Perfect Praise

BY

JAMES D. VAUGHAN

GEO. W. BACON

JOHN McPHERSON

H. HORTON HOWARD

W. HENRY MILFORD

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PERFECT PRAISE,

FOR

Revivals, Sunday-Schools, Singing-Schools, Conventions, and General Use in all kinds of Religious Meetings.

BY

JAMES D. VAUGHAN, GEO. W. BACON,
JOHN McPHERSON, H. HORTON HOWARD,
W. HENRY MILFORD.

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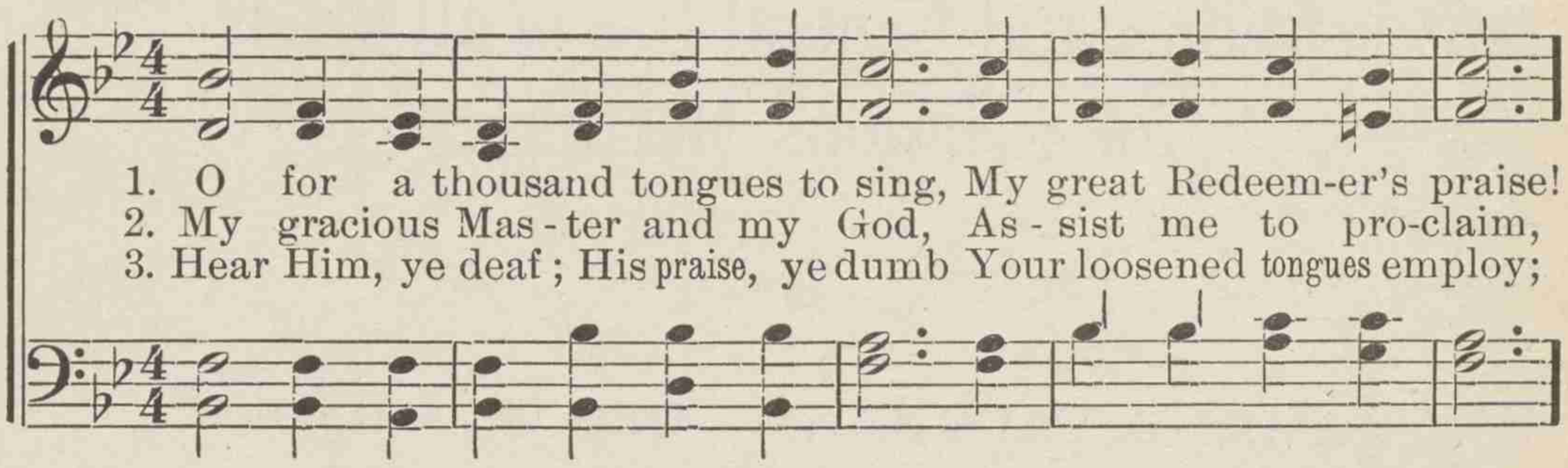
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PREFACE.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his santuary: praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with the stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM 150.

Northfield.

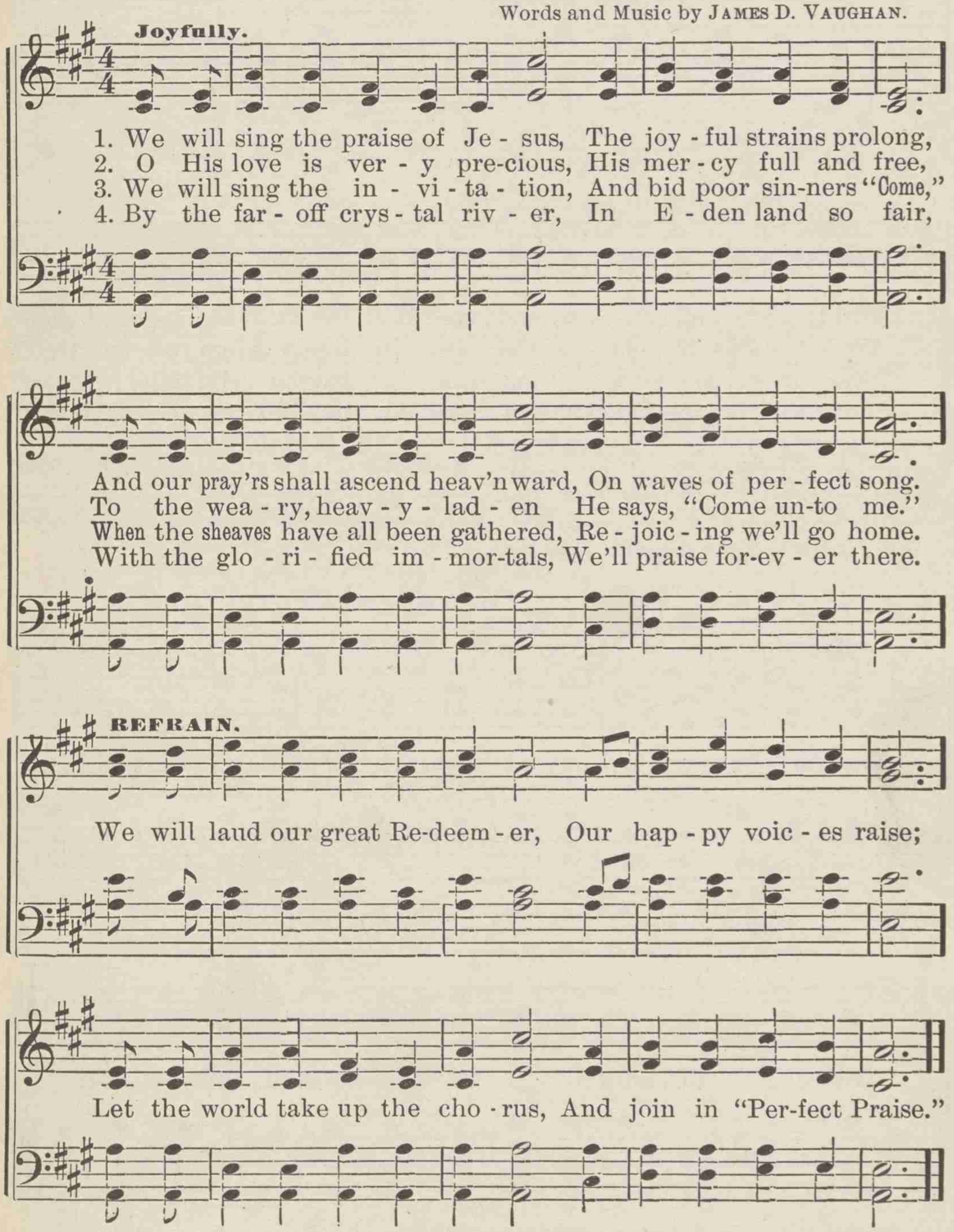
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PERFECT PRAISE.

No. 1. Perfect Praise.

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.
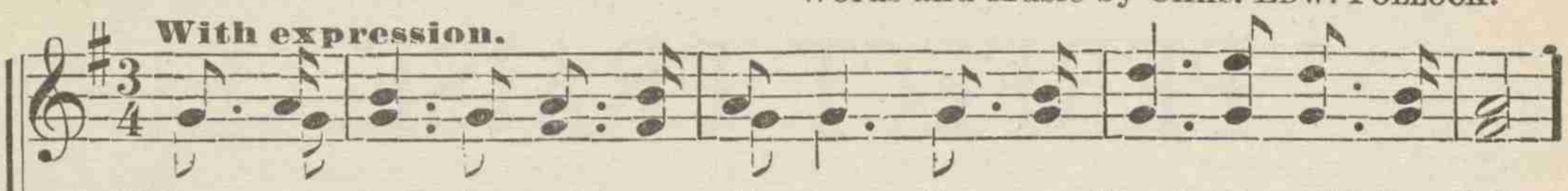


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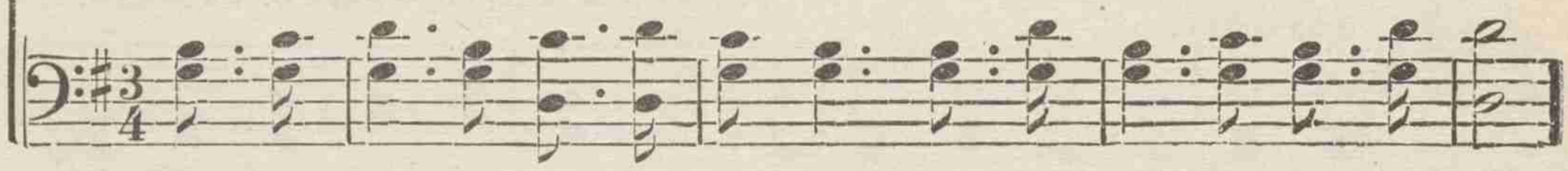
No. 2. Will There Be for Us a Welcome?
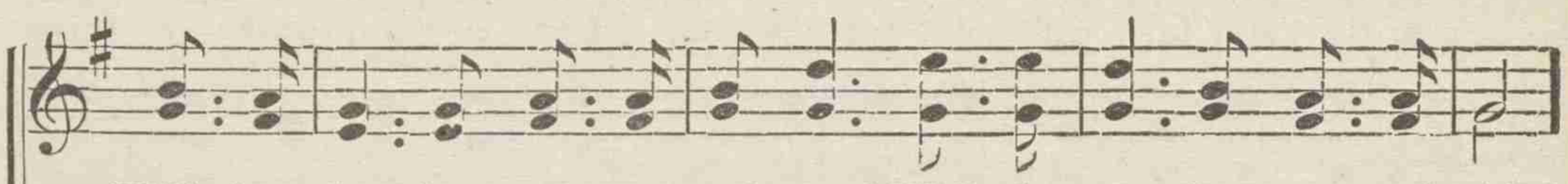
"I go to prepare a place for you."—Jno. 14: 2.

Words and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
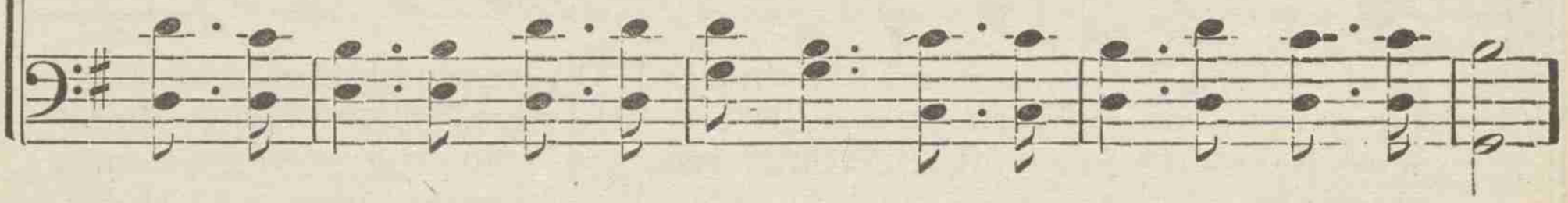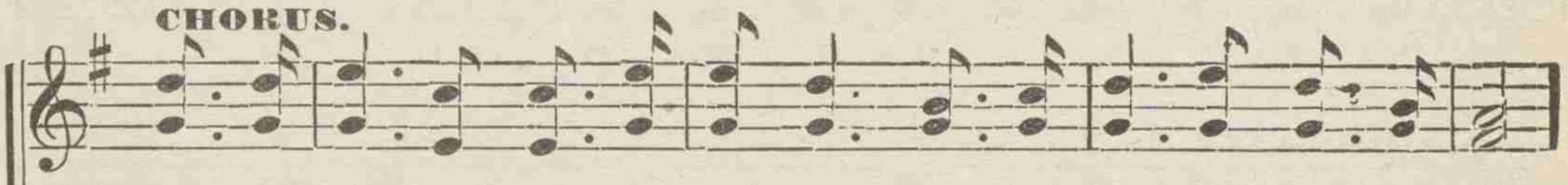


1. When we reach the gold-en cit - y, O - ver Jordan's roll- ing tide,
2. Will the good and hap-py be-ings, Cleansed from sin by Je-sus' blood,
3. Will the Sav- ior there re-ceive us In a ten-der, fond embrace?
4. Will the shin-ing host of heav-en, Gathered round the great white throne,
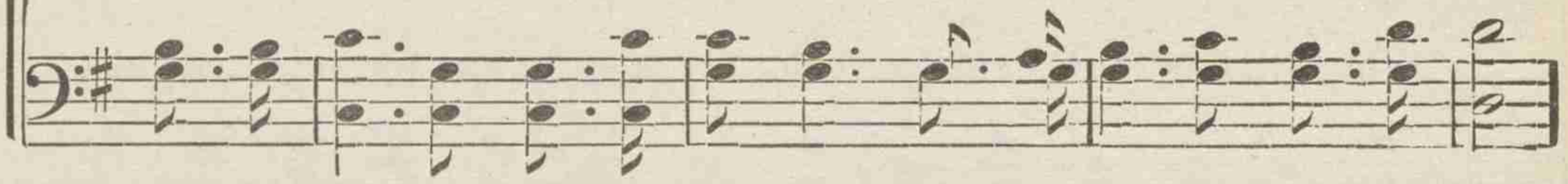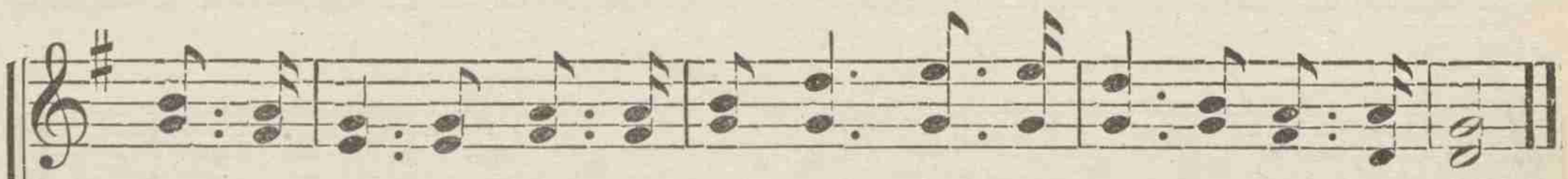




Will there be for us a welcome? Will the gates be o-pened wide?
All u - nite to bid us wel-come To the kingdom of our God?
Bid us wel-come to our man-sion In that ho - ly, hap - py place?
Shout and sing their glad ho-san - nas, As they bid us welcome home?
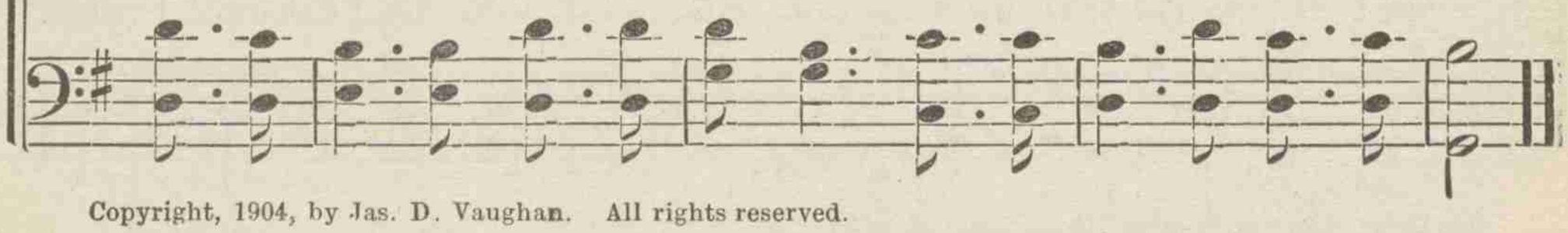




Yes, there waits a joy - ous welcome, And a mansion bright and fair,





Giv - en by the Lord of glo - ry, To the saints who en - ter there.



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No. 3. The Beautiful Sunshine of Love.

JENNIE WILSON. B. B. BEALL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

pp

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

out all a-round us each day, The beau-ti - ful sunshine of love.

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No. 4. The Blood of Jesus.

B. E. W. Heb. 9: 22. B. E. WARREN.

1. Must I in sin-ful bondage be, Deprived of peace and lib-er - ty,
2. Must I be doubting, full of fear, And gloom obscure my pathway here
3. Must I be un-der guilt and sin, And have its blighting force within,
4. Must I suppose I'm right to-day, To-morrow think I've gone astray,
5. Must I by Sa - tan be accused, And with his galling yoke abused,

When in the promise I can see The blood of Je - sus cleanseth?
Be up and down in life's career? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Be - set by wrong, no vic - t'ry win? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Let de-mons hold me in dismay? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.
Un - til at length from heav'n refused? The blood of Je - sus cleanseth.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, The precious blood of Je - sus,
the blood, the blood,

The blood will work a perfect cure, Will cleanse the heart and keep it pure,

The blood, the blood, The precious blood of Je - sus.
The blood, the blood,

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No. 5. Going Home to Glory.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Homeward lead my footsteps t'ward the golden throne, Where are ma-ny mansions fair and bright, Whither my best friends to be with Christ have gone,
2. Jour-ney-ing to heav-en, sing-ing as I go, Cheered a-long the way by Je-sus' love, Strong in faith and courage, leav-ing all be-low,
3. Homeward I am go-ing to Je-ru-sa-lem, Where a robe of white is wait-ing me, Where my brow shall wear a roy-al di-a-dem,
4. Homeward, homeward go-ing, fol-low-ing the Lord, Whereso-e'er He leads His trusting child, Leaning on His love and rest-ing on His Word,

REFRAIN.

O-ver in the pal-a-ces of light.
Press-ing t'ward the glo-rions rest a-bove. Go-ing home to glo-ry,
And for-ev-er I shall hap-py be.
Pil-grim to the cit-y un-de-filed.

going home to God, Walking in the footsteps of my Lord, Shielded by His love and trust-ing in His Word, Read-y to receive my soul's re-ward.

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No. 6. O Wonderful Cross.

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. On Cal - va-ry's mountain one ter - ri - ble day, Our Sav-ior was
2. The cross was a sym - bol of suff 'ring and shame And used for the
3. The won-der - ful cross is on ev - er - y hand, 'Tis precious to
4. O let us all cheer-ful - ly take up the cross And bravely march

tortured and slain, He hallowed the cross with His own precious blood,
vil - est of men, But it was transformed by the blood of the Lamb,
you and to me, Ere long it will cov - er with glo - ry the earth,
on in the fight, And when our work's over we'll wear a bright crown

CHORUS.

And now it's a sign un - to men. O won - der - ful cross!
And now there is pow'r in its name.
As wa - ters now cov - er the sea.
Up yon-der in mansions of light. O wonderful, won-der-ful cross!

O won - der - ful cross! O won-der-ful pow'r of the
O won-der-ful, won-der-ful cross!

cross, sweep on, And bring the mil - len - ni - al dawn.....
glad dawn.

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No. 7. The Harvest of Joy.

REV. J. W. WAYLAND. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Tho' we sow be - set with fears, Tho' we wait long wea - ry years,
2. Seed will fall in bar - ren soil, Thorns will choke and birds despoil,
3. Then go forth and sow the seed, Nor thy fall - ing tear-drops heed,

There'll be joy for all our tears In the har-vest, bye and bye.
Yet there shall be fruits of toil In the har-vest, bye and bye.
Joy shall crown each loving deed In the har-vest, bye and bye.

REFRAIN.

There'll be joy,..... there'll be joy, In the harvest bye and
There'll be joy, there'll be everlasting joy,

bye; There'll be sheaves from all the years, There'll be joys for all our tears,

And for - got will be our fears In the har-vest, bye and bye.

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No. 8. Safe in the Glory Land.

"But now they desire a better country."—Heb. 11: 16.

Words arranged. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. In the good old way, where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way, with an anch - 'ring hope, And our
3. In the good old way, with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. In the good old way, till our feet shall stand On the

King leads on be - fore us, We are trav - 'ling home to the
hearts, for Zi - on, yearn-ing, We are trav - 'ling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, O what joy is ours for the
brink of Jor - dan's riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

CHORUS.

prom - ise land, With the day-star shin-ing o'er us.
King's command, With our lamps all trimmed and burning. Trav'ling home,
King we see, And with Him hold sweet communion.
oth - er side, There to sing His praise for - ev - er.

to the mansions fair, Crowns ev - er-last - ing we soon shall wear!

O what a shout when we all meet there, Safe in the glo - ry land.

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No. 9. The Word of Promise.

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen."—2 Cor. 1: 20.

MRS. ADALINE H. BEERY. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. In the Lord's good promises my heart is glad, They are full of lov-ing
2. When I walk in shadow and my life seems long, His sweet compa-ny my
3. This of all is dear-est to the sons of men, 'Tis a ref-uge from all

kindness true, And they lift me when I'm fainting by the way, For each
Lord will give; And with strength and courage I will work and sing, On the
sin and care; "All who on the blessed Son of God believe, Ev-er-

CHORUS.

tri-al they are ev-er new.
manna of His Word I live. Blessed Word!....that keeps me
last-ing life in heav-en share." Blessed Word!

all the day; Blessed Guide!.... be always near I pray; Let me
Blessed Guide!

rest for-ev-er on the Rock of truth, And thy perfect law fore'er o-bey.

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No. 10. Glorify the Lord.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,
2. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,
3. O give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due His precious name,

And wor-ship Him in ways of ho - li - ness and love; O
O thank and praise Him for the strength He gives His own! In
And praise Him for His match-less gifts for life and peace; O

sing His praise, His glorious praise, from mountain unto plain, All
grat - i - tude and love, His mer - cy tell to oth - er souls That
praise Him, praise Him, all ye foll'wers, shout it far and near, O

CHORUS.

glo - ry be to Him who reigns above! Glo - - - ri - fy the
they may live and worship Him alone.
sing His praise until thy soul's release! Glo-ri - fy the Sav-ior, glo-ri-

pre-cious Sav - ior, Praise..... Him for His
fy the pre-cious Sav - ior, Praise Him for His ten - der mer-cies,

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Glorify the Lord. Concluded.

ten-der mer - cies; Glo - - ri - fy the precious
for His ten - der mer-cies; Glo-ri - fy the Sav-ior, glo - ri - fy the

Sav - ior, Praise Him, praise Him, now and evermore.....
precious Savior, and evermore.

No. 11. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains. From India's cor-al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny
2. What tho' the spic - y breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle! Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa-ters, roll; Till, like a sea of

fountains Roll down their gold-en sand, From many an an - cient riv - er, From
pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The
night-ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nat - ure The

ma - ny palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strewn; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb, for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 12. Oh, Be Ready!

J. McP. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Are you read - y for the Savior, should He come to-day? Are your
2. Are you trusting for sal - va-tion on God's ho - ly One? Are you
3. Are you longing for the mansions that a - wait up there All the

lamps trimmed and burning bright? Do you fol-low His commandments and His
sure that He'll wash each stain? Do you go to Him for sol-ace when your
wea - ry who toil be-low? Do you long those joys im-mor-tal ev - er

CHORUS.

laws o - bey? Are your feet in the way of right? O, be read-y!
tri - als come? Do you think He will come a-gain?
there to share? Are your robes washed and white as snow? O, be ready, weary

es. be ready, Ere the night of death shall fall! O, be
wand'rer! when He comes!

read-y, yes, be read-y When you hear the Savior call!
for death's angel, when He comes to take you home;

No. 13.

Heaven.

J. M. T., Jr. To my brother, L. C. Taylor. J. M. Taylor, Jr.

1. Oft we talk and sing of heav-en, that bright cit-y of the blest; That su-
2. We have talked of all the freedom, of that country, from all sin, There's no
3. We have spo-ken of its serv - i - ces of peace and perfect love, Of its

per-nal home of glo-ry "o - ver there." 'Tis a bright and gold-en cit - y, and its
sor-row in that peaceful, happy home' And no tri - als e'er shall en-ter thro' those
bliss-ful-ness and of its pur - i - ty. There's no sickness and no dy - ing in that

D. S. What a grand and hap-py greeting when we

glo - ries are confessed; But, O, who can tell the rapt-ure to be there?
jas - per walls there-in, Christ is plead-ing and He's bid-ding us to come.
bless-ed home a - bove—All is joy and will be thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

en - ter thro' the door, There we'll sing and shout and praise for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

What a meet - - - ing and sing - - ing
What a meet - ing there will be when we all ar - rive at home,

There will be..... ..... in that home;.....
O what sing - ing we shall hear, as we near the shelt'ring dome;

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No. 14. There Will Be Light at the River.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

There..... will be light at the riv - er, There.....
There will be light, bless-ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,

will be light at the riv - er, There..... will be
bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed

light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er (pass o'er.)

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No. 15. Sin Can Never Enter There.

C. W. NAYLOR. Rev. 21 : 27. B. E. WARREN.

1. Heav-en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo-ry and with grace;
2. If you hope to dwell at last When your life on earth is past,
3. You may live in sin be - low, Heaven's grace re - fuse to know,
4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your lat-est breath,

Sin can nev - er en - ter there; All with-in its gates are pure,
In that home so bright and fair; You must here be cleansed from sin,
But you can not en - ter there; It will stop you at the door,
You will sink in dark de-spair, To the re - gions of the lost,

From de - file-ment kept se - cure, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
Have the life of Christ with-in, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
Bar you out for ev - er - more, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.
Thus to prove at aw - ful cost, Sin can nev - er en - ter there.

CHORUS.

Sin can nev-er en-ter there, Sin can never en-ter there; So if at the
judgment bar, Sin-ful spots your soul shall mar, *You* can nev-er en-ter there.

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No. 16. Sailing Home.

Words arranged. J. P. LANE.

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

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

REFRAIN.

We're sailing home..... o'er life's rough tide,..... Yes, sailing
We're sailing home o'er life's rough tide,

on.....life's ocean wide,..... We soon shall land..... on that blest
Yes, sailing on life's ocean wide, We soon shall land

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

Rit.

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No. 17. Can the Lord Depend On You?

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There is work on ev - 'ry hand, That the Mas-ter bids you do;
2. See, the har-vest fields are white And the la - bor - ers are few;
3. Will you loi - ter time a - way, When there's so much work to do?
4- If you tru - ly love the Lord, You will be a work-er true,

Will you heed His plain command? Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Swift - ly com - eth on the night, Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Ma - ny souls are lost each day; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
And o - bey His precious Word; Can the Lord de-pend on you?

CHORUS.

Can the Lord..... de-pend on you? Can the
Can the Lord depend on you, de-pend on you?

Lord..... depend on you? There is work for all to
Can the Lord depend on you, depend on you?

do, Can the Lord depend on you?
for all to do, depend on you?

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No. 18. There'll Be Joy.

C. V. S. C. V. STRICKLAND.

1. There'll be joy at the com - ing of my Sav - iour by and by, There'll be
2. There'll be no more sor - row o - ver yon - der by and by, There'll be
3. There'll be no more weep-ing o - ver yon - der by and by, There'll be
4. There'll be joy when we meet our bless - ed loved ones by and by, There'll be
5. There'll be joy in the pres-ence of my Sav - iour by and by, There'll be

joy at the com - ing of my Sav - iour by and by, There'll be joy at the
no more sor - row o - ver yon - der by and by, There'll be no more
no more weep-ing o - ver yon - der by and by, There'll be no more
joy when we meet our bless-ed loved ones by and by, There'll be joy when we
joy in the pres-ence of my Sav - iour by and by, There'll be joy in the

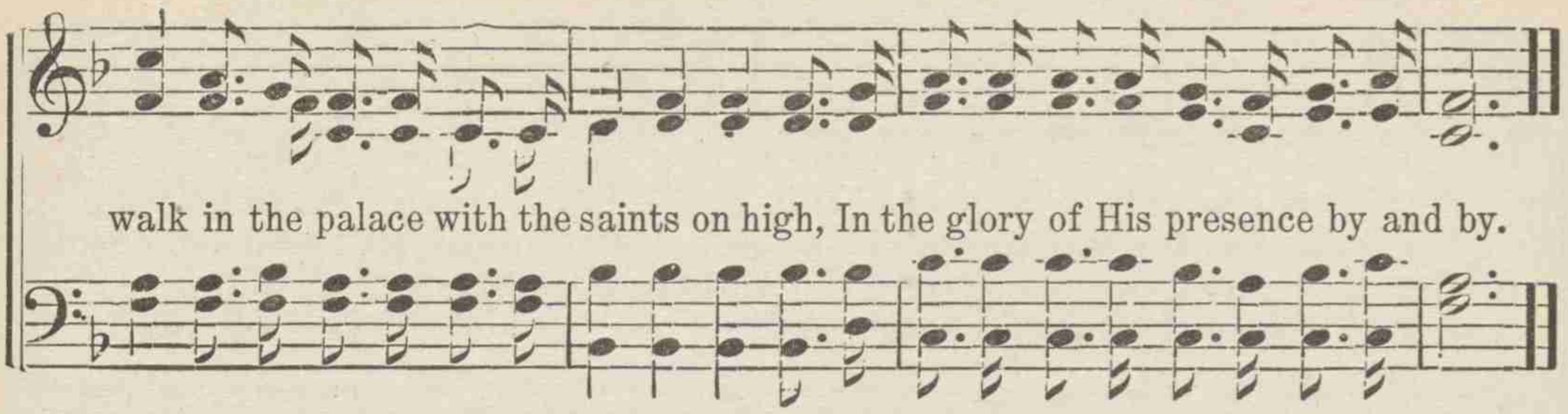
com-ing of my Sav-iour by and by, In a cloud of glo - ry from on high.
sor - row o - ver yon- der by and by, There'll be joy for ev - 'ry bit- ter sigh.
weeping o - ver yon- der by and by, For the tears are wiped from ev-'ry eye.
meet our blessed loved ones by and by, When we're in our man-sions by and by.
pres-ence of my Sav-iour by and by, There to reign with Him a-bove the sky.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, In the cit - y of our God on high, We shall
By and by, by and by,
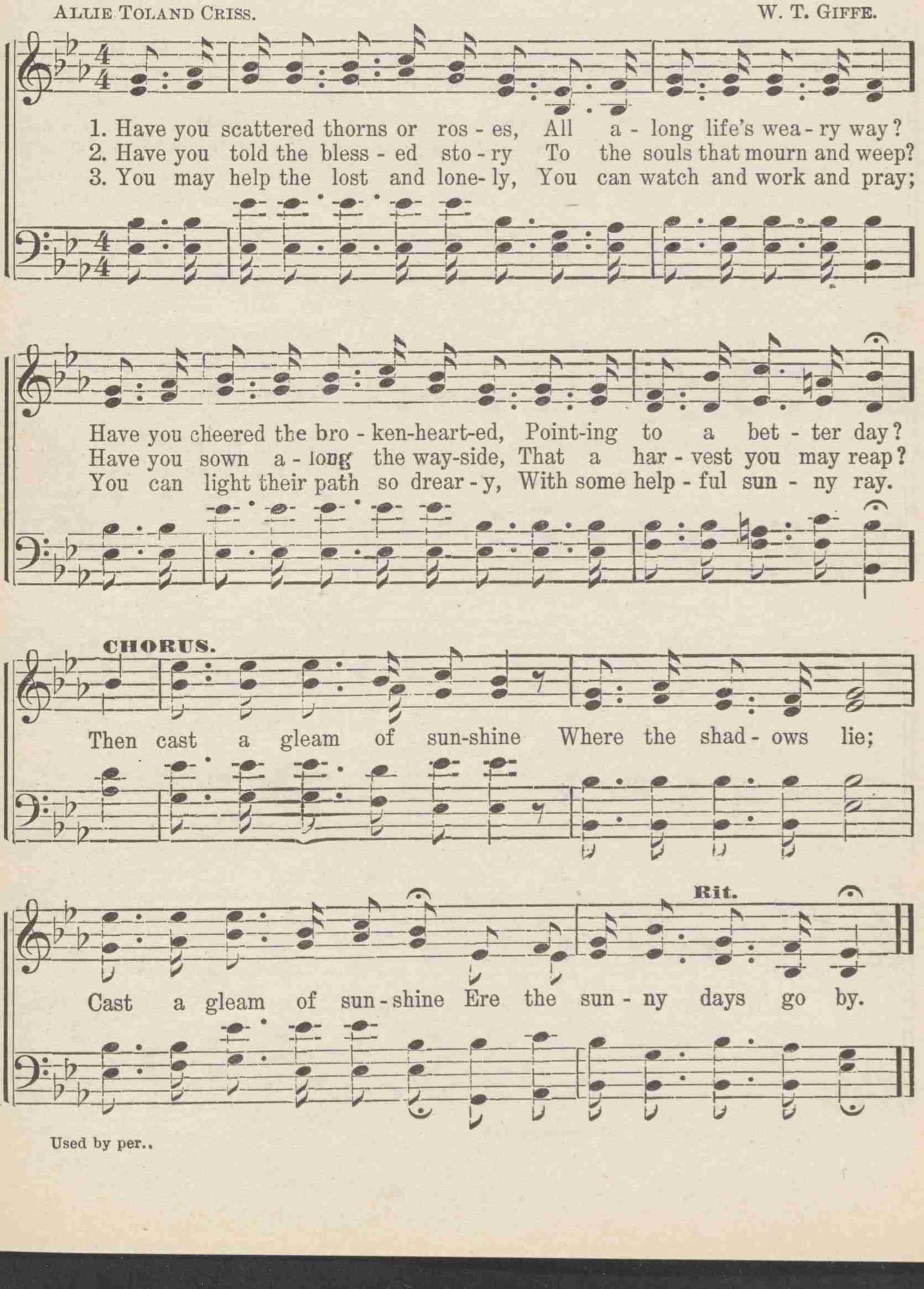
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There'll Be Joy. Concluded.



No. 19. Cast a Gleam of Sunshine.

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS. W. T. GIFFE.



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No. 20. I'll Sing My Temptations Away.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. W. H. MILFORD.

1. This life is a war-fare the en - e-my's strong, The bat-tle he
2. Our Sav-ior was tempted a - gain and a - gain, But spurned the old
3. Tho' drear-y the day and the night dark and long, From du-ty I
4. I'll sing the blest gos-pel wher-ev - er I go, 'Twill help me by

wag - es each day, But when I am tempted I will not do wrong,
tempt-er a - way; I'll claim the good prom-is-es in a sweet strain,
nev - er will stray, I'll brighten the hours with a glad hap-py song,
night and by day, There's power in song, this I ver - y well know,

REFRAIN.

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

sing them a - way, I'll praise my dear Sav-ior, so faith-ful and true;
sing them a - way, (*Omit*.. ....

He'll help me to con - quer and car - ry me through.

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No. 21. I Am Coming.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

Joyfully.

1. I am com-ing Lord, I have heard Thy voice, As it called in love to me;
2. I am com-ing Lord, with a con-trite heart, And deep sorrow for my sin;
3. I have sought in vain in the world to find, 'Midst its glitt'ring pomp and show,
4. I am com-ing, Lord, with a firm re-solve, As I kneel at Thy dear feet,

And the ten-der tones of that voice so sweet, Hath won my heart to Thee.
I now re-al-ize by the Spir-it's pow'r, How sin-ful I have been.
Per-fect hap-pi-ness and the peace of mind, That a longing soul would know.
To re-nounce the world and its pleasures vain, And accept Thy service sweet.

CHORUS.

I am com - - ing, I am com-ing, dear-est Lord,
I am com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,

I am com-ing at Thy call, I am com- - - -
I am com-ing, com-ing,

ing, I am com-ing, dearest Lord, At Thy pre-cious feet to fall.
com-ing,

C. N. Barnes, owner.

No. 22. I'll Be There.

WILL H. GAREY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft I've heard my moth-er tell Of a home she loved so well, And her last words soft-ly fell, I'll be there; Where the an-gels sweet-ly sing,
2. Just a-cross the crys-tal sea, Mother's sweet-ly call-ing me, And my an-swer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meet-ing that will be,
3. O-ver on the peaceful shore, There my Sav-ior I'll a-dore; With His hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the an-gels' hap-py band,
4. An-gels watch the pearl-y gate, There's a message to re-late, I've not long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glitt'ring streets I'll wend,

And their harps with music ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.
When my mother's face I see, For 'tis thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.
We will walk the gold-en strand, In that fair and hap-py land, I'll be there.
There to meet de-part-ed friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there.

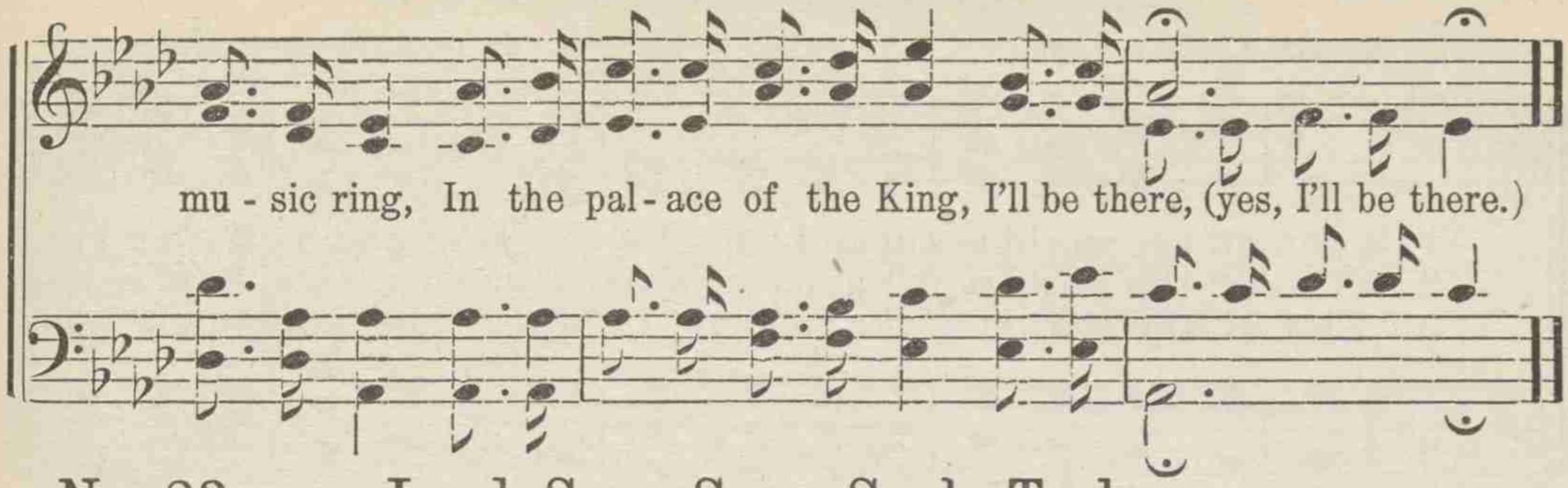
REFRAIN.

I'll be there,.... yes, I'll be there, I'll be there,.... yes, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, Where the an-gels sweetly sing, And their harps with

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I'll Be There. Concluded.



No. 23. Lord, Save Some Souls To-day.

Respectfully inscribed to the noble Evangelist, D. L. Moody.*

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. BY per.

* This song I composed October 3, 1899, while attending Mr. Moody's meetings, which were being held in the city of Chicago, and it seemed very appropriate to dedicate it to this great worker for God and humanity.—J. H. S.

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No. 24. My Trust is in Thee.

MRS. MOLLIE A. FLETCHER. A. HORTON HOWARD.

1. When all the world is sad and lone, And clouds around me gather fast,
2. When all the world is dark and cold, When earthly friends have turned to foes,
3. Tho' all the world forsake me here, I know I am supremely blest,

I'll put my trust in God's dear Son, For He is faithful to the last.
O guide me, Lord, in- to Thy fold And give me rest from all my woes.
For Je - sus dries the mourner's tear And to the wea-ry giv-eth rest.

CHORUS.
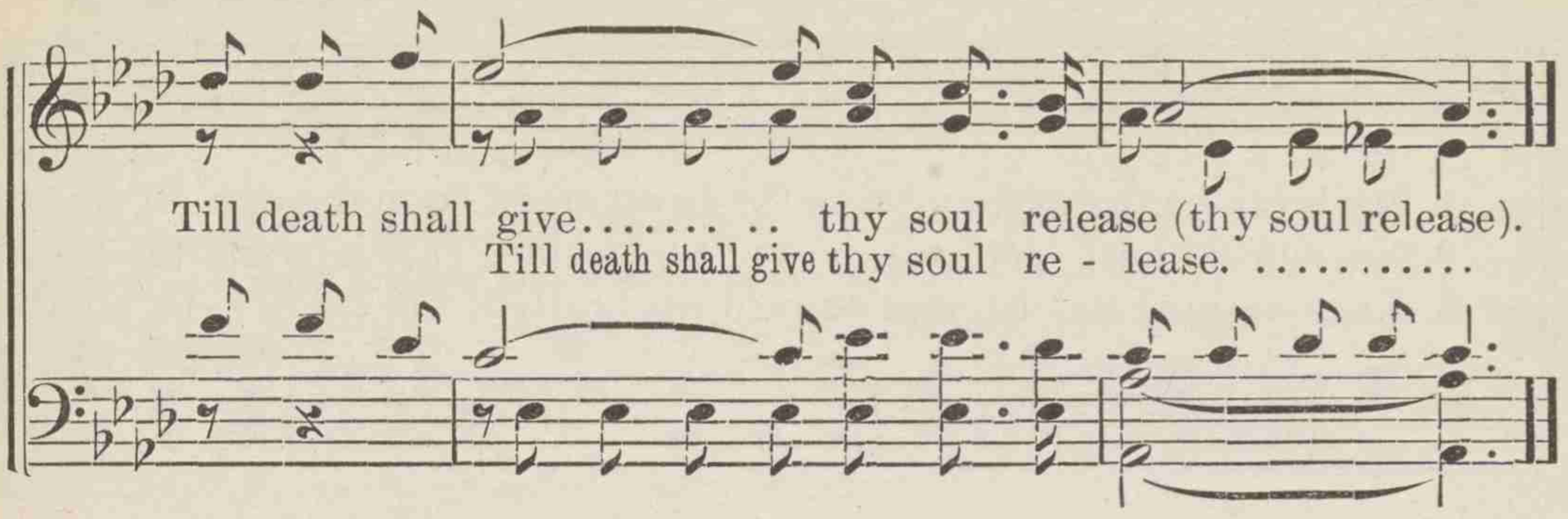
Press on, press on,.....there waits a - bove.....
Press on, press on, there waits a - bove,

A man-sion filled.....with peace and love!.....
A man-sion filled with peace and love!

Press on, press on,..... O nev - er cease,.....
Press on, press on, O nev - er cease,
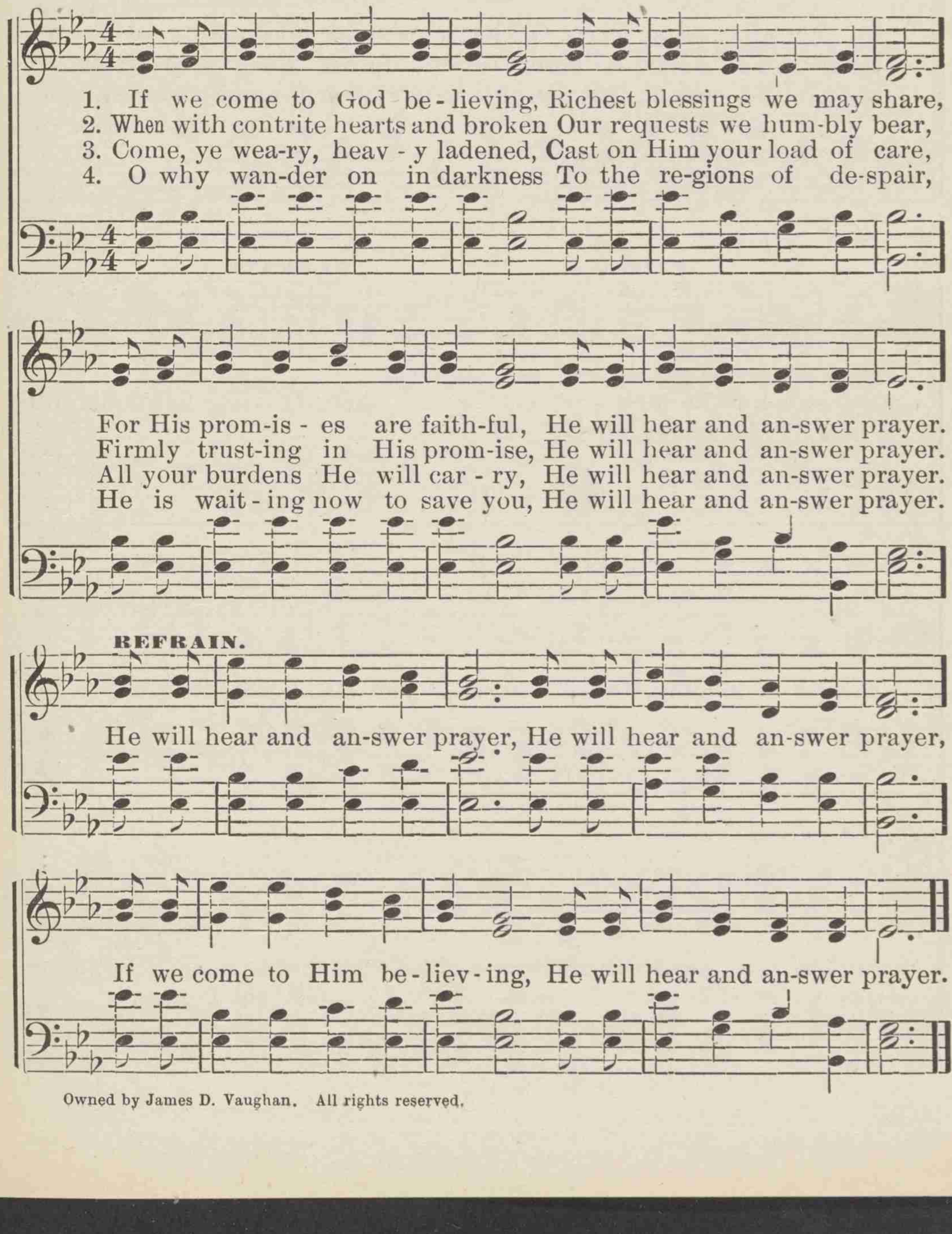
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My Trust is in Thee. Concluded.



No. 25. He Will Hear and Answer.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. C. W. VAUGHAN.



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No. 26. When All the Singers Get Home.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. My broth-er, awake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re-
2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of the beauty, That a-waits the re-
3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav-ior shall

un-ion will come; Then, O what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each other,

REFRAIN.

When all redeemed singers get home.
For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, O what a wonder-ful
When all redeemed singers get home.

wonder-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

un-ion, thro' a-ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.

