GLEANINGS OF PRAISE

By

Samuel W. Beazley, Jacob Good,

J. S. Torbett and J. M. Good

C. M. Claunts, H. P. Blackwell,

W. H. Ramsey, G. W. Lindsey,

and [illegible] Mc[illegible]

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Ray Whitaker.

GLEANINGS OF PRAISE

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

By

Samuel W. Beazley, Jacob Good,

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Associates

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Published by

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PREFACE

We send GLEANINGS OF PRAISE forth with the hope that it may meet the approval of a generous public and that its songs may inspire PRAISE in the hearts of many.

THE AUTHORS.

N.B.—If you like this book, please write us and say why.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Gleanings of Praise.

No. 1. WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

Rev. A. M. Evers. Rev. D. E. Burtner.



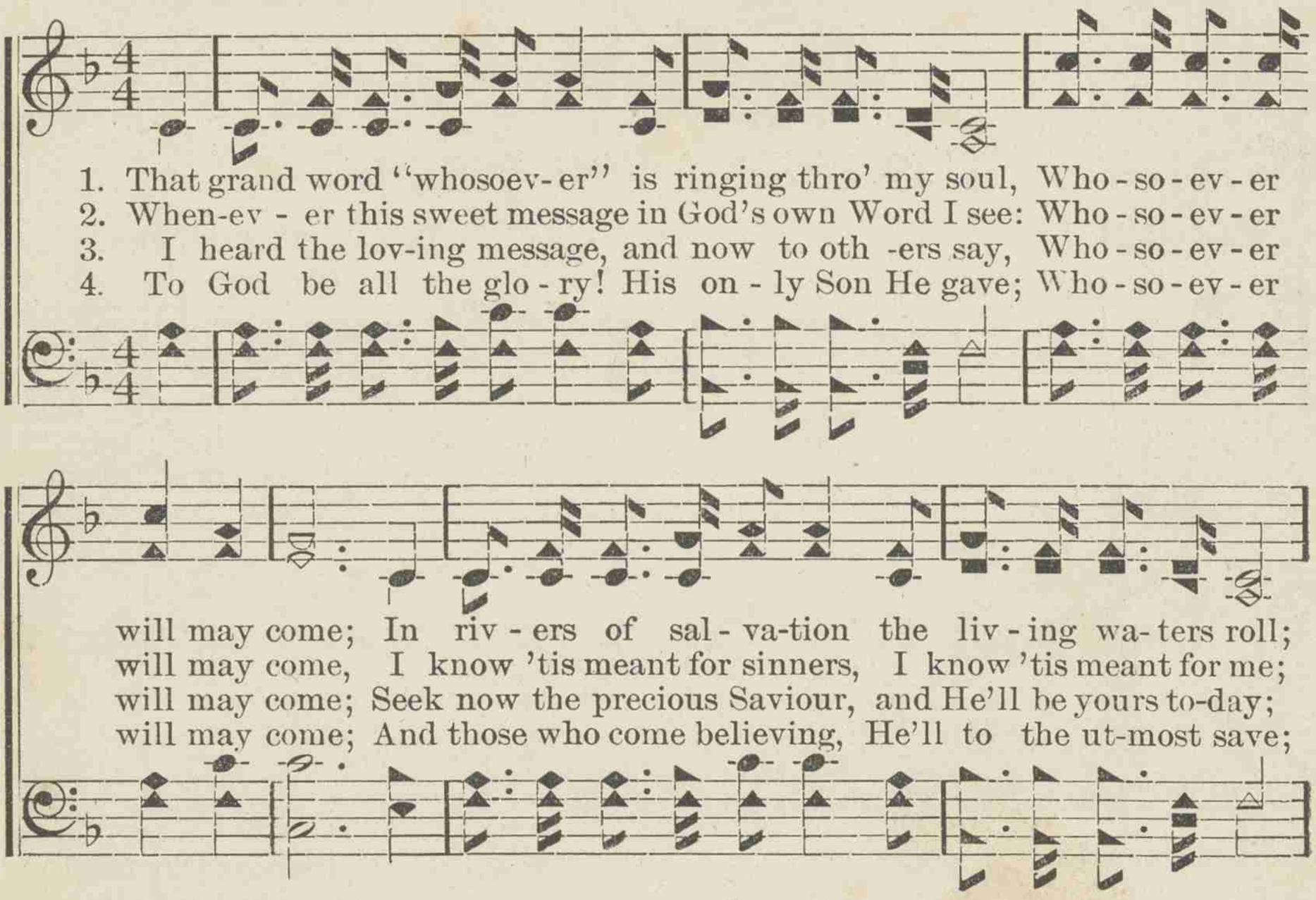
4 O testify for Jesus,
Your testimony give;
It may induce poor sinners
To turn to Christ and live.

5 O testify for Jesus,
And then before His throne
With countless, blood-washed millions,
Your name will Jesus own.

Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 2. THAT GRAND WORD, WHOSOEVER.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.



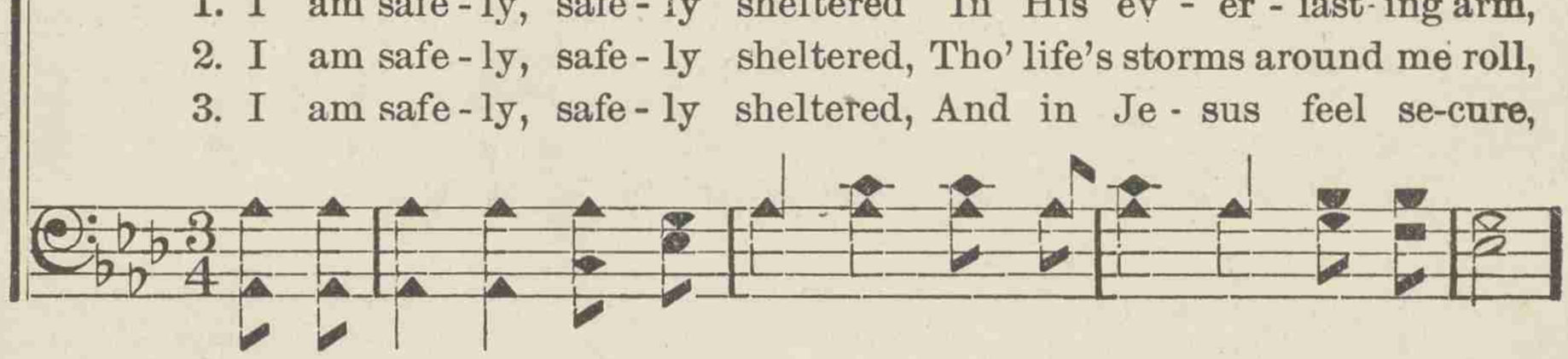
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No. 3. I AM SAFELY SHELTERED.

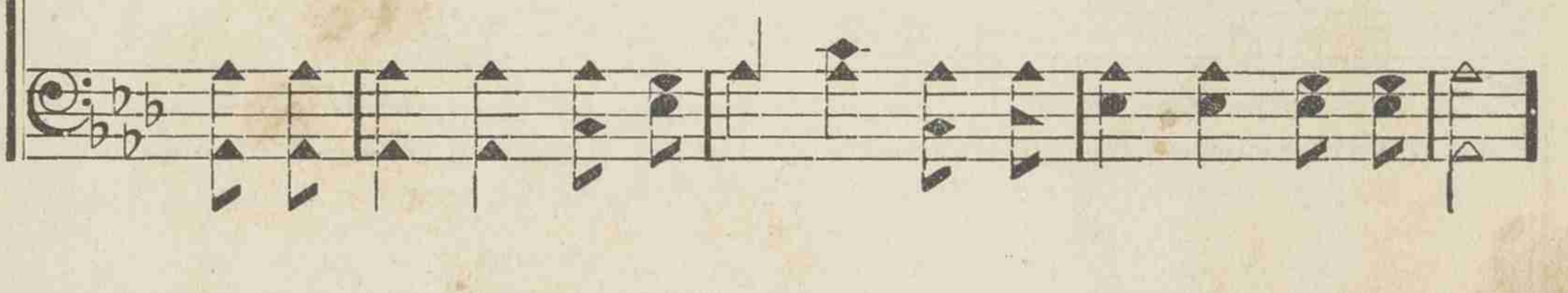
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. HALL.



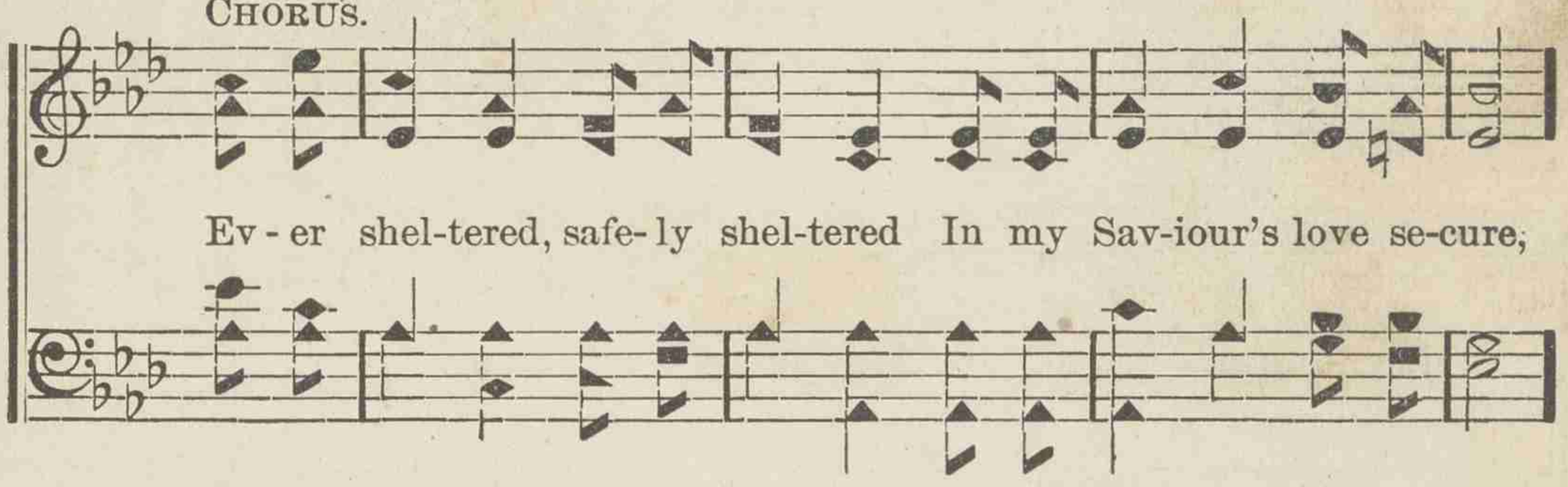
1. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered In His ev - er - last - ing arm,
2. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered, Tho' life's storms around me roll,
3. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered, And in Je - sus feel se-cure,



Made se - cure in Him for - ev - er Where no foe can me a-larm.
For to God I have com-mit - ted All the keep - ing of my soul.
For I have in Him sal - va - tion, And an an - chor steadfast, sure.



CHORUS.



Ev - er shel-tered, safe - ly shel-tered In my Sav-iour's love se-cure;

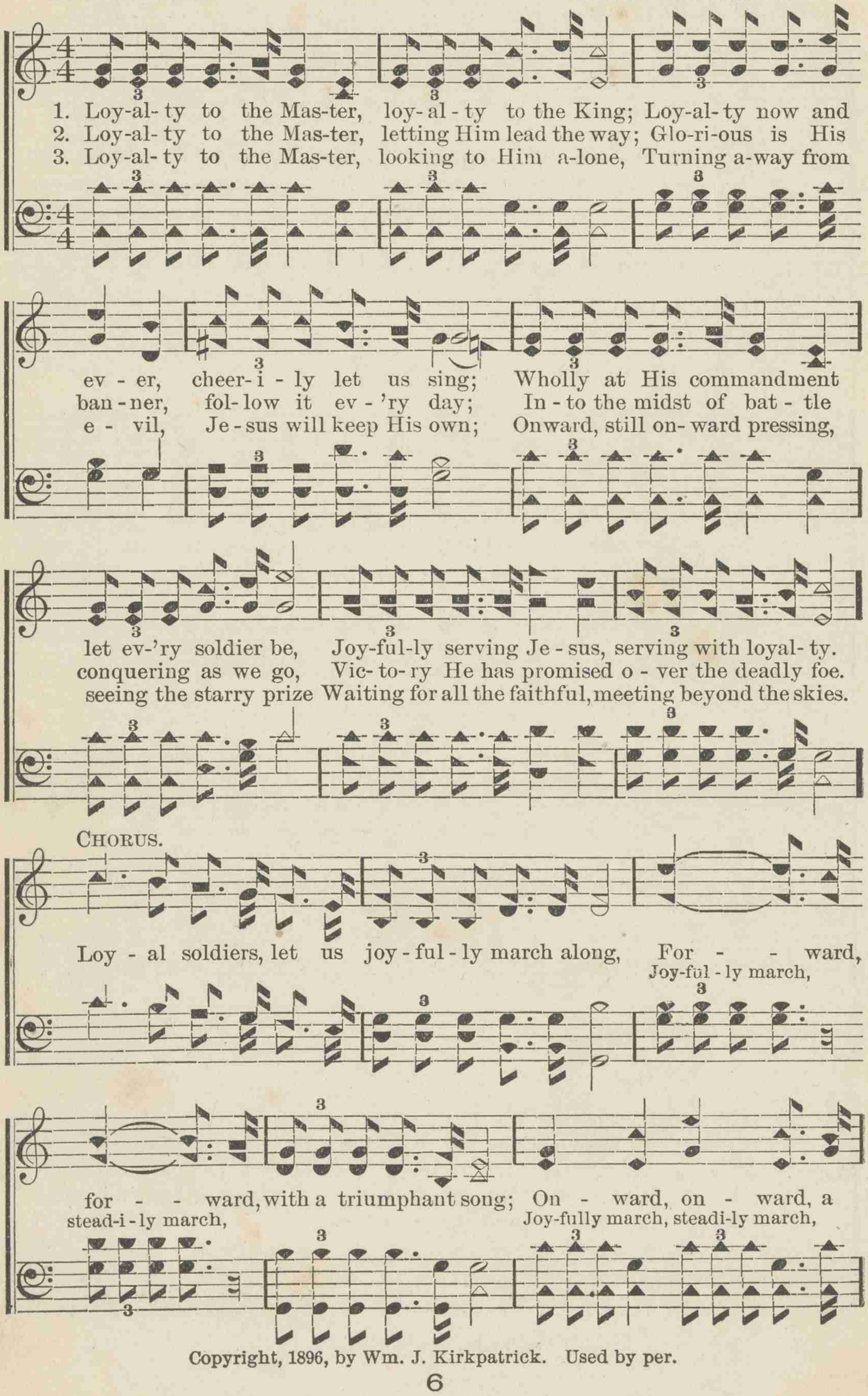


I re-joice in full sal - va - tion, And my hope of heav'n is sure.

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No. 4. LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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happy and loyal throng, Loy - al to our Saviour and our King.....
to our Saviour and our King.

No. 5. KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR.

W. S. WALTER SANDS.

1. Pa - tient - ly now the dear Sav - iour stands, Knocking at the door of your heart;
2. Soon, soon your day of grace may be o'er, Knocking at the door of your heart;
3. Sin - ner, now o - pen the bolt - ed door, Knocking at the door of your heart;

Gen - tly knocking now with nail-pierced hand,
He may leave you, to re- turn no more,
Keep Je - sus standing out - side no more,

CHORUS.

Knocking at the door of your heart. Knocking at the door, He is
Knocking at the door, Knocking at the door of your heart; of your heart.
He is

By permission.

No. 6. PRECIOUS GOLDEN GRAIN.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While the days are go - ing for the Lord be sow- ing, Tho' the seed may oft - en seem to fall in vain. Aft - er toil and weeping
2. Hearts that sin has bro-ken yearn for mercy's to - ken, Bear the balm of heal- ing o'er the world-wide field; Morning, noon and ev - en
3. Go with com-fort ho - ly to the poor and low - ly, Help the heav- y- la - den, wea - ry and op - pressed; Christ-like kindness showing
4. Sow as Christ commanded, go not emp - ty-hand- ed, Or be- fore the Mas - ter lay but worth- less leaves, Pass thro' death's dim portal

:S: FINE.

comes the joy of reaping, By and by we'll gather sheaves of golden grain.
sow to reap for heaven, Soon will come the harvest with its priceless yield.
seed di- vine be sowing, It will sure- ly rip - en for the garners blest.
to the life immor-tal From the earth-ly harvest bearing golden sheaves.

CHORUS. *D.S.*—When we gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain.

Pre - - - - cious grain..... precious gold - en grain,
Pre- cious gold- en grain, pre- cious gold- en grain,

D.S.

grain, Aft - er toil and weeping, O the joy of reaping,
gold - en grain,

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No. 7.

Seeds of Promise.

Jessie H. Brown. **Fred. A. Fillmore.**

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer- tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will sure-ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day, ... along your way, . . . The seeds of
Then day by day, along your way,

prom - - ise cast, . . . That ripen'd grain . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripen'd grain

plain . . . Be gather'd home . . . at last. . . .
from hill and plain Be gather'd home at last, be gather'd home at last.

Be gather'd home at last.

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No. 8. ALL HAIL, TRIUMPHANT ONE!

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.



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No. 9. YOU MAY HAVE THE JOYBELLS.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joybells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf - fi- cient
3. Love of Je - sus in its fulness you may know, And this love to

from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
he will give to o - ver- come; Tho' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
those a - round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al- ways say,

Fine.

Live for Je - sus ev'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

D.S.—He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy - - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy- bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev'rywhere you go,

D.S.

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No. 10. I'LL DO AS JESUS BIDS ME.

HARRIET E. JONES. JACOB GOOD.



1. I'll do as precious Je-sus bids me, No mat-ter what the skeptics say;
2. I'll do as precious Je-sus bids me, Because I love to do His will;
3. I'll do as precious Je-sus bids me, Who on the cross has paid my debt;
4. I'll do as precious Je-sus bids me, Un- til my pilgrim race is run,



1. I'll do as pre - cious Je-sus bids me,



To help upbuild His blessed kingdom, I'll fight and labor, watch and pray.
Although ten thousand foes assail me In His own might I'll serve Him still.
The pain endur'd on Calvary's mountain I nev-er, never will for-get.
And then in presence of the an - gels, I'll hear from Him the blest "Well done."

watch and pray.



To help upbuild His blessed Kingdom,

CHORUS.



I'll do as Je - sus bids me, Tho' all the world may frown;

may frown;



I'll do as pre-cious · Je - sus bids me,



I'll keep in mind the warn - ing; "Let no man take thy crown."

take thy crown."



time-ly warning,

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No. 11. O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. Rankin D.D. W. H. Ruebush.

1. O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa-ther is wait- ing to -
2. O prod - i - gal, broth-er, come home! Why long-er in wretch-ed-ness
3. O prod - i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait- ing for
4. O prod - i - gal, broth-er a - rise! For par- don, look up to the

day; There's room and to spare, There is rai- ment to wear, O
roam? You're lone - ly and lost, You are driv - en and toss'd, O
you; For - give- ness so sweet, Sure, you're com-ing will greet, O
skies; No long - er then stray From Thy Fa - ther a - way, O

Chorus.

prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.
prod - i - gal, broth - er, come home.
prod - i - gal, what will you do?
prod - i - gal, broth - er, a - rise.

Come home, come home,

Come home, come home,

Prod - i - gal, won't you come home? . . . There's wel - come for home to- day?

you from the Fa-ther so true, O prod - i-gal, don't stay a - way.

No. 12. CROWN HIM KING.

IDA A. HUSHOWER. R. C. WARD.

1. Crown Him, crown Him, crown our Lord and King; Thro' all a - ges
2. Hail Him, hail Him, an - gel hosts on high, To His throne with
3. He is Vic - tor, He has conquered sin; Let His Spir - it

let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry, hon - or to His name we'll bring,
harps and songs draw nigh; Let all na - tions join the joy - ful cry;
rule our hearts within; In His name the vic - t'ry we shall win;

CHORUS.

Now and for - ev - er - more. "Crown Him, our King of kings." Crown Him for - ev - er - more. } We will crown Him, we will

Crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him. In the glo - ry land we'll crown Him King;

crown Him, crown him,

Crown Him, we will crown Him, Loud let His prais-es ring.

Crown Him, crown Him, we will crown Him,

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No. 13. JUST A LITTLE SUNSHINE.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened
2. Like the bless-ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com- fort
3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros- es grow, In the bar - ren

path- ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach - ing,
plac - es, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

from a lov- ing heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la-tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri- pen for im- mor-tal bloom.

FINE.

D.S.—Tell- ing love's sweet story, ev- 'ry-where we go.

CHORUS.

Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun-shine, Bear-ing heavenly gladness

D.S.

thro' this world below; Sun-shine, sun-shine, just a lit - tle sunshine.

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No. 14. HAPPY ALL THE WAY.

Rev. T. C. HARPER. WM. N. SPESSARD.

1. I am hap-py all the day, Since He washed my sins a-way;
2. Once my steps were downward turned, And the love of Christ I spurned,
3. Tho' the way grows rough and steep, Wild the storms a-round me sweep,

Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus saves me by His power; Oh, the
And the ways of sin and fol-ly loved to roam; But I
On-ward still I go re-joic-ing all the way; For I've

1. by His power;

full-ness of His love, Oh, the bless-ings from a-bove, Fill-ing
heard the Saviour's voice, And in Him I now re-joice, I am
an-chored in the Rock, That shall stand the tem-pest shock, Je-sus

CHORUS.

me with rap-ture ev-'ry hour.
trav-'ling t'ward my heav'n-ly home.
saves and keeps me ev-'ry day.
} Yes, I'm hap-py ev-'ry day,

Hap-py all a-long the way, Fear-ing not though storms and

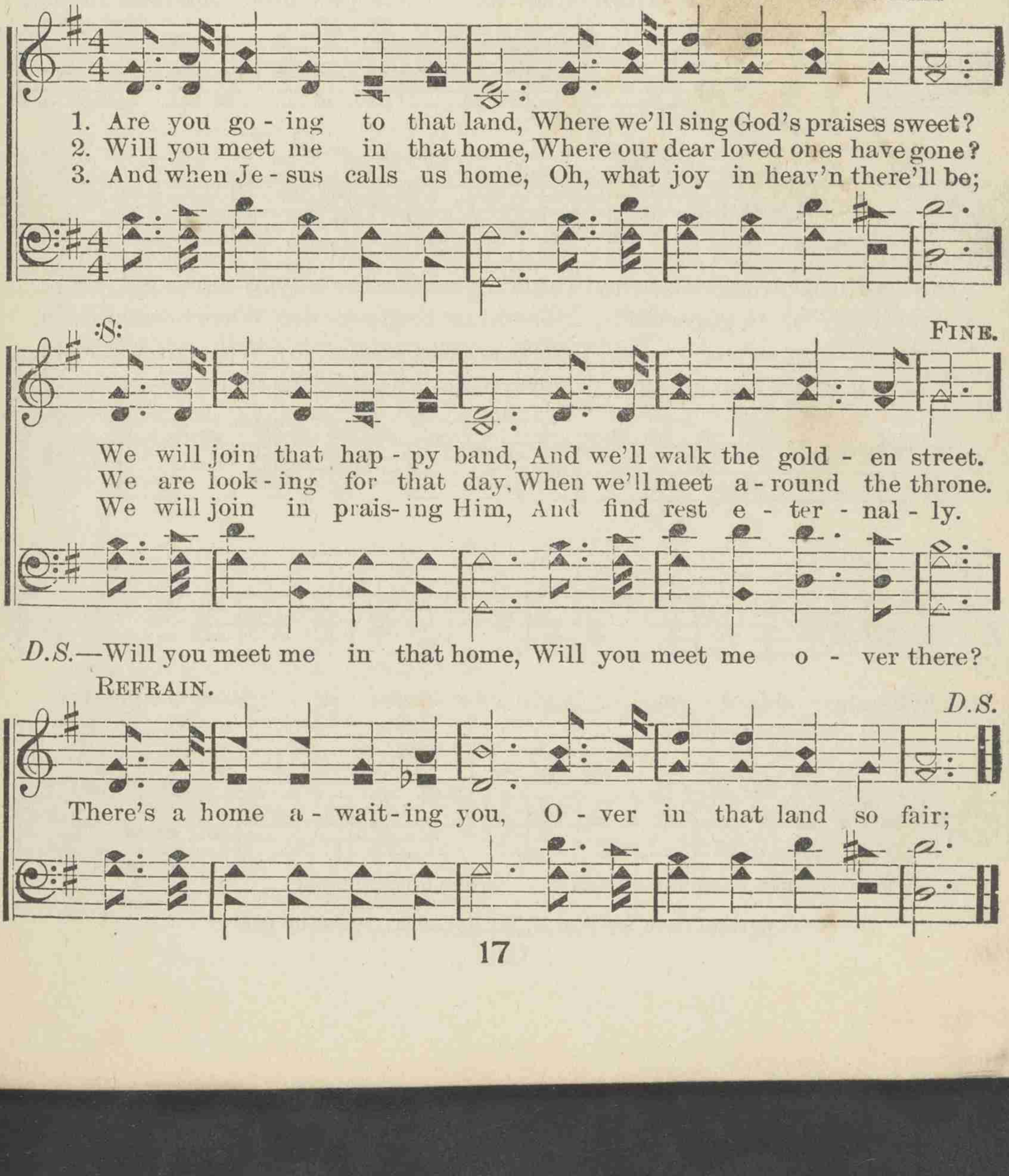
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HAPPY ALL THE WAY.—Concluded.



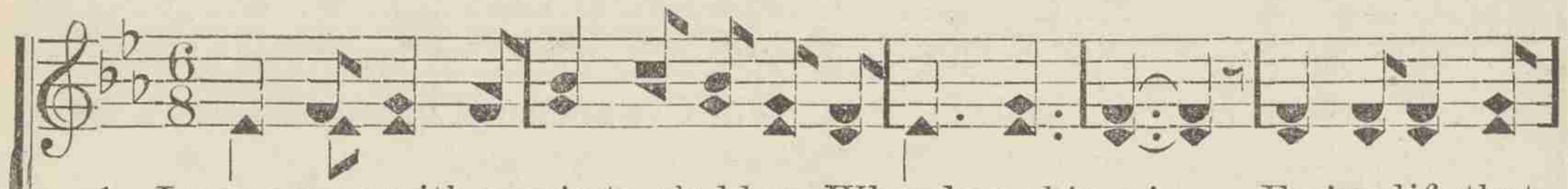
No. 15. WILL YOU MEET ME?

S. F. L. S. F. Lee.



No. 16. WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

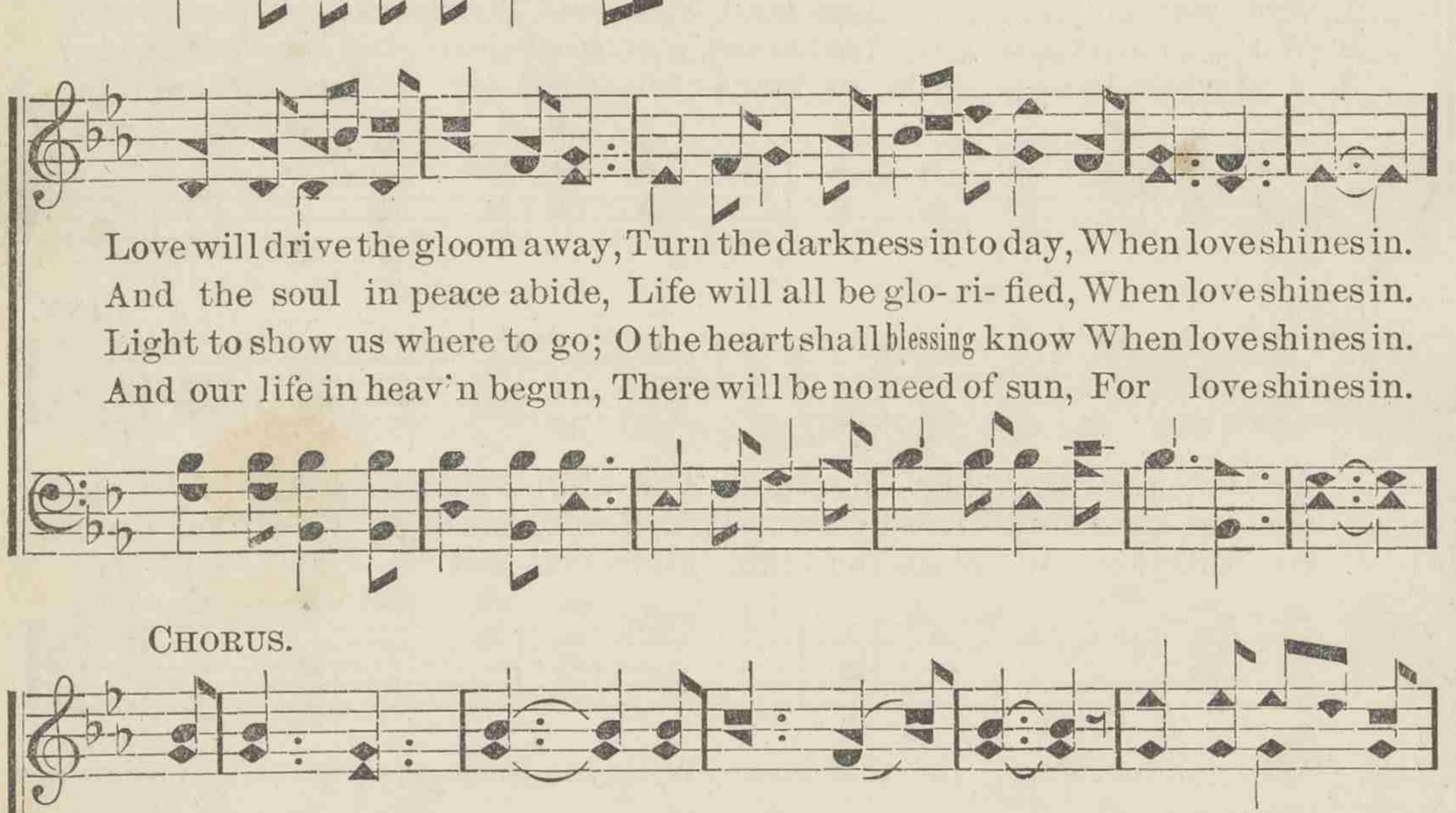
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Jesus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
burden, lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and tender, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn the darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo- ri- fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is

When love shines in,



When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines in,

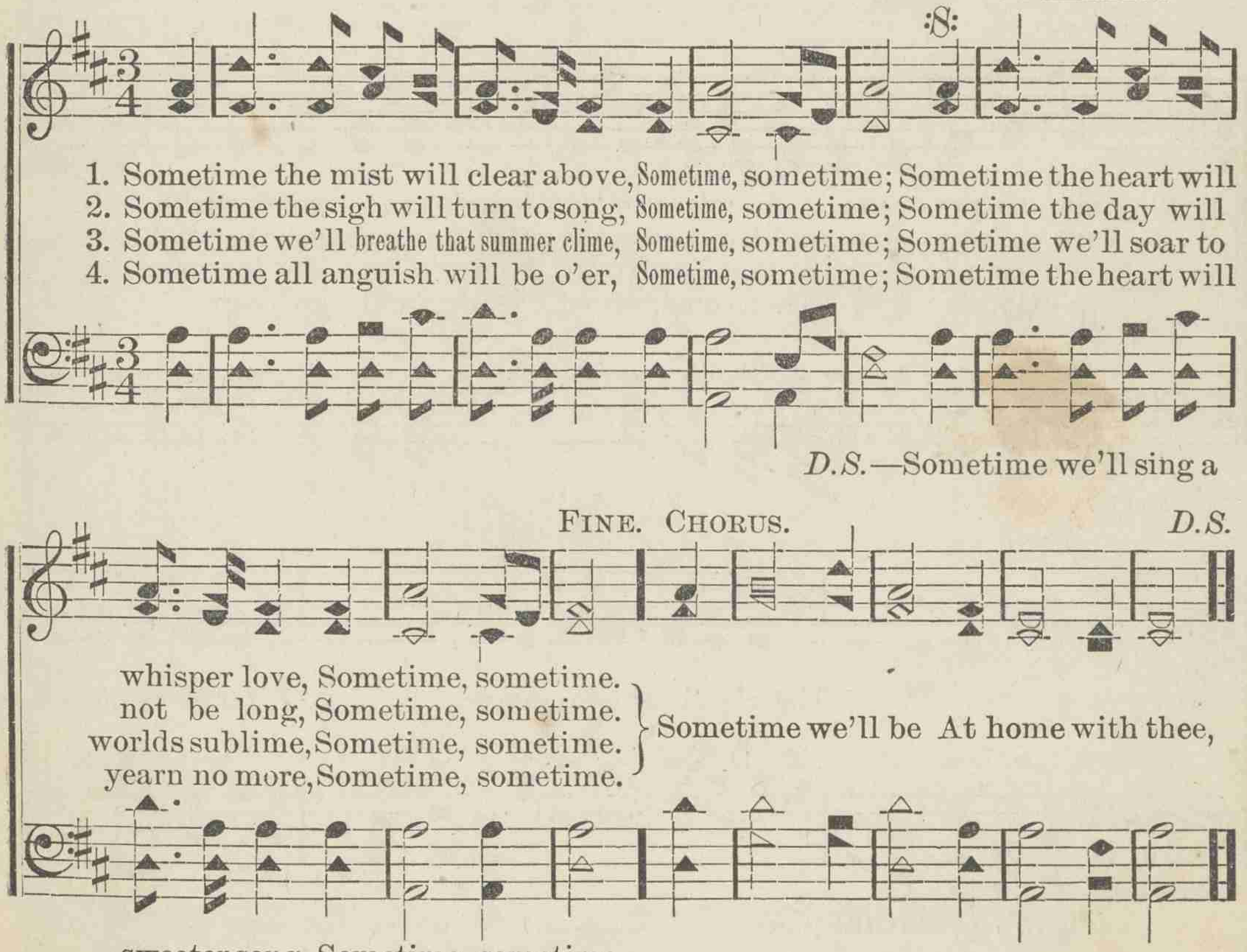
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WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.—Concluded.



No. 17. SOMETIME.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



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No. 18. THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.

Andante.

1. There's a beau-ti- ful land, a home far a - way, Where the sweetest of flow'rs per-fume the long day, And the Sav- iour has gone for me to pre - pare A place in that home so wondrously fair.
2. Oh! how soon we will cross the dark, rolling stream, 'Tis the riv - er of death that lies just be - tween; But the Sav- iour will guide our bark safe-ly o'er, And He'll open the gate when we reach the bright shore.
3. When we en- ter that home, that far a- way land, Many lov'd ones will meet us on the bright strand; They will welcome us there for - ev - er to stay In that beauti-ful land with Je- sus some day.
4. And a crown we shall wear, a glo - ri- fied band, While around the great throne of Je - sus we'll stand; We will sing the sweet song, Sal - va - tion is free, Then come, sinner, friend, and go there with me.

CHORUS.

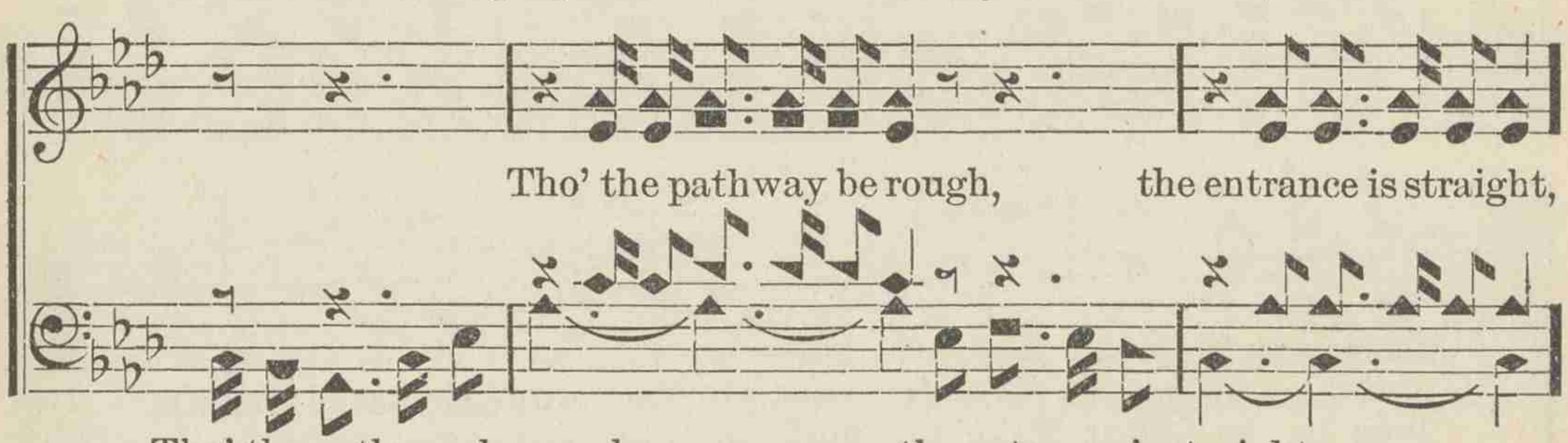
There's a beautiful place far over the sea
There's a beautiful place..... far o - ver the sea.....

Copyright, 1905, by J. S. Torbett.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.—Concluded.



That the Saviour's prepared..... for you and for me;.....



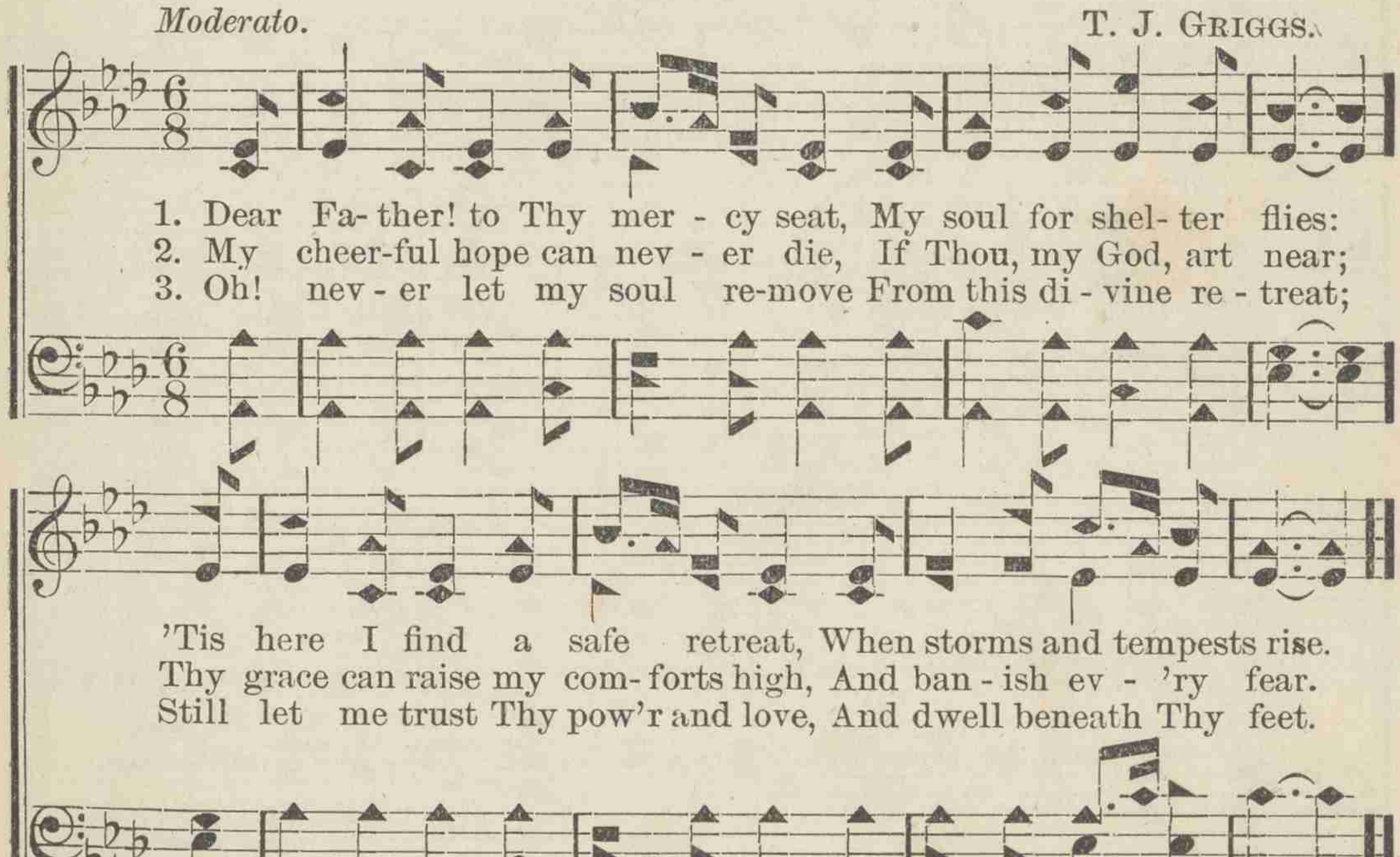
Tho' the pathway be rough,..... the entrance is straight,.....



And the Saviour'll be there,.....

No. 19. GATES.

Moderato. T. J. GRIGGS.



No. 20. WHO SHALL BE GREAT?

"The same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. 18: 4.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

Bold.

1. Who shall be great in the king-dom of heav'n? Who shall sit at the
2. Who shall be great in the king-dom of heav'n? You and I 'mong the
3. Then let me shel-ter my life in His love, Un - to great-ness I

Master's right hand? Whose the hon - or so roy - al - ly giv'n? Who shall
hum-ble and poor; On - ly trust in the word He has giv'n, On - ly
long to at - tain; Take me, make me like pat-terns a - bove, In His

CHORUS. *Slow.*

rule with a king's command?
strive for the o - pen door.
like - ness I'd e'er re - main.
} Just like a lit - tle child, Be -

liev - ing, trust - ful, un - de - filed; Re - pent - ant, hum - ble,

a tempo.

sin - for - giv'n, The same is great in the king-dom of heav'n.

By permission.

No. 21.

The Banquet of Love.

A. S. Kieffer. A. S. Kieffer.

1. "Go forth in the high-way, and bid to my ban-quet, Be-
The chos-en have tar-ried, bring hith-er the need-y, That

2. Then quick-ly the ser-vants went out from their Mas-ter, His
And in from the high-way the need-y came flock-ing, His

3. O way-worn and wea-ry, de-spise not the mes-sage That
Re-ject not His mer-cy, the Sav-iour stands wait-ing—The

CHORUS.

hold! it stands read-y to-day;
throng in life's bus-y high-way.
mes-sage with glad-ness they told;
mer-cy and love to be-hold.
sounds in life's bus-y high-way;
ban-quet is read-y to-day.

Now all things are read-y, the

Mas-ter says, "come," The whole world is bid-den, and

yet there is room, The whole world is bid-den, The

whole world is bid-den, The whole world—and yet there is room.

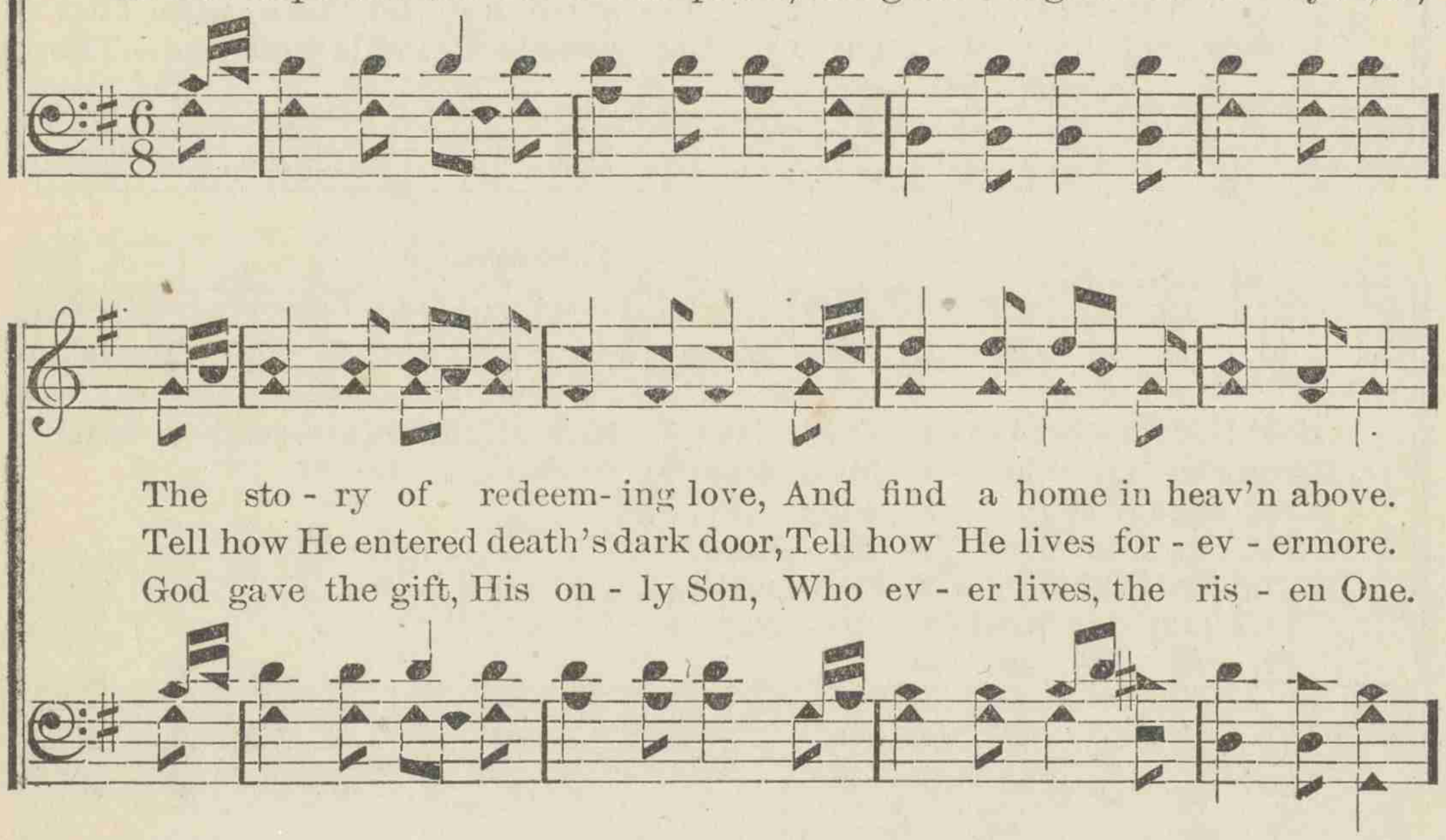
By per. of Mrs. A. S. Kieffer.

No. 22. GO, CARRY THE NEWS.

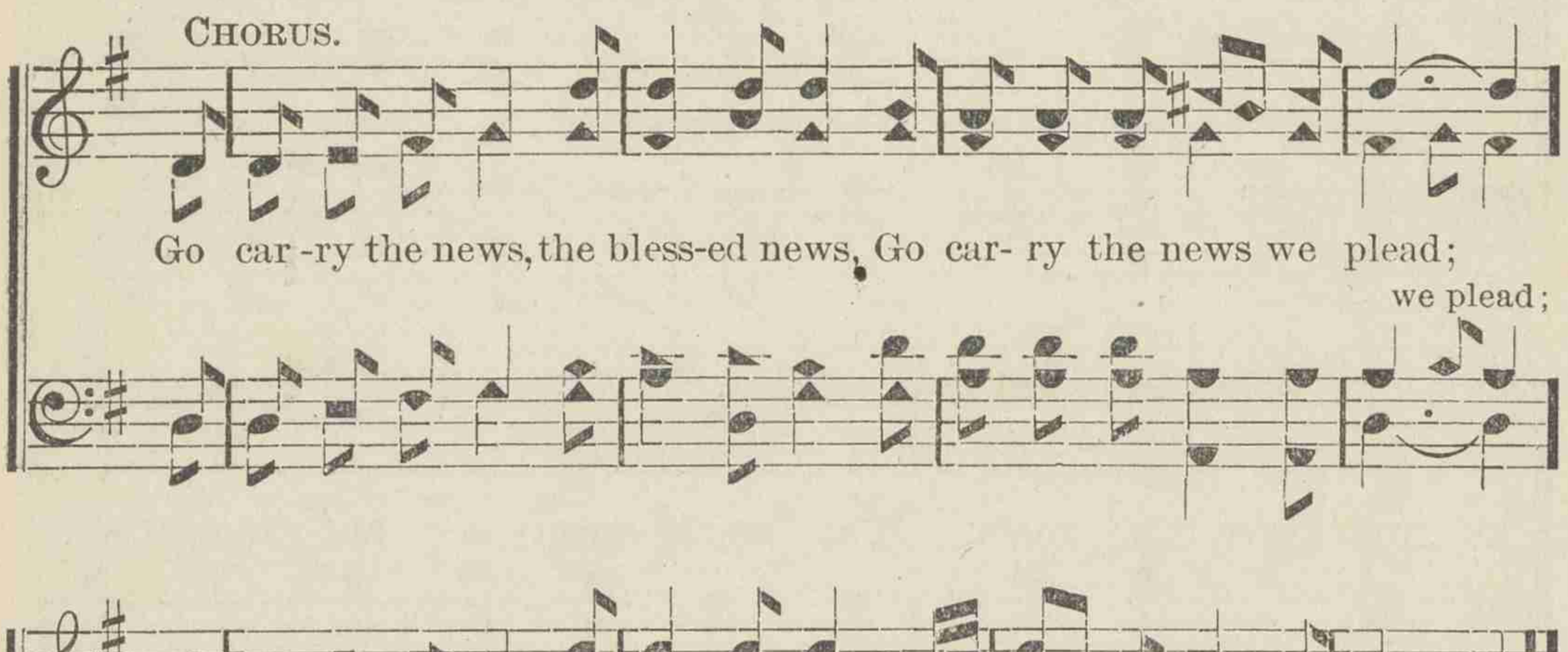
Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.



1. Tell all the peo- ple, far and near, The gladsome news, for all would hear;
2. Tell of the Cross of Cal- va - ry, Tell of the sad Gethsem - a - ne;
3. Our hopes all cen- ter in His pow'r, His grace He gives us ev- 'ry hour;



The sto - ry of redeem- ing love, And find a home in heav'n above.
Tell how He entered death's dark door, Tell how He lives for - ev - ermore.
God gave the gift, His on - ly Son, Who ev - er lives, the ris - en One.



CHORUS.

Go car -ry the news, the bless-ed news, Go car- ry the news we plead;
we plead;



Go car - ry the news, the blessed news, The Lord is ris'n in - deed.
indeed.

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No. 23. What Would You Say?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. W. H. Ruebush.

1. Should you be sum-moned to stand at God's bar, There to ac-
2. O, the great fol - ly of liv - ing in sin, Dy - ing at
3. Lo, the death - an - gel moves o - ver the land, Sum-mon-ing
4. Broth - er, be warned ere it grow- eth too late; Now is the

count for the deeds you have done, Yet in your sins and con-
last with- out hope in the Lord, Summoned to judgment, un -
some to the judg- ment each day; If at His bar ere the
time, 'tis sal - va - tion's great day; Once the door closed, if till

demned as you are, What would you say at the throne?
saved and un - clean, There to re - ceive your re - ward!
night - fall you stand, What to the Lord would you say?
then you should wait, What at God's bar would you say?

CHORUS.

What would you do, what would you say? If the death-angel should call you to-day?

What would you do, what would you say, If the death-angel should call?

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No. 24.

MARCHING ON.

E. R. LATTA. Cho. arr. IRWIN L. SPERRY.

1. Hear the loud trumpet-call, That is sound-ing for all Who for
2. Tho' the ranks of the foe In-to bat-tle may go, And may
3. Let us trust in the word Of our con-quer-ing Lord, Let us

Je-sus are brave-ly con-tend-ing; From the morn to the night
threat-en the cause of our Mas-ter, They shall cer-tain-ly meet
ques-tion His prom-is-es nev-er; We shall scat-ter the foe,

Let us urge on the fight, The cause of our Sav-iour de-fend-ing.
With a sig-nal de-feat, And shall fly from the field of dis-as-ter.
If be-liev-ing we go, He will lead us to vic-to-ry ev-er.

CHORUS.

Let us heed the trumpet call,
Let us heed..... the trumpet call,..... Sounding

Sounding far, to one and all; Lend a hand,
far,..... to one and all;..... Lend a hand,..... a heart and

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Marching On.—Concluded.



No. 25. I AM LISTENING.

W. S. M. W. S. MARSHALL, by per.



No. 26. WHEN I FIND MY JESUS THERE.

(May be sung as Solo and Chorus.)

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. It will not mat-ter if my way be hard, I have a lov-ing
2. How-ev-er bit-ter is the cup I drink, I trust in Christ my
3. And when life's heavy burdens press me sore, My ev-er lov-ing
4. When earthly tempests shall no lon-ger blow, When thro' the gates of

Saviour who will guide and guard, And in the dark-est night time, the
Saviour, and I will not shrink; Or trav'ling o'er life's quicksands, I
Saviour will my strength restore, And I may rest in safe-ty, nor
pearl, triumphant I shall go, What peace—what boundless rapture, it

sky is always starred, When I find my Je-sus there.
know I shall not sink, When I find my Je-sus there.
fear the bil-lows roar When I find my Je-sus there.
will be mine to know, When I find my Je-sus there.

CHORUS.

When I find my Je-sus there, And His fel-lowship I share, How-
When I find And His fellowship

ever dark the night Around me will be bright When I find my Je-sus there.

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No. 27.

THE SILVER STAR.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.



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No. 28. IN JESUS ALONE.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY J. S. TORBETT.

1. With Christ's precious blood our ran-som was paid, A way of es-
2. When storms of this life blow fierce-ly and wild, He'll help and sus-
3. No lon-ger we roam a-way from our God, We've entered thro'

cape for us He has made; God's an-ger He bore, the
tain His poor, wand'ring child; He says, "peace, be still," and
Christ the straight, nar-row road; Re-joic-ing in Him, still

rit.

wine-press He trod, We praise His dear name, made peace with our God.
tem-pests o-bey, When wea-ry and faint, His arm is our stay.
on-ward we go, To us peace and rest He now doth be-stow.

CHORUS.

In Je-sus alone, in Je-sus alone,

In Je-sus a-lone,..... In Je-sus a-lone,.....

There's pardon for all, for all who believe;

There's pardon for all,..... for all who believe;

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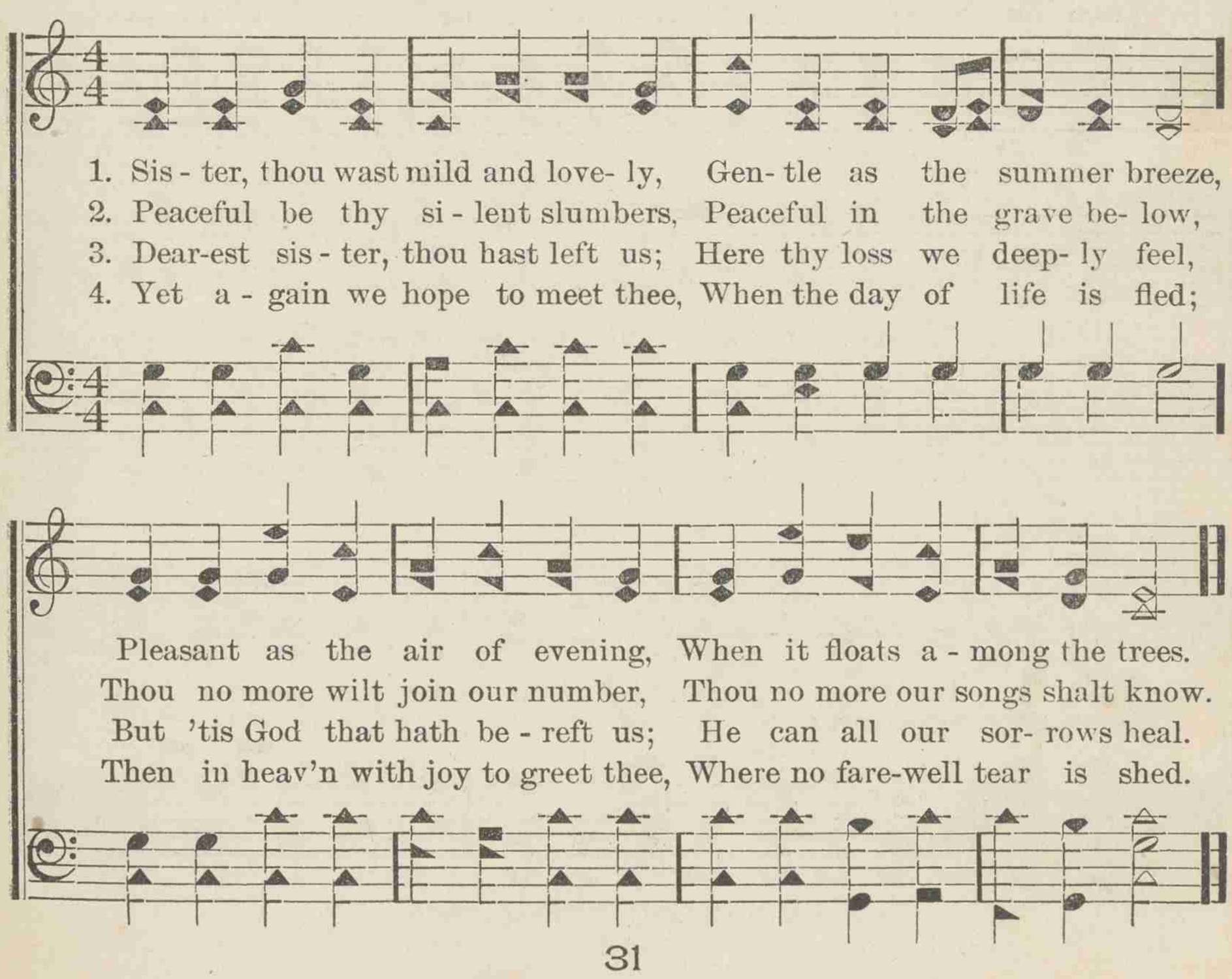
IN JESUS ALONE.—Concluded.





No. 29. MOUNT VERNON.

S. F. SMITH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 30. HE LEADETH ME.

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. M. GOOD.



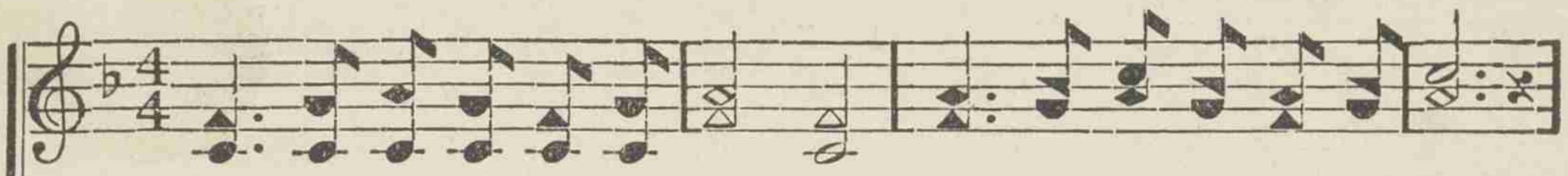
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No. 31.

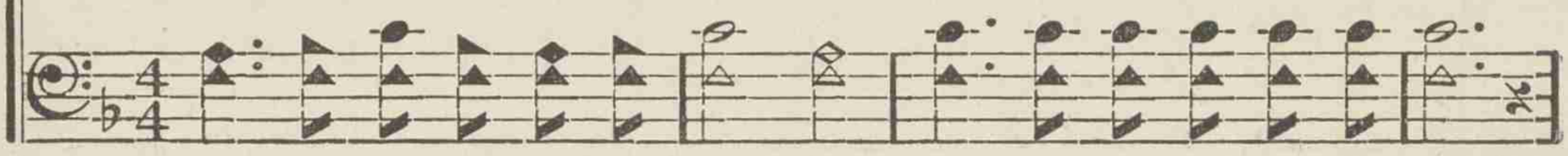
PAUL AND FELIX.

ACTS 24: 25

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. S. W. BEAZLEY.



1. Paul, a "pris- on - er of Je - sus" There in Felix's presence stands,
2. As he rea-sons Fe - lix trem - bles; Paul, the Master's faithful slave,
3. Fe - lix trembles, then dismiss - es; On the line he stood that day,





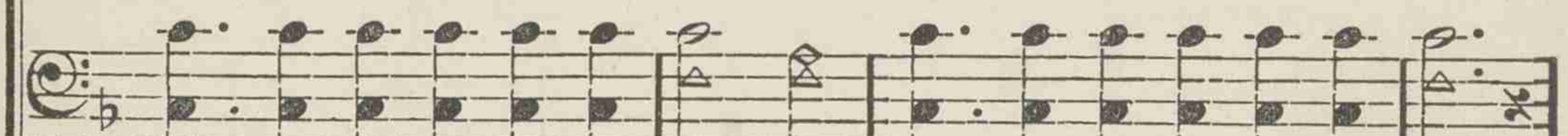
And so el - o-quently pleads he, That at - ten-tion he commands
Though on tri - al, prayeth on - ly He the priceless soul may save
But he stilled the veil of con-science, Threw his hope of heav'n a- way.



CHORUS.



Not a- fraid to speak for Je - sus In the mighty rul- ers hall,



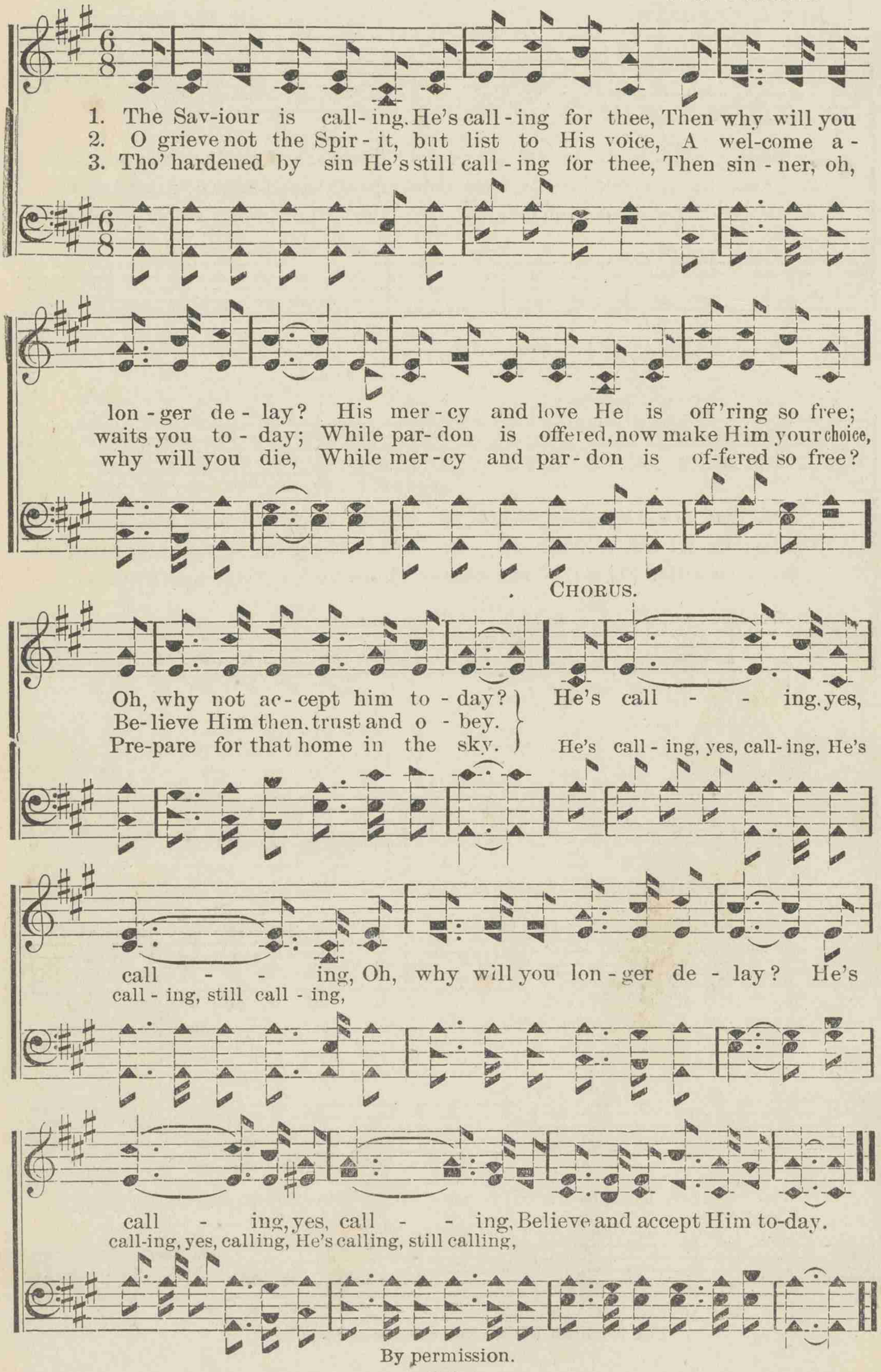
Not a-fraid to show his col - ors Was the "loy-al servant," Paul!



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No. 32. HE'S CALLING FOR THEE.

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.



By permission.

No. 33. MELODY IN MY HEART.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. N. M. CORDELL.



By permission of S. W. Beazley.

No. 34. SING A SONG OF JESUS.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

Keep sing-ing, ... Keep sing-ing, ...'Twill brighten
ev - er sing - ing, ev - er sing-ing,

up the way here be - low; Oh, sing a song of Je - sus as you go.

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No. 35. Jesus will Welcome Me Home.

"That our joy might be full." John xvi: 24.

Rev Geo. P. Hott. **J. H. Hall.**



1. Hear the prom-is - es of love, Je-sus will wel-come me home,
2. I must watch and work and pray, Je-sus will wel-come me home,
3. Come and join me as I go, Je-sus will wel-come me home,
4. Crowns of joy He'll give at last, Je-sus will wel-come me home,



End-less joy in heav'n a-bove, Je-sus will wel-come me home.
Ev-'ry mo-ment, day by day, Je-sus will wel-come me home.
Trav-'ling from this world of woe, Je-sus will wel-come me home.
When life's sor-rows all are past, Je-sus will wel-come me home.



CHORUS.



Je-sus will wel-come me home, Je-sus will wel-come me home,
welcome me home, welcome me home.



When the Fa-ther's will is done, Je-sus will wel-come me home.

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No. 36. THE BEAUTIFUL WAY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. M. NEWMAN.

1. There's a way up to life where the an - gels dwell; Will you
2. Oh, this beau - ti - ful way leads to peace and love And to
3. 'Tis the way up to joys that shall know no blight, 'Tis the

trav - el this way a - long? 'Tis the way up to heav'n where the
rest o - ver Jor - dan's tide; 'Tis the true shin - ing way to the
way to that home a - bove; 'Tis the way to that land where there

CHORUS.

loved ones tell Of their joy in a bliss - ful song.
realms a - bove, To that bliss of the oth - er side.
is no night, 'Tis the way to that home of love.

Will you go this way,

Will you go this way? Will you go this beau - ti - ful way? Will you

go this way, Will you go this way? Will you go this beau - ti - ful way?

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No. 37. WAITING FOR ME.

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.

1. Some moth-ers wait at the beau - ti - ful gate, Watch-ing for you,
2. A fa - ther stands on the beau - ti - ful sands, Cheer- ing our feet
3. A sis - ter's hand beckons home to that land, Fa - ther and mother

watch- ing for me, White robes they wear and they wait for us there,
long the rough way, Point - ing us on where the saints have long gone,
now gathered there, Make heav-en ring, sweet the ransomed choirs sing,

CHORUS.

Beck'ning to you and to me.
Lead - ing to heav - en some day.
Beau - ti - ful home bright and fair.

Wait - ing for you, and

watch-ing for me, Wait - ing beyond the dark stream, Beck'ning to

you and beck'ning to me, As a light thro' the darkness they gleam.

By permission.

No. 38. MY MOTHER'S GOD.

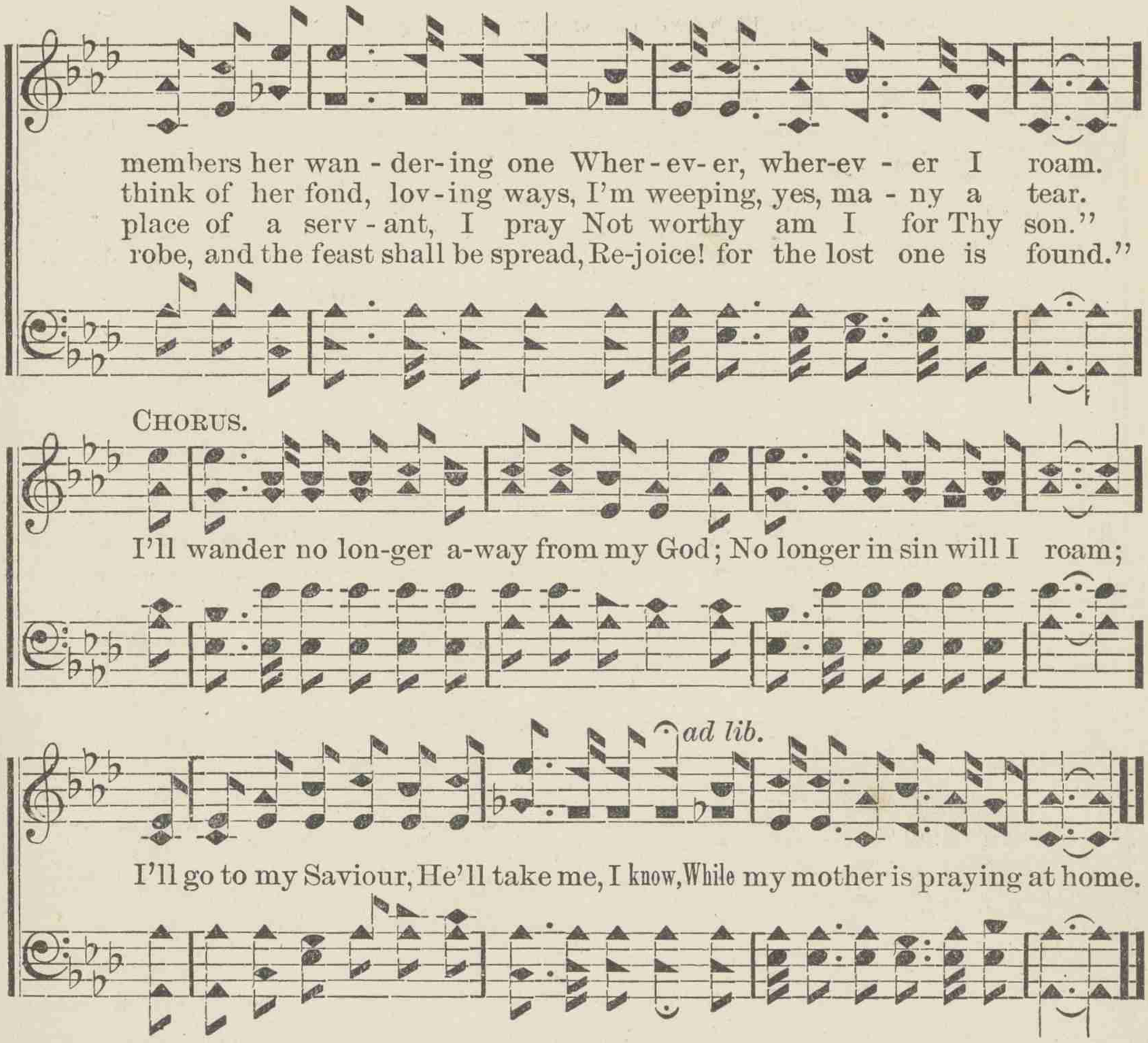
Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato con espress.



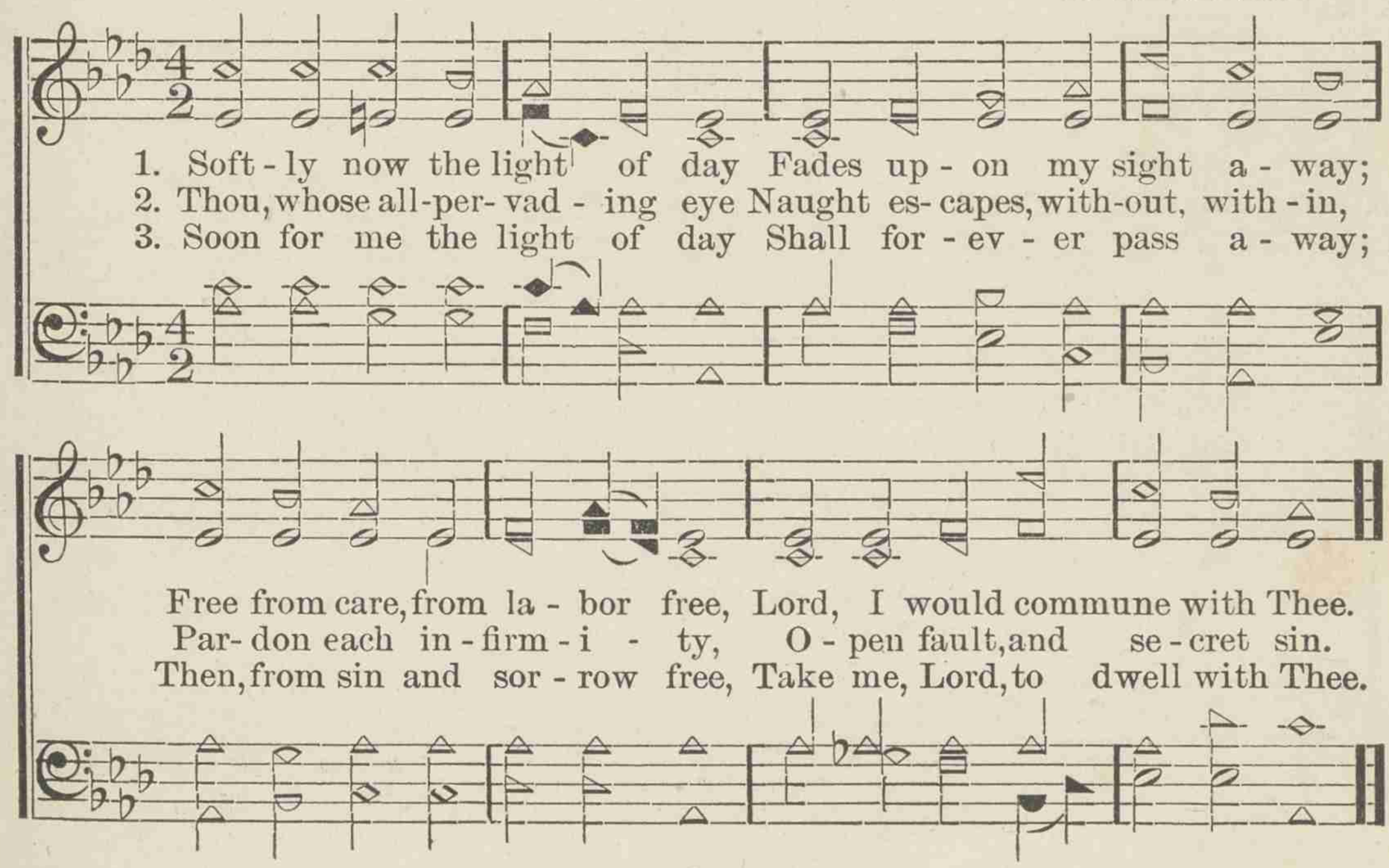
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MY MOTHER'S GOD.—Concluded.



No. 39. CHARLOTTE. 7s.

D. S. HOOVER.



No. 40. O HAPPY SONGS.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with song."—Isa. 35 : 10.

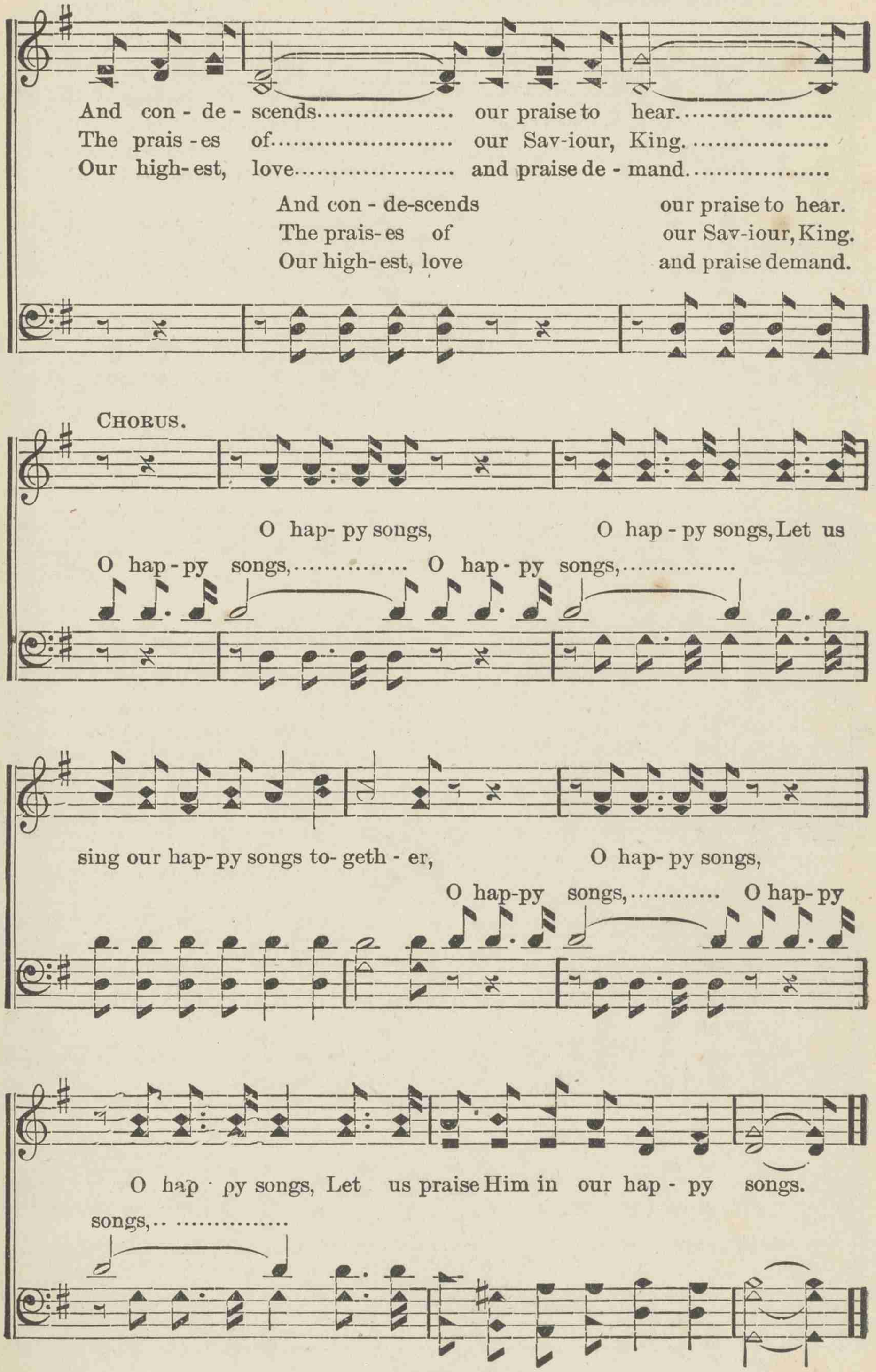
Anon. S. W. Beazley.







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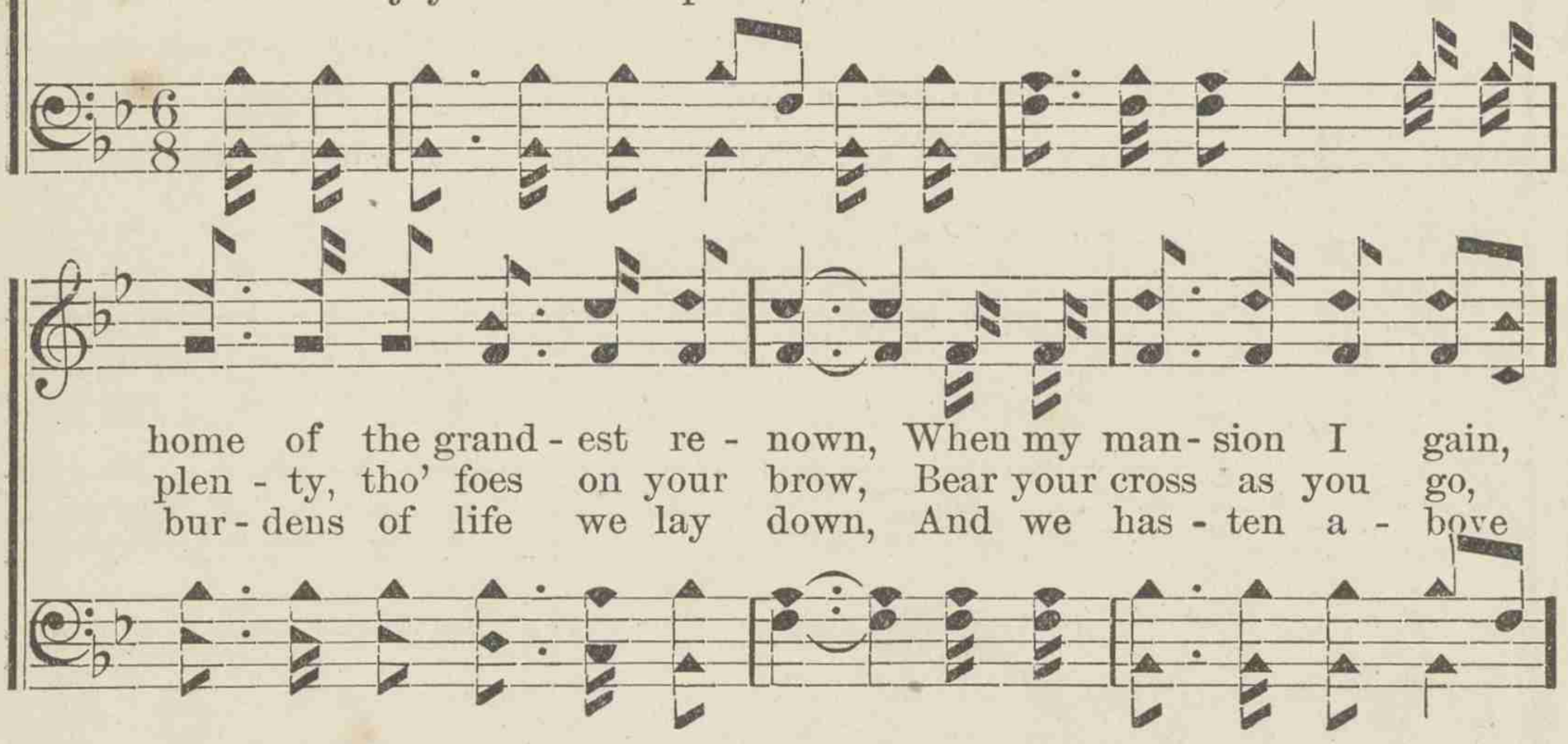

And con - de - scends..... our praise to hear.....
The prais - es of..... our Sav-iour, King. .....
Our high-est, love..... and praise de - mand.....
And con - de-scends our praise to hear.
The prais-es of our Sav-iour, King.
Our high-est, love and praise demand.
CHORUS.
O hap- py songs, O hap - py songs, Let us
O hap - py songs,..... O hap - py songs,.....
sing our hap-py songs to- geth - er, O hap- py songs,
O hap-py songs,..... O hap- py
O hap - py songs, Let us praise Him in our hap - py songs.
songs,.. .....

