Wm. J. A. Sarak.

Evangel Light

By

BATEMAN BROTHERS
G. M. & B. B.

Knoxville, Tenn, North Little Rock, Ark.



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Evangel Light

A Choice Collection of Songs, New and Old,

FOR

Church, Sunday School, Convention and Evangelistic Service

EDITED BY

B. B. Bateman

AND

G. M. Bateman

WITH

Holland L. Boyd
J. N. Harris
J. R. Yarnell
Rev. W. R. Haun
Ed. G. Flowers
M. M. Ogle
N. S. Sitzlar
Lones Long

S. W. Beazley
J. M. Henson
Homer F. Morris
A B. Sebren
Mrs. Clio Wyrick
Rev. G. T. Byrd
M. S. Klepper
M. L. Ferguson

Rev. J. H. McDaniels
as authors and special contributors.

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BATEMAN BROTHERS,
Knoxville, Tenn. North Little Rock, Ark.

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Preface

EVANGEL LIGHT.

Let this glorious Light go shining,
Spreading sunshine all around,
Giving clouds a silver lining,
Where the darkness would abound;
Send it out with songs of gladness,
And a message of good cheer,
That it may dispel some sadness,
From a troubled heart so dear.

Let it bear the simple story,
Of the Savior on the tree,
That the lost may know the glory,
That await the blood bought free;
Let it bring to them the pleasure,
Of a new and happy life,
Let it point to heav'nly treasure,
Free from conflict care and strife.

Let it go new courage giving,
To some wayward wandering child,
Who is far from Jesqs living,
On life's desert lone and wild;
Let it bring new peace abiding,
Let it bring them back to Him
Where no fear of Satan chiding,
E'er can make this light grow dim.

O Evangel Light, go speeding,
Telling of a home above,
And of Jesus who is bleeding,
With a broken heart of love;
For the lost to come relying,
On His promises so true,
Bear this message to the dying,
And the will of Jesus do.

—HOLLAND L. BOYD.

No. 1. Evangel Light.

B. B. B. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. Oh, scat - ter the light di - vine, For Je - sus your Friend and mine, And bright-en the drear - y vales of sin; Oh, let us to - geth - er raise, Our
2. The gos - pel in song we'll sing, For Je - sus our might - y King, As long as we la - bor here be - low; To bright-en the drear - y way, For
3. We'll sing of His love so sweet, In glo - ry with Him we'll meet, And live in His wondrous light a - bove; We'll scat - ter E - van - gel Light With

voic - es in songs of praise, That sin - ners from e - vil we may win.
Je - sus from day to day, Till ev - 'ry one here the Lord shall know.
glo - ri - ous songs so bright, And tell of His soul - re - deem - ing love.

FINE.

D. S.—*And hon - or His name from day to day.*

CHORUS.

We'll praise our King, Who will - ing - ly took our sins a - way; With songs of joy,
We'll scat - ter Evangel Light, and praise Him with all our might, His gos - pel in song we'll sing, And praise Him our Lord and King,

D. S.

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No. 2. Here am I.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Here am I, O Mas - ter! read - y to be used, Oth - er lives to brighten
2. Send me, O my Mas - ter! forth in - to the world, In - to homes of sor-row
3. Sum-mon me on er-rands of Thy love and grace, Work for Thee, O Lord! as-
4. Here am I, my Mas - ter, wait-ing for the word, Call - ing me to serve Thee

and to cheer; Oth - er hearts to fill with hap - pi - ness and peace,
and of woe; There to car - ry sun - shine and good-will and cheer,
sign to me; Where I may bring glad-ness, joy and sweet con - tent,
an - y - where; Speak the word, and what - so - e'er the task may be,

CHORUS.

And to scat-ter joy and sun-shine here. Here am I, send
Do - ing deeds of mer - cy as I go.
And a help to oth - ers I may be.
I will glad-ly do Thy bid - ding there. Here am I,

me, Com - mis - sion me from heav'n a-bove; Here am
send me, from a - bove;

I, send me, To deeds of mer - cy and of love.
Here am I, send me, and of love.

Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs," No. 2.

No. 3. In the Light of His Love.

Holland L. Boyd. **B. B. Bateman.**

Slow.

1. Oh, the light of His love is now shin - ing. On my path - way to heav - en a - bove;
2. On to heav - en with Him I am go - ing, For the tempt - er no lon - ger I fear;
3. Up in heav - en the an - gels are sing - ing, They will glad - ly there wel-come me home;

In the dark-ness no lon - ger re - pin - ing,
And there's naught but God's love I am know-ing,
And I'll join the glad cho - rus now ring - ing,

REFRAIN.

I am now in the light of His love. I am now in the light of His love,..... And I'm bound for bright mansions a - bove; And to - day I am free His love,

for my path-way I see, I am now in the light of His love.

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No. 4. Jesus Loves You Still.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. Oh, wan-der-ing sin-ner O, won't you come home?For Je sus loves you still;
2. Al-tho' you have sinned and have wandered a-way,But Je - sus loves you still;
3. It's true, you have scorned and re-ject-ed His love, But Je - sus loves you still;
4. His par-don, for - giv-ness, He of - fers to all, And Je - sus loves you still;

And leave now the darkness no more there to roam. For Je - sus loves you still.
You scorned and re-ject-ed His bid-ding each day, But Je - sus loves you still.
And you He would give a bright mansion a-bove, Yes Je - sus loves you still.
Oh, will you now has - ten and an-swer the call? For Je - sus loves you still.

REFRAIN.

Yes, Je - sus loves you still,..... Yes, Je - sus loves you still;
loves you still,

Oh, sin - ner come home, Oh, why will you roam, For Je - sus loves you still.

Copyright, 1920, by B. B. Bateman.

No 5 Lift Up Immanuel's Banner,

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Lift up Im - man - u - el's glo-r'ous ban - ner O - ver land and sea;
2. Lift up Im - man - u - el's ho - ly ban - ner, Wide be it un-furled;
3. Lift up Im - man - u - el's blood-cleansed ban - ner, Stain-less, pure and white;
4. Lift up Im - man - u - el's roy - al ban - ner, And its tri-umphs sing;

Till it is borne in His great name To world-wide vic - to - ry.
Un - til it brings good-will and peace To all the wide, wide world.
The ban - ner that must win the war For God and for the right.
And hail with hon - or and ac - claim Our Sav - ior and our King.

CHORUS.

Lift up..... Im - mam - u - el's ban - ner, Fling it's
Lift up, lift up,

stream-ing folds to the breeze; Lift up..... Im-
gen - tle breeze; Lift up, lift up,

man - u - el's ban - ner, Let it float o - ver all lands and seas.

, by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs." No. 2.

No. 6. Over There Where we Shall Meet and Sing.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. There's a land of pure de-light, Free from sorrow, pain and night, O - ver
2. If from God we nev - er roam, He has prom-ised us a home, O - ver
3. We shall meet our loved ones there, In that land so bright and fair, O - ver

there where we shall rest and sing, 'Tis a land of beau-ty rare And His
there where we shall rest and sing, There with Him for - ev - er-more We shall
there where we shall rest and sing, And we'll praise Him face to face For His

glo - ry we shall share, O - ver there where we shall rest and sing.
live on that bright shore, O - ver there where we shall rest and sing.
love and sav - ing grace, O - ver there where we shall rest and sing.

D. S.—O - ver there where we shall rest and sing.

CHORUS.

O - ver there where we shall rest and sing In the pal - ace
and sing
of the King; Joy will be e - ter - nal in that home su - per - nal,

B. B. Bateman, owner. 1920.

No. 7. Rescue My Wayward Boy.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

1. With - in the old homestead from day to day, She prays for her way - ward boy;
2. She tho't he was true to the King a - bove, But in an un- guard - ed hour;
3. Per - haps, be - ing blind - ed by love for him, She slight - ed her du - ty true—
4. Oh, moth - ers. the temp - ter is al - ways nigh, Keep watch o'er your light and joy,

The temp - ter has caused him to go a - stray,
The boy, whom she loved with a death - less love,
Neg - lect - ed the home-lights to watch and trim,
Lest some-time de - spair - ing, you sad - ly cry,

REFRAIN.

Has sto - len her light and joy.
Fell un - der the temp - ter's pow'r
As man - y sweet moth ers do.
"Oh, res - cue my way-ward boy.

"O res - cue my way - ward boy," she prays, "He once was my light and joy; Deep in sin He may be,

but he's pre-cious to me, O, res - cue my way - ward boy.

Property of H. M. Eagle and J. M. Henson.

No. 8. God Is Keeping Me.

Copyright, 1915, by R. H. Cornelius,

James Rowe. R. H. Cornelius.

1. I have naught to fear while I tar - ry here, For my Fa - ther holds my hand;
2. Ev-'ry plea He hears and my soul He cheers, When the foe would win con-trol;
3. I will cling to Him till the shad-ows dim And the mists have rolled a-way;

He will keep me true till His face I view On the shore of Glo - ry - land.
Tru - er far is He than a friend could be, For He safe-ly keeps my soul.
Sure that just a - bove He will bend in love Till the bright-er bet - ter day.

REFRAIN.

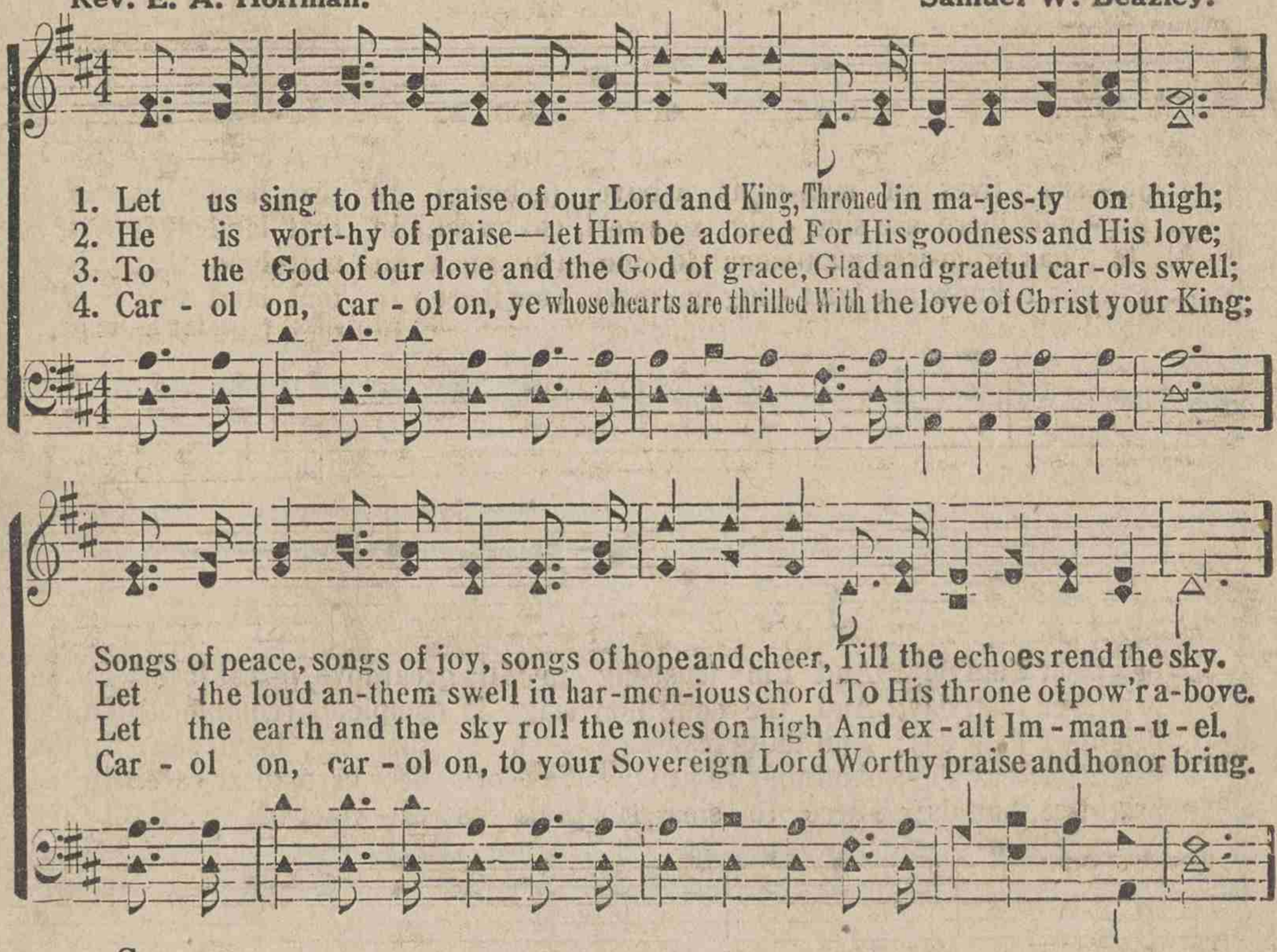
He is keep-ing me..... God is keeping me,.....
safe-ly keep-ing me. safe-ly keep-ing me;

1 2

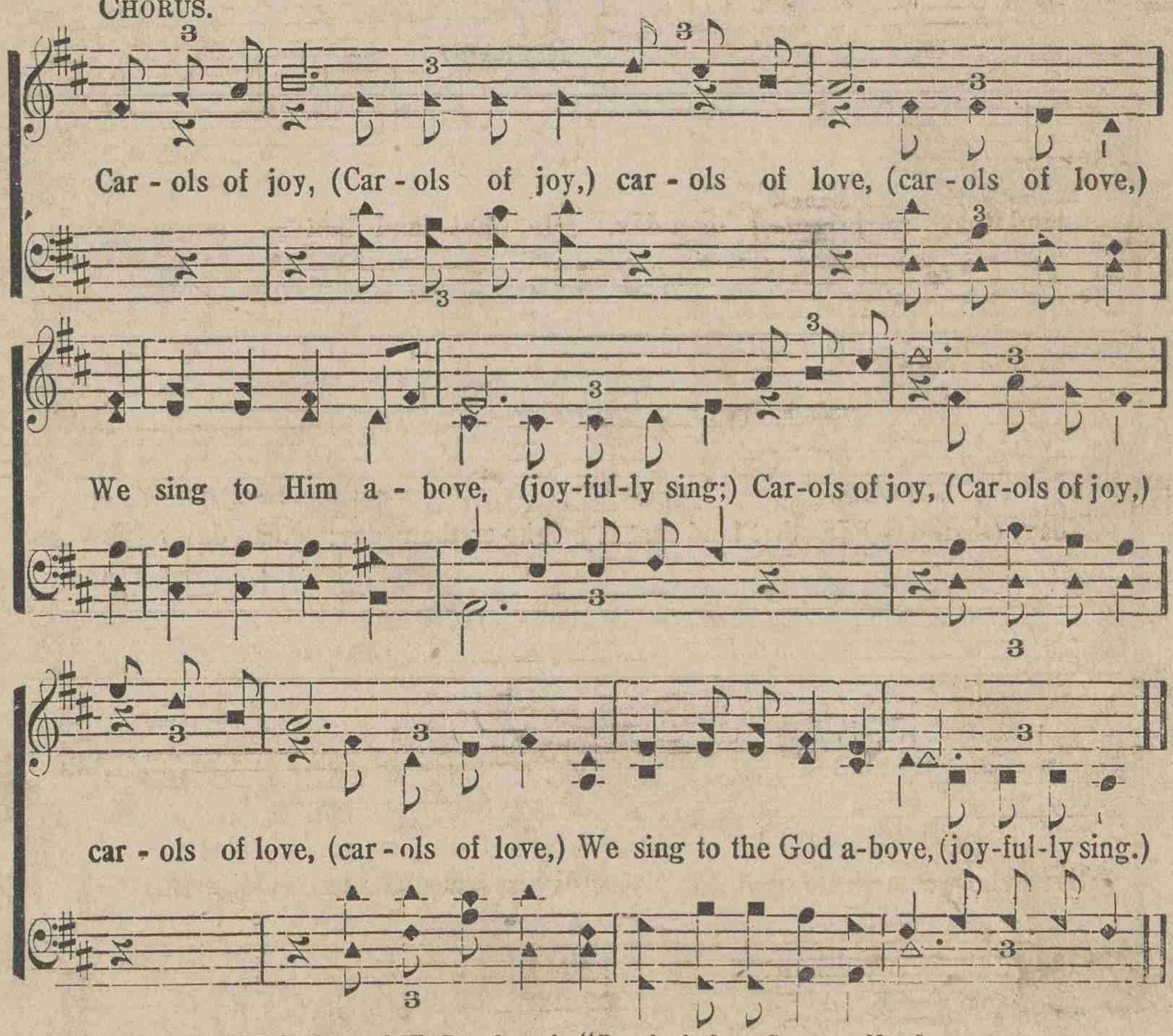
I shall nev - er go a - stray;
(*Omit*.....,) Till the bright-er, bet - ter day.

No. 9 Carols of Joy.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs No. 2

No. 10. In that Land that is Brighter than Day.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.



1. Je - sus lives in man-sions a-bove, (a-bove,) In that land that is
2. An - gels there are sing - ing so sweet, (so sweet,) In that land that is
3. He has prom-ised man-sions to me, (to me,) In that land that is
4. Friends I know are wait - ing me there, (me there,) In that land that is
5. Shall we meet in glo - ry sometime, (sometime;) In that land that is



bright-er than day; And I'm trust-ing in His great love, (great love;) In that
bright-er than day; And the song they sing is complete, (complete,) In that
bright-er than day; And those man-sions soon I shall see, (shall see,) In that
bright-er than day; And they're in the Sav-ior's dear care, (dear care,) In that
bright-er than day; There to sing His prais - es di - vine, (di - vine,) In that



REFRAIN.



land that is bright-er than day. In that land that is bright-er than
day, (than day,) In that land that is bright-er than day; (than day;) Je - sus
lives where cometh no night, (no night,) In that land that is brighter than day, (than day.)

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No. 11 I'm Standing on The Rock.

Rev E. A. Hoffman. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Threat'ning storms and tempests may sweep o'er my soul But I dread not the fear - ful shock; I am trust-ing in the ev - er - last - ing God, I am stand-ing on the Sol - id Rock.
2. Doubts and fears may rise to shake my fee - ble faith, And temp - ta - tion my soul as - sail; But I stand se - cure - ly on the Sol - id Rock, And they nev - er, nev - er can pre-vail.
3. What have I to fear tho' wild the bil-lows roll? God is rul - er of wind and wave; While my feet are plant - ed on the Sol - id Rock, Ev - 'ry threat'ning per - il I can brave.
4. I am safe while hid - ing in my Sav-ior's side, Shel-tered in His al- might - y arm; Anchored to the Rock of A - ges I'm se - cure, God will shield me from all ill and harm.

CHORUS.

I am stand - - ing, stand - ing on the Rock, I'm stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges I am stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the Rock, I am stand-ing on the Rock, standing on the Rock, I'm stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges I am stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the Sol - id Rock.

Copyright, 1920. by Samuel W Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs" No. 2.

No 12 What A Glory Day.

James' Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. When we reach the gold-en shore, With the Lead - er we a-dore, What a
7. When the shin-ing streets we walk, And with friends and dear ones talk, What a
3. When the King we fol - low now, Lays the crown up - on our brow, What a

glo - ry day 'twill be! When be - fore the King we stand, Sing-ing hal - le -
glo - ry day 'twill be! When to us they show their love, In that bless - ed
glo - ry day 'twill be! And when at His feet we fall, Hav-ing crown'd Him

REFRAIN.

lu-jah's grand, What a glo - ry day 'twill be!
home a-bove, What a glo - ry day 'twill be! What a glo - ry day 'twill be,
"Lord of all," What a glo - ry day 'twill be!

When His match-less face we see, When our hal - le - lu - jah's grand,

Ring and swell in Beu - lah - land, What a glo - ry day 'twill be!

Property of Homer F. Morris.

No. 13 I Believe That Story.

James Rowe. **Homer F. Morris.**

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 14. Onward, Forward.

Holland L. Boyd. B. B. Bateman.

1. On-ward, for-ward we are go - ing, Love to Je - sus show-ing, Bless-ings on us He's be - stow - ing, All the way; And He's by our
2. On the Sav-iour dear re - ly - ing, Bold - ly sin de - ny - ing, Ev - 'ry e - vil host de - fy - ing, Bold and strong; And we're now His
5. On-ward by our Lord at - tend - ed, We shall be de - fend - ed, Till our jour - ney we have end - ed, Bold we'll be; And by glo - ry

path-way cheer-ing, As we're heav-en near - ing, It is true our plea He's prais - es sing - ing, Trophies to Him bring-ing, Keeping love's glad mes-sage here sur - round-ed, Shall we be con-found-ed, For His word will be ex-

CHORUS.

hear-ing, Ev - 'ry day. On - ward, for - ward we
ring-ing, By our song,
pound-ed, Full and free. On-ward, on-ward, forward, forward we are to-

are for-ward go - ing, Love on us He is be - stow - ing All the day,

Copyright, 1920, by B. B. Bateman.

