Joyful Lays

A NEW BOOK FOR PRACTICAL
USE IN THE SONG SERVICE OF

Revival Meetings, Sunday-Schools,
Praise Meetings, Prayer-Meetings,
and all other occasions where
Good Gospel Songs are appropriate

... BY ...

B. B. BEALL, GEO. W. BACON,
T. N. BEALL and J. GUY BEALL.

PUBLISHED BY

B. B. Beall & Co.

DOUGLASVILLE, GA.

Price, post-paid, 30 cents per copy; $1.65 per 6 copies and $3.00 per dozen copies. Special rates to teachers and dealers,

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PREFACE.

We are grateful to all who have helped to make JOYFUL LAYS a book of rare merit. We trust that this new book may find as generous a reception as BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL BELLS and GEMS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS are receiving, and we pray that these beautiful songs may be a blessing to all who sing them and all who hear them sung.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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JOYFUL LAYS.

No. 1. Joyful Lays.

B. B. BEALL.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not withstanding all;
3. Thro' might-y hosts of cru - el foes Where earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kindness is so free.
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kindness is so great.
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kindness is so strong.
He, near my soul, has always stood, His lov - ing kindness is so good.

REFRAIN.

Slow.

Proclaim His kindness, His loving kindness, In gladsome streams it flows to thee,
it flows to thee,

Slow.

Proclaim His kindness, His loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, O how free.
how free.

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No. 2. Bless and Adore Him.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Let my soul bless and a - dore Him, Anthems of grat - i - tude sing;
2. Let my soul hon - or and bless Him Who my sal - va - tion hath wrought;
3. Let me tell oth - ers the sto - ry How to re - deem me He died,

Come with thanks-giv - ing be - fore Him, Crown Him my Mas - ter and King.
Let my lips bold - ly con - fess Him Who my re - demp - tion hath bought.
And to pre - pare me for glo - ry His pre-cious blood He ap - plied.

CHORUS.

Let my heart ut - ter its ful - ness; Let my
Let my heart ut-ter its fullness; Let my lips sing their lays, yes, their glad lays; Let my

lips sing their..... glad lays; Let my
heart ut - ter its fullness; Let my lips sing their lays, yes, their glad lays;

soul bless and a - dore Him, For He is worth - y of praise.
He is worthy, He is worthy, worthy of praise.

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No. 3. Just Follow On.

BIRDIE BELL. T. N. BEALL.

1. Just fol - low on where Je - sus leads, O'er rock - y
2. Just fol - low on, no need to fear, No dan - ger
3. Just fol - low on, His way is best, Who keep His
4. Just fol - low on, and at the last, The journ - ey

steeps, thro' flow'ry meads; He goes be - fore and shows the way, Then
comes while He is near; With trust-ing heart His will o - bey, With
paths find peace and rest; The way - ward soul a - far may roam, The
o'er and dan-gers past, Each heart will praise the lov - ing Hand That

nev - er from His guid - ance stray.
will - ing feet walk in His way.
path He choos-es, lead - eth Home!
led them to the Fa - ther - land.

REFRAIN.

fol - low on! This is the way which Christ hath gone; Just

fol - low on, His foot-prints show This is the way His own should go!

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No. 4. How Glorious It Will Be.

JENNIE WILSON. J. GUY BEALL.

1. If we're faith-ful to the Mas - ter, serv - ing tru - ly day by day,
2. Oh, how glo - ri - ous 'twill be to meet our Sav - iour face to face,
3. Oh, how glo - ri - ous 'twill be to serve the King up - on His throne,

Till at last our tasks are fin-ished and from toil He sets us free, As His
See - ing then in all His beau-ty, Him we serve in faith and love; Then with
Speeding far on mer - cy's er-rands as the a - ges come and go, Then the

voice from scenes of earth - life sweet - ly call - eth us a - way, Oh, how
mul - ti - tudes un - num-bered sing - ing of re - deem-ing grace, We shall
joys that are in wait - ing for the blest shall be our own, And the

REFRAIN.

glo - ri - ous the mu - sic of our wel - come home will be.
swell the might - y cho - rus ring - ing through the realms a - bove. Oh, how
rich re - wards of heav - en in their ful - ness we shall know.

glo - ri - ous, how glo - ri - ous will be the coming home, When all sor-row, pain and

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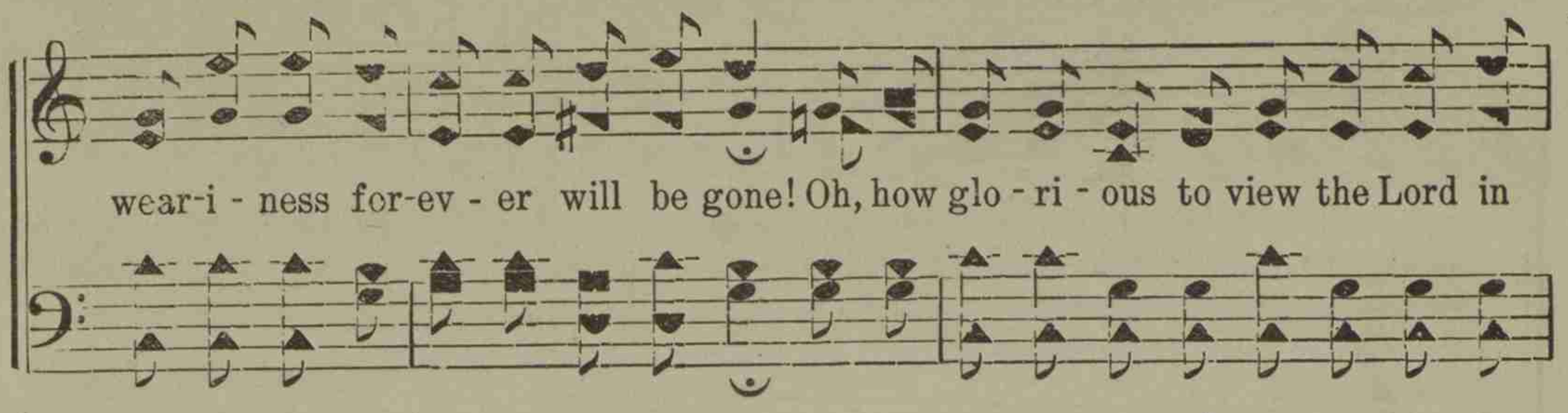
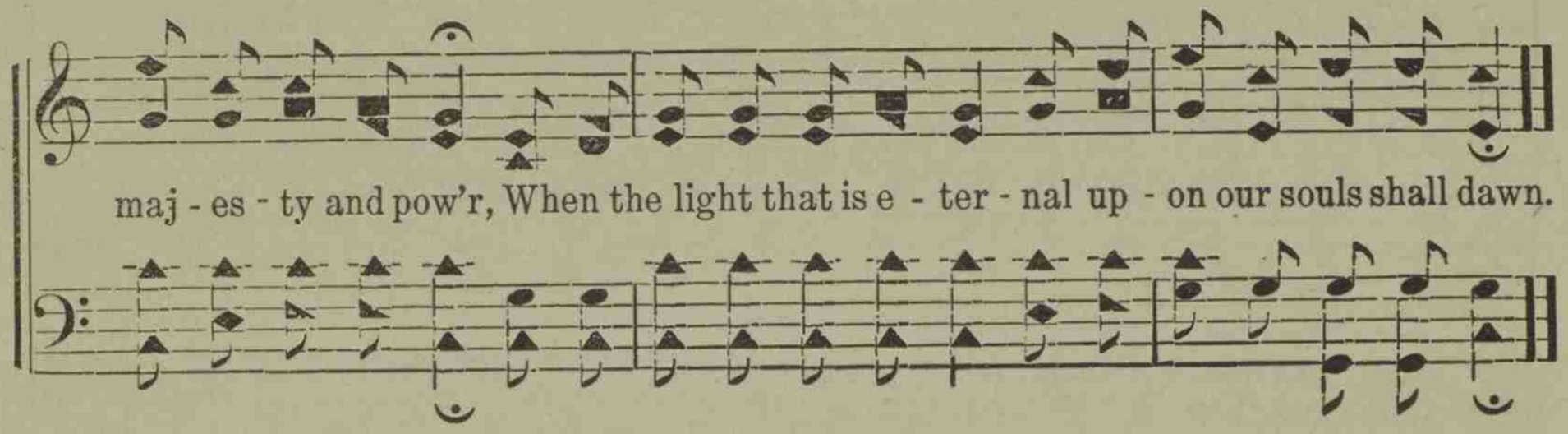
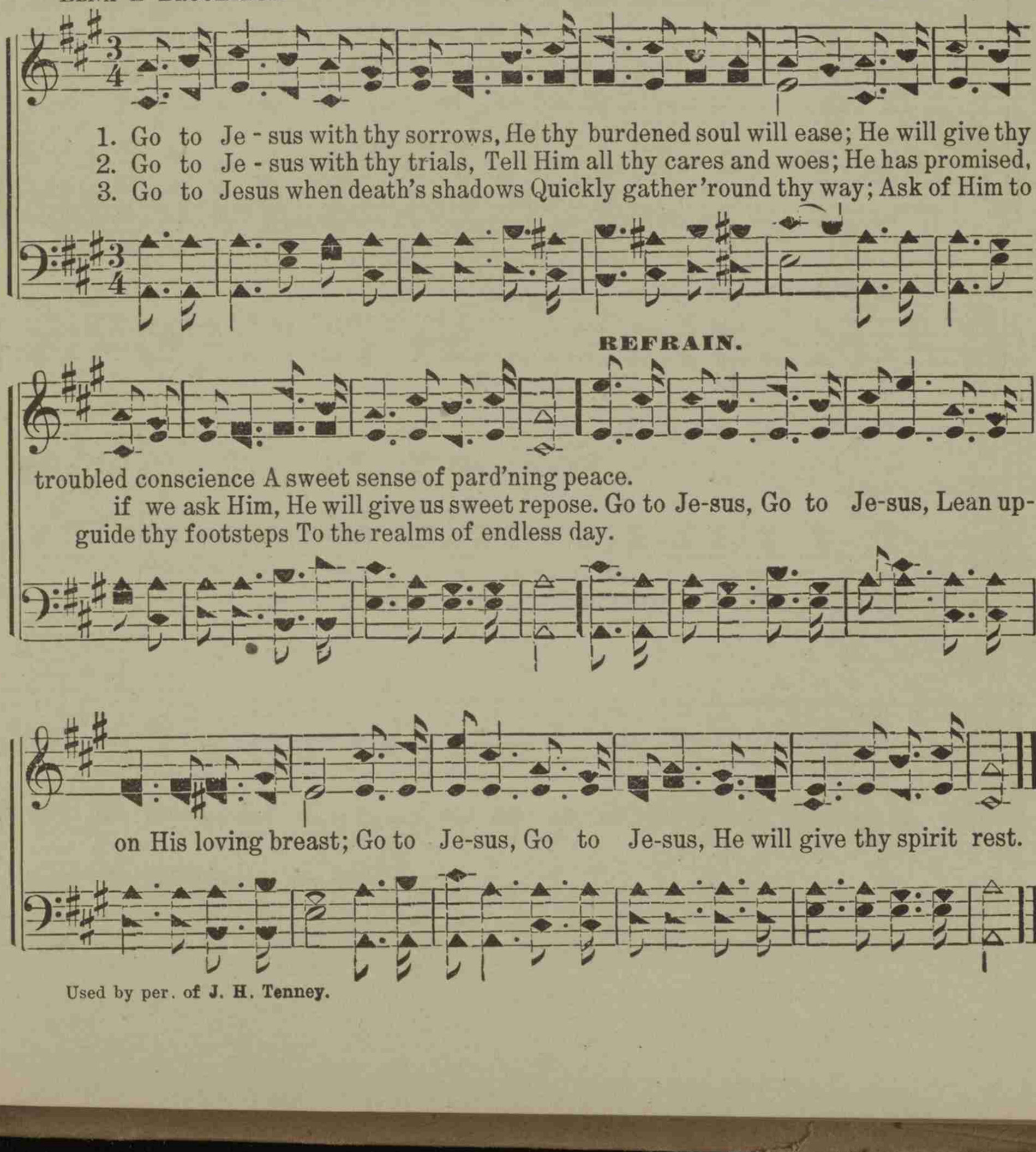
How Glorious it Will Be. Concluded.





No. 5. Go to Jesus.

LENA E BROOKINGS. J. H. TENNEY.



Used by per. of J. H. Tenney.

No. 6. Jesus Is First and Best.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. The friends that I love they are ma - ny, My life by their love is blest,
2. The dear ones of earth are so pre - cious When I am by cares oppressed,
3. And when on life's march I am wea - ry, There's but one ha-ven of rest;
4. And when the dark riv - er I'm cross - ing, I'll ride o'er each stormy crest,
5. And when that great cit-y e - ter - nal I'll en - ter with all the blest,

But One I love more than all oth - ers, For Je - sus is first and best.
But when my soul cries out in sor - row, Then Je - sus is first and best.
Tho' oth - ers may lav - ish with kindness, Still Je - sus is first and best.
And prove what I long have been sing-ing, That Je - sus is first and best.
I'll find that for-ev - er and ev - er My Je - sus is first and best.

REFRAIN.

Yes, Je - sus is first and best,..... He's dearer than all the rest;
He's first and best, all the rest;

Tho' oth - ers are near, Tho' oth - ers are dear, Yet Je - sus is first and best.

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No. 7. Fear Not, Neither Be Dismayed.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. If we keep the com-mand-ments the Saviour taught, And ac-cept the re-
2. If the Fa - ther's dis - pleas-ure on us doth rest, Oh! re-mem-ber that
3. When the sound of the trumpet shall bid us rise And come forth for our

demp-tion with blood He bought, In the storms that be - set He will
God ev - er know - eth best; Though He chasten, our hope in Him
judg-ment be - fore the All - wise, If the Sav-iour's commandments we

ev - er aid, For He say - eth: "Fear not, neith-er be dis-mayed."
shall be stayed,—Hear the prom - ise: "Fear not, neith-er be dis-mayed."
have o - beyed, He will an-swer: "Fear not, neith-er be dis-mayed."

CHORUS.

"Fear not, fear not, neither be dismayed, I'll be with thee through calm and through storm;

Fear not, fear not, neither be dismayed, I'll up-hold thee by mine om-nip-o-tent arm."

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No. 8. What Will You Leave for Jesus?

MISS JENNIE WILSON. T. N. BEALL.

1. While the Spir - it is whis - per-ing to your soul, "Turn not from the
2. Will you turn from the fol - lies that but de - coy Your feet in the
3. Will you leave that which lures to un - end - ing loss For Him who His

Sav-iour, but heed His call," Break the fetters which keep you in sin's con - trol,
per - il - ous down-ward way? Will you leave empty pleasures for last - ing joy
life to re-deem you gave? Je - sus left heaven's glo - ry for Calv'ry's cross

REFRAIN.

No more let the tempter your heart en-thrall.
The Saviour gives those who His will o - bey? Oh, what will you leave for the
Your soul from e-ter - nal de - spair to save.

Sav-iour's sake? Can you now for Him leave all the false and wrong? To

Jesus can you glad sur-ren-der make, And show to the world you to Him be-long?

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No. 9. Over Life's Thorny Pathway.

BIRDIE BELL. J. GUY BEALL.

1. O - ver life's thorn-y path - way, Journey - ing day by day,
2. O - ver life's thorn-y path - way, Journey - ing side by side,
3. O - ver life's thorn-y path - way, What tho' the road seems long?

Some-times the sun is shi - ning, Sometimes the skies are gray;
Some - bod-y's load we car - ry, Some-bod-y's feet we guide;
Trust - ing the guide un - fail - ing, Lean on the arm that's strong;

Nev - er a - lone we trav - el, Je - sus is al - ways near,
Speak-ing a word of com - fort, Mak - ing some pil - grim glad,
Tak - ing the road He choos - es, Some day we'll reach the goal,

Wheth-er the days are sun - ny, Whether the days are drear.
Man - y a soul is friend-less, Man - y a soul is sad.
Coun - try of bliss e - ter - nal, Home of the pil - grim soul.

Up to the homestead yon - der, We shall be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

O - ver life's thorny path - way, Led by a heav'n-ly guide,

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No. 10. GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES.

MRS. LAURA NEWELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. Gathering golden sheaves, gleaning ev-er, Gathering golden sheaves halting nev - er, Gathering golden sheaves, blest endeavor, Gather-ing gold-en sheaves as we roam.
2. Gathering golden sheaves, O the pleasure, Gathering golden sheaves, heav'nly treasure, Gathering golden sheaves, who may measure Deeds that we dowhile jour - ney-ing home. Gath - 'ring sheaves for Je - sus,
3. Gathering golden sheaves, Christ will find us Gathering golden sheaves love doth bind us, Gathering golden sheaves, cares behind us, Working till He shall bid us to "come." Gathering golden sheaves,

REFRAIN.

Gold - en sheaves for Je - sus, Gath - 'ring sheaves for Je - sus, Gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves, yes, gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves, sheaves for Je - sus, Toiling till Jesus shall claim His own. Gathering golden sheaves, claim His own.

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No. 11. Join Their Bands.

MISS A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. O hark! hear the shout - ing and sing - ing As the ranks of the
2. O hark! hear them praise mid their cross - es As thro' toils and sharp
3. O hark! some are sigh - ing and sob - bing, But a song ev - er

ransomed move on! How the an - gels a-round them are sing - ing, Keep-ing
con-flicts they come! For they know aft - er tri - als and loss - es, There a-
fol - lows their tears, For the trust in the Lord e'er a-bound - ing Rifts the

REFRAIN.

guard as they press t'ward the throne. Join their bands, Christ com-
wait rich pos-sess - ions and home.
doubt of its troub - les and fears. Join their bands,

mands, He is Prince of the kingdom of rest, Hap-py
Christ commands, bless-ed rest,

land, shi - ning strand, By the faith-ful for-ev - er possessed.
Hap-py land, shining strand,

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No. 12.

Glad Tidings.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Glad ti-dings we bring you from heav-en a - bove, A Sav-iour is born to re - deem; To you and all na-tions this mes-sage of love,—
2. A King in the man-ger of Beth - le - hem lies, The Lord of all glo - ry a - bove, The song of the an - gels is heard in the skies,
3. From sin's dark do-min - ion He com-eth to save, And of - fer the cap-tives re - lease, The vic-t'ry to give o - ver death and the grave,

CHORUS.

Oh, list to the soul-stir-ring theme.
And sweet is the ech - o of love. Ho - san - na! Ho-san - na we sing,.... And glo-rious the ti-dings of love;.... The earth with the
And rich are His blessings of peace. Ho- san-na we sing, The tidings of love;
cho - rus, the cho - rus shall ring. While angels are sing-ing a - bove.
shall ring,

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No. 13. Do Something for Jesus.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." LUKE. 14: 23.

A. F. MYERS. C. L. EBY.

Moderato.

1. Go out in the high-ways and hedg - es, And gath - er the
2. Go earn-est - ly, plead with the way-ward, And help them to
3. Oh, tes - ti - fy free - ly for Je - sus, Yield ful - ly to

wan-der - ers in; Persuade them to come and seek mer - cy Of
en - ter the fold, Do something my brother for Je - sus, For
His sweet con - trol, Tell oth-ers the hope that you cher - ish, And

CHORUS.

Je - sus who'll par-don their sin.
you He bore sor-rows un - told. Do something for Je - sus to-
bless-ings that glad-den your soul.

day,.... Do some-thing for Je - sus to - day,.... Be faith-ful and
to - day, to - day,

true, Your life jour - ney thro'; Do something for Je - sus to - day.

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No. 14. Gather Golden Fruit for Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. B. B. BEALL.

1. We are now in life's fair summer, Bright its sunbeams on us shine, While we
2. Dur-ing life's brief summer sea-son There are precious souls to win, Fruitage
3. Let us work with zeal and gladness, And the fleeting hours improve, Gath'ring
4. In the land of end-less summer Where no e - vil can de-stroy, Fruit we

view in rich a - bund-ance Gold - en fruit on tree and vine.
for the low - ly Sav - iour Shield-ed from the blight of sin.
fruit that is e - ter - nal For the Mas - ter whom we love.
gath - er now for Je - sus Ev - er - more will give us joy.

REFRAIN.

Gather gold - - - en fruit for Je - sus While the
Gath-er gold-en fruit for Je - sus, Gath-er gold-en fruit for Je - sus, While the

sum - - mer days speed by, Gather gold - - - en fruit for
summer days speed by, While the summer days speed by, Gather golden fruit for Jesus, Gather

Je - sus Ere the win - ter - time draws nigh.
gold - en fruit for Je - sus, Ere the chil - ly win - ter time draws nigh.

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No. 15. THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

JENNIE WILSON. B. B. BEALL.

1. Make bright-er the lives that lie near to your own, Spread sunshine wher-
2. Speak words that bring courage and hope to the heart, And reach out a
3. Leave o - pen the win-dow that leads to the soul, And bask in the

ev - er you go; There's gladness and cheer in the world for us all,
warm, friendly hand; The light that is seen in a kind, smil-ing face,
sunbeams di - vine; Then forth from your presence, a bless - ing and joy,

REFRAIN.

If we seek their ra - di - ant glow.
Is need-ed all o - ver the land. Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
The beau - ti - ful love-light will shine.

pp

sunshine, sunshine, That comes to us down from a-bove! O, may we send out

all a - round us each day, The beau - ti - ful sun-shine of love.

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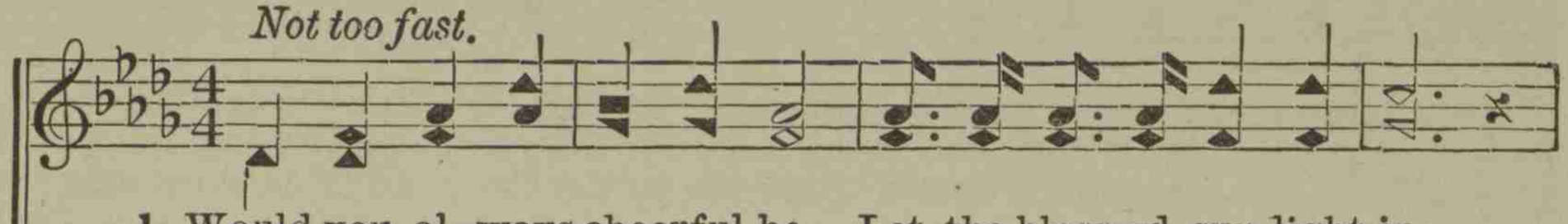
16. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

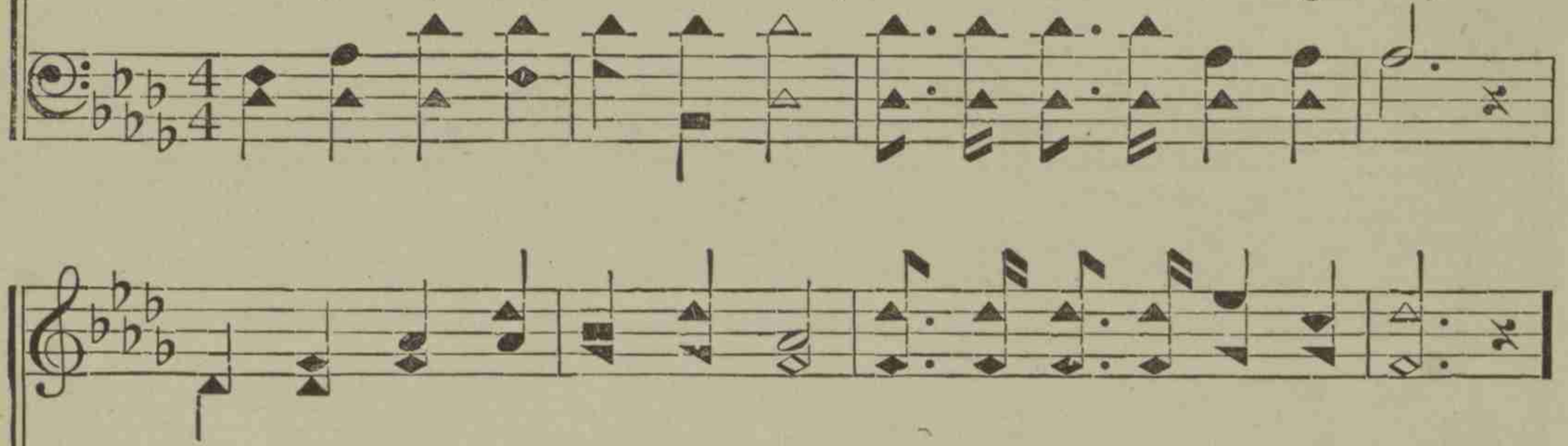
" God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS, by per.

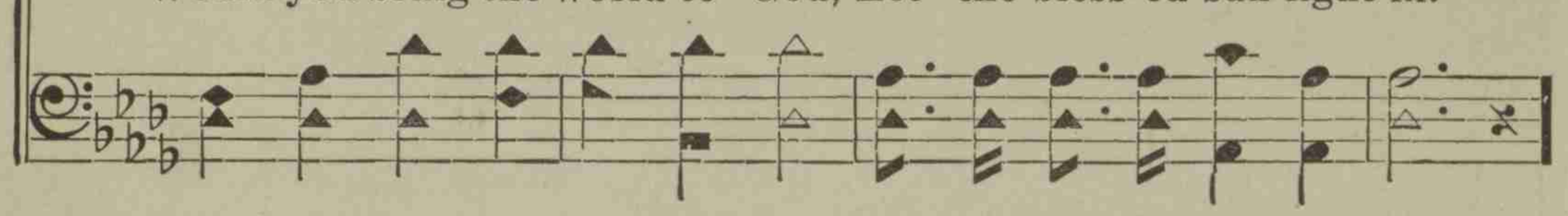
Not too fast.

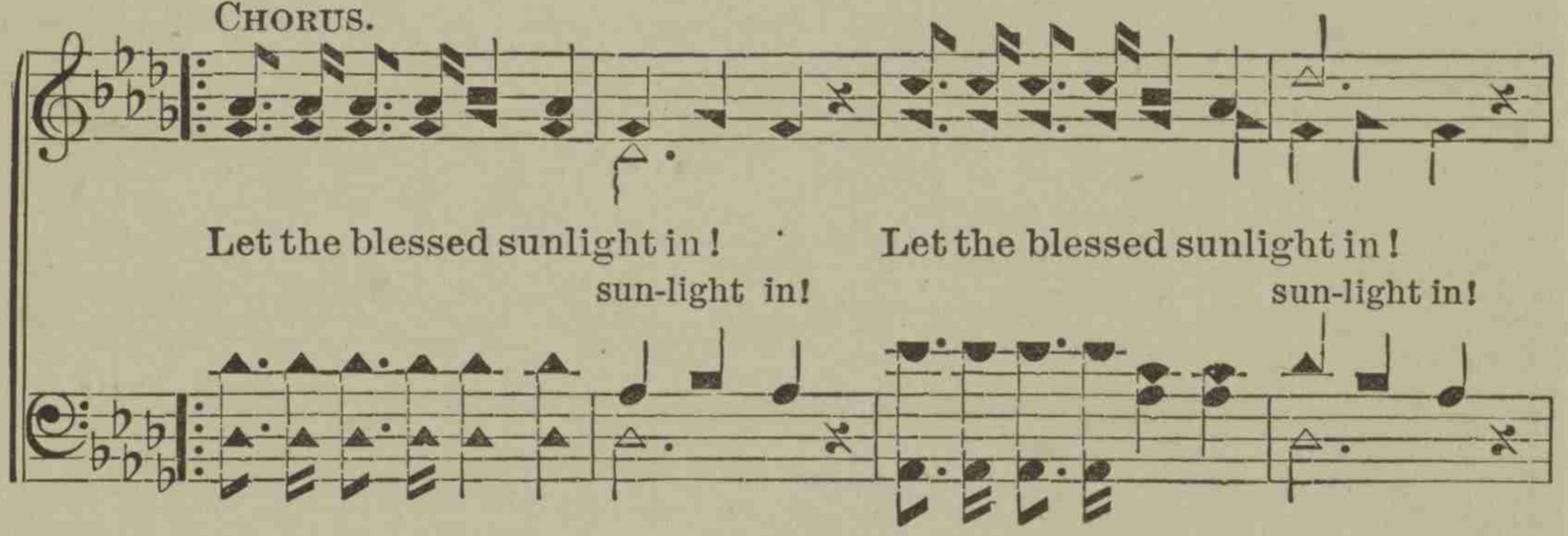


1. Would you al-ways cheerful be, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
2. Would you bright-en drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;

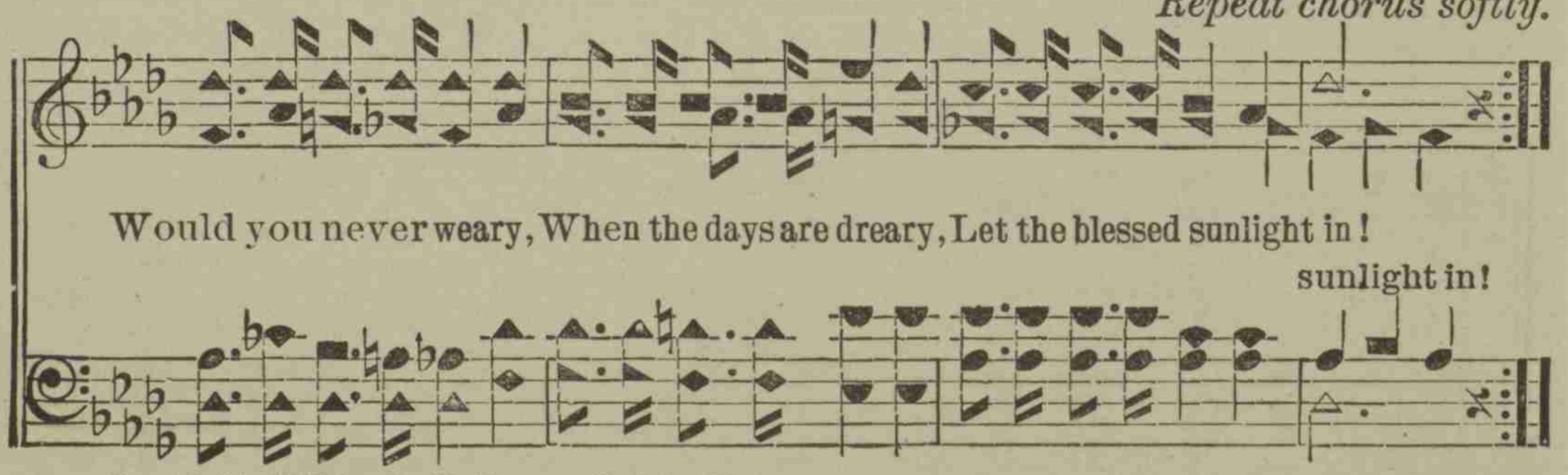


Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.



CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the blessed sunlight in!
sun-light in! sun-light in!

Repeat chorus softly.



Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

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No. 17. All Glory Be to Jesus' Name.

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON. T. N. BEALL.

1. I know in whom I have believed, With con - fi - dence I sing;
2. I know that free-dom full is mine, For Christ for me hath died;
3. To keep my soul, He hath the pow'r, His word th'as-sur-ance gives;
4. I know in heaven's book of life My name is writ - ten down,
5. How can my spir-it but re-joice When I His grace re - view?

When I the Saviour's word received My doubts and fears took wing.
Yes, when He gave His life di-vine, My soul was jus - ti - fied.
'Tis wit-nessed in my soul each hour, To plead my cause He lives.
As heir to ev - er - last-ing life, A spot - less robe and crown.
Oh, sin-ner, make Him now your choice, Grace will a - vail for you.

REFRAIN.

All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name! The
to Je - sus' name!
fut - ure's fair which hopeless seemed, All glo - ry
which hopeless seemed,
be to Je - sus' name! I am re-deemed! I am re-deemed!

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No. 18. My Home.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. There is a home be - yond the sky Where wait the friends we love,
2. Here, oft - en tri - als so se - vere We meet, and clouds hang low,
3. Where an - gel voic - es chant the praise Of Him who died for all,

And we shall wel-come by and by The per - fect rest a - bove;
But there, where skies are ev - er clear, Heav'n's transport we shall know;
Whose presence gilds life's darkest days, Who hears His children call;

No tempests fall, nor sor-rows come, No teardrops dim the eyes
Its end - less rap - ture and de - light Each soul shall feel a - bove,
Oh! sun - ny home! we watch and wait For summons glad and blest,

Of those who meet in that blest home, In yon - der par - a - dise.
Where all is joy and day is bright We'll meet the friends we love.
We'll en - ter soon the pear - ly gate That leads to end - less rest.

CHORUS.

We shall nev - - - er part a - gain,..... When life's
We shall never part, shall never part, shall never part again, When life's

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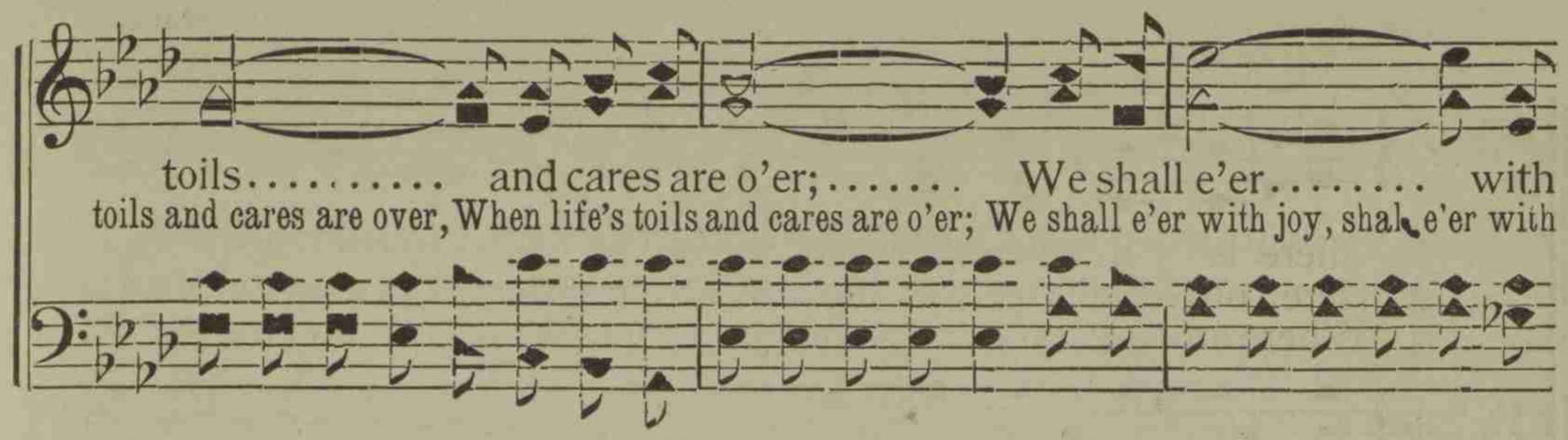
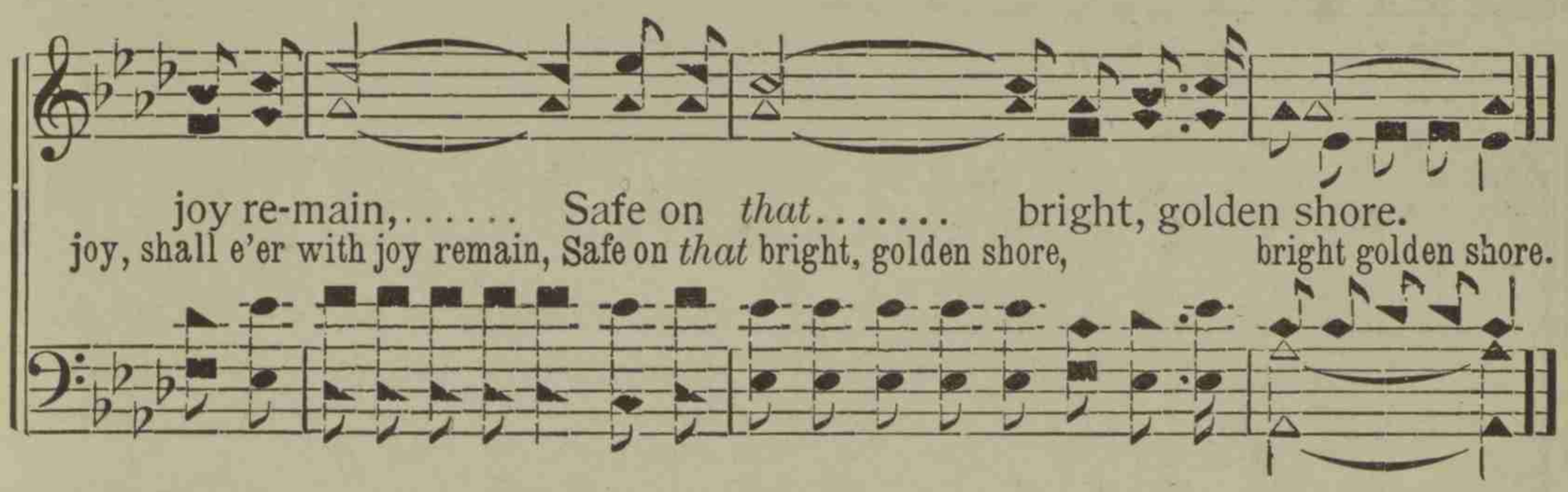
My Home. Concluded.



No. 19. Come to Jesus To-day.

(Inscribed to my friend and teacher, B. B. Beall.)

JAMES M. VINES.

No. 20. I'm Happy all the Day.

B. B. B. B. B. BEALL.

1. I have been with Jesus, bless-ed be His name! I'm hap-py all the
2. The temptations of this life can do no harm, I'm hap-py all the
3. I have Christ the great and ev-er-lov-ing King, I'm hap-py all the

day, hap-py all the day; With His wondrous love He made my heart a-
day, hap-py all the day; Un-der-neath I have the ev-er-last-ing
day, hap-py all the day; Songs of prais-es un-to Him I'll ev-er

REFRAIN.

flame, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu - - jah!
arm, He washed all my sins a-way.
sing, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved,

I am saved, ... Saved by won-drous grace di-
Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, Saved by wondrous grace di-vine, Saved by

vine; . . . . . Yes, I place . . . . . my trust in
won-drous grace di-vine; For I placed my trust in Christ, Yes, I

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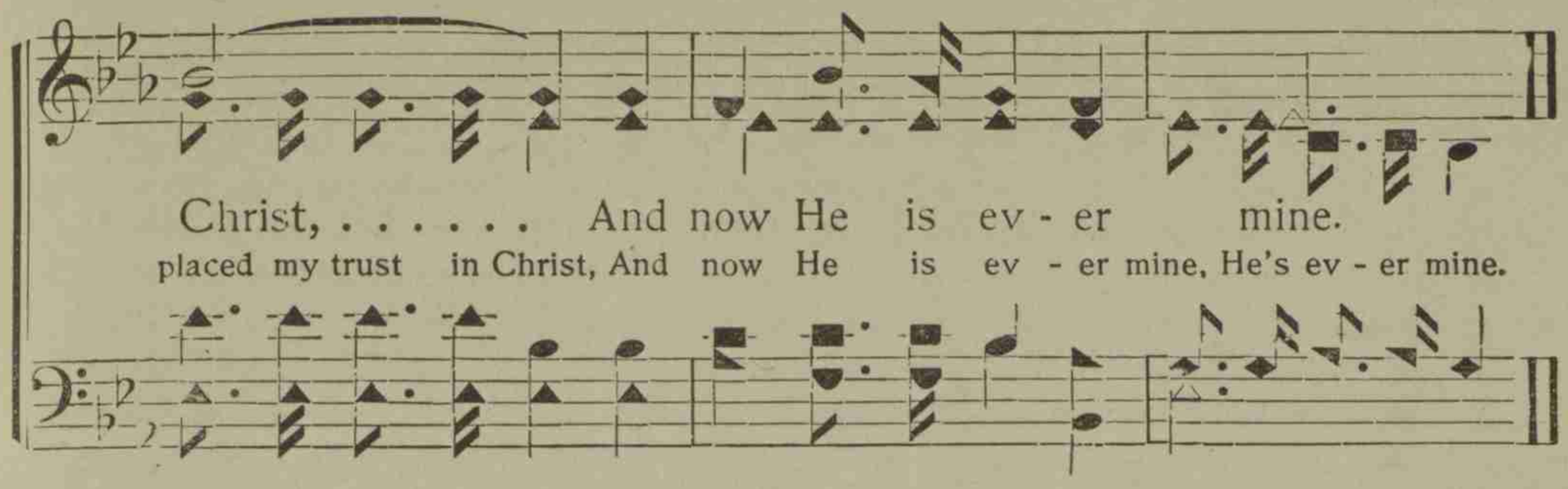
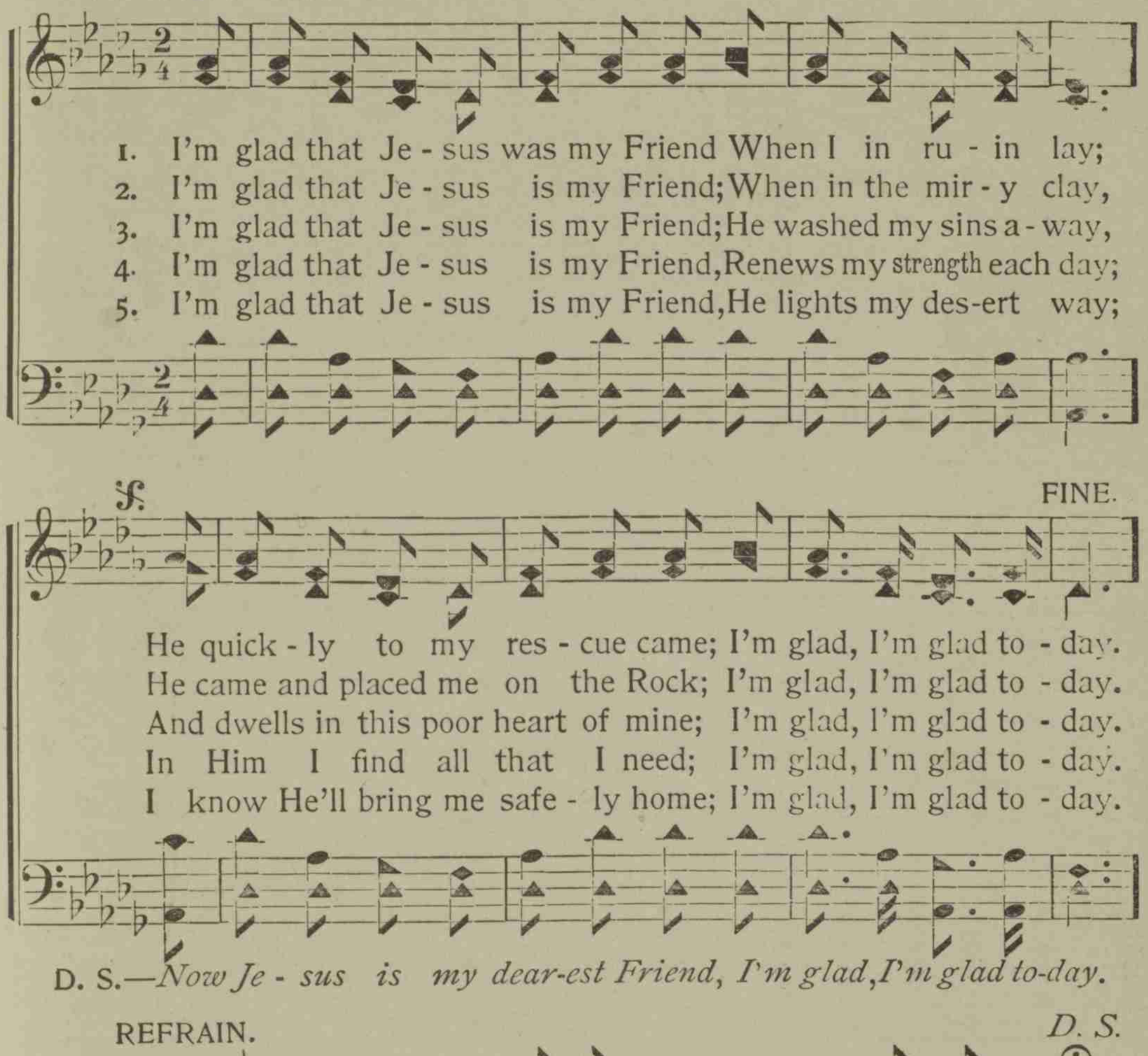
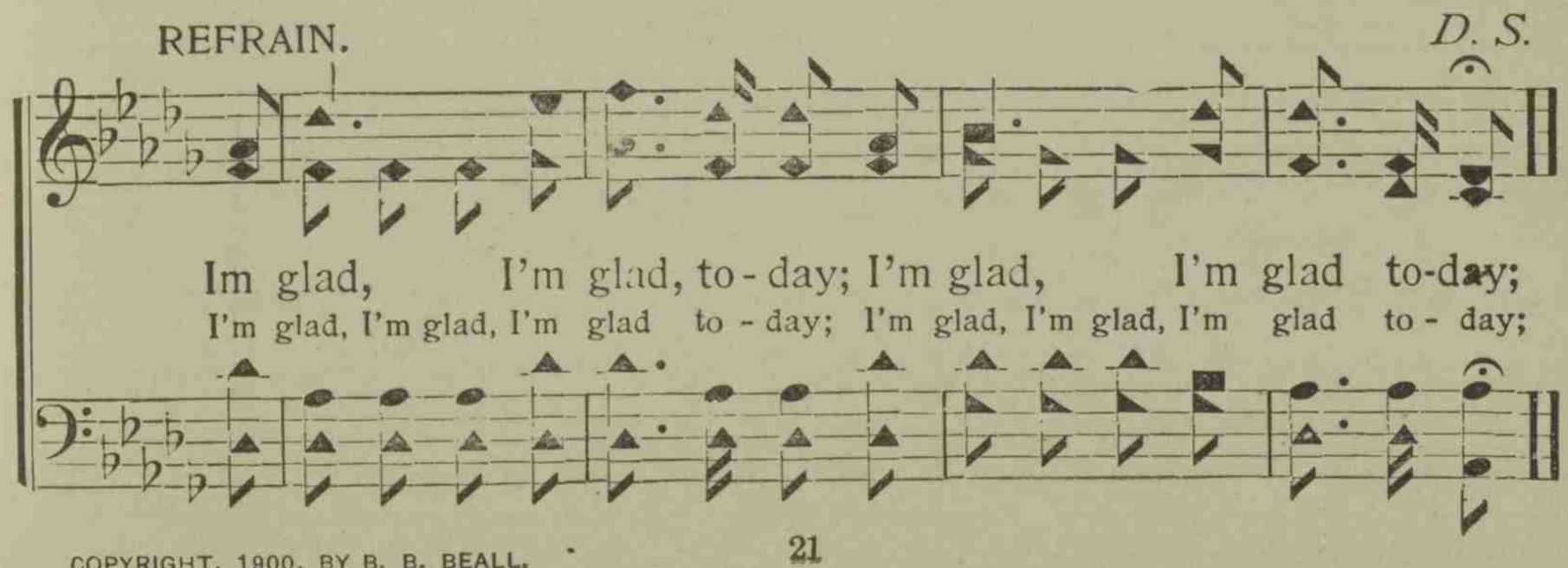
I'm happy all the Day. Concluded.



No. 21. I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. B. B BEALL.



D. S.—*Now Je - sus is my dear-est Friend, I'm glad, I'm glad to-day.*

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No. 22. Oh, Tell Him of Jesus.

MISS M. M. LEIGHTON. J. GUY BEALL.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, tell him of Je - sus, and speak to him now Be - fore the cold death mist en-
2. Oh, tell him of Je - sus while yet it is day, The moments are fly - ing, they
3. Oh, tell him of Je - sus, oh, think of his doom, And point him to heav-en while
4. Oh, tell him of Je - sus, and, Christian, beware, Why wilt thou engulf him in
5. Oh, tell him of Je - sus—his hour is at hand! The bil-lows of Jor-dan are
6. Oh, tell him of Je - sus, and lin - ger no more, The day of sal - va-tion too

cir - cles his brow, Be - fore he shall lie in a dream-less re - pose, Oh,
long can not stay, The life scene is pass-ing, the death-knell will chime, Oh,
yet there is room; The Sav - iour stands waiting, his sins to for - give, Oh,
end-less de-spair? Re - mem - ber the pangs of the cru - ci - fied Lord, And
lav - ing the sand! All help - less he beck-ons, and loth to de - part, Oh,
soon may be o'er, The souls precious ran-som for - ev - er will cease, Oh,

REFRAIN.

tell him of Christ and the rest He be - stows. Oh, tell..... him of
tell him of Je - sus, while yet there is time.
tell him of Christ and his spir - it will live.
speak to thy broth-er a com-fort - ing word.
tell him of Je - sus, and bid him take heart.
tell him of Je - sus, for-give-ness and peace. Oh, tell him of Je - sus, Oh,

Je - - - - - sus, the bless - - - - - ed Re-deem - er, Oh,
tell Him of Je - sus, the bless-ed Re-deem - er, the bless - ed Redeemer, Oh,

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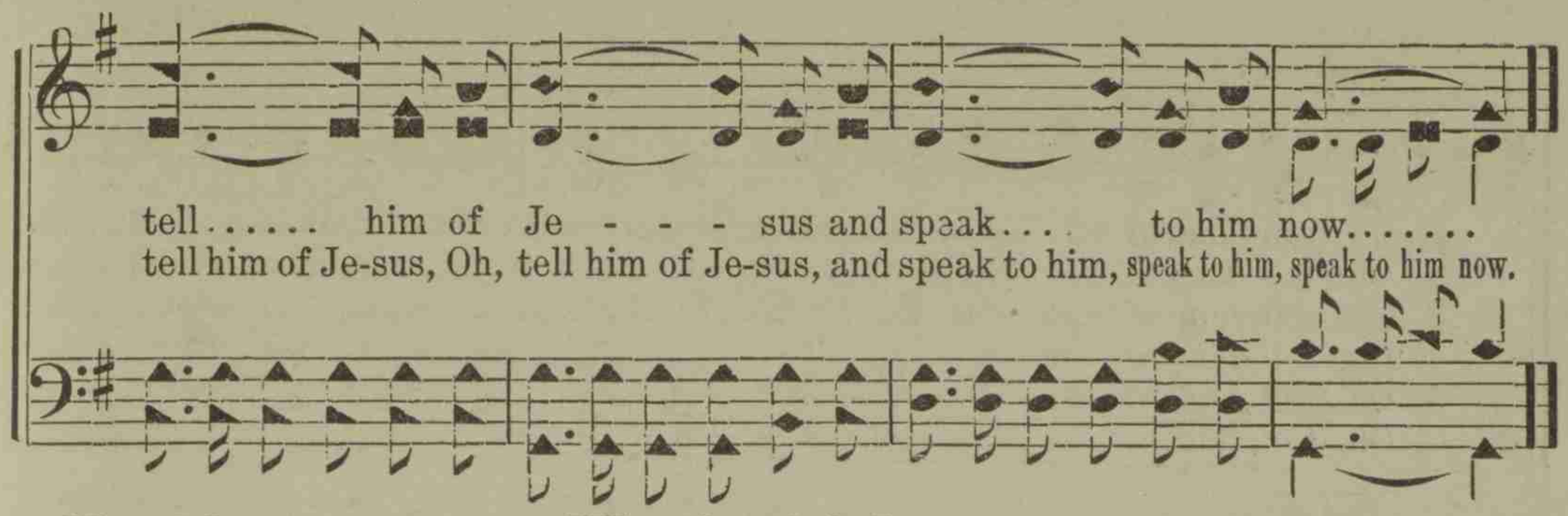
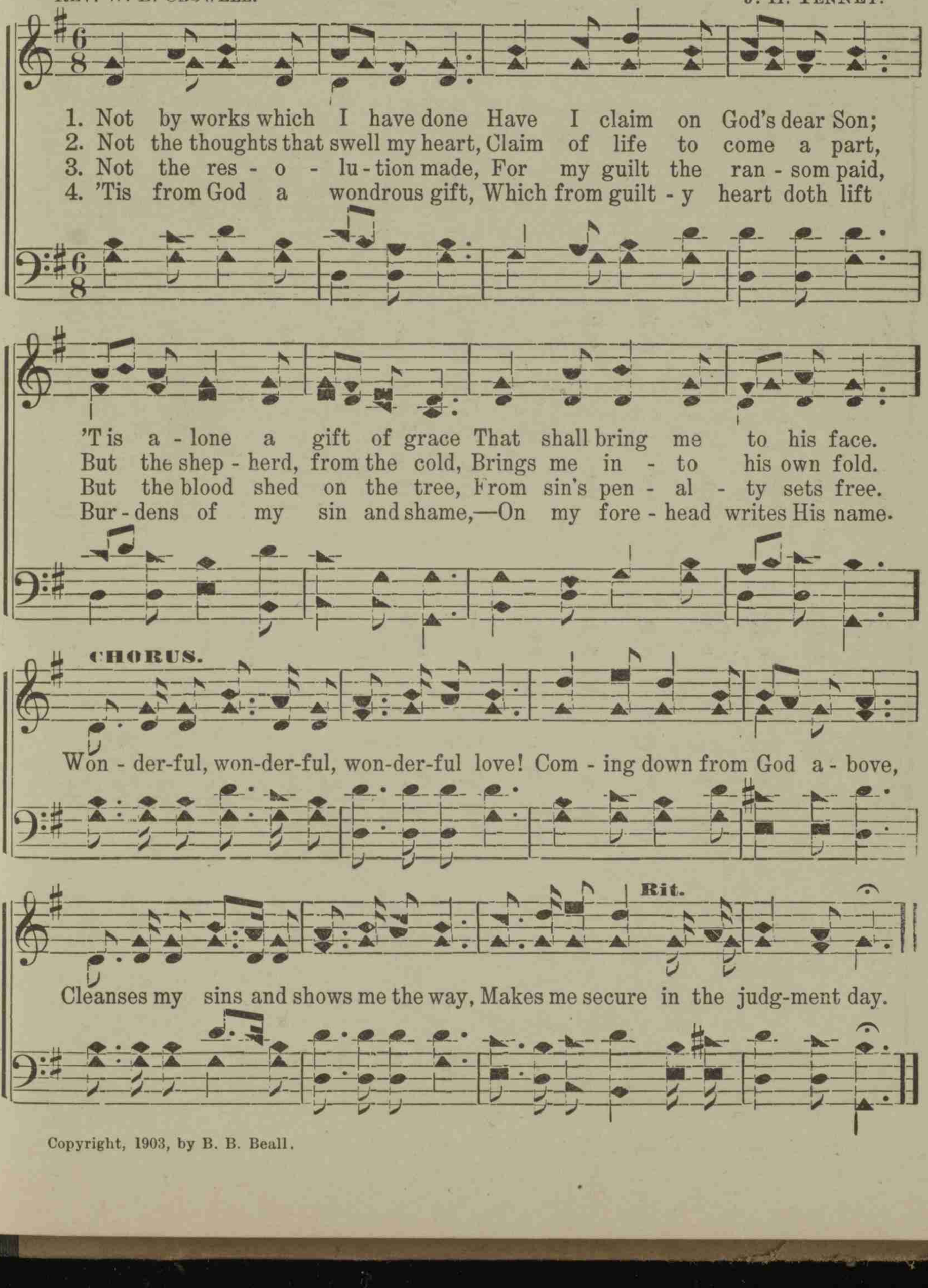
Oh, Tell Him of Jesus. Concluded.



No. 23. Wonderful Love.

REV. W. B. CROWELL. J. H. TENNEY.