No. 27. Beautiful Homeland.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. A cit - y a-waits us we soon shall behold, Whose walls are of jasper, whose streets are of gold; Not half of its glo-ries have ev - er been told, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

2. The friends that we love who have gone on before, Now wait for our coming on yonder bright shore, Where day never fades tears may fall nev - er-more, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

3. O homeland, dear homeland, tho' eye hath not seen, And sometimes the shadowy clouds in-ter-vene, Thy light we'll be - hold, and thy past-ures so green, Bless-ed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

REFRAIN.

O I long, yes, I long there to dwell..... 'Mid the pleasures no mor-tal can tell,..... In the place our dear Saviour has gone to prepare, Blessed homeland, dear homeland, sweet home of the soul.

O I long there to dwell, no mortal can tell,

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No. 28. Our Savior is Coming.

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN and FLAVIL HALL.

1. Our Sav - ior is com - ing the saints to re - ward, To
2. All the saints shall be changed and the mar-tyr's shall rise, They shall
3. But the wick - ed shall mourn and la - ment in that day, And
4. Yes, the Sav - ior is com - ing and it won't be long, O

give them sweet rest from all suf-f'ring and care; And all who o - bey
meet their Re-deem - er high up in the air; O how they will shout
call for the rocks and the mountains to fall; To hide them a - way
how can you meet Him in that dreadful day; The righteous shall join

Him and hon - or His word, He will take to that home He's now gone to prepare.
as they mount up the skies, In the first res - ur - rec-tion I'm long-ing to share.
from His presence for aye, O sin-ner, great ter-ror thy heart shall appall.
in a glad, hap-py song, The wick-ed be filled, in that hour with dismay.

CHORUS.

In that great day, O sinner can you stand? Be saved, why longer yet delay,
And when Jesus shall come with the bright angel band, He'll receive you in that day.

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No. 29. He'll Guide Me.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Con espressione.

1. O Fa - ther, I know not the path I should choose While here a so-
2. I know not the fut - ure, 'tis veiled from my eyes, But Je - sus is
3. My spir - it is rest - ful, my heart is a - glow, My faith He will
4. The judg-ment is com - ing, ah! well do I know That mill-ions will

journ-er I stay; By plac - ing my hand in the hand of my Lord,
lead - ing to - day; I fear not to - mor-row, for well do I know,
nev - er be - tray; I cast all my doubts and my fears to the wind,
tremb-le that day; But why should I fear since my Sav - ior di - vine,

REFRAIN.

He'll lead me each step of the way.
He'll guide me each step of the way. My Sav - ior doth lead me, He
For Je - sus is guid-ing to - day.
Will guide me for - ev - er and aye.
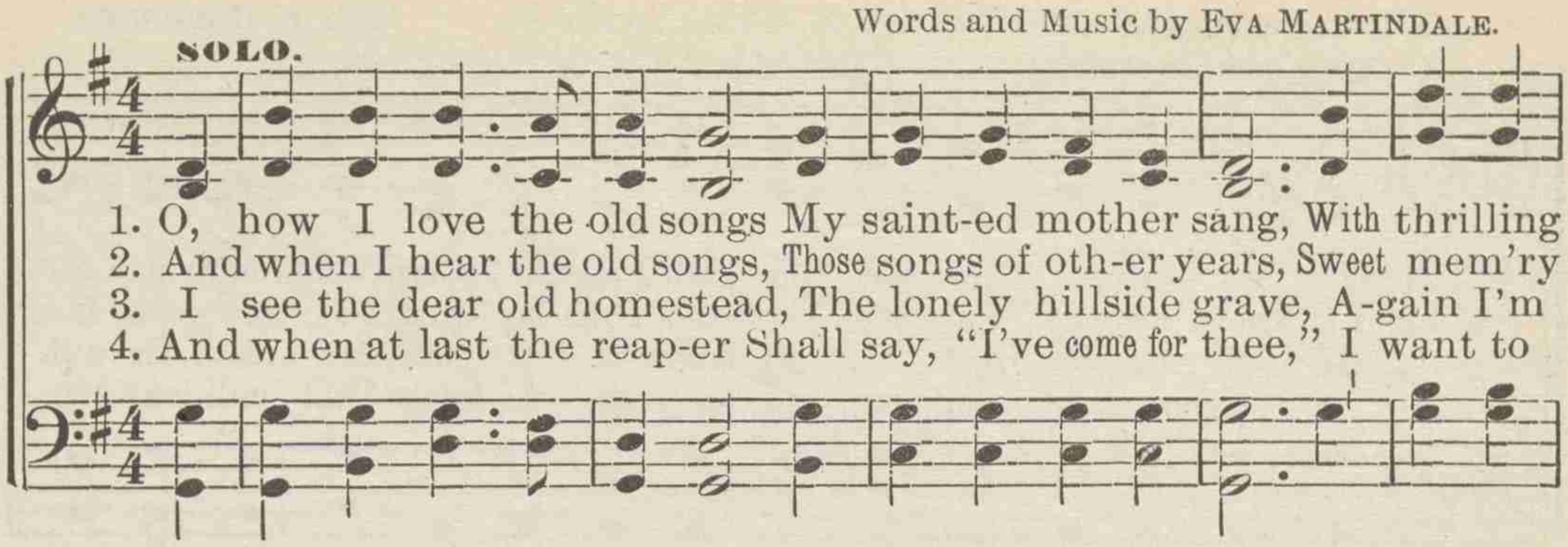
leads me to-day, And I am quite sure He'll lead me alway, My Sav-ior doth

lead me, He leads me to - day, And I am quite *sure* He'll lead me al-way.

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No. 30. Sing Old Hymns to Me.

Words and Music by EVA MARTINDALE.



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Sing Old Hymns to Me. Concluded.

Fourth Refrain.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.

No. 31. Happy In Immanuel's Love.

RAFFLES, Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. High in yon-der realms of light Dwell the raptured saints a-bove,
2. Days of sor - row all are o'er, Passed this scene of toil and pain,
3. All is tran-quil and se-rene, Calm their un-disturbed re - pose;
4. 'Mid the cho - rus of the skies, 'Mid th' angel - ic choirs a - bove;

Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap-py in Immanuel's love.
They shall feel dis-tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.
There, no cloud can in-ter-vene, There, no an.- gry tempest blows.
Hark! their songs mel - o dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.

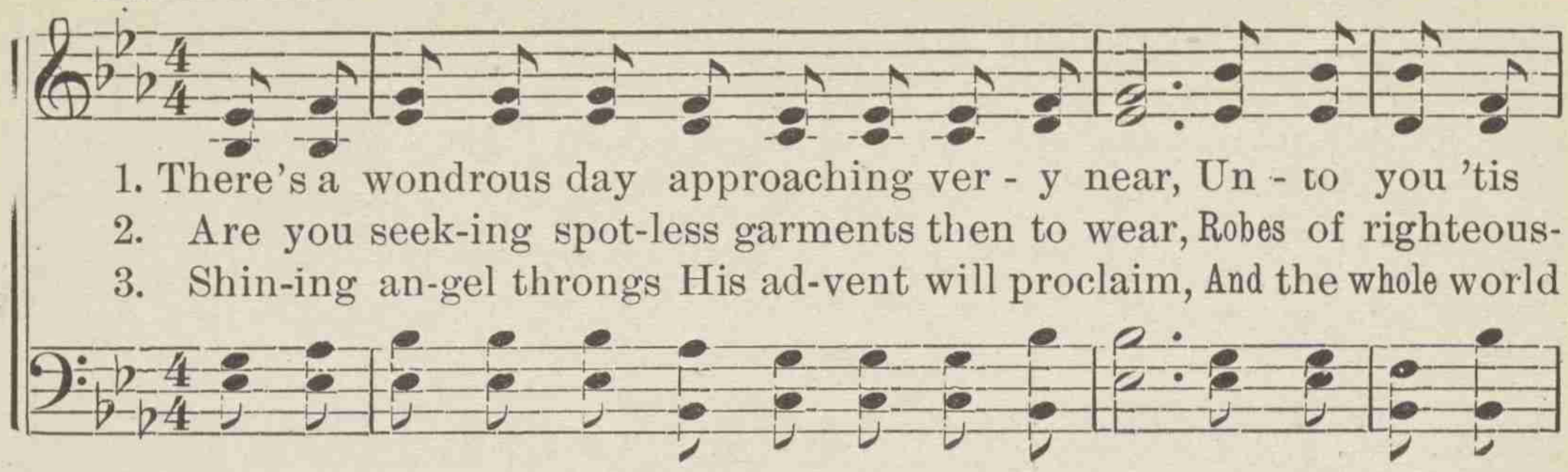
REFRAIN.

Hap - py, hap - py in their home a-bove;
Hap - py in Im-manuel's love, yes, Happy in their home a-bove;

Far beyond our fee - ble sight, Hap-py in Immanuel's love.
Far beyond our poor and feeble sight, Happy in Immanuel's love.

No. 32. Are You Ready for the Coming of the King?

JENNIE WILSON. GEO. W. BACON.



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Are You Ready. Concluded.

Will He find you watching, pray-ing, And no sa-cred trust be-tray-ing?

Are you read - y for the com-ing of the King (the heav'nly King?)

No. 33. Home, Home, Sweet Home.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
   How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (*Omit*) with saints!
2. An al - ien from God, and a strang-er to grace,
   I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures (*Omit*) to trace;
3. The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
   They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*Omit*) de - cay;

To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And fell in the
In the pathway of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un- mind-ful a-
But pleasures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on

D. S.—Pre-pare me, dear

Fine. **D. S.**

pres - ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n.

Sav - ior, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 34. The Churchyard Conversion.

A shadow of Mrs. Evans-Wilson's story, "St. Elmo," in miniature, set to music.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. In the old churchyard I'm standing, As in years of long a - go;
2. From my home in youth I wandered, From the friends that loved me dear;
3. Here my gen-tle mother's sleep-ing, In a si-lent, dreamless bed;
4. Dai - ly in that home my fa - ther, Read God's ho - ly word with care;
5. In this churchyard they've been sleeping, Many a year, be-neath the sod;

But my heart is al - most breaking, With its load of bit - ter woe.
Stir-ring scenes in life then seek-ing, Ah! how bub-bles dis - ap-pear.
And my fa - ther, too, is rest - ing, In these re-gions of the dead.
Then with mother low - ly bend-ing, They drew near to God in pray'r.
But to-day their pray'rs are answered, I will seek my fa-ther's God.

In my eyes the tears are brimming, Graves of kin-dred I can see;
I have sailed o'er seas and o-ceans. Dwelt in many a for-eign land;
To my mind sad tho'ts are crowding, Rush - ing like a flood they come;
For their on - ly child they plead-ed, They had faith without al - loy;
I will meet my pre-cious par-ents, O - ver by the crys-tal sea;

In this old churchyard they're resting, From all earth-ly tri - als free.
But to-day with heart-felt sad-ness, In the old churchyard I stand.
Scenes long past, to mem'ry bringing, Of my boyhood's peaceful home.
In the God of Is-rael's keep-ing, There they left their precious boy.
There to-geth - er, in God's presence, Spend a glad e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 35. SEEKING THE LOST.

Written after hearing a sermon by J. H. BOYET, D. D., from James 5. 20.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone astray,
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind? And who walk in midnight gloom,
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe? That their souls will be truly blest,
4. Will you go and tell them the Saviour died? And provided for them the way,

Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold? From their wand'rings in sin's dark way.
Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their coming doom?
For the Saviour said that they shall receive Precious blessings of peace and rest.
If they ful - ly trust in the cru-ci- fied He will pardon their sins to- day.

CHORUS.

Will you seek them now? Will you
Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you

show them the way?
show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,

That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.

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No. 36. LORD, SEND ME.

M. W. S. M. W. SPENCER.

1. There is much to do, there's work on ev-'ry hand, Hark! the cry for help comes
2. There's the plaintive cry of mourning souls distress'd, And the sigh of hearts who
3. There are hung'ring souls who cry aloud for bread, With the bread of life they're
4. There are souls who lin - ger on the brink of woe, Lord, I must not, can - not

ring - ing thro' the land; Je - sus calls for reap-ers, I must ac - tive be,
seek but find no rest; These should have my love and tender sym - pa - thy,
long-ing to be fed; Shall they starve and famish while a feast is free?
bear to let them go; Let me go and tell them, broth-er, turn and flee,

CHORUS.

Here am

What wilt Thou, O Mas- ter? Here am I, send me. Here am I, send me,
Read - y at Thy bid-ding, Here am I, send me.
I must be more faithful, Here am I, send me.
Mas-ter, I would save them, Here am I, send me.

I, Lord, send me, Here am

Lord, send me, Here am I, send me, Lord, send me, Here am I, send me,

I,

Lord, send me, Read - y at Thy bid - ding, Lord, send me!

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No. 37. Our Blood-Washed Band.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Come and go with me to e - ter - ni - ty, I be-long to the blood-washed band; We are on our way to the land of day, I be-
2. We are meek and low as we on-ward go, I be-long to the blood-washed band; Whit-er than the snow are our robes we know, I be-
3. I am saved to - day and am on my way, I be-long to the blood-washed band; To the world of light where there is no night, I be-
4. May I meet you there in that home so fair? I be-long to the blood-washed band; Je - sus hear-eth all who up - on Him call, I be-

CHORUS.

long to the blood-washed band. I be - long to the blood-washed band, I be-long to the blood-washed band, Je - sus saves I know for I'm whiter than snow, I belong to the blood-washed band.

The blood-washed band, The blood-washed band,

No. 38. Tell Mother I Will Meet Her.

RALPH S. TINSMAN. RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. In a far and distant cit - y, Dy-ing at the close of day, 'Twas a fair hair'd boy who'dwandered far from home, Take this message to my mother
2. In his hand he held a picture Of the old home far away, In the oth - er 'twas a mother old and gray "While in accents low he whisper'd, all my friends and lov'd ones I shall be "Down the valley of the shadow, las for her the message came too late, "For that day the angels took her,
3. 'Tis my last good-night he whispered, Angels gather round my bed, Soon with
4. To the old home came a message, 'Twas to mother from her boy, But a-

f.

When my work on earth is thro', Tell her that her boy will meet her,
She will know that I was true," Tell her that her boy will meet her,
Je - sus leads me safe-ly thro'," Tell her that her boy will meet her,
To the faith - ful and the true," And to-night she dwells with Wil-lie,

D. S.—Tell her that her boy will meet her,

Fine. CHORUS.

In the land beyond the blue. Tell my mother, I will Tell my mother,
In the land be-yond the blue.
meet her When my work of love and la - bor all is thro',
I will meet her

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Tell Mother I Will Meet Her. Concluded.

D. S.

Where the good of earth are gathered with the faithful and the true.

No. 39. O Home of Light and Love.

S. Houston Proffitt. James D. Vaughan.

1. This world is full of pain and death, This world is not our home,
2. This world has sickness, toil and care, And sorrows round us fall,
3. Life's fleet-ing joys teach us to see By faith the world to come,
4. Then to this world we will not cling, We'll seek a home a-bove,

Its joys are fleet-ing as a breath And lone-ly here we roam.
But all these things we need not fear, For Je-sus knows it all.
For joys e-ter-nal there shall be, When Christ shall call us home.
There hymns of praise we'll ev-er sing, And dwell with God in love.

CHORUS.

O home of light Far a-bove the beautiful sky,
O home of light, O home of light, beauti-ful sky,

O home of love, We shall reach it by and by.
O home of love, O home of love, by and by.

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No. 40. Shall I Meet You Up There?

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far up in the sky, And
2. In that beau - ti - ful land no sor - row will come, We shall
3. No night shall be there, it is one end - less day, No
4. When my work here is done, then the an - gels will come And

mansions prepared by our Sav-ior on high, He wants me to live in that
sing hallelujah around the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful robe and a
tears will be shed, God will wipe them away; No sickness and dy-ing, no
take me a - way to my beau-ti-ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my

coun-try so fair, And when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there?
crown we shall wear, And live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
pain we shall bear, No parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
Father's own care, With angels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there? ..... Shall I meet you up
Shall I meet you up there?

there? ..... Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

Shall I Meet You Up There? Concluded.

Shall I meet you up there?..... Shall I meet you up
Shall I meet you up there?

there? .....Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

No. 41. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. Fear not; I am with you: O be not dismayed: I, I am your
4. E'en down to old age all my peo ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vale or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the
God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and
ter-nal un-change-a-ble love; And when hoa-ry hairs shall their

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
land, on the sea—As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
cause you to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
temples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.

No. 42. CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

1. I have watch'd the sheep a - stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
3. I have watch'd the boy de - part, With a proud and anx- ious heart,
4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,

On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,
For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; On she goes in ev - 'ry land,
As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit - ting down
And for-sak - en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,

How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
"For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint - ly say.

CHORUS.

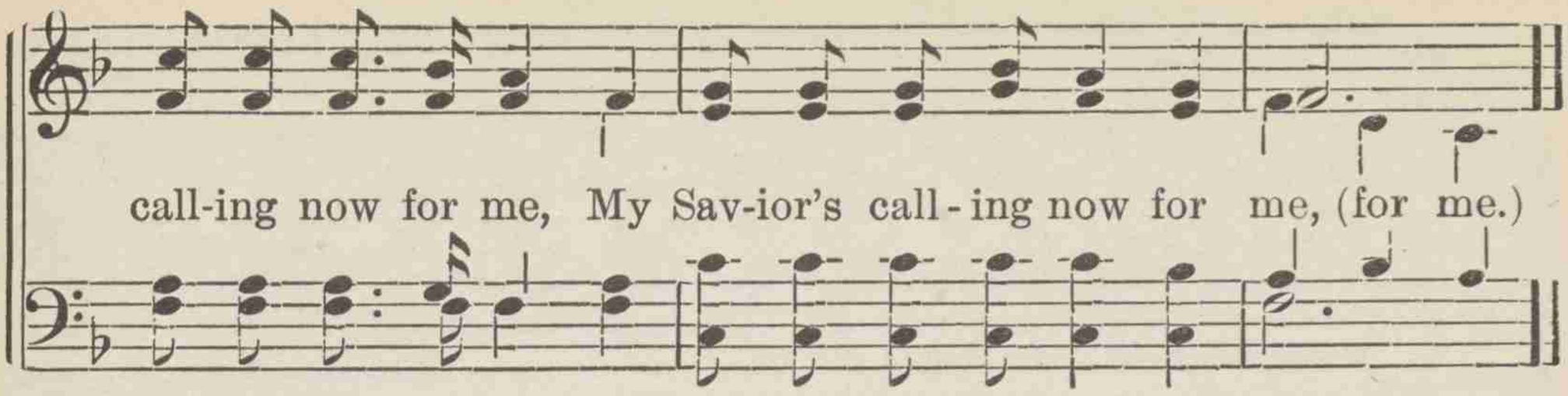
Call - ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for

for me;

me, He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

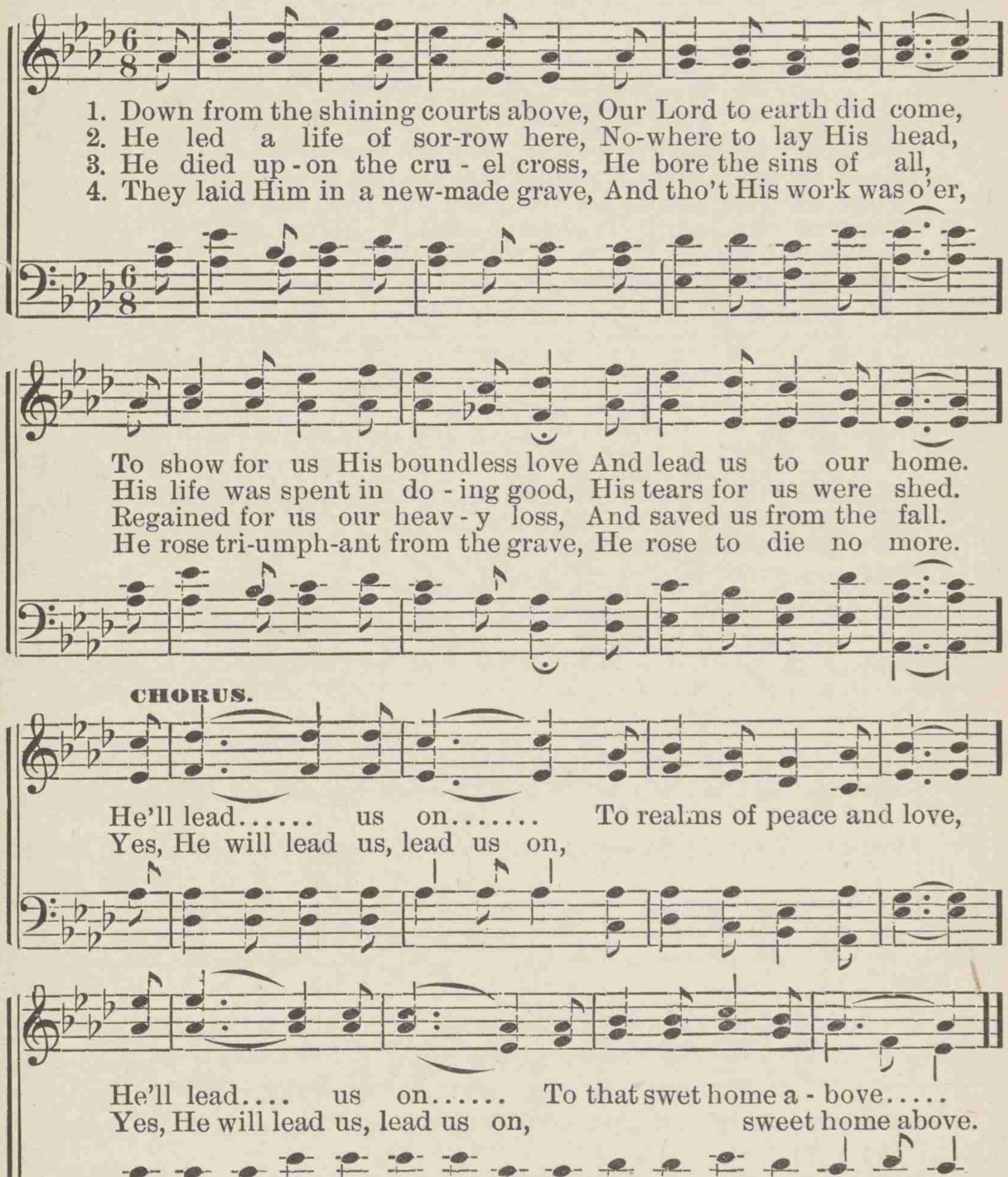
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Calling for Me. Concluded.



No. 43. He'll Lead Us On.

S. HOUSTON PROFFITT. N. W. PROFFITT.

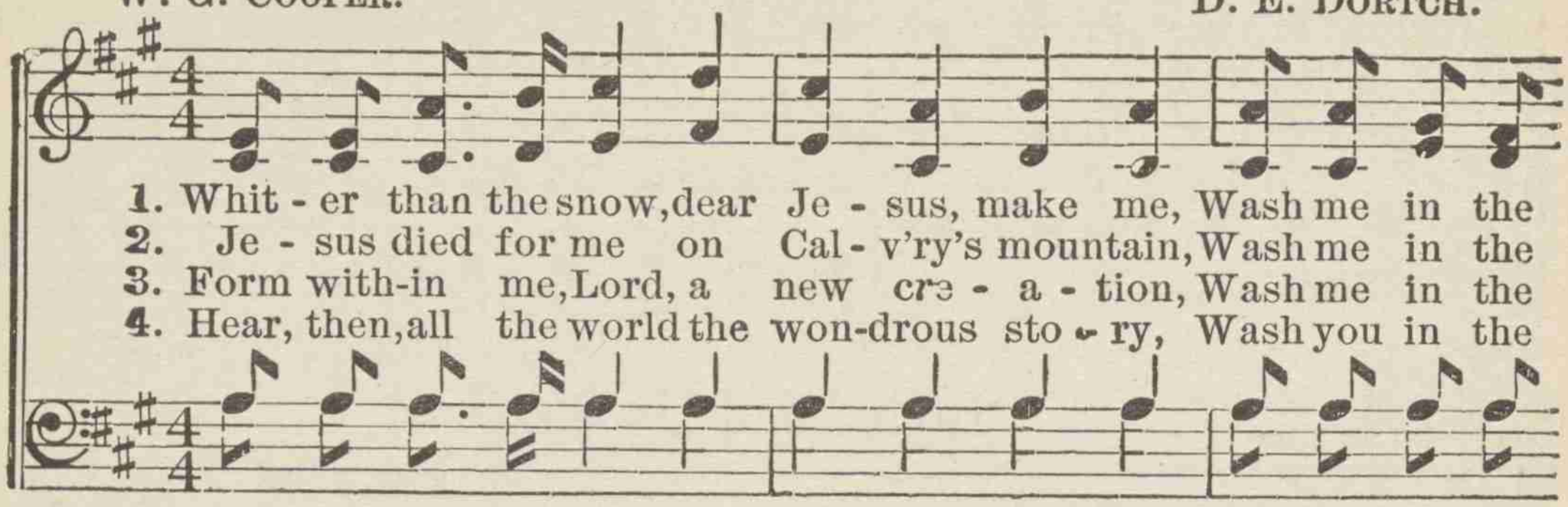


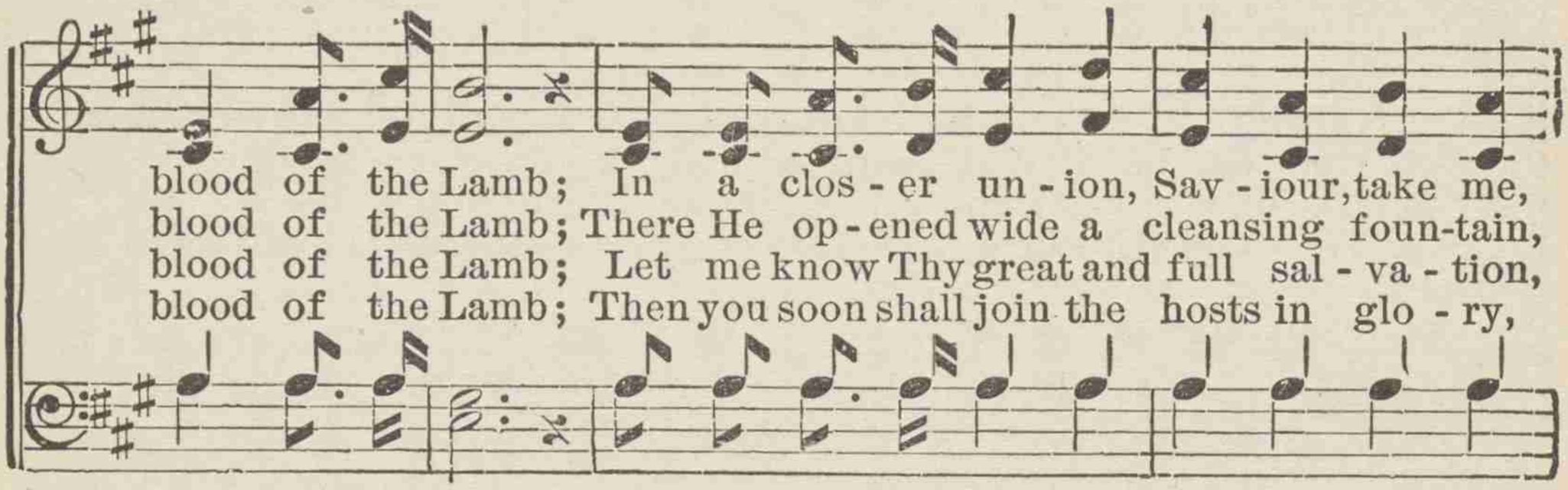
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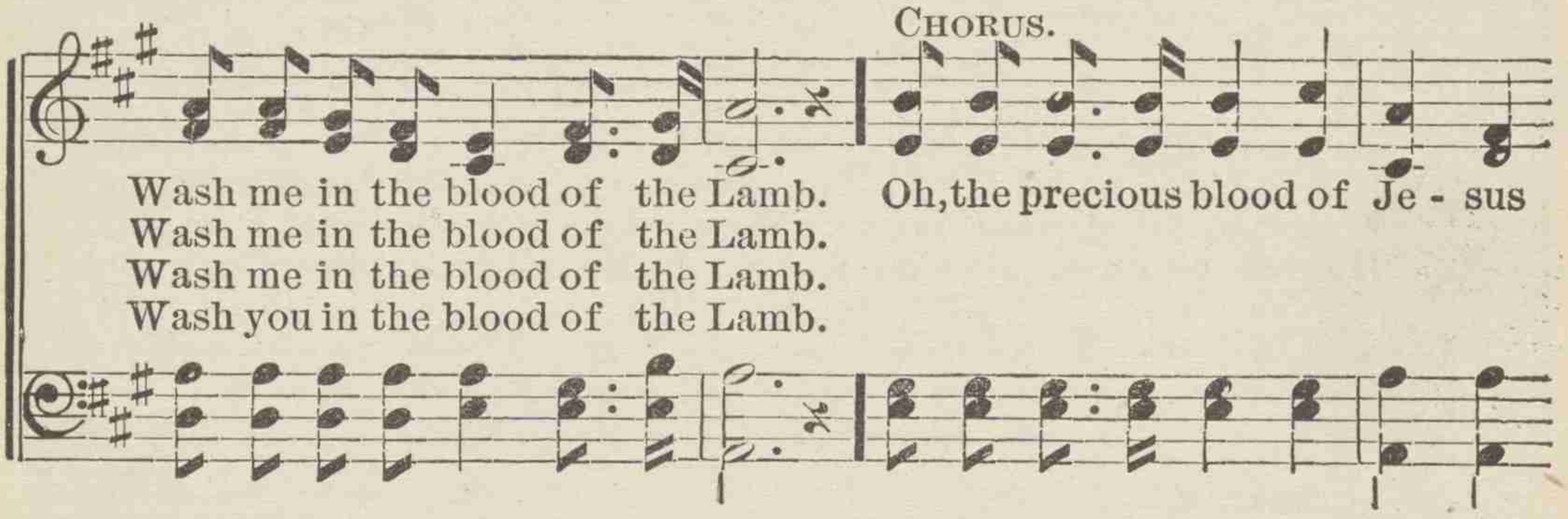
No 44. WASH ME IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

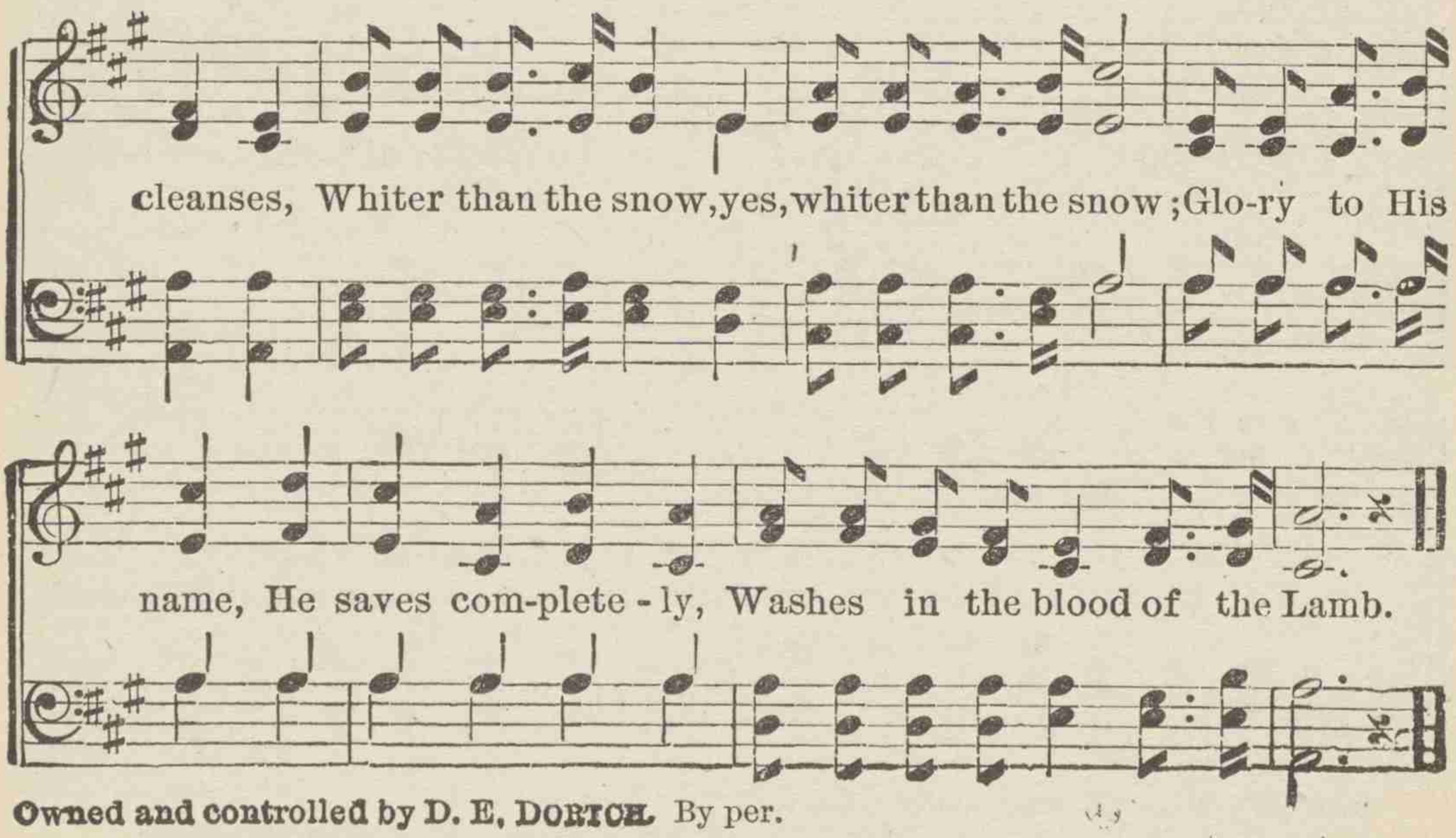
"The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.









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No. 45. In the Rock of Ages Hiding.

Mrs. ELLA RUSSEY, Post Oak, Texas. HOLLACE H. HOWARD, Pottsboro, Texas.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, What a calm and blest re-treat,
2. Thou hast promised Thou wilt guide me, Blessed Saviour, Brother, Friend;
3. Lord, Thy promis-es up - hold me, How they cheer me and con-trol,
4. Stay be-side me, blessed Sav-iour, For without Thee I would stray,

May I in Thy love a - bid - ing, Hold with Thee communion sweet.
That Thou wilt be always with me, Till this earthly strife shall end.
When my way seems dark and dreary, And the billows round me roll.
I must look to Thee for guid-ance, Lead me in the nar-row way.

I would ev-er sing Thy prais - es For sal - va-tion, full and free,
I would ev-er tru - ly serve Thee, While the countless a - ges roll,
As the tempest rag - es fierce - ly, To my hid-ing-place I flee,
I would ev-er, ev - er trust Thee, Always, Lord, my life con - trol,

Slower. *Rit.*

Resting safe within Thy bo - som, Rock of A-ges cleft for me (for me).
From the curse Thou hast redeemed me, Je- sus, Lov-er of my soul (my soul).
Safe within Thy blessed bo - som, Rock of A-ges cleft for me (for me).
For the way is dark without Thee, Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul (my soul).

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No. 46. The Lord My Shepherd Is.

H. P. FITCH. Ps. 23. W. HENRY MILFORD.

1. The Lord has been my Shep-herd, my Sav - ior and my Guide,
2. When my soul grew faint and wea - ry with the rough and rug - ged road,
3. A ta - ble He has spread me, with rich - est dain - ties stored,
4. I am near - ing now the val - ley of the shad-ow they call death,
5. And now I've reached the riv - er; I am wait - ing on the shore;
6. Then when I reach the cit - y, He will o - pen wide the gate.

He has fed me from His boun - ty, He has all my wants sup-plied;
He re-stored its strength and cour-age with the prom - is - es of God,
I have lived up - on His good-ness, I have feast - ed on His Word,
But no e - vil I am fear - ing, no cold and chill - ing breath,
On - ly wait - ing for the boat-man, to come and take me o'er;
And He will bid me en - ter, where the ran-somed saints a - wait,

Be - side the crys - tal wa - ters, He has led my err - ing feet, Of the
Yes, down be - side the wa - ters And in the pastures green, My
He has guard-ed me from dan-ger. And kept me day by day, And
For my Shepherd still is near me, With His bless-ed staff and rod, And
But my Shephard is be - side me, And He will hold my hand, Till I
There I'll need the staff no long - er, No long - er need the rod, For I'll

D. S. My Shep-herd is be - side me, And He will hold my hand, Till I

Fine. CHORUS.

rich-est of His pastures He has giv - en me to eat.
soul has caught the vis-ion And His glo - ry I have seen.
He has walked before me And led me all the way. The Lord my Shepherd
He will safe - ly lead me Up to the home of God.
sail be-yond the darkness and reach the glo - ry land.
dwell with Him for-ev - er in the dwelling place of God.

pass be-yond the darkness, and reach the glo - ry land.

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The Lord My Shepherd Is. Concluded.

D. S.

is, I shall be well supplied; The Lord my Shepherd is, What can I want be-side?

No. 47. The Dying Boy.

H. S. REES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I'm dy - ing, moth - er, dy - ing now. Please raise my ach - ing head,
2. Now light the lamps, my moth - er, dear, The sun has passed a - way;
3. A band of an - gels beck - on me, I can no long - er stay;
4. Their white washed robes in brightness shine, A crown is on each head;

And fan my heat - ed, burn - ing brow, Your boy will soon be dead.
I soon must go, but do not fear, I'll live in end - less day.
Hark! how they sing, "We wel - come thee; Oh! dear one, haste a - way."
Say, moth - er, will not such be mine, When I am with the dead?

Turn o'er my pil - low once a - gain, And kiss my fev - ered cheek,
I'm sink - ing fast, my moth - er, dear, Here I can't long - er dwell;
The hour has come, the end is near, My soul is mount-ing high;
I'm go - ing fast, I can - not wait, But with me all is well;

I'll soon be free from all this pain, For now I am so weak!
Yet, I'll be with you, do not fear, Tho' I must say "Fare - well!"
What glorious strains sa - lute my ear, From heav'n's bright angel choir!
I'm pass - ing thro' the pearl - y gate, Fare-well to all, fare - well!

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No. 48. Beautiful, Golden Sometime.

HARRIET E. JONES. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

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

wea - ry by Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith-ful that
drear-y when missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where
bur-dens to oth - ers unknown, There comes to my mind the sweet
sun-light so sel - dom ap-pear, Hope whispers of home-land and

home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
an - gels a - bide, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
rest near the throne, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
glo - ri - fied cheer, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful, golden sometime, sometime, sometime, Thro' Je-sus, my

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

Used by per. of Geo. B. Holsinger, owner.

No. 49. Waiting There.

MAY E. MCMILLAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Be-yond the mist - y clouds that their sun-set tints un-fold, Be-
2. Be-yond the sil - v'ry stars, with their radiance soft and bright, Be-
3. Be-yond this life of sorrow with its toil, its care and pain, Be-

yond their crimson glo-ry bright and fair, Is a wondrous hap-py
yond the az - ure skies so far a - way, Is a home of love and
yond life's fit-ful dreams of deep un-rest, We are drift-ing to the

D. S—Where the white-robed angels

cit - y whose streets are paved with gold, And our loved and lost are
beauty and the Sav-iour is its light, And we'll meet Him in that
por-tals where we'll meet our loved a-gain, Meet them standing in that

stand, A shin-ing, hap - py band, Yes, they're waiting for our

Fine. CHORUS.

waiting for us there. Wait-ing there, wait-ing
hap-py home some day.
cit - y of the blest. Wait-ing there,

com-ing o - ver there (over there).

D. S.

there, Meet me there, meet me there,
wait - ing there, Meet me there, meet me there,

J. B. Vaughan, owner. By per.

No. 50. Marching To That City.

L. D. McDONALD. GEO. W. BACON.

1. We are march-ing to that home, Where the faithful ev - er roam, 'Mid the
2. There true pleasures ev - er stay, Thro' the ev - er - last - ing day, And no
3. O 'twill be a hap - py time, Leav-ing troub-le all be - hind, As a

beau-ties of that land, o - ver there; Where the ransomed we shall meet,
sor - rows ev - er come, o - ver there; For the Sav - ior is the light,
shad - ow of the past, o - ver there; When we reach that hap - py land,
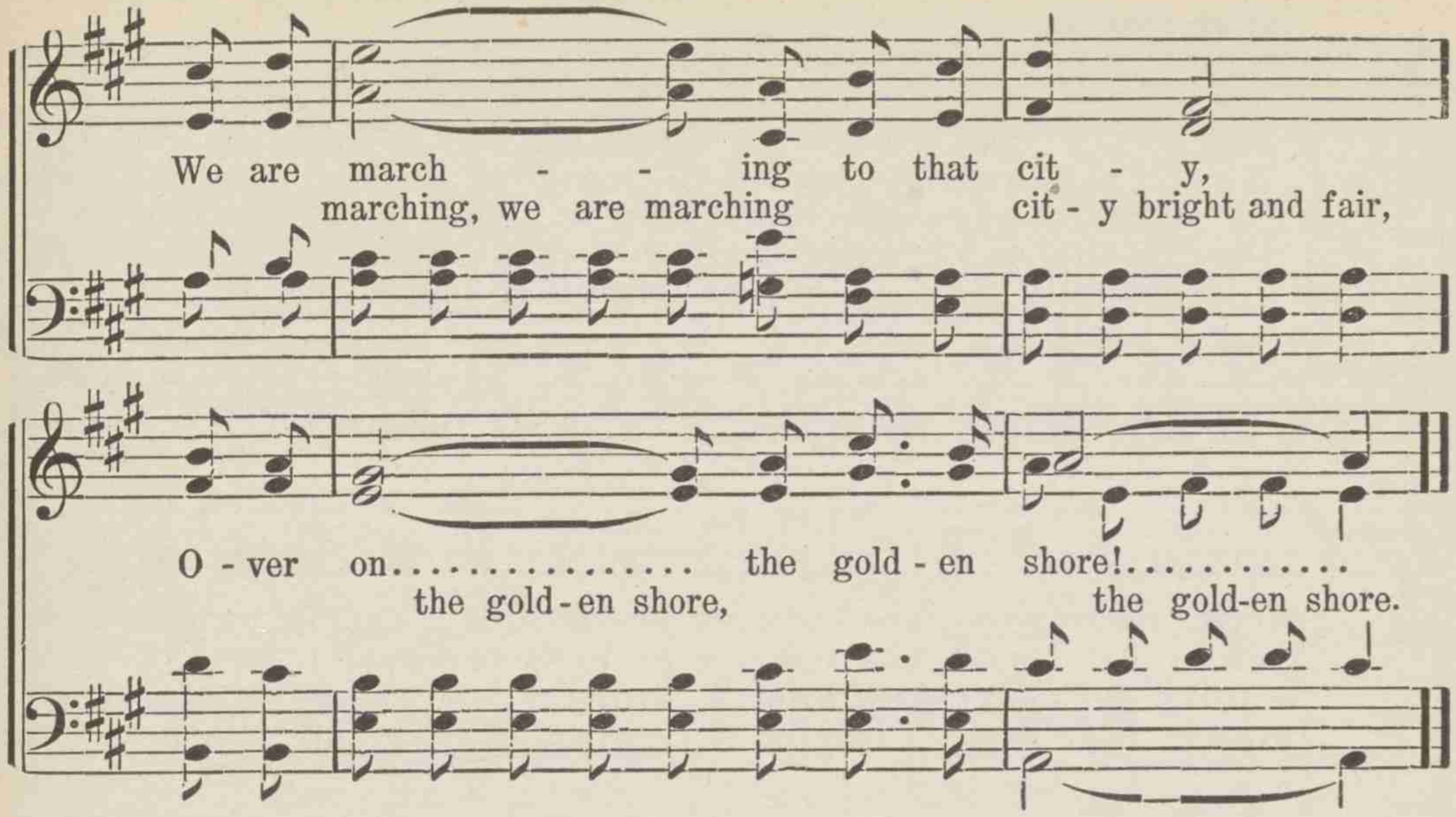
Where our loved ones we shall greet, With the clasping of the hand, o - ver there.
That dis - pels all grief and night, From the realms of that blest home, o - ver there.
And a - mong the faith-ful stand, Crowned with vic-to-ry at last, o - ver there.

CHORUS.

We are march - - - ing to that cit - y,
marching, we are marching cit - y bright and fair,

Where the faith - - - ful part no more;.....
faithful, where the faith - ful will part no more;

Marching To That City. Concluded.



No. 51. Lovely Home.

JOHN MCPHERSON. Old Melody.

No. 52. My Loved Ones Are Waiting for Me.

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. When I shall cross o - ver the dark roll-ing tide, O what a glad meeting there'll be, For close by the beau-ti - ful pearl-y white gate,
2. A dear, lov-ing mother now waits on that shore, To clasp me a- gain to her breast; She left this world shouting the praises of God,
3. Dear fa-ther and brothers and kindred have gone To dwell in that country so fair; And while I still lin - ger on Time's troubled shore,
3. I sometimes get wea- ry and long to go home, But all of my work is not done; I'm glad I can la - bor for Je- sus, my Lord,

f CHORUS.

My loved ones are wait-ing for me.
By an - gels was car - ried to rest. Wait-ing for me, they're
They're watching and wait-ing up there.
Till sounds the sweet message, "come home."

p

waiting for me, O what a glad meeting 'twill be!..... Waiting for glad meeting 'twill be!

p

f

me, they're waiting for me, My loved ones are waiting for me..... are waiting for me.

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No. 53. Jesus Will Save.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Je - sus will save, for your soul He hath giv - en His pre-cious life as a ran - som from sin, That He might o - pen an
2. Je - sus will save, put an end to your mourning, Bid you re- joice in His fa - vor and love, Robe you to - day in His
3. Je - sus will save, throw your heart's door wide o - pen, Long He has called while you slumbered in sin; If you give heed to the
4. Je - sus will save, shout the won-der - ful sto - ry, O - ver and o - ver the glad news proclaim; Je - sus will save, fill your

entrance to heav-en, And for you life ev - er - last-ing to win.
righteous a - dorn-ing, Fit you to dwell in His presence a - bove.
word He hath spok-en, He'll make you pure both without and with-in.
heart with His glo - ry, Yes-ter-day, now, and for - ev - er the same.

ff **CHORUS.** *pp* *f*

Jesus will save, Jesus will save, He will for-give your transgressions to-day;

f *pp* *ff*

He pleads for you, He pleads for you, Jesus will save you, O come while you may.

Used by per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, O.

