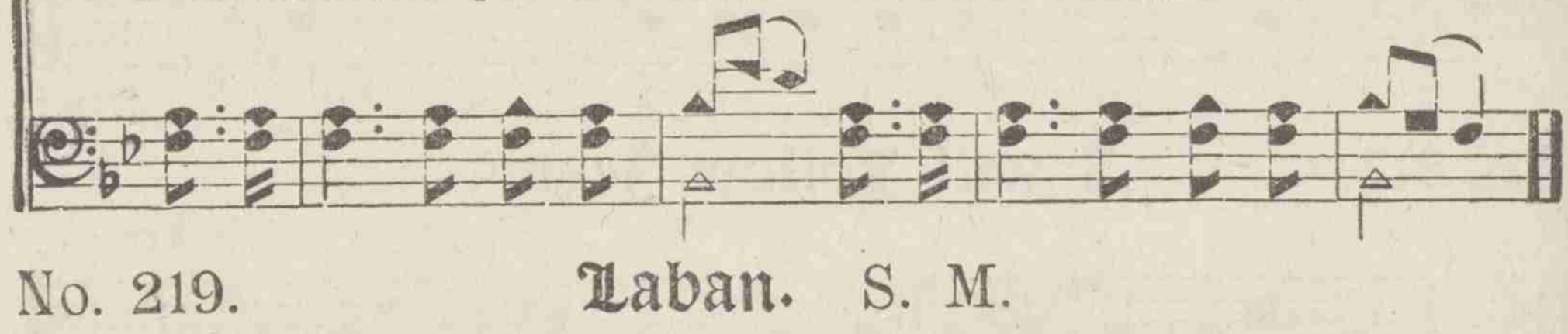
J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C. *Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar,
D.C. *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*

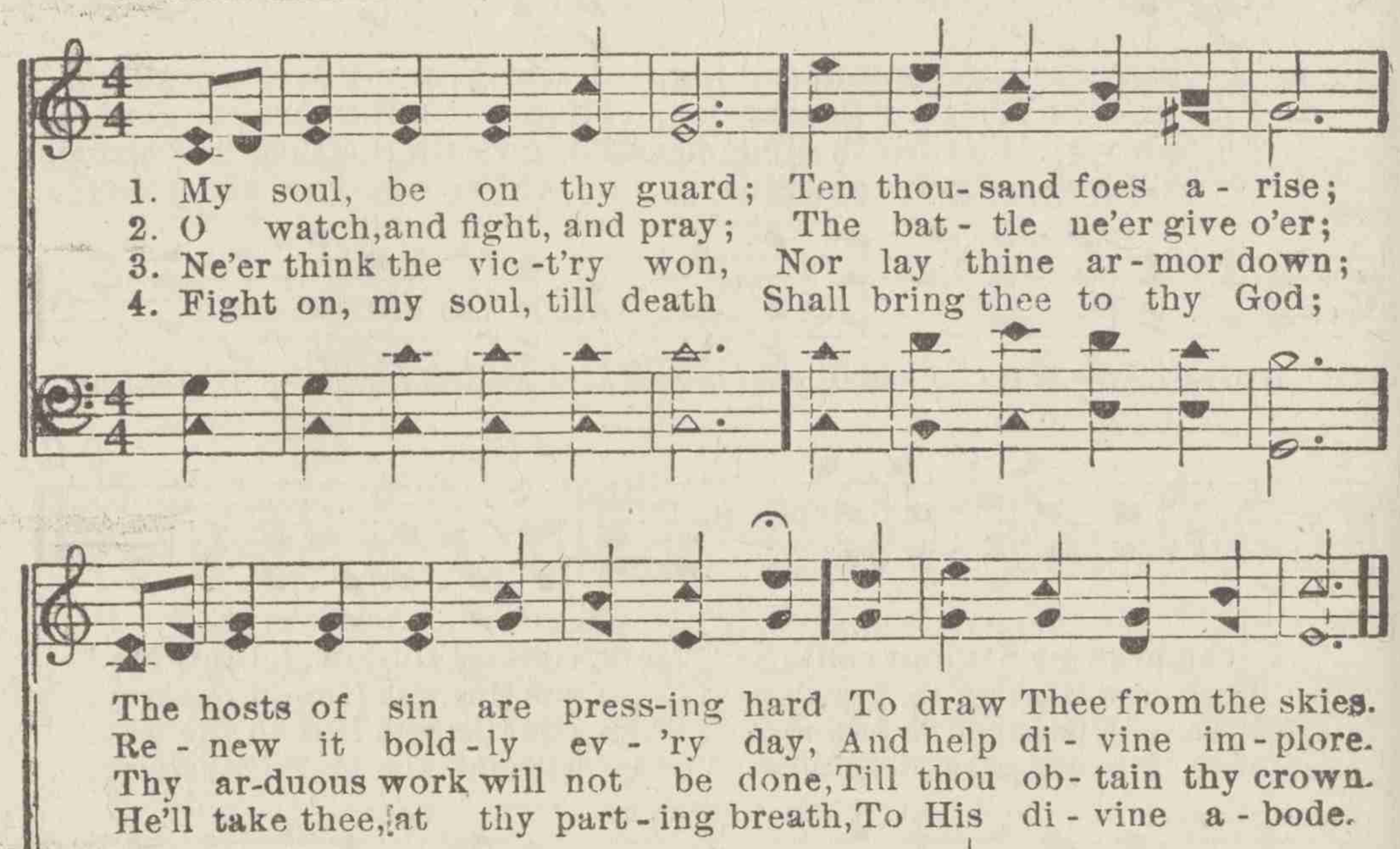


Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,



No. 219. Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

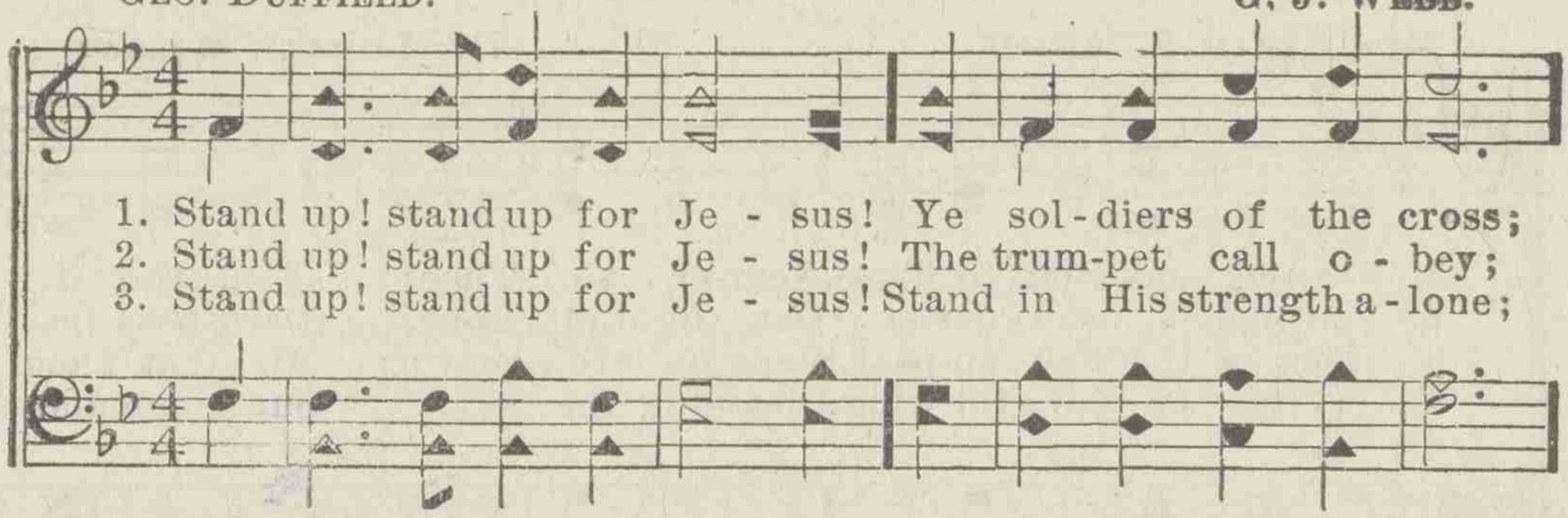


1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.
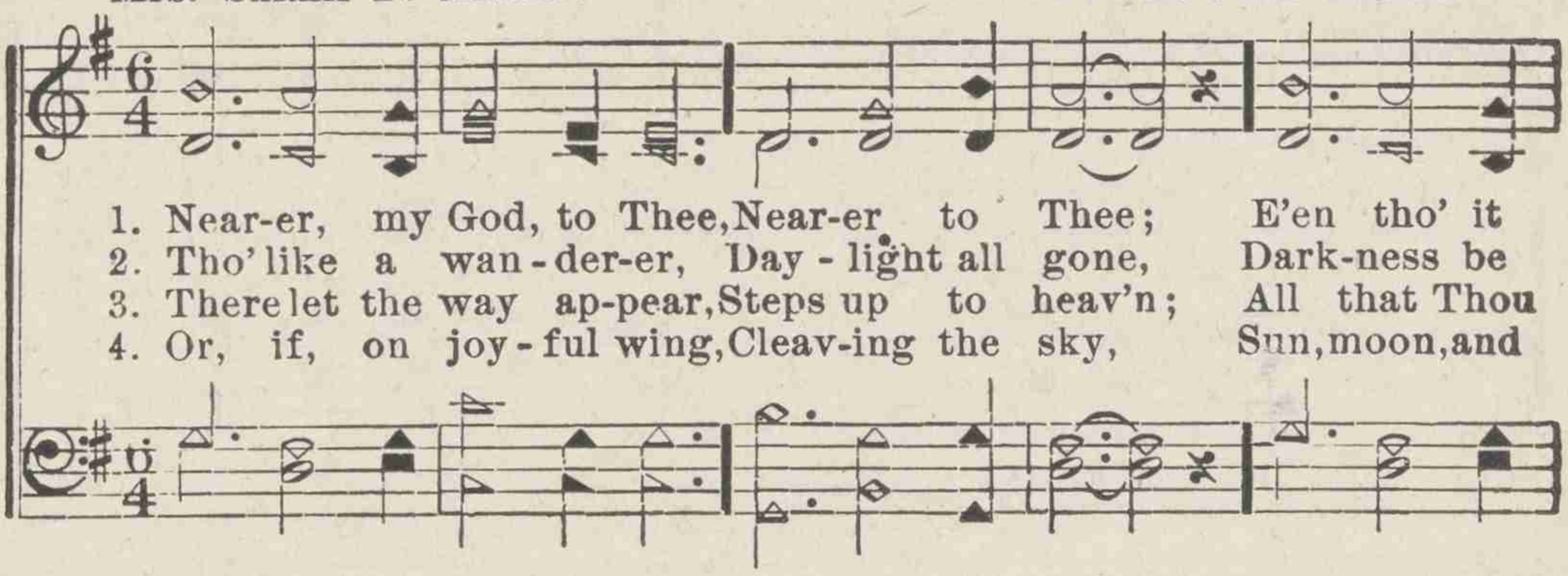
No. 220. **Webb.** 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



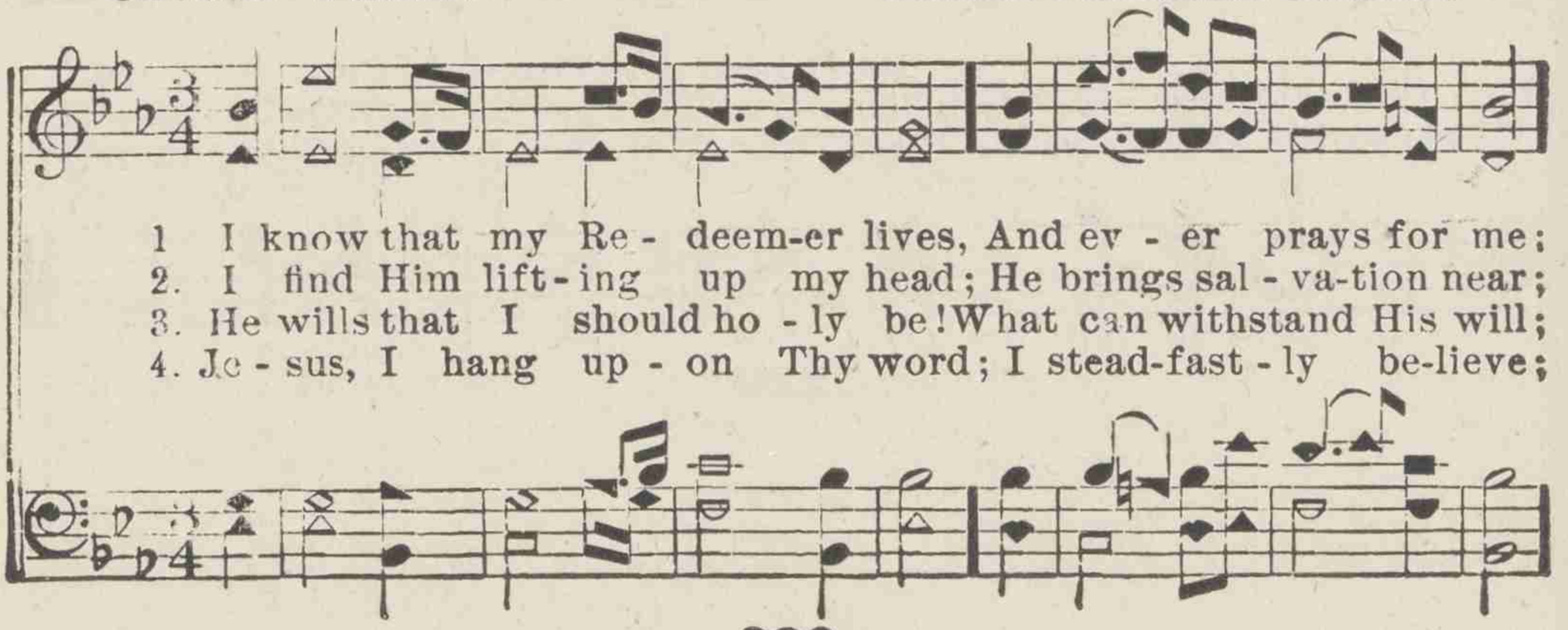
No. 221. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

