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THE SONG GEM

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Sunday-Schools, Revivals & Religious Meetings

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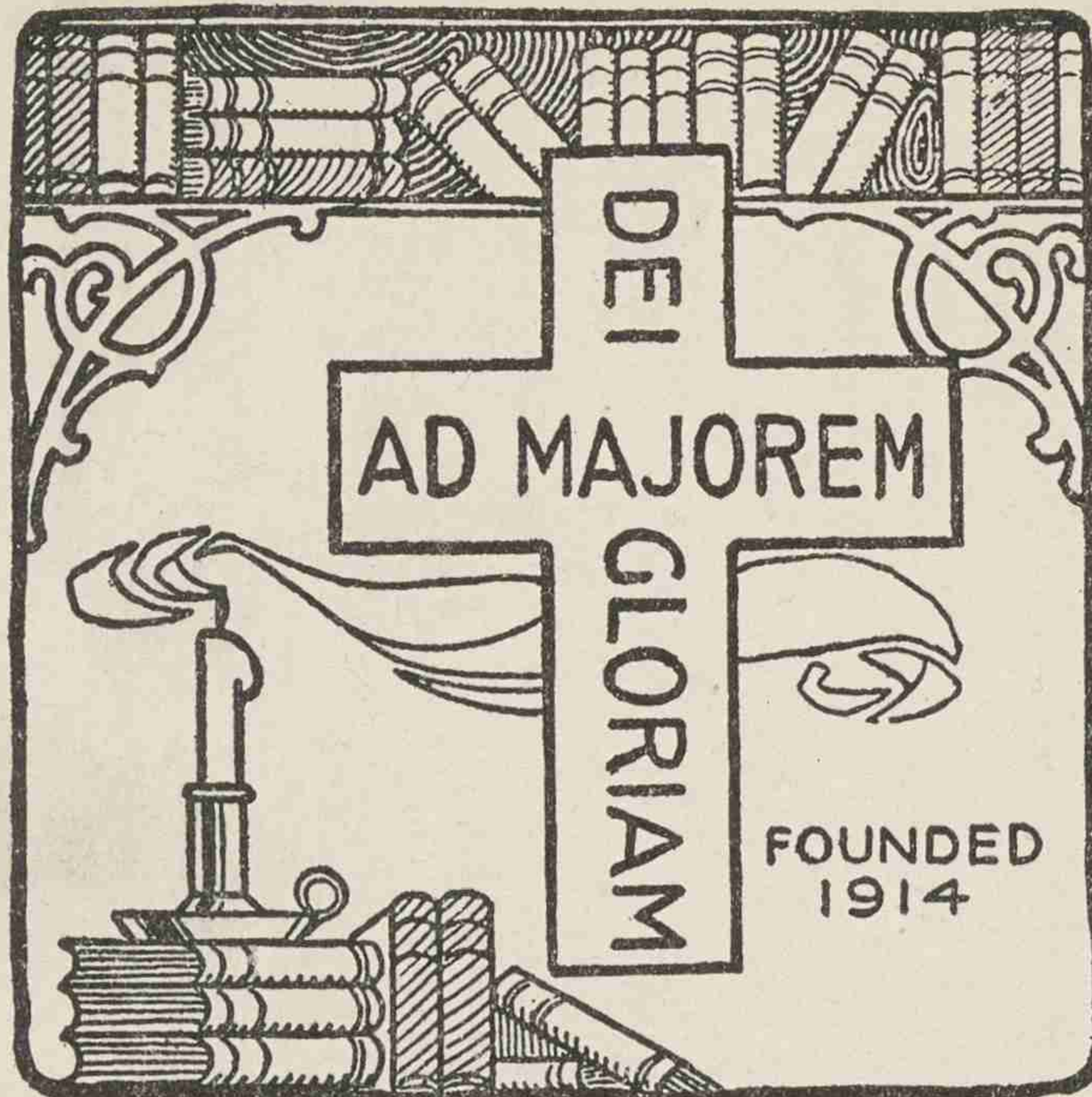
M. S. KERBY AND D. P. AIRHART.

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Song E

No. 1. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

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1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be-low,
2. No night shall dim that glorious home, For Je - sus is the light; And mourn-ing pilgrim's here be-low
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands, They with the ransomed sing "All praise to him who washed us white,

CHORUS.



Shall wear the crown a - bove. } My home, sweet home; . . . I long for my home a -
Shall there be clad in white. } My beau-ti-ful home, my home, sweet home; I long for my beau-ti-ful
Our Sav-iour, God, and King. }

Repeat pp.



- bove; My home, sweet home; . . . I long for my home of love.
home a - bove; My beau - ti - ful home, My home, sweet home,

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No. 2. OVER THE RIVER.

Arr. from Rev. I. BALTZELL.
By M. S. KERBY.

DUETT.



1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a ver - due sub - lime;
2. O - ver the riv - er, the pil - grim's re - treat, Gor - geous in splen - dor, in beaut - y com - plete;
3. O - ver the riv - er, time nev - er grows old; There are en - joy - ments and pleasures un - told;
4. O - ver the riv - er, our sor - rows will cease, Hushed by the songs of a heav - en - ly peace;



Val - leys of beaut - y in splen - dor do shine, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
An - gels are sing - ing in har - mo - ny sweet, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
There is a cit - y with streets of pure gold, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
When we get there what a hap - py re - lease, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.



CHORUS.



O - - ver the riv - er, the beau - - ti - ful riv - er, fields . . . are all green.
O - ver the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful beautiful fields are all green.