No. 54. Bless His Name.

S. Houston Proffitt. J. Henry Hendrix.

1. We have sought the Lord so dear, And have found Him ver - y near, He has
2. We have found such perfect peace In this bless-ed free release, And our
3. When our journey here is done, And a home in heav'n is won, We shall

filled our hearts with cheer, Bless His name; Now we praise Him day by day, As we
joy shall never cease, In His love; He is with us here be-low, As thro'
praise God's blessed Son, By and by; On that happy, golden shore We shall

jour-ney on the way, From His love we'll nev-er stray, Bless His name·
life we on-ward go, O such peace and joy we know, In His love.
dwell for ev - er-more, And His pre-cious name a-dore, By and by.

Bless His name,.... His ho-ly name so sweet, Bless His name.... for
In His love,..... His boundless love so free, In His love.....we'll
By and by,..... yes, in the by and by, By and by.....we'll

Bless His name, His holy name so sweet, Bless His name for

ev - er - more; Bless His ho - ly name, His name so
ev - er stay; In His love, His boundless love so
reach our home; In the by and by, "Sweet by and

ev - er-more, for ev - ermore; Bless His ho - ly name, His name so

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Bless His Name. Concluded.

sweet, Bless His ho - ly name for ev - er-more.
free, In His boundless love we'll ever stay.
by, By and by we'll reach our heav'nly home.

sweet, His name so sweet, for ev - er-more.

No. 55. Hiding and Resting.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, Arr. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid-ing, Where no harm can ev - er come,
2. Oft the tempt-er tries to lure me From "the cleft once made for me,"
3. Tho' all earth-ly friends forsake me, In this Rock will I re-pose;
4. Here my soul is sweet-ly rest-ing, Calm-ly rest - ing in His love;
5. So I will stand up for Je - sus Who has done so much for me,

From the storm se-cure - ly sheltered, I a - wait the go - ing home.
But I heed not his en-treat-ies; Here I'm safe e - ter - nal - ly.
Con - se - crat - ed to His serv-ice, What care I for all my foes?
Here I wait the glorious summons To the par - a - dise a - bove.
And in Him, the Rock of A - ges, I will hide e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Here my soul doth safe - ly hide,

And in Him, the Rock of A - ges, Calm-ly rest - ing I a - bide.

No. 56. Over the Tide.

To all who have loved ones on the other side, this song is dedicated.

MRS. ELLA RUSSEY. H. H. HOWARD.

Good as a Solo.

1. When thro' with life's battles, its toils and its cares, When death steals upon
2. We give up our loved ones in pain and dis-tress, But Je-sus stands by
3. When thro' the deep wa- ters I call thee to go, I'll walk by thy side

us, per-haps un-awares; 'Tis a bless-ed as-sur-ance that Je-sus will guide
ev - er read-y to bless; The same blessed Sav-ior, the Friend ever true,
and no fear thou shalt know; My rod and my staff, they sure-ly will guide

CHORUS.

Our fal - ter-ing spir - its safe o - ver the tide.
Who wept with the sis - ters, is weep-ing with you. O - ver the tide,
Thy trembling feet o - ver death's dark, rolling tide.

o - ver the tide, Jesus our weak trembling spirits will guide; O - ver the
tide, the dark, roll-ing tide; Je - sus will go with us o - ver the tide.

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No. 57. My Jesus is Able to Save.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

rit.

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No. 58. DON'T DELAY.

"Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

SALLIE HENCILL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Time is glid-ing swiftly by, Death and judgment draweth nigh, To the arms of Je - sus fly, Don't de - lay.
2. Children, seek the narrow way, Youth and beau-ty soon de - cay, Here you have not long to stay, Don't de - lay.
3. We've responded to the call, Christ redeem'd us from the fall, And we'll crown Him Lord of all, Don't de - lay.

Oh, you'd bet-ter now de-cide,
Then how sad will be your state,
Per-fect vic - to - ry have we,

don't de-lay,

Mer-cy's door is o - pen wide, Quickly turn from sin's dark tide, Don't delay.
If you're left out-side the gate, And you hear the cry, "too late!" Don't delay.
Thro' the blood of Cal - va - ry, And from sin our souls are free, Don't delay.

CHORUS.

Don't de - lay, Don't de - lay,
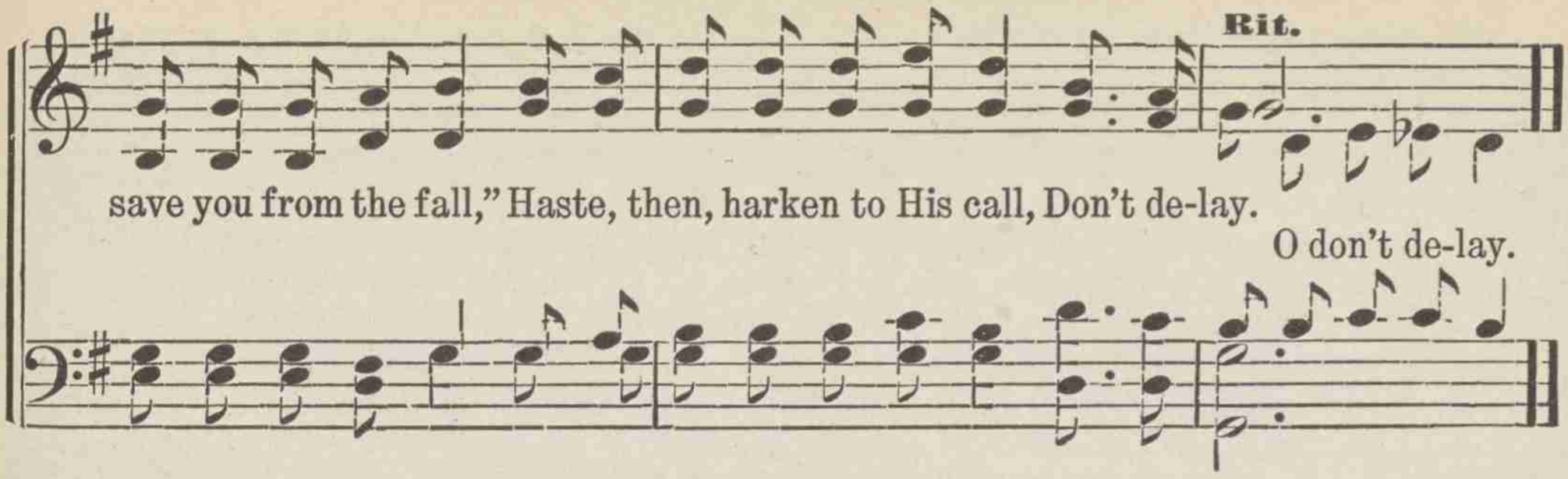
Don't de-lay, but come to Je-sus, Don't de- lay for He will save you. Children,

Jesus now is calling, Don't de-lay. Yes, He cries to one and all, "I will

Don't delay,

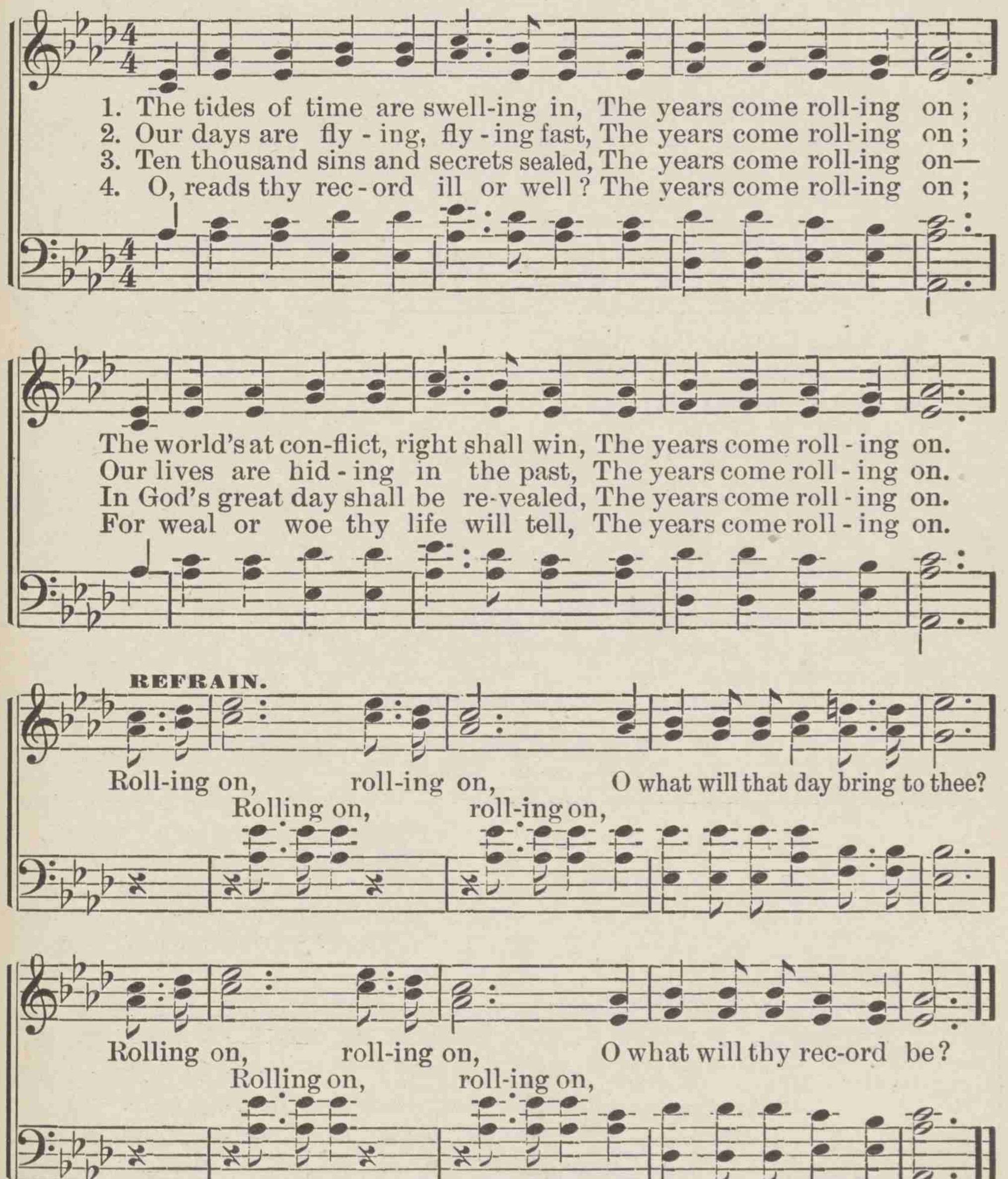
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Don't Delay. Concluded.



No. 59. The Years Come Rolling On.

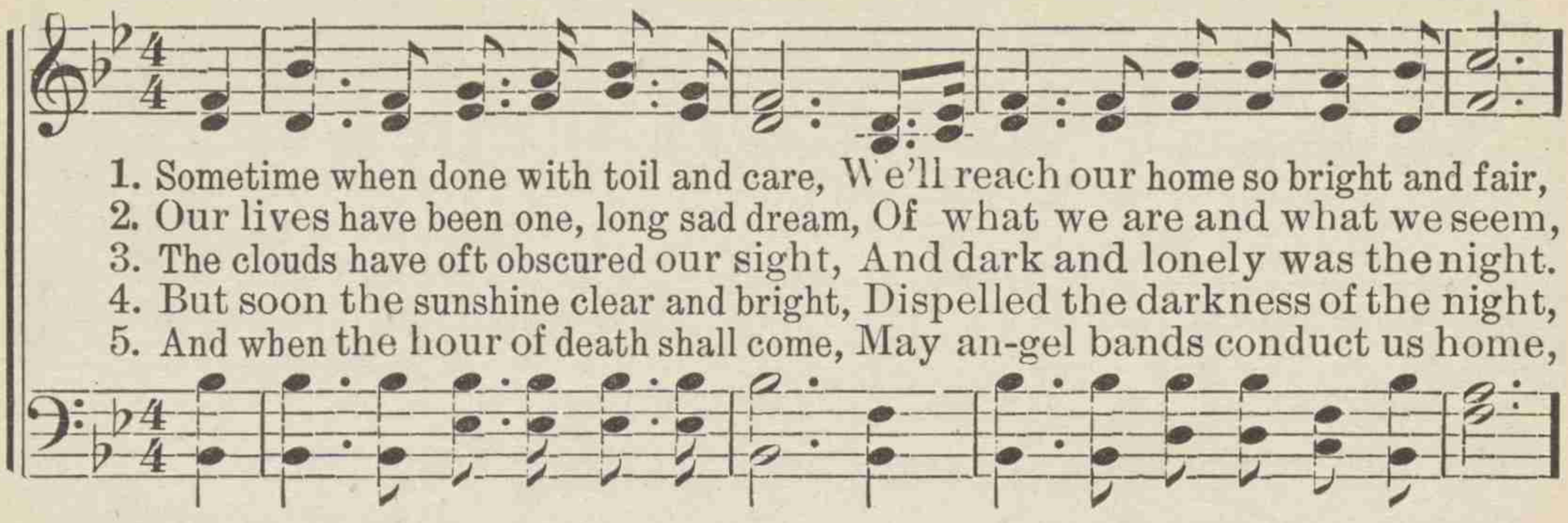
REV. J. W. WAYLAND. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



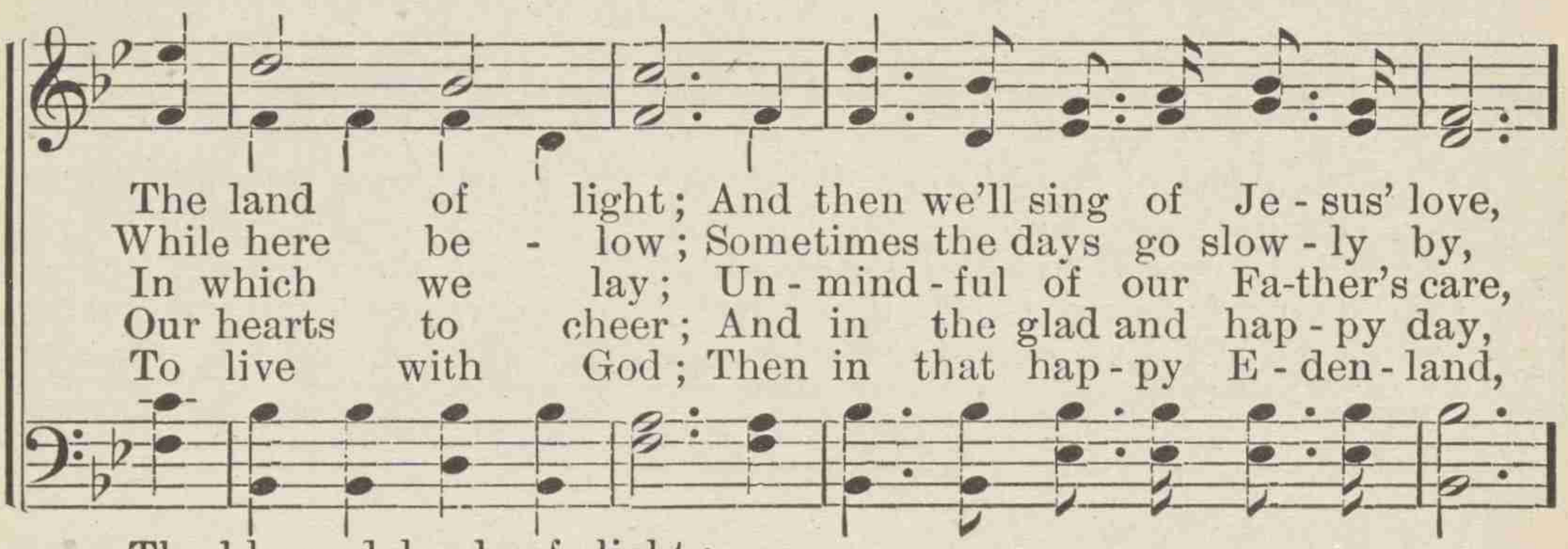
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No. 60. Sometime.

Words by S. HOUSTON PROFFITT. Music and refrain by FLAVIL HALL.

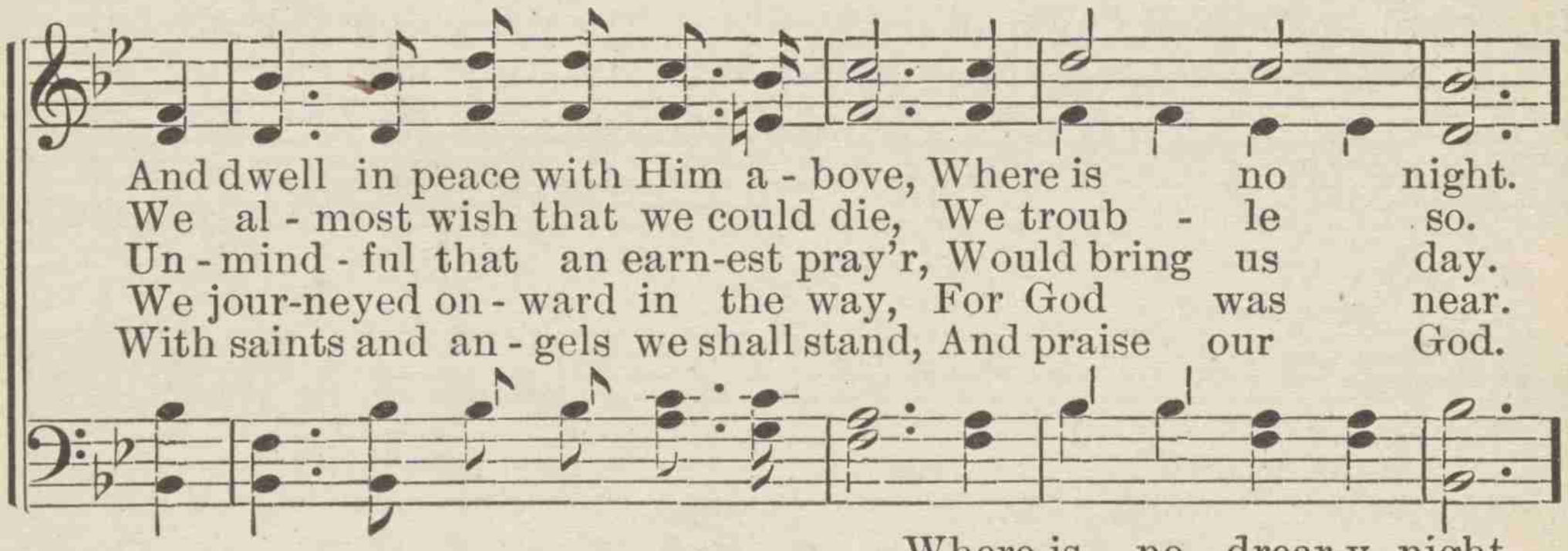


1. Sometime when done with toil and care, We'll reach our home so bright and fair,
2. Our lives have been one, long sad dream, Of what we are and what we seem,
3. The clouds have oft obscured our sight, And dark and lonely was the night.
4. But soon the sunshine clear and bright, Dispelled the darkness of the night,
5. And when the hour of death shall come, May an-gel bands conduct us home,
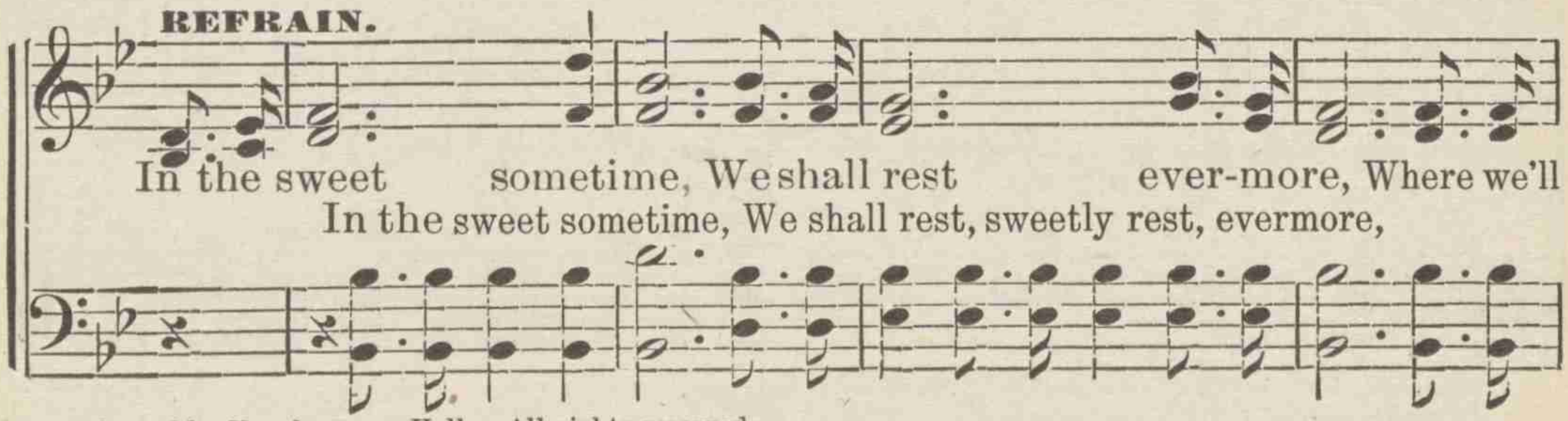


The land of light; And then we'll sing of Je - sus' love,
While here be - low; Sometimes the days go slow - ly by,
In which we lay; Un - mind - ful of our Fa-ther's care,
Our hearts to cheer; And in the glad and hap - py day,
To live with God; Then in that hap - py E - den - land,

The bless-ed land of light;
While trav'ling here be - low;
In which we sad - ly lay;
Our lone - ly hearts to cheer;
To live in heav'n with God;



And dwell in peace with Him a - bove, Where is no night.
We al - most wish that we could die, We troub - le so.
Un - mind - ful that an earn-est pray'r, Would bring us day.
We jour-neyed on - ward in the way, For God was near.
With saints and an - gels we shall stand, And praise our God.
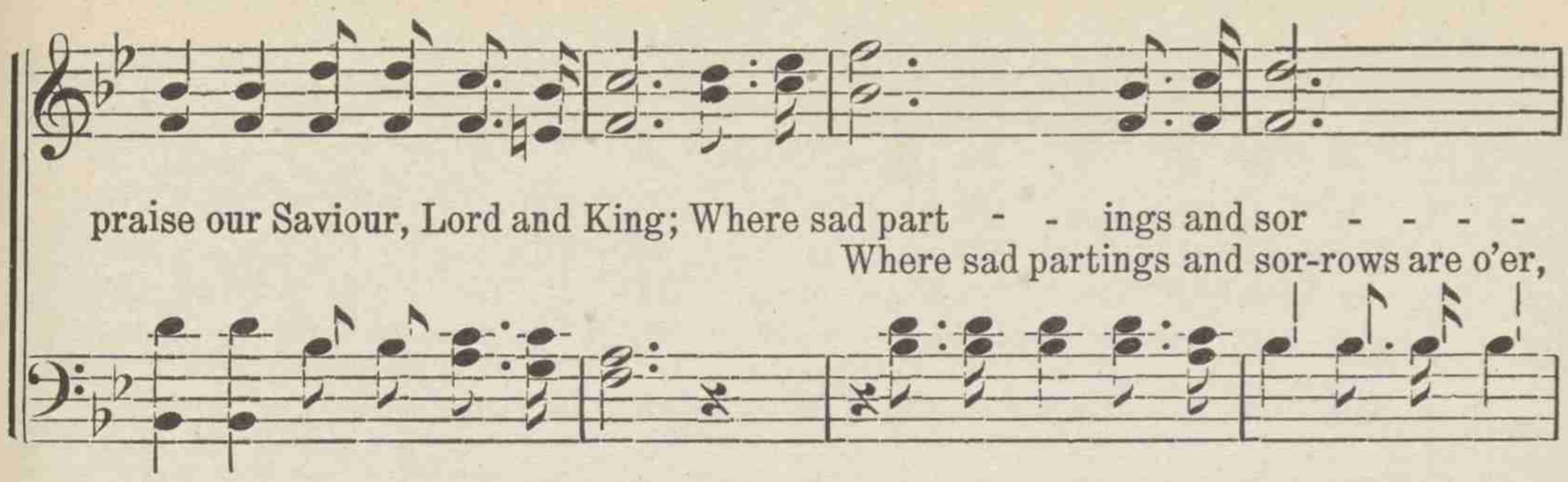
Where is no drear-y night.
Our hearts are troub-led so.
Would bring us welcome day.
For God was ev - er near.
And ev - er praise our God.
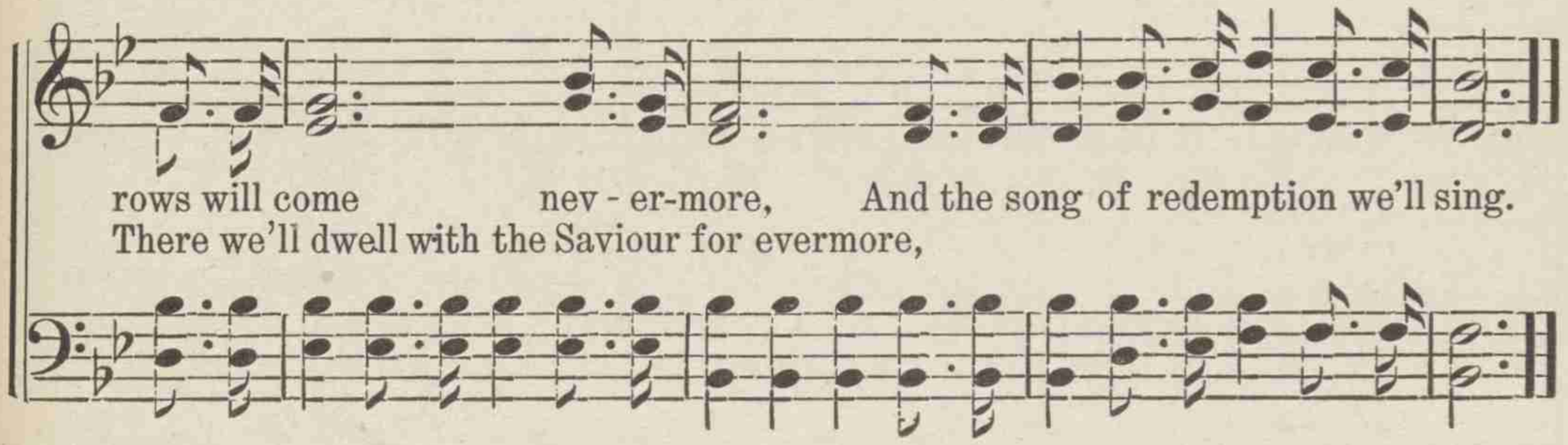


In the sweet sometime, We shall rest ever-more, Where we'll
In the sweet sometime, We shall rest, sweetly rest, evermore,

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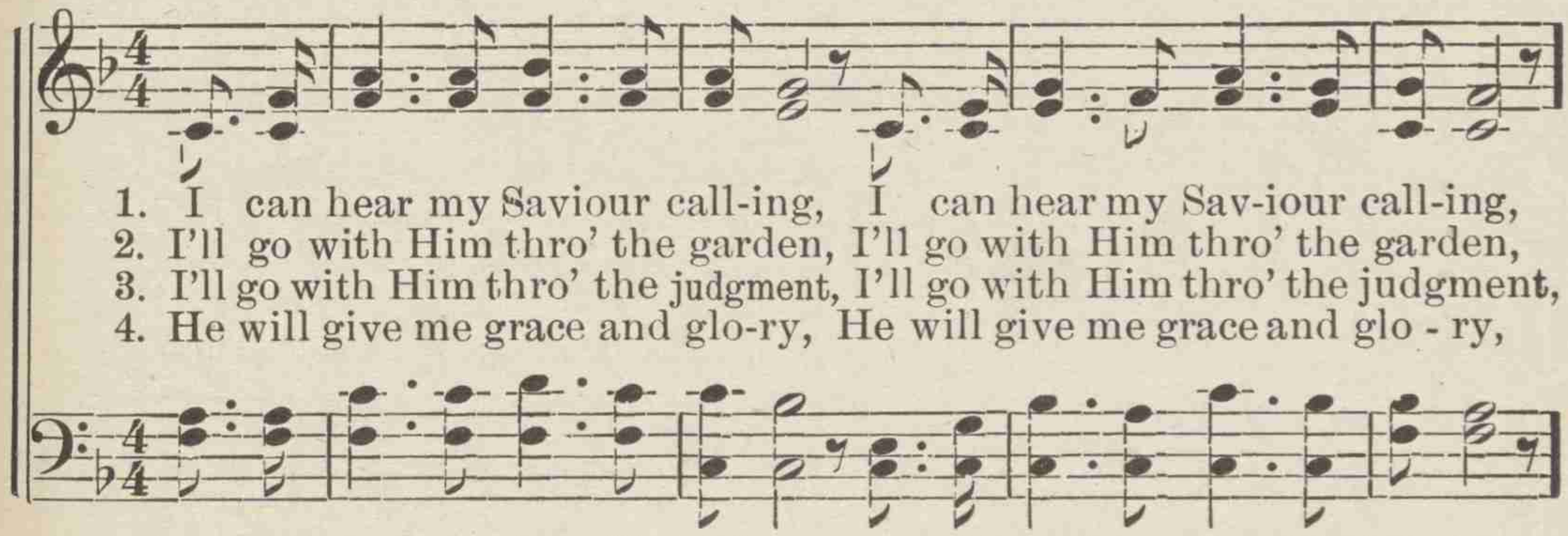
Sometime. Concluded.

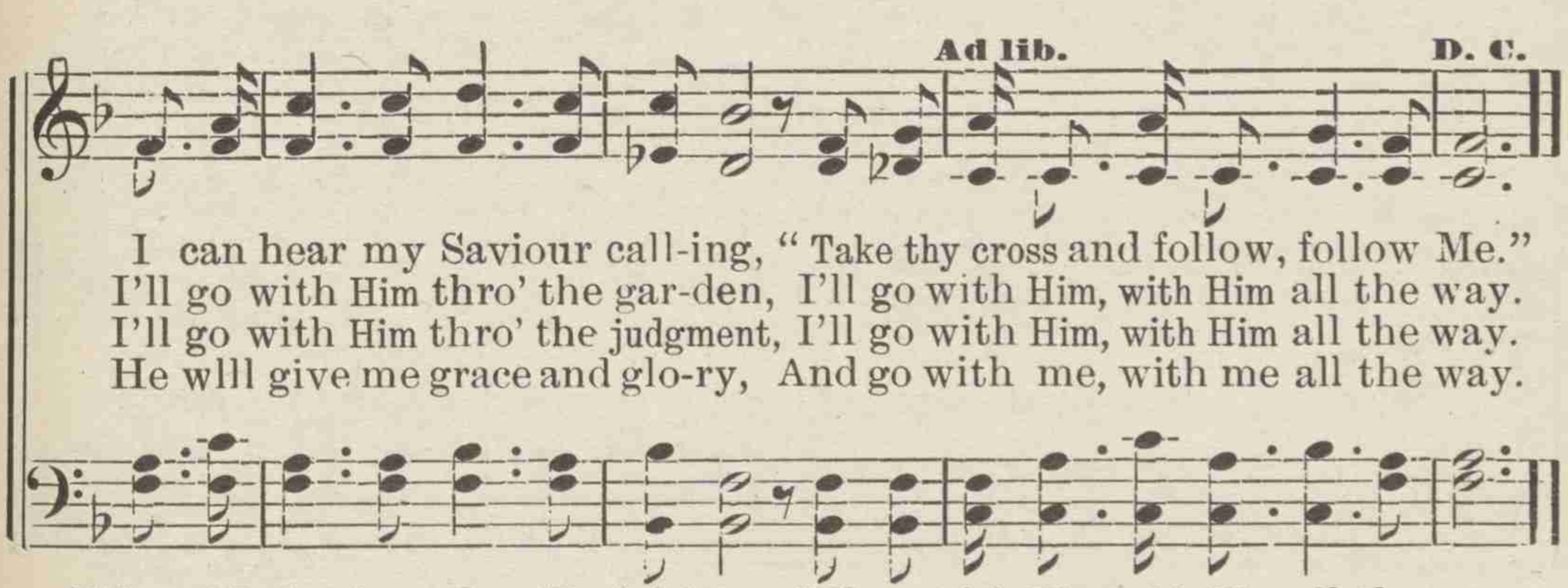




No. 61. Where He Leads Me I Will Follow

Arr.





No. 62. I'll Never Turn Back.

W. C. HENDRICKS. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Je - sus my Lord to glo - ry has gone, I'll nev-er turn back an-y-
2. This world is not a friend un-to grace, I'll nev-er turn back an-y
3. O Lamb of God, be with me to - day, I'll nev-er turn back an-y
4. Je - sus my King, I'll love to the end, I'll nev-er turn back an-y

more; I'll take up my cross and fol - low on, I'll nev - er turn
more; But in Je-sus' name, I'll run the race, I'll nev - er turn
more; For Thou art the Truth, the Life, the Way, I'll nev - er turn
more; I'm trust-ing a - lone in this dear friend, I'll nev - er turn

CHORUS.

back an - y - more. Nev - er turn back, nev - er turn back,

No! I'll nev - er turn back an - y - more, The ha - ven of

light is al-most in sight, I'll nev - er turn back an - y - more.

Used by per.

No. 63. Let Him In.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. REV. 3 : 20. A. E. HELTON.

1. At thy heart's door Jesus stands, Gently knocks with lov-ing hands, Will you heed His kind re-quest; Ope the door and let Him in, He will cleanse your heart from sin, And will give your soul sweet rest. Let Him in,

2. Do not spurn your Friend a-way, Har-den not your heart to - day, If you hear His lov - ing voice; Turn a - way from ev - 'ry sin, Thus a bet - ter life be - gin, Now's the time to make the choice.

3. He has knocked so long in vain, That He may not long re-main, Will you grieve the Ho - ly One? If He leaves you to your fate, Then your cries will be too late, And your soul will be un - done. Let Him in,

CHORUS.

Let Him in, Let the bless-ed Sav - iour in; Let Him in, Let Him in, O let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in, O let Him in, Let Him in, let Him in, He will cleanse your heart from sin. Let Him in, O let Him in, Let Him in.

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No. 64. We Are Nearing That Sweet Home.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. We are nearing that bright mansion Up a-bove the star-ry way,
2. We are nearing that fair cit - y Where our dear ones watch and wait;
3. We are nearing joys im - mor-tal That will nev-er fade a - way,
4. We are nearing bliss and glo - ry In that home beyond compare,

And we'll pass its bless - ed por - tals by and by; When we
There we nev - er - more shall speak the sad good-bye; O how
In that coun-try where we'll nev - er, nev - er die; There we'll
Where the saints of God shall gath - er by and by; We shall

reach the land ce - les - tial We shall rest in peace for aye;
glad - ly they will greet us When we reach the pearl - y gate;
live with Christ, the Sav - iour, In the realms of end - less day;
dwell in love for - ev - er, And the rich - est bless-ings share;

We are near - ing that sweet home be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.

We are near - - ing that sweet home.
We are near - ing that sweet home.

Used by per. of The Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

We Are Nearing That Sweet Home. Concluded.

We are near - - ing that sweet home,
We are near-ing that hap-py home,

We are near - - ing that sweet home, We are
We are near-ing that sweet home,

near-ing that sweet home be-yond the sky.
be-yond the sky.

No. 65. Thus Far the Lord.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He forgives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

No. 66. Lead Me, Saviour.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Lead me ev - er in Thy truth, blest Sav-iour, Keep me tho' I walk 'mid sin and strife; Lead me, Fa-ther, or I can not fol - low
2. Lead me, Sav-iour, tho' my feet may fal - ter, For my trust and hope is all in Thee; Weak am I, but Thou hast ev - er promised
3. Lead me, Sav-iour, till my journey's end - ed, Keep me till I lay my burdens down; Guide me till the last foe shall be vanquished,

CHORUS.

Paths of peace, or find e - ter - nal life.
Strength and light to those who Thine would be. Lead me, lead me ev - er,
And I gain in heav'n a star - ry crown.

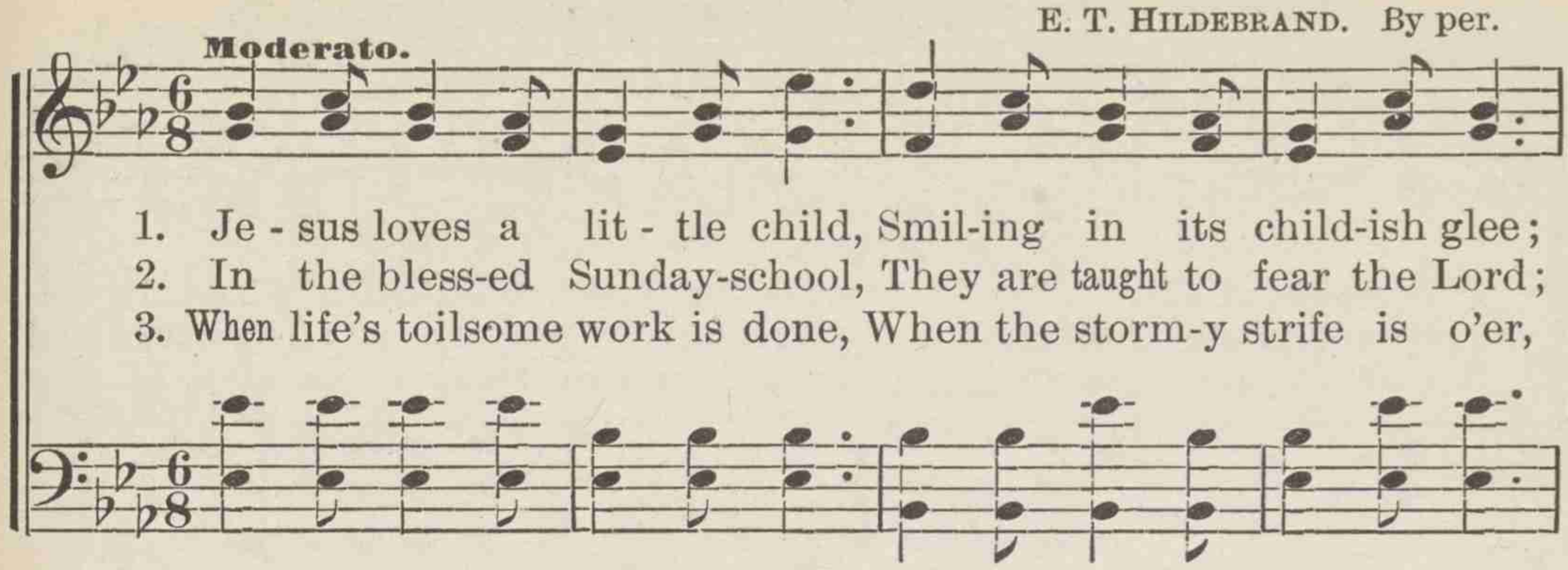
precious Saviour, Guard and guide me with Thy righteous hand; Lead me,

lead me ev-er, precious Saviour, Till I glo - ri-fied, before Thee stand.

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No. 67. Let Them Come to Me.

E. T. HILDEBRAND. By per.



No. 68. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psalm 55: 17.

Rev. W. W. Walford. D. E. Dortch.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . That calls me
2. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . Thy wings shall
3. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . May I thy

from a world of care, And bids me at . . . . my Fa-ther's
my pe - ti - tion bear To Him whose truth . . . and faith-ful-
con - so - la - tion share, Till, from Mount Pis - - - gah's loft - y
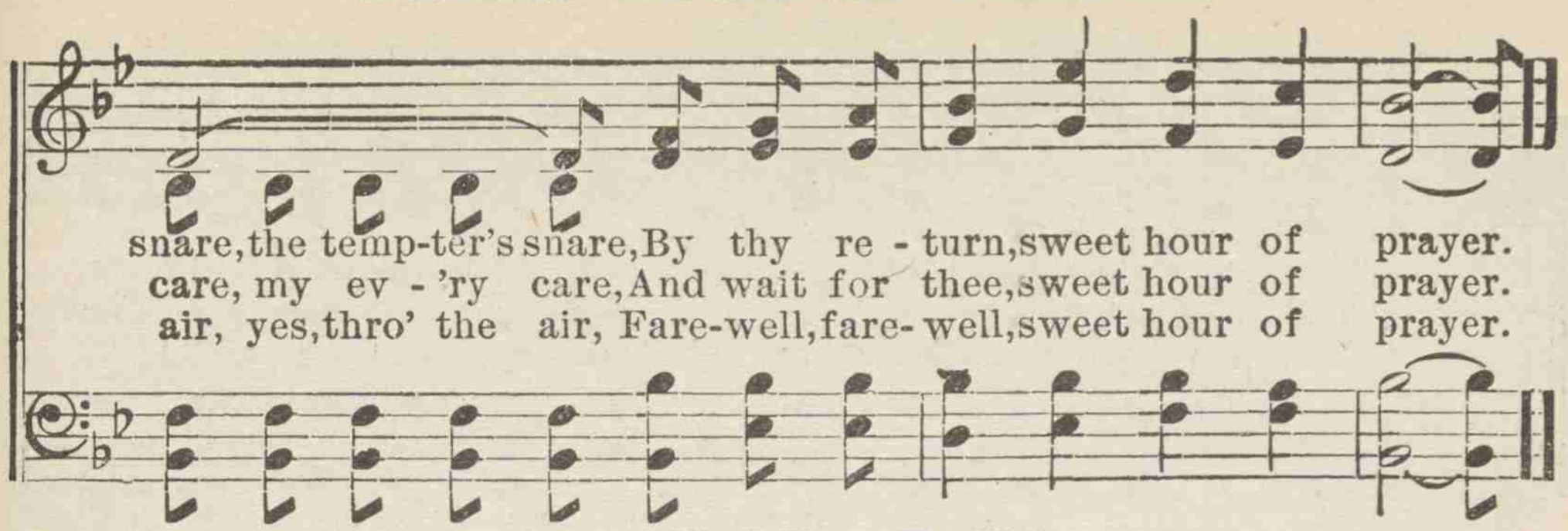
throne, my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
ness, and faith-ful - ness, En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
height, its loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

In sea-sons of . . . . dis-tress and grief, . . . My soul has
And since He bids . . . . me seek His face, . . . Be-lieve His
This robe of flesh . . . . I'll drop and rise . . . . To seize the

oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped . . . the tempter's
word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him . . . my ev - 'ry
ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout while pass - - ing thro' the

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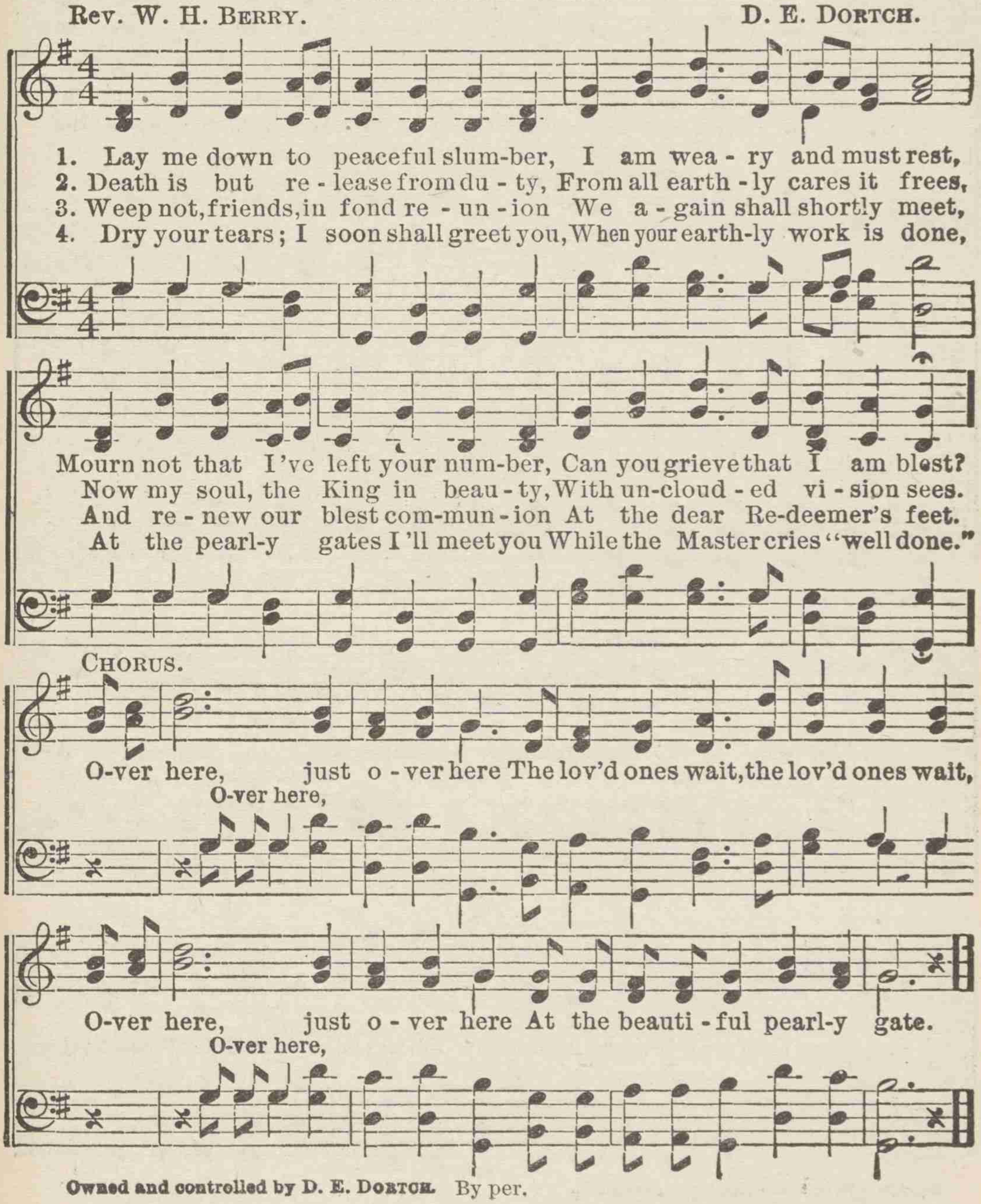
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.



No. 69. A SPIRIT'S ECHO.

FOR FUNERAL SERVICES.

Rev. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH. By per.

No. 70. THE TRUE LIGHT.

