GOSPEL HERALD

SHAPED NOTES

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GOSPEL HERALD

A Choice Collection of

GOSPEL SONGS

suitable for use in

Churches, Sunday-Schools, Singing Conventions, and all other religious gatherings.

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PREFACE.

Gladly lift your voice in praise
Of Christ, the mighty King above,
Sing to Him in joyful lays,—
Peal forth the tidings of His love;
Extol Him as the Prince of Peace,
Let not your happy carols cease.

Herald forth His pow'r to save,
Ev'rywhere, through all the world;
Raise His banner, let it wave
Always, may it ne'er be furled;
Let cheerful songs, we now implore,
Dwell in your hearts forevermore.

We deem a lengthy preface unnecessary, and we have no apology to offer for the appearance of Gospel Herald. But confidently believing it to be the best book we have yet issued, we hope that it may be as well received as any of our former publications; and that it may be, in the hands of godly men and women, a means for the accomplishment of great good in the Master's name.

Sincerely,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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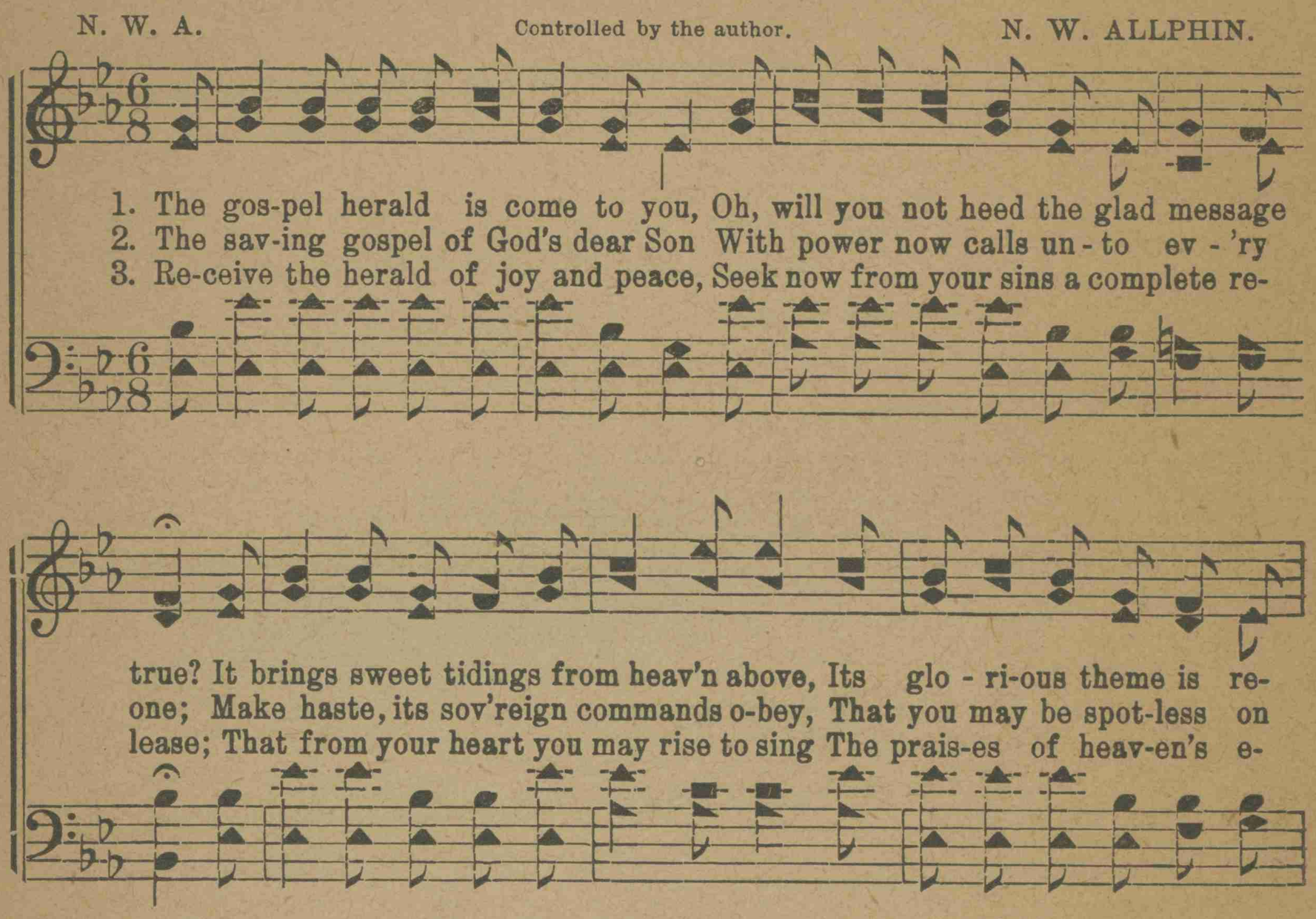
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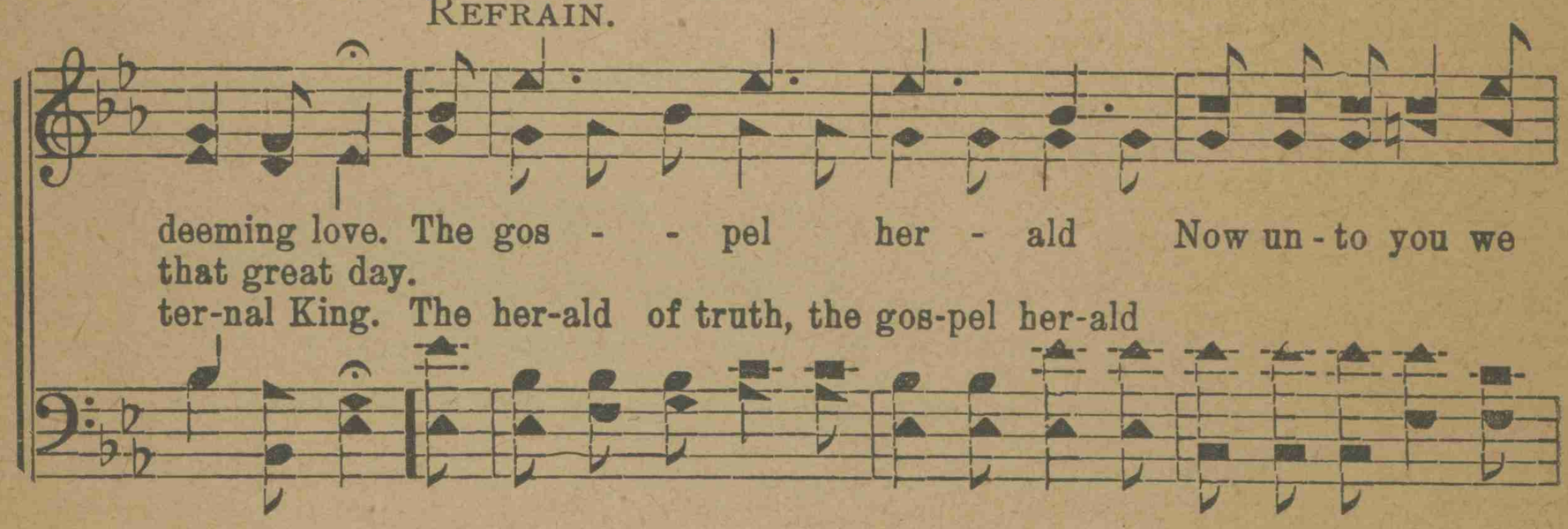
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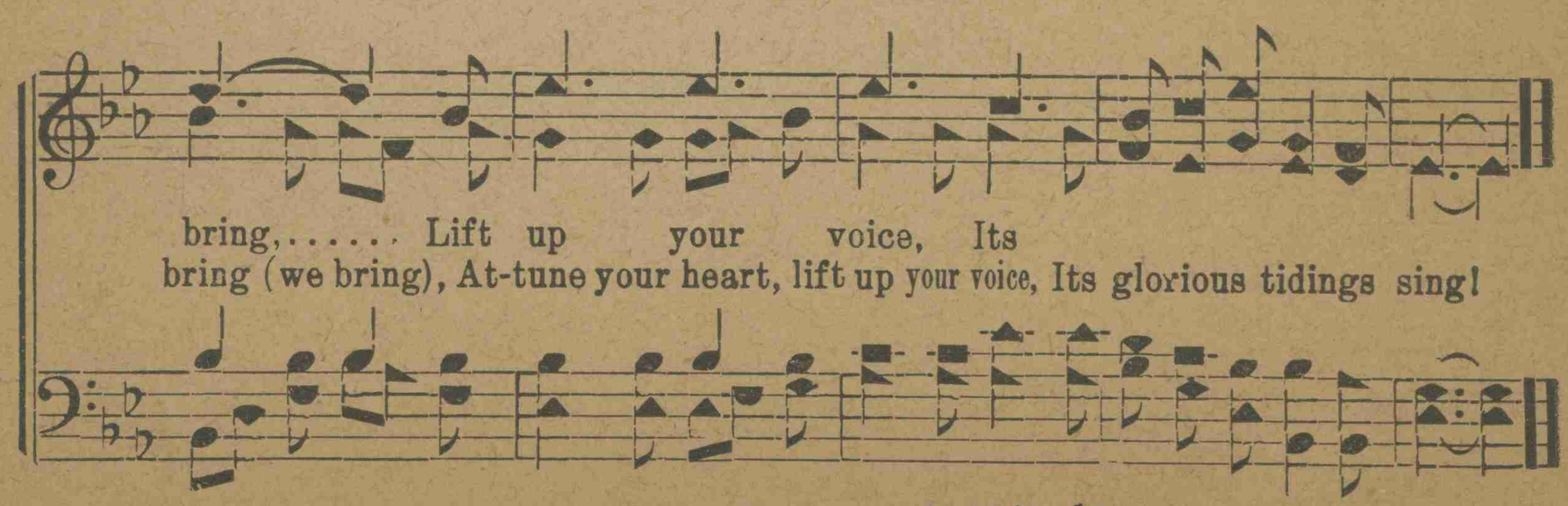
No. 1. The Gospel Herald.

N. W. A. Controlled by the author. N. W. ALLPHIN.



REFRAIN.





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No. 2. Wondrous Love.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us."—1 JOHN 3: 1.

J. B. FRANKLIN. J. E. THOMAS.

1. Come, view the cross where Je-sus died, By cru - el hands was cru - ci - fied;
2. The sweet - est song on mor - tal tongue, Or earth-ly voic - es ev - er sung,
3. No oth - er One in heav'n-ly bliss Could e'er con-ceive a love like this;

O wondrous tho't, how could it be That He should die..... for
Is of the One of Cal - va - ry, Who gives to all..... sal-
He left His home in glo - ry there And came to earth..... our

That He, the bless-ed Son of God, should
Who gives to all who hum-bly ask sal-
And came to earth from heav'n above our

CHORUS.

e - ven me? A-lone, a - lone..... on Cal - va - ry,.....
va - tion free.
sins to bear. a-lone, a-lone on Cal-va - ry,

die for me?
va - tion free.
sins to bear.

He bore the shame and mis - er - y; O wondrous love, how could it be

That He should die..... for e - ven me (for e - ven me)?
That He, the bless - ed Son of God, should die for me?.....

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No. 3. Seeking the Glory Land.

Copyright, 1915, by W. J. Laney. Words and Music by W. J. LANEY.

1. Seek a land of prom-ise, sing a - long your way, Let the Sav-ior
2. Seek a land of prom-ise on the oth - er side, There we'll be u -
3. Seek a land of prom-ise, that is rich and rare, We shall meet our

lead you on day by day; Seek a land of promise that's beyond your
nit - ed, all glo - ri - fied; Seek a land of promise rough tho' be the
loved ones, all ov - er-there; Seek a land of promise where the Sav-ior's

view, Pray the blessed Mas-ter your strength renew. Seek - -
road, Rest a-waits the wear-y, thou blest a - bode. Seeking a land,
gone, There the ho - ly an - gels vie 'round the throne.

CHORUS.

Land that's rich

ing a land, bright glo - ry land,
the bright glo-ry land, Seeking a land, the bright glo-ry land,

with corn and wine; Heav'nly mansions shall be mine,

Seek - ing a land,
Seeking a land, the bright glory land, Seek-ing the glo-ry land.

glo-ry, glo-ry, All be thine,

No. 4. Walking With My Lord.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Jno. A. Holley, owner. JNO. A. HOLLEY.

1. I am walk-ing in the counsel of my Lord each day, Ev - er trust-ing in His mer-cy and His love; He has promised grace to help me
2. I am tell - ing out the sto - ry of His grace so free, Bidding oth-ers seek His blessings here to know; Never would I cease to love Him
3. Yes, I'm basking in the sunlight of His lov - ing smile, Resting sweet-ly on the promise of the Son; I've the promise of His presence

:S:

all a-long the way, As I jour-ney to the glo-rious land of bliss a - bove. Walk - ing with my Lord each day, yes, trav - where I go.
who hath first loved me, And 'tis joy to me to tell it ev - 'ry - life is done. Walking, walking trav'ling, trav-
thro' each wea-ry mile, And a home in heav'n e-ter-nal when this *will be mine.*

D. S.—*Sure that when this life is o - ver heav - en*

FINE. CHORUS.

'ling on the up-ward way; Up - on.....His promise I re-cline,
Up-on

D. S.

No. 5. In the Same Old Gospel Way.

N. W. ALLPHIN. C. J. Hamrick, owner. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. In the same old gos - pel way, As in ear - ly Christians' day, We are walk - ing where Je - sus the Mas - ter trod; We are tell - ing of His love,
2. In the same old gos - pel way, We will preach and sing and pray, Leaning on - ly on Je - sus the might- y Lord; From His boun - ty we'd be fed,
3. In the same old gos - pel way, Seeking those who've gone astray, Tell-ing them the glad sto - ry of sav - ing grace; Bid - ding them for-sake their sin,

Pointing oth - er souls above, Bidding them to come and walk in the light of God.
By His lov- ing hand be led, Ev - er trusting in the prom-is-es of His word.
And a bet - ter life be - gin, Trusting God for strength to win in the Christian race.

D. S.—*As we trav - el here below, In the same old way, the beautiful gospel way.*

CHORUS.

In the same old beau - ti - ful, glo - ri - ous gos - pel way, We are walk- ing stead - i - ly day by day; And our hope doth brighter grow,

No. 6. Sweeter Grows the Name of Jesus.

C. V. C. Covered by Publisher's copyright. C. V. CCX.

1. Sweeter grows the name of Jesus, As I trav-el on life's way,
   Oh, the joy that there awaits me, When my Lord I shall embrace,
2. Sweeter grows the name of Jesus, He's my Saviour, King and Lord;
   Lead me on, Oh, gen-tle Sav-iour, To that land so fair and bright,
3. Sweeter grows the name of Jesus, Brighter gleams that heav'nly face;
   Sweeter vis-ions of the heav'nly, Growing dear-er on my way,

1

And each day the path grows brighter To that home of endless day;
And each day He gen-tly leads me Thro' the precepts of His Word;
Sweet-er joys each day still brings me, Giv-en by re-deem-ing grace;

2

And no sor-row there for-ev-er Will be shown upon my face.
Where the shades of night ne'er cometh To the soul that lives a-right.
Deeper faith in Him who leads me On to glo-ry day by day.

CHORUS.

Lead me on, O gen-tle Sav-iour, To that land so fair and bright;

Where the shade of night ne'er cometh, And thy face shines as the light.

No. 7. Sweeter as the Years Go Drifting By.

J. E. T. Words and music copyrighted 1915, by J. E. Thomas. J. E. THOMAS.

1. Je - sus Christ, the mighty one is pass-ing by, To Him your vow re-
2. Show'rs of bless-ing now are fall-ing from on high, Refreshing souls a-
3. If you have a loved one, or a friend so dear Now wan-der-ing a-

new, and ev - er then be true In His blessed serv-ice, For it sweet-er
new for work they need to do In the Master's precious name, Which sweeter
way, go bring them back to-day, Make your life a blessing That will sweeter

REFRAIN.

grows, Sweeter as the years go by. Sweet-er as the years go
grows,
grow, drifting by.

drifting by, Sweet-er as the years go drift-ing by, Working for my
by, by,

Sav-iour sweet - er grows, Sweet-er as the years go by.
drift-ing by.

No. 8. I Will Follow Jesus.

Controlled by the author.

Words and music by T. S. COBB.

1. I will fol - low Je-sus on thro' peace and strife; By His ho - ly
2. I will fol - low Je-sus an - y - where He leads, For the Bi - ble
3. I will fol - low Je-sus, striv-ing ev - 'ry day, To bring oth - er

word I've found e - ter - nal life; Once I walked in darkness, now in
tells me He'll sup-ply my needs; What a price-less treasure, true and
lost ones to the liv - ing way; Sing - ing of His goodness and His

FINE.

faith I cling To God's gift, the Bi - ble, and His prais-es sing.
faith - ful guide, In its truths so per-fect, ev - er I'll con-fide.
won-drous love, I will walk the path that leads to heav'n a-bove.

D. S.—*For He'll ev - er guide me in the nar-row way.*

CHORUS.

I will fol - low Je-sus thro' my tri - als all, Knowing He'll uphold me

D. S.

what-so - e'er be-fall; I will fol-low Je-sus and His laws o - bey,

No. 9. He's so Sweet to Me.

Copyright, 1913, by Samuel W. Beazley. The Quartet Music Co., owners.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Slow.

1. With my Re- deemer I am liv- ing, Be-cause His own I wish to be;
2. He found me burdened and despairing, And from my fet - ters set me free;
3. I'm on the love- lit hill of blessing, And in my sky no cloud I see;
4. Some gold-en dawn I'll tell my sto - ry To an - gels, by the crys- tal sea;

More love each day to Him I'm giv - ing, For He is al-ways sweet to me.
Since then for me He has been car-ing, And, oh, He is so sweet to me.
My faith and love I am ex-press-ing, For Je - sus is so sweet to me.
There I shall share the end- less glo - ry Of Him who is so sweet to me.

CHORUS.

He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis joy so close to Him to be! My voice I raise
He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis joy so near Him to be! My voice I raise

Molto rit.

in hap - py praise, For my Sav-iour is so sweet to me.
in hap - py praise,

After last stanza repeat chorus *pp*.

10. At the Marriage Supper of the Lamb!

TILLIT S. TEDDLIE. VIRGIL O. TEDDLIE.

1. What rejoic-ing 'round the throne of the "King of kings," When the church, the royal
2. What a gath'ring that will be when the trumpet sounds, And the an - gel says that
3. Ev - 'ry na-tion, tribe and tongue, shall the anthem swell, In the temple where the

bride shall ap-pear! All the courts of heav-en shout-ing with a glad a - men!
time is no more. Then the voice, a-tuned to prais-es; will for - ev - er sing
feast shall be spread, Hal-le - lu-jahs and re - joic - ing with the host of God,

CHORUS.

Shall we be among that number o - ver there? There'll be singing,
In the cho-rus on the hap-py, gold-en shore.
At the glorious marriage supper of the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah,

There'll be sing-ing, (o-ver there) when the ransomed of the earth gather in, There'll be

singing, There'll be singing At the marriage supper of the Lamb!
Hal - le-lu-jah, a-men!

No. 11. Hear the Singing Over There.

A. B. S.

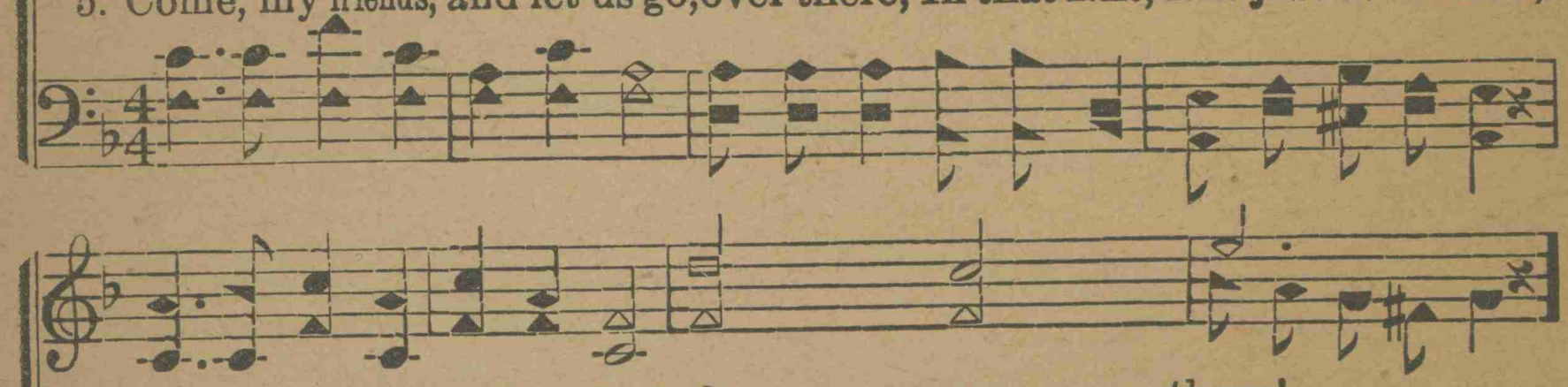
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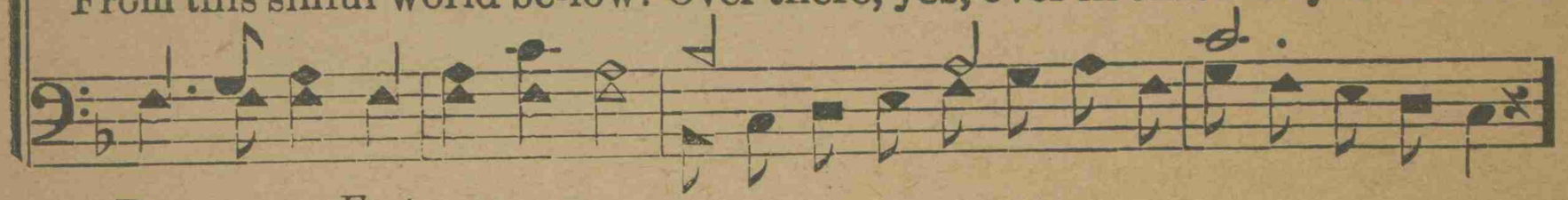
Slowly.



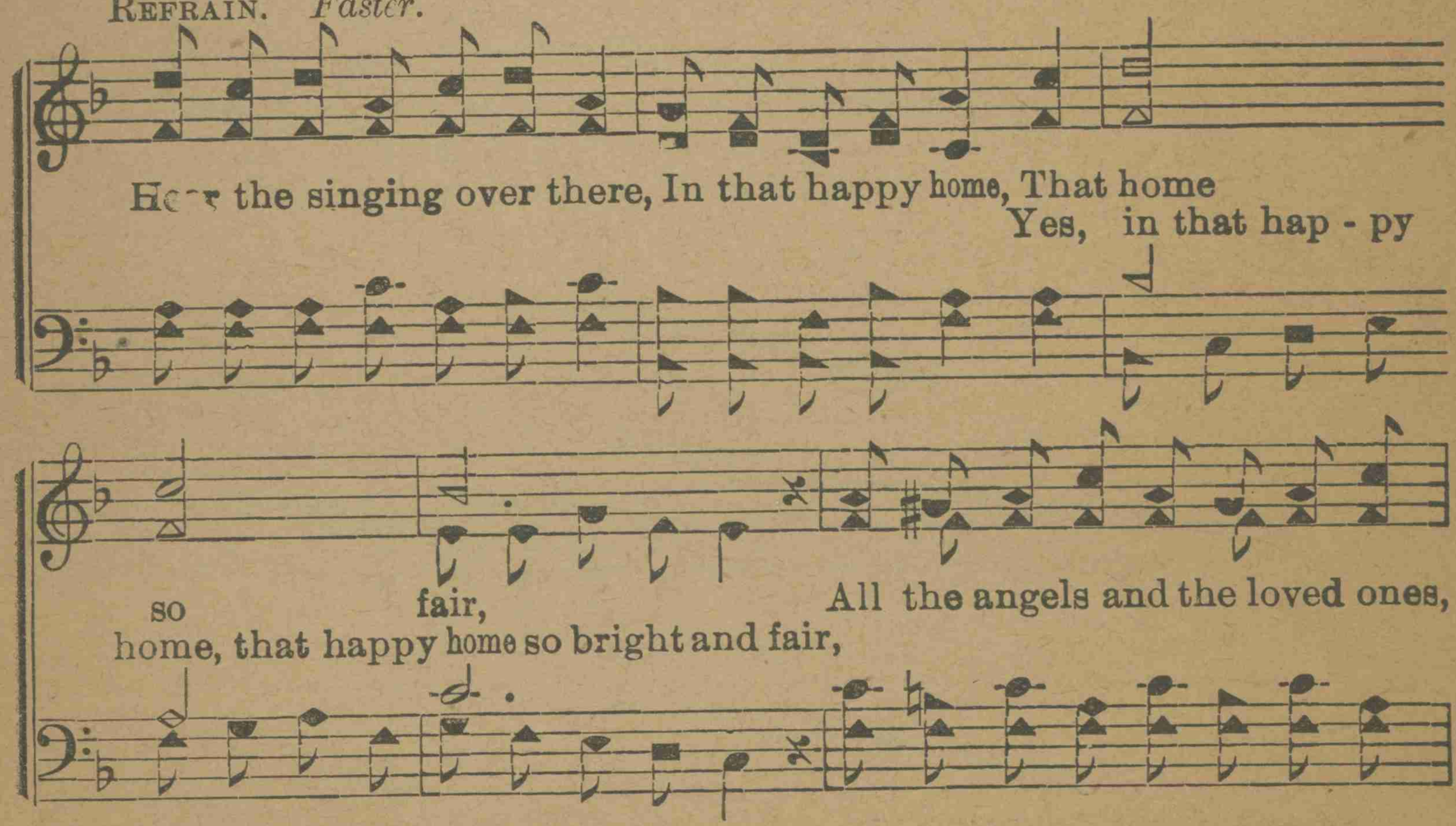
1. Hear the singing far a-way, O - ver there,
2. Seems I hear my loved ones sing,
3. And methinks I hear them say,
4. No more sorrow, no more care,
5. Come, my friends, and let us go, over there, In that home, home just over there,



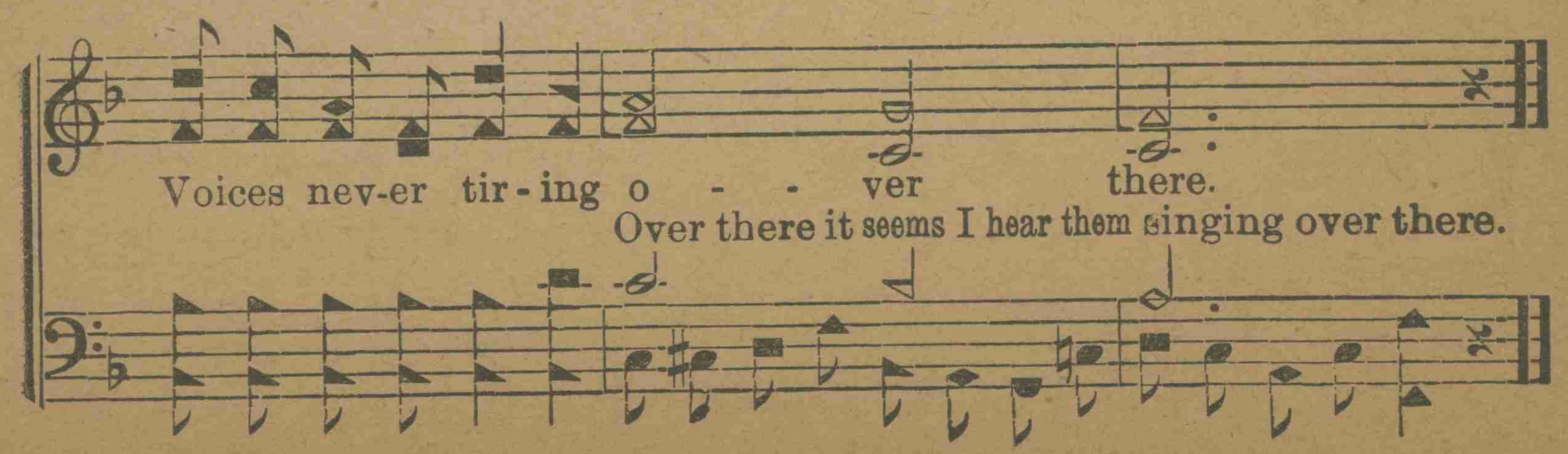
Where there is no ending day! O - - ver there!
Where glad anthems ever ring!
Care-worn pilgrims, come this way!
But e - ter - nal joys to share!
From this sinful world be-low! Over there, yes, over in that home just over there!



REFRAIN. *Faster.*



Hear the singing over there, In that happy home, That home
Yes, in that hap - py
so fair,
All the angels and the loved ones,
home, that happy home so bright and fair,



Voices nev-er tir - ing o - - ver there.
Over there it seems I hear them singing over there.

No. 12. I'll Be No Stranger There.

J. H. ALCORN. Owned by A. B. Sebren. A. B. SEBREN.

1. I'm in the way (I'm in the way), the nar-row way (the nar-row way),
2. The Lord will call (The Lord will call) both great and small (both great and small),
3. My path is bright (My path is bright) my bur-dens light (my bur-dens light),
4. The Saviour stands (My Saviour stands) with out-stretched hands (with out-stretched hands),

To man - sions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair),
To man - sions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair),
I have a home (I have a home) up there (a home up there);
He's call - ing me (He's call - ing me) up there (call - ing up there);

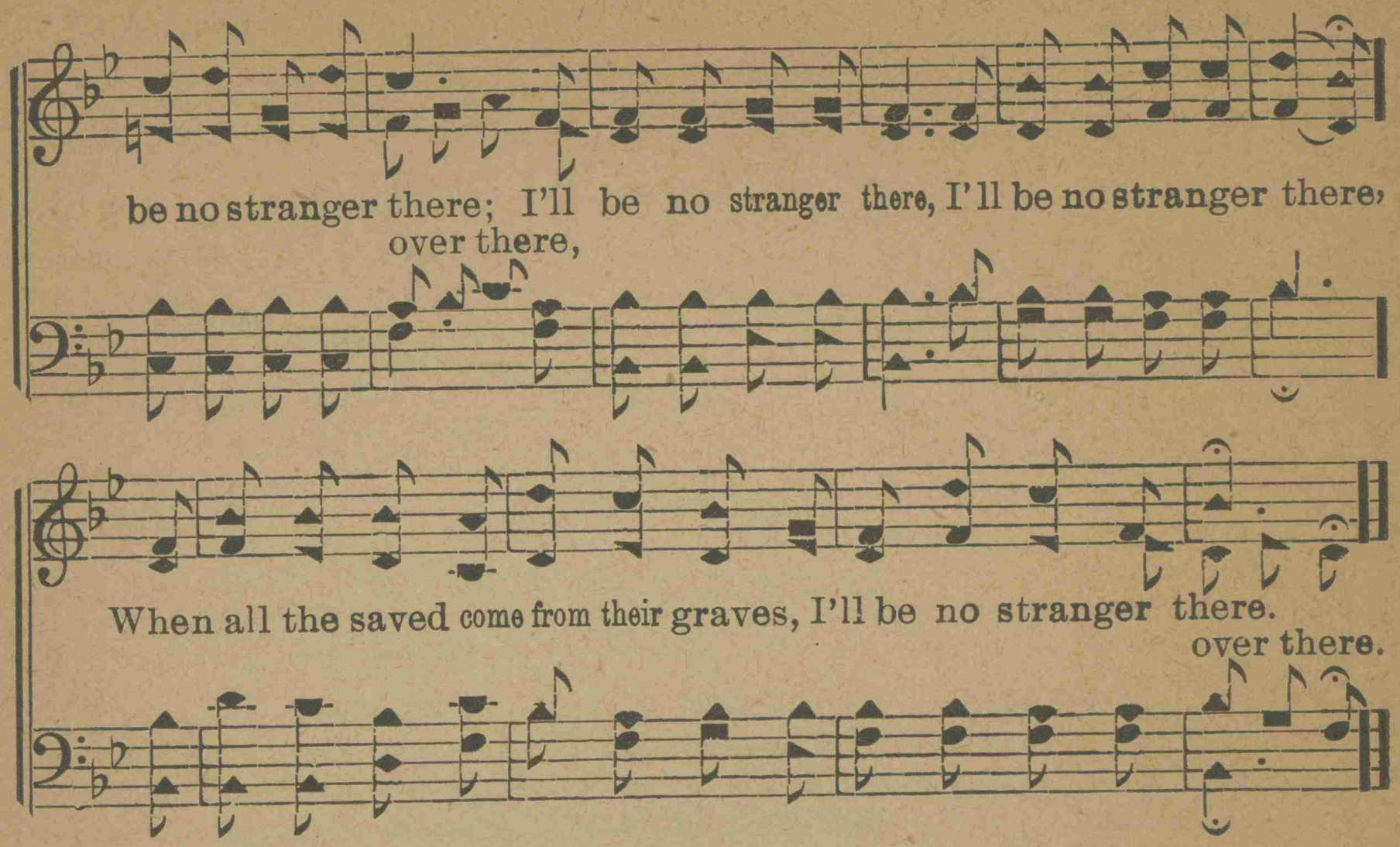
With friends I'll be (With friends I'll be) so glad and free (so glad and free),
To heav'n a - bove (To heav'n a-bove) where all is love (where all is love),
I'll sing His praise (I'll sing His praise) thro' countless days (thro' countless days),
His voice I hear (His voice I hear), I have no fear (I have no fear),

CHORUS.

I'll be no stran - - ger there..... I'll be no stranger
I'll be no stran-ger there, no stranger there.

there, I'll be no stranger there, When all the saved come from their grave, I'll

I'll Be No Stranger There. Concluded.



No. 13. We Shall Meet.

G. R. STREET. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

No. 14. Tell the Sweet Story.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—MARK. 5: 19.

N. W. ALLPHIN. N. W. Allphin owner. H. GRADY MASSEY.

1. Go tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus who came To earth from the
2. Go tell the sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful grace Por-trayed by His
3. Go tell the sweet sto - ry o'er moun-tain and plain, Re - peat it a -

por - tals of glo - ry a - bove; To res - cue the per-ish-ing, praise His dear
death up - on Cal - va - ry's tree; His life as a ran - som He gave for the
gain that the sin - ner may know The price that was paid his re-demp-tion to

REFRAIN.

name, Yes, sing to the world of His won-der - ful love. Go tell..... the sweet
race, That we, from the bondage of sin might be free.
gain,—The fountain to which he, for cleansing must go. it, go tell

sto - ry To sin-ners who've wandered astray;.... Ex - alt His great
sto - ry of love, a - stray;

name, His message proclaim, Go tell the sweet sto-ry to - day.....
to - day.

No. 15. Tell Some One.
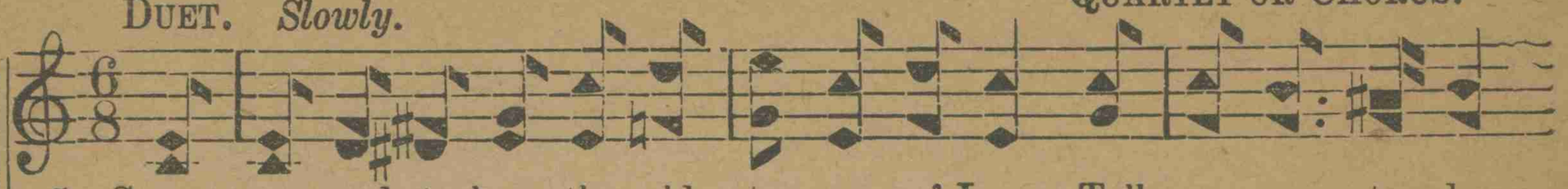
A. O. T.

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Alvis O. Thomas.
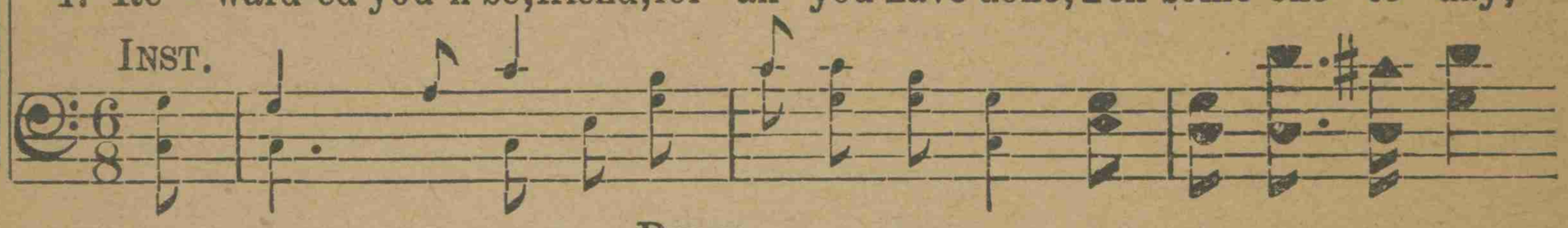
QUARTET OR CHORUS.

DUET. *Slowly.*
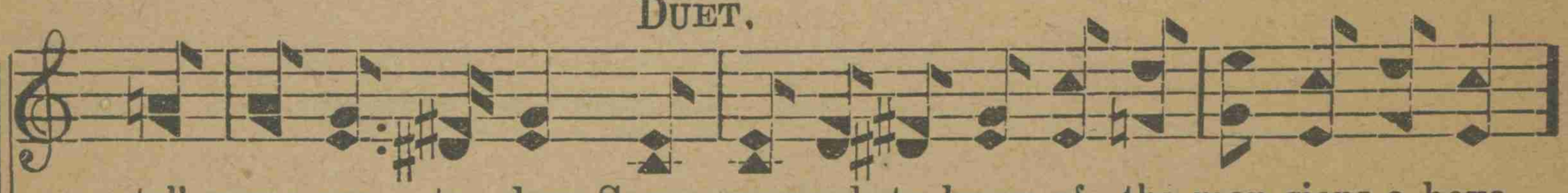


1. Some one needs to hear the old sto - ry of Love, Tell some one to - day,
2. Go out in the by-ways and hedg - es of sin, Tell some one to - day,
3. The Sav-ior is anx-ious for bear - ers of Light, Tell some one to - day,
4. Re - ward-ed you'll be, friend, for all you have done, Tell some one to - day,
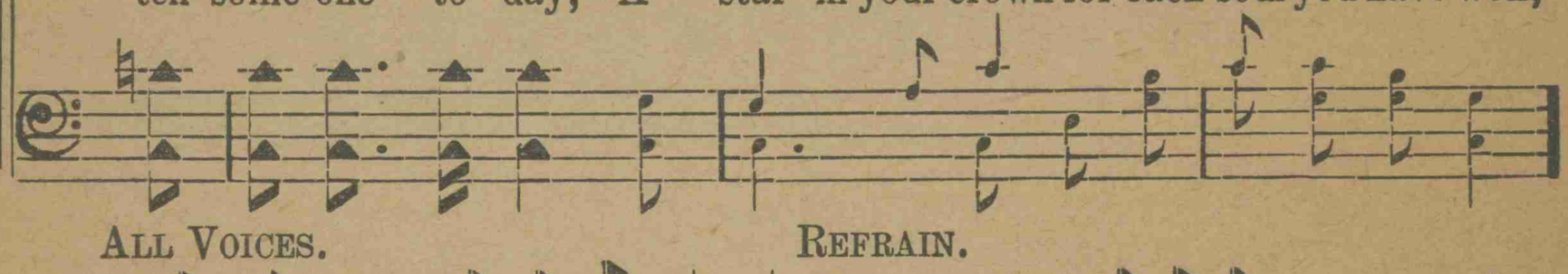
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DUET.

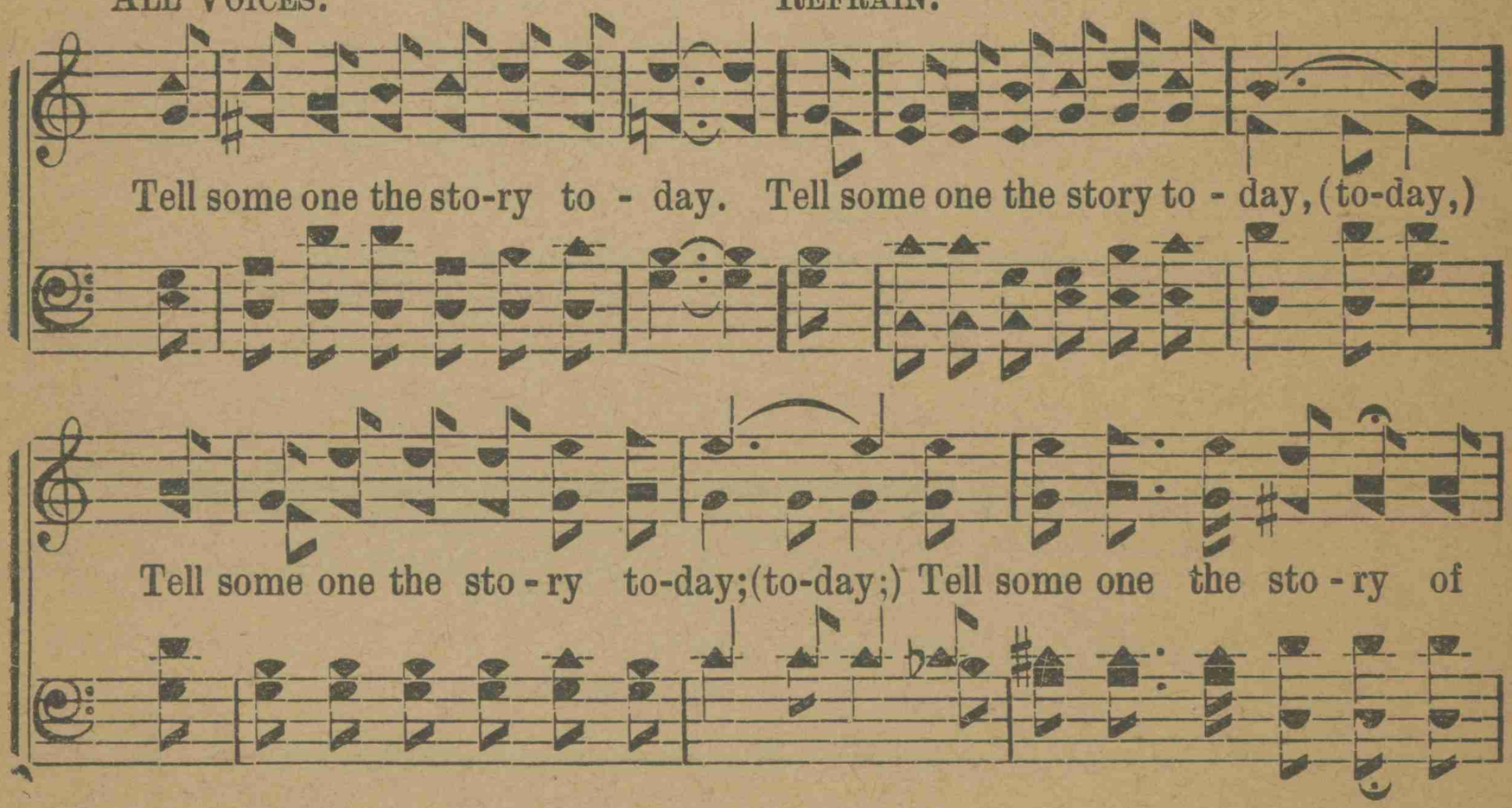


tell some one to - day; Some one needs to know of the man-sions a-bove,
tell some one to - day; Go out with the Love of the Sav - ior of men,
tell some one to - day; Go res - cue the sin - ners ere com-eth the night,
tell some one to - day; A star in your crown for each soul you have won,



ALL VOICES.

REFRAIN.



Tell some one the sto-ry to - day. Tell some one the story to - day, (to-day,)

Tell some one the sto - ry to-day; (to-day;) Tell some one the sto - ry of

Je - sus in glo - ry, Tell some one the sto - ry to - day. . . .
the sto-ry to-day.

No. 16. I'm Clinging to His Hand.

"They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."—Jno. 10: 28.

N. W. A. Copyright, 1916, by N. W. Allphin. N. W. ALLPHIN.

Joyously, but not fast.

1. I am now up - on the road to that hap - py a - bode, Of the
2. Since I've left the road of sin, I have peace now with - in, With the
3. I have joy that will a - bide while I'm cross - ing the tide, Yea, in -

ran - somed on the gold - en strand; And tho' rug - ged be my way,
hosts of God's redeemed I stand; And I'll sing His praise a - new,
creas - ing as the years ex - pand; Tho' op-pressed by ma - ny foes,

I shall reach it some day, For I'm cling - ing to my Saviour's hand.
As my way I pur - sue, For I'm cling - ing to my Saviour's hand.
Still my hope stronger grows, For I'm cling - ing to my Saviour's hand.

D. S.—*For I'm cling-ing to my Saviour's hand.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

I am clinging to my Saviour's hand, Ev - er faith-ful un - to lov - ing hand,
each command; Foes may oft as - sail, Yet they can not pre - vail,

D. S.

*If too low, transpose to B♭.

No. 17. He's Holding On to Me.

WM. C. POOLE. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

1. O how bless - ed 'tis to know, As I jour - ney here be - low,
2. In the glo-rious morn- ing bright, Or the gloom of dark - est night,
3. So I jour - ney on to - day Ev - er hap - py on my way,

Whether out on mountains plain or sea; I've a friend that's true and tried,
Then His hand is gen - tly hold-ing mine; Lest up - on my pil-grim way,
Till with Him in heav- en I shall be; Then I'll meet the lov-ing friend,

Walking ev - er by my side, And a hand that's hold - ing on to me.
I should fal- ter or should stray, Christ is hold - ing with a love di - vine.
Who in love un - to the end, All the way was hold - ing on to me.

CHORUS.

Christ is hold - ing on to me, Hold - ing on to me,
I am hold - ing on to Him, Hold - ing on to Him,

1. 2.

Hold- ing with a love that ne'er lets go;
As I (*Omit*.....) jour- ney here be - low.

No. 18. Give His Soul a Chance.

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—JAMES 5: 20.

JAMES ROWE. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas. F. M. FERRELL.

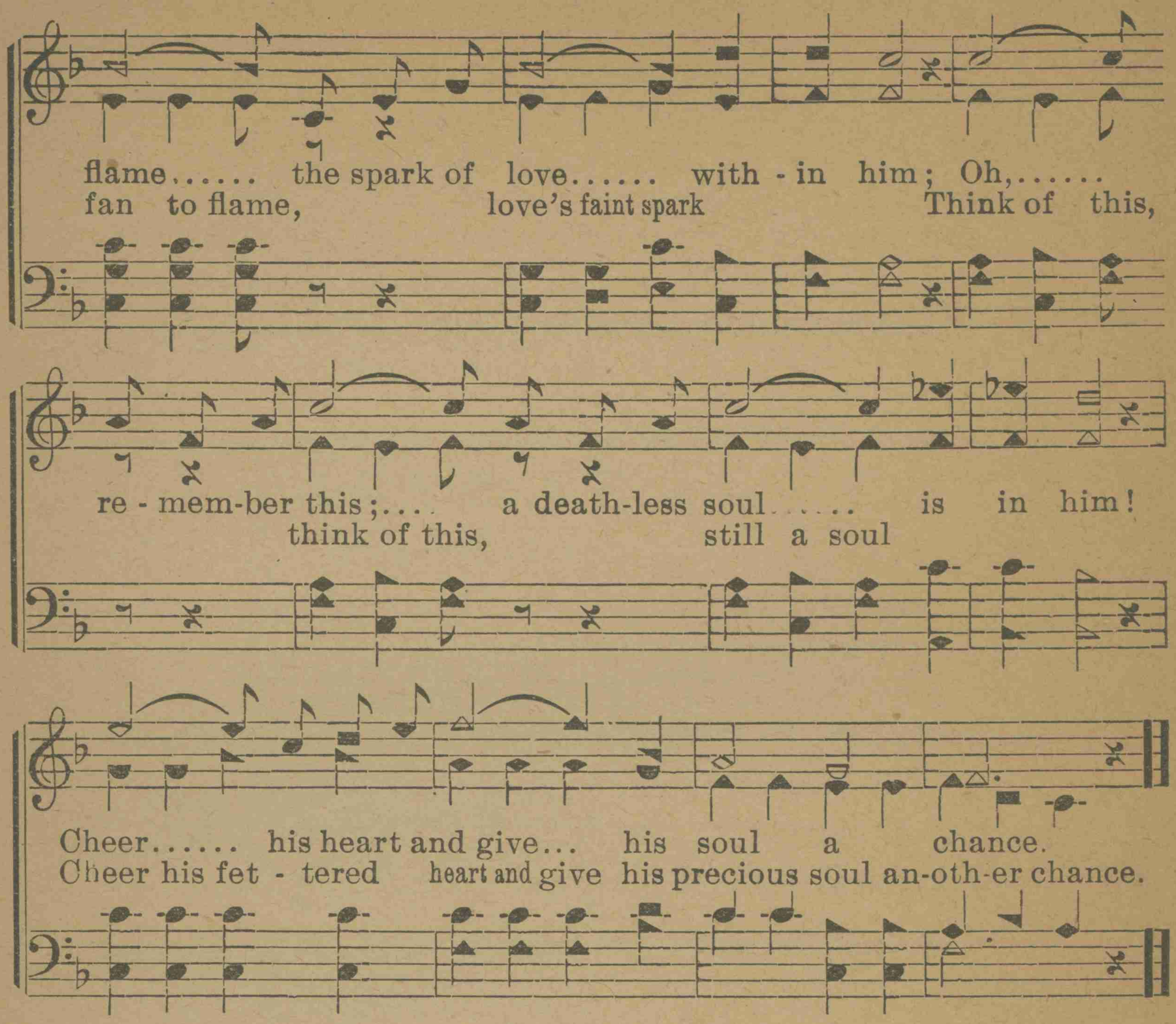
1. When you see a broth-er who has sunk-en far in sin, Try to o - pen his poor heart to let the love-light in; Do not sink him low - er by an an - gry frown or glance, Take his trembling hand in
2. Scorn him not, you do not know what tri-als he has had; Speak a word of cheer to him and try to make him glad; Show to him the bet - ter way and tell him of that Guide Who, to save lost souls like
3. Just a lit - tle word of love may change his wayward life; Just an an - gry word or frown may stir to use-less strife; Just a lit - tle help from you may help the Lord to win Some one from the downward

CHORUS.

yours and give his soul a chance. Give..... his soul a chance!....
his, so free - ly bled and died.
way, a pre-cious soul from sin. Give his soul one more chance,

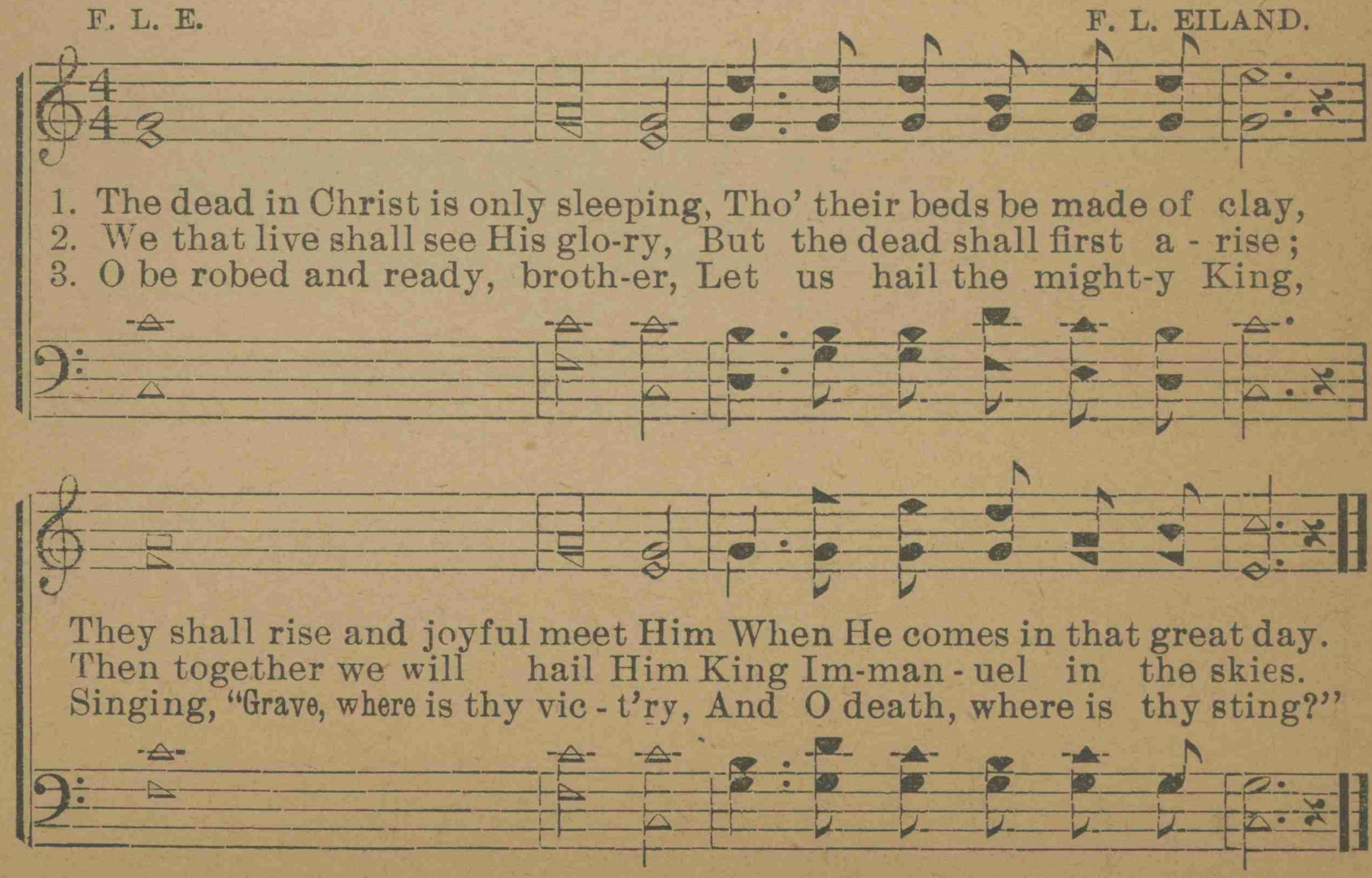
Oh, do your best..... to win him, Try..... to fan to
Do your best Try, oh, try

Give His Soul a Chance. Concluded.



No. 19. Only Sleeping.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.



No. 20. Keep Marching On.

MRS. W. J. G. Covered by Publisher's copyright. MRS. W. J. GRAVES.

1. You must leave the road of sin, If the life crown you would win, Keep
2. Should the tempter try you sore, Christ will lead you safely o'er, Keep
3. Till this earth - ly life is done, And the glo - ry land is won, Keep

marching on, ... Keep marching on; Tho' dark
Ev - er
Keep marching on, Keep marching on; When this
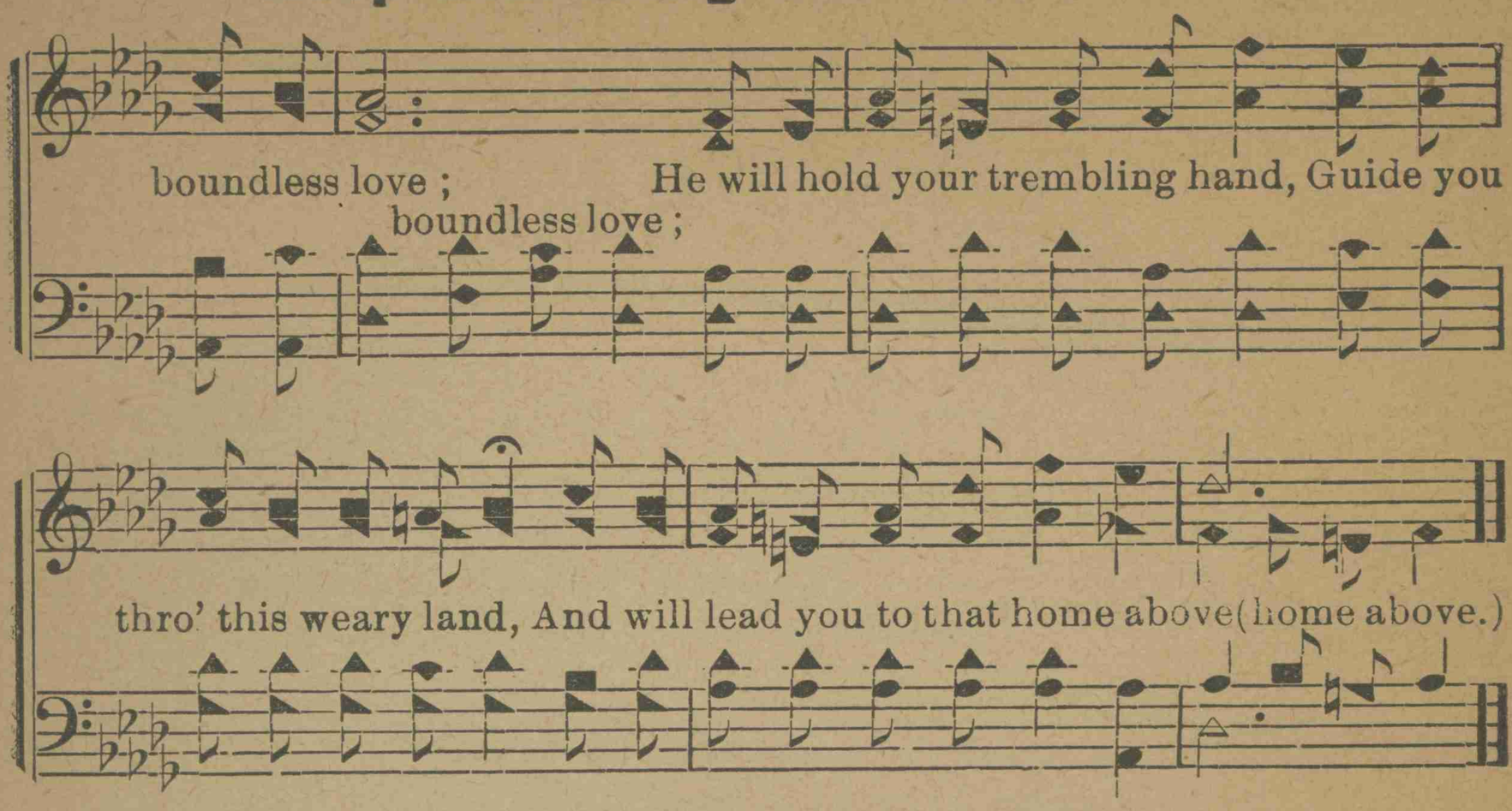
clouds of sorrow roll O'er your weary, trembling soul, Keep marching
trust in Him to guide, Still keep walk-ing by His side, Keep marching
bod - y you lay down, You'll receive the promised crown, Keep marching

CHORUS.

on, ...Keep marching on. Keep marching on, ...
Keep marching on, Keep marching on,

Still marching on, Ev - er trust-ing in the Sav-iour
Still marching on,
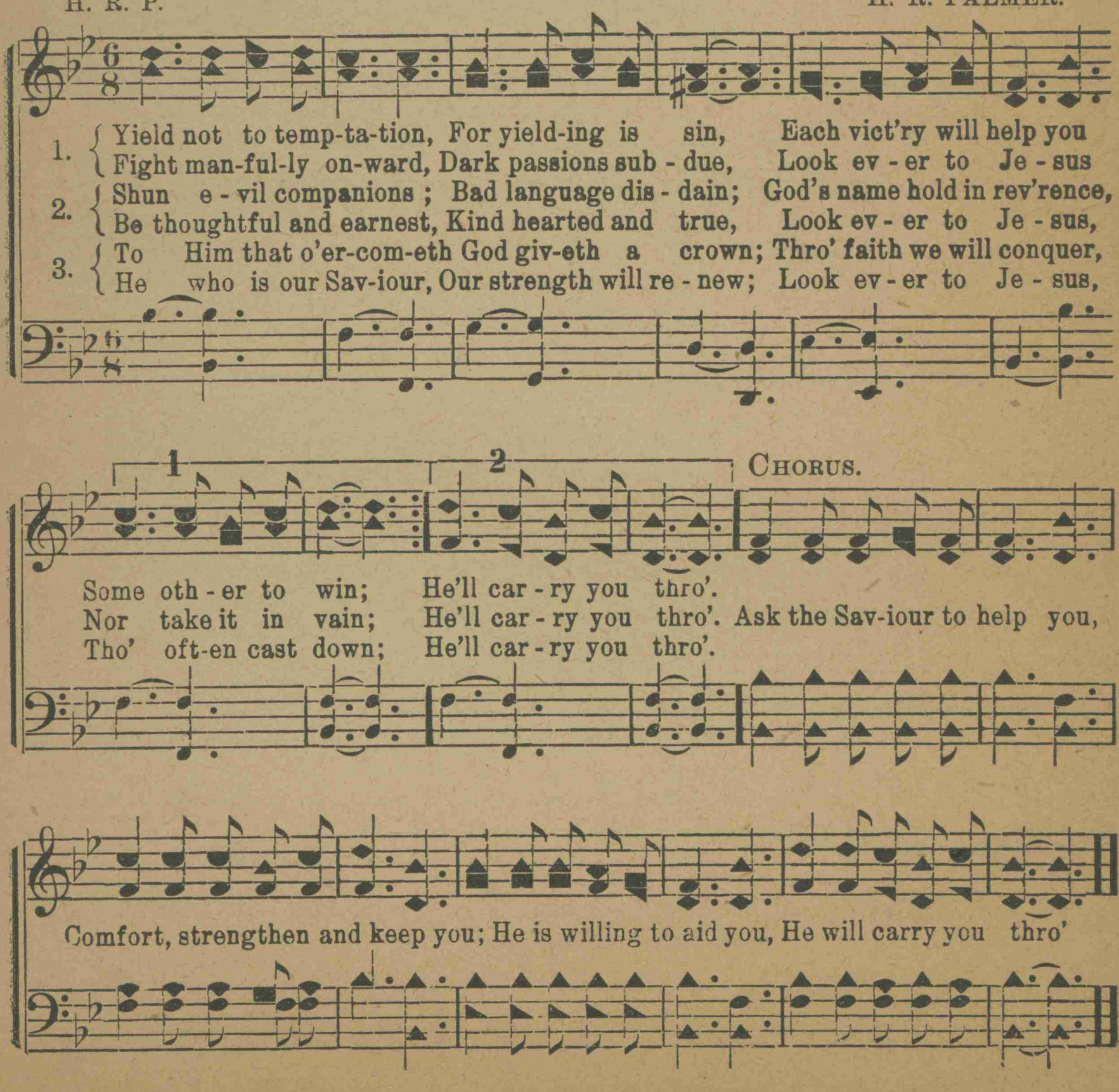
Keep Marching On. Concluded.



No. 21. Yield Not to Temptation.

"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—MARK 14: 38.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.



No. 22. Our Home Beyond.

J. E. M. Covered by Publisher's copyright. J. E. MERONEY.

1. There is a home..... for you and me,.....
2. When on this earth..... our la - bors end,.....
3. What joy 'twill be,..... what bliss un - told,.....

By faith its beau - - ties we can see; (we can see;)
And to that home..... we shall as-cend; shall ascend;)
When we our Sav - - iour shall be-hold; (shall be-hold;)

And when we reach..... its por - tals fair, ...
The ransomed shall..... u - nit - ed be,.....
There with the saved..... we'll sing for aye,.....

E - ter - nal glo - - ries we shall share. (ev - er share.)
Thro' all the blest..... e - ter - ni - ty. (e - ternity.)
His praise thro' one..... e - ter - nal day. (e-ter-nal day.)

CHORUS.

O bless-ed home, sweet home of peace,
O blessed home,..... sweet home of peace,.....

Our Home Beyond. Concluded.

Where joy supreme shall nev-er cease;
Where joy supreme..... shall nev-er cease;.....

I hope one day that home to share,
I hope one day..... that home to share,.....

And dwell with Christ forever there.....
And dwell with Christ..... for-ev - er there. (o- ver there.)

No. 23. Journey Home.

F. PRICE. Arr.

1. { O for that cit - y fair and bright Which shall not pass away,
   { The glo - ry of the Lord its light, The Lamb its cloudless day!
2. { Its gates are pearl, its street is gold, Its walls of jas-per stand
   { On precious stones of worth un-told, Reared not by mortal hand.
3. { There tears are wiped from ev'ry eye, And none with anguish groan.
   { Death lost in im - mor - tal - i - ty, And former things unknown.
4. { Shall I those un-told raptures share? Will Je-sus own my name?
   { In - quire, my heart with reverent fear, Can I an en-trance claim?

CHORUS.

1 2 FINE.

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my jour-ney home, home.

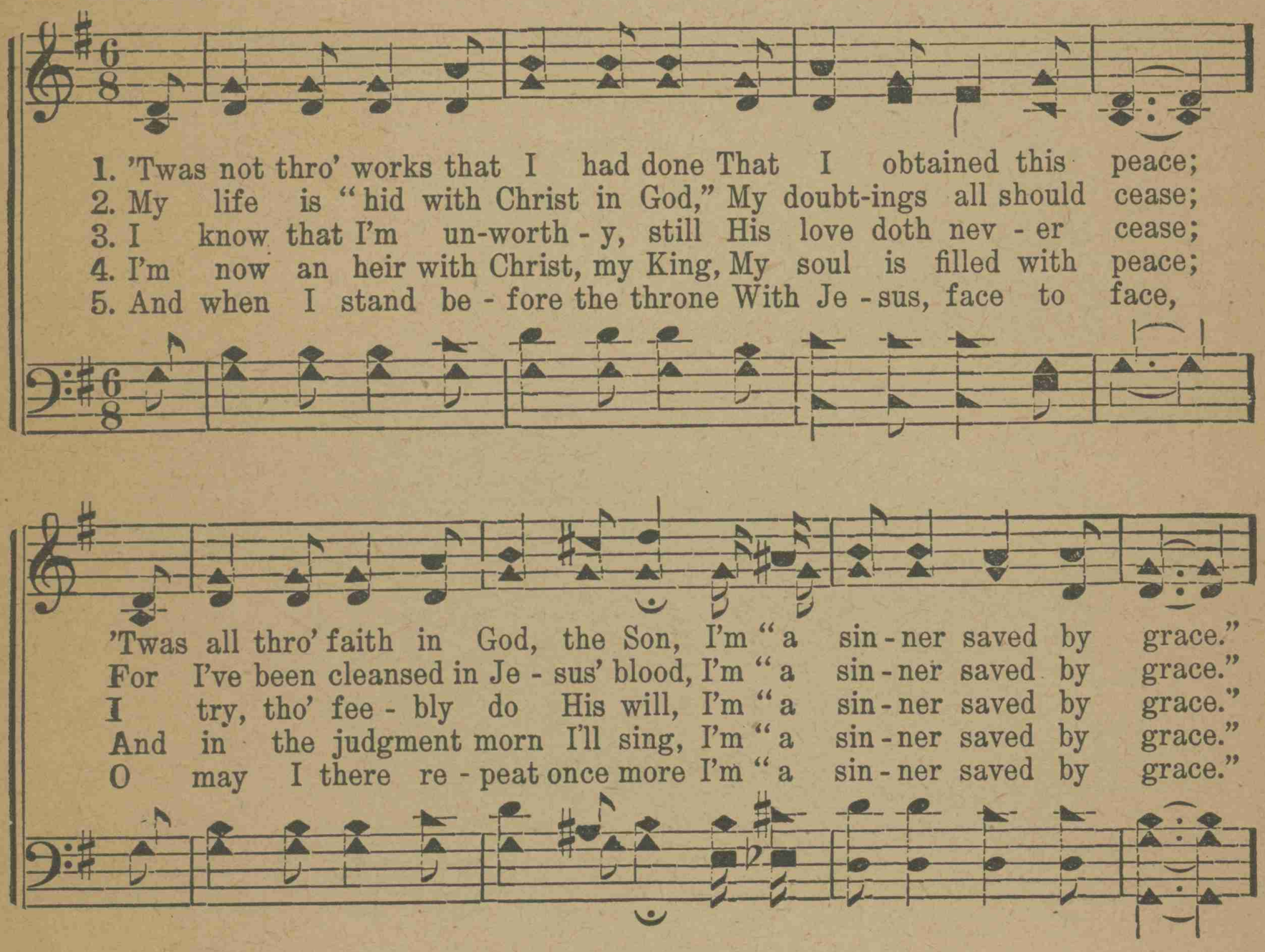
No. 24. "Just a Sinner Saved by Grace."

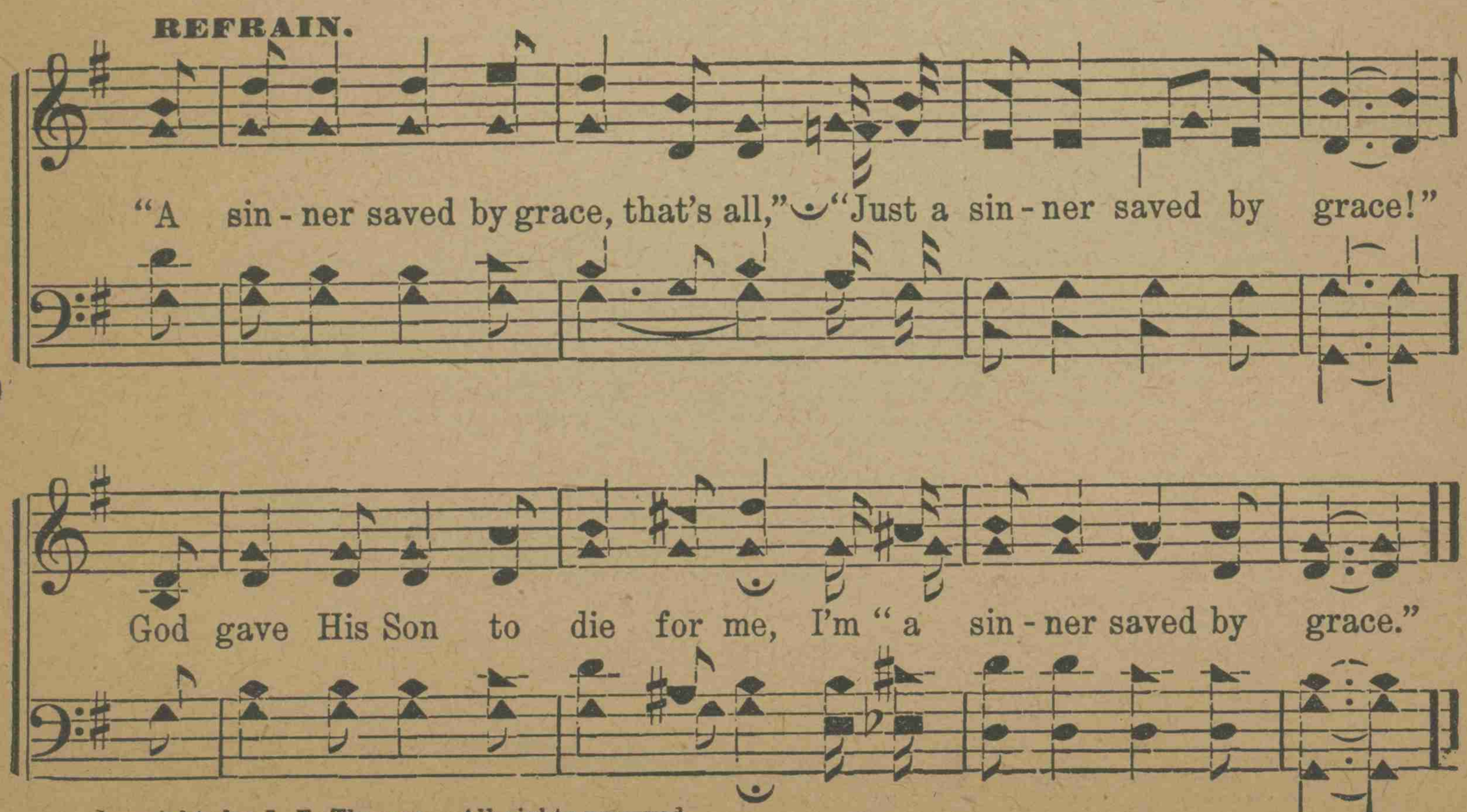
"For ye are bought with a price."—I Cor. 6: 20.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS, July 10, 1902.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend and pupil, Miss Syble Woodland, Reagan, Texas, who, having been recently converted to Christ, expressed herself, in conversation with the writer, as being "just a sinner saved by grace, that's all." O that many others may, as she has, realize the wonderful love of God, who gave "his only begotten Son" to die for us that we might live. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" "not of works;" we "are bought with a price;" our lives are "hid with Christ in God;" nothing "can separate us from the love of God;" "we are His by redemption;" no man is able to pluck us out of the "Father's hands;" "just a sinner saved by grace, that's all," is all that the author of this little hymn claims. Though it be ever so simple, may God bless this song to His own glory.