No. 3. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

5

E. T. B.

Rev. E. T. BOWERS.



1. A glo-rious rest is prom-ised, A home for - ev - er bright, Where clouds shall nev - er
 2. There palms and crowns a - wait us, And robes of spot-less white; But best of all a
 3. When loosed from earth-ly tri - als, The spir - it takes its flight; 'Twill dwell in realms of

CHORUS.



gath - er, And where there is no night. } No night, no night, no night, But e -
 heav - en, A home where is no night. } No night, no night, no night, no night,
 glo - ry, Where Je - sus is the light. }



- ter - nal day is giv'n; No night, no night, no night, There will be no night in heav'n.
 No night, no night, no night, no night, no night,

By permission of Rev. W. T. DALE, Galatin, Tenn.

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No. 4. THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

m *f*

1. Why stand ye here I - dle? Work press - es to - day. Find something to do:
 2. Don't say you are bus - y, too old, or un - fit: That's noth - ing to you.
 3. Then up and a - way! in the vine - yard to - day Christ wait - eth for you.

m

The field is en - larg - ing the lab' - rers are few, There al - ways is something or oth - er to do.
 He sure - ly has some kind of call - ing for you, He sure - ly has something or oth - er to do.
 His love should re - mind you, and grat - i - tude speak, The debt you are ow - ing should press you to seek

f *cres.* *p*

CHORUS.

Yes, something to do. } Find something to do: Something, yes, something to do.
 Yes, something for you. }
 For something to do.

From "Shining Light," by per.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO. Concluded.

7

pp cres. ff p

Why stand ye here i - dle? work press - es to - day, Find some - thing, yes, something to do.

Miss ANNIE STEELE.

No. 5. TEMPLE.

M. S. KERBY.

1. In vain my roving tho'ts would find A portion worthy of the mind: On earth my soul can nev - er rest,
2. Arise, my tho'ts, my heart, arise, Leave this vain world and seek the skies; There pur - est joys for - ev - er last,

FINE.

D.S.—And days and hours, with rapid flight,
D.S.—To pleasure perfect and sub - line,

D. S.

For earth can nev - er make me blest. Can lasting hap - pi - ness be found Where seasons roll their hasty round.
When seasons, days, and hours are past. Come, Lord, Thy pow'rful grace impart: Thy grace can raise my wand'ring heart.

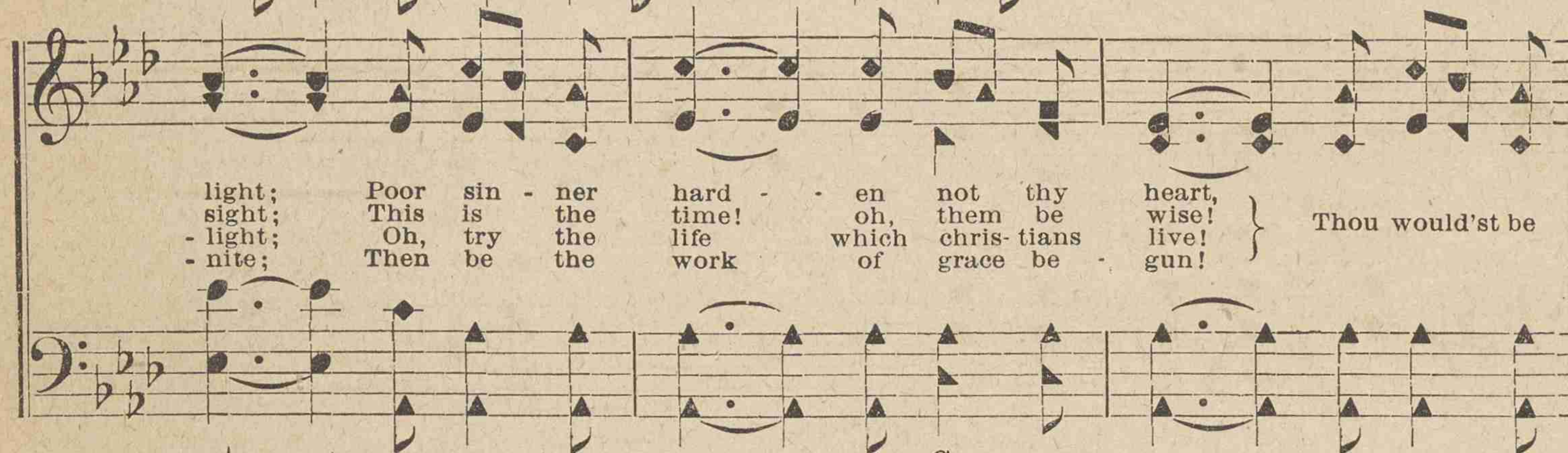
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
Un - measured by the wing of time.

No. 6. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

D. P. AIRHART.



1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the
 2. To mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lu - ded
 3. The world has noth - ing left to give— It has no new no pure de -
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u -



light;
sight;
- light;
- nite;
Poor sin - ner
This is the
Oh, try the
Then be the
hard time!
life work
en oh, which
not thy heart,
them be wise!
chris - tians live!
grace be gun!

Thou would'st be



CHORUS.

saved-- Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Why not to-night?

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? Concluded.

9

Why not to - night? Thou would'st be saved, Thou would'st be saved, Why not to -

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

- night? - night? Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Why not to - night?

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a long, sweeping melodic line in the upper staff that spans across the system, and a corresponding bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are repeated across the measures.

Why not to night? Thou would'st be saved— Why not to - night?

