BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL BELLS

A COLLECTION
OF SONGS

For Sunday Schools, Gospel Meetings,
Revivals, Young People's Meetings,
and all other Religious and
Musical Endeavor

By B. B. BEALL

Price, postpaid, 30 cents per copy; $3.00 per dozen.
Price, not prepaid, $20.00 per hundred.
(Round or Shaped Notes.)

PUBLISHED BY
B. B. BEALL & CO.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. BUCHANAN, GA.

001138-SPO

BRIGHT

BEAUTIFUL BELLS.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, GOSPEL MEETINGS, REVIVALS,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS, AND ALL OTHER
RELIGIOUS AND MUSICAL ENDEAVOR.

BY

B. B. BEALL.

Price, postpaid, 30 cents per copy; $3.00 per dozen.
Price, not prepaid, $20.00 per hundred.

(Round or Shaped Notes.)

PUBLISHED BY

B. B. BEALL & CO.,

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., BUCHANAN, GA.

Bright, Beautiful Bells.

No. 1. Bright, Beautiful Bells.

MISS BIRDIE BELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, Chim - ing the gos - pel sto - ry; Hark to the song as it clear - ly swells,
2. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, O - ver the wide earth ring - ing; Glad is the tale which their mu - sic tells,
3. List to the bells, bright, beau - ti - ful bells, Swing - ing a - loft in glad - ness Welcome wher-ev - er a sad heart dwells,

CHORUS.

Waft - ed from heights of glo - ry.
News to all peo - ple bring - ing. Swing out the bells!
Lift - ing the soul from sad - ness.

ring out the bells, Chim - ing the gos - pel sto - ry;

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

Bright, Beautiful Bells. Concluded,

Mer - ri - ly swinging, cheer-i - ly ring-ing, Ech - o the song of

glo - ry; Songs of sal - va - tion free to all,

Songs of sal - va - tion free to

List to the bless-ed gos-pel call, Free to the souls in

all, List to the bless-ed gos - pel call, Free to the

sin's dark thrall; *This* is the song of the bells.

souls in sin's dark thrall;

No. 2. Beautiful Voices of Angels.

(Dedicated to the memory of my life-long friend, Col. J. H. McGuire, whose early death, coupled with his exemplary life, inspired this song)

L. A. M. Rev. L. A. MORRIS.



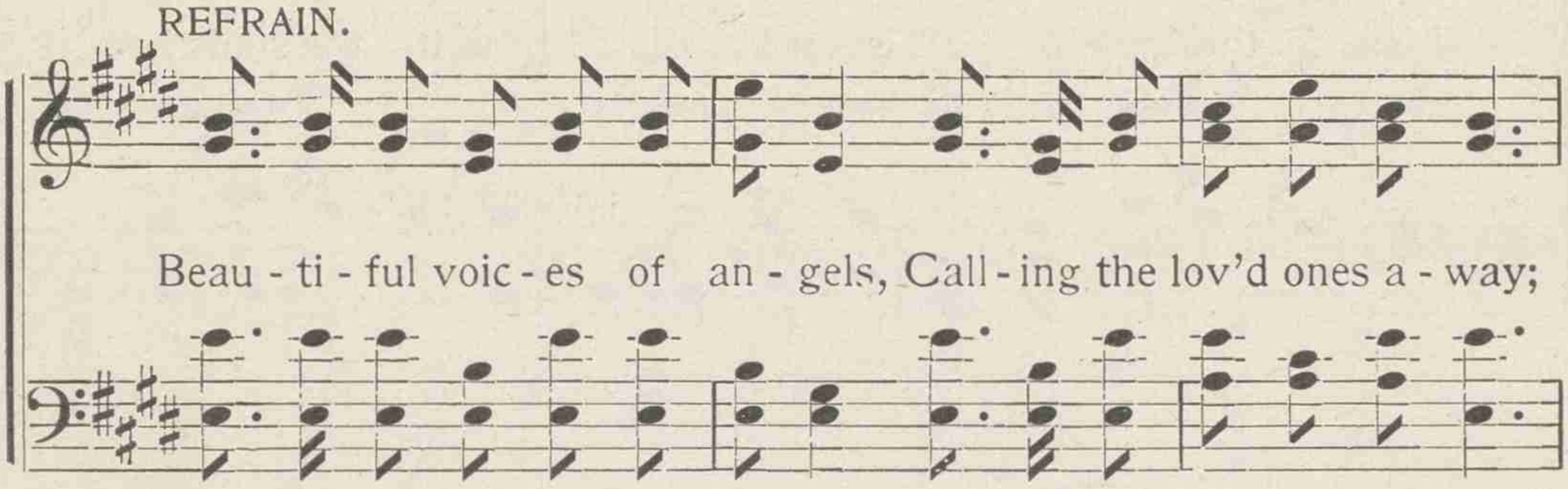
1. Beau - ti - ful voic-es of an-gels Call for the loved ones be-low;
2. Beau - ti - ful stars that have lighted, Just to il - lu-mine our eyes,
3 Beau - ti - ful souls have been given On - ly to cheer us a-while,
4. Beau - ti - ful lights oft have fallen, Just to il - lu-mine a day;



In - to the heav-en-ly mansion, When they are call'd, they must go.
When earth-ly missions are end - ed, Back to their home must a - rise.
Back to their home they're enchanted, Up to the pure un - de-filed.
All have de-scend-ed from heav-en, Heav-en-ward tendeth their way.



REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful voic - es of an - gels, Call - ing the lov'd ones a - way;



List to the heav-en - ly mes-sage, Call-ing to man-sions of day.



USED BY PER.

No. 3. Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L M.

J. L. MOORE.

Good as a solo.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing
2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,
child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,
child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,
wan-der-ing child, come home!
bids you to - day, come home!

Come home, my child, come home, come home,

Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!

come home!

COPYRIGHTED. BY J. L. MOORE. BY PER.

No. 4. Brighter Home.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! Precious name to me! I love to think the time will come When I shall rest in Thee. I've no a - bid-ing cit - y here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I be To dwell 'neath heav'n's bright dome, But Christ, my Savior, died for me, And

2. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! There no clouds arise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim Thy ev - er-smil-ing skies. This earth-ly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come; And oh, I long to see the light, That

3. Brighter home! Heav'nly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts, nor fears dis- turb me there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worth-y know there's rest at home. Brighter home, heav'nly home, Precious name to me! I love to think the time will come When I shall rest at home.

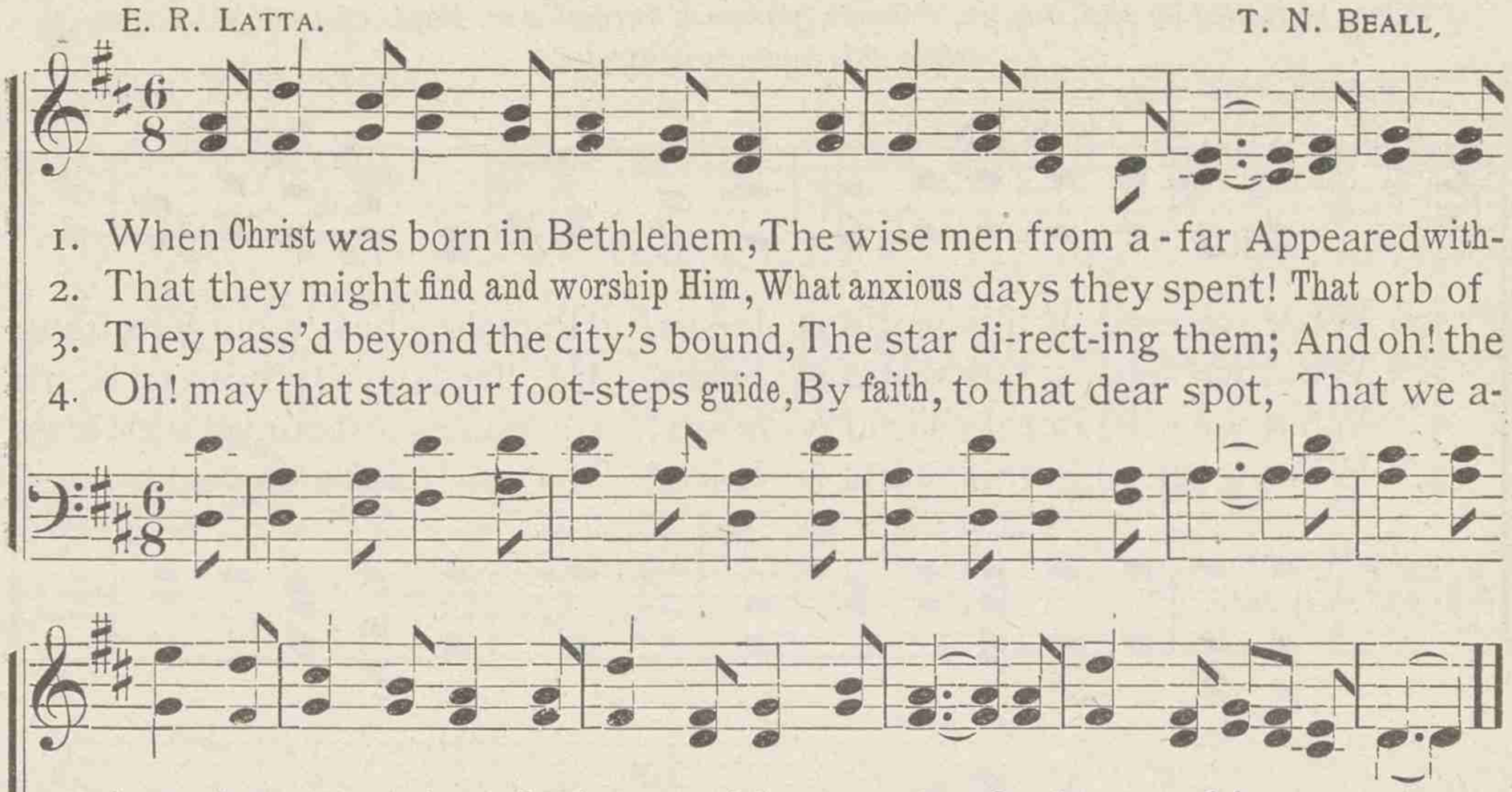
CHORUS.

Brighter home, heav'nly home, Precious name to me! Brighter home, heav'nly home, Precious name to me!

COPYRIGHT. BY J. H. TENNEY. USED BY PER.

No. 5. The Star.

E. R. LATTA. T. N. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY T. N. BEALL AND B. B. BEALL.

No. 6. Three in One.

Rev. GILBERT RORISON. B. B. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

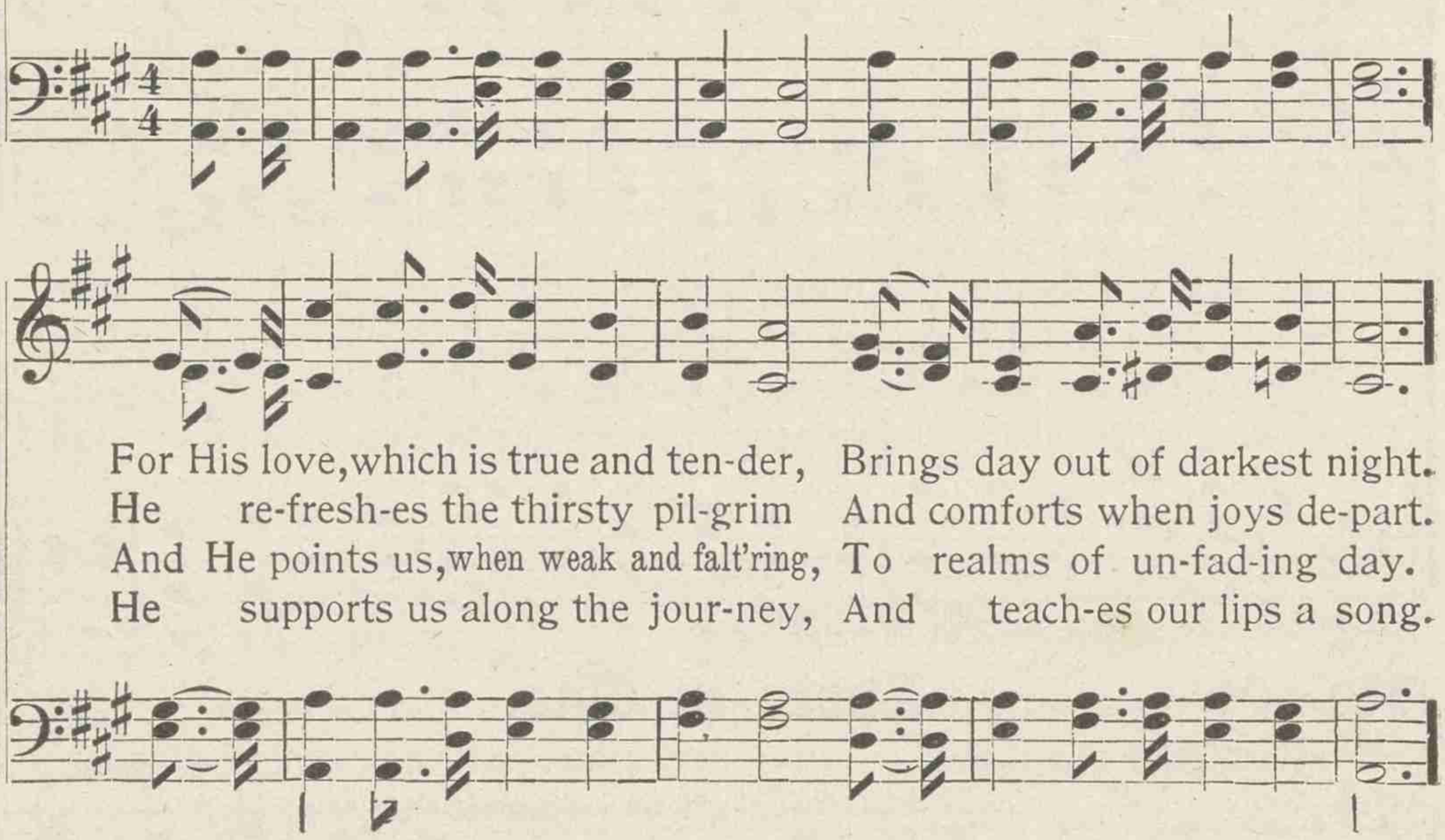
No. 7. What We Need in this World is Jesus.

(Theme suggested by Rev. Jas. A. Francis, pastor of Second Ave. Bapt. Church, N. Y. City, to whom this hymn is dedicated.)

BIRDIE BELL. T. N. BEALL

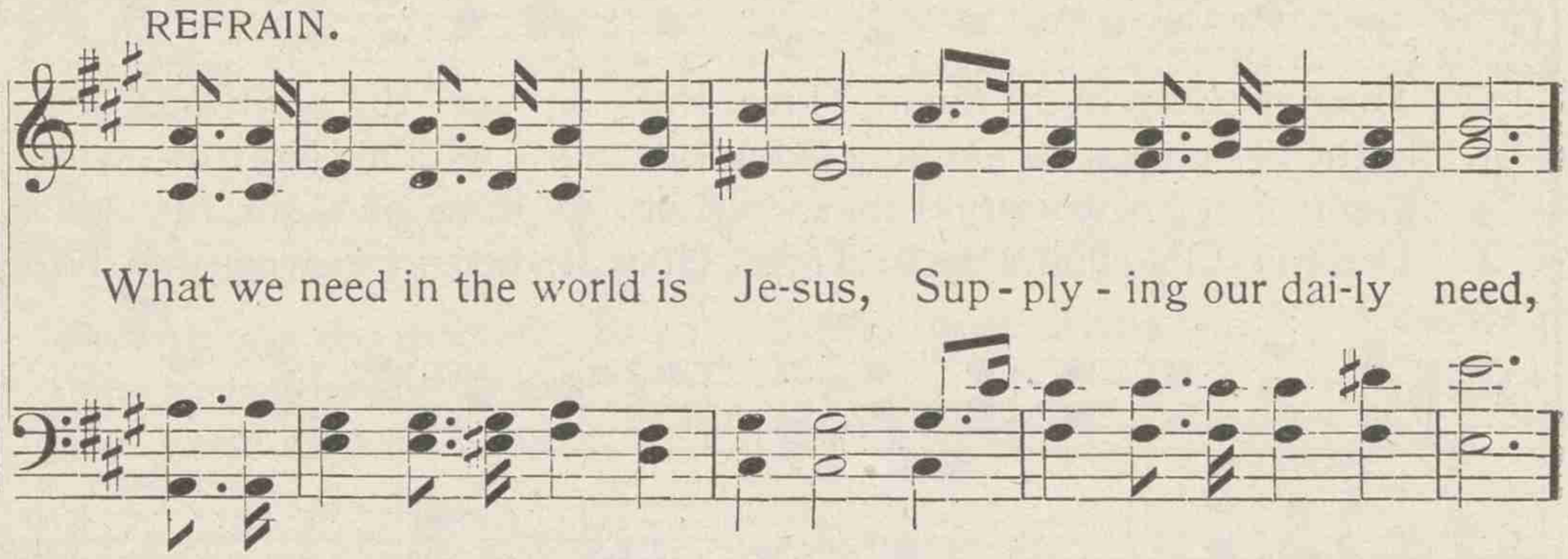


1. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He makes heavy burdens light;
2. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He feeds ev-'ry hungry heart;
3. What we need in this world is Je-sus! He guides lest our feet might stray,
4. What we need in this world is Je-sus! His pow'r makes the feeble strong;



For His love, which is true and ten-der, Brings day out of darkest night.
He re-fresh-es the thirsty pil-grim And comforts when joys de-part.
And He points us, when weak and falt'ring, To realms of un-fad-ing day.
He supports us along the jour-ney, And teach-es our lips a song.

REFRAIN.



What we need in the world is Je-sus, Sup-ply-ing our dai-ly need,



A Friend who will fail us nev-er! Our steps He will ev-er lead.

COPYRIGHT, 1900. BY B. B. BEALL AND T. N. BEALL.

No. 8. God is Love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. B. B. BEALL.

1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and comfort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wisdom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wisdom, God is love.

REFRAIN.

O the love wherewith He lov'd us, That His on - ly Son He gave
O the love That His on-ly

To make known His love un - to us, And to ransom from the grave!
To make known

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 9. My Thoughts of Thee Are Sweet.

W. C. MARTIN AND E. A. H. PS 104:34. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. I think of Teee, dear Sav - ior, at the dawn-ing of the day,
   When all the earth is wak - ing and the gloam-ing fades a-way;
2. I think of Thee at noon - day when the world is bath'd in light,
   And all of God's cre - a - tion drinks the sunbeams with delight;
3. I think of Thee at eve - ning when the shad-ows longer grow;
   I think of how they fell up - on my Re-deem-er long a - go,
4. And when I turn from toil a - side just to be a - while a - lone,
   And leave the world, its troub - les, and the tri - als I have known,



Thy love, it stirs with - in my soul, low - bend-ed at Thy feet;
The flow-ers lift their crim-son cups for heav-en's sun - ny heat;
How an - gels from the Fa - ther came with light and help complete;
And seek with Thee com-mun - ion at the bless-ed mer - cy - seat,

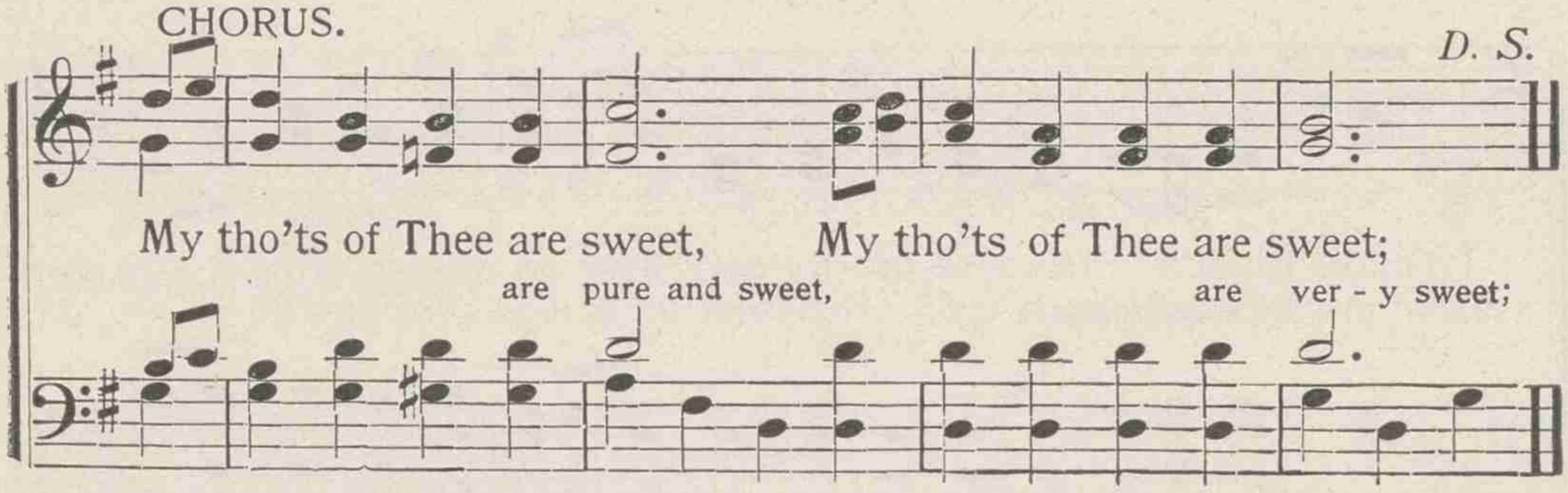


FINE.

D. S.–At dawn-ing of the morning, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–At flood-tide of the sunshine, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–When shadows darkly gath - er, Lord, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.
D. S.–Then Je-sus, dear Re - deem - er mine, my tho'ts of Thee are sweet.



CHORUS.



D. S.

My tho'ts of Thee are sweet, My tho'ts of Thee are sweet;
are pure and sweet, are ver - y sweet;

USED BY PERMISSION OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 10. Let Us Follow Jesus.

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

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

CHORUS.

ry, And a glo-rious crowning by and by. Let us fol - low,
way, And our souls with heav'nly manna fill.
need, And be with us to the journey's end.
home,To put on a roy - al robe and crown.

Let us fol-low,

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

Let us fol-low, day by day;

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

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

No. 11. The Good Shepherd.

J. P. L, *Tenderly.* John, 10:11–14, J. P. LANE.

1. Out on a des - ert all bar - ren and cold See the good Shepherd is
2. Far in the distance He hears the sad cry Of the poor wand'rer, so
3. On-ward He hastens, the wand'rer to find, O - ver the mountain-way
4. Hark! the glad voice of the Mas-ter I hear Loud-ly proclaiming "*The*

seek - ing His own, Seek - ing the lamb that has stray'd from the fold,
wea - ry and cold, Fam - ish-ing, faint - ing, and read - y to die,
rug - ged and steep; Yes, the good Shepherd, so lov - ing and kind,
lost has been found!" An - gels with ju - bi - lant voic - es and clear,

REFRAIN.

Ten-der-ly calling, "*Poor wand'rer, come home!*" Call - ing, yes,
Out on a des - ert, a - far from the fold.
Yearns for and anx-ious-ly seek-eth His sheep.
All thro' the heavens re - ech - oe the sound. Call-ing, yes, ten - der - ly

call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee; Flee to the
call - ing for thee, for thee;

rit.

Savior and never more roam While He yet calleth, "*Poor wand'rer, come home.*"

COPYRIGHTED. USED BY PERMISSION OF AUTHOR.

No. 12. Send the Gospel Message.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Send the mes-sage in - to all the world, Tell it ev-'ry-where,
2. Send the mes-sage out to heathen lands, Send it far a - way,
3. Send the gos - pel out to Afric's shore, On the fer - tile plain,
4. Let the her - ald mes - sen-gers go forth, Arm'd with faith and pray'r,
5. Tell to sin - ners all the world a-round, Of re-deem-ing blood,

pass the word a-long; Let the gos - pel ban-ner be unfurl'd,
o'er the o - cean wide; Tell of Je - sus' cross and bleeding hands,
o'er the des - ert wide; Tell to all of Je - sus' sav-ing pow'r,
sanc - ti - fied and true, Tell the gos - pel news to all the earth,
mer - cy, faith, and love; Tell of sav - ing grace that doth a - bound,

REFRAIN.

Chant the heav'nly news in song.
Crown of thorns and pierced side.
How up - on the cross He died.
With the Savior's cross in view.
And the home pre-pared a - bove.

Hal - le - lu-jah! let the gos - pel

message ring; Pass the word a - long the line,

Hal - le - lu - jah! we are

Hal - le-lu-jah! "Songs of glo - ry" to our King; Sing of Jesus' love divine.

sing-ing Hal-le - lu-jah!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 13. No Clouds Up There.

(Dedicated to Rev. Jas. A. Francis, N. Y. City, who suggested the theme.)

Miss BIRDIE BELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. No clouds up there! be trust-ful! Our Fa - ther is the same;
2. No clouds up there! com-plain not When dark the way be - low;
3. No clouds up there! be thankful For ev - 'ry bless-ing sent,
4. No clouds up there! why doubt Him? Tho' dark at times thy lot,

His smile may be our sun - shine; Look up! His prom-ise claim.
Look up where light is shin - ing, The path will brighter grow.
And when the shad-ows gath - er, Look up in calm con - tent.
God's love is ev - er shin - ing; Look up and mur-mur not.

REFRAIN.

Look up! a - bove the shad-ows The sun is shin-ing still;

No clouds up there! be cheer-ful, And trust the Fa-ther's will.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 14. Still Whiter than Snow.

MIRIAM STABLER. Alt. S. J. PERRY.

1. What can be whit-er than beau-ti - ful snow, Com-ing from heaven to earth be - low, Pure and so white as it fall - eth light
2. Je - sus has died, and now all men may know That His rich blood for the world did flow; Saved we may be, and from sin set free,
3. Beau - ti - ful souls of His saints here be-low, What but His dear blood could make them so? All who be - lieve shall His grace re - ceive,
4. Come to this Sav-ior! He sure-ly doth know All of your sor-row and sin and woe, And when you sigh He will hear your cry,

CHORUS.

O - ver this broad world of sin and of woe?
Washed and made whiter than beau-ti- ful snow.
And be made pur-er than heaven-born snow.
Wash you more white than the beau-ti- ful snow.
} Yes, there is something still whit - - - er; Heark - en, ye wea - ry, and know!.....
whit - er than snow; Heark - en, ye wea - ry of earth, and know!

Tho' your sins be as scar - let red, They shall be whit-er than snow.
than snow

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. USED BY PER.

No. 15. No Place Can Be Desert.

BIRDIE BELL. T. N. BEALL.

1. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there, His voice, like sweet mu - sic which floats on the air; The charm of His pres-ence makes
2. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there; The rose and the lil - ly, His sym-bols so fair, They bloom in their beau - ty which
3. No place can be des - ert when Je - sus is there, The joy of His pres - ence can ban-ish each care, The smile of our Sav - ior makes

heav - en be - low, And earth like an E - den where mercy's streams flow.
nothing can blight; No shade on our path-way when Christ is our light.
sun-shine a round, And peace un-a - loy'd at His side may be found.

REFRAIN.

No place can be des - - ert or bar-ren or drear, ...
No place can be des-ert or bar-ren or drear, or bar - ren or drear,

When love gen-tly whis - - pers that Je - sus is near, ...
When love gen - tly whis-pers that Je - sus is near, that Je - sus is near,

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY T. N. BEALL AND B. B. BEALL.

No Place Can be Desert. Concluded.





No. 16. Beautiful Brow.

Mrs. Sallie Beall Moore. B. B. Beall.





COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 17. On to Victory.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban-ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,

For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the helmet, sword and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na - tions all shall own
Con-flict past, con - flict past; In our hap - py home a-bove,
More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,

Forth un - to the bat - tle field At His word, at His word.
He is King, and He a - lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.
We'll re - ceive a crown of love, At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri-umph sing Ev - er - more, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

{ On we'll march to vic-to - ry, Jesus will our leader
{ On we'll march to vic-to - ry, To a fi - nal and a

On we'll march to vic - to - ry,

1. be, Je - sus will our lead - er be;
(*Omit.*)

2. glo - rious vic - to - ry.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. USED BY PER.

No. 18. The Little Lamb.

May be sung as a duet by two little children

J. H. TENNEY.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 19. I'm happy all the Day.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

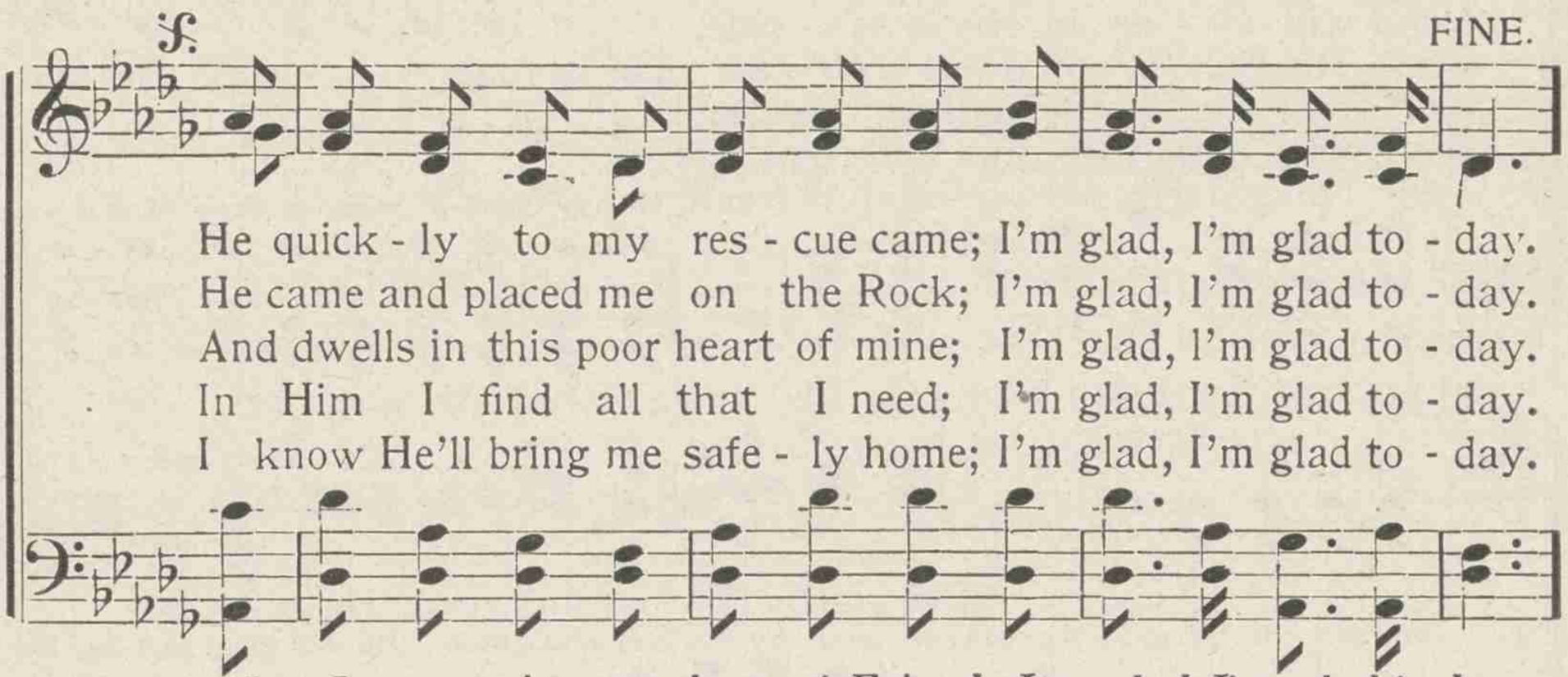
I'm Happy all the Day. Concluded.