J. E. Thomas.





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No. 25. My Grace is Sufficient.

"And he said unto me: my grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12: 9.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1914, by Wm. J. Ramsay. By per. WILLIAM J. RAMSAY.

1. While bear - ing my bur- den in sad - ness, For ston - y and dark was the
2. 'Tis bless - ed to rest in his car - ing, His won - der - ful love He'll dis-
3. To oth - ers, I tell the sweet sto - ry, "Come, trust in the Sav - iour to-

way, My Sav - iour turned griev-ing to glad-ness, I heard Him so
play, 'Twill light - en the cross I am bear - ing, When still I can
day," Un - til we be - hold Him in glo - ry, Oh, list - en! to

CHORUS.

ten - der - ly say: My grace.....
hear Je - sus say:
you He will say: My grace, sav-ing grace is suf - fi-cient for thee,

My grace is

My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee;..... My strength is made
suf - fi - cent for thee;

per - fect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.....
for thee.

No. 26. Meet Me, Dear Saviour.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas. G. R. WHITE.

1. Meet me, dear Saviour, when I am wea - ry, Wand'ring a - lone thro'
2. Pant - eth my sad soul for Thy sweet presence, Meet me, dear Sav-iour,
3. Send me not out a - lone on life's o - cean, Ev - er go with me,

shad-ows of night; Meet me and guide me o - ver life's des - ert,
walk by my side; All my way shin-eth when Thou art near me,
light-ing my way; Naught can I do, O Je - sus, without Thee,

CHORUS.

Lead me, dear Je - sus, in - to the light.
Thou my Re-deem - er, Saviour and Guide. Meet me, dear Sav-iour,
Be Thou my coun-sel, comfort and stay.

meet me, dear Saviour! More than the whole world Thou art to me; Meet me, dear

Saviour, meet me, dear Saviour, Then will my soul sing—glo-ry to Thee!

No. 27. Beyond the Valley.

ERNA CLAYTON. Controlled by the author. N. W. ALLPHIN.

DUET. *With feeling.*

1. Some day, beyond the silent val-ley, Where sounds no mortal word,
2. Some day, beyond the dreary valley, We'll reach the heav'nly height,
3. Some day, beyond the somber valley, When earth-ly strife is o'er,

rit.

Sweet voices speaking to our spirits, In welcome will be heard.
With souls redeemed to dwell forever In nev-er fad-ing light.
We'll sing the glad new song of heaven, Rejoicing ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Some day, be-yond the som-ber val-ley, When work on earth is o'er,

rit.

We'll join the throng of bright immortals, And sing for ev-er-more.

No. 28. Sailing Onward.

R. T. WARD. Controlled by the Quartet Music Co. C. T. GREEN.

1. We are on li e's o - cean, sail - ing to a mansion far a - way,
2. We are on life's o - cean, sail - ing at our blessed Lord's command,
3. True and loy - al to the Mas-ter let us ev - er strive to be,

There to dwell with Christ in mansions bright above; And we hope to
Bright and clear will be our jour-ney as we go; For no storm can
Lead-ing souls from sin and darkness day by day; End-less joy a -

safe - ly anch - or on that fair ce - les - tial shore, And to rest with-
ev - er wreck us with our Sav-iour as our stay. Sail-ing on to
waits us yon-der, when this earthly life is o'er, Yes we're sail-ing

D. S— *We are sail - ing*

FINE. CHORUS.

in His arms of love.
join the an - gel band. Yes, we're sailing ev - er on-ward to that
to e - ter - ni - ty.

to e - ter - ni - ty!

cit - y, O, what joy to dwell with Jesus it will be;
cit - y so fair, it will be;

Sailing Onward. Concluded.

D. S.

He will guide us, safe - ly guide us till we reach the oth - er shore,

No. 29. One By One.

To my friend and fellow-worker, H. H. McAllister.

T. S. T. Quartet Music Co., owners. TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.

1. O'er the dark and si - lent riv - er, cross-ing on its splashing
2. Hap - py in the shep-herd's keep-ing, car - ing not from Him to
3. Soon the boat-man will be wait - ing at the shore for us to

foam, Those we love are pass-ing o - ver; One by one we're go-ing home!
roam, Why should we for them be weeping?
come, And our an - swer must be, "Ready;" One by one we're go-ing home!

CHORUS.

Go - ing home to live with Je-sus, Where these heart - aches nev-er come;
Where these heartaches nev-er come;

Sweet the hope and con - so - la - tion, One by one we're go-ing home!
One by one we're go-ing home!

No. 30. Hallelujah, I'm Redeemed.

B. W. PIRTLE. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. R. L. PIRTLE.

1. My soul is filled with glo-ry, I can but shout the stor-y, The
2. To lost ones still re-bell-ing, I'd go, the stor - y tell-ing, Of
3. Christ died for ev - 'ry na-tion, And off - ers free sal - va-tion, From

light of Je - sus hath up-on me beamed; I'll praise my Lord for-ev-er,
peace and joy of which they've never dreamed; For all who come confessing
His dear side a - ton-ing blood hath streamed; His pre-cious love is o'er me

FINE.

He will for-sake me nev-er, O glo - ry hal - le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed!
His name, shall find a blessing, O glo - ry hal - le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed!
He light the way be-fore me, O glo - ry hal - le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed!

D. S.—*I can but shout the sto - ry, O glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah, I'm re-deemed!*

REFRAIN.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah I'm re-deemed! O,
I'm re-deemed!

D. S.

glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah I'm redeemed! My soul is filled with glo-ry,

No. 31. The Joy of a Sinner Redeemed.

MRS. FRANK BRECK. T. S. Cobb, owner. 1916. THOS. S. COBB.

1. Who shall tell the sweet joy of a sin-ner On whom heaven's
2. When a sin - ner re - turns to his Fa - ther, Whom once he had
3. When a sin - ner, for - sak-ing his wand'rings, Find-eth peace he

glo - ry hath gleamed? A cap - tive set free from his bondage,
light-ly es - teemed; Re - pent - ant and hum-ble and lov - ing,
nev - er had dreamed, All heav - en re - joic - es,—and an - gels

CHORUS.

With the joy of a sin-ner re - deemed?
There is joy for a sin-ner re - deemed. Oh, the joy of a
Are so glad o'er a sin-ner re - deemed.

sinner made free! The joy of the blinded who see! Who sings in a

glad ju - bi - lee, With the joy of a sin-ner re - deemed.

rit.

No. 32. I'm Praising My Saviour.

"But I will hope continually and will yet praise Thee more and more.—Psa. 71: 14.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. W. J. GRAVES.

1. I'm prais - ing the name of my Sav - iour and King, I'm tell - ing the
2. I'm prais - ing the love that He bore on the cross, To ran - som a
3. I'm prais - ing the mes- sage He sent o'er the world, His words give me

world of His love; And un - to His prom-is - es ev - er I'll cling,
sin - ner like me; His blood was poured out to re-deem me from loss,—
com - fort and cheer; I'm striv - ing to help keep His ban - ner un - furl'd,

CHORUS.

Till I shall be-hold Him a - bove (above). I'm prais - ing my
He paid all my debt on the tree (the tree).
Un - til He a - gain shall ap-pear (appear). I'm praising, yes, praising my

Sav - iour As on - ward I go;..... I'm tell - ing the
Saviour and King, As onward, still onward to glo- ry I go;

love of my Mas - ter a-bove, That others His goodness may know (may know).

No. 33. You Need a Saviour Like Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by J. S. Harper. H. B. MONTGOMERY.

1. You need a Sav - iour like Je - sus, The King who came down from a - bove, For - sak - ing His king-dom and
2. You need a Sav - iour like Je - sus, Whose grace is suf - fi - cient for all, Whose love will en - cour - age and
3. You need a Sav - iour like Je - sus, He loves you with mar - vel - ous love; And who, e - ven now, for His
4. You need a Sav - iour like Je - sus, To help you a - long the rough way; Don't go an - y far - ther with -

glo - ry, To show to all sin-ners His love.
cheer you, And lift you a - gain, if you fall. You need a
dear ones, Is building bright mansions a - bove.
out Him, He's will-ing to save you to - day.

REFRAIN.

Sav-iour like Jesus, For He is a Sav-iour in - deed; He saves, and will keep when waves wildly sweep; Oh, He is the Sav-iour you need.

No. 34. I'm Here To-day in Jesus' Name.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Words and Music by
J. E. Thomas.

Good as a Solo, with Full Chorus.

1-4. I'm here to-{day / night} in Je - sus' name, {1. To tell what / 2. To tell it / 3. I want the / 4. To sing the}

He has done for me; He lift - ed me from bonds of
o'er and o'er a - gain, That sin - ful man, though all de-
world His love to know, And turn to God, though all de-
won - ders of His grace; And when my work on earth is
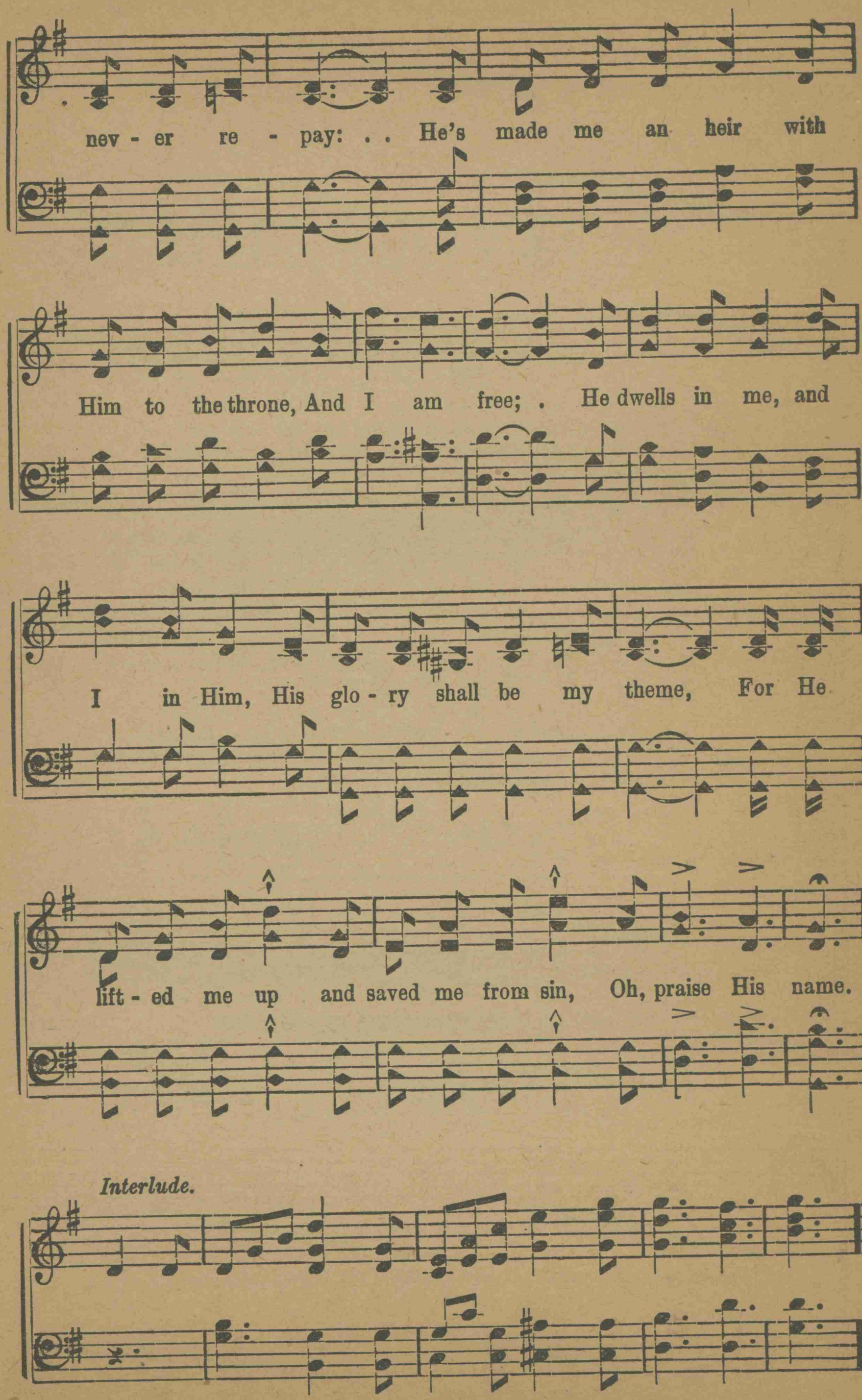
sin, And in my soul let love shine in. . . .
filed, May yet to God be rec - on - ciled. . .
filed, And un - to Him be rec - on - ciled. . .
done, I know I'll see Him face to face. . .

Rit.

CHORUS.

He's done so much for me, The debt I can
He's done so much, so much for me,

I'm Here To-day in Jesus' Name.



No. 35. Working for My Saviour.

A. O. T. Copyright, 1916, by A. O. Thomas. A. O. THOMAS.

1. There is joy and sunshine in my soul to-day, As I reap the gold-en
2. As I pluck the gold-en grain from thorny paths, That by Sa-tan there was
3. Oh, such joy and sunshine as I have to-day, Brightens up a drear-y

grain; (the golden grain; and) Oh, 'tis such a pleasure work-ing for my Lord;
tossed; (by Satan tossed; but) Je-sus, kind and ho-ly, and com-pas-sion-ate,
life; (a drear-y life; and) Gives me grace and courage, bat-tles to re-new,

CHORUS.

For the One on Calv'ry slain. (on Calv'ry slain.)
Bids me further seek the lost. (yes, seek the lost.) Working for my Sav-iour,
Strength to overcome all strife. (o'ercome all strife.)

Work-ing for my Saviour, Noth-ing else such joy can bring; Faith in
can bring;

Him expressing, Grace and love possessing, Working for my Saviour, King.
Lord and King.

No. 36. Work While 'Tis Day.

J. H LAWLER, 1st stanza. J. H. Lawler, owner.
A. B. SEBREN, 2d and 3d stanzas.

J. H. LAWLER.

1. Lo, the morn is break-ing O'er the east - ern mountains, Let us
2. Up and to our du - ty, Spreading grace and beau - ty, Sing - ing
3. Soon will come the eve-ning, And the day will dark - en, All our

rise to meet it With a cheer-ful lay: Let us not grow wea - ry,
songs of glad-ness All a - long our way: Ev - er cheer-ing oth - ers,
wast-ed mo-ments We will then re - gret: Hear the Sav-iour call - ing,

FINE.

If the day be drear-y, Let us scat-ter sun-shine All a-long the way.
Helping bear their burdens, Speaking words of comfort, Till the close of day.
Hasten to His vineyard, Sheaves unto Him bringing, Lay them at His feet.

D.S.–*If the day be drear - y, Let us scat - ter sun-shine All a - long the way.*

CHORUS.

To our ma - ny du - ties Ev - er let us hast - en, Us - ing ev - 'ry

D. S.

moment Of the pass-ing day: Let us not grow wea-ry,
pass-ing day, Oh,

No. 37. Away To the Harvest Field.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JNO. 4: 35.

N. W. ALLPHIN. W. T. Richardson, owner. W. T. RICHARDSON.

1. In the fields..... of rip-ened grain, O'er the hill,.....
2. Let us not..... [here, i - dle stand While there's work.....
3. Ev'ning shades..... are drawing on, Har - vest time.....
4. To the work..... then let us go, See, the grain.....

1. In the fields of ripened grain. O'er the

..... and on the plain; We will glean..... for Christ the Lord,
..... on ev -'ry hand; Rich re-ward..... He'll pay to all
..... will soon be gone; At the end,..... what shall we see?
..... is bending low; From the hill..... and from the plain,
hill, and on the plain; We will glean for Christ the Lord,

CHORUS.

Hop-ing for..... the saint's reward. To the harvest field we'll go and
Who will heark - en to His call.
O what shall..... the har-vest be?
Let us gath - er gold-en grain.
Hop-ing for the saint's reward. To the har - vest field we'll

la-bor, Gath'ring in the gold-en grain; We will fal - ter nev - er, but keep
go, And gath-er in the golden grain; We'll fal - ter nev - er,
la-bor, Gath'ring sheaves for Christ the Lord; He has promised wages, end-less
go, And gather sheaves for Christ the Lord; He's promised wag - es,

Away To the Harvest Field. Concluded.

toil - ing ev - er, Gleaning from the hill and plain.
toil on ev - er.
life thro' a-ges, This shall [*Omit.* . . .] be our sure re - ward.
life thro' a - ges,

No. 38. Sowing the Seed.

"The sower soweth the word."—MARK 4: 14.

W. T. K. Arr. by A. Quartet Music Co., owners. W. T. KIRBY.

1. Sow-ing the seed of the kingdom are we, Sow-ing for Je - sus, our Lord;
2. Sow-ing the seed of the Father's great love, Spreading His truth as we sing;
3. Sow-ing the seed for a har-vest of grain, And, till this life is no more,

Trusting a glo - ri-ous har-vest to see, Hop-ing to gain a re - ward.
Gold-en sheaves hoping to gar-ner a - bove, Sow-ing for Je - sus, the King.
Faith-ful-ly, earn-est-ly let us re-main, Reaping time soon will be o'er.

REFRAIN.

Sow - ing, sow - ing, Wait-ing the har - vest a - bove;
Sow - ing the seed, sow - ing the seed,

Sow - ing, sow - ing, Sow - ing the seed of His love.
Sow-ing the seed, sow-ing the seed,

No. 39 How Sweet It Will Be.

T. S. Cobb, owner, Ft. Worth, Tex.

C. O. D. CHAS. O. DELANEY.

1. There is a sweet home..... In heav-en a - bove,.....
2. That home was pre-pared..... For all who be - lieve,.....
3. O peo - ple of God..... I'm pleading with you,.....

1. There is a sweet home In heaven a-bove,

That beau-ti - ful home..... Is filled with God's love; .....
The faith-ful a - lone ..... Its joys shall re - ceive;.....
To Je - sus, the King, ... Be faith-ful and true;.....

That beautiful home Is filled with God's love;

Its gates are of pearl,..... Its streets are all gold,.....
The pal - ace so rare. ..... In splen-dor doth shine,.....
Come, join the great host,..... His praise to pro - long,.....

Its gates are of pearl, Its streets are of gold,

The joys of that home..... I long to be - hold:.....
That heav-en-ly home ..... Some day shall be mine.....
And tell to the world..... The gos-pel in song.....

The joys of that home I long to behold.

How Sweet It Will Be. Concluded.

CHORUS.

How sweet it will be ..... To meet with our
How sweet it will be

Lord, ... And join in His praise .....
To meet with our Lord, And join in His praise

With per - fect ac - cord ..... I long to be
With per - fect ac - cord.

there ..... A - mid the great throng, ...
I long to be there A - mid the great throng,

And worship my God ..... in rap - tur-ous song .....
And worship my God In rap-tur-ous song.

No. 40. We Shall See the King We Love.

Copyright, 1915, by A. O. Thomas.

Words and music by A. O. THOMAS.

1. I'm hap-py in the ser-vice of my Friend and Lord, Hap-py for I
2. My soul was one time lost and I was in dis-pair; I knew naught of
2. I love to praise my Saviour, who is e're my guide, And I know I'm

know that grace He will af-ford; I'm hap-py, for we're told in Je-sus
Je-sus and I did not care; But read-ing in His Book I learned of
safe for in Him I con-fide; Temp-ta-tion shall not bother, nor my

Bless-ed Word, If we're faith-ful here we'll see the King we love.
mansions there, Now I trust Him—and I'll see the King I love.
path di-vide, Oh! I'm hap-py for I'll see the King I love.

CHORUS.
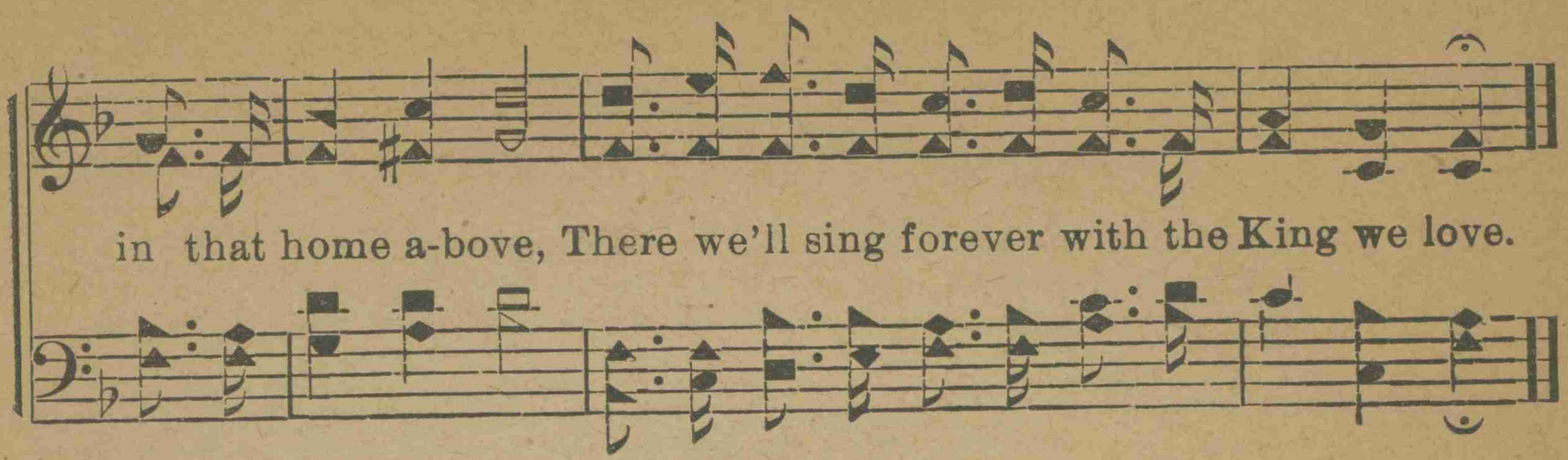
We shall see the King we love,..... We shall see the
We shall see the King we love, see the

We shall see the King, the blessed King in glo-ry, We

King we love;..... The ransomed ones the Lord will gather

shall see the King we love.

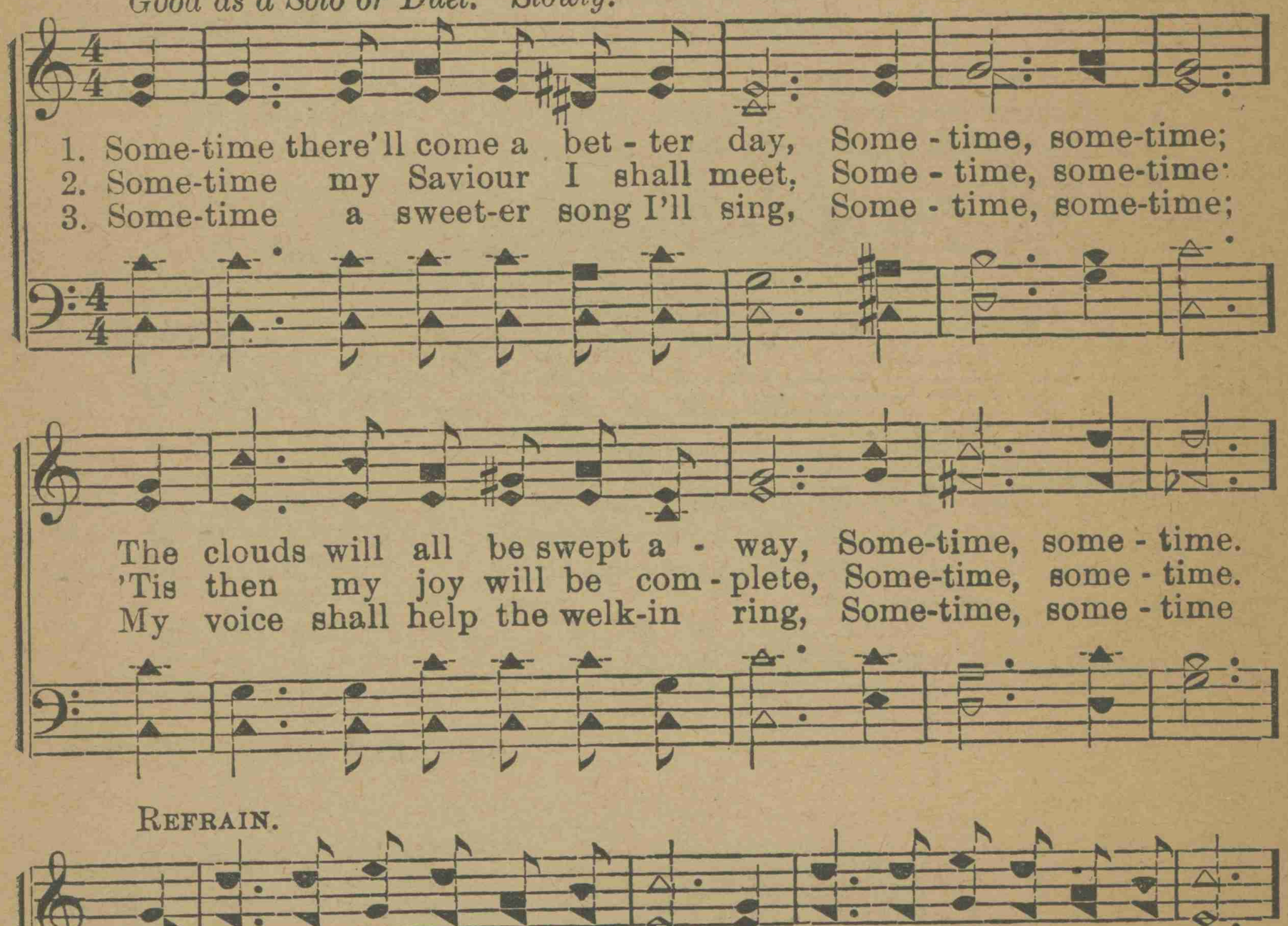
We Shall See the King We Love. Concluded.



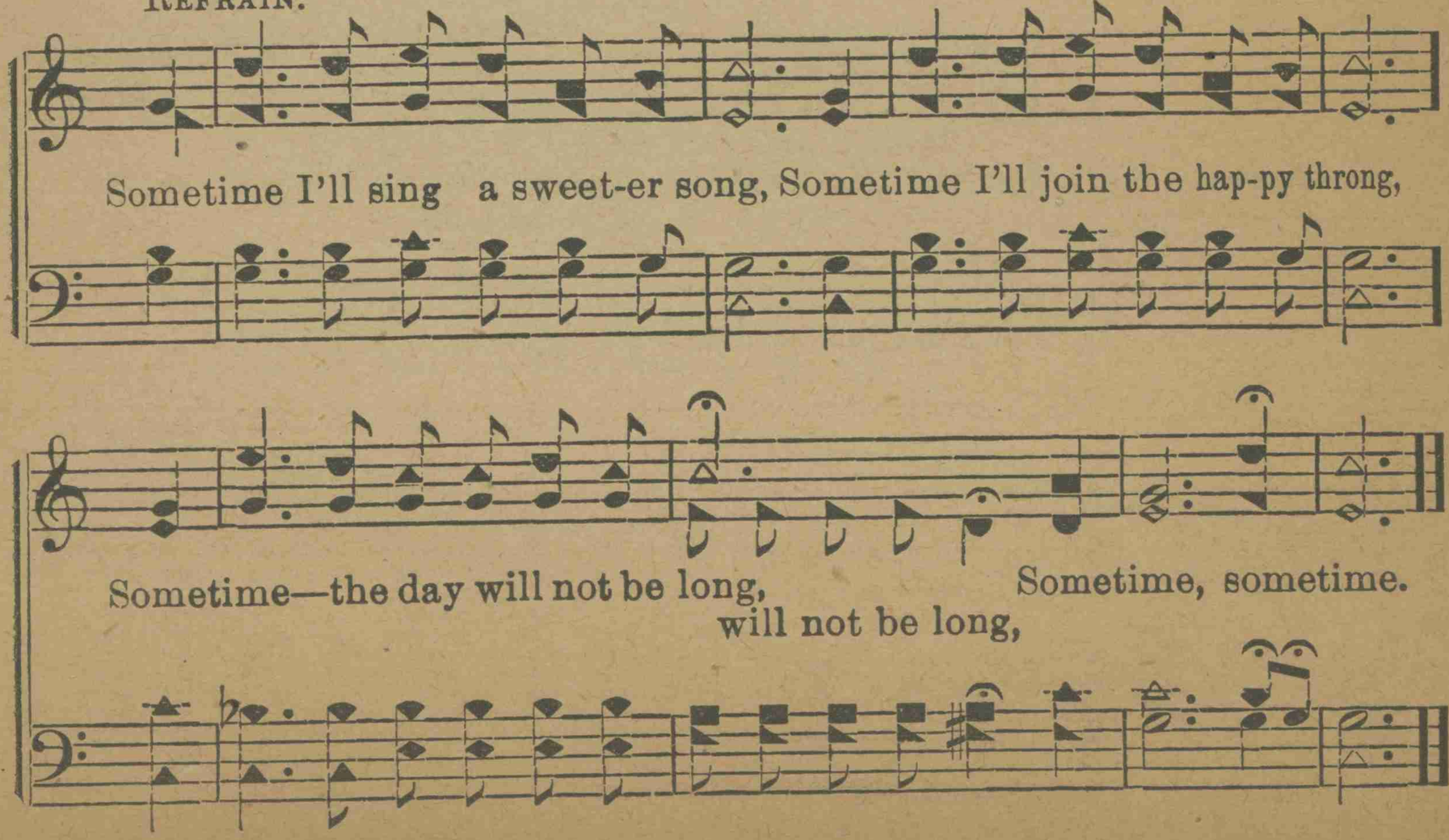
No. 41. Sometime.

A. O. THOMAS. Copyright, 1915, A. O. Thomas. A. T. OVERTON.

Good as a Solo or Duet. Slowly.



REFRAIN.



No. 42. The City of Gold.

Property of W. J. Laney. 1913.

W. J. L. W. J. LANEY.

1. In my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's house, we are told in His word, There's a man-sion prepared for ev - 'ry soul; It was fashioned by the hand that will
2. There are gates on ev - ery side, made of pure, shin - ing pearl, They'll be o - pened to ev - 'ry child of God; And amid the streets we're told, there the
3. There the Sav- iour waits to wel - come the faith - ful and true, To the bright, heav'nly cit - y, we are told; And our loved ones gone before, wait our

guide us safe-ly there; Oh, won't you come and go to that Cit - y of Gold?
crys-tal riv - er flows, Oh, won't you come and go to that Cit - y of Gold?
com-ing there to greet, Oh, won't you come and go to that Cit - y of Gold?

FINE.

D. S.—*to that Cit - y of Gold?*

CHORUS.

Home,.... my home so bright and fair, Home,.... my home so rich and rare; Home,.... my beau- ti - ful home up there, O won't you come and go
Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home,

D. S.

No. 43. THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE BEYOND.

JENNIE WILSON. F. L. EILAND.

1. I am look-ing a - way to that cloudless shore, With a faith that is
2. In that world there is freedom from care and pain, And my spir-it feels
3. 'Tis that glorious place where no shade can dim, Where e-ter-ni-ty's
4. Tho' the burdens are great that I oft must bear, Trusting Je-sus, I'll

bright and fond; There, no sor - row nor sin com-eth ev - er - more,
sweet re - spond, In the hope that is mine, there, that home to gain,
light has dawned, That I'll see my dear Lord, and will live with Him,
ne'er de - spond Heaven's won-der-ful bless - ings, my soul shall share,

REFRAIN.

In the beau-ti-ful life be - yond. Oh, the beau-ti-ful life be - yond!

Oh, the beau-ti - ful life be - yond! I am looking away from earth's

shad-ow-y day, To the beau-ti - ful life be - yond!

Interlude. CODA.

Copyright, 1907, by F. L. Eiland. Used by per.

No. 44. All Glory and Honor.

ELSIE NOYES. H. M. WARREN.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav-iour, who died on the tree, To save me from
2. His won - der - ful love, He so free - ly did show, That I might be
3. And when I am burdened with troub - le and care, And sor-rows are

sin and its stain; He purchased sal - va - tion e - ter - nal for me,
hap - py and free; In all of my troub-les, to Him I can go,
pressing me sore; I'll go to my Sav - iour, re - lief to find there,

REFRAIN.

When on the rude cross He was slain.
And ev - er my Friend He will be. All glo - ry and hon - or to
I'll go, yes, to leave Him no more.

Je - sus, Who suffered and died on the tree; All glo - ry and
my Redeem-er,

hon - or to Je - sus,..... Who purchased sal - va - tion for me.
yes, for-ev - er,

Property of Quartet Music Co.

No. 45 There is Power In the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

L. E. J. I. John 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit-er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Wonld you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r

Won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 46 When We All Get To Glory.

Earnestly inscribed to my beloved teacher, Prof. J. E. Thomas.

C. B. D. C. B. DAVIS.

1. When we all get to glo-ry we will sing the grand old sto - ry
2. There we'll join in the chorus with the saved ones gone be-fore us,
3. Pre-cious tho't there to en-ter, Christ the Lord to be the cen - ter

Of our Sav - iour's love; We will shout hal - le -
And we'll sing His love; And the Lord who re -
Of our souls' de-light; 'Twill be joy nev - er

1. Saviour's love, His love, His dying love,

lu - jah to the Lamb once slain for sinners, In our home a-bove.
deem'd us will be waiting to receive us To our home a-bove.
ceas-ing, on and on 'twill be increasing, Faith be lost in sight.
hap-py home,

CHORUS.

We will sing hal - le - lu-jah to the Lamb slain for sinners, Sing our

Sav - - iour's love Yes, we'll shout glo - ry,
Sav-iour's love, His love, His dy-ing love,

When We All Get to Glory. Concluded.

glo - ry, When we get o - ver yon - der To our home a - bove.
hap-py home a - bove.

No. 47. What Joy 'Twill Be!

R. T. W. Raymond T. Ward, owner. R. T. WARD.

1. O there's joy to - day in this heart of mine, Since my Saviour made me whole;
2. What a joy-ful tho't to be near His side, As I jour-ney on my way;
3. What a joy to know that my Lord I'll see, When my work on earth is o'er;
4. Are you read - y, friend, for that fi - nal day, When the Lord shall call His own?

And I'm ful - ly trust - ing His love di-vine, Yielding now to His con - trol.
He's my light and life, and my steps He'll guide, Till I reach the courts of day.
There with saints and an-gels I soon shall be, Where I'll praise Him ev-er-more.
Will you be pre-pared there to dwell for aye, 'Round the Saviour's shining throne?

REFRAIN.

O bless - - ed thought I there shall see
O bless - ed thought, O bless - ed thought, In heav - en I shall see

My Sav - - iour's face, What joy 'twill be!
My lov - ing Sav - iour's smil - ing face, What joy, what joy 'twill be!

No. 48. What Will He Say?

"I have yet many things to say, and to judge of you."—Jno. 8: 26.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex. G. R. WHITE.

1. Some day to judg - ment I shall come, And strict ac-count must give
2. Shall I with con - fi - dence ap-proach The great judge on His throne,
3. Have I led sin - ners to the light, The sweet, old sto - ry told,
4. Or have I wast - ed pre - cious hours In seek - ing earth - ly gain,

Of ev - 'ry tho't, and word, and deed, While here on earth I live.
And fear - less let my rec - ord show What I, while here, have done?
That turned the way - ward wand'rers back, To seek the Fa- ther's fold?
All heed - less of my neigh-bor's woe, His groans of want and pain?

CHORUS.

In that day..... what will He say? Will He turn..... my soul a - way? God of mer - - - cy,
In that great day, what will the great judge say? my soul a - way? mer-cy think on me, in
think on me, Help a - lone..... can come from Thee.
pit - y think on me, can come from Thee,

No. 49. Will He Say "Well Done?"

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; . . . . enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."—Matt. 25: 21.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

C. P. G. G. P. GARDNER and J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Are you liv - ing, now, my broth - er, With the fu - ture life in view?
2. Do you dai - ly read your Bi - ble, Dai - ly to your pray'rs at - tend?
3. Is there now no con-dem - na - tion For the sins of oth - er days?

Do you ev - er feel like ask - ing What the Lord will have you do?
So that when the Lord might call you, You may have a peace- ful end.
Be a Chris - tian true and no - ble, Fol - low Christ in all His ways.

CHORUS.

Do you think when the Lord shall call for you He will say:
Do you think He will say: "Well
done, faithful one, En - ter in - to the joys so true; The fight you have fought, good
service to me wrought, Well done, faithful one, Enter in, for your work is done."

No. 50. Tell Them the News.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. W. H. DUTTON.

1. Ma - ny are liv - ing in dark - ness and sin, Tell them the news,
2. Speed on the er - rand of mer - cy and love; Tell them the news,
3. Tell them how free - ly He suf - fered and died, Tell them the news,

tell them the news; Tell them that par - don and peace they may win;
tell them the news; Tell them of Christ and the home- land a - bove;
tell them the news; Help them to come to His shel - ter - ing side;

REFRAIN.

Tell them the glo - ri - ous news. Tell them the news, the glo - ri - ous news,

There in the dark - ness their souls they may lose; Sing of the

love of the Sav - iour a - bove; Tell them the glo - ri - ous news.

No. 51. I'll Tell It Wherever I Go.

"Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so."—Psa. 107:2.

Copyright, 1910, by Frank C. Huston. Words and music. By per.

F. C. H. *(To my friends in Kokomo, Ind.)* FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. Since Je - sus, my Sav-iour, bro't peace to my soul, No storms need I fear, tho' fierce billows may roll; I can-not but tell how His blood made me whole,
2. I can - not but tell of His good - ness to me, And how He my soul from all sin has set free; I'll serve Him for-ev - er, and true would I be,
3. My Lord has redeemed me, He died not in vain; I'll tell of His good-ness a - gain and a - gain; I can-not neg-lect Him and si - lent re - main,

rit.

a tempo.

CHORUS.

I'll tell it wher-ev - er I go. I'll tell it..... wher-ev - er I go
I'll tell it to - day, I'll tell it to - day,

How Je - sus my soul has re-deemed from its woe; So I'll tell it,.....
So I'll tell it to - day,

I'll tell it,..... I'll tell it wher - ev - er I go.....
I'll tell it to - day, I'll tell it wher - ev - er I go.

No. 52. Trusting Him to Save Me.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Hope Publishing Co., owners.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

1. My Sav - iour shed His blood for me, I'm trust-ing Him to
2. 'Mid o - pen dan-gers, hid - den snares,
3. He puts His Spir - it in my heart,
4. Thro' sorrows' shade, thro' joys' sweet light, I'm trusting Him to

save me; He made a - tone - ment, full and free, I'm
On Him I cast life's dai - ly cares, I'm
His grace so free - ly He'll im - part, I'm
save me; In that fair land where comes no night, I'm

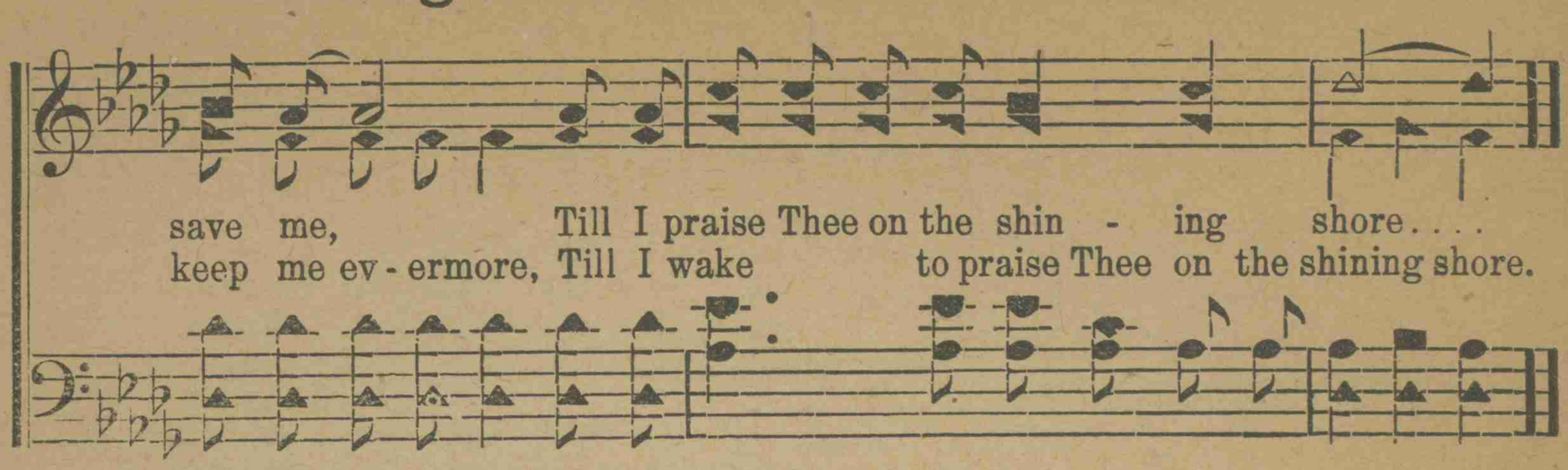
CHORUS.

trust - ing Him to save me. Trust - ing Thee, Lord
I'm trust - ing Him Trusting Thee, trusting Thee

Je - sus, I am trust - ing, trust - ing,
trust - ing night and day, I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, all a-

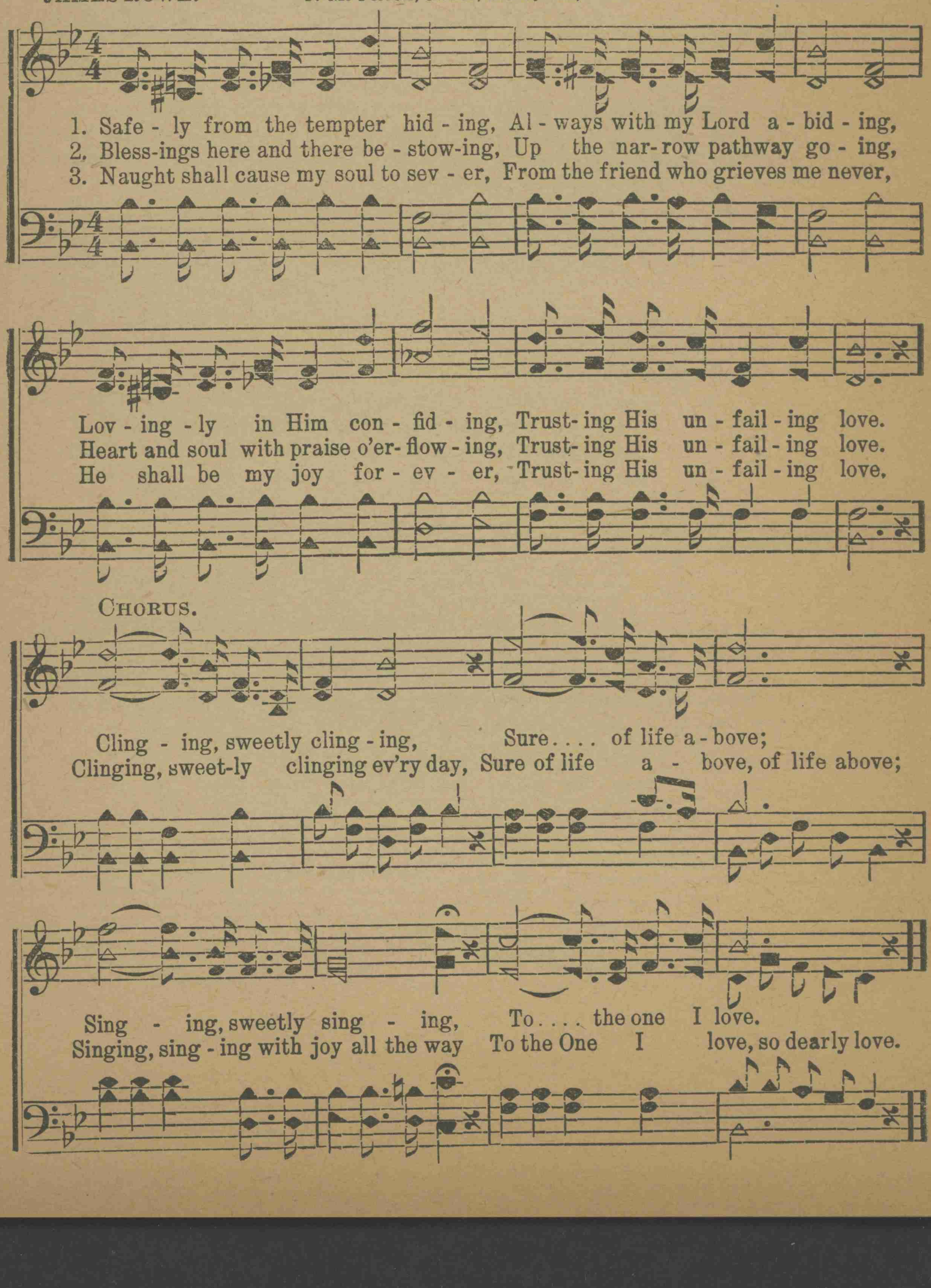
all a - long the way, Trust - - ing Thee to
long the way, Trust - ing Thee to save me, and to

Trusting Him to Save Me. Concluded.



No. 53. Trusting His Unfailing Love.

JAMES ROWE. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex. F. M. FERRELL.



No. 54. He Loves Me, Yes, He Loves Me.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Property of J. M. Edwards. By per. J. M. EDWARDS.

1. Al - tho' I'm ver - - y weak and small, (so weak and small,)
2. This helps to light - - en up my load, (my heav - y load,)
3. He's with me on..... my pil - grim way, (my pil - grim way,)
4. And when I reach..... that home on high, (that home on high,)

Still I can hear ..... the Saviour call; (the Sav-iour call;) And this is
While pressing down..... life's wear- y road; (life's weary road;) Christ hath His
He guides me ev - - er lest I stray; (yes, lest I stray;) And bet - ter
That gold - en land..... be- yond the sky, (be - yond the sky;) I still will

sweet - - er far than all, (sweet- er than all,) Yes, He loves
love..... on me bestowed, (on me be-stowed,) Yes, He loves
far,..... He proves each day (He proves each day) That He loves
find ..... as a - ges fly, (as a - ges fly,) That He loves

REFRAIN.

me,..... yes, He loves me. (Oh, He loves me.)
me,..... yes, He loves me. (Oh, He loves me.) Oh, won-drous

Oh, wondrous love doth Christ bestow;..... Why He loves me.....
love..... doth Christ bestow; Why He loves me

He Loves Me, Yes, He Loves Me. Concluded.

I do not know; Still this my song where'er I
I do not know;..... Still this my song.....

go,..... Yes, He loves me,..... yes, He loves me, Oh, He loves me.
where'er I go, Yes, He loves me, yes, He loves me.....

No. 55. Even Me, Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'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. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,

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

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call- ing, oh, call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 56. Love Found the Way.

"God so loved the world."—Read Jno. 3:16.

Copyright, 1915, by F. Clark Perry. By per.

F. C. P. F. CLARK PERRY.

1. I was far a-way from God, Far from the liv - ing springs, For the path of sin I trod In search of un - ho-ly things; Lights of home I could not see,
2. Wearied out by sin-ful years, Need-ing a guid - ing hand, All a- lone with doubts and fears; I lived in a bar - ren land; Joy and peace had tak-en flight,
3. If your soul is lost in sin, Call on your on - ly Friend, Let His cheering love-light in, And tru-ly on Him de - pend. Hope-less tho' your heart may be,

Hope decreased each day, But the Lord has rescued me, Love found the way.
Friends re-fused to stay, But to save me from my plight, Love found the way.
Night shall change to day, Love, to make you pure and free, Will find a way.

REFRAIN.

Love found the way..... As bright as day..... When all things else had homeward way

Love has found the way,..... Found the way as bright as day,

failed to help me, Love found the way,..... Love found the way,.....
bless-ed way, homeward way,

Love has found the way,.....

Love Found the Way. Concluded.

Rit.

Seek it to- day;.... When all things else had failed to help, Love found the way.
Sin-ner seek this way to-day,

No. 57. If I But Do My Part.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. My life will shine with love di - vine, If I but do my part;
2. The foe will flee a - way from me, If I but do my part;
3. Some, lost in night, will see the light, If I but do my part;
4. At heav - en's gate my Lord will wait, If I but do my part;

The Lord will keep when storms shall sweep, If I but do my part.
For Christ will shield me on the field, If I but do my part.
And some will plead, "Dear Sav - iour lead," If I but do my part.
And He will say, "Well done," that day, If I but do my part.

CHORUS.

If I but do my part, Keep Je - sus in my heart,
ev - er in my heart,
A crown will be be-stowed on me, If I but do my part.

No. 58. Blessed Jesus Lead Me On.

E. D. J. Covered by Publisher's copyright. E. D. JENKINS.

1. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, I would ere a - bide, Near-er, yes, still near-er
   When the storms are raging, still my ref - uge be, [*Omit* . . . . . .
2. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, lead me by the hand, U n- til I shall meet Thee
   Then with joy and glad-ness I will shout and sing, [*Omit* . . . . . .
3. Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, un - to Thee I'll cling, As I jour-ney on Thy
   Trust-ing in Thy prom-is - es from day to day, [*Omit* . . . . , . .

1

2

to Thy pre-cious side; Shield me from all dan-ger, and a - bide with me.
in the glo - ry land; Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah to my Lord and King.
lov-ing praise I'll sing; Lead me, bless-ed Je - sus, all a - long the way.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - - - sus ev - er lead me, Gen - tly
Bless - ed Je-sus lead me on ev - er lead me on

lead me safe - ly lead me; Blessed Je - -
gen-tly lead me on, safe-ly lead me on; Blessed Je-sus guide me

sus safe-ly guide me, Till I reach my home a - bove .....
on, safe - ly guide me on, my home a - bove.

No. 59. I'll Go all the Way with Jesus.

Dedicated to Irene (Powell) Reed, who left home and loved ones to follow Jesus.

N. D. J. N. D. Johnston, owner. N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. I'll go all the way where my Saviour leads, I know He will grant all my spir-its' needs; I'll trust Him to guide me in paths of right, I know He will help me to win the fight.
2. I'll give up my friends and will fol-low on, I know He will guide till the vic-t'ry's won; I know He will be friends and home to me, I'll fol - low my Lord till His face I see. I'll go all the way with my Saviour, Friend, I know He will guide safely to the end.
3. I'll fol-low, dear Lord, on-ly lead the way, I'll an-swer Thy call, be it night or day; And when I at last lay my burden down, From Je - sus' dear hands I'll receive my crown.

REFRAIN.

Saviour dear, I know He will make all my pathway clear; I'll go all the way with my Saviour, Friend, I know He will guide safely to the end.

No. 60. Heaven Holds All To Me.

T. S. T. TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.

Not too fast.

1. Earth holds no treasures but per - ish with us - ing, How-ev - er
2. Out on the hill of that won-der - ful coun-try, Hap-py, con-
3. Why should I long for the world and its sor-rows, When in that

pre - cious they be; Yet there's a coun-try to which I am
tent - ed and free, Loved ones are wait - ing and watching my
home o'er the sea, Mil - lions are sing-ing the won - der - ful

CHORUS.

go - ing, Heaven holds all to me.
com-ing, Heaven holds all to me. Heaven holds all to
sto - ry, Heaven holds all to me.

me,..... Brighter its glo - ry will be; Joy with-out
to me,

measure will be my treasure, Heaven holds all to me.

No. 61. That is Home, Sweet Home.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by S. Smith. SANFORD SMITH.

1. Where the saints and an - gels sing to the one e - ter - nal King,
2. Where no sin is ev - er known, where no soul will be a - lone,
3. Where the Lamb for sin - ners slain, o'er the saved by grace, shall reign,

That is home, sweet home; Where unnumber'd mansions bright shine in ev - er-
That is home, sweet home; Where with Je - sus we shall be thro' the glad e-
That is home, sweet home; Where our faith will end in sight, and where com-eth

CHORUS.

last-ing light, That is home, sweet home. That is home, sweet
ter - ni - ty,
no more night, That is home, sweet home. That is home,

home! Bless-ed home! Sweet home! In the king- dom of His love,
bless-ed home!

Bless - ed Par - a - dise a - bove! That is home, sweet home.
That is home,

No. 62. The Wonderful Story of Love.

"Greater love hath no man than this, than a man lay down his life for his friends."—JNO 15: 13.

A. O. T. Copyright, 1916, by A. O. Thomas. A. O. THOMAS.

1. A mes-sage of love I would bring you, A mes-sage from
2. Revealed thro' God's Word is this sto - ry, Re-vealed to the
3. My brother, would you hear this sto - ry? Would you on the
4. I shout when I think of this sto - ry, I shout when I

Je - sus, my King; It is the same won-der - ful sto - ry,
saved and the lost; It tells of our Lord's cru - ci - fix - ion,
Sav-iour be - lieve? Would you gain a man-sion in glo - ry?
think of His grace; Ac-cept - ing it gives this as - sur - ance,

CHORUS.

That an - gels for - ev - er shall sing.
Who died to re-deem the great host. How great is the love of my
If so, you must Je-sus re - ceive.
I, some day, shall look on His face.

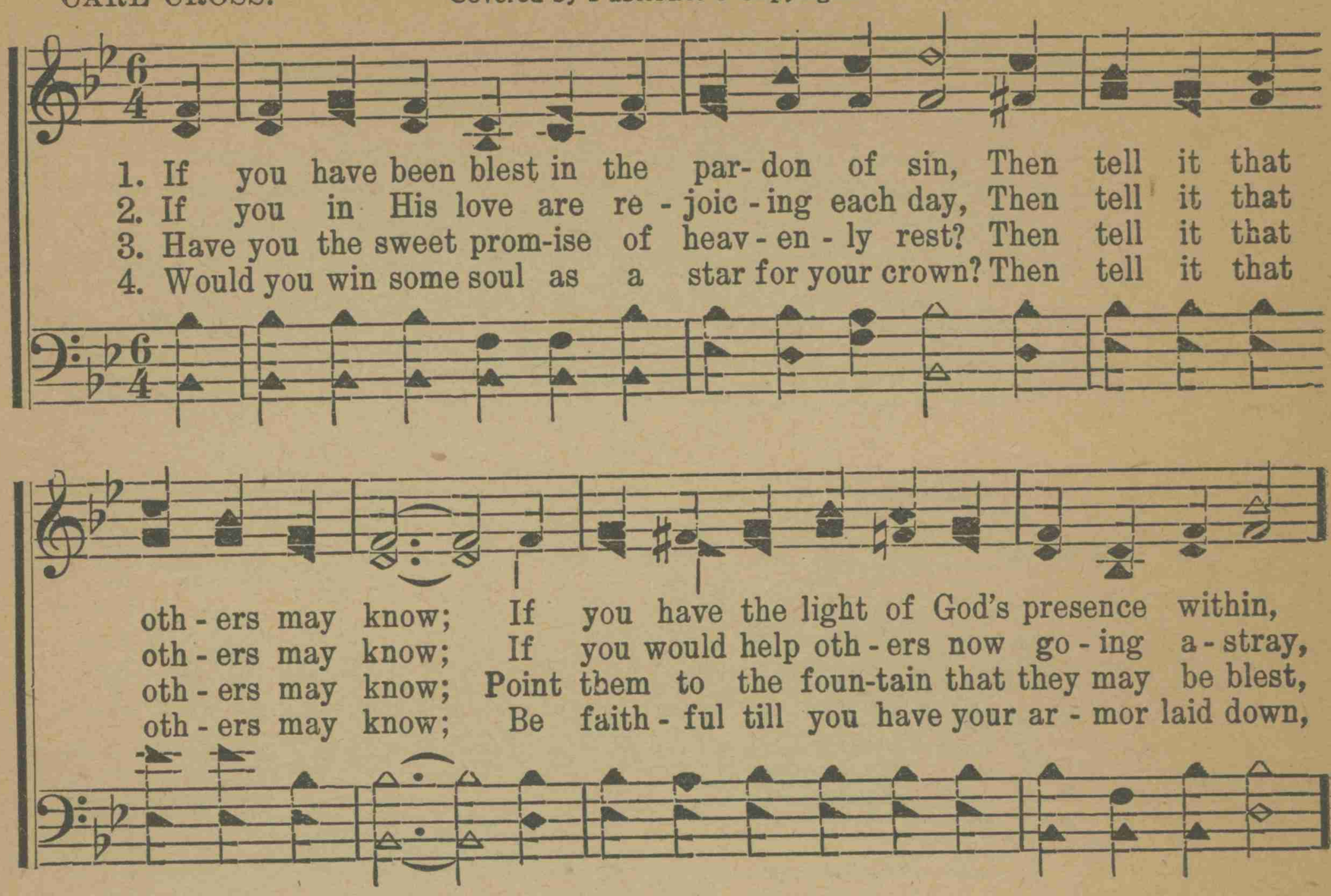
Sav - iour, So wondrous, far-reaching and free! Laid down His own

life as a ran - som, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

No. 63. Tell it Wherever You Go.

"And he departed, and began to publish . . . how great things Jesus had done for him; and all men did marvel."—Mark 5:20.

CARL CROSS. Covered by Publisher's Copyright. ALBERT C. FISHER.



No. 64. The Precious Blood.

"For as much as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex. F. M. FERRELL.

1. A - way from God I wandered long, No rest could find, no peace could know,
2. He shed His precious blood for me, From sin and death He makes me free;
3. I know that my Re-deem- er lives, Here full - est joy and peace He gives,
4. Come, sin - ner, seek this sav-ing flood, Of Je - sus' all - a - ton - ing blood;

Till on the curs- ed tree I saw One die in tears and blood and woe.
My soul o'erflows with grateful praise, And peace and glad-ness fill my days.
And when on earth my day is o'er, Gives end - less life on heav-en's shore.
Here's joy un- told the world to fill, Here's life and light for all who will.

CHORUS.

The precious blood . . . . . has cleansed my soul, ... And I am
The precious blood has cleansed my soul,

safe . . . . . with-in the fold; . . . . . His precious blood, ... a cleansing
And I am safe within the fold; His precious blood

flood, ... Flows full and free . . . . . for you and me . . . . . .
a cleansing flood, Flows full and free for you and me.

No. 65. The Blood-Stained Banner.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Psa. 60:4.

Copyright, 1910-1911, by Frank C. Huston. Words and music. By per.

MRS. IDA PALMER. DR. C. HAYDN PALMER.

1. There's a might - y con - flict 'gainst the pow'rs of sin, Hosts are march-ing
2. Tho' the pow'rs of dark - ness gath - er on the field, And the hosts of
3. Fierce the con - flict rag - es o - ver all the earth, 'Tis the right a-

to the fray; 'Neath the blood-stained banner of the Cru - ci-fied We will
sin as - sail, We've a Cap - tain who has nev-er known defeat, And His
gainst the wrong: Hear the notes of triumph from the ranks of truth, As they

fight and win the day. Marching on, we're grandly marching on,
truth shall yet pre - vail.
shout the vic-tor's song. march-ing on,

Un - til for Christ the vict'ry shall be won; To crown the Sav-iour
the vic-t'ry won;

King, we'll ev - er toil and sing, Be-neath the blood-stained banner of the cross.

CHORUS.

No. 66 In Thy Deep Love, O Father, Keep Me.

D. M. RAGLE. J. S. Harper, and D. M. Ragle owners, 1915. J. S. HARPER.

1. In thy deep love, O Fa-ther, keep me, Surround me with a peace sublime, Be Thou my shield, be Thou my fortress, Lend me Thy
2. Rule thou my life each passing mo-ment, Thou matchless Friend, Thou crowning King, Let Thy rich grace sustain and keep me, That I some
3. When death draws nigh to call me thith-er, To wait the res - ur - rec - tion morn, O be Thou near my soul to com-fort, Let pa-tience

CHORUS.

pres-ence all the time.
pre - cious fruit may bring. Be Thou in all my thoughts and
my frail form a - dorn.

ac - tions, Raise me a - bove all earth - ly dross, Help me to

stand when foes mo - lest me, Help me to meek-ly bear my cross.

No. 67. When the Lights Burn Low.

A. B. S. Copyright, 1916, by A. B. Sebren. A. B. SEBREN.

1. When the lights burn low, Stronger I will grow, In the faith (the faith)
2. Tho' the night grows dark, There remains a spark That doth still (doth still)
3. Sin - ner, far a - stray, Seek the home-ward way, Come, and in (yes, in)

that rules the world; For the Fa - ther's Son, The re-deem - ing One, I will
make bright the way; 'Tis the light of love Streaming from a - bove, Still 'twill
His love-light go; Then you need not fear When the storms are near, And the

FINE. REFRAIN.

keep (will keep) the flag un - furled. (the flag unfurled,) When the lights.... are
be ('twill be) my cheer-ing ray. (my cheering ray.)
lights (of home) are burning low. (are burning low.) the lights

D. S.–way (the way) I still shall see. (I still shall see.)

burning low,.....The Saviour dear, my guiding light will be;.....
are burning low, my light will be;

When the lights..... are burn-ing low,..... Thro' Him the
the lights are burn-ing low,

D. S.

No. 68. You'll See the Bright Light.

"And men see not the bright light in the clouds."—Job 37: 21.

R. H. McDANIEL. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O ye who are walk-ing life's path - way, With dark clouds of
2. Is your life full of wor - ry and trou - ble— Your way o - ver-
3. Have you laid in the grave a dear loved one, And now bro-ken-

doubt in your sky, Are you wea - ry of walking in dark-ness, And
cast with deep gloom? Are you seeking for light on your fut - ure? Have you
hearted and lone, Are you longing for light in your sor - row, That
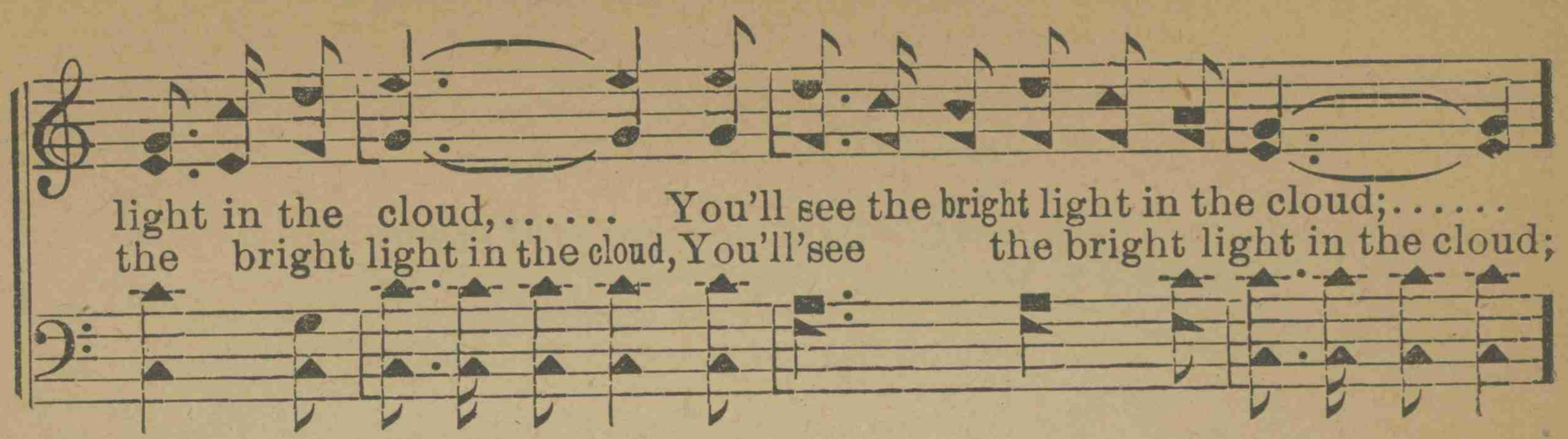
for the bright light do you sigh? Believe on the blessed Lord Je - sus,
fears of a judgment to come? Believe on the blessed Lord Je - sus,
shines from beyond the dark tomb? Believe on the blessed Lord Je - sus,

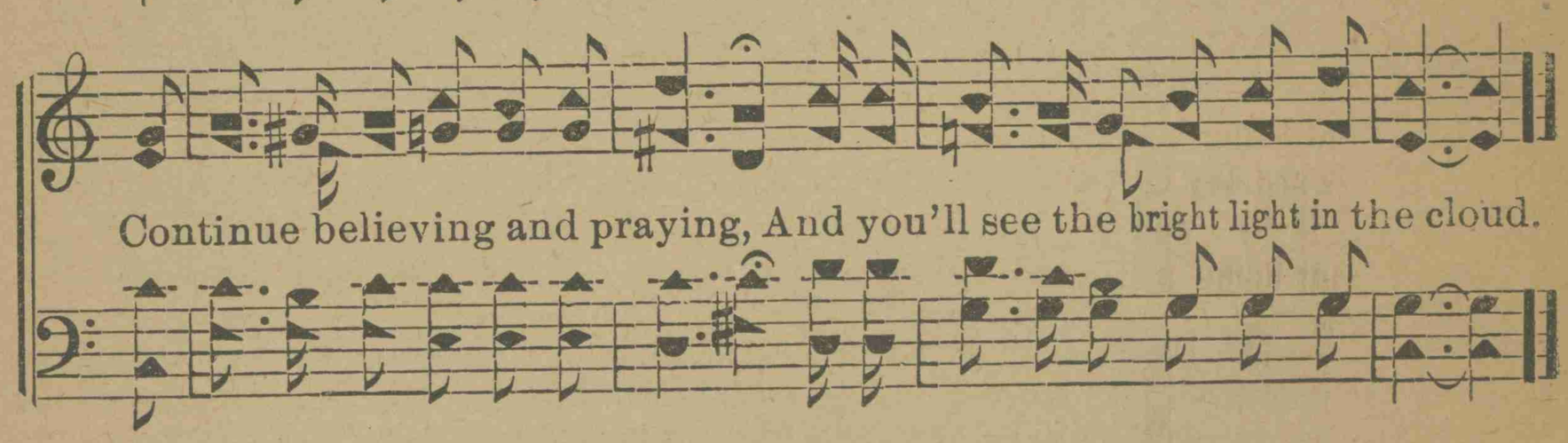
In His name of-fer pray'r un-to God; Con-tin - ue be -liev-ing and

Chorus.

pray-ing, And you'll see the bright light in the cloud. You'll see the bright
You'll see

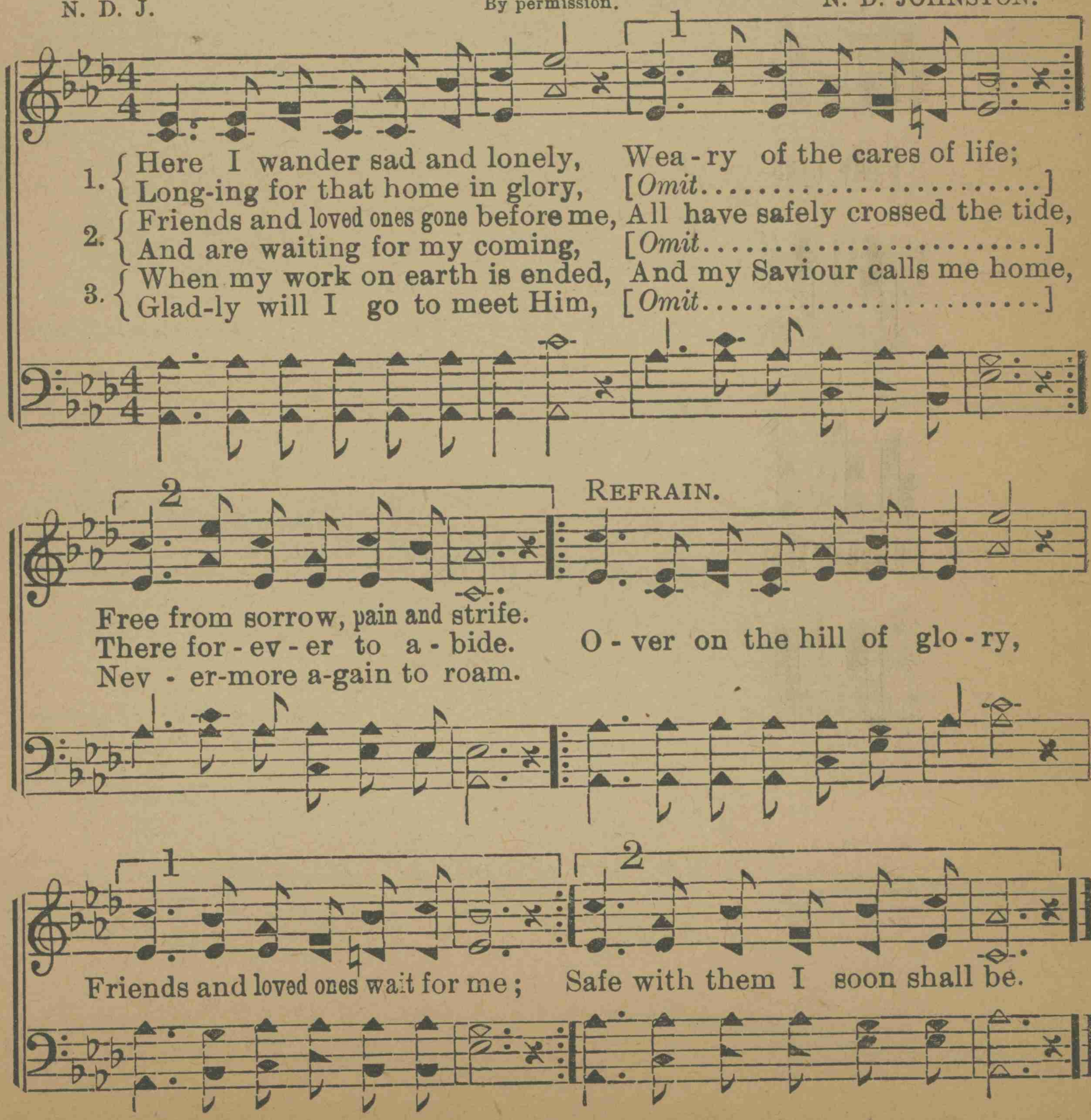
You'll See the Bright Light.





No. 69. Over on the Hills of Glory.

N. D. J. By permission. N. D. JOHNSTON.



No. 70. We're Marching to Our Home.

W. D. BILLS. Copyright, 1916, by T. S. Cobb and Ira Y. Rice. IRA Y. RICE.

1. We are marching to that home, To that bright and happy home so fair; When we
2. We are marching to that home, Christ the Lord will lead us all the way; 'Neath His
3. When we reach that home so fair, That blest home prepared by Christ on high, We shall
4. Sin - ner! come and go with us, We are marching to that home of love; He has

reach that land of glo - ry, we shall dwell for ev - er-more, We are march-ing
bright and glo - rious ban-ner, and His word shall be our song, We are march-ing
ev - er praise His bless-ed name throughout an end-less day, And we'll safe - ly
prom-ised you sal - va - tion, if you'll join His faith-ful throng, And go march-ing

CHORUS.

to that home up there. We are march - ing to that home,
homeward day by day.
reach it by and by.
to that home a - bove. We are marching that bless-ed home,

To that home prepared on high; He has promised to reward us there on high;

when we reach that bless-ed home, And we'll reach it in the by and by.

No. 71. Mansions Of Rest.

(In memory of my vocal class at Ballinger, Texas, June, 1915.

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

C. T. M. Controlled by the author. C. T. McCORMACK.

Not fast.

