Eden Echoes

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Music

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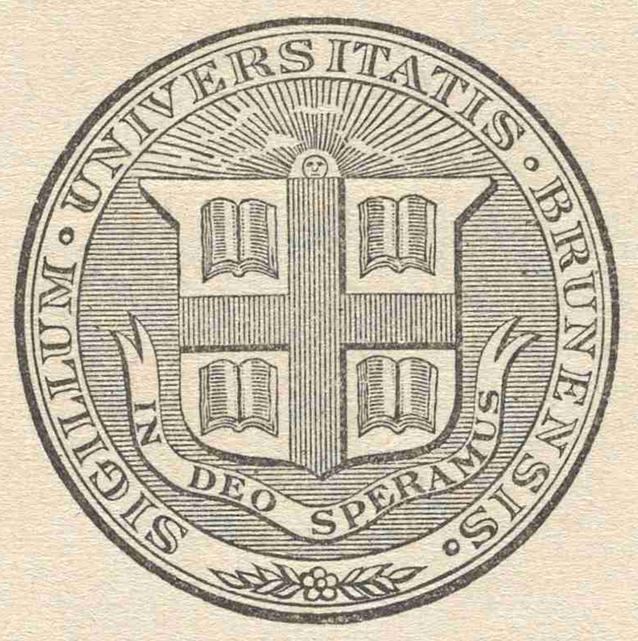

THE HARRIS COLLECTION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY

Eden Echoes

A New Song Book for all the Services of the Sanctuary.

BY

EMMETT S. DEAN,
JAS. B. FRANKLIN,
B. B. EDMIASTON,
J. H. SHEPPARD.

ASSOCIATES

W. J. GRAVES,
CASA H. CARR,
R. M. MORGAN,
J. T. WILSON.

Prices { 35 Cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen.
$16 per 50 copies; $30 per 100 copies.

PRINTED IN ROUND AND SHAPED NOTES.

THE TRIO MUSIC CO., Publishers,
WACO, TEXAS. MEMPHIS, TENN.

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PREFACE.

We send Eden Echoes forth with the hope that it may cheer many sojourners along the way, and inspire them to sing the songs of Zion till the ECHOES resound the land over.

THE AUTHORS.

Waco, Texas, June 1, 1906.

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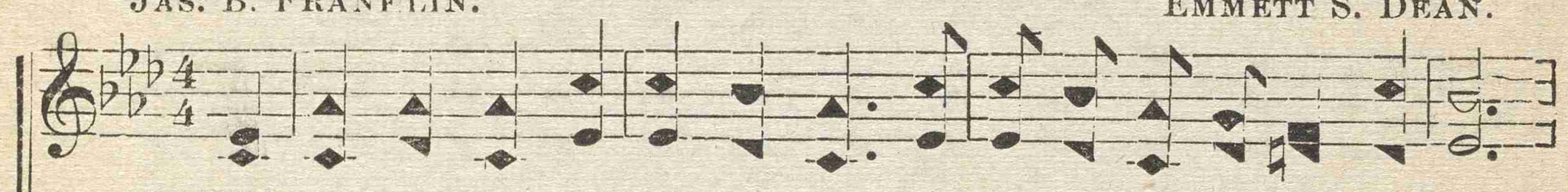
Music

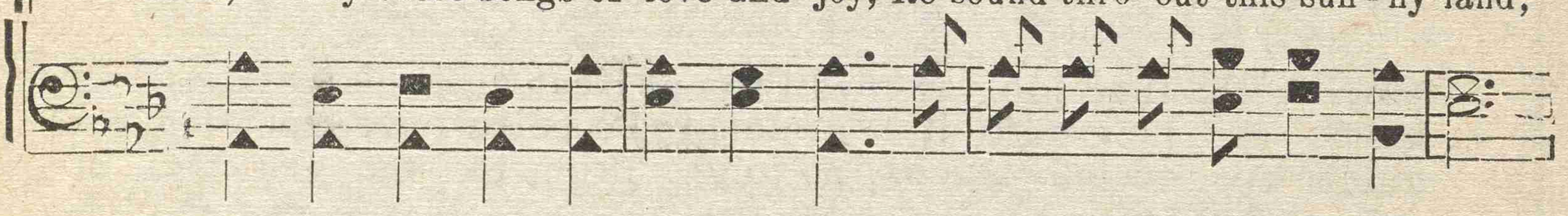
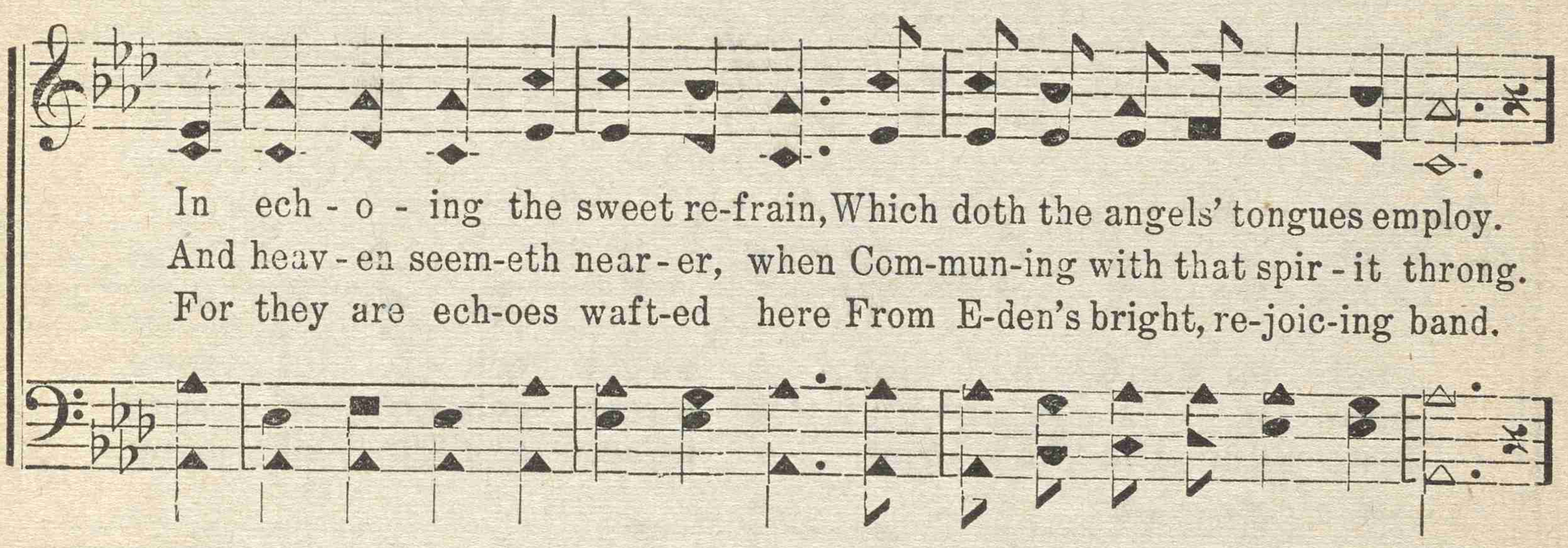
Eden Echoes.

No. 1.

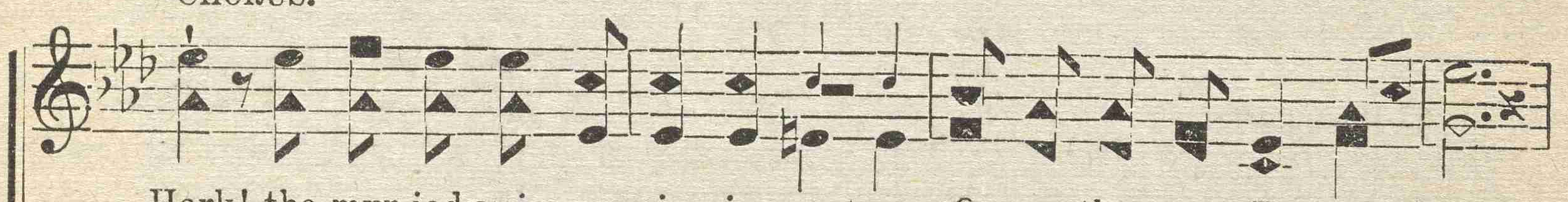
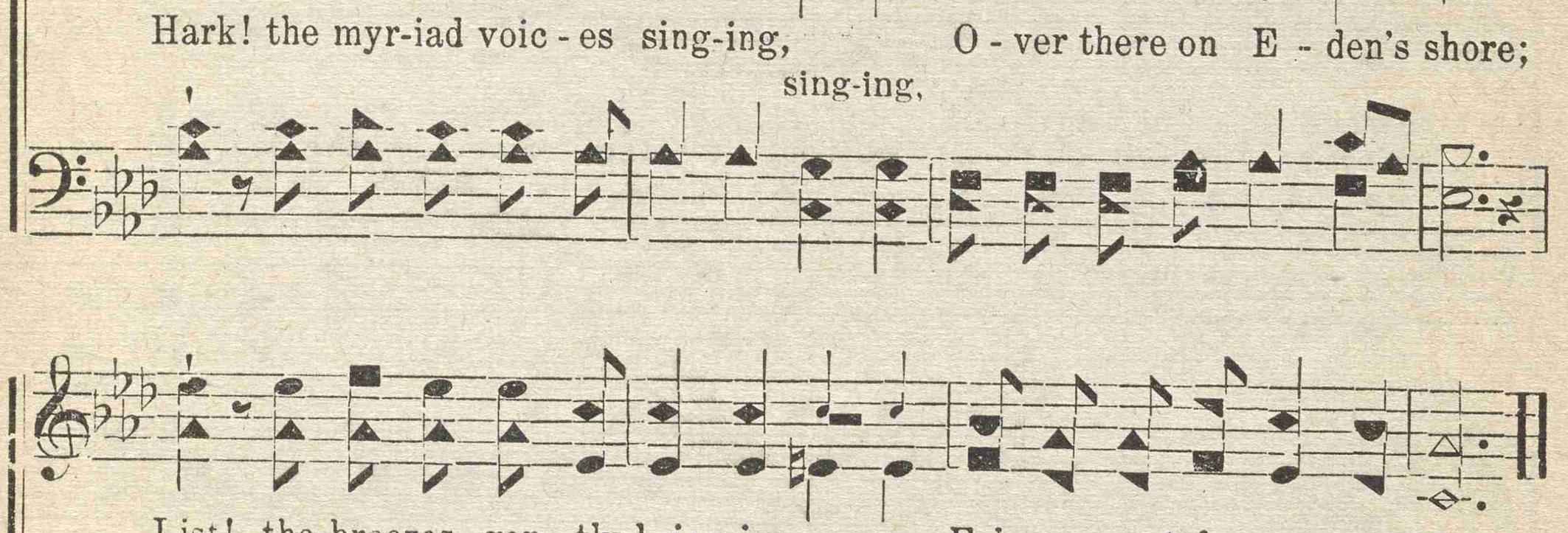
Eden Echoes.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. With rapt-ured voic-es let us sing These "songs of grat-i - tude and joy;"
2. Sweet, soul-en-tranc-ing scenes a-rise, When we u-nite in cheer-ful song;
3. O, may these songs of love and joy, Re-sound thro'-out this sun-ny land;



In ech-o-ing the sweet re-frain, Which doth the angels' tongues employ.
And heav-en seem-eth near-er, when Com-mun-ing with that spir-it throng.
For they are ech-oes waft-ed here From E-den's bright, re-joic-ing band.

CHORUS.

Hark! the myr-iad voic-es sing-ing, O-ver there on E-den's shore;
sing-ing,

List! the breezes gen-tly bring-ing, Echoes sweet for-ev-er-more.
bring-ing,

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NO. 2.

Echo of Song.

(To Irene.)

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

J. B. F.

Smoothly.

1. Oft - en my soul in its sweet med - i - ta-tion, Fain would com-
2. On - ly the ech - o of song I hear ring-ing, Heav-en - ly
3. An - gels pro - tect me, no fa - vor de - ny - ing, Ev - er they

mune with that glo - ri - fied throng; Heav-en sends forth, as in
breez - es now waft it a - long, Peace to my troub-led soul
guide my weak foot-steps a - long, Bring to me gen - tly, at

glad ap - pro - ba - tion, A sweet ech - o of song.
now it is bring - ing; Oh, sweet ech - o of song.
last when I'm dy - ing, A sweet ech - o of song.

p REFRAIN.

m

Sweet ech - o of song,..... Sweet ech - o of
Sweet-ly the ech - o is waft-ed a - long, Sweet-ly the ech - o of

f

song:..... An - gels are sing-ing of Je - sus, O lis - ten!
an - gel - ic song;

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Echo of Song. Concluded.

p p

Gen - tly 'tis waft - ed a - long;.... Sweet ech - o of
Sweet-ly the ech - o is

m

song..... Sweet ech - o of song;.....
waft - ed a - long, Sweet-ly the ech - o of an - gel - ic song;

p < > pp

Soft-ly and sweetly the ca-den-ces swell, Sweet ech - o of song.

NO. 3. He Makes My Soul His Care.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sav - ior, and my Shield;
2. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul His care;
3. A Friend and Help-er so di - vine, Doth my weak cour-age raise;

He sends His Spir - it with His word, To arm me for the field.
In-structs me to the heav'nly fight, And guards me thro' the war.
He makes the glo-rious vic - t'ry mine, And His shall be the praise.

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NO. 4.

Comforter and Guide.

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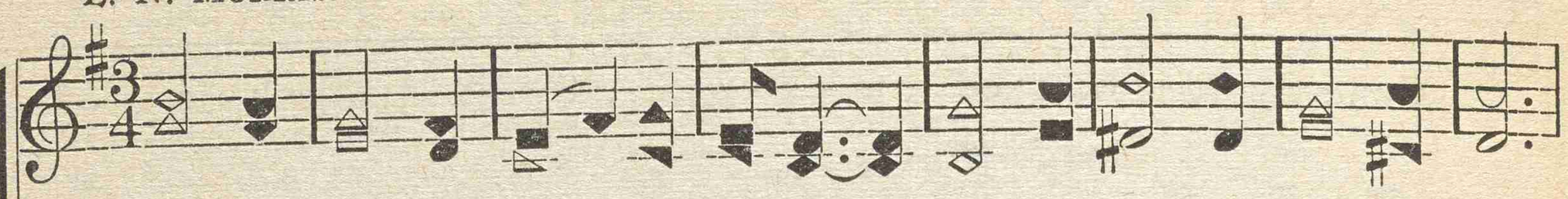
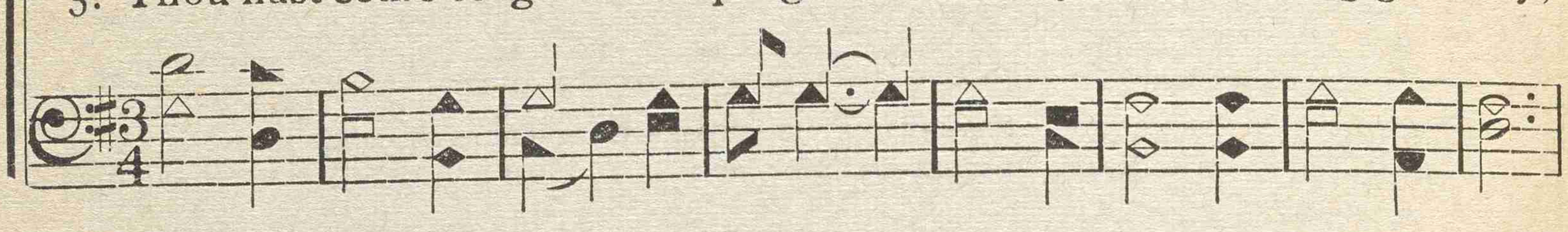
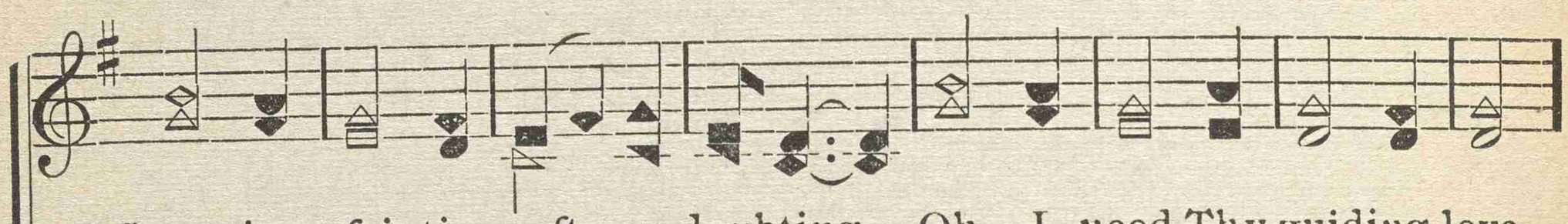
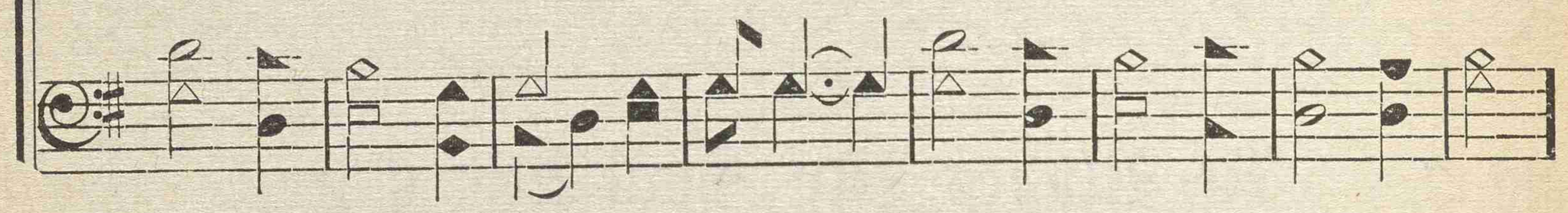
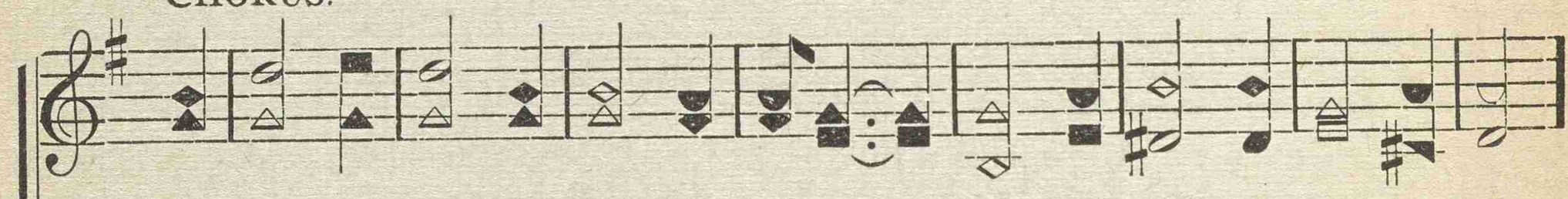
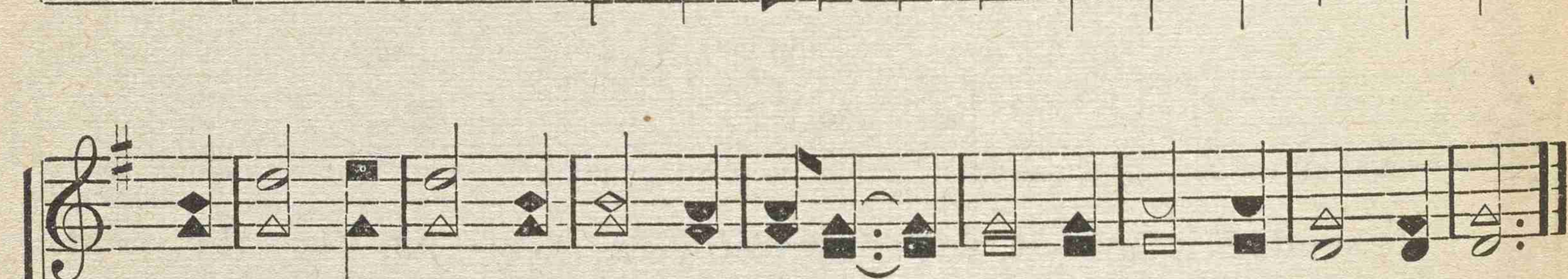
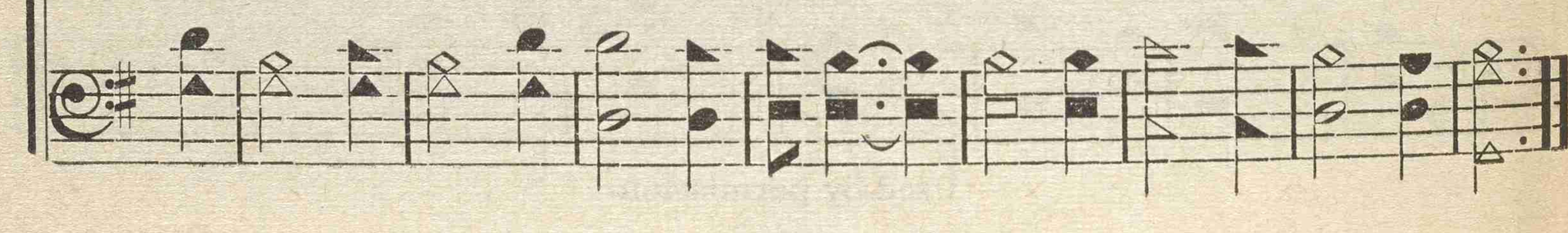
L. N. MORRIS. J. D. VERNON.



1. Oft, the path is dark and dreary, From this earth to heav'n a-bove;
2. Of Thy love and joy - ful comfort In the bless-ed book I've read,
3. Thee, and Thee a - lone, can lead me; Where Thou leadest, I will be;
4. Je - sus said un - to His chil-dren, "If I go un - to my home,
5. Thou hast come to guide the pil-grim Safe - ly o'er the rug-ged way;

Sometimes fainting, oft - en doubting. Oh, I need Thy guiding love.
How, in a-ges, saints have followed Where Thy guiding footsteps led.
Guide me, lead me, Ho - ly Spir-it, I will fol - low aft - er Thee.
I, the Com-fort er will send you;" Ho - ly Spir - it, Thou hast come.
Guide me, lead me, Ho - ly Spir-it, I will fol -low Thee each day.



CHORUS.

O, Ho - ly Spir - it, ev - er lead me From the world's al-lur -ing sin;

O, guide me, lead me, Ho-ly Spir-it, I will fol - low aft - er Thee!



NO. 5.

Seek the Saviour's Care.

"Dedicated to my students."

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. In life's bright, ros - y, morn - ing, Seek the Sav-iour's care;
2. All world - ly joys for - sak - ing, Seek the Sav-iour's care;
3. When earth - ly friends de - ceive you, Seek the Sav-iour's care;
4. To oth - ers, tell this sto - ry, Seek the Sav-iour's care;

While youth is yet, a - dorn - ing, Seek the Sav - iour's care!
When grief, your heart, is break - ing, Seek the Sav - iour's care!
From sor - row, He'll re - lieve you, Seek the Sav - iour's care!
To reach that home in glo - ry, Seek the Sav - iour's care!

REFRAIN.

Seek the Sav - iour's care, . . . Seek the Sav-iour's care! . . .
to - day, oh, to - day,

While youth is yet, a - dorn - ing, Seek the Sav - iour's care!

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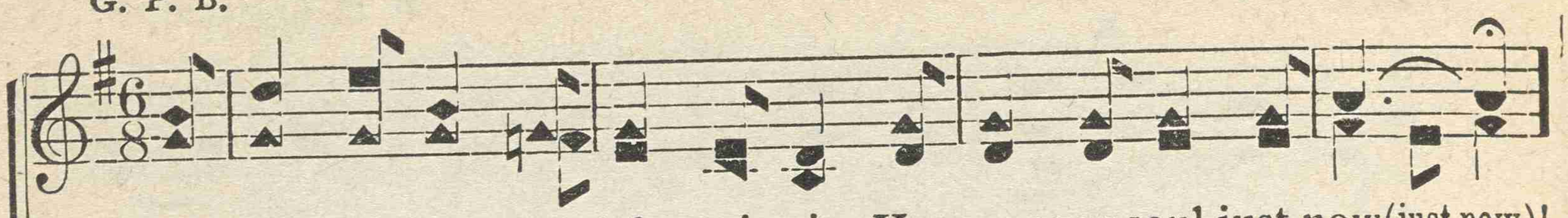
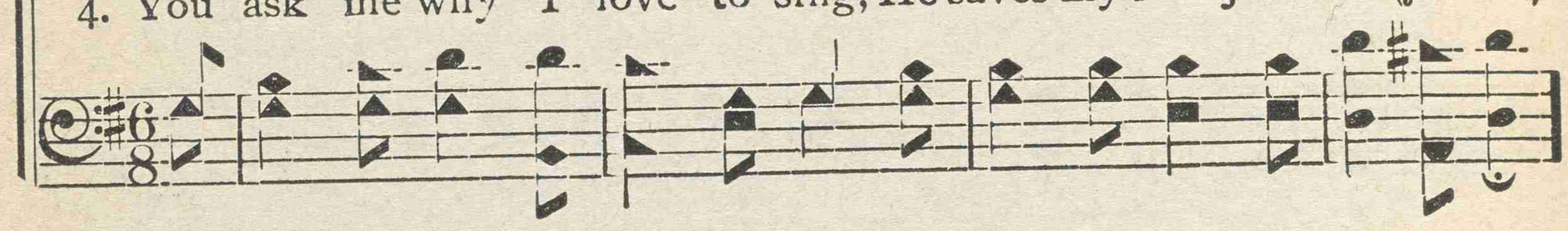
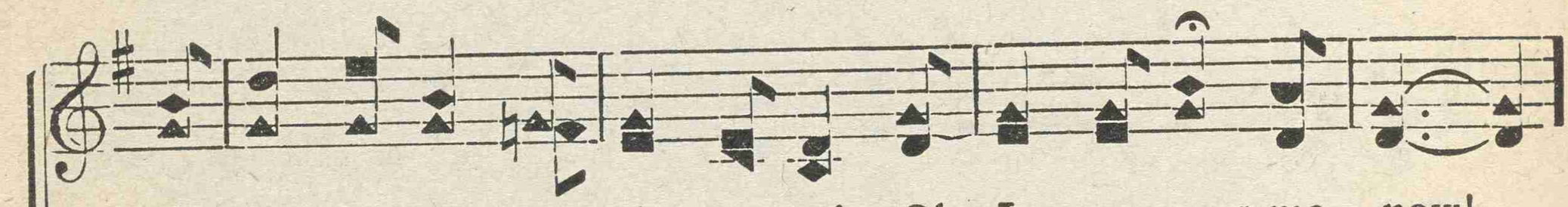
NO. 6.

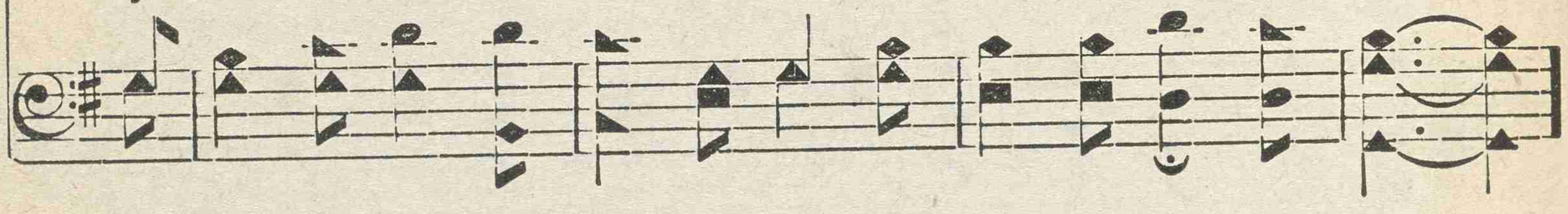
He Saves Me Now.

G. P. B.

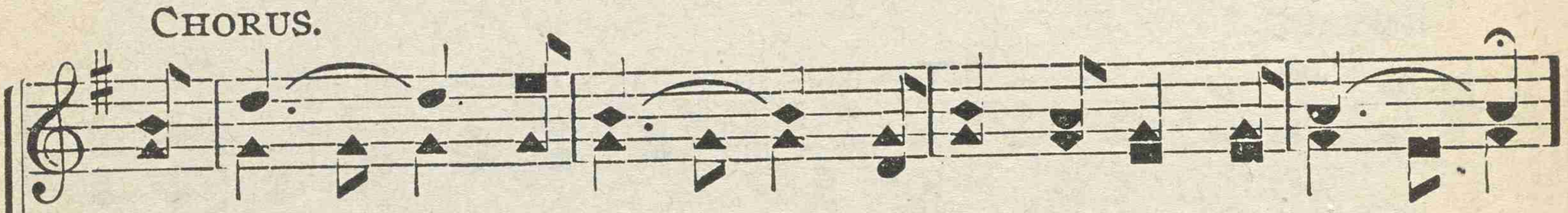
G. P. BLEDSOE.

1. I came to Christ, bowed down in sin, He saves my soul just now (just now)!
2. He dwells within my heart to-day, He saves my soul just now (just now)!
3. I've found sal-va-tion full and free, He saves my soul just now (just now)!
4. You ask me why I love to sing, He saves my soul just now (just now)!

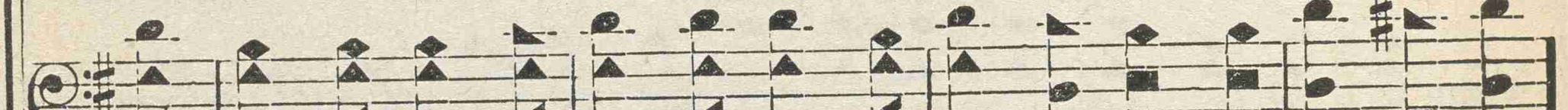
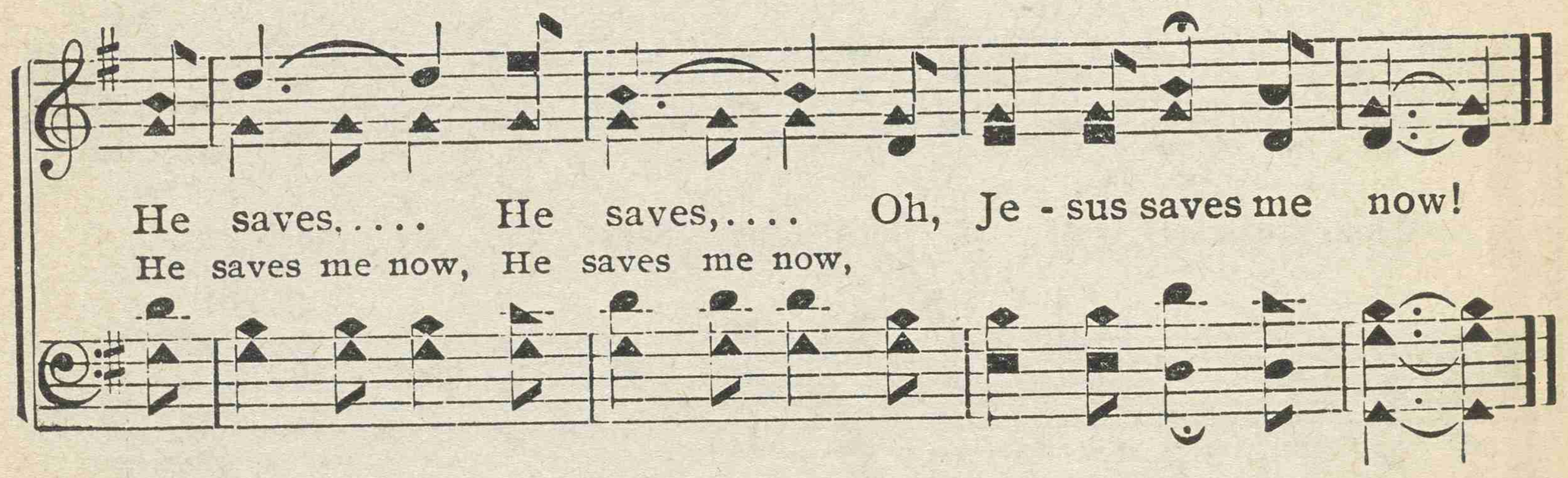


He whispered, "Peace," the light came in, Oh, Je-sus saves me now!
His voice I hear a-long the way, Oh, Je-sus saves me now!
What peace and joy has come to me! Oh, Je-sus saves me now!
My friends, to you the news I bring, That Je-sus saves me now!



CHORUS.



He saves,.... He saves,.... He saves my soul just now!.....
He saves me now, He saves me now, He saves my soul just now, just now!

He saves,.... He saves,.... Oh, Je-sus saves me now!
He saves me now, He saves me now,

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NO. 7.

The Message of Love.

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J. M. H.

J. M. HARRIS.

1. I've a mes-sage for you, so ten-der and true, That my Sav-iour com-
2. He has said, but be-lieve, and ye shall re-ceive, Of this great gift of
3. There's a heav-en to gain, to those who ob-tain This won-der-ful
4. We will praise Him for e'er, and grow wea-ry ne'er, Of the joys and de-

mands me pro-claim; He died on the tree, that you might be made free,
love so sub-lime; 'Tis sal-va-tion from sin, clean with-out and with-in,
bless-ing so sweet; And all who are true, shall this jour-ney pass thro',
lights of that land; Where the sun's always bright, and our faith turns to sight,

D.S. *And lead you a-right, to the cit-y of Light,*

FINE. CHORUS.

And His love is for-ev-er the same. Oh, this won-der-ful
And His grace, it will keep thro' all time.
And with Je-sus in glo-ry shall meet.
As we sit at the Fa-ther's right hand.

Where the Sav-iour will wel-come you in.

D.S.

love, of the Fa-ther a-bove, Will save you and keep you from sin;

NO. 8.

Some Happy Day.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

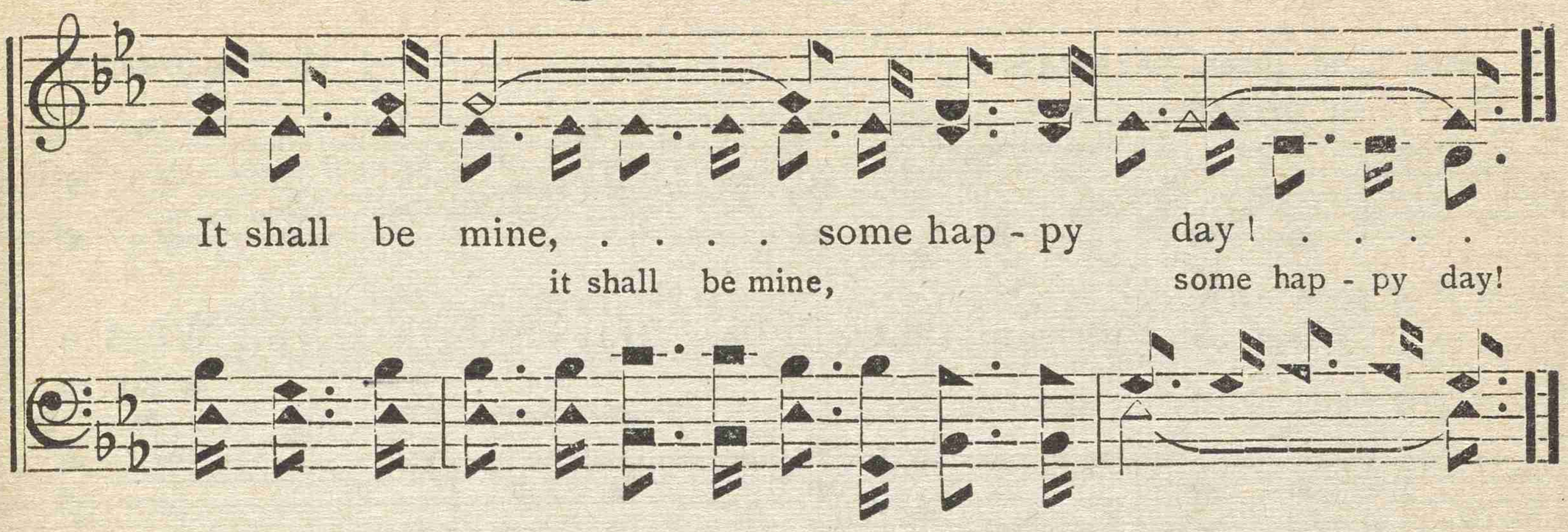
1. The com-ing of the blessed Lord Is what I of - ten long to see!
2. And when He comes to claim His own, And time, on earth, shall be no more;
3. Now, I am wait-ing, pa-tient-ly, For that dear, hap-py day, to come!
4. The com-ing of the bless-ed Lord Is promised, in His book di - vine;

Some hap-py day, the time will come, And then I'll ev - er with Him be.
I'll praise Him for the bless-ed-ness Of dwelling on that peaceful shore.
Then, I, the Lord of hosts shall meet, And wear a crown, in that bright home.
And I, by faith, in Him shall strive, To make that precious promise mine!

There is a place, ... for me pre - pared, . . .
There is a place, for me pre-pared,

That shall be mine, ... Some hap - py day; . . . . .
that shall be mine, some hap - py day;

How glo-rious is . . . . . the bless - ed thought, ...
how glo - rious is the bless - ed thought,

Some Happy Day. Concluded.

NO. 9. Come Home.

"I will arise, and go to my father." Mark 5 : 19.

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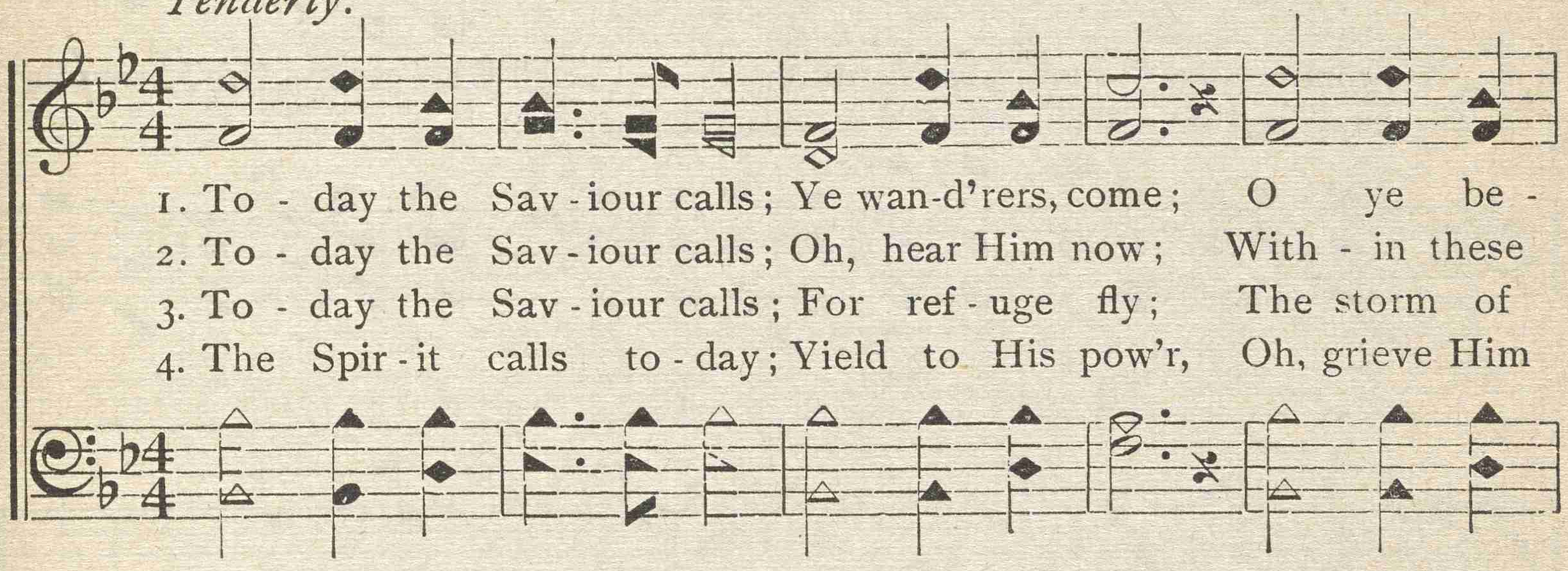
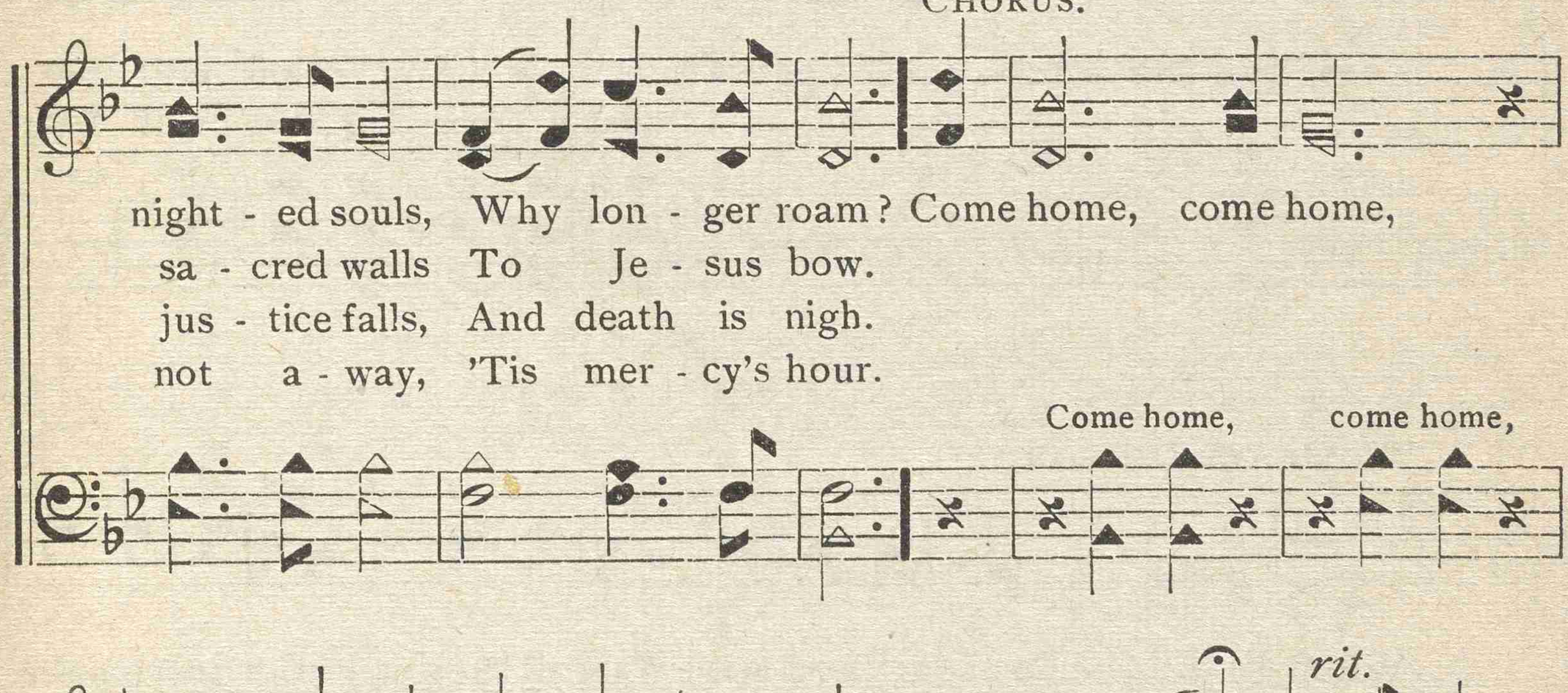
S. F. SMITH.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Tenderly.

CHORUS.



NO. 10. What a Morning That Will Be.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

CHORUS.

What a morn-ing that will be, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a What a

morn - - ing! what a morn - - ing! When our eyes the King shall

morning that will be! what a morning that will be!

see, Hal - le - lu - jah! What a morn - ing that will be!

What a morn-ing that will be!

SOLO, OR UNISON.

1. When all the clouds of dark ness break, When all the dead from dust awake,
2. The dreams of earth will soon be o'er, And death and sorrow come no more,
3. No waking doubts, no dark'ning fears, No long good-bys in grief and tears,
4. O come a-way to that bright land, Before the throne of God we'll stand,

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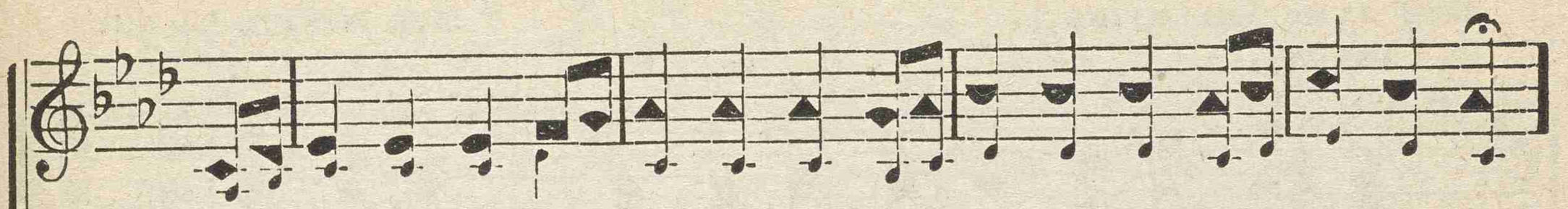
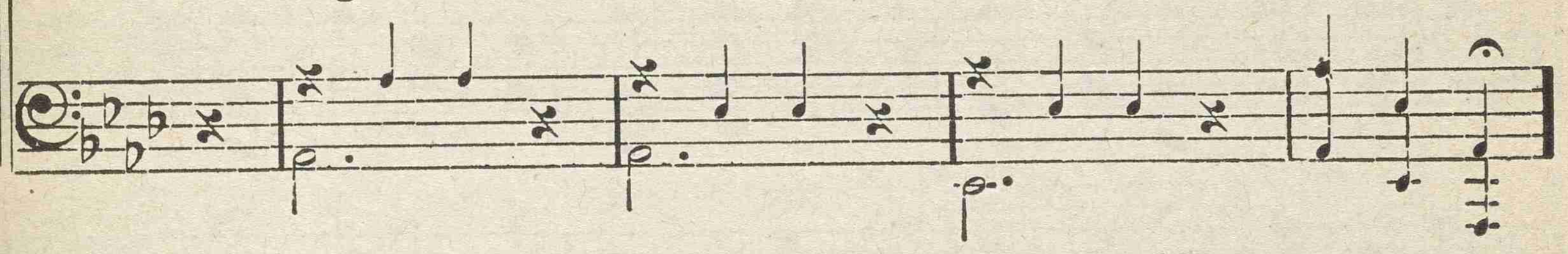
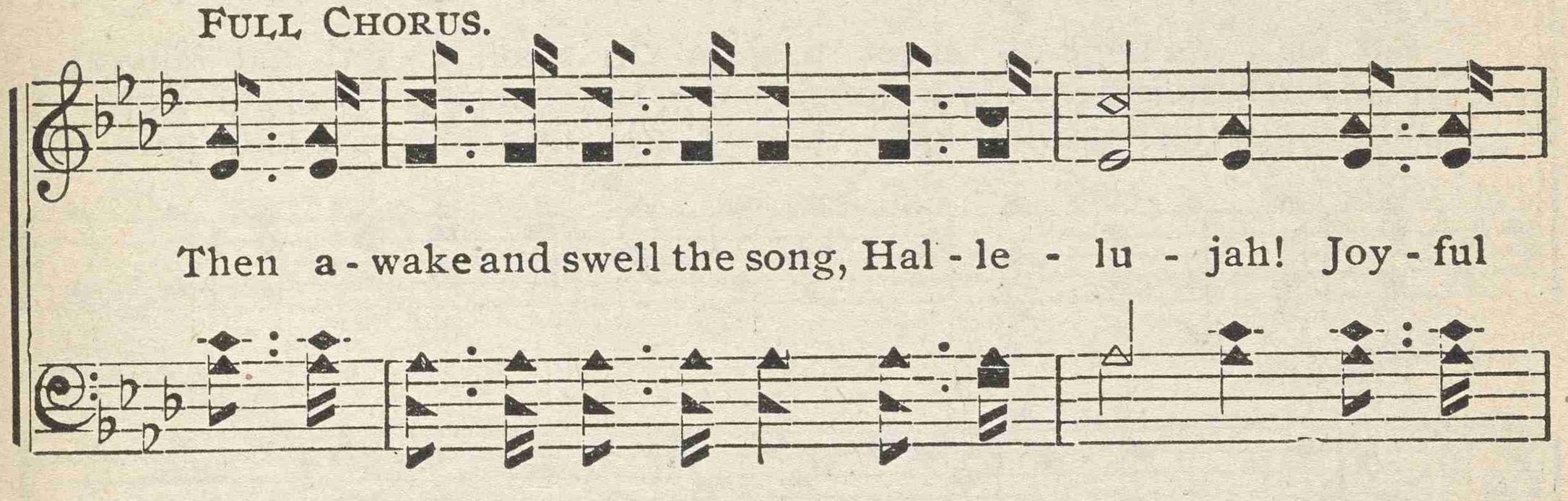
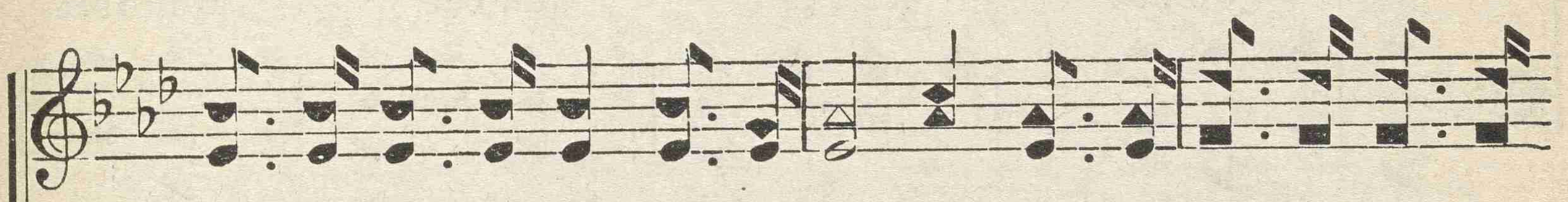
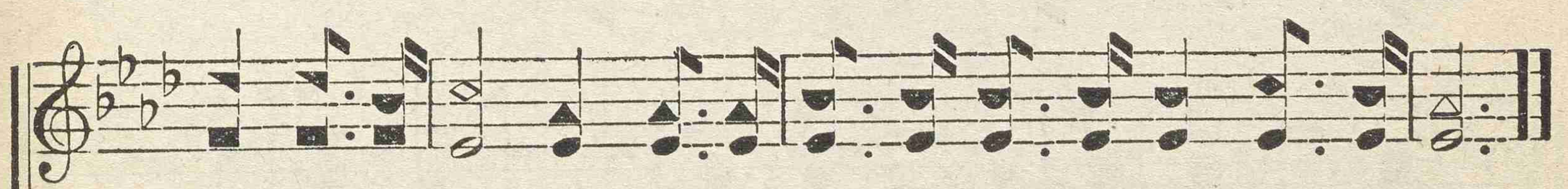
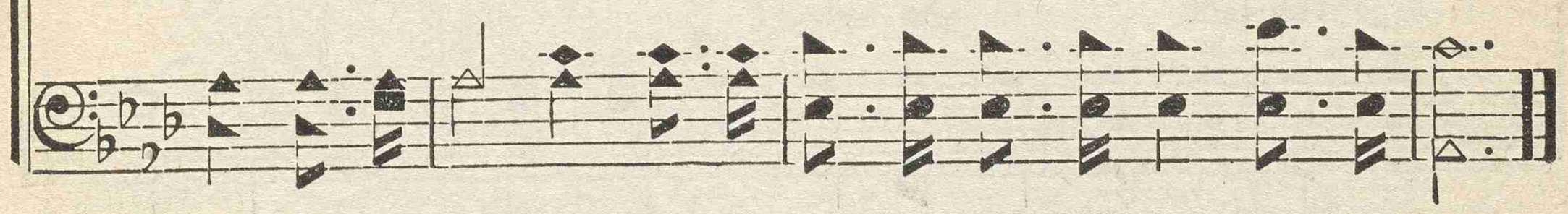
What a Morning That Will Be. Concluded.



And all the just His likeness take, Oh, what a morning that will be!
When we a-wake on yon fair shore, Oh, what a morning that will be!
But joy supreme thro' endless years, Oh, what a morning that will be!
And sing with all the ransomed band, Oh, what a morning that will be!



FULL CHORUS.

Then a - wake and swell the song, Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy - ful

notes of praise prolong, Hal-le - lu - jah! When we join the ransomed

throng, Hal-le - lu - jah! What a day of love and peace that will be.



NO. 11.

Our Last Good-Bye.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

MRS. ALMA VALENTINE. MRS. MINNIE EILAND.

Slowly.

1. This dar-ling one from us is gone, We'll see her here no more;
2. 'T is there at heav-en's pearl- y gate. Where an-gels, robed in white,
3. She's gone to E - den's hap- py shore To join the glad re - frain

But oh, we hope to meet a - gain On that e - ter - nal shore!
Peal forth their heav'nly welcome song, In that sweet home of light.
Of song, the deathless spir - its sing, All free from care and pain.

CHORUS.

We now..... must part,.... dear one,..... with thee,....
We now must part, dear one, with thee,

But there, be-yond the skies, We'll meet.... a - gain,.... thy
We'll meet a - gain,

face..... to see, ... And say no more good - byes!
thy face to see,

NO. 12.

One by One.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Sheppard.

J. H. S. *Slowly.*

J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. When our lov'd ones pass a - way, And we see them here no more,
   There, no storm-clouds ev-er come, And no night, we there shall see;
2. When the dar-lings of our home Have been laid be- neath the clay,
   When we can a- gain clasp hands, Ev - er - more to grief un-known;
3. 'Tis the hand of God, di - vine, That doth rule us, here be - low;
   Yet, to us, it seem-eth hard, When He calls some lov'd one home;

We can on - ly hope to meet, On the bright ce - les - tial shore.
All is love, and peace, and joy, For no sor - row there can be.
We can on - ly look by faith, For a bright and hap - py day;
And, to - geth - er, sweet - ly sing 'Round the bless- ed Sav- iour's throne.
And we must sub-mit to Him, How - so - ev - er hard the blow!
And we scarce can be re-signed; Till our time to go, shall come.

CHORUS.

One by one, . . . we're call'd a - way! One by

One by one, we're call'd a - way, we're call'd a - way!

one, . . . by night, or day! One by one, . . .

One by one, by night, or day, by night or day!

One by one,

we bid fare - well, To the pla - - ces where we dwell.

we bid fare-well, we bid fare-well, To the pla-ces where we dwell.

NO. 13. While Speeding Through Life.

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

1. While speed-ing a - long thro' life here be-low, How care - less, un -
2. While speed-ing thro' life, we must un - der-stand That Christ keeps the
3. Re - mem-ber, dear friend, that Christ will de-scend, His chil - dren to

heed - ing we be A - bout the sal - va - tion of sin - sick souls,
rec - ord of all, And those who o - bey His ev - 'ry command,
gath - er that day, De - clar - ing that time shall be at an end,

CHORUS.

Now dy - ing on both land and sea.
Will glad - ly de - part when He calls.
Ac - cept ye His mer - cy we pray.
} While speeding a - long thro'

life here be-low, How care-less, un - heed - ing we be, When we should praise

Him as on - ward we go, From this to our home o'er the sea.

NO. 14.

I Will Love Thee.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

OSCEOLA WALTON. J. OWEN LONG.

1. My life may be a drear - y one, And dark clouds o'er my path may
2. This world may be to me un-kind, And sore - ly tempt-ed I may
3. My love may seem im-per - fect here, Thou knowest how it is with

be; Of earth-ly store I may have none, But, Lord, I will love Thee.
be, Yet, Lord, a Friend in Thee I find, Dear Lord, I will love Thee.
me; Then I will keep to Thee so near, And, Lord, I will love Thee.

REFRAIN.

I will, I will, I will love Thee, No mat - ter what my lot may

be; I will, I will, I will love Thee, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

NO. 15.

We are Happy Children.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

KATHARYN BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

1. We are hap-py chil-dren, toil-ing for our King, Winning for His man-sions jew-els bright and fair; How we love to praise Him,
2. We are hap-py chil-dren, sing-ing all the day, Tell-ing of our Mas-ter, who, to save us, died; He will rich-ly bless us
3. We are hap-py chil-dren; join our band to-day, Work with us for Je-sus, trust-ing in His grace; He will safe-ly guide you
4. We are hap-py chil-dren, praising Je-sus' name, For He took our bur-dens, made us glad and free; And un-to all na-tions

how we love to sing Of the home in heav-en Je-sus
if we e'er o-bey, And at last re-ceive us to in
thro' life's rug-ged way— Come and join our num-ber, seek the
we His love pro-claim, Sing-ing of His good-ness till e-

CHORUS.

will pre-pare!
heav'n re-side.
Sav-ior's face!
ter-ni-ty.

We are hap-py, hap-py in His love,

As we la-bor for the Lord a-bove; We are hap-py chil-dren;

We are Happy Children.—Concluded.

join our song to-day; Sing of Je - sus' mercy, praise His name al way.

NO. 16. O, Could I Speak.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."—Psa. 89: 1.

S. MEDLEY. ARIEL. LOWELL MASON.

1. O, could I speak the match - less worth, O,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And

could I sound the glories forth Which in my Sav - ior shine. I'd
ran-som from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne. In

soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings,
sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all-per - fect heav'nly dress,
lof - tiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er - last-ing days,

In tones al - most di - vine, In tones al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.

NO. 17.

The Pilgrim's March.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

Mrs. REBECCA GEORGE. J. L. GEORGE.