No. 20. I'm Glad.

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





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



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 21. Jesus Will Save.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Je - sus saves all who will-ing - ly take Him As their Sav-ior, Re-
2. Je - sus saves all who ask Him, con-fess-ing; He will par-don, re -
3. Je - sus saves all who seek His sal - va - tion; Thro' His power re -
4. Come to Him, all ye wea - ry and faint-ing, Lay your bur-den of
5. Praise Him now with divine ad - o - ra - tion; Sing His praises from

deem - er and Guide; He will nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake him,
deem from all sin; Take Him now, He will give choicest bless-ing,
demp-tion is sure; He will help to o'er-come all temp-ta - tion,
sin at His feet; Come and seek His sal-va - tion, re - pent-ing;
mount-ain to sea; With the voice of en - tire con - se - cra-tion,

REFRAIN.

Who will ev - er in His love a - bide.
And His Spir - it will dwell with - in. He is read - - y, He will
And from sin is the doub-le cure.
Find His mer-cy so sure and re-plete.
Tell to all His sal-va - tion is free. He is read-y now to save, And for

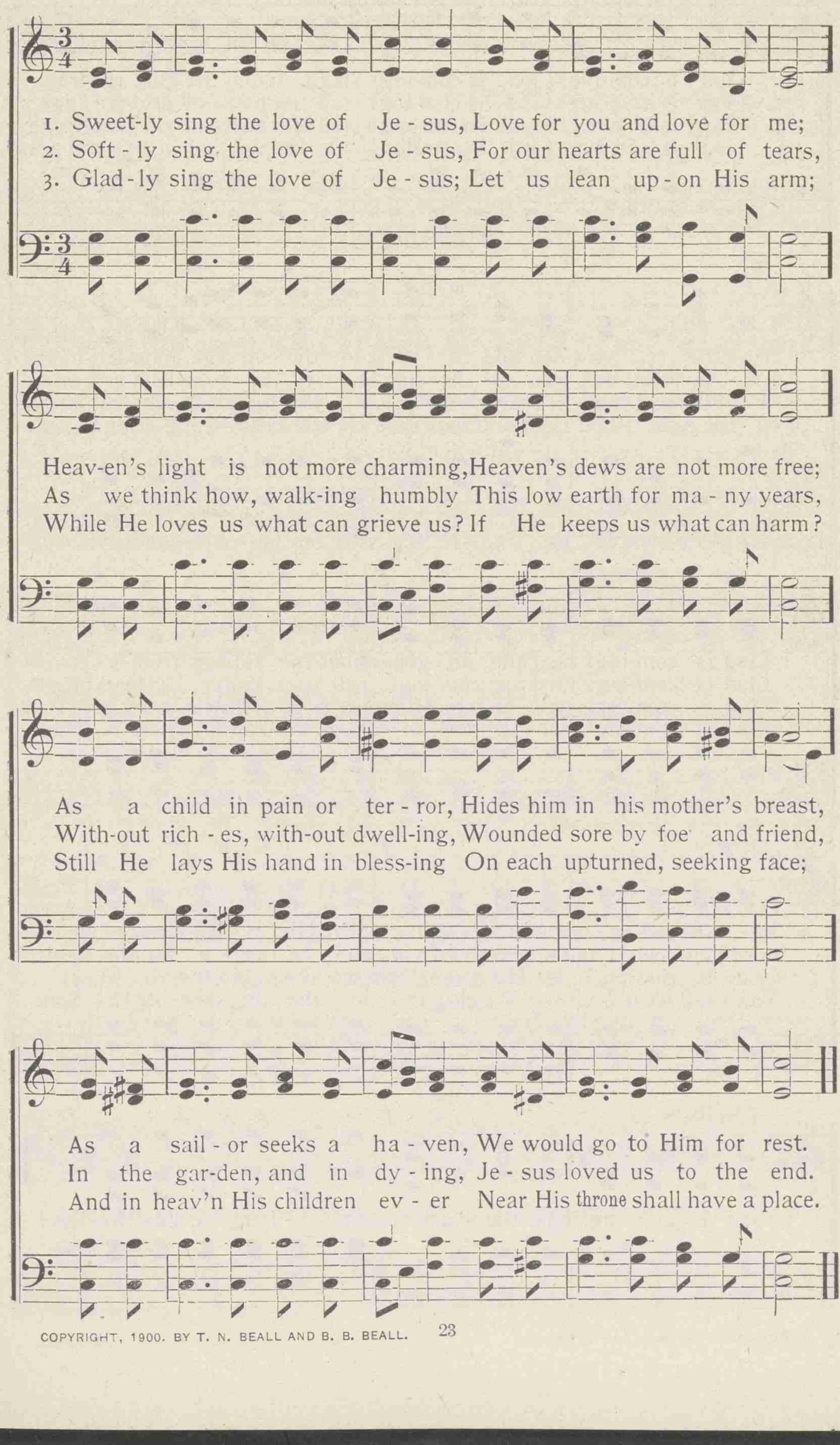
save you, Save you by His love and grace; He will keep
you His life He gave, He will save you by His love and grace; He will keep you day by

you, He will save you, Save you by His love and grace.
day, He will by His pow - er save, He will save you by His love and grace.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 22. Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus.

T. N. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900. BY T. N. BEALL AND B. B. BEALL.

No. 23. God is Coming.

S. M. O. H. Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout aloud the glad re-frain;
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!

FINE.

Send the cry from town and cit-y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev-'ry blood-bo't son of Je-sus, ral-ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them bravely, bold-ly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness He will need strong arms to-day.

D. S.—*Ev-ery man be up on du-ty, For Je-ho-vah comes this way.*

God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the tidings from a-bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rust-y ar-mor bright,
God is com-ing! and be-fore Him pow'rs of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal-ter nev-er—when the con-flict here is done

He will del-uge our whole coun-try with His ti-dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read-y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by His strong arm we shall gain the vic-to-ry.
You shall wear a crown of glo-ry in the king-dom of His Son.

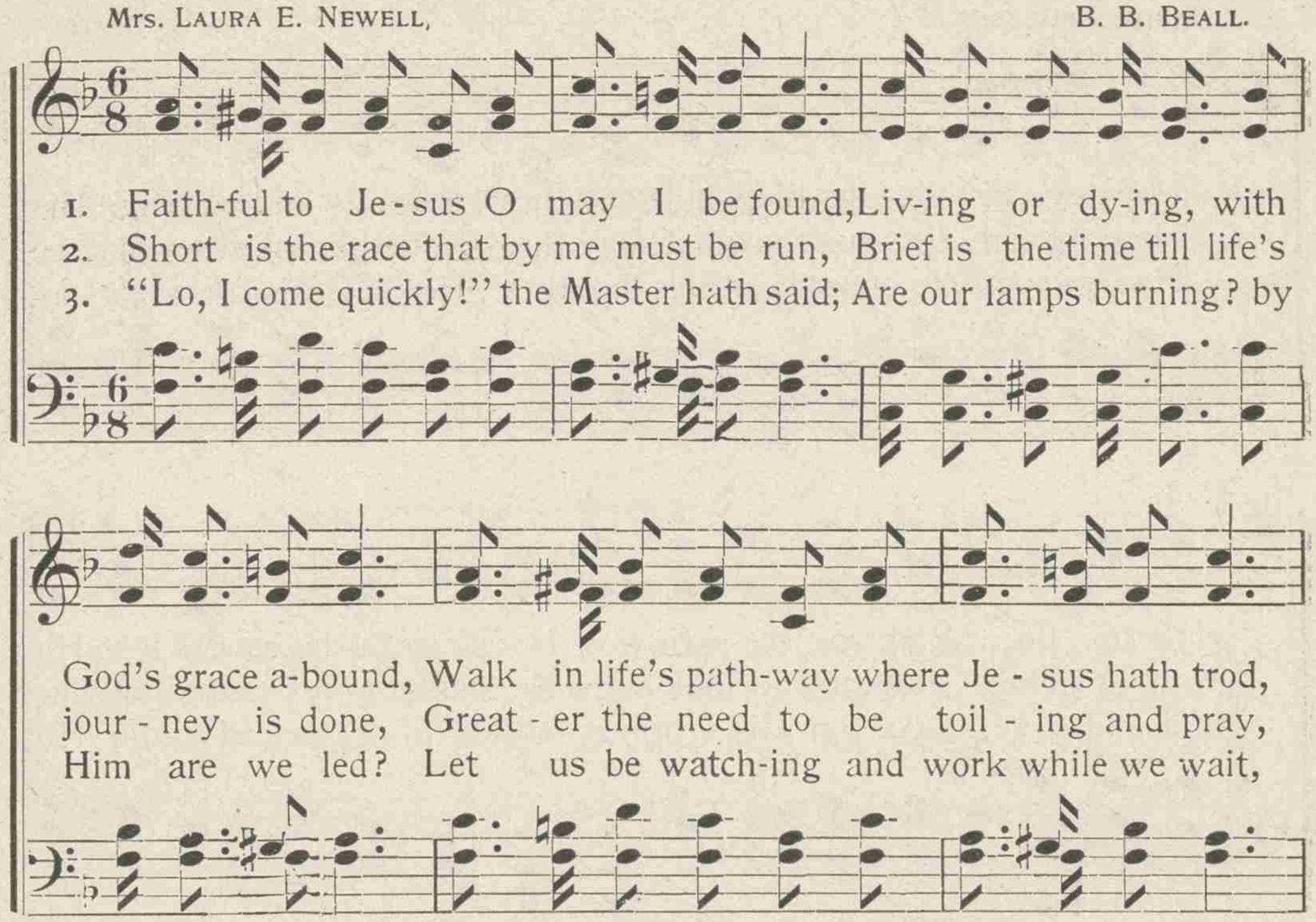
CHORUS.

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a-long the line to-day!

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 24. Faithful.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL, B. B. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 25. Happy in Jesus the Whole Day Thro'.

BIRDIE BELL. J. G. BEALL.

1. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Read-y and will-ing His
2. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Whether the skies may be
3. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Heeding His coun-sels so

work to do, Walk in the path-way He chose for thee, Fol-low His
gray or blue, Grate-ful for blessings He sends in love, Look-ing when
kind and true, Go on His er-rands with will-ing feet, Ut-ter His

CHORUS.

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

Fol-low His footsteps, walk in His way, Ev-er His man-dates

glad-ly o-bey, Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro'.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 26. Sinner, Come to the Fount.

MAUD SIMS. Ref. by B. B. B. EGBERT H. S. BEALL. 1900.

1. There's a fount-ain pure That will e'er en - dure, Sin-ner, come to this
2. O this fount is free Both for you and me! Let us plunge 'neath its
3. Sin - ner, come and bow; It is flow - ing now With sal - va - tion so

fount-ain to - day; 'Tis a fount of love Flowing from a - bove,
wa - ters to - day; 'Twill wash white as snow If to it you go,
full and so free; Now in faith step in, Wash a - way your sin,

REFRAIN.

And it wash - es our sins all a - way. Will you come
And 'twill cleanse you, yes, cleanse you for aye.
And the grace of the Lord you shall see. Will you come to this fount,

to this fount, To this fount so pure and free? Will you
Will you come to this fount, To this fount so pure, so pure and free? Will you

come to the fount, Flowing now for you and me?
come to this fount, Will you come to this fount, Flowing now for you and me?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 27. Send Me Work to Do.

PRESTON L. BEALL. 1900.

1. Lord, send me work to do for Thee; Let not a sin - gle day
2. And teach me how to work for Thee; Thy Spir - it, Lord, im-part,
3. And bless the work I do for Thee, Nor let me toil in vain;
4. Thrice hap-py he who works for Thee! Thou grantest him the grace,

Be spent in wait-ing on my - self, Or wast - ed pass a - way.
That I may serve Thee less from fear, Than from a lov - ing heart.
Mine be the hand to drop the seed, Thine to send sun and rain.
When he takes home his work, to see The Mas - ter face to face.

REFRAIN.

The Spirit calls, . . . He calls in love, . . . He calls to toil, ...

The Spirit calls, He calls in love, He calls to toil,

to toil to - day; . . . . . O hear His voice, ... His ten-der

to toil to - day, He calls to - day, O hear His voice, His ten-der

voice! To work . . . . . with-out de - lay!

voice, His ten-der voice! To work, to work with-out de - lay, with-out de-lay!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 28. Marching Home.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 29. In Wonderful Worlds Unknown.

(*Dedicated to the World's W. C. T. U.*)

"This is my last will and testament, after fifty-six years of my Heavenly Father's discipline and blessing to prepare me for better work hereafter—as I believe—in wonderful worlds unknown."—*Frances E. Willard.*

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN JR. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. A - way, far a - way past the shadows of night, Where God sit-teth on the white throne, Sometime I will bask in His glo - ry so bright, Whose beau-ty will then fill my soul with de-light, In wonderful worlds unknown.
2. I want to be read - y to meet the great King, When He comes at last for His own; Then I in His presence in heav-en may sing And all through the ages His prais - es may ring, In wonderful worlds unknown.
3. Those lov'd ones who once by my side used to stand, Like birds in the au-tumn, have flown; But soon we will meet on a far distant strand And live there for-ev - er, an un-brok-en band, In wonderful worlds unknown.
4. In re-gions e - ter - nal some-time I shall reap The seed that on earth I have sown; Then help me, dear Savior, such vig - il to keep That from Thee in sor-row I turn not and weep, In wonderful worlds unknown.

CHORUS.

Wonderful worlds un - known, Wonderful worlds un - known; I shall live by and by, far a-bove the blue sky, In wonderful worlds unknown.

Wonderful worlds unknown, Wonderful worlds unknown;

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PER.

No. 30. We now Can Rejoice.

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

1. In a Savior's love we now can rejoice, Who came from His throne on high;
2. In a Savior's blood we now can rejoice, It washed all our sins a - way;
3. In a Savior's pow'r we now can rejoice, He's mighty and strong to save;
4. In a Savior's truth we now can rejoice, He's faithful and true to - day;
5. In a Savior's peace we now can rejoice, Sweet rest in our hearts 'twill make;

He stood in our place, amazing the grace, For us to suf - fer and die.
How precious the blood that made peace with God! In it we re-joice to - day.
Still strong is His arm to shield from all harm All who their souls to Him gave.
His word is still sure, 'twill ever endure, Tho' heav'n and earth pass a - way.
How blessed the peace that never will cease, This world cannot give nor take!

CHORUS.

We now can re - joice, ... we now can re - joice, Re-
We now can re-joice, we now can re-joice,
joice in Je-sus our King; Hallelujah! We now can re - joice . . . . . .
We now can re-joice,
with glad, tuneful voice, His praise we'll evermore sing.
with glad, tuneful voice, we'll ever-more sing.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 31. A Plea to the Sinner.

B. B. BEALL.
Good as a solo.

T. N. BEALL.

1. Dear friend, you are wand'ring in sorrow's dark way, You're trying the
2. Please stop for a moment and think on your way; You stand in the
3. O lost one! sal - va - tion is of-fered to you Thro' Christ the blest

pleas-ures of sin; You'll find that the things you are trusting to-day Will
world without light, A wan - der - er out on the mountain a-stray, Con-
Cru - ci - fied One; Just trust Him, He'll guide you the whole journey thro', And

nev - er give peace with-in.

CHORUS.

demned by the law of right. Then come to the Savior, the sinner's best Friend; Ac-
keep you when life's work is done.

cept of His mercy, He'll cleanse you from sin; And when at death's Jordan the
cross you lay down, He'll take you to heav'n and give you a crown. . . . . .
a beau-ti - ful crown.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL AND T. N. BEALL.

No. 32. Sinner, Cease Weeping.

J. S. D. J. S. DAVIS.

1. Now, poor guilt - y, weeping sinner, Why this ag - o - ny and
2. Hark! you're bid - den to accept Him, And have life for-ev-er -
3. Now to Je - sus with thy burdens; O His pre - cious word be-

1. Now, poor guilty, weep-ing sin - ner, Why this ag - o - ny and

pain? 'Twas for you . . . . . the Sav - ior suf - fered; Was His
more; Now He's stand - - ing, knocking, plead - ing At thy
lieve! All thy weep - - ing and be - wail - ing Nev - er

pain? 'Tas for you the Sav - ior suf - fer'd,

CHORUS.

suf - - f'ring all in vain? Can't you trust . . . . the lov-ing
stub - born heart's clos'd door.
will . . . your soul re-lieve.

Was His suf - f'ring all in vain? Can't you trust the lov-ing

Sav - ior, Who laid down . . His life for you, He will save . . .

Sav - ior, Who laid down His life for you? He will save

you, surely save you; God has prom - is'd, and 'tis true.

you, sure-ly save you, God has promis'd, and 'tis true, oh, yes, 'tis true.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 33. I am Weary, Heavy Laden.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY — J. GUY BEALL.

1. I am wea - ry, heav-y la - den, I am burdened with my sin,
2. Far from Thee I long have wander'd In the downward way of sin,
3. In Thy precious name be - liev-ing, Now I come, dear Lord, to Thee;

But I hear Thy call, my Sav-ior, And I know Thou'lt take me in.
But my heart is fond - ly yearning Now Thy fold to en - ter in.
I ac - cept the rest Thou off'rest, All un - wor-thy tho' I be.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord, I'm com-ing, I am com - ing un - to Thee;
Thou hast mer - cy for the vil - est, And I know Thou'lt pardon me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 34. Beautiful Home.

(To my friend and class-mate, Prof. B. B. Beall.)

J. J. M. JOHN J. MATHEWS.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far be-yond the star - ry sky, Christ has gone to pre-pare o - ver there; I shall dwell in that home in the sweet by and by; How I long, how I long to be there!
2. There I'll sing with the an - gels of Moses and the Lamb, While the a - ges e - ter - nal - ly fly; For the Lord will be there with the sav'd from ev - 'ry land, In that home in the sweet by and by.
3. I will dwell in that home with the lov'd ones gone before, And with them all its bless-ed-ness share, And for-ev - er the Sav-ior of sin - ners a - dore, And be hap - py and blest o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

Then I'll sing, sweetly sing In the mansions where the blest
Then I'll sing, sweet-ly sing
nev-er die; In that home in the sweet by and by.
nev - er die; by and by.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 35. My Jesus is Able to Save.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 36. In My Soul There is Gladness.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

res - cue a sin-ner like me.
par - don for me He might win. In my soul there is glad-ness and
home to the cit - y of God.

glo - ry That Je - sus a - lone can be-stow; I will tell the blest
ti-dings of mer - cy, That oth-ers the gladness may know.
the glad-ness may know.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY T. N. BEALL AND B. B. BEALL.

No. 37. The Home Beyond.

J. L. CLINE. C. A. CLINE.

1. There's a pure and holy clime where all the saints shall rest, Just beyond the swell - ing tide, Just be-yond the swelling tide; And the ransomed of the
2. We shall meet our loved ones who have laid their armor by, And have joined the ransomed throng, And have join'd the ransom'd throng, And we too shall swell the
3. Sav - ior, keep us pure as Thou art in that home so blest, Where our lov'd ones nev - er die, Where our lov'd ones nev-er die; That when life with us is

Lord who were by sin oppress'd Shall with Christ, their Savior, there fore'er abide.
cho-rus of redemption's song, While the years of cease - less a-ges roll a-long.
over we may find sweet rest, In the home-land of the soul beyond the sky.

a-bide.

REFRAIN.

We are marching to our home, To our bright, supernal home, Where the saints of God shall sweetly dwell; There the ransom'd of the Lord,

sweetly dwell;

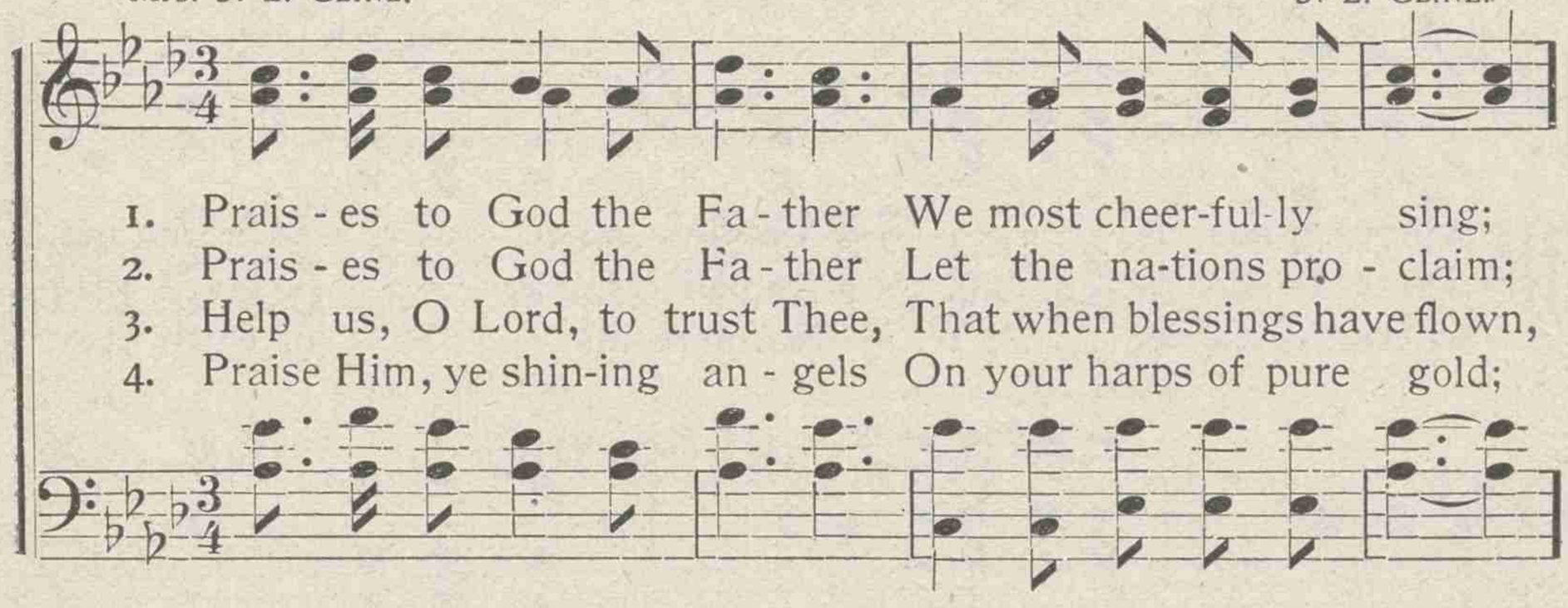
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

The Home Beyond. Concluded.



No. 38. Praise of God.

Mrs. J. L. CLINE. J. L. CLINE.



REFRAIN. *D. S.*



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

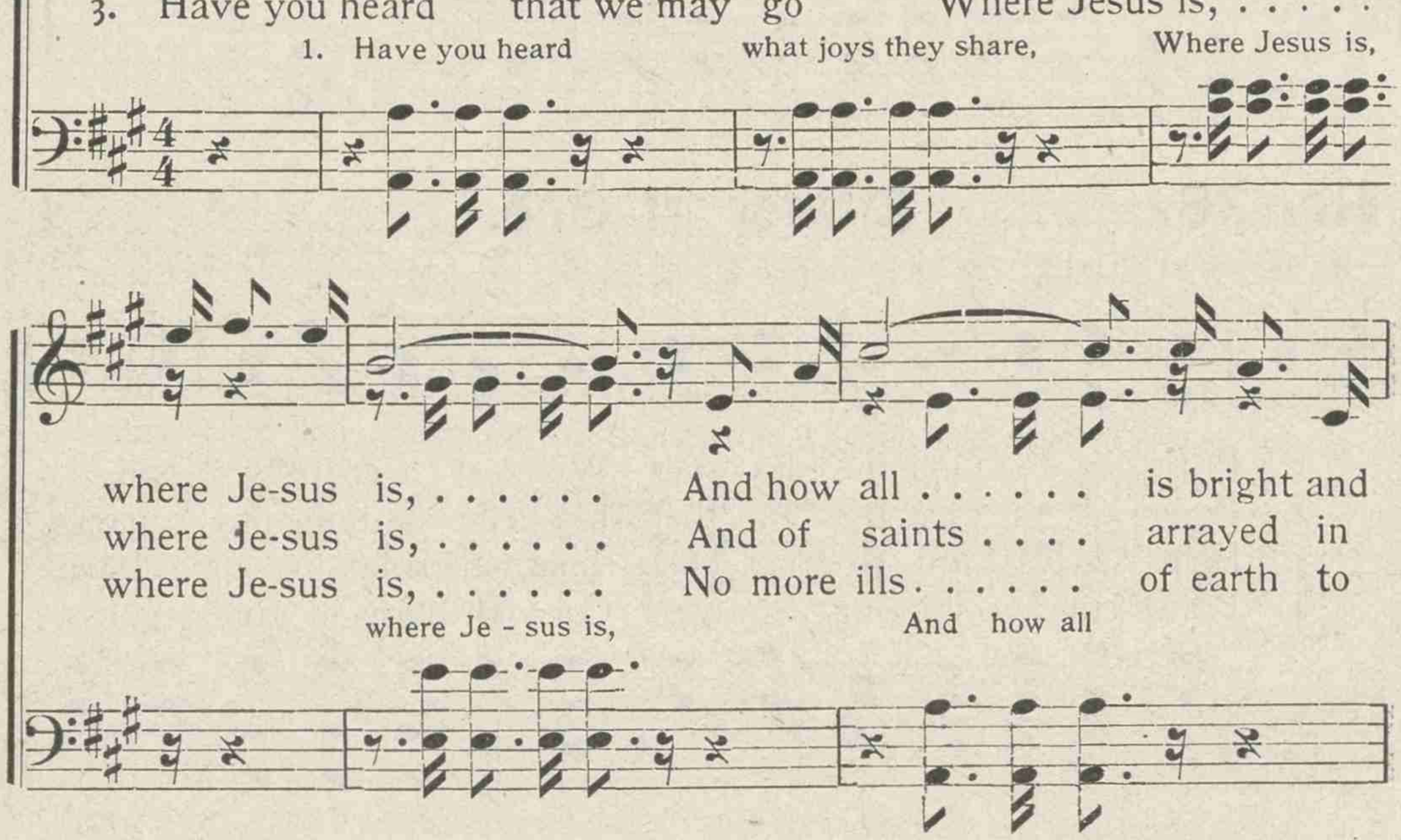
No. 39. Where Jesus Is.

E. R. LATTA. B. B. BEALL.



1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is, ...
2. Have you heard of crowns of light, Where Jesus is, ...
3. Have you heard that we may go Where Jesus is, ...

1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is,



where Je-sus is, ... And how all . . . . . is bright and
where Je-sus is, ... And of saints . . . . arrayed in
where Je-sus is, ... No more ills . . . . . of earth to

where Je - sus is, And how all



fair, ... Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .
white, . . . Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .
know, . . . Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .

is bright and fair, Where Je-sus is, where Je-sus is?



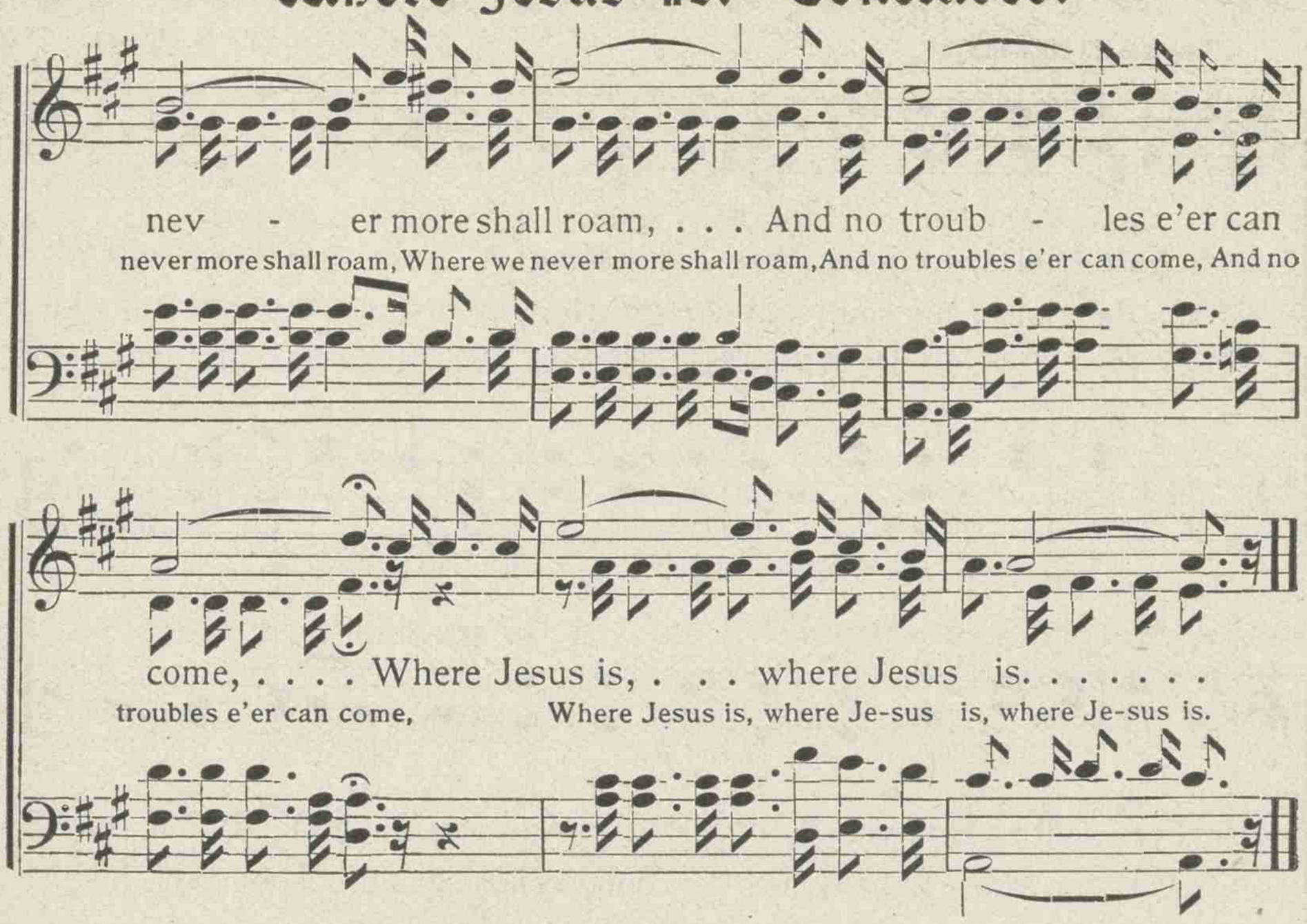
REFRAIN.