1. In heav - en for us we are told, Are beau - ti - ful man -
2. O how can we miss that sweet home, If we His command -
3. Some day, when all cares shall be o'er, And we with the ran -
4. O sin - ner, re - turn to the fold, He's beck - on - ing for

sions of rest; Where loved ones have gone, and be - hold Those
ments o - bey; Be-cause in His word He says come, For
somed shall be, With Him who the rug-ged cross bore, That
you to come And share all His blessings un - told, In

REFRAIN.

mansions prepared for the blest.
"I am the Truth and the Way." Mansions of rest, heavenly rest,
we from all sin might be free.
yon - der sweet heav-en - ly home.

In the land where Je - sus is King; We'll join the glad song of
heaven's bright throng, Hal - le - lu - iah, His prais - es we'll sing.

No. 72. A Wonderful Mansion.

WILL LATSON. T. S. Cobb, owner, 1916. THOS. S. COBB.

1. The Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare us a home Whose walls will be jas - per and gold; 'Twill be in a cit - y where souls will not roam,
2. Oh, won - der - ful prom-ise, a prom-ise of rest, Where thieves will not break thro' and steal! A man-sion of beau-ty, the home of the blest,
3. He goes to pre-pare your bright mansion and mine, That where He is there we may be; Oh, this is His promise, His promise di - vine;

CHORUS.

Whose beauties can nev-er be told.
Where Je - sus His face will re - veal! This won-der - ful man-sion I'm long-ing to see, With all who have gone on be-fore; Some day, when its
He makes it to you and to me!

doors shall swing open for me, I'll en - ter to rest ev - er - more.

No. 73. 'Twas Built by Hands Eternal.

B. W. PIRTLE. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. CARL CROSS.

1. There is a home of bliss su - per - nal, Pre-pared for ev - 'ry trust-ing soul; Its walls were built by hands e - ter - nal,
2. By faith I view the might - y heav - ens, And see my Sav-iour seat - ed there; Where crowns of righteousness are giv-en,
3. No soul can share the bliss and beau - ty Of that e- ter - nal home with God, Save those who here, thro' faith and du-ty,
4. Some bless - ed day, when life is end - ed, When tri - als and temp-ta-tions cease, And to that home I have as - cend-ed,

REFRAIN.

Its streets all paved with shining gold.
And souls are free from toil and care. That home was built by hands e-
Walk in the steps the Mas-ter trod.
I'll dwell in per-fect joy and peace.

ter-nal, And it for ev - er-more shall stand; And we shall share its joys su - per - nal, If we o - bey our Lord's commands.

No. 74. Going to the Glory-land.

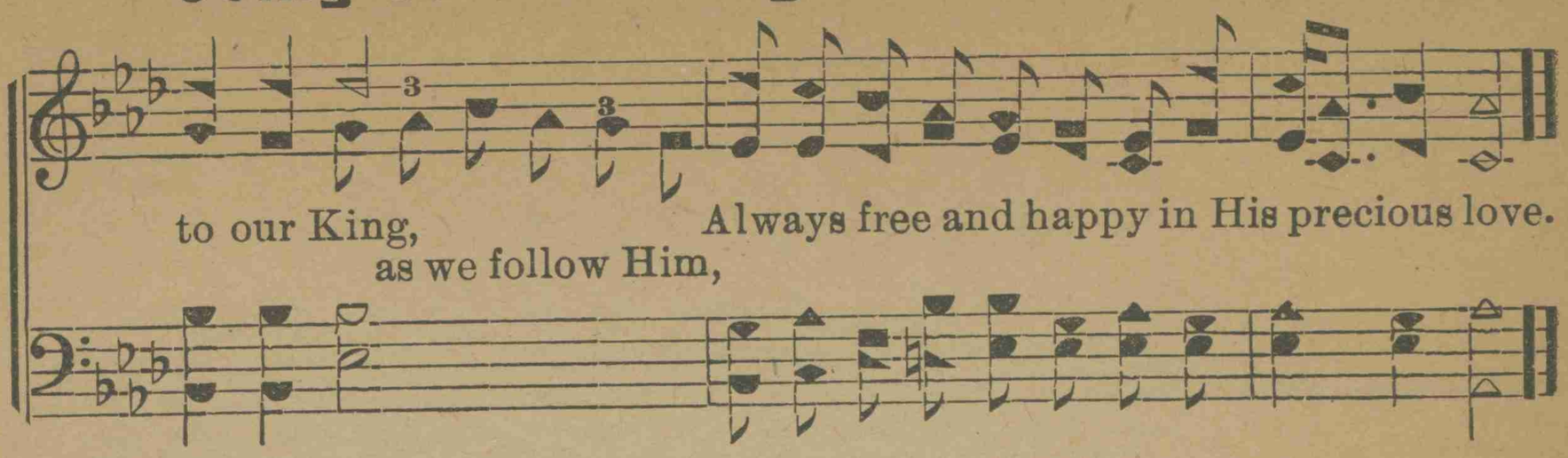
JAMES ROWE. Controlled by the author. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. Trav - el - ing on to - geth - er to the glo - ry - land, Blessings rich re-ceiv-ing from our Friend above, Letting the weak and wayward hear the tidings grand, Always free and happy in His pre-cious love.
2. Trusting the One who guides us thro' the des - ert here, Leaning on His promise more and more each day, Sweetly we tell the sto - ry that has grown so dear Since the loving Saviour took our sins a - way.
3. Aft - er a lit - tle while our tri - als will be o'er, Then our King in all His glo - ry we shall see, Sing of His love with angels, and with saints a-dore, In His presence rest for all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

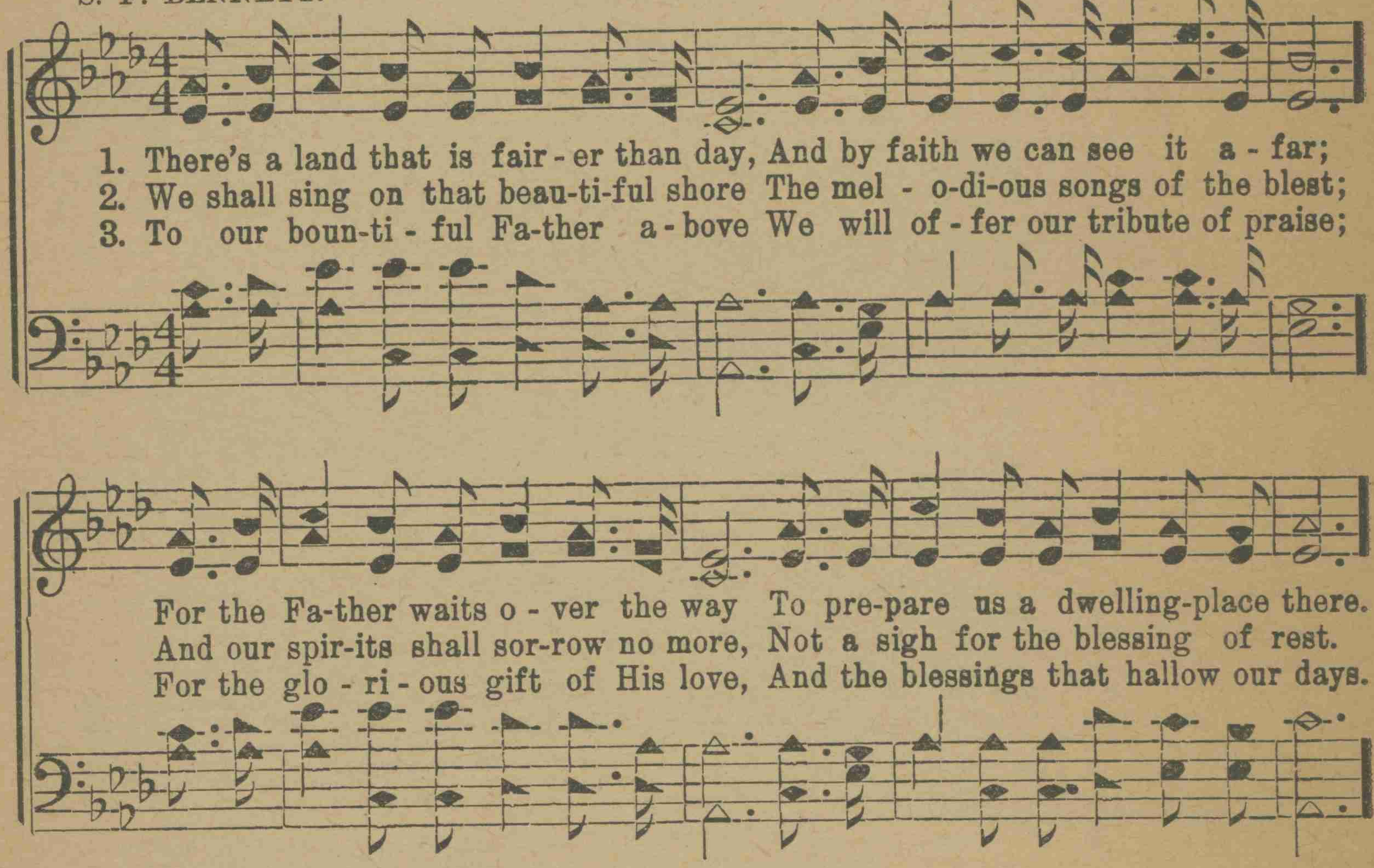
Marching on, Marching on, Go - ing on thro' the story-land, on to the glo-ry-land, home to praise Him with the throng above; Praise we sing Songs of so rejoicingly

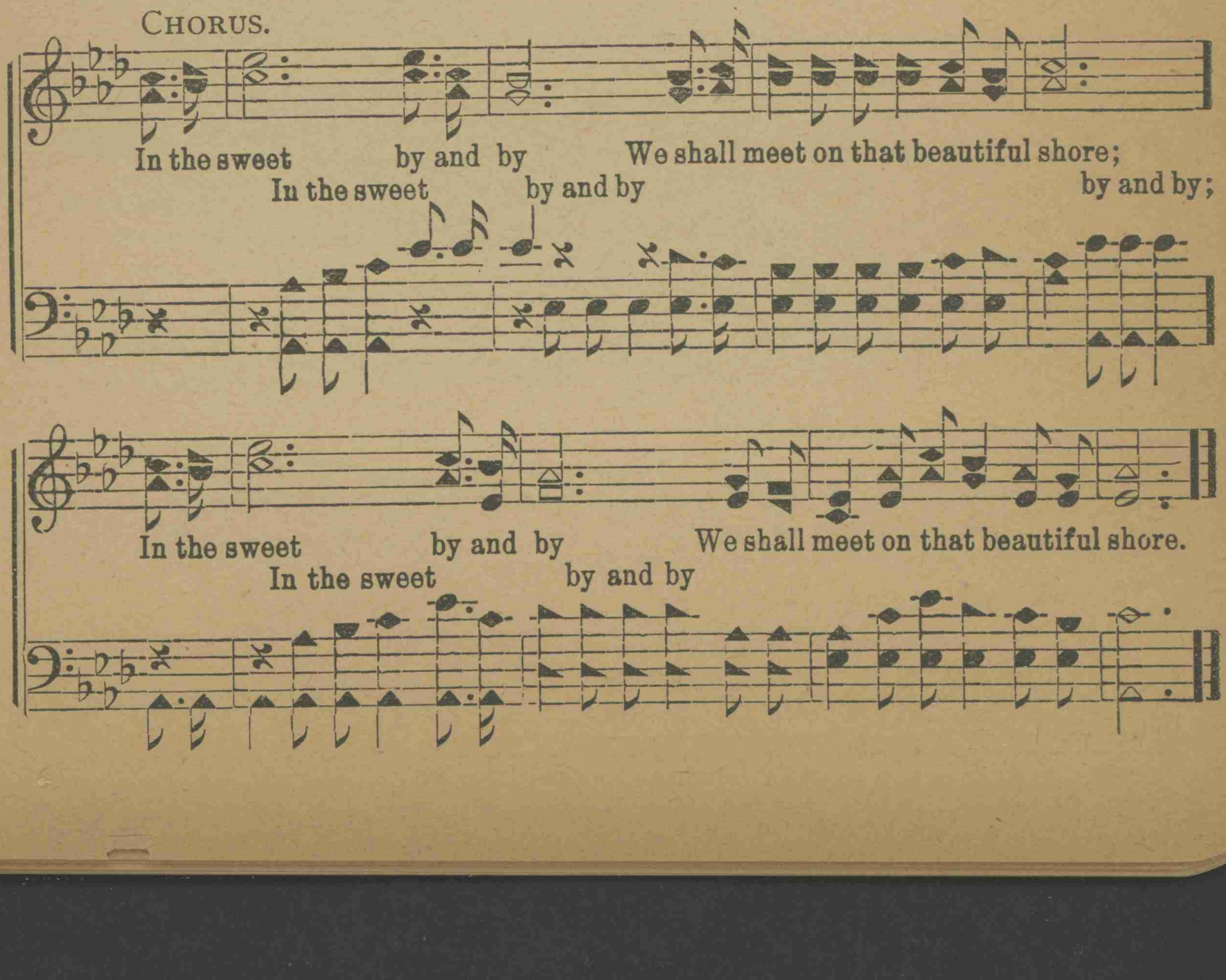
Going to the Glory-land. Concluded.



No. 75. In the Sweet By and By.

S. F. BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.





No. 76. When the Crowning Morning Breaks.

"And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5 : 4.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. W. S. DUTTON.

1. We shall reach our home ce - les - tial and be - hold the King we love,
2. We shall gath - er with the ransomed on the fair e - ter - nal shore,
3. With the mar-tyrs, saints and sag - es we shall look up - on His face,

When the crown - ing morning breaks; We shall praise Him with the angels
All our hardships will be end - ed,
When the crowning morning breaks; And with mighty hal - le - lu - jahs

and the ransomed throng above, When the crown - - ing morn-ing
we shall rest for ev - er-more,
we shall praise re-deeming grace, Yes, when the crowning morn-ing

D. S.—*crown - - ing morn-ing*
Yes, when the crowning morning
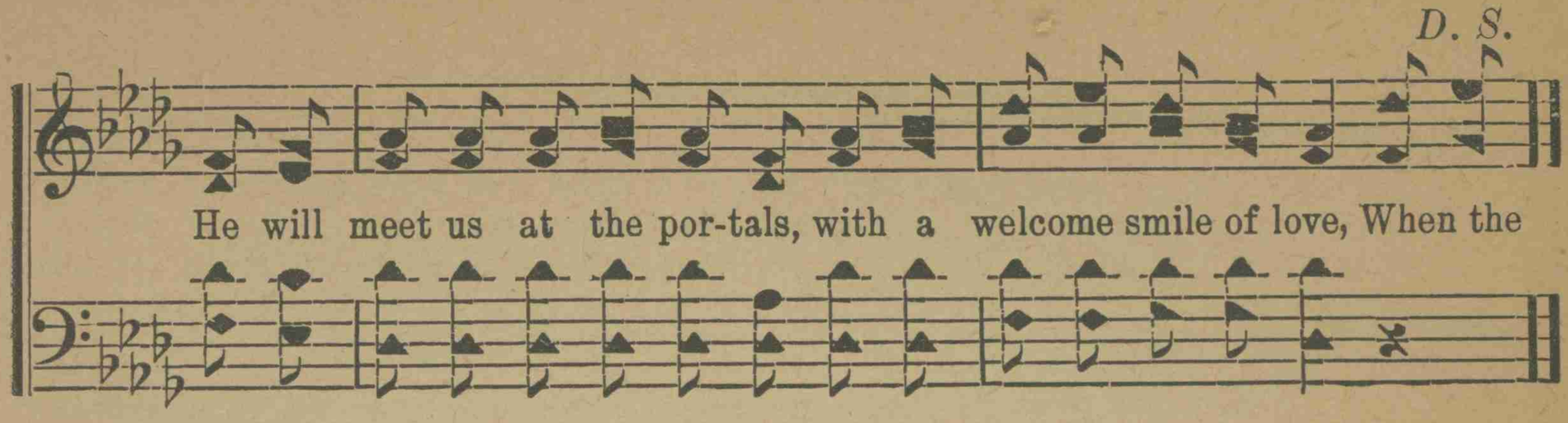
FINE. CHORUS.

breaks. Press a - long,..... His prais - es
breaks, in glo - ry breaks. Press a - long, His prais- es sing-ing, press a-

breaks, (in glo - ry breaks).

sing-ing,..... Nev-er He..... His own forsakes;
long and sweetly sing; He His own He never leaves,oh,no,His own He ne'er forsakes,

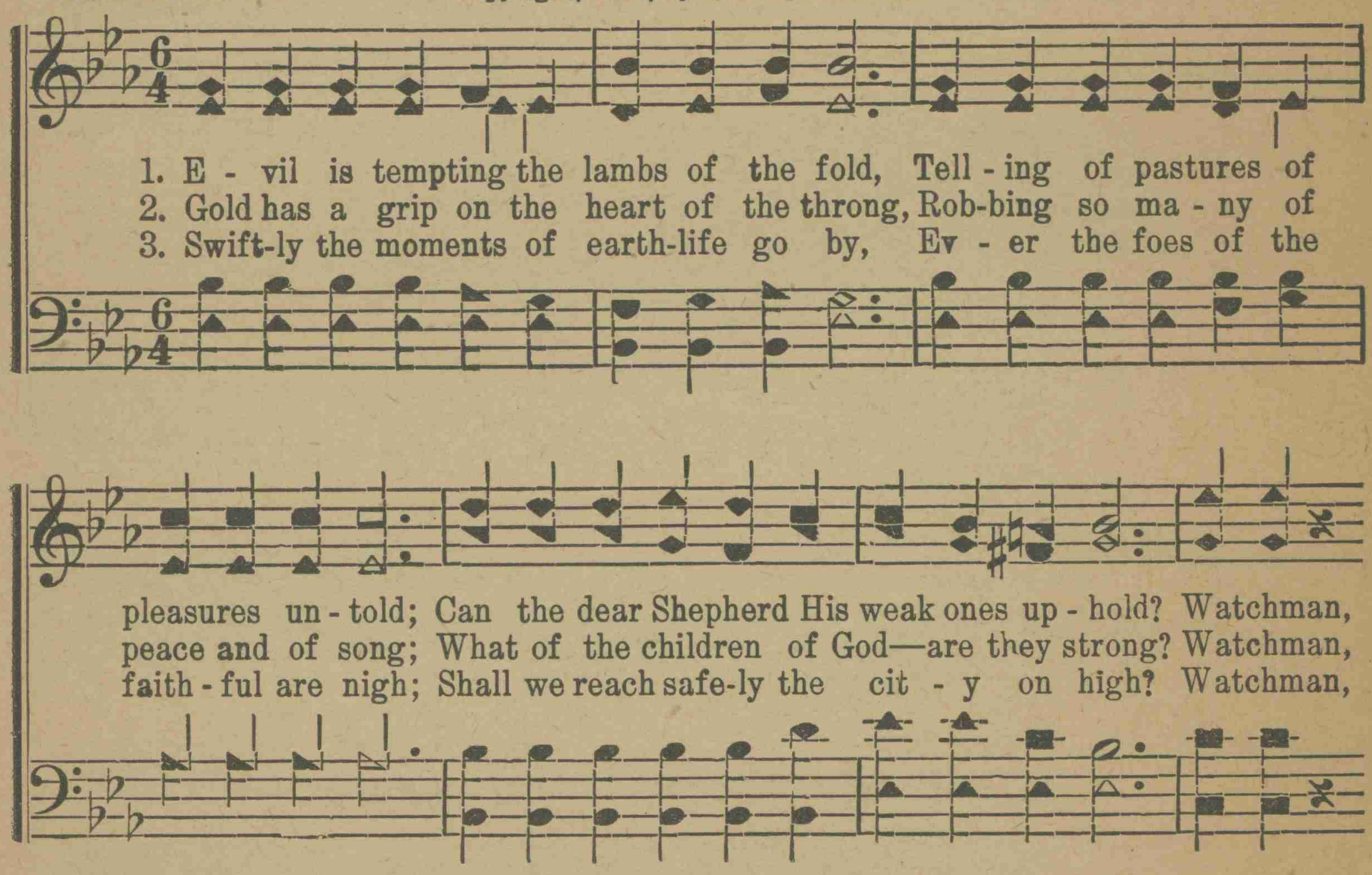
When the Crowning Morning. Concluded.

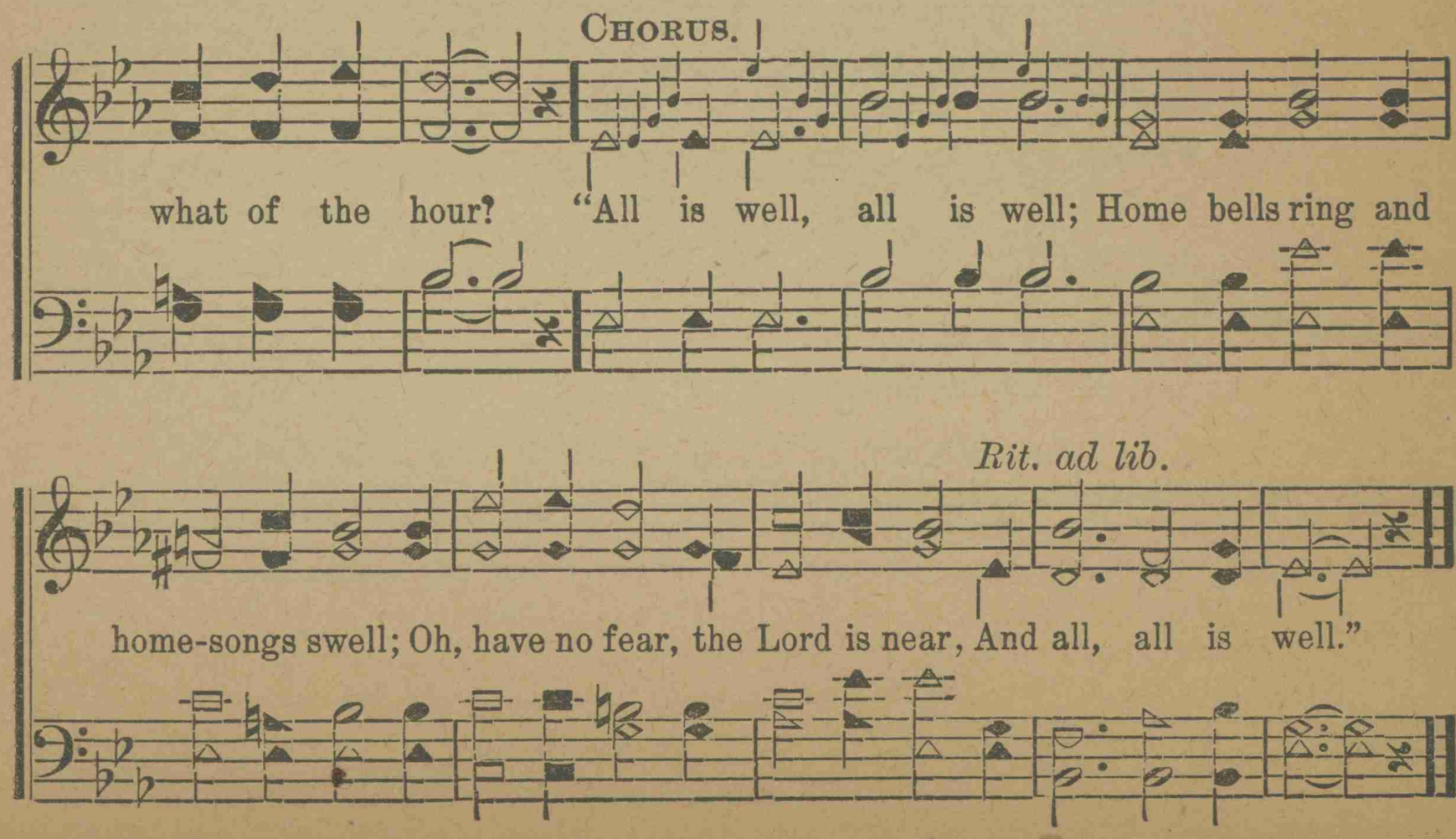


No. 77. Watchman, What of the Hour?

"Therefore, let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5:6.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. J. M. HAGAN.





No. 78. His Guiding Hand.

C. V. C. Quartet Music Co., owner. C. V. COX.

1. When hearts are sad and lone - ly, And skies are dark and drear, There
2. This hand that ev - er guides me, To paths of du - ty clear Will
3. Where all redeemed in glo - ry, Shall sing His prais - es sweet Thro'-

is one tho't that cheers me, The Lord is ev - er near; His hand is
heal the brok-en heart- ed, And cause them to re - vere The Lord, as
out the ceaseless a - ges, Up - on the gold-en streets, There Je - sus

ev - er guid - ing, The faith - ful need not fear, There is no need re-
lov - ing Sav- iour, And lead them thro' the night To 'lys - ian fields up
Christ, the Sav- iour, with pierc - ed hands a-dored, Will rule and reign for-

CHORUS.

pin - ing, While Christ the Lord, is near. God's own dear hand
yon - der, Where skies are ev - er bright.
ev - er, As Sav - iour, King, and Lord. His guiding Hand.....

lifts you and me From sin and shame,
of love I see..... Outstretched from yon - der world to

His Guiding Hand. Concluded.

with Him to be, Bids me look up to glo - ry high,
me,..... He bids His child..... on Him re - ly.....

Rit.

And find sweet rest, sweet bye and bye.
For home and rest,..... sweet bye and bye.....

No. 79. Keep My Hand in Thine.

W. L. T. S. Cobb, owner. WILL LATSON.

1. Keep my hand in Thine, Lord, Lead me ev - 'ry day, 'Mid the
2. May I ev - er fol - low Whith-er Thou dost lead; Thou to
3. Be Thou ev - er near me, Take this heart of mine; I would

CHORUS.

hours of dark-ness, Show to me the way.
lead and guide me, Lord, is what I need. Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me,
fol - low Thee, Lord, Keep my hand in Thine.

In Thy love di-vine; Lest a foe o'ertake me, Keep my hand in Thine.

No. 80. We Shall See the King.
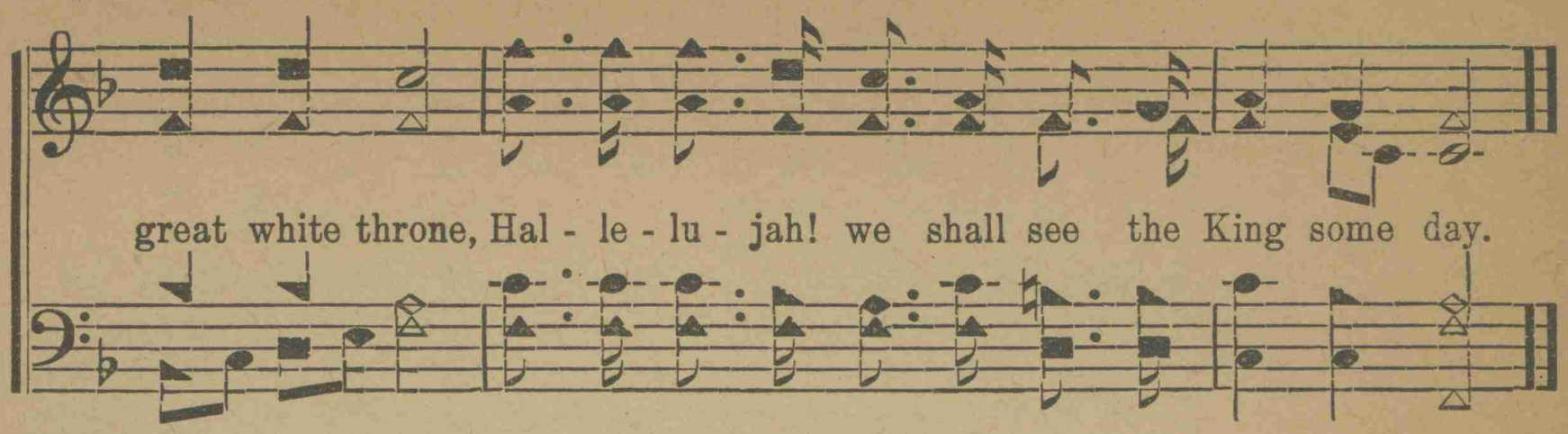
F. C. H. Used by permission. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. A glorious time is com-ing when we all get home, When we've crossed in safe - ty o'er the bil- low's foam, When with the saints and an-gels there 'neath heav - en's dome, We shall see the beau - ty of the King some day.
2. We'll hear the shouts of joy that make all heav - en ring, We shall hear the songs of praise the ransomed sing, We'll see the might- y hosts that bow be- fore the King, We shall see the glo - ry of the King some day.
3. We'll see the shin-ing an-gels on that bliss-ful shore, We shall meet our loved ones who have gone be - fore, We'll dwell in joy su - per - nal there for- ev - er - more, Best of all, we know we'll see the King some day.
4. We'll faithful be to serve Him till our race is run, Till thro' grace the bat -tle's fought and vic - t'ry's won, And we shall hear the welcome, "Faithful one, well done," Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall see the King some day.

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day, We shall see the King some day, We shall see the King some day, yes, day, We shall see the King of glo - ry When we meet to praise Him 'round the

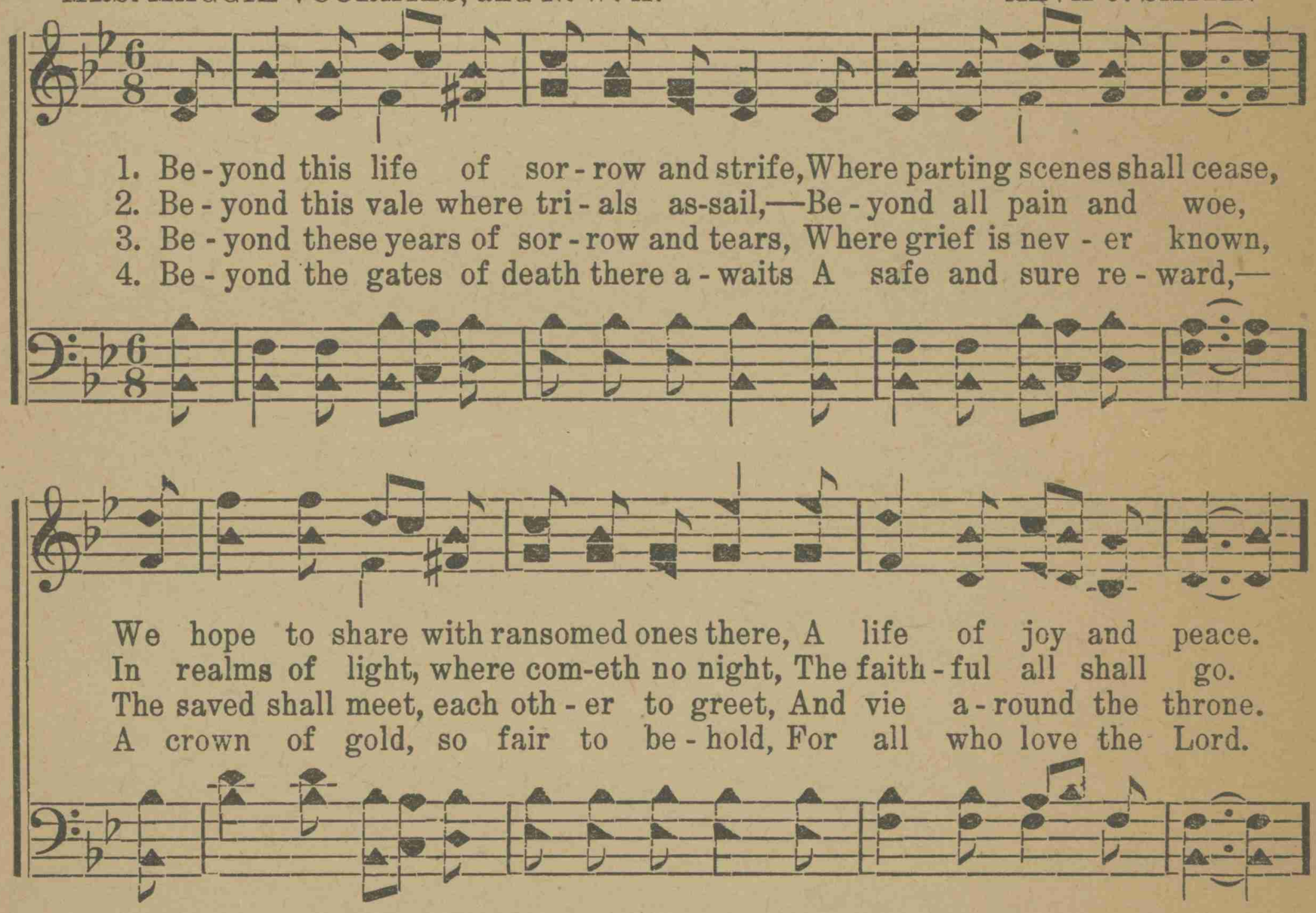
We Shall See the King. Concluded.

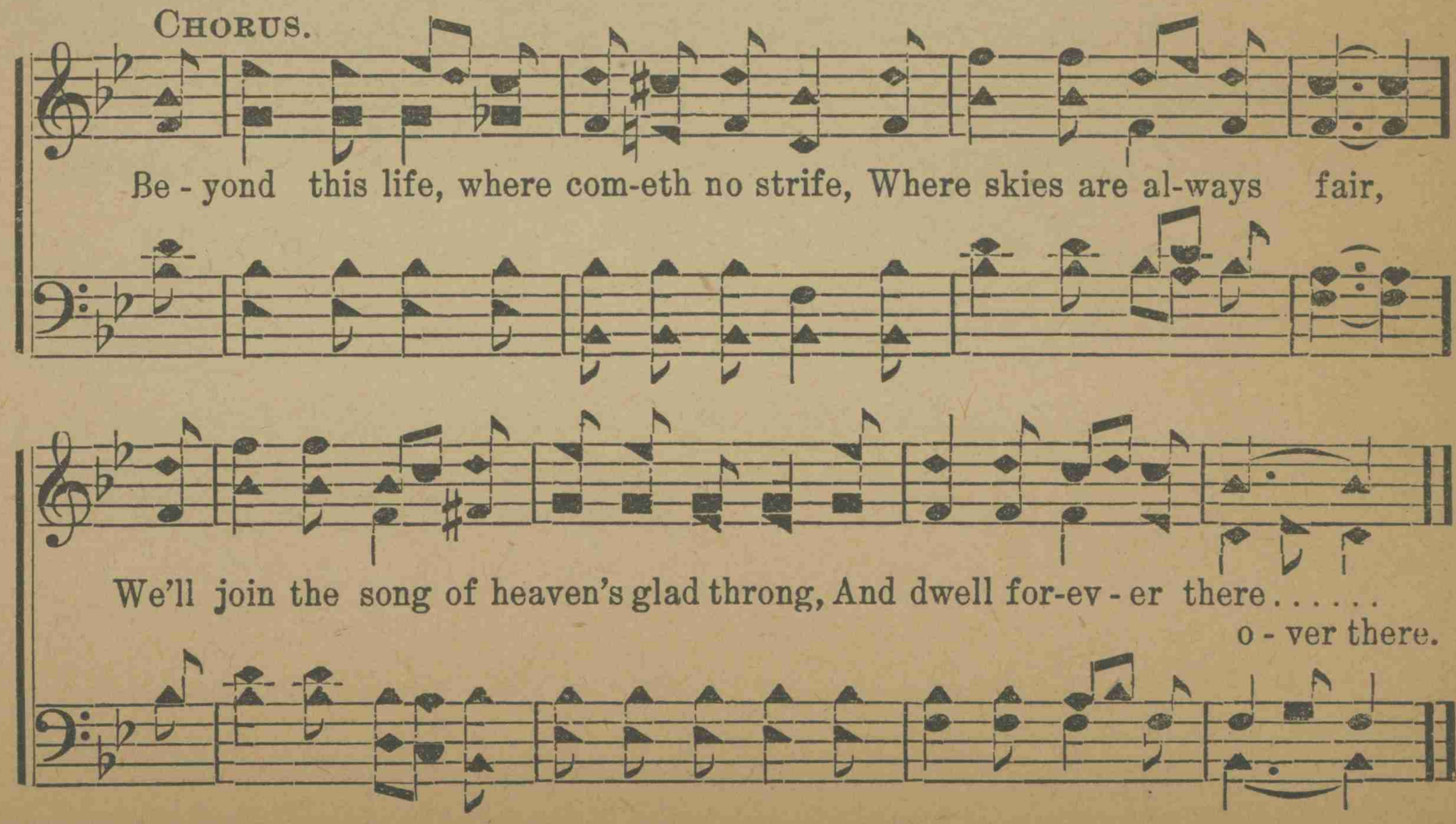


No. 81. Beyond This Life.

Covered by Publisher's Copyright.

MRS. MAGGIE VOORHIES, and N. W. A. ALVA J. SMITH.





No. 82. Singing of Wonderful Love.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. W. H. DUTTON.

1. We march a-long with Je - sus in the glo - ry way, Singing of
2. We know that we shall reach the shining gates of gold, Singing of
3. When we have reached that city by the crys-tal sea, Singing of

love,..... won - der - ful love;..... With Him so
We know that
Singing of Jesus' love, singing of Jesus' love, We know that
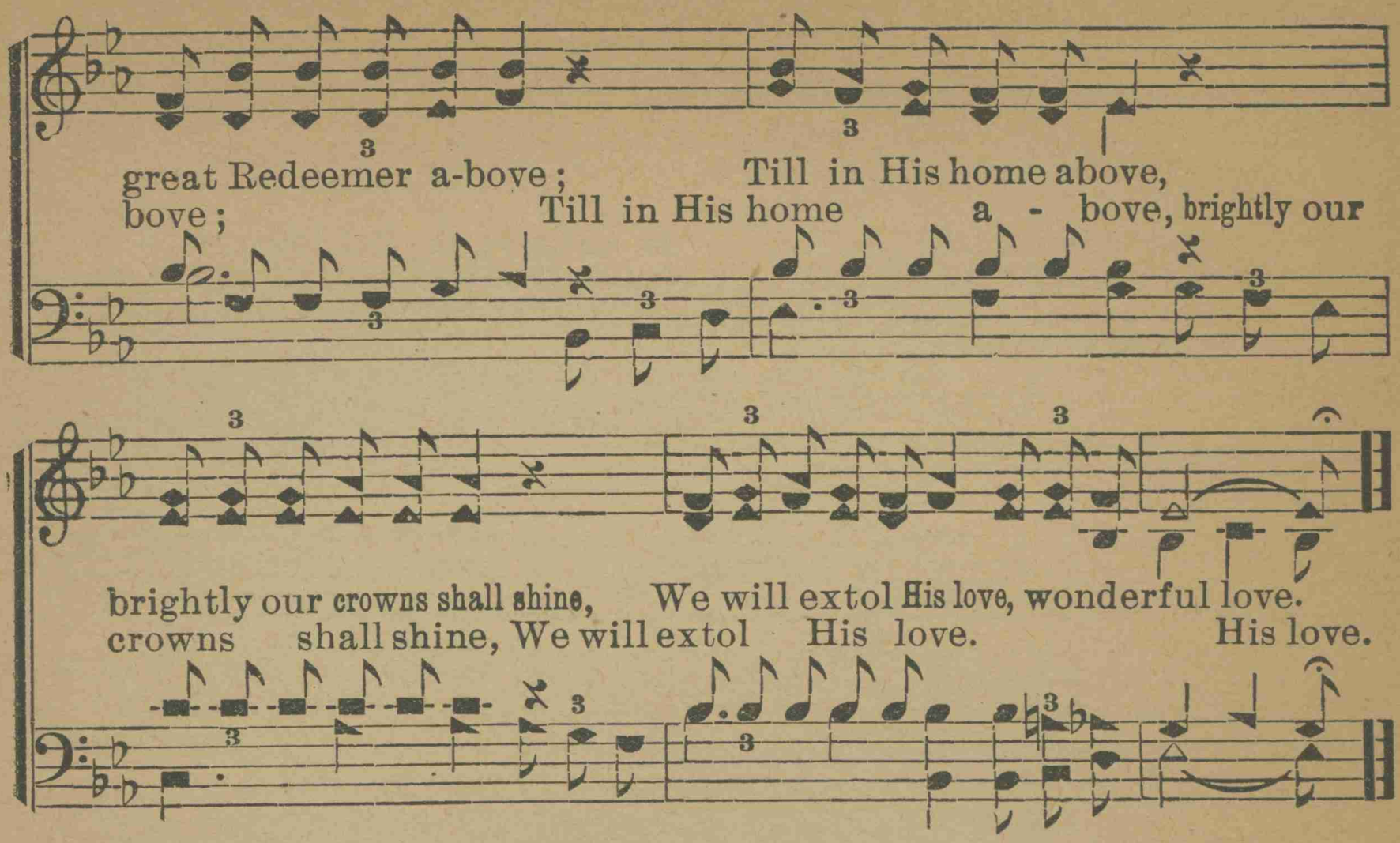
near, our souls are happy ev-'ry day, Singing of love di - vine,
there our Saviour dear we shall behold,
we shall praise Him thru e-ter-ni-ty. Singing of love divine,

CHORUS.

wonderful love. Singing of love di-vine,
His love. Singing of love di - vine, wonderful

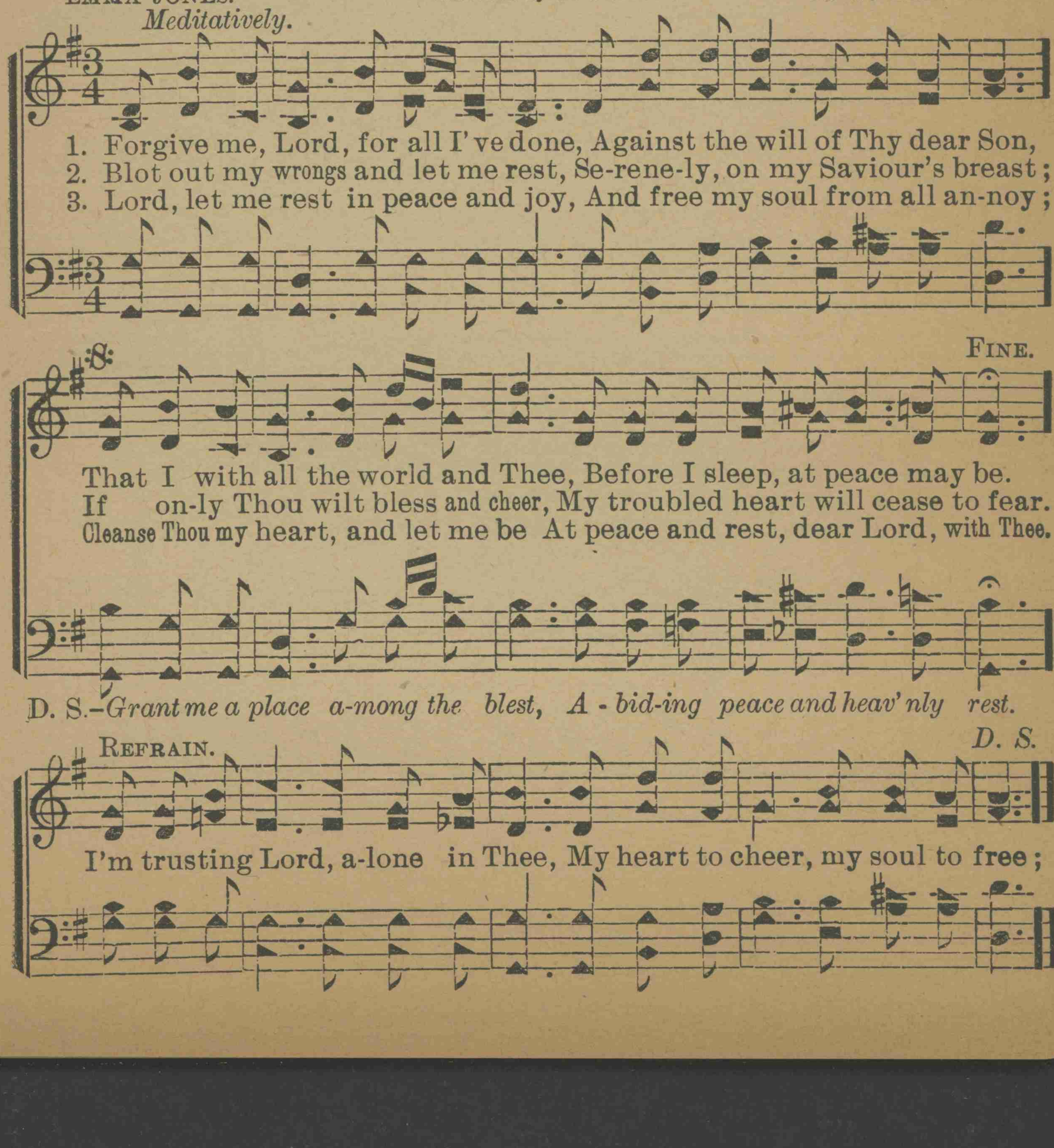
wonderful love divine, Praising with wondrous joy, Jesus our
love di - vine, Praising with joy our great Saviour a-

Singing of Wonderful Love. Concluded.



No. 83. Peace and Rest.

EMMA JONES. Controlled by the author. N. W. ALLPHIN.



No. 84. We'll Meet Our Loved Ones.

Affectionately inscribed and de dicated to my uncle, C. C. Lovelady, Daisy, Tenn.

A. J. S. Property of Alva J. Smith. ALVA. J. SMITH.

1. Our loved ones one ..... by one are ta - ken (they are ta - ken),
2. If we are here..... glad, faithful servants (faithful servants),
3. Let us go on..... our way re - joic-ing (way re - joic - ing),

To a fair - er world a - bove (world above); Where they shall
Of our might - y Lord and King (Lord and King); When He shall
Till we're safe in realms on high (realms on high); Then we shall

sweet - ly bask for - ev - er (yes, for - ev - er), In the
call..... our spir - its yon-der (spir-its yon-der), There His
meet.....with our dear loved ones (our dear loved ones), Nev-er -

CHORUS.

light..... of Je - sus' love (pre - cious love)!
prais - es we shall sing (we shall sing)!
more..... to say good-bye (say good - bye)! Some day we'll

Some day we'll meet our friends and loved ones gone before us, When we
meet .... our friends and loved ones..... When we reach....

We'll Meet Our Loved Ones. Concluded.

reach that shining strand (shining strand); Where we shall sing . . . . . glad hal - le -
. . . . . the shining strand; . . . . . Where we shall sing glad hal - le -

lu - jahs, ... With the hap - - py an - gel band (angel band)!
lu - jahs, hal-le - lu - jahs, With the hap-py an - gel band! . . . . . .

No. 85. Rest Over Jordan.

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

WM. HUNTER, 1857. GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 189

1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss-ful rest,
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e-ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your triumph as you go;

FINE.

My Re-deem-er's gone be - fore me To prepare a mansion blest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap - py land.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro'.

D. S.—*Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Yes, there is rest over Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

Used by permission.

No. 86. With the Mighty Host of Zion.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1916, by J. S. Harper, J. S. HARPER.

1. With the mighty host of Zi - on I am pressing on To the land of
2. I am sure that He will keep me in the upward way, For He shed His
3. He has led me from the lowlands to the plains of light, And my praise to

light and joy a-bove; I have lost my heavy burden and my sins have gone,
blood my heart to win; He will shield me and defend me till the better day,
Him I now outpour; If I trust Him He will lead me to the city bright,

FINE. CHORUS.

And I'm liv-ing in my Saviour's love. With the might - y
And will let me triumph o - ver sin.
Where my soul shall praise Him evermore. With the might-y

CHO.–*Al-ways hap - py in my Sav-iour's love.*

host of Zi - on, (host of Zion), I am marching to the land a-

D. S.

bove, (land above), With my heavy burden gone, I am pressing on and on,

No. 87. Into Thy Face.

MRS. FRANK BRECK. T. S. Cobb, owner, 1916. THOS. S. COBB.

1. When Pe - ter walked, Lord, on the wa - ter, to Thee, Firm-ly he stood on the wave, Till he looked from thy face to the trem - u - lous sea,
2. Lord, let me fail not in the thing that I do, Gaz - ing on frail - ties of mine; There is hope when I look to my Sav-iour so true,
3. Lord, give me strength to ev - er look in Thy face, Stead-y, un-swerv- ing and sure; And I know I shall have of thy ut - ter-most grace,

CHORUS.

Faith failed, he ceased to be brave.
Lean-ing on pow - er di - vine. In - to thy face, let me look, blessed Mas-
Grace that shall ev - er en - dure.

ter, Let me not sink in life's billowing wave! Trusting in Thee, I shall fear no dis - as - ter, I look un - to Thee to com-fort and to save!

No. 88. Onward to the Light.

Copyright, 1916, by A. O. Thomas.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. O. THOMAS.

1. Out of the dark-ness ad - vanc- ing, In - to the light let us go,
2. Christ is our light, our sal - va - tion, He is the light of the world;
3. Where leads our glorious commander, We will with joy fol - low on,

Fear-less we march with our ban - ners, We shall be vic - tors we know;
Glad - ly we'll fol-low His stand - ard, Proud-ly we see it un - furled;
Soon we shall see Him in tri - umph, O - pen the gates of the dawn;

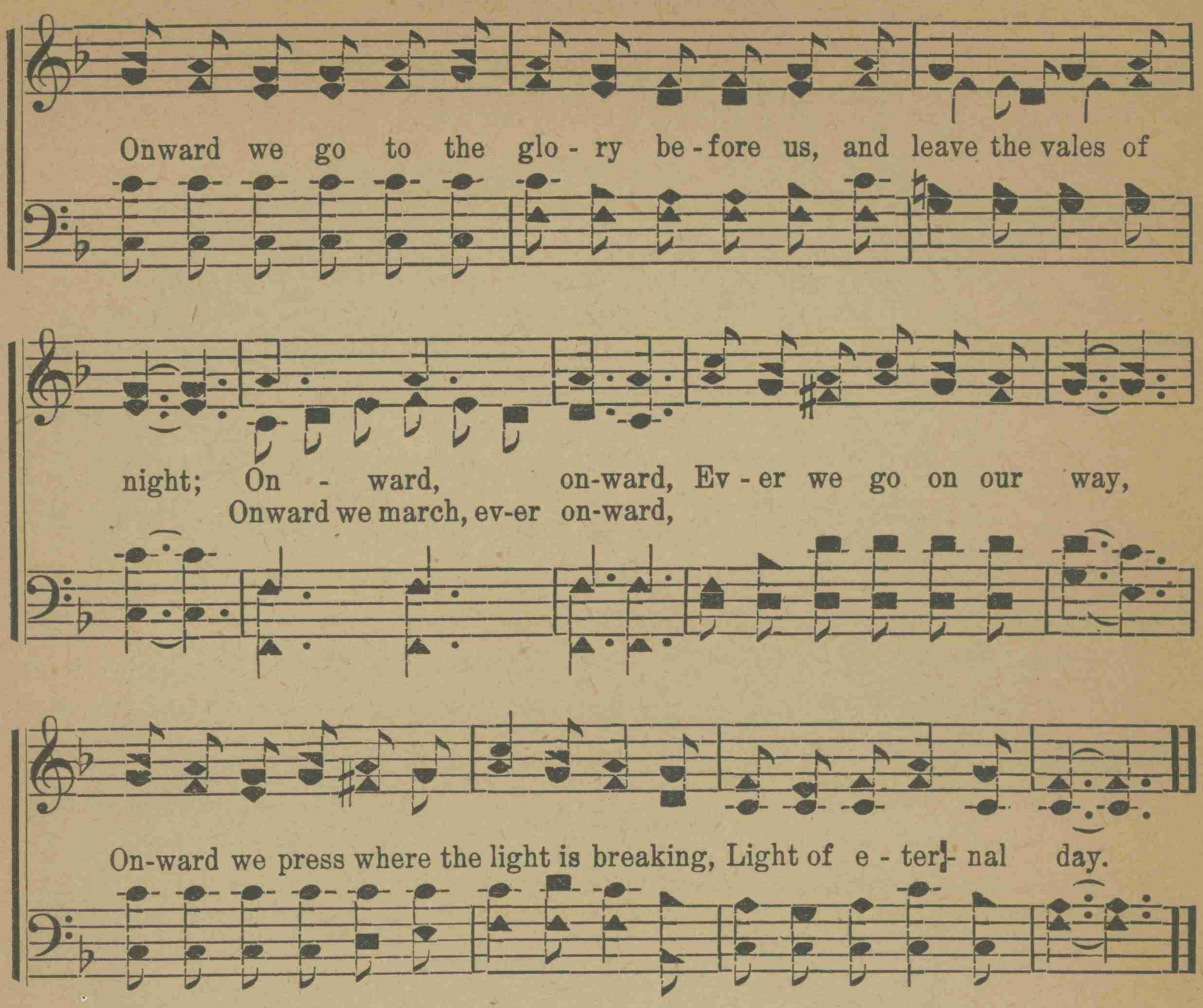
Clouds may at pres- ent sur-round us, Dark-ness and dan-gers of night,
Le - gions of hell may op - pose us, As we con - tend for the right,
Soon we shall en - ter that cit - y, Gleam-ing re- splend-ant and bright,

But we will faith-ful - ly jour - ney on-ward, In - to the morn-ing light.
But ev - er on, thro' the smoke of bat- tle, Truth leads us t'ward the light.
Soon we will stand on the hills of glo - ry, Land of e - ter - nal light.

CHORUS.

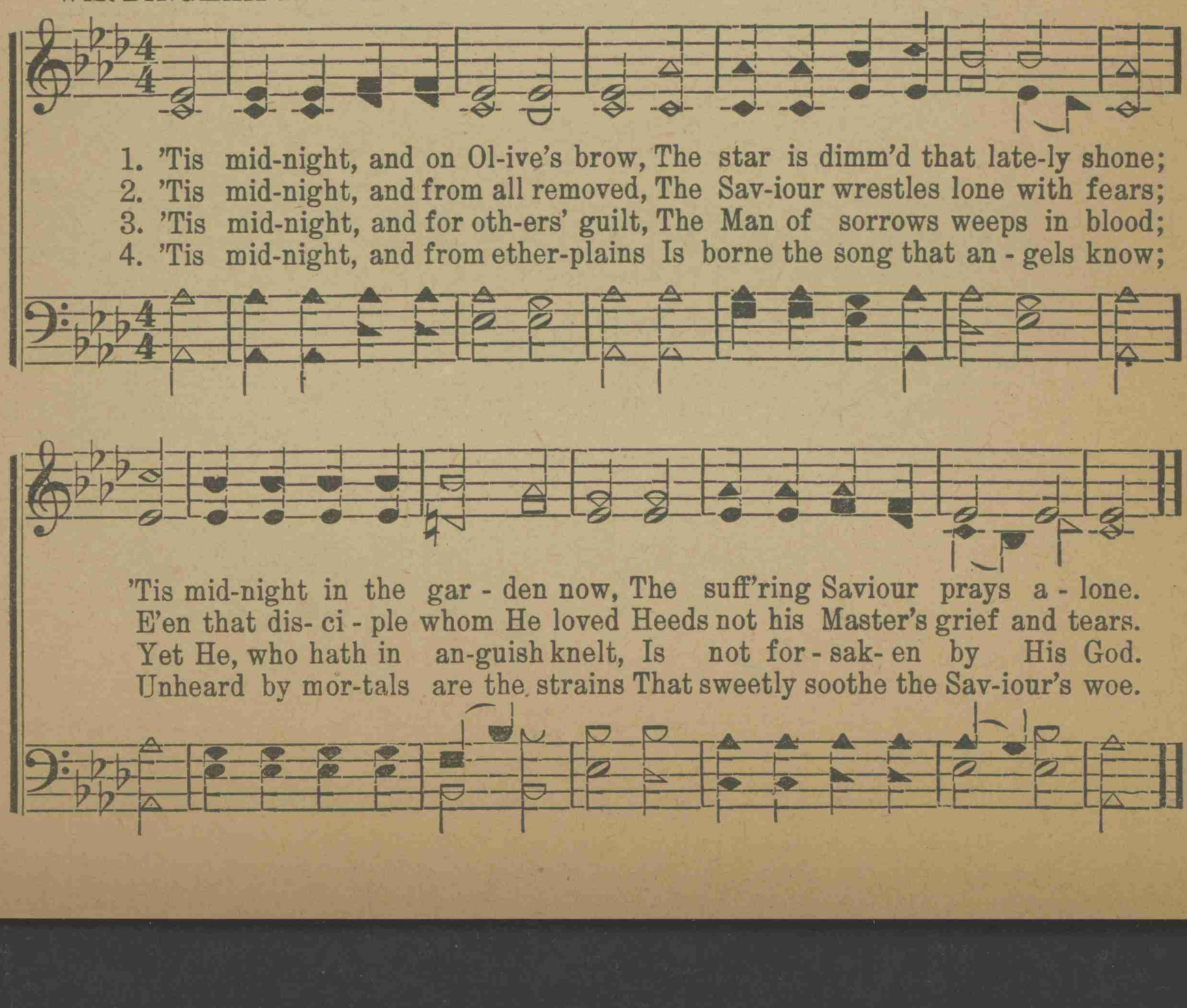
On - ward, on - ward, On - ward to the light;
On-ward we march, ev - er on - ward, Onward we march to the light;

Onward to the Light. Concluded.



No. 89. 'Tis Midnight, and On Olive's Brow.

WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 90. More and More Like Jesus.

LAWRENCE LOVE. R. C. Jay, owner. 1916. RILEY C. JAY.

Not fast.

1. How I long to be still more and more like Je - sus, While up-
2. More and more like Him who left the courts of heav - en, Earth - ly
3. Yes, I want to be more like my bless - ed Sav - iour, Striv - ing

on this earth I stay, And I'm striv - ing to re - flect His love and
sor - rows all to share; That He might be - come the au - thor of sal-
here His will to know; Do - ing faith- ful - ly what - ev - er He com-

REFRAIN.

mer - cy All a - long my pil - grim way. Still more like my
va - tion, All our sins and griefs to bear.
mands me, Walk-ing where He bids me go. and more
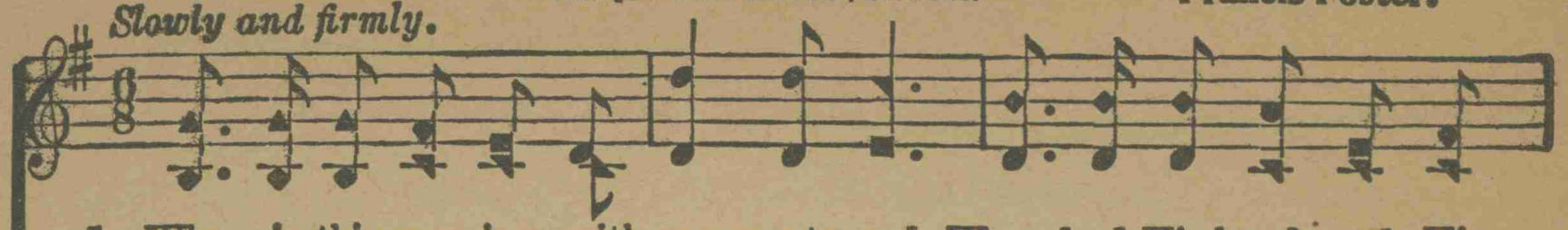
Sav - iour I would be, His love, re - flect - ing day by day; Yes,
great love,

more I would be like Him, All a - long my pil - grim way.
and more,
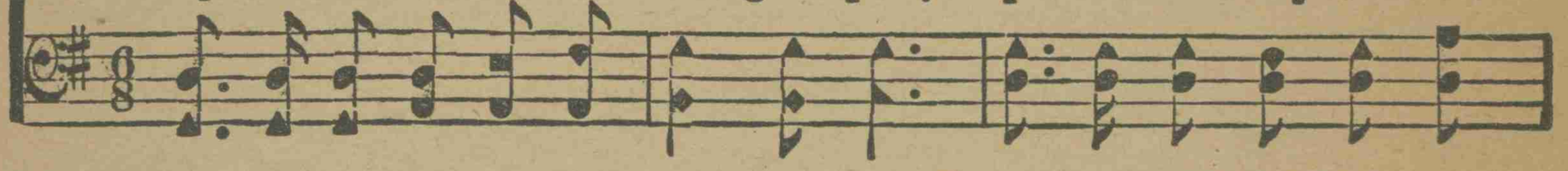
91. Jesus the Hope of the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.
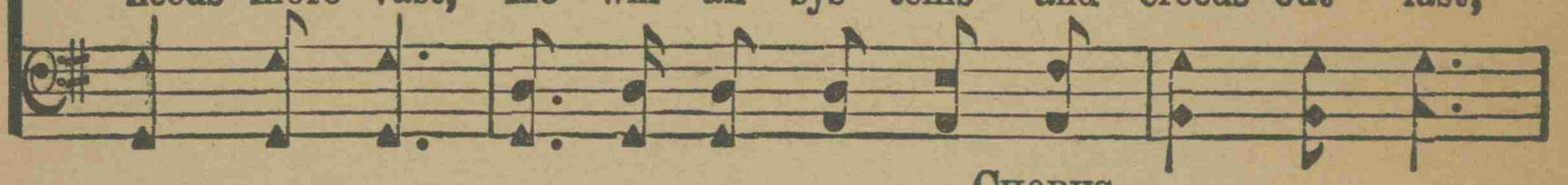
T. O. Chisholm. *Slowly and firmly.* Francis Foster.
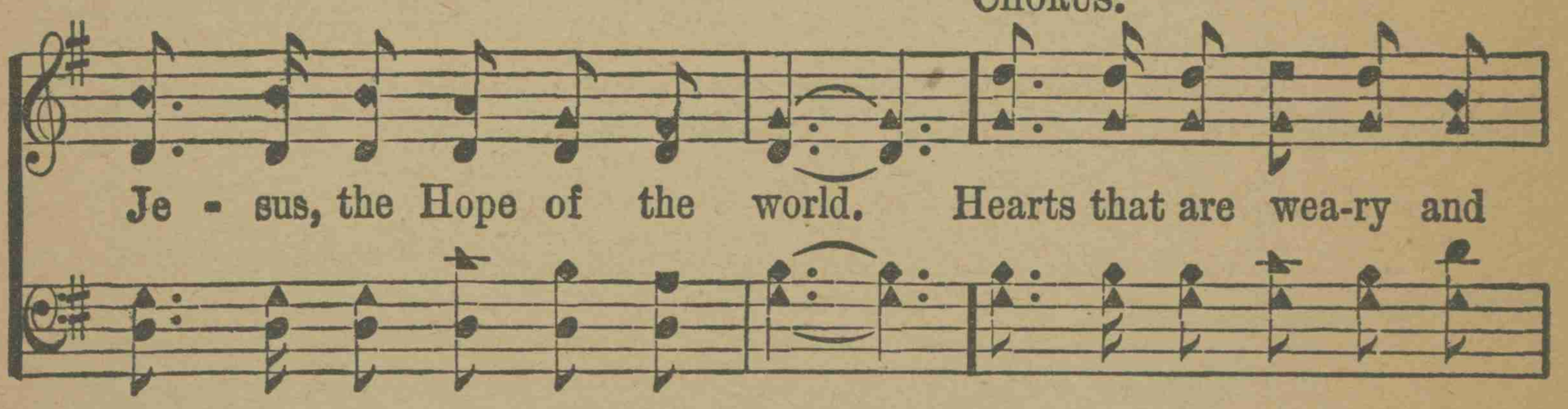


1. Who is this com-ing with gar-ments red, Wound-ed His hands and His
2. Like some lone mountain, ma-jes-tic, grand, Tow - er - ing high a - bove
3. Mill - ions are grop-ing in hope-less night, Vain - ly they're seek-ing for
4. Ma - ny are build-ing, at men's command, Lay - ing foun - da - tions on
5. Hope of man-kind in the a - ges past, Hope of to - day with its
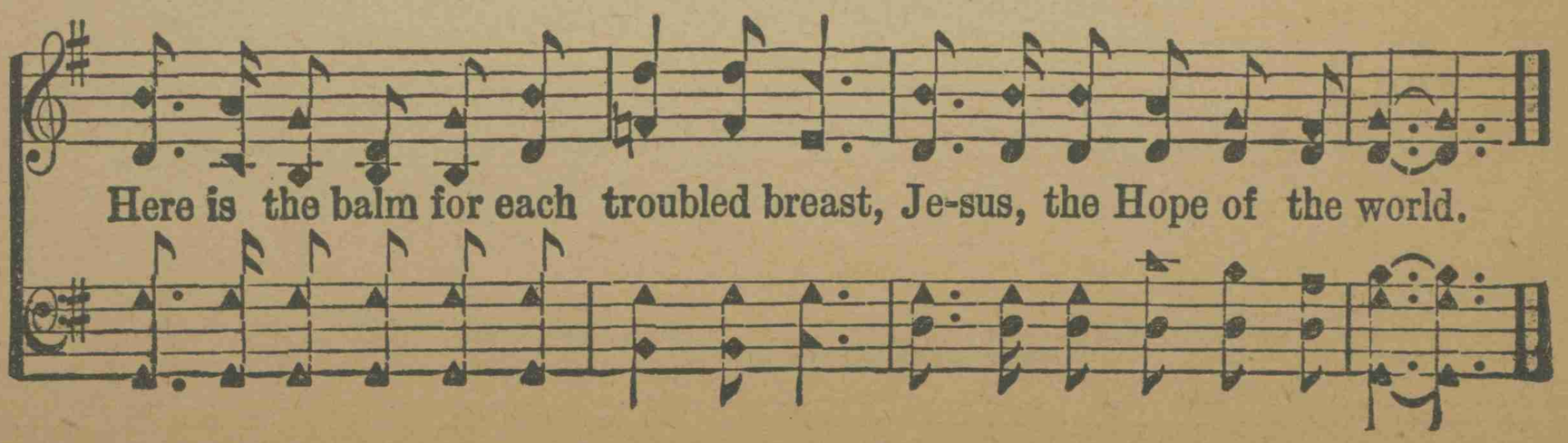


feet and head? He that was bruised in our guilt - y stead,
sea and land, See "the De - sire of all na - tions" stand!
peace and light, There is but One who can give them sight,
treach'rous sand, On - ly one Rock will the storms with - stand,
needs more vast, He will all sys - tems and creeds out - last,



CHORUS.



Je - sus, the Hope of the world. Hearts that are wea-ry and
long for rest, Haunt - ed by fears and by guilt op - pressed,
Here is the balm for each troubled breast, Je-sus, the Hope of the world.



No. 92. I Will Trust the Lord of Hosts.

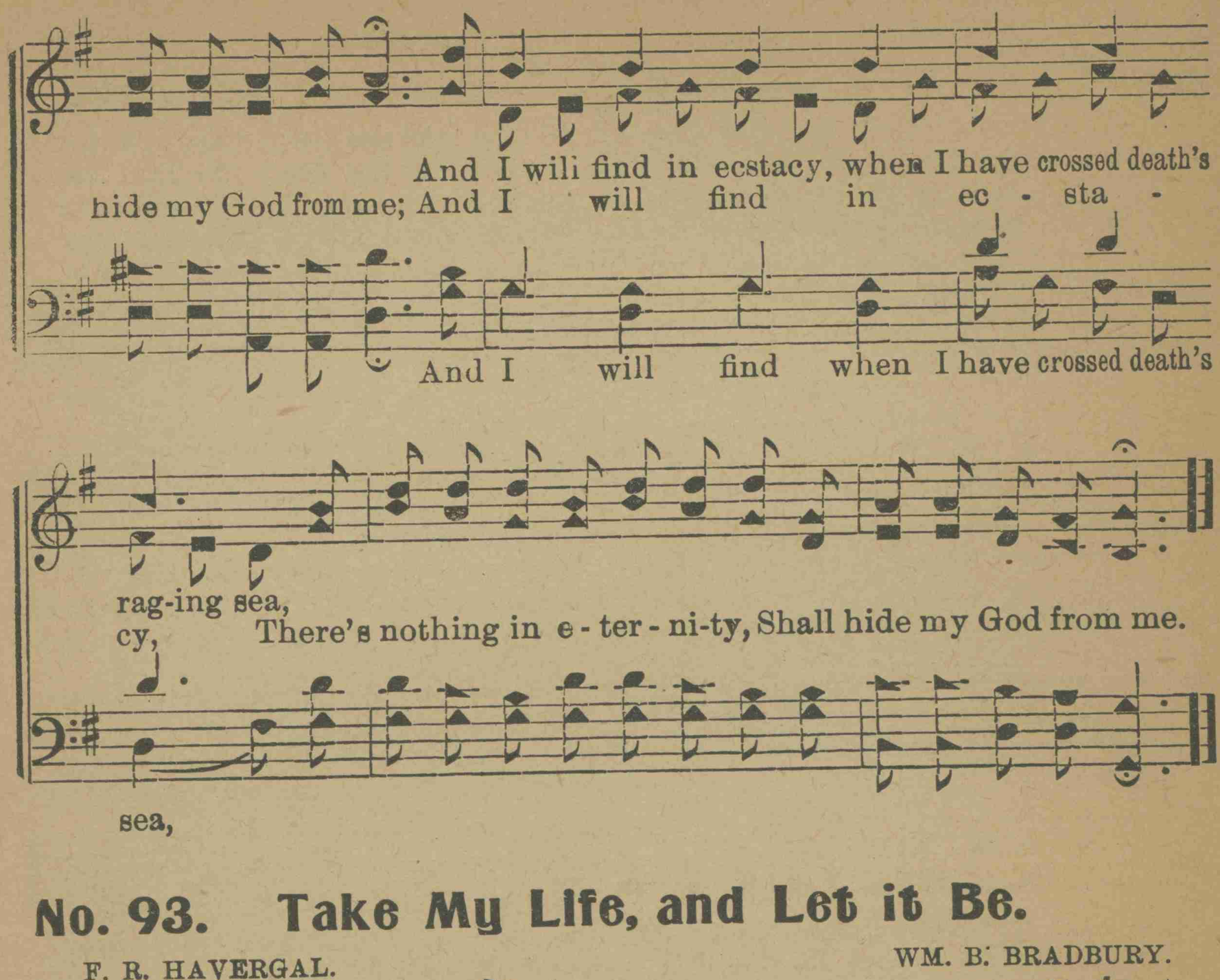
JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. M. Edwards, owner. 1912. By per. MRS. J. M. EDWARDS.

1. God's children have the best of care, He's with them night and day, He knows each need, He hears each pray'r, And keeps them all the way; So I will put my trust in Him, Tho' on the land or sea, And noth-ing in the
2. Tho' troubles like a whirlwind come, And tri-als like a flood, 'Twill on - ly make me think of home, And put my trust in God; In lightning's flash or little flow'rs, My Fa-ther's hand I see, And none of midnight's
3. I'll trust Him when the day is bright, I'll trust Him in the storm, For faith thro' darkness and thro' light, Can see her Saviour's form; And I will find in ec-sta-cy, When I have crossed death's sea, There's nothing in e-

REFRAIN.