Rit. *Repeat pp.*

The third system concludes the piece. It includes a *Rit.* (Ritardando) marking above the staff and a *Repeat pp.* (Pianissimo) marking above the final measure. The melody and accompaniment lead to a final cadence.

No. 7. CHRIST WILL STRENGTHEN THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

M. S. KERBY.

1. Pil - grim, on thy way a - wea - ry, Christ will strengthen thee; Thorn - y be thy
 2. Are the shad - ows o'er thee creeping? Christ will strengthen thee; Sor - rows some-times
 3. Toil - ing 'neath the heav - y bur - den, Christ will strengthen thee; Fear - ing lest thou

CHORUS. *Fast.*

road and drear-y, Christ will strengthen thee.
 quick - ly sweeping, Christ will strengthen thee.
 lose the guerdon, Christ will strengthen thee. } In his might a - lone we con-quer, Thro' him all things

a tempo.

we can do, Grace suf - fi - cient he will give us, Ev - 'ry foe we shall sub - due.

W. T. D.

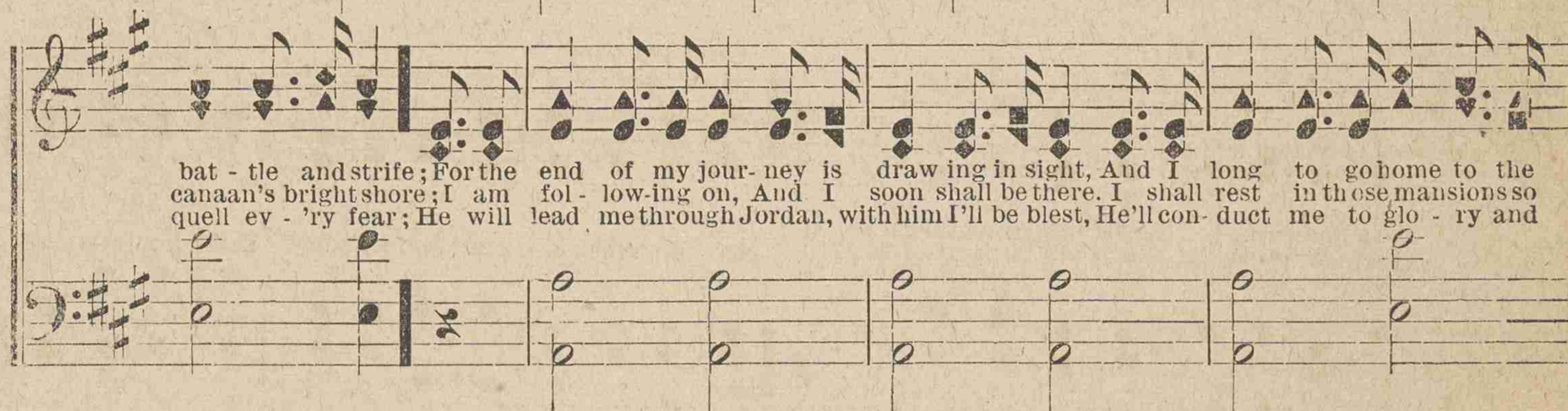
No. 8. I'M ALONE. *

W. T. DALE.

11

DUET. *Slow.*


1. I'm a - lone in the world, I am wea - ry of life, I am tired of the strug - gle, the
 2. My com - pan - ions and friends have all gone on be - fore, Now they wait to re - ceive me on
 3. I'm a - lone in the world, but my Sav - iour is near, He will com - fort my heart, He will



bat - tle and strife; For the end of my jour - ney is draw ing in sight, And I long to go home to the
 canaan's bright shore; I am fol - low - ing on, And I soon shall be there. I shall rest in those mansions so
 quell ev - 'ry fear; He will lead me through Jordan, with him I'll be blest, He'll con - duct me to glo - ry and

REFRAIN.



land of delight. } I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone in the world, I'm a - lone.
 bright and so fair. }
 give me sweet rest. } In the world, In the world,

* Written at the request of W. H. OGELVIE, College Grove, Tenn.
 From "Last Words," by per.

No. 9. SOME DAY.—Duet and Chorus. *

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb."—Rev. 15: 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET. *Slowly, and with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -
 2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost of and heav - en
 3. Some day, I say, con - tent to wait The ope - ning of the Jas - per

cres.

- peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God wills some day.
 won, And when the long rough way is trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
 gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o -
 Some hap - py day a day to be, My voice will learn its

* From "Carols of Joy," by per.

SOME DAY. Concluded.

13

cres. *ritard.*

- dy And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.
mel - o - dy,

Anon.

No. 10. "PASS ME NOT."

D. P. AIRHART.

1. Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-iour, While the days are slid - ing by; When the shades of eve-ning
2. Pass me not, oh, gen-tle Sav-iour, Lis - ten to my hum - ble pray'r; I would know of Thy sal-

D.S. Rest up - on Thy love ly
D.S. Tar - ry with me blessed

FINE.

gath-er And the night of death is nigh, Dimm'd for me is earthly beau ty, Yet my spirit's eye would fain;
- va-tion, Let me feel Thy pres - ence near, O - pen now the flowin' fountain, Cleanse my guilty soul with - in;
features, Shall I seek Thee Lord in vain?
Saviour, Wash me wholly from my sin.

Andante.

1. O where will be the birds that sing, A hun-dred years to come; The flow'rs that now in beau-tyspring,
 2. Who'll press for gold the crowded streets, A hun-dred years to come; Who tread those aisles with will-ing feet,
 3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep, A hun-dred years to come; No liv-ing soul for us will weep,

A hun-dred years to come; The ro-sy lip the loft-y brow, The heart that beats so gai-ly now,
 A hun-dred years to come; Pale trembling age and fie-ry youth, And childhood with its heart of truth,
 A hun-dred years to come; But oth-er men our lands will till, And oth-ers then our streets will fill,

CHORUS.