2 Sam. 23: 4.

J. S. DAVIS AND J. P. LANE. J. P. LANE. By per.

1. O, the light that shines up - on our pil - grim way! How it
2 Glo- rious light! whose ra - diant beams shall nev - er cease Pour - ing
3. O, this glo - rious light "That light - eth ev - 'ry one," Who by

spar - kles with ce - les - tial gleam! Far tran-scend-ing ev - 'ry
down up - on our path - way here, O - ver-whelm-ing us in
faith a - lone will light - ed be, Is - the heav'n-ly Ray, the

shin - ing orb of day, Like the sun pales ev - 'ry earth- ly beam.
lus - tre, joy, and peace, Till the pearl - y gates of heav'n we near.
Christ, the Fa - ther's Son! He will shine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty

REFRAIN.

Shine on, O beautiful light, Shine on, Shine on And
Shine on, Shine on, beau-tiful light Shine on,

make our path grow brighter all the way, 'Till we reach the realms of endless day.

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No. 71. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

1. I have a hope di-vine, sal-va-tion's joy is mine, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. The blood once shed for me, from guilt has set me free, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. While in this world I roam, I'm on my jour-ney home, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
4. Where saintly throngs rejoice I'll sing with grateful voice, Glory to the Lamb!

Glo-ry to the Lamb! With sins all washed away, my song shall be for aye,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Now thro' His saving name e-ter-nal life I claim,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! In realms of light and love my soul shall dwell a-bove,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty my hap-py song shall be,

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb whom
heav'n-ly hosts a-dore! Glo-ry to the Lamb who suff'ring for us bore! And
rit.
now upon His throne He reigns forevermore, Glory to the Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary.

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No. 72. Don't You Want To Go?

Words and musc by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offer'd up for you, Oft-en while you slept dear
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in
4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten

meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a - bove the star-ry sky,
mother's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal - va - tion, O to her love be true,
ev - er - last-ing woe, Give your heart to Je - sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
you must face you know, Je - sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,

REFRAIN.

In that sun - ny clime up - on the gold - en shore.
While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
Moth - er now is wait - ing, don't you want to go?
To that home in glo - ry, don't you want to go?

Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je - sus bids you

come to that hap - py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

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No. 73. If You Love Your Mother.

Arr. and 4th stanza by J. D. V. Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. In a lone - ly graveyard, ma-ny miles a - way, Lies your own dear moth-er,
2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab - sent,
3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav-iour flee, He who saved dear moth-er,
4. What a hap - py meet - ing o - ver in that land, When you meet your moth-er,

slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for - got - ten all her tears and sighs?
moth - er kind and true; She is liv - ing now where pleas-ure nev - er dies,
sure - ly will save thee; Give up all for Je - sus, make the sac - ri - fice,
and the kin-dred band; There will be no part - ing, no more bit - ter cries,

CHORUS.

If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies. She is wait-ing for you

in that happy home, Turn from sin's dark pathway, do not longer roam; Give your heart to

Je-sus, up-ward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.

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No. 74. Working Brings Reward.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. In working for Jesus blest peace is found, For pleasures, sweet pleasures will
2. When liv-ing for self no sweet bliss is known, Of bringing to Je - sus poor
3. O, may we each prove our true faith in God, And follow in joy where our
4. O, give me new strength, blessed Lord, I pray, To la-bor for Thee and Thy

e'er a-bound; I'll labor while here to find rest a - bove, In mansions of glo-
wand'rers lone, Or lending a hand to the young or old Who're weary, forsak-
Mas - ter trod; Go errands of mercy, the poor re-lieve, Till Jesus shall call,
cause each day; Increase, Lord, my faith, be my help and guide, Till Jordan I cross

CHORUS.

ry so bright with love.
en, out - side the fold. Work - ing in His vine - yard,
"Come, thy crown receive."
and with Thee a - bide. Working in His vineyard, in His vineyard, in His vineyard,

Toil - - ing for my Lord;..... Win - - ning
Toiling, toiling for my Lord, yes, toiling for my Lord; Winning souls for Je-sus,

souls for Je - sus, Bring - eth sweet re - ward.....
souls for Jesus, souls for Jesus, Bringeth sweet reward, yes, sweet reward, yes, sweet reward.

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No. 75. Pisgah.

ISAAC WATTS. ANON.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies,....
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier-y darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall,.....
4. There shall I bathe my wear-y soul In seas of heav'nly rest,.....

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world,
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peaceful breast,

And wipe my weeping eyes,....And wipe my weeping eyes,....
And face a frowning world,...And face a frown-ing world,...
My God, my heav'n, my all,.....My God, my heav'n my all,.....
A - cross my peaceful breast,.. A - cross my peaceful breast;

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

No. 76. When The Reaping Time Shall Come.

JENNIE WILSON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Will joy or grief be our re-ward When the reap-ing time shall come?
2. Will grain or tares our vis - ion greet When the reap-ing time shall come?
3. O may we faithful serv-ants prove When the reap-ing time shall come,

How will we stand be - fore the Lord When the reap-ing time shall come?
What can we lay at Je - sus' feet When the reap-ing time shall come?
And gain the home pre-pared a - bove When the reap-ing time shall come,

For sow - ing the seed of good or ill, With glad - ness or shame our
To beau - ti - ful gar - ners in the skies, Can we car-ry sheaves that
If scat - ter-ing now good seed on earth, We'll gath - er a yield of

souls must thrill, When the reaping time shall come, When the reaping time shall come.
He will prize, When the reaping time shall come, When the reaping time shall come.
price-less worth, When the reaping time shall come, When the reaping time shall come.

CHORUS.

When the reap - - - - ing time shall come!..... When the
reaping time, the reap-ing time, the reaping time shall come!

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When The Reaping Time Shall Come. Concluded.

reap - - - - - ing time shall come!..... As the
reap-ing time, the reap - ing time, the reap - ing time shall come!

Mas-ter looks down on the fields be - low, Will He smile on the fruit-age of

what we sow, When the reap - - - - ing time shall come?.....
reaping time, the reaping when it shall come?

No. 77. Windham.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there,
2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,

But wis-dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.
Which hyp-o - crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.

No. 78. Visions of Heaven.

"Ye shall see heaven open."—JNO. 1 : 51.

Words and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

With feeling. Good as a solo.

1. Oft when I gaze at the stars in the night, Vis - ions of heav - en en-
2. Mother's dear form at the gate I can see, Anx - ious-ly watch-ing and
3. Strains of sweet mu-sic float down thro' the spheres, Heav-en - ly mel - o - dies
4. Thro' the pearl gates I can see them pass in, Saints rob'd in white who are

rapt-ure my sight; The form of some lov'd one ap - pears to my view,
wait-ing for me; On the prom - ise of God she has faith to re - ly,
rav - ish my ears; 'Tis the an - gel band sing - ing re-demption's sweet song,
cleansed from all sin; I seem to catch glimp-ses of scenes 'round the throne,

CHORUS.

Looking down with de-light thro' the cur-tains of blue.
And waits for my com - ing to man-sions on high. Vis-ions of heav-en with
As the blood-washed of earth join the heav-en - ly throng.
Where the mighty host gath-ers their Sav-iour to own.

rapt - ure I see, Loved ones in glo - ry wait - ing for me; Je - sus my
Sav - iour, beck - on - ing come, Wel-come, my child, to heav - en, your home.

Rit.

Copyright, 1904, by Chas. Edw. Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo.

No. 79. Jesus Invites You To Come.

ISAAC R. LAMPERT. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Sin - ner, come in from the dark-ness of night, Turn from the way that you know is not right, Get in the path that will lead to the light,
2. Come now to Je - sus, and have per-fect rest, Lean your poor head on His strong, lov - ing breast, He is the Friend that is tru - est and best,
3. Up to that cit - y where com-eth no night, Where all the walls with rare jew - els shine bright, This is for you, if you come to the light,
4. Come where the riv - er of life ev - er flows, Leave all your sorrows, your cares and your woes, Come to your Sav - iour whose love o - ver - flows,
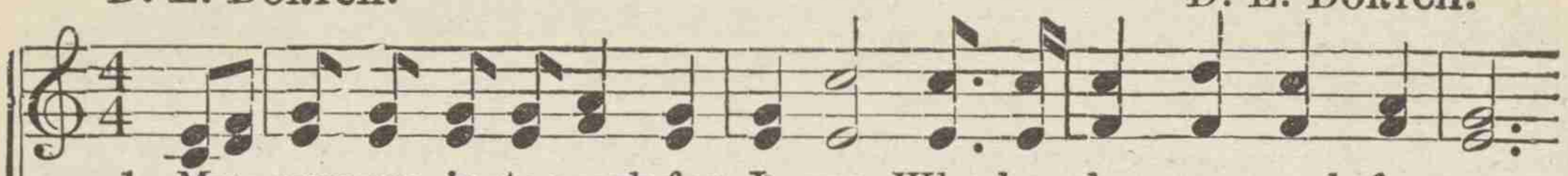
CHORUS.

Je - sus in - vites you to come. He is now wait - ing with wide o - pen arms, Wait-ing to give you a home; He is a Friend that will love to the end, O wan - der no long-er, come home.

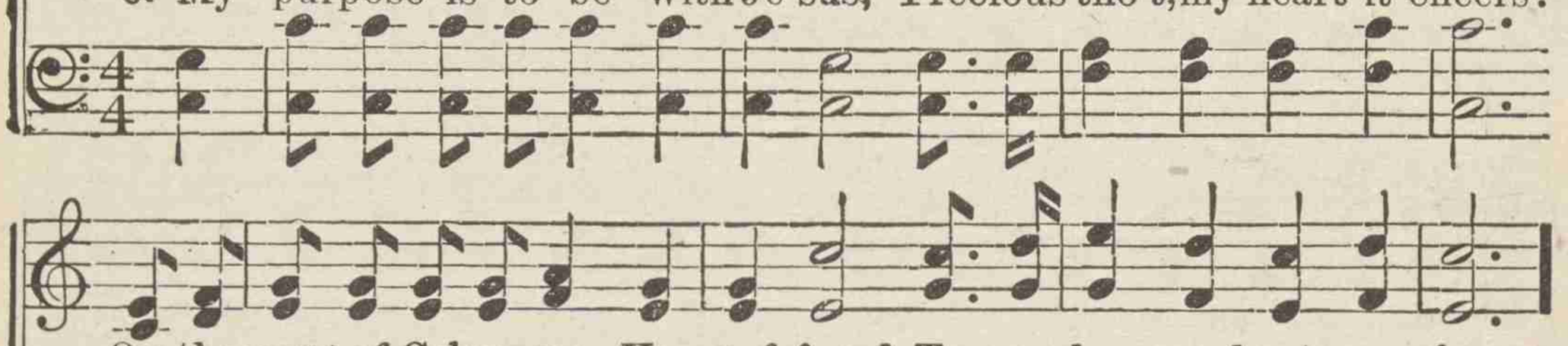
No. 80. MY PURPOSES.

"My purpose is established by counsel."—Prov. 20: 18.
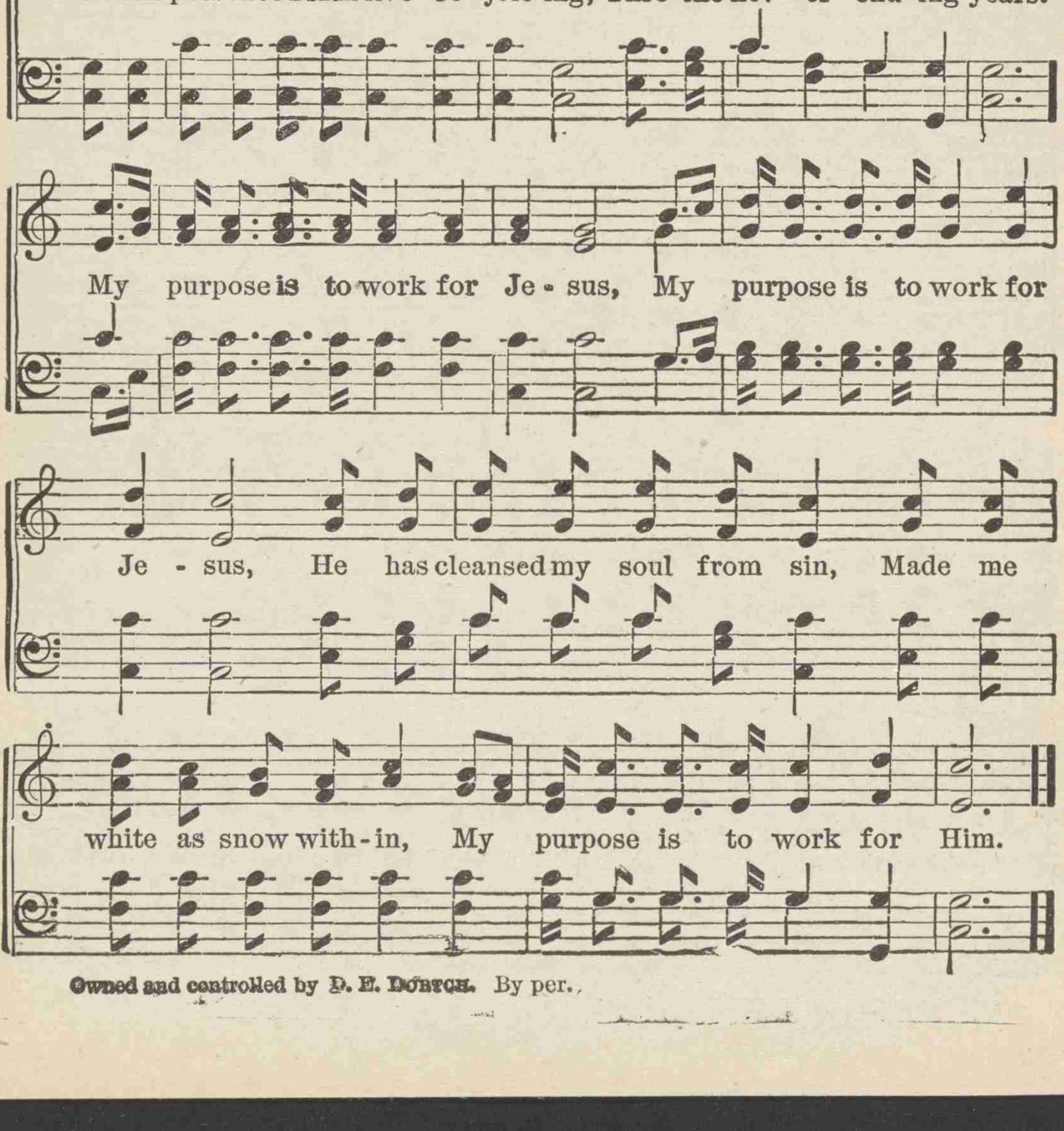
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.



1. My purpose is to work for Je-sus, Who has done so much for me;
2. My purpose is to sow for Je-sus, Precious seeds of gos - pel truth;
3. My purpose is to reap for Je-sus, From the morning till the night;
4. My purpose is to live for Je-sus, Such a life that all may know
5. My purpose is to sing for Je-sus, Songs of His re - deem-ing love;
6. My purpose is to be with Je-sus, Precious tho't, my heart it cheers!



On the mount of Calva - ry He suf-fered To re-deem and set me free.
I will sow them in the hearts of sin-ners, Of the a - ged and the youth.
Few the la - borers, but great the har-vest That is wav - ing now in sight.
That I walk and talk with Christ my Sav-iour, And His love and mer - cy show.
Till my pilgrimage on earth is end-ed, Then I 'll sing His praise a - bove.
In His presence I shall live re - joic-ing, Thro' the nev - er end-ing years.



My purpose is to work for Je - sus, My purpose is to work for
Je - sus, He has cleansed my soul from sin, Made me
white as snow with - in, My purpose is to work for Him.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH. By per.

No. 81. The Shadows Gather.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. The shadows are clos-ing a - round us, Pro-claim-ing the end-ing of day;
2. We're lonely, dear Saviour, with-out Thee, And dark is our lone pil-grim way;
3. Once more we would plead for Thy presence, O guide till we reach our "sweet home;"

O Saviour and Friend, be near to the end, And comfort each heart now we pray.
Now shine in each heart and fear will depart, And night time be bright as the day.
If Thou lead the way, we never can stray, Heav'n's glories at last will be won.

CHORUS.

O Sun di - vine, up - on us shine, Till we

O Sun di - vine, up - on us shine,

cross to that fair sun - ny shore; In that bright land,

In that bright land,

A ransomed band, We will praise Thy blest name ev - er - more.

A ransomed band,

No. 82. I Will Follow Jesus.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I will go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I will go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the valley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my

blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow ; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I will
sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav-iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the
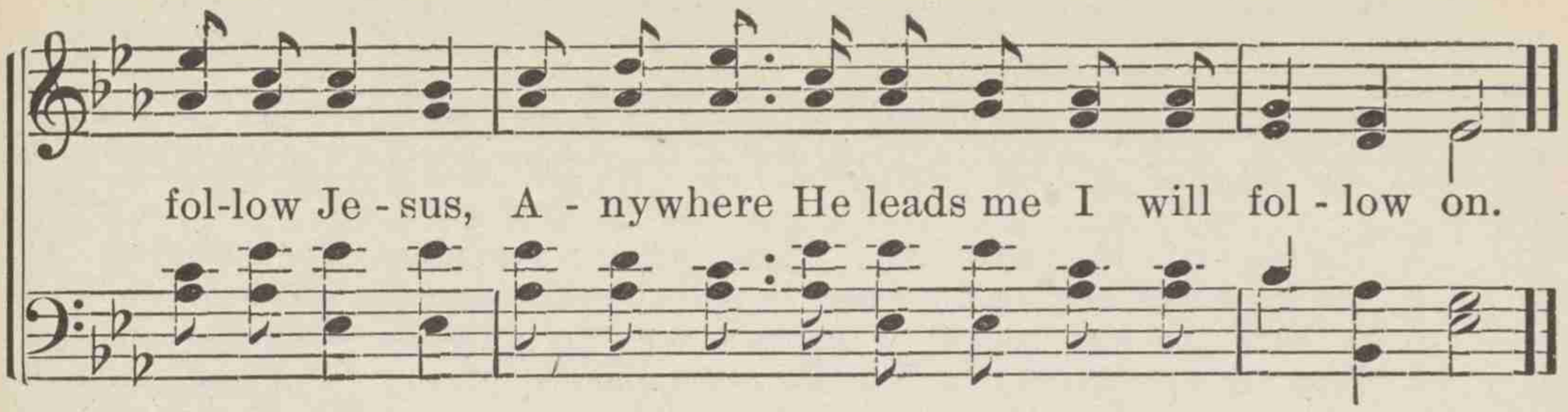
fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown is won.
nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-gers can not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He hath trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol - low, fol - low! I will fol - low Je - sus, A - ny-where,
ev - 'ry-where, I will fol - low on! Fol - low, fol - low! I will

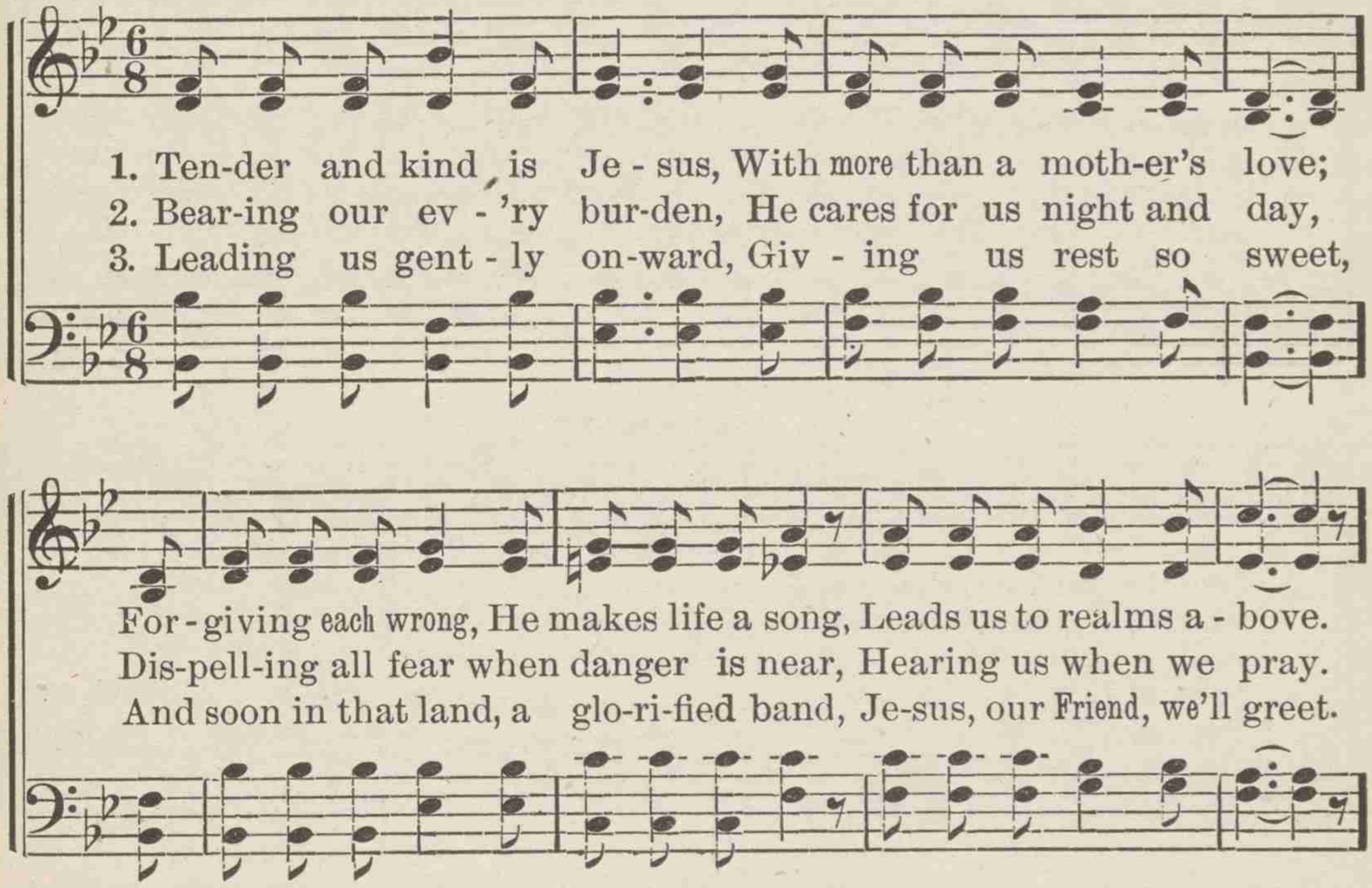
Per. to John McPherson.

I Will Follow Jesus. Concluded.
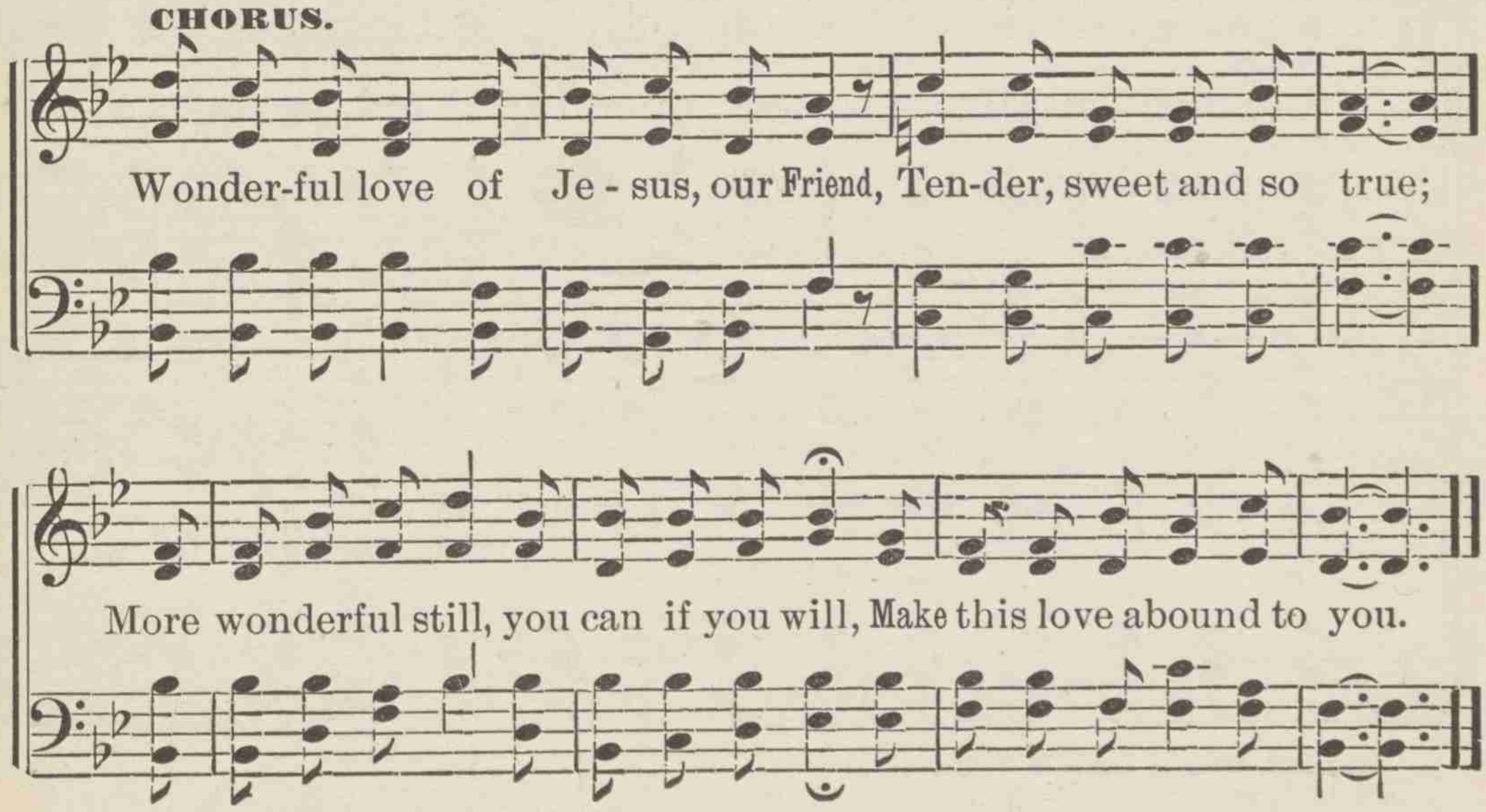


No. 83. Jesus, Our Friend.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.



CHORUS.



No. 84. The Judgment Day.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—REV. 6: 17.

Theme not original. Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Slow with expression.

1. The ter - ri - ble day of judg-ment is com-ing, Its dawn-ing is
2. The good will be placed on the right of the Sav-iour, The bad on the
3. O have you e'er thought of the last sep - a - ra-tion When Je - sus, the
4. Then parents who've lived for this world and its glo - ry Will find it's too

draw - ing near, The trumpet's loud call will say to all na-tions, "Be-
left, a - way, Each one will receive th' reward of his la - bor, O
Judge, will say; "De-part to the re-gions of darkness e - ter - nal," Are you
late to pray; They have carried their own dear children to torment, O

REFRAIN.

fore the dread bar ap - pear."
where will you stand that day? O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day,....
read - y to meet that day?
think of that aw - ful day?

great day,

O that ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble day (great day), It's com - ing to me, it's

com - ing to you, That day is com-ing to all.....
soon com-ing to all.

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No. 85. I'll Labor For Jesus.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Our Sav - iour has giv - en a work to do, And O! may we
2. I'll la - bor for Je - sus while here I stay, I'll trust Him to
3. O sin - ner, why dwell in the night of sin, When Je - sus can
4. Our Sav - iour hath spo - ken, O thought so blest! "Come wear-y - worn

all e'er the good pur - sue; Let on - ly the Lord be our guide and stay,
guide as I work and pray; Dear Sav-iour, O strengthen my faith to - day,
give you such peace with-in? He's read - y, He's waiting His grace to give,
la-b'rers, I'll give you rest;" With toil - ing all o'er, to His arms I'll fly,

CHORUS.

And la - bor His kingdom to build each day.
That I may lead oth - ers in - to the way. I'll la - bor, yes, la - bor for
Ac - cept it just now and for - ev - er live.
And dwell with the ransom'd for-e'er on high.

Christ my King, His goodness, His mer-cy, His praise I'll sing; I'll tell to all
sin-ners His matchless worth. In dy - ing a ran-som for all the earth.

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No. 86. MY HOME.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. My home is not this side death's riv - er, But it's in the far - off
2. My home is not a - mong the bri - ars, But the ro - ses bloom with
3. My home is not of hu - man build-ing, But my Father placed each
4. My home is not a place of sor - row, But the songs of joy and

region bright and fair, 'T is the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
fragrance rich and rare, Round the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
stone with His own care, In the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
gladness fill the air, Of the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,

CHORUS.
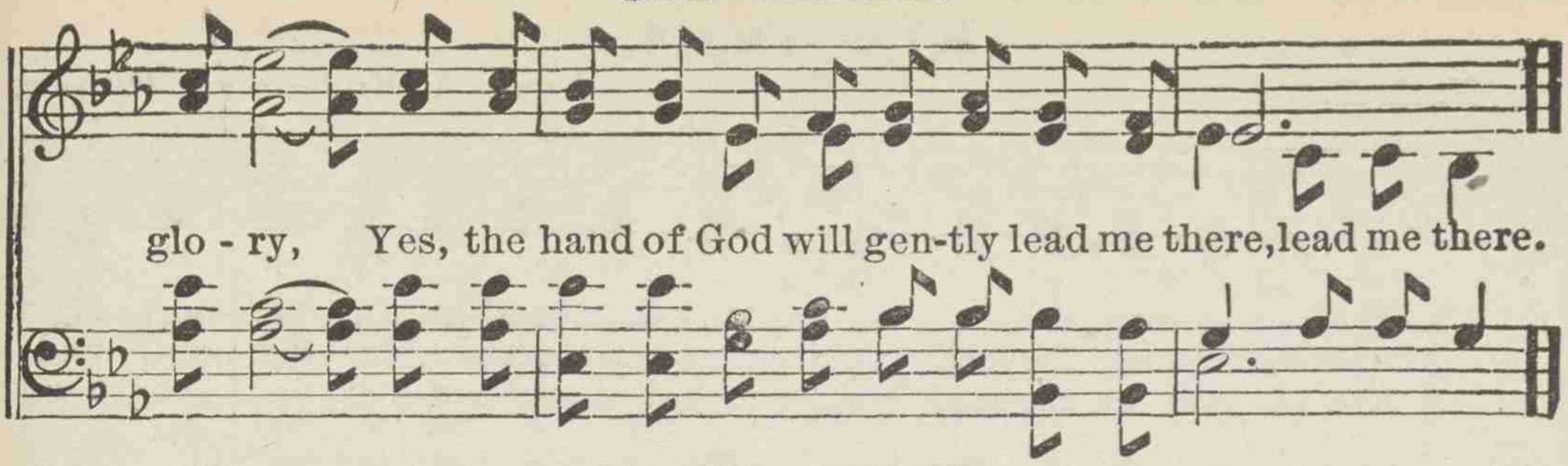
And the hand of God will gently lead me there. Yes, the hand of God will

gen - tly lead me there, lead me there, Yes, the hand of God will gen-tly

lead me there, lead me there, To the pal-ace of the King high in

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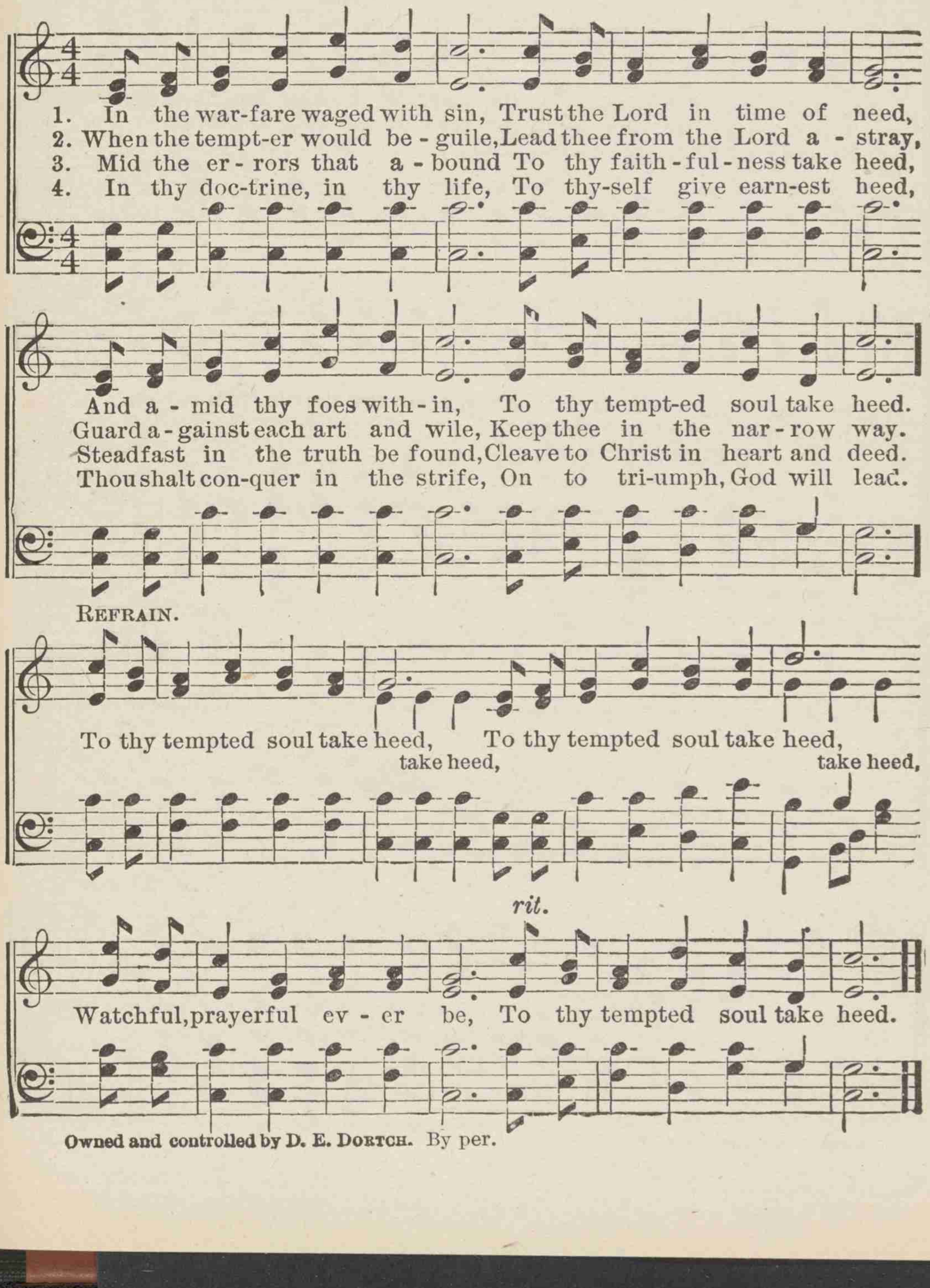
MY HOME.



No. 87. TAKE HEED.

"*Take heed unto thyself.*"—1 Tim. 4: 14.

Rev. J. H. Martin. D. E. Dortch.



Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch. By per.

No. 88. SOWING THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

F. A. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the morn- ing
2. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the still and
3. Are you sow-ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, All a - long the

bright and fair? Are you sow- ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the
sol-emn night? Are you sow- ing the seed of the king dom, broth-er, For a
fer - tile way? Are you get- ting read - y for the har-vest, broth-er, That will

CHORUS.

heat of the noon-day's glare? For the har-vest time is com-ing on,
har - vest pure and white?
come at the last great day? coming on,

And the reap -er's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be
soon be done;

ma - ny? will you gar - ner a - ny, For the gath-'ring at the har-vest home?

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No. 89. I AM WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

W. G. IRVIN. JAS. H. FILLMORE by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife.
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones, Where the "ma-ny mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the darkness Of this change-ful life are gone.
Hop-ing, when the war-fare's o-ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To a land of bliss a-bove.
List-'ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

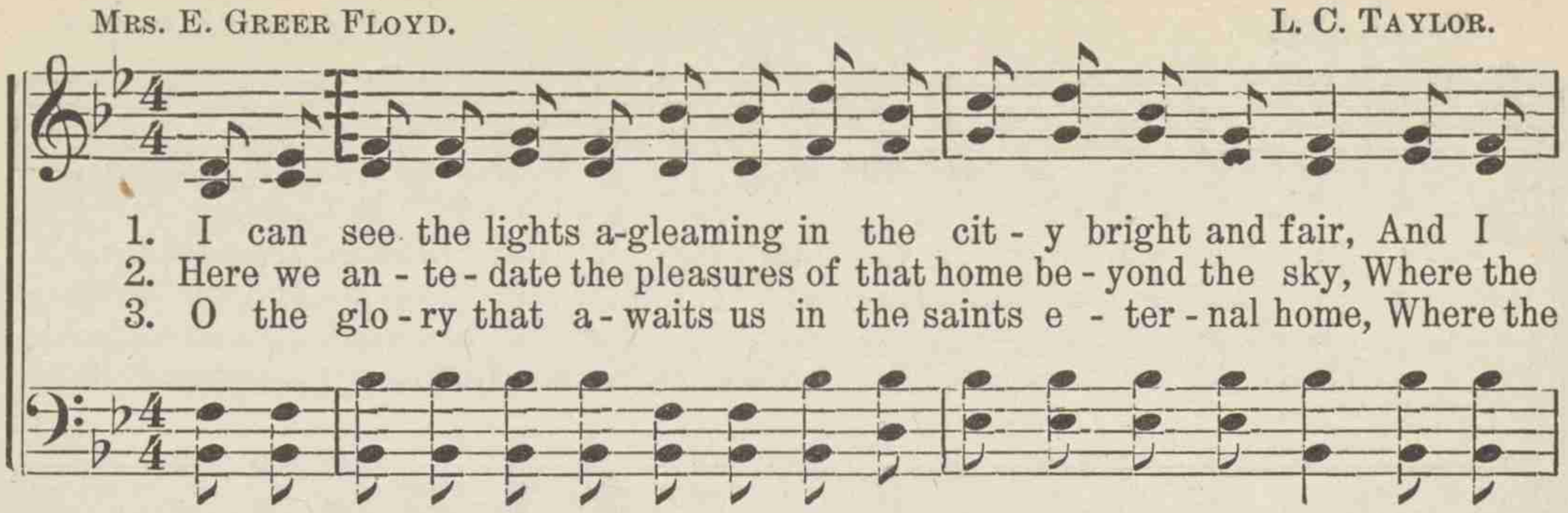
CHORUS.

I am wait - - - - - ing, on-ly wait-ing,
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, Till this
wea - - - ry life is o'er; On-ly wait - - - ing
wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry, till this wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing, waiting, waiting
for my wel-come, for my welcome, From my Sav-iour on the oth-er shore.

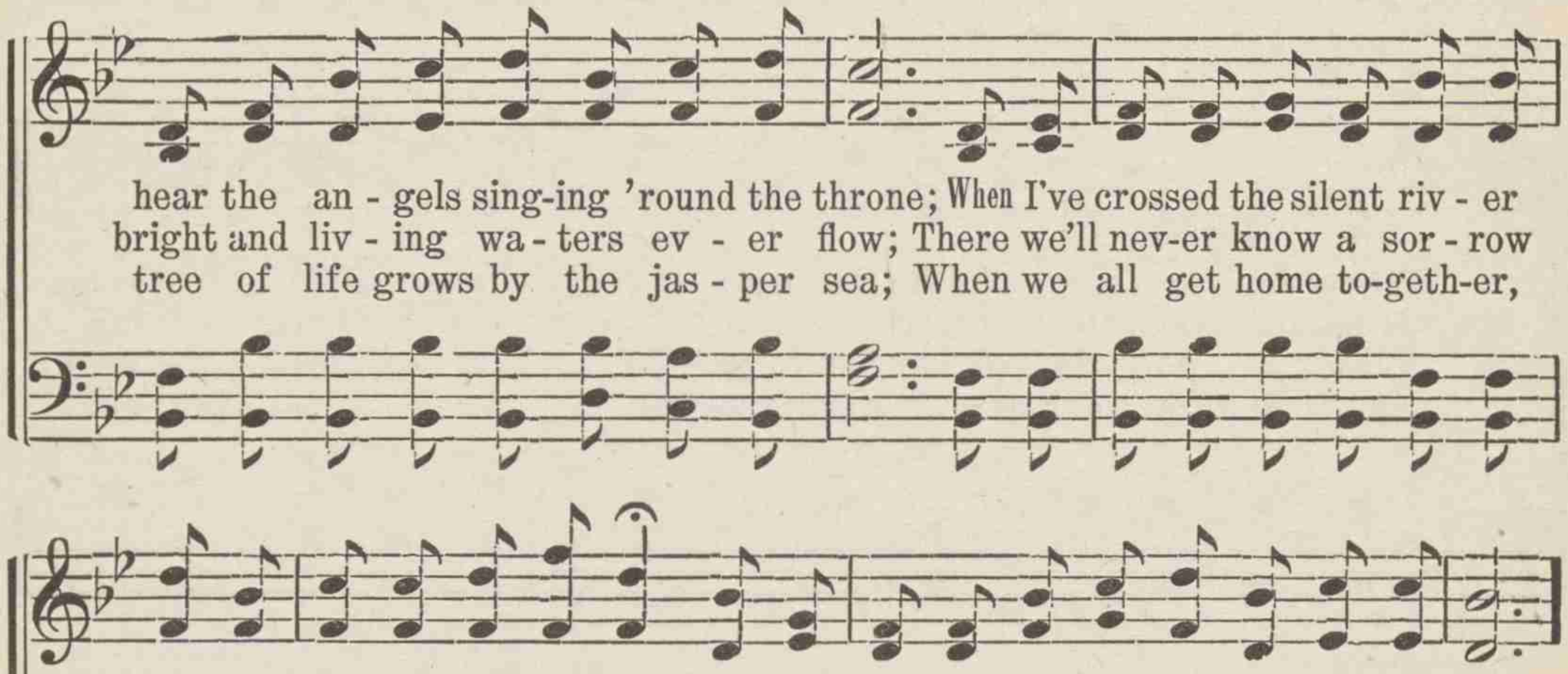
No. 90. We Will Meet On That Shore.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. L. C. TAYLOR.
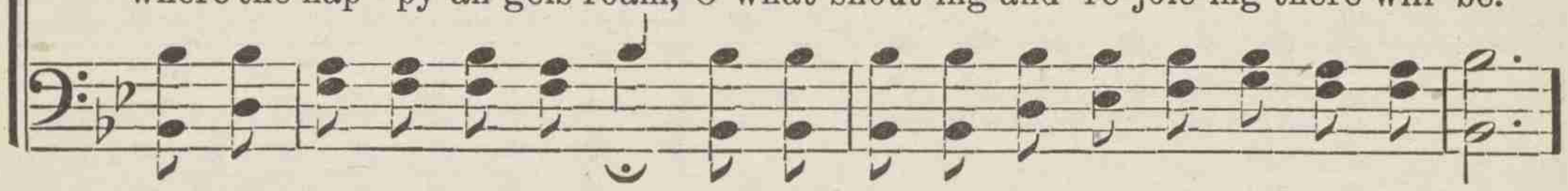
1. I can see the lights a-gleaming in the cit - y bright and fair, And I
2. Here we an - te - date the pleasures of that home be - yond the sky, Where the
3. O the glo - ry that a - waits us in the saints e - ter - nal home, Where the
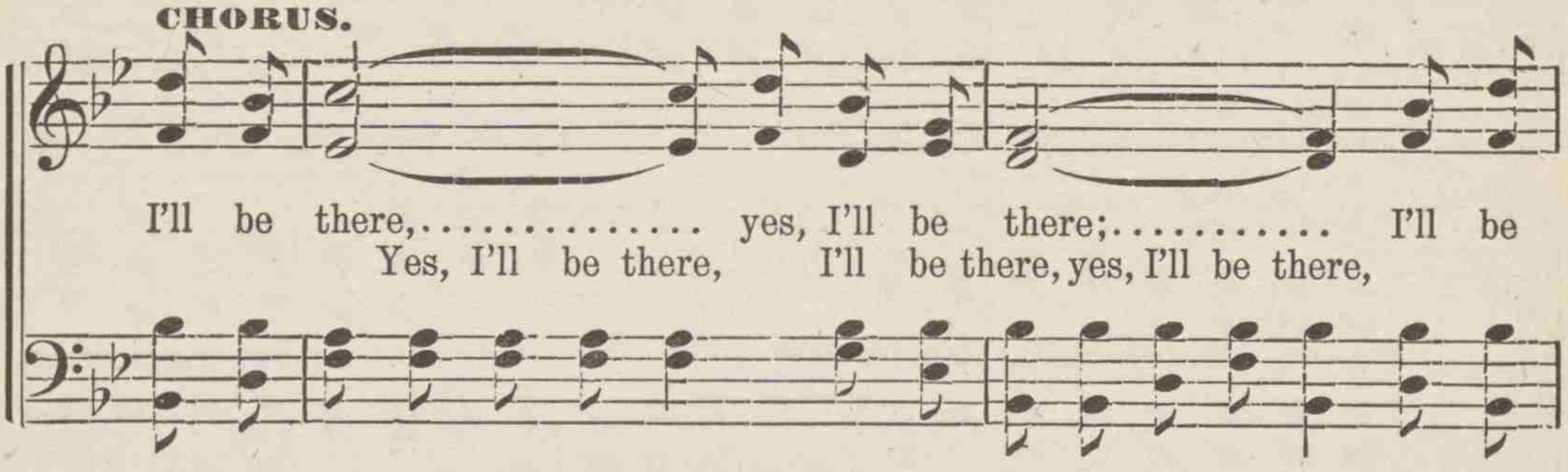


hear the an - gels sing-ing 'round the throne; When I've crossed the silent riv - er
bright and liv - ing wa - ters ev - er flow; There we'll nev-er know a sor - row
tree of life grows by the jas - per sea; When we all get home to-geth-er,



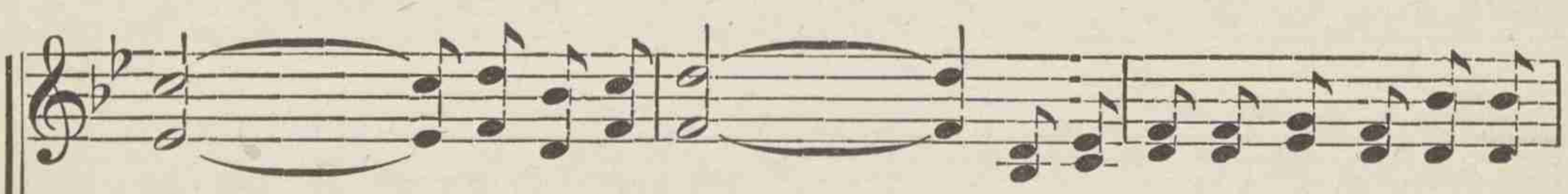
in its glo-ries I shall share, While the a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty roll on.
and we'll nev - er weep nor sigh, While we wander where the fadeless flowers grow.
where the hap - py an-gels roam, O what shout-ing and re-joic-ing there will be.