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No. 24. Jesus Came to Save the Lost.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus came to save the lost, Wand'ring soul, and tem-pest tossed,
2. Weary heart and bowed with care, Je - sus waits your griefs to bear;
3. Who-so - ev - er will may come, There is wel-come, rest and room,

He is call - ing, now is call - ing un - to you; He will
Come to Je - sus now and breathe to Him your vow; 'T is His
Then no long - er grieve the Spir - it by de - lay; Now is

clasp your trembling hand, Guide you to the bet - ter land, Where heav'n's
love that lights the way To the realms of per - fect day— Who-
the ac - cept - ed time, Ere the bells of eve-ning chime, Come to

CHORUS.

glo - ries bright, e - ter - nal you may view. Je - sus calls,
ev - er will, ac - cept your Sav-iour now.
Je - sus, come to Je - sus while you may. yes, gently calls,

Je-sus calls, He is gent-ly, gent-ly call - ing you to-
yes, gent-ly calls,

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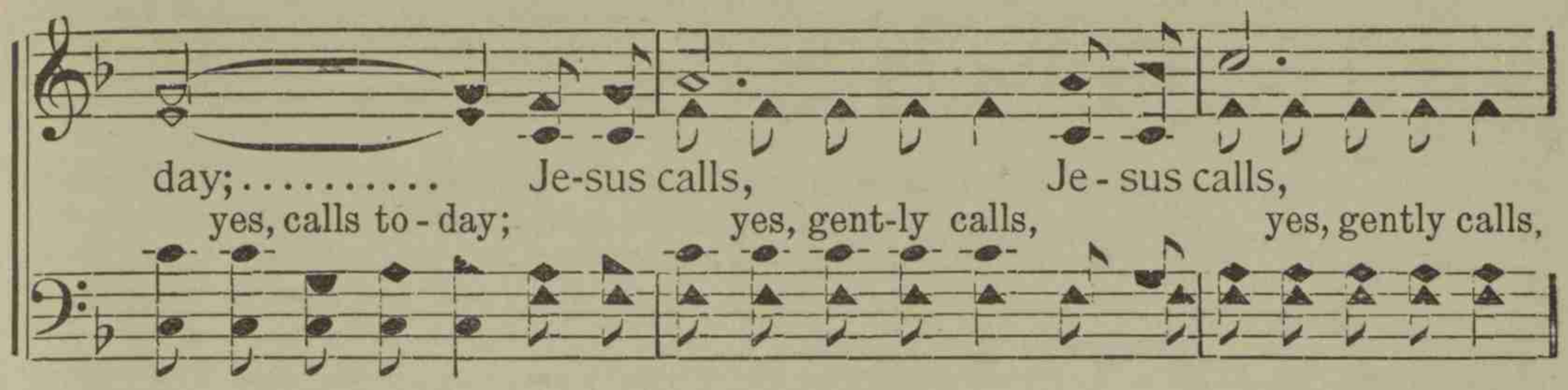
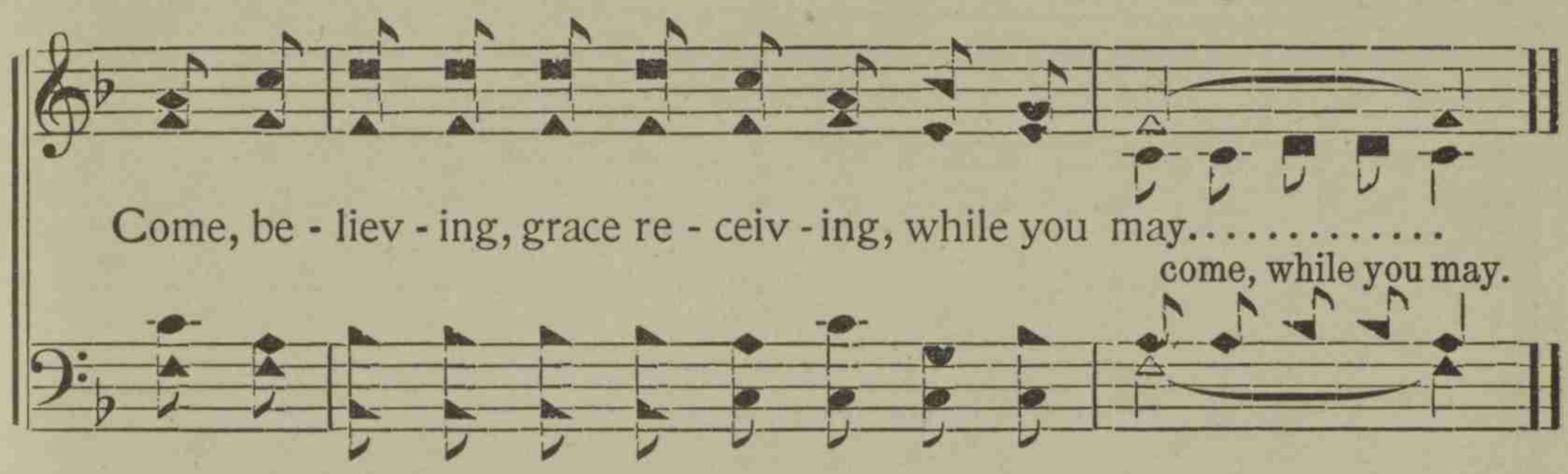
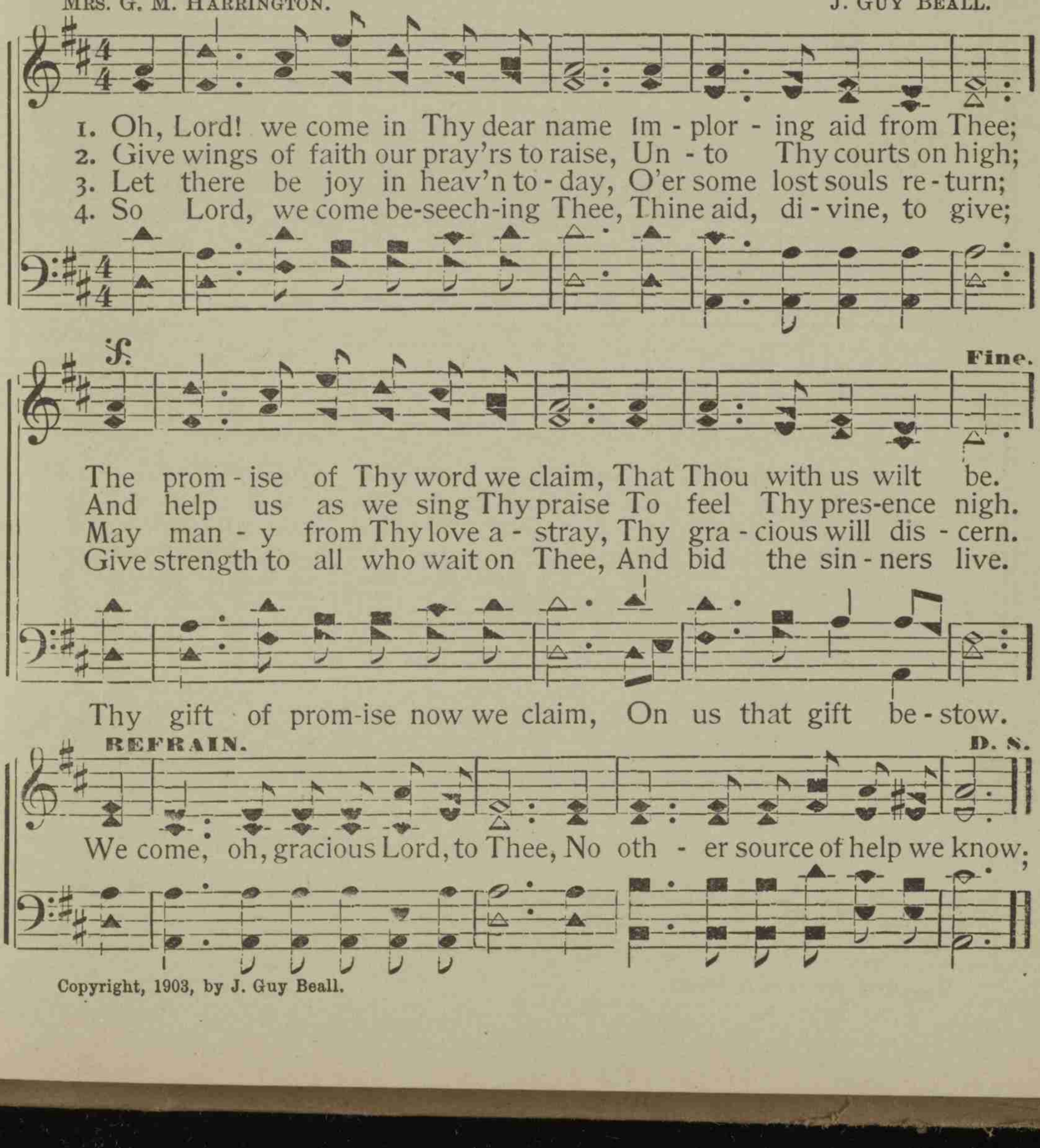
Jesus Came to Save the Lost. Concluded.



No. 25. Oh, Lord, We Come In Thy Dear Name.

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON. J. GUY BEALL.

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No. 26. I Am Bound for That City.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. I am bound for that cit - y that is far a - bove the sky,
2. I am bound for that cit - y, man - y friends have gone be-fore,
3. I am bound for that cit - y, for my home is o - ver there,
4. I am bound for that cit - y, soon I'll bid this world "good-bye,"

And I know if I'm faithful I shall reach it by and by;
And I know I shall meet them o - ver on the gold-en shore;
Which the dear lov - ing Saviour said He would for me pre - pare;
Then I'll go with the an-gels to that bless - ed land on high;

What tho' wea - ry with toiling it will soon be o - ver past;
With what joy I shall greet them, as I clasp each lov - ing hand,
I shall go forth to meet Him when my bless - ed Lord commands,
There no sor - row nor sighing, neith-er pain, nor death, nor tears,

Then at home in that cit - y I shall find sweet rest at last.
We will shout hal - le - lu - jah o - ver in the glo - ry land.
Then I'll dwell there for - ev - er in that house not made with hands.
Noth - ing but joy and brightness through the ev-er - last - ing years.

REFRAIN.

I am bound for that city, for that blessed land of song, O my brother, my

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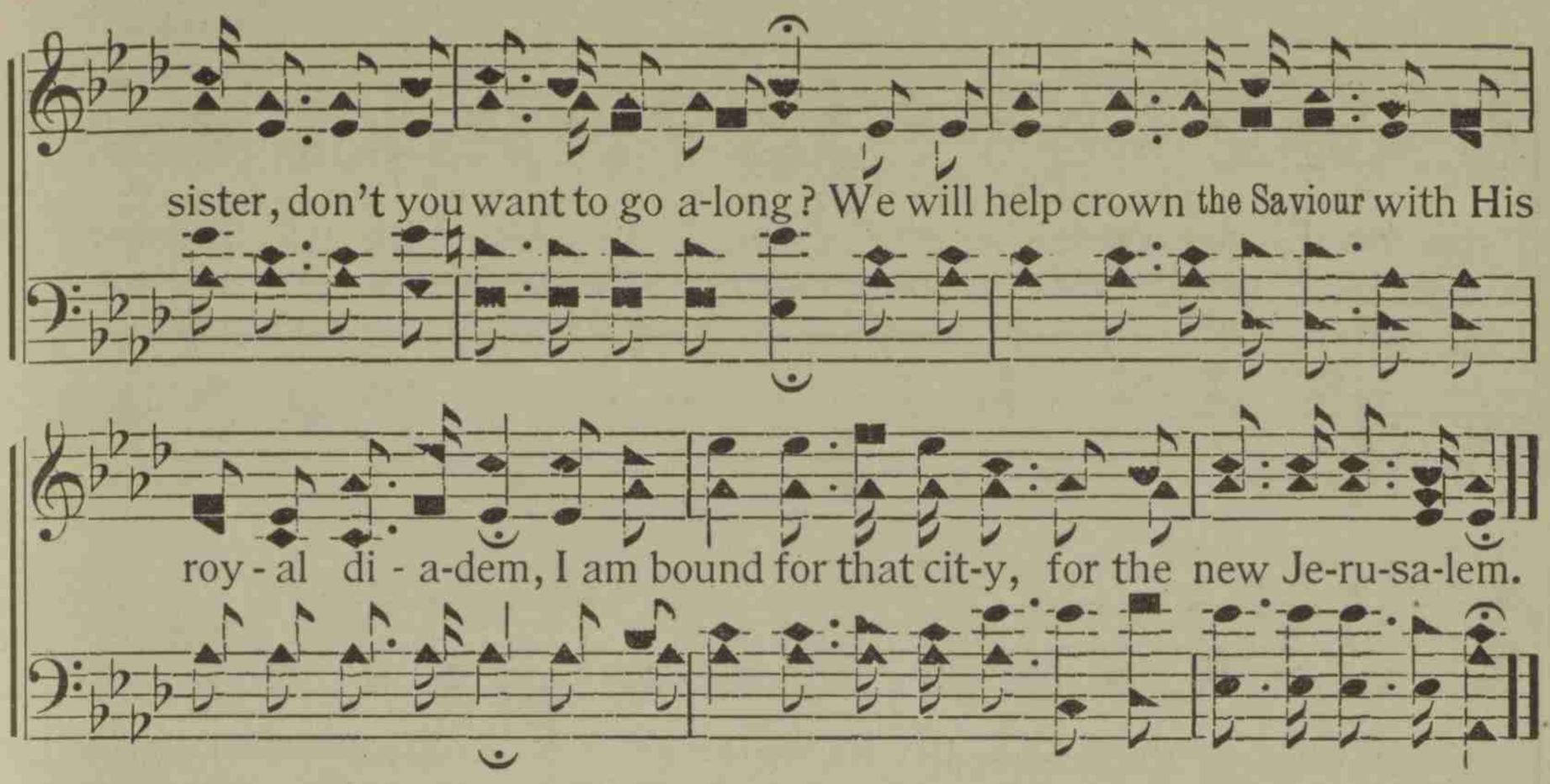
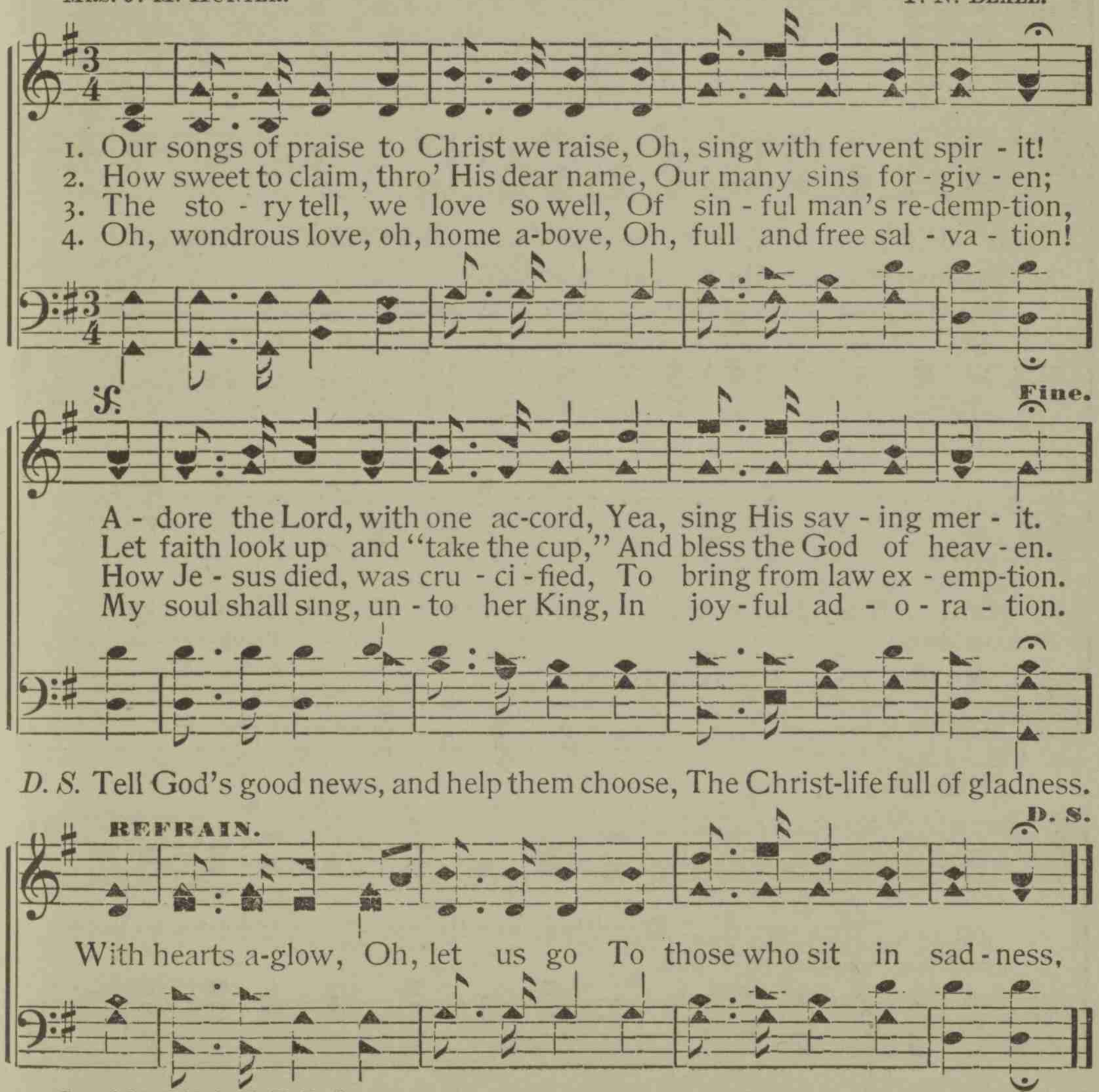
I Am Bound for That City. Concluded.



No. 27. Our Songs of Praise to Christ We Raise.

"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord"

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. N. BEALL.



REFRAIN.

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No. 28. Marching Home.

J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

1. Marching, marching 'neath the flag of Je - sus, With our ban - ner
2. Marching, marching! come a-long and join us, Fight for Je - sus,
3. Marching, marching! do not wait or lin - ger; Je - sus bids us

float - ing in the breeze; In the name of Je - sus we will con-quer,
He of Cal - va - ry; If you love Him you will come and fol - low,
fol - low on - ly Him; In His ar - my they can not grow wea-ry,

REFRAIN.

In His name a - lone we hope to please. March-ing on -
Fol-low Him, for He hath set you free.
Nor the eyes of them that see, grow dim. Marching onward, marching onward,

ward, Marching, marching to that land of love; March - ing
on - ward, March-ing on - ward,

on - - - ward, Marching, march-ing to our home a - bove.
march-ing on-ward, on - ward,

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No. 29. Happy in Jesus the Whole Day Thro'

BIRDIE BELL. J. G. BEALL.

1. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Read-y and will-ing His work to do, Walk in the path-way He chose for thee, Fol-low His
2. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Whether the skies may be gray or blue, Grate-ful for blessings He sends in love, Lo-k-ing when
3. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Heeding His coun-sels so kind and true, Go on His er-rands with will-ing feet, Ut-ter His

CHORUS.

bid-ding what-e'er it be.
wea-ry to joys a-bove. Hap-py in Je-sus day aft-er day!
mes-sage in accents sweet.

Fol-low His footsteps, walk in His way, Ev-er His man-dates glad-ly o-bey, Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro'.

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No. 30. Songs That Are Ever New.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

p **Solemnly.**

1. There are songs that ring in our ears to - day So in-
2. And, sometimes list - 'ning, we catch a strain That is
3. For the joy and life and the per - fect light That il-
4. But these songs, sweet songs, rar - est gift from heav'n, Will re-
5. Oh! songs, sweet songs, that are ev - er new, In our

spir - ing to me and you; They speak of the
float - ing so soft - ly by, Which brings to
lum - ine the scene to - day, Will van - ish, and
main with us till the last; They will speak of
hearts you shall still a - bide, With your cheer - ing

land far, far a - way, Of the cit - y be - yond the
mind the sub - lime re - frain Of the cho - rus by His throne on
shades of a com - ing night Must lin - ger a - bout our
peace, and of sins for-giv'n, And that storms will be o - ver-
words of the good and true, Of the home be - yond the

blue, And the sto - ry's told of the gates of gold In these
high, And we pause and muse in an ec - sta - cy On the
way, And these fair - y blos - soms will fade and die, When to-
past, When we view the land (aft - er well we've striv'n) By no
tide, Till at last we join in the grand re - frain With the

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Rit.
f CHORUS.
A tempo.
songs that are ev - er new.
por - tals be - yond the sky.
day shall be yes - ter - day.
tem - pest e'er o - ver - cast.
ran - somed, the glo - ri - fied.
Oh! songs, sweet songs, as a
boon from heav'n Do we cher - ish your tones of cheer;
And our hearts grow strong, tho' we long have striv'n, When your
sil - ver - y notes we hear, And our hearts grow strong, tho' we
long have striv'n, When your sil - ver - y notes we hear.

No. 31. Lift Him Up.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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No. 32. He Bore the Cross for You.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

Not too fast.

1. If you would go to heav - en There's something you must do,
2. Although the world may scorn you, It scorned the Sav - iour, too,
3. Although it may be heav - y, God's grace will help you through,
4. If you would wear in glo - ry The crown He holds to view,

Just bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for you.
Still bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for you.
Just bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for you.
Just bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for you.

REFRAIN.

Then bear the cross for Je - sus, Yes, bear the cross for
Je - sus, Just bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for you.

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No. 33. The Coming of the King.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds: and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.—Rev. 1: 7.

Miss A. R. Carey. J. Guy Beall.

1. Souls, get read - y for the coming of the King, Wash your robes and make them pure as lil - ies white; Tune your voices, songs of welcome glad to sing When the
2. There'll be shouting at the coming of the King, For His loy - al ones will ral - ly round His feet; Humble hearts that to His cross and promise cling, Sad the
3. There'll be wail-ing at the coming of the King, For His foes be-fore His glitt'ring sword will fall; Works of darkness from their secret haunts He'll bring; Scatter
4. There'll be glo - ry at the coming of the King, For the faith-ful He will call to end-less day; Hark! the voicing airs with warning ech-oes ring, Souls re-

REFRAIN.

clouds roll down His chariot from the height.
wait-ing, but the meeting, oh, how sweet! Oh, be read-y, always read-y for the
er-ror's hosts, and break oppression's thrall.
joice! His an-gel armies throng the way.

King; Night and day, night and day, Far a-
coming of the King; Night and day, night and day,

way the world and self and evil fling, Watch and pray, watch and pray.
Watch and pray, watch and pray.

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No. 34. A Friend In Jesus.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.

1. We have found a friend in Je - sus, Who life's toil with us will share,
2. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Our dis-cour-age-ment and sin;
3. When our friends shall prove unfaithful And their lives and friendships cease,
4. Weak and faint and heavy lad - en When I seek the Lord in pray'r,

And up - on His heart of pit - y All our cares and bur-dens bear.
And when faith is al-most per-ished Brings new faith and courage in.
Je - sus will be true and faith - ful, And will keep our souls in peace.
His strong arms of love en - fold me, And I find sweet sol-ace there.

CHORUS.

Is He *not* a gra-cious Sav-iour? We may *come* to Him in pray'r,
And re-ceive His ben - e - dic - tion, And His con - so - la - tion share.

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No. 35. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
is a-ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .
know He is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
is a-ble to save,

My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . . . His grace is so
is a-ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
is a-ble to save.

rit.

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No. 36. In My Soul There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. T. N. BEALL.

1. When I think of the love of my Sav - ior, So ten - der, so deep,
2. When I think how He paid for my ran - som, When sunk in the ru-
3. When I think of His grace that has sought me, My soul He has wash'd

and so free, How He left His bright home in the glo - ry, To
ins of sin, How He suf-fered and died up - on Cal - v'ry, That
in His blood, How my foot-steps He dai - ly is guid - ing Safe

CHORUS.

res - cue a sin-ner like me.
par - don for me He might win.
home to the cit - y of God.

In my soul there is glad-ness and

glo - ry, That Je - sus a - lone can be-stow; I will tell the blest

ti-dings of mer - cy, That oth-ers the gladness may know.

the glad-ness may know.

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No. 37. Friend of Sinners.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. Je - sus is the friend of sin - ners, Their e - ter-nal, heav'nly friend;
2. From the land of light and glo - ry To this e - vil world He came;
3. He will speak our sins for - giv - en; He will give us per-fect peace;
4. We will glo - ri - fy this Sav - iour, Mag-ni - fy His matchless grace,

He will par-don, bless and save them, And will love them to the end.
To redeem us was His mis - sion, Friend of sin - ners was His name.
We will love this friend of sin - ners, And His praise shall *nev-er* cease.
Fol-low Him till He shall lead us To His heav'nly dwell-ing-place.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Saviour, friend of sin - - ners, Pre-cious is His name;
Jesus, Saviour, friend of sinners, Precious is His name;

Ev-er-more we *will* a - dore..... Him, And His love proclaim.
Ev-er-more we *will* adore Him, And His love proclaim.

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No. 38. The Cause for Which He Died.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. This is the cause for which He died, In ag - o - ny was
2. He bids us spread from sea to sea The ti - dings that "sal-
3. Oh! faith - ful sol - diers of the cross! Shall His blest cause now
4. The fields are white, soon harvest's past, And shall we hear, "Too

cru - ci - fied, That they who sin might be for - giv'n, And
va - tion's free," Till all with - in the shades of death Shall
suf - fer loss? Shall we not *give*, who watch and pray, And
late!" at last? Or, when has set life's lat - est sun, Hear

CHORUS.

find, at last, a home in heav'n.
wor - ship Christ of Naz - a - reth. Then send the glo - rious
send His Word, and send to - day?
from His lips the sweet "Well done?

gos - pel light To those who now, in sin's dark night, The

ti - dings of His love a - wait, Lost in de-spair, and des - o - late.

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No. 39. Throw a Little Sunshine.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Throw a lit - tle sunshine where-so-e'er you go, Cheer the drooping
2. Throw a lit - tle sunshine as you pass a - long In the qui - et
3. Thus the joy and glad-ness which you may impart Back to you a

spir - it with a smile; There's enough of sor-row, mis - er - y and woe—
lane or crowded street; With the flow'rs and birds, or in the bus-y throng,
thousand fold shall come; Joy shall crown your life and peace shall fill your heart,

REFRAIN.

Why should we a fal - len one re-vile?
Make the peo - ple hap - py whom you meet. Throw a lit - tle sun-shine
Then at last in heav'n a hap - py home.

where-so - e'er you go, Cheer the drooping spir-it with a smile, Throw a lit - tle

sunshine, Throw a little sunshine, Cheer the drooping spirit with a smile.

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No. 40. Come and Dine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. "Have ye an - y meat my children?" Hear the blessed Sav-iour say;
2. There's e-nough for all His chil-dren, None He turns a - way to die;
3. Here are all the fruits of Canaan, Wa-ter from sal - va-tion's spring;
4. If on earth you dine with Je - sus You may have the vic-tor's palm,

Lis - ten to the in - vi - ta - tion, "Come and dine with me to - day."
"Come and dine," the Lord is say-ing; He will all your need sup - ply.
You'll be sure to find a wel-come, At the ta - ble of the King.
And sit down with Him in heav - en, At the sup-per of the Lamb.

REFRAIN.

Come and dine with Christ your Sav - iour, Now for you His
Come and dine with Christ your Saviour, Christ your Saviour, Now for you His

board is spread;..... Come, par - take of milk and
board is spread, His board is spread; Come, par - take of milk and

hon - - ey, Come and feast on liv - ing bread.
hon-ey, milk and hon - ey,

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No. 41. Send Out the Life-Boat.

GEO. W. BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. Send out the life - boat to those on the reef Who have suffered ship-
2. Send out the life - boat, they're sinking to - day, Hear their cries thro' the
3. Send out the life - boat, they beck-on to thee, From the wreck they must
4. Send out the life - boat to sin - strick-en souls Who are lost on the

wreck on life's sea; Soon they will per - ish, with-hold not re - lief,
tem - pest's wild roar; Press on thine oar! do not long - er de - lay,
soon all go down; Send out the life - boat while yet it is day,
sea of de - spair; Moor them to shore where no an - gry wave rolls,

CHORUS.

But haste to the res - cue, they're calling to thee! Send out.... the
For soon they will pass to e - ter - ni - ty's shore!
And res - cue the lost and thou'lt win a bright crown!
O Je - sus is wait - ing to welcome them there! Send out the life-boat to

life - boat,.... Brave the dark tempest and bend on thine oar; Send out...
those who are lost, See the poor

..... the life - boat,....Oh, send out the life-boat and bring them to shore!
souls by the bil-lows are tossed,

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No. 42. Not the Righteous.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Not the right-eous, but sin - ners, Christ died to save, Will you come to the
2. Though your sins are as scar - let as white as snow He will wash you, re-
3. Oh! the mo-ments are pass - ing, e - ter - ni - ty Just be - yond us we

Sav - iour to - day? 'Twas to res - cue the fal - len His life He gave, Come to
pent and be-lieve; Oh! His lov - ing voice calls you and you may know His for-
know doth a - wait; Rise and go to thy Fa - ther, who call - eth thee, And thou

CHORUS.

Je - sus! no long-er de - lay! Come to - day!..... .... come to - day!.....
giveness, His pardon re-ceive!
nev - er shalt hear His "too late!" Jesus, come to-day! Jesus, come to-day!

It is Je - sus who calls to you now;.... .... Come to - day!.....
yes, calls you now; Je-sus, come to-day?

why de - lay?..... Haste and breathe to the Saviour your vow.
oh! why de - lay? your solemn vow.

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No. 43. Alleluia! Christ is Risen!

C. WORDSWORTH. E. ROBERTS.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! hearts to heav'n and voices raise;
2. Christ is ris - en, Christ the first-fruits of the ho - ly har-vest field,
3. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en; shed up - on us heav'nly grace;
4. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! glo - ry be to God on high;

Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, sing to God a hymn of praise;
Which will all its full a - bund-ance at His sec - ond com-ing yield;
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glo - ry, from the brightness of Thy face;
Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - iour who has gained the vic - to - ry;

He who on the cross a vic - tim for the world's sal-va - tion bled,
Then the gold - en ears of har - vest will their heads be-fore Him wave,
That we, with our hearts in heav - en, here on earth may faith - ful be,
Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry now is ris - en from the dead.
Ri-pened by His glo-rious sun-shine, from the fur-rows of the grave.
And by an - gel hands be gath-ered, and be ev - er, Lord, with Thee.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! to the tri - une maj - es - ty.

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Alleluia! Christ is Risen! Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ has triumphed o'er the
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia!

grave, Al-le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He is mighty now to save.
o'er the grave; Al - le - lu-ia!

No. 44. Pity Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. ROBERTS.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, I am too un - wor-thy To be called Thy child; Oh, my heart is
2. Je - sus, Thou art all compassion, Kind-ly look on me; Thy redeemed and
3. Is Thy heart not gen-tle, ten - der, As in other days? Change my sorrow

D. C. Give to me Thy sweet forgiveness, Bring Thy kingdom in.

REFRAIN. D. C.

stained with evil and de - filed.
loving foll'wer let me be. Pit-y me, pit - y me, Par - don my sin;
and my grieving in-to praise.

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No. 45. Children of Zion.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, hap - py band of pil - grims, If on-ward ye will tread,
2. The cross that Je - sus car - ried, He car - ried as your due;
3. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,

With Je - sus as your lead - er, To Je - sus as your head.
The crown that Je - sus wear - eth, He wear - eth it for you.
The love that thro' all troub - le To Him a - lone will turn.

CHORUS.

Chil - dren of Zi - on! you're marching to your King; Chil - dren of Zi - on! let songs of prais - es ring; Chil - dren of Zi - on! you're marching to your King, Oh, hap - py chil-dren of Zi - on sweetly sing.

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No. 46. Glory Be to God Forever.

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON. J. GUY BEALL.

1. I can sing the glad new an - them With the ransomed host a - bove;
2. I can sing the glad new an - them, I was bound, but now I'm free;
3. I can sing the glad new an - them, I was blind, but now I see;
4. Can my lips be mute then long - er When such gifts as these are mine?

With the saved I now am shar - ing In the gifts of wondrous love.
By His blood on Cal - v'ry flow - ing Christ the Lord hath ransomed me.
Since I've turned mine eyes on Je - sus Light hath sweetly dawned on me.
When the Sav - iour says, so sweet - ly, "All I have is free - ly thine."

REFRAIN.

"Glo - ry be to God for - ev - - - er," I can
"Glo - ry be to God for - ev - er and for - ev - er, I can

join the glad re-frain; I am numbered with the
join the glad re-frain, the glad refrain; I am numbered with the

ran - - somed, "Glo - ry be to God a - gain."
ransomed, with the ran-somed, "Glo - ry be to God a - gain."

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No. 47. Nearing Home.

(Dedicated to Henry M. Walker.)

G. W. B. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Shall we near the Ho - ly Cit - y, Where the streets are paved with gold;
2. Shall we go where Je-sus' waiting In yon mansion, fair and bright,
3. Shall we brave death's mighty tempest, While the surges 'round us beat;
4. Yes, He calls from o'er the wa-ter, And He says: "Be not a - fraid,

Where there'll be no death nor part - ing, And our joys can ne'er be told?
Where His saints shall dwell for-ev - er, And God's face is e'er the light?
Shall we cross the stormy wa - ter, And our bless-ed Saviour greet?
I am Monarch of the o - cean, And will row you o'er its tide!"

CHORUS.

Oh, the pangs of death we'll fear no more,..... When we fear no more,

reach that gold-en strand; ..... Oh, what joy to meet our loved ones that golden strand;

there—..... Hap-py home! Im-man - uel's land!..... loved ones there— Immanuel's land!

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No. 48. Jesus Touched My Sinful Heart.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. I once was full of guilt and sin, But Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me;
2. I once was all un - right-eous-ness, But Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me;
3. A - round me light and glo-ry beam'd, When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me;
4. A weight was litt - ed from my soul When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me;
5. My soul was thrill'd with love and peace When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me;

He brought His grace and king-dom in, For Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.
He came in love my soul to bless, And Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.
Such peace I nev - er could have dream'd When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.
I knew His grace had made me whole, For Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.
And heav'n bestow'd sweet hap - pi - ness When Je - sus touch'd my sin - ful heart and sav'd me.

CHORUS.

{ It was a gracious hour, a time of wondrous pow'r, When Jesus broke the fet - ters that en-slav'd me; }
{ It was a moment sweet, a bless - ed-ness com-plete When Jesus touch'd my (*Omit.*) }
sin - ful heart and sav'd me.

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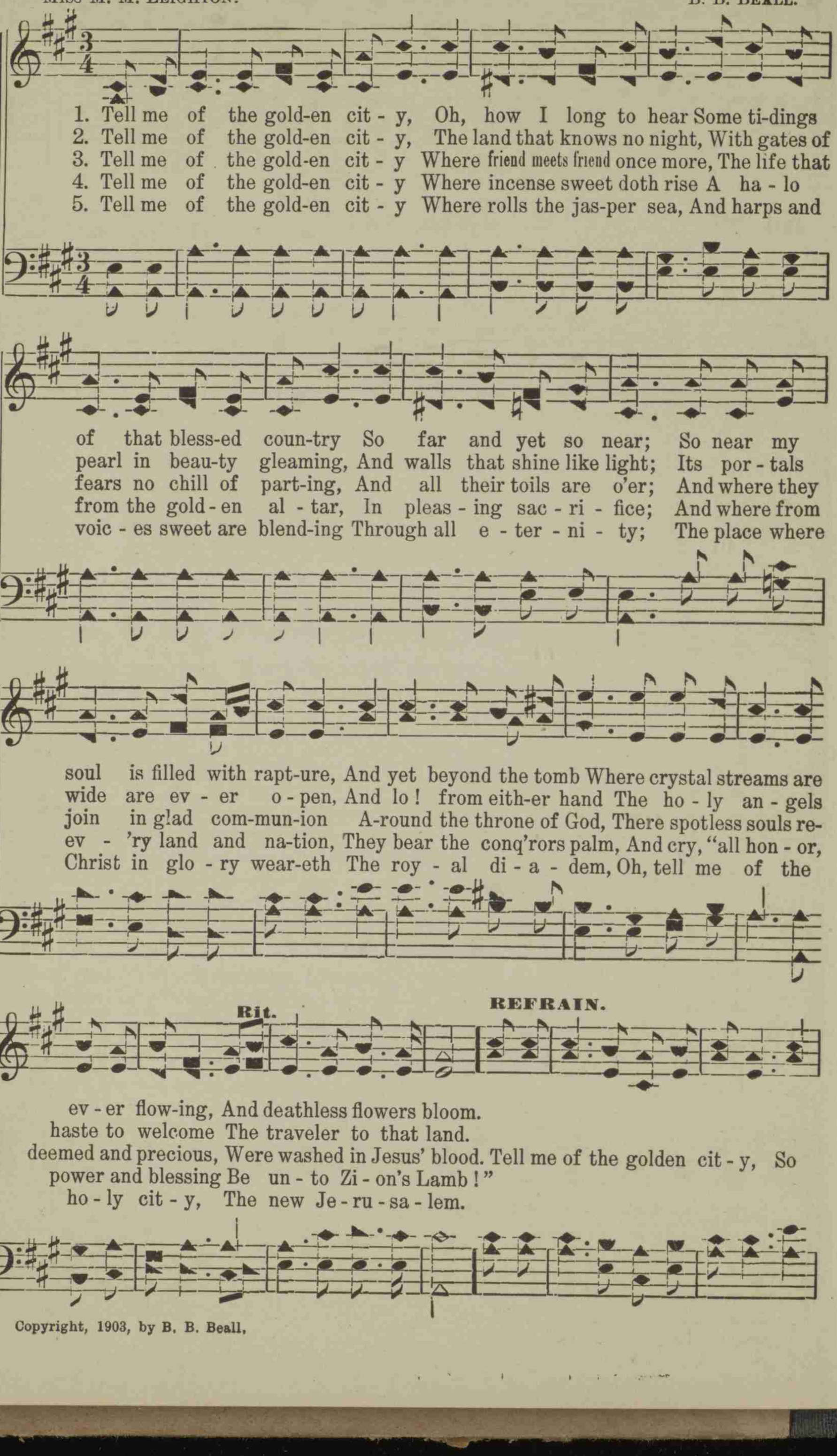
No. 49. The Golden City.

"And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

Miss M. M. Leighton. B. B. Beall.



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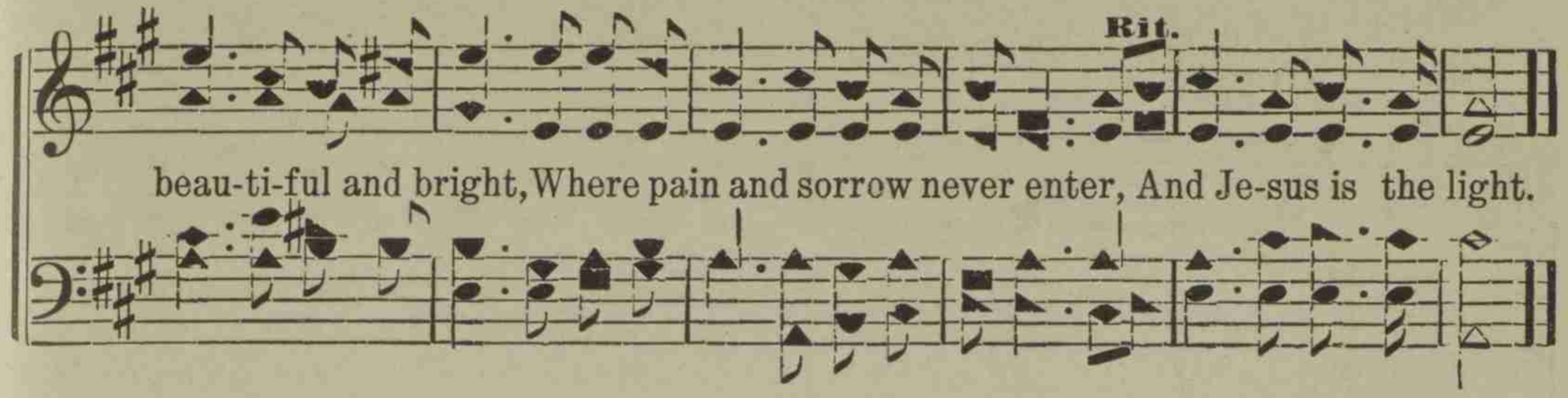
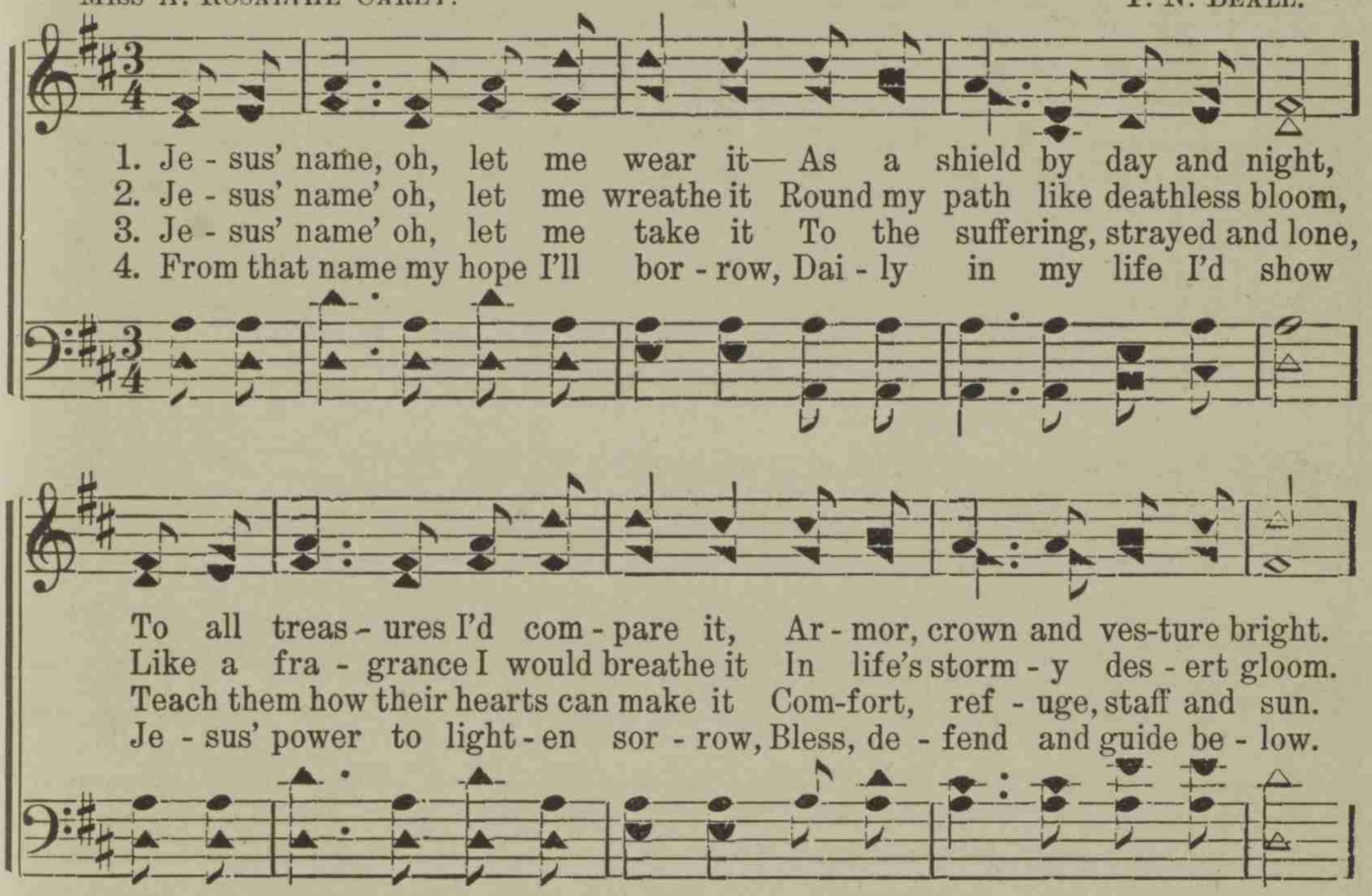
The Golden City. Concluded.

No. 50. Jesus' Name.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower."—PROV. 18: 10. "And thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith."—REV. 2: 13.

MISS A. ROSALTHE CAREY. T. N. BEALL.



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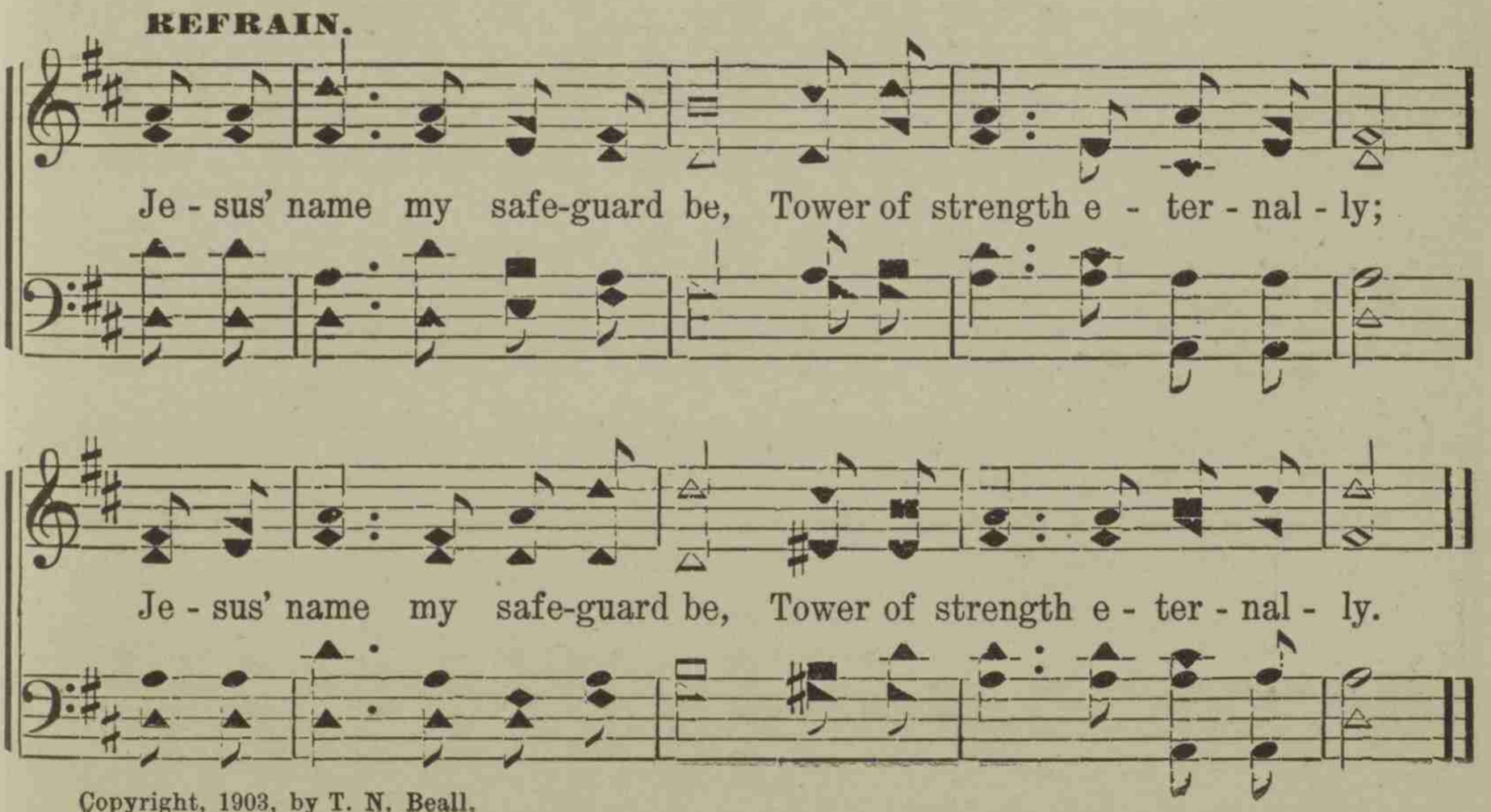
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No. 51. More Like My Saviour.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. 3: 18.

Miss A. R. Carey. J. Guy Beall.

1. Oh, I want to grow more like my Sav-iour Ev - 'ry day as I
press toward the goal, By His grace I grow pur - er and pur - er

2. I would be to all e - vil a stranger, All for-giv - ing and
harm-less and mild; Ev-'ry bur - den I'd bear with - out mur-mur,

3. Ev - 'ry hour I'd be wait - ing and pray-ing, Ev - 'ry word to God's
glo - ry I'd speak; Oh, to live so that soul's all a - round me

4. When my Lord shall a-wake me and call me To His presence more
bright than the sun, Then I want to be told the glad ti - dings

REFRAIN.

Till His im-age shines clear in my soul. Oh, to be, oh, to
With the faith of a meek, trusting child.
Would be won my Redeem - er to seek.
That my life-work on earth was well done. Oh, to be,

be, From the sins of the world pure and free! Oh, to
oh, to be, pure and free!

see, oh, to see,..... Eden's por-tals wide o - pen for me.
Oh, to see, oh, to see,

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No. 52. Going Through the Valley.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. D. Hunt.)

G. W. B. GEO. W. BACON.

Con espressione.

1. I am go - ing through the val-ley soon, And no com-rade shall my jour - ney share; There in si - lence death shall reign a - lone,
2. I am go - ing through the val-ley soon, Where great mountains rise on right and left, And the storms and thunders roll be-tween,
3. I am go - ing through the val-ley soon, There I'll meet with trials and con-flicts sore; Ah! the Sav-iour there will in - ter - vene,

CHORUS.

And no friend shall wipe a - way a tear.
While thick shadows hov-er o'er my craft. Oh, dear friends, I'm going
And will guide me safe to yon-der shore.

through the val-ley soon, And the Lord will smooth the rugged way;

I am going through the valley soon, And I'll share the light of endless day!

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No. 53. When Christ Was Here.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. If we had lived when Christ was born, And heard the an - gels chant their song, Would we have fol - lowed yon - der star, And
2. When from the dust - y street He came Would we have bathed His toil - worn feet? Or on His pre - cious, wea - ry head The
3. We can - not tell, Thou know'st, dear Lord, For man - y times we've been un - true, Have oft un - faith - ful been to Thee, And

gone with haste His way a - long?
oint - ment poured with per - fume sweet? When Christ was here, When
Thy com-mandments bro - ken, too.

CHORUS.

Christ was here, Would we have al-ways faith - ful been? And when He comes to claim His own, Oh! will He take us home to heav'n?

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No. 54. Face the Other Way.

W. S. MARTIN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Would you gain a home be-yond the stars? Would you dwell at last in realms of day? Would you meet the friends of other years? You must turn and face the oth - er way.
2. Would you live in fel - low-ship with God? All the words of truth would you o-bey? Would you know the joys of Christian life? You must turn and face the oth - er way.
3. Would you gain the vic - t'ry o - ver sin? Would you live in safe - ty day by day? Would you join at last the triumph song? You must turn and face the oth - er way.

CHORUS.

Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, Face the oth-er way, If you're walking sin-ward, face the oth - er way; Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, If you're walking sin-ward face the oth - er way.

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No. 55. The King of Glory Has Come In.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. My heart has lift - ed up her gates, Has o-pened wide her door,
2. He heard a con-trite sin - ner pray, He heard a reb - el call,
3. He filled my soul with per - fect rest, He sealed me all His own,
4. When through with sorrow, sin and pain My mansion I shall see,

Out-side her King no long - er waits To cross the threshold o'er.
He en - tered in my heart to stay When I sur - ren-dered all.
He brought His heaven to my breast When He set up His throne.
Where o - ver me He'll rule and reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

The King..... of glo-ry has come in, I've opened wide the door,
The King, the King

I've o - pened wide the door; With - in..... my heart He
With - in, with - in

rules and reigns, I'm His for ev - er - more.
for ev - er - more.