Oh, where will be love's beam-ing eye, Joys pleasant smile, and sor-row's sigh. A hun-dred years to come,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the migh-ty mill-ions be.
 While oth-er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun-shine as to-day. A hun-dred years to come,

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME. Concluded.

15

Legato con moto.

Rallentando.

A hun-dred years to come, Where will the mighty mill-ions be, A hundred years to come?
A hun-dred years to come,

M. S. K.

No. 12. MY PRAYER.

M. S. KERBY.

1. Fa - ther through life's storm - y sea, Through the rag - ing bil - low's foam,
2. Through the dark, the drear - y night, Com - fort me by love di - vine;
3. Oft to me Thy pow'r dis - play, In Thy won - drous work of grace,
4. Keep me Sav - iour near thy side, Soothe my sor - rows, calm my fears,

I would trust a - lone to Thee, Till I reach my heav'n - ly home.
Let Thy pure trans - lu - cent light, Ev - er on my path - way shine.
Oft - en in the wea - ry way Show the glo - ries of thy face.
Thus with Thee 'twere sweet to glide Through the swell - ing tide of years.

No. 13. JUST OVER THE RIVER.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Just be - yond the shin - ing riv - er Lie the sun - ny fields of bliss; I can see, as
 2. Just be - yond the shin - ing riv - er O - pens wide the pearl - y gate, Swim - ing on its
 3. Just be - yond the shin - ing riv - er Dawns the light of per - fect day, Soon we'll join the

CHORUS.

thro' a shad - ow, O - ver in that land of bliss. } O - - ver there, The an - - gels
 gold - en hing - es, Just be - side it an - gels wait. }
 ho - ly number; Earth - born shadows flee a - way. } O - ver there, just o - ver there, The an - gels wait, the

wait,
 an - gels wait, O - - ver there, ver there, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.
 O - ver there, just o - ver there,

From "The Shining Light," by per.

No. 14. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

17

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15.

A. J. SEOWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers Oth-er lives to bring?
 2. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood, For thy dia-a-dem;
 3. Fierce must be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my one may o-ver-throw;
 4. Cho-sen to be sol-diers In an al-ien land, Cho-sen, called and faith-ful For our Captain's band.

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
 With thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
 Round his stand-and rang-ing, V t'-ry is se-secure, For his truth un-changing Makes the tri-umph sure.
 In the ser-vice roy-al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy-al, No-ble, true and bold.

D.S.—By the call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine.

By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine;

From "Work and Worship," by per.

No. 15. ROLL ON, SWEET MOMENTS.

M. S. KERBY.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair,
 2. My Father's house is built on high,
 3. Its glit'ring tow'rs the sun out shine,

Roll on sweet moments roll on, { No pain or death can en - ter
 Far, far a - bove the star - ry
 That heav'nly mansion shall be

CHORUS.

there, } Roll on, sweet moments, roll on. { Roll on sweet moments, roll on, roll on .
 sky, }
 mine, }

Sweet moments roll on, Sweet moments roll on, roll on, sweet

and let the pilgrim go home, Roll on, sweet moments roll
 moments roll on, and let the pilgrim, and let the pilgrim go home. Sweet moments roll on,

ROLL ON, SWEET MOMENTS. Concluded.

19

on, Sweet moments roll on, Roll on, sweet moments roll on, And let this pilgrim go home. And let the pil-grim, and let the pilgrim go home.

Rev. H. C. TINSLEY.

No. 16. RAPTURE.

M. S. KERBY.

1. Oh let me ev - er love to sing, Dear Lord, thy sa - ered praise, And let my tongue sweet
2. And when I bid a - dieu to friends. And cease my sing - ing here, Oh! let me join the

D.S.—A - cross my heart let
And tell the rap - ture

in-cense bring The remnant of my days. And while I sing, oh! fill my soul with grat - i - tude and love.
an- gel band And sing for - ev - er there. And while e - ter - nal a - ges roll I'll praise my bless - ed Lord.

rapture roll In streams like that a - bove.
of my soul while leaning on his word.

No. 17. BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

Arr. by M. S. KERBY.

With expression.

1. I am wea - ry, I'm fainting, my days work is done, I am watching. I'm waiting for life's sinking sun;
 2. The cold surging billows, that dash at my feet, Have all lost their terrow, their mu - sic is sweet;
 3. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord at thy feet, For lov'd ones are watching my spir - it to greet;

The shad-ows are stretching a - far o'er the lea,
 My Sav-iour is still-ing the temp - est for me,
 The por - tals of glo - ry are ope - ning to me,
 Then oh let me an-chor be - yond the dark sea.

CHORUS.

Be - yond the sea, be - yond the sea, Then oh let me an - chor be - yond the dark sea.
 Be - yond the dark sea, be - yond the dark sea,

No. 18. DEPENDENCE.

M. S. KERBY. 21

1. Dear Je - sus, my shepherd, on Thee I re - ly, My footsteps to guide and my wants to sup - ply;
 2. Dear Je - sus, my Rock, when the wild tempest blow, I cling to Thee—no oth-er ref-uge I know;
 3. Dear Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Thee I re - ly, My footsteps to guide and my wants to sup - ply;
 4. Dear Je - sus, my strength, Thou wilt hear my complaint, When weary, and helpless, and read-y to faint;

My soul Thou wilt lead where the bright waters flow, Nor leave me to wan-der for - sak-en be - low.
 Tho' wild-ly the bil-lows may dash on the strand, The Rock of my ref-uge the storm will withstand.
 For Thou hast re-deemed me with Thy precious blood, The ran-som that brings the poor sin-ner to God.
 I call Thee who lov'd me who carest for me,— Dear Je - sus, my strength, I will lean up - on Thee.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

No. 19. MY HOME.