Onward, Forward.

way; By His pow - er we are
By His lov - ing, lov - ing pow - er we are to-day stronger

grow - ing, He will keep your soul and mine, yes, Ev - ry day.

No. 15. Twilight is Falling.

A. S. Kiefer. B. C. Unseld.

1. Twi-light is steal-ing O - ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of loved ones, Songs of the past.Still linger 'round me,While life shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, Come, come to me! Bringing some message, O - ver the Sea,

Borne on the night winds, Voic-es of yore, Come from the far off shore.
Lone - ly I wan-der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far off home.
Cheer - ing my path-way, While here I roam, Seek - ing that far off home.

D. S. Gleameth a man-sion Filled with delight, Sweet, hap - py home so bright.

CHORUS.

Far a - way be-yond the sar-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies,

No. 16 There is Much to Be Done.

Francis Foster. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. The call to ser - vice still is clear - ly ring - ing, It is the voice of
2. No lon - ger let us waste our time in pleas-ure, But let us do for
3. So man - y still live un - der great op - pres - ion, So man - y still are

God's own Son; So let us an - swer Him, our sic - kles swing-ing,
Him our best; That we may lay up ev - er - last - ing treas - ure
lost in sin; Then, let us make of faith a new con - fes - sion

CHORUS.

For there is still much to be done. Oh, let us an - swer the har - vest
In yon-der land of joy and rest.
And speed a - way to work and win. Oh, let us an - swer now the

Mas - ter, And with a car - ol speed a - way;..... The fields are
har - vest Mas - ter, With a hap - py car - ol speed a - way;

wait - ing for loy - al reap - ers, And soon will fade the light of
Fields are white for loy - al reap - ers, And the day - light

Conyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs." No. 2.

There is Much to Be Done.

day;..... ... He needs our ser-vice, and needs it dai - ly, For ere the
fades a - way; He needs our ser-vice, needs it day by day, And

whole world can be won..... ..... And o'er the na-tions our Sav-ior a-
ere the whole world can from sin be won,

lone shall be reign-ing, There is still much to be done.....
that must be done.

No. 17. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Major James H. Cole.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine, By Thy
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine, By Thy
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine, By Thy
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine, By Thy

won-der-ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a heart like Thine.
won-der-ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a love like Thine.
won-der-ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a peace like Thine.
won-der-ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a joy like Thine.
won-der-ful pow - er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour, Give me a will like Thine.

No. 18. I'm Anchored Fast.

Holland L. Boyd. **G. M. Bateman.**

1. I'm anchored fast..... be - yond the tide,..... No lon-ger
2. The tempter's snare..... no more I fear,..... I'm kept by
3. When I have crossed..... the roll - ing sea,..... I'll meet my

I'm anchored fast be-yond the tide,

will..... the tempest beat;..... For Je-sus now..... is by my
Je - - sus and His love;..... My ev-'ry plea..... now He doht
loved..... ones gone before;..... For - ev-er in..... that home I'll

No longer will the tempest beat; For Je-sus now

D. S.—I'm kept for

FINE.

side,..... And bids the tem - - pest to re-treat.....
hear,..... He'll lead me to..... my home a-bove,.....
be,..... And sing His praise,..... for - ev-er-more.....

is by my side, And bids the tem-pest to re-treat, now to re-treat.

aye,..... He safe-ly leads..... to end-less day.....

REFRAIN.

I'm anchored fast..... be-yond tne tide,..... I'm anchord

I'm anchored fast be-yond the tide,

D. S.

fast..... I'll ere a-bide,..... By Je-sus' love.....

I'm anchored fast I'll ere a-bide, By Jesus' love

G. M, Bateman, owner. 1920.

No. 19. Time Enough Yet.

(QUARTET.)

A false promise, Yesterday is for-ev-er gone. Tomorrow may never come, Today is the day of all days. "Today if you would hear His voice, harden not your heart."

T. S. T. (This song free to all Music Publishers.) **Tillit S. Teddlie.**

Slowly.



1. O soul of mine, be not alarmed At what the Lord may say,
2. I'm strong e-nough, I need no help, It's pleas-ure that I crave;
3. The Ho - ly Spir-it's ten - der voice En - treats me night and day;
4. To - day, O friend, may be the last, Stop now and count the cost;

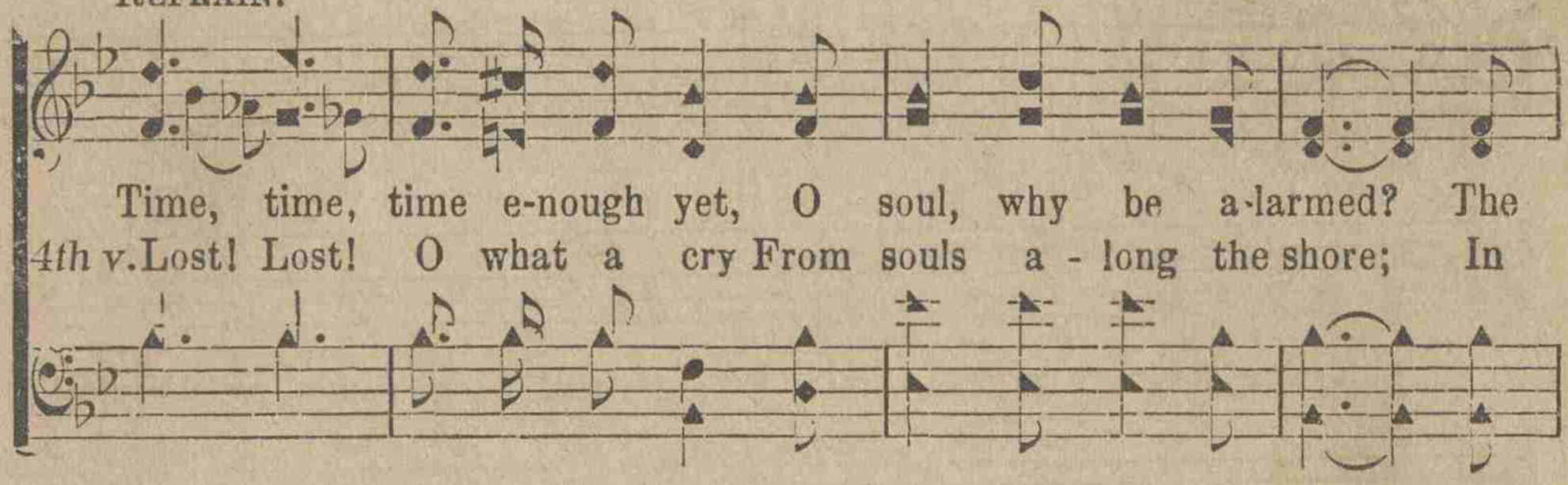




Some fu - ture time, when I am old, I'll choose the heav'n-ly way.
When I have drunk life's sparkling cup, I'll call on Christ to save.
And ere I go in sin too far I'll turn and Him o - bey.
You stand condemned be-fore the throne,—Your soul for - ev - er lost.



REFRAIN.



Time, time, time e-nough yet, O soul, why be a-larmed? The
4th v. Lost! Lost! O what a cry From souls a - long the shore; In
heav - en - ly way I'll choose some day, But there's time, time enough yet!
dnrk-ness to go, In sor-row and woe, And be lost, lost ev - er - more!

No. 20. Jesus Takes Care of Me.

Holland L. Boyd. **Har. by B. B. B. Lones Long.**

1. I trust - ed in Je - sus for com - fort and rest, And now sweet-est pleas-ures I see; I'm hid in His mer - cy, in Him I am blest. And
2. And when I am tempt-ed by Sa - tan so bold, He ev - er my ref - uge shall be; He leads me to safe - ty with - in His dear fold, For
3. He'll lead me to heav-en's bright cit - y I know, With Him I for- ev - er shall be; My loved ones I'll meet there where joys ev - er flow, For

REFRAIN.

Je - sus takes cares of me, Oh, Je - sus takes care of me,..... Yes, of me,

Je - sus takes care of me; I trust Him com - plete - ly, He com - forts me sweet - ly. And Je - sus takes care of me.

Long and Bateman, owners,

No. 21. Never Old.

Mrs. Emma B. Van Deusen. **J. M. Henson.**

1. I al - ways list en - rapt - ured When those sweet tales are told,
2. Why doubt His word when troub-les De - mand a list'n - ing ear?
3. "Believe it, I'll not leave thee, For - sake thee, child? oh, no!"

Of Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, They're new. and nev - er old;
His Book is full of com - fort, And mes - sag - es of cheer;
My words shall light your path-way? With peace your soul shall glow;

Tho' down thro' all the a - ges, It has been sung or said
Come, rest, ye weak and need - y, My love is bound-less, free,
He left these words of man - na To feed our lives up - on,

The blood of Christ now frees you, Ye all may live, though dead.
Could words of an - y oth - er So com - fort you and me?
To - day His words are vi - tal, As cent - u - ries a - gone.

D. S. Re-member them, and claim them, They're new, and nev - er old.

REFRAIN.

The bless - ed words of Je - sns Are yours to have and hold;

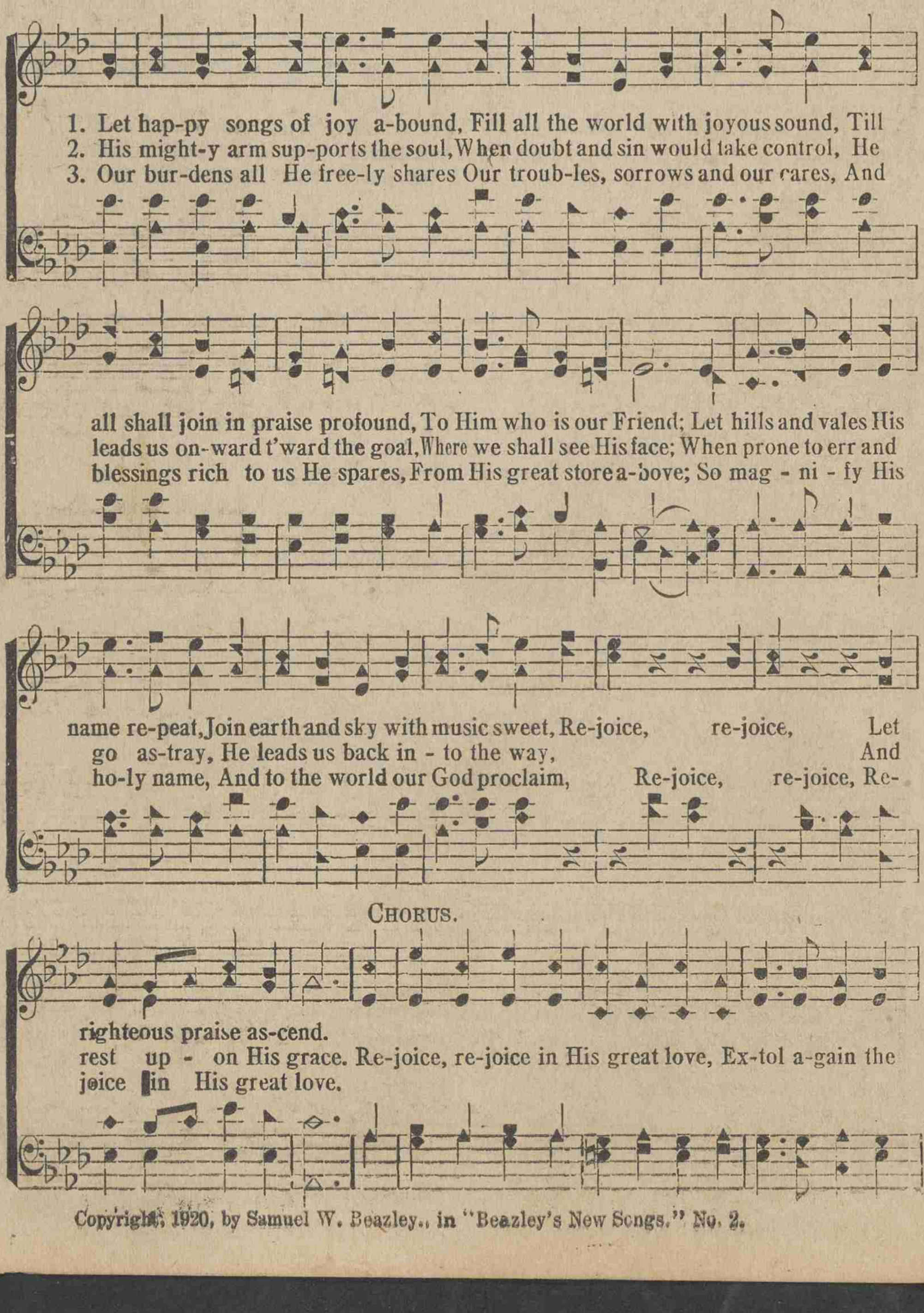
J. M. Henson, owner. Used by per.

No. 22 Rejoice in His Love.

Francis Foster. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

With much vigor.



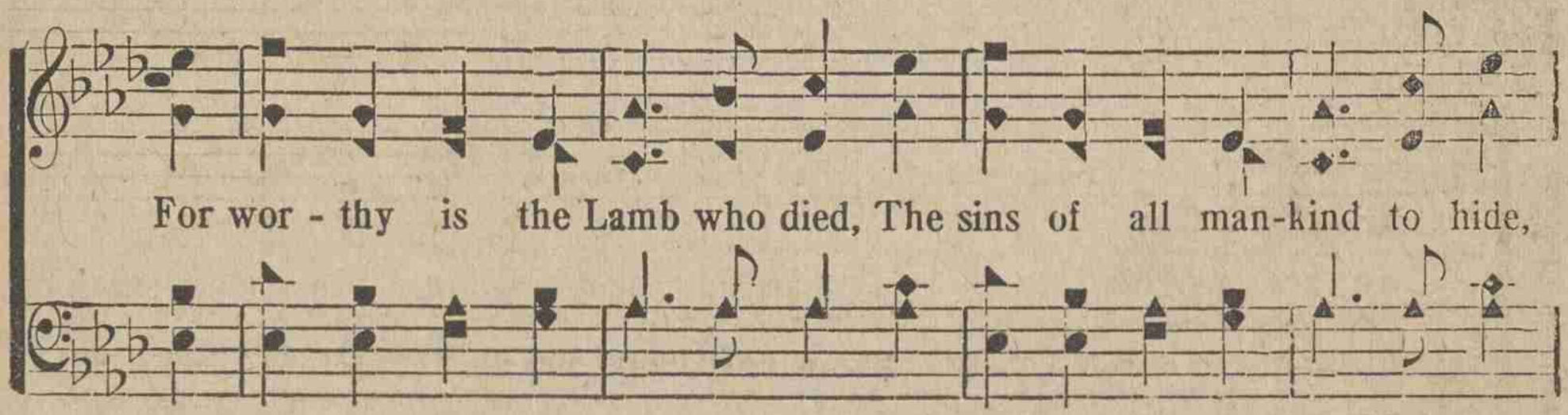


CHORUS.

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Rejoice in His Love.

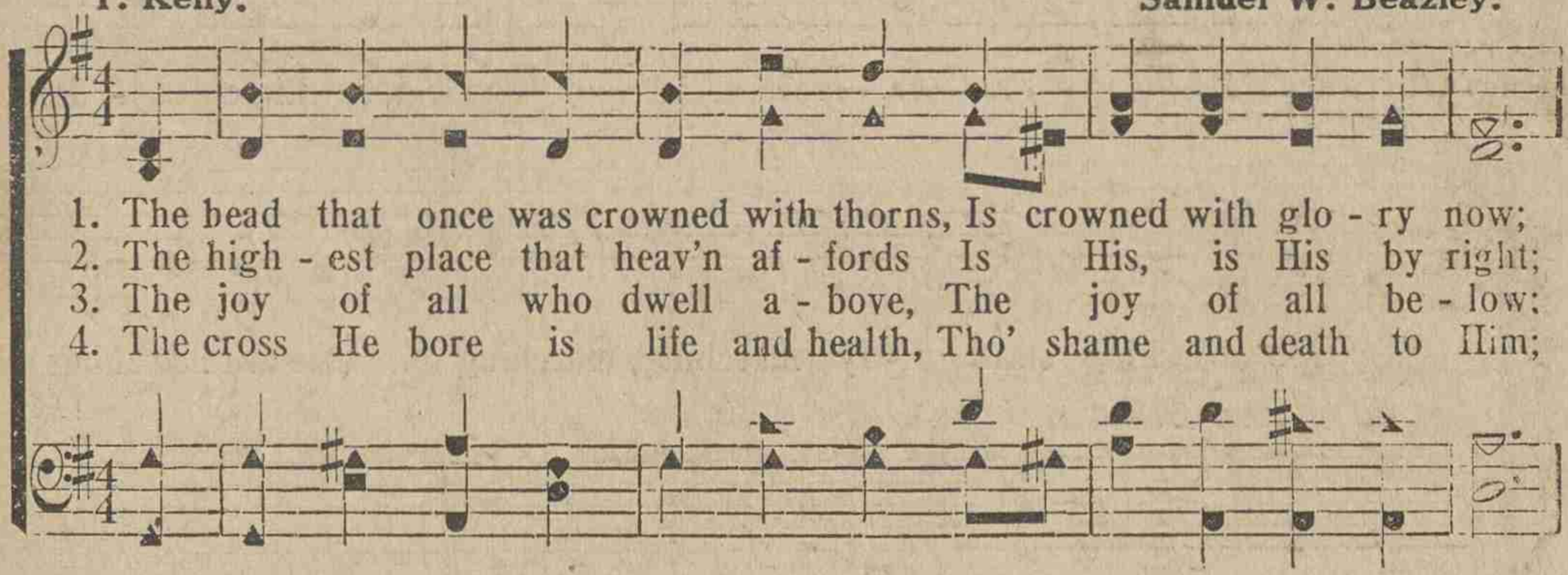


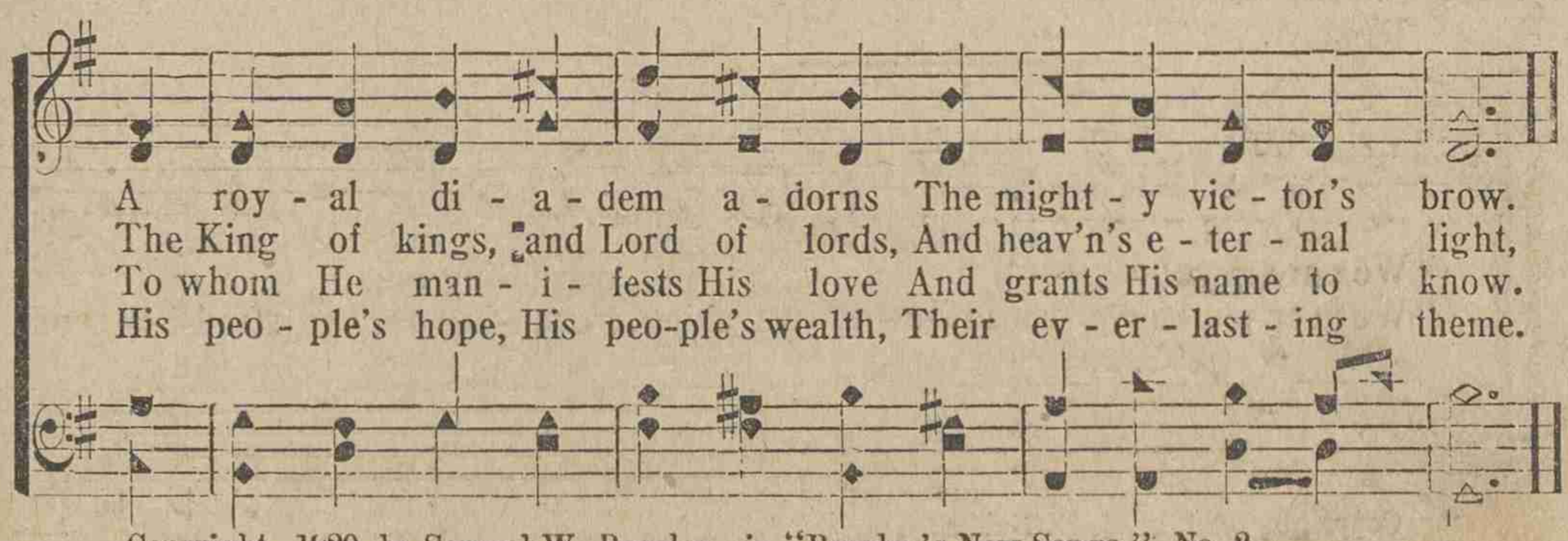




No. 23 The Head That Once.