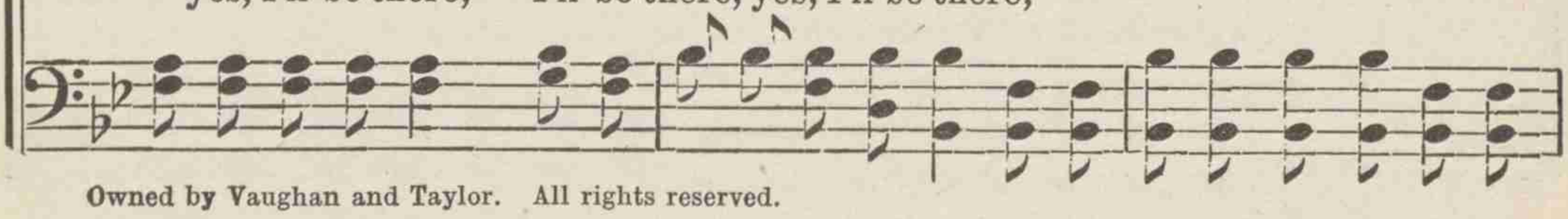
CHORUS.



I'll be there,..... yes, I'll be there;..... I'll be
Yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

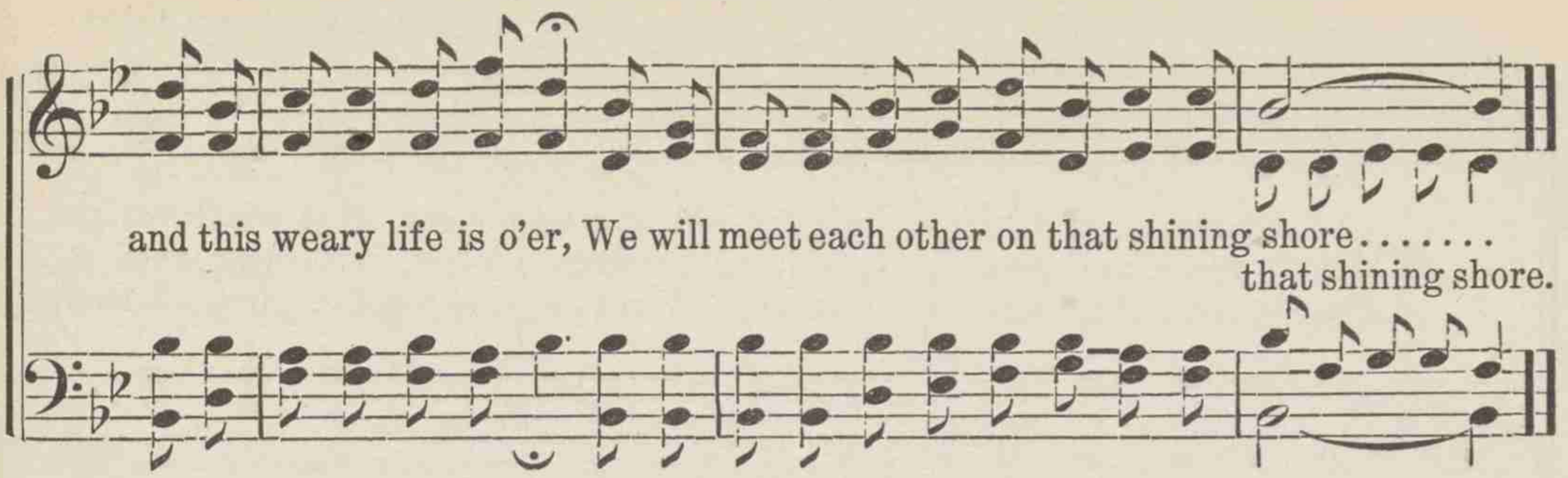


there,..... yes, I'll be there,..... When our work on earth is finished,
yes, I'll be there, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,



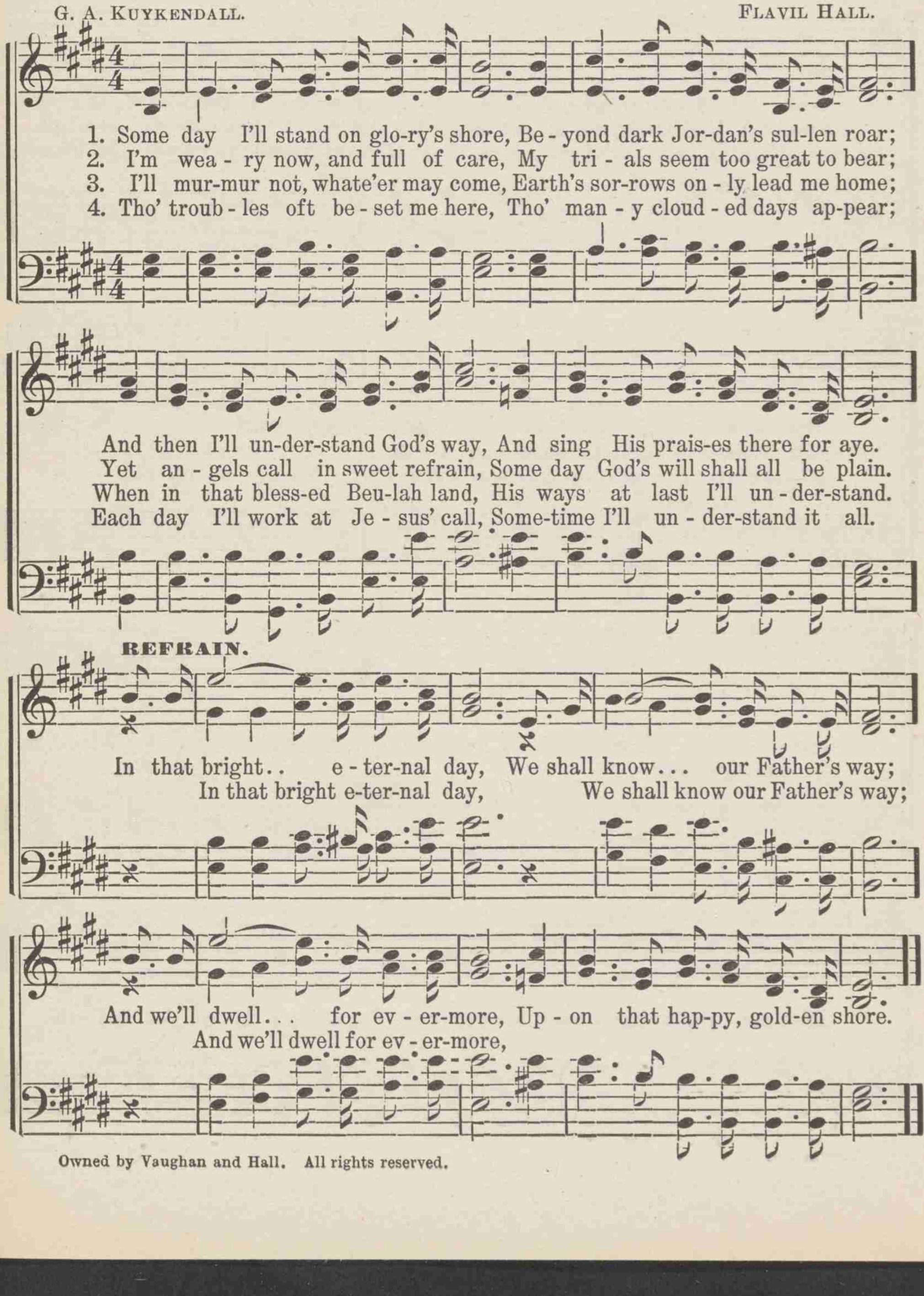
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We Will Meet On That Shore. Concluded.



No. 91. Some Day I'll Understand.

G. A. KUYKENDALL. FLAVIL HALL.



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No. 92. My Old Cottage Home.

Words and music by R. A. GLENN.

1. I am think-ing to-night of my old cot-tage home, That stands on the brow of the hill; Where in life's ear - ly morn - ing I once loved to roam,
2. Ma-ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones a- round the old hearth; But my moth-er's sweet pray'rs in my heart still are felt,
3. One by one they have gone from the old cot - tage home, On earth I shall meet them no more; But with them I shall meet 'round the beau-ti - ful throne,

CHORUS.

But now all is qui - et and still. O my old cot-tage home, That stands on the brow of the hill, Where, in
I'll treas - ure them up while on earth. cot-tage home, of the hill,
Where part-ing will come nev - er - more. O my old life's ear - ly morning, I once loved to roam, But now all is qui - et and still.

Used by per.

No. 93. We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

MARY A. KIDDER. Arr. JAMES D. VAUGHAN. Arr.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, From the dust we shall a - rise;
2. From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the des-ert and the plain;
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;
4. In the bright e - ter-nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come;

Clad in robes of fade-less beau-ty, We'll meet Je - sus in the skies.
From the val - ley and the mountain, Count-less throngs shall rise a - gain.
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.
In His own good time He'll call us, From the grave to " home, sweet home."

CHORUS.

We shall sleep,..... but not for - ev - er, There will
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, not for - ev - er,

be..... a glorious dawn! We shall meet..... to
There will be a glo-rious dawn, a glo-rious dawn! We shall meet to

part, no, nev - er, On the res - - - ur - rec-tion morn.
part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev - er On the res - ur - rec-tion morn.

Rit.

This arrangement owned by James D. Vaughan

No. 94. Victory Must Be Won.

N. W. P. 1 Tim. 6 : 12. N. W. Proffitt.

1. We will spread the gospel light, We will bat - tle for the right, In the
2. We will la - bor in the field, Un-til sa-tan's hosts shall yield, To the
3. With our ar-mor shining bright, We will ev - er brave-ly fight, In the

kingdom of God and His Son ; We will conquer ev-'ry foe, On this
kingdom of God and His Son ; We will press the battle tide, Fighting
kingdom of God and His Son ; With our Captain we will stand, Till we've

bat - tle-field be-low, For a vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.
sin on ev - 'ry side, For a vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.
conquered ev-'ry land, For a vic - to - ry for Christ must be won.
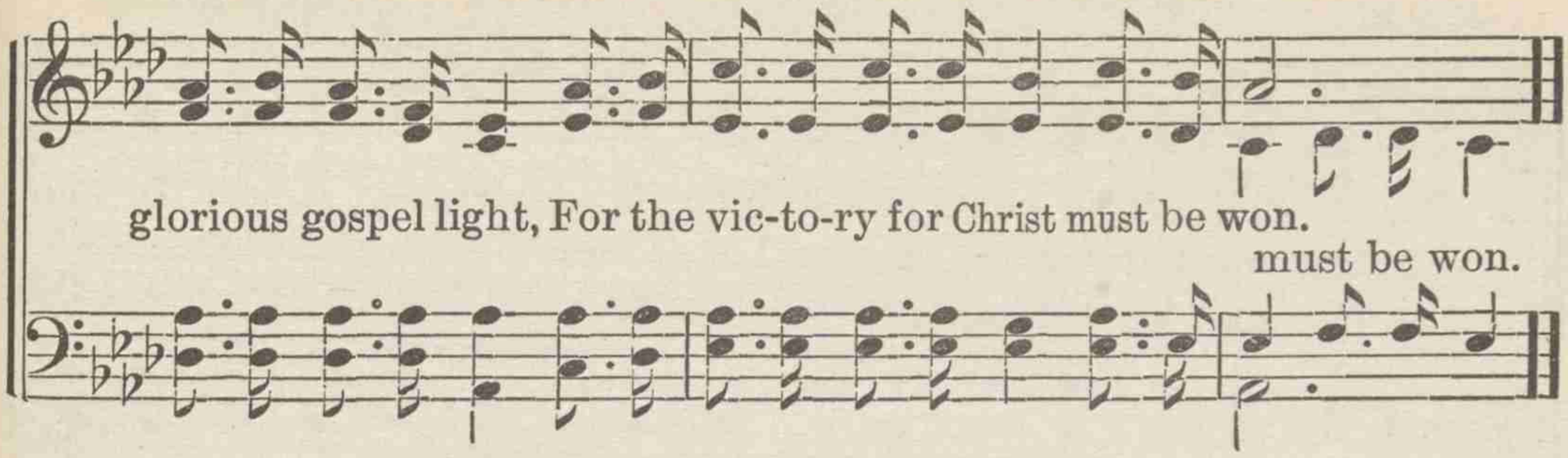
REFRAIN.

Vic-to - ry must be won, For the kingdom of
O the vict'ry must be won, Yes, the vict'ry must be won,

God and His Son ; Press the bat-tle for the right, Spread the
His blessed Son ;

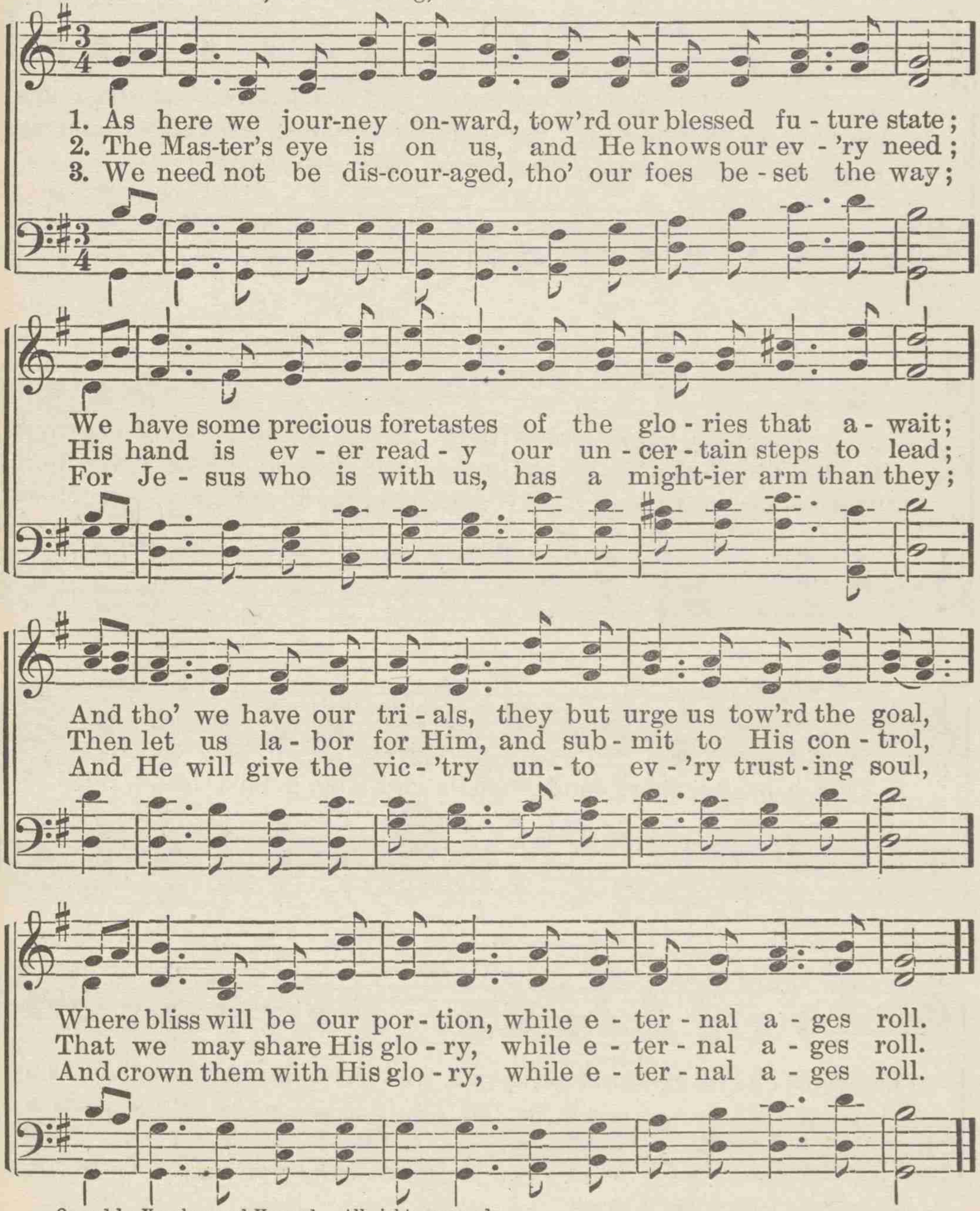
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Victory Must Be Won. Concluded.



No. 95. While Eternal Ages Roll.

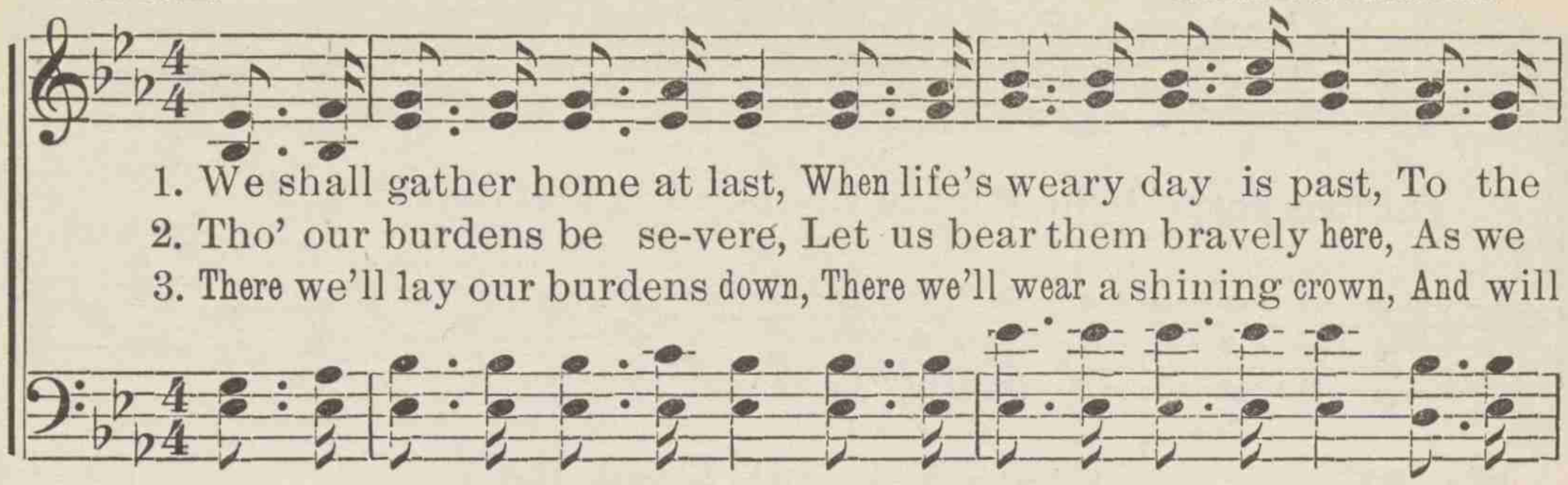
REV. THOMAS NIELD, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. H. H. HOWARD.

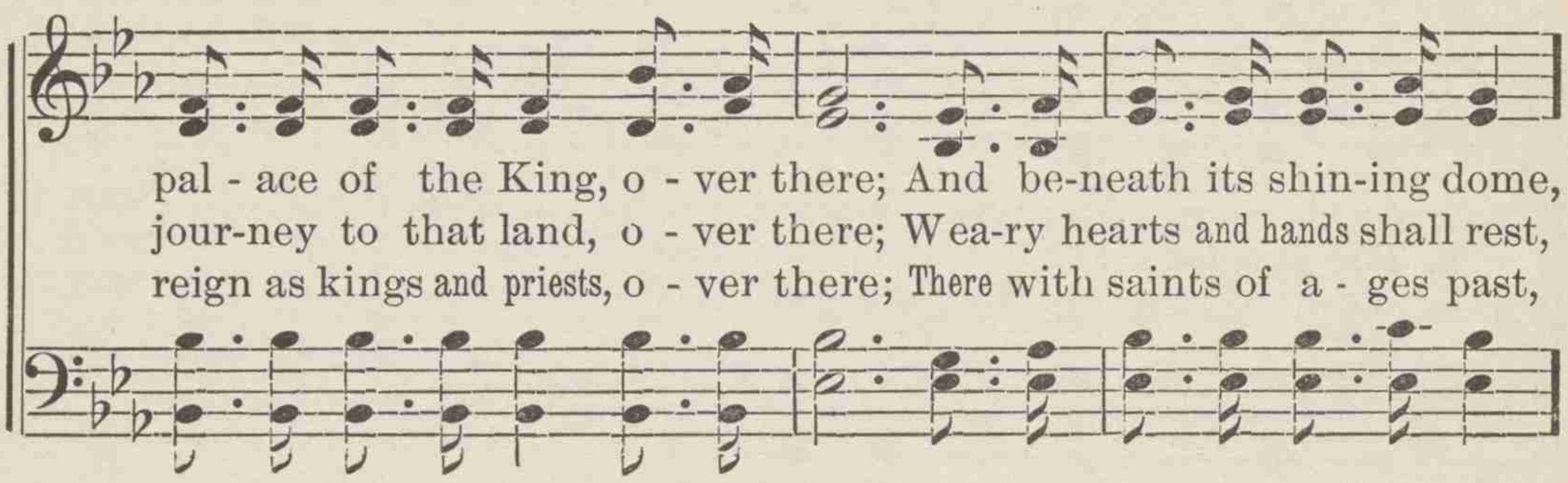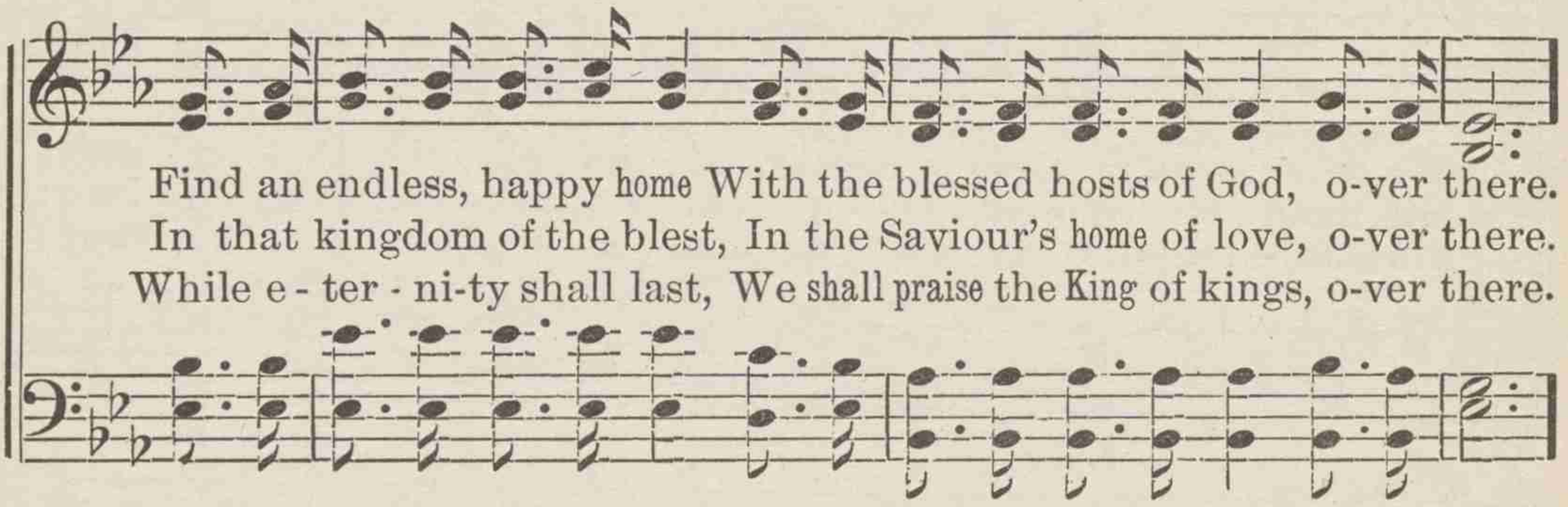


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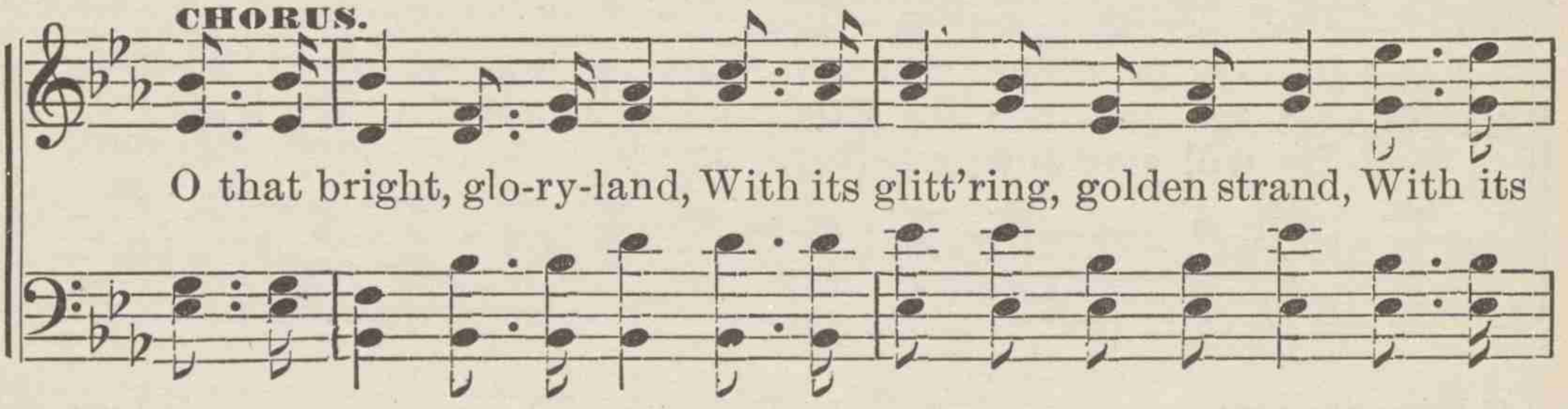
No. 96. Over There.
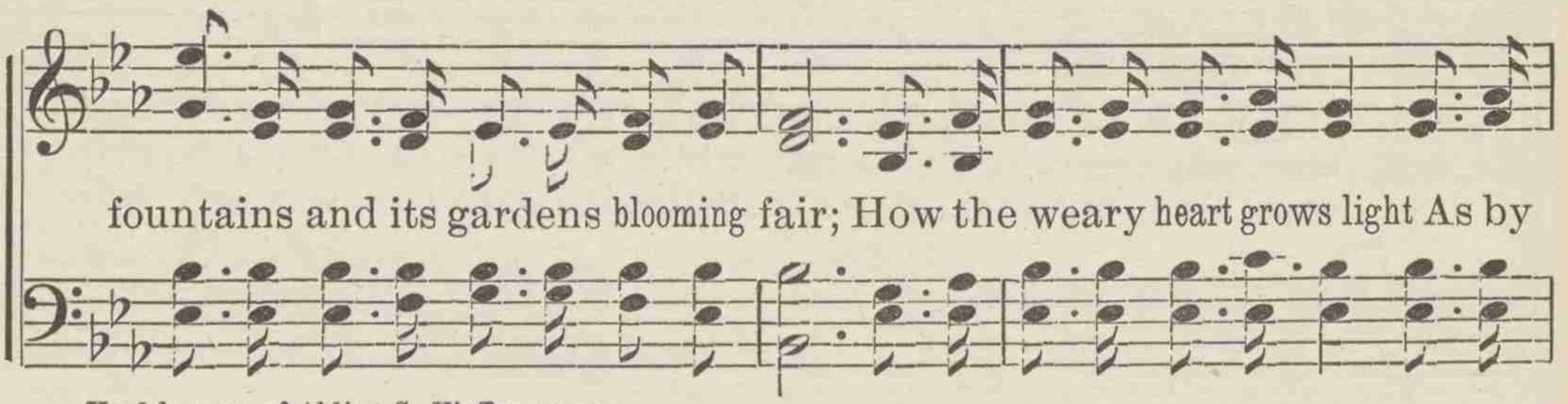
A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.





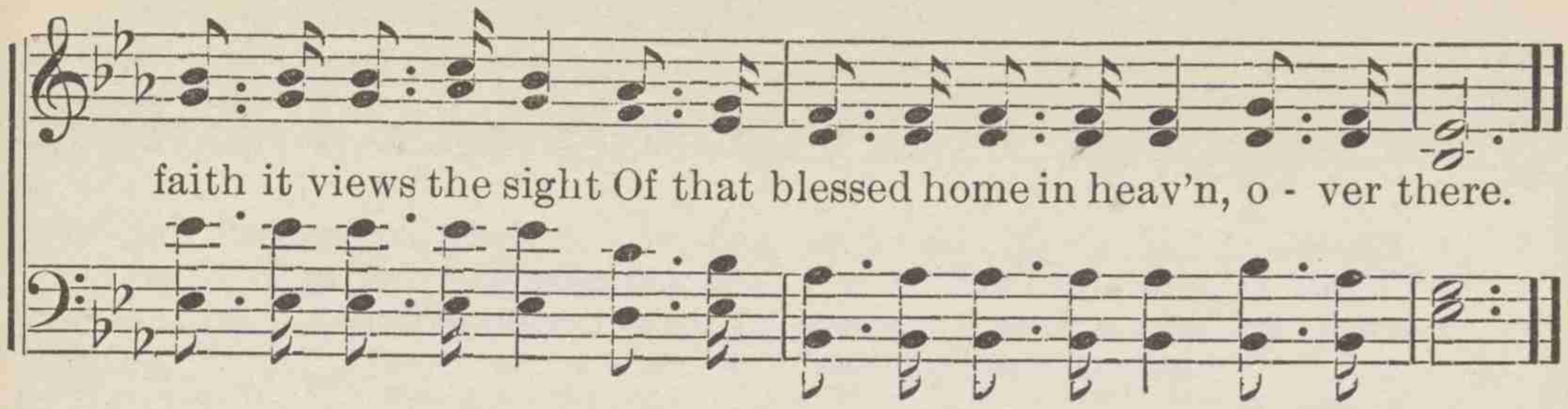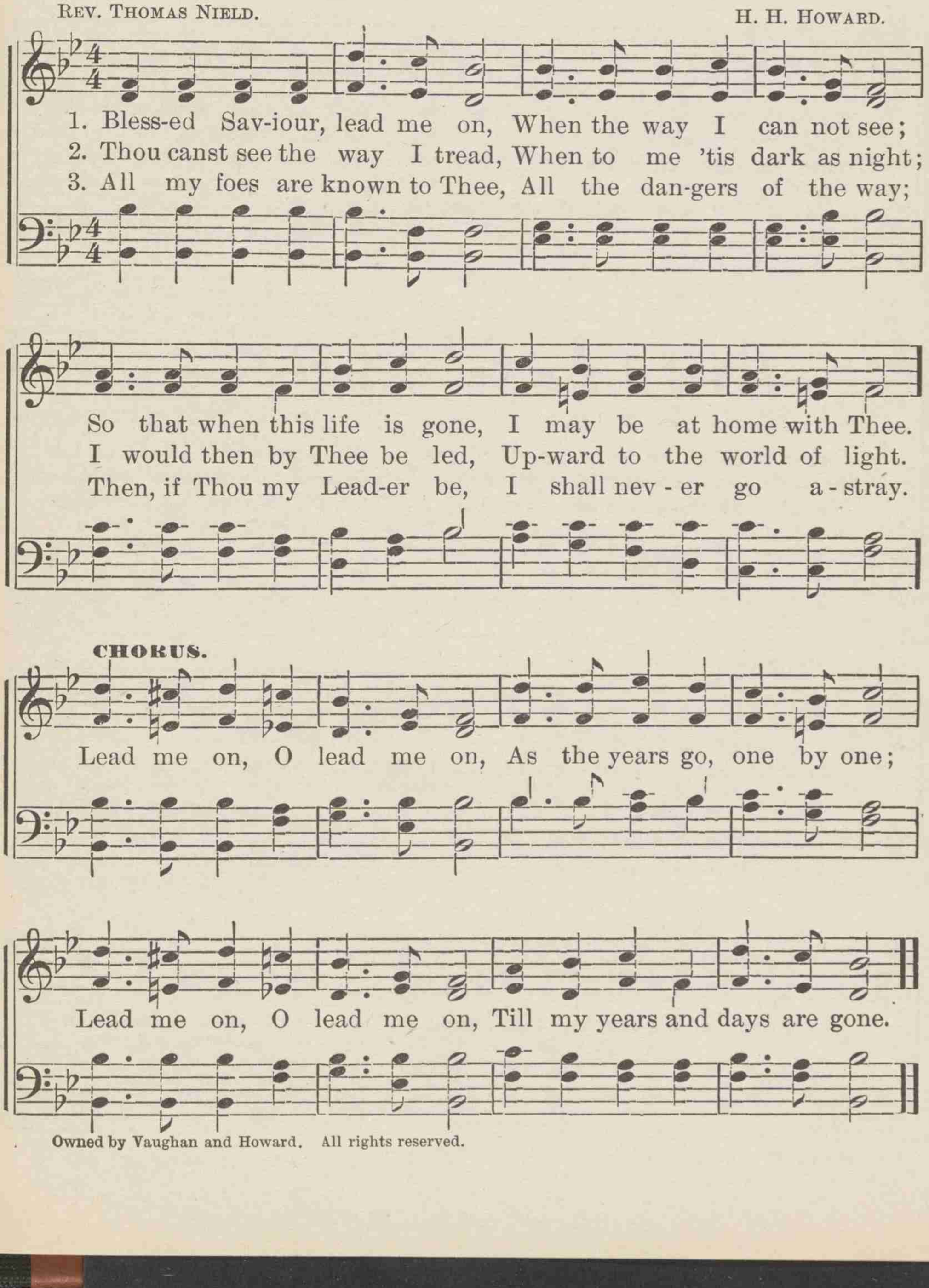






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Over There. Concluded.



No. 97. Lead Me On.

REV. THOMAS NIELD. H. H. HOWARD.



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No. 98. What Will Our Record Be?

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. When shall end our la - bors here, And we at God's bar ap-pear, Can we face the an - gel's rec - ord writ-ten there? Will we hang our heads in shame,
2. Life is pass - ing swift-ly by, Soon will come the time to die, Aft - er death the judgment day will sure - ly come; As death leaves us, aw - ful tho't,
3. Has our rec - ord as it stood, All been cov - ered by the blood That was shed for us on Cal-v'ry's cru - el tree? Are we hap - py ev - 'ry day?
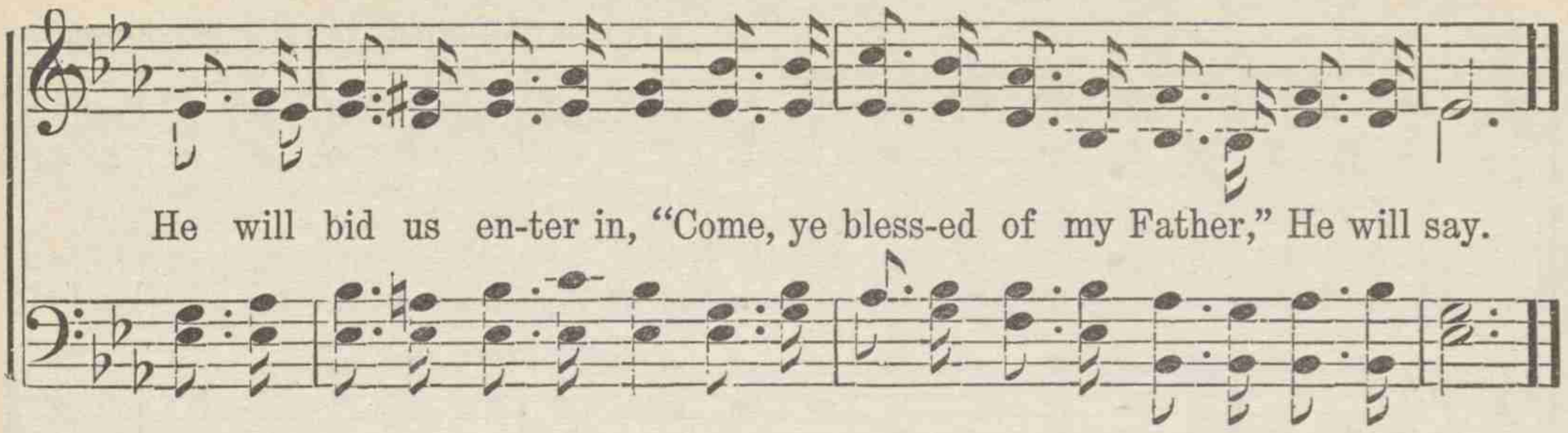
When He calls each one by name? Will the record we have made be dark or fair?
So we'll be to judgment brought, Will we be prepared to enter that bright home?
Do we work and watch and pray? Then a great reward's a-waiting you and me.

CHORUS.

What will our true rec - ord be, When we face e - ter - ni - ty? Can we stand with con - fi-dence in that "great day?" If our hearts are free from sin,

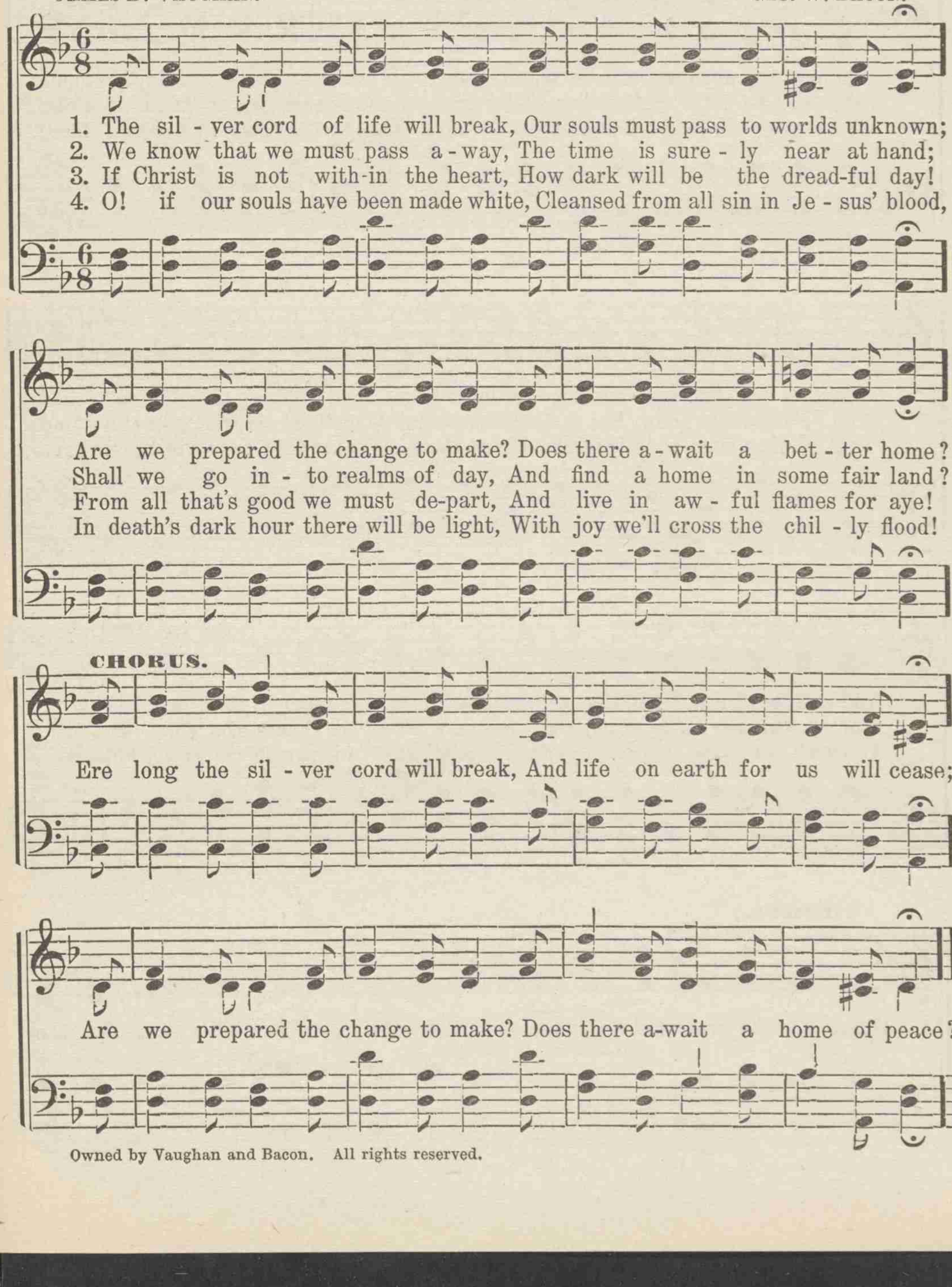
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What Will Our Record Be? Concluded.



No. 99. The Silver Cord Will Break.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. GEO. W. BACON.



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No. 100. Grave On The Green Hillside.

Words and music by A. S. KIEFFER.

1. There's a lit - tle grave on the green hillside, That lies to the morn-ing sun,
2. Ah! the land is full of the lit - tle graves, In val - ley, and plain, and hill;
3. And these lit-tle graves are but wayside marks That point to the far - off land,

And our wayworn feet oft-en wan-der there, When the cares of the day are done;
There's an an-gel, too, for each lit-tle grave, And these angels some mis-sion fill;
And they speak to the soul of a better day, Of a day that is near at hand;

There we oft - en sit till the twi-light falls, And talk of the far - off land,
And I know not how, but I sometimes think They lead us with gen - tle hand,
Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale, Yet there Christ will be our guide;

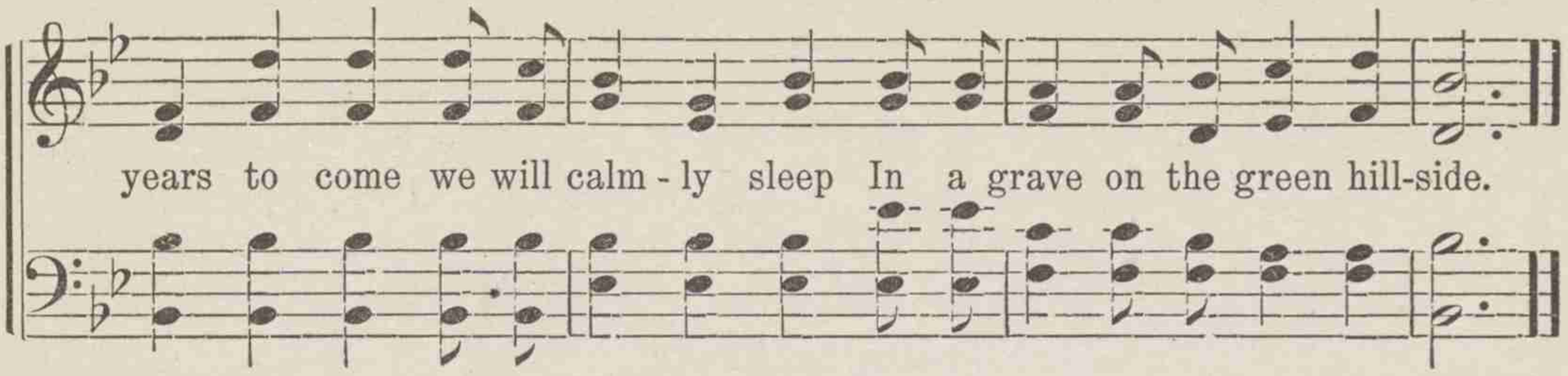
And we sometimes feel in the twilight there, The soft touch of the vanished hand.
For a whis-per falls on our will - ing ears, From the shores of a far - off land.
And we'll reach the shore of the far-off land, Thro' a grave on the green hillside.

CHORUS.