No. 41. CROSS FOR A CROWN.

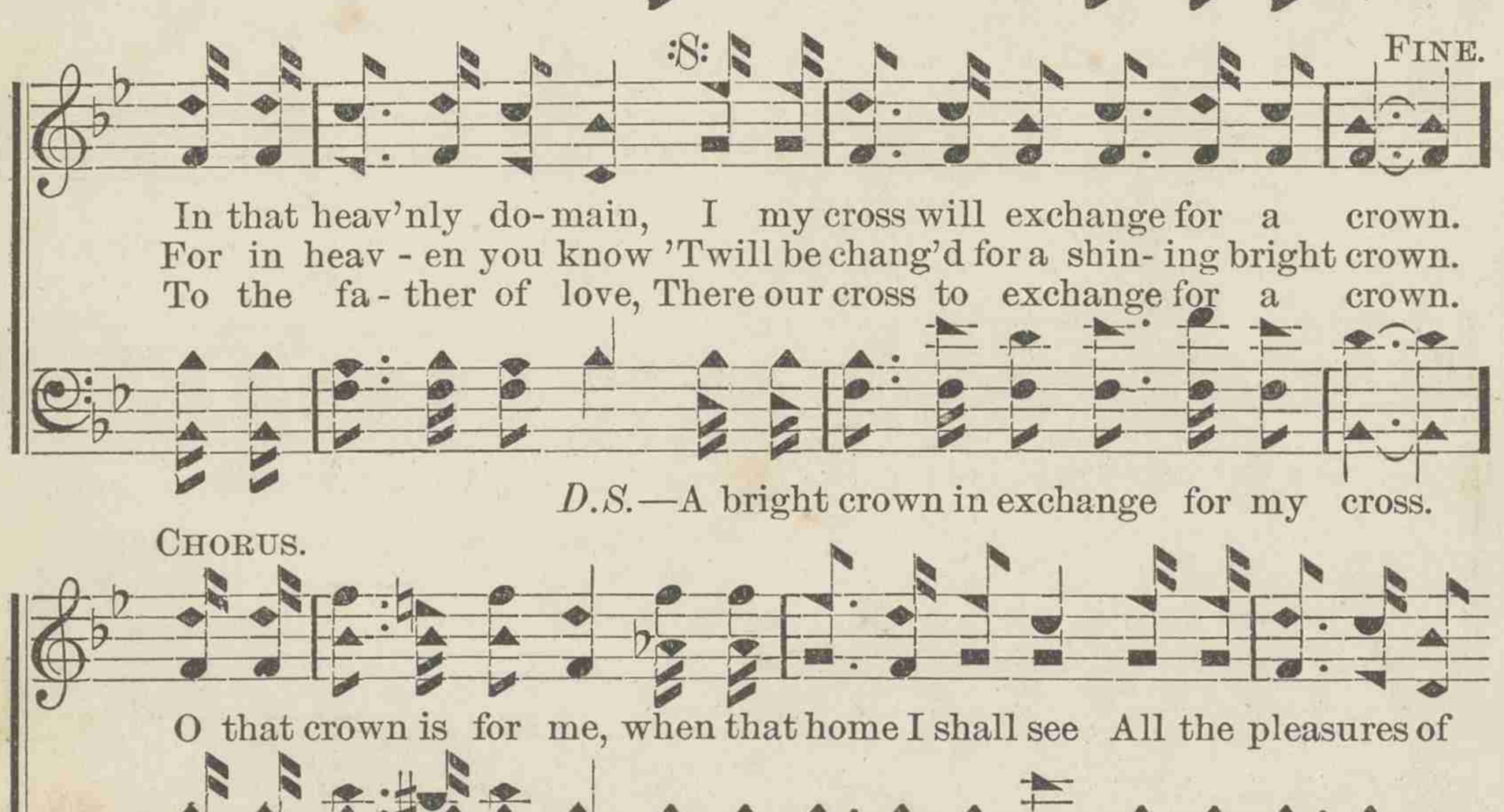
Miss ADDIE MATTOX. J. S. TORBETT.



1. We are jour - ney-ing on, To a beau - ti - ful home, 'Tis a
2. Take your cross now my friend, And your Sav-iour will lend Grace in
3. 'Twill be joy un - sur - passed, To our souls when at last All the



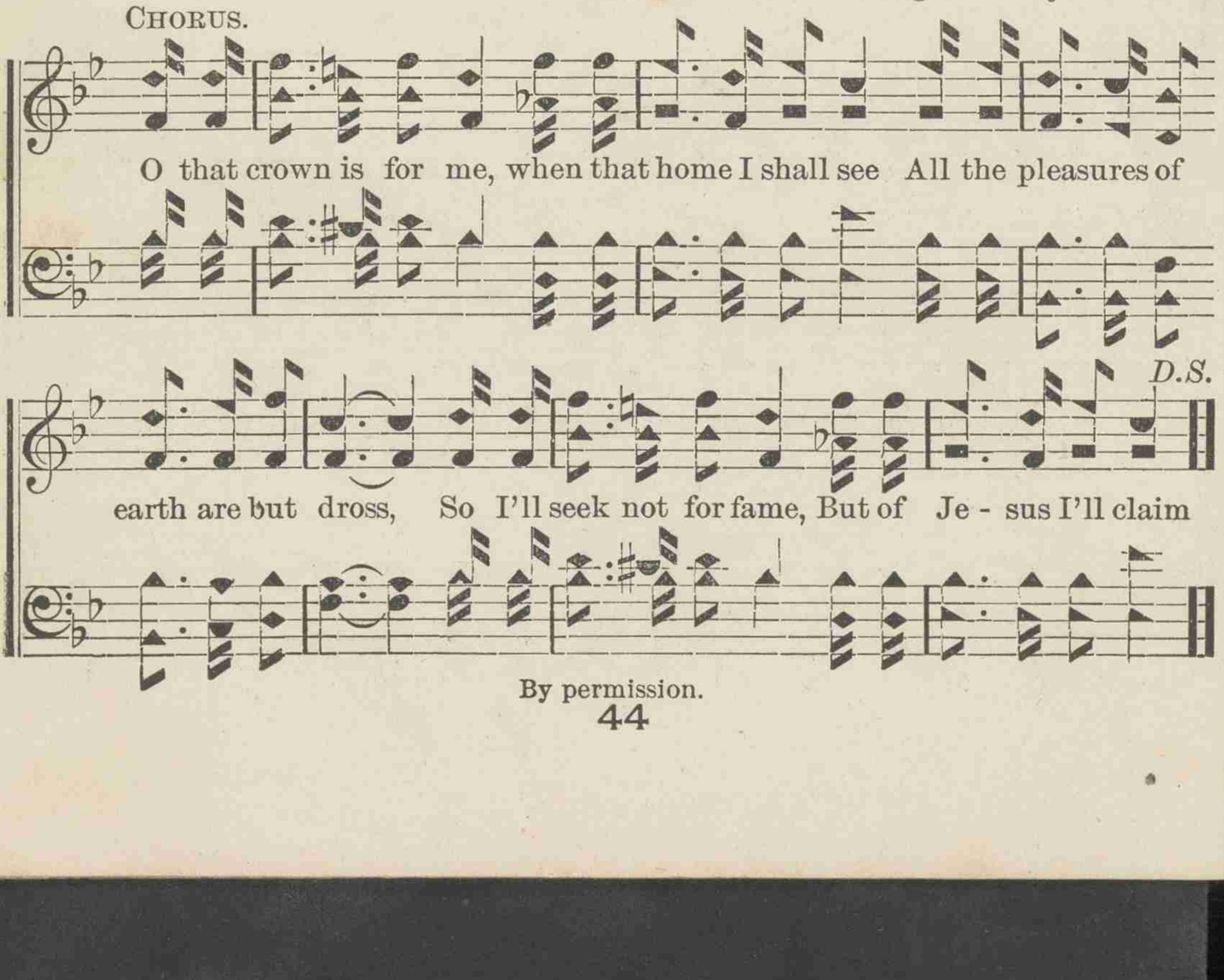
home of the grand - est re - nown, When my man - sion I gain,
plen - ty, tho' foes on your brow, Bear your cross as you go,
bur - dens of life we lay down, And we has - ten a - bove



In that heav'nly do - main, I my cross will exchange for a crown.
For in heav - en you know 'Twill be chang'd for a shin- ing bright crown.
To the fa - ther of love, There our cross to exchange for a crown.

D.S.—A bright crown in exchange for my cross.

CHORUS.



O that crown is for me, when that home I shall see All the pleasures of

earth are but dross, So I'll seek not for fame, But of Je - sus I'll claim

By permission.

No. 42. ANCHORED WITHIN THE VEIL.

"Which entereth into that within the veil."—HEB. 6: 19.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

1. Though toss'd on life's tem-pest - uous sea, And oft - en fears my heart as - sail, Still in my Lord my hope's se - cure, For 'tis
2. Though tempt-ed oft from Him to roam, And oft my strength seems sure to fail; Yet trust - ing Him my cour - age holds, For I'm
3. And when this earth - ly house shall fall, And earth - ly joys and friends shall fail; Then, on - ly then, my hope re - mains, For 'tis

CHORUS. *Espressivo.*

an-chored safe with - in the veil. Anchored safe with - in the veil,
An-chored safe with - in the veil; My heart feels sure, and my
hope se - cure, For 'tis an - chored safe with - in the veil.

rit.

By permission.

No. 43. TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. S. W. BEAZLEY.

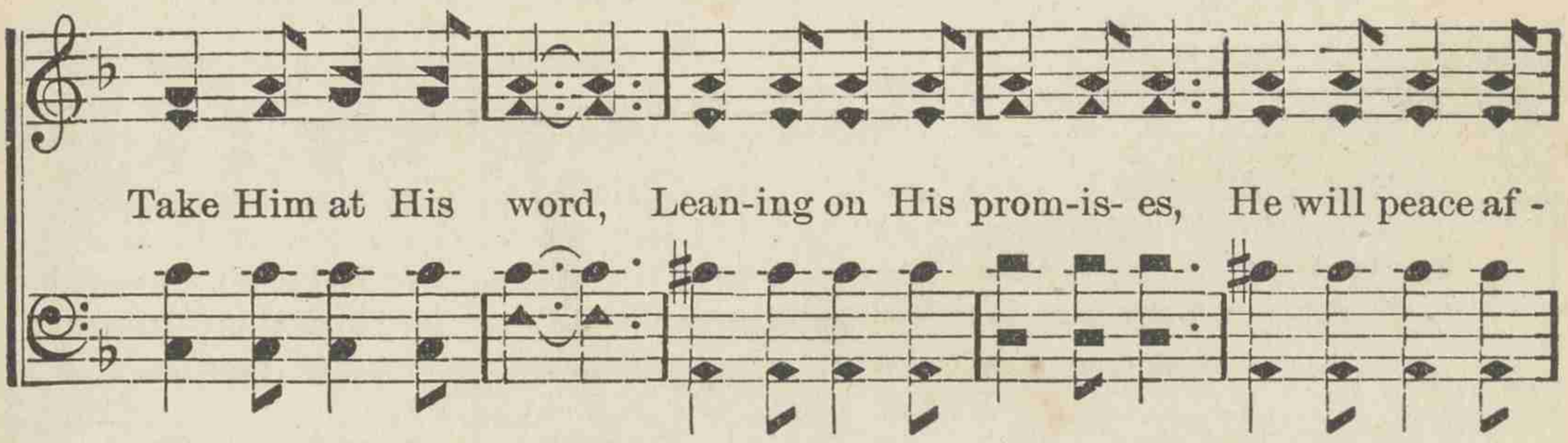
1. Are you ev - er tempt-ed? Have you doubts and fears? Does your path seem oft - en Strown with pain and tears? Have faith in the Sav - iour,
2. Are you ev - er tempt-ed, From the path to stray? Does the night seem lone - ly, Lone - li - er the day? Don't for-get that Je - sus,
3. Are you ev - er tempt-ed? Christ is ev - er near, Are the cross - es heav - y? Trust and nev - er fear. "I will not for - sake thee,"

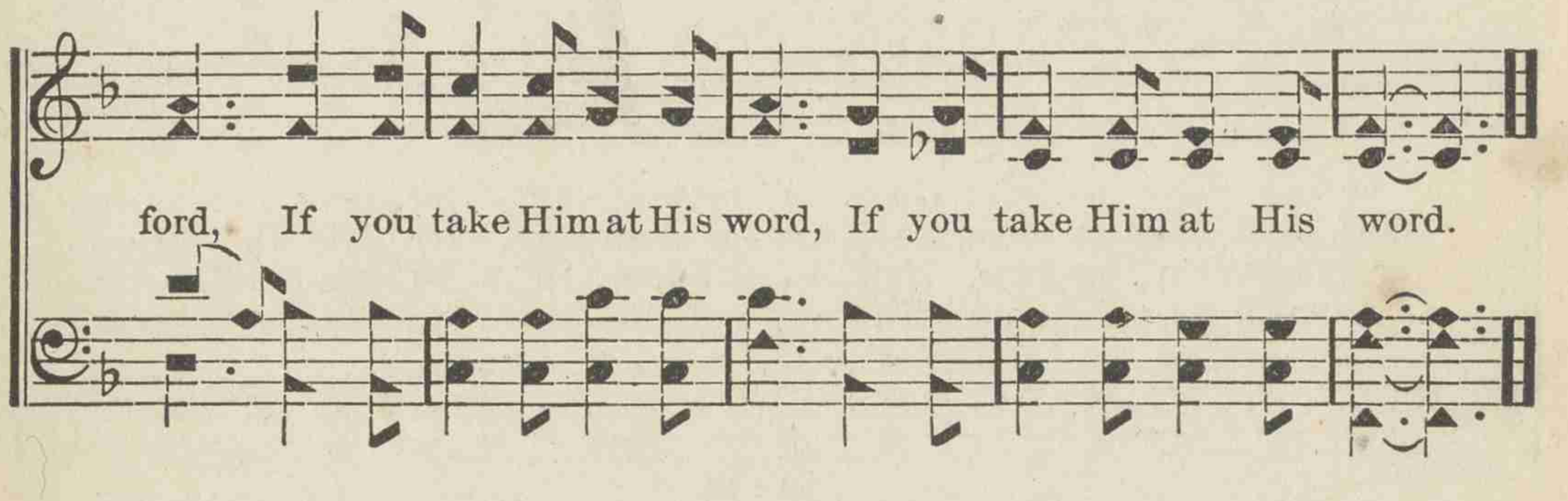
He the pathway clears; Take Him at His word, Take Him at His word.
Is the light, the way, Take Him at His word, Take Him at His word.
Prom-ise ev - er dear, Take Him at His word. Take Him at His word.

CHORUS.

Trust Him, on-ly trust Him, Take Him at His word, Trust Him, only trust Him,

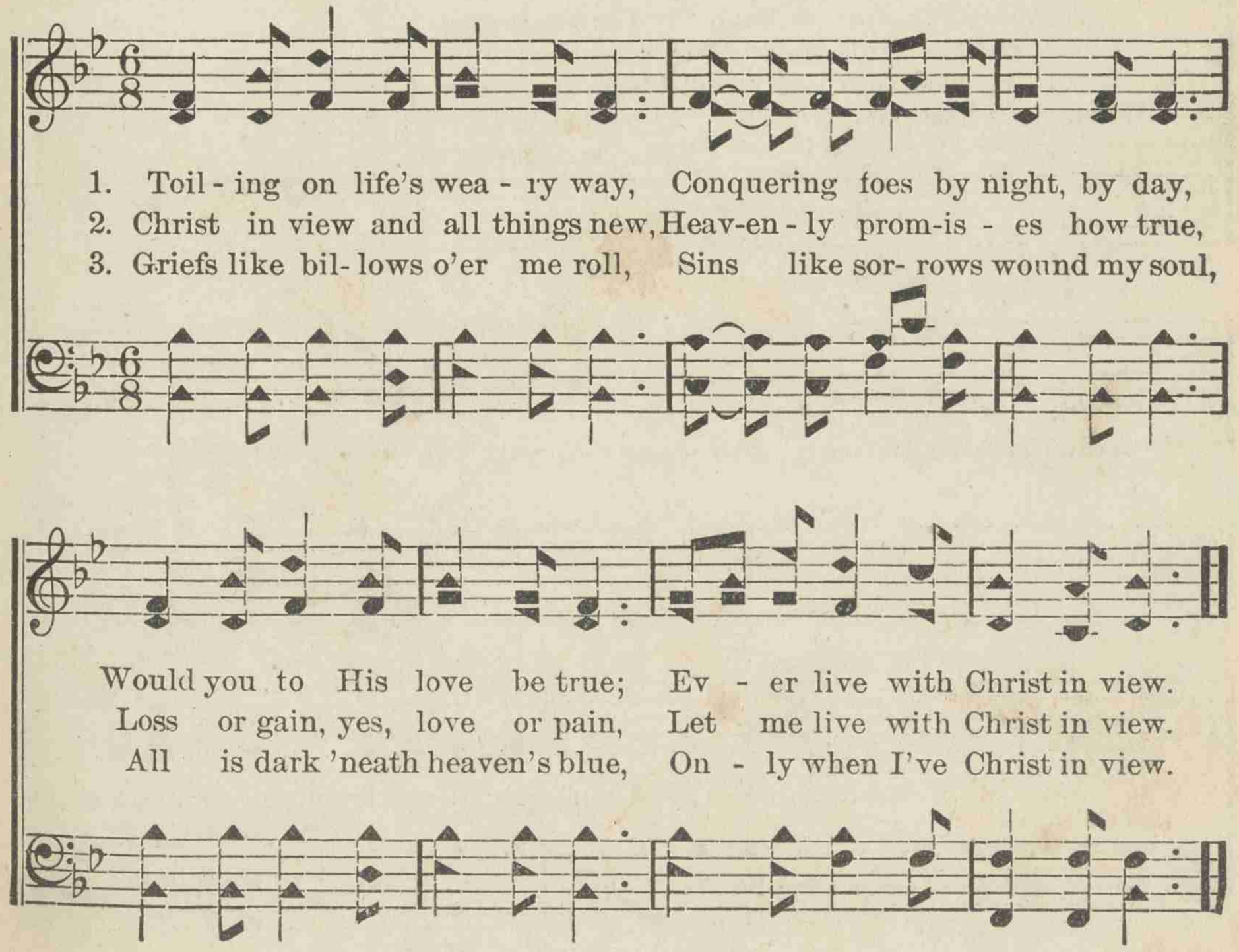
Take Him at His Word.—Concluded.





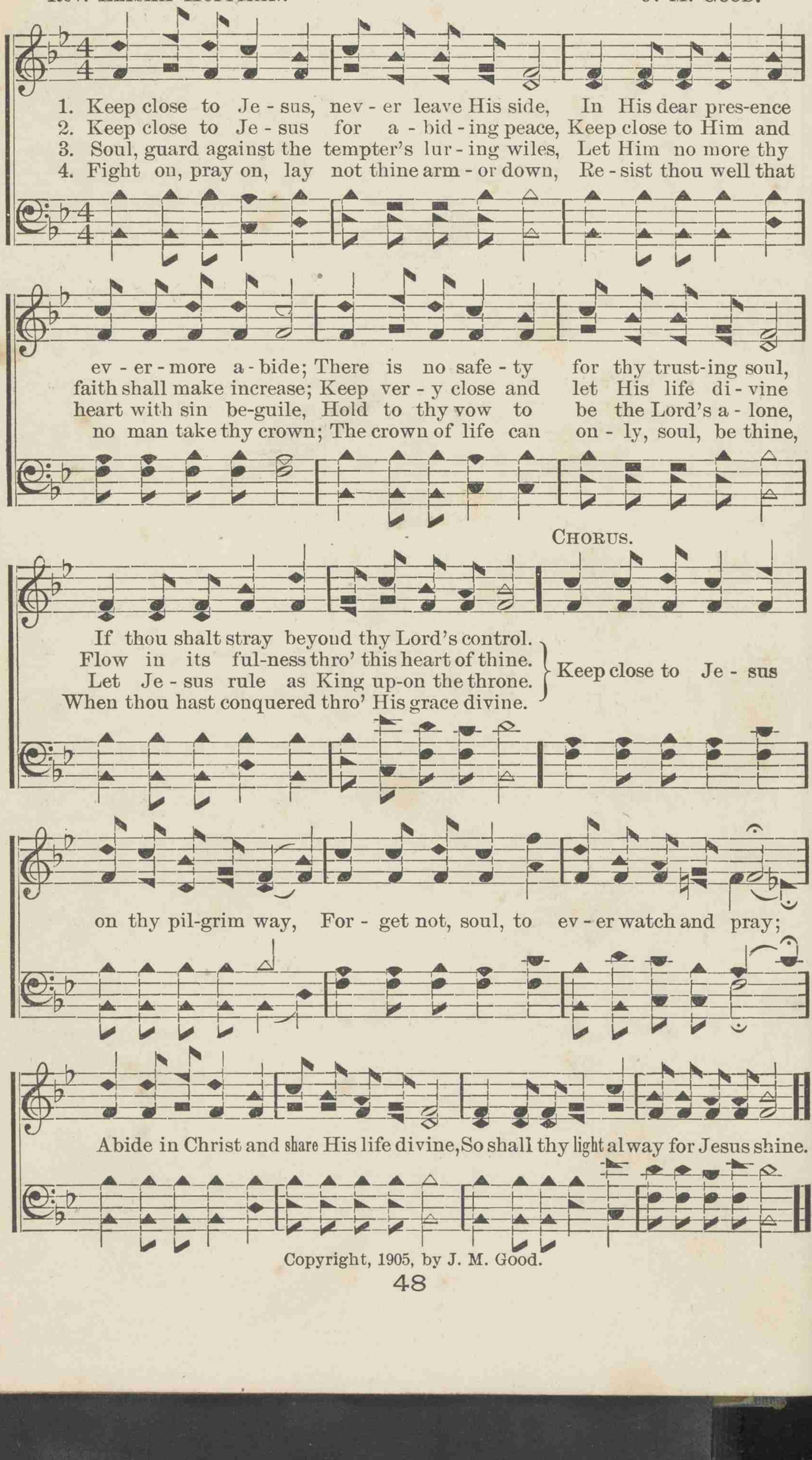
No. 44. CHRIST IN VIEW.

Rev. G. P. Hott. J. S. Good.



No. 45. KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN. J. M. GOOD.



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No. 46. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." PROV. xviii: 24.

Rev. H. Bonar. Charles C. Converse. By per.



No. 47. SEEKING THE POWER.

REV. G. P. HOTT. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Kneeling low at Thy feet, Bless - ed Lord we en - treat, Speak the word and my life shall be Thine, On-ly weak-ness am I, pass, oh pass me not by, Grant the pow'r of Thy grace so di - vine.
2. I must faint by the way if my Sav - iour de - lay, Long His com-ing my strength to re - new, But His prom-ise is sure I shall there - fore en - dure, Tho' the friends of my jour - ney be few.
3. Seek-ing pow'r of my Lord, prom-ised me in His word, All the strength of the flesh I re - sign, Bat-tling oft - en with sin I no vic - t'ry can win, Save when Je - sus the pow - er is mine.

CHORUS.

Grant the pow'r, Grant the pow'r, of Thy love, of Thy love,
Grant the pow - er, the pow - er, the pow'r..... of Thy love,.....
Grant the pow'r, grant the pow'r, from a-bove, from a-bove.
Grant the pow - er, the pow - er, the pow'r, from a - bove....

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No. 48. JESUS SPEAKING ALL THE WHILE.

S. W. B.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. 'Tis a bless- ed thing to hear Je-sus speak-ing all the while, Bringing
2. In the ho - ly, qui - et hour, Je-sus speak-ing all the while, We can
3. Love and mu- sic cheer the way, Je-sus speak-ing all the while, Brings to

heav - en sweetly near, Je - sus speaking all the while; Round a-bout us
feel the strength'ning pow'r, Je - sus speaking all the while; Rar - est vis- ions
view a sun - ny ray, Je - sus speaking all the while; Rich-est beau - ty

ev - 'ry-where, In His hand- i- work so fair, We can hear a still voice
ev - 'ry day, At our work or when we pray, We can hear the Sav- iour
of the soul, And the hap - py moments roll, When we hear the Sav- iour

D.S.—Je - sus speaking in the

FINE. CHORUS.

speak-ing all the while. All the while, all the while, There is
All the while, all the while,
still-ness all the while.

D.S.

sweetness in His presence all the while; All the while, all the while,
All the while, all the while,

S. W. Beazley, owner.

No. 49. CHRIST IS CALLING YOU TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON. JACOB GOOD.

1. Sin-ner, tho' you turn from Je - sus, slighting His un-bound-ed love;
2. Sounds of emp - ty mirth and pleasure, sounds of vain and wea - ry strife,
3. Oh, the way that you are go - ing leads to nev - er end-ing night,

Still His voice is gen - tly pleading as you tread the downward way;
Min-gle in con - fus - ing clam - or as your wand'rings you pur-sue;
Ere it be too late for - ev - er from its per - il turn a - way;

Still He of - fers you His mer - cy while a - far from Him you rove,
Hark! a voice di - vine is speak-ing words that of - fer end - less life,
Heed the voice that now in - vites you out of dark-ness in - to light;

Err - ing one, O pause and lis - ten, Christ is call - ing you to - day.
Lis - ten, lis - ten to the mes-sage, 'tis the Sav-iour call-ing you.
To His pure and hap - py kingdom Christ is call - ing you to - day.

CHORUS. Call - - - ing, call - ing, call - - - - ing,
Christ is call - ing, call-ing, call-ing, Christ is call - ing you to - day.

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CHRIST IS CALLING YOU TO-DAY.—Concluded.



No. 50. DAYTON.

ISAAC WATTS. A. SHANDS.



No. 51. WE ARE MARCHING HOME.

REV. G. P. HOTT. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. Cheerfully marching on to-ward the beautiful golden gate, Cheerfully on,
2. Joy-ful-ly sing-ing ev-er as we're nearing the golden gate, Joyfully sing,
3. Hopefully marching on to-ward the beautiful golden gate, Hopefully on,



cheerfully on; Cheerfully marching on; Yes, Cheerfully marching on toward the
joy-ful-ly sing, Joyfully ev-er sing, Yes, Joy-ful-ly singing ev - er as we're
hopefully on; Hopefully marching on; Yes, Hopefully marching on toward the



beauti-ful golden gate, Cheerfully on, chanting our song, Cheerfully marching on.
nearing the golden gate, Joyfully sing, praise to our King; Joyfully ever sing.
beauti-ful golden gate, Joyfully on, hopefully on, Cheerfully marching on.



CHORUS.



Steadily marching on, Ever His praise prolong, Marching to join the



cho - rus of the beautiful ransom'd throng, Joy-ful-ly marching on,



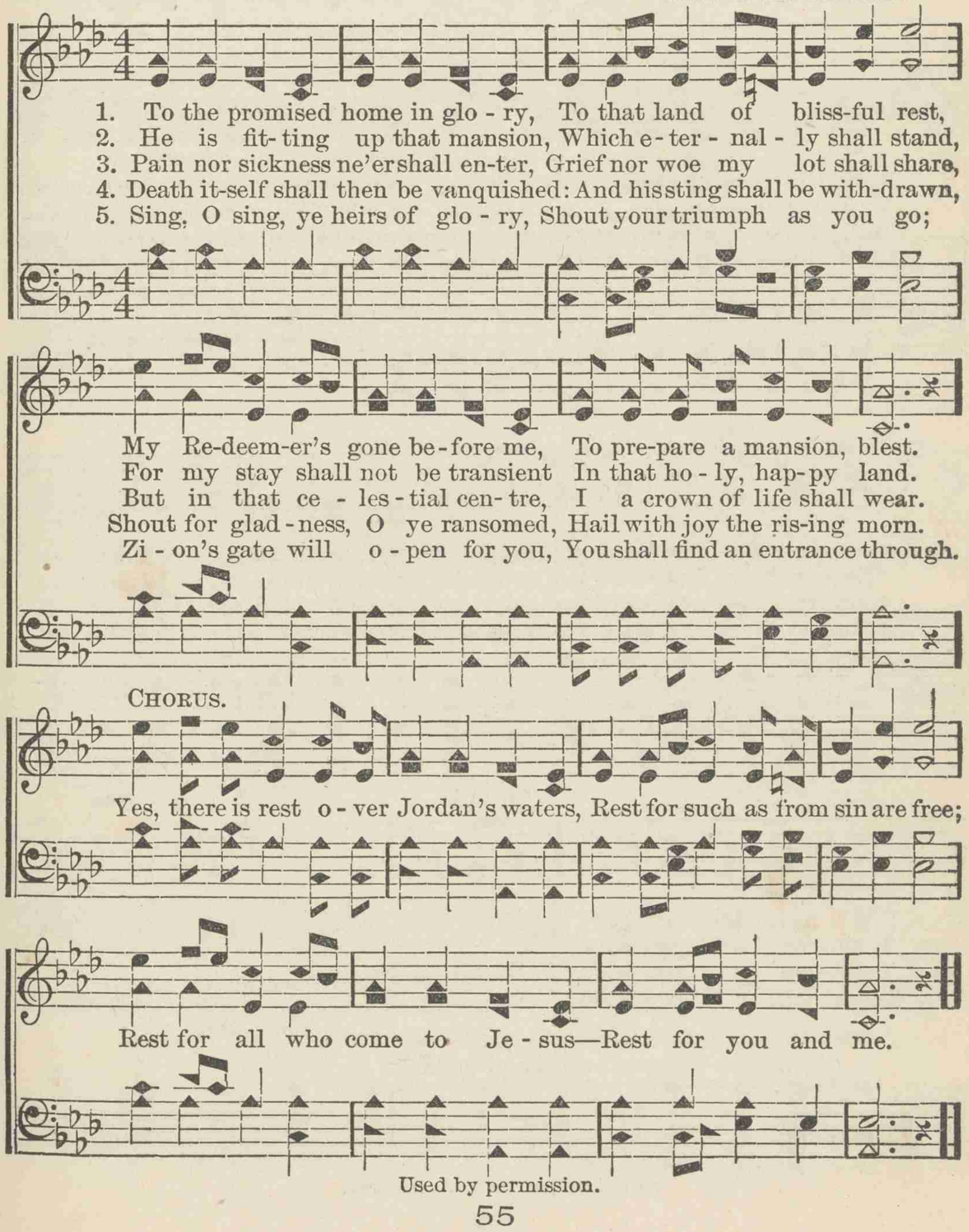
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We are Marching Home.—Concluded.



No. 52. REST OVER JORDAN.

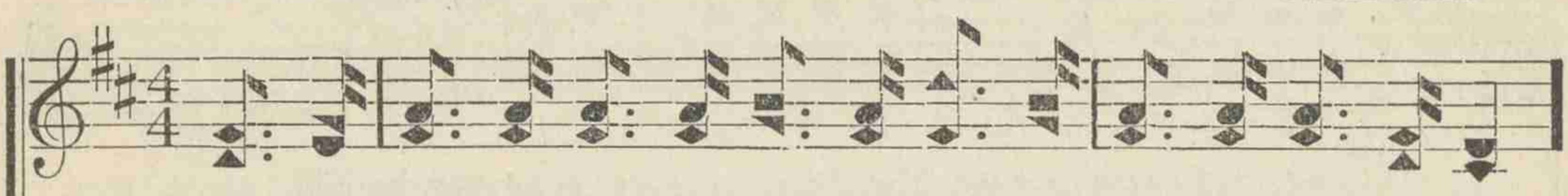
GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



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No. 53. WILL THE GATES OPEN WIDE?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. HENRY C. STRINGER.

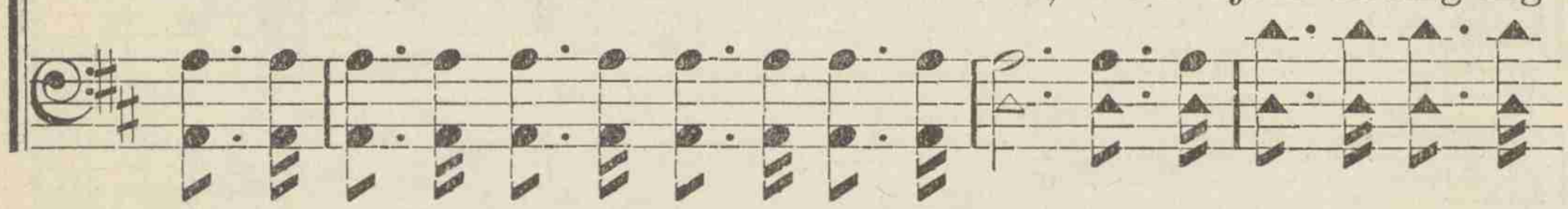


1. Will the pearl - y gates of heav - en swing a - jar to let me in
2. Will the an - gels sing a wel-come when I cross the chil - ly wave?
3. Will the ten - der smile of Je - sus greet me as I near the shore?
4. Yes, my Sav - iour will be wait - ing to en - fold me to His breast,





When the evening rays a - cross the sky are cast? Will the lov - ing Sav-iour
Will they greet me as I near the oth - er side? Will the vis - ions of that
Will His loving voice come sweeping o'er the tide? Will the zeph-yrs of that
And His ten-der voice will bid me there a - bide, And I'll join in sing - ing





meet me on that bright and gold-en strand? Will the gates of heav - en
cit - y burst up - on my long - ing sight? Will the pearl - y gates of
coun - try kiss my soul as I go in? Will the pearl - y gates of
prais - es with the snow-white an - gel band—Yes, the pearl - y gates of



CHORUS.

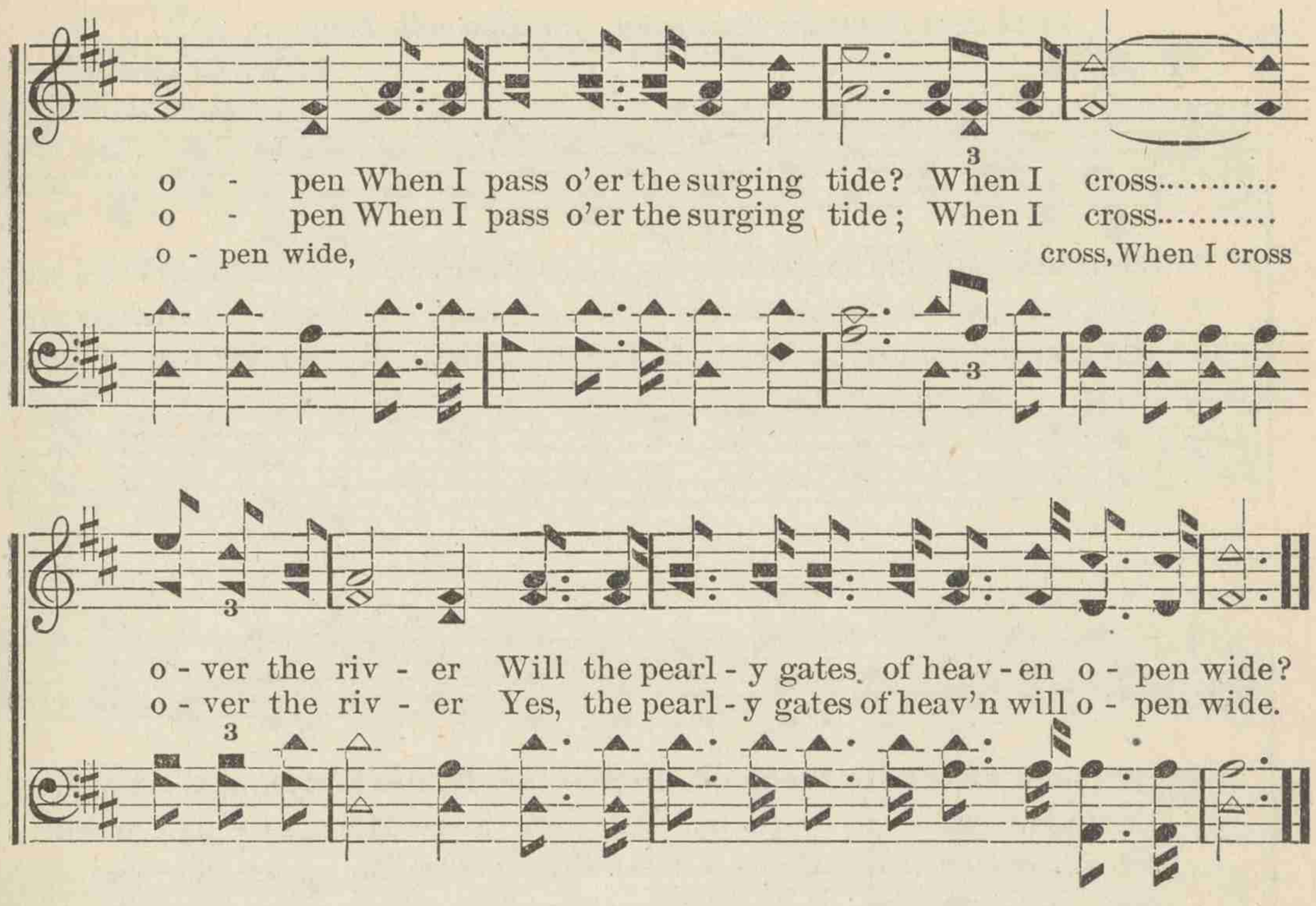


o - pen wide at last? Will they o - pen will they
heav - en o - pen wide?
heav - en o - pen wide? (*Chorus for 4th stanza.*)
heav'n will o - pen wide? Yes, they'll o - pen yes, they'll
o - pen wide



Used by per. of S. W. Beazley.

WILL THE GATES OPEN WIDE?—Concluded.



No. 54. LORENA. 7s.

ANDREW REED. B.



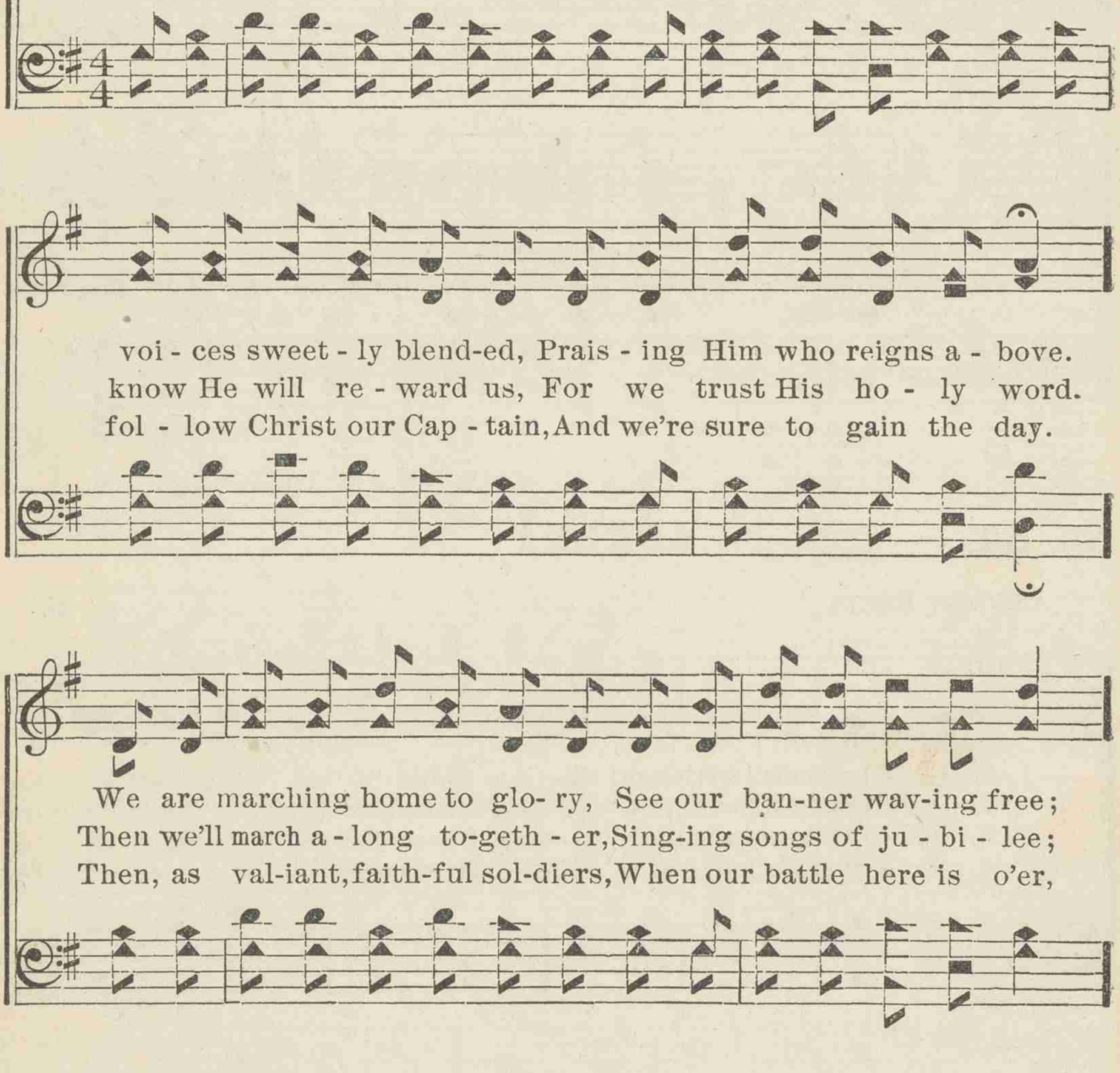
No. 55. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

(Good as a Juvenile class song, for Epworth Leagues, etc.)

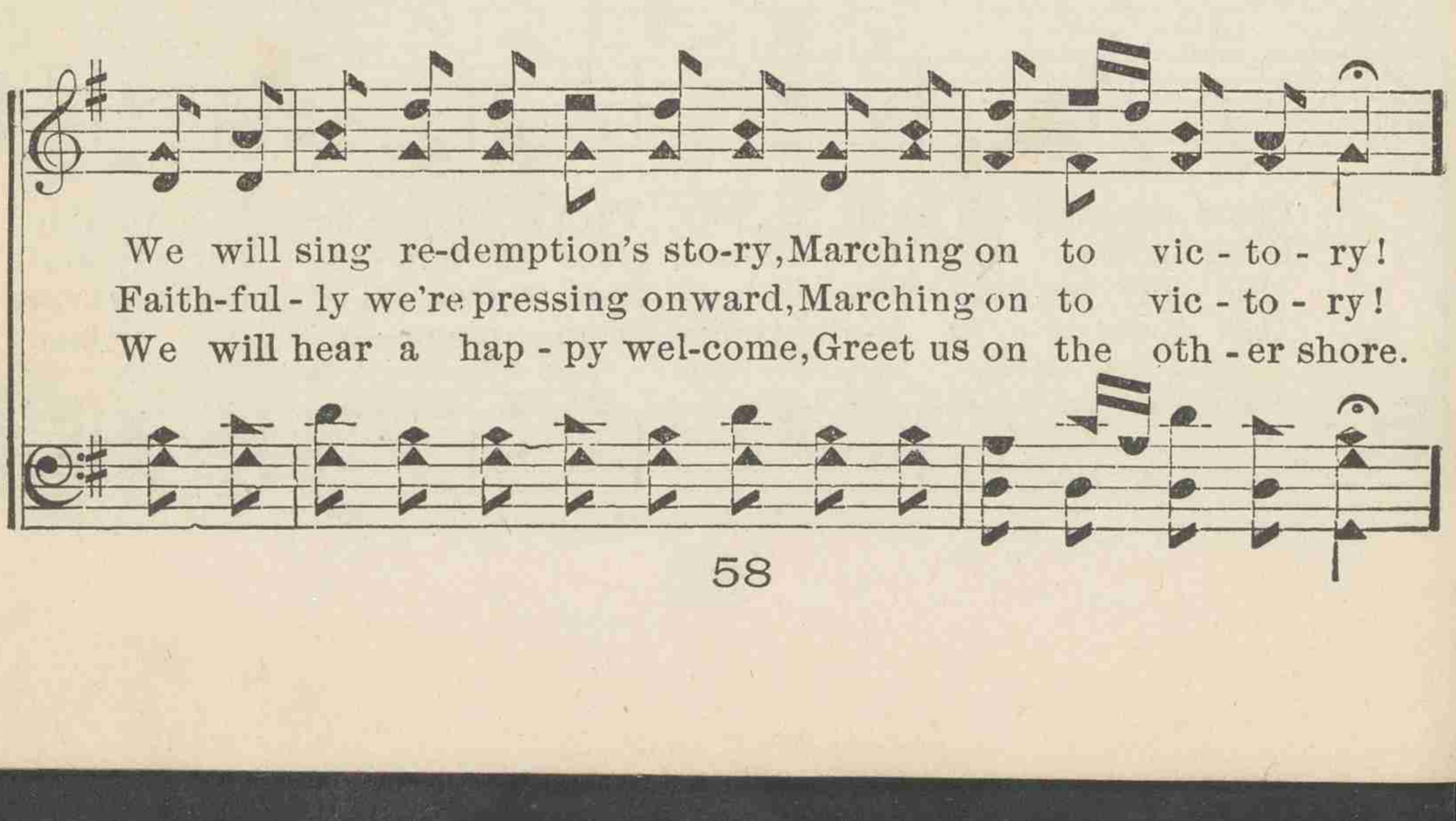
P. M. C. P. M. CLAUNTS.



1. Come and join our happy singing, Let your hearts be fill'd with love, With your voi - ces sweet - ly blend-ed, Prais - ing Him who reigns a - bove.
2. With this band of noble workers, We are battl'ing for the Lord, And we know He will re - ward us, For we trust His ho - ly word.
3. We are boldly marching onward, Trav'ling in the King's highway ; We will fol - low Christ our Cap - tain, And we're sure to gain the day.



We are marching home to glo- ry, See our ban-ner wav-ing free ;
Then we'll march a - long to-geth - er, Sing-ing songs of ju - bi - lee ;
Then, as val-iant, faith-ful sol-diers, When our battle here is o'er,



We will sing re-demption's sto-ry, Marching on to vic - to - ry !
Faith-ful - ly we're pressing onward, Marching on to vic - to - ry !
We will hear a hap - py wel-come, Greet us on the oth - er shore.

MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

CHORUS.



No. 56. WHEN I SURVEY.

ISAAC WATTS. DAVID MOORE.

By permission.

Save in the death..... of Christ my Lord:.....
That were an of - - - f'ring far too small;.....
Save in the death of Christ my Lord:

All the vain things..... ..... that charm me most,.....
Love so a - maz - - - ing, so di - vine,.....
All the vain things that charm me most,

I sac - ri - fice..... them to His blood..... ....
Demands my soul,..... my life, my all.....
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

No. 57. HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Hear me, Saviour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sab-bath day;
2. Hold my hand with-in Thine own, That I may not walk a - lone;
3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a - lone in Thee;

Bless me as Thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Is - rael's fold.
Guide my footsteps lest they stray In - to sin's dark des - ert way.
Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an im- mor - tal kind.

No. 58. GATHERING SEED.

G. L. LINDSEY.

1. Out on the highways,..... wher-ev - er you go,.....
2. Out of each moment..... some good we ob - tain,.....
3. Gath-er- ing seed, we..... must scat-ter as well,.....

1. Out on the highways wherever you go,

Seed we must gather,..... and seed we must sow;.....
Something to winnow..... and scat- ter a - gain;.....
God will watch over..... the place where it fell;.....

Seed me must gather, and seed we must sow;

E - ven the ti - ni - - - est seed has a power,.....
All that we lis - ten..... to, all that we read,.....
On - ly the gain of..... the har-vest is ours,.....

E - ven the ti- ni- est seed has a power,

Be it a this- tle ..... or be it a flow'r.....
All that we think of..... is gath-er - ing seed.....
Shall we plant nettles,..... or shall we plant flow'rs?.....

Be it a thistle or be it a flow'r.

CHORUS.

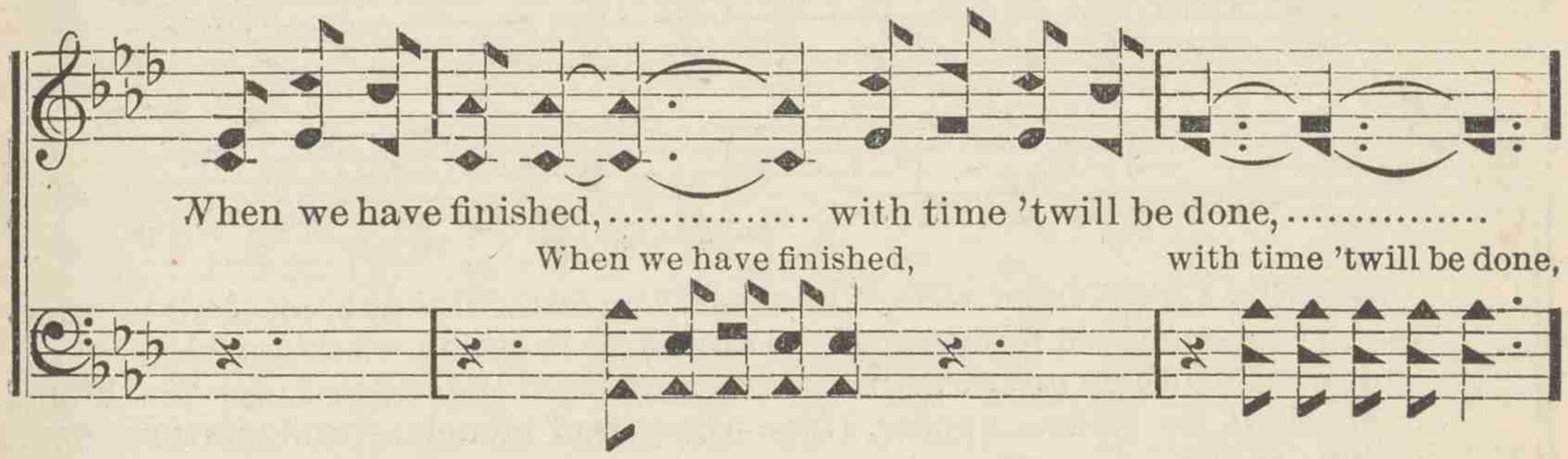
That which we gather..... is that which we sow,.....

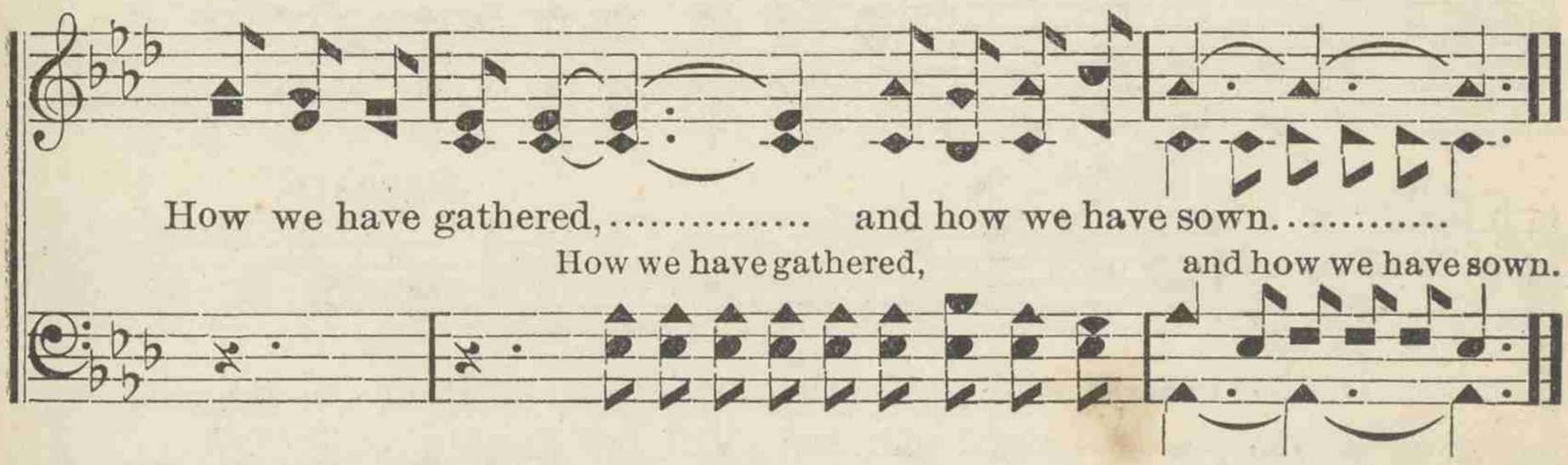
That which we gather is that which we sow,

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GATHERING SEED.—Concluded.

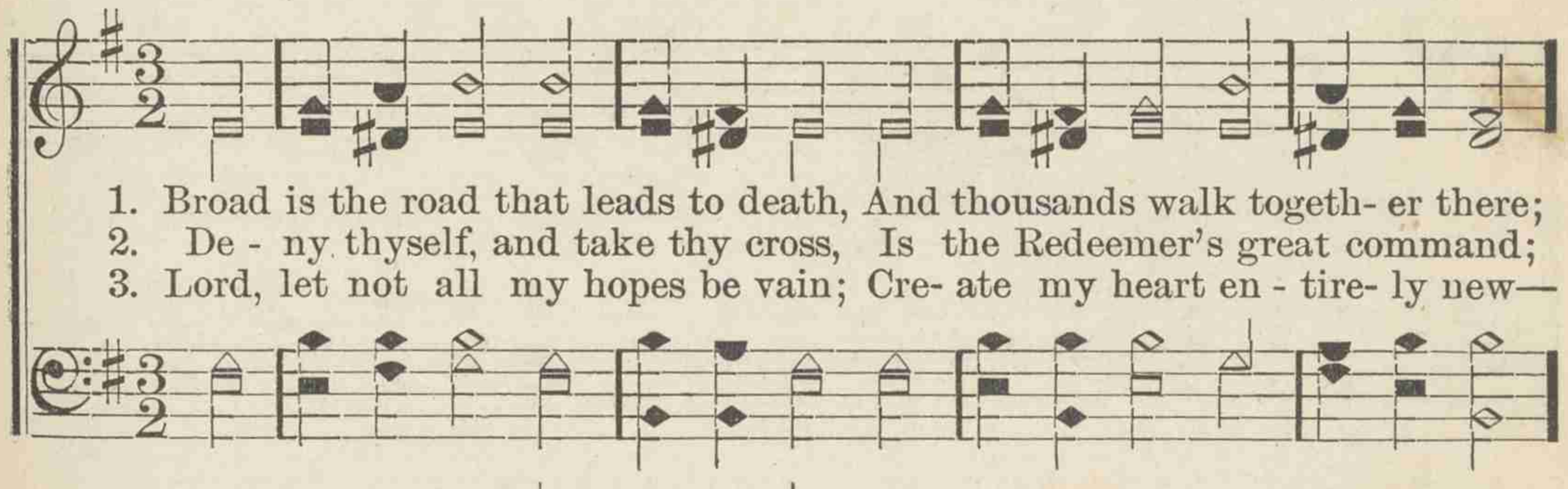


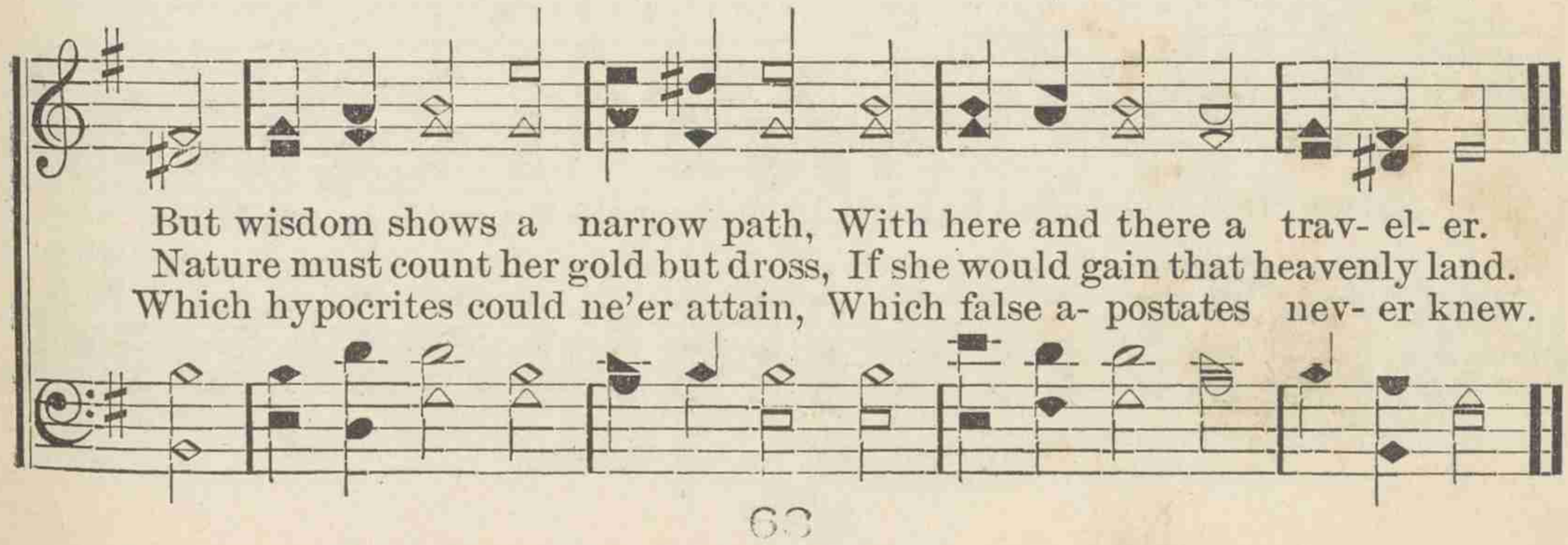




No. 59. WINDHAM.

DANIEL READ, 1785.





No. 60. BEAUTIFUL, GOLDEN SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. S. TORBETT.

1. O glo - ri- ous homeland, just o - ver the line, Prepared for the
2. When friends lov'd so dearly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so
3. When wea-ry with toil-ing in sor - row a - lone, With bear- ing the
4. When deep are the shadows en - cir-cling me here, When beams of glad

weary by Christ the divine, Who says if I'm faithful that home shall be mine,
dreary when miss'd from our side; O think of re-union, where angels a- bide,
burdens to others unknown, There comes to my mind the sweet rest near the throne,
sunlight so seldom appear, Hope whispers of homeland and glorified cheer,

REFRAIN.

In the beau- ti - ful, gold - en some- time. Beau - ti- ful, gold - en

sometime, sometime, sometime; Thro' Je - sus my

sometime, sometime, sometime,

Saviour that home shall be mine, In the beauti - ful, gold- en sometime.

sometime.

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No. 61. EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS.

REV. G. P. HOTT. S. W. BEAZLEY.



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No. 62. THERE'S A GUIDING STAR.

(Good as a Quartet.)

J. S. TORBETT. J. S. TORBETT.

Andante con expressione.



Copyright, 1901, by J. S. Torbett.

There's a Guiding Star.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

And the stars shine bright o'er the rugged way,
And the stars shine bright..... o'er the rug-ged way,.....

And the goal seems near,
And the goal seems near - - - - er..... day by

near-er day by day, For the loved ones gone
day,..... For the loved ones gone,.....

are a - wait-ing there At the pearl - y
are a - wait - ing there,.....

gates..... of that house so fair.....
At the pearl-y gates of that house so fair.

No. 63. I Want to be a Worker.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



I Want to be a Worker. (Concluded.)

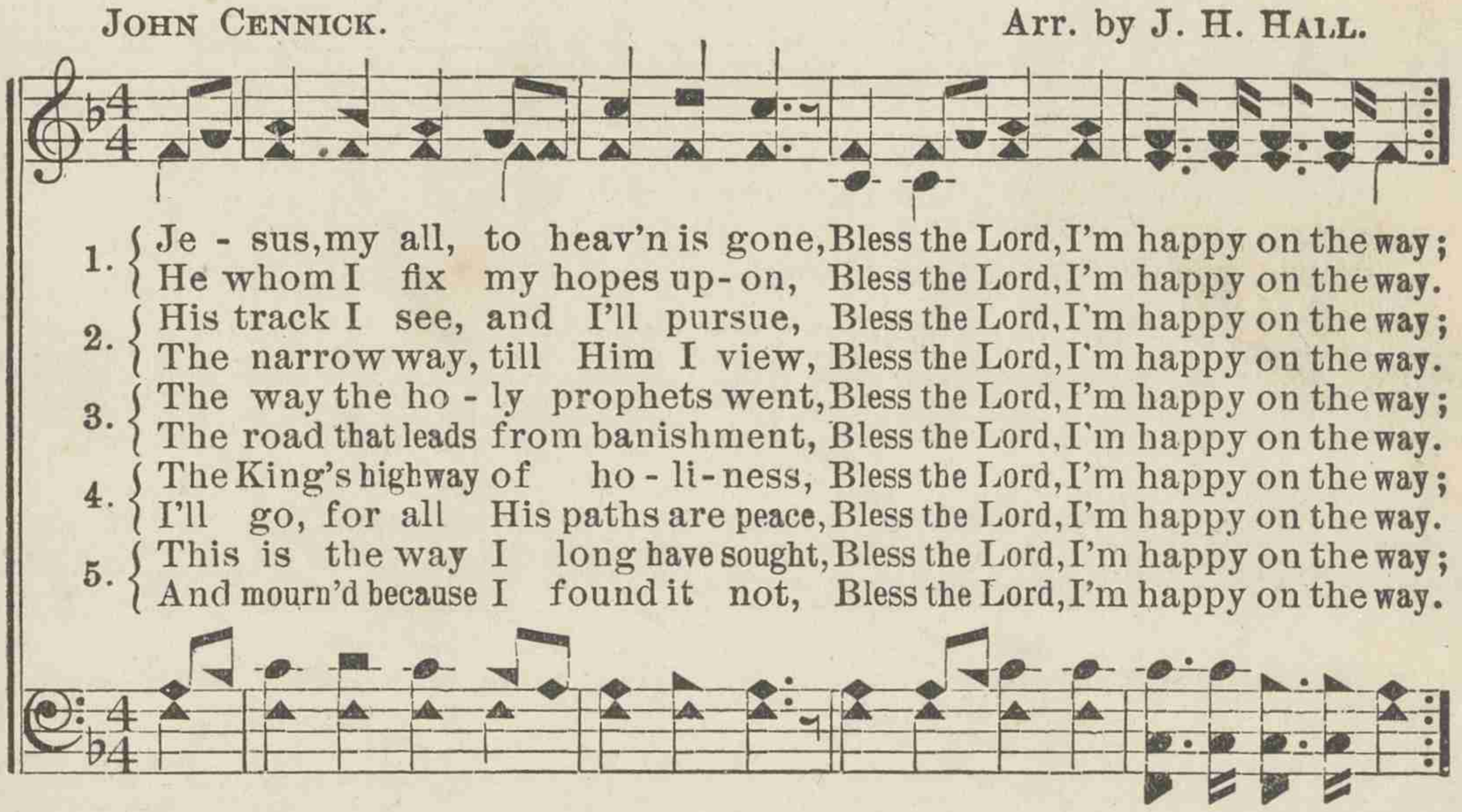




No. 64. I'm Happy on the Way.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Z. H. Copp.

JOHN CENNICK. Arr. by J. H. HALL.



CHORUS.



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No. 65. MARCHING IN HIS NAME.

Dedicated to Selma, little daughter of Prof. A. N. Cullom, Wilson, N. C.

JENNIE WILSON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Marching on day by day to a land far a-way, In the serv-ice of Je-sus we go; March-ing on in His name we shall vic-to-ry claim, Thro' His grace o-ver-com-ing each foe.
2. Dai-ly Je-sus doth lead and His or-ders we heed As we march o-ver mountain and plain; He dis-pels ev-'ry fear with His sweet words of cheer, And each bat-tle by faith we shall gain.
3. We may wea-ri-ness know on the field here be-low, But there's rest for the faith-ful a-bove; When the con-flict is o'er we shall share ev-er-more The re-ward of the faith-ful a-bove.
4. Come and march with our band to Im-man-u-el's land, Be a sol-dier for Je-sus to-day; In the strife brave-ly share and a crown you shall wear, On those glo-ry-lit heights far a-way.

CHORUS.

Marching on ..... in His name, ... We will keep Je-sus' ban-ner in view; Vic-to-ry.....

Marching on in His name, Vic-to-ry

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MARCHING IN HIS NAME.—Concluded.

we shall claim,..... For we know that His prom-ise is true.
we shall claim,

No. 66. BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

JNO. LEWIS MOORE. WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. Be - hold the lamb of God, Who died on Cal - va - ry;
2. Be - hold the lamb of God, He speaks so earn - est - ly;
3. Be - hold the lamb of God, He'll heal thy sin - sick soul;
4. Be - hold the lamb of God, Who takes a - way all sin;

He died an ag - o - niz - ing death, To set poor sin - ners free.
"I am the life, the truth, the way," Come now and "fol-low me."
And guide you safe to His fair home, Whose glo - ries are un - told.
Dear sin - ner, o - pen thy heart's door, And let Him en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Be - hold the lamb of God!..... Oh, look to Him and live;
in love, just now,

If you will on - ly trust in Him, E - ter - nal life He'll give.

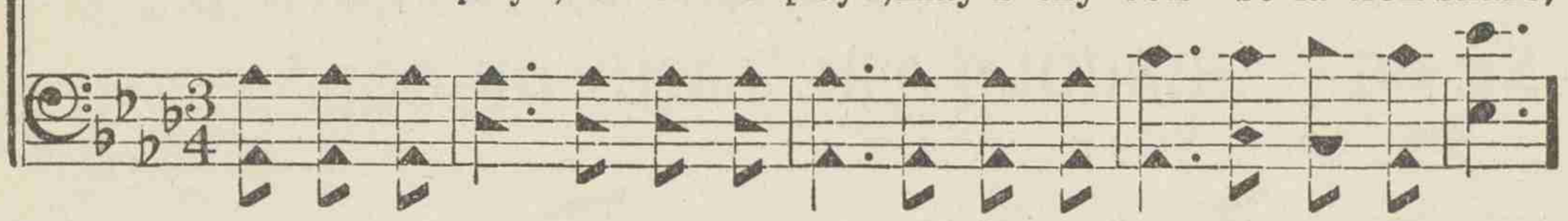
No. 67. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

Rev. W. W. Walford. J. H. Hall.

With expression.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so-la-tion share,





And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.



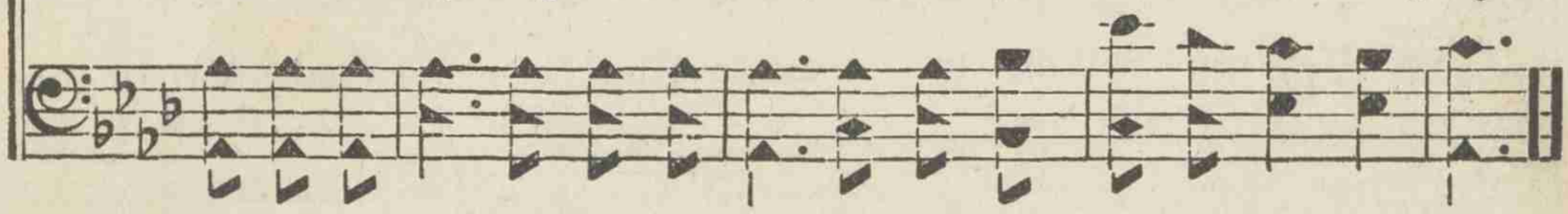


In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re-lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise, To seize the ev - er-last-ing prize,





And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev -'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.



The Rudisill-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 68. TO HIM I'LL GO.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. JACOB GOOD.

1. What else can I do when burdened with sin, And almost o'erwhelmed by the
2. What else can I do when weary and faint, But go to the Lord with my
3. What else can I do when death shall draw nigh, But into the arms of my

sorrow with- in, What else can I do but to go to my Lord, The
feeble complaint, And tell Him how sad and how lone is my heart, And
Saviour to fly, And give to His keep- ing both bod- y and soul, As-

CHORUS.

friend who a- lone can true comfort afford?
pray Him His wonder- ful grace to impart?
sured He will bring me in peace to my goal.

To Him will I go, in

faith I will go, For Je- sus can help and Je-sus can bless; To Him will I

go, be - liev-ing I'll go, And ask Him to give me comfort and peace

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No. 69. I KNOW THAT HE IS MINE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I know that He is mine, this Friend of friends so dear, His grace and love my
2. I know that He is mine, my Lord and King divine, I have the conscious
3. I know that He is mine and dwells within my heart, And fills me with His

trusting heart have won; A-long the path of life I feel His presence near,
wit-ness in my soul; The light of His pure love doth in me brightly shine,
love and life di - vine; He guides my trusting steps unto the per-fect day,

CHORUS.

In sweet content and peace He leads us on.
And all my pow'rs are under His con- trol.
And well I know this loving Friend is mine.

} I know that He is mine, this

Friend so dear, I know that He is mine, for His
Friend so near, this Friend so dear,

love is in my heart, I know that He is mine, this Friend di -
Friend so good, this



No. 70. OH, CALL ME BACK.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. JACOB GOOD.

Slow.



No. 71. O BLESSED THOUGHT.

G. L. L. G. L. LINDSEY.

1. When from this world..... my soul takes flight,.....
2. In that blest home..... of peace and rest, ...
3. O sin - ners, hear..... the Sav-iour's voice,.....

1. When from this world my soul takes flight,

To heav'n-ly joys..... where comes no night,.....
I there shall dwell ..... a - mong the blest, ...
He's say - ing, "come,..... make me your choice;".....

To heav'n-ly joys where comes no night,

With loved ones there..... who've gone be- fore,.....
A glit -'ring crown..... there waits for me,.....
That home for you..... He did pre- pare,.....

With loved ones there who've gone be-fore.

I'll sing and praise..... for - ev - er - more.....
When I have crossed..... life's storm-y sea. .....
That you His joys..... might ev - er share.....

I'll sing and praise for - ev - er - more.

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O BLESSED THOUGHT.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O bless - ed thought,..... while here we roam,.....

O bless - ed thought, while here we roam

That God in heav'n..... pre- pared a home,.....

That God in heav'n pre-pared a home

For all who are..... from sin made free,.....

For all who are from sin made free,

To live throughout..... e - ter - ni - ty.....

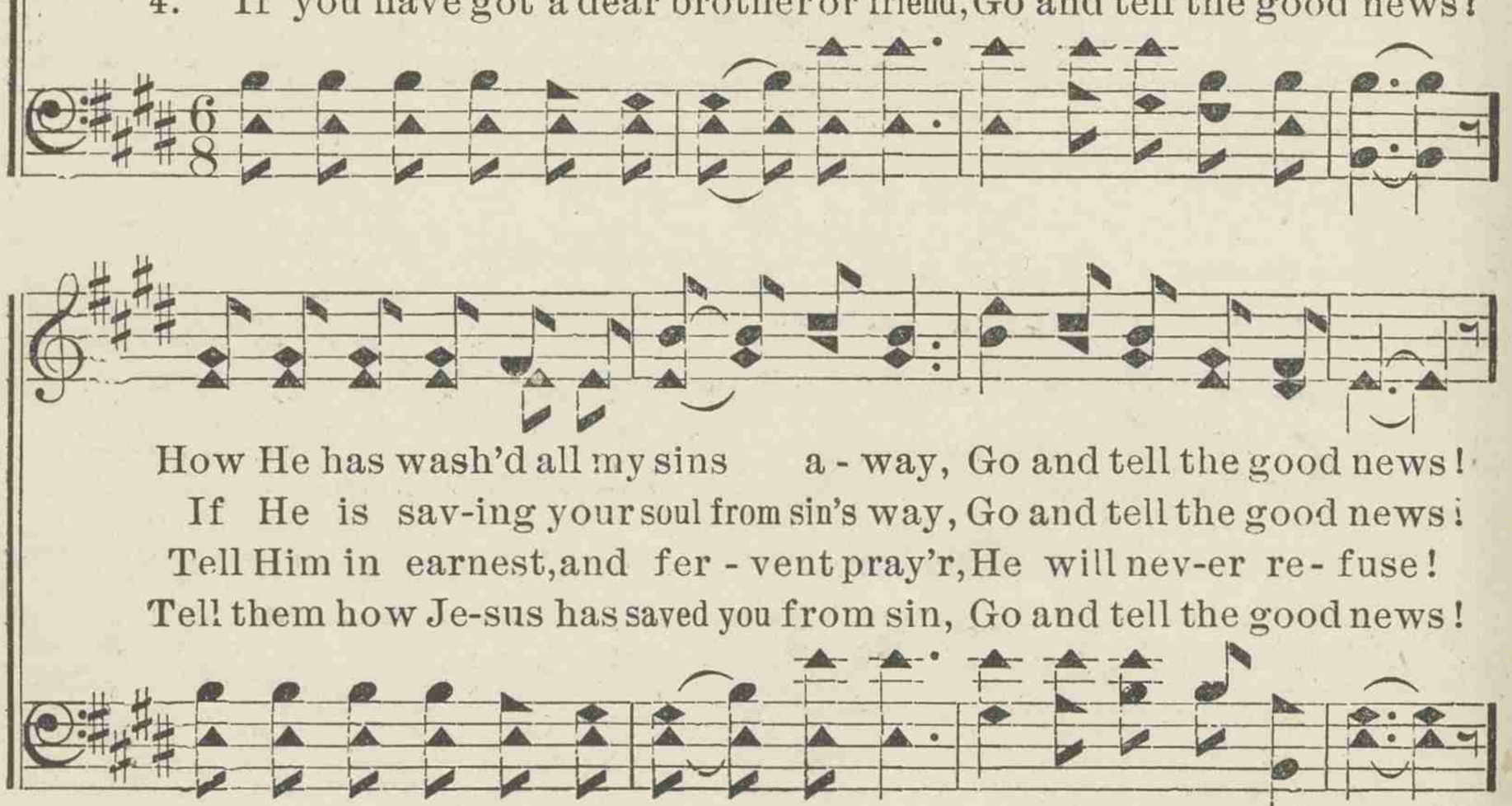
To live throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 72. GO AND TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

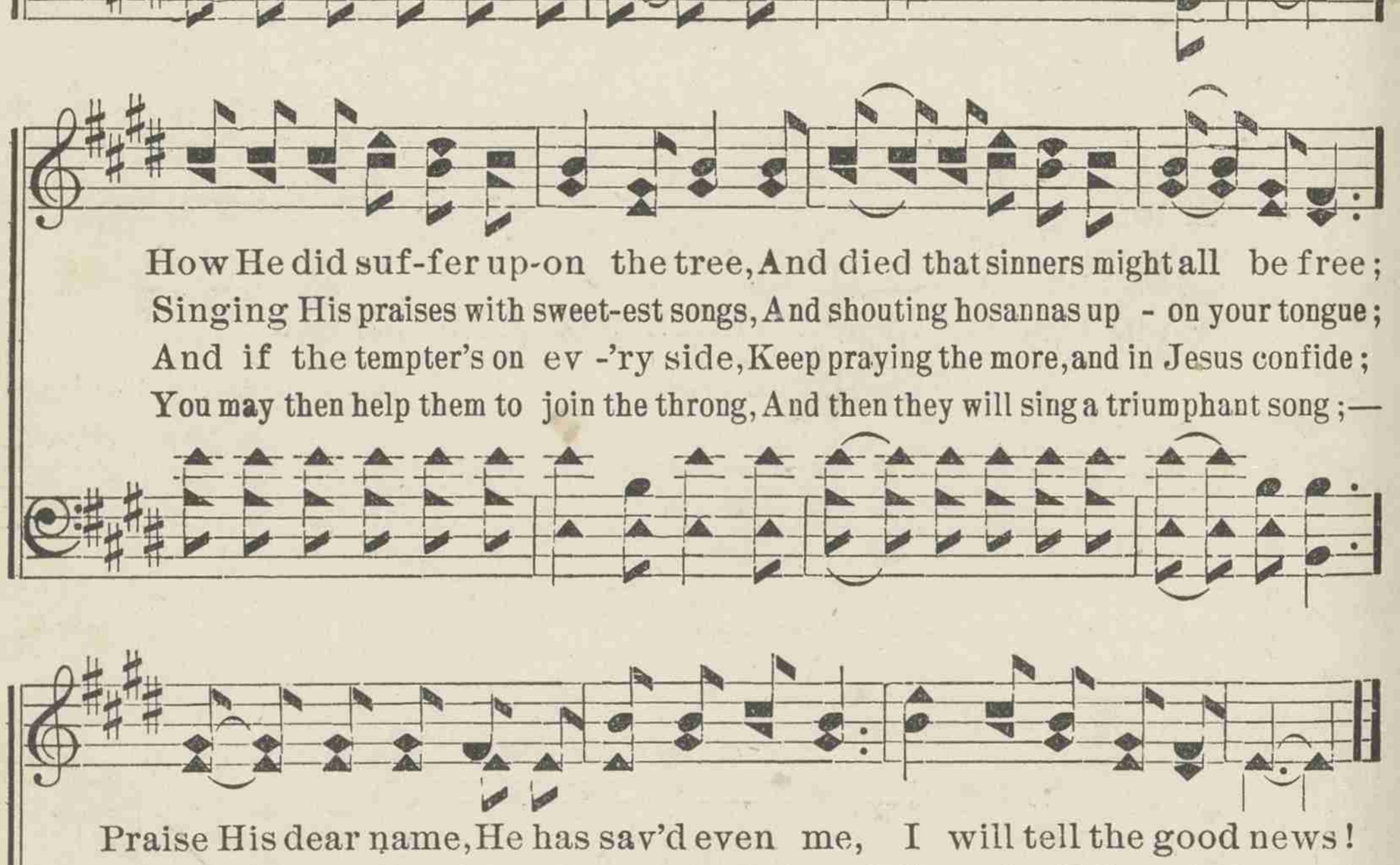
P. M. C. P. M. CLAUNTS.



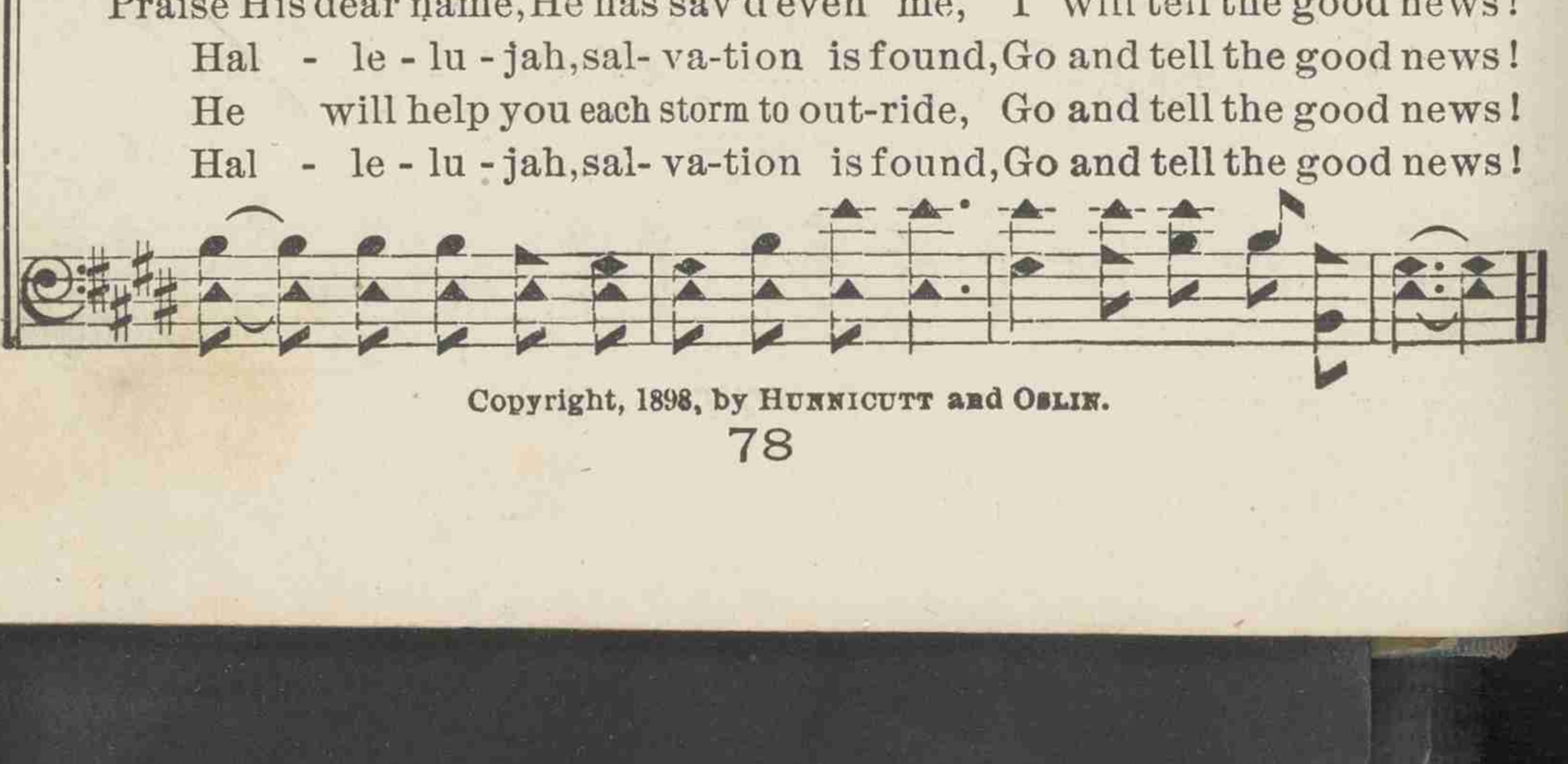
1. Hear the sweet message of Je-sus to-day, Go and tell the good news!
2. If you can witness for Je-sus to-day, Go and tell the good news!
3. If the tempta-tions for sin ap-pear, Go and tell Him the news!
4. If you have got a dear brother or friend, Go and tell the good news!



How He has wash'd all my sins a - way, Go and tell the good news!
If He is sav-ing your soul from sin's way, Go and tell the good news!
Tell Him in earnest, and fer - vent pray'r, He will nev-er re- fuse!
Tell them how Je-sus has saved you from sin, Go and tell the good news!