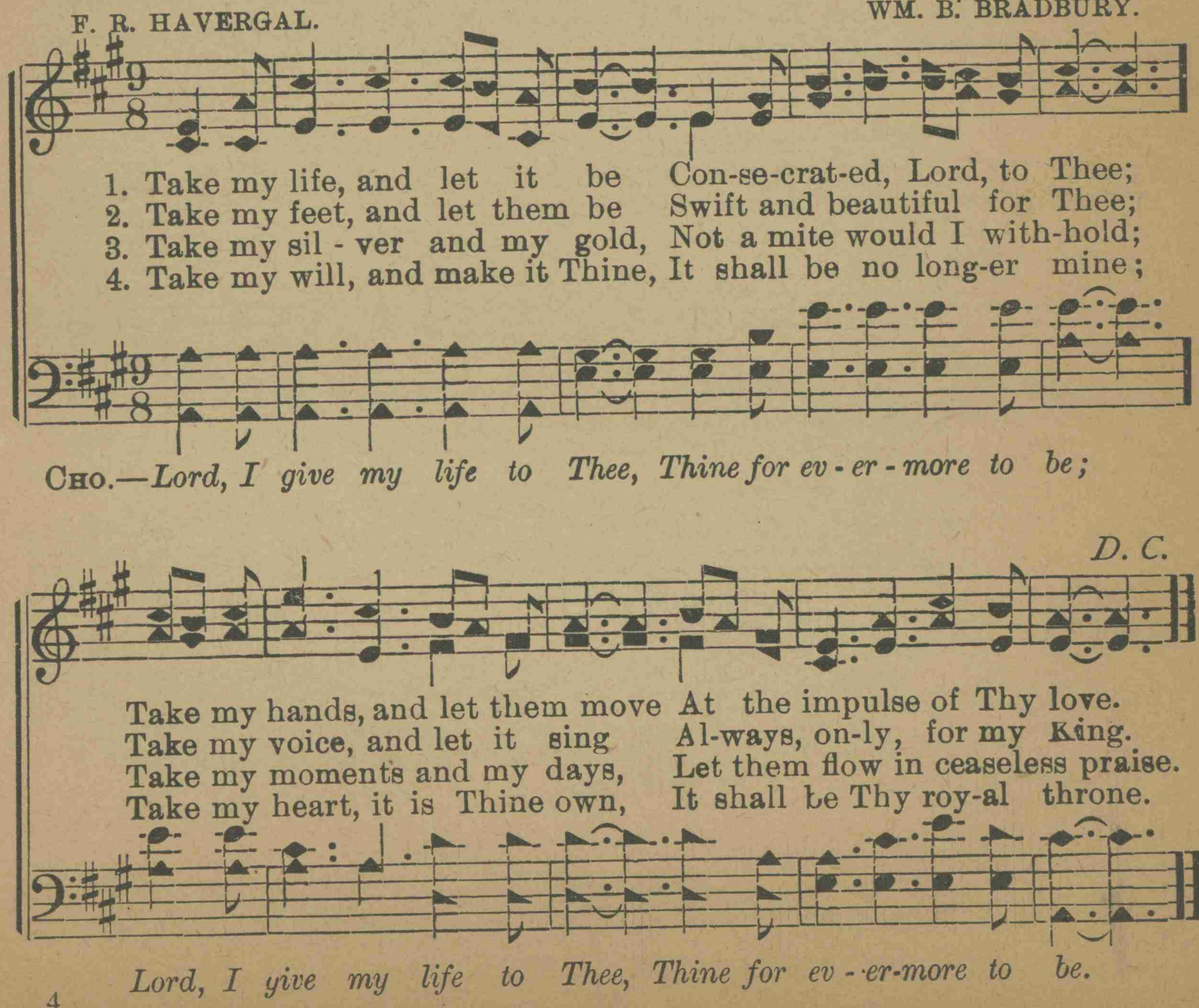
un - iverse, Shall hide my God from me. So I will trust the Lord of hosts, wher-
darkest hours, Shall hide my God from me.
ter-ni-ty, Shall hide my God from me. So I will trust, the wher-
ev - er I may be I'll trust,
Lord of hosts, For nei-ther bolts, nor bars, nor locks, Shall
ev - er I may be,

I Will Trust the Lord of Hosts. Concluded.



No. 93. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 94. Jesus Calls For Workers.

PEARL H. FARMER. Owned by J. M. Greer. 1914. J. M. GREER.

1. The noon-day sun is shin - ing, All o - ver land and sea; The call for
2. You've often pray'd the Fa - ther To o - pen wide the door; To Thee 'tis
3. The call for will-ing work - ers Is ring-ing all a-round, At home and
4. A - wake, ye Christian sleepers! The hours are fly - ing fast, Waste not the

will-ing workers Come forth to you and me; O will you go, my broth-er, Be -
now thrown open; O haste, ere time's no more, For some one who is yearning, A
o'er the o - cean, Wher-ev-er man is found; How strange that we should idle, Make
precious moments, For time will soon be past. When you are called to judgment, How

fore the light grows dim? God calls you, too, my sis - ter, To lead some soul to Him.
bet - ter life to live; Go tell them Je-sus loves them, For them His life did give.
life a use-less dream, When souls of men are dy - ing, For Je-sus's love supreme.
ma - ny will have heard, From you, of Je-sus' pow - er, Told thro' His precious word.

CHORUS

He's calling you, He's calling you In-to the fields of sin;
He's call-ing you,.... He's calling you,....

Make no delay, but go to-day, And bring the lost ones in.
Make no de-lay,.... but go to-day,....

No. 95. The Lord Has Need of You.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—MATT. 20: 6.

C. T. Mc. Controlled by the author. C. T. McCORMACK.

1. The Lord has need of you, my brother, In His vine-yard here be-low;
2. What more to you can Je-sus of-fer, Than His pre-cious gifts of love;
3. He's in - ter-ced - ing now the Fa-ther, For poor mor-tals here be-low;

Why stand you i - dle here with oth-ers, When He has bade you go.
He bled and died on rug-ged Calv'ry, To re-deem and save the world.
Then how can you in sin still lin-ger, When you know He loves you so.

CHORUS.

The Lord.... ..... has need of you,..... His
The Lord, the blessed Lord, has need of you, His will to do, From

bless - - - - ed will to do; He of - fers a
day to day His bless-ed will to do;

home un - to those who will come, And work in His vine-yard to - day.

No. 96. Labor On for Jesus.

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love."—Heb. 6:10.

N. W. ALLPHIN. J. F. Combs, owner, 1916. J. FRANKLIN COMBS.

Con energia.

1. La-bor on for Je - sus as the days go by, I - dle not a moment stand;
2. La-bor on for Jesus from the morn till night, Be a gleaner brave and true;
3. La-bor on for Je - sus, sing-ing as you go, Tell-ing oth-ers of His love;
4. La-bor on for Jesus till the world shall know, That He is the Prince of Peace;

You will be re-ward-ed in the home on high, If you work with willing hand.
What-so-e'er is need-ed, do with all your might, Rich re-ward a-waits for you.
Tell them of the blessings that He doth bestow, Point them to His throne above.
Lab - or on, dear broth-er, thro' this life be-low, Un - til all your tri - als cease.

REFRAIN.

La - bor on..... for Je - sus, broth-er,..... Do what-
La - bor on, broth-er, ev - er la - bor,

e'er..... you find to do;..... If you're faith - - ful in His
what-e'er to do; If you're faithful in His

ser-vice,..... Life e - ter - nal waits for you.....
ser-vice, blessed service, Life eternal waits, yes, waits for you, up there for you.

No. 97. The Master Is Calling for Reapers.

"The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

J. M. H. F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex. J. M. HENSON.

1. The Mas - ter is call-ing for reap-ers, To gath-er the har-vest to -
2. The Mas - ter has need of true workers, To gath-er the beau-ti - ful
3. He gives un-to each one a du - ty, And tells us to work in His

day; A - rise and go forth, i-dle sleepers, Help Jesus the Lord while you
sheaves; No longer remain with the shirkers, Lest nothing you harvest but
name; He of - fers a crown of rich beauty, If dai-ly His grace we pro-

REFRAIN.

may.
leaves. A-rise and go forth all who hear the Master's call; Be reaping and
claim.

binding the pre-cious golden grain; The Sav-iour is read-y to re -

ward us one and all; Oh, let not the Mas-ter be call-ing in vair

No. 98. Alone, Alone!

"About the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—MATT. 27: 49.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Covered by Publisher's copyright. W. T. KIRBY.

1. A - lone, a - lone..... on Cal - va - ry,..... My
2. What wondrous love..... to mortals shown,..... That
3. No friend with Him,..... I can compare,..... Who

Saviour's blood..... was shed for me;..... In anguish
He should leave..... His Father's throne;..... A sac - ri -
came to earth..... my sins to bear;..... He bore the

there,..... to God He cried,..... Then bowed His
fice..... for sin to be,..... By dy - ing
cross..... endured the pain,..... That I might

CHORUS.

King - ly head, and died! (on Calv'ry died!)
on .... Mount Cal-va-ry! (Mount Cal-va-ry!) A - lone, a -
heav'n..... e - ter - nal gain! (might heaven gain!)

lone,..... on Cal-va - ry,..... My Saviour shed.....
Alone, alone, on Calvary, My Saviour shed

Alone, Alone! Concluded.

His blood for me;..... When by the world..... He was de -
His blood for me; When by the world

nied,..... The crimson stream.... flowed from His side,....
He was denied, The crimson stream flowed from His side.

rall. *p*

The cleansing fount..... was o - pened wide!.....
The cleansing fount was o-pened wide!

rit.

No. 99. Take Time to Pray.

ANON. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. No time to pray! No time to pray! O who so fraught with earthly care,
2. No time to pray! No time to pray! Must care or business' urgent call
3. Cease not to pray! Cease not to pray! On Je-sus, as your all, re - ly;

As not to give to hum - ble pray'r Some part of day?
So press us as to take it all, Each pass - ing day?
Would you live hap - py,—hap - py die? Take time to pray.

No. 100. Waiting the Boatman's Call.

TICE ELKINS and T. S. T. TILLIT S. TEDDLIE.

1. I'm standing now on the si - lent shore Waiting the boatman's
2. Earth's shadows fall o'er the si - lent stream, Waiting the boatman's
3. My soul is long-ing for the bet - ter land, Waiting the boatman's

call; I'm read - y now for the voy - age o'er, Waiting the
call; But heav-en glows with a rich - er gleam, Waiting the
call; I hear the song of the an - gel band, Waiting the

REFRAIN.

boatman's call. Wait-ing His com-ing—it will not be long,
It will not be long,

Ready to join the happy, ran - somed throng; Trusting in
Happy, ransomed throng, I'm happy

Je-sus as my all in all, Waiting the boatman's call.
I'm on - ly

No. 101 ONLY TRUSTING.

B. W. PIRTLE. R. L. POWELL.

1. I am trust - ing my Re - deem-er..... For my soul hath
2. Oh,'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus,..... And to know He
3. I would ev - er trust my Sav - iour, ... Tell - ing of His

1. My Re-deem-er,

been made free, ... From the pow'r of sin and dark-ness,.....
guides my feet, ... As I jour-ney t'ward that cit - y .....
matchless love,..... Till my con-flicts all are end - ed,.....

made free

sin and darkness.

REFRAIN.

Thro' His wondrous love to me!.....
Where my joy will be com - plete!.....
Then I'll dwell with Him a - bove!.....

On - ly trust - ing my Re -

to me!

deem-er,..... On - ly wait-ing here be - low,..... Till His

my Redeem-er,

be - low,

voice shall call my spir - it..... From this clime of sin and woe.....

call my spirit

of sin and woe.

Copyright, 1907, by R. L. Powell.

102

Jesus Is Pleading.

C. J. J.

CHAS. J. JENNINGS.

1. Je - sus, the Saviour, is pleading to - day, Par-don He of - fers you free;
2. Tho' you have wandered a-far down sin's road, Still He is plead-ing for thee;
3. How can you lon-ger this Sav-iour de - ny, Giv- ing no heed to His plea?

Rit.

Hear Him in ten-der - est ac-cents now say, Wea - ry soul, come un-to me.
Come un - to me, I will car - ry thy load, Trust-ing-ly, come un - to me.
Trust in His mer-cy while yet He is nigh, Pleading, O come un - to me.

REFRAIN.

Je - - sus is plead - ing, Come..... un - to me;
Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is plead - ing, Pleading, O come un - to me;

Sin - ner, O list to His plea; Hear..... Him now plead - ing,
Hear Him, O hear

Rit.

Come..... un - to me; Wea - ry soul, come un - to me.
Pleading, O come un - to me;

Owned and controlled by Chas. J. Jennings, Frisco, Tex.

No. 103. Hear His Voice.

"To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

MATTIE JONES. Covered by Publisher's copyright. LAWRENCE LOVE.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Will you not His call o - bey?
2. Long for you He has been plead-ing, For your sins He paid the cost;
3. Hear His voice still sweet-ly say - ing: Come, and I will give you rest;

Hast-en, for the night is fall - ing, Why not do His will to - day?
Come, His call of mer - cy heed - ing, Lest you are for - ev - er lost.
Risk thy soul no farth-er stray - ing, Come, and en - ter with the blest.

Chorus.

Hear His voice..... in mer-cy plead - ing, As He calls..... from day to day; Come, His blest.....
Hear His voice in mer - cy plead-ing, As He calls from day to day; Come, His blest

com-mand-ments heed - ing, Sin - ner, turn ..... Him not a - way.
commandments heeding, (oh, turn)

No. 104. There Is Glory There.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1915, by Otis Deaton, Arbala, Texas. OTIS DEATON.

1. In the home-land of the soul where un - end - ing prais - es roll,
2. Where the ma - ny man-sions shine in the light of love di - vine,
3. Where we all shall wear the crown when we lay our ar - mor down,

Glo - - - ry There is glo - ry there, In that home be-side the sea
Where the Lamb that once was slain
There is glo-ry there, There is endless glory there, Where with Je - sus we shall rest,

where the soul is pure and free, There is end - less glo - ry there.
o'er the un - i-verse shall reign,
thro' the a - ges, sweetly blest, There is end-less glo - ry, end - less glo - ry there.

CHORUS.

There is glo-ry there, Where the saints their praise out-pour;
Yes, oh, yes, Their praise out-pour;

In that "Home, sweet home," There is glo - ry ev - er - more.
In that happy "Home, sweet home," There is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry ev - er-more.

No. 105 WHERE THE BLOOD CAN HEAL!

"Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal, With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, "You must come where the blood can heal."

F. L. EILAND.

F. L. E.

1. Do you seek re - lief for your sin- sick soul? You to Christ, then, must make ap - peal, There's no oth-er one who can make you whole, You must
2. Vain are all your hopes of an - oth - er cure, Be per-suad-ed, you now, to feel, Help a - lone, thro' Christ, that you can secure, You must
3. Oth - er prof-fered aids can but you de-ceive, At your will, un - to life, they steal! You must look to Christ if you'd hope re-ceive, You must
4. Hear you not? 't is there a de - coy - ing voice, Striving ev - er, to quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, refuge safe to find, You must
5. If you would a - rise from your bed of pain, To the coun-sel of Christ then kneel, 'T is prescribed by Him, and, your on-ly hope, You must

REFRAIN. *May repeat softly.*

come where the blood can heal! You must come where the blood can heal,
You must come where the blood can heal, There's no oth - er one
who can make you whole, You must come where the blood can heal!

Text stanza may be used with the music.

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland. Owned by J. E. Thomas & T. S. Cobb. Used by per.

No. 106. How is it With You?

Copyright, 1913, words and music, by Quartet Music Co.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ma - ny from e - vil are turn-ing a - way, Car- ing no lon - ger in dark-ness to stray; Ma - ny are com - ing to Je - sus to - day,
2. Ma - ny have entered the ref-uge of love, Hoping to en - ter the king-dom a - bove, Un - der the wings of the heav - en - ly Dove,
3. Free from the hor - ri - ble fet-ters of sin, Having the light of the Spir - it with - in, Ma - ny are start - ing the life-crown to win,
4. Life's lit - tle day will be end -ed ere long; Shall you be one of the glo - ri - fied throng, When the re-deemed ones be - gin the new song?

CHORUS.

How is it with you? How is it with you, friend? Won't you take Je - sus too? Souls are be - liev - ing, par - don re - ceiv- ing, How is it with you?

1 2

No. 107. Coming Back Home To-Night.

"Likewise, joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—Luke 15:7.

Copyright, 1916, by N. W. Allphin.

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

1. My Sav - iour is call - ing, His lov - ing tones fall-ing, En-treat me to
2. Bright days I have squandered In sin, and have wan-dered Still fur - ther a-
3. With heart pierced and bleeding, He's ten-der-ly plead-ing, His mer - cies no
4. Too long I've neg-lect - ed The call, and re - ject - ed His of - fer to

yield to the right; No more will I grieve Him, By faith I'll re-
way from the light; But now I'm re-turn - ing, For par - don I'm
long - er I'll slight; His love is en - dur - ing, His prom - ise as-
ban - ish sin's blight; Im - plor-ing His bless-ing, His name here con-

CHORUS.

ceive Him, I'm com-ing back home to - night.
yearn - ing, I'm com-ing back home to - night.
sur - ing, I'm com-ing back home to - night.
fess - ing, I'm com-ing back home to - night.

I'm com - ing back home to-

night,..... Yes, coming back home to - night; (to-night;) With faith un - re-

to-night, I'm com-ing to-night;

lent-ing, I'm com - ing re-pent-ing, Yes, coming back home to-night. (to-night.)

No. 108. We're Praying for you Tonight.

Copyright 1916, by J. E. Thomas, words and music.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. E. THOMAS.

1. There is a clean-sing fountain flow - ing deep and wide, 'Tis flowing down Mount Cal - va - ry from Je - sus side; No oth - er foun-tain like it, I've tried and found it
2. This pre-cious fount was o-pened when the Sav-iour died, The stream of free sal- va - tion flow-ing from His side; No long-er bear your burden, yield now to His con-
3. The Spir - it now is knock-ing at your heart's dark door, O, do not still re - ject Him as you have be-fore; It is God's ho - ly Spir-it, O, grieve Him not, we
4. Your life is filled with sor-row all be - cause of sin, And yet, the bless-ed Sav-iour died your soul to win; And ear-nest-ly He's sought you, has called you night and
5. The church for you is pray-ing, then no long-er wait, Don't tar - ry for the mor-row, lest you are too late; De-cide tonight for Je-sus, O. hear Him say-ing

so, 'Twill cleanse the vilest sin-ner as white as snow.
trol, For Christ, the mighty healer, can make you whole.
pray, Lest He for - ev - er from you should turn a-way. We're praying for you to-night,
day, Ac-cept His par-don, sin - ner, now while you may.
"Come," If you will ful-ly trust Him, He'll lead you home.

D. S.—sin-ner we are pray-ing for you to-night.

Yes, pray-ing for you to-night; That yon may turn from sin a-way, And seek the

We're Praying for you Tonight. Concluded.

D. S.

path of right; We're praying you may be-lieve, And par-don from sin re-ceive, yes,

No. 109. Why Not Come Home Tonight?

Copyright 1916, by Frank C. Huston, words and music. By per.

F. C. H.

FRANK C. HUSTON.

Pleadingly.

1. Je - sus is pleading "Come home, tonight," Back from the ways of sin,
2. Je - sus will lead you with tend'rest care Back to the arms of love;
3. Are you not wea - ry and tired of sin? Why not accept His grace?
4. Tho' you have wandered where sin has led, Weakened by fears and doubt;

Tho' you have turned from His blessed light Still He will take you in.....
Back from your wand'rings and heart's despair, In-to the joys a - bove.....
Free-ly He suffered your soul to win, Dy-ing, He took your place .....
"Who-so that cometh" the Saviour said, "Him, I will not cast out.".....
come home.

CHORUS.

Why not come home tonight?..... Why not come home tonight?.....
O, come home tonight, O, come home tonight,

Waiting He stands with nail pierced hands He's pleading, come home to-night.
come home tonight.

No. 110. Some One Is Calling you.

LAWRENCE LOVE. N. W. Allphin. owner, 1916. J. E. CONNER.

1. Some one is call - ing you, dear sinner, Some one is plead-ing for your
2. Some one for you is in - ter - ced-ing Be-fore the throne of glo - ry
3. With loving hands all torn and bleeding, He beck-ons you to come to -

soul; Come un - to Him, your sins for-sak-ing, Yield now to God's di -
now; That some one, sin-ner, is the Saviour, To whom both men and
day; With contrite heart, come fully trusting, And let Him wash your

rit.

CHORUS.

vine con-trol.
an - gels bow.
sins a - way.

{ Yes, some one is call-ing you, sinner, Entreating you
{ With hands torn and bleeding He beckons, O how can you

now from on high,
spurn His great love?

To give Him your life and your service, For stength on Him
He of-fers you pardon and [*Omit* . . . .

1

2

ev - er re - ly; cleansing here, And mansions of glory a-bove.

No. 111. 'Tis Your Best Friend.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1914, by Wm. J. Ramsay. By per. WM. J. RAMSAY.

1. Some one is plead-ing with you all the while, 'Tis your best friend;
2. Some one is wait-ing to ban-ish your sin, 'Tis your best friend;
3. Some one is wait-ing to gladden your soul, 'Tis your best friend;
4. Some one would guide you along the true way, 'Tis your best friend;

Some one would help you to sing and to smile, 'Tis your best friend.
Some one is wait-ing to help you to win, 'Tis your best friend.
Won't you come un-der His bless-ed con-trol? 'Tis your best friend.
Come to Him now and be saved while you may; 'Tis your best friend.

CHORUS.

'Tis your best friend,.... your best friend; Wait-ing to
'Tis your friend, best friend,

save you, His hands ex-tend; Trust Him and love Him; there's

no help a-bove Him; 'Tis your best friend—'tis Je-sus.

No. 112. The Message Of the King.

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

1. Of the great sal-va-tion, Free to ev - 'ry na-tion, Now in tri - umph..
2. 'Tis His grace prevailing, Thro' a love un - fail-ing, That can conquer....
3. 'Twill your cares make lighter, And your pathway brighter, If un - to it .....
4. 'Tis the same old sto-ry, Full of deathless glo - ry, That un-to you ....

1. Now in ..... we sing; Sin-ner, haste to hear it, Come and prove its merit,—
..... death's sting; Would you have this blessing? Come, your sins confessing,—
..... you'll cling; Seek this priceless treasure,—Joy beyond all measure,—
..... we bring; Come without de - lay-ing, Its commands o-bey-ing,—

triumph

D. S.—*On your ear 'tis fall - ing, You from sin's way calling,—*

Fine. REFRAIN.

'Tis the mes-sage..... of the King! Hear the sto - - - ry
Hear the mes-sage..... of the King!
Hear the mes-sage..... of the King!
Heed the mes-sage..... of the King!
'Tis the message bless-ed sto - ry

Hear the mes - sage..... of the King!
Hear the message

that the an - gels..... And the saints..... in glo - ry sing!
ho - ly an-gels, hap - py saints

D. S.

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No. 113. Be Ye Reconciled.

Copyright, 1910, by Frank C. Huston. Words and music.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. We are here to tell of the love of God, And the Christ who can
2. We are here to tell of the precious blood That was shed up - on
3. There are souls that stray in the downward way; There are hearts pained with
4. You must go some day from this world a - way, In the way all of

save from sin;— Of His won- d rous grace for a fall - en race, And the
Cal - va - ry; Where the Sav - iour died that a foun-tain wide Might be
sore dis-tress; Hear the Sav - iour speak,—first the kingdom seek, Of our
earth have trod; Now we plead with you, to your - self be true,—Be ye

CHORUS.

pow'r of His love with - in.
o - pened for you and me.
God and His righteousness.
now rec - on ciled to God.

We are here that men may know our God,

And be rec - on - ciled, and be rec - on - ciled; In the
Oh, be ye rec - on-ciled, Oh, be ye rec - on - ciled,

stead of Christ we plead to - day: "Be ye rec - on - ciled to God."

No. 114. Saved Through His Wonderful Grace!

M. D. USSERY. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. When I was wan - der - ing sad and a - lone, Go - ing, I knew not where, Je - sus, thro' in - fi - nite mer - cy and love, Came to my
2. Bow'd 'neath a load of trans-gression and woe, Lost in the night of de- spair! Trav-el - ing on toward e - ter - ni- ty's dawn, He lifted my
3. I've the sweet promise, in glor - ry a - bove, I shall be - hold His face; I am re - joic - ing, my soul now can sing, Saved thro' His
4. Loosed are the chains of sin's bondage—I'm free, O what a joy to know! Upward my song of thanks- giv- ing and praise Shall un - to

REFRAIN.

res - cue there. Saved..... thro' His won - der - ful grace!
bur - den there.
wonderful grace.
Je - sus go. I am saved

Saved..... thro' His won - der- ful grace! I am re - joic - ing,
I am saved

my soul now can sing! Saved thro' His won - der-ful grace!.....
won-der - ful grace!

N. W. Allphin, owner.

No. 115. When I Stepped In the Pool.

Copyrighted, 1916, by Thos. S. Cobb, Fort Worth, Tex.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. THOS. S. COBB.

1. When the wa - ters were trou-bled, I stepped in the pool, Trust-ing
2. Man - y oth - ers be - fore me we're saved in the pool, Man - y
3. Sin - ner, lost with - out Je - sus, come step in the pool, You can

that by its pow'r, I'd be made whole; And I found sweet peace for my
more lingered back a - fraid to try; But I knew with - out it I'd
on - ly be saved in Calv'ry's tide; 'Twas to ope this foun-tain the

sin - sick soul, When I stepped in the wa - ters of the pool.
sure-ly die, So I steped in the wa - ters of the pool. Yes, I
Sav-iour died; Christ will save in the wa - ters of the pool.

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—*When I stepped in the wa - ters of the pool.*

stepped in the pool at the troubling of the waters, And tho' Satan my life once did
rule, Yet, he lost all his pow - er when I steped in the wa - ters;

D. S.

No. 116. Singing Songs of Praise.

N. D. J. Controlled by N. D. Johnston, Barry, Tex. N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. Now with our voic-es all blending, Praising our Saviour and King,
Scat-ter-ing sunshine and gladness Ban - ish-ing shadows of night,

2. Sing-ing of love nev - er dy-ing, Boundless and deep as the sea,
Sing-ing of heaven's bright glo-ry, Home of the faith-ful and blest,

3. Sing-ing of loved ones in glo - ry, Wait-ing to welcome us there,
Sing-ing of Je - sus on Calv'ry, Suf - fer - ing death on the tree,

1
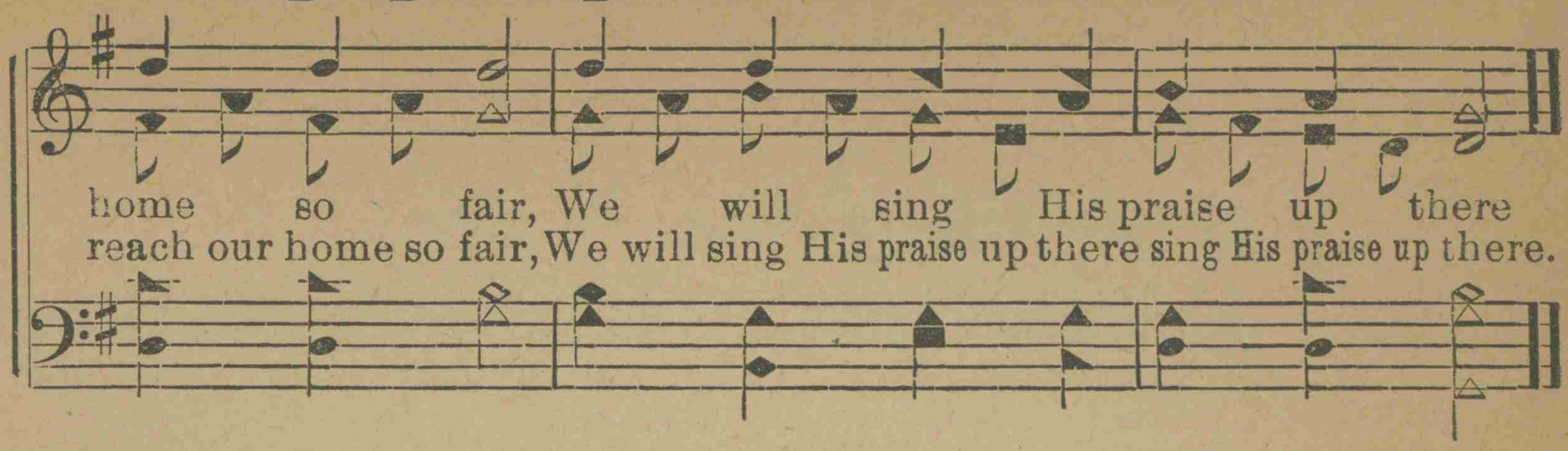
Hap-py are we in his service, Mel - o - dies sweet we will sing,
Brought by the Saviour from heaven, Of-fered to you and to me;
Sing-ing of home for the wea - ry, Beau - ti - ful ci - ty so fair;

2

Help-ing some heart-broken broth-er In - to the path-way of light.
Where with the an-gels for - ev - er Safe in that home we shall rest.
Mak - ing complete the a - tone-ment That we from sin might be free.

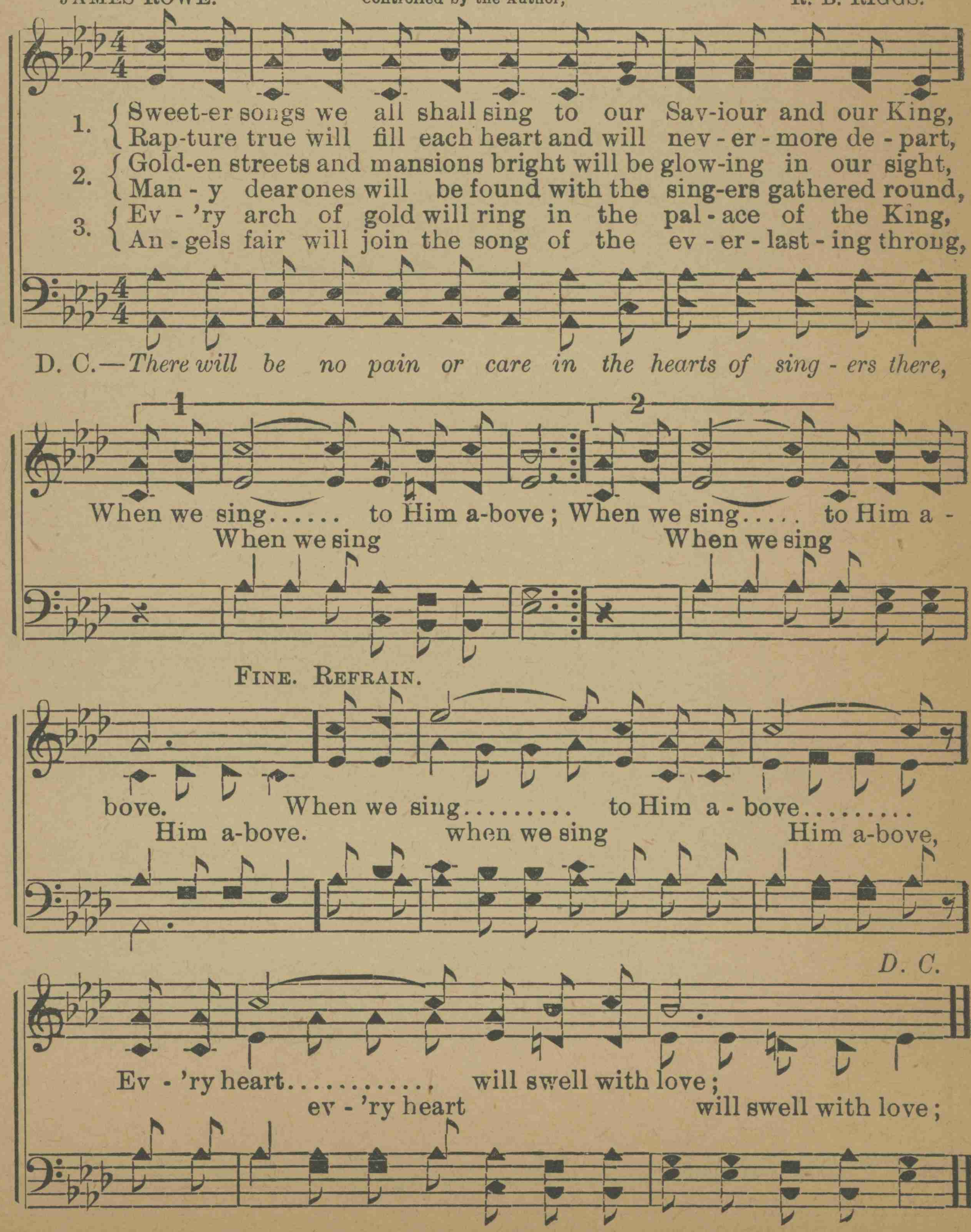
CHORUS.

Sing - ing hap - py songs of love, Prais - ing
Singing hap-py songs of love, hap - py songs of love, Praising Christ our
Christ our King a - bove, When we reach our
King a - bove, Christ our King a - bove, When we reach our home so fair,



No. 117. When We Sing to Him Above.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by the Author, R. B. RIGGS.



No. 118. We Shall Understand It Better.

Copyright 1916, by Frank C. Huston, words and music. By per.

F. C. H. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. Tho' the way may oft seem darkened When life's heav-y shad-ows fall,
2. We shall un-der-stand it bet-ter When the clouds are rolled a-way,
3. We shall un-der-stand it bet-ter In the mansions of the blest,

And fond hopes that we have cherished Seem to pass be-yond re-
When the night of gloom and sor-row Turns to God's e - ter - nal
Where for - ev - er free from sor - row, In that land of per - fect

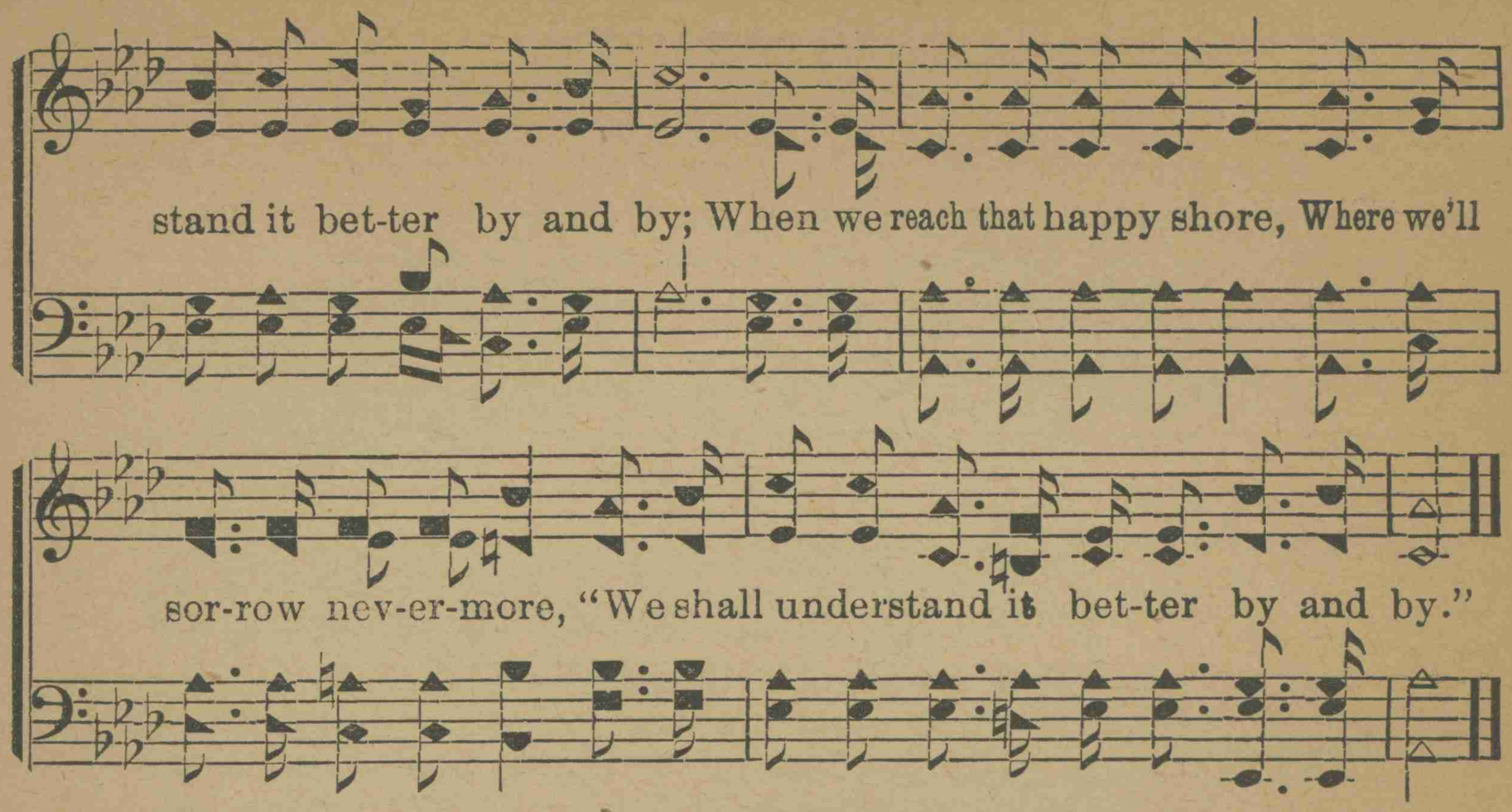
call; 'Tis a price - less con - so - la - tion When life's flow - ers
day; When the bless - ed sun of glo - ry Casts His beams a -
rest, We shall see the glad fru - i - tion Of each earth - ly

droop and die, We shall un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by.
thwart the sky, We shall un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by.
tear and sigh; Yes, we'll un - der-stand it bet-ter by and by.

CHORUS.

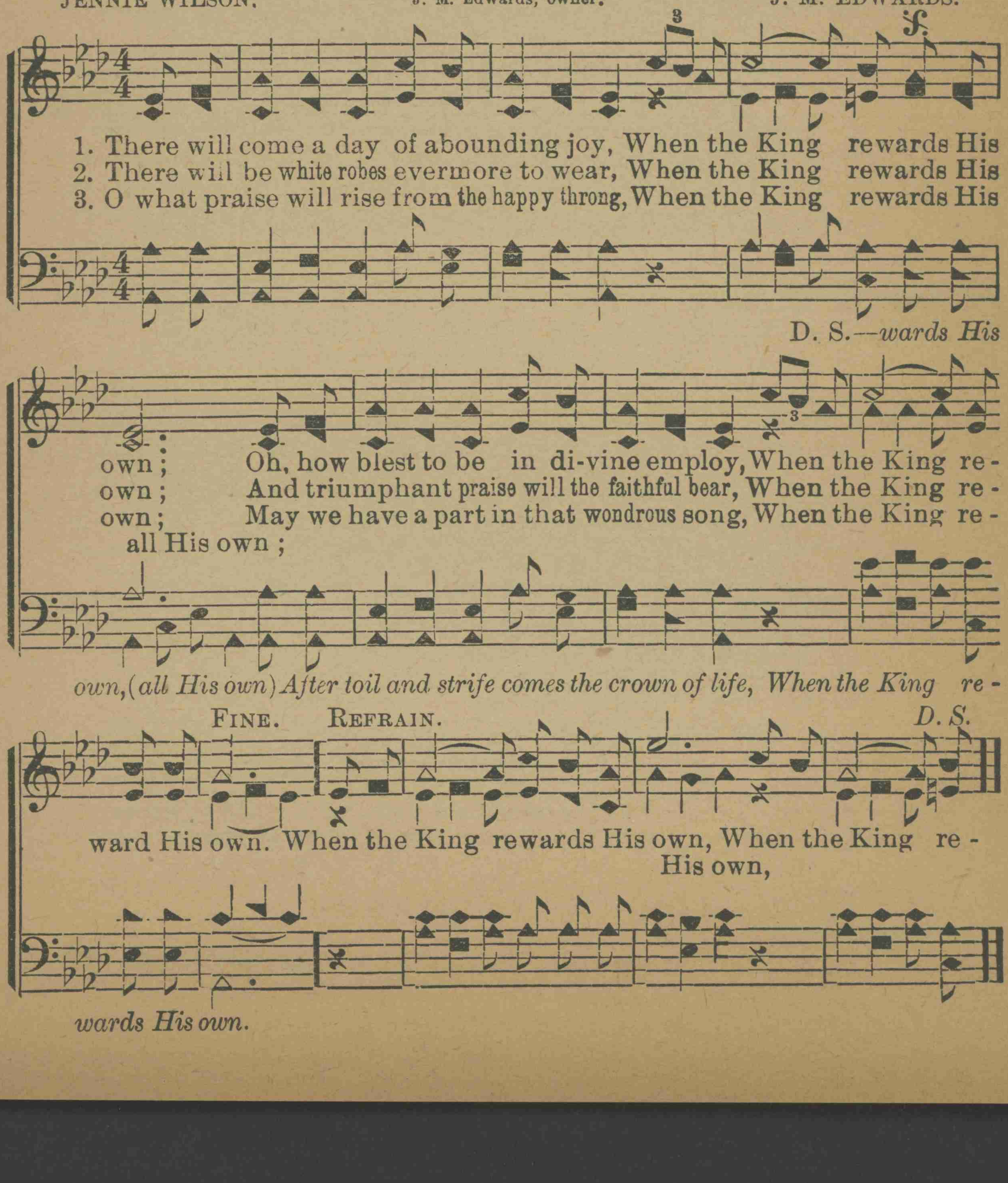
By and by, by and by, We shall un-der -
By and by yes, by and by,

We Shall Understand It Better. Concluded.



No. 119. When the King Rewards His Own.

JENNIE WILSON. J. M. Edwards, owner. J. M. EDWARDS.



No. 120. A Call to Arms.

A. O. T. Copyright, 1916, by A. O. Thomas. A, O. THOMAS.

1. There's a "call to arms" for loy - al men, A call we all should heed;
2. There's a "call to arms" for soldiers true, To bat-tle for the right;
3. There's a "call to arms" for ev -'ry one, That hates the name of sin;

And it comes from Christ, from our Captain true, Faithful soldiers Jesus
Heeding each command of our Captain grand, Vic-to-ry is most in
We'll renew the fight, putting sin to flight, And the battle we will

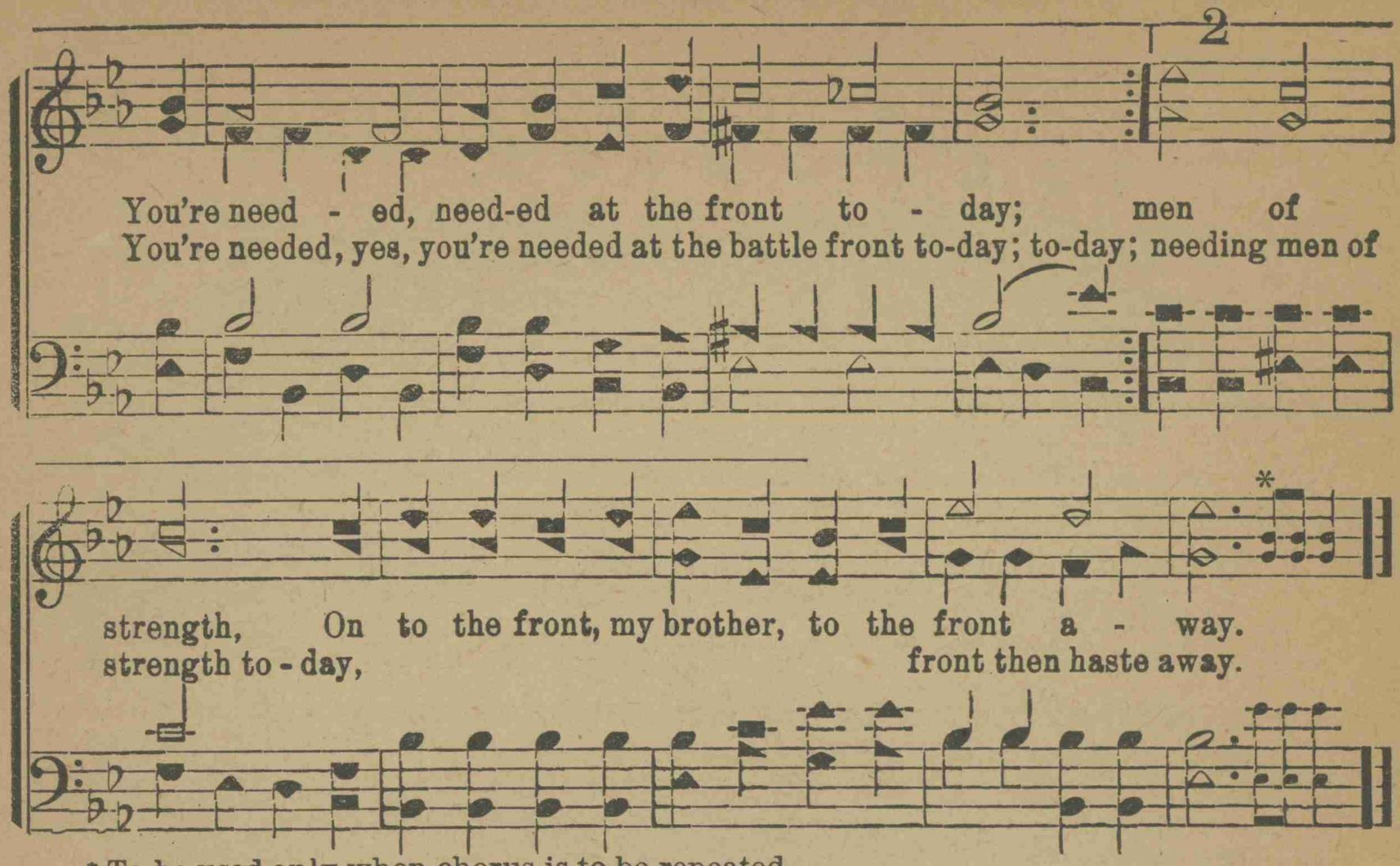
needs, (He needs.) With a willing heart you should enlist, And do your best to
sight. (in sight.) Hear the trumpet of our Leader dear, He's calling men of
win. (will win.) But each soldier must be true to Him Who gives us strength and

win; Fighting man-ful-ly, the Lord will help you con - quer sin.
steel; To the front! the Lord to ev'ry Christian now ap - peals.
pow'r, And will lead us on to vic - to - ry—a hap - py hour!

CHORUS.

Then for - ward, for-ward sol-diers of the cross,
Then for-ward, ev - er for-ward, O ye soldiers of the cross of Christ,
The Lord of host is need-ing [*Omit.* . . . .
The great and mighty Lord of hosts is

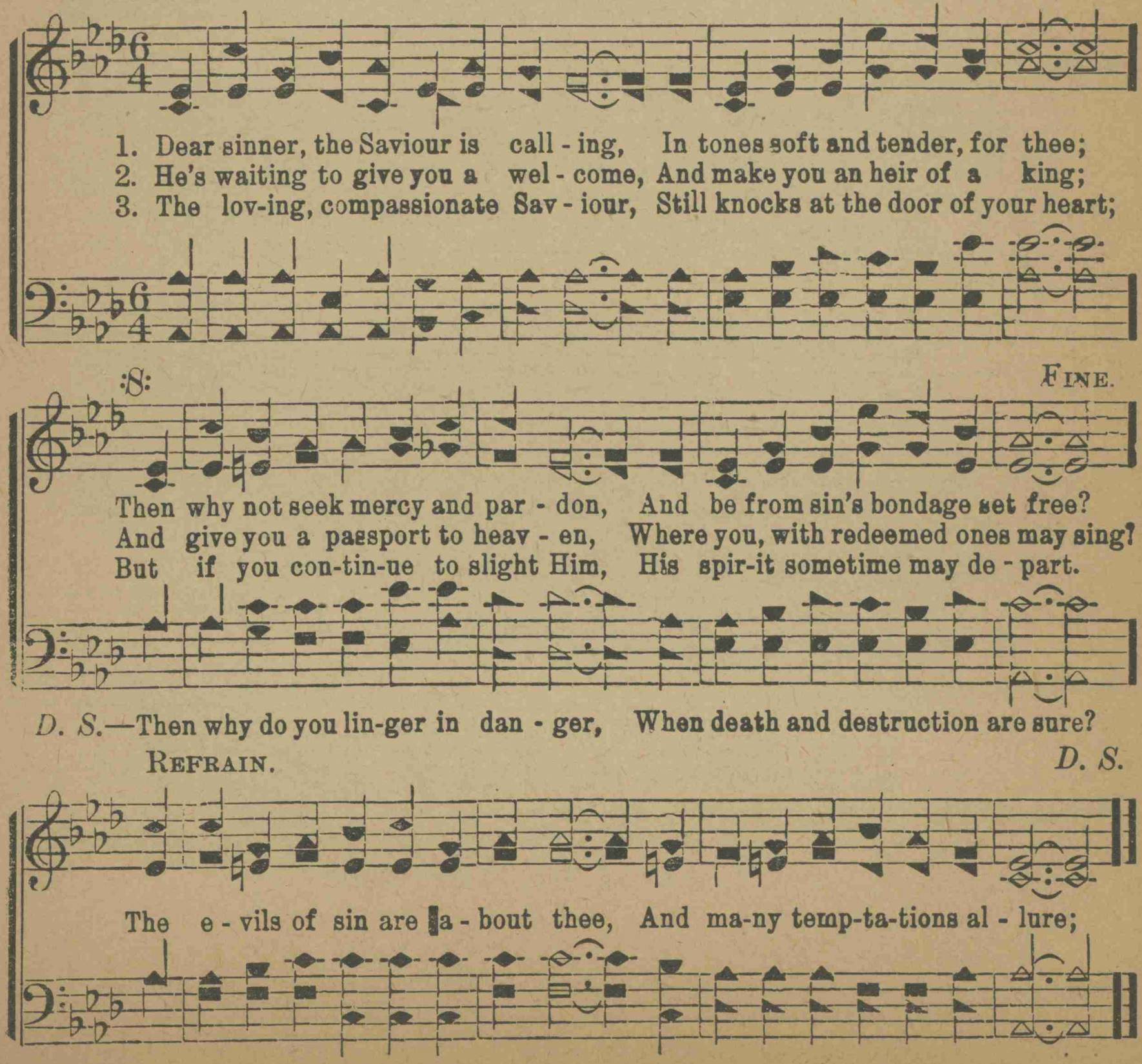
A Call to Arms. Concluded.



* To be used only when chorus is to be repeated.

No. 121. He's Calling.

D. M. R. Controlled by the author. D. M. RAGLE.



No. 122. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST ARISE!

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Soldiers of Christ a - rise, Lift-ing your joy - ful eyes, Bat-tle the
2. Ev- 'ry glad voice u - nite, Conquering song in - dite, Un-der our
3. Pressing the war shall we, Reb-els re- turn - ing see, Coming to
4. Sword of the Spir - it take, Fearless-ly con - tact make, Striving, the

vic - t'ry now to win; Keep- ing the cross in view, Ev - er, to
Prince Im-man-uel's name,—Fol-low - ing Him on thro', Un - til of
God re - pent- ant all,—Beg-ging a hand to lend, Ti-dings that
foe, by it, to win,—Vic - to - ry shall be thine, Glo - ry thy

Him be true, Lead - ing the reb - el home from sin!
vic - t'ry new, We shall the full pos - ses - sion claim!
save, to send, Com- rades a - way from death to call!
crown shall shine, Lead - ing the reb - el home from sin!

REFRAIN.

Soldiers a - rise,..... Lift-ing your eyes, ...
Sol- diers a - rise, Lift-ing your eyes,

Bat - tle the vic - t'ry now to win; Prais-ing His name,.....
Prais-ing His name,

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland. Owned by J. E. Thomas & T. S. Cobb. Used by per.

Soldiers of Christ Arise. Concluded.

Repeat refrain softly.

Vic - to - ry claim, ... Leading the reb - el home from sin!
Vic-to-ry claim,

No. 123. Goliath Defieth Israel.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by the author. W. E. MOORE.

1. { All thro' the dark and sin-blighted a - ges, The hordes of e - vil
   { But all that time the prophets and sa - ges, Stood for the [*Omit.*
2. { Sin still abounds in tribe and in na-tion, But gospel light shines
   { And souls are seeking Christ and sal-va-tion, And countless [*Omtt.*
3. { Oh, Christian souls, in Je - sus de-light-ing, Go out and face the
   { The Lord still leads us; keep up the fighting, The sin - ful [*Omit.*

CHORUS.

fought a-gainst right; Lord and gave out the light. Go - li - ath
o - ver the earth; voic - es sing of His worth.
arm - ies of sin; world for Je - sus to win. De - fi - eth

de - fi - eth Is - ra - el to - day, As He did in the dark days long
Is - ra - el as in the days long

past; But love divine wins the fray, Christ is King at last. (at last.)

No. 124. He Is Evermore the Same.

"With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James 1: 17.

WM. D. O. Property of W. D. Outlaw. 1916. WM. D. OUTLAW.

Adagio ad lib.

1. Tho' deep - ly dyed and stained with sin, The Prince of glo - ry
2. No oth - er name compares with "Christ," Both wealth and place He
3. The world must look to Him for life, For ref - uge from the
4. O'er all the earth His fame has gone, For meek and low - ly

takes you in; New garments clean He gives to you, And bids you
sac - ri - ficed, To seek the poor, the wrecks of sin; And His great
storm and strife; The wea - ry go to Him for rest, And ev - 'ry
ser - vice done; His small-est works are nev - er "small," But sav - ing

CHORUS.

start your life a - new. He can cleanse.... the vil - est soul,.....
heart just took them in.
one is tru - ly blest.
souls is best of all. He can cleanse and pur-i - fy the vil - est soul,

If it yields..... to His con-trol; He is ev - er-
If it on - ly yields to His di - vine con-trol; He is ev - er, ev - er-

more the same, Glo - ry to..... His precious name!
more the ver - y same, Praise and glo- ry to His precious name, His name!

No. 125. I'll Trust Him.

ADA H. POWELL. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. L. D. MORRIS.

1. I'll trust in His sympathy sweet, Who giveth me pardon complete;
2. I'll trust Him wherever I go, His love, I am happy to know,
3. I'll fol-low wherev - er He leads, The Saviour who knoweth my needs,

He bids me a - rise, points the way to the skies, When lowly I
Will ban-ish my grief, and give me re - lief, And wash my sins
Tho' rough be the way, my feet He doth stay, And dai-ly my

REFRAIN.

kneel at His feet. I'll trust in the Sav-iour, I'll trust Him,
whit-er than snow.
spir - it He feeds. I'll trust in the Sav-iour, I'll trust Him always,

His love I am hap-py to know,..... I'll trust Him each day,
His love I am hap-py, so hap-py to know,

I'll trust all the way, I'll trust Him wherever I go.....
I'll trust Him wherever, wherever I go.

No 126. What a Morning.

JAMES ROWE. N. D. Johnston, owner. E. J. McDONALD.

1. When we gather upon the shore, and our voices begin to soar, What a
2. When we sing of His mighty love with the angels of light above, What a
3. When we see in His glory fair our e-ter-nal Redeemer there, What a

morn - ing that will be! What a morning that will be, that will be!

When we see the Redeem-er's face
When we travel the streets of gold
When on heav'n's celestial shore

in that beautiful, happy place, What a morn - ing that will be.
with the wonderful men of old,
we shall worship Him and adore, What a morning that will be, that will be.

FINE.

D. S.—*glorious Saviour's praise, What a morning that will be, that will be.*

CHORUS.

What a morn - ing that will be, What a morn -
What a morning that will be, that will be, What a morn-

ing that will be, that will be, When our anthems of joy we raise in our

D. S.

No. 127. When We All Get to Heaven.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

E. E. HEWITT. Used by permission. MRS. J. G. WILSON.

1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pilgrim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trusting, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On-ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be-hold;

In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll prepare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o-ver, Not a shadow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glory Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearly gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic-ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 128. I'll See My Saviour There.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. W. J. GRAVES.

1. When my life work here is end-ed, and my spir-it takes its flight, To that
2. Yes, I'm on my journey thither, to the cit - y of the blest, Where the
3. What a bless-ed thought to cheer me as I trav-el day by day, O what

E - - - den land so fair, (land so fair,) I shall dwell thro'
soul yes,..... is free from care; (ev-'ry care,) With the saved of
glo - - - ry now I share;(now I share;) I have bless - ed

1. E - den, hap - py E - den

all e - ter - ni - ty in nev-er fad-ing light, And I'll see.....
all the a-ges, and with Je-sus I shall rest, Yes, I'll see.....
peace a-bid-ing, and I'm hap-py on my way, For I'll see (yes, I shall see)

CHORUS.

my Sav-iour there. In that hap - - - py
o - ver there hap - py bright and happy
With the an-gels (ho - ly an - gels

E-den land,(Eden land) Home of joys..... ..... be-yond com -
I shall rest, (sweetly rest,) ev - er - last-ing joys

1

I'll See My Saviour There. Concluded.

2

pare, And I'll see my blessed Saviour o - ver there.
beyond compare, I'll see Him there.

No. 129. In the City Beyond.

Dedicated to my friend and teacher: —J. E. Thomas.

J. W. E. Copyright 1916, by J. E. Thomas. JOE. W. EARLS.

1. Be-yond the suf-f'ring and the dy - ing, Be-yond each earth-ly
2. No sor - row ev - er there can en - ter, No tear drops come to
3. To that bright cit-y I am go - ing, To live for - ev - er
4. The loved ones long gone on be-fore me, My com - ing anx-ious -

care and sigh, A cit - y bright and fair is ly - ing, Be-yond the
dim the sight; There come no storms of chil-ly win - ter In that blest
with my King; And near His Throne with splendor glowing, His prais-es
ly a - wait; With God's own loving hand to guide me, I'll join them

CHORUS.

reach of mor-tal eye. I have a mansion in that cit - y, My
cit - y of de - light.
ev - er-more I'll sing.
at the pearl-y gate. And to it, some day I am go - ing, To

1 2

Saviour's promised to pre-pare, dwell with Je-sus o - ver there.

No. 130. So Dear to Me.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Copyright, 1916, by W. J. Laney. W. J. LANEY.
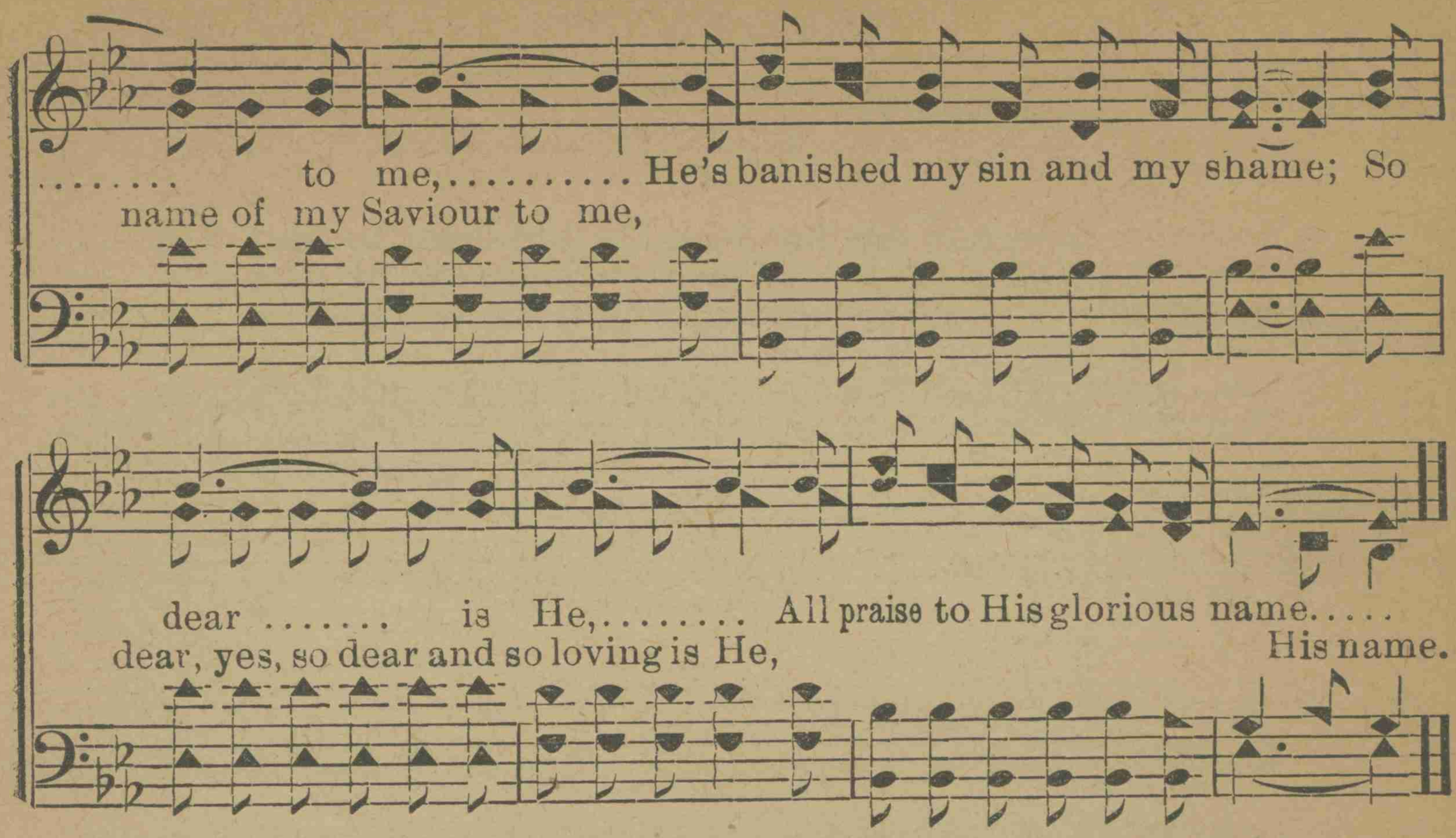
1. So dear to me is the name of Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Who bore the bur - den of all my guilt, and whose
2. So dear to me is the name of Je - sus, The Fount of light and life, Whose bless-ed pres-ence with - in my heart doth al-
3. So dear to me is the love that gives me The con - so- la - tion sweet, Af-ford - ing hope that when life is end - ed, my
4. So dear to me is the hope of heav - en, With all its beau ties rare, Where all the faith - ful shall one day gath - er, im-

blood hath made me free; So dear to me is the prom-ise giv - en, that thro' His pre-cious love, A home e - ter - nal I
lay all fear and strife; So dear to me is the tho't that I may ap-proach my Lord in pray'r, With all as - sur-ance that
Sav - iour I shall meet; So dear to me is the faith that draws me still near-er day by day, That light-ens bur-dens and
mor - tal bliss to share; So dear to me is the tho't that ma - ny to whom the way I've shown, Will safe - ly en - ter that

REFRAIN.

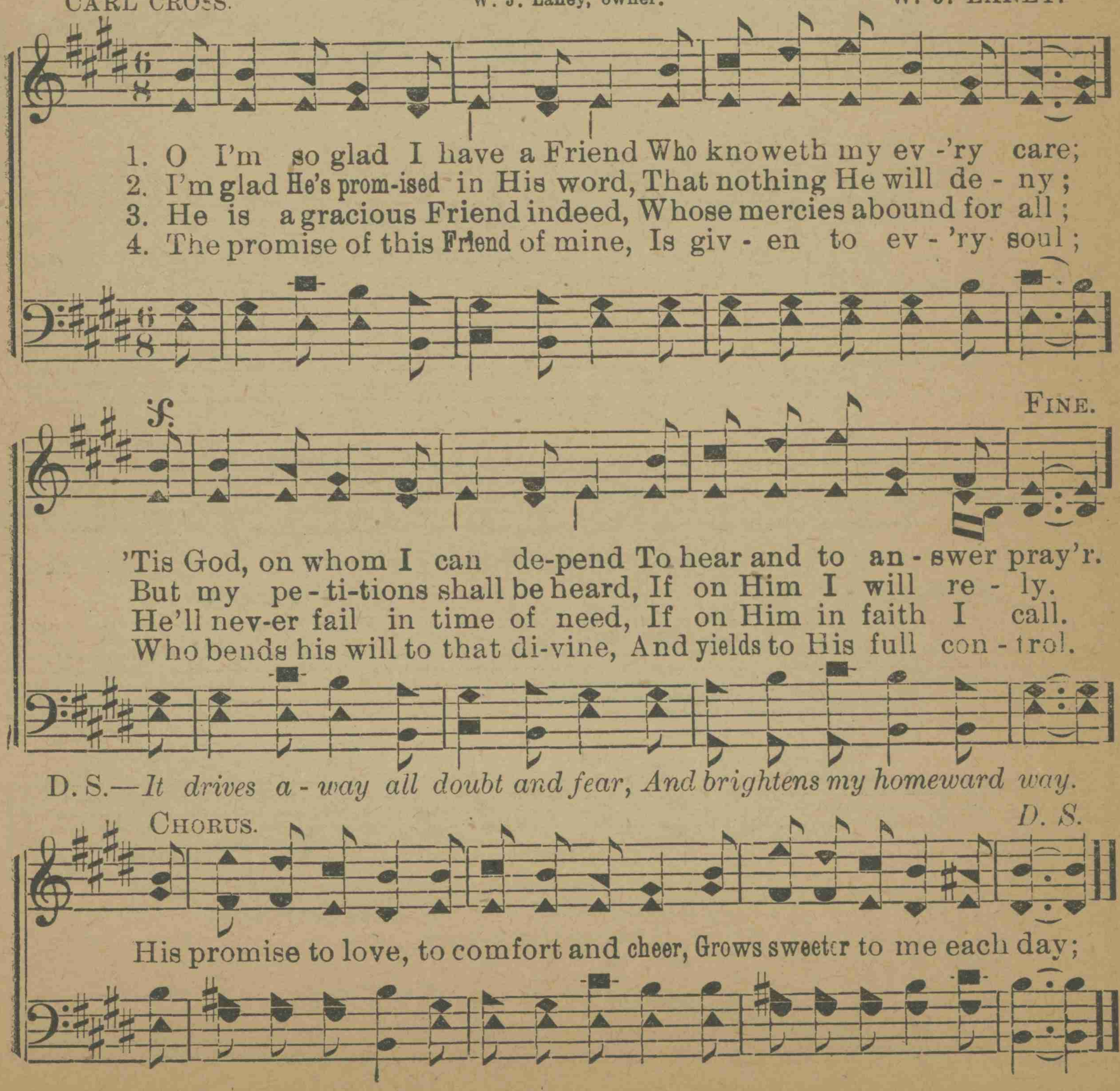
should in-her - it in yon-der world a-bove. (a-bove.) So dear.....
when I ask Him, my bur-dens He will bear. (will bear.)
gives me cour-age a - long my pil-grim way. (my way.)
home e - ter-nal, to vie a-round the throne. (the throne.) So dear is the

So Dear to Me. Concluded.



No. 131. His Promise.

CARL CROSS. W. J. Laney, owner. W. J. LANEY.



No. 132. Bring Them Back to Him.

LAWRENCE LOVE. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. T. H. WESTBROOK.

1. Broth-er, make no de - lay, Seek the lost ones to - day Who have
   Seek to gath - er them in From the wild ways of sin, Pre - cious
2. Go with zeal now a - new, To the Lord ev - er true, Tell the
   Tell, and tell it a - gain, How for weak, sin-ful men, Christ, the
3. Yea, the whole world around, Where-so-e'er man is found, Go, the
   That the sin-bur-dened one May be-lieve on the Son, Who o'er

1 2

wandered so far from the fold; lambs who are shiv'ring in the cold.
sto - ry of grace rich and free; Lord, for them died on Cal - va - ry.
mes-sage of mer - cy pro-claim; death and the grave as vic - tor came.

CHORUS.

Go and bring the lost ones in, From the ways,
Go and bring.... the lost ones in, From the drear -

the ways of sin; Bid them there..... no far - ther
y ways of sin; Bid them there

stray, Bring them back.... to Him to - day.
farther stray, Bring, O bring them back to - day.

No. 133. By and By.

J D. A. Arr. Quartet Music Co., owners. J. D. ALLEN.

1. I am go - ing to my home by and by, (by and by,) Where I ne'er a -
2. Just be-yond the mys - tic sea, by and by, (by and by,) Will be loved ones
3. There will be no part-ing there, by and by, (by and by,) Sweet re - un - ion

gain shall roam, by and by; (by and by;) When I reach those mansions fair,
wait - ing me, by and by; (by and by;) There a wel-come doth a - wait
we shall share, by and by; (by and by;) In that hap - py home a - bove,

I shall see my Sav-iour there, And His glo - ries ev - er share by and
All who reach the pearl - y gate, There to dwell in that es - tate, by and
Where is naught but peace and love,'Neath the smile of heaven's Dove, by and

D. S.—Where we'll sor-row nev - er-more, With the ran-somed I shall stand, by and

FINE. CHORUS.

by. By and by,..... by and by,.....
by and by. yes, by and by, yes, by and by,

D. S.

I am go-ing to that land by and by;.....With the saved gone on before,
by and by;

No. 134. WALK BESIDE ME.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. D. A. SHAW.

1. Spir - it foot-steps, lin - ger near me, Spir - it voic - es, whisper low,
2. Spir - it hands, ca-ress, up-hold me, When my soul grows weak and faint,
3. Spir - it, more than friend or brother, Shield and counsel un - to me!
4. Spir - it, source of life e - ter - nal, On my drear-y way de-scend;

In the darkness, soothe and cheer me, As my wea - ry way I go.
Spir - it arms, in love en - fold me, And sup - ply my ev - 'ry want.
In this world there is no oth - er, True and faith-ful like to Thee.
Fill my soul with joy su - per - nal, Un - til life on earth shall end.

CHORUS.

God of spir-its, walk be-side me!
God of spir - - its, walk be - side..... me! Thou, my

Thou, my strength, my light, my all, Thro' the darkness,
strength,..... my light, my all,..... Thro' the dark - - ness,

lead me, guide me, Lest, be-side the way, I fall.
lead me, guide.... me, Lest, be-side..... the way, I fall.....

rit.

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No. 135. Till Vict'ry's Won.

KATHARYN BACON. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. L. D. MORRIS.

1. Go forth, O! Christian sol-diers in your Saviour's (glorious) name, To dare and do for Him from dawn till set of sun (life's sun); The bless - ings of sal-
2. O watch, for ev-'ry-where the hosts of sin are strong (are strong), Be read-y for the con-flict, nev - er (nev - er) du - ty shun; March on with dauntless
3. Have faith in God and dai-ly spread the (wondrous) gospel light, That soon the bat - tle and its sor-rows will be (ev - er) done; With val - or nev - er

va - tion ev-er-more proclaim (proclaim), And fight on for His might - y cause
cour-age and a joy-ful (conqu'ring) song, His glo-rious ban-ner nev - er furl
fail - ing put the (dreaded) foe to flight, For - ev - er true to Je - sus be

REFRAIN.

till vic - t'ry's won. In faith and hope press on each day, And trust in
till end-less vic-t'ry's won.

God's dear Son;.... O soldiers, watch and fight and pray, till vic - t'ry's won.
ris-en Son; endless vict'ry's won.

No. 136. O Let it be Today.

B. W. K. Arr by A. Quartet Music Co., owners. B. W. KINNAIRD.

1. O let it be to - day, that you turn from sin a - way, Heed the lov-ing Sav-iour while He's calling you; O let it be to - day, hasten, make you no de - lay, Do at once the bless-ed Master's will, And trust His promise true.
2. O let it be to - day, that you start the up - ward way With a faith that's strong in Him who for you died; O let it be to - day when your trusting heart can say: I'll re - ject no more His love, but have His precious blood applied.
3. O let it be to - day, souls who've wandered far a-stray, That you shall with heart repentant, turn to God; O let it be to - day, sin-ner, let it be to-day, That your steps shall be di-rec-ted in the way the Sav-iour trod.

REFRAIN.

O let it..... be to - day, When the sin - ner let it let it be to - day, Saviour's lov-ing call you shall o - bey; O let it ..... be to - sin-ner let it

O Let It be Today. Concluded.

day, That you'll come and let Him wash your sins a-way.
let it be to-day, all a-way.

No. 137. Come Unto Me.

E. R. Quartet Music Co., owners, EMMET RAMER.

1. The Sav-iour sweet-ly calls to thee, Come un - to me, Come un - to
2. The Sav-iour calls thru grief and pain, Come un - to me, Come un - to
3. The Sav-iour calls the poor lost soul, Come un - to me, Come un - to
4. The Sav-iour calls, why long-er roam, Come un - to me, Come un - to

me; If from your bur-dens you'd be free, O come un - to me.
me; For Thee on Cal-v'ry I was slain, O come un - to me.
me; I'll make thy bro-ken spir - it whole, O come un - to me.
me; A - rise and start for heav'n and home, O come un - to me.

REFRAIN.

Come un - to me, come un - to me, Come un - to me and thou shalt be

free; I died for thee on Cal - va - ry, O come un - to me.

No. 138. Go and Seek the Lost.

Covered by Publisher's Copyright.