M. S. KERBY.

Moderato.

1. O, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt-'ring dome: This world's a wil - der -
 3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam, But fly for suc - cor
 4. I sought at once my Sav - iour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's

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MY HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

ar - mor by And dwell with Christ at home. My home, sweet home, I
 -ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 to His breast, And He'd con - duct me home.
 chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

My home sweet home, My home sweet home,

Repeat Chorus pp afier last stanza.

long for my beau - ti - ful home; My home, sweet home, I long for my beau - ti - ful home.
 My home sweet home, my home sweet home,

No. 20. HOME OF THE SOUL.

D. P. AIRHART.

1. I will sing you a song, of that beau ti - ful land The far a - way home of the soul,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams. Its bright, jas - per walls I can see;
 3. That un - change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands;
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain.

HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

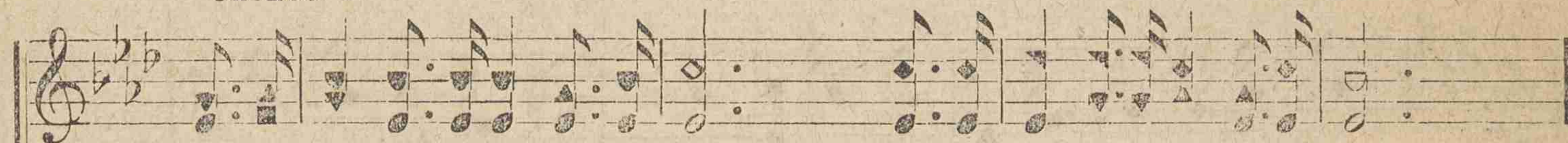
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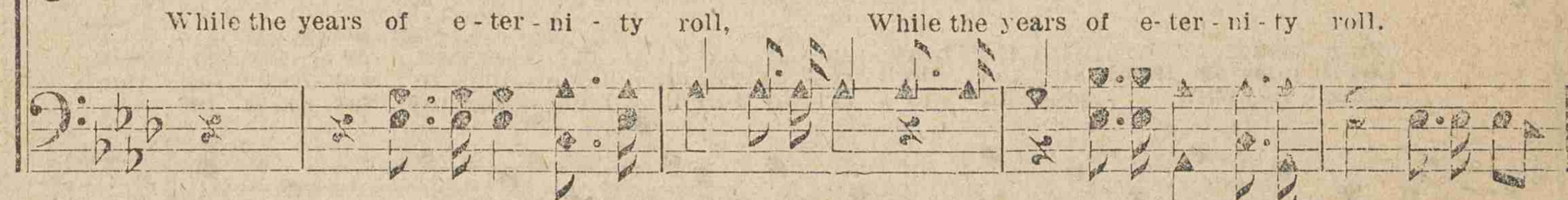
Where no storms ev - er beat on that glit - er - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween that fair cit - y and me.
The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands To meet one a - noth - er a - gain.



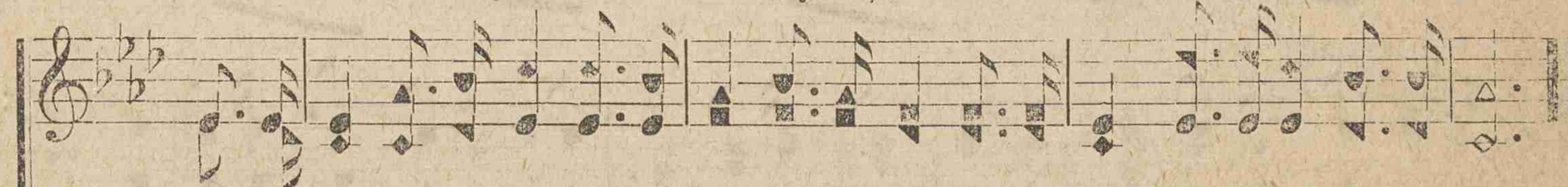
CHORUS.



While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.



While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.



Where no storms ev - er beat on that glit - ter - ring strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.



No. 21. EDEN, SWEET EDEN.

M. S. KERBY.

(Solo and Chorus.)

M. S. KERBY.

SOLO.



1. E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, Home of the pure and the blest,
 2. E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, Free from all sor - row and care,
 3. E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, Ev - er I'm long - ing for thee,



Fain would I be with thy heav - en - ly band, Ev - er with Je - sus to rest.
 Lov'd ones are tread - ing thy glo - ry - lit strand, Long - ing to wel - come me there.
 Long - ing with an - gels in glo - ry to stand, Long - ing my Sav - iour to see.



CHORUS.



E - den, sweet E - den, thou beau - ti - ful land, Home of the glo - ri - fied throng,



EDEN, SWEET EDEN. Concluded.

Soon shall I be with thy beau - ti - ful band Chant - ing re - demp - tion's sweet song.

M. S. K.

No. 22. THE RIVER OF LIFE.

M. S. KERBY.

Allegretto.