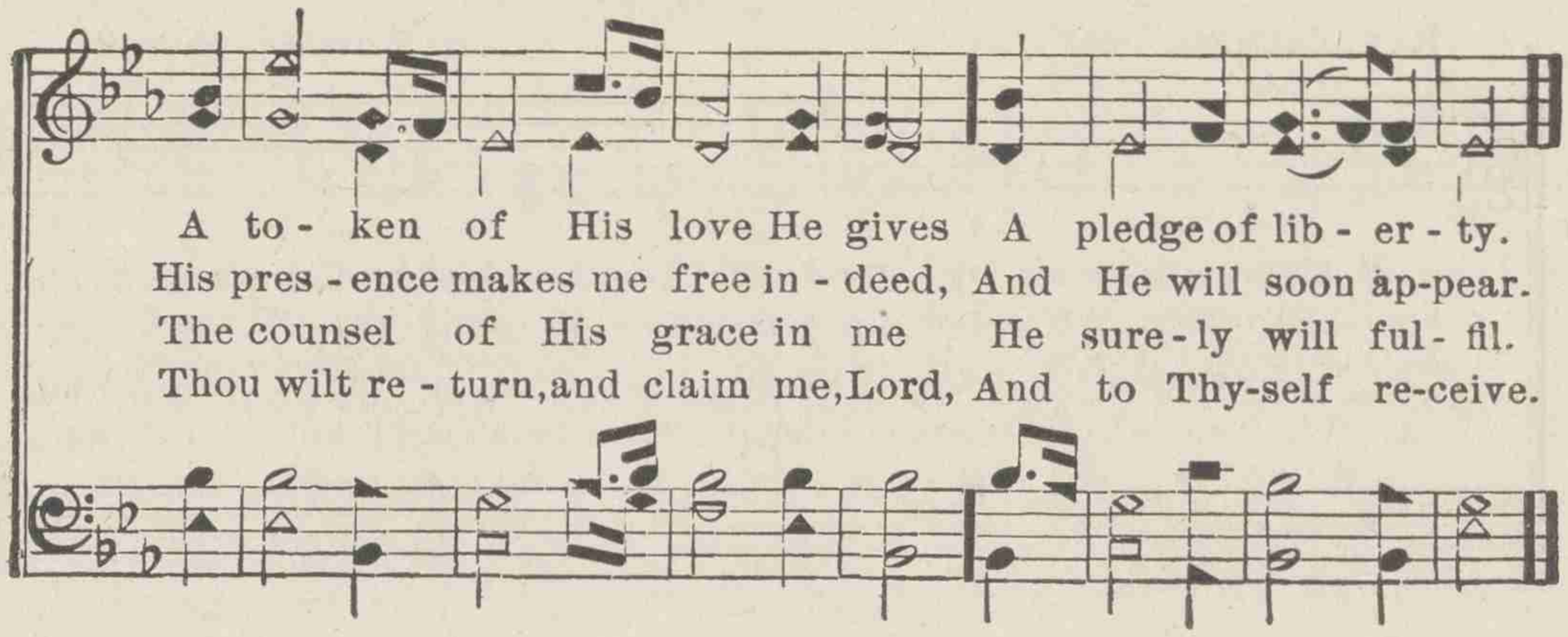


No. 222. Bradford. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

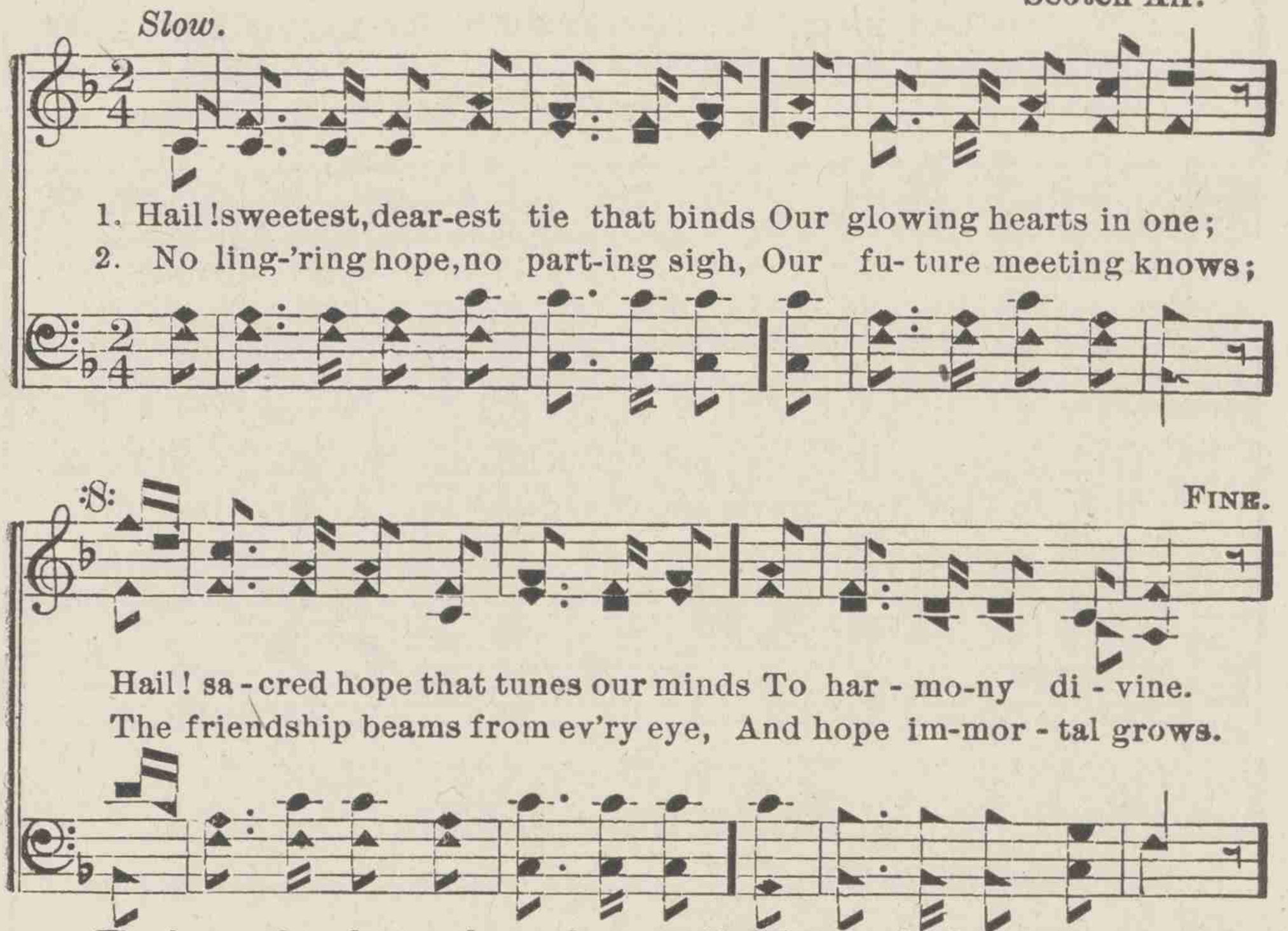


Bradford. (Concluded.)



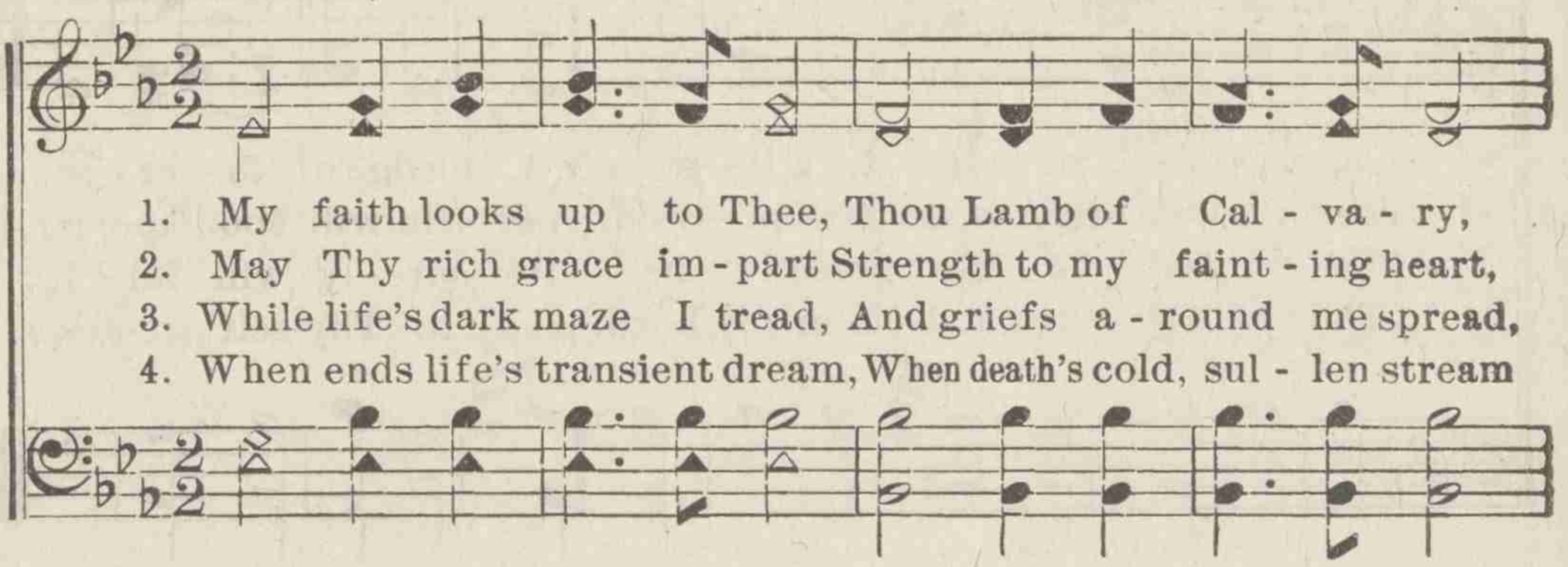
No. 223. Fair Haven. C. M.

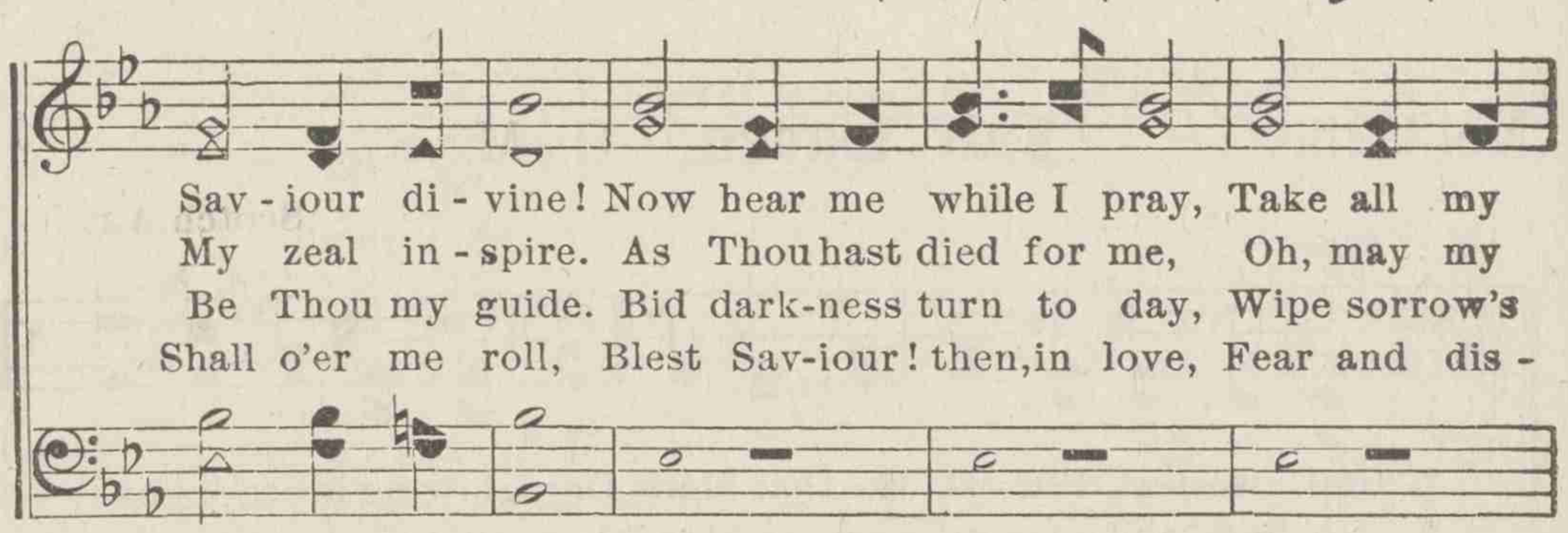
Scotch Air.
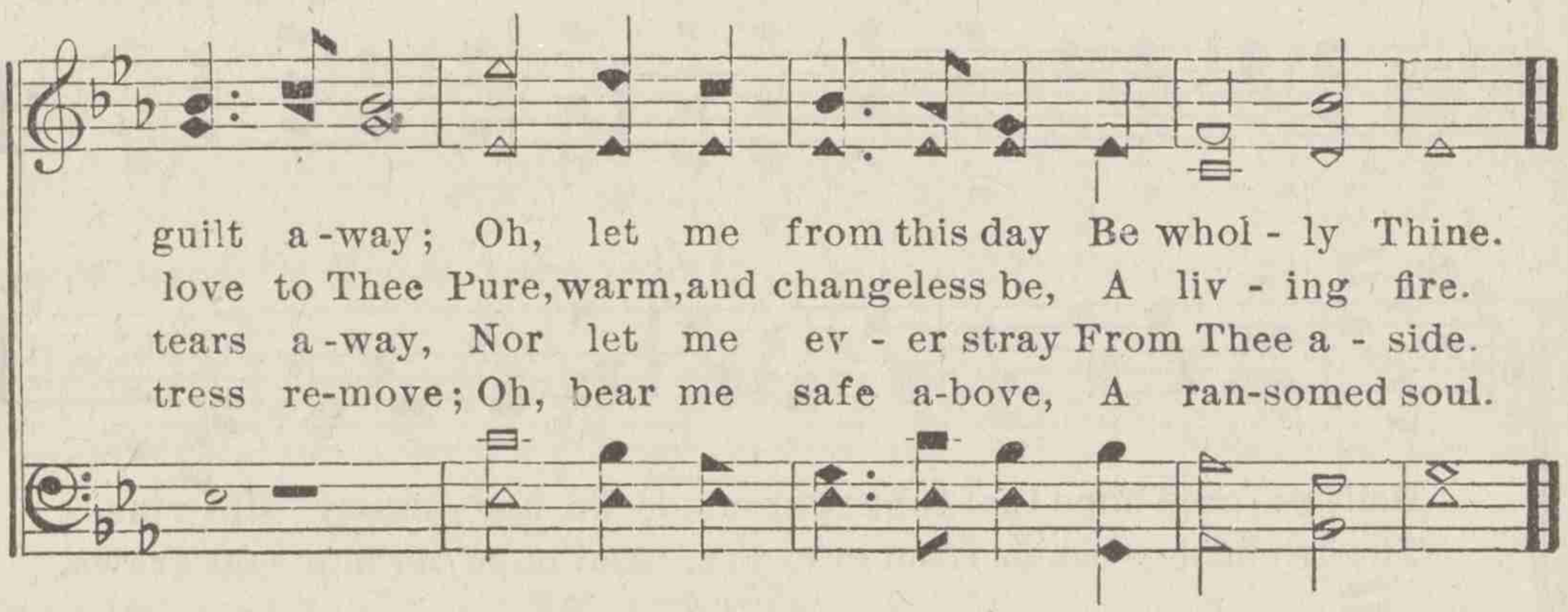


No. 224. My Faith Looks up to Thee. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830. DR. LOWELL MASON.

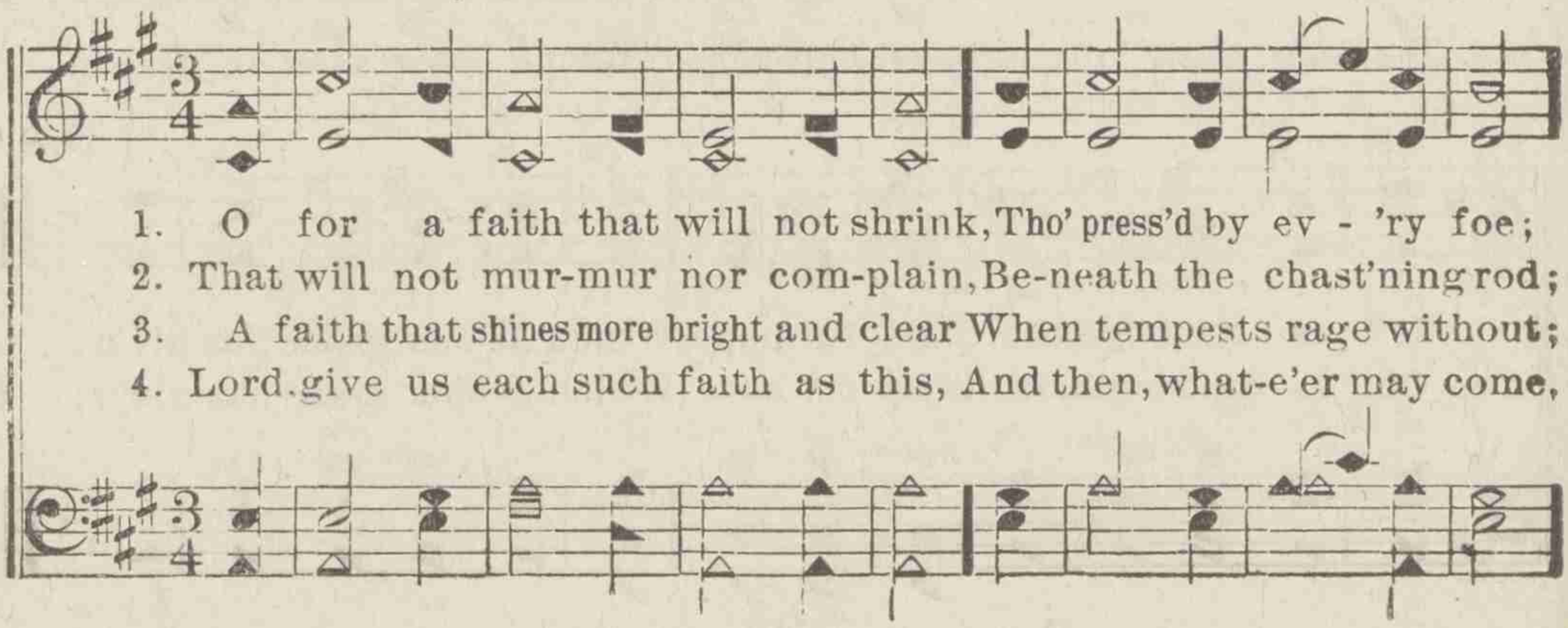




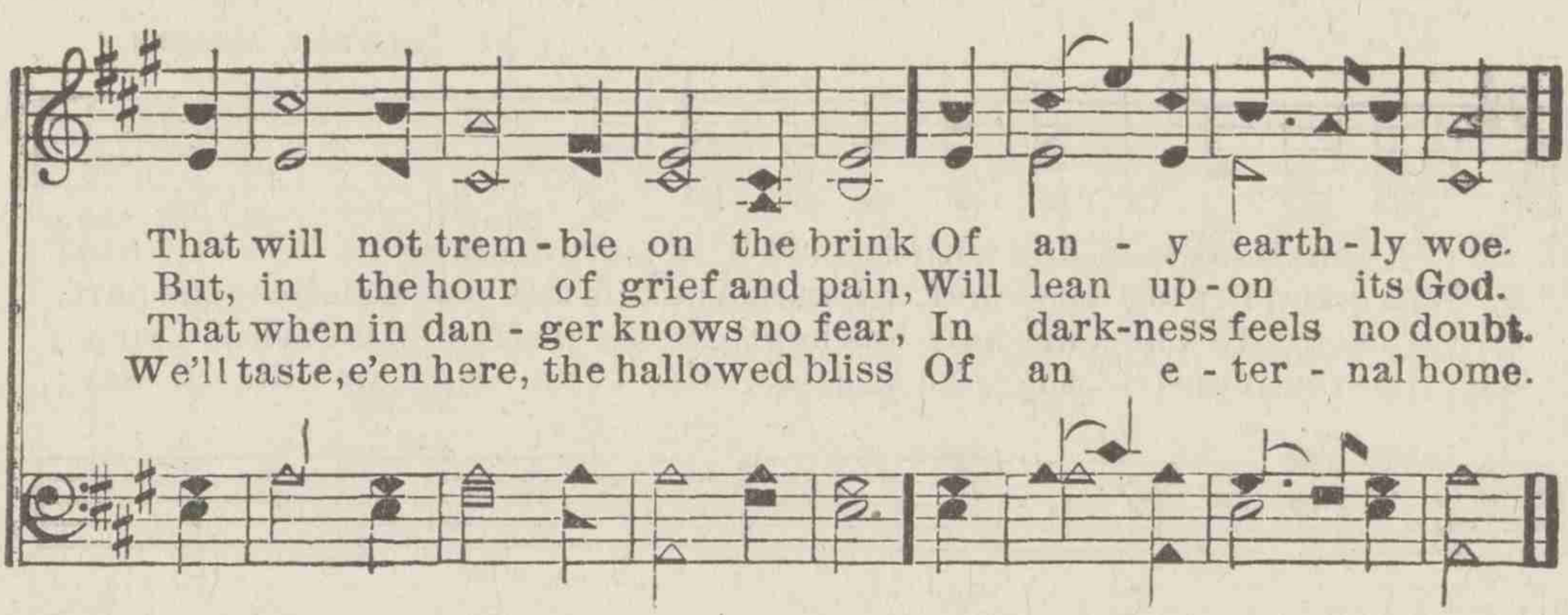


No. 225. Balerma. C. M.