Let us march . . . . . to yon blest home, ... Where we
Let us march to yon blest home, Let us march to yon blest home, Where we

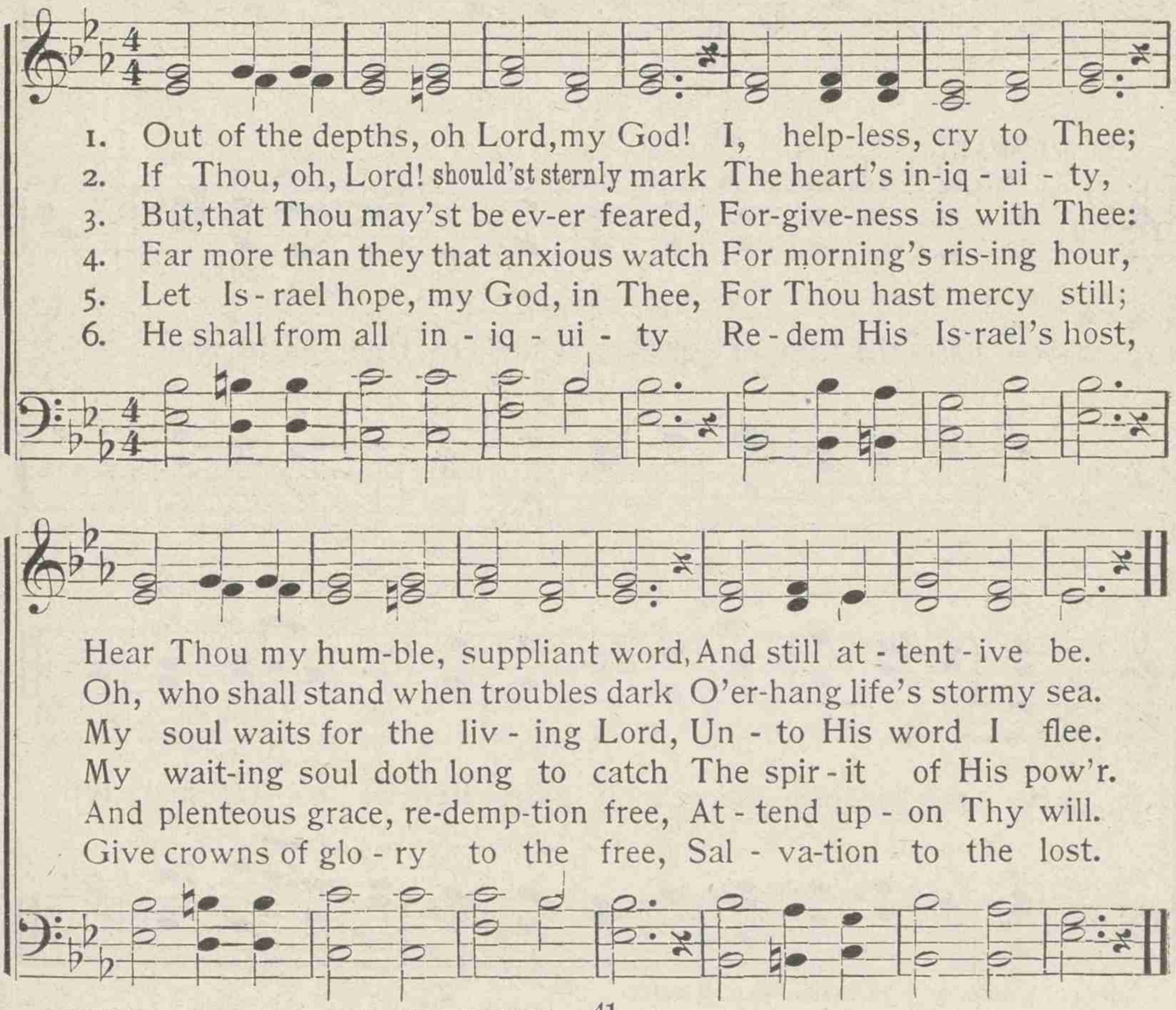
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

Where Jesus Is. Concluded.



No. 40. Out of the Depths.

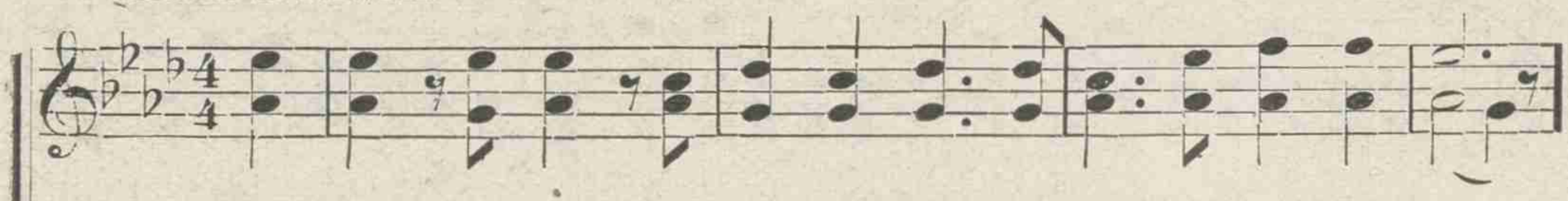
J. B. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.



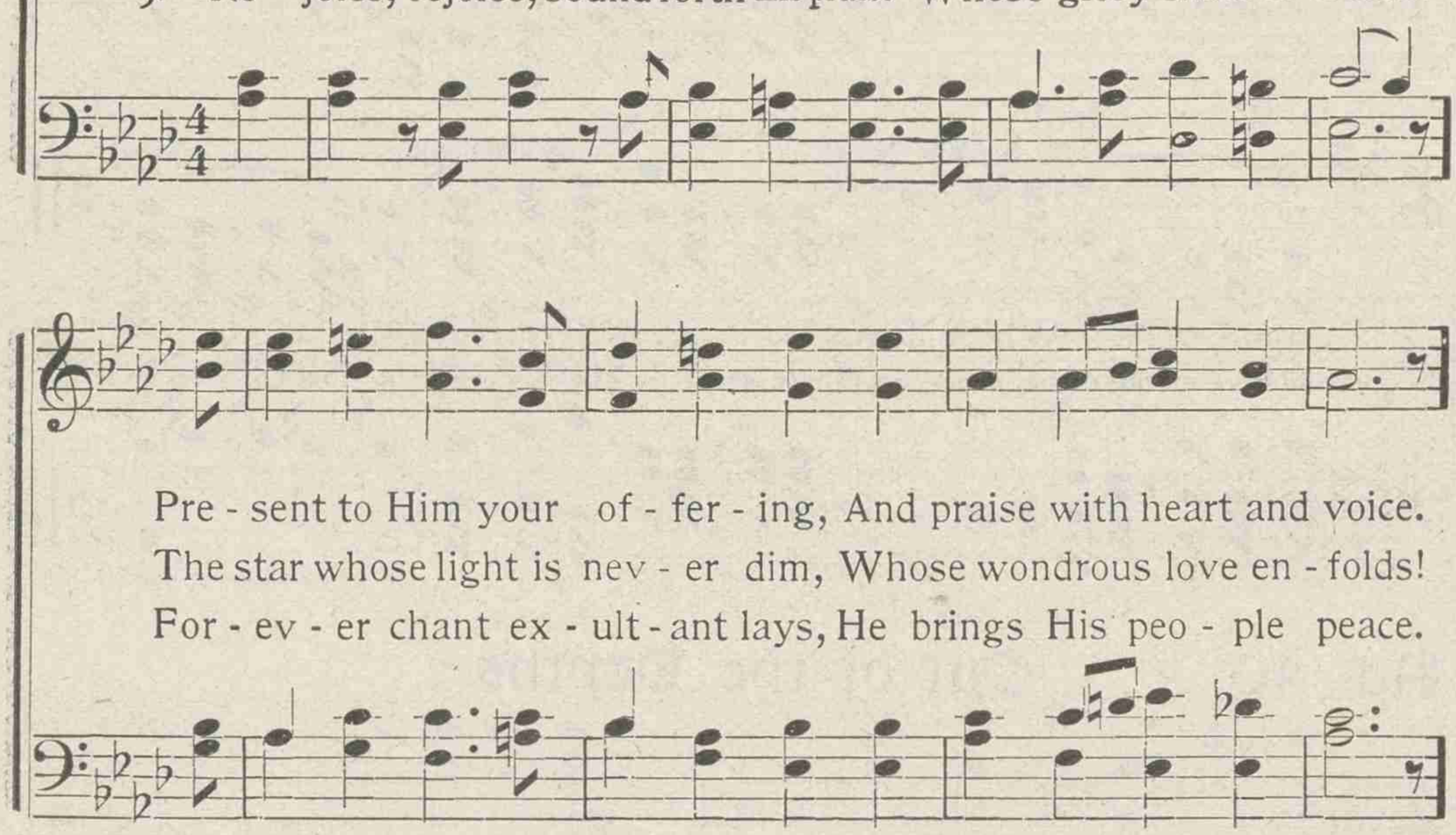
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL AND J. B. BBEALL.

No. 41. Rejoice!

LAURA E. NEWELL. T. N. BEALL.

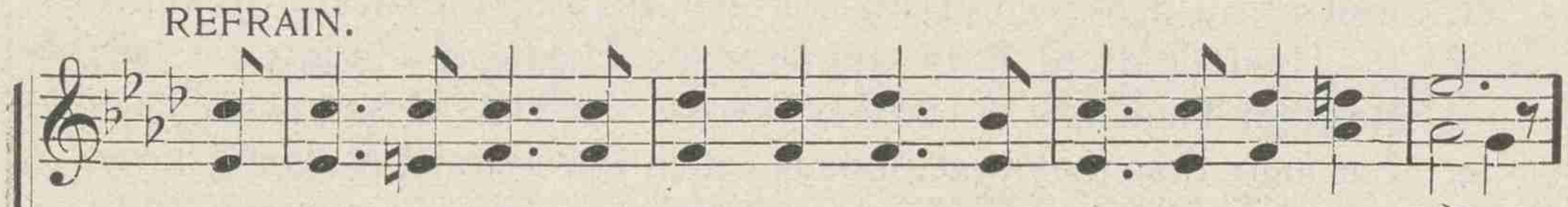


1. Re - joice, re-joice, the Lord is King! A - gain I say, re - joice!
2. Re - joice, my soul, and hope in Him, Whose arm the world upholds,
3. Re - joice, rejoice, sound forth His praise Whose glory shall in-crease!



Pre - sent to Him your of - fer - ing, And praise with heart and voice.
The star whose light is nev - er dim, Whose wondrous love en - folds!
For - ev - er chant ex - ult - ant lays, He brings His peo - ple peace.

REFRAIN.



Re - joice! the King of glo - ry waits! To Him all hom-age be;



He opes for thee the pear - ly gates; Re-joice e - ter - nal - ly!



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY T. N. BEALL AND B. B. BEALL.

No. 44. The Banner of Song.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.

1. The ban - ner of song is float - ing a - long, And cheer - ing the hearts of all men; 'Tis float-ing up high and
2. The ban - ner of song is guid - ing the throng That's march-ing to heav - en a - bove; 'Twill ev - er-more shine with
3. O ban - ner of song! float ev - er a - long, Wave gen - tly and lead us a - right; When Je - sus we meet we'll

draw-ing us nigh To Je - sus who cleanseth from sin.
glo - ry di - vine, And fill us with won-der - ful love.
fall at His feet, And sing in a land of de - light.

REFRAIN.

Float gen - - tly on . . . . ful-fill-ing your mission of love,
Float gen-tly, so gen - tly on, ev - er on,
Float gen - - ly on . . . . and point us to heaven a - bove.
Float gen-tly, so gen - tly on, ev - er on,

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 45. The Kind Call.

MISS MAUD SIMS. B. B. BEALL

1. The Fa-ther has made a great feast at His mansion; The sup-per is
2. The halt and the maimed have re-ceived in - vi - ta-tions, The poor and the
3. Now, sinner, He comes to your heart with His pleadings; The door will you

read - y, He bids you come in; His servants He sends to the highways and
need-y, He bids them come, too; The deaf and the blind, He entreats them to
o - pen to let Him come in? He'll freely forgive all your wrongs and trans-

REFRAIN.

hedg-es, To bid all come in from their old haunts of sin.
en - ter, And see what His love and His mer-cy can do. Tho' thousands have
gressions, And welcome you home from your wand'rings in sin.

come there is still room for more; He bids them come home from shore un-to shore; The

kind invitation says, "Cease now to roam, There's room in my home for all who will come."

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 46. Long to Be There.

(*Inscribed to Prof. B. B. Beall.*)

T. J. W. T. J. WILSON.

1. There is a land, a love-ly land, Where sorrows and
2. 'Tis a land of bliss where there's perfect peace; Pain and death there are
3. O love-ly land! on thy gold-en strand, Soon this lone, wea-ry

tears nev-er come, Where the heav'nly light will dis-pel all night;
felt nev-er-more, And we soon shall meet there our friends to greet,
spir-it shall rest, And shall join the song of the ransomed throng,

REFRAIN.

'Tis a beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Home, bless-ed
Glad-ly greet on that beau-ti-ful shore!
In that bright, hap-py home of the blest! Home, sweet home!

home! Land bright and fair! Home,
Home, sweet home! Love-ly land, Land bright and fair! Home, sweet home!

bless-ed home! How I long, how I long to be there!
Home, hap-py home! How I long, how I long to be there!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 47. Crowns of Gold.

L. A. M. Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

1. As we journey mid the shadows Sin has cast o'er all the earth, We have often
2. Oft-en here we are discouraged And the way seems dark and drear, And the promise
3. Soon will all the earthly warfare To the faithful be no more, And our Savior,

heard the message gladly told Of the day of tri-umph waiting, Promised
of the Lord, that once consol'd, Seems all hidden from our vis-ion Till we
who the storms of life controll'd, We shall see de-scend in glo-ry With the

D. S.—*When the battles all are o-ver, If we're*
D. S.—*We will trust amid the shadows, In the*
D. S.—*When the warfare all is o-ver, With the*

FINE.

at the Savior's birth; We shall all re-ceive a glitt'ring crown of gold.
hear a gen-tle cheer From the Lord who gives the glitt'ring crown of gold.
saints all gone before, And with them we'll wear a glitt'ring crown of gold.

faithful, true and bold We shall all receive a glitt'ring crown of gold.
sto - ry true as old; We shall all receive a glitt'ring crown of gold.
faith-ful true and bold, We shall wear a fadeless, glitt'ring crown of gold.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!
Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!
Crowns of gold! crowns of gold! O how joyful is the news so often told!

of gold! of gold! often told!

BY PERMISSION.

No. 48. Jesus Touched My Sinful Heart.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 49. All Glory Unto Jesus.

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

1. Once far from God I wan-der'd, In des - ert wilds I stray'd,
2. He said, "Poor soul, you're wea-ry; O come to Me for rest!
3. And now I'm glad-ly do - ing The work He gives to me,

My time and tal - ents squander'd, My Sav - ior dis - o - beyed;
The road you trav-el's drear - y, Come lean up-on my breast."
The heav'n-ward road pur - su - ing, Un - til His face I see;

But in my soul en - treat - ing From sin to be set free,
I came, my sins con - fess - ing, And still be - side Him stay;
I'll soon pass o'er the riv - er To Ca-naan's shin-ing shore;

My Sav - ior kept re - peat - ing, "O come, poor soul, to Me!"
His peace I'm now pos - sess - ing, My sins are washed a - way.
There with my Sav - ior reign - ing, I'll praise Him ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

All glo - - ry un-to Je - sus, From sin He sets me free,
All glo-ry unto Je-sus, all glo-ry un-to Je-sus, set me free,

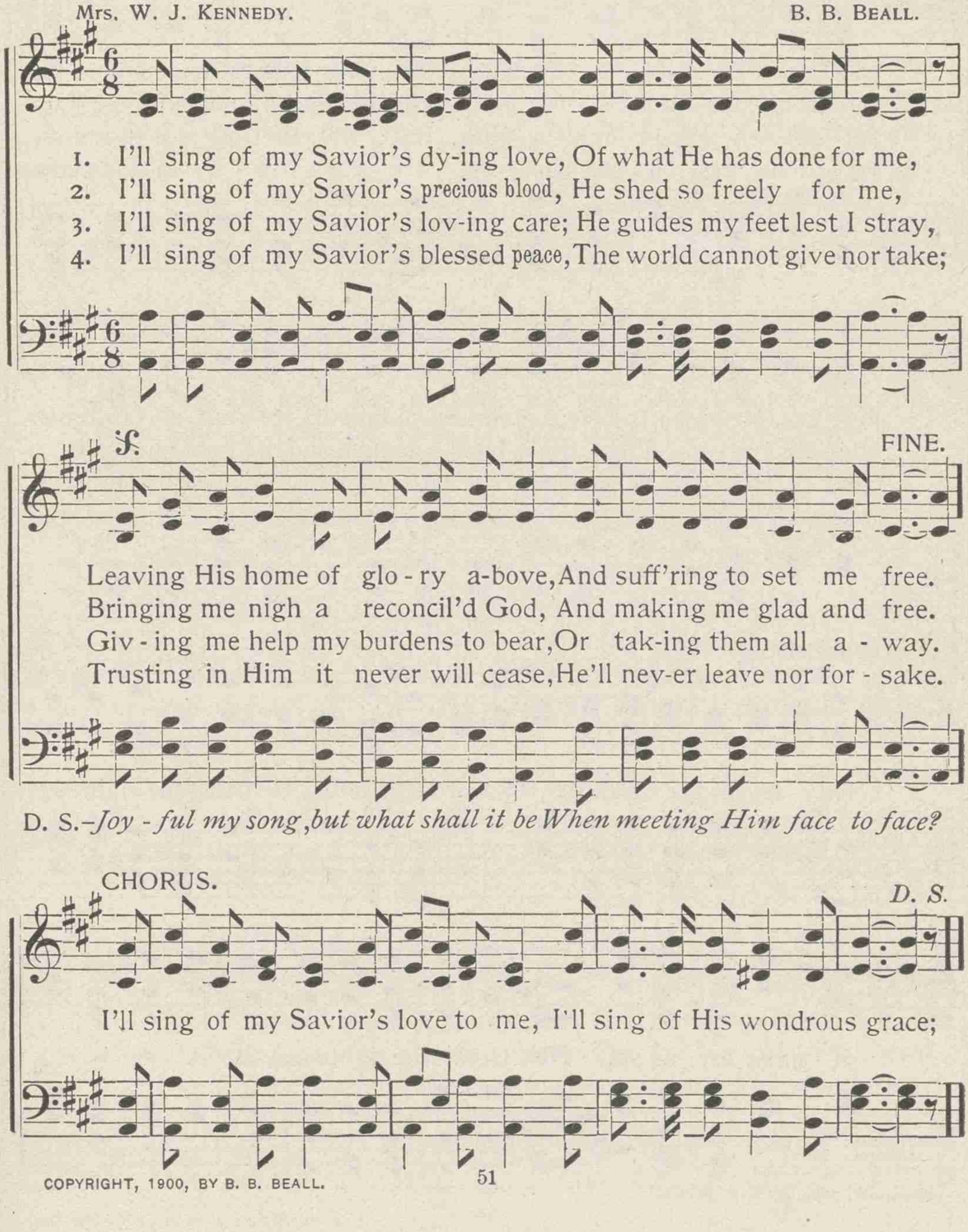
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

All Glory Unto Jesus. Concluded.



No. 50. I'll Sing of My Savior's Love.

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



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 51. He Trieth the Righteous.

MAUD SIMS. B. B. BEALL.

1. He tri - eth the righteous, as Dan-iel of old, And midst all the tri - als He bids us be bold; He chas-ten-eth those whom He
2. He tri - eth the righteous, in fur-nac - es hot, And bids us walk thro' them, our faith fail - ing not; The flames will not hurt us, on
3. He tri - eth the righteous with sickness and pain, He makes us to suf - fer a - gain and a - gain, But if in our suf-fering we
4. O Judge of the righteous, help us to be strong, To love Thee and serve Thee, yes, all the day long; And when trib - u - la-tions come

lov - eth, He says, And He's promised to love us thro'out all our days.
Him we re - ly, The dross He'll consume and the gold pur-i - fy.
cling to Him still, We can bear it with patience because 'tis His will.
'round us just say: He tri - eth the righteous, I'm glad He tries me.

REFRAIN.

He tri-eth the righteous, His word tells me so, He trieth the righteous,
it must be, 'tis so; He tri-eth the righteous, the sto - ry is old,

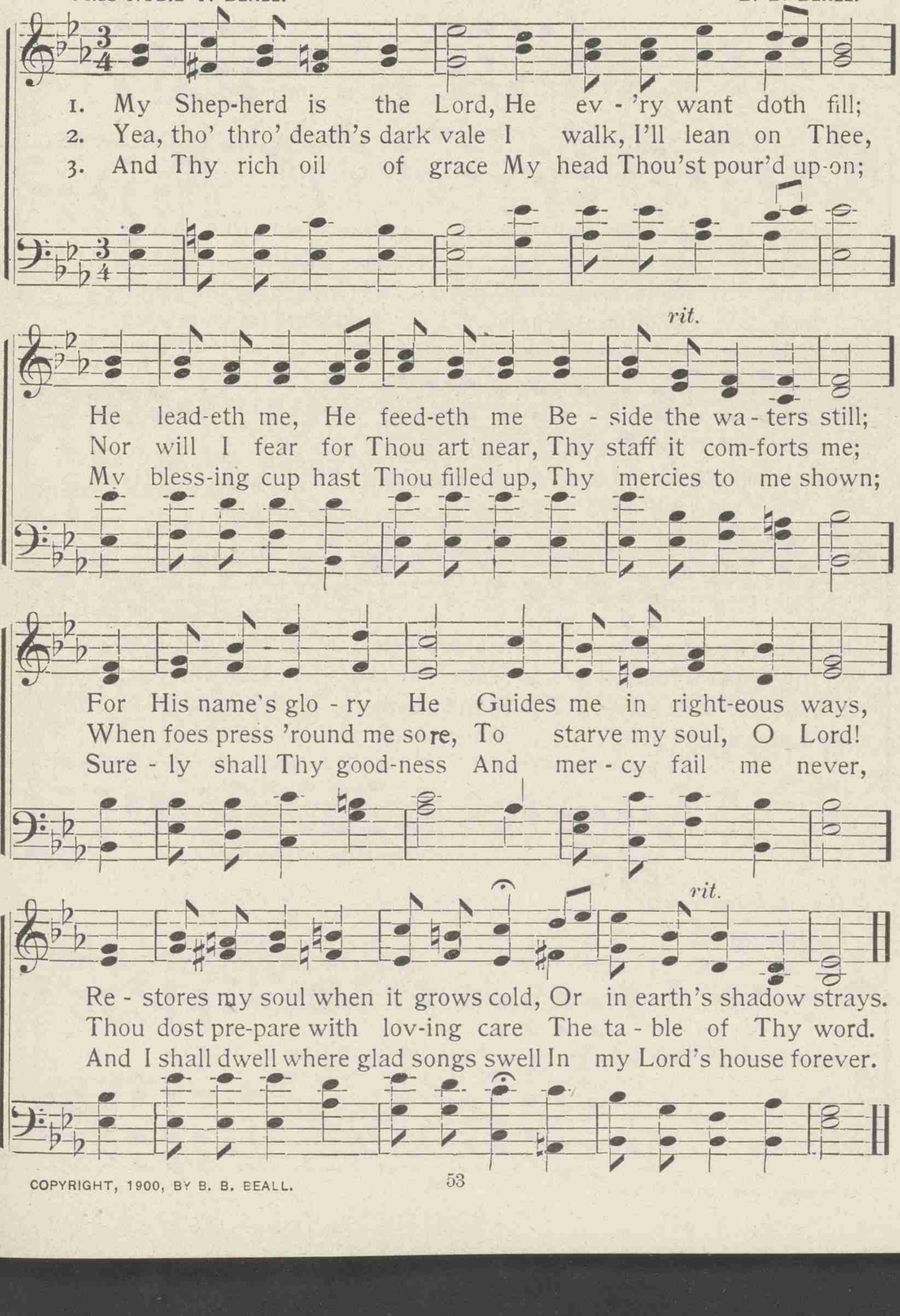
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

The Trieth the Righteous. Concluded.



No. 52. My Shepherd Is the Lord.

MISS NOBIE T. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 53. Sinner, Look to Him and Live.

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



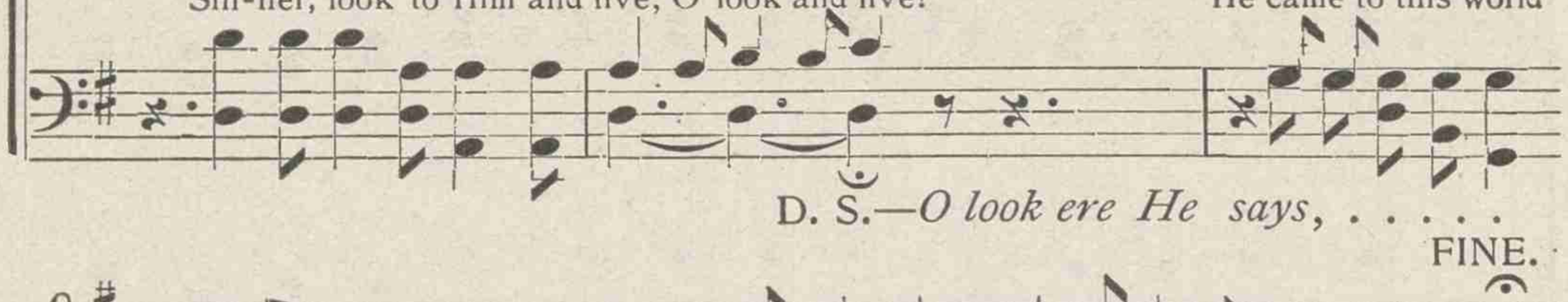
1. Our Savior once left . . . . . His bright home above, ... Sin-ner,
2. He spill'd His life-blood . . . . by the side of a thief, ... Sin-ner,
3. They buried Him then, ... but on the third day, ... Sin-ner,
4. O now He's re - turn'd . . . to the Father a - bove!. . . . . Sin-ner,

1. Our Savior once left His bright home above,



look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He came to this world. . . . .
look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . He suffered it all . . . . . .
look . . . to Him and live, ... He 'rose from the grave . . . .
look . . . to Him and live; . . . . . And there for your soul . . . . .

Sin-ner, look to Him and live; O look and live! He came to this world



D. S.—*O look ere He says*, ...

FINE.



His great love to prove, . . . Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .
for the sinner's relief, ... Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .
and went on His way, ... Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .
He's pleading in love, ... Sinner, look . . . to Him and live. . . . .

His great love to prove. Sinner, look to Him and live, O look and live!



"It's too late, too late!" . . . . *Sinner, look . . . to Him and live*. . . . .

REFRAIN.



O please do look now, ... for it's dang'rous to wait! . . . . . .

O please do look now, for it's dang'rous to wait!

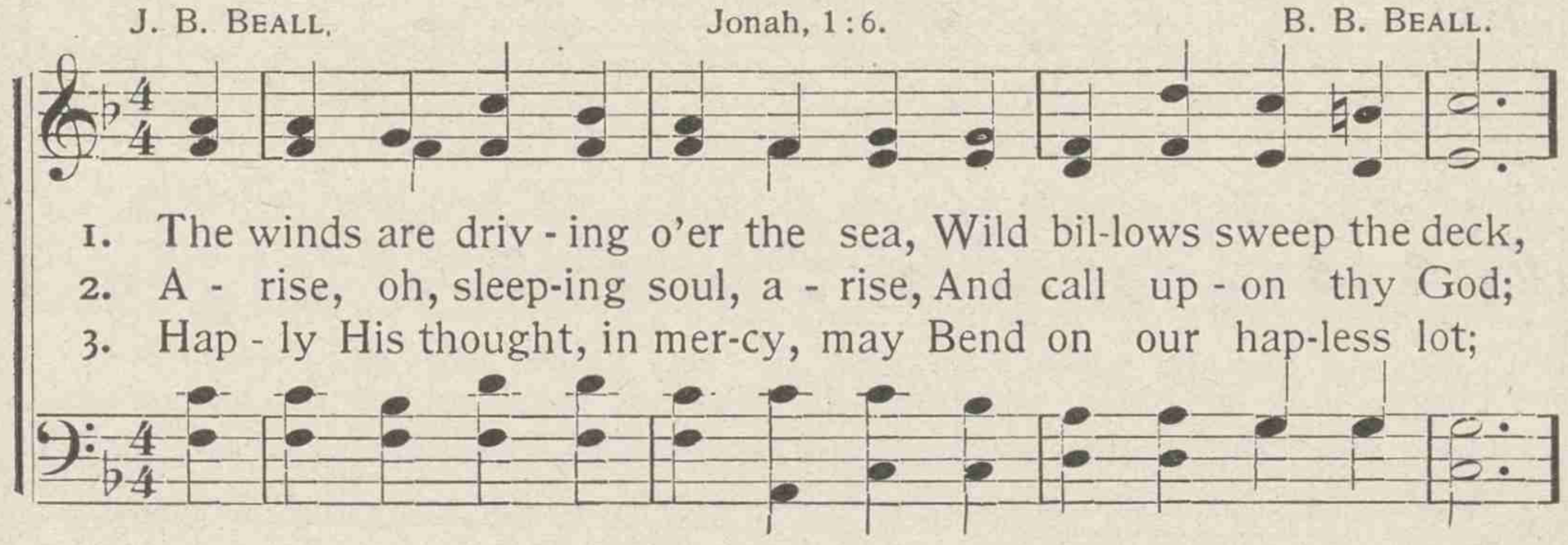
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

Sinner, Look to Him and Live. Concluded.



No. 54. Call Upon Me.

J. B. BEALL. Jonah, 1:6. B. B. BEALL.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL AND J. B. BEALL.

No. 55. When Life's Sad Toils are O'er.

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



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

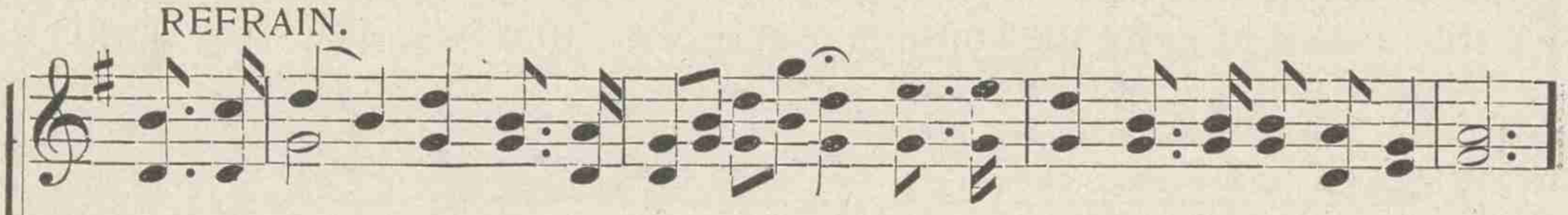




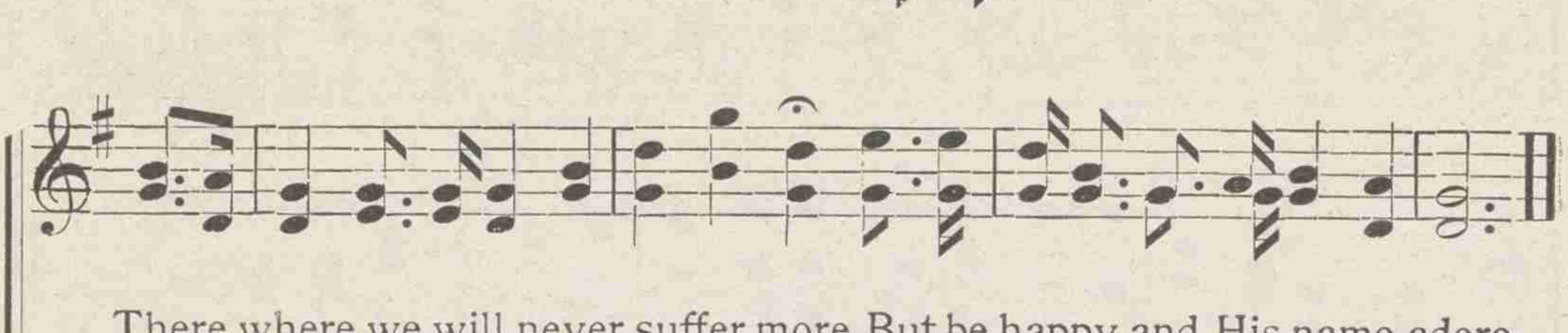
There is a place we hope to live, A home where Je - sus reigns.
Up in that home be-yond the grave The soul will find re - lief.
Work out for us, when life is o'er, A sweet, un - end - ing joy.
For just be - yond this vale of tears, There is e - ter - nal rest.