T. Kelly. Samuel W. Beazley.





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No. 24. We are Marching On.

B. B. B. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. Je - sus is from day to day, Guid - ing us a - long the way.
2. We are His by sav - ing grace, And by faith we'll see His face,
3. Je - sus is the faith-ful guide, That we trust when storms be - tide,
4. We will sin each day de - ny, All the e - vil hosts de - fy,

We are marching stead - i - ly marching, marching on. (we are marching on;)

D. S. To our glo - ry, beau - ti - ful glo - ry, home on high, (to our home on high,)

To our glo - ry home on high, Where we'll live to nev - er die,
And when life on earth is o'er, We shall live for - ev - er - more,
And to Him we'll ev - er cling, Sing - ing glo - ry to His name,
Think-ing of our home a - bove, And the Sav - ior that we love,

Where we'll live for - ev - er - more, And our Sav - ior there a - dore,

FINE.

We are marching stead - i - ly marching, marching on. (we are marching on.)

We are march-ing stead - i - ly march-ing, marching on, (we are marching on.)

REFRAIN.

D. S.

We are march - - - ing, march-ing on,
We are marching, stead - i - ly marching, march-ing on, yes, stead-i-ly on,

Copyrigh. 1920, by B. B. Bateman.

No. 25. He is All The World to Me.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. How I love my pre-cious Sav - ior, It is rapt-ure His to be;
2. How His lov - ing hand has led me, How His love has kept me free;
3. How - so - ev - er life may try me, More like Him I want to be;
4. With what joy in realms of glo - ry, When at last His face I see;

1. How I love my precious Savior, It is rapt - ure His to be;

I shall sing of Him for - ev - er, He is all the world to me.
And how free-ly He has fed me, He is all the world to me.
As the days and years go by me, He is all the world to me.
I shall sing and tell the sto - ry! He is all the world to me.
I shall sing of Him for-ev-er, He is all the wold to me.

REFRAIN.

Pre - - ious Sav - - ior! Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty;
Precious loving Savior, I am His for - ev - er! is He;

I shall sing of Him for-ev - er, He is all the world to me.
I shall sing of Him for - ev - er, He is all the world to me.

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

No. 26. It Is Coming.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 27. Daytime is Working Time.

Carroll King. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the sun-light all the world is a - dorn - ing, In the glo - ry of the dawn
2. There are those who waste their time, seeking pleas-ure, But in heav-en we would lay
3. When the bells of e - ven - tide shall be ring - ing, We would seek our Master dear

and the morn-ing; And at noon and ev'ning, too; For the Lord our best we do,
up our treas-ure; So at la - bor we'll re-main Till the night shall hide the plain,
sweet-ly sing-ing; Hop-ing His "well done" to gain, So still toil-ing we re-main,

CHORUS.

For the day-time is work-ing time. Let us la - bor on,
Let us la - bor on, oh, let us la-bor
while 'tis day,
la-bor while 'tis day, For the working time will ver-y soon be gone; Soon the
while 'tis day,
la - bor while 'tis day,
sun will set and sun-light fade a-way, la - lor on, la - bor on,
La - bor on,

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No. 28. When The Glory Morning Comes.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Prais-es glad we shall be voic-ing, In the land of great re - joic - ing;
2. Friends who watch and wait to meet us, With a lov - ing smile will greet us,
3. Ev - 'ry one will be for-get-ting, All the sigh-ing and the fret-ting,

When the glo - ry morn-ing comes, by and by.
When the glo - - - ry morn-ing comes, by and by,

We no more shall have to bor-row, Song for sigh or joy for sor-row,
How our eyes with joy will glis-ten, While to their sweet words we lis - ten,
And the Lord Him-self will meet us, With a sweet "well done" will greet us,

When the glo - ry morn-ing comes.
When the glo - - - ry morn-ing comes, by and by.

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

When The Glory Morning Comes. Con.

REFRAIN.









No. 29. Love Father Too.

G. T. B. REV. G. T. BYRD.

1. Moth-er was ten-der and mother was kind, And moth-er was faith-ful and
2. He is old fashioned you say with a jeer, A lit - tle slight no-tice will
3. He has been toil-ing these man-y long years, To make life more eas-y for
4. Moth-er is gone and now fa - ther is sad, And of - ten despondent and
5. Some of these days and his breath will grow short, His journey on earth will be

true: Who could not love such a moth er as mine, But why not love
do; Have you for-got-ten the gifts of his heart, O why not love
you; Why not re-mem-ber him ere he de-parts, O why not love
blue; Will you not kiss him and tell him good night, O why not love
thro; Then you will remember your treatment of him; Then why not love

CHORUS.

fa - ther too. Love your fa-ther too, Love your fa - ther too,

This is the mes-sage I bring to you, Love your fa - ther too.

Property of G. T. Byrd.

No. 30. My Savior and I Talked it O'er.

Holland L. Boyd. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. I wandered in sin and in dark-ness a - stray, A - far from the
2. My Sav - ior so lov - ing - ly whispered sweet peace, And now I am
3. I've en-tered the ser - vice of Je - sus my Friend, Him e'er I will

heav - en - ly shore; But now I am saved and in heav-en's fair way, My
saved ev - er - more; I'm sing - ing His praise and I nev-er shall cease, My
praise and a - dore; Where ev - er He leads me His bless-ings at-tend, Since

REFRAIN.

Sav-ior and I talked it o'er. (it o'er.)
Sav-ior and I talked it o'er, (it o'er.) My Sav - ior and I talked it
Je - sus and I talked it o'er, (it o'er.)

o'er, My Sav - ior and I talked it o'er; I am hid in His

love and I'm fac - ing a - bove, My Sav - ior and I talked it o'er.....
it o'er.

Boyd and Bateman, owners.

No. 31. SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY.

1. I was lost in sin when I heard Him say, By the blood,.....
2. Oh, the hap-py day when He cleansed my soul,
3. I am saved by grace, Je-sus did it all,
4. I am walk-ing now in the bless-ed way, By the blood,

the pre-cious blood, You shall see the light of e-ter-nal day,
How I felt the pow'r when He made me whole,
He will save all who on His name doth call,
the precious blood of the Lamb, All my night is turned in-to per-fect day,

CHORUS.

By the blood,..... the precious blood. Blessed tho't!... my soul is
By the blood, of the Lamb. Blessed tho't! my soul is
saved By the blood, ... the pre-cious blood! I will
saved by the blood, By the cleansing blood, precious cleansing blood!
tell..... it to the world, Christ has saved... me by the blood.
I will tell it to the world here below, Christ has saved my soul by the blood (of the Lamb).

J. H. Stanley, owner, Saltillo, Miss.

No. 32. He's Calling, "Come Home."

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. So man - y are drift-ing a - way, Far out in the val-ley of sin;
2. A home He has of-fered to all, A man-sion of glo-ry a-bove;
3. O, soul, if the crown you should win, Don't let this great of - fer go by;

And Je - sus is call - ing to - day, He wants us to gath - er them in.
If on - ly they an-swer His call, And trust in His soul-sav-ing love.
But turn from the dark-ness and sin, On God's pre-cious pro-mise re - ly.

CHORUS.

He ten - - der - ly calls..... you, O
He ten - der - ly calls you, He calls you to - day,

why in the night will you roam?..... Get right..... ..... with the
Get right, O get right with the

Lord while you may, The Sav - iour is call - ing "come home."

B. B. Bateman. owner.

No. 33. Joy in Serving Jesus.

Francis Foster. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Man - y are the tri - als that we meet, As we fol - low Je - sus on the way;
2. What-so - ev - er in His name we do, Ev - 'ry help-ful deed and word of love;
3. Let us, then, be faith - ful to the Lord, Let-ting love for Him be clearly shown;

But, be-cause we feel His presence sweet, There is joy in ser - vice ev - 'ry day.
Will be joy for us the a-ges thro', In the King's own pal-ace fair a - bove.
That we may re-ceive the great re-ward When He calls us to His matchless throne.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, joy, joy,
Yes, yes joy in serv-ing Je - sus, There is, yes great
joy,
joy in serv - ing Je - sus, Just to do His bid - ding as the days go
by, Where-e'er may be the need, oh, yes there's Joy joy, joy,
Yes, yes joy in be-ing

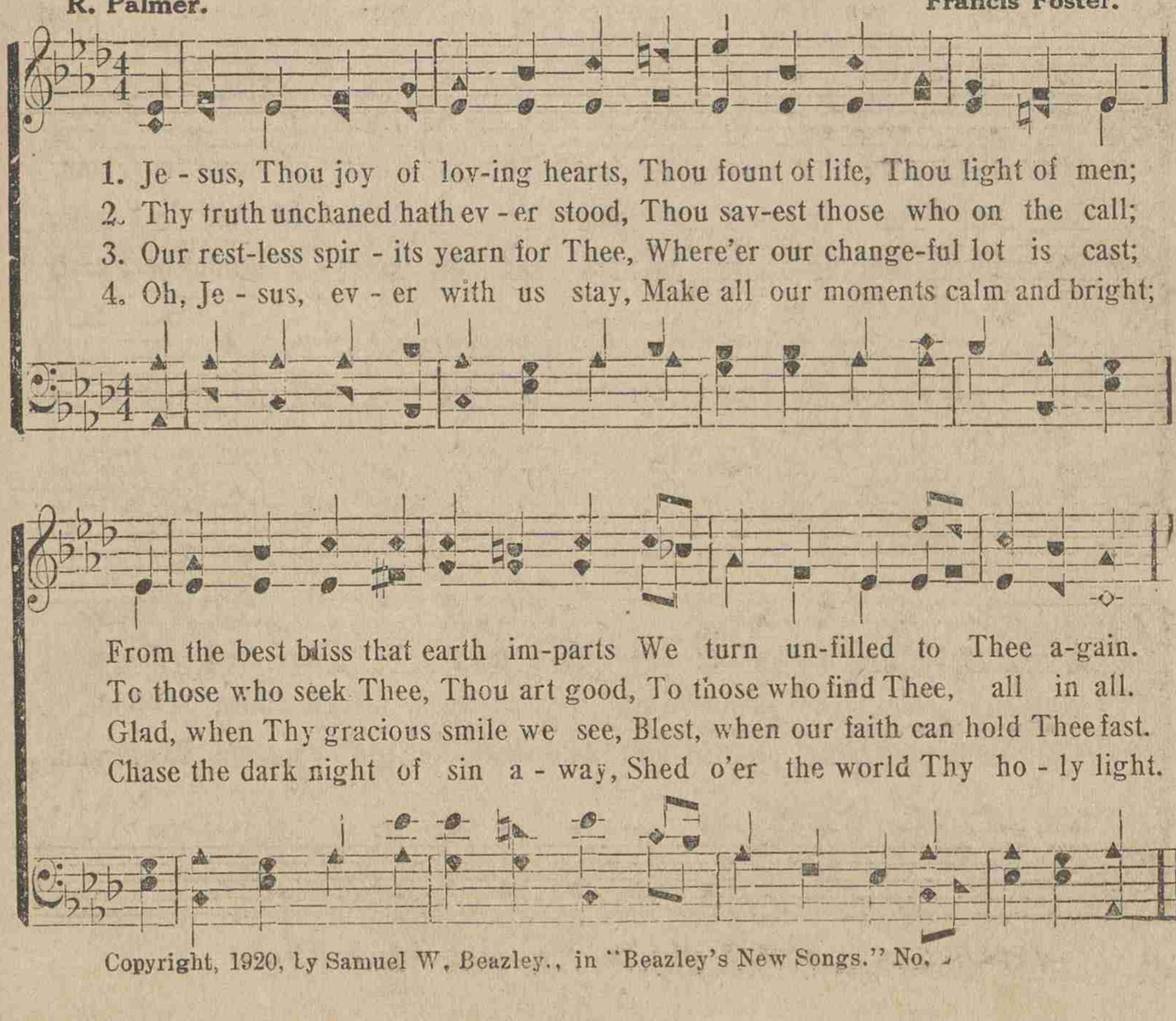
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Joy in Serving Jesus.



No. 34. Jesus, Thou Joy.

R. Palmer. **Francis Foster.**



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No 35. Onward.

Francis Foster. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. On - ward, bear - ers of the light, Homeward with the cross in sight,
2. On - ward le - gions of the King, Great - er fame to Him to bring.
3. On - ward lov - ers of the Lord, Giv - ing out the bless - ed word,

Stand-ing firm - ly for the right, Your faith in Je - sus show;
In the shad - ow of His wing, Keep in the glo - ry road;
On to glo - ri - ous re - ward, He sure - ly leads us on;

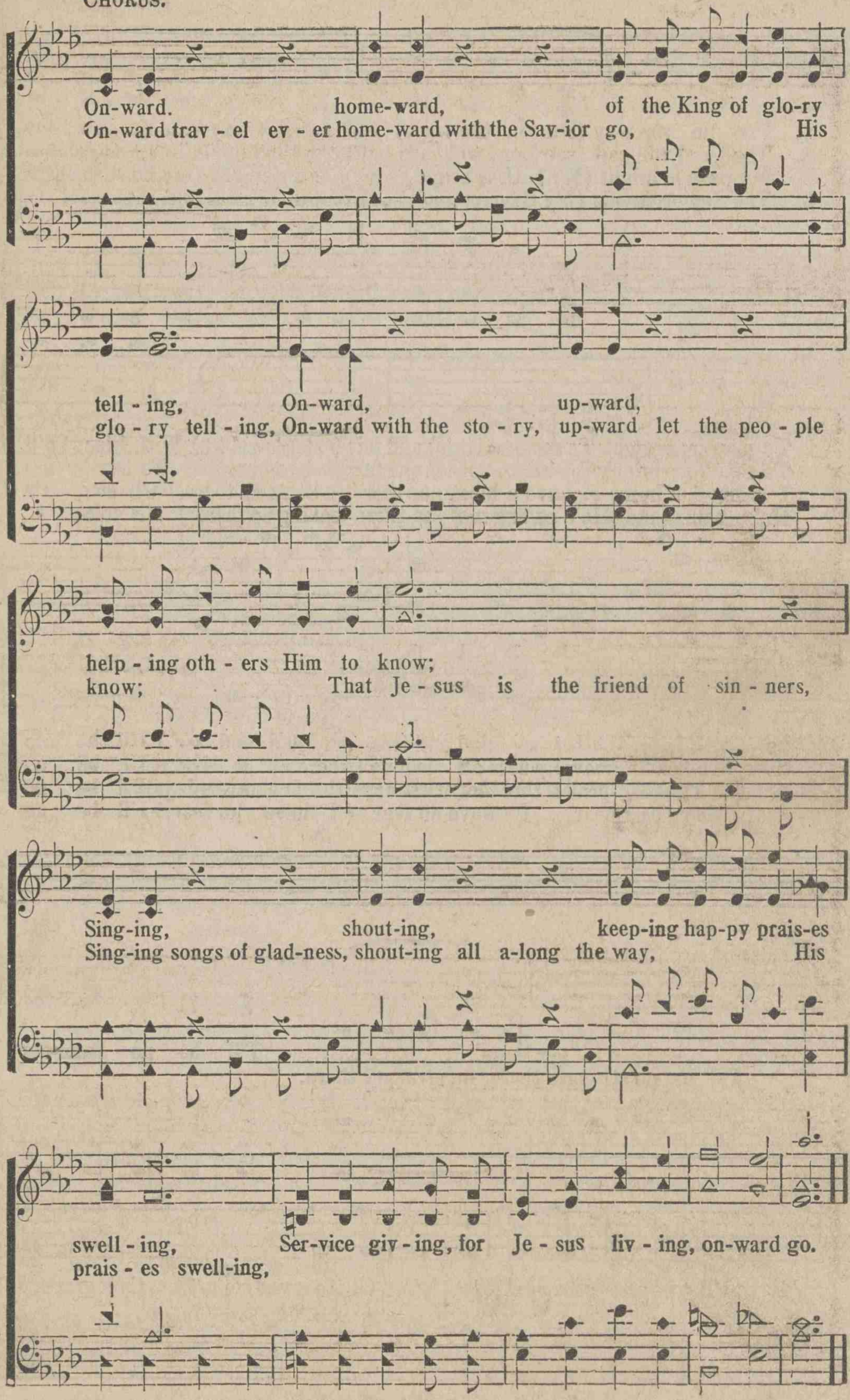
Mak - ing known the mes - sage grand To the lost of ev - 'ry land,
He will sure - ly lead us straight To the bless - ed cit - y gate,
Fol - low Him till life be past, And the cross a - side be cast,

At the bless-ed Lord's com-mand, Oh, gos - pel le - gions, on-ward go.
Where to greet us loved ones wait, Press on-ward to the blest a - bode.
You shall see His face at last And share the glo - ry of His throne.

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Onward.

CHORUS.



No 36. I'll Be No Stranger There.

J. H. ALCON. Owned by A. B. Sebren. A. B. SEBREN

1. I'm in the way (I'm in the way,) the nar-row way (the nar-row way,)
2. The Lord will call (the Lord will call) both great and small (both great and small.)
3. My path is bright (My path is bright) my bur-dens light (my bur-dens light,)
4. The Savior stands (My Savior stands) with outstretched hands (with outstretched hands)

To mansions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair) With friends I'll
To mansions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair) To heav'n a-
I have a home (I have a home) up there (a home up there,) I'll sing His
He's calling me (He's calling me) up there (calling up there;) His voice I

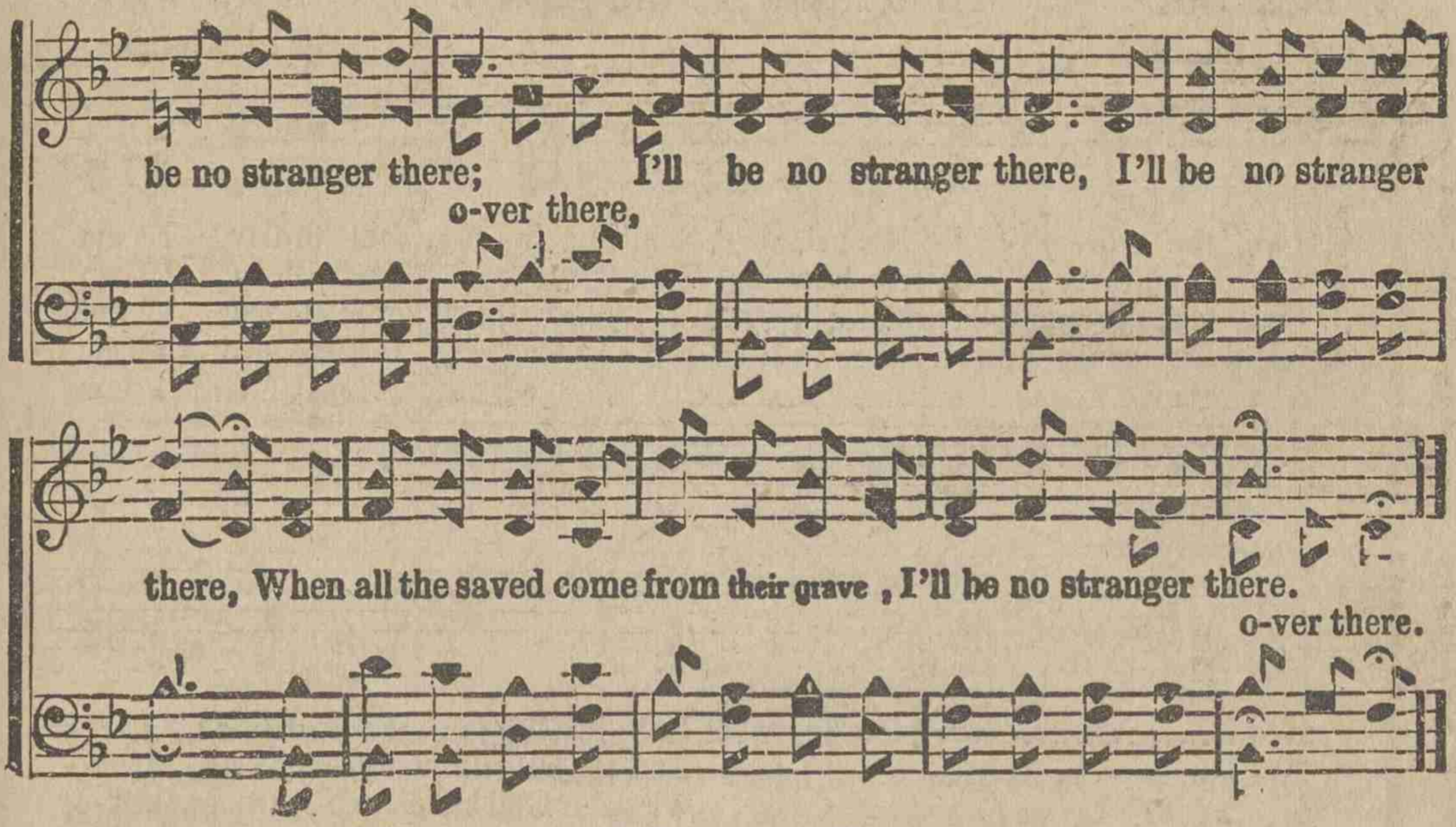
be (With friends I'll be) so glad and free (so glad and free,) I'll be no
bove (To heav'n above) where all is love (where all is love,) I'll be no
praise (I'll sing His praise) thro' countless days (thro' countless days) I'll be no
hear (His voice I hear, I have no fear (I have no fear,) I'll be no

Chorus.

stran - - ger there..... .... I'll be no stran-ger
I'll be no stranger there, no stranger there.

there I'll be no stran-ger there, When all the saved come from their grave, I'll

I'll Be No Stranger There. Concluded.



