Echoes

OF

Glory

CLARK

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Echoes of Glory

A Choice Collection of sacred songs, suitable for all Religious work and worship

.....BY .....

Roswell G. Clark

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Roswell G. Clark

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IS MUSIC IMMORTAL OR WORTH WHILE?

If music is one of the liberal arts, is it not the oldest and the divinest of the arts? Did it not begin on the morning of creation, and will it ever end unless eternity itself shall end?

Is it not the supreme art medium of the emotions, most fittingly expressing their various moods, the transports of joy and the depths of grief to which they are subjected, with all the intermediate degrees? Does it not touch every key of memory and stir all the springs of sorrow and of joy, transforming sorrow into joy?

Is it not the art most capable of interpreting the spiritual world, leading us to the edge of the infinite and letting us gaze therein, seeming to be the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound—echoes from our home?

What fleeting visions of glory and transcendent ecstasy Does it not echo in the soul of him who mounts upon its broad, extended, righteous wings and soars to those heights where he catches some of those wonderful glimpses of spiritual realms and far-reaching suggestions that cause us to feel that we are near the threshold of the abode of the blest, basking in their heavenly inspirations?

Lest I forget what realm I am in and worry you too much, let me come back and say that, if true Echoes of Righteous Glory ring and reign supremely in the souls of the people, same may help individuals, homes, schools, churches, societies, all institutions for right, etc., and may be a great reformer of wrong, thereby helping to maintain and preserve proper government of, for and by the people, and, last, but not least, same may help to lead us, finally, into Perfect Love and Real Glory in the soul's eternal home.

Respectfully and lovingly submitted,

ROSWELL G. CLARK.

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Wizard of Music

Not used as of the evil one
But nobler thoughts and actions done.

Oh, Wizard of the Music World!
Your glories seem somewhat unfurled;
On wings you cause our minds to sail
And view the heights we cannot scale;
You fill our minds with thoughts endeared
And hearts with longings we can't word;
You tell of love's unbroken ties
And stainless lives and cloudless skies!

You tell of never ending bliss,
In some world better far than this,
Where there's no heart-aches, graves, nor tears,
But ecstasy through endless years,
And friends and lovers there shall meet,
Where happiness shall be complete;
And while the precious songs we sing,
Hope sees a star—love hears hears a wing!

You tell us we'll meet Mother there,
And all the saints, from ev'ry where,
And see the soul-illumined eyes
For which the longing heart now sighs,
And sing sweet songs and never tire,
And play upon a golden lyre;
There happy be forevermore,
At home, on love's eternal shore!

You mount our souls on wings of love,
We catch foretastes of joys above;
While looking through the spirit's eye,
Sweet music helps to draw us nigh.
While in this gloomy world we grope,
Love is the builder of each hope;
Hope is the anchor of the soul.
While faith views that celestial goal!

You tell that in creation's morn,
When time was neither old nor worn,
The stars sang out, in music's lays,
The great eternal God to praise;
And music's tones are sounding still,
In harmony they blend and thrill,
And such in souls will ever blend,
Unless eternity shall end.

—ROSWELL G. CLARK.

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No. 1. ECHOES OF GLORY.

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R G. C. Roswell G Clark.

1. Deep down in the soul are sweet ech - oes ce - les - tial, In har - mo - ny
2. In Ech - oes o Glo - ry souls hear si - lent whis-pers In - ef - fa - bly
3. How sweet are the Ech-oes of Glo - ry e - ter - nal That tell us with

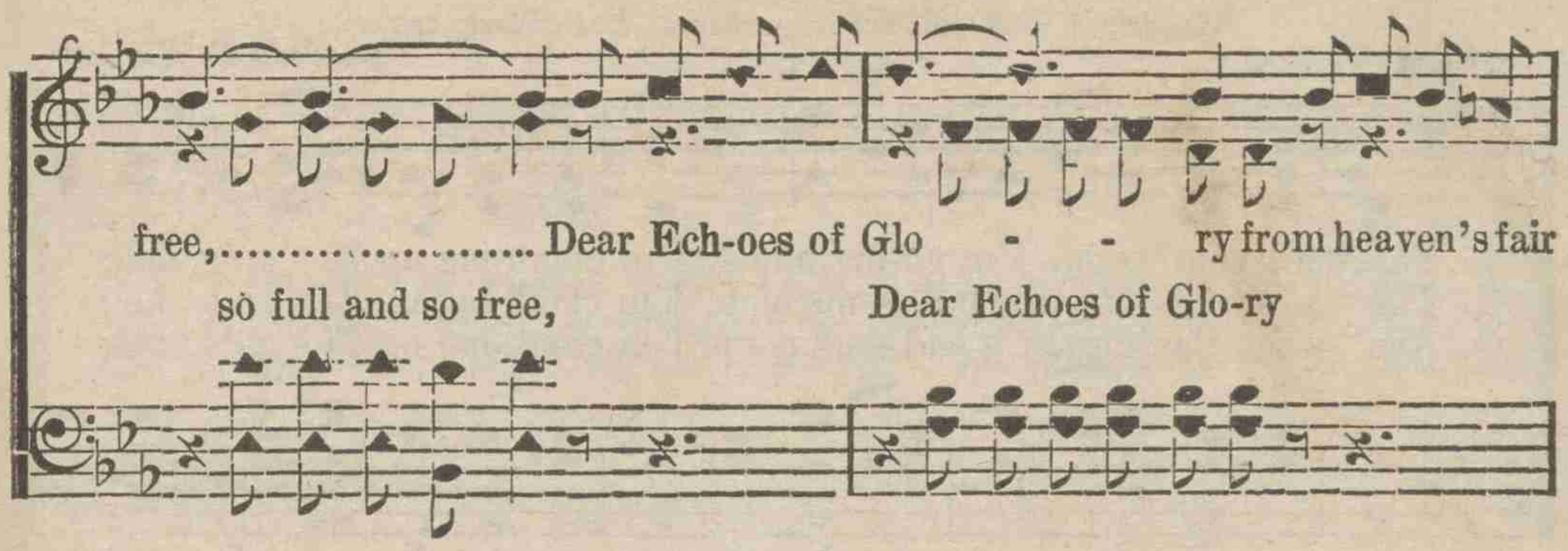
blend-ing with spir-its a - bove; They sing of a fu-ture beyond worlds ter-
sing - ing of heav - en - ly bliss More glor'ous than all this vain world with its
lov'd ones we'll live ev-er-more; In rapt - ure ec-stat-ic and glo-ries su-

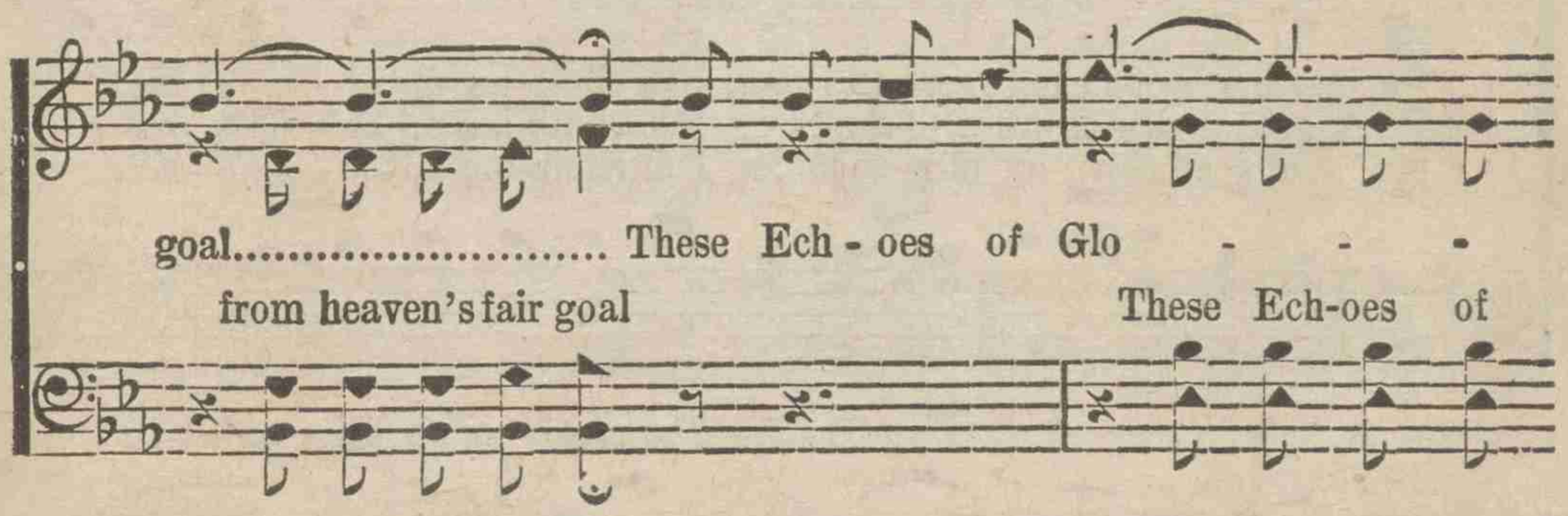
res-tr'al, These Ech - oes of Glo - ry are in - fi - nite love.
lis - pers; The home of the soul has more glo - ry than this.
per - nal; Now Ech - oes of Glo - ry re-bound from that shore.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Ech - oes of Glo - - ry, so full and so
Ech - oes of Glo - ry

Echoes of Glory.









No. 2. I'm Climbing Up Zion's Hill.

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R G. C.

Roswell G Clark.

1. Farewell! vain world, I'm go-ing home, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill;
2. The sum-mit of the hill seems nigh, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill;
3. And when this journey's end shall come, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill;

FINE

On earth I soon shall cease to roam, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill.
From grief and woe my soul shall fly, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill.
My soul shall rest in bliss at home, I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill.

D. S.—I'm climb-ing up Zi - on's hill.

REFRAIN.

I'm al-most home,..... I'm al-most home,.....
I'm nearing my home, I'm near-ing my home,

I'm climb - ing up Zi - on's hill; ..... I'm al - most
pil - grim - age hill;

home,..... I'm al - most home,.....
I'm near-ing my home, I'm near-ing my home,

D. S.

No. 3. Savior Lead My Way,

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R. G. C. Roswell G Clark.

1. Oh, Sav - ior, kind-ly lead my way, O - ver yon-der to the promised land;
2. Oh, may my way be close to Thee, O - ver yon-der to the promised land;
3. And when I reach that ho - ly place, O - ver yon-der in the promised land;

And guide my walk from day to day, O - ver yon-der to the promised land.
Help me the righteous way to see, O - ver yon-der to the promised land.
Then I shall see Thee face to face, O - ver yon-der in the promised land.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Sav - - ior lead my way,..... ..... O - ver yon-der
Oh, Snv-ior, bless-ed Sav - ior lead my way, oh lead my way,

to the promised hap-py land, At home..... with Thee to
the glory-land. At home, that blessed home with Thee to

stay,..... O - ver yon-der with the saint-ed hap-py band, ...
stay, for - ev - er stay, in glo-ry-land.

No 4. Oh, Prepare.

W. J. C.

W. J. CHAMBLESS.

1. Oh, dear ones why will you lin - ger, Trav'ling from the fold of God;
2. Come dear friends and join the arm - y, That is marching on to God;
3. Stop and think the time is com-ing, When you'll go to meet your God;

Can't you hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.
Do not turn your back on lov'd ones, But pre-pare to meet thy God.
So get read - y for His com-ing, And march on the way He trod.

REFRAIN.

Oh, prepare . ..... to meet thy God Oh, prepare..... .....
Oh prepare to meet thy God, to meet thy God, Oh prepare

to meet Him now, ... Oh pre-pare..... .... to meet thy
to meet Him now, Oh pre-pare to meet thy

God, Oh, prepare ..... to meet Him now.
God, to meet thy God, Oh prepare to meet Him now, to meet Him now.

W J. Chambless, Owner, Alapaha, Ga.

No. 5. Glory Every Day.

JAMES ROWE. A. W. WORLEY.

1. I am lean - ing on the arms of my Sav - ior dear, Trust-ing
2. I am tell - ing of the grace that de-deems from sin, And am
3. All the way to heav- en's gate shall His love be told, And I'll

sweet- ly in the love that up-holds me here; I am sing-ing as I go
bid-ding d.ea - ry heart let the love-light in; By His grace, I know that I
tell it, by and by, on the streets of gold; And what rapture it will be

FINE.

:8:

and my way is fair and clear, For there's glo-ry ev' - ry day in His love.
shall the crown immortal win, For there's glo-ry ev' - ry day in His love.
my Re- deem- er to be hold, For there's glo-ry ev' - ry day in His love.

In the sun-light of His love, For there's glo- ry all the way, in His love.

REFRAIN.

Ev' - ry day,..... .....All the way,.. ... ... To the
Ev' - ry day, All the way,

D. S.

glad, ... Home a-bove, ... I am hap- py all the while
To the glad, Home a-bove,

A. W. Worley, Owner.

No 6.

Will You Miss Me?

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R. G. C.

Roswell G. Clark.

1. When I on..... some mis sion go. (some mission go,) Start - ing
2. When the sun..... is sink - ing low, (is sinking low,) And the
3. When you see ..... me here no more, (yes, here no more) From my

When I on

out..... at ear - ly dawn (at ear - ly dawn;) On my
shad - - ows streak the lawn (yes, streak the lawn) And the
voice..... you hear no tone; (you hear no tone;) When I'm

Start-ing out

du - - ties here be-low, (yes, here below,) Will you miss me when I'm gone.
love - - ly zephyrs blow, (the zephyrs blow) Will you miss me when I'm gone.
on ..... the oth-er shore. (the other shore) Will you miss me when I'm gone.

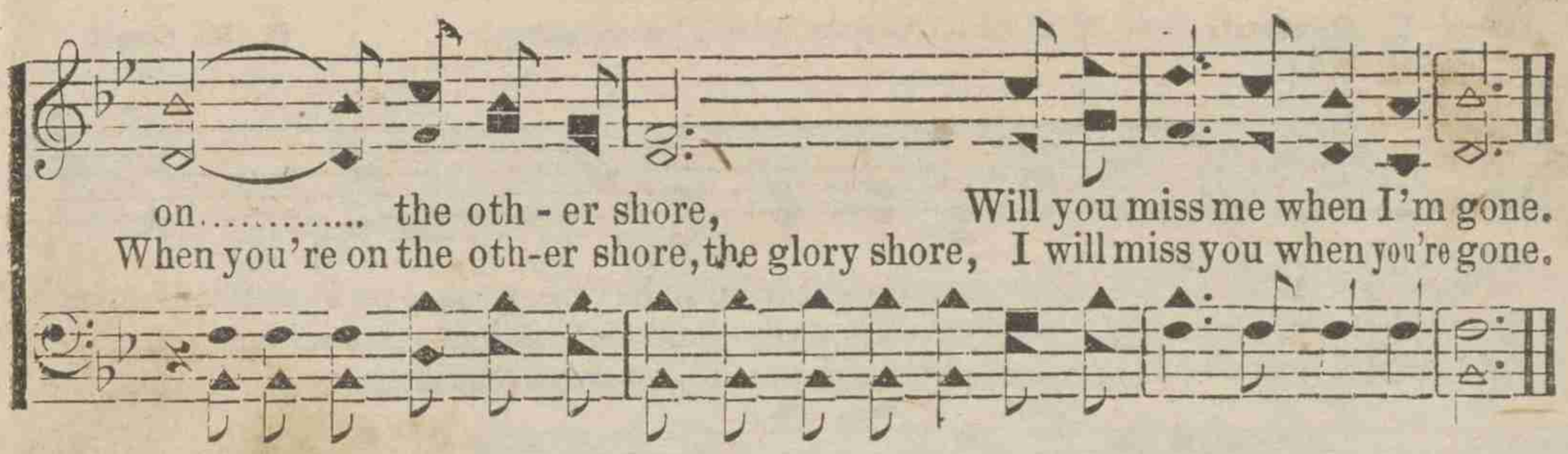
On my du-ties here be-low,

REFRAIN.

Will you miss me?..... ..... will you miss me?..... When my
Yes, I'll miss yoo, oh, I'll miss you,

voice..... ..... you hear no more, When I'm
When your voice I hear no more, I hear no more,

Will You Miss Me?



No. 7. Supplication.

Copy.ight, in "Echoes of Glory", R. G, Clark, owner.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.



No. 8. The Voices.*

Eben E. Rexford. **B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., owner. 1917.** **B. B. Beall.**

SOP. SOLO.

1. Lo, I see a hill and up - ward climbs One, weak and faint, Bearing
2. Lo, I see a cross up - lift - ed, and One nailed there - on, And a
3. Lo, I see the spear-points en-ter that poor, breaking heart, Then the

BASS SOLO.

on His back a bur - den, but with - out com - plaint. 'Tis the
crown of thorns is rest - ing His bowed head up - on. 'Tis the
aw - ful sight is hid - en by the tears that start. Let the

Cal - v'ry hill, my broth - er, and the Christ di - vine, And the bur - den
cross of Christ, my broth- er, ev-er - more it stands, As a guide - board
vis - ion, O my broth - er, melt your heart to love, For the Christ who

CHORUS.

He is bear - ing is your sin, and mine. O the Cal-v'ry-way—behold it!
pointing heav'n-ward from these low - er lands. O the cross of Christ—behold it!
died for sin - ners, His great love to prove. O the Cru-ci-fied— behold Him!

Lead-ing up, thro' pain, To the glo - ry man is heir to Thro' a Sav - iour slain!
And the Son of Man Lift-ed up in the ful - fill-ment Of Re-demp - tion's plan.
Not as dy - ing, dead, But a glorious, ris-en Sav-iour, And be com - fort-ed.

*Other parts may be sung softly where solos occu-

No. 9. Going Home.

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R. G. C. Roswell G Clark

Cheerfully.

1. We are trav'ling on to a bet - ter land, For the Sav-ior gently leads the way;
2. Many friends have gone to the oth-er side And our loved ones still are crossing o'er.
3. When we gather there, near the great white throne And from land and sea redeemed ones come;

And we soon shall rest on the golden strand, O-ver yon-der in e - ter - nal day.
And we soon shall cross and with them a-bide On that bright and happy golden shore.
All the joys of heav'n then will be our own, Thro'e - ter - ni - ty, at home sweet home

REFRAIN.

Go - ing home..... no more to roam, To be
yes, go - ing home no more to roam,

hap-py on that blissful shore; When the saved ..... are
the glo-ry shore; When the saved are gathered home, yes,

gathered home, Where the faithful meet to part no more.
when the saved are gathered home, to part no more.

No. 10. It Is Coming.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

1. There's a great glad day for the faith - ful of the Lord, It is draw - ing
2. Bur - dens all will fall and our hearts will then re - joice, When this bless - ed
3. Let us trust Him still and be faith - ful to His love Till the night has

ver - y nigh; When it's light ap-pears, what a song will be out-poured,
day ap-pears; We shall see His face and shall hear His lov - ing voice,
passed a - way; For we all shall march thro' the pearl - y gates a - bove

REFRAIN.

It is com - ing by and by. It is com-ing, Yes, the
And He'll wipe a - way all tears.
At the dawn-ing of the day. sure-ly com-ing,

hap - py, hap - py day Now is sure - ly On it's way; It is

com - ing And will reach us by and by.
sure - ly com - ing,

J. M. Henson, owner.

No 11. Just Over the Stars.

L. O. LOGAN OSKIN.

Not too fast.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where troub-le nev - er mars;
2. Our Sav-iour there at last we'll meet, When we shall cross the bars,
3. We'll sing and shout with that glad throng, When safe from Sa- tan's wars;

But joy and peace for - ev - er reigns, 'Tis the land just o - ver the stars.
He'll bid us welcome home up there, In that land just o - ver the stars.
And praise our Sav- iour ev - er- more, In that land just o - ver the stars.

CHORUS.

Just o - - - ver the stars, Just o - - - ver the stars,....
Just o- ver the beau-ti-ful shining stars, Just o - ver the beauti- ful shin-ing stars,

1

The blood-wash'd throng will sing "Sweet home," In that land just o - ver the stars,

2

We soon shall stand with that angel band, In that land just o - ver the stars.

No. 12. O Wonderful Love of Christ

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman H. C. Collins, owner, 1922 H. C. Collins

1. Words can nev-er ex-press the deep joy that was mine, When Je-sus spoke peace to my soul,.....
2. 'Twas a hap-py sur-prise when He called me by name, And of-fered sal-va-tion to me, ...
3. It is won-der-ful love He be-stows up-on me, To ran-som my soul from its sin,.....
4. It is good to make Je-sus a Sav-ior and Friend, And love Him and serve Him each day;.....

And to-day, as I think of His mar-vel-ous sin-strick-en soul,
And a great-er sur-prise when He par-doned my sal-va-tion to me,
To come in-to my heart, with His grace and His woe and its sin,
His grace will be giv-en to help me a-yes, serve Him each day;

REFRAIN

love, It can-not my glad-ness con-trol.....
my gladness control.
soul, And from all my sin set me free.....
my soul ful-ly free.
love, And take up His dwell-ing there-in..... O won-der-ful love, O
His dwelling therein.
long, And cheer ev-'ry step of my way.....
my glad way.

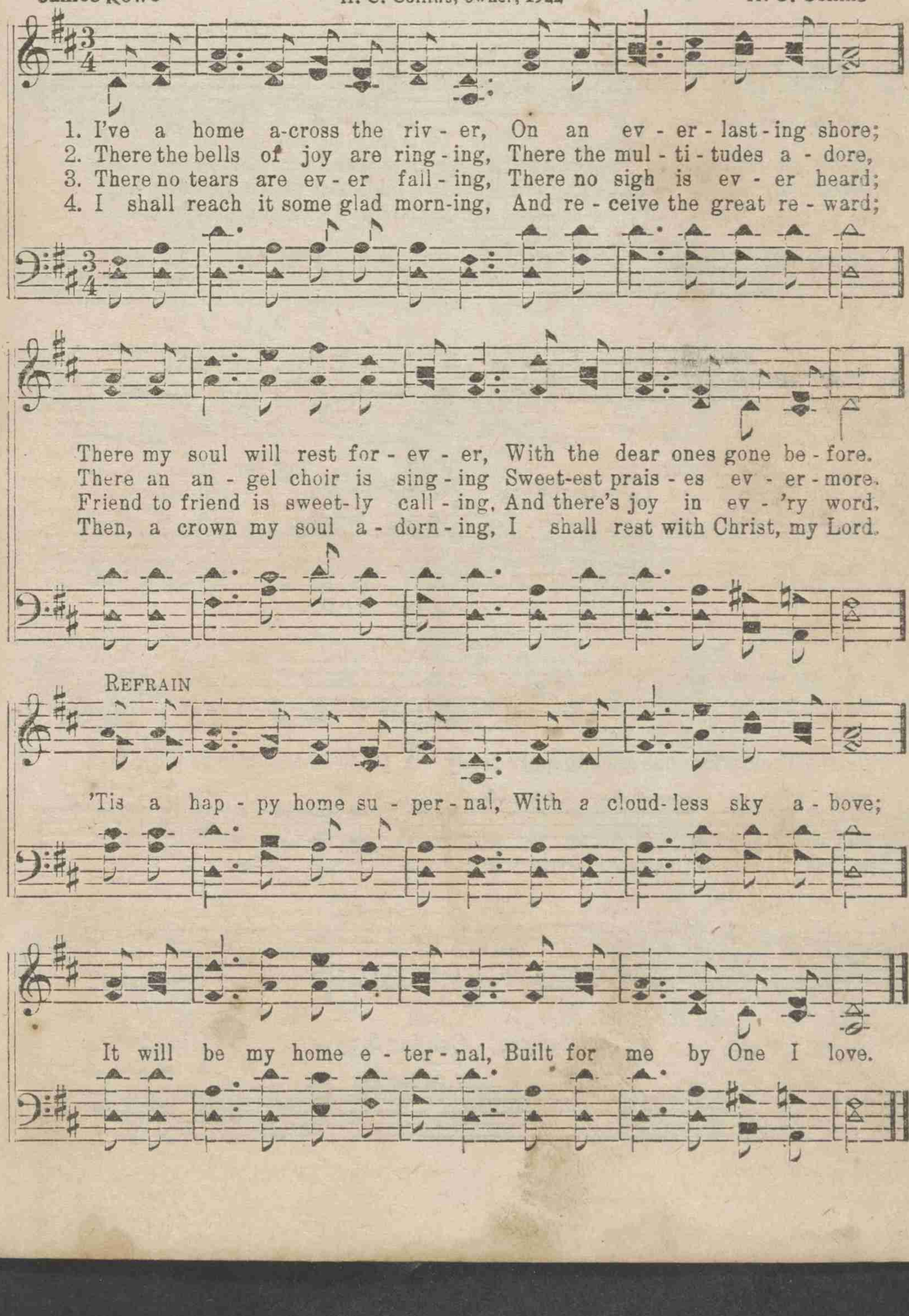
mar-vel-ous love, So free-ly be-stowed up-on me;..... For
you and me;

O Wonderful Love of Christ



No. 13. Across the River

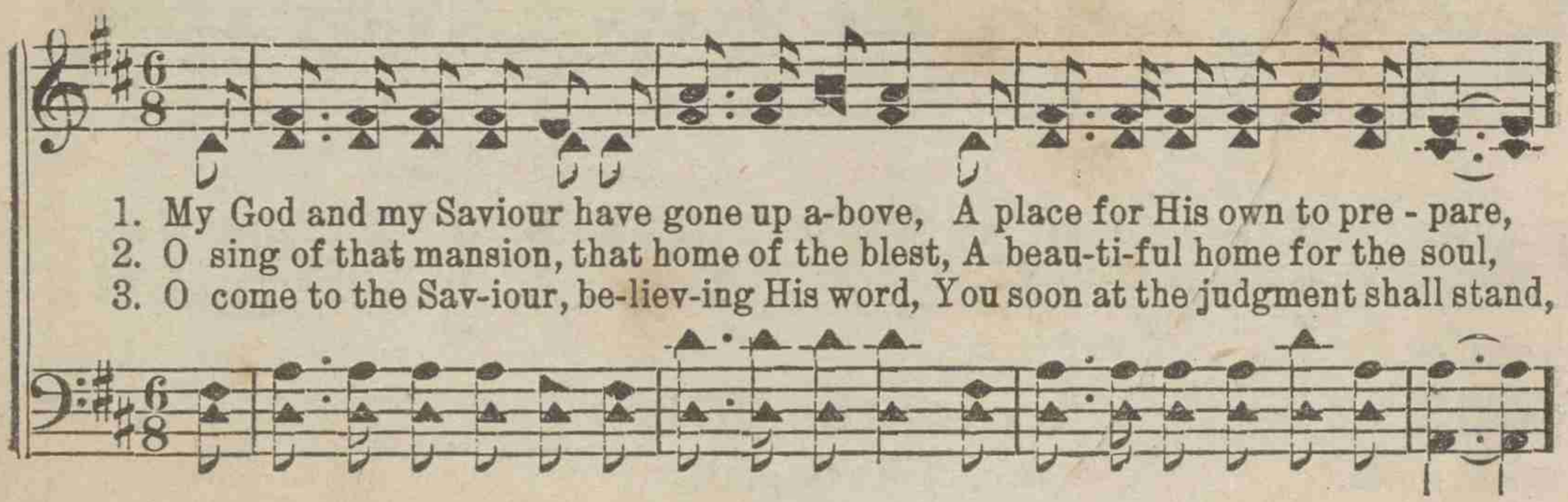
James Rowe — H. C. Collins, owner, 1922 — H. C. Collins



No. 14. Calling For You.

J. R CHRISTIAN. MRS. J. R. CHRISTIAN.

1. My God and my Saviour have gone up a-bove, A place for His own to pre - pare,
2. O sing of that mansion, that home of the blest, A beau-ti-ful home for the soul,
3. O come to the Sav-iour, be-liev-ing His word, You soon at the judgment shall stand,

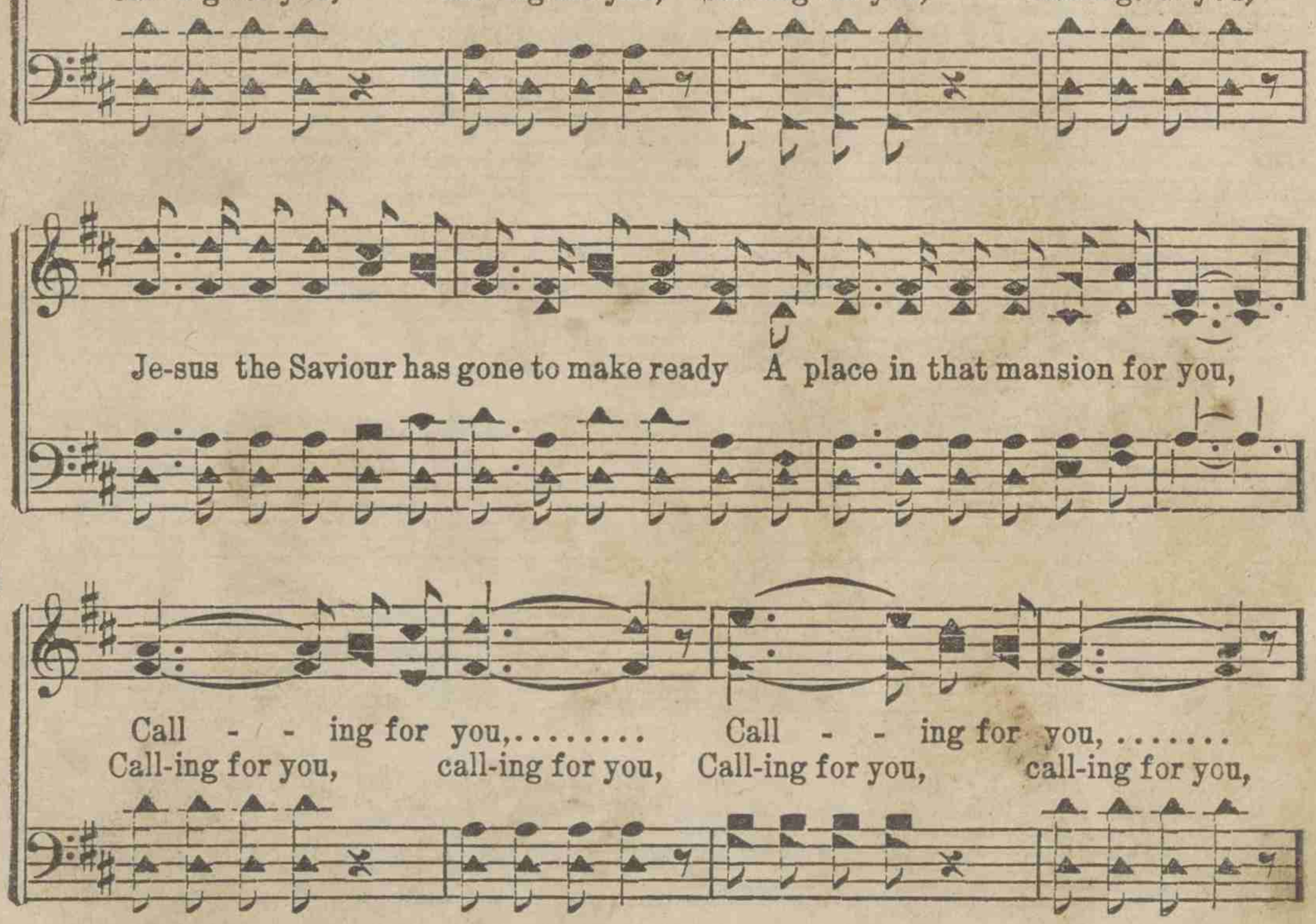


And all who will trust in His won-der-ful love, Shall dwell thro' e-ter-ni-ty there.
Where all of the weary shall find a sweet rest, While years thro' e-ter-ni-ty roll.
O will you be ready to meet the dear Lord, And dwell with the good in that land.



REFRAIN.

Call - - ing for you,..... Call - - ing for you,.....
Call-ing for you, call-ing for you, Call-ing for you, call-ing for you,



Je-sus the Saviour has gone to make ready A place in that mansion for you,

Call - - ing for you,..... Call - - ing for you,.....
Call-ing for you, call-ing for you, Call-ing for you, call-ing for you,

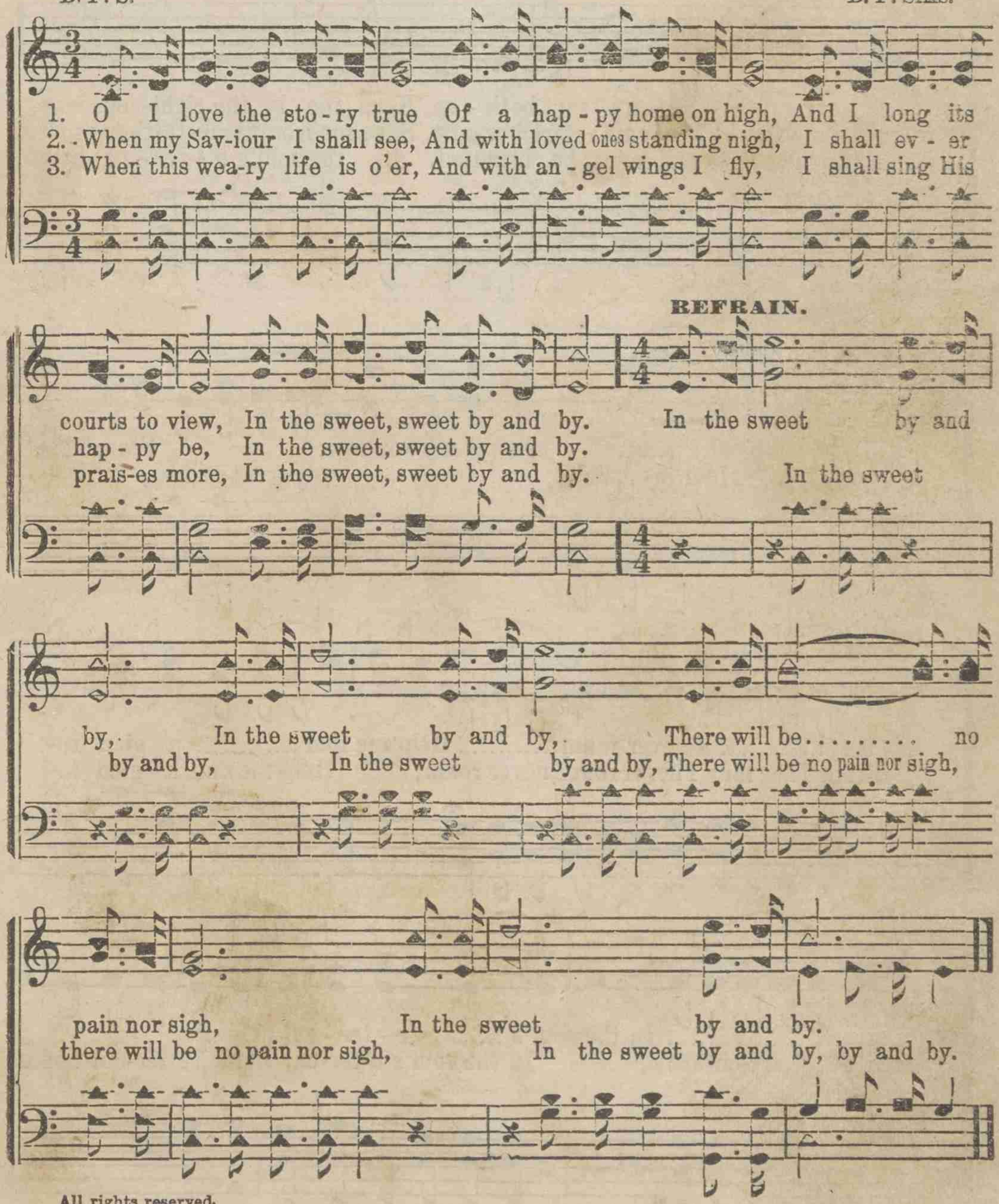
By per. of H. F. Morris.

Calling For You. Concluded.



No. 15. In the Sweet By and By.

B. F. S. B. F. Sims.



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No. 16. Father, Hold My Hand.

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R. G. C. **Roswell G. Clark.**

1. Hold my hand in Thine dear Fa-ther, Gen - tly lead me ev - 'ry day;
2. When I'm weighted down with sor-row, Seem - ing - ly too much to bear;
3. When my jour-ney here is end - ed, And on earth no more I roam;

Let no e - vil my soul both - er, Keep me in the right-eous way.
Let me from Thee com - fort bor-row, Save me from temp-ta-tion's snare.
May true hearts and hands be blend-ed, In the soul's e - ter - nal home.

REFRAIN.

Hold my hand..... dis-pel my sor-row, From Thee may..... I never roam;..... Help me find .... a glad to-morrow, ...
Hold my hand, my great sorrow, From Thee may I never roam, never roam; Help me find a glad to-morrow, glad tomorrow,

In the soul's..... e - ter - nal home.
In the soul's e-ter-nal home, e-ter-nal home.

NO. 17. I Believe That Story.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. Je - sus came from heav-en, sin - ful hearts to win, I be-lieve that
2. We were all condemned, but Je - sus set us free, I be-lieve that
3. He is more than a - ble to de - fend the soul, I be-lieve that
4. He prepared bright mansions for the ransomed throng, I be-lieve that

sto - ry don't you? On the cross He suf-fered to re - deem from sin,
sto - ry don't you? Ev - 'ry bond was bro - ken by His vic - to - ry,
sto - ry don't you? He is more than a - ble, sins a - way to roll,
sto - ry don't you? He will guide the faith - ful to the land of song,

REFRAIN.

I be - lieve that sto - ry don't you? I be-lieve that sto - ry, I
do! Oh, I know that sto - ry is true, Je - sus
I do! yes 'tis true,
free - ly died, all our sins to hide, I be-lieve that sto - ry don't you?

Property of H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 18. In the Haven of His Love.

James Rowe. Dr. W. S. Lents.

1. O'er the sea of life man-y mighty billows roll, Heav-y clouds I see a-
2. Man-y wrecks I see toss-ing on the angry waves, Man-y souls that sink and
3. Here I shall a - bide till the storms of life are o'er And my soul from earth is

bove, (see above;) But at peace I rest with a car - ol in my soul, In the
die, (sink and die;) But, with God's dear Son who from sin so free - ly saves, Here at
free, (earth is free;) Then on His dear breast I shall reach the bless-ed shore Where a

REFRAIN.

hav - en of His love. Safe from ev - 'ry storm I dwell, Sheltered
an - chor safe am I.
man-sion waits for me. ev - er dwell,

by my lov - ing Friend a - bove; Close to His dear
my Re-deem-er; Oh, so close to His dear

side, I am sing - ing "All is well," In the hav - en of His love.

W. S. Lents owner.

No. 19. Our Beautiful Home.

To my pupils, Mt. Carmel. Docusville.

C. M. C. C. M. Cassell, owner., Campobello, S. C. C. M. Cassells.

1. Oh, the joy that we shall know in the hap - py land of glo - ry, Where the
2. O - ver in the glo-ry-land we shall hear the an-gels singing With the
3. Oh, it is so sweet to know that the Sav-ior dear is guiding, And that

Sav-ior dear prepares a place; All our heartaches will be o'er, we shall tell and
ransomed by the crys-tal sea; There the blessed bells of joy will for - ev - er-
He our hands in His will hold; And that lov - ing - ly He shares ev-'ry care that

REFRAIN.

sing the sto - ry With the happy throng redeemed by grace. Beau-ti-ful home
more be ring-ing, Giv-ing rapt-ure sweet to you and me.
is be - tid - ing, On our jour-ney to the gates of gold. Blessed home,

wait-ing a-bove, On the bright gold-en shore; Mansions of
wait-ing a bove, On the bright hap-py shore;

rest, gladness and love, My sweet home ev-er-more.
rest, sweet rest, gladness and love, My sweet home evermore, and more.

No. 20.

Keep On Climbing.

J. C. L.

Property of J; C. Lenderman, McRae, Ga.

J. C. LENDERMAN.

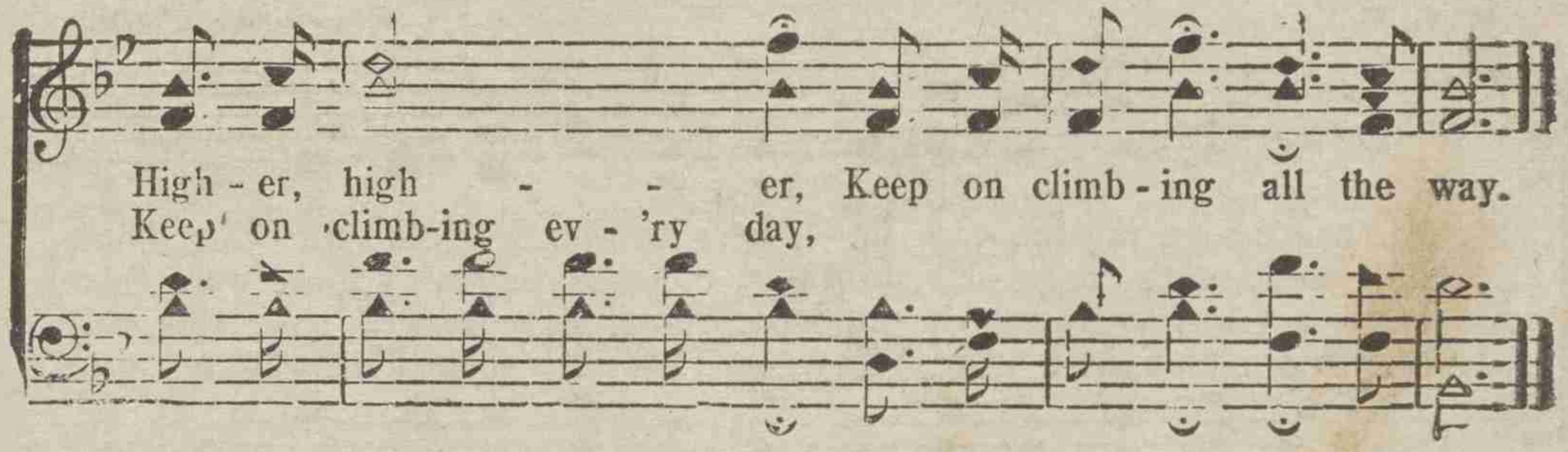
1. Keep on climb-ing day by day, To that land where loved ones stay, There to meet and sing sweet songs for-ev-er-more; With the foot-prints of our Lord,
2. Al-though wea-ry we may be, We shall rest be-yond the sea, Soon we'll join the ho - ly, hap-py an - gel band, Keep on climb-ing all the way,
3. If you'd reach that heav'nly shore, Keep on climb ing as be- fore, Press-ing for-ward 'gainst the mighty hosts of wrong, For the way is bright and clear,
4. We must gain the heav'n- ly prize, 'Tis a home be-yond the skies, Keep on climb-ing high-er, high-er wea-ry soul, Soon we'll lay our burdens down,

Guid-ed by His bless-ed word, Keep on climbing higher, high-er to that shore.
Ev - er watch and fight and pray, Then we'll dwell at home for-ev - er in that land.
We have naught but death to fear, Then we'll sing His praise for-ev - er with that throng.
And receive a shining crown, Keep on climb-ing, ev-er climb-ing to the goal.

REFRAIN:

Keep on climb - - ing, High-er; nigh - - er, Keep on
Climbing, ev-'ry day, Keep on climbing ev-'ry day,
climb - ing ev - 'ry day, Keep on climb - - ing,
Climbing, climbing higher ev-'ry day, (ev-'ry day,) Climbing ev-'ry day,

Keep on Climbing.



No. 21. Here Am I, Send Me.

This song is respectfully inscribed to all my co-workers.—J. C. L.

Daniel March. **J. C. Lenderman**

Moderato.



No. 22. Past, Present, Future.