1. We are pil- grims on a jour - ney, Oh, we are a hap - py
2. March-ing on to meet our loved ones, In that land be-yond the
3. We will cross the si - lent riv - er, With our gal-lant Lead- er
4. There we'll join the heaven - ly cho - rus, And with gold-en harp in

1. We are pil - grims, pil - grims on a jour - ney, Oh, we are a
2. March-ing, march-ing on to meet our loved ones, In that land, that
3. We will, we will cross the si - lent riv - er, With our gal - lant,
4. There we'll join, we'll join the heavenly cho - rus, And with gold - en,

band; . . . . . March-ing on with Christ our Lead - er,
sky; . . . . . There to live through cease - less a - ges,
stand, ... On the banks of sweet de - liv - 'rance,
hand, ... We will shout His praise for - ev - er,

hap - py, hap - py band; March - ing, march - ing on with Christ, our Lead - er,
land be - yond the sky; There to live, to live thro' cease-less a - ges,
gal - lant Lead - er stand, On the banks, the banks of sweet de - liv - 'rance,
gold- en harp in hand, We will shout, will shout His praise for ev - er,

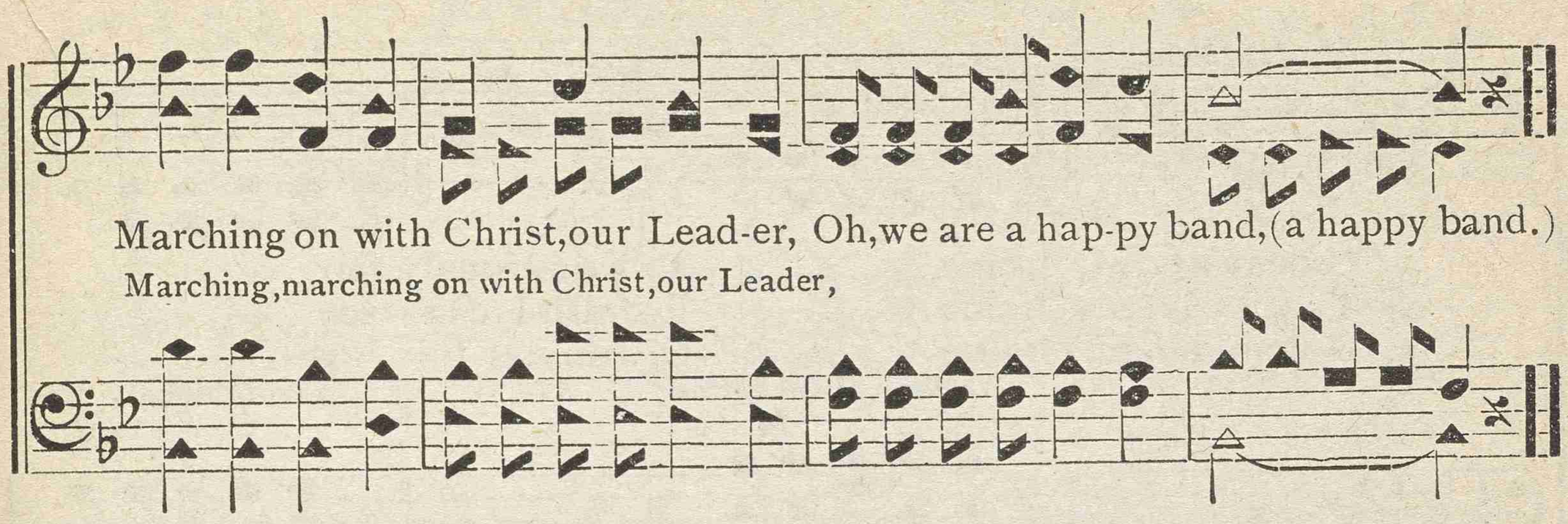
CHORUS.

To fair Canaan's hap- py land. . . . . We are march-ing,
Nev-er-more to say good-bye. . . . . .
O - ver in that glo - ry land. . . . . .
With the ransomed an - gel band. . . . . .

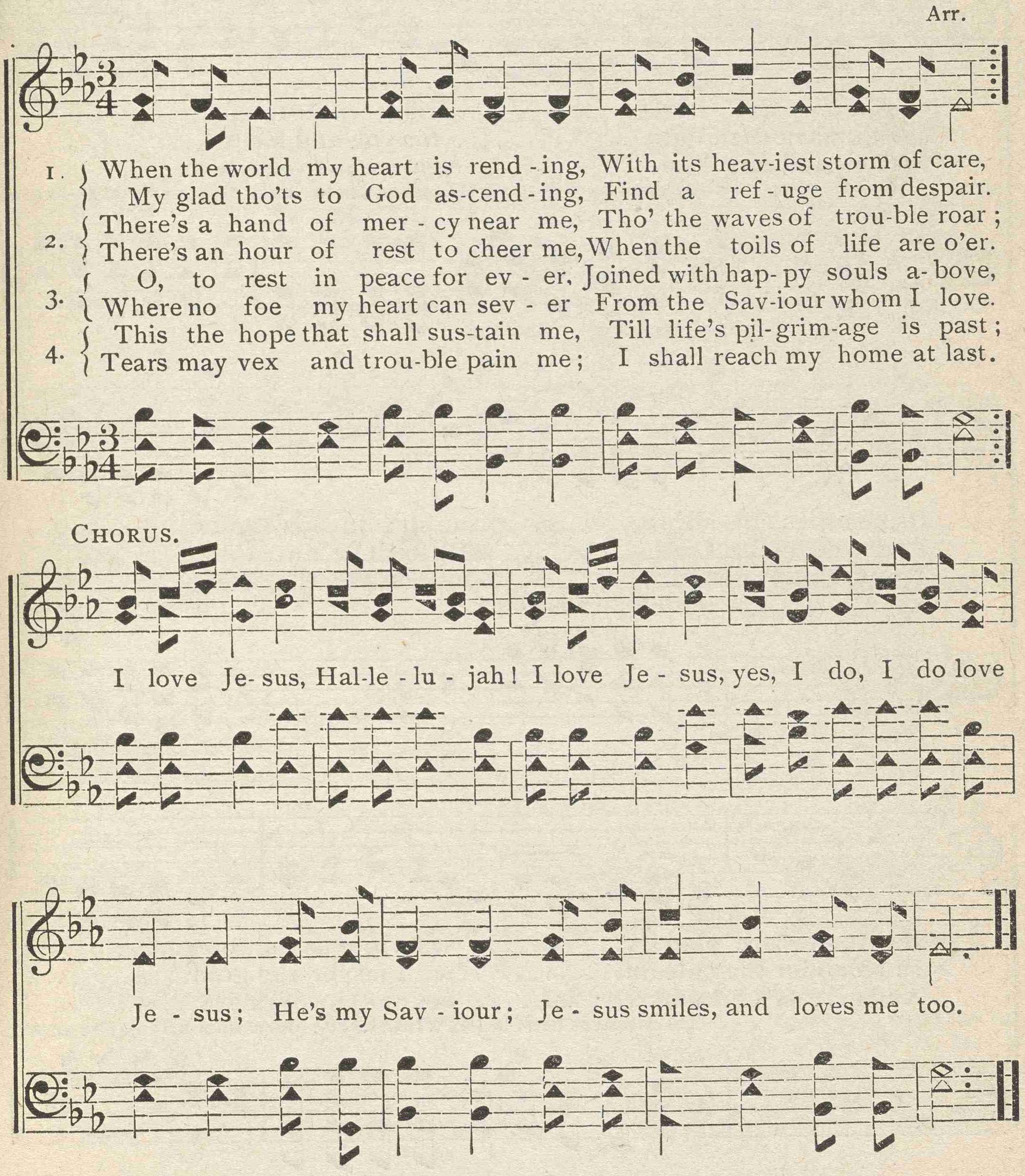
To fair Ca-naan's hap - py land. (that hap-py land.) We are march- ing,
Nev - er - more to say good - bye. (to say good-bye.)
O - ver in that glo - ry land. (that glo - ry land.)
With the ran-somed an - gel band. (the an - gel band.)

brave - ly on - ward, To that hap-py sin - less land; . . . .

march-ing, brave-ly on - ward, To that hap - py, hap - py, sin-less land;

The Pilgrim's March. Concluded.

NO. 18. I Love Jesus.

Arr.



NO. 19.

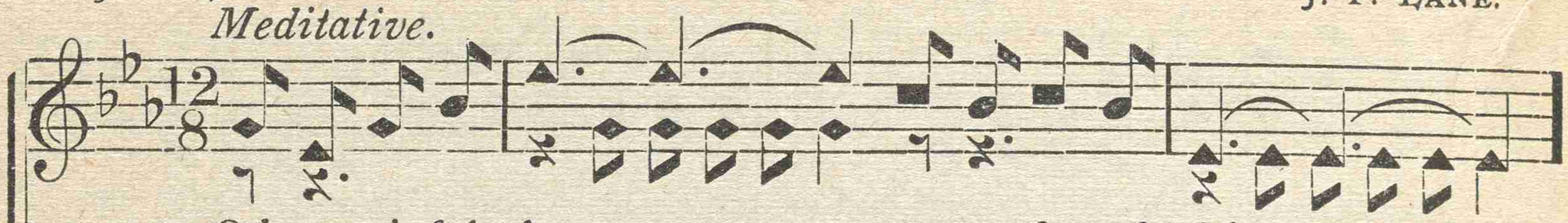
Beyond the Dark Sea.

Copyright. 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

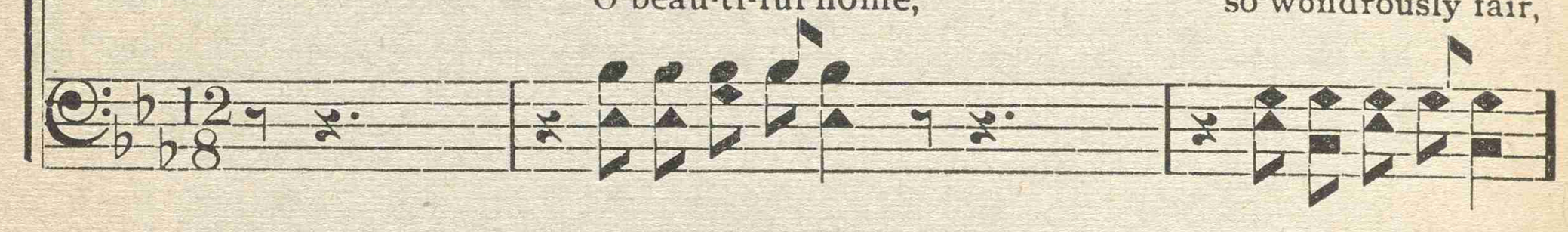
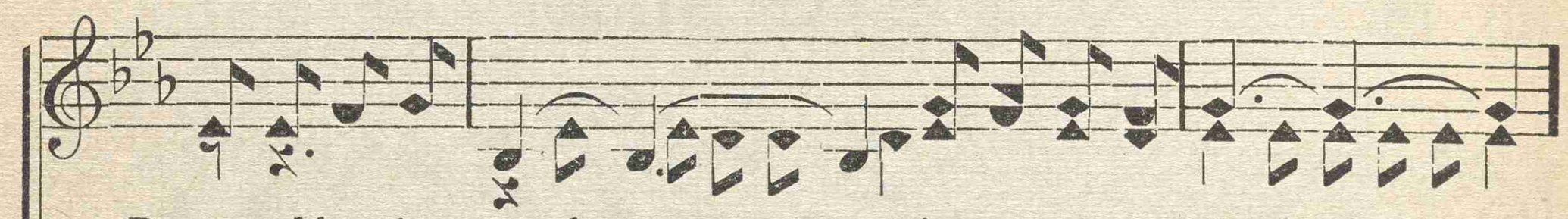
J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.

Meditative.

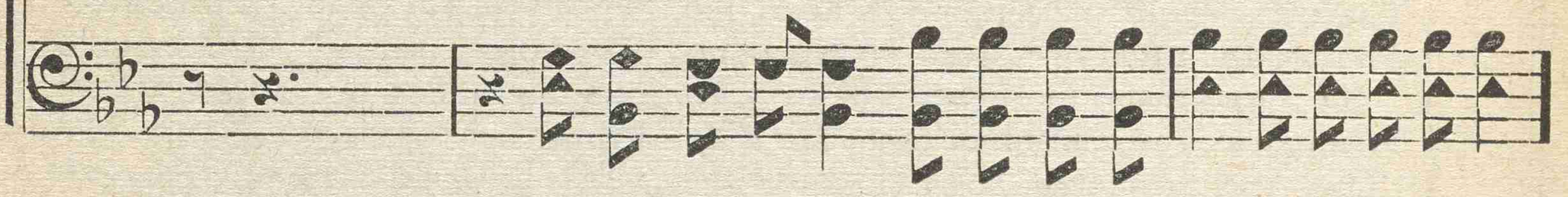


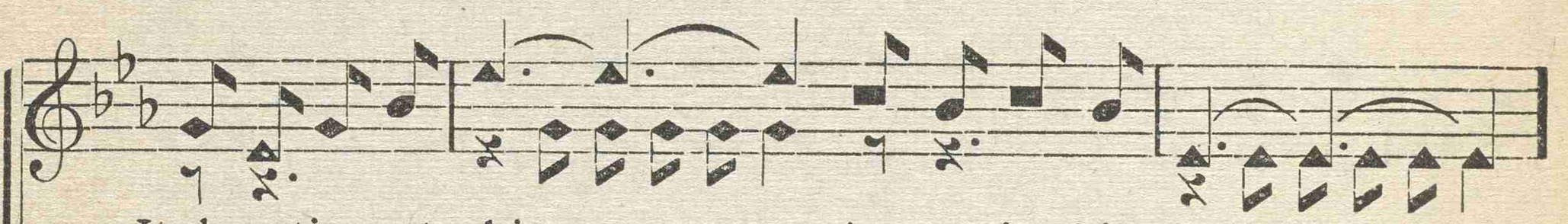
1. O beau-ti- ful home,..... so wondrously fair.....
2. That heavenly home..... by faith I can see.. ....
3. O won-der-ful home. ..... O won-der-ful love..... ....

O beau-ti-ful home, so wondrously fair,



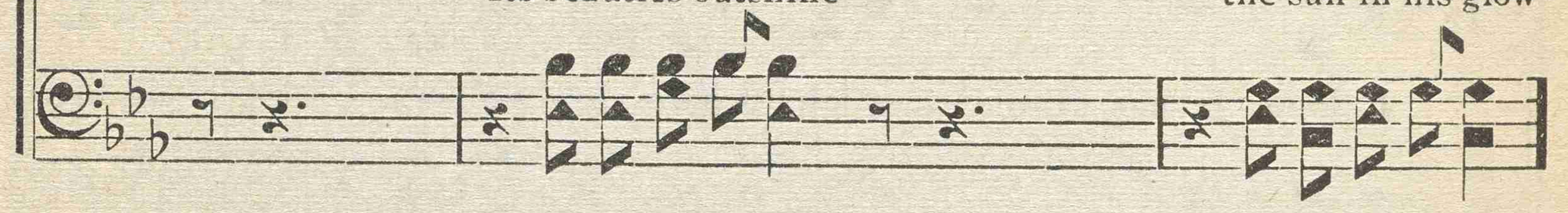
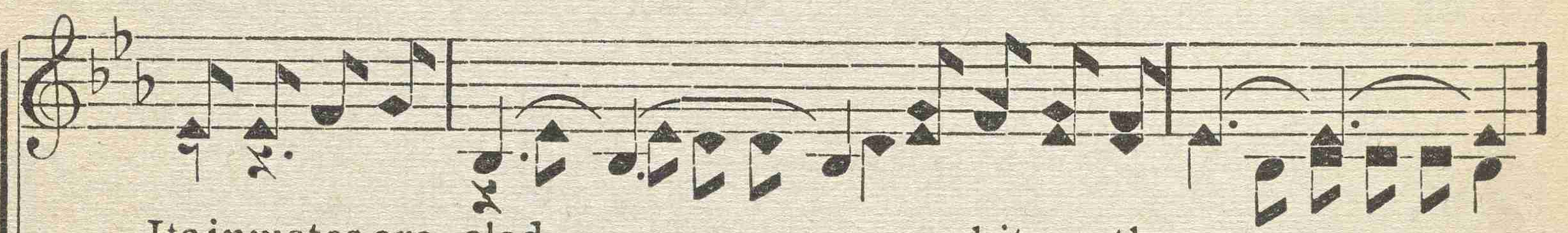
Prepared by the Lord,..... ..... His servants to share;.....
Those mansions of light,..... for you and for me,.....
Of God, and His Son..... .. who came from a-bove.....

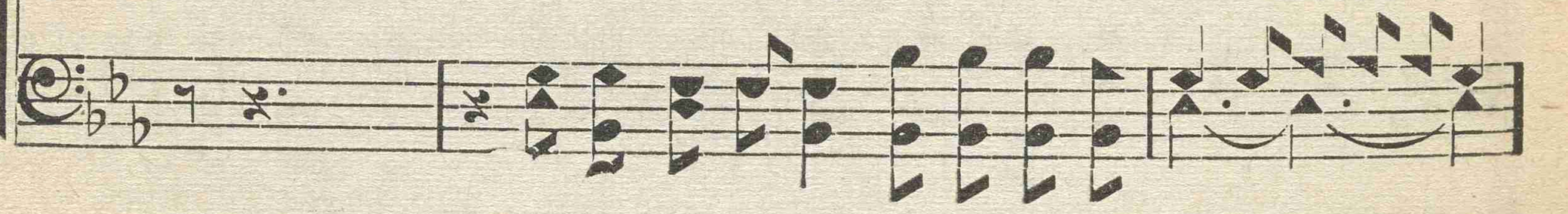
Prepared by the Lord, His servants to share, His servants to share;





Its beauties out - shine..... the sun in his glow,.....
Prepared by the Lord,..... with beauty un - told,.....
To purchase our souls..... by death on the tree,.....

Its beauties outshine the sun in his glow

Its inmates are clad..... ..... as white as the snow.....
In splendor they gleam..... with jasper and gold.....
And give us a home..... beyond the dark sea..... ..

Its inmates are clad as white as the snow, as white as the snow.

Beyond the Dark Sea.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O mu - sic so sweet,..... so weird and so
O mu - sic so sweet,

grand;..... By faith I can hear,.....
so weird and so grand; By faith I can hear,

as oth - er saints land,..... A welcome so
as oth - er saints land,

warm,..... ..... ex-tend-ed to all..... ... .
A welcome so warm, ex-tend- ed to all

Who cross the dark sea,.....redeemed from the fall.....
Who cross the dark sea, redeemed from the fall.

NO. 20. Just Over in the Glory-Land.

JAS. W. ACUFF. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I've a home prepared where the saints a- bide, Just o - ver in the
2. I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just o - ver in the
3. What a joy - ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o - ver in the
4. With the blood - washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o - ver in the

glo - ry - land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just
glo - ry - land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just
glo - ry - land; And with kin-dred saved, there for - ev - er be, Just
glo - ry - land, Glad ho - san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just

REFRAIN.

o - ver in the glo - ry - land. Just o - ver in the glo-ry-land,
Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land,

I'll join.... ... the hap - py an - gel band, Just o - ver in the
I'll join, yes, join the hap - py an - gel band,

glo - ry - land; Just o - - ver in the glo - ry - land, There
Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land, There

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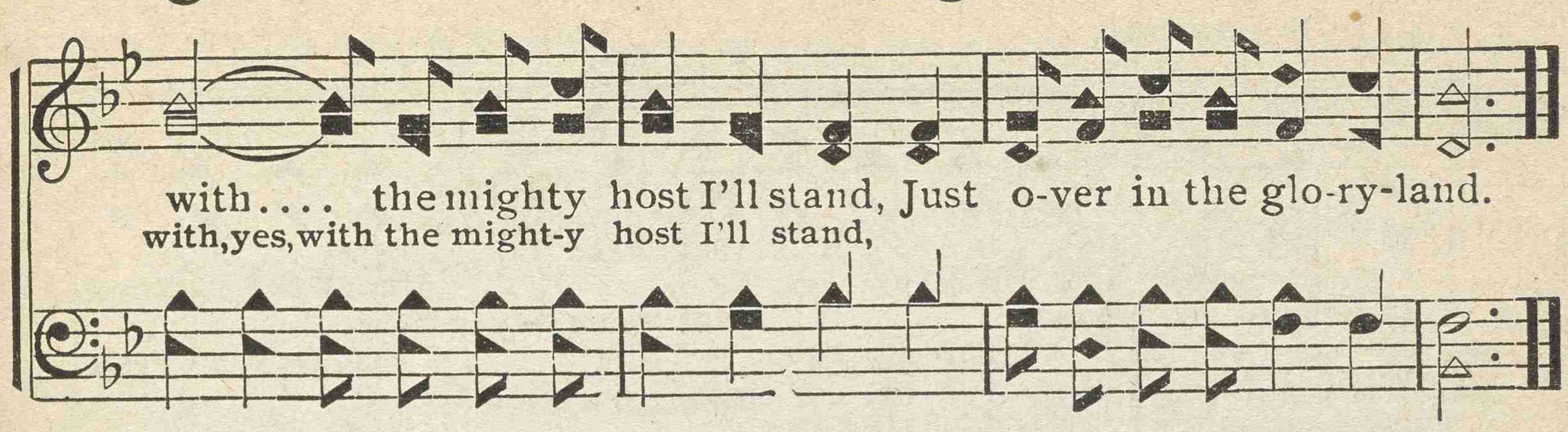
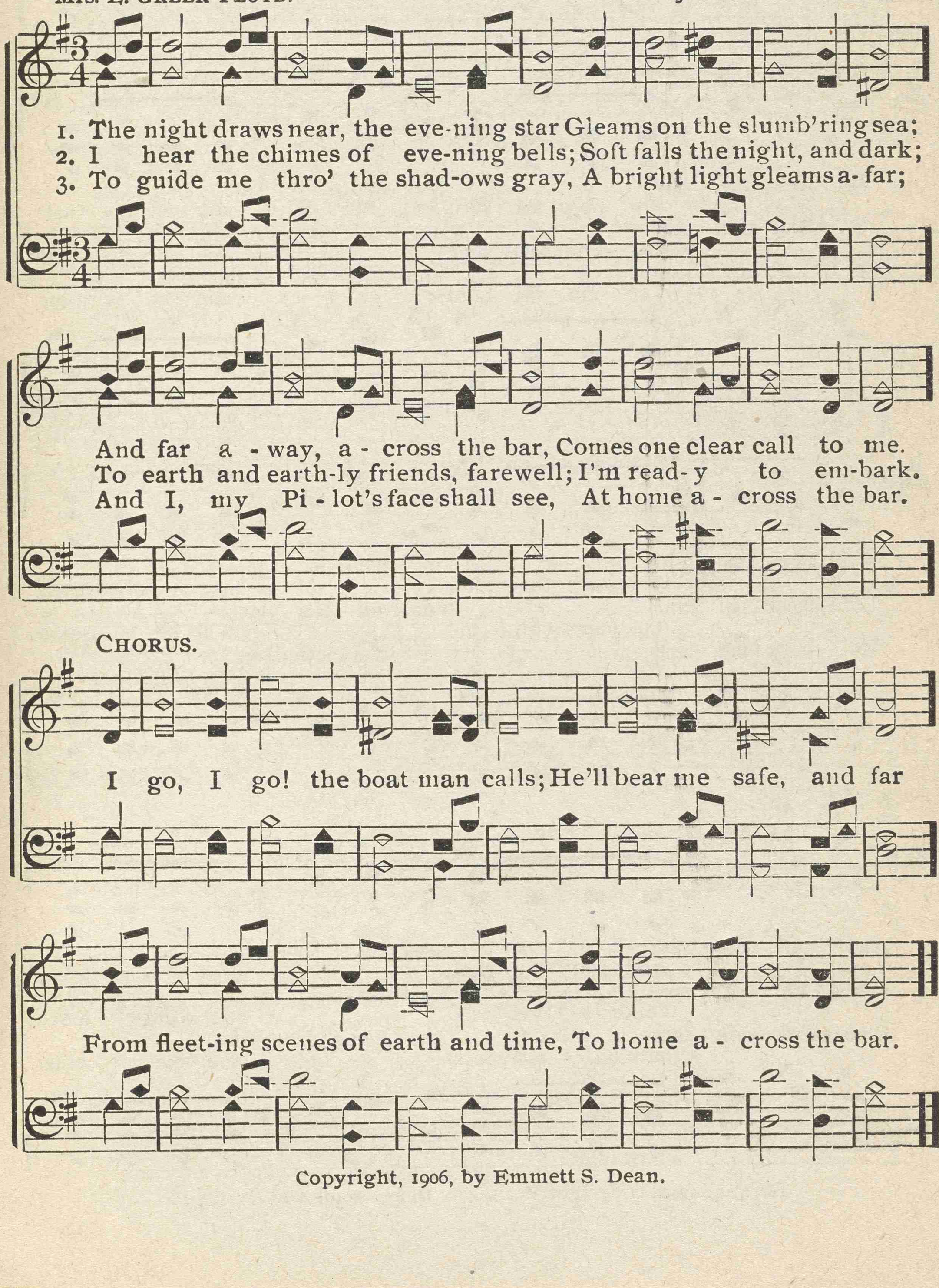
Just Over in the Glory-Land.—Concluded.

NO. 21. The Boatman Calls.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.



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NO. 22.

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Arr. by ACUFF & EVRIDGE.

1. O hap - py day, ... that fixed my choice, ...
1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice,
2. O hap - py bond, ... that seals my vows . . . . . .
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows
3. 'Tis done! the great . . . . . trans - ac - tion's done! . . . . . .
3. 'Tis done! the great trans-ac-tion's done!

On Thee, my Sav - - - iour and my God! . . . . . .
On Thee, my Sav- iour and my God!
To Him that mer - - - its all my love! . . . . . .
To Him that mer- its all my love!
I am my Lord's . . . . . and He is mine: . . . . . .
I am my Lord's and He is mine:

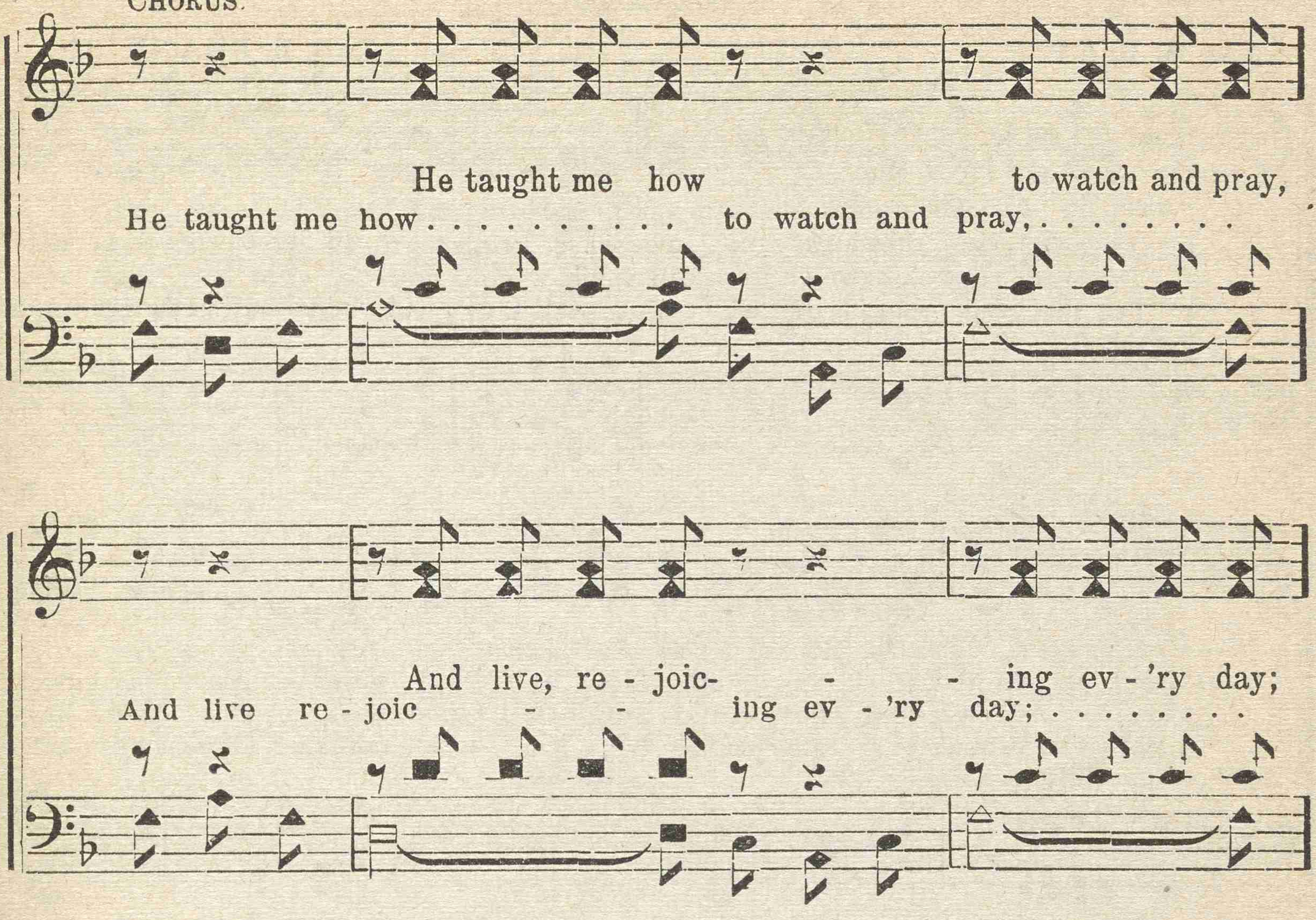
Well may this glow - - - ing heart re - joice, ...
Well may this glow- ing heart re - joice,
Let cheer - ful an - - - thems fill His house, ...
Let cheer - ful an- thems fill His house,
He drew me, and . . . . . I fol - lowed on, ...
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on,

And tell its rapt - - - ures all a - broad. . . . . .
And tell its rapt- ures all a - broad
While to that sa - - - cred shrine I move. . . . . .
While to that sa- cred shrine I move.
Charm'd to con - fess . . . . . the voice di - vine. . . . . .
Charm'd to con - fess the voice di - vine.

Arrangement copyrighted, 1906, by Dean, Acuff and Evridge.

O Happy Day.

CHORUS.



4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him, of every good possessed.

NO. 23.

She is Gone.

(CARRIE.)

JAS. B. and E. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Our dar-ling, thou art gone a - way; From earth-ly sor - row thou art
2. 'Twas Je - sus called thee from our side, And now, in glo - ry, thou art
3. For thee, our precious one, we've mourned! Our grief was great, that thou shouldst

free! With Je - sus and His an - gel band,— No sad - ness
free, We could not, would not, bring thee back, But dar - ling,
die! When Je - sus calls, we, too, shall come,— Good-bye, till

e'er can come to thee.
we can come to thee.
then, our child, good - bye.

We're com - ing, yes, we're com-ing home,—

Where part - ings sad, will be no more! While here in dark-ness still we

roam, We *hope* to meet you on that shore.

on that shore.

CHORUS.

NO. 24.

Shall We Meet?

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

IRA D. B. IRA D. BRISTER.

1. Shall we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, When this life of care is
2. Shall we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, Shall we join that hap-py
3. Shall we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, Re - u - ni - ted ev - er -

o'er? Shall we all wear a crown in the morn - ing, When we
throng? Shall we all shout ho-san - na to Je - sus,—Sing the
more? Shall we bask 'neath the smiles of the Sav - iour, On that

CHORUS.

reach that gold - en shore? Shall we meet? Shall we
won - der - ful new song?
bright e - ter - nal shore?

Shall we meet o - ver there? Shall we

meet? Shall we meet in that home on high? Shall we meet?

meet o - ver there? Shall we meet o - ver there?

Shall we meet o - ver there? Shall we meet o - ver there, bye and bye?

NO. 25 We Shall Sing In That Beautiful Land.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

J. W. S. J. W. SMITH.

1. When our life work is end - ed and heav-en we gain, We shall
2. We will see our dear Sav - ior in glo - ry on high, We shall
3. We will meet our dear loved ones who've gone on be - fore, We shall

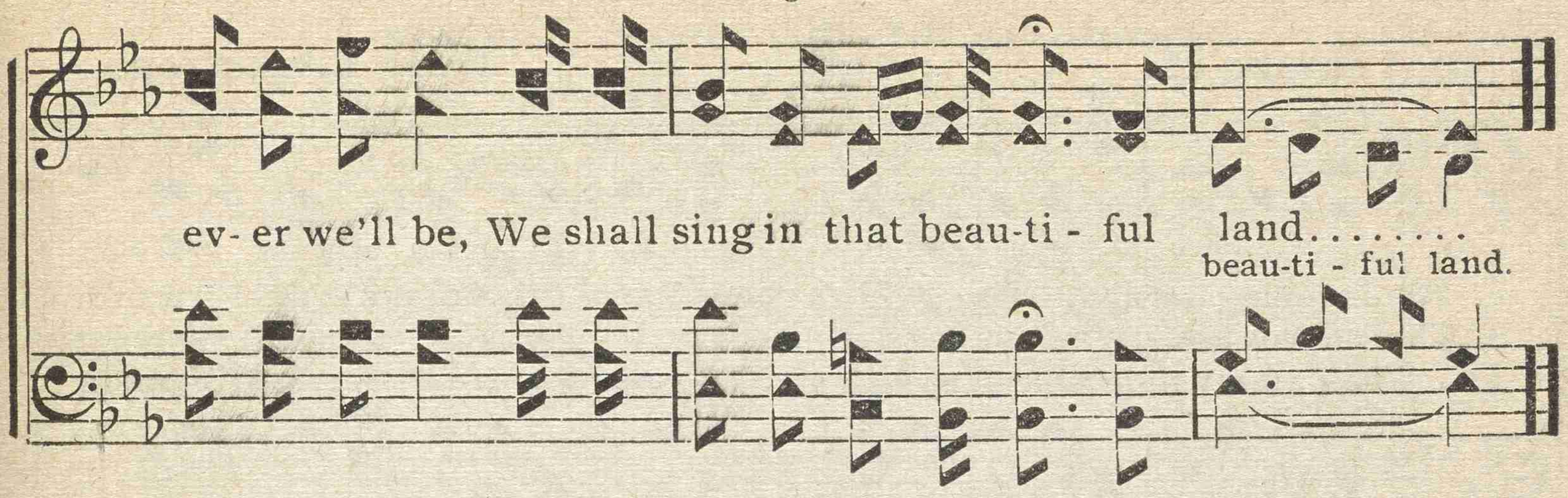
sing in that beau-ti - ful land; We will shout hal -le - lu - jah a-
sing in that beau-ti - ful land; And we'll praise Him for ev - er, far
sing in that beau-ti - ful land; 'Mid the splendors of heav-en to

gain and a - gain, We shall sing in that beau-ti - ful land.
up in the sky, We shall sing in that beau-ti - ful land.
dwell ev - er - more, We shall sing in that beau-ti - ful land.

CHORUS

We shall sing in that beau-ti- ful land, ... We shall sing in that
beau-ti - ful land,

beau - ti - ful land; . . . . . In those mansions in glo - ry for-
beau-ti - ful land;

We Shall Sing, etc.—Concluded.

NO. 26. Well Done, Faithful One.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Sheppard.

SCHULTZ and SHEPPARD. J. H. SHEPPARD.

NO. 27.

Sweet Rest.

Copyright, 1906, by W. H. Livingston. Used by per.

D. Threadgill. W. H. Livingston.

1. While toiling on(while toiling on)life's rugged road,(life's rugged road,) I'll murmur
2. Tho' storms assail (tho' storms assail) me as I go,(me as I go,) And dangers
3. With all my toils(with all my toils)and tri - als past,(and trials past,) I'll find a

not (I'll mur-mur not) tho' great the load.(tho' great the load.)There is sweet
fill (and dangers fill) my soul with woe,(my soul with woe,)Ere long from
place(I'll find a place) of rest at last,(of rest at last,)With Christ to

rest(there is sweet rest) a - wait - ing me (a- wait - ing me) Be - side the
these (ere long from these)I shall be free,(I shall be free,) Be - side the
dwell (with Christ to dwell) e - ter - nal - ly (e - ter - nal - ly) Be - side the

Refrain.

sil-(beside the sil-)ver,crystal sea. Be-side the sea,
sil-(beside the sil-)ver,crystal sea. Be-side the sea,
sil-(beside the sil-)ver,crystal sea. Be-side the sea,
Be- side the sea, ...
Be-side the sea, the crys-tal

The Sav - iour waits, the Sav - iour waits
The cry - stal sea, the Sav - iour waits
The Sav - iour waits, the Sav - iour waits
The Sav - iour waits, ...
sea, ... The Sav - iour waits to wel - come

Sweet Rest. Concluded.

To dwell with Him . . . . . on that bright

to wel - come me, To dwell with Him

me,
shore, ... Safe from life's storms . . . .

on that bright shore, Safe from life's storms forevermore. (forevermore.)

NO. 28.

Home Beyond.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

JESSE A. HICKS. Arr. Rev. S. J. OSLIN.

1. O land of bliss and joy un-seen. Where dwells the pure and blest;
2. The friends I loved while here on earth, I long once more to see;
3. No tears mine eyes shall ev - er dim, No cares my heart mo - lest;
4. O Thou who thro' my earth - ly life, Has been my con - stant guest:

:S:

FINE.

My soul would reach its vales of light And fold her wings to rest.
And join with them His name to praise, Who bore the cross for me.
No fear or dread can ev - er break The calm of peace and rest.
I know that Thou wilt bring me home, To Thine e - ter - nal rest!

D.S. *I'll be su-preme - ly hap - py there, On heav'n's e - ter - nal shore!*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

O home be - yond, thy joys I'll share, When this short life is o'er!

NO. 29.

All Glory.

May God, we love supremely, To Him, all reverence give,
"All, glory," to Him singing, And joyful, ever live!—F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND. RICHARD M. MORGAN.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus, my soul may it give, My tongue, may it sing it, my life may it live; I'll ask Him this fa - vor, it
2. All glo - ry to Je - sus, I'd sing all the day, My lips, a thanks- giv - ing would shout all the way, I want to tell oth - ers, that
3. All glo - ry to Je - sus, no more can I crave, Than, thus, to do hon - or, to Him who doth save, I'm now in His keep - ing, His
4. All glo - ry to Je - sus, my theme, it, shall be, His name shall be sung, and ex - alt - ed by me, My peace and my hope, and my

He will be - stow, Then I shall be hap- py, so hap - py I know.
Je - sus sav'd me, And ask them, a child of His kingdom to be.
bless - ings to claim, A child of His kingdom, an heir of His name.
joy, I will sing, All glo - ry to Je - sus, my Sav-iour and King.

CHORUS.

All glo - - - ry, all glo - - - ry to Je - - - sus my King,
All glory to Je- sus, all glory, all glo-ry to Je-sus, to Je- sus my King,

All glo - - - ry, all glo - - - ry, I ev - - - er will sing.
All glo-ry to Je-sus, all glo-ry, all glo-ry, I ev- er, I ev - er will sing.

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NO. 30.

My Home.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JOE S. WARLICK. W. J. GRAVES.

1. I am now waiting the summons to come, Waiting, the angels to car - ry me home; O - ver the river, with loved ones to meet. Who are now wait-ing, my coming, to greet. Home,.... home, sweet home!
2. With the dear Savior, I'm longing to be; At the bright portals, the light I can see; Soon will I hear the glad "Welcome home," ring, Join in the songs that the glo-ri-- fied sing.
3. Pa-tient-ly wait-ing,—I'm ready to go To that bright city, its glo-ries to know; There where the ages shall ceaselessly roll, Ev - er, I'll dwell in the home of the soul.

REFRAIN.

Home, that won-der-ful home, sweet home! That Home, where my spir-it for - ev - er shall rest! Home,....
home, where my spir - it for - ev - er shall rest! Home, that won-der - ful home, sweet home! That home, where with Je - sus, I'll ev - er be blest!

NO. 31.

I'll Lean Upon Thee.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

BUNYAN. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

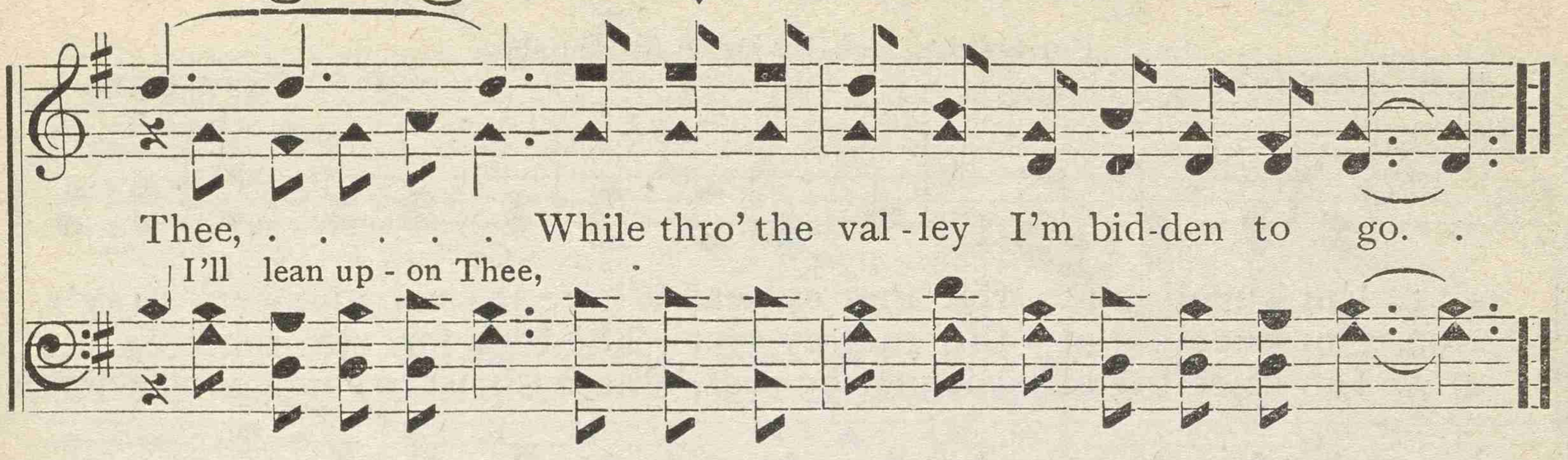
1. Heir to the Sav-iour, a crown and a throne, This is the por-tion that Christ giv - eth me; When all life's bur-dens I'm called to lay down, Dear
2. Heir of sal - va - tion so full and complete, Thro' His own blood I'm a child of the King; Trophies each day will I lay at His feet, His
3. Why should I mur-mur, tho' dark be the way? Je - sus, my Sav-iour has gone on be - fore; Now at the throne in - ter - ced - ing for me, His
4. This is my yearn-ing, my hope, and my song, While swiftly the moments are pass - ing from me; Then, with the blood-washed, the glo- ri - fied throng, With

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'll lean up - on Thee. Lean up - on
glo-rious re - demp- tion, I ev - er shall sing.
Spir - it shall guide me to life ev - er more.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, for - ev - er to be.

Thee, ... lean up - on Thee, ... Thro' all my
I'll lean up-on Thee, I'll lean up - on Thee,

troubles and sor-rows be-low; Lean up-on Thee, ... Lean up - on
I'll lean up-on Thee,

I'll Lean Upon Thee. Concluded.

NO. 32. I Will Seek My Father's Care.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

PAULINA. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

NO. 33. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

F. S. SHEPHERD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r,
2. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat—The rock for sin-ners riv'n;
3. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, Where Christ to earth comes down

And find with-in this blest re-treat A ref-uge from all care;
The bless-ed Sav-ior there I meet, And grace di-vine is giv'n;
My soul in lov-ing grace to meet, With ten-der mer-cies crown;

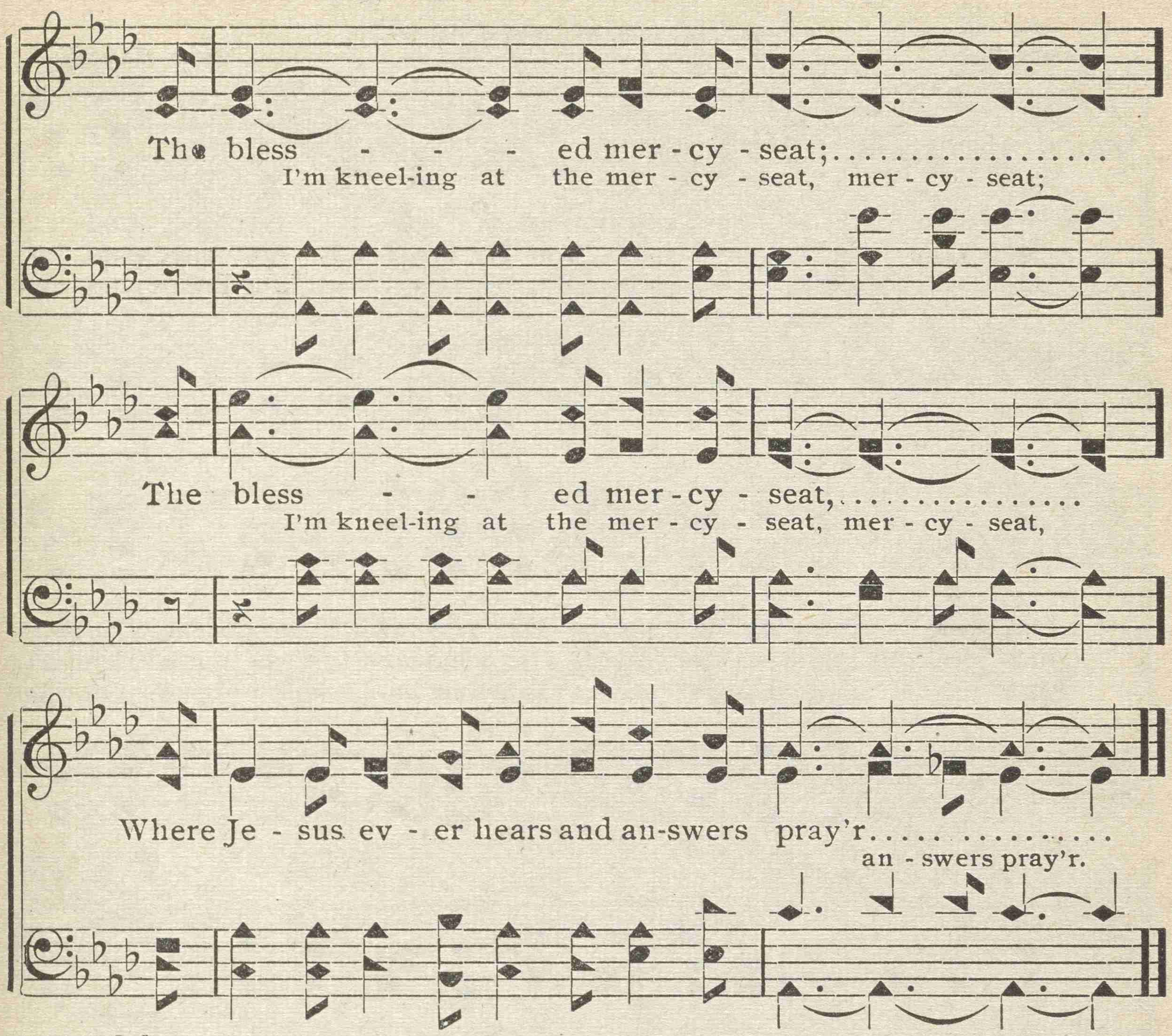
In deep hu-mil-i-ty I bend, Con-fess-ing all my sin;
The Master doth His strength impart—All weakness is mine own;
'T is here I tell Him ev-'ry need, I bring Him ev-'ry care;

The Lord doth lov-ing-ly at-tend, And gives me peace with-in.
His Spir-it dwells with-in my heart, He owns it as His throne.
'Tis here He proves a Friend indeed, And hears and an-swers pray'r.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

The bless - - ed mer-cy-seat, ...
I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, mer-cy-seat,

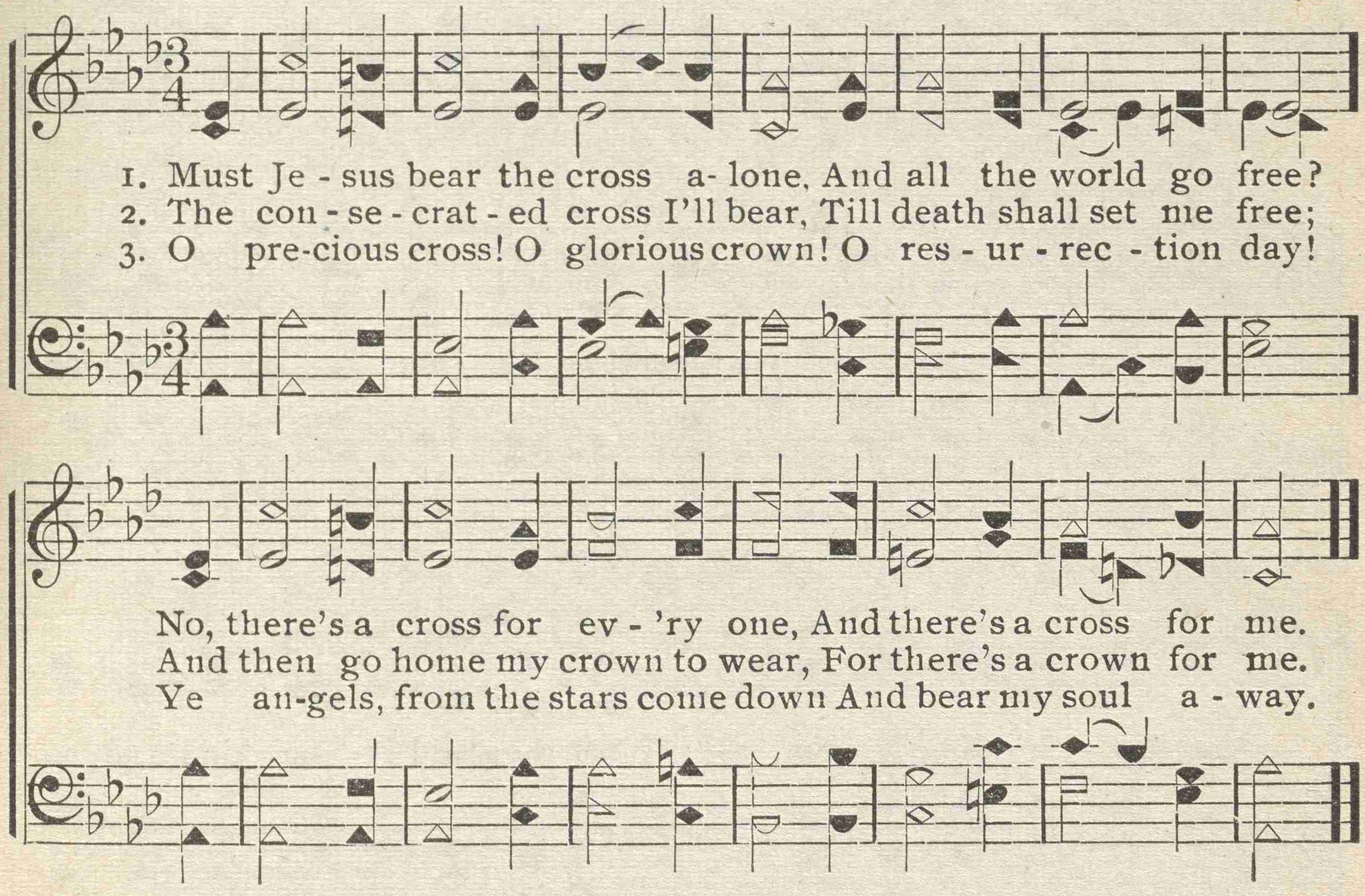
I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.—Concluded.



NO. 34

Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

Anon. R. M. Morgan.



NO. 35.

How Precious Thy Love!

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

1. When the path is un - known, And my spir - it is lone, And a
2. When the night lin - gers long And my heart has no song, And in
3. When my spir - it is worn By a bur - den long borne, And un -

tem - pest is form-ing a - bove,—When no earth-friend is near To give
dan - ger - ous pla - ces I rove, Oh, what com-fort is mine, Friend and
faith - ful I fear I might prove,—When by en - e-mies pressed—Oh, what

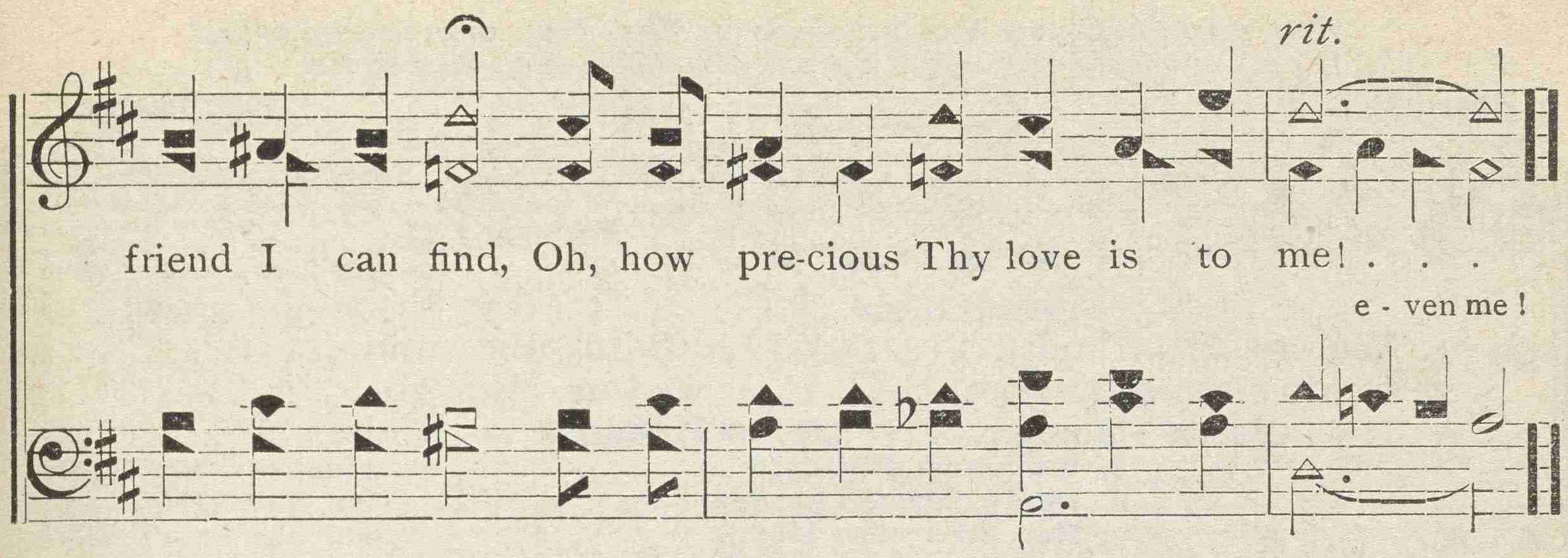
coun - sel or cheer, Oh, how pre-cious to me is Thy love! . .
broth - er di - vine, When I hear Thy sweet whis - pers of love! . .
ref - uge and rest Are the shel - ter - ing arms of Thy love! . .

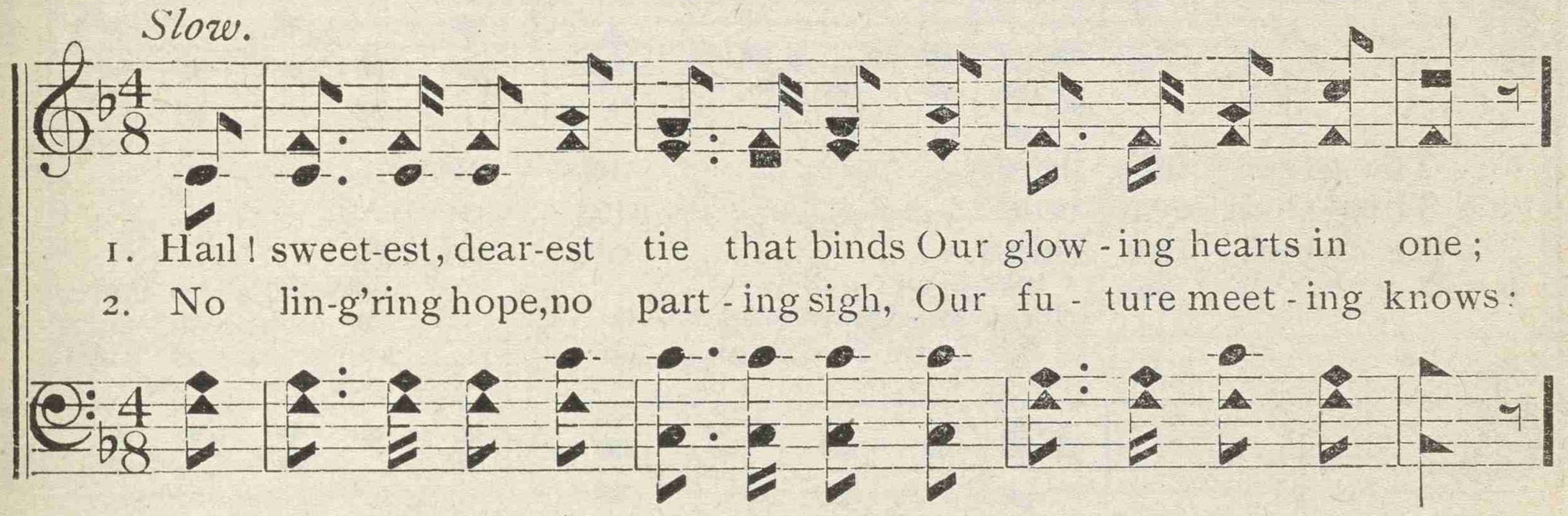
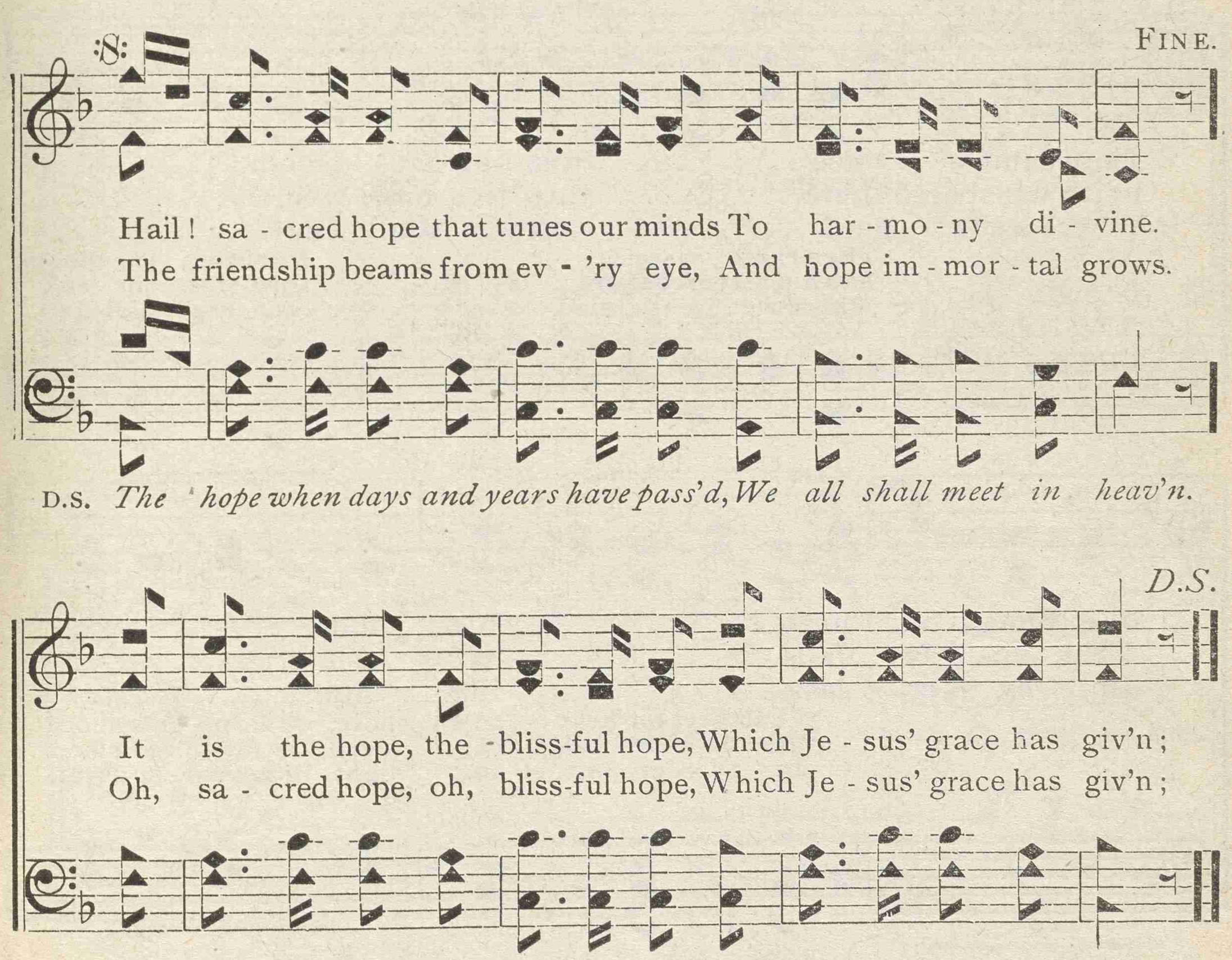
wonderful love!