No. 37. Sleeping 'Neath The Snow.

A. L. W. (J. B. Vaughan, Owner.) A. L. WALKER.

No. 38. Hallelujah I am Saved.

F. L. Eiland. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. I've the glo - ry of His presence, Shin-ing in my soul to-day,— I am
2. Yes my heart is o - ver-flow-ing, With the love it has with-in, I am
3. Sin - ner, you may have this glo - ry, If you will, I know its true, I am
4. Yield thy soul, all will - ing to Him, Ful - ly trust-ing in His word; And be

saved,..... com-plete-ly saved! Hal - le - lu - jah, it was driv-en, Ev - 'ry
And to tell the world of Je-sus, I, a -
What our God has done for oth-ers, Sure - ly
yes, I am saved com-plete-ly saved! Claim the promise of His presence, Find the

doubt and fear a-way,— I am saved,..... com-plete-ly saved.
new would now be-gin.
He will do for you.
glo - ry of the Lord. yes, I am saved com-plete-ly saved.

CHORUS.

I am saved, (yes, I am saved,) completely saved, (com-plete-ly saved,) Hal - le-
lu - - jah I am saved; I've the glo - ry of His
hal - le - lu - jah, com-plete-ly saved;

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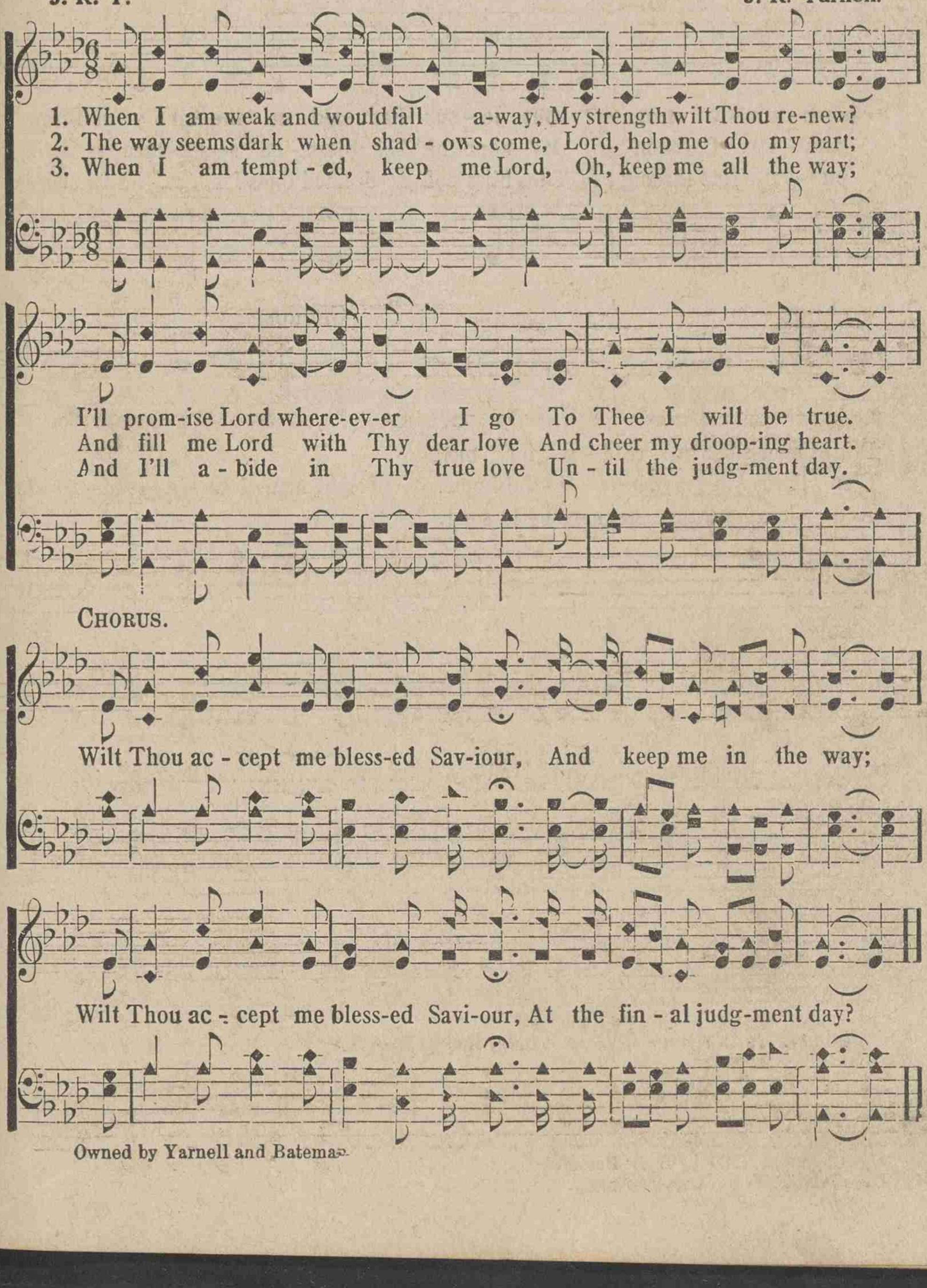
Hallelujah I am Saved.



No. 39. Wilt Thou Accept Me.

J. R. Y.

Arr. by B. B. B.
J. R. Yarnell.



Owned by Yarnell and Bateman

No. 40. Bright Mansions are Ready for Me.

Jennie Wilson. **B. B. Bateman.**

Solo or Duet.

1. Some day I shall drift from the mar - gin of time, A - way o'er the shad - ow - y sea;
2. I trust in the prom - ise my Sav - ior has made, While earth's wind-ing path - way I roam;
3. How sweet it will be in those man-sions so fair, To dwell with the pu - [ri - fide throng;

But Je - sus has said in the cit - y sub-lime,
My hope on His bless - ed as-sur-ance is staid,
The bliss of re-deemed ones for - ev - er to share.

CHORUS.

Bright man-sions are read - y for me.
O'er there in my beau - ti - ful home.
And join in the heav - en - ly song.

Bright man-sions are read - y for

me, Bright man-sions are read - y for me;..... Be-yond the dim

tide where the an - gels a - bide, Bright mansions are read - y for me.

Copyright, 1920, by B. B Bateman.

No. 41. I'm In The Glory Light.

Holland L. Boyd. **Ed G. Flowers.**

1. I am in the Light Di - vine, For the Sav - ior now is mine, And I
2. What a joy it is to be In the glo - ry Light so free, And where
3. I will trust Him to the end, And each day on Him de - pend, And I

feel that He is near from day to day; Sweetest peace and joy I see Since the
there is nothing that can do me harm; Sa - tan bold must now de - part, For the
know that He will keep me pure and sweet; And when in that home a - bove, In the

Sav - ior set me free, I am in the Glo - ry Light a - long the way.
Light with - in my heart, Keeps me safe and I shall nev - er feel a - larm.
Glo - ry Light of love, I shall glad - ly lay my tro-phies at His feet.

D. S.—I am in the Glo - ry Light, O, praise His name.

CHORUS.

I am in the Glory Light praise His name Yes, I'm in the Glo - ry Light
His name,

since He came, Giv-ing peace and joy with - in, Free-ing me from ev - 'ry sin.

Flowers and Bateman, owners.

No. 42. Christ Alone.

J. R. Y. J. R. Yarnell. Har. B. B. Bateman

1. As you trav - el on life's road You will oft - en have a load And a bur - den hard to bear; But there's One on God's right hand Who will
2. As you trav-el on each day And if tempt-ed on the way, Be not caught in Sa - tan's snare 'Trust in Christ the high-er pow'r, He will
3. Tho' your journey may be long, Strive in deed and word and song For a crown is wait - ing there; Christ your Lord is all in all, Trust-ing

glad - ly help you stand If to Him you go in fer - vent prayer.
keep each day and hour, If to Him you go in fer - vent prayer.
Him you can - not fall, If to Him you go in fer - vent prayer.

REFRAIN.

Christ a - lone..... He a-lone..... He will!
Can smooth the road, can lift the load,
glad - ly all your sor-rows share; Tell to Him..... He will
your ev - 'ry need

Owned snd Controlled by Bateman & Yarnell.

Christ Alone.

help you to suc-ceed If to Him you go in fer - vent prayer.

No. 43. Trusting My Saviour.

C. W. Mrs. Clio Wyrick. and B. B. Bateman.

1. Trust - ing my Sav - iour ev - er, Walk-ing close to His side;
2. Trust - ing my Sav - iour ev - er. At His dear feet I fall;
3. Trust - ing my Sav - iour ev - er. True I will be to Him;
4. Trust - ing my Sav - iour ev - er. Should I feel death's cold sting:

I will not leave Him nev - er, But in His love a - bide.
Prais-ing Him King and Sav - iour, Je - sus my Lord, my all.
For He is al - ways near me Keep-ing me free from sin.
For it can on - ly bring me Close to my Lord and King.

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing my Sav - iour ev - er, Know-ing He can - not fail;
Go - ing to Him for com - fort, When doubt and fears as - sail.

Owned and Controlled by Bateman & Wyrick.

No. 44. Glory, I Know I'm Saved.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. I was lost in sin, and drifting on each day, Heedless of the dan-gers in the e - vil way; But I trusted Je-sus and am glad to say;"Glory, I know I'm saved!"
2. Je-sus is my Savior, my dear friend and guide, And I'm glad I'm liv-ing on the glo-ry side; Being al-ways near Him, I in Him confide;"Glory, I know I'm saved!"
3. Life to me is sweeter, as the days go by, I shall meet my dear ones far be- yond the sky, And shall praise my Savior ever-more on high, "Glory, I know I'm saved!"

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ry for me, I'm pardoned, With Him I'm glad and free, He saved me from sin: oh, glo - ry, His face some day I'll see; I'll serve Him be-cause I love Him, No more I am depraved, All with

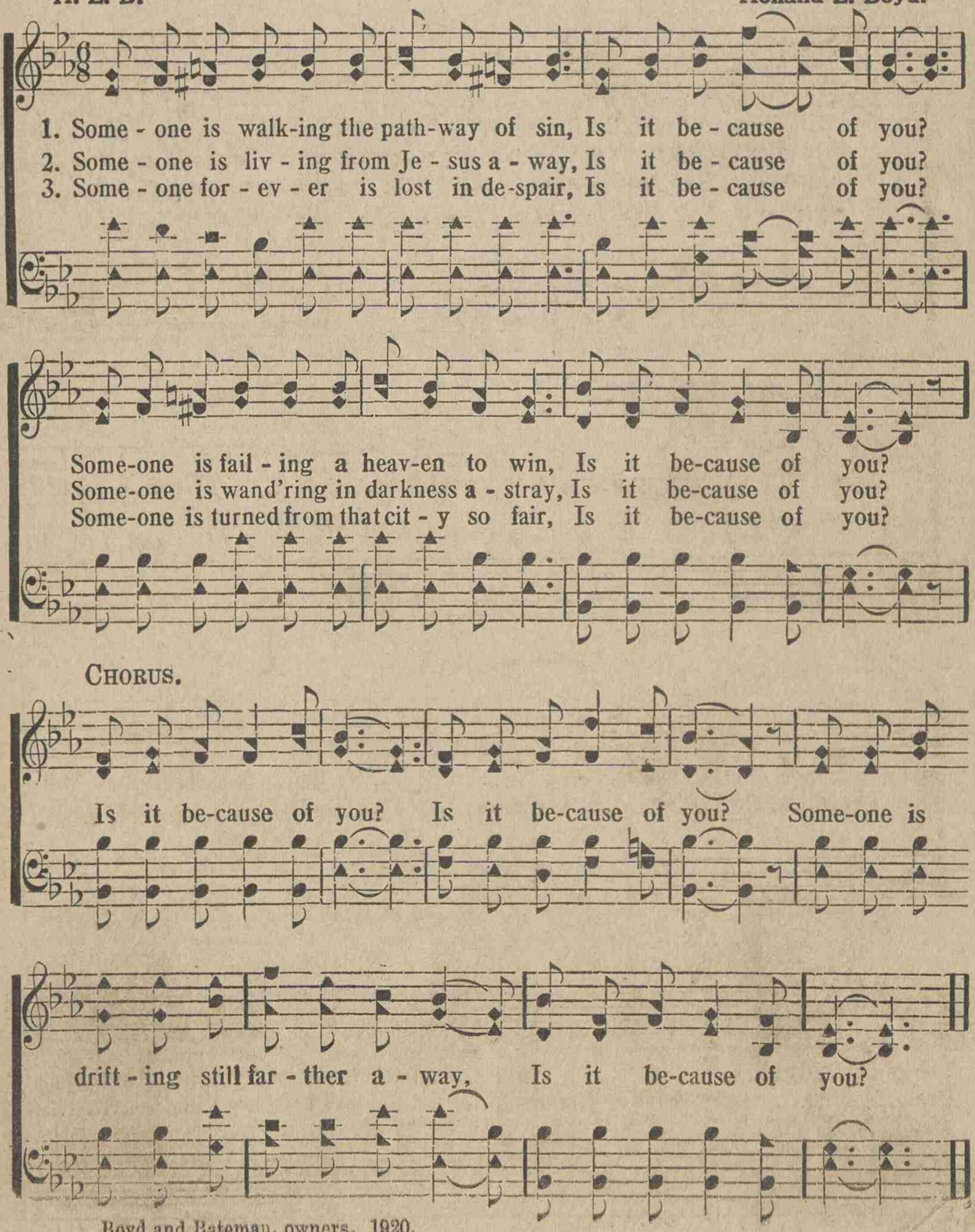
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Glory, I Know I'm Saved.



No. 45. Is it Because of You.

H. L. B. Holland L. Boyd.



Boyd and Bateman, owners. 1920.

No. 46. O Happy Dawn.

James Rowe. **J. M. Henson.**

DUET.—*Male voices.*

1. O hap-py dawn, when I shall rise To meet my Lord in par - a - dise,
2. O hap-py dawn, when tears shall dry And joy-light beams in ev - 'ry eye;
3. O hap-py dawn, when burdens fall And I shall hear the Mas-ter's call
4. O hap-py dawn, when I shall be At home with Him who died for me,

To reign with Him and with the throng, With rapture sing the glad, new song.
At rest in His dear arms of love My soul shall pass to joys a-bove.
To meet Him at the pearl-y gate Where my di-vine pos-ses-sions wait.
No more from His dear side to stray, But spend with Him the end-less day.

Quartet.

O hap-py dawn, O, bliss-ful time,..... When I shall

O, hap-py dawn,..... O, bliss-ful time.

reach ..... that fair-er clime,..... There I shall rest

When I shall reach that fairer clime, There I shall rest..... and sweetly

and sweetly sing, For ev-er-more to Christ my King, to Christ my King

sing,..... For ev - er - more..... to Christ my King.....

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 47. I'm Saved.

G. T. B. Rev. G. T. Byrd.



1. 'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior who pardoned my sins, I'm saved, saved, saved;
2. Sin's pleas-ure no lon - ger my soul will en-snare,
3. No e - vil com-pan-ions can lead me a - stray,
4. And now I am hap - py in Je - sus my King, I'm saved so sweetly saved;





And now the new life I will sure - ly be - gin, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I know I will en - ter those mansions so fair,
For Je - sus has turned all my nights in - to day,
And thro' the vast a - ges His prais - es I'll sing, I'm saved so sweetly saved.



REFRAIN



Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed, I'm saved, saved, saved;
I'm saved so sweet-ly saved;





Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed, I'm saved, saved, saved.
I'm saved so sweetly saved.



Property of G. T. Byrd.

No. 48. Enlist To-day.

JAMES WELLS. By per. of J. M. Henson, 1919. J. M. HENSON.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my still is march-ing on, It is God's re-
2. Ev - er press - ing on - ward at the King's command, Brave-ly fight-ing
3. Sa - tan flees be - fore us as we on - ward go, With His ban - ner

deemed ones who are fight-ing wrong; Ev - er press-ing on - ward, ea - ger
e - vil, fight - ing Sa - tan's band; With Je - ho - vah lead - ing, sol - diers,
o'er us, we will rout the foe; Je - sus Christ shall con-quer, we the

for the fray, Will you join the ar - my? O, en - list to - day.
speed a - way, Will you fight His bat - tle and en - list to - day?
wrong shall stay, May we count you with us? O, en - list to - day.

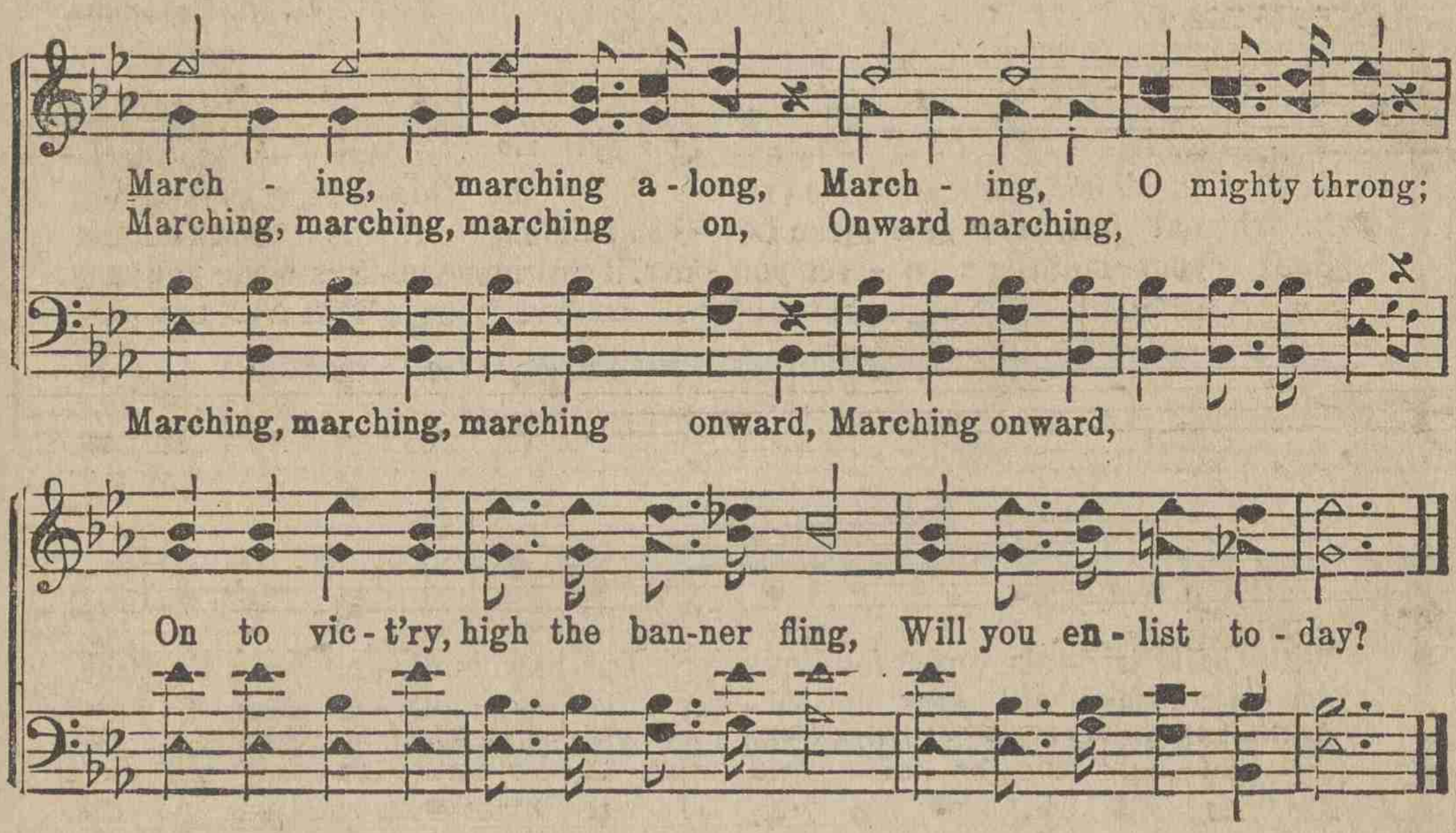
REFRAIN.