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R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Oh, some-how, my fan - cy lin - gers with that dear old cot - tage home,
2. Fa - ther, moth-er, sis - ter, broth-er, Sometimes man - y more were there,
3. But, a - las! we're sep - a - rat - ed, Some no more will pass this way,
4. But how sweet the hope that lin - gers That with them I'll meet a - gain,

Where we sweet - ly sang to - geth - er, In the by - gone days of yore;
With our comrades, friends and neighbors Whom we did so much a - dore;
Doubt-less some are sweet-ly sing - ing O - ver on the glo - ry shore;
And with them en - joy the rapt-ures Bliss - ful heav - en has in store;

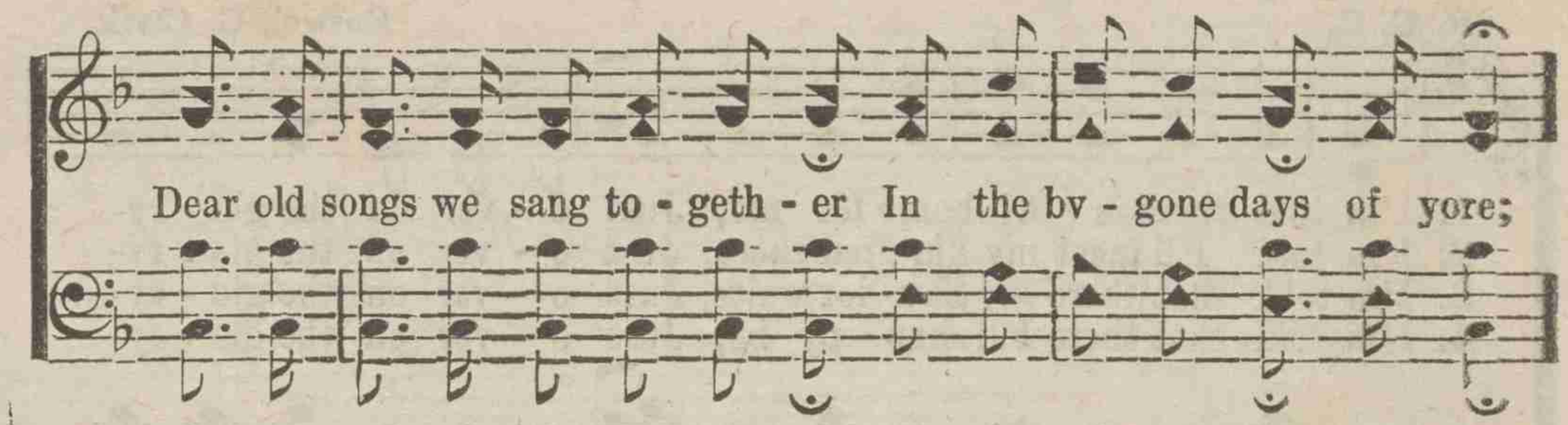
And those dear ones I re - mem - ber, Yes, no mat - ter where I roam,
With their voic-es smooth and mel-low And ex - pres - sion sweet and fair,
Oth - ers care-worn. fac-es wrink-led, Some with temples streaked with gray,
Where no sad-ness, sep - a - ra - tion, Pain or death can mar a - gain,

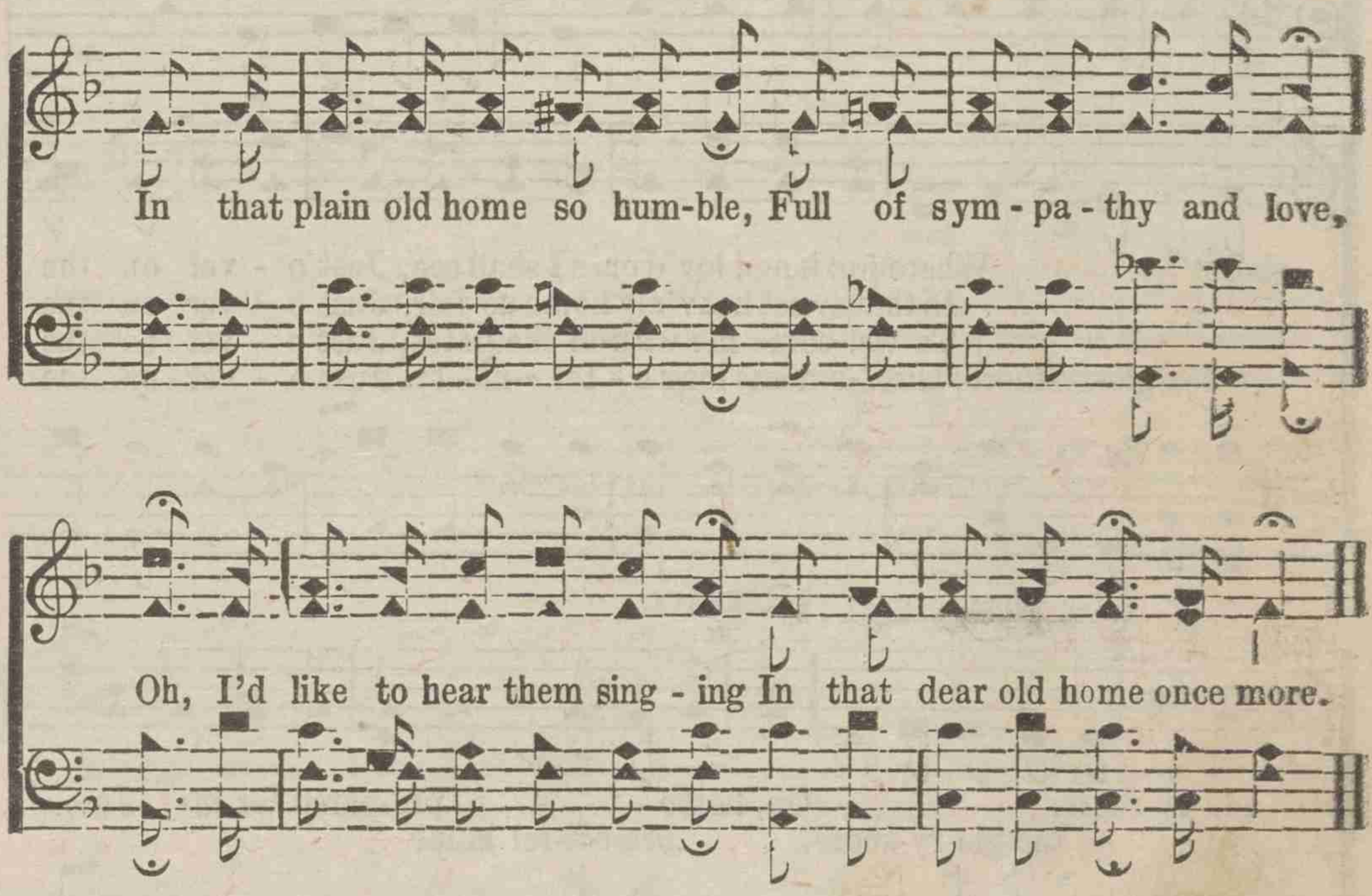
Oh, I'd like to hear them sing-ing In that dear old home once more!
Oh, I'd like to hear them sing-ing In that dear old home once more!
Oh, I'll sure - ly hear them sing-ing In that cot - tage home no more!
Then I'll sure - ly hear them sing-ing Up in heav - en ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I'd like to hear them sing-ing With their voic - es clear and smooth,

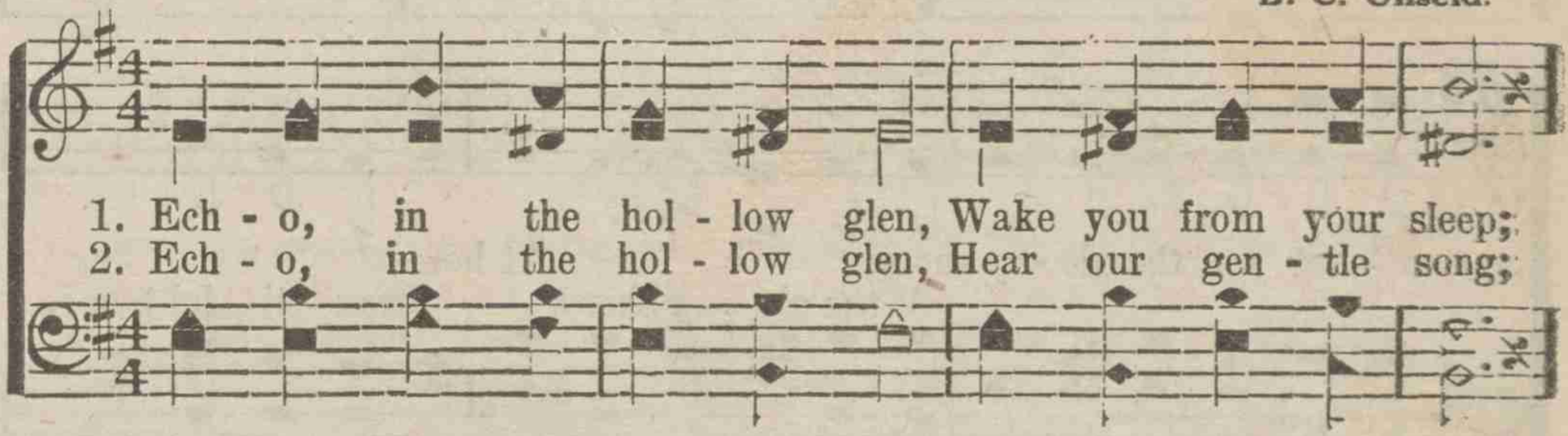
Past, Present, Future.





No. 23. Echo in the Hollow Glen.

B. C. Unseld.





No. 24. The Glory Shore.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark,

1. I'm told there is a home for me, Just o - ver on the glo - ry-
2. I'm told I'll meet my kin-dred there, Just o - ver on the glo - ry-
3. I'm told that there my Sav - ior waits, Jnst o - ver on the glo - ry-
4. I'm told that there I'll hap - py be, Just o - ver on the glo - ry-

shore; Where friends and lov'd ones I shall see, Just o - ver on the
In that sweet heav'nly home so fair, Just o - ver on the
To wel-come me with-in the gates, Just o - ver on the
the glo-ry-shore; Thro'-out one long e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver on the

REFRAIN.

glo-ry-shore. Oh, home pre-pared for me, Just
the glo-ry-shore. beau-ti-ful home
o - ver on the glo - ry shore; At home
the glo - ry shore; beau - ti - ful home,
I'll hap - py be, Just o - ver on the glo - ry - shore.
that hap-py shore.

No. 25. Beautiful Heaven.

Copyright, 1922. in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. R G. Clark.

1. A beau - ti - ful home is a - wait-ing somewhere, There lov'd ones are
2. We're told that no sor - rows will ev - er be there, Be-neath that fair
3. We're told that the Sav-ior's own face is its light, No soul there in

beck - on - ing come; A place that the Sav'- ior has gone to pre -pare,
heav - en - ly dome; That all that are hap - py and love - ly and fair,
dark - ness will roam; With pleasures ec - stat - ic and scenes of de - light,

REFRAIN.

It must be a beau - ti - ful home. Home, home, that beau-ti-ful home,
Heav-enly home,

Where sad - ness and grief can - not come; There hap - py with

loved ones for - ev - er we'll roam, It must be a beau - ti - ful home.

No. 26, I Will Sing His Praise in Glory.

Coporight, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. **Roswell G. Clark.**

1. I am go - ing o - ver yon-der to the promised happy land, There I'll
2. O - ver yon-der, with the Sav-ior, in that bliss-ful happy place, There I'll
3. There I'll be with saint-ed lov'd ones whom I do so much a-dore, There I'll

sing and shout for - ev - er, by and by; I'll sing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahs
sing and shout for - ev - er, by and by; Hap - py with the soul Re-deem-er
sing and shout for - ev - er, by and by; I'll be hap-py there for - ev - er

o - ver on the golden strand, There I'll sing and shout for-ev-er, by and by.
where I'll see Him face to face, There I'll sing and shout for-ev-er, by and by.
on that bright e-ter-nal shore, There I'll sing and shout for-ev-er, by and by.

D. S.—There I'll sing and shout for-ev-er, by and by.

REFRAIN.

I will sing His praise in glo - ry,.....
hal - le - lu - jah! so will I,

There we'll sing and shout for - ev - er, by and by; (yes, by and by;)

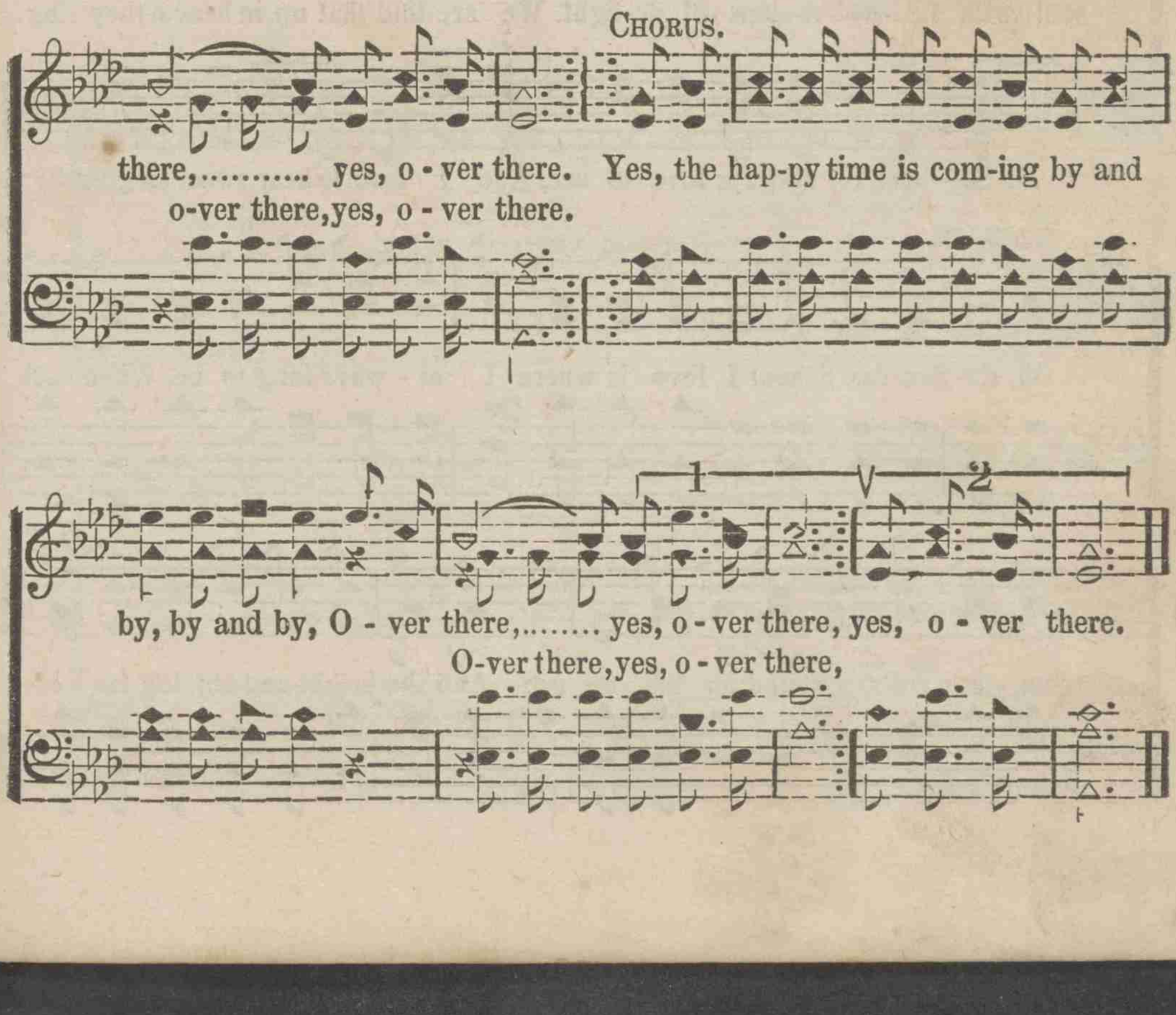
I Will Sing His Praise in Glory.



No. 27. Meeting Over There.

D. M. K. D. M. King.





No. 28. The Sunday School.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. **Roswell G. Clark.**

Cheerfully.

1. The dear Sun-day School I love is just a splen-did place to be, There I'm al - ways ver - y glad to meet with you; And with prov - i - dence per- mit-ting, you may sure-ly count on me, Ev - 'ry Sunday, all the whole year thro'.
2. My de-part-ment shall be good, I'll hear just what my teachers say, And I hope that you will try to do the same; And that we may ev - er walk a-long the straight and narrow way, And may glo - ri - fy the Sav-ior's name.
3. At the Sun-day School, I love to see the fac-es shin-ing bright, Love to hear the hap - py voic - es sweet - ly ring; Oh, it seems to fill my soul with hap-py vi-sions of de-light, We are told that up in heav'n they sing.

D. S.—here I al-ways love to see, And I love to hear sweet singing flow.

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the Sun-day School I love is where I al - ways long to be, When each Sun - day rolls a-round for me to go; And the bright and shining fac - es

D. S.

No. 29. In Glory Forever More.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G, Clark.

Roswell G Clark. A. D. Mullis.

1. There is a place pre-pared for me Where death can't come,
pain and death can nev-er come,
2. O, will you go a - long with me To that fair shore,
e - ter - nal hap-py shore.
3. O, won't it be a hap-py time When we get there;
get home just o - ver there.

There I shall ev - er hap - py be, At home, sweet home.
in glo - ry in that home.sweet home.
Where friends and loved ones we shall see, And part no more.
with them no nev - er - more.
To that ce - les - tial glo - ry clime, Where all is fair.
is love - ly sweet and fair.

1. In glo - ry in that home,
, with them no more.
is sweet and fair.

REFRAIN.

I'm go - - ing home, When this short life is o'er;
I'm go - ing to my heav'nly home, When this short earthly life is o'er;

Where death can't come, To live for - ev - er - more.
Where pain and death can nev - er come, To live in glo - ry ev - er - more.

for - ev - er - more.

No. 30. Gladness All the Time

James Rowe — T. R. Wilson, owner, 192? — T. R. Wilson

1. I am on the road to the soul's a-bode, Heaven's ev-er hap-py clime;
2. Ev-'ry foe I meet Je-sus will de-feat, Ev-'ry bur-den He will share;
3. O 'tis joy to know that He loves me so, And will keep me close to Him,

And with Je-sus near al-ways giv-ing cheer, There is glad-ness all the time.
Ev-'ry drear-y night He will flood with light, Till I reach the homeland fair.
Till I praise His name and His love proclaim, Far be-yond the shad-ows dim.

REFRAIN

There is glad - - ness all the time, ... All the
There is gladness all the time, gladness all the time,

time my heart-bells chime; To His hand I cling while I
To His hand I ev-er fond-ly cling, while I

sweet - ly sing; There is glad-ness all the time.
sweet-ly sing, re-joice and sing, There is glad-ness all the hap-py time.

No. 31. Seeking a City

James Rowe — R. Edwin Perry, Clarksville, Tex., owner, 1921 — R. Edwin Perry

1. Close to the Mas-ter, faithful to du-ty, More of His goodness longing to know; Seeking a cit-y wondrous in beau-ty, Prais-es up-litt-ing,
2. Troub-les and sor-rows patient-ly meeting, Knowing that Je-sus ev-er is nigh, Hop-ing to get a glo-ri-ous greet-ing When I have reached the
3. Strengthened and cheered and ev-er de-fend-ed, Lay-ing up last-ing treasures a-bove, Sweetly I'll trust till tri-als are end-ed And I am rest-ing

REFRAIN

on-ward I go.
cit-y on high.
safe in His love.

Seek-ing a cit-y bright, home of e-ter-nal light,

Where I shall nev-er be tempt-ed to roam; Prais-ing my Friend a-bove,

trusting His might-y love, Sure He will lead my soul all the way home.

No. 32. I Shall Be There.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark

1. There's a cit - y, we're told, o - ver yon - der somewhere, When the
2. There the Sav-ior, we're told, has a right-eous great throne, When the
3. There with saints and the an - gels and friends gone be - fore, When the

roll is called I shall be there; With its streets of pure gold and its
roll is called I shall be there; There we'll see face to face and will
roll is called I shall be there; There in bliss - ful ely-sian I ll

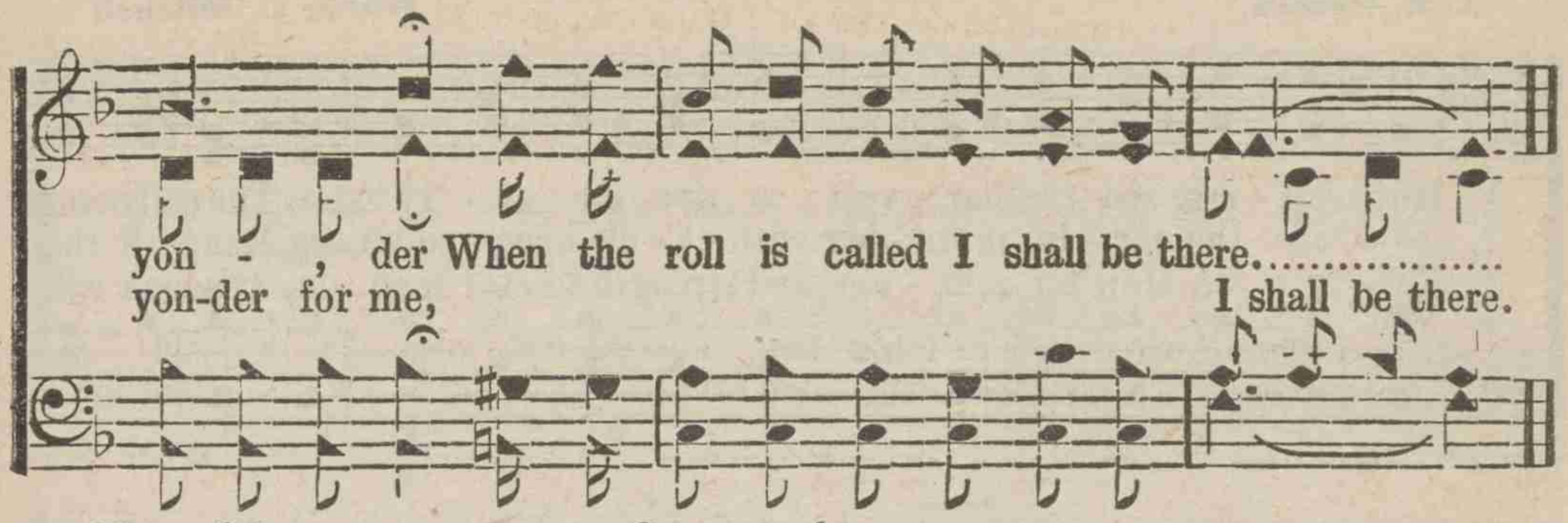
skies ev - er fair, When the roll is called I shall be there.
know as we're known, When the roll is called I shall be there.
live ev - er - more, When the roll is called I shall be there.

REFRAIN.

At the roll call o - ver yon - - der, When the
At the fi - ual roll call for me o - ver yon-der,

roll is called I shall be there; At the roll call o - ver
At the fi - nal roll call o - ver

I Shall Be There.

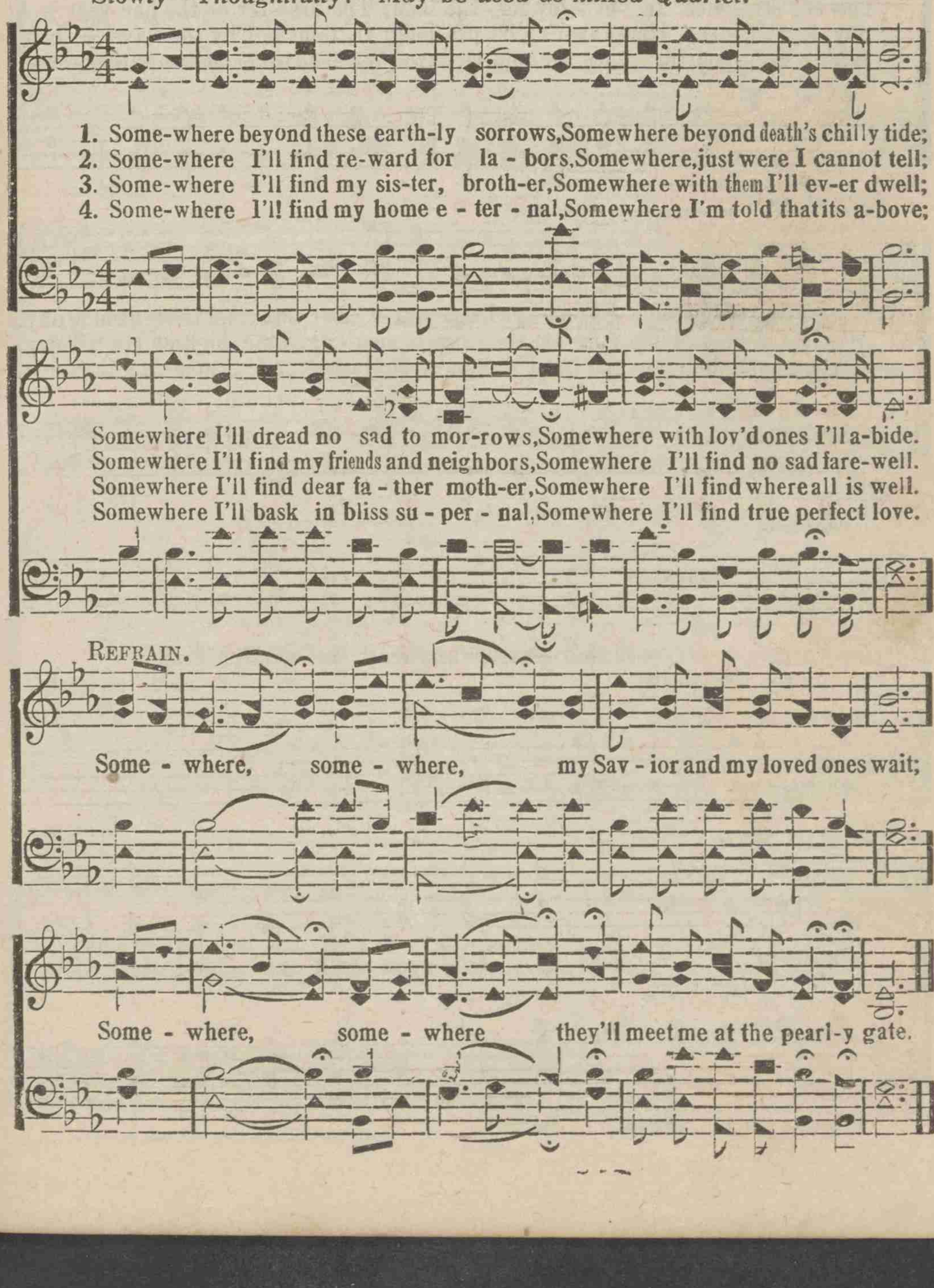


No. 33. Somewhere.

Copyright, 1922. in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R G. C. Roswell G Clark.

Slowly—Thoughtfully. May be used as mixed Quartet.



No. 34. Go Forth to Harvest.

J. M. Henson. **Walter C. Mitchell**

1. Ho! reap - ers, see the har - vest is ripe on ev - 'ry hand, The call comes now for ser - vice in ev - 'ry fer - tile land; The Mas-ter of the har-vest a rich re-ward will pay, So go ye forth and la - bor till comes the crowning day.
2. Go in the ear - ly morn - ing with cy - cle keen and strong. Reap all the day for Je - sus, His prais-es loud pro-long; O, faint not by the wayside, but glean for Him each day, And at the close of reap-ing, come high-er He will say.
3. Re - ly on Him for cour - age and strength to still reap on, His love will safe-ly keep you till comes the gold-en dawn; When all the sheaves are gathered re- joic-ing we shall go To meet the har-vest Master made whiter than the snow.

REFRAIN.

Go forth to har - vest, and reap the gold-en grain,
Go forth gold - en grain,
Go forth and la - bor, you shall not go in vain;
Go forth

Henson & Mitchell, owners. 1922.

Go Forth to Harvest.

The har - vest Mas - ter will give a rich re - ward,
bless - ed har-vest re-ward,

Go forth..... and la - bor for Christ the har - vest Lord.
Go forth

No. 35. Who'll Send the News?

O. R. B. O. R. Barrows.

1. An-gels are wait - ing to bear the news Up to the courts a - bove;
2. Je - sus is read - y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wea-ry ones, and rest."
3. Oh, what an an-them will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!

Of some poor wand'rer now com-ing home, Seek-ing a Fa-ther's love.
Noth-ing is want-ing: there's room for all, Now be for - ev - er blest.
E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a - bove?

D. S.-O - ver the wand'rer re - turn - ing home, Seek-ing a Fa-ther's love.

REFRAIN.

There will be joy in heav'n There will be joy a-bove.
There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a-bove, will be joy a-bove,

D. S.

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No. 36. Who Reigns?

Copyrighk, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. C Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Is the Ho - ly Spir - it reign - ing In your soul each night and day,
2. Are you liv - ing tru - ly hon - est, Do you live a life of prayer?
3. Do you let Him guide your conscience Lead-ing you, the Jour-ney thro',

As you jour-ney thro' this world be - low? Are you tru - ly in com-
Is the Com - fort - er a - long with you? Do you live a life that's
To a hap - py home on yon-der shore? Do you al-ways deal with

mun - ion with the Sav - ior all the way? Do you ask Him what your
faith - fuf shun-ning e - vil's tempting snare?Does the Sav - ior know that
oth - ers as you'd have them deal with you?Would you meet them where saints

REFRAIN.

soul should know?
you are true? Is your soul now com - mun - ing with the spir - its
part no more?

o - ver yon-der? Are you fol - low - ing the Sav - ior all the way?

Who Reigns?





No. 37. Holy Father Keep Us-

J. M. Henson, owner.

J. M. H. J. M. Henson





No. 38. Nearer Home.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. When the ev'n-ing sun is sink - ing and the shad-ows lon ger grow, I am
2. Here I meet with man - y tri - als and temp-ta-tions on my way, But I
3. Oh, the fi-nite mind would lin - ger in this wea - ry world of woe, And to

near - er than I've been be - fore; To the end of wea - ry think-ing of the
soon shall reach that home a - bove; If the Com-fort-er be with me and di-
part with loved ones makes us sad; But the anx-ious long-ing soul is looking

REFRAIN.

sor-rows here be-low, Near-er to my home on yon - der shore,
rect me all the way, Keeping me in right-eous-ness and love. Near - er
for the time to go, Where im-mor-tal sun-shine keeps all glad.

home, ... yes, nearer home, Where no ev'ning sha-dows
to my henv'nly home, yes, near-er my e-ter-nal home,

ev - er lon-ger grow, Where life's sun .... will not go
longer grow, Where life's brightly shin-ing sun will nev - er

Nearer Home.



No. 39. He'll Guide Me Through.

Mrs. Clint Shelton. J. M. Henson, owner, **J. M. Henson.**



No. 40. On the Way With Jesus

James Rowe — L. D. Morris, owner, 1921 — L. D. Morris

1. I am on my way with the Lord to-day And my heart is free from sin;
2. He will lead me straight to the cit-y gate And will greet me with a smile;
3. How my soul will sing to my bless-ed King When I reach that hap-py place;

He has promised me my de-fence to be That the life-crown I may win.
He will take me in past the reach of sin In a ver-y lit-tle while.
How my praise will swell when with Him I dwell, In the sunshine of His face.

REFRAIN

On my way..... ev-'ry day,..... With the
On my way ev-'ry day,
King of kings a-bove;..... Go-ing home, ... no
Kings a-bove, Go-ing home,
more to roam,..... In the glo-ry of His love.....
no more to roam, In the glo-ry of His ten-der love.

No. 41. He Is at Rest.

Dedicated to the memory of our dear brother, Prof. W. O. Brannon.

James Rowe. R. Edwin Perry, Quitman, Ark., owner, 1920. R. Edwin Perry.

1. Hav-ing la-bored till the set of sun, He is at rest, sweet-ly at
2. With the an-gels by the crys-tal sea,
3. With the dear ones who had gone before,
4. In the glo - ry of the King Most High, He is at rest,

rest; With the bless-ed crown of glo - ry won, He is at rest,
rest; Where for-ev - er hap - py he will be,
rest; Sing-ing prais - es on the gold - en shore,
rest; Wait-ing there to greet us by and by, He is at rest,

REFRAIN.

sweet-ly at rest. He is at rest, safe with the Lord,
He is at rest, safe with the Lord,

In glo - ry with the blest; There he en - joys heav-en's re-
all the blest; There he en-joys

ward, He is at rest, sweet-ly at rest.
heav-en's re-ward, He is at rest, bless-ed rest.

No. 42. Redeeming Love.

Copyright, 1922 in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G, Clark.

B. C. "Bud" Clark.

1. Re-deeming love, thro' grief and tears, Came a lost and ruin-ed world to save.
2. Re-deem-ing love now cares for me, As I trav - el on life's rug-ged way;
3. Re-deem-ing love is now my theme, It di - rects me to that home on high;

Re-deem-ing love dis-pels our fears, Since the Sav-ior rose up from the grave.
Re-deem-ing love shall be my plea, When I reach the fin - al judg-ment day.
Re-deem-ing love I do es-teem, And I'll sing it in the by and by.

REFRAIN.

O, soul re-deem-ing love, O, soul re-deeming love,
O, soul re-deem-ing love, ...

Kind - ly help me all a - long the way;
the pil - grim way;

To that sweet home above, to that sweet home a-bove,
To that sweet home above ....

Redeeming Love.



No. 43. Wonderful Love.

Cspyright, 1922, in "Fchoes of Giory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Gus Clark.



No. 44. Come And Go With Me,

Dedicated to my friend and co-worker, James D. Ball., Rebecca, Ga.—J. C. L.

J. C. L. J. C. Lenderman, owner., McRae, Ga. **J. C. Lenderman.**

1. Come and go with me to heav - en a - bove Where we'll be free from sor - row and care; Where we all shall meet with those that we love And dwell in
2. Come and let us meet our loved ones up there And sing sweet songs while a - ges shall roll; Come and we will dwell in man-sions so fair The glo - ry-
3. Come and we will see that beau - ti - ful place, A fount of life that nev - er runs dry And it is for all that's saved by His grace, There we can
4. Come and go with me to that hap-py home, To be from sin and sor-row set free. There with loved ones dwell and nev-er to roam, O, come and

REFRAIN.

peace with Je - sus up there. Come and go with me.....
land, the home of the soul.
drink and nev - er shall die,
go to glo - ry with me. Come and go with me.

to our home in glo - ry, ... Come and we will
to our home in glo - ry.

Come And Go With Me.

join ..... with the an - gel band;..... ..... O - ver there to
Come and we will join with the an gel band;

sing..... the re-demp-tion sto-ry,..... Come and
o - ver there to sing the re-demp-tion sto-ry,

go with me..... to the glo - ry - land.
Come and go with me to the glo-ry land.

No. 45. Down to the Sacred Stream.

J. M. Henson, owner. J. M. Henson.

1. Down to the sa - cred wave The L rd of life was led;
2. He taught the sol - emn way, He fixed the ho - ly rite;
3. The Ho - ly Ghost came down The bap - tism to ap-,prove;
4. Dear Sav - ior, we will tread In Thine ap - point - ed way;

And He who came our souls to save, In Jor - dan bow d His head.
He bade His ran somed ones o - bey, And keep the path in sight,
The or - di - nance of Christ to crown, And stamp it with His love.
Let glo - ry o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to - day.

No. 46. Along With Him.

Copyright, in Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C.

Roswell G. Clark.

1. May we ren-der praise to Him who died up - on a cru - el tree To re-
2. 'Tis ex - pe - di - ent for you, He said, that I shall go a - way, But the
3. Then the Sav-ior went a - way to fix a place for you and me, But He

deem a lost and ru - ined race; Him who died on Cal - va - ry to make a
Com - fort - er I'll sure - ly send; To be with you and to help you in your
promised He would come once more; May we go with Him in spir - it till His

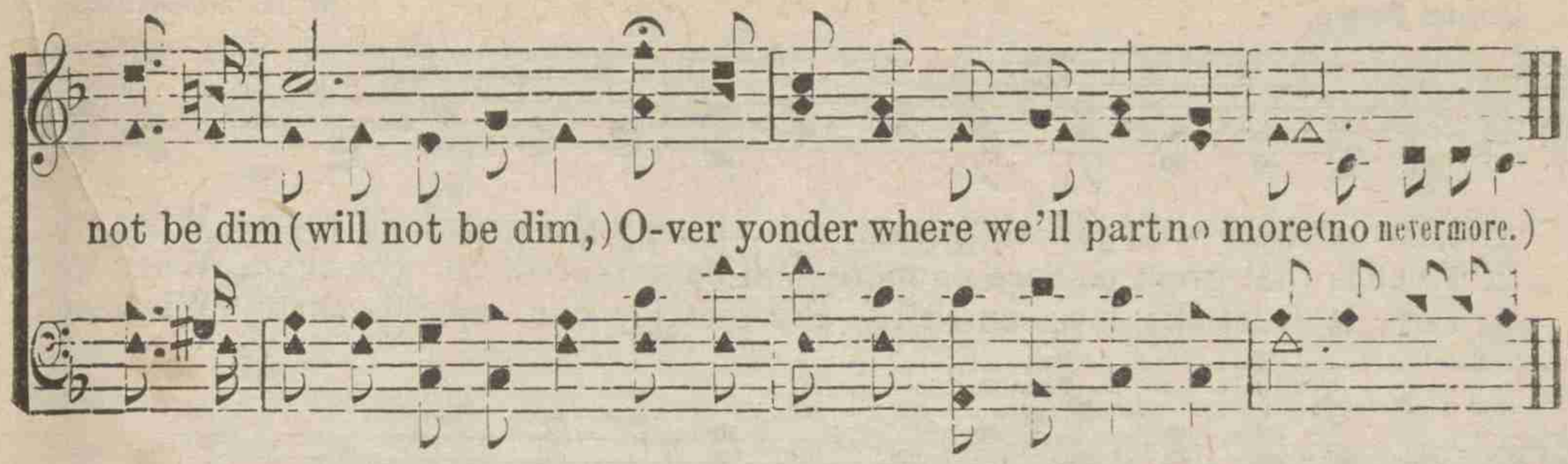
chance for you and me, Him who of - fers His re-deem-ing grace.
tri - als ev - 'ry day, Till your earth - ly tri - als all shall end.
pres-ence we shall see, In that home pre-pared on yon-der shore.

REFRAIN.

Let us go,..... a - long with Him To that
Oh, let us go, a - long with Him,

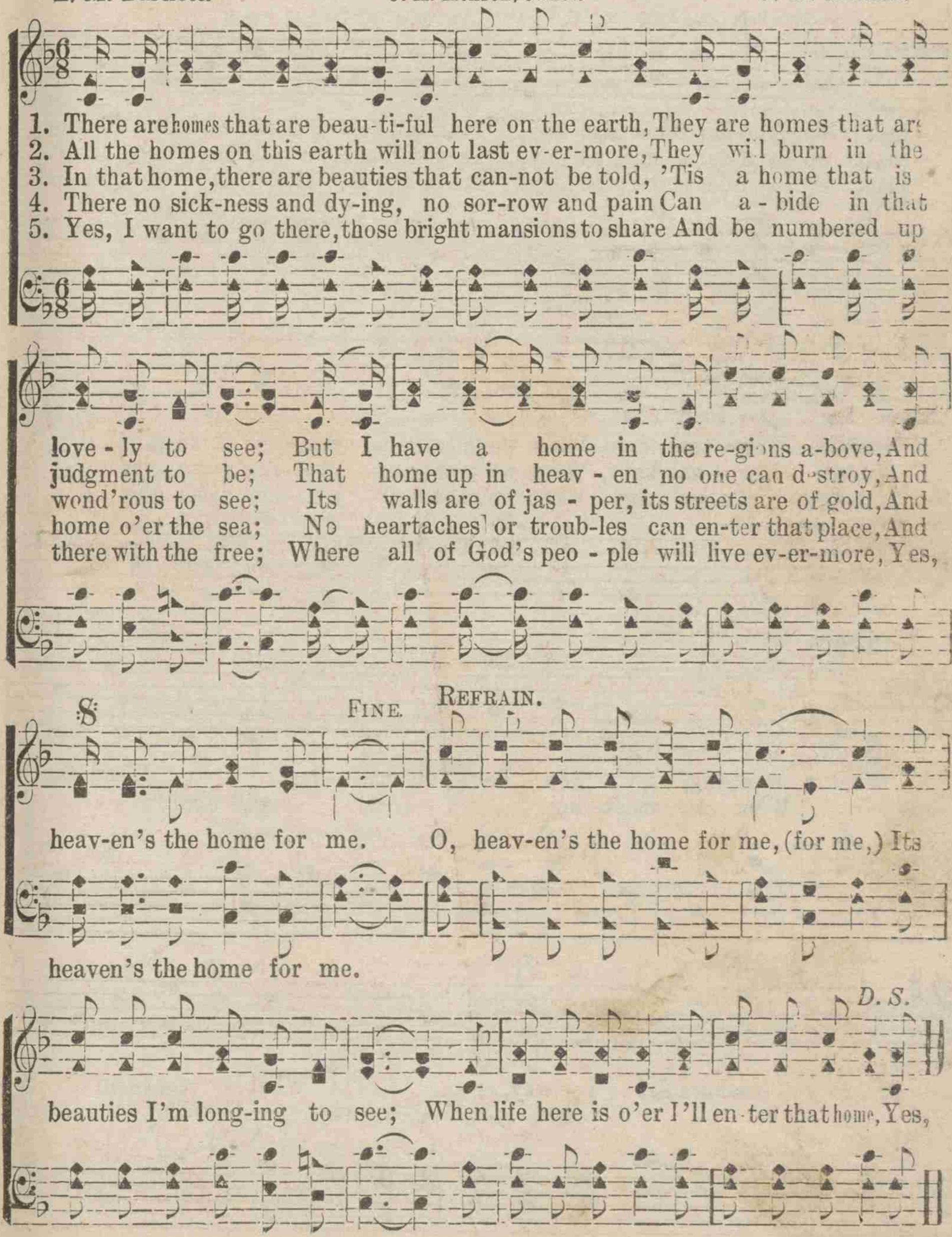
home prepared on yon-der shore; Then the way will
on yon-der shore; Then the way

Along With Him.



No. 47. Heaven's the Home for Me.

E. M. Bartlett. J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**



No. 48.

WHAT A MEETING.

James Rowe. R. N. Grisham.

1. How our eyes with joy will gleam, As we sing the grand old theme, When we
2. Friends that greet us here no more Will be gathered on the shore, When we
3. Let us trust His love un - til Per-fect joy our spir-its thrill, When we

meet up yon-der some glad day; We shall feel the end of care Fade a-
meet up yon-der some glad day; They will smile a welcome bright, In His
meet up yon-der some glad day; Brave and loy - al let us be, Till His

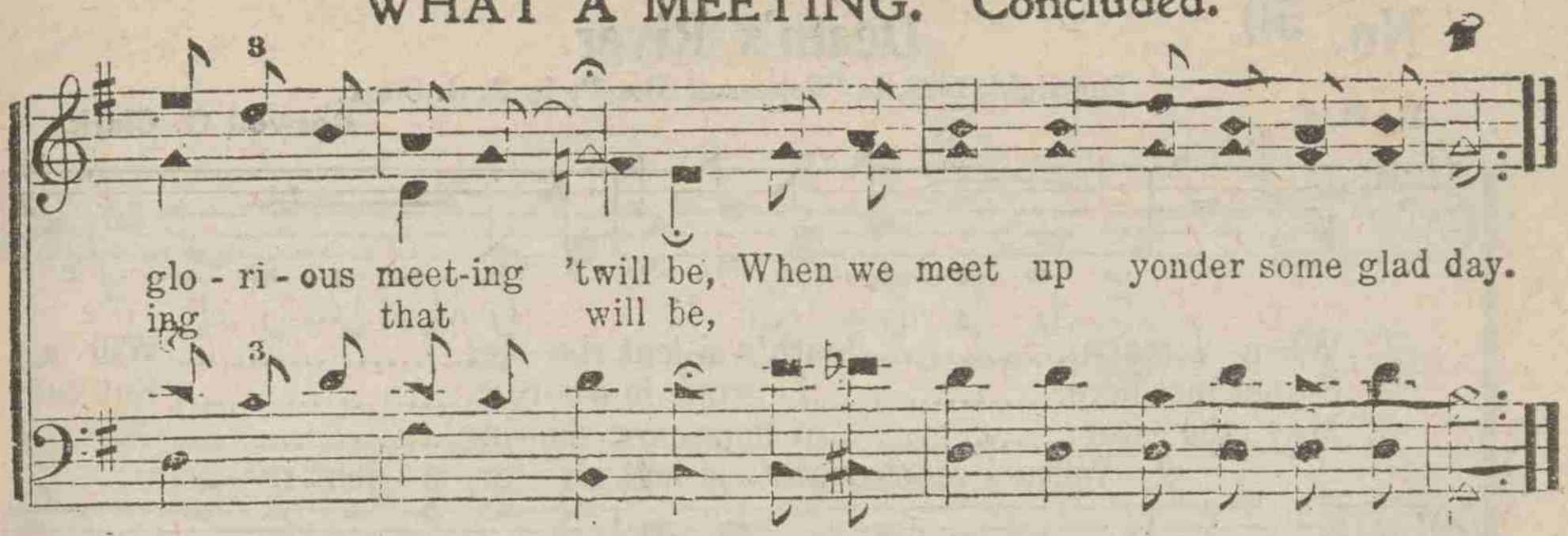
way in rap - ture rare, When we meet up yon - der some glad day.
love's e - ter - nal light, When we meet up yon - der some glad day.
wel - come smile we see, When we meet up yon - der some glad day.