How He did suf-fer up-on the tree, And died that sinners might all be free;
Singing His praises with sweet-est songs, And shouting hosannas up - on your tongue;
And if the tempter's on ev -'ry side, Keep praying the more, and in Jesus confide;
You may then help them to join the throng, And then they will sing a triumphant song;—



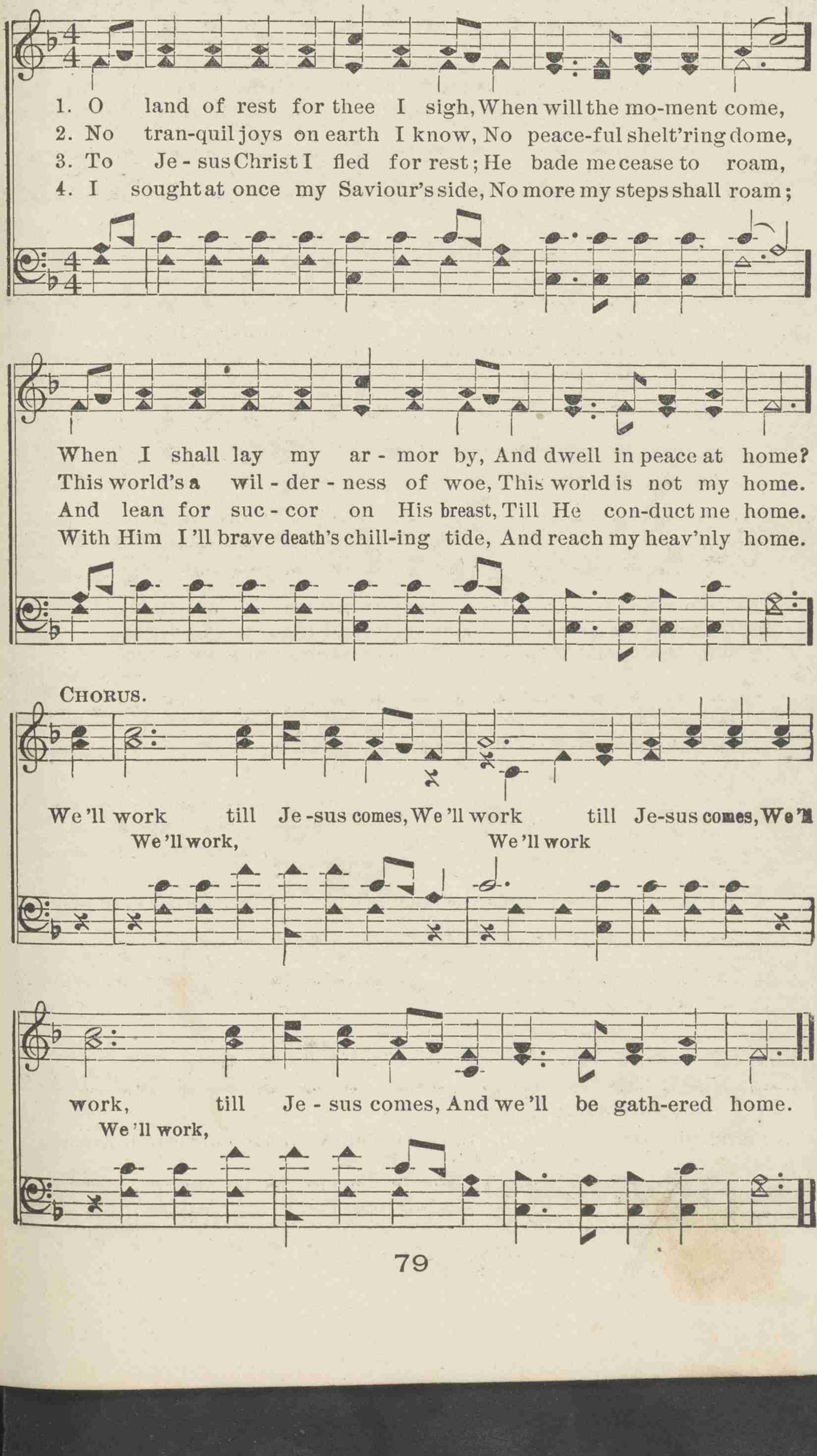
Praise His dear name, He has sav'd even me, I will tell the good news!
Hal - le - lu - jah, sal- va-tion is found, Go and tell the good news!
He will help you each storm to out-ride, Go and tell the good news!
Hal - le - lu - jah, sal- va-tion is found, Go and tell the good news!

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No. 73. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. xxxi: 17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. **Dr. Wm. Miller.**



No. 74. Put Thine Everlasting Arms Under Me.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33 : 27.

Rev. G. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

1. When the cares of life like billows round me roll, And the smil - ing
2. When my faith in Thee by doubt is sore - ly tried, And my falt-'ring
3. When the val- ley of the shadow comes in view, And the quick'ning

of Thy face I scarce can see; In the darkness and the gloom, Help me
steps scarce keep the up-ward way; While I'm longing for the crown, Keep my
pulse of life beats an a - larm; When the earth from sight recedes, And my

look by faith t'ward home, Put Thine ev-er-last-ing arms un-der me.
heart from sinking down; Put Thine ev-er-last-ing arms un-der me.
soul for shelter pleads, Put Thine ev-er-last-ing arms un-der me.

rit.

un-der me.

CHORUS.

Put Thine ev-er-last-ing arms un-der me, Put Thine ev - er-last-ing
un-der me,
arms un- der me; When the billows round me roll, And the
un - der me;

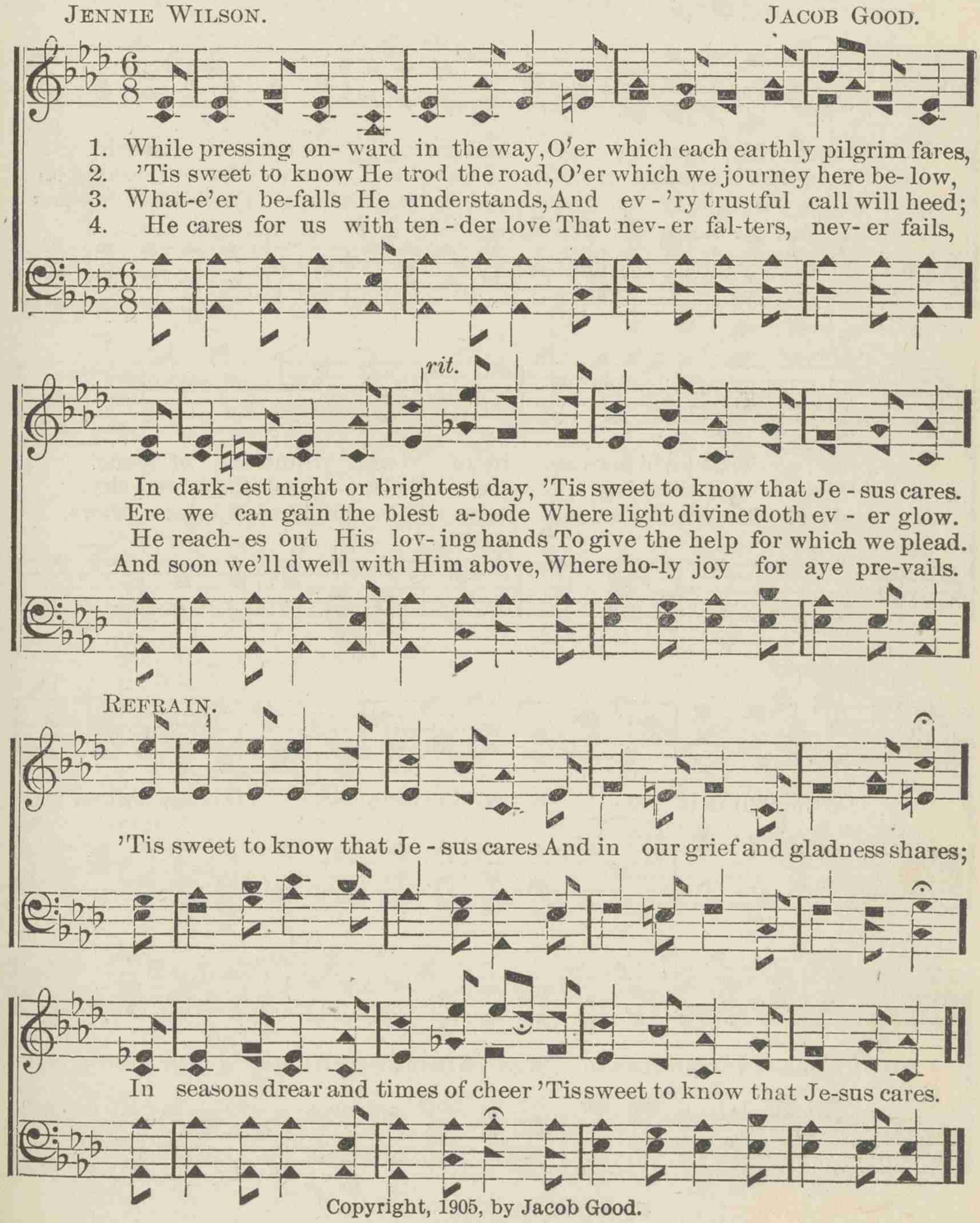
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Put Thine Everlasting Arms Under Me.—Concluded.



No. 75. 'Tis Sweet to Know That Jesus Cares.

JENNIE WILSON. JACOB GOOD.



Copyright, 1905, by Jacob Good.

No. 76. DO THEY THINK OF ME IN HEAVEN?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. R. K. ORR.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

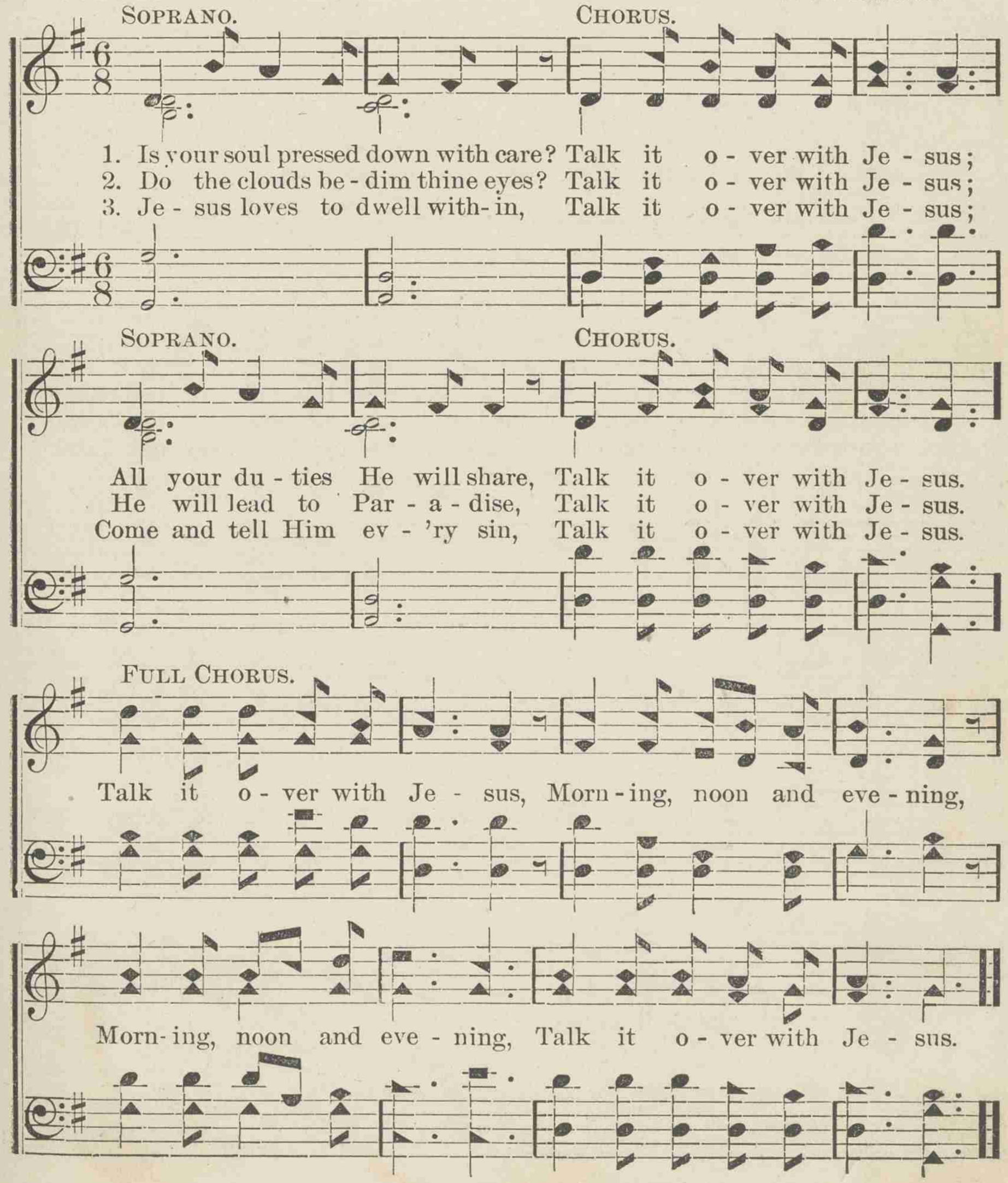
By permission of S. W. Beazley.

Do They Think of Me in Heaven?—Concluded.



No. 77. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS

J. D. B. J. D. BRUNK.



Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Brunk.

No. 78.

DO NOT WAIT.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14 : 17.

A. R. CAREY. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. Hark! a sweet voice is call - ing, still call - ing; 'Tis the Spir - it be-seech - ing each one, Now to come to God's heart-feast-ing ban- quet, And be there with His glo - ri - fied Son.
2. Are you read - y to claim the rich bless - ing? Of His grace do you long to par - take? For the bread and the fruits of the king-dom, Poisoned nec - tar of sin to for - sake.
3. 'Tis your soul God in - vites to His ban - quet, There to feast on the joys free - ly pour'd. Par - don, peace, strength to con- quer temp - ta- tion; Life e - ter - nal thro' Je - sus our Lord.

CHORUS.

Do not wait..... 'till too late,..... It is do not wait 'till to late, now that the Spir - it says come; Do not wait..... 'till too do not wait

Do Not Wait.—Concluded.

late,..... All is read - y and yet there is room.
'till too late,

No. 79. OUR REFUGE.

D. W. LEIGH. J. S. TORBETT.

1. Some - times my soul in its sor- row Seems friendless, forsaken, for - lorn;
2. While troubles like rain are fall- ing, To bur-y my hopes and fears;
3. Then troubles may fall a - round me Like showers up- on the plain;

But Christ the blessed one whispers, "Here's refuge in time of storm."
As sun - shine af-ter the shad- ows, So hap - pi-ness af - ter tears.
And rift-ing the clouds will van- ish, Re - viv- ing my soul a - gain.

CHORUS.

Then in His bo-som I'll anch- or Tho' storms and tempests as- sail;

With Je - sus, Mas-ter and Pi - lot, I'll weather and breast the gale.

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No. 80. MARCHING ON TO GLORY-LAND.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. JAMES M. PERRY.

1. We are marching on to glo - ry-land, bright glo- ry- land, Marching
2. We are marching on to glo - ry-land, bright glo- ry- land, Marching
3. We are marching on to glo - ry-land, bright glo- ry- land, Soon the

with Je - ho - vah as our guide; We are marching on, a joy- ous,
on where crowns of glo- ry wait; Soon our pilgrim feet shall press up-
ransomed ones shall en- ter in; Free from sin and sorrow, with our

hap - py pil-grim band, And no foes we meet can turn a - side.
on the gold - en strand, Soon we'll meet our loved with - in the gate.
Sav - iour we shall stand, And be crown'd as vic - tors o - ver sin.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching on,

Marching on,..... we're marching on,..... We're marching

Marching on, a pil - grim band;

on,..... a pil- grim band; Marching

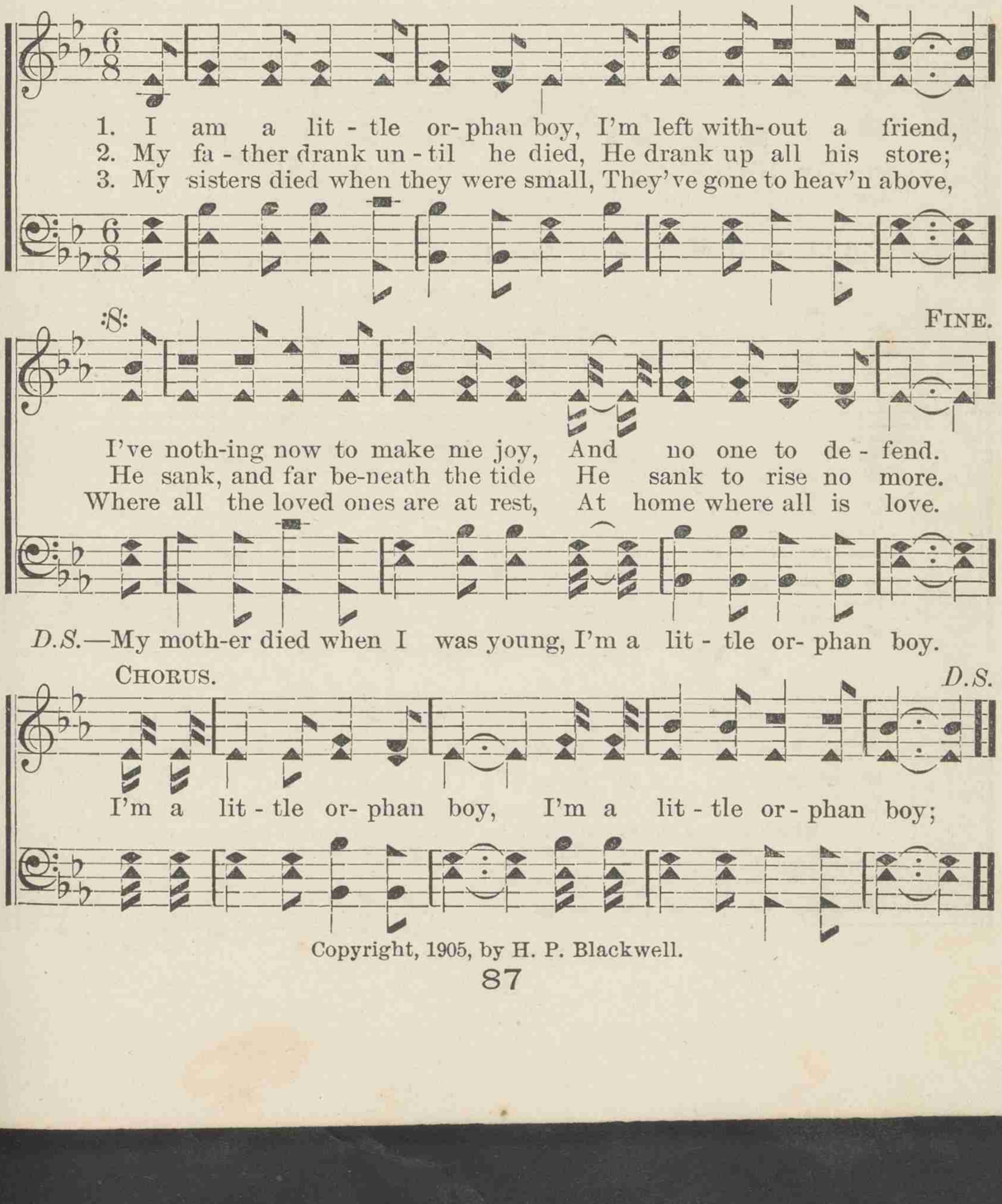
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MARCHING ON TO GLORY-LAND.—Concluded.



No. 81. THE LITTLE ORPHAN BOY.

H. P. B. H. P. BLACKWELL.



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No. 82. JESUS IS PLEADING WITH ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL. JAS. B. BIGGERSTAFF.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour is plead-ing with me, Calls me so ten-der - ly
2. Christ the good Shepherd for sin-ners hath died Suffered for me in His
3. "Come unto me," 'tis my Sav - iour in love—Call - eth in ac-cents of
4. Je - sus, I come to Thy shelt - er - ing heart, Come for re-demption and

now to His fold; Of - fers sal - va - tion so boundless and free,
death on the cross, Lo! He hath o - pened the pear - ly gates wide,
pit - y di - vine, Woo - ing me home, to the por - tals a - bove,
par - don - ing grace, Come in the arms ev - er - last - ing to rest,—

CHORUS.

Sure - ly His good-ness can nev - er be told. Je - - - sus is
Jesus would save me and cleanse from sin's dross.
Where all the trans-port of heav'n may be mine.
'Till I shall see Thee at last face to face. Je - sus is tend - er - ly.

plead - ing Je - - - sus is plead - ing
plead - ing with me plead - ing so gra - cious - ly plead - ing with me

Je - sus who loves me my Sav - iour shall be.
Jesus who loves me my Saviour shall be, Jesus who loves me my Saviour shall be.

By permission.

No. 83. COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.

D. A. C. D. A. CAMP.

1. O the beau - ti - ful home that is far, far a- way, That's prepared by the
2. Hear the message of God un - to one, un - to all, Tis the Saviour that's
3. Since I lay all my sins at the feet of my Lord, I have found there a
4. O my friend will you meet me in that brighter home, Where no parting or

bless-ed hand di-vine; There are mansions of light, There is glo - ry so bright:
call-ing thee to come; In His mer - cy and love, Ev- er sweet- ly He calls;
blessing full and free; Now He cleanseth my soul, And He maketh me whole,
tears will ev - er be? And there'll be no good-byes, In the land of the skies,

CHORUS.

Oh, say, are you coming home to-night?
Oh, say, are you coming home to-night?
Praise God, I am coming home to-night.
Oh, say shall we meet you o - ver there?

O come home, O come

O come home,

home, O the Sav - iour is call - ing thee to come; O come

O come home,

home, O come home, Oh, say, are you coming home to-night?

O come home, O come home,

Ruebush-Kieffer Co, owners.

No. 84. JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

P. M. C. P. M. CLAUNTS.

1. There is a fountain flow-ing free, Just from the Saviour's side;
2. Yes, I was once as vile as he, Who by the Sav-iour died;
3. Oh, sin - ner, won't you come to-day, And join our Christian band?
4. The bless- ed Spir - it calls to-day, Why will you long-er roam?

It ev - er flows for you and me, Drink of its heal-ing tide.
But Je -sus whispered "peace" to me, And now I'm sat - is - fied.
We're glad-ly march-ing day by day, To Canaan's hap-py land.
Re - sist it not—make no de- lay—Christ welcomes you, come home!

CHORUS. *faster.*

I am just from the fountain, yes, from the cleansing fountain, I'm

just from the fountain that nev-er runs dry! nev-er runs dry!

No. 85. BY AND BY.

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.

1. There's a home in heav'n for me, Where my Saviour I shall see, By and
2. There's a home in heav'n for you, If the Master's will you do, By and
3. There is room in heav'n for all Who on Je - sus' name doth call, By and

by, . . yes, by and by; Oh, that home so wondrous fair, And we'll
by, . . yes, by and by; Trust the Saviour's precious love, And you'll
by, . . yes, by and by; Then press onward, do the right, God will

By and by, yes, by and by;

meet our lov'd ones there, By and by, . . . yes, by and by. . . .
reach that home a-bove, By and by, . . . yes, by and by. . . .
save you by His might, By and by, . . . yes, by and by. . . .

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

CHORUS.

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

Oh, that home so wondrous fair, And we'll meet our lov'd ones there, By and by, yes, by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by, by and by.

No.86. IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.

J. R. McE. J. R. McEwin.

1. When we cross o'er the riv - er and hear the an - gel band Chanting
2. When we pass thro' those gates that are made of fin - est pearl, Walk the
3. When we meet with our loved ones who've journeyed on be-fore, In that

songs of a Saviour's wondrous love, We will shout hal- le - lu - jah and
streets that are paved with finest gold, Then we'll sing songs of praise to the
cit - y where God Himself is light, Then we'll sor - row no more, but will

praise His ho - ly name Ev - er more with the an - gel band a- bove.
Lamb who once was slain And will dwell in that land of joy un-told.
see Him face to face, Who hath shown us the way to heav'n a- bove.

CHORUS.

In that home, hap - py home,..... We will meet and be
sweet home, o - ver there,

hap - py by and by; In that home, hap - py home,.....
sweet home, o - ver there,

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IN THAT HOME OVER THERE.—Concluded.



No. 87. I NEED THEE EVERY MOMENT.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. T. T. Speight, D. D., who in a sermon said the song should be "I need Thee every moment," instead of "I need Thee every hour."

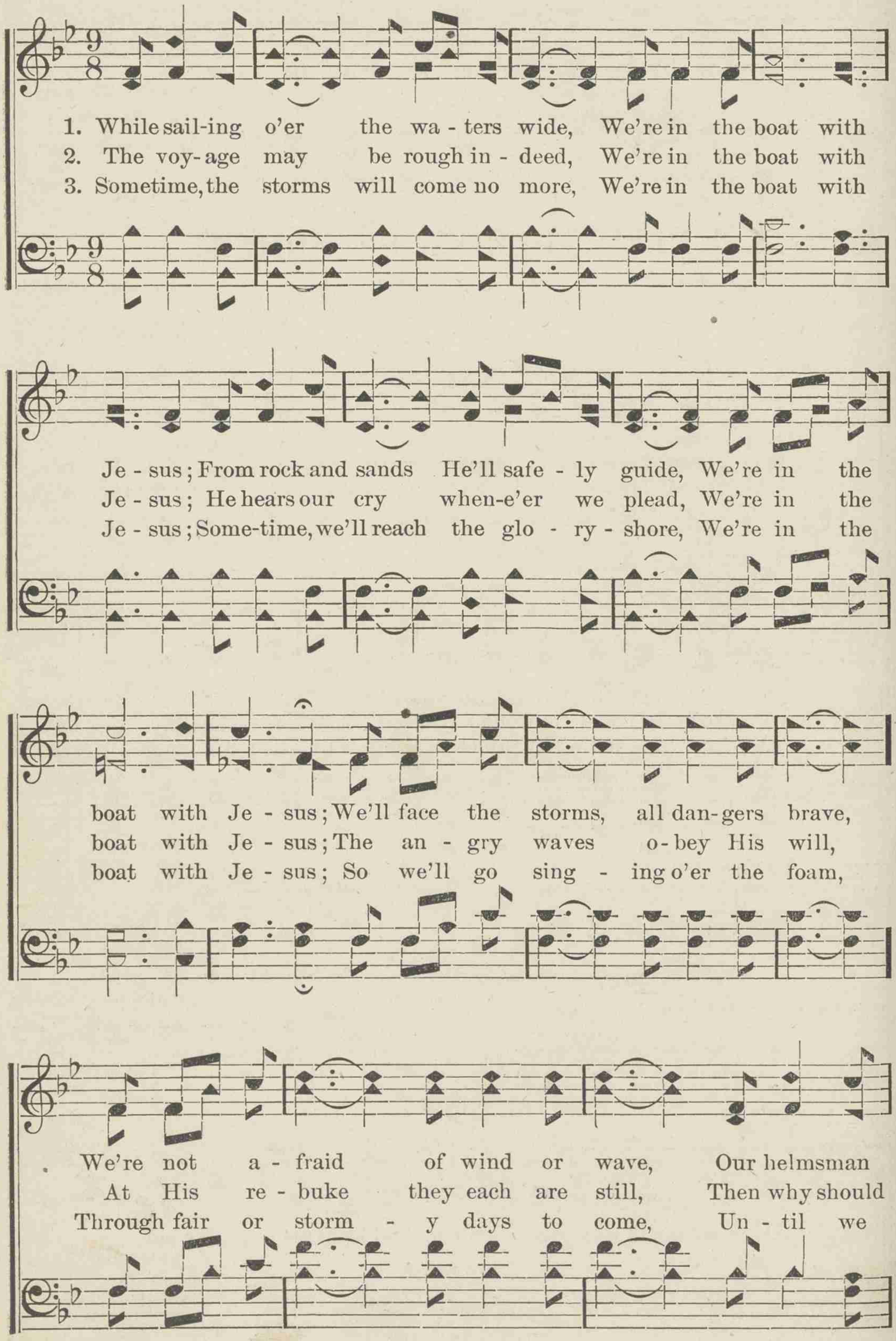
G. W. L. GEO. W. LASSITER.



No. 88. WE'RE IN THE BOAT WITH JESUS.

HARRIET E. JONES. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. While sail-ing o'er the wa - ters wide, We're in the boat with Je - sus; From rock and sands He'll safe - ly guide, We're in the boat with Je - sus; We'll face the storms, all dan-gers brave, We're not a - fraid of wind or wave, Our helmsman
2. The voy-age may be rough in - deed, We're in the boat with Je - sus; He hears our cry when-e'er we plead, We're in the boat with Je - sus; The an - gry waves o-bey His will, At His re - buke they each are still, Then why should
3. Sometime, the storms will come no more, We're in the boat with Je - sus; Some-time, we'll reach the glo - ry - shore, We're in the boat with Je - sus; So we'll go sing - ing o'er the foam, Through fair or storm - y days to come, Un - til we



Used by per. of S. W. Beazley.

WE'RE IN THE BOAT WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

is the Strong to Save, We're in the boat with Je - sus.
fear our fond hearts fill? We're in the boat with Je - sus.
reach the har - bor home, To live and reign with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The winds may blow,

The winds may blow,..... the waves may

the waves may roll, One at the helm

roll, One at the helm will each con -

will each con-trol, We'll sure - ly reach

trol,..... We'll sure - ly reach..... the shin- ing

the shining goal, We're in the boat with Je - sus.

goal,..... We're in the boat.....

No. 89. The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.
Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.

Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

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No. 90. TRUSTING IN THE BLOOD.

Rev. T. C. HARPER. JACOB GOOD.



1. Are you trusting in the blood of Je - sus, That cleans - es the
2. Are you trusting in the blood of Je - sus? 'Tis flow - ing for
3. Are you trusting in the blood of Je - sus, The vic - t'ry for



heart of sin? There's pow-er in the cleansing tide so crim - son,
you and me; There's pow-er in the pre-cious tide so crim - son,
you to win? There's pow-er in the flow-ing tide so crim - son,

CHORUS.

To ev - er your soul keep clean.
From bond-age your soul to free.
To con - quer ev - 'ry sin.
} Yes, I'm trust - ing in the

Trusting, yes I'm trusting

blood, That cleans-es from all sin; Oh, the
in the precious blood, from all sin;

blood, the blood, the precious blood, Shall ev - er my soul keep clean.

By permission.

No. 91. SUFFICIENT GRACE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I go forth to serve my God, Where His hand di- rects the way,
2. Tho' my tal - ents may be few, Tho' my faith may not be strong,
3. He has prom- ised un - to me, If I seek to do His will,

Nev - er question - ing His will, Read - y ev - er to o - bey;
What He bids me I will do, He will help my soul a- long;
Day by day my help to be, And His word He will ful- fil;

For He knows as I know not, How my steps for me to trace,
I shall nev - er pass a day, Nev - er know a time or place,
So with glad- ness on I go, And in peace I run my race,

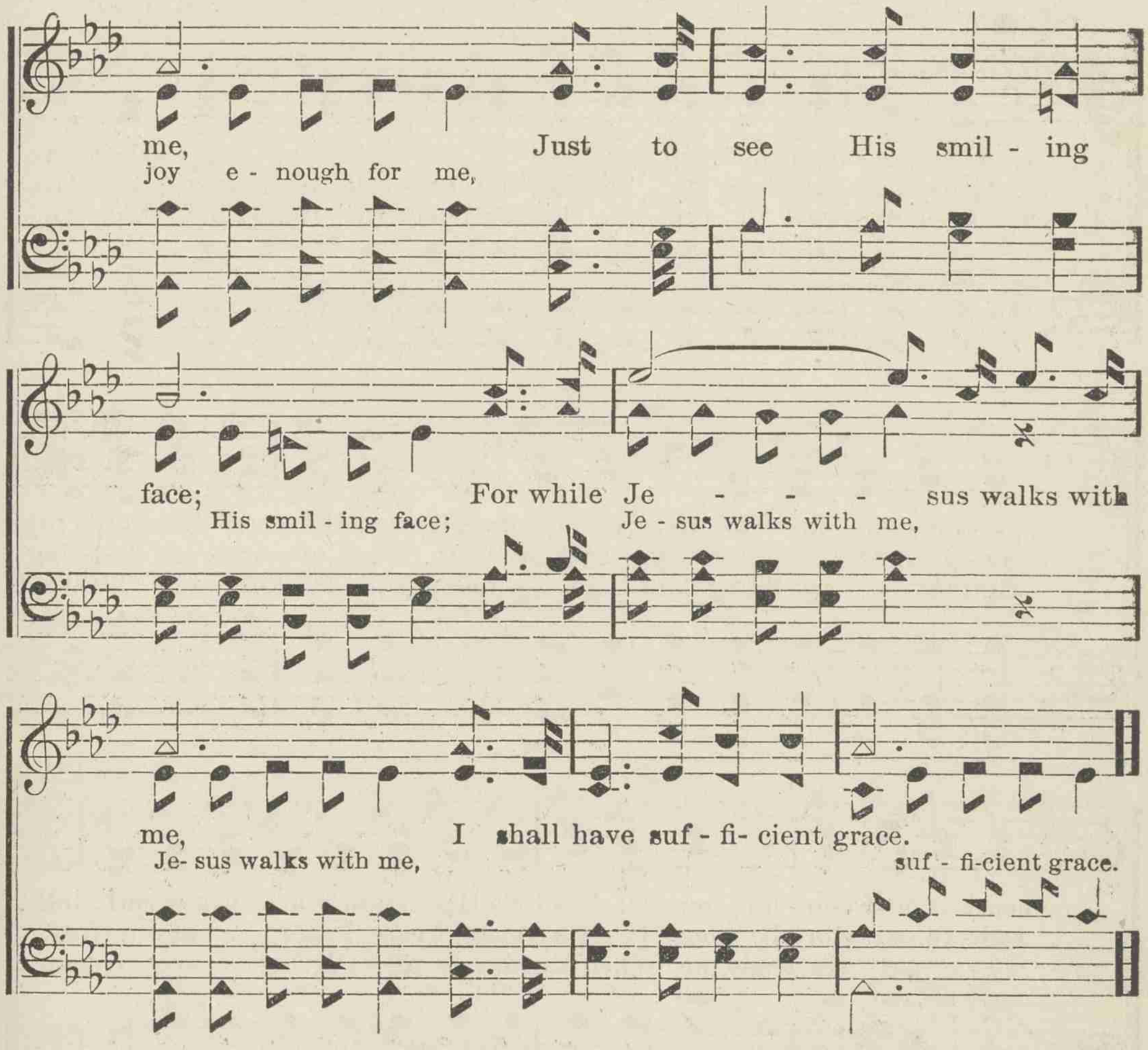
And I know with-out a doubt I shall have suf - fi-cient grace.
When I shall not, if I pray, Have from Him suf - fi-cient grace.
Knowing that on earth be - low I shall have suf - fi-cient grace.

CHORUS.

This is joy..... e - nough for
joy e - nough for me,

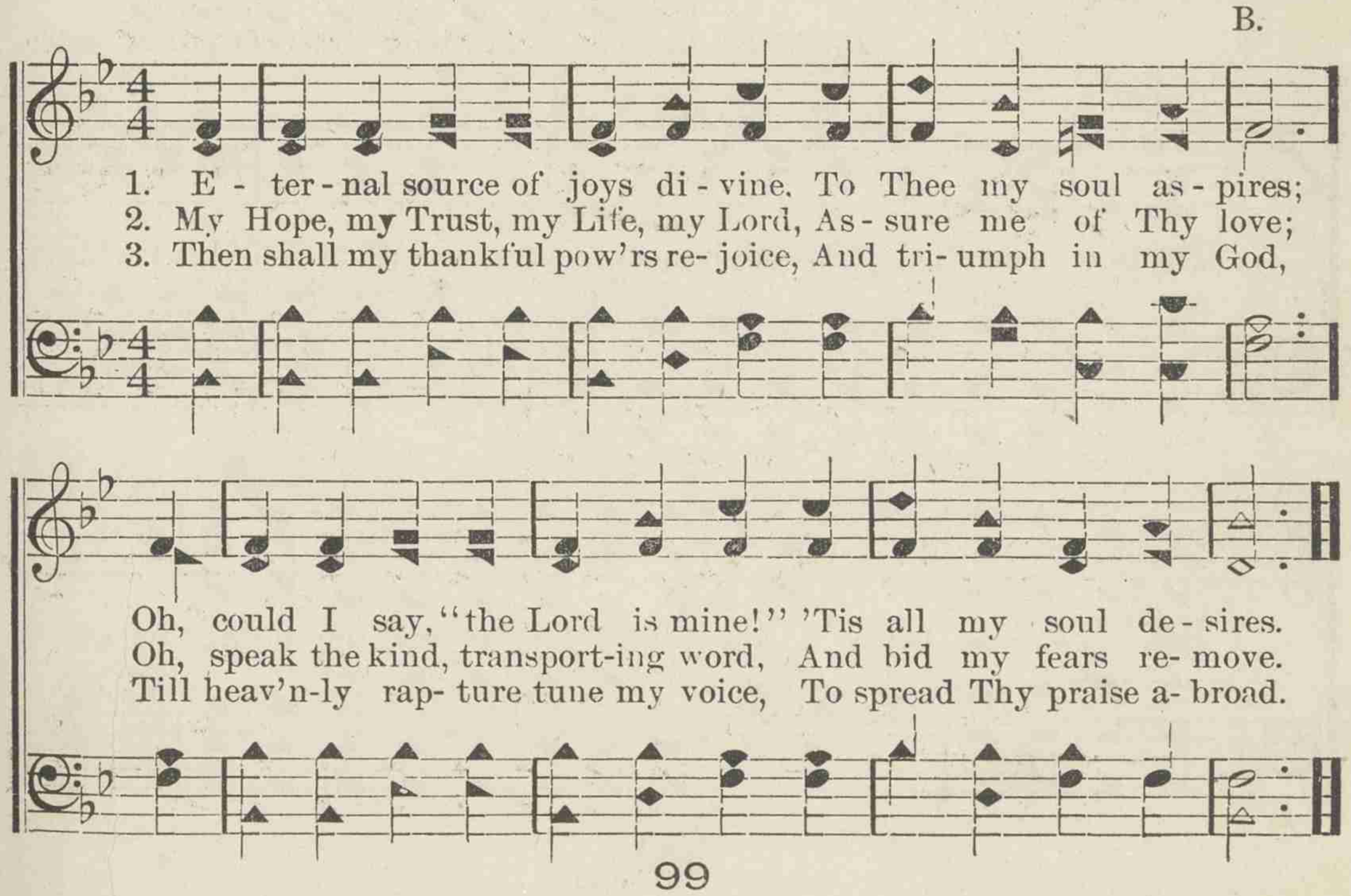
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SUFFICIENT GRACE.—Concluded.



No. 92. ROTHDALE. C. M.

B.



No. 93. HOW SWEET THE JOY.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

1. On the mountain top my heart is e'er a - bid - ing, Where the pres-ence of my Sav-iour ev - er dwells; In His ten- der words my heart is e'er con - fid - ing, Of His love His ten-der ac-cents sweetly tells.
2. Hills and val - leys lie a - long the rug- ged path- way, But His an- gels ev - er guard my wayward feet; So I'm ev - er rest- ing safe- ly on His bo- som, In His constant care I find a safe retreat.
3. Oh, how sweet to do the Mas-ter's gen- tle bid - ding, To re - sign my ev- 'ry thought to Him a - lone; Sure- ly know-ing by what- ev - er path He leads me, When the day is past I'll be for aye at home.

FINE.

D.S.—To the cit - y fair with streets of purest gold.

CHORUS.

Oh, how sweet the joy His presence ev-er gives me, What delightful fields my eyes can e'er be - hold; I am looking far be-yond the rolling riv - er,

D.S.

No. 94. TAKE MY ALL.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. GEO. S. WARE.

1. At Thy cross, dear Lord, humbly now I bow, Take my life, 'tis all I can give As a sac - ri - fice for Thy love to me,
2. At Thy cross, dear Lord, humbly now I bow, Take my heart and make it a - new; I would not with-hold what should be Thine own,
3. At Thy cross, dear Lord, humbly now I bow, Cleanse my soul with Thy precious blood; Let each stain be wash'd and each spot removed,

CHORUS.

For Thy death that I might live. } Take my life, Take my
Make it Thine own serv-ant true. }
By the heal - ing crim-son flood. }

Take my life,

heart, Take my soul, my all for Thee; Take my life,
Take my heart, Take my life,

Take my heart, May they thine for - ev - er be.
Take my heart,

By permission.

No. 95. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the Judgment day?

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No. 96. NEARING HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

GEO. P. HOTT. I. J. TUCKER.

1. With ev- 'ry morning's rising sun, With ev - 'ry evening's dying ray;
2. With ev'ry breath of life I breathe, With ev'ry step on life's rough way;
3. With ev - 'ry joy, with ev'ry tear, With ev- 'ry pulse or motive's sway;

There comes the thought, I'm hurrying on, I am nearing heav'nly mansions day by day.
Each day His word assurance gives, I am nearing heav'nly mansions day by day.
With ev-'ry task or du-ty done, I am nearing heav'nly mansions day by day.

CHORUS.

Nearing home, nearing home, as the tide
day by day, day by day, As the tide ebbs,
ebbs a - way; Near-ing home, near-ing
near - ing, near - ing, near-ing, near-ing, day by day,
home, I am near-ing heav'nly mansions day by day.
day by day,

No. 97. WALKING THE MYSTICAL SEA.

REV. G. P. HOTT. S. W. BEAZLEY.

1. Liv-ing the life of the Spir-it be-low, Es-chew-ing e - vil, as
2. Searching in darkness for treasures di-vine, Reaching for hands once ex -
3. Wash'd in the blood shed for cleansing from sin, Hum-bly en- deav'-ring a

on-ward we go; Count-ing the prof-its of sin as but loss,
tend-ed to mine; Look-ing for sails from the far dis - tant shore,
man-sion to win; Fel-low-ship ho - ly, in sweet-est ac - cord,

CHORUS.

Mak-ing life eas - y by bear-ing the cross. } Walk - - ing the
Wait-ing the meeting when partings are o'er.
Reck'ning the ser-vant to be as His Lord. } Walking, yes walking

mys - ti - cal sea; Won-der - ful, won-der- ful, how can it be?

Leav - ing the bil-low-y wave, Walking to Je-sus who on- ly can save.
Leav-ing the bark on

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No. 98. HIS GREAT LOVE.

W. L. ANDREWS. H. P. BLACKWELL.

By permission.

No. 99. BLESS HIS NAME.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. A. N. CULLOM.

1. Bless- ed be the God of my sal - va - tion, Whose gra - cious
2. Naught can rise to hin- der His com- pas - sion, No way- ward
3. There is not a care I know too lit - tle For Him to

love a-bides with me; Nev-er can I drift beyond His mer- cy, His
step can hide His face; Ev - er turn'd to me, His arms in pit - y En -
see and sweetly share; Not a cross so great but that His presence Makes it

CHORUS.

faith-ful hand leads tender - ly.
fold me in a fond embrace.
light and eas - y to bear.

Bless His name!..... Bless His

Bless His name!

name!..... Faithful to His own He'll be; Bless His name!.....

Bless His name! Bless His name!

Bless His name!..... Faithful through e - ter - ni - ty.....

Bless His name! e-ter- ni-ty.

By per. of S. W. Beazley.

No. 100. A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

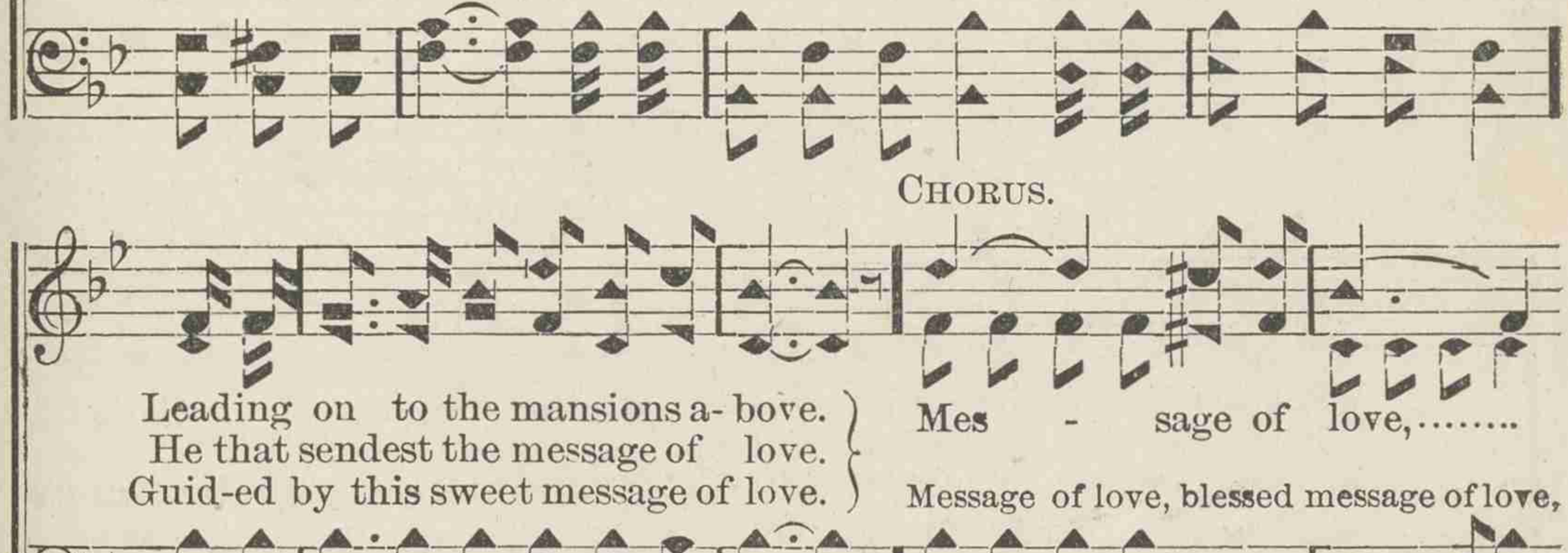
W. M. R. The Bible. WILL M. RAMSEY.



1. There's a mes-sage of love, blessed message of love, Coming down from the
2. There's a mes-sage of love, blessed message of love, And its bless-ings now
3. Thers's a mes-sage of love, blessed message of love, May its light on my



Fa-ther a - bove; And its blessings di-vine on our pathway e'er shine,
sweep o'er my soul; And its pow'r is so sweet I would fall at His feet,
pathway e'er shine; And when life here is o'er I shall pass to that shore,



CHORUS.

Leading on to the mansions a- bove.
He that sendest the message of love.
Guid-ed by this sweet message of love.

Mes - sage of love,.....

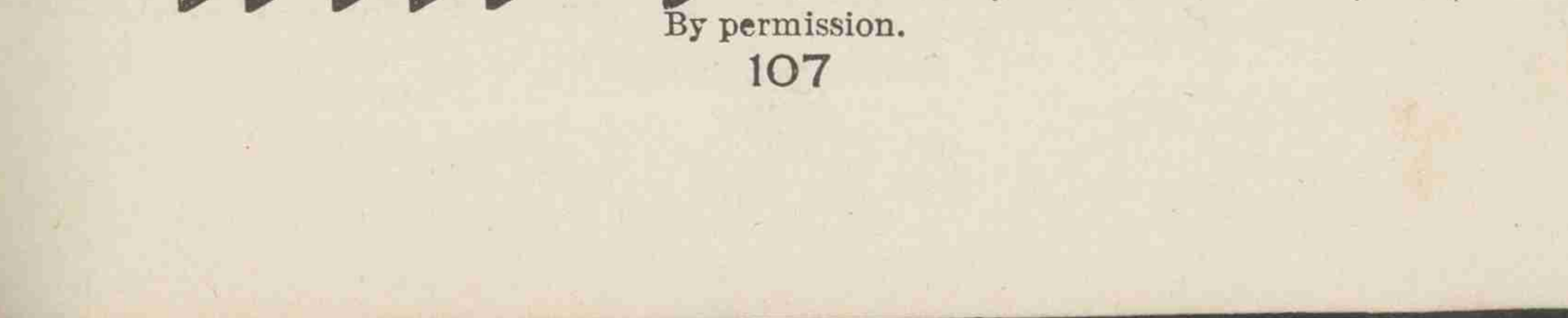
Message of love, blessed message of love,



coming down from the Fa- ther a - bove;..... May Thy blessings divine,
a- bove;



On our pathway e'er shine: O Thou message, sweet mes-sage of love.



By permission.

No. 101. GATHERED HOME.

Arr. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the bright, crys-tal sea? With the lov'd ones who long have been wait - ing,
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, And from sor - row for - ev - er be free? Shall we join in the songs of the ran - somed,
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless - ed Re - deem - er to see? Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones,

CHORUS.

What a meeting indeed it will be. } Gather'd home, Gather'd
What a meeting indeed it will be.
What a meeting indeed it will be. } Gather'd home, gather'd home, Gath-er'd

home, On the shores of the bright, crystal sea, Gather'd
home, gather'd home, crys-tal sea, Gather'd

home..... Gather'd home,..... With our lov'd ones forev-er to be.
home, gather'd home, Gather'd home, gath-er'd home,

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No. 102. SHALL IT BE YOU?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. W. BLACK.

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

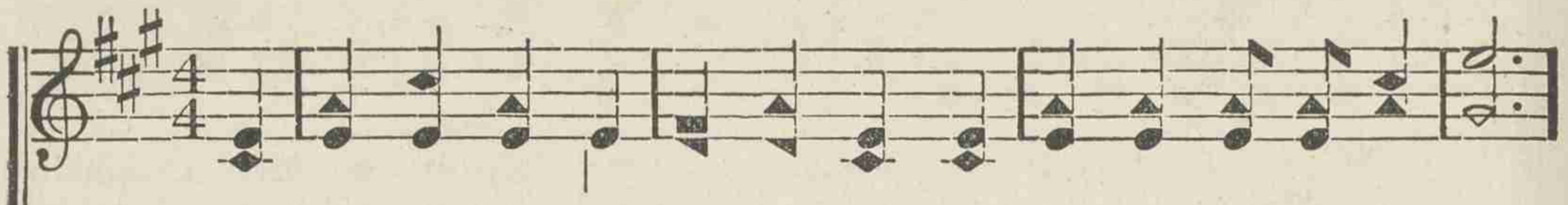
When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep despair will fall o'er you as a pall. If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

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

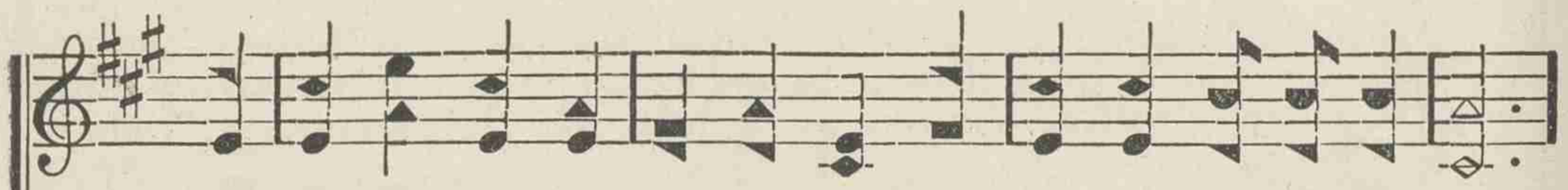
No. 103. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



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





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

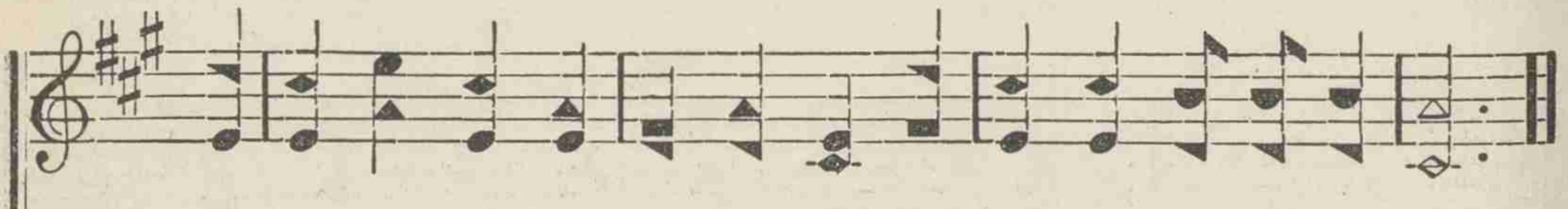


CHORUS.

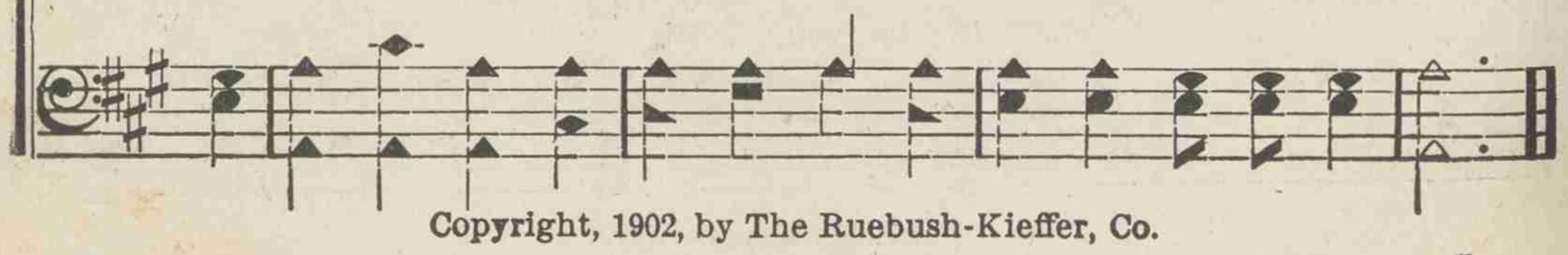


As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go travel-ing home,
trav-el-ing home, traveling home,





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



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No. 104. Waiting at the Cross.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—PSA. 40: 4.

I. B. Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. Sav-iour, at the cross I'm waiting, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
2. All my earthly fame and treasure I sur-ren-der now to Thee;
3. Precious Saviour, smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might;
4. Je - sus comes! O glo-ry, glo - ry! Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Wretched, poor, despised, forsak - en, Wait - ing, Lord, Thy sympa-thy.
Let Thy mer-cy, let Thy pleas-ure Speak the word, and I am free.
Take my heart, in pit - y own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Tell to all the old, old sto - ry, He who trusts is sanc-ti - fied.

CHORUS.

I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am

waiting at the cross to be saved; I am waiting at the cross, I am

waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be saved.

By permission.

No. 105. THE EDEN OF LOVE.

(Written Oct. 21, 1904. The last hymn written by Prof. Kieffer.)

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Oft in the mid-night's still - y hour, Sweet spir - its come to me;—
2. These spir-its are the souls I knew On earth in long a - go;—
3. It is the E - den of God's love, Which nev - er felt sin's blight,
4. O love di - vine, in bow'rs of bliss! O spir - its sweet and fair,—

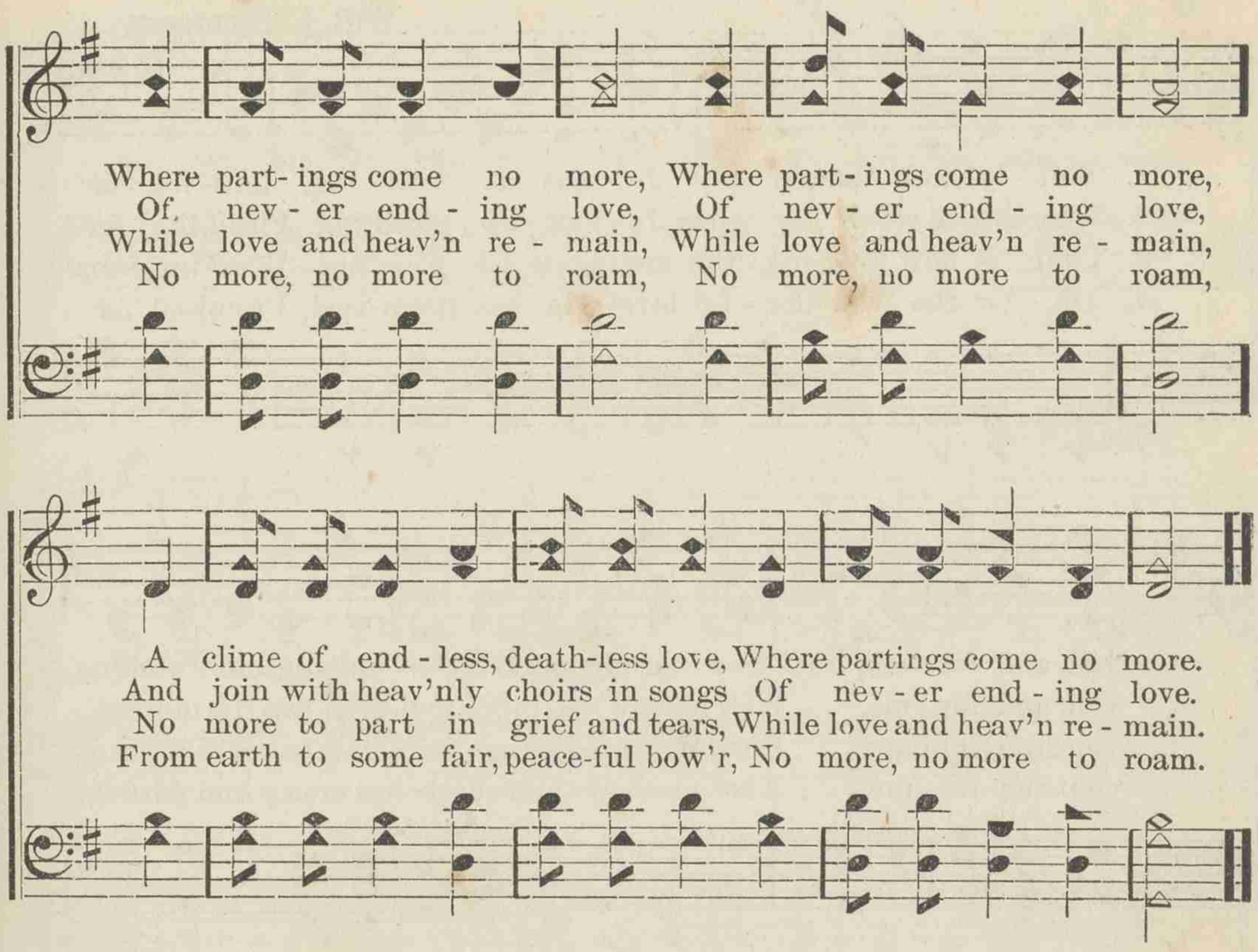
The forms of loved ones who have crossed Death's dark mysterious sea,
Whose love was ho - ly, pure and true And stain-less as the snow;—
Bright bow'rs of bliss which beam a - bove The star - ry plains of night;—
Soon shall I feel your per- fect peace Your heav'nly pleas- ure share,

They tell me of a land a - bove Earth's gloomy, drear - y shore,—
And now with an - gels clad in white They dwell in heav'n a - bove,
O lov'd ones of my earl - y years, Soon shall we meet a - gain,
I long and wait the gladsome hour Which soon shall bear me home,

A clime of end - less, death-less love, Where partings come no more.
And join with heav'n-ly choirs in songs Of nev - er end - ing love.
No more to part in grief and tears, While love and heav'n re - main.
From earth to some fair, peace-ful bow'r, No more, no more to roam.

Used by per. of S. W. Beazley.

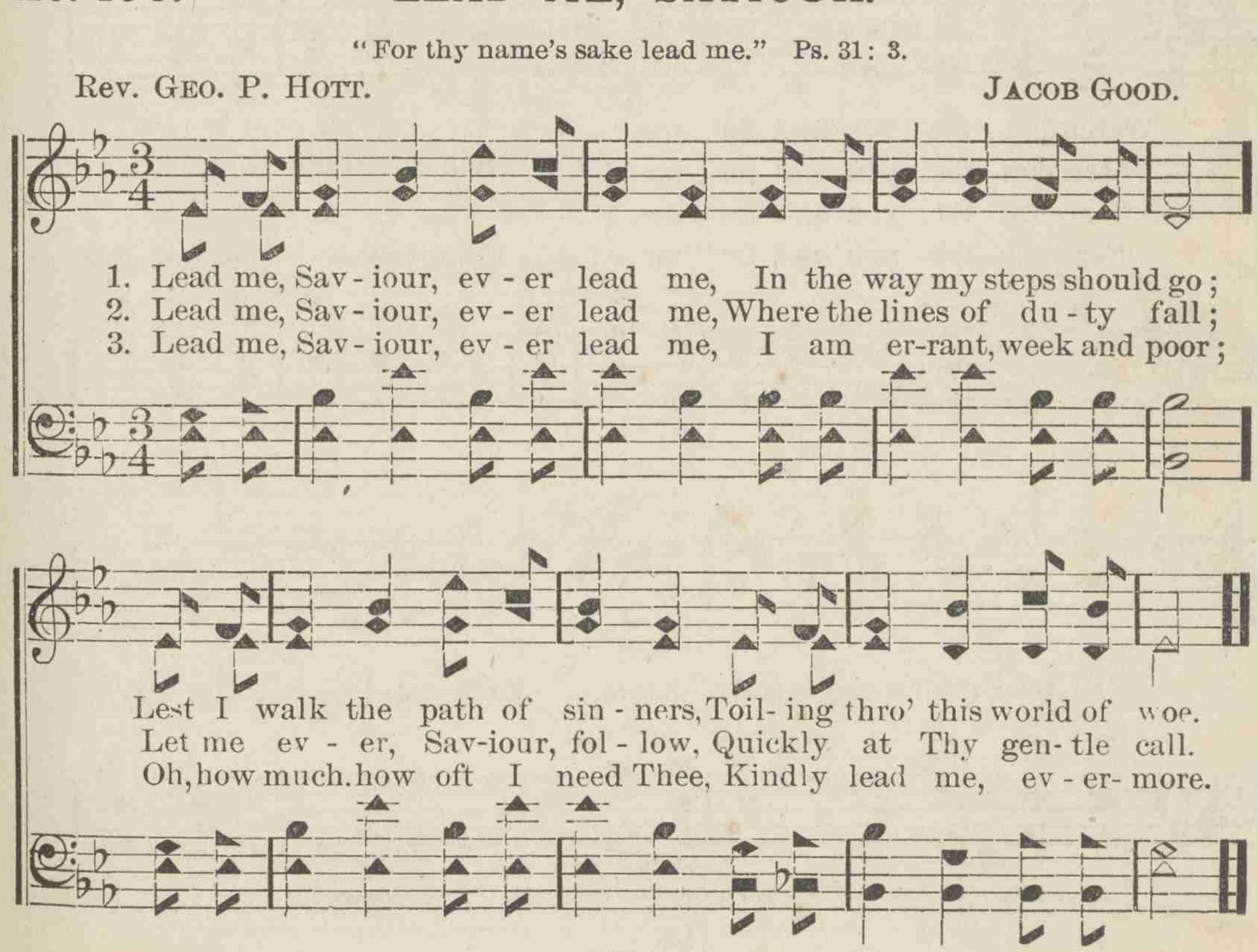
THE EDEN OF LOVE.—Concluded.



No. 106. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

"For thy name's sake lead me." Ps. 31: 3.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. JACOB GOOD.



No. 107.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. Will. L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me,
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass- ing, Pass-ing from you and from me,
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love He has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Shad-ows are gath-er- ing, death beds are coming,
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer- cies for you and for me?
Com- ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home, . .

Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn- est- ly, ten - der - ly,

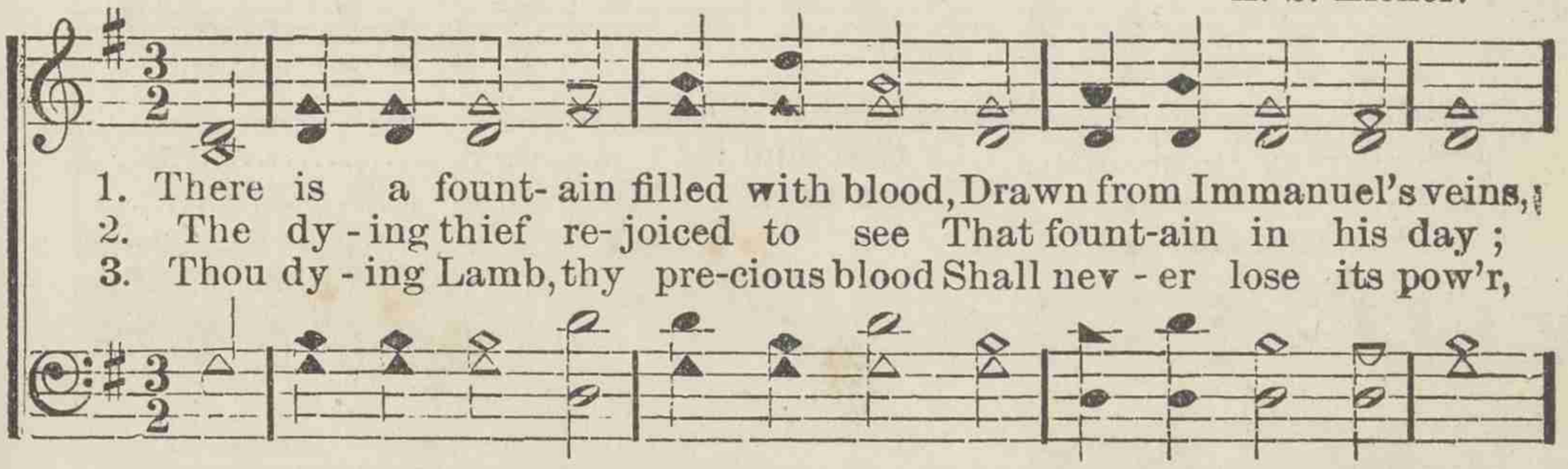
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Softly and Tenderly Concluded.



No. 108. Redeeming Love.

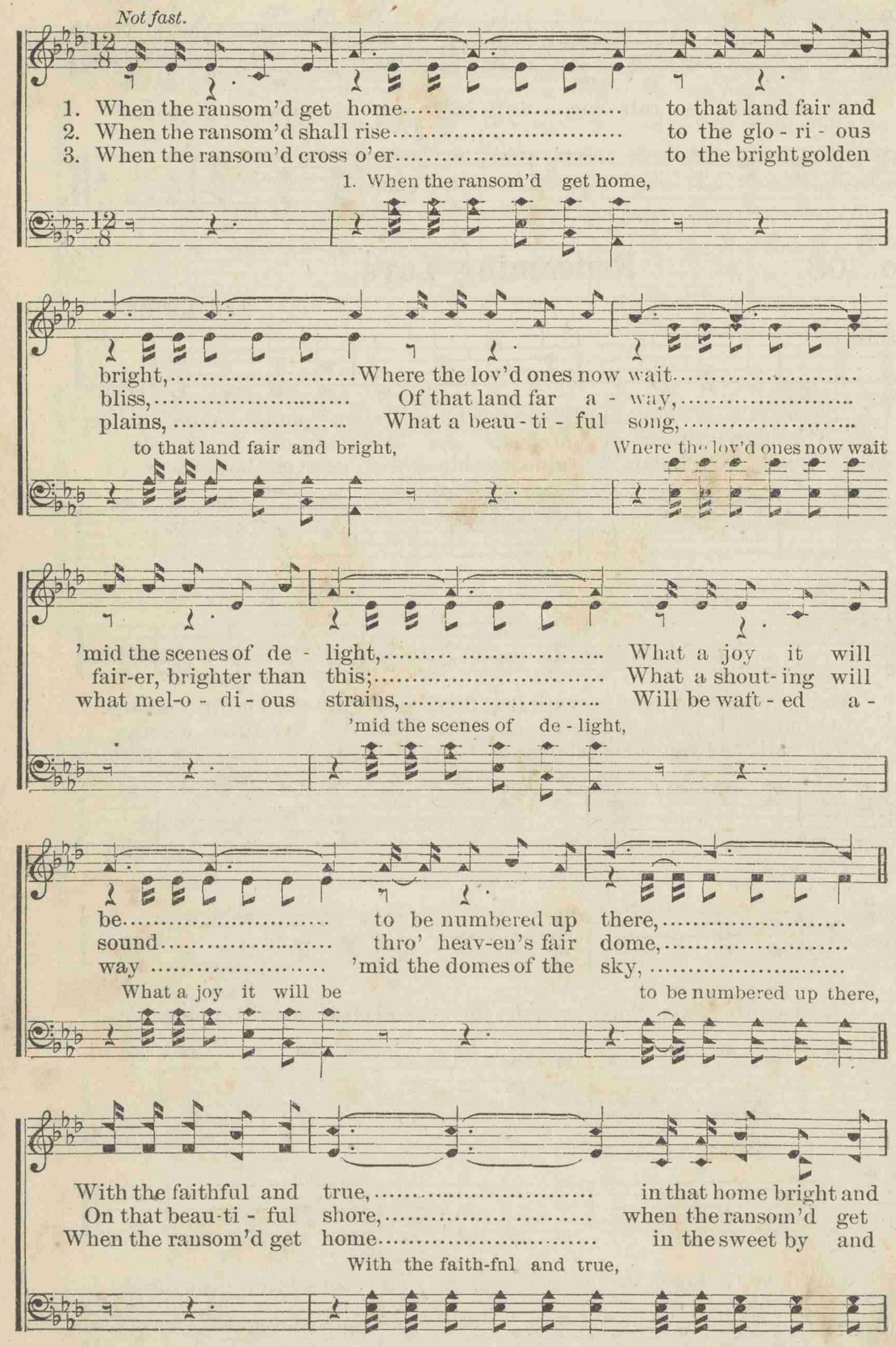
A. S. Kieffer.



No. 109. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

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

Not fast.



By permission of the author.

WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

blessed Sav-iour, with thee,.....
blessed Saviour, with thee;

Where no partings e'er come,
Where no partings e'er come,.....

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

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

No. 110. LIFE'S FITFUL DREAM.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

1. Soft- ly, sweet- ly tell the sto - ry, An-gels wait a brighter day,
2. Burdens oft - en much too heav - y, Cares this life can scarcely bear,
3. Now the clouds, and now the sun-shine, Cheer thee, fainting, drooping soul,

Lone-ly thro' the vale of sor - row, Earthly pilgrims make their way.
Heart for oth - ers oft a - wea - ry, Make a sto - ry of de- spair.
Yon-der in the dis-tant gloaming, Finds the heart its anxious goal.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing on - - - ward thro' the shad - - - ows, Hearts with
Toil-ing on ward thro' the shadows, Toiling, toil-ing on, Hearts with

an - guish oft are riv'n; When life's fit - - - ful dream is
anguish oft are riv- en, anguish oft are riv'n; When life's fit- ful dream is o- ver,

o - - - ver, Sweet will be..... the rest in heav'n.
fit-ful dream is o - ver, Sweet will be the rest in heav'n, the rest in heav'n.

No. 111. THE HARVEST IS PAST.

Rev. R. O. SMITH. DAVID MOORE.

1. O sad are the words that we're sing-ing to - day, Then hear them, poor sin - ner, and heed them I pray; Un - less you your sins up - on Je - sus will cast, Soon will it be said that the har - vest is past.
2. Re - mem-ber, poor sin - ner, the way will soon end, O turn to the Sav-iour, and choose Him your friend; This world's sil - ly pleas-ures they nev - er can last, E - ter - ni - ty dawns when the har - vest is past.
3. Then turn to the Sav-iour, ac - cept of His love, He'll fill the with pow - er and light from a - bove; He'll shield thee for - ev - er from sin's cru - el blast, Then seek Him to - day ere the har - vest is past.

CHORUS.

The har - vest is past,..... The har - vest is past,.....
The harvest, the harvest is past, is past, The harvest, the harvest is past, is past;
The har - vest is past,..... And I..... am not saved.....
The harvest, the harvest is past, is past, And I, and I am not saved, not saved.

No. 112. COME, OH, COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, come."—Rev. 22 : 17.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. M. Good.



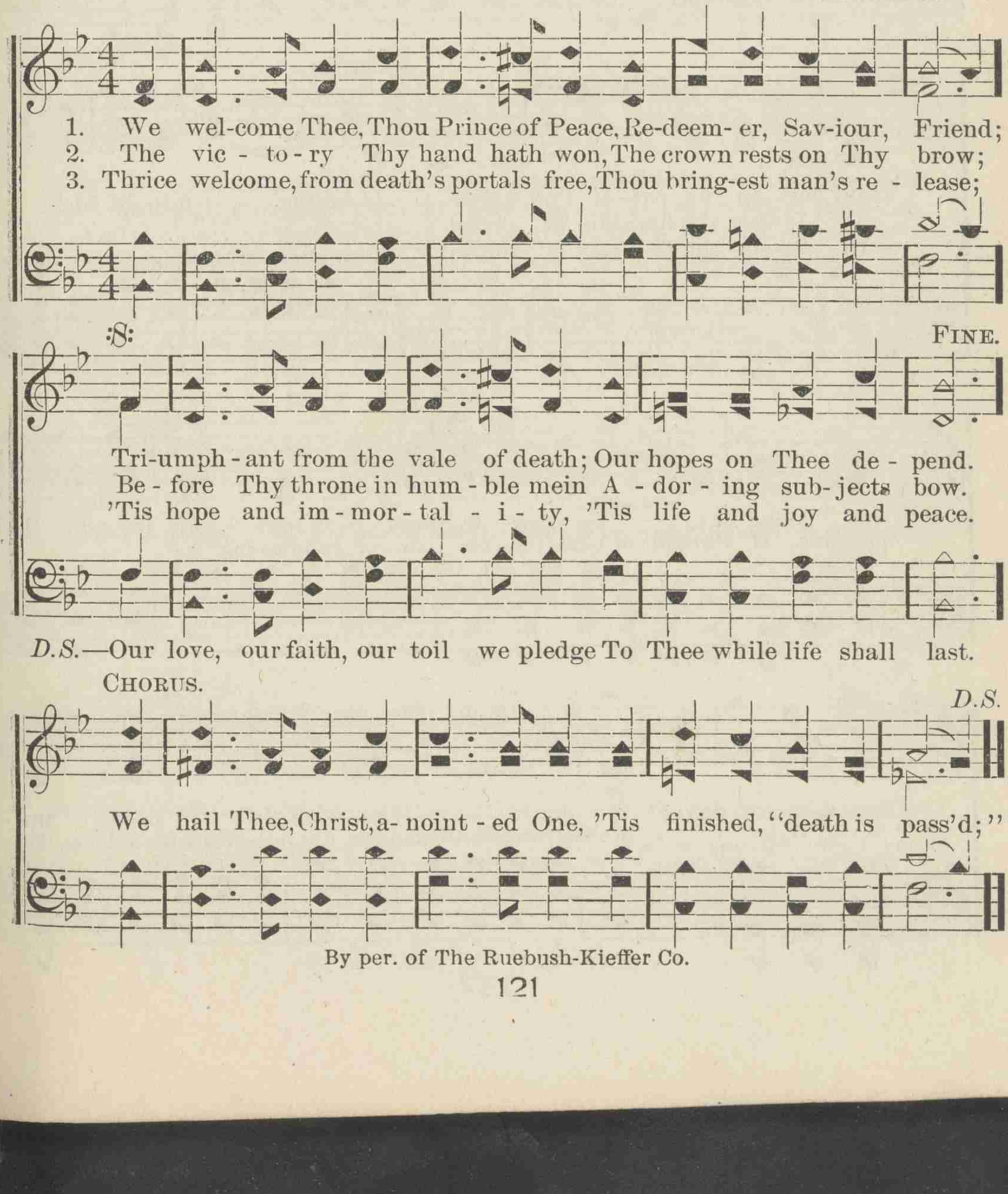
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COME, OH, COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.



No. 113. WE HAIL THEE, CHRIST.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



By per. of The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

No. 114. FOUNTAIN OF PRAISE.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

1. O foun-tain of bless-ing, for - ev - er ex-press-ing Our joy, to the
2. Without Thy blest wa - ters Je - ru-salem's daughters Must languish and
3. Thou sweet, gliding riv - er, flow on and for - ev - er, While songs of re -

an-cient of days; We hail Thee with gladness, un-mingled with sadness,
sor - row al- ways; Our Fa-ther, then grant them, a part in the an-them
joic - ing we raise; And of - fer sal - va - tion to ev - er - y na - tion

CHORUS.

And hast-en to car- ol Thy praise.
To Je- sus the fountain of praise.
In Je- sus the fountain of praise.

O foun - tain of bless -

O fountain of blessing for - ev- er ex-

ing for - ev - - er ex-press - ing Our joy to the
press-ing, O fountain of bless- ing for - ev - er ex-press-ing,

an- cient of days; We hail..... Thee with glad - ness, un -
We hail Thee with gladness, un- min-gled with sadness, We



No. 115. HEAVENLY VISIONS.

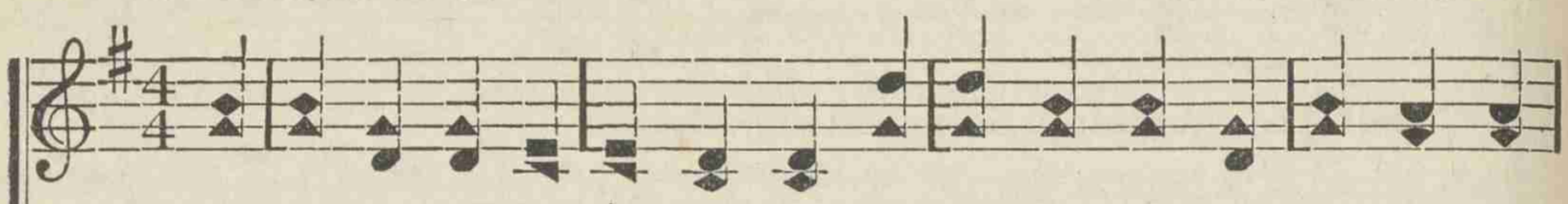
ALDINE S. KIEFFER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



By permission of S. W. Beazley.

No. 116. MOVE FORWARD.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. J. H. Fillmore.



1. Move forward, soldiers of the cross, Move forward tho' you suf - fer loss;
2. Move forward, there is much to do, By will-ing sol-diers, good and true;
3. Move forward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right;

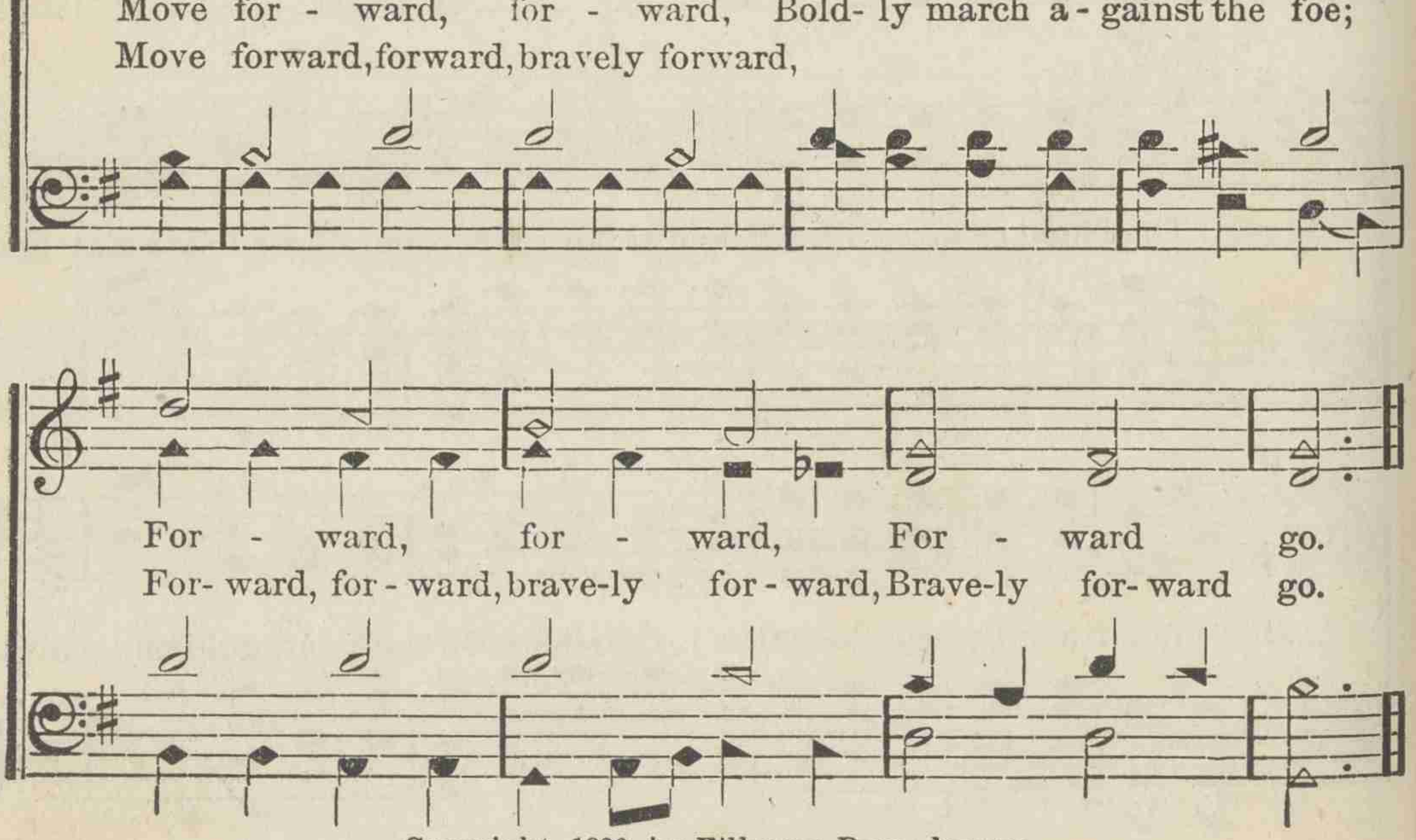


Lo! Sa-tan's hosts a-round you stand, In Je- sus' name go take the land.
With shield of faith and sword in hand, Go brave-ly forth to take the land.
While trust-ing in His prom-ise grand, You sure- ly shall pos- sess the land.



Chorus.

Move for - ward, for - ward, Bold- ly march a - gainst the foe;
Move forward, forward, bravely forward,



For - ward, for - ward, For - ward go.
For- ward, for - ward, brave-ly for - ward, Brave-ly for- ward go.

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No. 117. IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

JENNIE WILSON. JACOB GOOD.

1. In the sun-bright clime where re-deemed ones dwell When all earth - ly
2. In the sun-bright clime by the crys - tal flow Of the peace - ful
3. In the sun-bright clime we shall see the walls Set with jew - els
4. In the sun-bright clime where our Sav-iour's face Doth with ho - ly

tri - als are o'er, Hal - le - lu - jahs ring as the ransomed tell
riv - er of life, We shall roam while on - ward glad a - ges go,
sparkling and rare; We shall look on scenes where no blight e'er falls
ra - di - ance shine, At His feet we'll bow and ex - tol His grace,

REFRAIN.

Of their Saviour's love ev - er - more.
Sweetly free from sor - row and strife.
On their bloom so fra - grant and fair.
Praising Him for mer - cy di - vine.

} We shall gather some-time in the sun-bright clime Where no clouds ev-er dark - en the sky; We shall gath-er some-time in the sun-bright clime, And re-joice with the saved ones on high.

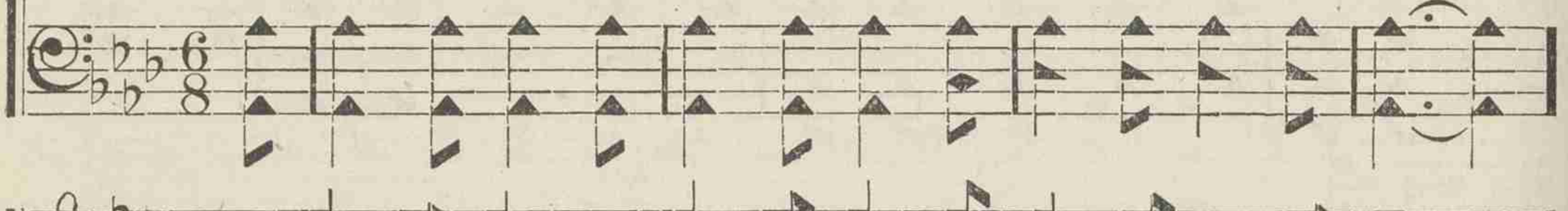
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No. 118. HELP YOUR BROTHER.

Miss Eva Wyand. J. M. Good.