J. B. WOOD. Arr. by A. J. P. BLANTON. Arr. by A.

1. Broth-er, will you go and seek the lost ones to-day, Wand'ring from the ten - der Shepherd's fold a - way, Seek them on the des - ert and mountain so cold, Bring them back in - to His fold. Go, yes, go and seek the
2. Seek, oh, seek the wand'ring ones where'er they may roam; Tell them that the lov - ing Shep-herd calls them home; Bid them come to Je - sus, no lon - ger de - lay, Strive to bring them back to-day.
3. Let us all be faith- ful, seek the lost, far and near, In the highways and the hedg - es ev - 'ry - where; Tell to them the sto - ry of God's mighty love, Point them to that home a - bove. Go, yes, go and

REFRAIN.

lost; Tell the sto - ry of the cross,— How the Sav-iour died up- on the cru - el tree, That the world might be from sin made free.
seek the lost; Tell the sto - ry of the cross, from sin made free.

No. 139. Gather Them In.

Read JOHN, 4th Chapter; Verses 35 to 38.

J. F. C. J. F. Combs, owner, 1916. J. FRANKLIN COMBS.

1. Ma-ny have wandered a-way from the fold, Gath - - er them in; .....
2. Tell them the sto-ry of Christ and His love, See them, my broth-er, so hun - gry and cold,
3. While He is call-ing so tender and sweet, Un - der the wings of the heav - en - ly dove,
4. If we shall la - bor for Him all the way, Go gather them in, go gath - er them in; Bring them to shine as bright gems at His feet, On us He'll smile at the dawn of that day; O

CHORUS.

Gath - - er them in ..... Gath - - er them
hast-en, my broth-er, and gath-er them in. Hast-en, my broth-er, go
and gath-er
in; ..... Gath - - er them in; ..... Go with the
gather them in, Tell them of Je-sus the Saviour of men;
love of the Father a-bove, Gath - - er them in.....
O, hasten, my brother, and gather them in.
and gath - er

No. 140. Oh, Homeland Fair.

J. W. Davis, owner.

JAMES ROWE. J. W. DAVIS.

1. Not far a - way the cit - y lies, There we shall mend all broken ties,
2. Not far away our mansions shine, Bright with the light of love divine;
3. Not far away when shadows flee, The walls of "Home, sweet home," will be;

And there our souls will swell with song, Amid a glad e-ter-nal throng.
But we must bear our burdens still, And patient, wait the Master's will.
Not far away our Friend will wait, To lead us through the pearly gate.

CHORUS.

Oh, homeland fair!..... Oh, homeland bright!....
Oh, homeland fair! Oh, homeland bright!

So near and yet be-yond our sight, But we will wait, ...
But we will wait,

And watch and pray,
yes, watch and pray,
For 'twill appear some better day.

No. 141. Soon I'll Be There.

T. A. J. B. Controlled by the author. T. A. J. BEASLEY.

1. My dear Sav-iour has gone to prepare me a home, In that land where there comes no night; In His Word He has said that for
2. The redeemed of all a - ges will be o - ver there, Robed in gar - ments so pure and white; There no sor - row can come, not a
3. There we'll walk by the side of our Sav - iour so dear, And with friends who have gone be-fore; We will share in the glo - ries so

CHORUS.

me He will come, And will give me a mansion bright. O that land
pain, nor a care, In that land where there comes no night.
rich and so rare, And sad partings will come no more. O that land

so fair, All its glo - ries how I long to share; And I soon shall be
so fair, to share; And I soon shall be

With all the ransomed host up there.
up there.

No. 142. We'll Praise Jehovah!

Covered by Publisher's Copyright.

MRS. W. J. G. MRS. W. J. GRAVES.

1. Of Je - ho - vah we will sing, mag - ni - fy His love, Yes, praise the
2. Praise Je- ho - vah on His throne, sing, ye peo - ple, sing, Till all the
3. Praise the Lord of earth and sky, let the glad news ring, Yes, lift His

might-y King on His throne a-bove, For His bless-ings rich and free, which He
world shall own Him as Lord and King; Till each heart shall throb with joy, and His
ban - ner high, glad ho - san-nas sing; May each soul, with zeal a-new, rise and

CHORUS.

doth out-pour, We'll praise Je-ho-vah ev - er - more!
name a - dore, Yes, praise Je-ho-vah ev - er - more! We'll praise Him, praise Him
up - ward soar, And praise Je-ho-vah ev - er - more!

here be - low; His mer - cy and His love to oth - ers we will show,

Till all the world His grace shall know, We'll praise Je-ho - vah ev - er - more!

No. 143. Here and Over There.

N. W. ALLPHIN. N. W. Allphin, owner. E. H. BILLS.

Not fast.

1. Here are scenes of sor-row, Trouble, pain and care, But a gold-en
2. Here we oft are sigh-ing, For our loved ones gone To that land where
3. Here all ties must sev - er, Fondest friends must part; But this thought should

mor-row Wait-eth o - ver there, In that land of pleasure, And of
dy - ing Nev - er - more is known; But where joys eternal Wait our
ev - er Cheer the saddened heart; Tho' all hopes seem blighted By death's

:S: FINE.

peace and joy, Where a-bides my treas-ure, Noth-ing can de-stroy.
souls to greet, In that home su - per-nal, Where the saved shall meet.
cru - el hand, We'll be re - u - nit - ed In the glo - ry land.

D. S.—*Sor - rows will be end - ed, Part-ings will be o'er.*

REFRAIN.

In that land of glo-ry, Happy clime above, We will shout the story

Of re-deem-ing love; When we have ascended To that golden shore,

D. S.

No. 144. The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by per. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me ;
2. In ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, It makes us brothers ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hard-est hearts of stone,
5. The stripes that should on me be laid, He bore and suf-fered in my stead,

I from the brok - en law go free, Thro' love, won-der - ful love.
Thro' Christ, the "well - be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der - ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der - ful love.
It break - eth ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, won-der - ful love.
Like as the lamb to slaughter led, Through love, won-der - ful love.

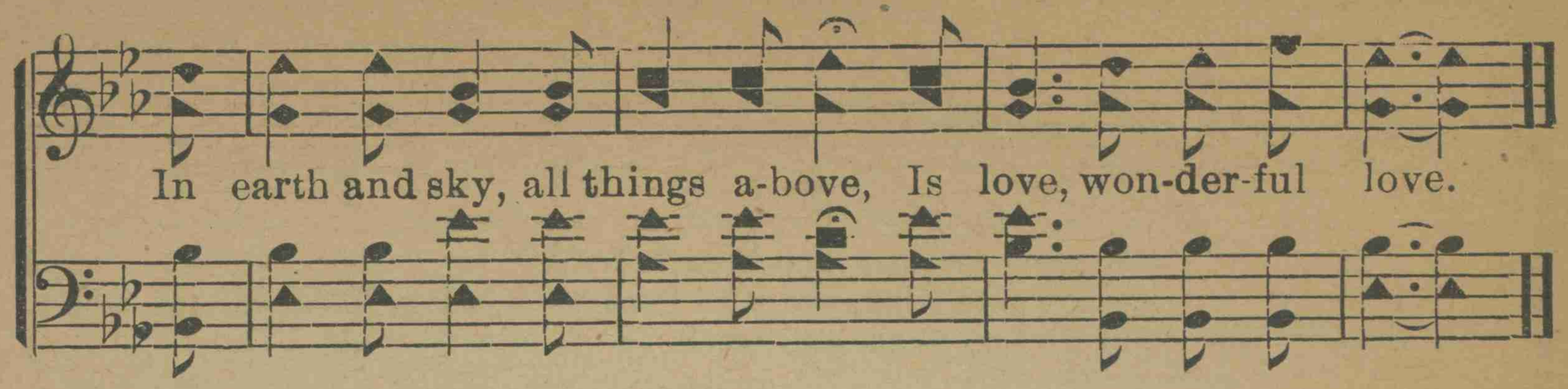
CHORUS

The greatest thing in earth be - low Is love,.....
won-der - ful love,

The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love,.....
won - der - ful love.

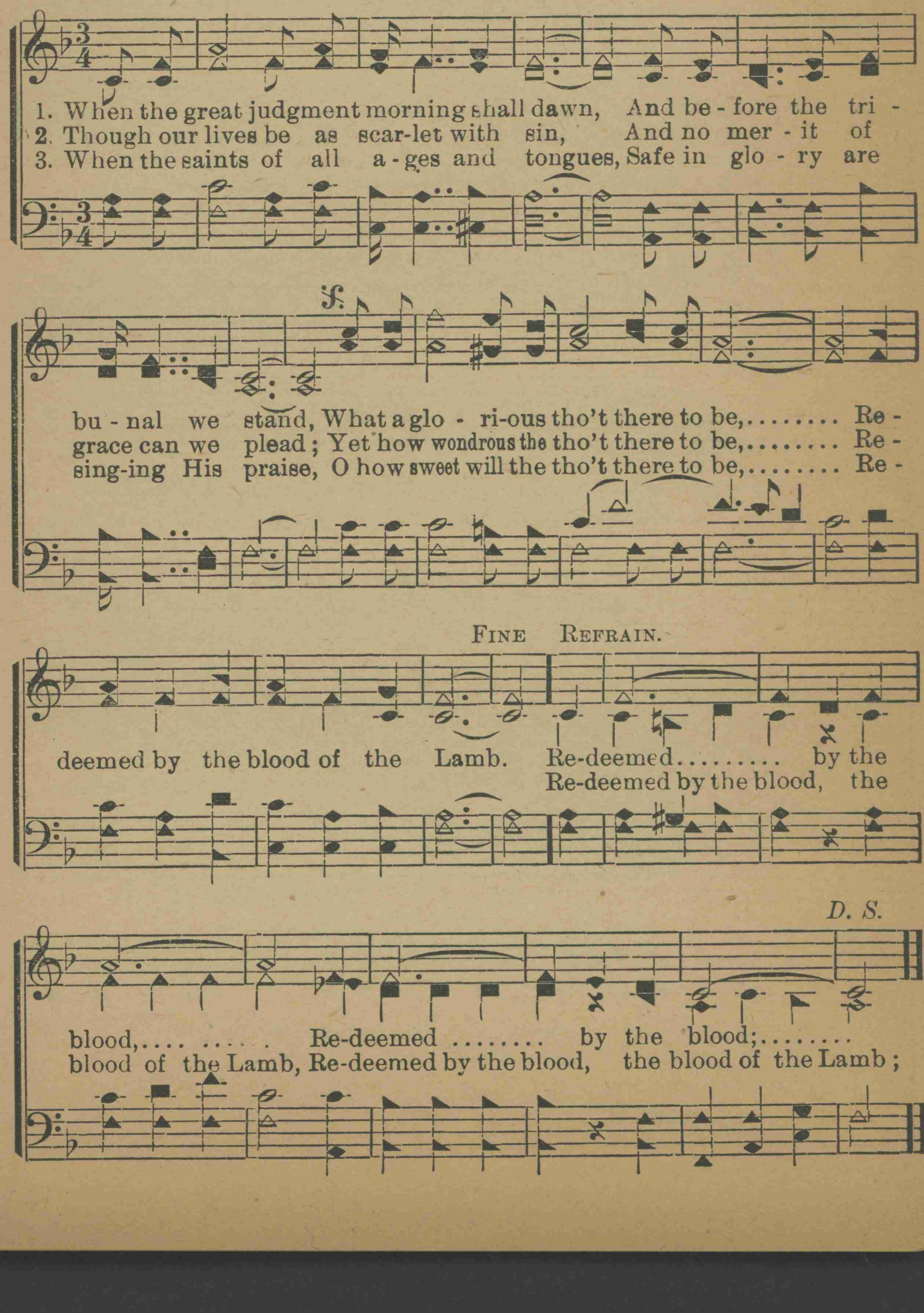
The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love,.....
won-der - ful love,

The Greatest Thing is Love. Concluded.



No. 145. Redeemed by the Blood.

L. A. G. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. L. A. GORDON.



No. 146. He Will Take Care of Me.

W. L. T. S. Cobb, owner. WILL LASTON.

1. When tried by the tempt-er I'll trust my Re-deem-er, Far stronger than
'Mid all the temp-ta-tions and life's trib-u-la-tions (*Omit.....*)
2. When I was de-spair-ing, and sin's burdens bearing, 'Twas Je-sus who
And now 'mid all tri-als and earth-ly de-ni-als, (*Omit.....*)
3. I'll trust in Him ev-er, I'll doubt Him, no, nev-er, For no oth-er
To Him I am cling-ing, of Him I am sing-ing, (*Omit.....*)

Sa-tan is He,..... He will take care of me.....
set my soul free,..... He will take care of me.....
like Him can be,..... He will take care of me. (of me.)

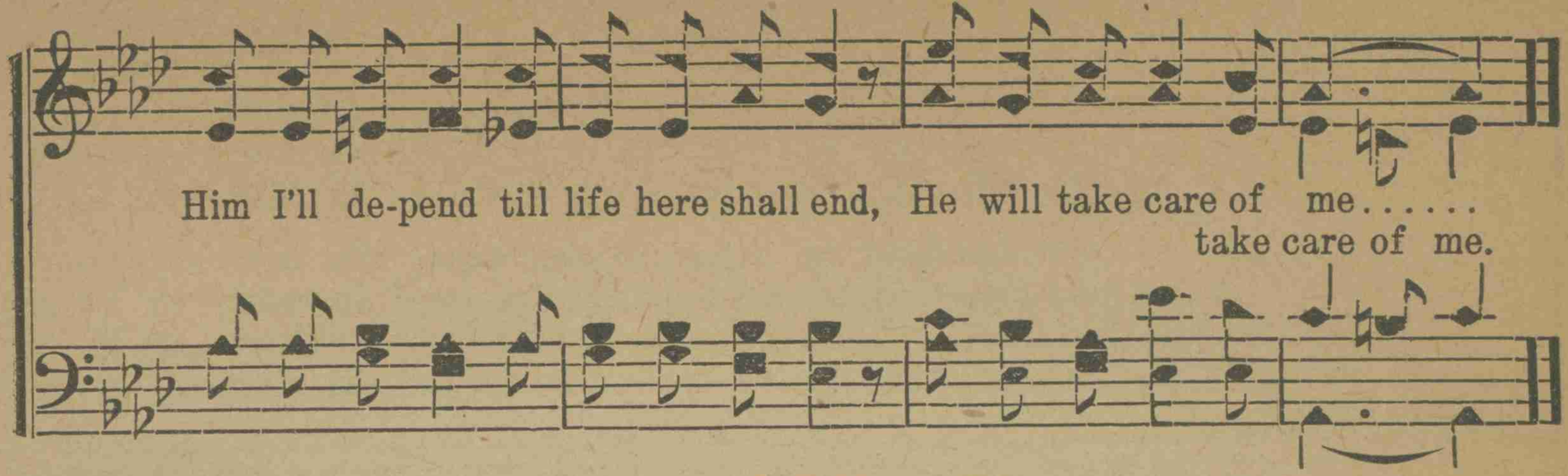
CHORUS.

He will take care of me,..... He will cause wrath to flee;.....
He will take care of me, He will cause wrath to flee;

With ev-'ry foe, 'mid ev-'ry woe, Je-sus my ref-uge shall be.....
Je-sus my ref-uge shall be.

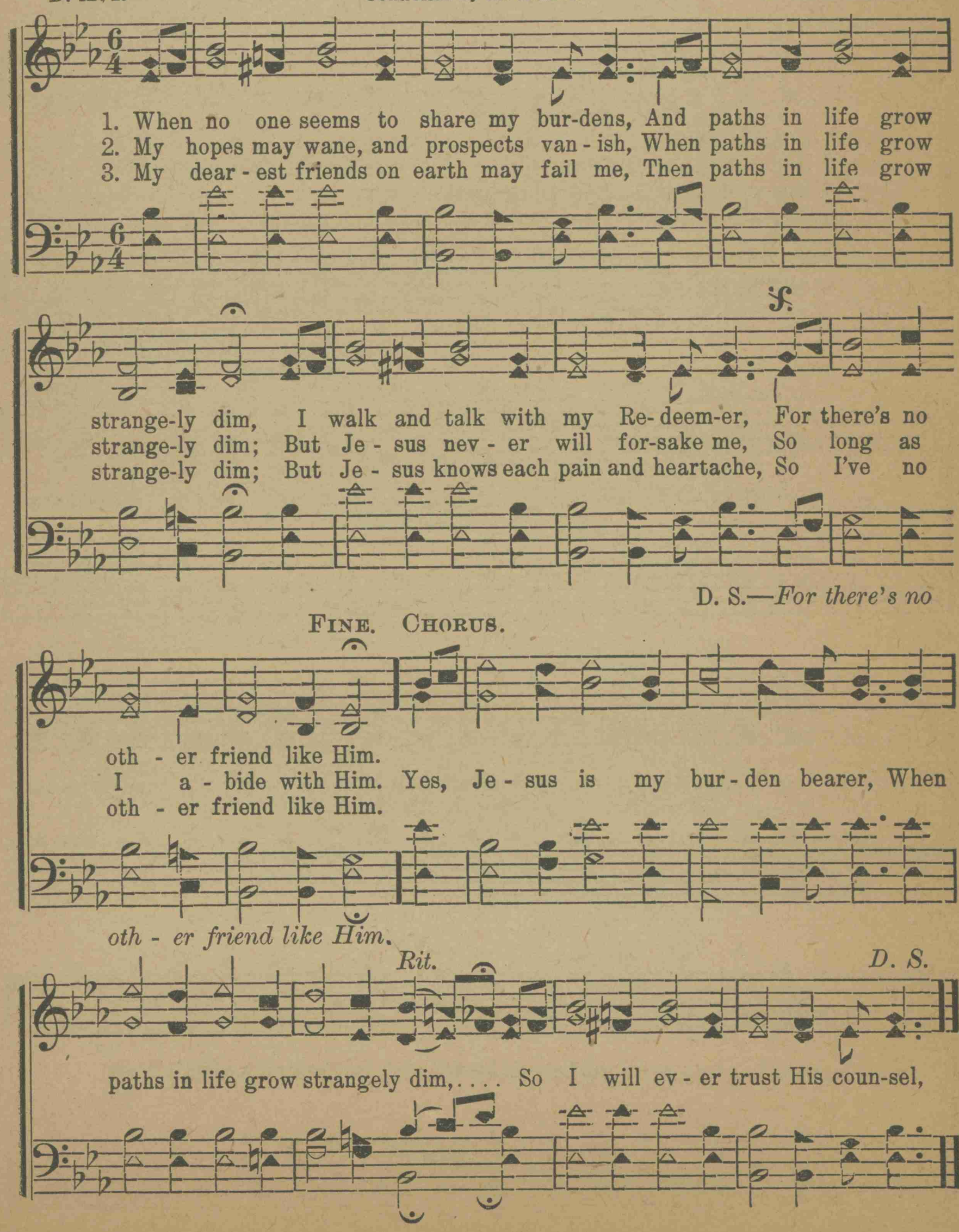
No one like Him I know;..... No one can love me so;..... On
No one like Him I know; No one can love me so;

He Will Take Care of Me. Concluded.



No. 147. No Friend Like Him.

D. M, R — Controlled by the Author. — D. M. RAGLE.



No. 148. He's Pleading With Thee.

C. J. H. C. J. Hamrick, owner. C. J. HAMRICK.

Slowly.

1. The glo - ri - ous Sav-iour is ling - er-ing near, In mer - cy He's
2. Oh, how can you grieve Him and turn Him a-way? In mer - cy He's
3. Remember that death might be near, e-ven now! In mer - cy He's
4. For you He has suf-fered, this heav-en-ly Dove! In mer - cy He's

plead-ing with thee; Oh, hear His sweet message of com-fort and cheer,
plead-ing with thee; Come out of the dark-ness, trust Je - sus to - day,
plead-ing with thee; From sin turn a - way and in pen - i-tence bow;
plead-ing with thee; That you may be saved, and be with Him a-bove,

REFRAIN.

In mer-cy He's pleading with thee.... The Sav-iour is ten-der - ly with thee.

plead-ing with thee, In mer - cy He's bending a - bove; Ac-cept Him to -

day and be hap-py and free; Come, rest in the arms of His love..... His love.

No. 149. Follow the Saviour.

T. A. BEASLEY. The Quartet Music Co., owners. L. B. HARRIS.

1. There is a path that lead-eth to glo - ry, It is the path that our
2. This is the path-way trod-den by Je - sus, While He did jour-ney on
3. Won't you be - gin to fol - low the Sav-iour? He has been call-ing for

fa - thers have trod; It is the theme of all sa - cred sto - ry,
earth here be - low; And as we fol - low His hand doth lead us,
you now so long; Come and en - joy the peace that He giv - eth,

CHORUS.

It lead-eth up to God. Fol - low the steps of the Saviour,
He marks the way we go.
As you shall journey home. Follow the steps, yes, the steps of the Saviour,

Walk in the path where He lead - eth; He will
Walk in the path, in the path where He lead - eth; Je - sus the Lord will
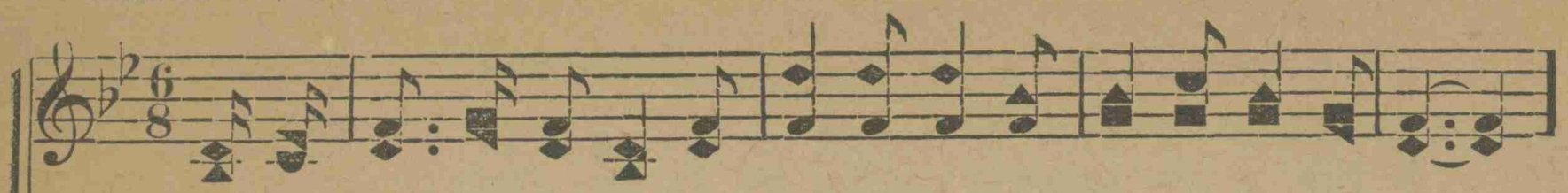
take you to heav - en When your jour - ney's o'er.
journey's o'er.

rit.
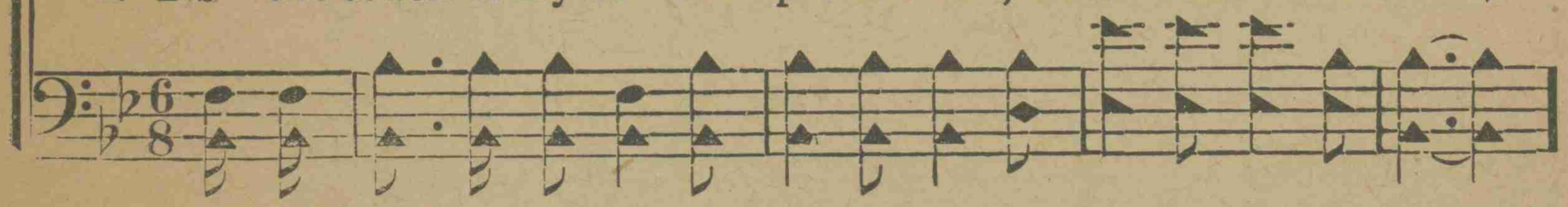
No. 150. The Touch of My Saviour's Hand.
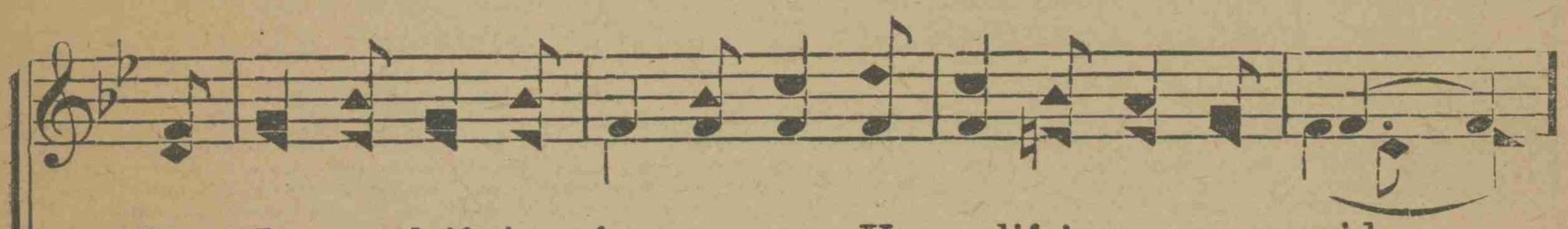
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DAVID J. BEATTIE. CHAS H. GABRIEL.
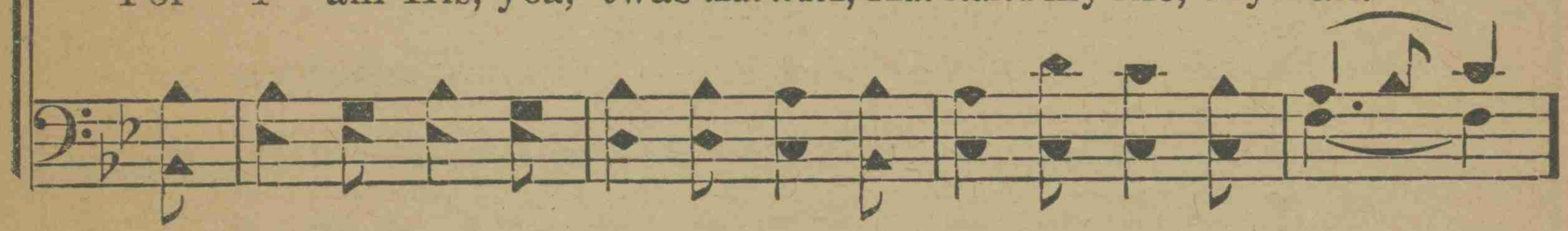


1. 'Twas the touch of my Saviour's pierced hand, That drew me to His side,
2. 'Twas the touch of my Saviour's pierced hand, That told His love to me;
3. 'Twas the touch of my Saviour's pierced hand, Oh, depth of love unknown!
4. 'Tis the touch of my Saviour's pierced hand, That holds me lest I fall;
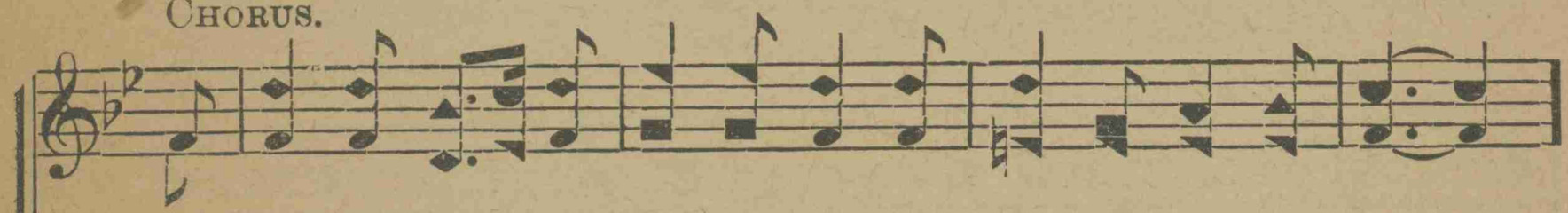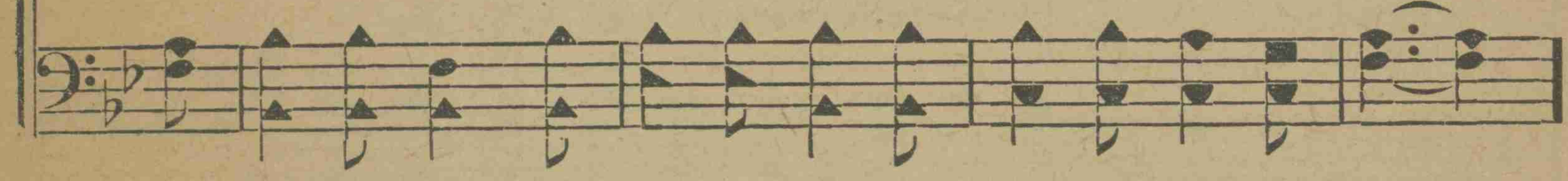




When I was drift-ing far a - way, Up-on life's o - cean wide.
And as I paused I heard Him say, "I gave my-self for thee."
He gave me last-ing joy and peace, And clamed me for His own.
For I am His, yea, 'twas that touch, That sealed my life, my all.
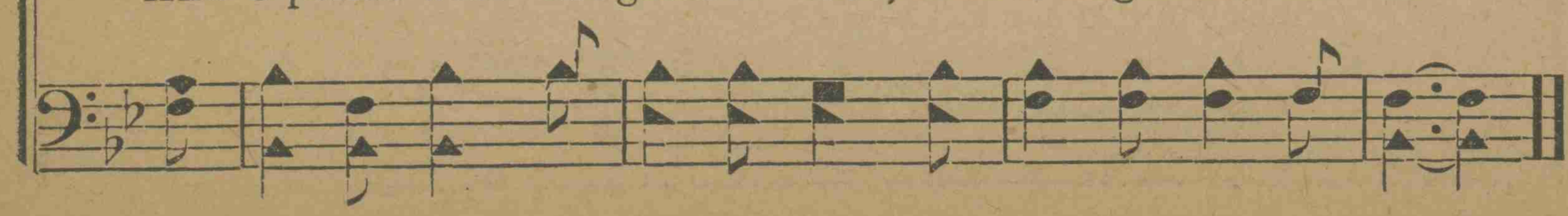


CHORUS.



Oh, wond'rous, wond'rous toucn divine: It broke my heart of sin,



And o-pened wide the gates of love, That I might en - ter in.



No. 151. Christ Rescued Me.

"Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Rescue my soul from their destructions."
—Psa. 35 : 17.

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MRS. W. T. MORRIS. WM. J. RAMSAY.

1. My lov - ing Lord in sym - pa - thy With tend'rest love came un - to me,
2. So long had I been bound by sin, So deep-ly dyed without, with - in,
3. Yes, out of darkness in - to light, And out of weak-ness in - to might,
4. Ah! sweet in-deed is it to sing The prais-es of my Lord and King,
5. Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name, My bless-ed Lord, al-ways the same;

And from the depths of mis - er - y With His own hands He lift - ed me.
And vain all bet - ter life had been, Till Je- sus' touch had made me clean.
Then out of blind-ness in - to sight, With nail-pierced hands He set me free.
Who e - ven down to me did bring The song of love and vic - to - ry.
The lov - ing One, who bore my shame, And with His life - blood rescued me.

CHORUS.

With His own hands He lift - ed me, With nail-pierced hands He set me free;
With His own hands He lift-ed me,

From depths of sin and mis - er - y, With blood-stained hands Christ rescued me.
From depths of sin and mis - er - y,

No. 152. Will There Be One to Greet Me?

MRS. R. A. P. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. R. A. PITTMAN.

1. When my life be - low is end - ed, And my work on earth is done,
2. Je - sus gave us all a mis-sion When He left this world of pain;
3. Let us la - bor on, my brother, Let us not a moment spare;

Will there be one soul to greet me, That for Je - sus I have won?
And He bids us seek the lost ones, Bring, O bring them back again.
Then the jew-els we have gathered, All will greet us o - ver there.

CHORUS

Will one soul.... be led to Je - sus By my
Will one soul be led to Je - sus, led to Je-sus

ef - forts here below? Or will all..... my life be
By my ef-forts here below, here below? Or will all my life be

wast - ed. When from earth I'm called to go?
wasted, sad-ly wasted, when I am called to go?

No. 153 IN THAT COMING DAY!

F. L. E. *That we shall be ready, Just now, we should prepare!* F. L. EILAND.

1. Hoping will not be in vain, That, a crown of life we'll gain, In that coming, (coming)
2. At that meeting in the air, If we are accepted there, In that coming, (coming)
3. Far beyond the reach of pain, If, a crown we shall obtain, In that coming, (coming)

day! (That coming day!) If we faithful, here, shall be, It is promised you and me,
day! (That coming day!) Then we'll heaven's glory know, For, with Jesus, home, we'll go,
day! (That coming day!) We will live for ev-er-more, Je - sus, ev - er to adore,

REFRAIN.

In that coming day! In that coming day,
coming day, that coming day, coming, coming,

In that coming day, Then we it, shall there be - hold,
com-ing day, that com-ing day,

Brighter far than glitt'ring gold, In that coming day!
coming day, that coming day!

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No. 154. A Surrendered Will.

Copyright, 1916, by D. M. Ragle.

ANON. Rearranged by D. M. R. D. M. RAGLE.

1. I said, "Let me walk in the field;" He said, "You go walk in the
2. I said, "But the air is so thick, And fogs there are veil-ing the
3. I said, "I shall there miss the light, And friends, too, will miss me," they
4. I plead for some time to be giv'n, He said, "Is it hard to de -
5. I wist - ful - ly looked at the field, My face I then set to the
6. 'Twas then in His hand I placed mine, And in - to my heart then came

town;" I said, "There are no flow - ers there," "No flowers," He
sun;" But kind - ly He said, "Souls are sick, And souls in the
say; But He answered, "Choose ye to - night If I am to
cide? It will not seem hard up in heav'n To have fol-lowed the
town; He said, "My dear child, do you yield To give up the
He; I walked in His true light de - vine; The paths that I

D. S.—He'll walk and a -

FINE. CHORUS.

said, "But a crown."
dark are un - done."
miss you, or they." 'Tis best to do ser - vice for Him, 'Tis
steps of your guide."
flow'rs for the crown?"
once feared to see.

bide with us still.

D. S.

best that we yield to His will; And then, tho' our paths may seem dim,

No. 155 Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

(PRAISING CHRIST.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An-gels, descending, bring from above Ech - oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.

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

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

No. 156 I'M A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 JOHN 3:2

E. R. LATTA. J. E. THOMAS.

1. I'm a child of the King, Who is might-i-er far Than the kings of this world In their pal-a-ces are; I'm a child of the King, What a
2. I'm a child of the King, Who has conquered the grave, I'm a child of the King, Who is might-y to save! I'm a child of the King, What a
3. I'm a child of the King, And His maj-es-ty own! I'm a child of the King, And an heir to the throne! I'm a child of the King, What a
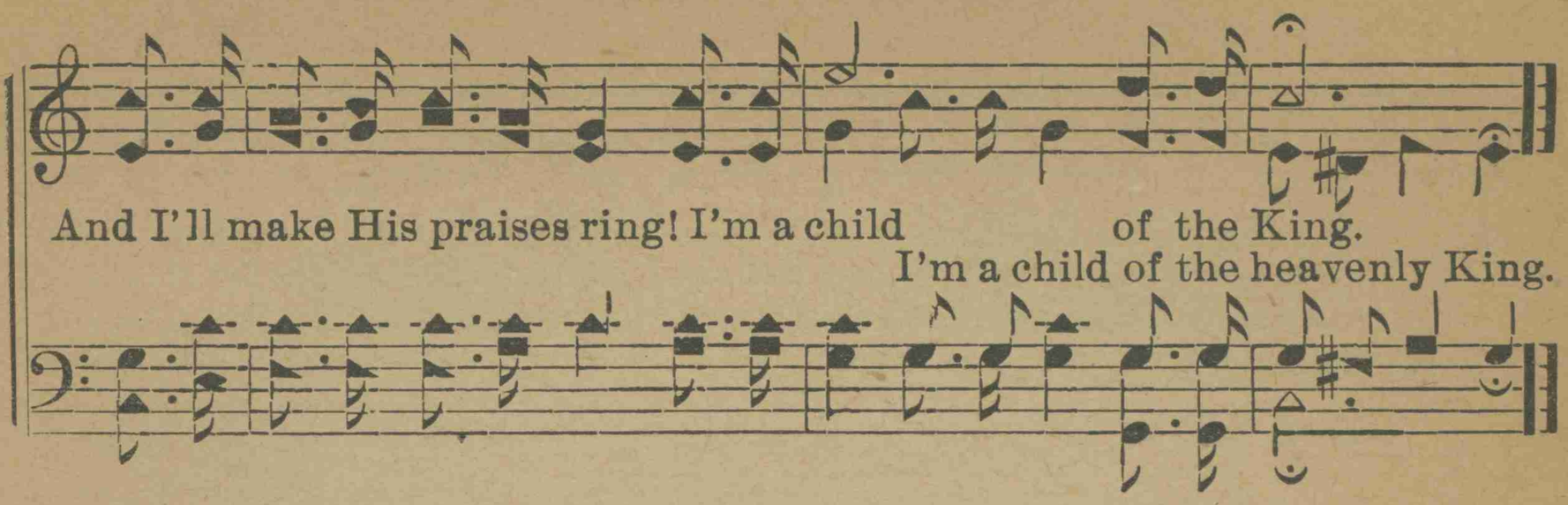
won-der-ful thing! I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the heav-en-ly King.

REFRAIN.

I'm a child of the King! What a won-der-ful
I'm a child of the King, of the heavenly King! What a wonderful thing! what a
thing!..... I'm a child of the heavenly King! Of His love I'll ever sing,
wonderful thing!

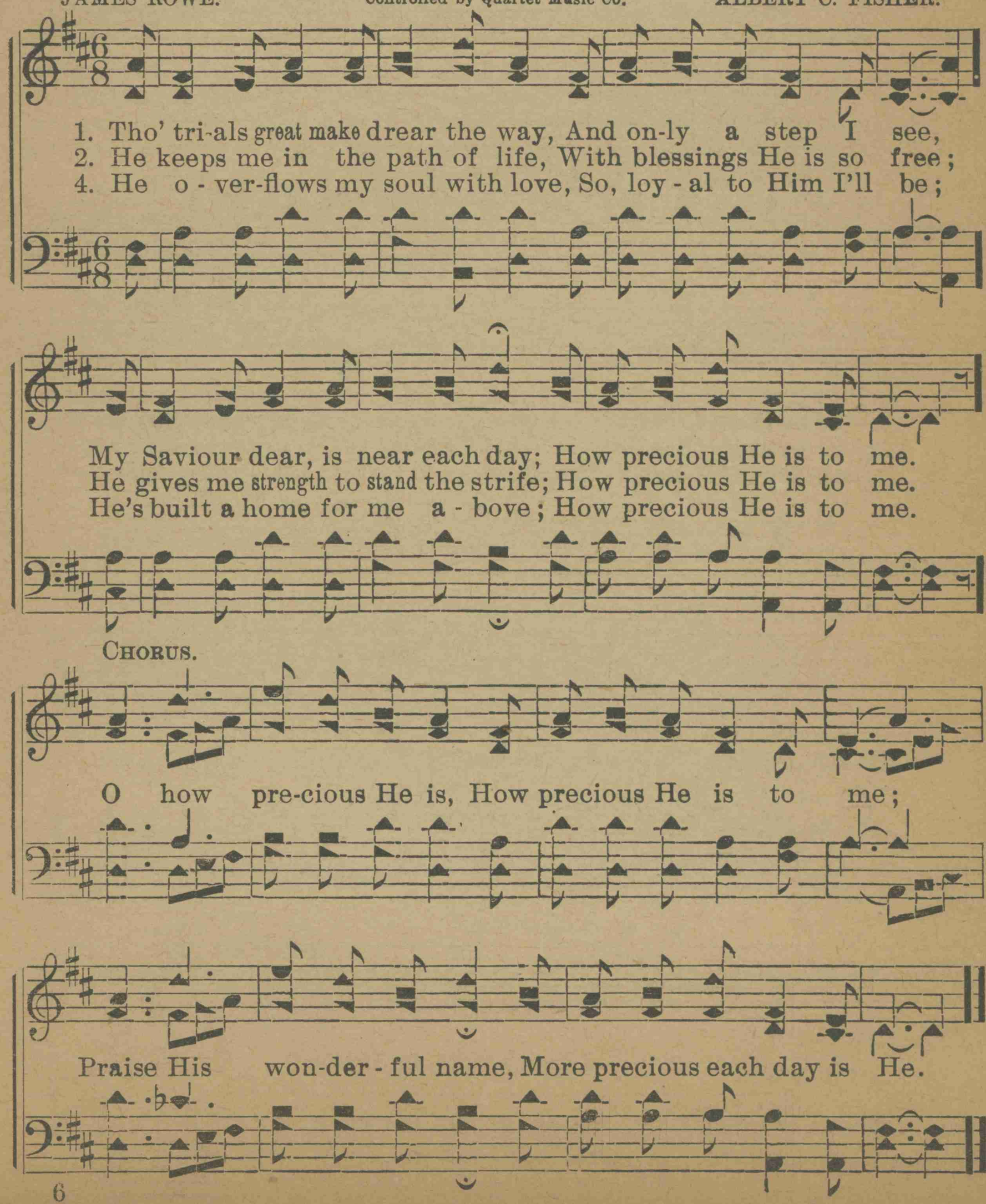
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A Child of the King. Concluded.



No. 157. How Precious He Is to Me.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. ALBERT C. FISHER.



No. 158 The Reign of Christ.

ELD. TICE ELKINS. Owned by Quartet Music Co. VIRGIL O. TEDDLIE.

1. I am longing for the dawning of the great and final morning, When the gath'ring of the ransomed shall be - gin (shall be-gin,) Oh how glad will be the mo-ments and how great will the the glory, When the Lord shall conquer death and banished sin.
2. He has promised in the Bible that He'll come in clouds of glo-ry, With ten thousands of His ho - ly an - gels too (an-gels too;) And will vis - it righteous judgment on the na-tions of un-god - ly, But will save His children who to Him are true.
3. Are you ready for the coming of the awful judgment morn-ing, Are your garments clean and spotless from the fall (from the fall?) Are you look-ing for and has - ten-ing, the coming of the bridegroom? Will your lamps be ready for the mid-night call?
4. When the trumpet call awakens all the dead of ev'ry nation, And the earth and sea have yield-ed up their slain (up their slain;) When the earth is wrapped in burn - ing flames of fire and in-dig-na - tion, Oh, be read-y when the Lord shall come a-gain.

REFRAIN.

On the clouds He is com-ing,
On the clouds..... He is com-ing,..... Ev -'ry eye His glorious presence there shall see;.....
Ev -'ry knee shall there shall see; Ev -'ry knee..... shall bow be-

The Reign of Christ. Concluded.

bow be - fore Him, Oh be read - y when that aw - ful day shall be.
fore Him,.....

No. 159 Nobody Knows But Jesus.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Alt. JACKSON LESLIE.

1. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, 'Tis but an old re - frain,
2. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, 'Tis mu - sic for to - day,
3. Burdens might be so heav - y That dear ones could not bear,
4. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, My Lord, I bless Thee now,

But it is new to my heart, Now as it comes a - gain.
And thro' the hard-est tri - als, Helps me a - long the way.
To know the bit - ter heartaches They could not come and share.
For the great gift of sor - row That no one knows but Thou.

CHORUS.

No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, Is it not bet - ter so,

rit.

That no one else but Je - sus, My own dear Lord shall know.

No. 160. The Heavenly Way.

R. L. TITTLE. C. J. Hamrick, owner. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. We are sail - ing a - way on the o - cean wild, But the Sav-iour is guiding the way; And we'll land at the port safe - ly, aft - er while,
2. 'Twill be glory to meet all our loved ones there, As we gath - er a- round the great throne; 'Twill be joy, blessed joy in that land so fair,
3. 'Tis the home where the saints shall abide, we're told, Where the Lamb is the light of the place, Where the walls are of jasper and streets are gold,
4. Let us walk in the light of His truth di-vine, And proclaim His sal- va - tion so free; May the light of His love nev - er cease to shine,

REFRAIN.

At the dawn of a won-der-ful day.
When we sing with the ransomed at home. When our course here is run, And now
Where shall dwell all redeemed ones by grace.
Till the last erring mortal may see.

life is begun, In the land of eternal day (great day, 'Twill be glory to
know, That He loved us so, And provided the heavenly way (heav'nly way).

No. 161. There's a Rift In Every Cloud.

"And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying: This is my beloved Son; hear Him."—LUKE, 9: 35.

N. D. J. N. D. JOHNSTON.

1. Tho' the storms may rage and the thunders roll, And dark despair sweep o'er thy soul, For the rift then look in the clouds above, And ne'er loose
2. Tho' we miss the goal we have sought for years, Our hearts are filled with doubt and fears, If we ask the Lord, then our friend to be, All doubts will
3. There's a brighter day com-ing aft - er while, The storms will pass, we'll see Him smile, When we reach our home far be-yond the sky, We ne'er a -

CHORUS.

faith in Jesus' love. For the rift in the clouds, Brother, look..... by faith and see; When the storms pass a -
pass, all fears will flee. Brother, look look and see; When the storms
gain will say good-by. For the rift in the clouds, way, Bright the sun..... will shining be.
pass a - way, Bright the sun shin-ing be.

No. 162. He'll Roll the Clouds Away.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Quartet Music Co., owners. W. J. GRAVES.

1. Tho' dark clouds.... may o'er you gath - er,
2. What, tho' tri - - - als oft a - larm you?
3. What-so - ev - - - er here be - tide you,
4. Prize a - bove..... each earth-ly treas-ure,

1. Tho' dark clouds o'er you gath-er,

And your soul..... be fraught with fear;..... Fal - ter
Christ, your Mas - - ter, too, was tried;..... Keep your
Trust the words..... of Him who saith,..... No good
Ev - 'ry prom - ise of His will,..... ..... Grace is

And your soul be fraught with fear;

not,..... still look be - fore you, For a bright - -
cour - age, naught can harm you, If in Him ...
thing.... shall be de - nied you, If you on - - -
of - fered without meas - ure, If His man - -

Fal-ter not, look before you, For a bright-

CHORUS.

er day is near..... Trust the lov - ing hand of
you will con - fide.
ly ask in faith.
dates you ful - fill.
er day, a brighter day is near. Trust the loving

He'll Roll the Clouds Away. Concluded.

Je - sus, Still to lead..... you day by
hand of Je - sus, Still to lead

day;..... If your faith..... in Him is
yes, day by day; If your faith

centered, He will roll..... the clouds away-.....
still is centered, He will roll the clouds away.

No. 163. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. J. E. THOMAS.

1. A - maz - ing grace (how sweet the sound), That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life endures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 164. We'll All Get Home Some Day.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by J. H. May. JAMES H. MAY.

1. If we will on - ly look a-bove, When thorny is the way,
2. Tho' oft our eyes with tears grow dim, No fear we should be - tray;
3. Just let the Lord be all in all, Friend, Lov-er, Guide and Stay;

And sweet-ly trust re-deem-ing love, We'll all get home some day.
For, oh, the path is clear to Him, We'll all get home some day.
If this we do, we'll nev - er fall, We'll all get home some day.

CHORUS.

We'll all..... get home, ... We'll all..... get home, ...
get home, we'll all get home, get home, we'll all get home,

Tho' tri - als here dis - may; If we con-fide in Christ as guide,

No. 165. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temp-
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je-sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er -

Safe in the Arms of Jesus. Concluded.

rit. FINE.

shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,

shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

D. C.

Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glory, O-ver the jasper sea.
Free from my doubts and fears; On-ly a few more trials, On-ly a few more tears.
Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.

No. 166. Jesus, Saviour, Keep Me Holy.

A. T. Copyright, 1914, by Austin Taylor. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, Precious is thy love to me;
2. Let me come, when I am wea - ry, To Thy fount of heal-ing balm;
3. All the world is drear with-out thee, All the days are turned to night
4. Sav-iour, may I nev-er wan-der From thy wounded, bleeding side,

S.

Neath thy shelt'ring wings, a-bid-ing, Sav-iour, let me ev - er be.
Let me bring to thee my trou-bles, For with thee my soul is calm.
Till Thy word, a flood of glo - ry, Shines within, its gold-en light.
And with - in Thy Father's mansions, Let my soul with Thee a-bide.

D. S.—*When this life of toil is end - ed, Take me home with Thee to dwell.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Je - sus, keep me pure and ho - ly, Keep my tongue thy love to tell.

No. 167. Win Some Souls.

H. A. D. Quartet Music Co,, owners. HATLEY A. DUNCAN.

1. Win some souls for Je - sus day by day, Point them to the straight and
   Win some souls for Je - sus here be - low, (*Omit* . . . .
2. Win some souls for Je - sus, bring them in From the dark and drear-y
   Tell them of a land so bright and fair, (*Omit* . . . .
3. Win some souls for Je - sus, do not wait, Lest their cry for mer - cy
   Shall we let them die in sin and shame? (*Omit* . . . .

nar - row way; Help the weary ones sweet peace to know.
ways of sin; And a home e - ter - nal wait - ing there. Win some
be too late; Go, the Saviour's love to them proclaim. Win, yes, win some

souls with-out de-lay, Lead them to the nar-row way, Bring
Lead, O lead them Bring, yes,

the lost ones while you may, Win some souls for Christ to-day.
bring the

No. 168. Asleep in Jesus.

MARGARET McKAY. (Rest.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from Thee, Thy kin-dred and their graves may be,

Asleep in Jesus. Concluded.

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 169. The Lord is my Shepherd.

Owned by Quartet Music Co.

H. W. ELLIOTT, Arr. by F. L. E.

H. W. ELLIOTT. Arr. J. E. T.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day;
2. When to the dark val-ley of death I come, No e - vil then will I fear;
3. The ta - ble is spread and my soul shall feast, And never know want or care;
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone;

In pas-tures of green, by wa-ters so sweet, He guides me in wisdom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
A - noin-ted with oil, my head it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Je-sus my king, His prais-es to sing, While ages roll on and on.

CHORUS.

O Shep-herd di-vine, sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way,
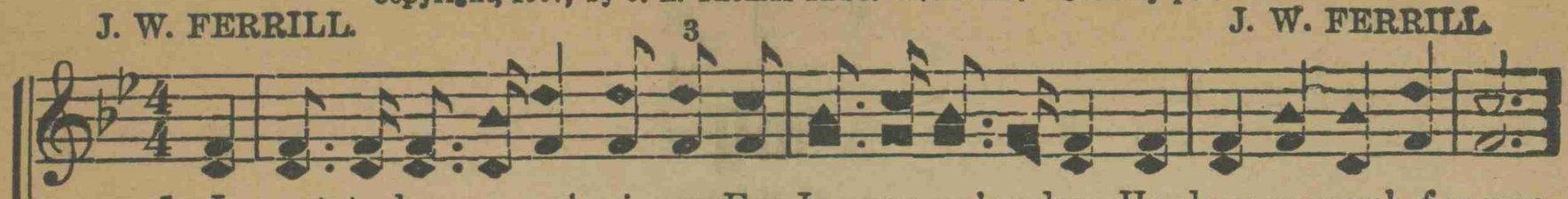
To heav - en a-bove, where Thee I can love, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.

No. 170 A Soul Winner for Jesus.
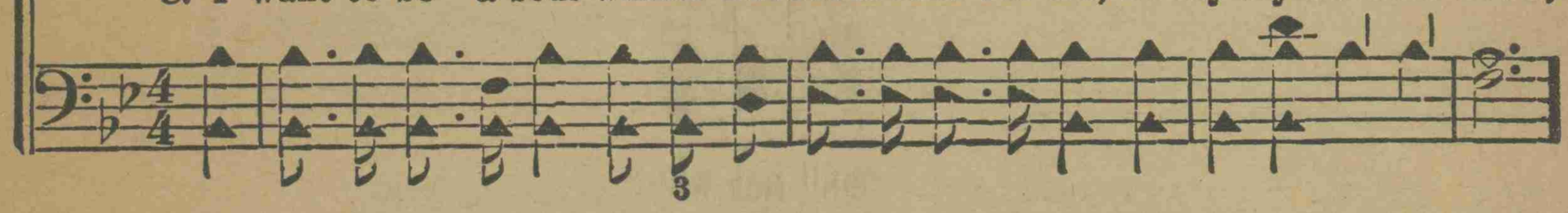
"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 19: 7.

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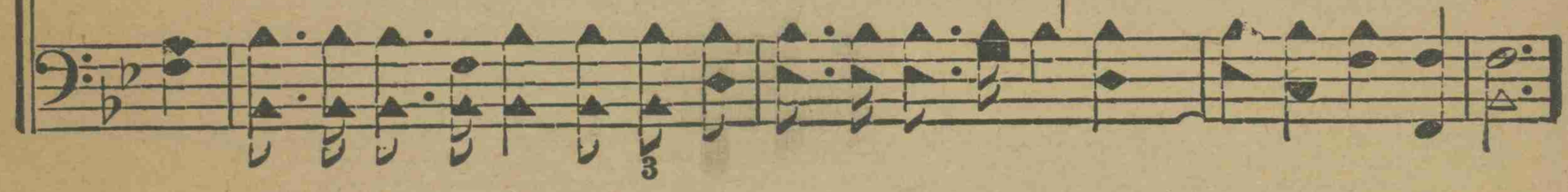
J. W. FERRILL. J. W. FERRILL.
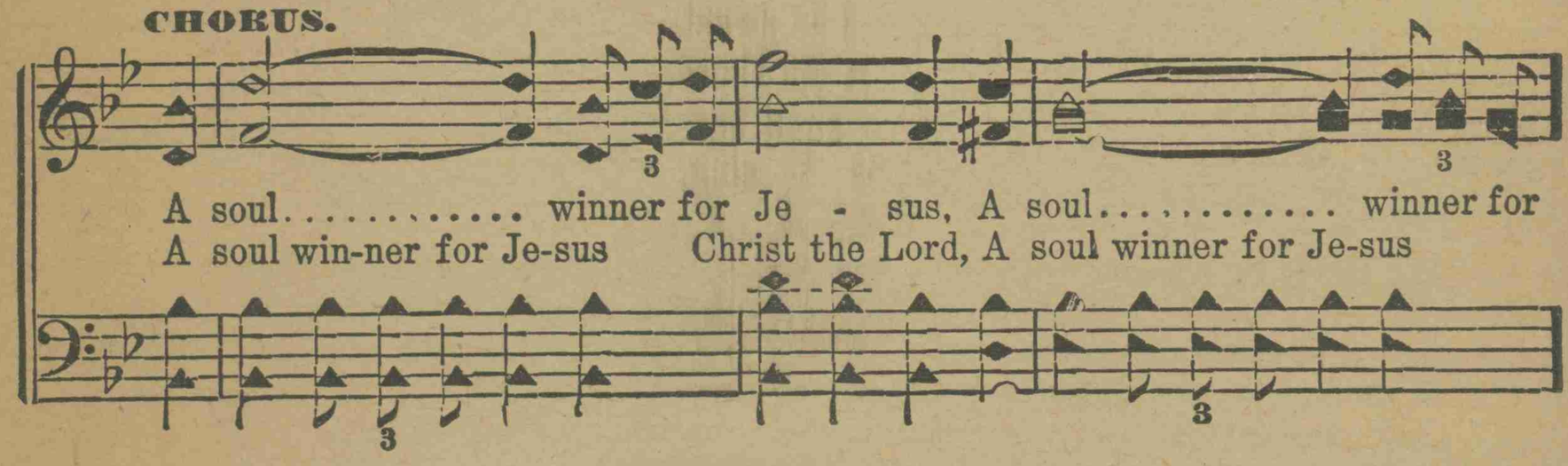


1. I want to be a soul winner For Je - sus ev-'ry day, He does so much for me;
2. I want to be a soul winner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know;
3. I want to be a soul winner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down;
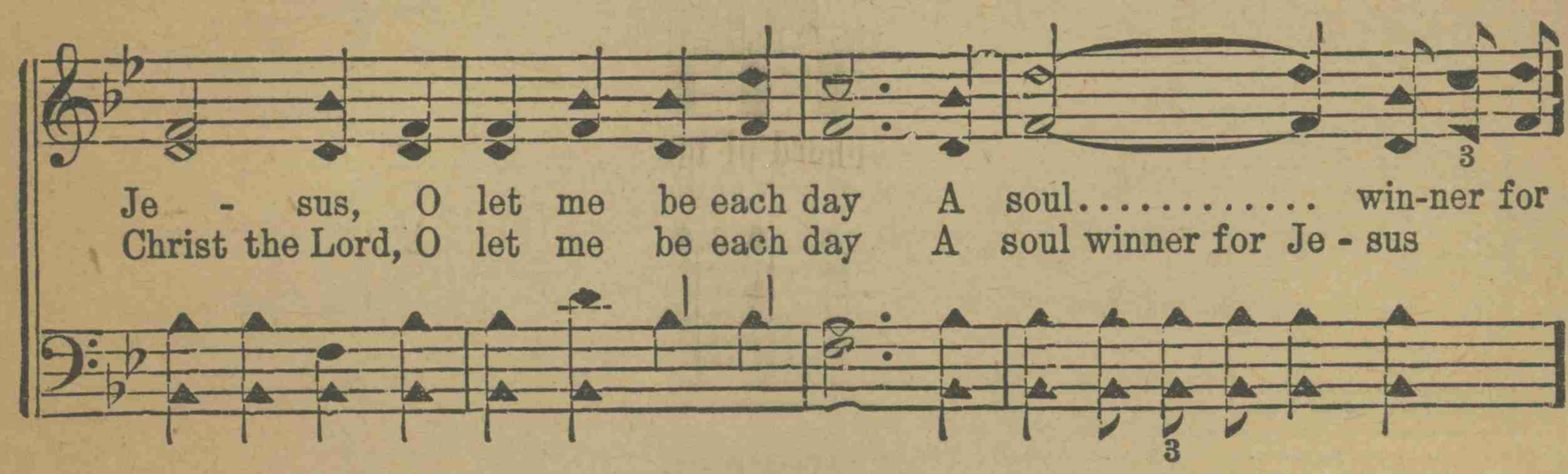


I want to aid the lost sinner To leave his erring way, And be from bondage free.
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Be-cause He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."
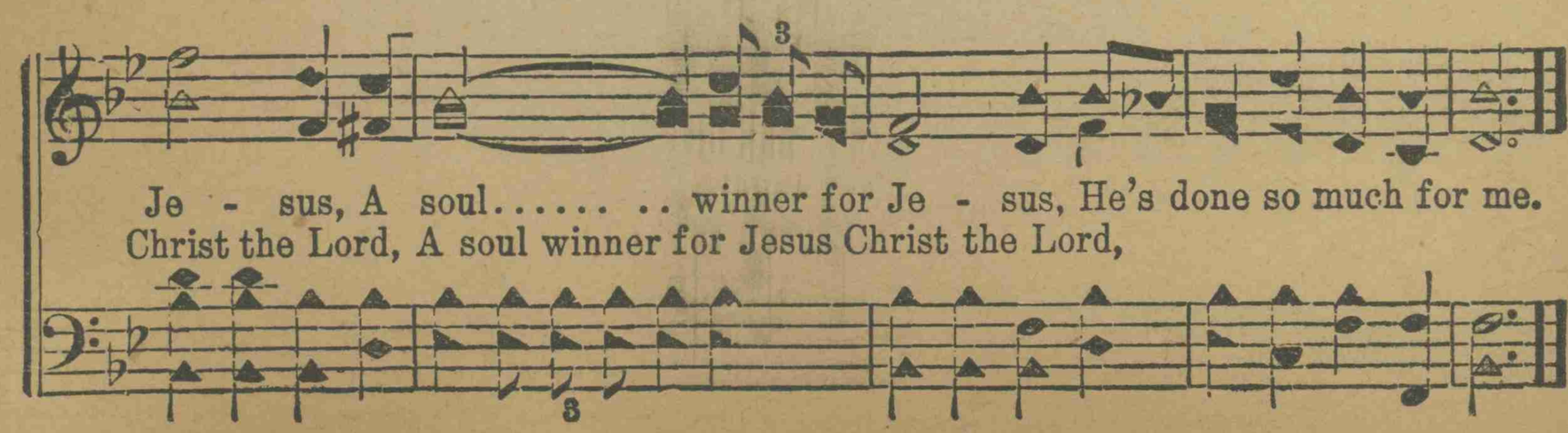


CHORUS.



A soul..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul win-ner for Je-sus Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Je-sus



Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ the Lord, O let me be each day A soul winner for Je - sus



Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ the Lord,

No. 171. The Prince of Peace.

Copyright, 1911, by C. W. James and Will L. Morrow. By per.

ELD. WILL L. MORROW. C. W. JAMES.

1. Je - sus Christ, the Prince of Peace, Is all He claims to be; When He
2. Je - sus is the Rock that stands, While waves are dashing high, Reach-ing
3. Bless-ed Star of Beth - le - hem, Shine on with per-fect ray, Light- ing
4. Je - sus is the gold - en Sun That shines up-on the soul, Help - ing

speaks the storm doth cease, And calm is on the sea. Crown Him,
forth His blessed hands; He points us to the sky.
up the lives of men, And driv- ing sin a - way.
us this race to run, That leads in - to His fold. Crown Him, crown Him,

REFRAIN.

crown Him, Crown Him the Prince of Peace! Hail Him! hail Him!
King of glo-ry, the Prince of Peace! Hail Him! hail Him King eternal

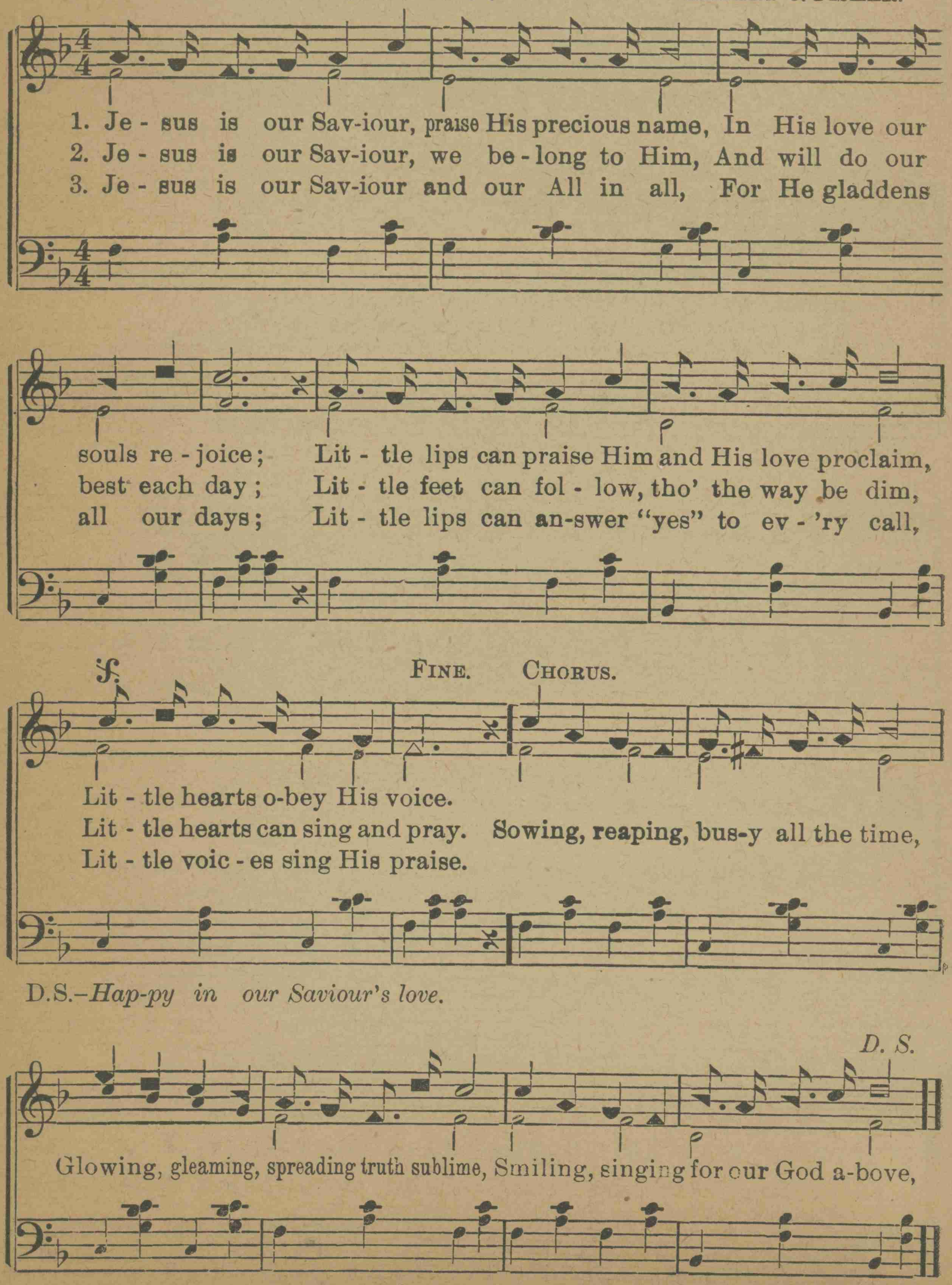
Ne'er let His prais-es cease; Crown Him! crown Him! Shout His praise
Crown Him! crown Him King of glory,

loud and long; Christ is the King e - ternal, Crown Him the Prince of Peace.
the Prince of Peace.

Songs for Children.

No. 172. Busy All the Time.

A. C. F. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. ALBERT C. FISHER.



No. 173. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

Copyright, 1913, by B. D. Ackley. Wm. J. Ramsay, owner. By per.

A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, My sky is fill'd with sunshine all the day; And the clouds that float a-long last but a mo-ment,
2. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Each day with growing splendor dawns more fair, All the lit-tle cares that troubled me, I've lost them
3. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Sweet mu-sic fills my heart the whole day long, While the angels seem to fill the air a - bout me,
4. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Ten thousand worlds such glo - ry can-not give; My poor heart is far too small to know its fullness,
5. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, The guilt of all my sin and shame is gone; I will rest contented in His precious promise,

CHORUS.

The light of glo - ry drives them all a-way.
And heaven seems a-bout me ev-'ry-where.
And lift my soul with heaven's glo-ry song.
Un - til at last I go with Him to live.
That He is mine and I to Him be-long.

I am hap-py in the love of Jesus, I am hap-py, O so happy; And no matter what betides I have glo - ry that a-bides, I am hap-py in the love of Je - sus.

No. 174. Keep Shining for Jesus.

(Dedicated to my daughter, Rosamonde.)

DAVID J. BEATTIE. Copyright, 1914, by Wm. J. Ramsay. By per. WM. J. RAMSAY.

1. Are you, fel - low - trav-'ler, a child of the King, And do you His
2. When tread - ing life's path-way, and tri - als as-sail, When vic - t'ry is
3. A lov'd one far out on life's bil - lows to - day, Un - heed - ed, for -
4. When life's sun is sink-ing, when la - bor is o'er, And loud in His

prais - es to way-far - ers sing? Oh, are you re - joic-ing in Je - sus each
need - ed, your ef-forts may fail; Oh, be not dis-cour-aged tho' all seems o'er-
sak - en, is drift-ing a - way; A light thro' the darkness may res-cue, may
prais - es your song swells no more, 'Twill strengthen the weary and bright-en the

day? Keep shin - ing for Je - sus, 'twill bright - en the way!
cast, Keep shin - ing for Je - sus, you'll tri - umph at last.
save; Keep shin - ing for Je - sus, a - cross the dark wave.
way, Keep shin - ing for Je - sus till close of the day.

CHORUS.

Keep shin - - ing for Je - sus Keep shin - ing, shin - -
Keep shining for Jesus, Keep shining each day, 'Twill lift up the fallen and brighten the

ing, Keep shin - ing for Je-sus, ... 'Twill lighten and brighten the way.
way, Keep shining for Jesus, Keep shining each day, 'Twill

No. 175. Outshine the Sun.

(Adapted by F. E. Belden, from words and music heard at Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, in 1898, When used by Melville Trotter and Harry Monroe; mus cal theme borrowed from old song book.

1. If you will come to Je - sus, you will out-shine the sun, You will
2. If you keep on be-liev - ing, you will out-shine the sun, You will

out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun, If you will come to
out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun, If you keep on be-

Je - sus, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold-en streets on high.
believing, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gol-den st. eets on high.

3 If you keep on obeying, etc.
4 If you lift up the fallen, etc.
5 If you're a cheerful giver, etc.
6 If you keep close to Je-sus, etc.

No. 176. Little Drops of Water.

EBEN C. BREWER. Quartet Music Co. owners. English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youthful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

Make the might - y o - cean And the pleas-ant land.
Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the path of vir - tue, Oft in sin to stray.
Grow to bless the na - tions Far in heath - en lands.
Make our earth an e - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

No. 177. Something for Jesus Each Day.

Copyright, 1911, by Frank C. Huston. Words and music. By per.

JAMES ROWE. FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. Be - cause I love Je - sus and He loves me, And keeps me each day so
2. I'm lit - tle, I know, I am fee - ble, too, But Je - sus has work for
3. My Sav-iour is do - ing so much for me, Be - sides for my soul He
4. Some day, if to Je - sus I faith - ful prove, My soul He will call to

spot-less and free, When - ev - er I can I will help - ful be,— I'll
chil-dren to do, And so that my heart may to Him be true, I'll
died on the tree; And how can I love Him and i - dle be? I'll
heav - en a - bove; And so while I live I will trust His love, And

REFRAIN.

try to do something to - day.....
try to do something to - day..... I'll try to do something for
try to do something to - day.....
try to do something each day.....

Je - sus to - day, Some bless - ing be - stow, some kind - ly word say; From
morning till ev'ning, in school or at play, I'll try to do something each day....

No. 178 Only Little Soldiers.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. J. BENTON.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our cour - age we dis-play, And tho'
2. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our Sav - iour we o - bey, And with
3. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But we have His grace within, And up -

long may be the bat-tle, We will nev - er run a - way; Ma-ny times the foe will
love's bright banner o'er us, We are marching on each day; Yes, with joy we wear His
on the fields of bat-tle, We will nev - er yield to sin; What-so - ev - er may be -

meet us, And will hurl at us His darts, But our precious, loving Sav-iour Will be
ar-mor, And His blessed banner wave, And with joy we tell to oth - ers That the
fall us, True to Je - sus we will be, For in heav-en we would meet Him, There His

CHORUS.

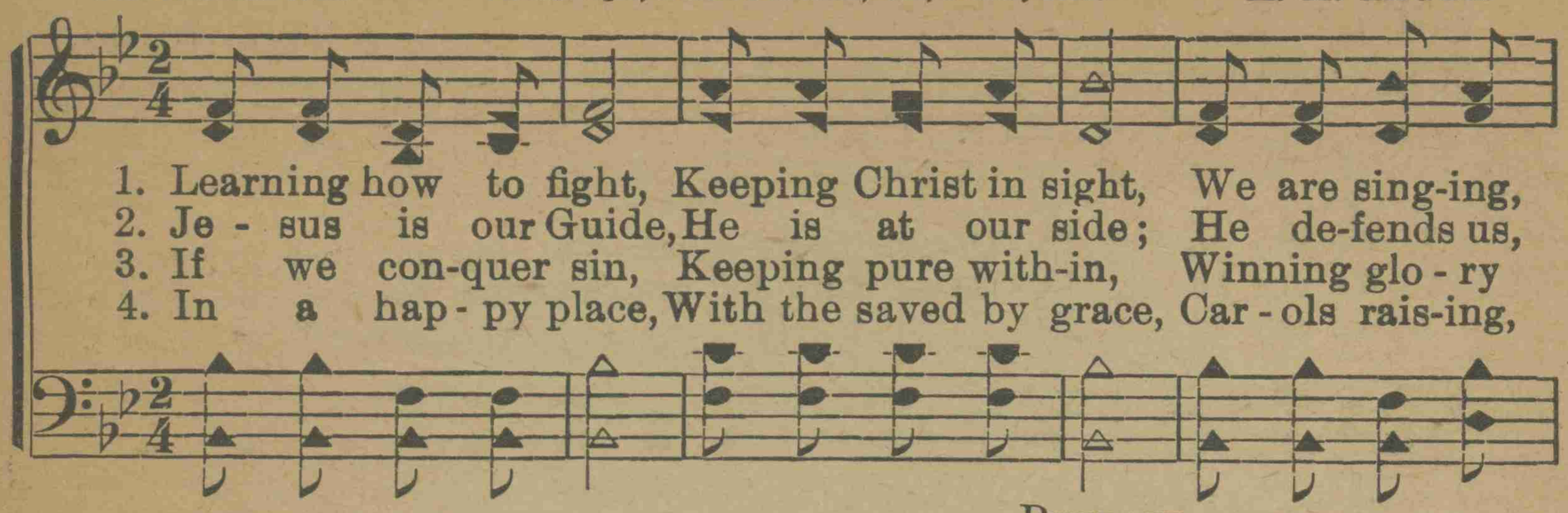
near to shield our hearts. We are in the fight to stay,..... Hav - ing
Saviour waits to save.
glo - ry we would see. And will never run away;

faith in Him who leads us, We are in the fight to stay; We are in the fight to stay.

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No. 179. Little Soldiers.