March - ing, marching a - long, Fight - ing, fight-ing the wrong;
Marching, marching, marching on, Bravely fighting,

Marching, marching, marching onward, Fighting bravely,

Marching, marching, fighting for the King, Ev - er ea - ger for the fray;
ho - ly fray;

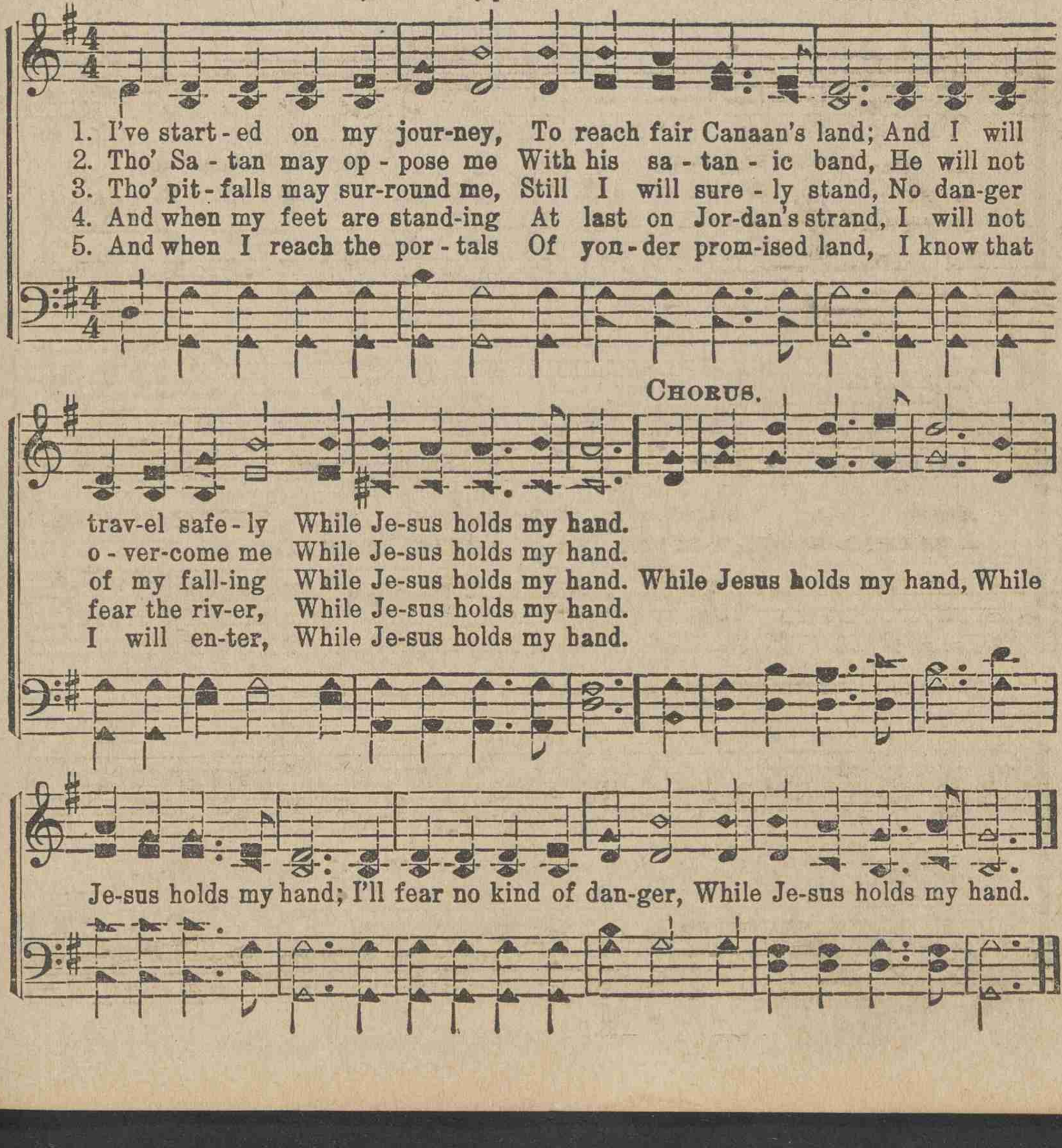
Enlist To-day. Concluded.



No. 49. While Jesus Holds My Hand.

Copyright, 1919, by H. N. Lincoln. Words and music.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. By permission H. N. LINCOLN.



No. 50. Mother Dear is Waiting There.

G. M. B. G. M. Bateman.

1. In a home be - yond the riv - er, By the shin - ing crys - tal sea;
2. When at last, my soul's true Lov - er Tells me it is time to go;
3. If your moth-er's o - ver yon - der, Trust in Je - sus while you may;

With all tri - als past for - ev - er, Dar-ling moth - er waits for me.
An - gels fair will bear me o - ver To my moth - er dear I know.
And when hearts shall all grow fon - der You shall meet a - gain, some day.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing there..... with her Re-deem-er,..... Oh, so
Wait-ing there her Re - deem - er,

hap - py and so fair; Sing-ing with..... the saints in
hap - py and so fair; Sing-ing with

glo - ry,..... Moth - er dear is wait-ing there.
saints in glo - ry, is wait-ing there.

G. M. Bateman, owner.

No. 51. Steer for The Lights of Home.

James Rowe. **Homer F. Morris.**

1. Soul drift-ing o - ver the o - cean of sin, Steer for the lights
2. Dark-ness is dense on the face of the deep, Steer for the lights
3. Je - sus is wait - ing to par - don your past, Steer for the lights
4. Bil - lows are ris-ing, o'er-whelmed you may be, Steer for the lights

of home; Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing "come in,"
of home; Why cause your friends and your dear ones to weep?
of home; Here you in safe - ty your an - chor may cast,
of home; Come to the har - bor, be hap - py and free,

REFRAIN.

Steer for the lights of home. Steer for the lights of

home, sweet home, Steer for the lights of home, sweet home, Think of the cost if

your soul should be lost! Steer for the lights of home, sweet home.

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

No. 52. Arouse Ye.

Laurene Highfield. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

With vigor.

1. A - rouse ye from your dreams ye i - dle men of ease, The har-vest of the
2. The seed of gos - pel truth, the liv - ing word of God, With lav-ish hand has
3. A - rouse ye from your dreams, put by yonr fool-ish pride, And la - bor with the

Mas - ter calls for will - ing heart and hand; Go out in - to the fields
scat - tered been, in faith broad-cast t'was sown, Up-springing in the light
bus - y throng who scorn the time to waste, It is the Christ who calls,

if you your Lord would please, And help to save the fruit-age that with richness fills the land.
where-e'er the sow-er trod, There waits a har-vest greater far than ev-er yet was known
the Sav - ior cru - ci - fied, Cast off your chains of worldliness and to the reaping haste

CHORUS.

The har-vest fields are white, The ri-pened sheaves the reap-ers wait
The har - vest fields are white, the reap-ers wait,

Why stand ye in the mar - ket i - dle all the day' Life's

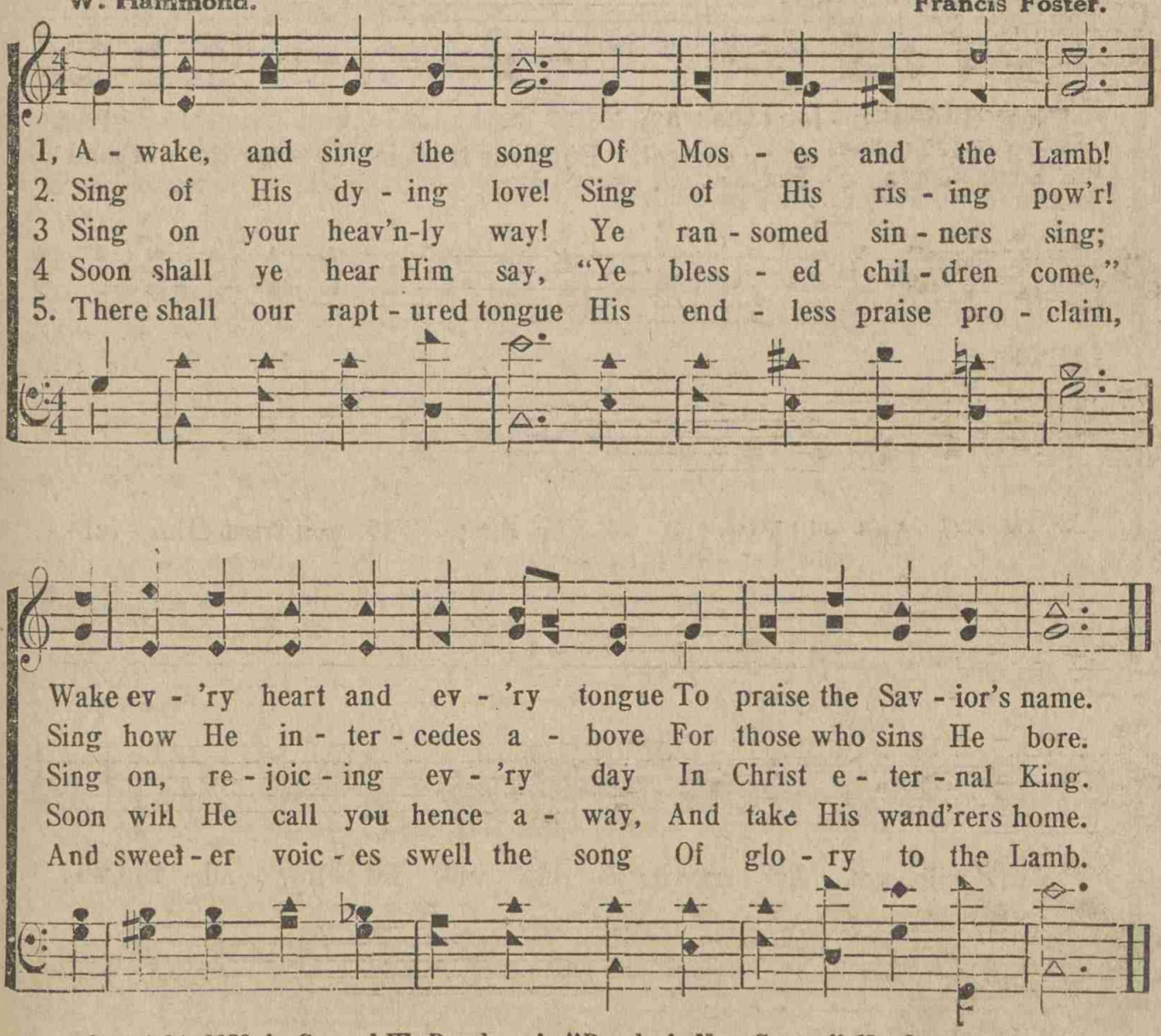
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Arouse Ye.



No. 53. Awake and Sing the Song.

W. Hammond. Francis Foster.



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No. 54. Put Your Trust in Jesus.

Holland L. Boyd. B. B Bateman.

1. Put your trust in Je - sus for com-plete sav-va-tion, He will bless you
2. Let your faith grow stron-ger in the God of heav-en, And He'll cleanse your
3. When you trust in Je - sus who has died to save you You shall win a

ev - 'ry day; Lean up - on His prom-ise, give your life to Je - sus,
wait-ing soul; Let Him lead you on to man-sions fair and bright-er,
crown of gold; Give your life in ser - vice and to Him be faith-ful,

CHORUS.

Trust Him all a - long the way.
Give Him now complete control. Put your trust in Je - sus He will glad - ly
You shall Him at last be-hold.

save you, And will keep you ev - 'ry day; If you trust Him ful - ly

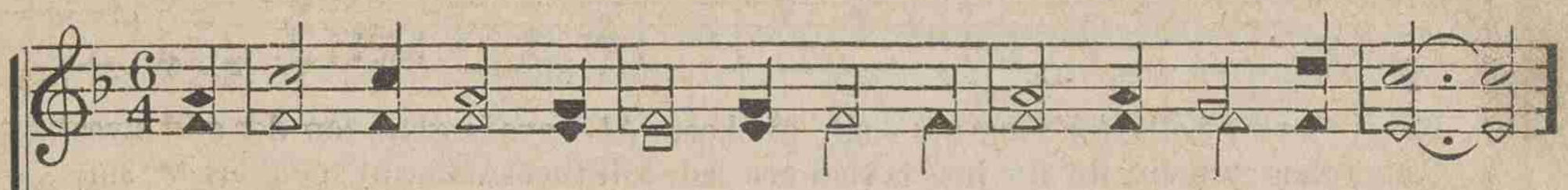
you will not be stray-ing, But will fol - low all the way.

B. B. Bateman, owner,, Knoxville. Tenn. 1920.

55 May They Be Thine.

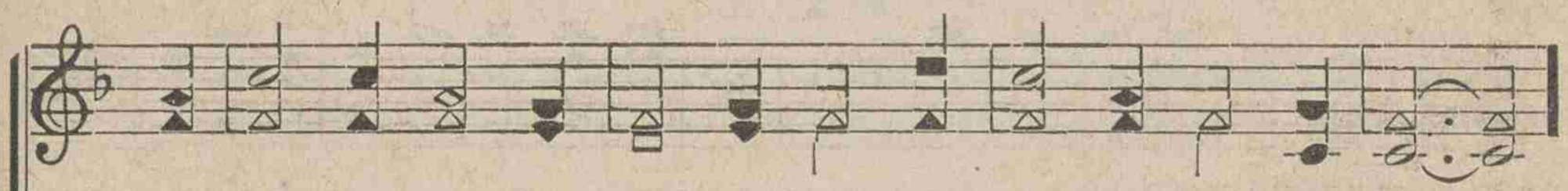
B. B. Bateman, owner.

F. L. Eiland. B. B. Bateman.



1. Not ma - ny are my days at best On earth-ly sods to stay,—
2. Al-read - y much has wast-ed been Of life's brief span for me,—
3. No fail - ure, Lord, I now would know In keep-ing close to Thee,
4. Each hind'ring thing within my heart, I pray Thee, it re - move,





Shall I to God these moments give, Or squan-der them a - way?
If on - ly this I could re - call I'd give it, Lord, to Thee!
Thy serv-ant in both word and deed Is all I ask to be!
That full pos - ses - sion it shall take The spir - it of Thy love!



Refrain.



These moments mine may they be Thine, Henceforth, yea, ev - 'ry day;





Take them and me, use all for Thee, So be it, Lord, I pray!



No. 56. Ring Merry Bells.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Ring, mer-ry bells, for your mu - sic of cheer Al-ways is glad, ten-der and sweet;
2. Ring, mer-ry bells, for the hearts that are sad, Fill them with joy; comfort be-stow;
3. Ring, mer-ry bells, fill the moments with joy, Peal af - ter peal, chime af-ter chime;

Peal af - ter peal, mer-ry, bells, let us hear, For they will give us gladness complete.
Cause them to feel that the world still is glad, Help them the sweetest pleasures to know,
All your sweet mu-sic this morning employ, Give to us all the hap-pi-est time.

CHORUS.

Ring mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Ring, mer - ry, mer - ry bells,
Ring..... mer - ry bells,..... Send your
Ring, ring, ring, bells, Ring, ring, ring, bell,.....

Ring ring ring, Ring, oh,
strains o - ver all the hills and the plains, o - ver all the dells;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring, ring, ring, ring,

ring mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Ring, mer - ry, mer - ry bells,
Give..... out your joy,..... Sweet - ly
Ring, ring, ring, bells, Ring, ring, ring, bells,.....

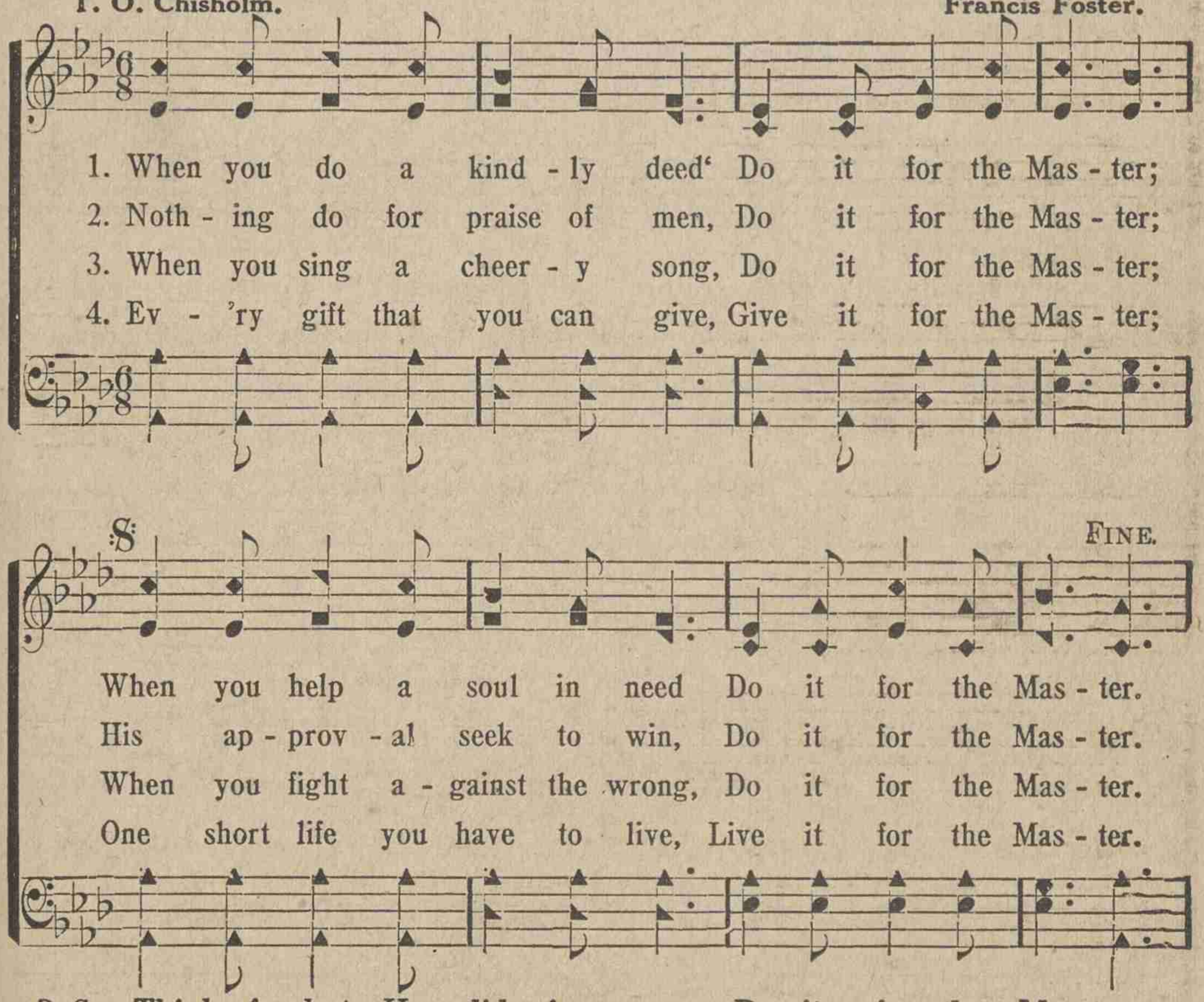
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Ring Merry Bells.



No. 57. Do It For the Master.

T. O. Chisholm. Francis Foster.



S. W. Beazley. owner.

No. 58 We Shall All Be Reunited.

Dedicated to all separated families.

N. S. S.

Arr. by B. B. B.
N. S, Sitzlar.

1. Where is now my fa - ther's fami-ly, That was here so long a - go;
2. Some have gone to lands far dis-tant, And with oth-ers made their home;
3. Some have gone from us for - ev - er, For with us they could not stay;
4. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, In that home be - yond the skies;

Sit - ting round the kitch - en fire - side, Brightened by the rud-dy glow?
Some up - on the world of wa - ters, All there lives have chose to roam.
They have all dis - persed and wandered, Gone a - way, so far a - way.
Where there'll be no sep - a - ra - tion, No more part-ing, no more sighs.

CHORUS.

We shall all be re - u - nit - ed, In that land of pure de - light;
Where no sick - ness, or no sor - row, Will our joys there ev - er blight.

Stitzlar and Bateman, *owners.*

No. 59 Clear the Line Before You Call.

W. E. E.

WALTER E. EDMISTON.