Grave on the green hill - side,.... Grave on the green hill - side, In the

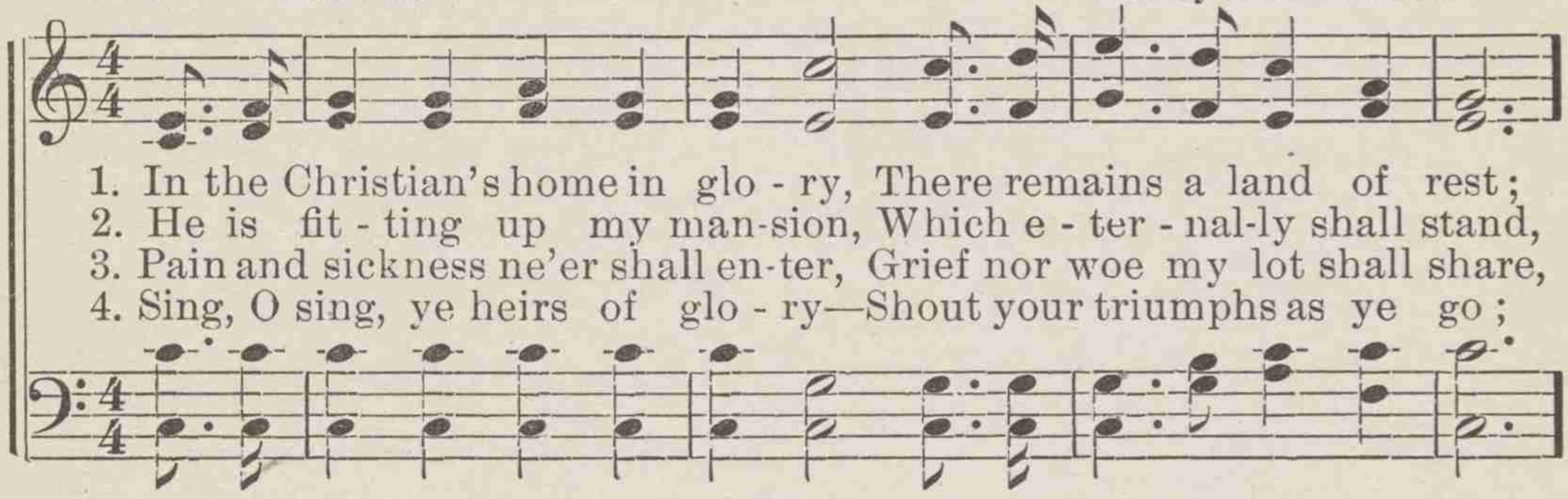
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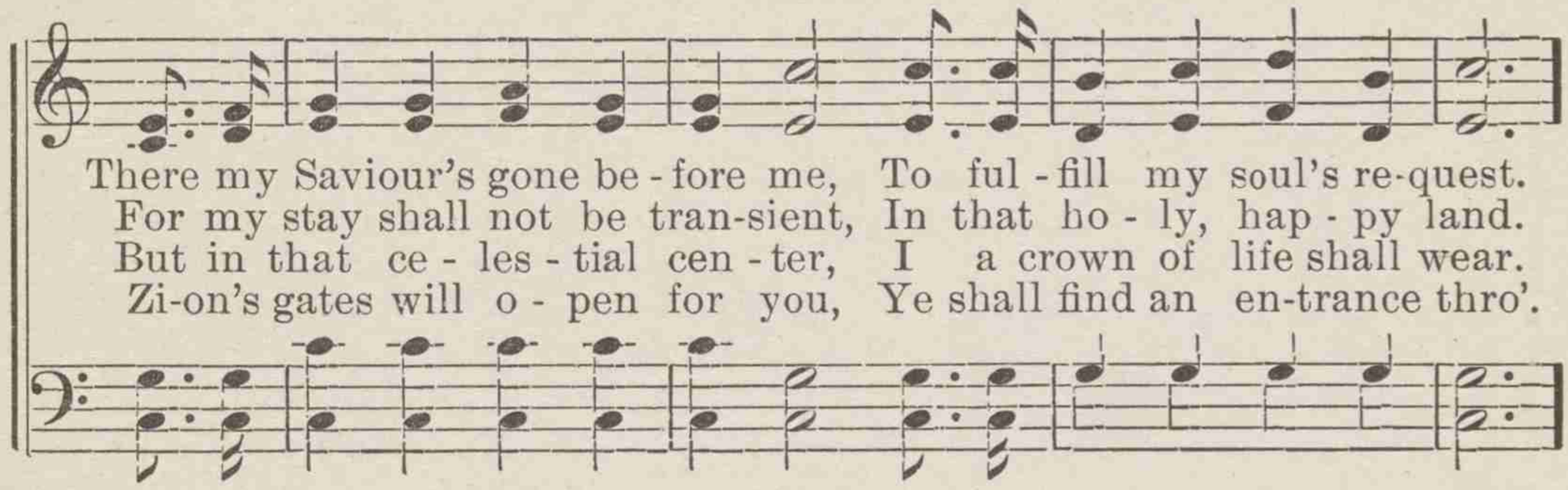
Grave On The Green Hillside. Concluded.

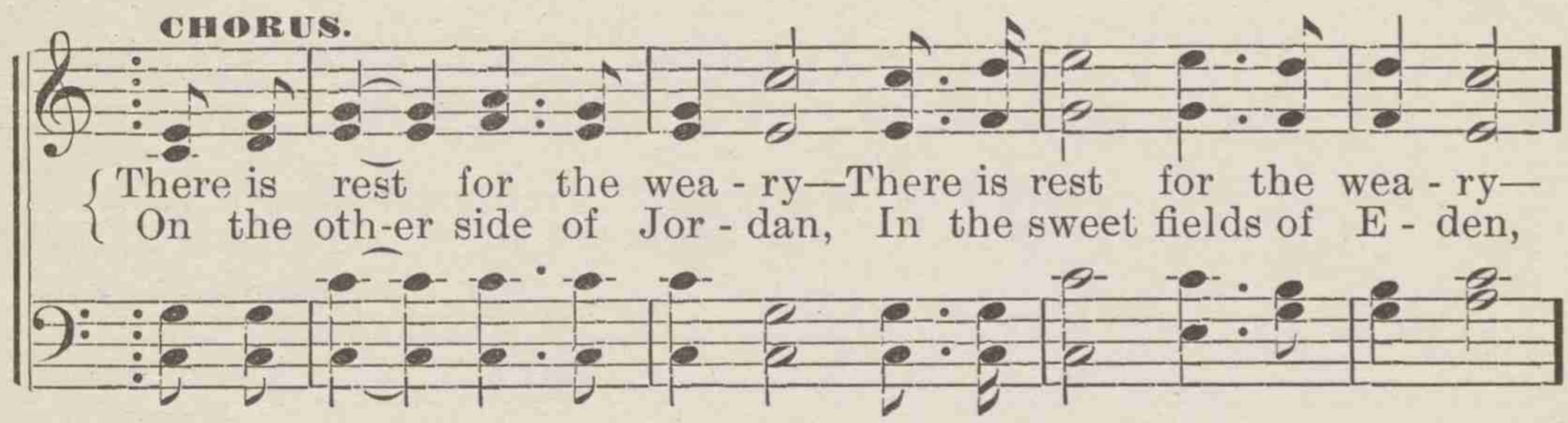


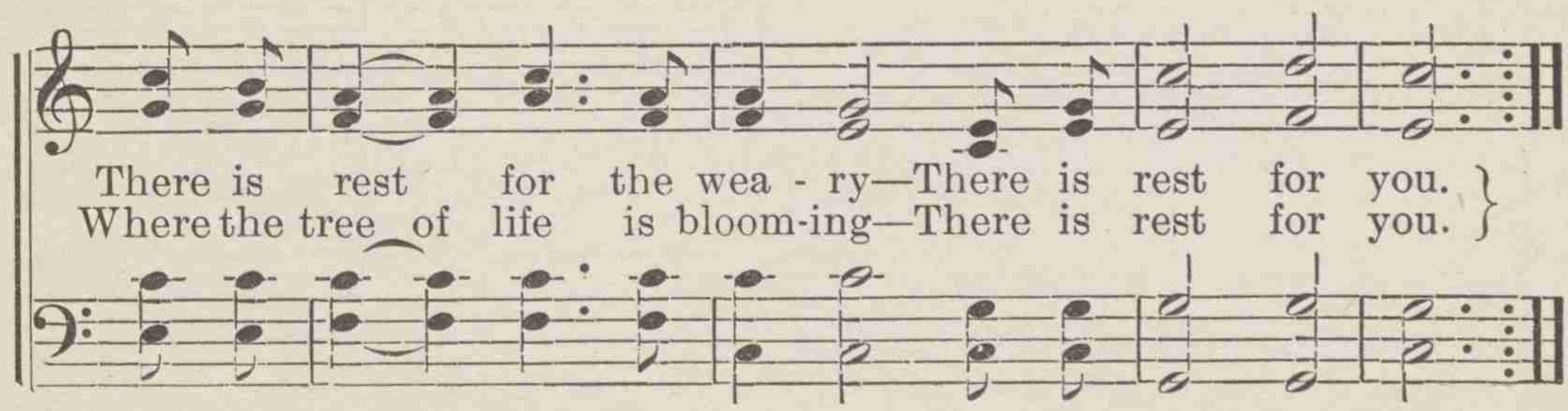
No. 101. Rest For The Weary.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.









No. 102. Blessed Are They.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. W. HENRY MILFORD.

1. Sweet the as - sur - ance found in His Word; "Blessed are
2. From this old world they'll mount up on high, Nev - er a-
3. Aft - er life's toil - ings, rest will be sweet, Loved nes and
4. When the dark val - ley they shall pass thro', There is a

they who die in the Lord," Wea-ry and faint-ing they shall go
gain to suf - fer nor die; Heav-en - ly bliss shall o - ver them
friends then glad-ly they'll greet; Free from all dan - ger, sor-row and
Friend who's faith-ful and true; From His blest presence glo - ry will

home, Aft - er a-while their works fol-low on.
roll, In that bright land, the home of the soul. Blessed are
care, Great the re - ward a - wait - ing up there.
gleam, And they shall find death's on - ly a dream.
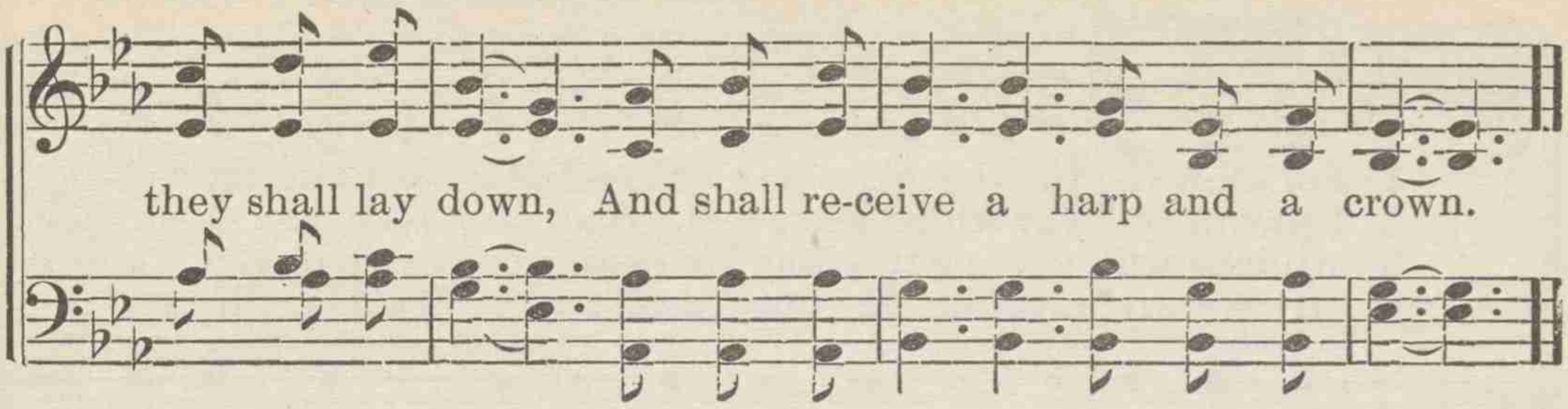
CHORUS.

they..... who die in the Lord, Precious and true,.....
Blessed are they who die in the Lord, Precious and true,

'tis found in His Word; All of their bur - - dens
All of their burdens

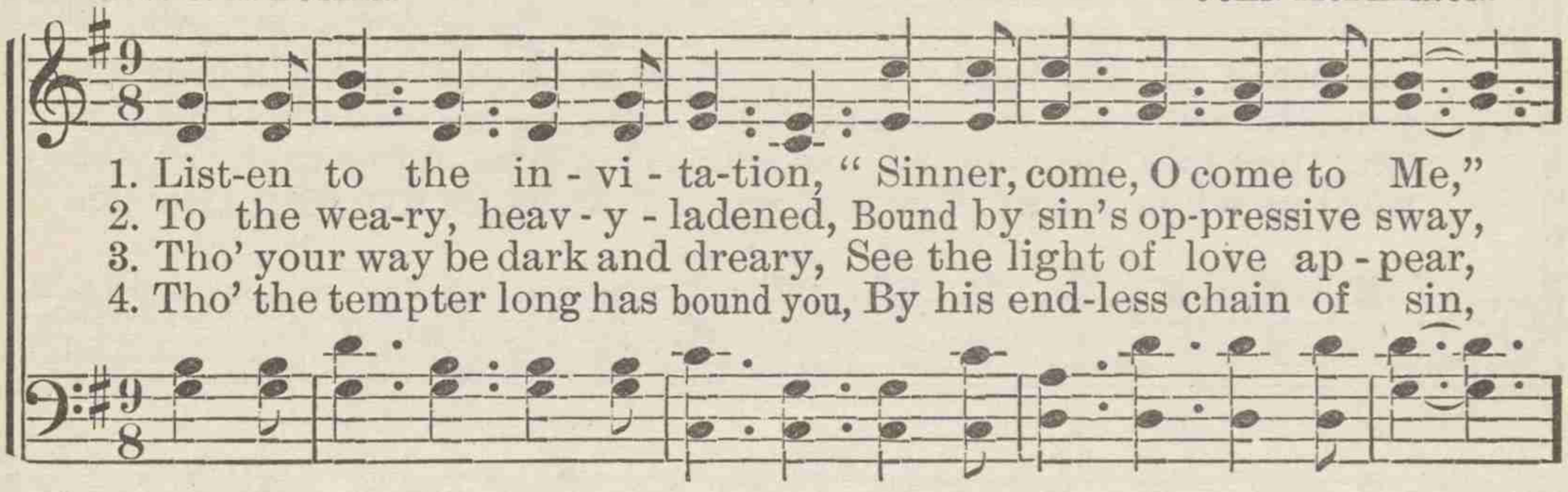
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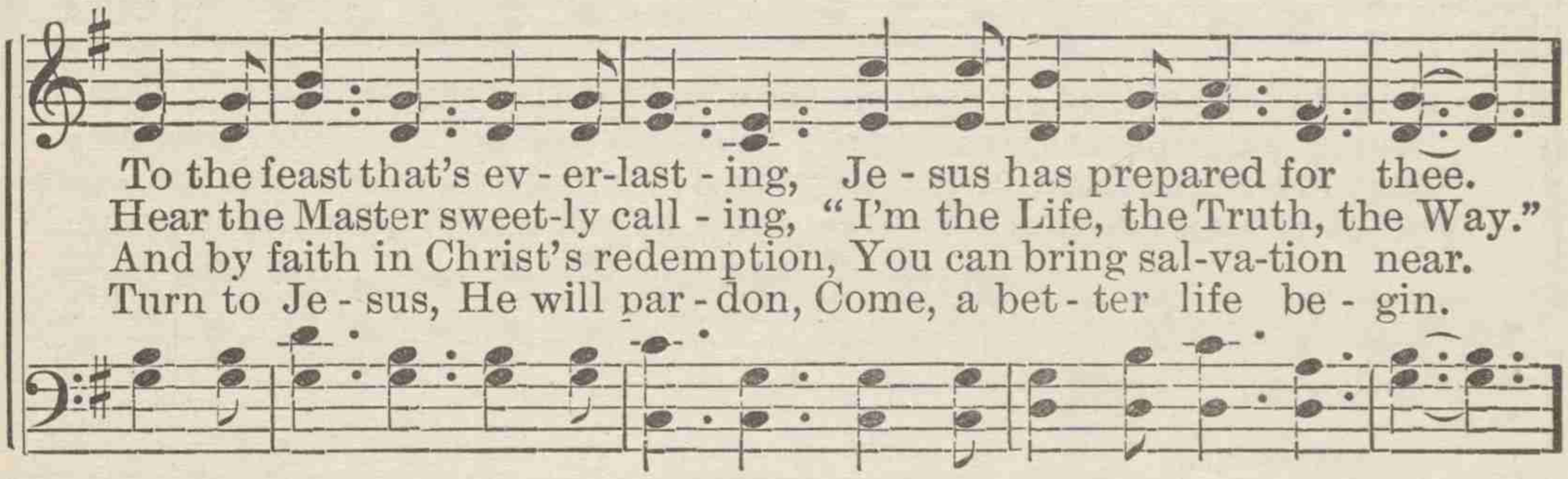
Blessed Are They. Concluded.
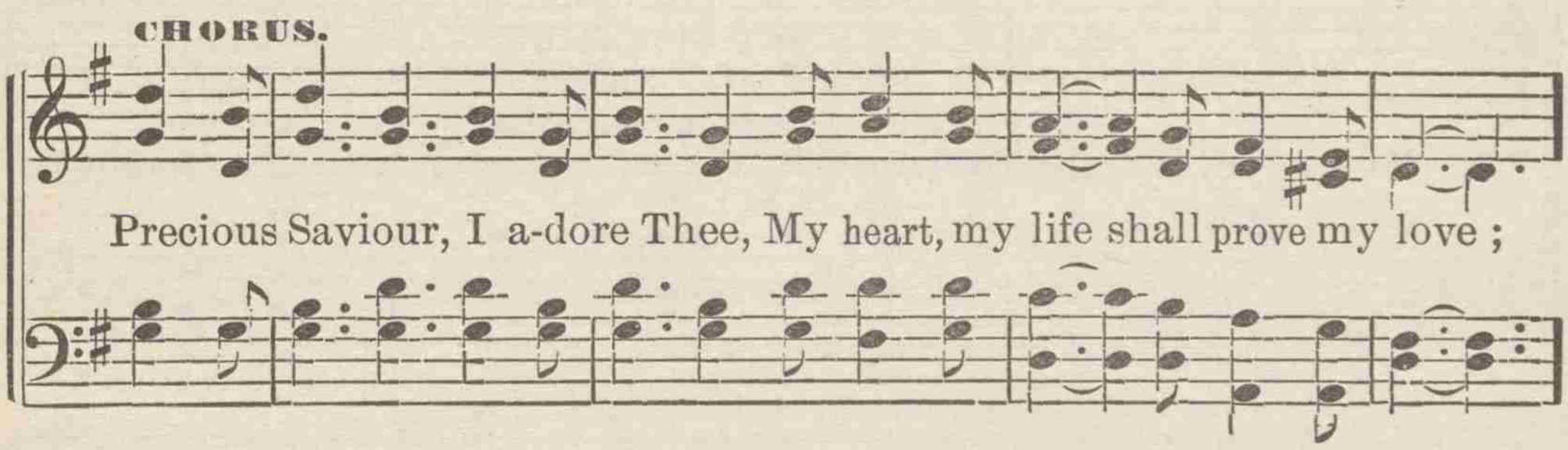


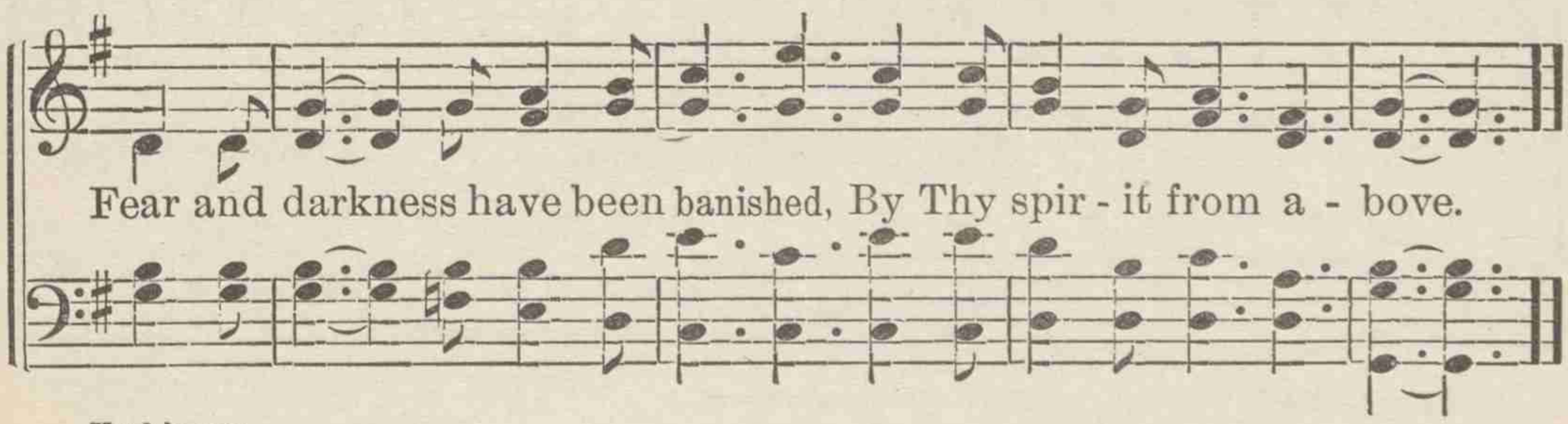
No. 103. The Invitation.

REV. C. L. BUTLER. JOHN MCPHERSON.





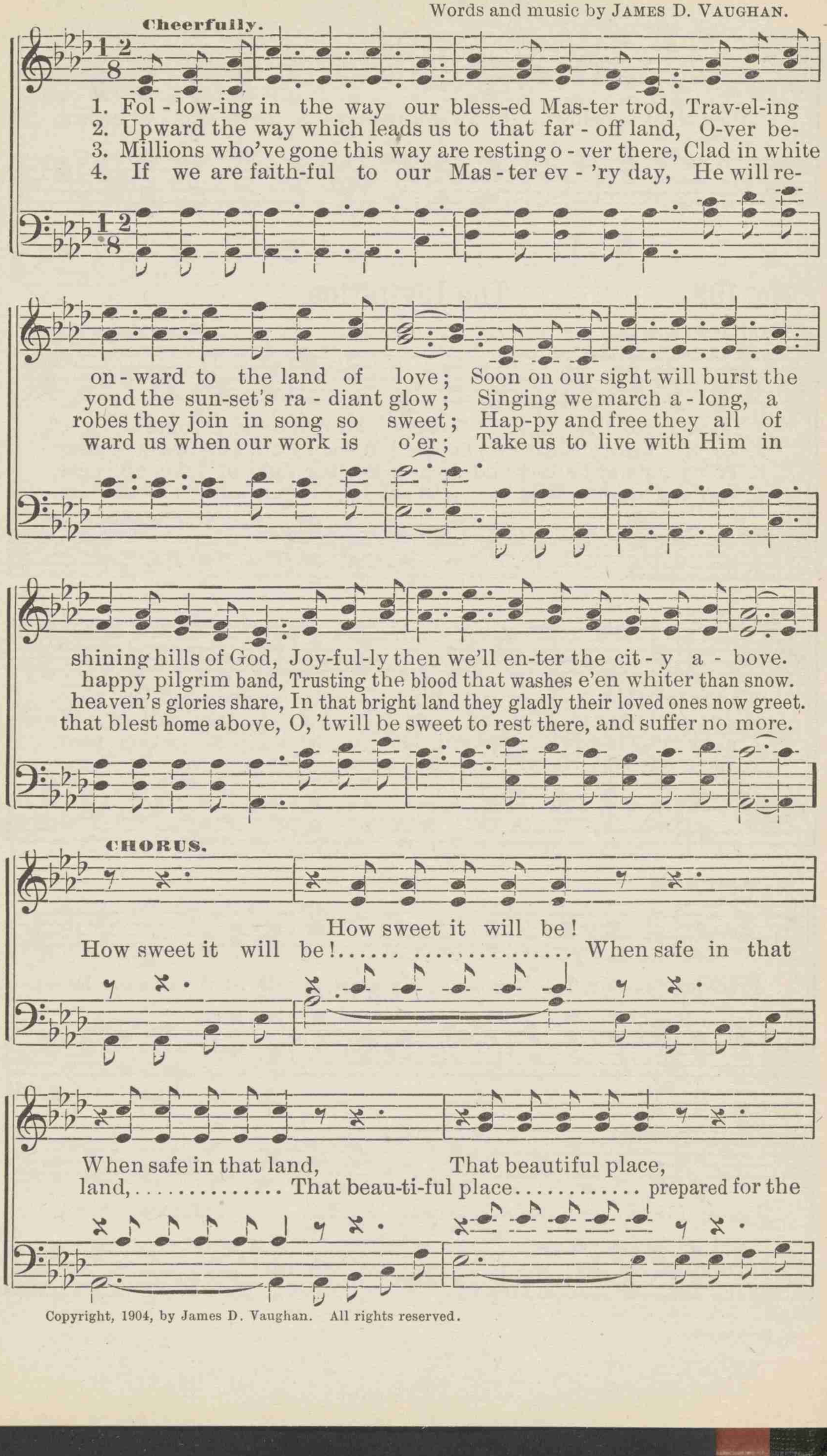




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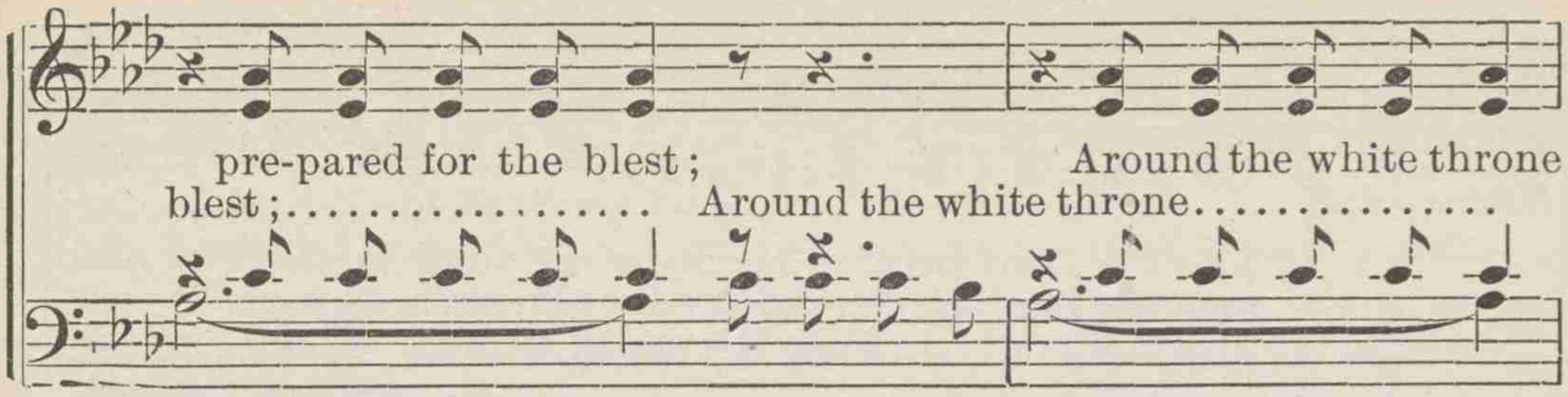
No. 104. How Sweet It Will Be.
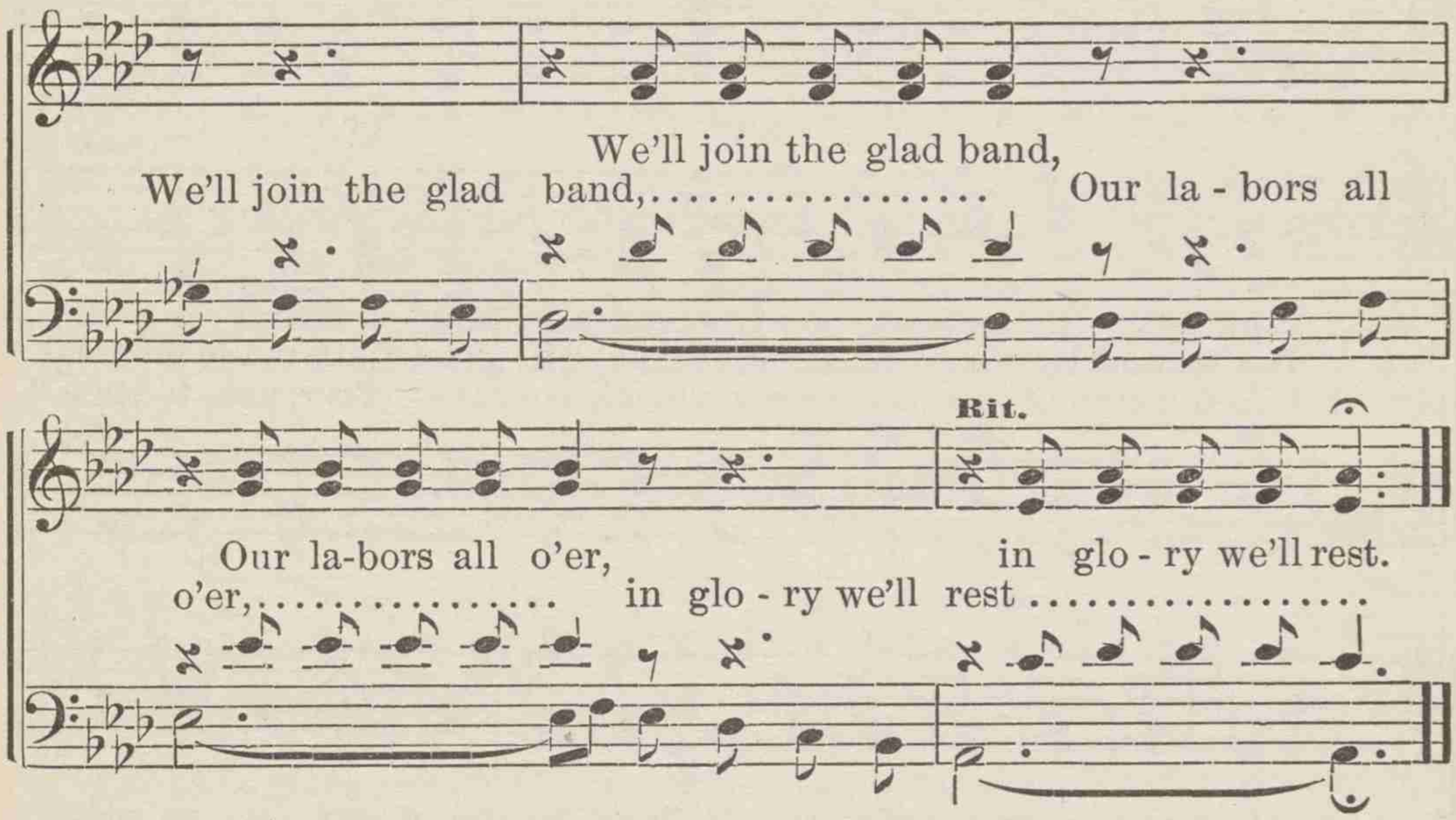
Words and music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



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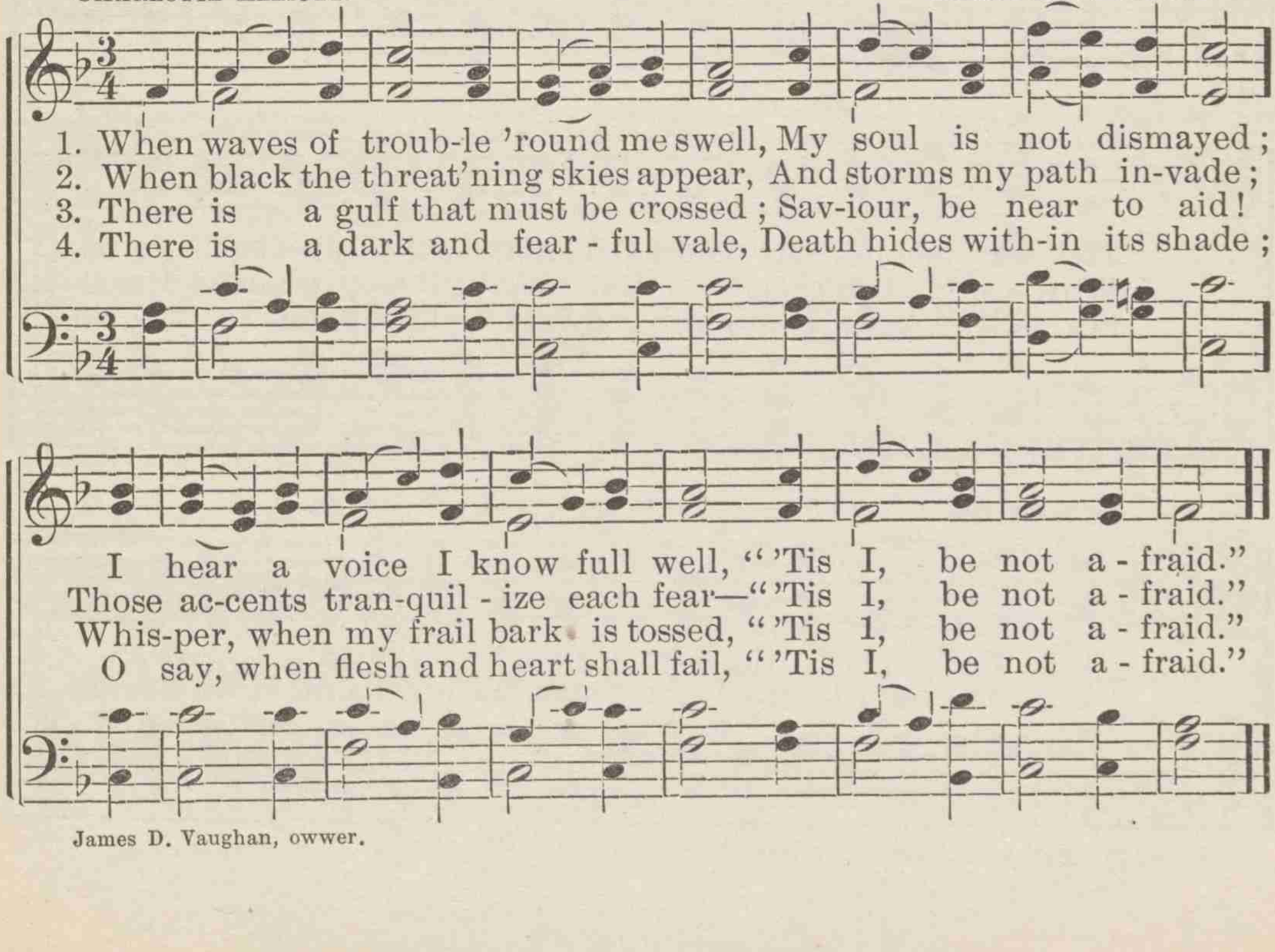
How Sweet It Will Be. Concluded.





No. 105. Vaughan. C. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



James D. Vaughan, owwer.

No. 106. I Love the Lord.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. I love the Lord because He hears my voice in time of need;
2. I love the Lord, since pardon sweet He free - ly gave to me;
3. I love the Lord, O praise His name, a friend to all is He;

When-e'er I call up - on His name, I find a friend in-deed;
Tho' bound by slav - ish chains of sin, His grace hath made me free;
When conflicts sore compass my soul, He says: "Peace, peace to thee."

He ev - er waits with ten-der love to grant our ev - 'ry plea,
O! bless - ed tho't the Lord hath said: "I know and love my own,"
I'll love Him still, tho' fi - ery tri - als may my way at-tend,

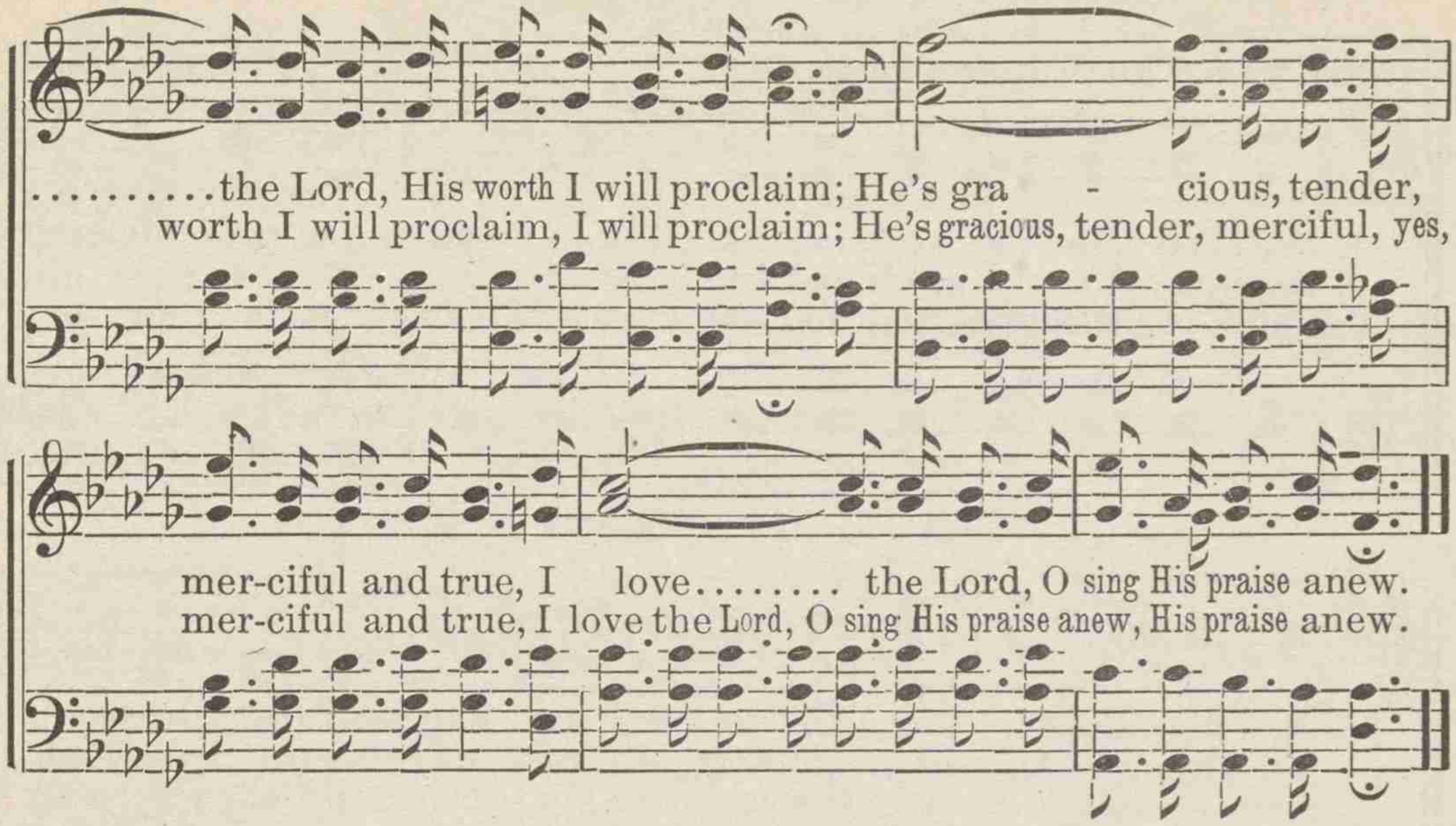
Just ask be - liev-ing, doubt Him not, He'll surely suc - cor thee.
With low-ly hearts then each should think: "I'll reap whate'er I've sown."
For well I know His strength and love will keep me to the end.

CHORUS.

I love..... the Lord, O praise His holy name, I love.....
I love the Lord, O praise His holy name, His holy name, I love the Lord, His

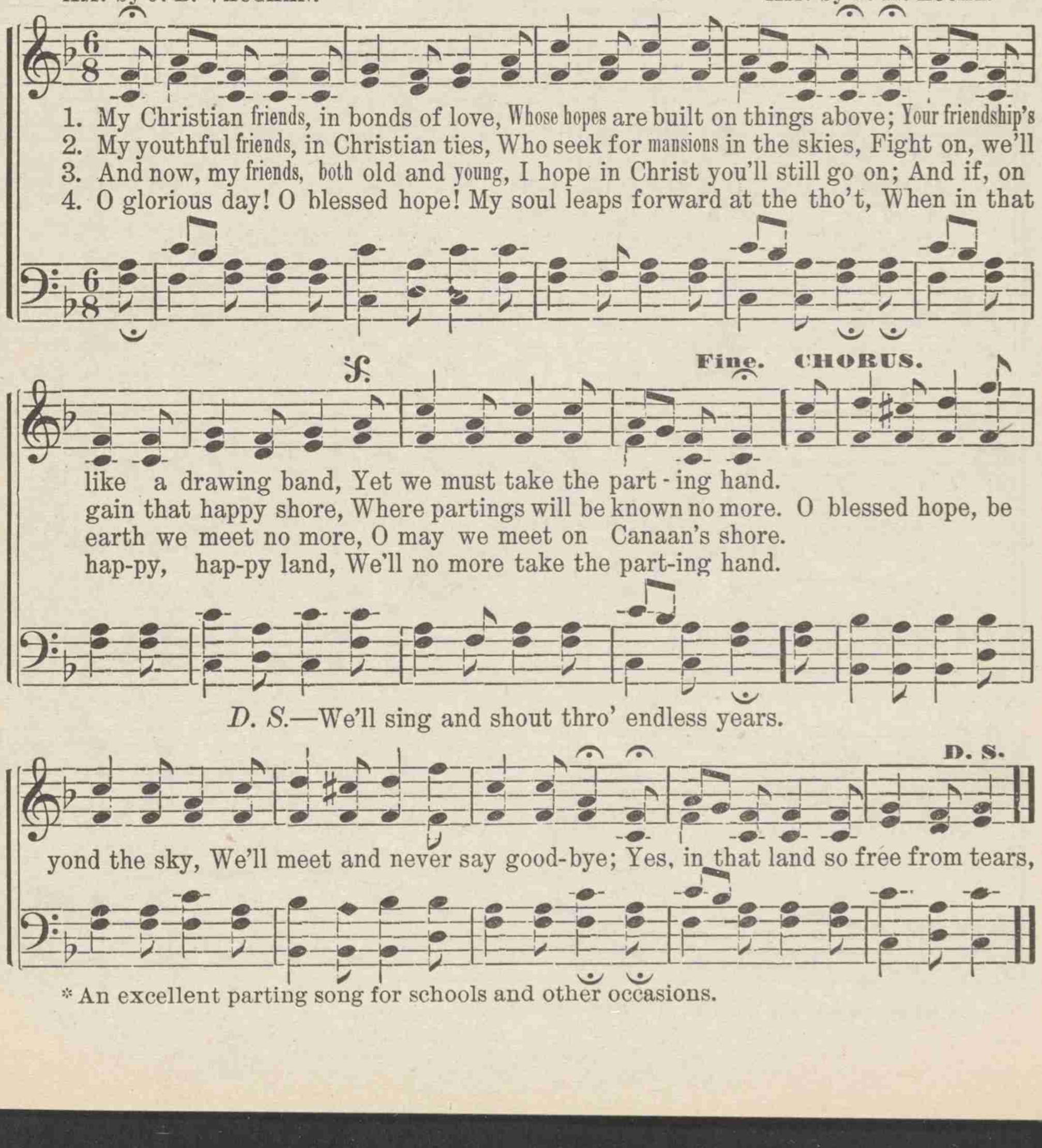
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I Love the Lord. Concluded.



No. 107. The Parting Hand.*

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr. by T. M. LOCKE.



* An excellent parting song for schools and other occasions.

No. 108. In His Name.

Acts 4: 12.

REV. THOMAS NIELD, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. H. H. HOWARD.

1. Wea - ry sin - ner, seek-ing rest (seek-ing rest), From the bur-den
2. Bring to Him thy griefs and fears (griefs and fears), All the sins of
3. Think not thou must weep and wait (weep and wait), 'Tis a sin to

in thy breast, Come to Je - sus in thy need (in thy need),
all thy years, For He wait - eth to re-ceive (to re-ceive),
hes - i - tate, At His feet thy bur - den cast (bur - den cast),

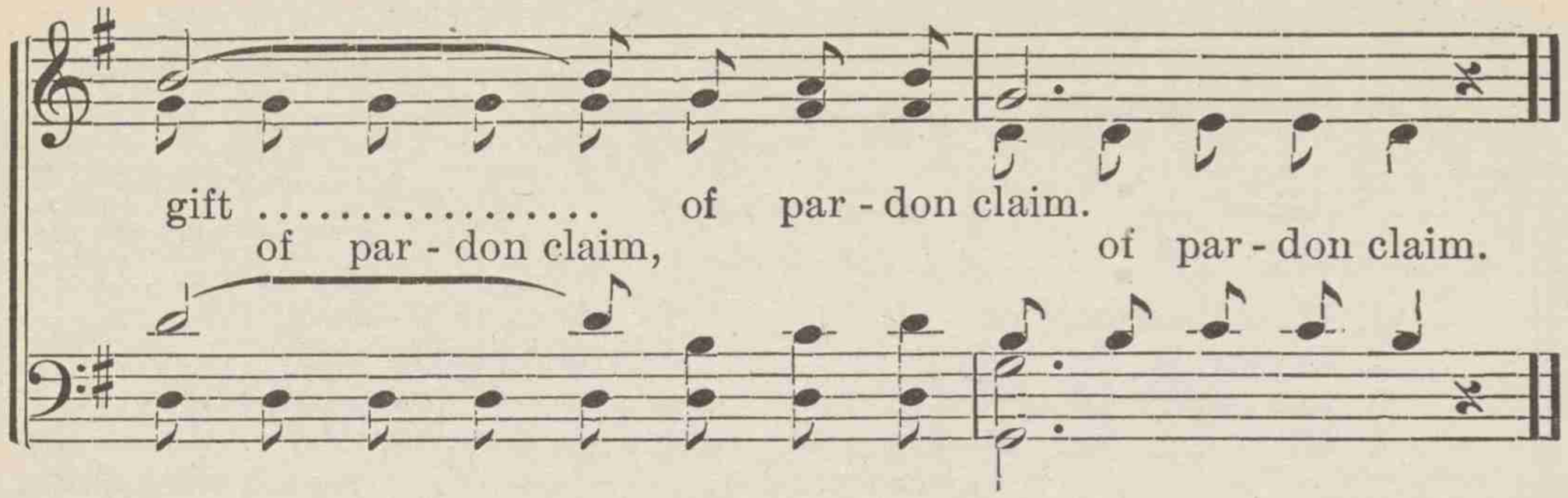
CHORUS.