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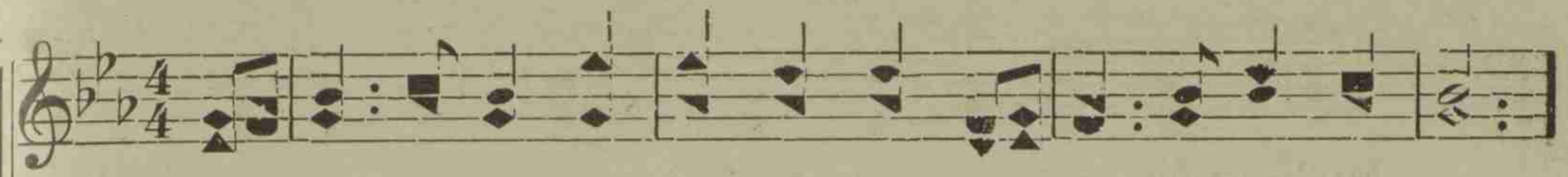
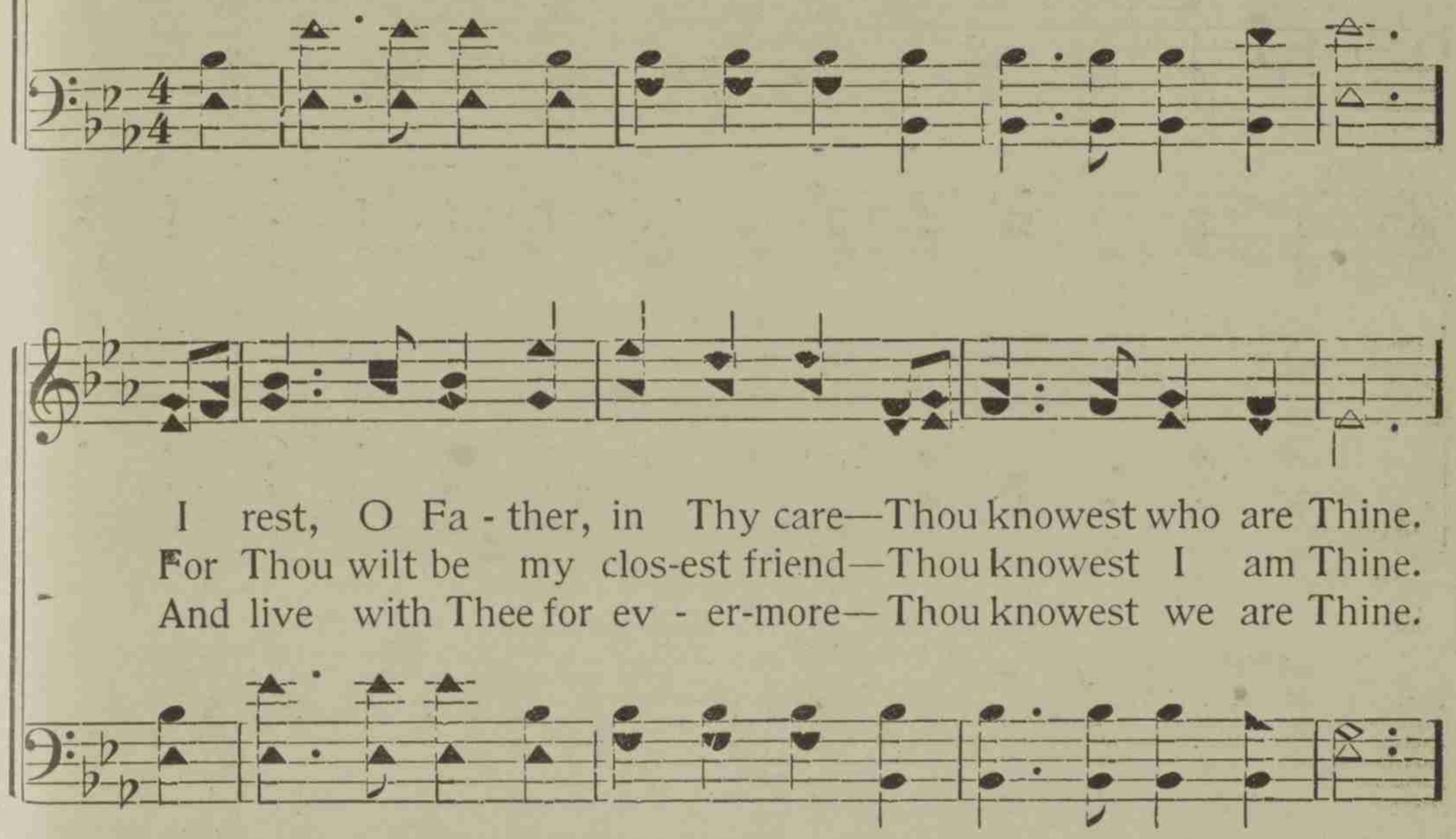
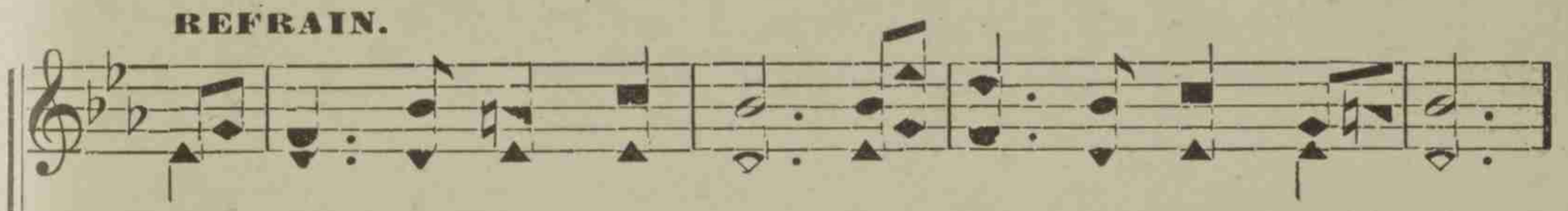
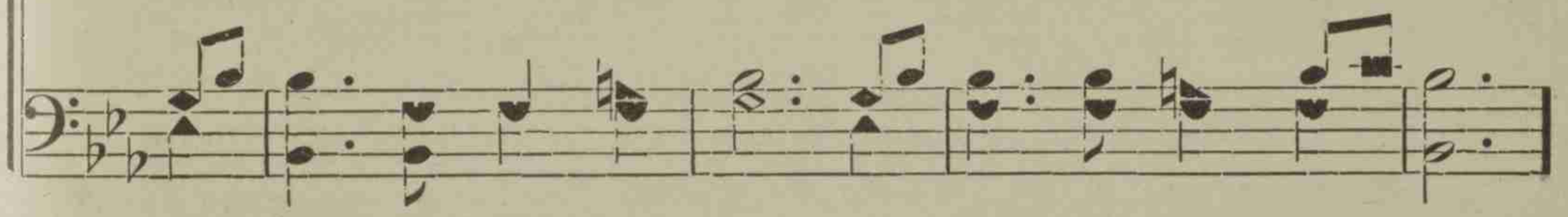
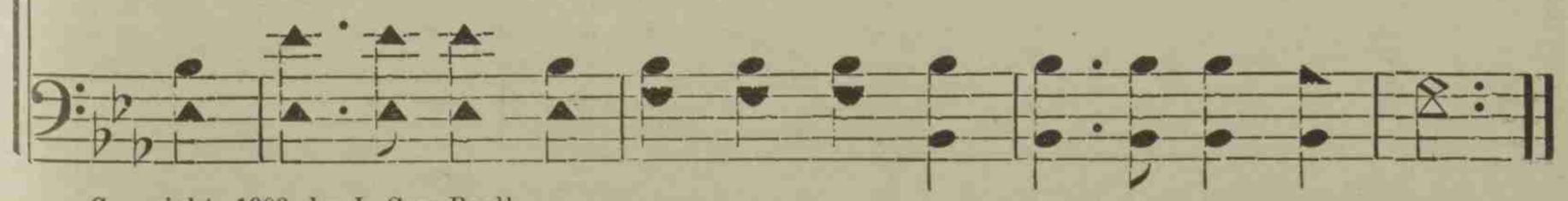
No. 56. Thou Knowest Who are Thine.

MISS MIRIAM OATMAN. J. GUY BEALL.

1. Tho' oft I'm tried a - long my path A light doth ev - er shine;
2. Tho' foes may sneer and friends desert, Yet I will not re - pine,
3. When on the oth - er shore we meet We'll bear Thy ho - ly sign,



I rest, O Fa - ther, in Thy care—Thou knowest who are Thine.
For Thou wilt be my clos-est friend—Thou knowest I am Thine.
And live with Thee for ev - er-more—Thou knowest we are Thine.

REFRAIN.

Thou know - est who are Thine, Thou know-est who are Thine;

I rest, O Fa - ther, in Thy care—Thou knowest who are Thine.

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No. 57. Going Up to the Judgment.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. Go - ing up to the judg-ment my sen - tence to hear When
2. Go - ing up to the judg-ment to an - swer to God For
3. Go - ing up to the judg-ment, yet free from all fear, Since

life and its toil - ing shall end, And feel, as the mo - ment of
all I have done here be - low, My hope of sal - va - tion a-
I have been saved by the blood, Re - joic - ing in hope (since re-

doom shall draw near, That I have in Je - sus a friend.
lone in the blood That makes the soul whit - er than snow.
deemed) I ap - pear Be - fore the tri - bu - nal of God.

CHORUS.

Go-ing up to the judgment throne, Go - ing
to the great and awful judgment throne, the judgment throne,

up, go-ing all a - lone, ... But I'm full of all
in - to God's presence, yes, all a - lone,

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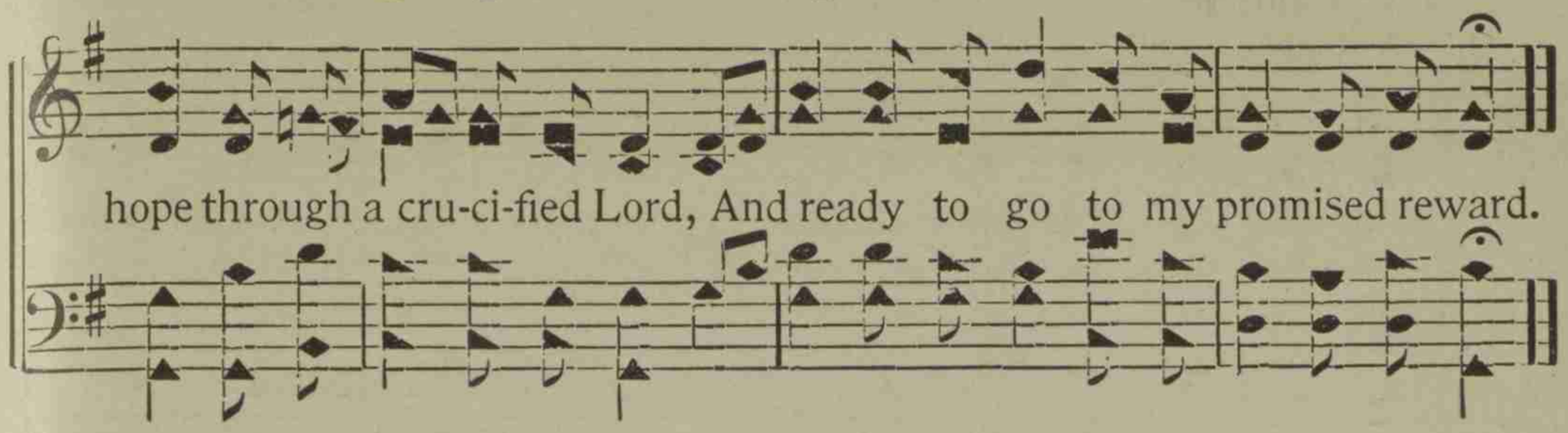
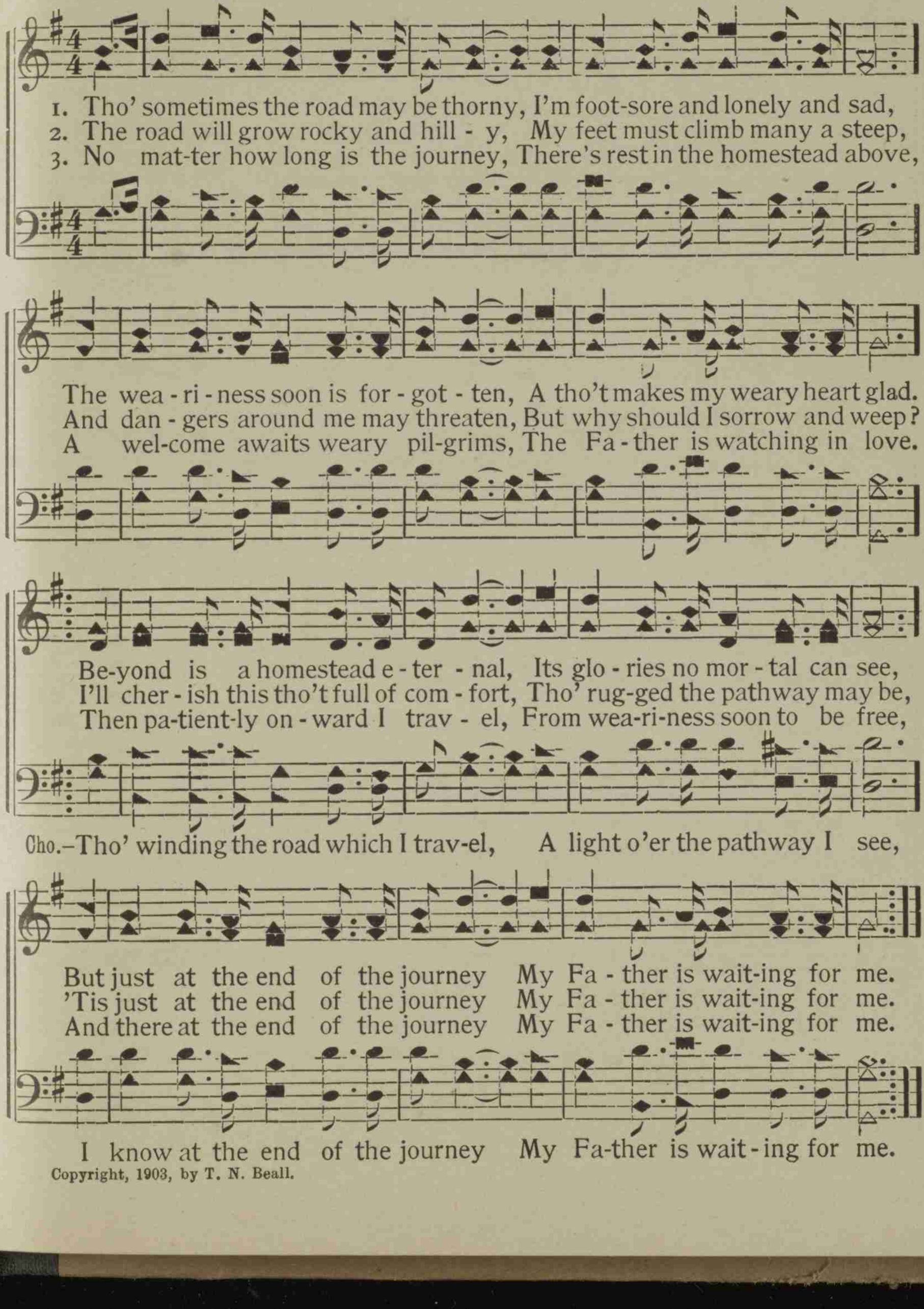
Going Up to the Judgment. Concluded.

No. 58. My Father is Waiting for Me.

MISS BIRDIE BELL. T. N. BEALL.



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No. 59. The Judgment Day is Coming.

G. W. B. **Firmly.** GEO. W. BACON.

1. Oh! the judgment day is com - ing by and by (by and by),
2. Oh! the judgment day is com - ing to us all (to us all),
3. Sin - ner, are you read - y for the judgment day (judgment day),
4. Oh! dear sin - ner, when the Judge shall pass on thee (pass on thee)

When we'll hear the might - y trumpet's blast (the trumpet's blast);
When we'll stand be - fore the great, white throne (the great white throne);
When each act and thought will be revealed (will be revealed)?
Sen - tence for what thou hast done while here (hast done while here),

When the dead shall rise to meet the Lord on high, (Lord on high,)
Oh! dear friends, will we be read - y for that call, (for that call,)
Are you read - y' now this sum-mons to o - bey (to o - bey)
Will e - ter - nal life thy hap-py por - tion be, (por - tion be,)

For each act we must ac - count at last (ac-count at last)!
We shall reap what - ev - er we have sown (whate'er we've sown)!
That shall call you from life's bat - tle field (life's bat - tle field)?
Or wilt thou to end - less night re - pair (to night re - pair)!

CHORUS.

Oh! be read - y, oh! be read - y, For the judgment
for the judgment, when it comes,

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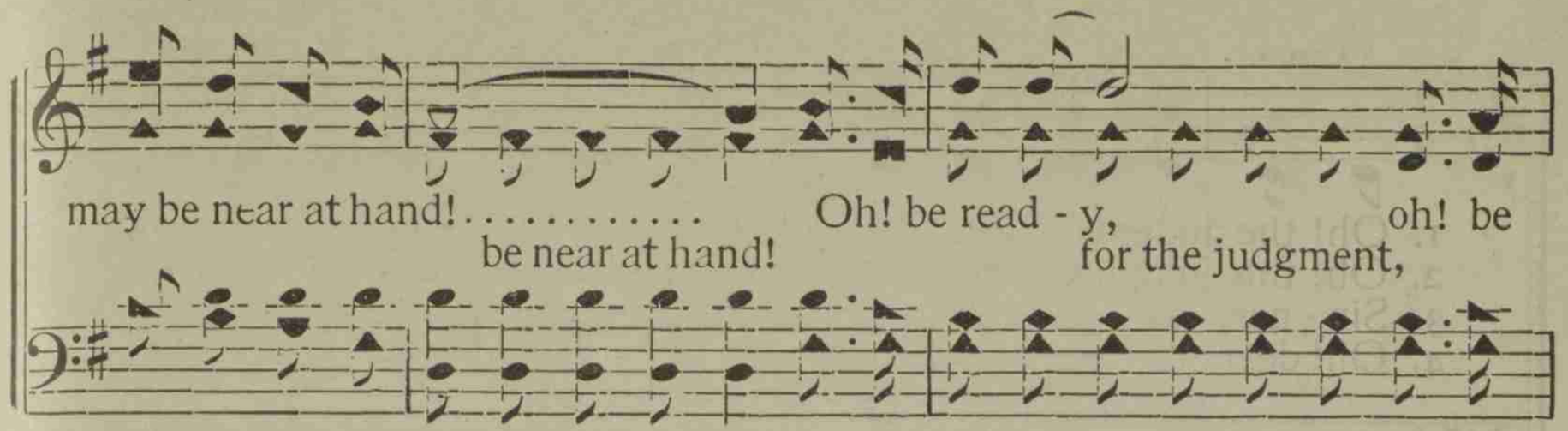
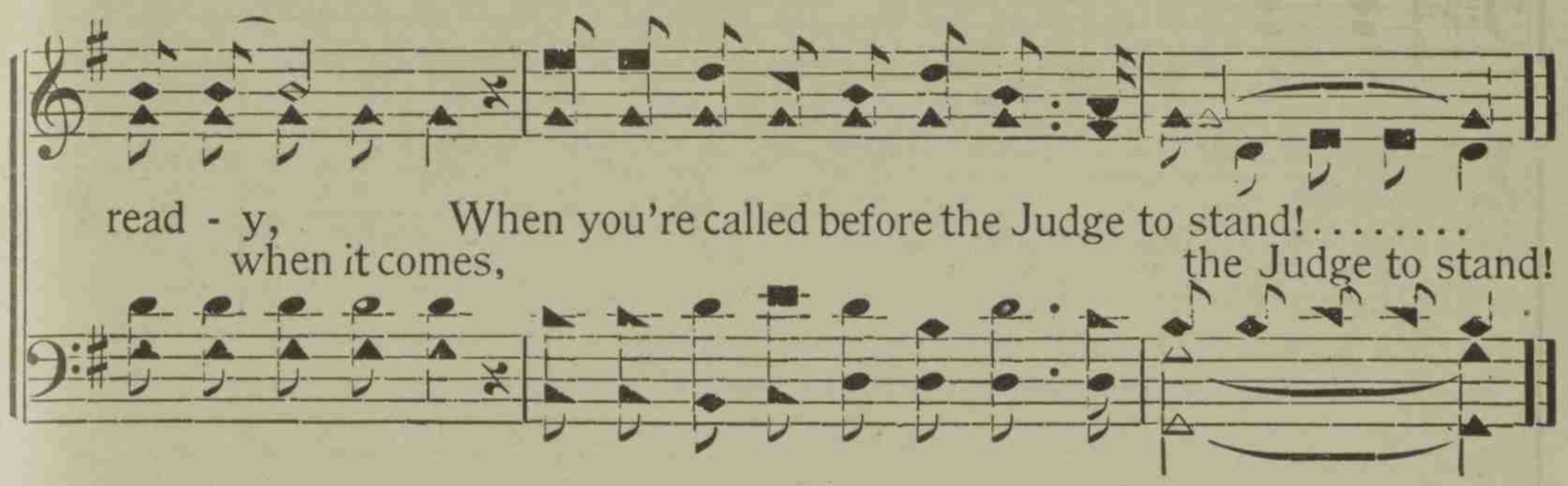
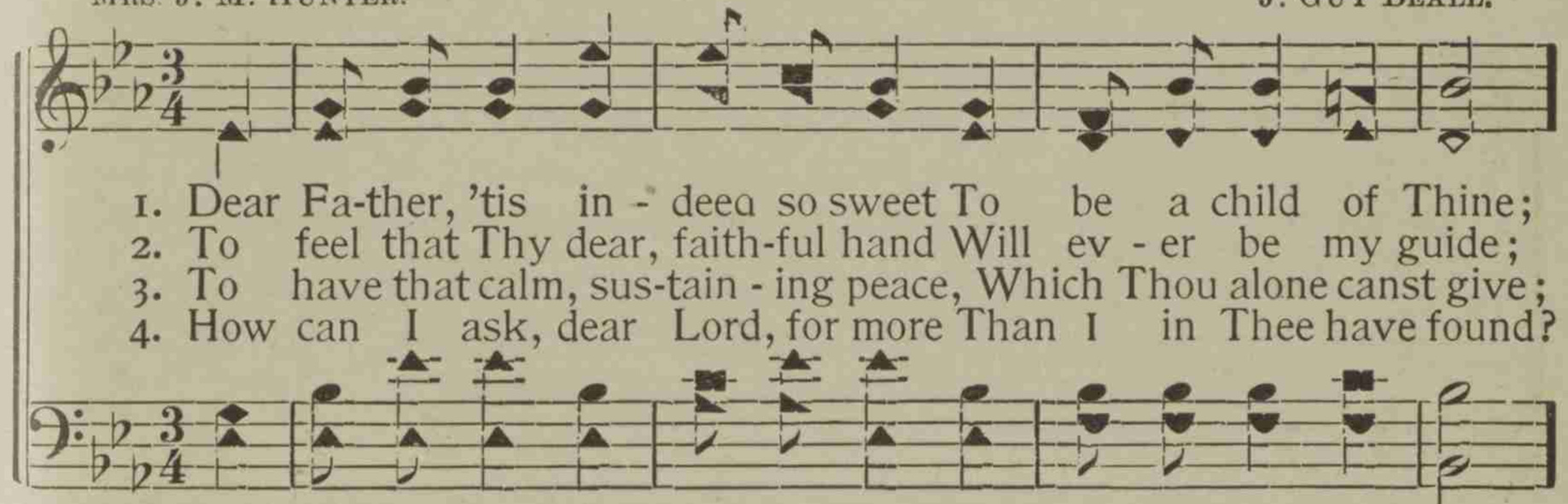
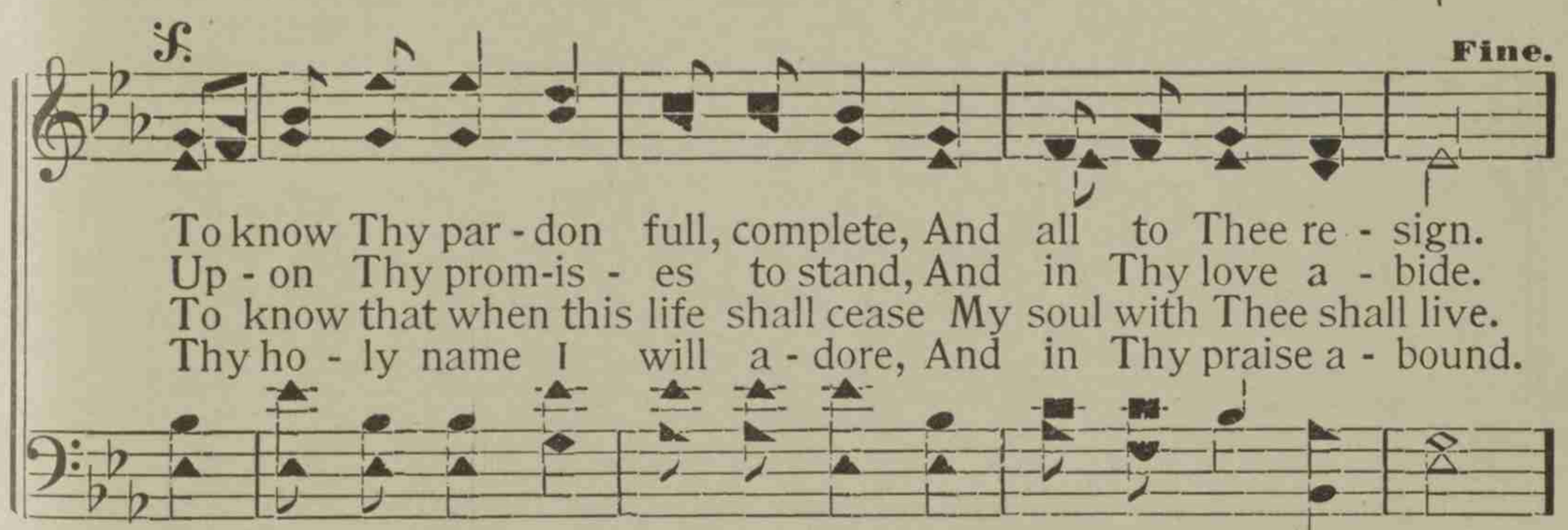
The Judgment Day is Coming. Concluded.



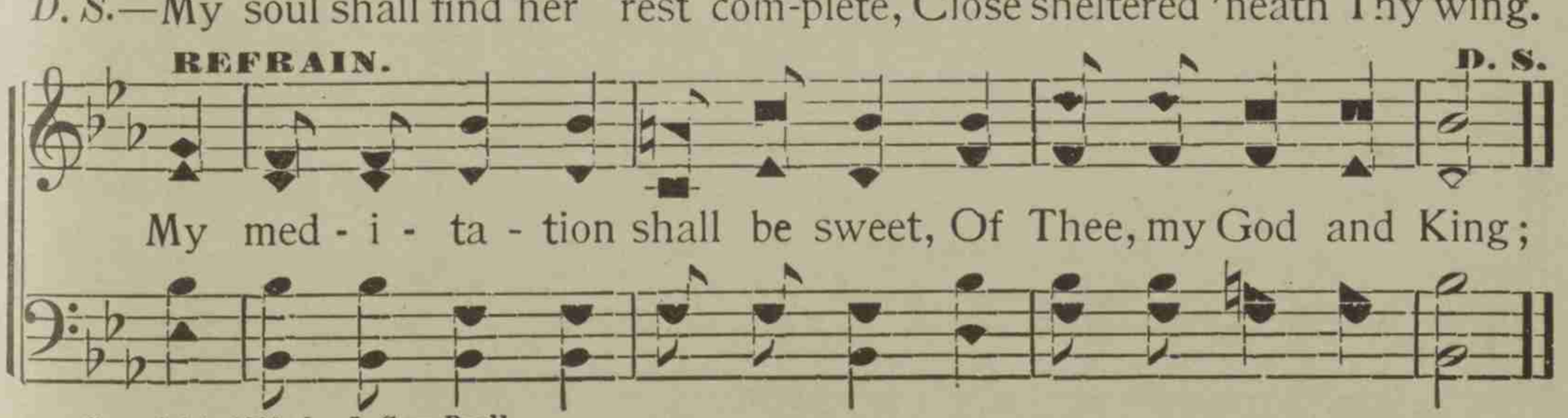
No. 60. 'Tis Sweet to Be a Child of Thine.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. J. GUY BEALL.





D. S.—My soul shall find her rest com-plete, Close sheltered 'neath Thy wing.



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No. 61. Are You Ready to Start for Home?

BIRDIE BELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You have wandered for ma-ny a day; In the by-paths of sin to roam, brother, You have chos-en the wind-ing way; You are wea-ry to-day, so wea-ry, Will you start for the Fa-ther's home? Turn your feet from the path-way drear-y, He is waiting for you to come.

2. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You are foot-sore and sick and sad; There's a pardon if you will come, brother, An em-brace which will make you glad; All your gar-ments are soil'd and tat-tered, There's a robe that is fair and pure; Tho' the hopes of this world are shattered, There's a hope which will still en-dure. come to the welcome cheer-y, Will you turn to the home a-bove?

3. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? And be heir to a throne on high? From the home-stead why longer roam, brother, There's a crown in the by and by; You have stray'd in the wilds so drear-y, You have slighted the call of love; Will you

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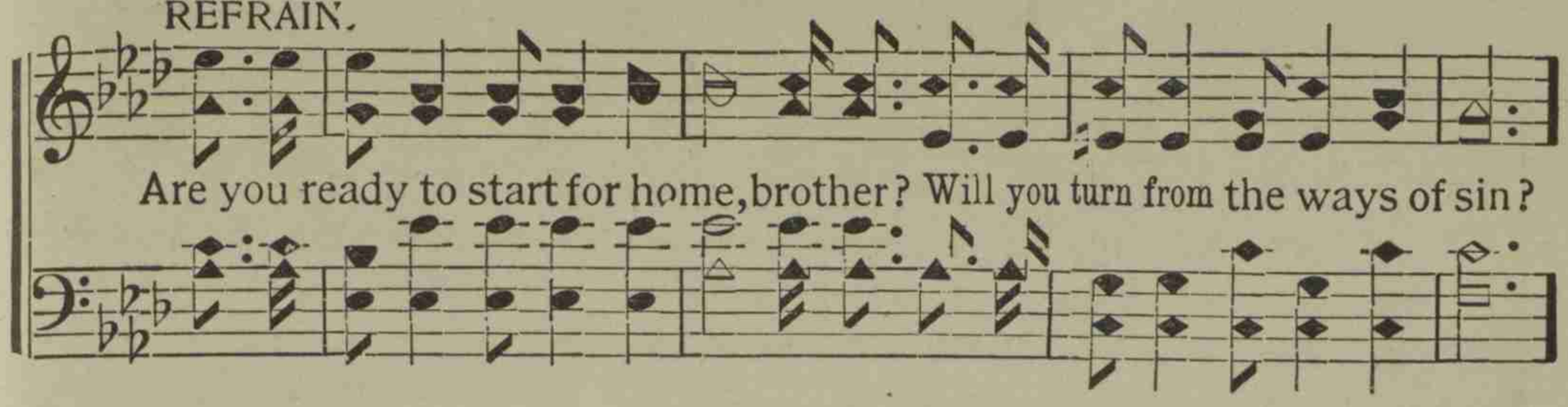
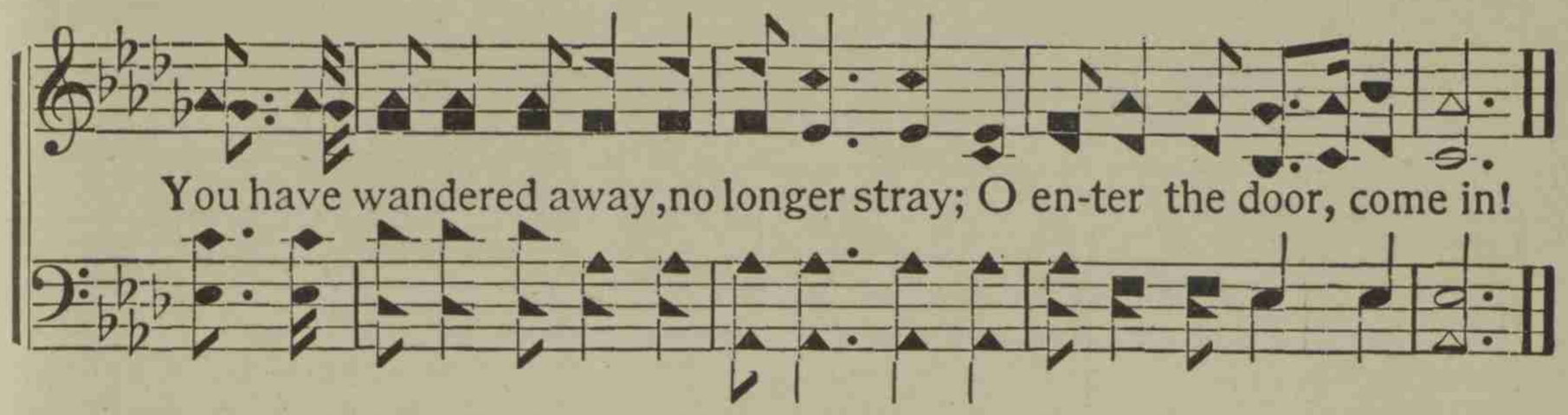
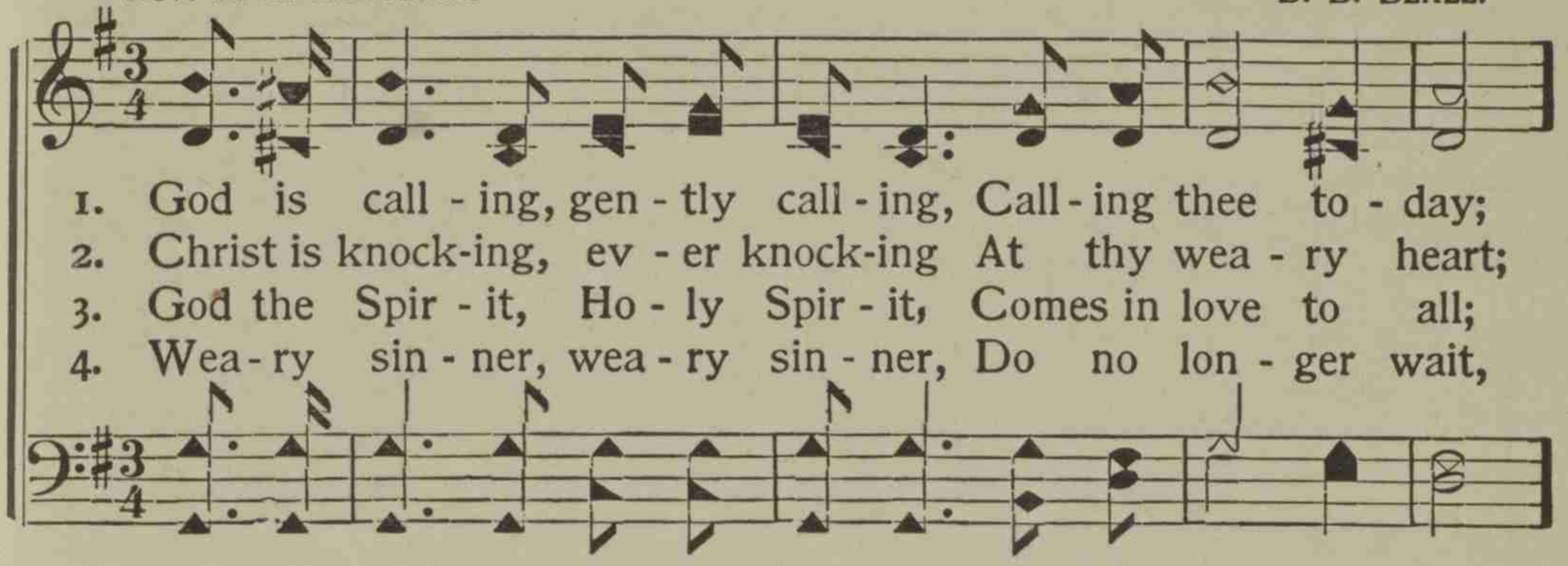
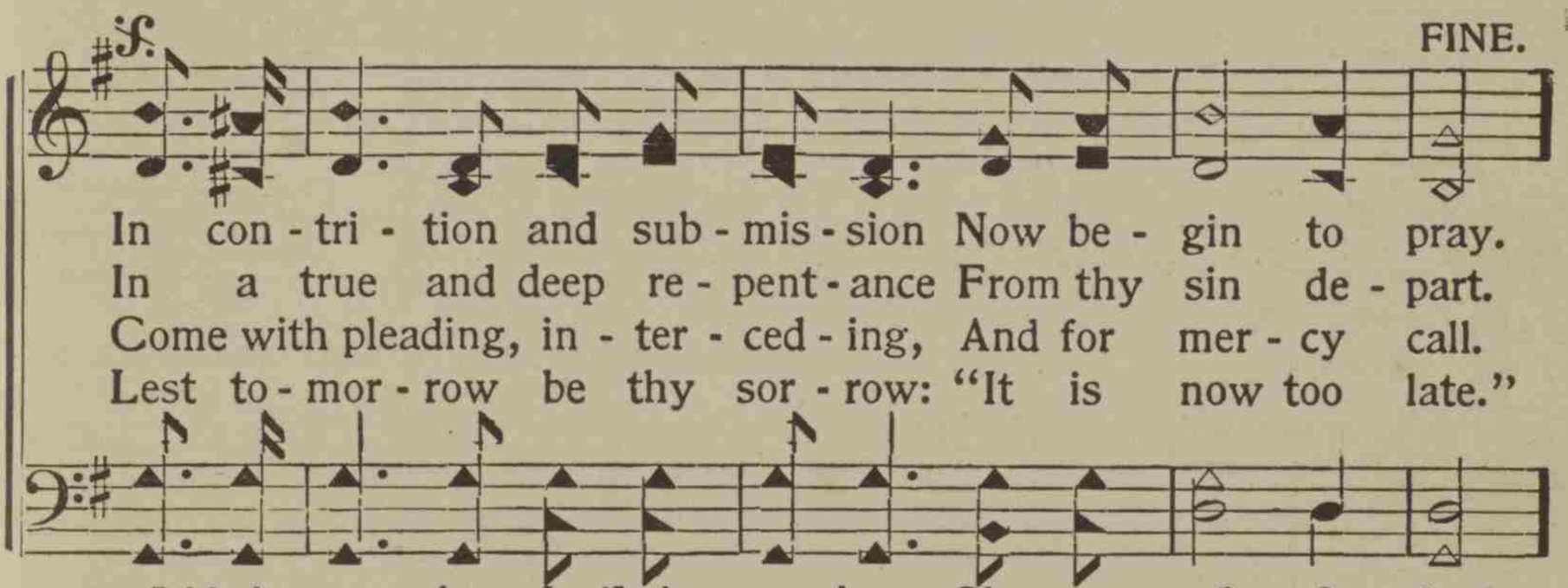
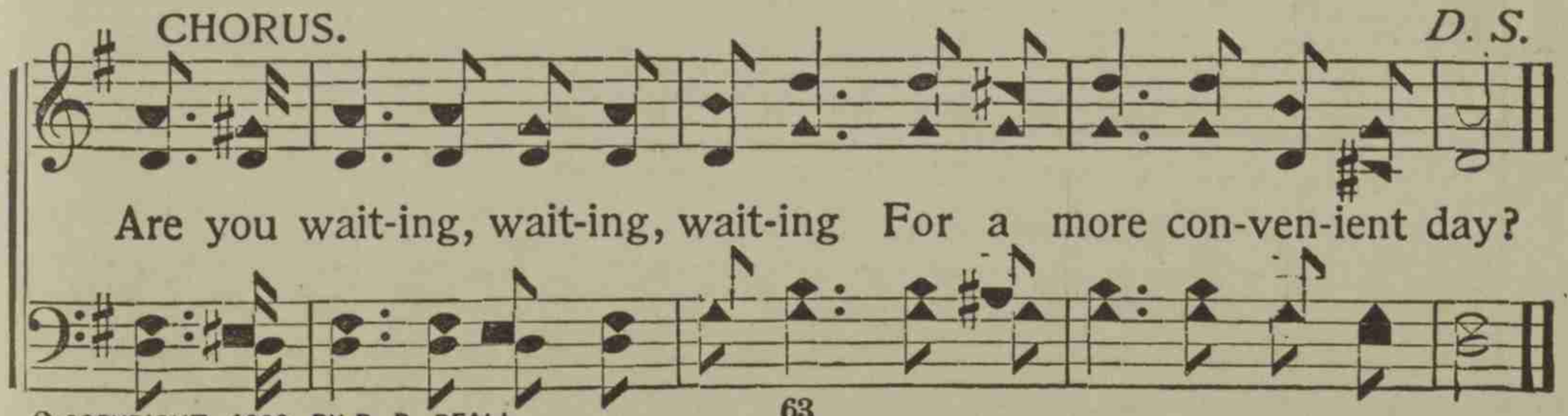
Are You Ready to Start for Home? Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 62. Are You Waiting?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.





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No. 63. By and By.

H. TENNEY.

1. By and by,..... oh, fee - ble-heart - ed, By and
2. By and by, ... why thus dis - heart - ened 'Neath thy
3. By and by,..... that joy - ful sum-mons Christ shall

1. By and by, oh, fee - ble-heart - ed,

by..... the storm will cease, And the fierce.... and
cross..... of grief and sin? By and by,..... press
send..... to call thee home; 'Mid life's sor - - - rows

By and by the storm will cease, And the fierce and

wrathful tem - pest Then will be..... e - ter - nal peace.
brave-ly on - ward, You that glo - - - rious goal shall win.
sweet-ly sound - ing, Rise, my wea - - - ry child, and come.

wrathful tem-pest Then will be e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

By and by,..... what peace, what com - fort, When life's
By and by,

pil - - - grimage is o'er! We shall dwell.... 'mid joys su-
When life's pil-grimage is o'er! We shall dwell 'mid joys su-

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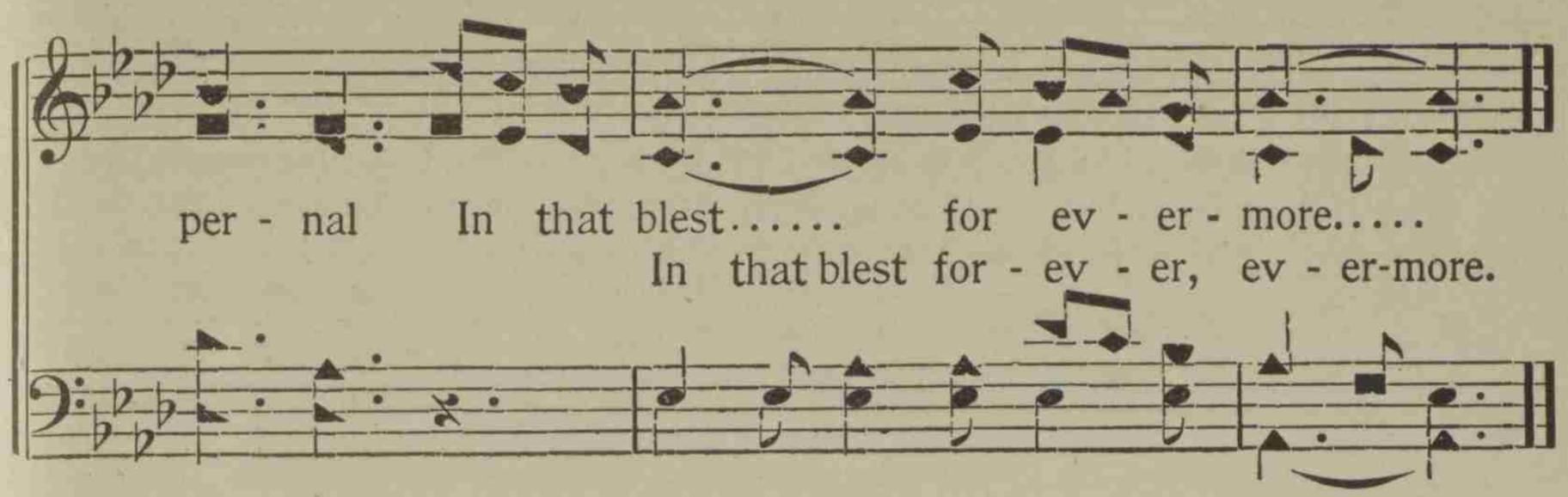
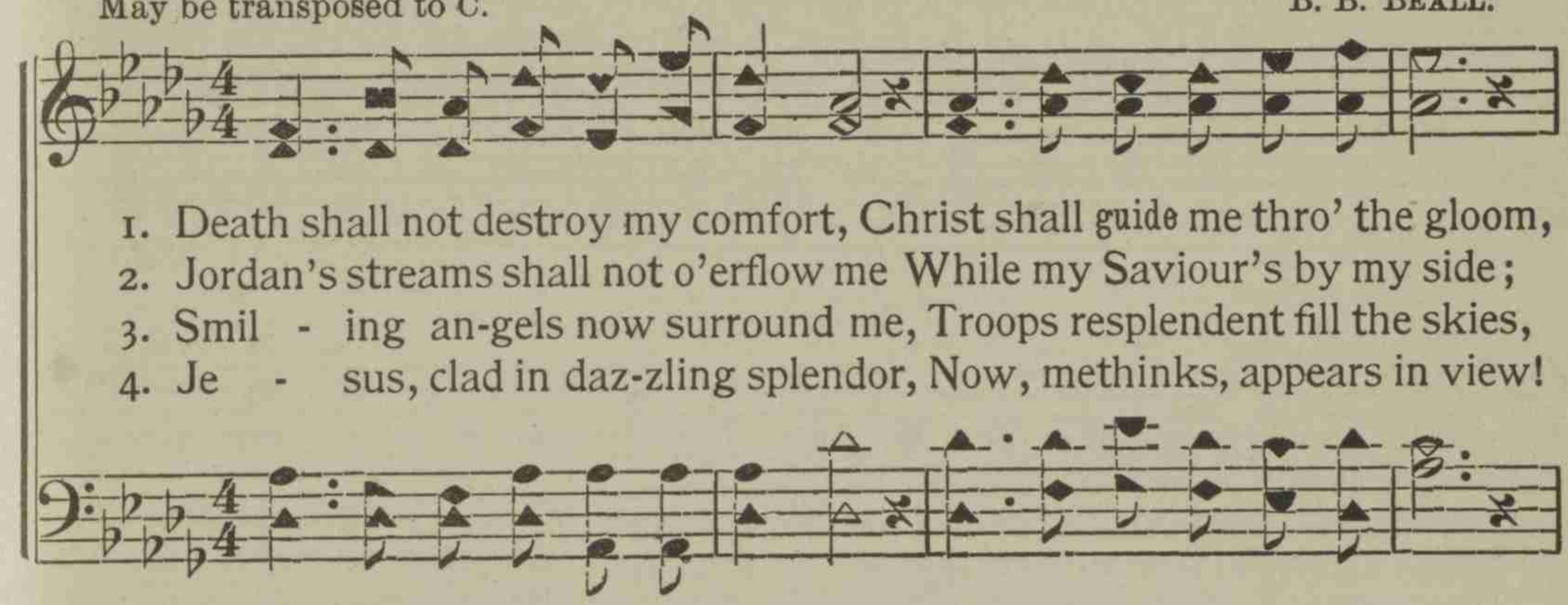
By and By. Concluded.

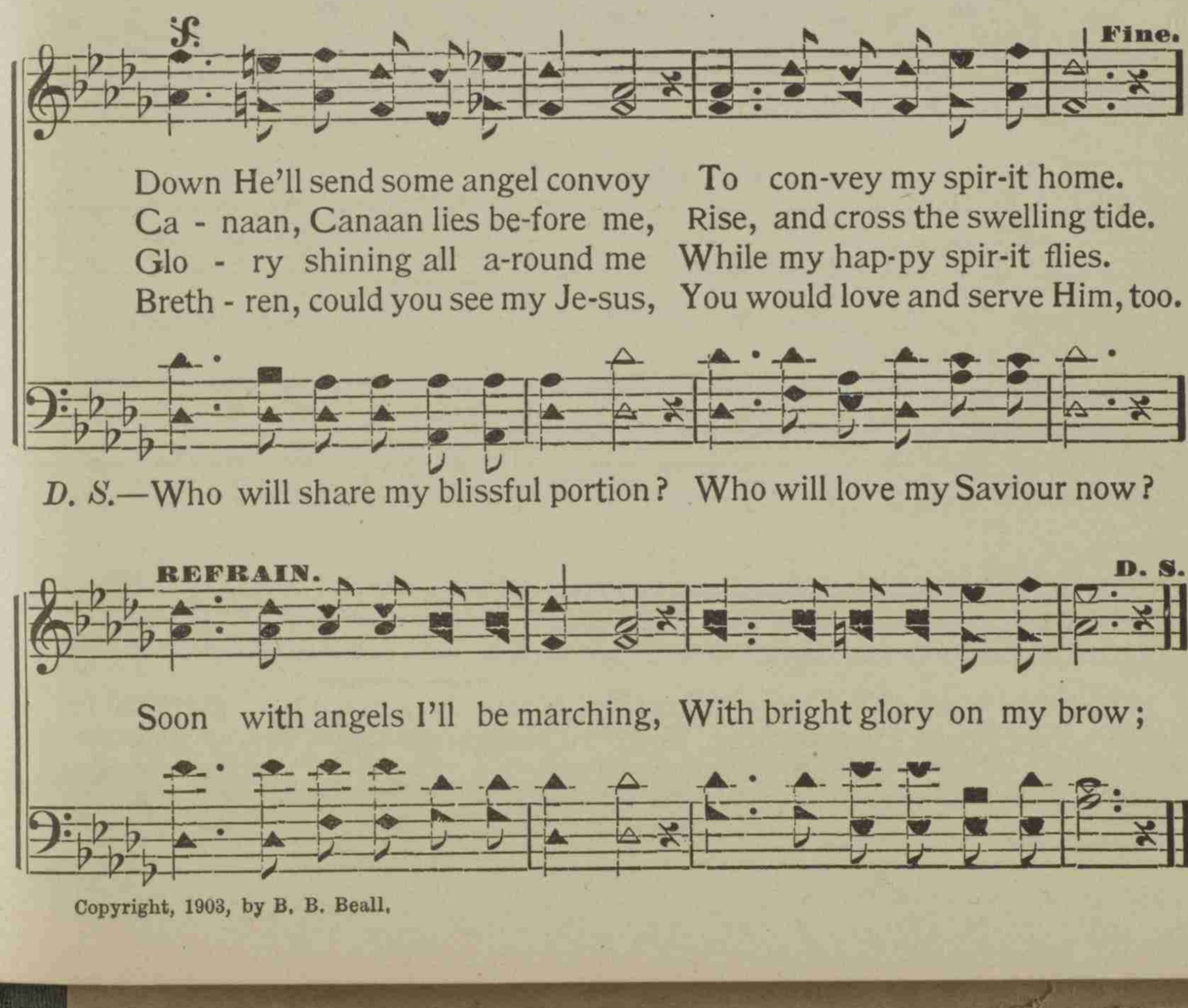


No. 64. Death Shall Not Destroy My Comfort.

May be transposed to C.

B. B. BEALL.





D. S.—Who will share my blissful portion? Who will love my Saviour now?

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No. 65.

At Last.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. When at last life's day has end - ed, And the night of death de-scend-ed,
2. Man - y friends so loved and cherished, With the summer blossoms perished,
3. Soon the night's dim shades around me Shall enshroud, but not confound me,

O'er my way I know I shall not walk alone; One there is whose love doth
But we'll meet a - gain with transport o-ver there, Where the golden harps are
For my Shepherd will be near me to defend; Naught from me His love can

guide me, One who ev - er walks be - side me, Who redeemed me and who
ring - ing, And the an - gel choirs are sing-ing, In that cit - y where the
sev - er, I am His, and His for - ev - er, He will guard and guide and

CHORUS.

claims me as His own. In my Fa - - - ther's man - y
day is ev - er fair.
keep me to the end. In my Fa-ther's man - y mansions, In my

man - sions, There's a place..... prepared for
Fa-ther's man - y mansions, There's a place prepared for me, a place pre-

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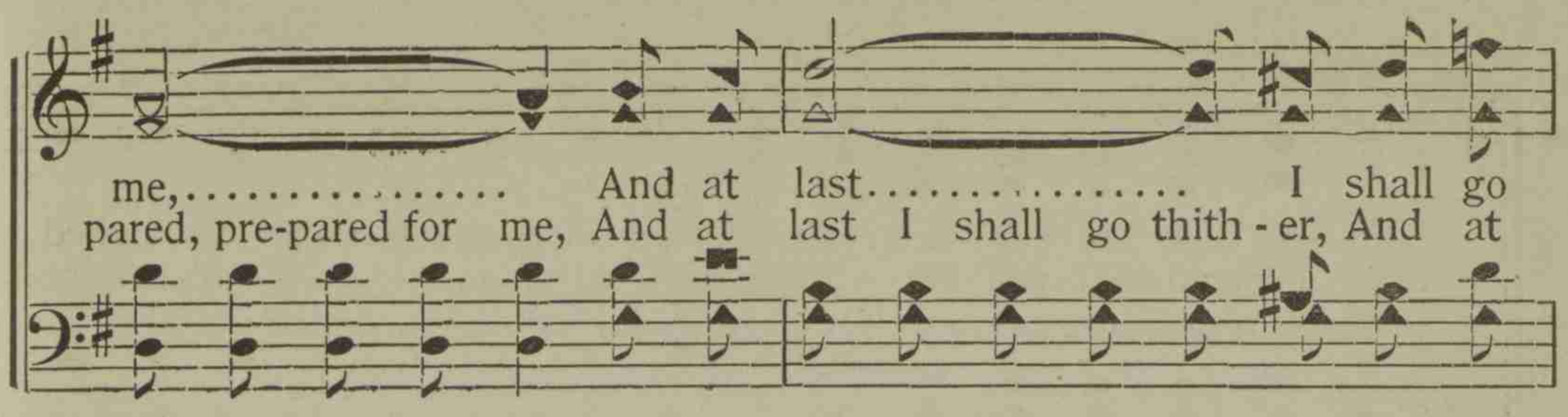
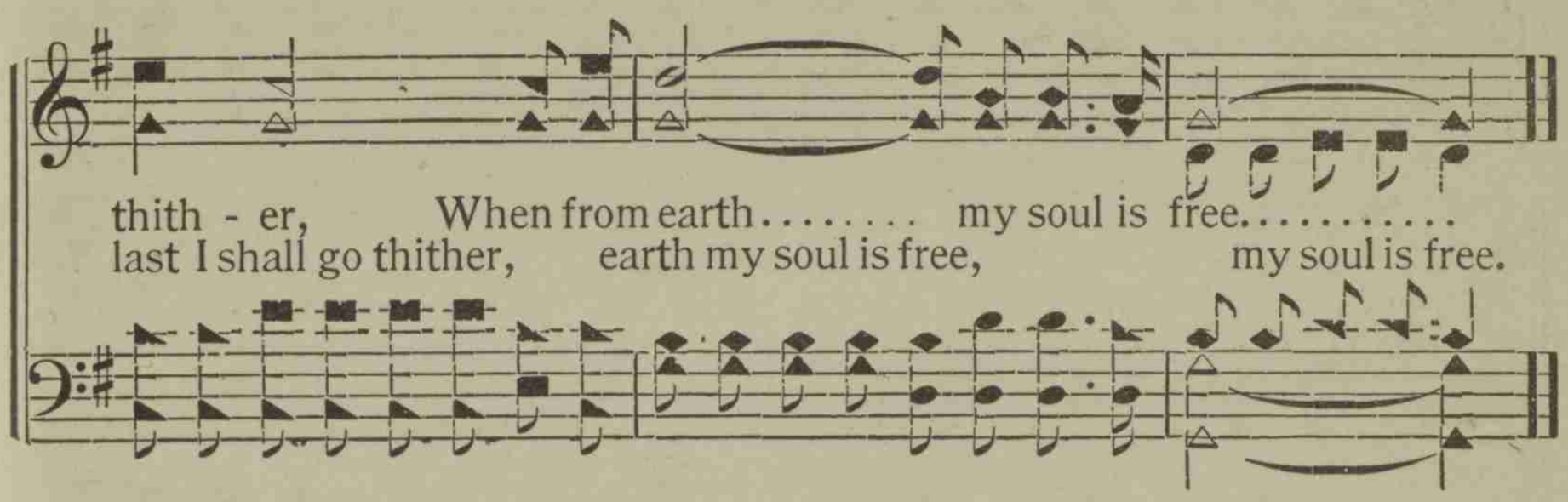
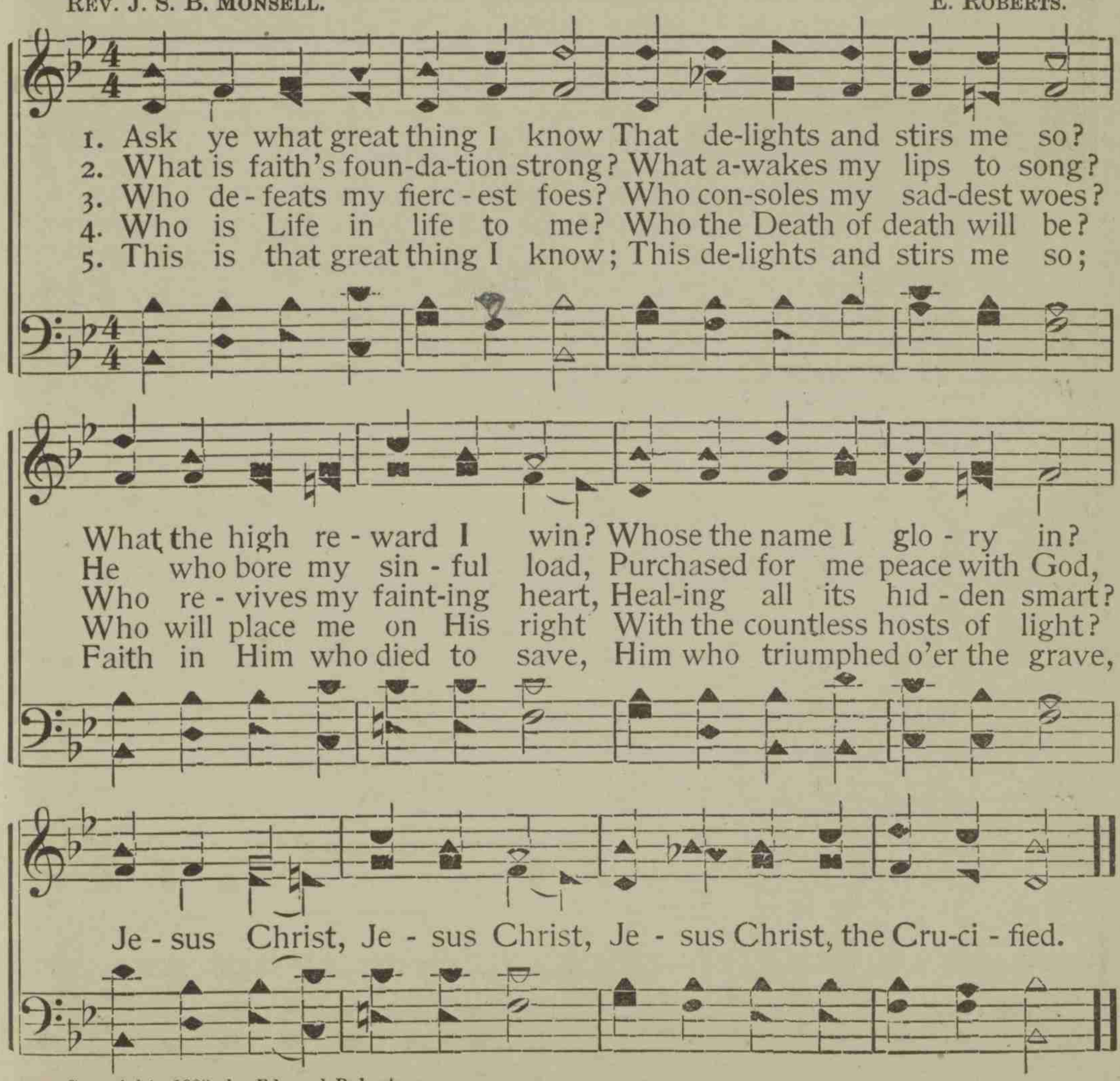
At Last. Concluded.