REFRAIN.



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



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



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 56. Only One Mother.

SOLO. *Expressivo.* IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. You have on - ly one moth-er, my boy, Whose heart you can glad-den with joy, Or cause it to ache 'Till read - y to break—
2. You have on - ly one moth-er to pray That in the good path you may stay; For you she'll not spare Self - sac - ri - fice rare—
3. You have on - ly one moth-er to make A home ev - er sweet for your sake, Who toils day and night For you with de-light—
4. You have on - ly one moth-er, just one; Re - mem - ber that al - ways, my son, None can or will do What she has for you—

CHORUS.

So cher - ish that moth-er, my boy.
So hon - or that moth-er, al - way. Then cherish that mother, my
Then nev - er that moth-er for-sake.
Leave noth-ing for moth-er un-done.

boy, And help her this life to en - joy; She'll love you, although

The world is your foe, Then cher - ish your mother, my boy.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY IRA O. HOFFMAN.

No. 57. Oh, how Wonderful!

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! Je-sus went to Cal - va-
2. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He should leave His home a-
3. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! O'er my heart His blood should
4. Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how wonderful! He to me should be so

ry, and suffered there for me! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
bove, impelled by pur-est love! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
flow to wash me white as snow! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how
near to com-fort and to cheer! Oh, how wonderful! Oh, how

rit.

wonderful! On the bit - ter cross He died my ransom-price to be.
wonderful! He to me His ten-der love so constantly should prove!
wonderful! Such a sweet and full sal-va-tion dai - ly I should know!
wonderful! He is all my joy and song and ev - er grows more dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is wonderful! strange and so wonderful! Wonderful that He should die,

Me to save and sanc-ti-fy! Yes, it is won-der-ful, so ver - y

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. BY PER.

Oh, How Wonderful!—Concluded.

rit.

won-der-ful, I will be an heir of heav'n with Jesus by and by!

No. 58. The King of My Soul.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. With joy to the glo - ry of God I con-fess That I am made
2. My King shall rule o - ver me bod - y and soul, Con-trol-ing af -
3. It is not for joy that I praise Him to-day, Nor yet for my
4. O this is a won-drous sal - va-tion He brings, A won-drous sal-

D. C.–*And all my soul-pow - ers, re-deem'd and renew'd, I yield to His*

FINE.

per - fect - ly whole; He en - tered this tem - ple and cleansed it from
fec - tion and will; I bring not a part, but I yield Him the
sweet sense of peace, But that He has cleansed and a - noint-ed my
va - tion and free! I nev - er had dream'd that such fulness of

con-stant con - trol.

CHORUS.

sin, And now He's the King of my soul.
whole, And He doth my glad spir-it fill. Un - to my new King
heart, And sealed me e - ter - nal-ly His.
love Could ev - er be portioned to me.

glad prais - es I bring, Whose love has so conquered my soul,

D. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PER.

No. 59. The "Good News" Must be Told.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The sto - ry of re - deem-ing love More precious is than gold,
2. It is a sto - ry strangely sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,
3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,
4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'rers from the fold,

rit.

And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.

CHORUS.

That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry
must, it must be told,
must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, so
must, it must be told,
old and ev - er new, The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

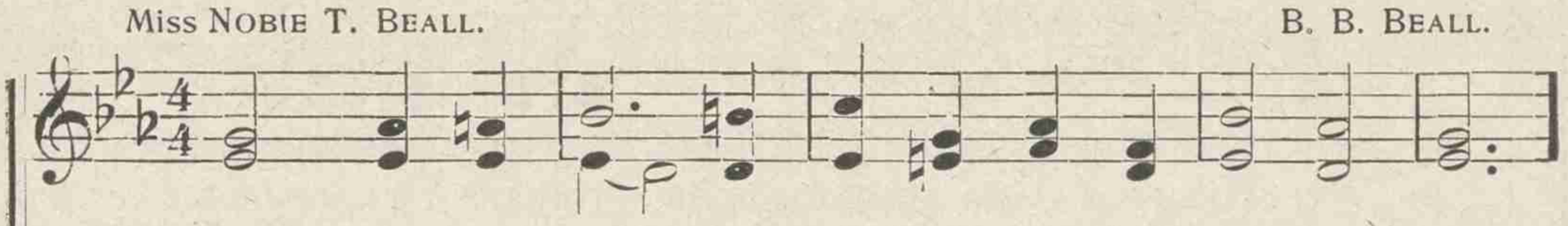
rit.

USED BY PERMISSION OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

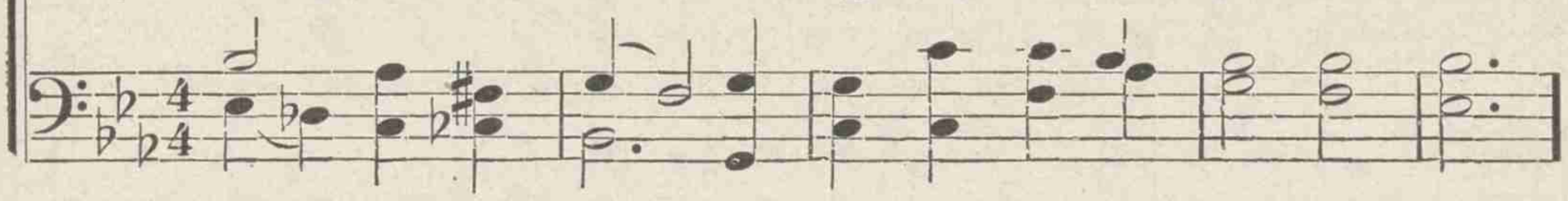
No. 60. Trust.

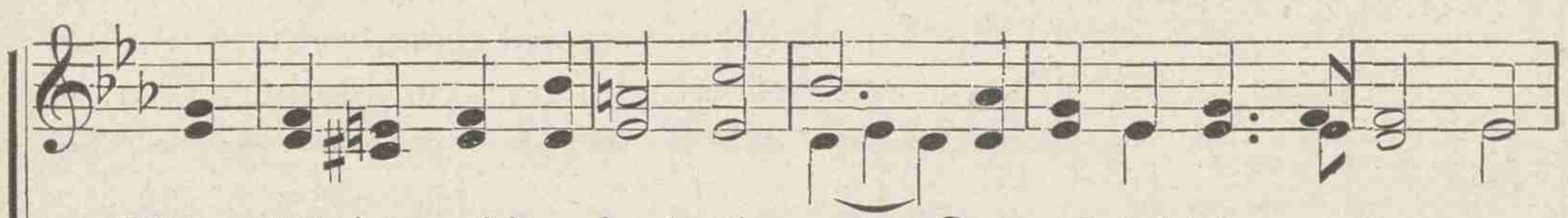
(Respectfully inscribed to my dear cousin, Miss Lucy Beall, Birmingham, Ala.—B. B. B.)

Miss NOBIE T. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.



1. He know-eth best! And so I lay me down to rest,
2. The chast'ning rod, Which keeps us in the path He trod,
3. Strong are His arms! Tho' rag - ing 'round me beat life's storms,





E'en while beyond hope's shading west, Go out bright dreams for-ev-er;
Is in the righteous hand of God; Needful is the af-flic - tion;
His "Peace, be still," sooths all a - larms, Husheth all vain re-pin - ing;





Dark seems the way, And hu-man doubts, like mist-clouds gray,
A voice to me Speaks tender words of sym - pa - thy;
He know - eth best! And so my cares up - on His breast





Blur earth's sweet joys, yet one sure stay, One Trust-star fails me nev-er.
"I know thy woe, I bore for thee The aw - ful cru - ci-fix - ion."
I lay, and peace-ful-ly I rest When slumber stars are shining.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

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

BIRDIE BELL. B. B. BEALL.

1. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You have wandered for ma-ny a day; In the by-paths of sin to roam, brother, You have chos-en the wind-ing way; You are wea-ry to-day, so brace which will make you glad; All your gar-ments are soil'd and crown in the by and by; You have stray'd in the wilds so wea-ry, Will you start for the Fa-ther's home? Turn your feet from the path-way drear-y, He is waiting for you to come.

2. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? You are foot-sore and sick and sad; There's a pardon if you will come, brother, An em-throne on high? From the home-stead why longer roam, brother, There's a tat-tered, There's a robe that is fair and pure; Tho' the hopes of this world are shattered, There's a hope which will still en-dure.

3. Are you read-y to start for home, brother? And be heir to a ma-ny a day; In the by-paths of sin to roam, brother, You have sick and sad; There's a pardon if you will come, brother, An em-throne on high? From the home-stead why longer roam, brother, There's a drear-y, You have slighted the call of love; Will you come to the welcome cheer-y, Will you turn to the home a-bove?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

Are You Ready to Start for Home? Concluded.

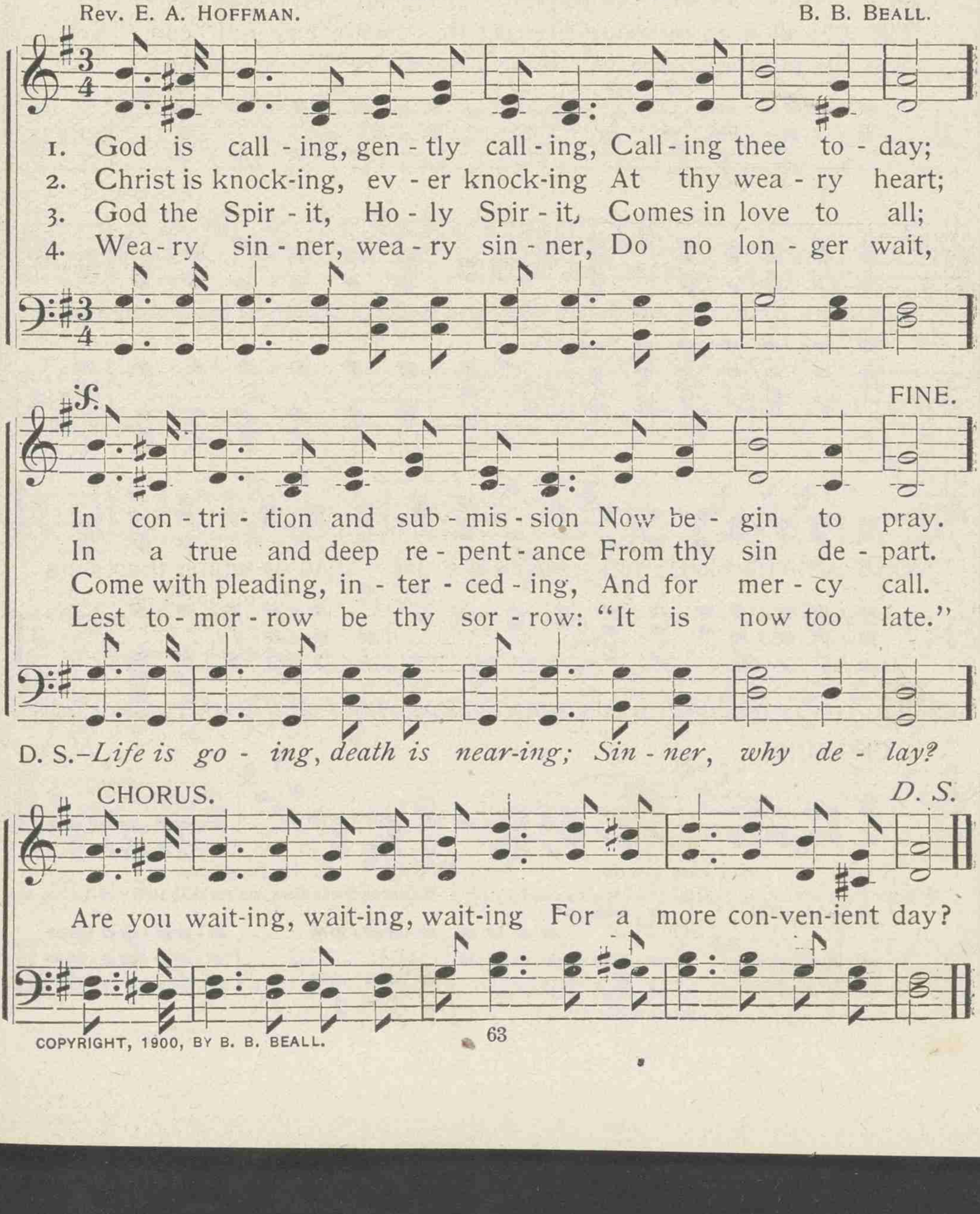
REFRAIN.





No. 62. Are You Waiting?

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



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 63. Whiter Than the Snow.

Rev, ANDREW REED. Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre-sume, To oc - cu - py Thy throne?
3. Ex - ert Thy mighty pow'r, And ban - ish all my sin;
4. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry thought, And pas - sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy ri - vals flee;
Come, all Thy right as - sume; I would be Thine a - lone;
In this au - spi - cious hour Bring all Thy grac - es in;
Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath Thy full con - trol;
And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a - bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;

f.

Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

FINE.

D.S. *Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow,
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, the snow;

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

No. 64. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Ref. by B. B. B. B. B. BEALL.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

REFRAIN.

Guide me by Thy Spir - it ev - 'ry day, ... Keep me
yes, ev - 'ry day,
in the strait and nar - row way; . . . . . Liv - ing all for
the nar - row way;
Thee, I'll ev - er, ev - er be March-ing on to vic - to - ry.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 65. While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER. B. B. BEALL.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;

There are wea-ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur - sue,
O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shine and shade will grow,

FINE.

O, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by!
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by!

D. S.–*O, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Go-ing by, go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by;
Go - ing by, go - ing by,

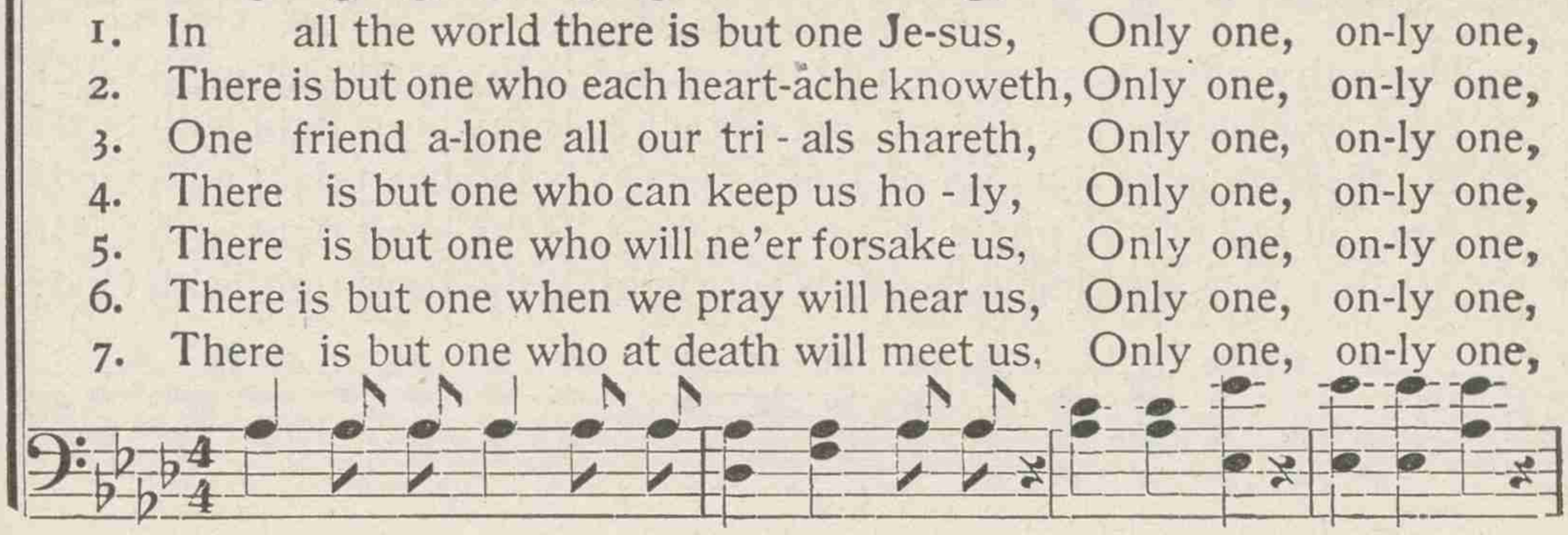
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 66. Only One Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

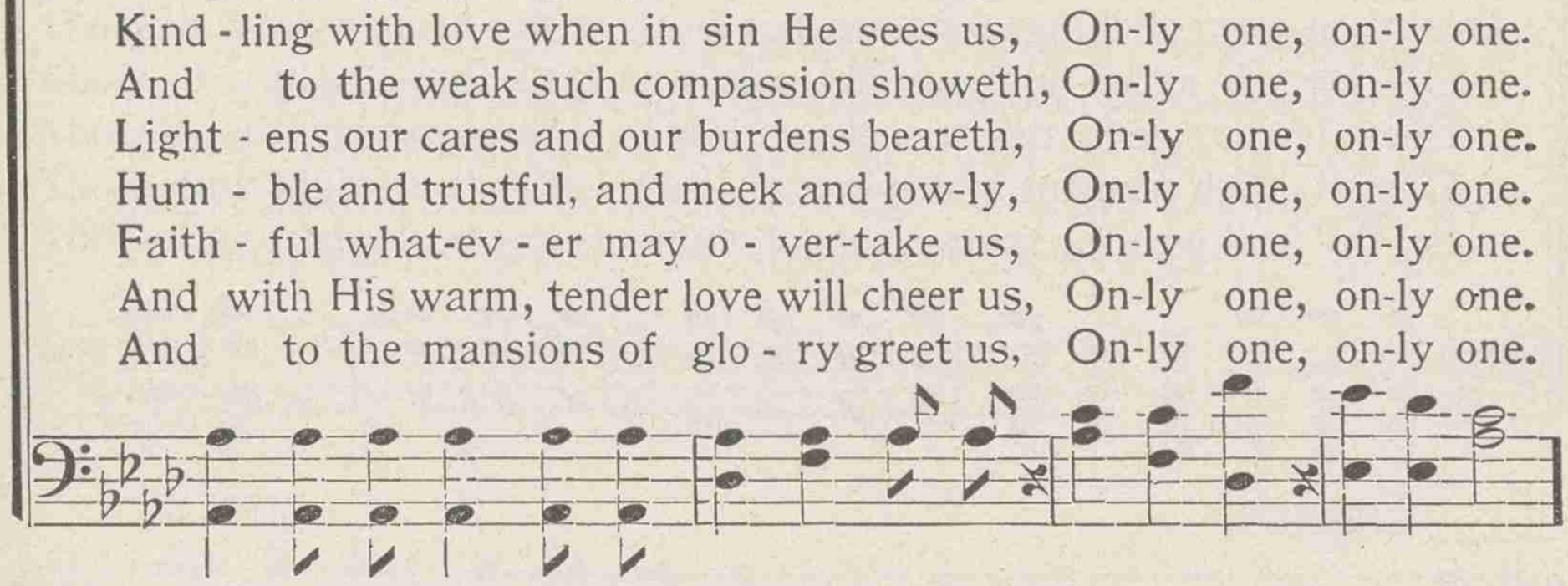


1. In all the world there is but one Je-sus, Only one, on-ly one,
2. There is but one who each heart-ache knoweth, Only one, on-ly one,
3. One friend a-lone all our tri - als shareth, Only one, on-ly one,
4. There is but one who can keep us ho - ly, Only one, on-ly one,
5. There is but one who will ne'er forsake us, Only one, on-ly one,
6. There is but one when we pray will hear us, Only one, on-ly one,
7. There is but one who at death will meet us, Only one, on-ly one,





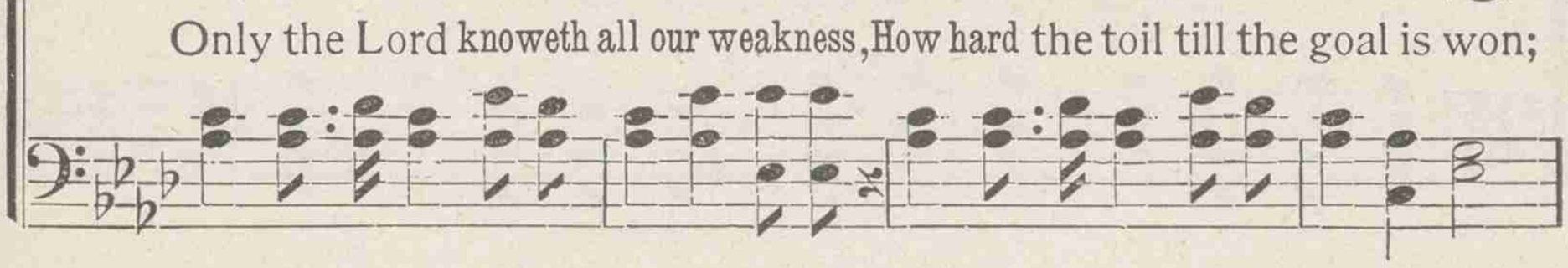
Kind - ling with love when in sin He sees us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the weak such compassion showeth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Light - ens our cares and our burdens beareth, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Hum - ble and trustful, and meek and low-ly, On-ly one, on-ly one.
Faith - ful what-ev - er may o - ver-take us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And with His warm, tender love will cheer us, On-ly one, on-ly one.
And to the mansions of glo - ry greet us, On-ly one, on-ly one.



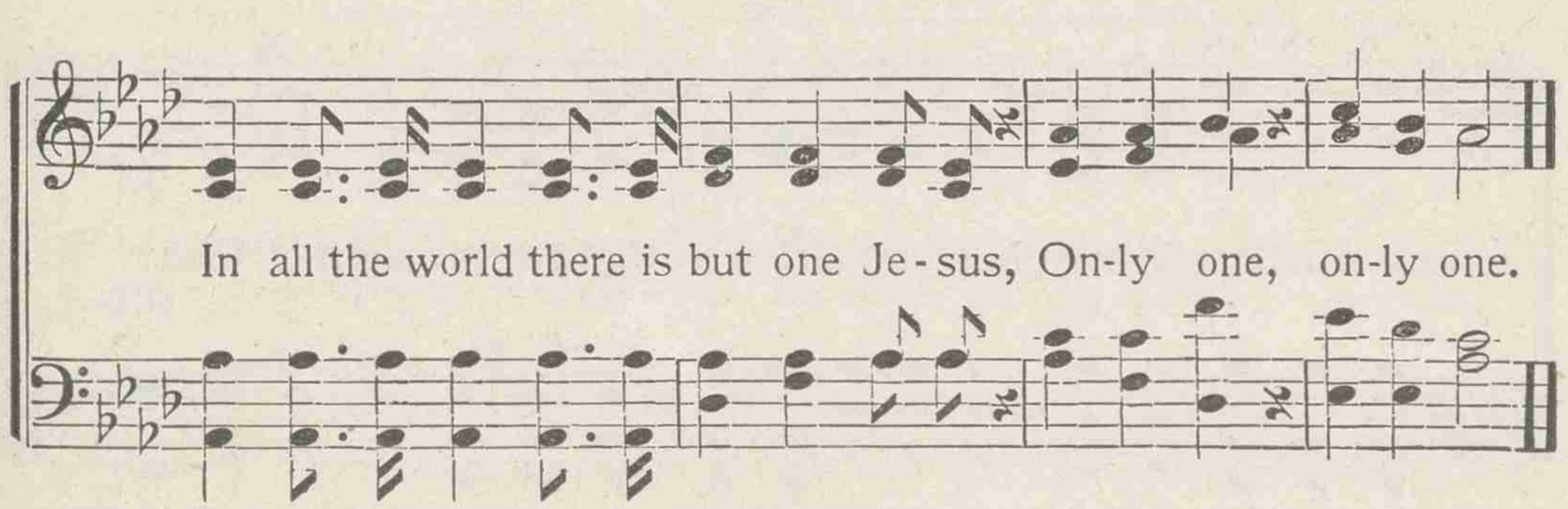
CHORUS.



Only the Lord knoweth all our weakness, How hard the toil till the goal is won;



In all the world there is but one Je - sus, On-ly one, on-ly one.



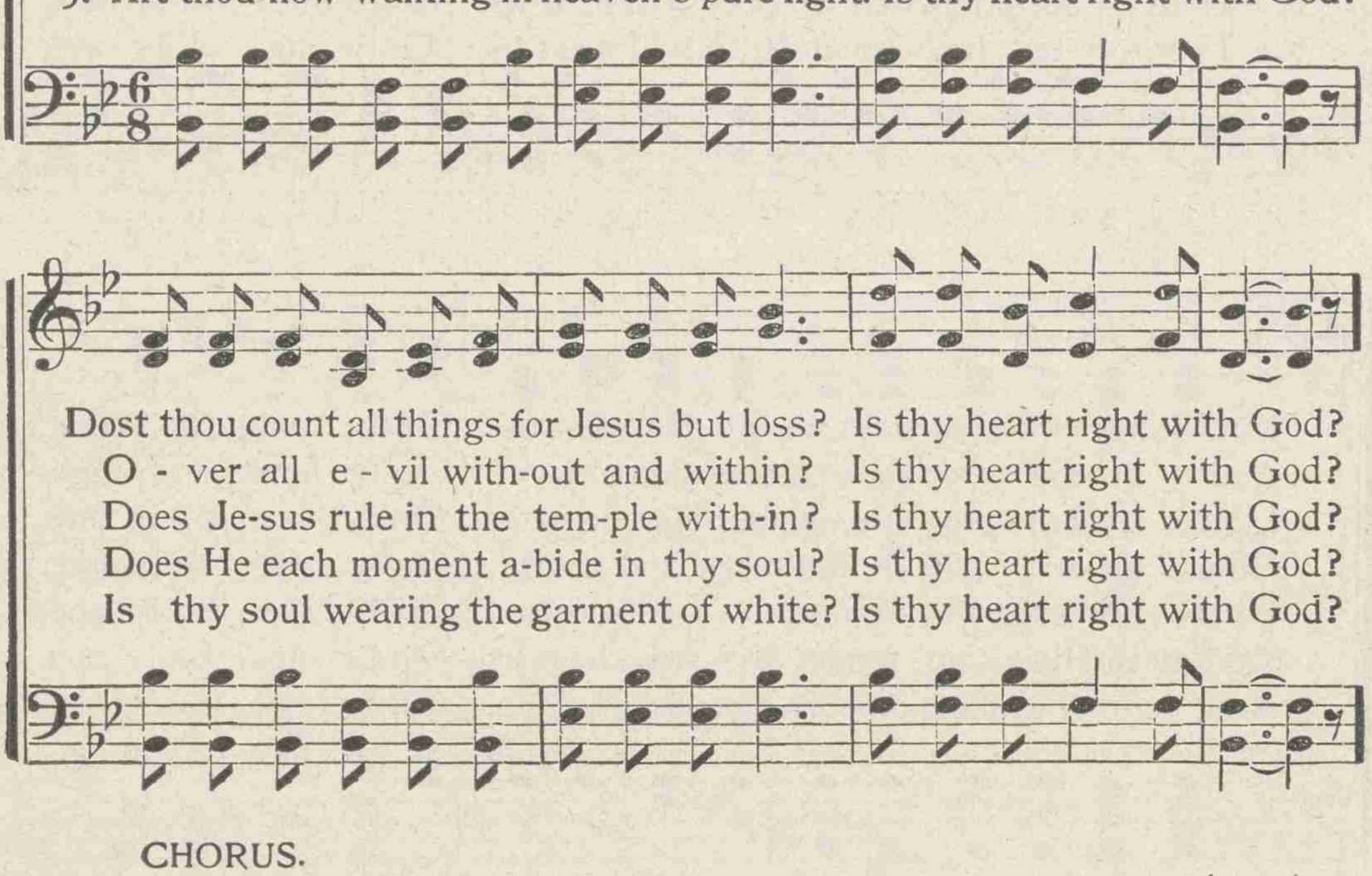
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 67. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God.

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 68. Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now,thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart control, Cleansing and keeping me whole,

Mer-cy re - veal-ing,comforting,healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor,Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, pardon He gave me,And I am hap-py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Banishing sadness,with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

gracious should be? . . . . That He should save e-ven me! . . . . .
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should par - don and save e-ven me!

USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

No. 69. The Master's Call.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.

1. O friends of Christ who live in happy Christian lands! Have ye obeyed
2. Have you in con-se-cra-tion bowed before His feet, And, moved by love,
3. O, feel to-day the weight of your dear Lord's commands, And send the light

your sovereign Lord's commands, And carried forth the gracious message
re-nounced the world complete, And giv'n to Him your heart, your life, your
to souls in darkened lands, And when at last the earnest work of

which He gave, And told the great wide world that Jesus died to save?
wealth, your all, And pledged to Him the use of these be-yond re-call?
life is done, In heav-en you shall greet the souls to Je-sus won!

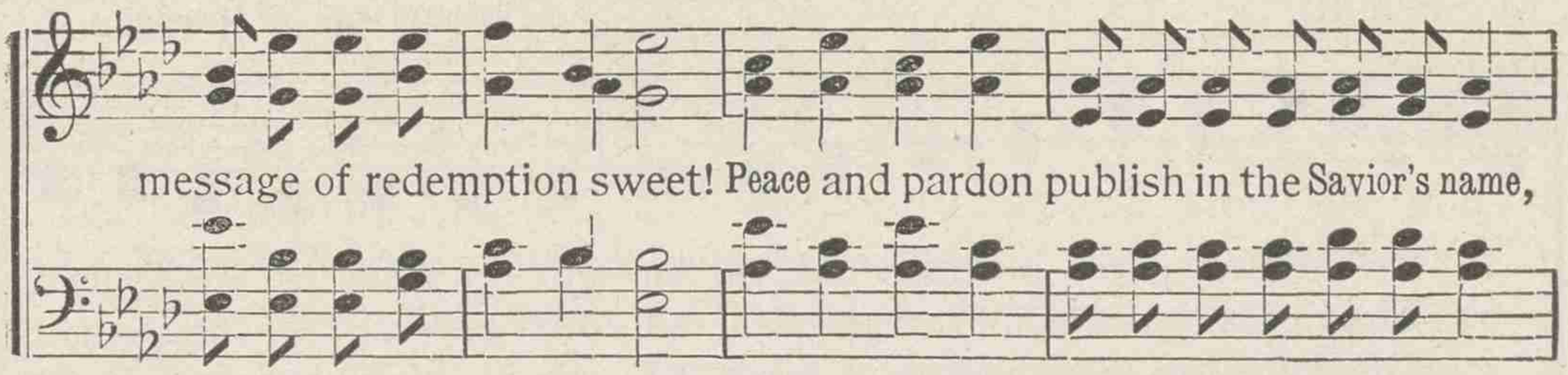
CHORUS.

Go, Christ goes before you! Go, go, His glorious banner
For-ward go, go, for He goes be-fore you! With His ban-ner wav-ing

wav-ing o'er you! Go, He goes be-fore you! Her-ald the
o'er you! Go, go, go, go, for He goes be-fore you!