He will give thee rest in - deed. Pardon is ..... procured for
And is a - ble to re - lieve.
Blest sal - va - tion then thou hast. Par-don is

thee,..... By His death.... up - on the tree,
procured for thee, By His death up - on the tree, upon the tree,

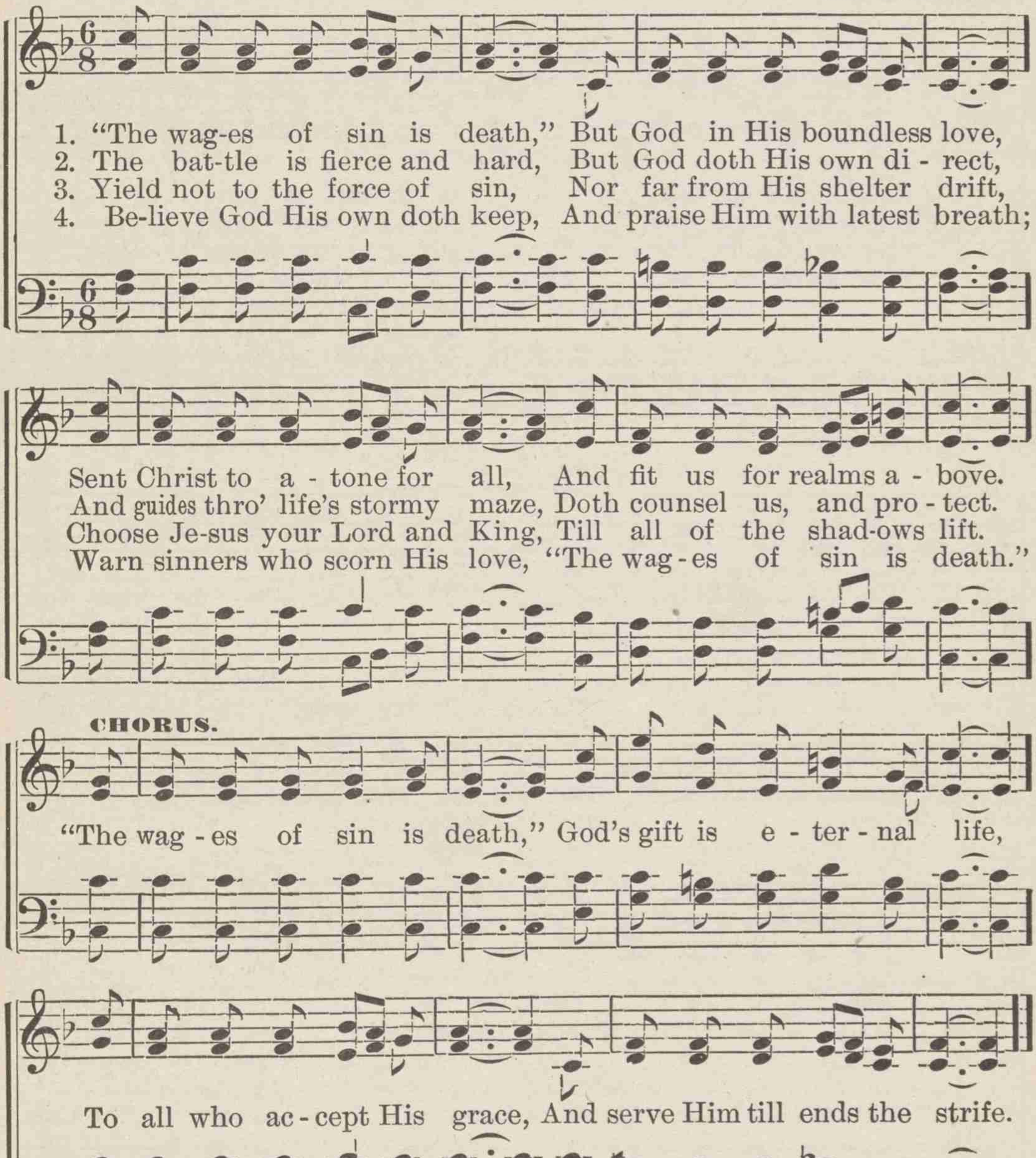
Come then in..... His gra-cious name,..... Now the
Come then in His gracious name,

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No. 109. The Wages of Sin is Death.

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.



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No. 110. We Are Marching Home.

To Rev. T. A. Carden, of the Tenn. Conference.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

March movement.

1. We are marching on ..... to the clime a - bove, ...
2. Je - sus is the Light, ... the bright guiding Star, ...
3. And our loved ones wait ..... in that safe re - treat; .....
4. Hal-le - lu - jah! saved ..... thro' the cleansing tide, ...

We are marching on to the clime above,

We are marching on ..... to the land of love; .....
He is point-ing us ..... to the gates a - jar; .....
They will greet us there ..... with a wel-come sweet; .....
Flowing free to all, ... from the Saviour's side, ...

We are marching on to the land of love, to the land of love;

We are walk - ing now, ... in the nar - row
He will bring us safe ..... to the Beu - lah
'Mid the shouts of joy, ... and the glad new
O the ec - sta - sy ..... that shall there un-
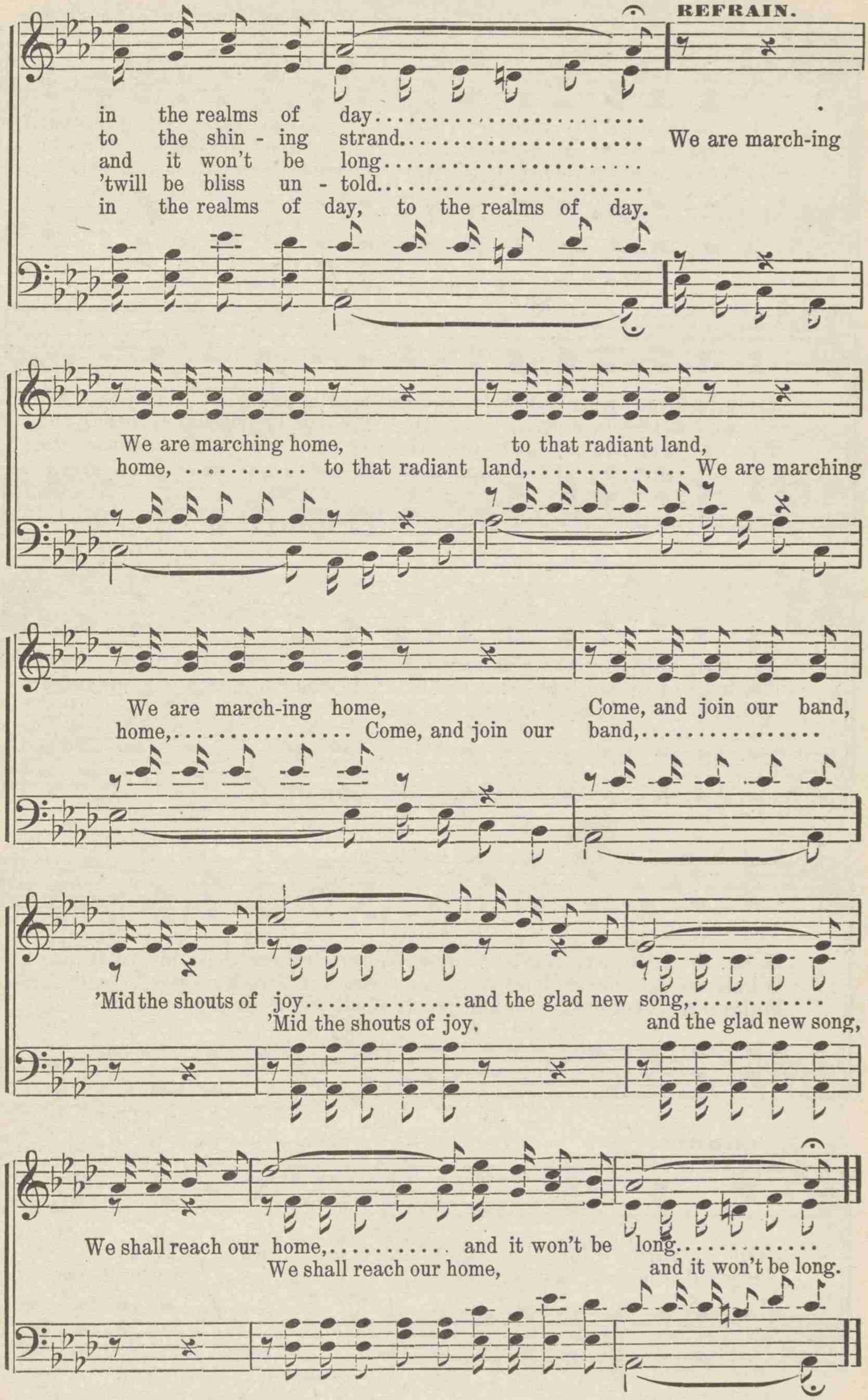
We are walk - ing now,

way, ... Lead - ing to our home .....
land, ... Past the scenes of time .....
song, ... We shall reach our home .....
fold, ... Through e - ter - ni - ty .....

in the nar - row way, Lead-ing to our home

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We Are Marching Home. Concluded.



No. 111. Pilgrim On Life's Road.

Words and Music by G. B. FIELDS.

1. Pil-grim on life's wea-ry road, As you go journey-ing on-ward,
2. Life is what we make it here, Hap-pi-ness all that's worth seeking,
3. Let us then improve our time, Strengthen Christ's kingdom within us;

Help to bear a brother's load, Lighten the cares of a com-rade.
Go and wipe the flowing tears, Heal the sad heart that is break-ing.
By a cour-age all sublime, Nev-er let Sa-tan de-lude us.

It will help you bear your own, Cheer you and brighten your way,
Each will prove a jew-el rare, Brightly they'll gleam in your crown,
Bravely do each du-ty here, Cheer-ful-ly, hap-pi-ly go,

Help to gain at last the home Where 'tis end-less day (glad day).
When at last these words you hear, "En-ter in, well done" (well done.
Make our ta-lents fruit-age grow, 'Twill be heav'n to you (to you).

CHORUS.

On-ward, for-ward, brave and true,
Onward, forward, onward, forward, go,. . . . . brave and true, yes,

Per. to John McPherson.

Pilgrim On Life's Road. Concluded.

For a crown a - waits up in heaven for you,....
For a crown of glory waits, yes,

In heav'n for you and when be-

When be - yond the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful blue,.....

When..... be - yond the beauti - ful blue,.....
yond the blue, the blue, the bright and beau - ti - ful beau-ti-ful blue,

You at last shall dwell and sing, With the good and true (the true).

No. 112. Lawrenceburg. C. M.

I. WATTS. "If we suffer we shall also reign."—2 TIM. 2 : 12. CHAS, EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

No. 113. The Joy of Meeting There.

S. HOUSTON PROFFITT. N. W. PROFFITT.

1. O the joy of meeting there, In that home so bright and fair, And its glo - ries all to share, By and by; In that hap - py E - den land,
2. What a happy time 'twill be, We shall be for-ev - er free, From the troubles here we see, By and by; With the ones we love so well,
3. When our work on earth is done, And e-ter - nal glo-ry won, We shall then outshine the sun, By and by; We shall meet those gone before,

We shall walk the gold - en strand With the shin-ing an - gel band,
We shall of the vic - t'ry tell, And the heav'nly cho - rus swell,
On that far - off bliss - ful shore, And shall part from them no more,

CHORUS.

By and by. By and by, by and by, by and by, O the joy of meeting there, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by,

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The Joy of Meeting There. Concluded.

by, O the joy of meeting there, by and by.
by and by, by and by.

No. 114. O Come, Come Away.

Arr. by W. HENRY MILFORD.

1. O come, come a- way, The Sabbath morn is passing, Let's hast-en to the
2. My comrades in - vite To join their hap-py number, And glad-ly will I
3. While others may seek For vain and foolish pleasures, The Sabbath school shall
4. 'Tis there I may learn The ways of heav'nly wisdom, To guide my fee-ble
5. I hear His kind voice In ten-der accents speaking, "Let lit - tle chil-dren
6. With joy I ac- cept The gra-cious in - vi - ta-tion, My heart ex-ults with

Sabbath school, O come, come a - way; The Sabbath bells are ringing clear, Their
meet them there, O come, come a - way; 'Tis there we meet to sing and pray, And
be my choice, O come, come a - way; How dear to hear the swelling strain, From
steps on high, O come, come a - way; The flow-'ry paths of peace I tread, Where
come to me," O come, come a - way; "Forbid them not their hearts to give, Let
rapturous hope, O come, come a - way; My hap - py spir - it when I die, Shall

joy-ous peals sa - lute my ear, I love their voice to hear, O come, come a-way.
read God's word on His blest day, With joy let's haste away, O come, come a-way.
youthful voic-es rise a-main, With sweetest tones a-gain, O come, come a-way.
rays of heav'nly bliss are shed, My wand'ring steps to lead, O come, come a-way.
them on me in youth believe, And I will them receive," O come, come a-way.
on the wings of an-gels fly, To mansions in the sky, O come, come a-way.

This arrangement owned by Vaughan and Milford

No. 115. O Zion! Tune Thy Voice.

To my dear home church, Long Branch, S. C.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. HENRY MILFORD.

1. O Zi - on! tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high;
2. He gilds thy mourn-ing face, With beams that can not fade,
3. In hon - or to His name, Re - flect that sa - cred light,
4. Then on His ho - ly hill, A bright - er sun shall rise,

Tell all the earth thy joys, And boast sal - va - tion nigh.
His all re - splend-ent grace, He pours a - round thy head.
And loud that grace pro-claim, Which makes thy dark - ness bright.
And with His ra-diance fill, Those fair - er, pur - er skies.

Cheer - ful in God, a - rise and shine, While rays di - vine stream
The na-tions 'round thy form shall view, With lus - tre new, di-
Pur - sue His praise till sov-'reign love, In world's a - bove thy
While 'round His throne ten thousand stars, In no - bler spheres His

all abroad; While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.
vine- ly crowned, With lus - tre new, di - vine - ly crowned.
glo - ry raise; In worlds a - bove, thy glo - ry raise.
in-fluence own; In no - bler spheres, His influence own.
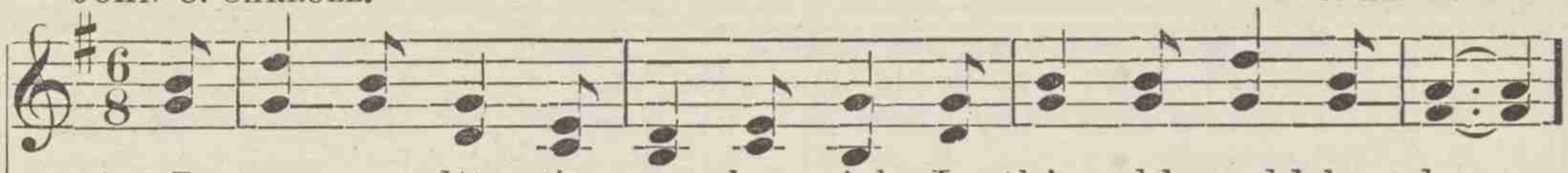
While rays of light stream all a - broad.
With lus-tre new di - vine-ly crowned.
In worlds a-bove thy glo - ry raise.
In no-bler spheres His influence own.

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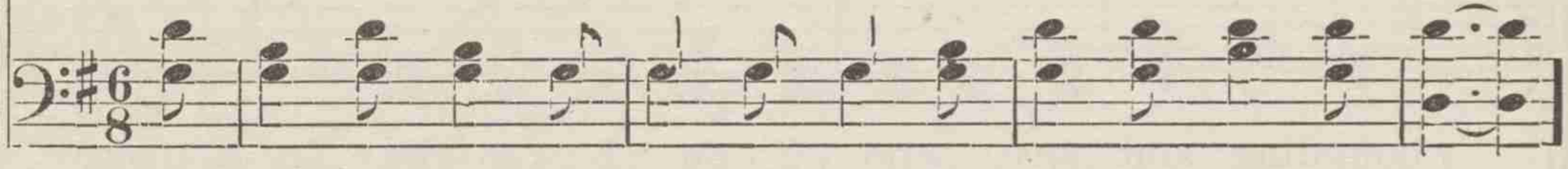
No. 116. The Orphan Child.
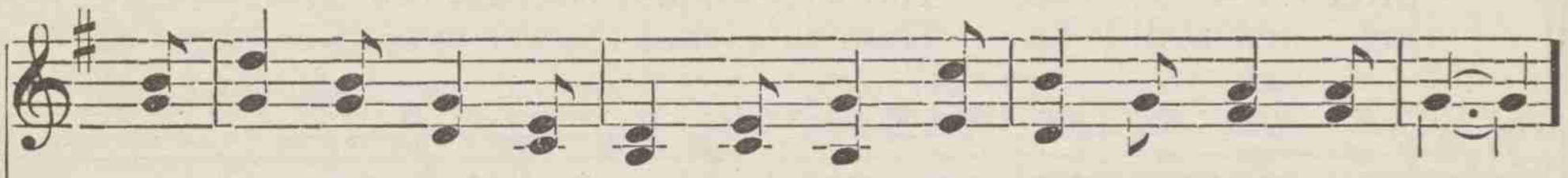
The following words were suggested to the writer, while teaching a literary school at Antioch Church, in Union Co., Ga. A little orphan girl, Sallie Addington, a pupil, was converted to Christ and joined the church. To her this song is especially dedicated.—J. C. C.

JOHN C. CARROLL. L. C. TAYLOR.

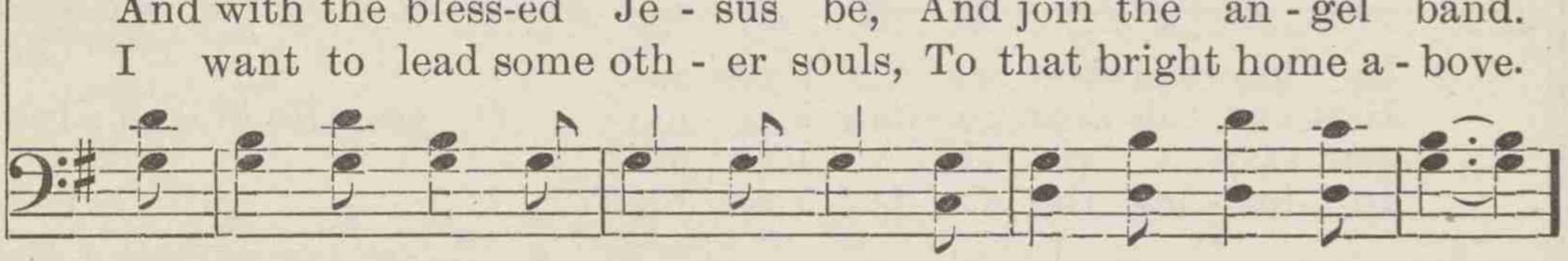


1. I am a lit - tle or - phan girl, In this cold world be - low,
2. Tho' I'm a lit - tle or - phan child, And thro' this world must roam,
3. I have no lov - ing fa - ther here, To shield me from life's storms,
4. And mother, too, is o - ver there, Up - on that gold - en shore,
5. 'Tis sweet to think that I will know My loved ones in that land,
6. I give to Christ my life, my all, My heart is filled with love,
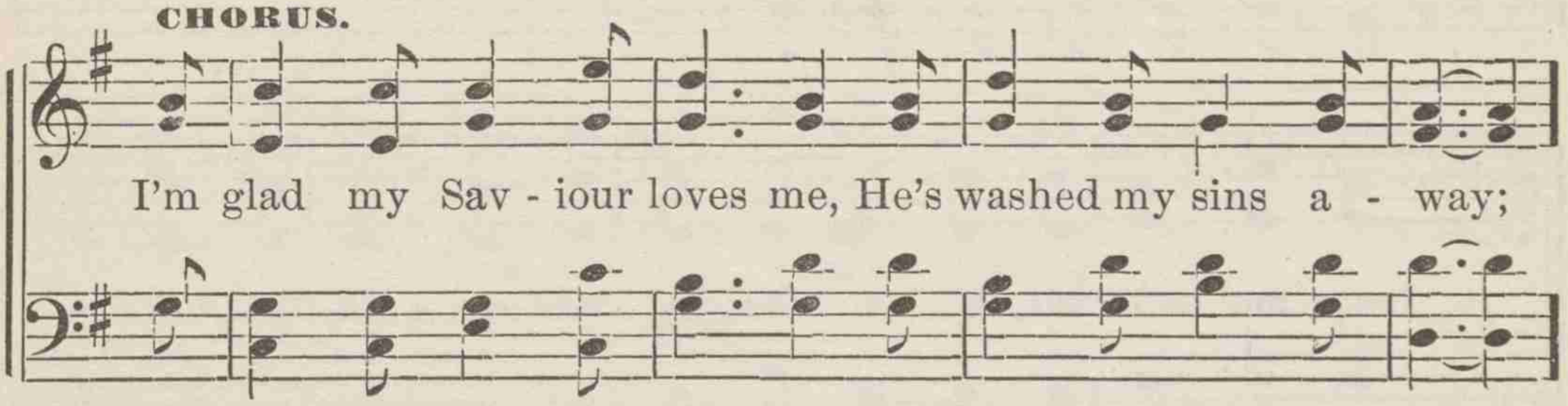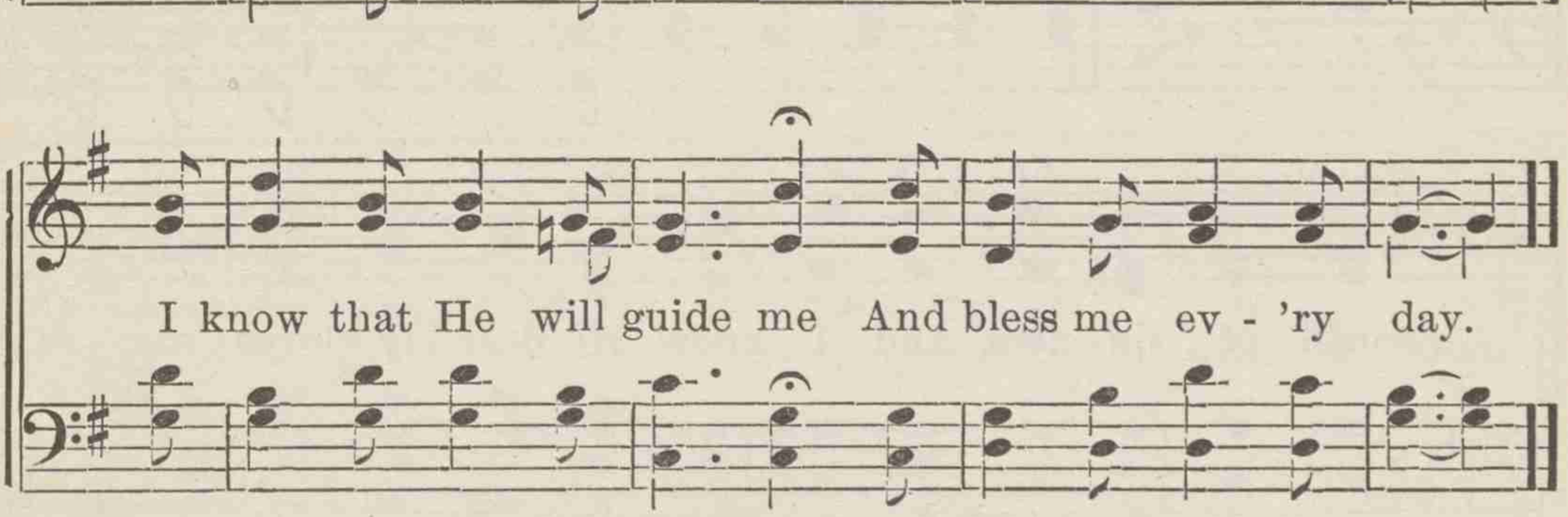




My heart is burdened with the cares That or-phan chil-dren know.
The bless-ed Je - sus is my friend, And He will lead me home.
But God has promised to pro - tect, His lit - tle one from harm.
But I shall reach that home some day, And part from her no more.
And with the bless-ed Je - sus be, And join the an - gel band.
I want to lead some oth - er souls, To that bright home a - bove.



CHORUS.



I'm glad my Sav - iour loves me, He's washed my sins a - way;



I know that He will guide me And bless me ev - 'ry day.

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No. 117. He Graciously Loves Me.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. The Bi - ble re-veals the glad sto - ry, Of love so a-
2. I know that my heart is un-worth-y, His place of in-
3. What worth can a mer - ci - ful Sav-iour In such a poor
4. It is a most won-der - ful sto - ry; What oth - er more

bounding and free, And oft - en I won - der if Je - sus,
dwell-ing to be; With all of my sins and transgres-sions,
prod - i - gal see? And why should He pass the more worthy,
joy - ous could be Than this, that the gra-cious Re-deem - er,

CHORUS.

In lov - ing the sin - ner, loves me.
How can this dear Sav-iour love me? O yes, He gracious-ly
And save a vile sin - ner like me?
In lov - ing the sin - ner, loves me?

loves me! O yes, He ten - der - ly loves me! He died for a

world of sin - ners, And I know He dear - ly loves me.

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No. 118. Stand Fast in His Love.

S. HOUSTON PROFFITT. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Stand fast, O serv-ants of our King, His blood has made us free,
2. Stand fast, some day with Him we'll reign, Let love a-bound with-in,
3. Stand fast, O sol-diers of the cross, The Saviour's love pro-claim,
4. Stand fast, O Christians for the right, And to your Lord be true,

And now with joy - ful hearts we sing, And tell of vic - to - ry.
En - tan - gle not ourselves a - gain, In bond-age un - der sin.
Bid sin - ful men come un - to him, O spread a-broad His name.
Go forth and la - bor with your might, There's much for you to do.

CHORUS.

Stand fast, stand fast, Stand fast in the
Stand fast in His love, stand fast in His love,

love of God; He will bless us ev - 'ry day, As we jour-ney

on our way, Stand fast in the love of God.
in the love of God.

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No. 119. The Master's Call.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

Espressivo.

1. A - mid the toils and cares of life, A - mid the roar of
2. "O seek my face in ear - ly youth, Be-lieve my words and
3. "I have a home pre-pared for thee, If thou wilt turn and
4. "Then come, ye, who - so - ev - er will, And joy and peace your

world - ly strife, In ten - der ac - cents we may hear
walk in truth, Be - fore the e - vil days shall come
fol - low me; O leave thy sin while 'tis to - day,
soul will fill; O be ye faith - ful, fol - low me,

CHORUS.

The Mas - ter's call sound loud and clear.
That lead the faith - less far from home." "I'll shel - ter thee,
Ac - cept my call and learn my way!"
And ev - er I will shel - ter thee!"

I'll shel - ter thee," This lov - ing prom - ise comes to all;

I'll shelter thee, I'll shelter thee, If thou in faith o-bey my call."

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No. 120. Asleep in Jesus.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. GEO. W. BACON.

1. Asleep in Je-sus, no more to know Earth's petty tri-als, Its care and woe;
2. Asleep in Je-sus, O what de-light That we shall ev-er Have Him in sight!
3. Asleep in Je-sus, O blessed rest With Thy sweet comfort We shall be blest;

O bless-ed promise, We all shall rest In heav'nly mansions With all the blest.
And be re - joic-ing In blessed love Of Christ, our Saviour, In realms a-bove.
Then no more sorrow Shall cross our way, But joy forev-er Each blissful day.

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No. 121. I Have No Mother.

Arr. by J. J. SMITH. Arr. by JOHN MCPHERSON.

Fine.

1. I hear the low winds sweeping Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree,
   Where my dear mother's sleeping, A - way from home and me.
2. I see the pale moon shin-ing On mother's white tomb-stone
   The rose-bush 'round it twin-ing, It's just like me, a - lone.
3. My life is, O, so lone - ly, My heart is troub-led sore,
   Her dear-est pres-ence, on - ly, Could make me weep no more.
4. Sad was the hour of part - ing, She said in words so sweet,
   "My loved ones, I am dy - ing, We must in heav - en meet.
5. Come, now, ye or - phan chil-dren, Who sor - row here be - low
   And join me in a prom-ise, That you'll to glo - ry go.

D. C.—Cold in the grave she's sleeping, I have no moth-er now.
D. C.—It's just like me a - weep-ing, I have no moth-er now.
D. C.—The sa - cred tie is brok - en, I have no moth-er now.
D. C.—And there we'll live to - geth - er, Where parting is no more.
D. C.—We'll go and live with moth-er, Where parting is no more.

D. C.

Tears from my eyes are flow-ing, And sor - row shades my brow;
It's just like me a - weeping, Cold dew-drops damp my brow;
She's gone from me to heav-en, Deep sor - row shades my brow,
O yes, I'll meet you, mother, On that e - ter - nal shore,
Then when our la - bor's end-ed, And time shall be no more,

No. 122. Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

(SOLO AD LIB. AND CHORUS.)

Mrs. Felicia Honeycut. H. N. Lincoln.

Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Dear Je-sus, I know that on earth long a-go, Thou didst call lit-tle chil-dren to Thee, And with Thy dear arm would shield them from harm, And for
2. When some one would say, take the children a-way, Thou didst bid them, dear Je-sus, in love, To stay at Thy feet, with ac-cents so sweet; For "of
3. I know Thou dost see lit-tle chil-dren like me, And dost love them to-day just as well; I know that at last, when toil-ing is past, Thou wilt

CHORUS.

them gave Thy life on the tree. Yes, the Sav-iour of men called the
such is the king-dom a-bove."
take me to heav-en to dwell.

chil-dren to Him, Bade them there on His bos-om re-cline; And on His dear breast they found sweetest rest In the arms of the Saviour di-vine.

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No. 123. Are You Following the Saviour Daily?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you treading in the nar-row way? Are you striv-ing in your ways to please Him?
2. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you jour-ney-ing to Zi-on's Hill? Are you con-quer-ing each e-vil hab-it?
3. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Do you feel that He your Shep-herd is? Have you cho-sen Him to be your por-tion?

REFRAIN.

Are you liv-ing for the judg-ment day? We are fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly, And His bless-ings on our way are shed!
Are you do-ing the Re-deem-er's will?
Do you feel that you by faith are His?

We are drinking of the liv-ing wa-ters! We are feasting on the liv-ing bread!

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No. 124. Are You Drifting?

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Are you drift-ing with the current? As it gent - ly flows a-long,
2. Are you drift-ing with the current? Set-ting from the golden strand,
3. Are you drift-ing with the current? Flowing gent - ly but a - way

Or re - sist - ing all al-luréments To a line of conduct wrong?
Or ex - ert - ing ev - 'ry pow - er E - vil forc - es to with-stand?
From the har - bor of sal - va - tion To the breakers of dis-may?

Spread your sails and catch the breezes Set-ting t'ward the Beulah land,
Seek and catch the precious breathings Of the Spir - it of the Lord,
Lift a cry for help to Je - sus, Stronger than the swiftest tide,

And di - rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Master's right command.
And for pi - lot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board.
And in - to the peaceful har-bor You will sure - ly, safe - ly glide.

CHORUS.

Are you drift - - - ing with the cur - - rent?
Are you drift-ing with the current? Flow-ing gent - ly, but a - way,

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Are You Drifting? Concluded.

Flow-ing gent - - - ly, but a - way,.....
Are you drift-ing with the current? Flowing gent-ly, but a-way,

While the har - - - bor lights are burn - - ing,
While the har-bor lights are burning, Turn, O turn without de-lay,

Turn, O turn,..... without de - lay.....
While the har-bor lights are burning, Turn, O turn, without de-lay.

No. 125. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the laws demands;
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes are closed in death.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

No. 126. Leave Them Not.

J. O. L. J. OWEN LONG. By per.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Leave them not, O gen - tle Saviour, Tho' they are by sin de-filed,
2. They have fall-en by the wayside, Snares are all a-bout their feet,
3. Pit - y reign-eth in Thy bo-som, Kindness reigneth in Thy heart,

With Thy ten-der-ness and mer-cy, Help each sin - ful, fall - en child.
Raise them up and bid them welcome, Lead them to Thy mer - cy - seat.
Thy blest words a-lone can turn them, Lead them to life's bet - ter part.

QUARTET or CHORUS.

Thine shall be all praise and glo-ry, Thine shall be all hon - or, pow'r,

When their blinded eyes are o-pened To repentance's hap-py hour.

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No. 127. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

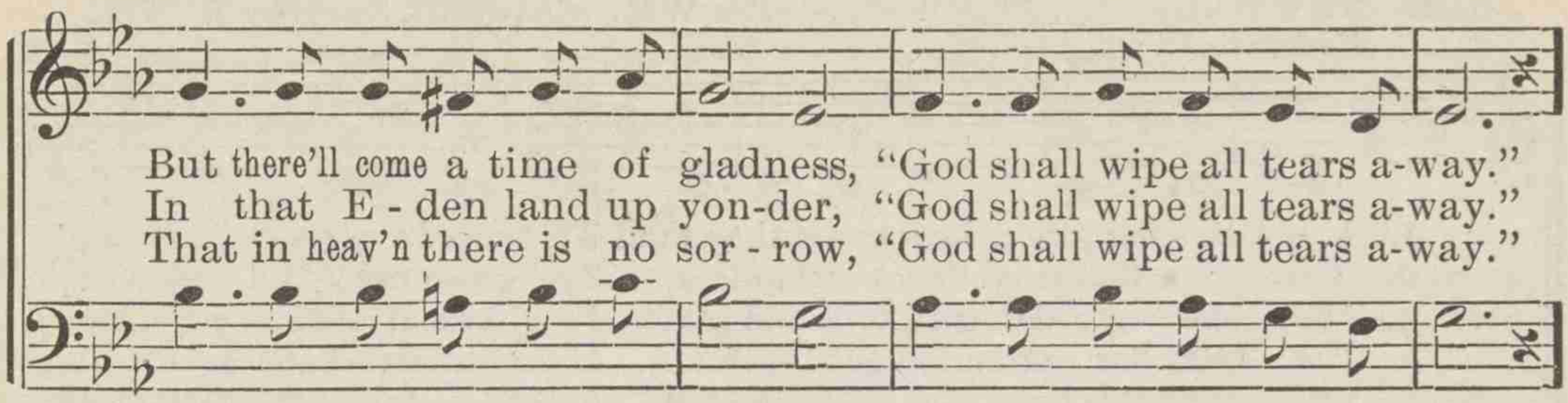
J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.
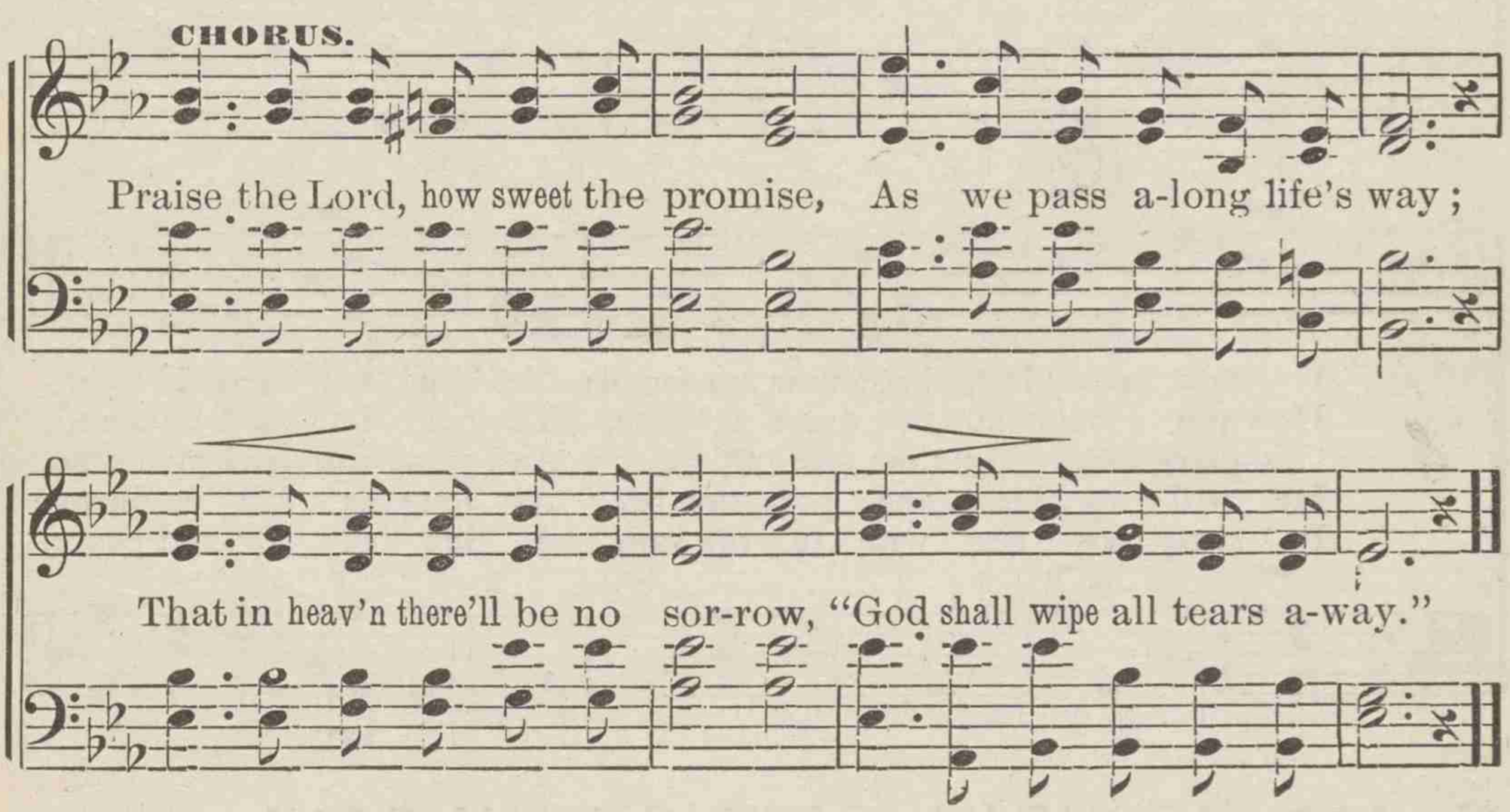
DUET.

1. Here we have a time of sor - row, Pain and anguish day by day;
2. Weeping eyes shall weep no long-er, Peace and joy shall last for aye;
3. At the bedside of the dy - ing, To the weeping gently say;

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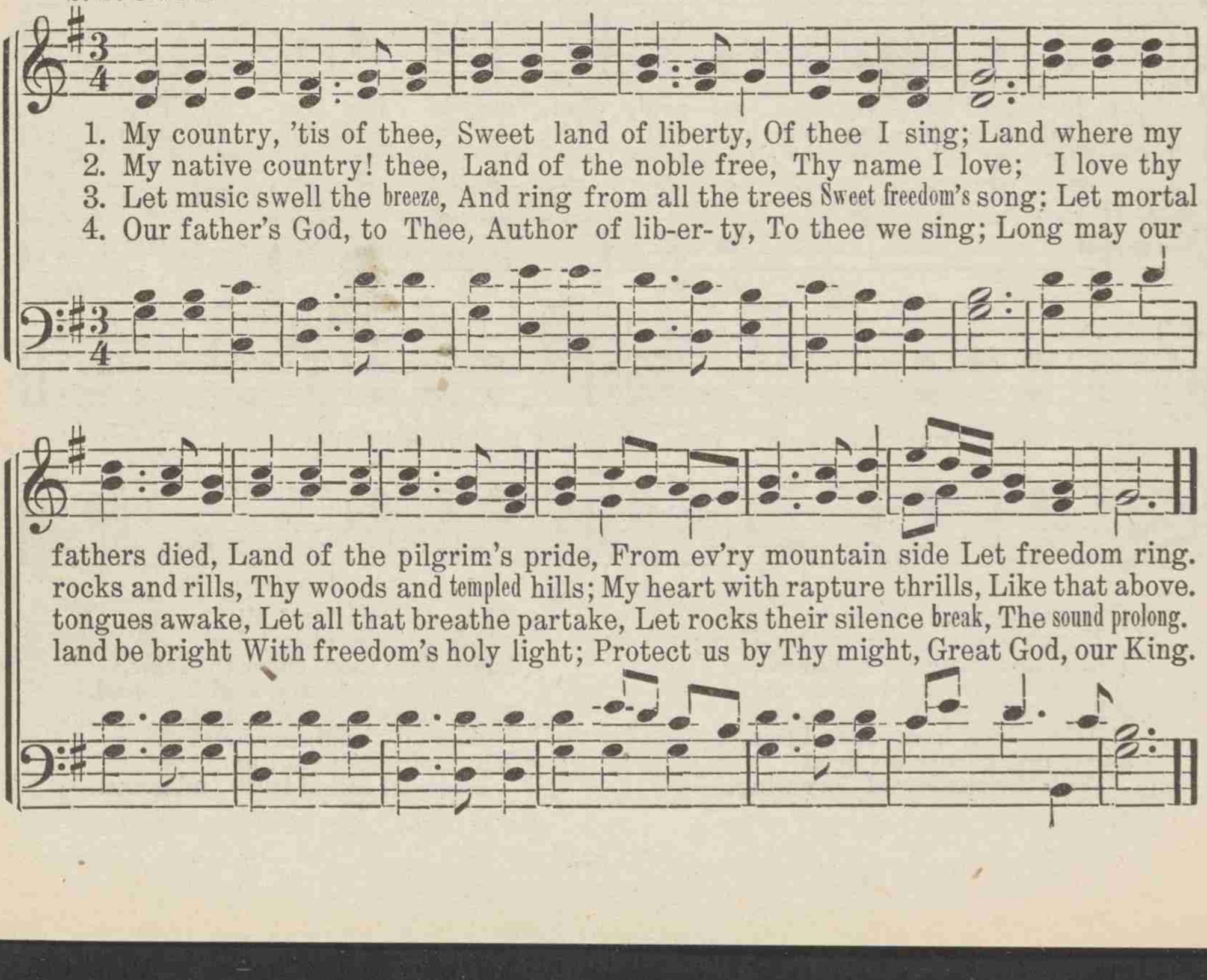
God Shall Wipe All Tears Away. Concluded.





No. 128. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.
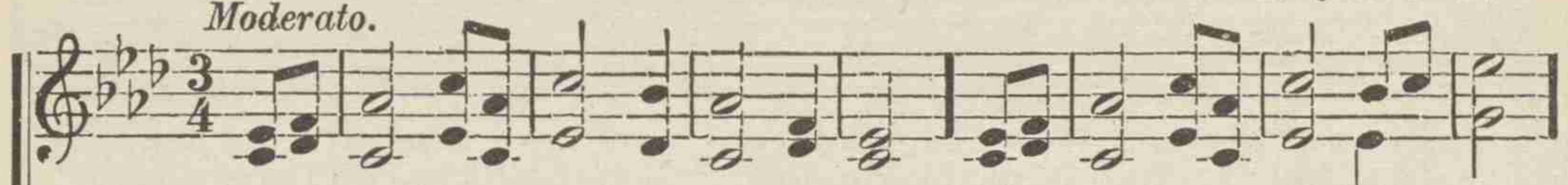
S. F. SMITH.



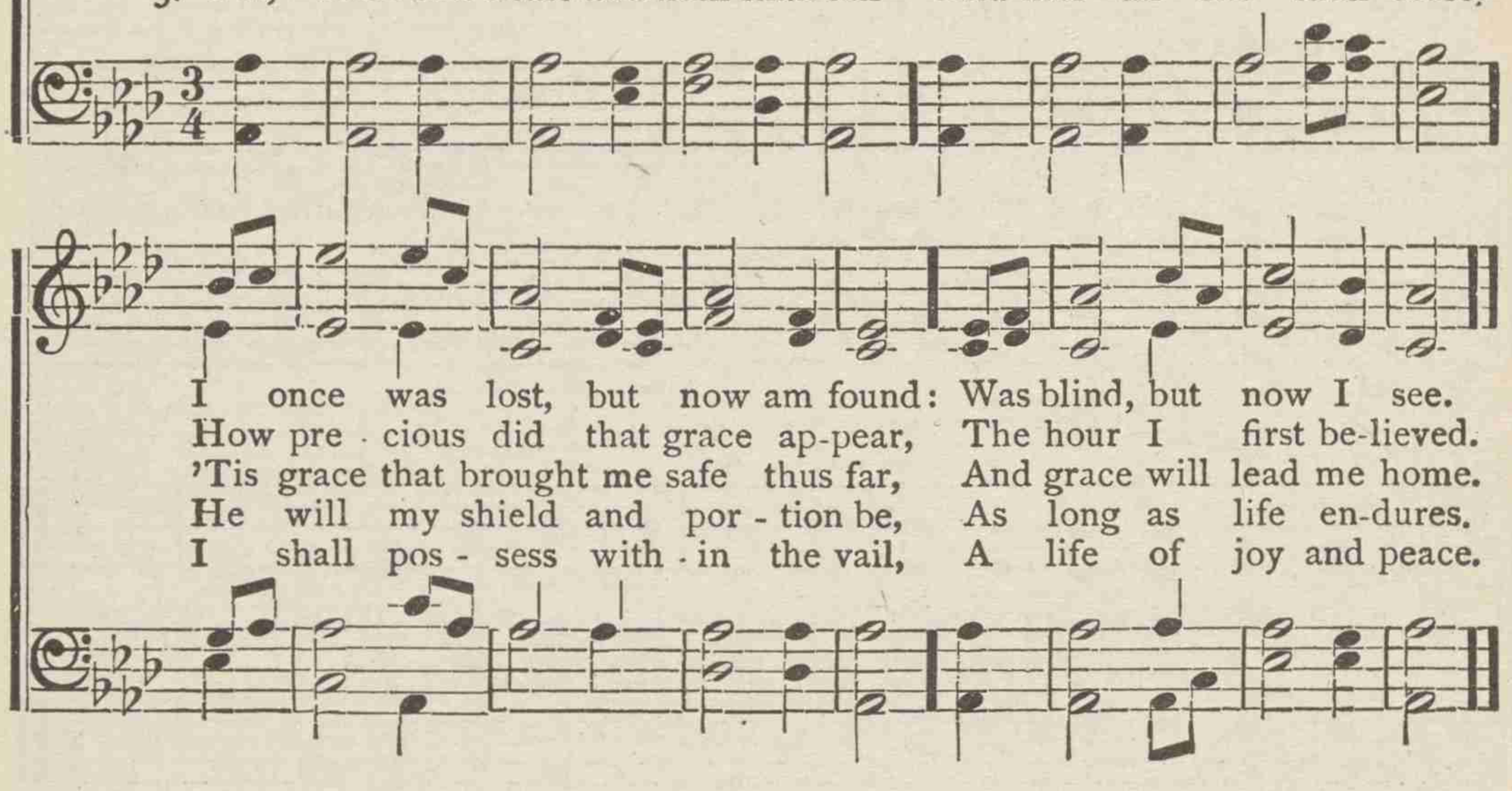
No. 129. AMAZING GRACE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

Moderato.