No. 66. The Name I Glory In.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. E. ROBERTS.



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No. 67. Pardon Full the Saviour Offers.

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON. T. N. BEALL.

1. Sin - ner, list - en! thou art ransomed, Je - sus all Thy debt hast paid;
2. Sin - ner, list - en! He is pleading, "Come, oh, come just as thou art;"
3. If thou wilt but on - ly trust Him, Cast on Him each doubt and fear,

Thou art free, on one con - di - tion, And thy sure - ty now is made.
"It is finished!" God is wait-ing Grace and mer - cy to im-part.
As the mist be - fore the sunshine They will quickly dis - ap-pear.

REFRAIN.

Par-don full the Sav-iour of - fers, Free to all with-out a price;

For the blood He shed so free - ly Doth the wrath of God suf - fice.

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No. 68. I'll Leave It All to Him.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. EDWIN T. BURK.

1. I may not know what lies a-head, Or what the fut - ure holds,
2. The world one day may give me praise, The next day give me blame,
3. Since I have found this lit - tle plan No more I am distressed,

But know I will not fear nor dread What ev - er it en-folds;
May walk with me, or go its way, To me 'tis all the same;
'Tis just to do the best I can And leave to Christ the rest;

My Lord may lead where skies are bright, Or thro' the shadows dim,
I will not fear life's storm-y wave, But while my sails I trim,
And when I draw my clos - ing breath, And face the monster grim,

But wheth-er it be day or night, I'll leave it all to Him.
I know that Christ hath power to save, I'll leave it all to Him.
I know that Christ hath conquered death, I'll leave it all to Him.

D. S.—I'll trust Him for the mor - row And leave it all to Him.

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

Let Him with joy or sor - row My cup fill to the brim,

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No. 69. Paths Of Peace.

MISS MIRIAM E. OATMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. While walk-ing in my Saviour's love, My joys will never cease (never cease),
2. From ev-'ry-thing that e - vil is I've found a sweet release (sweet release),
3. My heart doth dai-ly sing for joy, I'm free from sin's disease (sin's disease),
4. And when in heav'n I see my Lord, My songs will never cease (nev-er cease),

My ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all my paths are peace.
My ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all my paths are peace.
My ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all my paths are peace.
For there all ways are pleas-ant-ness, And ev - 'ry path is peace.

REFRAIN.

Lo, so it is with ev - 'ry one (ev - 'ry one,) Who

to the Sav - iour flees,..... His ways are ways of
to the Saviour flees,

pleasantness (pleasantness,) And all his paths are peace (sweet peace).

Rit.

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No. 70. I'm On The Homeward Road.

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. I've been a wayward, wand'ring child, Who far a - way did roam,
2. I know my Fa - ther will for - give, Tho' I've been weak and wild,
3. There's joy with-in my Fa-ther's house, There mu - sic fills the air,

REF. With con-fi - dence I'll push a - head, With joy I'll bear the load;

Fine.

But I've re - pent - ed of my sins, And I'm re - turn - ing home;
His lov - ing heart will not re - fuse To own his long - lost child;
Ce - les - tial be - ings do His will, Ar-rayed in gar - ments fair;

I'll soon be in my Father's house, I'm on the home - ward road.

I've not re - turned my Fa-ther's love, Which he on me be-stowed,
I've wast - ed ma - ny prec-ious years, I've reaped what once I sowed,
My Fa-ther's love will make me whole, He'll take a - way my load,

But now I'll serve Him while I live, I'm on the home-ward road.
But soon I'll see my Father's house, I'm on the home-ward road.
I see His man - sion just a - head, I'm on the home-ward road.

D. C.

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No. 71. Why Not Live For Jesus?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Why do you not live for Je - sus, And scat - ter pure
2. Why do you not live for Je - sus, And let your life
3. Why do you not live for Je - sus? The One who il -

sun - shine a - round A - mong those who walk in the dark - ness,
bril - liant - ly glow With ten - der and lov - ing af - fec - tion,
lu - mined your soul; Has He not re-deemed you and saved you?

CHORUS.

Where sin and where sor - row a-bound?
And gen - er - ous deeds here be - low? Why do you not live for
By grace has he not made you whole?

Je - sus? For Je - sus, your blessed Re-deem-er? Why do you not

live, Oh, Christ - il-lumed soul! For Him who hath made you whole?

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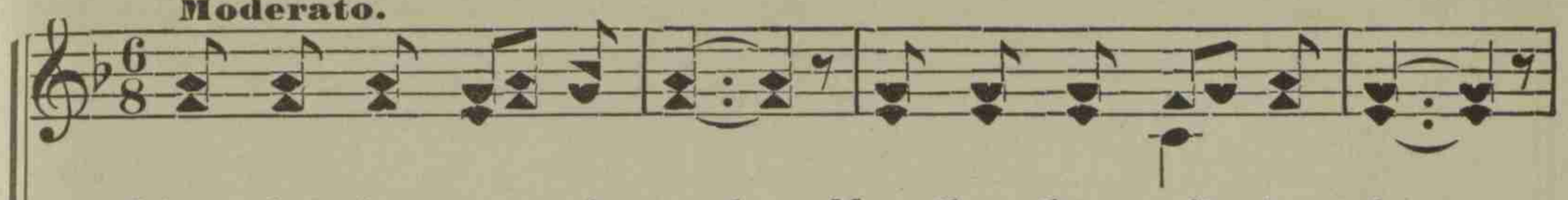
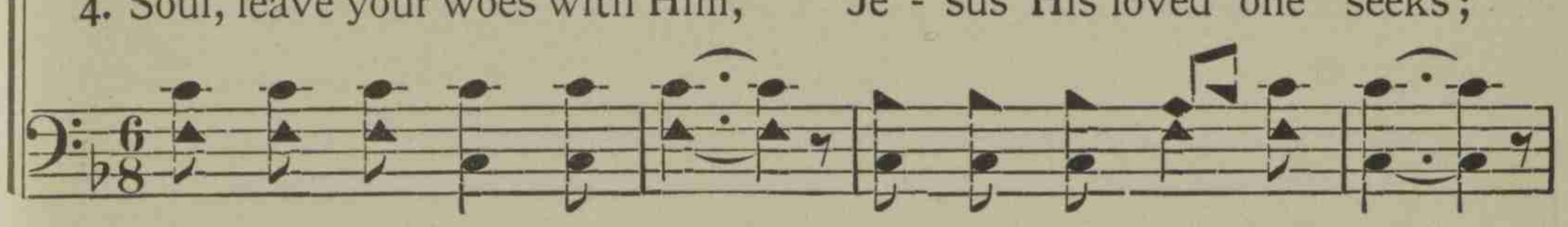
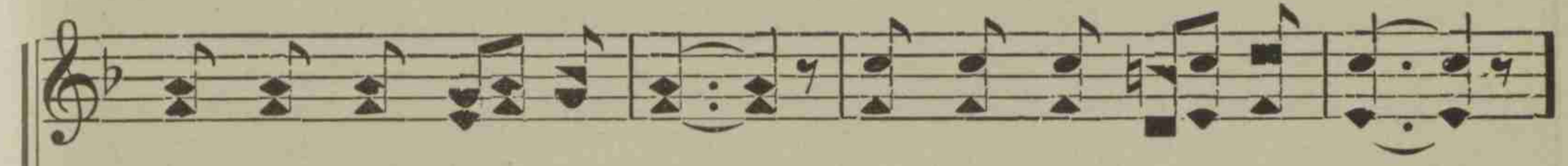
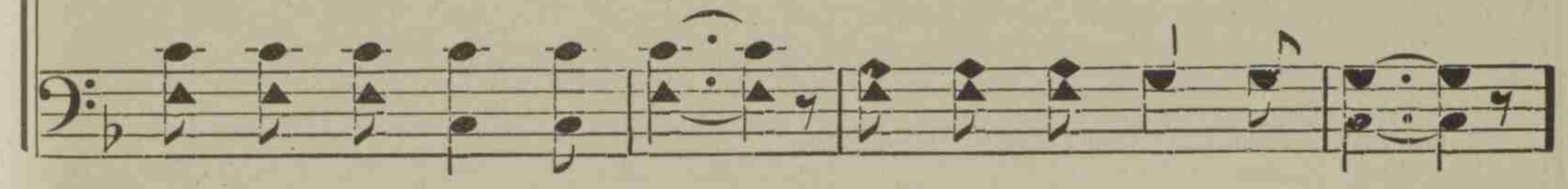
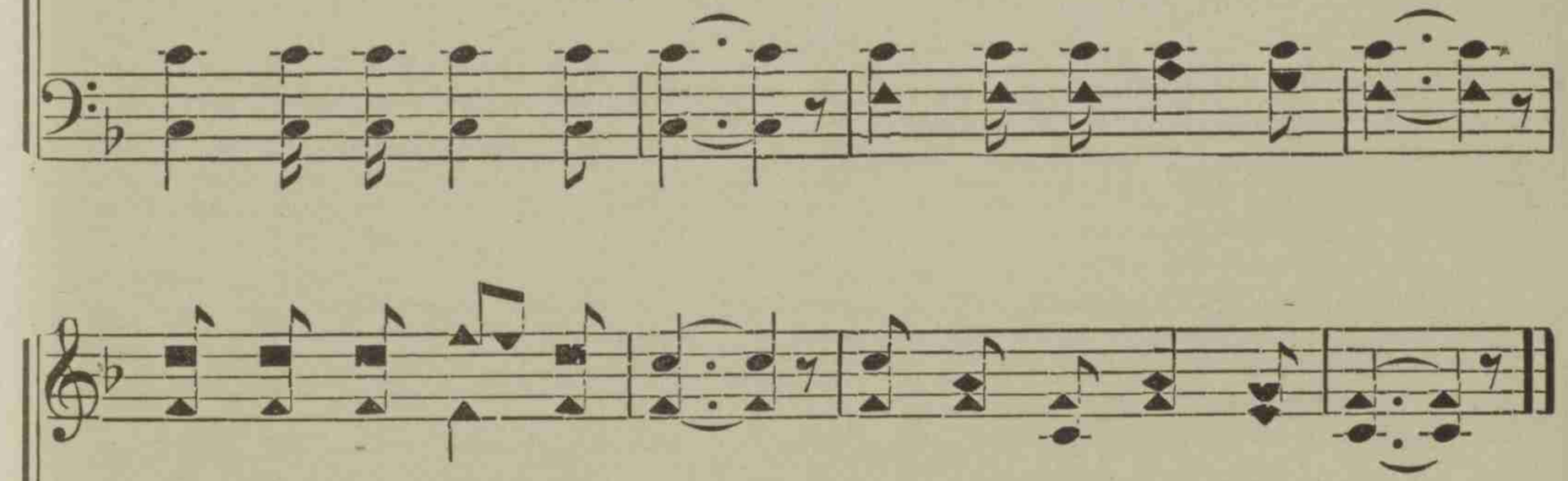
No. 72. List When The Angels Speak.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. List when the an - gels speak, Near thee they wait to - day,
2. Now is a gleam - ing light Beam - ing in east - ern skies,
3. List when the an - gels speak, "Je - sus is come to - day,
4. Soul, leave your woes with Him, Je - sus His loved one seeks;

Guard-ing thy fal-t'ring feet, Lest thou should'st lose the way.
Fair is the dawn - ing bright, Gleam-ing from par - a - dise.
Will ye the dead past seek? Wait-ing in twi - light gray."
Rise with new life and hope, List when his an - gel speaks.

CHORUS.

List when the an - gels speak, Lo, they are guard - ing thee!

Lead-ing thee safe - ly home, Home, past the si - lent sea.

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No. 73. Just Tell It to Jesus.

MISS MAUD SIMS. T. N. BEALL.

1. Just tell it to Je - sus when clouds o'er thee roll, Just tell it to
2. Just tell it + Je - sus, thy troubles He'll share, The heav - i - est
3. Just tell it Je - sus, O child of His love, What-ev - er thy
4. Just tell it to Je - sus, His heart aches with thine, Thou hast ne'er a

Je - sus, He'll com-fort thy soul; Tho' dark-ness close 'round thee and
heart can find sol - ace in prayer; So tell it to Him then, and
troub-le, thy cares He'll re - move; Then lean hard on Him, re-
pain that pierced not the Di - vine; Then tell Him thy troubles, op-

tem-pests rage high, No harm can be - fall if on Him we re - ly.
find the sweet cheer That comes from the thought that our Saviour is near.
cline on His breast, A ref - uge so per - fect, a com-fort so blest.
pressed one, to - day, He'll scat - ter the darkness and brighten thy way.

REFRAIN.

Just tell..... it to Je - sus, O
Just tell it to Je - sus, Just tell it to Je - sus, O

child..... of His love,..... Just tell..... it to
child of His love, O child of His love, Just tell it to Je - sus, Just

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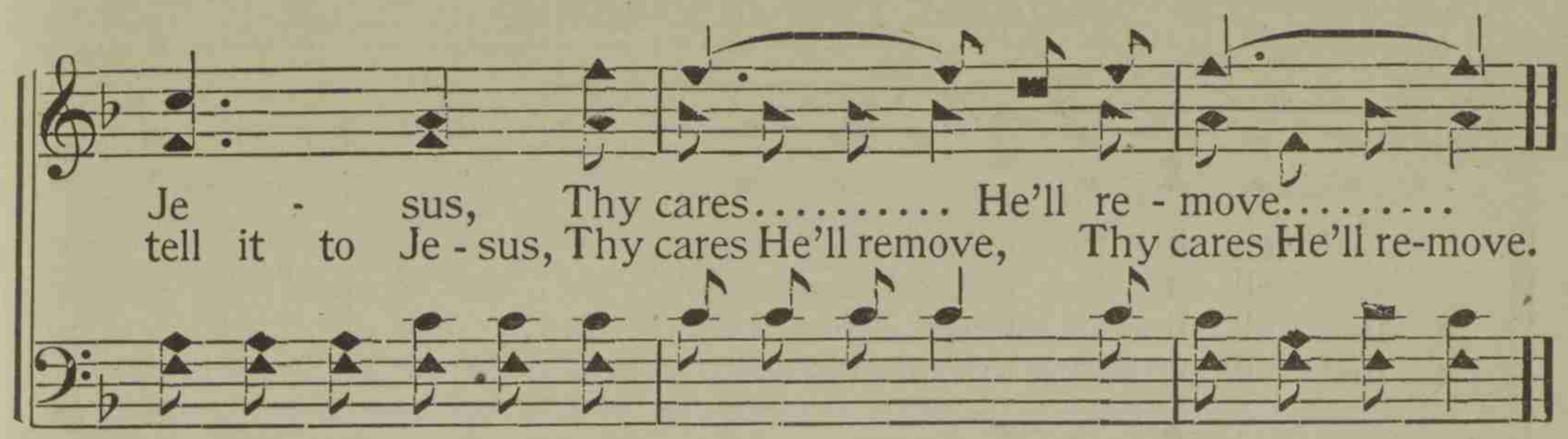
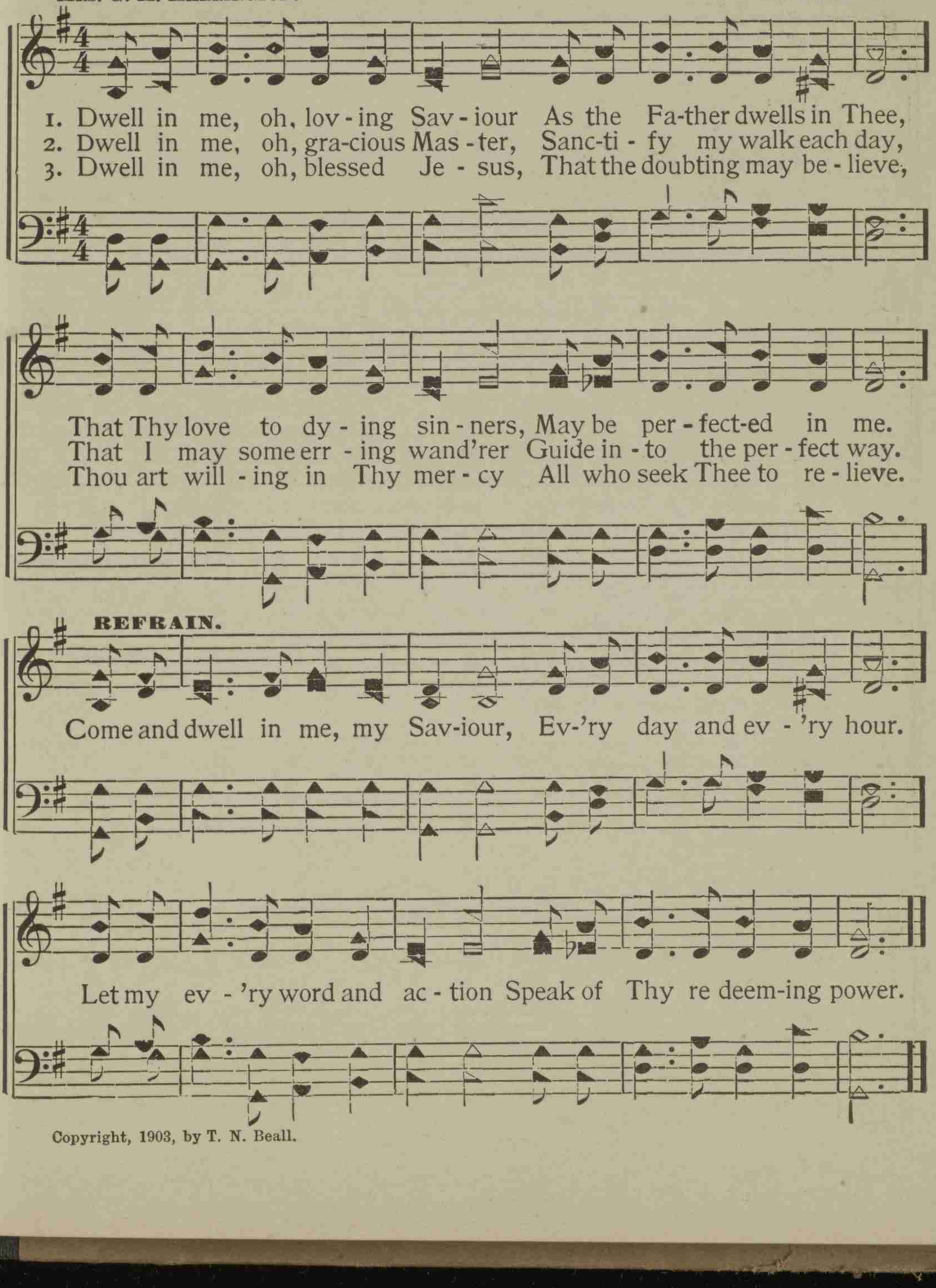
Just Tell It to Jesus. Concluded.

No. 74. Dwell In Me, Oh, Loving Saviour

MRS. G. M. HARRINGTON. T. N. BEALL.

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No. 75. Walk With Us, Dear Jesus.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J H. TENNEY.

Not too fast.

1. Walk with us, dear Je - sus, As we on - ward go,
2. Walk with us, dear Je - sus, Oft - en - times the way
3. Walk with us, dear Je - sus, Tho' our friends for - sake,

Lead us by Thy coun - sel, All our days be - low,
Seem - eth rough and thorn - y, Clouds ob - scure the day,
Thou shalt be our ref - uge Till the dawn shall break

Till at last in glo - ry Thou shalt us re - ceive,
Tear-drops dim the sun - light, But when close to Thee,
On the hills of heav - en, And Thy lov - ing voice

Cheer us with Thy pres - ence, We Thy word be - lieve.
Woes are all for - got - ten, And the shad - ows flee.
We shall hear with rapt - ure Ev - en to re - joice.

CHORUS.

Walk with us, dear Je - sus, Cheer us as we roam Toward Thine upper

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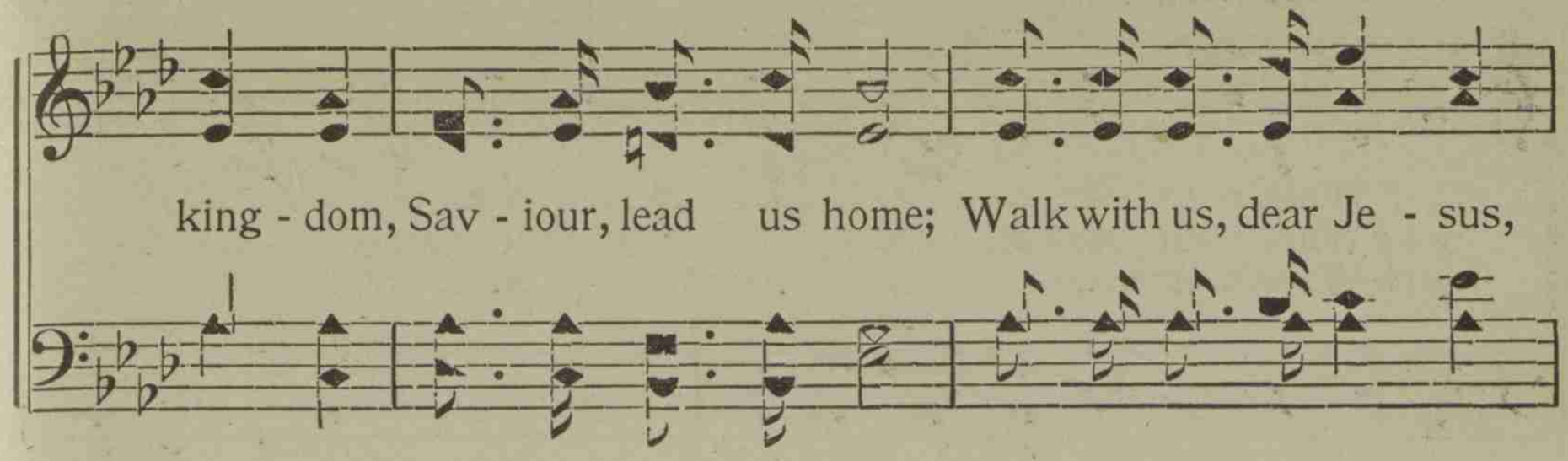
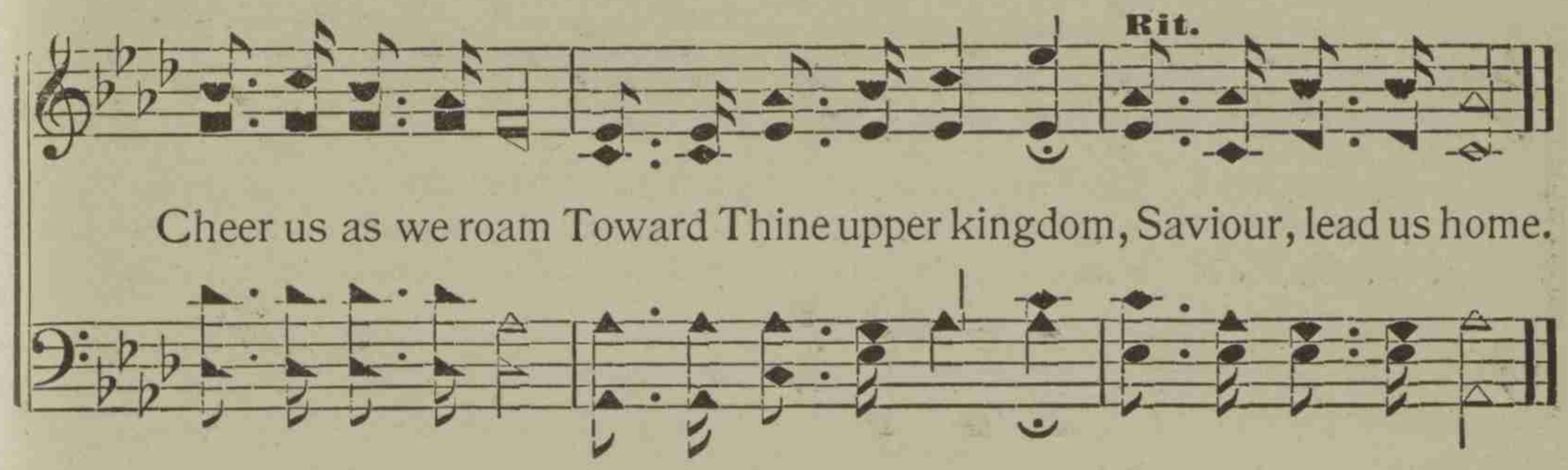
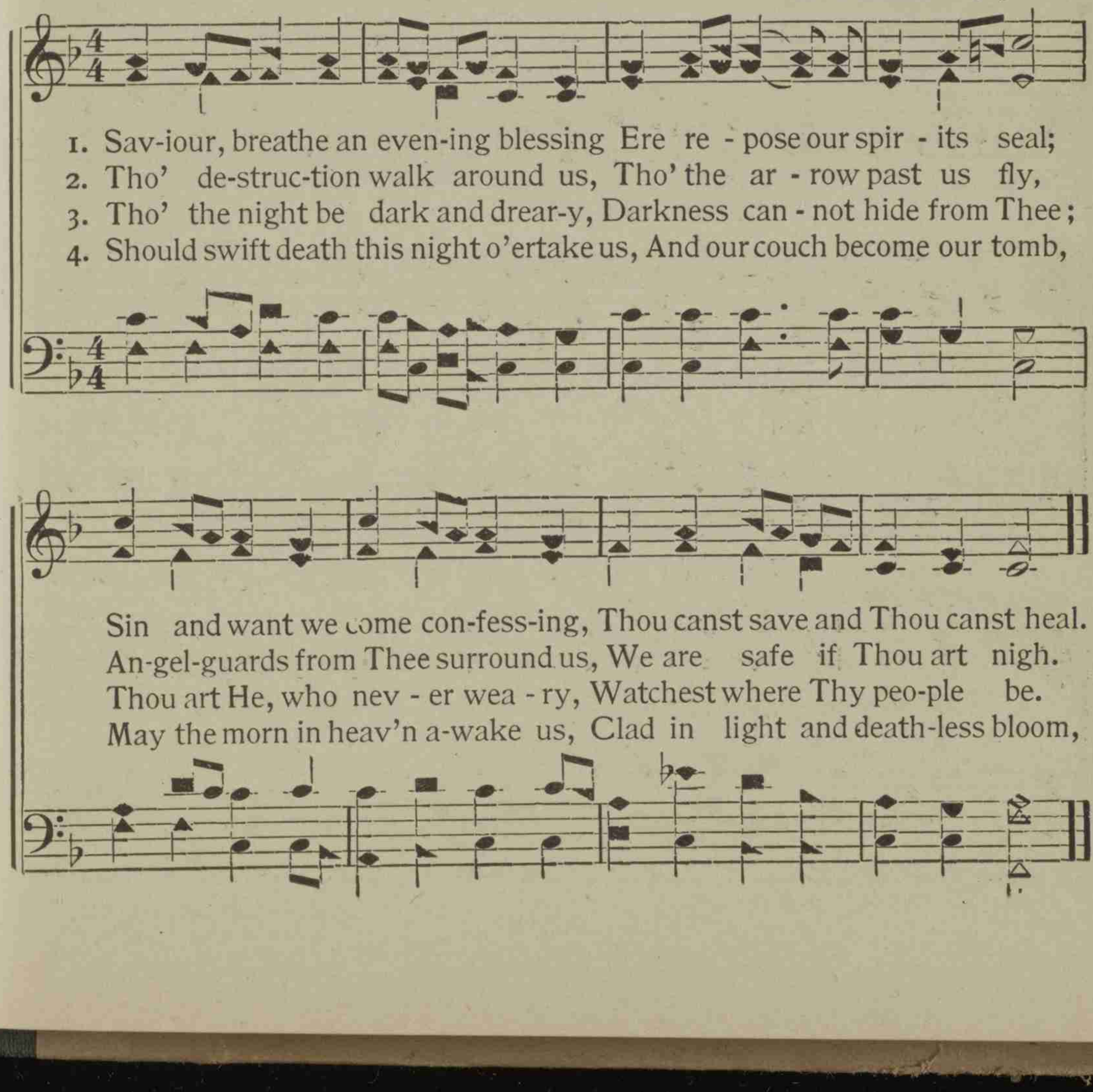
Walk With Us, Dear Jesus. Concluded.



No. 76. Evening Prayer.

E. ROBERTS. By per.



No. 77. Christ Our Advocate.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. Once far a - way..... in sin was I,.....
2. Thro' e - vil speech..... or false re - port,.....
3. With faith in him..... I now can rest,.....

1. Once far a - way in sin was I,

Condemned by God's..... own law to die,.. .....
I know I have..... a friend at court,.....
Some day I'll lean..... up - on His breast,.....

Condemned by God's own law to die,

I took my fears..... to Cal - va - ry,.....
None could be found..... to take His place,.....
Till then I'll do..... what He com - mands,... .....

I took my fears to Cal - va - ry,

Then Je - sus took..... my case from me.....
He nev - er yet..... has lost a case.....
My case is rest - - - - - - ing in His hands, in His hands.

Then Je - sus took my case from me, my case from me.

REFRAIN.

Oh, bless-ed Ad - vo - cate is He,

Oh, blessed Ad - - - - - - vo-cate is He,..... Who pleads be-

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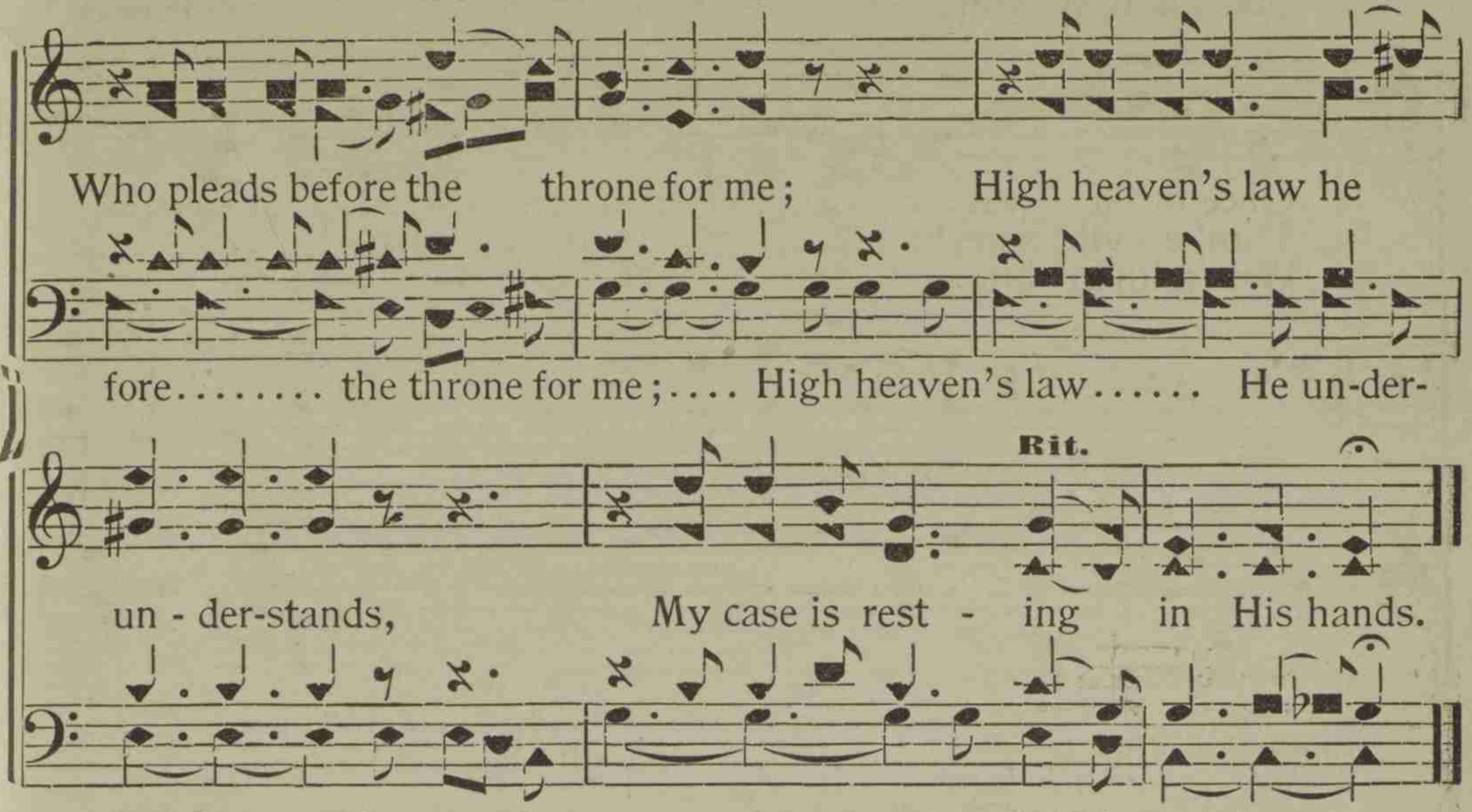
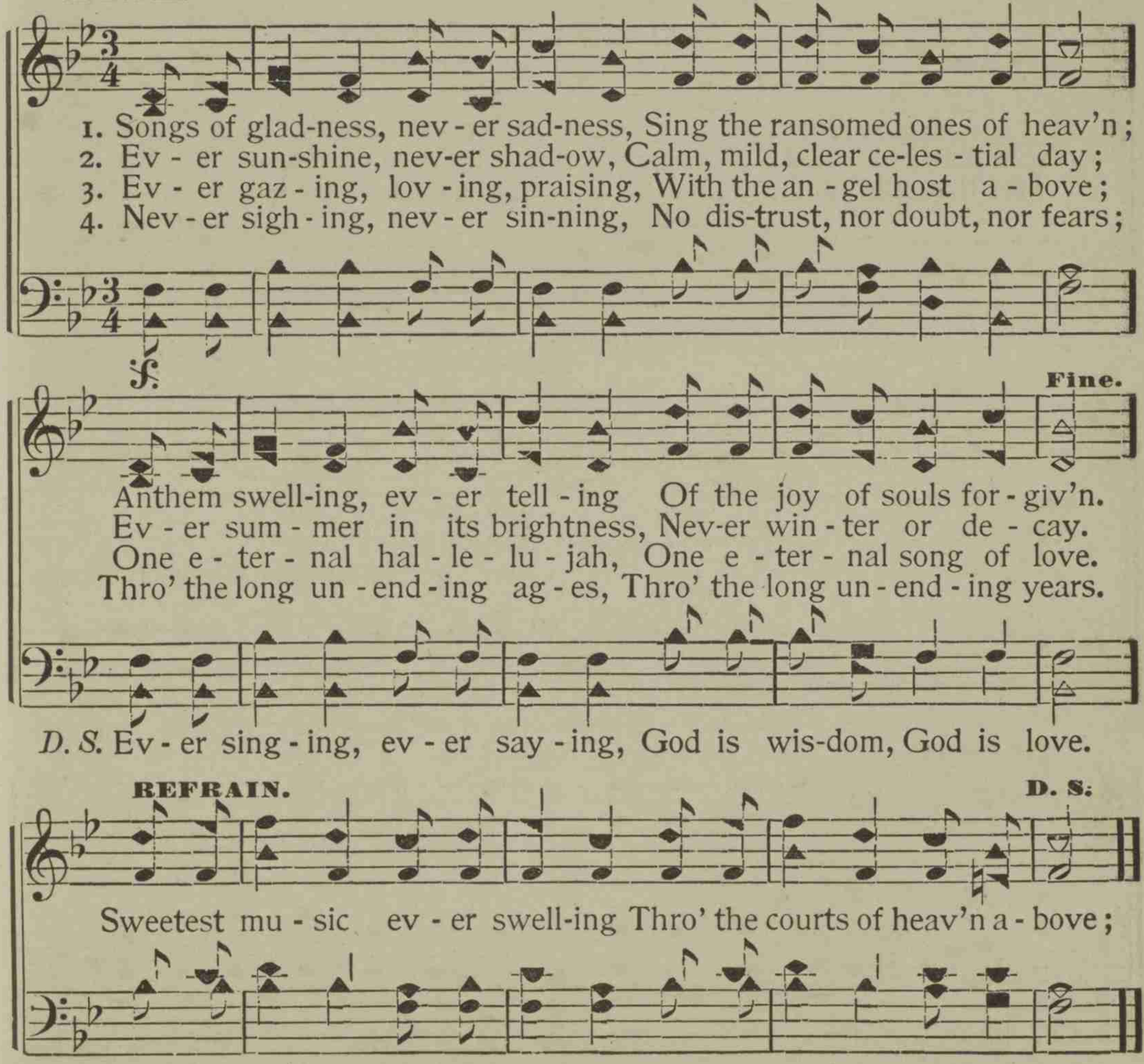
Christ Our Advocate. Concluded.

No. 78. Songs of Gladness.

H. BONAR. B. B. BEALL.



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No. 79. Wondrous Love.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. Who can tell the depths of love Treasured in the heart di - vine,
2. Who can tell how much He loves Those who trust His grace di - vine,
3. Who can tell what for His own The Re-deem - er hath in store,

Flow-ing forth in streams of life To re-fresh this soul of mine?
And re-news their hum-ble hearts, And their nat-ures doth re - fine?
And what grace and ho - li - ness He in - to their lives will pour?

CHORUS.

Won-drous love,..... pre - cious love!.....
Yes, pre-cious love! Yes, won-drous love!

How it flows in - to my soul, Bring-ing light,.....
Yes, bring-ing light,

bring-ing life,..... And a joy be - yond con - trol!
yes, bringing life,

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No. 80. Saviour, Tell Me.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. M. Knight.)

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.

1. Tell me, tell me, Je - sus, Lord (Je-sus, Lord), How my soul may be at rest (may be at rest), Free from pet - ty cares of life (cares of life),
2. Is there rest for wea - ry hearts (weary hearts), Where the soul will find less care (will find less care); Is it, Sav - iour, bless-ed One (bless - ed One),
3. Sav-iour, let me come to Thee (come to Thee), For sweet comfort ev - 'ry day (yes, ev - 'ry day); Thou art mer - ci - ful and kind (yes, so kind),
4. Let us then e'er trust in Thee (trust in Thee), Hope and com-fort we shall find (yes, we shall find), For the bless - ing of Thy love (of Thy love),
5. Yes, a Friend in Thee we find (Thee we find), Who is will - ing e'er to hear (yes, e'er to hear), All our tri-als, cares and doubts (cares and doubts),

CHORUS.

That my spir - it may be blest. Oh! 'tis pray'r up - lifts the heart (up-lifts the heart), Lets the peace - ful sun-light in (the sunlight-in),
In the hour of se - cret pray'r.
And will nev - er turn a - way.
Ev - er brings us peace of mind.
And to drive a - way our fear.

Till our cares are driv'n a-way (driv'n away), And we are redeemed from sin.

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No. 81. Are We Living For The Kingdom?

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

MISS A. ROSALTHE CARY. T. N. BEALL.

1. Are we liv - ing for the king-dom? Are we point-ing to its rest?
2. Are we let - ting go the i - dols That are on - ly sor - did dust?
3. Do we feel our high com-mis-sion—What a trust is ours each day?

Are we sow-ing seeds of com - fort In the hearts by trou-ble pressed?
Are we hold-ing fast each prom - ise With a pa - tient, growing trust?
All the foes of truth to pray for, All our ev - il tho'ts to stay;

Are we think-ing, speaking, sing-ing Of the things that nev-er die?
Do we wres-tle with each temp-ter, Till by grace we win the fray?
We must live for God or mam-mon, Let us serve the Lord, I pray,

Are we glean-ing souls to gar - ner In God's mansions by and by?
Do we take the cross and fol - low Where the Mas-ter leads the way?
Ev -'ry hour of heav-en's glo - ry For all earth - ly toil will pay.

D. S. Bids us toil for end-less gain? End-less gain, end - less gain.

REFRAIN.

Who would live all in vain?.... When the Lord who died to save us,
Who would live all in vain?

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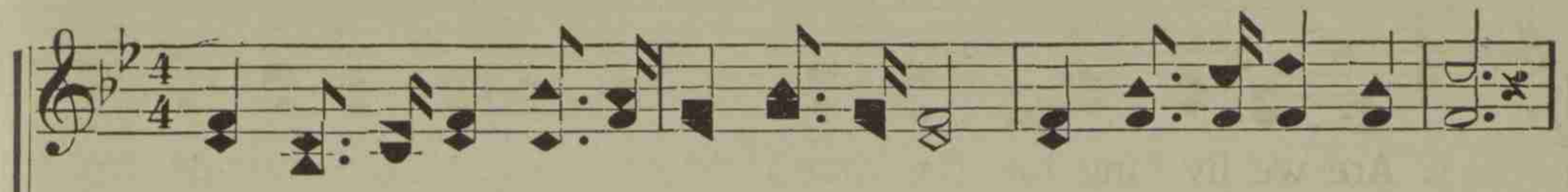
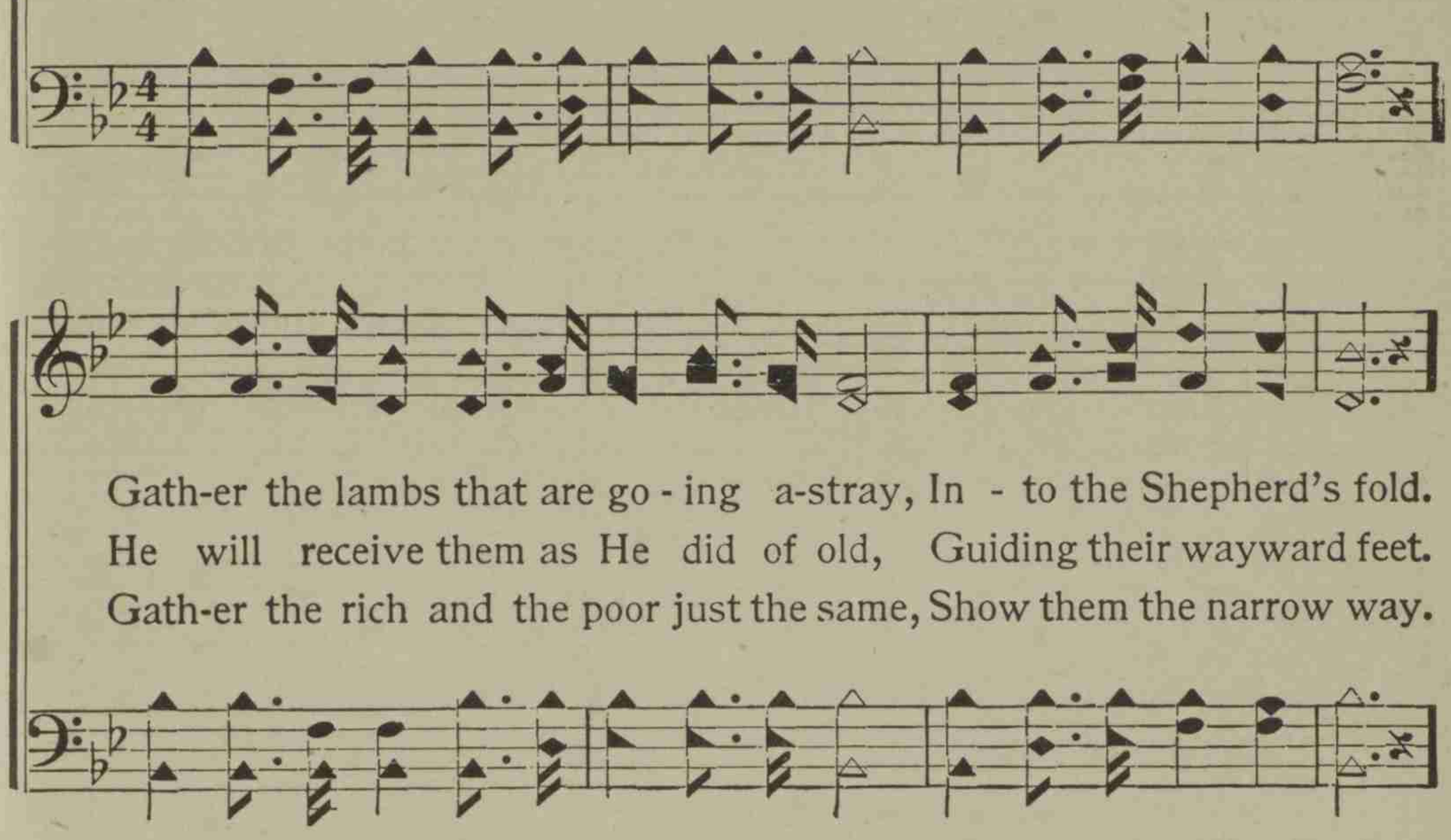
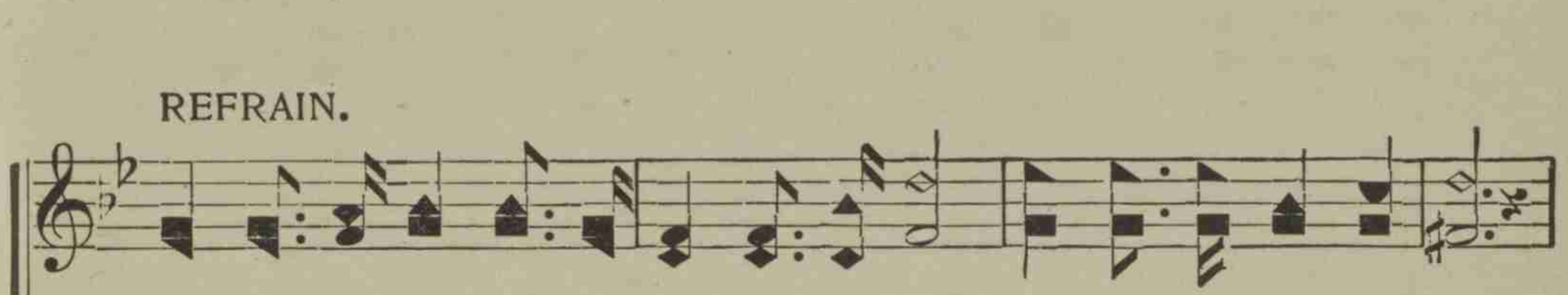
No. 82. Gather Them Into the Fold.

W. T. LEVENS.



1. In from the highways and by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
2. Bring them to Je-sus from pal-ace and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
3. Gath - er them in, jewels bright for His crown, Gather them in to - day;



Gath-er the lambs that are go - ing a-stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.
He will receive them as He did of old, Guiding their wayward feet.
Gath-er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the narrow way.

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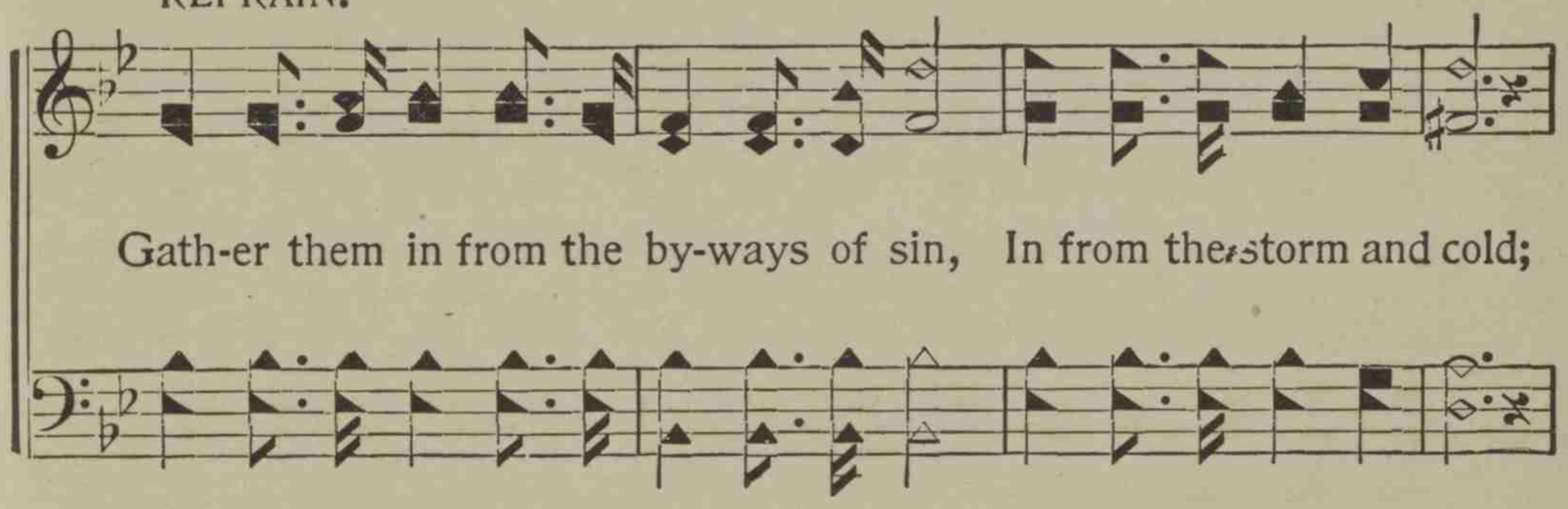
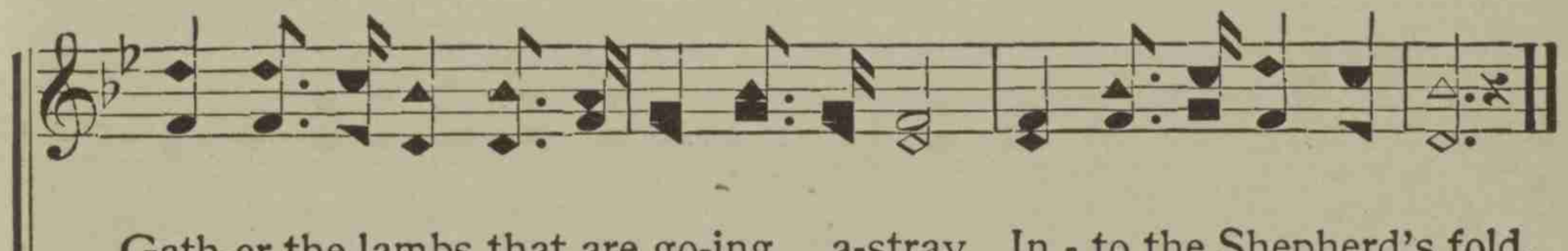
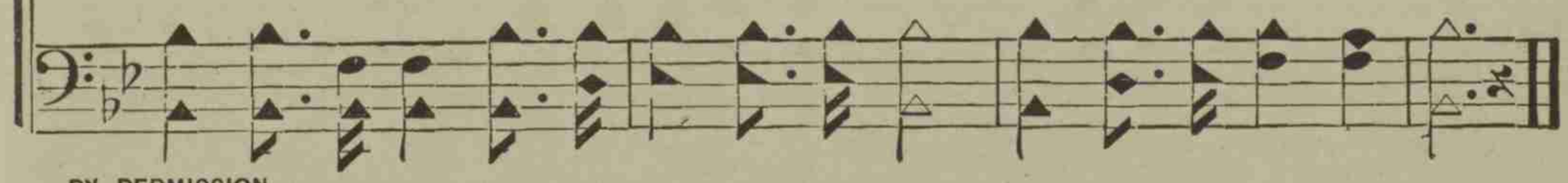


Gath-er them in from the by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;

Gath-er the lambs that are go-ing a-stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 83. Glory Be To God.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God."—Ps. 50: 23.

MISS A. ROSALTHE CAREY. B. B. BEALL.

1. Glo - ry be to God for His bount-ies, Fall - ing in the sun-shine and rain; Fa - vors rich that an - swer our plead - ings,
2. Glo - ry be to God for His pre-cepts, Shin - ing clear as lamp's glow-ing ray; Cheer-ing, warn - ing, guid - ing, re - prov - ing,
3. Glo - ry be to God for sal - va - tion Of - fered thro' the cross of His Son, If His blest com-mands we will fol - low,

REFRAIN

Gifts that turn our los-ses to gain. Praise Him! Praise Him!
Show-ing us the safe, narrow way.
Fear - less-ly the race, if we'll run. Praise the heav'nly King! praise the heav'nly King!

Tell the wond'ring world of His fame, Praise
fame,..... Praise the heav'nly

Rit.

Him! Praise Him! Praise Him in the dear Saviour's name.
King! Praise the heav'nly King!

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No. 84. In the Vineyard of the Master.

J. H. TENNEY.

In chanting style.

1. In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter There was growing once a tree,
2. But the dress - er then made answer, "Leave it, Lord, an-oth - er year!
3. In the vine-yard of my Mas - ter Oft a tree His patience grieves;

Hith - er came He oft - en, hop - ing That some fruit thereon might be;
I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom appear;
Seek-ing fruit how oft He com - eth, Find-ing on - ly use-less leaves;

Fruit, nor blossoms, met his seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon He found,
Then, if rip - ened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord, will own,
Let Thy dews of earth fall on us Till some fruit for Thee ap - pear!

Rit.

To His dress - er hear Him speaking, "See, it cum-ber-eth the ground!"
If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Aft - er that, Lord, cut it down!"
Let Thy pa - tience rest up - on us—Try us, Lord, an - oth - er year!

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No. 85. Sometime.

(Dedicated to Rev. D. J. Hunt.)

JAMES KNOX BLANKENBECKLER. GEO. W. BACON.

Con espressione.

1. Some - time when my soul is wea - ry, And load - ed with
2. There I fan - cy the voice of a loved one, Blends with the sweet
3. I oft - en-times think of that cit - y, Where the streets are all
4. Some - time I shall cross the dark riv - er, I'll brave the deep
5. Some - time I shall en - ter that cit - y, That stands on the

care and with woe, I wan - der a - long by the stream-let,
mu - si - cal chime; It wakes my poor soul from its slum - ber,
paved with gold; And there the good Shep-herd is wait - ing,
roll - ing tide; I shall not be a - lone in my jour - ney,
far - ther shore; 'Tis there that I'll dwell with my Sav - iour,

CHORUS.

And list to the wa - ters that flow.
With its heav-en - ly strains sub - lime.
To wel-come me in - to His fold. Sometime I shall cease to
For Je - sus will walk by my side.
And bask in His love ev - er - more.

wan-der In the fields where the lil - ies now grow; Sometime I shall

Rit.

cross o'er death's riv-er, And oh, may I be read - y to go!

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No. 86. The Cross Is Standing By the Way.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. No Chris - tian need be bear - ing of doubt a heav - y load,
2. In wis - dom God has plant - ed a - long the way His cross,
3. The cross that Je - sus car - ried al - most to Cal - va - ry,
4. And when our jour - ney's end - ed and we are home at last,

Nor won - der if they're walk-ing up - on the heav'n-ly road,
That all who pass be-neath it may lose their sin and dross,
The cross on which He suf - fered and died for you and me,
The cross will still be stand - ing till life is o - ver, past,

For if their feet are pressing the road to end - less day, They'll
But still to guide you on-ward, e'en as you watch and pray, You'll
Has guid-ed un - told mil-lions, and still we find to - day The
And all down thro' the a - ges the mil-lons still will say, "The

D. S.–Up - on the road to heav-en none need ev - er go a - stray, For the

Fine. REFRAIN.

find the cross of Je - sus is standing by the way. It's standing by the way,
see the cross of Je - sus is standing by the way.
cross of Christ is standing, is standing by the way.
cross of Christ is standing, is standing by the way. yes,
cross of Christ is standing, is standing by the way.