CHORUS.

Yes, how pre - cious Thy love, Bless - ed Sav - iour a - bove, When for

tear-drops I scarce-ly can see; When the world is un - kind, And no

How Precious Thy Love! Concluded.

NO. 36. Fair Haven.

Scotch Air.



NO. 37.

We'll Meet Again.

This blessed hope, our hearts doth cheer, Tho', here, in grief and pain,
We lay our loved ones 'neath the sod, We, them, shall meet again.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. J. B. TREAT.

1. We saw Him laid..... with-in the tomb,.....
2. Death claimed its own,..... we saw Him go,.....
3. He falls a - sleep,..... He shall a - wake,.....

1. We saw Him laid with-in the tomb,
2. Death claimed its own, we saw Him go,
3. He falls a - sleep, He shall a - wake,

To greet us here,..... no more;.....
Thro' shad - ows cold..... and deep;.....
Be - yond the reign..... of night;.....

To greet us here, on earth no more;
Thro' shad-ows cold. so cold and deep;
Be - yond the reign, the reign of night;

Then came a voice..... from out the gloom,.....
Faith whispered there,..... thro' this, our woe,.....
Where we a - gain,..... our lost shall find,.....

Then came a voice from out the gloom,
Faith whispered there, thro' this, our woe,
Where we a - gain, our lost shall find,

We'll meet on heav - - en's shore.....
"He on - ly falls..... a - sleep."....
In ev - er - last - - ing light.....

We'll meet on heav - en's shore, on heav - en's shore.
"He on - ly falls a - sleep, He falls a - sleep."
In ev - er - last - ing light, in heav'n - ly light.

We'll Meet Again—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We'll meet a - gain,..... we'll meet a - gain,.....
We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet a - gain,

Up - on that bliss - - - ful shore;.....
Up - on that bliss - ful shore, that bliss-ful shore;

We'll meet a - gain,..... we'll meet a - gain,.....
We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet a - gain,

And part, no, nev - - - er more!.....
And part, no, nev - er more, no, nev - er more!

NO. 38.

Contentment.

The soul shall quite contented be, When resting on His arm,
The God who doth His children keep, From all, destructive harm.—F. L. E.

ORELIA McKENZIE. C. C. RAILEY.

1. I'm rest - ing safe - ly, on His arm, He is my guide, my stay,—
2. Tho' storms, may here a - bout me roll, And bil - lows, near me sweep,
3. Un - to my soul, from day to day, Sweet peace, He doth im - part,

No temp-est here, can me a - larm, He's with me, all the way!
My Sav-iour's promised that He would, My soul, for - ev - er keep.
To brighten here, life's drear- y way, And soothe my ach - ing heart.

CHORUS.

I'm rest - ing safe - ly on His arm, Sweet peace, to me He gives,

No temp-est here, can me a - larm, He ev - er with me lives.

NO. 39.

I'll Meet Him Up There.

Will there be one soul mistaken, When heard, is its prayer,
After here, these words, declaring, "I'll meet Him up there?"—F. L. E.

A. L. R. A. L. REED.

1. While struggling along on life's road, All burdened with sorrow and care,
2. Oft'times, I am tempted to sin, So near is the e-vil One's snare,
3. I'll trust in the cru-ci-fied One, Yes, trust Him to save by His care,

My heart is up-lift-ed to God, And I'm longing to meet Him up there!
But, love of my Saviour, comes, then, And I'm longing to meet Him up there.
And when all life's tri-als are done, Then, I know, I shall meet Him up there.
up there.

CHORUS.

I'll meet Him up there,..... I'll meet Him up there,.....
I'll meet Him up there, yes, up there,

And see Him there on His great throne, I'll meet Him up there,.....
I'll meet Him up there,

I'll meet Him up there,..... And ev-er be with Him, His own.....
yes, up there, His own.

NO. 40. 'Neath the Shadow of His Wing.

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. I am nev - er lone - ly, I am nev - er sad, Noth - ing to mo-
2. Life is al - ways pleas - ant, day is al - ways fair, Naught to dim our
3. Life's al - lure - ments seek me, but they seek in vain; When the vic - tor

lest, my soul is, ev - er, glad; O, my heart is swell - ing,
vis - ion of that home up there; Faith wrought scenes en - chant - ing,
falls, 'tis but to rise a - gain; On - ward, up - ward press - ing,

With the joy of dwell-ing, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.
Those of doubt sup - plant - ing, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.
Ne'er a doubt con - fess - ing, 'Neath the shad-ow of His wing.

CHORUS.

In . . . . . His love con - fi - - ding,
In His love con - fi - ding, 'Tis a joy - ful thing! O,
'Tis . . . . . a joy-ful thing! Safe - - ly I am
In His love con-fi - ding, 'Tis a joy - ful thing! Safe-ly I am hid - ing,

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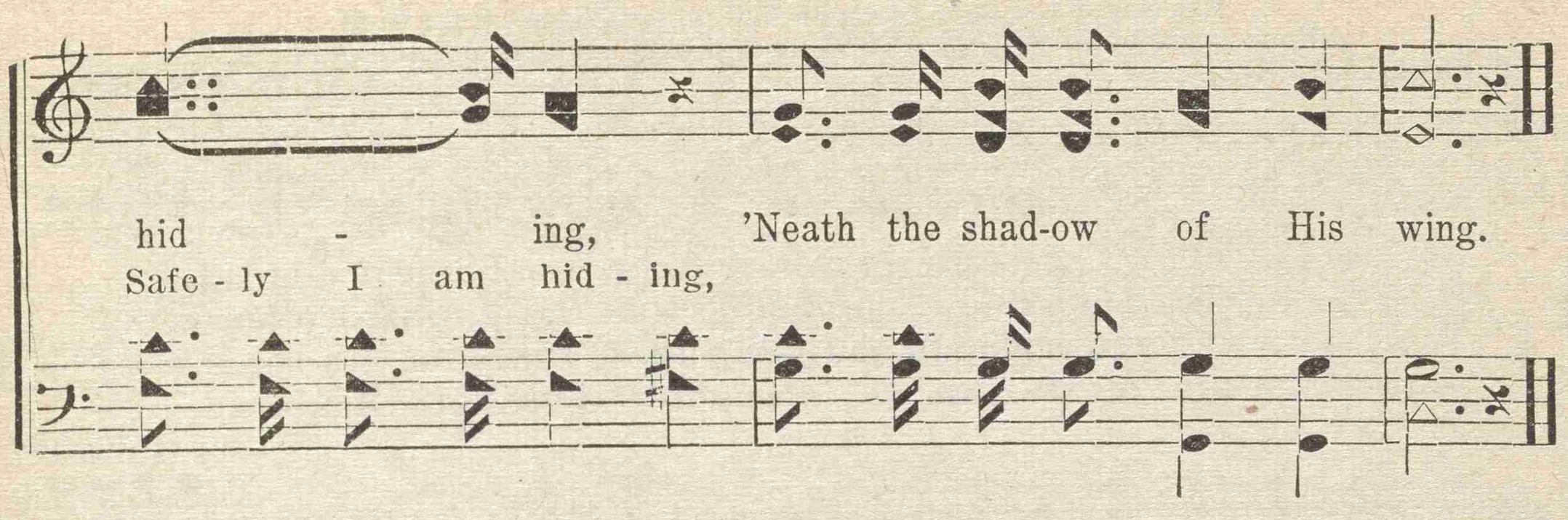
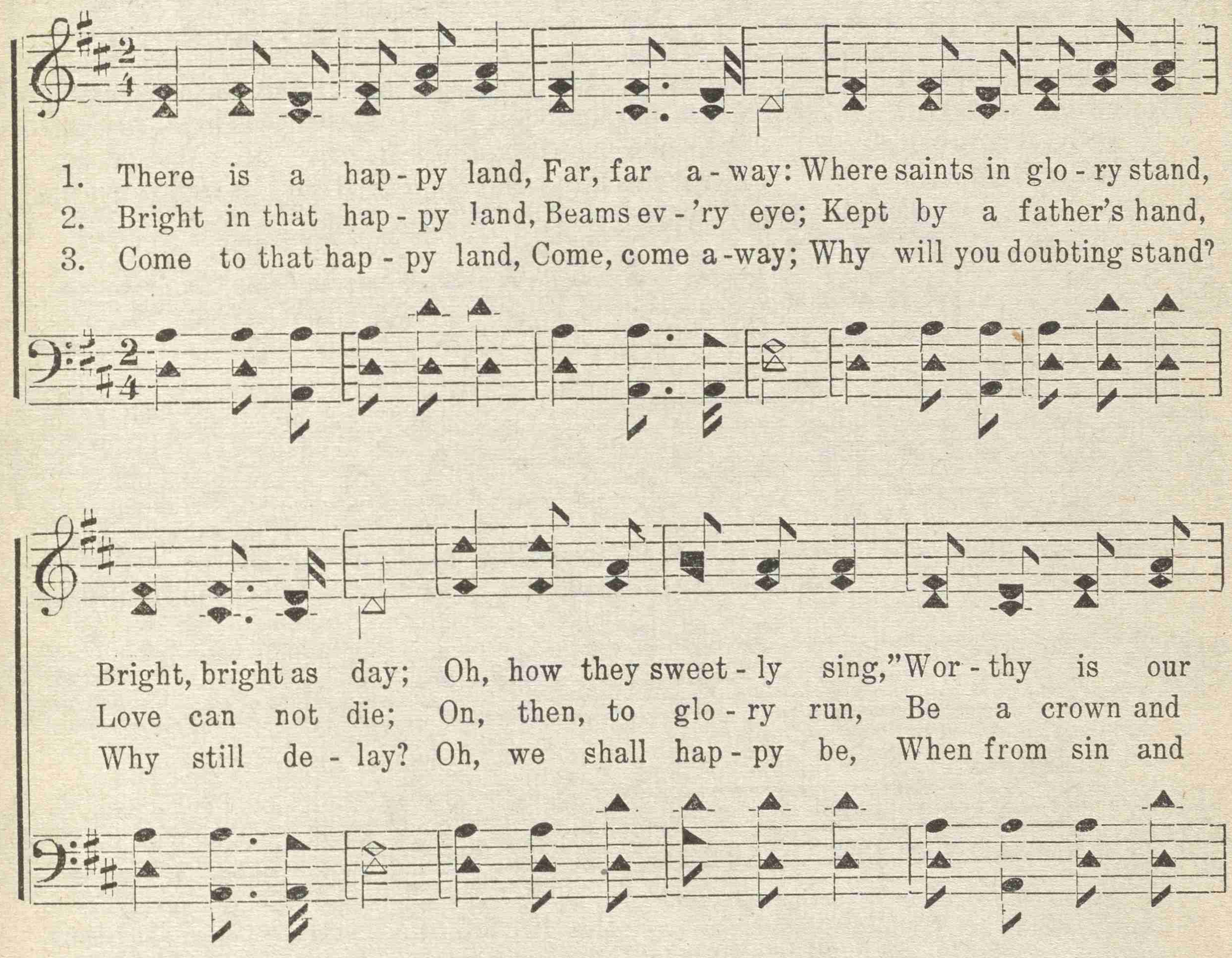
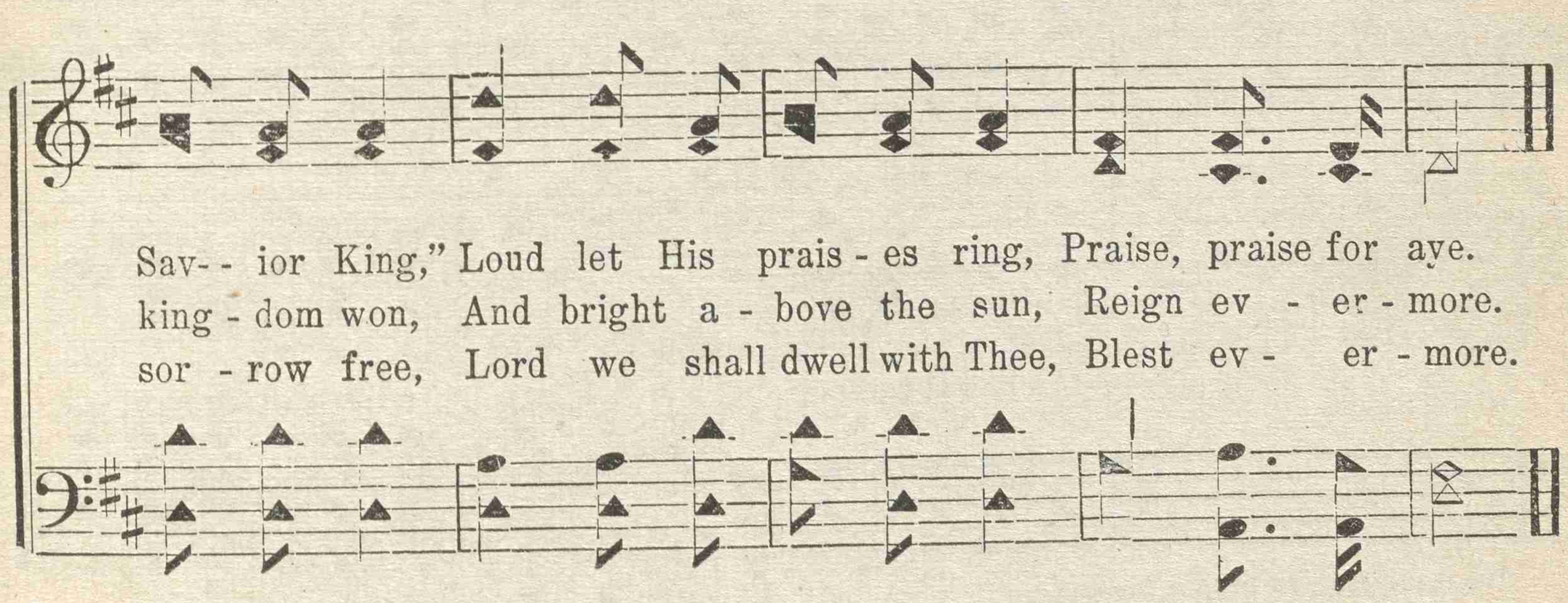
'Neath the Shadow of His Wing.



NO. 41.

Happy Land.

Old Melody.



NO. 42.

Shine it Abroad.

May we of the light received, Tell it for God, tell it for God!
Others toward Him to persuade, Shine it abroad, shine it abroad!—F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

M. D. USSERY.

1. Let the life of Je - sus, in thine own be seen, Shine it a-broad,
2. Keep it ev - er gleaming. morning, noon and night, Shine it a-broad,
3. O - ver vale and mountain, and each waste of sin, Shine it a-broad,
4. Let the life of Je - sus, ev - er-more be thine, Shine it a-broad,

Shine it abroad,

shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,

Bright-er be its gleaming, if there's naught between,
Sweet per sua-sion giv - ing. thro' its heav'nly light,
Sin- ners, shall be-hold it, by it. gath - er in,
Thro' the hope that cometh from His hand di-vine,

shine it abroad,

Shine it a - broad, ... shine it a - broad.

Shine it a-broad, shine it a-broad.

REFRAIN.

Shine it a - broad, ... the life of our Sav - - iour,

Shine it abroad, Saviour, shine it abroad,

Let it be seen, ... where-ev-er you go,

Let it be seen, where-ev-er you go,

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Shine it Abroad.—Concluded.

Shine it a - broad,..... the life of our Sav - - - iour,
Shine it abroad, Saviour, shine it abroad,

Let the sad world,..... this blessed-ness know.
Let the sad world, this blessedness know.

NO. 43. Before Thy Throne We Bow.

As we come before Thee, Lord, May it be, a one accord,—
Be our hearts attuned to sing, Of the grace, our prayers shall bring.—F. L. E.

N. W. A. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, now, we pray, Be Thou, near us, all the day;
2. Gra - cious Fa - ther, hear our pray'r,—May we, now, Thy bless-ings share;
3. May our faith and trust, dear Lord, Ev - er, be in Thy blest word;

FINE.

While, be - fore Thy throne, we bow, Hear us, Lord, and, bless us now.
Guide us, safe - ly, all the way, To that home of end-less day.
Keep us, ev - er, near Thy side, Let us, in Thy love, a - bide.

D.S.—Let us in Thy love a - bide.

D.S.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav - iour, keep us near Thy bless-ed side, Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

NO. 44. 'Tis Harvest Time.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. 'Tis har-vest time! Oh, hear the call! The Master bid-deth one and all.
2. 'Tis har-vest time! there's work to do! O - bey the call that comes to you.
3. 'Tis har-vest time! do not de - lay, To bid the lost, come in to - day!
4. 'Tis har-vest time! and all a-round We hear the toil - ers' glad-some sound.

'Tis har-vest time! Go lend your aid, Where all the reap-ers are ar - rayed.
'Tis har-vest time! And ripe the grain! Then do not, i - dle, still re - main.
'Tis har-vest time! there's work for all, To res-cue sin -ners from the fall.
Then let us all, an ear - nest band, O - bey the Mas-ter's blest com -mand!

REFRAIN.

'Tis har-vest time! . . . . 'tis har-vest time! . . . . Oh,
('tis har -vest time!) ('tis har-vest time!)

broth-er, dear, 'tis har - vest time! . 'Tis har -vest time! . . . .
('tis har-vest time!)

'tis har - vest time! . . . Oh, broth-er dear, 'tis har - vest time!
('tis har-vest time!)

NO. 45.

Let the Lord be Praised.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

J. H. LAWSON. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. We will praise the Lord for His won-derful love, For His Son, who died to save; For that home pre-pared far be-yond the blue sky, And the
2. We will praise the Lord for the strength He gives us, For His guidance day by day; For His grace di-vine, and His shel-ter-ing wing, All a-
3. We will praise the Lord for redemption so sweet, For His promis-es so true; For the crown of life in that cit-y a-bove, That's a-

CHORUS.

Com-fort-er He gave. We'll praise the Lord, as we long the nar-row way. wait-ing me and you.

We'll praise the Lord,

onward journey, And our voi-ces raise; O, hear the

And our voi-ces raise, our voi-ces raise;

cry from the walls of Zi-on: "Let the Lord be praised."

O, hear the cry "Let the Lord be praised."

NO. 46. The Lord is Beckoning "Come."

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

J. W. W. J. W. West.

1. Shall we meet you at the gate, Where the shining angels wait, And the
2. When we hear the trumpet's sound, And the nations gather round, Where the
3. On the bright ce - les - tial plain, We shall meet our friends again, For the

Lord . . is beck - on-ing "come"? We'll pre -
Lord . . is beck - on-ing "come"; If we're
Lord . . is beck - on-ing "come"; There our
And the Lord is beck-on-ing "come;"

pare to en - ter there, In that land so bright and fair, For the
read - y we shall share, In the glo-ries o - ver there, For the
loved ones we shall greet, And our joy shall be com-plete, For the

hear the sweet re-frain, Float-ing o'er the heavenly plain, While the

Lord . . is beck on-ing "come". We'll soon be
For the Lord is beck - on - ing "come" (is beck - on-ing "come.")

Lord . . . is beck-on-ing "come."

go-ing o-ver there, And I long . . to reach that home;
o-ver there, And I long to reach that home; yes, reach that home;

NO. 47.

Beautiful City.

Heb. xi: 10.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

Mrs. Josie Burt. T. Park Burt.

Slowly.

1. We read of a home be-yond death's dark sea, Called the beautiful cit -
2. We read of a throne and pal-ace of God, And the riv - er of life
3. We read that some day the Lord will de-scend, And will gath - er His faith-
4. We know there is rest and free-dom from care, In the shade of the life-

y of gold; No night ev - er comes to that won - der - ful place,
flow - ing free; The gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold,
ful ones home; O, may we all stand in that won - der - ful day
giv - ing tree; The Saviour's dear smiles will com - fort and cheer,

Chorus.

Its in - hab - i-tants nev - er grow old. Beau - ti - ful,
Oh, I long all its beau-ties to see!
With the ransomed, a-round the great throne!
When, from sorrow and pain, we are free.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y! Oh,

beau - ti - ful cit - y! We are seek-ing a ref-uge in thee;

in thee;

Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful cit - y! Some time we thy beauties shall see.

Beau-ti - ful cit - y! Oh, beau-ti - ful cit - y!

NO. 48 Golden Lights of Love and Gladness.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Are your lamps all bright-ly burn-ing? Do they cast a lov - ing
2. Cast a - broad the gold - en light of Chris-tian love and sym-pa -
3. O the world would be more bright if all our hearts were filled with

light? Do you use the oil of glad - ness ev - 'ry day? Are they
thy; Chris-tian love can nev - er fail of rich re - ward. O the
love: "Love ye one an - oth - er" was our Lord's command; And it

trimmed with hu-man sym-pa-thy each morn - ing, noon and night? Are they
love of Christ can fill our soul with more than ec - sta - sy, "For it
holds the same to - day as in the a - ges long gone by; Joy and

CHORUS.

Gold-en lights . . . of

light-ing wea - ry pil-grims by the way? Gold-en lights of
pass - eth un-derstanding," saith the Word.
glad-ness it can bring to ev - 'ry land.

love and glad - ness, ...

love and glad-ness, love and glad-ness, How they cheer a - way the

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Golden Lights of Love and Gladness.

Gold - en lights, . . .

gloom a-long the way,(along the way,) Gold-en lights,O keep them

shin - ing, ...

shin- ing, brightly shin-ing,Shin-ing brighter ev - 'ry day.

Shin - ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.

NO. 49. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, .
2. Now the dark-ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep, .
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, .
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . .

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

evening steal a - cross the sky.

NO. 50.

In the Morning.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. When the voice of God shall call, In the morn - ing; We'll be gath - er'd,
2. What a gath-'ring that will be, In the morn - ing; When our lov'd ones
3. In that cit - y, fair and bright, In the morn - ing; Oh, 'twill be a

one and all, In the morn-ing. There a-round the Fa-ther's throne, Christ will
we shall see In the morn-ing. When we reach our home a - bove, There to
won-drous sight, In the morn-ing. Sweet-est trib - ute, we will bring, To our

bless and crown His own, And the last will hear their doom, In the morn-ing.
share our Sav-iour's love, All the joys of heav'n we'll prove, In the morn-ing.
bless - ed Lord and King, And His prais - es, ev - er sing, In the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

In the morn - ing, In the morn - ing, When the voice of
In the judgment morn-ing, In the judgment morn-ing,

God shall call, In the morn-ing; All the sav'd of earth shall rise, To their

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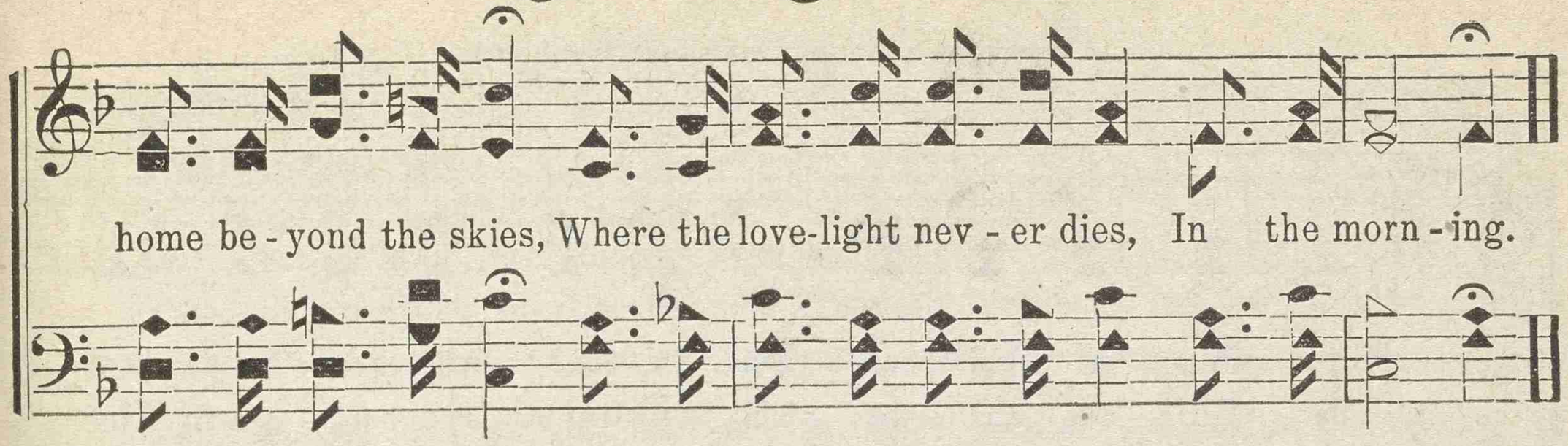
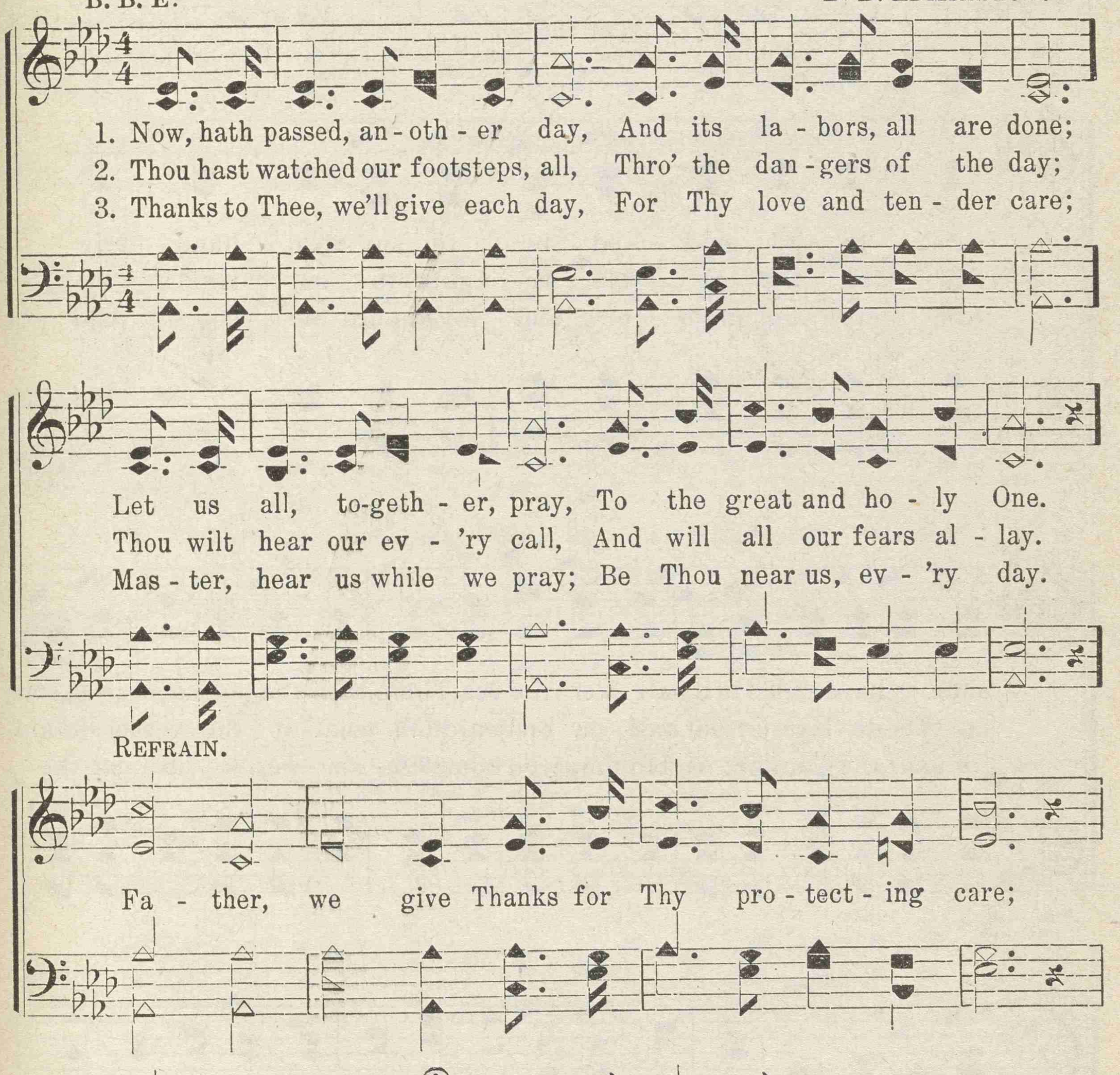
In the Morning.

NO. 51.

Evening Prayer.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

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NO. 52.

The Ship of Salvation.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. The ship of sal - va - tion is sail - ing a - long, And
2. The ship of sal - va - tion will quick - ly de - part! The
3. The ship of sal - va - tion is read - y to start, With

safe - ly 'tis guid - ed by Je - sus' dear hand; For
coil of the ca - ble be - gins to un - wind! Oh,
fath - ers and moth - ers, and loved ones on board; And

millions have sailed in it, safe o'er the sea, There, with the redeemed ones, for-
sin - ner, de - lay not, but hast - en on board! Oh, what if the vessel should
Je - sus, the Captain, is bid-ding you come! Oh, sin - ner, re - fuse not the

ev - er to stand! Oh sin - ner, why stand you, and tar - ry so long? The
leave you be - hind? If yon will but trust to the Cap- tain, to guide, If
call of the Lord! Oh, think of the land - ing, on yon-der bright strand! And

The Ship of Salvation. Concluded.

fare is all paid, and the pas-sage is clear! The ship of sal - va- tion will
you will but trust to the ves- sel, so strong, You need not fear danger, what-
think of the crowns, that the faithful have won! Oh, sin- ner, de - lay not, till

car - ry you thro', There's nothing to harm you, there's nothing to fear.
ev - er be-tide! You'll jour-ney in peace, and in safe - ty, a - long!
it is too late! But, quick - ly em-bark for the heav-en - ly land!

CHORUS.

The ship of sal - va - tion is an-chored and wait-ing! If
you will take passage, 'twill car-ry you thro'! The ship of sal - va- tion is
anchored and waiting! The ship of sal - va - tion is wait - ing for you!

NO. 53.

God, Be Merciful.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

Slowly.

1. Lord, I am by sin de-filed, But I fain would be Thy child,
2. All un-wor-thi-ness am I, And to Thee I hum-bly cry,
3. Wash my sins and guilt a-way, Let me nev-er from Thee stray,
4. When in heav-en with the blest, In Thy presence I shall rest;

And I make this pray'r to Thee, God, be mer-ci-ful to me;
For Thy love is full and free, God, be mer-ci-ful to me;
Fill my heart with love to Thee, God, be mer-ci-ful to me;
This my grate-ful song shall be, God was mer-ci-ful to me;

God, be mer-ci-ful to me, God, be mer-ci-ful to me,
God, be mer-ci-ful to me, God, be mer-ci-ful to me,
God, be mer-ci-ful to me, God, be mer-ci-ful to me,
God was mer-ci-ful to me, God was mer-ci-ful to me,

And I make this pray'r to Thee, God, be mer-ci-ful to me.
For Thy love is full and free, God, be mer-ci-ful to me.
Fill my heart with love to Thee, God, be mer-ci-ful to me.
This my grate-ful song shall be, God was mer-ci-ful to me.

NO. 54.

By Trusting Him!

Will our loyalty, to Him,
Portray, the trust we claim?—F. L. E.

JAMES EARLY. I. P. FARLO.

1. I had wandered far from home, And in sin I long did roam, But the
2. Hal - le - lu - jah; I believe,—Of His full - ness I re - ceive,—All my
3. He be comes my dear - est friend, Now, to Him my will I'll bend, And I'll

Lord dispelled the gloom, By trusting Him! Now, my sins He has forgiv'n,—
wants He does re-lieve, By trust- ing Him! I am glad I've en- tered in,
serve Him to the end, By trust- ing Him! And when here my journey's done,

All my heart to Him I've giv'n,—He will lead me on to heav'n, By trusting Him!
By His grace I'm sure to win, Ev'ry vic- t'ry o - ver sin, By trusting Him!
And that brighter day shall dawn, I will shout the vict'ry won, By trusting Him!

REFRAIN.

By trusting Him, by trusting Him, All my sins He has forgiv'n, by trusting Him!

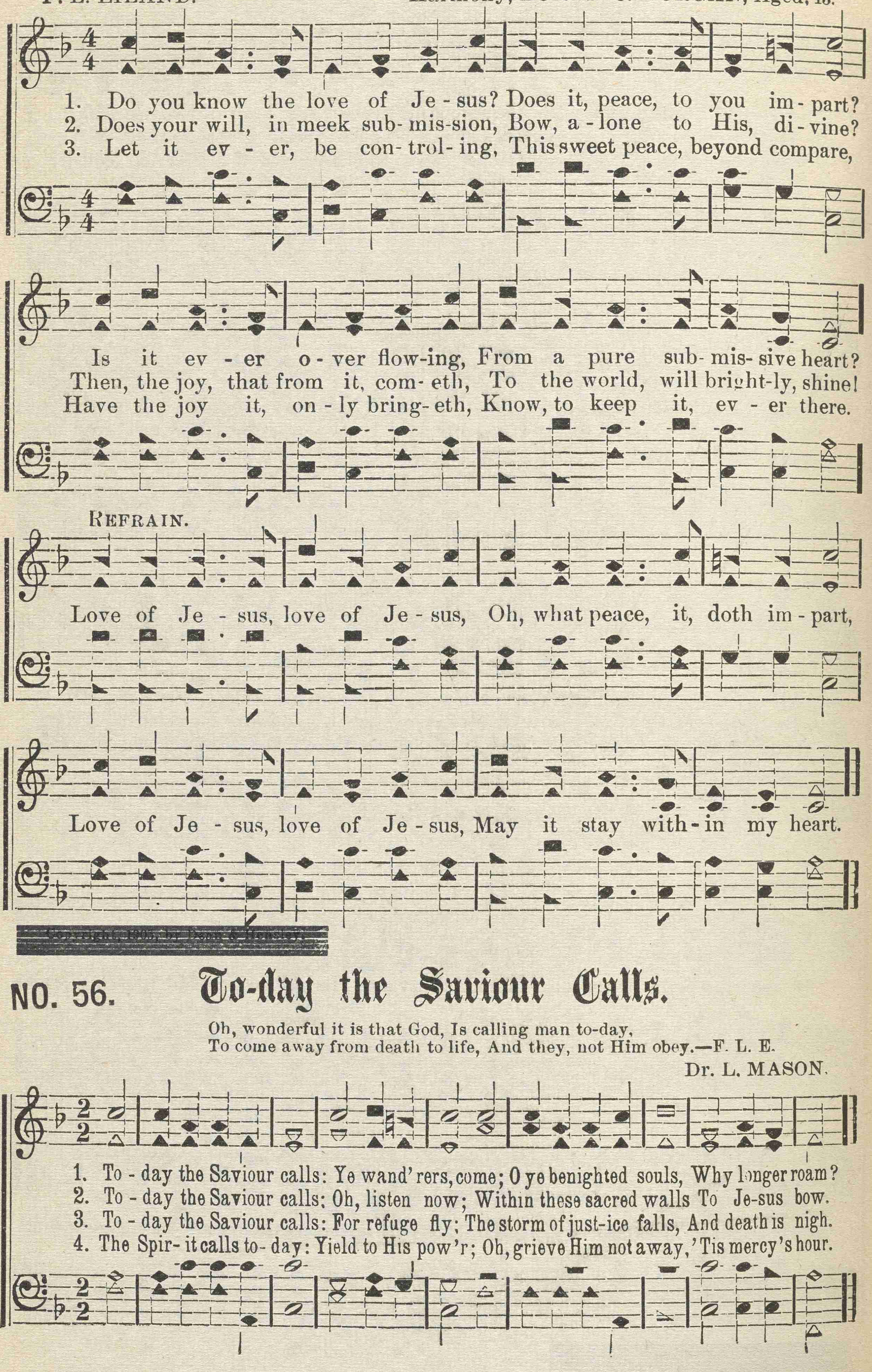
By trusting Him, by trusting Him, He will lead me safe to heav'n, by trusting Him!

NO. 55.

The Love of Jesus.

Does the boundless love of Jesus, Ever, thro', thy bosom flow?
Then, such peace, as its imparting, Thou, alone canst fully know.—F. L. E.

Melody, NOAH M. MORGAN.
Harmony, BUREN C. MORGAN, Aged, 13.

F. L. EILAND.

Copyright, 1905, by Penn & Worsley.

NO. 56.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

Oh, wonderful it is that God, Is calling man to-day,
To come away from death to life, And they, not Him obey.—F. L. E.

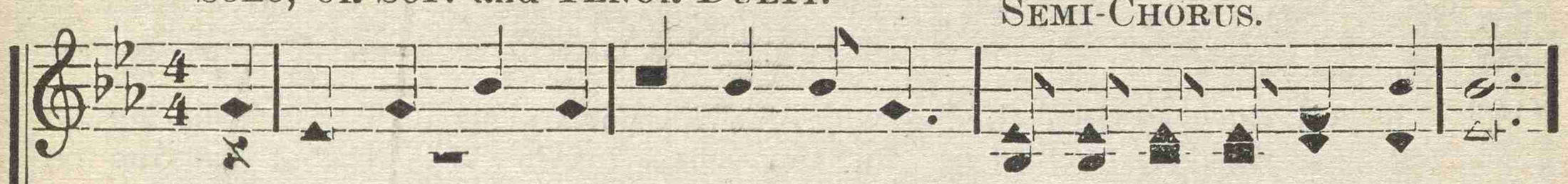
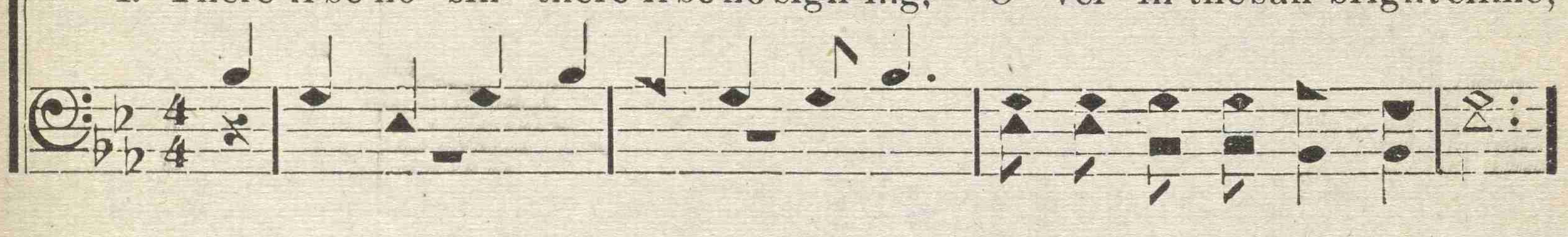
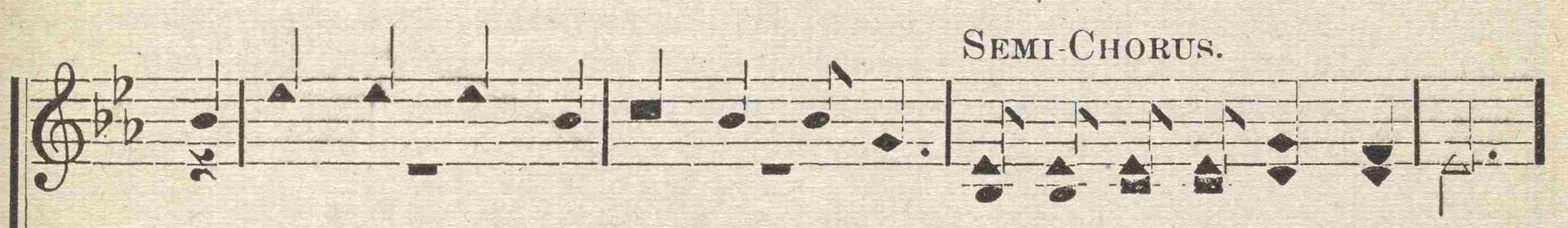
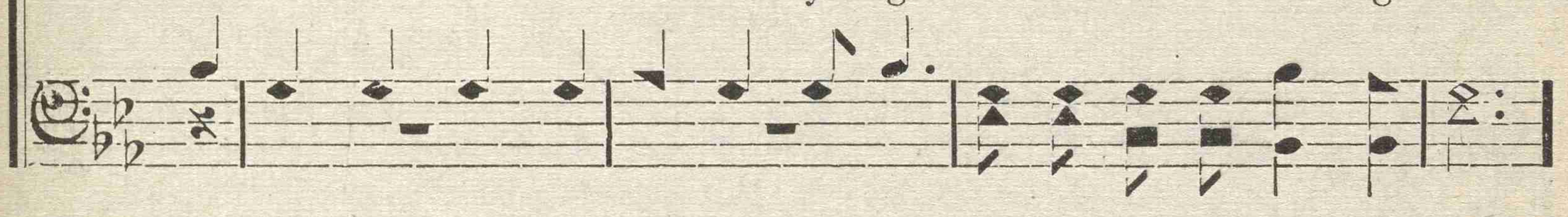
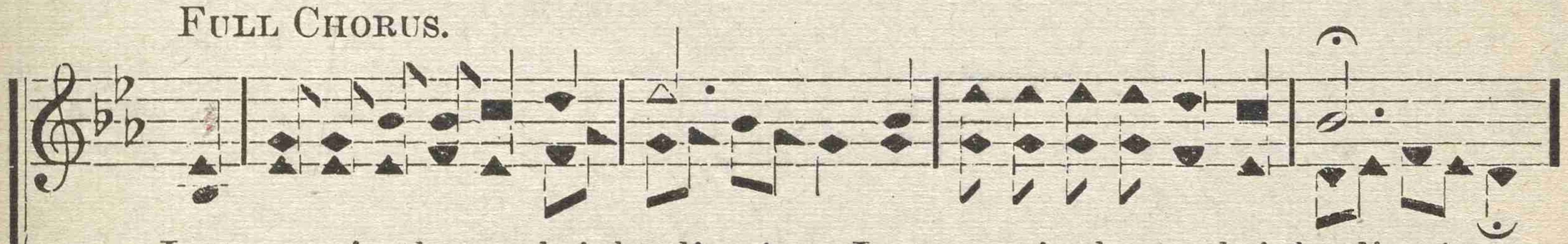
Dr. L. MASON.

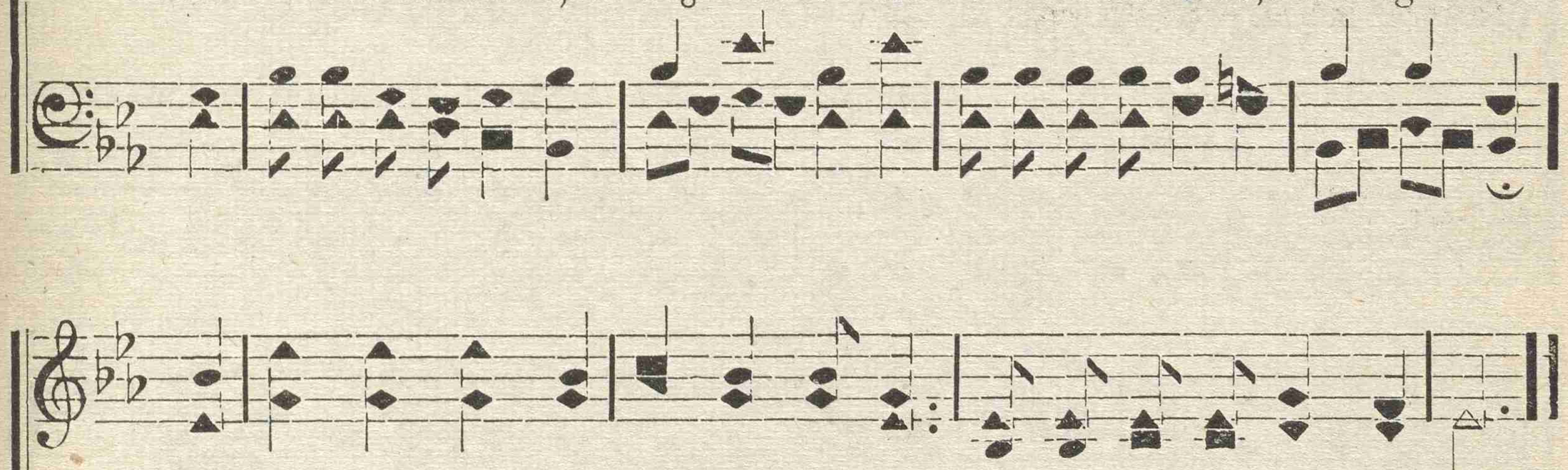
NO. 57. Over In the Sun-Bright Clime.

If Him, we faithfully, shall follow, Then, 'twill be a happy time,
When we, shall see His face up yonder, "Over in the sun-bright clime."—F. L. E.

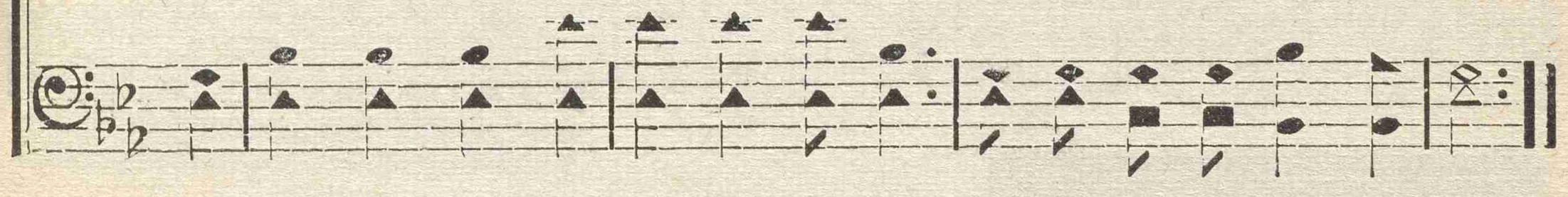
S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN, by per.

SOLO, OR SOP. and TENOR DUETT.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There is a land—a land of beau-ty, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis al-ways light–'tis al-ways sun-ny, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
3. There, hap-py we will be for-ev-er, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin–'there'll be no sigh-ing, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;

SEMI-CHORUS.

A home of light—a home so love-ly, O-ver in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis al-ways bright–'tis al-ways glo-ry, O-ver in the sun-bright clime.
And sor-row there we'll know—no never! O-ver in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sick-ness—be no dy-ing! O-ver in the sun-bright clime.

FULL CHORUS.

Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime! Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime!
Just o-ver in the sinless, sun-bright clime! Just o-ver in the sinless, sun-bright clime!



We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sun-bright clime!



NO. 58. Leaning on Jesus Alone.

'Tis a refuge all safe, and secure for the soul, For no harm ever reaches His own,
Oh, how sweet 'tis to sing, with a happiness full, "I am leaning on Jesus alone!"—F. L. E.

Miss JENNIE WILSON. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. All the way thro' this life, with its la - bor and strife, I am lean-ing on
2. As the days hast-en by, on His care I re - ly, I am lean-ing on
3. When temptations as- sail, thro' His strength I prevail,—I am lean-ing on
4. As He guides me, in love to His bright home above, I am lean-ing on

Je- sus, a - lone; Ev-'ry hour, He is near, speaking, sweet, words of cheer, I am
Je- sus, a - lone; There is naught that can harm, while I cling to His arm, I am
Je- sus, a - lone; Tho', deep sorrow is mine, I have com-fort di-vine, I am
Je- sus, a - lone; And I jour-ney a-long, with my soul fill'd with song, I am

REFRAIN.

lean-ing on Je - sus a - lone. I am lean - - ing on Je - sus a- lone,
Leaning, yes leaning,
I am lean - - - ing on Je - sus a - lone, Human friend ne'er can
Leaning, yes leaning,
be, half so precious, to me, I am lean-ing on Je - sus a - lone.

NO. 59. In the Hollow of Thy Hand.

The hollow of God's mighty hand, Is shelter, safe, secure,—
The rest, and peace, it, doth provide, Shall evermore, endure!—F. L. E.

A. L. R. A. L. REED.

1. In the hol- low of Thy hand, blessed Sav- iour, There is peace for the
2. In the hol- low of Thy hand, blessed Sav- iour, We are safe, ev - er -
3. In the hol- low of Thy hand, blessed Sav- iour, We'd a- bide, where no

troubled and oppressed, While the days are go- ing by, we are rest- ing, In the
more from sin's a- larm, We are all secure-ly hid, 'neath this shelter, Far be -
e - vil can mo- lest, Spir- it freedom, from the soul, ev-er sing-ing, Through the

CHORUS.

hollow of Thy precious hand so blest. } Rest - - - ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,
yond the ev' ry danger that would harm. }
peace that's ever bringing sweetest rest. } Resting, we are resting,

We are rest-ing in the hollow of Thy hand, Rest - - ing sweetly
Resting, we are resting,

rest - - ing, We are rest ing in the hol-low of Thy hand.
rest-ing, we are rest- ing,

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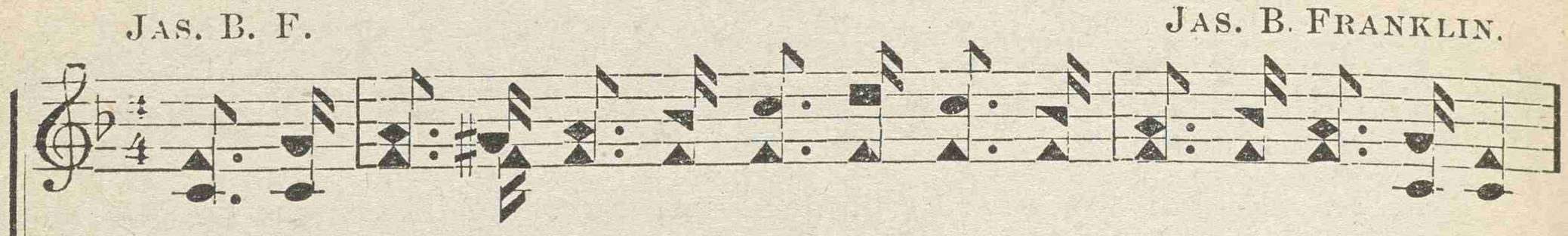
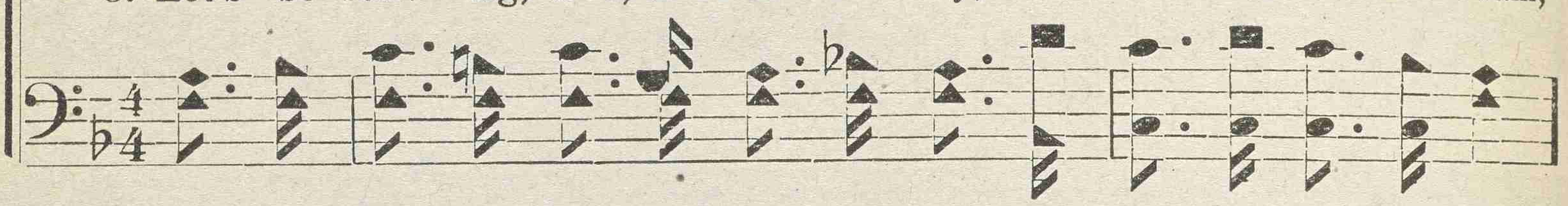
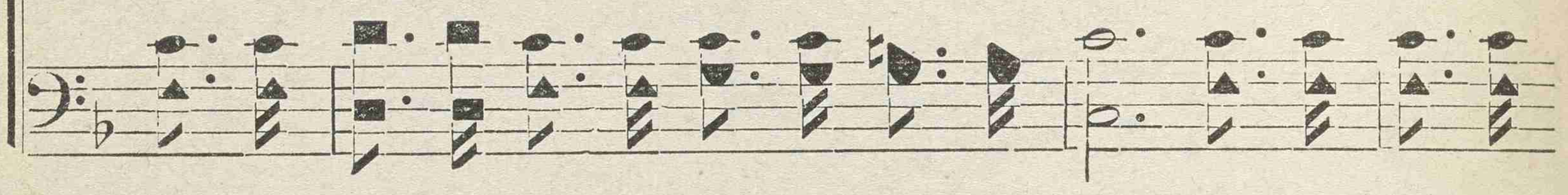
NO. 60.

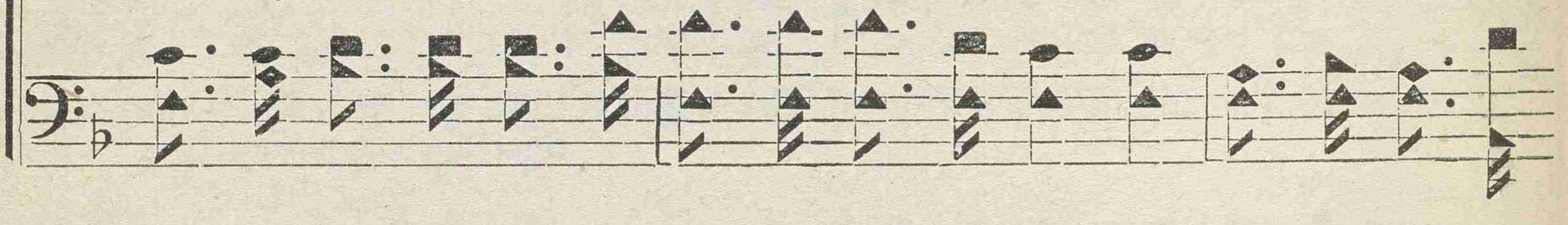
We Shall Rise.

And the angel, which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth . . . sware by him that liveth forever . . . that time should be no longer, . . . And I saw . . . small and great, stand before God . . . and were judged.—Rev. x, 5 and 6: xx, 12.

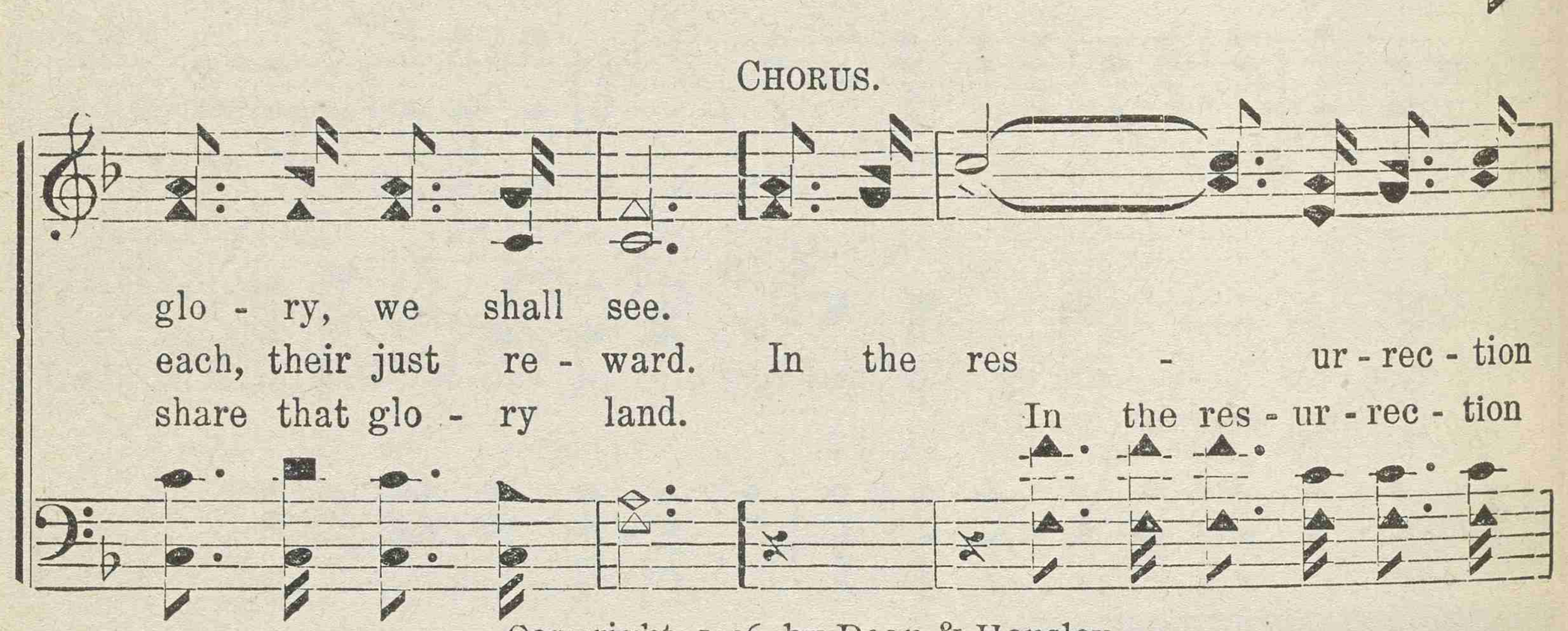
JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



1. When the an - gel of the Lord de-clares, that time shall be no more,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, ev - 'ry mor - tal must ap - pear,
3. Let's be striv - ing, then, more ear - nest - ly, while here on earth we roam,

As he stands up - on the land, and on the sea; All the na - tions
And be judged be - fore the an - gels of the Lord; There be - fore that
That our souls may, in the judgment, guilt-less stand; Ev - er trust - ing,

will be gath - ered at the sound-ing of the trump , And Christ, the King of
great trib - u - nal, ev - 'ry soul must sure-ly stand, Where God will grant to
hum - bly trust - ing, in the blood, once for us shed, And we, with Christ, shall



CHORUS.

glo - ry, we shall see.
each, their just re - ward. In the res - ur - rec - tion
share that glo - ry land. In the res - ur - rec - tion

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We Shall Rise.

morn - ing, we shall rise, When the trump shall sound, and time shall be no more;
morn - ing, . . When the trump . . . . . shall sound and time shall be no more;

. . . . . We shall rise, . . . we shall rise, . . .

In the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, we shall rise,(we shall rise).

NO. 61.

Brown.

CHARLES WESLEY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise!
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy Name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

NO. 62.

Salvation Free to All.

Into the world our Savior came, The soul, from sin to call;
Yea, all that will He biddeth come, Salvation's free to all.