CHORUS.

What a meet-ing, a won - der - ful meet - ing, When the
What a meet - ing it will be,

drear - y shadows flee a - way,
yes, flee a - way,
What a meet-ing, a
What a meet-

R. N. Grisham, owner. 1922.



No. 49. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PET. 2: 7.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 50.

Death's River.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C.

Roswell G. Clark.

1. When I reach.. ..... death's si-lent riv - er,..... Will a
2. Sometimes here..... I grope in sor-row,..... But the
3. May the star..... of hope, now shin-ing,..... Guide to
1. When I reach death's si-lent riv - er, si - lent riv - er,

bea - con light be there; Furnished by..... the great life
star..... of hope I see; That I'll find..... a glad to-
that..... ce-les-tial goal; Where I'll know..... no sad re-
Will a beacon light be there, light be there, Furnished by the great life

giv-er? ..... Will the way ..... be bright and clear? .....
morrow,..... When from earth..... my soul is free. .....
pi-ning..... I shall reach..... my heav'nly home.....
giv-er, great life giver? Will the way be bright and clear, be bright and clear?

FINE.

D. S.—I shall reach (I shall reach) my heav'nly home (my heav'nly home.)

REFRAIN.

Yes, a bea - - con will be shin - ing,
Yes, a bea - con will be shin - ing, will be shin - ing,

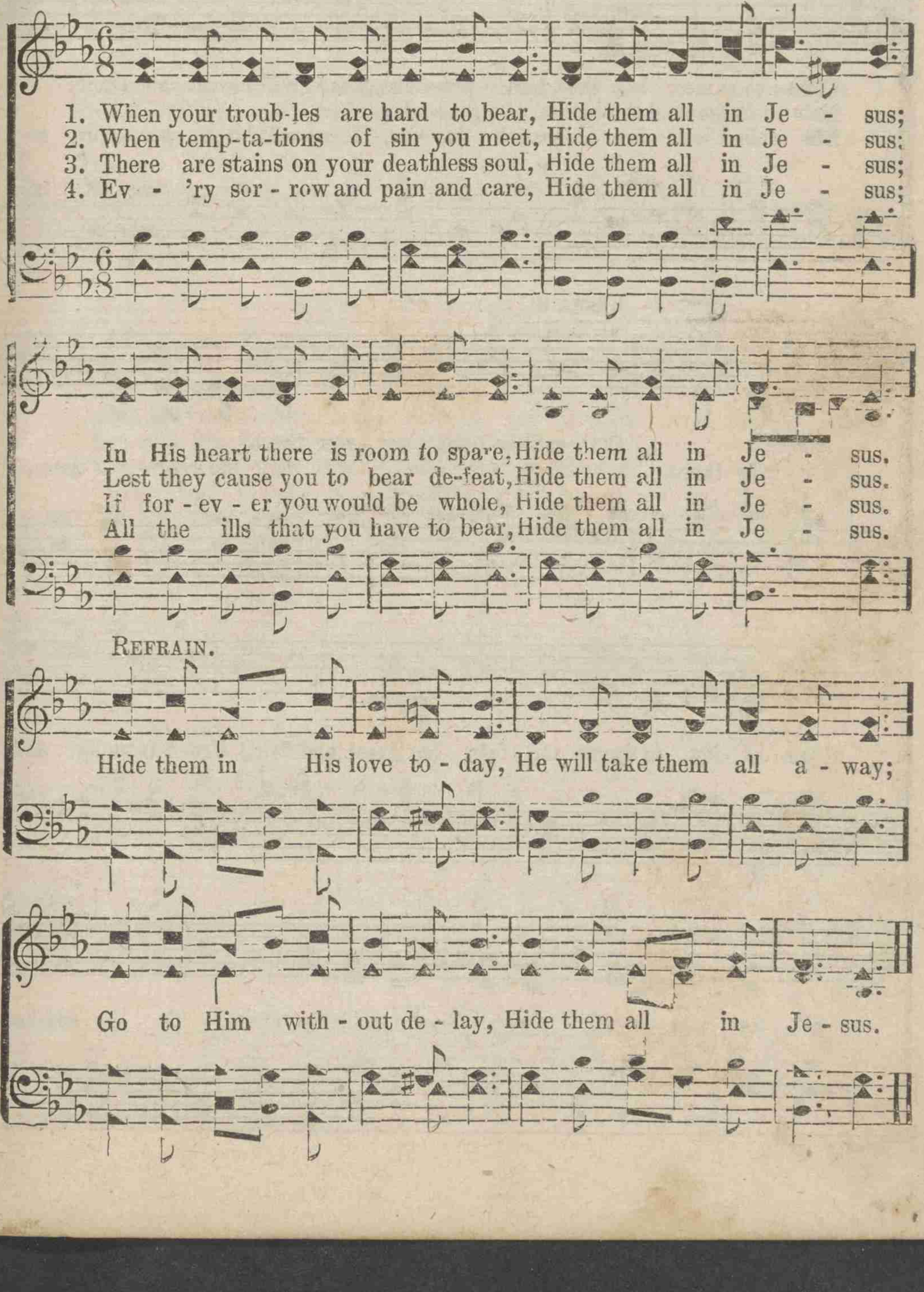
When for me (When for me) death's call shall come, (death's call shall come,)

Death's River.



No. 51. Hide Them All in Jesus.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**



No. 52 No Sorrow There

Inscribed to my wife.—J. H. H.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter **J. H. Holcomb, owner, 1922** **J. H. Holcomb**

1. Oft - en when the path is rug - ged, And my heart is filled with care,
2. I have heard my moth-er sing it, 'Mid her tri - als hard to bear;
3. Sor-rows here are great and ma - ny, And their marks of pain we wear,

Comes to me a tho't so pre-cious, There will be no sor - row
Now she's reached the home of glad- ness,
But when we are safe with Je - sus, There will be no sor - row, no

REFRAIN

there. O there'll be no sor - row there,
sor - row there. no sor - row there,

Home of joy so sweet and fair, (so sweet and fair,) Freed from sin and

all its sad - ness, Ev - er - last-ing bliss to share, O the end-less

No Sorrow There

won - der of it—There will be no sor - row there.

no sor-row there.

No. 53 I Shall be Satisfied.

JAMES ROWE. A. N. DAVIS.

1. When I see the King of glo - ry, I shall be sat - is - fied, When a
2. When I see His smile up-on me, I shall be sat - is - fied, When I
3. Just to praise Him by the ri - ver, I shall be sat - is - fied, Just to
4. Just to show Him that I love Him, I shall be sat - is - fied, Serv- ing

CHORUS.

bove I tell the sto - ry I shall be sat - is - fied.
meet the friend who won me, I shall be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is-
live with Him for-ev - er, I shall be sat - is - fied.
Him with none above Him, I shall be sat - is - fied.

fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When be-
be sat-is - fied, be sat - is - fied,

fore Him I a - dore Him, I shall be sat - is - fied,
be sat - is - fied.

A, N. Davis and J. H. Stanley, owners.

No. 54. By and By.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", R. G, Clark, owner.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Won't that be a hap - py meeting, by and by. When our lov'd ones we'll be greet - ing by and by; Where we'll sing re-dem-tion's sto - ry, by and by,
2. There we'll meet our friends and neighbors, by and by, And en-joy the heav'nly fa - vors, by and by; We will part a - gain no nev - er by and by,
3. There we'll meet our sisters, brothers, by and by, And our pre-cious fa-thers, moth-ers, by and by; With the heav'n-ly hosts then greeting, by and by,

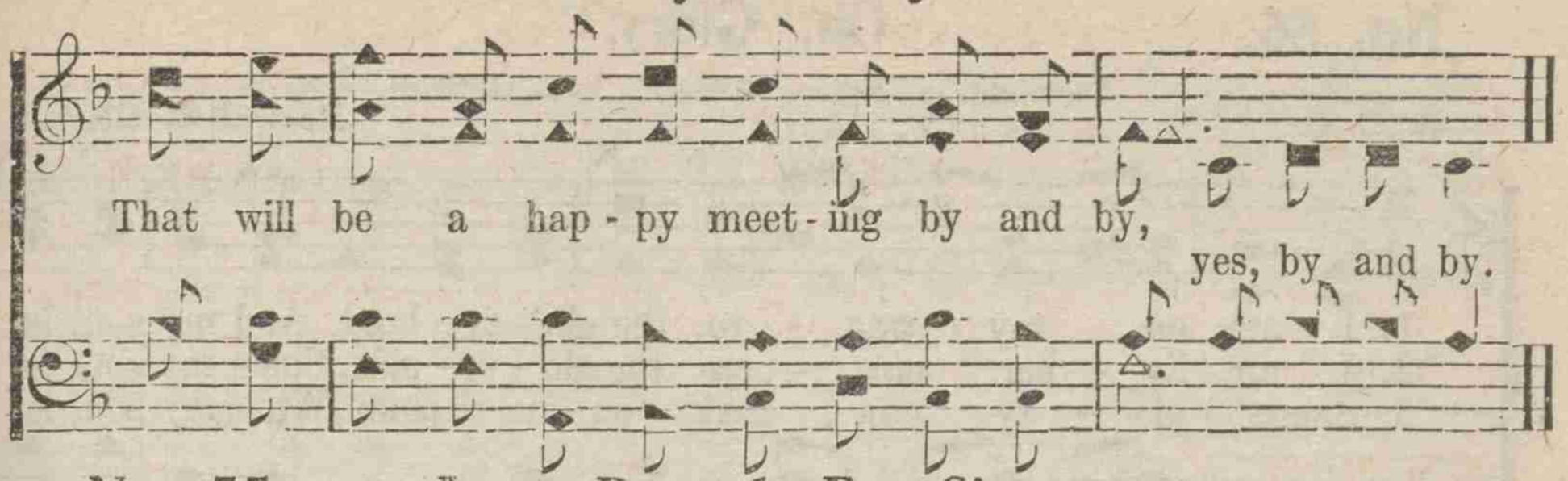
REFRAIN.

And will ev - er live in glo - ry, by and by. In the hap - - - py by and by,
We'll be hap-py there for - ev - er, by and by.
Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing by and by? There'll be singing o-ver yon der in the hap-py by and by,

When our lov'd ones we'll be greet-ing by and by,

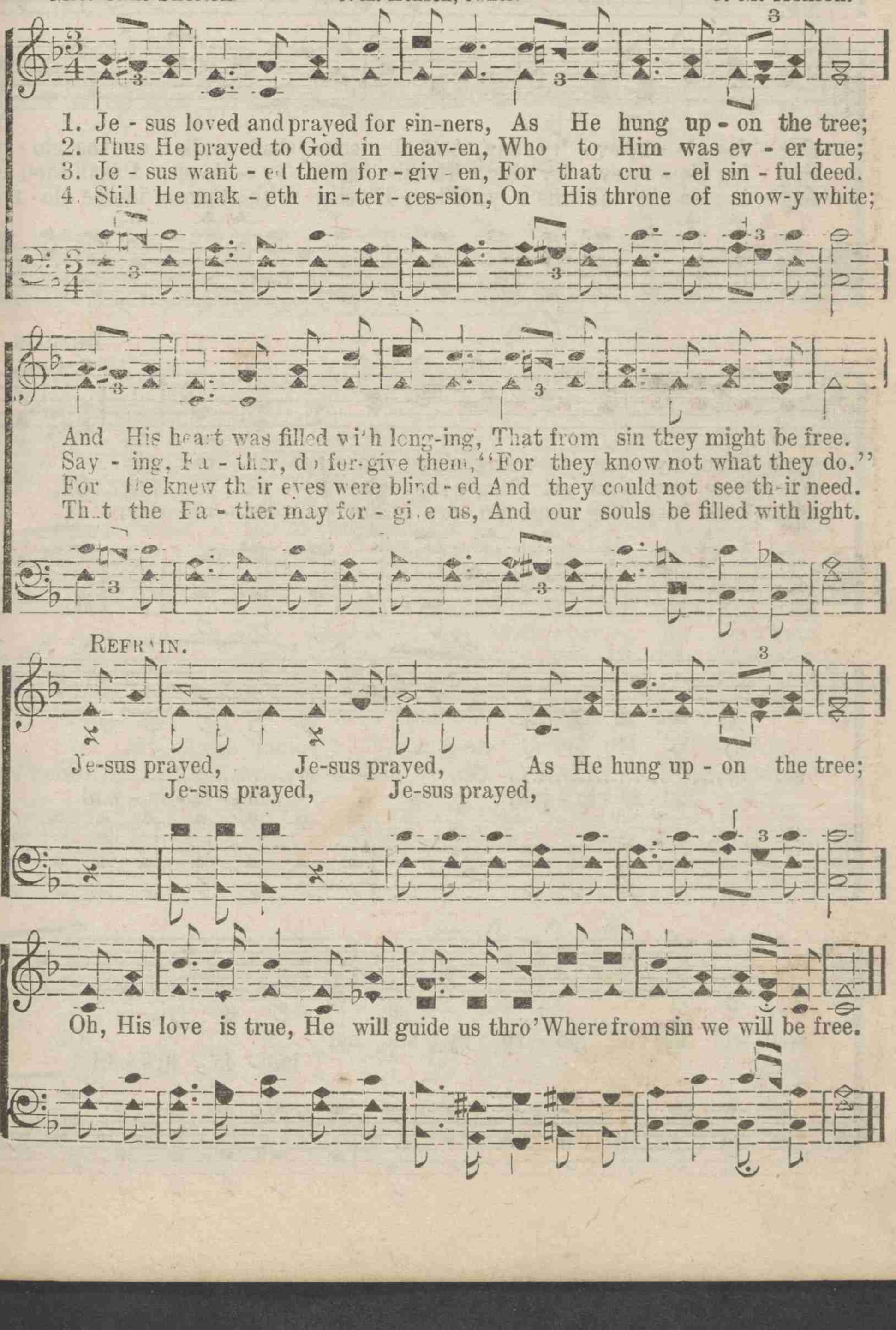
In the hap - - - py by and by,
o-ver yond-er; Golden harps will there be ring-ing in the hap-py by and by,

By and By.



No. 55. Jesus Prayed For Sinners.

Mrs. Clint Shelton. J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**



No. 56. Oh, Glory.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R G. C. Roswell G Clark.

1. I am on my way to the glo - ry - land, And my soul is
2. I am liv - ing now on the glo - ry - side, Since my soul is
3. Saints in glo - ry now beck - on me to come, While my soul is

sing - ing glo - ry ev - 'ry day, And I soon shall walk on the glo - ry
sing - ing glo - ry ev - 'ry day, In the glo - ry - land I shal' soon a-
sing - ing glo - ry all the way; Where I'll sing with them in the glo - ry-

REFRAIN.

strand, For my soul is sing - ing glo - ry all the way.
bide, Now my soul is sing - ing glo - ry all the way. Oh,
home, And keep sing - ing glo - ry thro' e - ter - nal day.

glo - ry,..... Oh, glo - ry,..... Soon my
hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

soul will sing in glo - ry by and by, Oh,
hal - le - lu - jah!

Oh, Glory,

glo - ry,..... ..... I am go - ing home to stay, I'll sing
hal - le - lu - jah!

glo - ry..... in that glo-ry home on high.....
hal - le - lu - jah! you'll sing glo-ry, so will I.

No. 57. We Are Passing Away.

Charles Wesley. Arr. Tillman.

1. { And must I be to judg-ment bro't, And an - swer in that day
   { For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't And ev - 'ry word I say?

2. { Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known;
   { And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.

3. { How care - ful, then, ought I to live! With what re - lig - ious fear!
   { Who such a strict ac-count must give For my be - hav - iour here!

4. { Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, The watch-ful pow'r be-stow;
   { So shall I to my ways take heed Te all I speak or do.

5. { If now Thou stand-eth at the door, O, let me feel Thee near!
   { And make my peace with God, be-fore I at Thy bar ap - pear.

REFRAIN.

{ We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way;
{ We are pass - ing a - way, To the great judg - mcnt day.

No. 58. The Hallelujah Train.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. **Roswell G. Clark.**

1. All a-board! pull out for glo - ry On the hal - le - lu - jah train!
2. The Con-duc-tor kind - ly cheers us Giv - ing com-fort o'er and o'er,
3. Soon we'll land at glo - ry sta-tion, Meet-ing souls from ev-'ry-where,

For the Sav - ior holds the throt tle And from it He'll not re - frain;
For He tells us we'll be land - ed Where in bliss we may re - main;
And will join with heav-n'ly voic - es In a hal - le - lu - jah strain.

Now His pres-ence ev - er cheers us And with us He will re - main,
When we reach the heav-n'ly sta - tion On the hal - le - lu - jah shore,
It the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahs With im - mor - tals o - ver there,

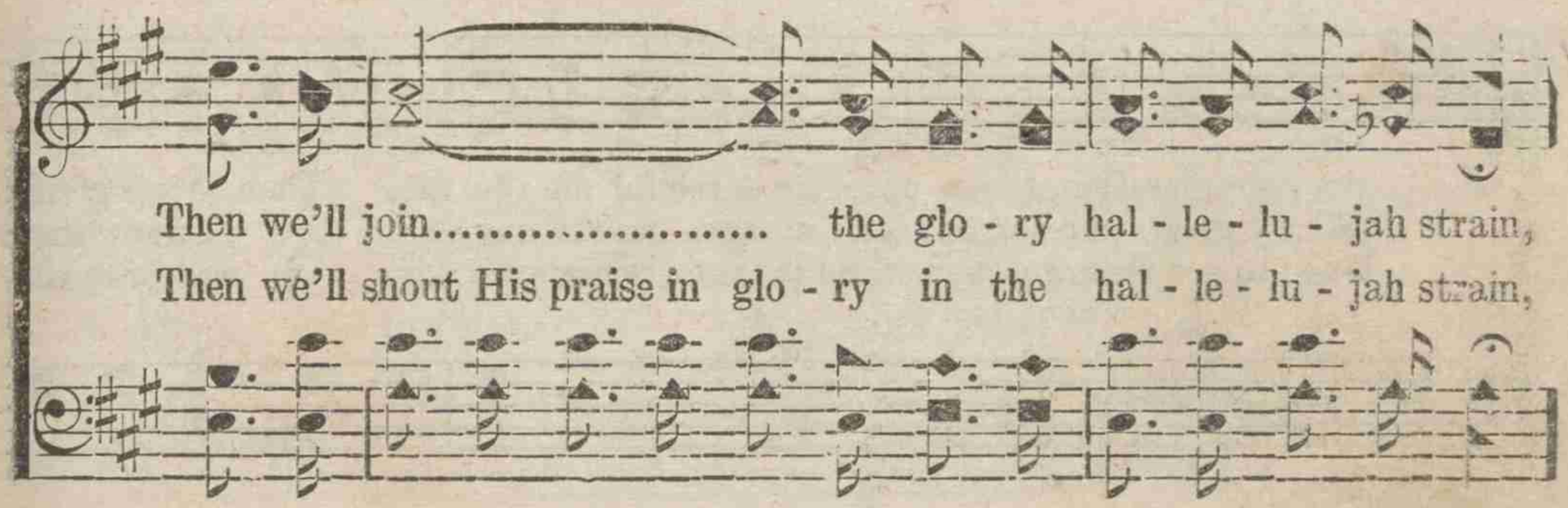
While we're sail-ing home to glo - ry On the hal - le - lu - jah train!
For we're sail-ing home to glo - ry On the hal - le - lu - jah train!
For we're sail-ing home to glo - ry On the hal - le - lu - jah train!

REFRAIN.

All a - board ..... the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah train!
All a - board for ports of glo - ry on the

The Hallelujah Train.

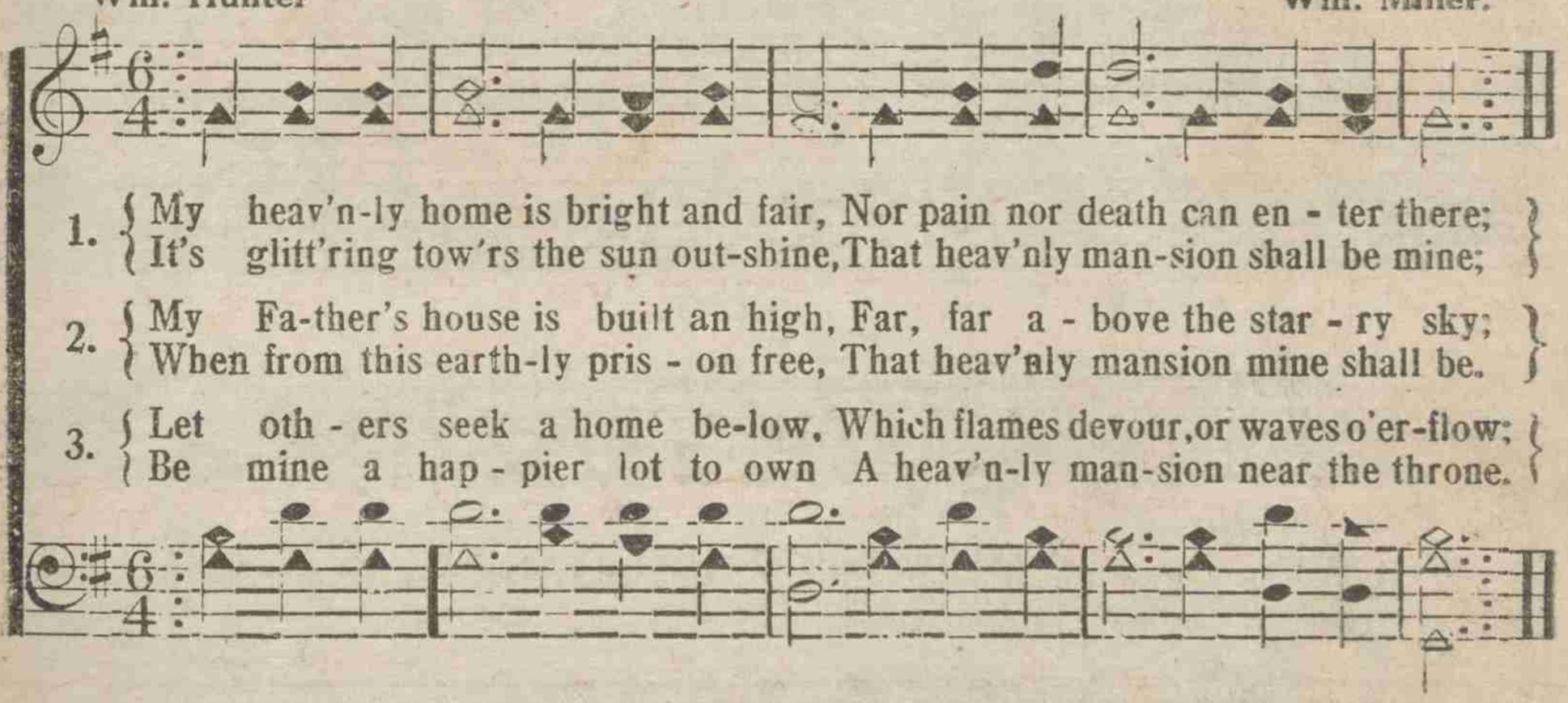






No. 59. I'm Going Home.

Wm. Hunter — Wm. Miller.



No. 60 The Scepter of His Love

E. E. Hewitt B. J. Morris, Sheridan, Ark., owner, 1922 **B. J. Morris**

1. When I come, a burdened sin-ner, to the mer-cy-seat on high, With the sim-ple plea that Je-sus came on earth for me to die, Then a song rings in my spir-it like the raptured strains above, When the King extends to me the gold-en scep-ter of His love.
2. When the cares of life are heav-y, when my crosses seem severe, I will tell my griefs and sorrows to a sym-pa-thiz-ing ear; O I know there's grace suf-fi-cient, there is help for me a-bove, When the King extends to me the gold-en scep-ter of His love.
3. When my heart is sad for oth-ers who are wand'ring from the way, When I long to see them rescued while it yet is mer-cy's day, I will pray the Lord to send His Ho-ly Spir-it from a-bove, That they too may touch the scepter, gold-en scep-ter of His love.

REFRAIN

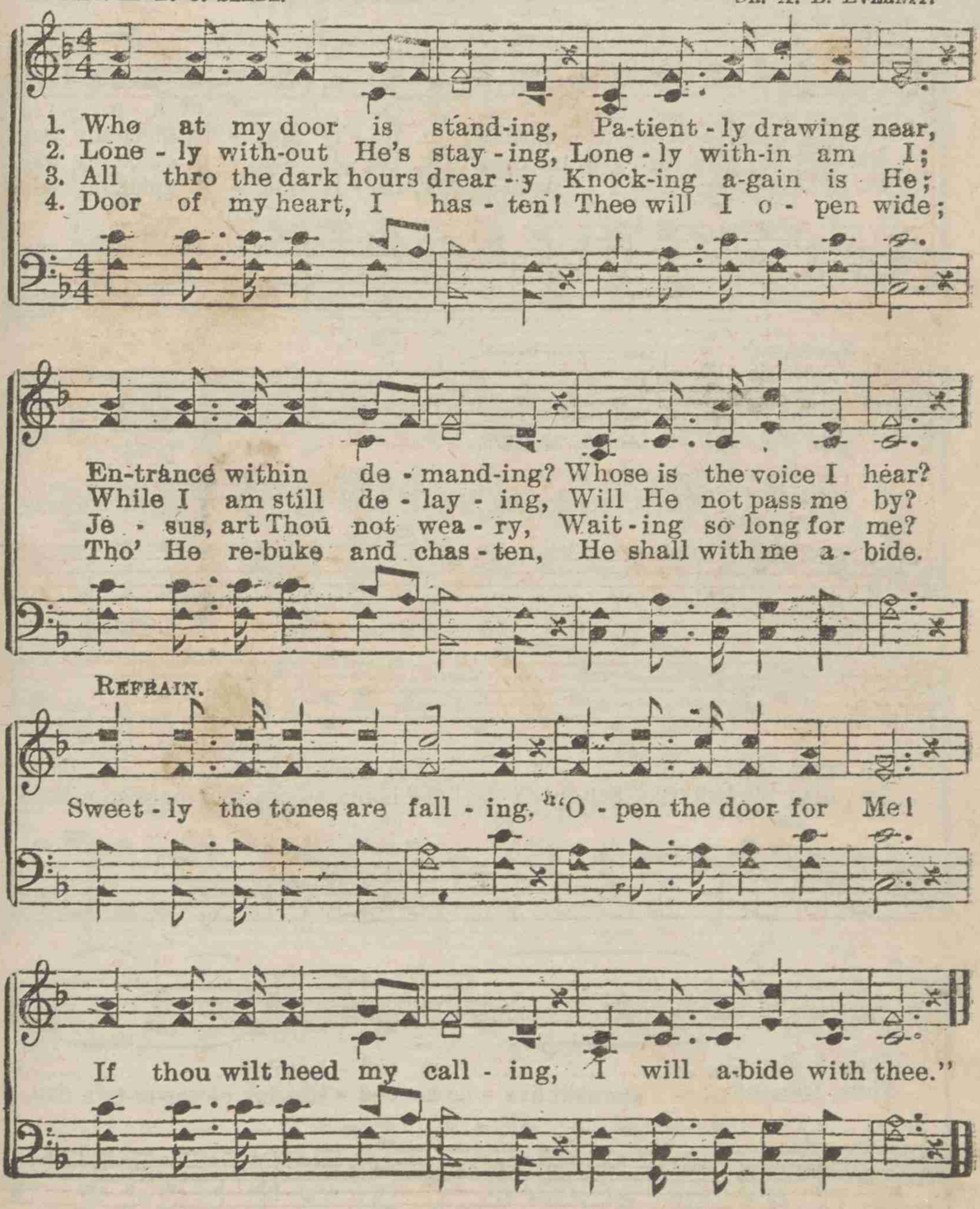
I will seek..... the Heav'nly King, ... While the bells of promise ring; Joy on earth.... and Joy on earth the Heav'nly King,

The Scepter of His Love



No. 61 KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



No. 62. Guide My Way.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

Smoothly and Thoughtfully

1. Thro'disappointments griefs and cares, I'm struggling on-ward day by day;
2. I'm just an hum ble pil-grim here, On earth I have not long to stay;
3. Un - til this journey here shall end, Oh may I nev - er go a - stray;

A-mong temp-ta-tions wick-ed snares, Oh, Ho - ly Spir - it, guide my way.
But may Thy pres-ence give me cheer. Oh. Ho - ly Spir - it, guide my way.
On right-eous-ness may I de-pend, Oh, Ho - ly Spir - it, gulde my way.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Ho - ly Spir - - it guide my way..... .....
Oh, Ho - ly Spir-it, comfortlng Spir-it, guide my way, my pilgrimage way

To that ce-les - - - tial home a-bove.....
To that ce - les - tial, hap-py ce - les - tial home a-bove, that mansion a-bove

Where I shall live..... in end - less day,..... .....
Where I shall live eternally live in end - less day, e - ter-ni-ty's day,

Guide My Way.



No. 63. Who is Willing and Ready?

Kate Ulmer. Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Pierce., Atlanta, Ga. **J. M. Pierce.**



No. 64. Only a Pilgrim.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. I'm on - ly a pil - grim jour - ney - ing on, And soon from this
2. Re - ly - ing on Him for what He has planned, I'm kept in the
3. And when this life's earth-ly jour - ney shall end, I'm look - ing to

world I'll sure - ly be gone; The Sav - ior that died on
hol - low of His dear hand; My soul looks to Him for
Him to still be my friend. And take my soul home for -

Cal - va - ry's tree, Sur-rend-ered His life to make my soul free.
com-fort each day, And guidance a - long my pil-grim-age way.
ev - er to stay In bliss with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty's day.

REFRAIN.

I'm trav-el-ing on ..... my jour - ney be -
I'm trav - el - ing on

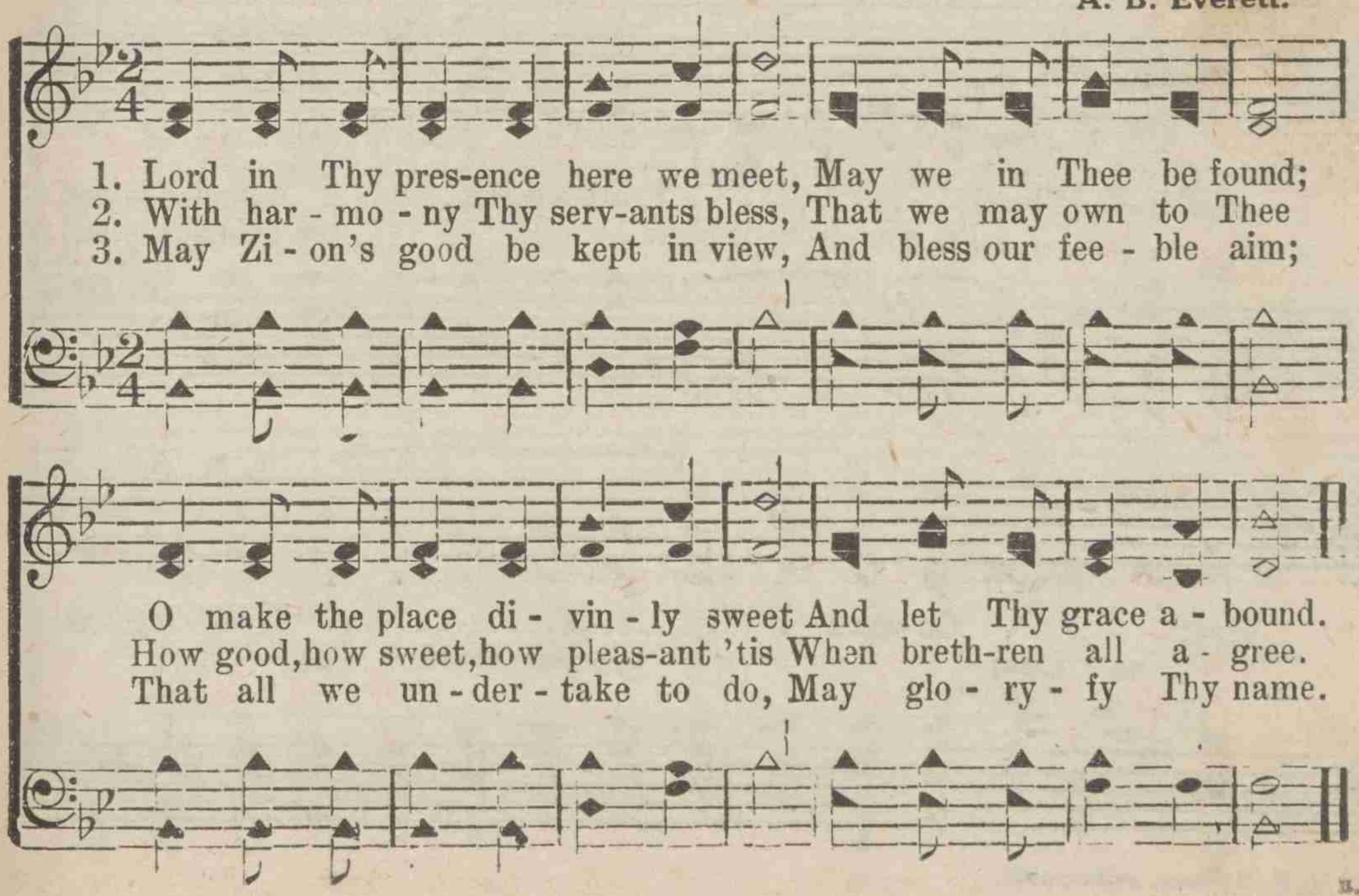
low, ... And soon I shall reach .....
my jour-ney be-low, And soon I shall reach

Only a Pilgrim.



No. 65. Ashville.

A. B. Everett.



No. 66.

MARCHING ALONG.

Hauta W. Sloan. Mrs. R. N. Grisham.

1. On to the shin - ing goal, bright homeland of the soul, On to the
2. Walking the glo - ry way, with Christ, my Lord, each day, Near-ing the
3. Oh, what de - light 'twill be when that bright home I see, And my Re-

place of pleasures rare; Up to the land of dawn, where many friends have gone,
land of fade-less morn; Soon will the gates of light make glad my wea-ry sight,
deem-er dear I meet; Tri - als will all be past, rest will be mine at last.

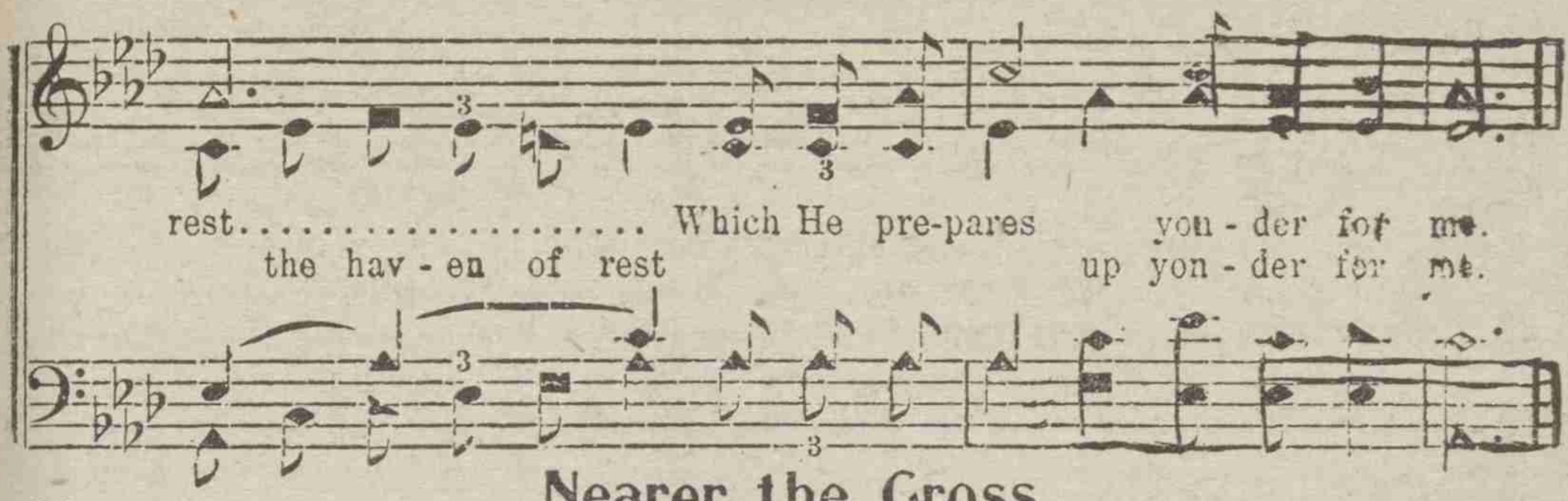
CHORUS.

Je - sus will guide me safe - ly there. Marching a - long,.....
Af - ter my tri - als have been borne.
Glo - ry and joy will be com-plete. Yes, marching a-long,

won-drous-ly blest,..... Prais-ing His love bound-less and
I'm won-drous-ly blest, so bound-less and

free; On-ward I go,..... seek - ing the
so free; yes on - ward I go.

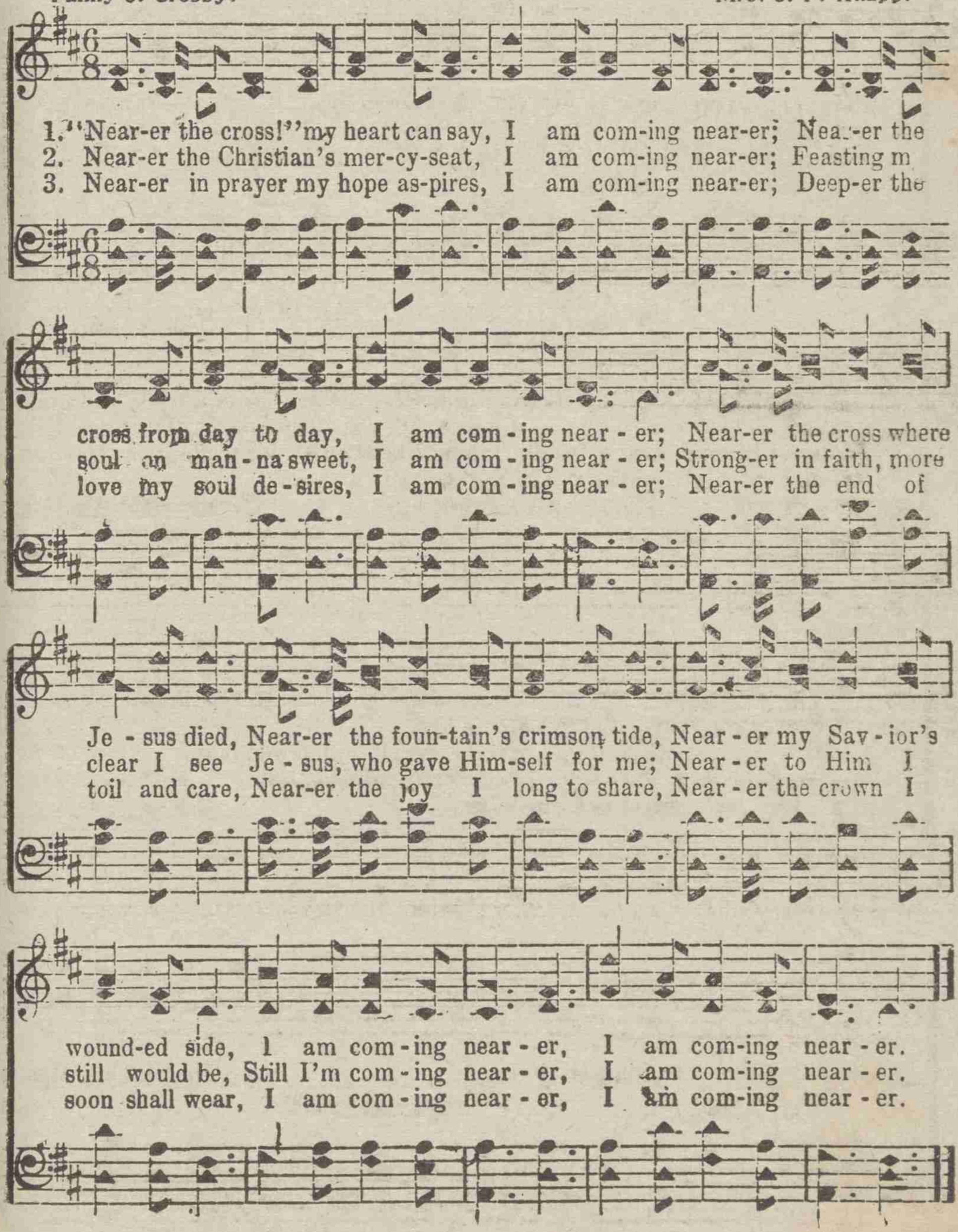
R. N. Grisham, owner, 1923.



Nearer the Cross.

No. 67.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 68. Great Reward He'll Pay.

R. G. Clark & A. W. Worley, owners.

R. G. Clark. A. W. Worley.

1. There is work for all to do In the ser - vice of the Lord, Go and
2. There is much that should be done, Sowing wat'ring precious seed, Do your
3. Ah, the har - vest now is great And the la - bor - ers are few, Go and

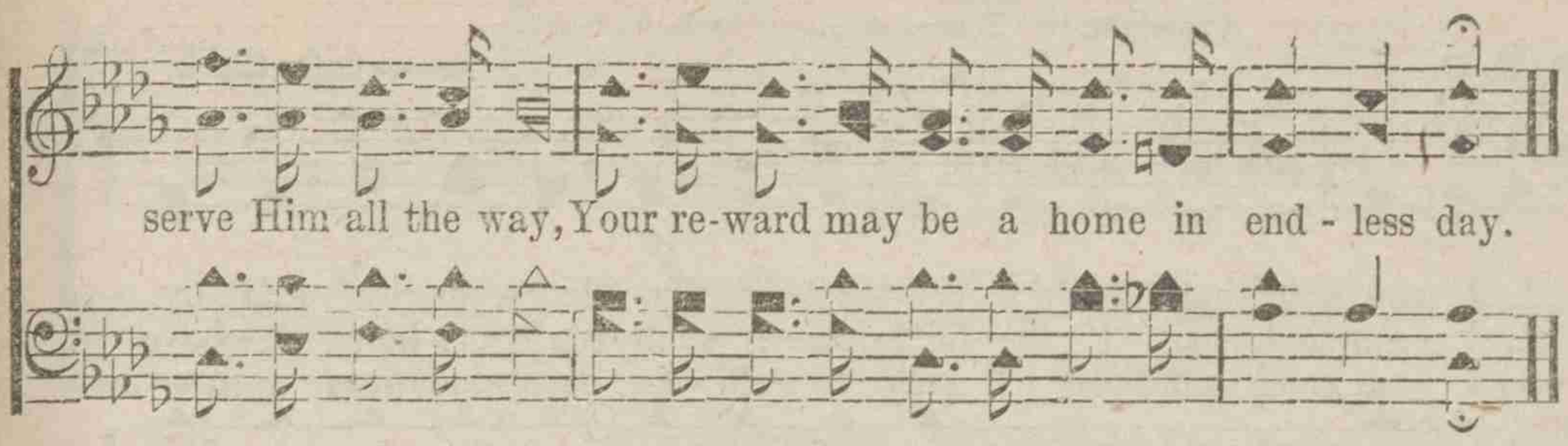
la - bor for the Mas-ter ev - 'ry day; One may sow an - oth - er
du - ty, trust the Mas-ter for the yield; If you call on Him in
gar ner gold-en grain while oth-ers sow; But the great-est work to

reap For He said so in His word, Serve the Sav-ior now while you may.
faith, Feeling that your soul's in need, He will help you in His great field.
do Is to live a life that's true, For the Sav-ior while here be - low.