W. H. BATHURST, 1831. R. SIMPSON.
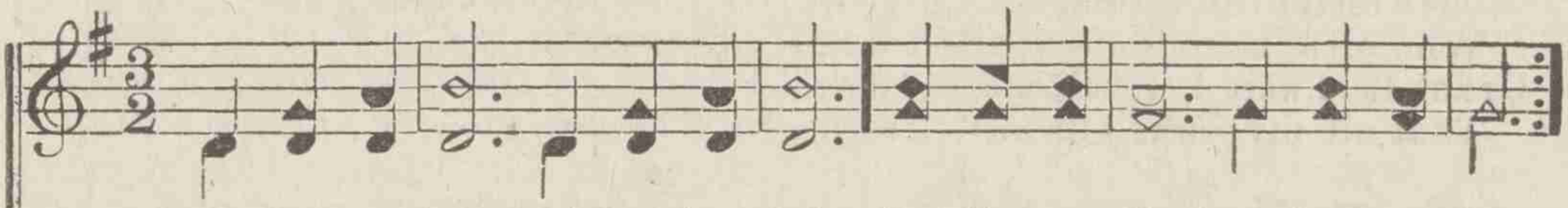


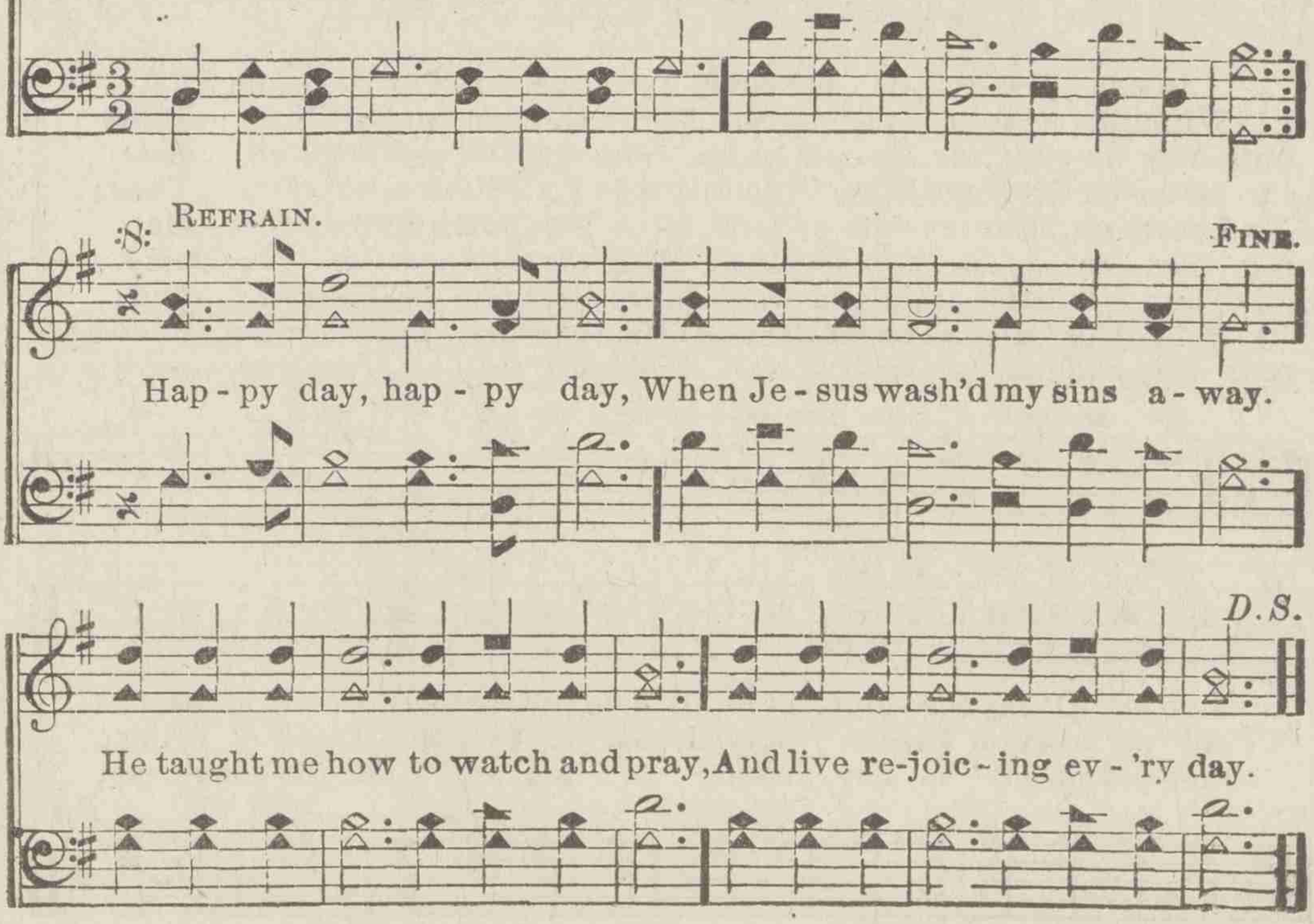
Balerma. (Concluded.)



No. 226. The Happy Day. L. M.

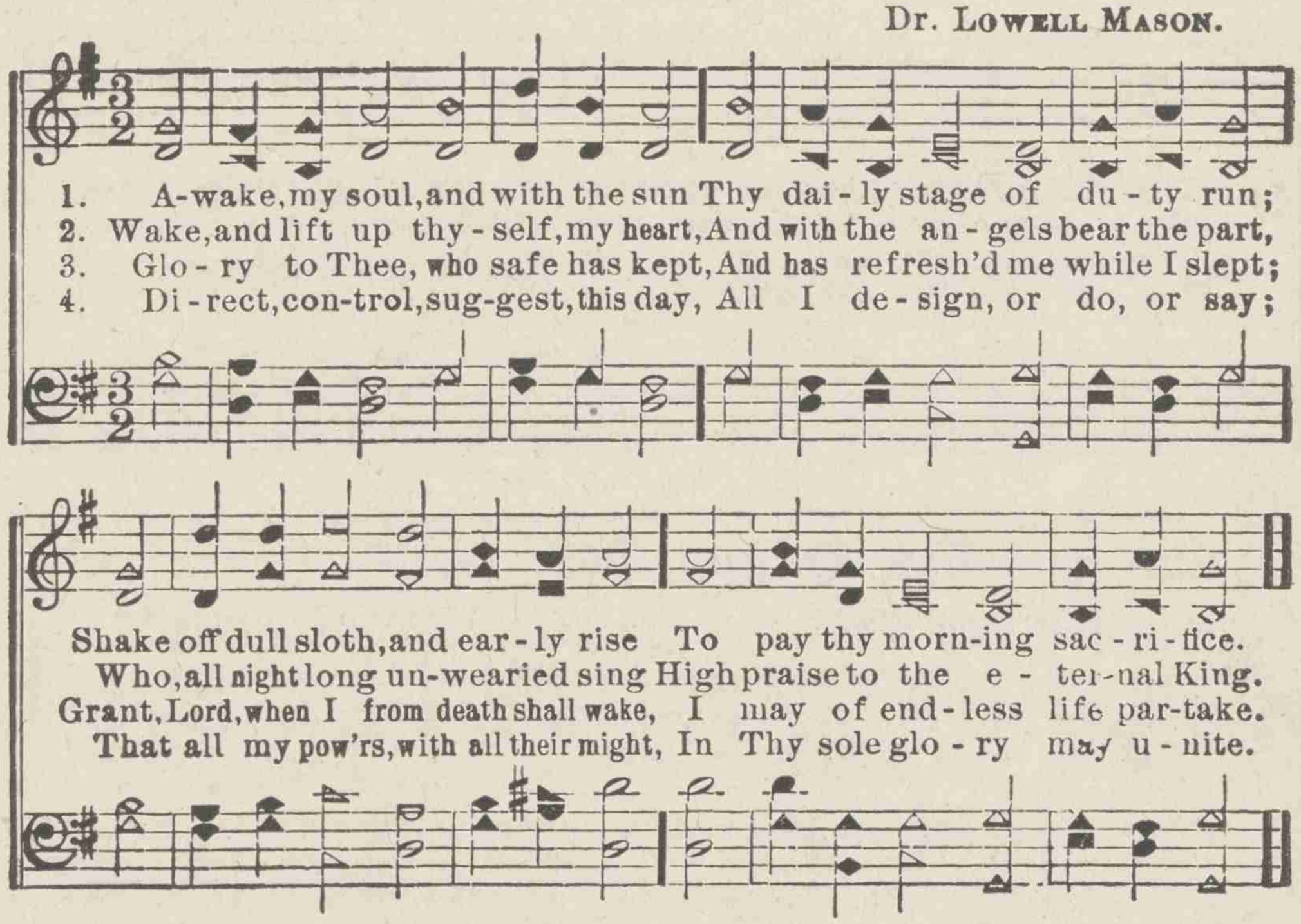
Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.





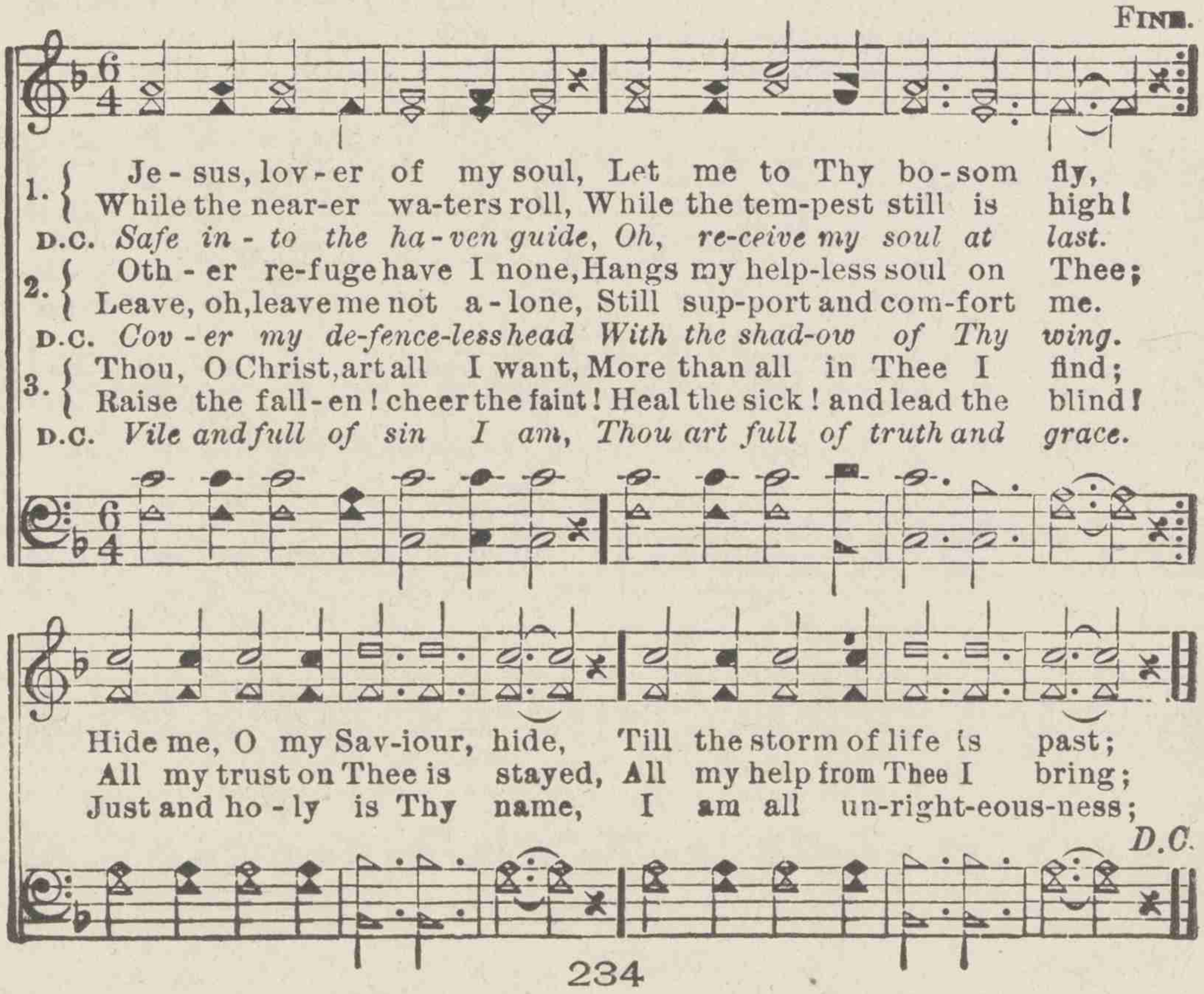
No. 227. Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 228. Martyn. 7s, D.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



No. 229. **Ariel.** C. P. M.

S. MEDLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.
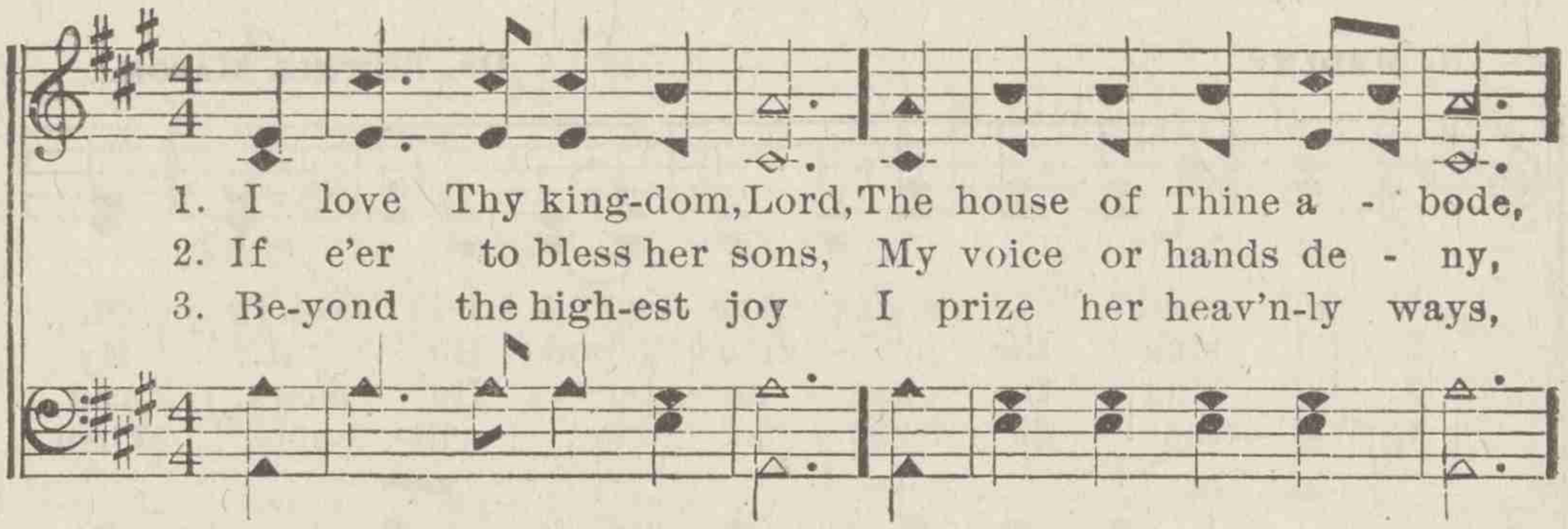
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And
4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When

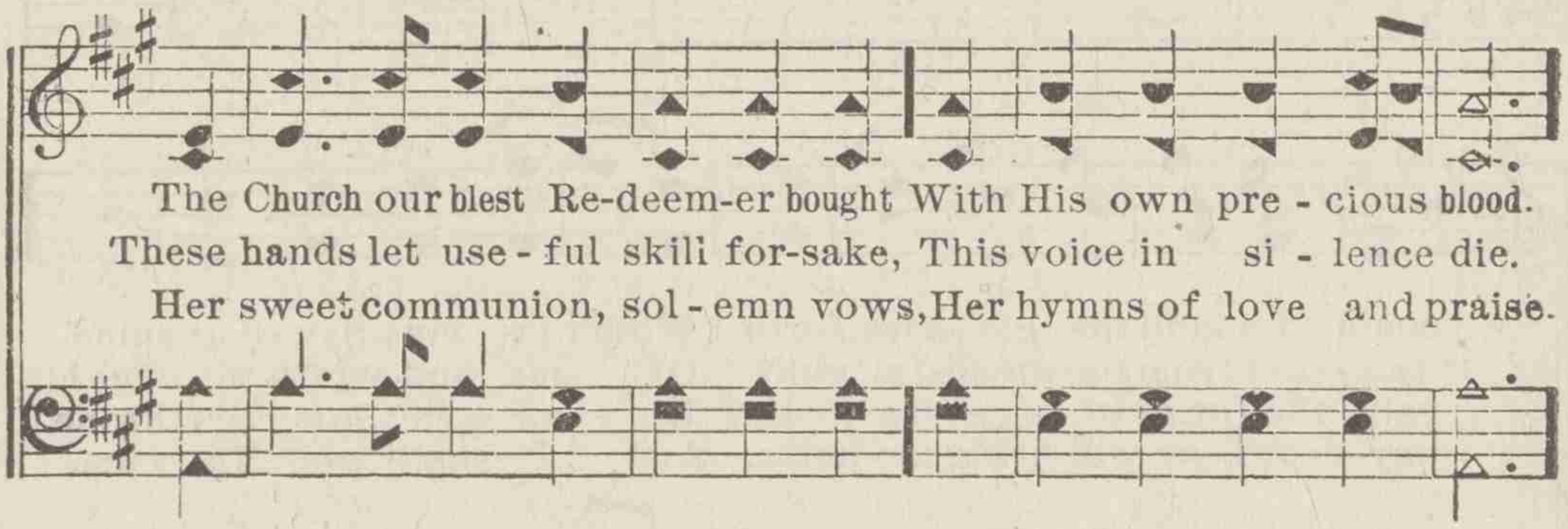
could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - iour shine,
ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine!
all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne.
my dear Love will bring me home, And I shall see His face.