N. W. ALLPHIN. RICHARD M. MORGAN.

1. With my Sav - ior I'm a - bid - ing, He, my ev - 'ry step is guid-ing, On His name, a - lone, for mer - cy will I call; When in sin, He came and sought me, With His precious blood, He bought me, Thro' His
2. Un - to Je - sus I am cling - ing, And His wondrous love I'm sing - ing, For, He died, my soul to ran - som from the fall; I would bear to ev - 'ry na - tion, Songs, in praise and ad-o - ra - tion, Of the
3. Tho' my path - way may be drear - y, And my soul, so oft - en, wea - ry, And, a - round me, darkness gathers like a pall; Yet, I, in the cross will glo - ry, And I'll tell the wondrous sto-ry Of the

CHORUS.

death He brought salvation, free to all. With my Sav - - - ior I'm a-bid - ing, ... In His love..... I am con-
Christ, who brought salvation, free to all.
Christ, who brought salvation, free to all. With my Sav-ior, bless-ed Savior, I'm a-bid - ing, I'm a - bid - ing. In His love, His wondrous love, I am con-

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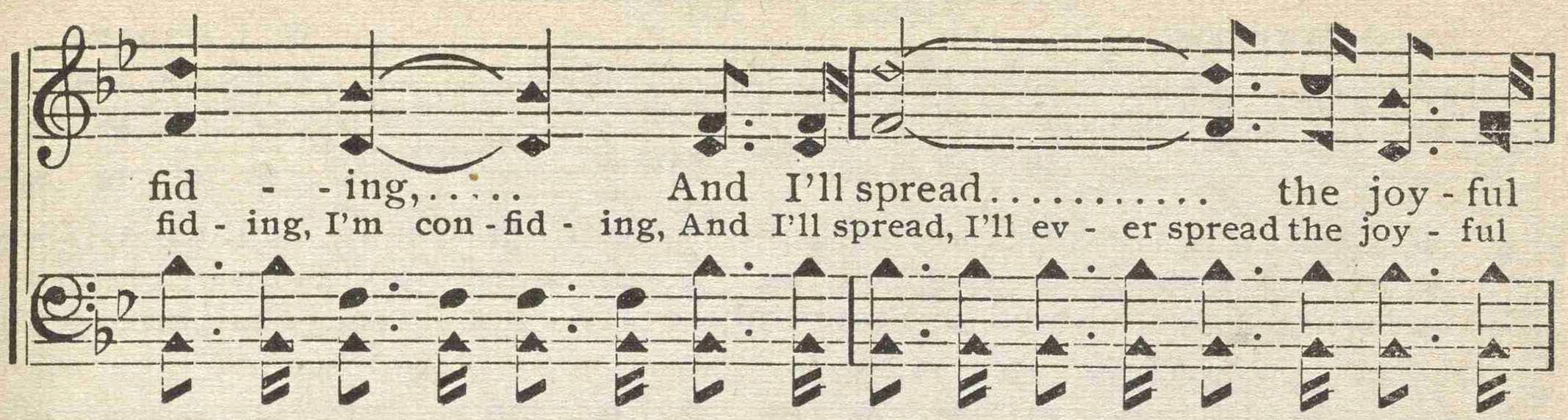
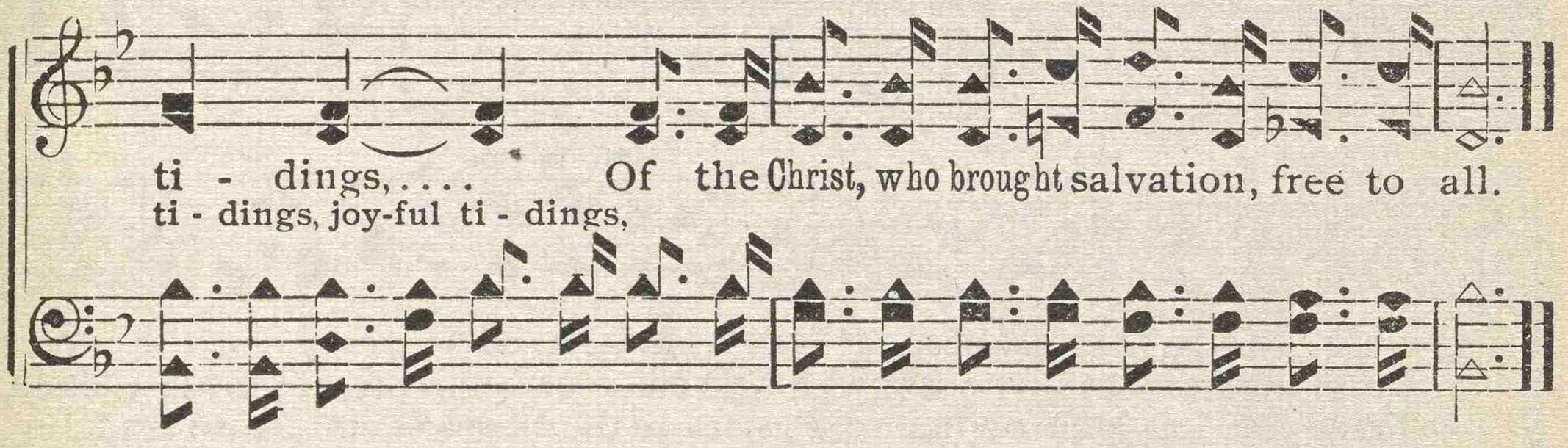
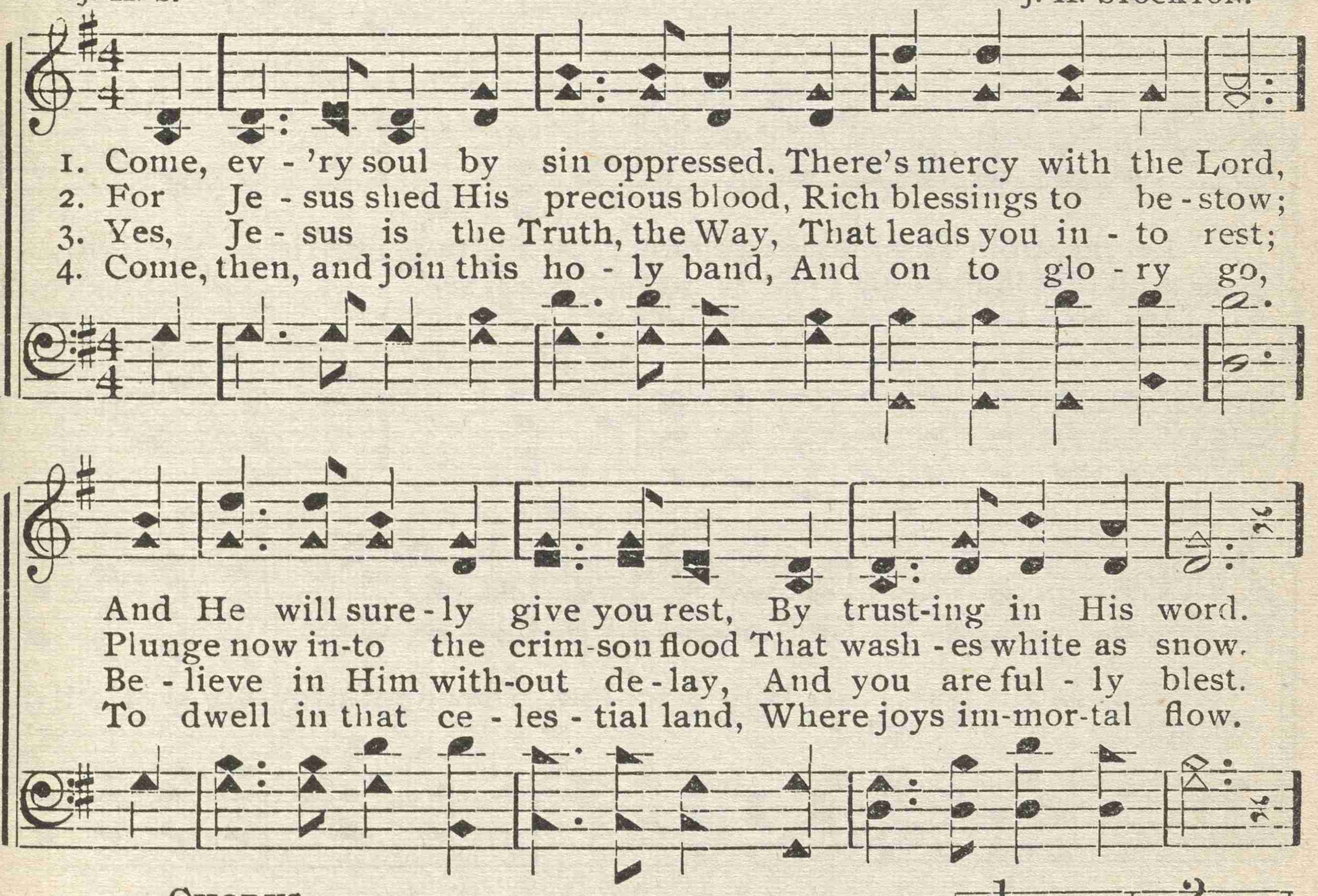
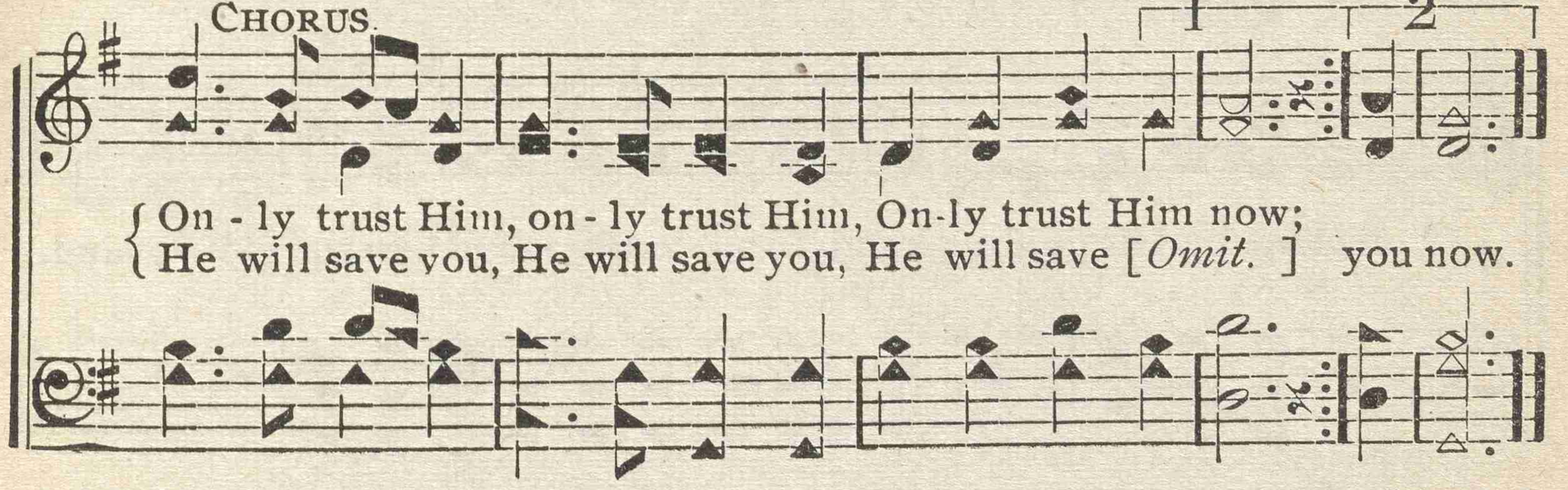
Salvation Free to All—Concluded.

NO. 63. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



NO. 64.

Christ is My Leader.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JOE S. WARLICK. W. J. GRAVES.

1. Lead me, Oh my Sav-ior, safe-ly, Lead a-long, Till at last I've land-ed in that land of song! Guide my footsteps, Savior, ever in the way;
2. If my path be rug-ged, as I on-ward go, Thou wilt lend a help-ing hand to me, I know; Naught can e'er befall me, if I fol-low Thee,
3. When I've anchored on that bright, e-ter-nal shore, I shall meet with loved ones, long gone on before; Praises to the blessed Savior, Lord and King,

CHORUS.

Let me, from Thy blessed guidance, nev-er stray! And that land of glo-ry, I at last, shall see. In that land e-ter-nal we shall ev-er sing. } Christ is the light, yes,

He is the way, If Him I fol-low, I cannot stray; Ev-er, He'll di-rect me by His guiding hand To my home e-ter-nal, in the glo-ry land.

and

NO. 65.

The Cross.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were all the realms of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them to His blood;
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

CHORUS.

The cross, the cross by faith I see With - in its shad-ow I will hide;

The blood, the blood a - vails for me, For me the Prince of glo - ry died.

NO. 66.

I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. On the great and fi - nal day, I will rise and shout and sing; I'll be there! (I'll be there!) I'll be there! (I'll be there!) Prais - es to the Lord of hosts, He's my Sav -iour, Priest, and King; I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
2. When the trump of God shall sound, And the dead in Christ shall rise; I'll be there! (I'll be there!) I'll be there! (I'll be there!) To be borne on wings of love, To the man-sions in the skies; I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
3. On the res - ur- rec- tion morn, What a gath'ring that will be! I'll be there! (I'll be there!) I'll be there! (I'll be there!) Sing - ing prais - es to the Lamb, In that saint - ed com - pa - ny! I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
4. What a meet- ing that will be, With the snow-white an-gel band! I'll be there! (I'll be there!) I'll be there! (I'll be there!) We can sing de - liv - er - ance, In that bright and hap - py land! I'll be there! (I'll be there!)

REFRAIN.

there! (I'll be there!) I'll be there! I'll be there! (yes, I'll be there!) I'll be there! (yes, I'll be there!) On the res - ur- rec - tion morning, I'll be

I'll Be There. Concluded.

there ! (I'll be there !) I'll be there! (yes, I'll be there !) I'll be

there!(yes, I'll be there!)On the res - ur - rec- tion morning, I'll be there !

NO. 67.

Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.

1 2

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea- ture com-plaints, } { How sweet to my soul is com - mun -ion (*Omit.*) } with saints:
2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran- ger to grace, } { I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleas-ures (*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;

:S:

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

D.S. *There's no friend like*

FINE. *D.S.*

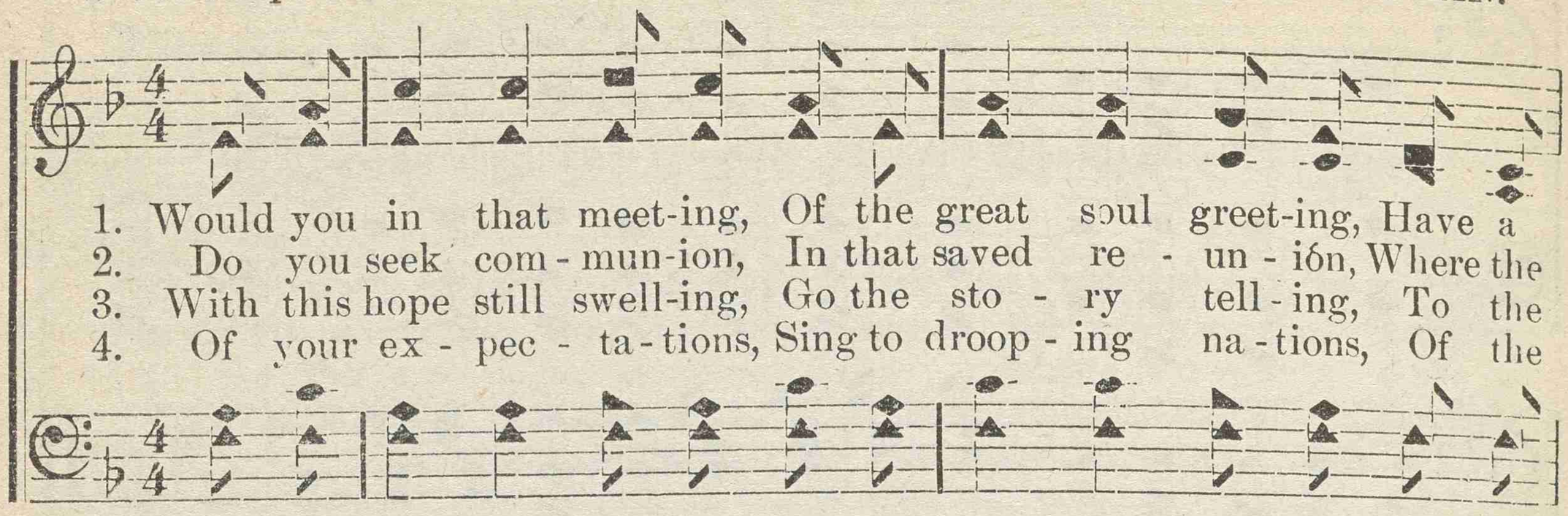
pres- ence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las ! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man -sion in heav'n.

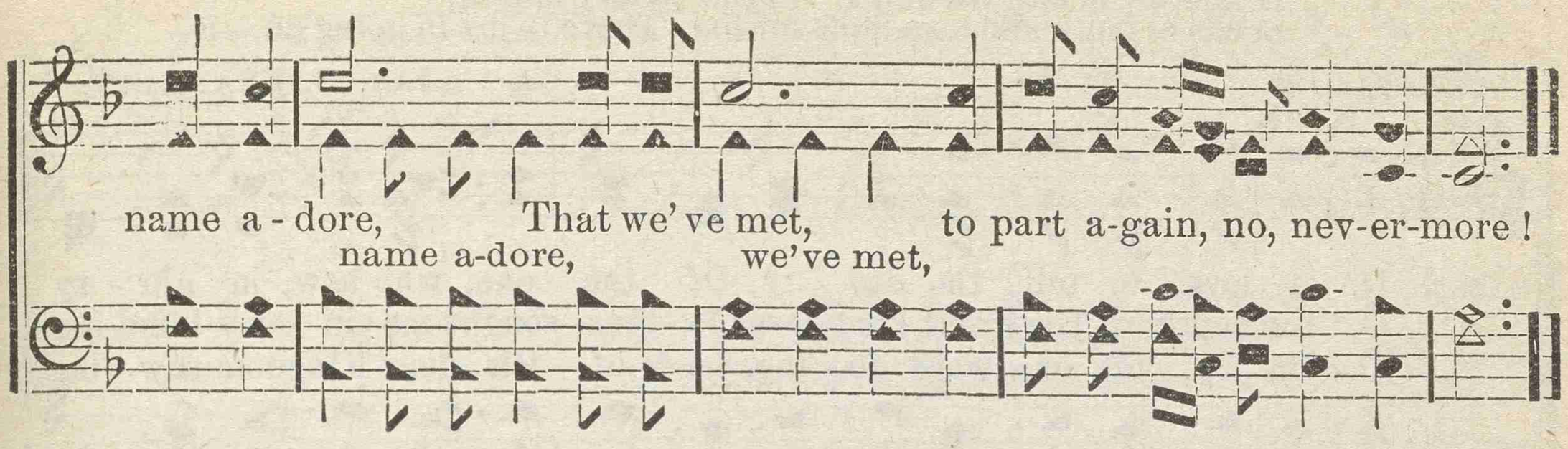
Je - sus, there's no place like home.

NO. 68.

The Great Reunion.

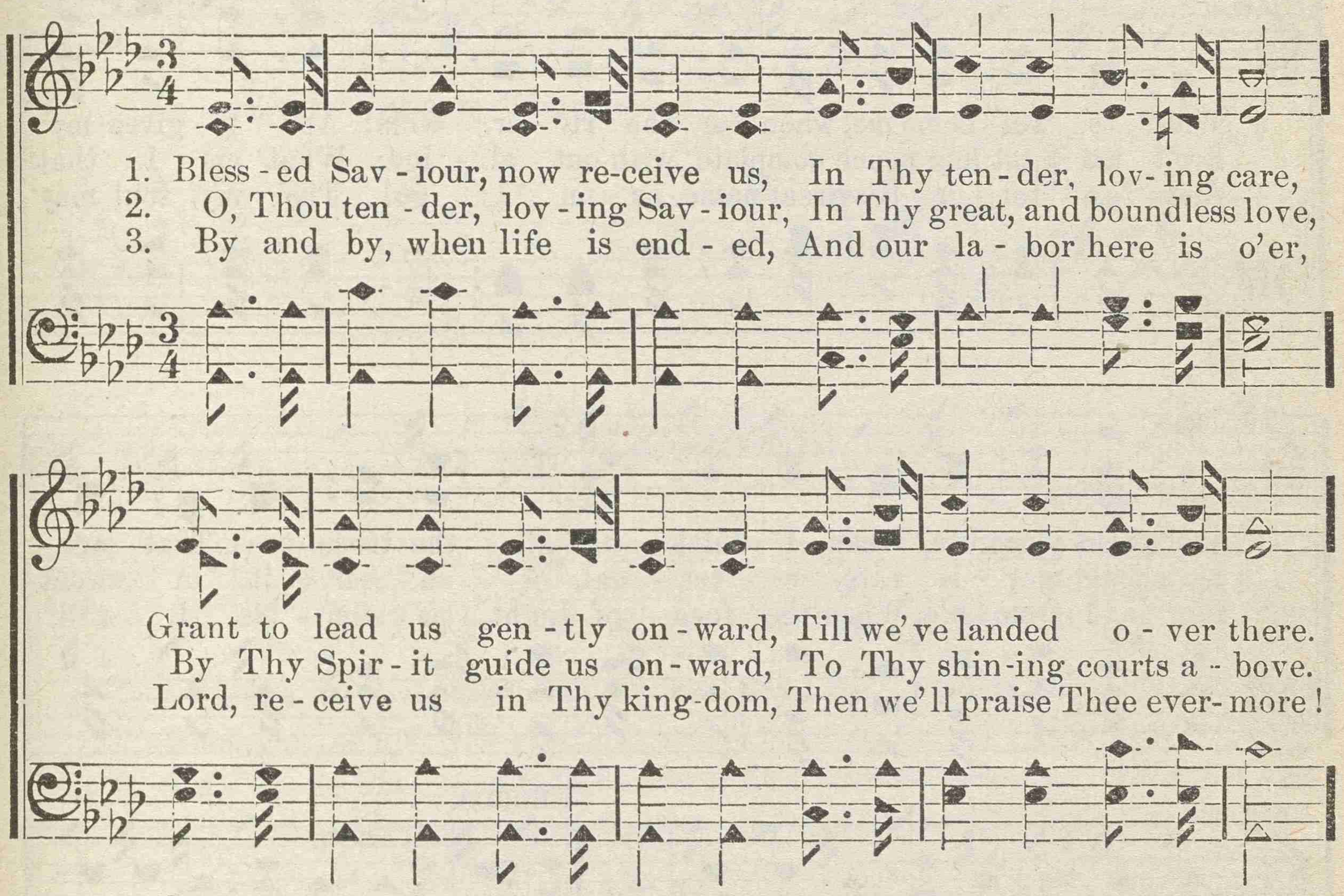
Words adapted to music by F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.



The Great Reunion.—Concluded.

NO. 69.

Angels Guard Us.

J. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



NO. 70.

There is Joy in Going On.

O, the joy of onward going, Till the victory is won,—
Seeds of truth and love-light sowing; There is joy in going on.—F.

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. O, I love to tell the sto - ry, Of the one, who now, in glo - ry
2. O, the depth of His great kind-ness! Je - sus sought me in my blind-ness,
3. O, the joy of on - ward go - ing, Seeds of His dear Kingdom sow - ing,

Waits to wel - come me, when o'er the riv - er, wide! And it gives my
Bro't me light and peace complete, with-out al - loy; What am I, that
And ex - tol - ing His great name, as on I go! Tho' my soul may

soul sweet pleas-ure, When I think of all the treas - ures, That are
I should mer - it Life e - ter - nal, or in - her - it A sweet
fear and trem - ble, When the foes of Light as - sem - ble, I will

CHORUS.

wait - ing for me, on the oth - er side.
home of ev - er - last - ing rest and joy? O, the joy . . . . of go - ing
ful - ly trust in Him, Who loves me so. O, the joy of go - ing

on, Till the vic - - - to - ry is
on, of go - ing on, Till the vic - to - ry, the

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There is Joy in Going On.

won! On - ward, on - ward, nev - er fal-t'ring, Trust-ing
vic - to - ry is won!

Je - sus ev - 'ry day; There is joy . . . . . in go - ing on!
There is joy in go - ing on!

NO. 71. Rockingham.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear the part,
3. Glo - ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And has refreshed me while I slept;
4. Di - rect, con-trol, sug - gest, this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
Who, all night long, un - wearied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

NO. 72. Bright and Beautiful Mansions.

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J. P. L. *Thoughtfully.* J. P. LANE.

1. There are bright and beautiful mansions, O - ver on the heavenly plain;
2. There are bright and beautiful mansions, Which the Lord has gone to prepare,
3. There are bright and beautiful mansions, And the gates are standing a - jar,

Yes, there's one for all of God's children, All who're cleans'd from ev'ry stain.
And will gath-er all of His jew - els To that cit - y, wondrously fair.
And by faith in Je-sus, the Sav-iour, That bright home now, seemeth not far.

And by Grace, thro' faith in the Saviour, We shall reach the heav'nly goal,
For, by Grace, God chooses to save us, And by Grace will lead us all home,
And by Grace we'll en-ter that cit - y, Join the song of all the redeemed,

There to dwell for - ev - er with Je - sus, In the hap-py home of the soul.
There to bask a - mid the bright glory Which surrounds the heav'nly dome.
And shall know God's purpose, whose glory, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges hath gleamed.

REFRAIN.

m *p*

In those bright and beauti - ful man - - - sions, Floats the
bright and beau - ti - ful man-sions,

Bright and Beautiful Mansions. Concluded.

poco - - - rit. . . . . tempo f dim. . . .

new and wonder - ful song, "Saved by Grace, the blood of the

a won-der - ful song,

m

Sav - iour," Sung by all the heav-en - ly throng.

the heav - en - ly throng.

NO. 73. Franklin. 8s & 7s.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless - ing, Which before the cross I spend;
2. Love and grief, my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie;
4. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view - ing Mer - cy streaming in His blood;

Life and health and peace pos-sess - ing, From the dy - ing sin-ner's Friend.
Constant still, in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv-ing from His death.
While I see di - vine com-pas - sion Beaming in His gra-cious eye.
Precious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.

NO. 74.

We're Sowing Seed.

By every word and deed, do we, Some seed of some kind sow;
Which will bring forth a yield for God, Or for destruction grow.

F. L. EILAND. CHAS. C. DOWDY.

1. We are sow - ing seed for the har - vest-time, And the yield-ing for
2. Let us sow good seed, of our Fa-ther's love, For His king - dom
3. If in fer - tile soil, shall the fall - ing be, Of the seed that for

God must be; Lest with sor - row, we, from the field shall come,
here be - low, That when gar-nered in, He will say, "Well done,"
Him we sow, Then a gath - 'ring in, of the gold - en grain.

REFRAIN.

Tares a - lone in the gath-'ring see. We are sow - ing, we are
And a bright - er crown be - stow.
From the har-vest, we can but show. We are sow - ing seed, we are

sow - ing, And the yield - ing we soon must know; We are
sow - ing seed,

sow - ing, we are sow - ing, What, oh, what will the gath'ring be?
sow - ing seed, we are sow - ing seed,

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NO. 75. Toiling for the Master.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

GEO. W. SEBREN. S. H. SEBREN.

1. Toil-ing for the Mas-ter, working in His vineyard, Tho' the sheaves I gather
2. Toil-ing for the Mas-ter, mid the heat of summer, Bringing in the fragments
3. Tho' be-set with conflicts and the wiles of sa-tan, Je- sus will pro -tect me

may not be but few; Press-ing on with courage, faith-ful in His ser-vice,
from each waste of sin; Je - sus wants the gleanings, gather'd in His gar-ner,
while I'm in His field; Toil-ing on with cour-age, 'mid the lurk-ing dan-gers,

D.S. *In His ten-der mer - cy, He has saved the mil-lions,*

REFRAIN.

There's no time to loi - ter, I have much to do. Toil-ing for the Mas-ter
And He's call -ing, dai - ly, for the souls of men.
Thro' the love of Je - sus, great will be the yield.

And in gen - tle ac- cents, calls for you to-day.

D.S.

in the wav-ing har- vest, Bringing to the gar - ner, souls who're yet a-stray;

NO. 76. That Beautiful Heaven of Light.

God's face is the light of that country above, Where, its beauty, we'll ever behold,
'Tis now, but a dream, of the glory 'twill be, Here, it never, can never, be told.--F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

1. I've oft - en been told of a coun-try a- bove, Of that beau - ti - ful
2. My soul is a - wak-en'd, with songs that are new, Of that beau - ti - ful
3. There, songs of re-demp-tion the glo - ry- fied sing, In that beau - ti - ful

heav-en of light, I now am en - list - ed to share in that love,
heav-en of light, Per- ceiv - ing, I, all the sweet sto - ry, as true,
heav-en of light, Ex - tol - ing the name of their won-der - ful King,

CHORUS.

Of that beau - ti - ful heav-en of light.
Of that beau - ti - ful heav-en of light.
In that beau - ti - ful heav-en of light.
} Beau - - ti - ful
Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

heav- en a - bove, O, that beau - ti - ful heav-en of light,.....
of God's light,

Beau - - ti-ful coun-try of love, In that beau-ti- ful heaven of light.
Beau-tiful, beau-ti-ful

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NO. 77.

Cling to the Cross.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

H. W. ELLIOTT. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, The world you must lay down;
2. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And nev-er lay it down;
3. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And when your journey's done,

No one that tries to car-ry both Shall ev-er wear a crown.
And when you reach the gold-en gate You shall re-ceive a crown.
You will re-joice in heav-en o'er The crown that you have won.

REFRAIN.

Cling to the cross, O, cling to the cross, Cling to the

cross, and the world lay down; Cling to the cross, O,

cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and you'll wear a crown.

NO. 78. Lead Us Along.

It's into green pastures, of plenty, and peace, Where all who will follow, are led,
Where sumptuous faring, they, ever may have, Great feastings, 'pon heavenly bread.—F. L. E.

Miss MAGGIE GRIFFIN. WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. Je - sus our blessed Redeemer and King, Lead us a - long,.....
2. Guide and protect us dear Saviour, we pray, Lead us a - long,.....
3. O - ver our burdens here heavy. to bear, Lead us a - long.....

Oh, lead us along,

lead us a - long,..... Till we shall there, with the ransomed ones sing,
lead us a - long,..... That we may walk in the narrow, bright way,
lead us a - long,..... Soon, we shall leave them, Thy glory, to share,

Oh, lead us along,

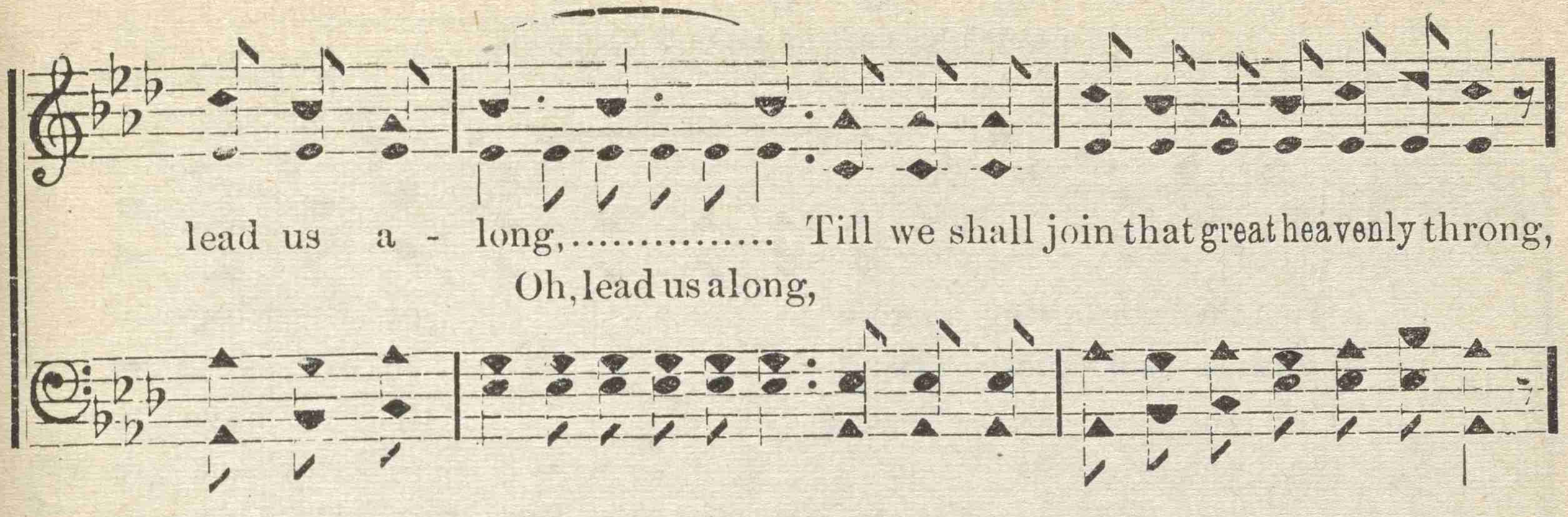
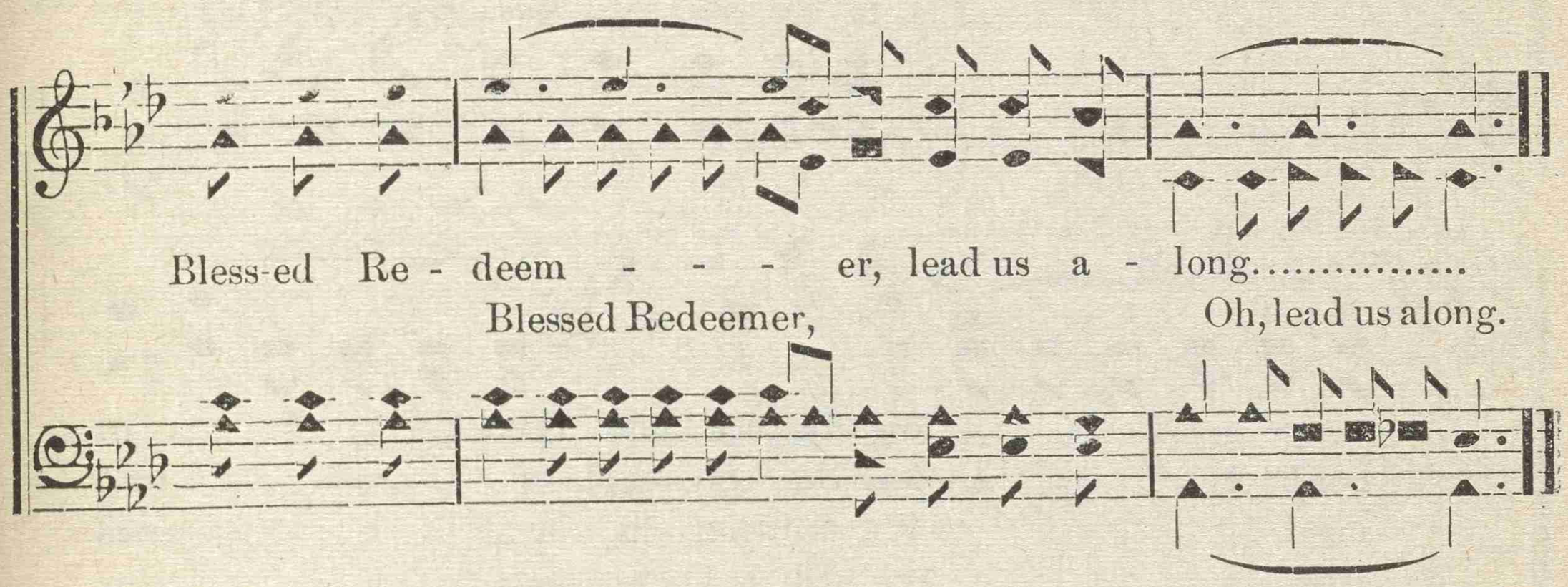
Bless - ed Re - deem - - - - er, lead us a - long,.....
Bless - ed Re - deem - - - - er, lead us a - long,.....
Bless - ed Re - deem - - - - er, lead us a - long,.....

Blessed Redeemer, Oh, lead us along,

CHORUS.

Lead us a - long, lead us a - long, Blessed Re - deem - - - er,

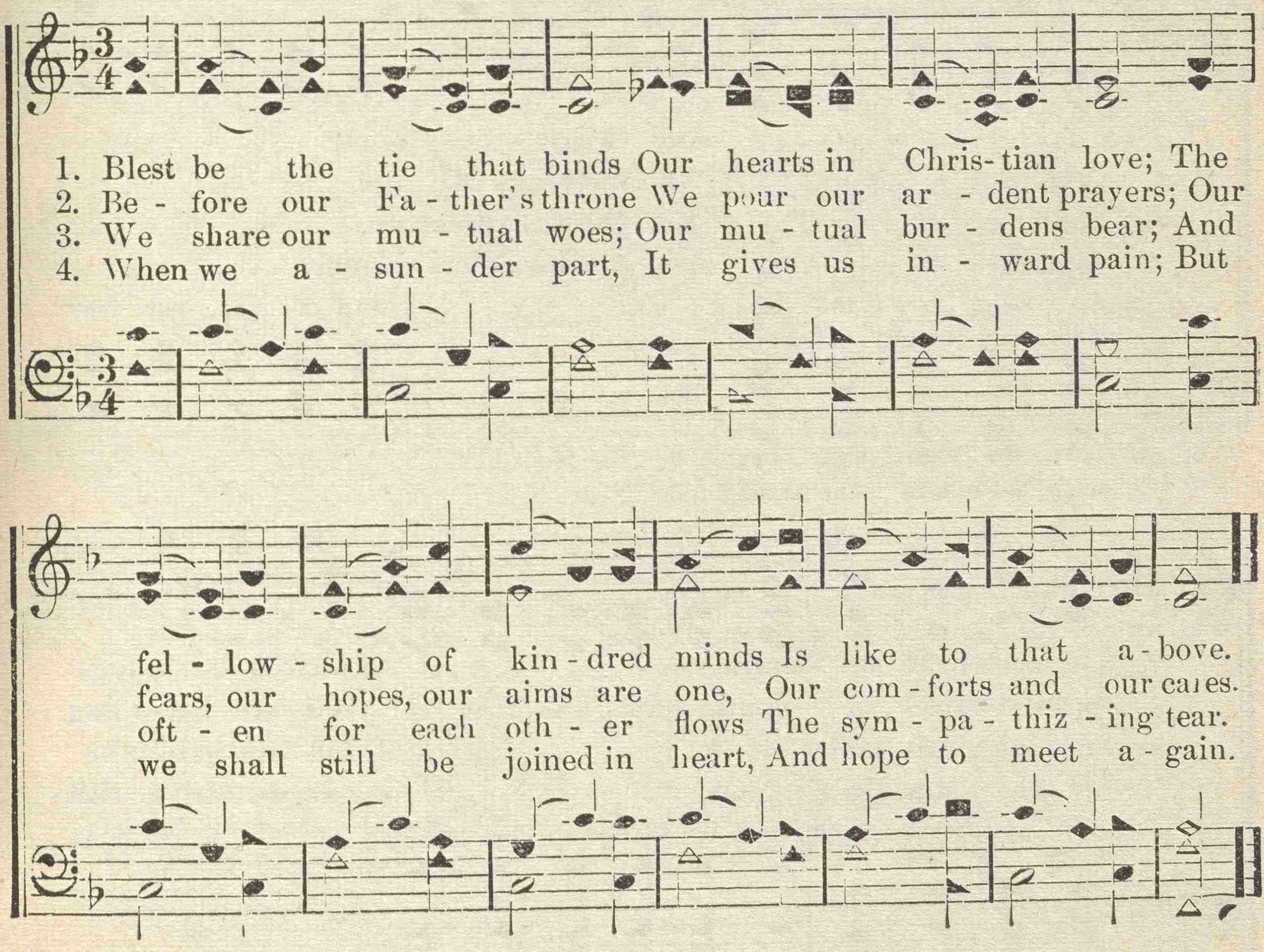
Blessed Redeemer,

Lead Us Along.—Concluded.

NO. 79.

Blest Be the Tie.

God's love, it is, that binds us here, Hearts many, makes, as one;
If left alone, to mortal sway, It would not, thus, be done.—F. L. E.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.



NO. 80.

Rallying Song.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. In the con-q'ring name . . . . . of the King of
2. We're a sol - dier band . . . . . in the cause of
3. Tho' the foe be strong . . . . . that we have to
4. On the prom - is - es . . . . . of the book di -

1. In the con - q'ring name of the King of

kings . . . . . We are gath - er'd here . . . . . to -
truth, ... For the tri - umph of . . . . . the
meet, ... We will not dis - heart - - - ened
vine, ... We will bold - ly take . . . . . our

kings, of the King of Kings We are gath - er'd here to -

day; . . . . . And a joy - ous hope . . . . . .
right; . . . . . In the ranks of age, ...
be; . . . . . But will still press on, ...
stand; . . . . . And our ban - ners bright, ...

day, we're here to - day; And a joy - ous hope
right, tri - umph of right;

be, dis - heart - ened be;
stand, we'll take our stand;

in each heart up - springs, ... And our doubt-ings
and the ranks of youth, ... We are bat - t'ling
striv-ing val - iant - ly, ... Till we gain the
in the sun shall shine, ... As we strive with

in each heart up-springs, in each heart up-springs,

Rallying Song. Concluded.

CHORUS.

flee . . . . . a - way. . Come and go with
with . . . . . our might.
vic - - - - - to - ry.
heart . . . . . and hand.
And our doubt - ings flee a - way.

us . . . . . to the bat - tle field, ...
Come and go with us to the bat - tle field, to the bat - tle field,

Let the Mas-ter's will . . . . . be done; . . . .
Let the Mas-ter's will be done, His will be done;

Wage a vai - iant fight . . . . . till the foe shall
Wage a val - iant fight till the foe shall

yield, ...And the vic-to - ry . . . . . be won.
yield, till the foe shall yield, And the vic - to - ry be won.

NO. 81.

How Sweet It Will Be.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Cheerfully.

1. Fol- low-ing in the way our bless-ed Mas-ter trod, Trav-el-ing on - ward to the land of love; Soon on our sight will burst the shin-ing hills of God, Joy-ful- ly then we'll enter the cit- y a - bove.
2. Upward the way which leads us to that far - off land, O - ver be- yond the sun-set's ra-diant glow; Sing-ing we march a - long, a hap-py pilgrim band, Trusting the blood that washes e'en whiter than snow.
3. Millions who've gone this way are resting o - ver there, Clad in white robes they join the song so sweet; Hap py and free, they all of heaven's glories share, In that bright land they glad-ly their loved ones now greet.
4. If we are faith-ful to our Mas - ter ev - 'ry day, He will re- ward us when our work is o'er; Take us to live with Him in that blest home above, O 't will be sweet to rest there, and suffer no more.

CHORUS.

How sweet it will be, How sweet it will be, ... when safe in that when safe in that land, That beautiful place land, ... That beautiful place ..... prepared for the

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How Sweet It Will Be.—Concluded.

prepared for the blest; Around the white throne

blest;..... Around the white throne.....

we'll join the glad band,

we'll join the glad band,..... Our la - bors all

Rit.

Our la-bors all o'er, in glo-ry we'll rest!

o'er,..... in glo- ry we'll rest!..... ....

NO. 82. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. ST. THOMAS. G. F. HANDEL.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil—

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Master's will!

NO. 83. He's Coming Again.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Com - ing a - gain, the time's draw-ing nigh, When Je - sus we'll see de - scend from on high; Com-ing a - gain, His jew-els to
2. Com - ing a - gain, a Conquer'r su-preme, To gath-er the souls He died to re - deem; Glo - ri - fied ones, as gems, will a -
3. Com - ing a - gain, O broth-er, be - ware, Make full prep - a - ra - tion with Him to share Glo - ries e - ter - nal, end-less and

CHORUS.

claim, The wick - ed to turn in dark-ness and shame - Then let us be
dorn The throne in His kingdom in that great morn.
bright, For - ev - er in His great kingdom of light.

Then let us be read - y, ... for soon He will
read - y, then let us be read - y, for soon He will

He's Coming Again. Concluded.

come, ... To gath - er His
come, for soon He will come, To gath - er His

jew - els . . . . . and take them all
jew - els, to gath - er His jew - els and take them all

home! . O, may we re-ceive Him, ...
home! . . O, may we re - ceive Him, O, may we re - ceive Him

With glad - ness of heart, ... And hear not the
With glad - ness of heart, with glad - ness of heart, And hear not the

sen- tence . . . . . "From me de - part." . .
sen-tence, and hear not the sen-tence, "From me de - part." . .

NO. 84.

Call for Workers.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, There is work for all to do;
2. Broth - er, sis - ter, hear the call! All a - long, your aid af - ford;
3. Mark the spir - it's dire - ful fate, Whereso-ev - er sin is found;
4. Oh, for work - ers strong and brave, Who will lift the ban - ner high;

Will you go and work to - day, With a pur-pose strong and true?
Let us strive to save the lost—Strive to save by work and word.
Come, and lend a help - ing hand, Let the shack-les be un - bound.
So the lost can see the way, To the man-sions in the sky.

CHORUS.

Heed the call, broth - er dear, For
Heed the call, broth - er dear, heed the call, broth - er dear,

work - ers to - day; Let your eyes
For work - ers, for work - ers to - day; Let your eyes see the need,

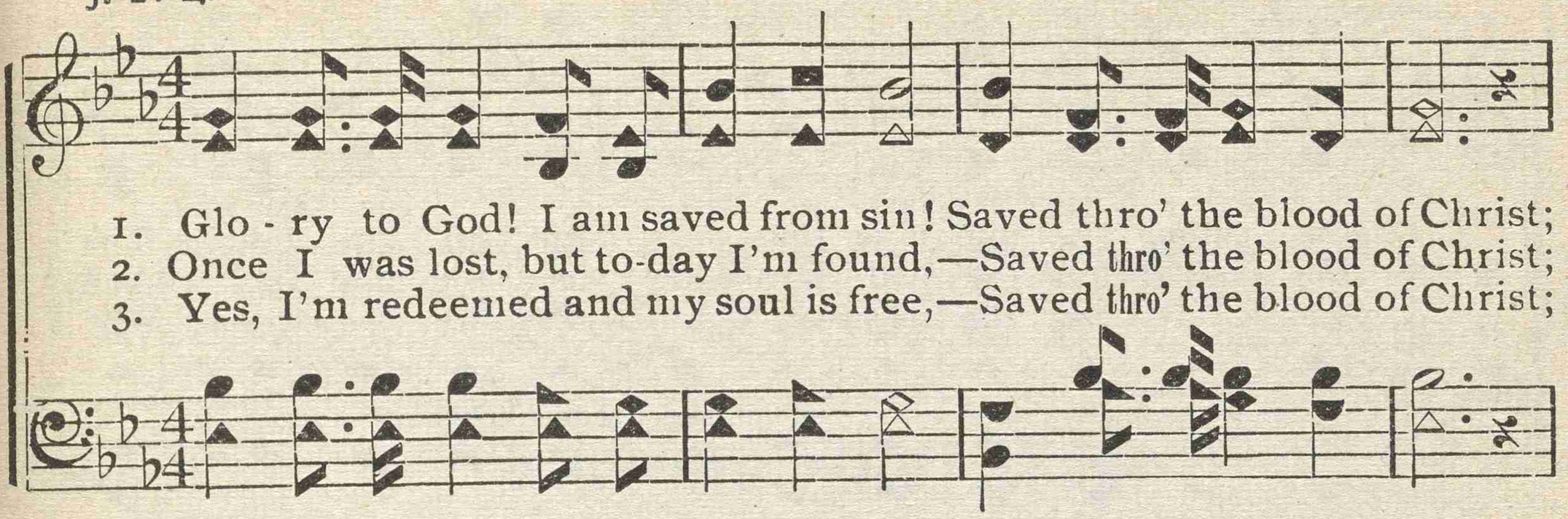
see the need Of work - ers, to - day.
let your eyes see the need Of work - ers, work - ers, to - day.

NO. 85. Saved Through the Blood of Christ.

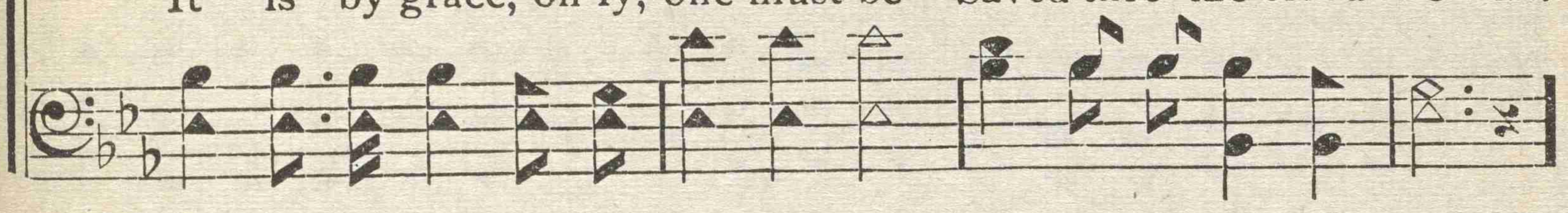
Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

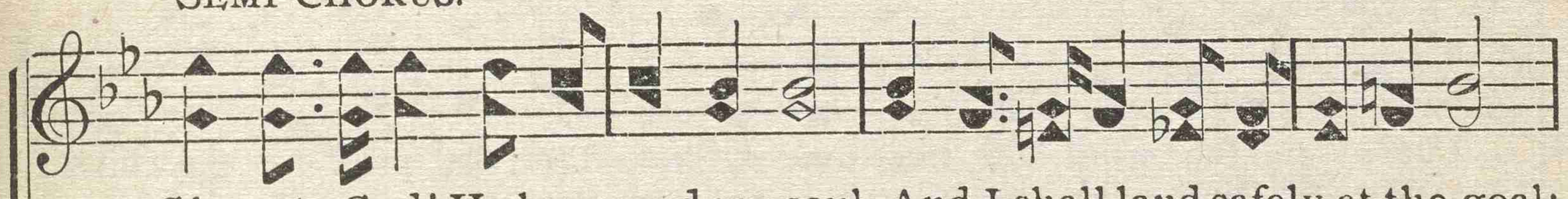
J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

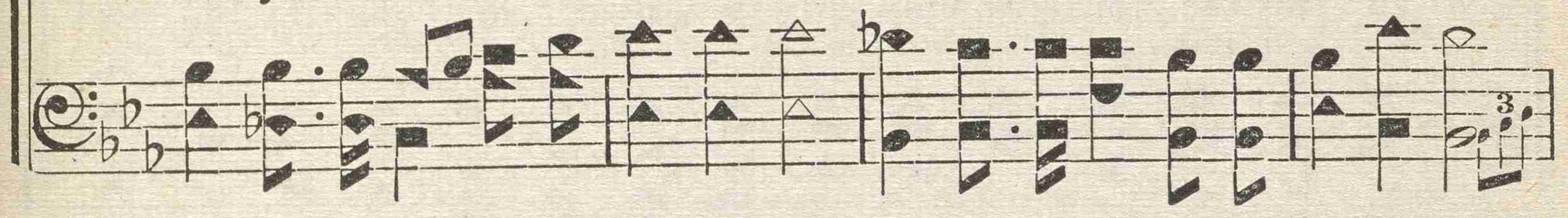
1. Glo - ry to God! I am saved from sin! Saved thro' the blood of Christ;
2. Once I was lost, but to-day I'm found,—Saved thro' the blood of Christ;
3. Yes, I'm redeemed and my soul is free,—Saved thro' the blood of Christ;

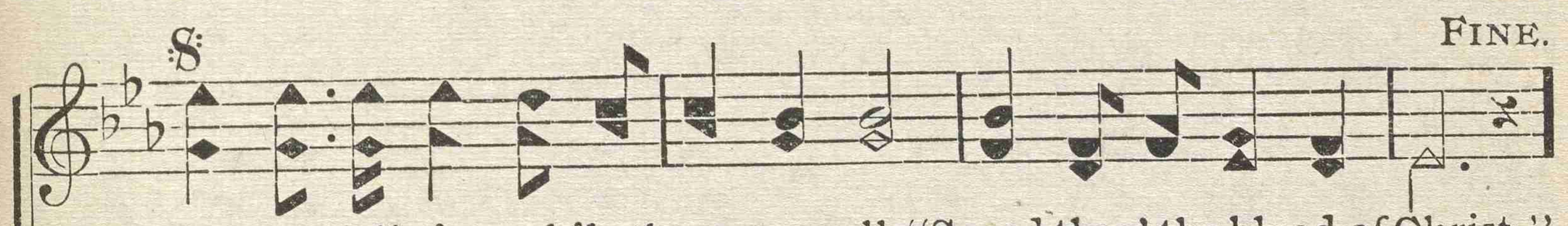


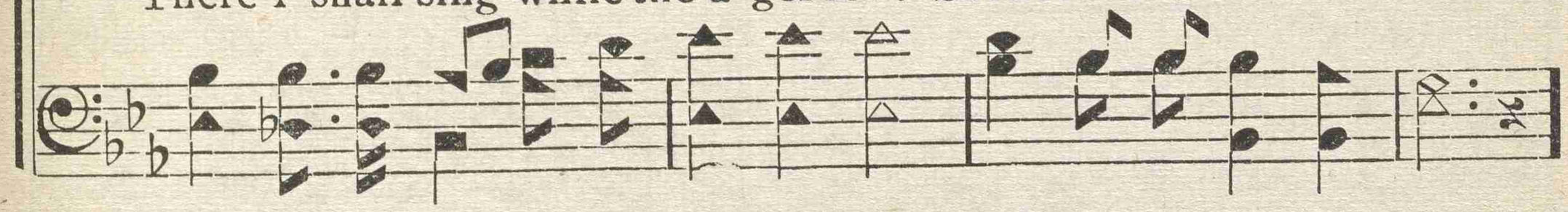
I was a wand'rer—He brought me in, Saved thro' the blood of Christ.
I'll tell the sto - ry to sinners 'round:—Saved thro' the blood of Christ.
It is by grace, on-ly, one must be Saved thro' the blood of Christ.

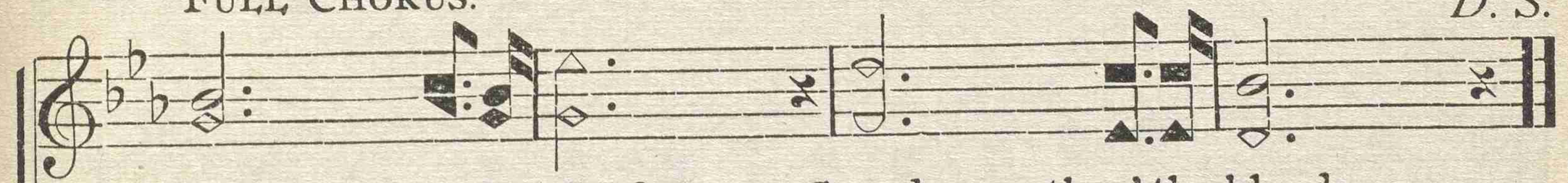
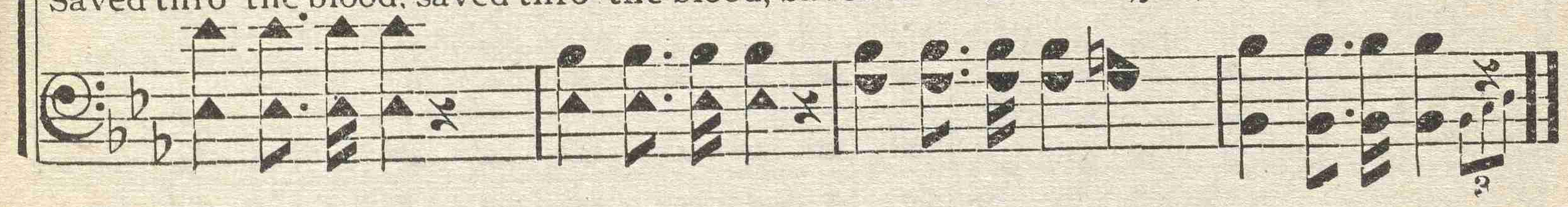


SEMI-CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! He has saved my soul, And I shall land safely at the goal;



FINE.

There I shall sing while the a-ges roll: "Saved thro' the blood of Christ."



FULL CHORUS. D. S.

Saved thro' the blood, Saved thro' the blood;
Saved thro' the blood, saved thro' the blood, Saved thro' the blood, yes, saved thro' the blood;

NO. 86.

The Good Shepherd.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

Mrs. EUGENIA BRUTON.

CASA H. CARR.

Slowly.

1. The nine - ty and nine that were safe in the fold, The
2. He passed thro' the val - leys so fer - tile and fair, And
3. And far in the night in a des - ert so wild, He

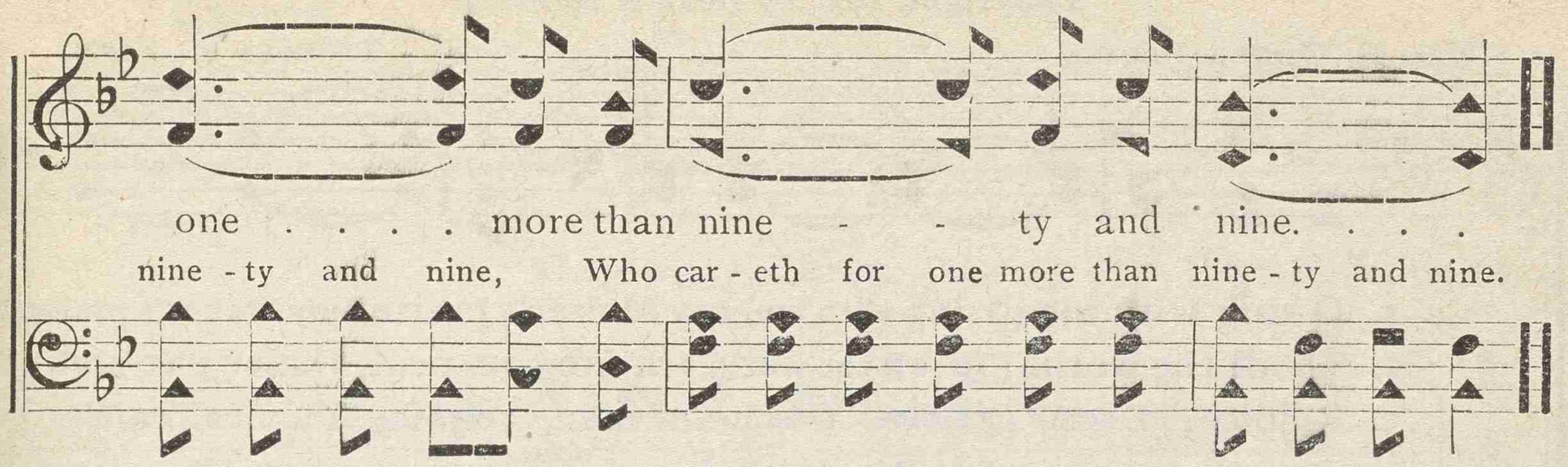
good Shepherd left, and went out in the cold, To seek for the one that was
sought him a - far on the mountains so bare; He crossed o'er the wa-ters so
heard the faint cry of the prod - i - gal child, And hastened to guide him safe

lost in the wild, The poor lone -ly wan -d'rer, the prod - i - gal child.
mur - ky and cold, To bring back the wan- der - er in - to the fold.
in - to the fold, No more to go wan- der - ing out in the cold.

CHORUS.