1. From the throne of God burst the crys - tal tide Of life's wa - ters pure and free; Like the crim - son
 2. When we reach the shore of life's crys - tal tide God will wipe all tears a - way, With our lov'd ones
 3. Come ye thirst - y souls to the crim - son flood Flowing now from the Saviour's side Wash your garments

D.S.--While on earth we sad - ly roam, We shall drink the

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

flood from the Sav-iour's side Flowing now for you and me.
 there, free from want or care, We shall dwell thro' end-less day.
 white in His pre-cious blood, Hide yourself be-neath its tide.

If our hearts are cleans'd by the Saviour's blood.

fount of life's crys - tal flood When we reach our hap - py home.

M. S. KERBY.

No. 23. BRIGHT GOLDEN CITY.

D. P. AIRHART.
Harmonized by M. S. K.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three systems of music. The first system of music has three verses of lyrics. The second system of music has one line of lyrics. The third system of music has one line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes, providing a harmonic background for the vocal line. The vocal line is written in a simple, easy-to-sing style. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating where the words are split across lines. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, easy-to-play style. The score is printed on a single page, with the title and composer information at the top. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three systems of music. The piano accompaniment consists of simple chords and single notes, providing a harmonic background for the vocal line. The vocal line is written in a simple, easy-to-sing style. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating where the words are split across lines. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, easy-to-play style. The score is printed on a single page, with the title and composer information at the top.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y - a cit - y of light, Where
2. The King of all King - doms for - ev - er is there, The
3. I soon shall be free from all sor - row and care, Those

com - eth no sor - row nor shad - ow of night; Its walls are of jas - per, its
throngs of the ransomed His glo - ries do share, They dwell in those man - sions so
beau - ti - ful man - sions for - ev - er I'll share, I'll join the glad throng in loud

rit.

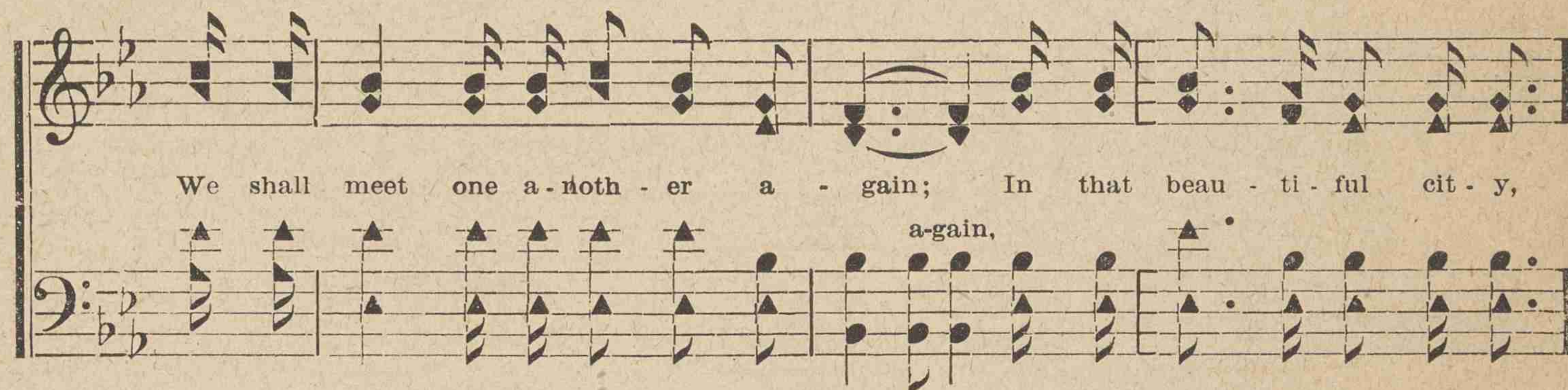
streets are pure gold - Not half of its glo - ries can ev - er be told.
fair and so bright, - O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful ci - ty of light.
an - thems of praise To Je - sus, my Sav - iour the An - cient of Days.

BRIGHT GOLDEN CITY. Concluded.

CHORUS.



In that beau - ti - ful cit - y, In that bright gold - en cit - y,



We shall meet one a - noth - er a - gain; In that beau - ti - ful cit - y,
a - gain,



In that bright gold - en cit - y, With Je - sus for - ev - er we'll reign.

No. 24. WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE.

M. S. KERBY.

(In memory of my dear wife.)

M. S. KERBY.

DUETT. *Con espressione.*

1. When we reach the shin - ing shore Of that land so far a - way;
 2. Here by sin and care op - pressed Oft in wea - ri - ness we roam,
 3. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing shore Nev - er - more a - lone to stray,

When we join the ran - somed choir In their soul en - rap - tured lay;
 Here by sor - row sore dis - tressed Oft we sigh for rest and home;
 Soon we'll meet to part no more In the realms of end - less day;

When we see the great white throne And be - hold the Lamb there - on,
 When we reach the shin - ing shore We shall dwell for - ev - er - more
 There a - round the great white throne We shall know as we are known,

WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED ONES THERE. Concluded.



In that land so bright and fair, We shall meet our loved ones there.
 With our loved ones o - ver there, In that land so bright ones there.
 Free from sor - row, toil and care, We shall join our loved ones there.

CHORUS. We shall meet



We shall meet our loved ones there, Free from sor - row toil and care
 Free from sorrow



We shall meet our loved ones there Free from sor - row toil and care

In that home..... so bright and fair..... We shall meet..... our loved ones there.
 In that home so bright and fair We shall meet

We shall meet, Shall meet our loved ones there.

No. 25. BEAUTIFUL CITY.

D. P. AIRHART.

Dedicated to Rev. B. W. RHODES and M. S. KERBY.