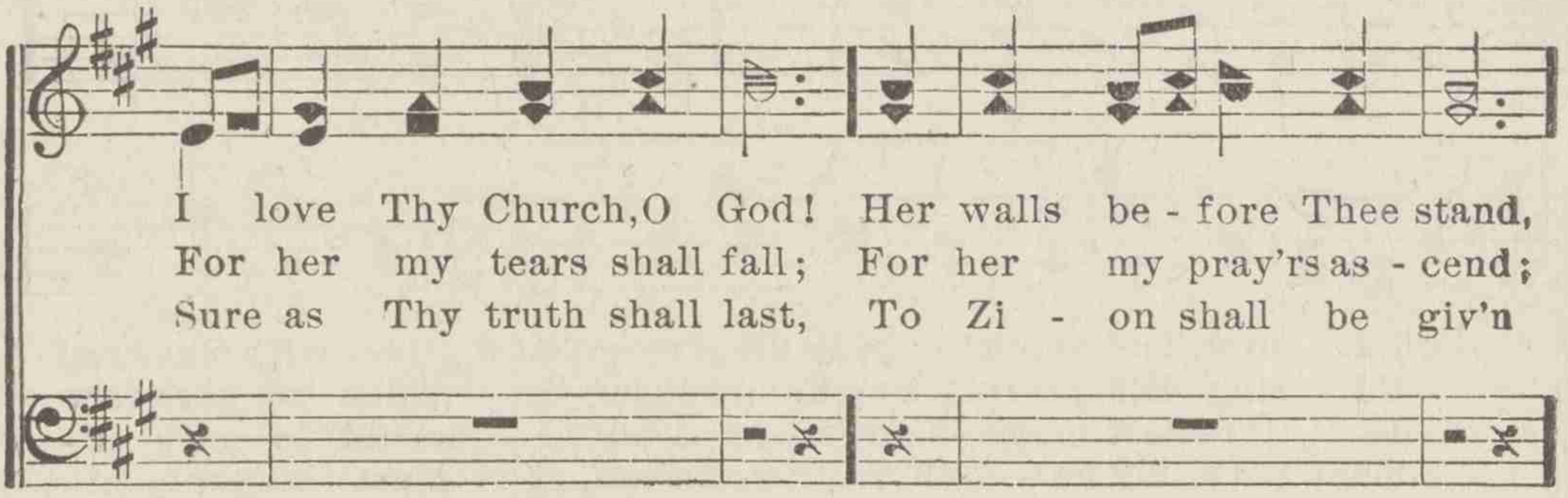
I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
I'd sing His glo - rious righteousness, In which all per - fect
In lof - tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
Then with my Sav - iour, broth-er, friend, A blest e - ter - ni -

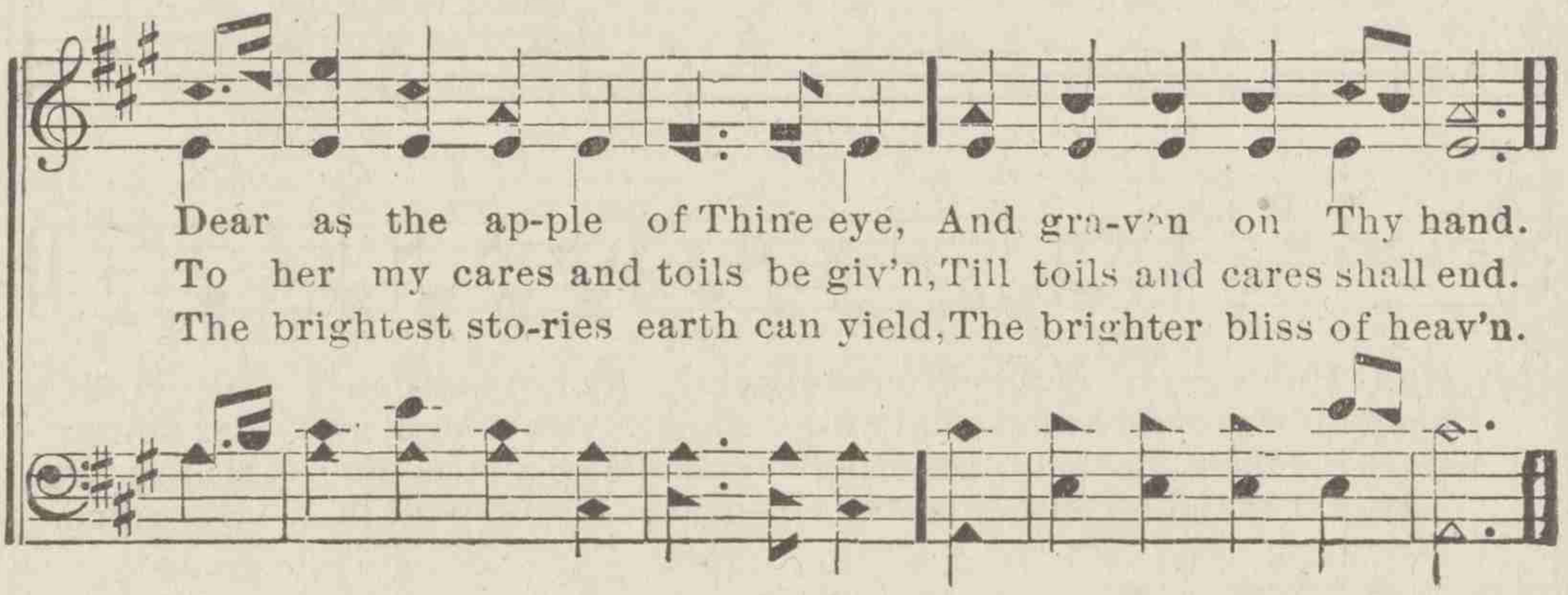
while He sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.
heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
last-ing days, Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 230. **Bealoth.** S. M. D.



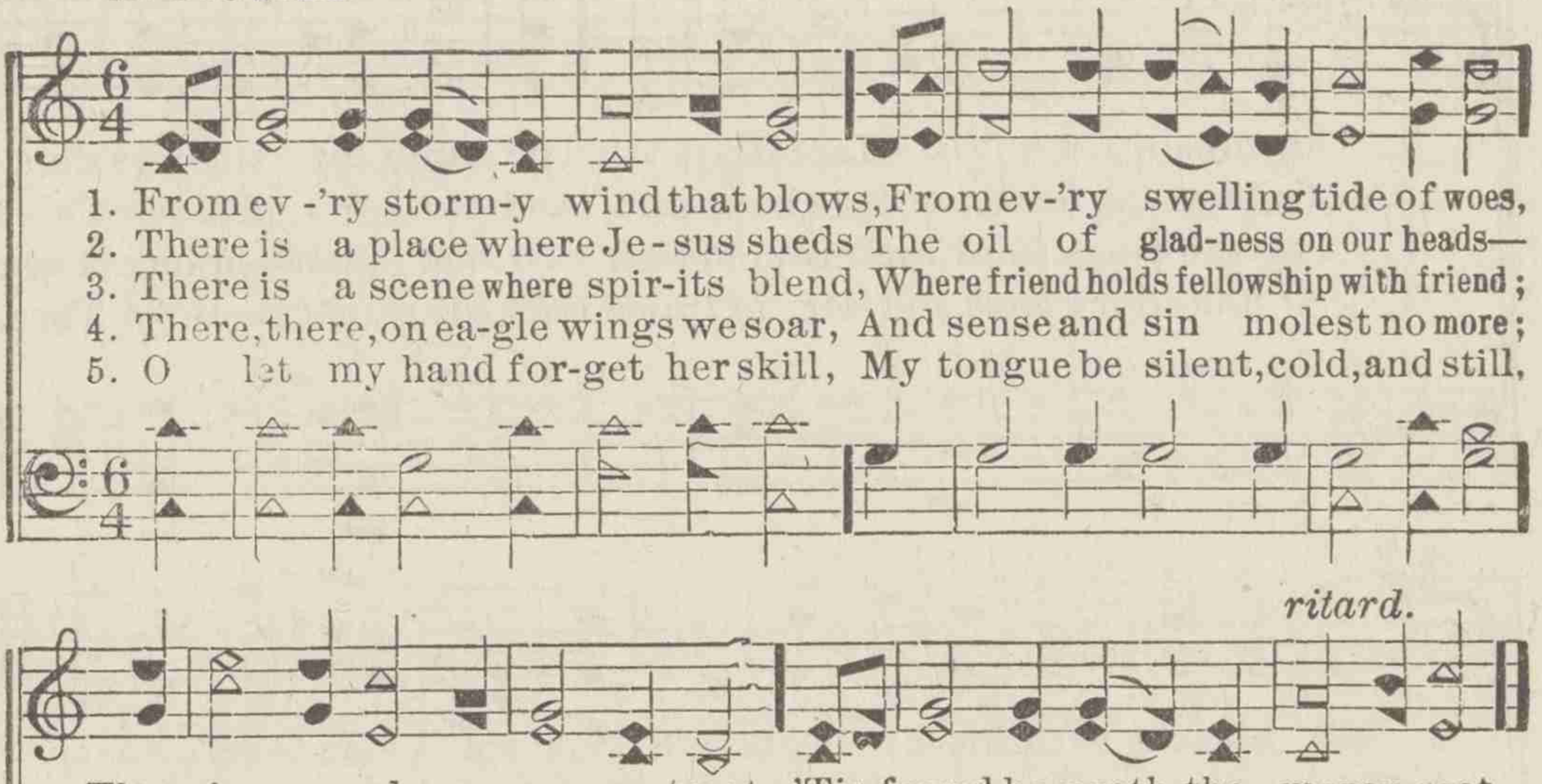






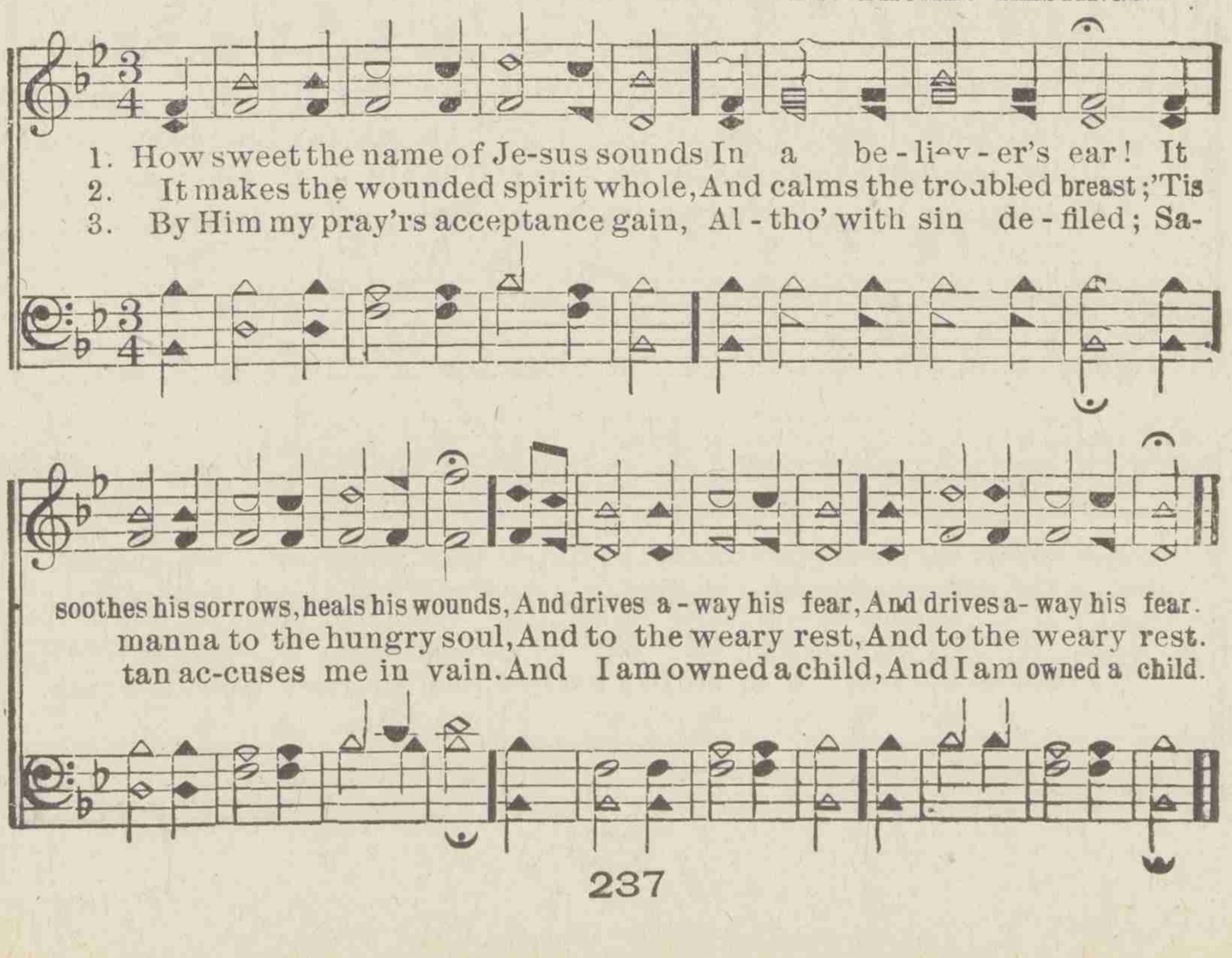
No. 231. Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.



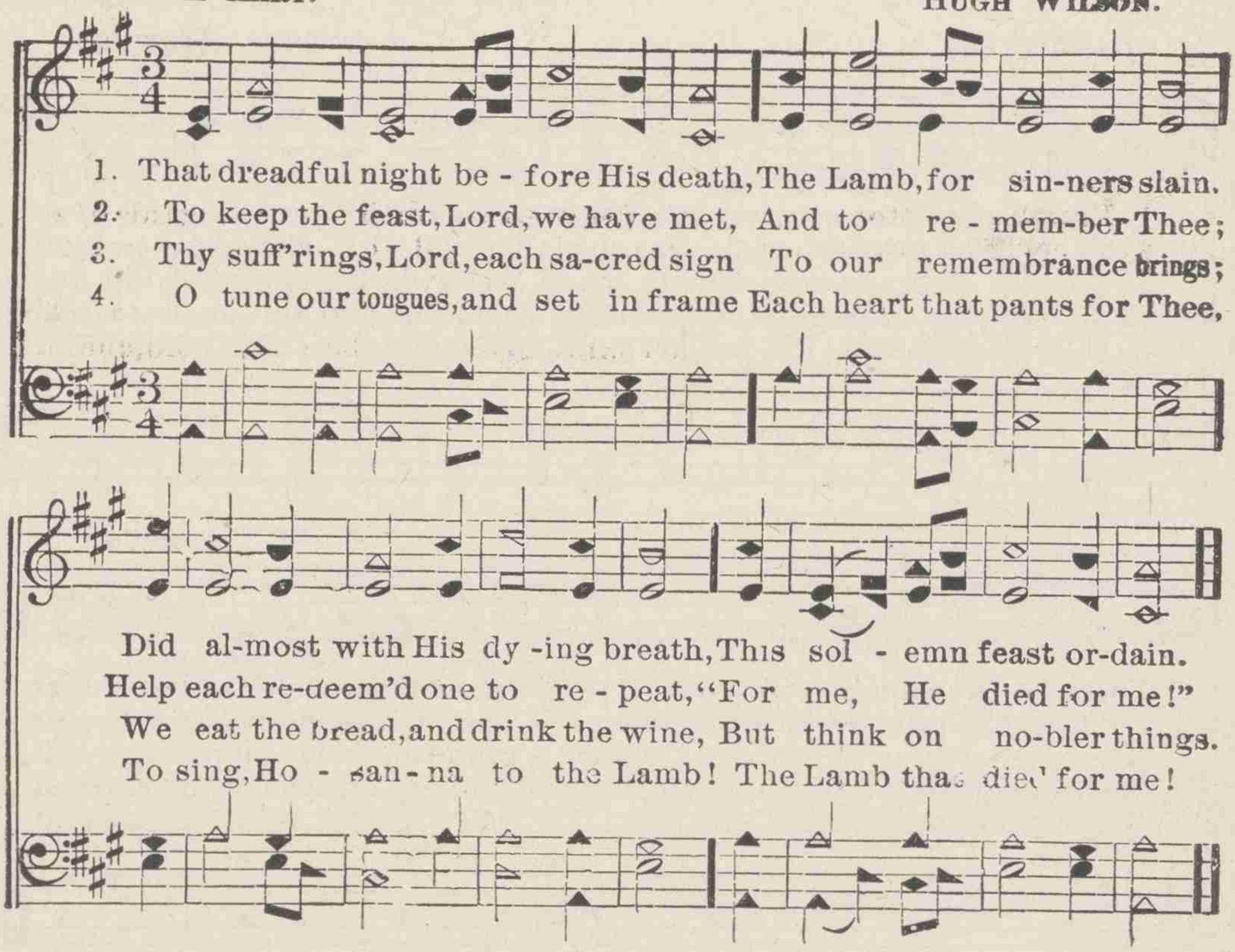
No. 232. Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 233. Avon. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. HUGH WILSON.