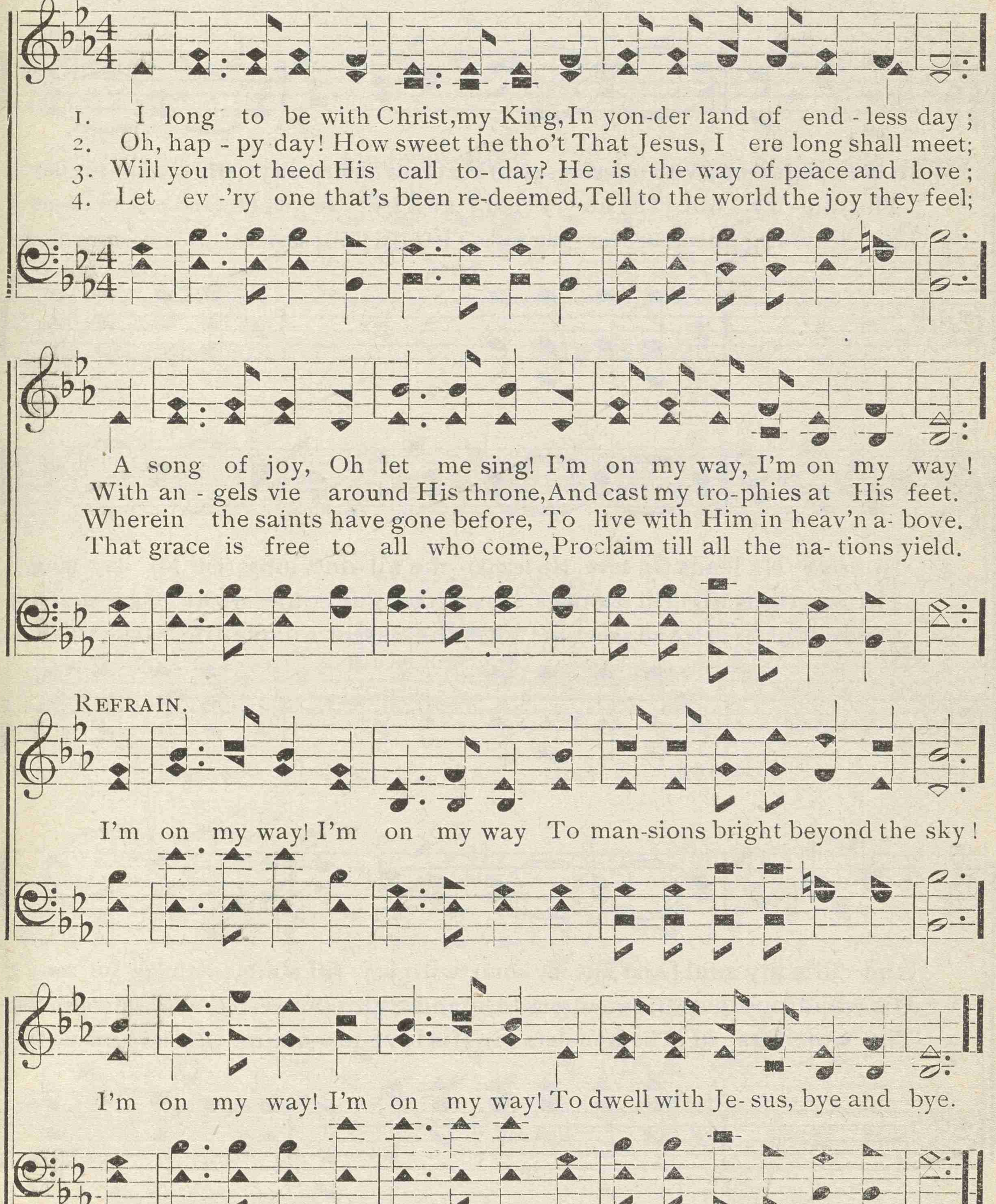
Faster.

Oh won - - - der - ful love . . . of the
Oh won - der - ful love of the Shep - herd di - vine, . Oh
Shep - herd di - vine, . . . Who car - - eth for
won- der - ful love of the Shep-herd di - vine, Who car - eth for one more than

The Good Shepherd. Concluded.

NO. 87. I'm On My Way.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.



NO. 88.

O, Let Me Sing.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. THOMAS M. FINE.

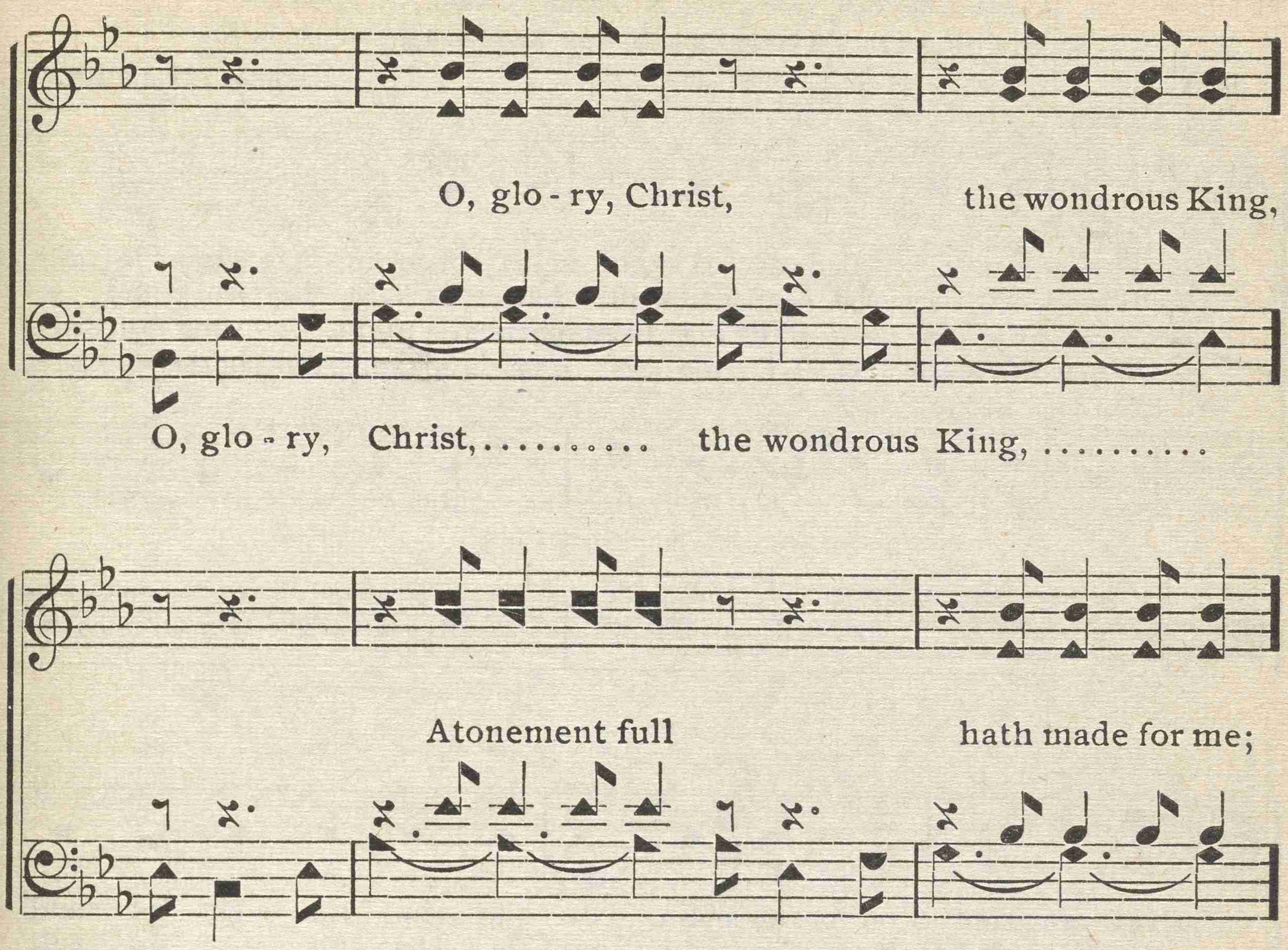
1. O sing with me (O sing with me) my Maker's praise, (my Maker's praise,)
2. To all the world, (To all the world,) in song re-peat (in song re-peat,)
3. Rejoice, O sons (Rejoice, O sons) of men, re-joice, (of men, re-joice,)

With blessings rich (With blessings rich) He crowns my days; (He crowns my days;)
The sto - ry old, (The sto - ry old,) and ev - er sweet; (and ev - er sweet;)
Be - liev- ing ones, (Be-liev - ing ones,) lift up your voice; (lift up your voice;)

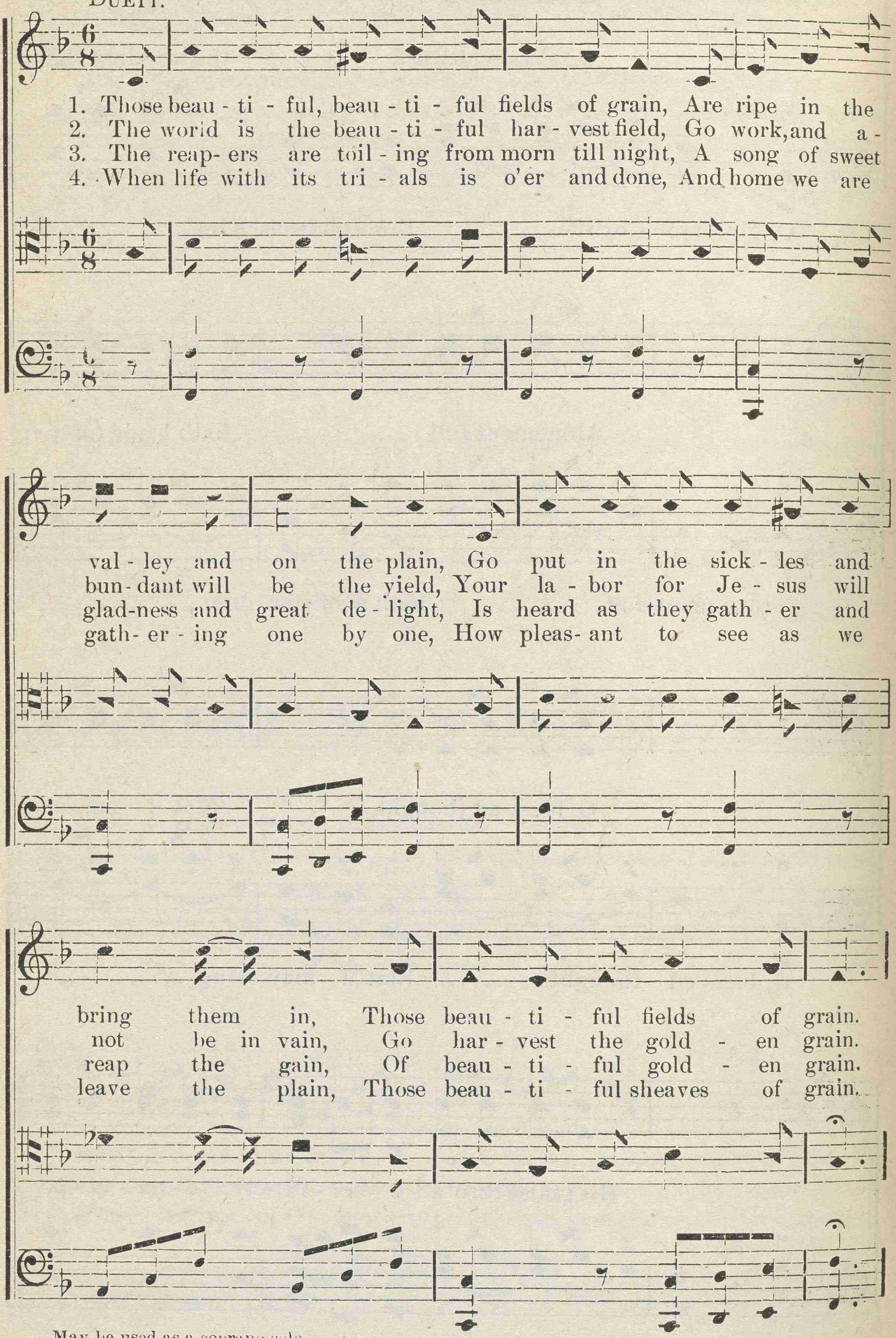
In love He leads (In love He leads) me all day long, (me all day long,)
Till na - tions all (Till na-tions all) with tongue confess (with tongue confess)
And shout to all (And shout to all) the Savior's name, (the Savior's name,)

And fills my soul (And fills my soul) with joy- ful song. (with joy- ful song.)
His wondrous love (His wondrous love) and righteousness. (and righteousness.)
The won-ders of (The won-ders of) His love pro-claim. (His love pro-claim.)

O, Let Me Sing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

NO. 89. Beautiful Fields of Grain.

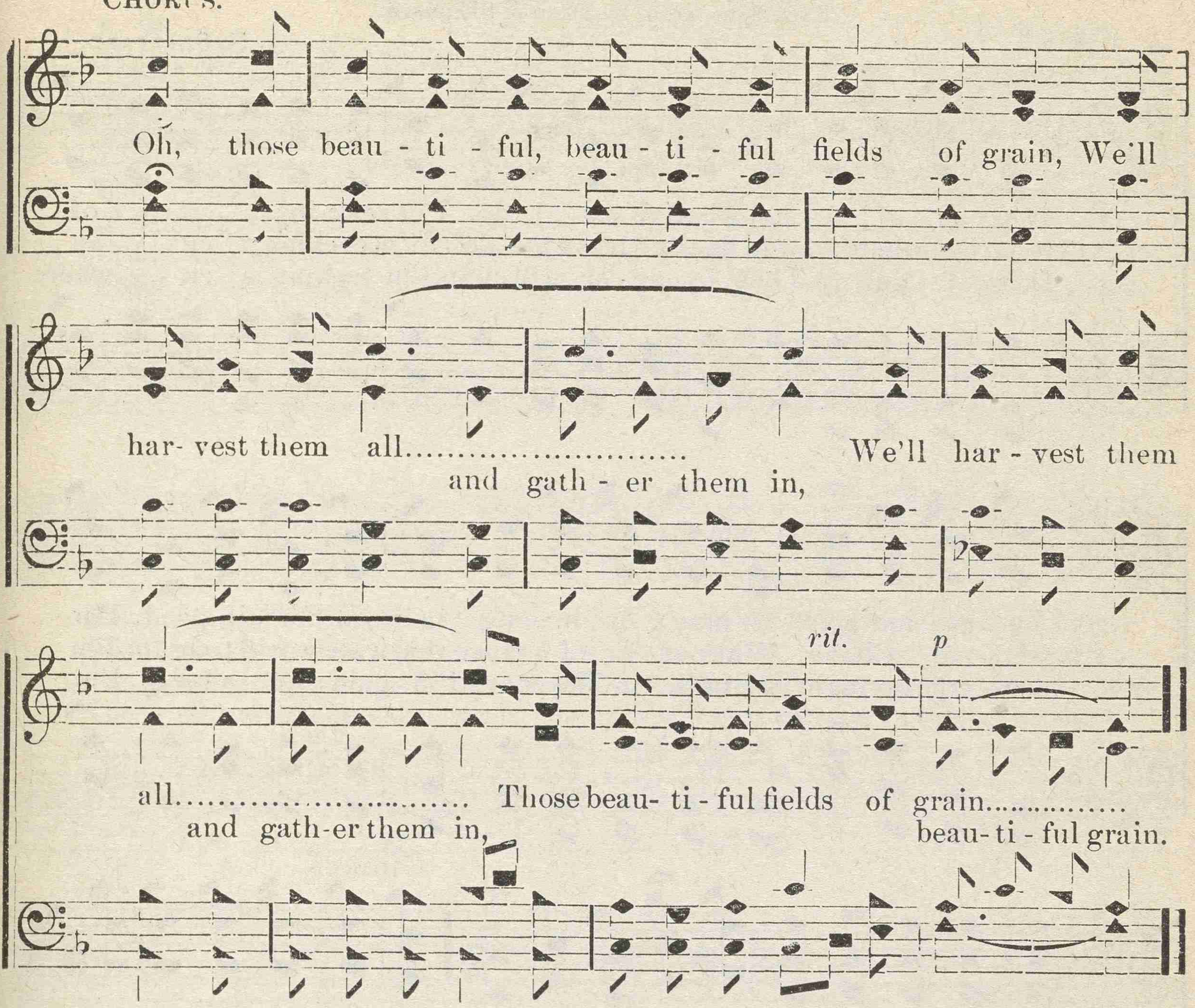
If sheaves for God, we'd gather in, That none shall, left, remain,—
Away, then, we should hasten, all, To reap the golden grain!—F. L. E.

S. A. M. DUETT. S. A. MEYERS.

May be used as a soprano solo.

By permission of the author.

Beautiful Fields of Grain.—Concluded.

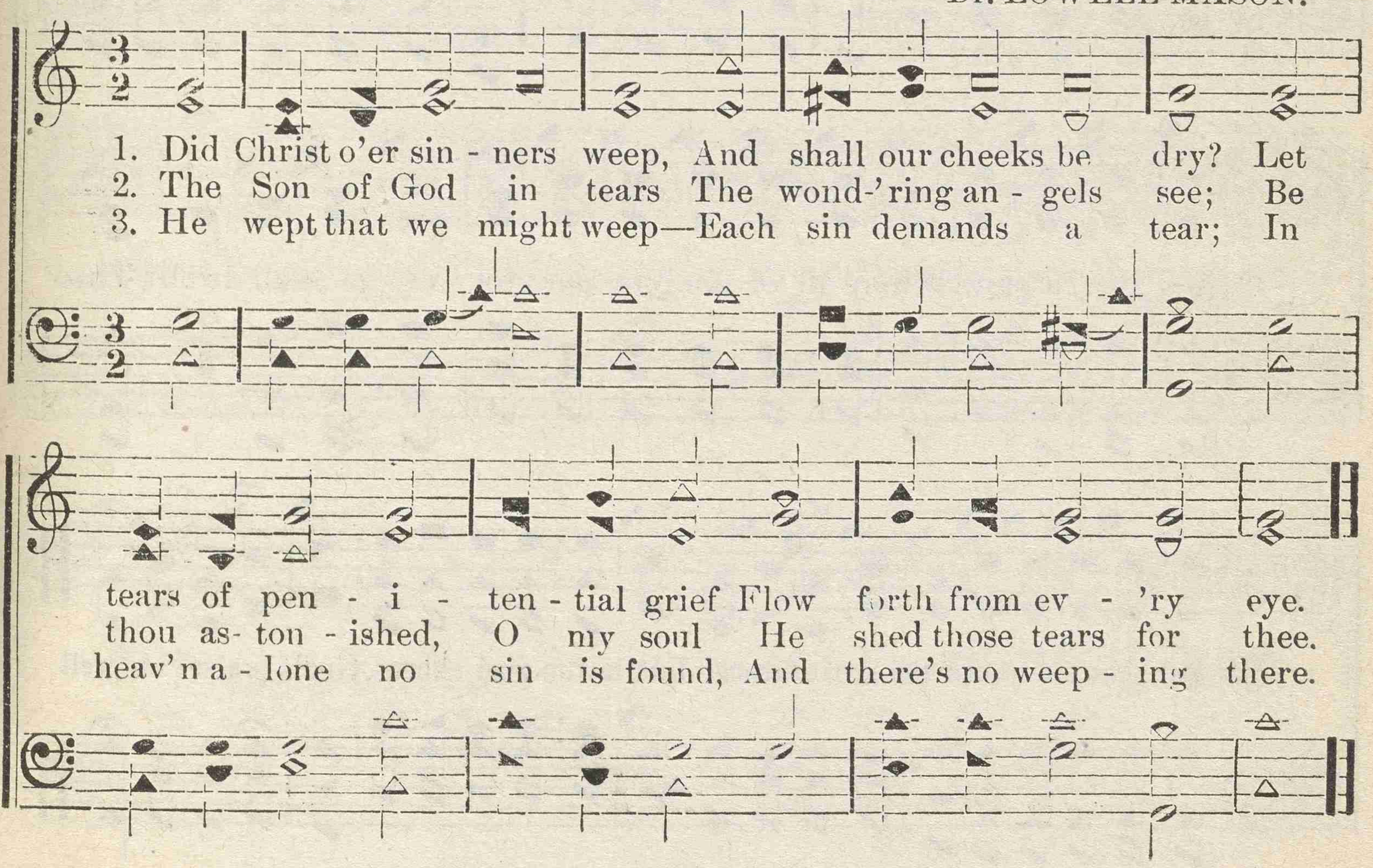
CHORUS.



NO. 90. Boylston.

A weeping, unto death, Was that our Lord did show,
That, we, His love, great love behold, And saving mercy, know!—F. L. E.

BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



NO. 91.

I'm Seeking a City.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

Slowly.

1. Wher-ev - er I go, what-ev - er I do, I'm seek-ing a cit - y of
2. Tho' friends here should flee and leave me alone, I'm seeking a cit - y e -
3. Dear Je - sus, to Thee I ev - er will cling, I'm seeking a cit - y where

jas - per and gold; In pray'r or in song, in word or in deed, I'm
ter - nal, a-bove; Wher-ev - er I chance this wide world to roam, I'm
com - eth no night; By faith in Thy word I'm guid - ed a-long, I'm

CHORUS.

seek-ing a cit - y, the home of the soul. I'm seek-ing a cit-y whose
seek-ing a cit - y of peace and of love.
seek-ing a cit - y where faith turns to sight.

streets are a-glow, Where all of the pure ones for - ev - er shall dwell; Thro'

ages and ages vie 'round the great throne, Join in the glad chorus, God's praises to swell.

NO. 92.

The Shining Way.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

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

1. The eye of faith may still be-hold, A light a-long the pilgrim way,
2. We're homeward bound. Each com-ing year Bring us, who la-bor and who wait,
3. There comes no night in yon fair land, The Lamb doth light that cloudless day,
4. Then onward, upward to the last, From His dear fold to nev- er stray;

That lead-eth to the gates of gold; Un - to the bright and perfect day.
Yet, nearer home than e'er before; Yes, nearer to the cit - y's gate.
Be- yond earth's tears, and woes, and blight, For those who tread the shining way.
Un - til earth's latest hour is past, We'll still pursue the shining way.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the beau - ti - ful way,
beau - ti - ful way,
Christ is calling us, "Hither come;" From His guidance we never would
stray, Un - til we meet in our heav'nly home.
nev - er would stray,

NO. 93. Will a Boatman Be Waiting?

J. F. M. J. F. MAYFIELD.

1. We are near - ing the banks of the riv - er,
2. When we come to the brink of the riv - er,
3. When we've all crossed the dark, roll - ing riv - er,

Where life's jour-ney will soon end; Will a boat - man be there.
View - ing there, the oth - er side; Will we then fear the cold,
Will we hear our Sav - ior there Say to us, "Come, ye blest,

read - y, wait - ing, Whom the Lord for us will send?
chil - ly wa - ters, As we cross the chang - ing tide?
of my Fa - ther. Heav - en's joys, now with me share?"

CHORUS.

Will a boat - - man be wait-ing us there,.....
Will a boatman be wait - ing us there, be wait-ing us there,

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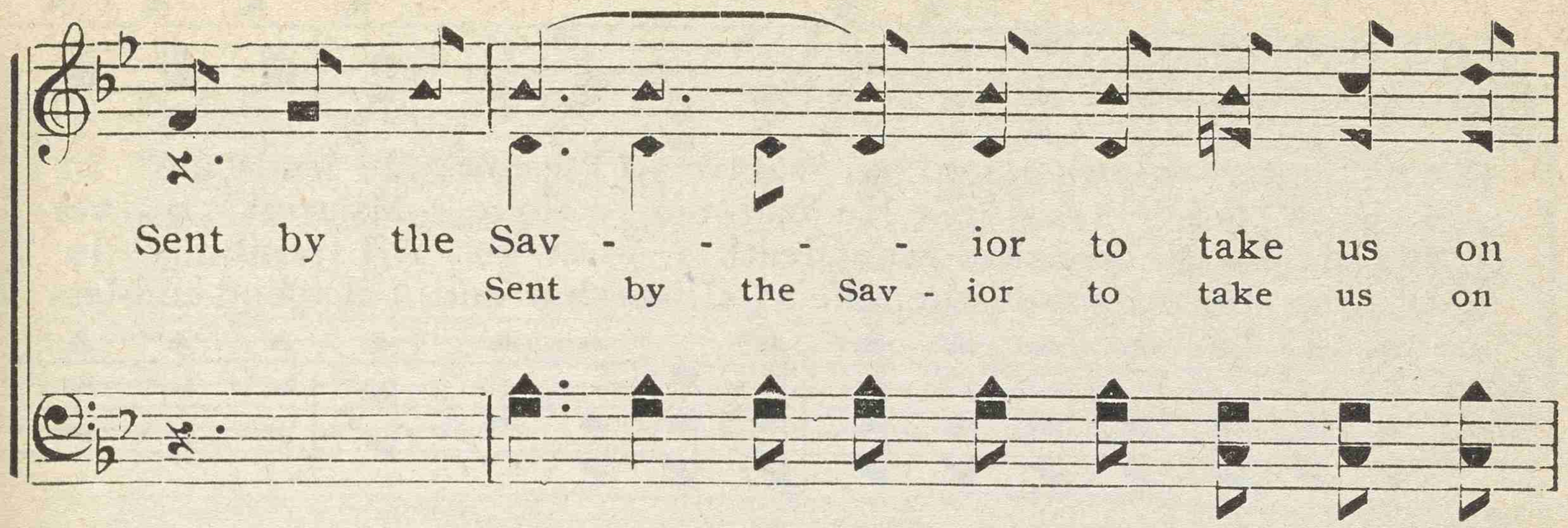
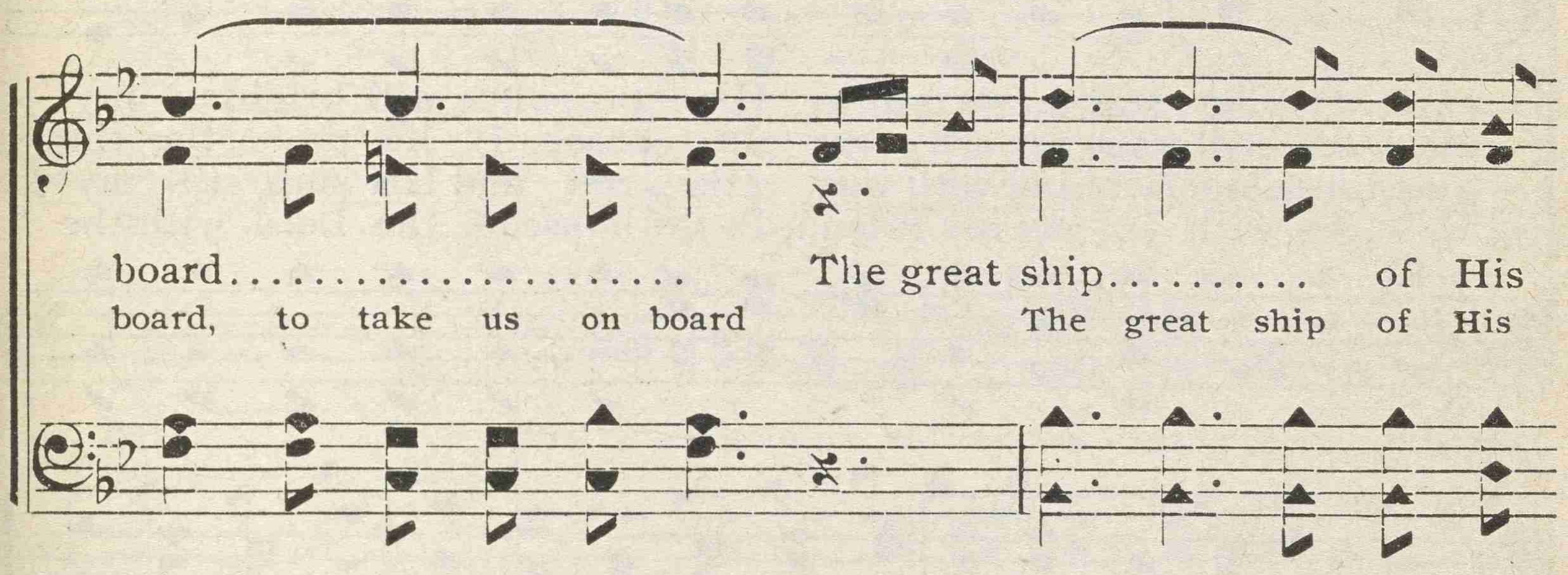
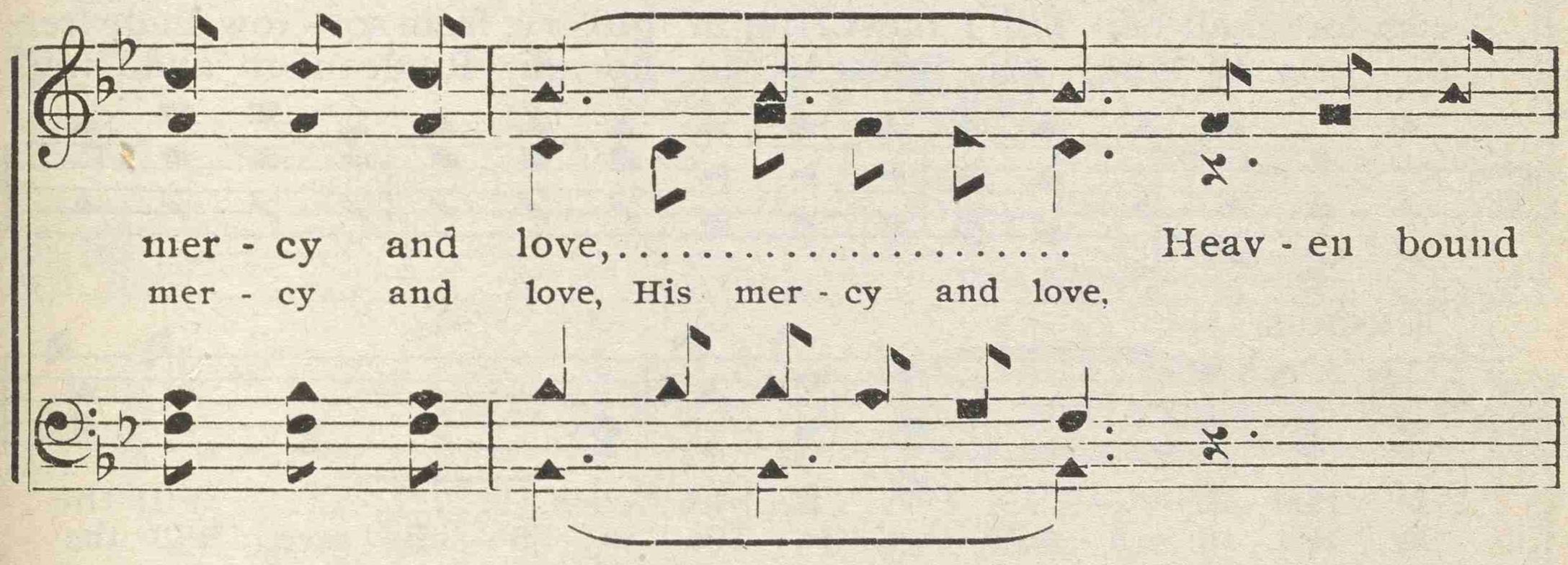
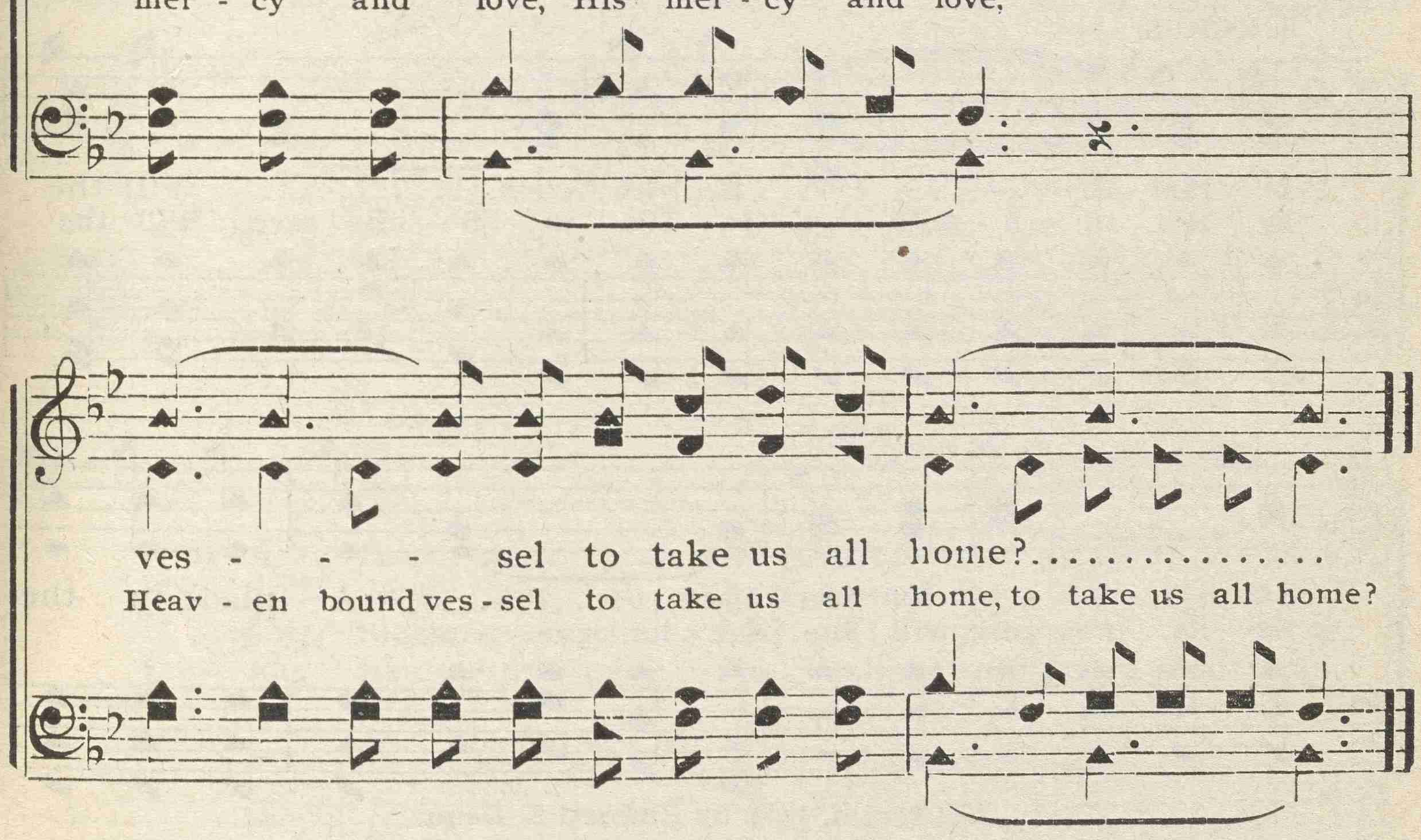
Will a Boatman Be Waiting—Concluded.



NO. 94.

My Shepherd.

Mrs. E. Greer Floyd. Emmett S. Dean.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; He leads me in safe - ty where still wa - ters flow; His pres-ence will brighten my path to the tomb, He nev - er will leave me in darkness and gloom.
2. In green, fadeless pastures, He leads me a - long,—My soul o - ver- flow-eth with rap - tur-ous song; In peace, I lie down, tho' the tem-pest is high,— I know that the Lord, my Pro- tec - tor, is nigh.
3. When thro' the cold shadows of death I must go, All trembling in weakness and faint-ing with woe, His rod and His staff, still my com-fort shall be, Till I meet Him in glo - ry, from sor - row made free.
4. O, rap - tur-ous tho't! when life's toilings shall end, I'll spend end-less a - ges with Je - sus my Friend, In the house of the Lord, with the an - gels to sing, All praise to Je - ho-vah—Re-deem-er and King!

Chorus.

In His in - - - fi - nite care..... Will the
In His in - fi - nite care, in His in - fi - nite care, Will the
Sav - - - ior pre - pare,..... A place in the
Sav - ior pre - pare, will the Sav - ior pre - pare,

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My Shepherd—Concluded.

cit - y of pleas-ure for me; Oh, how clear..... is my
Oh, how clear is my right, oh, how

right,..... To the man - - - sions of
clear is my right, To the man - sions of light, to the

light,..... Be - yond the dark val-ley, a - cross the bright sea.
man-sions of light,

NO. 95.

A Savior's Love.

GEO. W. SEBREN. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. In my heart I feel, A Sav - ior's bound-less love;
2. In my heart I know That Je - sus guides me right;
3. In my heart I feel A Sav - ior's love di - vine;
4. In my heart I feel A love that doth con - dole;

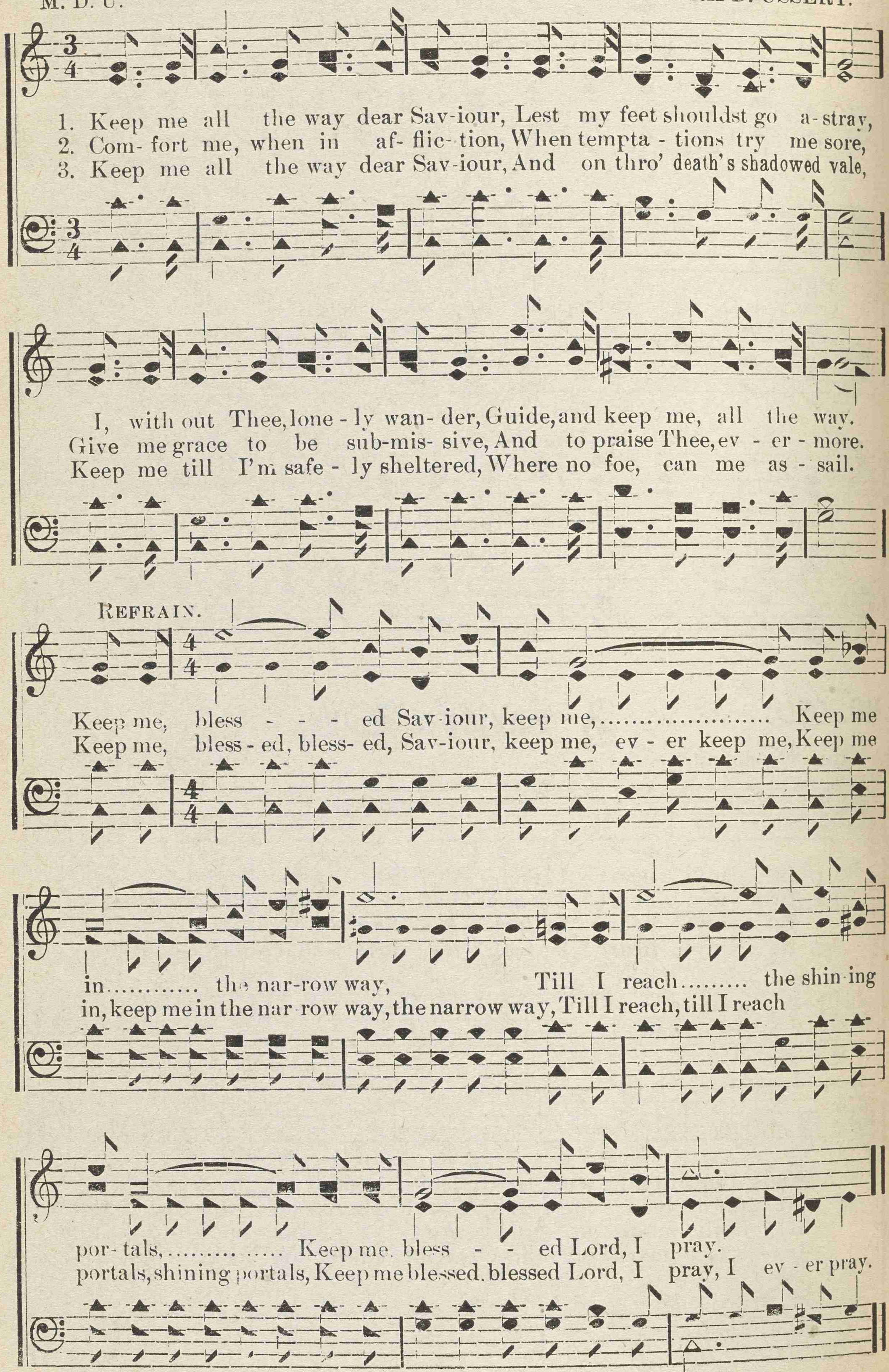
And I'm filled with zeal, I'm bound for heav'n a - bove.
He doth lead me on, Where comes no dis - mal night.
It doth make ap - peal, And I can - not de - cline.
Je - sus hears my pray'r, And calms my troub - led soul.

NO. 96.

Keep Me All the Way.

The spirit that doth ever pray, To God for guidance all the way,
Shall through this life, and o'er death's stream, Have naught to fear, nor, even dream.—F. L. E.

M. D. U. MARK D. USSERY.



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NO. 97. Safe When in His Care.

May I keep my spirit ever, In the attitude of prayer,
Living at the feet of Jesus, For I'm safe when in His care.—F. L. E.

N. W. ALLPHIN. C. C. RAILEY.

1. Tho' my life hath ma- ny sor - rows, Griefs, and tri - als, hard to bear;
2. I will trust my Saviour's prom- ise, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry-where;
3. When, by sin and vice, I'm tempt-ed, To my Lord, I go in pray'r;

Still, I'm trust-ing all to Je - sus, For, I'm safe, when in His care.
For, I know He'll ne'er for- sake me, And, I'm safe, when in His care.
Sweet de - liv - er-ance He giv - eth,— I am safe, when in His care.

CHORUS.

I am safe..... when in His care,.....For, my bur - - dens He doth bear;...
I am safe when in His care, For, my burdens He doth bear;

And, I'm trust - - ing all to Him,.....For, I'm safe,..... when in His care.
And, I'm trusting all to Him, For, I'm safe,

NO. 98.

Dark is My Pathway.

Though dark, has been life's pathway, With naught, but gloom, in sight,
God's mercy, will dispel it, With heav'nly spirit light.—F. L. E.

A. L. R. A. L. REED.

1. How dark is the pathway be - fore me to - day, With sin and its fol-lies to lure me a - way, From Christ, who has promised, sweet
2. I'm cov-er'd in darkness, I'm near ing dis - may, The dan-gers so ma- ny, a - long on my way, But, won - der- ful prom-ise, to
3. My burdens are ma- ny, and heav - y to bear, My soul is op - press'd, with life's sor - row and care,—But, I will tell Je - sus, to

rest to my soul, Where storms nev-er gath-er, nor death-bil-lows roll.
me, has been giv'n, The Lord will not leave me, He'll guide me to heav'n.
Him will I go, I'll ask Him to save me, He'll hear me, I know.

CHORUS.

The black-ness of midnight, does not, here, compare, With shad-ows, now dark-'ning my path once so fair,— I'll turn to Thee, Fa-ther, for

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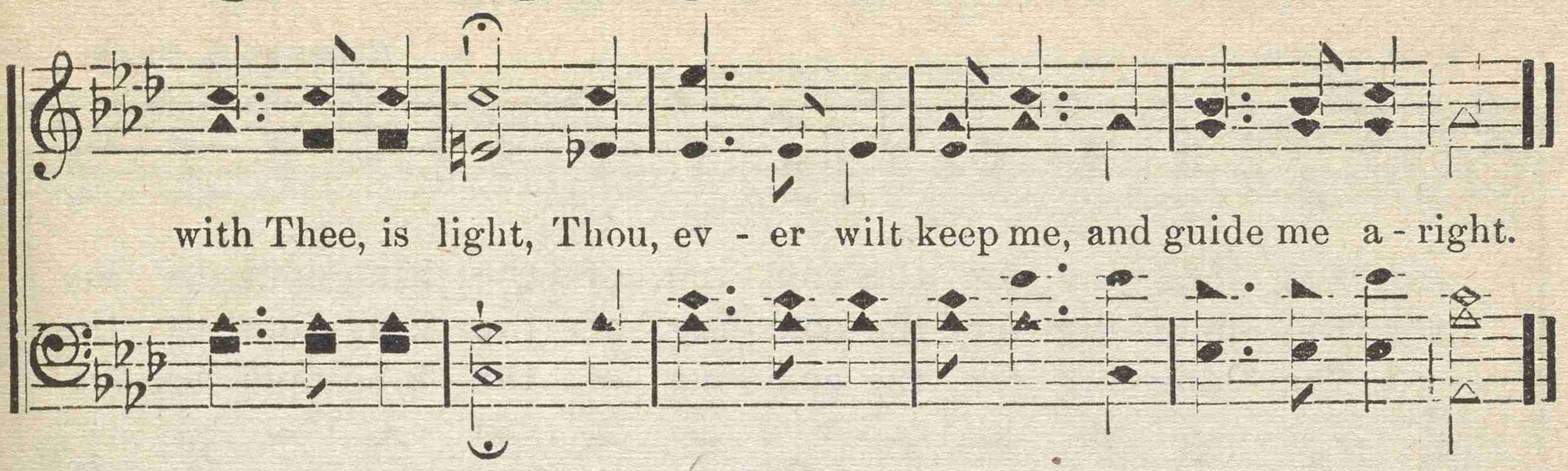
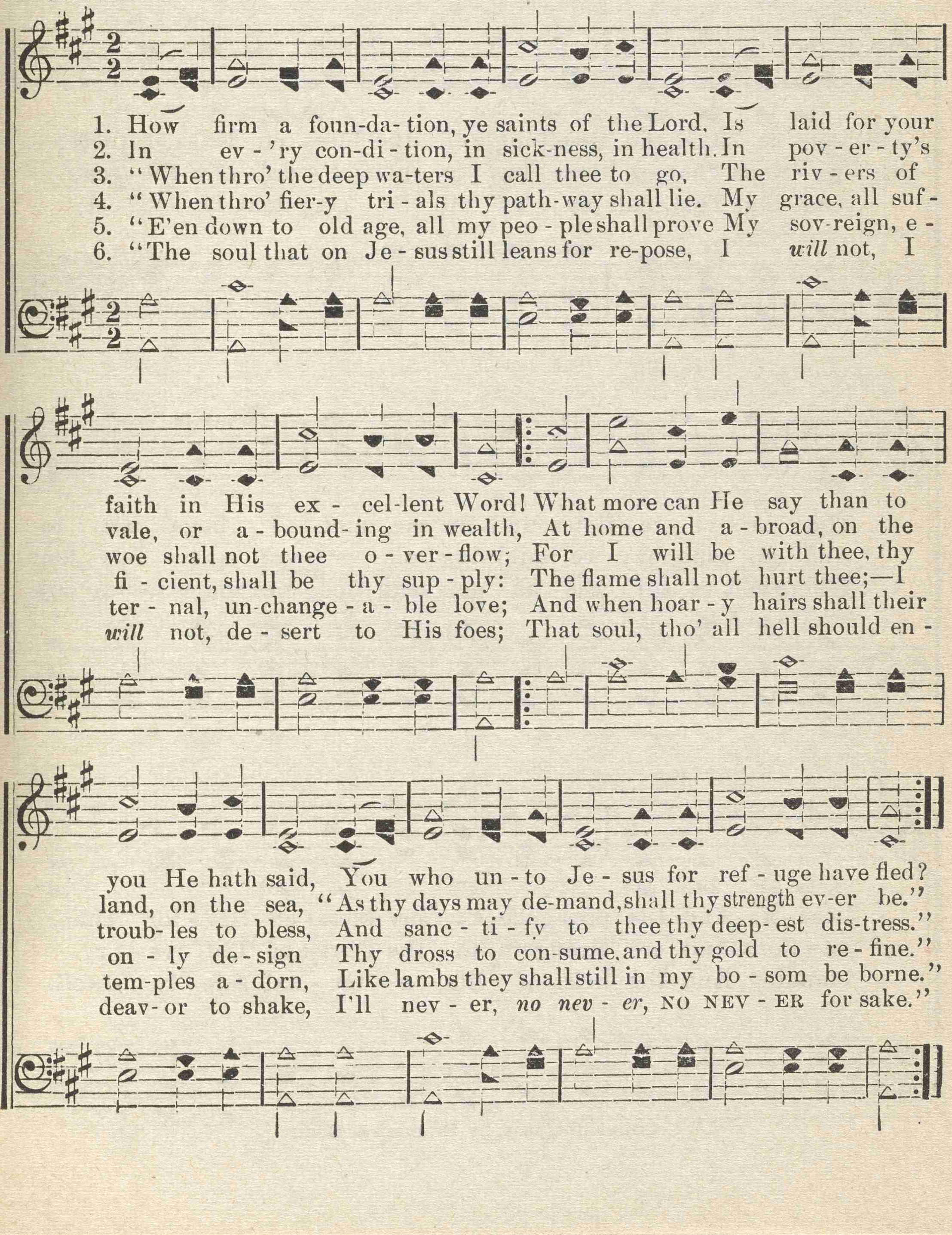
Dark is My Pathway.—Concluded.

NO. 99. How Firm a Foundation.

No other foundation, for man can be built, All others, but failures, must prove,
The corner-stone chief, in the structure thereof, Is Jesus, who ruleth by love.—F. L. E.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.



NO. 100. The Coming of the Kingdom.

E. R. LATTA. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I'm long-ing for the com-ing of the king-dom to my
2. I'm long-ing for the com-ing of the king-dom to the
3. I'm long-ing for the com-ing of the king-dom nev-er

spir-it, And the dwell-ing of the bless-ed Rul-er there;
na-tions That are bow-ing to their i-dols o'er the sea;
end-ing, That shall ev-'ry oth-er king-dom far ex-cel;

The in-vi-ta-tion sounds for me, and I have but to
And all who may be build-ing on er-ro-ne-ous foun-
Where voic-es of the an-gels and the ran-somed ones are

hear it, And the pres-ence of my bless-ed Sav-ior share.
da-tions, And are strangers to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.
blending, And the heirs of life e-ter-nal safe-ly dwell.

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The Coming of the Kingdom—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

That com - ing I..... shall glad be-
That com - ing I shall glad be - hold, That com - ing

hold,..... With shining crowns..... and harps of
I shall glad behold, With shining crowns, with shining crowns and harps of

gold;..... That com - ing shall.....
gold, and harps of gold; That com - ing shall not still de-

..... not still de - lay,..... But shall be
lay, That com - ing shall not still de - lay, But shall be

mine,..... some hap - py day.
mine, but shall be mine, some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

NO. 101.

Over the Sea.

B. B. EDMISTON.

JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.
Theme by ELLA CROWELL.

1. There's a call that comes to thee, O - ver the sea;
2. Ma - ny souls have gone a - stray, O - ver the sea;
3. There is work for us to do, O - ver the sea; O - ver the sea;

There's a call that comes to me, O - ver the sea;
Send the light to them to - day, O - ver the sea;
Great the work, the la - b'rers few, O - ver the sea; O - ver the sea;

Say - ing, "Seek the souls that stray, Bring them to the fold to - day,
Tell them of the One that died, On the cross, was cru - ci - fied,
Hear the plain-tive, plead - ing cry, And the wea - ry, hope-less sigh,

Send the light, now while you may," O - ver the sea.
Tell them of His bleed - ing side, O - ver the sea.
Of the souls a - bout to die, O - ver the sea. O - ver the sea.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Edmiaston.

Over the Sea.

Pre - cious souls have gone a - stray, O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;
Send the light now while you may, O - ver the sea.
O - ver the sea.

NO. 102.

My Refuge.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. When the shad - ows gath-er, And life's troub - les o'er me roll,
2. Je - sus knows my troubles, And up - on Him I re - ly,
3. Oh, how sweet to trust Him, And to keep Him ev - er near;

Then I seek the Sav-iour, Sweet-est ref - uge for my soul.
All my cares are light-er, And I know, to me, He's nigh.
He's a sure pro - tec-tion, Naught have I, with Him, to fear.

NO. 103. Are You Within the Ark?

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

E. R. LATTA J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. A flood of sin is sweeping down, Are you with - in the ark?
2. I hear the lov - ing Sav-iour say, "Are you with - in the ark?
3. There's room enough for ev - 'ry one, Are you with - in the ark?

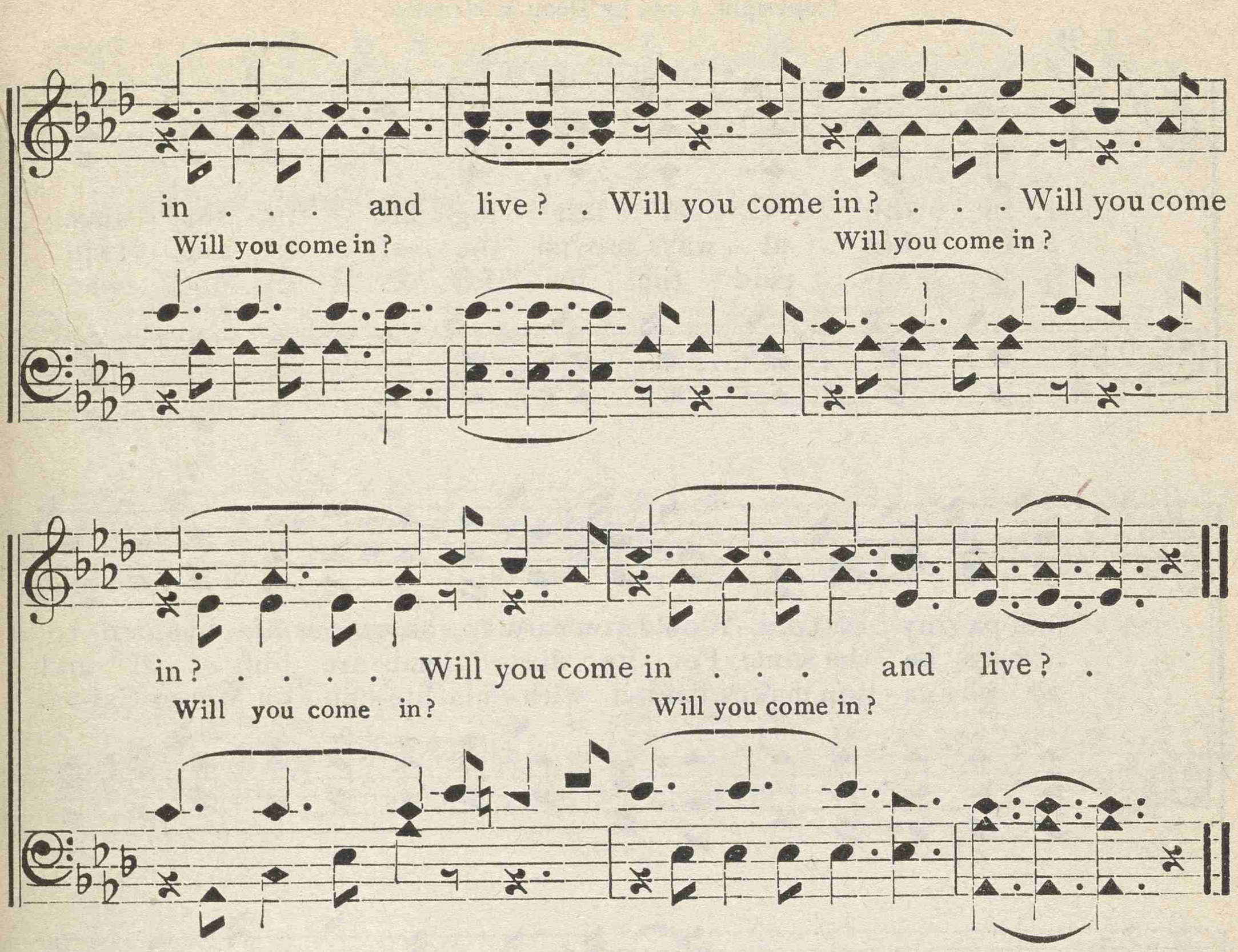
The vic - tims of its waves must drown, Are you within the ark?
He warns you, not to risk de - lay; Are you with - in the ark?
Oh, there's a man-sion to be won, Are you with - in the ark?

REFRAIN.

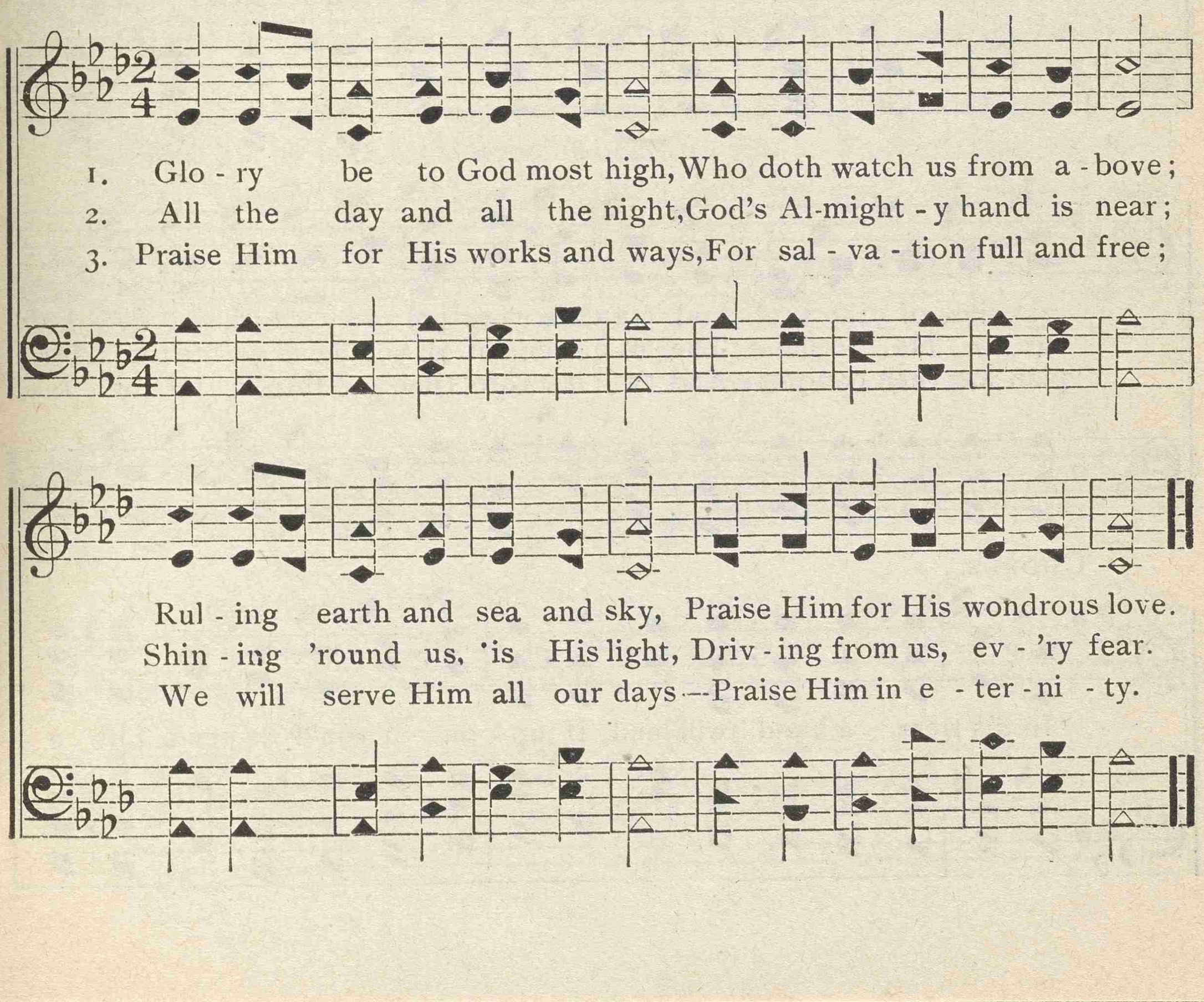
The ark of love stands o - pen wide, And Christ, will you, for - give;
Then, trust - ing in the cru - ci - fied, Will you come in and live?

SECOND REFRAIN.

Will you come in? . . . Will you come in? . . Will you come
Will you come in? Will you come in?

Are You Within the Ark? Concluded.

NO. 104. Praise God.

B. B. EDMISTON. E. EZZELL.



NO. 105.