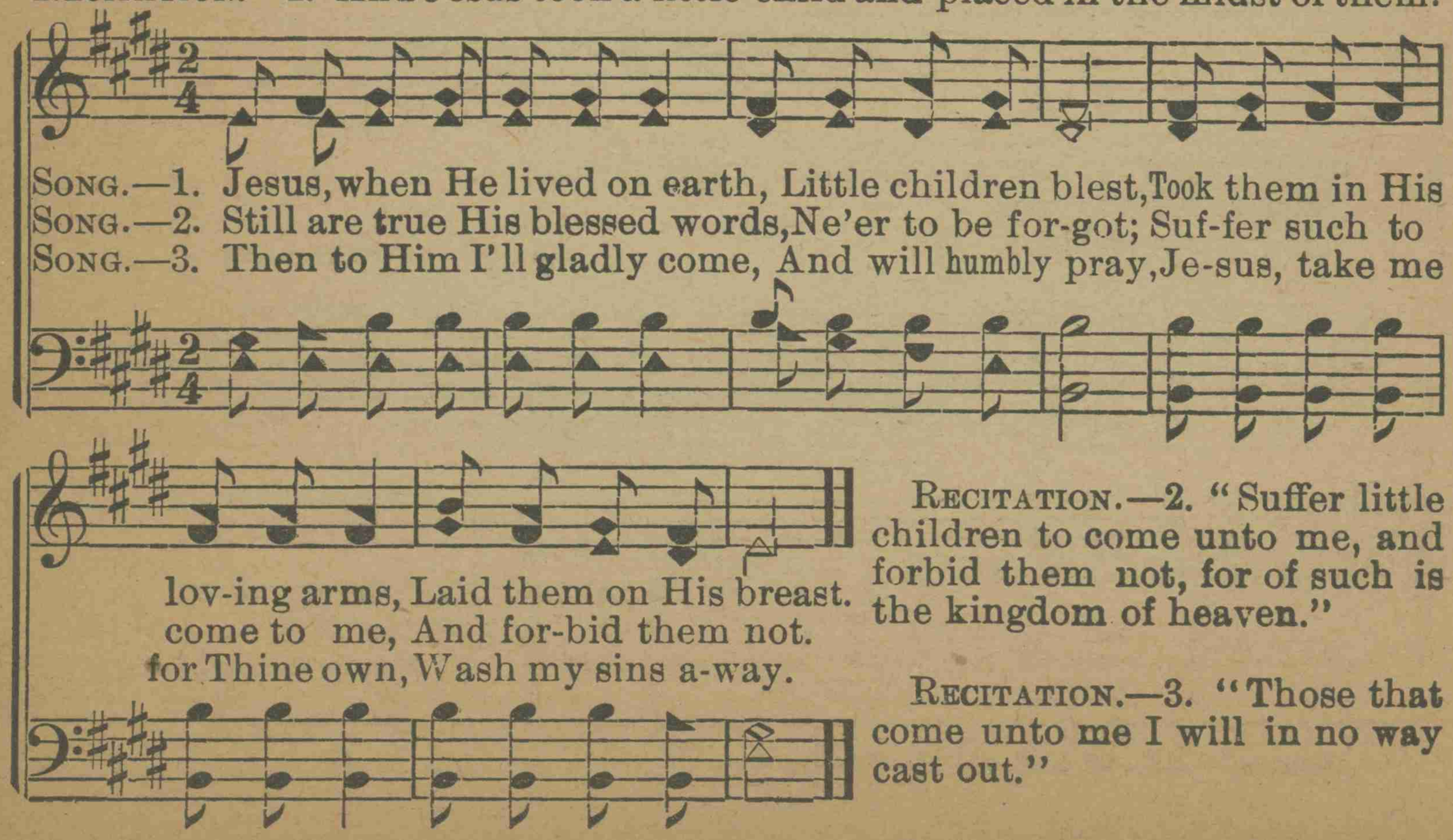
JAMES ROWE. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1914. H. M. EAGLE.



No. 180. Precious Words.

H. A. LEWIS.

RECITATION.—1. And Jesus took a little child and placed in the midst of them.



RECITATION.—2. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

RECITATION.—3. "Those that come unto me I will in no way cast out."

No. 182. Jesus, the Light of the World.

J. V. C. Arr.

1. All ye saints of light proclaim, Je - sus, the light of the world;
2. Hear the Saviour's earnest call, Je - sus, the light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to-day, Je - sus, the light of the world;
4. Come, confess Him as your King, Je - sus, the light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the light of the world.
Send the Gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus. the light of the world.

No. 183. Little Ones Like Me.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. Je - sus when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mercy
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought, In the places where He taught, Unto Him their
3. Did the Sav-iour say them nay? No, He kind-ly bade them stay; Suffered none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him, and

Little Ones Like Me. Concluded.

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.
children bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;
turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

No. 184. A Home, Sweet Home.

H. K. M. H. K. MEACHAM.

Moderato.

1. There's a home, sweet home just be-yond the sky, 'Tis a home so
2. There's a home, sweet home on the oth - er side, Of the dark and
3. There's a home, sweet home where the saints a - bide, 'Tis for ev - 'ry

bright and fair; Where the Saviour reigns in the ports on high, And the
drear - y sea; But when we have crossed o'er its chilly tide, We shall
sin - sick soul Who will trust in Him who was cru-ci-fied, Shed His

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.—*And He*

saints His glo-ries share. There's a home, sweet home, 'Tis a
rest e - ter - nal - ly.
blood to make you whole. sweet home. a home, sweet home,

bids us wel - come there.

D. S.

home so bright and fair; Where the Saviour reigns on the great white throne,
so fair;

Choruses and Special Songs.

No. 185. What of the Sheaves?

"The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour."—PROV. 21: 25.

E. R. LATTA. Copyright 1907, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved. J. E. THOMAS.

1. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered?
   What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves we
2. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered?
   What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves we
3. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered?
   What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves we
4. Hap - py the lot of the toil - ers,
   Hap - py the lot, hap - py the lot of

Beau - ti - ful sheaves of our own;
Beau - ti - ful harvest, beau - ti - ful sheaves of
If they be ma - ny or few;
If they be ma-ny, if they be ma - ny
When in the judg - ment we stand;
When in the judgment, when in the judgment
Gath - er - ing ear - ly and late;
Gath - er - ing ear - ly, gath - er - ing ear - ly

Or have we wast - ed the mo - ments,
Or have we wast-ed, or have we wast-ed
Some have been faith - ful and earn - est,
Some have been faithful, some have been faithful
How shall we an - swer the Mas - ter.
How shall we answer, how shall we an-swer
Pa - tient - ly trust - ing the out - come,
Pa-tient - ly trusting, pa-tient-ly trust-ing

What of the Sheaves? Concluded.

Till the rich har - vest is gone?
Till the rich har-vest, till the rich har-vest
La - bor - ing all the day through.
La - bor ing ev - er, la - bor - ing all the
If we are emp - ty in hand?
If we are emp - ty, if we are emp - ty
Will - ing to la - bor and wait.
Will-ing to la - bor, will-ing to la - bor

p REFRAIN. *m* *f*

What.... of the sheaves,.... what.... of the sheaves?....
What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves, beautiful sheaves, beautiful sheaves?

dim. *cres.*

What..... of the har - vest of souls?.....
Broth-er, O what of the harvest, the wonderful harvest of souls?

dim.

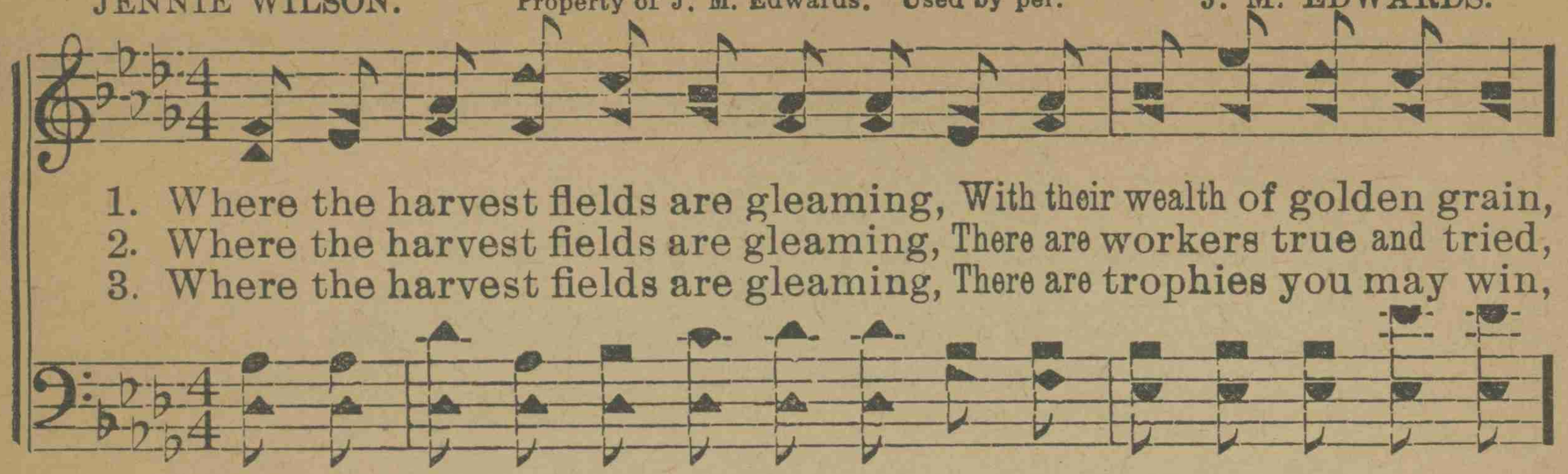
Shall .... we have noth - ing to of - fer but
Shall we have nothing to offer but leaves, shall we have nothing to

pp *m*
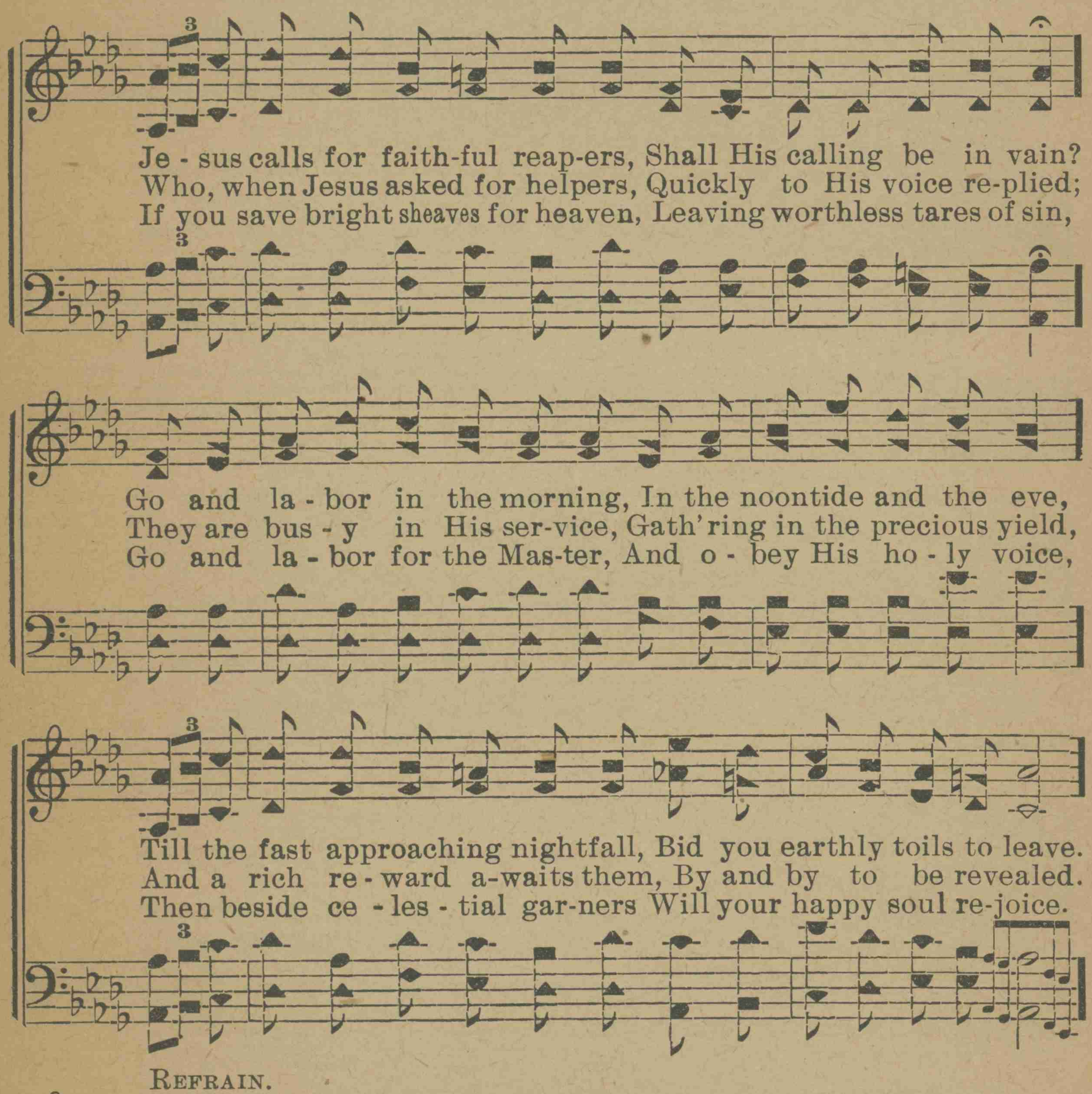
leaves,..... Long.... as e - ter - ni - ty rolls?
offer but leaves, Nothing but leaves, long as e - ter-ni - ty rolls?

No. 186. Where the Harvest Fields.

JENNIE WILSON. Property of J. M. Edwards. Used by per. J. M. EDWARDS.

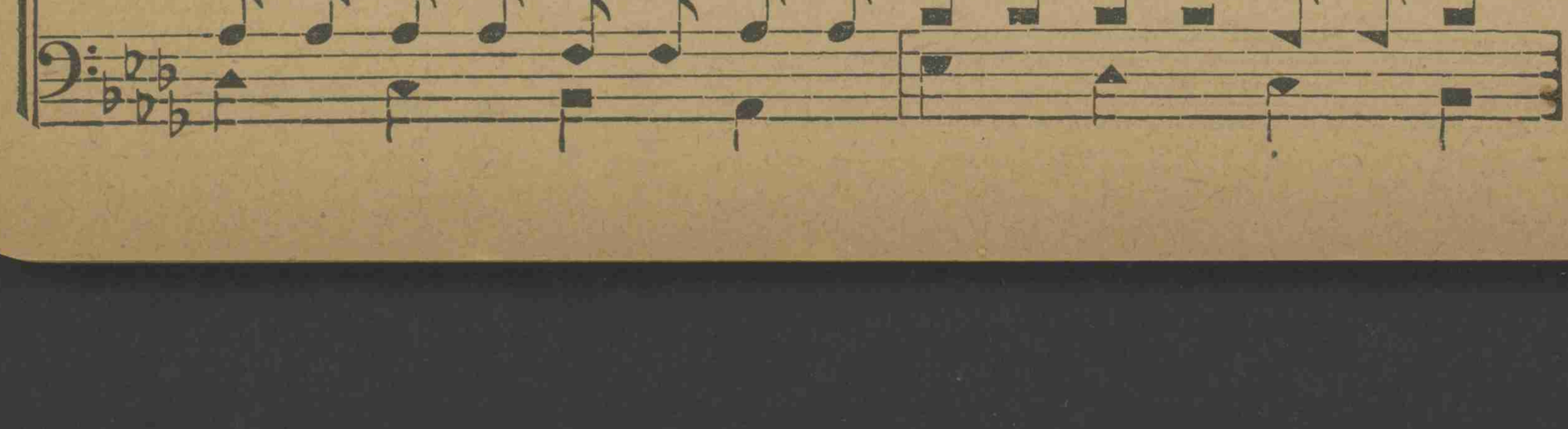


1. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, With their wealth of golden grain,
2. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, There are workers true and tried,
3. Where the harvest fields are gleaming, There are trophies you may win,



Je - sus calls for faith-ful reap-ers, Shall His calling be in vain?
Who, when Jesus asked for helpers, Quickly to His voice re-plied;
If you save bright sheaves for heaven, Leaving worthless tares of sin,

Go and la - bor in the morning, In the noontide and the eve,
They are bus - y in His ser-vice, Gath'ring in the precious yield,
Go and la - bor for the Mas-ter, And o - bey His ho - ly voice,



Till the fast approaching nightfall, Bid you earthly toils to leave.
And a rich re - ward a-waits them, By and by to be revealed.
Then beside ce - les - tial gar-ners Will your happy soul re-joice.

REFRAIN.

Where the har - vest fields are gleam - ing,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, Near at hand or far a - way.

Where the Harvest Fields. Concluded.

Near at hand or far a - way, La - bor, la - bor,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, Near at hand or far away,

for the Master's glo - ry, In the place where you are needed, Glad-ly go and

work to - day, Where the har - vest fields are gleam - ing,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, In the broad domains of time,

In the broad do - mains of time, La - bor, la - bor,
Where the harvest fields are gleaming, In the broad domains of time,

rit.

be a faithful reaper Till you share the rapture Of the victor's song sublime.

No. 187. The Call for Reapers.

Copyright, 1914, by The Quartet Music Co.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Hark, a call for reap - ers is ring - ing thro' the land, Ripe and gold - en
2. Hark, the call for reap - ers is sounding ev - 'ry - where, An - swer, quickly
3. Hark, the call for reap - ers is heard in ev - 'ry heart, Hast - en then with

har - vest now waves on ev - 'ry hand. The fields are wide and wait - ing, with
an - swer, and glean the har-vest fair, And when in safe pro-tec - tion, the
glad-ness, and in His work take part, Oh, glean a world-wide har - vest, be -
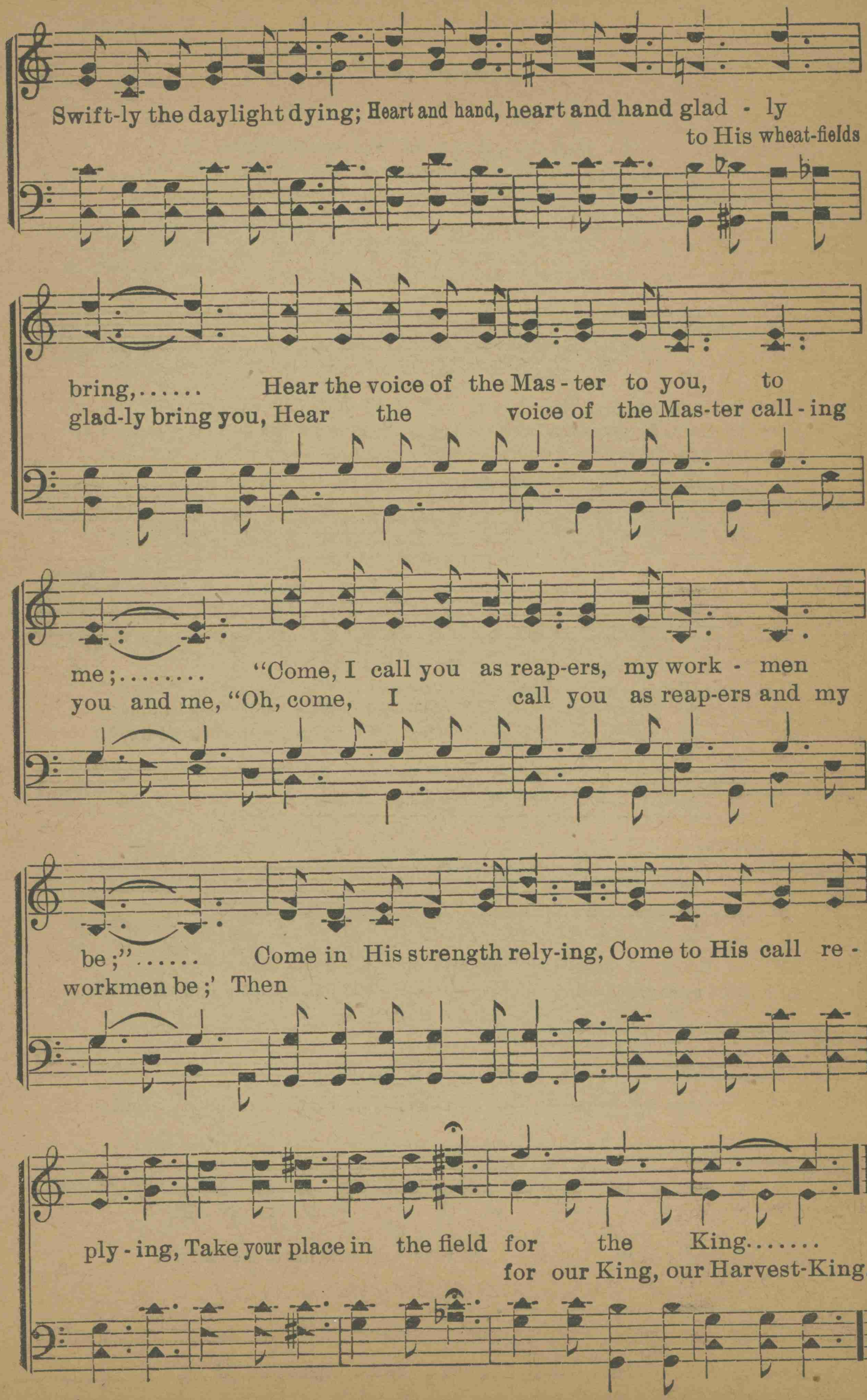
prom-ise fair and bright, Bear the sheaves to safety, be - fore the shades of night.
precious grain is stored Blessings shall a-wait us, for ser-vice to our Lord.
fore night-shades be-gin, Bring the sheaves to safety, the sheaves He wants bro't in.

CHORUS.

Hark, the call for reap - ers is ring - ing clear, Fields all white with
Hark, the call for reapers now is ringing clear, the Fields all

har - vest in view ap - pear;..... Swift-ly the time is fly - ing,
white with har - vest now in view ap-pear, and

The Call for Reapers. Concluded.



188

REAPERS ARE NEEDED.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Stand-ing in the mark-et plac-es all the sea-son thro', Id-ly say-ing "Lord, is there no work that I can do;"
2. Ev-'ry sheaf you gath-er will be-come a jew-el bright In the crown you hope to wear in yon-der world of light.
3. Morn-ing hours are pass-ing, and the evening fol-lows fast; Soon the time of reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past.

O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are Emp-ty hand-ed to the Mas-ter
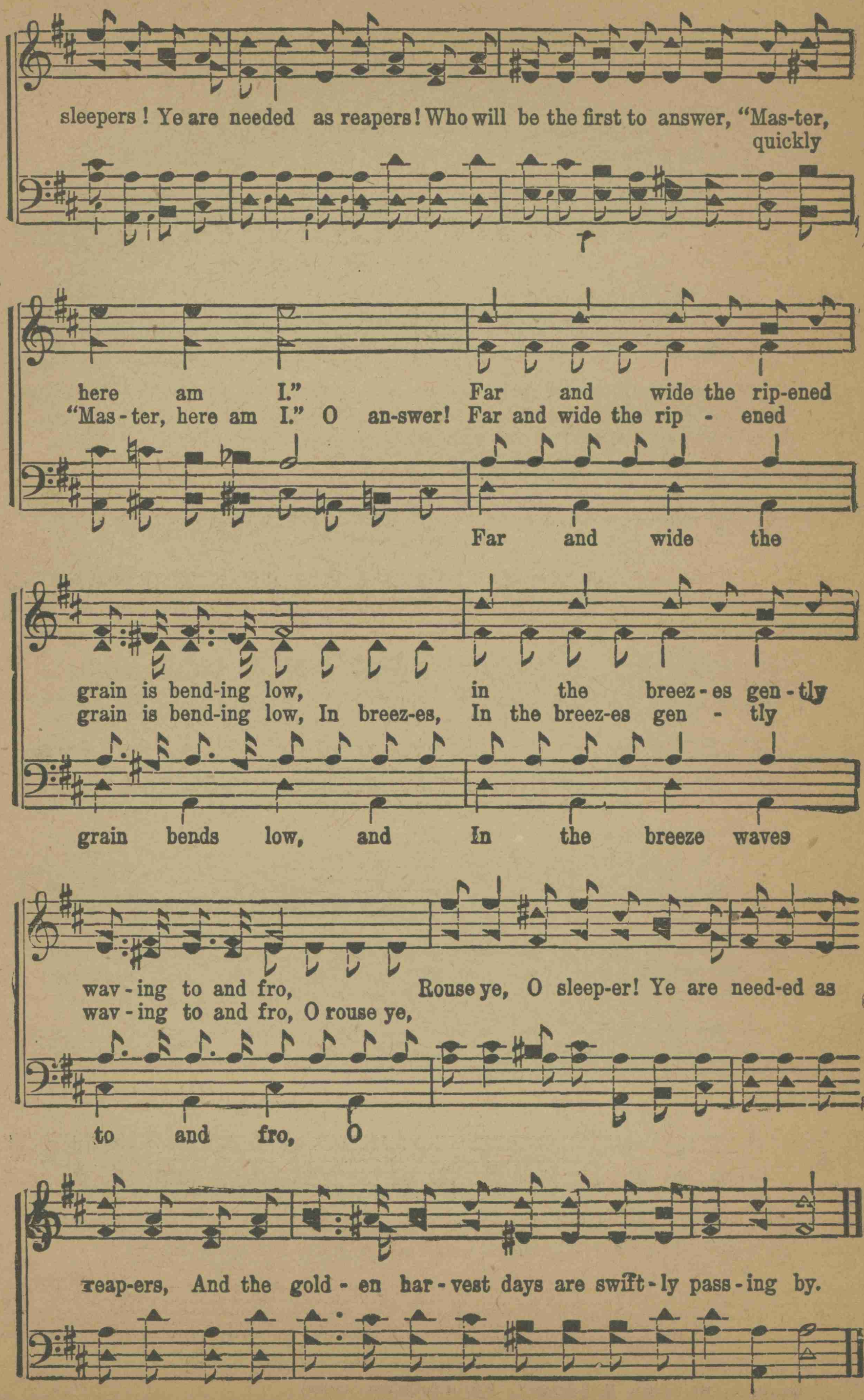
Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in His sight! "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reap-ers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand all read-y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and read-y for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read-y for the glean-er's hand, O

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REAPERS ARE NEEDED. Concluded.



No. 189. Sing the Sweet Story.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Property of W. V. Smith. 1914. W. V. SMITH.

1. Sing the sweet story of Je-sus' love, Tell it wherev-er you go,
2. Sing the sweet story of Je-sus' love, Tell it to all of the race,
3. Sing the sweet story of Je-sus' love, Tell it o'er land and o'er sea,

How He came down from His throne in the sky, To re-deem us from
How in His mer-cy, the Lord for the faithful In heav'n has pre-
How the dear Saviour for sin to a-tone, Gave His life up-on

sin and woe; Car-ry the message to all the world, Tell it in
pared a place; Car-ry the gos-pel of peace and joy Un-to each
Calv-'ry's tree; Carry the word of His boundless grace Wherever

ser-mon and song, Speed the glad story of Christ and His glo-ry,
sin-burdened soul, Keep the news ringing, go, joyful-ly sing-ing,
sin may be found, Cease it, no, nev-er, proclaim it for-ev-er,

REFRAIN.

For-ev-er His praise prolong.
Yes, let the glad message roll!
Yes, sing it the world a-round!

{ Sing the sweet story of Je-sus,
Bringing a message of par-don,

Sing The Sweet Story. Concluded.

Won-der-ful sto-ry of love, How in His mer-cy the Sav-iour
Free un-to ev-'ry lost soul, Bid them trust now in the [*Omit.*

came from heav'n above, Saviour's blood, That they may be made whole.

No. 190. The Man Of Galilee.

Arranged.

1. I am on a shining pathway, A-down life's short'ning years, And my heart hath
2. My soul hath had its conflicts With mighty hosts of sin, With dead-ly
3. I am coming near the city, My Saviour's hands have piled, And I know my

known its sorrows, Mine eyes have seen their tears, But I saw those shadows flee, And the
foes with-out me, And dark-er foes with-in, But I saw those legions flee, And my
Father's waiting To welcome home His child, For unworthy tho' I be, He will

shin-ing light I see, While I'm trusting in the merit Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
soul found victory, When I trusted in the merit Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
find a place for me, For He is the King of glory, The Man of Gal-i-lee.

No. 191. He's My Friend, I Trust Him.

A. O. T. Copyright, 1916, by A. O. Thomas. A. O. THOMAS.

1. I've a Friend who watches (watches) o'er me, Guides me with un-
2. In my poor and weak (my weak) condition, Je - sus came to
3. I will love and praise my (loving) Saviour, While un-num-bered

err - ing (steady) hand; Gives me joy and comfort when I'm weary,
me (to me) one day; Cleansed me with His blood, refined my nature,
a - ges (onward) roll; Praise Him for the love He gives so free-ly

Grace I can-not (seem to) understand. For He is true and will not
Washed my ev'ry sin a - way. (away. So) Then why should I not be
Love with value yet un-told. (Untold, yes) He would rule the world with

(will not) leave me, He is near if I should fall (should fall for) He will
(oh, so) happy? He has paid the debt (the debt) for me (yet) Still I
(joy and) gladness, He would rid the world of (ev'ry) sin, (yes) He would

not forsake me in dark moments, But will heed my ev - 'ry call.
know I'll ne'er re-pay my Debt - or, For He's done so much for me.
cleanse your sin-sick soul, dear sinner, If you'd on - ly let Him in.

He's My Friend, I Trust Him. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'm trust-ing Je - sus as my Friend and Guide, And I'm walk-ing
I'm trust-ing Him my Friend and Guide, I'm walk-ing ev - er

ev - er by His side; 'Tis a joy to live with Je - sus, my
by His side; O,

Saviour and Friend, With joy and love His praises I will swell,
and King, With joy and love His praise I'll swell,

Of His love to oth - ers I will tell, He's the One that died on
And His love to oth - ers tell,

Cal - va - ry, O help me make this welk - in ring.

No. 192. Our Glorious Sovereign.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel, Quartet Music Co., owners.

V. M. HATFIELD. C. H. JUNIOR and C. H. G.

1. Hail to the maj - es - ty of God's own Son; Vic - t'ry tri - umph-ant
2. Hail to the world's Re-deem-er, Christ, our Lord; Ech - o, ye hills and
3. Hail to the ten - der Shepherd, watch-ful, brave; Seek- ing to res - cue

o - ver death He won! Sol - diers and sep - ulchres could not pre - vail,
vales in glad ac - cord! Shout forth your homage, all ye sons of men,
souls He died to save! Hail to the life that gave it - self in pain,

Rit.

Hail to our King and Master, hail, all hail! Hail to the val - or of the
All creatures praise Him in a grand a - men! Hail to the ti-dings of the
Life that was in - no-cent of sin or stain! Hail to the lov- ing Saviour,

Son of God! Burst forth in joy - ful pae-ans, sing and laud. Glad hal - le-
Prince of Peace! Join in the cho- rus that shall nev - er cease. Swell with ho-
kind and true! Hail to the precious blood He shed for you. Full, free re-

lu - jahs ev - er shout and sing, Hail to the hon - or of our val-iant King!
san - nas this in-spired re - frain, Christ who was cru-ci- fied has ris'n a - gain!
demption that can nev - er fail, Sing all ye ransomed sinners, hail, all hail!

Our Glorious Sovereign. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hail! all hail! Let ev - 'ry heart pro-claim our Sav-iour King; Hail! all
Hail! all hail! Pro - - claim our Sav-iour King! Hail! all

hail! In triumph let your joy - ful voic - es ring; Praise shall fill the
hail! Tri - - umph - ant voic - es ring;

earth and sky, Loy - al hearts take up the cry, Hail! hail! hail!

Our Sovereign hail! All hail! all hail!

Rit. *A tempo. ff*

All hail! all hail! Hail our glo-rious Sovereign, Hail! hail! hail!

No. 193. Extol Him More and More.

Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co.

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER.

1. The Lord of life is press-ing on, De - feat - ing all His foes,
2. He draws the na - tions to the light, And fills their minds with peace,
3. All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, We fol - low with the throng,
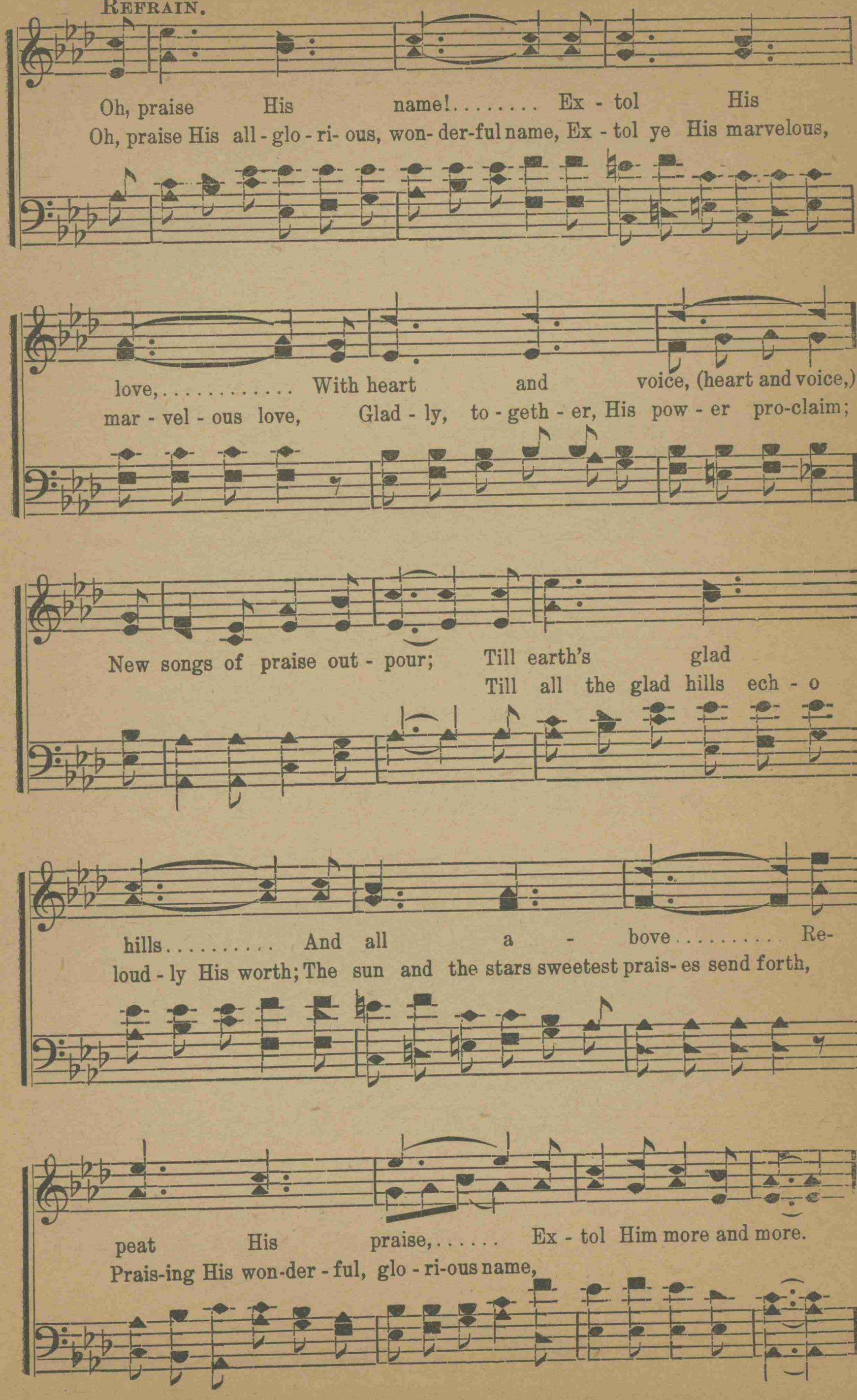
And bright-er than the noon- tide sun His glo - ry ev - er glows;
And by His pow'r will lead them right, Till wars on earth shall cease;
And to the lost His love proclaim, In sto - ry and in song;

The stand-ard of re - deem-ing grace, O'er ev - 'ry land un - furl'd,
Un - numbered souls be - lieve the Lord, And lean up - on His grace,
Till strife and strug-gle here are o'er, Our Lead - er He shall be,

Pro-claims Him Lead - er of the race, And of all the world.
As - sured that His up - lift - ing word Will re - deem the race.
And we will praise Him more and more, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Extol Him More and More. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 194. Praise Him Forever.

JAMES ROWE. Controlled by T. S. Cobb. T. S. COBB.

1. Praise the Lord, O praise Him with gladness for ever - more, At His
2. All the world He brightens to-day with the light of grace, Making
3. Praise the Lord, the wonderful Saviour of sin - ful men, Laud His

feet, ye fol-low-ers, worship Him and a - dore. He has paid our
earth for all who o-bey Him a brighter place; Hands of love He
name in anthems of gladness and joy a - gain; Songs of love and

debt on the cross, and to-day a - bove Sweetly pleads for those who, still
still is outstretching for those who stray, Ask - ing them to fol-low His
praiseful ho-san-nas to-day out - pour, Praise the love and glory of

CHORUS.

wayward, reject His love.
steps in the bet-ter way. Praise Him, ye followers true, Praise Him, ye
Je - sus for ev - er - more.

an-gels of light, Praise ye the Saviour, ex - tol Him to-geth - er With

Praise Him Forever. Concluded.

all your might. Sing of His wonderful love, Praises, yes praises out-

pour; Love Him and serve Him and praise and adore Him For ev - er - more.

No. 195. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Used by permission. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a- bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
3. O precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glory to His name.
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glory to His name.

FINE.

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Glo - ry to His name;.... Glo - ry to His name;....

No. 196. Awakening Chorus.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Quartet Music Co., owners.

Arr. from A. OLIVER.

Sons of praise, a - wake, a-wake, arise, Thrill with songs of praise the

Sons of praise, ... awake, a - rise, Thrill with songs of

skies, a-wake! a - rise! Fill the star - ry starry vault of space, Sing God's

praise the skies, Fill the star - ry vault of space,

Go to Coda after D. C.

won-drous love and grace. So sweet and strong,

Sing God's wondrous love and grace. At His touch, so sweet and strong, Deserts

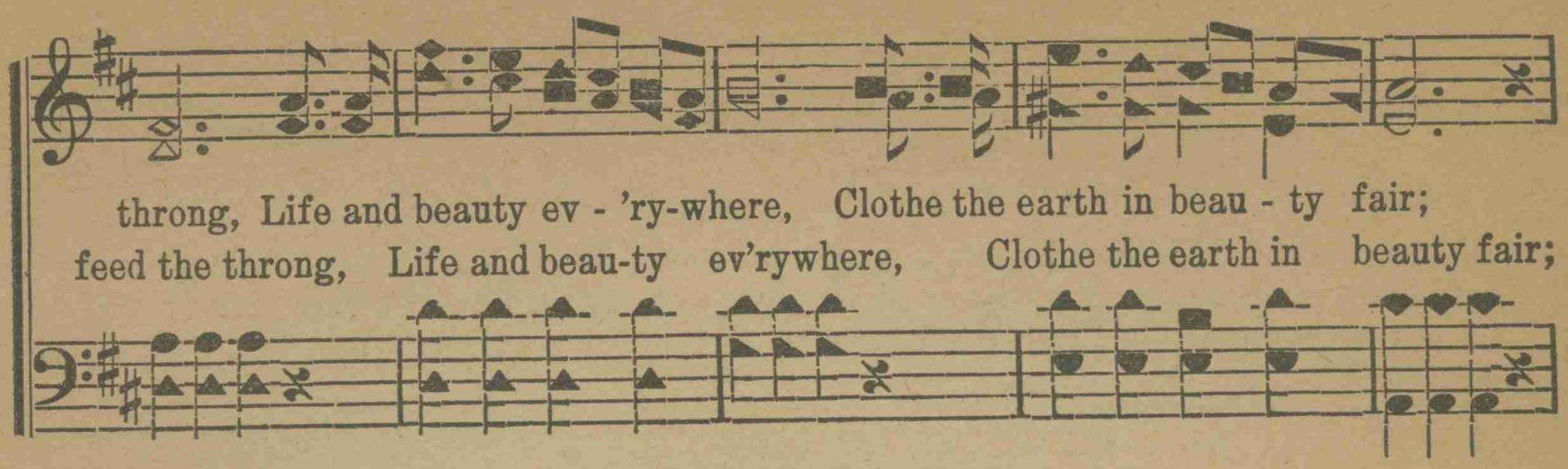
And feed the throng, Ev'rywhere clothe the

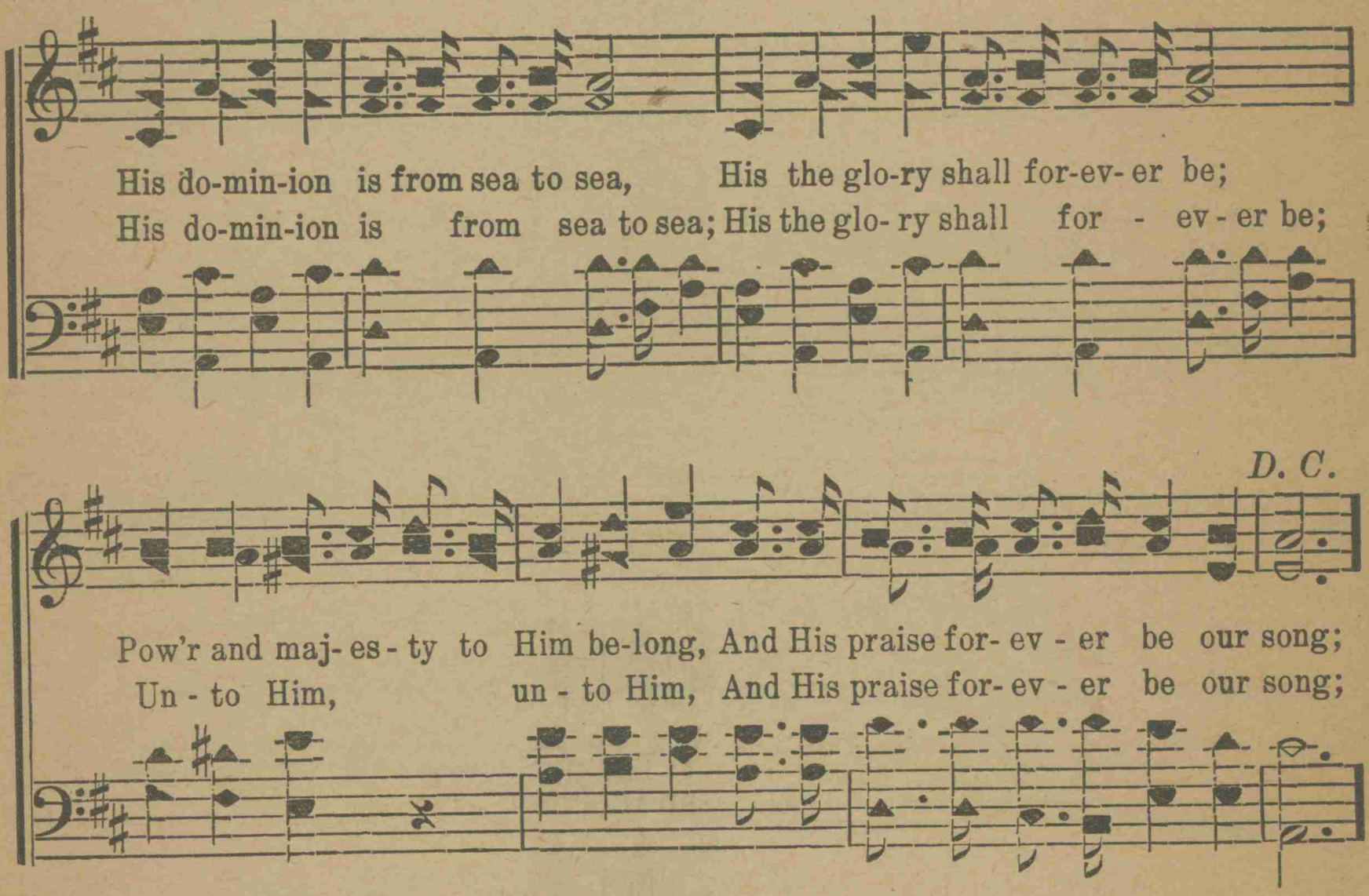
bloom and feed the throng! Life and beauty ev'ry-where Clothe the earth in

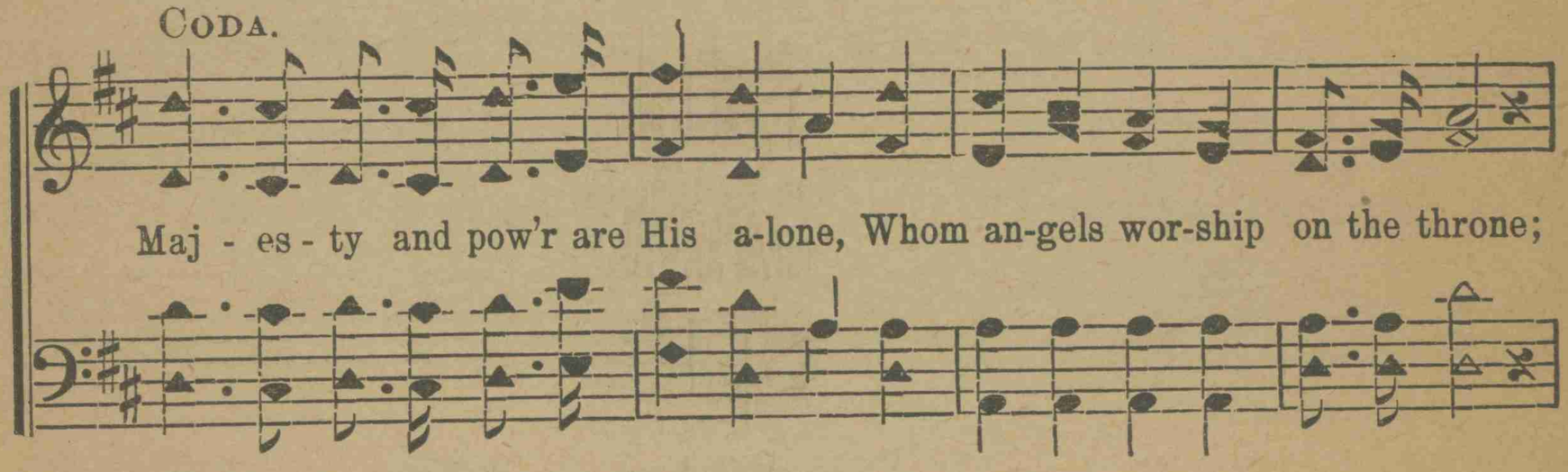
earth in beau-ty fair, At His touch, so sweet and strong, Deserts bloom and feed the

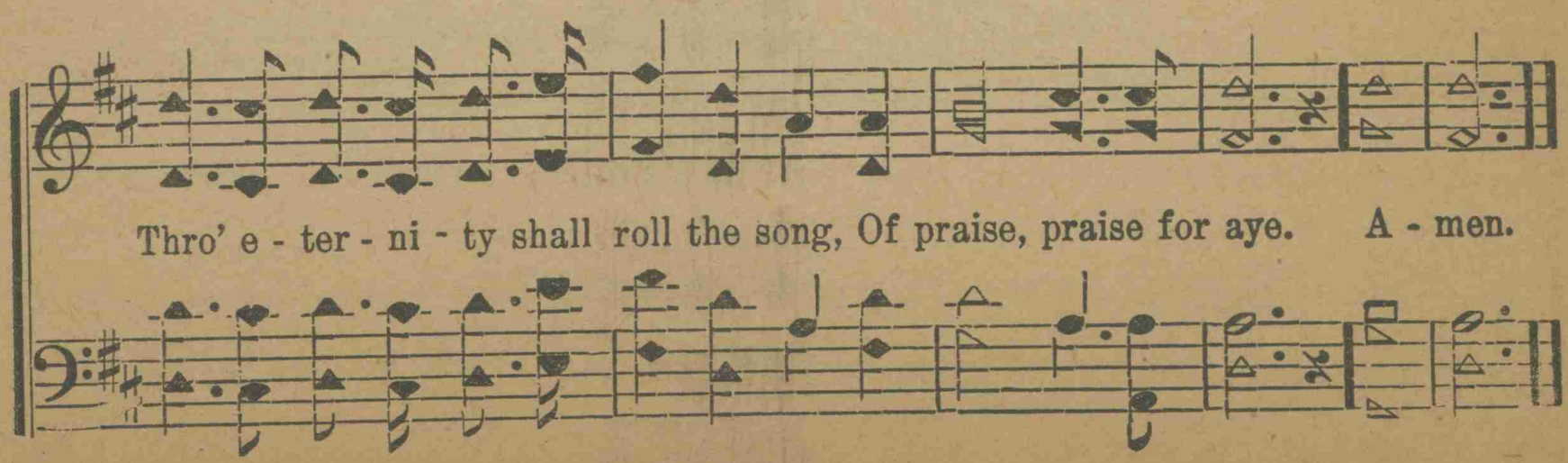
beau-ty fair, At His touch, so sweet and strong, Deserts bloom and

Awakening Chorus. Concluded.









No. 197. 'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me.

Words and music copyrighted, 1913, by J. E. Thomas.

JAMES ROWE. Suggested by J. E. T. Music and Refrain by J. E. THOMAS.

1. My heart o'erflows with a hap - py song, Which with joy I sing to the
2. He found me sink - ing in dark de-spair, And He lift - ed me in His
3. O wayward life, won't you trust this Friend? On His lifting love won't you

need - y throng, As with my Saviour I press a - long, For His joy is
love-light fair, Be-stow-ing comfort beyond compare To this heart of
now de-pend? He'll keep your soul, when this life shall end, Just as He'll keep

mine. I've found the soul's ev-er-last-ing Spring In Je-ho-vah's Son,
mine. He hid my past and restored my soul, Took my wayward life
mine. He died to save you from shame and sin, And His pardon now

the e - ter-nal King, And now for - ev - er my heart shall sing Of His
un - der His con-trol, And now I'll sing, while the a - ges roll, Of His
you may free-ly win, O come to - day and a - new be - gin, Trusting

REFRAIN.

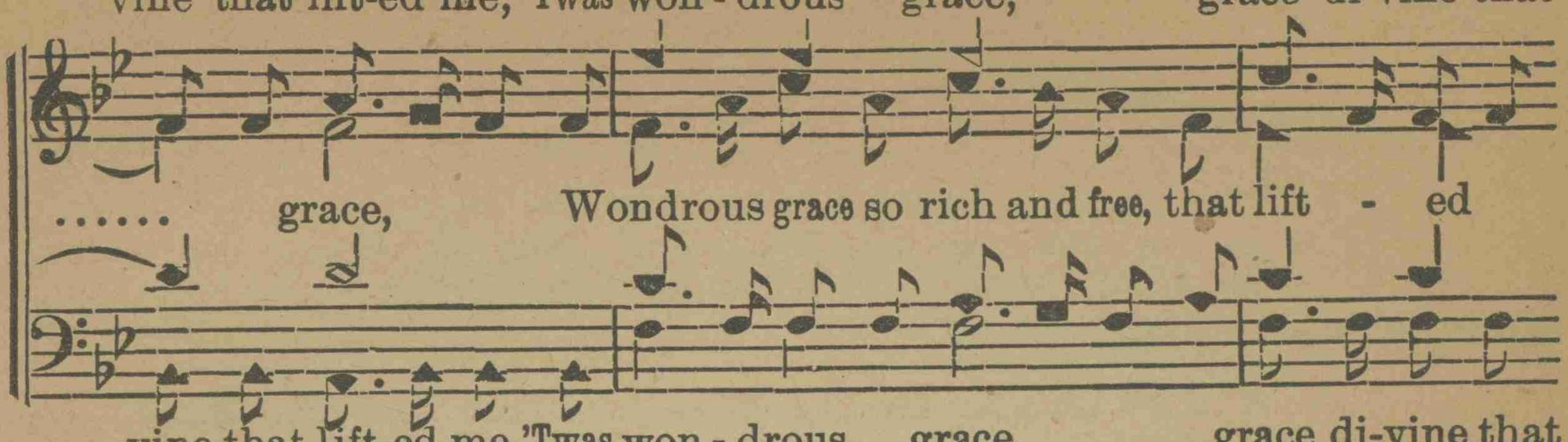
'Twas grace, grace, grace di -

grace di - vine. 'Twas grace divine that lifted me, 'Twas grace...

'Twas grace, grace, grace di -

'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me. Concluded.

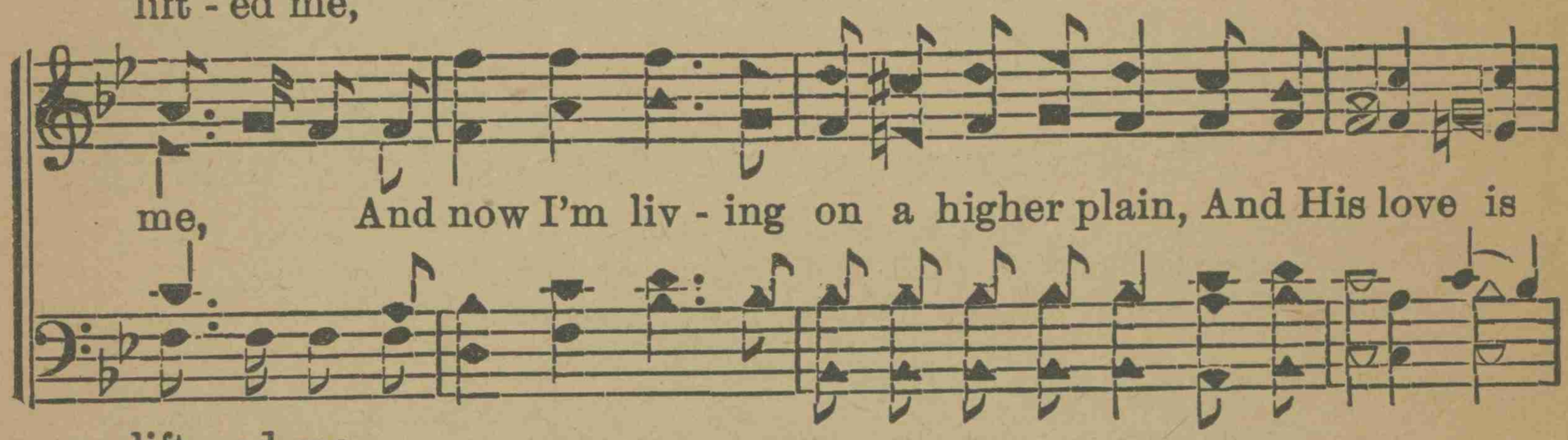
vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that



..... grace, Wondrous grace so rich and free, that lift - ed

vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that

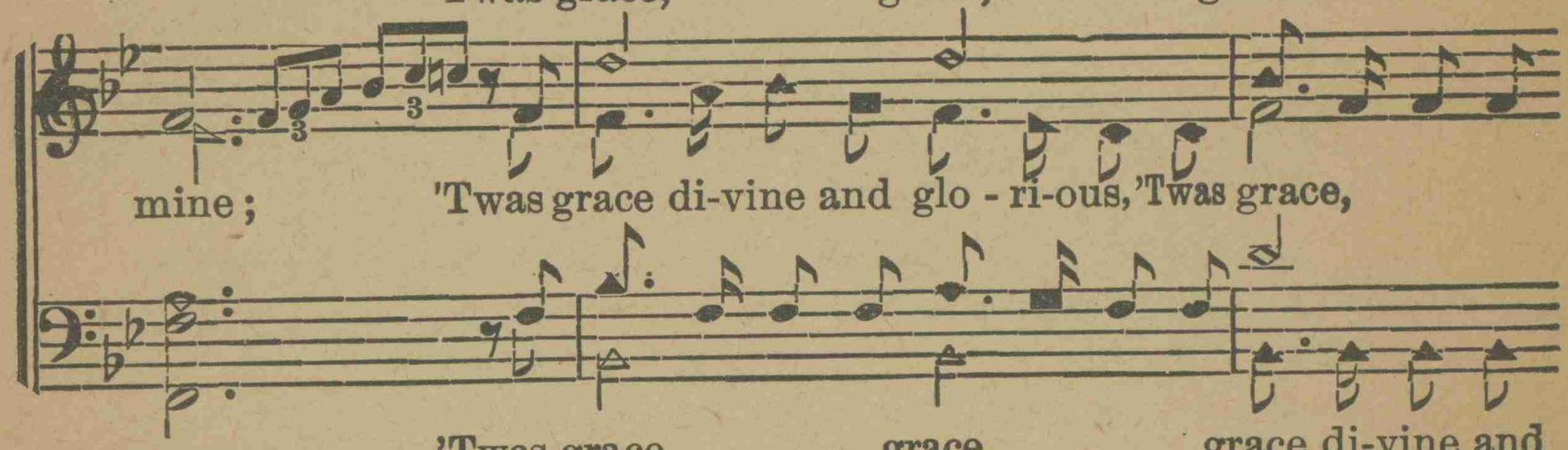
lift - ed me,



me, And now I'm liv - ing on a higher plain, And His love is

lift - ed me,

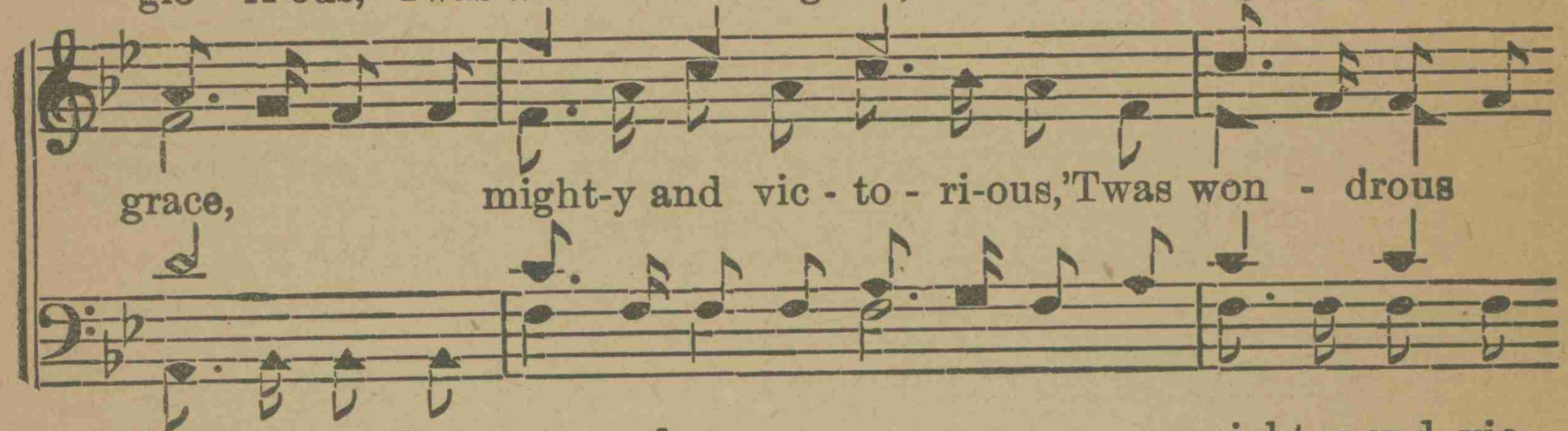
'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and



mine; 'Twas grace di-vine and glo - ri-ous, 'Twas grace,

'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and
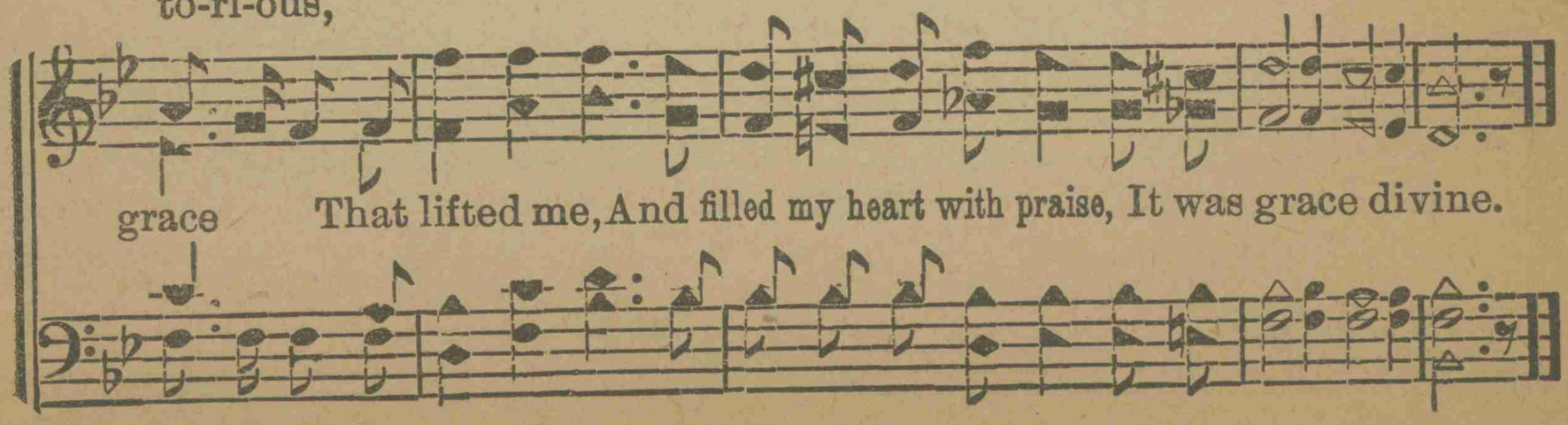
glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic -



grace, might-y and vic - to - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous

glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic -

to-ri-ous,



grace That lifted me, And filled my heart with praise, It was grace divine.

to-ri-ous,

No. 198. The Fight is On.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Copyright, 1916, by Quartet Music Co. MRS. W. J. GRAVES.

1. There's a con - flict rag- ing now on ev - 'ry hand, For the right, ye
2. Buck - le on your ar- mor, Christian sol - diers, all, Read-y for the
3. To your Cap-tain's or- ders ev - er here be true, Trust in Him, who

sol-diers, brave-ly take your stand; Hear the call now ring- ing, make you
con - flict, and in line to fall; Fal - ter not, let cour-age ev - er
dai - ly, will your strength re-new; Keep the bat - tle rag - ing, no re-

CHORUS.

no de - lay; Un - to bat - tle glad-ly march a - way.
true re- main, Knowing you the vic - to - ry shall gain. The fight is
treat-ing know, Un - til you have conquer'd ev - 'ry foe.

on! Oh, sol-diers, hear the stirr-ing call, Join the ranks to - day;
Oh, join to - day, and

brave-ly march a - way; Be val - iant sol - diers in the ar - my here be-
in the con - flict (*Omit*.....

The Fight is On. Concluded.

low, Be read-y at the Captain's or-ders. for-ward go; The fight is

2

right a-gainst the wrong, And soon you'll sing the vic-tor's song.
soon you'll sing the vic-tor's song.

No. 199. Twilight is Stealing.

A. S. KIEFER. B. C. UNSELD. By per.

1. Twi-light is steal-ing O-ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of lov'd ones, Songs of the past! Still linger 'round me, While life shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, Come, come to me! Bringing some message, O-ver the sea,

FINE.

Borne on the night winds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far-off shore.
Lone-ly I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.
Cheer-ing my path-way, While here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

D. S.–*Gleameth a man-sion filled with de-light, Sweet, happy home so bright.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Far a-way beyond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light never, nev-er dies,

No. 200. Onward to Victory!

F. C. H. Words and Music copyright, 1908, by Frank C. Huston. FRANK C. HUSTON.

Marcia.

1. We are sol - diers in the ar - my of the Lord, Stead-i - ly
2. Then a - rouse, ye saints, the bat - tle has be-gun, Stead-i - ly
3. Then re - joice, ye sol - diers, vic - to - ry is nigh, Joy-ful - ly

onward marching at our Captain's word; With the shield of faith, and
march ye forward till the day is done, Till the foe is slain and
shout our Captain's praises to the sky; Let the ransomed join the

Spir-it's might-y sword, March we on-ward to vic - to - ry.
vic - to - ry is won, March we on-ward to vic - to - ry.
cho - rus from on high, JE - SUS LEADS ON TO VIC - TO - RY.

Inst.

CHORUS. *In strict time.*

O Christian soldiers, "Forward!" 'tis the Captain's call; Our mighty
Christian sol-diers, hear the call;

Lead - er bids us, "Forward!" one and all; Let our mot - to be,
For-ward, forward, one and all; Let our mot - to be,

Onward to Victory! Concluded.

"Press on to vic - to - ry," Till we tri-umph o - ver sin and
"Press on to vic - to - ry,"

wrong. Then on the field we go with shouts of vic-to-ry, The mighty
On the field of vic - to - ry,

Inst.

Lord in bat - tle shall our Leader be; And vic - to - ri - ous,
Might-y Lord our Lead - er be; And vic - to - ri - ous,

His ban-ner glo - ri - ous, Move we forward with our pray'r and song.
His ban-ner glo - ri-ous,

No. 201. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

Andante.

1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
3. When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.
4. Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son, And to Thee, blest Spirit, Whilst all ages run.

No. 202. Victory Will Be Ours.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1915, by A. O. Thomas. A. O. THOMAS.

1. Sol - diers in the ranks of Je - sus, Lis-ten to the bu-gle's thrill-ing
2. Safe - ly our Re-deem-er leads us, Shields us with His ev - er-last - ing
3. Sol - diers,keep the bat-tle rag - ing, Dai - ly strengthened by redeeming

blast; Giv-ing out the sto - ry, on to glo - ry; Vic - t'ry will be
love; Cour-age great He lends us, and de-fends us, Fit - ting us for
grace, Press a - long, re - joic-ing, prais - es voic - ing, Till we meet Him

CHORUS.

ours at last. On - - - - ward, soldiers true,.....
life a - bove.
face to face. On, on, on, sol - diers

On-ward, ye sol-diers true, Onward,ye soldiers

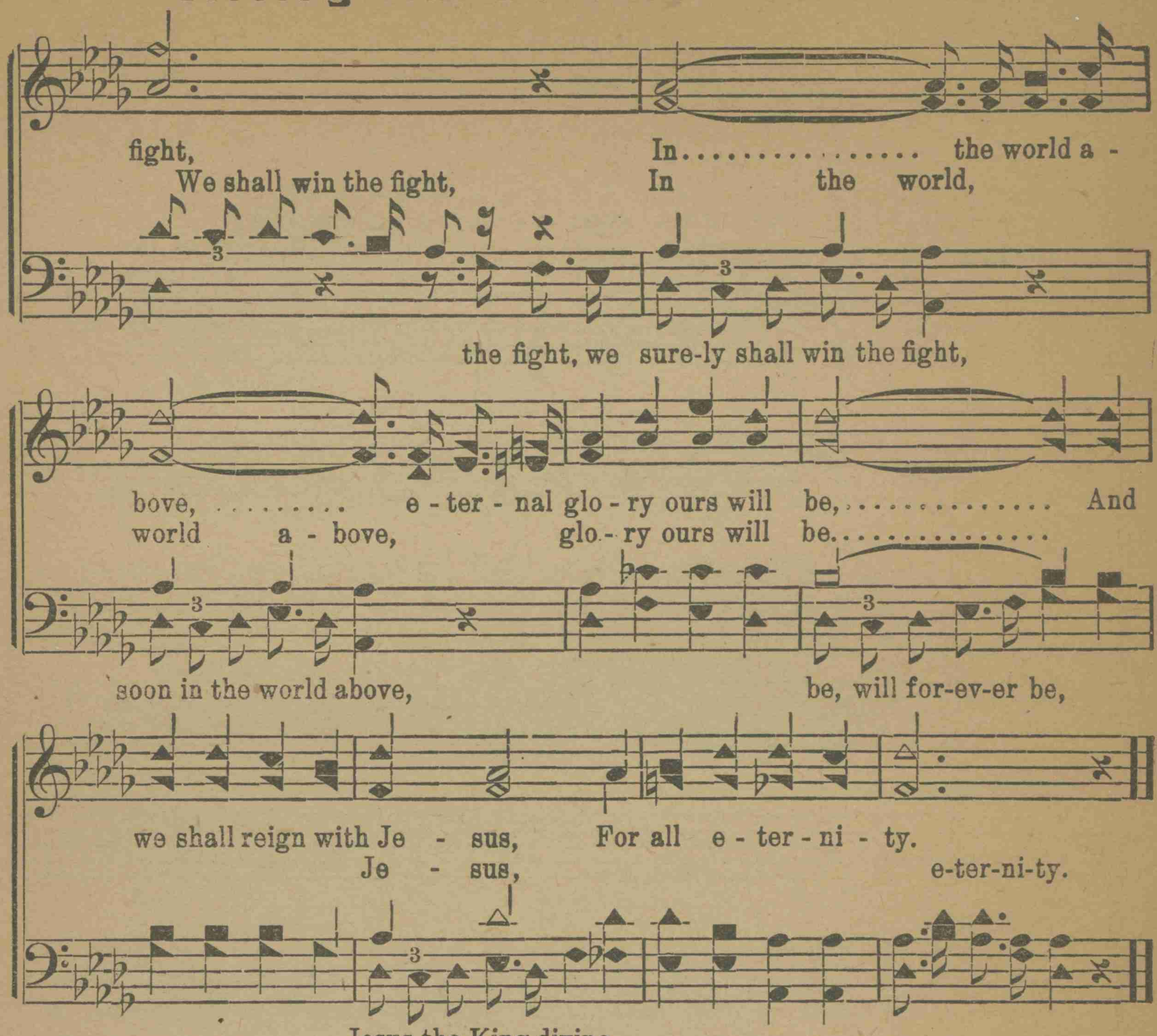
..... The Son of God is lead-ing right; Still .....
true, On-ward,on-ward, Je-sus is leading right, On, on,

true, Bravely the foe pur-

..... the foe pur-sue,..... For we shall sure - ly win the
on, on, on, on,
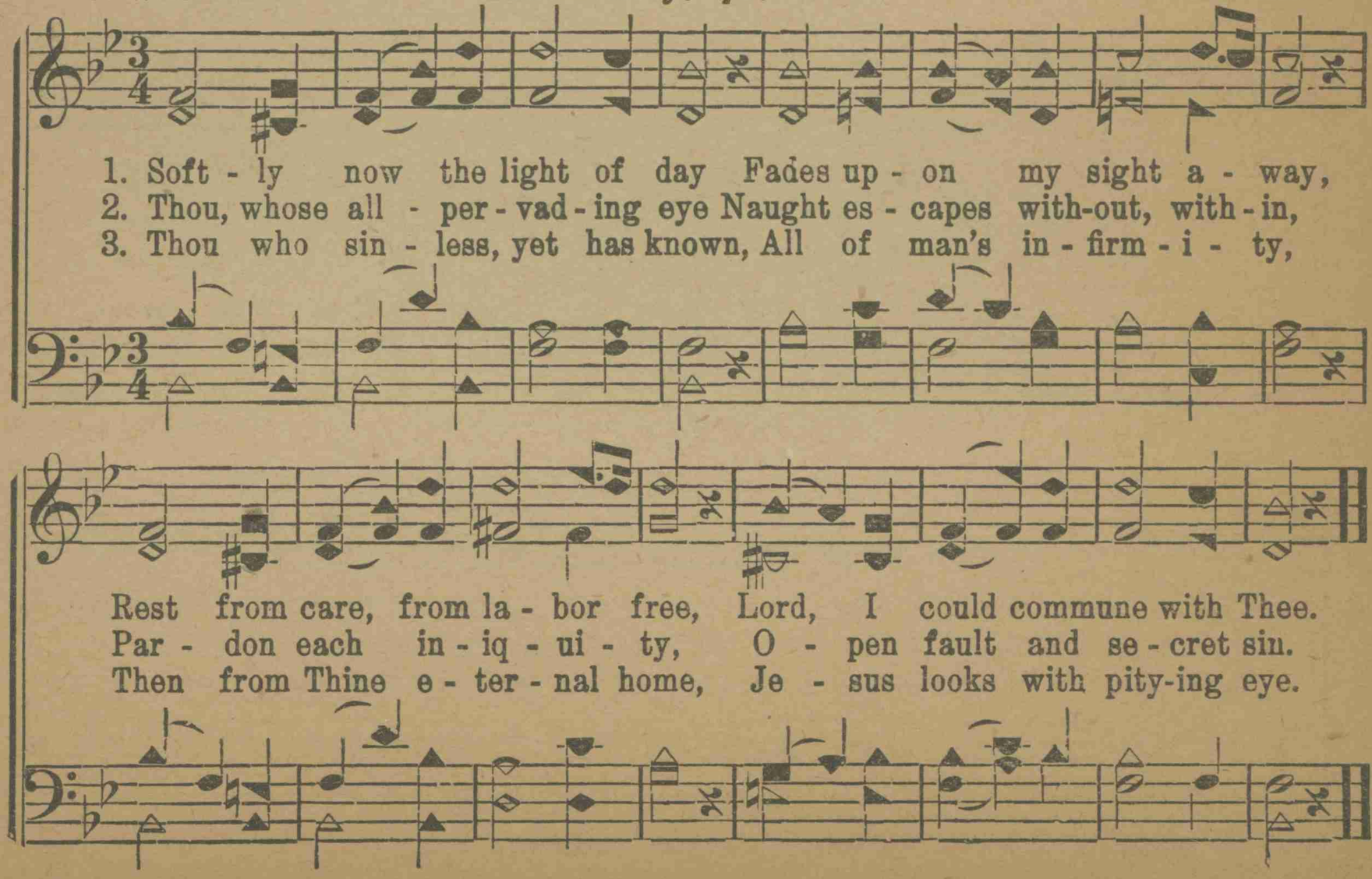
sue, Brave-ly the foe pur-sue,

Victory Will Be Ours. Concluded.