1. Oh! have you ev - er tried to lift A broth- er by the way,
2. Oh! there are ma - ny lives that seem De- void of sun-shine bright,
3. Then live not for your-self a - lone, You will more hap-py be



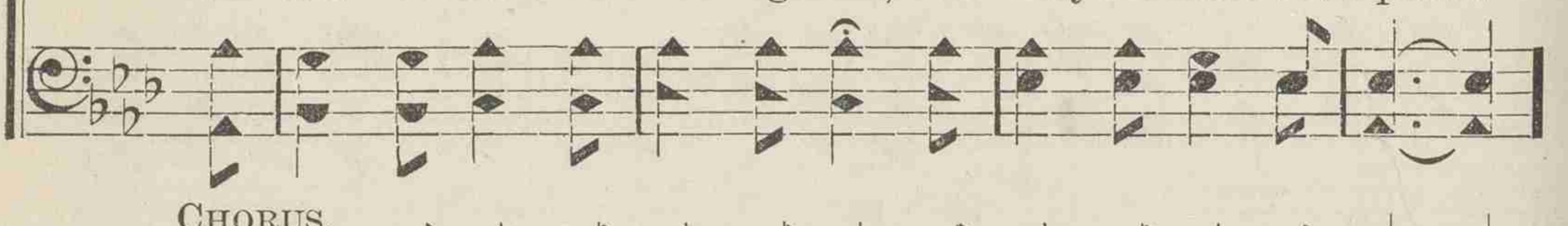
Or send in - to some dark-ened life A lit - tle cheer-ing ray?
Where you can give a kind-ly word, 'Twill make their burdens light;
If you will think of oth-er's needs, And help them cheerful - ly;



What are you do - ing as you go A- long the path of life,
And point them to a bet - ter friend, Who nev- er will for - sake,
Your bread up - on the wa - ters cast, And aft - er ma - ny days,



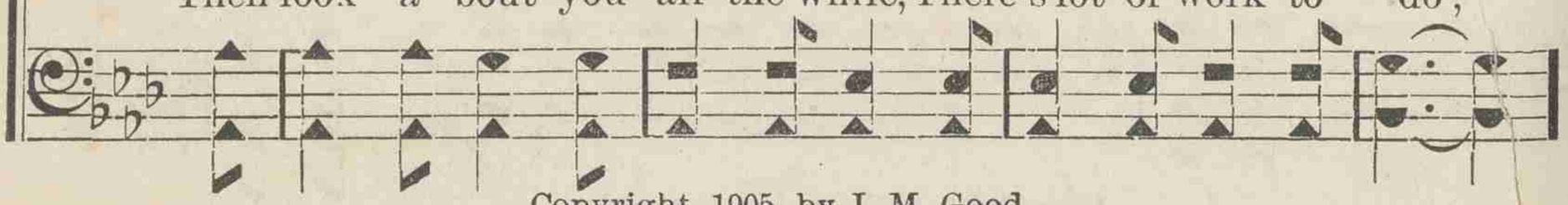
To cheer, and aid and com- fort those Who've fallen in the strife?
If they will o - ver-come their sins And of His strength par - take.
It will re- turn with blessings rare, To fill your heart with praise.



Chorus.

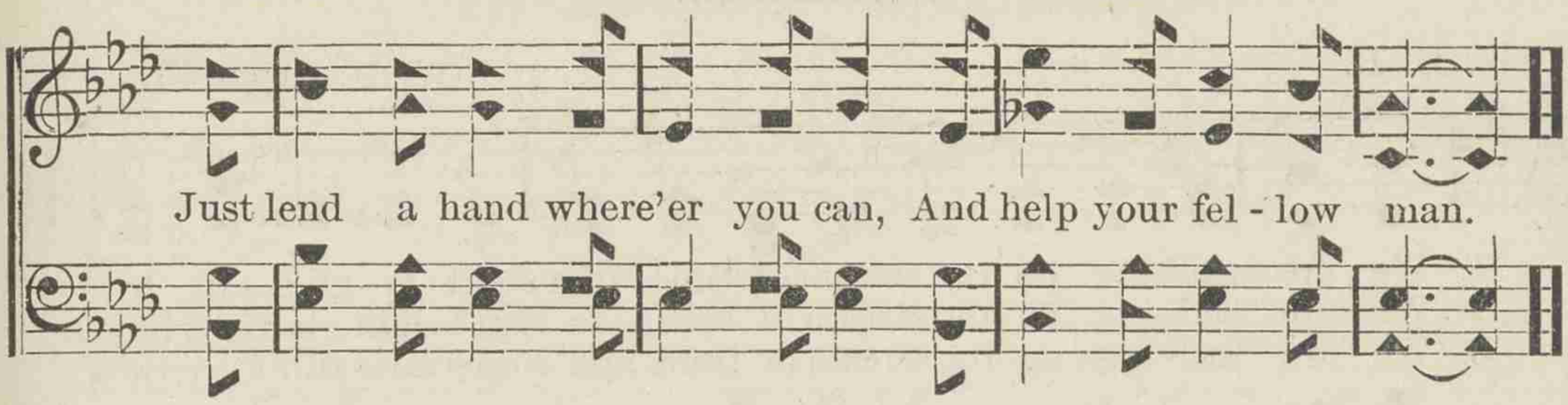


Then look a - bout you all the while, There's lot of work to do;



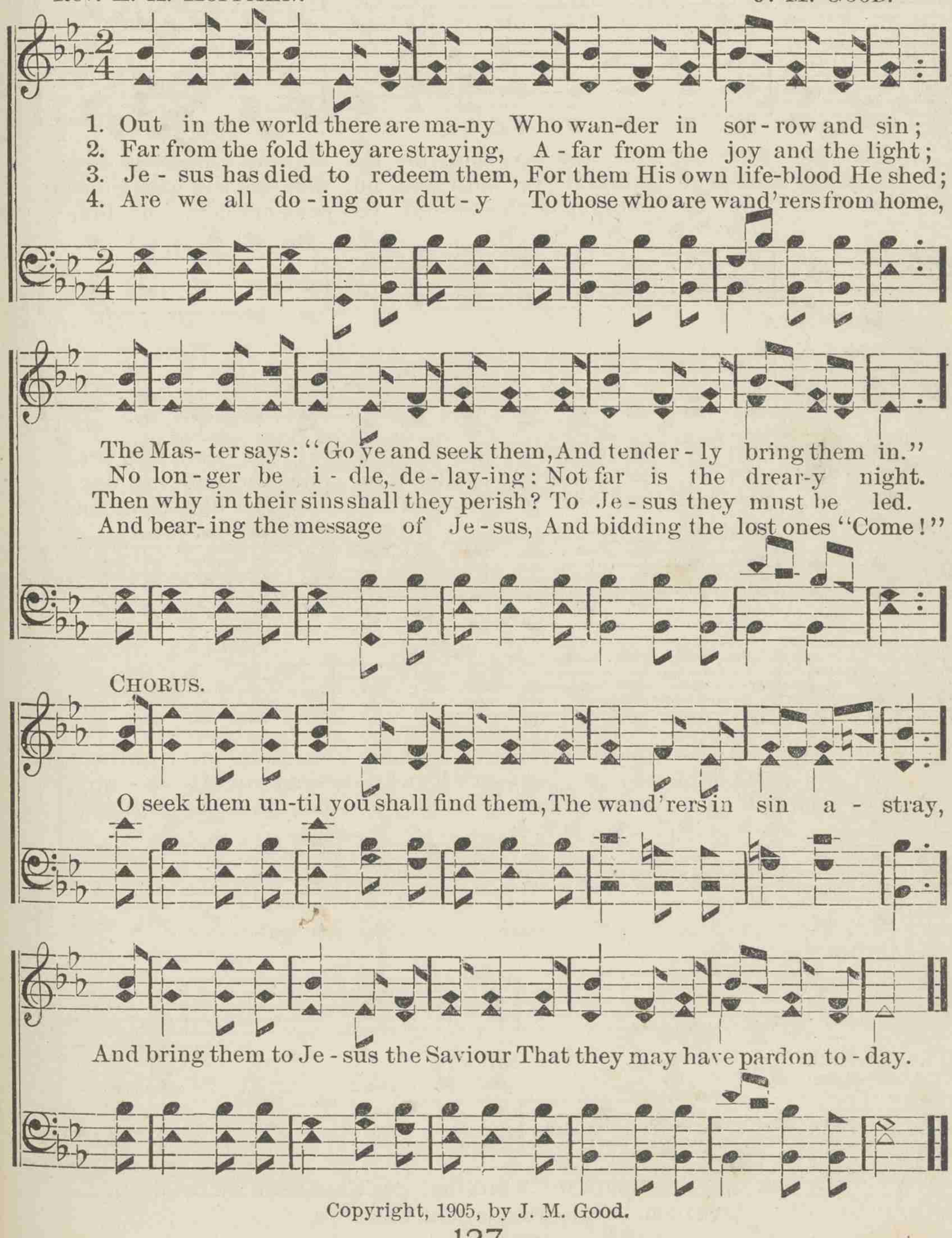
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HELP YOUR BROTHER.—Concluded.



No. 119. GO, SEEK THEM.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. M. GOOD.



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No. 120. SAILING.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.

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

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

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

ritard.

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

CHORUS.

Sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing,

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

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No. 121. JESUS, THE SINNER'S HOPE.

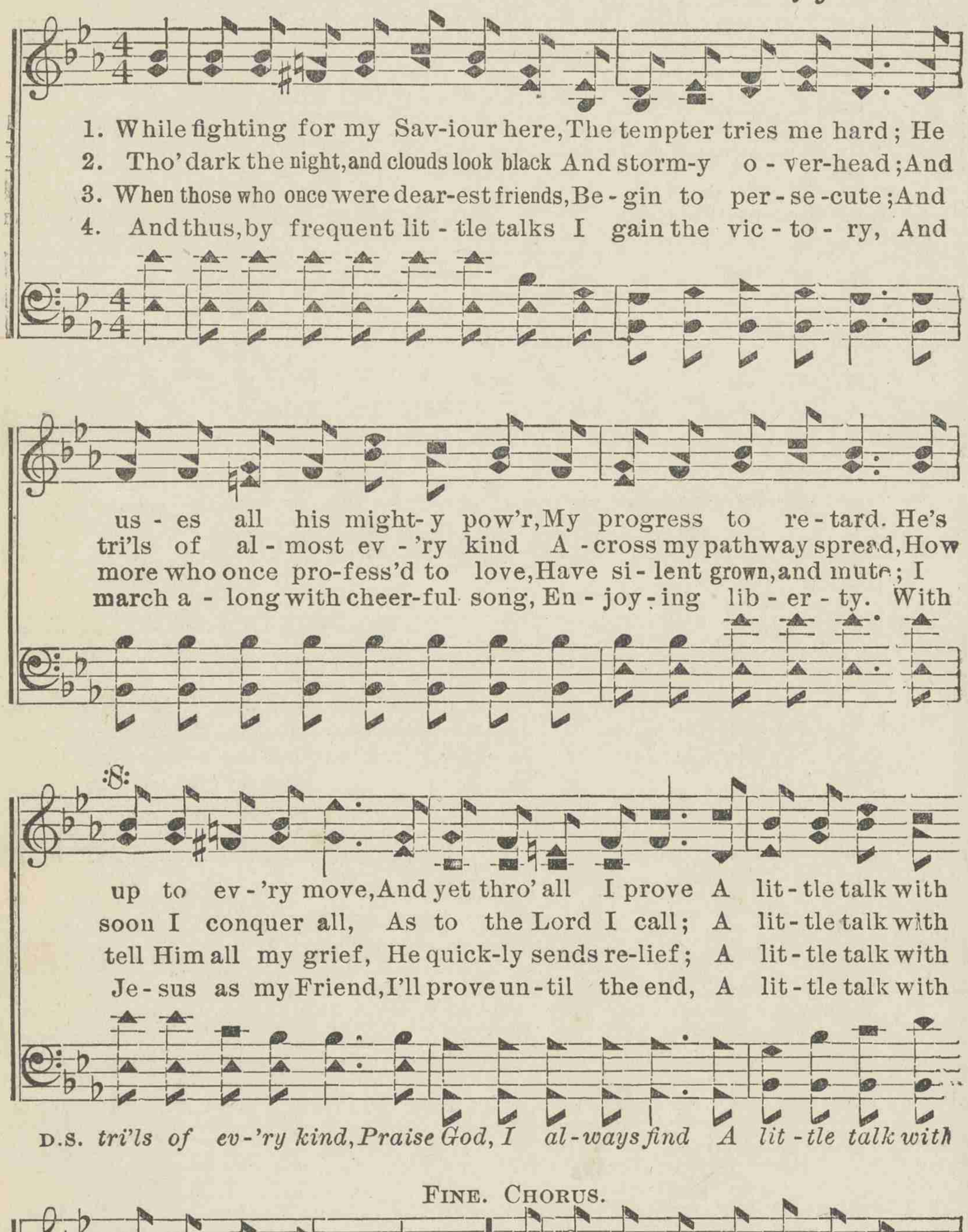
H. C. W. H. C. Wriston.



By permission.

No. 122. A Little Talk with Jesus.

Arr. Arr. by J. H. H.



FINE. CHORUS.



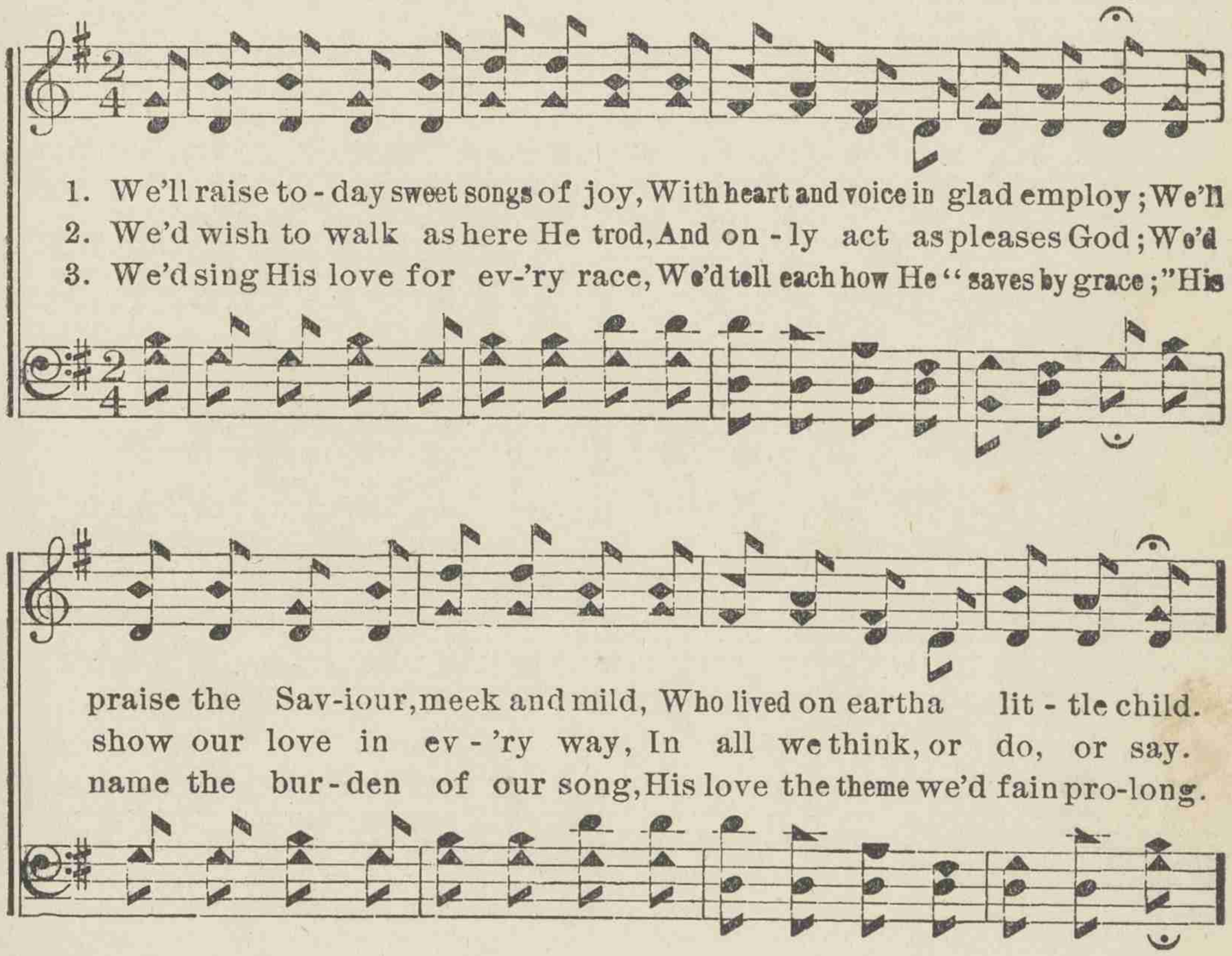
THE RUBBUSH-KIEFFER CO., owners.

A Little Talk with Jesus. Concluded.



No. 123. Children's Day.

John R. Clements. S. W. Beazley.



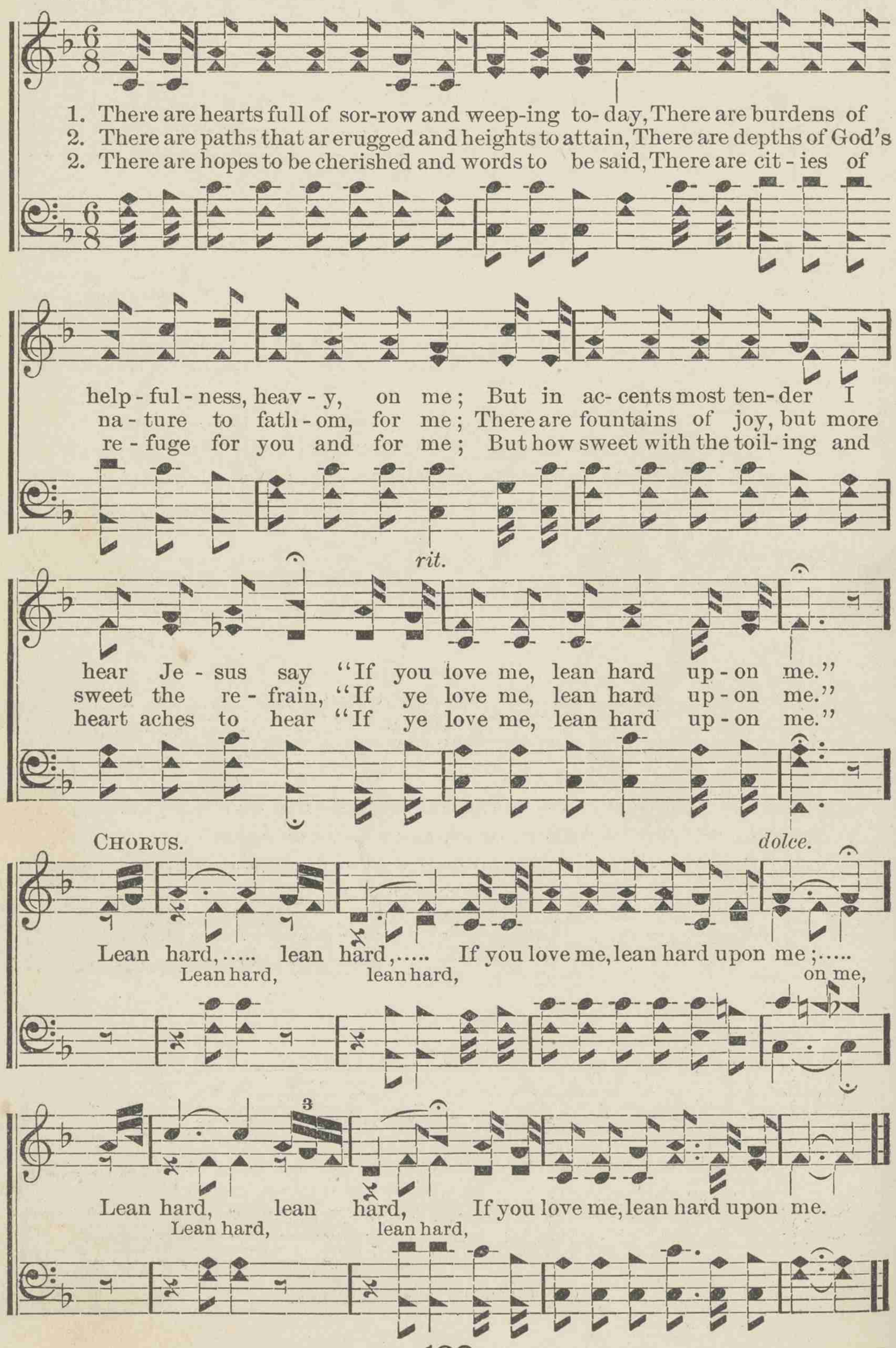
CHORUS.

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO., owners.

No. 124. LEAN HARD UPON ME.

(On one of her missionary tours in Persia, Miss Fidelia Fiske, at a great meeting, being very weary, desired a rest for her back, when one of the native women sat behind her to support her. When the missionary hesitated to rest on her the poor woman said "If you love me lean hard.")

G. P. H. Rev. GEO. P. HOTT.



No. 125. HAIL THE KING.

J. Owen Long. Jacob Good.

Bold.

1. Hail, hail the King who came down from glo - ry, Born in a man - ger small and bare! Who came to aid the weak and the wear - y,
2. Hail, hail the King our Priest and our Sav - iour, Who rules the world from courts on high! He'll come a-gain "to gath - er His jew - els,"

Cheer faint- ing hearts bow'd down with care; Who taught the doc - tors
"Come in the twink'ling of an eye;" Hail glo - rious King, who

in the tem - ple, Told of the Father's wond'rous love, Who raised the
comes from glo-ry, Cloth'd, cloth'd in garments pure and white, Who'll take the

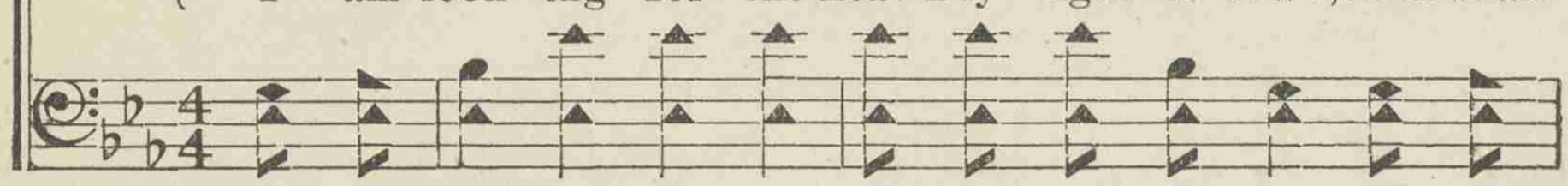
dead and heal - ed the pals - y, Who led the way to heav'n a - bove.
good to heav - en and glo - ry, For- e'er to live in realms of light!

No. 126. Glory Gates.

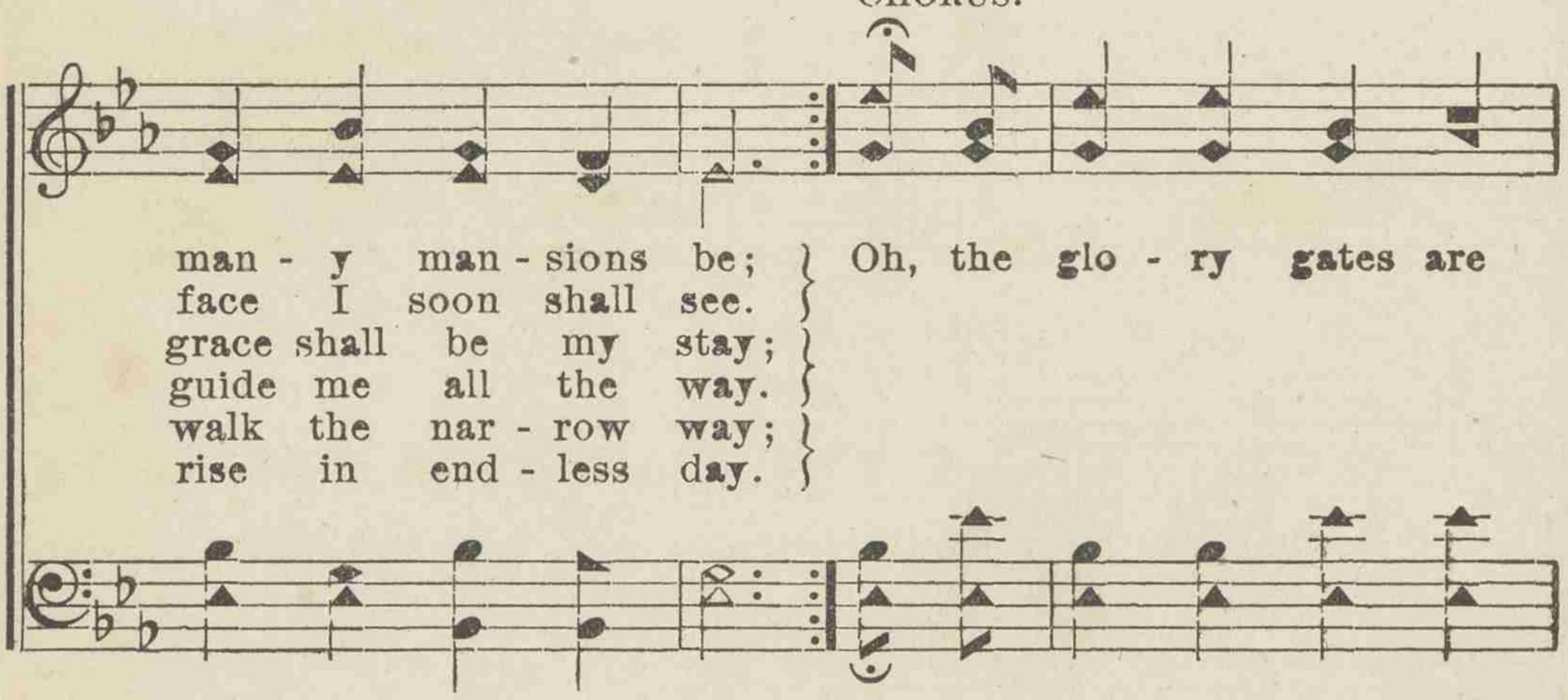
G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.



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

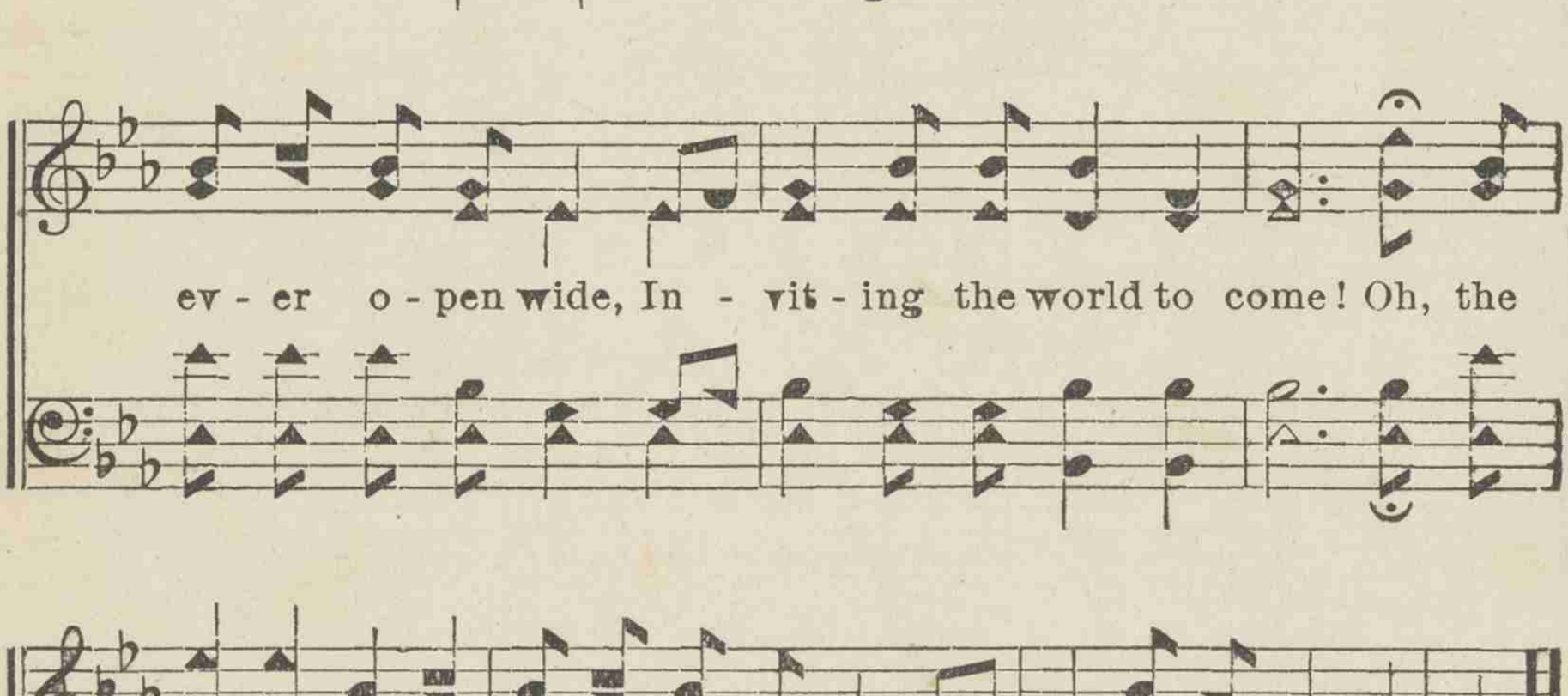


CHORUS.

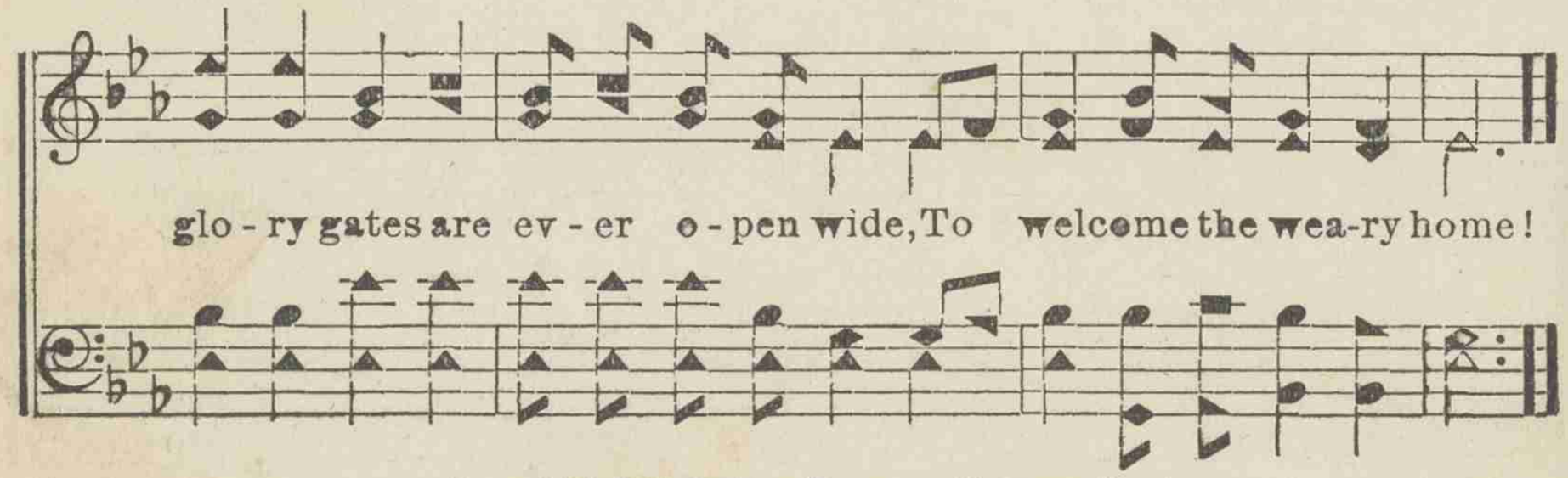


man-y man-sions be;
face I soon shall see.
grace shall be my stay;
guide me all the way.
walk the nar-row way;
rise in end-less day.

Oh, the glo-ry gates are



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



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

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No. 127. PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. The world has need of Christian men, Who wear the worker's seal,
2. The church has need of help-ing hands, And hearts that know and feel,
3. Then don't stand i - dly look-ing on, The fight with sin is real;
4. Then work and watch and fight and pray, With all thy might and zeal;

Come, help the good work move a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
The work to do is here for you, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
It will be long, but must go on, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
Push ev - 'ry wor - thy work a - long, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

REFRAIN.

Put your shoul - der to the wheel, push a - long,
push a - long,
Do your du - ty with a heart full of song; We
full of song;
all have work, let no one shirk, Put your shoulder to the wheel.

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No. 128. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. HARVEY B. GREEN.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

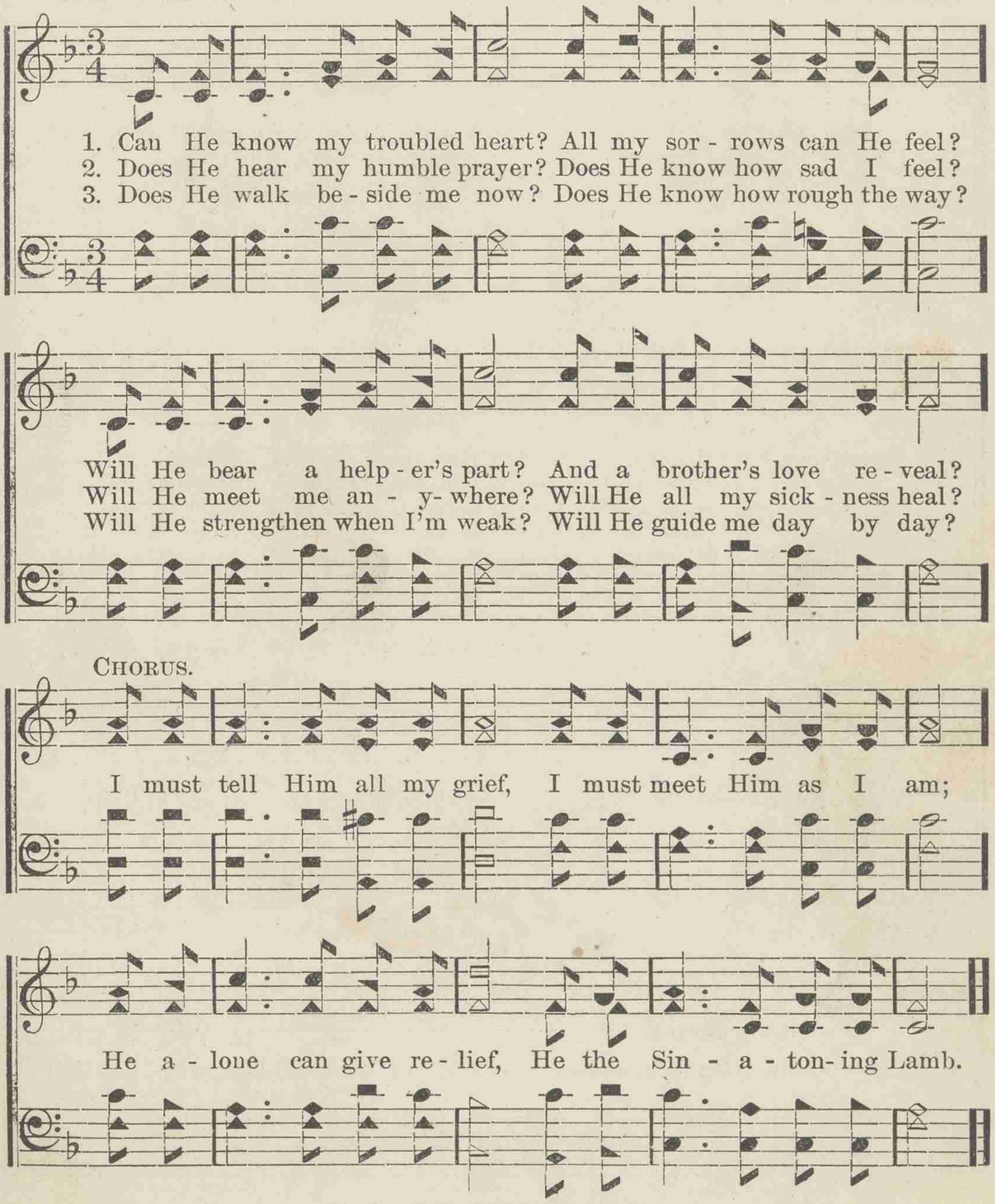
gold - en grain, beau-ti - ful grain;..... In - to His lov - ing fold,

Used by per. of S. W. Beazley.



No. 129. I MUST TELL HIM.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 130. WHERE THE RIVER OF LIFE IS FLOWING.

JENNIE WILSON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There are beau - ti - ful vis - ions our eyes shall be - hold, When we
2. We shall see the fair flow - ers of heav - en in bloom, On the
3. While e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges are glid - ing a - way, With no

en - ter the cit - y all paved with pure gold, And we'll walk be-side
balm - la-den air breath-ing out sweet per-fume, And there love - li - ness
shad - ow of night dimm-ing glo - ri - ous day, We shall sing of our

loved ones with rap- ture un-told, Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing.
nev- er knows winter's chill gloom, Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing.
won- der - ful Sav- iour for aye, Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing.

FINE.

D.S.—Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing.

CHORUS.

Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing, Where the riv - er of life is

D.S.

flow - ing, On those scenes ev - er bright we shall look with de- light,

Used by per. of S. W. Beazley.

No. 131. ARE YOU IN THE KINGDOM OF GRACE?

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. I am bound for that place of bright glo-ry above, Tell me whither, my
2. Do you rest in the hope of the true Christian heart, That your Saviour will
3. Will you have your lamp burning and carefully trimmed, And be read-y to

friend, are you bound? Do you rest in the joy of Christ's bounti- ful love,
yet come a - gain, And that you from his glo- ry shall nev-er-more part,
hail Him as king? With your soul by no e - vil or sin-blight be-dimmed

CHORUS.

In the kingdom of grace are you found?
But that you in His presence shall reign.
And be read - y with an - gels to sing?

If you be..... you are
If you be you are hap- py and

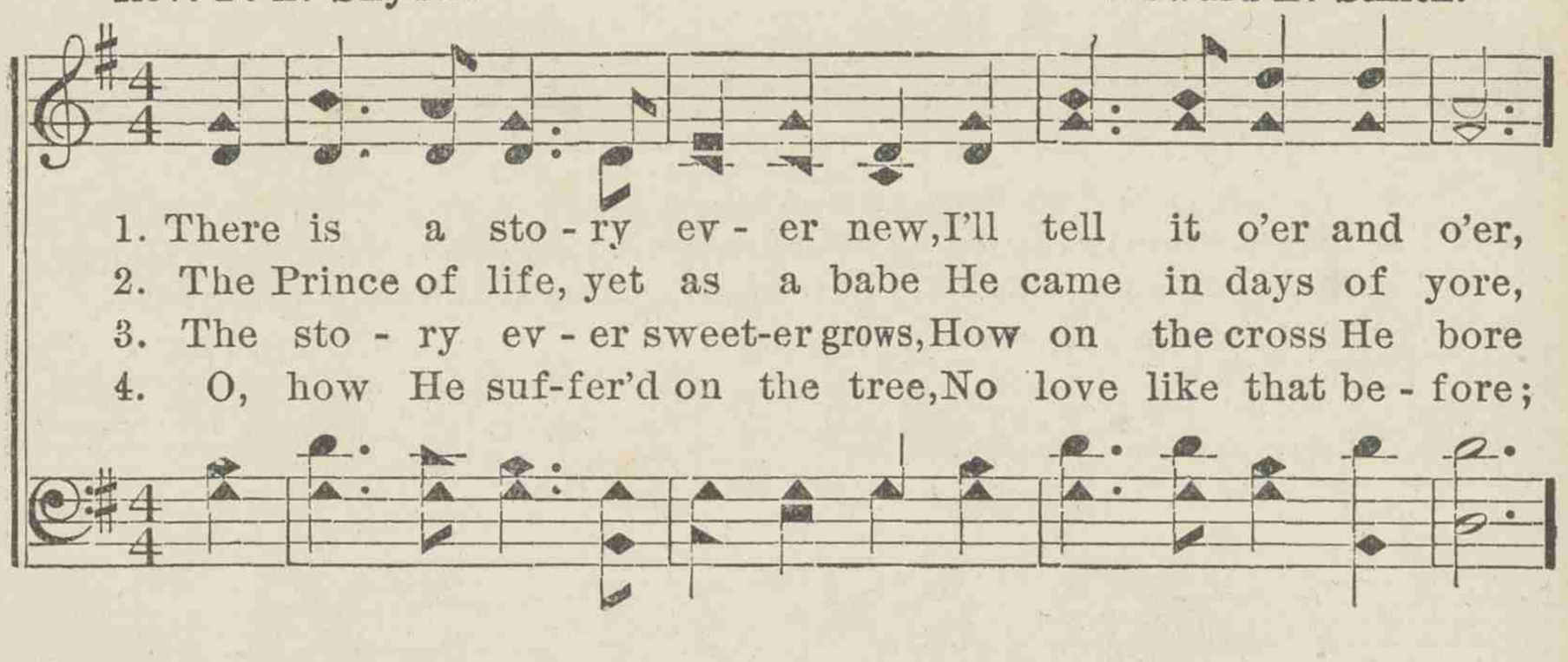
hap - - py, and sweet - - - ly can sing, Shouting
sweet-ly can sing, Be - ing saved from the pow- er of sin, saved from sin,

hon - or and glo-ry to Je-sus, the King, Till a crown of re-joicing you win.

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No. 132. I Want to Love Him More.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.

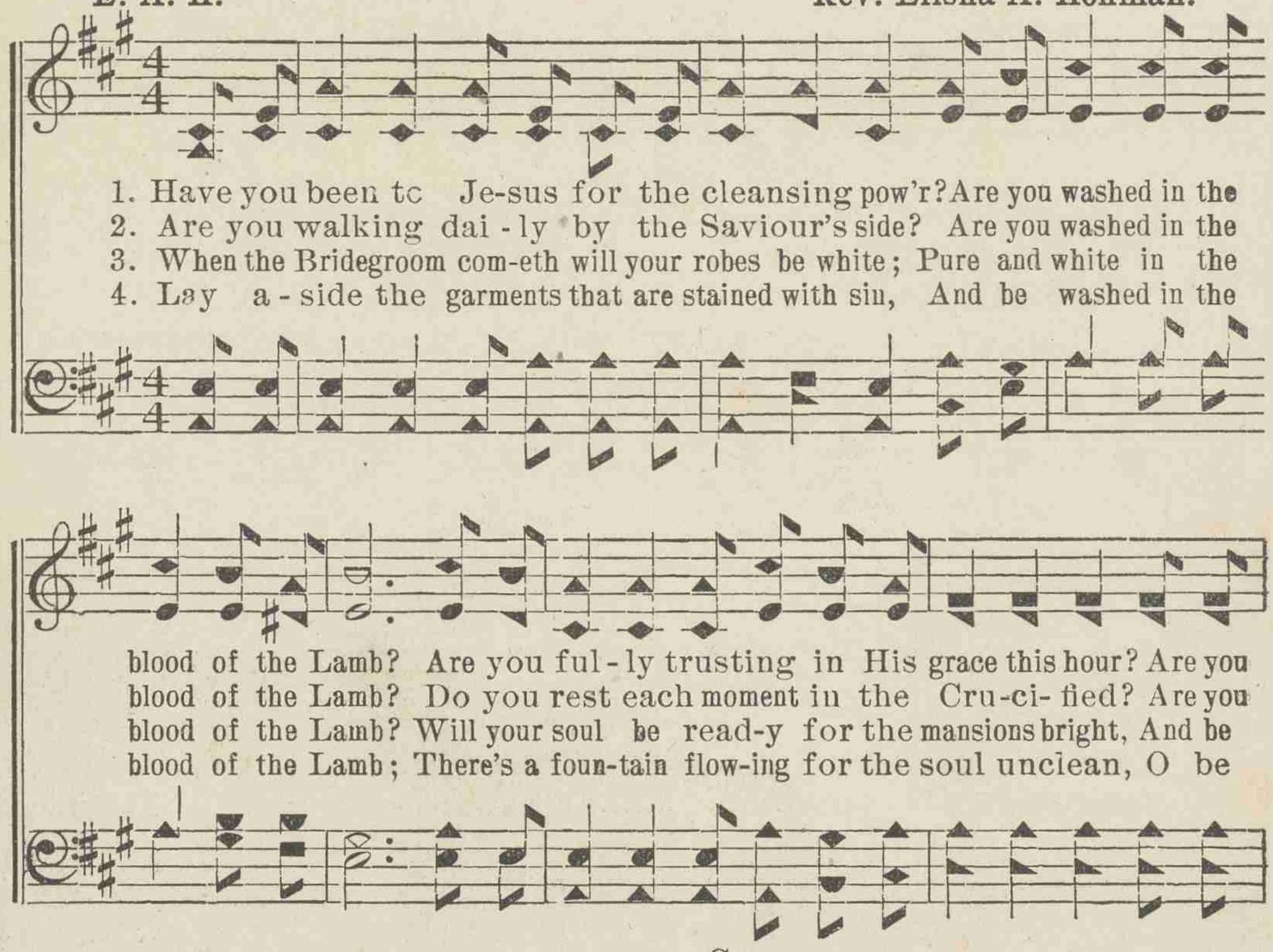




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No. 133. Are you Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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No. 134. THERE'S A HOME.

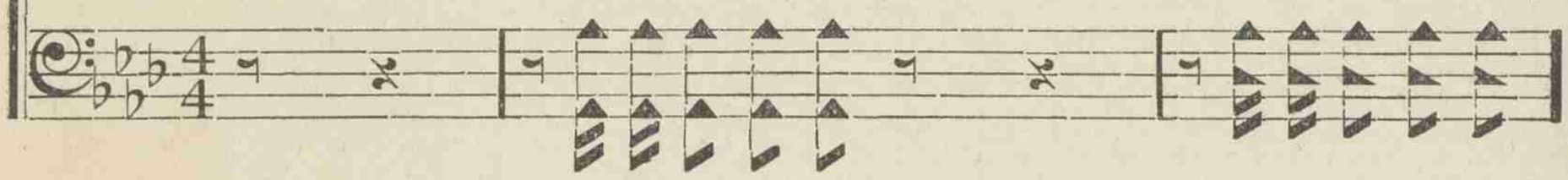
R. W. G. R. W. GRUBBS.

Andante.



1. There's a home of rest,..... There's a home of love,.....
2. When we reach that shore..... Of e - ter- nal light,.....
3. We shall hap-py be..... In that glo- ry land,.....

1. There's a home of rest, There's a home of love,



And it is for you,..... A bright home a-bove !.....
And behold the blest..... That are clad in white.....
Shouting prais-es there..... With an an - gel band ;.....

And it is for you, A bright home above,



Oh, ac-cept it then,..... And be glad to - day,.....
We shall clasp their hands,..... And by them be led,.....
We will tune our voice..... To the gold - en lyre,.....

Oh, ac-cept it then, And be glad to-day,



Freed from all the sins..... That impede thy way.....
'Mid the scenes of light..... Golden streets we'll tread.....
Ev - er sing-ing with..... The ce- les-tial choir.....

Freed from all the sins That impede thy way.



THERE'S A HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 135. COME WITH ME.

J. I. B. J. I. BRENEMAN.

1. Come, dear brother, come with me, We will walk the narrow way, And be
2. O dear brother, let us join With the happy pilgrim band. Journ'ying
3. In the cit - y o - ver there, Where the saints forever dwell, Where our

hap - py with our Saviour dear; He a helping friend will be; He will
on our way to that bright home; We will seek a brother, come, Go with
Sav-iour and the an - gels sing, We will spend e - ter - ni - ty With our

guide us day by day, To His side He'll ev - er draw us near.
us to that fair land, And with an - gels sing a - round the throne.
Sav - iour and our God; To him all our songs and prais - es bring.

CHORUS.

Broth - er dear, will you come, Join the
Will you come, come and join,

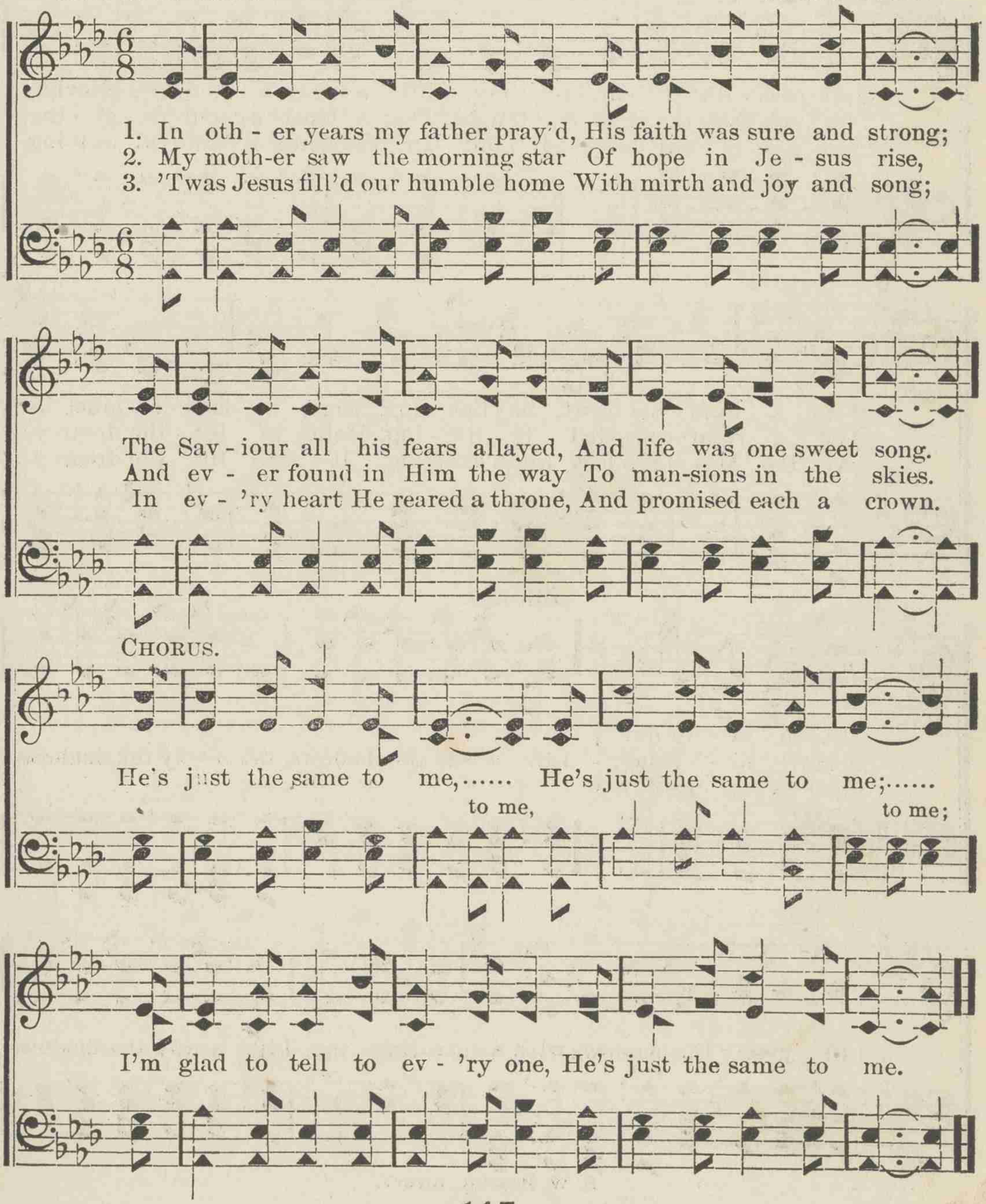
hap- py, hap- py pil- grim band? O dear brother, will you come, Join our



No. 136. HE'S JUST THE SAME TO ME.

"Jesus, Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—HEB. 13 : 8.

Rev. G. P. HOTT. JACOB GOOD.



No. 137. LIFT AWAY THE SHADOWS.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Lift a- way the shadows with a song each day, Lift a - way the
2. Lift a- way the shadows with a kind - ly tho't, Learn the bless- ed
3. Lift a- way the shadows with a lov - ing word, Grow-ing in the

dark-ness with a sun - ny ray, Lift a - way all doubting, grieving,
les - son that the Sav- iour taught: That a trust-ing soul for - giv- ing,
like- ness of our bless- ed Lord! In the hours of sin - ful feel- ing,

With a hum - ble heart, be - liev - ing, That a shad - ow must be
And a right- eous, God - ly liv - ing, Helps to lift the drear- y
At the Mas - ter's feet come kneeling, It will lift the drear- y

CHORUS.

lift - ed ev - 'ry day.
shadows ev - 'ry day.
shadows ev - 'ry day.
} Lift a-way the shadows, lift a-way the shadows,

Lift a-way the shadows with a cheering ray, Lift a-way the shadows,

S. W. Beazley, owner.

LIFT AWAY THE SHADOWS.—Concluded.



No. 138. GONE TO REST.

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.



By permission.

No. 139. HE IS CALLING YOU.

E. Bruce McCormick. W. R. White.

1. Don't you hear the Saviour's voice, He is call - ing for you, In my
2. Loud and clear the call ring out, He is call - ing for you, Come and
3. Work to - day, oh, work to - day, He is call - ing for you, There is

field there's work for all to do. Then be up and do - ing now, Heart and
la - bor and my work pur - sue. Tar - ry not, but hear His call, He will
need of workers strong and true. Time is short and glid-ing on, With your

hand ev - er true,—Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing, call-ing you.
guide the way thro',—Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing, call-ing you.
might ev - er do,—Hear, oh, hear Him call - ing, call - ing, call-ing you.

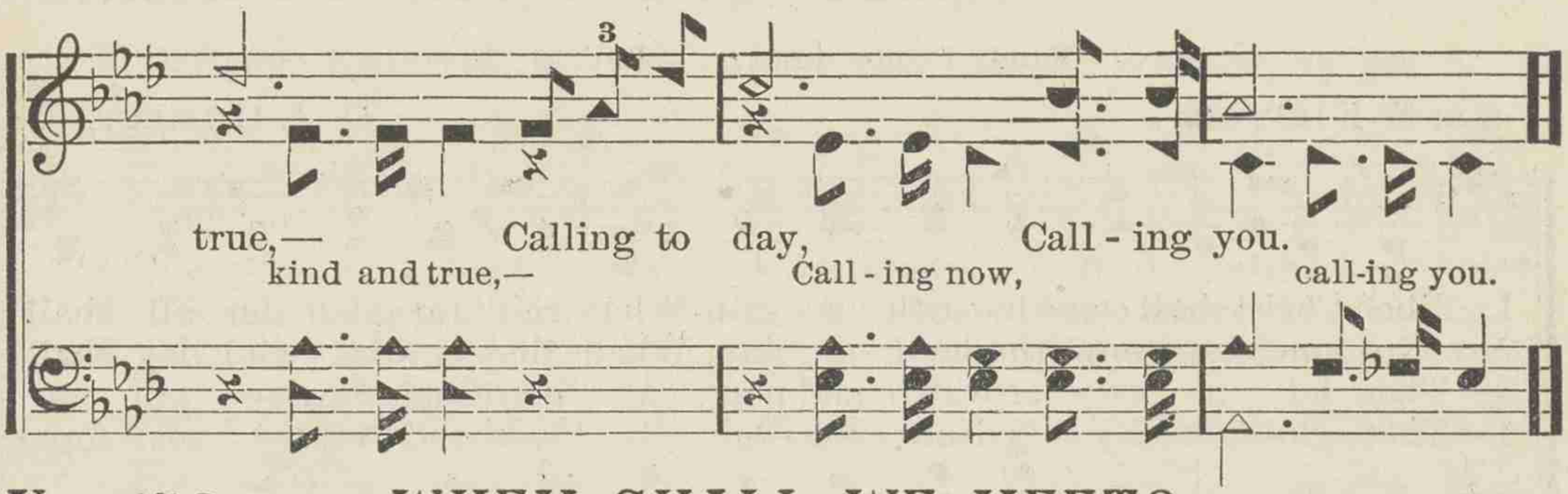
CHORUS.

Call - ing you, hear His sweet voice, Call - ing
Call - ing you, hear His voice,

you, hear His sweet voice, Hear His sweet voice, kind and
Call-ing you hear His voice, Hear His voice,

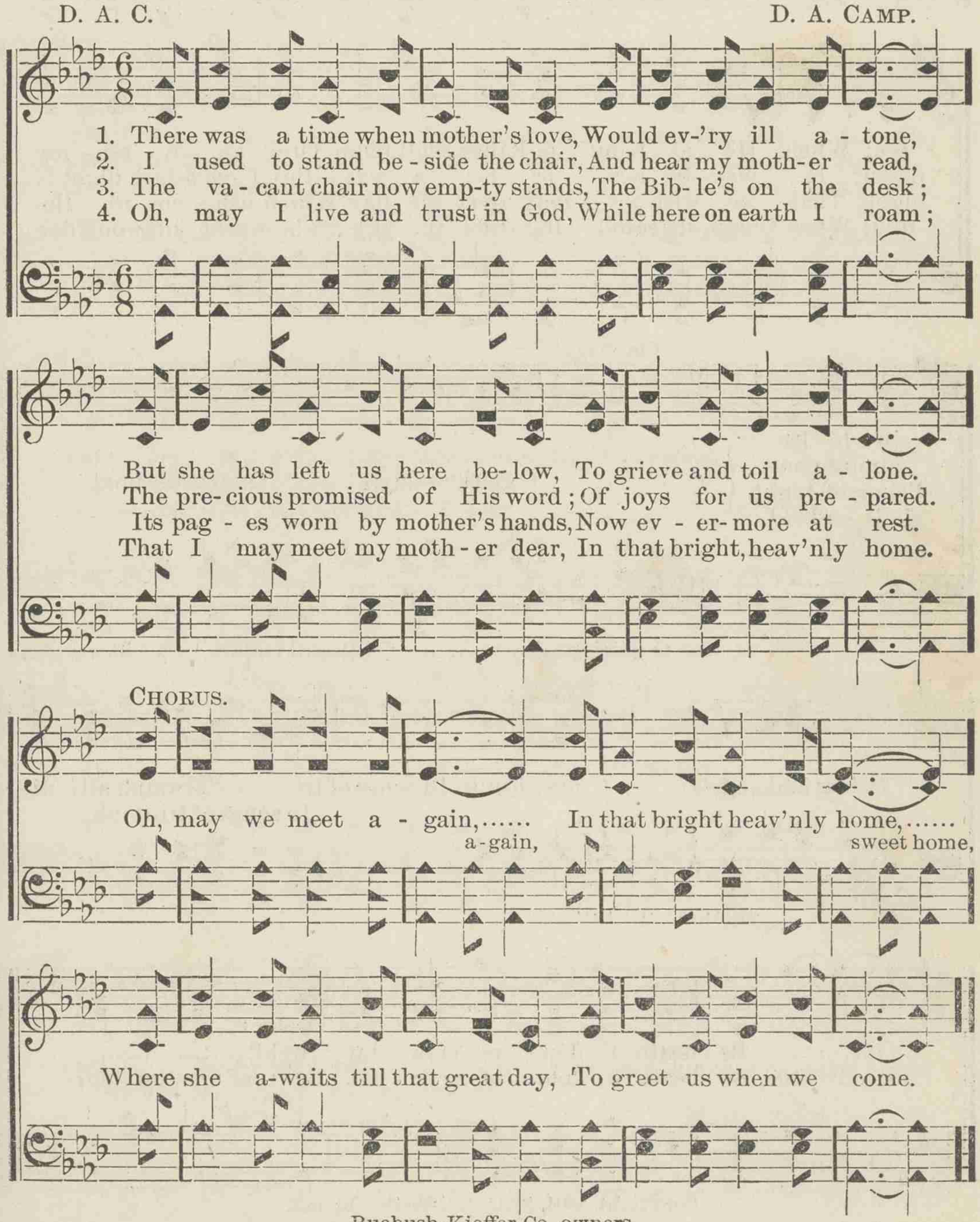
By permission of S. W. Beazley.

HE IS CALLING YOU.—Concluded.



No. 140. WHEM SHALL WE MEET?

D. A. C. D. A. CAMP.



No. 141. CHRIST SHALL COME TO EARTH AGAIN.

"Surely I come quickly."—Rev. 20 : 22.

A. S. KIEFFER. C. J. GILBERT.

1. When Christ shall come to earth a - gain, What ra-diant splen- dor all shall
2. No one may know the hour or day, When that ce - les - tial day shall
3. Then let us ev - er watch and pray, At morning's dawn or fall of
4. That glo- rious day is draw - ing nigh—By Priest and Prophet oft fore-

see; When He as King of Kings shall reign Thro' an e - ter - nal
dawn; It may be near— or far a - way—But Time's dark night is
night; That we with joy may greet the day Which ush - ers in the
told; When Christ, de-scend - ing from the sky, The world in won - der

CHORUS.

ju - bi - lee.
almost gone.
Prince of Light.
shall be-hold.

O glorious day, O blissful time!

O glorious day,.....O blissful time!.....When saints and

Saints and angels may u-nite, In songs of tri - umph all di -
In songs of triumph

an - gels may u - nite,.....

vine,..... Be - neath a dome of crys - tal light.....
all di- vine, Be - heath o dome of crys - tal light, of crys-tal light.

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No. 142.

Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau- ti - ful shore, The me- lo - di - ous
3. To our boun- ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o- ver the way, To pre -
songs of the blest, And our spir- its shall sor- row no more, Not a
tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell- ing place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless- ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - lowed our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beauti- ful shore, In the
by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by and by, by and by, by and by,

No. 143. AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.

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



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At the Crossing of the River.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

bright and fair;

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

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

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

o - ver there.

No. 144. Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His prec-ious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,





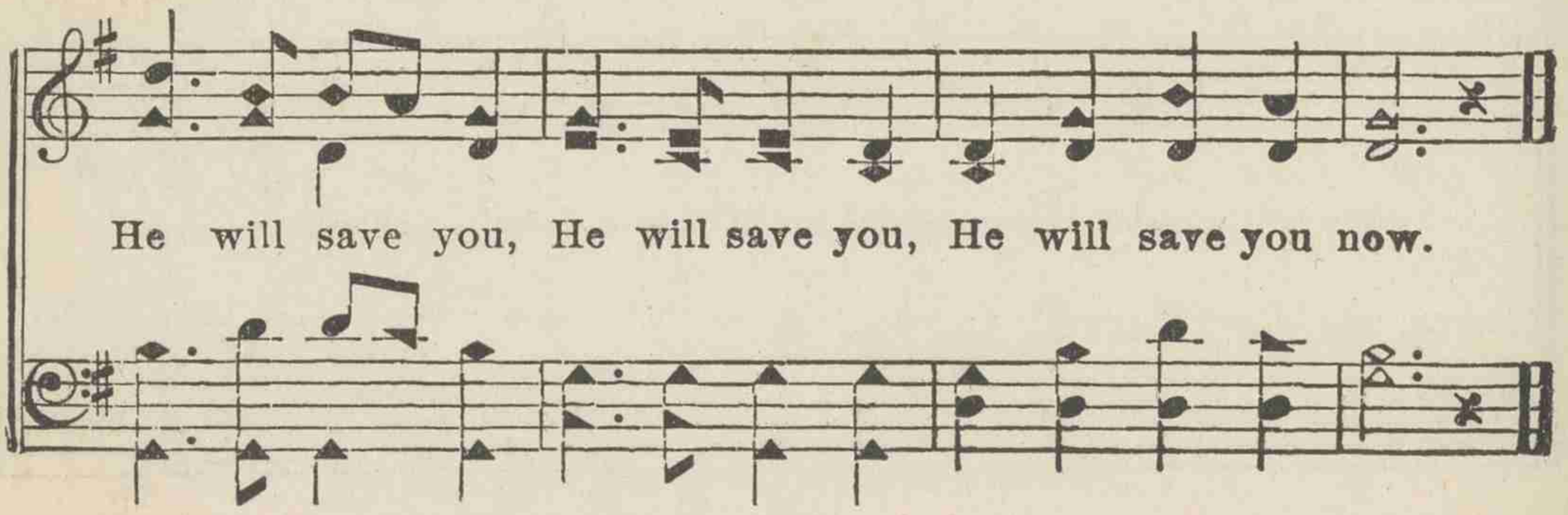
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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No. 145. HEAR THE SABBATH BELLS.

P. M. C. P. M. CLAUNTS.

1. When the Sab - bath morn is break- ing, And the day is com- ing fast,
2. Here we greet their smil - ing fac - es, And we hear their voic - es raise,
3. Here with songs we praise our Sav - iour, And with mu - sic fill the air,

We must all be up and do - ing For the day will soon be pass'd.
Sing - ing songs so sweet - ly blend - ed To the great Re-deemer's praise;
But where earth- ly songs are end - ed, We may join the an - gel choir;

:S:

While the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, And the chim-ing bells we hear,
With good les - sons they are hap - py With a teach- er kind and true,
There with sweet- er notes than ev - er, We will praise our God and King!

D.S.–While the sun is bright- ly shin - ing, And the chimiug bells we hear,

With the chil- dren we must has - ten To the Sabbath-School to-day.
With the ho - ly book to stud - y, They can find e-nough to do.
And with an - gel voic - es blend - ed, Make the Heav'nly cho- rus ring.

With the chil - dren we must has - ten To the Sabbath-School so dear.

CHORUS

Hear..... the Sabbath bells, how sweet they
Hear the Sabbath bells, Hear the Sabbath bells, How sweet the music rings, How

ring, Let us has - - ten there and sing.
sweet the music rings, Let us hasten there and sing, Let us hasten there and sing.

D.S.

No. 146. THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. L. MATHEWS.

1. On the hills of Zion some glad morning, We shall meet and sing for aye;
2. On the hills of Zion we shall praise Him For His matchless grace and love;
3. Oh, the joy of yon-der hills of Zi- on, When the day of rest draws nigh;
4. Oh, the hills of Zi- on glowing brightly Bids my wea- ry feet to stay,

On the hills of God where love eter-nal Sheds its rays thro' endless day.
We shall swell the chorus of redemption With the an - gel host a - bove.
When we lay aside this earth-worn garment, And with lov'd ones sing on high.
And the heav'nly voices call-ing gently, Bid me turn from earth away.

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful hills,..... beau-ti - ful hills,.....
Beau - ti - ful hills, beau - ti - ful hills,

We'll rest on the beau - ti - ful hills, the beau - ti - ful hills;.....

Beau- ti - ful hills,..... beau-ti - ful hills,..... We'll
Beau- ti - ful hills, beau- ti - ful hills,

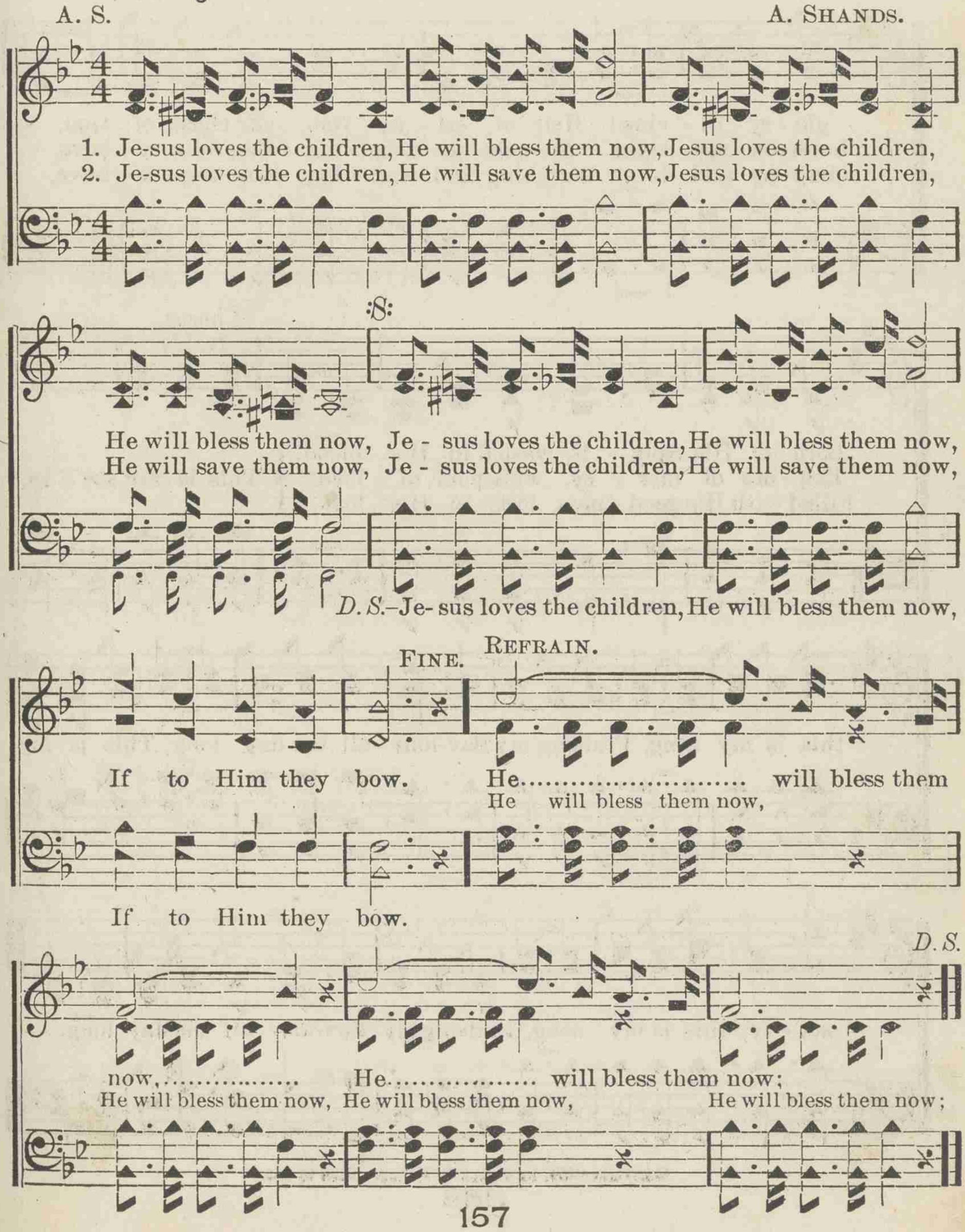
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THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.



No. 147. JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

A. S. A. SHANDS.



No. 148.

Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je- sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect sub miss- ion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An- gels de- scend- ing bring from a - bove,
3. Per- fect sub miss- ion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap- py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look- ing a - bove,

Chorus.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

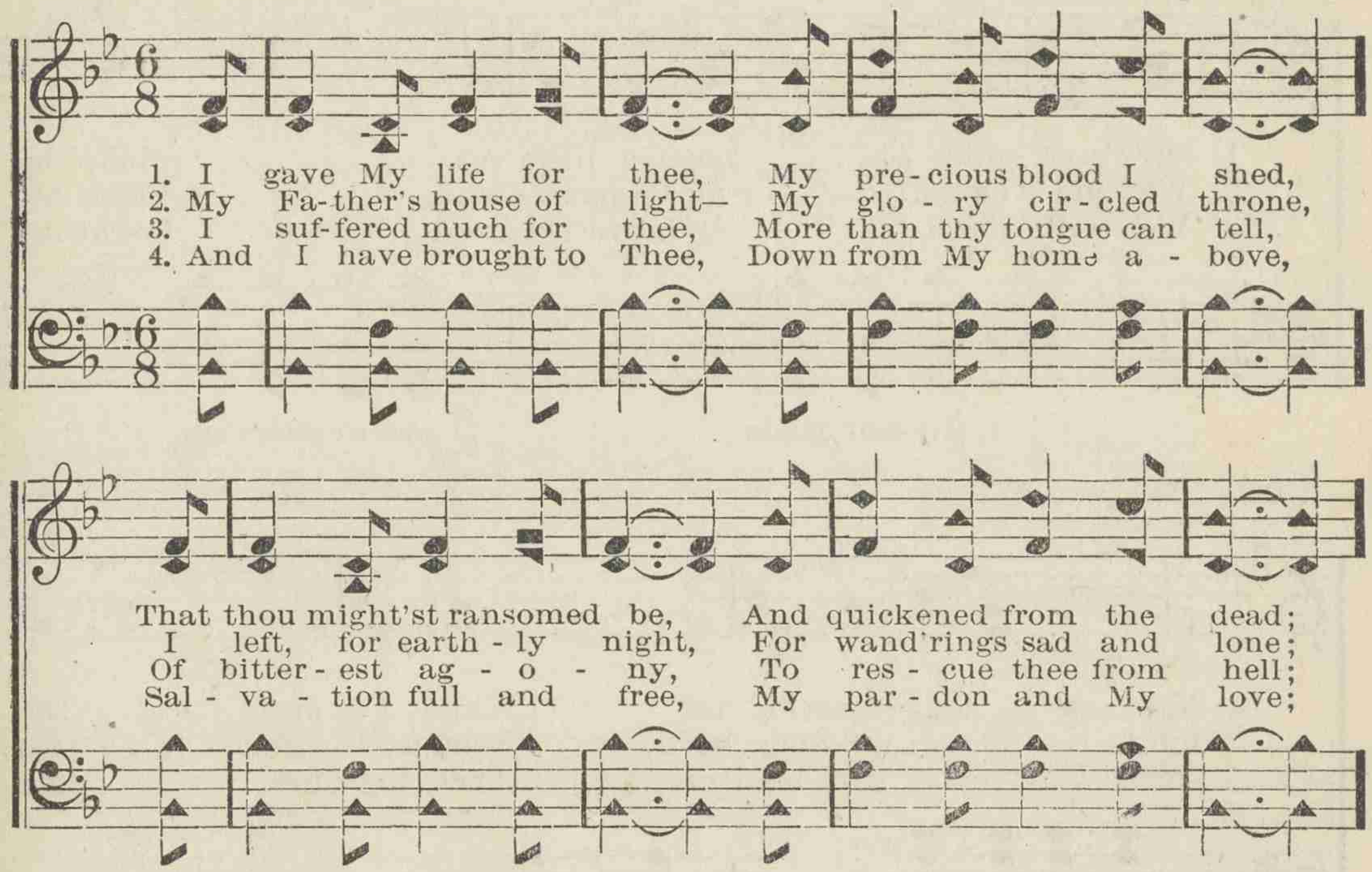
this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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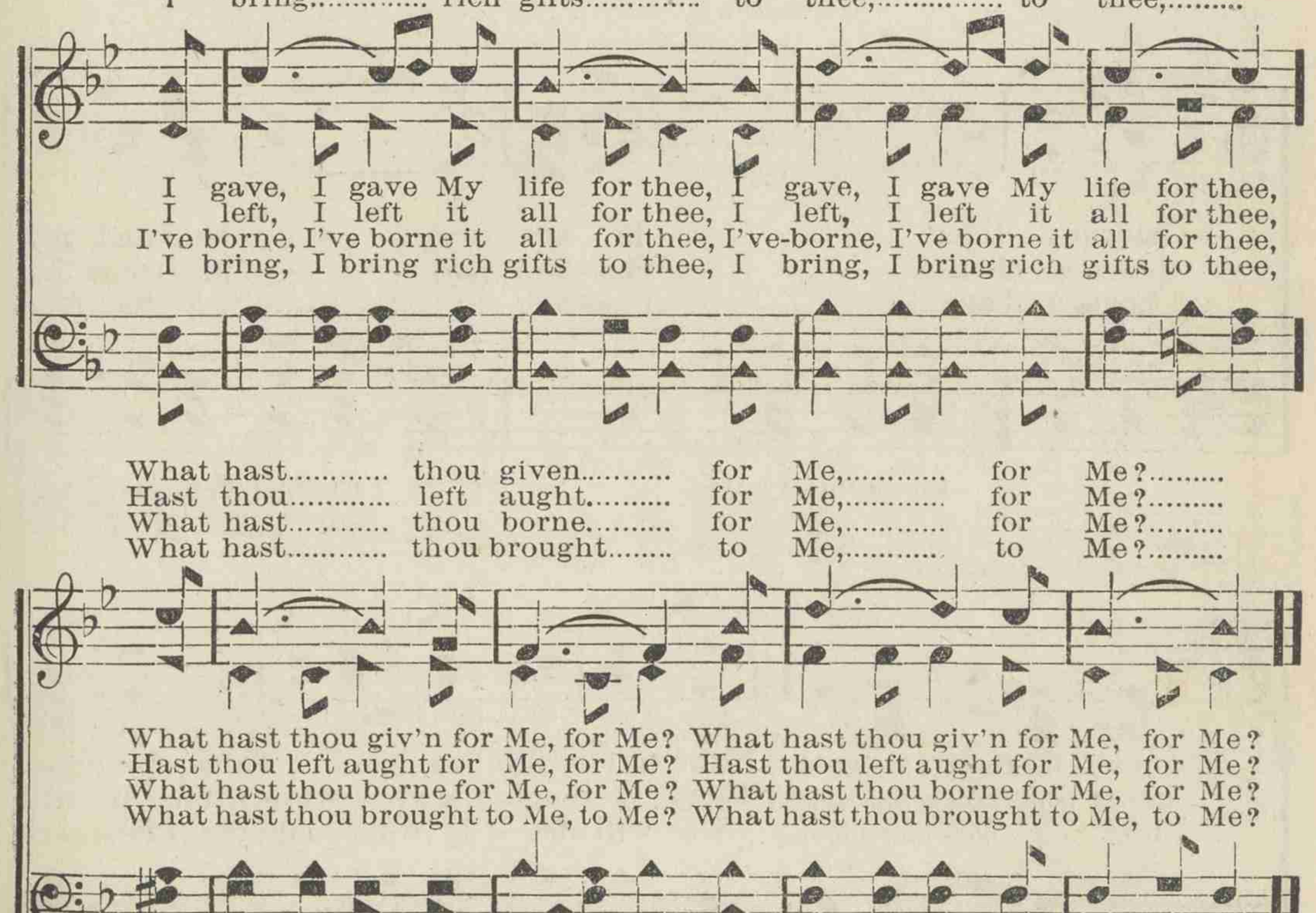
No. 149. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. BUCHANAN.
Colorado City, Tex., Sept. 19, 1889.



REFRAIN.



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No. 150. SAVIOUR, GUIDE ME.

Mrs. Ella Storkey. J. S. Torbett.



to Thy home di-vine; Show my wand'ring feet the way, Help Thy
meet our loved ones gone, Sing - ing with the an - gel band, In that
oth - er on our way; And we'll wear a shin- ing crown, When we

CHORUS.

doubt - ing child to - day.
glo - rious spir - it land.
lay life's bur-dens down.

Oh, what joys

Oh, what joys..... for us a-

for us a-wait, 'Till we pass with-in the gate;

wait, 'Till we pass..... ..... with-in the gate;

A lov-ing Saviour good and kind,

A lov - ing Sav - - iour good and kind,..... Who healed the

Who healed the sick and led the blind.

sick..... and led the blind.

No. 151. Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei- ther sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
But Thy blood, O my Sav- iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar- ments of white;

In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair,
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com- eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav- iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

FINE.

D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
2 & 3 vs. Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.

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No. 152. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. Com-pan-ion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Ear - ly the summons has
2. Oh, can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the re-gret we have
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the
4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of com-fort or
5. O peo - ple of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the com-

come from on high. The way is so dark, and yet I must go;
nev - er learn'd how To come be-fore Him, who on - ly can save,
man - sions a - bove, To bleed and to die on Cal - va - ry's tree,
prom - ise for me; To die with-out God, or hope in His Son,
mand of your Lord, And pub - lish to all of Ad - am's lost race

CHORUS.

O that such sor - row you nev - er may know!
Lead - ing in tri - umph thro' death and the grave!
Bring - ing sal - va - tion to sin-ners like me?
Cov - er'd in dark - ness, bereaved and un - done?
Par - don, for - give - ness, sal - va - tion thro' grace?

On - ly a pray'r,

on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and mother were here; On - ly a

song, 'twill com-fort and cheer; On - ly a word from that Book so dear;

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No. 153. LOOK OUT ALONG THE WAY.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Look out a-long the way, There's dang-er ev - 'ry day, For the
2. Look out a-long the way, Be read - y for the fray, For the
3. Look out a-long the way, And ne'er the cause be-tray, For your

pit-falls they are hidden here and there; You'll stumble e'er you know That
try-ing time is com-ing by and by, When heav'nly strength you'll need To
du-ty is to lift the standard high, Be ev - er true and brave And

Sa-tan's on the go, Tempting souls by rare de-vic - es ev - 'ry-where.
do a good-ly deed, And to help you stand for right when sin is nigh.
try some soul to save, For the judgement day is com-ing by and by.

CHORUS.

Look out a-long the way, There's dan-ger ev - 'ry day; There is
ev - er need to caref'ly watch and pray; Be read-y to as-sail The

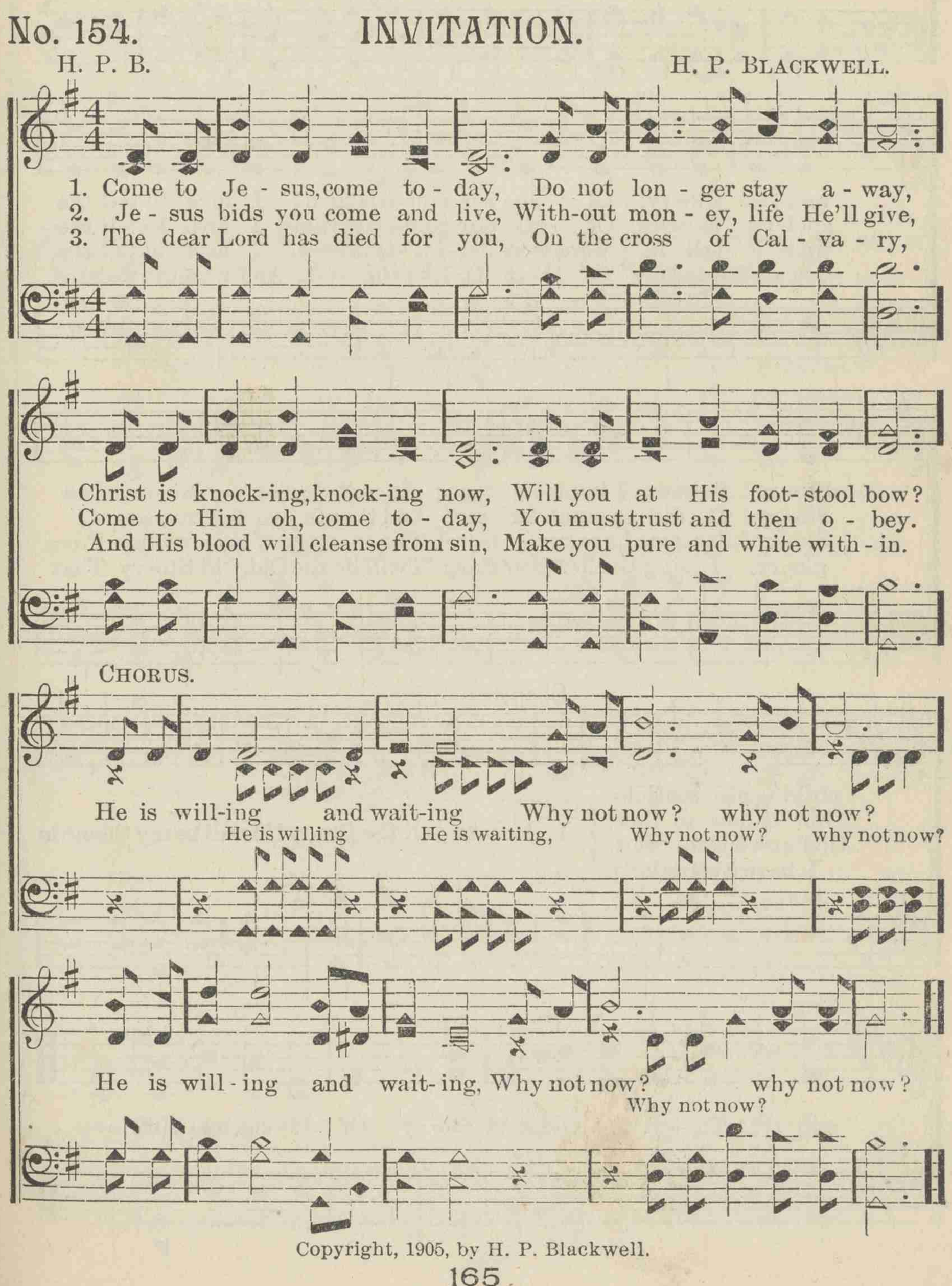
S. W. Beazley, owner.