D. P. AIRHART.

Arranged by M. S. KERBY.

Beau - ti - ful cit - - y, { Built by God a - bove; }
 beau - ti - ful cit - y, { Decked with Jew - els with rare; }
 { Streets all paved with gold; }
 Built by God a - bove;

Beau - ti - ful cit - - - y, { Bright and fair; }
 Beau - ti - ful cit - y, { Far a - way; }
 { Home so blest; }

Beau - ti - ful cit - - - ty, { O - pen now thy love; }
 { Crowns a - wait us there; }
 { Its glo - ries now un - fold; }

BEAUTIFUL CITY. Concluded.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, { May we en - ter there.
Of e - ter - nal day.
Of e - ter - nal rest. }

CHORUS.

O, beau-ti - ful cit - y, Bright and fair, Bright and fair,
Beau-ti-ful cit - y, Beau-ti-ful cit - y,

O, beau-ti-ful cit - y, May we all meet there.
Beau-ti-ful cit - y, Oh, may we all, oh, may we all meet there.

26. *Jesus Lover of My Soul.*

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, 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, oh 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.

27. *Rock of Ages.*

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,

All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

28. *Jesus I My Cross Have Taken.*

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet, how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art, not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me;
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

29.

Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

30.

Pass Me Not.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—

Saviour, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy,
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merits,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me—
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

31.

What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour! still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

32. *I Am Coming.*

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS:—

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Ere I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for ever more

3 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

4 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

33. *I Gave My Life for Thee.*

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;

I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?

CHO.—This I did for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?
This I did for thee;
What hast thou done for Me?

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left ought for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou bear for Me?

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to Me,
And I will welcome thee!

34. *Take the Name of Jesus.*

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHORUS:—

- Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us.
And His songs our tongues employ!
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

35. *How Sweet the Name of Jesus.*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believers ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

- 4 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

36. *There is a Fountain.*

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never loose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

37. *The Home Over There.*

- 1 O think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

38. *Nearer My God to Thee.*

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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 And when 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!

39. *Come, Holy Spirit.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

40.

Am I a Soldier

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

41. *Work for the Night is Coming.*

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

42.

Come Thou Fount.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from Thy courts above.

43. *Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.*

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

44. *One Sweetly Solemn Thought.*

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

CHORUS.

I'm nearer my home, nearer my home.
Nearer my home to-day;
Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to-day,
Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

45. *Sweet By and By.*

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS.

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

2 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days

3 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall
reign,
In that land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

46. *All Hail the Power.*

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

47. *Amazing Grace*

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

CHORUS:—

Oh, the grace, the precious grace,
The grace that rescued me—
That wrote my pardon in the blood
That flowed on Calvary!

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

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

48. *How Firm a Foundation*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
word!
What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have
fied?

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

3 E'en down to old age, all my people
shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;
And when hoary hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom
be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake!

49. *Is Your Lamp Burning*

1 Say, is your lamp burning, my
brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beam would fall brightly on me.
There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go,
If you thought that they walk'd in the
shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I
know.

CHORUS.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beam would fall brightly on me.

2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks and
they lie
With white pleading faces turned upward,
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
There is many a lamp that is lighted—
We behold them a-near and afar;
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and
away!
How the earth would laugh out in her
gladness,
To hail the millennial day!