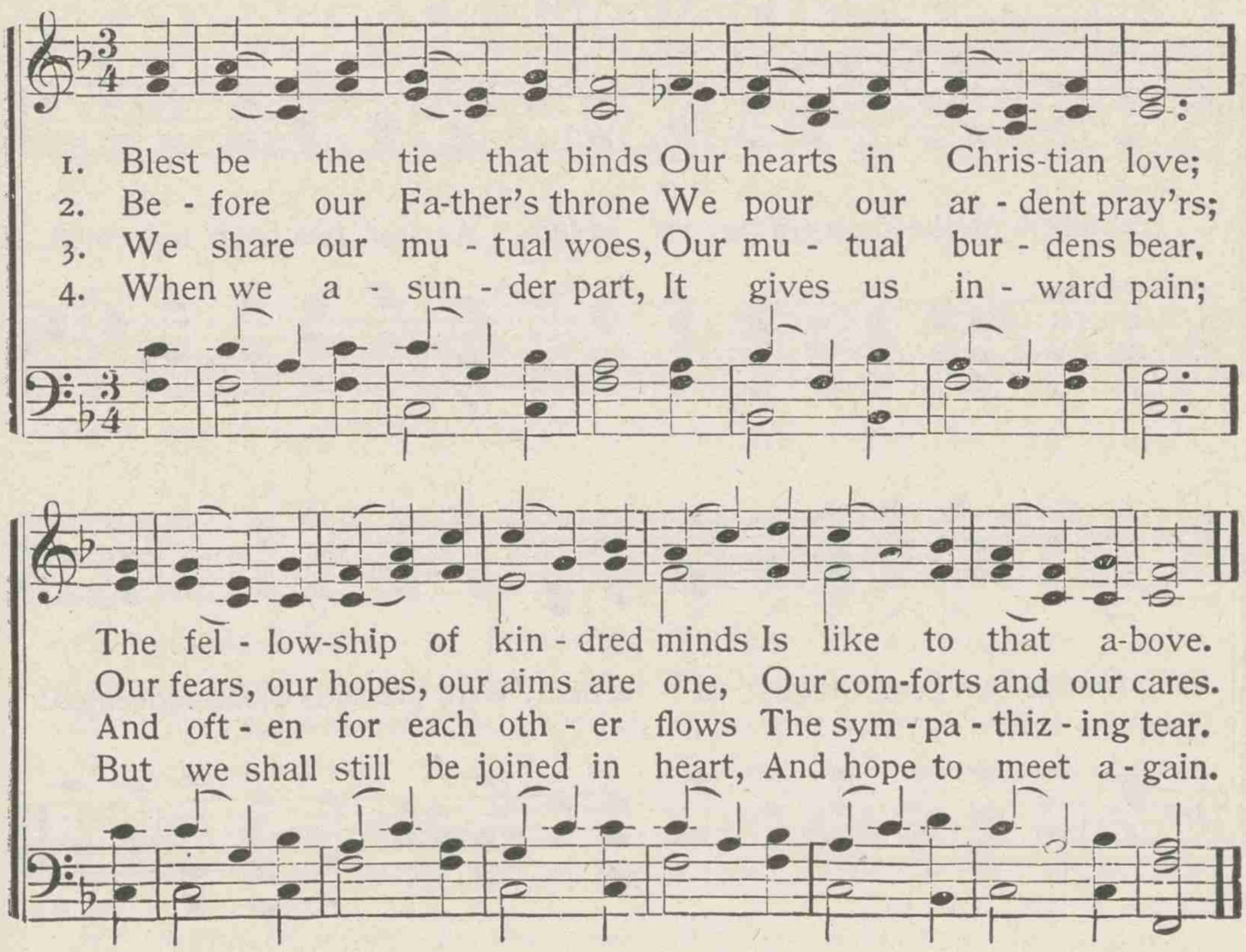
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO., CLEVELAND.

The Master's Call.—Concluded.





No. 70. Dennis.

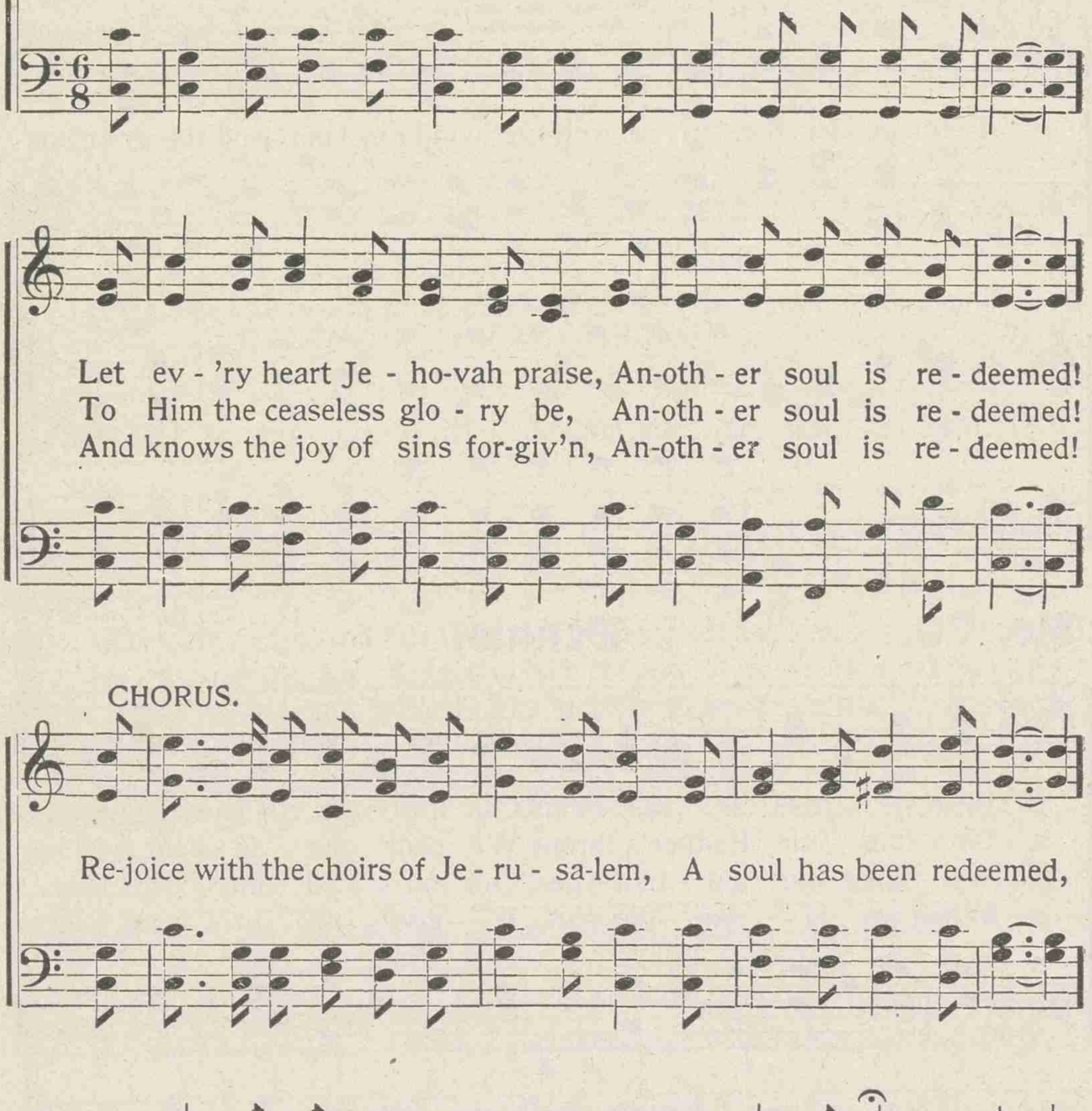


No. 71. Another Soul Redeemed.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A HOFFMAN.



1. Re - joice! re-joice in grate-ful lays, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!
2. The Lord has heard our fervent plea, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!
3. One more has now the hope of heav'n, An - oth - er soul is re-deemed!



Let ev - 'ry heart Je - ho-vah praise, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!
To Him the ceaseless glo - ry be, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!
And knows the joy of sins for-giv'n, An-oth - er soul is re - deemed!

CHORUS.

Re-joice with the choirs of Je - ru - sa-lem, A soul has been redeemed,



An-oth - er gem for His di - a-dem, With precious blood redeemed!

No. 72. Never Alone.

English.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow-ing Temp-ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af- flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side;

CHO.—*No, nev er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!*

I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Trying to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
My Sav-ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened the fount-ain, The crim - son, cleans-ing tide;

He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone;

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior, Telling me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, entangled with bri - ars Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne;

No, nev - er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!

He promised never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His prom-ise: "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone."
He promises never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

He promised never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

No. 73. Will You Go?

B. B. BEALL.

1. A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor - row free, The home of the ran - som'd bright and fair, And
2. That beau-ti - ful land, the home of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glo - ry of God, the light of day, Hath
3. In vis - ions I see its streets of gold, Its pearl - ly gates I too be - hold, The riv - er of life, the crys - tal sea, Th' am-

REFRAIN.

beau - ti - ful an - gels, too, are there.
driv - en the dark-ness far a - way. Will you go? Will you go?
bro - si - al fruits of life's fair tree.

Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me? Will you go?

Will you go? Go to that beau - ti - ful home with me?

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 74. The Wonderful Story.

MAUD SIMS. B. B. BEALL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 75. There Will be Light at the River,

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's sol-emn shore,
2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shadows have come,
3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed,
4. There will be light for the faith-ful, What-e'er the way they have trod,

There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Fade - less light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.
Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter, Peace that for - ev - er shall last.
Glo - ri-ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

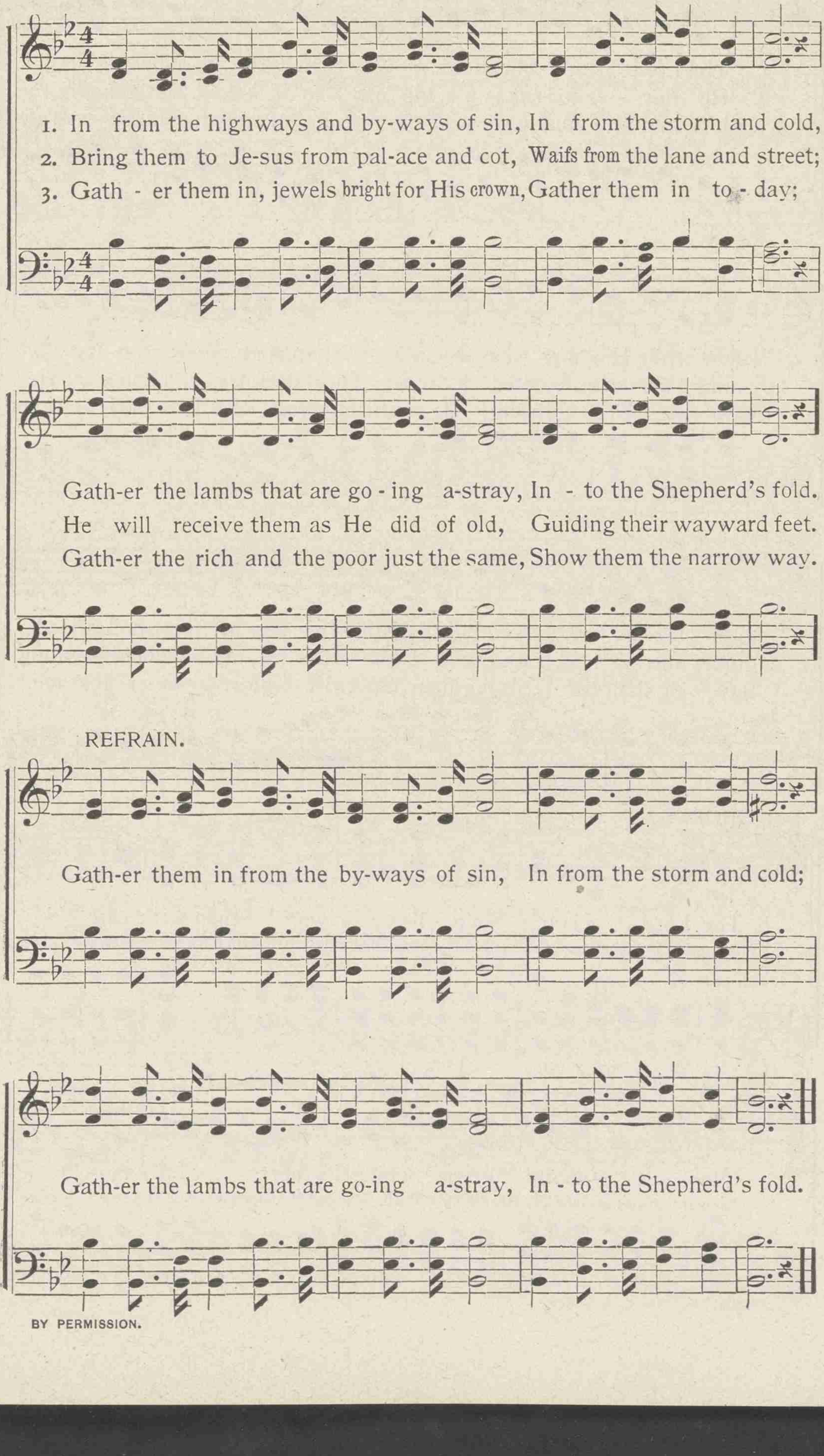
REFRAIN.

There . . . . . will be light at the riv - er, There . . . . .
There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,
will be light at the riv - er, There . . . . . will be
bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed
light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er. . . . .
light at the riv - er, While the re-deem'd ones pass o'er, pass o'er.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. BY PER.

No. 76. Gather Them Into the Fold.

W. T. LEVENS.



BY PERMISSION.

No. 77. The Lord is My Shepherd.

B. B. BEALL.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, a - way then with care, No want shall I
2. He nev - er for-sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But gen - tly re-
3. I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But He will go

know while His mer - cy I share; From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll
claims me when tempted a - way; Thro' darkness and dan - ger He
with me, "Fear noth-ing," He saith; Thy rod and Thy staff, precious

gath - er my bread, And by the still wa - ters my feet shall be led.
guides me a - long, And tho' I am fee - ble, my Shepherd is strong.
Sav - ior shall be, Strong help and swift comfort for-ev-er for me.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care;
The Lord is my Shepherd, the Lord is my Shepherd, away then with care, away then with care;

No want shall I know while His mer - cy I share,
No want shall I know while His mercy I share, No want shall I know while His mercy I share,

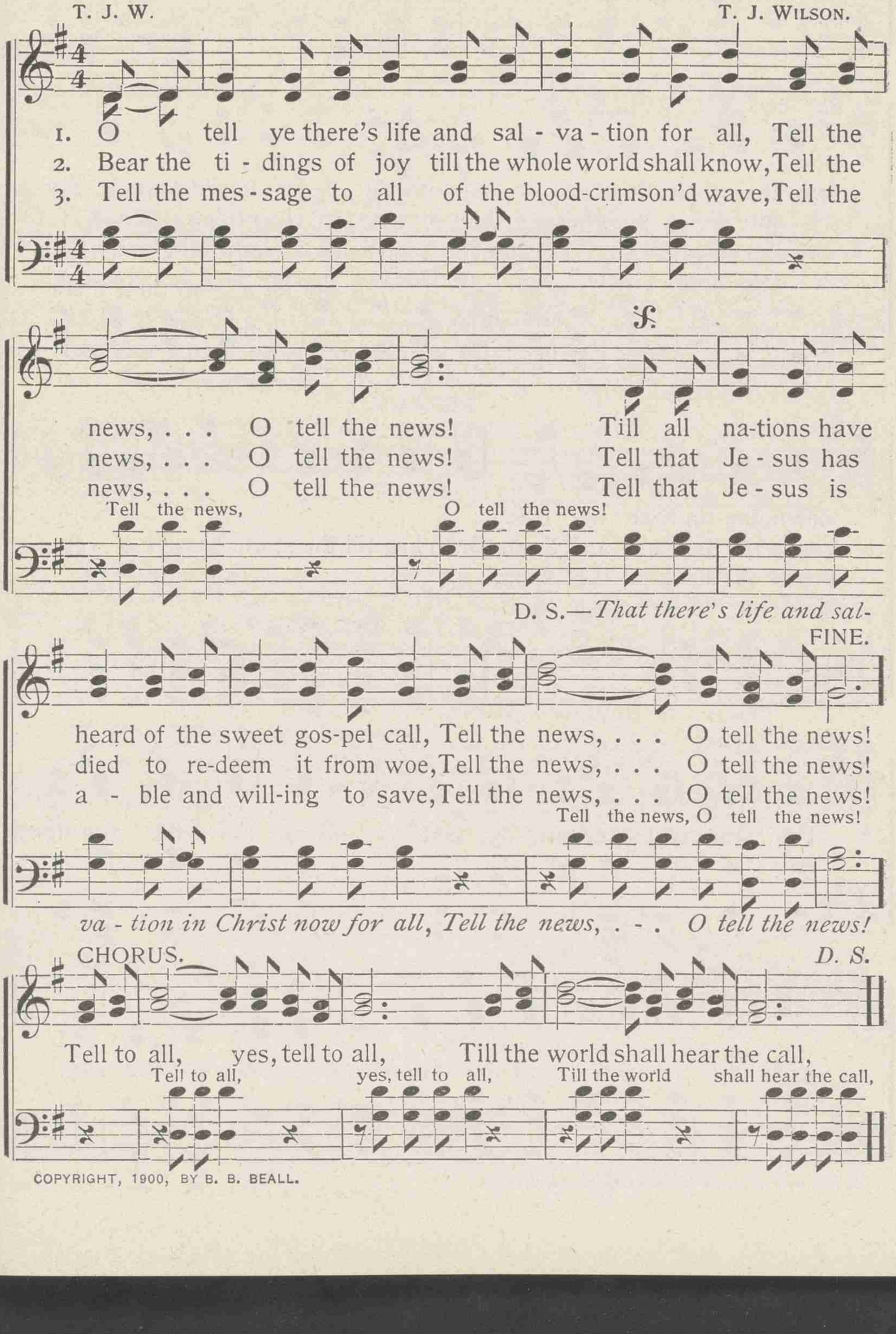
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

The Lord is My Shepherd. Concluded.



No. 78. Tell the News.

T. J. W. T. J. WILSON.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 79. The Willow and the Oak.

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

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

REFRAIN.

down the un-bend-ing oak.
prone on the earth and dead. Bend low till the storm passeth o-ver;
smile is be-hind the cloud.
wait-ing, in-vit-ing thee.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL AND J. B. BEALL.

No. 80. For You.

J. B. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.

1. Look up! the cross is raised on high, A bea-con sure and true;
2. Lo! dark-ness veils, as with a shroud, The sky's e-the-real blue;
3. Th' a-ton-ment is com-plete for all, The veil is rent in two,
4. Press onward now, nor long-er grope, His hand will lead you thro';

Be-hold the Christ, the Sav-ior die! That cross was rear'd for you.
Hark! 'Tis the Lord, in an-guish loud: "'Tis fin-ished!" all for you.
The pow'r of love has pierc'd the pall, Love lights the way for you.
Be-yond the gloom His star of hope Is shin-ing still for you.

REFRAIN.

For you, for you, A beacon is shin-ing for-ev-er,
For you, for you, for you, for you, is shin-ing for you,

For you, for you, Is shin-ing for-ev-er for you.
For you, for you, for you, for you, for you.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL AND J. B. BEALL.

No. 81. At the Savior's Right Hand.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Savior's right hand.
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be-lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un- wor - thy to be With the chil-dren of God at the Savior's right hand.
3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Savior's right hand?
4. If our Shepherd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home to that beau-ti - ful land; There, with crowns on our brows, and with branches of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Savior's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me..... find a place with that..... hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

Who shall ev - - - er a - bide,..... A-bide at the Savior's right hand.
Who shall ev - er a-bide at the Savior's right hand, right hand.

USED BY PERMISSION.

No. 82. The Heavenly Choir.

Mrs. SALLIE BEALL MOORE. B. B. BEALL.

1. O when shall I stand with that glo-ri-ous throng Of which I have won-dered and dream'd, And sing the glad song that can nev-er be learn'd
2. The beau - ti - ful song that is sung up in heav'n By saints that once dwelt here be - low, But now are in glo - ry, for Je-sus has wash'd
3. The song that is new and will nev - er grow old While time thro' e - ter - ni - ty rolls; O has-ten the time when that song we shall sing,

By those who have not been re - deem'd, By those who have not been re-deem'd, By those who have not been re-deem'd; And sing the glad song that can nev-er be learn'd By those who have not been re-deem'd.
And made them as white as the snow, And made them as white as the snow, And made them as white as the snow; But now are in glo - ry, for Jesus has wash'd And made them as white as the snow.
And min - gle with those hap-py souls, And min-gle with those happy souls, And min-gle with those happy souls; O has-ten the time when that song we shall sing, And min-gle with those hap-py souls!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 83. The Cleansing Fountain.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Music and Ref. by S. L. HOWARD.

1. Soul, a fountain for sin has been o-pened for all, And from heaven there comes un - to each one the call, To re - pair to the fount and in
2. Soul, the wa-ters are healing and free-ly do flow, And each sin-burdend heart all their vir - tue may know; For the mo-ment a sin - ner by
3. Soul, a won-der-ful wel-come is waiting for you, Full salvation from sin, an ex-per - i - ence new, If you come to the fount-ain which

faith en - ter in, With assurance that all thro' the blood may be clean.
faith en-ters in, He is heal'd and renewed and is cleans'd from his sin.
cleanses from sin, To its clear healing stream and by faith en-ter in.

REFRAIN.

Then come to that fount - ain, No lon - ger de-lay;
Then come to that fount that is o-pen so wide, No longer delay, soul, no more delay;
For Je - - sus is call - ing, He is calling to you, soul, to-day.
For Je-sus is call-ing so ten-der-ly, He is call-ing to you, soul, to-day, to-day.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 84. Let the Little Ones Come unto Me.

B. B. BEALL.

1. I think when I read the sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He call'd lit-tle children, as lambs to His fold,
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low,
3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Ne'er heard of that heav-en - ly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all,

I should like to have been with Him then; I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove; In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to prepare, For all that are wash'd and forgiv'n, And ma-ny dear children are gath - er - ing there, For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.

And that Je - sus has bid them to come; I long for the joy of that glo - ri-ous time, The sweetest and brightest and best, When the dear little chil-dren of ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 85. Let Us Pray for Each Other.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON. By per.

1. Let us pray for each oth-er in the morn-ing; Un-to Je - sus our Sav - ior let us pray, And en - treat Him to guide the weak and weary,
2. Let us pray for each oth-er at the noon-tide, When the world is so full of strife and care, That each one may be faith-ful at his sta-tion,
3. Let us pray for each oth-er as the dark-ness Gathers 'round us and clos - es out the day, That the Sav-ior will keep us till the morning;

CHORUS.

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

Let us pray

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

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

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

rit.

for each oth-er, all the time.

No. 86. The Half Has Never yet Been Told.

F. R. HAVERGAL. B. B. BEALL.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad;
4. O Sav - ior, precious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy presence be

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de-stroy,
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love-ly song.
With - out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

REFRAIN.

The half has nev - er yet been told, ... Of

yet been told,

love so full and free; The half has nev-er yet been

full and free;

told, The blood it cleans - eth me.

yet been told, cleans - eth me.

rit.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 87. Sailing Home.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

We're sail-ing home . . . . o'er life's rough tide, ... Yes, sail-ing

We're sail-ing home o'er life's rough tide,

on . . . . . life's o-cean wide, . . We soon shall land . . . on that blest

Yes, sail-ing on life's o-cean wide, life's ocean wide, We soon shall land

rit.

shore, ... Secure from storms . . . for - ev-er - more. . . . .

on that blest shore, Secure from storms for - ev - er-more.

No. 88. Wonderful Story of Love.

BIRDIE BELL B. B. BEALL.

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

REFRAIN.

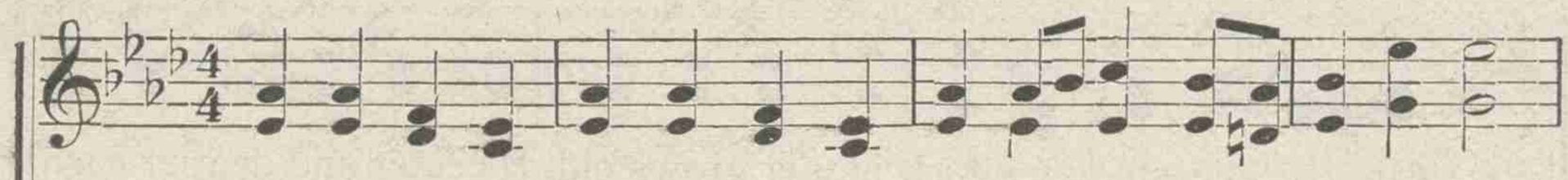
Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love that will save, Sound it a - far o'er the land and the wave, Je-sus re - deems us from sin and the grave, Wonderful sto - ry of love! . . . .

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 89. Rest Over Jordan.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1882.



1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss-ful rest,
2. He is fit-ting up that mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go;

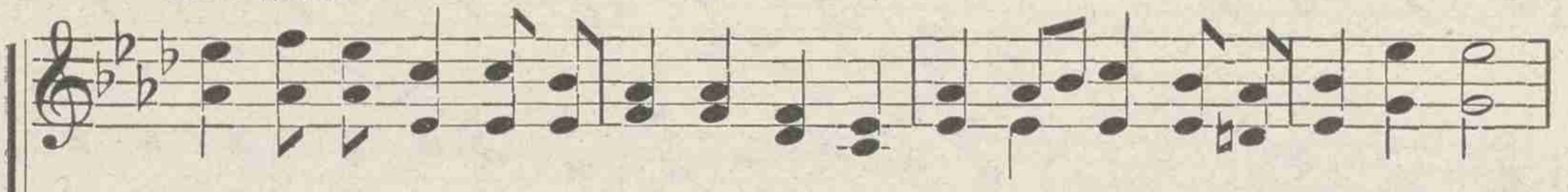




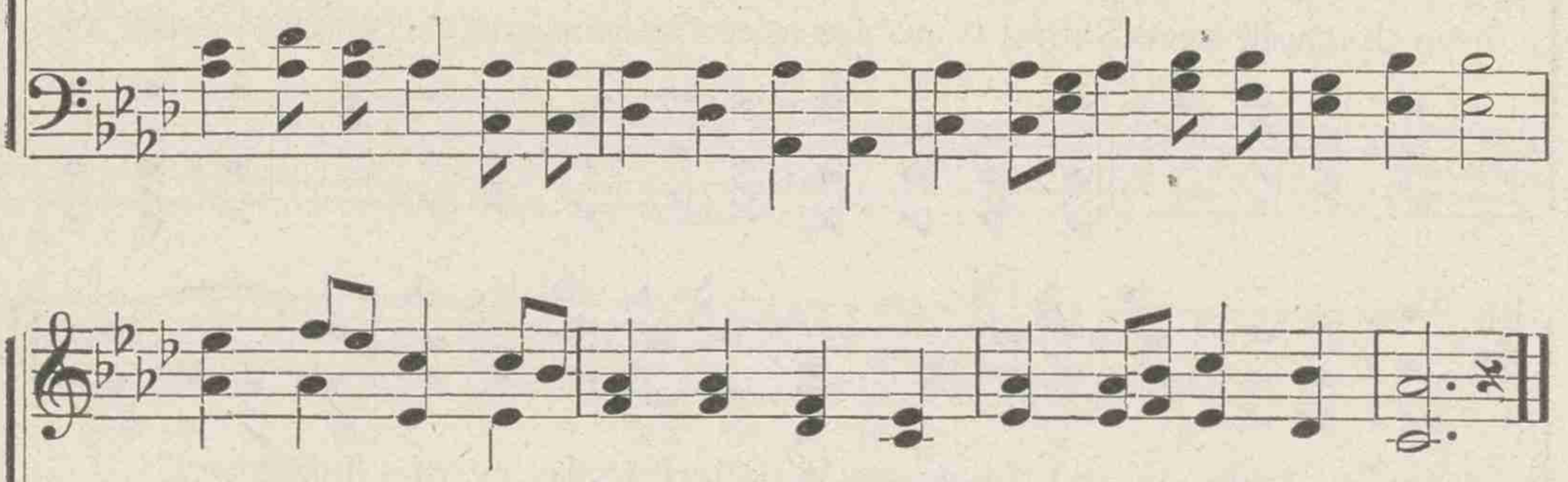
My Re-deem-er's gone be - fore me, To prepare a man-sion, blest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho-ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the ris-ing morn!
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance thro.



CHORUS.



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



Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.



BY PERMISSION.

No. 90. Glory to God in the Highest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. S. HENDRICKS.



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

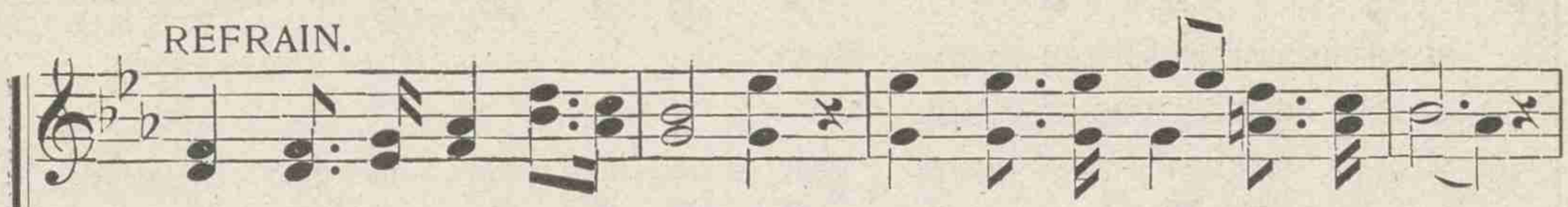




Flood-ing the world with their music, Joy - ful-ly, sweetly and clear.
Na - ture from slumber a-wak - eth, Lost in a splen-dor so bright.
Now in the cit - y of prom-ise, Lo, our Re-deem-er is born.



REFRAIN.



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





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



COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. S. HENDRICKS. BY PER.

No. 91. Bearing the Golden Sheaves.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Go forth in - to the har - vest And reap the gold-en field,
   Your toil will not be wast - ed, Your la - bor not be vain,

2. The fields are white al - read - y; The la - bor-ers are few;
   Oh, go and toil for Je - sus, Nor let Him call in vain!

3. We'll sow in ear - ly morn - ing, We'll sow at noon and eve,
   Then in the time of reap - ing Re - joic - ing we will come,

Re - turn - ing with the gold-en sheaves In an a - bundant yield;
For you shall gar - ner plen-teous-ly The (*Omit.*)

To gath - er in the gold-en sheaves The Mas-ter calls for you.
With gladness you shall bear to Him The (*Omit.*)

And all our time and all our strength, To Je - sus we will give.
And bear a - way the gold-en sheaves, And (*Omit.*)

CHORUS.

sheaves of gold - en grain. Bear - ing a - way the sheaves,
gold - en sheaves of grain.
sing the har - vest home. Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,

Bear - ing a-way the sheaves, Re - joic - ing we will bring to Christ A
Bear - ing a - way the gold-en sheaves,

har - vest of gold - en sheaves, har - vest of gold - en sheaves.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY HOFFMAN MUSIC CO., CLEVELAND, O.

No. 92. We Will Follow Jesus.

(To my many pupils and friends of the following counties of Ga.: Douglas, Carroll, Haralson, and Paulding.—B. B. B.)