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word, my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor - tal life shall cease,
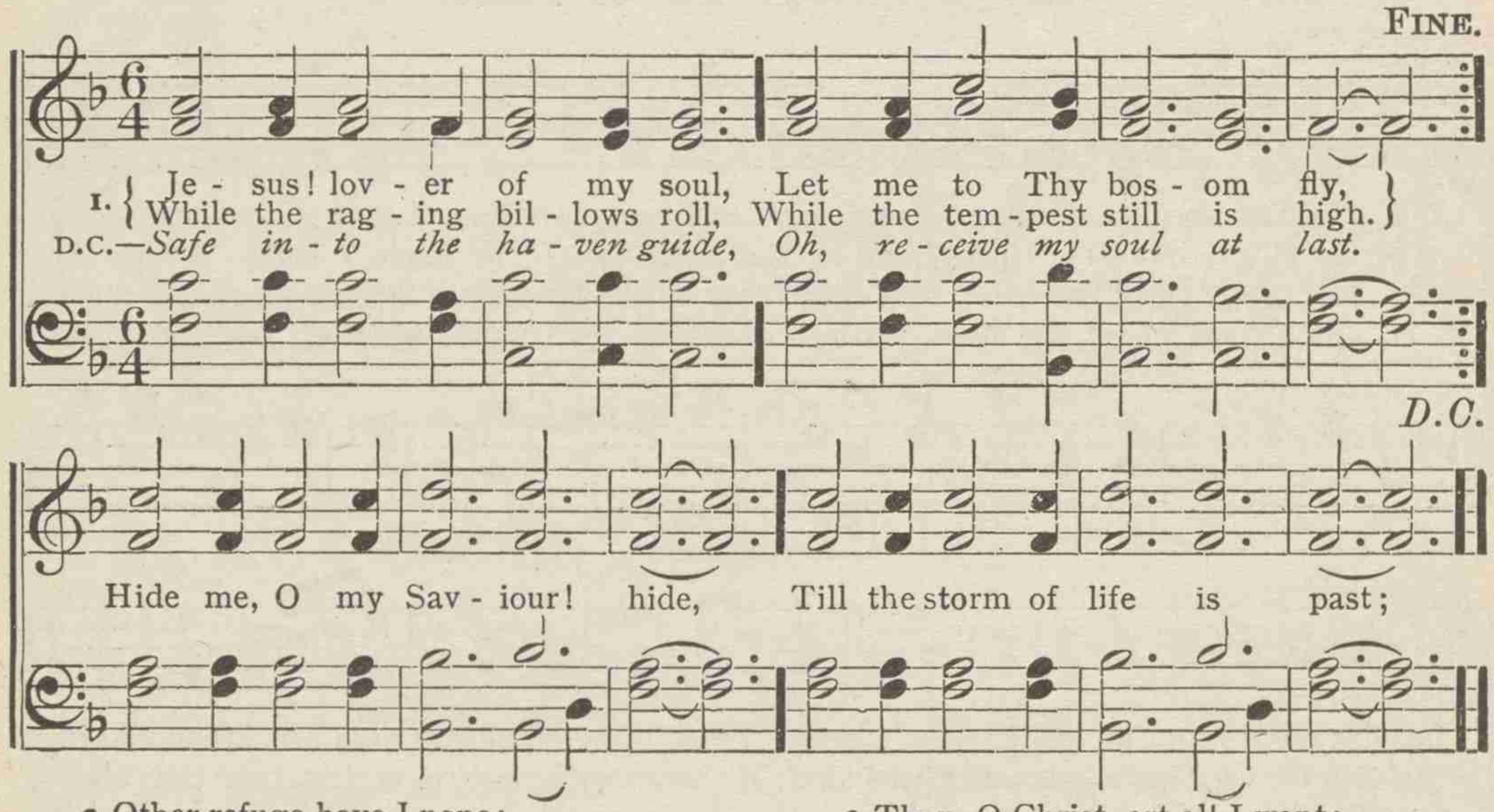


I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 130. JESUS! LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"Thou art my refuge."—Ps. 142: 5.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.



1. { Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
D.C.—*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.*

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

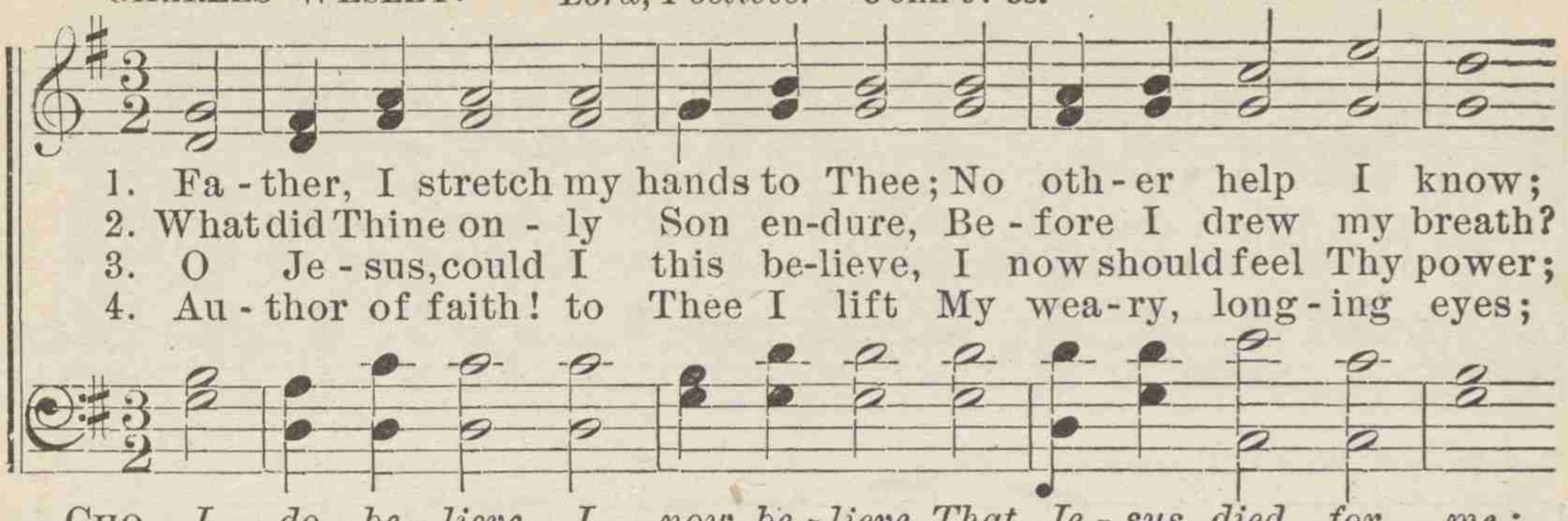
D.C.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
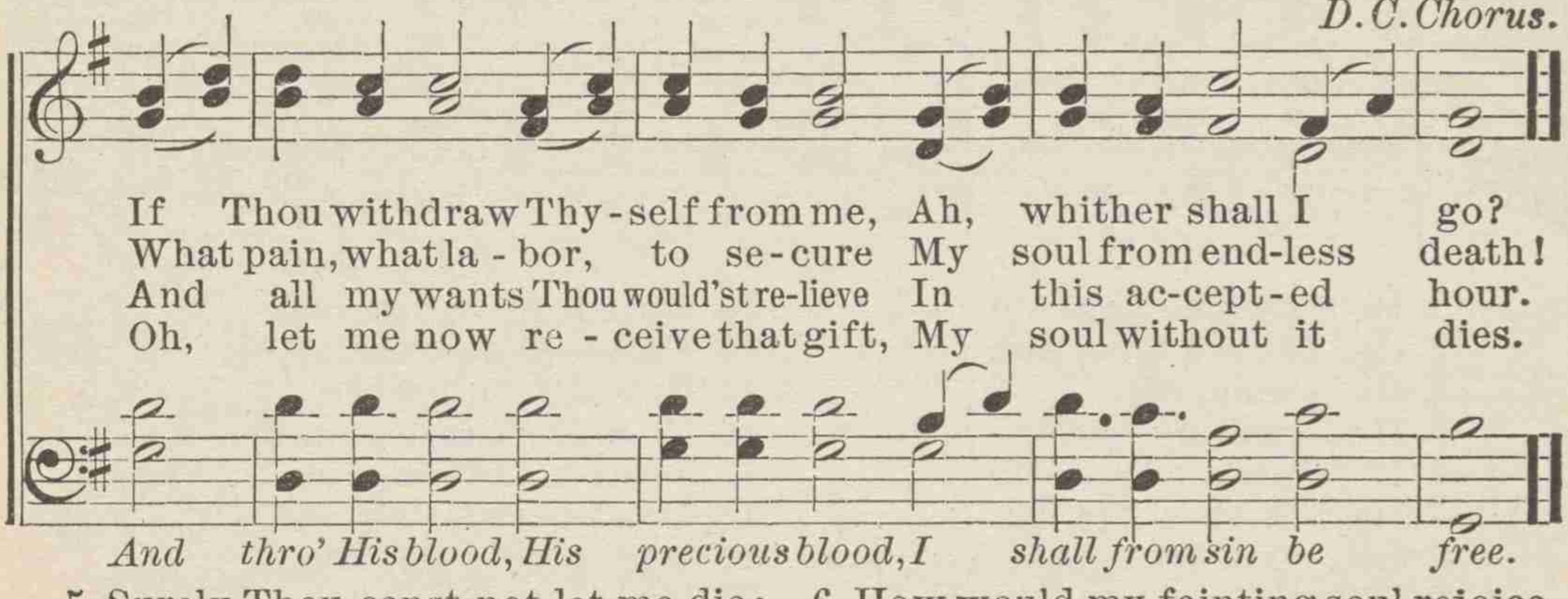
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 131. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. Anon.



D.C. Chorus.
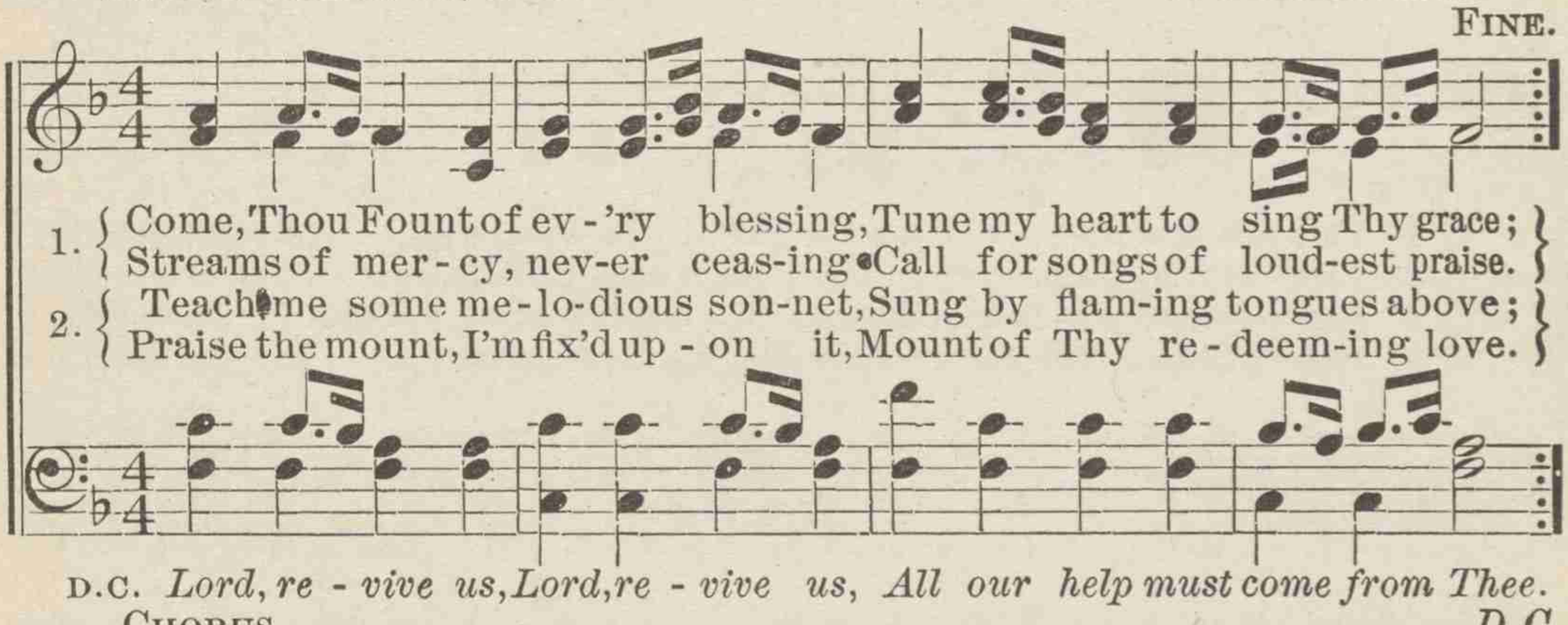


5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.
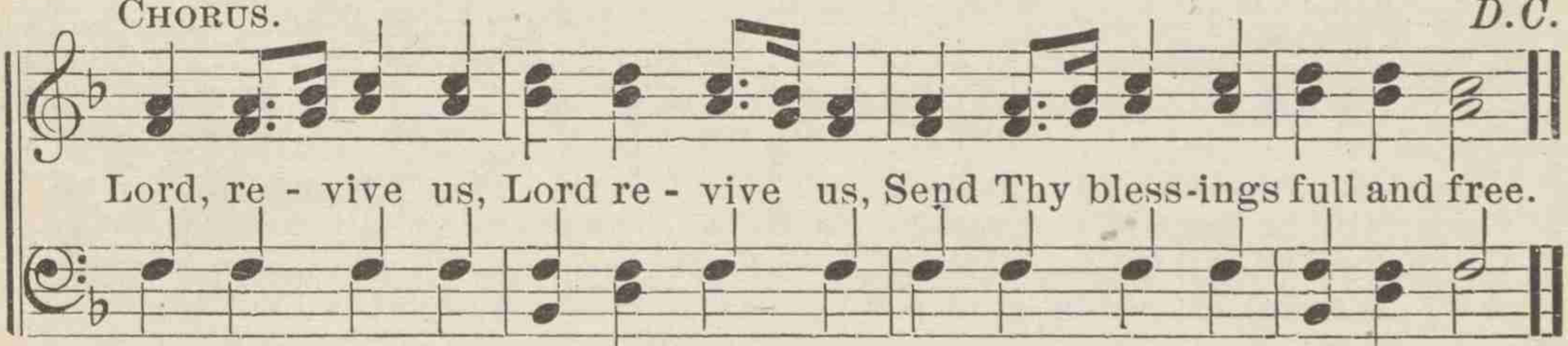
No. 132. GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1858. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



CHORUS. D.C.
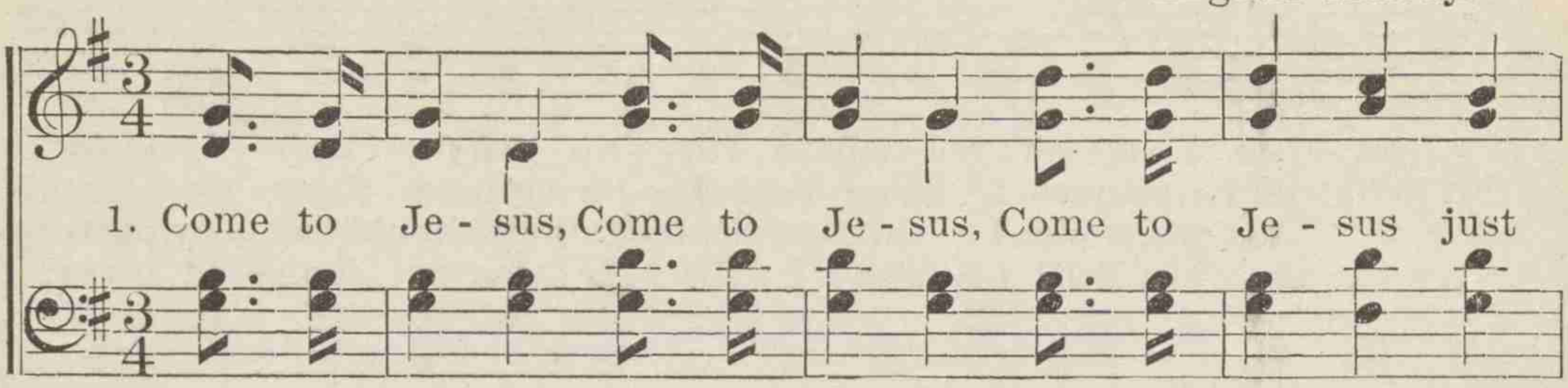


3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 133. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.
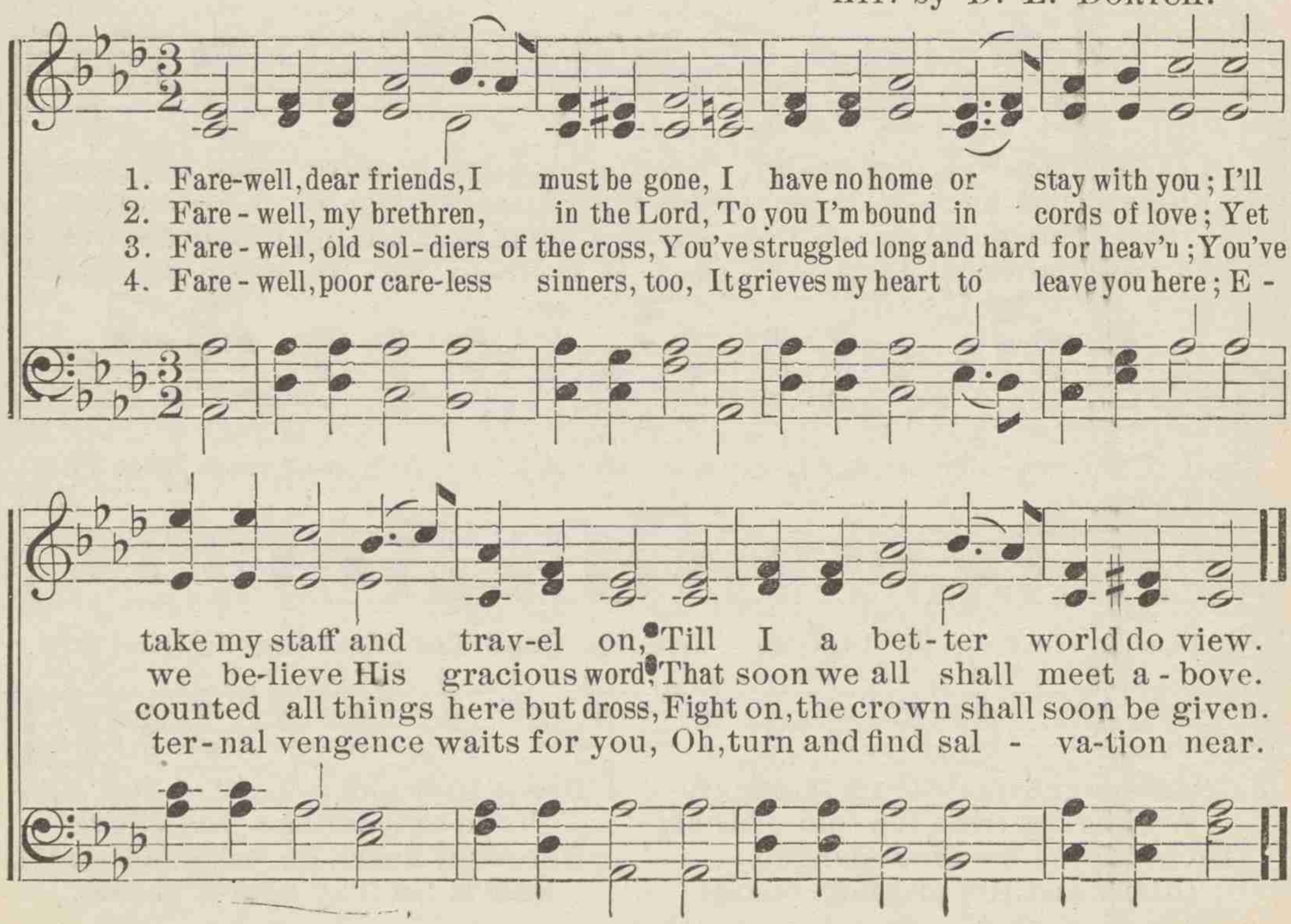
English Melody.



2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc
7 He will save you, etc
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

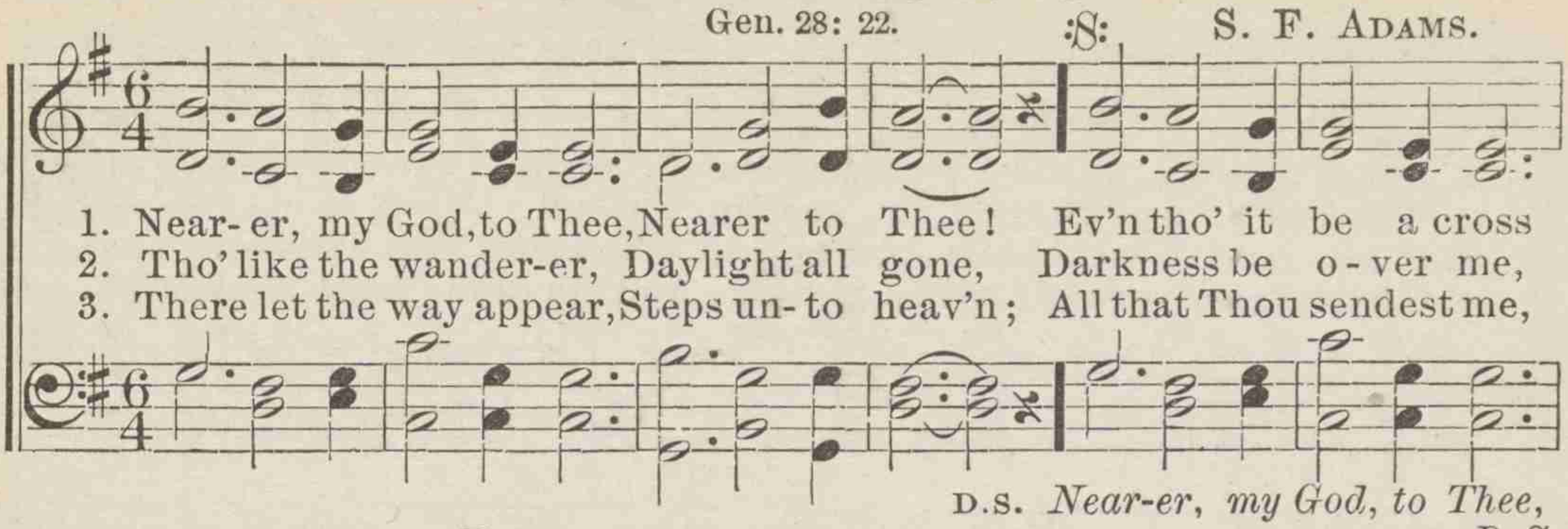
No. 134. THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.
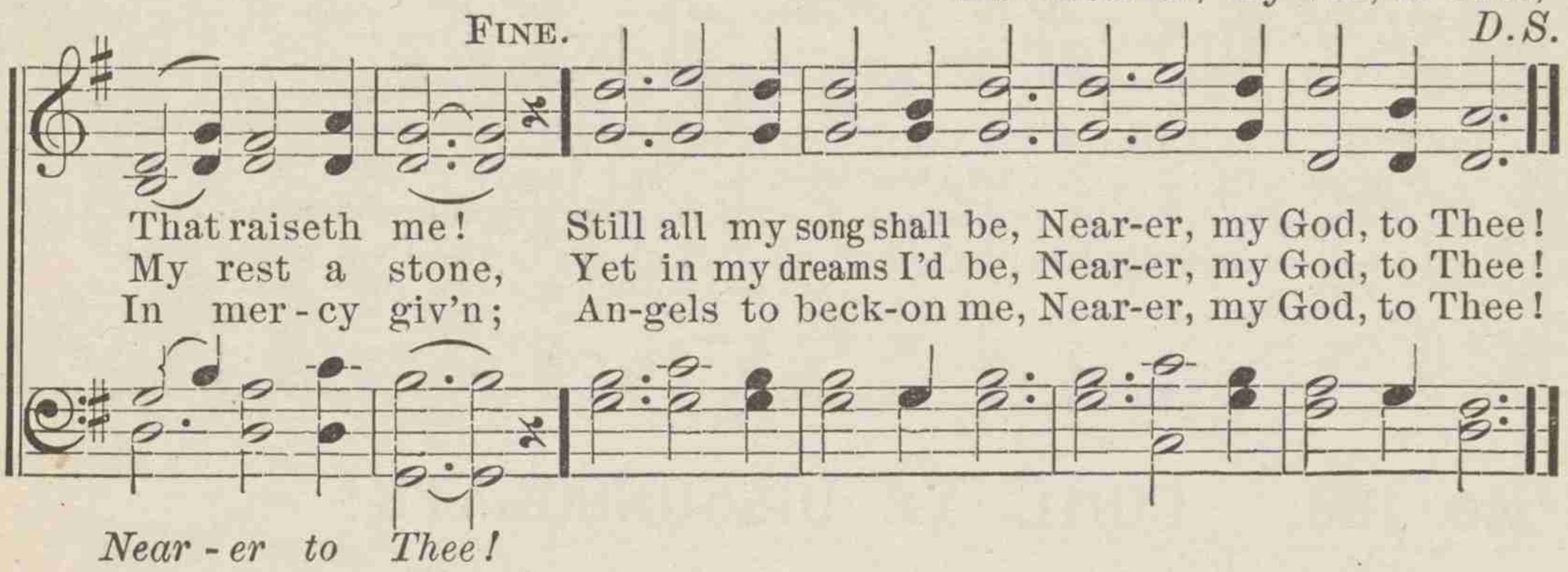
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



No. 135. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Gen. 28: 22. :S: S. F. Adams.



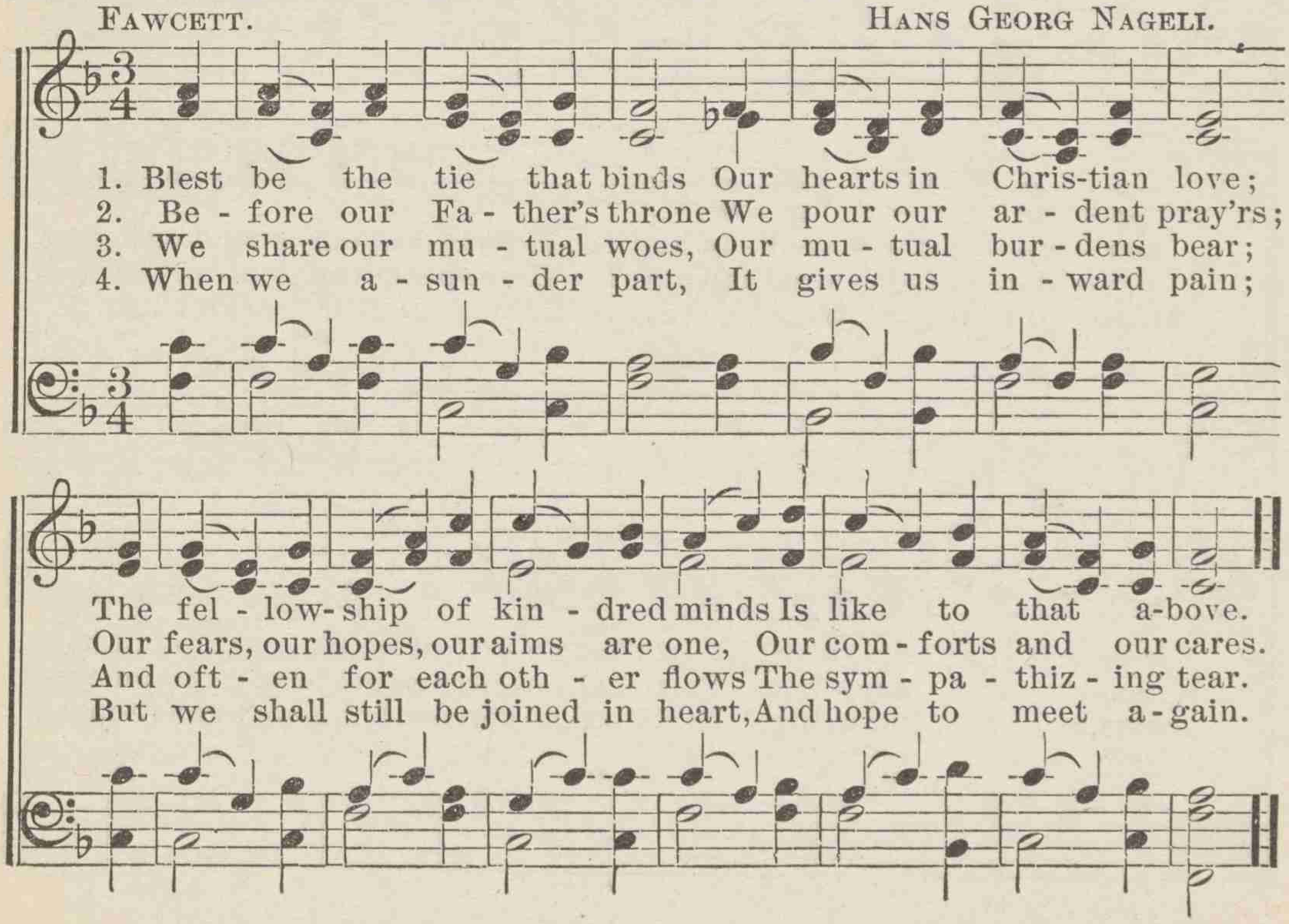


4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 136. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

Fawcett. Hans Georg Nageli.



No. 137. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

No. 138. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

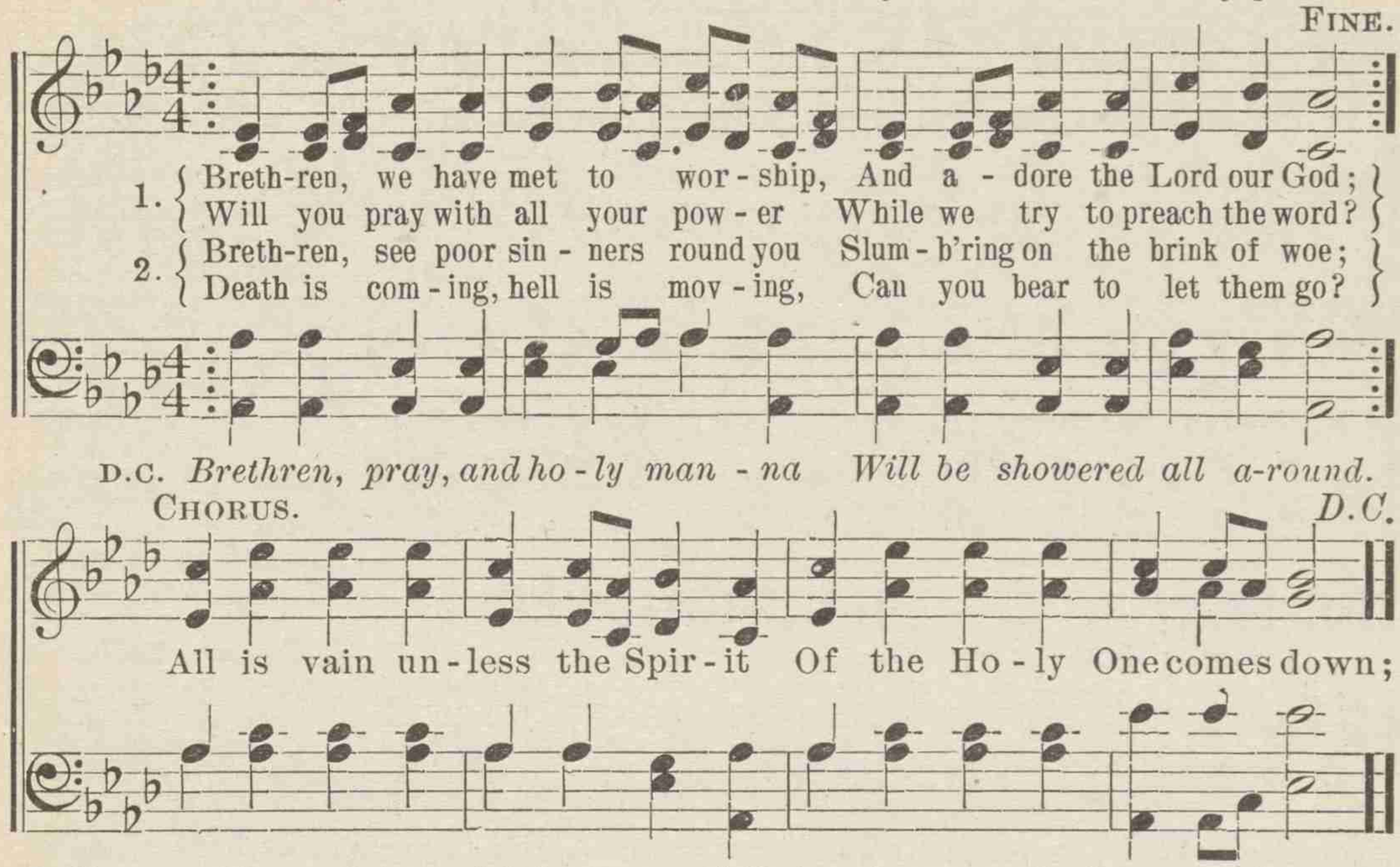
1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer -- cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen•- i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a -bove: Come to •the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

No. 139. HOLY MANNA.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH, by per.



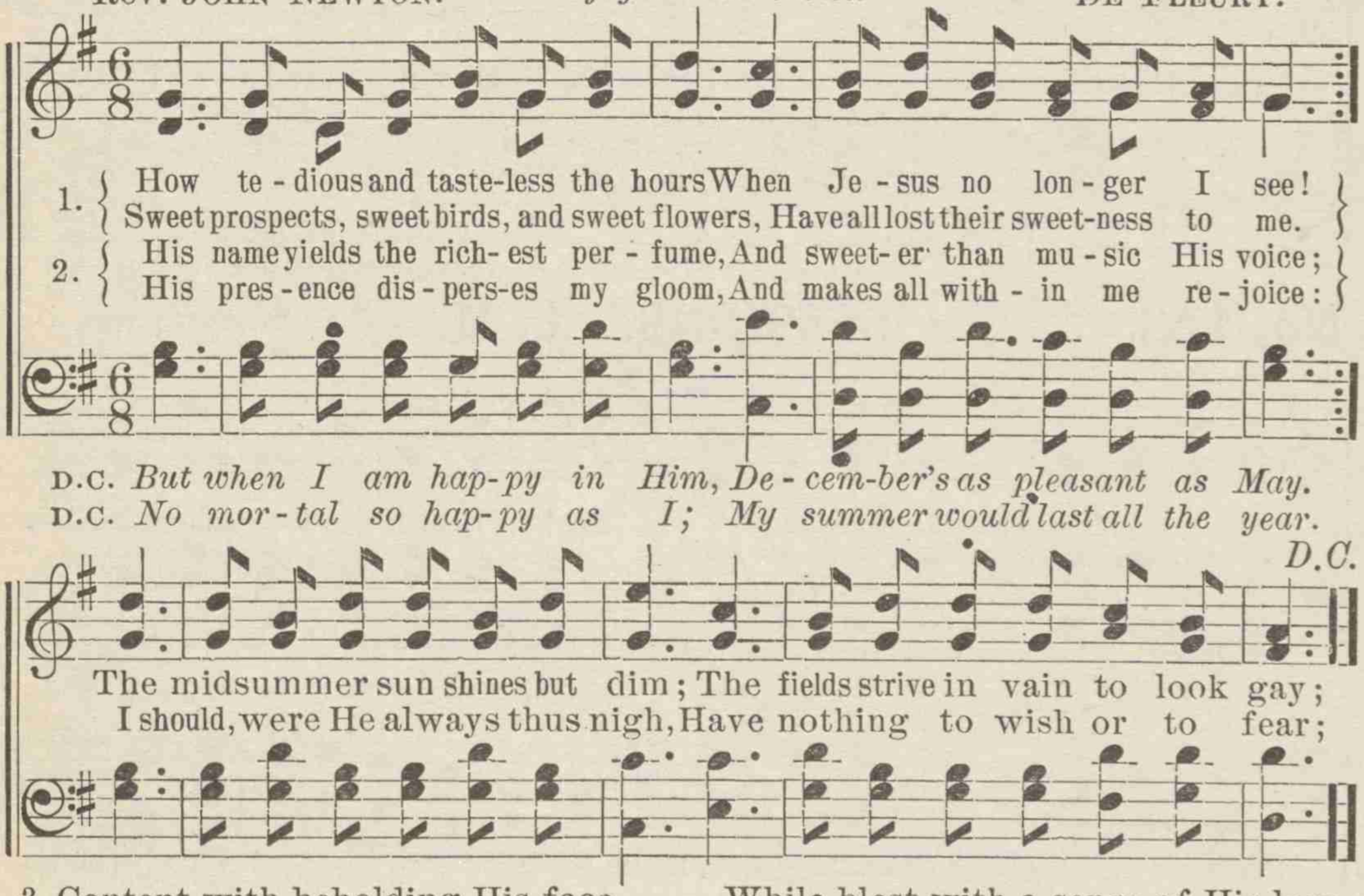
3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

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No. 140. GREENFIELDS. 8s.
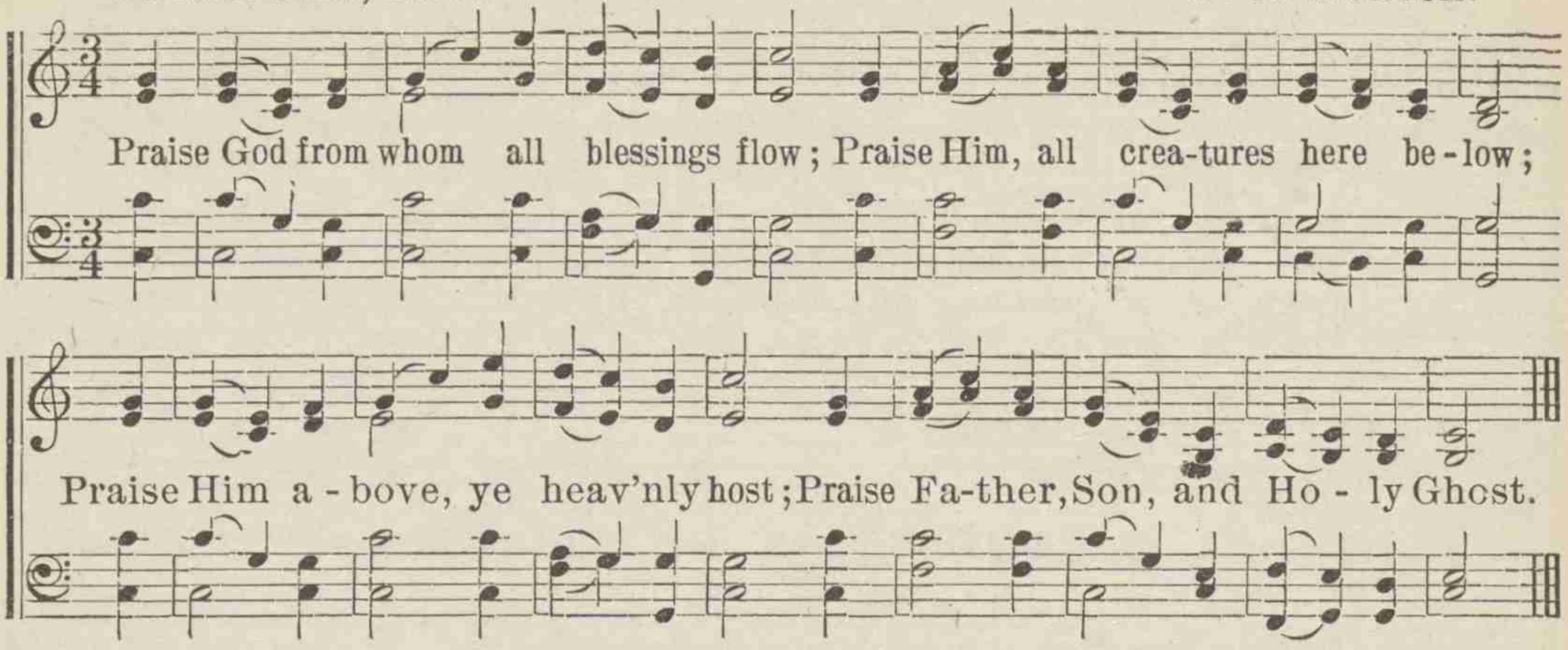
REV. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
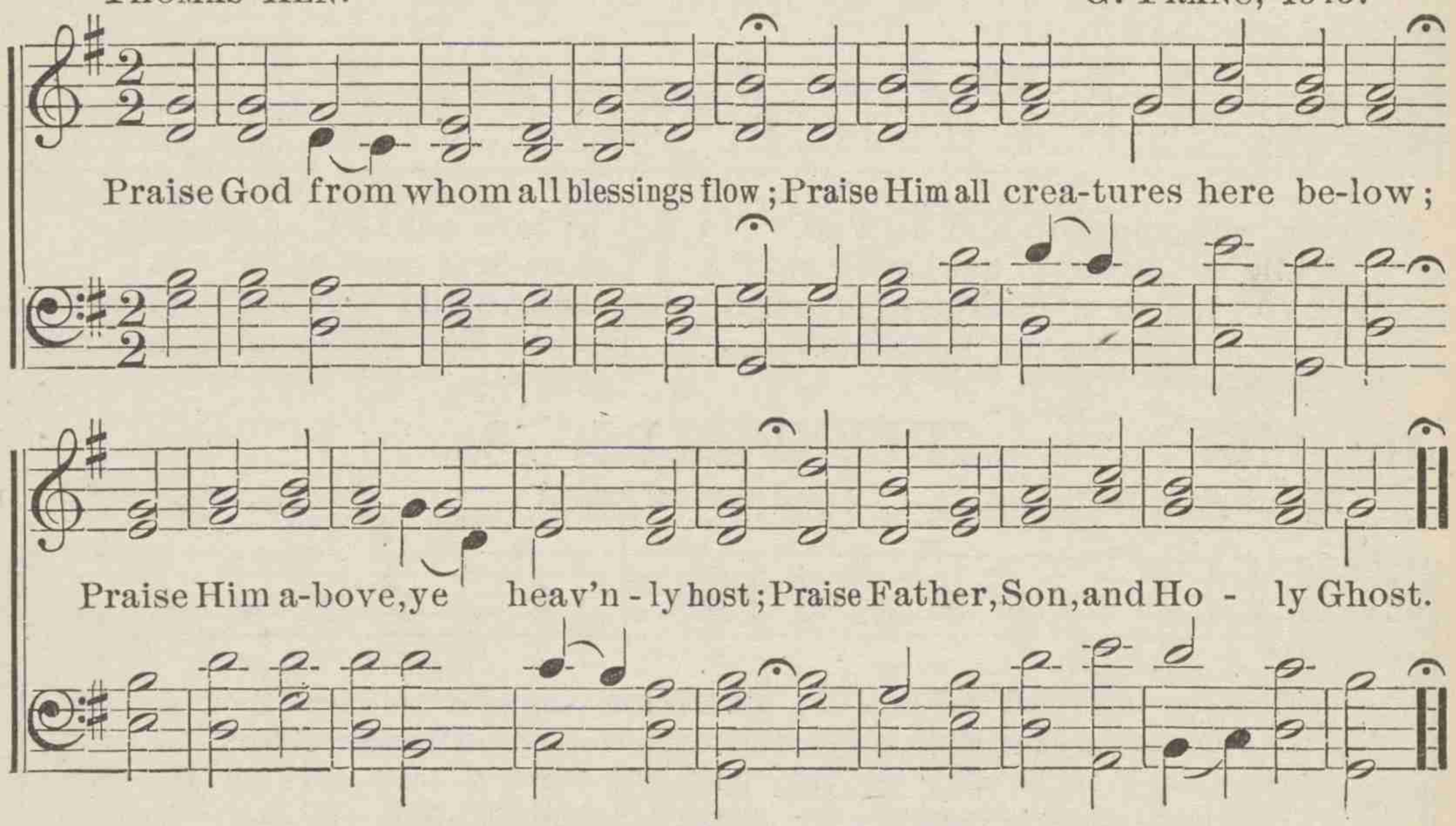
No. 141. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.
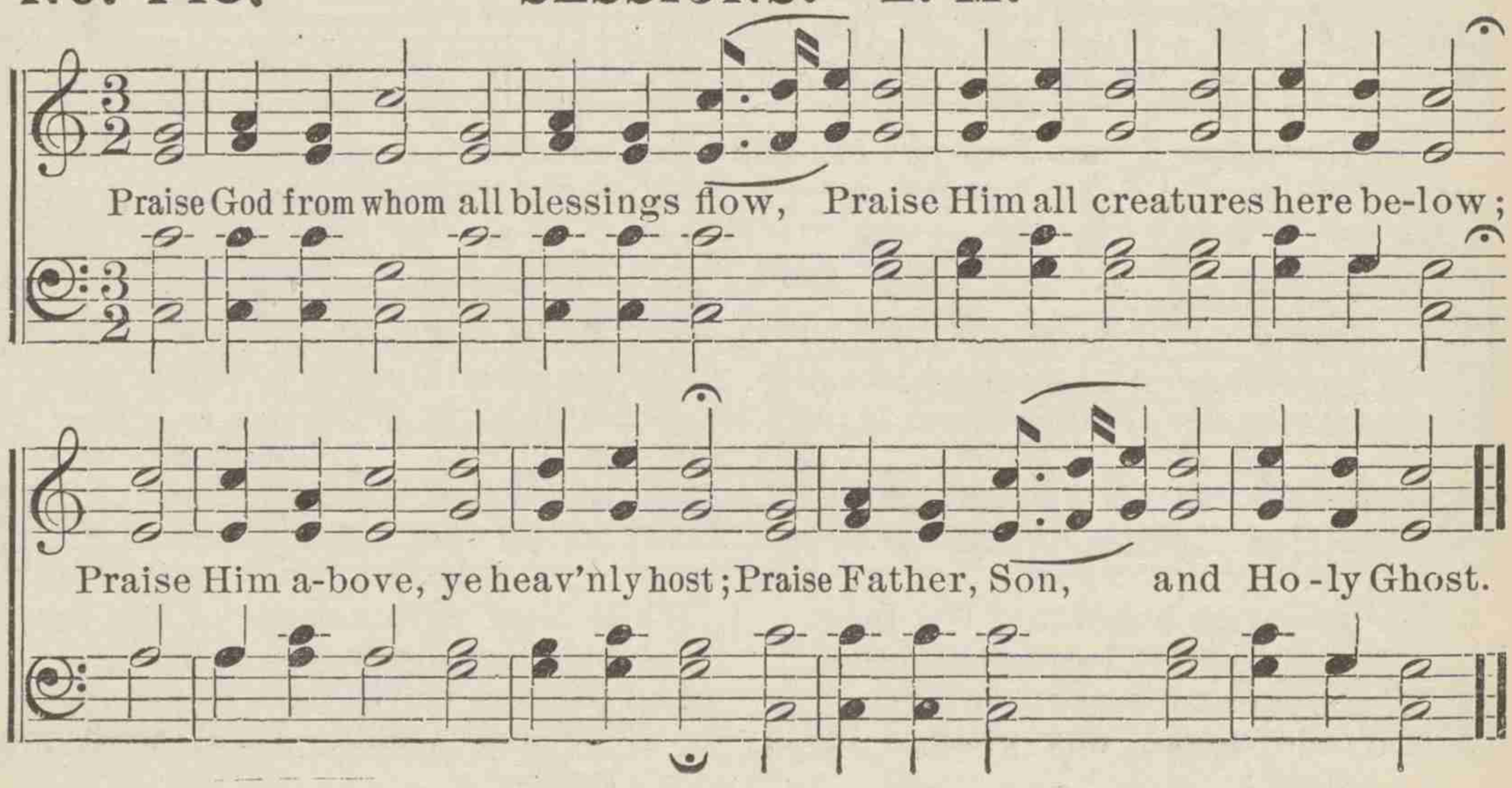


No. 142. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



No. 143. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



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