D. S.

standing by the way, The polar star of pilgrims to that blessed land of day;

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No. 87. Sailing Home,

Words Arranged. J. P. LANE, by per.

1. While tossing on life's stormy sea, Tho' frail our lit - tle barks may be;
2. Al - tho' our barks are frail and small, We'll trust in God, He'll keep us all,
3. And when our jour-ney is complete, And we a - gain each oth-er meet,

We'll nev-er fear but brave the gale, As swift-ly on we homeward sail.
Yes, keep us sure till storms are past, And land us safe at home at last.
We'll sing God's praise on that blest shore, Secure from storms for-ev-er - more.

REFRAIN.

We're sail-ing home . . . . o'er life's rough tide, ... Yes, sail-ing on . . . . . life's o-cean wide, . . We soon shall land . . . on that blest shore, ... Secure from storms . . . for - ev-er - more. . . . .

We're sail-ing home o'er life's rough tide,
Yes, sail-ing on life's o-cean wide, life's ocean wide, We soon shall land
on that blest shore, Secure from storms for - ev - er-more.

rit.

No. 88. Wonderful Story of Love.

BIRDIE BELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. On - ly one sto - ry which nev-er grows old, Sweeter and dear-er each time it is told, Bring - ing the wan - der-ers in - to the fold,
2. On - ly one sto - ry which shows us the way, Guides us to re - gions of in - fi-nite day, Lead - ing to glo - ries that fade not a - way,
3. On - ly one sto - ry which tells of the cross, Of - fers a treasure with- out a - ny dross, Par - don for sin, and a gain for each loss,
4. On - ly one sto - ry! O tell it a - gain, Car - ry the heav-en - ly mes - sage to men, Some have not heard it, O haste with it then,

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love that will save, Sound it a - far o'er the land and the wave, Je-sus re - deems us from sin and the grave, Wonderful sto - ry of love! . . . .

Won-der-ful, won - der-ful sto - ry of love!

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No. 89. "Surely I Come Quickly."

(Dedicated to Rev. J. M. Knight.)

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. "Sure - ly I come quick - ly" Je - sus saith, Are we
2. Well we know the bride-groom soon will come,— If His
3. His rich grace He now would ful - ly give, Par - don

read-y if our Lord should call? He hath set be-fore us life and death,
voice should call to us to - day, Could we tru - ly welcome Him with joy?
grant, and peace divine im-part; Let us come to Je - sus, look and live!

CHORUS.

Is Christ Je-sus now our all in all?
Or would we approach Him with dis-may? "Surely I come quickly"
He would gladly dwell in ev - 'ry heart.

Je - sus saith, "Be ye therefore read-y!" as we wait, Let our

lamps all trimmed and burning be Lest we hear the sad, sad words, "too late!"

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No. 90. Glory to God in the Highest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Whence are the voic-es we hear,
2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Rings thro' the si-lence of night;
3. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Welcome, O welcome the morn!

Flood-ing the world with their music, Joy - ful-ly, sweetly and clear.
Na - ture from slumber a-wak - eth, Lost in a splen-dor so bright.
Now in the cit - y of prom-ise, Lo, our Re-deem-er is born.

REFRAIN.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne from the re-gions a - bove,

Waft-ing the message of rap - ture, Tell-ing the sto - ry of love.

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No. 91. A Hundred Years to Come.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing A hun-dred years to come?
2. Who'll press for gold this crowd-ed street A hun-dred years to come?
3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep A hun-dred years to come,

The flowers that now in beau-ty spring, A hun-dred years to come?
Who'll tred yon church with willing feet, A hun-dred years to come?
No liv-ing soul for us will weep, A hun-dred years to come;

The ro - sy lips, the loft - y brow, The heart that beats so gaily now, Oh,
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth, And childhood with its pearl of truth, The
But other men our lands will till, And others then our streets will fill, While

where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty mil - lions be
oth - er birds will sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to - day,

A hun - dred years to come, A hun - dred years to come?

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No. 92. Be Ye Reconciled to God.

MISS MIRIAM OATMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. The Sav - iour plead-eth day by day, "Come, ev -'ry wandering child;
2. The Lord is great in might and power, But mer - ci - ful and mild;
3. He will not al - ways plead with thee, "I wait; oh, come, my child."
4. The time is short, so hast-en ye, Oh, stained and sin de - filed;

Come to me while I may be found, And be ye rec - on-ciled."
Then, hast - en, sin - ner, to Him now, And be ye rec - on-ciled.
Then call Him while He still is near, And be ye rec - on-ciled.
Haste, for it soon will be too late, And be ye rec - on-ciled.

REFRAIN. Rit.

Oh, be ye rec - on-ciled to God, Ye sin - ners wan-der-ing
Oh, be ye rec - on-ciled, rec-on-ciled to God,

wild, Come back to Him with penitence, And be ye reconciled.
wand'ring wild,

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No. 93. Summer Land.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful sum - mer land, Glo - rious and bright and fair;
2. There will be joy in that sum - mer land, Joy for my ran - somed soul,
3. There will be rest in that sum - mer land, Sweet and e- ter - nal rest,
4. It will be home in that sum - mer land, Such a sweet home to me;

Thith - er my feet are ad - vanc - ing now,
Where the de-lights of the heav'n - ly life
Where I shall cease from all care and toil,
There the blest Lord (whom I love so well)

CHORUS.

Christ and my loved ones are there.
O'er me un - ceas - ing - ly roll.
And in His love e'er be blest.
And my dear friends I shall see.

Just o - ver the riv - er where soft breezes blow, Lies that blest home of the soul; Hap-py I'll be, for its glo - ries I'll share, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!

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No. 94. My Father Knows It All.

Matt. 6: 32.

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. 'Tis sweet to think that on life's way, What-ev - er may be - fall,
2. When dan-ger fills our souls with dread, When fear our hearts ap-pall,
3. When sorrow comes our hearts to wring, When tears un-bid - den fall,
4. So I will trust Him all the way, Till even-ing shad-ows fall,

There's one who watch-es day by day, My Fa-ther knows it all.
There's one who watch-es o - ver-head, My Fa-ther knows it all.
This thought will con - so - la - tion bring, My Fa-ther knows it all.
For what I need from day to day, My Fa-ther knows it all.

REFRAIN.

Oh yes, He knows, my Fa - ther knows Be - fore His chil-dren call;

His eye can read each pass-ing need, My Fa - ther knows it all.

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No. 95. Sing Unto the Lord.

C. A. CLINE.

1. Sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the

Lord for - ev - er - more. Sing un - to the Lord,

O sing . . . . . un - to the

Un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the

for - ev - er - more, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the

for - ev - er - more, And sound His praise for-ev - er

Lord, ... And sound His praise . . . . . for - ev - er -

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Sing Unto the Lord. Concluded.

more, for - ev - er - more. O sing . . . . . un - to the
Sing un - to the Lord,

more.

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the
Un - to the Lord, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the
for - ev - er - more, Sing un - to the Lord,

Lord, ... And sound His praise . . . . . for - ev - er -
for - ev - er - more, And sound His praise for - ev - er -

more, Sing un - to the Lord for - ev - er-more. A - men.
more, for-ev-er-more,

No. 96. Work and Pray.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. This our constant mot-to be, Work and pray, work and pray;
2. We a Saviour's love re - peat,
3. Growing stronger by and by,
4. Youthful lips may plead in pray'r, Work and pray, work and pray;

We can hear the heathen's plea, Moan-ing sad - der than the sea;
Had we an - gel's pin - ions fleet Swift we'd bear the tid - ings sweet,
We can lift a torch on high That will show a Sav - iour nigh,
Youthful hearts Christ's love may share, Youthful hearts His cross may bear,

Give with ready hands and free, Work and pray, work and pray.
Yet we move with will-ing feet,
Kin - dle all their darkened sky,
Youthful brows His crown shall wear, Work and pray, work and pray,

CHORUS.

Al - ways work and pray, Al - ways work and pray;
Always work, yes, work and pray, Always work, yes, work and pray;

Give with read - y hands and free, Al-ways work and pray.
Yet we move with will - ing feet,
Kin - dle all their darkened sky,
Youthful brows His crown shall wear, Al-ways work and pray.

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No. 97. Deliverance Will Come.

B. B. BEALL.

QUARTET.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler, In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the mount-ain, It seemed that He was sad; His back was la - den heav - y, His
2. The sum-mer sun was shining, The sweat was on His brow, His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver-y slow; But He kept pressing on-ward, For
3. The songsters in the har-bor That grew beside the way, At-rract-ed His at- ten-tion, In - vit - ed His de - lay; His watchword be-ing "onward," He
4. I saw Him in the ev'n-ing, The sun was bening low, Had o-ver-topped the mountain, And reached the vale be-low; He saw the gold - en cit - y, His
5. While gaz-ing on that cit - y, Just o'er the narrow flood, A band of ho - ly an - gels Came from the throne of God; They bore Him on their pin-ions, Safe
6. I heard the song of triumph, They sang upon that shore, Saying, Jesus has re- deemed us, To suf - fer nev - er-more; Then cast-ing His eyes backward, On

strength was almost gone, Yet He shouted as He journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
He was wending home, Still shout-ing as He journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
stopped His ears and ran, Still shout-ing as He journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
ev - er-last-ing home, And shout-ed loud ho-san - na! De-liv-er-ance will come.
o'er the dashing foam, And joided Him in His triumph,—De-liv-er-ance has come.
th'race which He had ran, He shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance has come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to-ry, Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall bear.

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No. 98. The Years Come and Go.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.

1. The years come and go And none may stay their flight;
2. The years bring us care, A freight of smiles and tears;
3. We know that to - day, When spent, is ev - er gone;

The tides ebb and flow As morn pre - cedes the night.
Of skies dark or fair And pleas - ures marred by fears.
But let no dis - may Be har - bored for the dawn

We drift ev - er on O'er life's re - sist - less sea;
But still, as a dream, The mo - ments swift-ly fly,
Of that morn to be, When time for us is past;

Soon time will be gone And then e - ter - ni - ty.
We catch but their gleam And they have hur - ried by.
Our souls 'twill set free And joys will bide at last.

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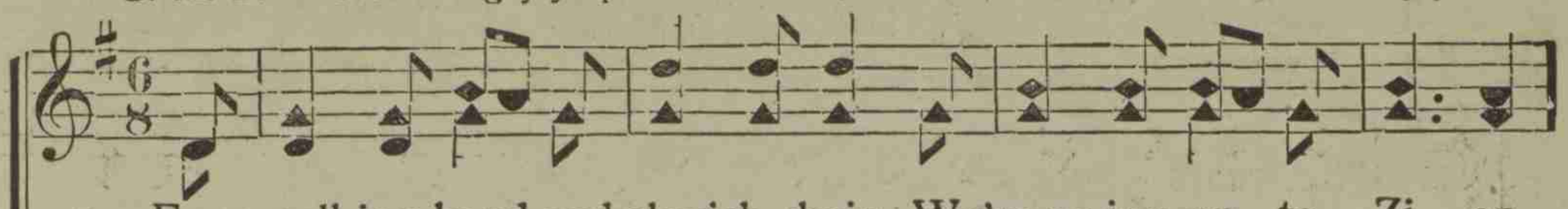
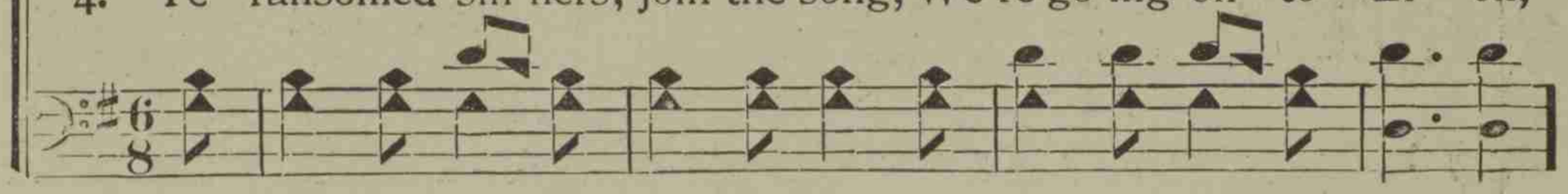
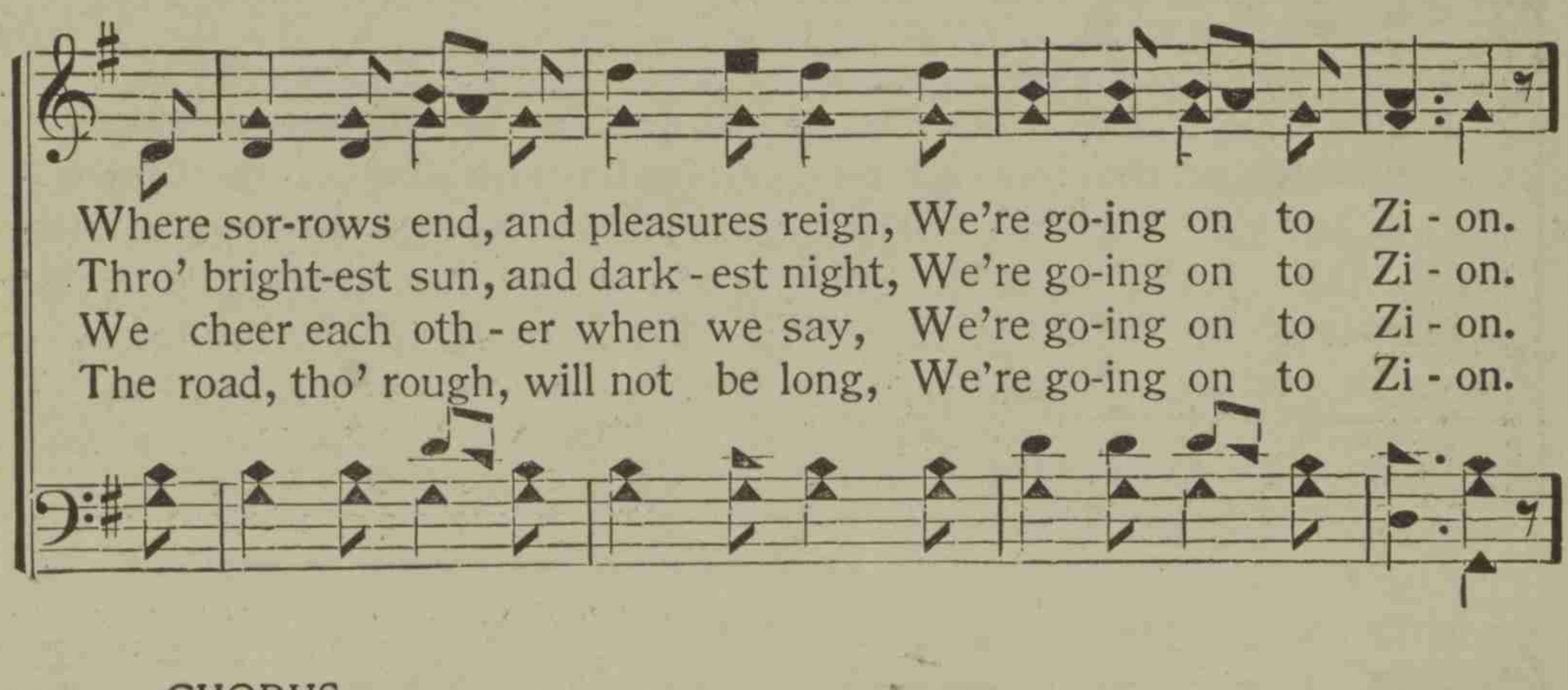
No. 99. Going On to Zion.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35 : 10.

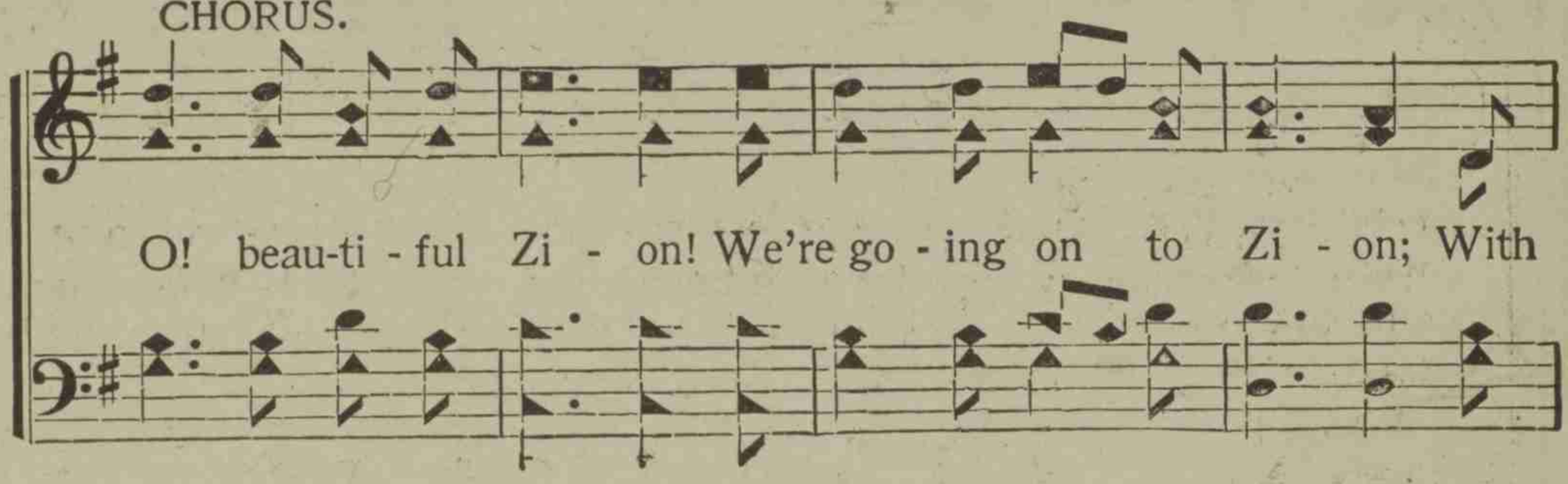
S. M. B. S. M. BROWN. By per.

1. From gall-ing bond and slavish chain, We're go-ing on to Zi - on,
2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rocky height, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
3. The Sav - ior leads us all the way, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;
4. Ye ransomed sin-ners, join the song, We're go-ing on to Zi - on;





Where sor-rows end, and pleasures reign, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark - est night, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.

CHORUS.



O! beau-ti - ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on; With glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.

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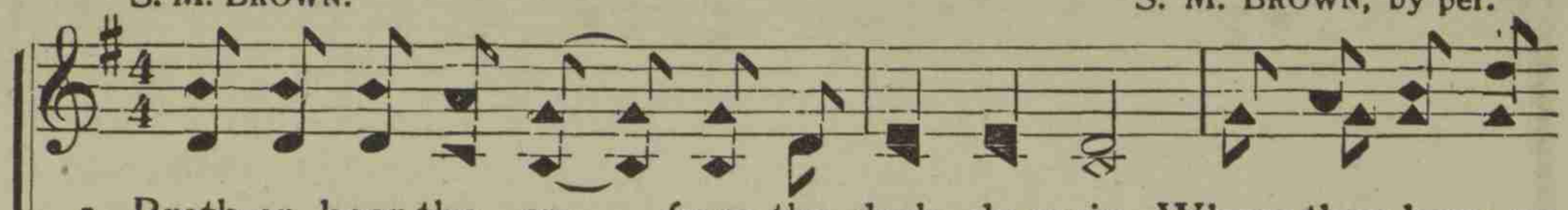
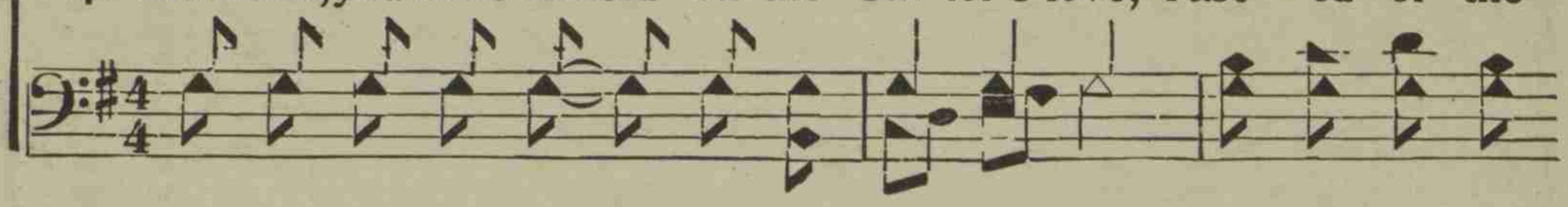
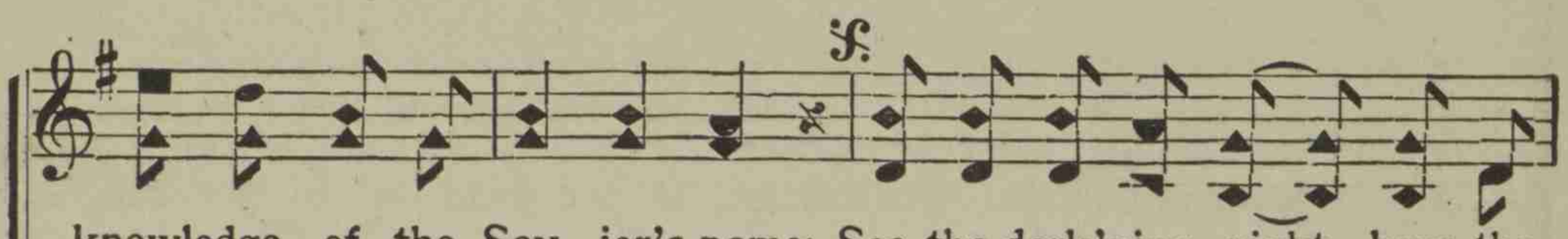
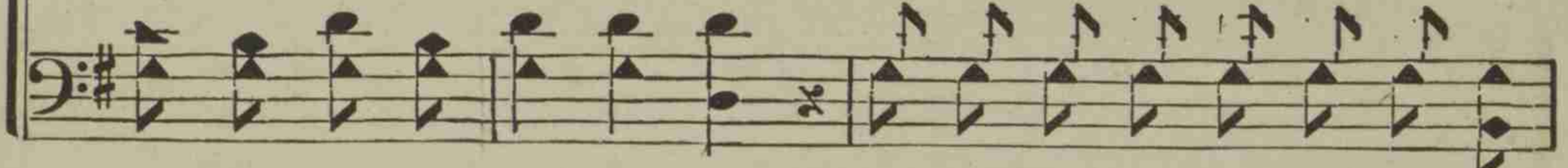
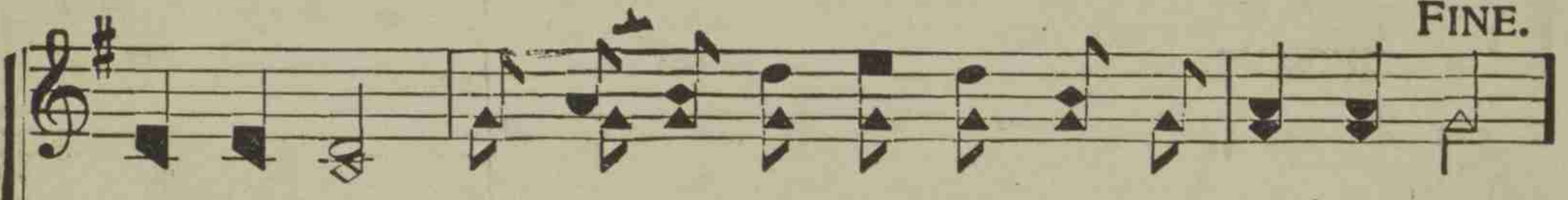
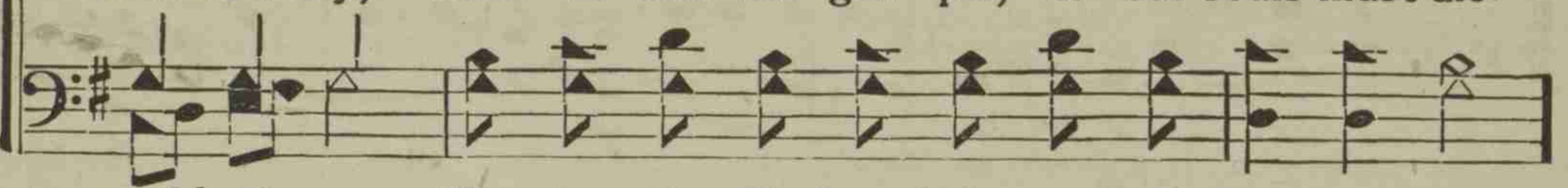
No. 100. Dying for the Knowledge of Jesus.

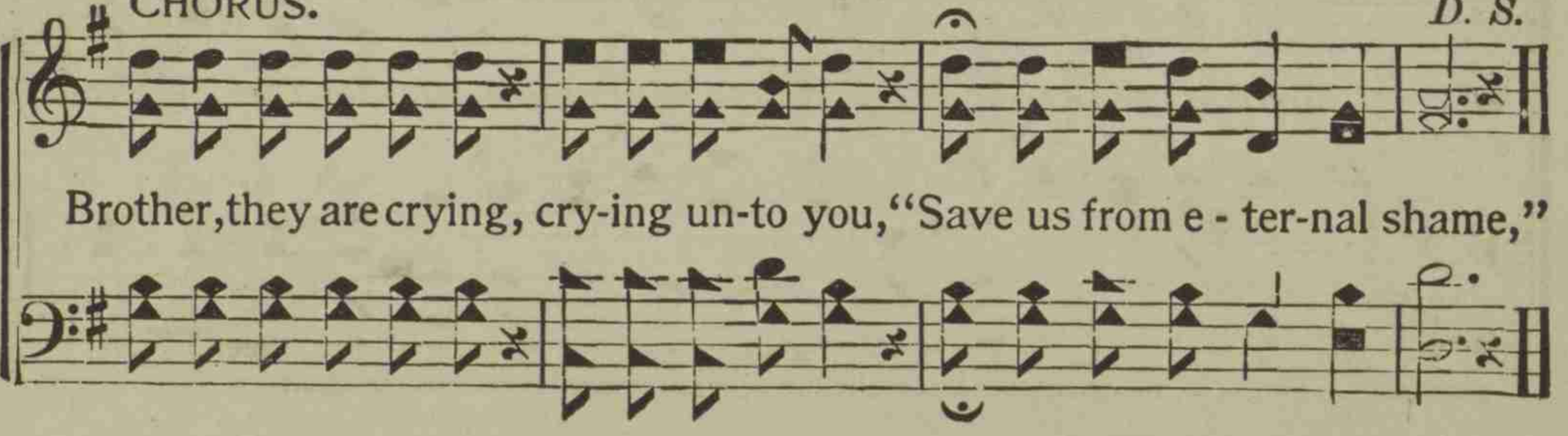
"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."—John 17:3.

S. M. BROWN. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Broth-er, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no
2. Dy - ing all un-cons-cious of the dead - ly ill; Fren - zied by the
3. Sad - ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink - ing to per-
4. Christian, you have feasted on the Sav-ior's love, Tast - ed of the



knowledge of the Sav - ior's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the
fe - ver of the fa - tal chill; Blind-ed by de - cep-tion of the
di - tion, yet they feel no fear; Si - lent - ly they're pleading by their
pleas - ures of the world a - bove; Will you with indiff'rence hear your

D. S.—*Trembling on the brink of the*

FINE.

plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos - pel, or our souls must die."
world's dread foe; Stand-ing on the mar - gin of e - ter - nal woe.
sin and shame, Cry - ing for the knowledge of the Sav - ior's name.
broth-er's cry, "Send us now the gos - pel, or our souls must die?"

world of woe, Dy - ing for the knowledge of the Sav-ior's name.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



Brother, they are crying, cry-ing un-to you, "Save us from e - ter-nal shame,"

No. 101. There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is mercy, soul, for thee;
2. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is cleansing from thy sin;
3. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry one
4. There is glad-ness in the gos-pel, There's salvation for us all,

Come and hear the old, old sto - ry, Bringing joy to you and me.
Trust the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let the blessed Spir - it in.
Of the wea-ry, heav-y laden, If they trust what Christ has done.
If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is gladness in the gos-pel,
There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is
There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est
grace . . . . both rich and free; . . . . . For the vil - - est there is
there is mer-cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee, (for thee.)
mer - - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . . . .

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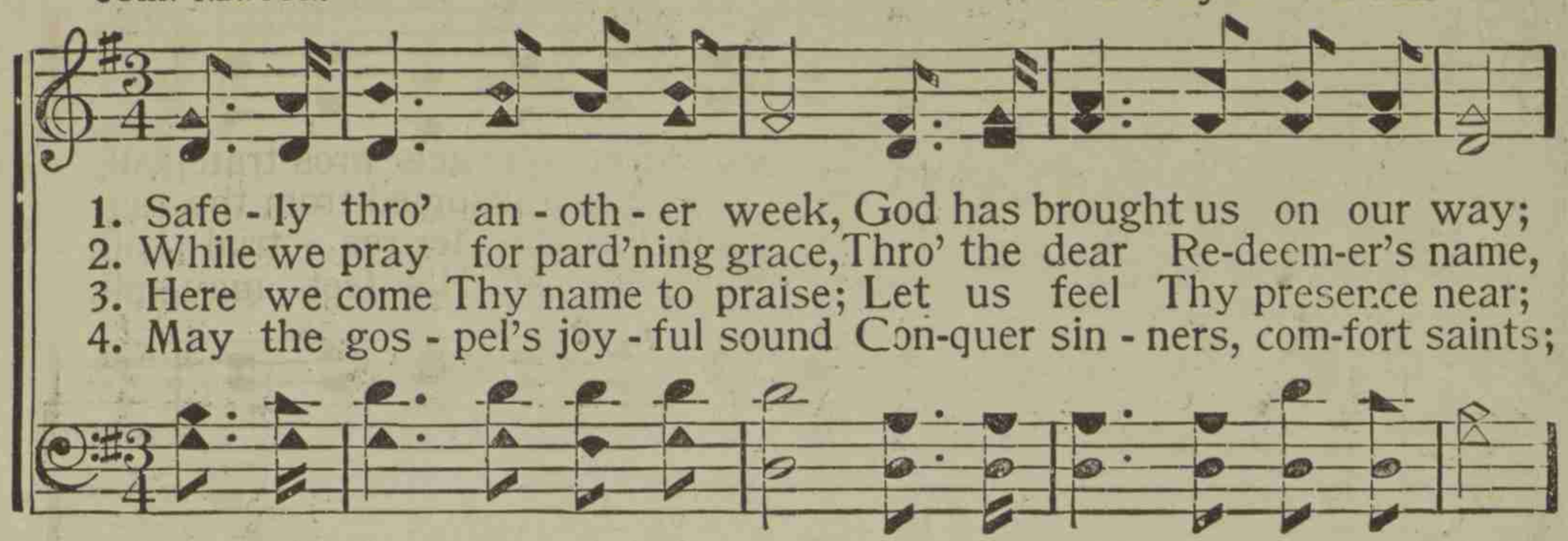
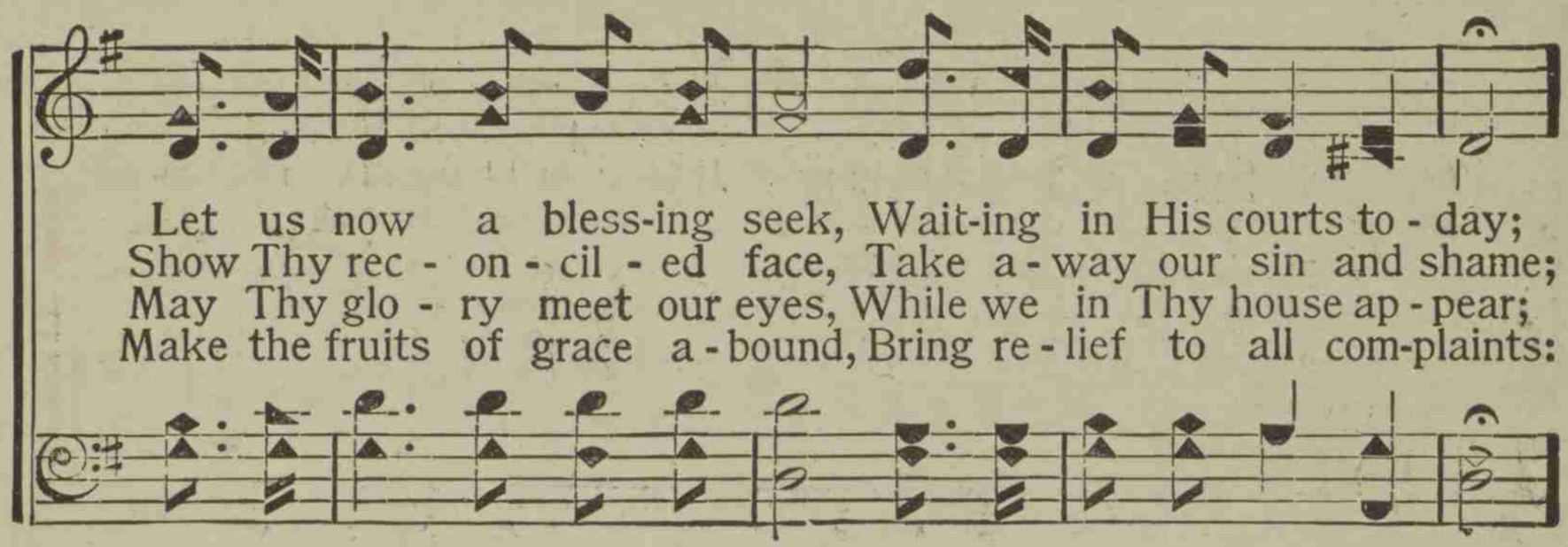
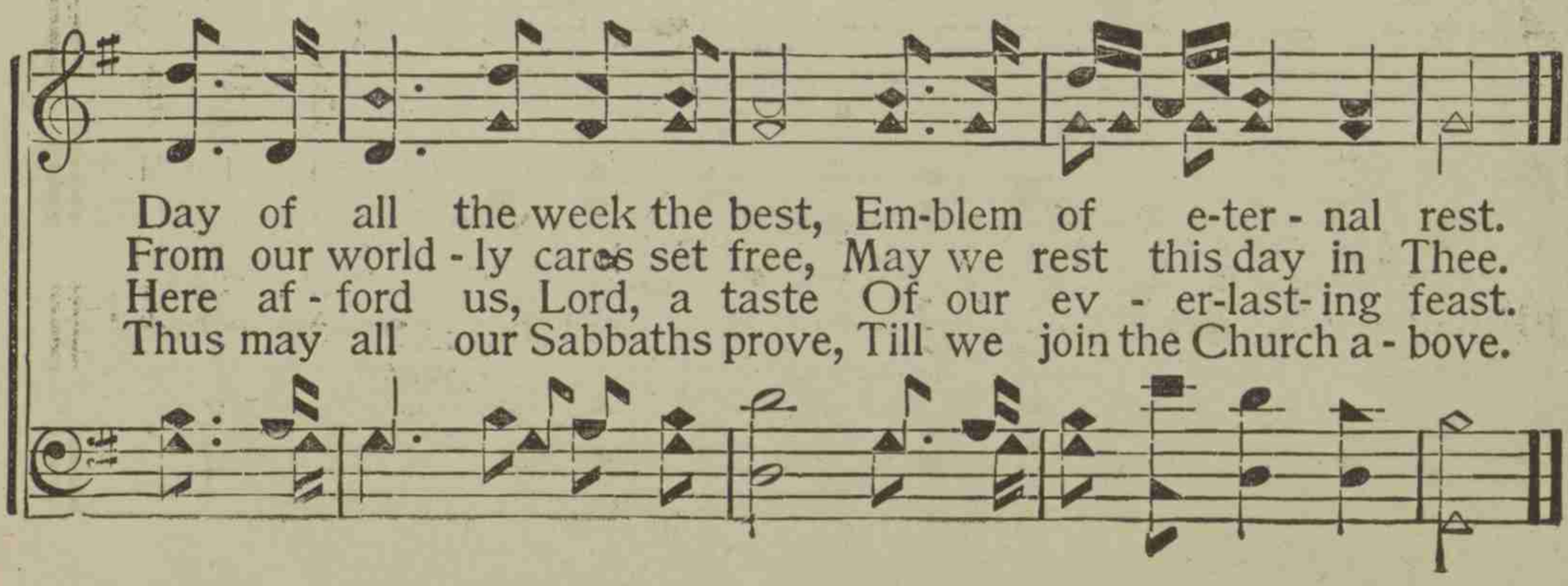
No. 102. Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.





No. 103. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

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

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

No. 104. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

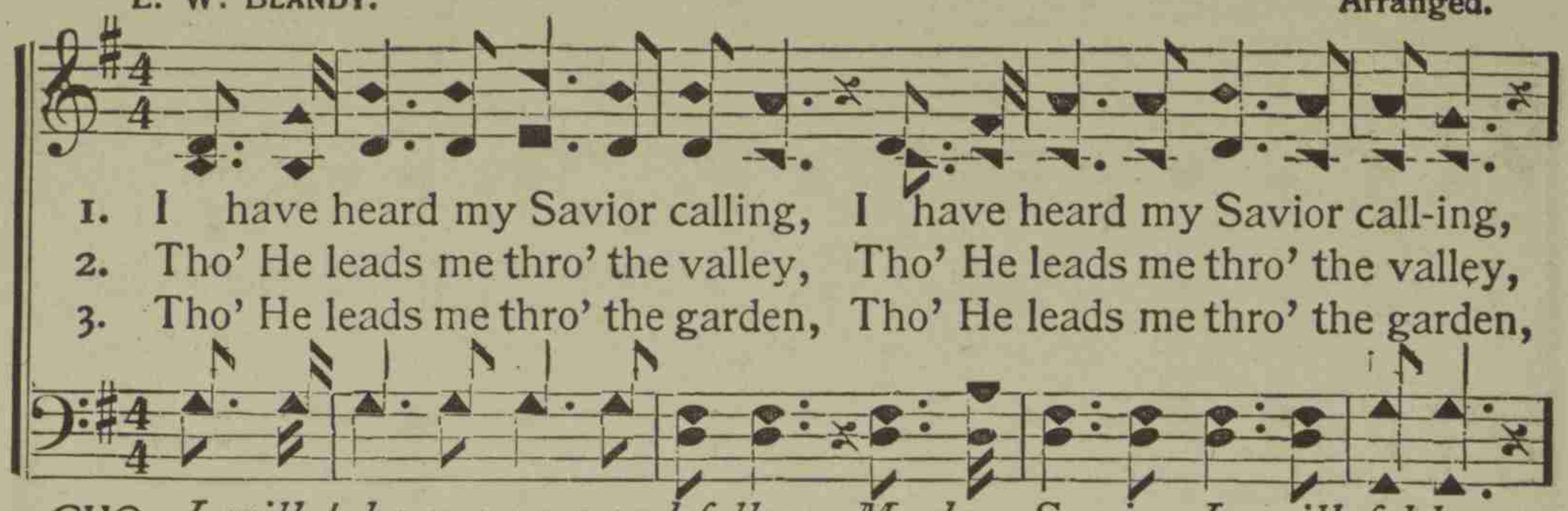
BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

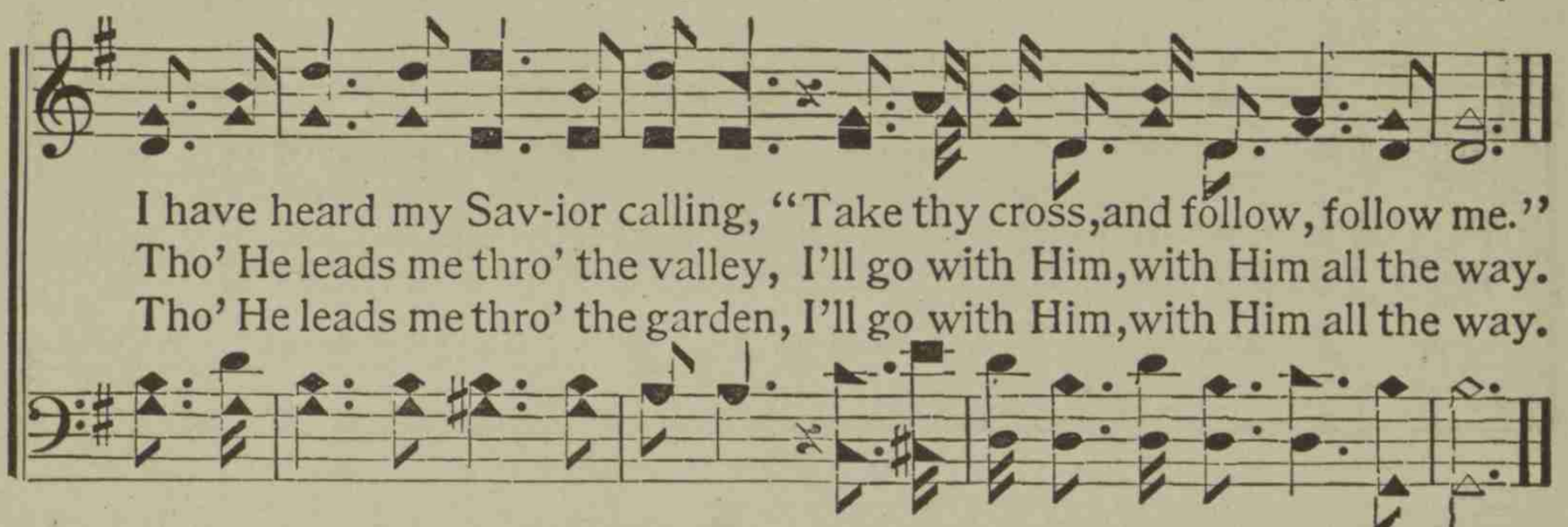
1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as - ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

No. 105. Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY. Arranged.



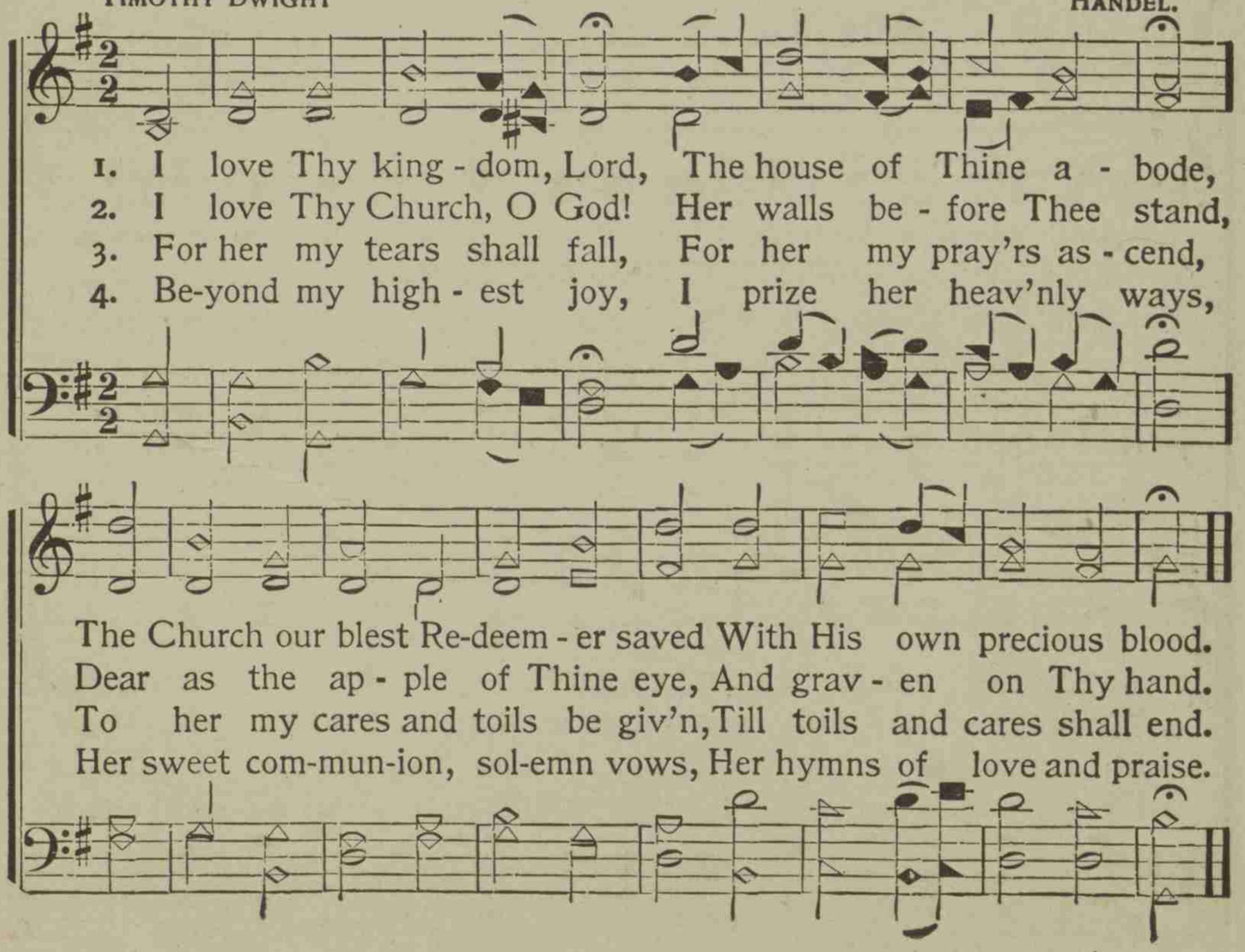


4 He will give me grace and glory,
He will keep me,keep me all the way.

5 Oh! 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,
And be with Him,with Him all the way.

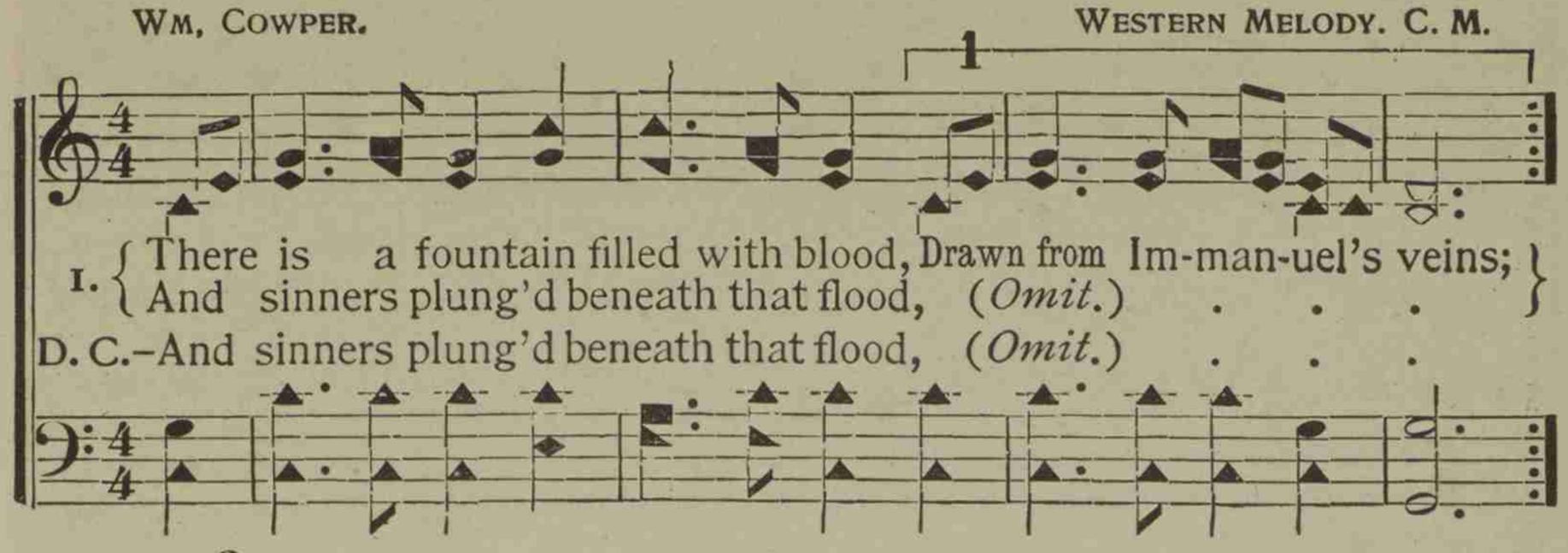
No. 106. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

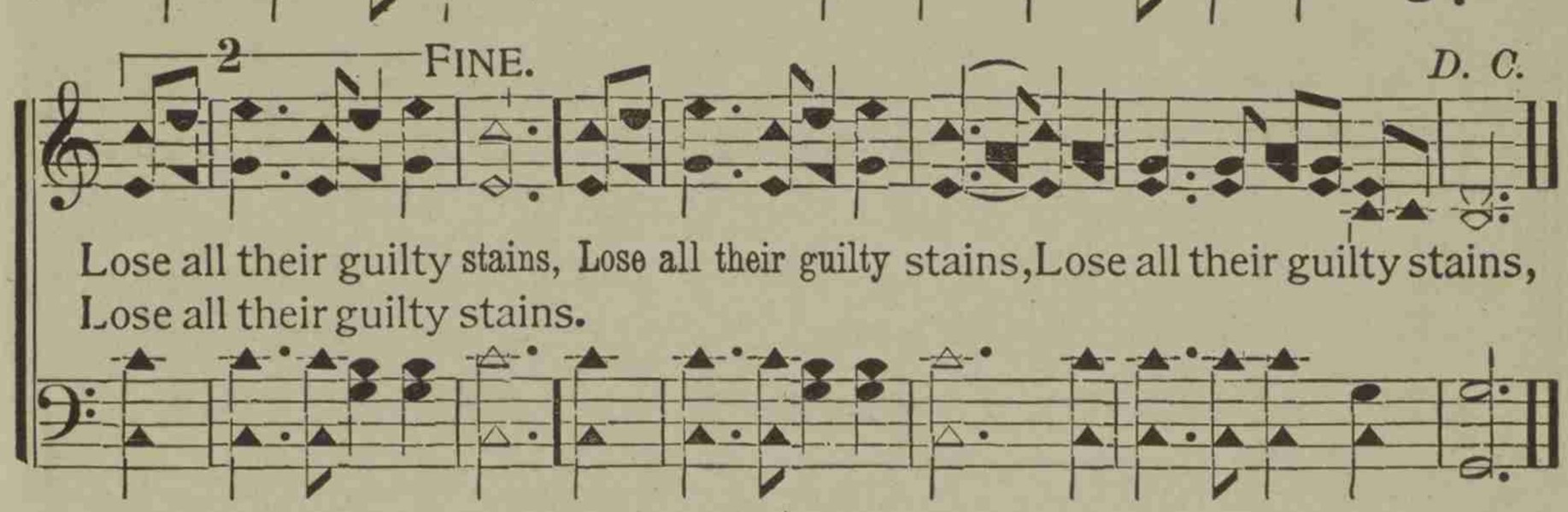
TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.



No. 107. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY. C. M.





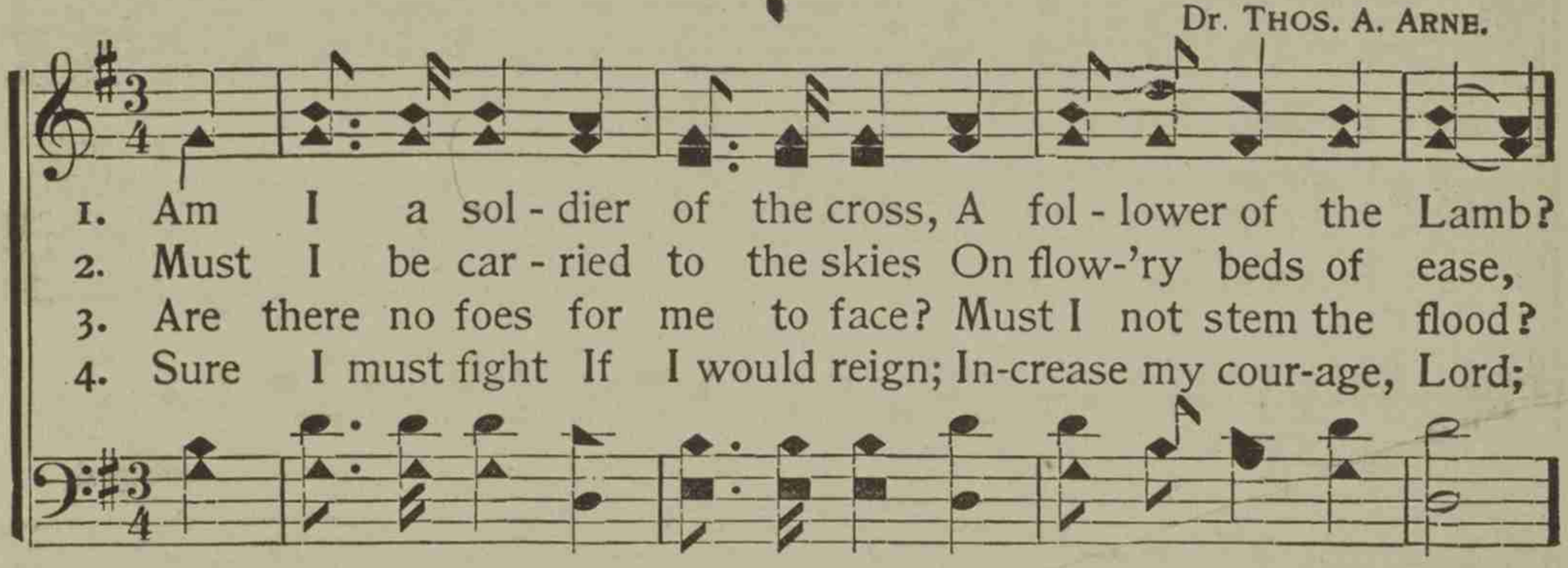
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

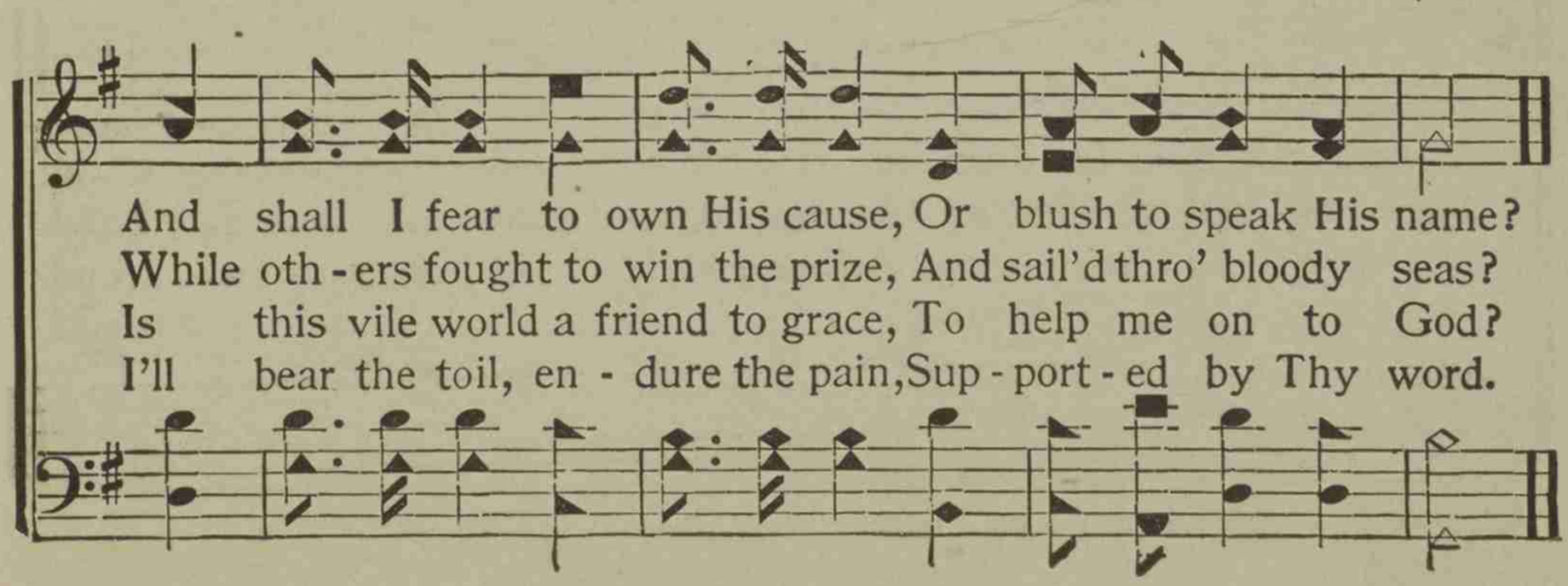
3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 108. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

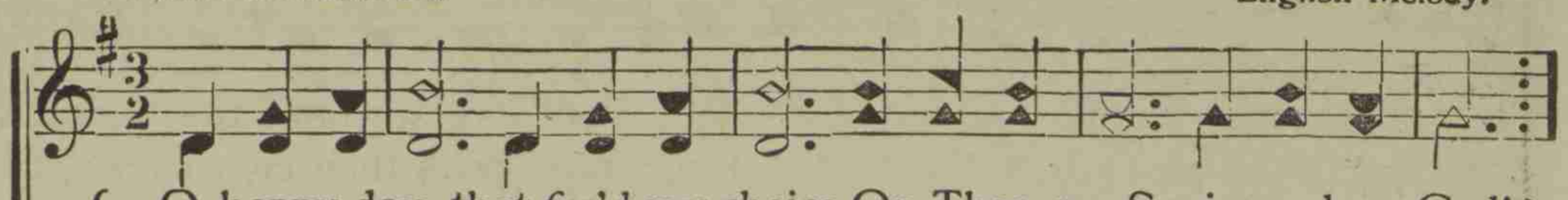
Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.