REFRAIN.

Serve the Mas - ter while you may, ...
Go, ... serve Him while you may,
Go, ... serve the bless-ed Mas-ter while you
Sure-ly great re-ward He will pay; .... Serve the heav'nly Master,
He .... great reward will pay;
may, ... great reward He'll pay;

Great Reward He'll Pay.



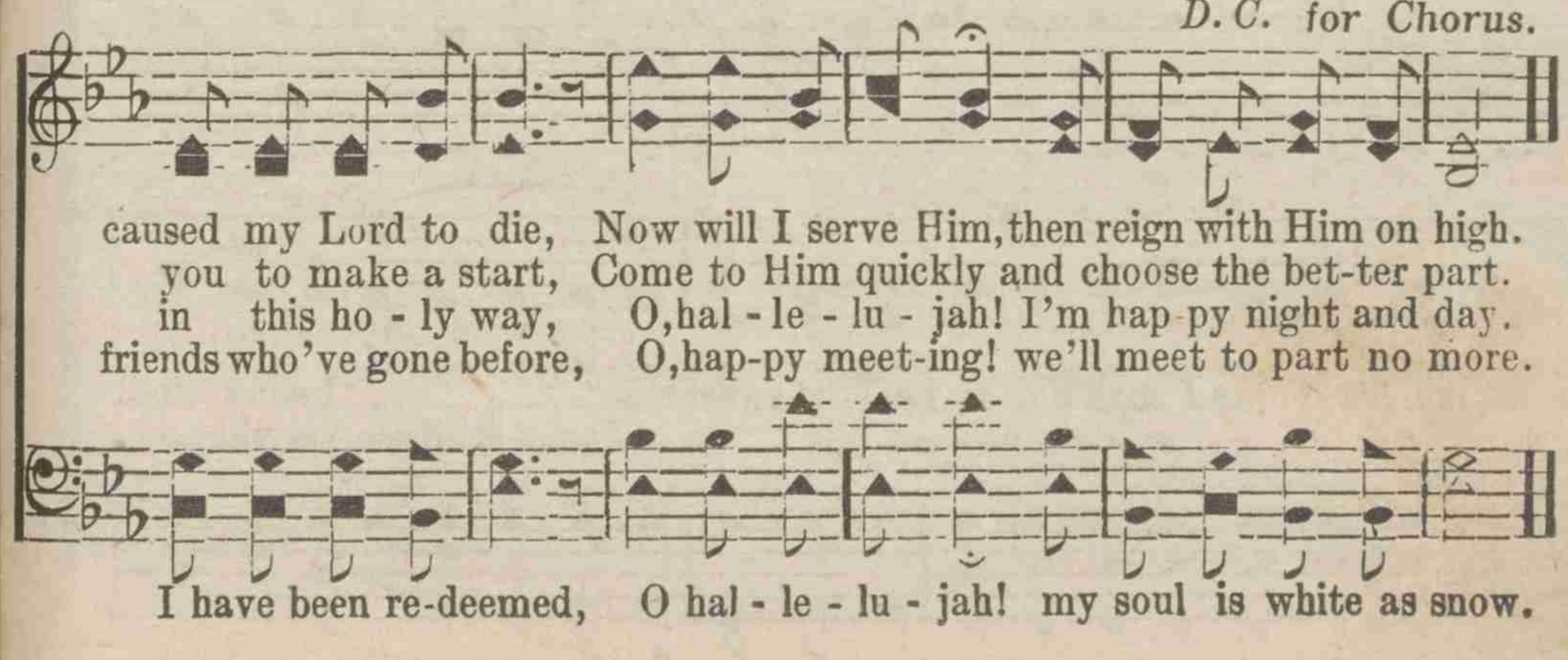
No. 69. I've Been Redeemed,

Anon. owned by R. E, Winsett. **Arr. R. E. Winsett.**

Cheerfully.



D. C. for Chorus.



No. 70. A Home in Heaven.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. I am told that there's a coun-try in the hap - py by and by,
2. I am told, if I be faith-ful, I shall reach my home a - bove,
3. I am told that there I'll play a gold - en harp and wear a crown,

O - ver yon - der by the crys - tal sea; Where I'll nev - en know a
And from earth-ly cares I shall be free; Where my son! will live for-
And with saints and an-gels hap - py be; In the pre-sence of the

sor - row, neith - er grief nor bit - ter sigh, In that home prepared for me.
ev - er. in pure bliss - ful per fect love, In that home prepared for me.
Sav - ior with His lov - ing great renown, There's a home in heav'n for me.

REFRAIN.

There's a home..... in heav'n for me, Where with
There's a home in heav'n for me, yes, there's a home in heav'n for me,

friends and lov'd ones I shall hap-py be; That sweet home..... ..... I soon shall
I soon shall see, yes, that sweet

A Home in Heaven.



No. 71. The Dearest Words.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G, Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

No. 72. Just Over the Bar.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. There's a hap - py land that is called far a - way, But to me that home don't
2. I am on my way to that home bright and fair, Led a - long by love and
3. When this jour-ney ends and I reach that sweet home, Where no grief or troub-le

seem ver - y far; I am trav'ling on homeward bound, ev-'ry day. I shall
hope's guid-ing star; And my soul, thro' faith, sees that home, o-ver there, That I
can ev - er mar; There I'll hap-py be where no more death can come, When I'm

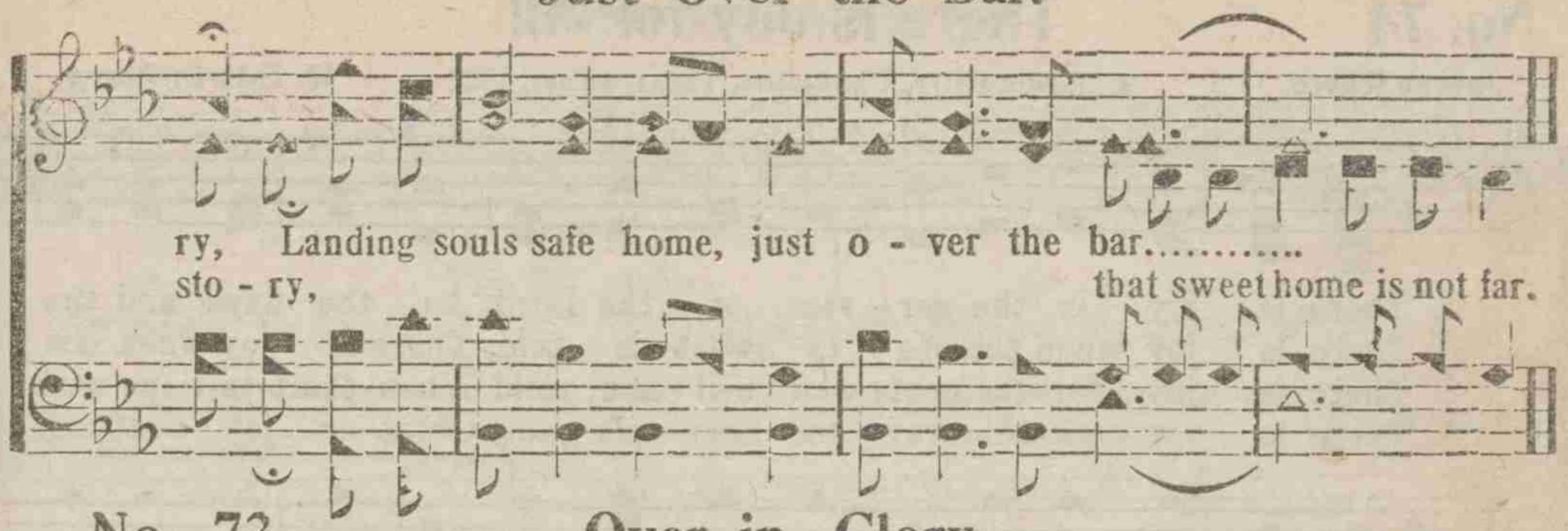
REFRAIN.

soon reach home, just o - ver the bar. There are man - - sions
soon shall reach, just o - ver the bar.
called fo rest, just o - ver the bar. There are man-sions o - ver yon - der

up in glo - ry, And to me that home don't seem ver - y
there are mansions up in glo-ry

far, And re - dem - tion is the sto -
ver - y far; And re-demp-tion is the sto - ry is the blessed gos-pel

Just Over the Bar.



No. 73 Over in Glory.

James Rowe — J. M. Henson, owner. — J. M Henson.



No. 74 There is Joy for All

James Rowe — R. Edwin Perry, Clarksville, Texas, owner, 1922 — R. Edwin Perry

1. There is joy in the ser - vice of the Lord, As the days and the years go by; (hur - ry by;) And the true shall re- ceive the great re-
2. There is joy when the sto - ry sweet is told, There is joy when His praise we sing; (sweet-ly sing;) And at last when we reach the gates of
3. There is joy for the soul who will not yield When temp-ta-tions with might as - sail; (us as - sail;) There is joy for the reap - er in the
4. There is joy all the way to heav- en's gate, Great- er joy wait-ing still a - bove; (yes, a - bove;) For the ones who be - lieve His prom - ise

REFRAIN

ward, Some day, in the home-land on high.
gold, Our souls shall be praised by the King. There is joy
field Whose faith and whose love nev-er fail,
great, For all who re - ly on His love. There is joy for all,

for all Who a - bide in His
there is joy for all, All who will a - bide in His

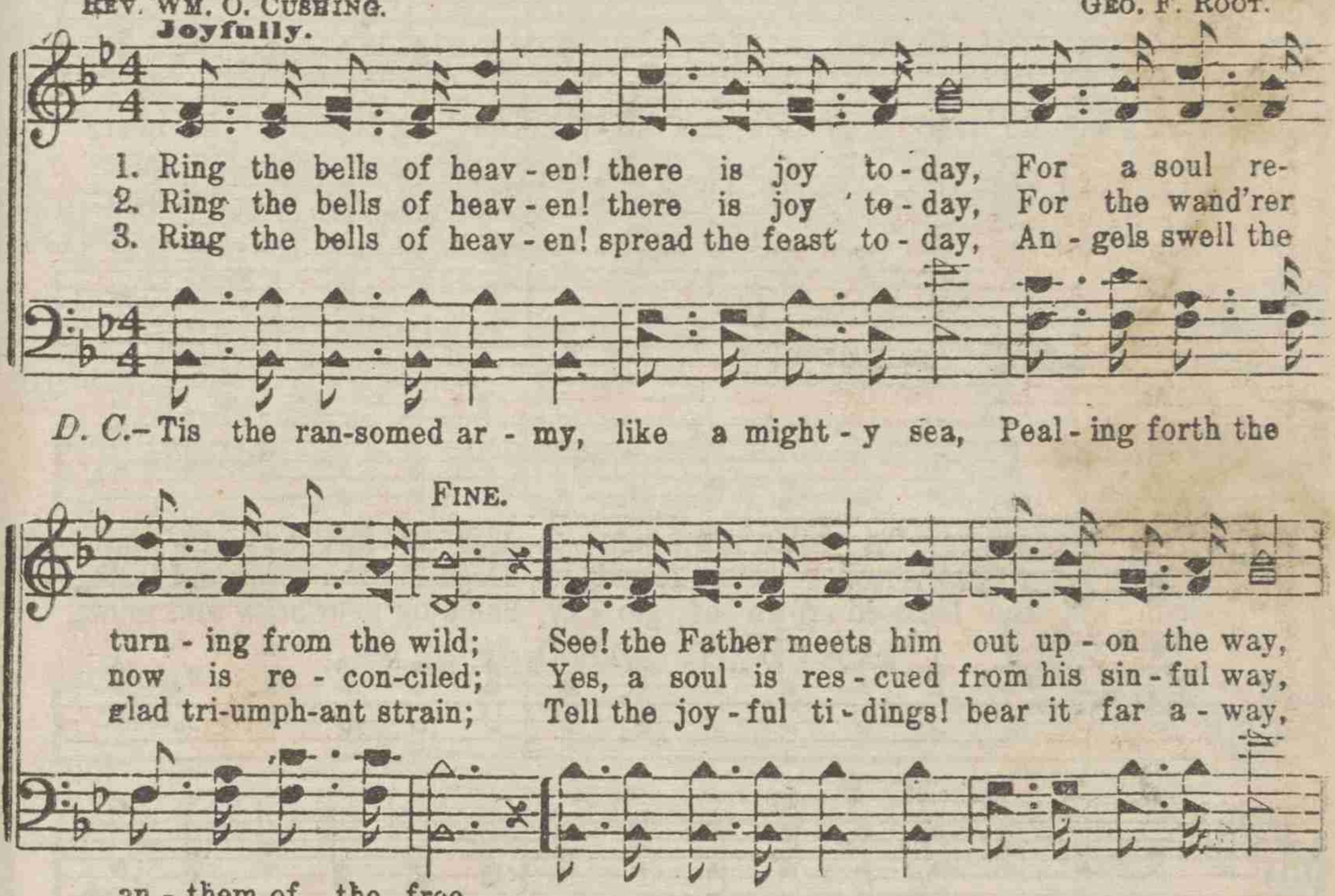
love; Let us all la - bor
soul - re - deem - ing love; Dai - ly let us all

There is Joy for All



No. 75 RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



No 76. Over the Sea of Life.

James Rowe. Pledger B. Jones.

1. O - ver the sea of life we're sail-ing With the Re-deem-er dear,
2. O - ver the sea our songs are swell-ing, Cheer-ing the wea - ry on,
3. Soon will the bells of time be ring-ing Wel-come so sweet and clear,

Hav - iug no fear of storms pre - vail - ing, Know-ing that He is near;
Close to our Pi - lot ev - er dwell-ing, Know-ing that sin is gone;
Soon with the saints we shall be sing-ing, Prais-ing our Pi - lot dear;

Glad - ly each soul a voice up - rais - es, Car - ol - ing ev - er - more,
Man - y a bil - low rolls a - round us, Dash-ing the spray and foam,
Soon will the bless-ed crown of glo - ry Shine on your brow and mine,

Hop - ing to sing our Pi - lot's prais - es Soon on the oth - er shore.
But with the arms of love a - round us, Dai - ly we're near - er home.
And we shall sing and tell the sto - ry, Safe in our home di - vine.

REFRAIN.

O - ver the sea of life we go, Let-ting our prais - - es flow
Let-ting our prais-es ev - er flow.

Copyright, 1922, in "Crowning Hymns, No. 2." H. F. Morris, owner.

Over the Sea of Life.

Hop - ing and pray - ing that the storm - y voy-age will soon
ver - y soon

be o'er; O - ver the sea we go, And it is joy
of life great joy

to know Man - y a lov-ing friend a-waits to greet us on yon-der shore.

No. It Is the Hour of Prayer.

J. L. Hale.

1. It is the hour of prayer: Draw near and bend the knee,
2. O'er - wear - ied with the heat And bur - den of the day,
3. Oh, bless - ed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high!
4. Tho' dark may be our lot, Our eyes be dim with care,

And fill the calm and ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy.
Now let us rest our wan-d'ring feet, And gath - er here to pray.
Like sun-light when the tem-pests low'r, Pray'r to the soul is nigh.
These sadd'ning tho'ts shall troub - le not This ho - ly hour of pray'r.

No. 77. Over the River.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

B. C. "Bud" Clark.

1. O - ver the riv - er, bless - ed im - mor - tals Beckons us to that
2. Bask ing in bliss - ful pleasures su - per - nal, When from this earth to
3. Hap-py with - in the bless-ed home giv - en, With the re-deemed dear

beau-ti-ful shore; Soon we shall reach those heav-en-ly portals, Where we shall
heav-en we go; With the redeemed we'll live there e-ter-nal, Where no more
lov'd ones to stay; Sing - ing with an-gels, yon-der in heav-en. We shall live

live with them ev - er - more.
graves nor heartaches we'll know. Beau - ti - ful home-land o - ver the
thro' e - ter - ni - ty's day.

REFRAIN.

riv - er, Dear ones are on that beau - ti - ful shore; There we shall
live to - geth - er for - ev-er, Where we'll soon meet to part nev - er more.

No. 18. The Way of Life.

J. M. Henson. James Wright

1. There's a way that leads to life That is free from care and strife, And it
2. All the saints of old have trod This fair way to home and God, And it
3. Ev - 'ry - one that walks there-in Must be cleansed from ev - ry sin, For no

is the grand old high-way of the King; Sin - ner won't you walk this road to the
lead - eth to the cit - y built a-bove; It is straight and narrow too, But 'twill
un-clean feet shall press this ho - ly road; Won't you leave the downward way? Be re-

REFRAIN.

soul's di-vine a-bode? Where the ransom'd ev - er shout and sing. This way
safe - ly take you thro' Where the ransom'd ev - er praise God's love.
deemed by God to-day, There is life e - ter - nal in His word. This beautiful way

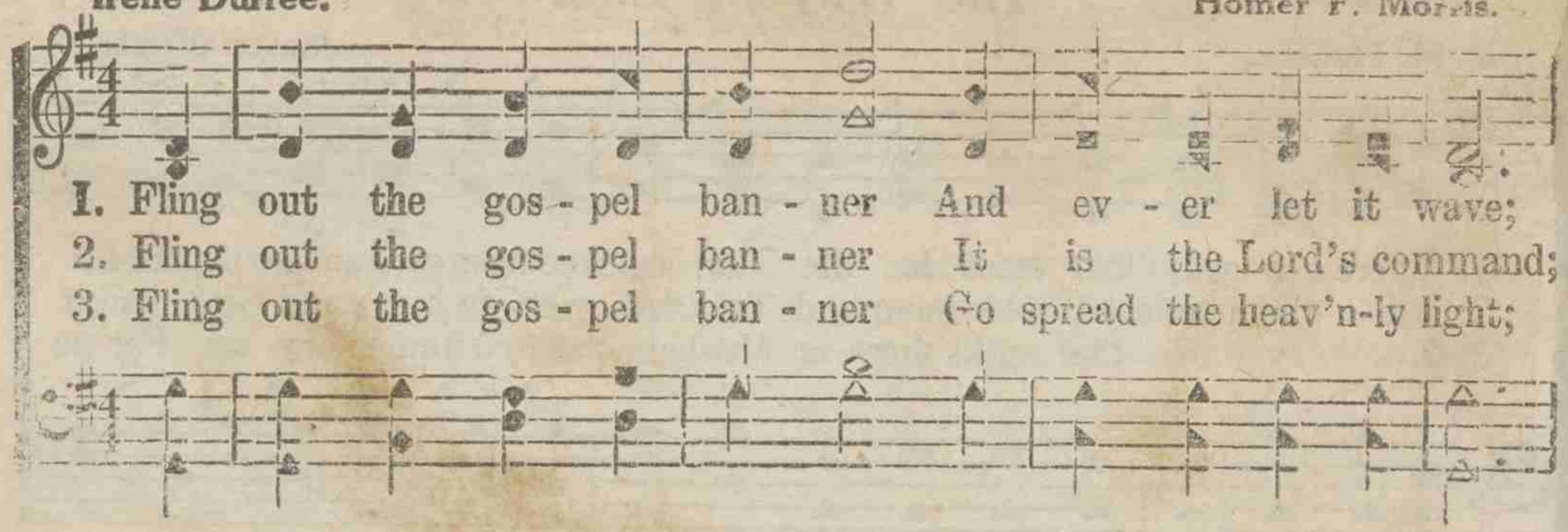
is the way to go, This way ev - 'ry one should know, 'Tis
This beau - ti - ful way

life, Je - sus tells us so, This way is the way to go.
a beau-ti-ful life, This beau-ti-ful way

James Wright, owner.

No. 79. Fling Out the Gospel Banner.

Irene Durfee. Homer F. Morris.



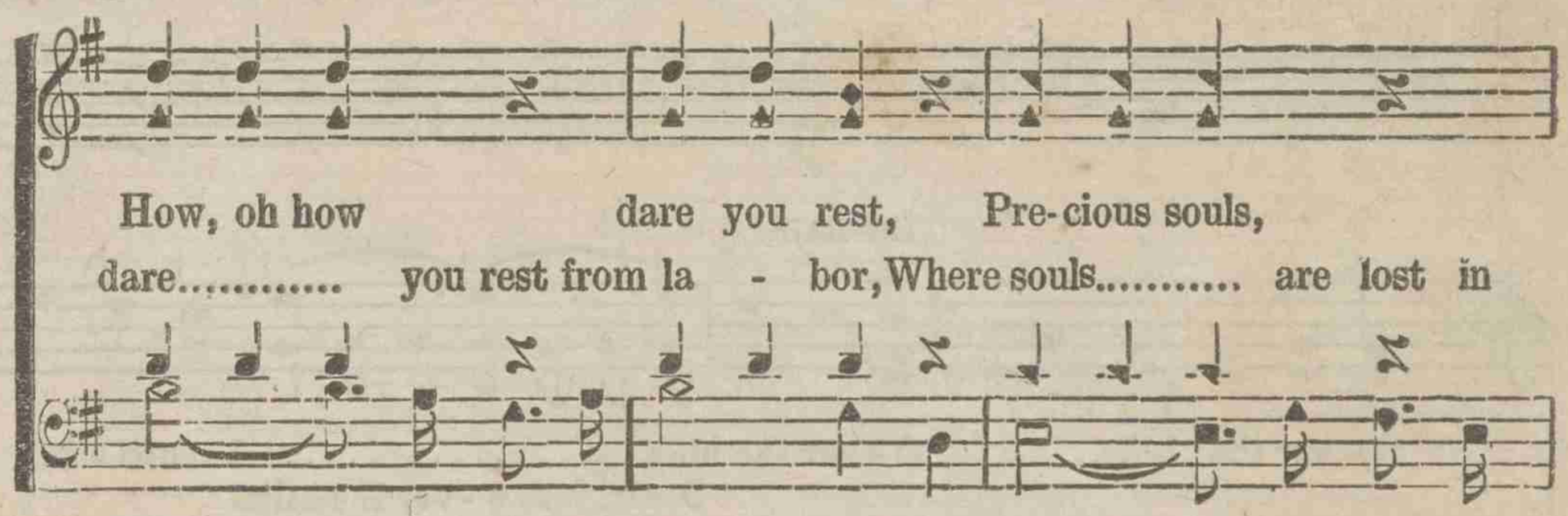
Copyright, 1922, in "Special Songs" by H. F. Morris.

Fling Out the Gospel Banner.

REFRAIN.









No. 80. Over the Hills.

Mabel Jones. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. H. M. Eagle.

1. O-ver the hills of doubt and strife, Lieth a land of end-less life, Li-eth a land of beau-ty rare, O-ver the hills;.... Trav-el-ers way-worn hope to rest, In that dear land so good, so bless'd, There to be free from ev-'ry care.
2. O-ver the hills of fret and toil, Li-eth a coun-try free from soil, Li-eth a land of spot-less white, O-ver the hills;.... Wa-ters of crys-tal ev-er flow, Tempests and whirlwinds never blow; There is no dark-ness and no night,
3. O-ver the hills of future years, Bounding for us this vale of tears, Hope lifts o'er hearts from its con-fines, O-ver the hills;.... Fair is this land we can-not see, Faith brings it near to you and me; And its rare glo-ry ev-er shines.

REFRAIN.

O-ver the hills..... O-ver the hills,..... Beau-ti-ful hills, ... Longing hearts yearn for the land o-ver the hills, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful hills.

O-ver, just o-ver the hills,

Over the Hills.



No. 81. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



N. 82. When My Name is Called in Glory.

J. M. H. J. M. Henson.

1. I have heard the call of Je - sus and am on my jour-ney home, I have
2. Earth-ly charms no lon-ger tempt me, for in Him I stand com-plete, And I'm
3. Leav-ing earth-ly cares be-hind me I am sure to reach the goal, And from

left the haunts of sor-row and de-spair; I am walk - ing with the right-eous
try - ing to lead oth - ers to His side; All my heav - y tri - als dai - ly
my Re - deem - er I will nev-er stray; I am on the way to Beu - lah,

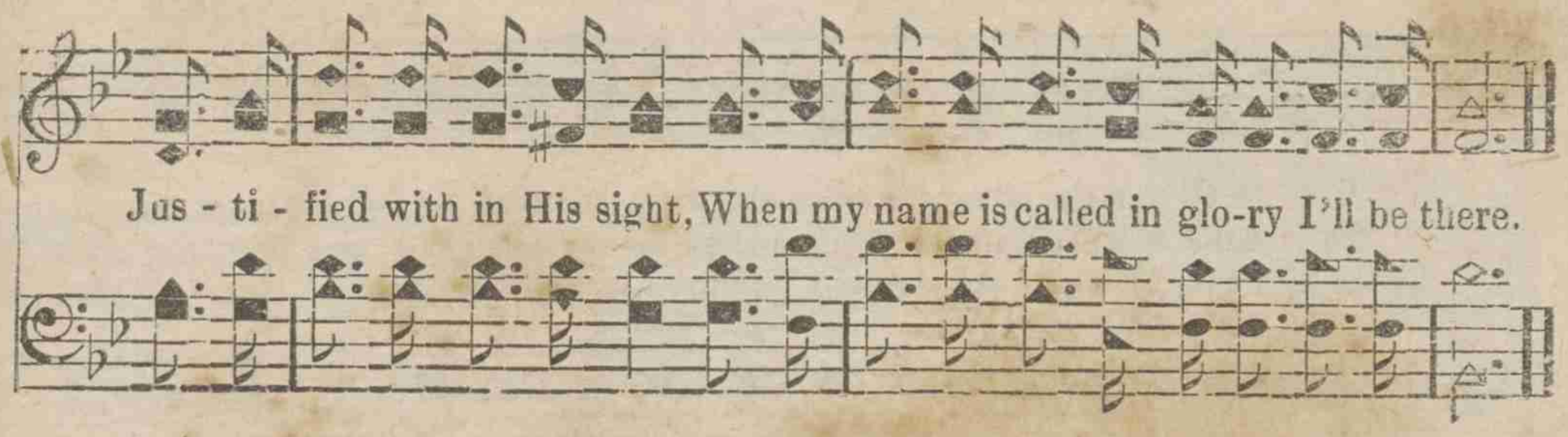
and I care no more to roam, I am seek-ing now the coun-try bright and fair.
He is help - ing me to meet, Oh, he is the soul's true helper, friend and guide.
that sweet homeland of the soul, Where the trials of this life have passed a-way.

REFRAIN.

When my name is called in glo - ry I'll be there. (I'll be there,) For the Lord has
heard and an-swered ev'-ry praer, (ev'-ry pray'r,) And with Him I've made it right,

J. M. Henson, owner.

When My Name is Called in Glory.



No. 83. By His Grace We'll Meet Them.

Mrs. Clyde Haynes. E. Haynes.



No. 84 I Shall Awake

L. O. Jaggers — W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1922 — W. S. Tidwell

1. I shall a-wake some day when the trump shall sound, And shall meet the an - gel
2. I shall a-wake some day when the Savior comes, All the wait-ing ones to
3. I shall a-wake to hear ma - ny love-ly strains, Such as ear has nev - er

band; (the angel band;) I shall a-wake to see my dear Savior's face, And live in
meet; (to gladly meet;) I shall a - rise to mansions of light on high, My loved ones
heard; (has never heard;) I shall a-wake to know e - ven as I'm known, God says it

REFRAIN

glo - ry - land. I shall a - wake, I shall a - wake,
there to greet.
in His word. I shall a - wake, I shall a-wake,

'Mid scenes of glo - ry fair; I shall a - wake,
of glo - ry fair; I shall a-wake,

I shall a - wake, To live for - ev - er there.
I shall a-wake, To live for - ev - er o - ver there.

85. I'll Live On.

Written after hearing a sermon by the eloquent S. L. Pruett during the great revival at the M. E. Church, Eulaton, Ala., August, 1914.

T. J. L. THOS. J. LANEY.

1. 'Tis a sweet and glorious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on.....
2. When my body's slumb'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the world's on fire, and darkness veils the sun,
4. In the glo - ry land with Je-sus on the throne, I'll live on,

Yes, I'll live on, Je-sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free.
Yes, I'll live on, There to sleep in Je - sus till the judgment day.
Yes, I'll live on, Men will cry and to the rocks and mountains run.
Yes, I'll live on, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges singing home sweet home.

CHORUS.

I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live on, I'll live on,..... yes, I'll live
I'll on, on

on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on, I'll live on,.....
on on and on, on on

Yes, I'll live on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on.
and on, yes, I'll live on.

Thos. J. Laney and V. C. Sparks, owners.

No. 86. ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.

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

1. Oft in vis - ions by faith I can see o - ver there,
2. On the hills o - ver there ma - ny loved ones have gone,
3. Soon the Sav - iour will call His be - lov - ed come home,

In that coun - try so rich and so rare, Where the
They are dwell - ing in man - sions at home, Bless - ed
On the hills we to-geth - er shall roam, There we'll

chil - dren of God shall u - nite by and by,
sto - ry the Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare,
shed not a tear for we'll sor - row no more,

In that home far be - yond the blue sky.
All His chil - dren a home o - ver there.
Not a sigh of the heart we shall know.

ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 87. Onward, in the Lord Rejoicing

James Rowe — H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1922 — H. M. Eagle

1. On - ward, with a song of ju - bi - la - tion, Wav - ing high the ban - ner of sal - va - tion, Giv - ing light to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, With the One Most High. (Most High.) Faith in Christ, your might-y Lead-er, show-ing, Sure that you to glo - ry-land are go - ing,
2. Ma - ny for the gos - pel light are pin - ing, Tho' to dark - ness still they are in - clin - ing, On their souls then let the light be shin - ing, For the Mas - ter dear. (so dear.) Count-less bless - ings love di - vine is send - ing, Guard-ing, keep - ing, shield-ing and de-fend- ing,
3. Nev - er mind the storms that gath-er o'er us, End - less life and joy are wait - ing for us, Soon we all shall join the heav'n-ly cho - rus In the world a - bove. (a - bove.) To the bless - ed promise sweet-ly cling-ing, On - ward go, His prais-es ev - er sing - ing,

Loy - al be, that He may be be-stow - ing Glo - ry, by and by.
An - gel bands our spir-its are at-tend - ing On the jour - ney here.
E - ven now the welcome bells are ring-ing In the home we love.

Onward, in the Lord Rejoicing

REFRAIN

On, on, in the Lord re - joic - ing, Sing, sing,
On - ward, in the Lord re - joic - ing, Sing - ing, sweet- est

sweet-est prais - es voic-ing; Christ is near to you, He'll give cheer to you
prais - es voic-ing;

Till you cease to roam. On, on, with the bless - ed
Till on earth you cease to roam. Go on- ward, up-ward, with the

sto - ry, On, on, sure of rest and glo - ry; Friends gone
sto - ry, Sure of end - less rest and glo - ry;

on be - fore, dear ones on the shore, Wait for you at home.

No. 88. Darling Mother, Farewell.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Moth - er's gone and I'm so lone - ly, Grief a - round my
2. I can see her face so pa - tient, With no haugh - ty
3. I can hear her talk of heav - en And the hap - py
4. I am lone - ly since you left me— Heav - en claimed earth's
5. Fare - you - well! my dar - ling moth - er! Till we meet on

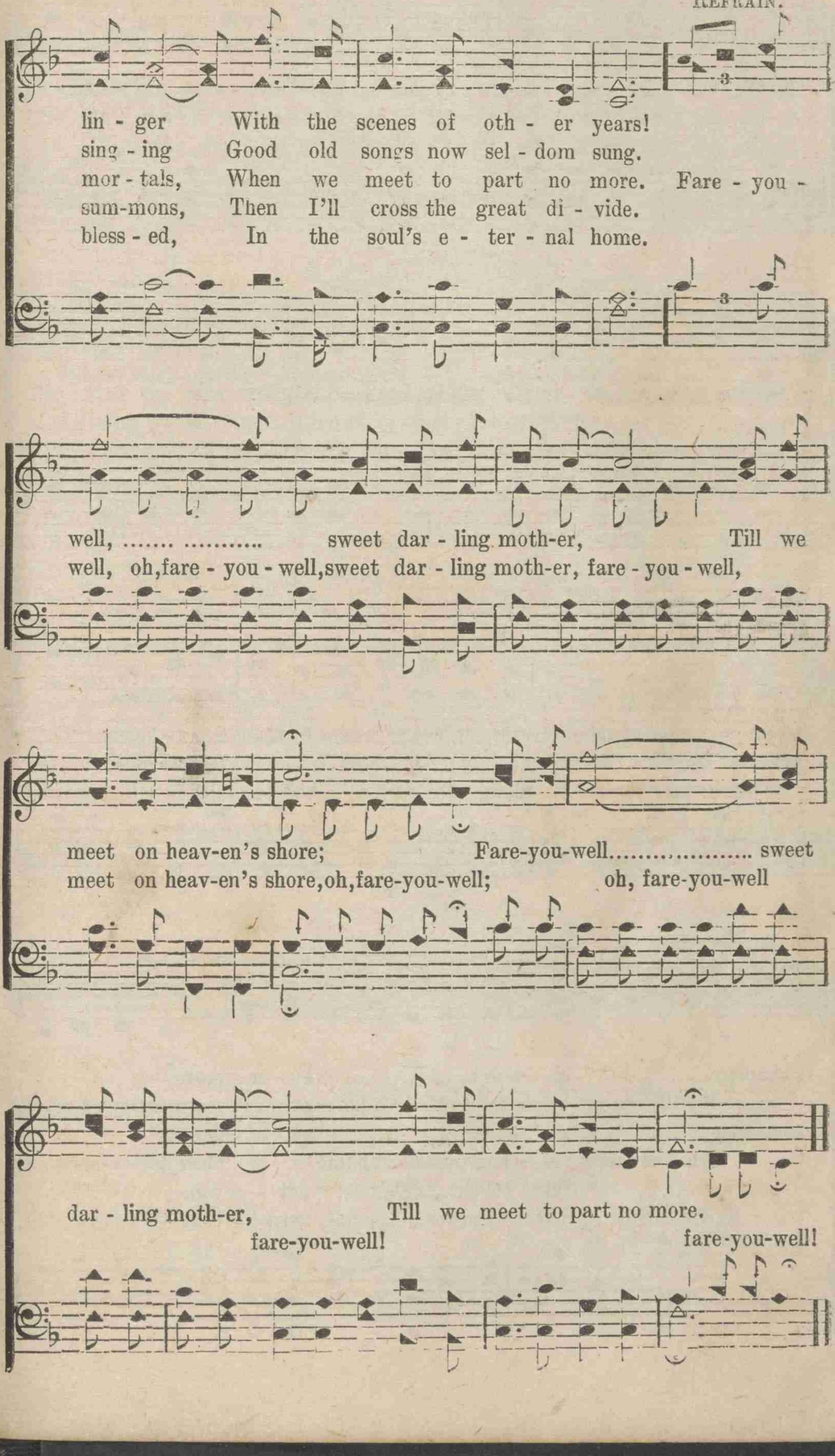
heart en-twines! While she sleeps a - mong the flow - ers, Near the
scorn - ful air, But ex - pres - sion deep tho' pleas - ant, All the
an - gel band, How the gra-cious Mas - ter guards us With His
pre - cious charm, But the tho't is sweet, dear moth - er; That you're
heav - en's shore, There, with fa - ther, sis - ter, broth - er, Re - u-

oaks and sigh - ing pines. My poor soul is sad and lone - ly
time and ev - 'ry - where; I can hear her voice so gen - tle,
strong pro - tect - ing hand; And that we will find dear fa - ther
safe be - yond all harm; And, ere long, I too, will fol - low
nit - ed ev - er - more; In this world of sad be-reave-ments,

And my eyes are dim with tears, While my fan - cy seems to
Speak - ing with a guard-ed tongue, Yes, I hear her sweet - ly
O - ver on that bliss - ful shore, Hap - py with the blest im-
And a - gain with you a - bide, On - ly wait - ing till the
Graves and tears no more to roam, We'll be hap - py with the

Darling Mother, Farewell.

REFRAIN.



No. 89. On Life's Ocean.

Copyright, 1922. in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R G. C. Roswell G Clark.

1. We are sail-ing home to glo - ry and our Sav-ior leads the way, Guid - ed
2. Go - ing home no more to wan-der for the Sav-ior leads the way, He will
3. Oh, the jour-ney now be - fore us will not be so ver - y long, Till we

by the gos - pel sto - ry that will lead to end less day; And our bark will
guide us o - ver yon-der to that hap - py home to stay; Soon we'll reach that
join the heav'n-ly cho-rus and the hap - py an-gel throng; For our Cap - tain

soon be anchored safe at home on that bright shore, Where, with those we love we'll be
blessed home on that bright happy golden shore, Where with those we love, we'll be
holds the throttle safe-ly guiding thro' each gale, And our faith in Him keeps us

hap-py..... at home..... ev - er - more

We'll be happy, yes, be hap-py safe at home ev - er - more, for-ev-er-more,

hap-py..... at home..... ev - er - more,

We'll be happy, yes, be hap-py, safe at home ev - er - more, for-ev-er-more,

trusting..... that He'll..... nev - er fail.

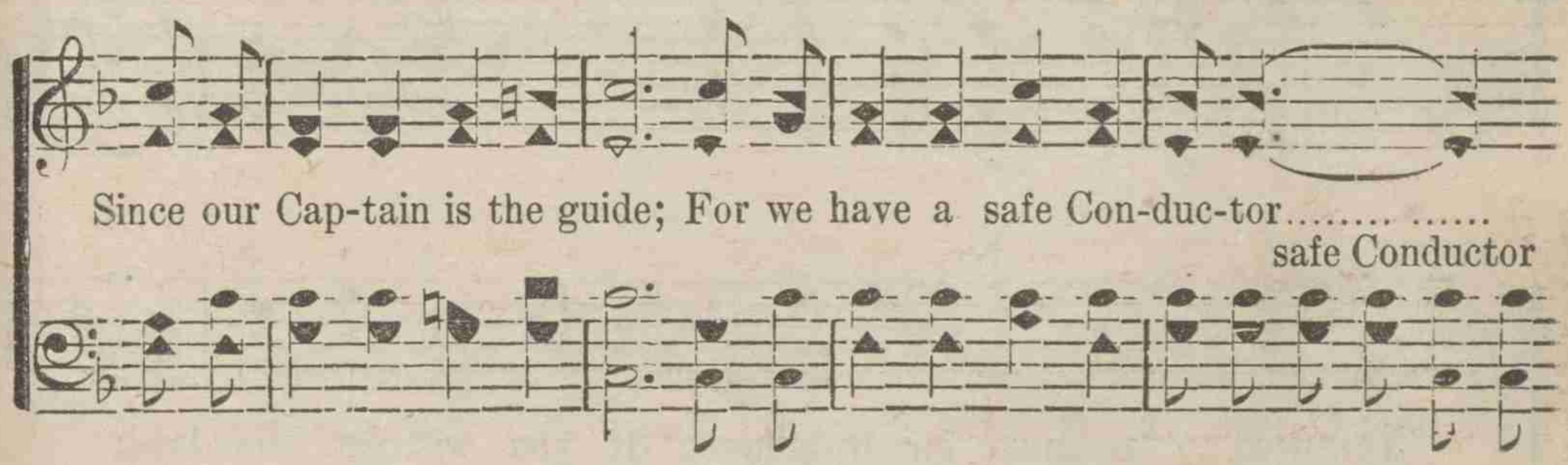
Keeps us trusting that He'll never, never fail, trust-ing that He'll nev-er fail.

On Life's Ocean.

REFRAIN.





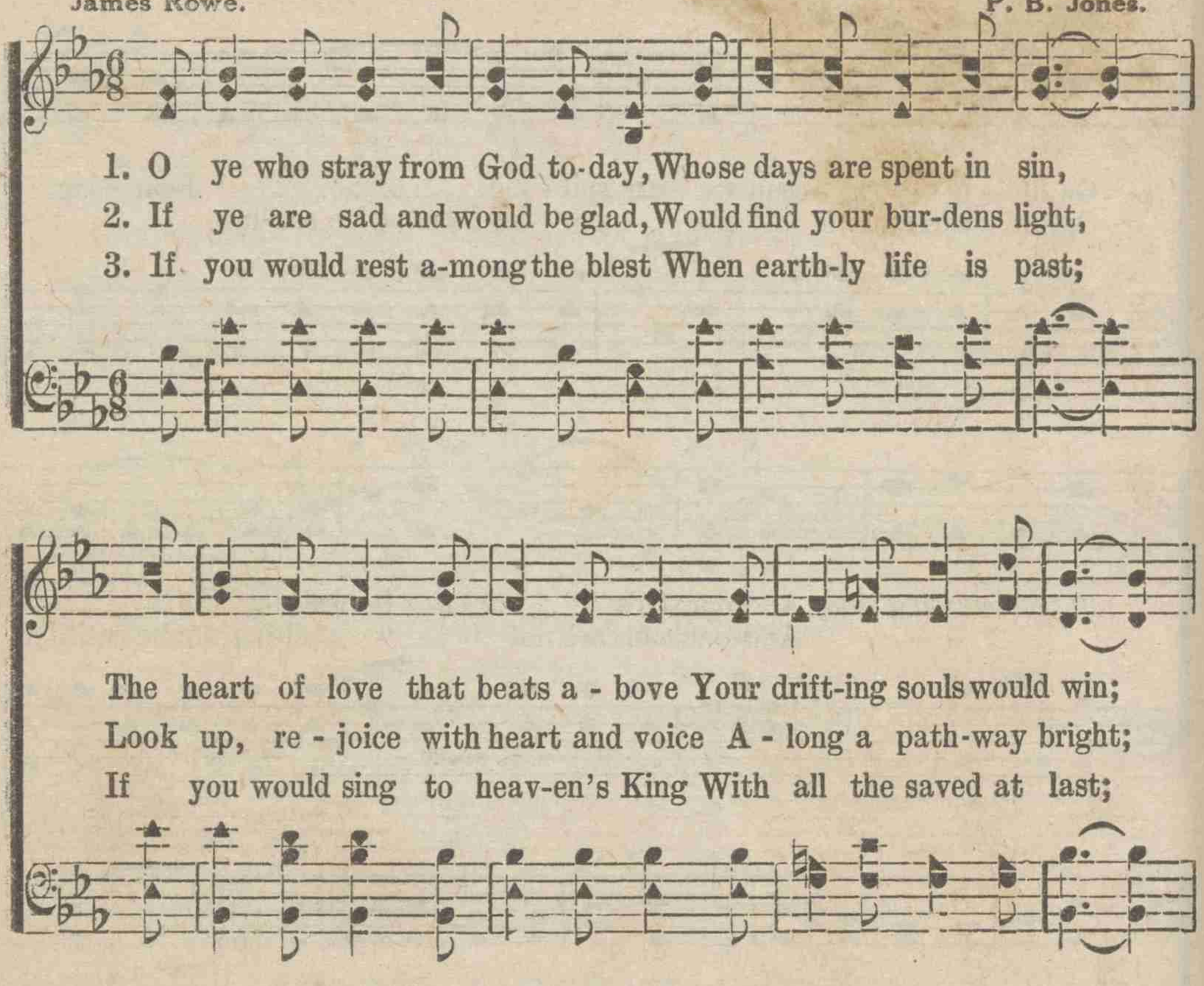






No. 90. God's Grace is What You Need.

James Rowe. P. B. Jones.