No. 234. Siloam. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812. I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.

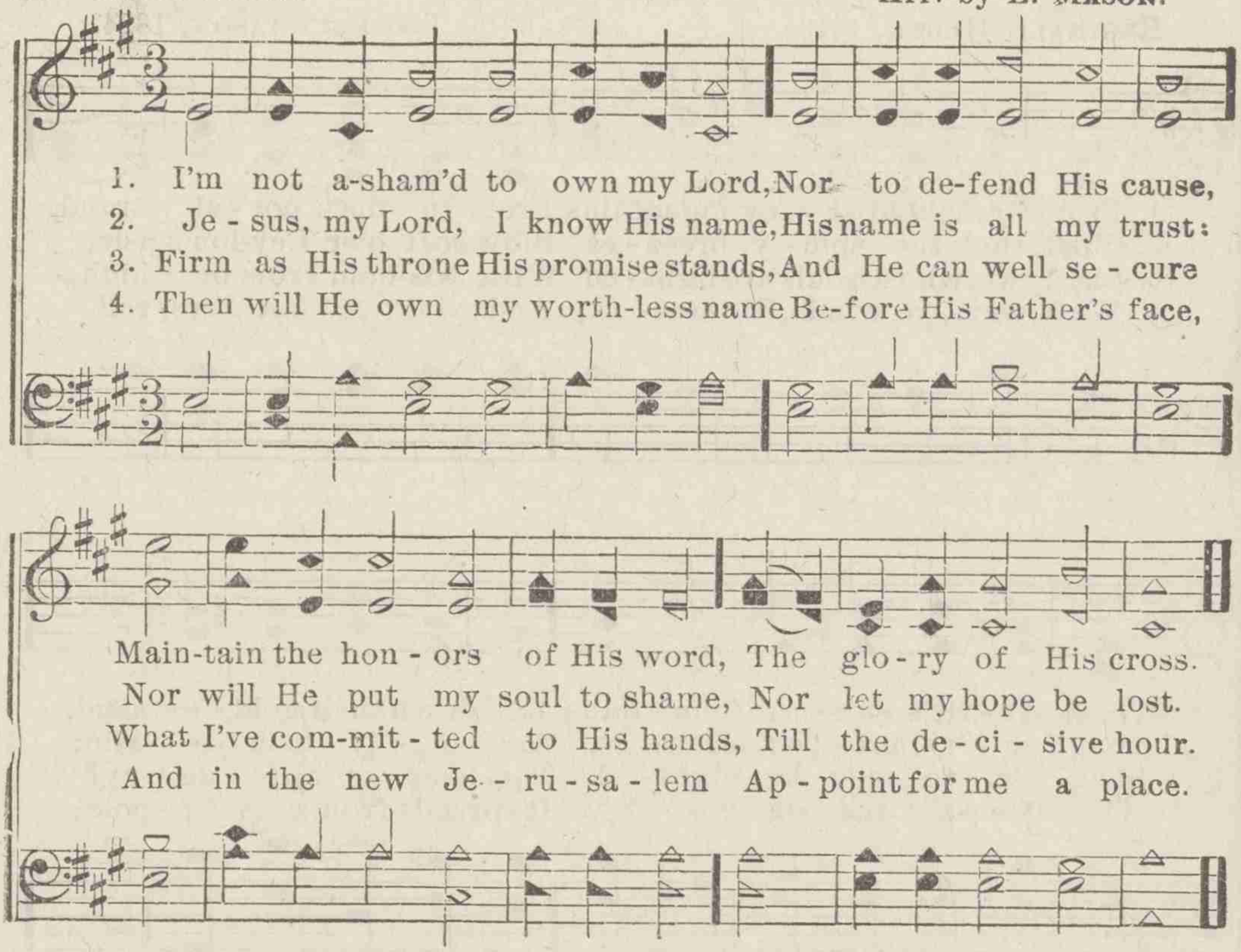
With gentleness.

No. 235. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

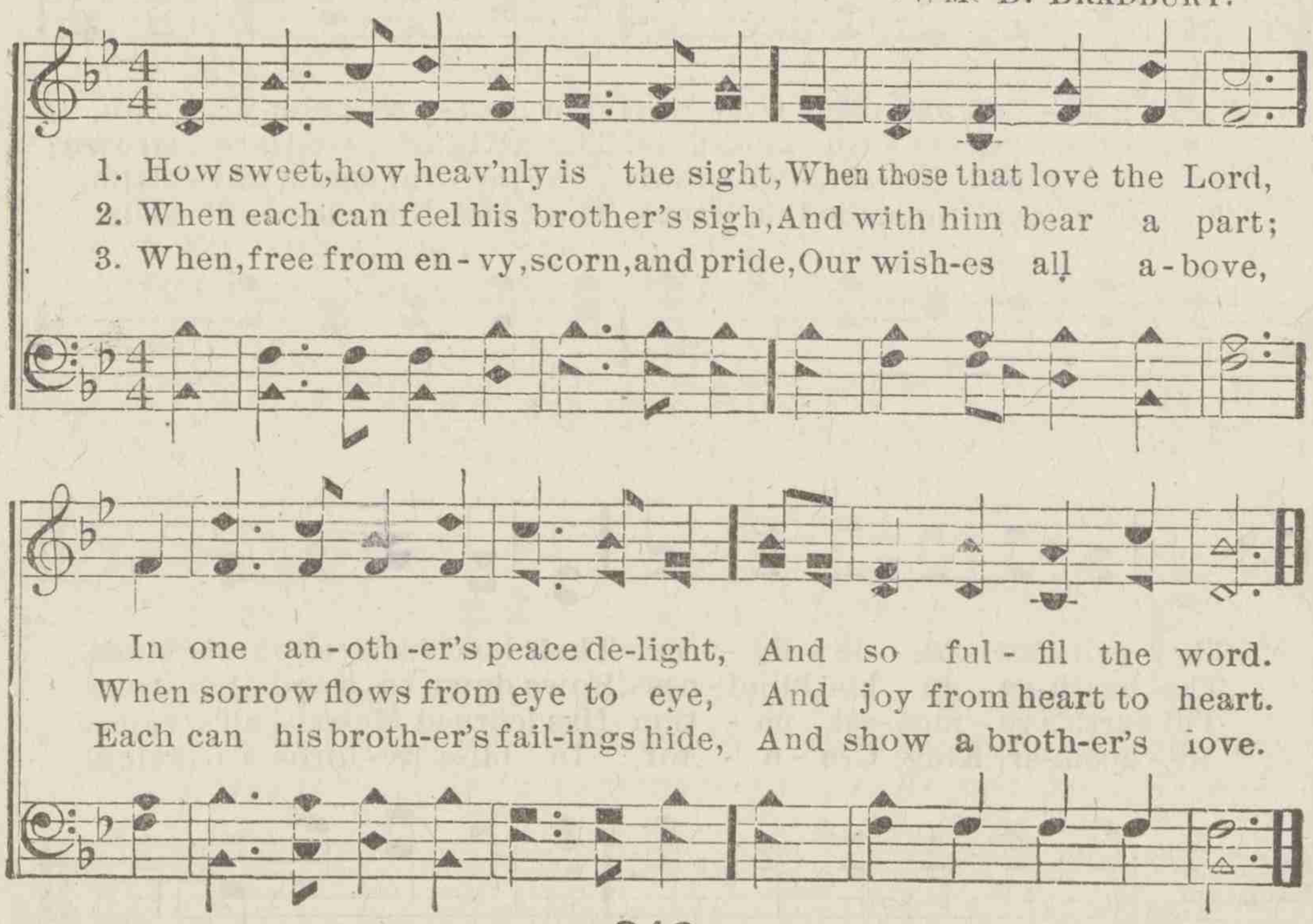
No. 236. Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.



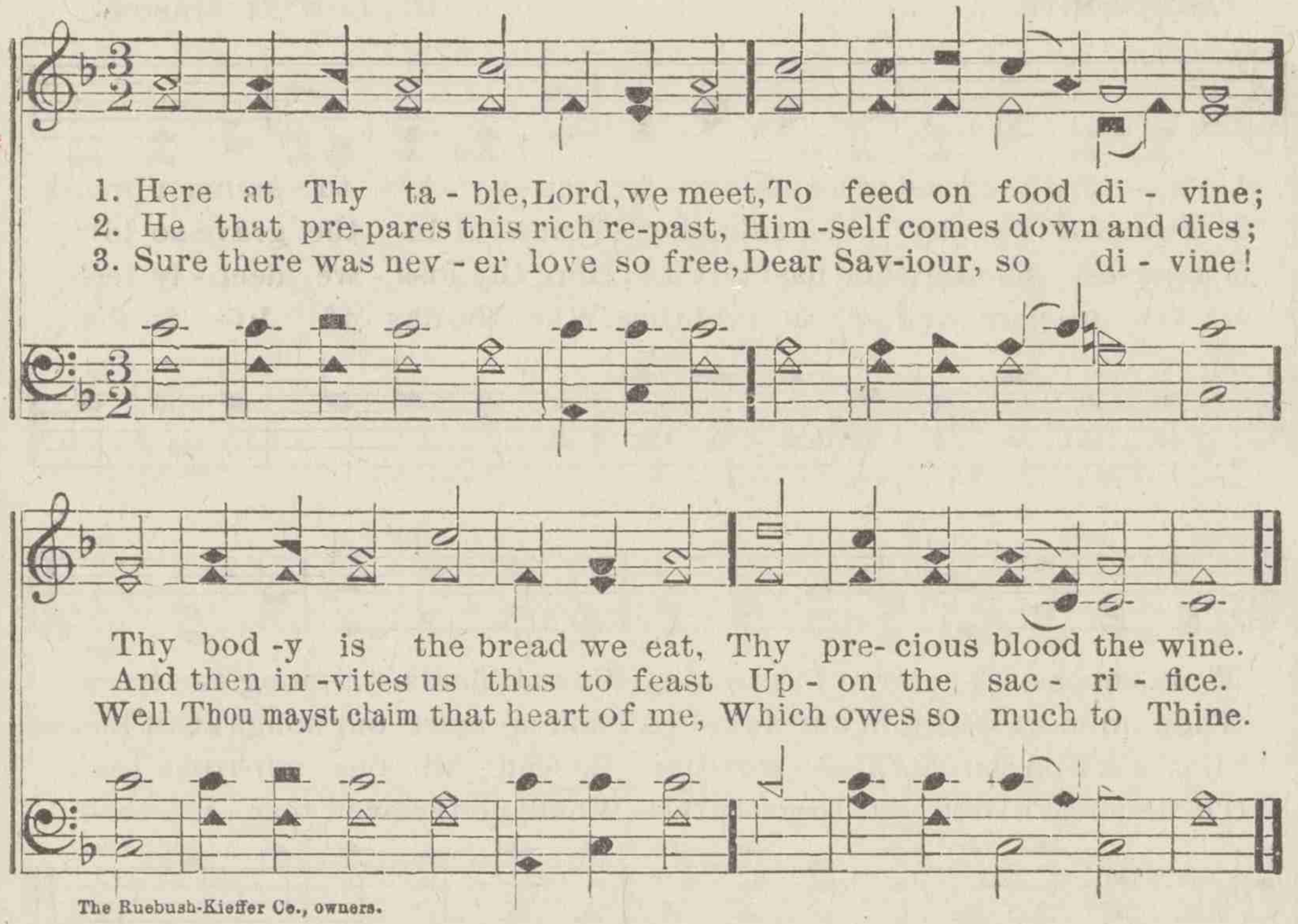
No. 237. Brown. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 238. Communion. C. M.

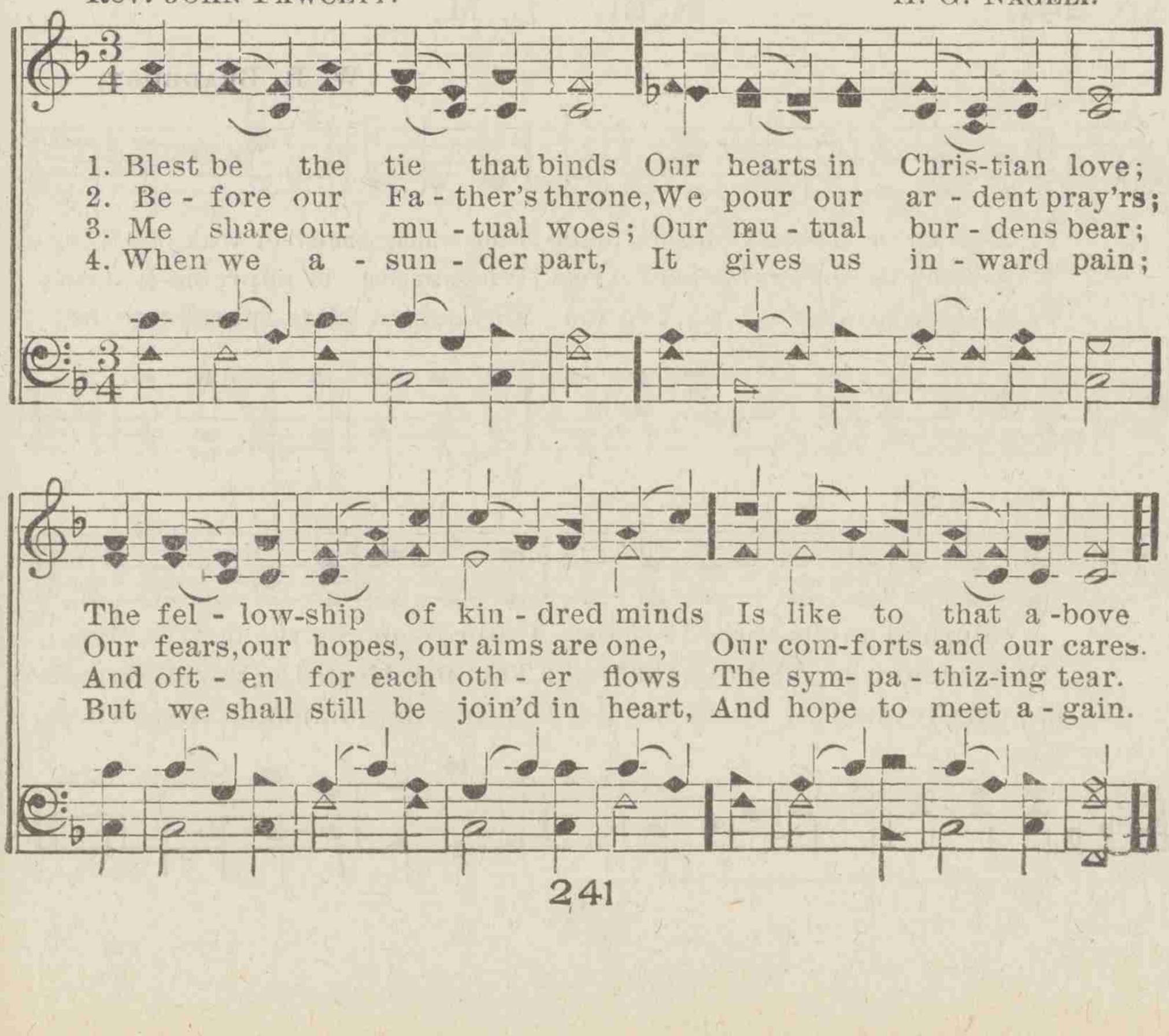
J. H. Hall.