No. 109. O happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



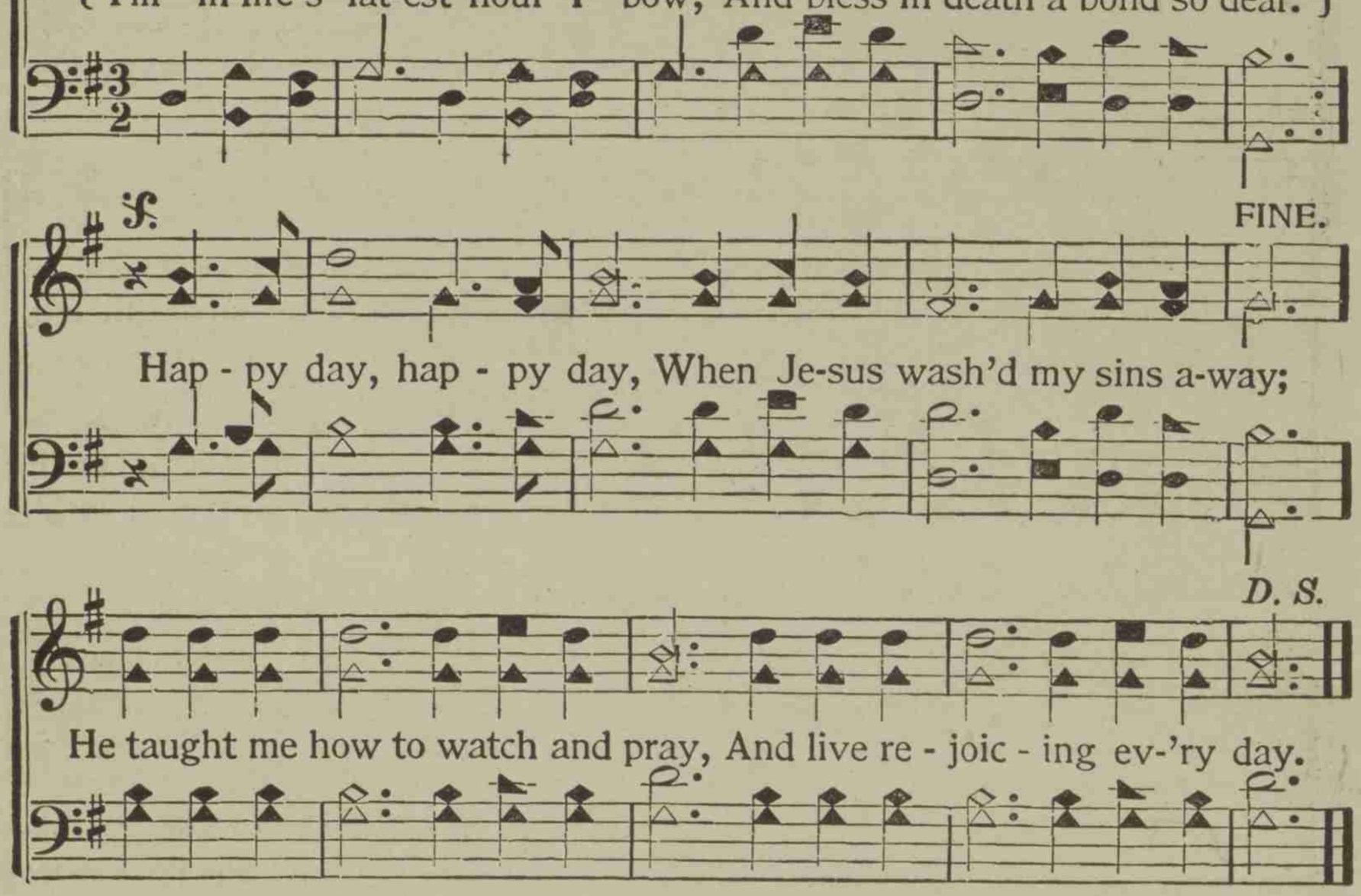
1. O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

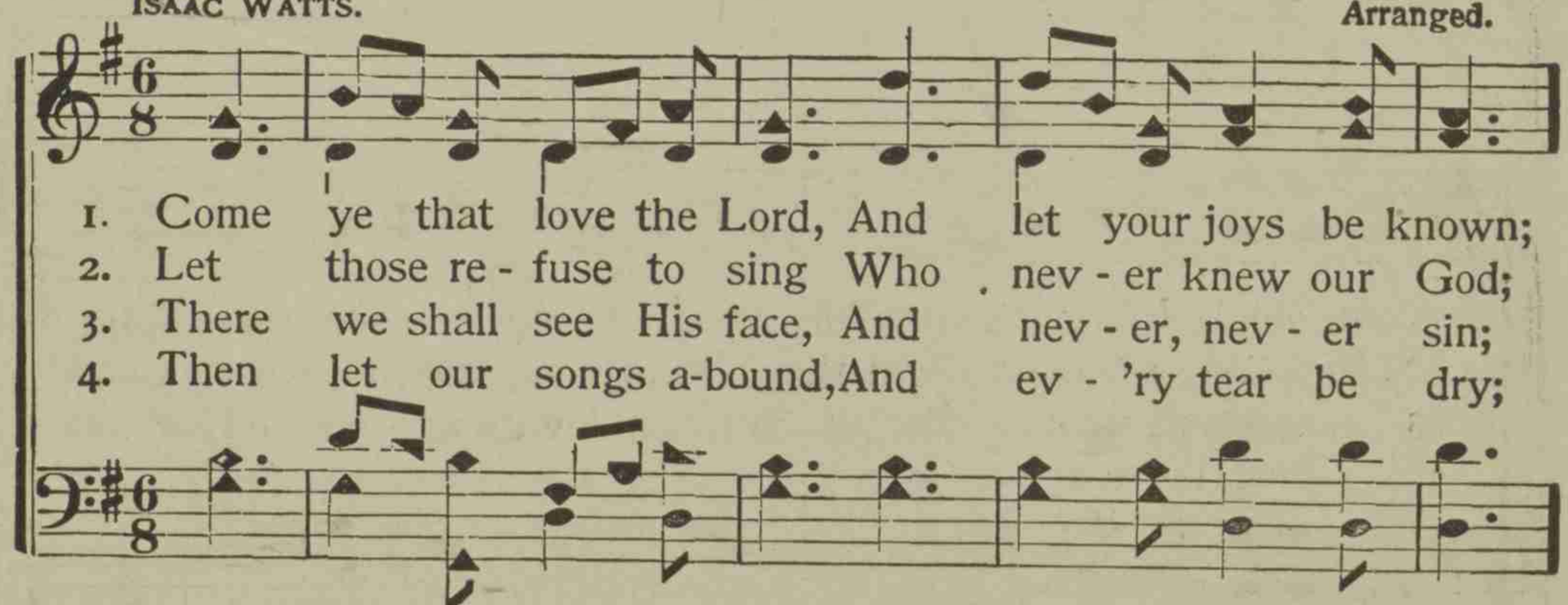
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine;

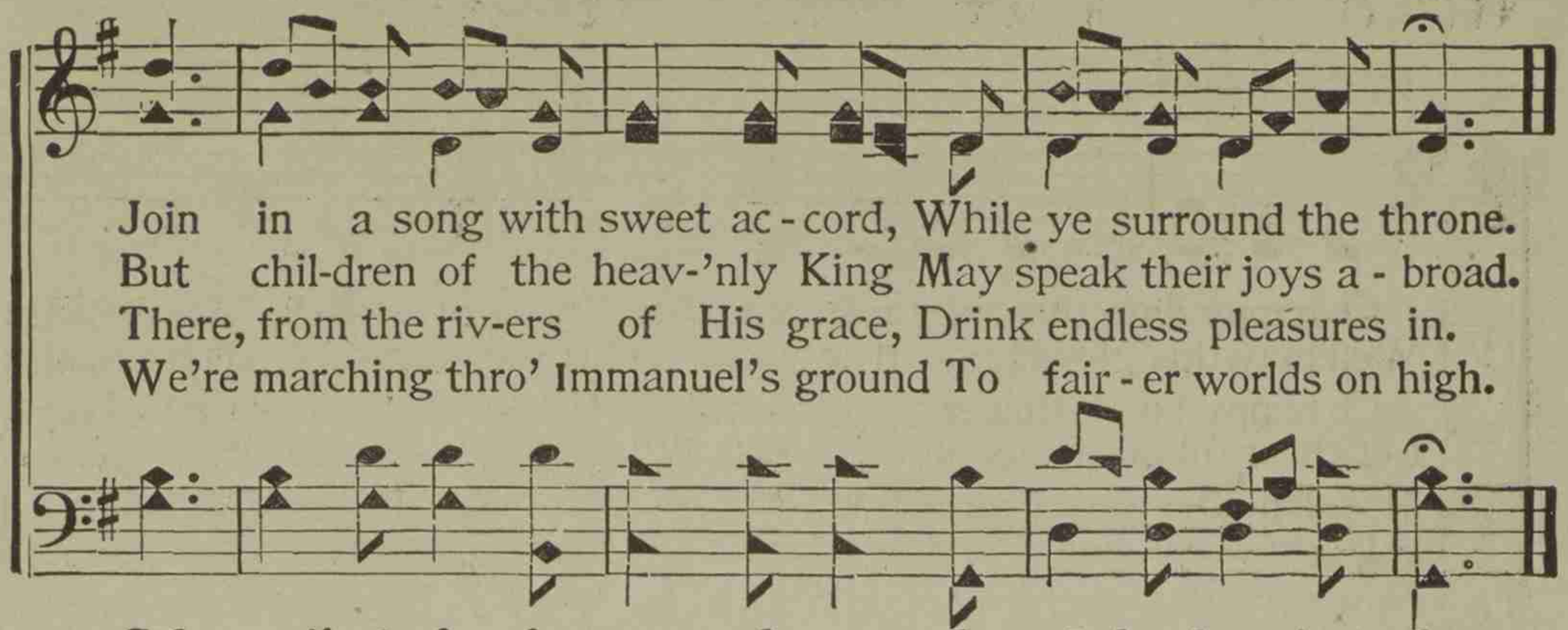
4. Now rest, my long di - vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd,

5. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



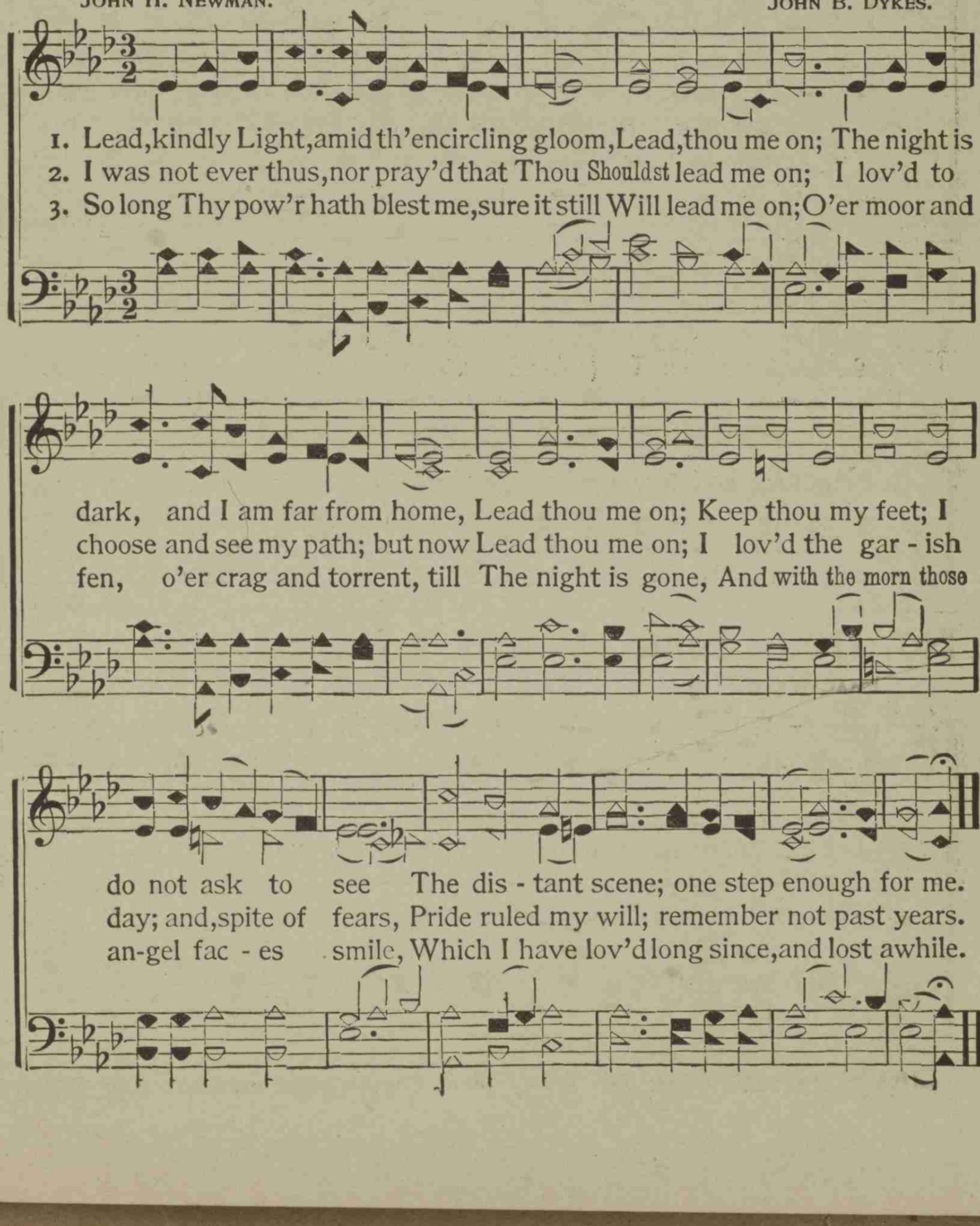
No. 110. Come Ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.

Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



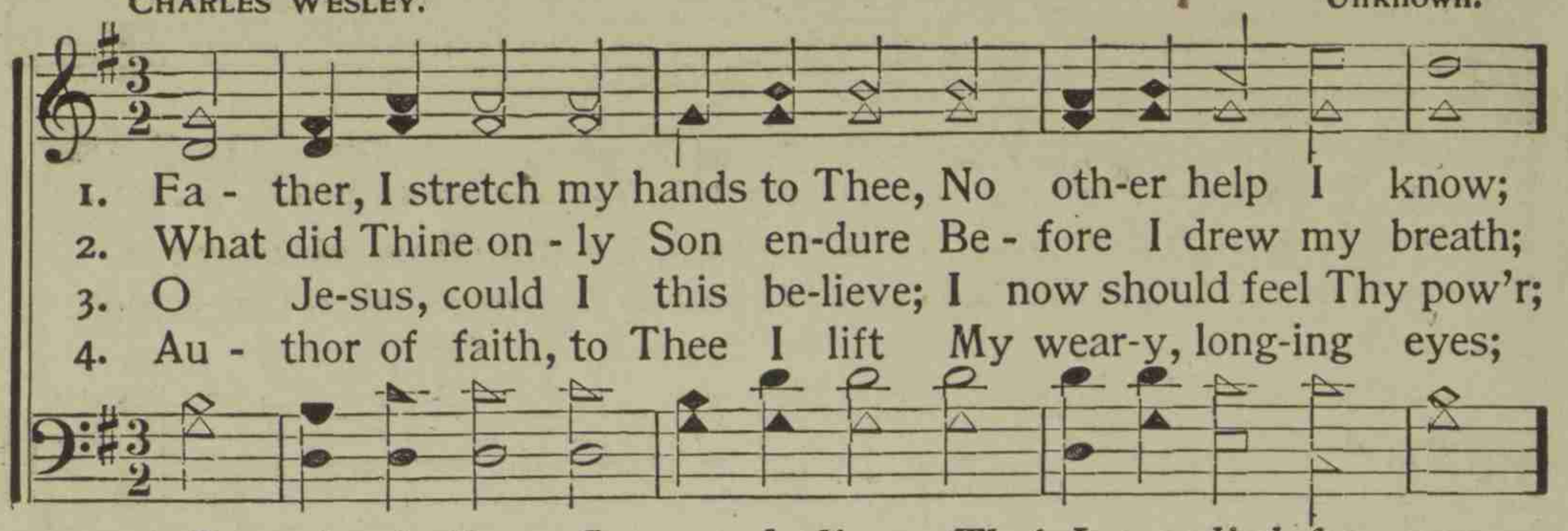
No. 111. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

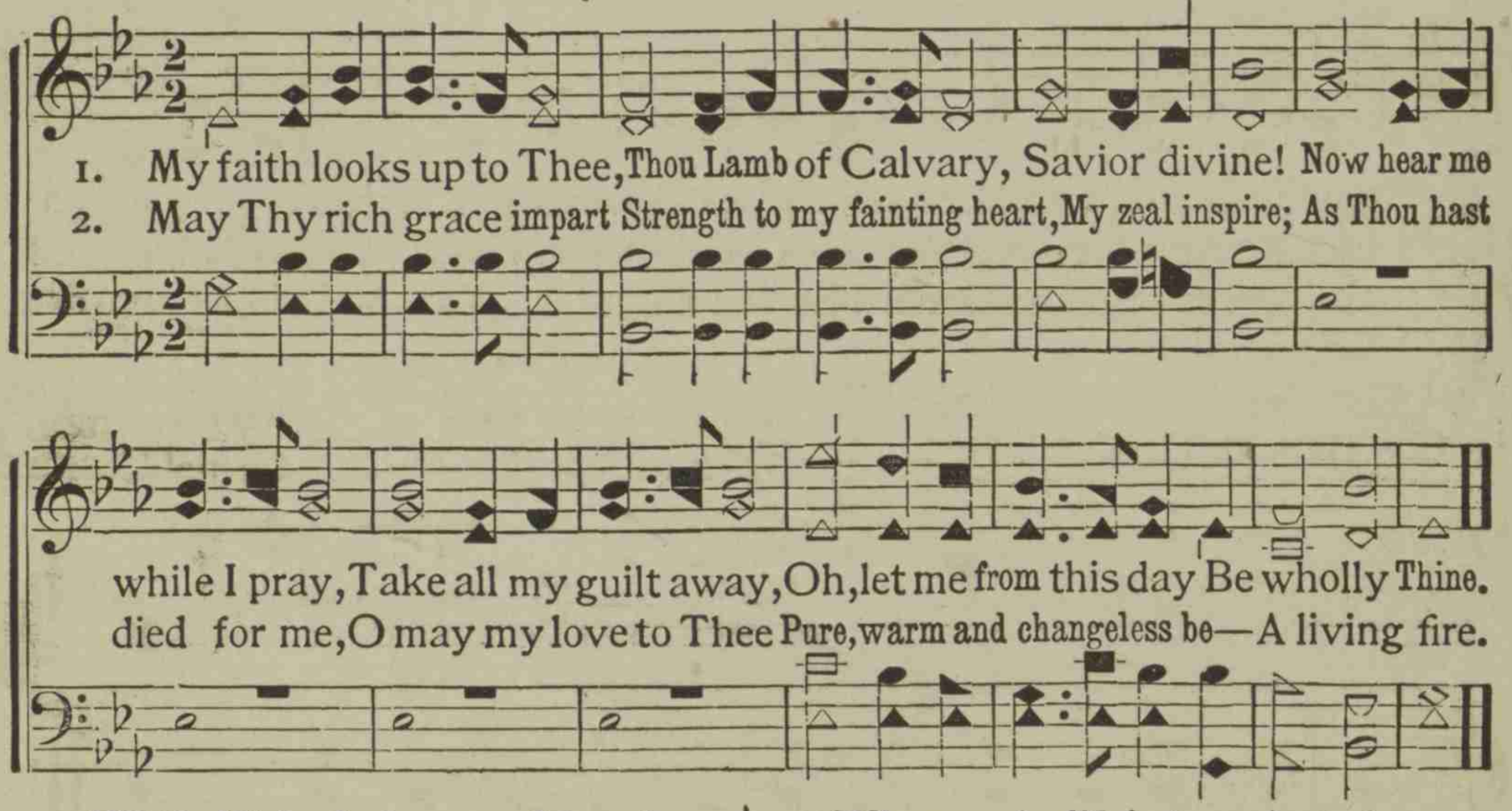


No. 112. I Do Believe. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.



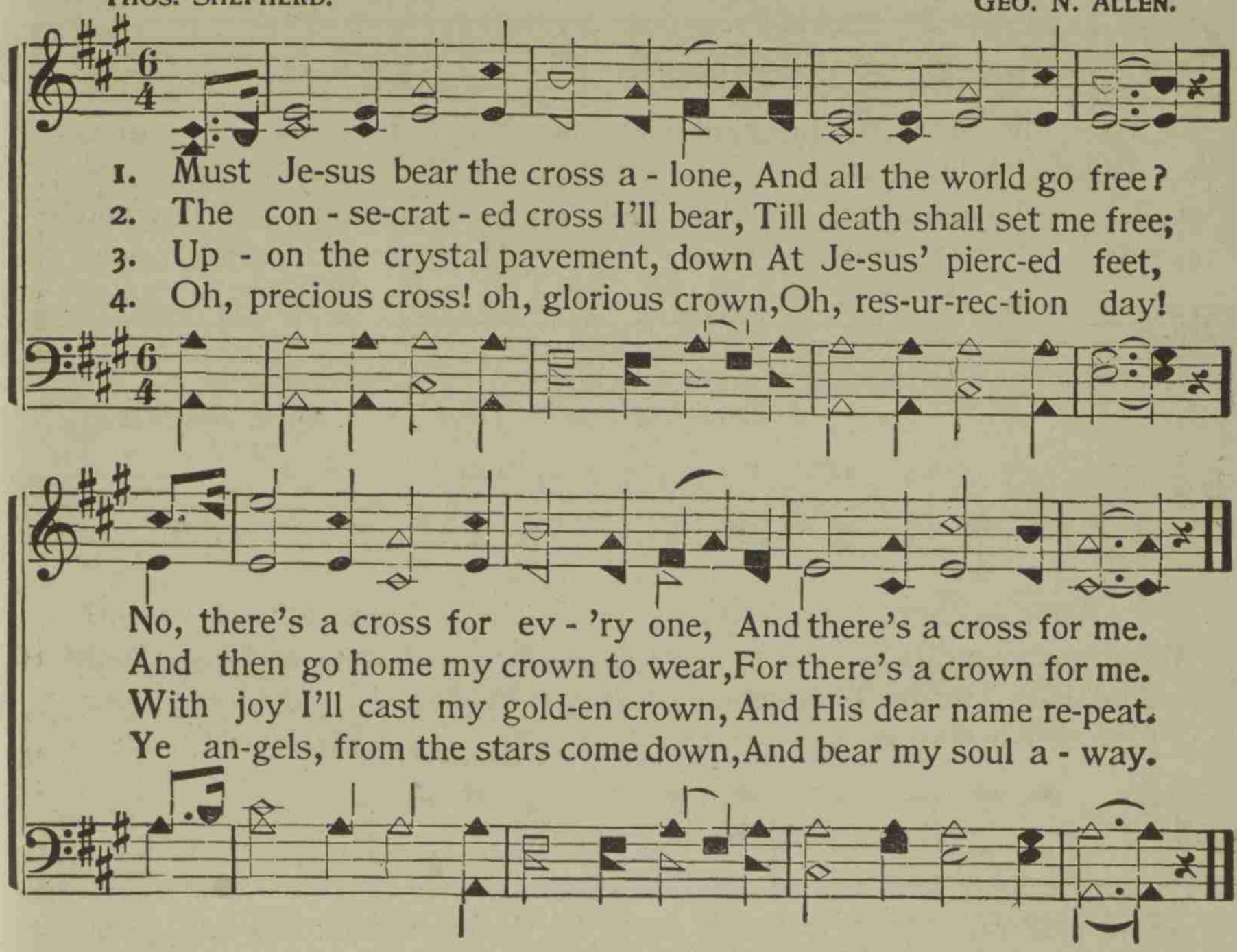
No. 113. My Faith Looks Up.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet. M. H. 762.) LOWELL MASON.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

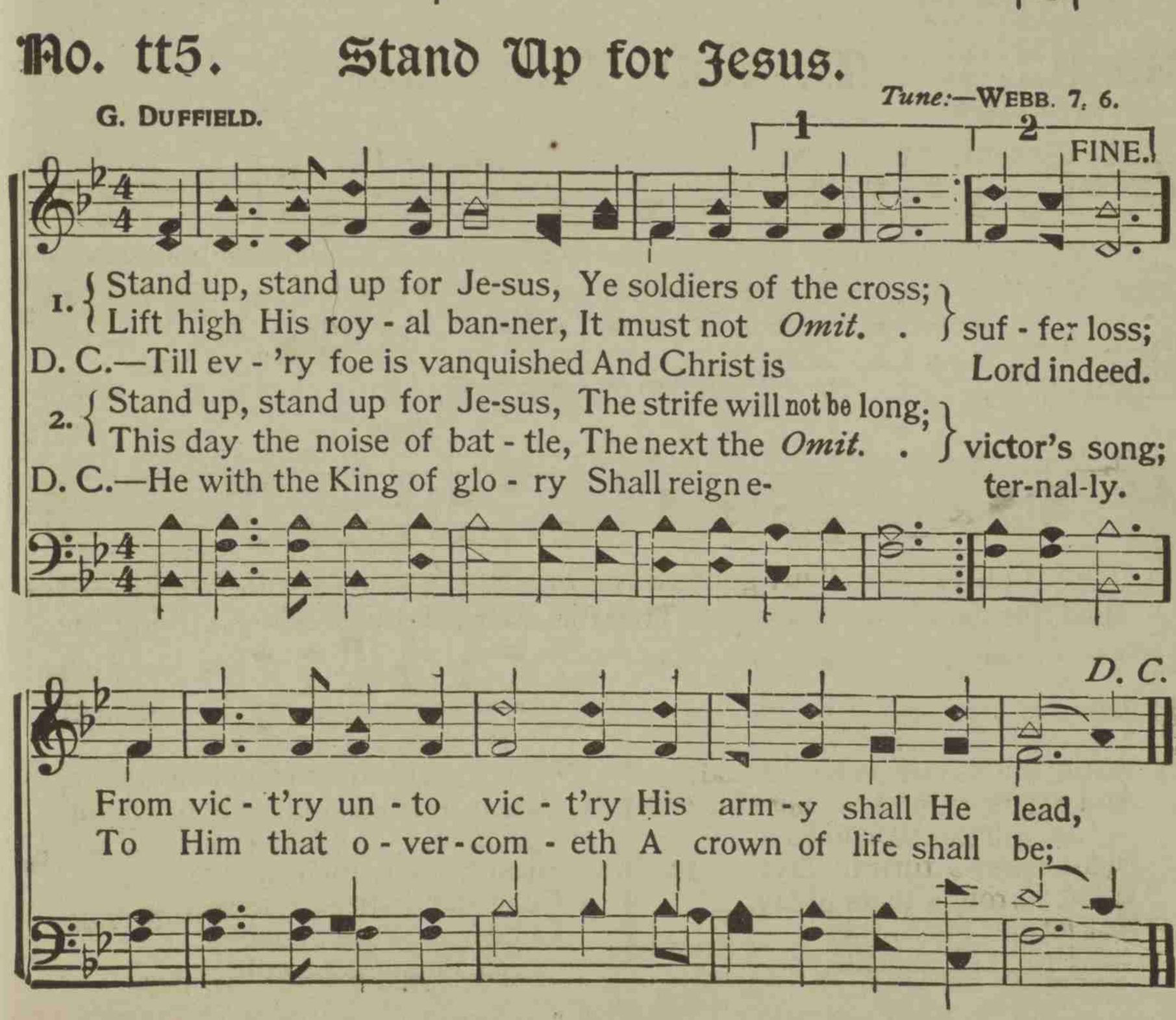
No. 114. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.

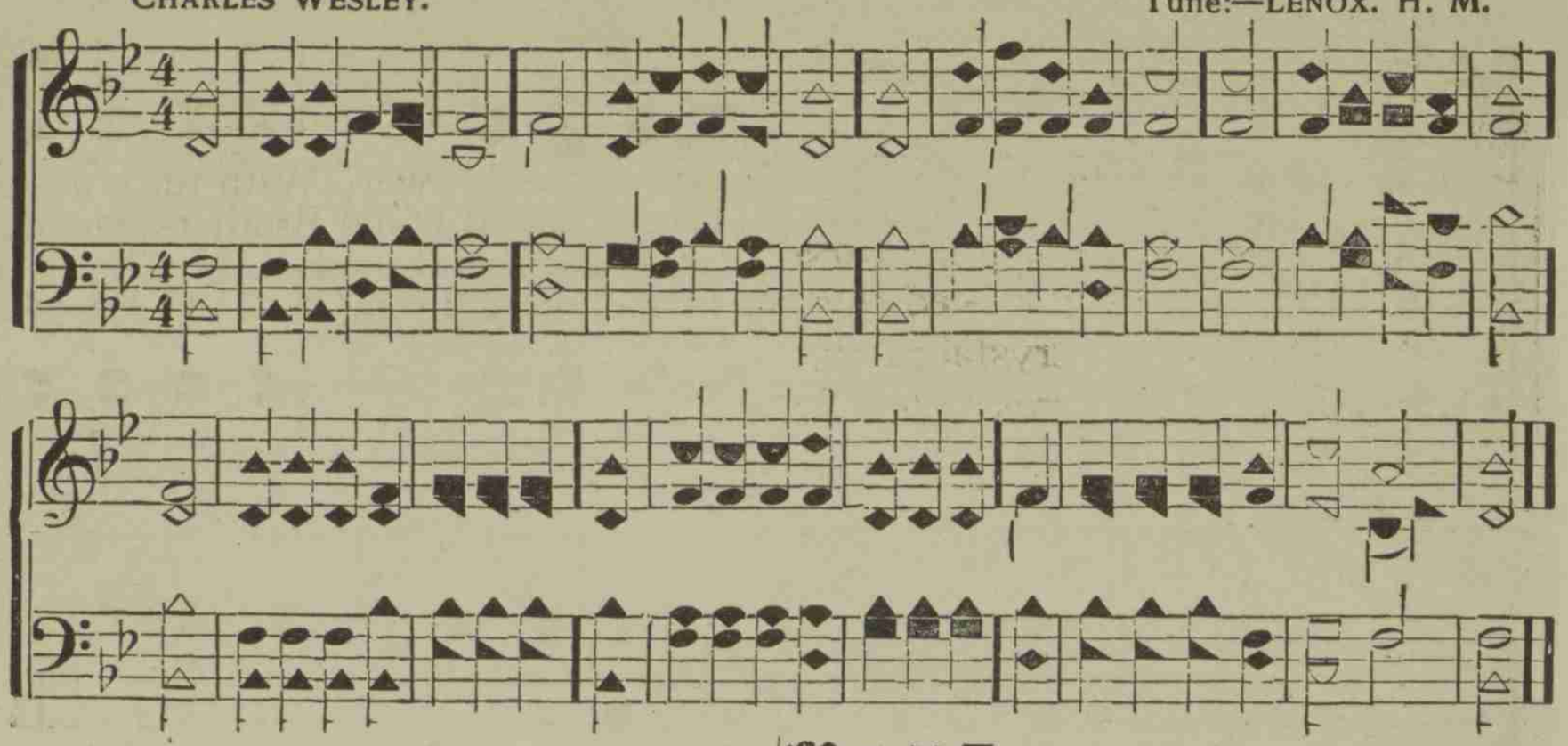


No. tt5. Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. *Tune:*—WEBB. 7, 6.



No. 116. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune:—LENOX. H. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off Thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
‖;Before the throne my Surety stands;:‖
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖:His blood atoned for all our race,:‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
‖:With confidence I now draw night,:‖
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

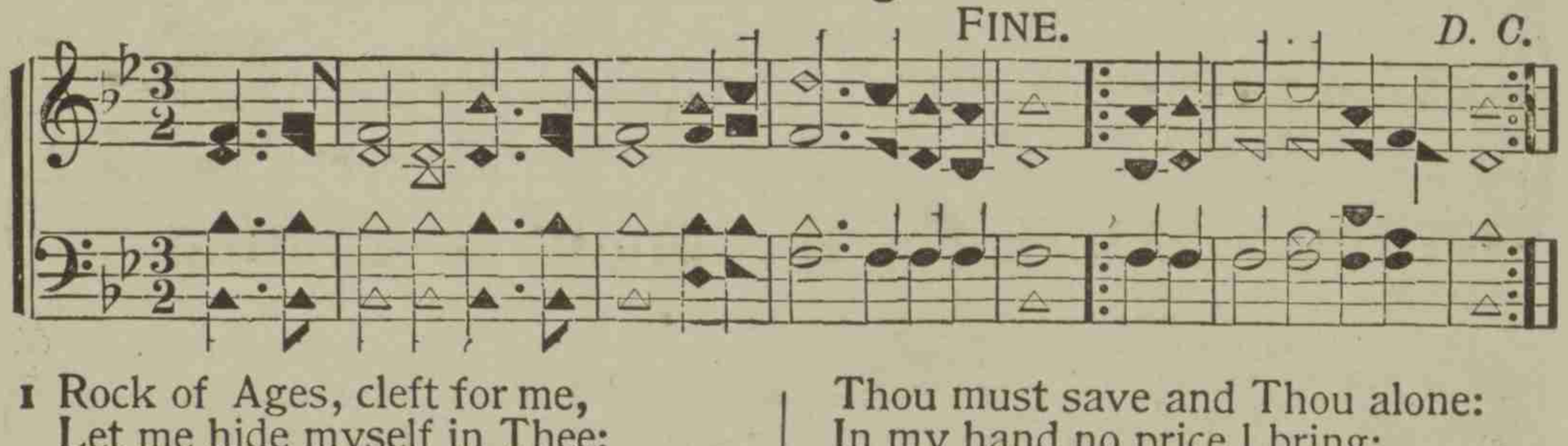
No. 117. Tune, 169 "G. H." Key of A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 118. Rock of Ages.

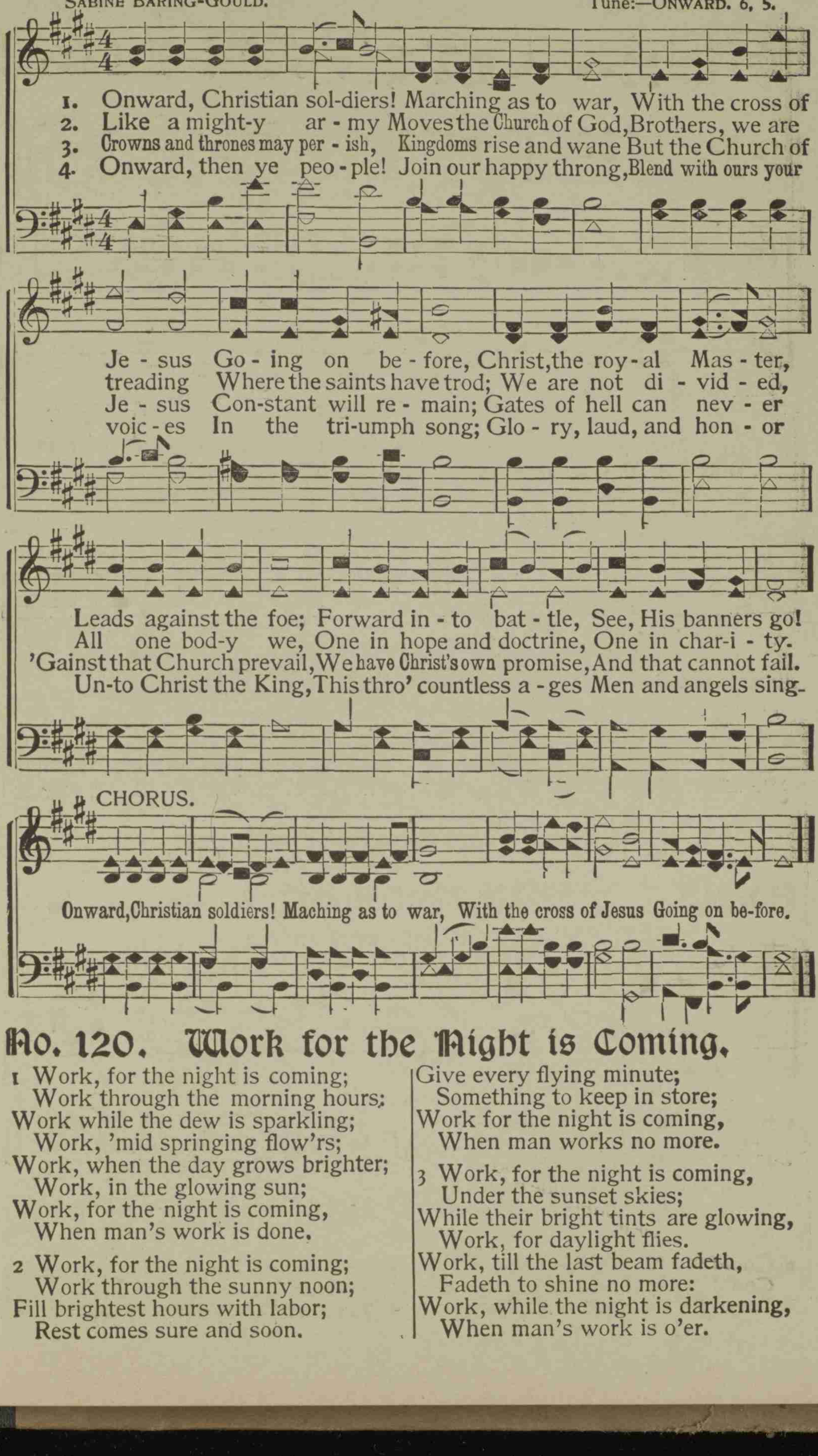
FINE. D. C.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 119. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune:—ONWARD. 6, 5.



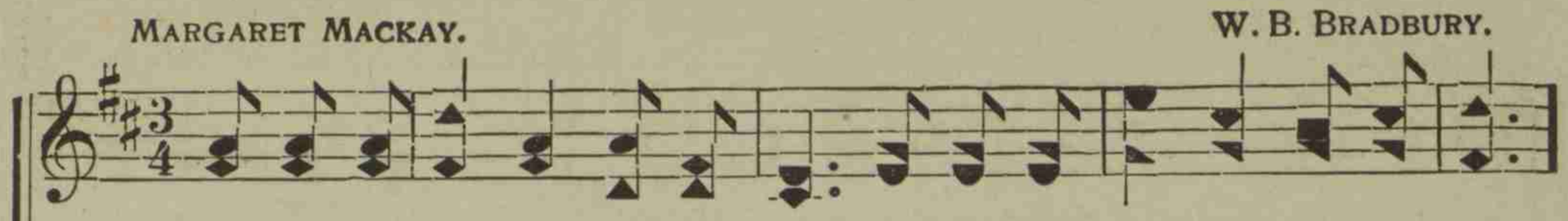
No. 120. Work for the Night is Coming.

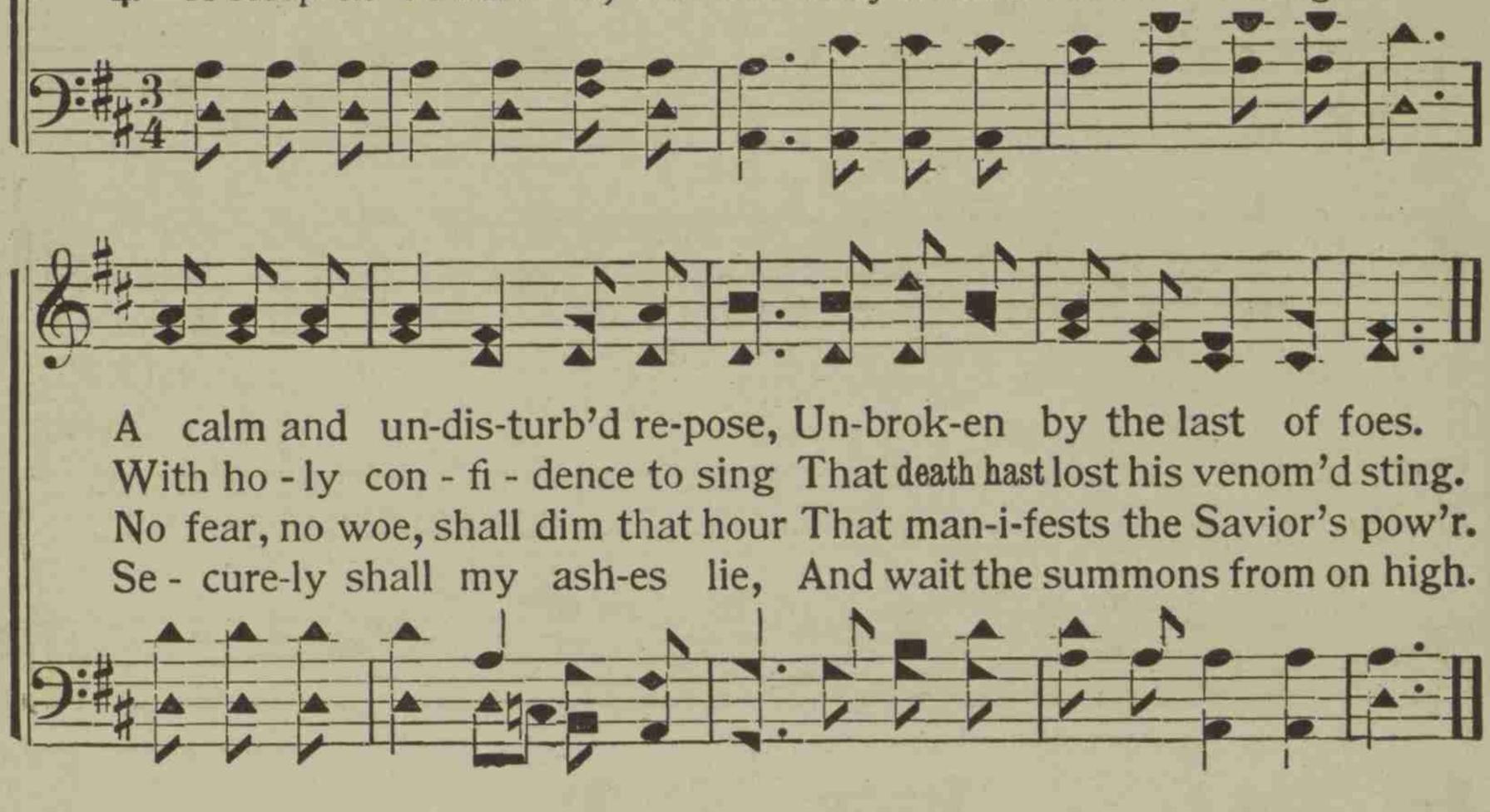
1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

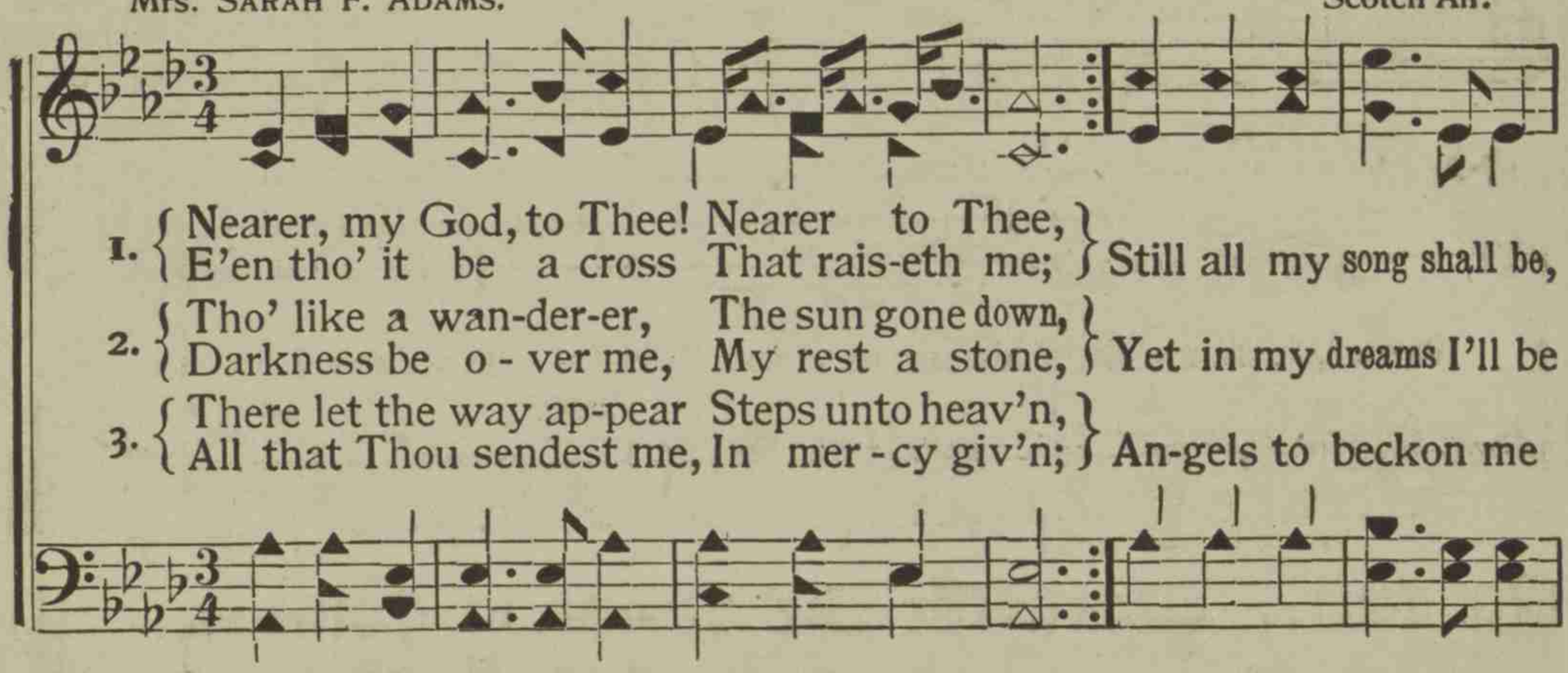
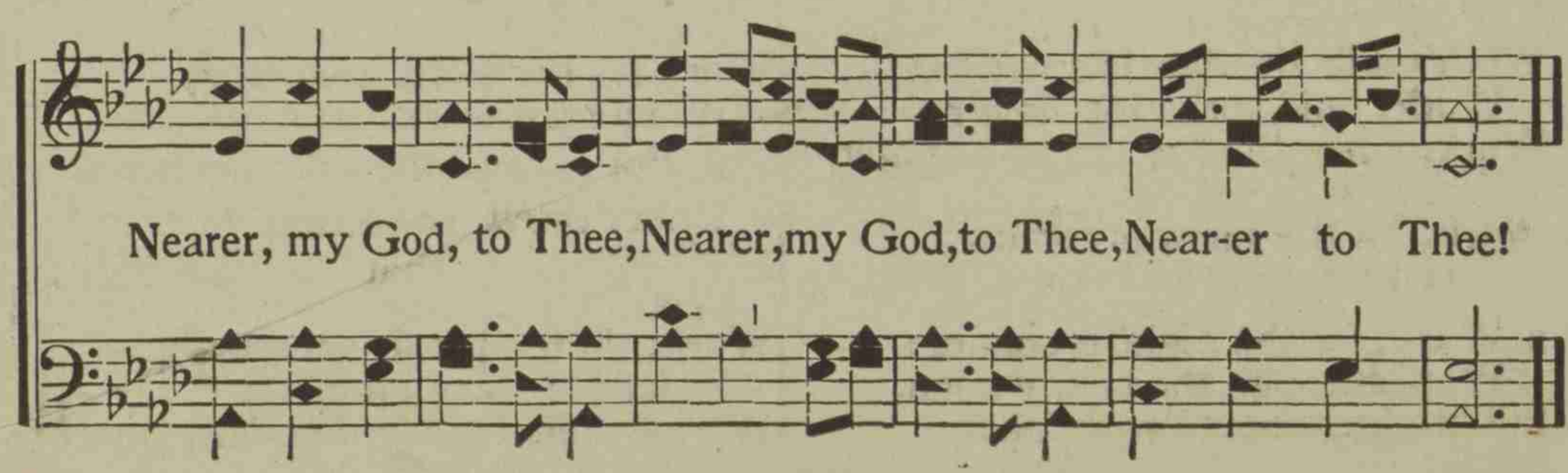
No. 121. Rest. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!



A calm and un-dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hast lost his venom'd sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

No. 122. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Scotch Air.

1. { Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee, / E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
2. { Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, / Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. { There let the way ap-pear Steps unto heav'n, / All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy giv'n; } An-gels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

No. 123. Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING — ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

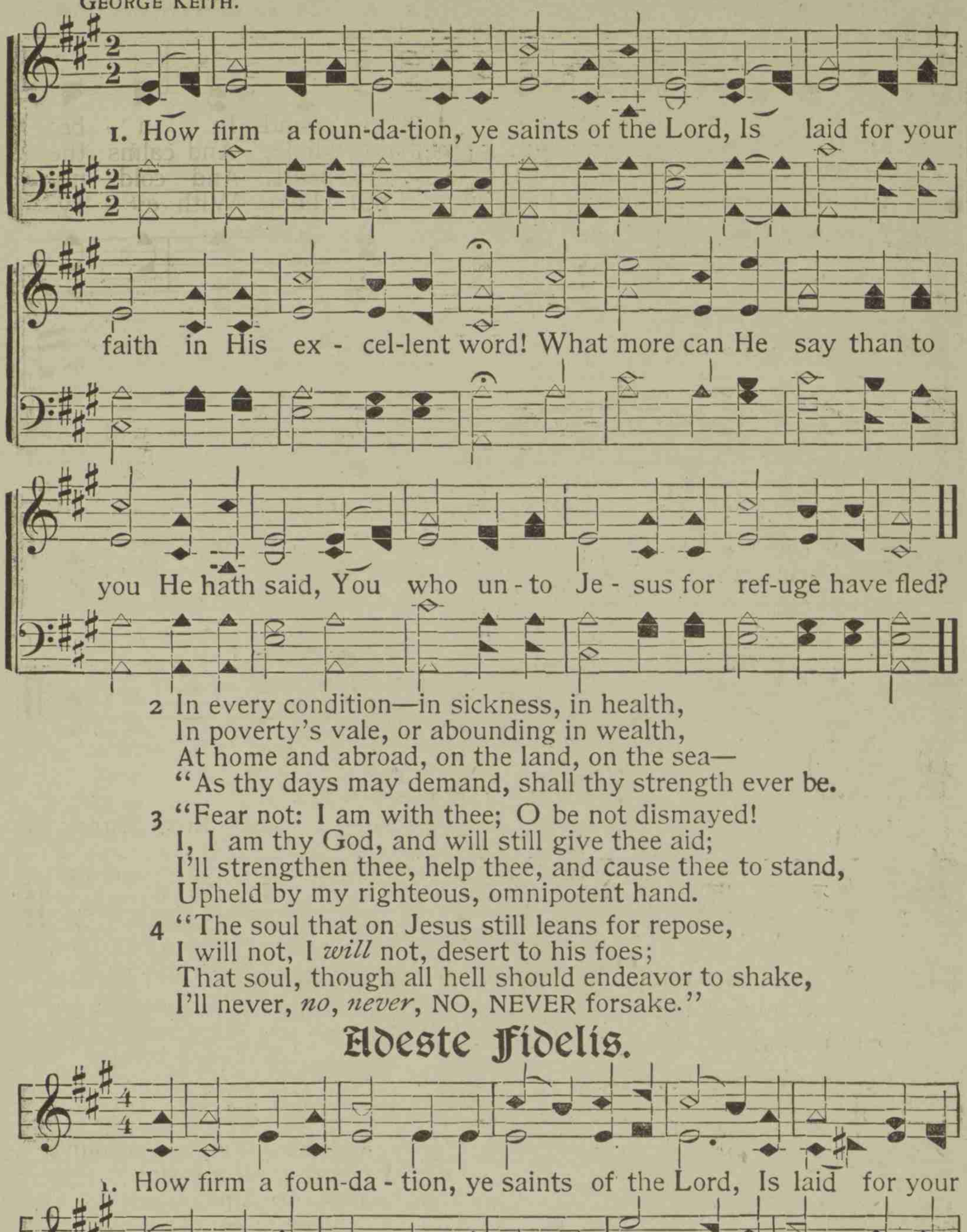
No. 124. Avon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. — HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sovreign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face Whilst His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree.
When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

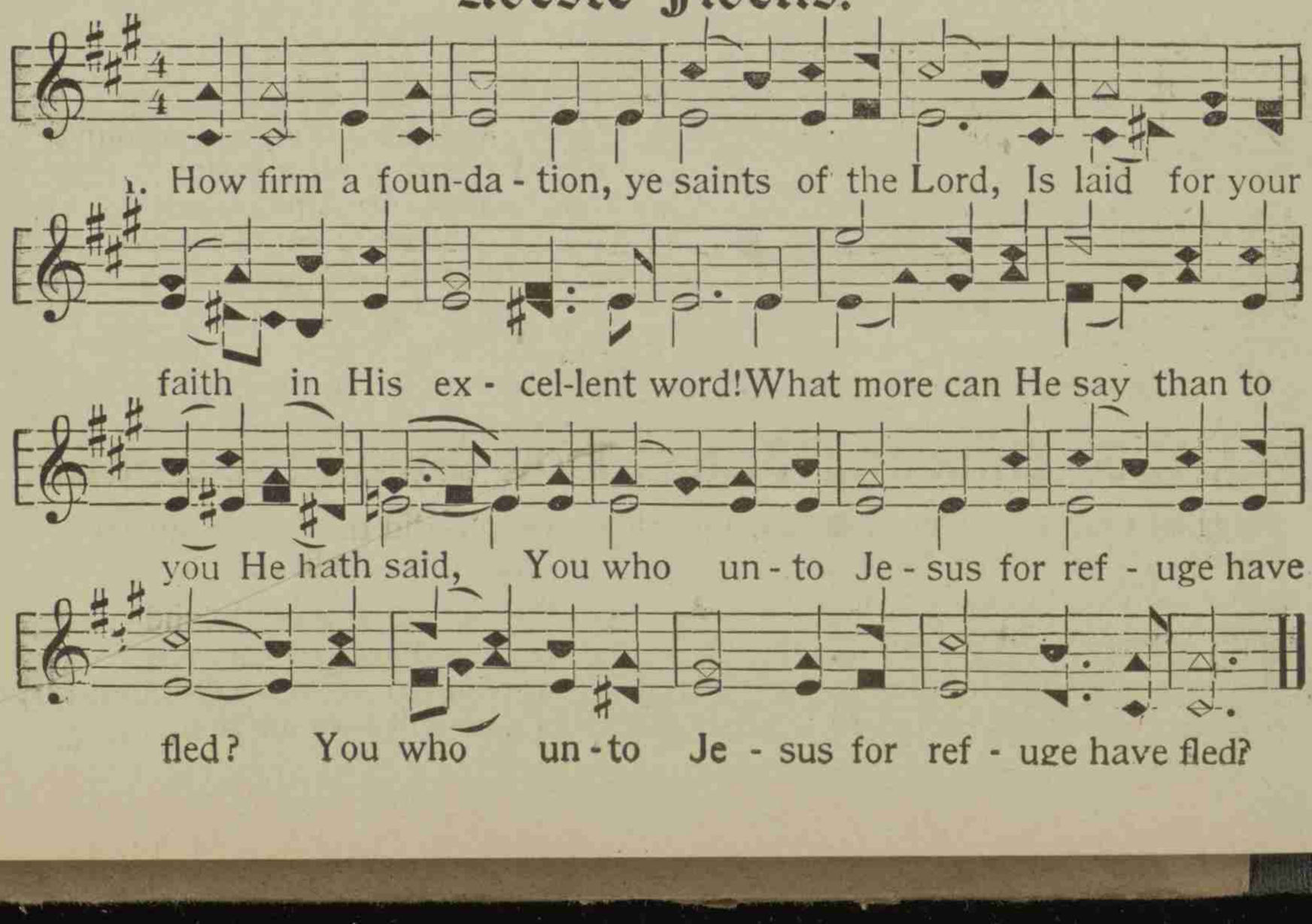
No. 125. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

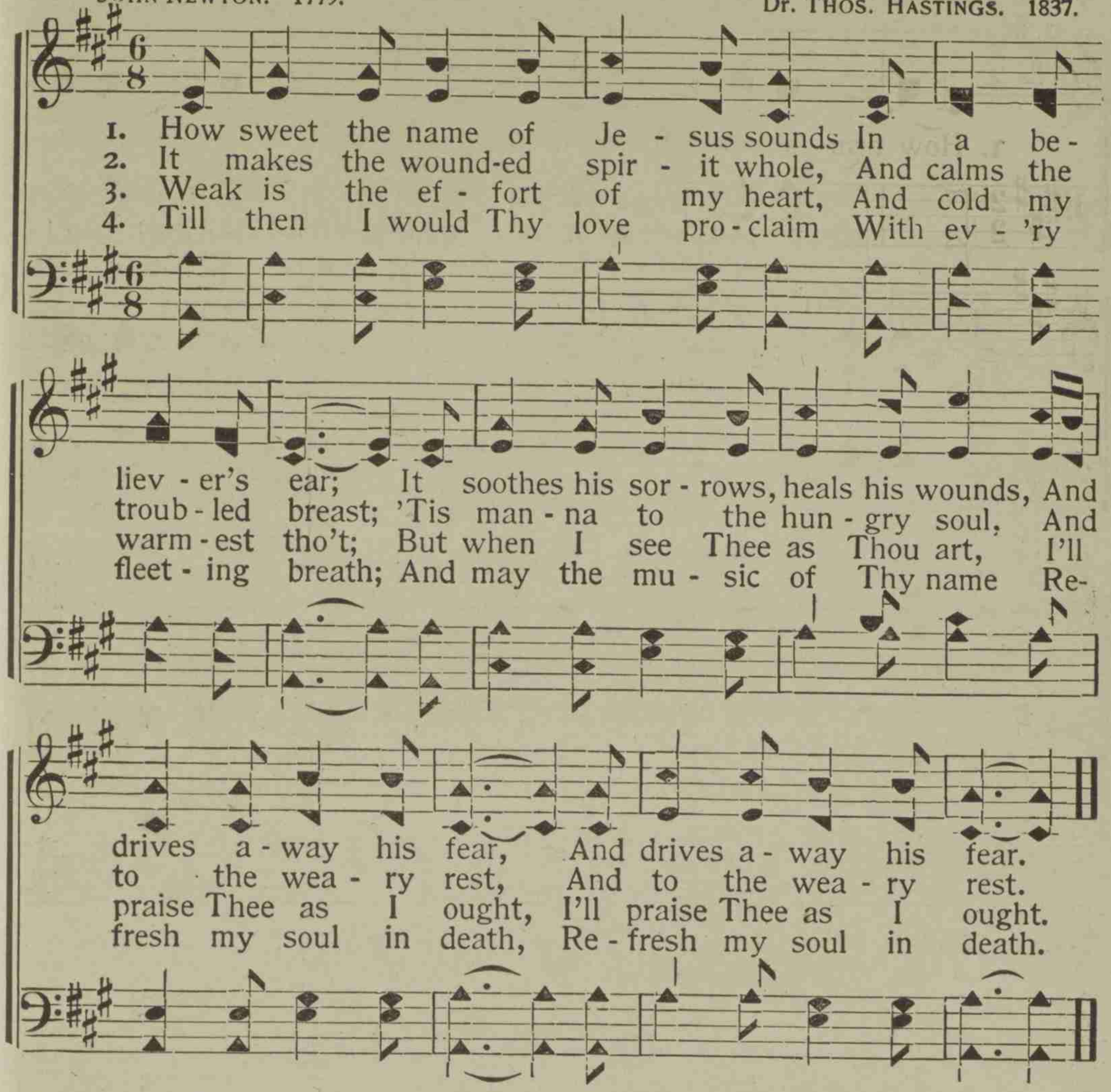
4 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

Adeste Fidelis.



No. 126. Ortonville. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.



No. 127. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
  While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior! hide
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
  Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
  All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.

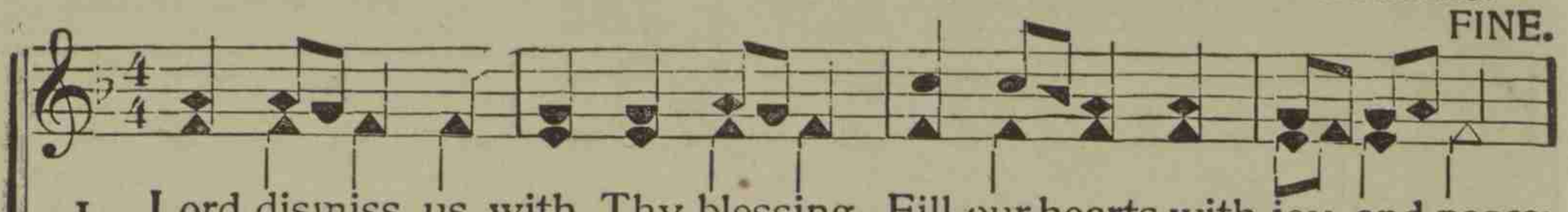
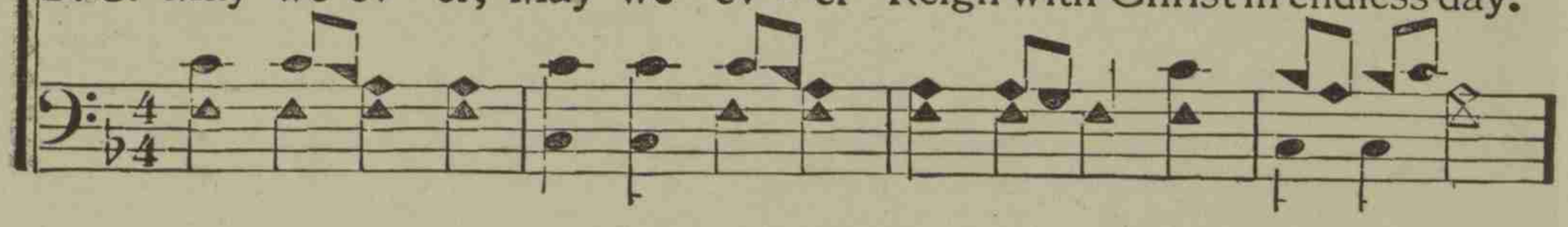
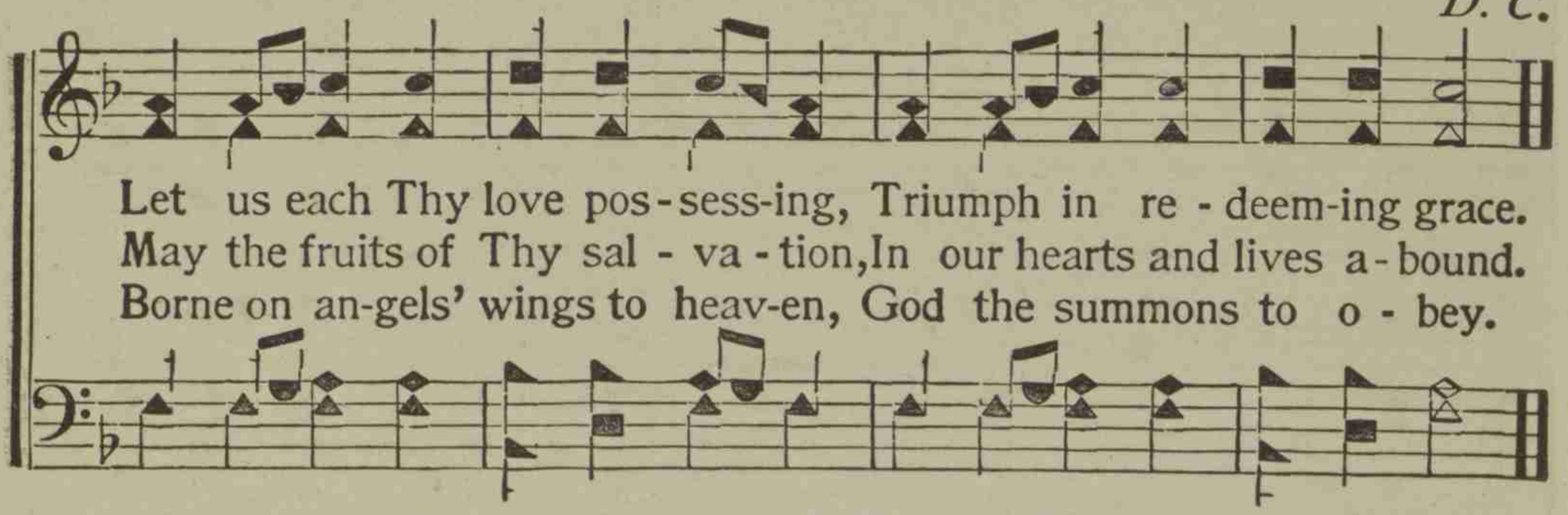
No. 128. Amazing Grace! how Sweet the Sound.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
  That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
  Was blind, but now I see.

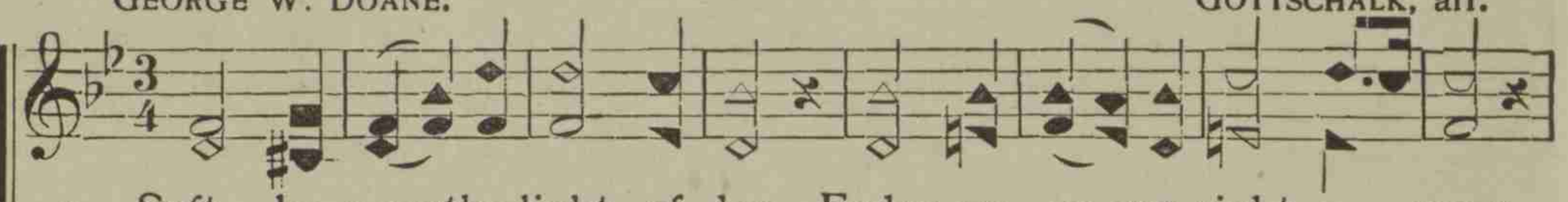
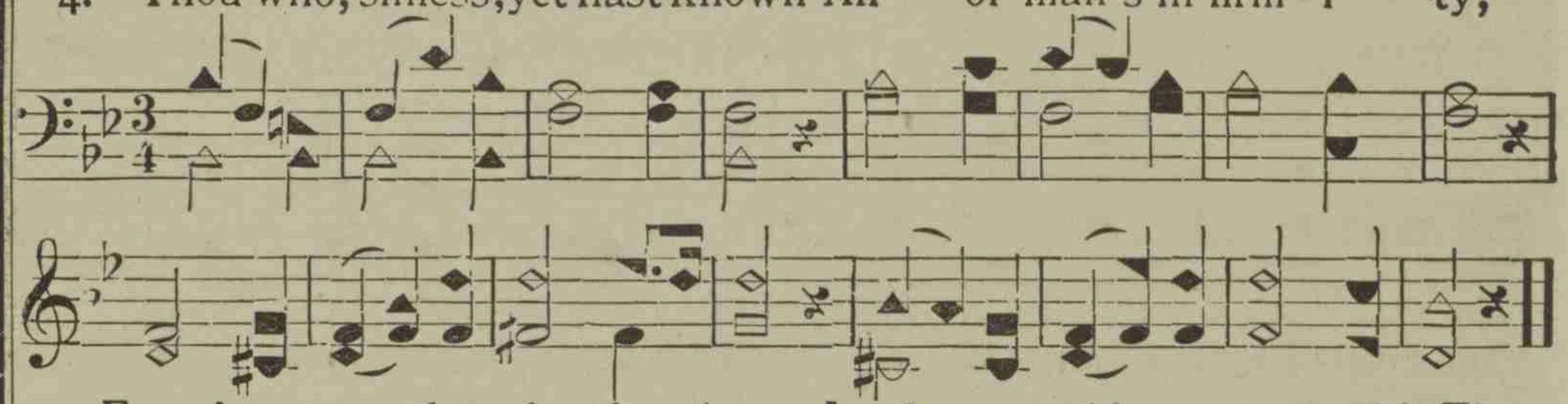
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
  And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
  The hour I first believed!

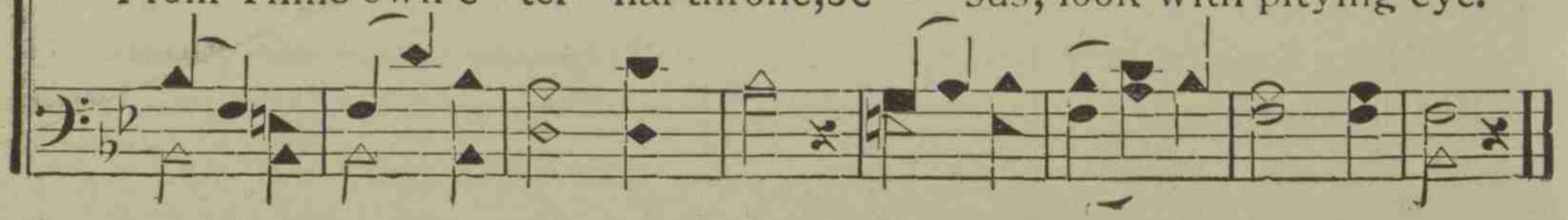
3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
  I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
  And grace will lead me home.

No. 129. Lord, Dismiss Us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. (Greenville. 8, 7, 4.) ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D. C.–O refresh us O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound.
D. C.–May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev-er-more be found.
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,
D. C.–May we ev-er, May we ev-er Reign with Christ in endless day.

Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion, In our hearts and lives a-bound.
Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, God the summons to o-bey.

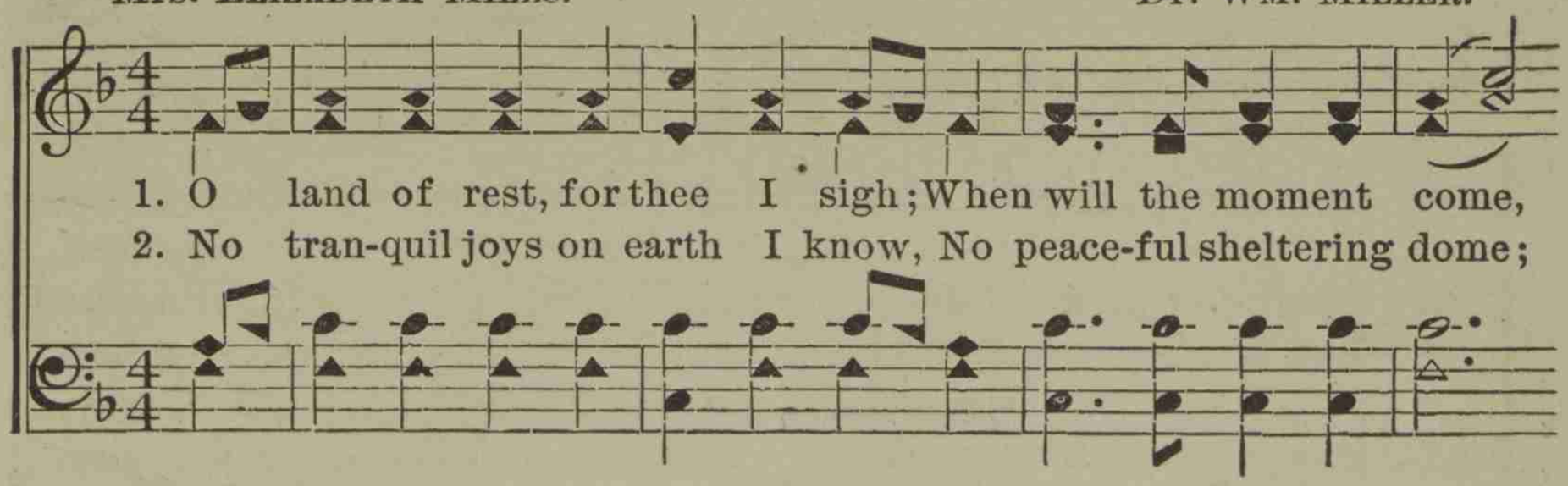
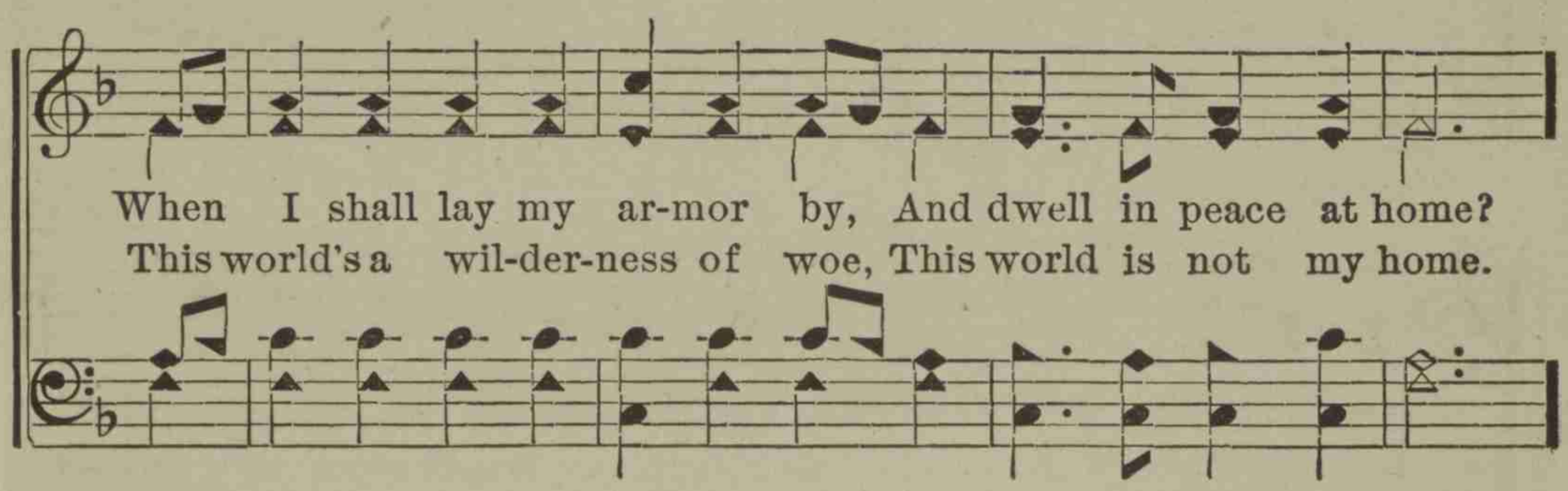
No. 130. The Light of Day Fades.

GEORGE W. DOANE. GOTTSCHALK, arr.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught escapes, without, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;
4. Thou who, sinless, yet hast known All of man's in-firm-i-ty,

Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
From Thine own e-ter-nal throne, Je-sus, look with pitying eye.

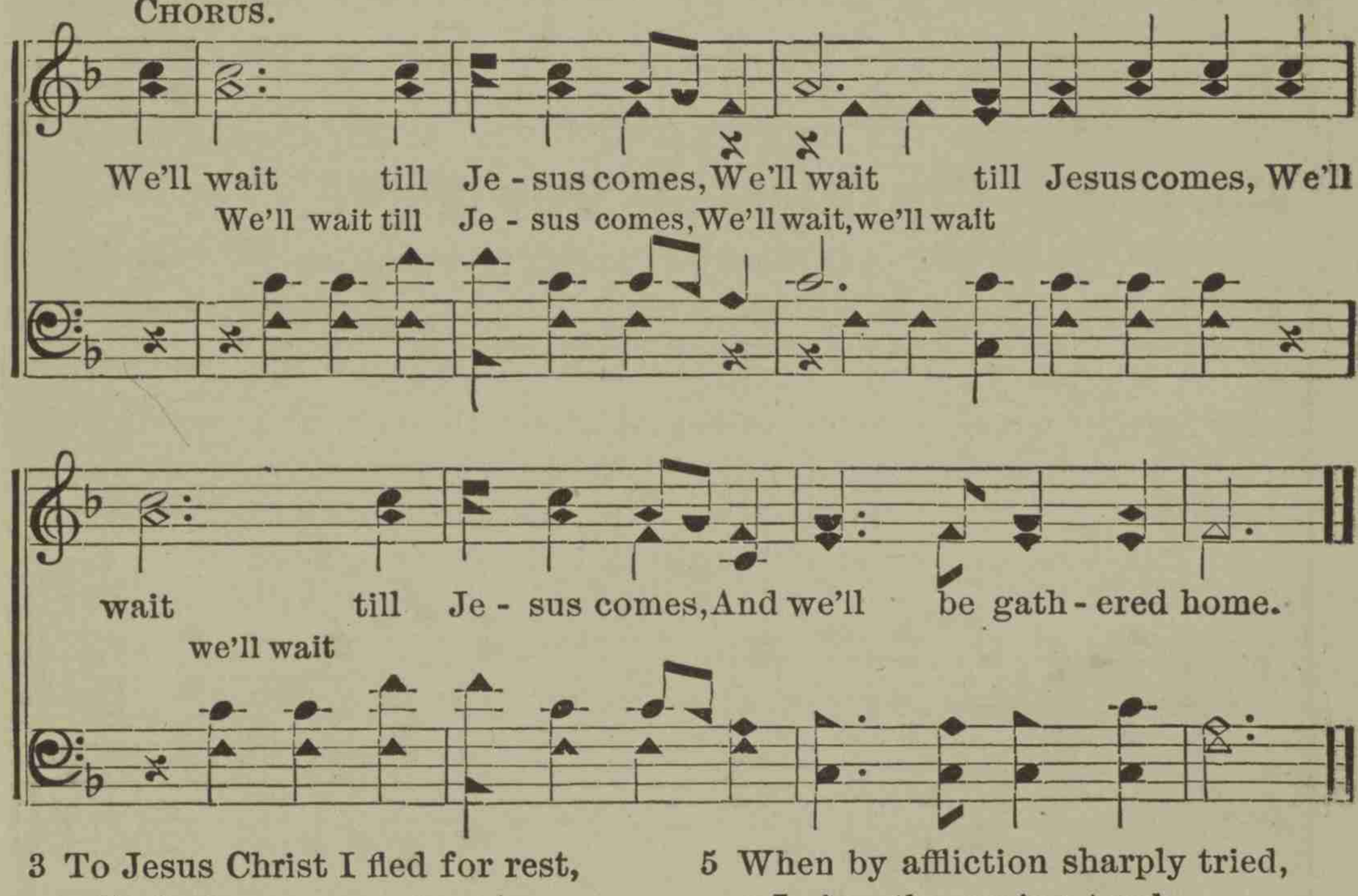


131. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"*I will come again.*" — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.



Chorus.



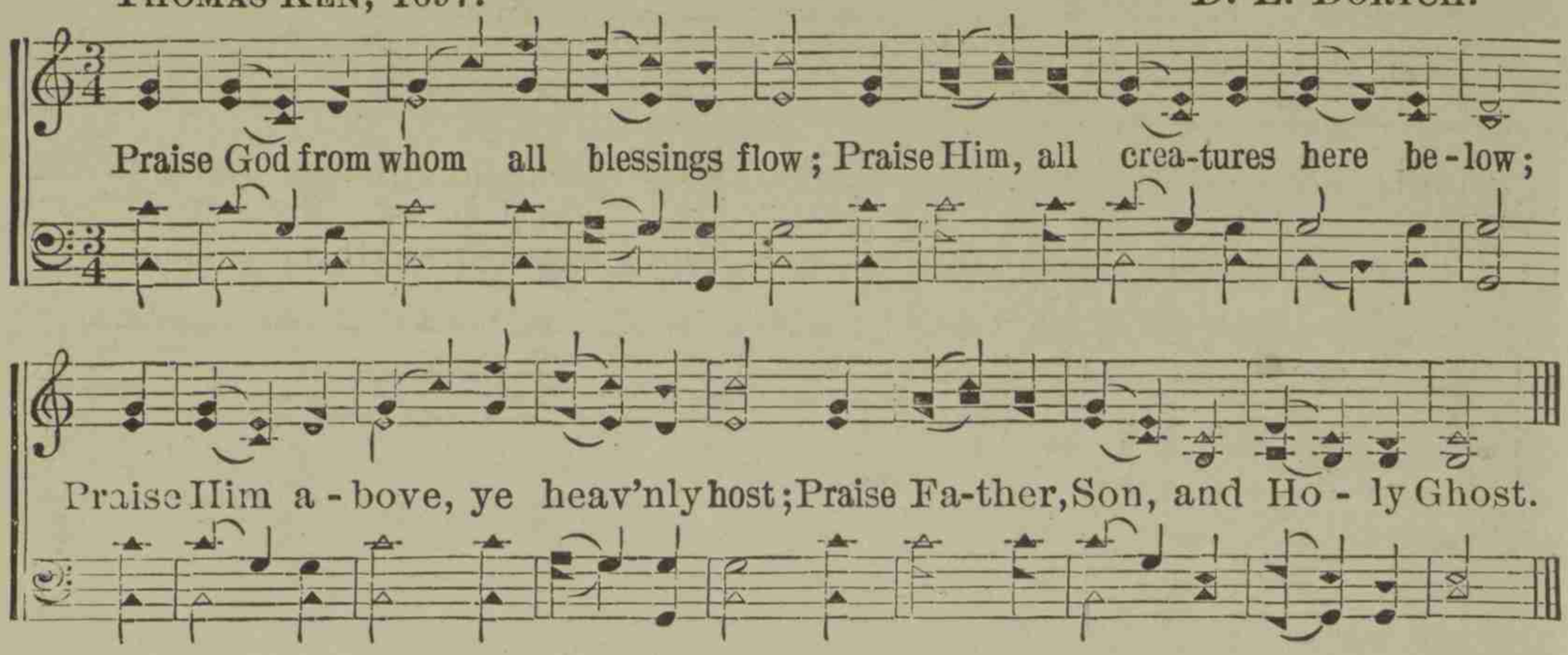
3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

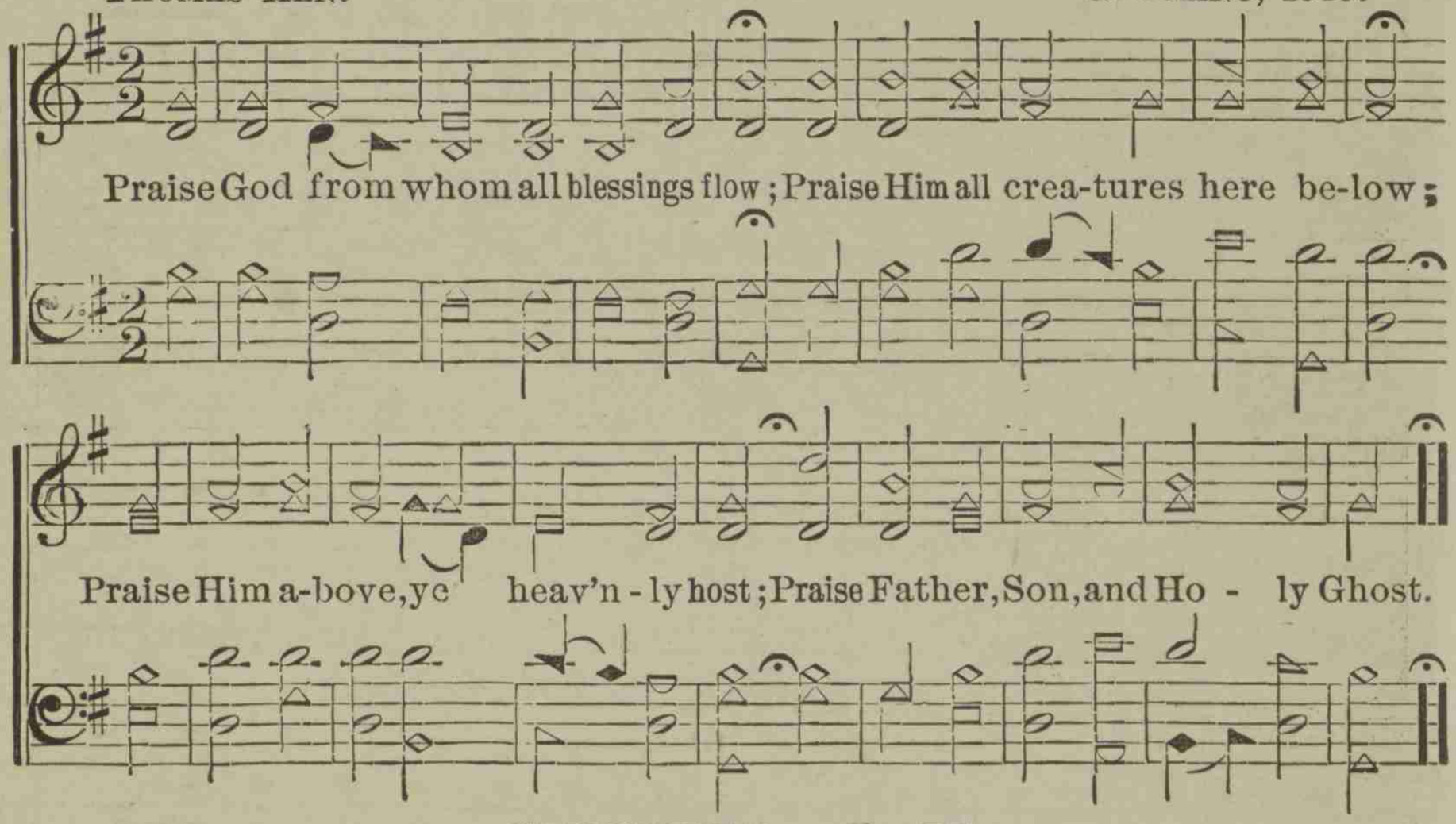
4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

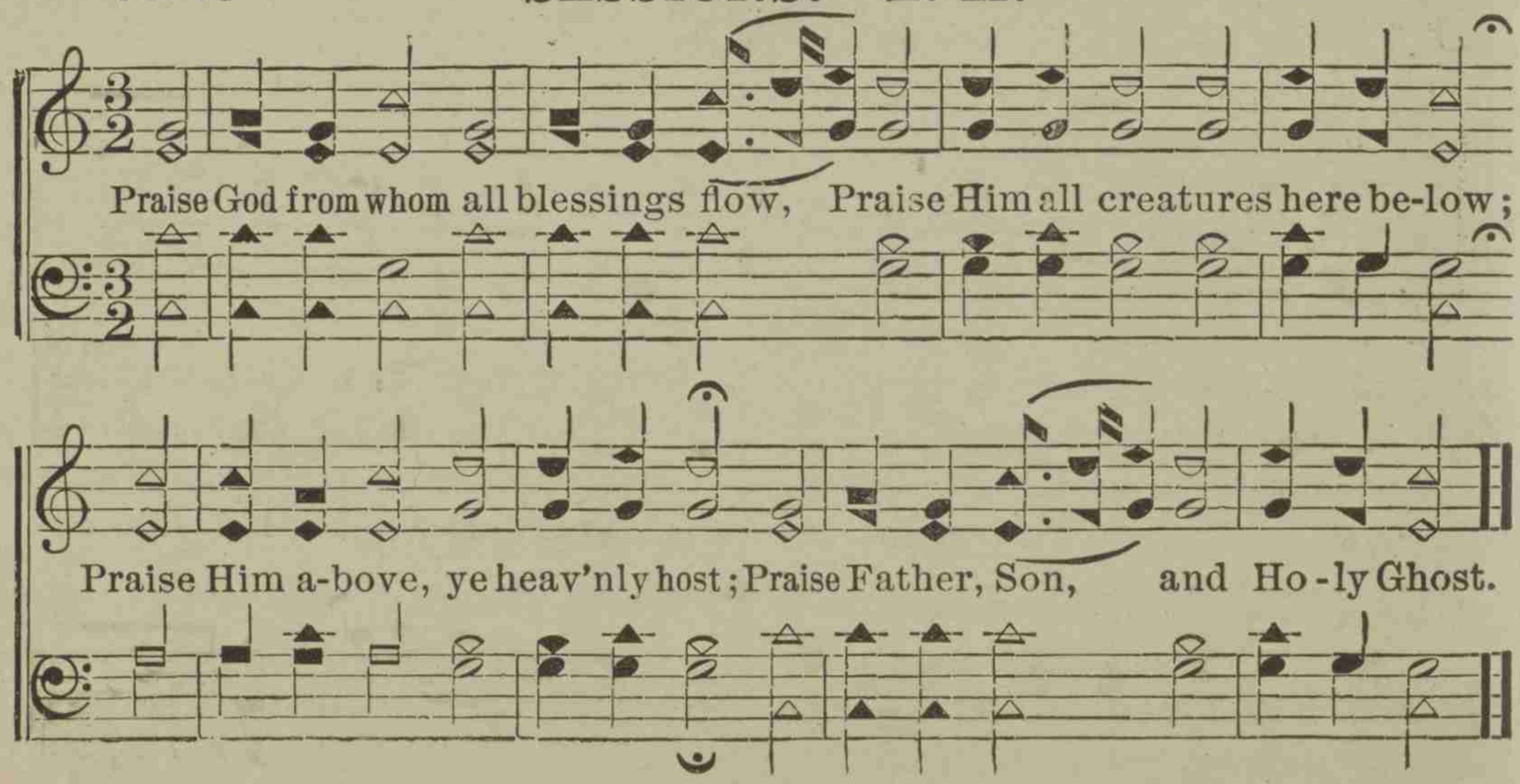
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

132. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.

133. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.

134. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

No. 135. Hear the Shout of Triumph.

B. B. BEALL.

Firmly.

1. Hear the shout of tri - umph, Hear the might - y song,
2. Man - y were the bat - tles, Con - stant was the strife,
3. On - ward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small,

Fill - ing earth and heav-en As it rolls a - long;
Fierce the rag - ing conflicts In their ear - ly life;
Je - sus is our lead-er, Ev - 'ry foe must fall;

Like the roar of o - cean Breaking on the shore, Vic - t'ry thro' the
Yet they nev - er fal - tered, For the Lord was strong; He was rock and
Then we'll join the ran - somed On the oth - er shore, Vic-t'ry thro' the

D.S.-Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav - iour, Pass the word a - long, Vic - t'ry thro' the

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

Sav - iour, Now and ev - er-more. Hear ye the
for - tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
Sav - iour, Sing-ing ev - er-more. Hear the cry of vic - to - ry
Sav - iour, Vic - to - ry and song.

D. S.

cry, Hear ye the cry, Hear ye the cry,
As we pass a - long,

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No. 136. Hear the Bells.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.

May be used as a Quartet.

1. Chim-ing, chim-ing, hear the bells, How the sil- v'ry cho-rus swells;
2. Drift-ing outward and a - way, On this bless-ed Christmas day,
3. Wea - ry hearts for-get their pain, Shadowed ways grow bright a-gain,

1. Chim - ing, chim - ing, hear the bells, How the sil - v'ry chorus swells;
2. Drift - ing out - ward and a-way, On this bless - ed Christmas day,
3. Wea - ry hearts for - get their pain, Shadowed ways grow bright a-gain.

Don't you hear the bless - ed notes, As their mu - sic sky-ward floats.
Floats the hope in - spir - ing song, Glad'ning all the way a - long.
Troub - led souls are calmed to rest, 'Neath the strain so sweet and blest.

CHORUS.

Peace, love, good-will, Peace, love, good-will, Now the sweet and deathless strain
good-will good-will, and deathless strain

Rings thro' all the world a - gain; Soft - er, clearer, sweeter still,
all the world a-gain; clear - er, sweet-er still,

Peace, love, good-will, Softer, clearer, sweeter still, Peace, love, good-will.
good-will, Softer, clear - er, sweete. still, good-will.

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No. 137. Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDOR. B. B. BEALL.

Not too fast.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free,—
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be,
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour! Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;

Show'rs the thirsty land re - fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.
Nev - er leave me, but the rath - er, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, When Thou comest, call for me.
Wit - nes - ser of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni - fy them all in me.

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
Let Thy mercy light on me.
When Thou comest, call for me.
Speak the word of pow'er to me.
E-ven me, Even me, Mag-ni - fy them all in me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
When Thou comest, call for me.
Speak the word of pow'r to me.
E-ven me, Even me, Mag-ni - fy them all in me.

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No. 138. He Is Risen.

"He is not here, for he is risen as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

MISS A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Sound the glad news, the Re-deem - er is ris - en! Wake, wake ye
2. Lo! what a change from the cross and the dy - ing; Joy, hal - le-
3. Praise with-out end to the Vic - tor be giv - en! Hosts He has

na - tions that slum - ber in sin; Break from the bars of de-
lu - jah, His suf - f'rings are o'er; Turn, turn ye souls who His
ransomed—your glad an-thems ring; See! thro' the tomb shines the

D. S. Strike ev - 'ry harp-string with-

lu - - sion's dark pris - on, Rise with your Sav - iour, His
name are de - ny - ing, Oh, 'tis that name o - pens
day - dawn of heav - en, Faith in His blood robs of

in the bless - ed por - tals, Glo - ry to God! Je - sus

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

king - dom to win.
E-den's bright door. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, shout ye im-
death all its sting.

lives who was slain.

D. S.

mor - tals, Joy for the cap - tive, He breaks ev - 'ry chain;

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No. 139. Work for All

Matthew 20: 4.

A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Do you ask, waiting one, where's the vineyard? Where the path that the Mas-
2. Where earth's homes blossom out with young faces, Where the feet of the throng
3. When a burden you've borne for the wea - ry, Taught some wand'rer the quick-

ter has trod? Lo, 'tis there! lo, 'tis here all a - round you! Ev - 'ry-
tread the mart, Where the godless bow down to their i - dols, There's a
sands to shun, Breathed a pray'r or a song fraught with blessing, For the

REFRAIN.

where is the vine-yard of God! Work for all, work for all,
field for the toil-lov - ing heart.
Mas - ter a work you have done. Work for all, work for all,

Ev - 'ry one has a mis - sion be-low; Hear the call,..... oh,
Hear the call,

hear the call! To the vine-yard ye i - dle ones go.
hear the call!

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No. 140. The Sun of Righteousness.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. Does the sun of righteousness a - rise In my heart this ho - ly day?
2. Am I reach-ing out to aid the weak That I meet a-long life's road?
3. Oh, the way is dark and strangely dim, Yet I feel His guid-ing hand,

Do I look be-liev-ing t'ward the skies, O'er my life does Christ hold sway?
Do I earn-est - ly and tru - ly seek For my Fa-ther's blest a - bode?
With firm anchored hope, I'll trust in Him, As I near Im-man-uel's land;

Has His an - gel rolled a - way the stone From my hard hearts fast closed door?
Is He first to be, oh heart of mine, In my soul's af - fec-tions now?
Blessed sun of right-eous-ness a - rise In my heart to shine for aye,

Do I hum-bly claim the Christ my own, From His fold to stray no more?
Kneeling hum-bly at His sa-cred shrine, Do I breathe to Him my vow?
Till at last be-yond the star - ry skies, I shall greet His per - fect day.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed sun of right-eous-ness a - rise, In my heart for e'er a - bide,

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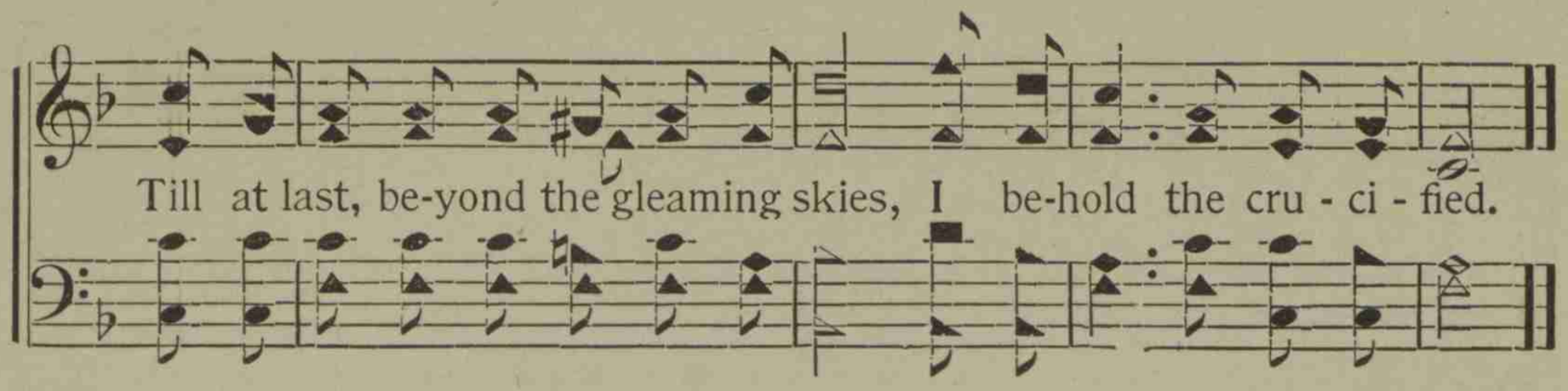
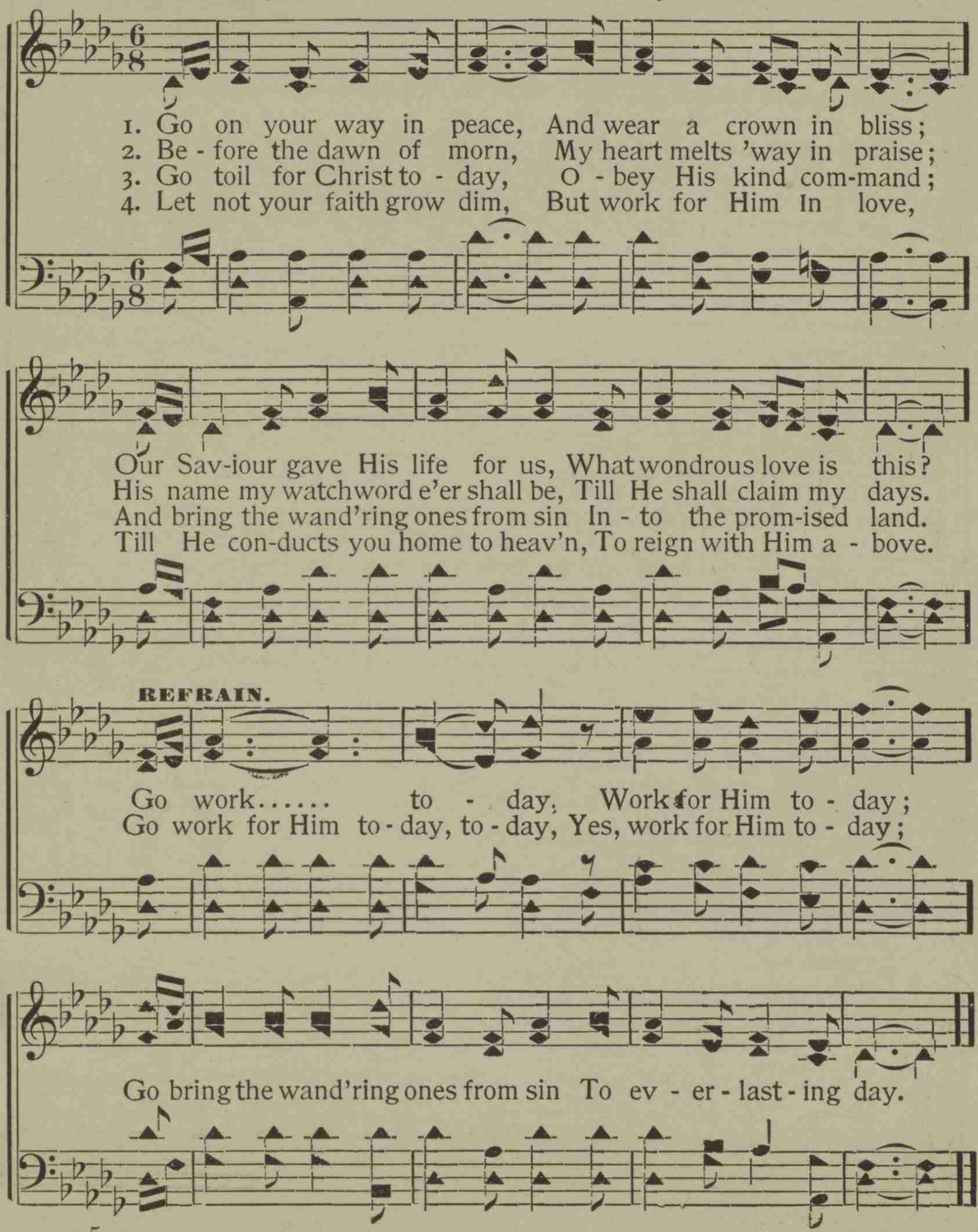
The Sun of Righteousness. Concluded.

No. 141. Go On Your Way In Peace.

R. H. Boyd. Arr. by R. D. R. H. Boyd. Arr. by Raymond Doster. 1903.



No. 142. Yield Not to Temptation.

T. J. WILSON. B. B. BEALL.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, tho' e - vil as - sail, Christ's love will sus-
2. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, when troubles are near, Christ's love will con-
3. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, but ev - er a - bide, In love with-out
4. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, on Je - sus re - ly, His spir - It will

tain you, love nev - er to fail; When sin would al - lure you,
sole you, and ban - ish all fear; Tho' tem-pests be rag - ing,
meas - ure, in Je - sus con - fide; In grace e'er a - bound - ing,
strengthen, His spir - it is nigh; All who in His mer - cy,

D. S.—Tho' sin would confound you,

Fine.

turn quickly a - way, Christ ev - er is near you, trust Him all the way.
yet there will be calm, Christ ev - er con-trol-ling each threatening storm.
in mer - cy so free, O spir-it, then trust Him for gracious is He.
or grace will con - fide Shall in His sal - va - tion for - ev - er a - bide.

He's ever around you, Christ then will secure you—Christ's able to save.

REFRAIN.

Yield not to temp - ta - tion, trust in His sal - va - tion,

His mer - cy will guide you e'en down to the grave;

D. S.

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No. 143. Are You Acquainted With Jesus?

MISS JENNIE WILSON. S. A. BEALL.

DUET. Sop. and Tenor.

1. Are you acquainted with Je - sus, The friend so faithful and kind?
2. Are you acquainted with Je - sus, Who trod the pathway you tread?
3. Are you acquainted with Je - sus, Who tak-eth guilt all a - way?
4. Are you acquainted with Je - sus, To whom all free-ly may come?

Do you in ev - e - ry tri - al In Him a com-fort-er find?
He guardeth safely thro' dan-ger, Are you by Him dai-ly led?
Have you in Calvary's fountain Been cleansed from sin-stains for aye?
When you have left earth forever, Will His a-bode be your home?

CHORUS.

The dearest of all friends is Je-sus, A won-der-ful Saviour is He;

Oh, seek His acquaintance and trust Him, For time and e-ter-ni - ty.

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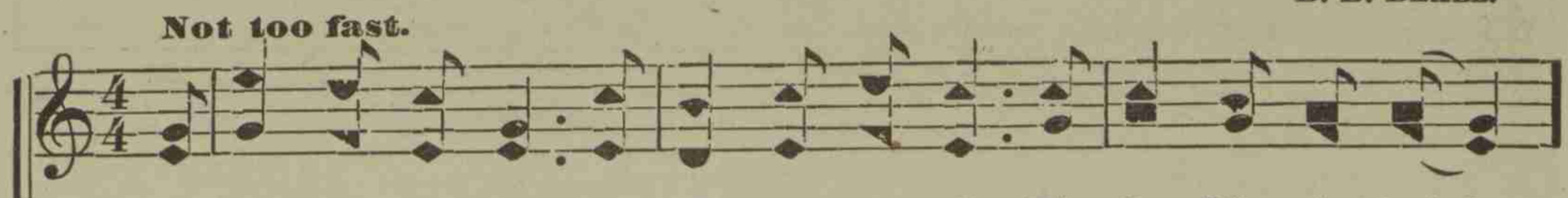
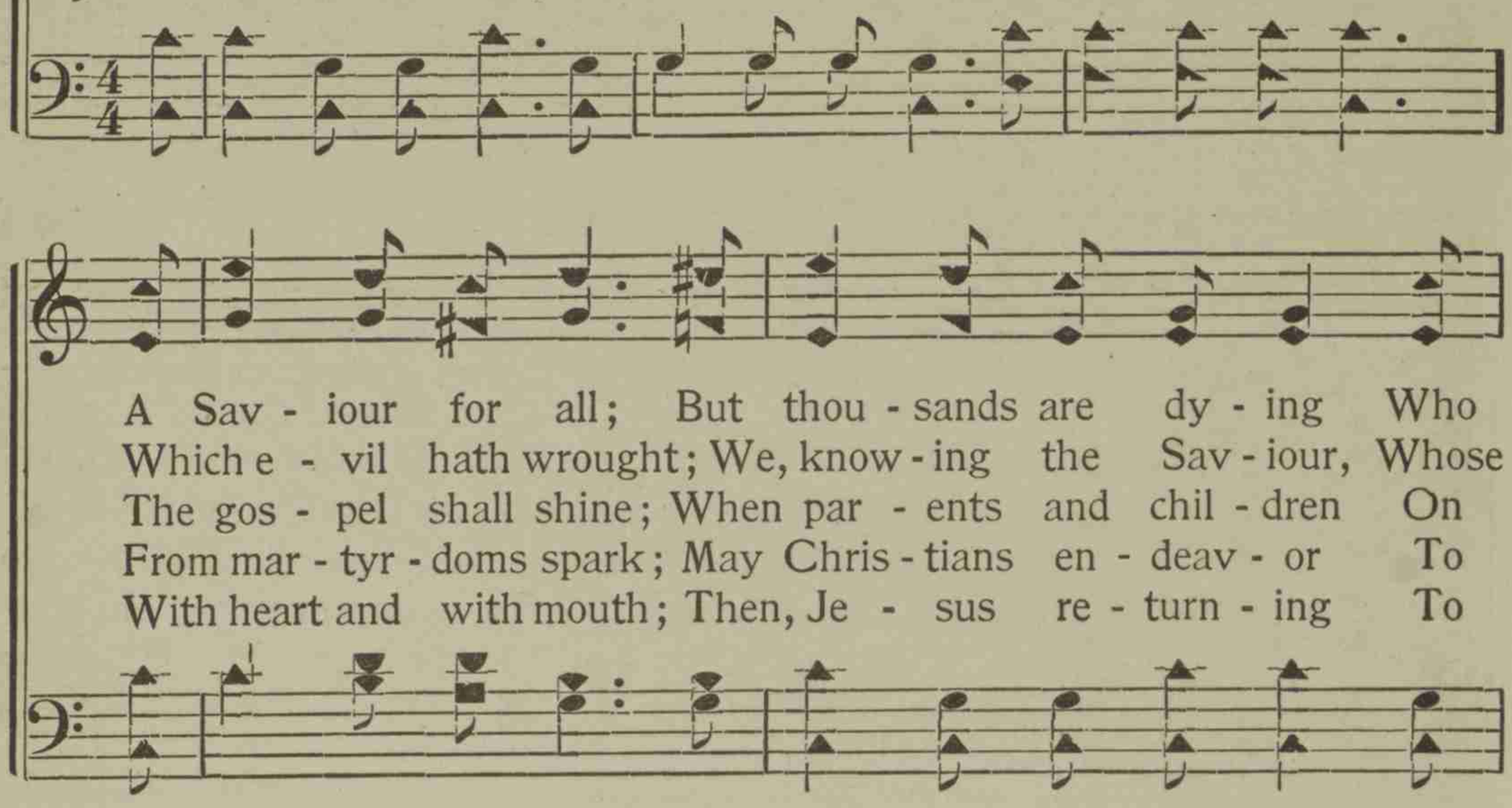
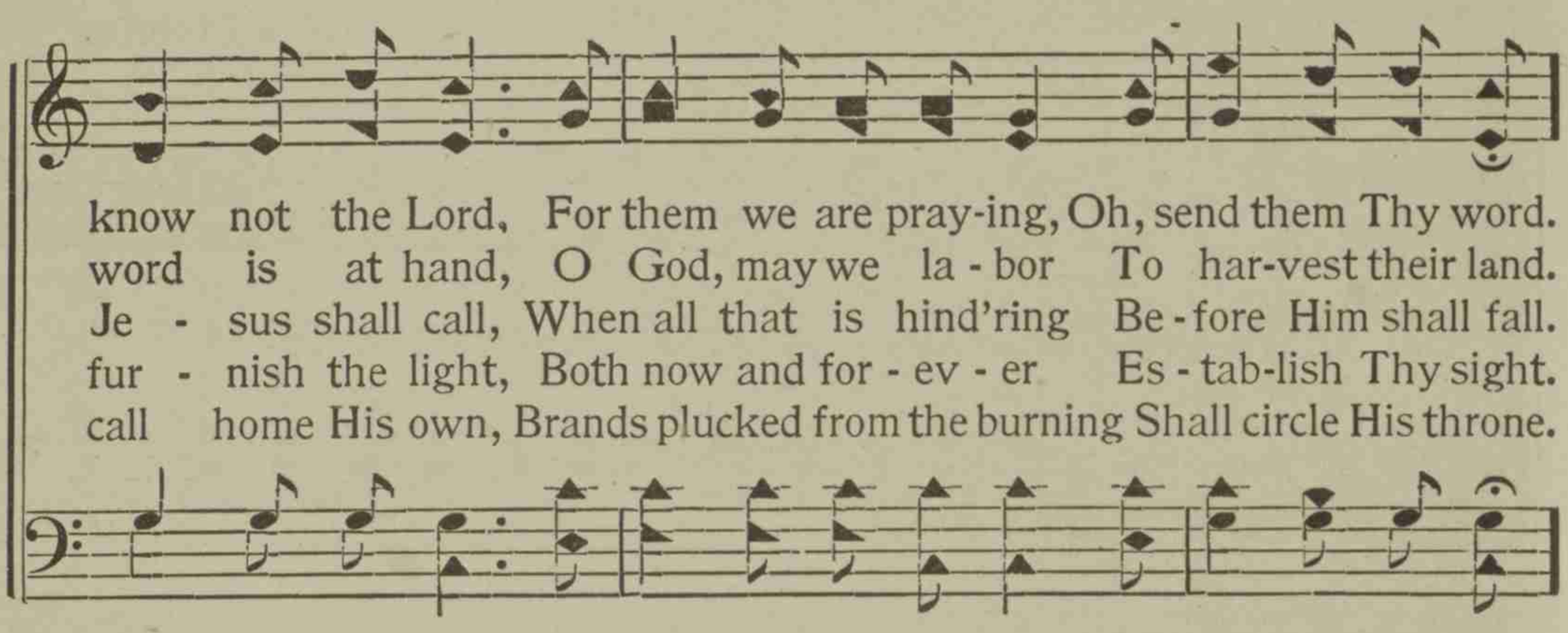
No. 144. Missionary Prayer Hymn.