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. The foot-steps of Je - sus our way-marks will be To man-sions of
2. The foot-steps of Je - sus lead nev - er a-stray; His guid-ance is
3. The foot-steps of Je - sus lead up-ward to heav'n, And thith - er we

light a - bove; And long as our eyes His clear foot-prints can see, We
safe and sure; And so we may fol - low Him day aft - er day, And
long to go; And long as His foot-prints for guid-ance are giv'n, We

REFRAIN.

fol - low in faith and love. We fol - - - low, yes, we
feel in His love se - cure.
fol - low in faith be - low. We fol - low, fol - low Je - sus, yes, we

fol - - low, To yonder fair mansions a - bove; . . . . . As
fol - low all the way, To yon-der fair man-sions a - bove, fair mansions above;

long as our eyes His clear foot-steps can see, We fol - low in faith and love.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY B. B. BEALL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

No. 93. I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God." T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;

And for a ran - som shed His blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac - es e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, ... Through the
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . . I'm re - deemed, . .
of the Lamb that was slain; I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name!
I'm re-deemed,

No. 94. We Are Waiting for His Coming.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. B. WATSON.

1. We are wait-ing, wait-ing the day, When our Lord again shall come,
2. "Be ye therefore ready," He says, None the day nor hour may know,
3. A re-ward He's bringing to you, And to ev-'ry faith-ful one,
4. With our lamps all burning and bright, We'll with joy the Bridegroom wait,

Come to lead His chos-en peo-ple To a bright, e-ter-nal home.
He shall call, but He is com-ing To His wait-ing ones be-low.
He will aid His trusting chil-dren Till their la-bors all are done.
And we'll welcome Him who com-eth If He ear-ly calls, or late.

REFRAIN.

We are wait-ing for the coming Of our Lord, our Lord and King;
We are waiting for the coming Of our Lord,

We are wait-ing for His coming, And the message He shall bring.
We are wait-ing,

USED BY PER.

No. 95. Sing Unto the Lord.

C. A. CLINE.

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

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

O sing . . . . . un - to the

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

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

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

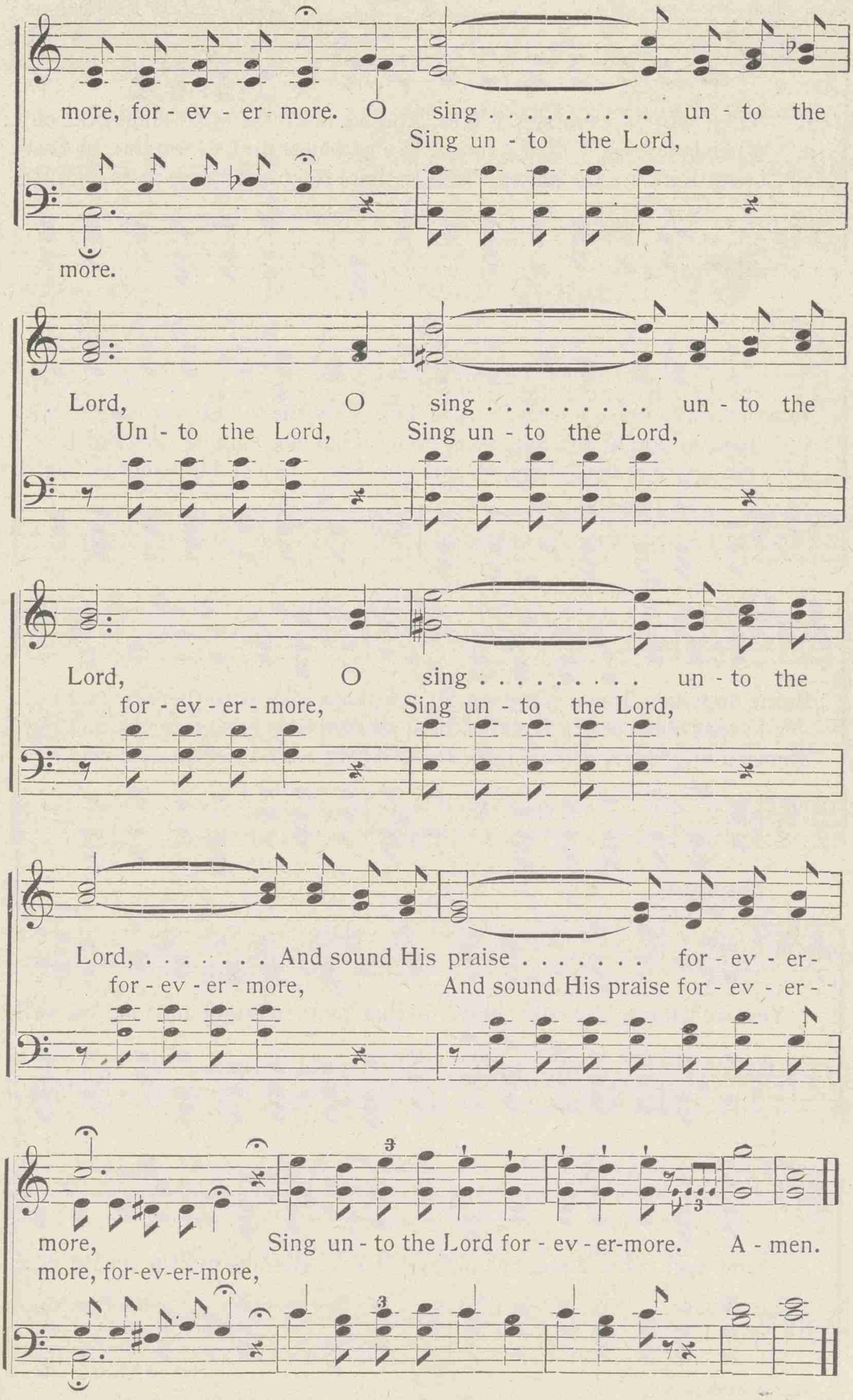
Lord, O sing . . . . . un - to the

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

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

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

Sing Unto the Lord. Concluded.



No. 96. We Shall Know Each Other There.

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

1. When our pil-grim-age is o'er, And we reach the other shore, And our
2. When before our Father's throne We will meet the lov'd ones gone, In that
3. There we'll see the Savior's face, In that bright and happy place, And His

robes and crowns we'll wear, by and by, This the tho't that comes to me,
land so bright and fair, o-ver there; They are singing songs of love,
glo - ry we shall share, by and by; Far be-yond this mor-tal sight,

Borne on wings from o'er the sea, Shall we know each other there, by and by?
In that home prepar'd above; Shall we know each other there, by and by?
Shines a bright and golden light, And we'll know each other there, by and by?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll know each other there, In that home so bright and fair, Yes, we'll
know each other there, by and by; 'Tis a glorious tho't to me, In that

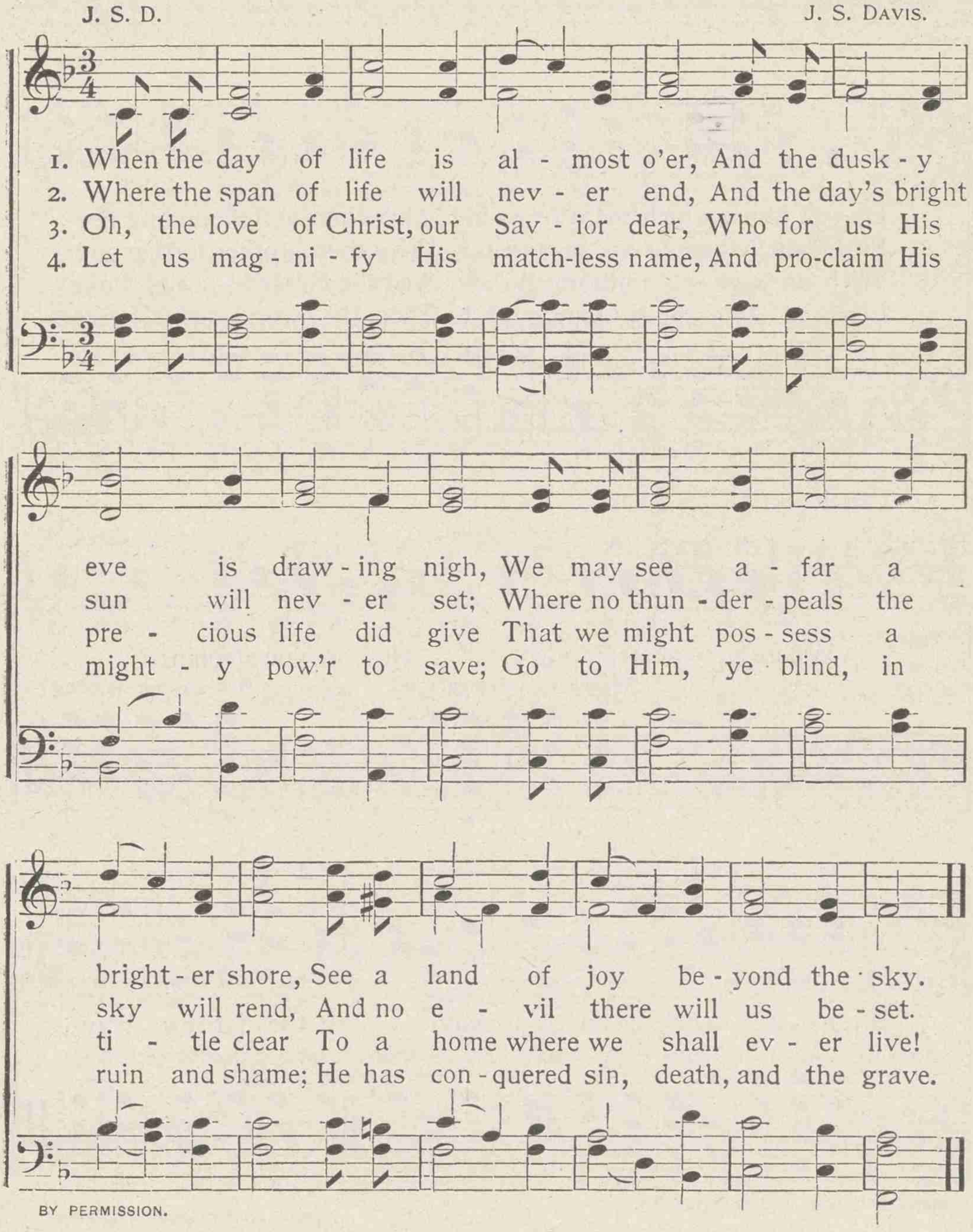
USED BY PERMISSION.

We Shall Know Each Other There. Concluded.



No. 97. A Glimpse of Home.

J. S. D. J. S. DAVIS.



BY PERMISSION.

No. 98. Where Are You Stepping?

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS, by per.

1. We are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - ni - ty;
2. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd e-ter - nal woe;
3. Some are stepping, dai-ly stepping, Stepping to'rd their home above,
4. Are you stepping, dai-ly stepping, In the "narrow way" so straight,

Do you know which road you're go-ing, And where will the ending be?
From which there is no re-turn-ing; Why, then, brother, farther go?
With an eye of faith on glo - ry, And the blessed Lord of love.
Lead-ing to the shin-ing por-tals, Thro' the o-pen pearl-y gate?

CHORUS.

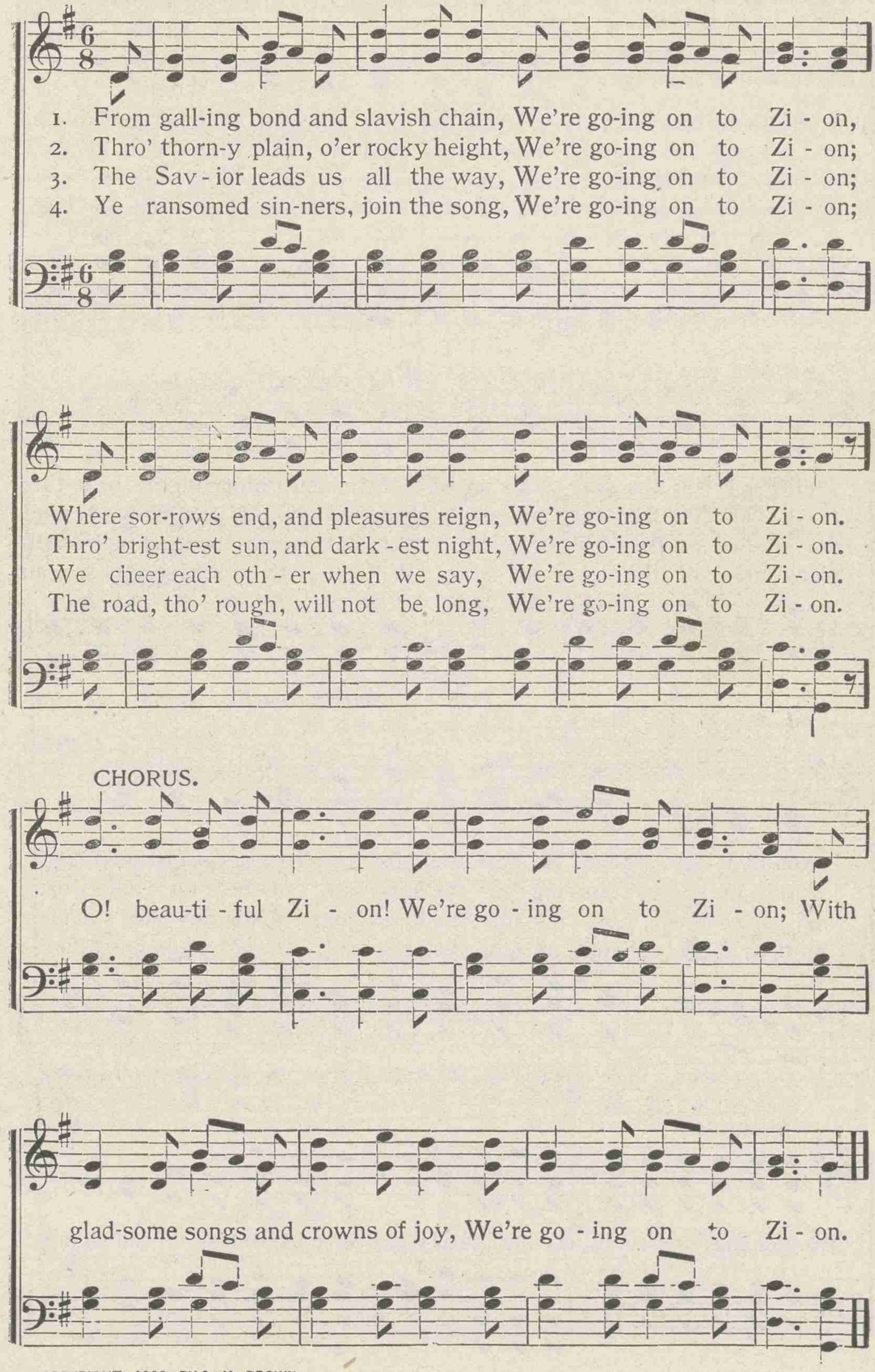
Where are you step-ping? . . . . How are you stepping? . . .
Where are you stepping? How are you stepping?

Brother, step carefully on your way. in the nar-row way.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY L. M. EVILSIZER.

No. 99. Going On to Zion.

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



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY S. M. BROWN.

No. 100. Dying for the Knowledge of Jesus.

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

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

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

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

D. S.—*Trembling on the brink of the*

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. D. S.

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

No. 101. There is Gladness.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

There is gladness in the gos-pel,

There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is

There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est

grace . . . . both rich and free; . . . . . For the vil - - est there is

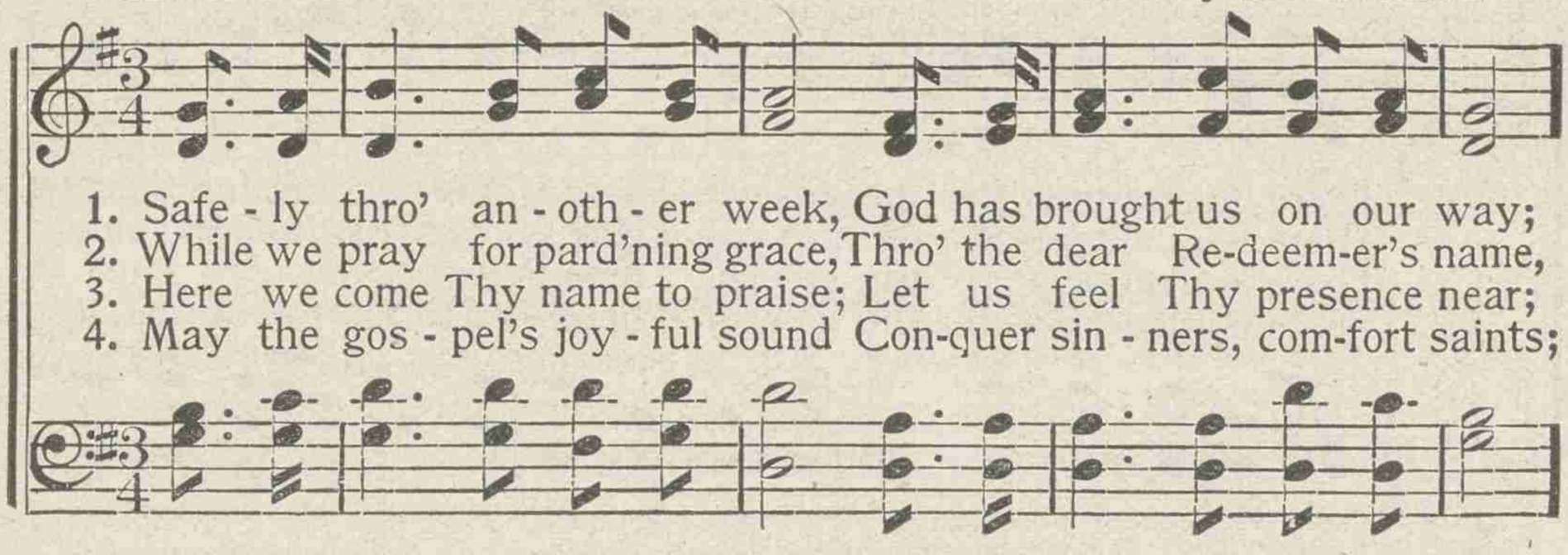
there is mer-cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee, (for thee.)

mer - - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . . . .

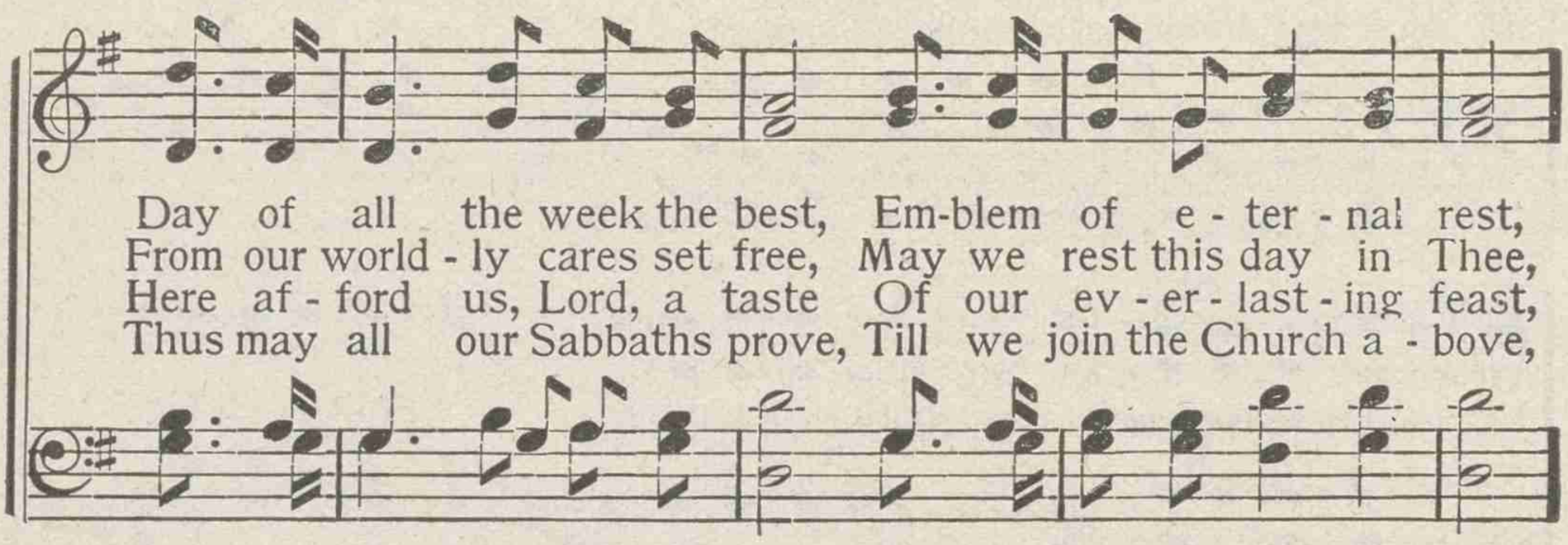
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. N. LINCOLN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. FROM "SONG LAND MELODIES."

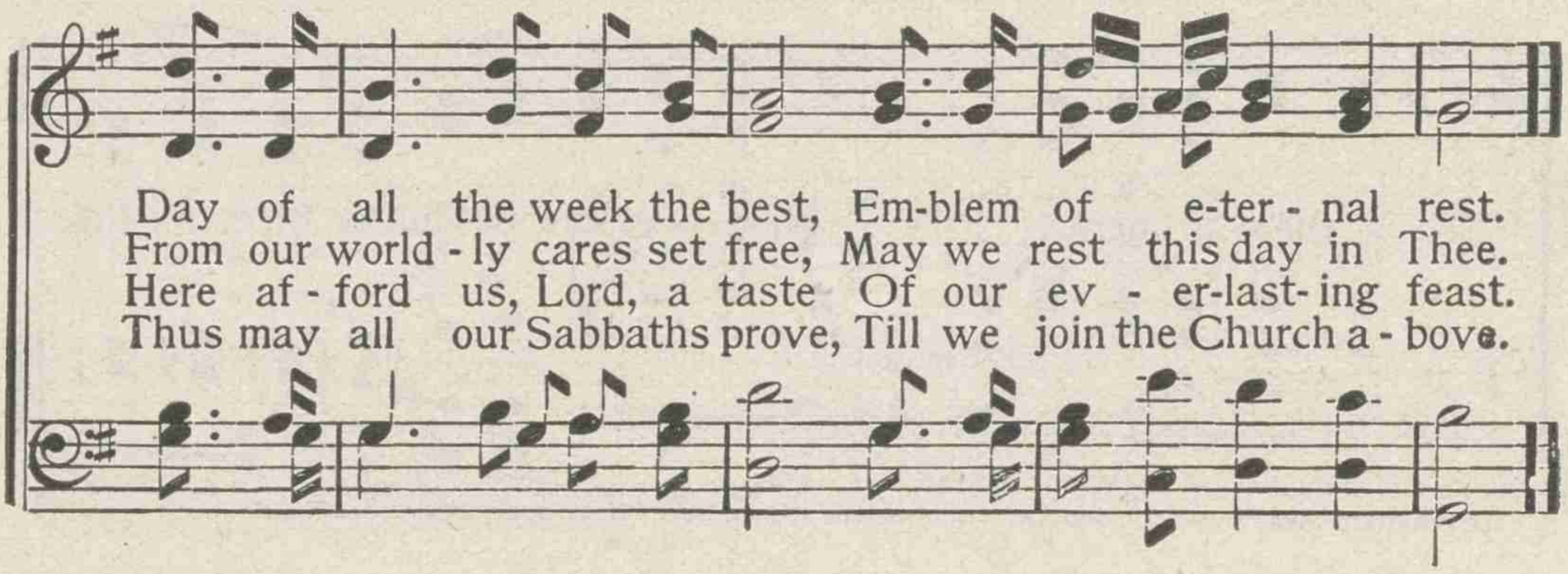
No. 102. Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.









No. 103. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

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

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

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

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

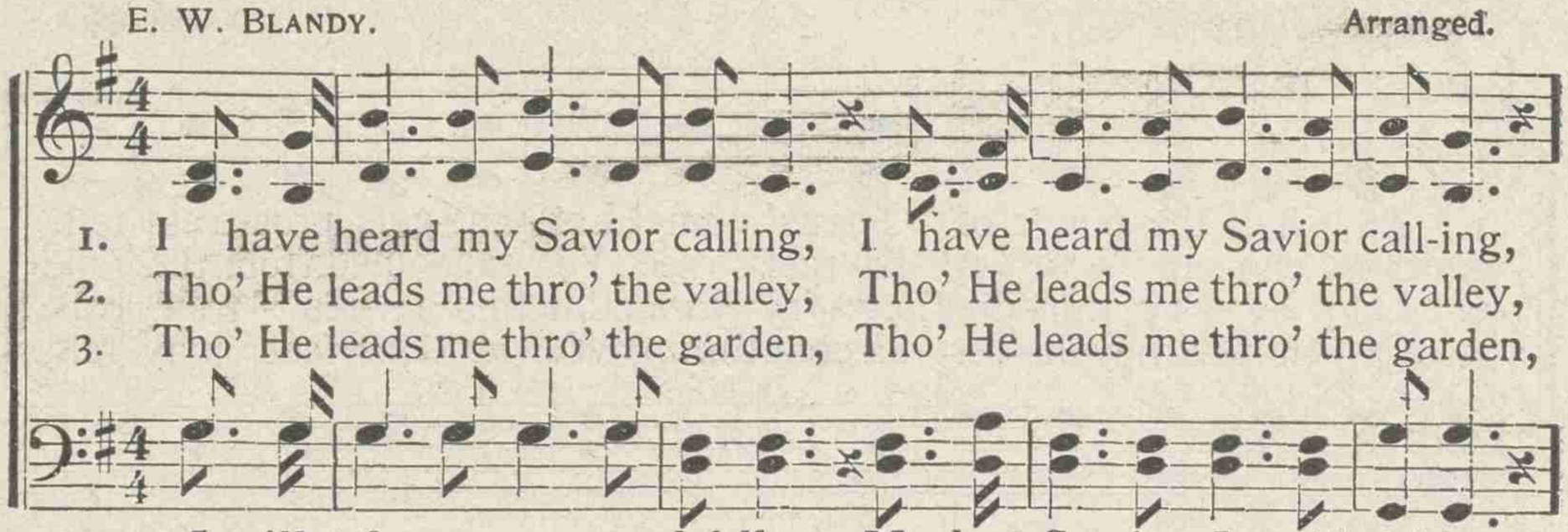
BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

No. 105. Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY. Arranged.



I have heard my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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

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

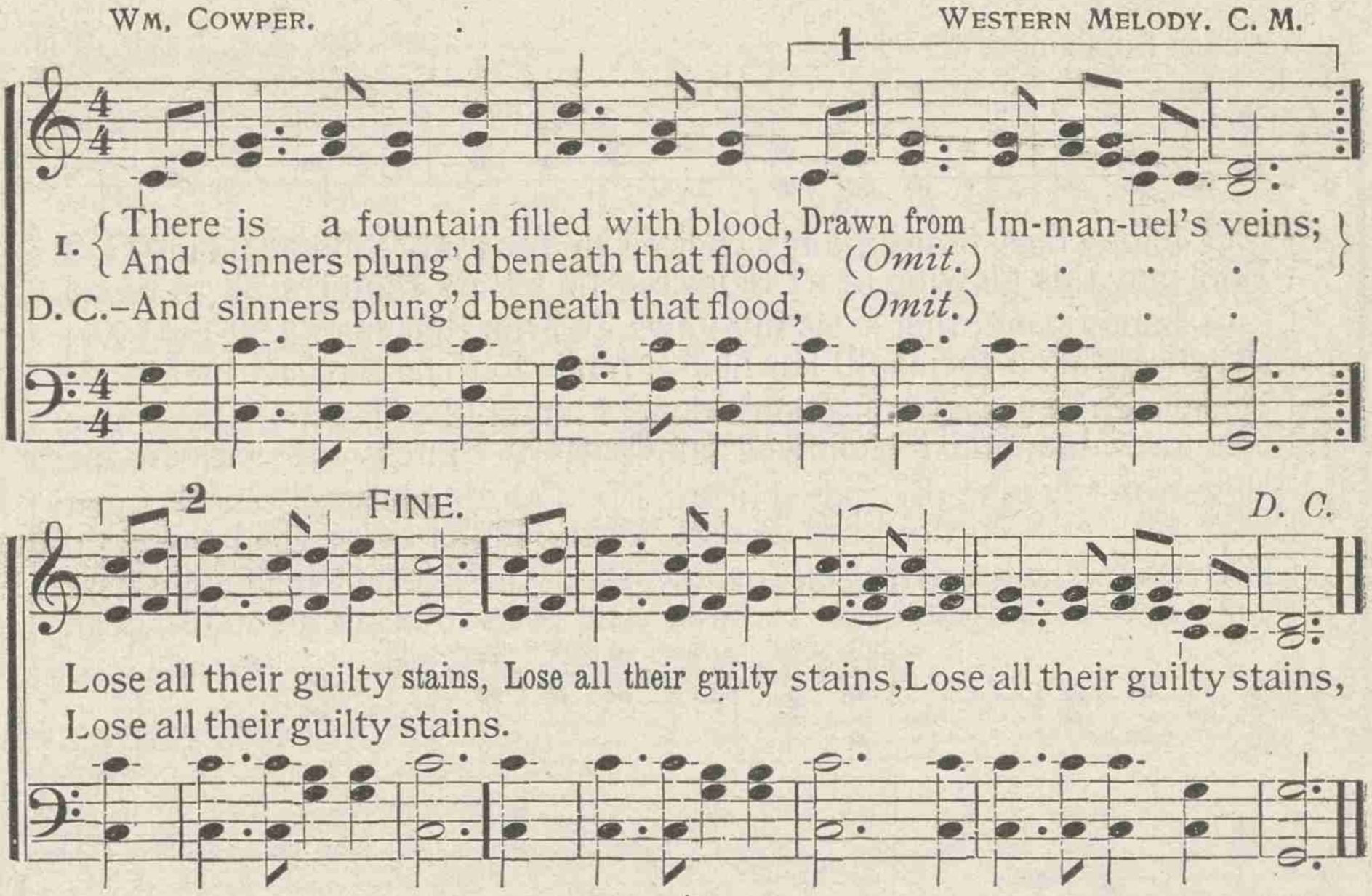
No. 106. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT HANDEL.



No. 107. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY. C. M.