1, There's a tel - e-phone to heav - en, O - ver which all
2. Je - sus is the op - er - a - tor, And ac-count-ant
3. Make you sure your prep-ar - a - tion, For con - nec-tion

blessings fall; God is cen-tral and will an - swer,
for us all: He will glad - ly send your mes - sage,
on this line; Christ, our bless-ed Lord, will help you,

REFRAIN

If you clear the line to call.
If you clear the line to call. Clear the line be - fore you
If you call on Him in time.

call..... God is cen - tral for us all;.....
be-fore you call, for us all

If you'd gain from Him an answer, Clear the line be-fore you call.

Copyright, 1915, by Walter E. Edmiston.

No. 60. He Holds Me Fast.

Boyd and Bateman, owners. 1920.

H. L. B. **Holland L. Boyd.**

1. The Sav - ior dear... ..... is now my own,.....
2. Since Je - sus came..... and freed my soul,.....
3. He holds my hand..... a - long the way.....

The Sav - ior dear in now my own,

He keeps me safe..... my fears are gone;.....
And made my life ..... com-plete-ly whole;.....
I free - ly trust..... Him ev - 'ry day;.....

He keeps me safe my fears are gone, my fears are gone;

He has for - giv'n..... my sin - ful past,.....
He keeps me safe..... from ev - 'ry blast,.....
He'll keep me safe..... un - to the last,.....

He has for-giv'n my sin - ful past,

FINE.

And praise His name..... He holds me fast.....
My hand in His..... He holds me fast.....
For praise His name..... He holds me fast,.....

And praise His name He holds me fast, He holds me fast.

D.S. For praise His name (For praise His name) He holds me fast. (He holds me fast.

He Holds Me Fast.

He holds me fast and I am free,
He holds me fast ..... and I am free,.....

Oh, bless His name..... His face I'll see;.....
Oh, bless His name His face I'll see, His face I'll see.

D. S.

My {fears are gone I'm safe at last,
My fears are gone..... I'm safe at last,.....

No. 61. I'm Going Home.

Wm. Hunter. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there;
   { Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine. }
2. { My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
   { When from this earth-ly pris - on free, That heav'n-ly man-sion mine shall be. }
3. { Let oth - ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour, or waves o'erflow;
   { Be mine the hap-pier lot to own A heav'n-ly mansion near the throne. }

{ I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;
{ To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

No. 62. How Can You Neglect Salvation?

Hebrew. 2: 23.

M. M. O. M. M. Ogle. Arr. by B. B. B.

1. Lis - ten to the grand old sto - ry, Je - sus died up - on the tree;
2. An - gel voic - es are pro-claim-ing, Will you hear their hum - ble plea?
3. Hear ye now their pro - cla - ma - tion, Je - sus came forth from the grave;

To re-deem the world from dark-ness, Yes, He died for you and me.
To all na-tions they are sing - ing, A sal - va - tion full and free.
And com - plet-ed full sav - va - tion, Yes, He died your soul to save.

REFRAIN.

How..... can you neglect..... such great sal-va - - tion
How can you neglect such great salvation, great salvation, How can you neglect it, how can
all the way, Why..... not come to
you neg-lect sal - va - tion now; Why not come to Je - sus? come oh,
Je - - sus, While He calls..... you, come to-day.
come to Him oh, come today, oh come to Je-sus, While He of-fers pardon, come to - day.

Ogle and Bateman, owners.

No. 63. On We March.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman,

1. We are march ing on to the gold-en dawn- And our Sav-ior guides all a-long the way; Ev - er trust ing Him tho' the way be dim, We are marching on
2. With our flag un furled, o - ver all the world, Bright will seem the way as we move a-long; We'll de - fy the foe as we on-ward go Till we reach the land
3. There is one true guide al-ways at our side, As we make our way to the great homeland; There is naught to fear while we journey here, For at last with saints

Refrain.

to the land of day. On we march ev - 'ry pass - ing day
of e - ter - nal song.
there redeemed we'll stand. On we march

On we march, Je - sus leads the way; With His hand to guide,
On we march,

naught shall ere be - tide, Homeward now we march, where with Him we'll stay.

Copyright, 1919, by B. B. Bateman.

No. 64. Make Him Your Choice.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. 'Twas Je - sus on Mount Cal - va - ry, That bore the cross for you and me;
2. Oh, see Him hang-ing on the tree, He suf-fered there to set you free;
3. He's reign-ing now in heav'n a-bove, Where all is joy and peace and love;

He calls for you, oh, hear His voice! Be-lieve Him now, make Him your choice.
He conquered death, hell and the grave, Poor wand'ring one your soul to save.
If you would dwell with Him for aye, Oh, do not turn from Him a - way.

REFRAIN.

Make Him..... your choice,..... In Him..... re - joice;.....
Make Him your choice, make Him your choice, In Him re-joice, in Him re-joice;

He'll save your soul and make you whole, Make Him..... your choice.....
Make Him your choice, make Him your choice.

Copyright, 1919, by B. B. Bateman.

No. 65. Somebody Told Me.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. Once I was burdened and far a - stray, Gladness and courage had flown a-way;
2. Trouble seemed nev-er to have an end, Low-er each day did my soul descend;
3. True to my Sav - ior I mean to be, Mak-ing to sinners His love's glad plea;
4. Soul in the val - ley of sin a-stray, Won't you give in to the Lord to-day;

But I am hap - py and free to - day, Some-bod-y told me of Je - sus.
But I have found such a helpful Friend, Some-bod-y told me of Je - sus.
For I want oth - ers to say of me, Some-bod-y told me of Je - sus.
Oh, if you do you with joy will say, Some-bod-y told me of Je - sus.

REFRAIN

Some-bod-y told me He rescued men, With gladness I heard and trusted then,
Oh, what a bless-ing was giv - en when Some-bod-y told me of Je - sus.

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

No. 66. What you Sow That you Also shall Reap.

J. R. Y. Har. by. B. B. Bateman. J. R. Yarnell.

1. If your life has been wrecked and your soul has been tossed In this storm-beaten world
2. If the summons should come and you're still upprepared, Oh, how sad then would be
3. Should you live all your life and do ser-vice for Him, Who did suf-fer and die

of sin; And the way seems so hard and you fear the re - ward
the way; If your life has been lived and you've spent it in sin,
for us all; And you fight for Him here. in this life free from sin,

REFRAIN.

FINE.

That is com - ing to you in the end. Wea - ry soul stop and
Your re-ward will be death in the end.
You will read - y then be for His call. Wea-ry soul

D. S.—sow *that you al - so shall reap.*

think, Of the seed you are sow - ing to - day; If good
stop and think,

seed you sow with care, You will reap them o - ver there, What you

D. S.

Owned and controlled by Yarnell and Bateman

No. 67. His Love Reaches Down For You.

M. D. Ussery. **J. M. Henson.**

Good as a Solo.

1. Tho' you're drift-ing a - down the great cur - rent, From all that is
2. Tho' your sins be as scar-let,— con-demn-ing, Tho' sor-rows have
3. For a mo-ment just stop and con - sid - er, The course that you

good and true; There is One, who be - holds you in pi - ty,
pierced you thro'; There is One, who would lov - ing - ly bless you,
here per - sue; Oh, re - turn to the arms of your Sav - ior,

REFRAIN.

His love reach-es down for you, ... His love reach-es down for
you, His love reach - es down for you; Oh, re-
for you;
turn to the arms of your Sav - ior, His love reach-es down for you.

J. M, Henson, owner.

No. 68. Send Them the News.

L. Dow McDonald. B. B. Bateman.

1. Oh! why stand ye i - dle by, Hear ye not now the plain-tive cry Of the
2. Oh! why not o - bey the call Com-ing to work-ers one and all, Who will
3. They who la - bor in the field Till free sal - va - tion is re-vealed, Shall re -

souls a-bout to die? Send them the news; Will you not an ef-fort make Help them the
dare to be a Paul, Send them the news; Go ye out against the foe, And to the
ceive abundant yield, Send them the news; When our earthly race is run, And a bright

chains of bon-dage break And them their e-vil ways forsake, Send them the news.
help - less heath-en go, Let them of Je-sus' gos-pel know, Send them the news.
crown of glo - ry won, Then we shall hear Him say "well done." Send them the news.

CHORUS.

Send them the news Send them the news,
the glo-ri-ous news, the won - der - ful news,
They are need-ing help this hour, Send them the news,
the won - der - ful news;

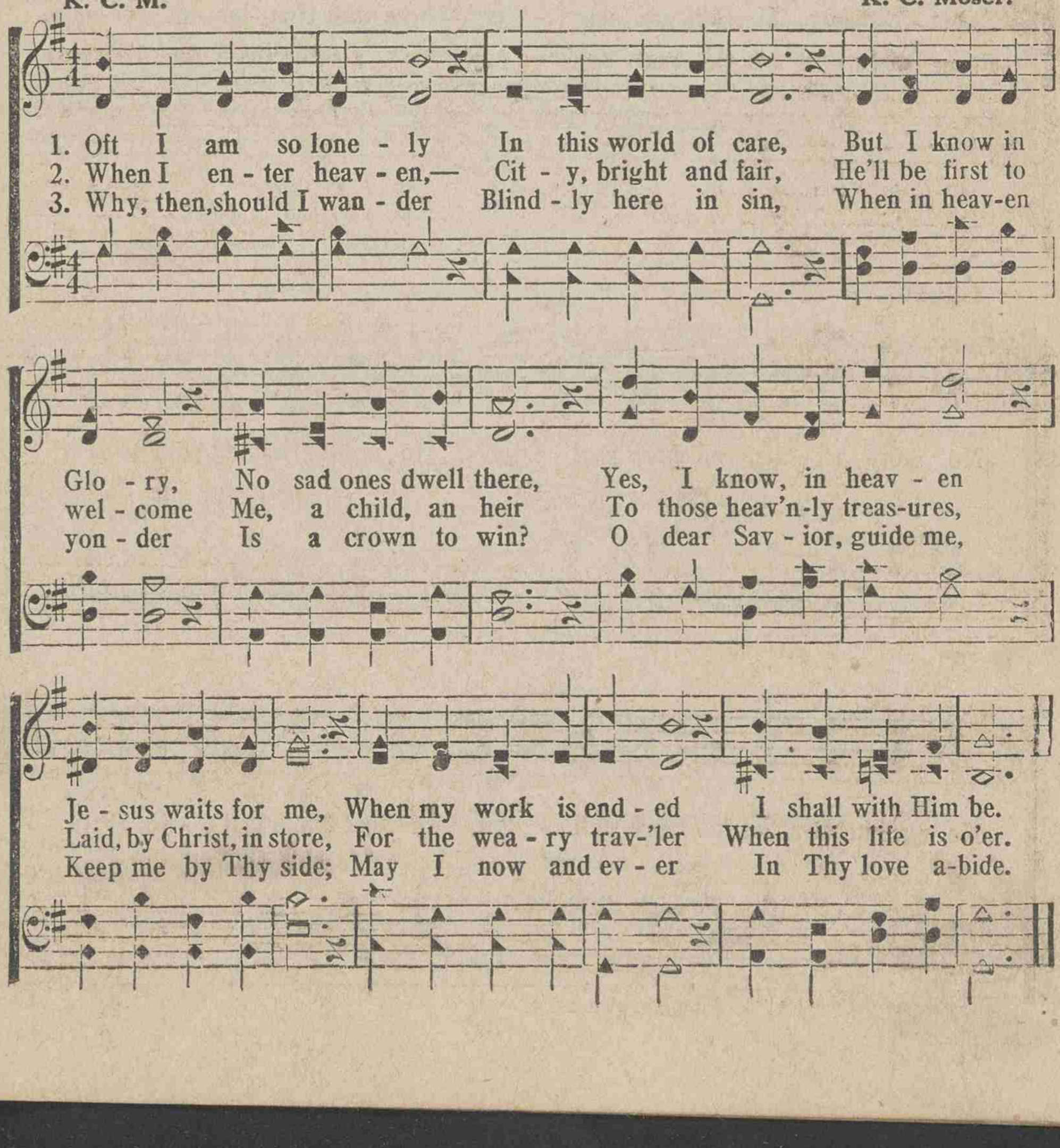
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Send Them the News.



No. 69. Meditation.

K. C. M. K. C. Moser.

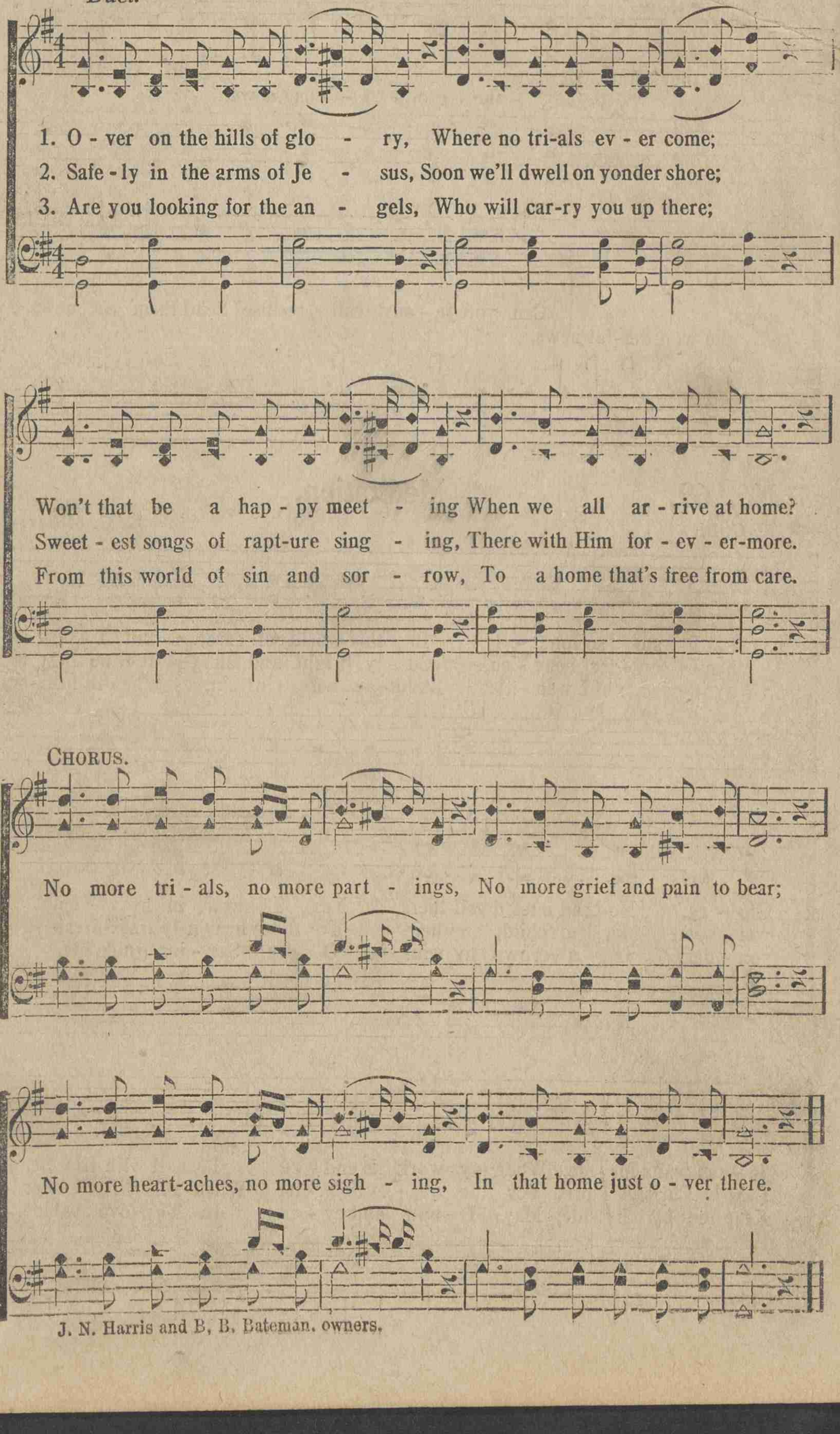


No. 70. Up There.

J. N. H. J. N. Harris.

2nd. and 3rd. stanza by A. B. Sebren.

Duet.



1. O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, Where no tri-als ev - er come;
2. Safe - ly in the arms of Je - sus, Soon we'll dwell on yonder shore;
3. Are you looking for the an - gels, Who will car-ry you up there;

Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing When we all ar - rive at home?
Sweet - est songs of rapt-ure sing - ing, There with Him for - ev - er-more.
From this world of sin and sor - row, To a home that's free from care.

CHORUS.

No more tri - als, no more part - ings, No more grief and pain to bear;

No more heart-aches, no more sigh - ing, In that home just o - ver there.

J. N. Harris and B. B. Bateman, owners.

No 71. I'll Never Cease to Love Him.

Mrs. M. Doolittle. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Male Quartette.



1. Be - cause the Lord of earth and sky— The King with none a - bove Him;
2. I'll cling to Him in cloud and shine And Naught shall make us sev - er;
3. I'll do His will, what - e'er be - fall, His pre - cious word I'll treas-ure;
4. And, by and by, where saints a - dore And an - gels bow be - fore Him;





For - sook His home, for me to die, I'll nev - er cease to love Him.
Each day I'll praise His love di - vine, And wor-ship Him for - ev - er.
And He shall be my all in all In sad - ness and in pleas - ure.
Be - fore His throne for - ev - er - more, I'll serve Him and a - dore Him.



CHORUS.



I'll nev - er cease to love Him And none shall be a - bove Him



In life and death I'll trust His grace And nev - er cease to love Him.

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No. 72. If you Go to Him for Solace.

J. R. Y. J. R. Yarnell. Har. by B. B. Bateman.

1. Far a-way from home and loved ones burdened with a load of care, And if you should need as-sist-ance from on high; If you'll go to Him for sol-ace He will
2. Tho' your soul may oft be burdened and the load seem hard to bear, Yet there still is Balm of Gil-ead for your care; If you go to Him be-liev-ing, you He
3. If you'll get in line of du - ty for the Sav-iour ev - 'ry day, And your path-way will be bright-er all the way; If you work for Him courageous He'll re-

lift the load of care, And re - lieve you of your bur-dens by and by.
nev - er will de - ny, But will crown your life vic - to - r'ous by and by.
lieve your ev - 'ry sigh, And pre - pare you for a man - sion in the sky.

REFRAIN.

Wea - ry one, wea - ry one, Do not spurn this great sal-va-tion that is free-ly of-fered thee, Weary one, wea-ry one, Go to Him who died on Cal-va-ry.
Wea-ry one, weary one, Weary one, weary one,

Owned and controlled by Yarnell and Bateman.

No 73. Let The Light Shine In.

JAMES ROWE. J. M. HENSON.



1. Are you far from Je- sus, on the downward way? Are you liv - ing still in sin?
2. Are you lost in darkness? are you weak and sad, And a-new would now be gin?
3. Would you reach the cit-y when this life is o'er, And the crown of glo - ry win?





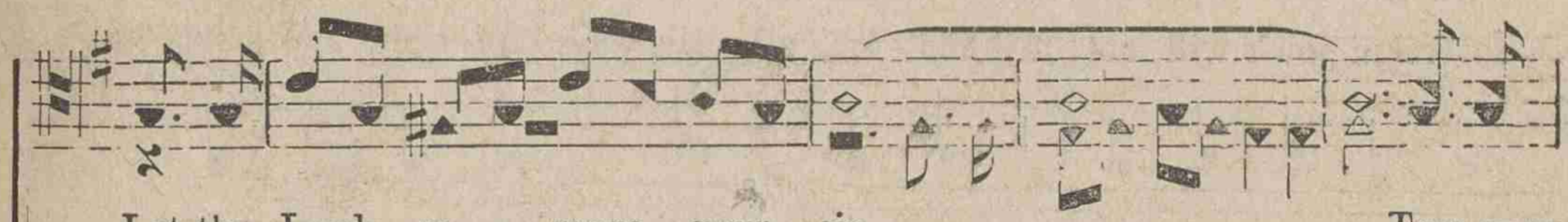
Turn your eyes to Heav-en and the dawning day, Let the light of love shine in.
Trust the lov-ing Sav-ior who would make you glad, Let the light of love shine in.
Turn a - way from e - vil, "Go and sin no more," Let the light of love shine in.



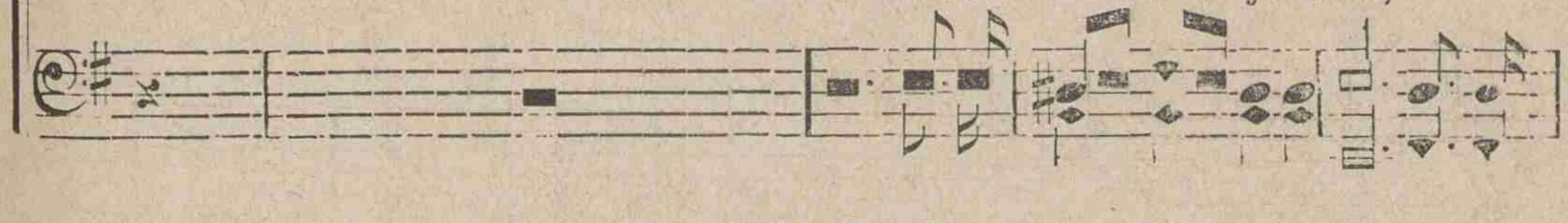
CHORUS.