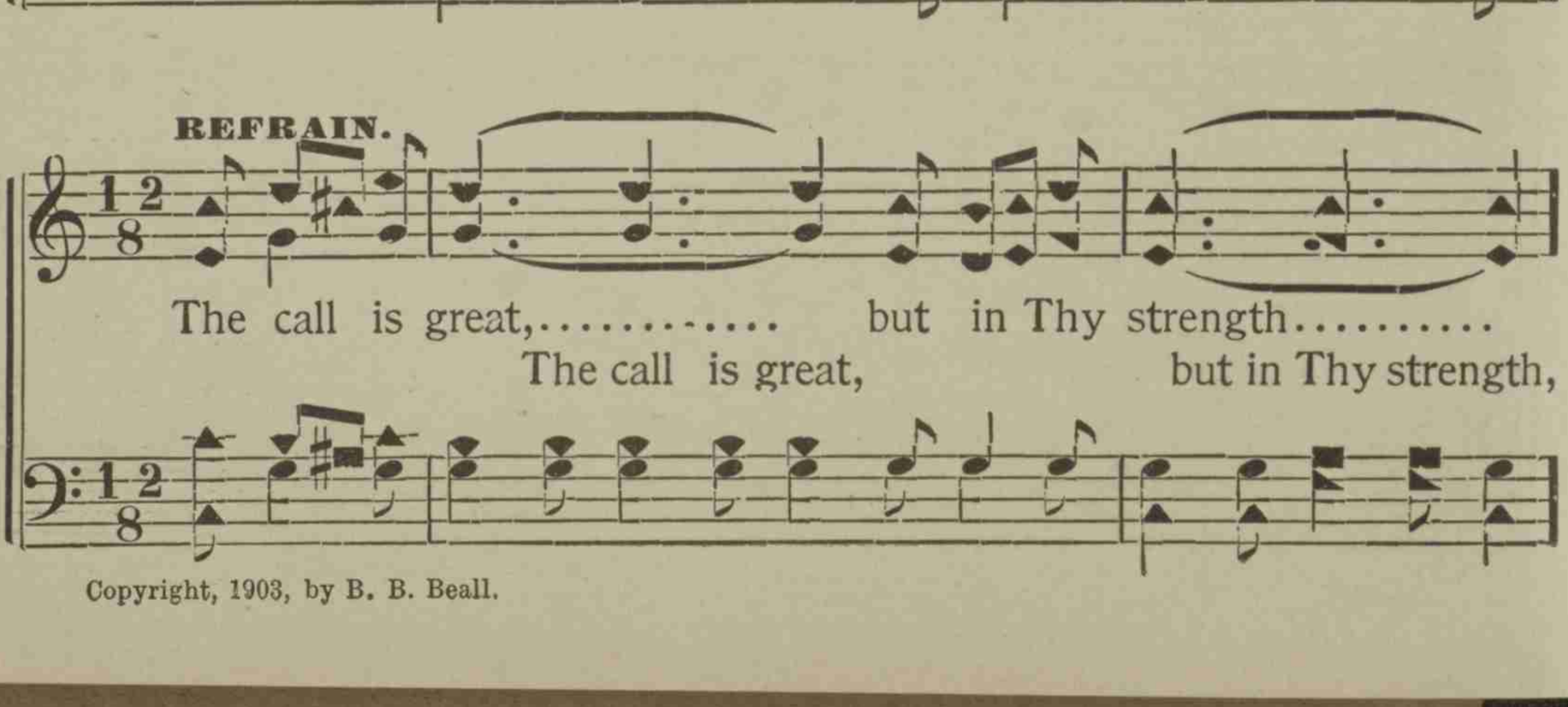
B. B. BEALL.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav'n, On Thee we do call; Thy Son Thou hast giv'n,
2. For In - dia we pray, Where millions are taught To fol-low the way
3. For Chi - na we pray, Oh, has-ten the time When bright as the day
4. May Af - ri - ca's name No long-er be "dark," Wide spread be the flame
5. From east un - to west, From north unto south, May nations Thee bless



A Sav - iour for all; But thou - sands are dy - ing Who
Which e - vil hath wrought; We, know - ing the Sav - iour, Whose
The gos - pel shall shine; When par - ents and chil - dren On
From mar - tyr - doms spark; May Chris - tians en - deav - or To
With heart and with mouth; Then, Je - sus re - turn - ing To



know not the Lord, For them we are pray-ing, Oh, send them Thy word.
word is at hand, O God, may we la - bor To har-vest their land.
Je - sus shall call, When all that is hind'ring Be - fore Him shall fall.
fur - nish the light, Both now and for - ev - er Es - tab-lish Thy sight.
call home His own, Brands plucked from the burning Shall circle His throne.



REFRAIN.

The call is great,..... but in Thy strength.....
The call is great, but in Thy strength,

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Missionary Prayer Hymn. Concluded.

We has-ten forth,..... most gra-cious Lord,.....
We has-ten forth, most gracious Lord,

For thousands die..... each day and hour,.....
For thousands die each day and hour,

Rit.

Who know not Thee,..... oh, send Thy word.....
Who know not Thee, oh, send Thy word.

No. 145. Blest be the Tie That Binds.

JUDSON Q. MONK.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And oft - -en for each oth - er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Owned by B. B. Beall.

No. 146. When Life's Sad Toils are O'er.

T. J. WILSON. Ref. R. D. RAYMOND DOSTER.

1. When life's sad toils are o'er, Its sor - rows and its pains,
2. While here we have our share Of sor - row, pain and grief,
3. Our sor - rows and our trials, While here tho' they an - noy,
4. Then calm - ly bear it all, Tho' you may be op - pressed;

There is a place we hope to live, A home where Je - sus reigns.
Up in that home be-yond the grave The soul will find re - lief.
Work out for us, when life is o'er, A sweet, un - end - ing joy.
For just be - yond this vale of tears, There is e - ter - nal rest.

REFRAIN.

When life's end - ed and our tri'ls are o'er, May we meet on the heavenly shore,

There where we will never suffer more, But be happy and His name adore.

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No. 147. Let Us Follow Jesus.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

1. Let us fol - low Je - sus in the nar-row way,'Neath His roy-al ban - ner lift - ed high; He will sure - ly lead us on to vic - to - ry, And a glo-rious crowning by and by. Let us fol - low,
2. If we serve Him faith-ful - ly with heart and hand, He will guide us safe thro' ev - 'ry ill, His sweet presence cheer us all a - long our way, And our souls with heav'nly manna fill.
3. Fol - low-ing His foot-prints we are sure to find Him a true and nev - er - fail - ing friend,Who will give His aid in ev - 'ry time of need, And be with us to the journey's end.
4. Let us fol - low Je - sus clos - er day by day Till the glorious vic - to - ry is won; Then tri - umph-ant - ly we'll all go marching home,To put on a roy - al robe and crown.

CHORUS.

Let us fol - low, Fol - low Je-sus day by day; Let us fol - low, Let us fol - low, Fol - low Je-sus all the way.

Let us fol-low, Let us fol-low, Let us fol-low, Let us fol-low, day by day;

Let us fol-low, Let us fol - low,

No. 148. Let Us Pray for Each Other.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon. By per.

1. Let us pray for each oth-er in the morn-ing; Un-to Je - sus our
2. Let us pray for each oth-er at the noon-tide, When the world is so
3. Let us pray for each oth-er as the dark-ness Gathers 'round us and

Sav - ior let us pray, And en - treat Him to guide the weak and weary,
full of strife and care, That each one may be faith-ful at his sta-tion,
clos - es out the day, That the Sav-ior will keep us till the morning;

CHORUS.

Lest they fal - ter and go in paths a - stray. Let us pray for each
Ev - er read - y to do his du - ty there.
For each oth - er, oh, let us ev - er pray!

Let us pray

oth-er, ... From the dawning until the day's decline; Let us pray

for each other, day's decline: Let us pray

rit.

for each other, ... Let us pray for each other all the time.

for each oth-er, all the time.

No. 149. WORKING FOR A CROWN OF JOY.

B. B. B. (To my wife.) B. B. BEALL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

There is grace ev-'ry day in the narrow way, Working for a crown of joy.
crown, working for a crown of joy,
straight and narrow way, a crown of joy.

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No. 150. Hail to the King of Kings.

CHORUS WITH BASS SOLO.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Hail to our ris - en Sav - iour, Hail to the King of kings;
2. Out of the grave's deep si - lence In - to the light He came;
3. Come with your songs of glad - ness, Kneel at His throne to - day;

Lift up His roy - al ban - ner, Earth with re - joic - ing rings.
Ris - ing with might tri - umph - ant, Praise to His ho - ly name.
He who hath paid your ran - som Tak - eth your sins a - way.

Sing out His praise and glo - ry, Hon - or His bless - ed name;
Giv - ing His life to save us, Dy - ing that we might live;
Let ev - 'ry tongue ex - tol Him, Wide let His prais - es ring;

Tell to the world His sto - ry, Glad - ly His might pro-claim.
Now to the world's Re-deem - er, Love's sweetest treasures give.
Who by His love re-deemed us, Hail to our Lord and King.

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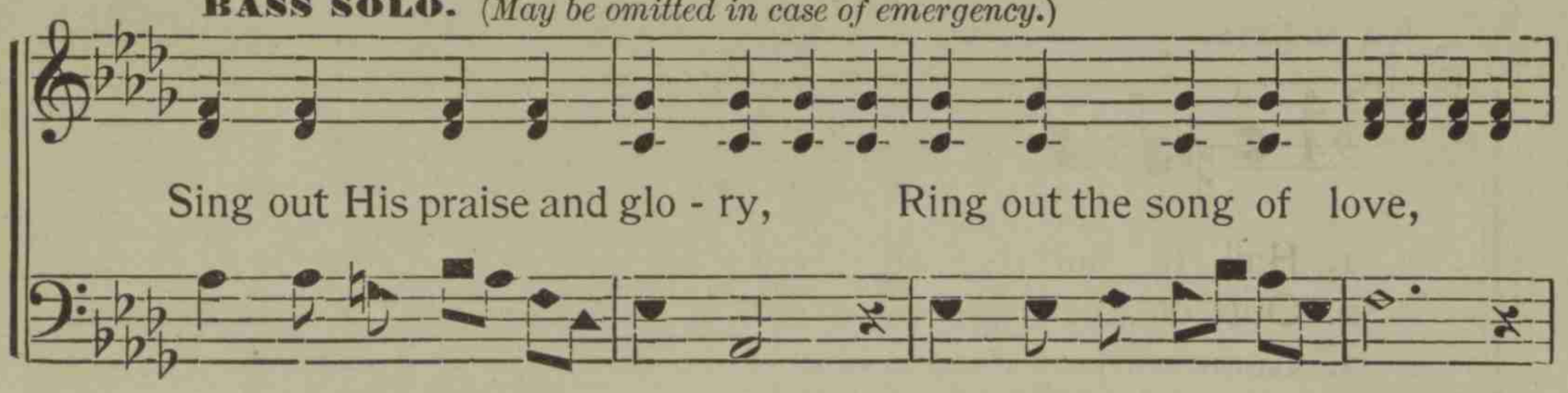
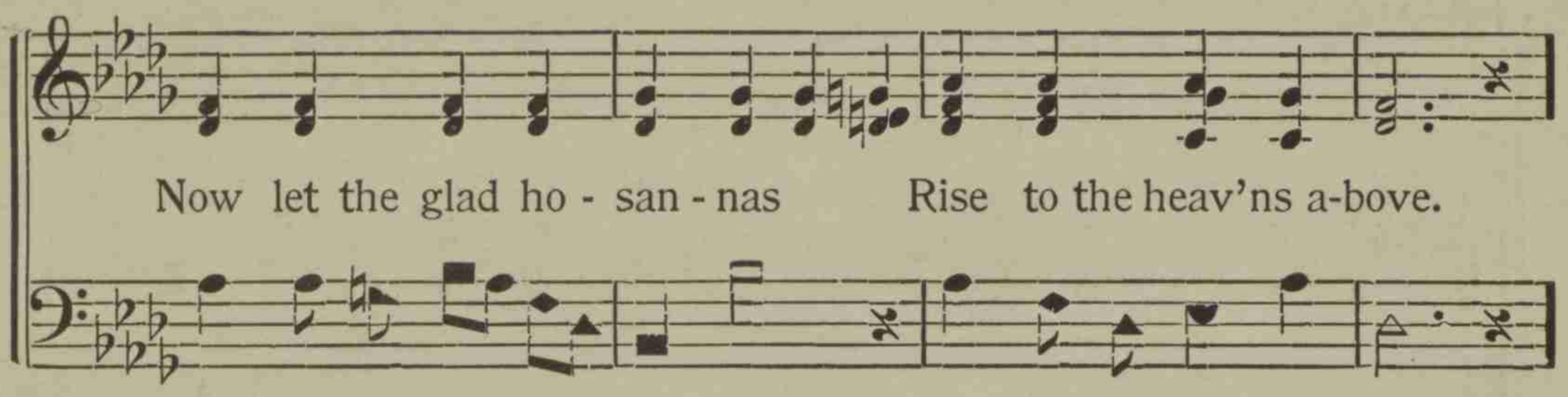
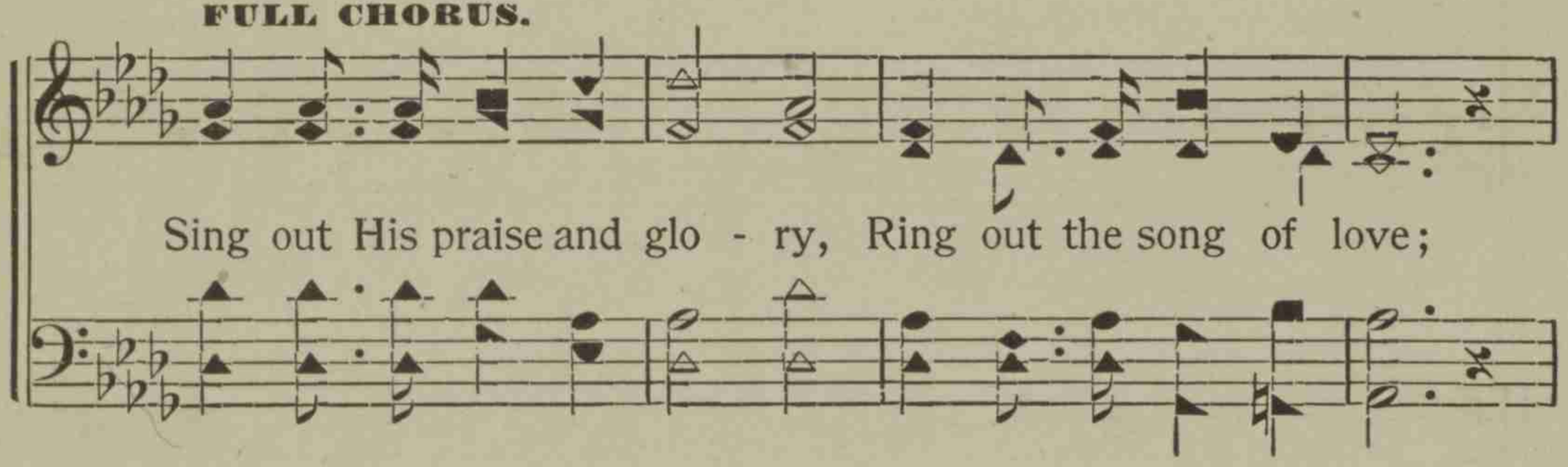
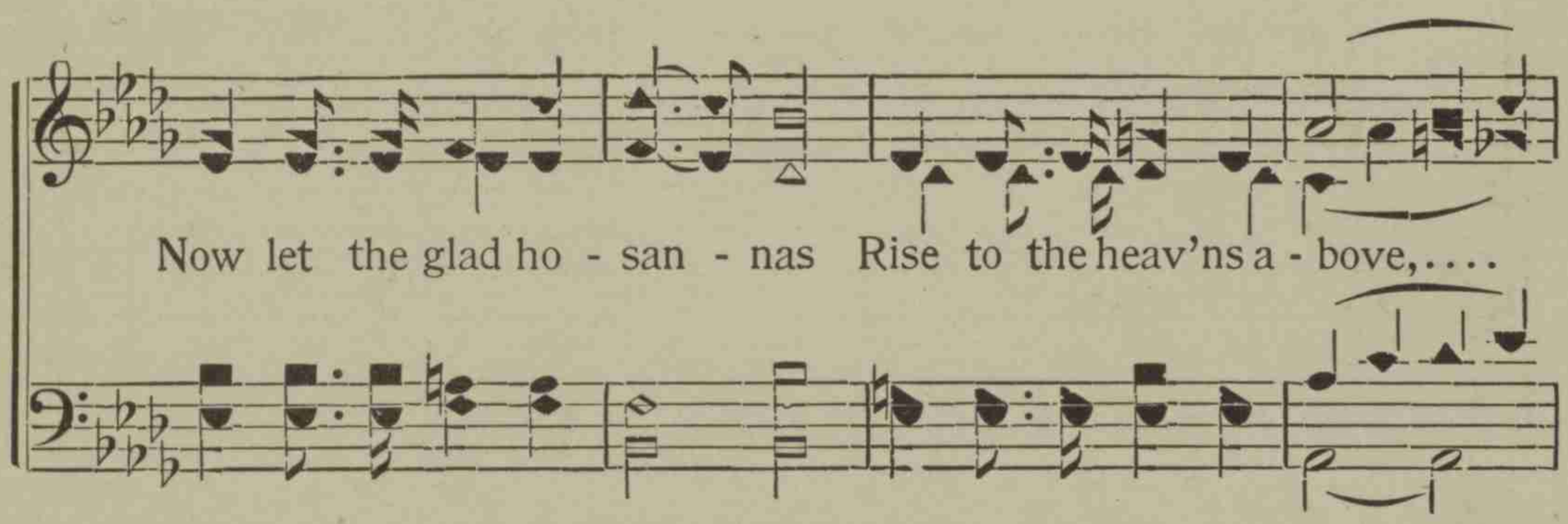
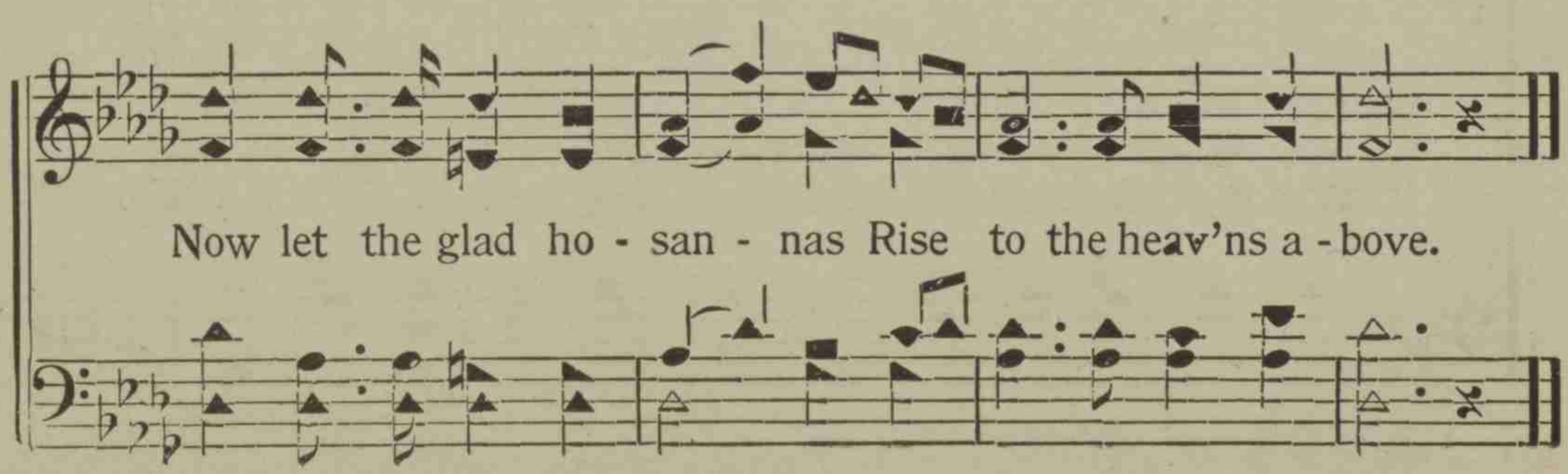
Hail to the King of Kings. Concluded.

BASS SOLO. *(May be omitted in case of emergency.)*



FULL CHORUS.

No. 151. Lift Up Your Hearts.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Lift up your hearts in grate-ful praise, Re-joice, ye hosts, and sing;
2. He holds the winds with-in His hand, He stills the storm - y sea;
3. Great is the Lord, en-dued with might, And pow'r from heav'n above;

Make glad all earth's sin-darkened way, With anthems to your King.
All nat - ure smiles at His command, The Lord of all is He.
Yet He will stoop to find the least, So boundless is His love.

CHORUS.

Lift up, lift up your voic - es glad, Ring out the bless - ed strain;..... Each knee shall bow to Christ, the Lord, Who bless - ed strain;

King of kings doth reign; Each knee shall bow to Christ, the Lord, Who

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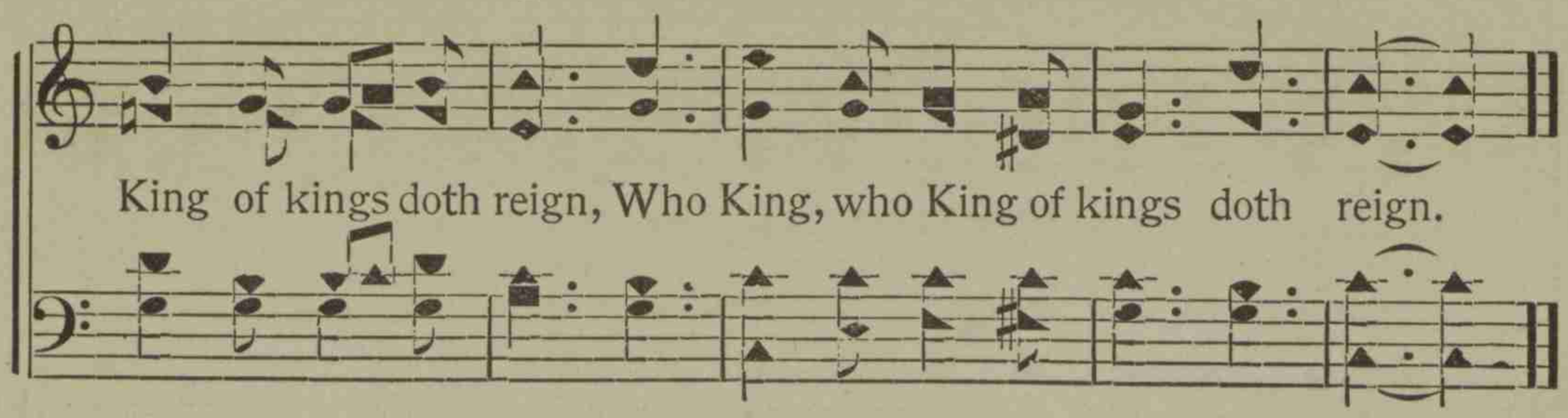
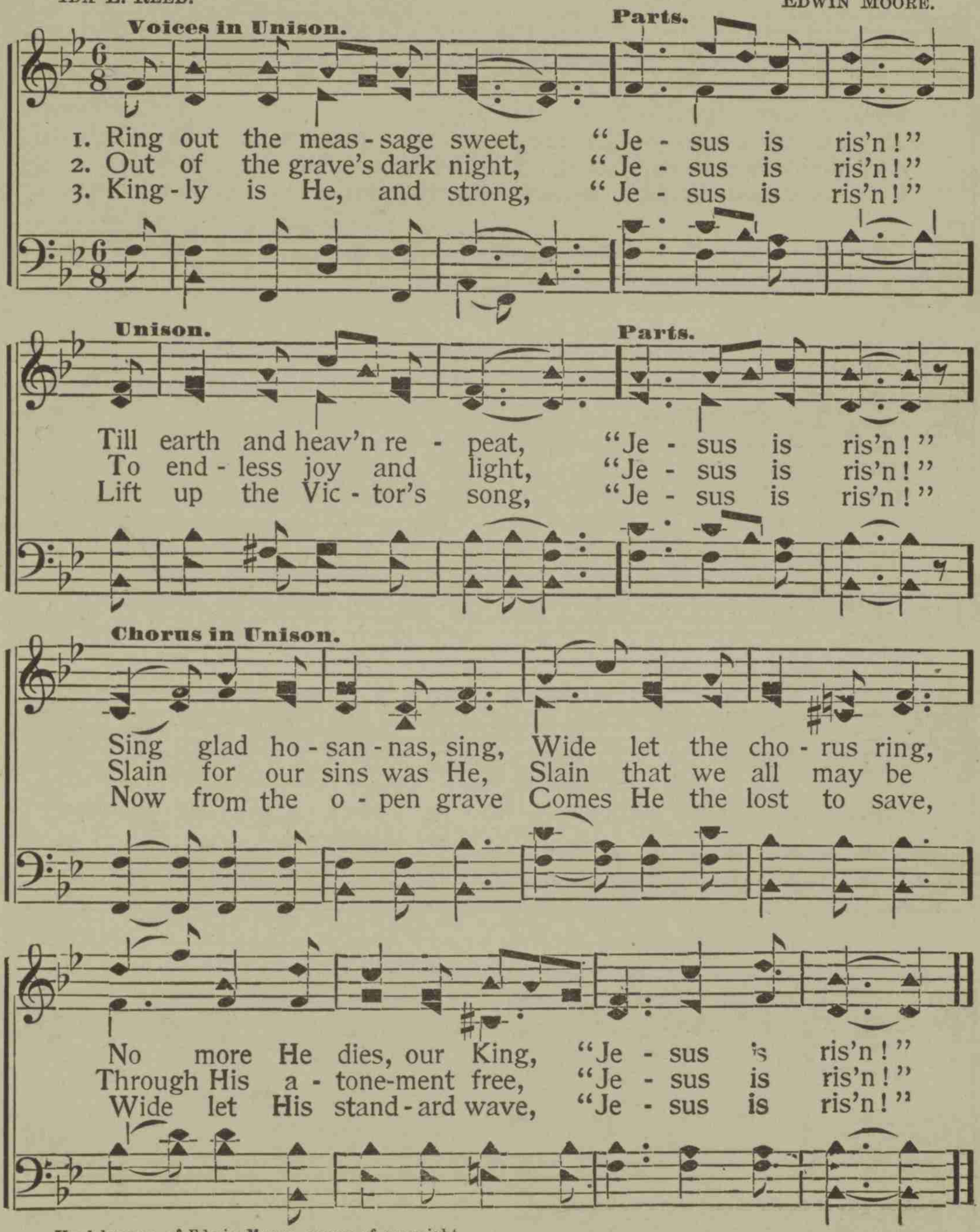
Lift Up Your Hearts. Concluded.



No. 152. Ring Out The Message Sweet.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.



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No. 153. Glory to God.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Glo - ry to God, hear the glad song ring, Un - to the earth there is
2. Glo - ry to God, let each heart up - lift, Praise, a - dor - a - tion for
3. Glo - ry to God, for the Prince of Peace, Thanks for His mercies that
4. Glo - ry to God, let each knee bow down, Yield Him His place and His

born a King, Send out the tid - ings a - far, a - far, An - gels pro-
this His gift, Gra-cious, un-speak-a - ble, His own Son, Giv - en that
ne'er shall cease, Wondrous re-demp-tion to man He brings, Christ, the Mes-
king - ly crown, Might-y He com - eth the lost to save, King of all

CHORUS.

claim it from star to star.
we may to heav'n be won. Glo - ry to God! hail the King new born.
si - ah, the King of kings.
king, let His stan-dard wave.

Send out the tid - ings this ho - ly morn, Till all the world
swells the glad re - frain, Je - sus has come a King to reign.

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No. 154. The Golden Rule.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye ev n so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."—MATT. 7: 12.

MISS A. ROSALTHE CAREY. B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful rule re - plete With the love of a
2. In its keep - ing is great re - ward, For its words are of
3. They who keep it no trust be - tray, They are mer - ci - ful,
4. They who keep it heed wisdom's call;— Will you heed it and

won-drous school, 'Tis so pre-cious and pure and sweet That we
price - less worth; They who learn it o - bey the Lord, For He
true and kind; Tears of sor - row they seek to stay, And their
keep it too? It is on ly to do by all As you'd

REFRAIN.

call it the gold - en rule. Then practice the gold-en rule...,
taught it him - self on earth.
conscience is well re - fined.
wish all to do by you. golden rule,

For 'twas brought from a won-der - ful school;..... Then practice the heav-en - ly school;

gold - en rule,..... For 'twas brought from a heav-en - ly school.
gold-en rule,

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No. 155. My Mother's Grave.*

(In memory of my mother, who died May 14 1891.)

J. B. M. JOSEPH B. MOON.

SOLO.

1. I'm think - ing of that sad, sad day On which my moth-er
2. I've stood be-side her new-made grave, Looked at the white head
3. If I should live thro' decades yet, I'll hon - or to the

died; How ma - ny years will pass a - way Till
stone, And thought what pleasure her life gave To
end My moth - er dear, and ne'er for - get That

I sleep by her side? How ma - ny years of fleet-ing
us, now sad and lone; I've thought how fond-ly she ca-
she was my best friend; No oth - er one can be so

*This touching song was composed just a short while before Mr. Moon's death.

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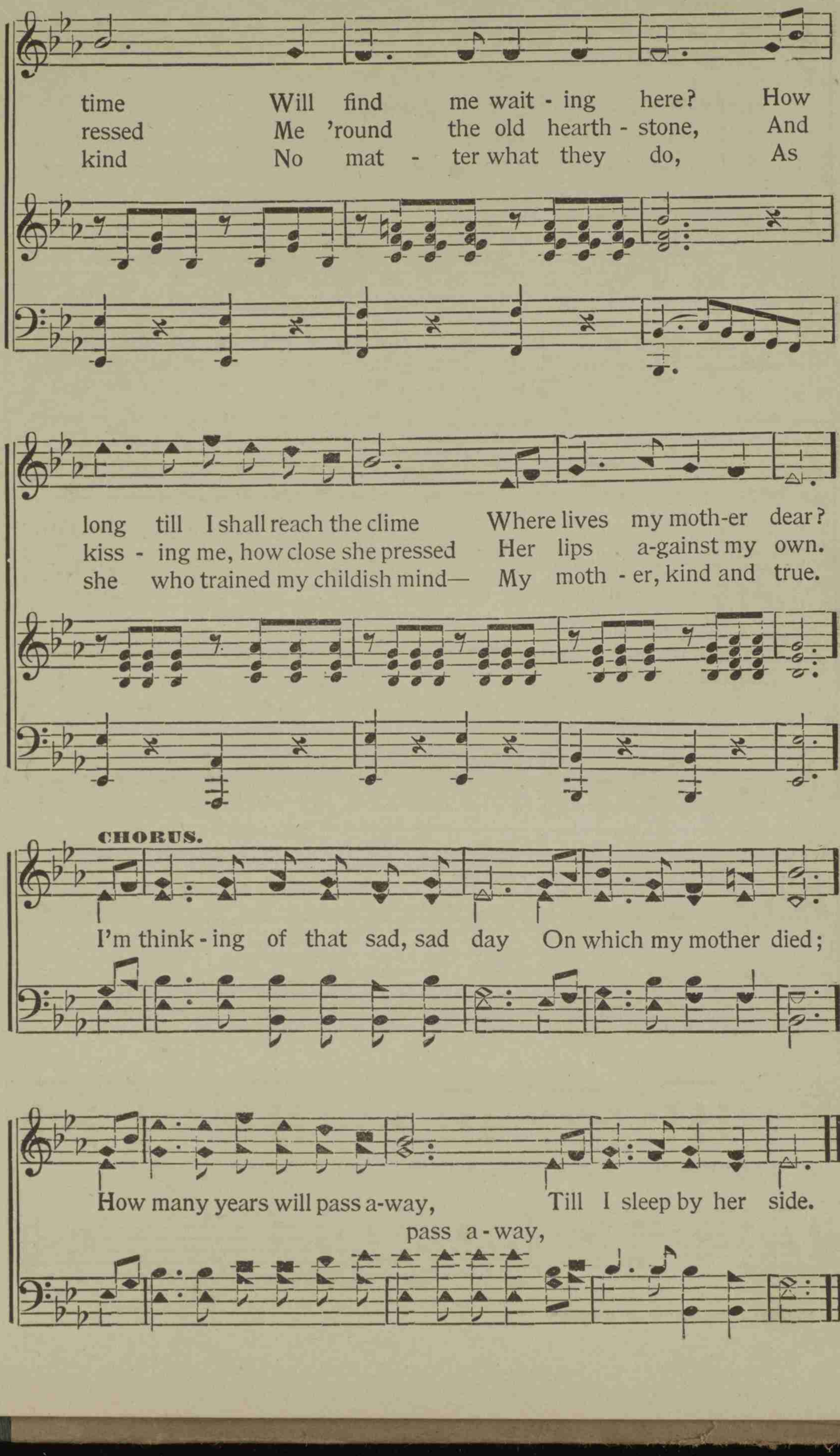
My Mother's Grave. Concluded.



No. 156. Beautiful Homeland.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. A cit - y a - waits us we soon shall be - hold, Whose walls are of jas - per, whose streets are of gold, Not half of its glo - ries have ev - er been told.
2. The friends that we love who have gone on be - fore Now wait for our com - ing on yon-der bright shore, Where day nev - er fades, tears may fall nev - er more. Blessed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.
3. Oh, homeland! dear homeland tho', eye hath not seen, And sometimes the shad - ow - y clouds in - ter - vene, Thy light we'll be - hold and thy pas-tures so green gone to pre - pare, Blessed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

D. S.—place our dear Sav-iour has

Fine.

CHORUS.

Oh, I long, yes, I long there to dwell,..... Mid the pleas-ures no mor - tal can tell,..... In the

there to dwell, no mor - tal can tell,

D. S.

Copyright, 1901, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 157. The Harp of Life.

JENNIE WILSON. S. A. BEALL.

1. Like a harp our lives send forth music sweet Or but rude, discordant strains,
2. Let the cheering mu - sic of faith ring clear, Strike the chords of victory,
3. With your living harps ev - er glo - ri - fy Him who shed His blood for you,
4. Let the lands of e - vil no harsh tones wake To in-cite to harm and strife,

With the Master's praise let them be re-plete As we lift up glad re-frains.
Till your mel-o-dy doubting souls shall hear, And from fear shall be made free.
As you journey on to the land on high, Let this sound be pure and true.
For the Master's glo - ry sweet music wake On the sa-cred harps of life.

REFRAIN.

Tune the harps of life to our Master's praise, Let no false notes thereon resound,

Find a ho - ly gladness in the earth-ly days As His grace and love a-bound.

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No. 158. The Wonderful Story.

MAUD SIMS. B. B. BEALL.

1. Tell me a-gain of that beau-ti-ful home Je-sus has gone to pre-
2. Tell me a-gain that no sickness e'er comes In-to that home of the
3. Tell me a-gain that His love is the light, Darkness will never come
4. Tell me a-gain that He rose from the dead, Went to His Fa-ther on

pare, That we in sor-row no lon-ger may roam In that blest
blest, That He is com-ing to gath-er His own, Take them at
there; Day ev-er-last-ing shall ban-ish the night, Pleasures shall
high, That He is com-ing to take us there, too, In that sweet,

REFRAIN.

cit-y up there,
last to His rest.
ban-ish all care.
sweet "By and By."

Won-der-ful sto-ry! Won-der-ful sto-ry!

Je-sus is com-ing, com-ing in glo-ry, Com-ing to gath-er His

jew-els, His own, Take them in joy to His beau-ti-ful home.

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No. 159. The Willow and the Oak.

J. B. BEALL. Matt, 23:12, 5:3, 5; Rom. 12:13: Ps. 51:17 B. B. BEALL.

1. I saw, when the winds swept o-ver the mead, The willow that stands by the brook, Bending low, as, with pit-i-less force, the storm Threw down the un-bend-ing oak.
2. The storm had pass'd by, the wil-low up-rose, Her branches in beau-ty out-spread: But the mon-arch of trees, in His pride cast down, Lay prone on the earth and dead. Bend low till the storm passeth o-ver;
3. Oh, Christian, look up! life's storms will soon pass; Re-joice ye with sor-row low bow'd; Our Lord in His hand holds the light'ning's shaft, His smile is be-hind the cloud.
4. And thou, who art proud, oh turn ye in time, Nor fall as the des-o-late tree! God's mer-cy, His in-fi-nite love are thine, A-wait-ing, in-vit-ing thee.

REFRAIN.

The sun will shine out by and by; Bend low till the storm pass-eth o-ver, And the stars twink-le out in the sky.

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No. 160. Sunlight and Song.

IDA L. REED. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Sun-light on the hills is break-ing, All the world to
2. Floods of gold - en light are streaming, Where the fra - grant
3. Earth her song of praise is sing - ing, Sweet and clear the

mu - sic wak - ing; Hear the hap - py, hap-py song. All earth's
flowers are gleam-ing; Pre - cious jew - els hid-den deep 'Mid the
notes are ring - ing, To the star - ry skies a - bove. This the

voi - ces sweet are sing-ing, Hear the might - y anthem ringing
grass - es in the meadow, 'Neath the woodland's cool, sweet shadow,
one great theme, the sto-ry, God is love and light and glo-ry,

CHORUS.

Thro' the hills and vales a - long. Bless - ed sun - light, happy
Where the gen-tle breez - es sweep.
Yea, our God, our God is love. Bless-ed sun-light,

song, Shine and ring earth's ways a - long, Brighten
hap - py song, Shine and ring, and ring earth's ways along,

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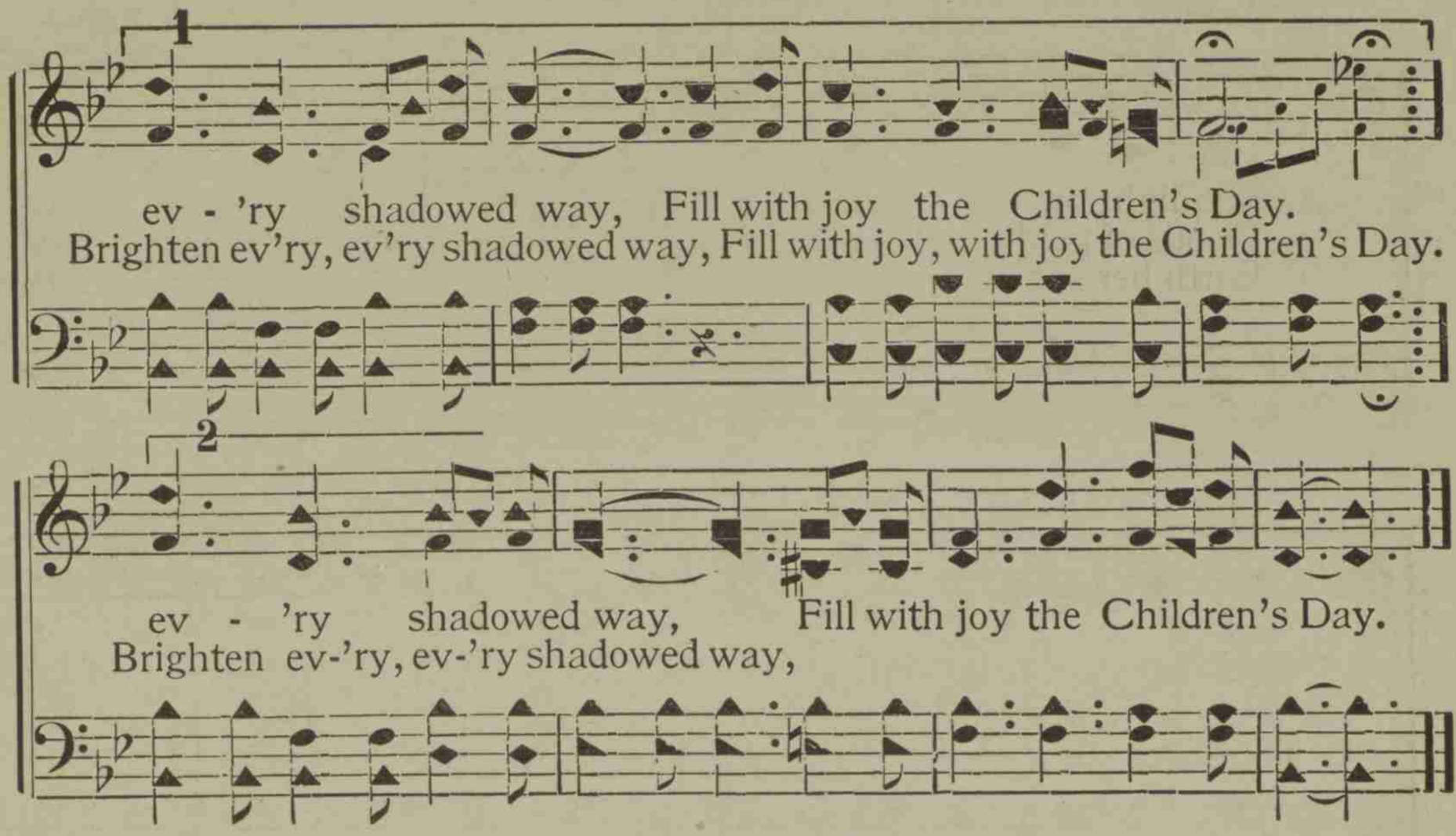
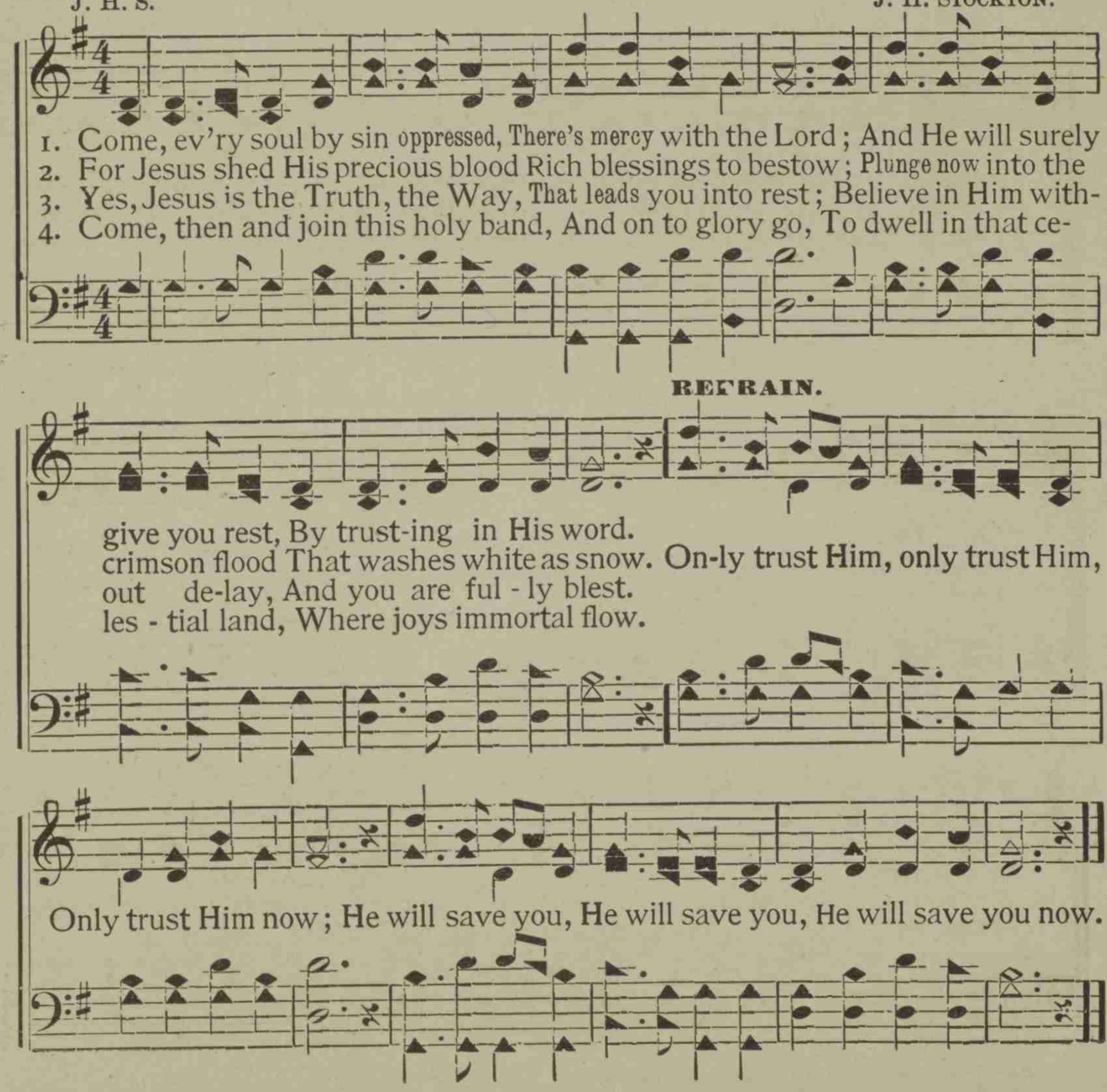
Sunlight and Song. Concluded.

No. 161 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 162. We Shall Not Sleep Forever.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Firmly.

1. We shall not sleep for - ev - er with - in the si - lent grave, A
2. We shall not sleep for - ev - er, but like the seed we sow These
3. We shall not sleep for - ev - er, a bet - ter hope is ours, A

day of res - ur-rec-tion fair will come, When God shall clothe in raiment white the
bod-ies shall be fashioned o'er a-new, And then redeemed and glo-ri-fied to
hope of heav'n and ev-er-lasting bliss; Our souls shall rise and mount above Je-

souls to us He gave, And He'll take us to His ev - er - last - ing home.
heav - en we shall go And for ev - er-more the changeless glo-ry view.
ru - sa-lem's fair tow'rs, And up there we'll see our Saviour as He is.

CHORUS.

We shall not sleep..... for - ev - er,
for - ev - er, we shall a-wake a - gain, a - wake a - gain,

We shall not sleep..... for - ev - er,
for - ev - er, we shall a-wake a-gain, a-wake a - gain,

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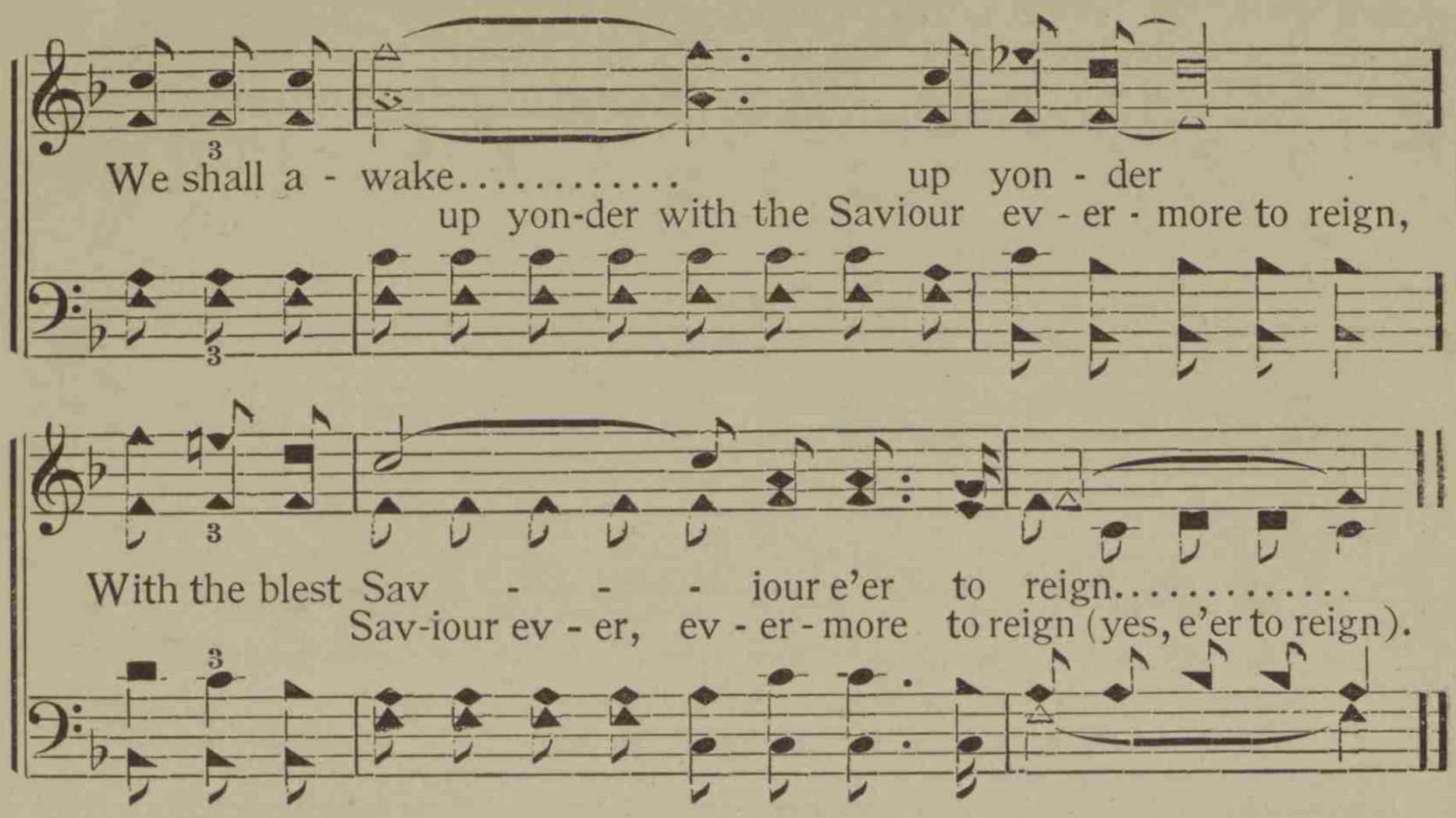
We Shall Not Sleep Forever. Concluded.



No. 163. Let It Make Thee Whole.

F. R. HAVERGAL. JUDSON Q. MONK.

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No. 164. More Like Thee.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, More like Thee from
2. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, Pure with-out and
3. More like Thee, O Sav-iour, let me be, All my pil - grim

day to day; Nev - er let me from Thy foot-steps stray, Keep me
pure with - in; Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the
journ-ey through; Meek and lowly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy

REFRAIN.

in the nar - row way. More like Thee, More like
crown of life would win.
self in all I do. More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like
Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee; By Thy
Thee, yes, more like Thee,
grace, Oh, let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

Used by per.

No. 165. I'll Sing My Temptations Away.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. I'll sing my temptations a - way, For tho' they be art-ful and strong,
2. When worldly allurements are strong, To Christ in my weakness I'll flee,
3. When tempests within and without Suggest that my faith is all wrong,
4. And when all temptations are o'er, A song of redemption I'll sing.

I'll sing of One stronger than they, And sing till they flee from my song.
And find in His presence a song, And sing the temptations from me.
I'll sing till grim shadows of doubt Are lost in the sunlight of song.
And swell on the heav-en-ly shore, The prais-es of Je-sus my King.

CHORUS.

I'll sing,..... I'll sing,..... I'll
I'll sing of my Sav-iour, I'll sing of my Sav - iour; I'll

I'll sing,.....
sing of my Sav-iour all day (all day). I'll sing my temp-ta-tions, I'll

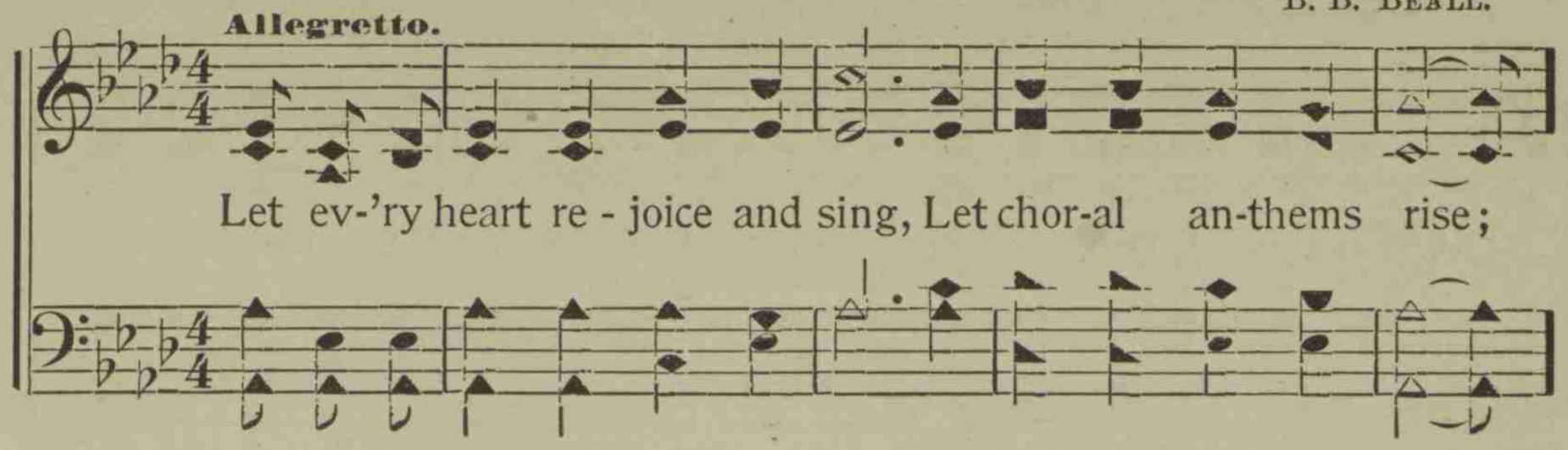
Repeat Chorus softly.

sing,.....
sing my temp-ta-tions, I'll sing my temp-ta - tions a - way (a-way).

By permission

No. 166. Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing.

B. B. BEALL.



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Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing. Continued.

With songs and honor sounding loud, With songs and hon-or sounding loud,

Rit.

The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise;

m A tempo.

f

While the rocks and the rills, while the vales and the hills A

m

glo - rious an - them raise; While the rocks and the rills, while the

f

Rit. e dim.

m A tempo.

vales and the hills A glo-rious an - them raise. Let each pro-

Let Every Heart Rejoice and Sing. Concluded.

long the grate-ful song, And the God of our fa - thers
grate - ful song,

f **Allegro.**

praise, Let each pro - long the grate - ful song, And the
grate - ful song,

Accelerando.

God of our fa - thers praise, While the rocks and the

rills, while the vales and the hills....

Rit. e dim.

A glo-rious an-them raise, A glo-rious an - them raise. A - men.

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