50. *My Soul be on Thy Guard.*

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

51. *Jesus Paid it All.*

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

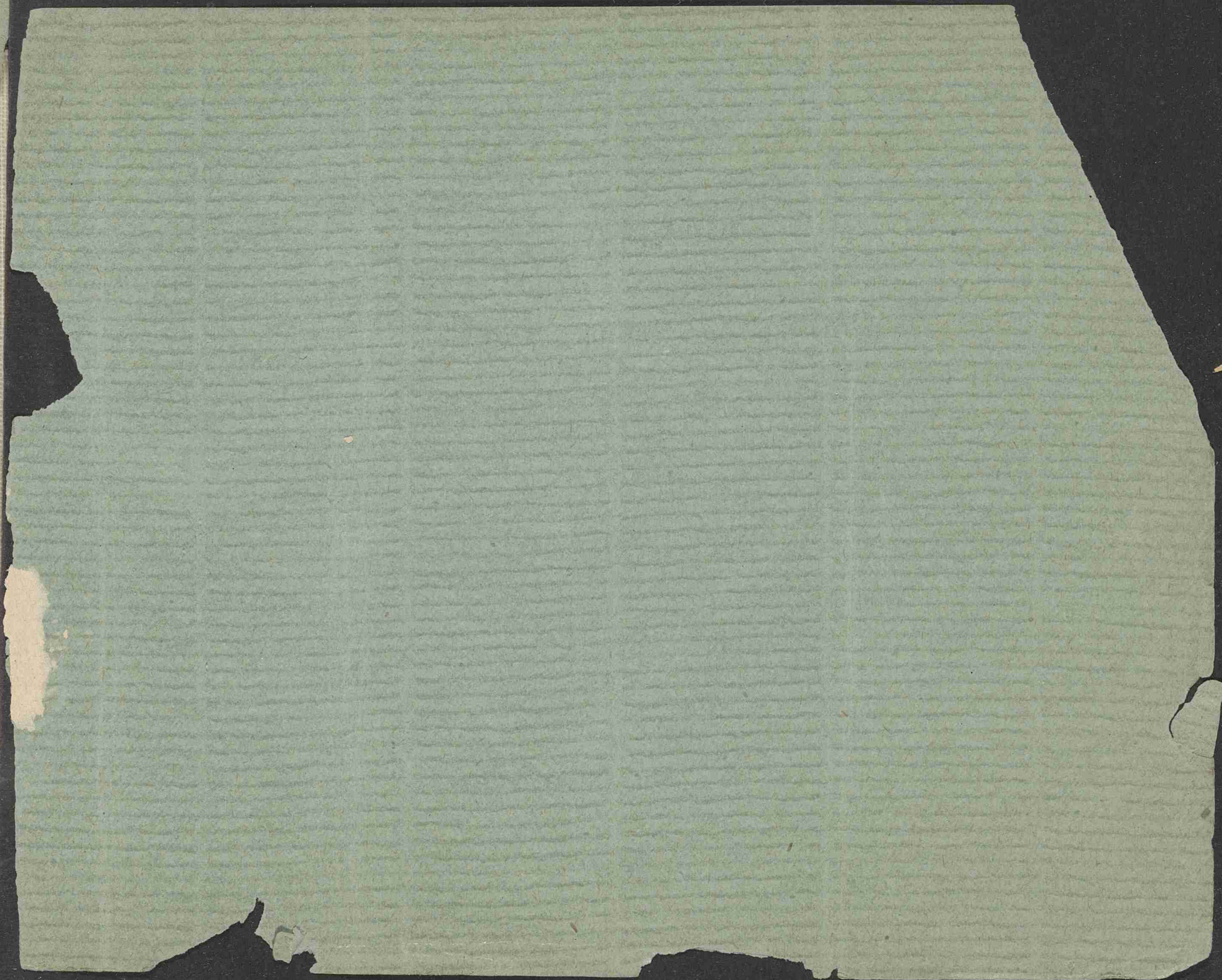
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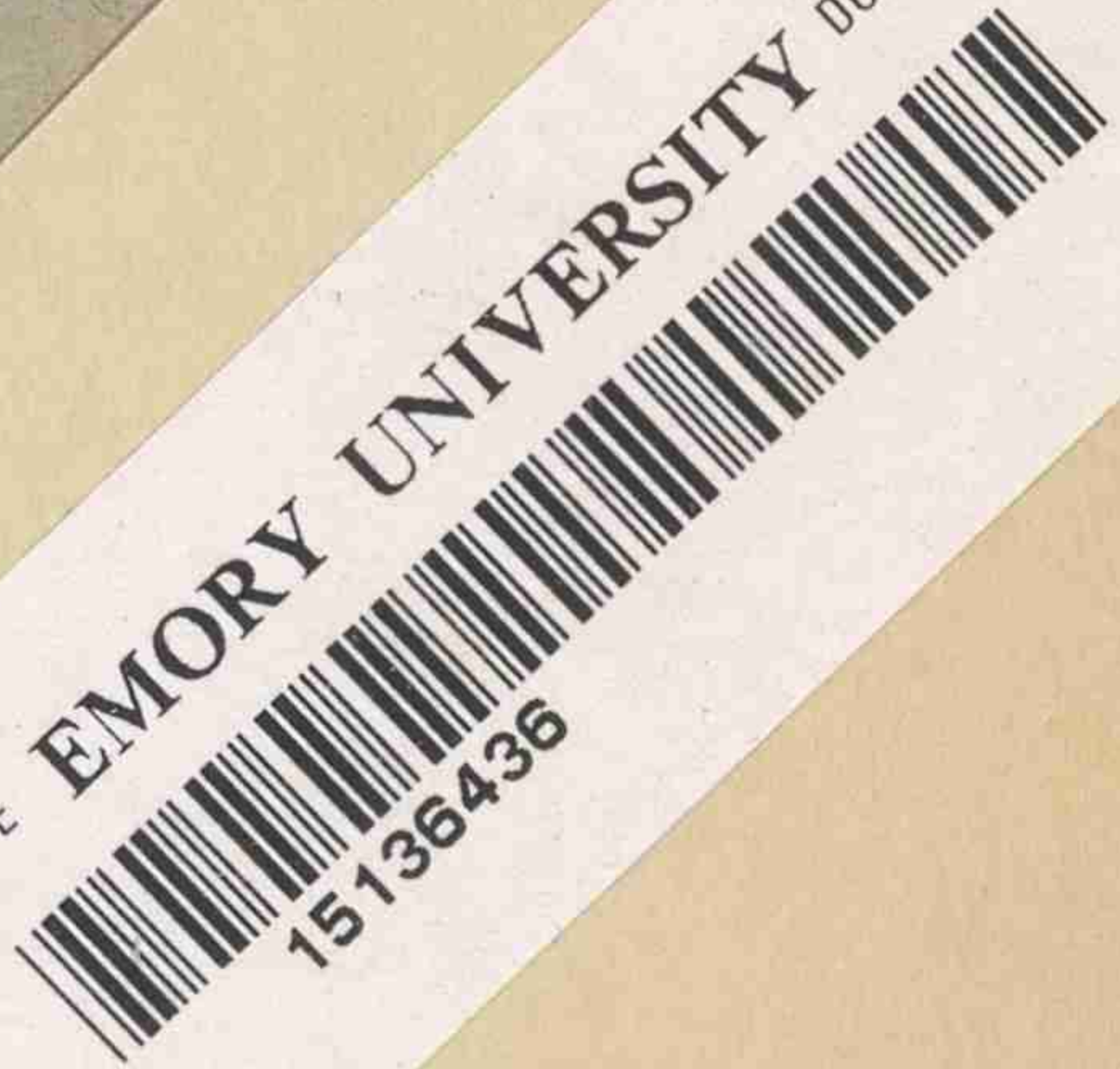
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