Insure Your Life To-Day.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

L. L. D.

L. L. Dunn.

1. In the ev - er - last - ing life - in - sur - ance com-pa - ny of God, Would you care to have your life in-sured to -
2. It has al - ways proved the saf - est, and 'twill al-ways be the same, For its div - i-dends are lib - er - al and
3. Je - sus paid the fee for ev - 'ry one, who ap - pli - ca - tion makes, Paid it with his life up - on Mount Cal-va-

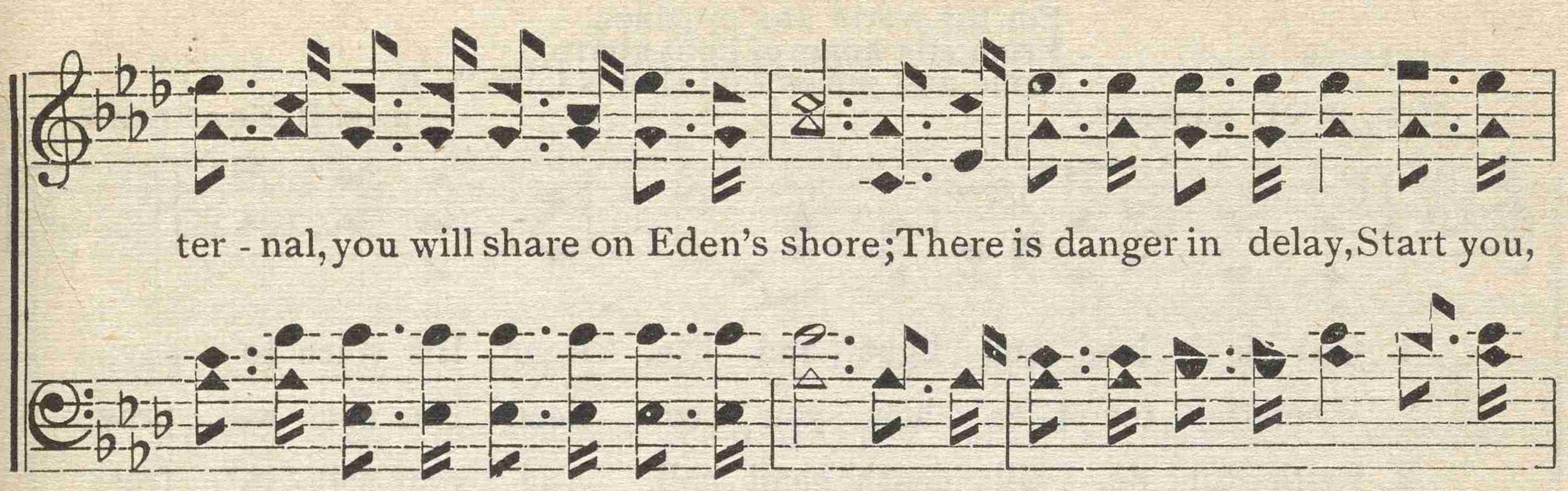
day? Pass ex - am - i - na - tion with the great Phy -
sure; And its great fra - ter - nal fea - tures, most de -
ry; When He said: It is fin - ished," This great

si - cian of the soul, And se-cure your pol - i - cy with-out de - lay.
sir - a - ble to share; The re-quirement is, you'll live a life that's pure.
plan was then complete, And 'twill last thro' time and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

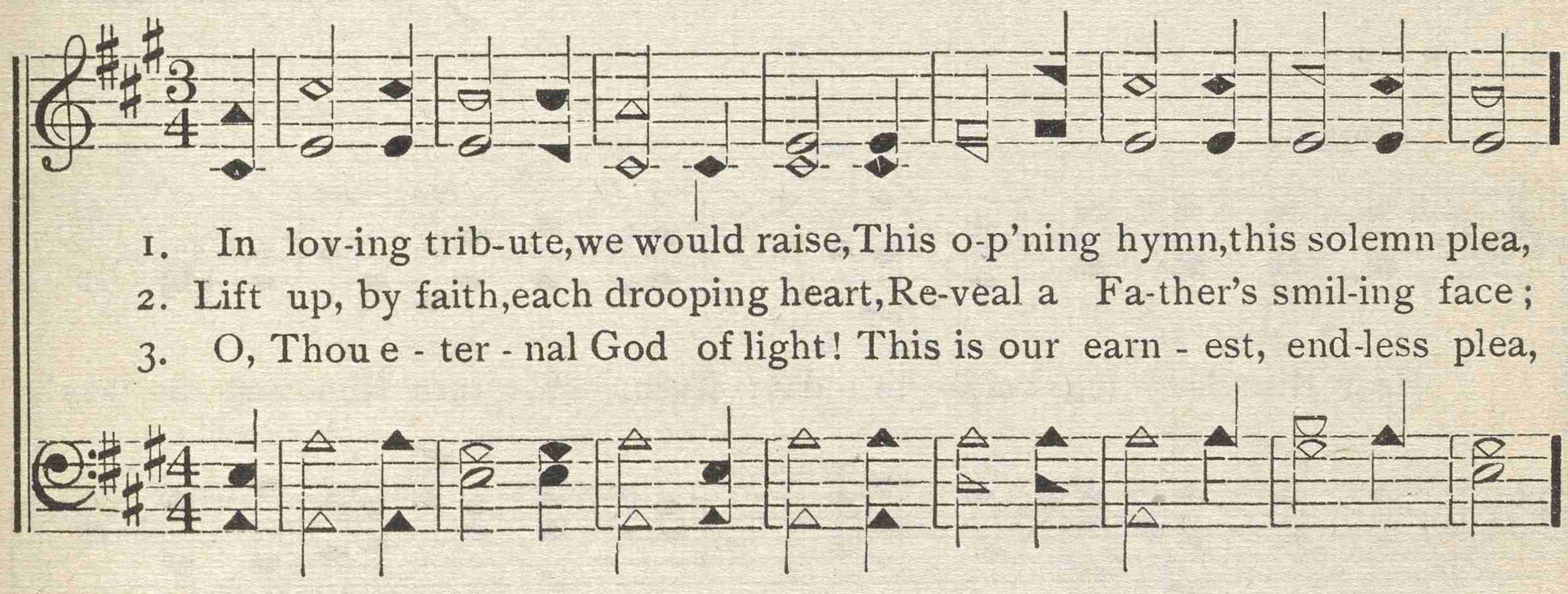
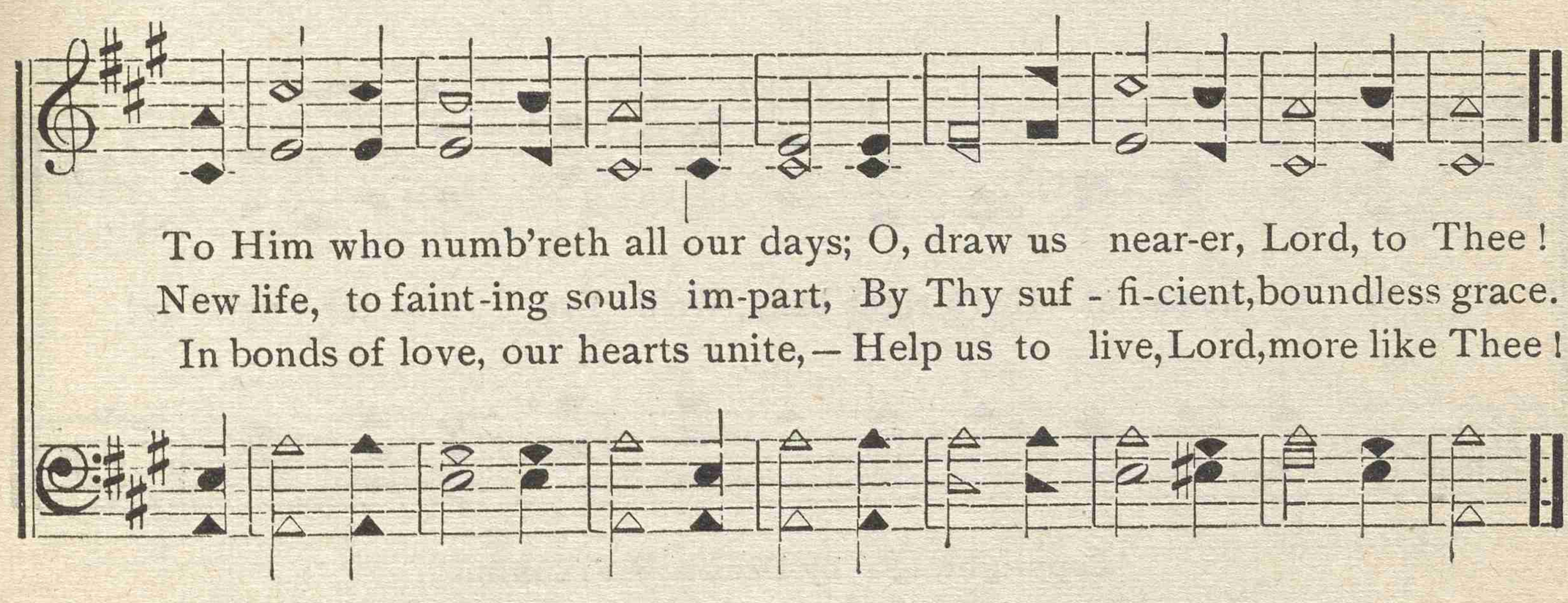
Chorus.

In dis-tress, a hand 'twill lend; If up - on it you'll de-pend, Life e -

Insure Your Life To-Day. Concluded.



NO. 106. Opening Hymn.

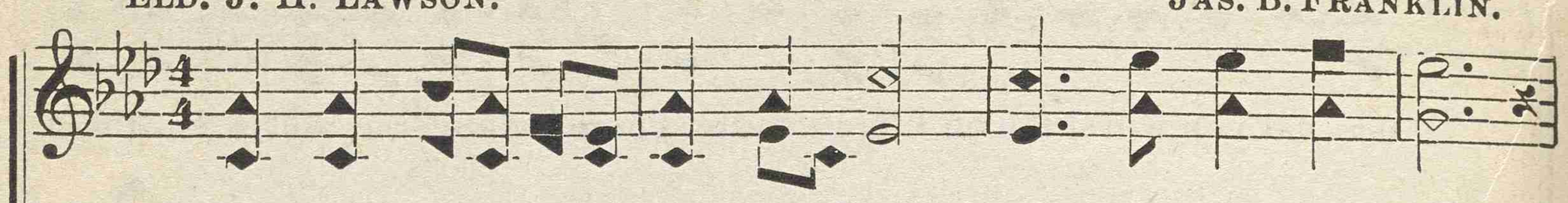
Mrs. A. B. Prickett. B. B. Edmiaston.



NO. 107.

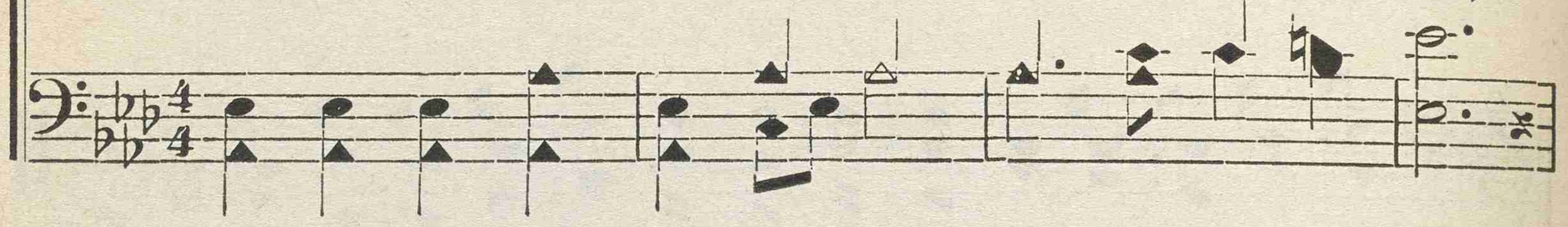
God is Love.

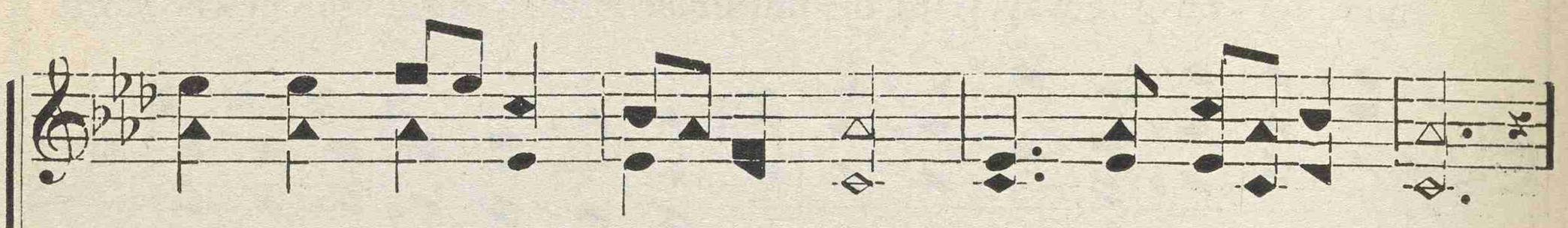
View the cross where Jesus died,—
For the world was crucified,—
From His home of light above,
Came and *proved* that God is Love."—F.

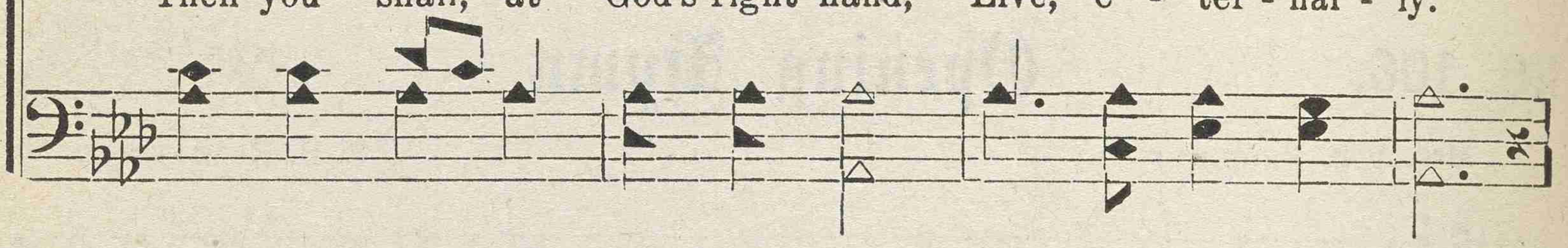
ELD. J. H. LAWSON. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

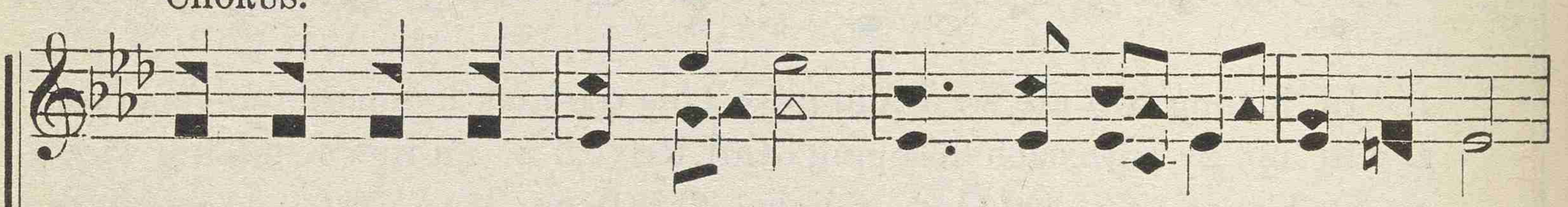


1. God is love and light and life, Hear His voice to - day;
2. When the tempt - er bids you come, Heed Him not, we pray;
3. Faith - ful on, till death shall call, And your spir - it, free;

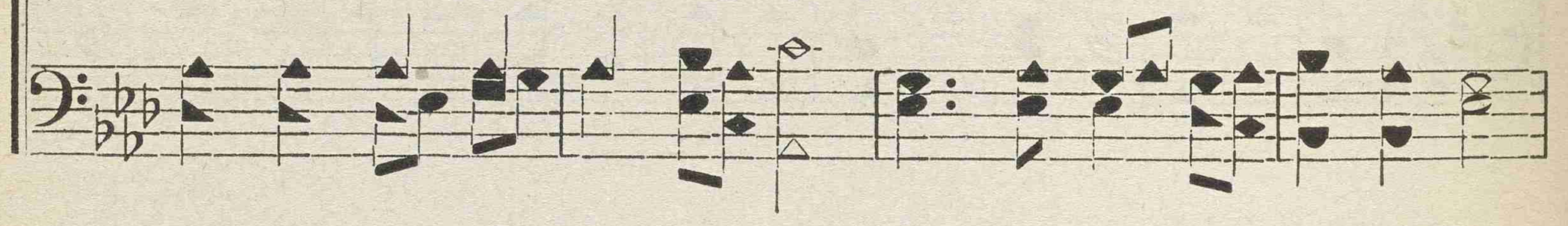


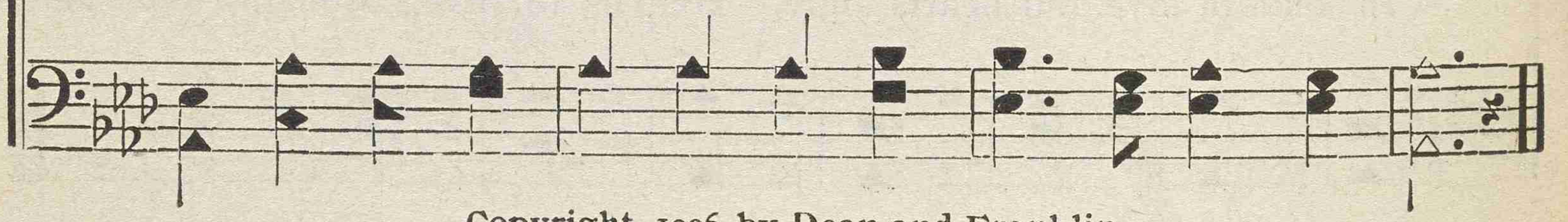


He will give you rest and peace, Turn Him not a - way.
Turn to God, for He is love,— Ev - er, with Him stay.
Then you shall, at God's right hand, Live, e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.



Hear His lov - ing voice to - day, Turn, oh, turn Him not a - way!



In a home at God's right hand, We'll live e - ter - nal - ly!

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NO. 108.

The Open Fountain.

B. B. E. B. B EDMIASTON.

1. There's a fount-ain flow-ing free - ly, It com - eth from the Saviour's side;
2. Tho' your sins be great and ma - ny, Come, seek this fount-ain, flow - ing free;
3. Will you seek this precious fountain? For all the world, 'tis o - pen wide;

It was o-pened for the sin - ner, When on the cross, the Sav-iour died.
From them all 'twill cleanse and purge you, Oh, come, 'tis o - pen, now, for thee.
Come, ac-cept this great sal - va - tion, Let Je - sus with you, now, a - bide.

REFRAIN.

O - pen wide, 'Tis flow - ing free!
O - pen wide, yes, o - pen wide, 'Tis flow - ing full and free!
flow-ing free!

O - pen wide, For you and me!
O - pen wide, yes, o - pen wide, For you, for you and me!

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NO. 109.

Am I Ready For His Call?

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

R. K.

RALPH KILLINGSWORTH.

1. Life is brief, its sands are flow-ing Ev-er t'ward the si-lent sea;
2. He His chart and guide-book left me, That the paths of truth and peace
3. One there is, who, close be-side me, Stays, and o'er time's ocean guides
4. Yes, a ha-ven waits be-yond me, That is beck'ning one and all,

Just a lit-tle ways be-yond me Waiteth death, the mys-ter-y.
I might fol-low, to the por-tals Where ho-san-nas nev-er cease.
My frail barque beyond the breakers, Safely past life's rest-less tides.
Where the lights of home are gleaming, Where no shadows ev-er fall.

CHORUS.

O my barque..... is outward drift-ing.....Where night's
O my barque is out-ward drift-ing, O my barque is outward drifting, Where night's

sa - - ble shadows fall; Soon, so soon..... will
sable shadows fall, where night's sable shadows fall; Soon, so soon will end my voyage.

end my voy-age..... Am I read - - y for His call?
soon, so soon will end my voyage, Am I read-y, am I read-y for His call?

NO. 110. Come with All Your Wants and Wounds.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. O, what a-maz- ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found!
Suit - ed to ev -'ry sin- ners case, Who hears the joy - ful sound!

2. This spring, with liv - ing wa- ter flows, And heav'n-ly joy im- parts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose, And drink with health-ful hearts.

REFRAIN.

With all your wants, and wounds Your ev'ry bur - den, burden bring;

Then come with your wants and wounds, Your ev - 'ry bur - den bring;

Un-changing love a-bounds,— A deep, ce-les-tial spring.

Here love, here love a-bounds,—A deep, . . ce- les - tial spring.

SECOND REFRAIN.

Then come with all your wants and wounds, Your ev'ry burden bring; Here

Then come with all your wants and wounds, Your ev'ry bur- den, burden bring; Here

love, un-chang-ing love a- bounds—A deep, ce - les - tial spring.

love, un-chang-ing love a - bounds,—

NO. 111.

Hear His Cry.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JOE S. WARLICK.

BESSIE C. CORBET.
(Age 12 years.)

1. Je - sus, in shame and great ag - o - ny, Died, that you might
2. Come to His king - dom, now en - ter in, Come, and He will
3. Still He in - vites you, hear now His voice? Why, oh, why not

from your sins be free; Free - ly His life - blood flow'd from His side,
cleanse you from your sin; Why will you lin - ger? haste to Him now,
make Him now your choice? Come with your guilt and sin, all op - prest,

CHORUS.

While up - on the cru - el cross He died. Hear Him cry, loud-ly cry, while
At His feet, oh, come and humbly bow!
He will give you last-ing peace and rest.

yet on the tree: "Fa - ther, why hast Thou for-sak-en me?" Free - ly His

life-blood flow'd from His side; Oh, re - mem-ber, 'twas for you He died!

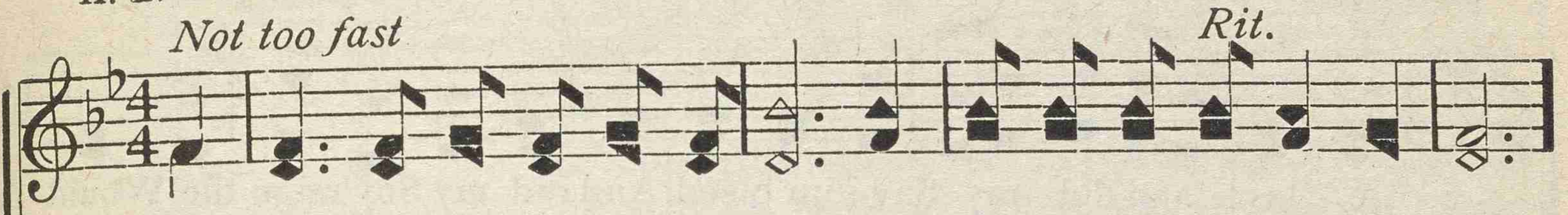
NO. 112.

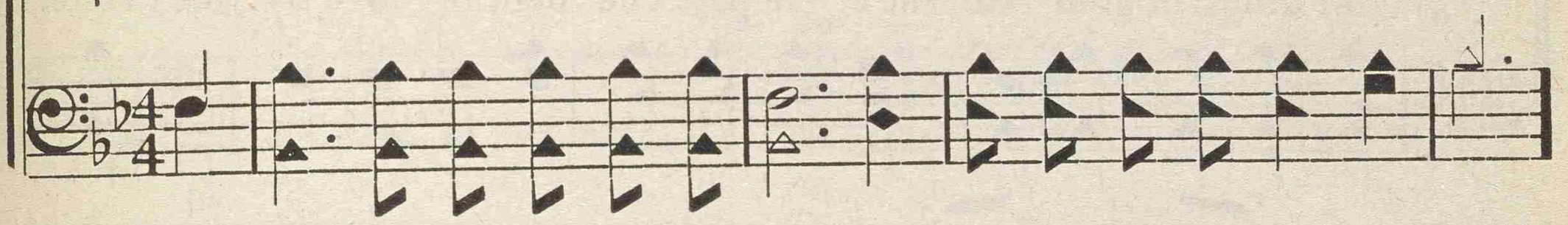
Not Now.

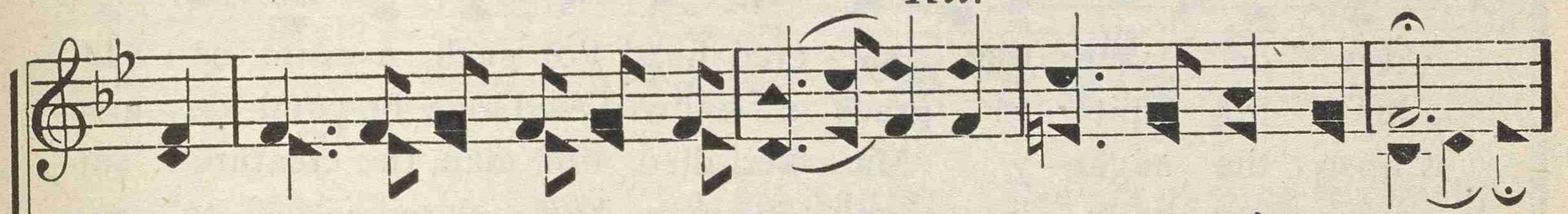
"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."—ACTS 24 : 25.

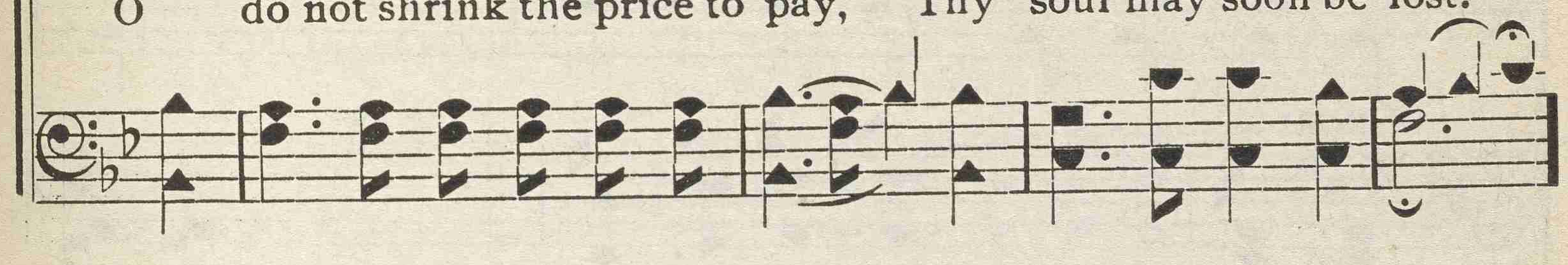
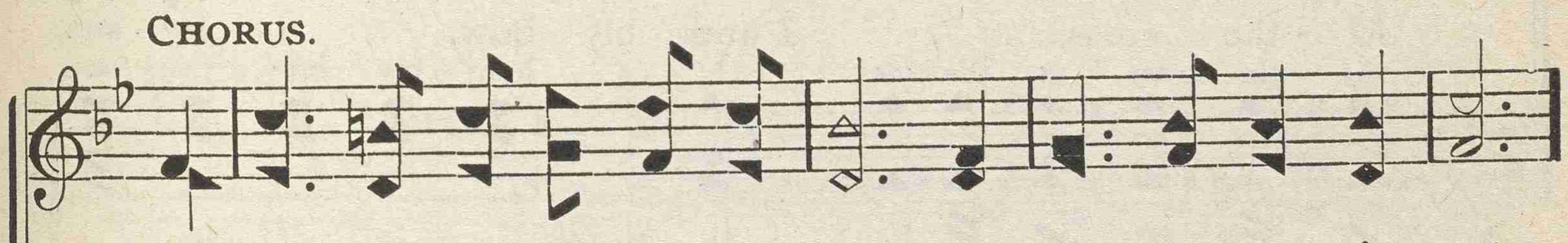
H. B. HERBERT BUFFUM.

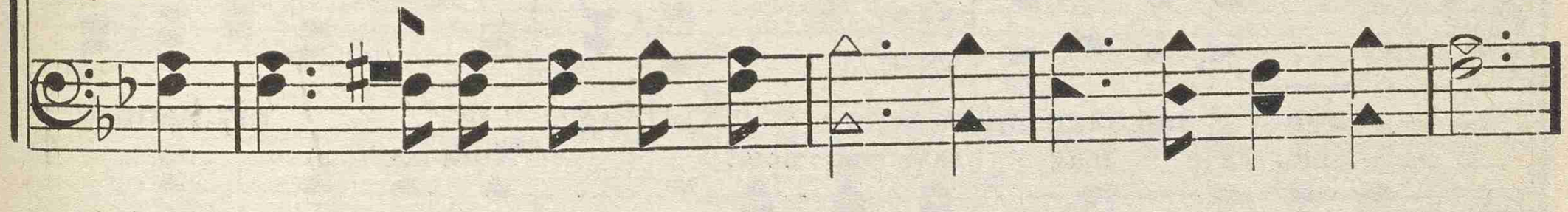
Not too fast *Rit.*

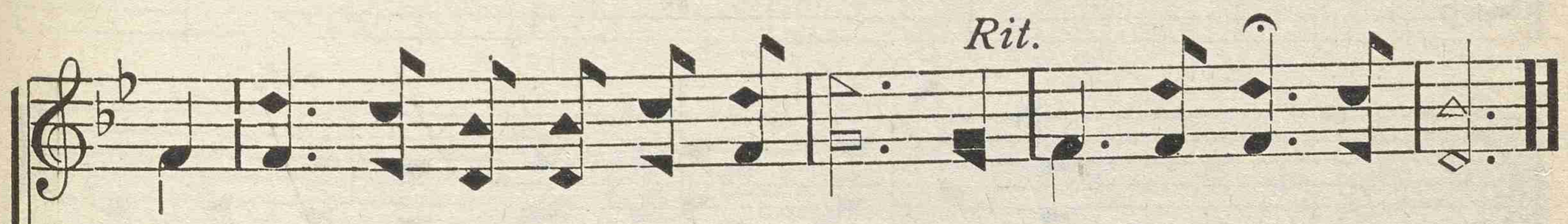
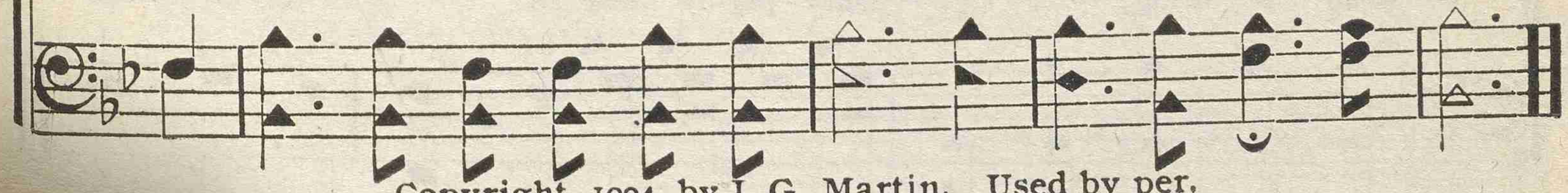


1. Not now—go, Spir-it, go Thy way, Some future time I'll call for Thee;
2. Not now— a few more years of sin; I'm young, O come some other day
3. Not now—ah, soul allured, deceived, 'T is Sa-tan who is lead-ing on;
4. Not now—some more convenient day I'll think it o'er and count the cost;

Rit.



Not now—some more convenient day Re - turn a - gain to me.
And I will glad-ly let Thee in; Go, Spir - it, go Thy way.
Not now—the Spir-it, sore-ly grieved, May aft - er-while be gone.
O do not shrink the price to pay, Thy soul may soon be lost.

CHORUS.

O sin - ner, hard-en not your heart Un - til the die is cast;



Rit.

God's Spir - it may from you de - part, And you'll be lost at last.

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NO. 113.

Jesus, Save Me Now.

"All things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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

He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
Christ, the might - y Ma - ker, died For man, the creature's sin.
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, . . . I hum - bly bow, Je - sus,
At the cross, at the cross I hum - bly bow, Je - sus,

save . me, save me now; "Nothing in . . my hand I
save me, save me, save me now; "Noth-ing in my

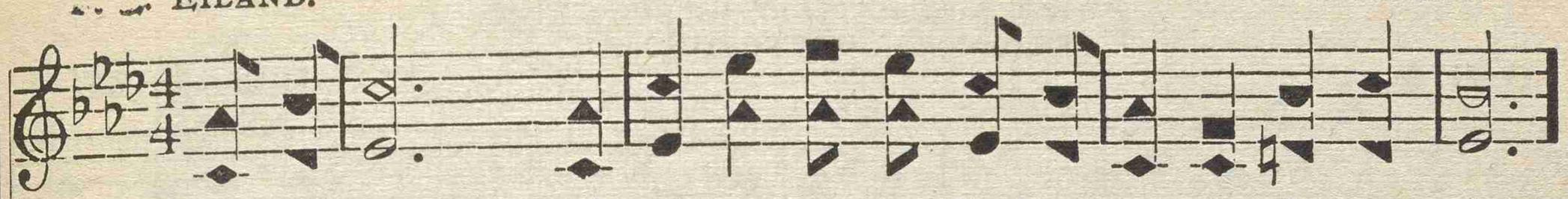
bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling."
hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy I cling."

rit.

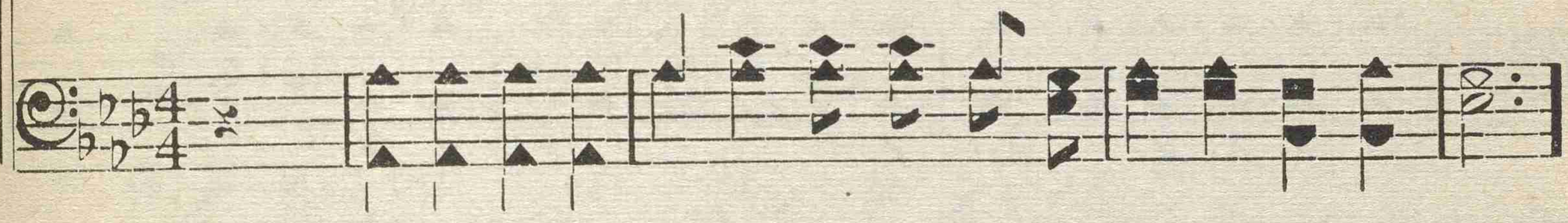
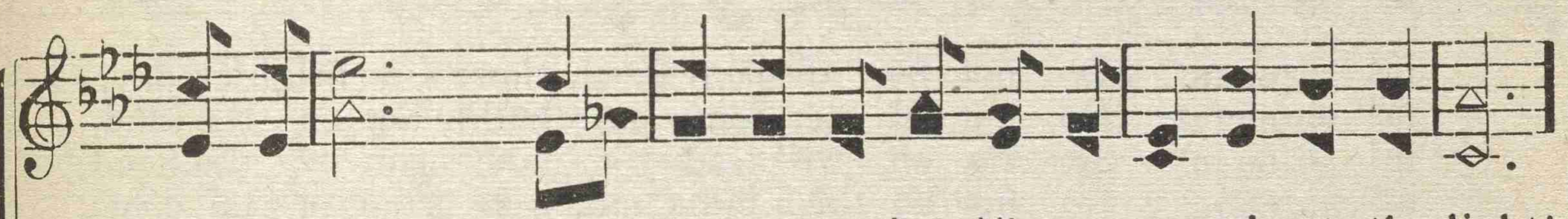
NO. 114. They Are Coming to the Light.

Copyright, 1906, by A. B. Sebren. Used by per.

EILAND. A. B. SEBREN.

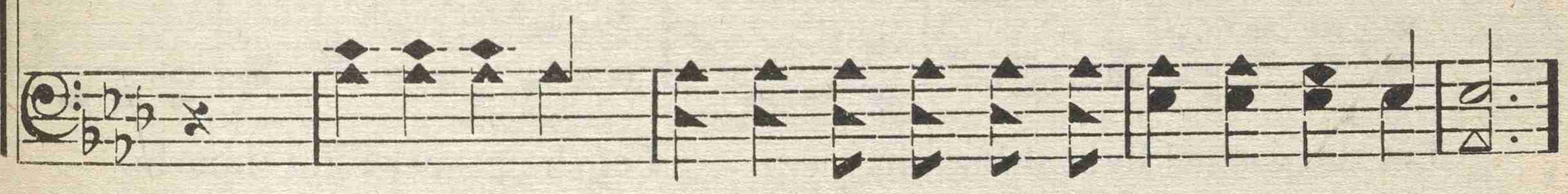


1. From a life of condem-nation, Thro' the gospel's glorious might,
2. Tired of sin's all vain de- lusions, And its cer-tain, aw-ful blight;
3. Since are vain, their fondest hopings, Of se - cur-ing treasures, bright,
4. They, with eyes, t'ward heaven turning, View the scenes of Calv'ry's height,

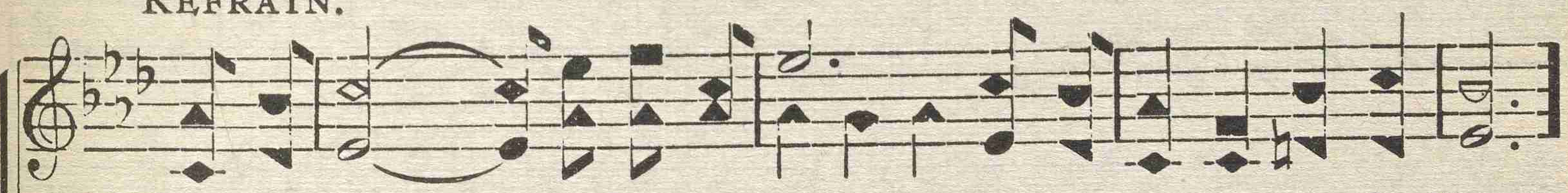
From a life



Men are cry - ing for sal- va-tion, They are coming to the light!
Live for God. the soul's conclusion, They are coming to the light!
From the world, thro' dismal gropings, They are coming to the light!
With a full persua-sion burning, They are coming to the light!

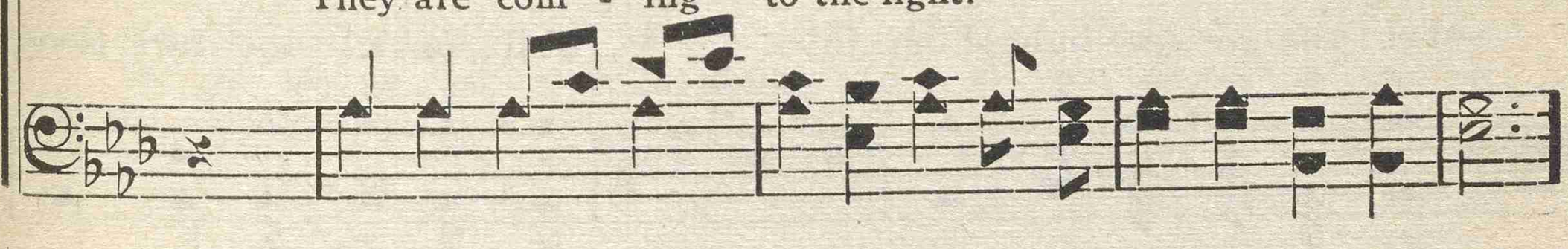
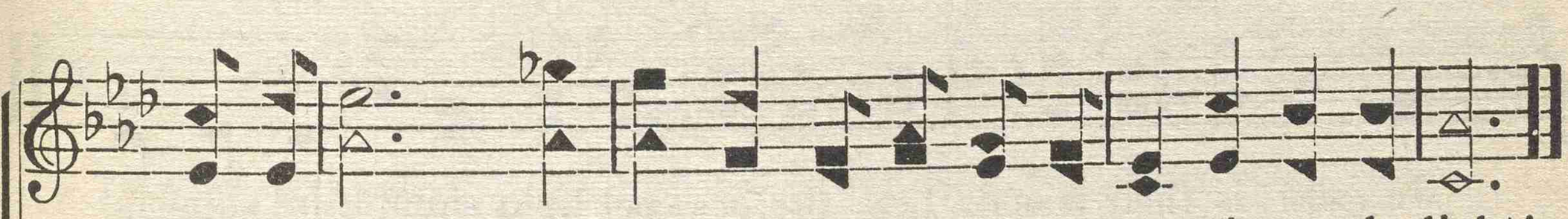
Men are cry-ing



REFRAIN.

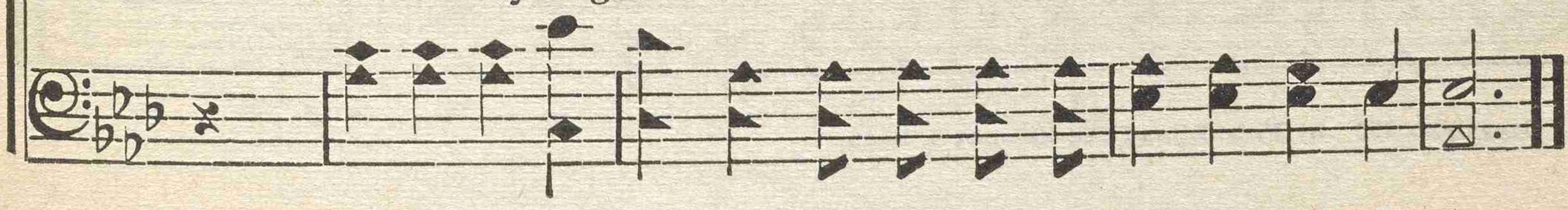


They are com - ing to the light! They are coming to the light!

They are com - ing to the light!



Men are cry - ing for sal - vation, They are coming to the light!

Men are cry- ing



NO. 115. Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

Be thy words, and deeds, a light,
The Soul, of man to win,—
Speak, and act, then for the Christ,
Who seeks, to save from sin.

G. H. R. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Weary way-worn sin-ner, on the broad highway, Let the gospel light shine
2. Brother, if you're doubting, why then longer stand, Let the gospel light shine
3. Faint not by the way-side— is the blest command, Let the gospel light shine
4. While the pearly gates stand o-pen wide to you, Let the gospel light shine

in! shine in! Do not be dis-cour-aged, there's a brighter day,—
in! shine in! Do not fal - ter lon - ger, build not on the sand,
in! shine in! Je - sus on, will lead you, take you by the hand;
in! shine in! Do not let them close and, seal your fa - tal doom,

REFRAIN.

Let the gos-pel light shine in. Let the gospel light shine in,
shine in. shine in,

Let the gos - pel light shine in! Tell to all the na - tions,
shine in!

Je - sus is their friend, Let the gcs - pel light shine in! shine in!

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NO. 116.

Come to the Saviour.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean and Hensley.

CARLTON B. CARLTON BRADSHAW.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, dear sin-ner He of-fers you par-don to-
2. The Sav-iour is ten-der-ly call-ing The blest ones who've wander'd a-
3. The judgment is com-ing, dear sin-ner, Oh, how will it be with thy

day; Oh, do not de-spise, nor re-ject Him, The gos-pel now quick-
way; Oh, turn from your pathway of dark-ness,—Be a child of the Sav-
soul? Shall thy spir-it's a-bode be with de-mons, Far a-way from the cit-

REFRAIN.

ly o-bey. Oh, come . . . to the Sav-iour, Oh,
iour to-day.
y of gold? Oh, come, will you come to the Sav-iour to-day? Oh,

why . . . will you roam? . . . The an-gels in
why will you roam, sin-ner, why will you roam? The an-gels in glo-ry, the

glo-ry Will wel-come, will wel-come you home.
an-gels in glo-ry

NO. 117.

Come to the Savior.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. D. A. FAUBUS.

1. Are you fear - ing to come to the Sav - ior, Poor, wea - ry, and
2. Such a love had the bless - ed Re-deem - er, Such ten - der, and
3. He has borne all your sins, and your sor - rows, And lov - ing - ly
4. Why still lin - ger a - way from the Sav - ior, So lov - ing, so

sin burdened one? Are you think-ing your sins are too griev - ous?
in - fi - nite grace; That He came from His bright home in glo - ry,
calls you to - day; Fear no lon - ger, but come to the Sav - ior,
faith - ful, and true? Cast a - side all your doubts, and your fear-ing;

CHORUS.

O, think what the Sav - ior has done!
To ran- som our poor, ruined race.
Your sins, He will wash all a - way.
He purchased sal - va - tion for you.

} Come to the Sav - ior, O,

come to the Sav - ior, O, come to the Sav - ior to-day! Has-ten,

sin - ner, and come to the Sav- ior; Your day of grace speedeth away.

NO. 118.

Are You Waiting?

Copyright, 1906, by A. B. Sebren. Used by per.

F. L. EILAND. A. B. SEBREN.

1. Is thy soul at peace and wait - ing For the day that's coming to all?
2. Are thy hopes all brightly beam - ing With a joy that bringeth sweet rest?
3. Is thy heart all full of gladness, Wrought by deeds thy hands have well done?

Yea, the trump of God shall wake the dead, And all the nations, will call.
Per - fect love, all fear shall drive a-way, And fill with glo-ry, thy breast.
Thy re-ward is fixed, and so, must be, Saith God, thro' Jesus, His son.

CHORUS.

Are you wait-ing and read - y? Are you wait-ing to - day? 'Tis a morn-ing that's coming to all; Are you wait-ing and read-y? Are you wait-ing, I say, If this mo-ment, for you, He should call?

NO. 119.

In His Steps.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. J. T. WILSON.

1. What wondrous love,..... that Je - sus came.....
2. In wretch-ed scenes..... of grief and pain,.....
3. God sent His Son,..... the lost to save,.....
4. Walk in His steps..... be - liev-ing soul,.....

What won-drous love, that Je - sus came

To seek the ill,..... the weak, the blind;.....
That mark the haunts..... .... of man be - low,.....
From Sa-tan's power,..... from sin's dark night;.....
There's peace and joy..... be-yond com - pare;.....

To seek the ill, the weak, the blind;

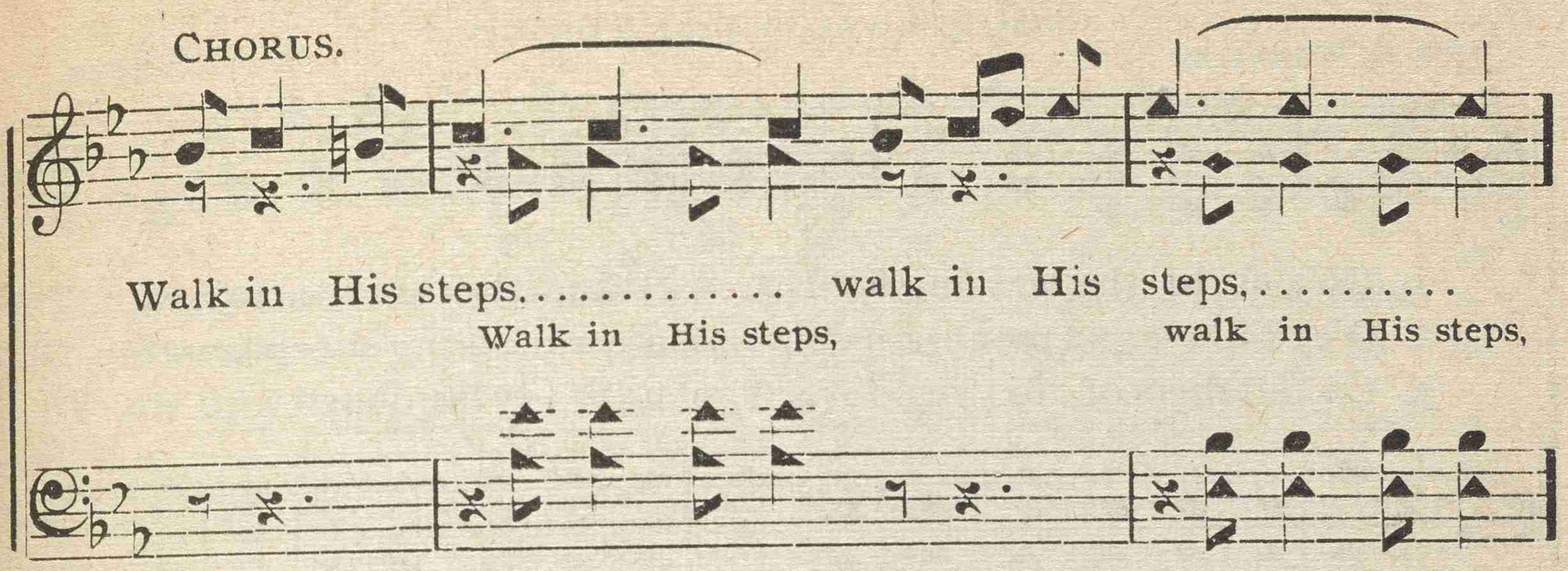
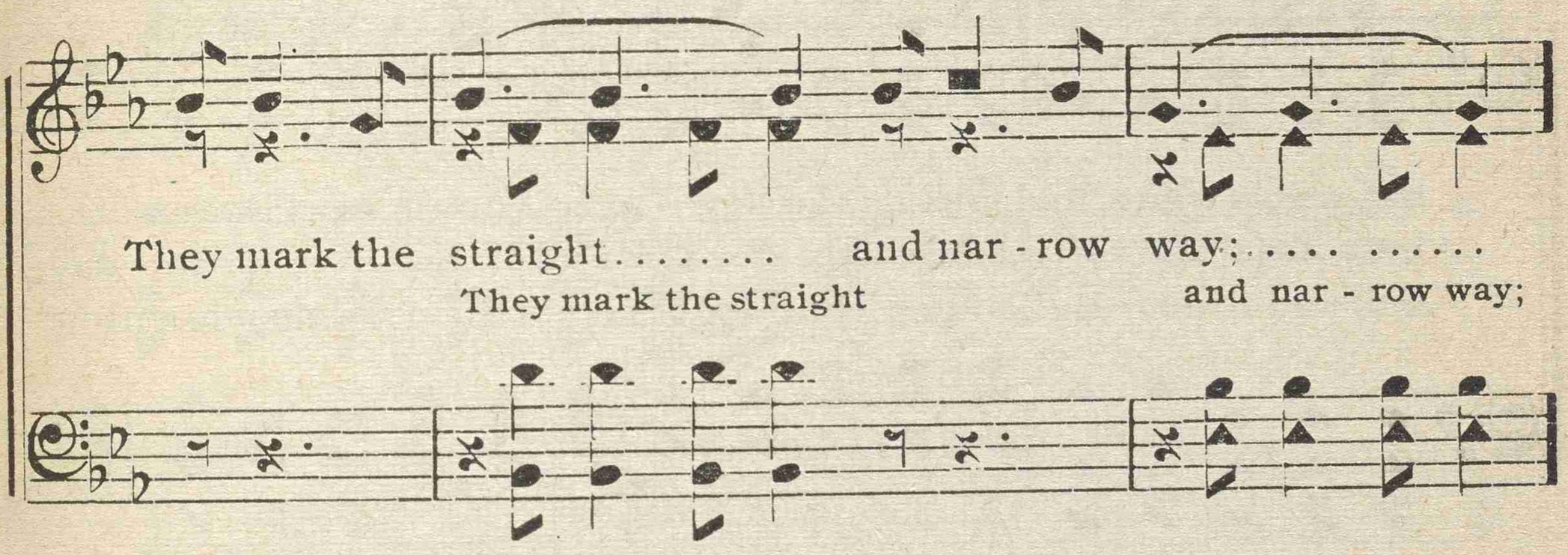
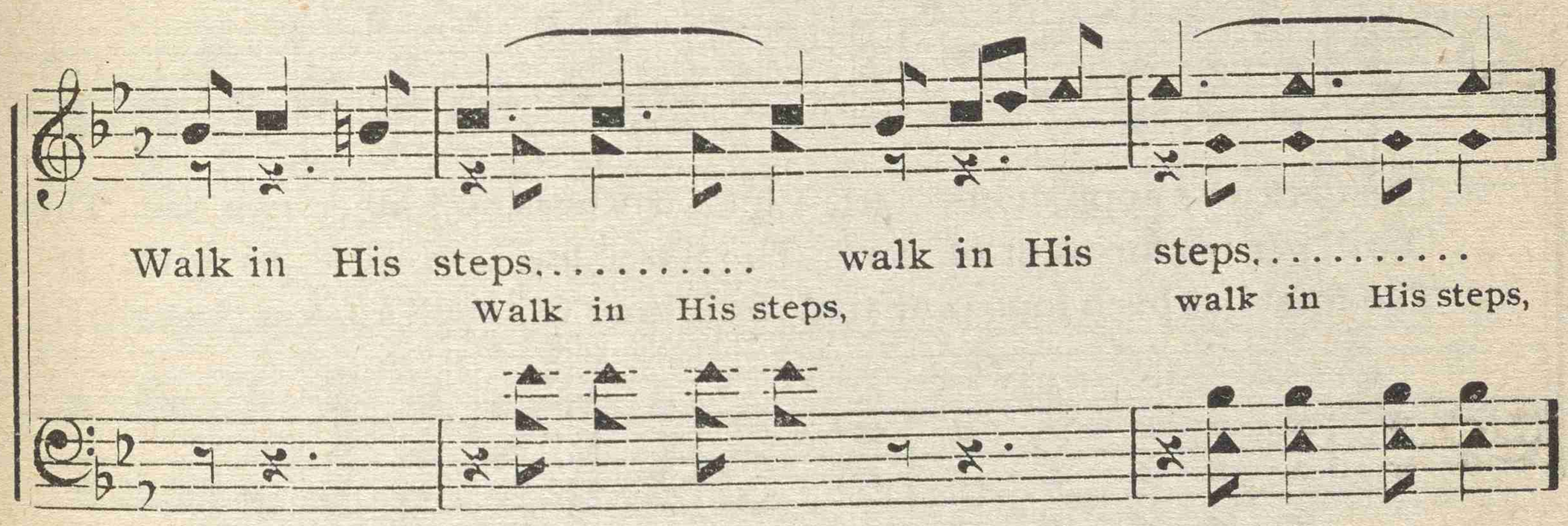
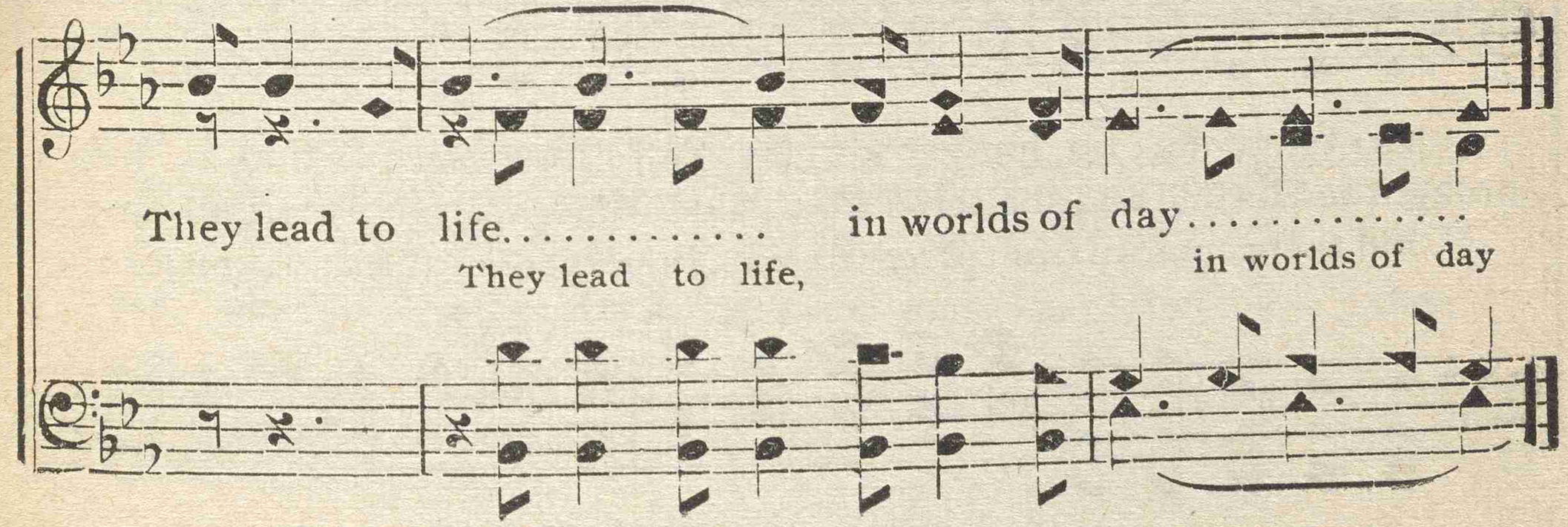
Un - to the poor,..... the halt, the lame,.....
The bless-ed Christ..... so oft re-mained,.....
His life for man..... He free - ly gave, ...
Where streams of joy..... for - ev - er roll,.....

Un - to the poor, the halt, the lame,

Bring com - fort and..... sweet peace of mind.....
To heal their wounds..... and soothe their woe.....
Led them from dark - - - ness in - to light.....
The Fa - ther's glo - - - ry you shall share.....

Bring com - fort and sweet peace of mind.....

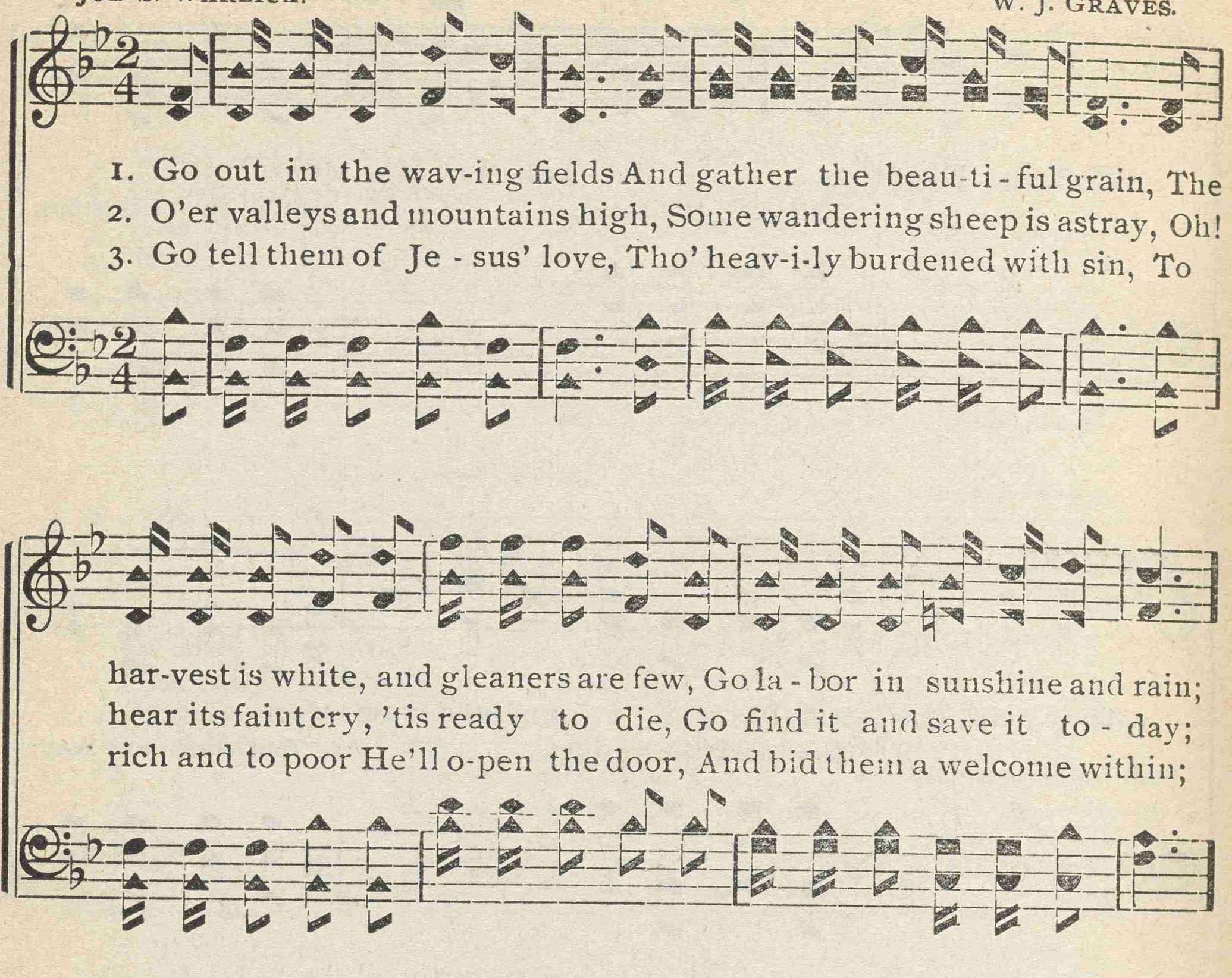
In His Steps—Concluded.