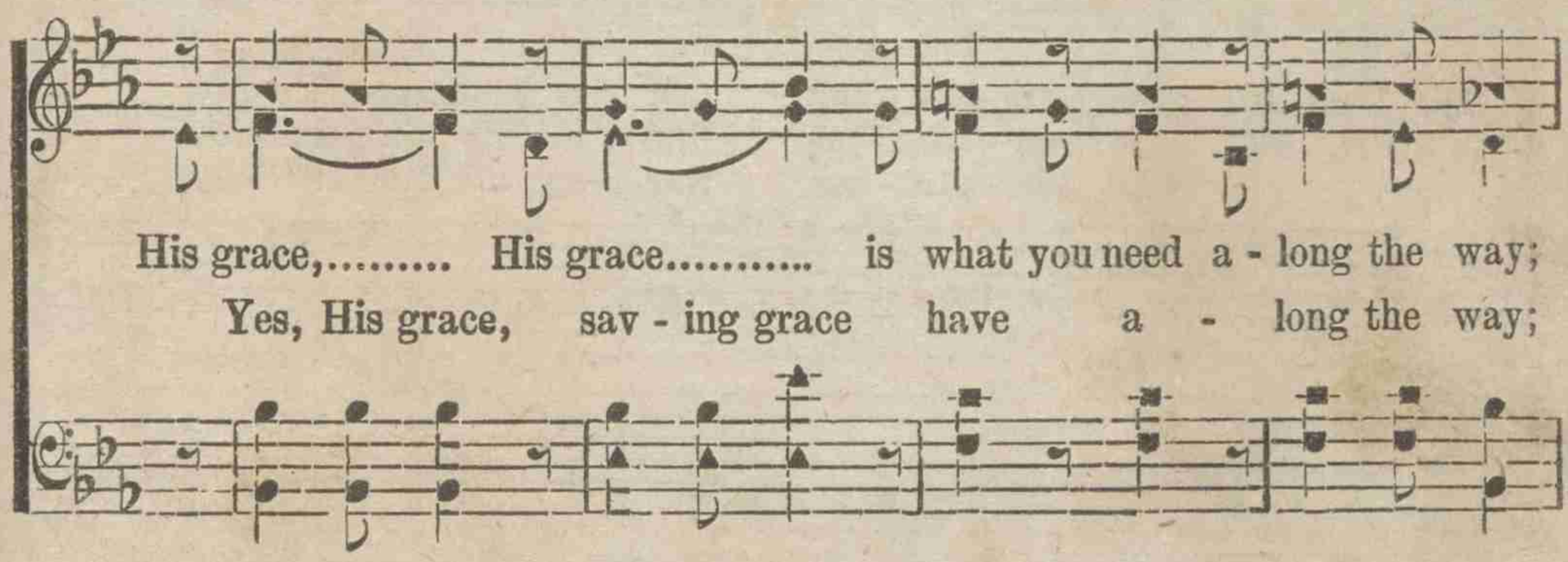


Copyright, 1922, in "Crowning Hymns, No. 2." H. F. Morris, owner.

God's Grace is What You Need.

REFRAIN.









No. 91. Billows of Grace.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

Solo or unison.

1. Bil - lows of grace are swell - ing O - ver the sin - ful earth,
2. Bil - lows of grace are roll - ing On thro' the val - leys drear,
3. Bil - lows of grace are ris - ing High - er from day to day,

Mil - lions of souls are tell - ing Of the Re-deem-er's worth;
Je - sus, each wave con - troll - ing, Proves that He lin - gers near;
Man - y a soul sur - pris - ing, Sweep-ing all sin a - way;

Bet - ter the world is grow - ing, Near - er to God we are,
Sin - ners their sins are los - ing Com - ing to Him for light,
Ev - er their pow'r in - cras - ing, O - ver the world they go,

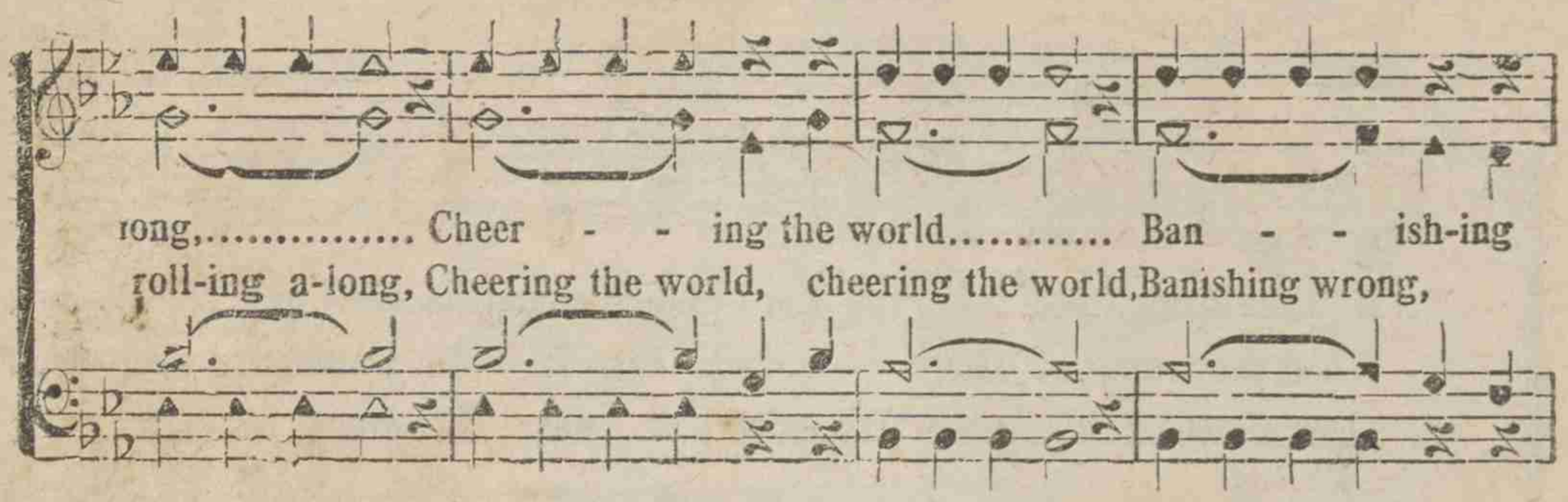
More of His Spir - it show - ing, Send - ing His light a - far.
Him as their Lead - er choos - ing, Leav - ing the prince of night.
Cap - tives of sin re - leas - ing, Mak - ing them white as snow.

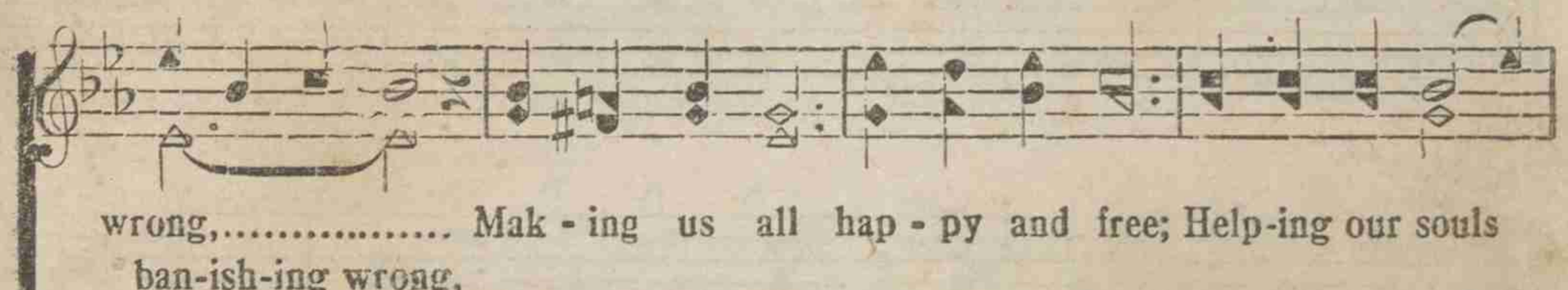
CHORUS.

Bil - - lows of grace..... ..... roll - - ing a -
Bil - lows of grace, bil - lows of grace roll - ing a - long

J. M. Henson, owner, Atlanta, Ga.

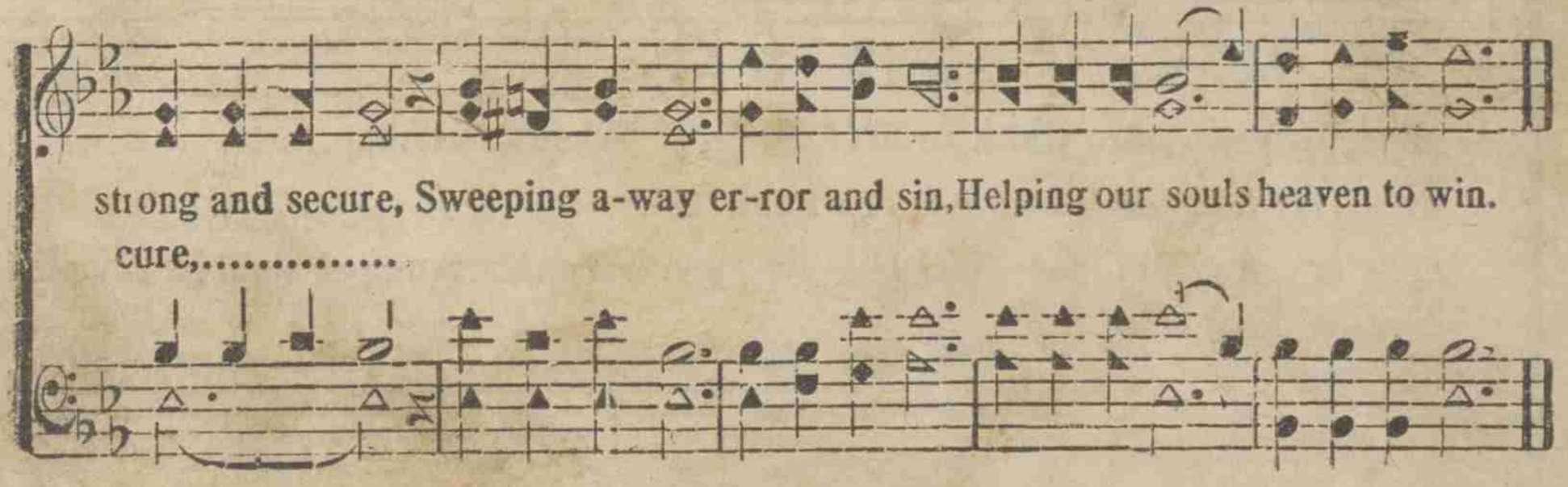
Billows of Grace.











No. 92. Resurrection.

Copyrighk, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

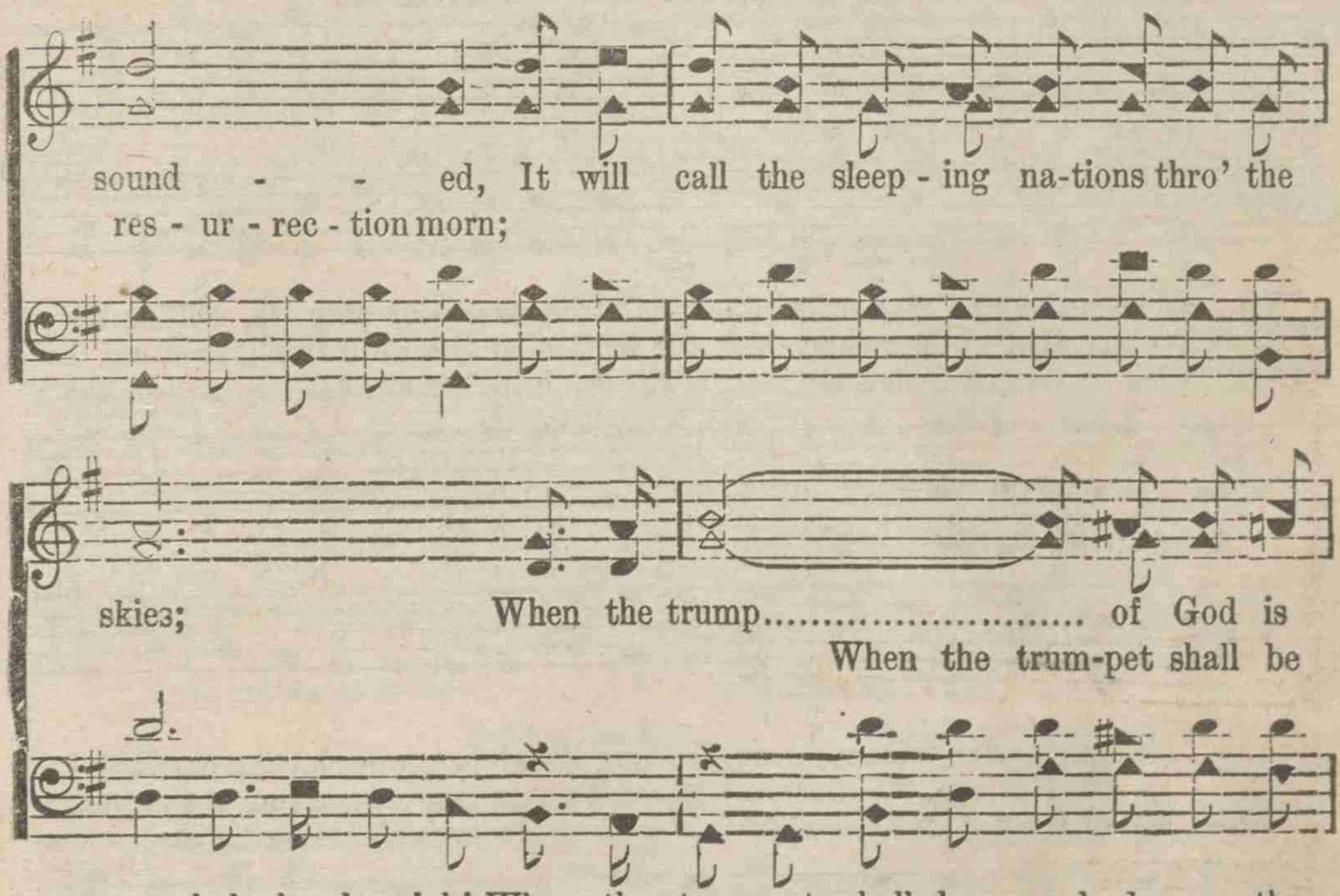
1. If the trum - pet of the Lord Shou'd sound for res - ur - rec - tion day, Are you read - y for the hap - py by and by? Soon your
2. When the trump of God is sound - ed it will wake the sleep - ing dead, And from land and sea the na - tions then will come; Are yon
3. Then me thinks the saints will gath - er near the great e - ter - nal throne, With no paiu or death to troub - le or an - noy; In the earth - ly form may mould-er, it, in na - ture, must de - cay, Do you
read - y for that trum-pet, its grcat call do you not dread? Will you
pres - ence of the Sav - ior where we'll know as we are known, And for-

REFRAIN.

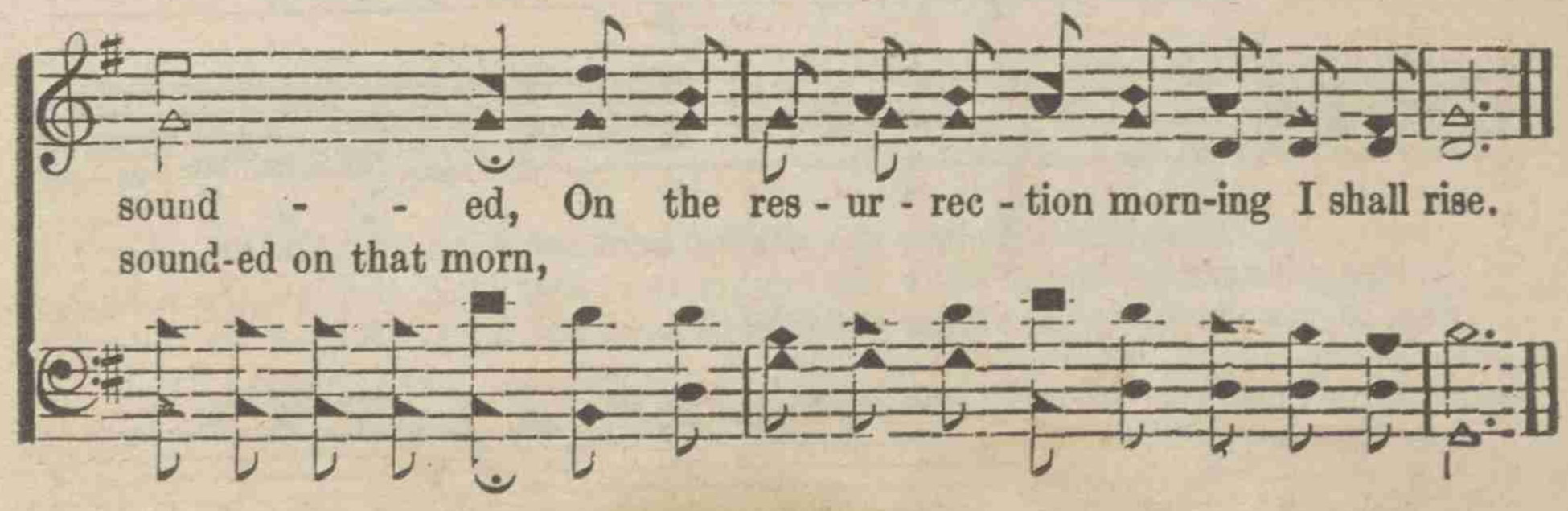
hope, by grace, thro' faith, to live on high? When the trump..... ..... of
live in that pre-pared e - ter - nal home?
ev - er live in per - fect bliss-ful joy. When the trumpet shall be sounded

Resurrection.





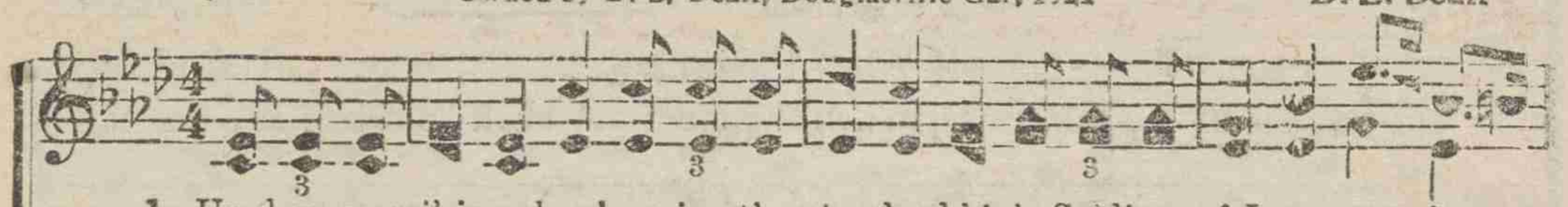




No. 93 Follow the King of All

Very respectfully inscribed to my comrades in the work, Profs. A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patten, T. B. Mosely and H. M. Eagle.—B. B. B.

James Rowe Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville Ga., 1921 B. B. Beall.



1. Un-der a smil-ing sky, keeping the standard high, Soldiers of Jesus march a-
2. He is the Lord of all, angels a - doring fall Ev - er before His throne a-
3. Heaven will soon appear, carols of home we'll hear, After the shadows flee a-



long; (march along;) Fearless and sweet and true, ever your duty do, Filling the
bove; (throne above;) Cherubims do His will, ev-er His word fulfill, Praising the
way; (flee a - way;) Ended the march will be, Jesus we all shall see, Aft-er the



vales with hap-py song. (happy song.) Making His glory known, letting our faith be
glo - ry of His love. (of His love.) Never His promise doubt, giving the message
break-ing of the day. (of the day.) Onward with gladness, then, singing His name a-



shown, Under His blessed shelt'ring wing, (shelt'ring wing). La-boring all the time,
out, Pen-i-tent souls for pardon bring; (pardon bring:) Singing of love di-vine,
gain, Making the hills and val-leys ring; (valleys ring;) Never in darkness roam,



guid-ed by love sublime, Follow the mighty Lord and King. (fol-low the King.)
letting your armor shine, Follow the mighty Lord and King. (fol-low the King.)
sure of a welcome home, Follow the mighty Lord and King. (fol-low the King.)



Follow the King of All

REFRAIN

Fol-low the King,..... joy-ous-ly sing,..... Car-ol the tidings o'er and
Follow the King, joyously sing,

o'er;..... La-bor-ing on,..... waiting the dawn,..... Follow the
o'er and o'er; Laboring on, waiting the dawn,

King our souls a-dore..... Spreading the light,..... sinless and
Follow the King. Spreading the light,

bright,..... Lov-ing-ly to His gos-pel cling;..... Pressing a-long the
sinless and bright, firmly cling;

road to the di-vine a-bode, Follow the ev-er-last-ing King.....
follow the King.

No. 94. Savior, Lead Me On

James Rowe

N. I. Styles, owner, 1922

N. I. Styles

1. Tho' the way be thorn - y thru this wil - der-ness of sin, Sav - ior,
2. That I may not wan - der from the bless - ed gos - pel way, Sav - ior,
3. That I may be - hold Thee in the bet - ter world a-bove, Sav - ior,

lead me on; That at last the bless - ed crown of glo - ry
That I may a - dore Thee in the land of
and on; In the bless - ed shel - ter of Thine ev - er-

I may win, Sav-ior, lead me on. Let Thy arm up- hold me,
fade- less day, Tho' the storms be sweeping,
last - ing love, and on. Yon - der I would praise Thee,

and Thy grace in - fold me, Till my tri - als all are gone; (are gone;)
safe in Thy dear keep-ing, I shall see the morn-ing dawn; (clear dawn;)
hon - or and up-raise Thee, When my pil - grim days are gone; (are gone;)

Keeping close be-side me, that Thine hand may guide me, Sav-ior, lead me on.
Ev - er walk-ing near me, with Thy voice to cheer me, Sav-ior, lead me on.
That I may a-dore Thee, bending there be-fore Thee, Sav-ior, lead me on.

Savior, Lead Me On

REFRAIN

Bless - ed Sav - ior, lead me to the gates of light, Keep-ing close be-

side me day by day; That my earth - ly rec - ord may be
day by day;

pure and bright, shield and lead me all the way; Let me
O all the way;

feel Thy sweet presence near, Till my earth-ly tri - als are gone; Ev - er

keep-ing near, giv- ing light and cheer, O Thou blessed Sav - ior, lead me on.

No. 95. On the Streets of Glory.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Oh, I love to think of heav-en, That sweet home pre - pared for me, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days;
2. Oh, I love to think of an - gels All ar - rayed in glo - ry's light, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days;
3. Soon I'll walk with my Re - deem - er And that ho - ly hap - py band, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days;

There I'll meet my friends and loved ones And my Sav - ior I shall see, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days.
Bask - ing in bright rays of splen - dor That are pleas - ing to the sight, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days.
Then I'll sing His praise for - ev - er, O - ver in the glo - ry- land, I'm go'n to walk on the streets of glo - ry, some of these days.

On the Streets of Glory.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py with..... a saint - ed band,
Sing - ing o - ver yon-der with a saint - ed band, a saint - ed band,

I'm go'n to walk on the streets o glo - ry some of these
days; O - ver in.....
yes, some of these days, Play - ing on a gold - en harp
the glo - ry - land, I'm go'n to walk on the
in glo - ry - land, in glo - ry - land,
streets of glo - ry, some of these days,
yes, some of these days.

No. 96. That Beautiful Home.

Copyright, 1922, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. A beau - ti - ful home a - waits for us, some-where we are
2. The Sav - ior who long since went a - way, a place to pre -
3. We soon shall hear an - gels sing - ing, on that beau - ti - ful

told, (somewhere we are told,) Where walls are of jas - per, gates of pearl, and
pare, (a place to prepare,) The com-fort-er sent with us to stay, till
shore, (that beautiful shore,) And meet with our friends and lov'd ones there, to

streets of pure gold, (and streets of pure gold;) The riv - er of death lies just be -
heav - en we share, (till heaven we share;) The mansions are man - y in my
part nev-er-more, (to part never-more;) When sadness and pain and cru - el

tween that cit - y and me. (that cit-y and me.) This riv - er I
Fa - ther's house up - on high, (His house upon high,) There all the re-
death have been o - ver come, (have been over-come,) E - ter - nal will

That Beautiful Home.

REFRAIN.

soon shall cross, And soon my mansion I'll see.
deem'd shall meet, Where there's no parting good-bye. There's a beau - ti - ful
be our pleas-ures in that beau - ti - ful home.

home..... some-where we are told,.....
A beau-ti-ful home, somewhere we are told,

Whose walls are of jas-per, gates of pearl, and streets of pure gold; .....
and streets of pure gold;

When sor-rows are past..... and death is o'er-come,.....
When sorrows are past and death is o'er-come

In glo - ry for - ev - er we'll live in that sweet beau-ti-ful home.

No. 97. THERE'S A HOME IN HEAVEN FOR ME.

J. C. L. J. C. Lenderman.

1. Come and list - en to my sto - ry: There's a home of peace and love,
2. There's a home for me in heav-en, Where I long so much to be,
3. I shall nev - er be dis-couraged, For the time will not be long,
4. Here our stay is on - ly tran-sient, And in sad - ness oft we roam,

In the bless - ed land of glo - ry, Our e - ter - nal home a - bove.
For a wel - come warm is wait - ing, And my loved ones I shall see;
Till I dwell with my Re-deem - er, And re - peat the glad new song;
But up there we shall not wan - der From that blessed home, sweet home.

I shall walk and talk with Je - sus, O how hap - py I shall be,
There we'll sing His praise to - geth-er, And be hap - py, pure and free;
There is neith - er sin nor sor-row In that land be - yond the sea;
I'm so glad to tell the way-ward, Who from sin-stains would be free,

Sing - ing in the an - gel cho - rus, In that home pre-pared for me.
Yes, in realms of end - less glo - ry There's a home pre-pared for me.
Oh, I have this sweet as-sur-ance, There's a home in heav'n for me.
That the Friend who died for sin - ners Built this home in heav'n for me.

J. C. Lenderman, owner, 1920. By per.

THERE'S A HOME IN HEAVEN FOR ME. Concluded.

REFRAIN.









This song is dedicated to my brother in Christ, Rev. J. C. McLeod, who is one of the most conscientious and devoted Christian men I ever had the pleasure of being with. Work on, dear brother, there's a home in heav'n for you.—J. C. Lenderman.

No. 98 The Land of Endless Years

Mrs. J. M. Hunter — J. H. Holcomb, owner, 192^ — J. H. Holcomb

1. Be - yond the still - - ness of the tomb, (the gloom-y tomb,)
2. Be - yond the ken..... of hu - man sight, (of hu - man sight,)
3. No an-guish there,..... no pain, no death, (no pain, no death,)

Be- yond the sor - - row and the gloom, (the fear - ful gloom,)
Be- yond the sins..... that blur and blight, (that blur and blight,)
Ex - ult - ant prais - - es fill the breath, (yes, fill the breath,)

Be - yond the yearn - - ings and the tears, (the burn - ing tears,)
Be - yond the dead - - 'ning doubts and fears, (the doubts and fears,)
The light of faith..... my vis - ion clears, (my vis - ion clears,)

There lies the "land..... of end - less years.".....
There lies the "land..... of end - less years." (of end - less years.")
To see the "land..... of end - less years."

REFRAIN

Where lov - ing hearts shall meet a - gain,
Where lov- ing hearts shall meet a - gain,.....

The Land of Endless Years

For - ev - er free from stress and strain,
For - ev - er free..... from stress and strain,.....

Where joy su-preme the spir - it cheers,
Where joy su - preme..... the spir - it cheers,.....

Where lies the "land..... of end- less years."
Where lies the "land of end-less years." (of end - less years.")

No. 99 Enough for Me

E. A. H. Used by permission Rev. E. A. Hoffman

1. O love sur-passing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus
2. O won-der - ful sal - va-tion! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet as-
3. O blood of Christ, so precious, Poured out on Cal- va - ry! I feel its cleansing

FINE REFRAIN D. S.

saves me, And that's enough for me. And that's enough for me, O that's enough for me,
surrance, And that's enough for me. And that's enough for me, O that's enough for me,
pow - er, And that's enough for me. And that's enough for me, O that's enough for me,

No. 100. I'm Going That Way.

Jame Rowe. L. B. Register, Graceville, Fla., owner, 1920. L. B. Register.

1, I've heard of a land of joy and peace and wonderful light, (and wonderful light,)
2. The glo-ri-ous news I tell and sing, as onward I go, (as on-ward I go,)
3. I know I shall meet Him at the gate, when trials are past, (when trials are past,)

A beau-ti-ful place of mansions fair and skies ever bright, (and skies ever bright,)
That those who are still a-stray in sin my Savior may know; (my Saviour may know;)
I know I shall meet Him face to face in glo - ry at last; (in glo - ry at last;)

Where all who be-lieve the Savior dear, for-ev-er shall stay, (for - ev-er shall stay,)
I want them to sing His praise above, some beautiful day, (some beauti-ful day,)
And oh, I believe that when we meet "well done" He will say, ("well done" He will say,)

And hav - ing been saved by grace di - vine, I'm go - ing that way.
For glo - ry to Him who died for me, I'm go - ing that way.
For trust-ing His soul - re - deem - ing love, I'm go - ing that way.

REFRAIN.

I'm go-ing that way,..... I'm go - ing that way,.....
I'm on that way, I'm go - ing that way,

I'm Going That Way.

And Je-sus the Sav-ior I a-dore is with me each day;.....
is with me each day;

I'm clinging to Him..... and nev-er to stray,.....
I cling to Him and nev-er to stray,

Yes, singing His praises all day long, I'm going that way.....
I'm go-ing that way.

No. Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1920. A. J. Showalter.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon-arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
5. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
"Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

No. 101. The Love that Guides Us Home.

Eben E. Rexford. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. H. M. Eagle.

1. In the dark and storm-y day, And when troubles 'round our way, Then it
2. Heart of mine, keep faith in this —God knows what each tri-al is, And He'll
3. So when shad-ows hide the light Of the sun from mortal sight, Think that

is both eye and heart should look above, For there's sunshine 'yond the cloud, And the
give the help that's needed if we call, And His love will drive away All the
somewhere it is shin-ing brightly still, And in times of grief and pain Cease to

heart by sor-row bowed, Finds sweet comfort in the great All-Fa-ther's love.
shad-ows from the day, If we on - ly love and trust Him all in all.
mur-mur and complain, For each prom-ise God has made us He'll ful - fill.

REFRAIN.

O the love,..... the ten - der love,..... ..... Stead-fast
O the love, the ten - der love,
as..... ... the God a - bove, ... That will guide..... our
Stead-fast as the God a - bove, the God a-bove, That will guide,

The Love that Guides Us Home.



No. 102. I Want to Go to Glory.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. H. M. Eagle.



REFRAIN.



No. 103. On the Way.

J. M, Henson, owner,

James Rowe. J. M, H

1. We are on our way to glo - ry - land—To the land of end - less song;
2. He is shield-ing and de - fend - ing us, Ev - 'ry hour of day and night;
3. By and by He will be greet - ing us At the pearl - y gate a - bove;

We are march-ing thro' the sto - ry - land With the blood-bought pilgrim throng;
Man - y pre-cious bless - ings send-ing us, Giv-ing comfort, cheer and light;
Friends and dear ones will be meet-ing us, Showing once a - gain their love;

Christ the Lord of life is lead - ing us, And will nev - er let us roam;
So, by faith, we all shall cling to Him. What - so - ev - er may be - tide;
So we trav - el on up - rais - ing Him Who has washed our sins a - way;

With the bread of heav - en feed - ing us, He will safe - ly lead us home.
And our heart's best prais-es sing to Him As we seek the glo - ry - side.
And a - bove we shall be prais-ing Him Thro' an end-less bliss - ful day.

D. S.—To the hap - py glo - ry - land.

REFRAIN.

On the way to the land of love, On the way..... to the
On the way to the land of love- On the way to

On the Way.



No. 104. Bring the Light of Love.

J, M Henson, owner,

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.



No. 105. Marching Every Day.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. We are trv-el-ing on,..... marching ev'ry day,.....
2. Tho' the star of our hope..... seem a lit-tle dim,.....
3. But our marching below..... soon will all be o'er,.....

We are traveling on, marching ev'ry day,

While the Sav-ior leads..... all a - long the way;.....
We'll in gloom not grope..... if we fol-low Him;.....
Then our souls will rest..... on the oth - er shore;.....

While the Sav-ior leads all a-long the way.

And we fol-low Him..... as a faith - ful band,.....
For His righteousness..... makes the way seem bright,.....
In ec-stat-ic joys,..... 'neath the heav'nly dome,.....

And we fol-low Him as a faith-ful band,

While He gen-tly leads..... with His lov-ing hand,.....
Lead-ing safe-ly home..... thro' the darkest night,.....
If we fol-low Him..... to that bliss-ful home,.....

While He gently leads with His loving hand.

Marching Every Day.

REFRAIN.



No. 106. Heaven is My Home.

Companion to "There is a Home in Heaven for Me".

J. C. Lenderman, McRae, Ga, & R. G. Clark, Moultrie, Ga,, owners.

J. C. L. Re-arr. **J. C. Lenderman.**

1. I'm but a stran-ger here Heav - en is my home, Earth is a
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav - en is my home, Short is my
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav - en is my home, I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav-en is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim age, Heav-en is my home; Time's cold and win - t'ry blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav-en is my home; These are the good and blest

Round me on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my Father's land, Heav-en is my home.
Shall soon be o - ver past, I shall reach home at last, Heav-en is my home.
Those I love most and best, There too I soon shall rest, Heav-en is my home.

Heav - en is my home, Heav - en is my
Heav-en is my home, Heav-en is my home,

Heav-en is my home, Heav'n is my Father's land, Heav-en is my home.
home, I shall reach home at last, Heav-en is my home.
is my home, There too I soon shall rest, Heav-en is my home.

No. 107. Jesus Calls for You

J. R. B. Jr. W. P. Culpepper, Section, Ala., owner, 1922 J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Je - sus calls to you, oh, to Him be true, It is fol - ly to de - lay;
2. Je - sus calls you now, in His presence bow, Ask for par-don, ask for grace;
3. Je - sus calls once more, but may close the door To that home beyond the blue;

Do not lon-ger roam, start to- day for home, "He's the truth, the life, the way."
Ask for light di- vine on your path to shine Till you meet Him face to face.
If you still neg-lect, if you still re- ject All the call He gives to you.

REFRAIN

Je - sus calls, calls for you, calls for you who are a - stray;
Je - sus calls, calls for you,
Je - sus calls, calls for you, Sin-ner, come to Him to - day.
Je - sus calls, calls for you,

CODA *May be sung after last verse only*

Come to Him, come to Him, Come to Him while yet you may.
Come to Him, come to Him,

No. 108 O Wonderful Day.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

1. O, won-der-ful day,..... when tri-als are o'er,.....
2. O, won-der-ful day,..... when shadows have fled.....
3. O, won-der-ful day,..... when at the bright gate.....

O, won-der-ful day, when trials are o'er

And I shall be safe..... ..... on heaven's glad shore;.....
And on - ly His light..... a-round me shall spread;.....
A wel-come will smile..... the dear ones who wait;..... .....

And I shall be safe on heaven's glad shore;

Where I shall a-bide..... with Je-sus my King,..... .....
When weeping shall end ..... and tri - als be past,.....
And I shall have ceased..... to struggle and roam .....

Where I shall a-bide with Je-sus my King,

With an-gels His praise..... for - ev - er to sing. ....
And I shall be with..... my Sav - ior at last. ....
And be with my King..... and loved ones at home! ....

With an-gels His praise for - ev - er to sing, for - ev - er to sing.

REFRAIN.

O, won-der-ful day, (O, won-der-ful day,) O glo - ri- ous time, (O glo-ri-ous time,)

Copyright, 1922, in "Special Songs, No. 2." J. M. Hanson, owner.

O Wonderful Day.

When I shall have reached that marvelous clime,..... .....
When I shall have reached..... that marvelous clime,

When Je - sus my Lord..... my soul shall a-dore,..... .....
When Je-sus my Lord my soul shall a-dore,

In yon-der glad home,..... ..... at rest ev - er - more. ....
In yonder glad home,at rest ev - er - more,at rest ev-er-more.

No. 109. Heavenly Joys.

C. W. W. C. W. Welsh.

1. Sometime, be - yond this vale of tears, Sometime,some hap - py time;
2. Sometime, be - yond all toil and care, Sometime, 'twill not be long;
3. Sometime, some-time, I know not when, The grave shall be my bed;

I long to share with Christ my Lord, Those heav'n - ly joys sub - lime.
'Till I shall join the ransomed throng In heav - en bright and fair.
But Christ will raise me from the dead A - men! A - men! A - men!

No. 110. We Are Crossing Over.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. One by one, day by day lov - ing frieds are cross-ing o'er, Cross-ing
2. Would you live ev - er - more, when your crossing time shall come, When your
3. You may soon hear the call, is your soul pre-pared to go? Has re-

o - ver, when this earth-ly life is done; To that home, happy home o - ver
earth-ly race be-low shall have been run; Would your soul live in bliss, o - ver
deem-ing love with-in your life be-gun? Are you serv ing the Lord, while you're

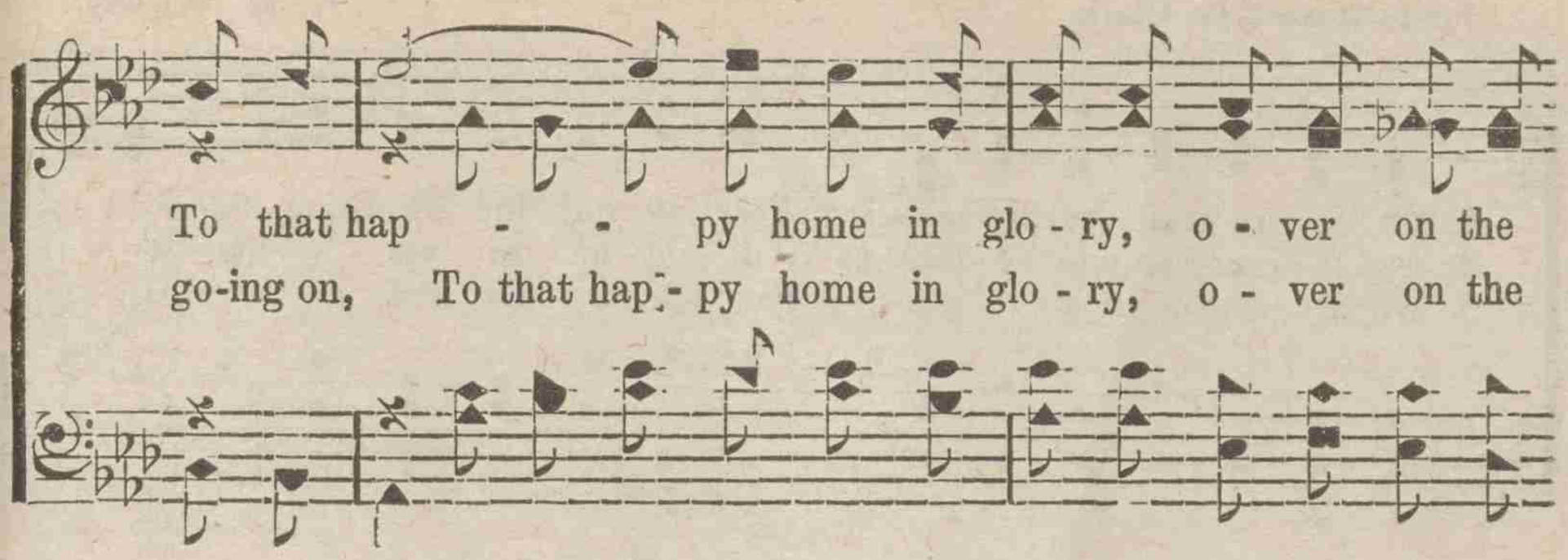
on the oth-er shore, Day by day we're cross-ing o - ver, one by one.
in the glory home? Day by day we're cross-ing o - ver, one by one.
in this world be-low, Day by day we're cross-ing o - ver, one by one.

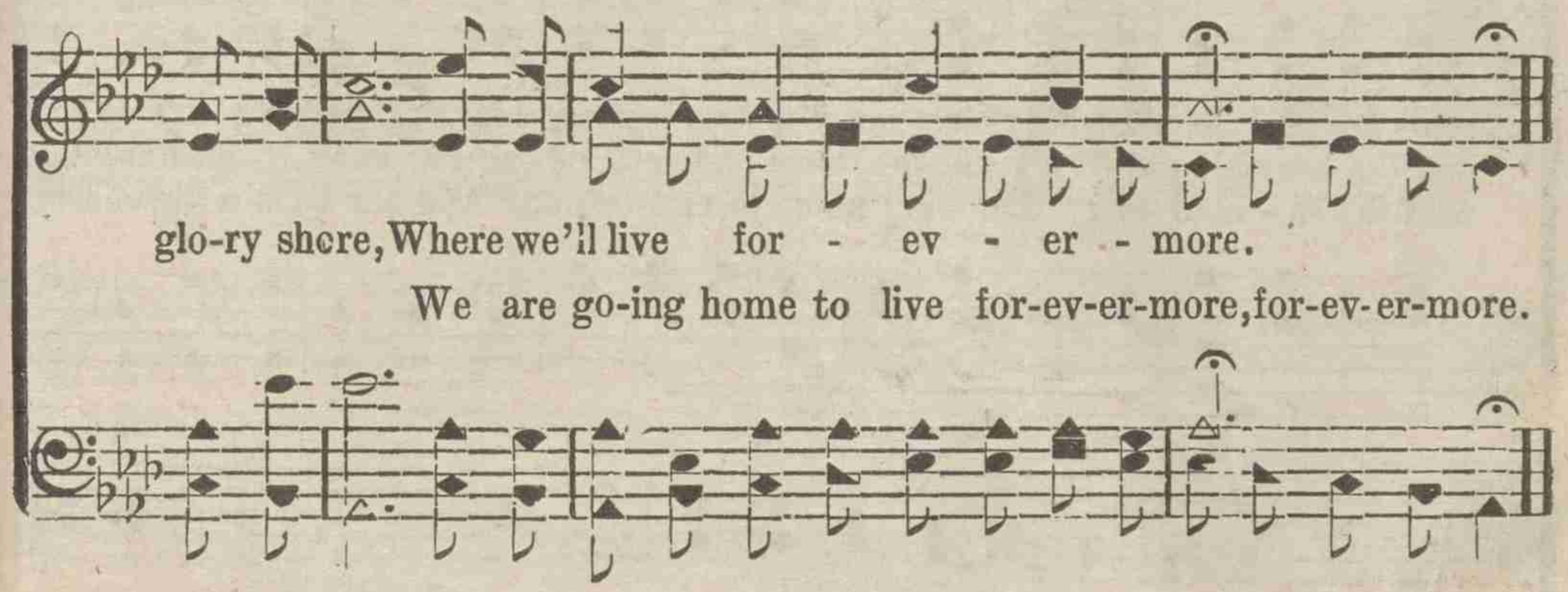
REFRAIN.

We are go - - ing o - ver yon - der; one by one, we're
We are go - ing o - ver yon - der, one by one, we're

cross-ing o'er Man - y friends have gone be fore;
cross-ing o'er, When this earthly life is end-ed we are go-ing o - ver yon der;

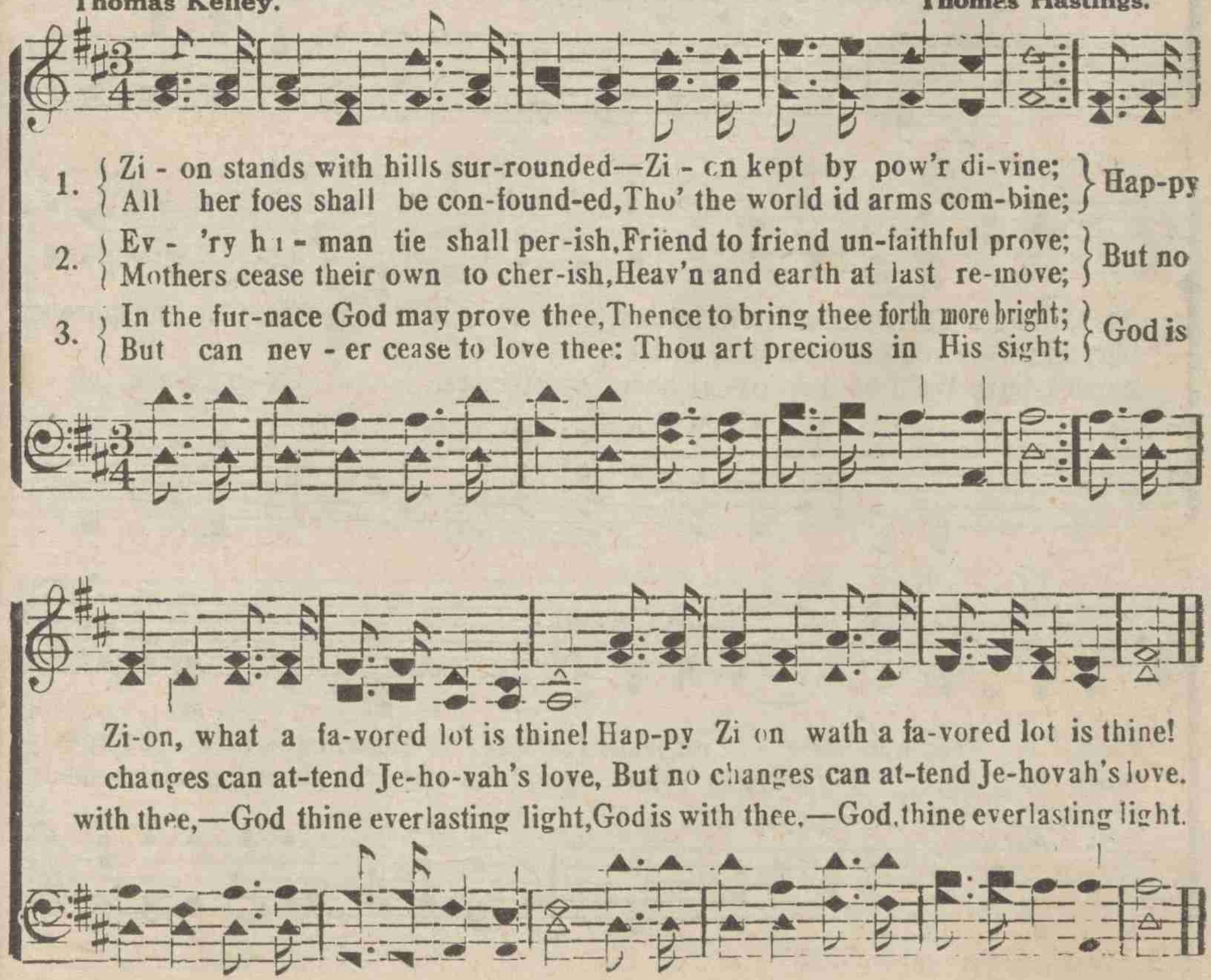
We Are ing Over.