LOOK OUT ALONG THE WAY.—Concluded.



No. 154. INVITATION.

H. P. B. H. P. BLACKWELL.



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No. 155. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867. W. G. Fisher, by per.



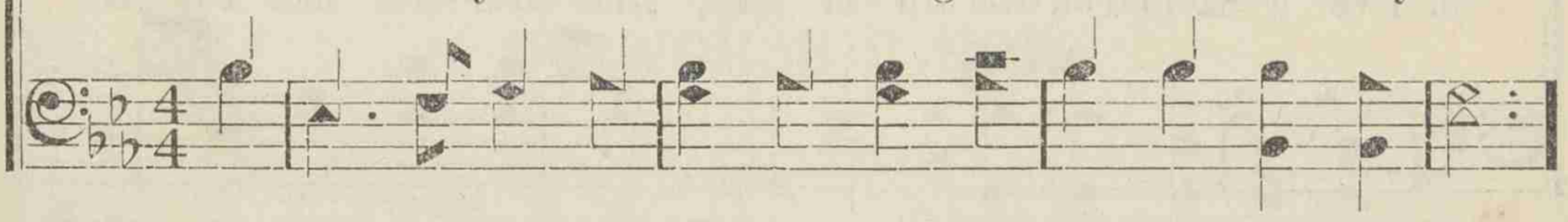
No. 156. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

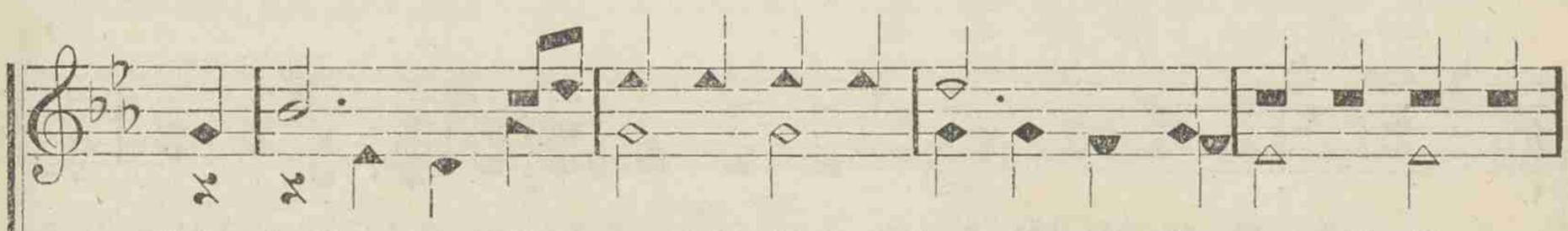
(May be sung in E.)

EDWARD PERRONET. WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
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!

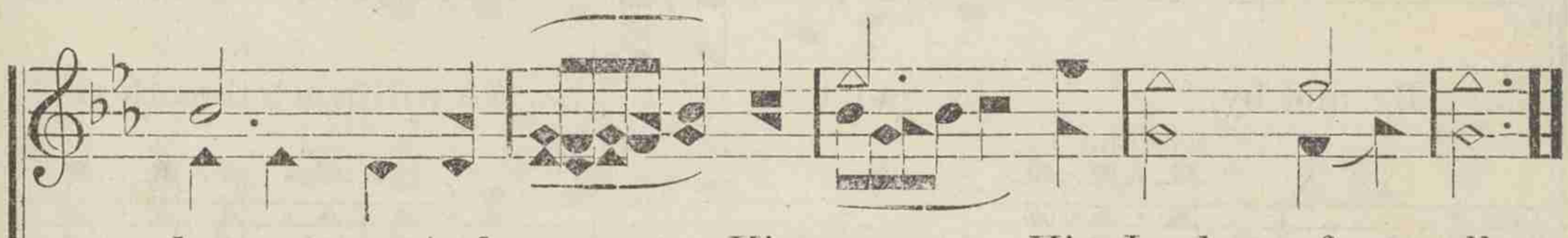




Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, the roy-al di - a -
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, your trophies at His
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, all maj - es - ty as -
We'll join the ev - er- last- ing song, the ev - er- last-ing

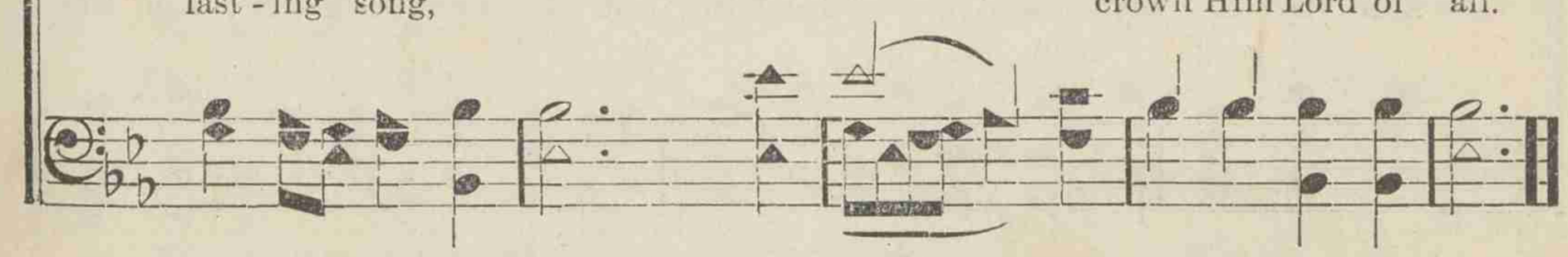
Bring forth the roy - - al di - a-dem, the roy - - al
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, your tro - phies
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, all maj - es -
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, the ev - er -





dem, And crown..... Him, crown..... Him Lord of all.
feet, And crown..... Him, crown..... Him Lord of all.
cribe, And crown..... Him, crown..... Him Lord of all.
song, And crown..... Him, crown..... Him Lord of all.

di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, crown Him Lord of all.
ty as - cribe, crown Him Lord of all.
last - ing song, crown Him Lord of all.



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No. 157. THERE'S A LIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Mrs. T. L. Tompkinson. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. There's a light on the oth - er side, When shad - ows flee a - way,
2. There's a crown on the oth - er side, That some day shall be mine,
3. There is heav'n on the oth - er side, And joy and peace are there,
4. I have friends on the oth - er side, From sin and sor - row free,
5. I've a Saviour on the oth - er side, And soon His face I'll see,



And the clouds will roll from o'er my soul, In the light of end-less day.
And the earth-ly cross, with its bit - ter loss, Will then be left be - hind.
For the blight of sin can-not en - ter in, To spoil that E - den fair.
With their harps of gold and joys un - told, They wait to wel-come me.
For he bids me come to that heav'nly home, My Lord who died for me.

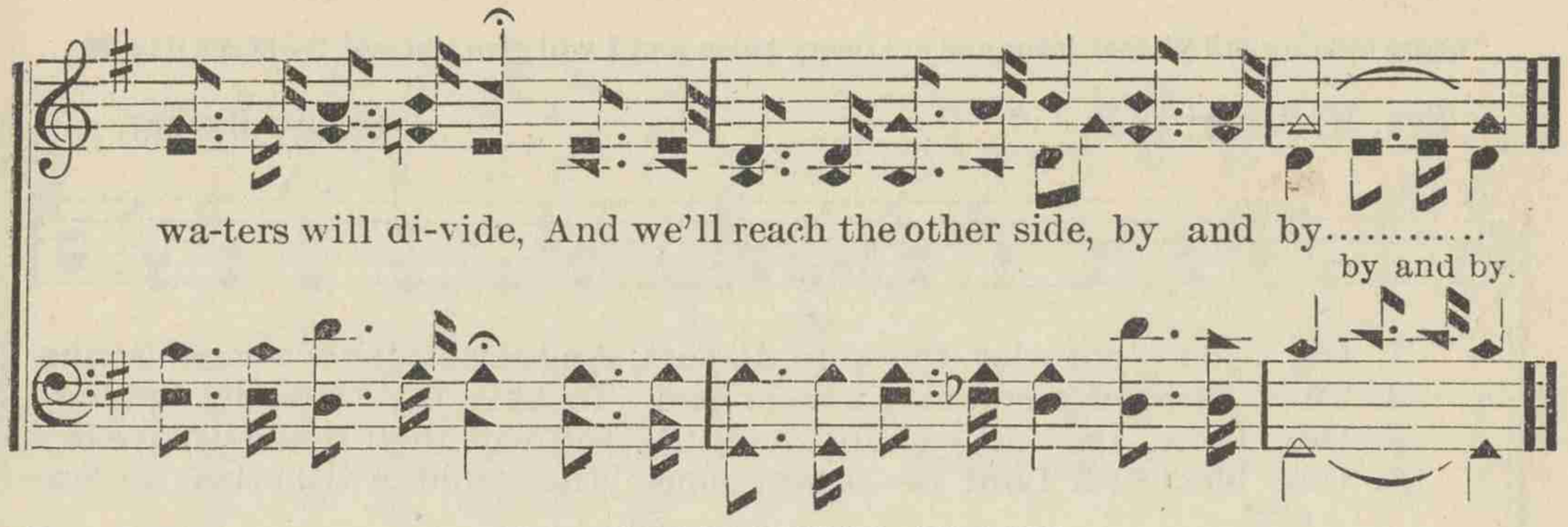


Chorus.



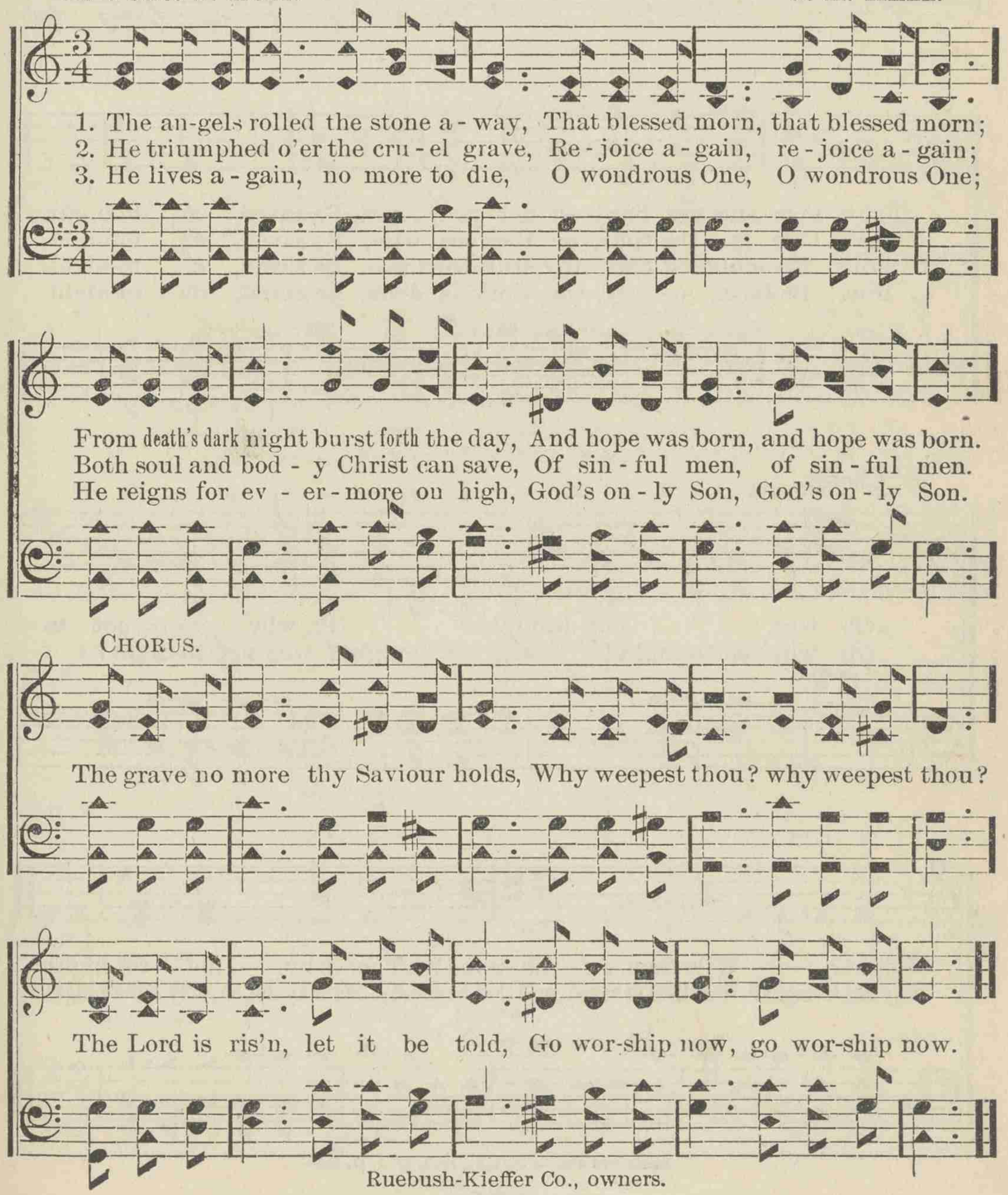
By and by, by and by, We will reach the oth - er side, by and by, by and by, by and by, by and by,..... Fear-ing not the swell-ing tide, For the by and by,

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No. 158. GO WORSHIP NOW.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

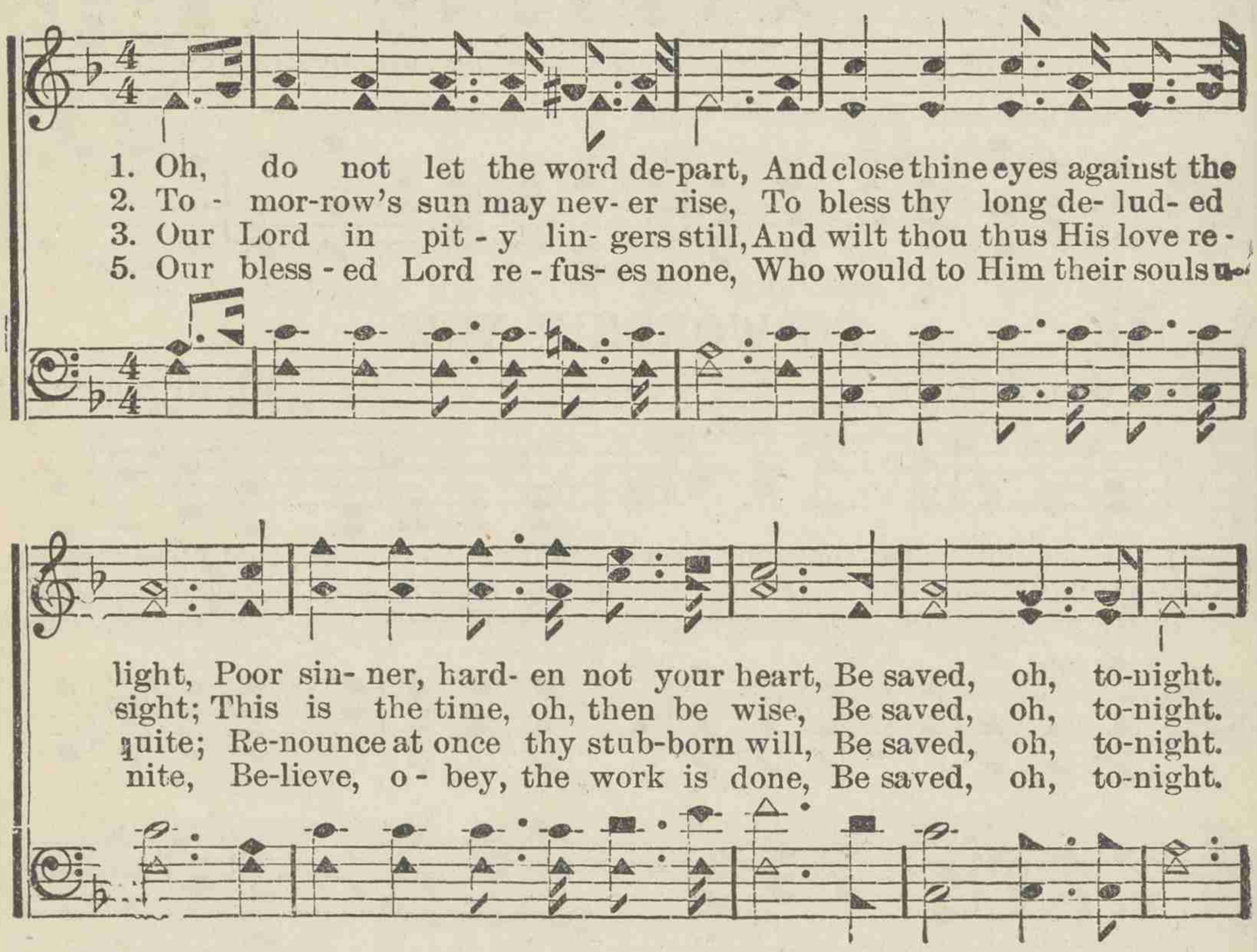


Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 159. Oh! Why Not To-Night.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

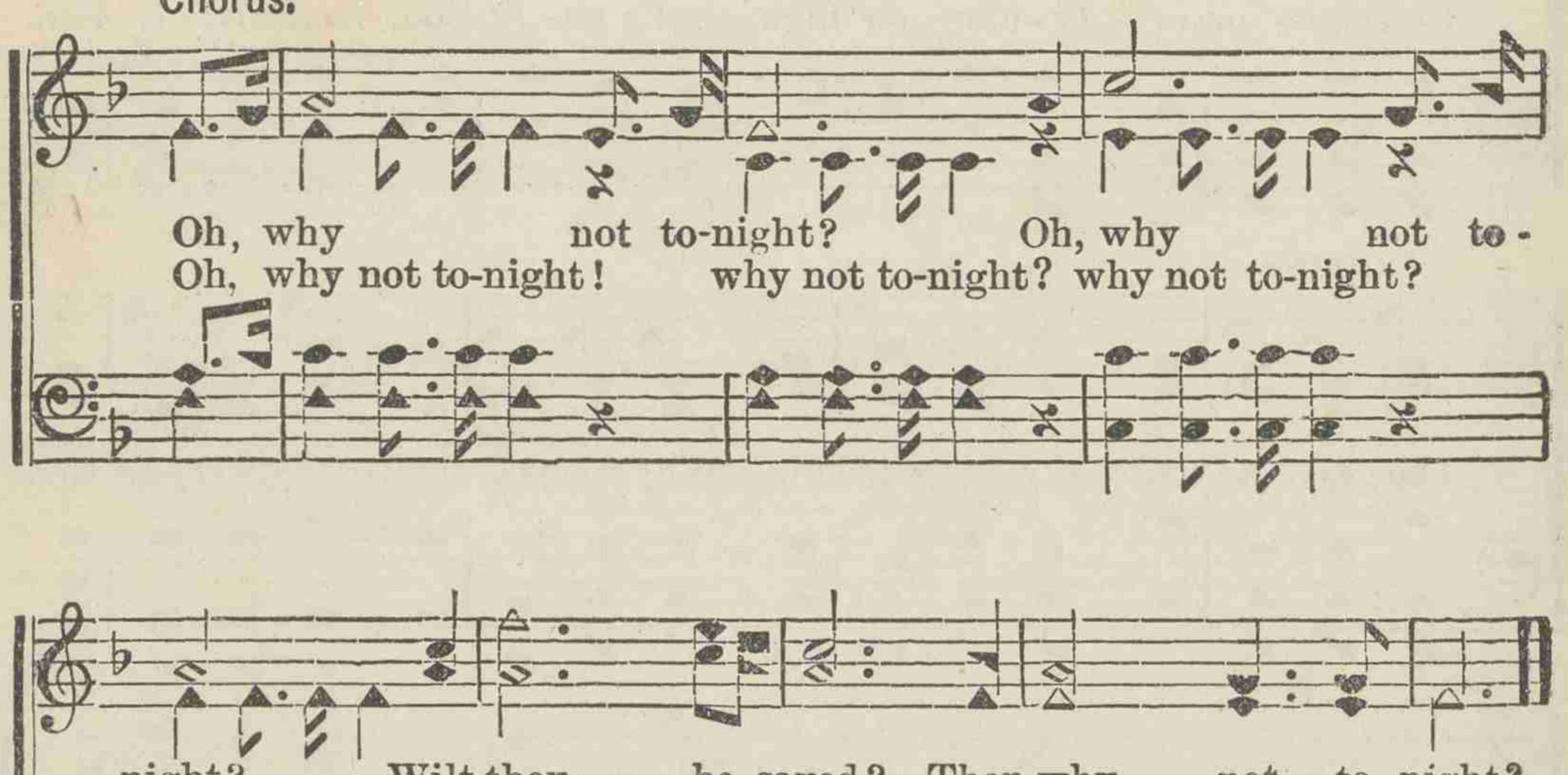
Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. J. Calvin Bushey.



1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud- ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
5. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus- es none, Who would to Him their souls u-

light, Poor sin- ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite, Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Chorus.



Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
Oh, why not to-night! why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to- night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to- night?

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No. 160. THE SUNSHINE OF HIS LOVE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. W. F. SNODDY.

1. Let the sun- shine of Thy love, Beaming brightly from a-bove, Fill with
2. Bet - ter far than gems of gold, Is the sto-ry sweet and old, Of re -
3. In the beau - ty of His face, Ten - der, lov - ing lines I trace, His com -

light and beau- ty all the world a-round, Let the cheering words of grace,
deem-ing grace and mer- cy full and free; For one ray of light di-vine
pas - sion like a ti - dal wave doth roll; With a radiance bright as day,

D.S.—Fill - ing all the world a-round,

FINE.

Be proclaimed in ev'ry place, Where the blight of sin and shame may e'er be found.
In this sinful heart of mine Brings a peace and joy to all e-ter - ni - ty.
He il - lumines all the way, He's the blessed, blessed sunshine of my soul.

Where the blight of sin is found, Cheering weary souls with peace and love divine.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed truth, bless - ed truth, Let the
Bless - ed truth, bless - ed truth,

D.S.

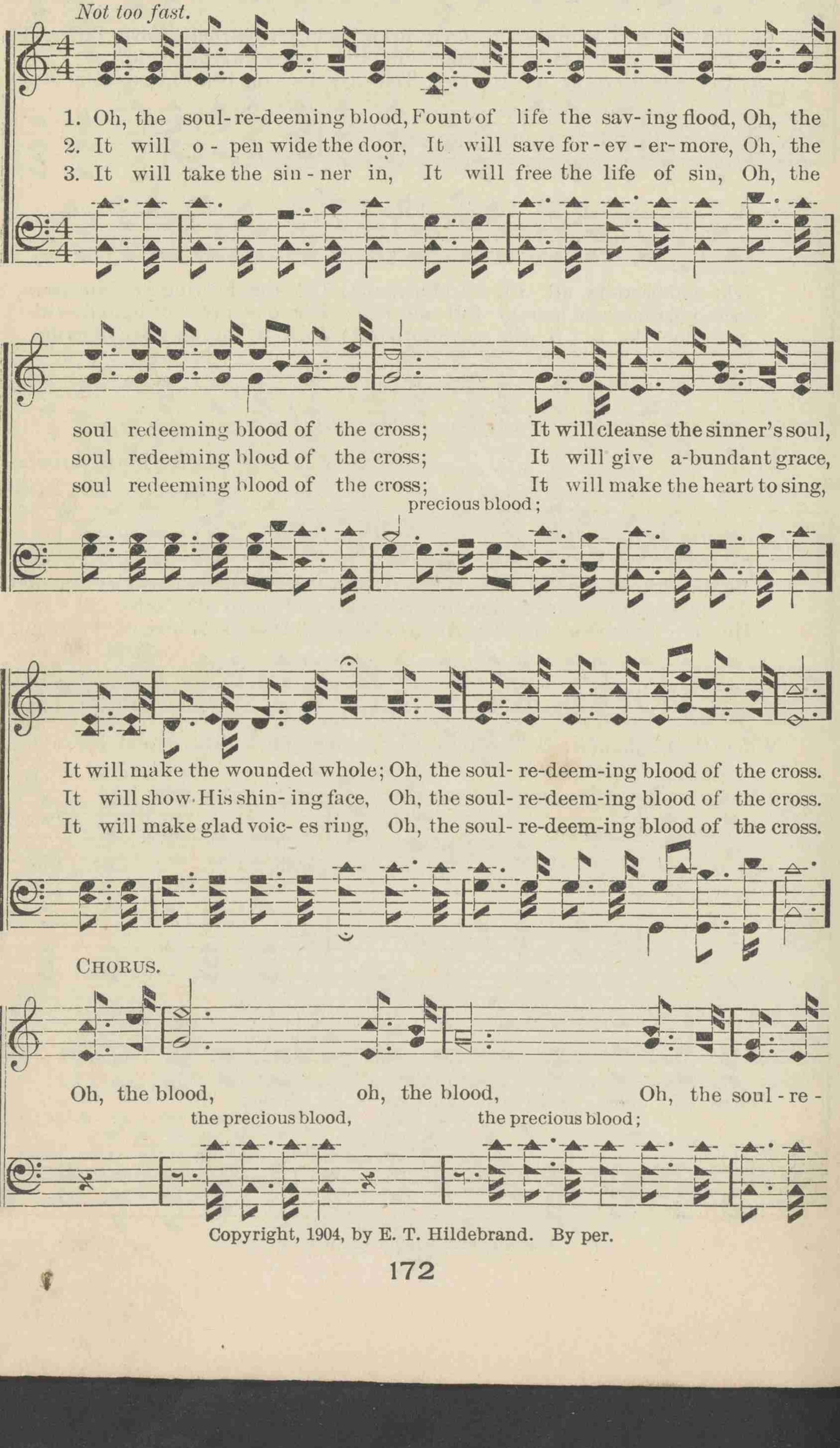
bless - ed gos - pel truth for - ev - er shine;
for ev - er shine;

No. 161. SOUL-REDEEMING BLOOD.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

S. W. BEAZLEY. B. C. UNSELD.

Not too fast.



CHORUS.

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SOUL-REDEEMING BLOOD.—Concluded.

deeming blood of the cross, It will cleanse the sinner's soul, It will
precious blood,

make the wounded whole; Oh, the soul - re-deem- ing blood of the cross.

No. 162. MY HEART, MY LIFE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. B. ALDERMAN.

1. Tho' con-stant toil my days employ, Tho' hard life's con - flict be;
2. Tho' earth- ly pleasures tempt my soul, And prom- ise much to me;
3. I sac - ri - fice to Thee, O Lord, If aught may wor - thy be;

My bet - ter self, my bet - ter life, O Lord, I give to Thee.
I all re- sign and claim Thee mine, My - self I give to Thee.
And claim the of-f'rings of Thy love, Thy grace my on - ly plea.

FINE.

D.S.—What-e'er my lot, my feet pre-pare To walk the nar - row way.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

My heart, my life I give to Thee, Ac - cept me, Lord, I pray;

No. 163. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. H. P. BLACKWELL.

1. When life's toilsome journey is past,..... And the wea- ry watch-ing is
2. No more heart aches then e'er shall come,..... Ev -'ry bur-den we shall lay
3. So I'm wait-ing His bless- ed time,.....When the trumpet's call I'll o -

o'er;..... We shall rest from suf-f'ring at last..... On the bliss - ful
down;... For the cross that here we have borne,.. He will give each
bey;.....When the sea shall give up her dead, And the heavn's and

CHORUS.

heav - en - ly shore.....
one there a crown. .....
earth pass a - way.....

} Beau-ti - ful home,..... home of the

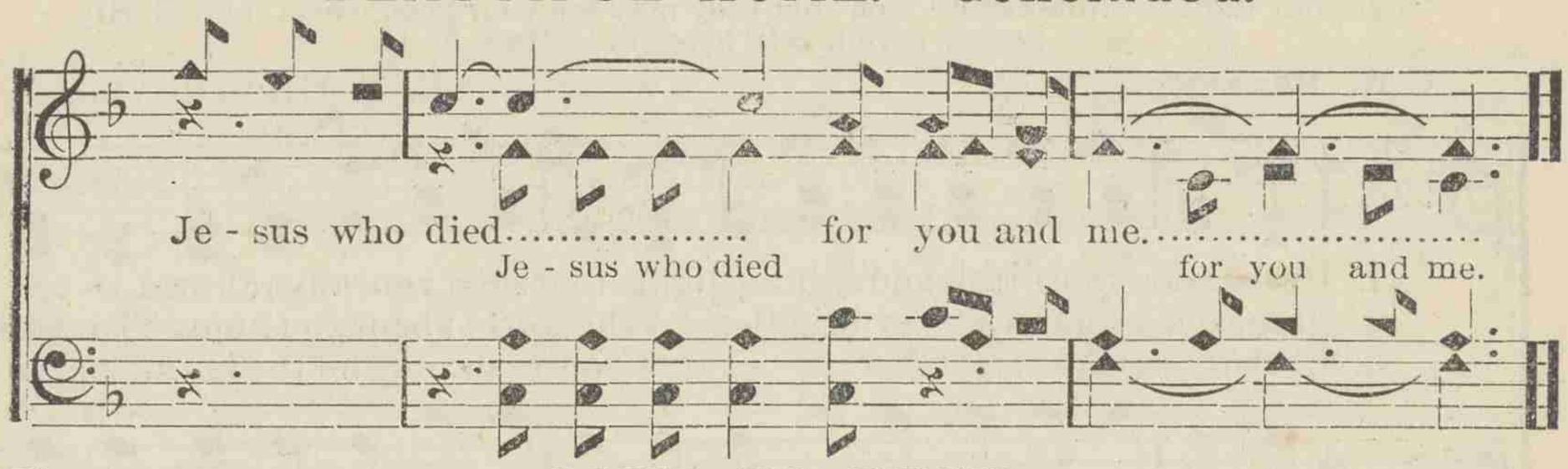
Beau-ti - ful home,

blest,..... Beau- ti - ful home,..... there may I
home of the blest, Beau- ti - ful home,

rest,..... Oh,how I long..... Je- sus to see,.....
there may we rest, Oh,how I long Je-sus to see,

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BEAUTIFUL HOME.—Concluded.



No. 164. GONE TO REST.

(For the Funeral Service.)

Respectfully dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Carrie N. Millhoan, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. M. A. East, of Auburn, Ark.

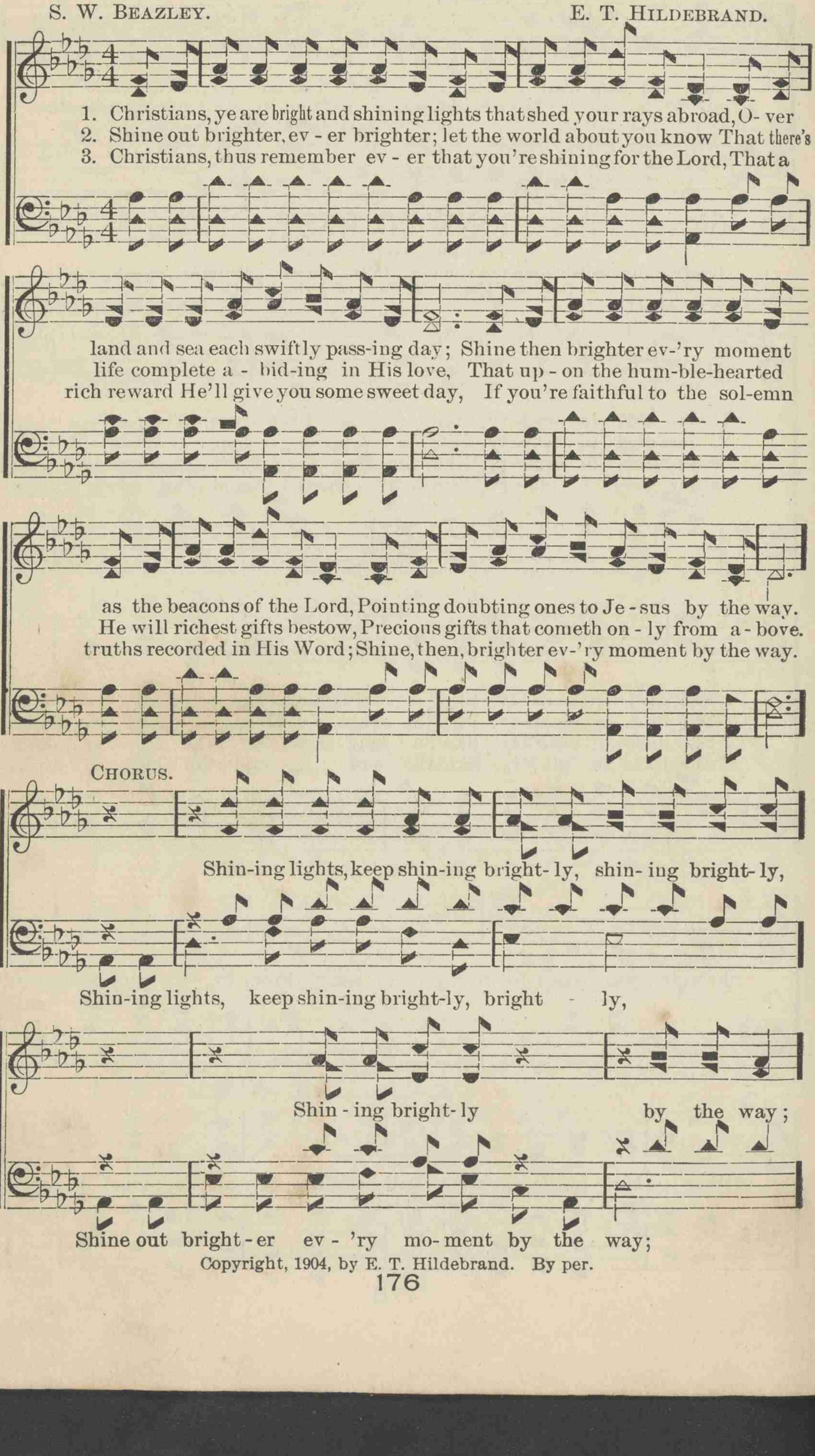
Arr. P. M. C. P. M. CLAUNTS.



No. 165. BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHTS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

S. W. BEAZLEY. E. T. HILDEBRAND.



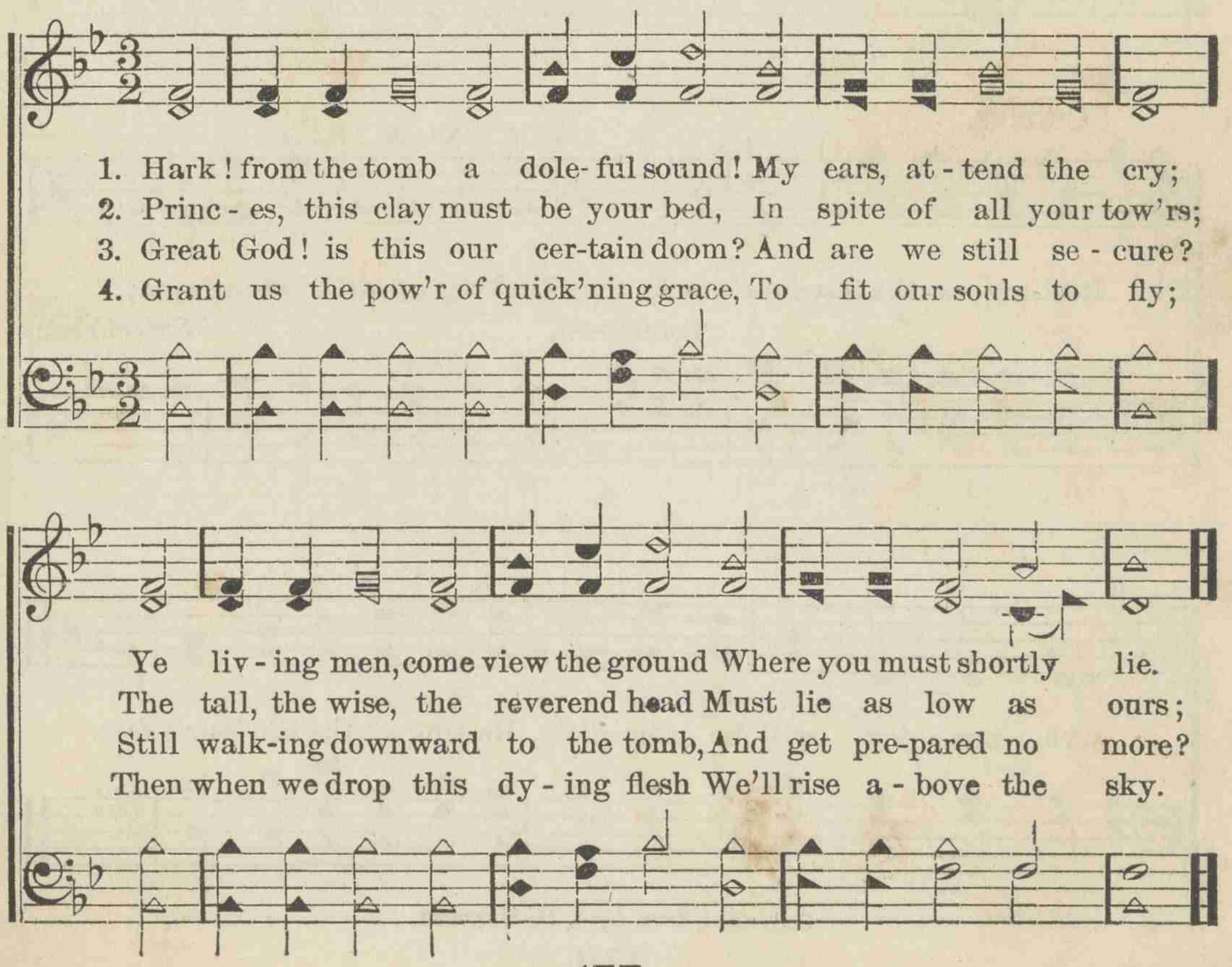
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BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHTS.—Concluded.



No. 166. TAYLORSVILLE.

W. P. BLAKENEY.



No. 167.

Resting at His Feet.

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

1. An - gels bright will gath-er round us, Singing songs di-vine-ly sweet,
2. All the myst'ries of the Gos - pel, Will to us be made so clear,
3. Ev - 'ry bright and gold- en prom- ise, He will then to us re- peat,
4. We shall no more dread the tem-pest, Nor shall fear the sun's fierce heat,

When, at last, life's journey's c - ver, And we rest at Je - sus' feet.
And we'll see God's wondrous wis-dom, Resting with the Saviour dear.
And they'll e - ven seem More pre-cious, Resting there at Je- sus' feet.
All our griefs will be for - got - ten, Resting at the Sav-iour's feet.

CHORUS.

Rest-ing at the Sav-iour's feet, Looking up with lov-ing eyes;
Sweet rest, Sweet rest;

Ah, our joy will be com-plete, Resting at the Saviour's feet.

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No. 168. BID THEM COME.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. H. P. BLACKWELL.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 169. BOUNDLESS LOVE.

W. H. RUEBUSH. DAYTON S. HOOVER.



1. Bound-less love I'll still be sing- ing, How the blood has made me free;
2. Bound-less love I'll still be sing- ing, I had wan-dered far a - way;
3. Bound-less love I'll still be sing- ing, Glo-rious theme for all the years;



How I found a full sal - va - tion Thro' the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Je - sus placed His arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to the way.
No more troub- le, no more sigh- ing, No more sad- ness, no more tears,





How un - to my heart a - hungered Came the bless- ed words of cheer,
Oft He gave me words of com- fort In the mo-ment of the fray,
I will then like my dear Sav-iour Cheer-ful words and smiles be-stow,



D.S.—Boundless love, a home in glo - ry, Christ has full a - tone-ment made,

FINE.



And a smil - ing face had dried Ev - 'ry tear. (Ev - 'ry tear.)
Oft He stayed my fal - t'ring feet For the day. (For the day.)
Scat - ter sun - shine on my path As I go. (As I go.)



I will sing His won- drous love Praise His name. (Praise His name.)

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BOUNDLESS LOVE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Bound-less love,..... O won-drous sto - - ry,
Bound-less love, O won-drous sto - ry, Bound-less love, O won-drous sto - ry,

D.S.

On the cross of Cal - va - ry the debt was paid; (debt was paid;)

No. 170. I ONLY KNOW.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. N. M. CORDELL.

1. Just what the fu - ture has for me Or what my Lord has plann'd; Or
2. A-while I wandered far from God, His child I would not be; He
3. O match-less love, O wondrous grace, My Fa-ther's best com- mand; I

FINE. CHORUS.

why with good He follows me, I can-not un- der-stand. } I on - ly
sought me, won me by His love, But why, I can-not see.
hail with joy His smiling face, And hope to un- der-stand. } I on-ly know, I

D.S.—From sin my soul sets free.

D.S.

know, What Je - sus did for me, And thro' His matchless, tender grace
on-ly know,

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 171. **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, 𝄾 Try-ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know-ing My Sav-iour stands be-tween;
My Sav-iour helps me to car-ry My cross when heav-y to bear;
For me He opened the fount-ain, The crim-son, cleans-ing tide;



He promised nev-er to leave me, 𝄾 Nev-er to leave me a-lone;



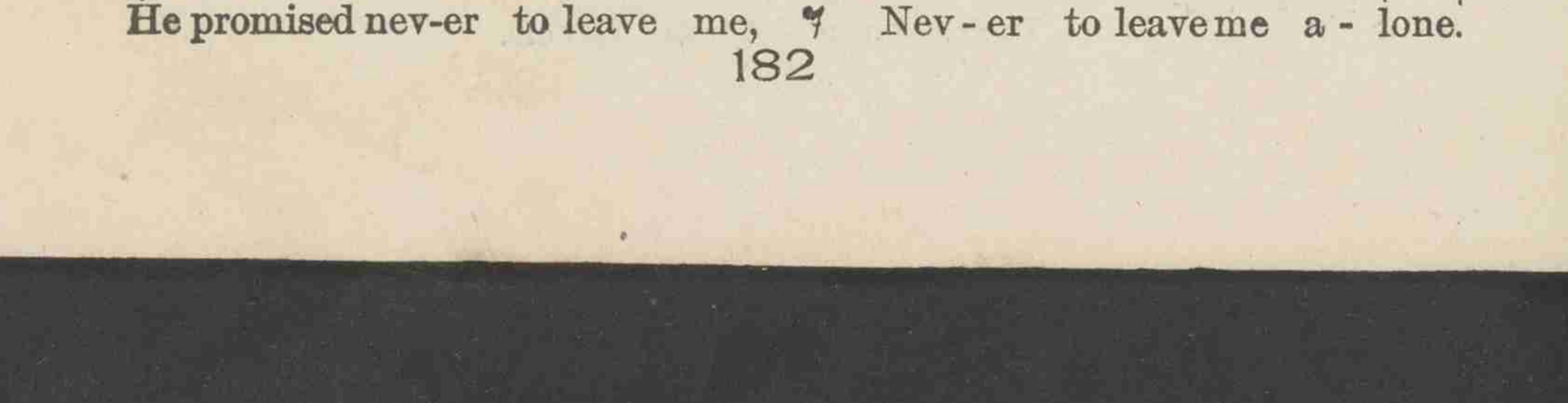
I've heard the voice of my Sav-iour, 𝄾 Telling me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan-ger When earth-ly friends are gone;
My feet, en-tangled with bri-ars 𝄾 Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo-ry, 𝄾 Seat-ed up-on His throne;



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



He promised nev-er to leave me, 𝄾 Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
He promised nev-er to leave me, 𝄾 Nev-er to leave me a-lone.
My Sav-iour whispers His prom-ise: "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone."
He promises nev-er to leave me, 𝄾 Nev-er to leave me a-lone.



He promised nev-er to leave me, 𝄾 Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

No. 172. KEEP ME CLOSE TO THY HEART.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. JACOB GOOD.

DUET. *Slow.*



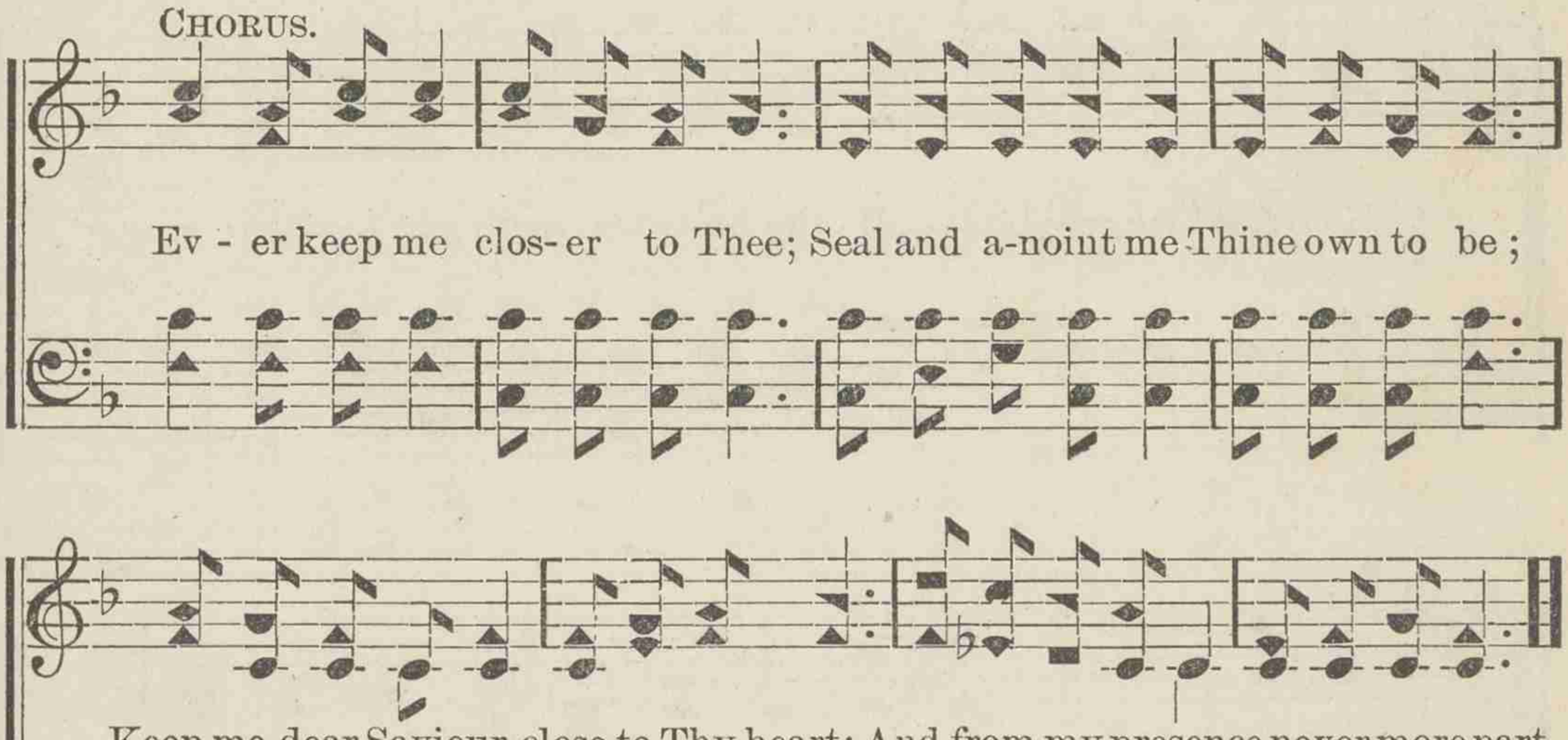
1. Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy heart; Life would be cheerless from Thee apart;
2. Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy heart And to my spir-it Thy love impart;
3. Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy heart, And from my presence nevermore part;
4. Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy heart, Friend and redeemer ev - er Thou art;



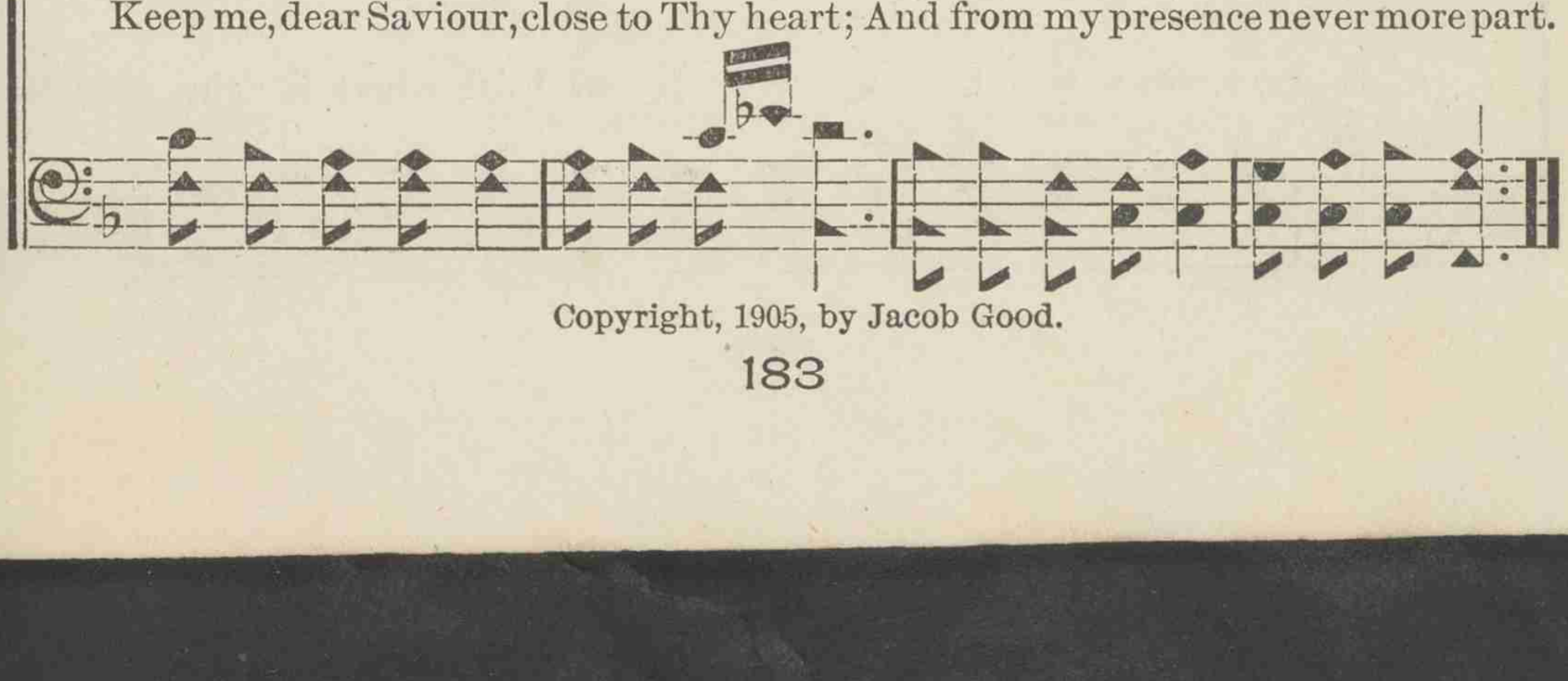
Thou art my comfort, Thou my de-light, Making life's moments joyous and bright.
Longing in fullness Thy pow'r to know, Daily in likeness to Thee would I grow.
Seal and anoint me and cleanse Thou me, I can be perfect, Lord only thro' Thee.
Peace and as - sur-ance to me se - cure, And to the end may I faithful en-dure.



CHORUS.



Ev - er keep me clos-er to Thee; Seal and a-noint me Thine own to be;



Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy heart; And from my presence never more part.

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No. 173. HE ROSE! HE ROSE!

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

1. O'er land and sea, let ev - 'ry tongue The gos- pel news pro - claim;
2. Dark were the shad-ows of the tomb Thro' which our Saviour passed;
3. Thus life and im- mor- tal - i - ty He brought to light a - gain;

The Lord has triumphed o - ver death, He rose and lives a - gain.
He left a light with - in the gloom, To burn while time shall last.
The vic - tor o - ver death and hell, Re-deem- er, Sav-iour, Friend.

CHORUS.

He rose! He rose! let all the hosts On earth and heav-en sing,
yes, sing,

"O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, O death, where is thy sting?"

No. 174 WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

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

Wake the song of ju - bi - lee;

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

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

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

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

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

Wake the song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... Loud as
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,

might - ty thunders roar, When it breaks..... upon the shore.
Loud as mighty thunders roar, When it breaks

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

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

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

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Concluded.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

hal - le- lu - jah, a - men, a - men, hal - le-lu - jah,

hal - le- lu-jah, hal - le- lu-jah,

lu - jah,

hal - le- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a- men and a-men.

hal - le-lu-jah,

*Several high voices sing small notes.

No. 175. THOU ART MY ALL.

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

Slow and gentle.

1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be-fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stray, No darkness can ap-pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthrall,

pp *rit.* *molto.*

If Thou my Lord art near, Keep me, no harm can then be - fall.
If Thou wilt light the way, Keep me, no dark-ness can ap - pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then en- thrall.

No. 176. LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.

(Duet and Quartette.)

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Look, look to the Com- for-ter, Ye who are troubled in mind,
2. Look, look to the Com- for-ter, On the dear Saviour be - lieve,
3. Look, look to the Com- for-ter, He has promised sweet rest,

Come, come with your aching hearts, Sweetest repose thou'lt find,.....
Come, while He in- vites you now, He is read-y to save,.....
Far, far from these earthly cares, Far in the realms of the blest,.....

Ye who are weary and ready to weep, Cheer thy sad hearts a - gain,
Ask for His par-don, He will forgive, List to His ear - nest call,
He has prepared us a beautiful home, Waiting for you and me,

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LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.—Concluded.

rit. pp

Cast thy cares at the Sav-iour's feet, He will thy burdens sus - tain.
Oh, be- lieve and thou shalt live. Par-don is free to us all.
Oh, ac-cept of His prom - ise now, Mer-cy is bounteous and free.

rit. pp

QUARTETTE. *m a tempo. dim.* *m* *dim.*

Come, ye who are ready to weep, O come, kneel at the Saviour's feet, O
Ye who are weary and Cast all thy cares

m *cres.* *p* *dim.*

Come, ye whe are weary in mind, Sweetest re- pose thou'lt find,
re-pose thou'lt

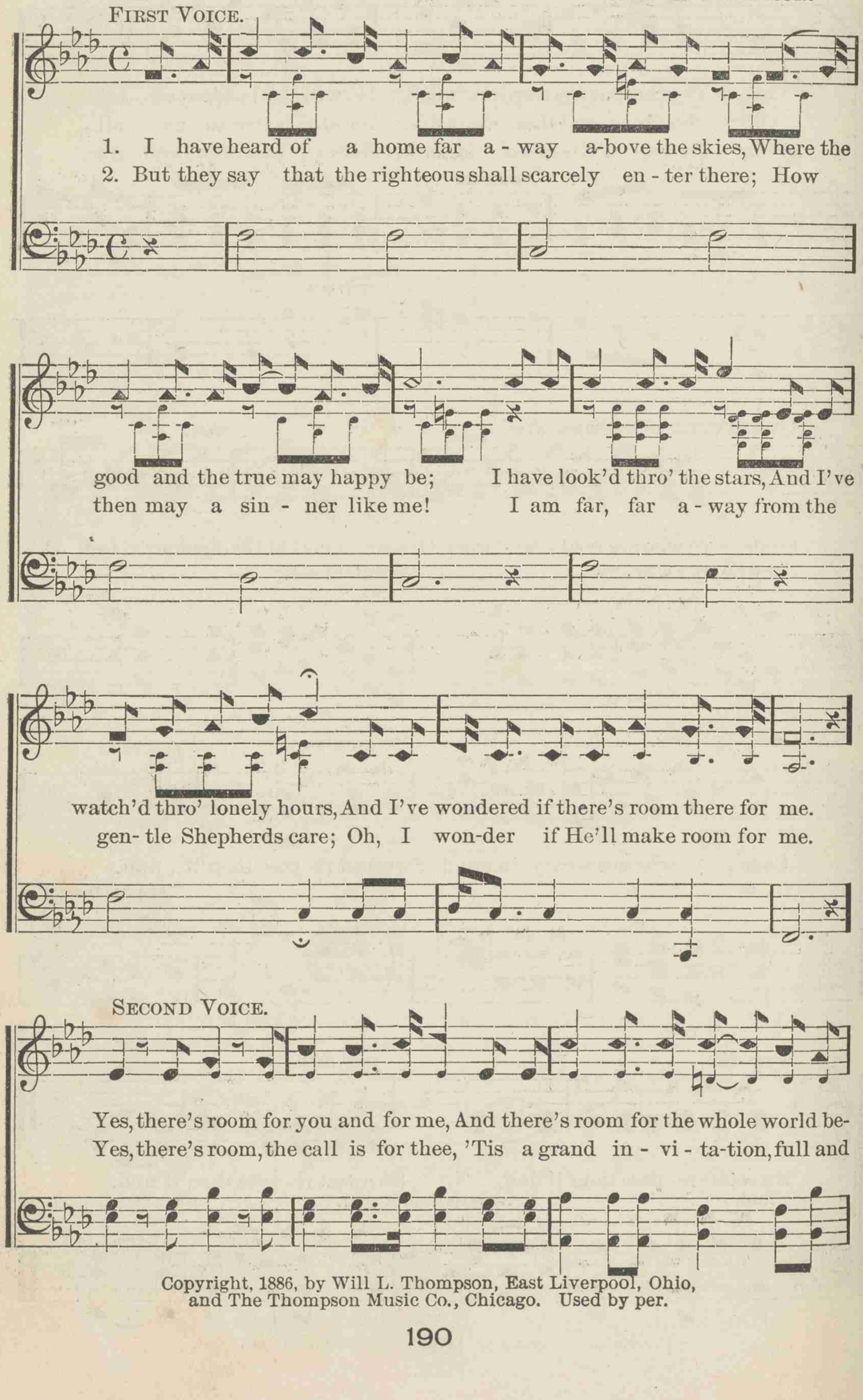
pp dim. *ppp dim.*

Sweetest re- pose thou'lt find, Sweetest re- pose thou'lt find.
find, Re-pose thou'lt find.

No. 177. I Wonder if There's Room There for Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

FIRST VOICE.



SECOND VOICE.

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I Wonder if There's Room, etc.—Concluded.

side; The won - der - ful love Of the Lord reach-es all;..... It
free; There's room for us all, If we list to His call; Yes, He's

CHORUS. *pp*

gen-tly calls us now to His side.
willing to make room there for thee.

Room for you and me, And there's

Yes, there's room for you,

room for all; List-en, list-en, Hear His earnest call, Who- so - ev - er

will may come; Who-so- ev- er will may come; Come ye that are wea-ry

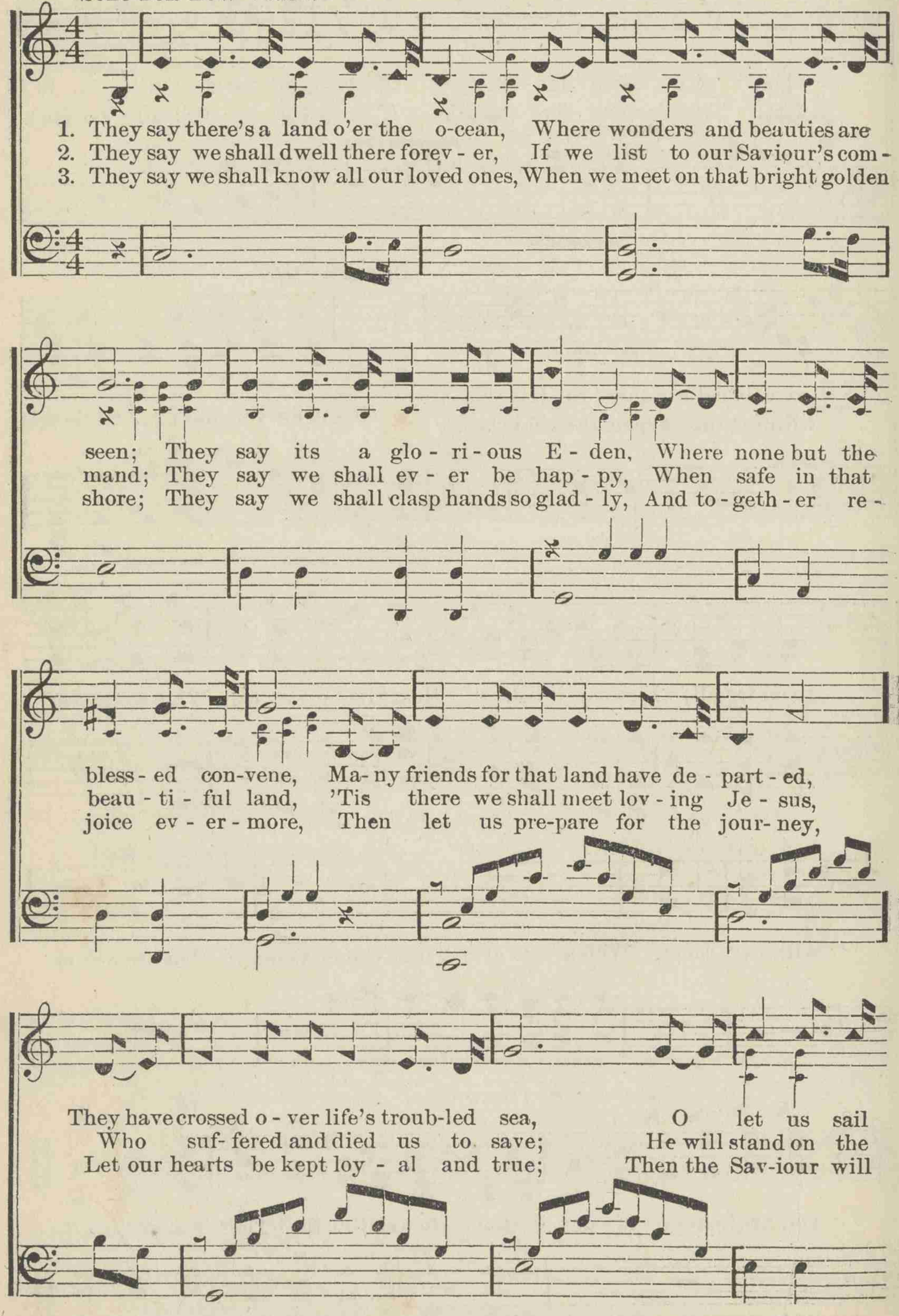
rit.

And are heav- y la - den, Listen, He's calling thee, There's room for all.

No. 178. They Say There's a Land O'er the Ocean.

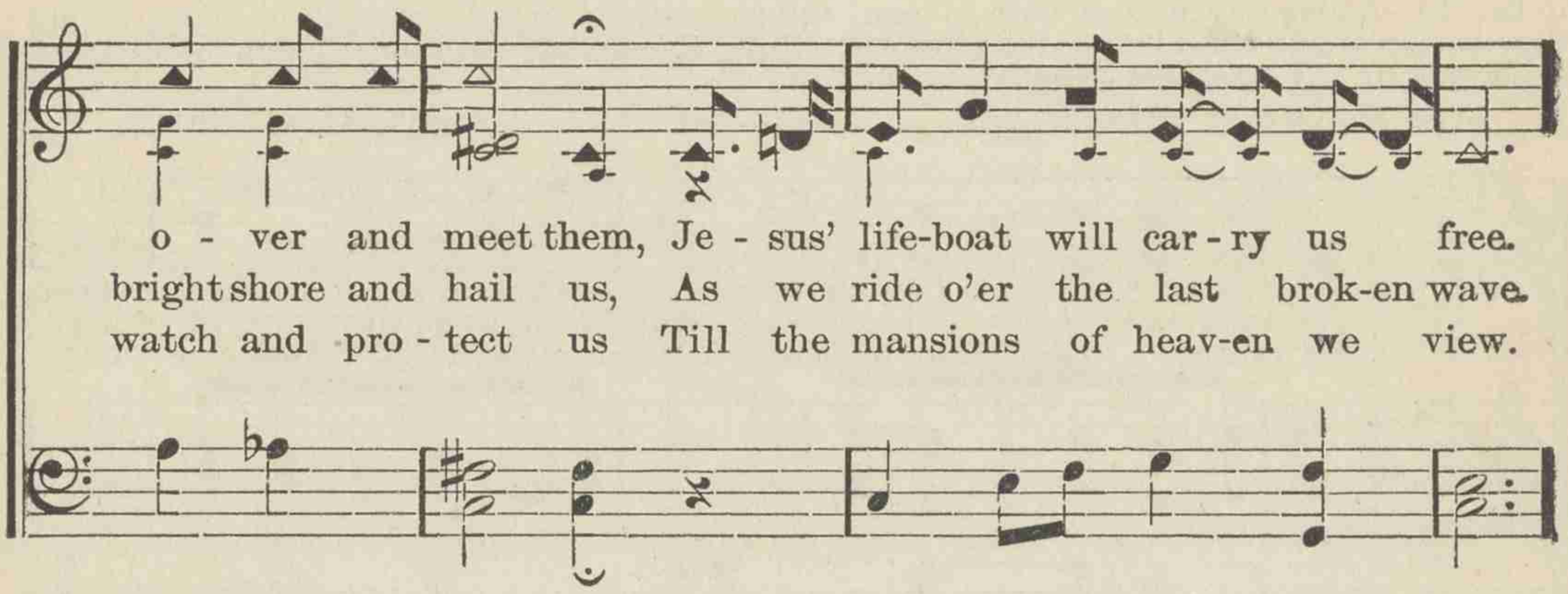
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO FOR LOW VOICE.

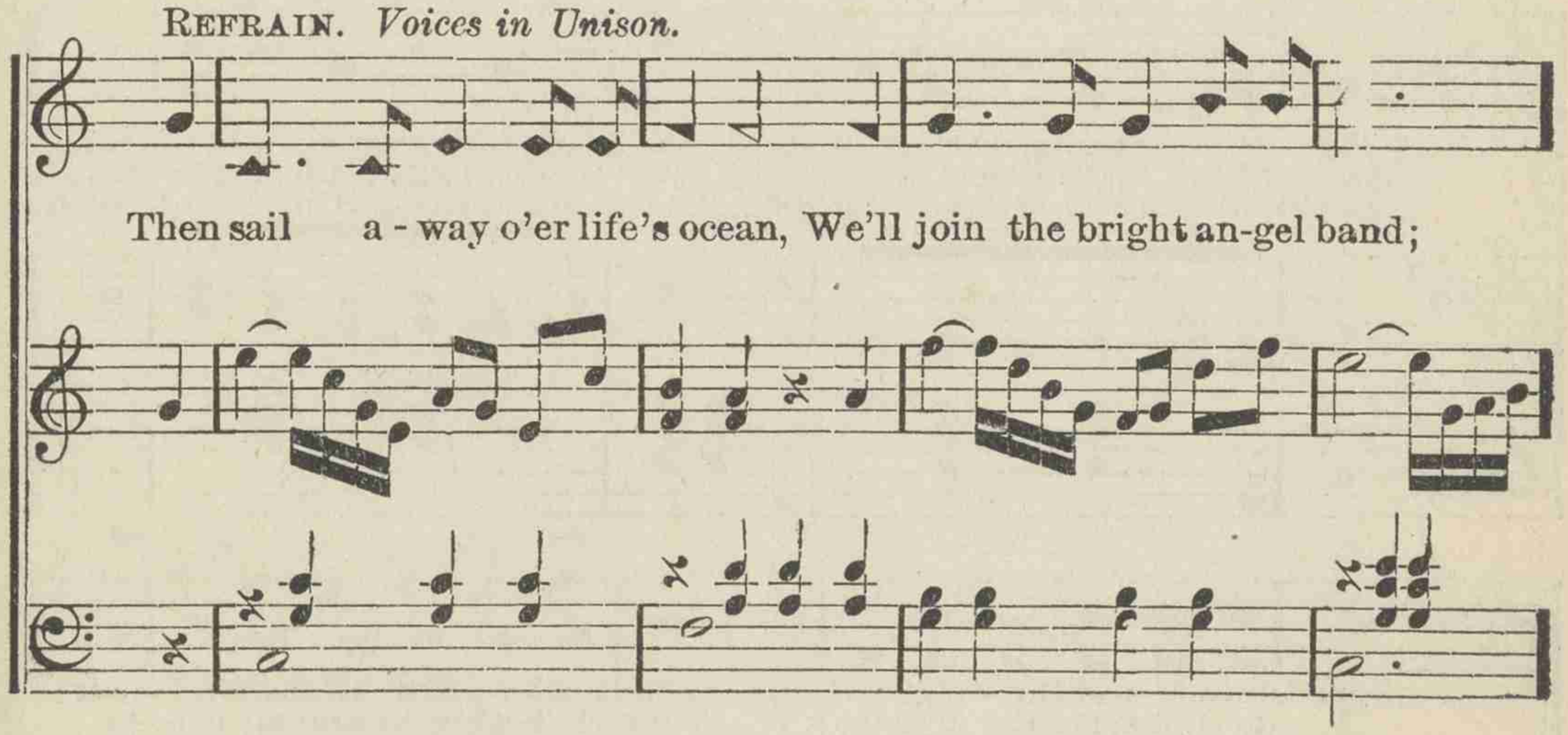


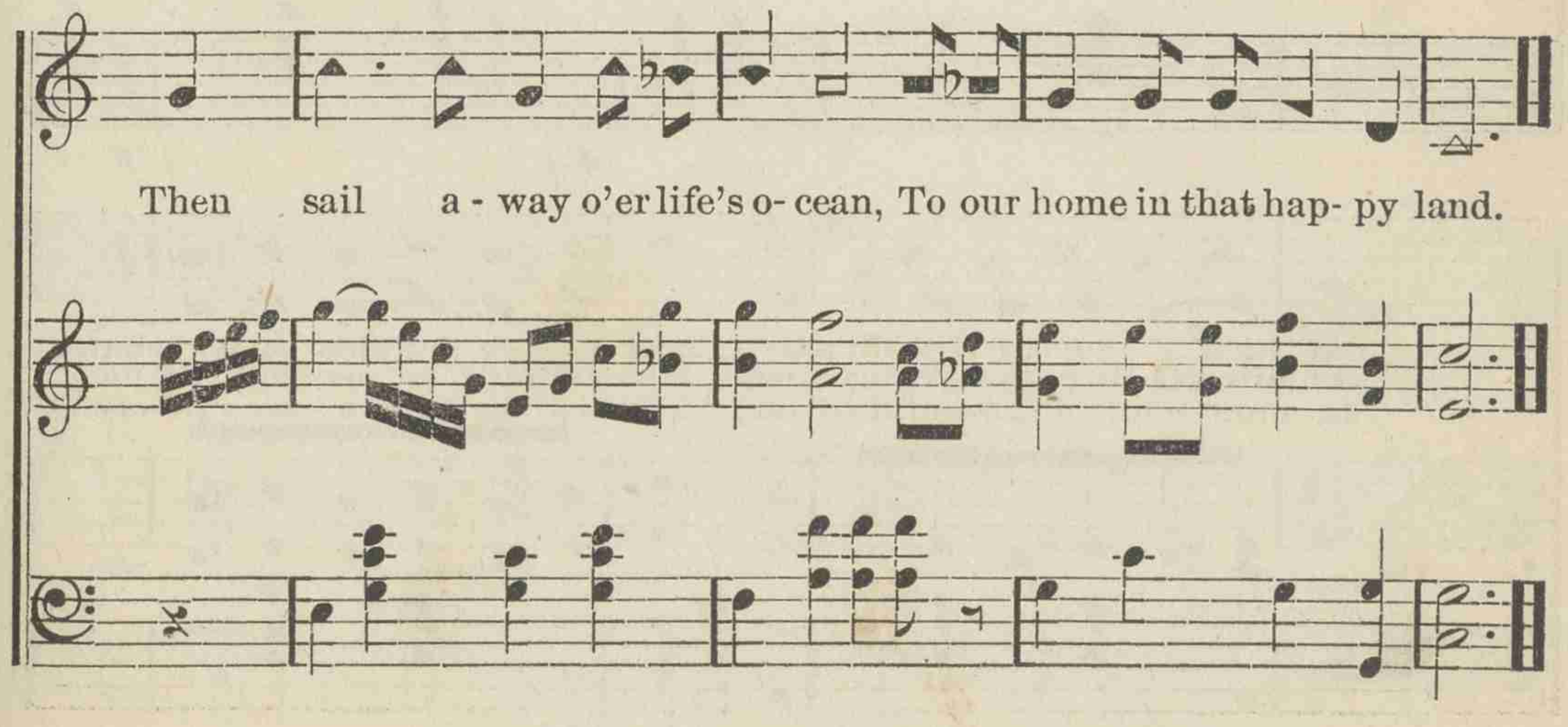
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They Say There's a Land, etc.—Concluded.



REFRAIN. *Voices in Unison.*





No. 179. MOTHER'S FRIEND.

"What do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?" asked a child of her orphan playmate. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was mother's Friend, and He is mine." "But Jesus is in the sky—a long way off, and, with so many things to attend to in heaven, 'tis n't likely he has time to stop to mind you." "I don't know anything about that," said the orphan, "all I know is He says He will, and that's enough for me."

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have a Friend most true—sincere—My mother's Friend, whom I revere;
2. It may be He is far a - way, But He has promised me to stay,
3. My mother's Friend shall be my own; My mother's God I'll trust a-lone;

Give expression to the words, without regard to tempo, or relative value of the notes.

He is so strong, so close, so dear, I know no vex-ing doubt or fear;
And be my Friend and Guide al way, So I can trust Him day by day;
I humbly kneel before His throne, And all my wants to Him make known;

Sometimes I feel the weight of care, Sometimes I might al-most de - spair;
I do not solve the mys-ter - y, That He both near and far can be,
This Friend who died on Calva - ry, My sac - ri - fice for sin to be,

rit.

But then I go to Him in pray'r, And ev - 'ry bur-den He will share.
But, prom-is - ing to hear my plea— His promise is e-nough for me.
Is more than all the world to me, And will be thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

MOTHER'S FRIEND.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 180.

JESUS ONLY.

JENNIE WILSON. (Quartet for Mixed Voices.) SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Je - sus on - ly can go with me O - ver all life's winding way;
2. To my soul His voice is mu - sic And His face a source of light;
3. When my journey here is end - ed And my days of time are o'er,

He a-lone knows all my tri - als As I journey day by day.
With His smile up-on me beaming Darkened ways are soon made bright.
Je - sus still will be my sol - ace As I leave the earth-ly shore.

Oh, His friendship is so precious! All is well when He is nigh;
Je - sus on- ly knows my pathway And my steps He'll safe- ly guide;
Je - sus on - ly can sustain me Where the chil- ly wa - ters flow;

Nothing that the world can of - fer Like His love doth sat - is - fy.
To His hand in faith I'm clinging Walking close to His dear side.
He will guide me to the homeland, Heaven's per- fect joys to know.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly! Je - sus on - ly! None like Him my heart can claim;
Jesus only! Jesus only!

Controlled by Beazley.



No. 181. COMMIT THY WAY.

B.

DUET, SOP. AND TENOR.



QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.



No. 182. REJOICE IN THE LORD.

J. S. TORBETT.

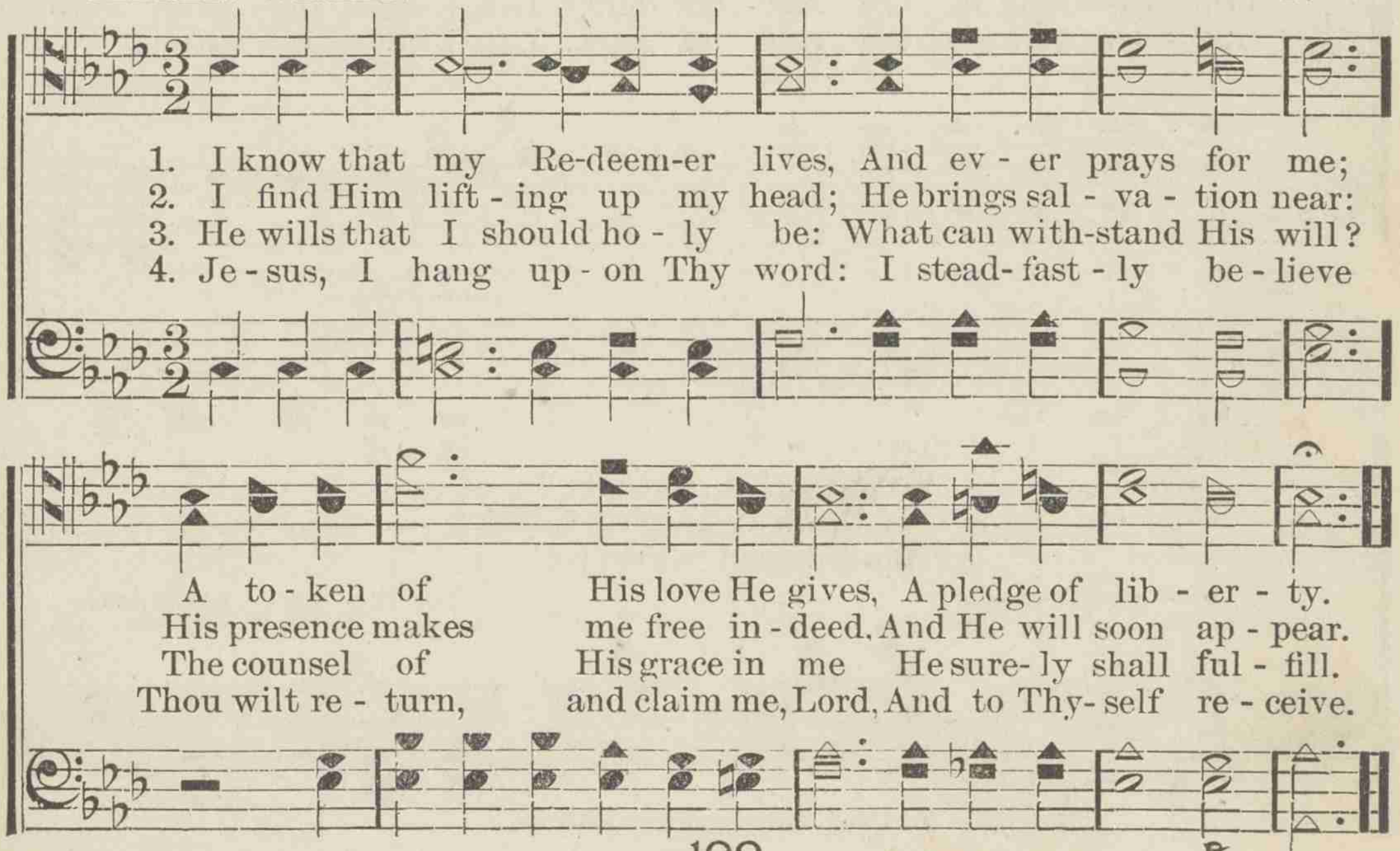


REJOICE IN THE LORD.—Concluded.



No. 183. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHARLES WESLEY. (For Male Voices.) B.



No. 184. WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.

(Quartet for Mixed Voices.)

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



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

1. And the



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

bells ring home;



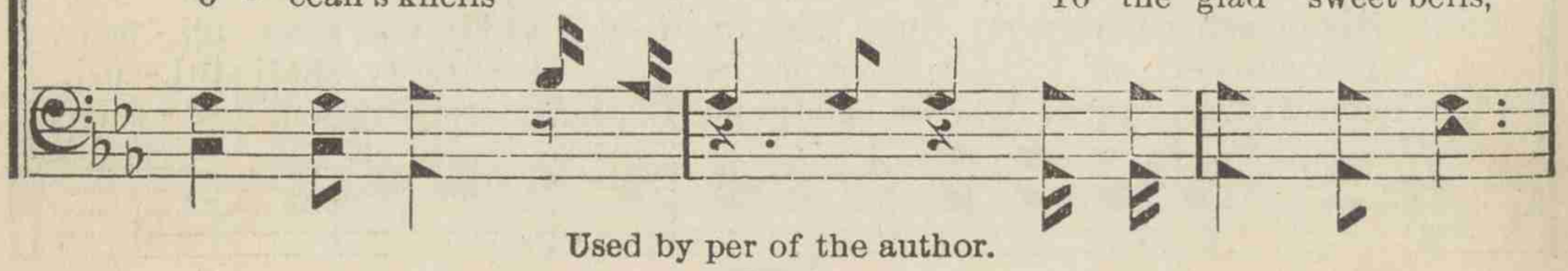
storms de-scend till the stars are lost, From the o - cean's knells,.....
heard them sing of the har - bor light; The bells, the bells,.....
ray - less darkness, the rain of tears? Love's mus - ic swells.....

From the



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

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



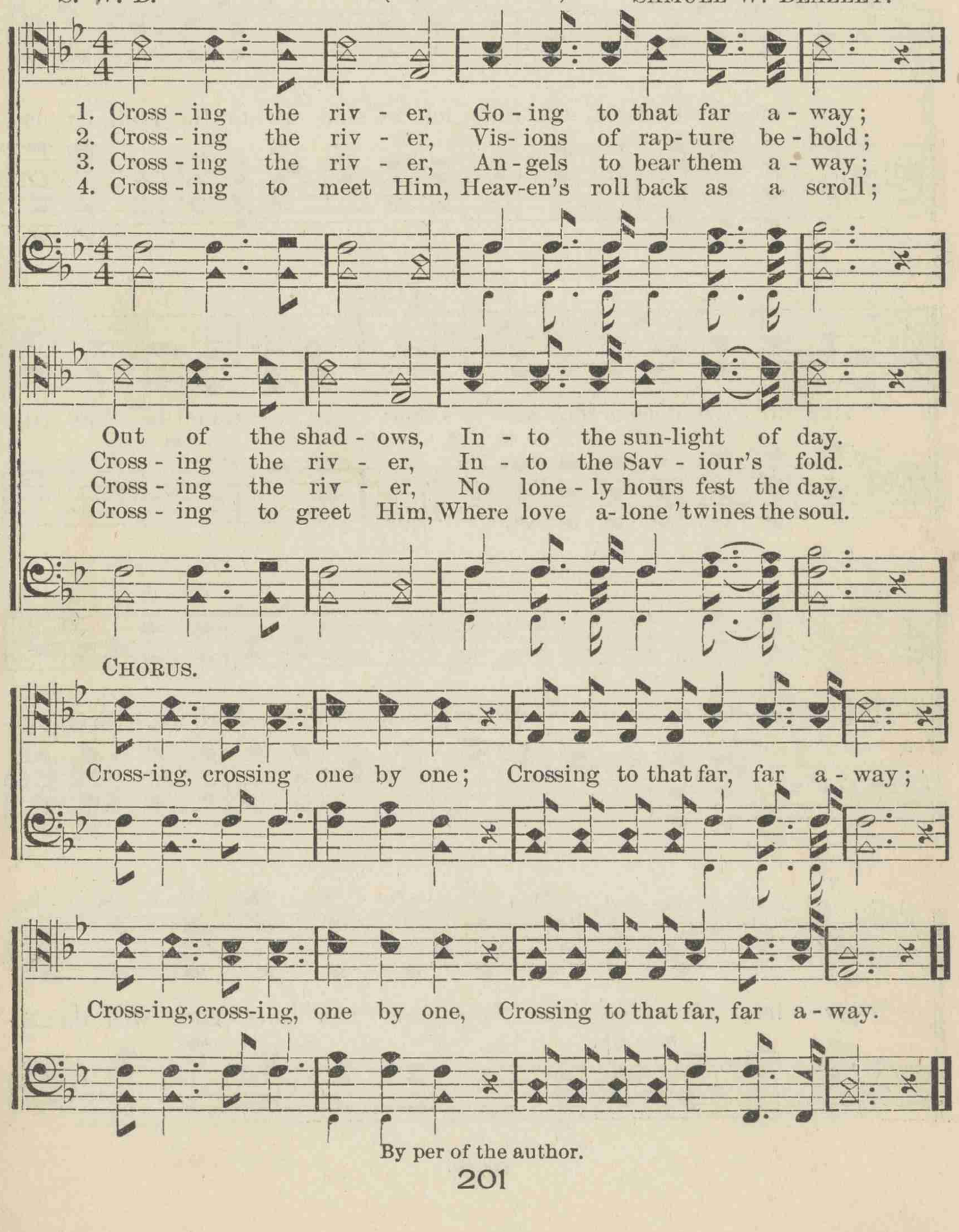
Used by per of the author.

WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.—Concluded.



No. 185. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

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



By per of the author.

No. 186. SING UNTO THE LORD.

J. M. Good.



SING UNTO THE LORD.—Concluded.

giv - ing; And make a joy - ful noise un - to our God, For the

Lord is a great God, and a great King a - bove all Gods, For the

Lord is a great God, and a great King a - bove all Gods; Oh,

come let us bow down un - to the Lord for He is King, Let us

D.C.

wor - ship and bow down un - to the Lord and prais - es bring.

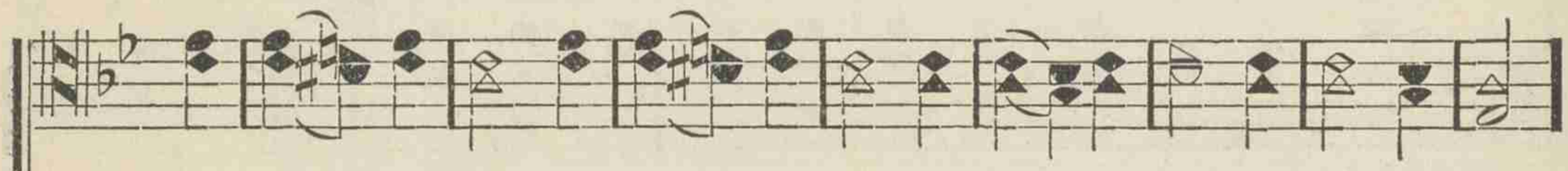
No. 187. THE STORY OLD.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. M. GOOD.

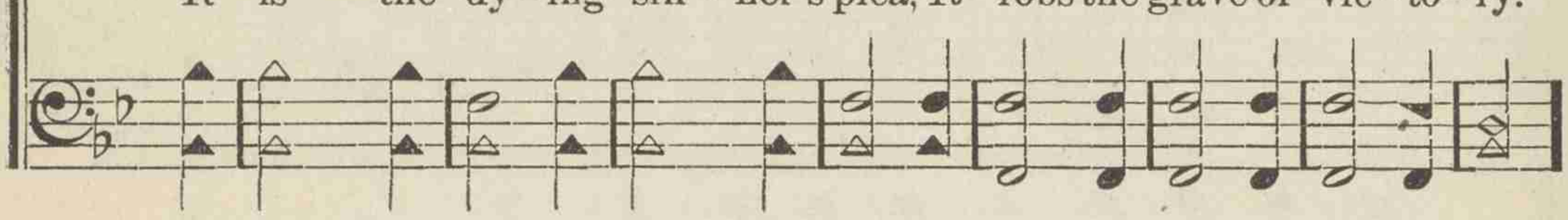


1. The sto - ry sweet, the sto - ry old, Not half has e'er yet been told,
2. It tells of Him who for me died, Of Jesus Christ the cru-ci - fied;
3. The sto - ry sweet, in childhood's years, Oft dries the aged's bit-ter tears,

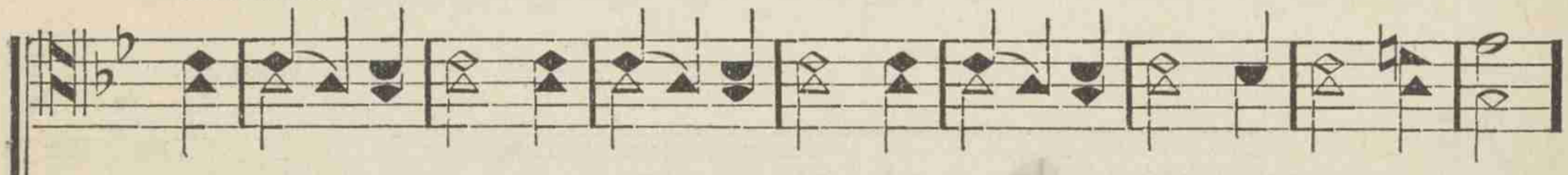




Of love so full, of grace so free, Of love and grace that ransom'd me.
Of pard'ning love, of sins forgiv'n, Of hope and peace and joy and heav'n.
It is the dy - ing sin - ner's plea, It robs the grave of vic - to - ry.



CHORUS.

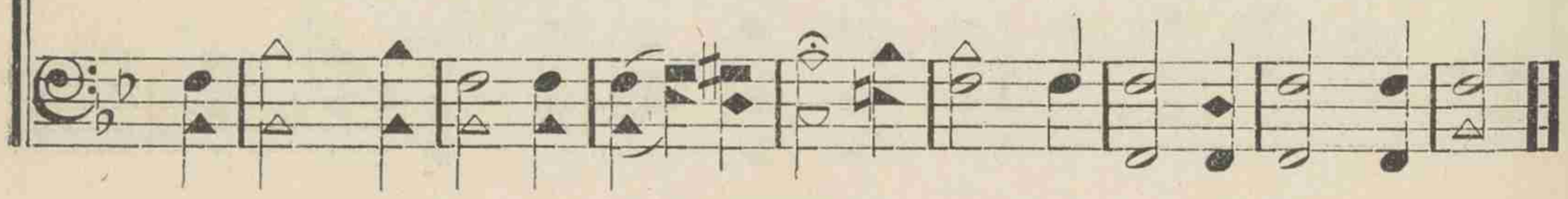


Oh, love so full, oh, grace so free, O matchless One who ransom'd me;





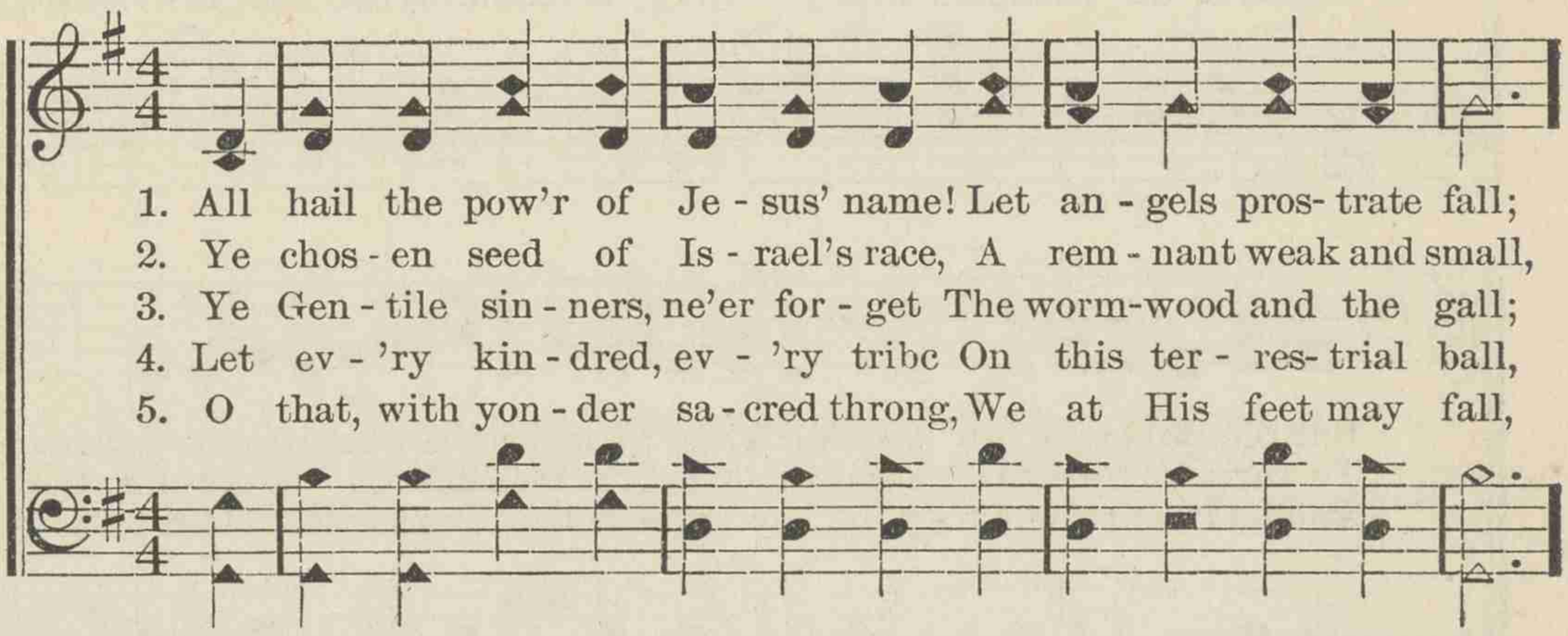
Not half has ev - er yet been told, How wondrous sweet the story old.



SELECTED HYMNS.

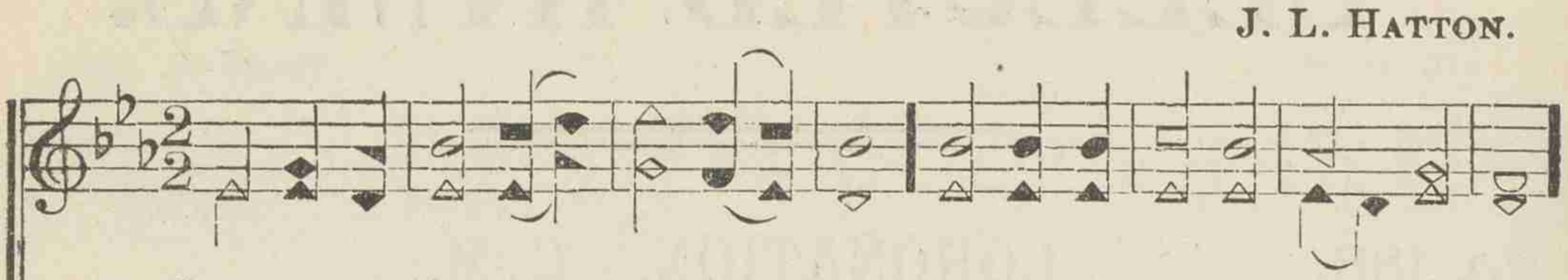
No. 188. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

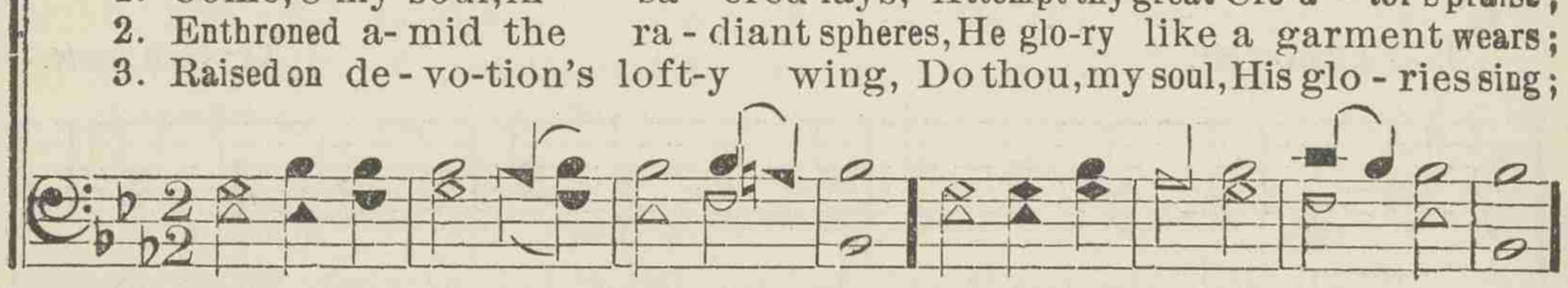


No. 189. Duke St. L. M.

J. L. Hatton.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre-a - tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a- mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo-ry like a garment wears;
3. Raised on de - vo-tion's loft-y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;

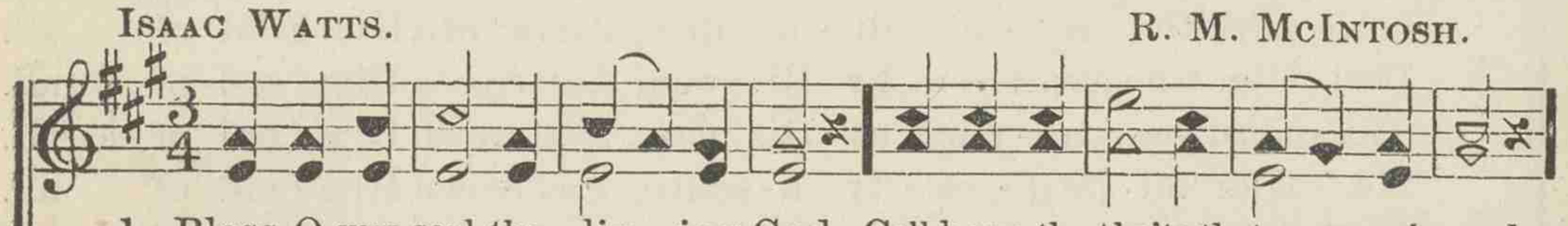


But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft-y theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.



No. 190. Nauweta. L. M.

Isaac Watts. R. M. McIntosh.



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim the high-est praise.
3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done!
4. Let ev-'ry land His pow'r confess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace.



Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.
Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for - got.
He owns the ransom, and for-gives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.
My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.



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

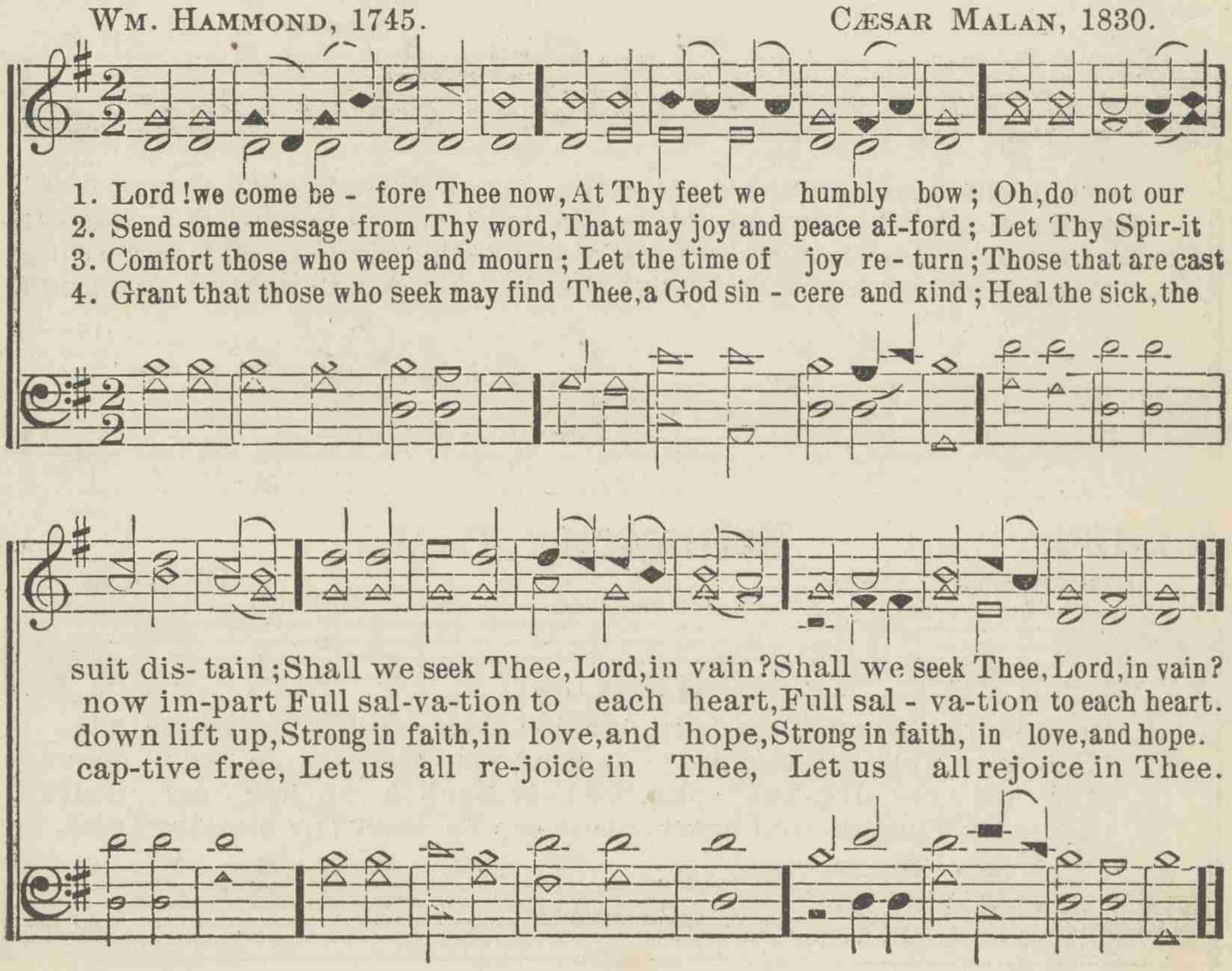
No. 191. Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



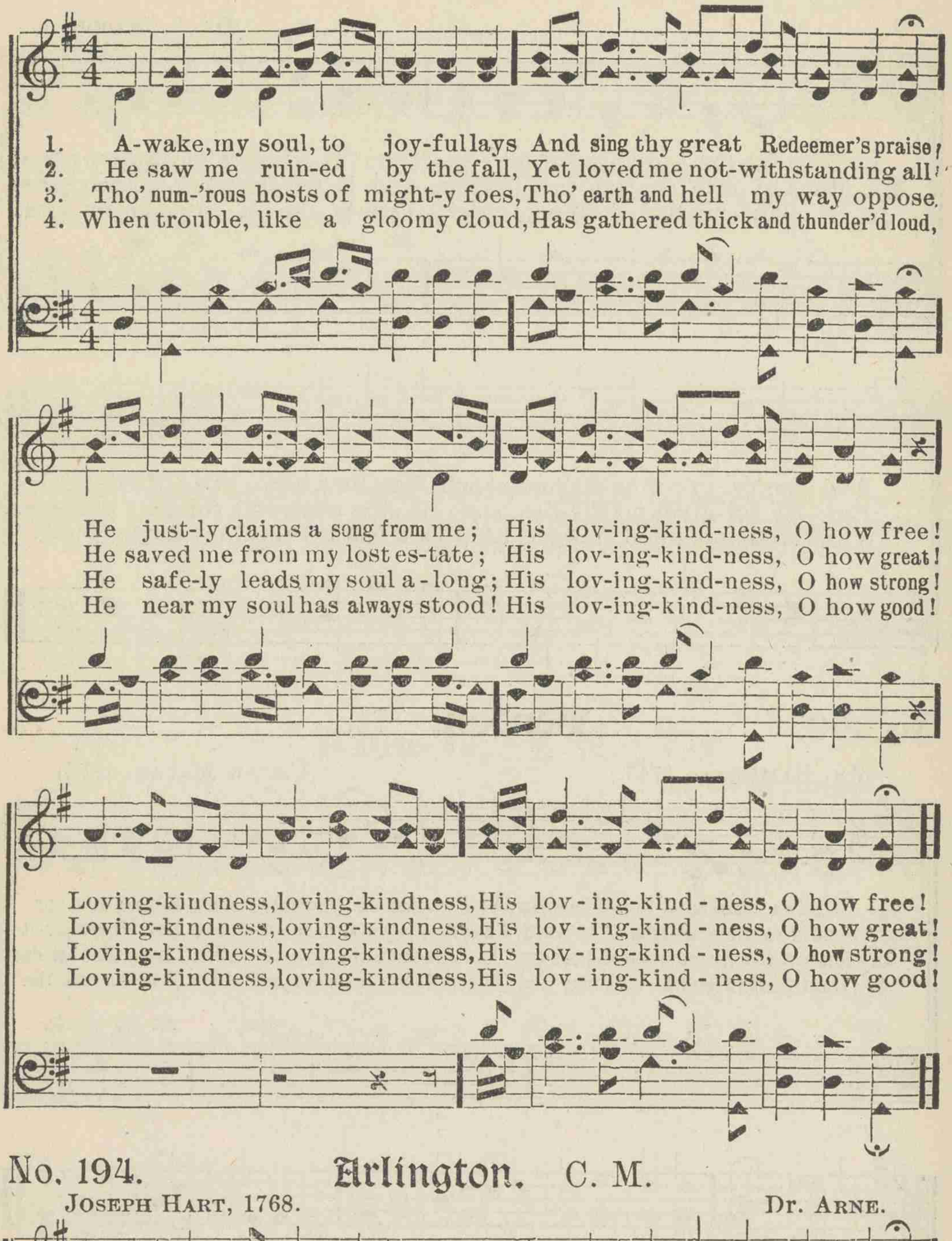
No. 192. Hendon. 7s.

Wm. Hammond, 1745. Cæsar Malan, 1830.



No. 193. Loving-kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Tune.

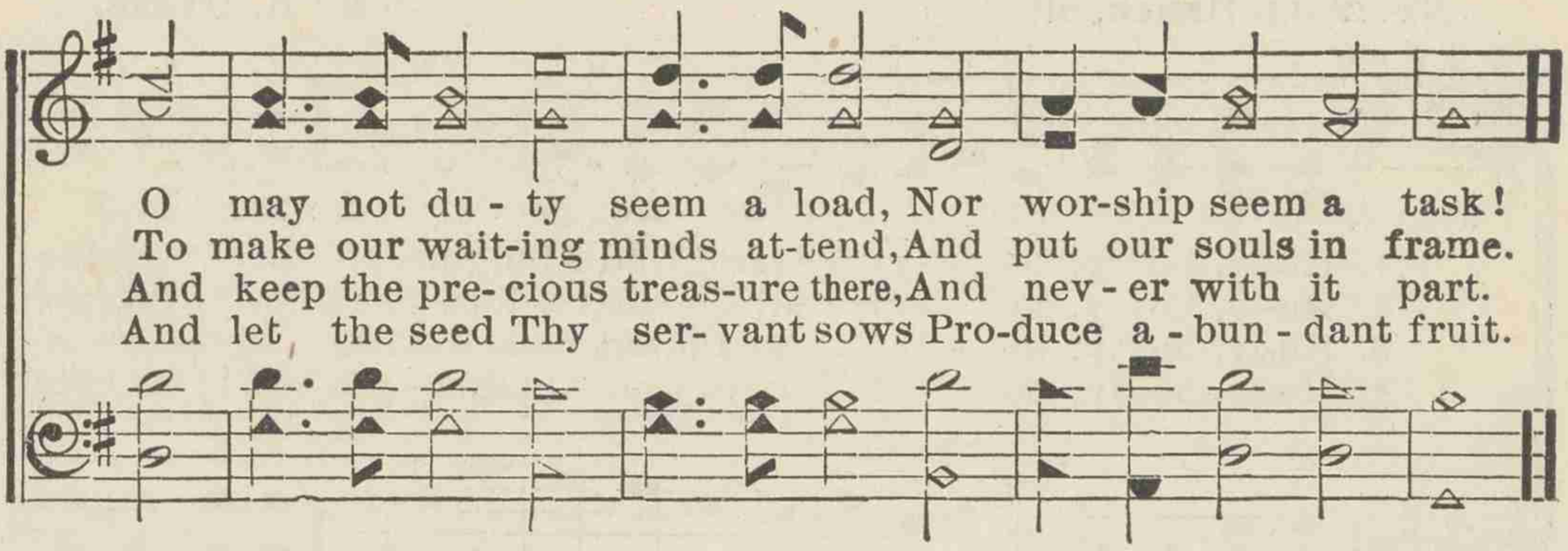


No. 194. Arlington. C. M.

JOSEPH HART, 1768. Dr. ARNE.

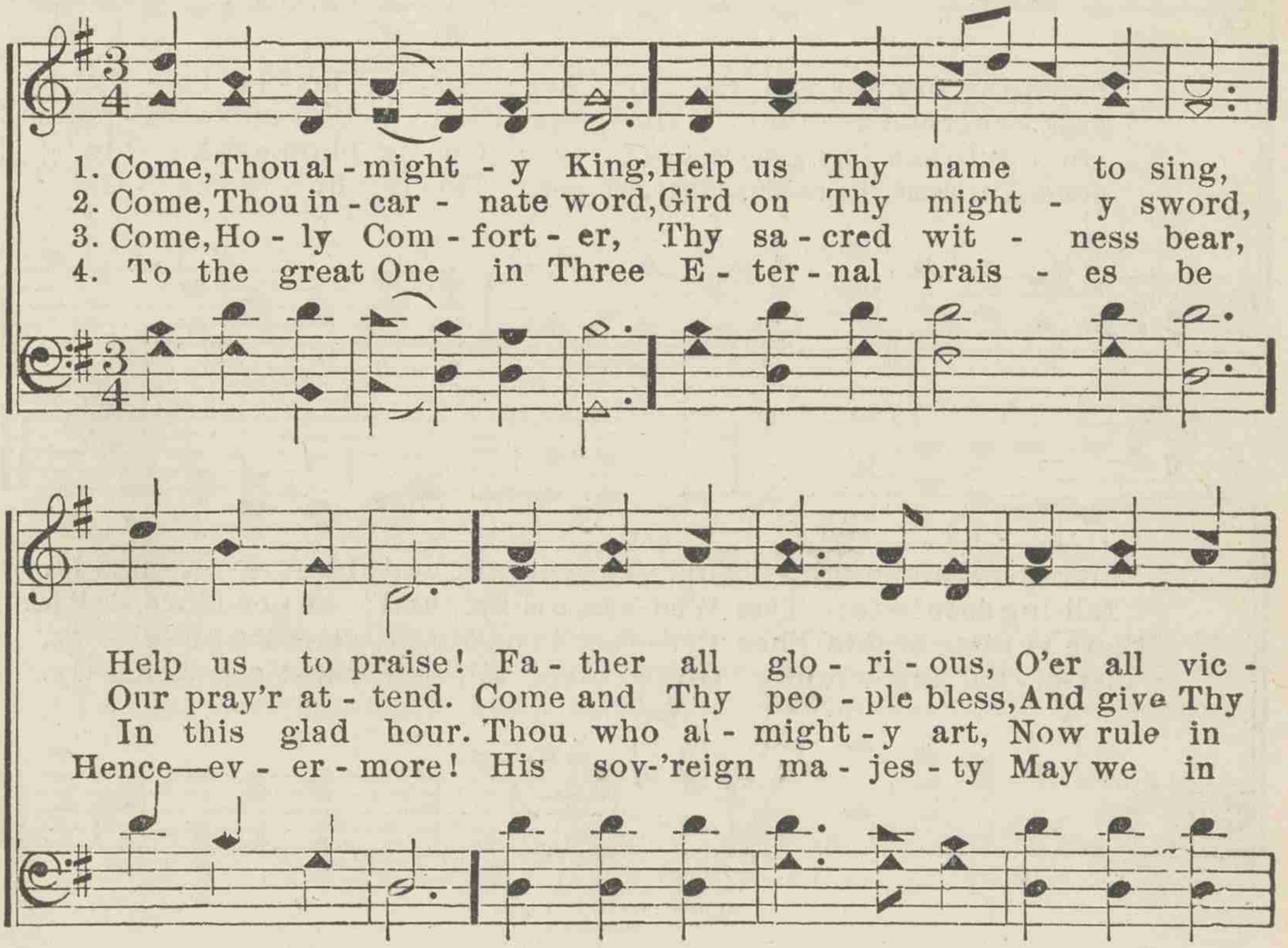


Arlington. (Concluded.)



No. 195. Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.





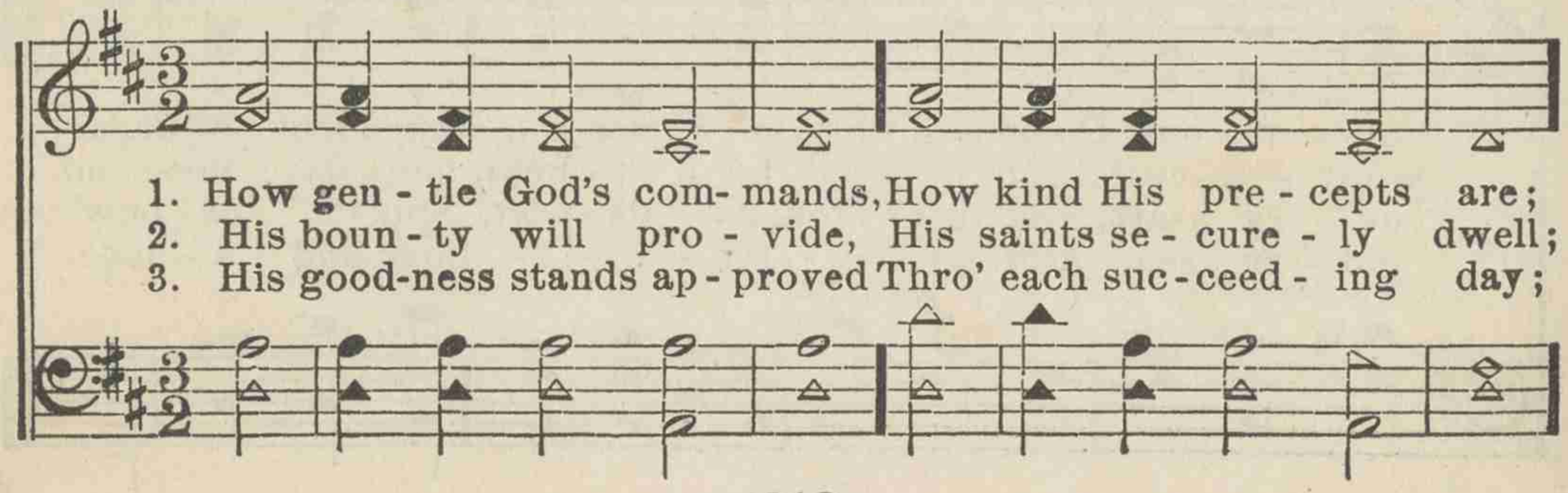
No. 196. Nicæa. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

REGINALD HEBER, alt. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 197. Lottie. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. B. BRADBURY.



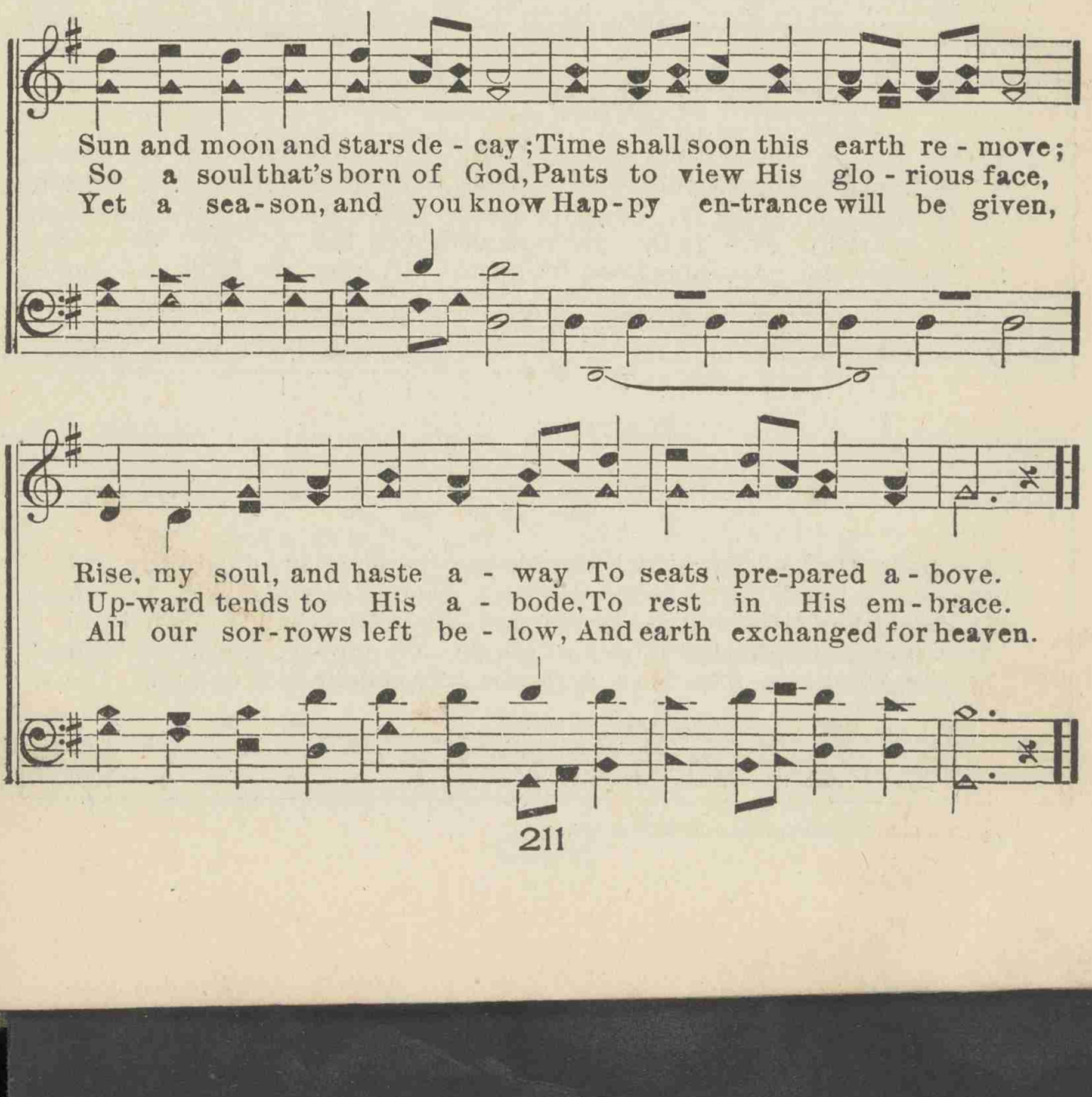
Lottie. (Concluded.)



No. 198. Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE. JAMES NARES.





No. 199. Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

FINE.

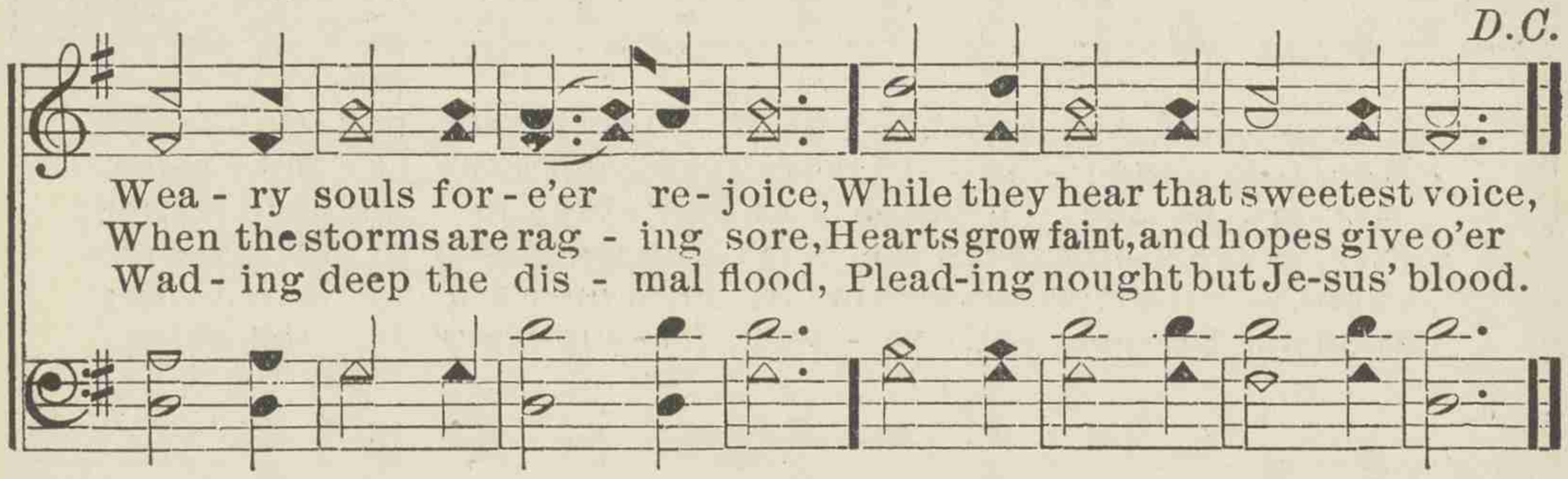


1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
   { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land.
2. { Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
   { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark-ness drear.
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease,
   { Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there,



D.C. *Whis-per soft - ly, wan-d'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home.*

D.C.



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood.

No. 200. Spring. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.



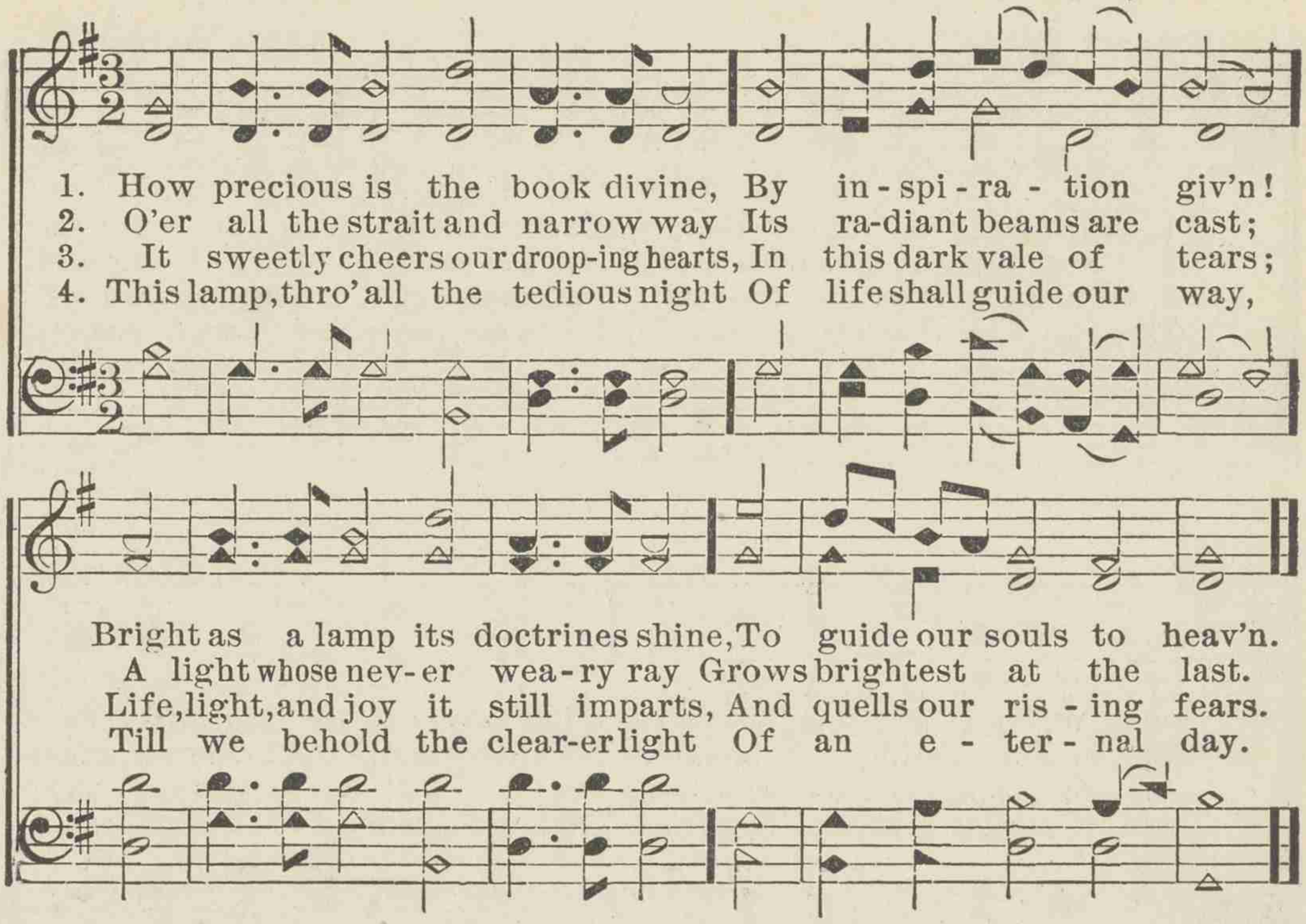
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, submis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne—
3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy Spir - it, gra - cious Lord, im-part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me;
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
Which neither life, nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.
Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name is Love.

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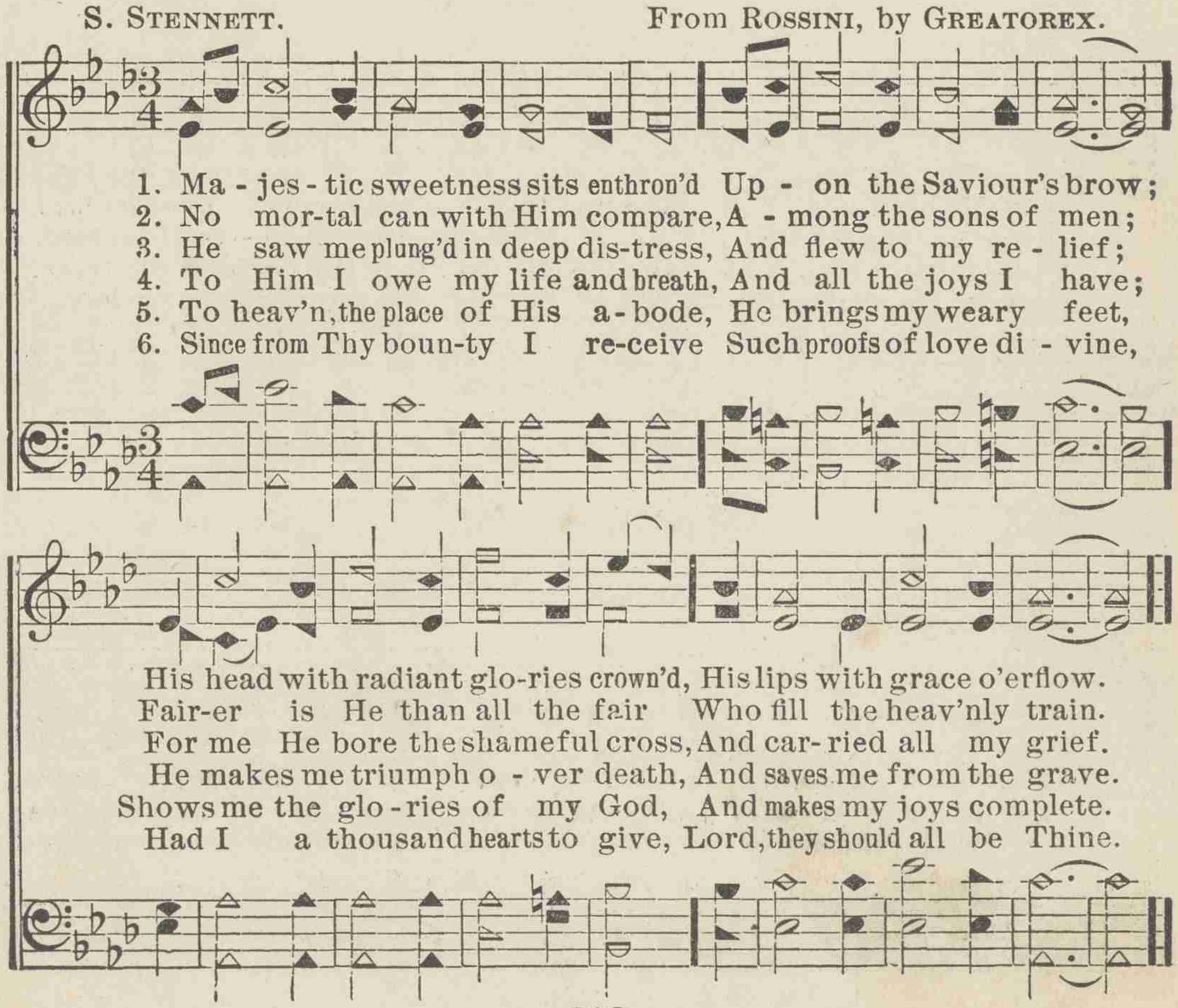
No. 201. Woodstock. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. DUTTON, 1829.



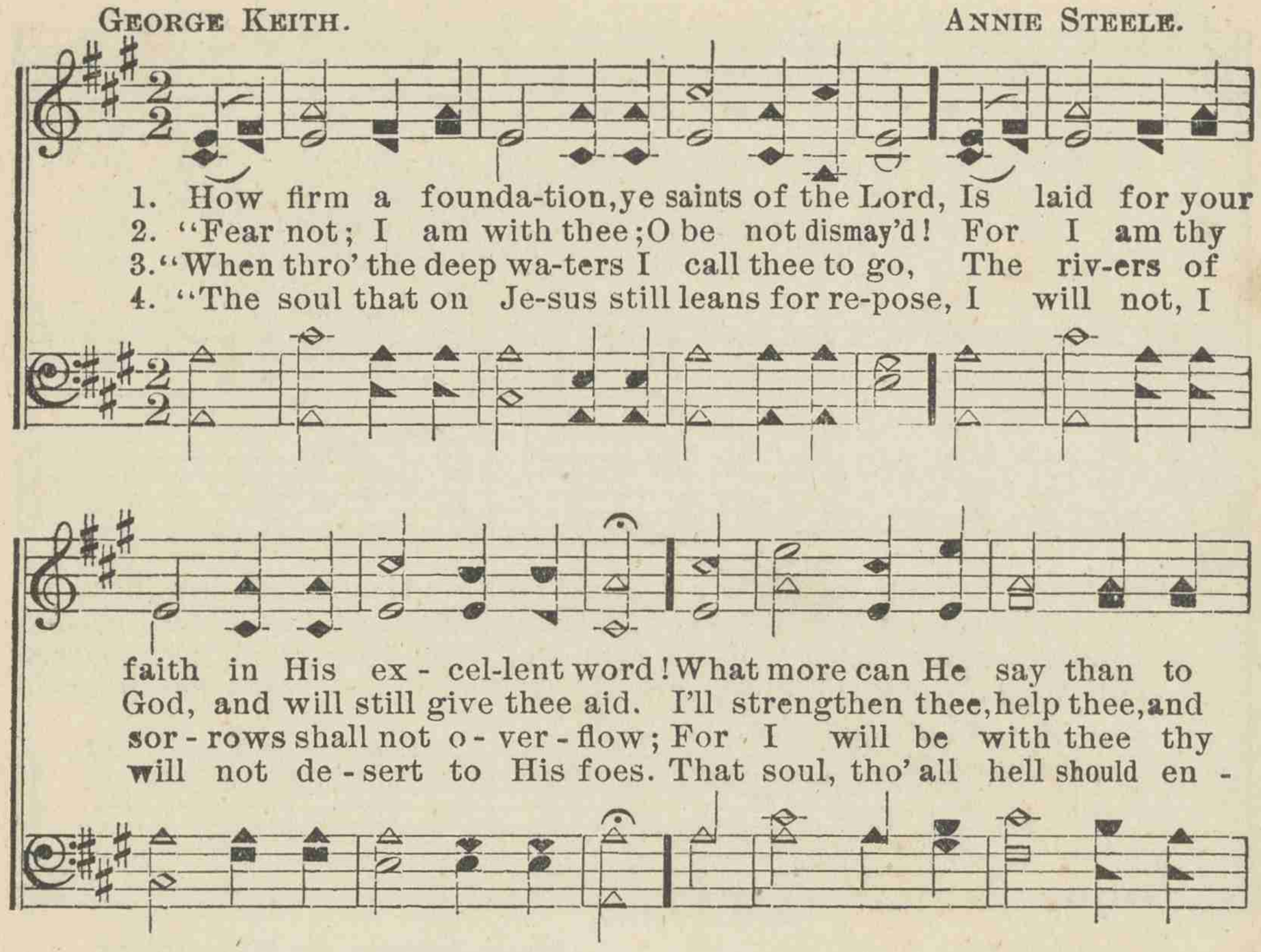
No. 202. Manoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



No. 203. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

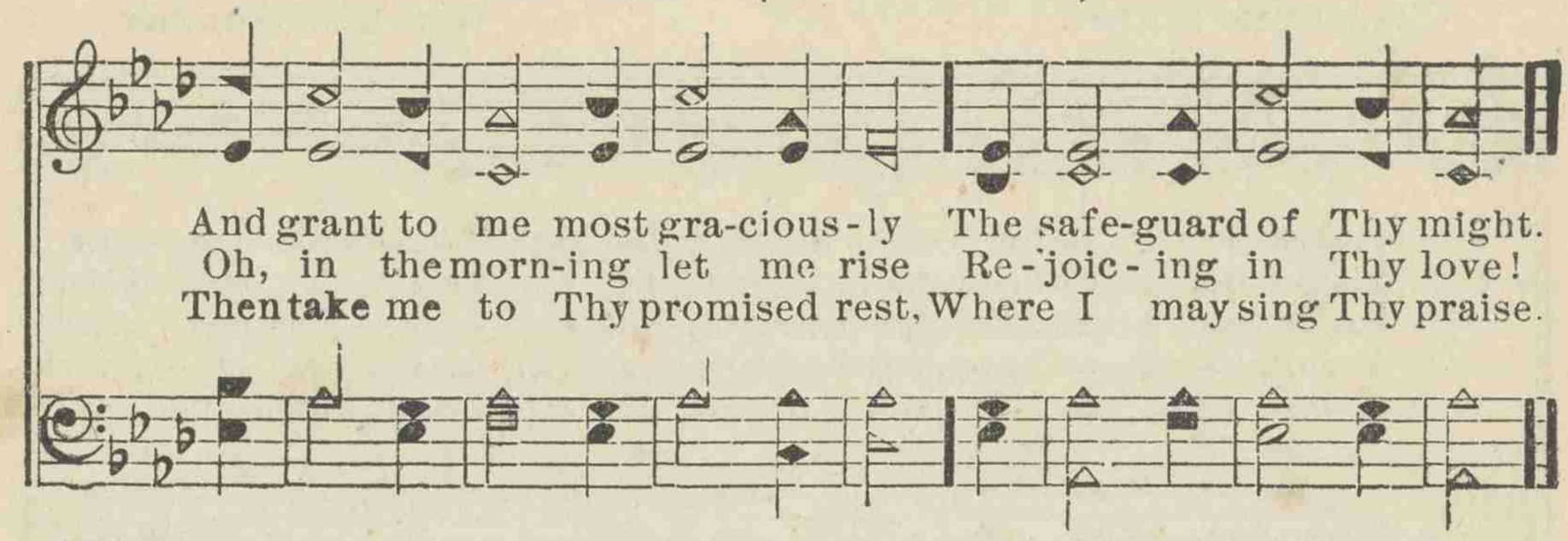


No. 204. Evan. C. M.

REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

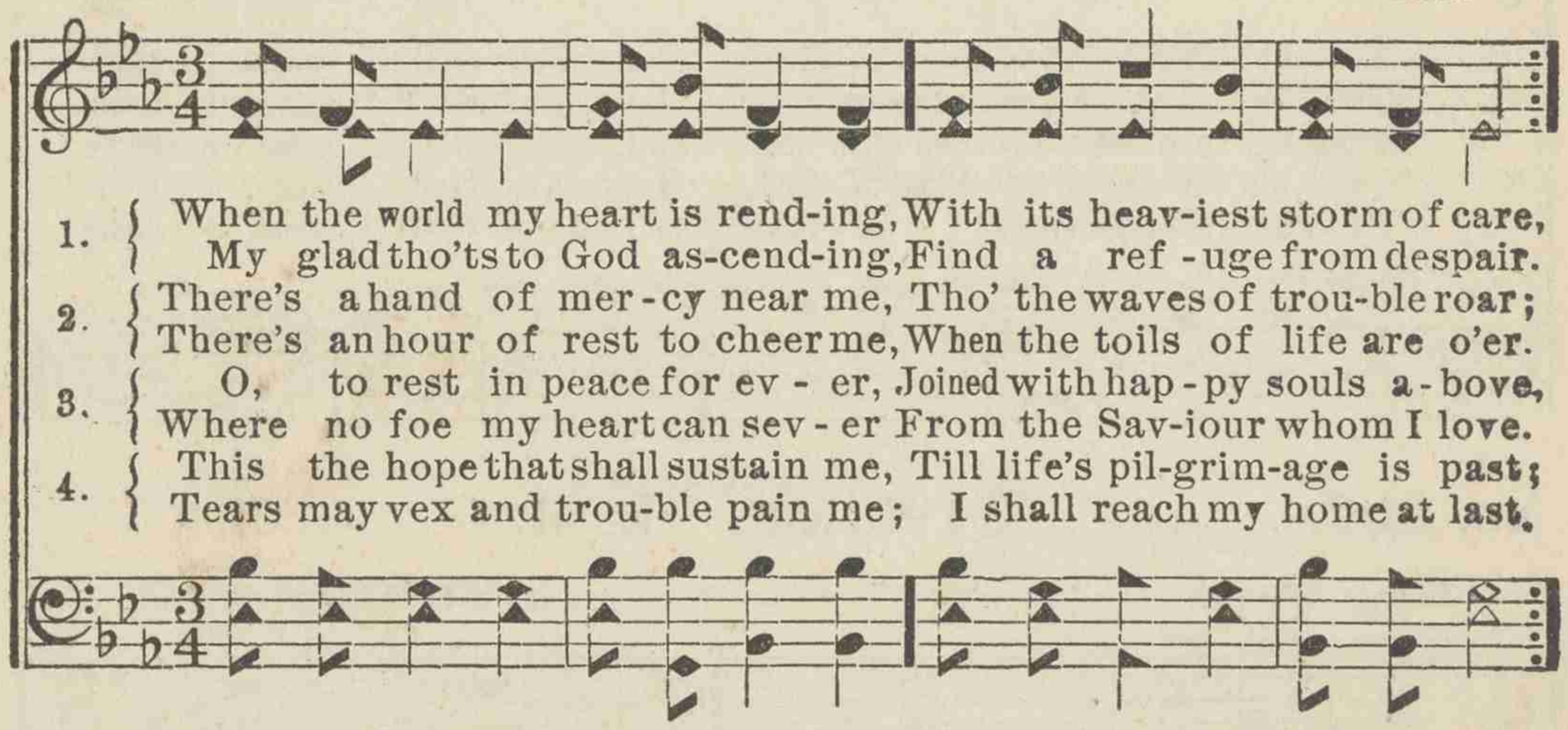


Evan. (Concluded.)



No. 205. I Love Jesus. 8s & 7s.

Arr.



Chorus



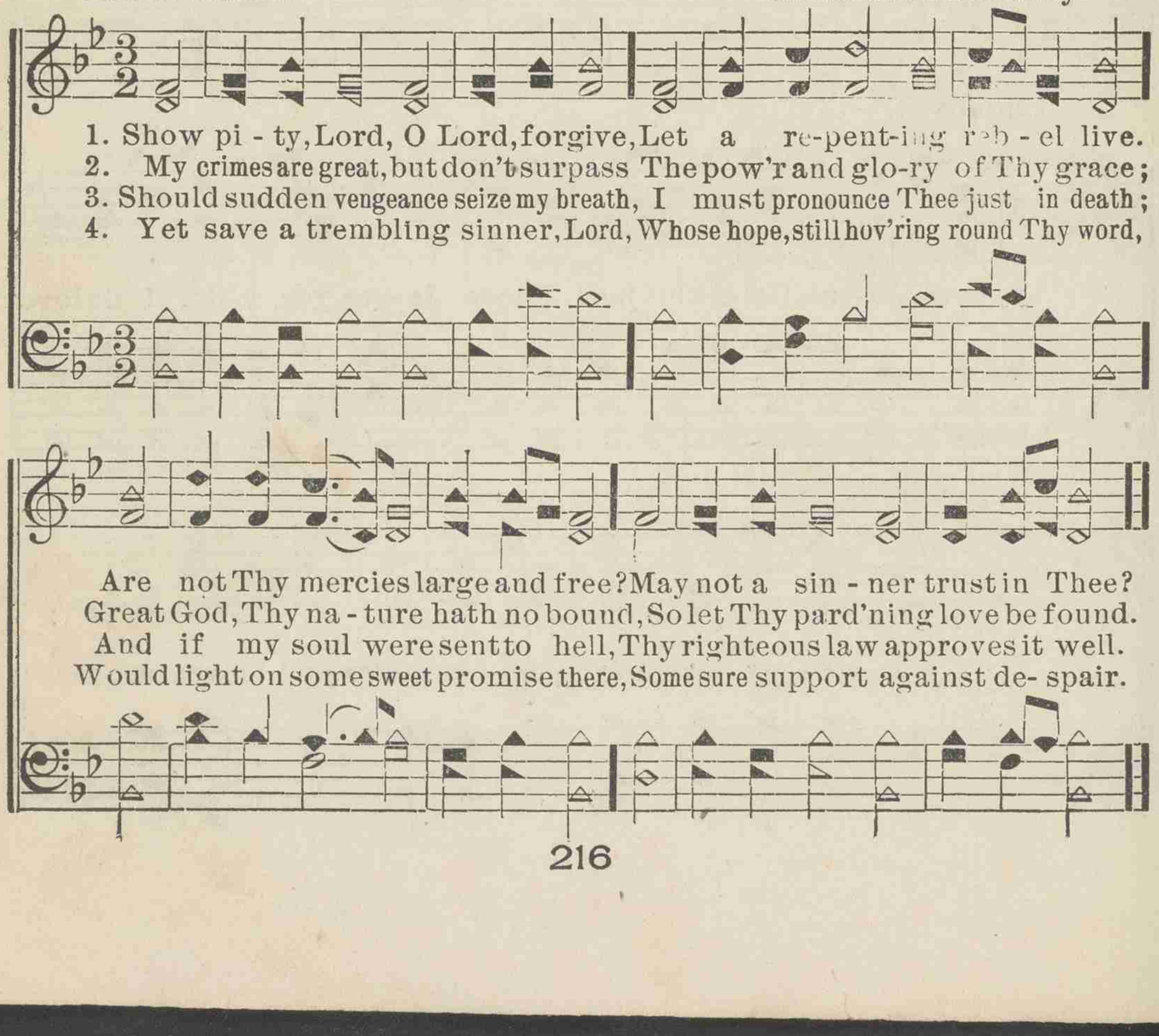
No. 206. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY



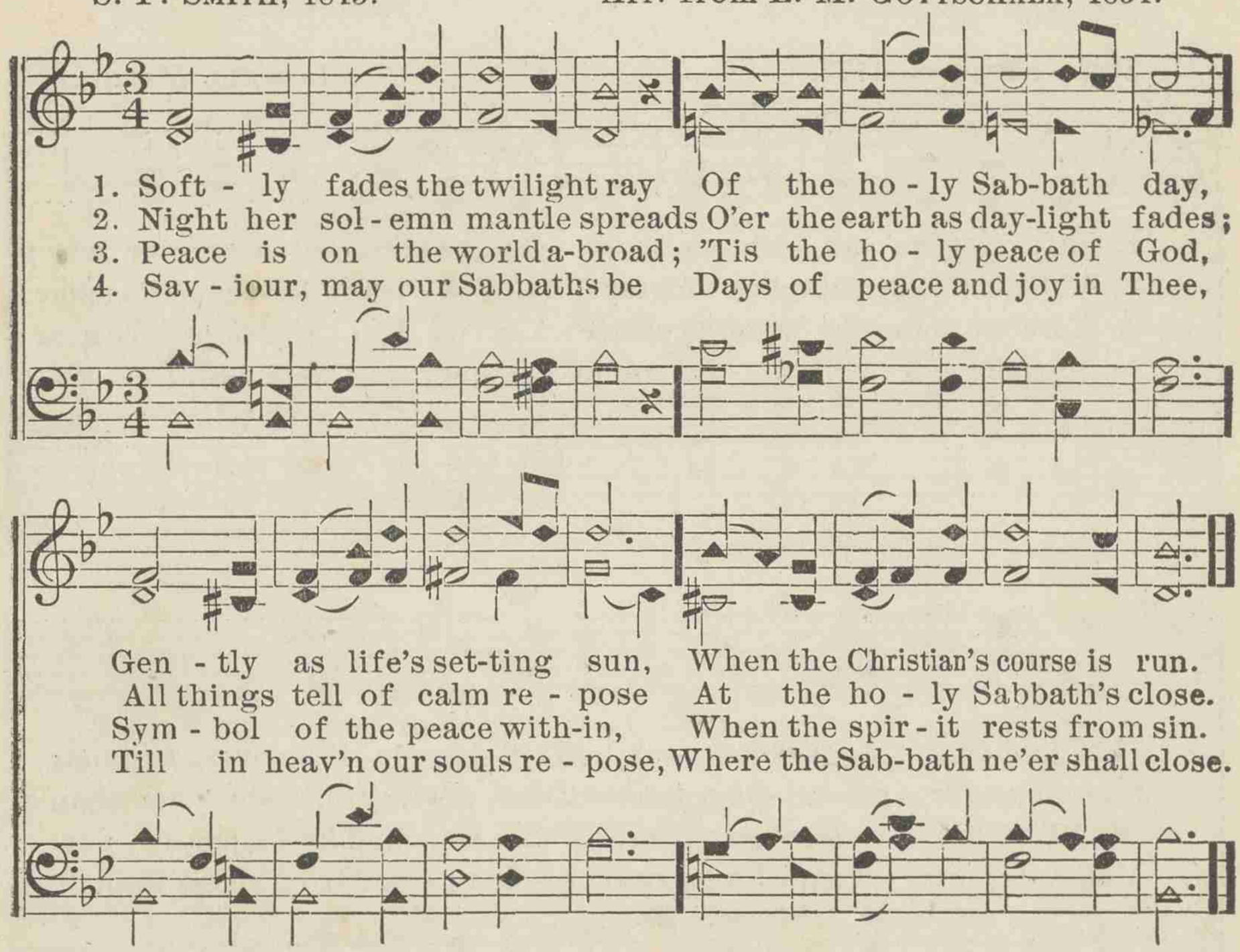
No. 207. Devotion. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.



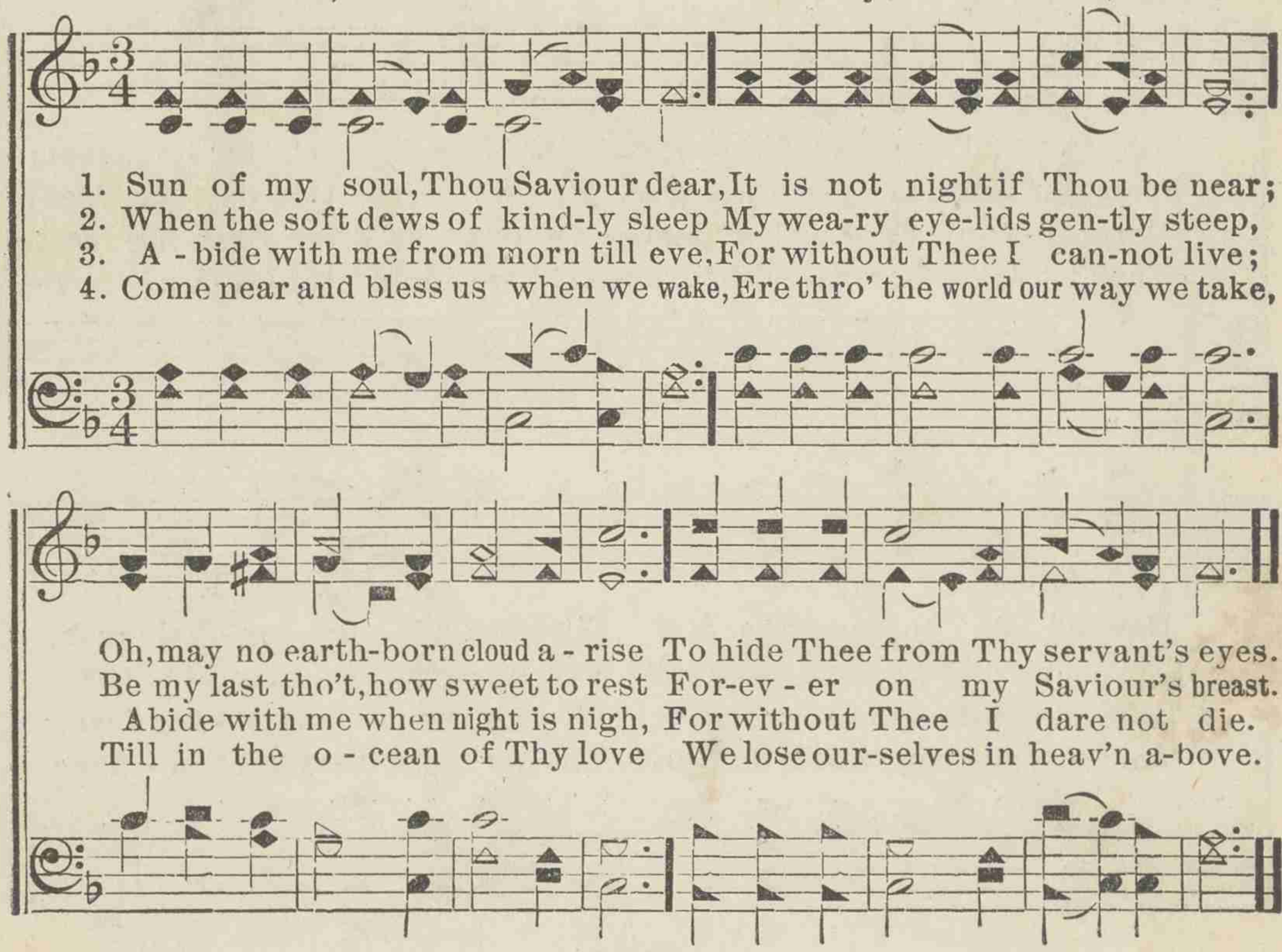
No. 208. Last Hope. 7s.

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



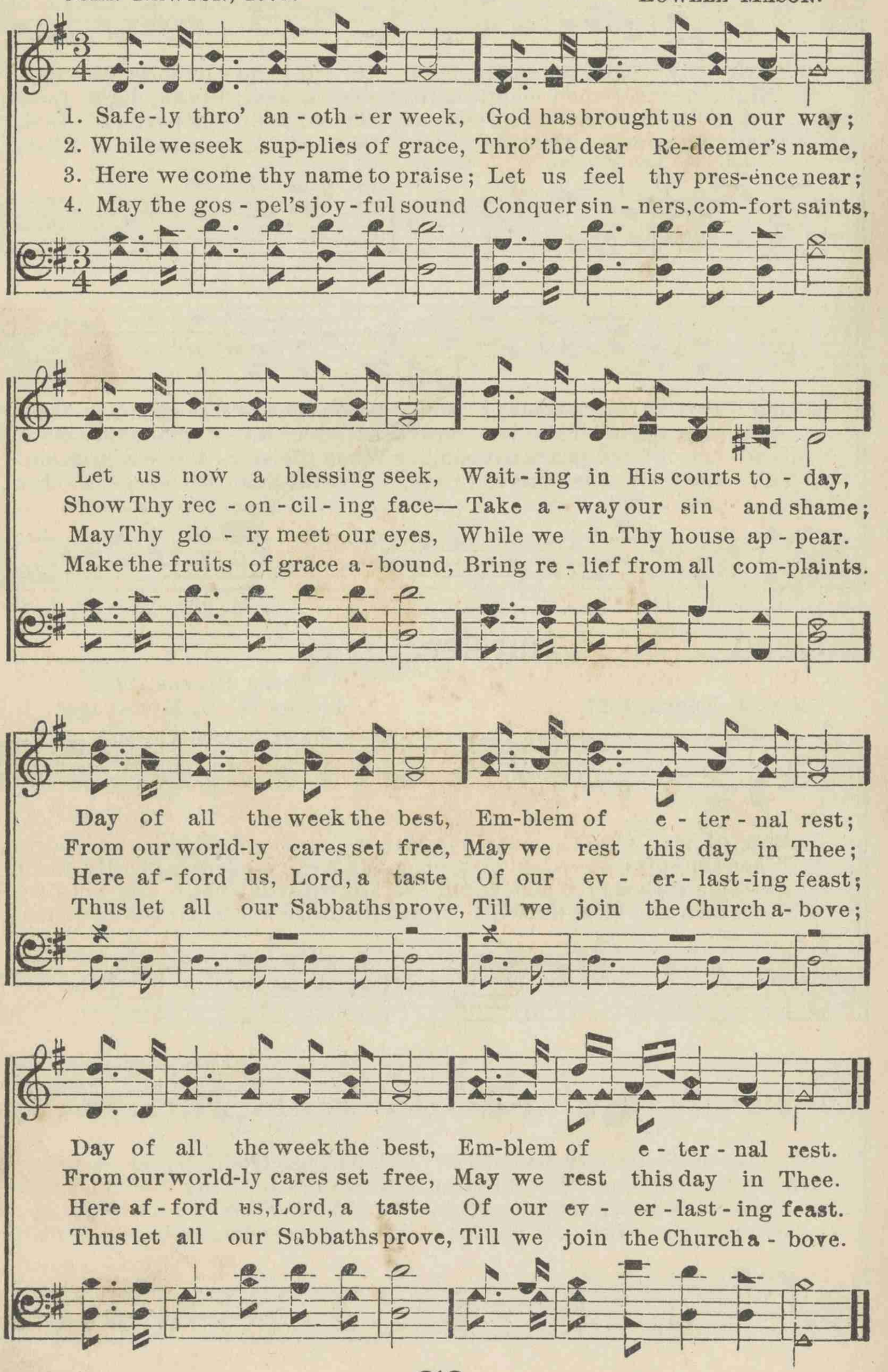
No. 209. Hursley. L. M.

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



No. 210. Sabbath. 7s.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. LOWELL MASON.

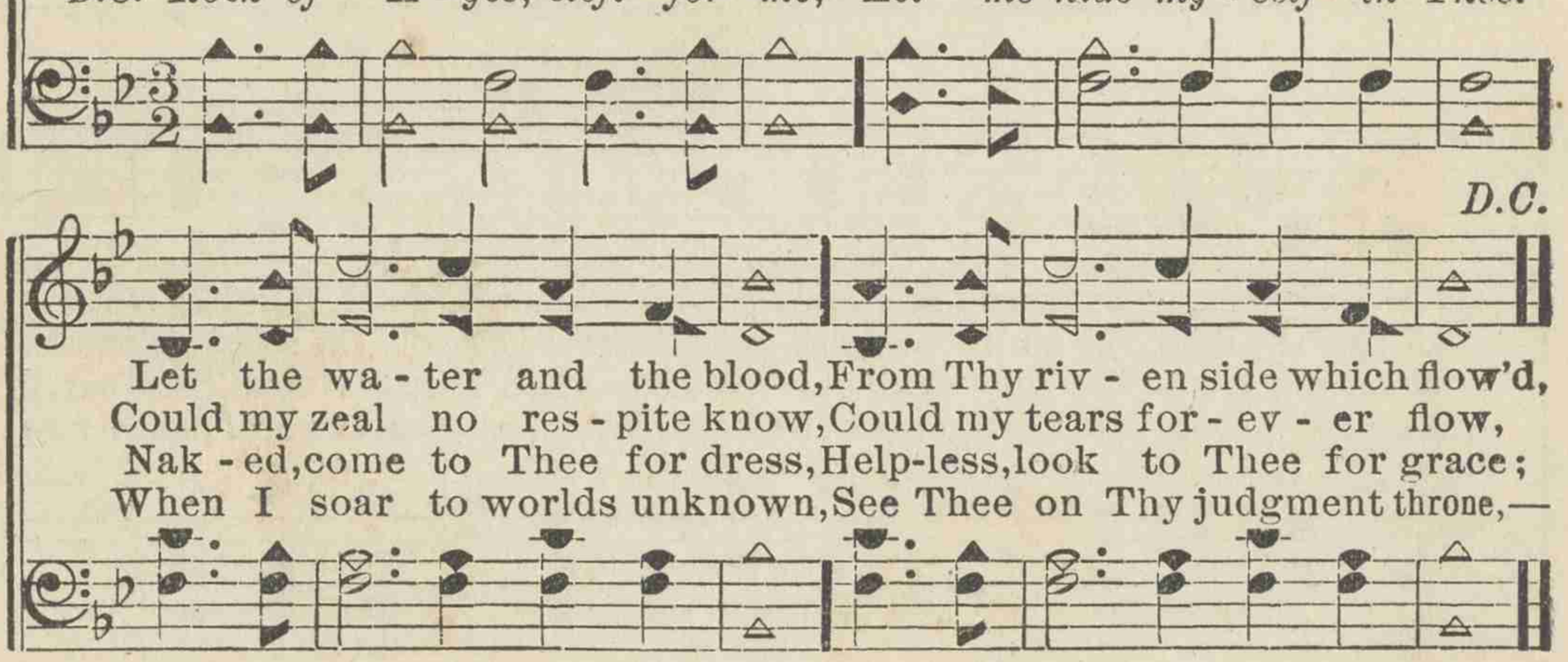


No. 211. Toplady. 7s.

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



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



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

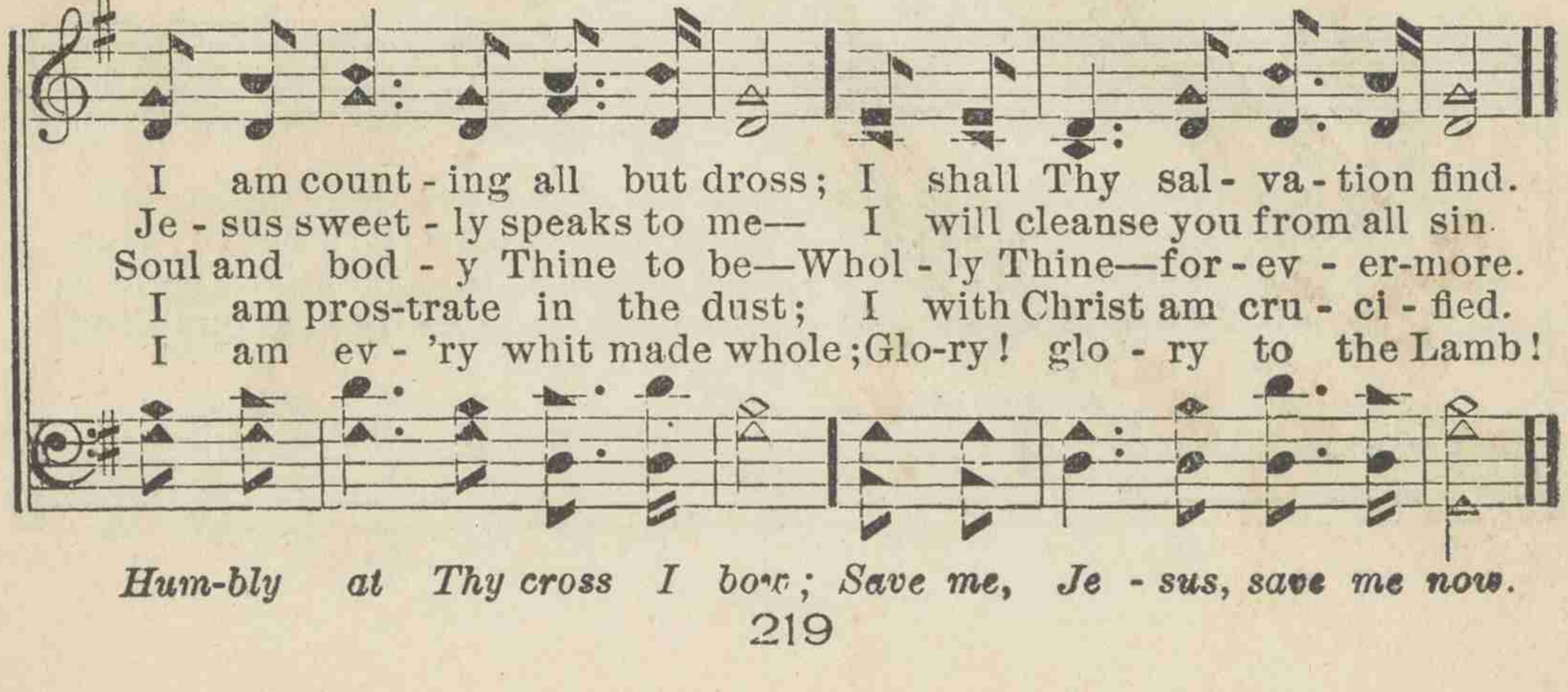
No. 212. Trusting. 7s.

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



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

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



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

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

No. 213. Harwell. 8s & 7s.

THOS. KELLY, 1806. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

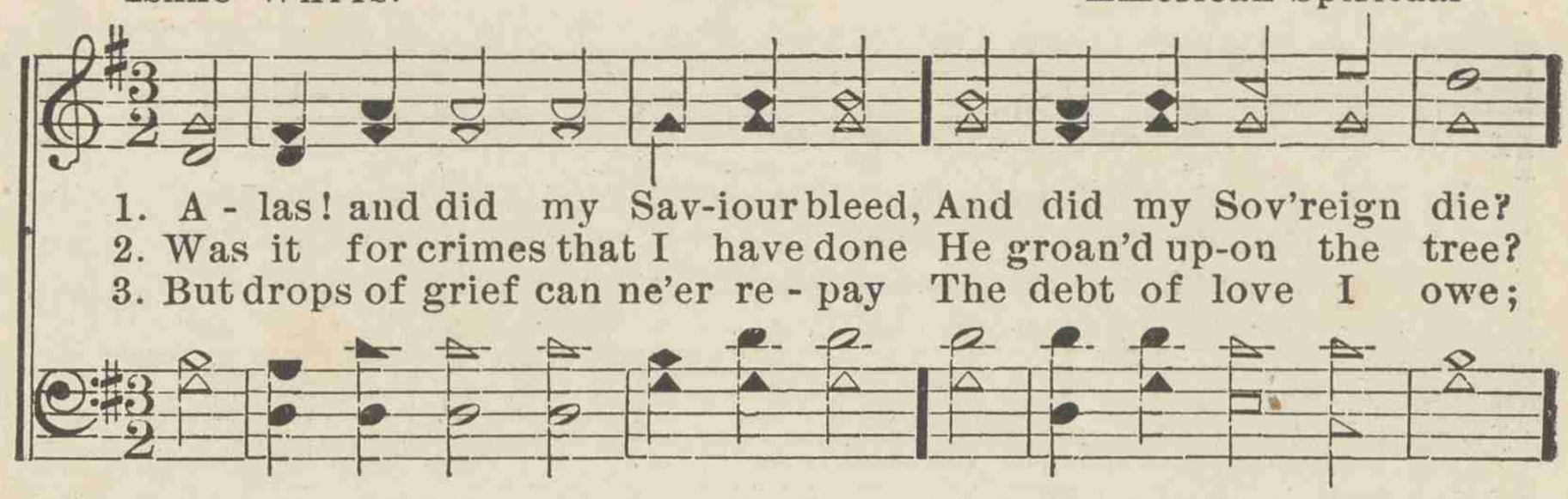
See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King!"

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

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

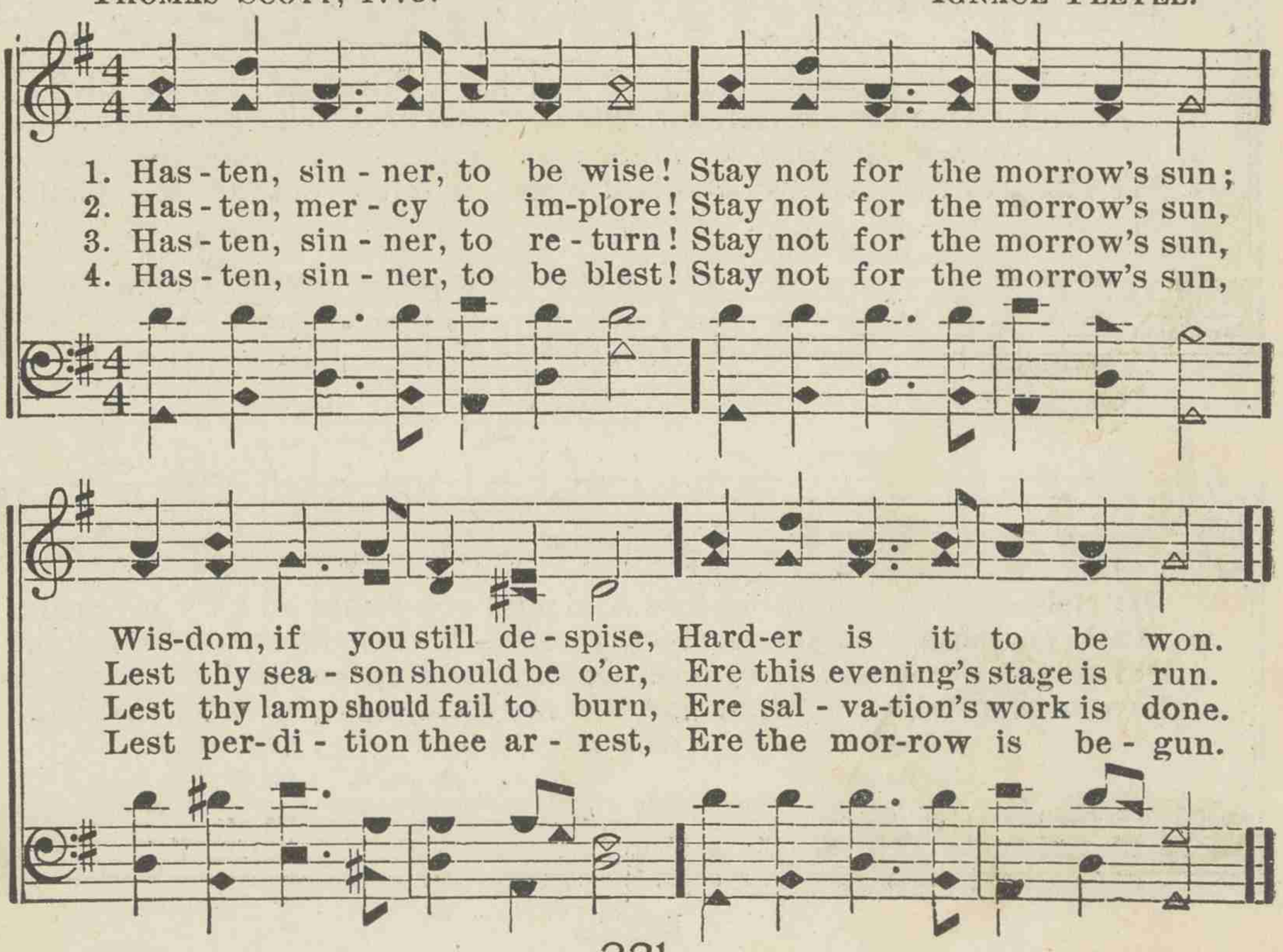
No. 214. I Do Believe. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. American Spiritual.