CHORUS.



NO. 120. Tell Sinners Salvation is Free.

Copyright, 1905, by Dean & Hensley.

JOE S. WARLICK. W. J. GRAVES.



Tell Sinners Salvation is Free—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Go gath-er some sheaves to-day, Oh, haste to the fields a-
Go gath - er some sheaves to - day, Oh, haste to the

way, Go gather some sheaves, some beautiful sheaves, Stand
fields a - way,

i - dle no lon-ger, I pray; The Savior with lift-ed hands Is
The Sav - ior with lift - ed hands Is

call - ing to you and me, We'll an-swer the call, and
call - ing to you and me,

say un - to all, His mer - cy and par - don is free.

NO. 121. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

What peace, and joy, it ever brings, Though, destructive billows roll,
If verily, the spirit sings, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."—F. L. E.

CHAS. WESLEY. A. L. REED.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none,
3. Thou, O, Christ, art all I want,
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found,

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul,

of my soul,

Let me to Thy bo - - - som fly,
Hangs my help - less soul on Thee,
More than all, in Thee I find,
Grace to cov - er all my sin,
Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - - - ters roll,
Leave, O, leave me not a - lone,
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint,
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound,
While the near - er wa - ters roll,

wa - ters roll,

While the tem - pest still is high.
Still sup - port, and com - - - fort me.
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Make and keep me pure with - in.
While the tem - pest still is high.

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Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - - iour hide,
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
Just and ho - ly is Thy name,
Thou of life, the fount - - ain art,
Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour hide,

Till the storm of life is past,
All my help from Thee I bring,
I, am all un - right - - eous - ness,
Free - ly let me take of Thee,
Till the storm of life is past.

Safe in - to the ha - - ven guide,
Cov - er my de - fence - less head,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Spring Thou up with - in my heart,
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide,
the haven guide,

Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Thou art full of truth and grace.
Rise to all e - ter - - - ni - ty.
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

NO. 122.

Sailing On.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

E. F. DEAN. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. We are on the o - cean sailing, 'Gainst the mighty, surging tide,
2. Yes, we're sail-ing ev- er onward, T'ward that home on Canaan's shore,
3. When we reach its shin-ing por -tals, O, what beauties we'll be-hold;

In the glo-rious gos - pel ves -sel, That will ev-'ry storm out-ride.
Where our many friends and loved ones Rest in peace for-ev-er-more.
All the joys of that bright cit- y To our eyes will then un-fold.

CHORUS.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, To fair Canaan's happy shore;
Sailing, we're sailing, sailing, we're sailing,
happy shore; we're

Sail - ing, sail - ing, There to dwell for-ev - er-more.
Sailing, we're sailing, sailing, we're sailing,

NO. 123. There'll Be Joy for the Reapers.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

G. W. S. G. W. SEBREN.

1. 'T is the har - vest time, and the fields are white, There'll be joy for the
2. Will you la - bor now, gath'ring in the grain, There'll be joy for the
3. Soon, the har-vest days shall for-e'er be past, There'll be joy for the

reap ers, by and by! Gath-er in the grain while the sun shines bright,
reap-ers, by and by! In that bliss-ful home, you, re-ward shall gain,
reap-ers, by and by! And the reap-ers shall have a crown at last,

REFRAIN.

There'll be joy for the reapers, by and by! Reap - - ers shall have
Reapers, reap-ers shall have

joy,
joy, shall have joy,

In..... that home on high; For their toil-ing
In that home, that home on high;

here, they shall have re-ward, There'll be joy for the reapers, by and by!

NO. 124.

Pilgrim Band.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

B. B. E.

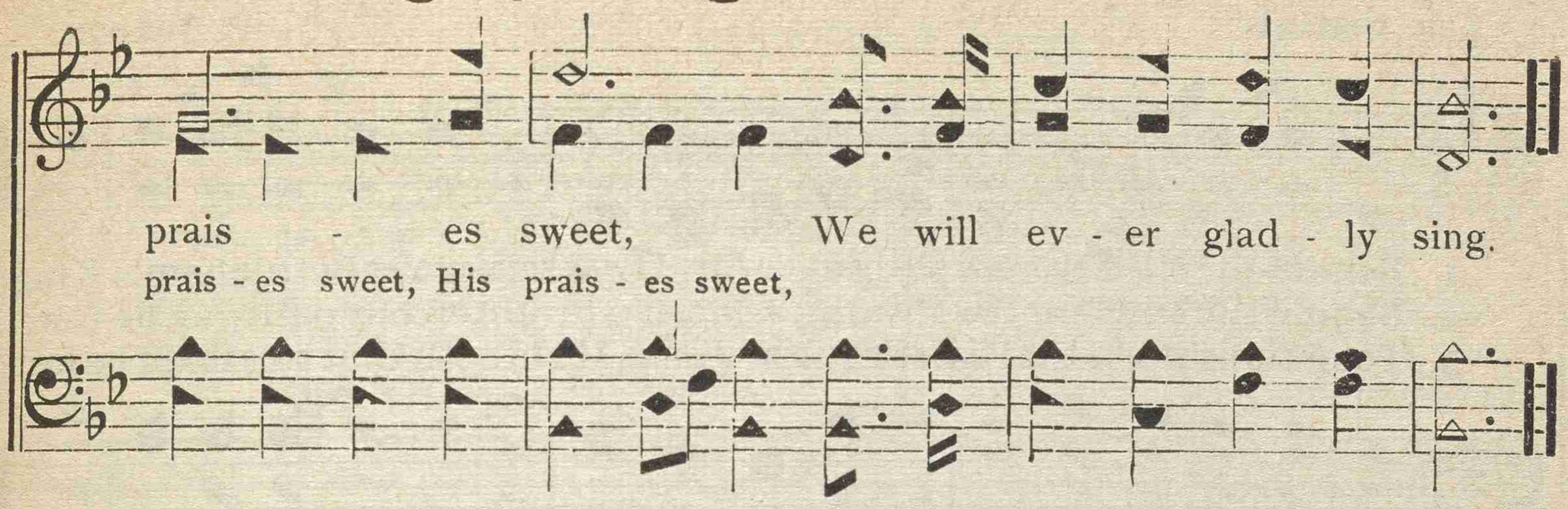
B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. We're a pil-grim band, marching thro' the land, Our com-mand-er is the Lord; We are march - ing on, with a joy - ful song, Trust-ing
2. There are souls a - stray in the des-ert way, They are dy-ing, there, in sin; With a gos - pel song, and a will that's strong, We will
3. When the ware-fare's done and the vic-t'ry's won, Then a crown of life we'll wear, In that home a - bove, where there's naught but love, We shall

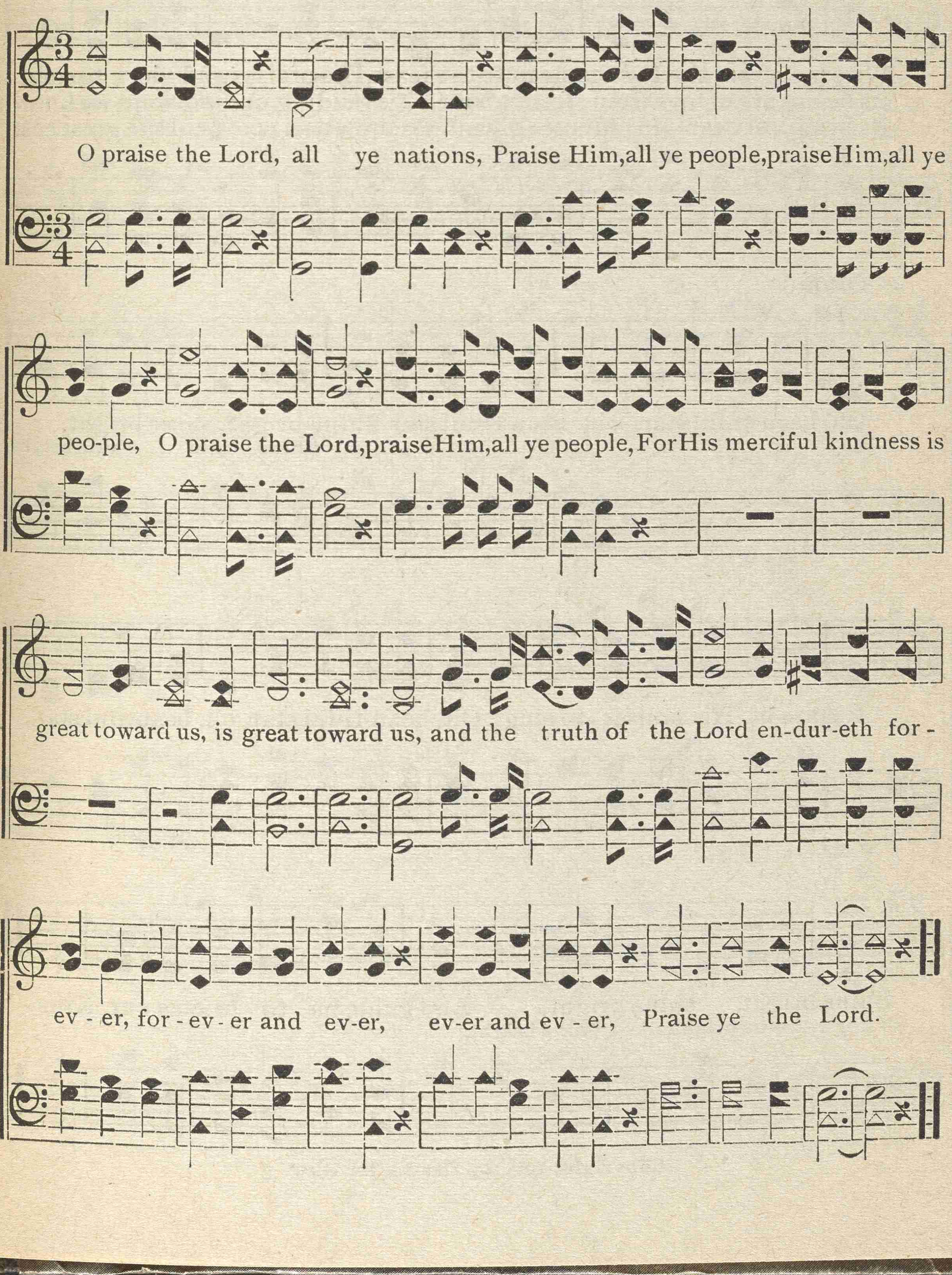
CHORUS.

in His ho - ly word. We are march - ing on, We are march - ing on, We are march - ing, march - ing, march - ing on, We are
go and bring them in.
sing with an - gels there.

march - - - ing on, To the land where Christ is King; And His praise - es sweet, And His
march - ing, march - ing, march - ing on,
We are marching, marching, march-ing on,
And His prais - es sweet, His prais - es sweet, And His

Pilgrim Band. Concluded.

NO. 125.

O Praise the Lord.

WILL HILL.

NO. 126.

The Beautiful Star.

J. R. CORLEY. J. W. GORDON.

1. Behold the bright star now shining a-far, 'Twas shining o'er Bethlehem's King;
2. Behold the bright star now shining a-far, To brighten our pathway be-low;
3. To nations who're blind this star doth now shine, It shineth that none should be lost;

Wise men from the East came unto the feast, His praises and glory to sing.
Its beams are of love from Jesus above, 'Tis guiding our footsteps we know.
Its beautiful beams in radiance gleam, To show them who paid the great cost.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau-ti-ful star, oh, beau-ti-ful star, Shine bright, shine bright,
Shine bright, shine bright,

Inspire us, His praises to sing; Oh, beau-ti-ful star, oh, beautiful star,

Shine bright, shine bright, And guide us to Je-sus our King.
Shine bright, shine bright,

Copyright, 1905, by Dean & Hensley.

NO. 127. We Shall All Rest Together.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JOE S. WARLICK. W. J. GRAVES.

1. There's a home for the soul, in a land, fair and bright, We shall
2. There our lov'd ones we'll meet, and each oth - er shall greet, We shall
3. Let us work, watch, and pray, as we jour - ney a - long, We shall

all rest to-geth - er, by and by; There the sun nev - er sets; in that
all rest to-geth - er, by and by; Our dear Sav-iour we'll see in the
all rest to-geth - er, by and by; Some sweet day, we shall en-ter that

CHORUS.

home of de-light, We shall all rest to-geth - er by and by. We shall
land of the free, We shall all rest to-geth - er by and by.
glad land of song, We shall all rest to-geth - er by and by.

rest, o - ver there, From all sor - row and care;
Sweet-ly rest, by and by, From all sorrow and care; (o-ver there;)

In the home of the soul, We shall all rest together by and by.
Fair and bright, o-ver there,

NO. 128. Gathering Home.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. There's a cit - y far a - way, Where 'tis one, e - ter-nal day, And where
2. In that gold-en cit - y fair, There are end-less joys to share, Those who
3. By and by, when Je - sus comes To con-duct His chil-dren home, Gather

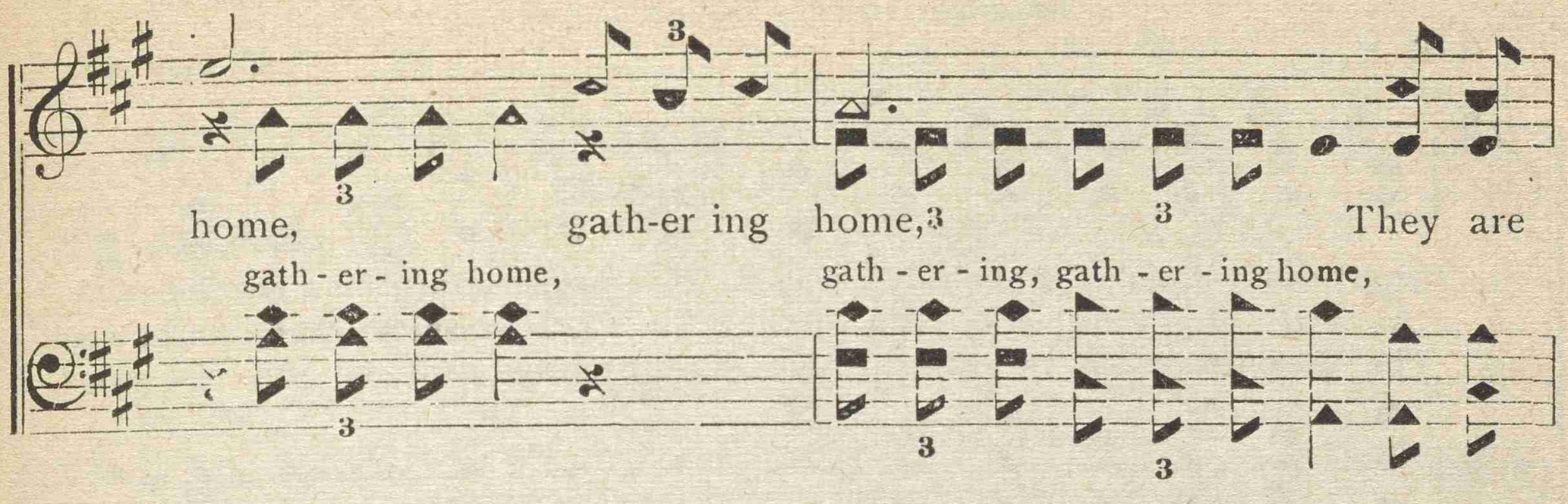
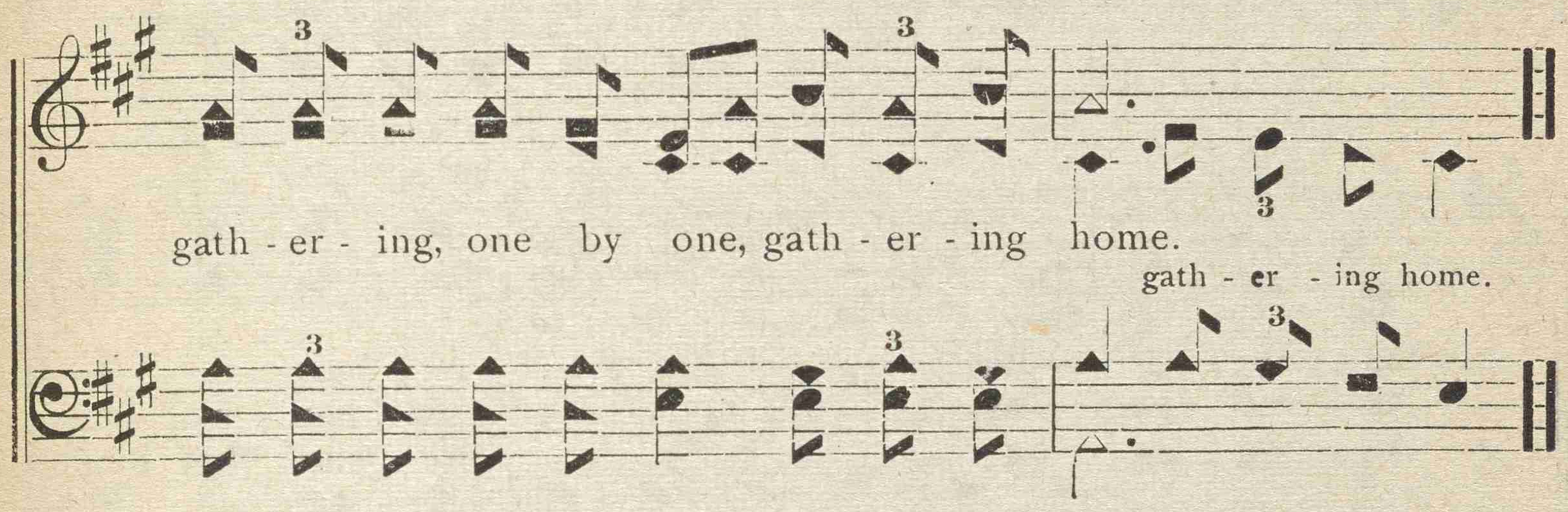
trou-bles of this life can nev-er come; 'Twas prepared by Je-sus' hand,
en - ter will for - ev - er cease to roam; Countless numbers, young and old,
saints of ev -'ry na-tion 'round His throne, Songs of praise we then will sing

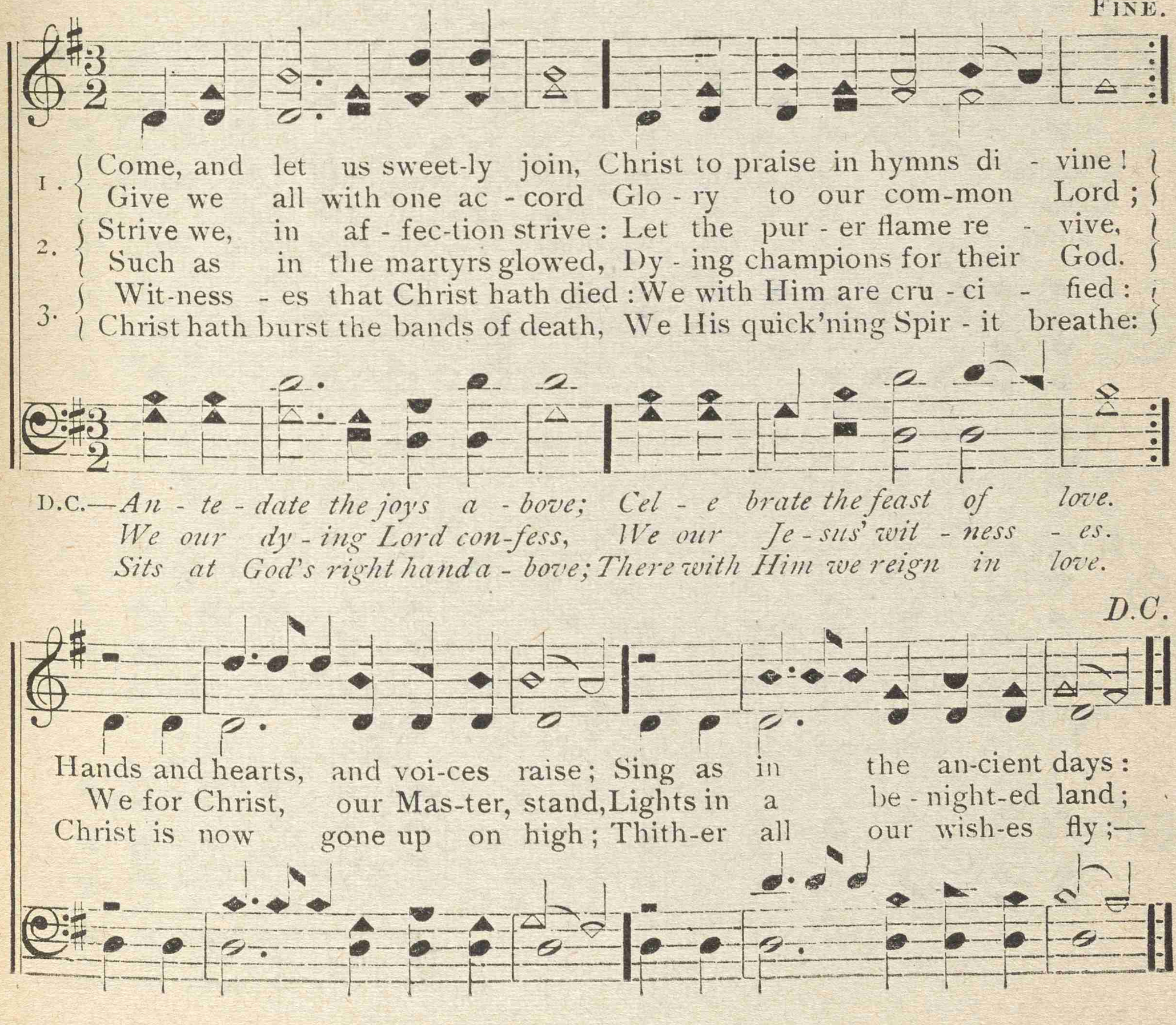
For His faithful, pilgrim band, And they're gathering, one by one, gathering home.
Passing thro' the gates of gold, Now are gathering, one by one, gathering home.
To our Saviour, Lord, and King, As we're gathering, one by one, gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home, gath - er - ing home,
Gath - er - ing home, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home,

One by one, the saved of earth are gath - er - ing home; Gath-er-ing

Gathering Home. Concluded.

NO. 129. Eltham. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

NO. 130.

On to the Kingdom.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

G. H. R.

G. H. Ramsey.

1. Bright the shin-ing, heav'n-ly way, Pil - grims hap-py all the way,
2. As a guid - ing star com-plete, In His promise, sure and sweet,
3. The way bright-er, bright-er grows, Naught, the trou-bles and the woes,

Sing - ing a song . . . . . of beau - ty un -
All of the way, ... so hap - py and
As we go on . . . . . to - ward that bright

Sing - ing a song of praise and beau - ty un -
All of the way, so hap - py, all of the
As we go on and on to - ward that bright

told; Still re - joic - ing we will be, Sail - ing
free; Ev - er walk - ing in the light, On - ward,
home; Till we meet at God's right hand, With the

told, of beau - ty un-told;
way, so hap - py and free;
home, to-ward that bright home;

o - ver life's dim sea, On to that home . . . . . .
home-ward, with de - light, Per - fect in love, ...
ho - ly, ran-somed band, Ev - er to dwell . . . . . .

On to that home so fair
Per - fect in love, my soul,
Ev - er, to dwell in peace

On to the Kingdom. Concluded.

CHORUS.

of jas-per and gold.
my soul shall there be.
a-round the white throne.

On to the King - -

On to the King-dom, heav-en - ly

of jas - per and gold (of jas - per and gold.)
my soul shall there be. (my soul shall there be.)
a-reund the white throne. (a-round the white throne.)

. . dom! On to the King - - - - - dom,
King - dom! On to the King - dom, heav - en - ly King - dom,

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

Walk in the light, ... till dawns the fair morn - -
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light till dawns the fair morn-ing, dawns the fair morn-

ing, When we'll behold . . . . that glo - ri - ous day.
ing, When we'll be-hold that wonderful, and that glo - ri - ous day. (that glo - ri - ous day.)

NO. 131.

Life's Troubled Sea.

J. B. F.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. I am on life's troubled sea, Sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Tho' the tempests wildly sweep, O'er the dark and foaming deep,
3. When I see the light a - head, Then the storms, no more I'll dread,

Long - ing for that home where pleas - ures ne'er de - cay;
And the an - gry waves, like moun - tains 'round me roll;
It will lead me to that bright, e - ter - nal shore;

Soon I'll say to all, fare-well, For I'm go - ing there to dwell,
I will trust in Him who said, "It is I, be not a - fraid,"
In that port I'll furl my sail, Fear - ing nei-ther wave nor gale,

Yes, I'm go - ing to that cit - y far a - way.
He will ev - er guide my wea - ry, trem - bling soul.
For the voy - age of my life will then be o'er.

CHORUS.

I am on the o - cean sail - - - ing,
I am on the o - cean sail - ing, I am sail - ing, sail - ing home,

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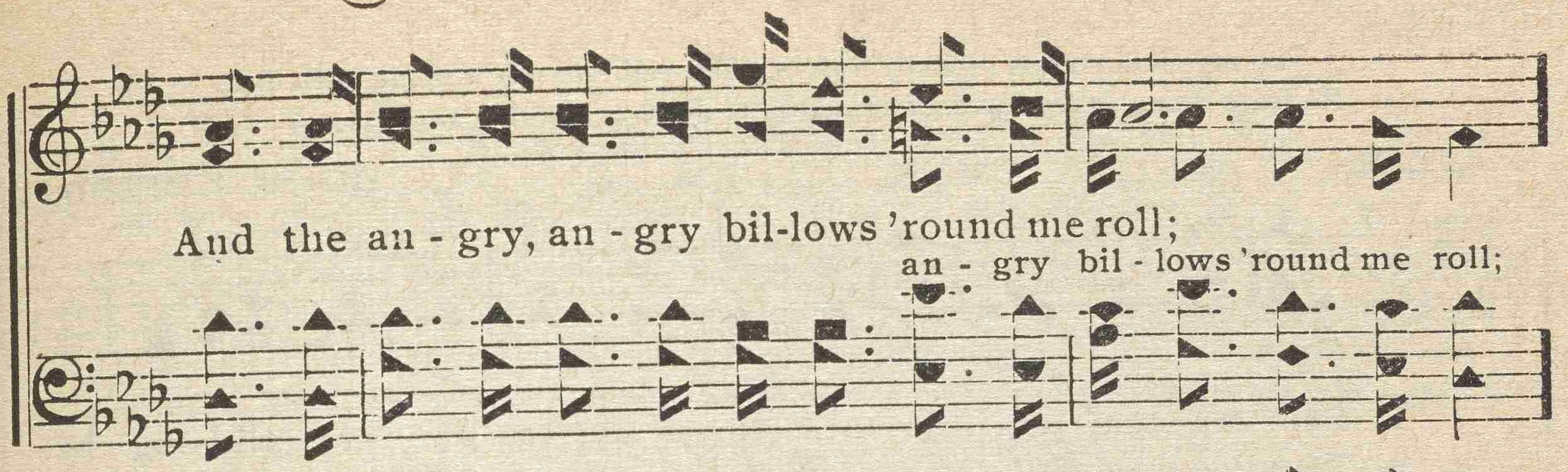
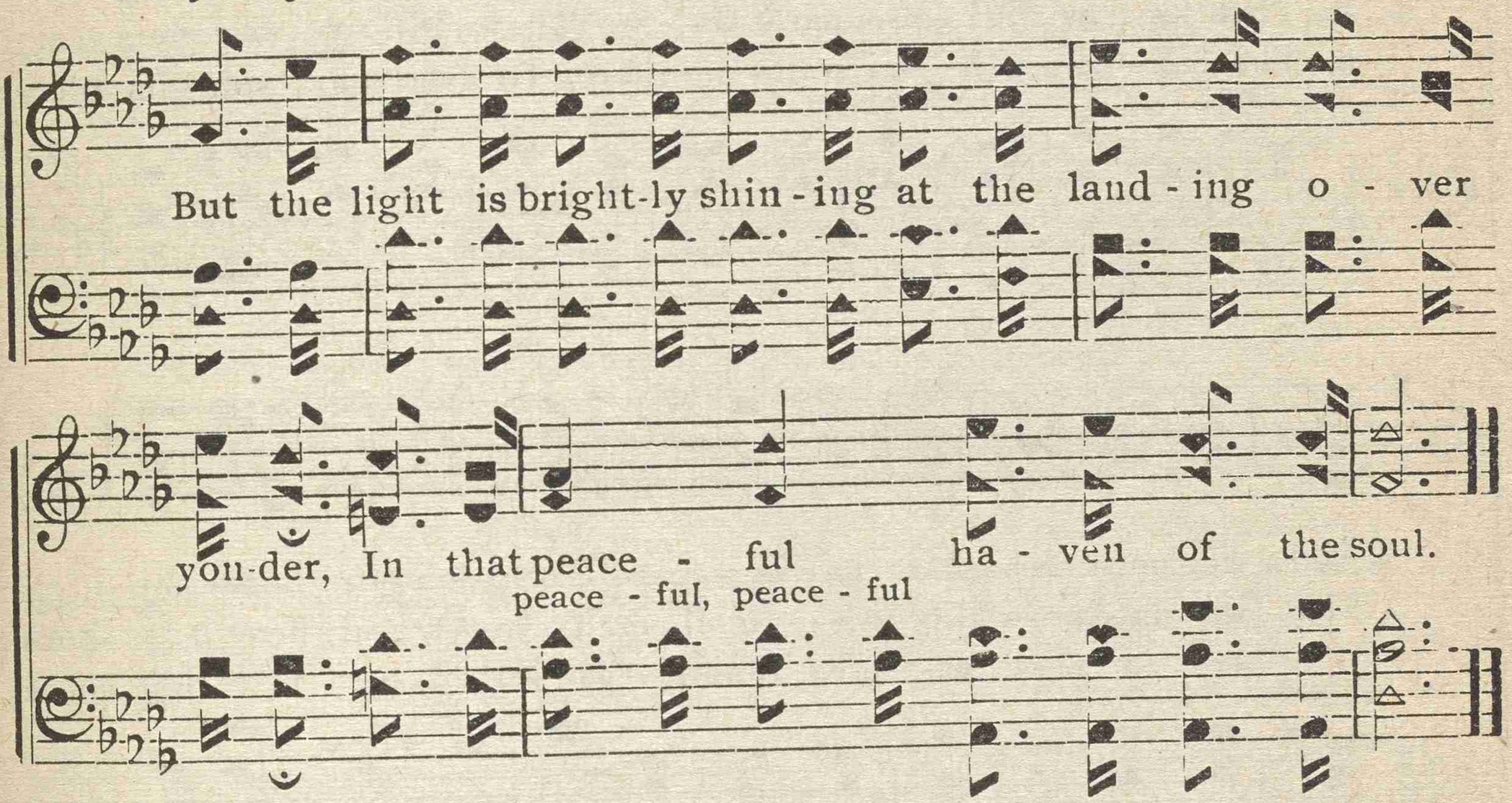
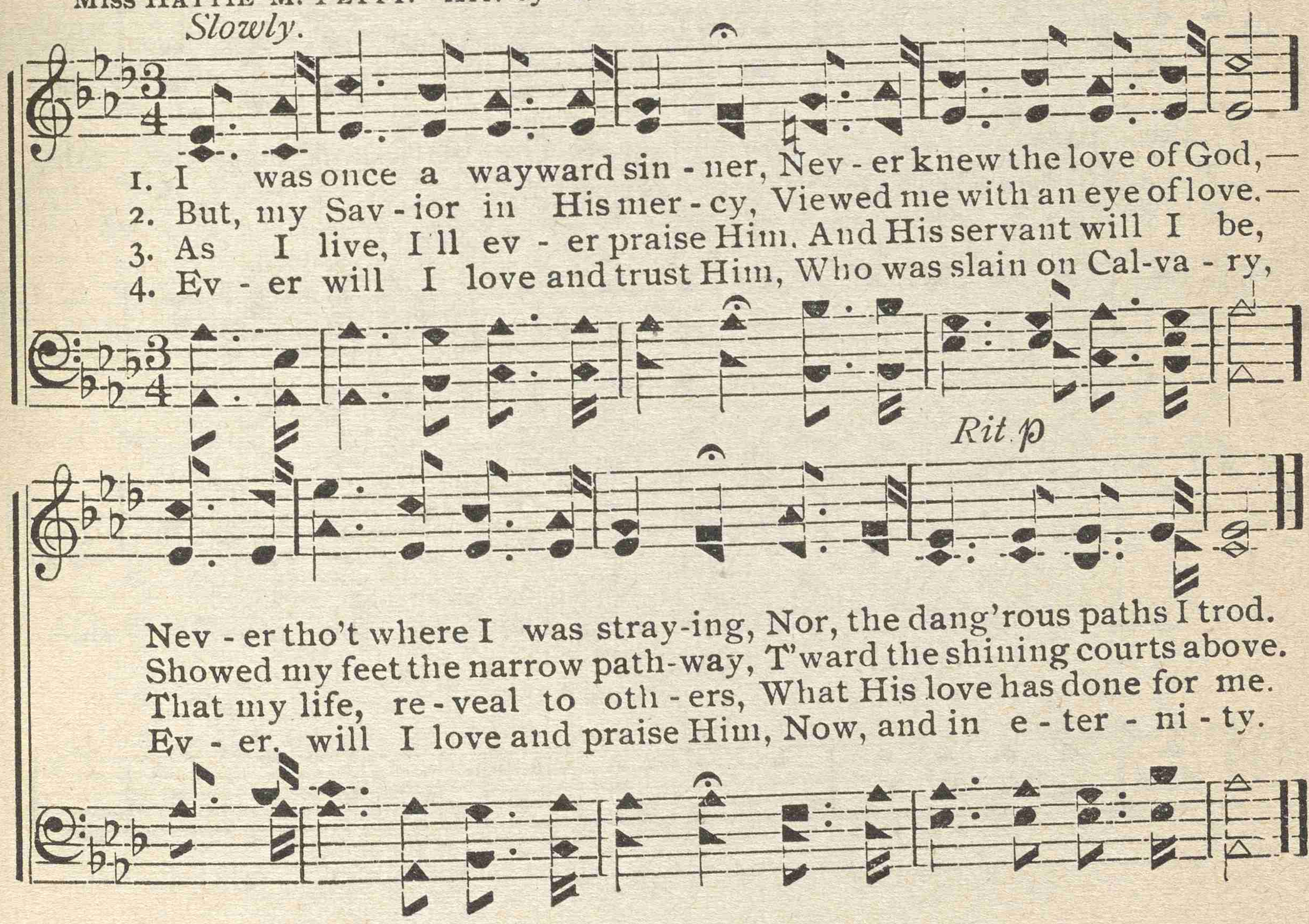
Life's Troubled Sea—Concluded.

NO. 132.

I'll Ever, Praise Him!

Oh, that every wayward sinner, Would the love of Jesus know,
Then to praise Him for salvation, As the shining way they go. E.

Miss HATTIE M. PETTY. Arr. by M. D. USSERY. W. H. FREE.



NO. 133.

The Mystic Stream.

The mystical stream, (death waters,) The millions are nearing each day,
No fears though they have, of crossing, If Jesus is steering the way.—F. L. E.

A. L. R.

Mrs. A. L. REED.

1. The wa - ters of the mys - tic stream, Are ev - er glid - ing by,
2. Then let us all pre - pare to go, These chill - y wa - ters o'er,
3. The boat - man will be wait - ing there, To bear our spir - its o'er,

And we must o'er its go - ings pass, To reach our home on high.
For we must cross this mys - tic stream. To reach that heav'n - ly shore.
If here a pass we have obtained, He'll take us to that shore.

CHORUS.

Pre - pare, ye now to cross, The dark and mys - tic tide,
pre - pare ye

To en - - ter, that blest home, There on the oth - er side.
to en - ter,

NO. 134. Waiting for the Boatman.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

CARRIE MORGAN. CASA H. CARR.

Slowly.

1. I am wait - ing for the Boatman, I am list-'ning for his oar; He will take me o - ver yonder, To that brighter, bet -ter shore. I am wait -
2. When I hear the Boatman coming, Be it day or in the night, If I've done my Master's bidding, I shall hail Him with delight.
3. When the si - lent boat approaches, If it's dark, I will not fear; For no e - vil can o'ertake me, When my blessed Saviour's near.
4. Soon I'll leave this shore of trouble, And I'll cross death's chilly tide, Where the Saviour waits to greet my Coming, on the oth - er side.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, I am wait- ing, I am list- 'ning, I am list-'ning, And I'm long - - ing for the time, When the glo - - ry of that cit - y, In its beau - - ty, shall be mine.

I am wait-ing, I am list -'ning, I am list-'ning, And I'm long - ing, and I'm long - ing for the time, yes, for the time, When the glo - ry, when the glo - ry of that cit - y, In its beau-ty, in its beau -ty, shall be mine, shall be mine.

NO. 135.

The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet, and precious promise,
That, wages He will pay,
For service, here, within His vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. E.

Words written for, and adapted
to music, by F. L. EILAND.

R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and wav-ing fields, Now we go with beau - ti - ful song;
2. Proud-ly we this mes sage tell, To the soul now burdened with sin;
3. Will-ing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beau-ti - ful songs;

That, the bless - ed gos - pel light, lost sin - ners may see, That, its
That, in Je - sus, there is peace, and won-drous-ly free,—That, if
That, the white and wav - ing fields, here gath-ered may be;— That, the

glo - rious truth may shine, With its grace, and pow - er di - vine,
on Him they be - lieve, He their ach - ing hearts will re - lieve,
gos - pel's joy - ful sound, We may send to na - tions a - round,

And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je - sus, we ev - er would be!
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je - sus, we ev - er would be!
And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je - sus, we ev - er would be!

The Waving Harvest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel in song,..... un - to you we
The gos - pel in song,

bring,
un - to you we bring.
Of the great love,..... of
And of the great love,

Je - sus we sing,
of Je - sus we sing,
Beau - ti - ful

grain.....
The beau - ti - ful grain,
is wast-ing we see,
is wast - ing we see,

Repeat Chorus softly.

And in the har-vest glad toil-ers, for Je - sus, we ev - er would be!

NO. 136. Crossing the Tide.

When across the tide of time, We shall landed be,
"Safe at home" we'll ever sing, From all peril free!—F. L. E.

A. J. H. A. J. HUBBARD.

1. O'er the stream of time, Cross ing to the oth - er side,
2. While our bark we steer, Sav iour, with Thy watchful eye,
3. Oh, what joy a - waits, For us, on the oth - er side,

To that bet - ter clime, Where with God we shall a - bide!
Guide, till we shall be, Anchored, in that world on high.
When we've crossed the stream, Life's, all rest less, surg - ing tide.

REFRAIN.

Sail - ing, sail-ing ev - er on, Go - ing o'er the tide, (the surging tide,)

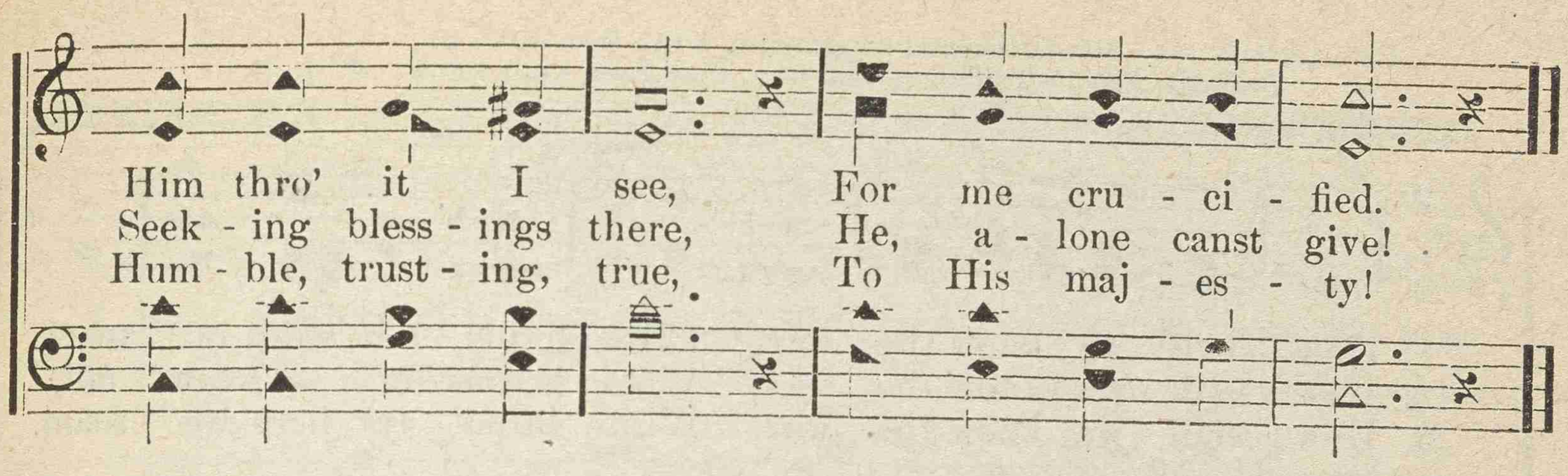
Sail ing, sail-ing ev - er on, T'ward the oth - er side. (the other side.)

NO. 137. Confiding in His Love.

He, my trust, will ne'er betray, He, is God, and true,—
Pledged, is He, and Heaven sealed, This, to never, do —F. L. E.

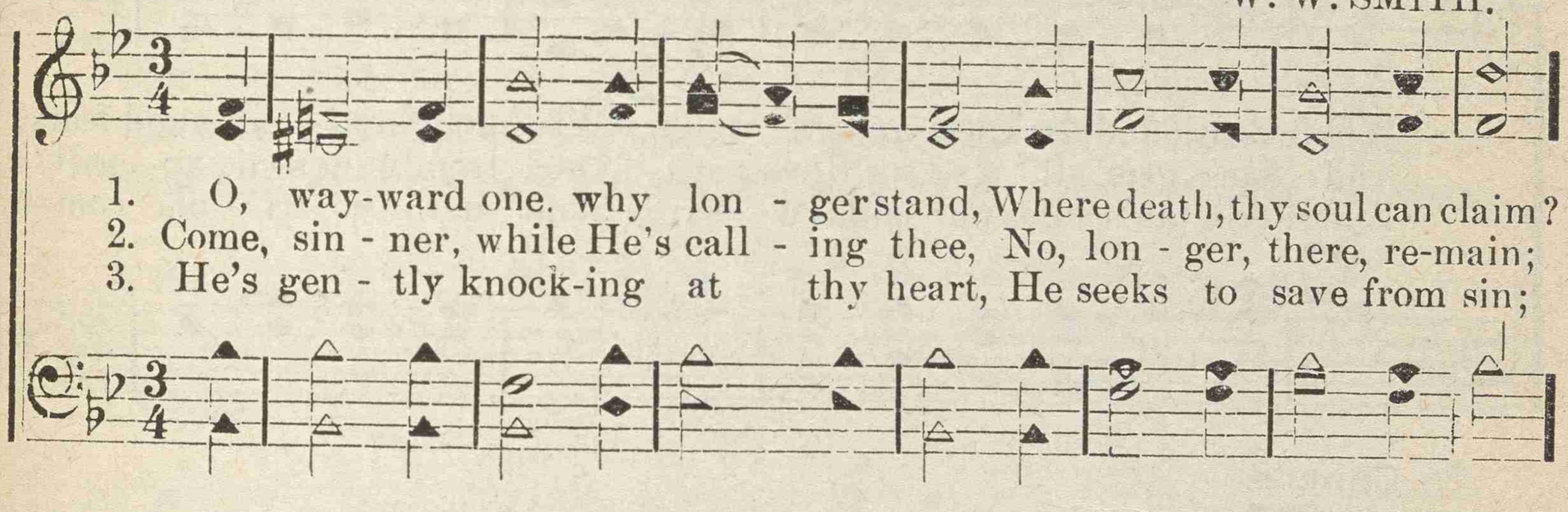
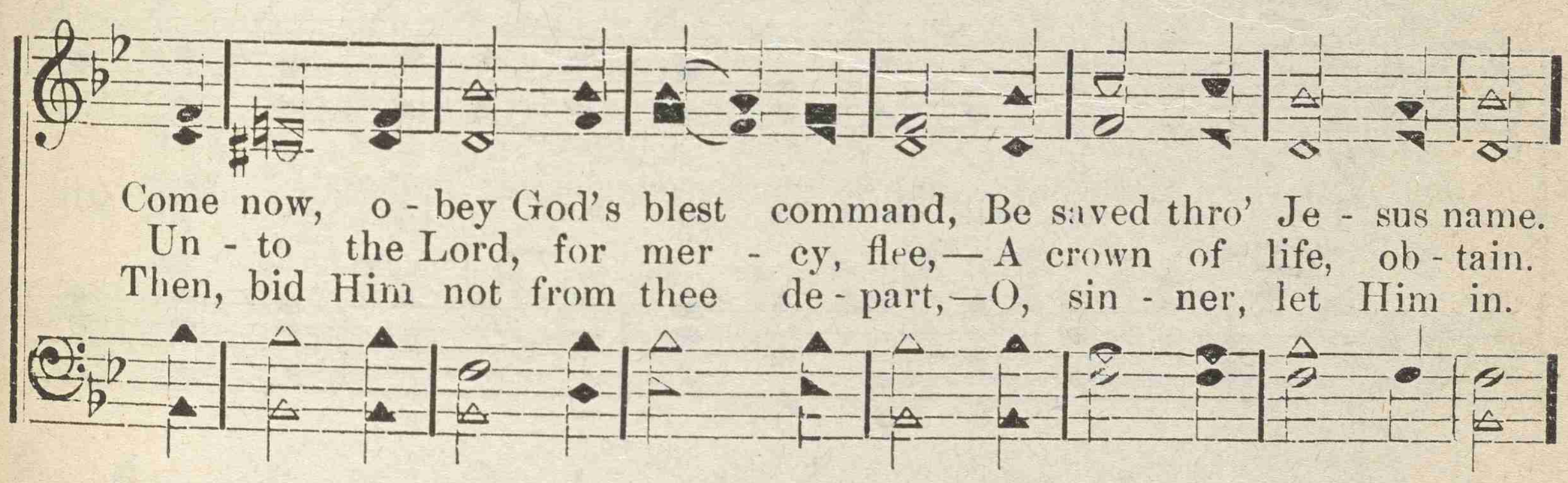
F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

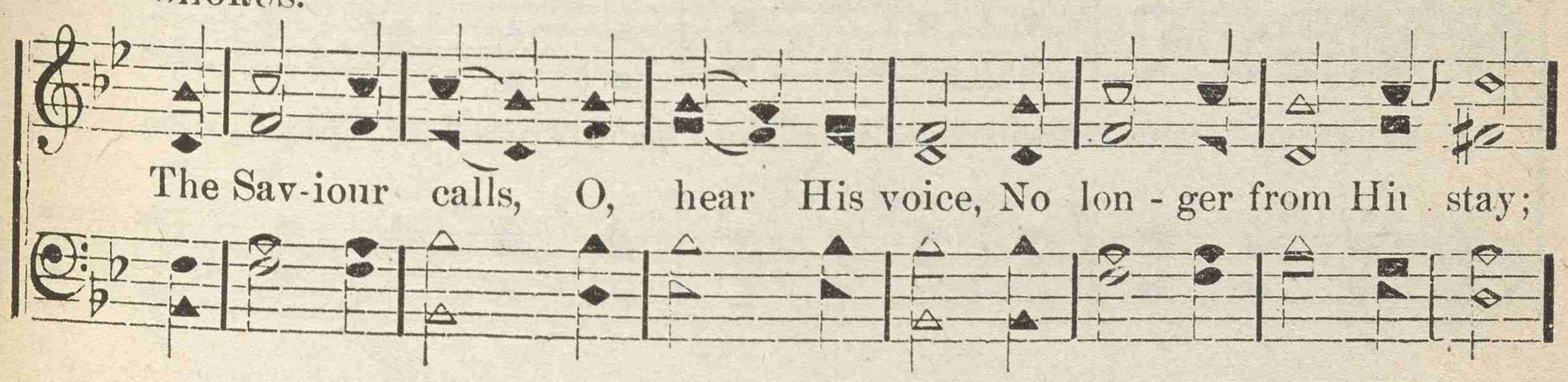
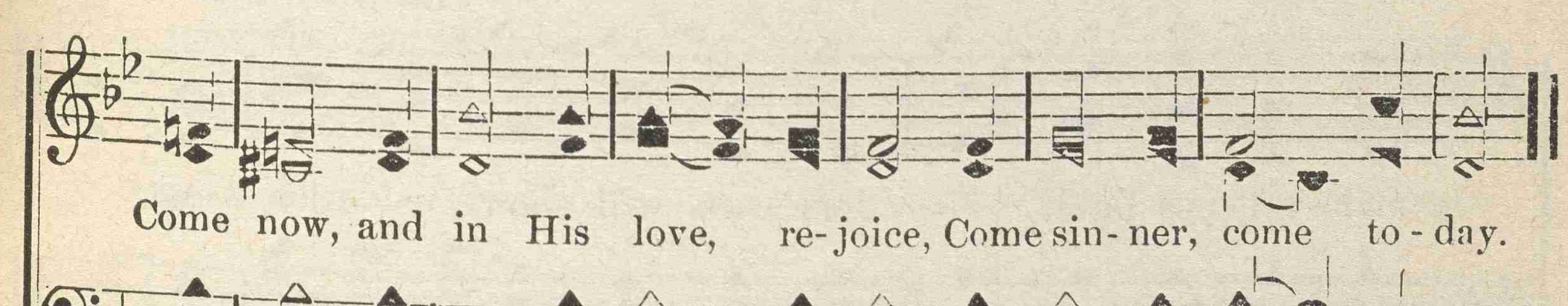
1. Ev - er more will I, In His love con - fide,
2. At His hal - lowed feet, Would I ev - er live,
3. Ev - er thro' His grace, Will I hope to be,

Confiding in His Love.—Concluded.

NO. 138. Why Longer Stand?

Unsaved, unsaved! why longer be, Condemned, by God's command?
Unsaved, unsaved! canst thou not see? Thou art, where thou dost stand!—F. L. E.

W. W. S. W. W. SMITH.



CHORUS.

NO. 139. How Shall We Know.

Read His precious promise, Unto Him often go,
Pray His Spirit's guidance, The way, thou then shalt know.—F. L. E.

E. GREER FLOYD. J. W. GAINES.

1. How shall we know the way, Through this low vale of tears,
2. How shall we know the way, When storms of sor - row fall,
3. How shall we know the way, While blind - ly here we roam,

Where death and darkness ev - er reign, With grief and doubts and fears?
And dan - gers all a - long life's path, Our trembling souls ap - pall?
Where Sa - tan's wiles our souls en - snare, And fier - y tri - als come?

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus, will show us the way, 'Tis Je - sus, will

show us the way! From the shad - ows of night, To His

Rit.

mar - vel - ous light, 'Tis Je - sus, will show us the way.

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NO. 140.

Hail, All Hail!

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Lift your voic - es, now, in praise Of Him, who reigns in heav'n, a - bove;
2. He, of whom the an - gels sing, All praise and hon - or, now, we give;
3. Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more, Ex - tol His name, the world a - round;

Her - ald Him of an - cient days, As Prince of light, and peace and love.
Hail, all hail this might-y King, Who gave His life, that we might live.
Heav'n and earth resounds with praise, None oth - er name, so great, is found.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail the might-y King of glo - ry! Tell oh, tell to
Hail, hail the might-y King of glo - ry! Tell, tell to
all the pleas - ing sto - ry! Fill the earth with glad - ness, Let no
tho't of sad - ness, Dwell a - mong the na-tions that a - dore His name!

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NO. 141.

Life's Way.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. When the journey, toilsome grows, Many the conflicts, cares and woes,
2. Sweet the tho't that cares will cease, O-ver the tide, our joys increase,
3. Je - sus leads us, Shepherd, Friend, All of His own, He will de-fend,

Going life's way, go-ing life's way;
Go-ing, yes, go-ing life's way, go-ing, yes, go-ing life's way;

How we long for peace and love, Home in the Fa-ther's house above,
On the way we'll ev - er sing, Prais-es to Christ, our Lord and King,
Nev - er will our Lord for-sake Us, till at last, we shall a-wake,

1, 2. Go - ing life's way, go - ing life's way.
Go - ing, yes, go - ing life's way,
3. End - ed life's way, end - ed life's way.
End - ed, yes, end - ed life's way,

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Life's Way—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tho' the dark way, Tho' the dark, wea - ri - some way, rug - ged may

be, 'Tis His own hand,

rug - ged, so rug - ged may be, 'T is the dear Sav-ior's own hand,

guid - ing, we see; Lead-ing us

guid - ing us, dai - ly we see;

to mansions a - bove,

Lead-ing, yes, lead-ing us to mansions, bright mansions above,

Where there is joy, rap - ture, and love.

Where there is noth - ing but joy,

NO. 142.

My Soul is Redeemed.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

ADA POWELL. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. My heart is so full of my Sav - iour's dear love! He
2. How pre - cious the thought that He saves me from sin, And
3. He saves all who come with a pen - i - tent grief; Your

bids me to come to those man - sions a - bove! He
o - pens my heart for the light to come in; The
faith and re - pent - ance will bring you re - lief; You

par - doned my sins, tho' so man - y they seemed! Oh,
deep crim - son tide, all my sins have washed clean, Thro'
nev - er have of the great bless - ed - ness dreamed, You'll

I am so hap - py, my soul is re - deemed!
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, my soul is re - deemed!
know when you trust, and your soul is re - deemed.

My Soul is Redeemed. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

My soul is re - deemed! . . . . . my soul is re -
My soul is re - deemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re -

deemed! . . . . . He's par-doned my sins, ...
deemed! my soul is redeemed! He's par - doned my sins, He's pardoned my sins,

tho' man - y they seemed! . . . . . My soul is re -
tho' man - y they seemed! tho' man - y they seemed! My soul is re -

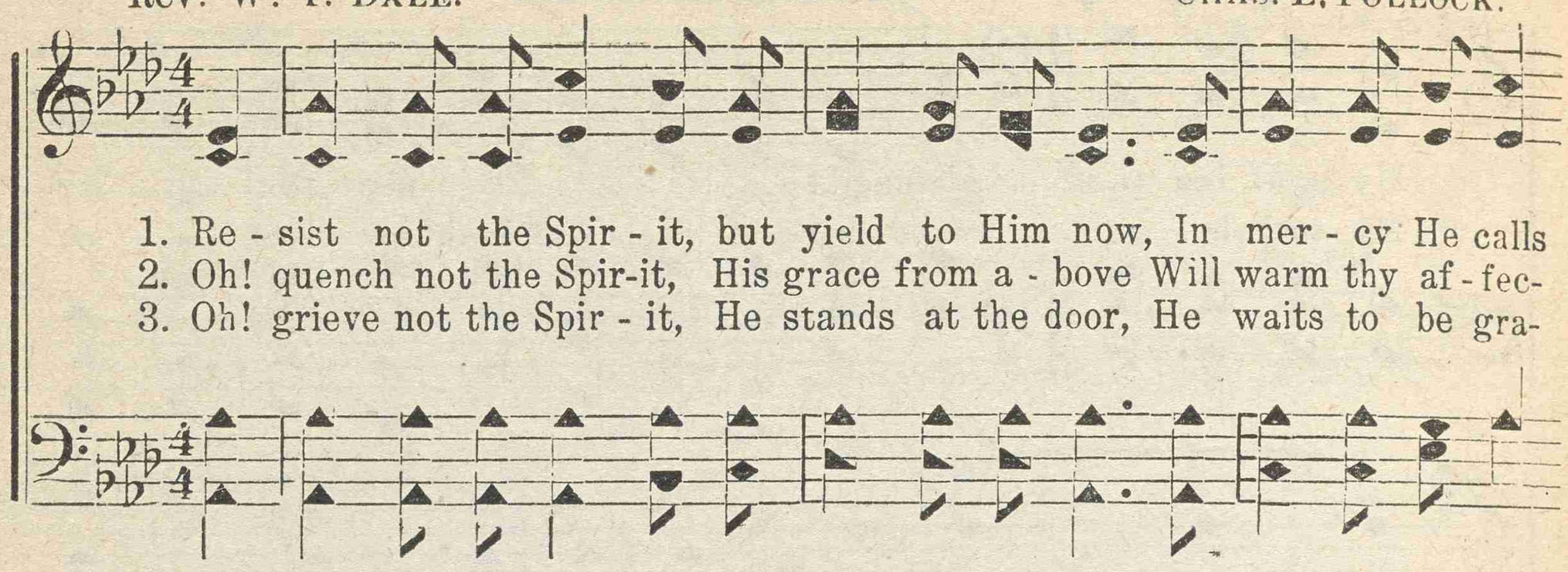
deemed! . . . . . my soul is re - deemed! . . . . .
deemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed! my soul is re-deemed!