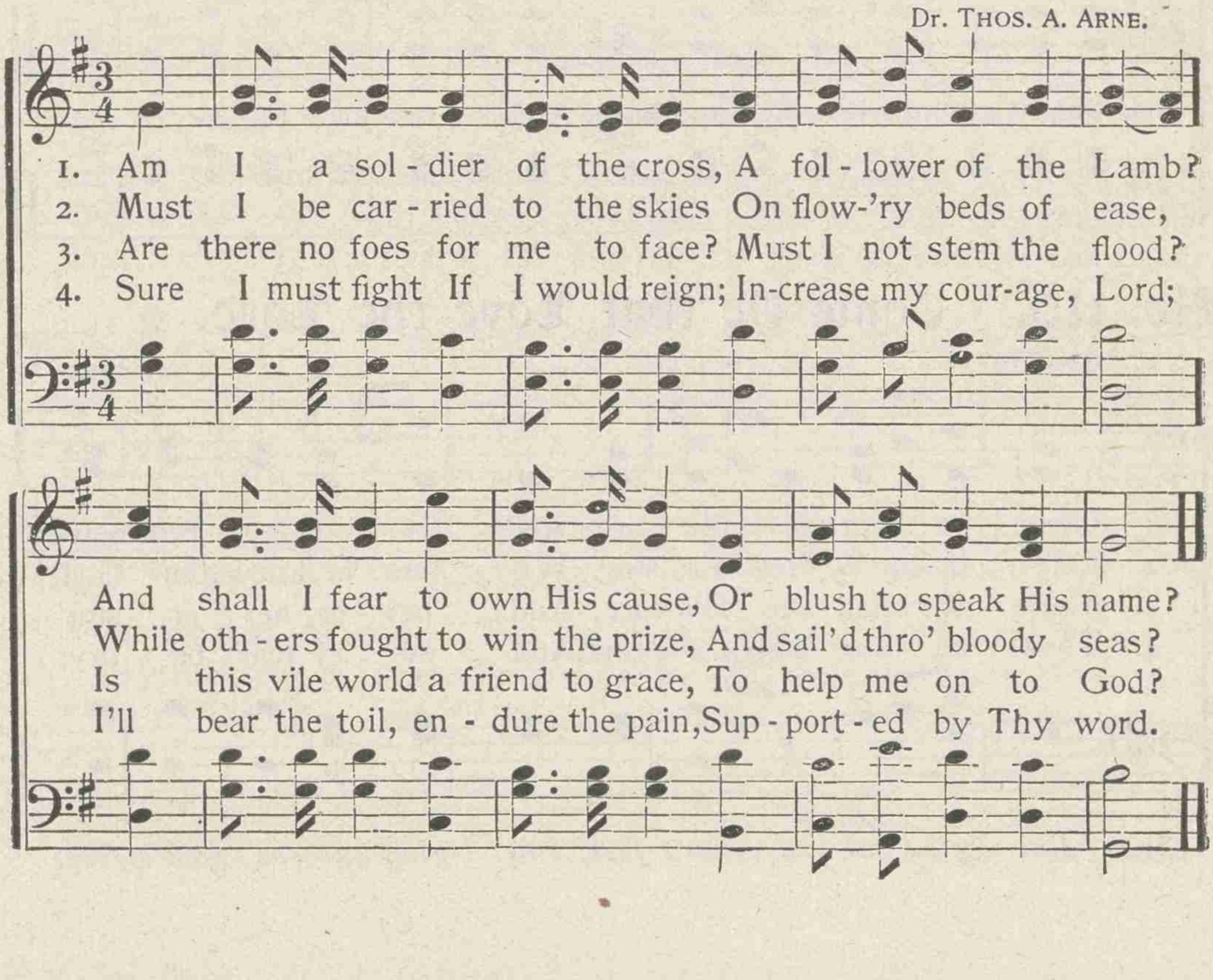
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

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

Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.



No. 109. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



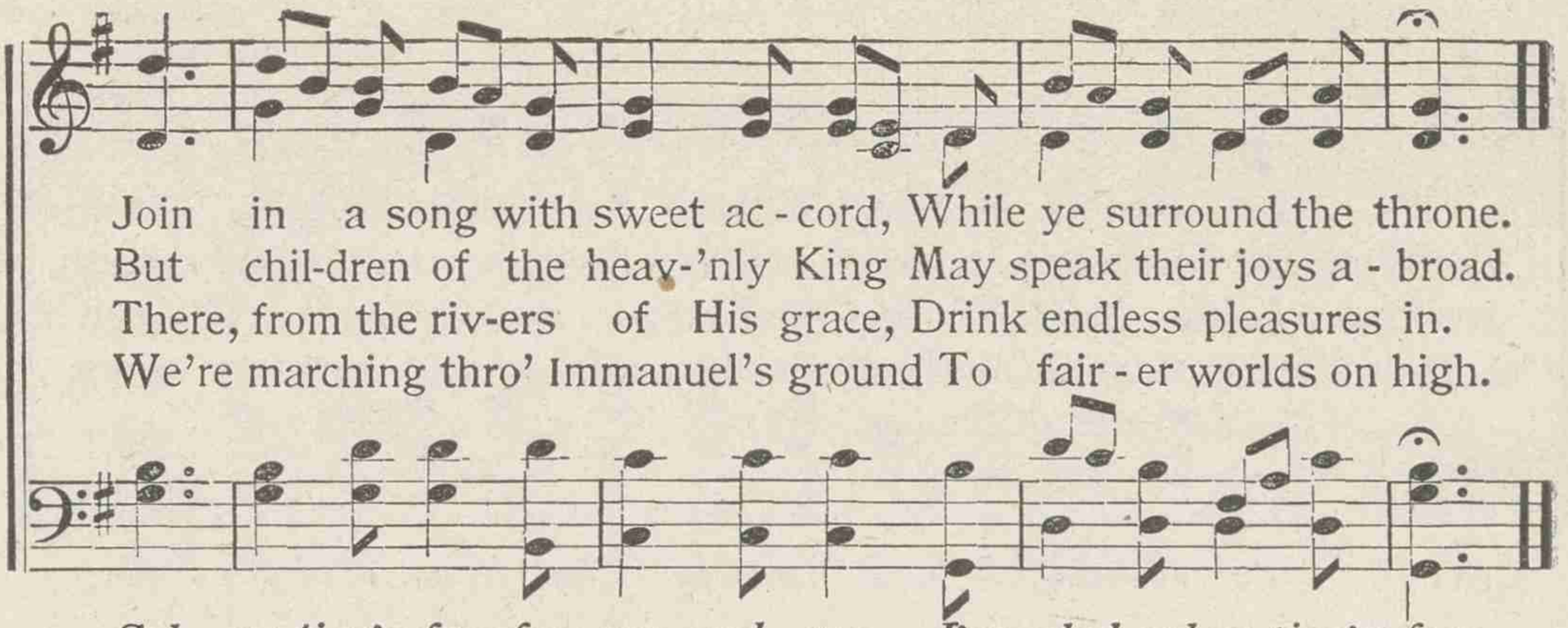
1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him that merits all my love! / Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; / He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di-vine; }
4. { Now rest, my long di - vid-ed heart; Fix'd on this blissful cen-tre, rest; / Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd, }
5. { High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, / Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }



No. 110. Come Ye that Love the Lord.

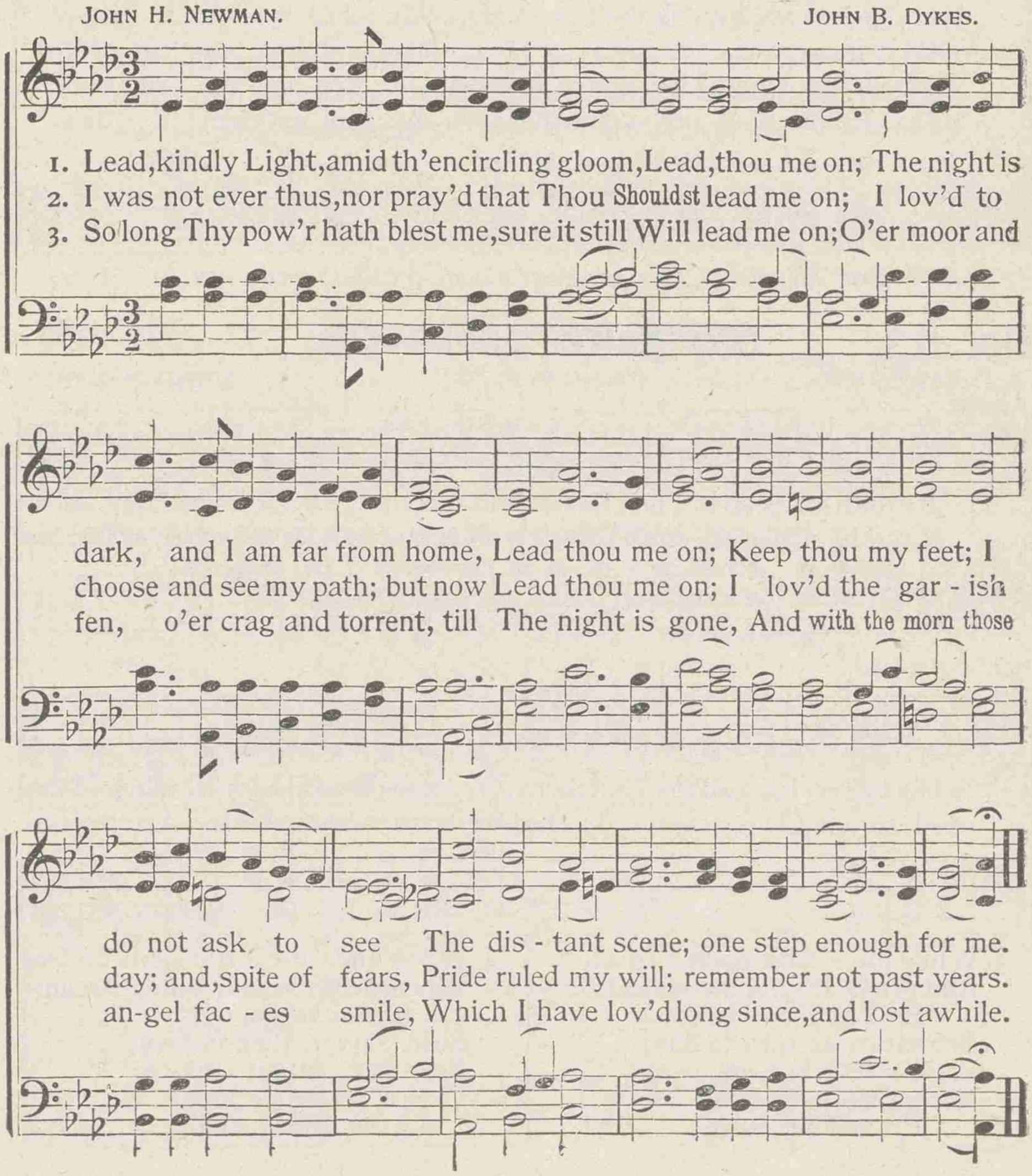
ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.

Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



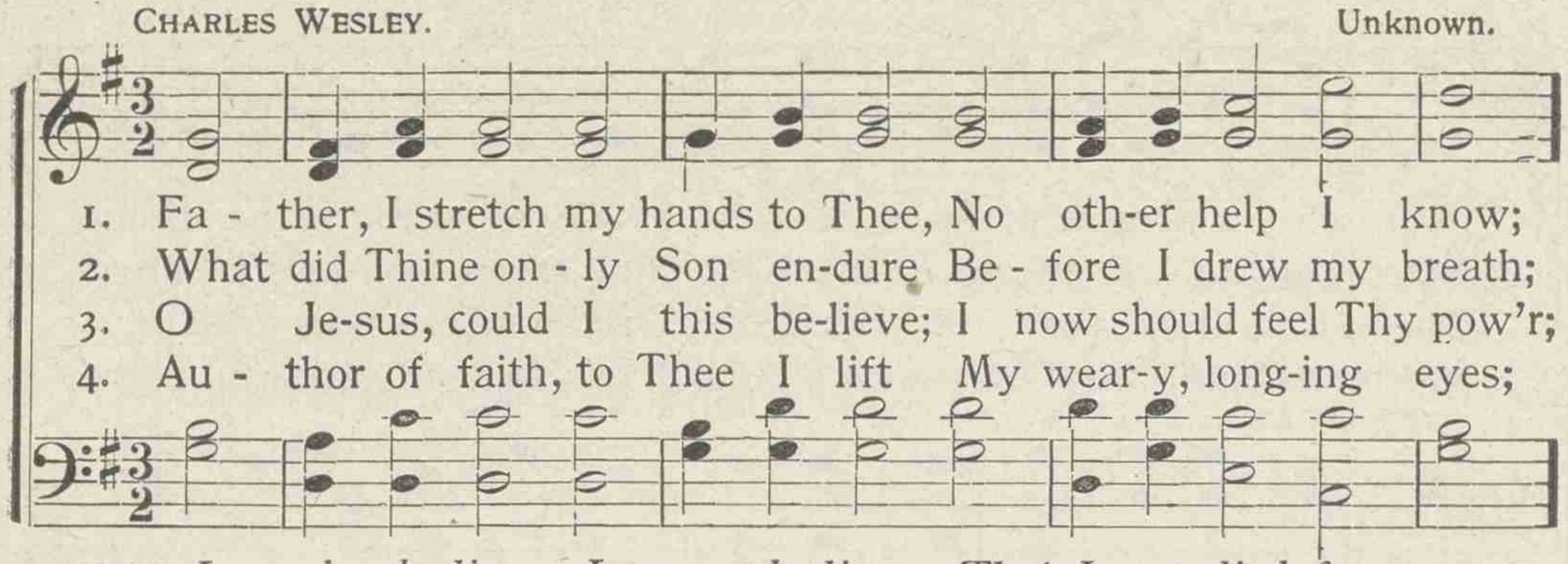
No. 111. Lead, Kindly Light.

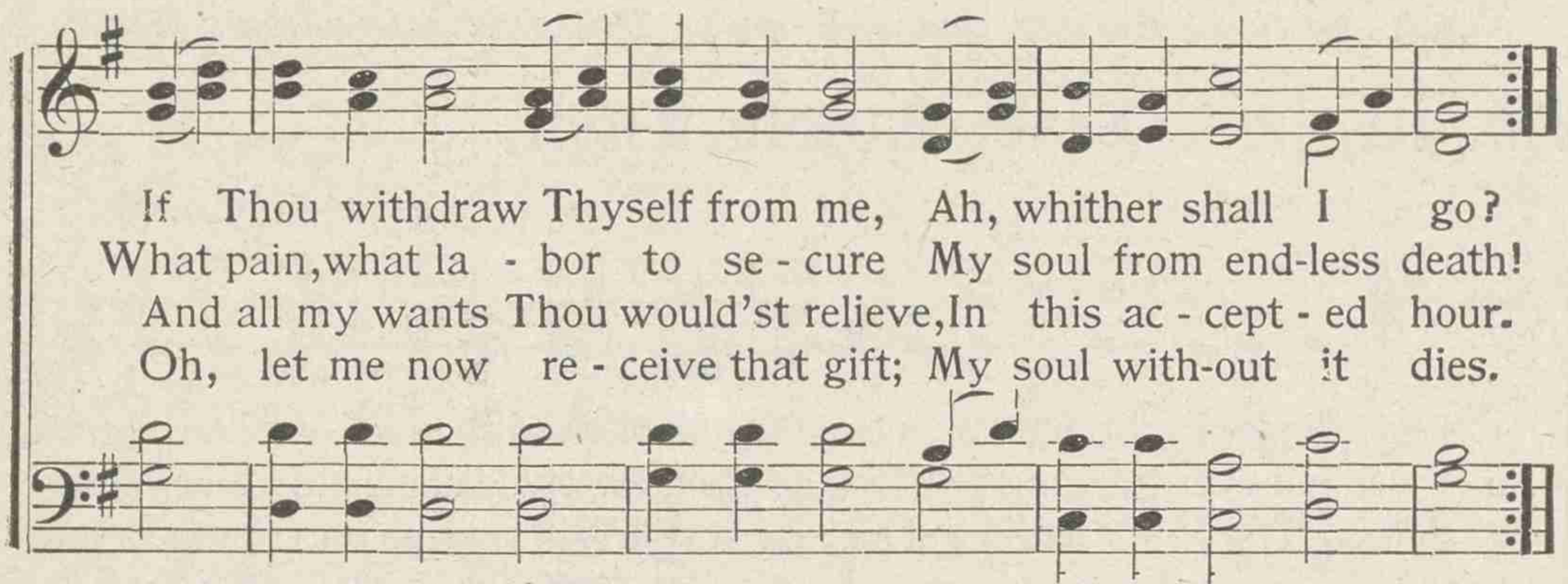
JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



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

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.





No. 113. My Faith Looks Up.

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

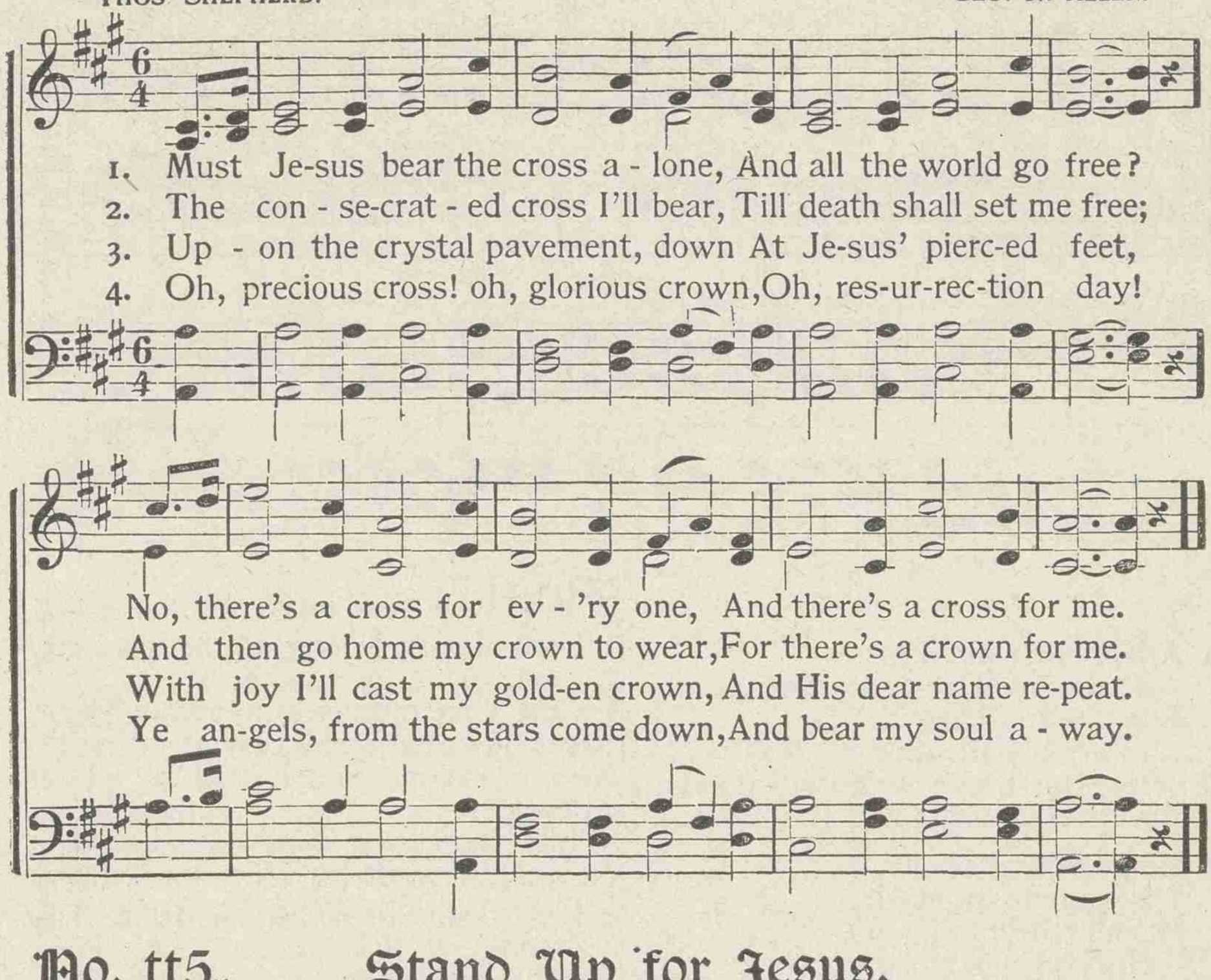


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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

No. 114. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



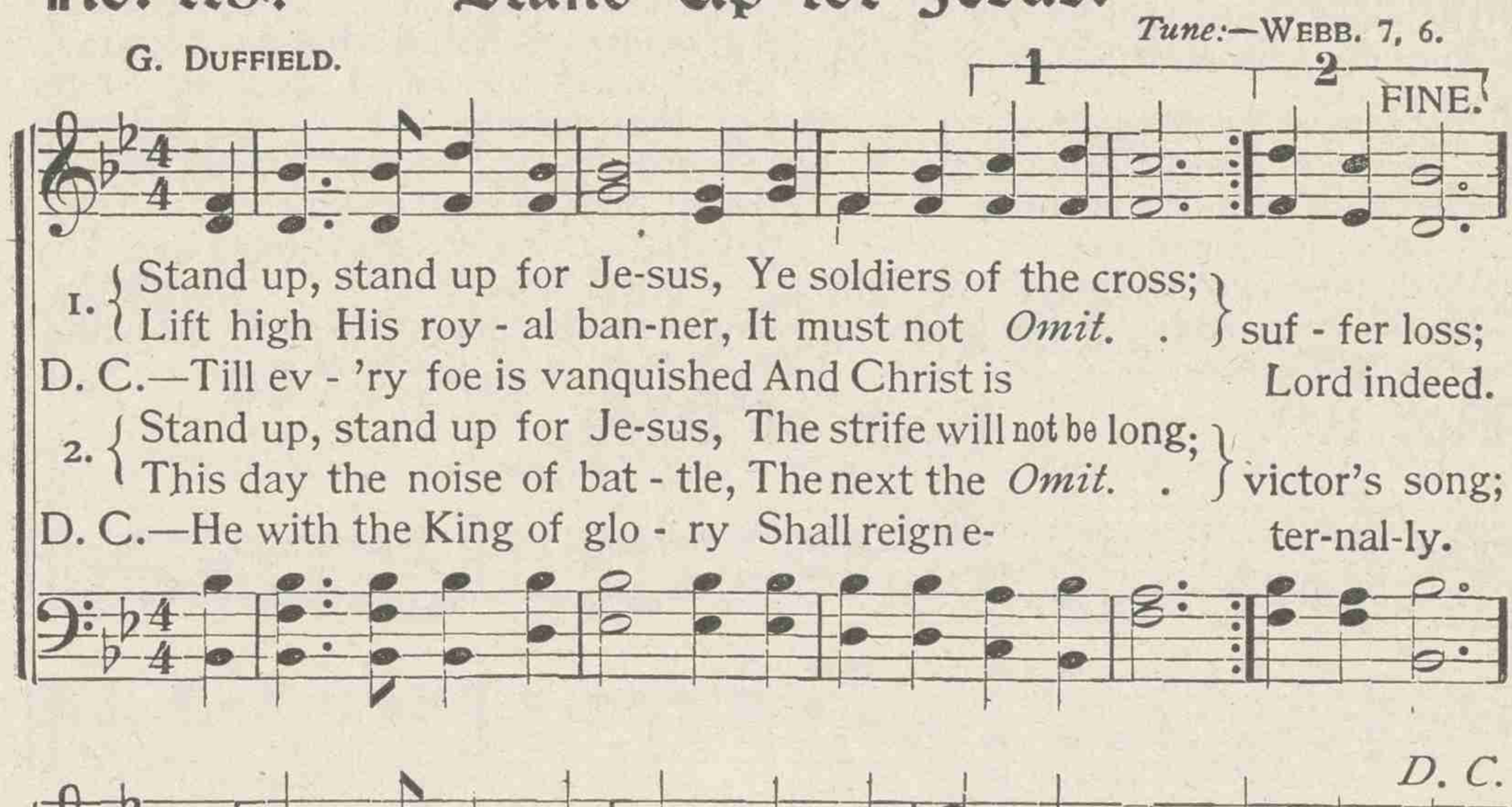
1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown,Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear,For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down,And bear my soul a - way.

No. tt5. Stand Up for Jesus.

Tune:—WEBB. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD.

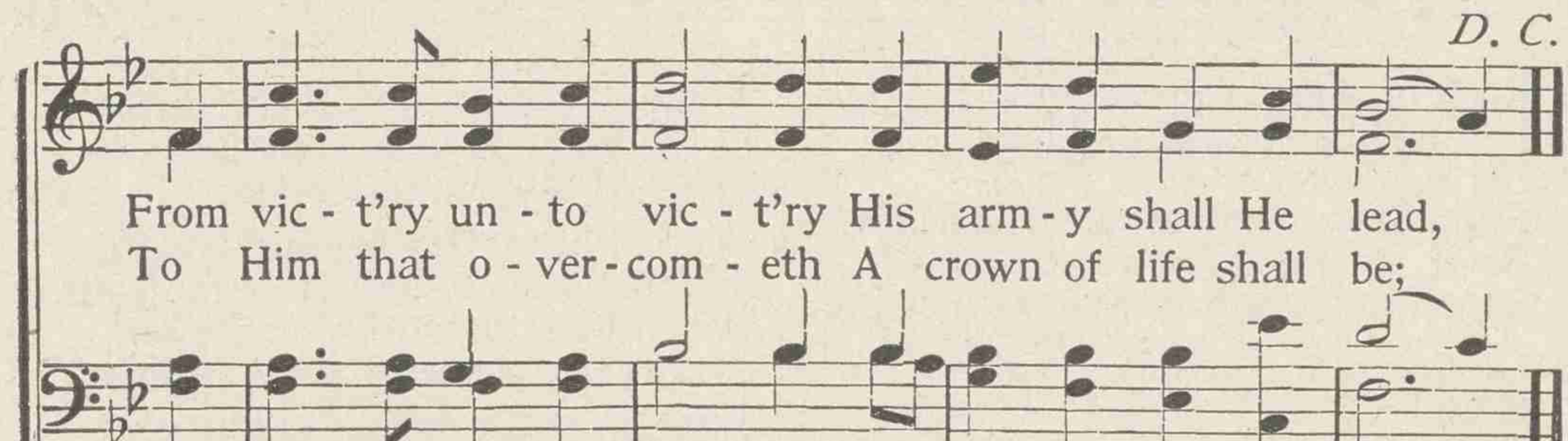


1. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
   { Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* . } suf - fer loss;

D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.

2. { Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long;
   { This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* . } victor's song;

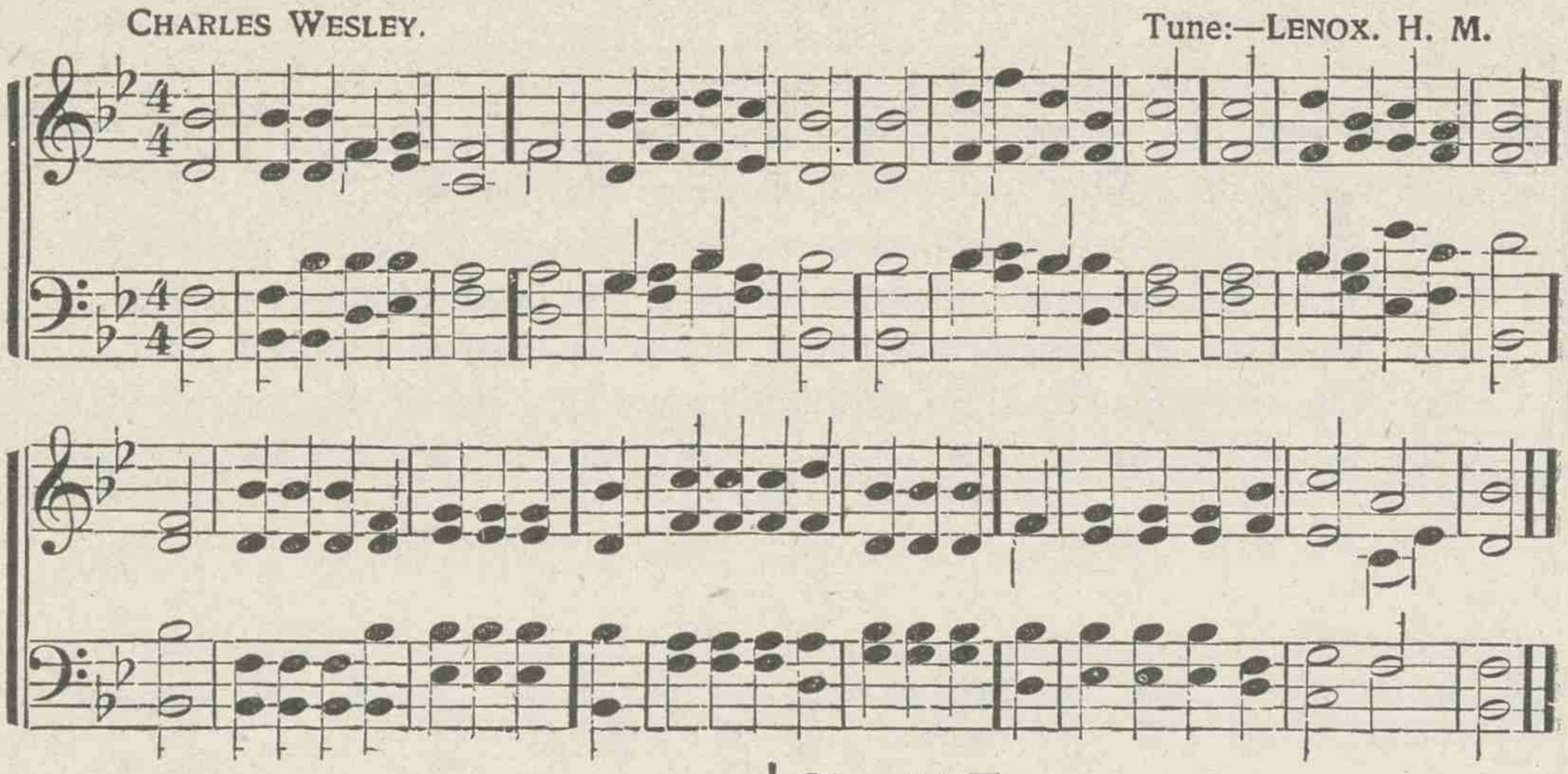
D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e- ter-nal-ly.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

No. 116. Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune:—LENOX. H. M.



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

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

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

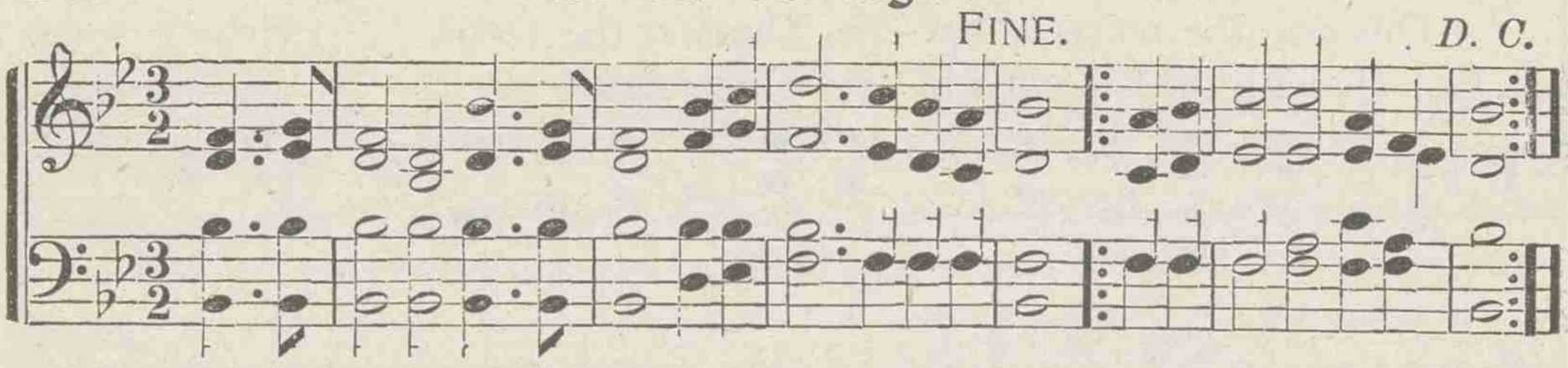
No. 117. Tune, 169 "G. H." Key of A.