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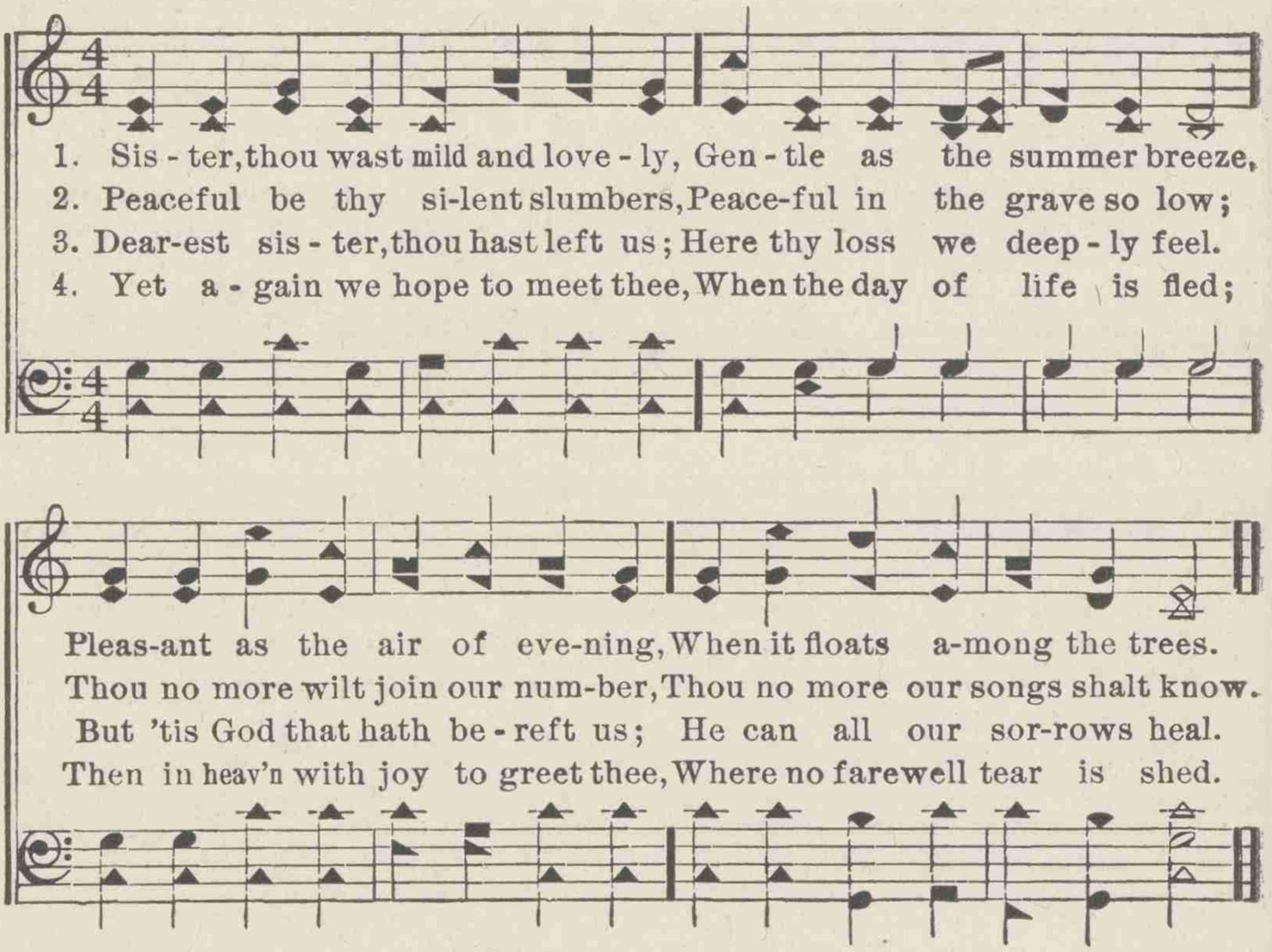
No. 239. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.



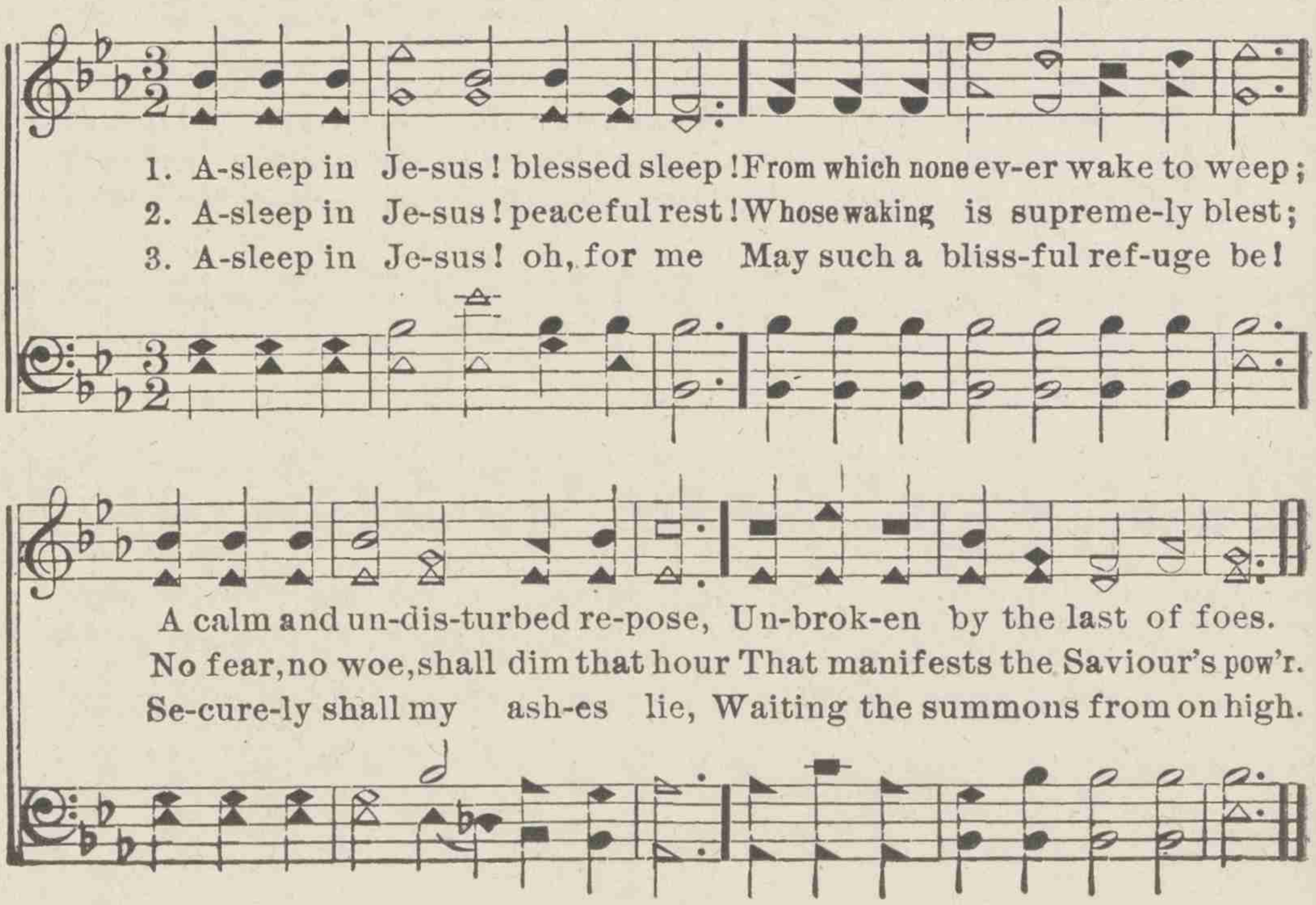
No. 240. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 241. Rest. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



No. 242. Dunbar. S. M.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana, 1800. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.

1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo- ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;

Cho. *There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be - low.
To catch the bright seraph - ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor- row there.

No. 243. Pierce. 8s.
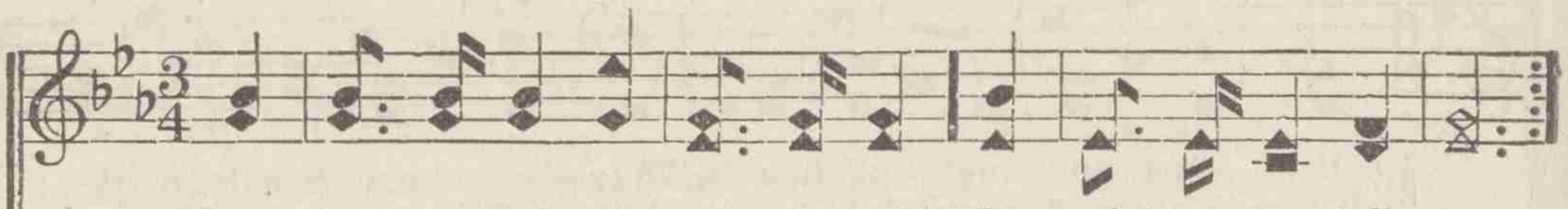
Elizabeth Mills. I. B. Woodbury.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,

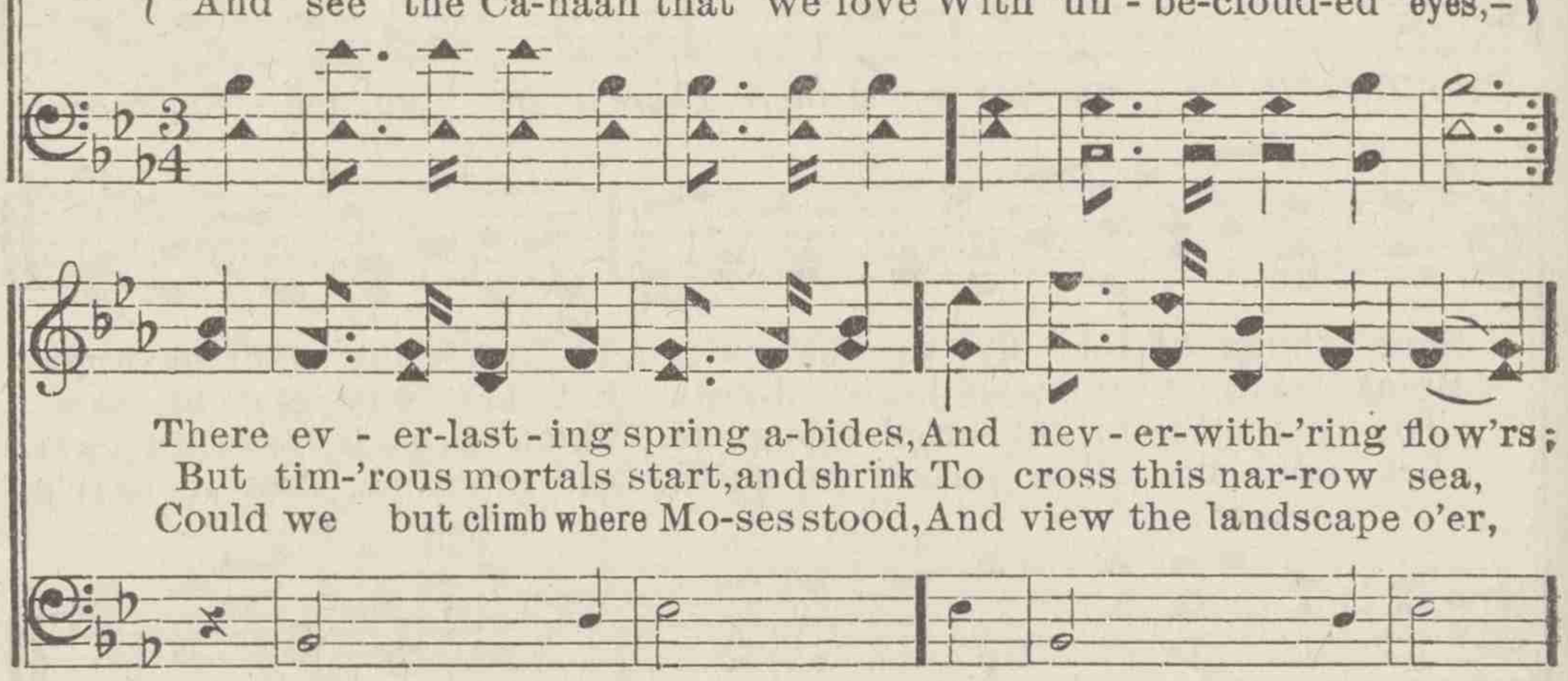
And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there?
From tri-als without and within; But what must it be to be there?
The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there?

No. 244. Land of Promise.
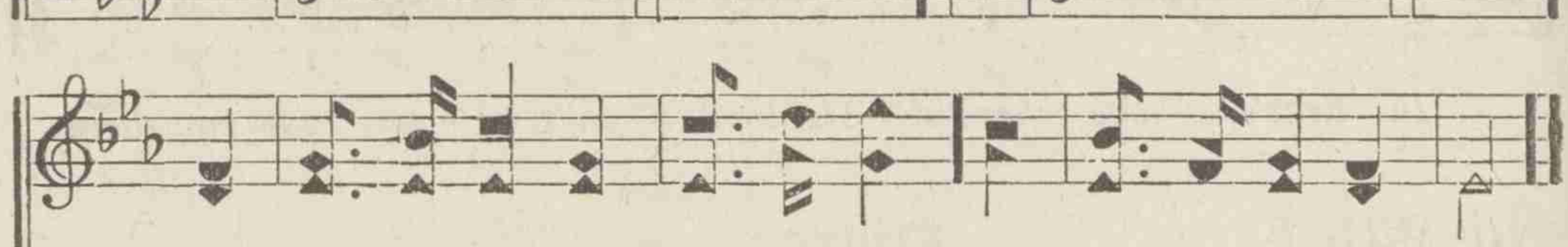
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from RINK by G. F. ROOT.
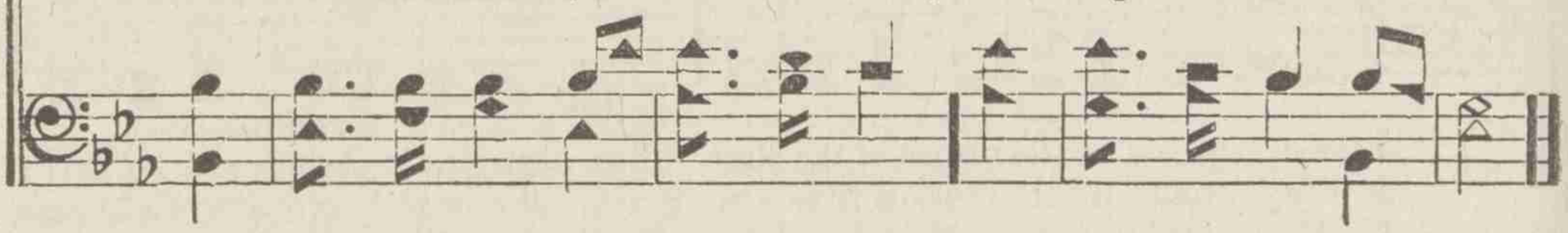


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign;
   In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
   So, to the Jews, old Ca-naan's stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-cloud-ed eyes,—



There ev - er-last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
But tim-'rous mortals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
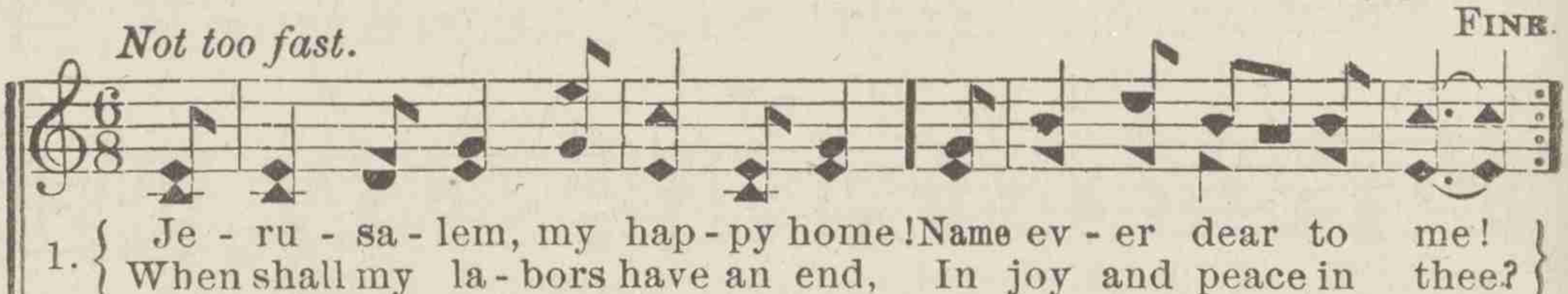


Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.
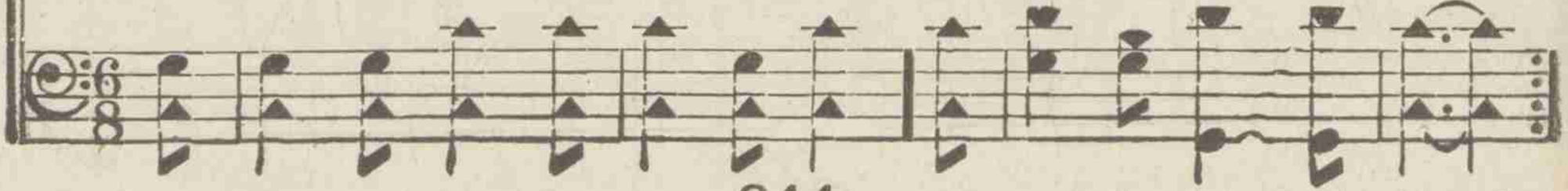


No. 245. Home. C. M., D.

MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

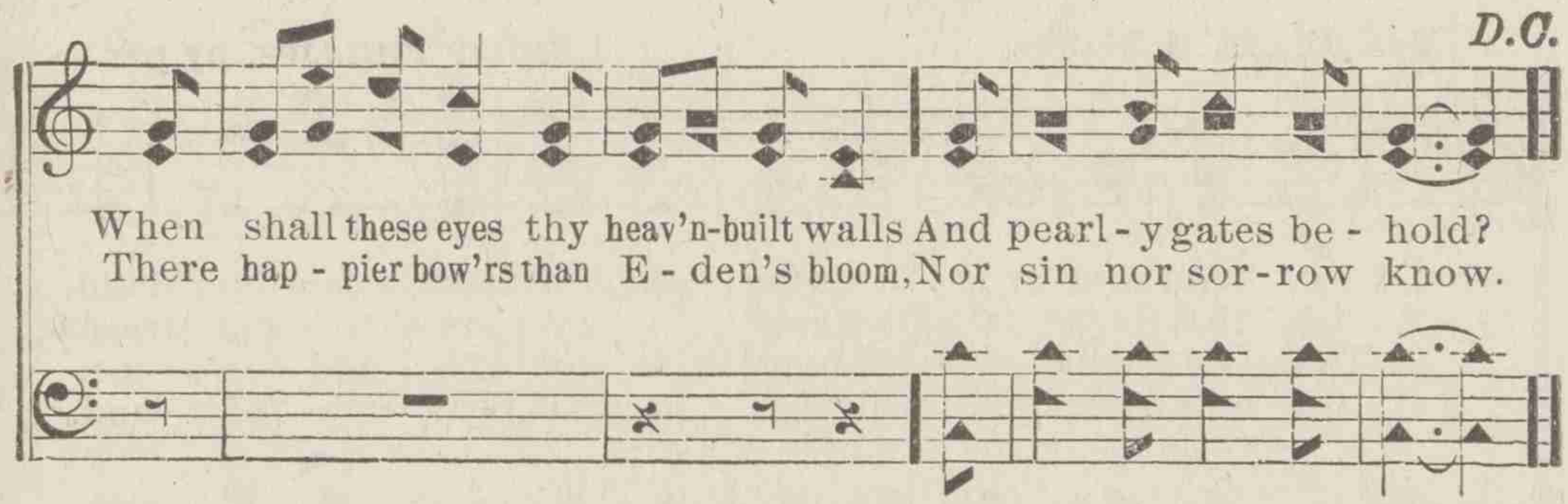
Not too fast. FINE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
   When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
D.C. *Thy bul-warks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?*
2. Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
   Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end?
D.C. *Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you.*

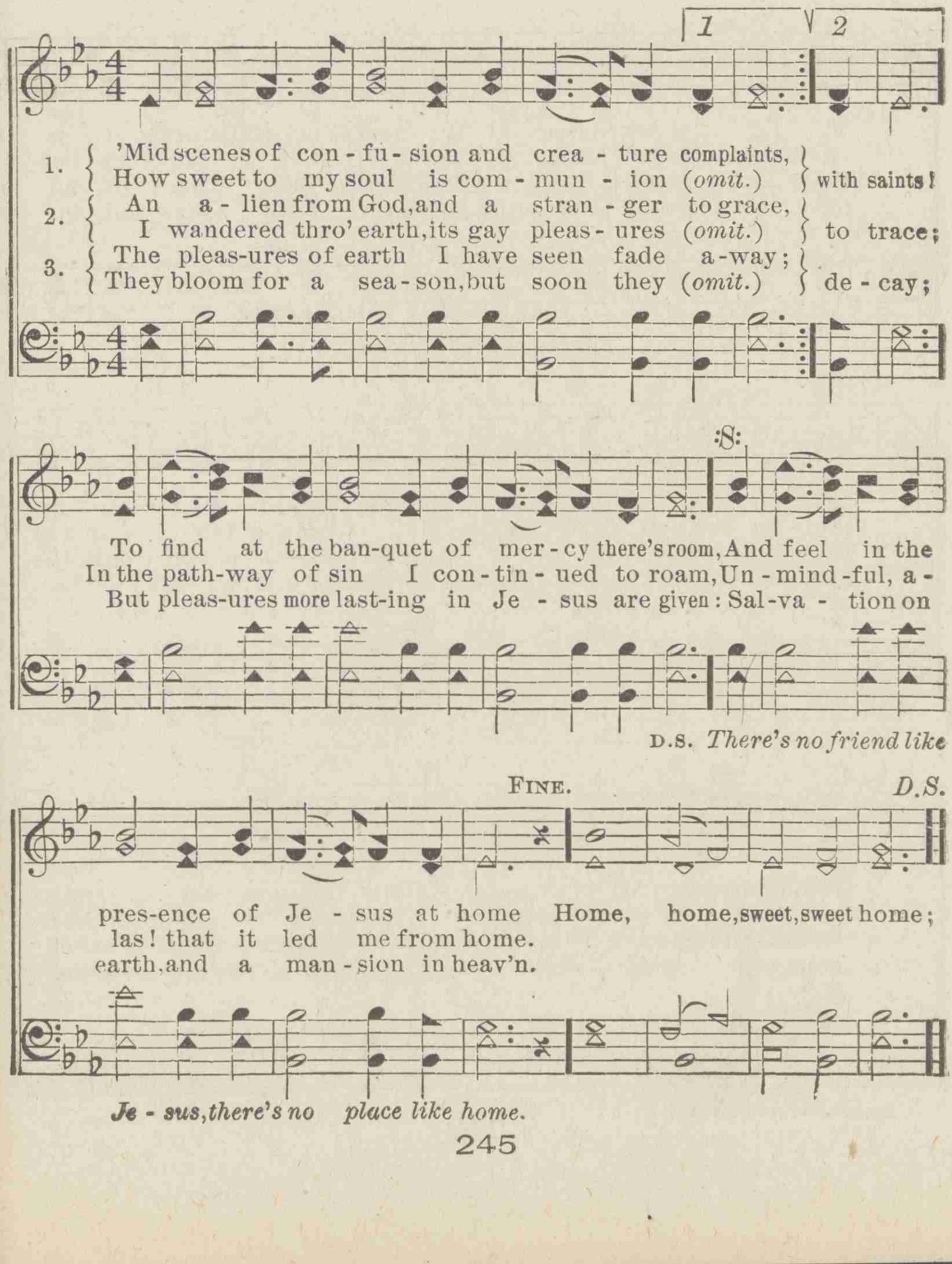


Home. (Concluded.)



No. 246. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.



No. 247. Home of the Soul.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

:S:

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas-per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

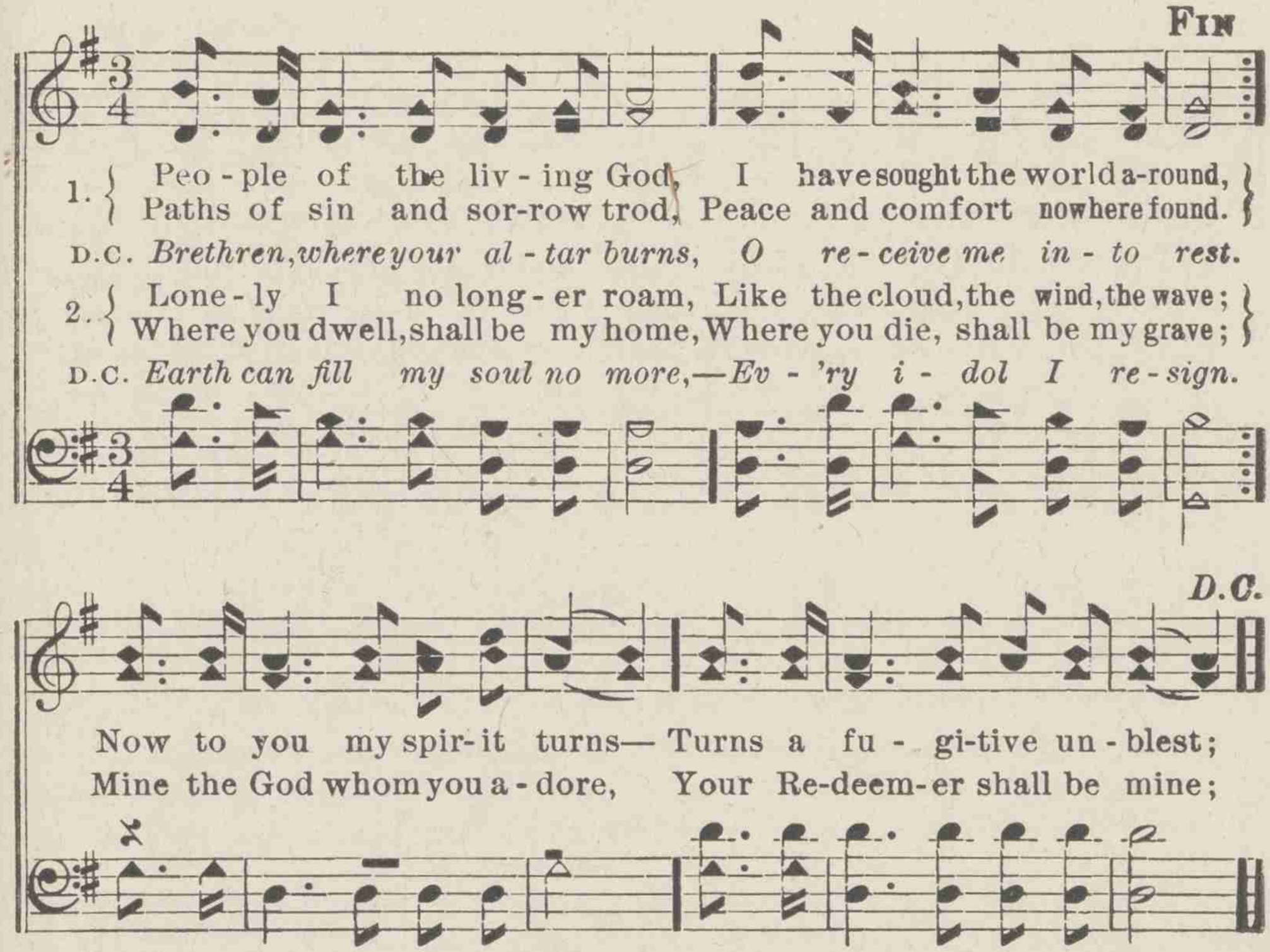
1

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

D.S. 2

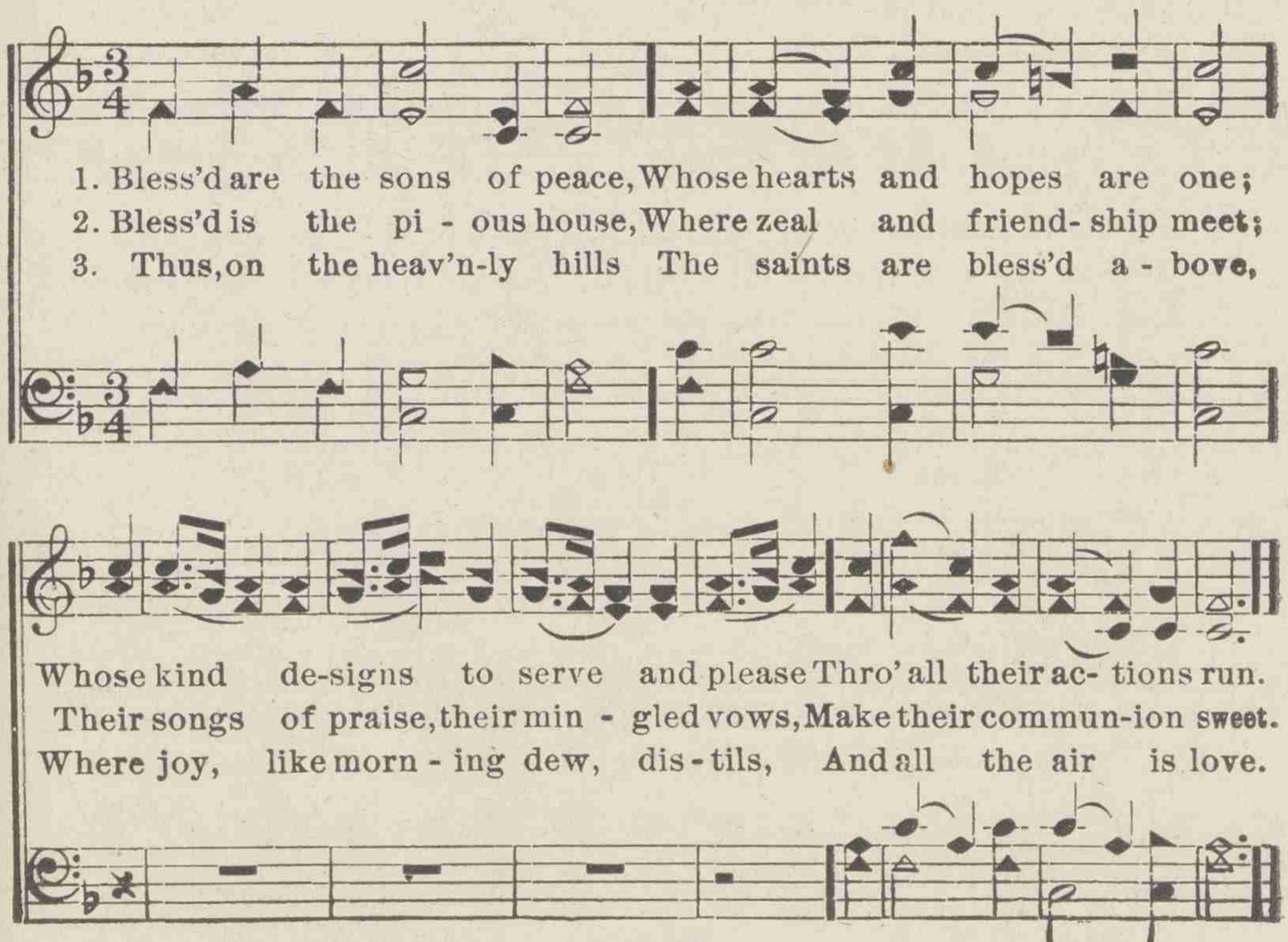
Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips.

No. 248. Ennius. 7s, D.



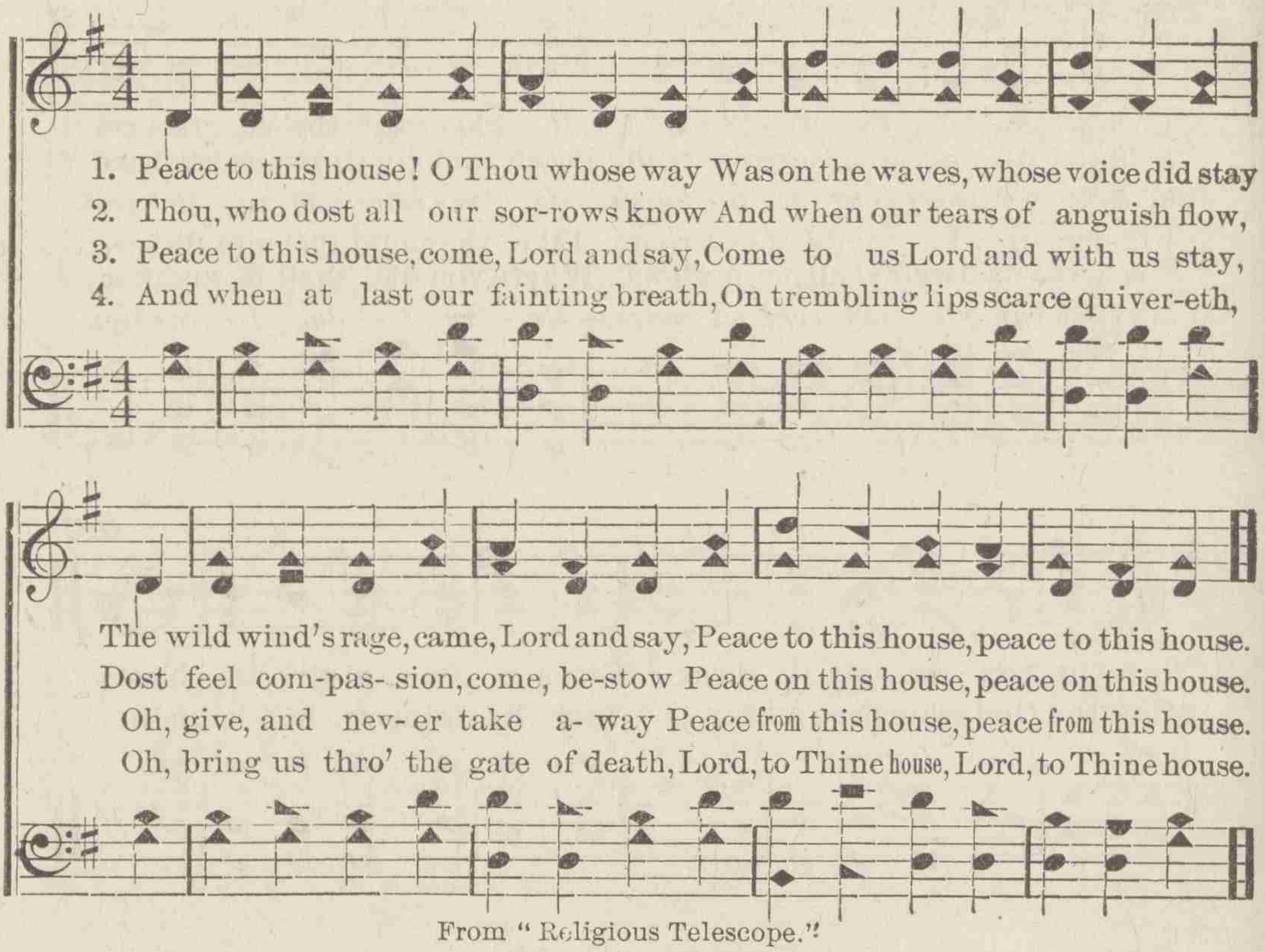
No. 249. Gerar. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 250. CHRIST IN THE HOME.