No. 203. Softly Now the Light Fades.

C. WESLEY. Tune—Mercy. 7s. L. M. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



No. 204. Hail the Day.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Quartet Music Co., owners. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We stand for right, we are in the fight, And we'll nev- er give up the
2. We hail the dawn, for the night is gone, And the morning of joy is
3. King Al - co - hol shall the world ap- pall With his tra-vail and pain no

bat - tle, the bat - tle, Till rum goes out and the vic tor's shout Shall re-
break - ing, is breaking; Our long - ing eyes hail the clear- ing skies, For the
lon - ger, no lon - ger, For men of might are now in the fight, And the

sound with a can-non's rat - tle, yes, rat - tle! When vot - ers wake then the
peo - ple are now a - wak-ing! a - wak-ing! De - ceit and crime, like a
ranks of de-fense are stronger, are strong-er; We'll vote and pray for a

chains will break, And the slaves of sin shall their free-dom win; With want no
win - ter rime, Shall be driv'n a - way with the sun of May; With heart and
bet - ter day, We will hope and trust for a law that's just; We'll stand and

more standing at the door; 'Twill be joy to see all the peo - ple free.
voice shall the world rejoice, As it hails the end of the ty-rant's trend.
fight for the truth and right, For the God of love rules and reigns a - bove.

Hail the Day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Joy, and peace, and love shall reign, with the might - y
Joy shall reign,..... with the ty - rant

ty - rant slain; Sin and wrong shall fail,..... and
slain;..... Sin and wrong shall fail of their ter- rors, and

right pre - vail!..... The day - dawn now in
right at last pre - vail o - ver er - rors! The day - dawn

beau - ty breaks, and the world a - wakes!.....
breaks,..... and the world from slum- ber a - wakes!

ff

Hail! hail! hail! Hail! hail the day!
Hail to the glo - ri - ous dawn-ing of lib - er - ty!

No. 205. The Sunset Shore.

Copyright, 1914, by Wm. J. Ramsay, Chattanooga, Tennessee. By per.

A. E. PETERSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On the sun - set shore of life, some day I shall stand by death's waters chill,
2. From the sun-set shore of life, some day—May-be soon-er than now I think—
3. From the sun-set shore of life, some day, I will wave this old world a - dieu!

And watchers will say "He has passed away," And the once throbbing heart be still;
In my storm-beaten bark I will sail a - way, Far a-way from life's western brink;
I will sing of His love as I sail a-long, Of His mer - cy so great, so true;
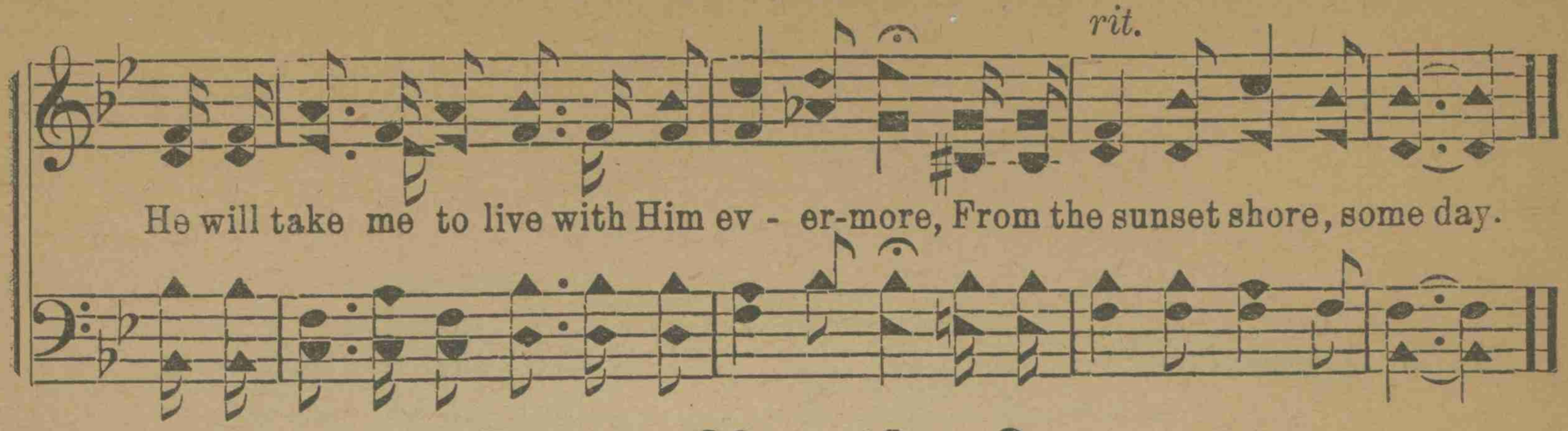
But Christ will come near as I stand a - lone, Where e-ter-ni-ty's bil-lows roar,
My Pi - lot will compass and chart pro-vide; 'Tis a voy-age He's made be-fore;
My Pi - lot will port where the sunlight gold Gilds the cit-y for-ev - er - more;

To tell me that ev - er He'll care for His own—He'll be there, at the sunset shore.
With Je-sus, my Lord, who was cru - ci - fied I will sail from the sunset shore.
I'll sing the sweet story that nev-er grows old As I sail from the sun-set shore.

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

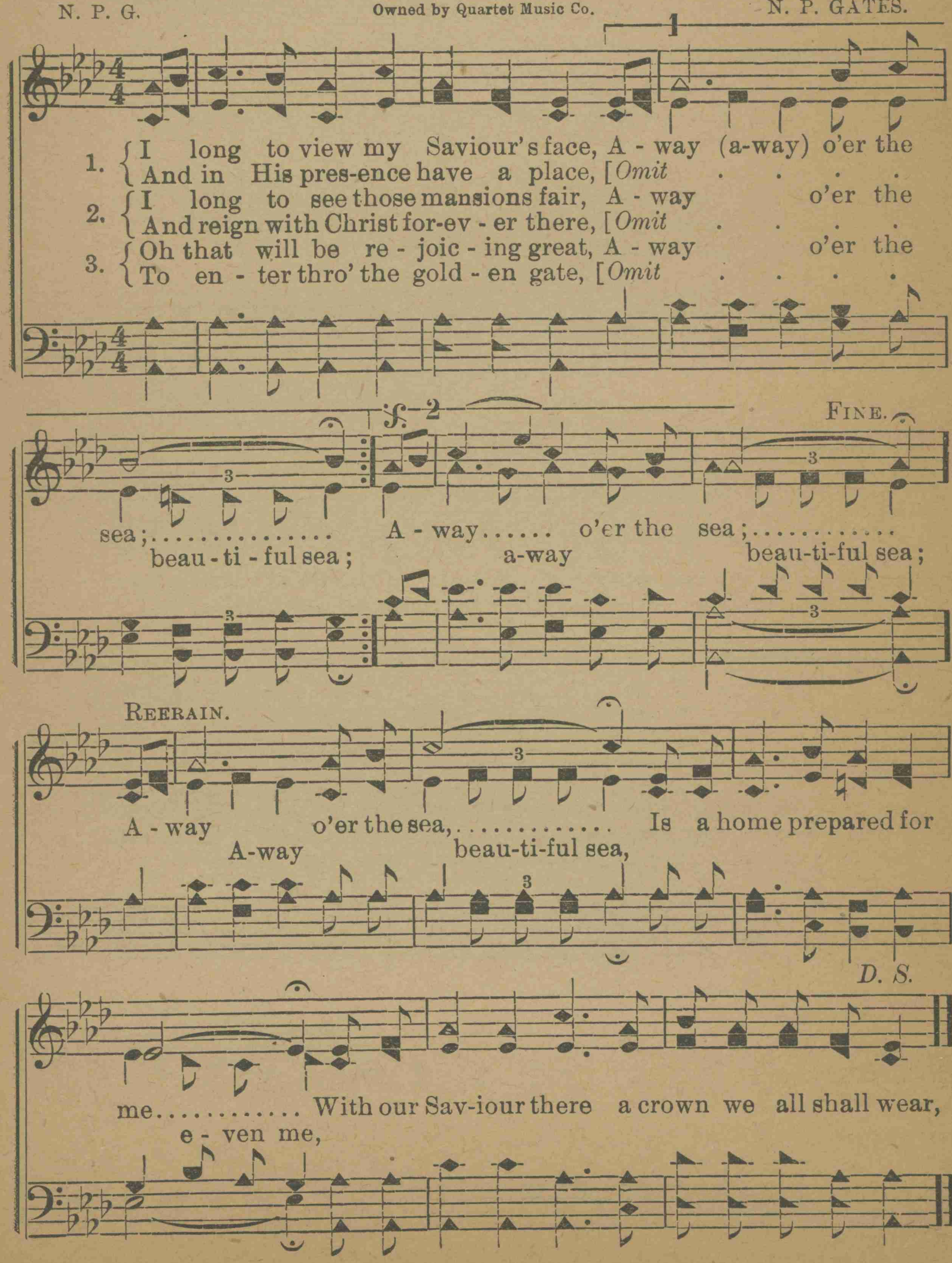
From the sun - set shore, the sun-set shore, With my Saviour I'll sail a - way;

The Sunset Shore. Concluded.



No. 206. Away O'er the Sea.

N. P. G. Owned by Quartet Music Co. N. P. GATES.



No. 207. Some Day.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Copyrighted, 1916, by W. J. Laney. W. J. LANEY.

1. Some day when toil here is o - ver, Some day when trials are past,
2. Some day in God's ho-ly pres - ence, With the redeemed I shall stand,
3. Some day, not far in the fu - ture, Some happy morning ere long
4. Some day a crown of re - joic - ing, All of the faithful shall wear,

Some-day the King in His beau - ty I shall be-hold at last;
Sing - ing re-demption's sweet sto-ry, There with the ransomed band;
Some day I'll praise my dear Saviour, With all the bloodwashed throng;
Robed in pure garments and spotless, Heav-en-ly joys to share;

Some day my feet, now so wea - ry, Firm-ly shall rest on the shore,—
Some day I'll meet my Re-deem-er, Him whom the angels a - dore,—
Some day my spir-it shall glad - ly Join all the saved gone be-fore,—
Some day the glad hal-le - lu-jahs From heaven's courts shall outpour,—

O, that will be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

O that will be glo - ry for me, With my dear Saviour to stand;

Some Day. Concluded.

Prais - es I'll sing, un - to my King, There with the glo - ri - fied

band ; Troubles and fears, sighing and tears, These shall all be o'er,

rit.

O that will be glo - ry for me, For ev - er more.
for ev - er-more.

No. 208. Stars of the Summer Night.

LONGFELLOW. I. B. WOODBURY.

p dolce *p*

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light,
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down your western steeps, Sink, sink, in silver light,
3. Wind of the summer night, Where yonder woodbine creeps,, Fold, fold thy pinions light,
4. Dreams of the summer night, Tell her her lov-er keeps Watch while in slumber light,

rall. pp

She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She....sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

No. 209 If To-day Were the End of the World.

As sung by A. O. Thomas and C. E. Holtzclaw.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. O. THOMAS. **Alvis O. Thomas.**

DUET. Sop. & Alto. Good as Solo. *Slowly, with expression.*

1. We are told that a great day is com - ing, When the
2. When the an - gel shall sound his great trump - et, On the
3. No one knows but the Fa - ther in Heav - en, When our
4. This old world shall not roll on for - ev - er, Nor the

stars shall like ban - ners be furled; But would you be pre-pared
clouds will our Sav - iour de - scend; Then the cry will go out,
Lord from the sky shall ap - pear; But if we are pre-pared
moon like a ban - ner un - furled; Then sup - pose, just sup - pose

for the judg - ment If to - day were the end of the world?
"Time is o - ver," Then the world with its tur - moil will end.
for His com - ing, We may greet Him with joy, not with fear.
for a mo - ment That to - day were the end of the world.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

If the sun should be turned in - to dark - ness, And the
stars from their or - bits be hurled, O how would it fare with

If To-day Were the End of the World. Cong'd.

you, my brother, If to - day were the end of the world.

No. 210. Will It Pay?

F. L. EILAND. Copyright, 1915, by A. B. Sebren. A. B. SEBREN.

1. Are you seeking earthly treasures, Which, as chaff, must pass a-way?
2. Should you gain all earth's possessions, And go hope-less on that day,
3. Tune thy heart in its af - fec - tion, Tones per-sua-sive 'pon it play,

There, when you must make appearance, In the judgment,—Will it pay?
In, be-fore the great tri - bu - nal Of God's jus-tice,—Will it pay?
Fix thy hopes on things im-mor-tal, Sing-ing ev - er, "It will pay!"

REFRAIN.

Them, you can-not car-ry with you, Death's cold hand they can-not stay,

Sure - ly 'tis but des - ti - tu - tion That they prom-ise,—Will it pay?

No. 211. Tenderly Care for the Orphans.

JENNIE WILSON. Vista Thomas, owner. VISTA THOMAS.

1. Ten-der-ly care for the or-phans, Left in the cold world a - lone;
2. When the dear Saviour was dwelling Humbly on earth long a - go,
3. Let not the lit - tle ones suf - fer; Now in the kind Master's name,
4. Sad is the lot of the or-phans, Comfort their grief-la-den hearts;

Death has bereaved them of par-ents, And of fond love they have known.
Sure of His smile and His wel-come, To Him the children could go.
Shelt - er the weak and de - fence-less, If you His blessing would claim.
Bright-en their lives with the sunshine, Kindness so free-ly im - parts.

CHORUS.

Ten - - der-ly care..... for the or - - phans,
Ten-der-ly, kind-ly, yes, ten-der - ly care for the dear lit-tle or-phans,

1

Heed - - ing their pit - - e-ous, cry;.....
Heeding, yes, heeding their plaintive and pit - e-ous, pit - e - ous cry;

2

Pleas - - ing the Mas - - ter on high.....
Pleasing, yes, pleasing the heav - en - ly Master, the Mas - ter on high.

No. 212. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Copyright, 1913, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

INA DULEY OGDON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of greatness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud- ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a- lone may fall your
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Brighten the cor - ner
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

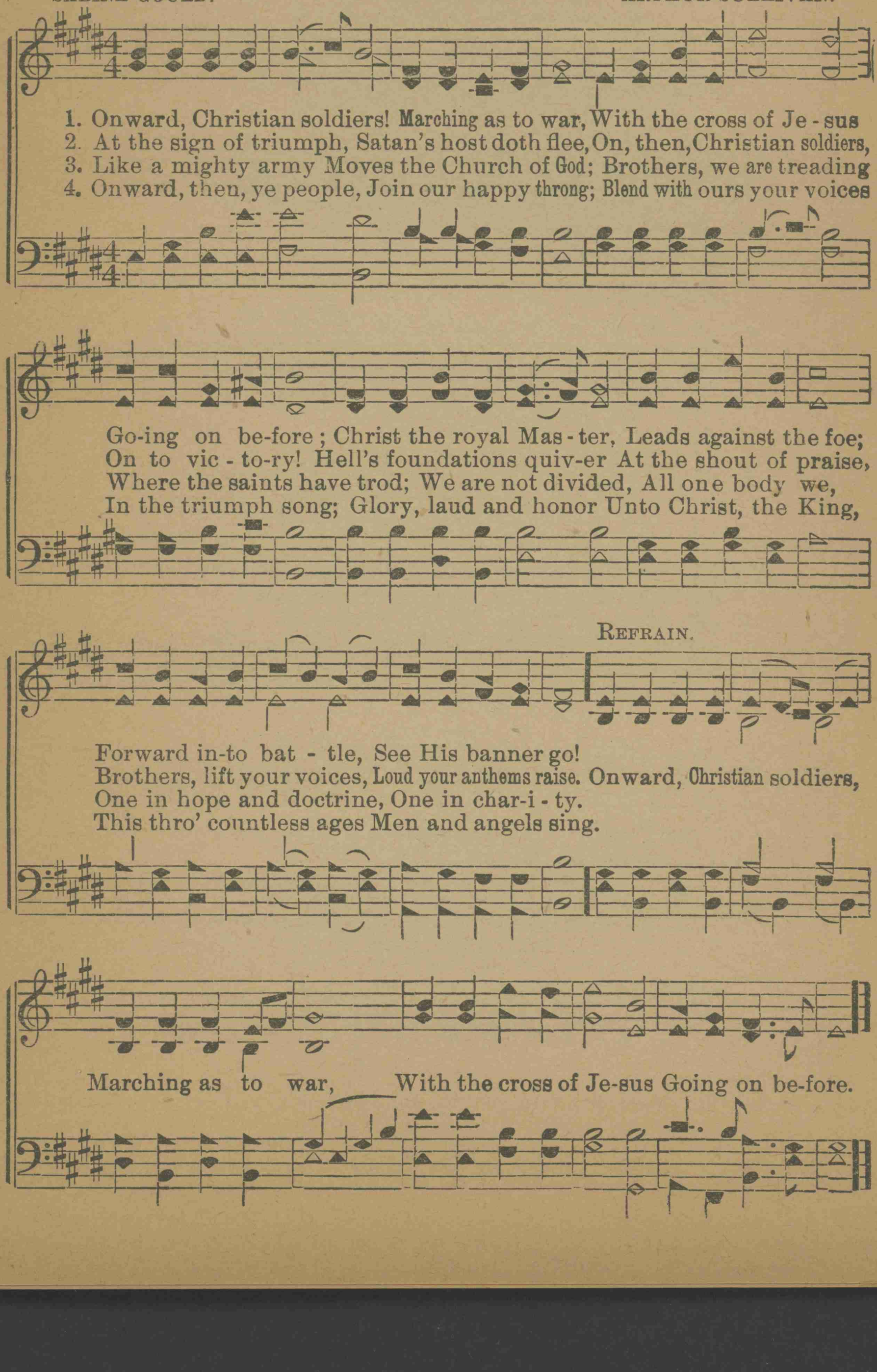
where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.

Devotional Hymns.

No. 213. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



No. 214. Wear A Crown.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

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

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
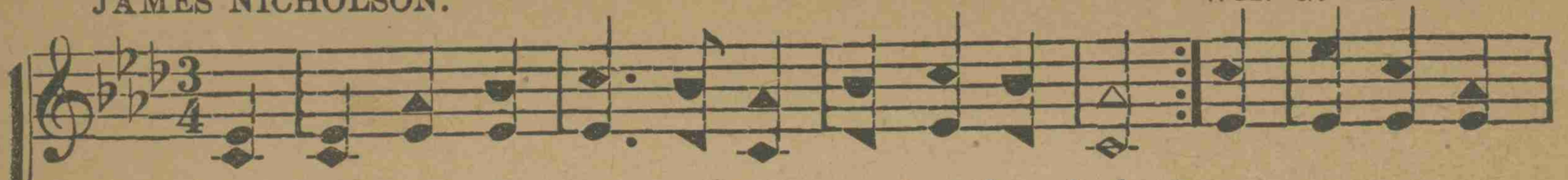
CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

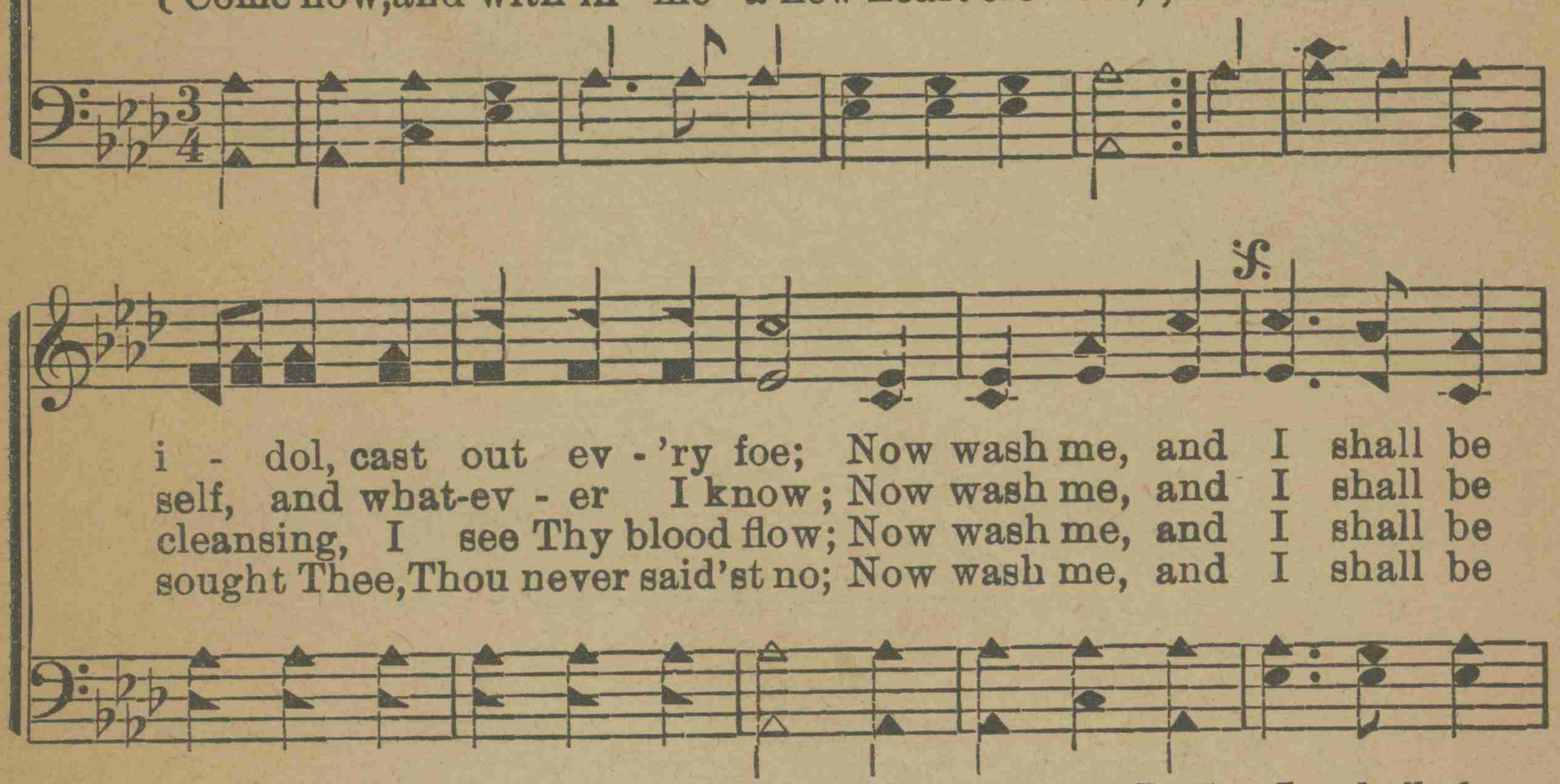
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.
wear a crown, wear a crown,

No. 215. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISHER.



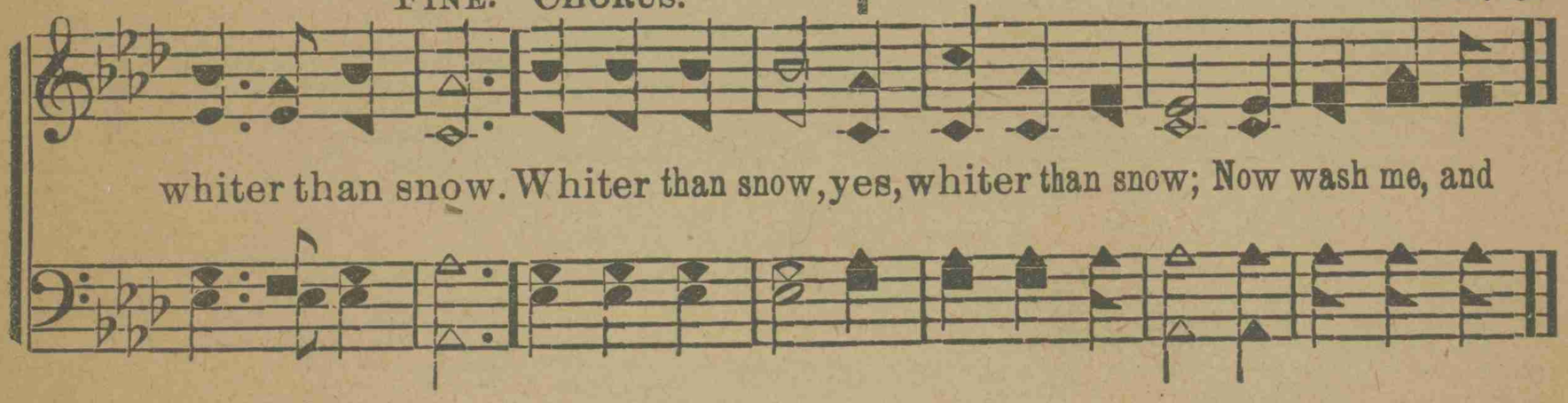
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole;
   I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev'ry
2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
   And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; } I give up my -
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en-treat,
   I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci-fied feet, } By faith, for my
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou see - st I pa - tien - ly wait;
   Come now, and with-in me a new heart cre - ate; } To those who have



i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
self, and what-ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be
cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be
sought Thee, Thou never said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be

D. S.—*I shall be*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

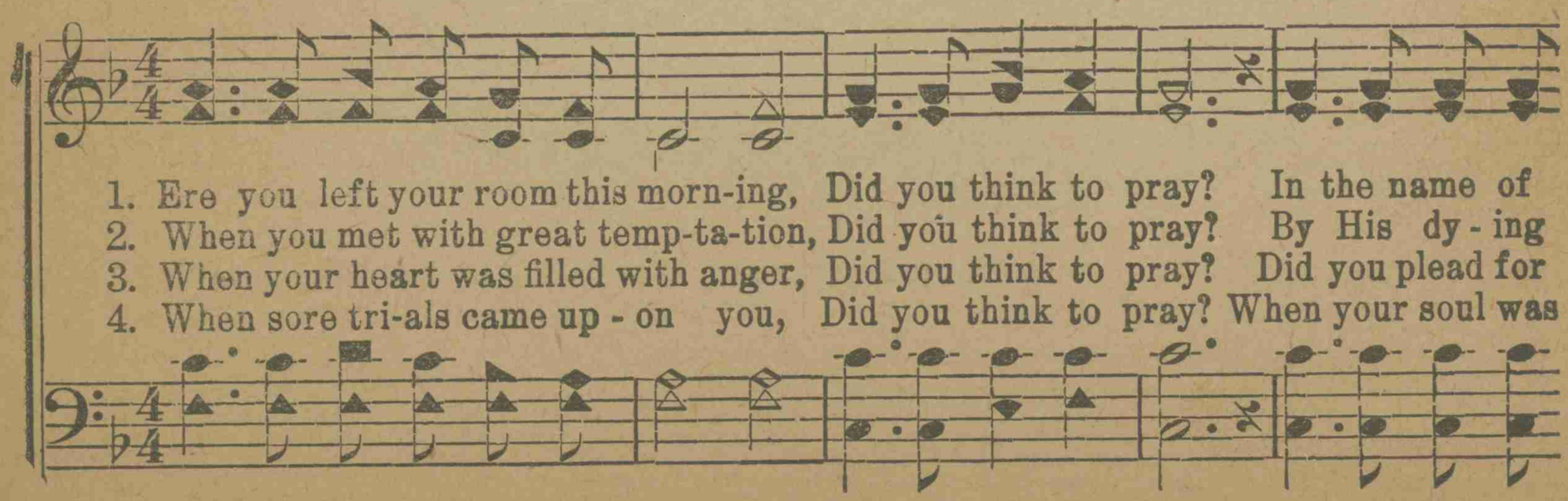


whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and

whit-er than snow.

No. 216. Ere You Left Your Room this Morning.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. (Did you think to pray?) W. O. PERKINS.



1. Ere you left your room this morn-ing, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temp-ta-tion, Did you think to pray? By His dy - ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore tri-als came up - on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was

Ere You Left Your Room. Concluded.

FINE.

Christ, our Sav - iour, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?
love and mer - it Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an - oth - er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - iad did you bor - row At the gates of day?

D. S.—So when life seems dark and drear-y, Don't for-get to pray.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Oh, how pray - ing rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;-

No. 217. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 2 FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
   { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and [*Omit....*] wishes known;
2. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
   { Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for [*Omit....*] thy return!
3. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear
   { To Him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting [*Omit..*] soul to bless;

D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet.....hour of prayer.
D. C.—And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet.....hour of prayer.
D. C.—I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet.....hour of prayer.

D. C.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - on found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

No. 218. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and peace and trust, For earth and heaven a-bove. I am coming, Lord!
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The bless-ed work with-in, By add - ing grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
5. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail redeeming grace! All hail the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

CHORUS.

Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary!

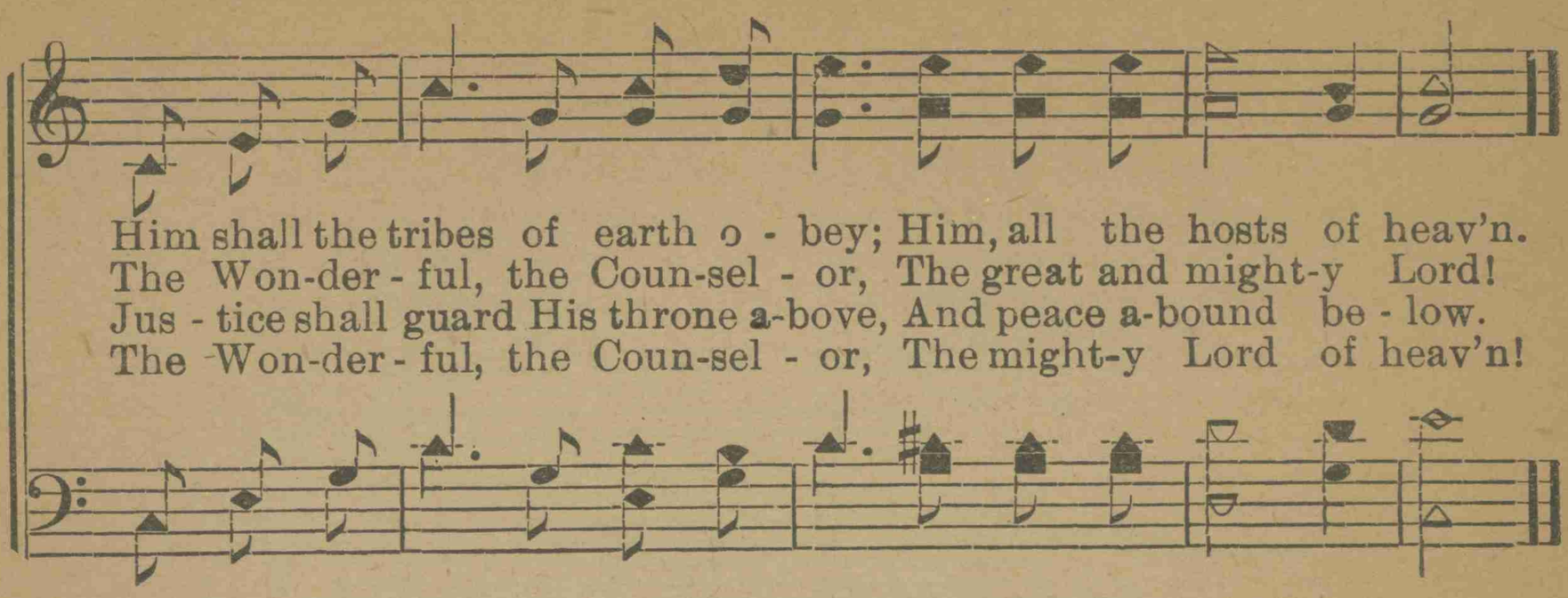
No. 219. To Us a Child of Hope Is Born.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
2. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For ev - er - more a - dored,
3. His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know;
4. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n:

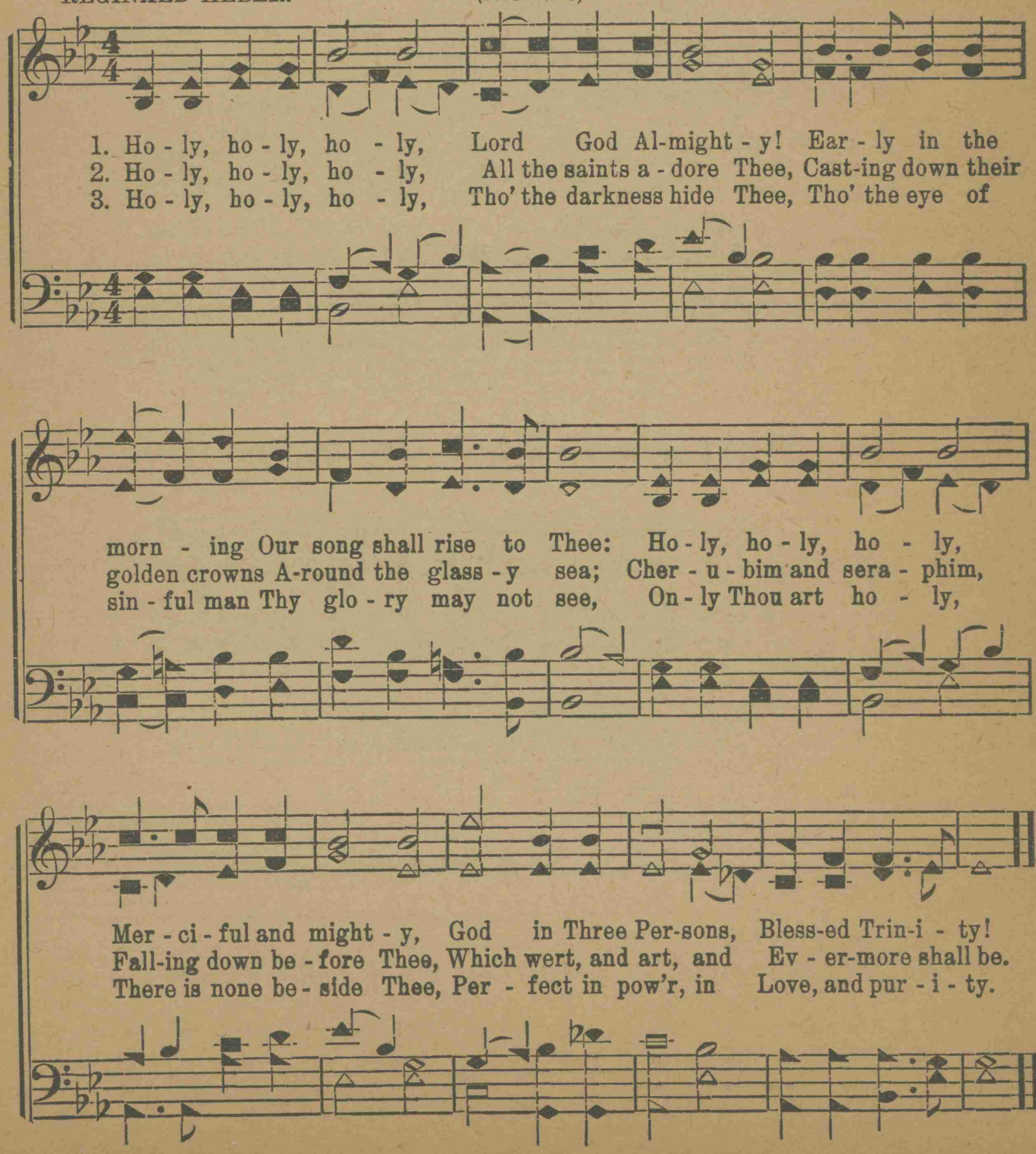
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey; Him, all the hosts of heav'n:
The Won-der - ful, the Coun-sel - or, The great and might-y Lord!
Jus-tice shall guard His throne a-bove, And peace a-bound be - low.
The Won-der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Lord of heav'n!

To Us a Child of Hope Is Born. Concluded.



No. 220. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 221. Rest For The Weary.

WILLIAM HUNTER. J. W. DADMUN.

1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There remains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn, Shout for gladness,

gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
les-tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
oh, ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you;
In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

No. 222. Must Jesus Bear the Gross Alone?

G. N. ALLEN. AARON CHAPIN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap-py are the saints a - bove Who once went sorr'wing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set us free.

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

No. 223. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I { care not for rich-es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
book of Thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, [*Omit* . . . .

2. Lord, my { sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my
promise is written In bright letters that glow, [*Omit* . . . .

heav-en, I would ent - er the fold; In the Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,
Sav-iour, Is suf - fi-cient for me; For Thy "Tho' your sins be as scar-let

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom,

FINE.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Is my name written there? Is my name witten there, On the page white and fair?
I will make them like snow.

Is my name written there?

No. 224. The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus, }

D. S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung* *Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN.

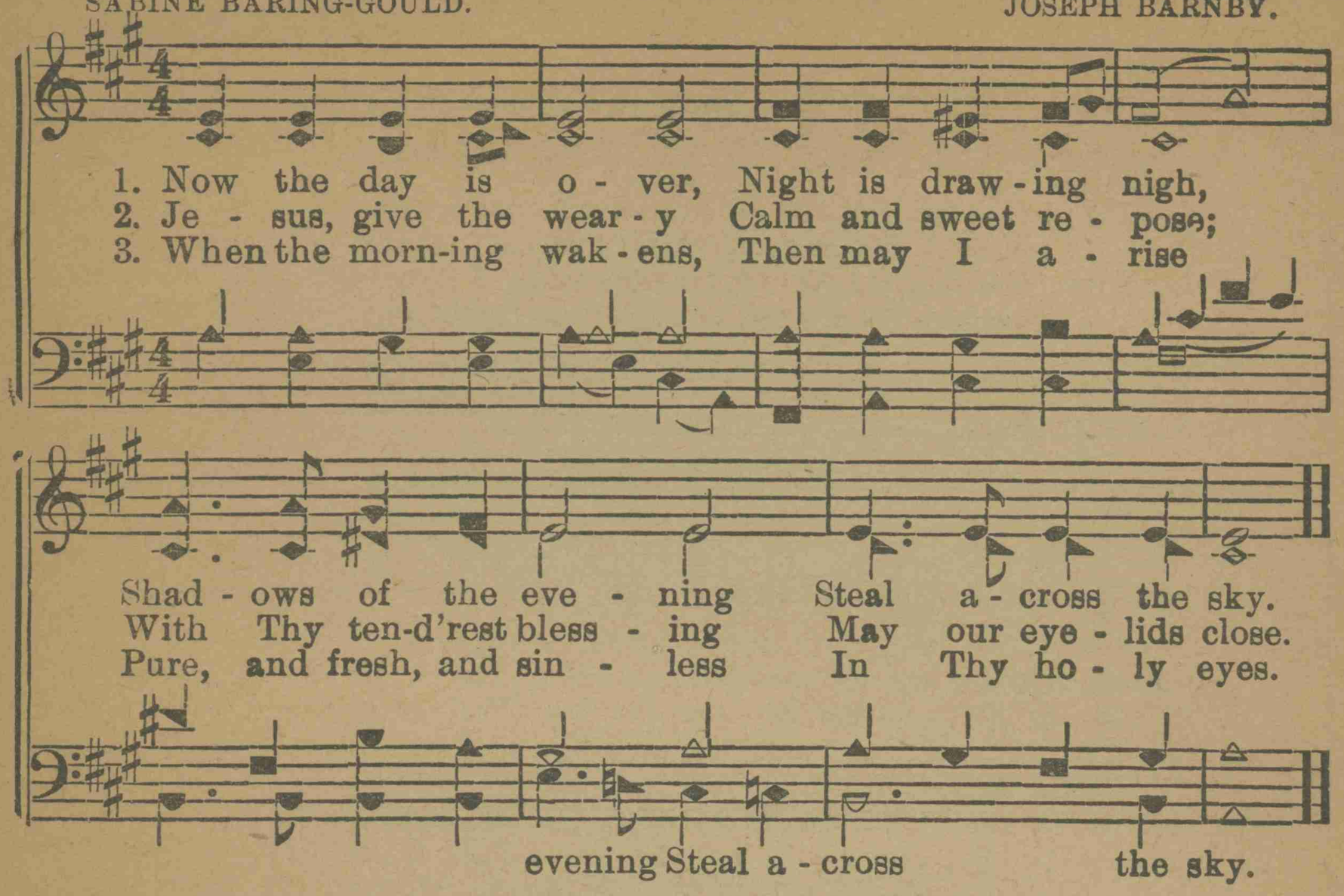
{ Sweetest note in ɛer-aph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

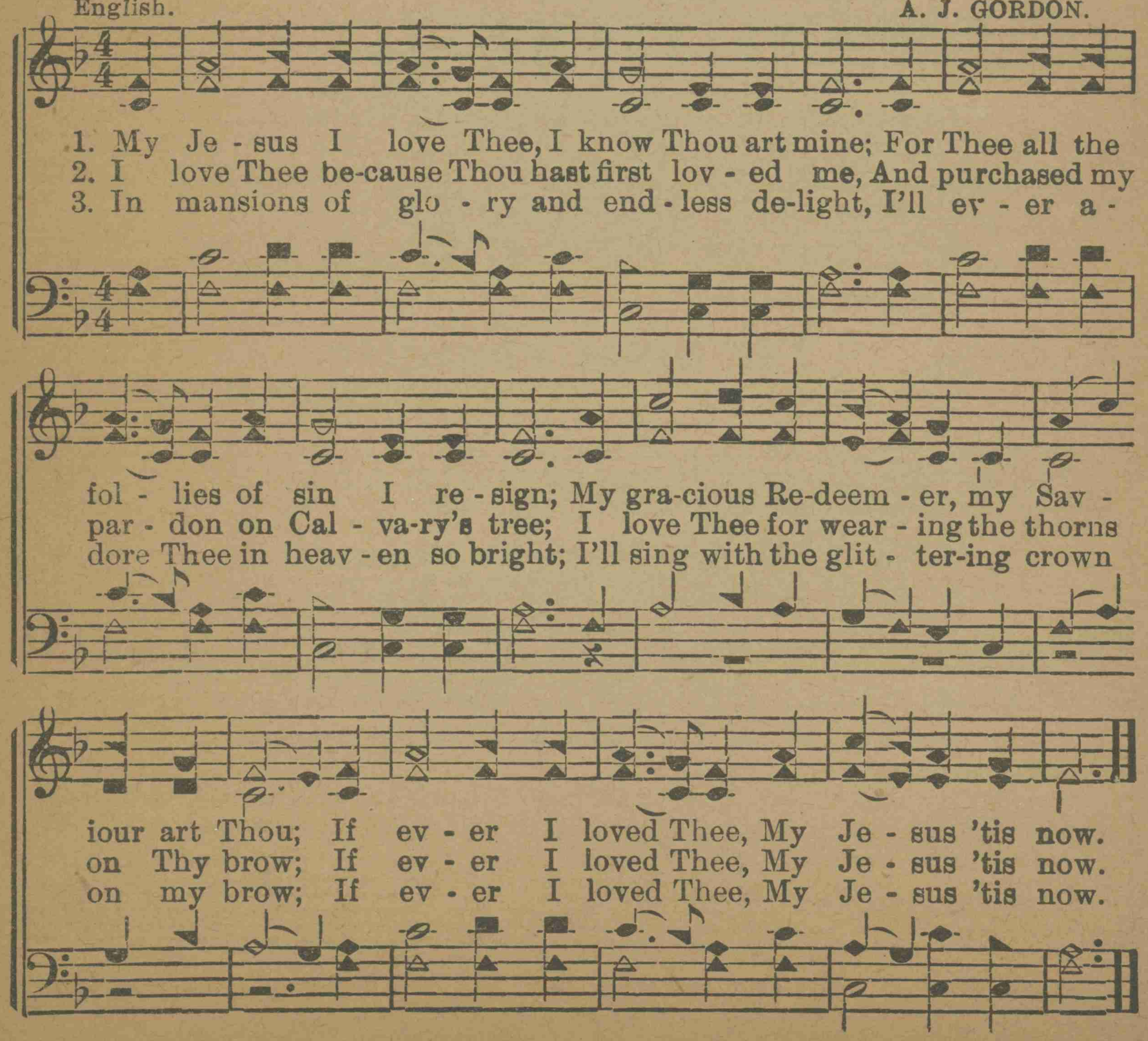
No. 225. Now the Day Is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



No. 226. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. GORDON.
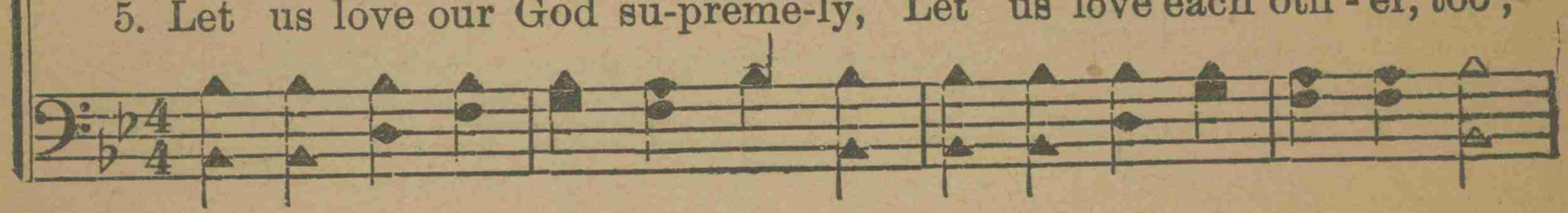


No. 227. Holy Manna. 8, 7.

Anon. Arr. by J. E. THOMAS.
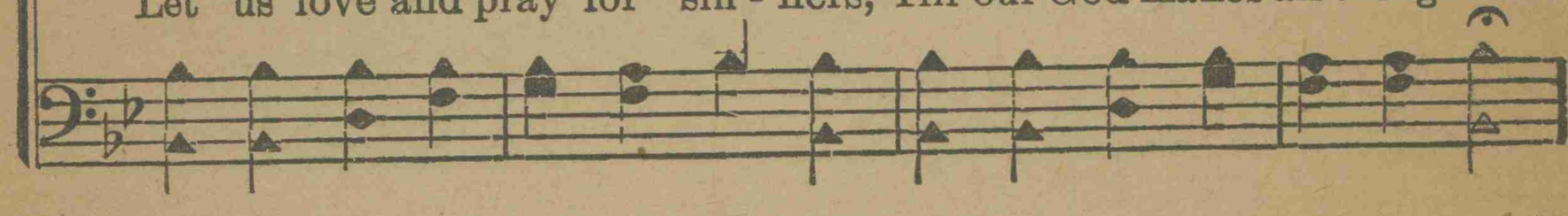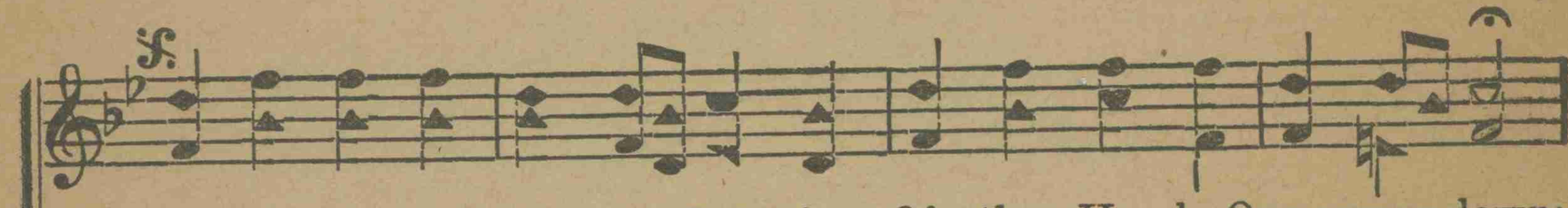


1. Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Trembling on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis-ters aid - ed him!
4. Is there here a trem-bling jail - er, Seek-ing grace and fill'd with fears?
5. Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er, too;
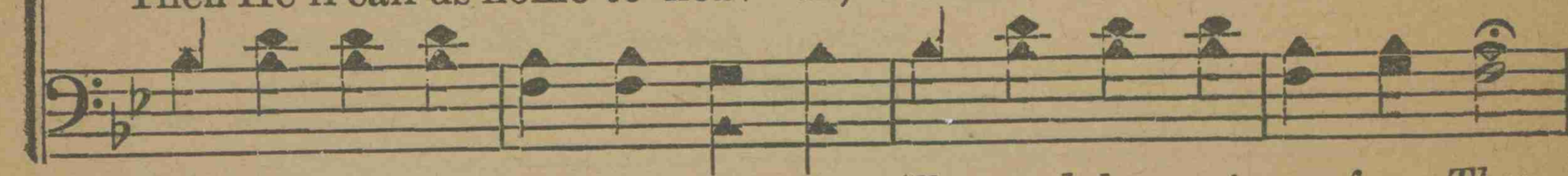




Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trembling mourners, Who are struggling hard with sin?
Is there here a weep - ing Ma - ry, Pour - ing forth a flood of tears?
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new.





All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers, see our moth-ers, And our chil-dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav-iour, Tell them that He will be found;
Brethren, join your cries to help them; Sis-ters, let your pray'rs a - bound;
Then He'll call us home to heav - en, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;
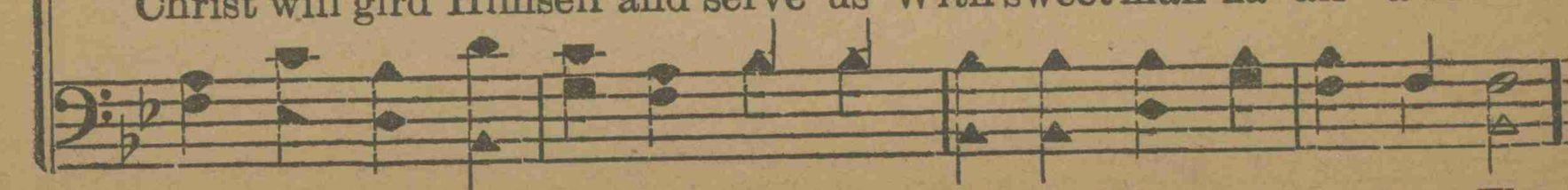


CHO.–*Lord, re-vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;*

D. S. Chorus.



Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Pray, O pray that ho - ly man-na May be scat-tered all a-round.
Christ will gird Himself and serve us With sweet man-na all a-round.



Lord, re - vive us, now re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

No. 228 O Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

o-ver there,

Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a - way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Saviour is now o - ver there.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
o-ver there,

By per. of T. C. O'Kane.

229. Coronation.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall,
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, 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;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, 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.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll joing the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

230. O Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON. Anon.

Fine.

1. { O Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   { Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
   { And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
3. { O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
   { Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind me clos - er still to Thee.

D. C.—*While the hope of end-less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.*
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
By Thy Word and Spir - it guide me, Till I reach Thy courts a-bove.

D. C.

Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee; May I still Thy goodness prove,
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God;
Nev - er let me wander from Thee, Nev-er leave Thee, whom I love,

No. 231. O Sinner, Come.

EMMA WESSON. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. E. K. WESSON.

1. The Sav-iour left His home of light, And came to this sad world of night;
2. Why lon-ger roam, O wayward soul? While Jesus pleads come to the fold;
3. He left His glo-ry-circled throne, And trod the wine-press all a-lone;
4. Poor burdened soul, with heart contrite, Come un-to Jesus, He's the light;

He came to die on Calvary's brow, O, sin - ner, come and trust Him now.
'Tis He a - lone can give you life, O, sin - ner, come and trust His might.
He brought sal-va-tion free to all Who will be-lieve and on Him call.
No lon - ger roam in sin's dark way, Now is the time, this is the day.

CHORUS.

O sin - ner, heed (O sin - ner, heed) His lov - ing plea (His loving plea),
No lon - ger roam (no longer roam) In sin's dark way (in sin's dark way),
O hear Him say, "Come un - to me;" Now is the time, this is the day.

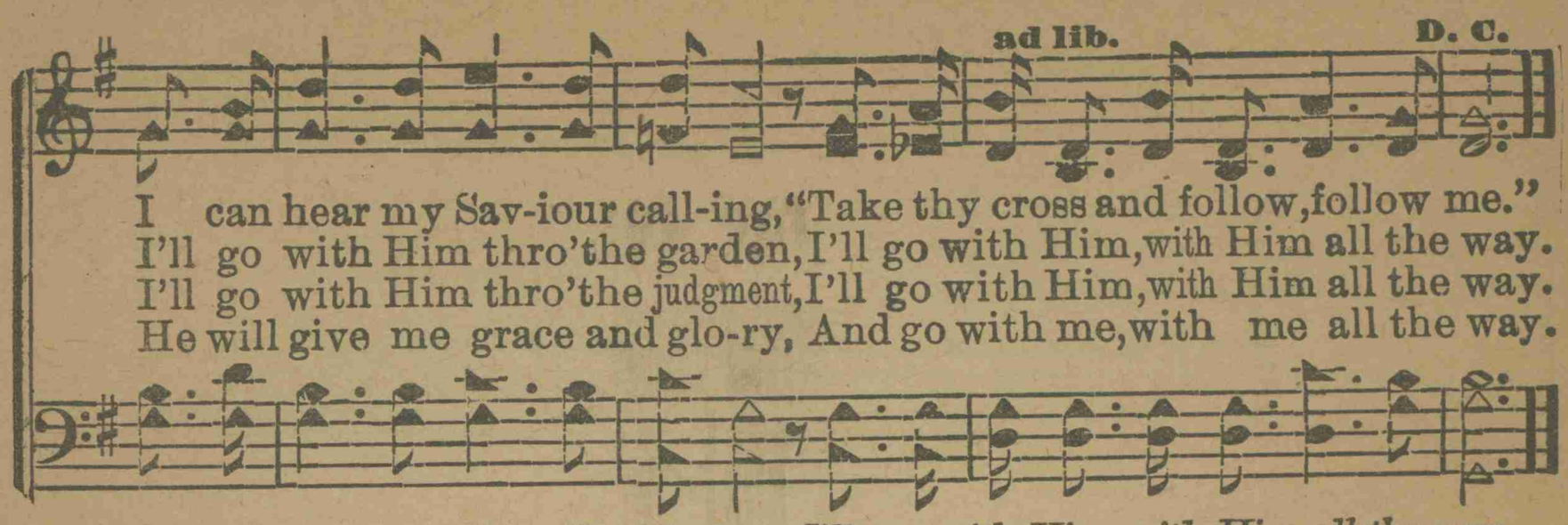
No. 232. Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C. *Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where Hs leads me I will fol-low,*

Where He Leads Me I Will Follow. Concluded.



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
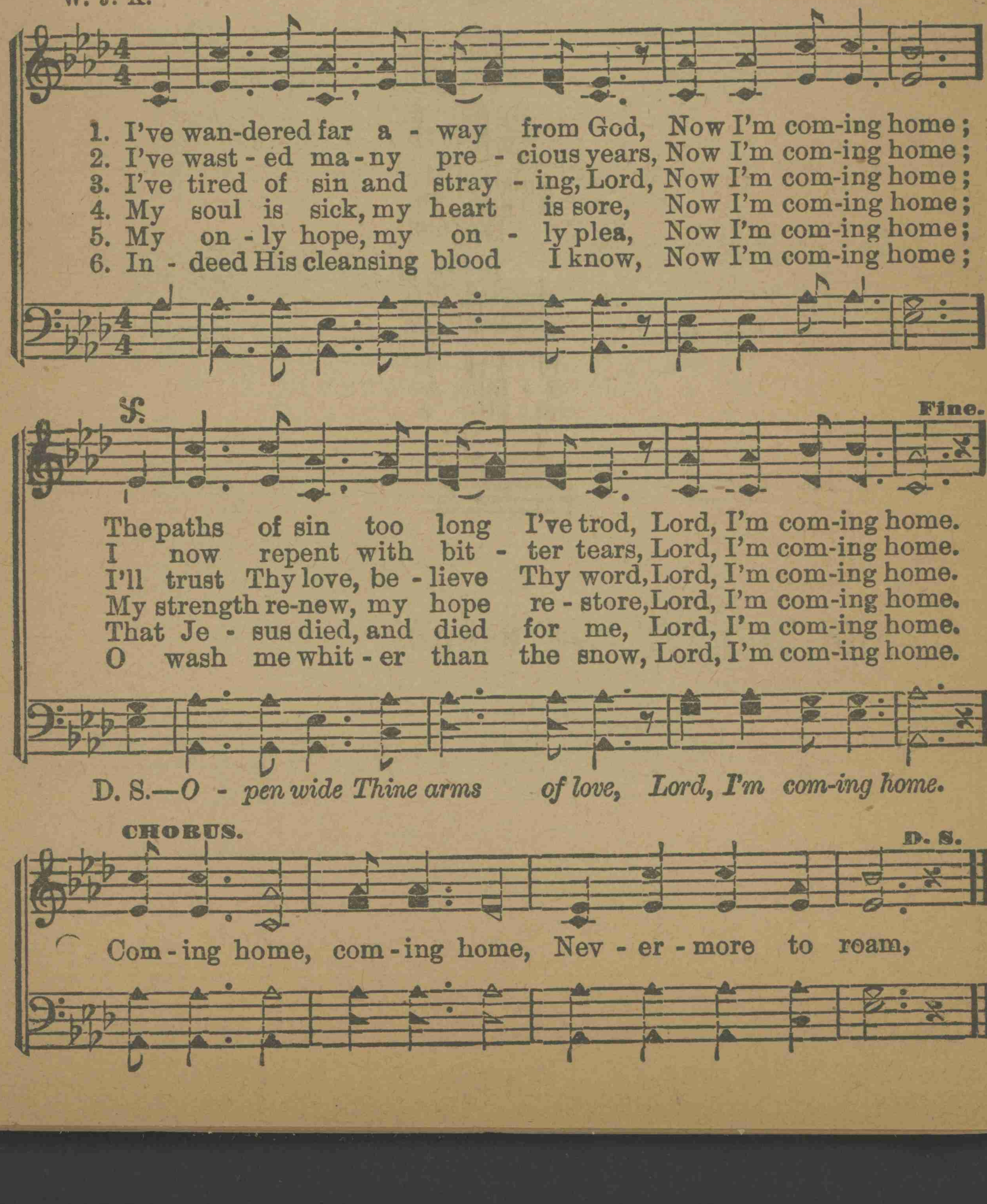
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 233. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. In - deed His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

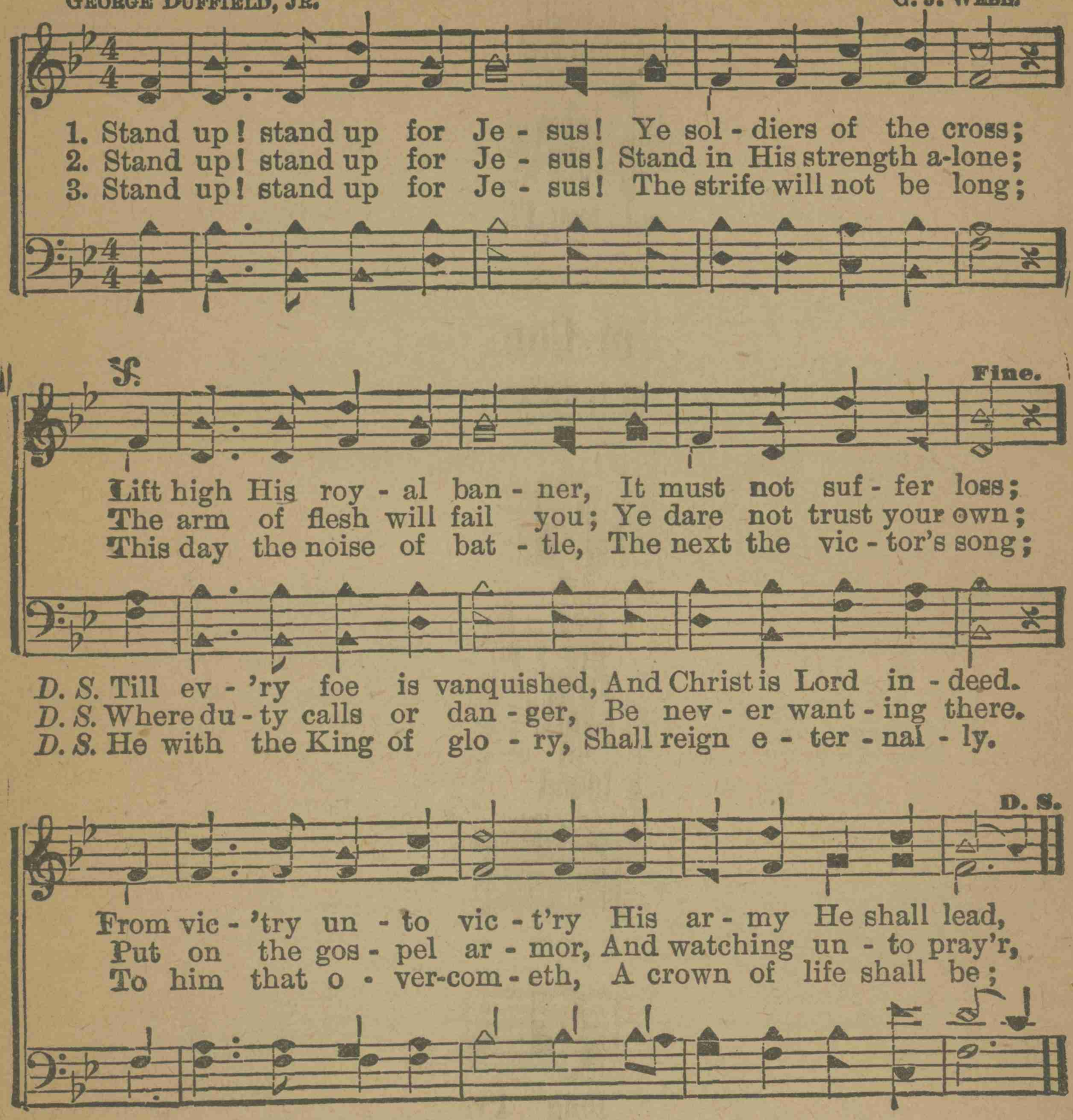
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now repent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,
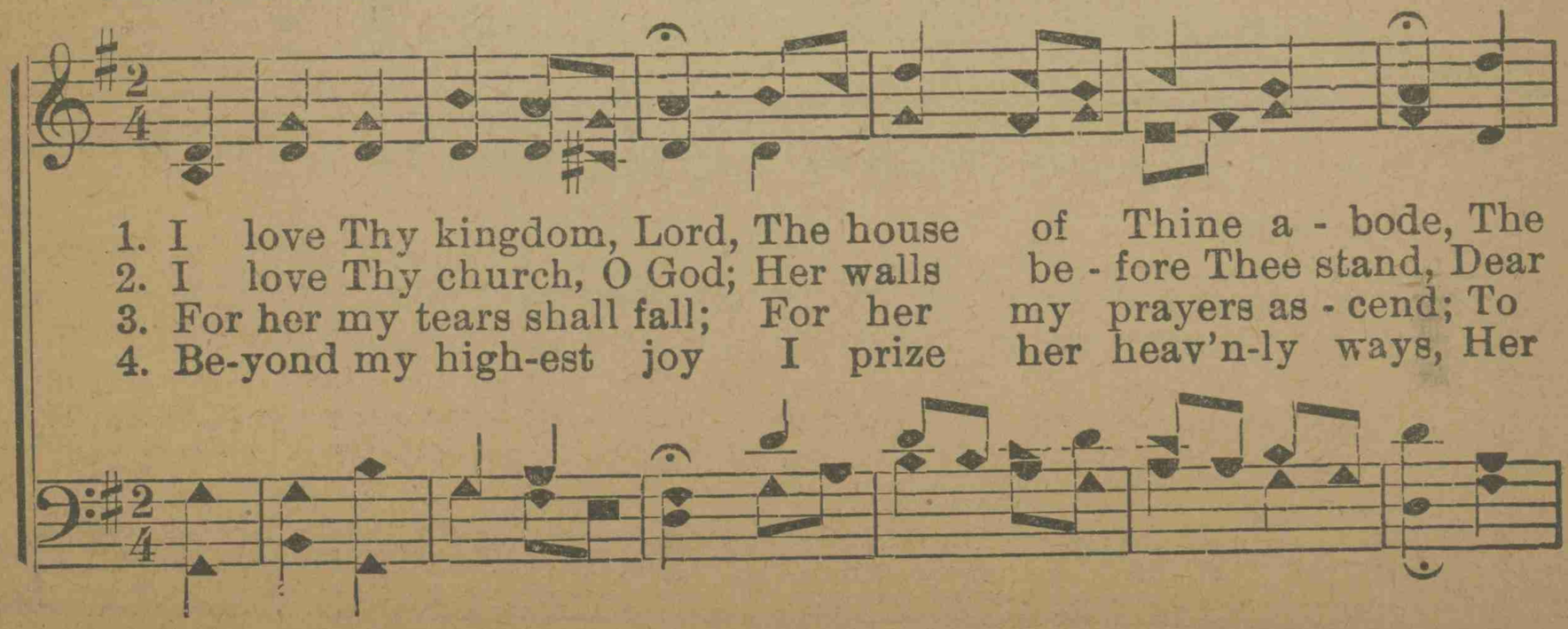
No. 234. Stand up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. G. J. WEBB.

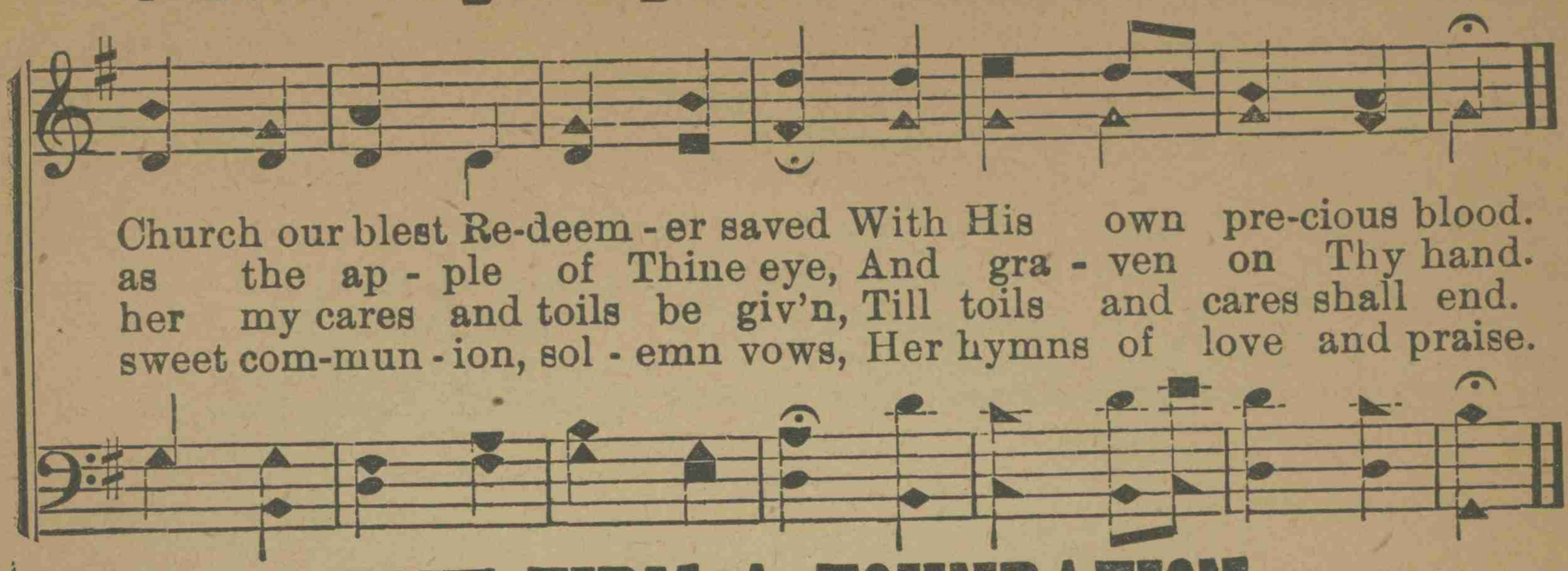


No. 235. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. G. F. HANDEL.



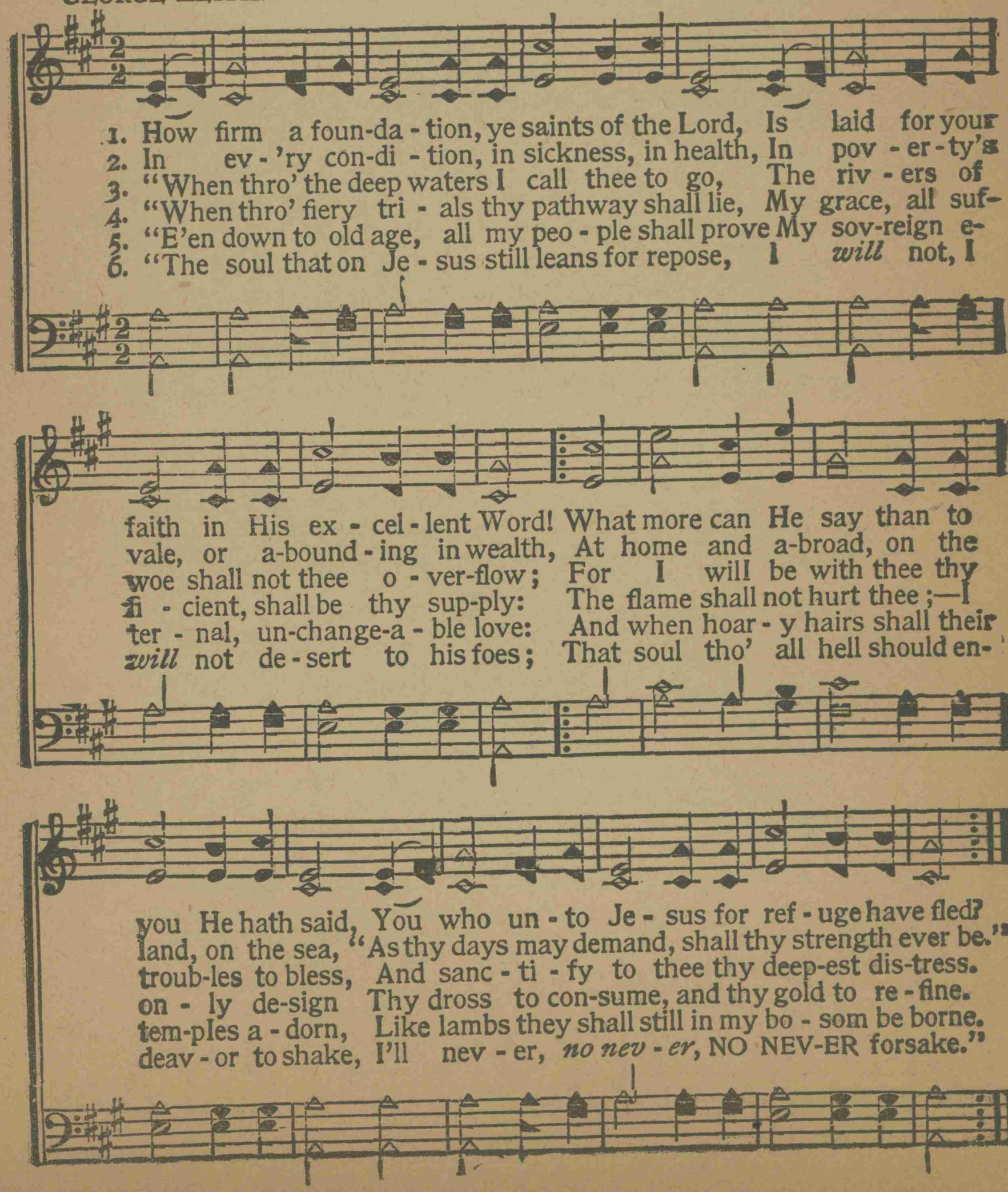
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord. Concluded.