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

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

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

No. 118. Rock of Ages.



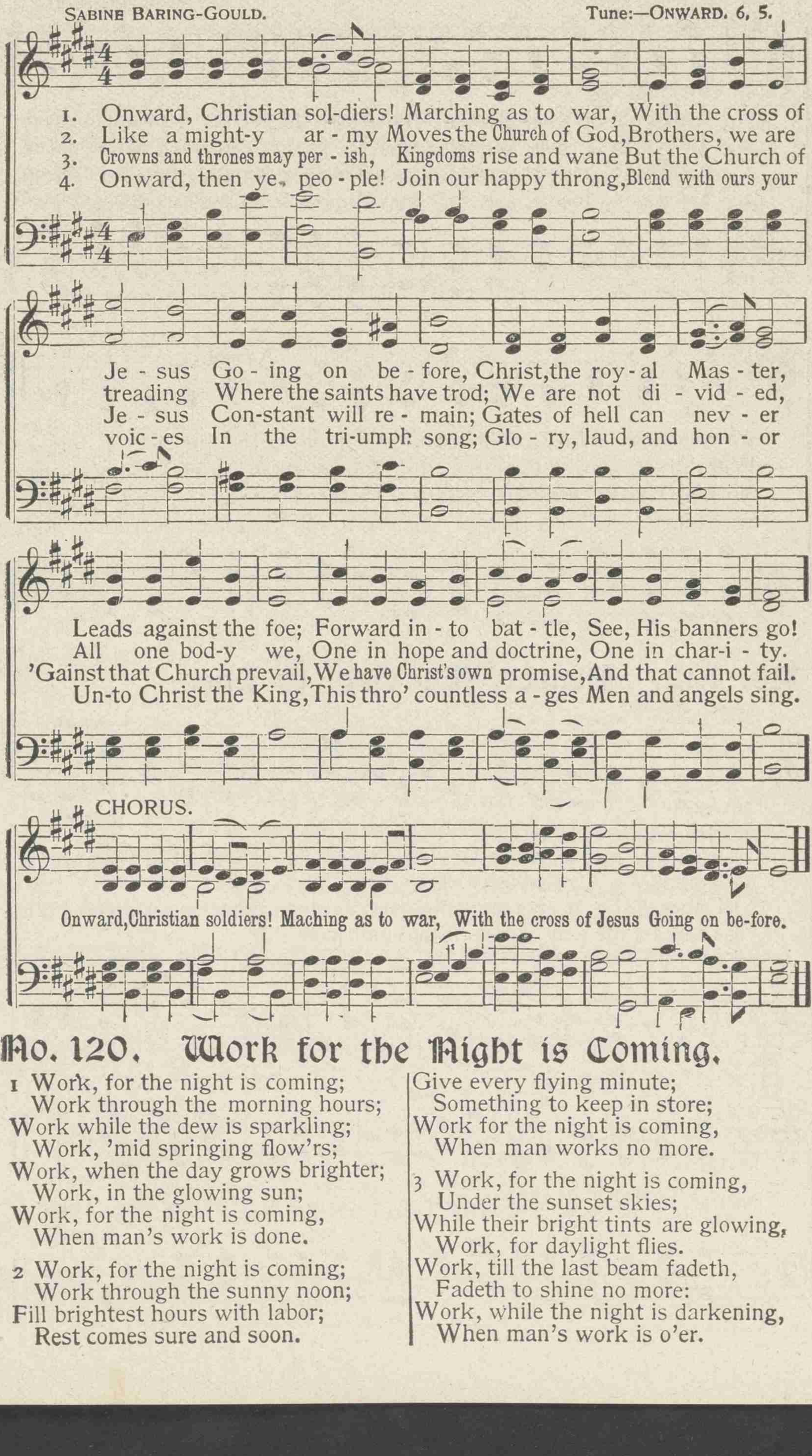
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

No. 119. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

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



No. 120. Work for the Night is Coming.

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

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

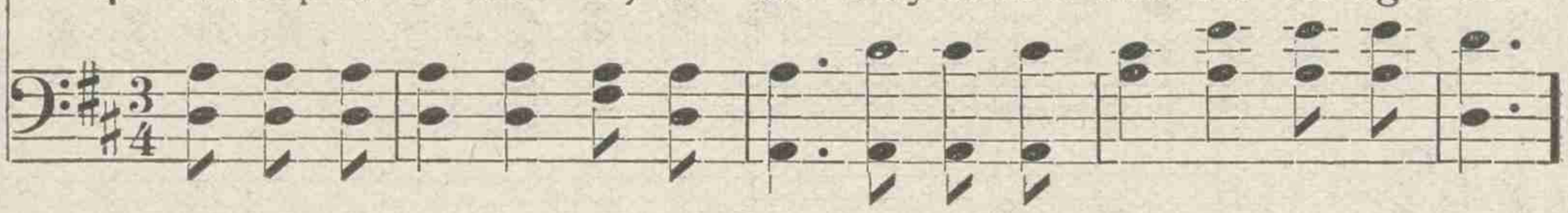
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 121. Rest. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



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





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



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

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Scotch Air.



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





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

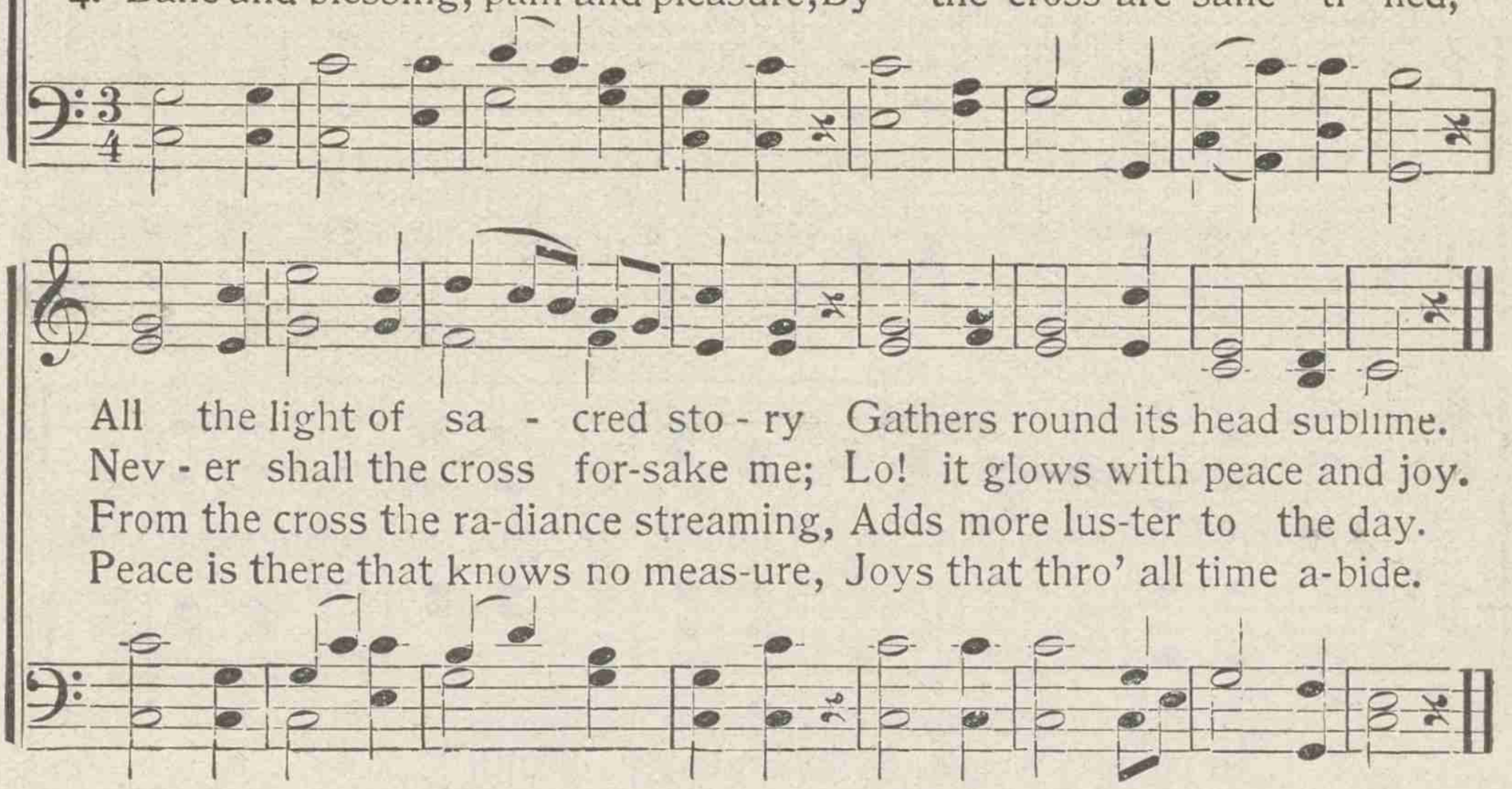


No. 123. Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



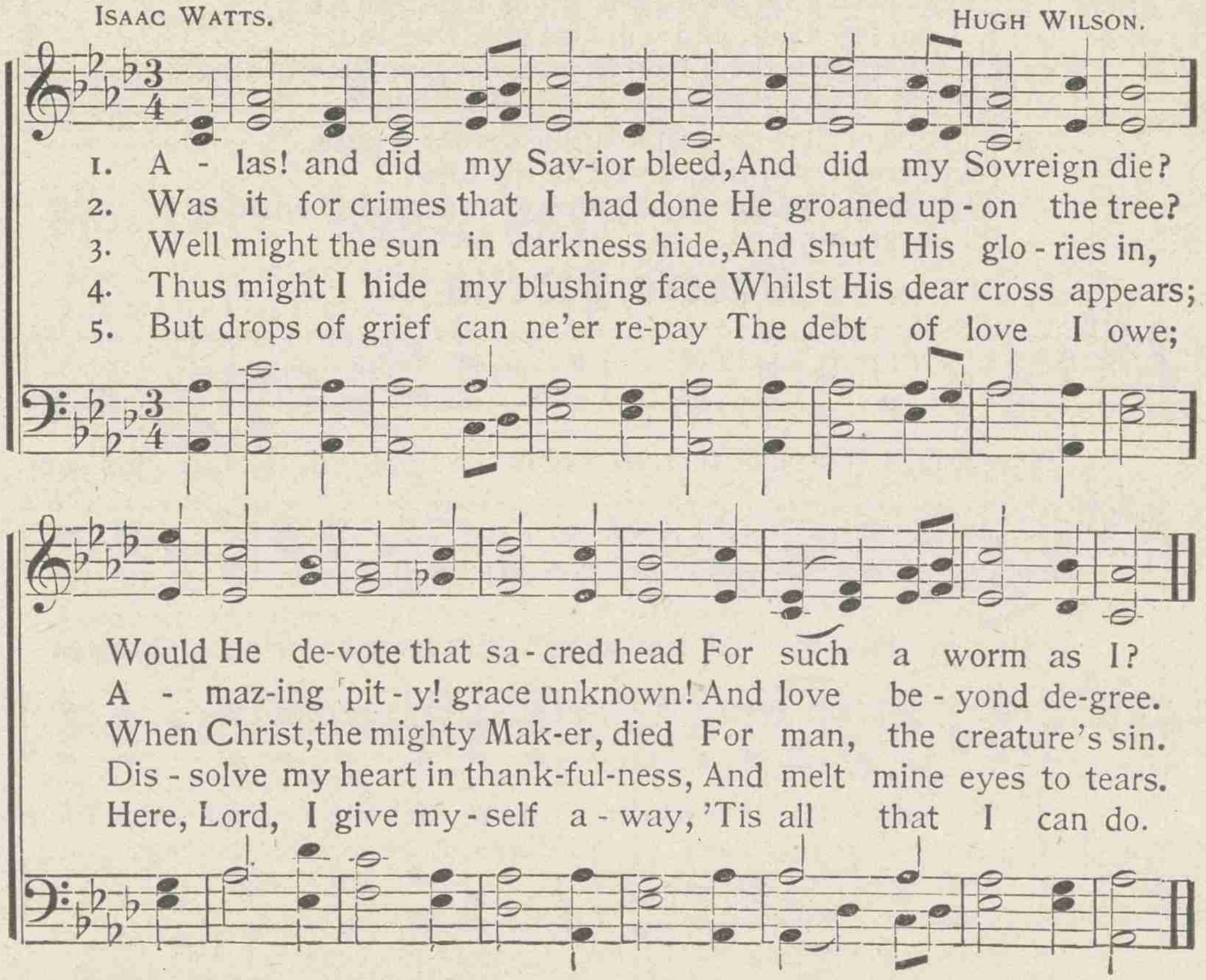
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



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

No. 124. Avon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.

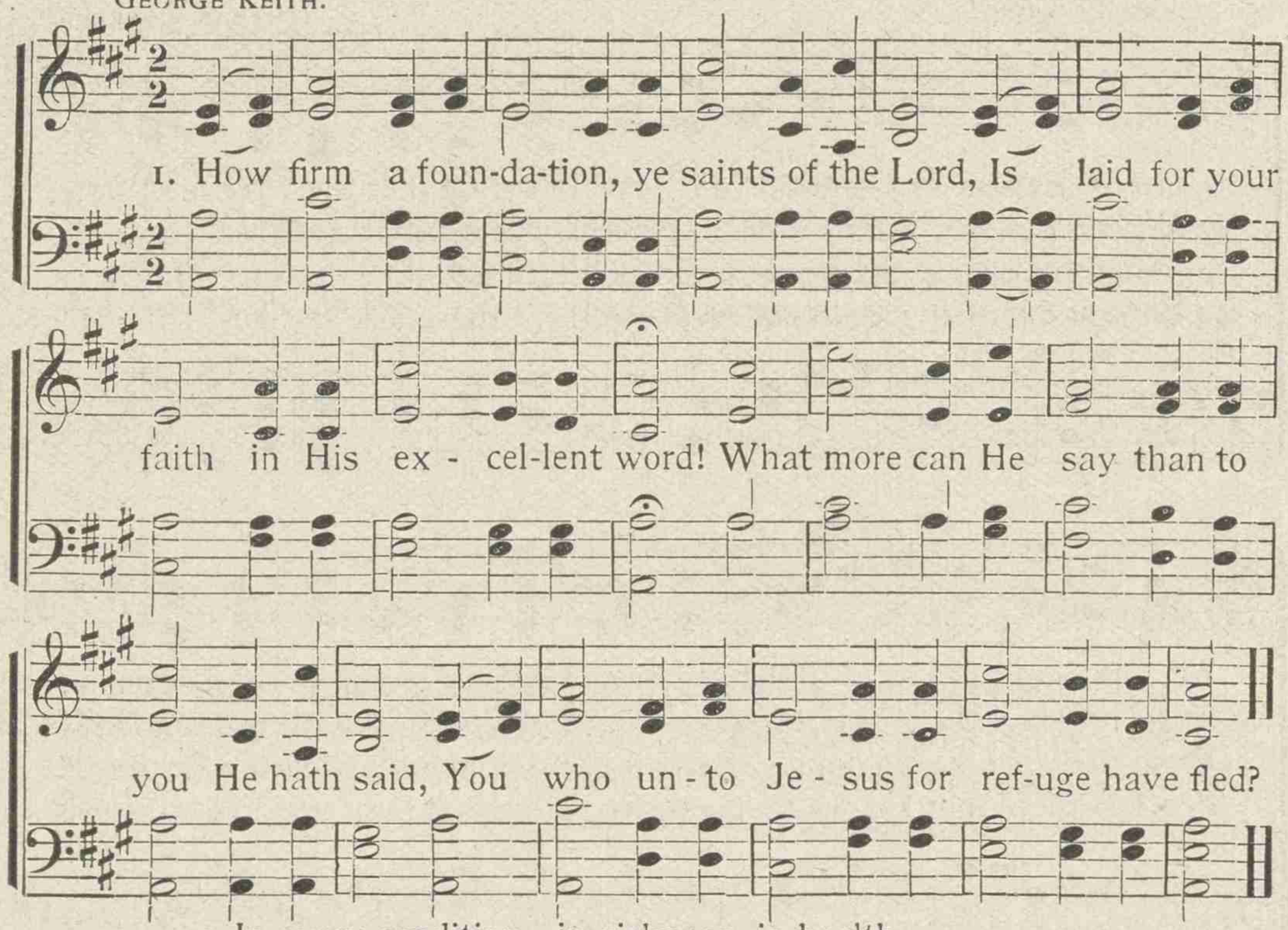


1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sovreign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face Whilst His dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay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

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

No. 125. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

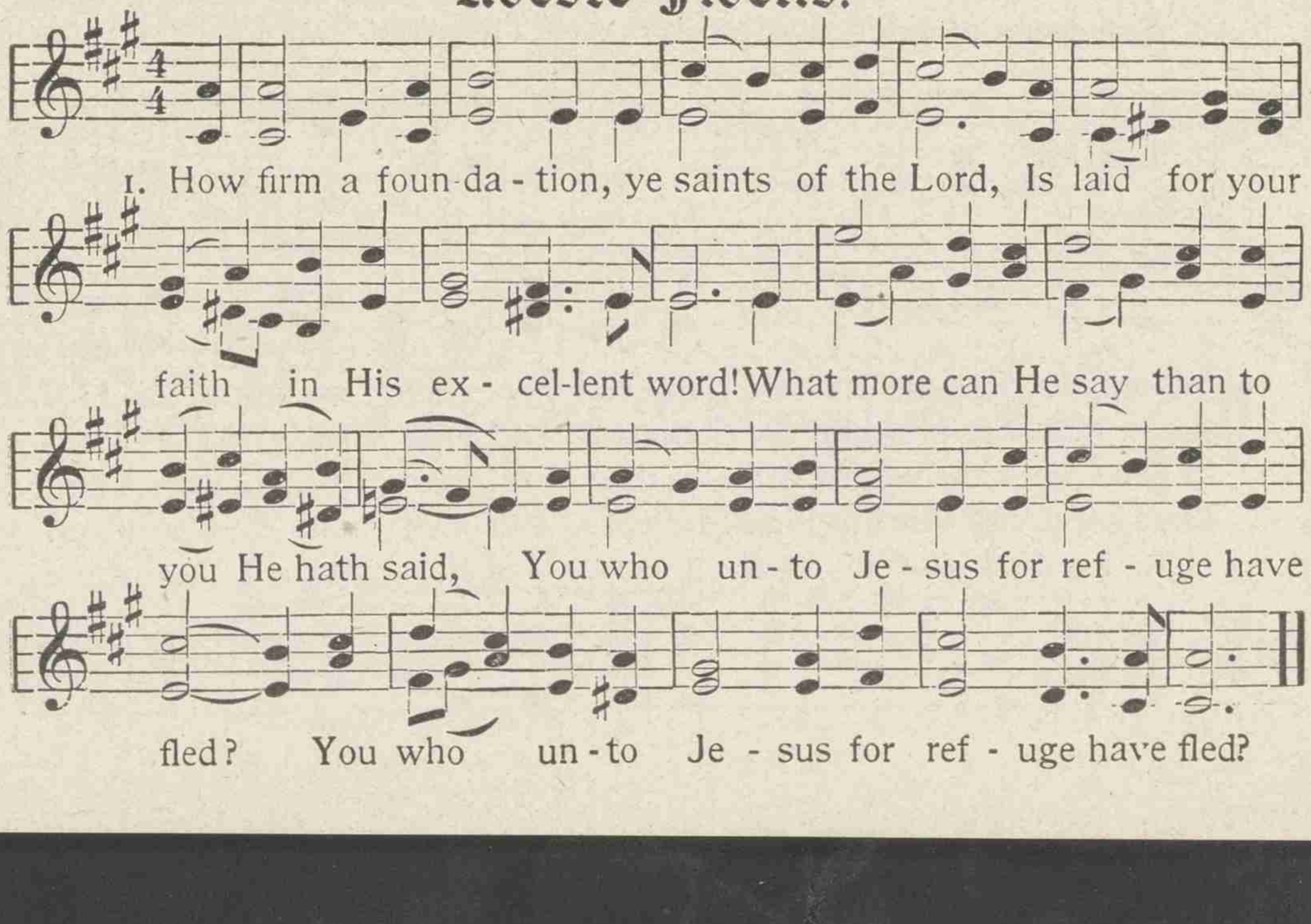


2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

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

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

Adeste Fidelis.



No. 126. Ortonville. C. M.

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



No. 127. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 129. Lord, Dismiss Us.

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



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





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



No. 130. The Light of Day Fades.

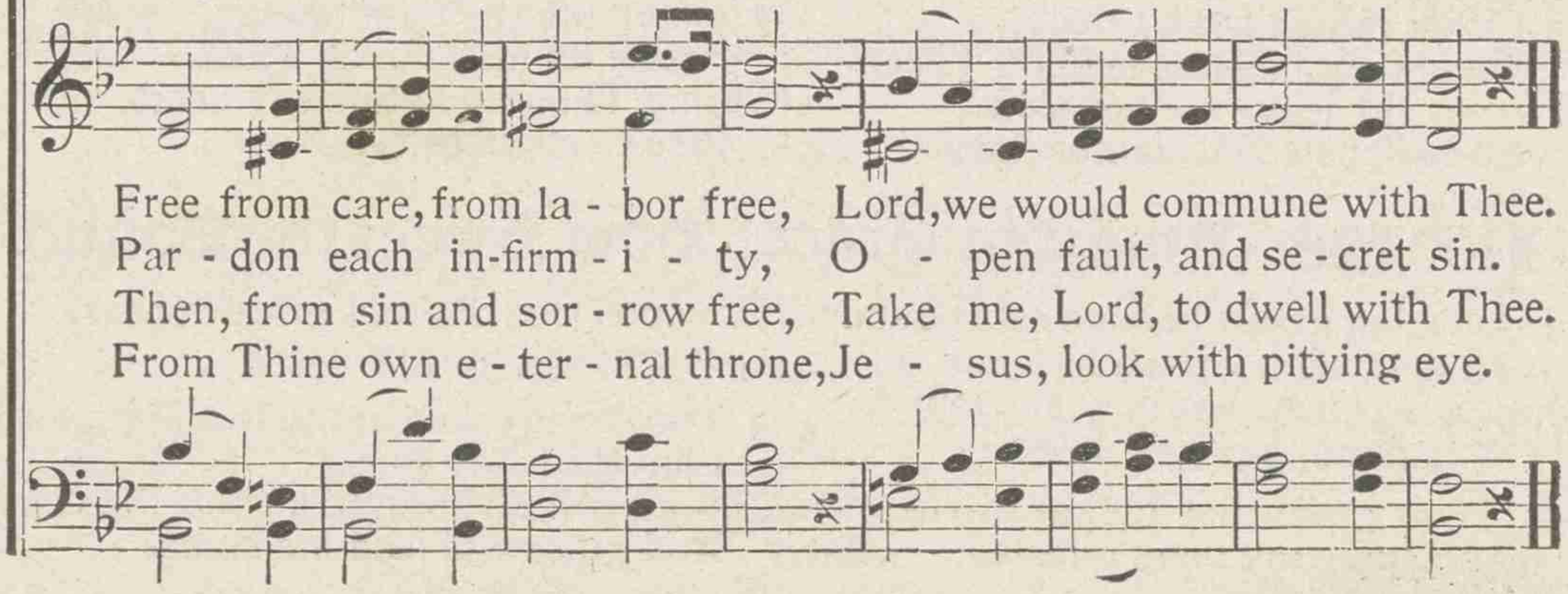
GEORGE W. DOANE. GOTTSCHALK, arr.



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



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



Index.

Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in small letters.

A beautiful land by faith I see..... 73
After the life paths we 're treading.... 75
A GLIMPSE OF HOME..... 97
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?... ... 124
A little lamb one afternoon..... 18
ALL GLORY UNTO JESUS..... 49
All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 103
All the burdens and the cares..... 42
AMAZING GRACE! HOW SWEET THE SOUND 128
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS..... 108
ANOTHER SOUL REDEEMED..... 71
A PLEA TO THE SINNER 31
ARE YOU READY TO START FOR HOME? 61
ARE YOU WAITING?..... 62
ARISE MY SOUL, ARISE..... 116
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep..... 121
As we journey mid the shadows..... 47
AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND..... 81
AVON 124
Away, far away past the shadows..... 29

BEARING THE GOLDEN SHEAVES..... 91
BEAUTIFUL BROW..... 16
BEAUTIFUL HOME,..... 34
BEAUTIFUL VOICES OF ANGELS..... 2
Blest be the tie..... 70
BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL BELLS..... 1
BRIGHTER HOME..... 4
Brother, hear the cry from the dark domain 100

CALL UPON ME..... 54
CHRIST HAS PROMISED TO BE WITH ME 42
Christian, gird the armor on..... 17
Come, my Redeemer, come..... 63
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD..... 110
CORONATION 103
CROWNS OF GOLD..... 47

Dear friend, your are wandering..... 31
DENNIS 70
DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?..... 104
DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS. 100

FAITHFUL 24
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.... 112
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY..... 105
FOR YOU 80
From danger and doubt, from sorrow.. 35
From galling bond and slavish chain.. 99

GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD..... 76
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST..... 90
God is calling, gently calling..... 62
GOD IS COMING... 23
GOD IS LOVE..... 8
Go forth into the harvest... 91
GOING ON TO ZION..... 99

HAPPY IN JESUS ALL THE DAY..... 25
Hark! Hear the sweet words 3
Have thy affections been nailed to.... 67
Have you heard what joys 39
He knoweth best..... 60
HE TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS.... 51
HIDING IN JESUS..... 43
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION..... 125
How sweet the name of Jesus..... 126

I AM WEARY, HEAVY-LADEN..... 33
I DO BELIEVE..... 112
I have been with Jesus....., 19
I have heard my Saviour calling..... 105
I know I love thee better, Lord..... 86
I LONG TO BE THERE..... 46
I LOVE THY KINGDOM..... 106
I'LL SING OF MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE..... 50
I'M GLAD..... 20
I'M HAPPY ALL THE DAY..... 19
I'M REDEEMED..... 93
In all the world there is but one Jesus. 66
In a Saviour's love we now can rejoice. 30
In from the highways and hedges..... 76
IN MY SOUL THERE IS GLADNESS..... 36
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 123
In the day of all days..... 81
IN WONDERFUL WORLDS UNKNOWN ... 29
I once was full of guilt and sin 48
I saw when the wind swept on..... 79
IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?..... 68
IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?..... 67
I think of thee, dear Saviour 9
I think when I read that sweet story.. 84
I've seen the lightning's flashing..... 72

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL..... 127
Jesus saves all who willingly..... 21
Jesus touched my sinful heart 48
JESUS WILL SAVE.... 21

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT..... 111
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME..... 84

LET US FOLLOW JESUS..... 10
LET US PRAY FOR EACH OTHER..... 85
List to the bells..... 1
Look up, the cross is raised..... 80
LORD, DISMISS US..... 129
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly..... 117
Lord, send me work to do..... 27
MARCHING HOME..... 28
MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE? 114
MY FAITH LOOKS UP..... 113
MY JESUS IS ABLE TO SAVE..... 35
MY SHEPHERD IS THE LORD 52
MY THOUGHTS OF THEE ARE SWEET... 9
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE..... 122
NEVER ALONE 72
NO CLOUDS UP THERE..... 13
NO PLACE CAN BE DESERT 15
Now poor guilty, weeping sinner..... 32
O friends of Christ who live in happy. 69
O HAPPY DAY 109
O HOW WONDERFUL!..... 57
ONCE FAR FROM GOD I WANDERED 49
ONLY ONE JESUS..... 66
ONLY ONE MOTHER 56
Only one story which never grows old. 88
ON TO VICTORY 17
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS..... 119
ORTONVILLE 126
O sing of Jesus, Lamb of God..... 93
O tell ye there 's life and salvation 78
Our Saviour once left his bright home. 53
OUT OF THE DEPTHS. 40
Out on a desert all barren..... 11
O when shall I stand with that glorious 82
PRAISE OF GOD..... 38
RATHBUN..... 123
REJOICE 41
Rejoice, rejoice in grateful lays..... 71
Rejoice, rejoice, the Lord in King 41
REST..... 121
REST OVER JORDAN..... 89
ROCK OF AGES..... 118
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.... 102
SAILING HOME..... 87
SEND THE GOSPEL MESSAGE 12
SEND ME WORK TO DO 27
SING UNTO THE LORD..... 95
SINNER CEASE WEEPING. 32
SINNER, COME TO THE FOUNT..... 26
Sinner, look to him and live..... 53
Softly now the light of day..... 130
Soul, a fountain for sin has been..... 83
STAND UP FOR JESUS..... 115
STILL WHITER THAN SNOW..... 14
SWEETLY SING THE LOVE OF JESUS... 22
TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE..... 64
Tell me again of that beautiful home. 74
TELL THE NEWS..... 78
THE BANNER OF SONG..... 44
THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN..... 83
The Father has made a great feast 45
The footsteps of Jesus are waymarks. 92
THE GOOD NEWS MUST BE TOLD..... 59
THE GOOD SHEPHERD 11
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD... 86
THE HEAVENLY CHOIR..... 82
THE HOME BEYOND..... 37
THE KIND CALL..... 45
THE KING OF MY SOUL..... 58
THE LIGHT OF DAY FADES 130
THE LITTLE LAMB 18
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD 77
THE MASTER'S CALL..... 69
There are lonely hearts to cherish..... 65
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN 107
There is a land, a lovely land 46
THERE IS GLADNESS..... 101
THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER. 75
There 's a beautiful home..... 34
There 's a fountain pure..... 26
There 's a pure and holy clime 37
There 's a refuge in time of all trouble 43
THE STAR 5
The story of redeeming love..... 59
THE WILLOW AND THE OAK..... 79
The winds are driving o'er the sea 54
THE WONDERFUL STORY..... 74
THREE IN ONE..... 6
To the promised home in glory..... 89
TRUST 60
WANDERING CHILD, COME HOME..... 3
We are stepping, daily stepping..... 98
WE ARE WAITING FOR HIS COMING.... 94
WE NOW CAN REJOICE..... 30
WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER..... 96
WE WILL FOLLOW JESUS 92
What can be whiter than beautiful snow?..... 14
WHAT WE NEED IN THIS WORLD IS JESUS..... 7
When Christ was born in Bethlehem.. 5
When I think of the love. 36
WHEN LIFE'S SAD TOILS ARE O'ER..... 55
When our pilgrimage is o'er..... 96
When the day of life is almost o'er.... 97
WHERE ARE YOU STEPPING?..... 98
WHERE JESUS IS 39
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY..... 65
While tossing on life's stormy sea..... 87
WHITER THAN THE SNOW..... 63
WILL YOU GO..... 73
With joy to the glory of God I confess 58
WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE..... 88
Wondrous it seemeth to me..... 68
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING 120
You have only one mother 56

B. B. BEALL and T. N. BEALL

will make engagements to teach Music Schools, Normal Musical Institutes in any part of the United States. They will teach the following :—

Method,
Voice Culture,
Harmony,
Theory,
Ear Culture,
Musical Composition
And Conducting, etc.

Terms very reasonable. Correspondence Solicited.

Address

B. B. BEALL or T. N. BEALL,

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., OR **BUCHANAN, GA.**

In care of B. B. Beall & Co.

BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL BELLS

30 cents per copy ; $3.00 per dozen prepaid ; $6.00 per 25 ; $11.50 per 50 ; and $20.00 per 100 not prepaid.

Published in both round and shape note notation. Be sure to state which notation is wanted.

Address all orders to

B. B. BEALL & COMPANY,

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., OR
BUCHANAN, GA.