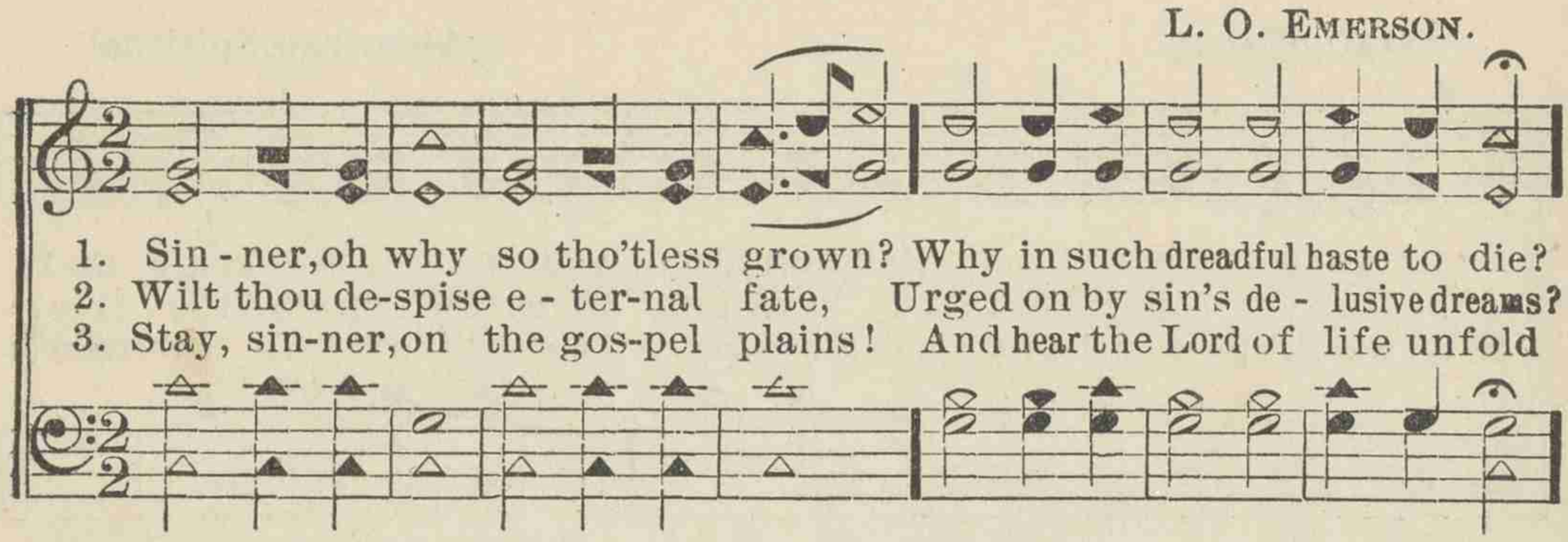
No. 215. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

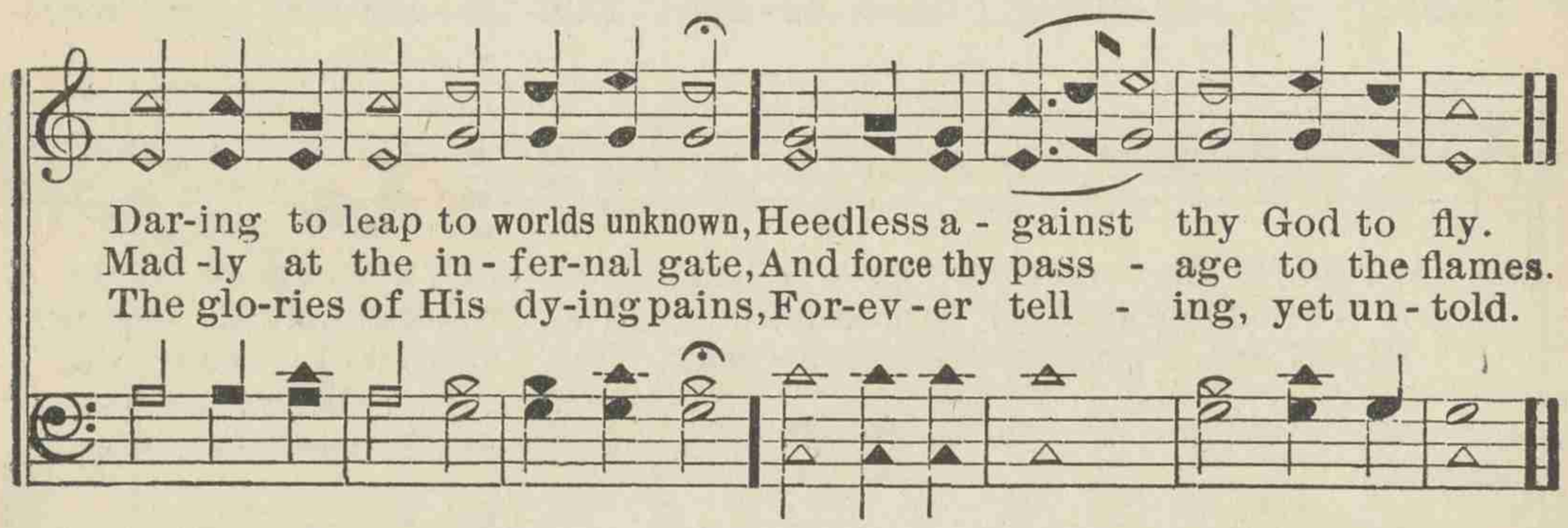
THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



No. 216. Sessions. L. M.

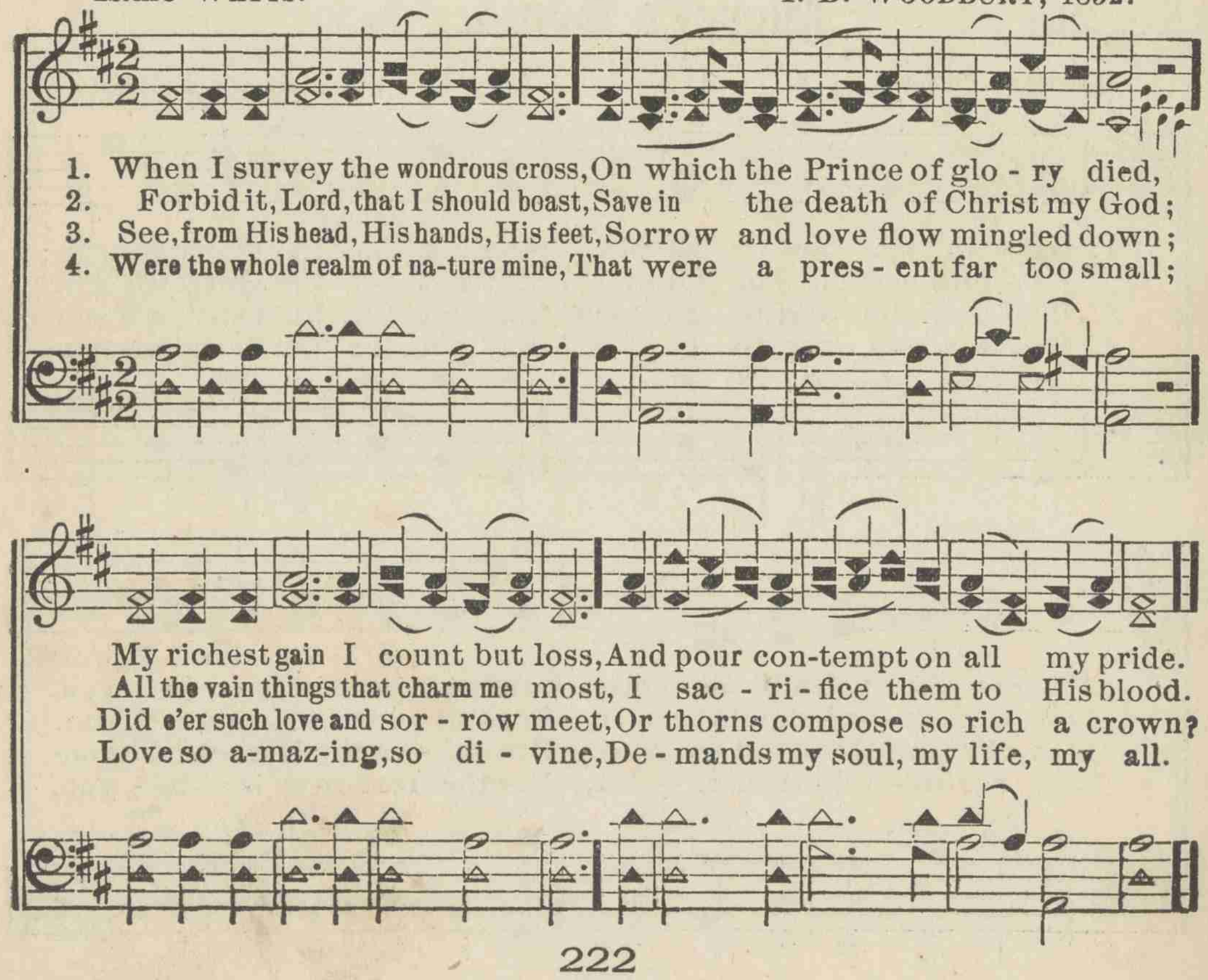
L. O. Emerson.





No. 217. Olivet. L. M.

Isaac Watts. I. B. Woodbury, 1852.



No. 218. Geer. C. M.

F. WHITFIELD. H. W. GREATOREX.



1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my smallest woe,
4. It bids my trembling soul re-joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;



It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest Name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in "a still, small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

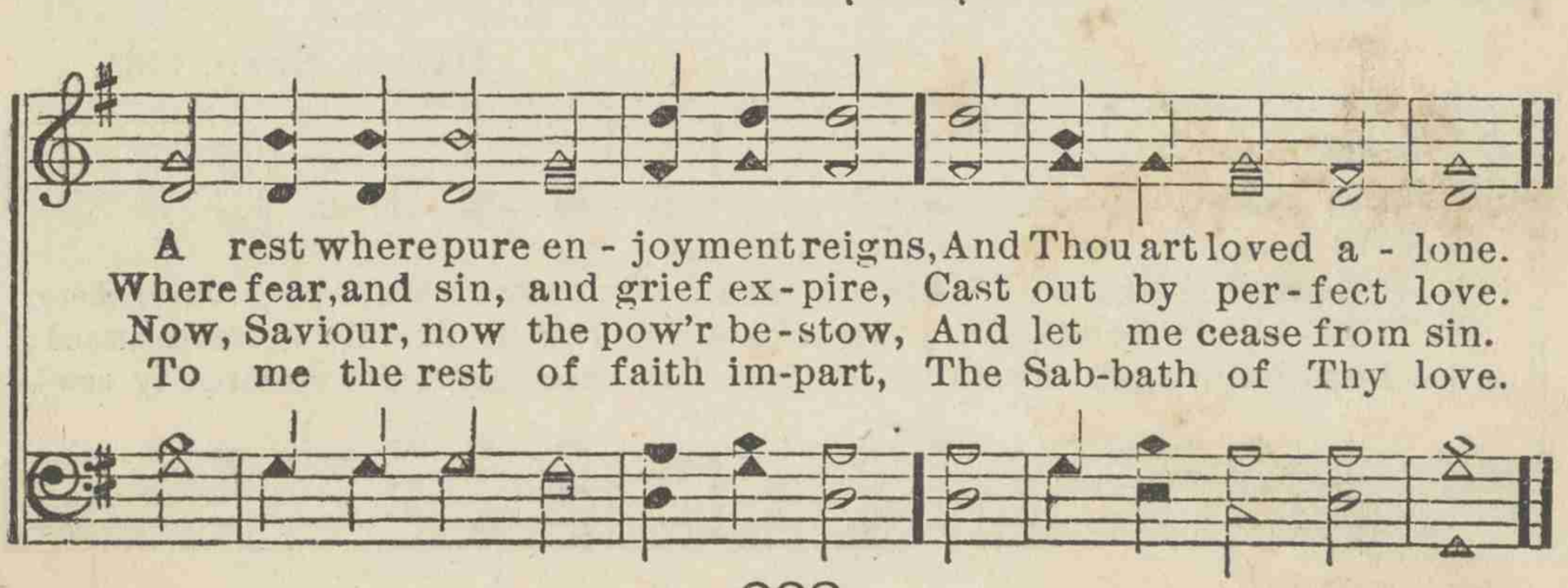


No. 219. Marlow. C. M.

WESLEY. REV. JOHN CHETHAM.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo - ple known;
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fix'd on things a - bove;
3. Oh, that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en - ter in!
4. Re - move this hardness from my heart, This un - be - lief re - move;



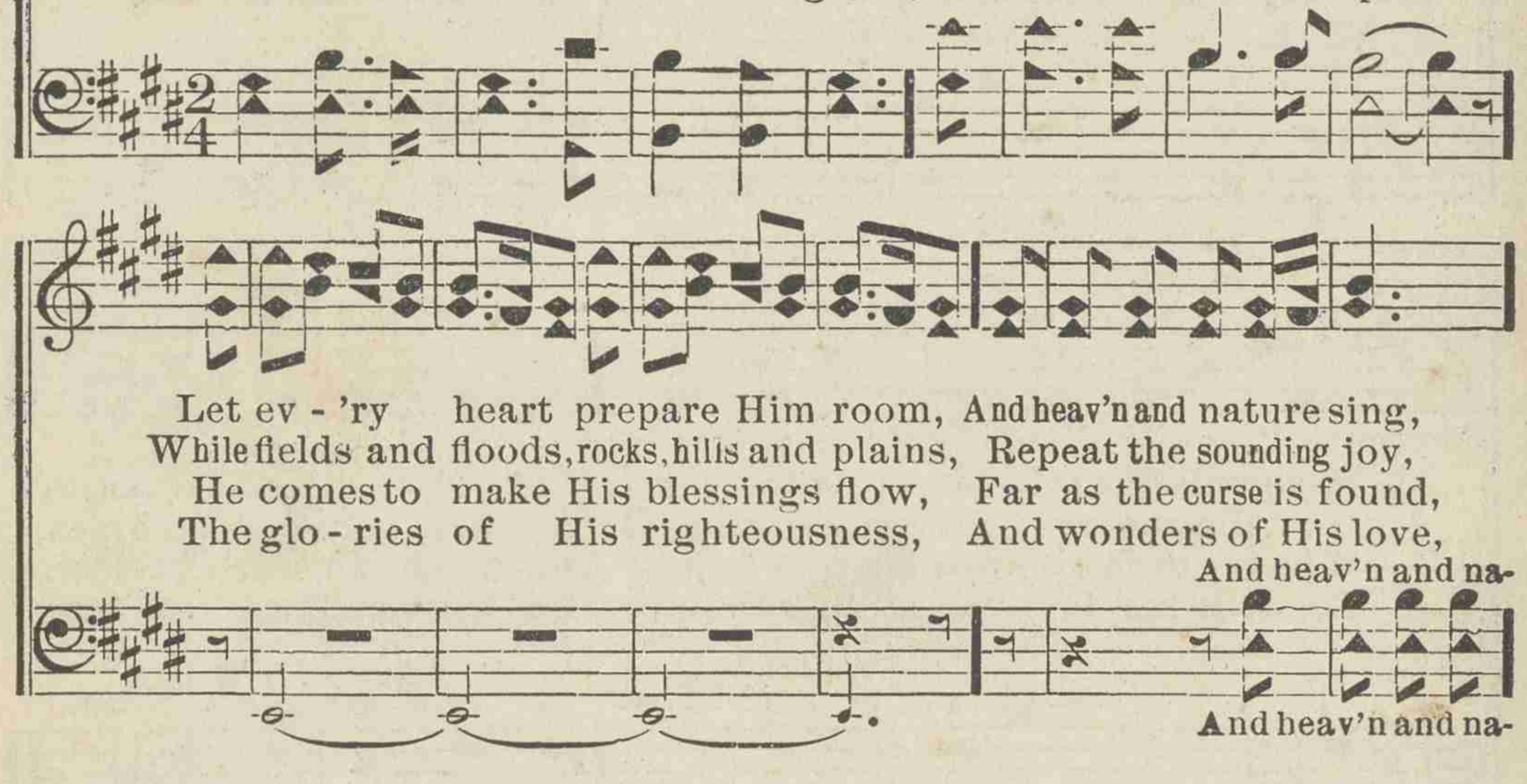
A rest where pure en - joyment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone.
Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin.
To me the rest of faith im-part, The Sab-bath of Thy love.

No. 220. Antioch. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



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



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



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

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



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

No. 221. Windham. L. M.

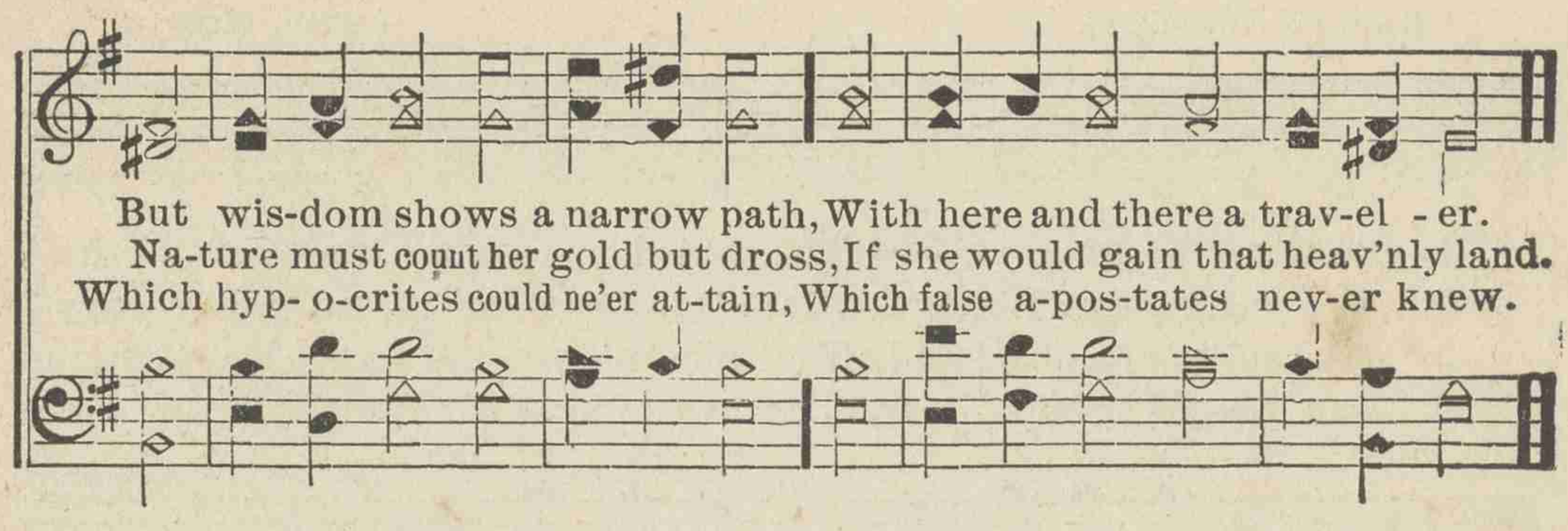
DANIEL READ, 1785.



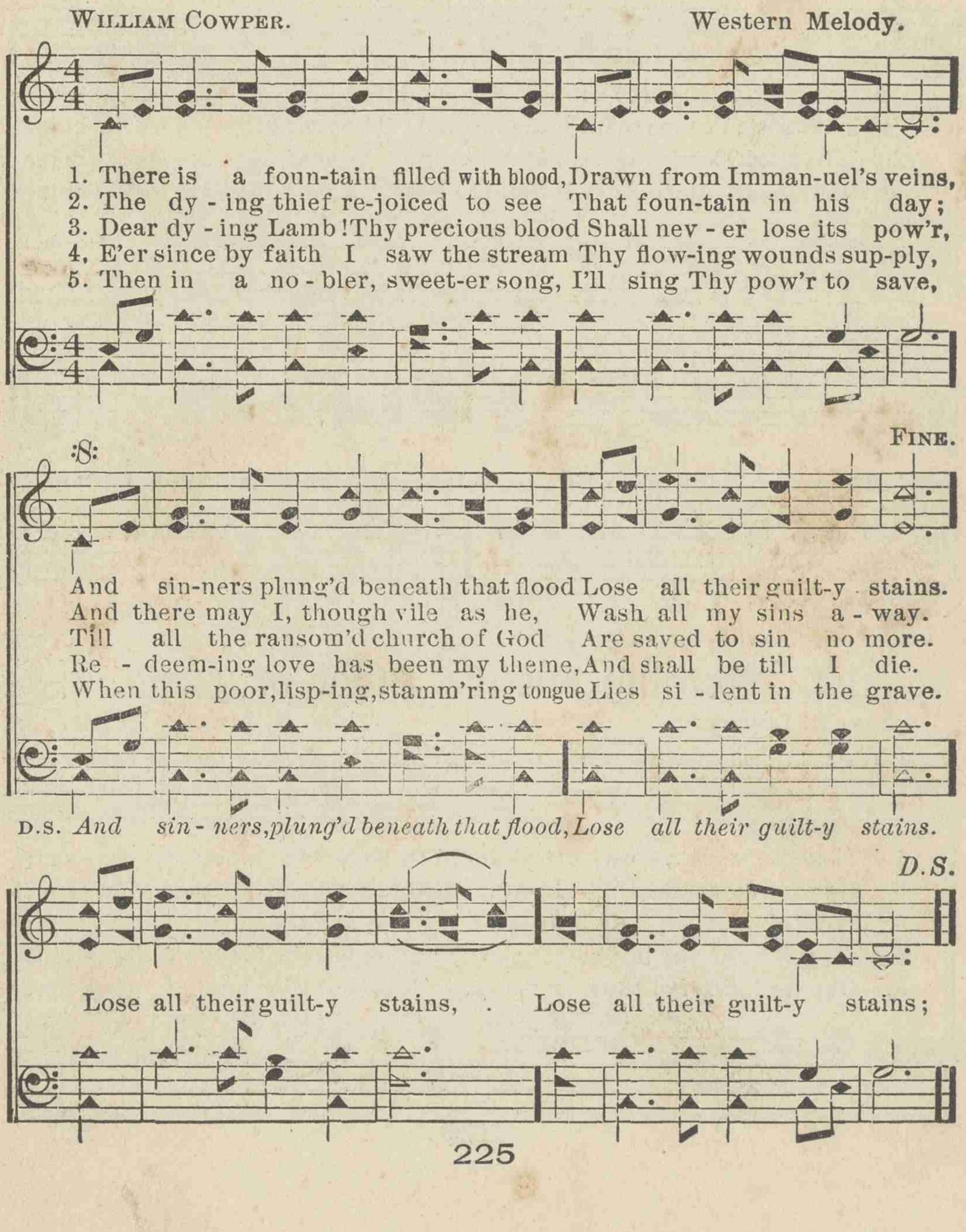
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De - ny thyself, and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en-tire - ly new —



Windham. (Concluded.)

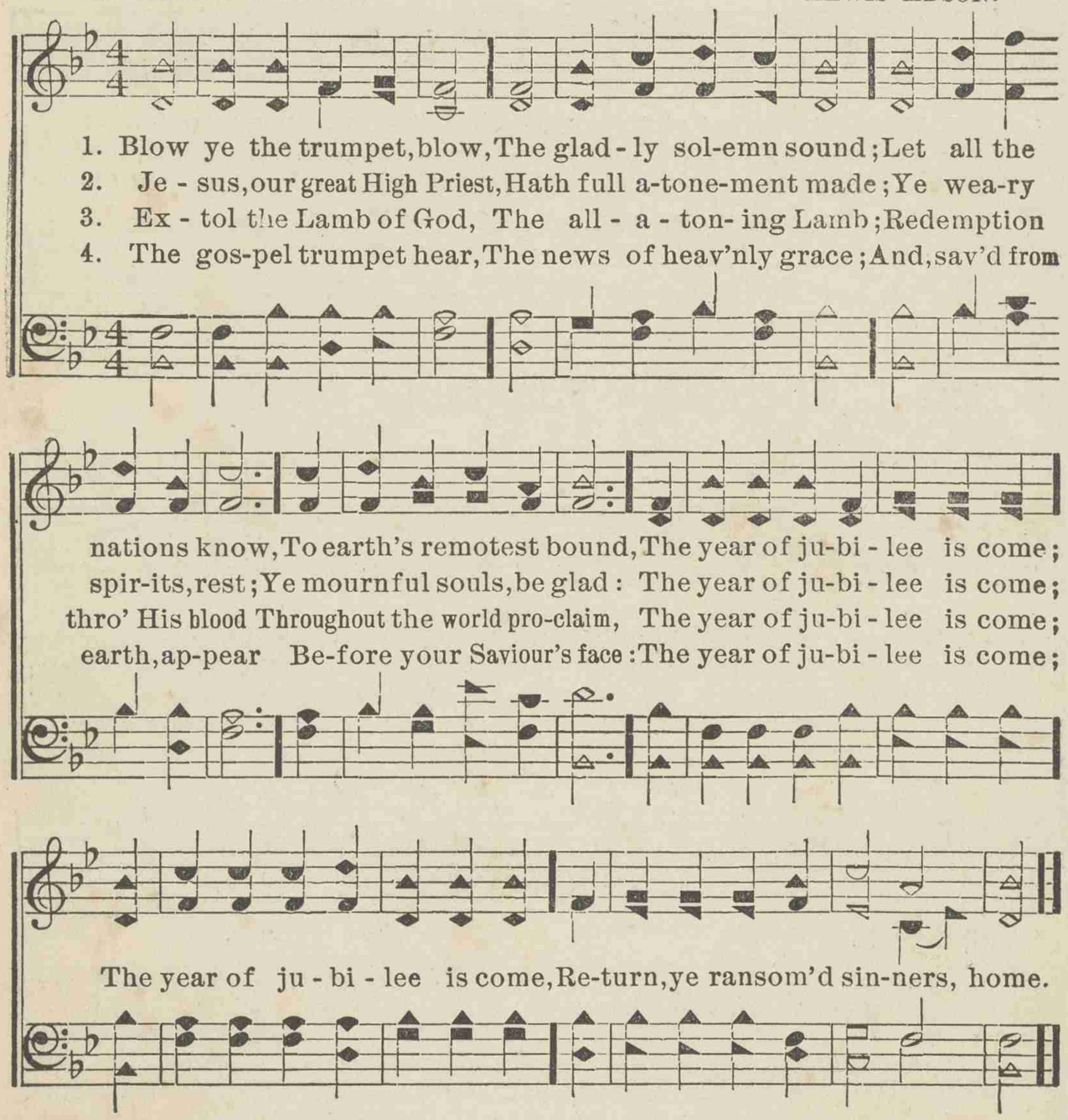


No. 222. There is a Fountain. C. M.



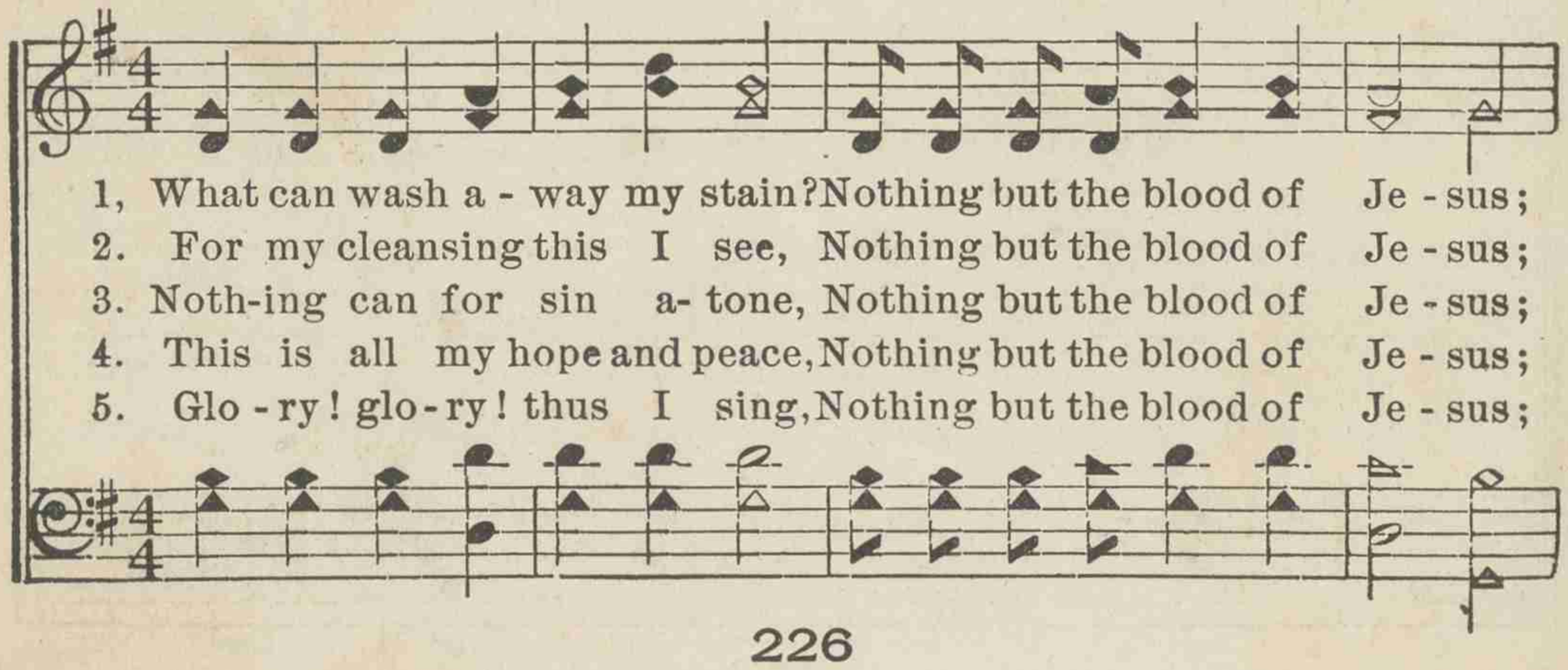
No. 223. Tenor. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

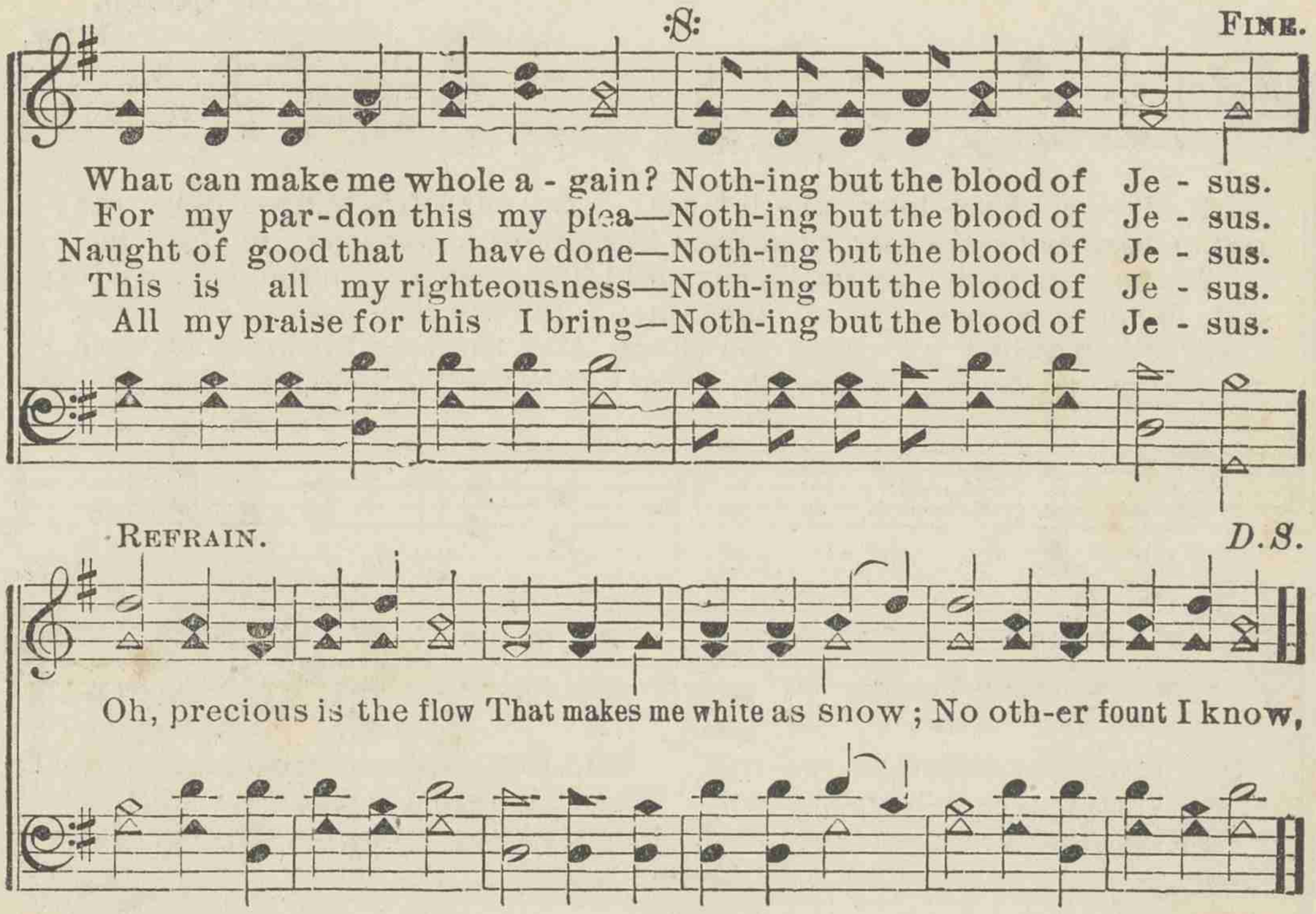


No. 224. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. (Concluded.)



No. 225. I will Follow Jesus.



No. 226. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s.

J. E. GOULD.



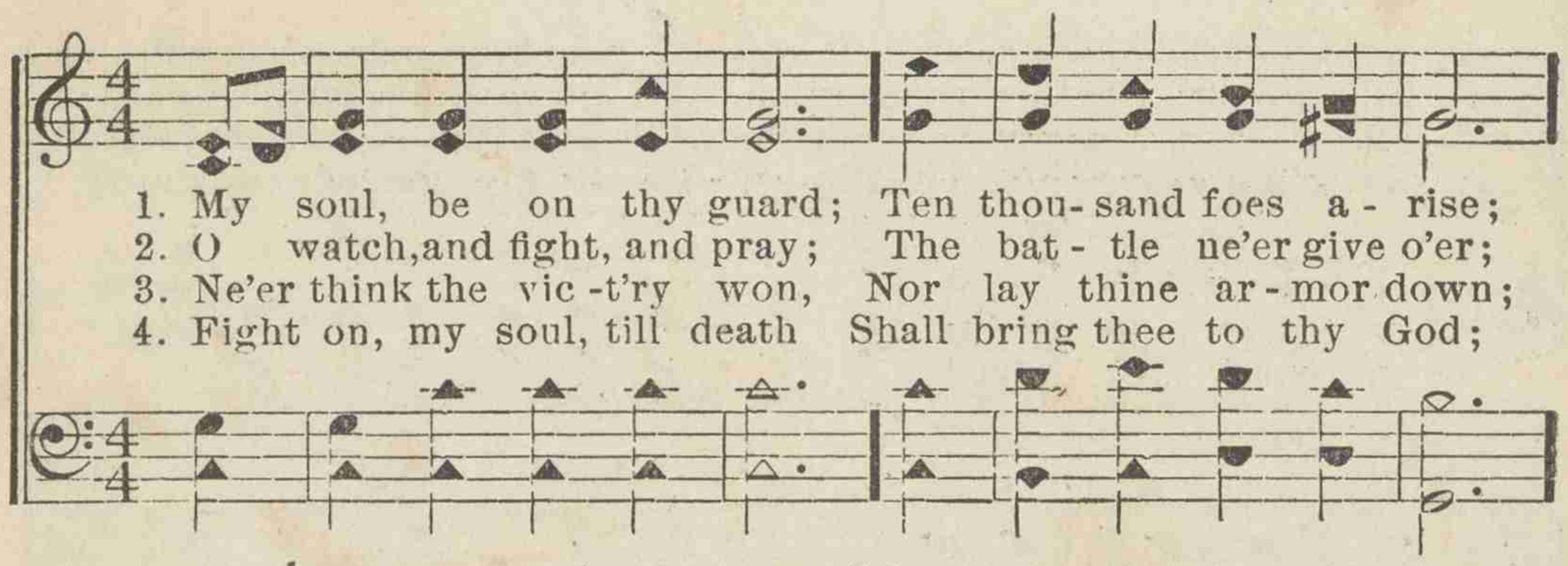
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C. *Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. When at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



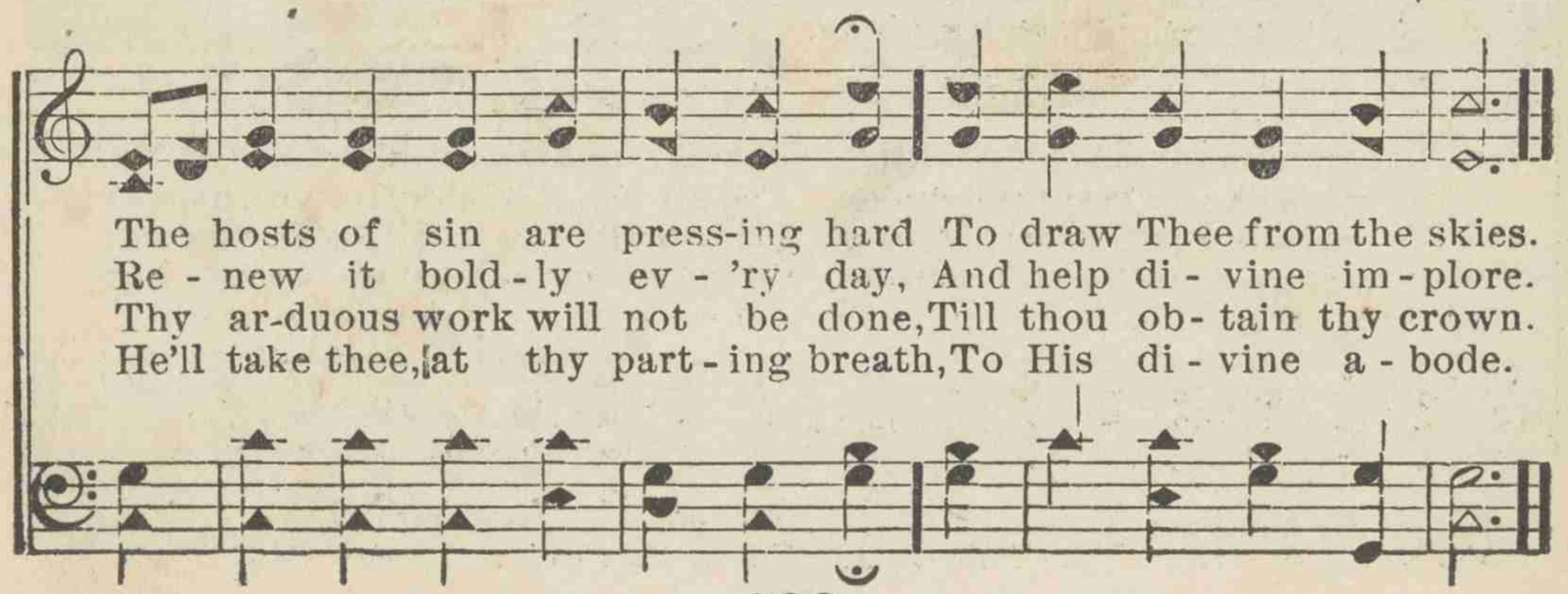
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

No. 227. Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



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



The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 228. Webb. 7s & 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone;

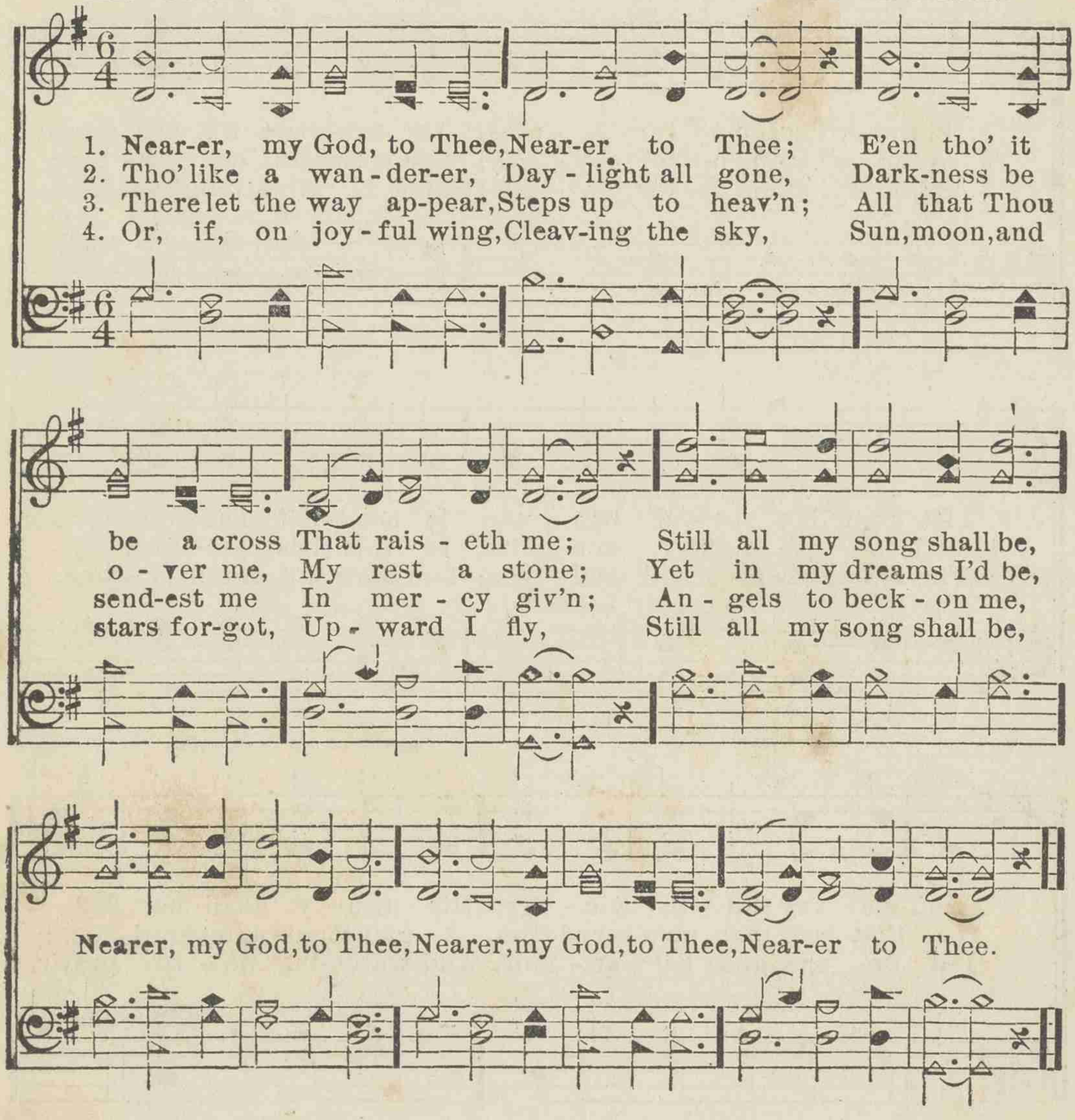
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His arm - y shall be led,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un-numbered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch-ing un - to pray'r,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

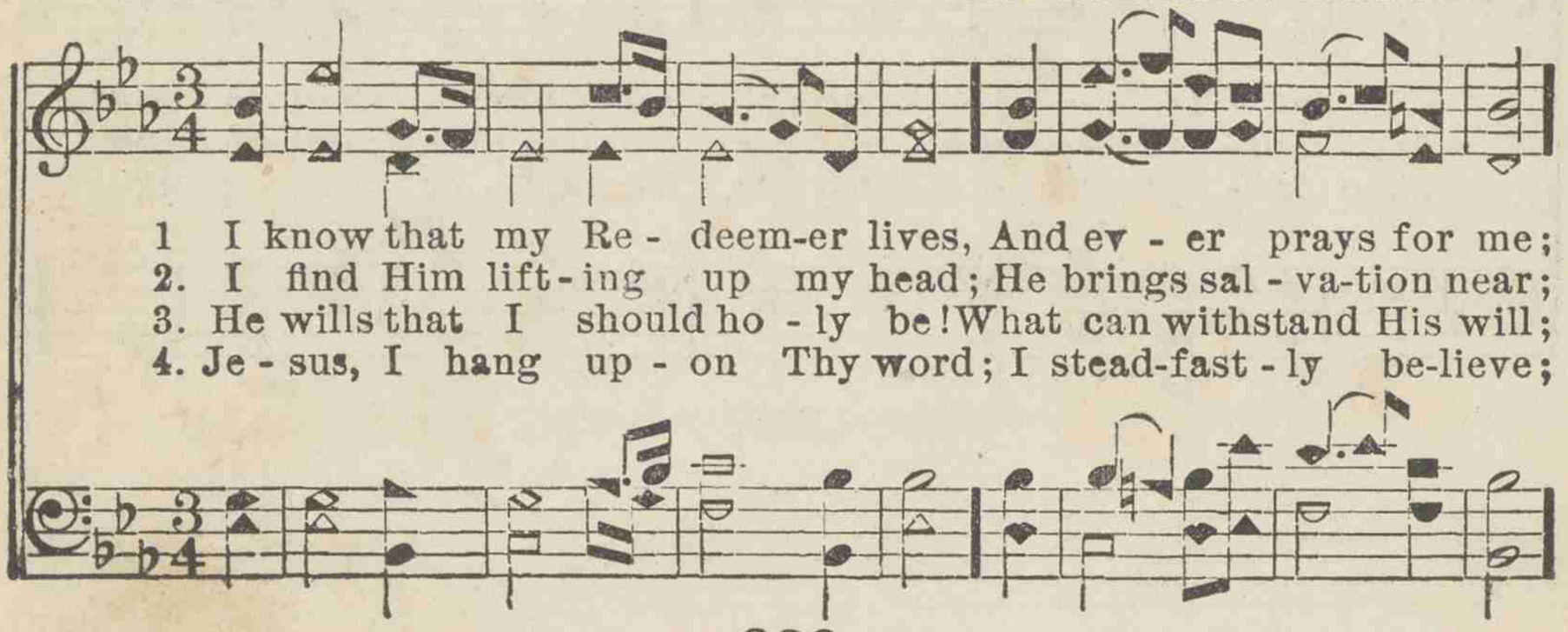
No. 229. Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 230. Bradford. C. M.

Charles Wesley. George Frederick Handel.



Bradford. (Concluded.)



No. 231. Fair Haven. C. M.

Scotch Air.

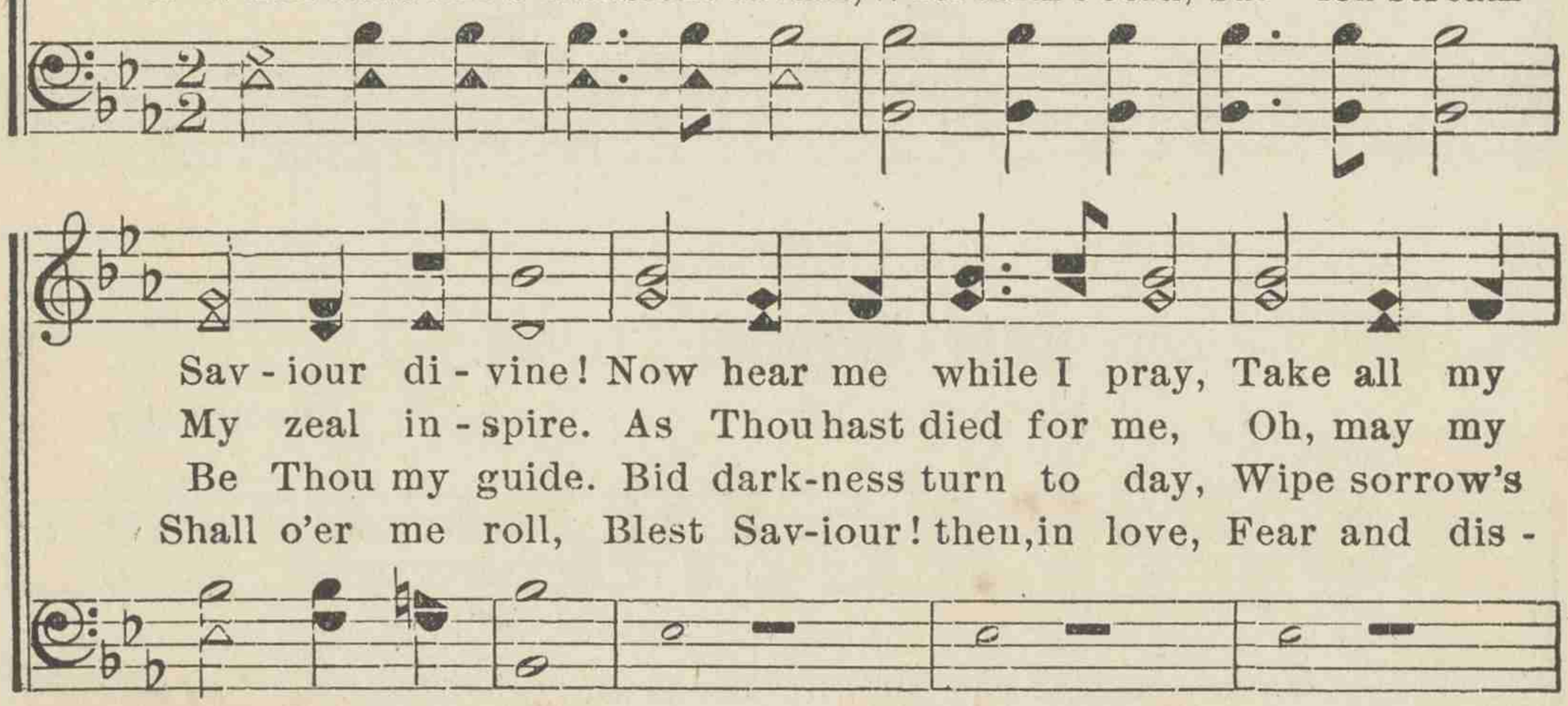


No. 232. My Faith Looks up to Thee. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

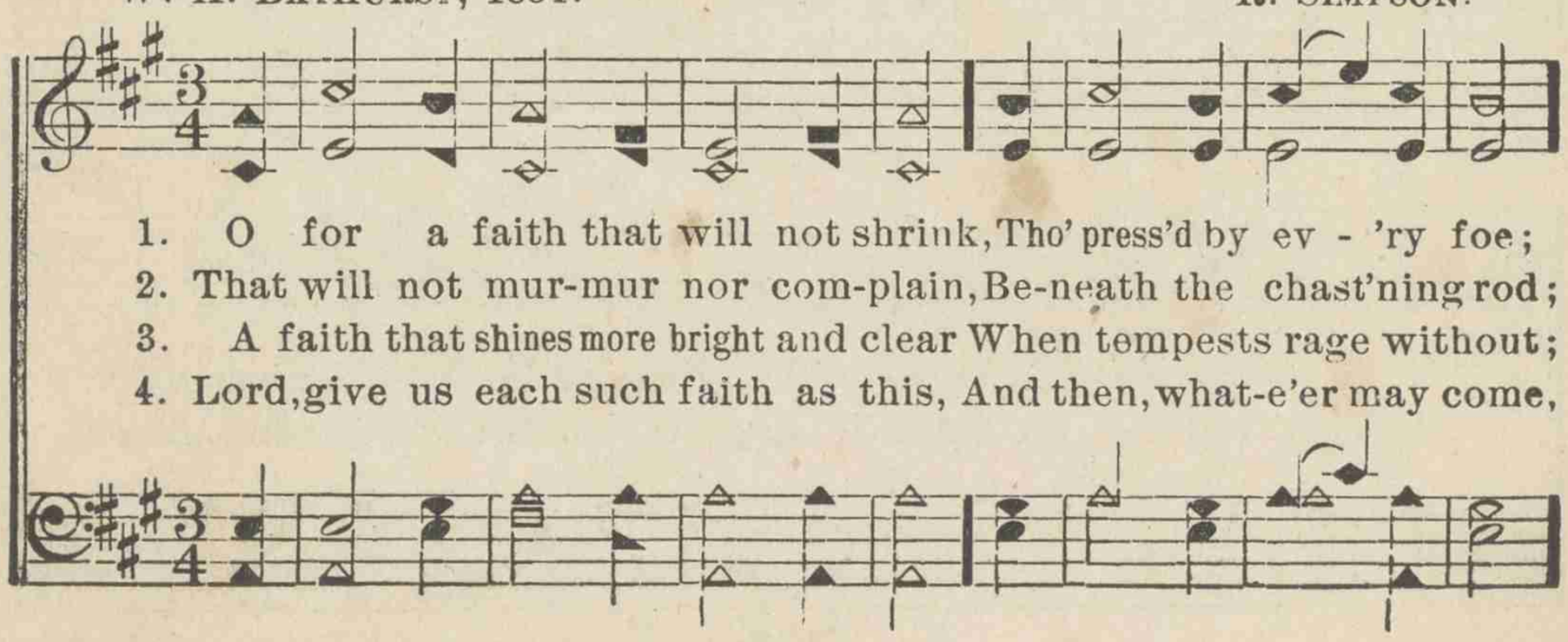


Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
Be Thou my guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis - tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul.



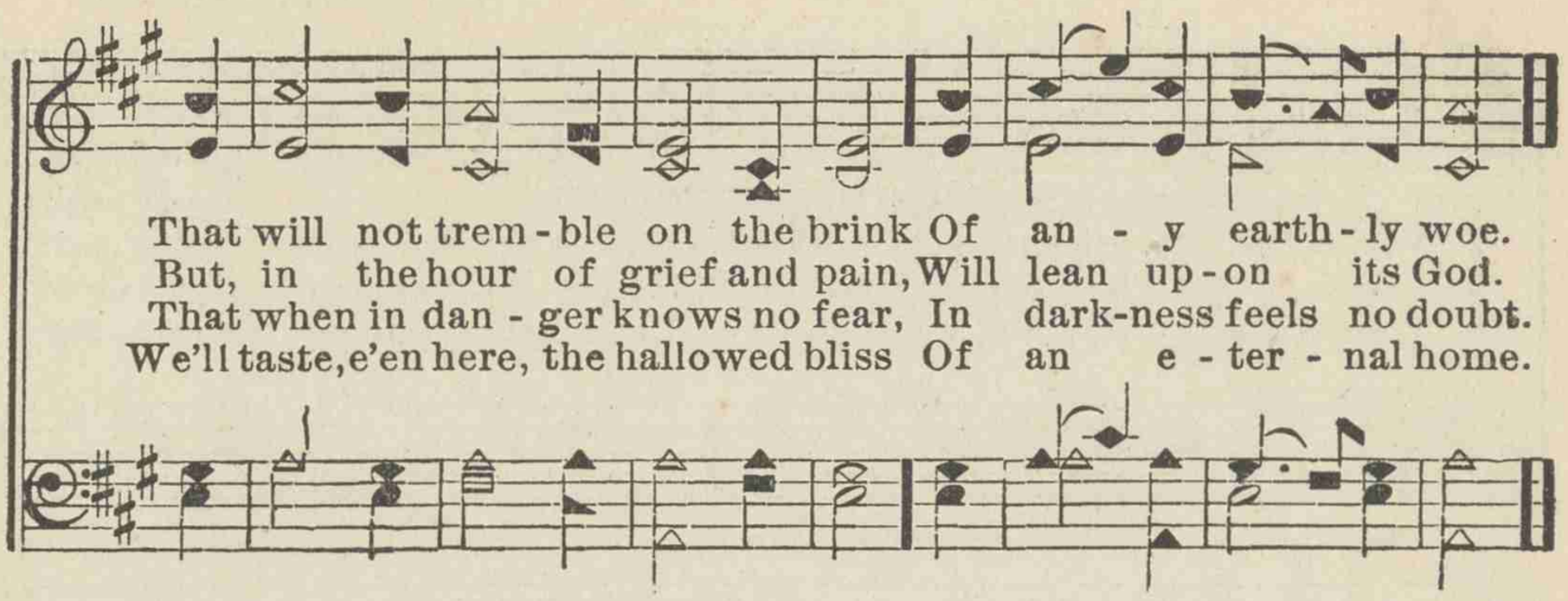
No. 233. Balerma. C. M.

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



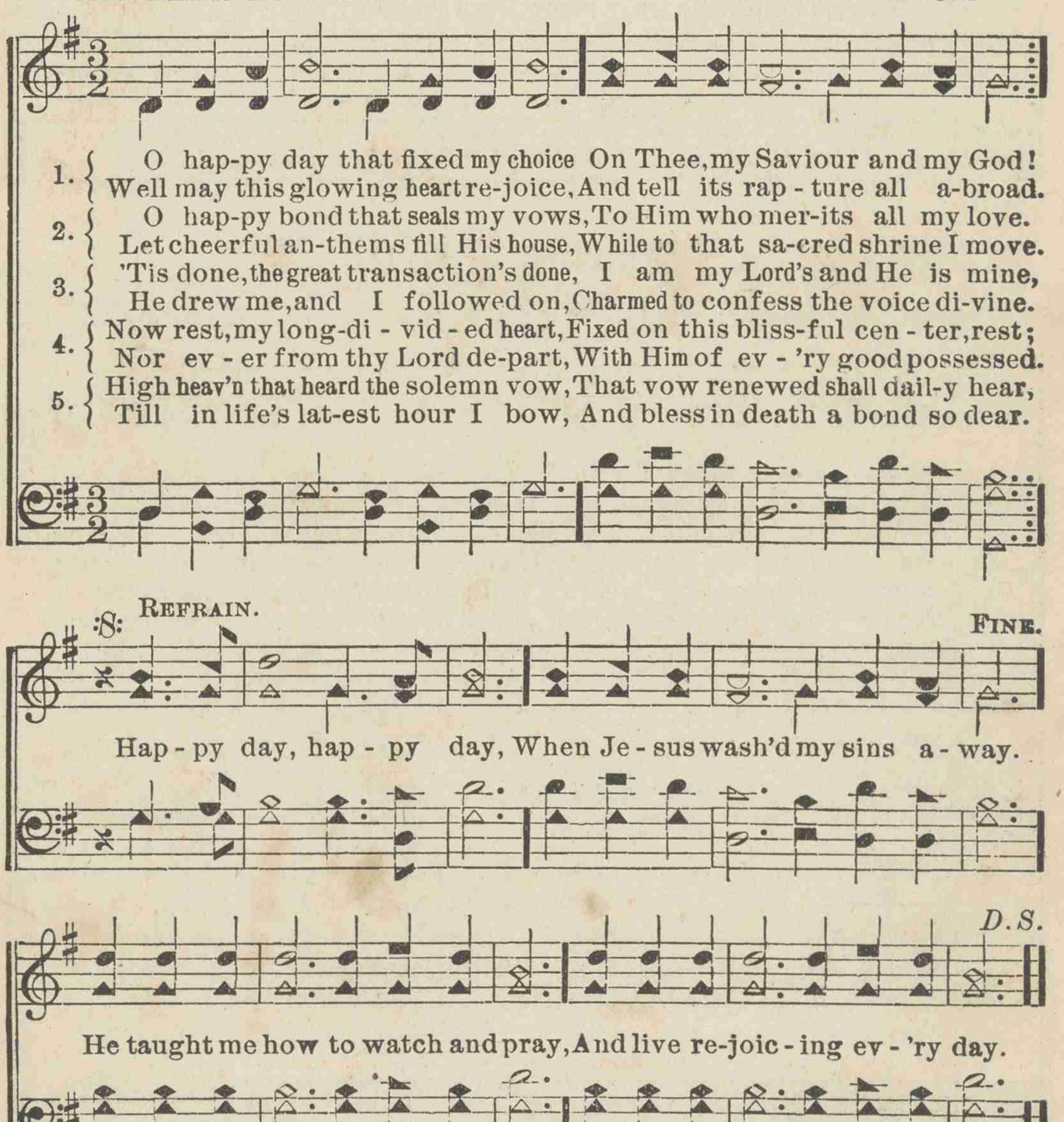
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain, Be-neath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,

Balerma. (Concluded.)



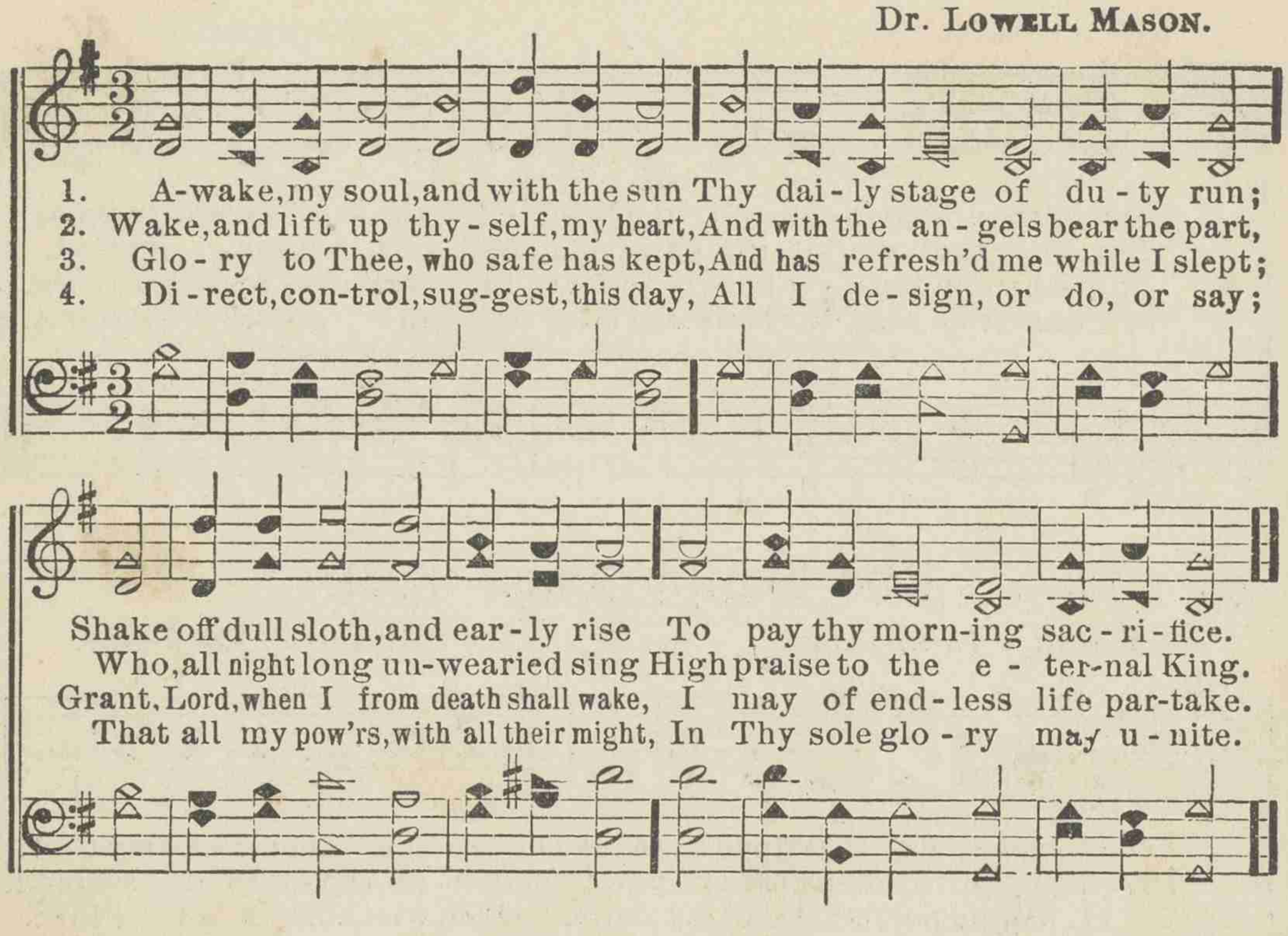
No. 234. The Happy Day. L. M.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.



No. 235. Rockingham. L. M.

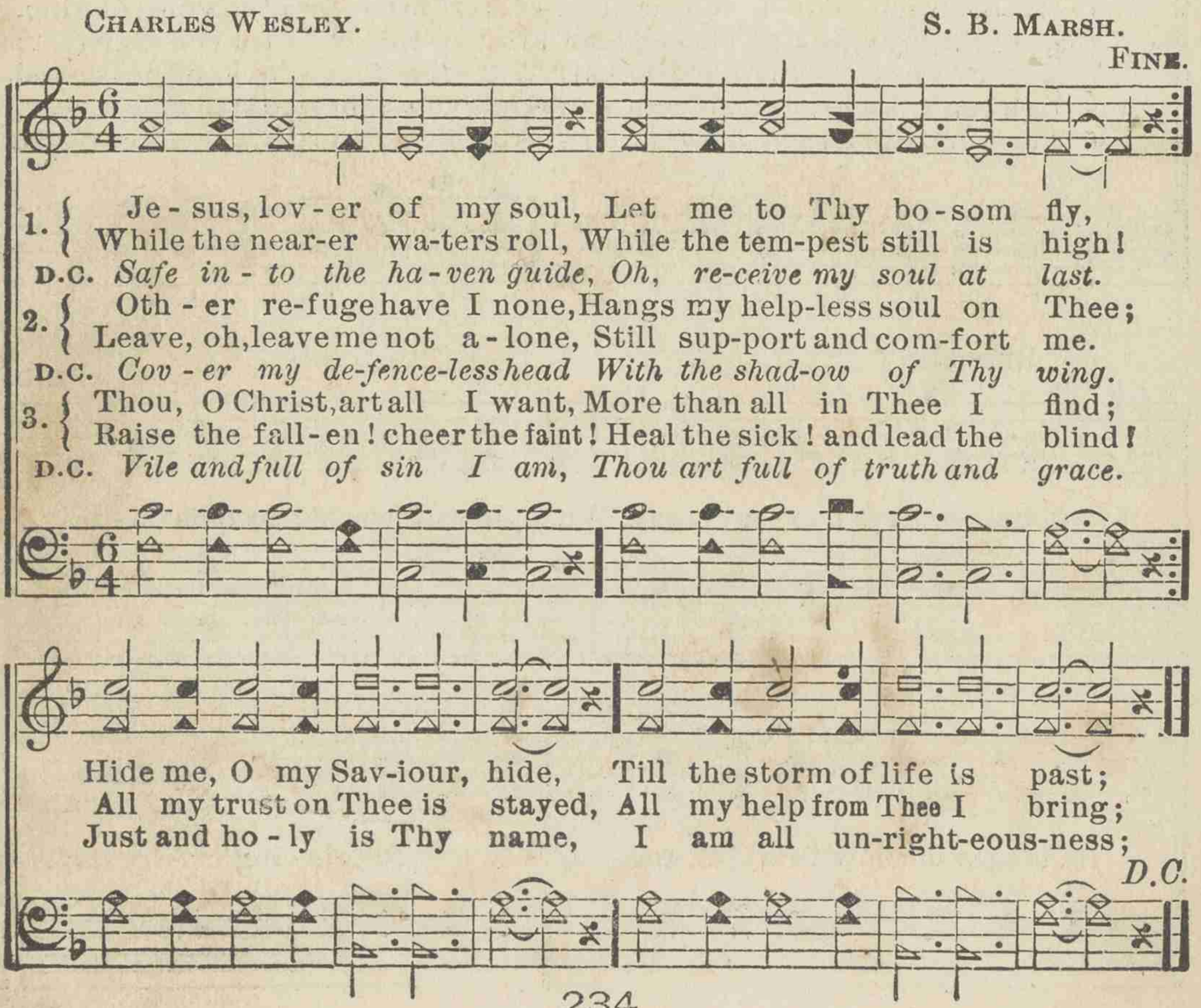
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 236. Martyn. 7s, D.

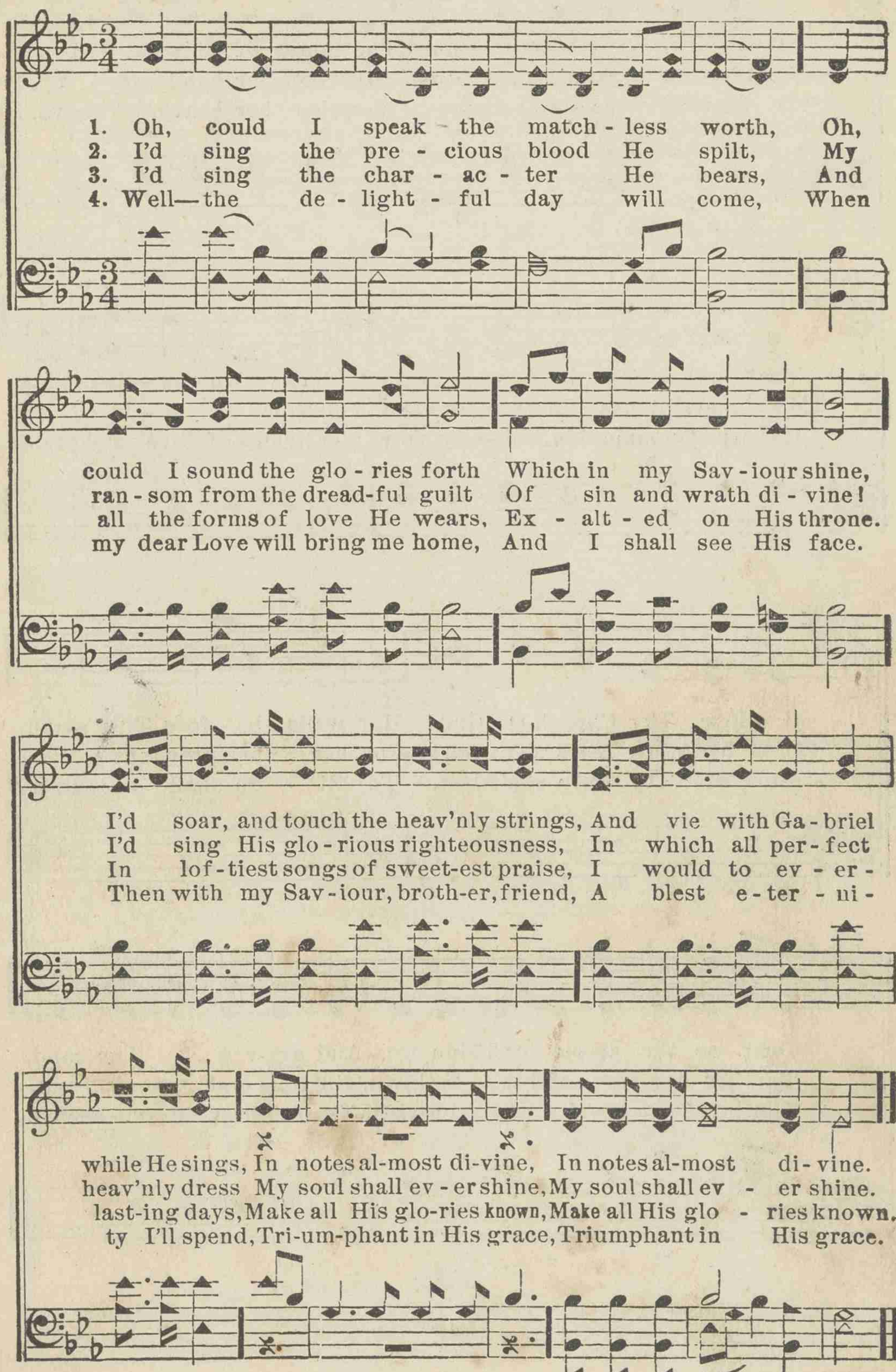
CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



No. 237. **Ariel.** C. P. M.

S. MEDLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



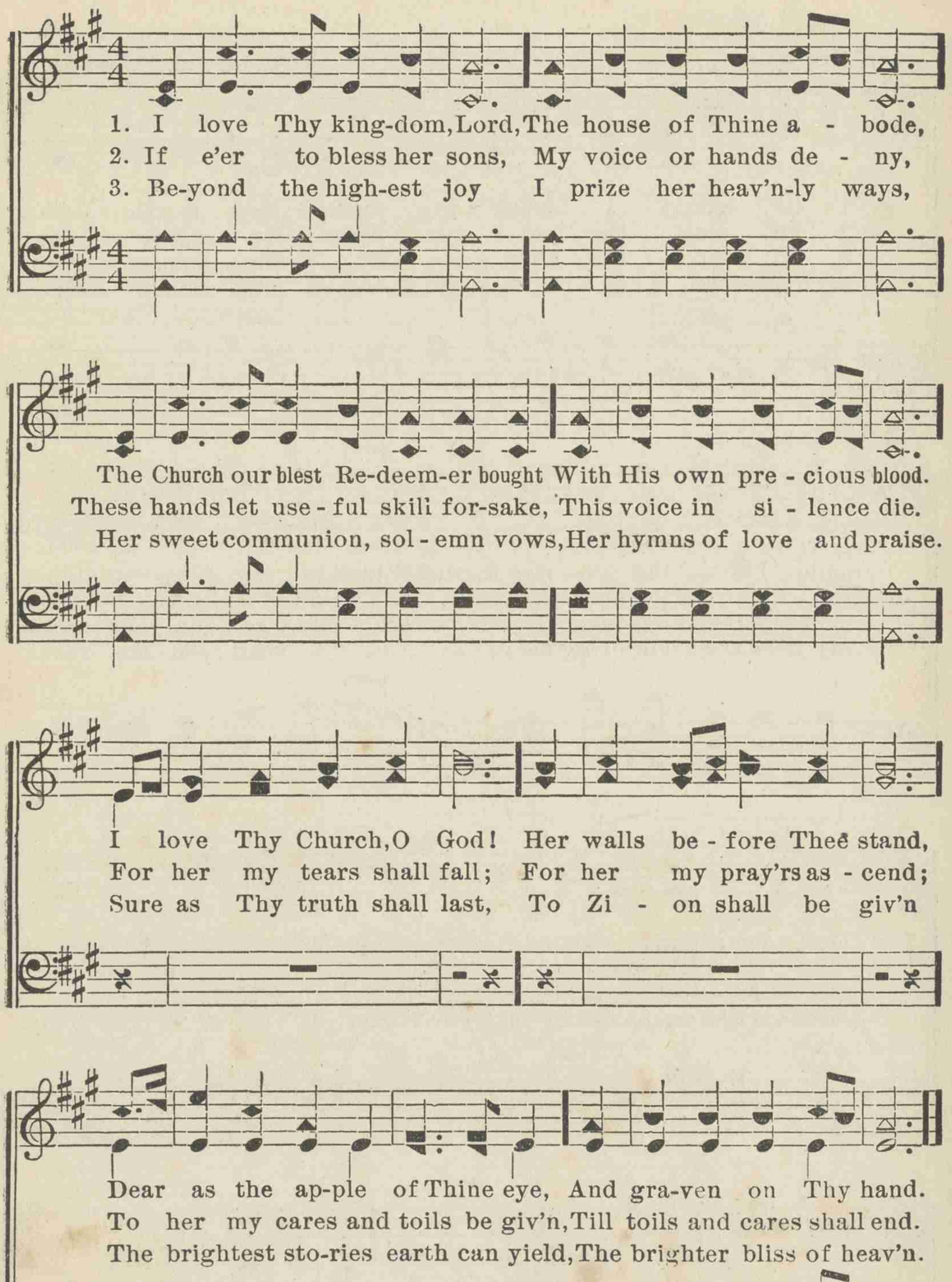
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And
4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When

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

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

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

No. 238. **Bealoth.** S. M. D.

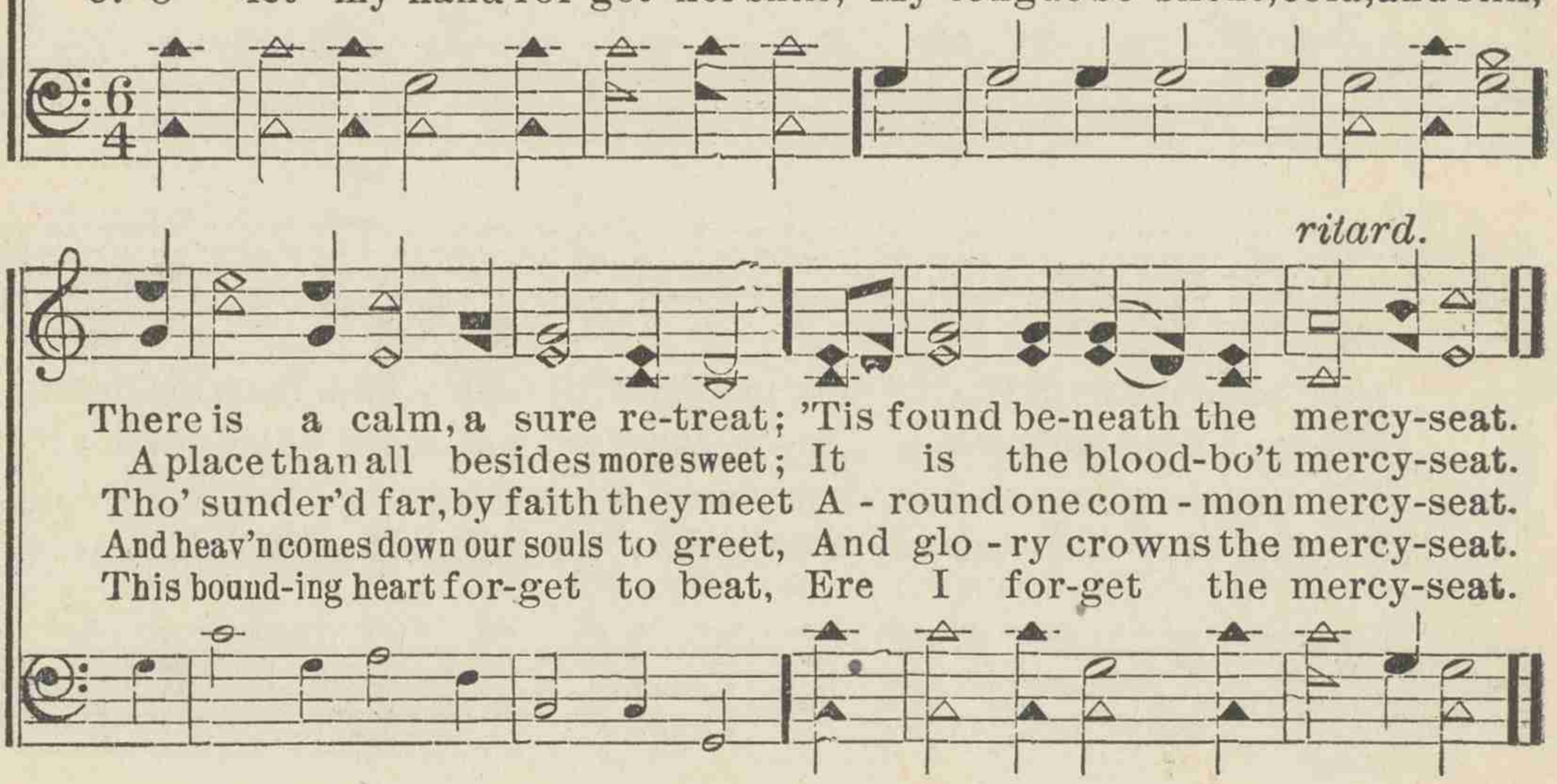


No. 239. Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.



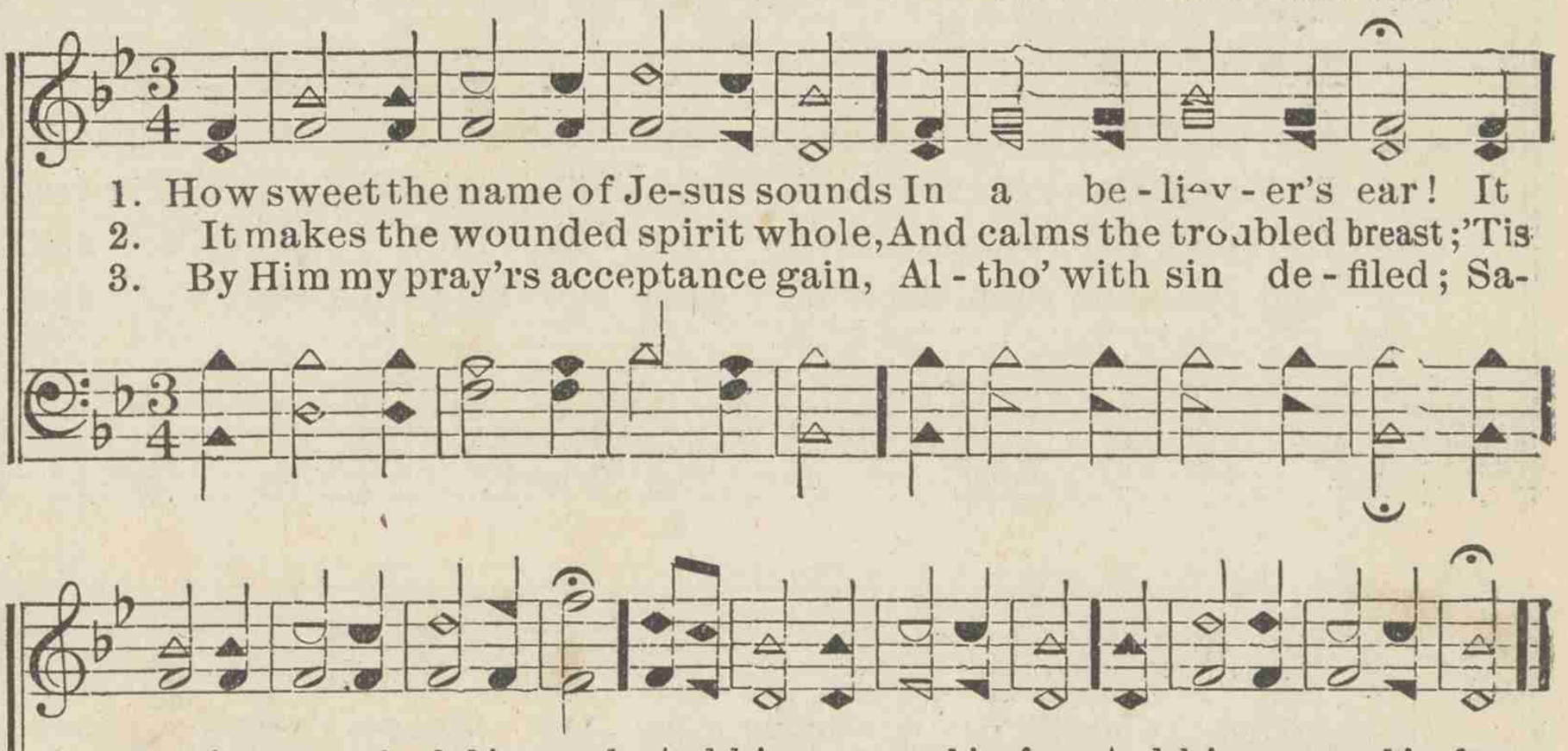
1. From ev -'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sense and sin molest no more;
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mercy-seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mercy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mercy-seat.
This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mercy-seat.