No. 236. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



No. 237. O How I Love Jesus,

ISAAC WATTS. STEPHEN JONES.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glories in, When Christ, the
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap-pears; Dis-solve my
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I

vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pi - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
might-y Mak-er, died For man the creature's sin!
heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

O how I love Je - sus!

O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus! Because He first loved me!

No. 238. I Am Coming.

W. G. FISHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earth!y store;
3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

D. C.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for ev - er-more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

No. 239. I Am Leaving the Dangerous Sands.

F. L. EILAND. S. D. SIMONS.

1. With a zeal that is new, I a - gain would pursue, Here, the course that my
2. I am now on the road, Leading home to my God; I am plac-ing my
3. Let me go far a - way From that field of dis - may, Nev-er-more to be

Sav-iour commands; Thro' the light that shines in, Brighter hopes now be - gin,
cause in His hands; It is glad-ness for me, Once a - gain to be free,
held by its bands; Thro' the light that is mine, From the Spir - it di - vine,

D. S.—O I praise His great name, That this vic-t'ry I claim,

Fine. CHORUS.

I am leav - ing the dan - ger - ous sands! They had mired my feet,
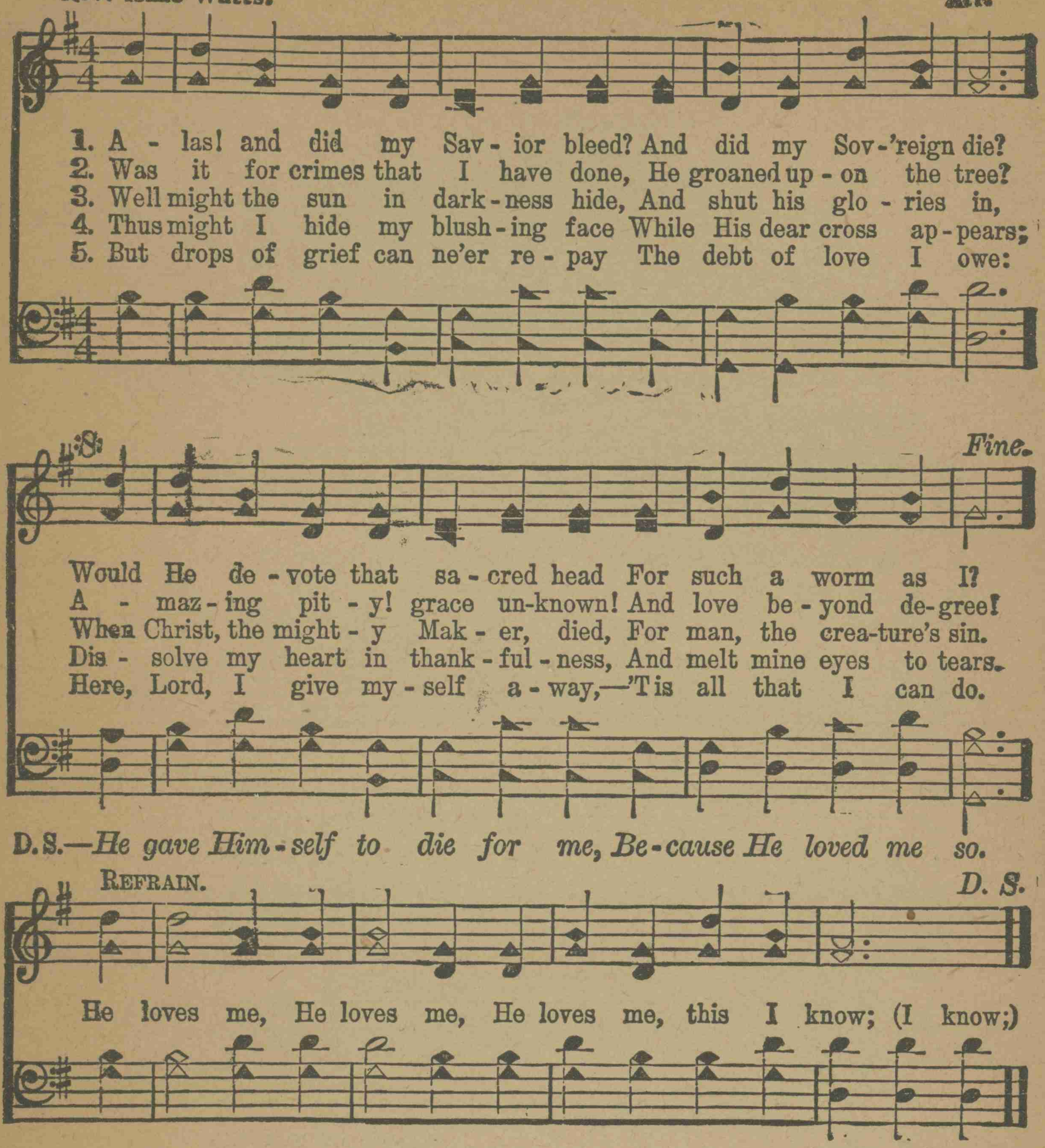
D. S. al Fine.

Stayed my pro - gress so sweet, Here, in heed - ing my Sav-iour's com-mands;

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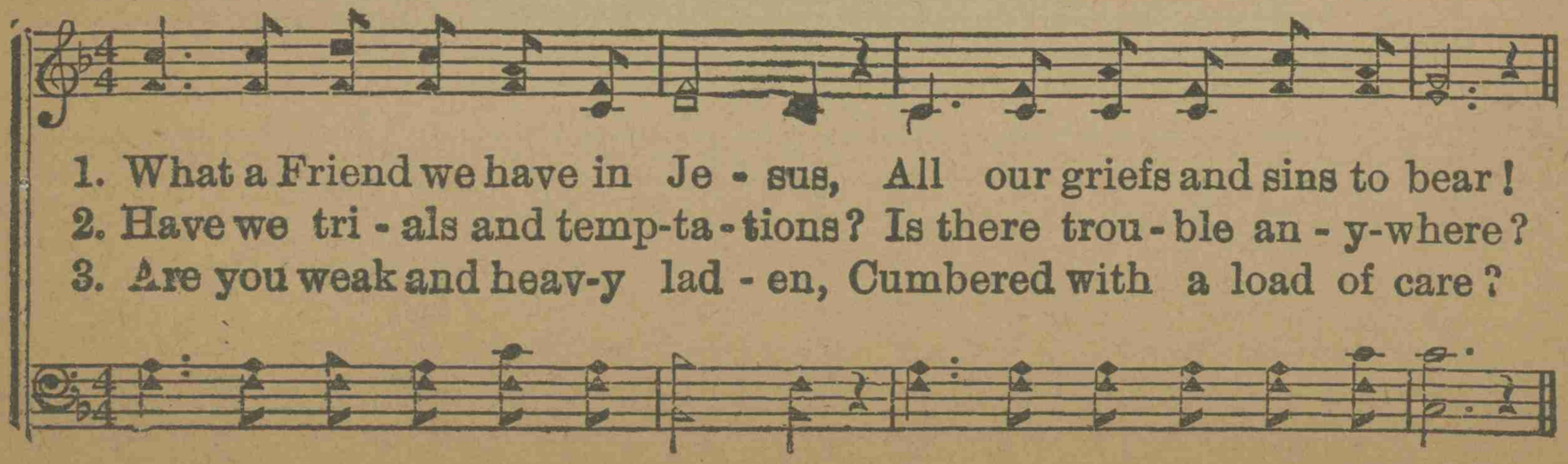
240. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

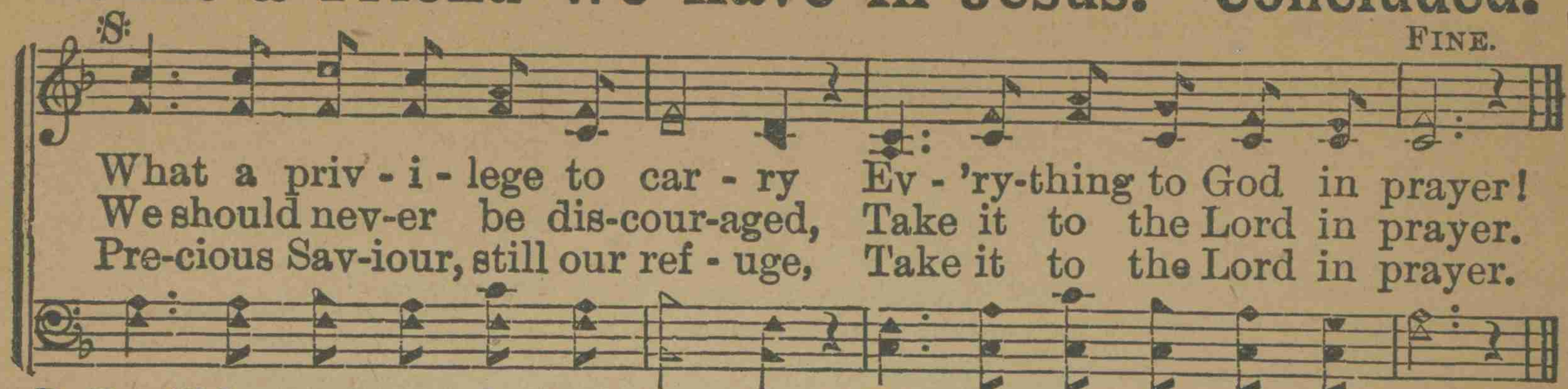


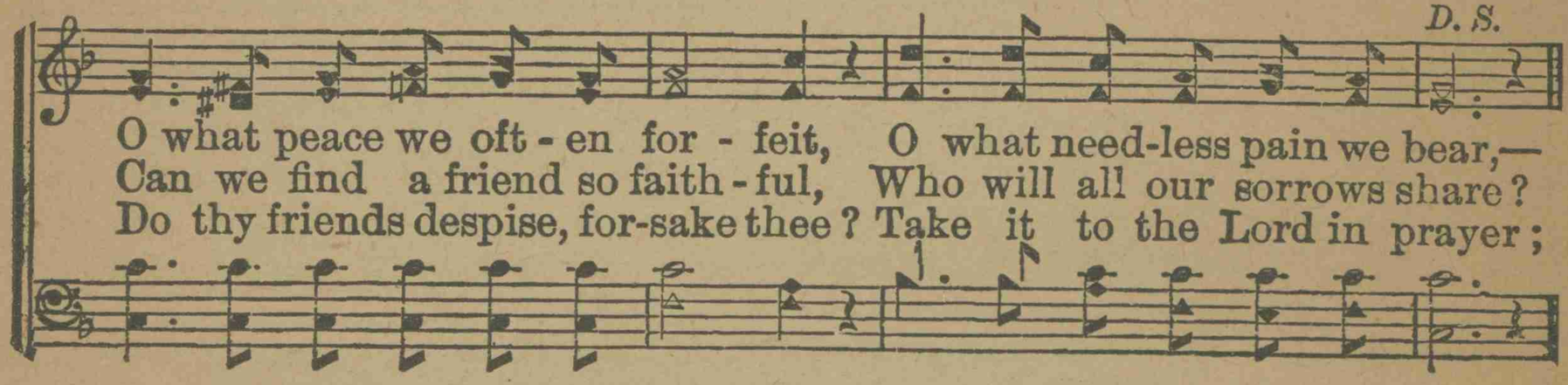
No. 241. What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

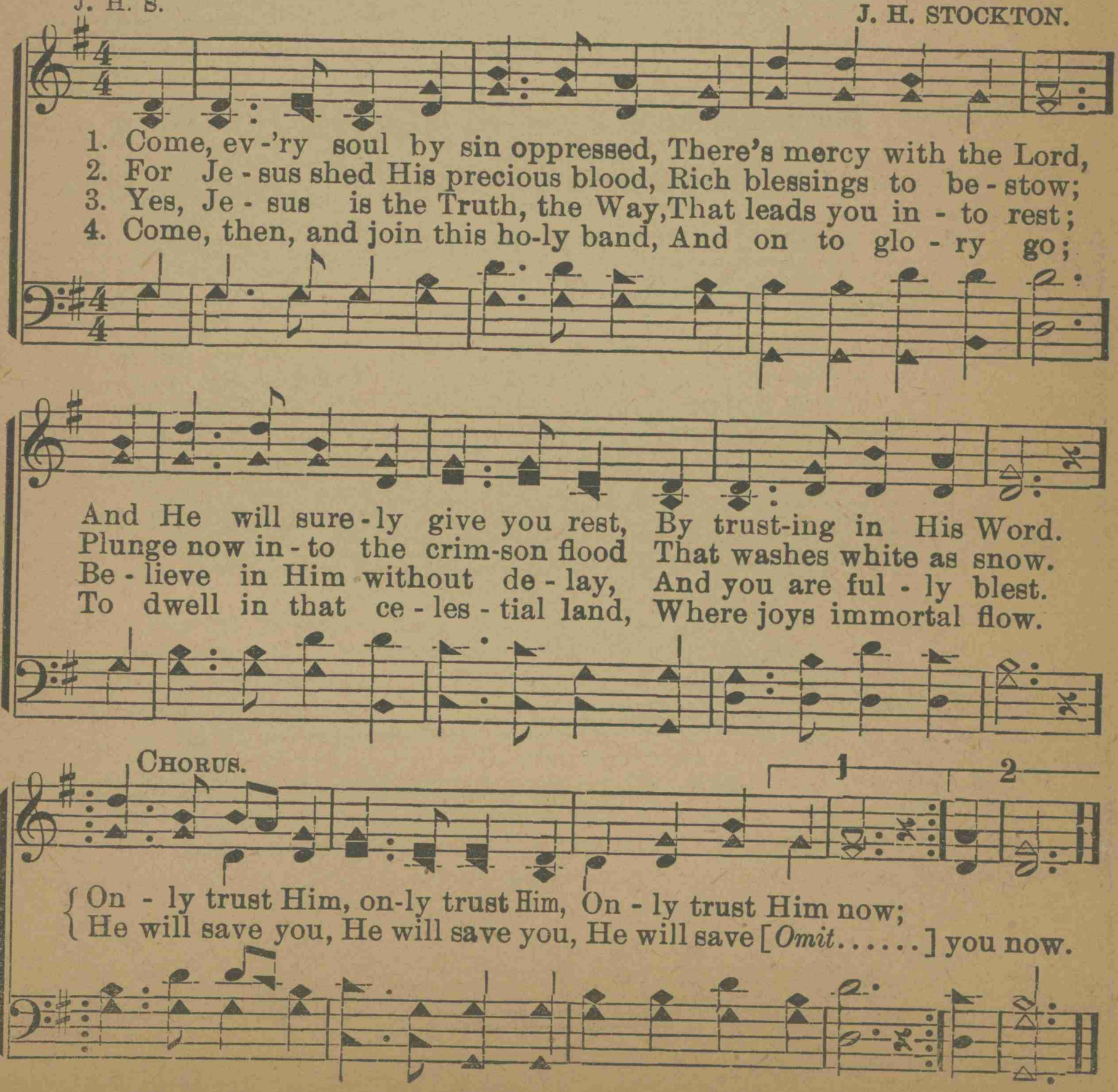


What a Friend We Have In Jesus. Concluded.
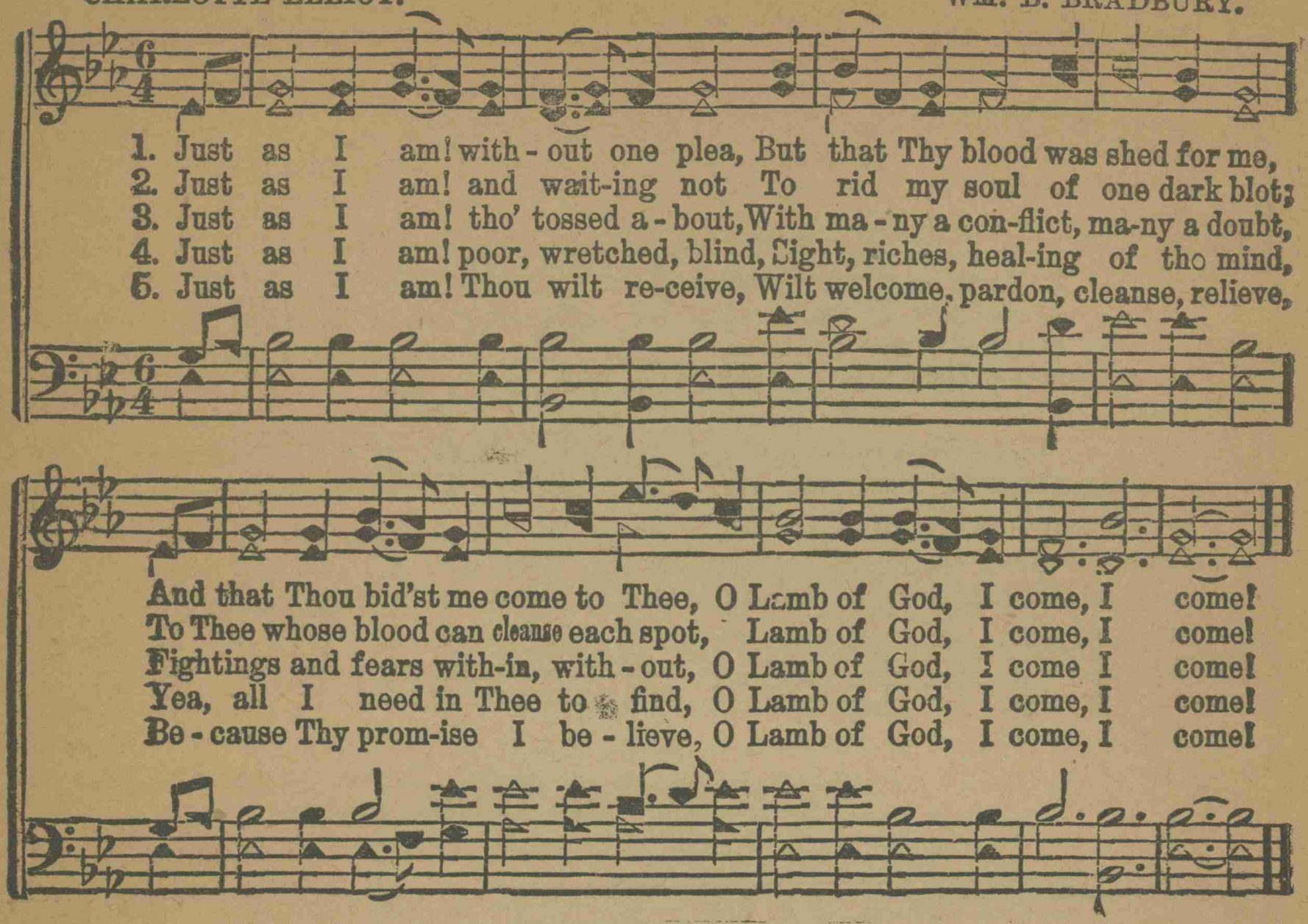




No. 242. Only Trust Him.



No. 243. Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

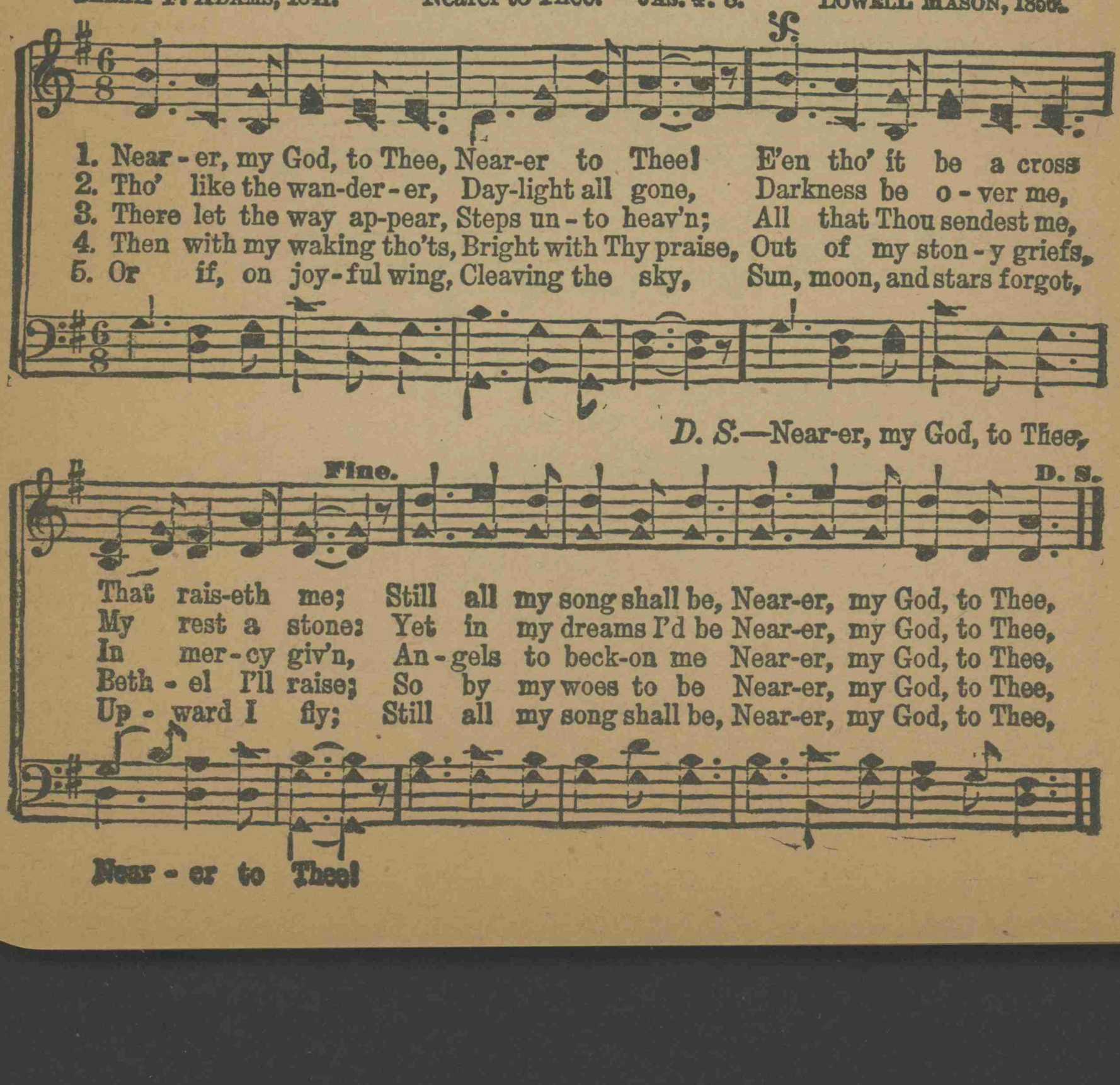
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No, 244. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

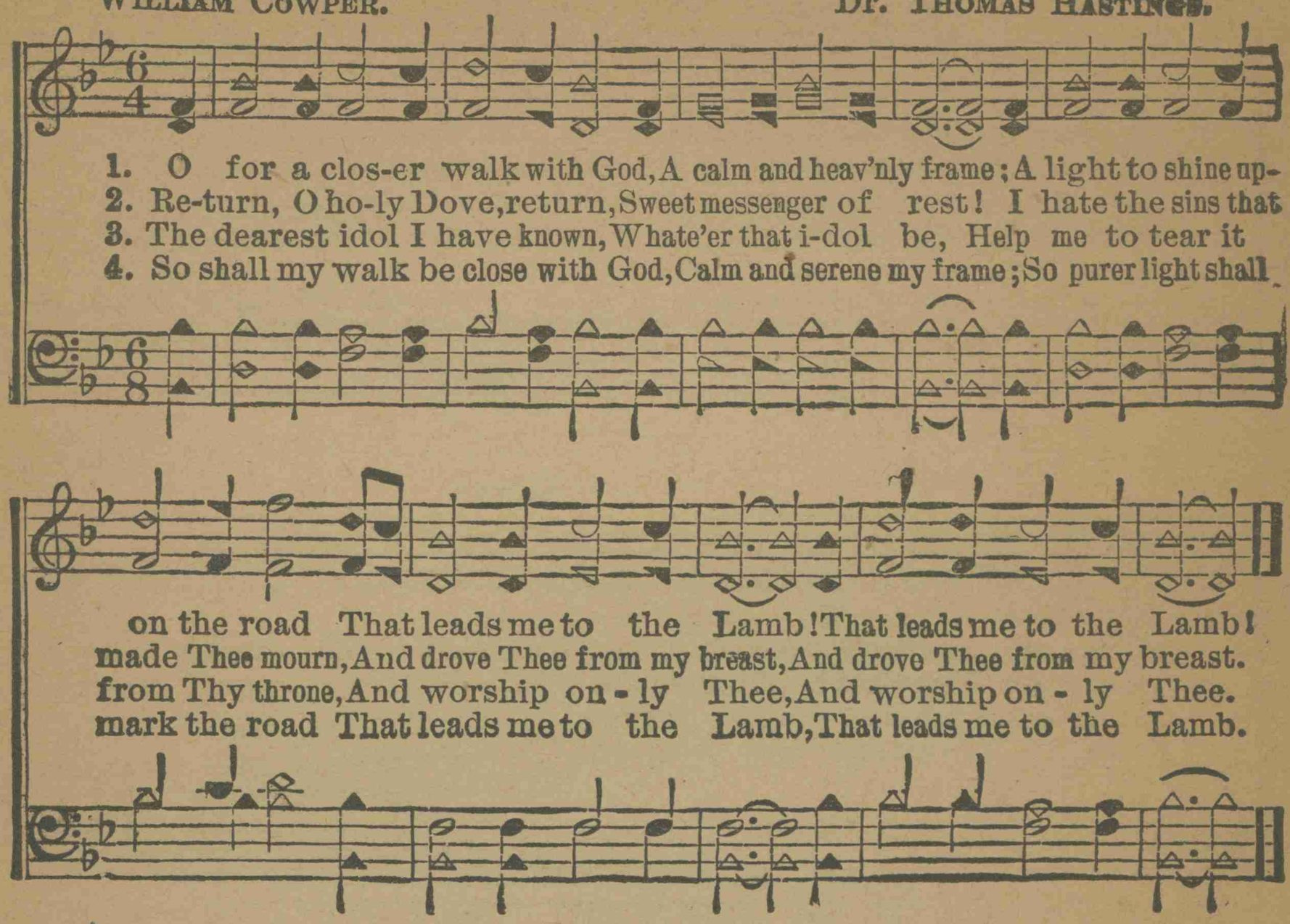
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



No. 245. O for a Closer Walk with God.

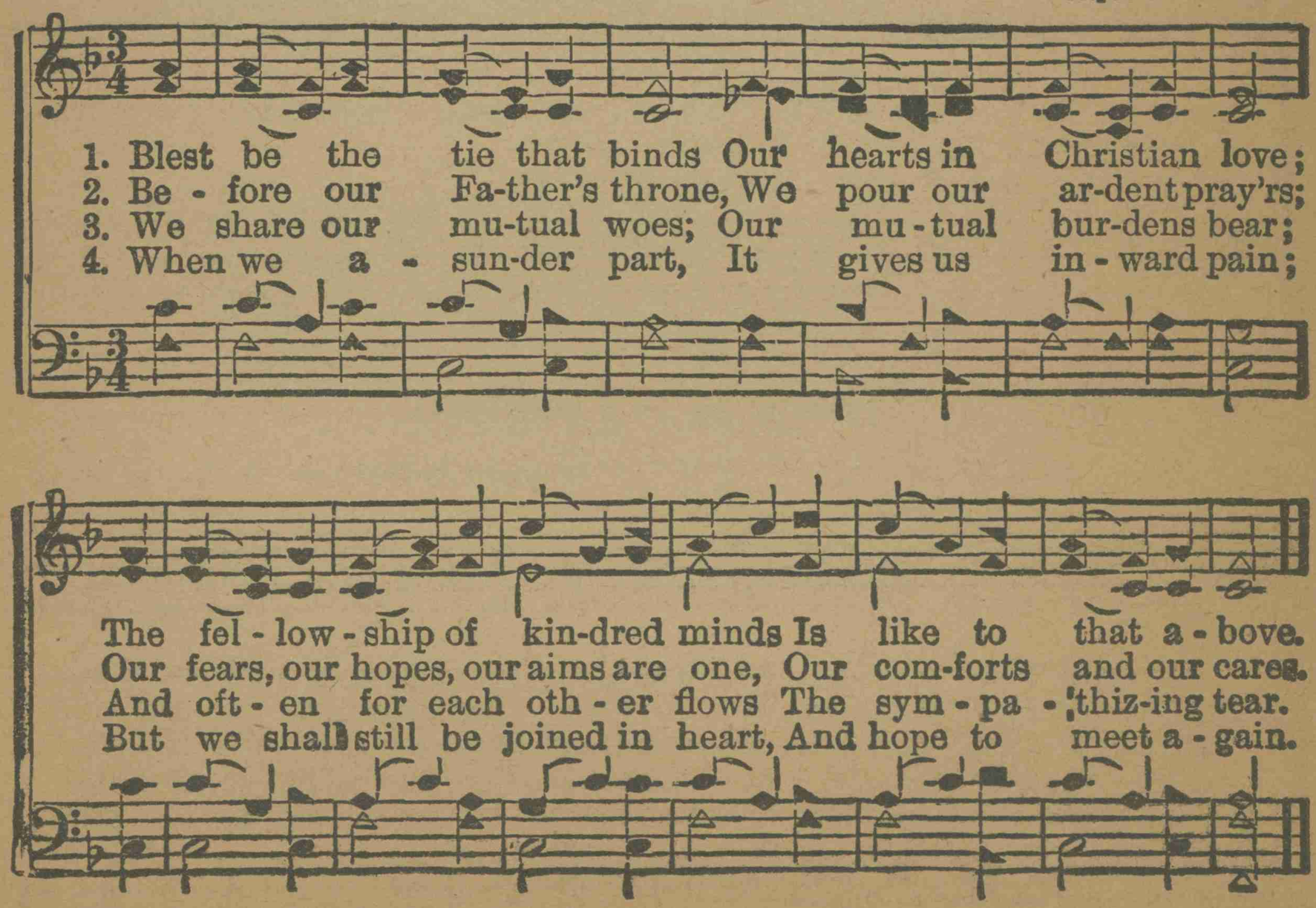
"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 246. Blest be the Tie.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.



No. 247. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. **Willam Miller.**

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; This world's a wilder-
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc-cor
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's

CHORUS.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on His breast Till He conducts me home.
chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

We'll work

work till Jesus comes; We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

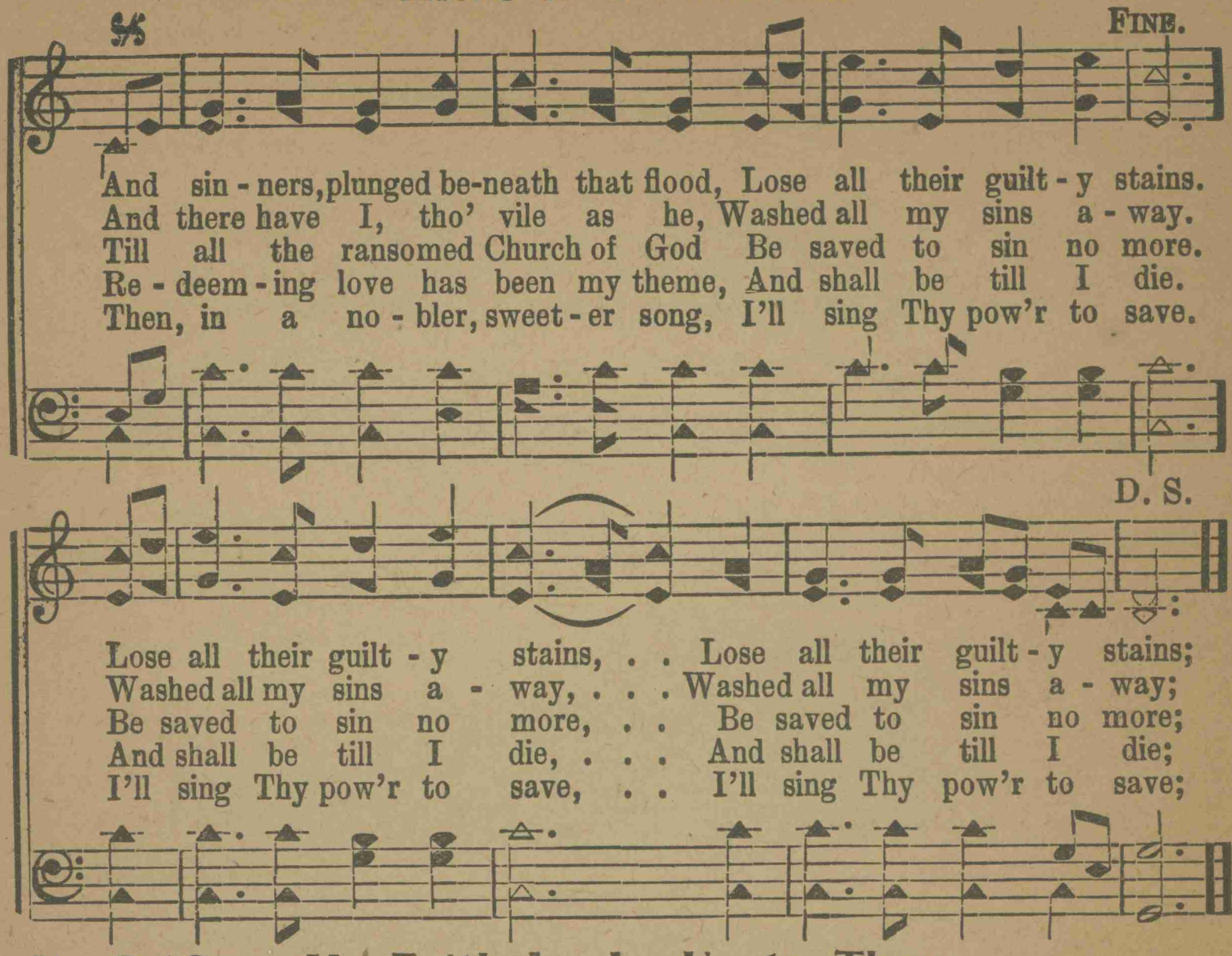
We'll work We'll work

No. 248. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. **Western Melody, arr. by L. Mason.**

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. And when this fee - ble, fal-t'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

There is a Fountain.



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

Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Washed all my sins a - way, . . . Washed all my sins a - way;
Be saved to sin no more, . . Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, . . I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

No. 249. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be— A liv - ing fire.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 250. Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n and nature

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

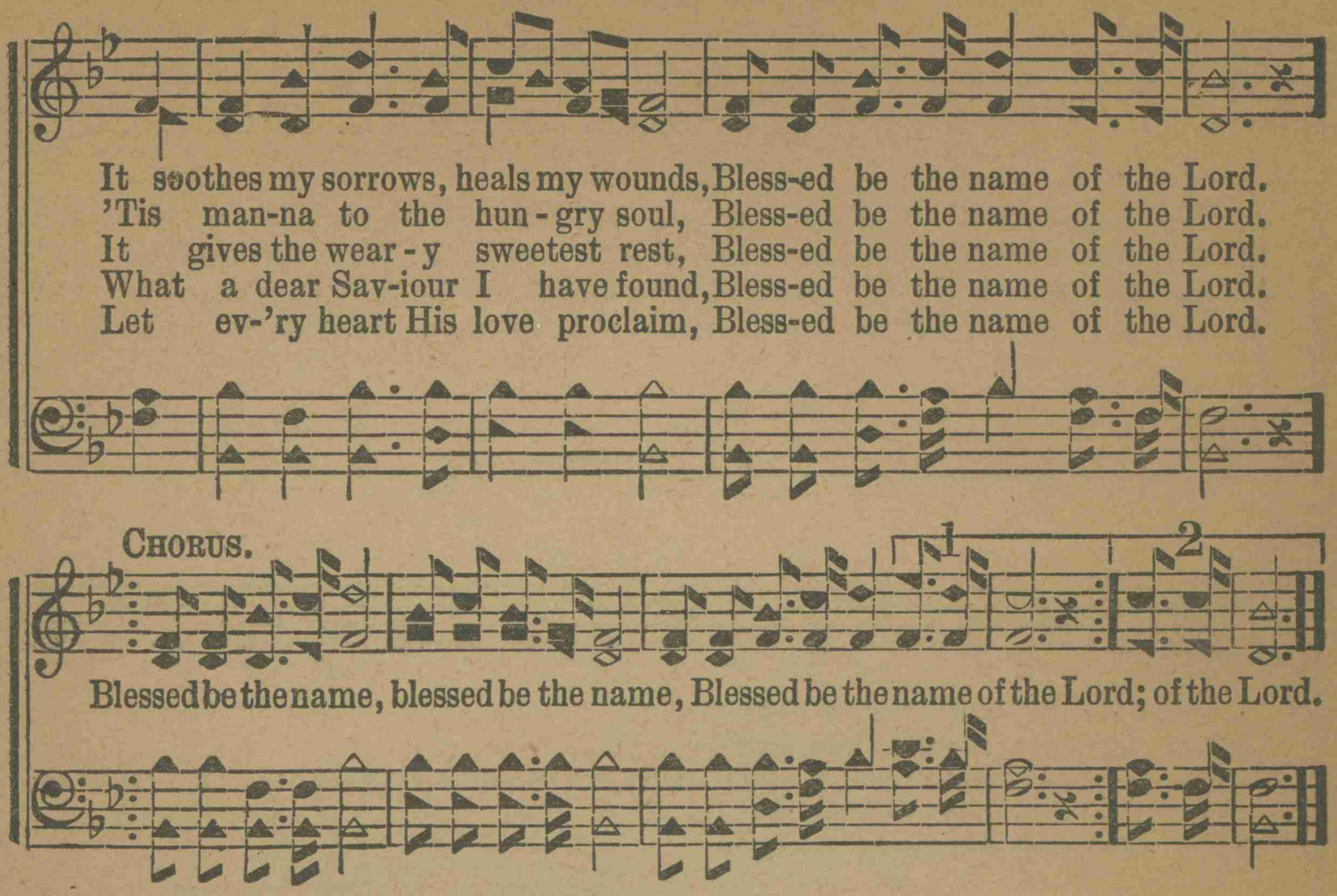
sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

No. 251. Blessed Be the Name.

Arranged.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sinner's breast, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's music in the Saviour's name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;

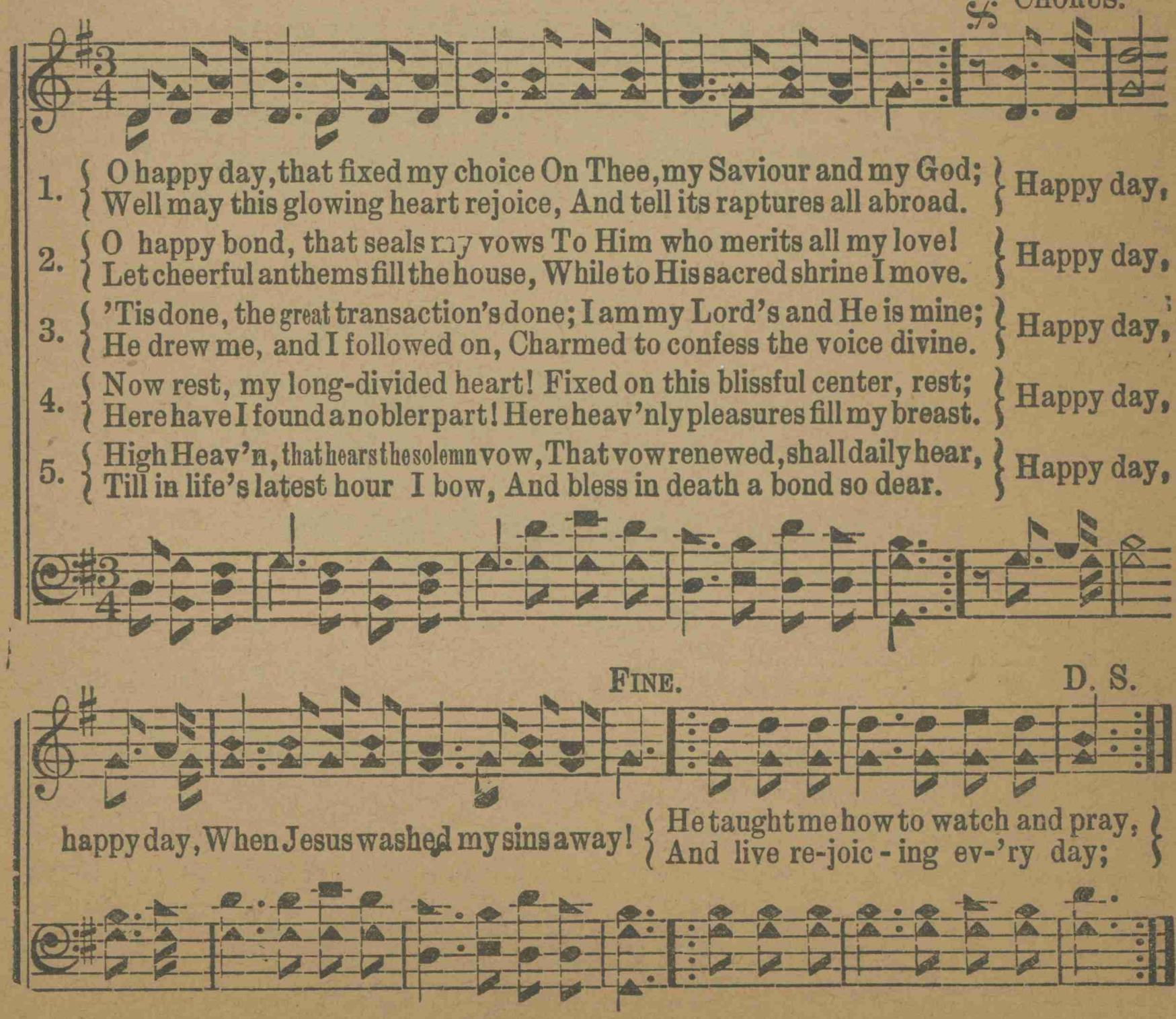
Blessed Be the Name.



No. 252. Happy Day.

"Rejoicing in the Lord."—Phil. 3: 1.
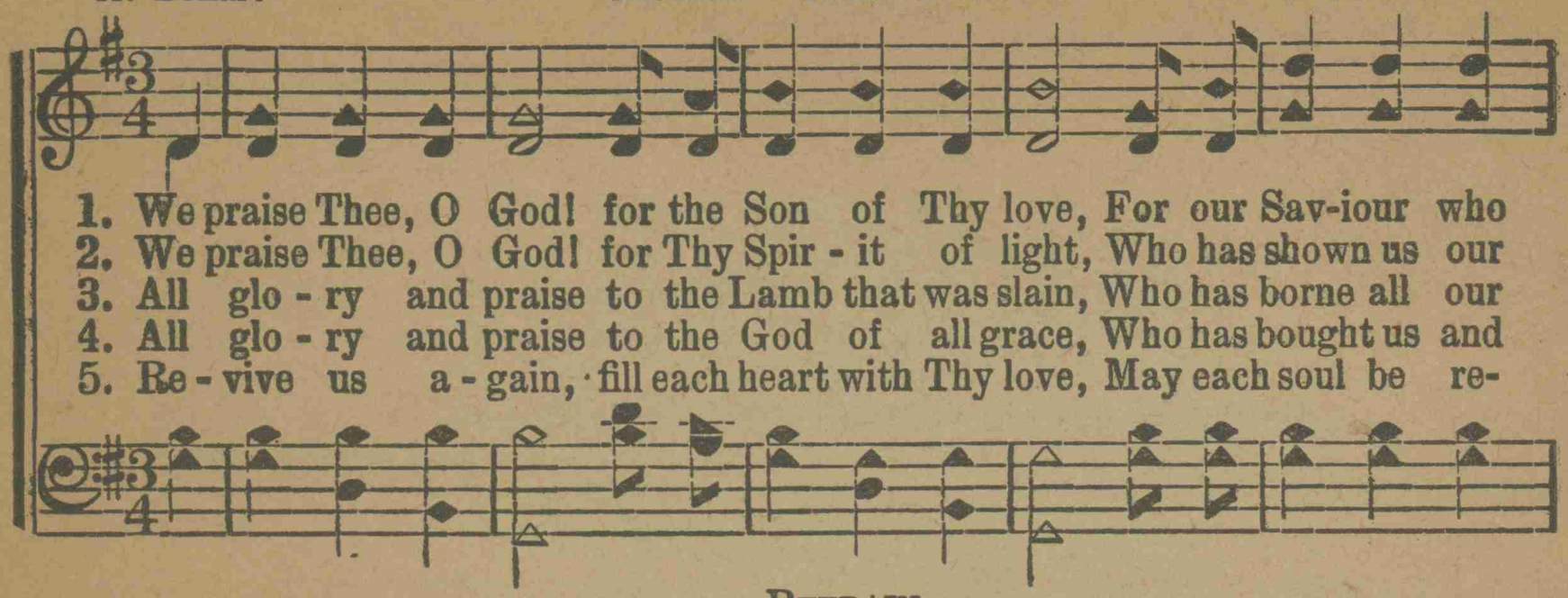
Philip Doddridge. **E. F. Rimbault.**
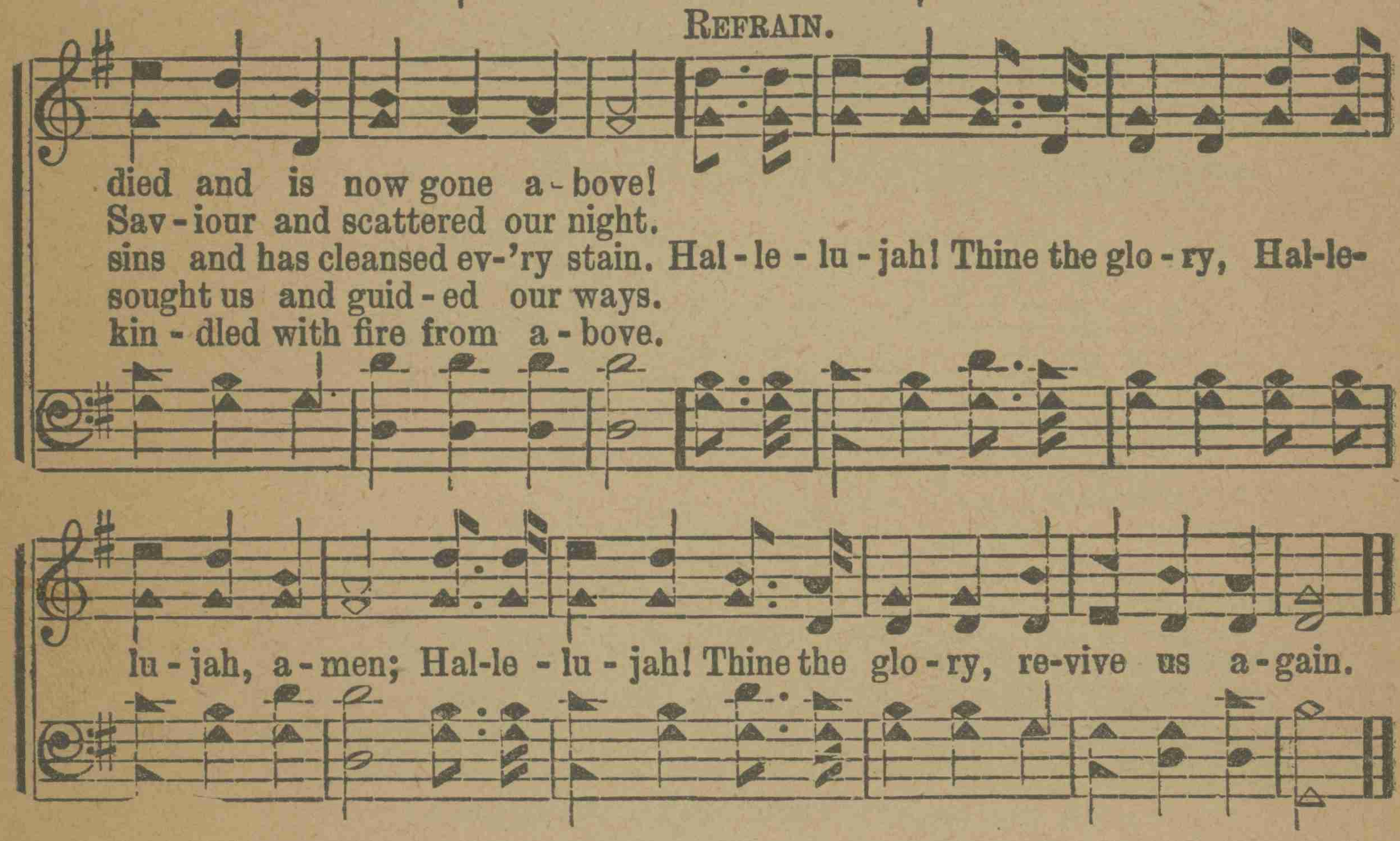


No. 253. We Praise Thee, O God!

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." Psalm 95: 1.

H. Bonar. J. J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For our Sav-iour who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re-



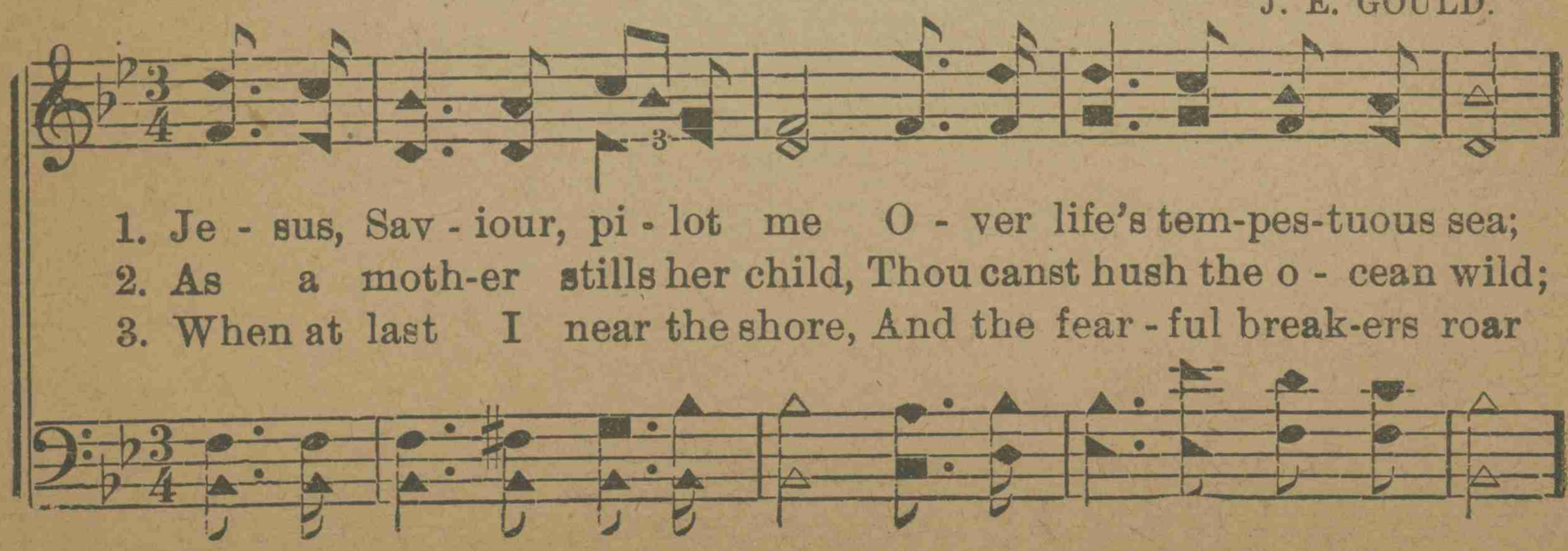
REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove!
Sav - iour and scattered our night.
sins and has cleansed ev-'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sought us and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

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

No. 254. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

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

Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 255. Rock of Ages.

The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages.—Isa. 26: 4.

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

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—Foul, I to the Foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to world's un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

No. 256. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

D.C.–*Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.*
D.C.–*Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.*
D.C.–*Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.*

Fine. *D. S.*

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

No. 257. Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a - lone, Can
3. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll

Jesus Paid It All. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

weakness, watch and pray, Find me thine all in all."
change the leper's spots And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 258. Bringing In the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noontide,
   Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall [*Omit.....*]
2. Sow - ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
   By and by the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall [*Omit.....*]
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow - ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
   When our weeping's over, He will bid us wel-come, We shall [*Omit.....*]
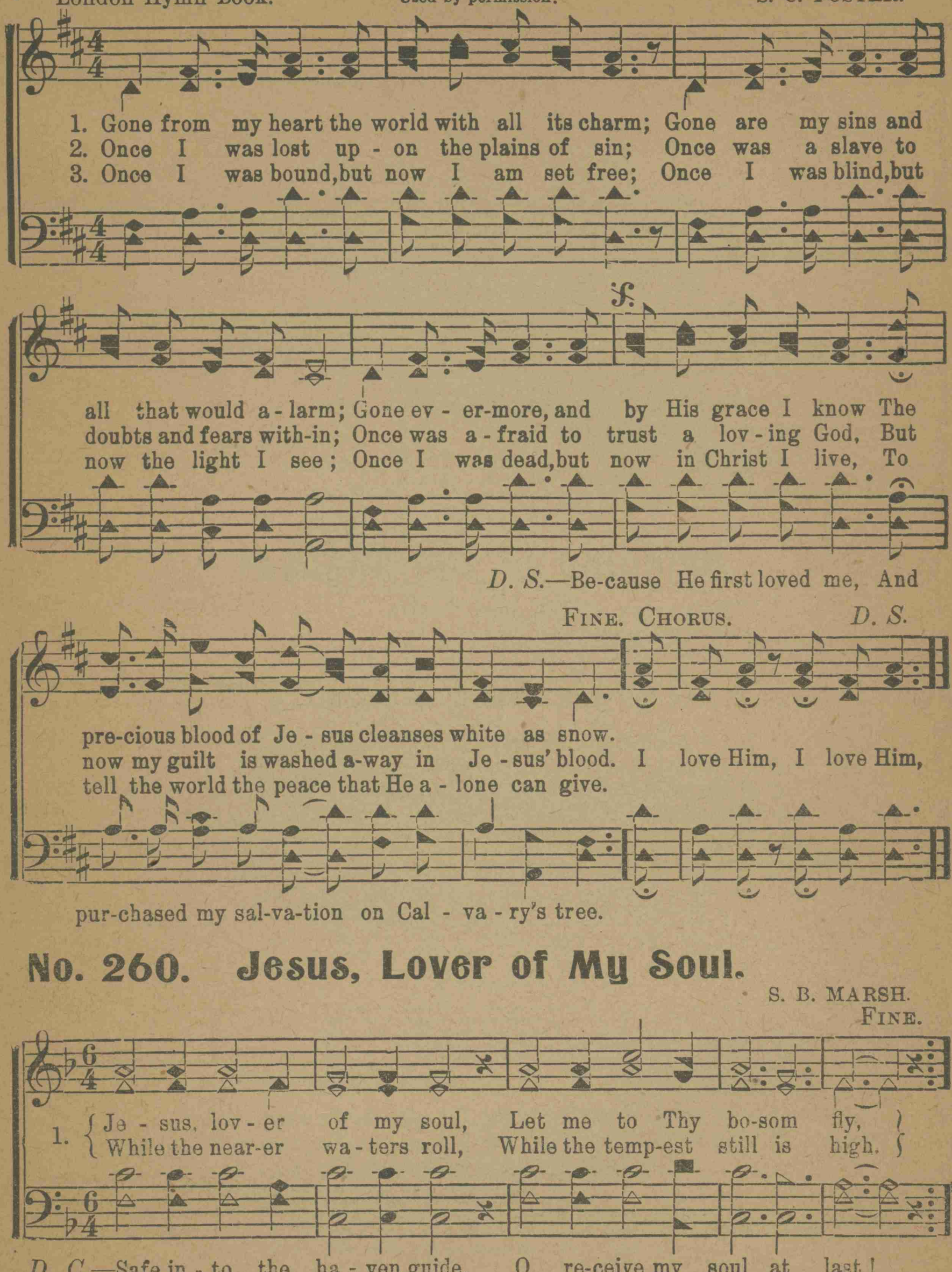
FINE. CHORUS.

and the dew - y eves, Come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
winter's chilling breeze, Come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the
spir - it of-ten grieves, Come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

No. 259. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Used by permission. S. C. FOSTER.

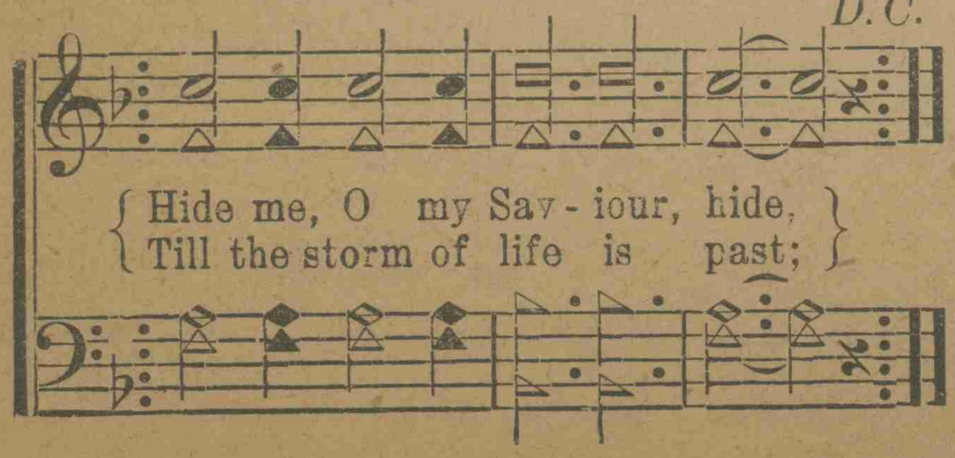


No. 260. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

D. C.
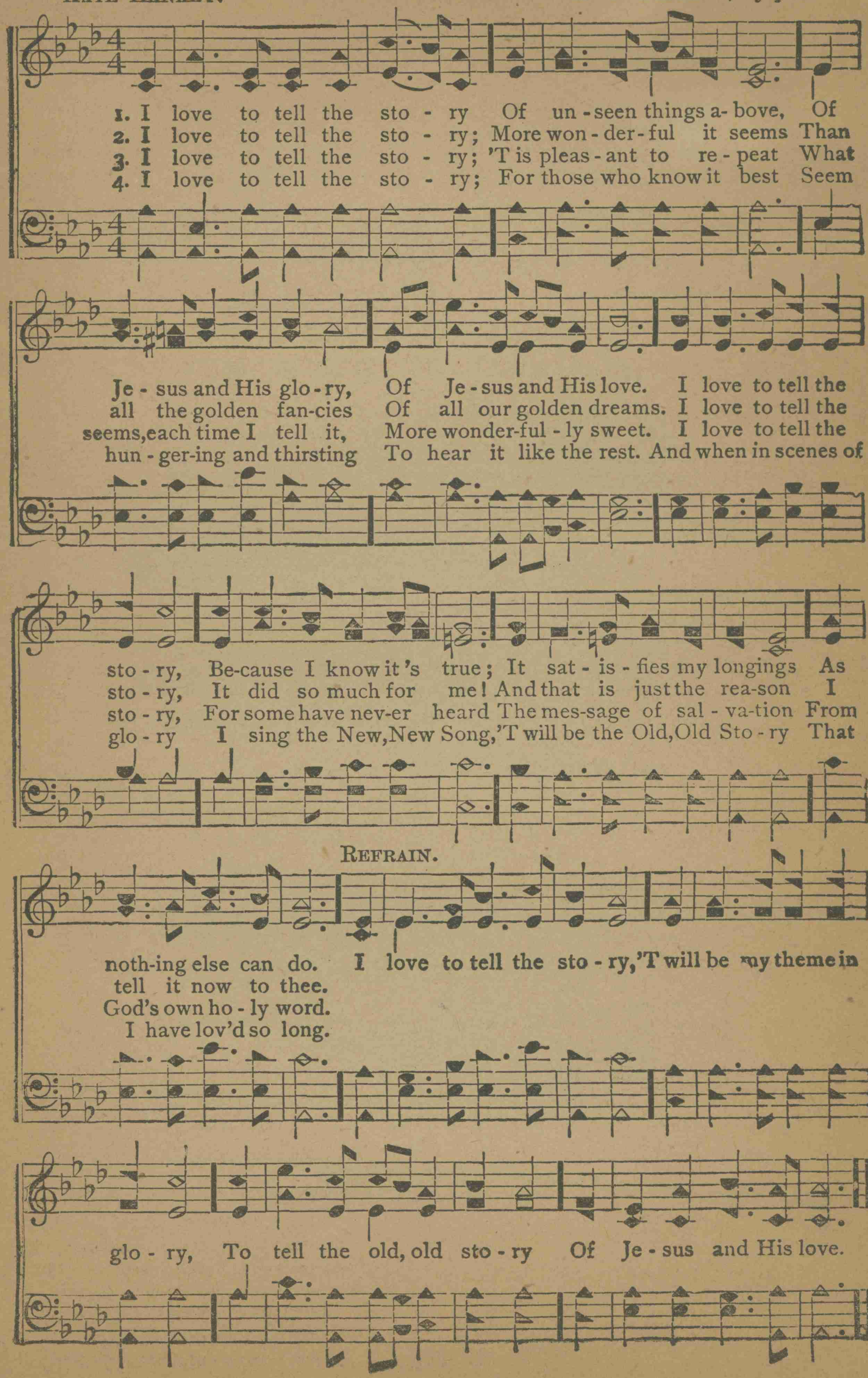


2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

No. 261. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

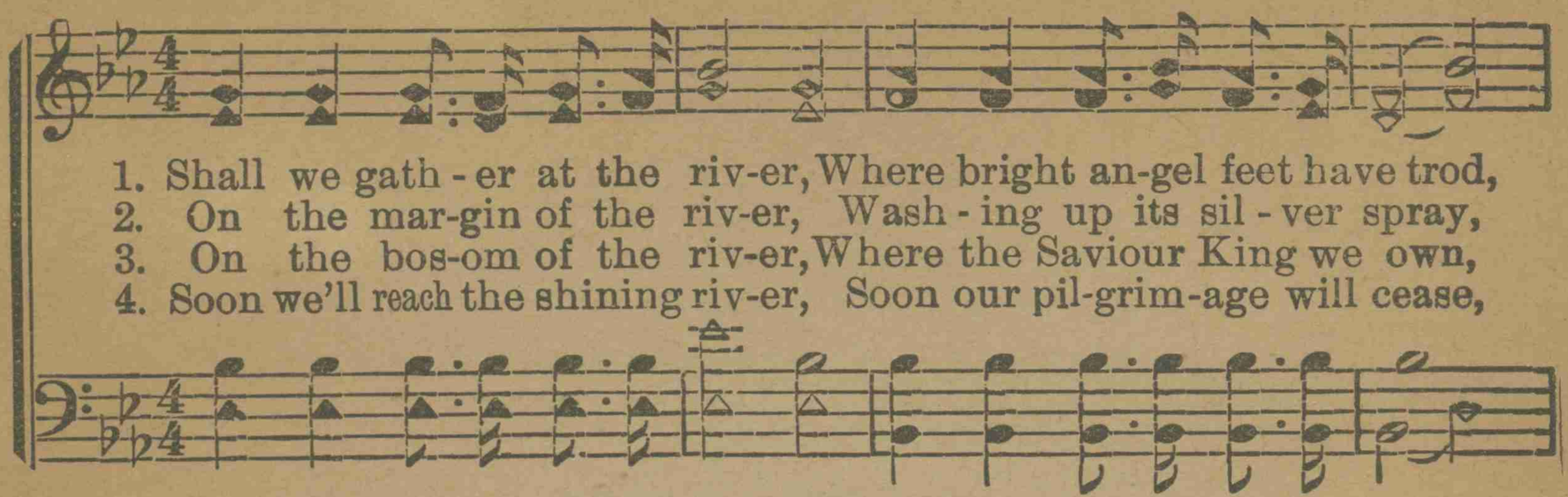
KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

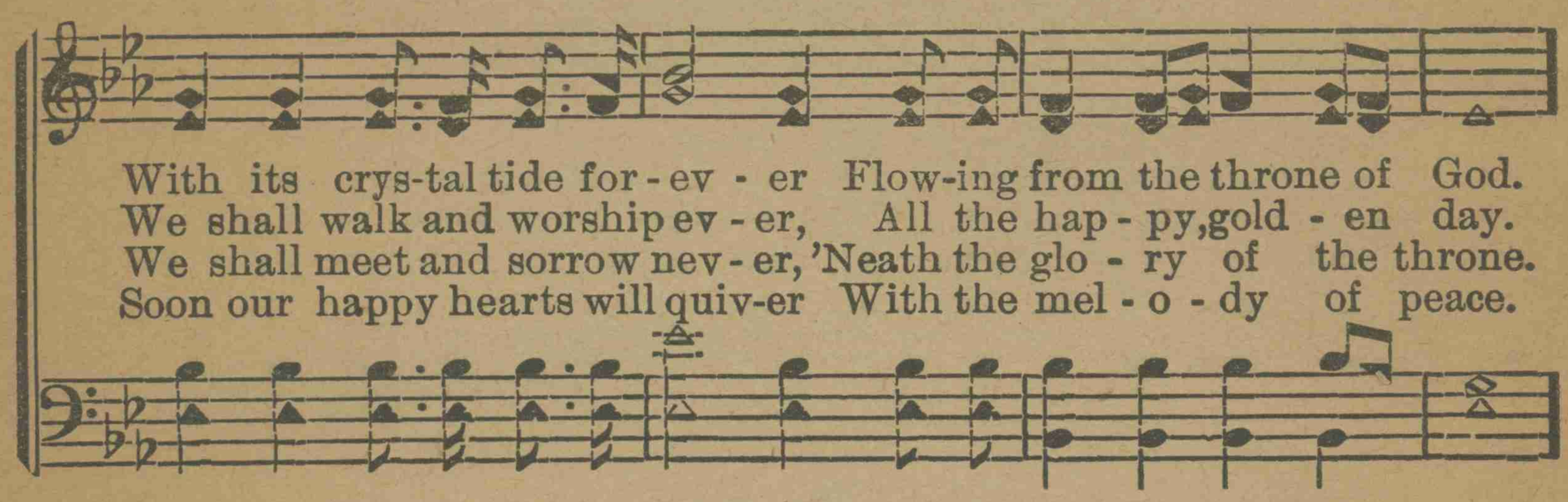


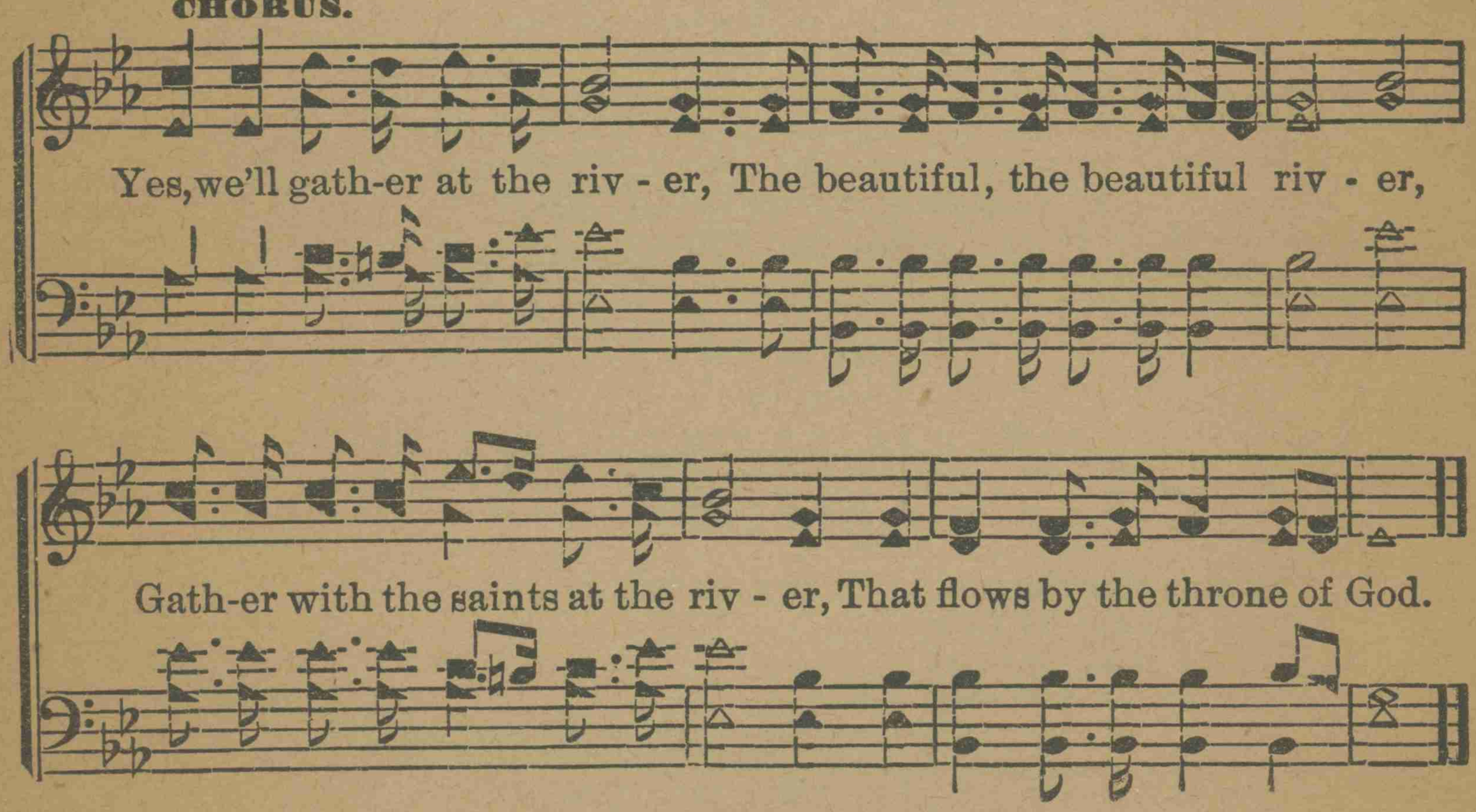
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No. 262. Shall We Gather at the River.
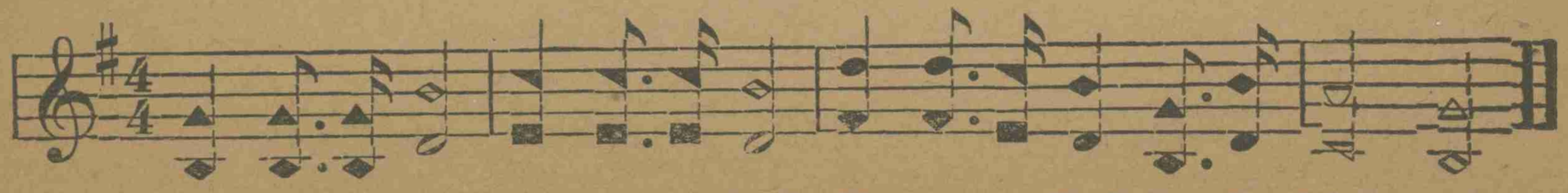
R. L. Used by permission. ROBERT LOWRY.







No. 263. Glory to God.



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