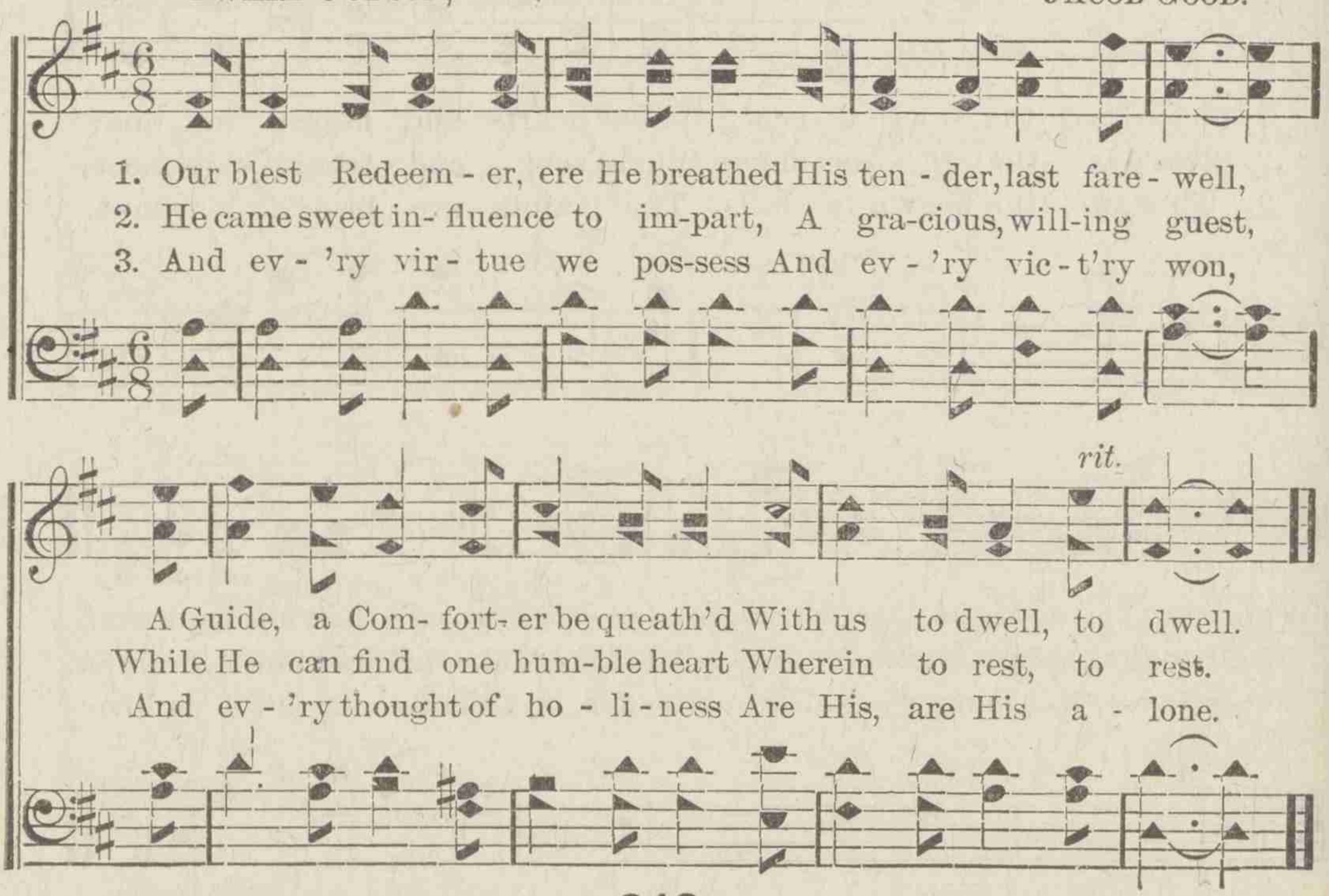
JACOB GOOD.



From "Religious Telescope."

No. 251. THE COMFORTER.

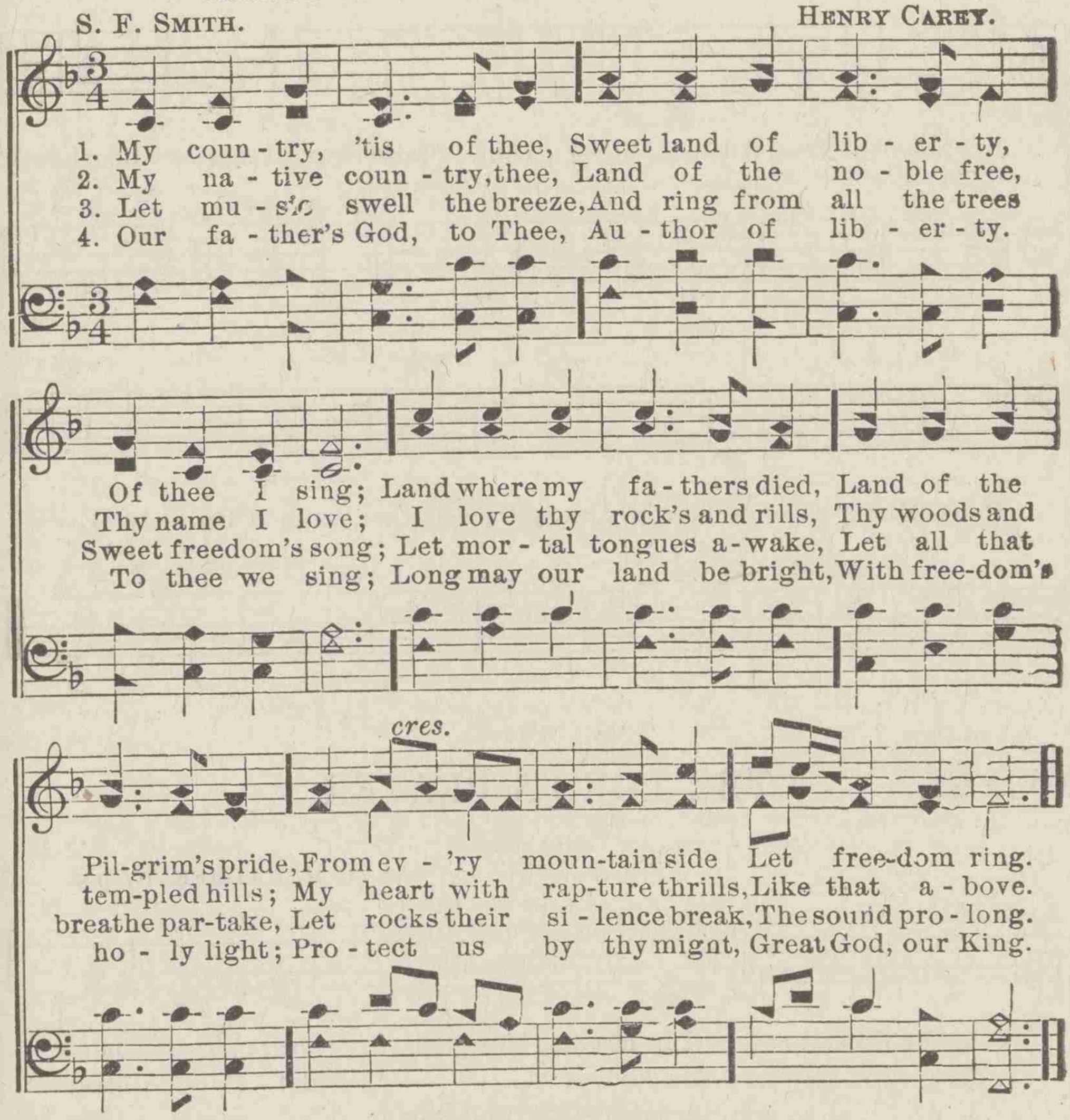
Rev. EDWARD JUDSON, D.D. JACOB GOOD.



No. 252. America. 6s & 4s.
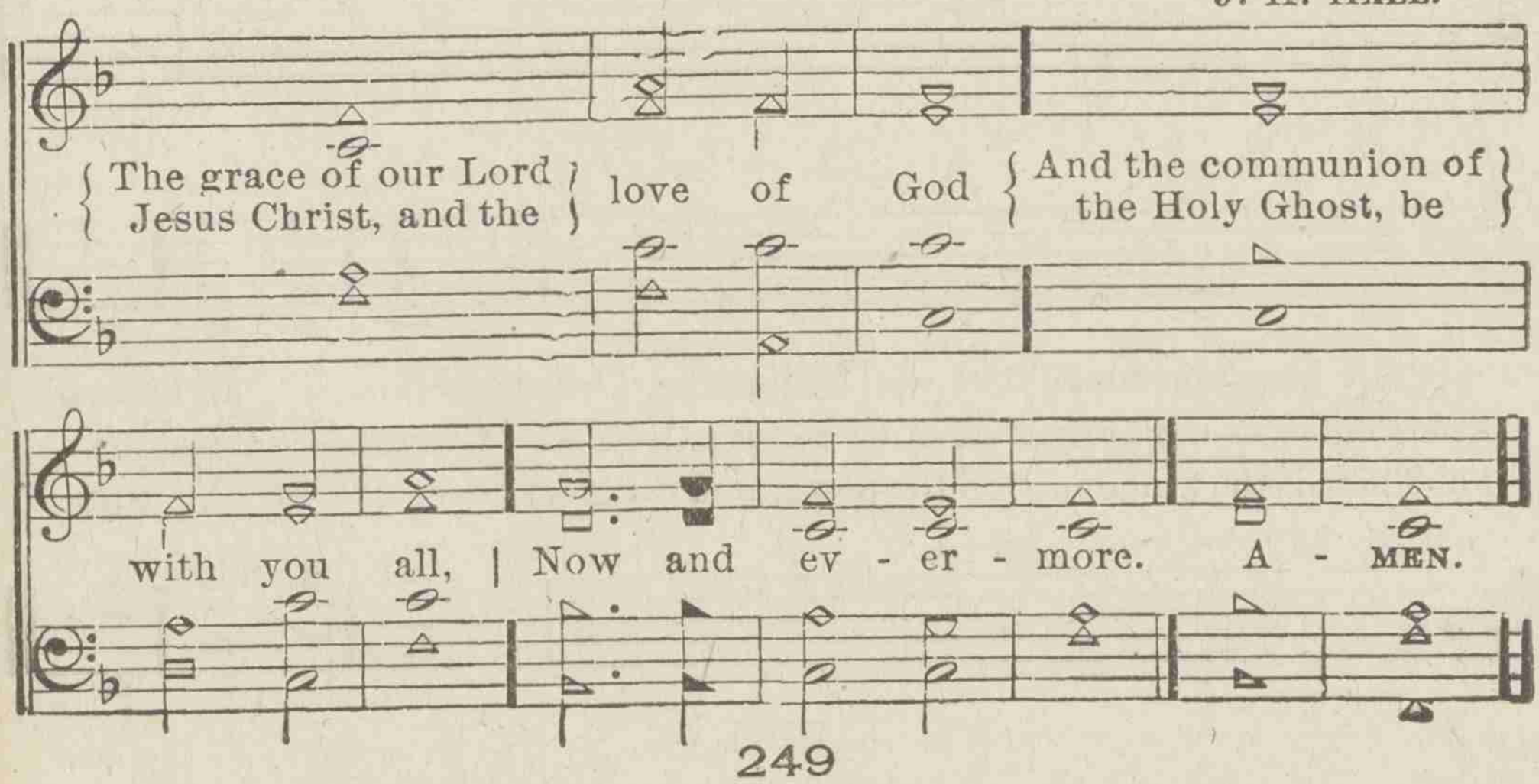
"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Ps. 33 : 12.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



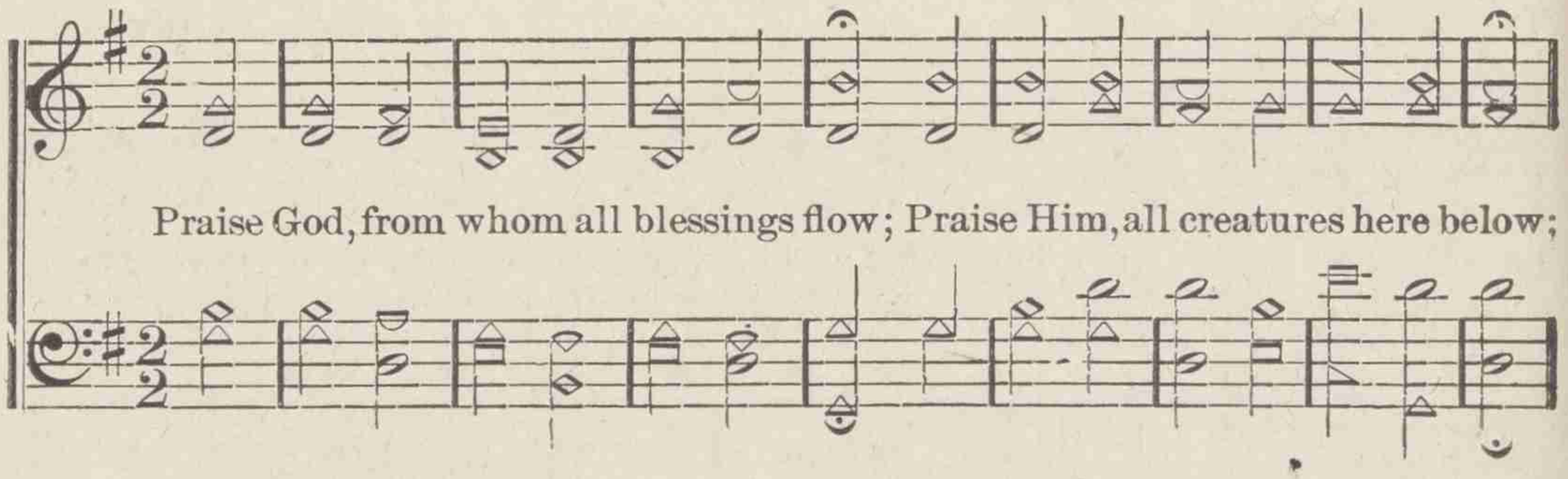
No. 253. Benediction.

J. H. HALL.



No. 254. OLD HUNDRED.
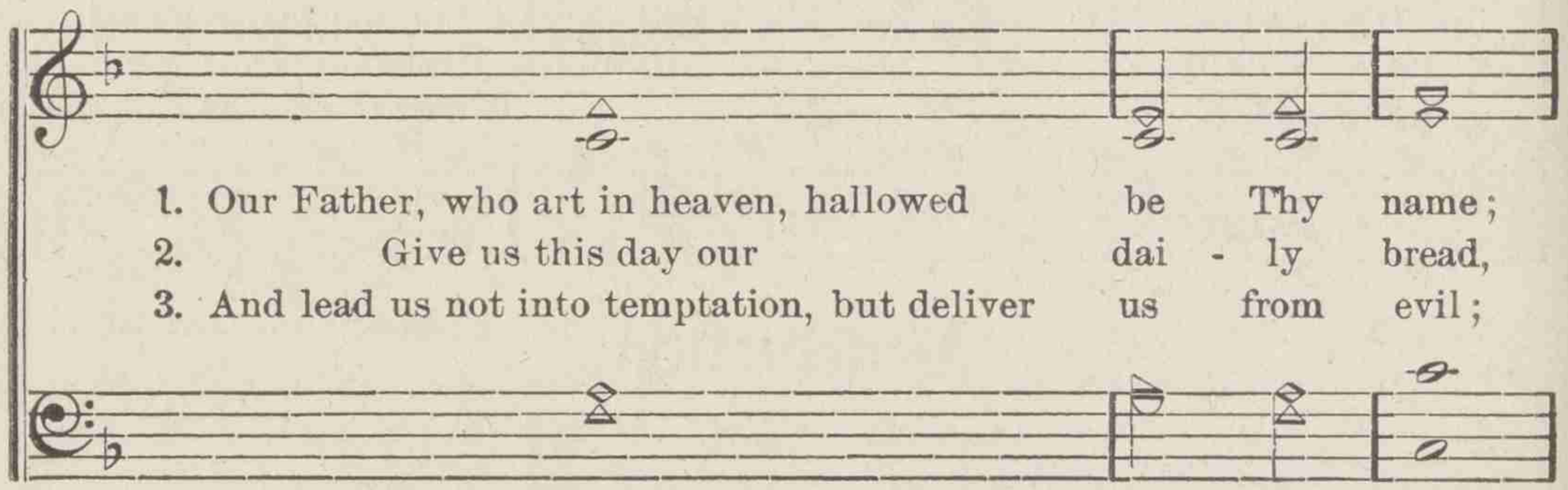
THOMAS KEN. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



No. 255. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

Dr. H. R. PALMER, by per.



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