No. 111. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelley. **Thomas Hastings.**



No 112. Our Homeward Voyage

Judge Russell G. Clark. **A. W. Worley.**

1. On life's o - cean we are sail - ing Fear-ing not the swell-ing tide And our souls are not be-wail-ing Since our Cap-tain is the guide; For we have a safe con-duc - tor Who will guide us by day and by night, Till we reach that home, that e-throt-tle Safe - ly rid - ing the waves thro'the gale And in Him we trust all a-anchored Safe at home on that bright happy shore Where with those we love in that ter-nal home Where our faith will be changed in-to sight. Go-ing home..... no more to

2. And the jour-ney now be-fore us Will not be so ver - y long We will join the heav'nly cho-rus With the blest immortal throng; For our Captain holds the with the sa - cred sto-ry, Sail - ing home to end-less day And our bark will soon be long the way And our faith tells us He'll nev-er fail.

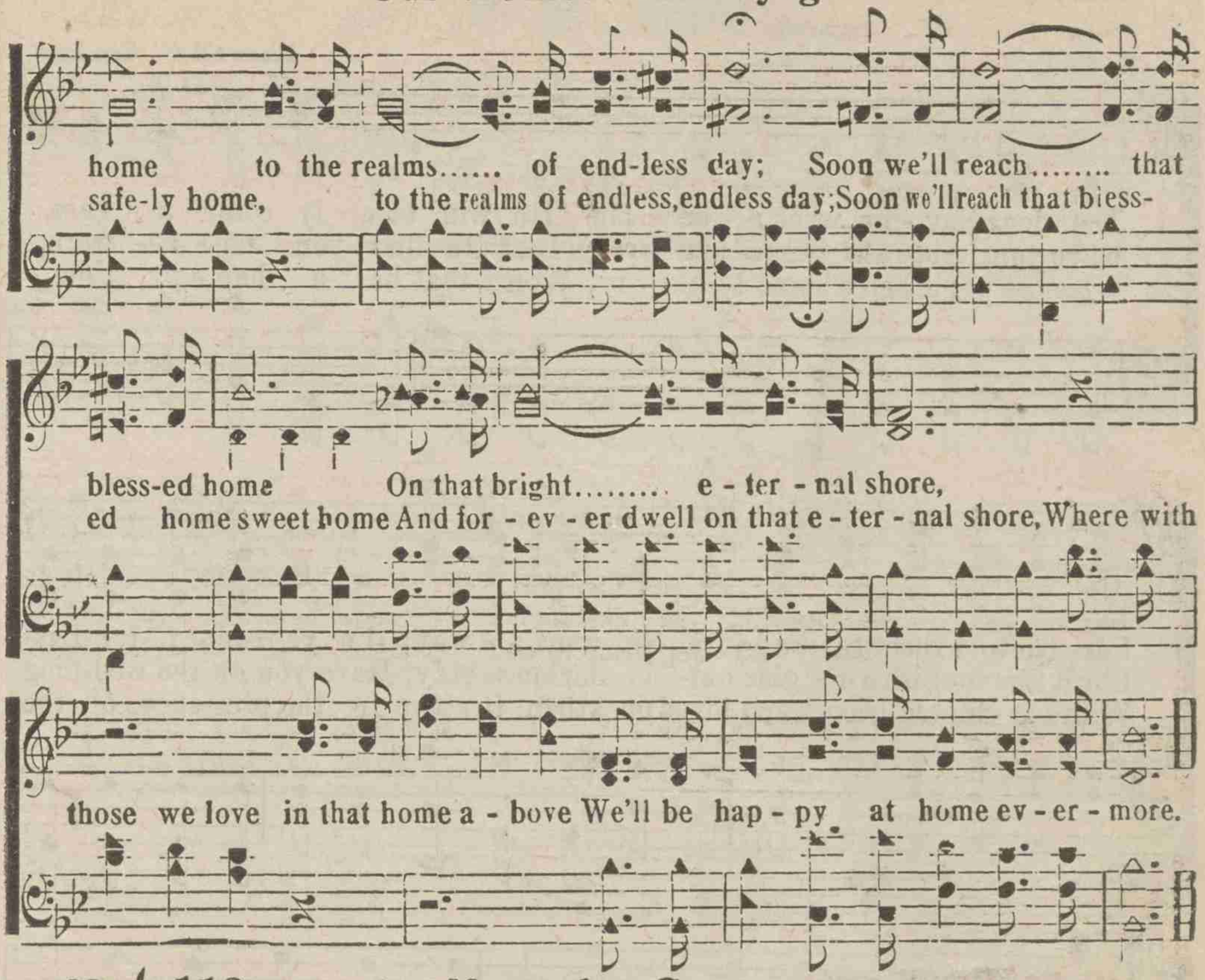
3. We are sail-ing home to glo - ry For our Sav - ior leads the way, Dar-ing home a-bove We'll be hap-py at home ev-er-more. Go-ing home no

REFRAIN.

roam, For our Sav - ior leads the way, He will guide..... us safe-ly
more to roam, For our Sav - ior leads the way He will guide us safely

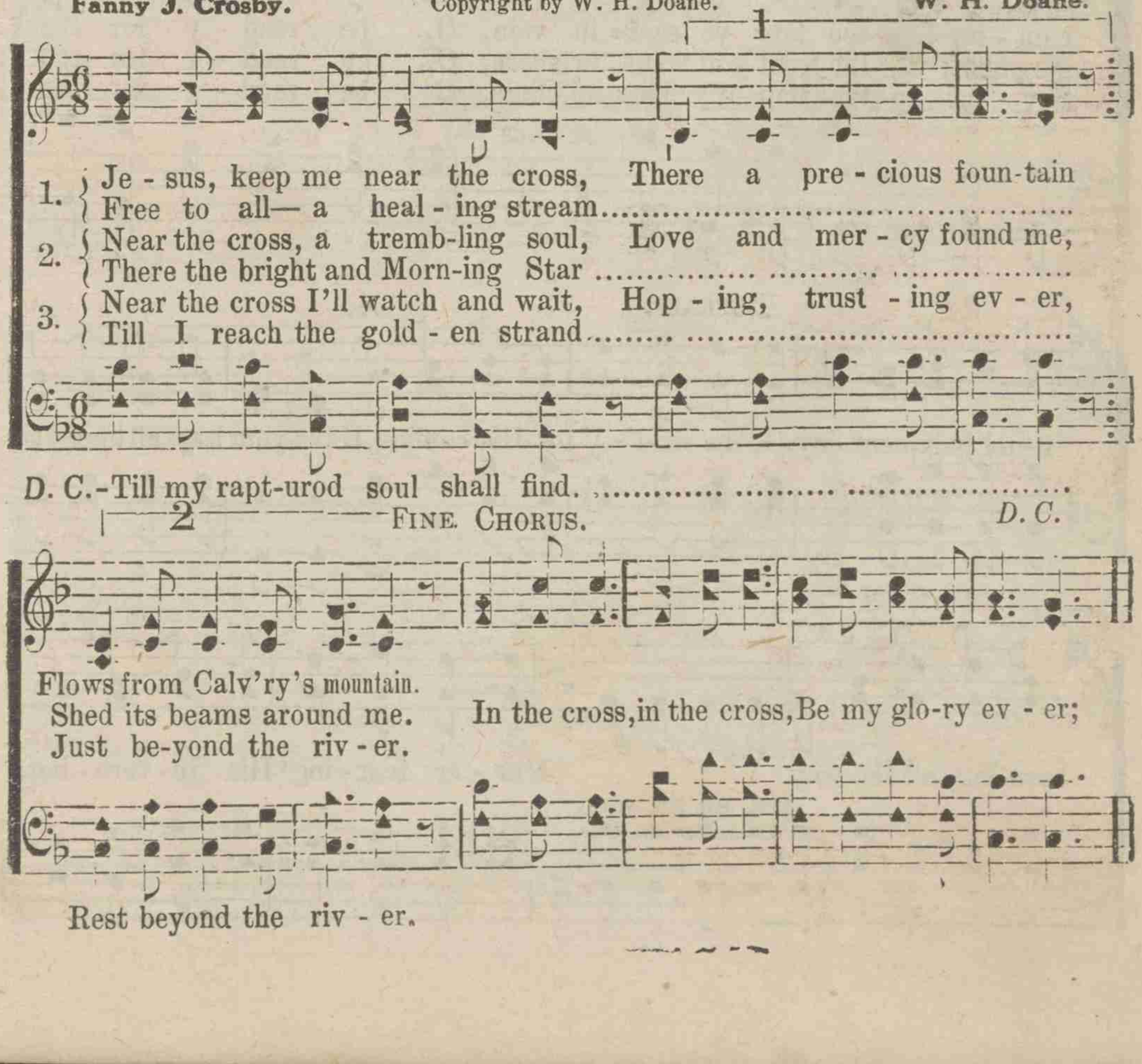
A. W. Worley, owner. 1922.

Our Homeward Voyage.



No. 113. Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright by W. H. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**



No. 114. O, Be Ready.

Coporight, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. The dear Sav - ior went a - way but He will sure - ly come a - gain,
2. Have your lamps all trimmed and burning Lest He find you un - a - ware,
3. When we're gathered home to glo - ry, Won't that be a hap - py time,

For He told them so be - fore He went a - way; Be ye read - y for His
Don't like fool-ish vir - gins out in darkness stay; Have you on the wed-ding
With our sainted friends and loved ones there to stay; In the pres-ence of the

com - ing Lest too late ye seek in vain, O, be read - y for the
gar-ment, If the feast you want to share, O, be read - y for the
Sav - ior In that hap - py bliss-ful clime, O, be read - y for the

REFRAIN.

fi-nal judgment day. O, be read - y for His coming, Have your lamps all trimmed and

burn-ing, all the way, Nev - er fear - ing His re - turn - ing,
yes, all the way,

O, Be Ready,



No. 115. Love Keeps Me Working.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**



REFRAIN.

No. 116. The Glory of Home.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C, **Roswell G. Clark.**

1. Oh, I'm think-ing of the glo - ry that is wait - ing o - ver there,
2. Oh, I'm think-ing of the glo - ry when we meet with those we love,
3. Oh, I'm think-ing of the glo - ry with the hap - py saint-ed band,

(Wait-ing) For us when on earth no more we roam, (no more we roam;)
(Yon-der) Where no part - ing ev - er - more will come, (no more will come,)
(Hap-py) With the Sav - ior 'neath the heav'nly dome, (the heav'nly dome;)

When we gath - er with the ran-somed in that home so bright and fair,
Where we'll hap - py be for - ev - er in that glo - ry home a-bove,
Where we'll sing His praise for - ev - er, o - ver in the glo - ry - land,

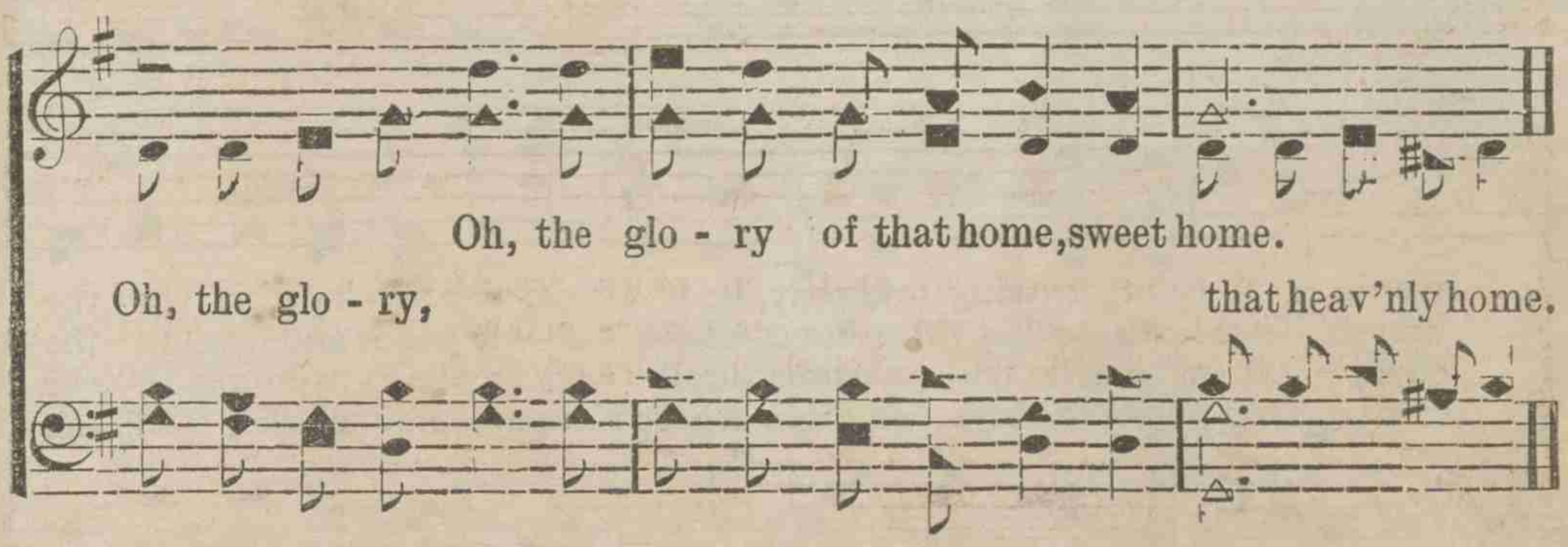
REFRAIN.

Oh, the glo - ry of that home, sweet home. Oh, the glo - ry,

glo - ry of that home, sweet home! Oh, the glo-ry of that home sweet home,
that blissful home.

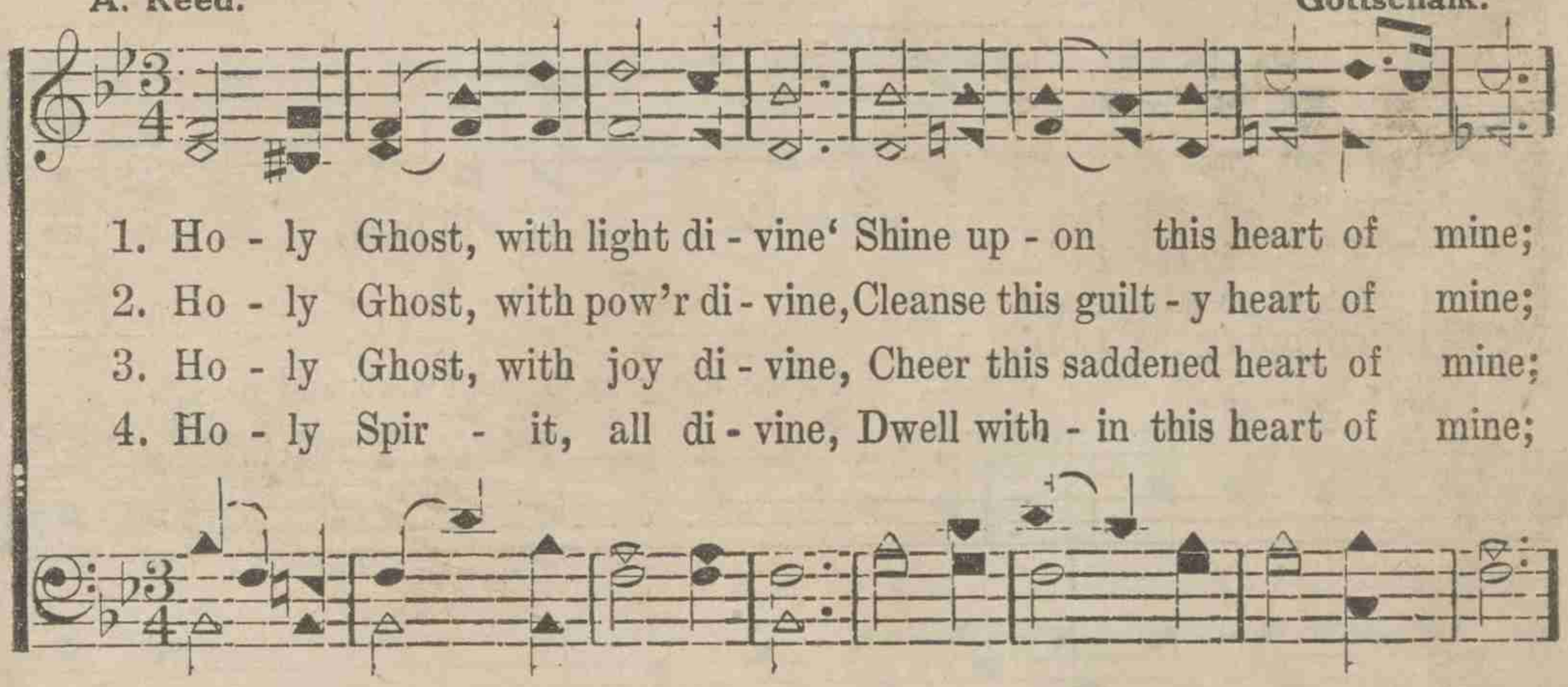
The Glory of Home.





No. 117. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.





118. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a worker, help, me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the
way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the
save, All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home, In the
word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die, In the

CHORUS.

vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.

I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord,) I will

work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

119. How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.

Mrs. M. S. Bridgewater. A. P. Bland.

1. We read of a place that's called heaven, I'ts made for the pure and the free;
2. In heav-en, no drooping nor pin-ing, No wish-ing for else where to be;
3. Pure wa-ters of life there are flow-ing, And all who will drink may be free;
4. The an - gels so sweet-ly are sing-ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful sea;

These truths in God's word He hath giv - en, How beau - ti - ful heav-en must be.
God's light is for - ev - er there shin-ing, How beau - ti - ful heav-en must be.
Rare jew - els of splen-don are glow-ing, How beau - ti - ful heav-en must be.
Sweet chords from their gold harps are ringing, How beau - ti - ful heav-en must be.

REFRAIN.

How beau-ti ful heav-en must be,..... Sweet home of the hap-py and free;
must be,

Fair ha - ven of rest for the wea - ry, How beau-ti-ful heav-en must be.

A. P. Bland, owner.

No. 120. I'm Going Home.

"Build me a hut to die in, I'm going home." Said to be the last words of a great explorer and missionary.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. Just now I'm in this world be-low, But I'm go - ing to a home on high;
2. Sometimes there's gloom along my way, But the shin-ing star of hope seems nigh;
3. I soon shall reach that home above, Faith now views it thro' the spir-it's eye;

Sometimes my progress may seem slow, But I'll reach it in the by and by.
Love keeps it shin - ing ev - 'ry day, As a bea-con to the by and by.
There I shall live in per-fect love, Yon-der in the hap - py by and by.

REFRAIN.

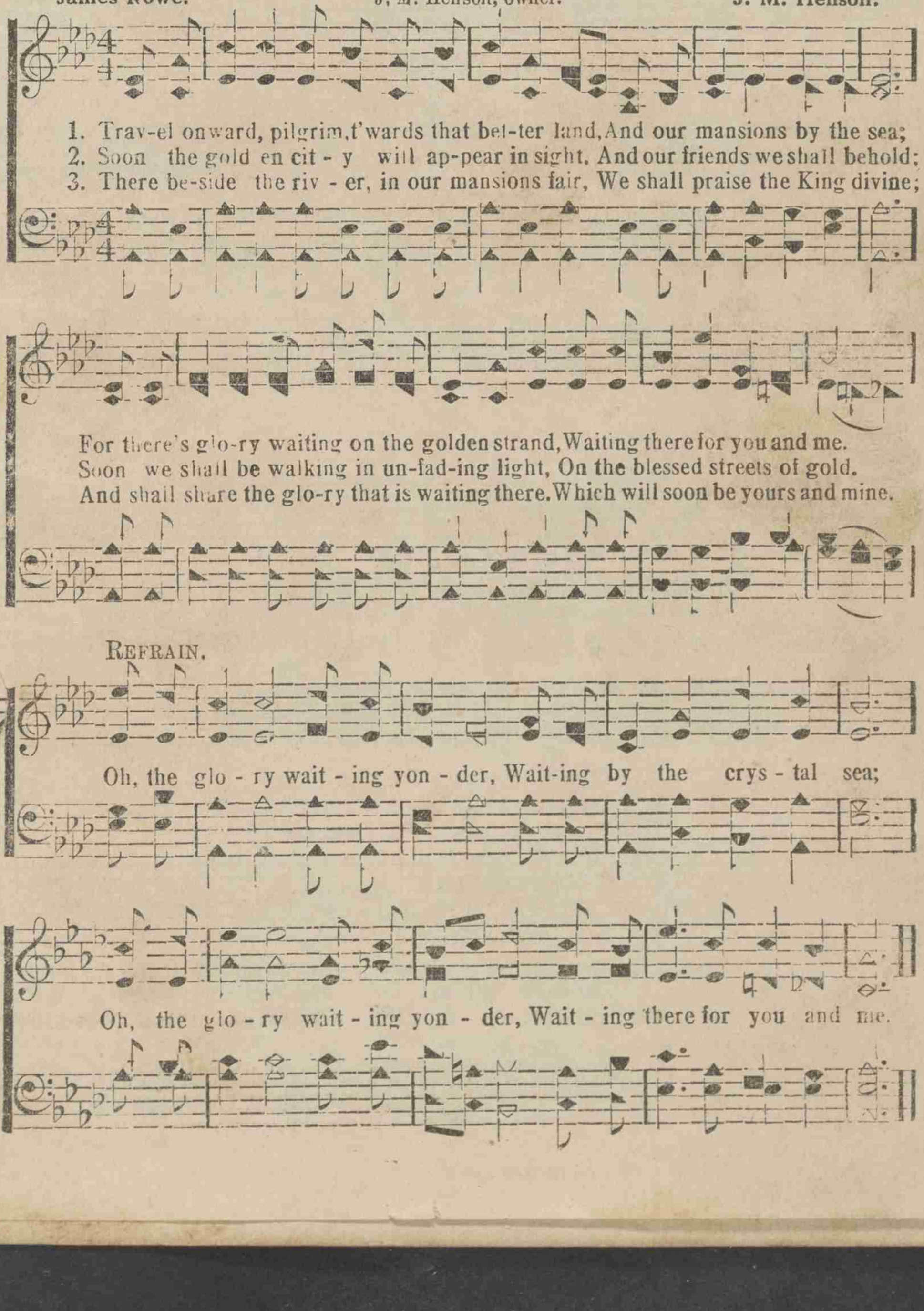
I'm go - ing home..... ..... to die no
I'm go - ing home to a hap - py beau - ti - ful home, to die no
more,..... Where pain [and death can nev - er
more, to die no more, no more,
come; I'll nev-er roam..... from
no nev-er come, I'll nev-er roam, no, I sure-ly nev - er will roam from

I'm Going Home.



No. 121. Oh, The Glory Waiting!

James Rowe. J. M. Henson, owner. J. M. Henson.



No. 122.

When My Work Is Done.

This Chorus to the 1st. ending is exactly as I heard it at the end of a severe attack of Lagrippe, when I had been unable scarcely to sleep or rest for a week. Therefore I was moved to compose the part of the song, with no intentoin of publication, but at the request of several friends. I submit it to the press praying that our heavenly Father may make it a blessing to others.—G. F. Clark.

G. F. C.

REV G. F. CLARK.

1. Oh, that night when I was wea - ry, And I could not rest for pain, As I dreamed a - bout my Sav-ior's work of love,
2. Then when pains and aches are o - ver, And our work on earth is done, We'll lie down to rest from la - bor here no more,
3. Then in that sweet home e - ter - nal, Mid the ran-somed and the blest, I shall dwell in joy sup - er - nal ev er - more.

As I dreamed about my Sav-ior. And that bless - ed home of love;
Till our Lord descends from heaven, With the shout-ing in the air,
But the sweetest tho't of heaven, Is I'll meet my Sav - ior there,

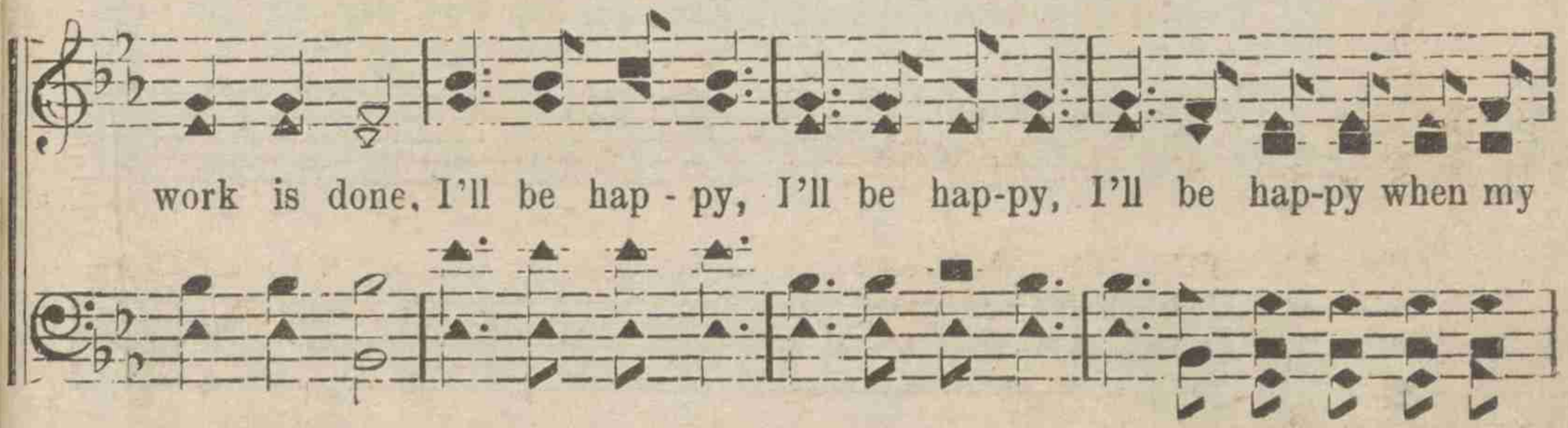
That I sang this pre-cious cho - rus, As in an-thems from a - bove.
Till the trumpt of God shall call us, To our hap - py home so fair.
And shall dwell with Him for - ev - er, He who saved me from des-pair.

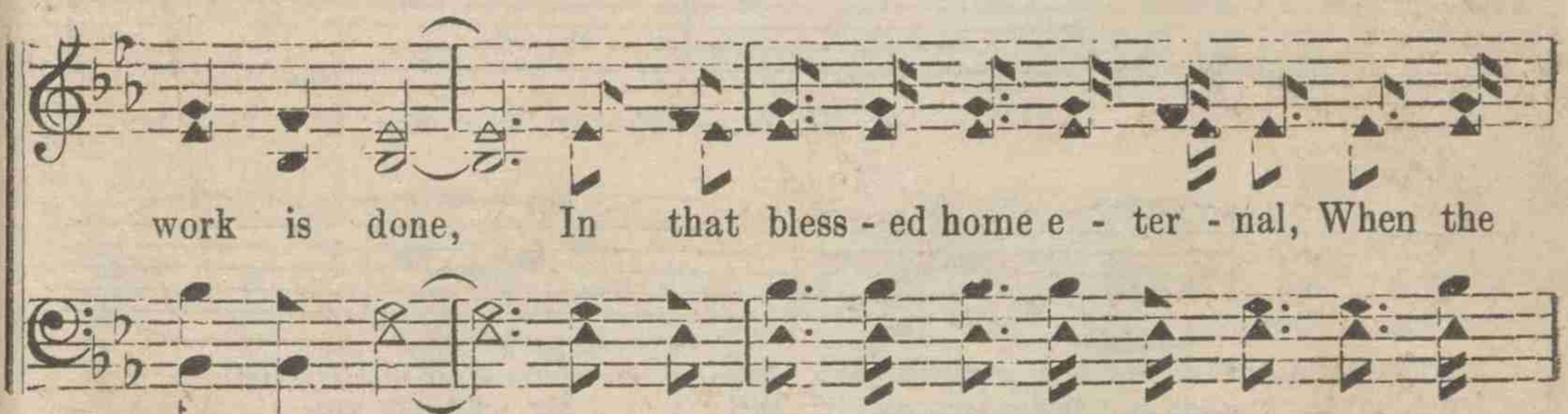
Property of G. F. Clark.

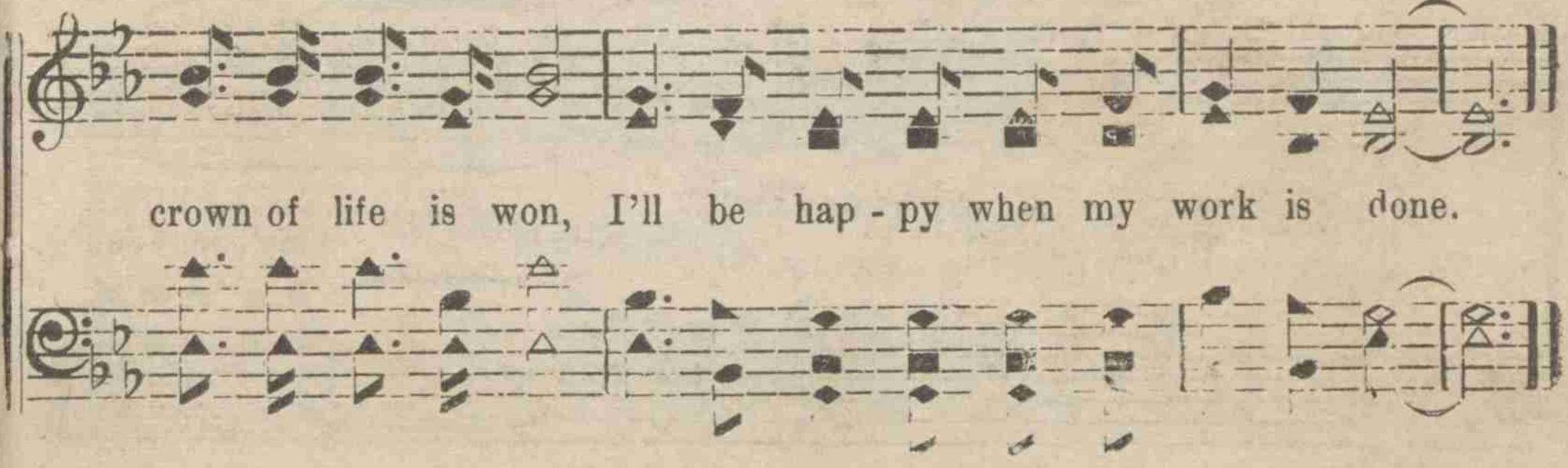
When My Work Is Done. Concluded.

REFRAIN.









No. 123. While the Hallelujahs Roll.

A. J. S. A. J. Sims.

1. O - ver on the hills of glo-ry where the hal - le - lu - jahs roll. I shall
2. When my tri - als and my troub-le in this wea - ry life are o'er And I
3. Oft - en here the path is gloom - y and it seems so hard and long, But my

rest with - in the presence of my King; And with all the throng of an - gels
reach my shin-ing pal - ace by the sea; With the saints of all the a - ges
Sav - ior I shall trust what-e'er be-fall; For some hap - py day in glo - ry

with re - joic - ing in my soul, To my Sav - ior I shall ev - er sing.
who be - fore His throne a-dore, I shall sing to Him who died for me.
I shall sing the glad new song, While the an - gels crown Him "Lord of all."

D. S.—hap - py ha - le - lu - jahs roll.

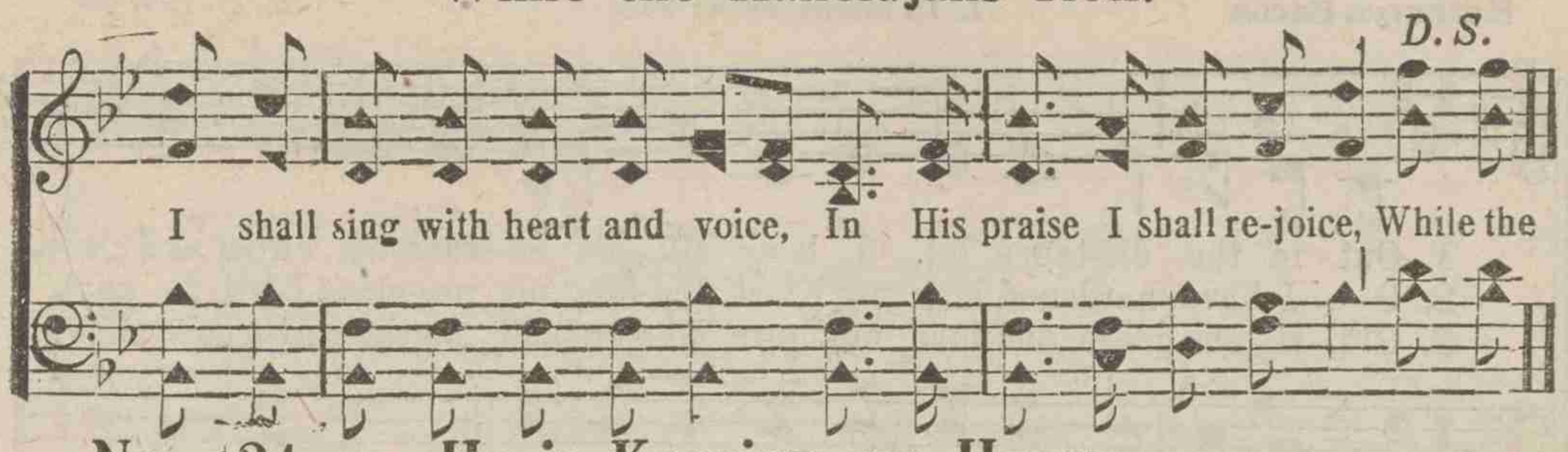
REFRAIN.

While the hal - - le-lu-jahs roll,.....
While the hap-py hal-le-lu-jahs ev - er roll, for - ev - er roll,.....

I'll sing with all..... my hap-py soul.....
I'll sing with all my ransom'd soul. my happy soul;

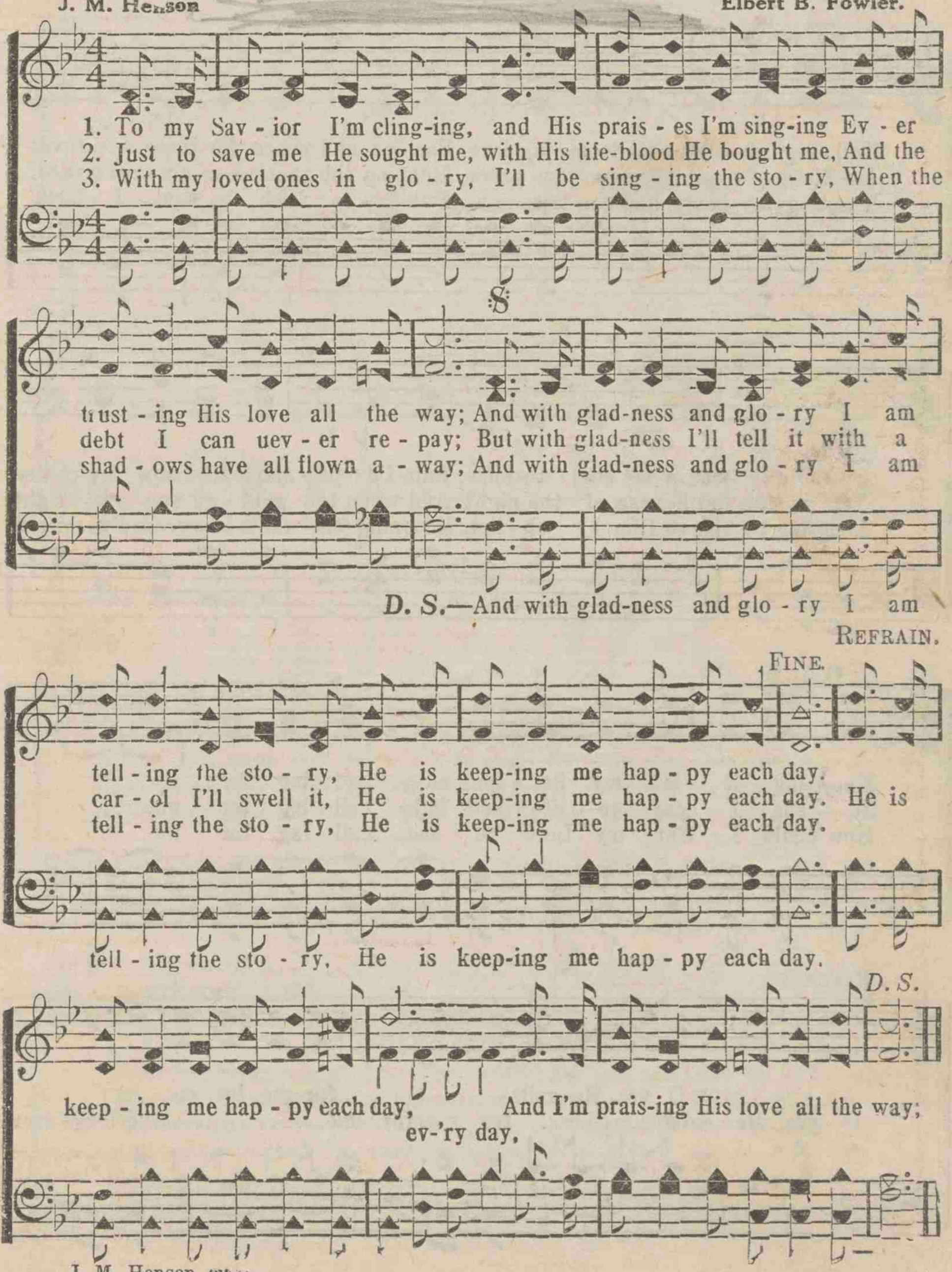
J. M. Henson & A. J. Sims, owners.

While the Hallelujahs Roll.



No. 124. He is Keeping me Happy.

J. M. Henson — Elbert B. Fowler.



J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 125. Calling for Me

Katharyn Bacon — **L. D. Morris owner 1922** — **L. D. Morris**

1. Out in the dis-tance, lo! I hear Mu-sic en-tranc-ing, sweet and clear,
2. O I have hardened long my heart, Bid-ding my pre-cious Lord de-part,
3. Glo-ri-ous grace and love unknown, Mer-cy and pa-tience He has shown,

Tell-ing of blest, re-deem-ing love, Par-don and peace for those who rove;
Heedless of all His wondrous grace, Running the thank-less sin-ner's race;
Trusting my heart and con-trite now, Hum-bly in faith to Him I bow;

O how it makes my soul re-joice, Fain I'd pro-claim Him now my choice,
Yet in the still-ness of the night, And when the gold-en sun is bright,
Long-ing to serve Him I en-list, Mourning the fruit-less years I've missed,

Know-ing it is my Sav-ior's voice, call-ing for me.....
Je-sus I hear to life and light call-ing for me.....
How could I e'er my Lord re-sist, call-ing for me.....

REFRAIN

O yes, He calls for me, for me,
O yes, He calls..... for me, for me,..... And longs from

Calling for Me

And longs from sin and death to free, For ev - er-
sin..... and death to free,.....

more..... His own to be,..... I go in
For ev - er-more His own to be,

an - swer to the Sav - ior call - ing for me. (yes, call - ing for me.)

No. Burma. L. M.

Philip Doddridge — **T. B. Mosley, owner** — **T. B. Mosley**

1. Fa - ther of all, Thy care we bless, Which crowns our fam - i - lies with peace;
2. To God, most wor - thy to be praised, Be our do - mes - tic al - tars raised;
3. To Thee may each u - nit - ed house Morning and night pre-sent its vows;
4. So may each fu - ture age pro-claim The hon - ors of Thy glo - rious name,

From Thee they spring, and by Thy hand They are, and shall be still sus-tained.
Who Lord of heav'n, yet deigns to come And sanc-ti - fy our hum-blest home.
Our servants there, and ris - ing race, Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.
And each suc-ceed - ing race re- move, To join the fam - i - ly a - bove.

No. 126. Traveling On.

Copyright, in "Echoes of Glory", by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C. Roswell G. Clark.

1. I am on my way to a brighter bet - ter land, I am trav'ling on,
2. Man-y friends have gone to that blissful hap-py shore, I am trav'ling on,
3. There the Savior dwells who has long since gone before, I am trav'ling on,

trav - el - ing on, Soon I'll talk and sing on the
Soon I'll be with them and be
I'm trav'lng on, There I'll live with Him and His

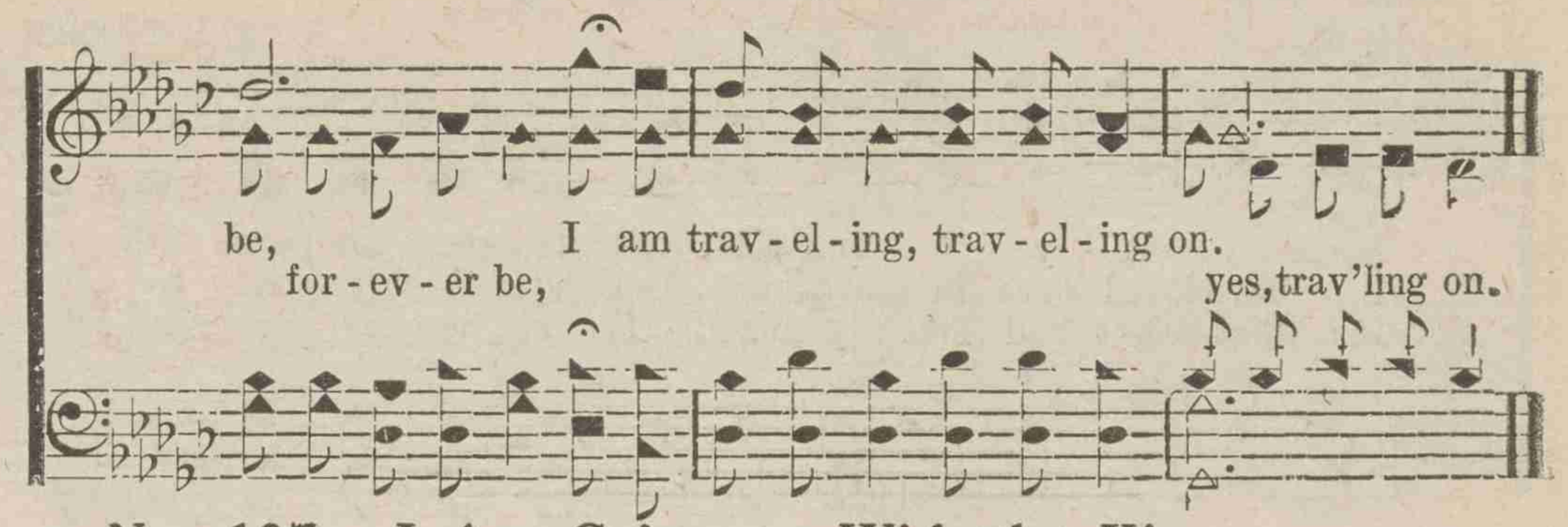
hap-py golden strand, I am trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on.
hap-py ev-er-more,
presence I'll a-dore, yes, trav'ling on.