Let the light of love shine in,.....
Let the light of love shine in,



Let the Lord re - move your sin,..... Turn your
Let the Lord remove your sin,





eyes tward Heaven, See the dawning day, Let the light of love shine in.



J. M, Henson, owner Atlanta, Ga.

No. 74. He Lives and Rules.

Laurene Highfield. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Reign-ing in the high - est heav-ens crowned with grace and hon - or too;
2. Oft - en have their hearts proved wayward, oft-en have their footsteps strayed,
3. When His knowledge ris-ing, swelling, sweeps the earth as with a flood

There the King of all the na - tions clothed in glo - ry bright, Keeps
Heed - ing not the King's com-mand-ments, rush they blind - ly on, The
Men will un - der - stand His great-ness and His glo - ry see; His

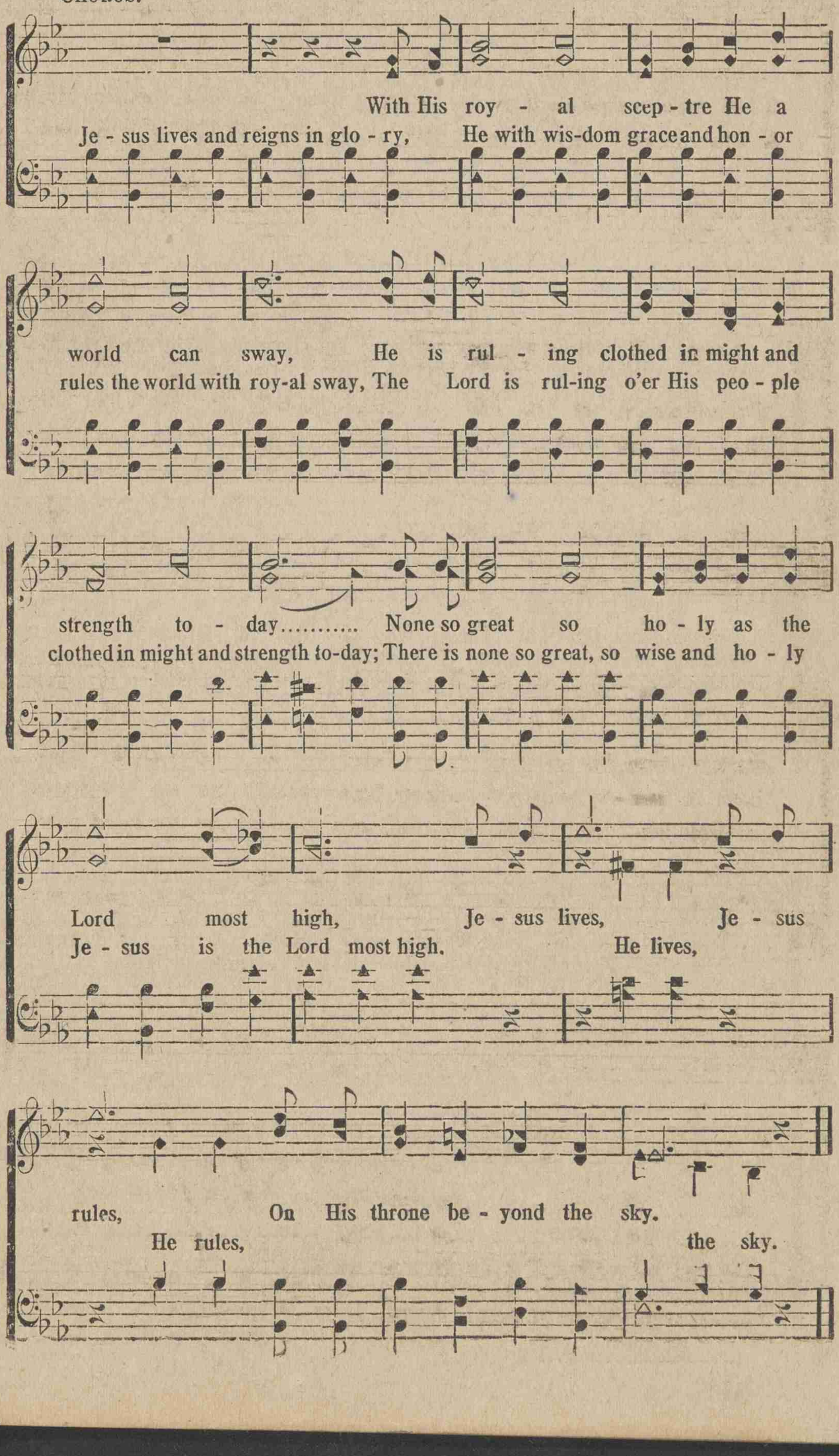
watch a - bove His toil - ing chil-dren know-ing all the deeds they do,
Lord in mer - cy waits with pa-tience, 'gainst them is His an - ger stayed,
sovereign pow'r will not di - min - ish, all His ways are right and good,

He lives and rules the world with pow'r and might,
a bet - ter day will dawn.
He lives and rules, His reign will end - less be.

Copyright. 1920. by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs." No. 2.

He Lives and Rules.

CHORUS.



No. 75. I Am Safe When Jesus Leads.

Holland L. Boyd. **G M. Bateman.**

1. I am safe when Je - sus leads, He's sup - ply - ing all my needs, And I
2. There's no dan-ger that I fear, When I feel the Sav - ior near, For I
3. He is lead - ing me a - bove To a hap - py home of love, And I'm

have no fear that He will let me stray; For He leads me in the light, Led by
know that He pro-tects me by His pow'r; When a-round me tempests beat, He is
feast-ing on the man - na that He feeds; I shall reach my home on high, Where sweet

Him I know I'm right, That is why I like to fol - low ev - 'ry day.
then my sure re - treat, For I know He keeps me ev - 'ry day and hour.
pleas-ures nev - er die For I'm safe, I know I'm safe when Je sus leads.

CHORUS.

I am safe..... when Je - sus leads,..... I know I'm
I am safe I know I'm safe when Je - sus leads, when Je-sus leads,

safe..... when Je-sus leads; There's no need ..... to feel a-
I know I'm safe I know He leads; There's no need to feel a-larm, For there is

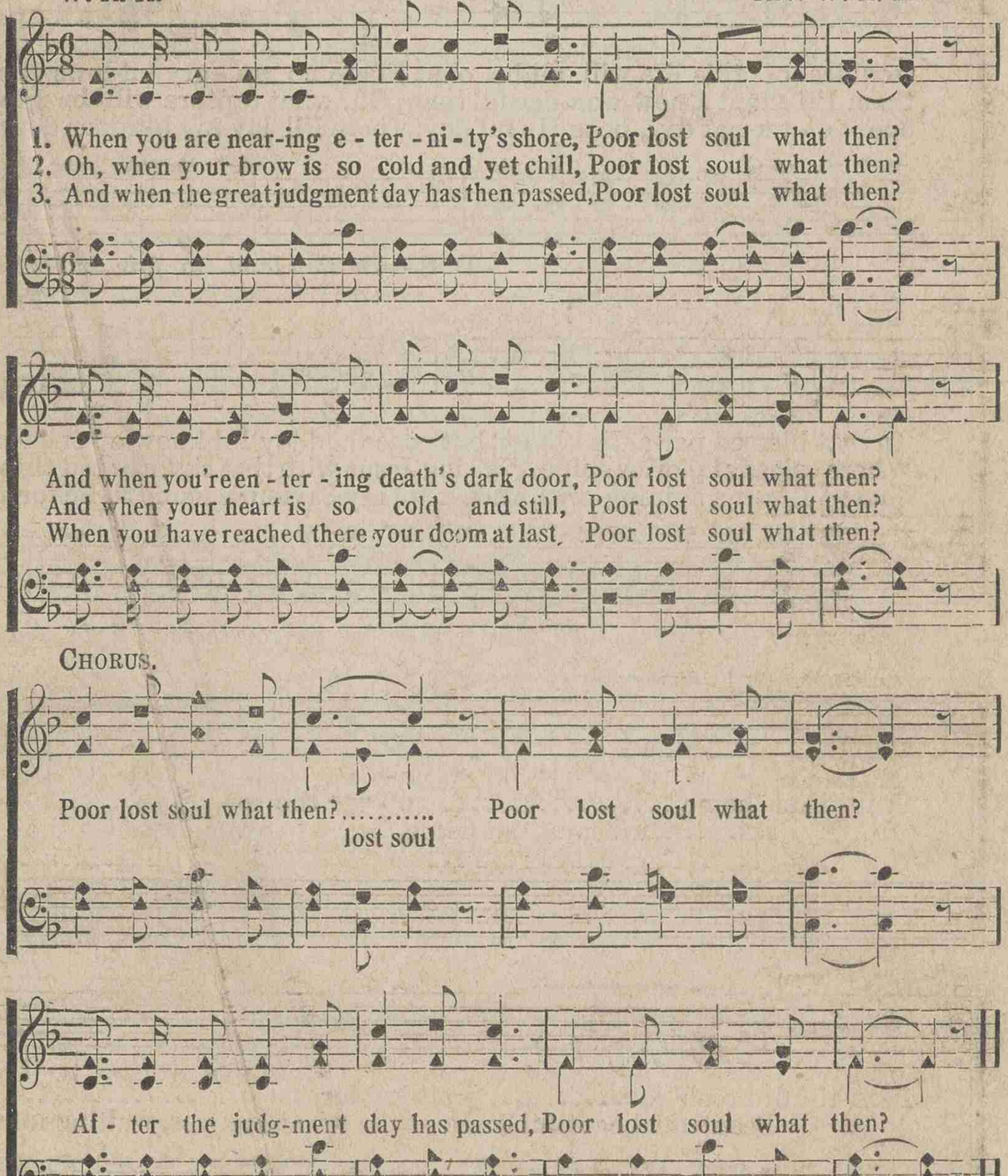
G. M. Bateman, owner, 1920.

I Am Safe When Jesus Leads.



No. 76. Poor Lost Soul What Then?

W. R. H. Rev. W. R. Haun.



Haun and Bateman, owners.

No. 77. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

M. L. F.

M. L. FERGUSON.

1. There's a home prepared for me, O'er the dark and silent sea, Where the
2. By and by I'll reach the strand, Where I'll join the angel band, And with
3. Oh, I long to reach that home, Where no harm can ev-er come, Where 'tis

troubles of this life will all be o'er; There no an-gry bil-lows rise,
them I'll chant a new won-der-ful song; Oh, what rapture will be mine,
one e-ter-nal day, beau-ti-ful day; There I'll lay my burdens down,

D. S.—*In that land so fair and bright,*

FINE.

In that blessed par-a-dise, Naught but peace and joy I'll know ev-er-more.
Where celestial glories shine, Praising Jesus with that blest, sainted throng!
There I'll wear a shining crown, And ex-tol my Saviour's name there for aye.

Shadows nev-er dim the light, And from ev-'ry sor-row there I'll be free.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti ful home,..... o-ver the sea,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, o-ver, just over the sea,

D. S.

Beau-ti-ful home..... wait-ing for me;.....
Beautiful, beautiful home waiting, yes, waiting for me;

Copyright, 1909, by The Trio Music Co. M. L. Ferguson, owner.

No. 78. O I Want to See Him.

R. H. C. Copyright, 1916, by R. H. Cornelius. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. As I journey thro' the land sing-ing as I go, Point-ing souls to Cal - va - ry— to the crim-son flow, Man - y ar-rows pierce my soul
2. When in ser-vice for my Lord dark may be the night, But I'll cling more close to Him, He will give me light, Sa-tan's snares may vex my soul,
3. When in val-leys low I look tow'rd the mountain height, And be-hold my Sav - ior there, lead ing in the fight, With a ten der hand outstretched
4. When be - fore me bil-lows rise from the might-y deep, Then my Lord di- rects my bark, He doth safe - ly keep, And He leads me gen - tly on

from with-out, with-in; But my Lord leads me on, thro' Him I must win.
turn my tho'ts a - side; But my Lord goes a-head, leads what e'er be - tide.
tow'rd the val-ley low; Guid-ing me, I can see, as I on - ward go.
thro' this world be-low; He's a real Friend to me, O I love Him so.

REFRAIN. D. S.—*Cares all past, home at last, ev - er to re - joice.*

O I want to see Him, look up - on His face, There to sing for - ev - er of His sav-ing grace; On the streets of glo-ry let me lift my voice,

His saving grace;

No. 79. On The King's Highway.

J. M. Henson, owner.

J. M. E.

J. M. HENSON.

1. On the King's high-way I'm trav-'ling To a cit - y fair a - bove;
2. No un-clean thing shall pass o - ver This great high-way of the King,
3. Won't you walk the grand old highway That the saints of old have trod?

All the way a - long, I am filled with song, And Je-ho-vah's mighty love.
The redeemed there walk and with loved ones talk, Let - ting hap-py prais-es ring,
It is lead - ing straight to fair heav-en's gate, And the cit - y of our God,

By His grace my soul is gaurd-ed As I tread this great high-way,
In the des - ert their shall blos-som, Ros - es ver - y sweet and fair,
Now the ran-somed ones are go - ing, All as one tri-um-phant throng,

And I know that I am go - ing, To a land of end - less day.
On this high-way I am go - ing, To the cit - y o - ver there.
Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Shout-ing loud the vic - tor's song.

On The King's Highway

REFRAIN.

On a high - way to - day I'm trav'ling, To a cit - - y
I am trav - 'ling on the way To a cit -

built a - bove, And I'm sing-ing a - long the jour ney Of my
y built a-bove, And I'm sing-ing on the jour-ney home,

bless-ed Sav - ior and His love, Soon my foot - steps will walk the
Soon my feet will

pavements Of the gold - en streets on high, And I'm
walk the streets walk the gold - en streets on high,

go - ing when Je - sus calls me To the gold - en por-tals by and by.
go - ing there when Je - sus calls,

No. 80. In the Footsteps of the King.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1920 by B. B. Bateman. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. In the steps of the King, With His standard wave-ing a-bove,
2. Souls for Him we will win With the bless-ed mes-sage of life,
3. We are His ev - er-more Mak-ing known His glo-ri-ous name,

In the steps of the King,

Let-ting praise swell and ring, All re - joic - ing in His love;
Souls from doubt and from sin In the gloom-y vales of strife;
And will praise and a - dore, For to die for us He came;

Let-ting praise swell and ring,

On we go day by day, With our earth-ly rec-ord made fair,
We will all do our best, Till the drear-y journey shall end.
Soon with Him we shall be And with all the dear ones that wait.

On we go day by day,

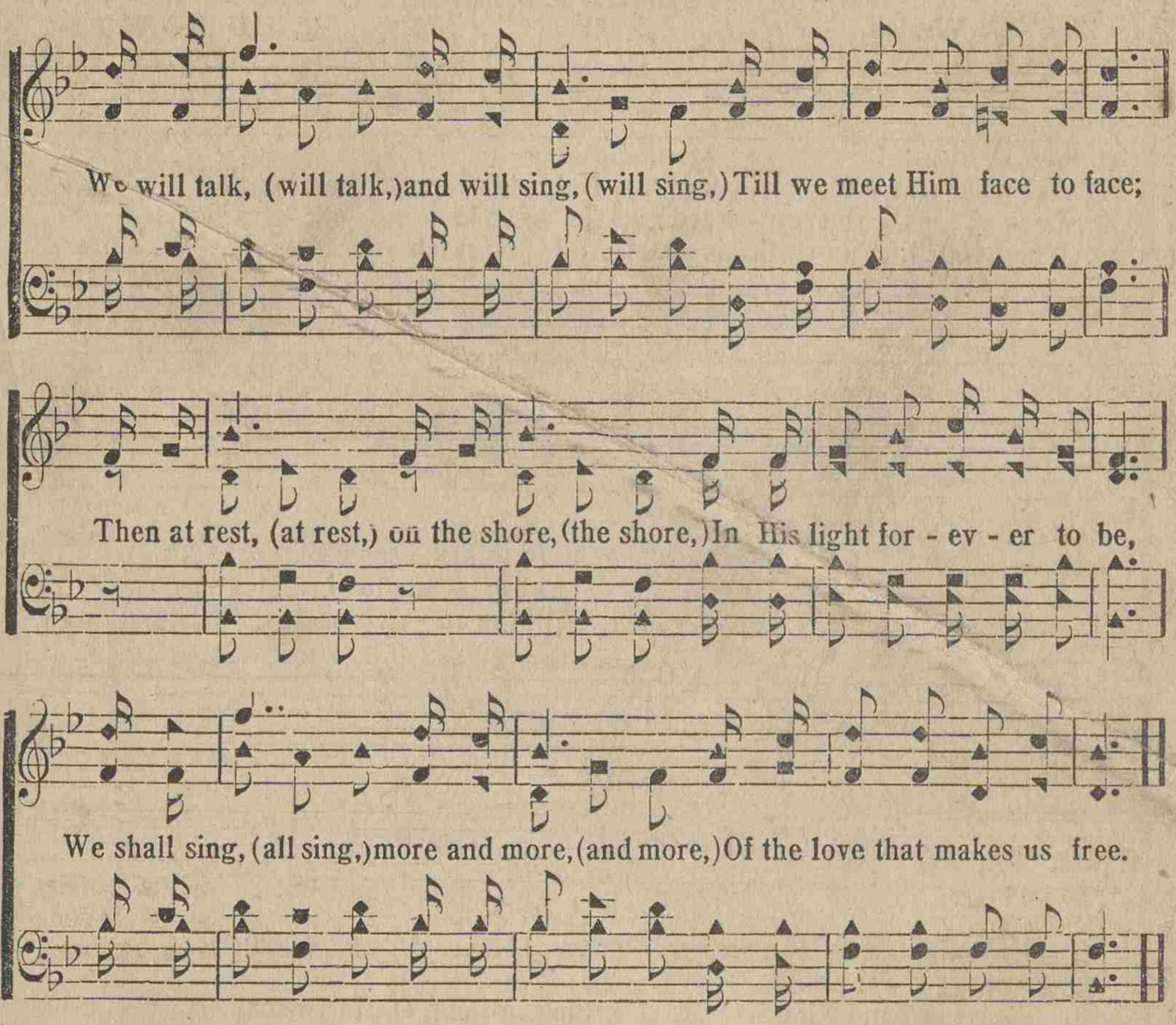
i n His steps all the way, Go-ing home to praise Him there.
That a - bove we may rest With our souls e - ter - nal Friend.
Oh, His smile we shall see As we all sweep thro' the gate.

i n His steps all the way,

REFRAIN.

In the steps (the steps) of the King, (our King,) Making known His mer-cy and grace,

In the Footsteps of the King.



No. 81. Greenville.

E. Smythe. **J. J. Roussear.**



(Second Hymn.)