No. 240. Ortonville. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al - tho' with sin de - filed; Sa-

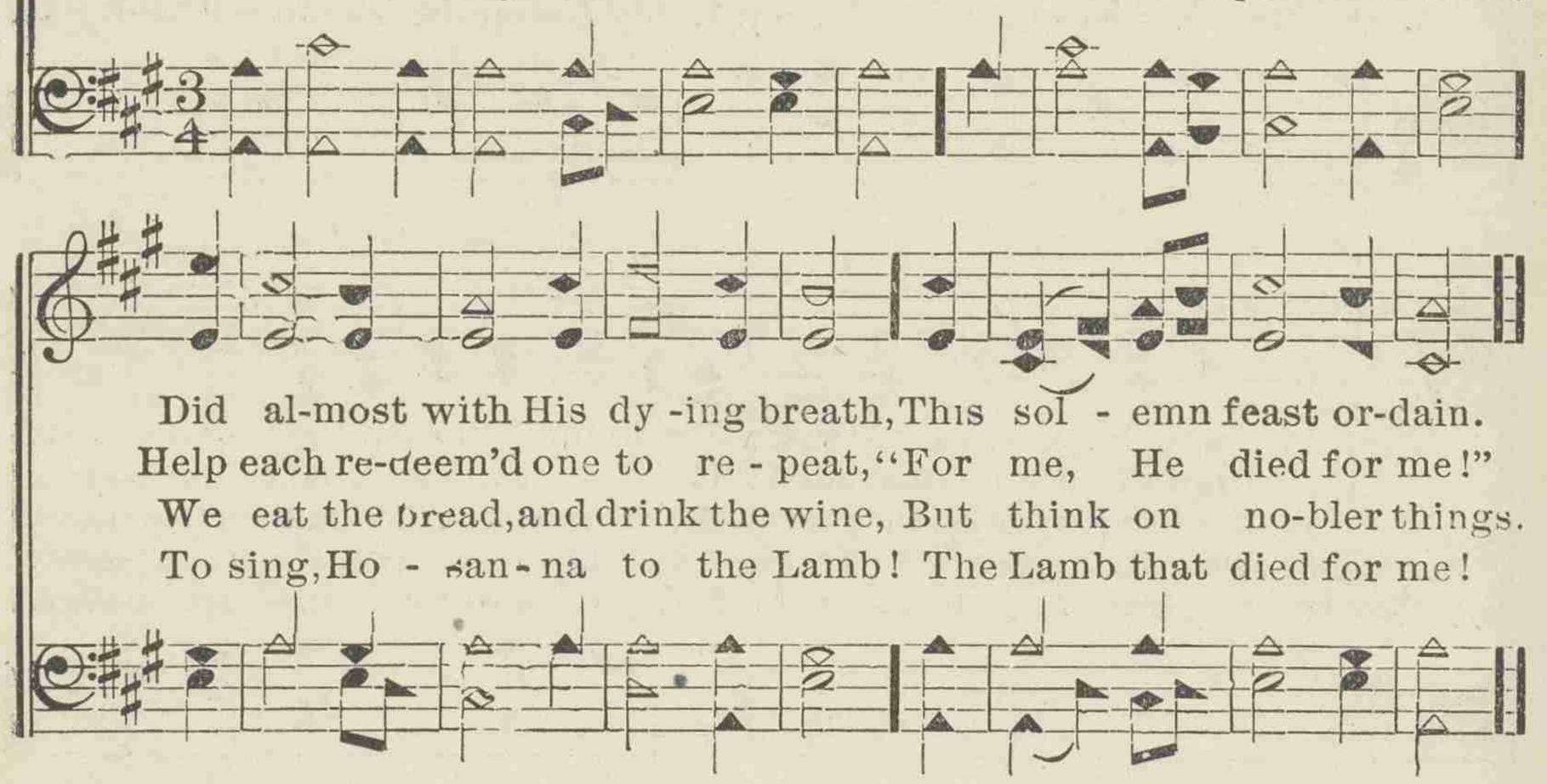
soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a- way his fear.
manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
tan ac-cuses me in vain. And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

No. 241. Avon. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. HUGH WILSON.



1. That dreadful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin-ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem-ber Thee;
3. Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sa-cred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee,

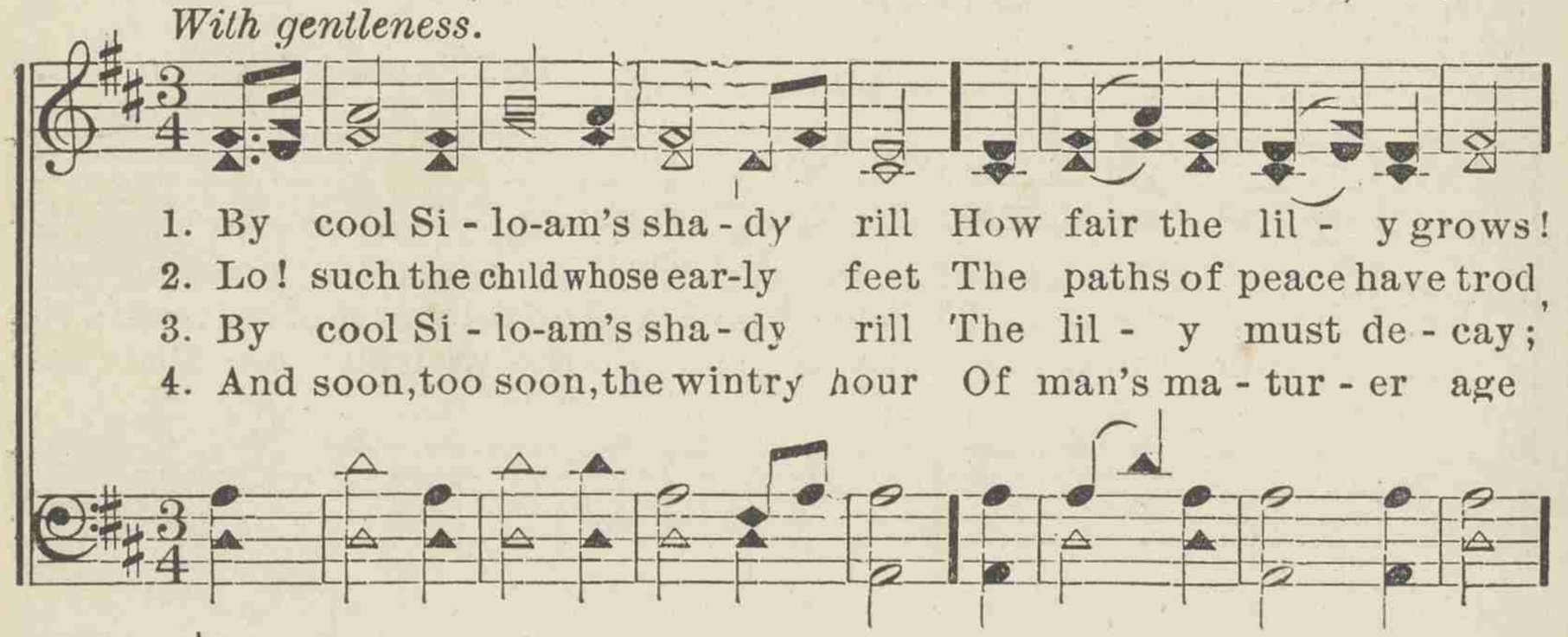


Did al-most with His dy -ing breath, This sol - emn feast or-dain.
Help each re-deem'd one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no-bler things.
To sing, Ho - san-na to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!

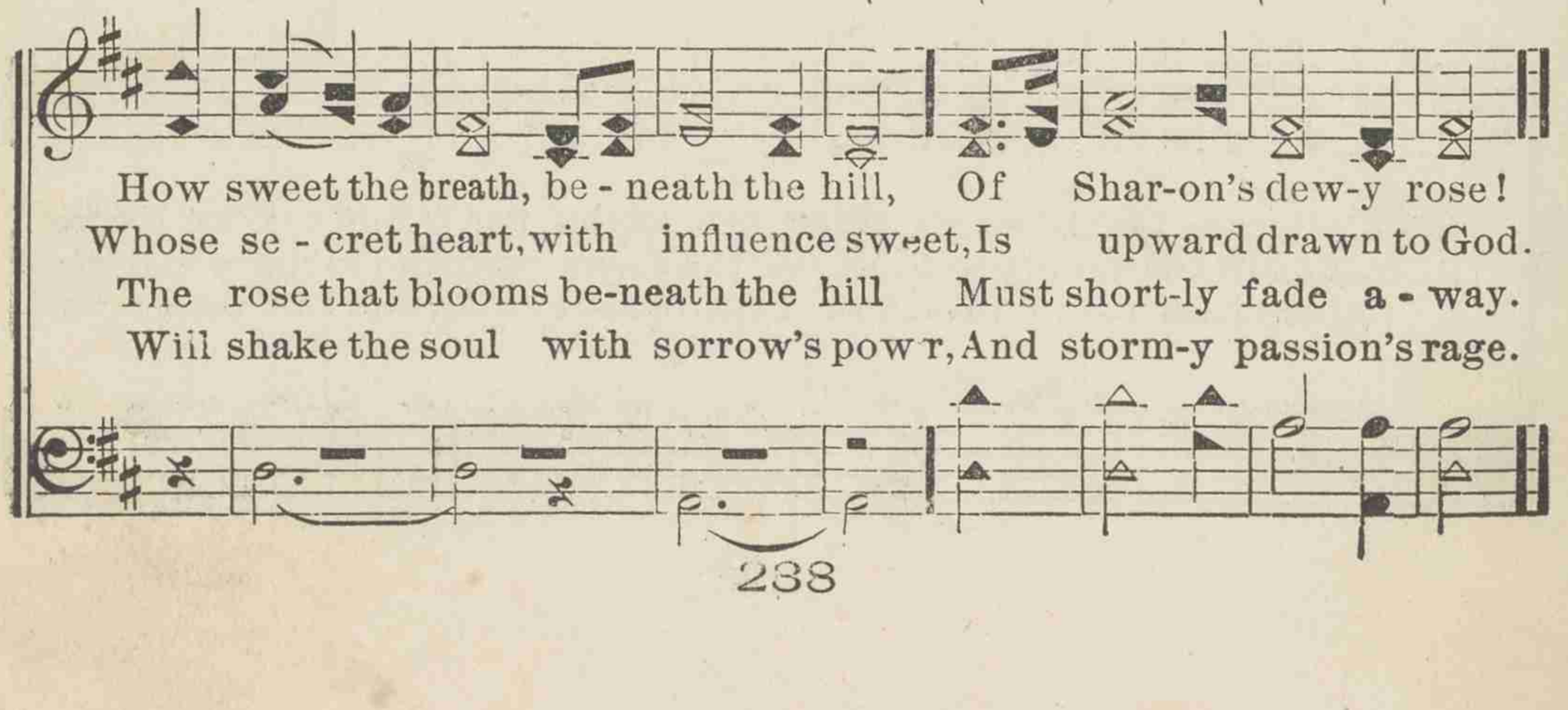
No. 242. Siloam. C. M.

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

With gentleness.



1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's ma - tur - er age



How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew-y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be-neath the hill Must short-ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm-y passion's rage.

No. 243. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What, tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

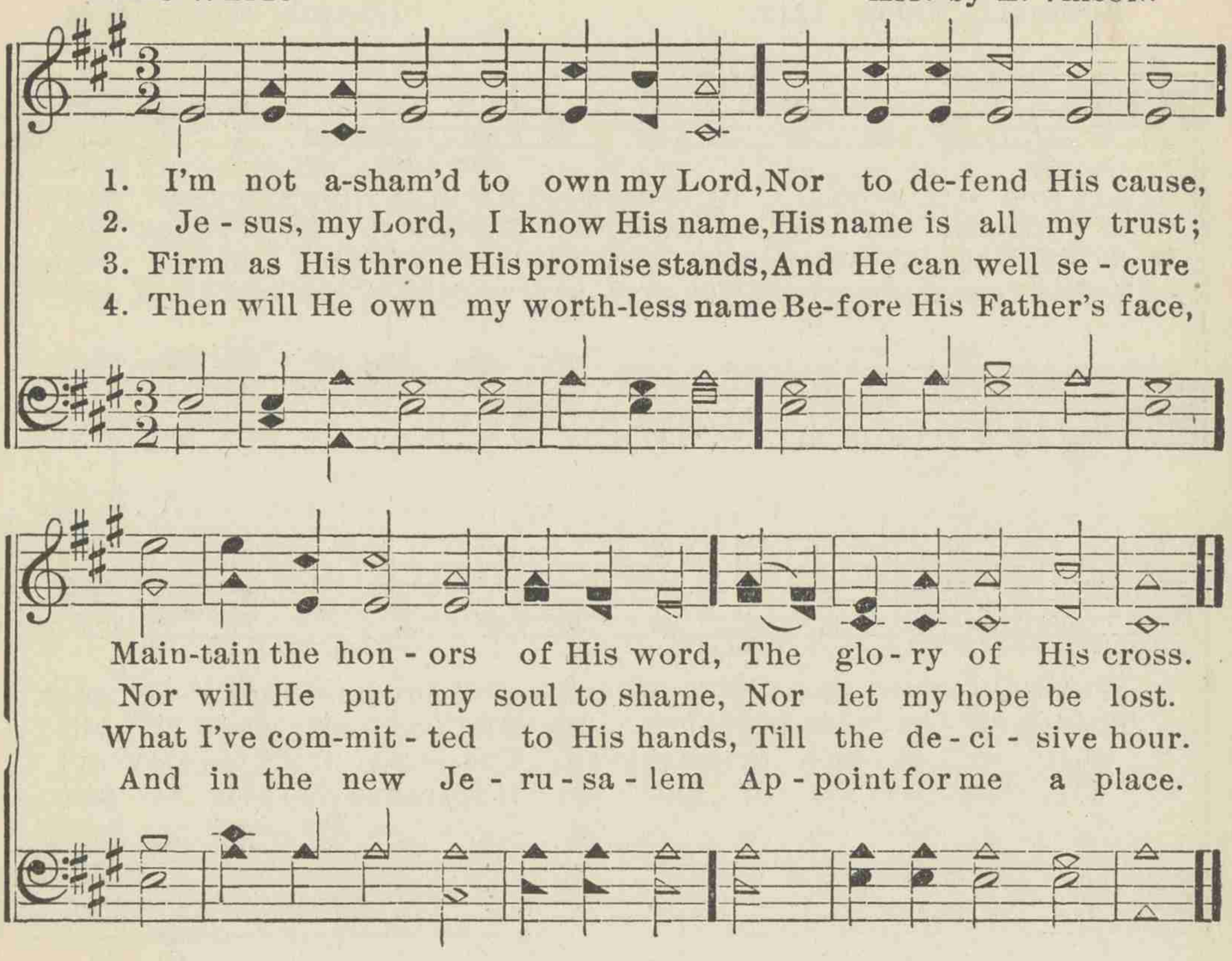
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - 'ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm-y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin-ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

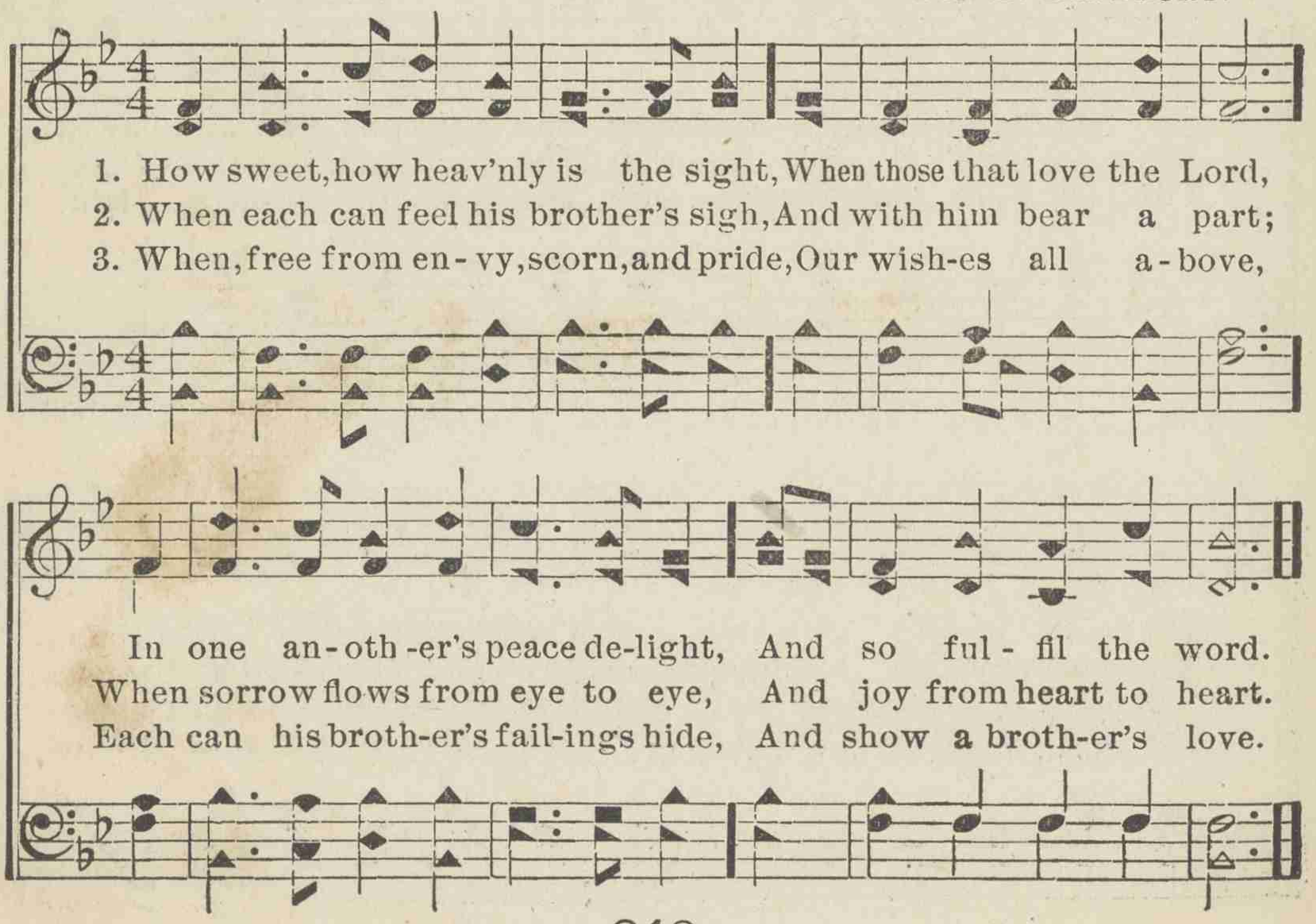
No. 244. Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.



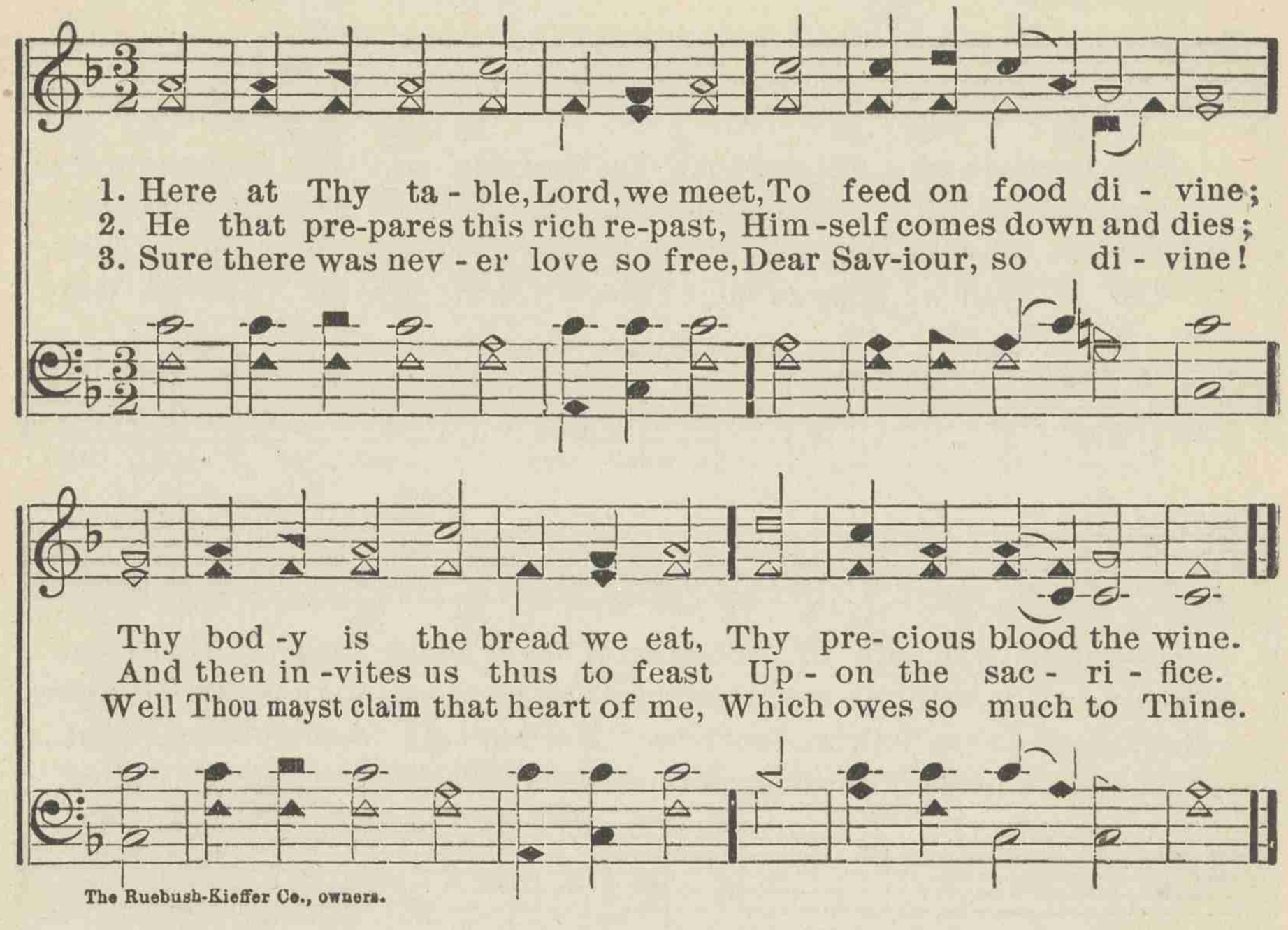
No. 245. Brown. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 246. Communion. C. M.

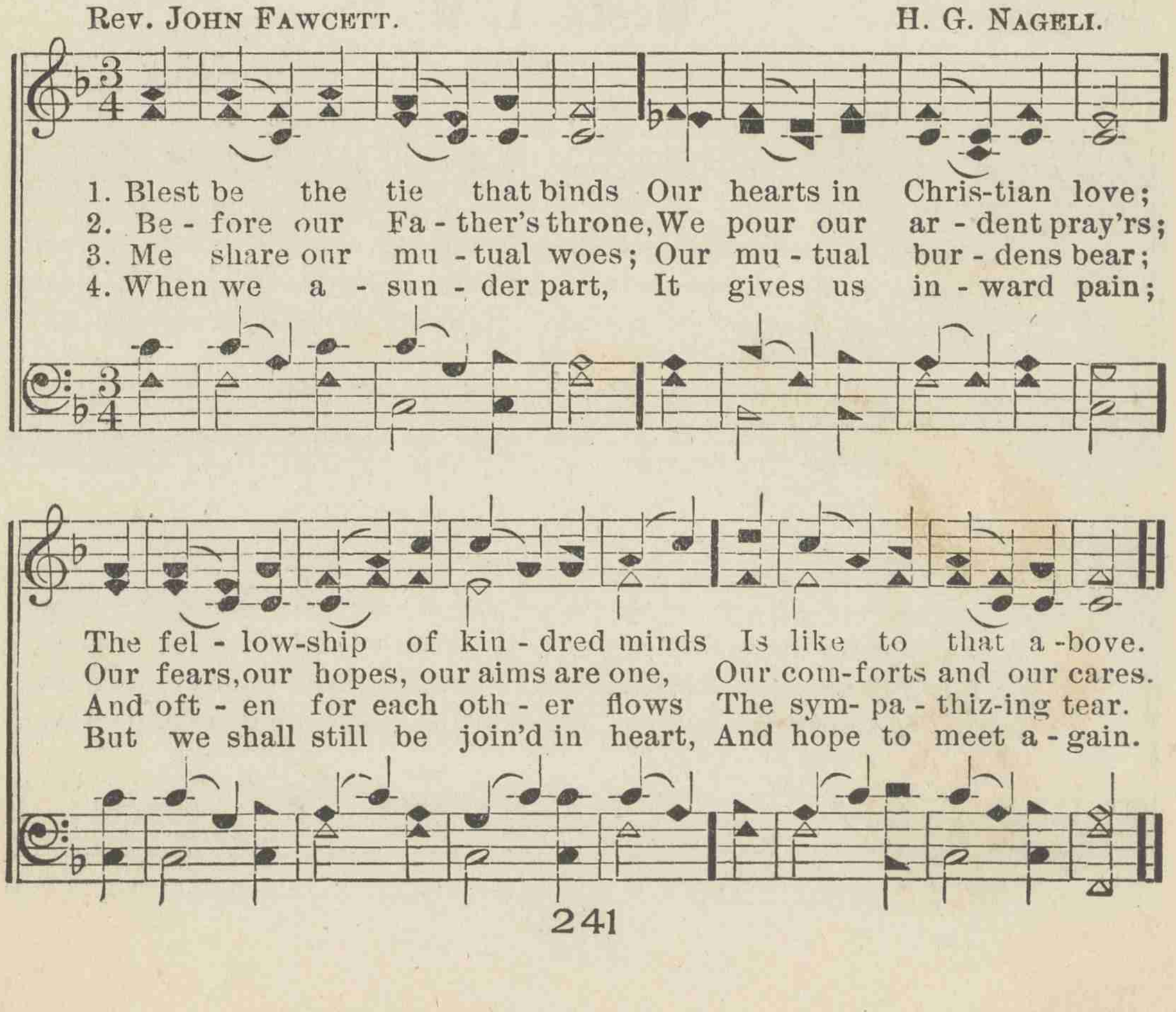
J. H. Hall.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

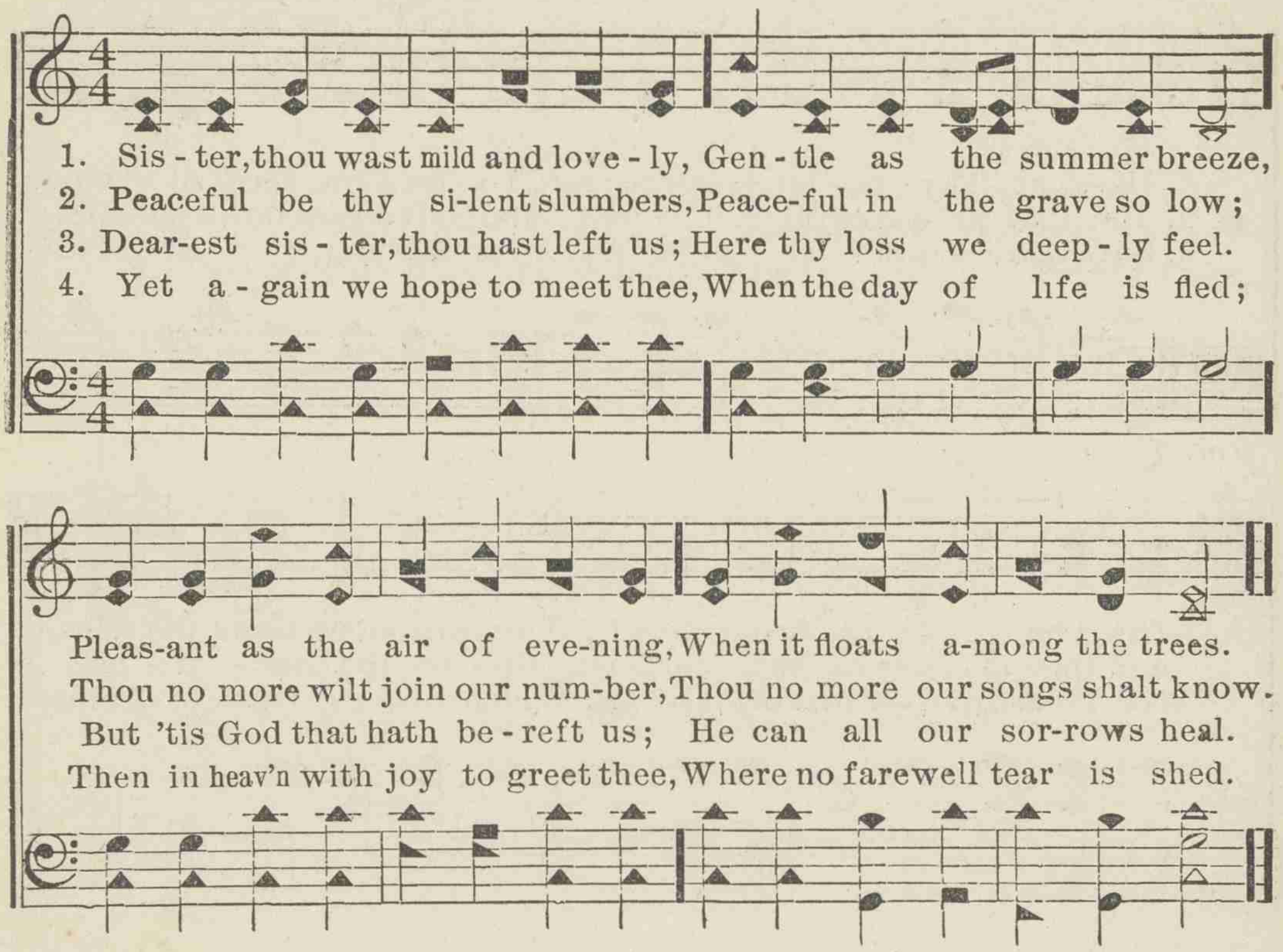
No. 247. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.



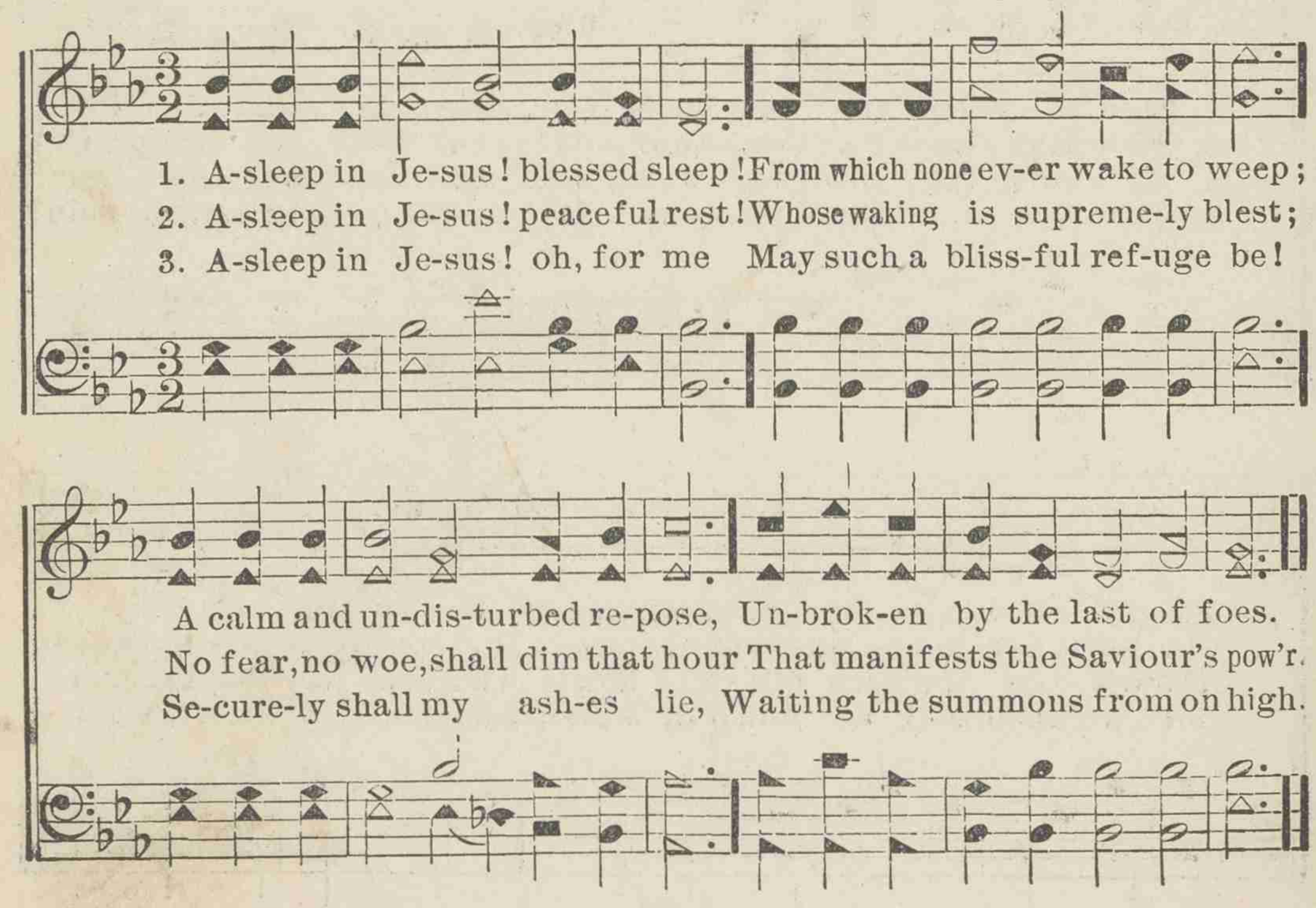
No 248. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 249. Rest. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



No. 250. Dunbar. S. M.

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



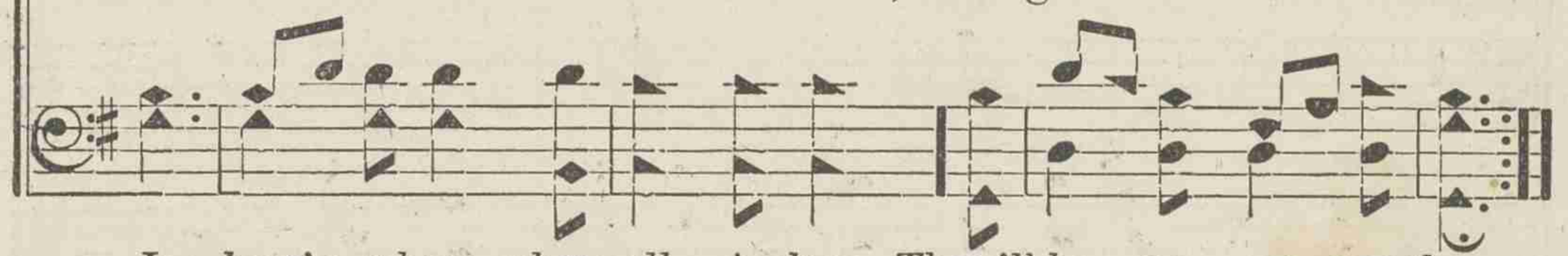
1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo- ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;



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



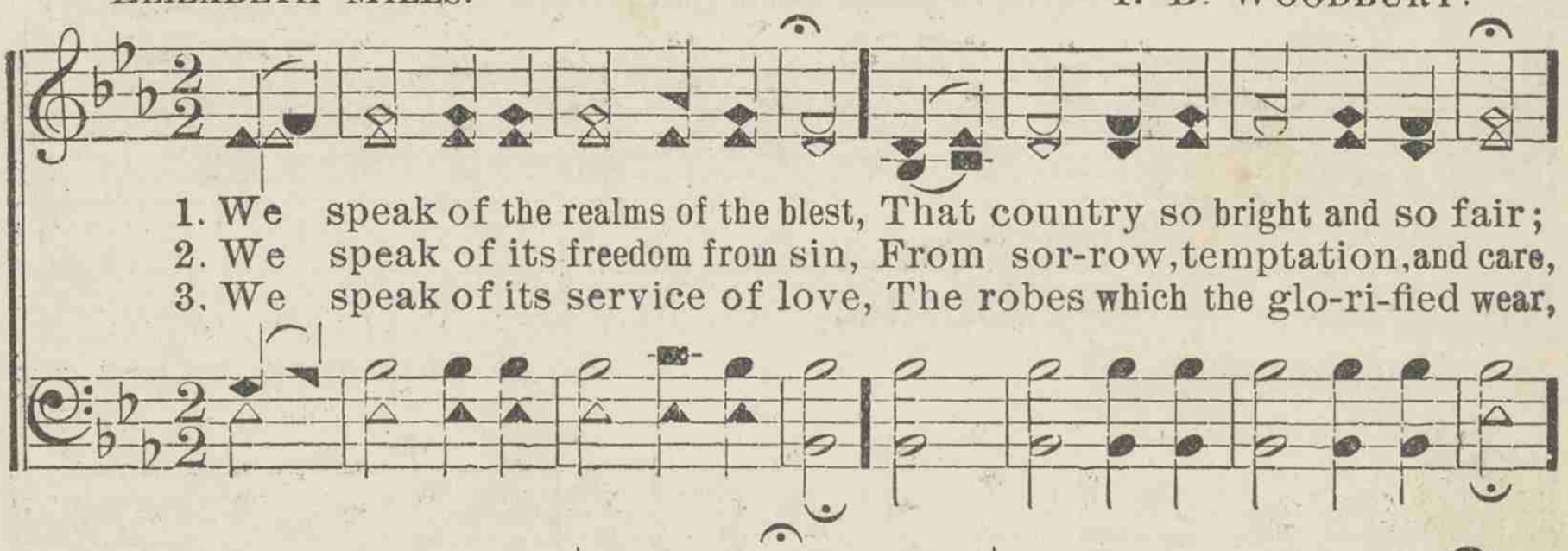
Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be - low.
To catch the bright seraph - ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.



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

No. 251. Pierce. 8s.

Elizabeth Mills. I. B. Woodbury.

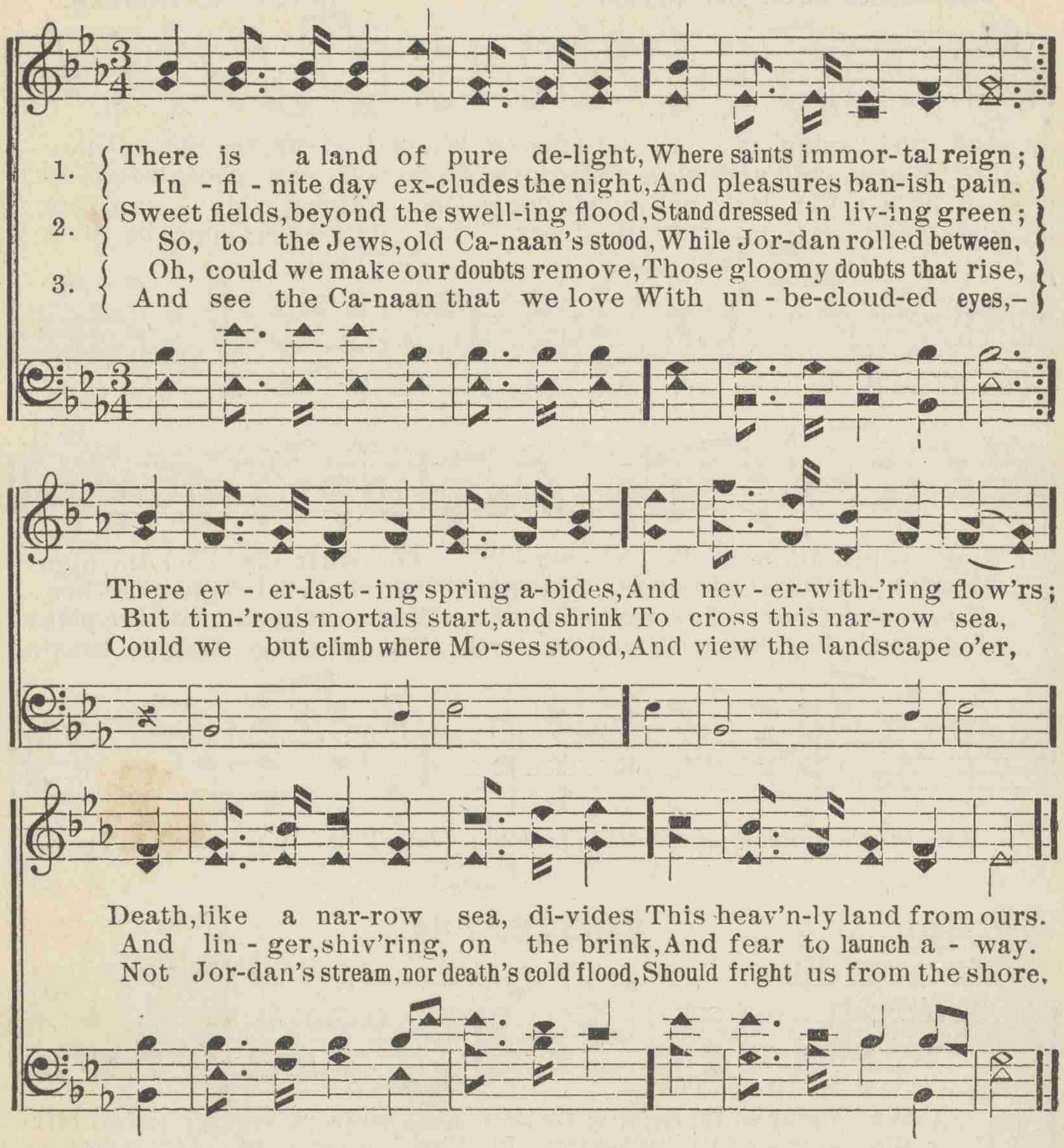


1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care,
3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,

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

No. 252. Land of Promise.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from RINK by G. F. ROOT.



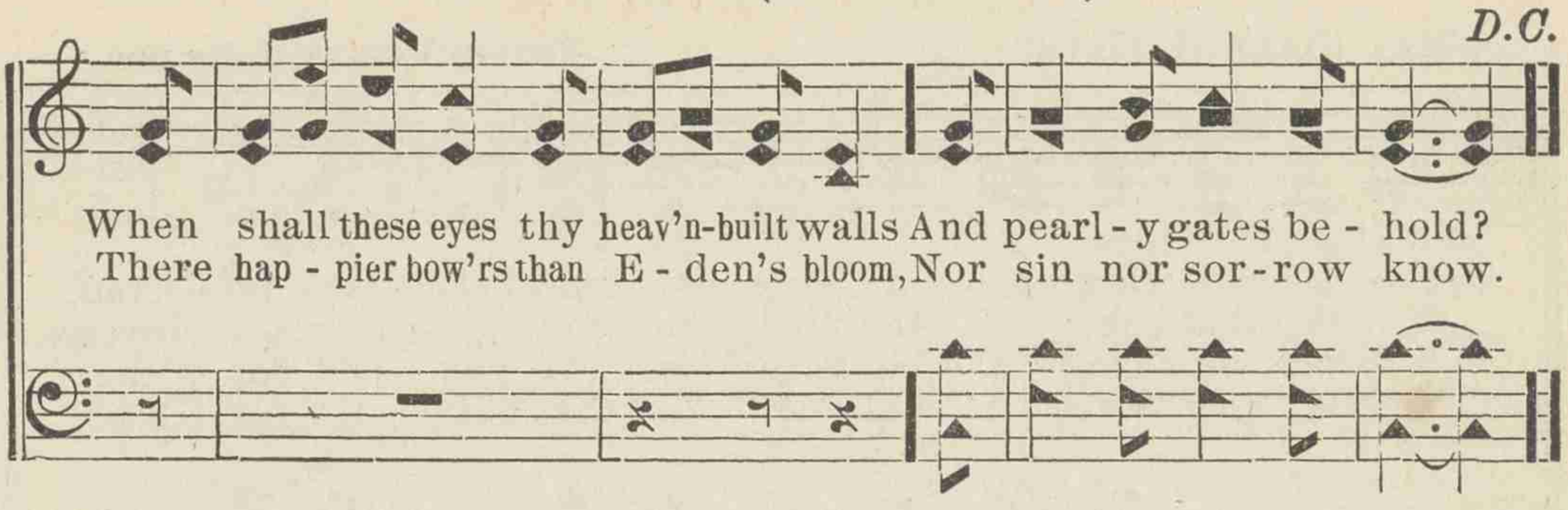
No. 253. Home. C. M., D.

MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

Not too fast. FINE.

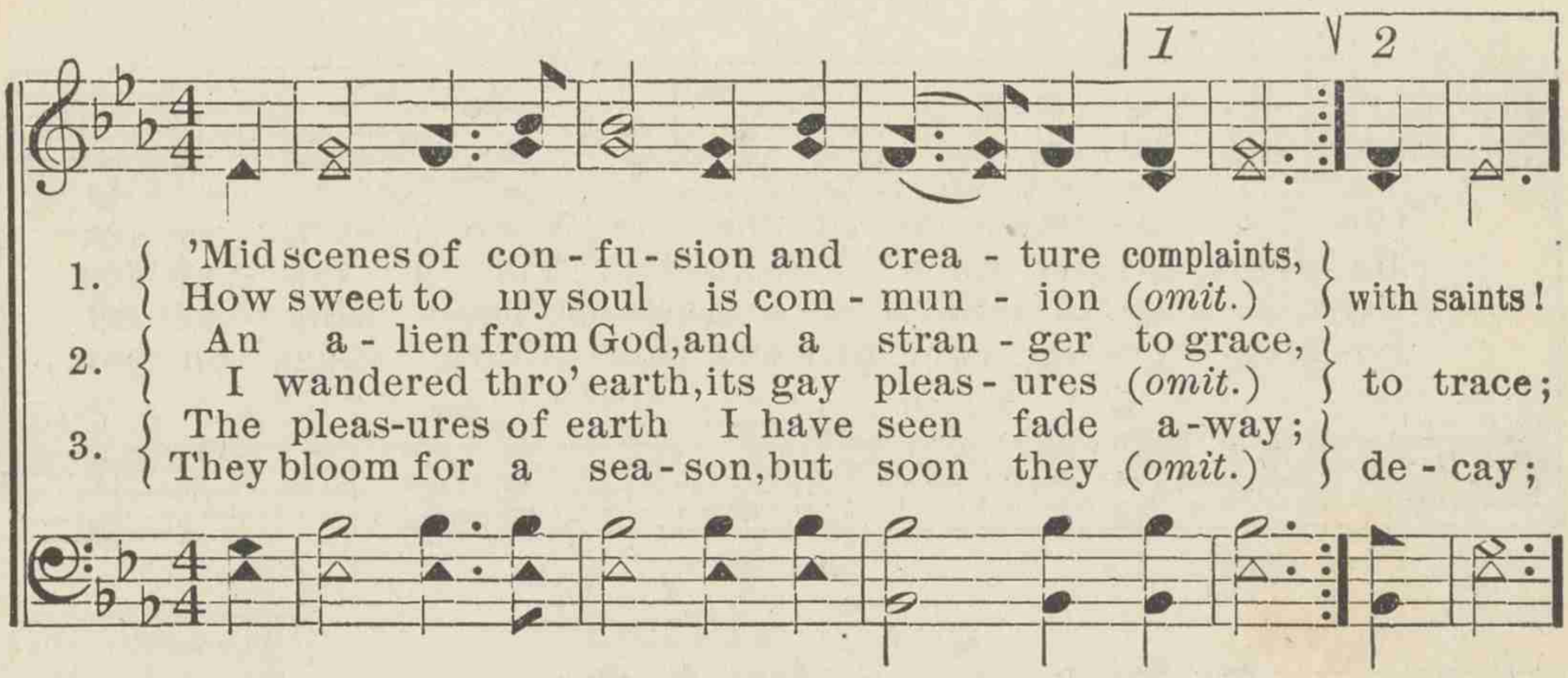


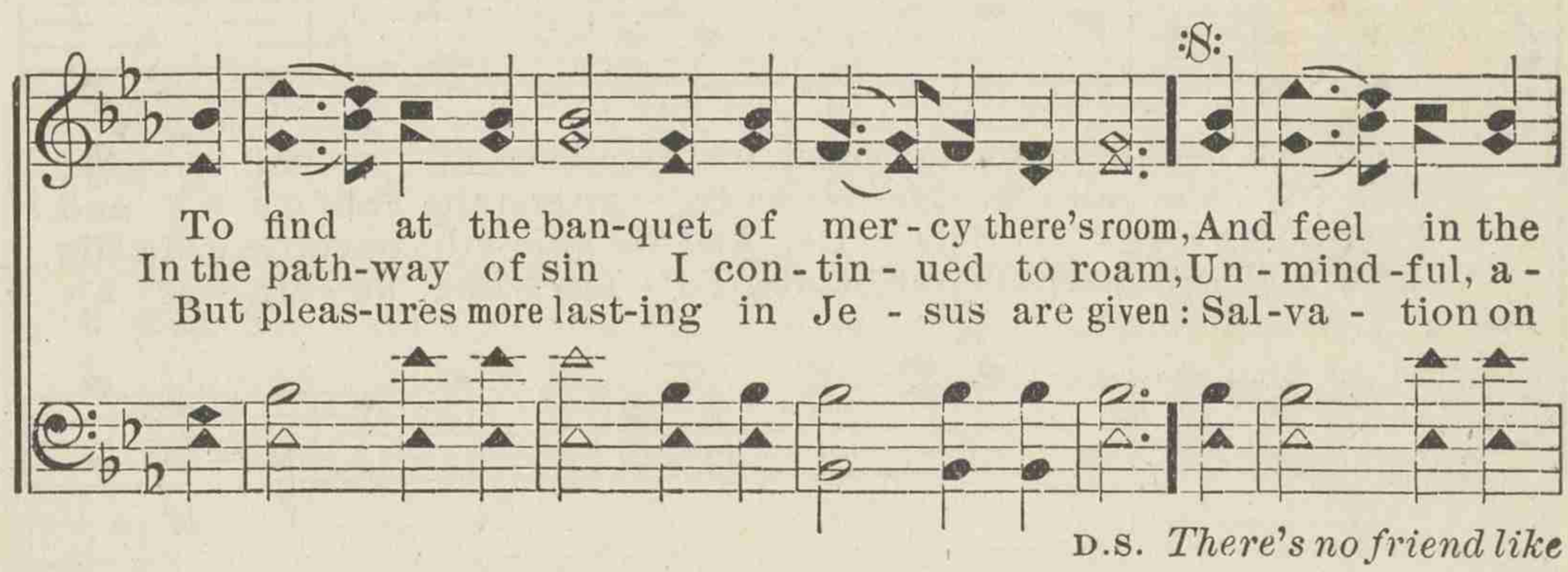
Home. (Concluded.)



No. 254. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.

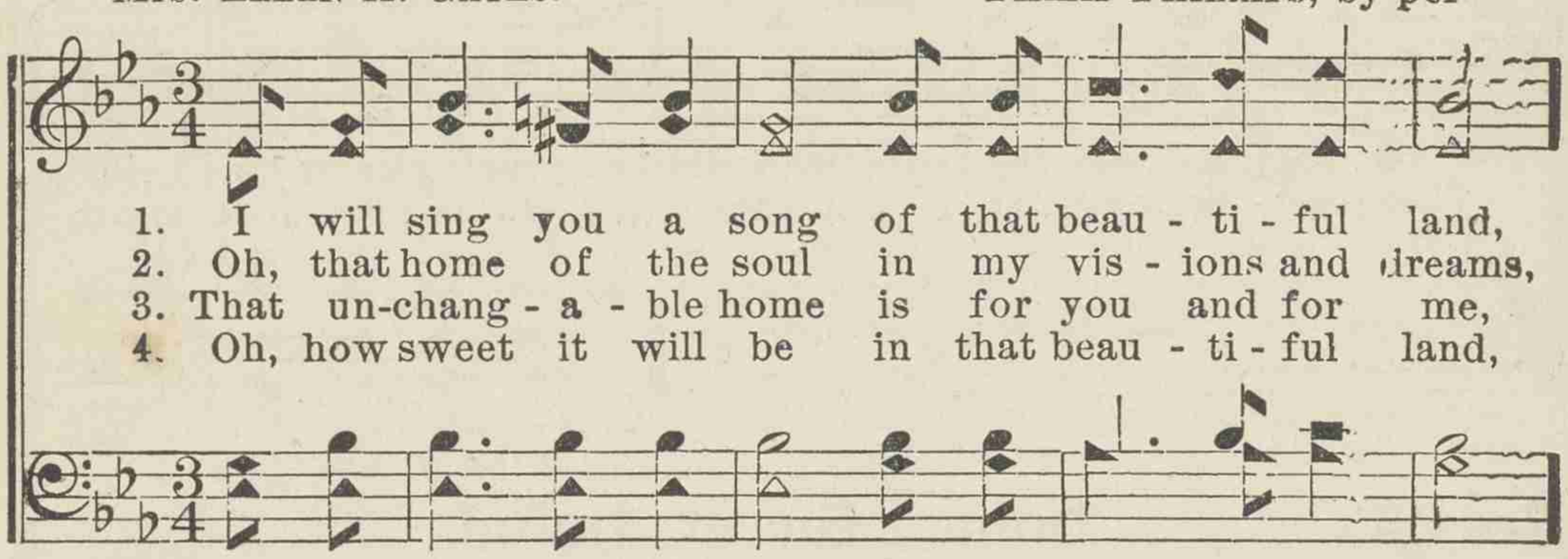




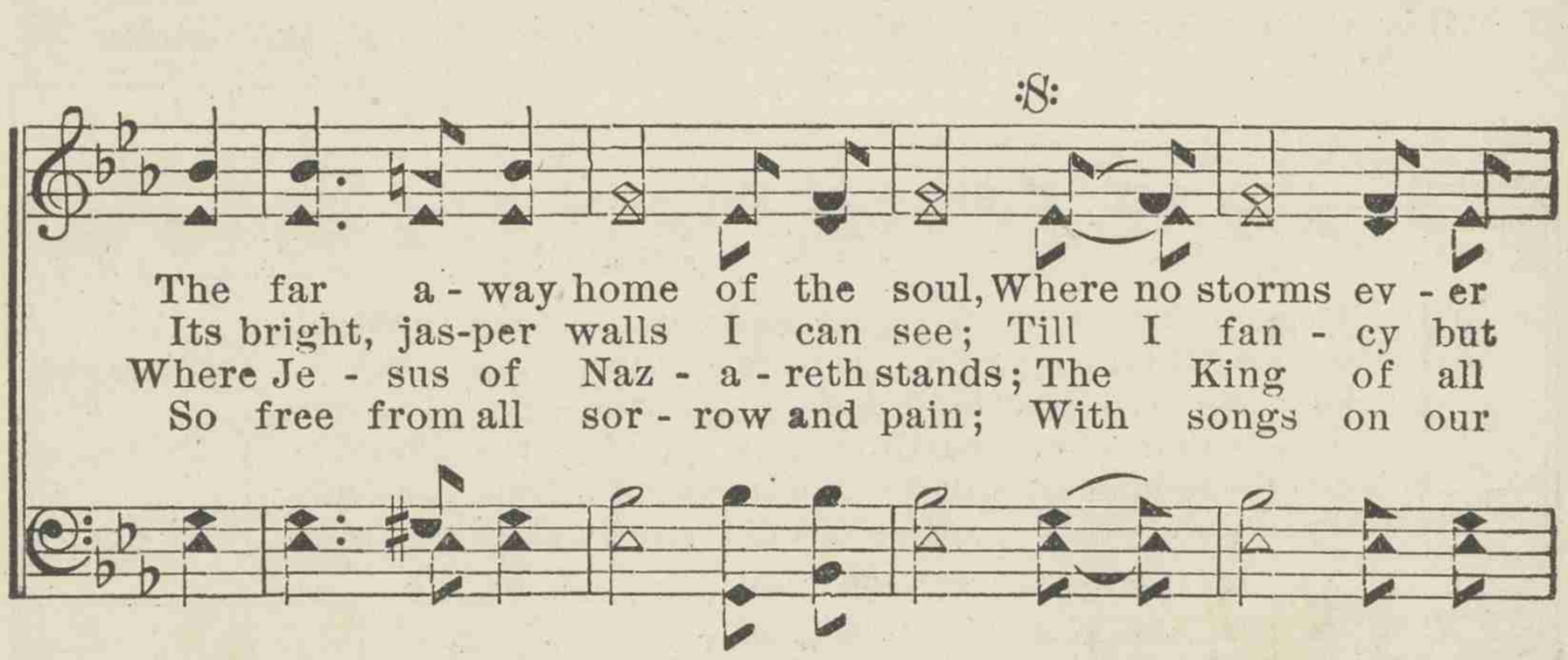


No. 255. Home of the Soul.

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

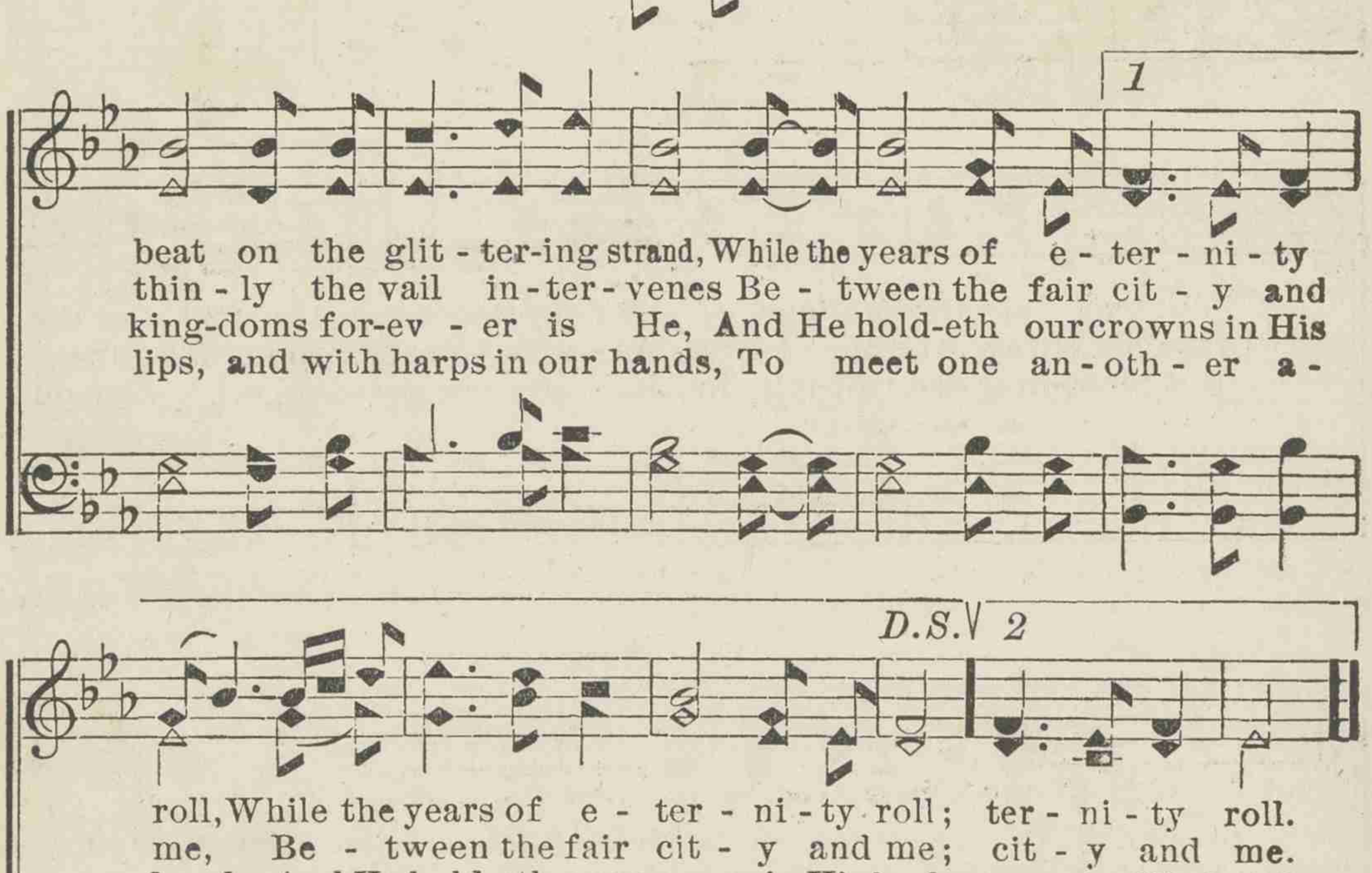


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

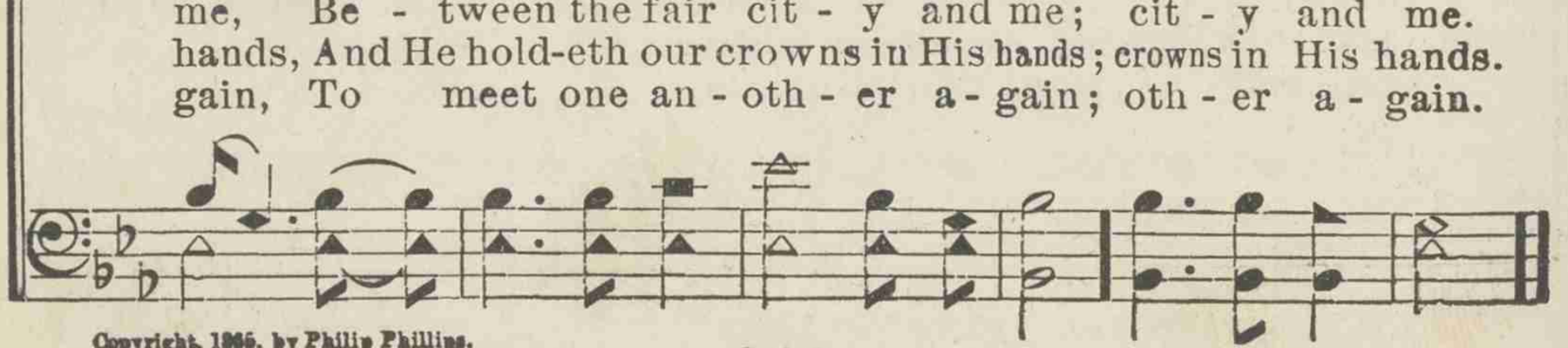


:S:

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



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

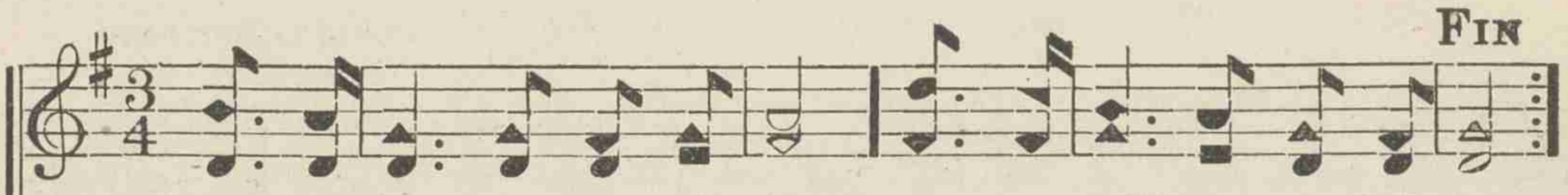


roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.



Copyright, 1866, by Philip Phillips.

No. 256. Ennius. 7s, D.



1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round,
   { Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found. }

D.C. *Brethren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.*

2. { Lone - ly I no long - er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
   { Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; }

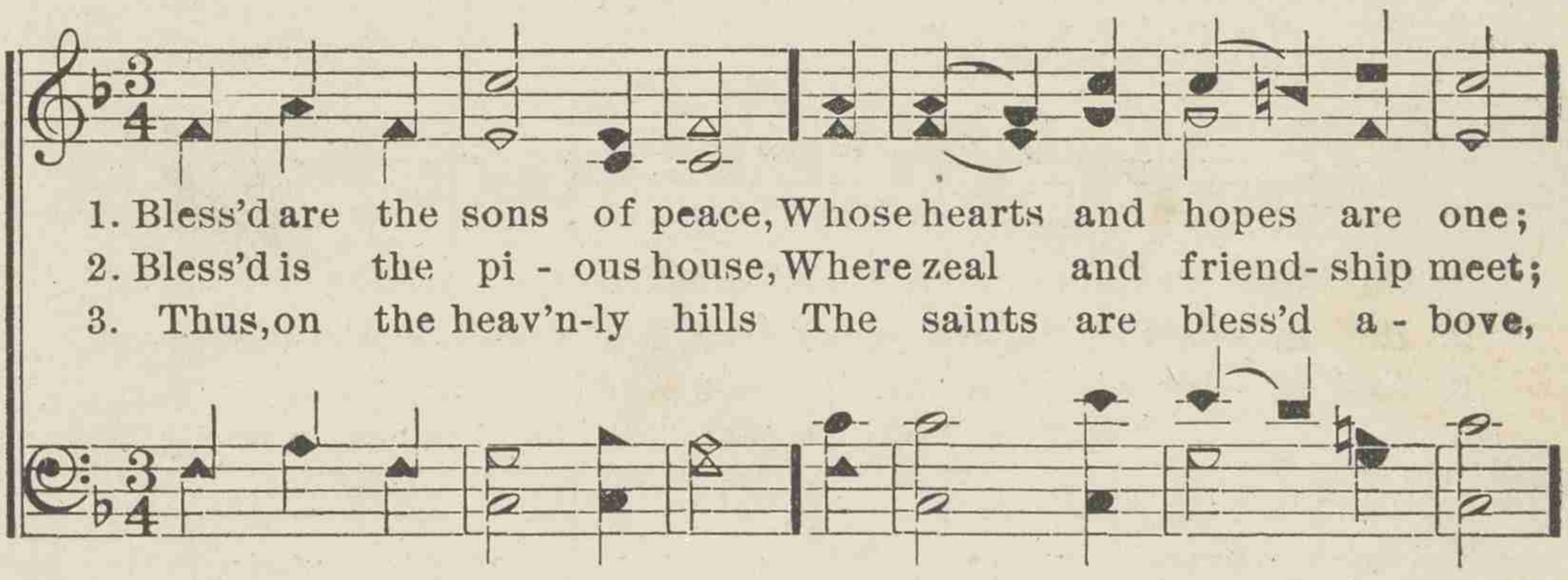
D.C. *Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev - 'ry i - dol I re - sign.*



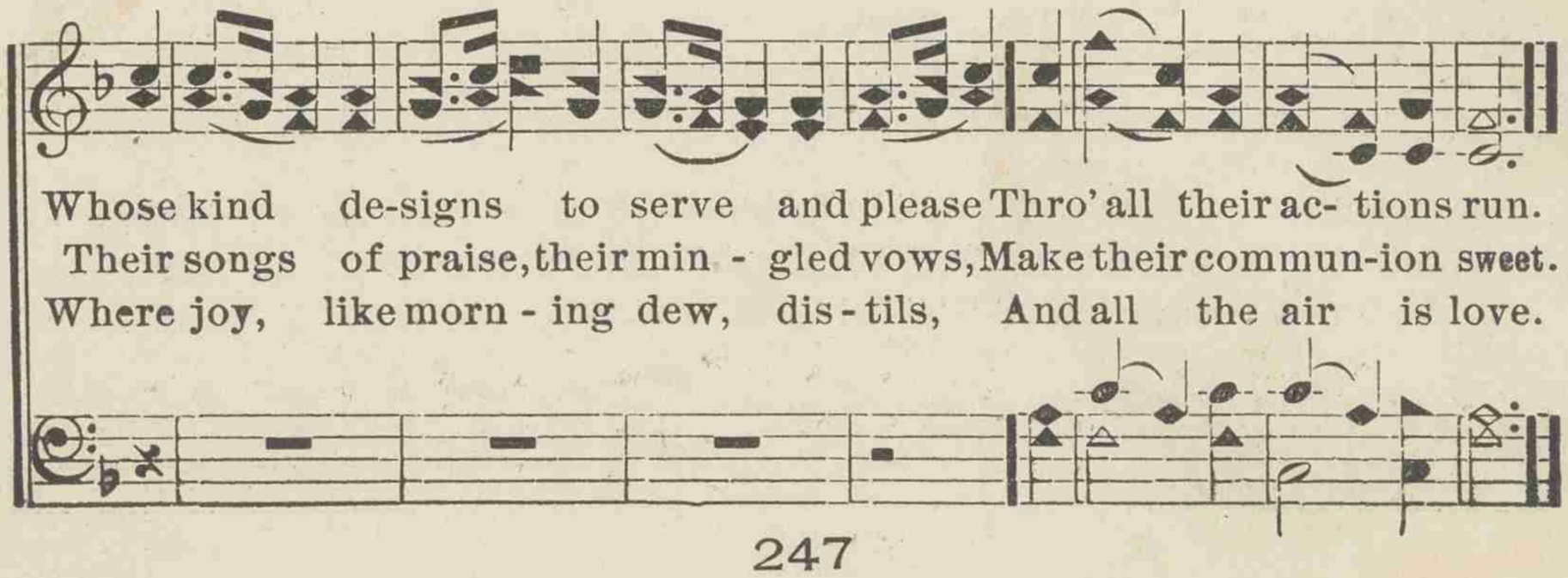
Now to you my spir-it turns— Turns a fu - gi-tive un - blest;
Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;

No. 257. Gerar. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



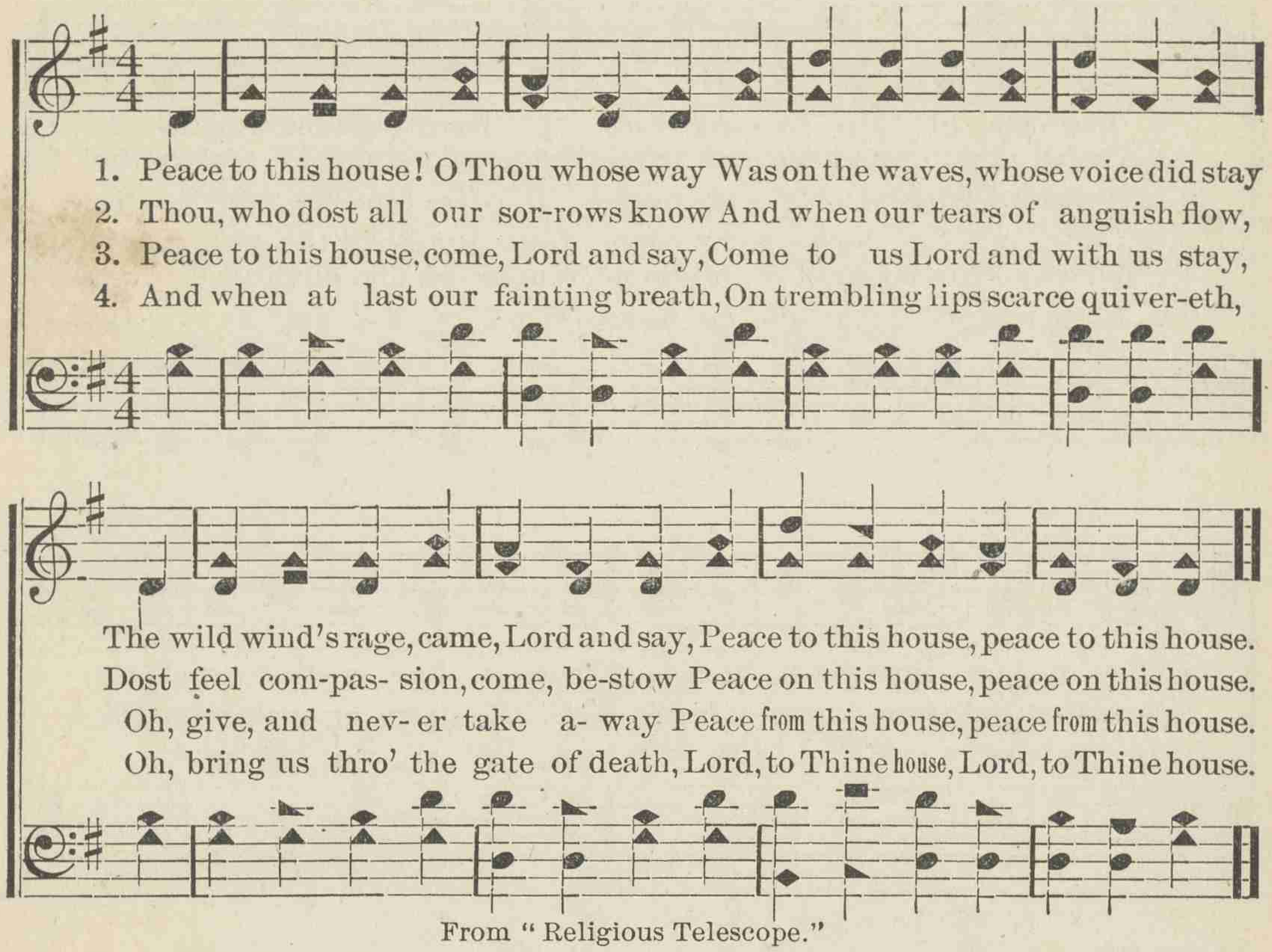
1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;
2. Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet;
3. Thus, on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a - bove,



Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac- tions run.
Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their commun-ion sweet.
Where joy, like morn - ing dew, dis - tils, And all the air is love.

No. 258. CHRIST IN THE HOME.

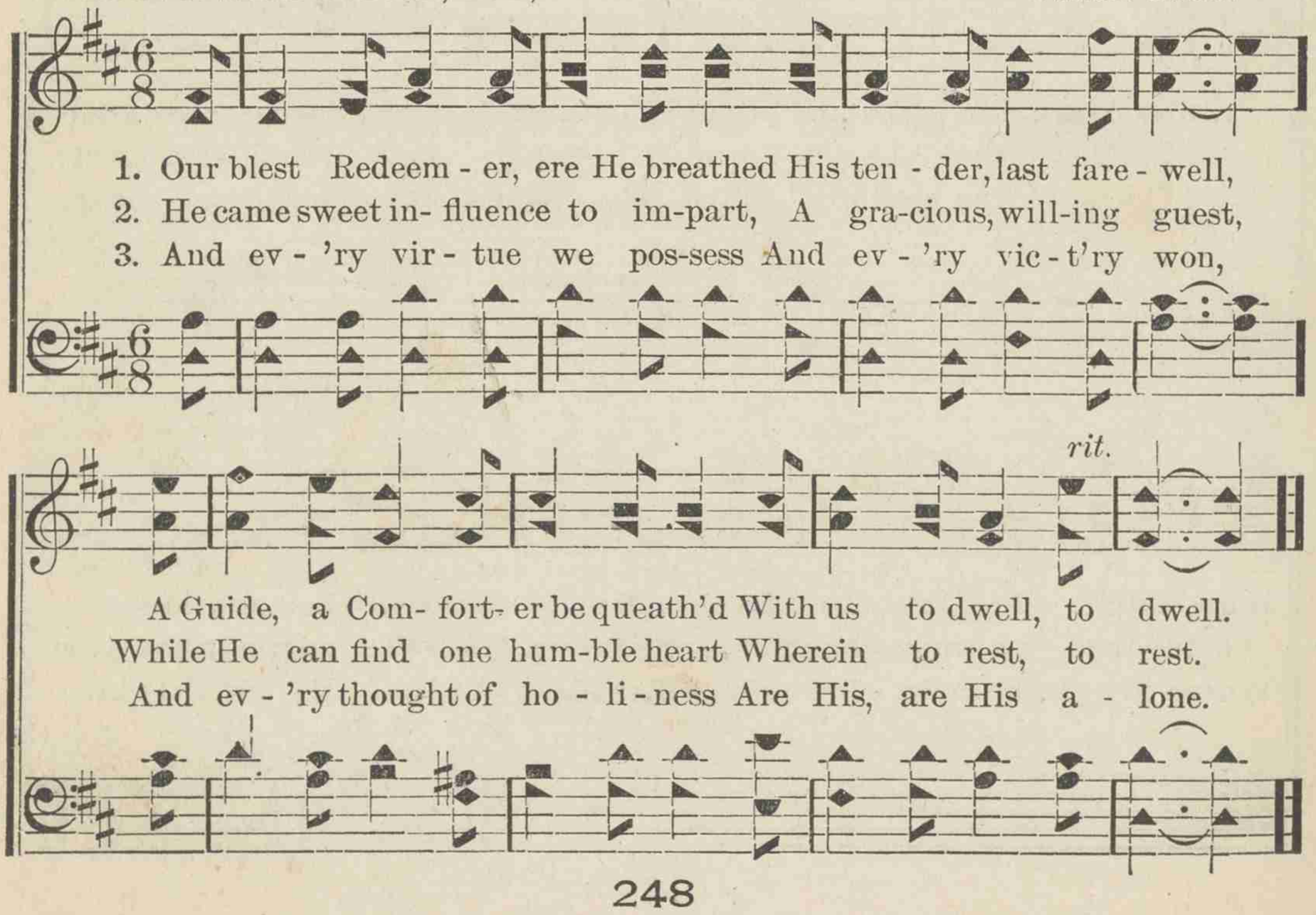
JACOB GOOD.



From "Religious Telescope."

No. 259. THE COMFORTER.

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



No. 260. America. 6s & 4s.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Ps. 33 : 12.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

cres.

Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 261. Benediction.

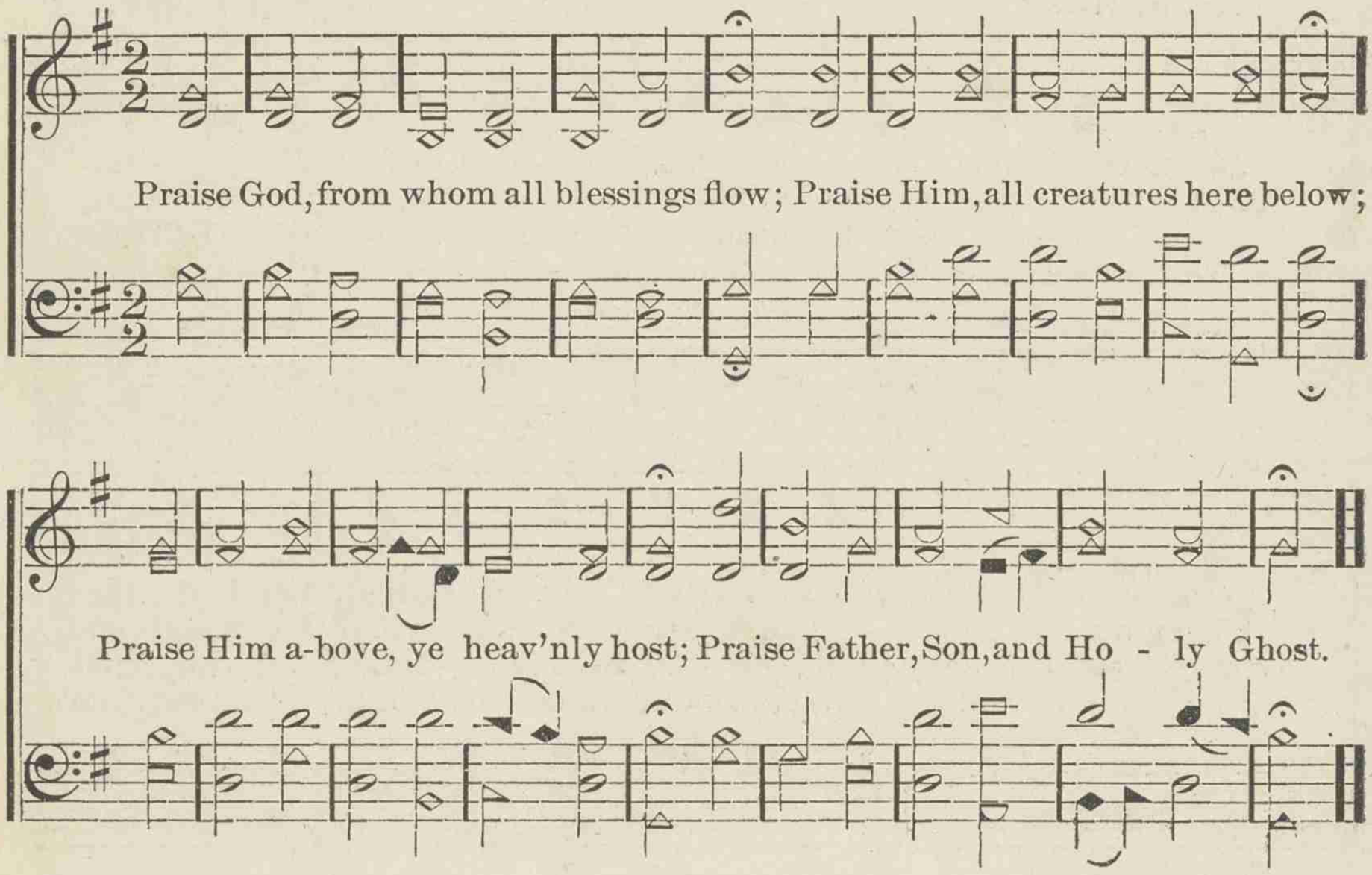
J. H. HALL.

{ The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the } love of God { And the communion of the Holy Ghost, be }

with you all, | Now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

No. 262. OLD HUNDRED.

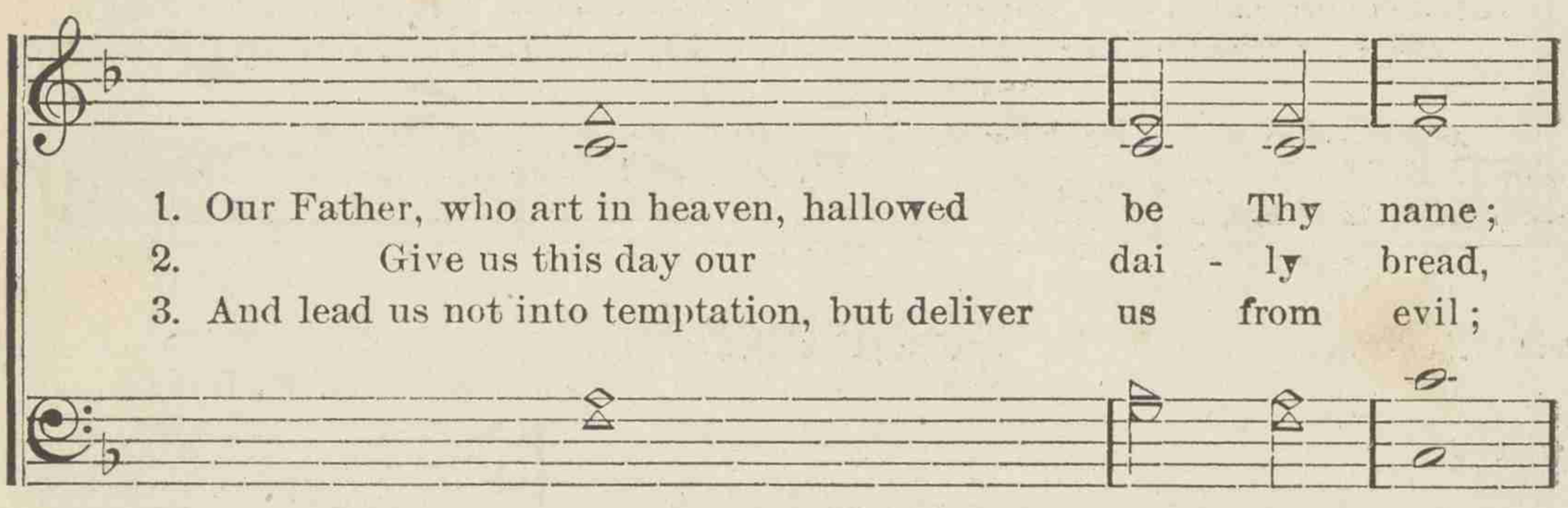
THOMAS KEN. LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



No. 263. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

Dr. H. R. PALMER, by per.



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