REFRAIN.

Won't you kindly come and go along with me? I am trav-el-ing,
along with me?

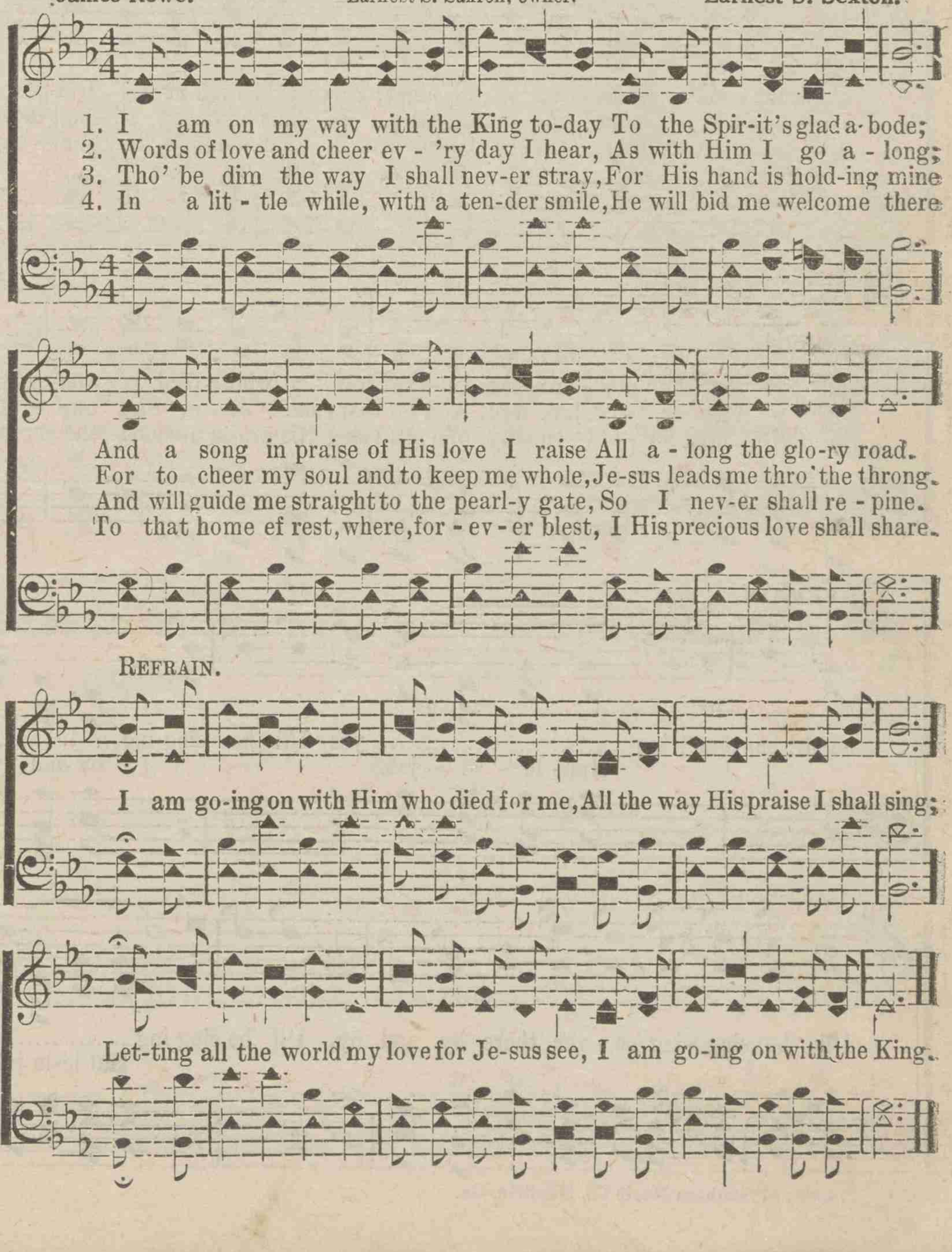
trav - el - ing on; Where with friends and lov'd ones we may ev - er
I'm trav'ling on;

Traveling On.



No. 127. I Am Going on With the King.

James Rowe. Earnest S. Saxron, owner. **Earnest S. Sexton.**



No. 128. I'll Be Singing.

C. H. B. C. H. Baker.

1. There's a cit - y I am told, And its streets are paved with gold;
2. I have loved ones in that home, And they're beck'ring me to come;
3. In that bright and love - ly home, Where no part-ing e're shall come;

In that country where there is no night, There we'll dwell in fer - fect peace,
To that hap-py home up in the skies, In that home we all shall dwell,
And no sor-rows there shall ere be known, In that home in bright ar - ray,

And our joy shall nev - er cease, In that cit - y where God is the light.
Where we'll nev-er say fare-well, And no tears shall ev - er dim our eyes.
There with Christ for - ere to stay, We shall sing His praise a-round the throne.

REFRAIN.

I'll be sing - ing .... yes I'll be sing-ing,... . .....
Hal - le - lu - jah by and by,

I'll be sing - ing o - ver there by and by, I'll be sing-ing ....
Hal-le-lu-jah

Property of Southern Music Co, Moultrie, Ga.

I'll Be Singing. Concluded.

Ev - er sing-ing..... ..... I'll be sing-ing o - ver there by and by.
by and by.

No. 129 He Love Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3, Well might the sun in dark-noss hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

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

CHORUS

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know,)

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be-cause He loved me so.

No. 130. WAITING.

JAMES ROWE. J. T. BYNUM.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. O - ver in E - den, fair as the day, Hap-py and peace-ful, look-ing this way;
2. Ended their sorrow, ended their care, Nev- er a bur - den have they to bear;
3. Soon we shall meet them there on the strand, Clasp with re-joic- ing ma - ny a hand;

Loved ones are wait-ing down by the sea, Wait-ing for you and wait-ing for me.
Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, loved ones to meet, Wait-ing to whisper welcome most sweet.
Hear their dear voic-es, sweet as of yore, Know that we shall be part-ed no more.

CHORUS.

Wait-ing for you..... and wait- ing for me,.....
Wait-ing for you and wait-ing for me, yes, waiting for me,
There with their Sav - - iour ev - er to be,.....
There with their Sav-iour ev- er to be, for-ev - er to be,

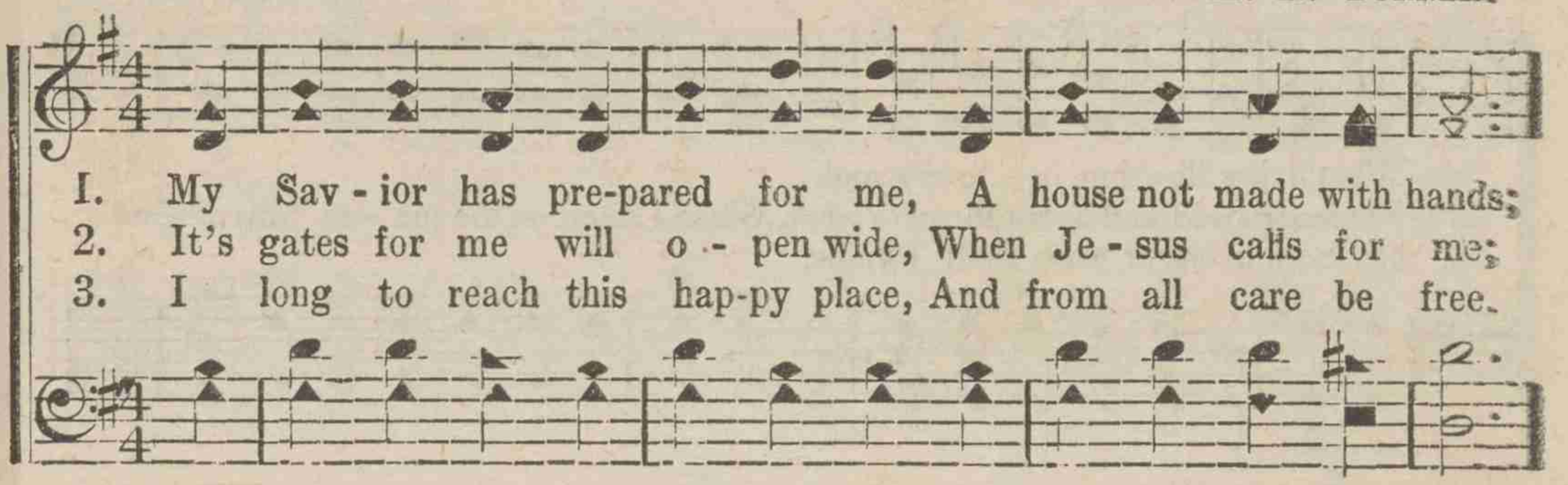
O - ver in E - den,..... hap - py and free;.....
Wait-ing for O - ver in E - den, hap - py and free, and free;

you,..... and wait - ing for me.....
Wait-ing for you and wait - ing for me, yes, wait-ing for me.

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No. 131. A House Not Made With Hands.

A. R. WALTON. H. L. TURNER.





REFRAIN.





H. L. Turner, Owner.

No. 132. The Sunny Hills Of God.

Rev. A. Scolten. Roliins and Lamonds, owners. **Chas. B. Rollins.**

1. What a joy flow-ing in - to my soul,
2. Burdens passed and away they are gone, When I stand on the sun - ny hills of God.
3. No more tri-als of earth shall I know,

Turb'lent waves never more shall they roll,
Peace and love there will be shin-ing on, When I stand on the sun - ny hills of God.
There my soul shall be whiter than snow,

REFRAIN

When I stand on the hills, When I stand on the
When I stand on the hills,

sun-ny hills of God; (hills of God;) What a joy flow-ing in - to my
soul, When I stand on the sun - ny hills of God.
hap - py soul, of God.

No. 133. I'LL BE THERE.

MISS VALLIE WARD. W. W. SLATER.

1. I have start-ed on my jour-ney To that bet-ter land a - bove,
2. If I trust my pre - cious Saviour And His bless-ed word o - bey,
3. Then when this short life is o - ver And my work on earth is done,
4. Come and go with me dear brother To that bless-ed home a - bove,

Hal - le - lu - jah! in that morn - ing I'll be there;

ff

I am walk-ing with my Sav-iour, Sing-ing of His wondrous love, Hal - le -
He has promised to be with me And to lead me all the way, Hal - le -
I will en - ter life e - ter-nal There to wear a shin-ing crown, Hal - le -
There we'll meet our blessed Sav-iour And all those we used to know, Hal - le -

D. S.—Come and go with me to glo - ry Where we'll rest for ev - er-more, Hal - le -

Fine. CHORUS.

lu - jah! in that morning I'll be there. I'll be there,..... yes, I'll be
I'll be there,

there, When that morning breaks e - ter-nal bright and fair;
be o - ver there,

D. S.

No. 134. DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

REV. C. W. RAY. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem-u-lous breath, As we stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest, In the bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man-sions of glo - ry pre- pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on-rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e- ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran-somed the dark-ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo-ry beyond the dark stream, How peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on-ly a dream.

Owned by H. A. R. Horton and R. M. McIntosh. Used by per.

No. 135. My Home is There.

Copyright, 1922, by McD Weams., in "Crowning Hymns. No. 2."

James Rowe. P. B. Jones.

1. There is a land..... a-bove the skies..... A hap - py
2. In this bright land..... ... there is no night,..... For Je-sus
3. In this bright land..... I shall a - dore..... ..... My Sav-ior
4. O sin-ner, won't..... ..... you trust my Lord,..... That you may

place..... ..... called par-a-dise;..... ..... Its walks are gold,.....
is..... ..... its endless light..... And there I know,.....
dear..... for-ev-er-more;..... For praise His name.....
have..... ..... the true reward;..... A home a-bove..... .....

its skies are fair,..... ..... And, praise the Lord, my home is there.
some dear ones wait,..... To meet me at the cit - y gate,
for - ev - er, He..... Prepares my "home sweet home" for me.
where you would be,..... ..... At rest for all e - ter - ni - ty?

D.S. its joys I'll share, (its joys I'll share) And that is why I'm go - ing there.

REFRAIN.

Yes,..... my home is there Home.....
Yes, my home is there, yes, my home is there, Home beyond compare,

be-yond com-pare (beyond compare,) And sure-ly all, (And sure-ly all)

136. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec- tion share; When His
3. Let me la - bor for my Mas - ter from the dawn till set- ting sun, Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath- er to their home beyond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the

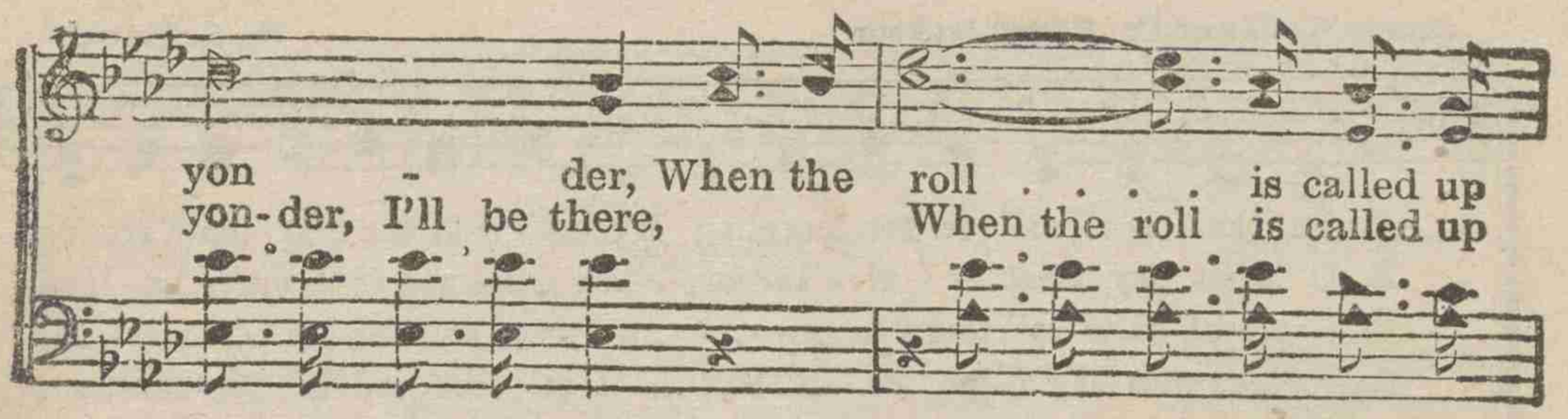
CHORUS.

roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there.

When the roll . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

Copyright, 1803, by Chas. H. Gabriel. J. M. Black, owner.

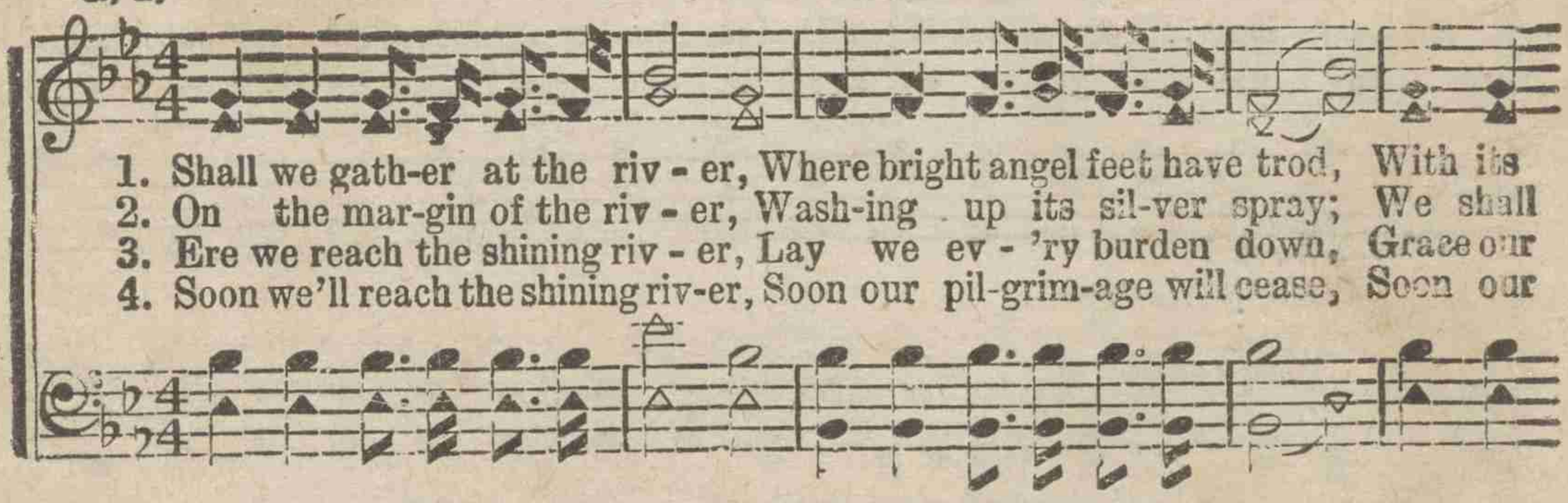
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.

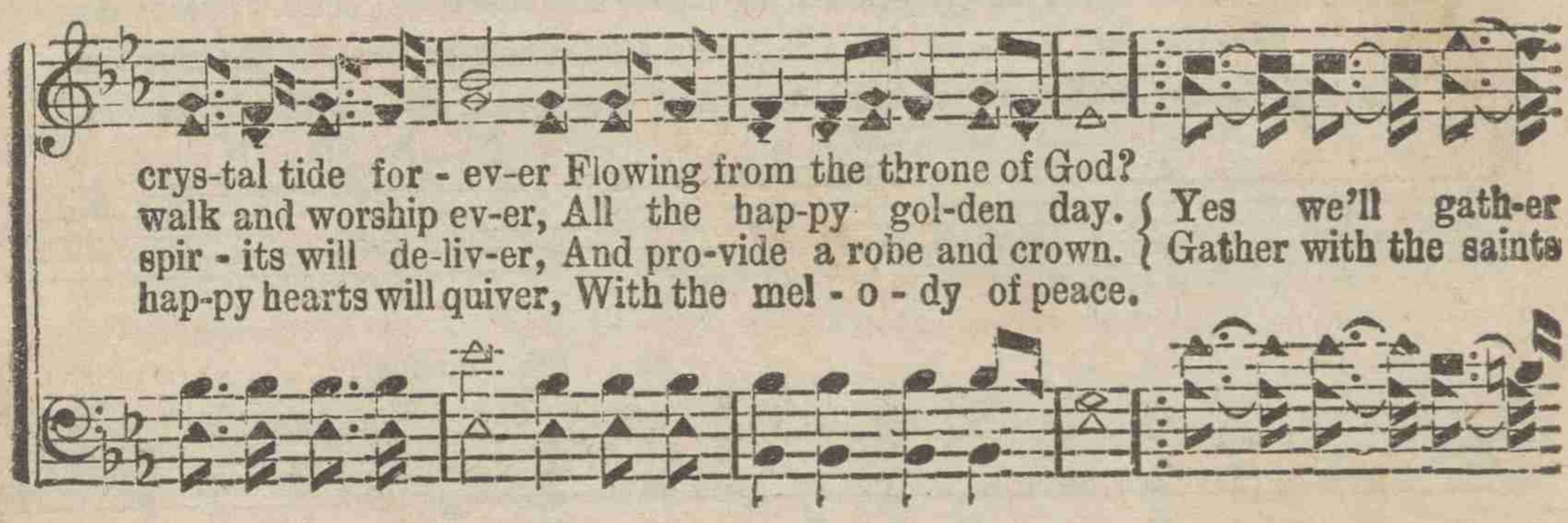




No. 137. Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.







No. 138 He is Coming in the Clouds

W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1921

James Wells and Dr. Edgar Jackson — W. S. Tidwell

1. On the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing We shall hear the clar - ion warn-ing,
2. O what joy, what ex - ul - ta-tion, When redeemed from ev-'ry na - tion,
3. Robes of white will there be giv - en, As we en - ter in - to heav - en,
4. Friends who long a - go de - part-ed Left us lone and bro-ken-heart-ed,

Hear the call (shall hear the call) of trump - et loud; (the trump-et loud;)
Shall com-pose (yes, shall com-pose) the ran-somed crowds; (the ran-somed crowds;)
Cast - ing off (yes, cast-ing off) the som-ber shrouds; (all somber shrouds;)
As we went (yes, as we went) in sor - row bowed; (in sor-row bowed;)

From the tombs there shall come leaping Those a-wakened from death's sleep-ing,
How each one will glad - ly greet Him, How each heart will thrill to meet Him,
Nev - er care or nev - er sor - row We shall know on that bright mor-row,
We shall greet with fond em-brac - es, As we gaze in - to their fac - es,

in the clouds.....

At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.
At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.
For He's com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) yes, He's com-ing in the clouds.
At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.

in the clouds.....

He is Coming in the Cloud.

REFRAIN

Sing ho - san-nas, Sing ho - san-nas;
Sing, O sing, sing ho-san-nas, long and loud;

When the Lord each bod - y rais - es, We will shout and sing His prais-es,
in the clouds.....

At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.
in the clouds.....

No. 139 Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley — Felice Giardini

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word. Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence evermore! Thy sov'reign

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us. An cient of Days!
people bless, And give Thy word success; Spir it of ho - li-ness. On us de - scend!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 140. Watching You.

J. M. H. J. M. Henson.

1. All a - long on the road to the souls true a-bode There's an eye
2. As you make life's great fight, keep the pathway of right,
3. Fix your mind on the goal that sweet home of the soul, There's an eye

watch-ing you; Ev - 'ry step that you take this great eye is a - wake,
God will warn not to go in the path of the foe,
watch-ing you; Nev - er turn from the way to the king - dom of day,

REFRAIN.

There's an eye watching you. Watching you, watch-ing
There's an eye watching you, Watchiug you,
you, Ev-'ry day mind the course you pursue. Watching you
watching you, watching you,
watch-ing you, There's an all see - ing Eye watch-ing you.
watch-ing you,

J. M. Henson.

No. 141. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with the Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;

More of his sav - ing full- ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach- er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his com-ing, Prince of Peace.

CHORUS.

More, more a- bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

More of his sav - ing full- ness see, More of his love who died for me.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

142. WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to - night on this won - der - ful peace, Rest-ing sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com-fort or rest, March-ing down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be.
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

REFRAIN.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep o - ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

By per. D. E. Towner, owner of copyright.

No. 14?

My Home Above.

A. J. S.

A. J. Sims.

1. This world is not..... my rest-ing place..... I have a home
2. In this sad world..... of pain and care,..... So man - y ills
3. 'Twill not be long..... ere I shall see..... That blessed place

This world is not my resting place, I have a home

a - bove..... Where I shall see..... my Savior's face.....
be - set;..... But when my Lord..... ..... shall call me there.....
of rest;..... Which Christ my Lord..... prepares for me .....
a - bove, a home above; Where I shall see my Savior's face

RFFRAIN.

FINE.

And rest with - in (And rest within) His love (His boundless love.) My home a -
My troub-les I'll (my troubles I'll) for - get, (I will for-get.)
With - in His king - - dom blest. (His kingdom blest.)

D. S. My sweet e - ter - - nal home. (my hap-py home.)

bove (my home a - bove,) sweet home of love (sweet home of love,) Where sin can nev - er
Where sin can nev-er

D. S.

come (can never come,) Oh, that will be (oh, that will be) the place for me (the place for me.)

A. J. Sims, owner, Dalton. Ga.

144. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"*What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?*"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that migh - ty com - pa - ny,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be? Oh, pre-

ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot!

CHORUS.

We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
And a mansion bright a-bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we see,

Oh, what shall our answers be? When that see, day we see,
Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

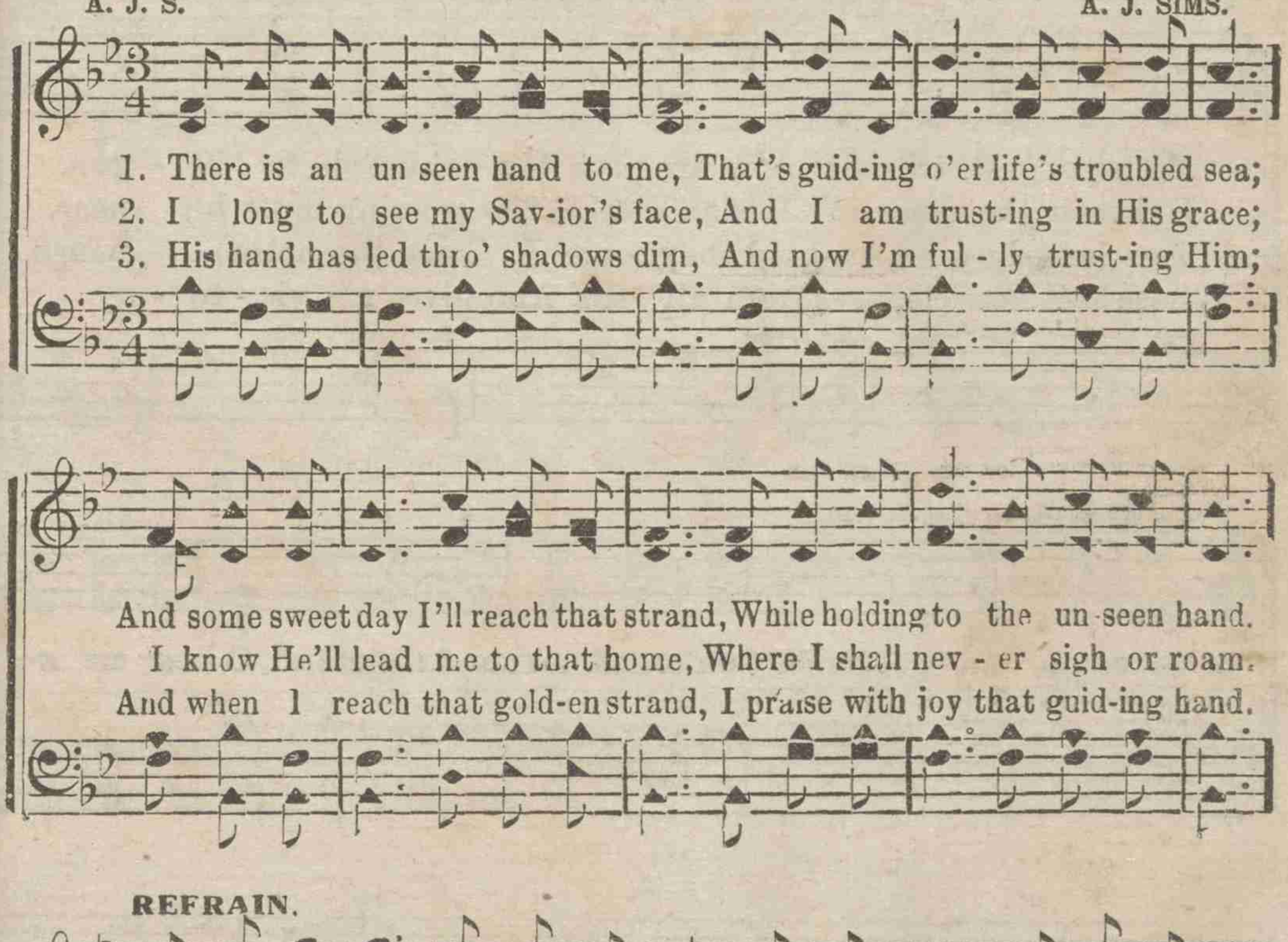
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

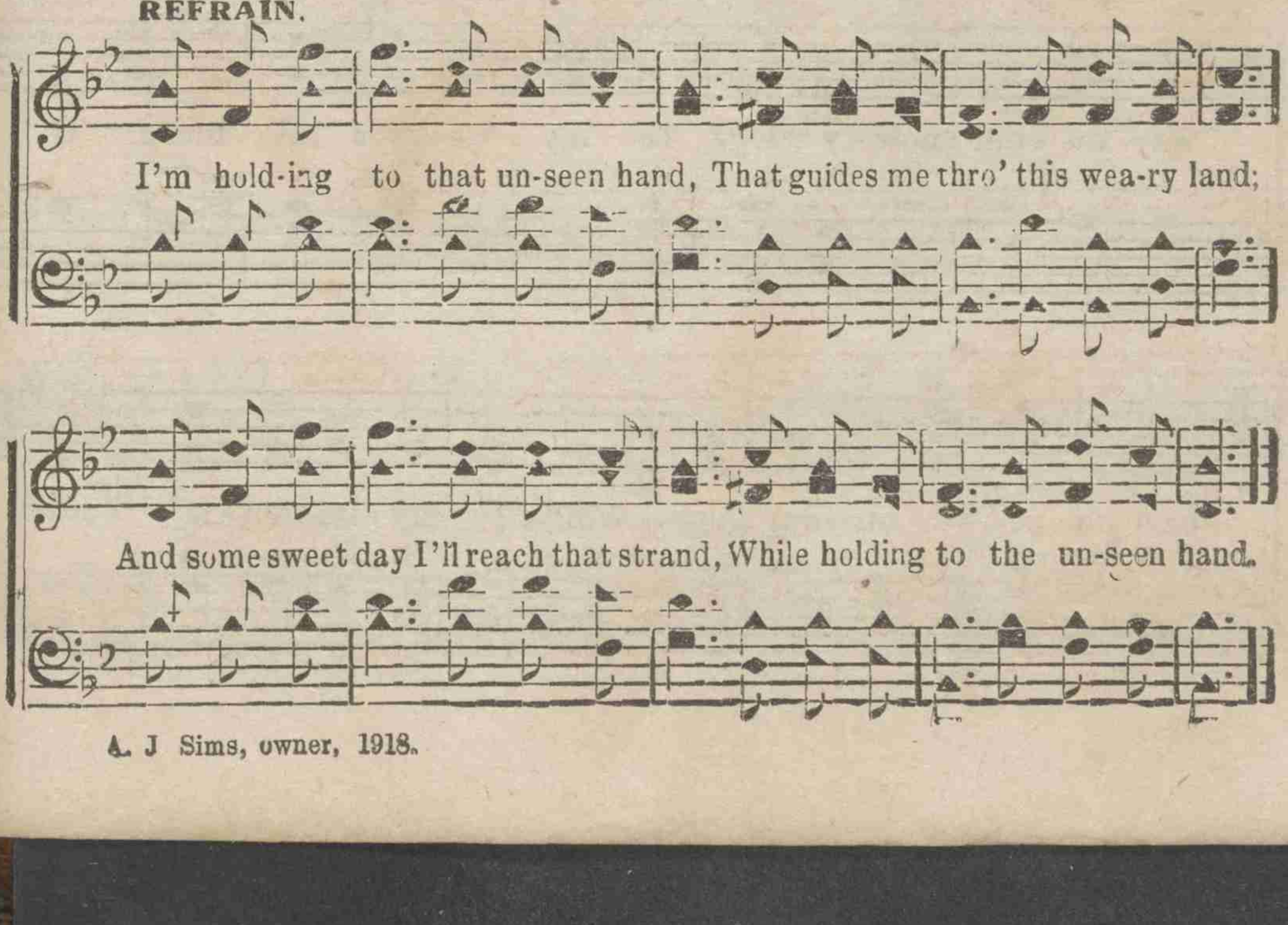


No. 145 The Unseen Hand.

A. J. S. A. J. SIMS.



REFRAIN.



A. J Sims, owner, 1918.

NO. 146 ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. ARR. by J. B. V.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-

way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

Sweet By and By.

W. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

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
trib - ute 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 - low our days. In the sweet

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

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

NO 148.

AT THE CROSS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

149. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

Words and music by F. L. EILAND.

1. O there is a time when the mes-sage will come, Don't you want to be
2. To - day is the day of sal - va - tion for all, Can you say you are
3. O yes, there's a time when the mes-sage will come, Are you will - ing and

read-y to go? O sin - ner, the Sav-iour in - vites you to - day, Will you
read-y to go? A home and a crown is a - wait - ing for thee, Will you
read-y to go? This mo-ment the Sav - iour is plead - ing for thee, Sin - ner,

CHORUS.

hear and be read-y to go? Read - - y to go,
come and be read-y to go?
say, are you read-y to go? Watching and waiting and read-y to go, Don't you

Read - - y to go, Don't you want to be read-y to
want to be wait - ing and read-y to go? yes,

go? go?..... Don't you want to be read-y to go?
read-y to go? read-y to go?

Copyright, 1886, by F. L. Eiland

No. 150. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY 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 - mis-sion, 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 - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

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

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Jno. F. Knapp.

No. 151 'OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. By per.

1. Oh, do not let the world depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise, To bless thy long-de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our blessed Lord re-fus-ed none, Who would to Him their souls unite.

CHORUS.

Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night. Oh, why not to-night?

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

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

No. COME, EVERY SOUL.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. Used by per.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

No. 153.

I Must Tell Jesus.

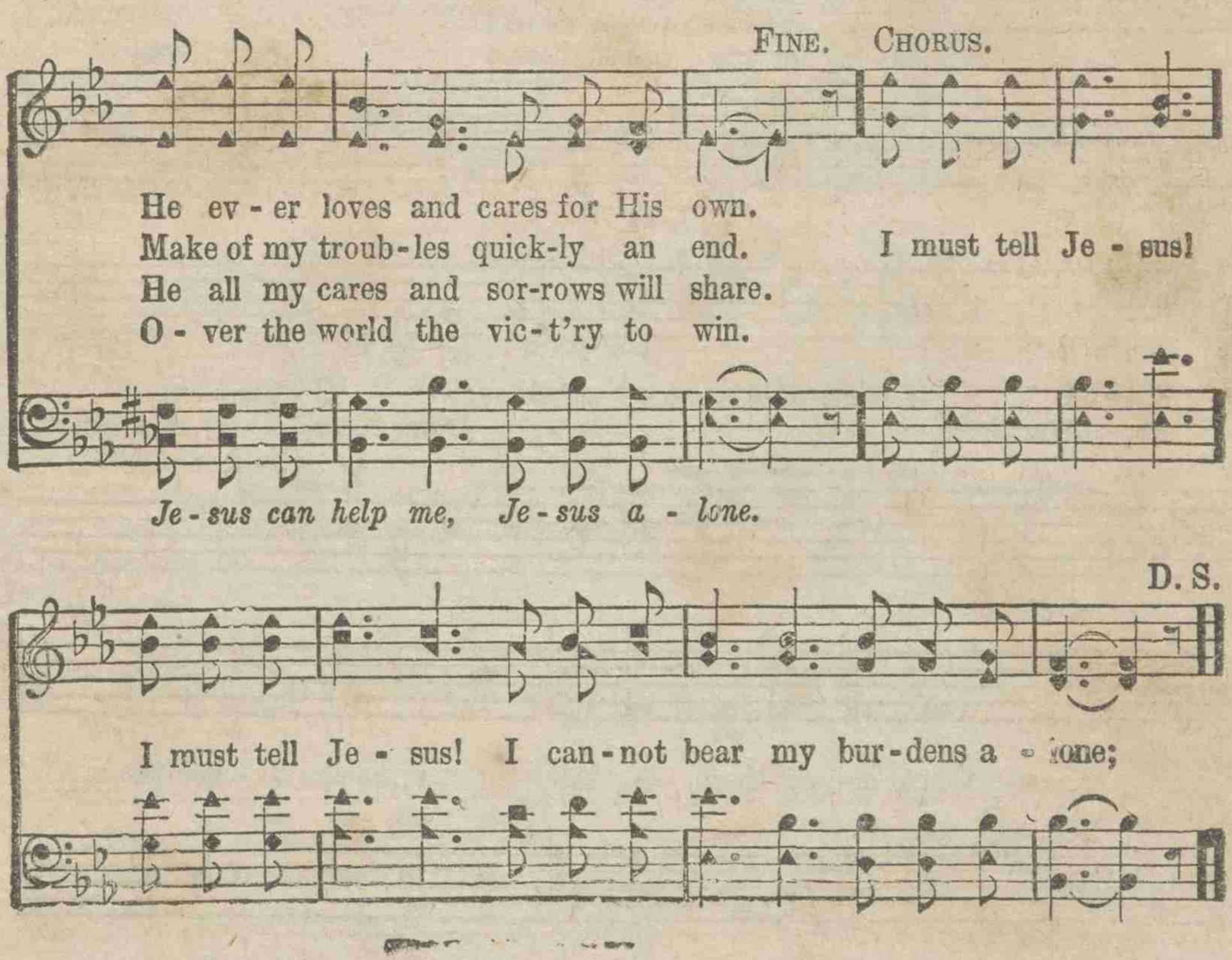
COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.







154. OVER THERE. P. M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, (o-ver there;) Where the saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
trod, (o-ver there;) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest, (o-ver there;) Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me
see, (o-ver there;) Ma-ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

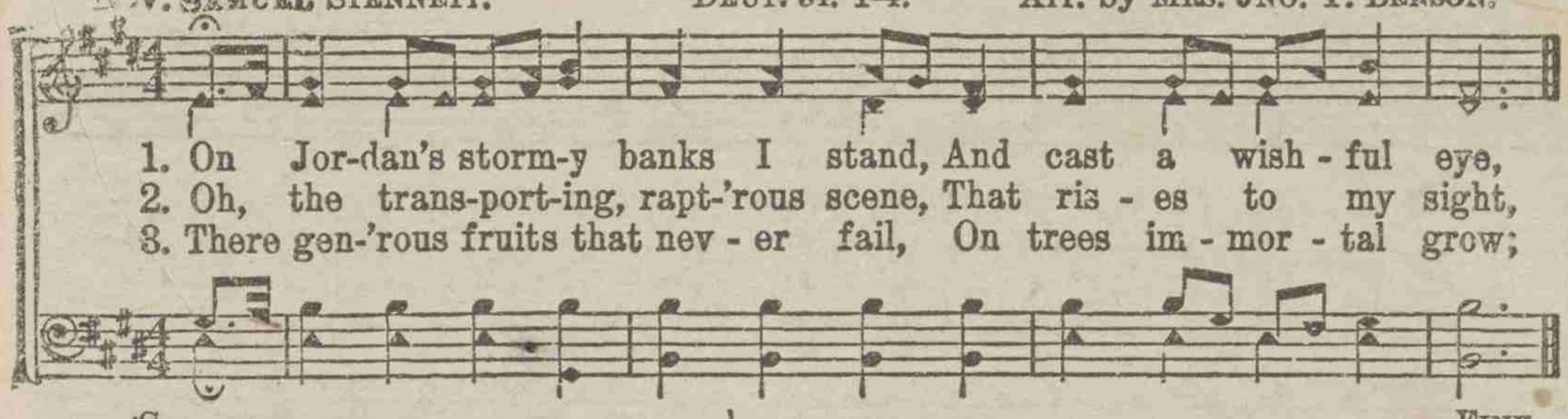
robed in their garments of white (o-ver there.) O-ver there, o-ver
home in the pal-ace of God (o-ver there.)
fly to the land of the blest (o-ver there.)
watching and wait-ing for me (o-ver there.) O-ver there,

there, O think of a home o-ver there; O-ver there,
o-ver there, O-ver there, o-ver there,

O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there.

155. I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. DEUT. 34: 1-4. Arr. by MRS. JNO. T. BENSON.



4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

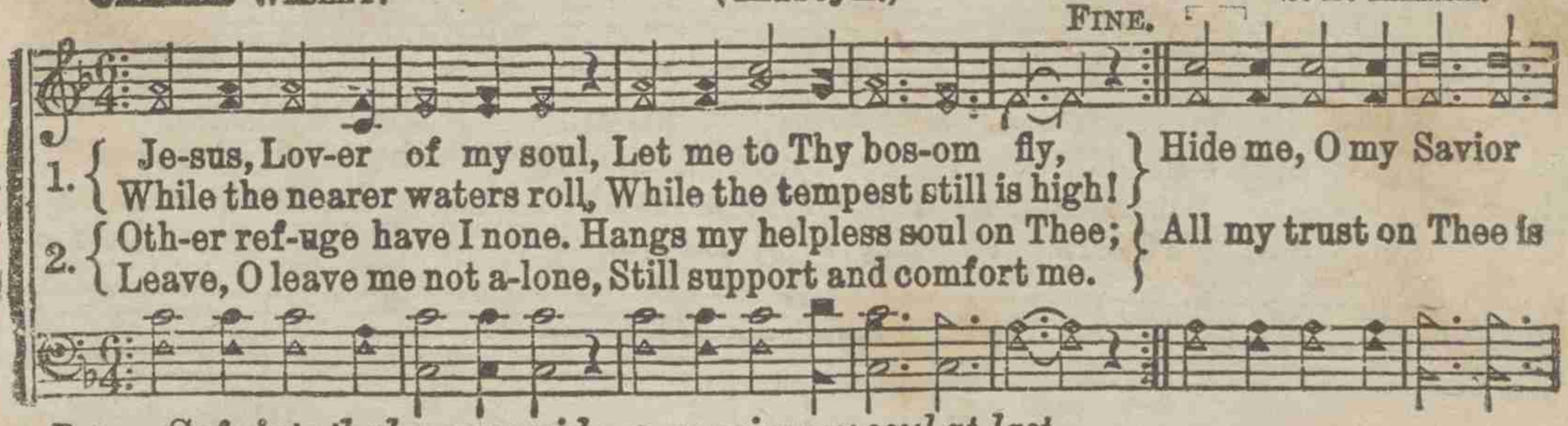
5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

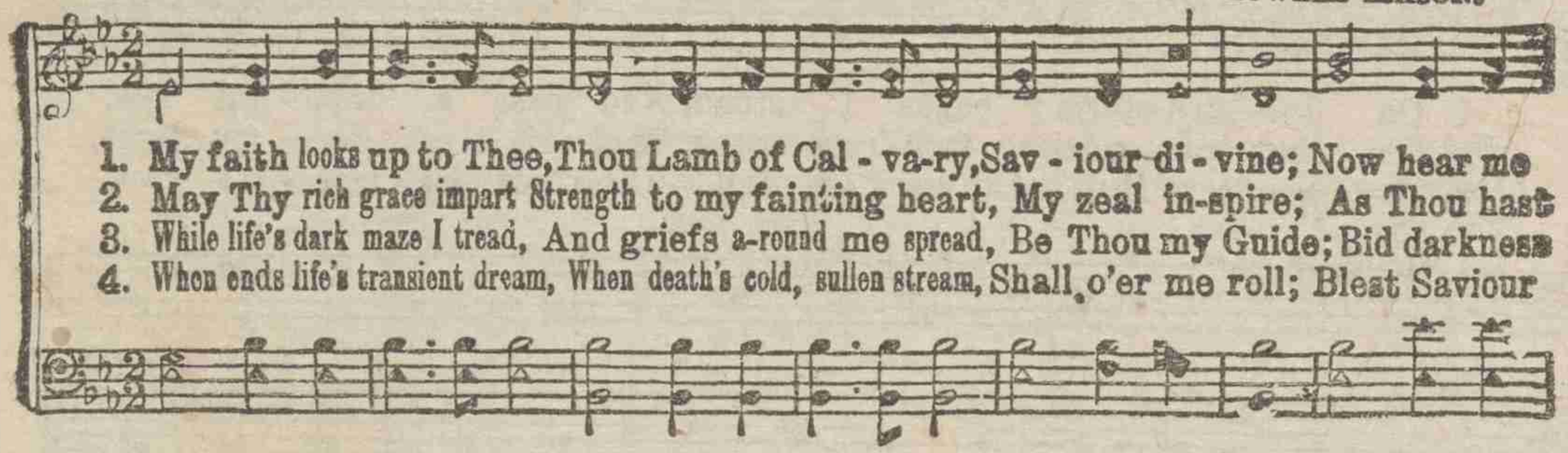
CHARLES WESLEY. (Martyn.) S. B. MARSH.



3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint!
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace!