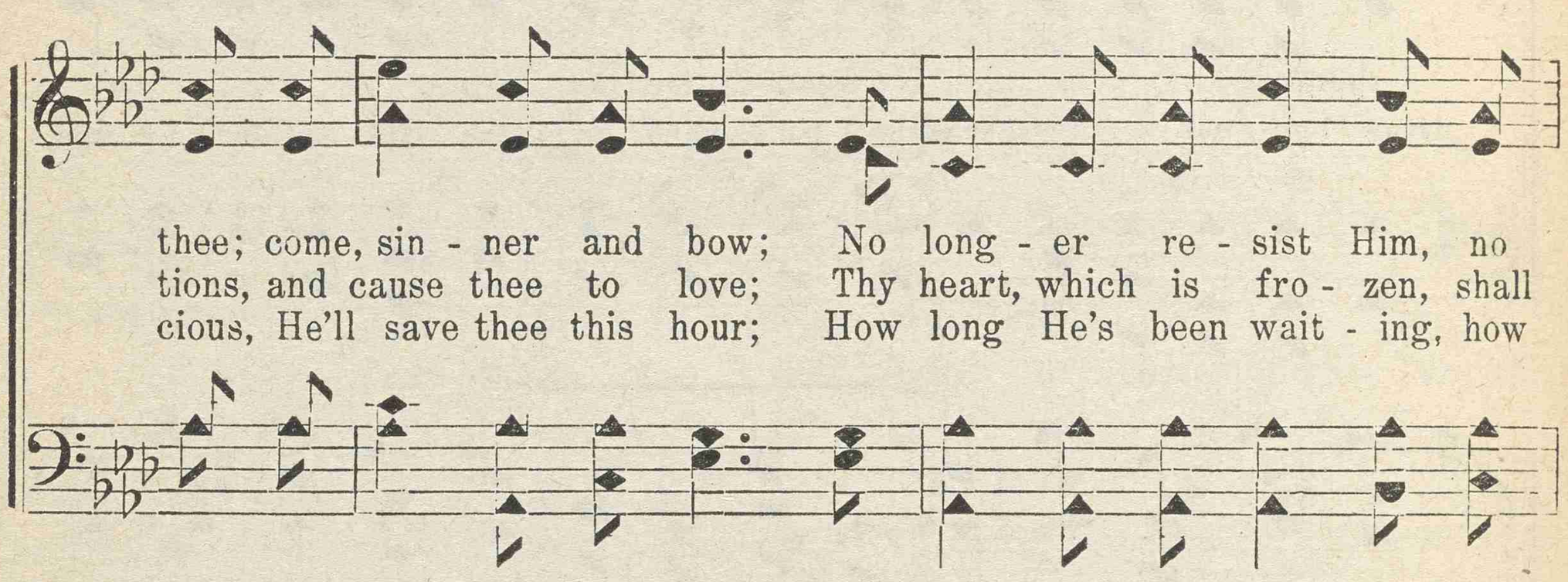
Oh, I am so hap - py, ... my soul is re - deemed!
Oh, I am so hap - py, Oh, I am so hap - py, my soul is re - deemed!

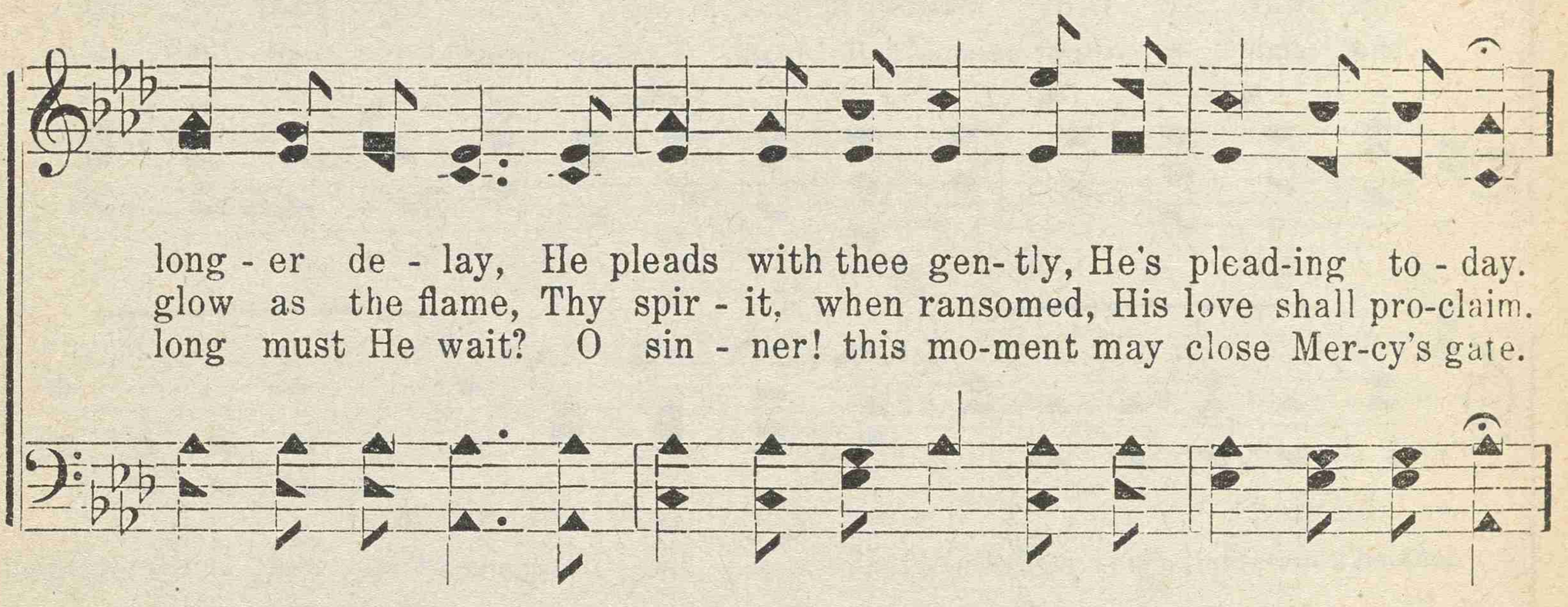
NO. 143.

Three Warnings.

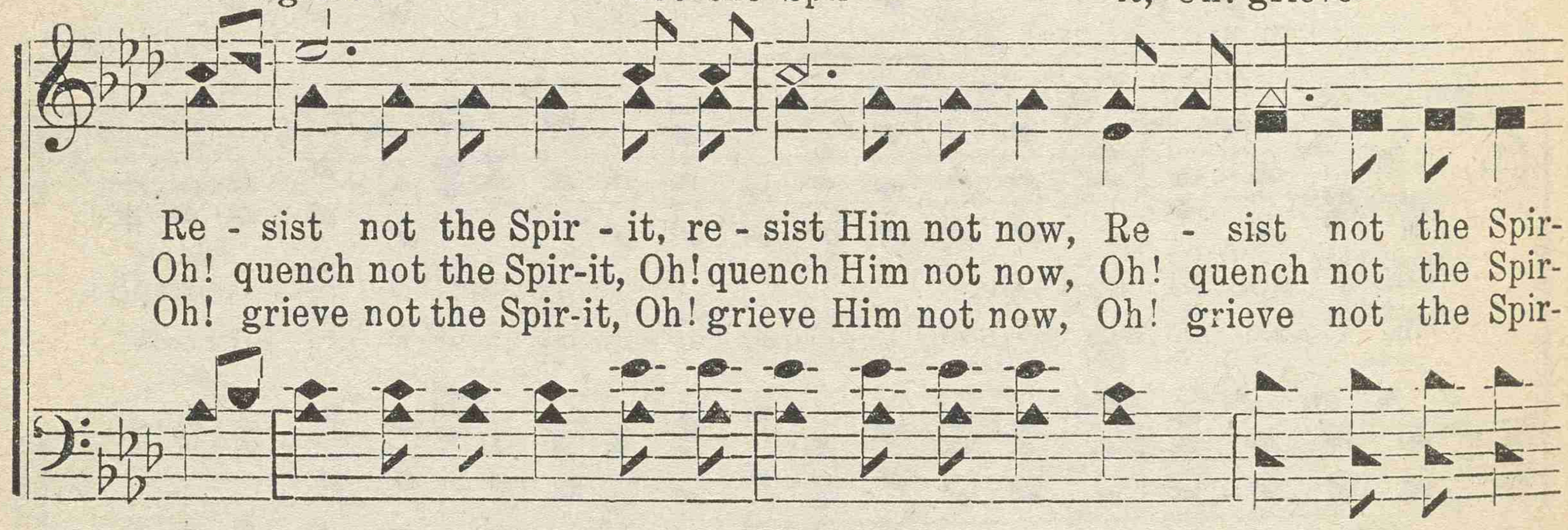
Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.







CHORUS.

Re - sist not the Spir - - - it, re - sist
Oh! quench not the Spir - - - it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve not the Spir - - - it, Oh! grieve

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Three Warnings.

Him not now, In mer - - - cy He
Him not now, In mer - - - cy He
Him not now, In mer - - - cy He

it, re - sist Him not now, In mer - cy He calls thee, in
it, Oh! quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, in
it, Oh! grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, in

calls thee; come, sin - - ner, and bow.
draws thee; come, sin - - ner, and bow.
warns thee; come, sin - - ner, and bow.

mer-cy He calls thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.
mer-cy He draws thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.
mer-cy He warns thee; Come, sin - - ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

Come, sin-ner, come, sin-ner, and bow.

NO. 144.

Ashamed of Jesus.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je-sus!—that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!
3. Ashamed of Je-sus!—yes I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain,—Till then, I boast a Sav - iour slain;

Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And, O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

NO. 145. There I Can Sing.

I wonder if in heaven fair The glorious things, which angels sing,
In thrilling sweetness will compare, 'Midst all the glittering scenes up there,
With those that Light to Earth-life brings.—F.

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. O, I long to be-hold the splen-dor of the Cit - y, where Je - sus reigns! Where I can sing,(Where I can sing,) e - ter - nal - ly sing! Where the
2. O, I long to be-hold the Sav - iour in that won - der - ful land a- bove! Where I can sing,(Where I can sing,) e - ter - nal - ly sing! Where the
3. O, I long to be-hold the an - gels, that will wel-come me, when I come, Then I can sing,(Then I can sing,) e - ter - nal - ly sing; Harp and

an - gel - ic hosts are sing - ing, ev - er, beau - ti - ful, heav'nly strains,
glo - ri - ous shouts are ring - ing of the bless - ed Re - deem-er's love,
crown to re - ward the faith - ful, and a beau - ti - ful, hap-py home,

Prais - es of Christ,(Prais - es of Christ,) the heav - en - ly King!
Where I can praise,(Where I can praise,) the heav - en - ly King!
Dwell - ing with Christ,(Dwell - ing with Christ,) the heav - en - ly King!

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There I Can Sing.

REFRAIN.

There I can sing, ... e - ter - nal - ly sing! . . . . . .

There I can sing, e - ter - nal - ly sing!

Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing, and the beau - ti - ful tree is

grow - ing, There I can sing, ... e - ter - nal - ly sing!

There I can sing,

NO. 146. Windham.

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. 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 gain but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Which hyp - o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev-er knew.

NO. 147.

Guide Me.

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PEARL HATCHETT.

H. W. ELLIOTT.
Arr. by DEAN.

1. O Sav - ior, brighten up my way By Thy rich grace so free;
2. O Sav - ior, ev - er be my guide, That I may walk with Thee;
3 And when death comes, this form to claim, Dear Savior, walk with me

And lead me up-ward to my home, A-cross life's troubled sea.
And ev - er let me hear Thee say, "O come and fol - low me."
A - cross the riv - er, deep and wide: O may I fol - low Thee!

CHORUS.

O Fa - ther, e'er be by my side, Leave me not on life's sea,

But let me ev - er hear Thy voice, "My child, come follow me."

NO. 148.

Gather In.

B. B. E.

B. B. EDMISTON.

1. Gath - er in to the Sun - day school to - day, Gath-er in,
2. Gath - er in, lit - tle chil - dren, one and all, Gath-er in,
3. Gath - er in, all the err - ing, to the fold, Gath-er in,

Gath-er in.

gath - er in! Let us learn of the Sav - iour and His way,
gath - er in! Let us heed, now, the Mas - ter's lov - ing call,
gath - er in! Gath - er in from the wilds, so bleak and cold,

gath-er in!

CHORUS.

Gath - er in, gath - er in! Gath - er in,
Gath - er in, gath - er in! Gath - er in,

gath-er in! Gath-er in to the Sun-day school to-day; Gath-er
gath-er in!

in, gath-er in! Let us learn of the blessed Saviour's way!
Gath-er in, gath-er in!

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NO. 149. Oh, For a Closer Walk.

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WM. COWPER. A. B. SEBREN.

1. Oh, for a clos - - - er walk with God!.....
2. Where is the bless - - - ed-ness I knew.....
3. The dear-est i - - - dol I have known,.....

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk, a clos - er walk with God!
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness, the bless - ed - ness I knew
3. The dear - est i - dol, dear - est i - dol I have known,

A calm and heav'n - - - - ly frame!.....
When first I saw..... the Lord?.....
What-e'er that i - - - - dol be, ...

A calm and heav'n - ly frame!.....
When first I saw the Lord?.....
What - e'er that i - dol be,.....

A light to shine..... up - on the road.....
Where is the soul - - re-fresh-ing view.....
Help me to tear ..... it from Thy throne,.....

A light to shine, a light to shine up - on the road
Where is the soul - re-fresh - ing view, re - fresh-ing view
Help me to tear it, me to tear it from Thy throne,

That leads me to..... the Lamb!.....
Of Je - sus and..... His word?.....
And wor - ship on - - - ly Thee.....

That leads me to the Lamb!.....
Of Je - sus and His word?.....
And wor - ship on - ly Thee.....

Oh, For a Closer Walk—Concluded.

CHORUS.

So shall my walk..... be close with God,..... .....

So shall my walk, so shall my walk be close with God,

Calm and se - rene.... .... my frame; So pu - rer

Calm and se - rene my frame;

light..... .....shall mark the road.....That leads me

So pu - rer light, so pu - rer light shall mark the road

CODA. *Rit.* – – – –

to..... the Lamb. That leads me to..... the Lamb.

That leads me to the Lamb. That leads me to the Lamb.

NO. 150.

Ring the Bells.

J. S. DAVIS & J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.

Joyously. Marcato.

1. Ring, O ring the bells,..... the mer-ry bells..... of Christmas-
2. Ring, O ring the bells,..... the mer-ry bells..... of Christmas-
3. Ring, O ring the bells,..... the mer-ry bells..... of Christmas-

1. Ring, O ring, ring, O ring the bells, merry, merry bells,
2. Ring, O ring, ring, O ring the bells, merry, merry bells,
3. Ring, O ring, ring, O ring the bells, merry, merry bells,

time!..... Toll,..... O toll a theme,..... so full of
time!..... Sad,..... O sad the heart,..... that nev-er,
time!..... Loud - ly toll the bells,..... till all shall

bells of Christmas-time! Toll, O toll, toll, O toll a theme,
bells of Christmas-time! Sad, O sad, sad, O sad the heart,
bells of Christmas-time! Loud-ly toll, loudly toll the bells,

D. S.—*Sweet,.. O sweet the*

love..... and grace sub - lime; ..... Deep - ly in our
nev - - er hears their chime;..... Let..... the peals be
hear..... their soothing chime;..... Let..... the tones be

full of love and grace, love and grace sublime; Deeply in,
nev-er, nev-er hears, nev-er hears their chime; Let the peals,
ring till all shall hear, hear their soothing chime; Let the tones,

D. S.—*Sweet, O sweet,*

song..... of ho - ly love..... their music tells,.....

hearts,..... the swelling tone..... so rich-ly dwells,.....
heard..... thro'-out the land,..... o'er hills and dells,.. ....
fraught,..... with gladsome news..... of Him who dwells,.....

deeply in our hearts, swelling, swelling tones now so richly dwells,
let the peals be heard, yes, thro'-out the land, over hills and dells,
let the tones be fraught, yes, with gladsome news, news of Him who dwells,

sweet, O sweet the song, song of ho - ly love, love their music tells,

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Ring the Bells.—Concluded.

Toll - ing us a strain..... from realms a-bove, O Christmas

Till... they throb with joy,..... then ring the bells,..... O ring the
Swell,.. O swell the tones,..... yes, ring the bells,..... O ring the
In..... that land so fair, ... then ring the bells,..... O ring the

Till they throb, till they throb with joy, ring, O ring the bells, ring the
Swell, O swell, swell, O swell the tones, ring, O ring the bells, ring the
In that land, in that land so fair, ring, O ring the bells, ring the

Tolling us, toll-ing us a strain, from the realms above, O Christmas

bells (O Christmas bells).

Fine. CHORUS.

bells (O ring the bells). Ring,... O ring the bells,..... the mer-ry
bells (O ring the bells). Ring, O ring, ring, O ring the bells,

bells (O Christmas bells).

bells..... of Christmas-time!..... Flood,... O flood the
mer-ry, merry bells, bells of Christmas-time! Flood, O flood,

Yes,

D. S.

earth,..... o'er land and sea,..... with silv'ry chime. .....
flood, O flood the earth o'er land and sea, o'er land and sea, with their silv'ry chime.

NO. 151.

Pure and Spotless.

Shall we sing, and for it pray, A life of purity,
Yet disown the holiness, Of it, ordained to be.—F. L. E.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

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NO. 152.

Will You Come?

JOSEPH E. SCHOATE. R. L. LEFTWITCH.

1. There's a fount-ain that's flow - ing to save from sin; Will you come? Oh,
2. In this life - giv - ing fount-ain there is sweet rest; Will you come? Oh,
3. Those who drink of this fount-ain shall thirst no more; Will you come? Oh,
4. Lo, this fount-ain is flow - ing for you to - day; Will you come? Oh,

will you come? It will cleanse you, and help you, a crown to win;
will you come? Tell to Je - sus your grief; lean up - on His breast;
will you come? They, for - ev - er, shall dwell on that bliss - ful shore,
will you come? Stay no long - er in sin! come now, while you may,

CHORUS.

Come, oh, sin - ner come! The Sav - iour is call - ing! Why don't you come?

He pleads with you now! Oh, why do you wait? A - way from the

fount - ain, no long - er roam! Oh, come ere 'tis too late!

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NO. 153.

Dwelling with Jesus.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

J. W. CHISM. CASA H. CARR.

1. My Fa-ther's house in the great heav en a-bove, Has many bright man-
2. He said to His loved ones, A place I'll prepare In the house of my Fa-
3. And now if I go and prepare thee a place, In the presence of God,
4. In that beau-ti - ful home there where God is the light, And an-gels of glo-

sions ar - ranged thro' his love; Our Sav-iour has gone to pre-
ther,—man-y man-sions are there; I go to pre-pare one that
by His mer - cy and grace; I'll come a - gain to you, and
ry in robes, pure and white; In the soul's home su-per - nal to

pare one for thee,— A man-sion in glo - ry for you and for me,
you may there be In the house of my Fa-ther, in glo - ry with me.
gath - er you in To the land bright, e - ter-nal, where there is no sin.
dwell there with me, In the cit - y e - ter - nal, for - ev - er to be.

REFRAIN.

Dwelling with Je-sus, yes, dwelling in love! Dwelling with Jesus in heaven above!

Dwelling with Jesus, "we've fought the good fight;" Yes, dwelling with Jesus and angels of light!

NO. 154.

Peaceful Slumber.

Funeral Hymn.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean. EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly and with feeling.

1. Sweet and peace - ful be thy slum - ber,
2. Qui - et - ly we gath - er round thee,
3. In the si - lent tomb re - pos - ing,

1. Sweet and peace - ful be thy slum - ber,
Earth - ly cares with thee are o'er; . Nev - er-more to sor - row
Sad - ly, now, we say good - bye; . But we'll greet thee o - ver
With thy soul for - ev - er blest; . Till the judgment - trumpet

Earth - ly cares with thee are o'er; Nev - er - more to
wak - ing, Suf - f'ring thou shalt know no more.
yon - der, Where we'll nev - er, nev - er die.
calls thee, Un - mo - lest - ed thou shalt rest.

sor - row wak - ing, Suf - f'ring thou shalt know no more.

REFRAIN.

Slum - ber, slum - ber, Thou hast gone to thy re-ward;
Slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber,
Slum - ber, slum - ber, In the arms of Christ your Lord!
Slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber, slum-ber,

NO. 155.

Hallelujah, By and By.

JAS. B. F. "To my friend Emmett S. Dean." JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Tho' the way be e'er so lone-ly, On our jour-ney here be-low,
2. Let us hope for things e - ter-nal, And be sigh-ing here, no more,
3. Tell, oh, tell the bless-ed ti-dings To the wea-ry, hope-less ones,

We'll be shout-ing hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! Bright-er
We'll be shout-ing hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! Look by
We'll be shout-ing hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! When at

pros-pects now are wait-ing, O - ver on the oth - er shore, We'll
faith, to yon-der meet-ing, With our loved ones, gone be-fore, We'll
judg-ment, we shall gath-er, We will hear Him say, "Well done," We'll

CHORUS.

shout hal - le - lu-jah, by and by! Hal-le-lu-jah, ... Hal-le-
shout hal - le - lu-jah, by and by! Hal-le-lu-jah,
shout hal - le - lu-jah, by and by!

lu - jah, ... We'll be shout-ing hal - le - lu - jah, by and
Hal-le-lu-jah,

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Hallelujah, By and By.

by! With our cares and con-flicts o-ver, Face to

Hal - le - lu - jah!

face, with heav-en's King, We'll shout hal - le - lu - jah, by and by!

NO. 156. Devotion.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sud-den vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet prom-ise there, Some sure support a-gainst de-spair.

NO. 157.

Floating Onward.

To all musical "boys and girls."

J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.

m QUARTET. *Smoothly.* *Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

1. We are floating down life's riv-er, In our lit-tle, frail ca-noe;
2. Yes, when troubles sore assail us, Then in God we put our trust;
3. Some have stranded on the breakers, Some, in darkness plunged to fall;

Cres. *f* *Dim.*

And the way is bright and sun-ny, When the sky a-bove, is blue;
But when skies are bright above us, We for-get that we are dust;
But we're trusting in our Pi-lot, And He'll safely guide thro' all;

m *Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

Tho' sometimes wild storms assail us, And dark clouds the sky obscure,
So a-down life's stream we're drifting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad,
Safe-ly o'er life's rolling bil-lows, Past the wrecks along the shore,

Cres. *f*

Then we look un-to our Pi-lot, He, whose love shall e'er endure.
On-ward to the peaceful ha-ven, Which, in joy sublime is clad.
He will bring us to the ha-ven Where we'll dwell for-ev-er-more.

Copyright, 1905, by J. P. Lane.

Floating Onward—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Float - ing, floating on - ward, Float - ing, floating
Floating, float - ing on-ward ev - er, yes, we're Floating, float - ing

on - ward, To e - ter - ni - ty's fair ha - ven,
on-ward ev - er toward the goal, Yes, float-ing to the ha - ven

Where life's endless cy - cles roll. Float - ing, floating
Where life's endless cy - cles roll. Cease-less-ly we're Floating, float - ing

on - ward, Float - ing, floating on - ward,
on-ward ev - er, yes, we're Floating, float - ing on-ward, ev - er toward the

f *Dim.* *p*

To e-ter-ni-ty's fair haven, Where life's endless cycles roll.
goal, Yes, floating to the ha - ven, Where life's endless cycles roll.

NO. 158. Put on the Whole Armor.

F. L. EILAND. BARTOW J. COWART.

1. Put on the whole armor and dread not the storm, If fight-ing for Je-sus no pow- er can harm, No force can condemn you no mat - ter how strong, Take
2. Keep ev - er be-fore you the light of His word, Walk after the spir-it and noth-ing be feared, When foes shall surround thee thy soul to af-fright, Ask
3. The sword of the spir- it your way will provide, A- sun- der the er-ror and truth shall a -bide, Be pa-tient, per-sist - ent, be va- liant and true, The

CHORUS.

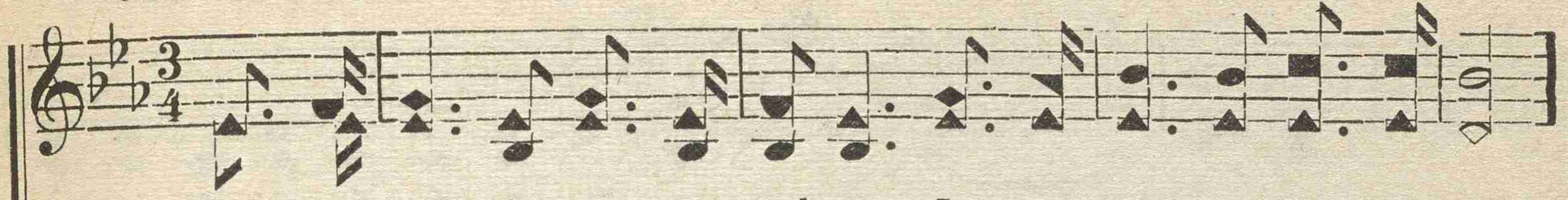
faith as your helmet and vict'ry's your song. } A- way, ... to the
Je- sus to aid you, He'll put them to flight. }
ar-mor of Je - sus will car- ry you thro'. } A-way to the bat - tle, your
bat - tle your ar - - mor keep bright, ...
ar-mor keep bright, A way to the bat - tle, your armor keep bright,
Tho' rough . . . be the con - flict, Press on . . . with the fight . . .
Tho' rough be the conflict press on with the fight, Tho' rough be the conflict press on with the fight.

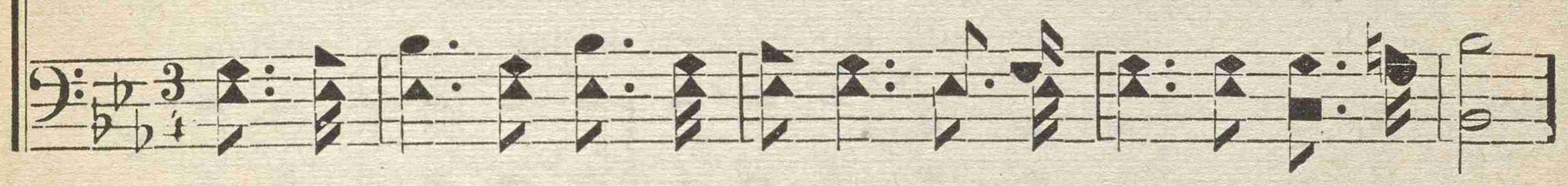
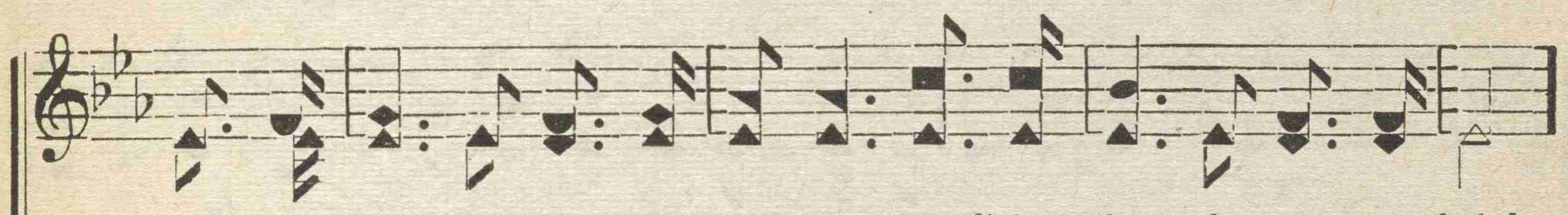
Copyright, 1896, by Eiland & Cowart.

NOTE.—Repeat last stanza from chorus, two or three times getting softer and softer each time.

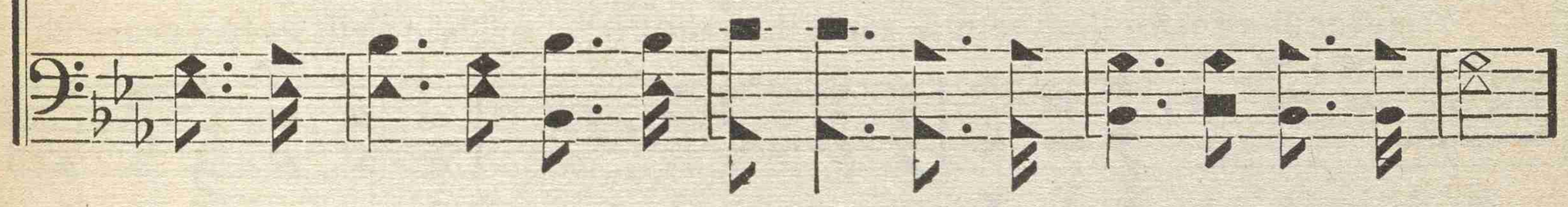
NO. 159.

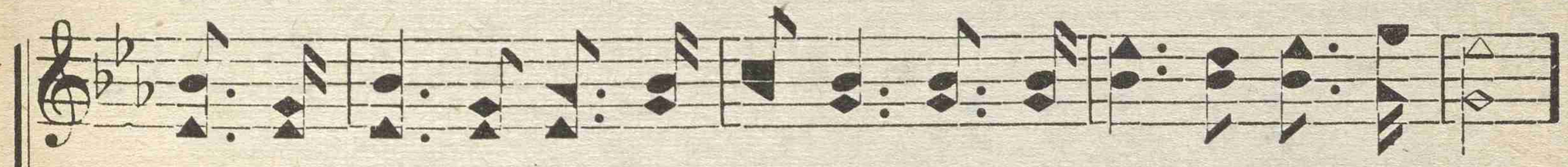
Step Together.

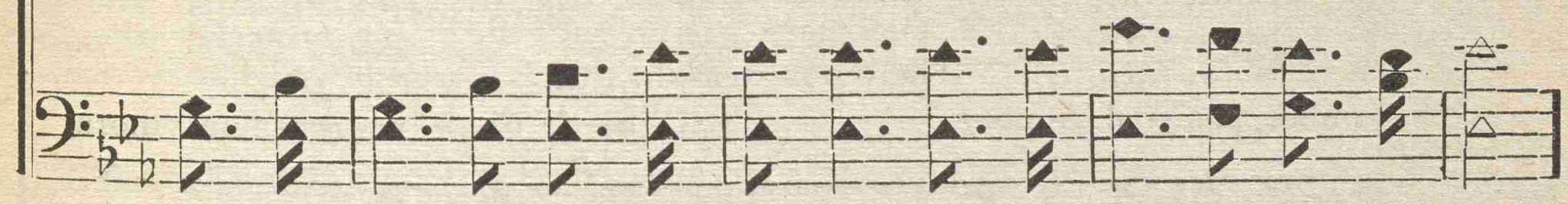
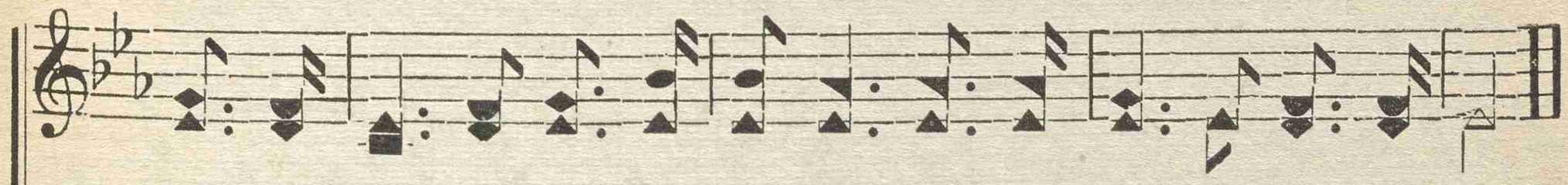
JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Let us keep the step to - geth-er, In our striv - ing for the right;
2. Stop, to cheer a struggling com-rade, Who has fall - en on the way;
3. Quick - ly, go where du - ty calls you, 'Mid the scorn - ful, or the weak;

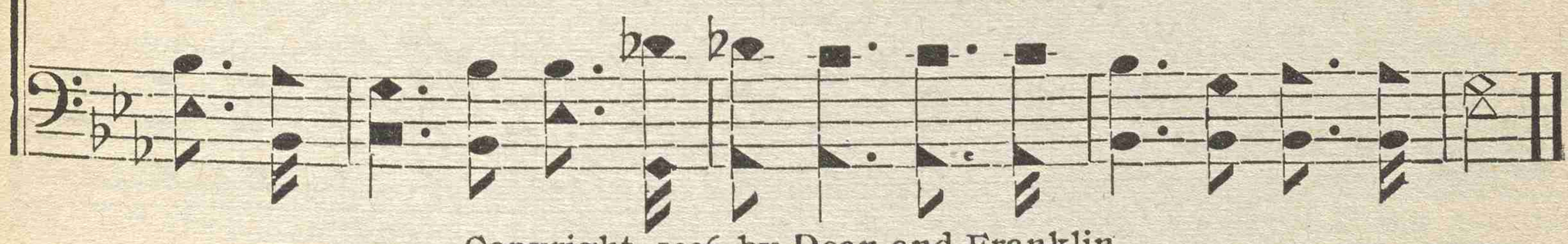


Help - ing, cheer-ing, one an - oth - er, Rend'ring, thus, the way more bright.
Kind - ly, speak a word of com-fort, And, his doubts, strive to al - lay.
"Seek to know thy-self" and heark-en, When the voice of conscience speaks.



CHORUS.

Let us heed the heart's deep yearning, For a high - er, no - bler fate;



Fear not, but in love, dis - cern-ing, What should be the soul's es - tate.

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NO. 160.

Thou art Gone.

SAM. SHULTZ. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar- ling,..... Nev - er
2. Then be - yond..... this vale of sor- row,..... We'll a -
3. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar- ling, ... Nev - er
4. There we'll meet..... you, precious dar- ling,..... There we'll
5. There we'll spend..... the countless a - ges,..... Ev - er

1. Thou art gone, our precious darling, precious darling,

more..... canst thou re- turn ; Thou shalt sleep..... a peaceful
wake..... from ev- 'ry care ; In a cit - - y bright, e -
more..... we'll see thy face ; Till we meet..... thee o'er the
clasp.....glad hands once more ; When we've met,..... to part, no,
by.. ..... our Saviour's side ; There we'll nev - - - er know a

Never more canst thou return, canst thou return ; Thou shalt sleep a peaceful

slum- ber,..... Till the res - - ur - rec - tion morn.
ter - nal,..... And its joys..... we'll ev - er share.
riv - er,..... In that hap - - py dwelling place.
nev - er,..... On that hap - - py, peaceful shore.
sor - row,..... There our tears..... will all be dried.

slumber, peaceful slumber, Till the res - ur- rec- tion morn.

CHORUS.

We shall meet..... to part, no, nev - er,..... .....
We shall meet, to part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev - er,

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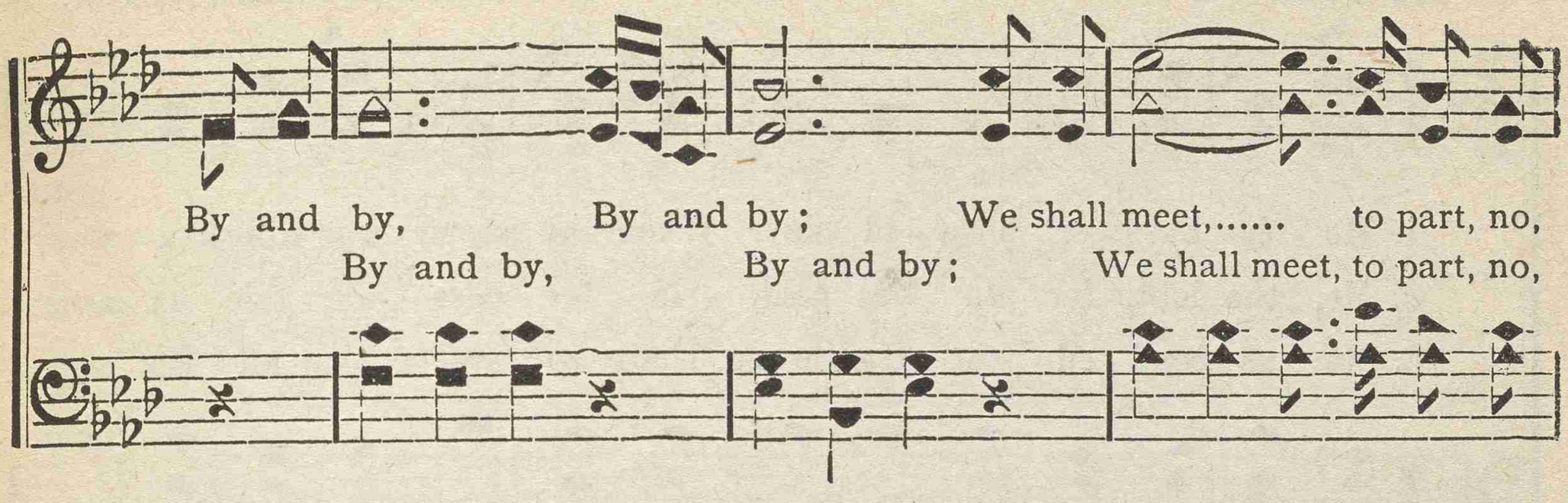
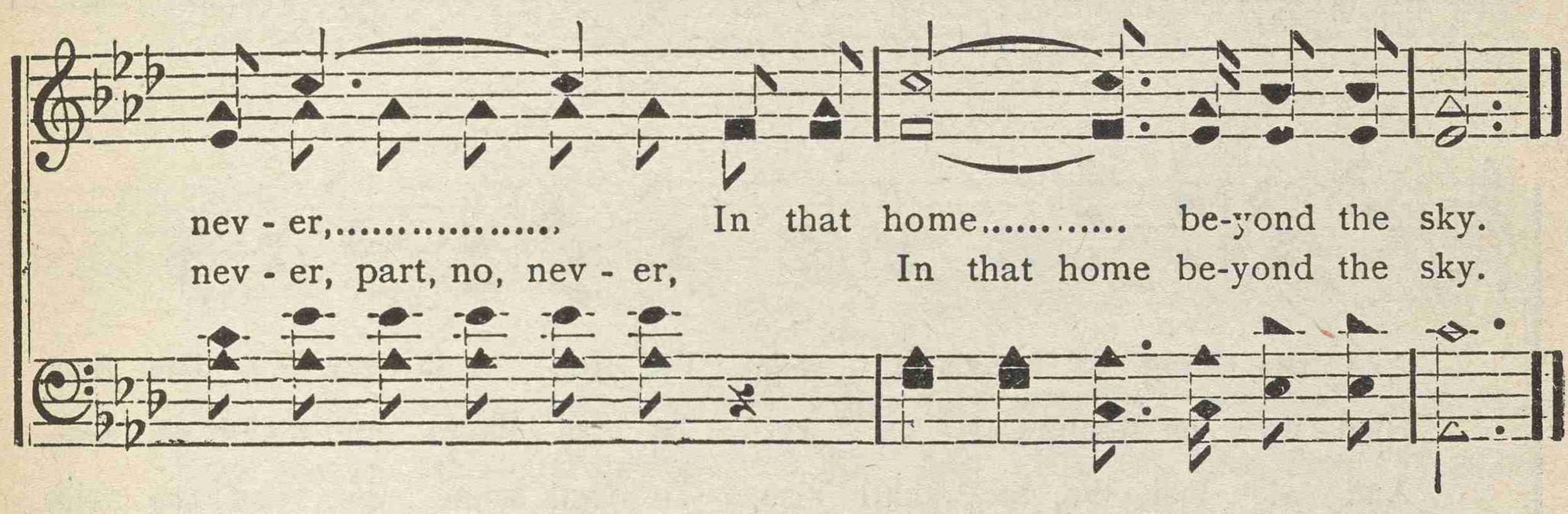
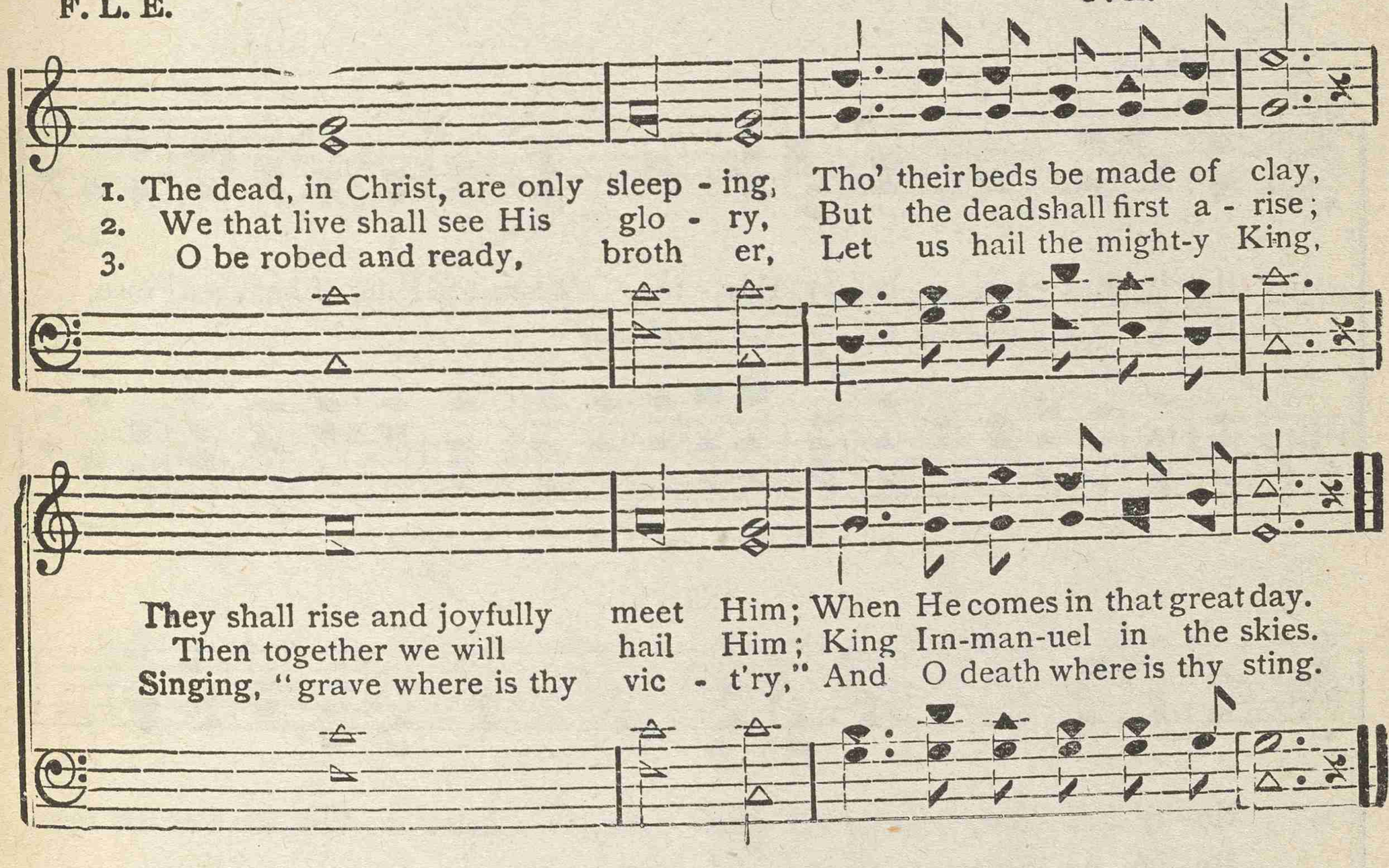
Thou art Gone.—Concluded.



NO. 161. Only Sleeping.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

The sentiment of these songs, when used for burial service occasions, are intended (as all others should be) to express the true situation of the departed ones, and to magnify the hope which we have of being reunited with them, and not as a medium to intensify our sorrow.

We should be careful in our selection and rendition of these songs, for these solemn moments, that they do not have a misleading tendency. After death, we can neither preach or sing a soul to heaven.

NO. 162.

Holy Easter.

B. B. E.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. Ho - ly East - er, bless - ed day, When the stone was rolled a - way;
2. He, the debt, for sin has paid, In - ter - cess - ion for us made;
3. He as - cend - ed to His throne, There, to wel - come all His own;

And the King of heav'n a - rose, Vic - tor o - ver all His foes.
Died up - on Mount Cal - va - ry, To re - deem and make us free.
And at last, we, too, shall 'rise, To that home be - yond the skies.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly Eas - ter, ho - ly Eas - ter, When the King of heav'n a - rose;
Ho - ly, ho-ly Eas-ter, ho - ly, ho - ly Easter,

Ho - ly Eas - ter, ho - ly Eas - ter, Christ is Vic - tor o'er His foes.
Ho - ly, ho - ly Easter, ho - ly, ho - ly Eas-ter,

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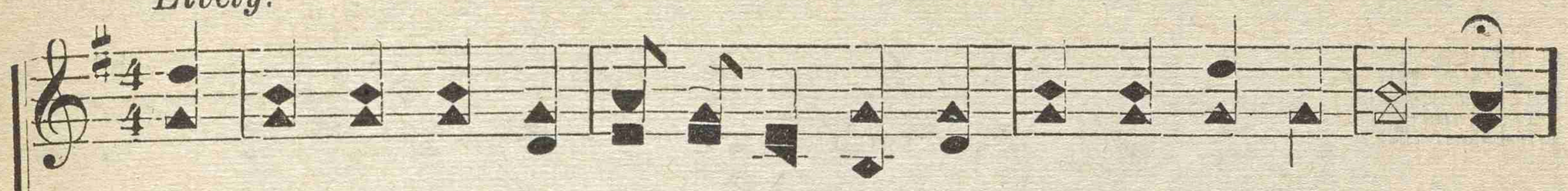
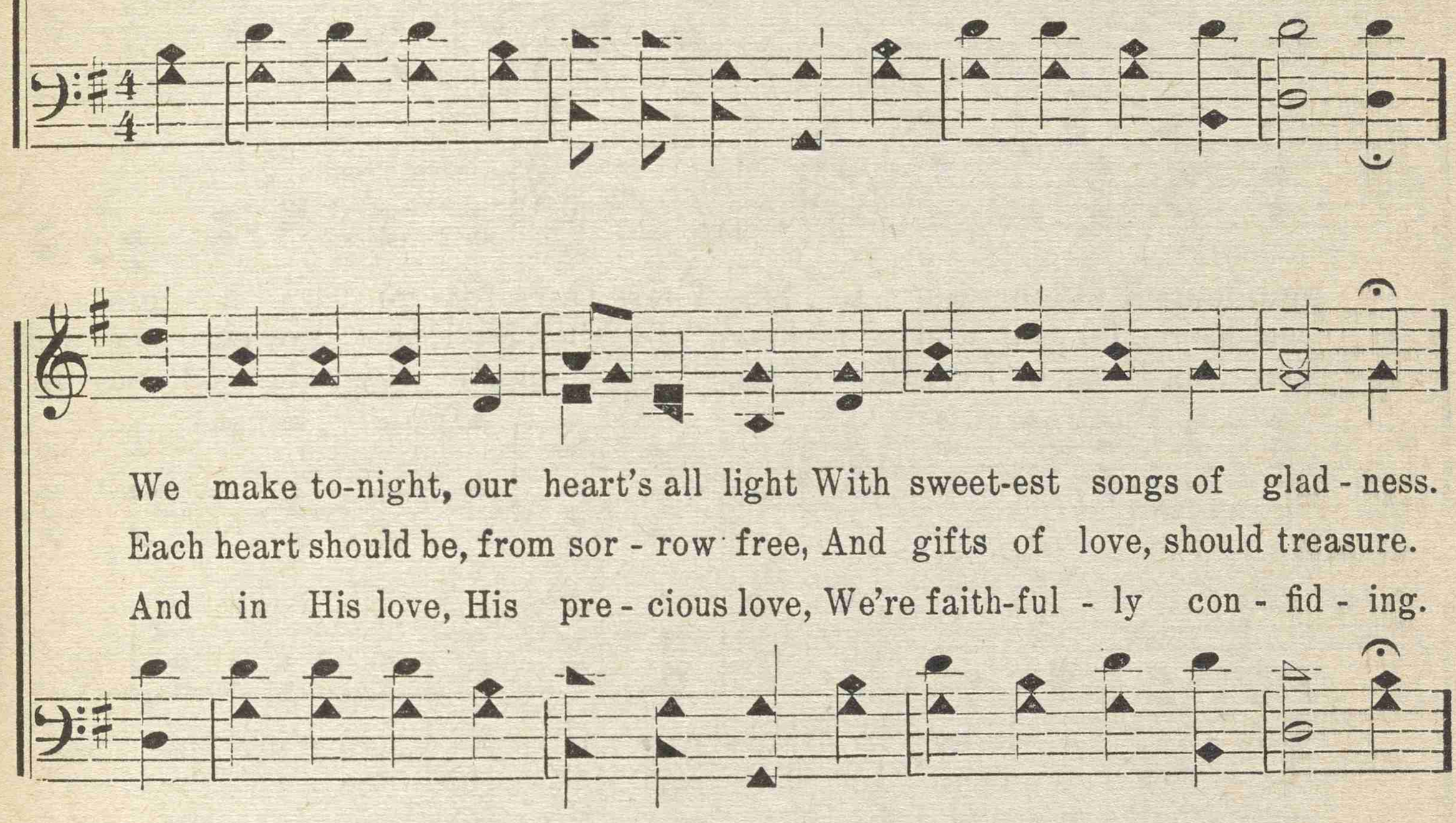
NO. 163.

Christmas Greeting.

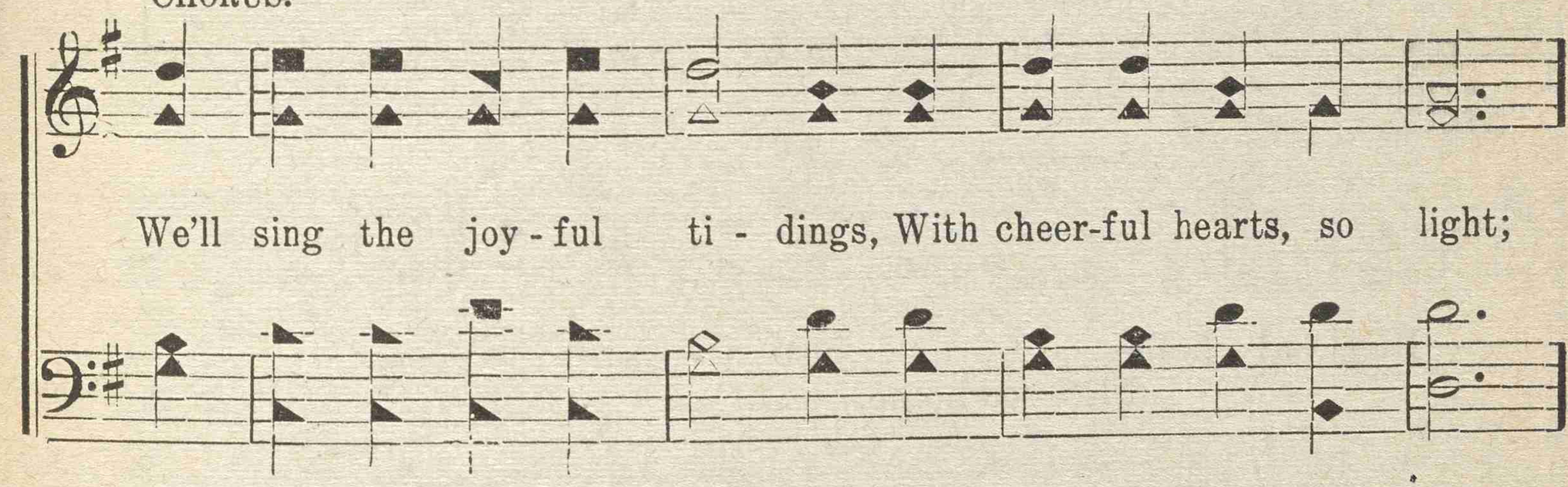
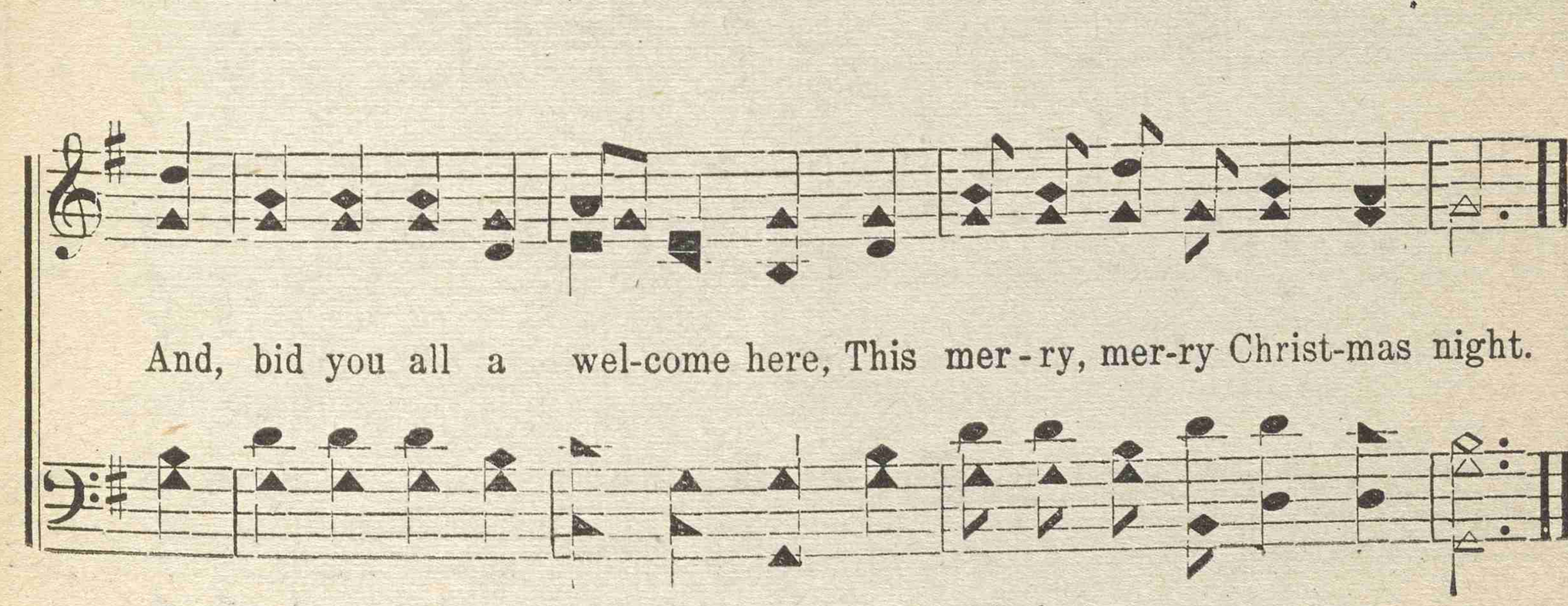
H. W. E. & B. B. E.

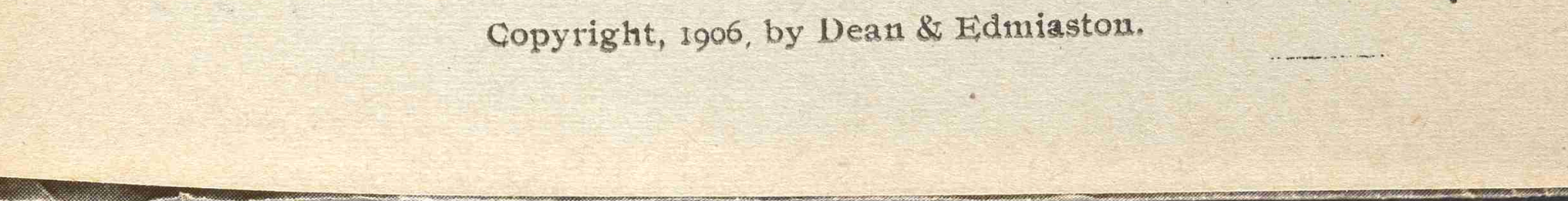
B. B. EDMIASTON.

Lively.

1. Kind friends, so dear, we welcome you here, Where there's no room for sad - ness;
2. With words of cheer, we're gath-er - ing here, To spend a - while in pleas - ure;
3. A shin - ing star, the wise from a - far, To Christ's birth-place, was guid-ing;



We make to-night, our heart's all light With sweet-est songs of glad - ness.
Each heart should be, from sor - row free, And gifts of love, should treasure.
And in His love, His pre - cious love, We're faith-ful - ly con - fid - ing.

CHORUS.

We'll sing the joy - ful ti - dings, With cheer-ful hearts, so light;

And, bid you all a wel-come here, This mer - ry, mer-ry Christ-mas night.



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NO. 164.

Over the Sea.

A blessed home, of many mansions, Is promised, you and me,
Where God's great name, we'll praise forever, 'Tis there, just o'er the sea.—F. L. E.

A. L. R. A. L. REED.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y, be - yond the dark tide, Midst its grandeurs I'm long- ing to be, There, the saints of all a - ges in safe - ty, a - bide, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.
2. Oh, the gates of that cit - y, are stand - ing a - jar, And there's wel- come, for you and for me; Oh, then shall we not en - ter that ha - ven of rest, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea?
3. In that beau - ti - ful cit - y, be - yond the dark tide, What re - joic - ing then, ev - er, there'll be; Yes, when all the redeemed ones in song shall u - nite, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, just o - ver the sea,
Bless- ed home, o - ver the sea,
Where are loved ones, there wait-ing for me; Bless - ed home, just
Blessed home.

Over the Sea.—Concluded.

o - ver the sea, Yes, there, loved ones are wait-ing for me.
o- ver the sea,

NO. 165. We Praise Thee, O God!

His Spirit, only can revive, As that the will may be,
'Tis mockery, to thusly pray, And deeds, all disagree.– F. L E.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For our Sav- iour who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir- it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re- vive us a- gain, fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.

died, and is now gone a- bove!
Sav- iour and scat-tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid- ed our ways.
kin- dled with fire from a- bove.

Hal - le - lu- jah! Thine the glory, Hal - le -

lu- jah, A - men; Hal- le - lu- jah! Thine the glo- ry, re - vive us a- gain.

NO. 166.

Stilling the Tempest.

Matt. 8: 23-26.

W. H. PARKER. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. While the tem - pest was rag - ing on lake Gal - i - lee, And the
2. Then the great sav - ing Je - sus a - rose from His sleep, As the
3. Tho' great tem-pests may gath - er, and o - ver us sweep, And the

mad waves were dashing so high, Un - to Je - sus they has - ten while
wa - ter their ves - sel did fill,—He commands winds and waves on the
wild rag - ing bil-lows may swell, If we trust in our Cap-tain while

tossed on the sea, "Save us, Mas - ter, O save us!" they cry.
wild rag - ing deep,—Calmly, they all o - bey - ing His will.
out on the deep, He will say to the storms, "Peace, be still."

CHORUS.

Hear Him com-mand - - - - ing the wind and the
Hear Him commanding the sea,

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Stilling the Tempest. Concluded.

sea,..... ..... An - gry waves, dash-ing, the

Hear Him com - mand-ing the sea,

deck of the ves - sel did fill;..... ....

the deck of the ves - sel did fill;

Hear Him com-mand - - - - - ing the wind and the

Hear Him com-mand-ing the sea,

sea,..... Calm - ly com-

Hear Him com - mand - ing the sea,

mand - ing, O tem - pest and wa - ters, be still!.....

NO. 167.

We're Going Home.

W. H. PARKER, JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. We're now a hap - py pil - grim band, We're on our jour - ney home,
2. We're near that home that bless - ed home Where all is peace and love;
3. We'll glad - ly, glad - ly on - ward go, A faith - ful pil - grim band,

And soon we'll join the an - gels there, Who sing a - round the throne.
And soon our spir - its there shall rest, And dwell with Christ, a - bove.
There, by and by, we'll gath - er'd be, With - in that hap - py land.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, To dwell with Je - sus there;

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, A shin - ing crown to wear!

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NO. 168. We Shall All Be Gathered In.

"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."—ROM. 14: 10.

WM. D. EVRIDGE — EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. When the trump of God shall sound, We shall all.... be gathered in;
2. In that bless-ed spir-it land,
3. Shin-ing crowns will us be giv'n,
4. Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb,

We shall all be gath-ered in;

To the judgment we are bound, We shall all..... be gathered in.
To that glo-ry, love-lit strand,
When we join the hosts of heav'n,
With the an-gels there to stand,

We shall all be gath-ered in.

REFRAIN.

We shall all..... be gathered in, We shall all..... be gathered in;
We shall all be gathered in, We shall all be gathered in;

When the trump of God shall sound, We shall all.... be gathered in.
We shall all be gathered in.

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