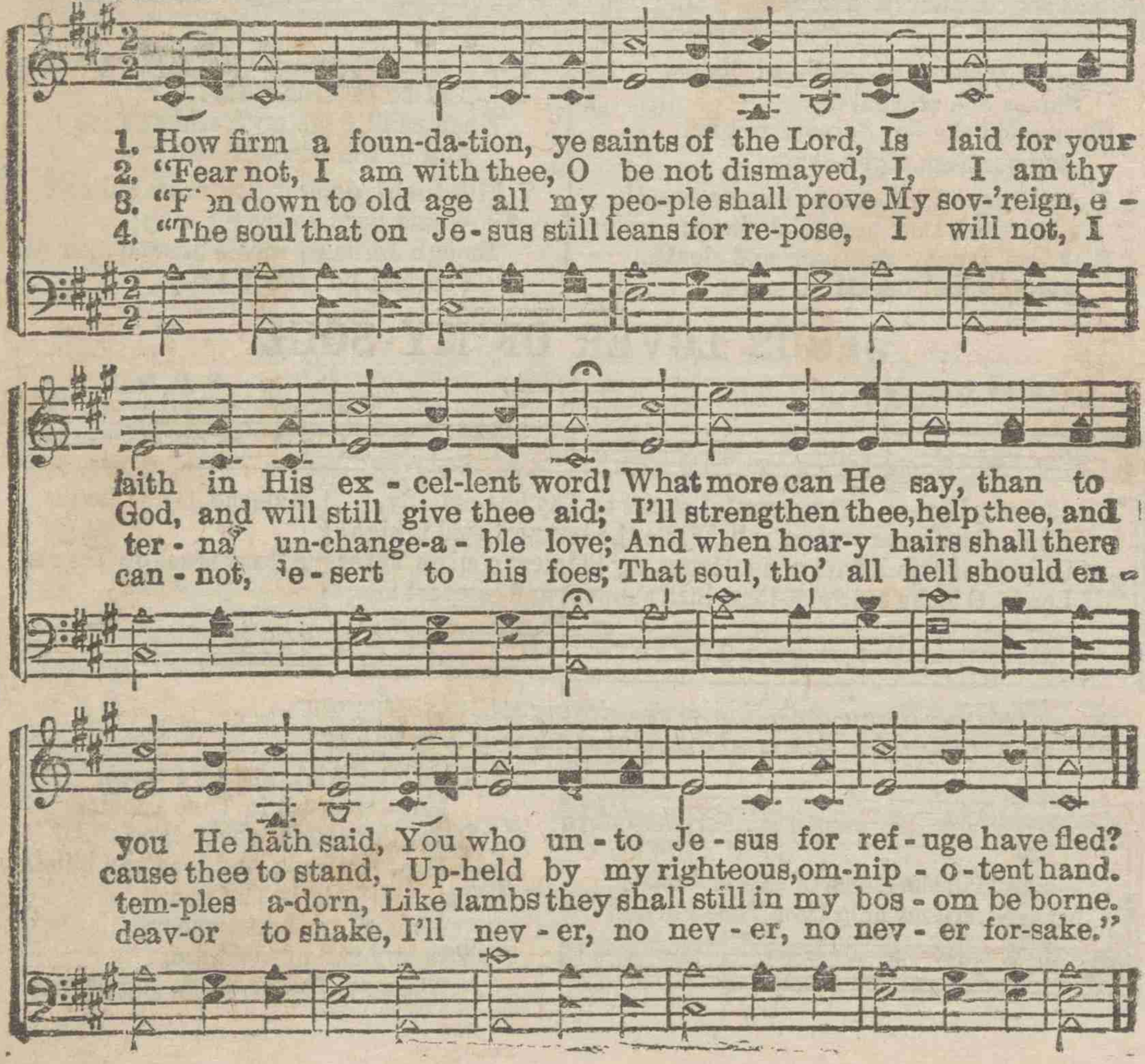
No. 156. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



No. 157. How Firm a Foundation, 11s.

GEO. KEITH. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

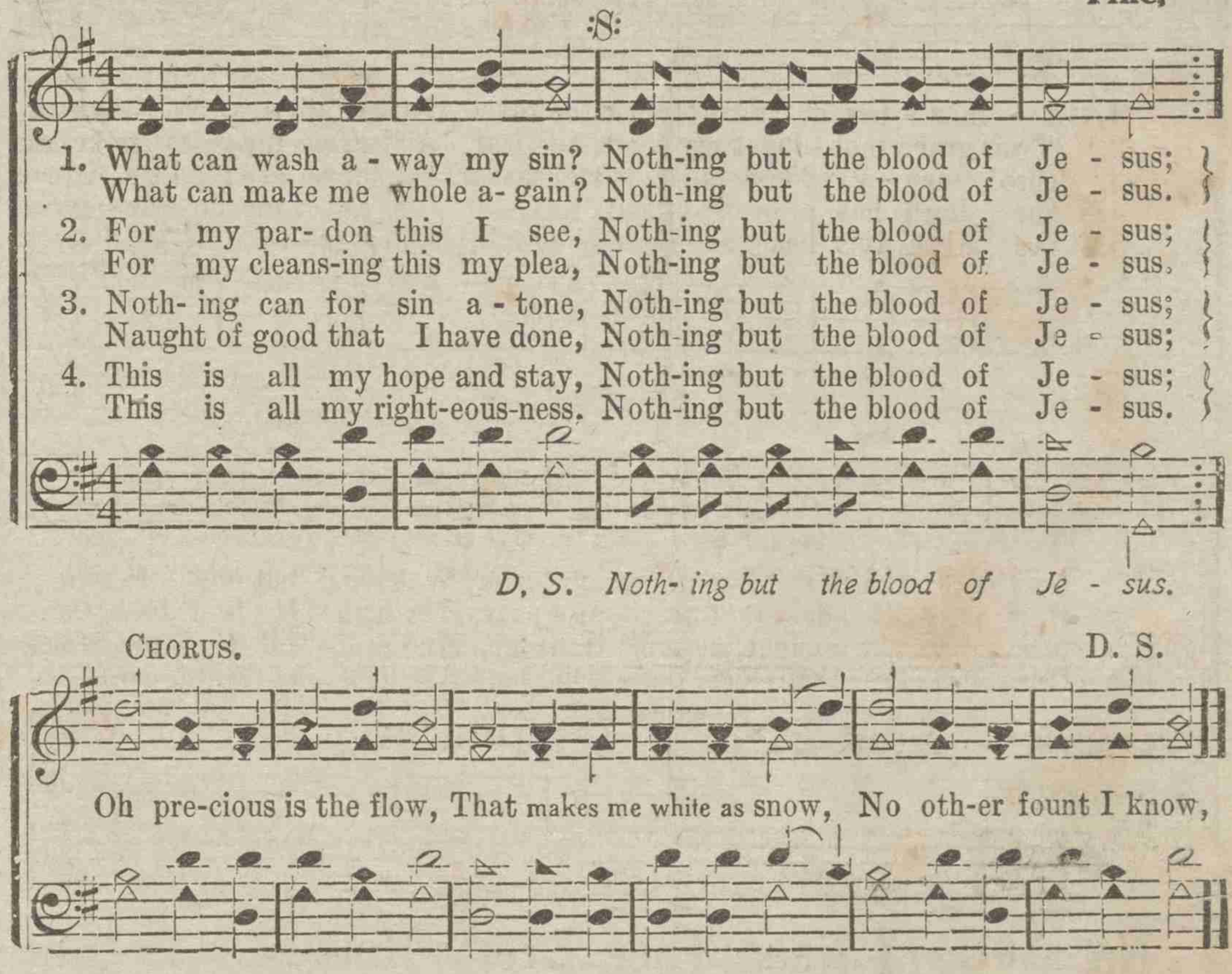


No. 158. Nothing But the Blood.

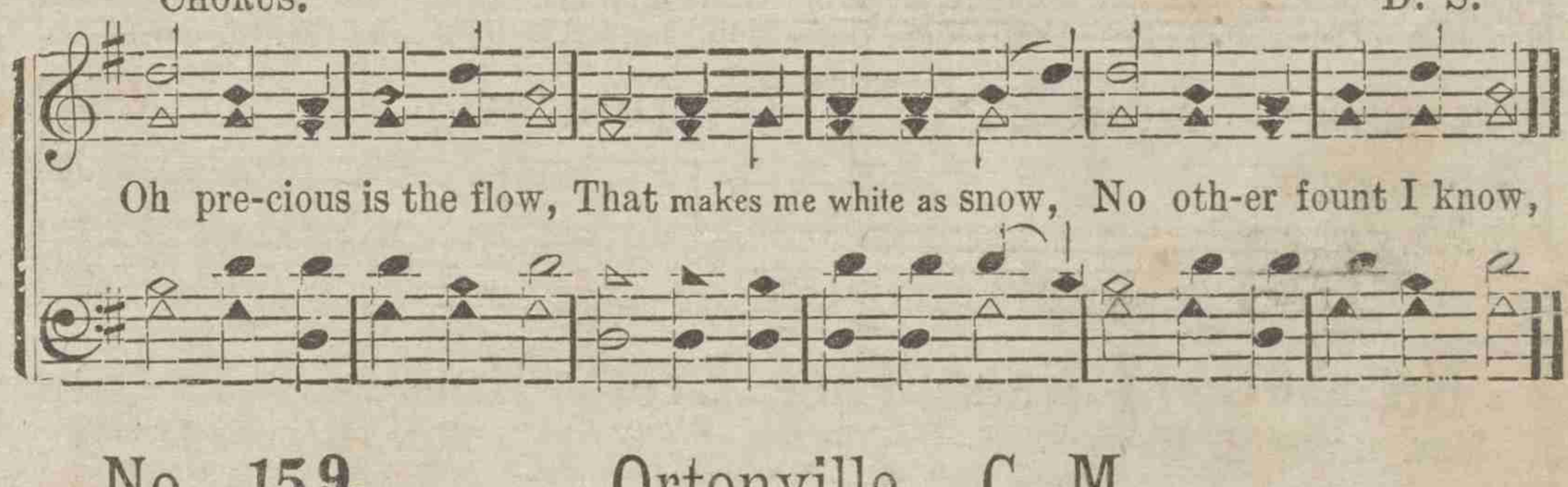
R. L.

R. LOWRY.

Fine.

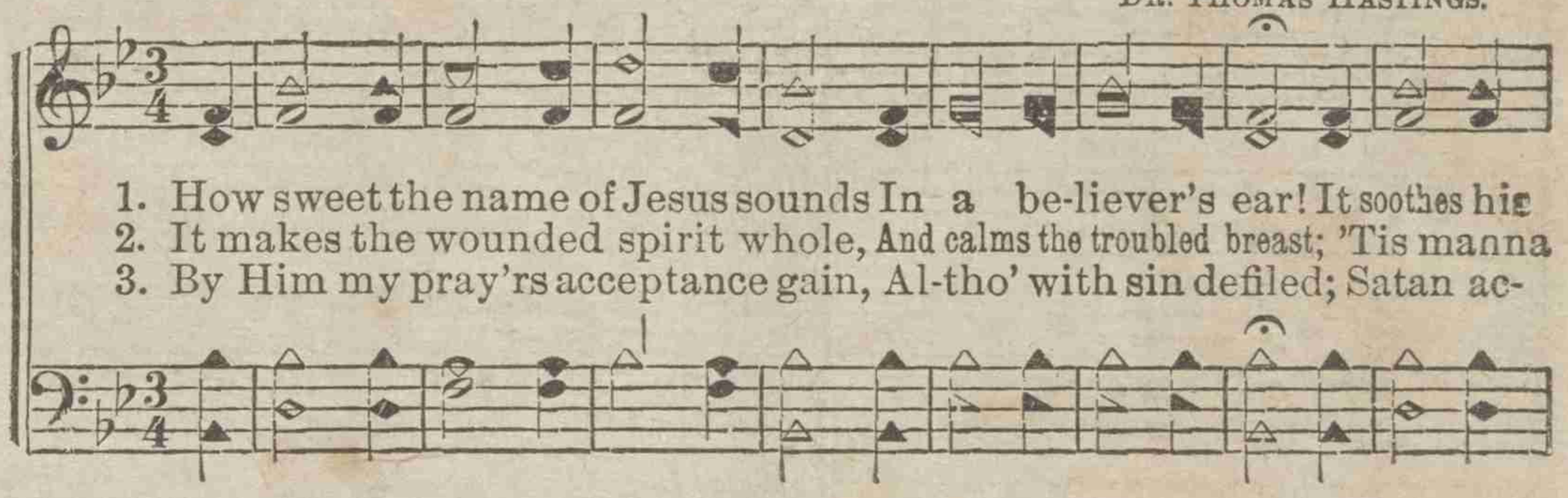


CHORUS. D. S.



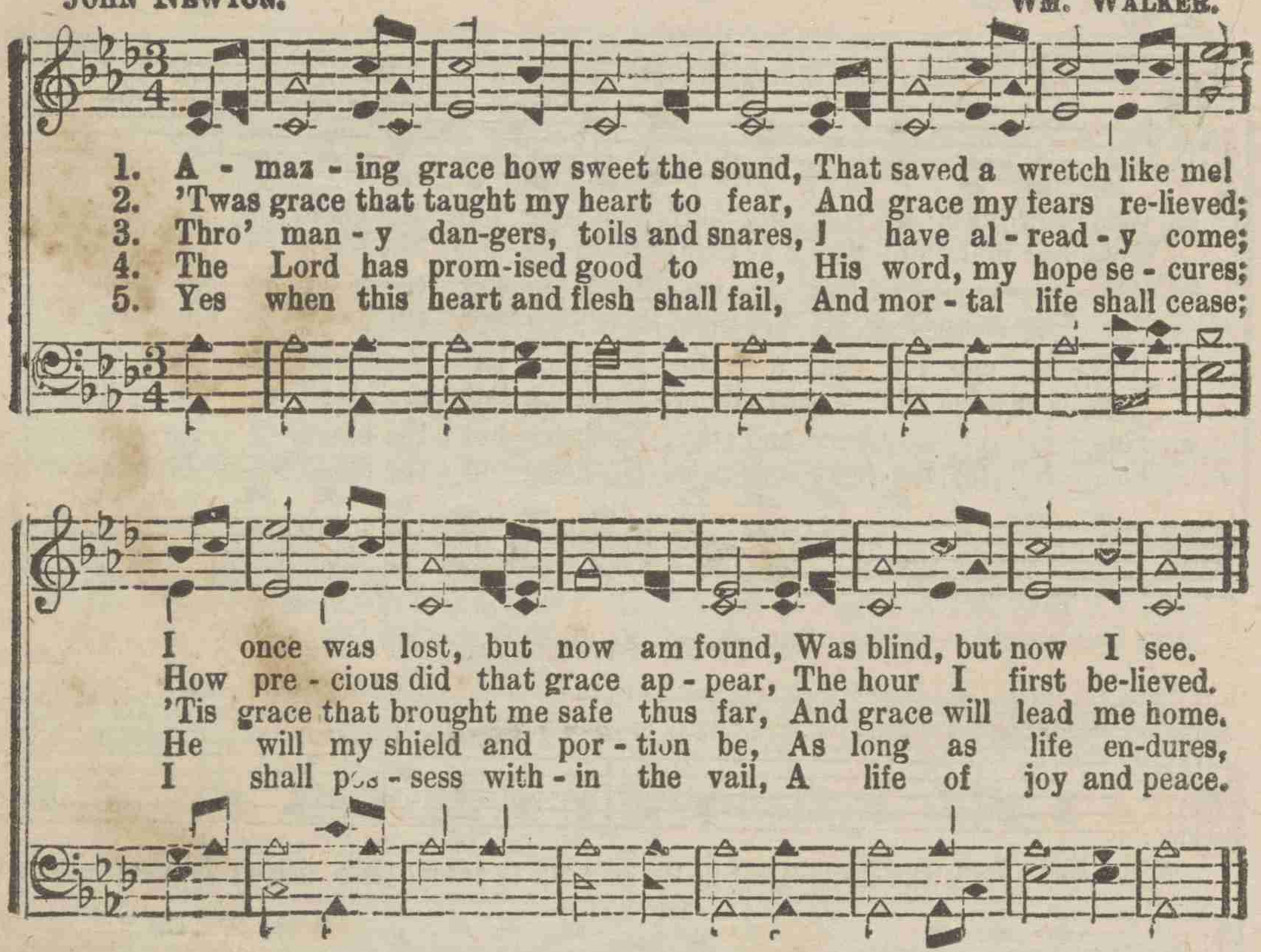
No. 159. Ortonville. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 160. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER.



No. 161. I Need Thee Every Hour.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

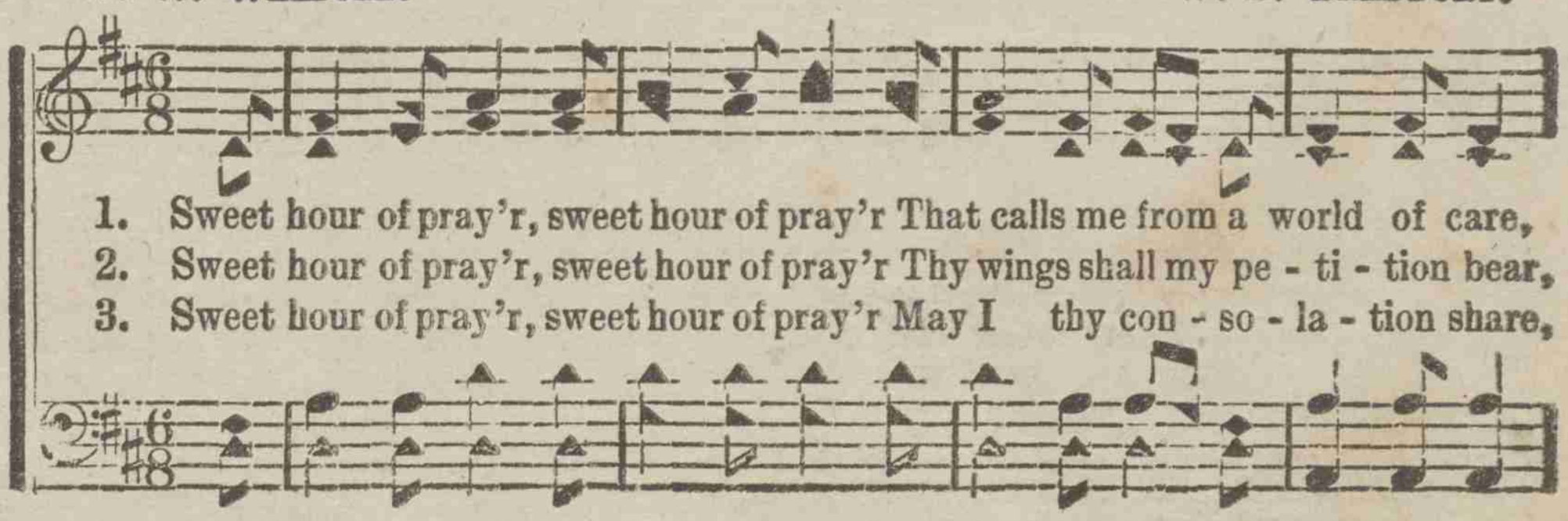


I Need Thee Every Hour. Concluded.

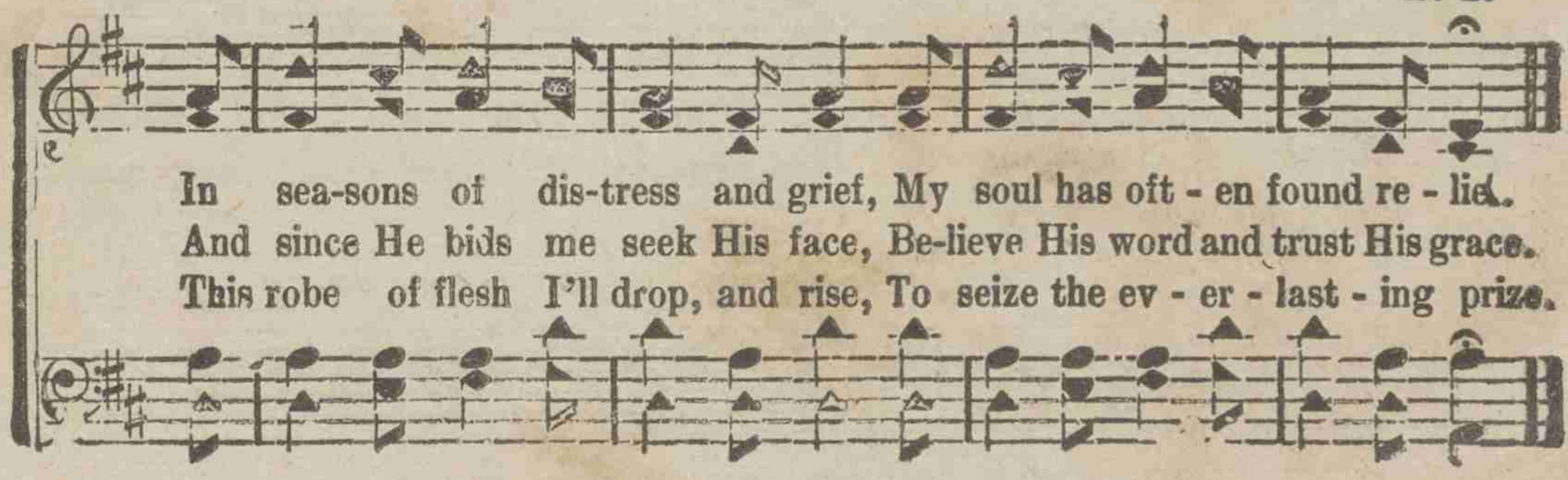


No. 162. Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.







No. 163. Old-Time Religion.

Old melody. Arr. by H. F. M.



3 It has saved all our fathers,
It has saved all our fathers,
It has saved all our fathers,
It's good enough for me.

4 It will save all our children,
It will save all our children,
It will save all our children,
It's good enough for me.

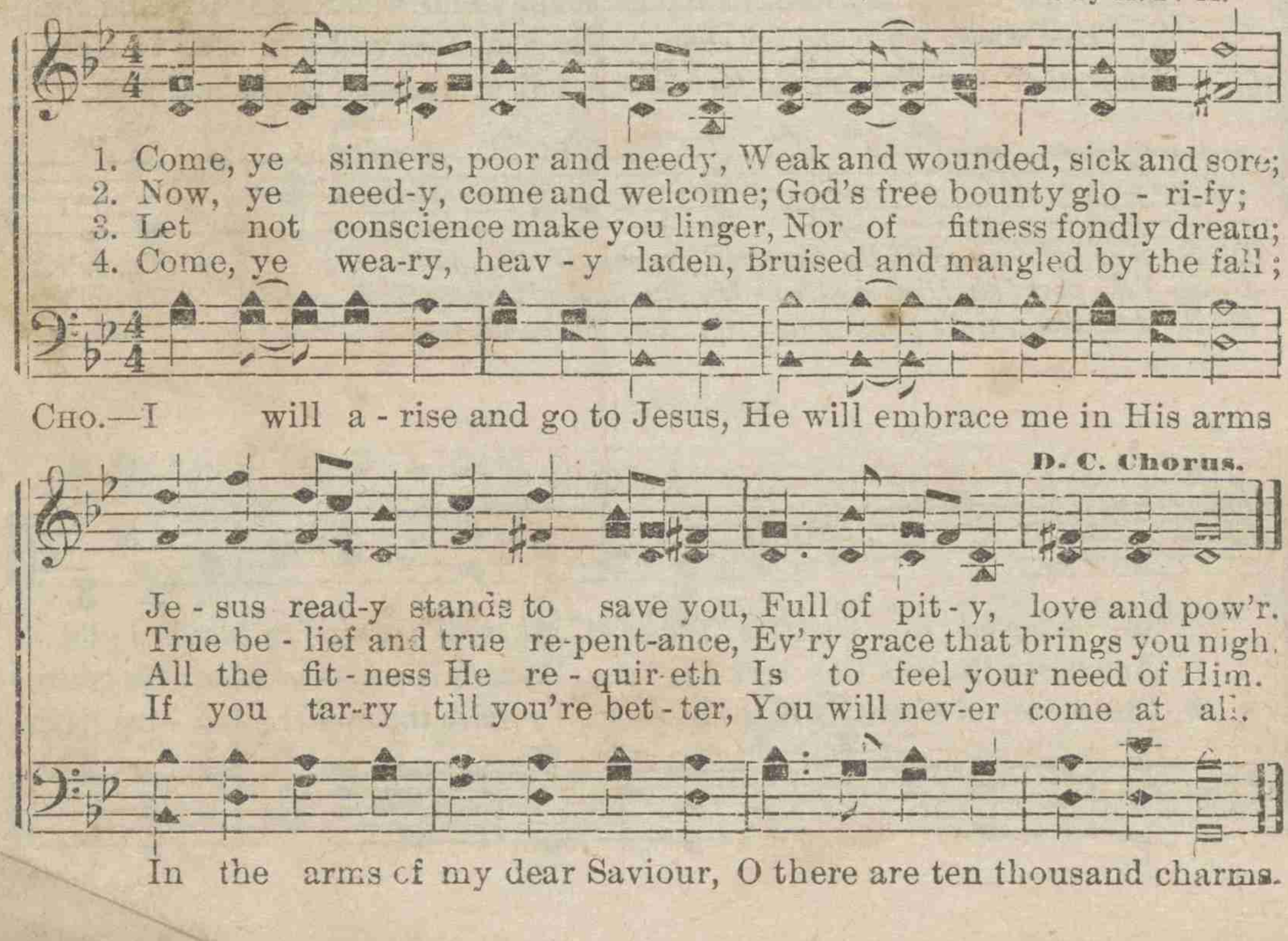
5 It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

6 It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.

7 It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It's good enough for me.

No. 164. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Arr. by H. F. M.



165. THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



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

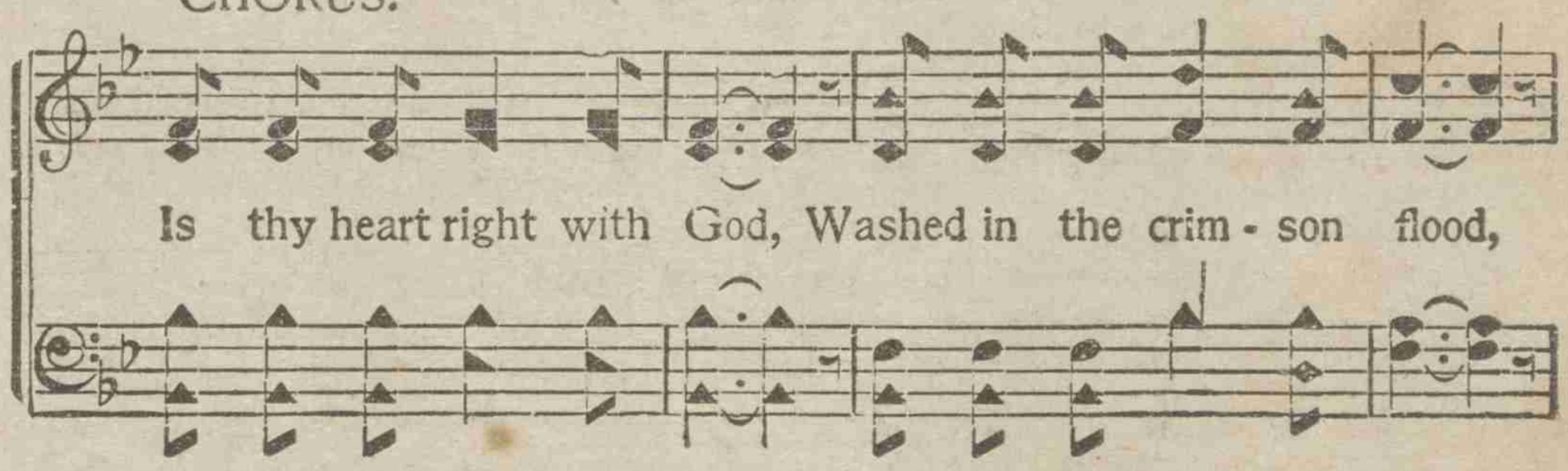




Countest thou all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the tem- ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



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

Cleansed and made holy, humble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

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No 166 HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home;
   Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. } Dan - ger and sor - row stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil - grimage, Heav'n is my home. } Time's cold and wint'ry blast
3. There at my Savior's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. } There are the good and blest,



Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
Shall soon be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 167 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee

168. While Jesus Whispers.

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W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!

169. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Lowell Mason.

Second Tune.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains;
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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

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

170. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. T. C. O'Kane.

Third Tune.

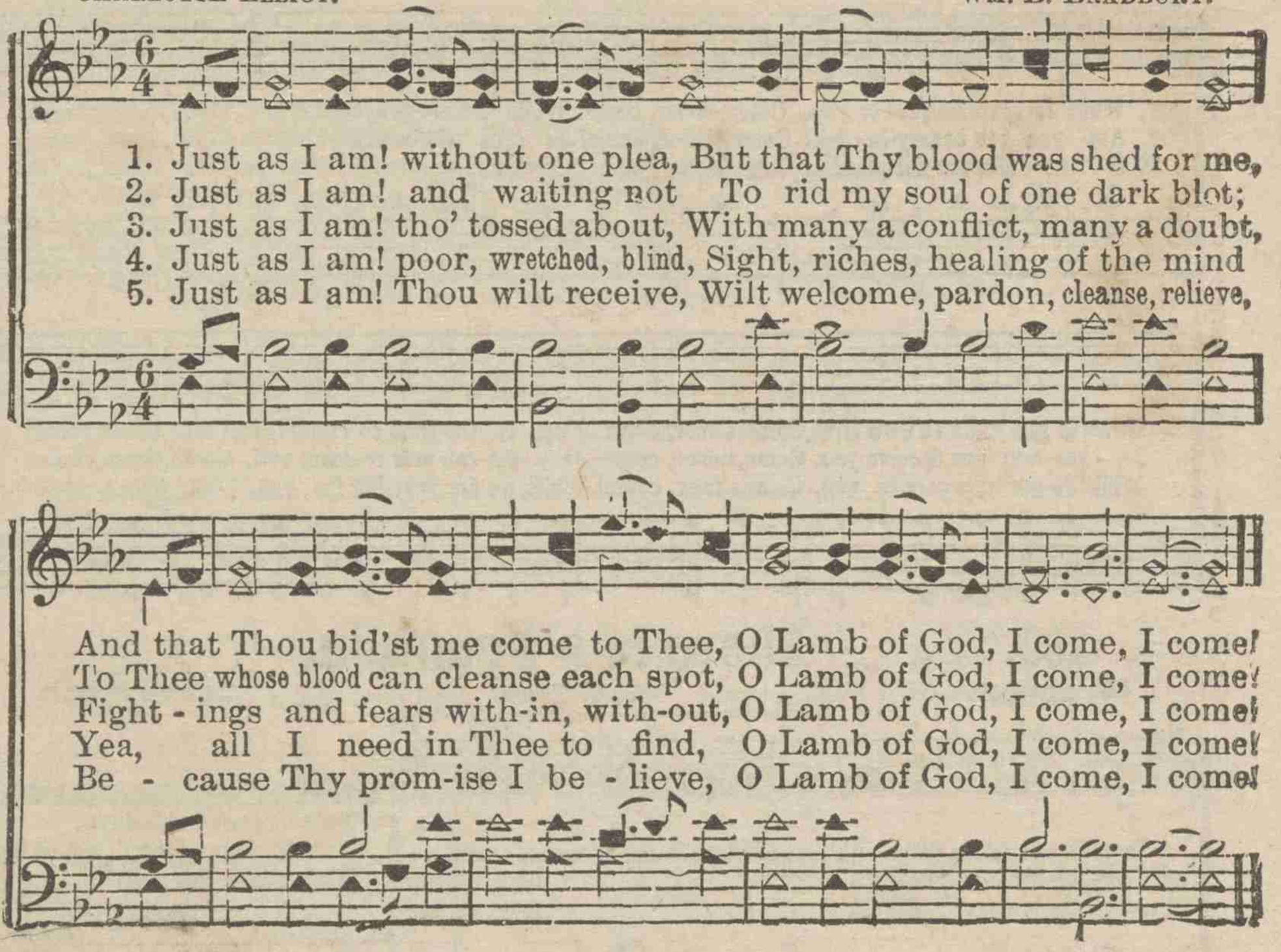
1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

No. 171. WOODWORTH. L. M.

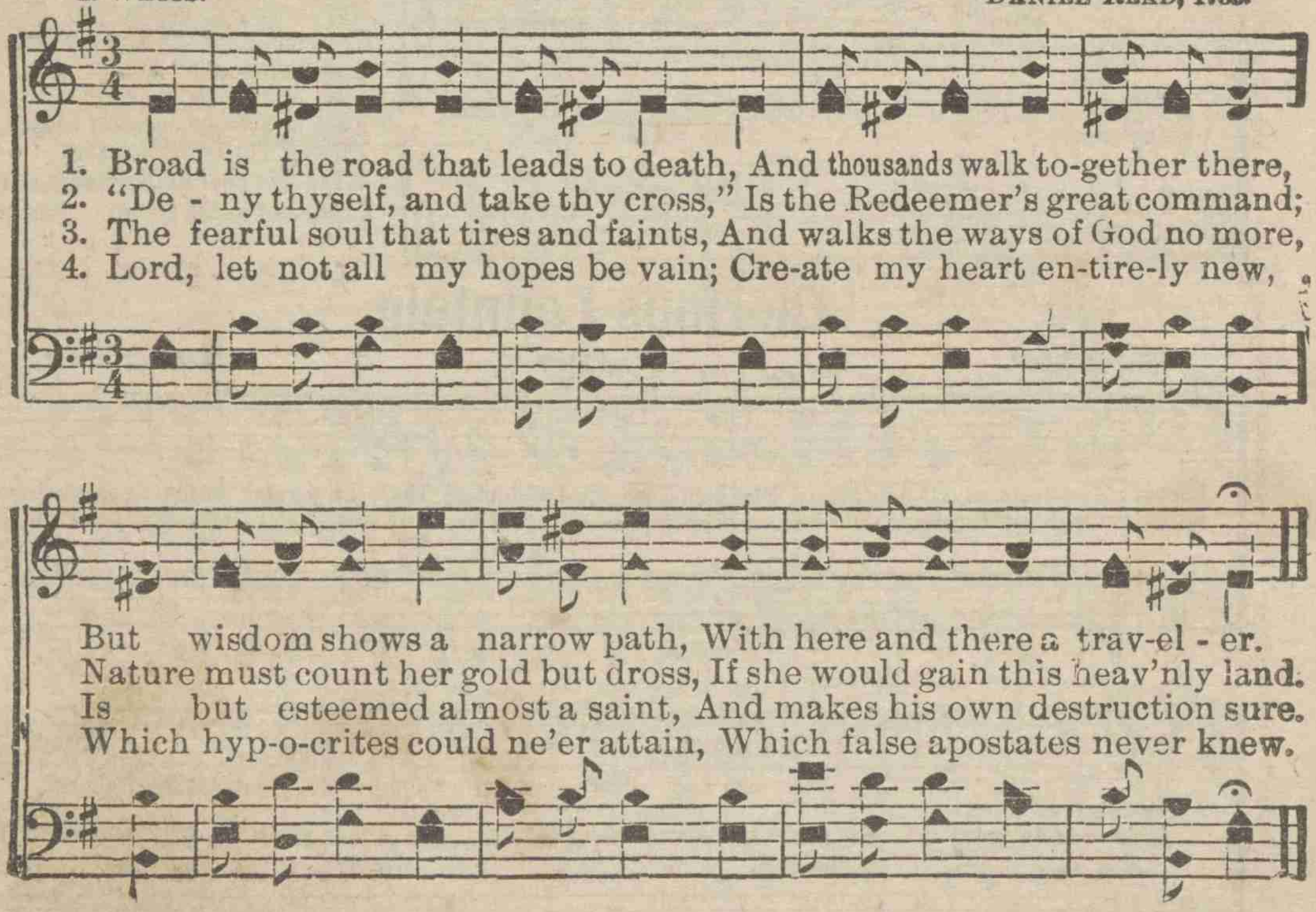
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 172. WINDHAM. L. M.

The broad and narrow way.—MATT. 7: 13, 14.

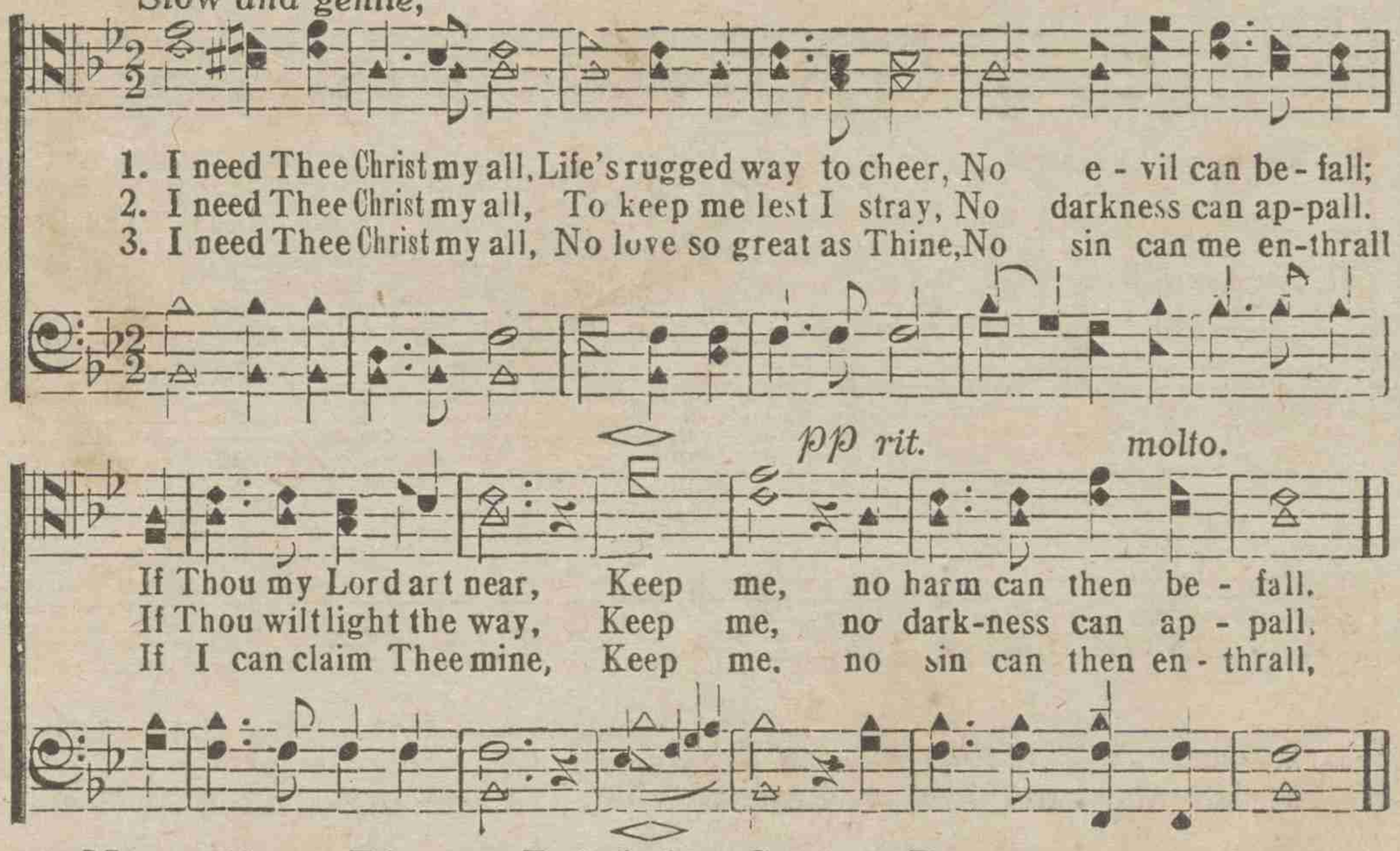
I. WATTS. DANIEL READ, 1786.



No. 173. Thou Art My All.

W. H. Ruebúsh. **I. B. Woodbury.**

Slow and gentle,



No. 174. Bloom Brightly, Sweet Roses.

In memory of my father,—C. L. S.

C. L. Shaw. Copyright, 1894, by S. J. Perry. Used by per. **E. B. Fowler.**

Slowly with feeling.



No. 175. The Heaven-Bound Train.

E. M. Bartlett. McD. Waams.

1. There's a heav'n-bound train that's go-ing To the land be-yond the sea
2. There,s no wreck up - on this rail-road And the train will not be late;
3. Friends will meet us at the de - pot Who have long gone on be - fore;

And the chris-tians all are on it Speed-ing to e - ter - ni - ty;
You must be or time, my broth-er, As it will not for you wait;
We will live with them for - ev - er O - ver on the gold - en shore;

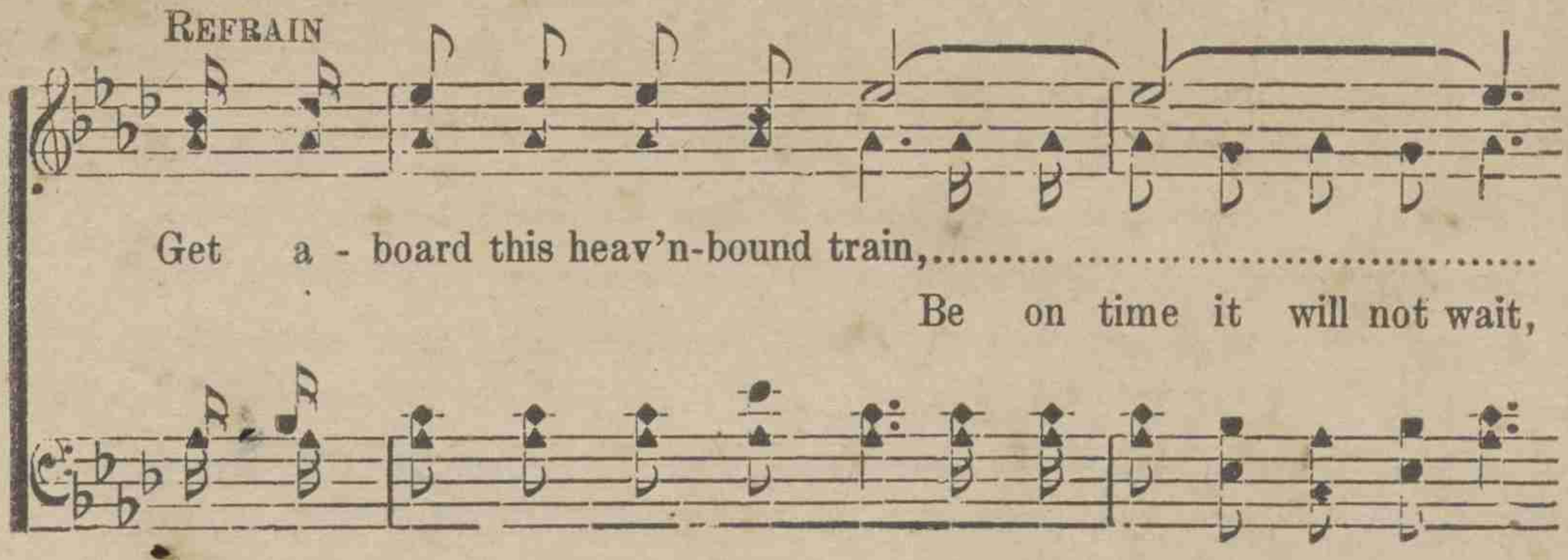
It is on that heav'n-ly rail - road That leads in - to the sky,
Get your tick - et now and board it, It is of - fered to you free,
For we have a one - way tick - et And can - not re - turn a - gain,

This train will reach the de - pot Up in heav - en by and by.
Christ set'- tled for your pas-sage On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
We'll praise the Lord for - ev - er That we rode this heav'n-bound train.

McD. Weams, owner. 1922.

The Heaven-Bound Train.

REFRAIN









No. 176.

Goodby!

Copyright, in Echoes of Glory" by R. G. Clark.

R. G. C.

Roswell G. Clark.

1. Oh, it makes me sad and lone-ly, when I have to part with you, When we say to one an - oth - er, good - by! But my fan-cy seems to tell me
2. There are man - y sep - a - ra - tions in this wea-ry world below. When we say to one an - oth - er, good - by! There's a fi - nal des - ti na - tion
3. Soon I'll reach my home e - ter - nal, that ce - les-tial home sweet home, When we say to one an - oth - er, good - by! There in ec - sta - cy su - per - nal,

that our friendship will be true, When we say to one an-oth er, good-by!
where the longing soul would go, When we say to one an-oth-er, good-by!
with the saints I'll ev - er roam, Where we'll nev-er tell each oth-er, good-by

REFRAIN.

Good - by! good - by! Here we
Good - by dear friends good-by! good - by! dear friends goodby! Here we