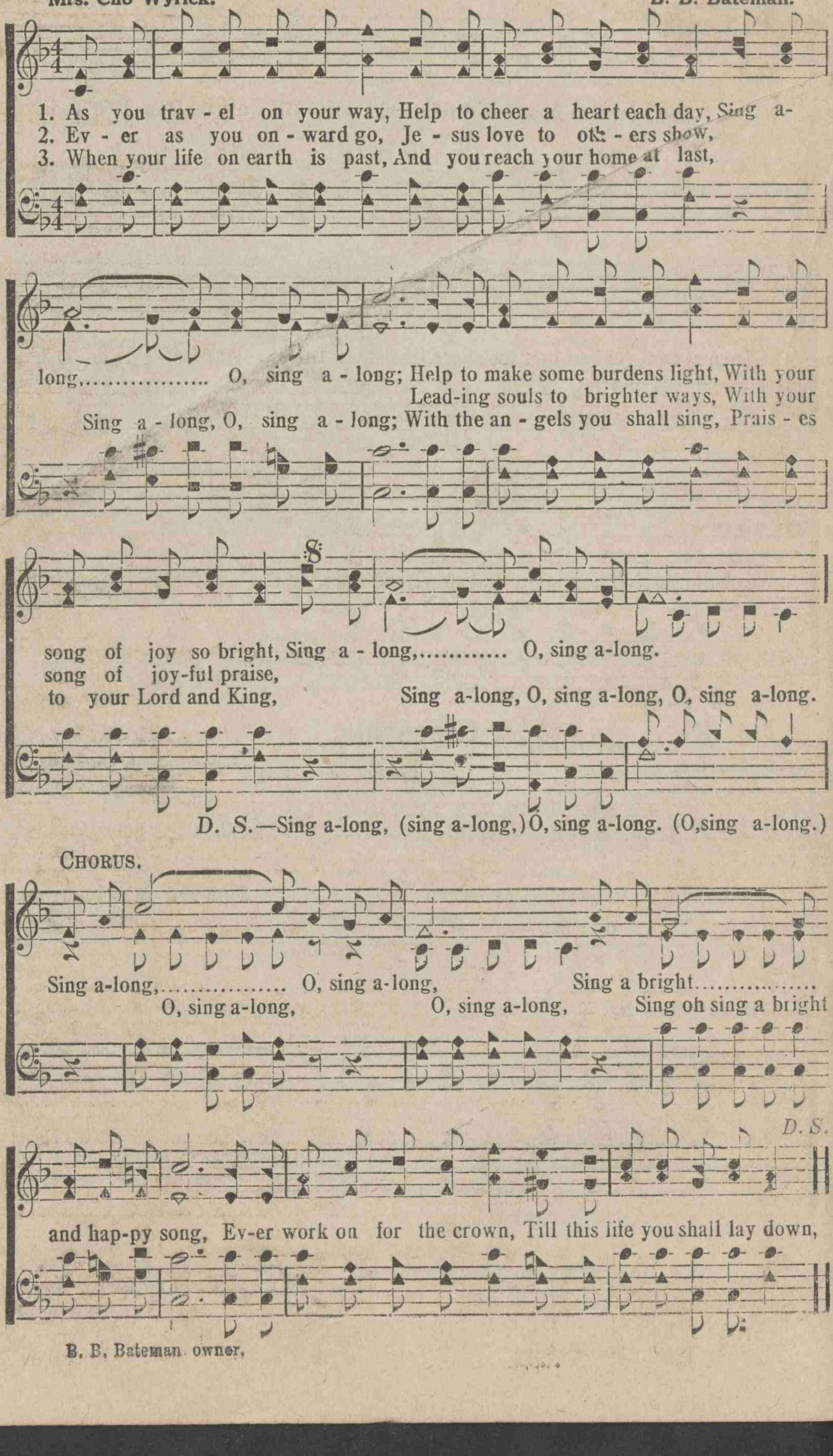
May the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit't favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

No. 82. Sing Along.

To my teacher B. B. Bateman.

Mrs. Clio Wyrick. B. B. Bateman.



CHORUS.

B. B, Bateman. owner.

No. 83. His Glory Never Leaves My Soul.

Holland L. Boyd. **J. M. Henson.**

1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day in the bless-ed glo - ry way, For my Sav - ior
2. I shall now no e - vil fear with my Sav - ior ev - er near, He will keep me
3. He will guide me home at last safe from ev - 'ry storm-y blast, Till I reach with

cleansed and made me whole; He doth now my burdens bear, frees my soul from ev-'ry care
when the bil-lows roll; I will now on Him de-pend, for He is my dearest Friend,
Him the heav'nly goal; Then with all the ransomed throng, I shall sing a glad new song,

REFRAIN.

And His glo-ry nev-er leaves my soul. Oh, His glo-ry nev-er leave my soul,
And His glo-ry nev-er leaves my soul.
Where His glo-ry nev-er leaves the soul. trusting soul,

Him I'm praising since He made me whole; I am hap-py glad and free Trusting
glad and whole;

Him e - ter - nal - ly, For His glo - ry nev - er leaves my soul.
no nev-er leaves my soul

J. M. Henson. owner. Used by per.

No. 84. The Judgment.

B. B. B. B. B. Bateman.

1. Make the Sav-ior your friend, let your wanderings end Seek Him now while you may,
2. When the trum-pet shall sound and the faithful a-round Shall come forth to go home
3. Heav - en you can-not gain, if you in sin rema.n, For no sin will be found

heed His call; He will not pass you by, on His promise re - ly, For the
with the Lord: Will your soul then be glad? or be frightened and sad? Shall you
in that land; All is pure o - ver there, in that coun-try so fair, Sin - ner

CHORUS.

Lord is the best Friend of all.
go to re-ceive the re-ward? Oh, the judgment is near, soon the call you will hear
come let the Lord take your hand.

To the bar you soon will speed a - way; It will not pass you by,

As you live you will die, So pre-pare for the great judgment day.

B. B. Bateman, owner., Knoxville. Tenn. 1920.

No. 85. The Right Way is Best.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.



1. As you go a - long thro' the bus - y throng, In this world of doubt and sin;
2. Lend a help-ing hand, if you wish to stand In the time of tri - al great,
3. Do your best each day and un - taint - ed stay, Let the sky be black or blue;
4. From a life of sin noth-ing could you win, But the stain-less life gives all;





Don't be led a-stray from the glo - ry way, But the life-crown try to win..
For the heart that lends to its need-y friends Is not left a - lone with fate.
Then with perfect rest will your life be blest, When the night broods o - ver you.
And the soul at last, dreading not the past, Shall with joy o - bey His call.



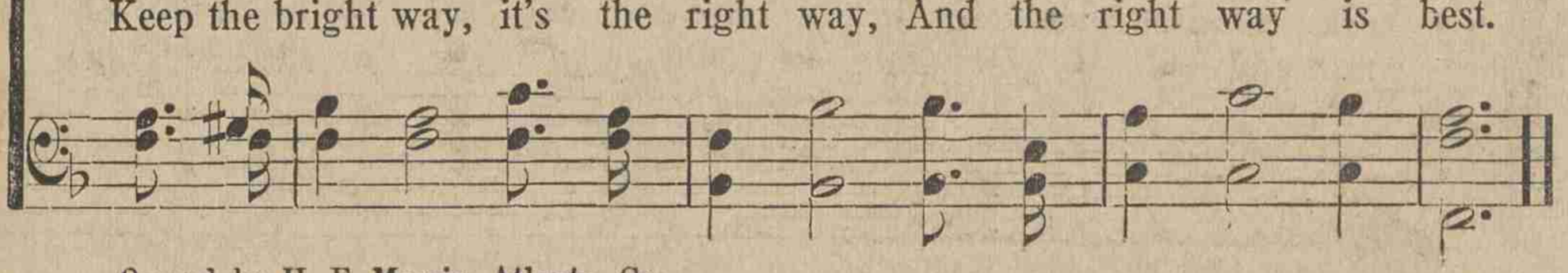
REFRAIN.



Keep the straight road, it's a great road, If you can but stand the test;



Keep the bright way, it's the right way, And the right way is best.



Owned by H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 86. Keep a Song of Cheer Ringing in Your Heart.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. On your up-ward jour-ney sing a song of cheer. Send the strains of glad-ness
2. Where-so-e'er you jour-ney sing a song of love For the gifts and bless-ings
3. When the skies are clouded, why should you be sad? God a - bides to keep you,
4. If the toil be heav - y do it with a will, If a troub-le meets you

sing-ing far and near; Think of all God's fa - vor, think of all His love.
sent you from a - bove; As a hap - py chris-tian, glad and tho't-ful be,
hap - py be and glad; Do not be dis-cour-aged, give not way to fear.
pa - tient be and still; God will send the sun-shine, beau - ti - ful and clear,

CHORUS.

Wing your al - le - lu - ias to His throne a - bove. Sing a
Live a life of per - fect peace and vic - to - ry.
Ev - 'ry - where and al - ways sing a song of cheer.
On your up-ward jour-ney sing a song of cheer. Sing a song of

song of cheer wher-e'er you are, Strains of glad - ness
cheer, a song of cheer where-e'er you are, Strains of joy and glad-ness ech - o

ech - o near and far; If you would to oth - ers
near and ech - o far; If you would to oth - ers life and hap - pi -

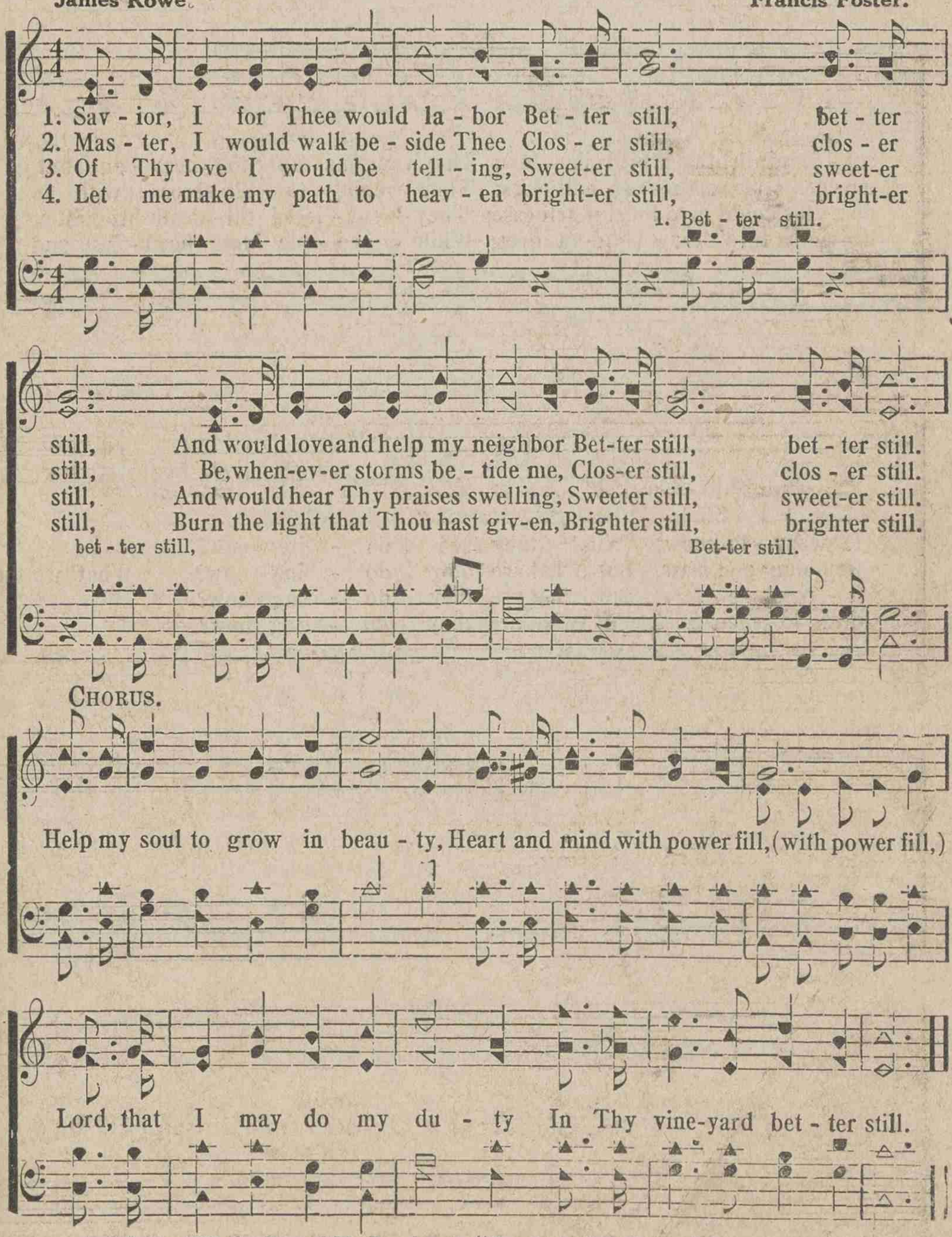
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Keep a Song of Cheer Ringing in Your Heart.



No. 87. Better Still.

James Rowe. Francis Foster.



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No. 38. What Are They Doing in Heaven.

C. A. T. C. A. Tindley.

1. I am think-ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and suf - fered in this world be - low; They've gone up to heav - en, but
2. There were some whose hearts were burdened with cares, They passed their mo-ments in sigh - ing and tears; They clung to the cross with
3. There were some whose bod-ies were full of dis - ease, Med - i - cine nor doc - tor could give them much ease; They suf - fered till death brought a
4. There were some who were poor and oft - en de-spised, They looked to heav - en thro' tear - blind-ed eyes; While peo - ple were heed - less and

CHORUS.

I want to know, What they are do - ing now?
trembling and fears, But what are they do - ing now? What are they
fi - nal re - lease, But what are they do - ing now?
deaf to their cries, But what are they do - ing now?

do - ing in heav-en to-day? Where sin and sor-row are all done a - way, And peace abounds like a riv - er, they say, O what are they do-ing there now?

Copyright by C. A. Tindley.

No. 89. Hallelujah What a Meeting That Will Be.

M. S. K.

Har. by B. B. B.
M. S. Klepper.

1. In the Bi - ble we are told, Of a cit - y made of gold, And that cit - y is the New Je - ru - sa - lem; Where our loved ones we shall see,
2. When our work on earth is done, We shall gath - er one by one, And our Sav - ior o - ver there I know we'll see; And we'll dwell a-mong the throng.
3 When we hear the Sav-ior's call, What a hap - py time for all, And the glo - ry of His smil - ing face shall see; And in glo - ry we'll pro-clam,
4. Sin - ner what will be your fate, If you call and be too late? Hal - le- lu - jah what a meet - ing that will be; You can - not your loved one see,

In that home-land of the free, Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be.
While the a - ges roll a-long. Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be.
Je - sus as our Lord and King, Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be.
And at home fol - ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be.

D. S.—Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be,

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet - ing that will be, Hal - le - lu - jah what a meet-ing that will be; When our Sav-ior we shall meet, dwell for - ev- er at His feet.

D. S.

M. S, Klepper, owner.

No 90. I Want to Go to Glory.

H. M. Eagle, Burk's Garden, Va., owner.By per.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. H. M. EAGLE.

1. When I am thro' with toil and care; I want to go to
2. Tho' I a pil - grim now may roam, I want to go to
3. When I shall leave life's wea - ry road, I want to go to
4. No tears up there will dim the eye, I want to go to
5. Be - cause my Sav - ior lives on high, I want to go to

glo - ry some day; That land a - bove so bright and fair, I want to go to
glo - ry some day; This earth I know is not my home, I want to go to
glo - ry some day; When I at last lay down my load, I want to go to
glo - ry some day; There friends will nev-er say "goodby" I want to go to
glo - ry some day; To help to crown Him by and by; I want to go to

REFRAIN

glo - ry some day, I want to go to glo - ry some day,
I do,
My bless - ed Lord has pro-mised I may; That home so fair that
waits just o - ver there, I want to go to glo - ry some day.

No. 91. Can I Forget?

JOHN NEWTON. arr. by P. B. J. P. B. JONES.

1. I saw one hang - ing on a tree In aw-ful ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure nev-er till my lat - est breath, Can I, can I for - get that look;
3. My concience felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me in - to deep des-pair;
4. A sec-ond look He gave which said, I free - ly all thy sins for-give;

Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near the rug-ged cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' e ven not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And I had helped to nail Him there.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou mayst in me live.

CHORUS

Can I for - get..... the pain and woe,..... He
Can I for - get the pain, can I for - get the woe; My

bore be-cause..... He loved me so,..... No I will not.....
Lord en dured for me be-cause He loved me so, No I will not for - get

for - get Him while I roam, I'll trust Him till He calls me home.
Him while on earth I roam, I'll trust Him till He calls me home.

P. B. Jones,. owner. Dallas. Ga.

No 92. In Memory Of Mother.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

Solo or Duet.

1. In the man-sions o - ver yon-der, Is a loved one dear to me,
2. I re - mem - ber my dear mother, As she taught my youth-ful heart,
3. She was ver - y kind and ten-der, She was ver - y pure and good,

Pur - est of the pure and ho - ly dwell-ing there; 'Tis my
At the feet of my dear Lord to kneel and pray; O I
And to know her was to love her fer - vent - ly; O she

gen - tle saint-ed moth-er, Wait-ing long - ing - ly for me, Till I
miss her smiles so lov - ing, And life is not what it was, Ere to
was a faith - ful chris-tian, True to ev - 'ry ho - ly vow! Full of

Chorus.

reach the por-tals beau - ti - ful and fair.
yon - der glo - ry world she passed a - way. O the mem-'ry of my
bless - ing was her ho - ly life to me.

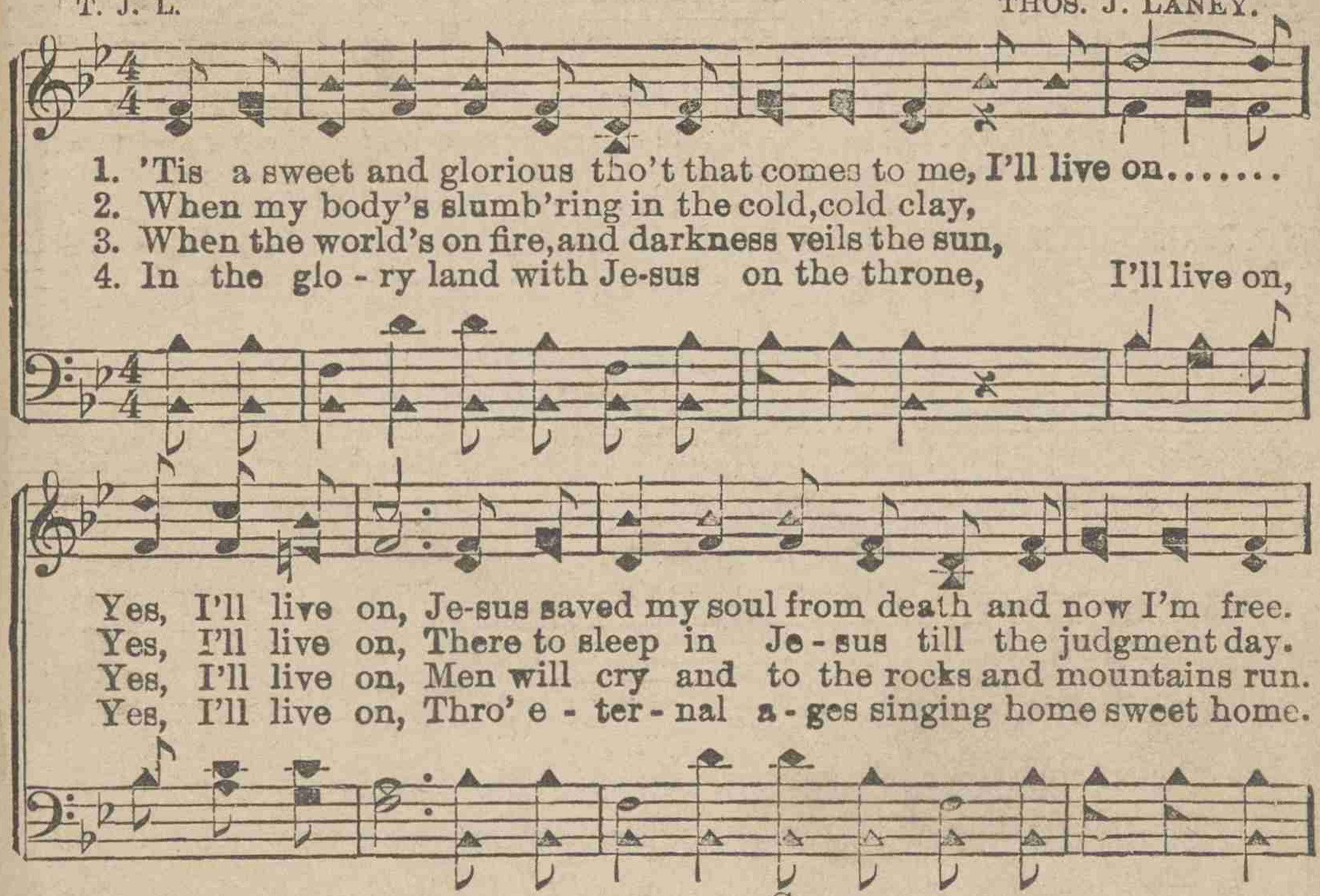
moth-er is so precious and so sweet, And these mem'ries bring me pleas-ure

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No. 95. I'll Live On.

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

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



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

No. 96. What About You.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1. Oth - ers are com-ing to Je - sus to - day, What a-bout you? what about you?
2. Oth - ers are casting their loads on the Lord, What a-bout you? what about you?
3. Oth - ers have washed in the fountain divine, What a-bout you? what about you?
4. Man - y are spending their days in His love, What a-bout you? what about you?

Oth-ers are walk-ing the heav - en - ly way, Way - ward one what a-bout you?
Oth-ers are hav - ing their spir-its re-stored, Way - ward one what a-bout you?
Oth-ers sing joy-ous-ly "Je - sus is mine," Way - ward one, what a-bout you?
Man-y will sing in His pal - ace a - bove, Way - ward one, what a-bout you?

REFRAIN.

What a-bout you? what a-bout you? Won't you let Je-sus be your Sav-ior too?

Oth-ers are liv - ing the life that is true, What a-bout you, what a-bout you?

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

No 97. FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

Words and Music by F. L. Eiland.

1. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares weary one look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no sorrow can come,
2. Tho' the burdens of life may be heavy to bear, And your crosses and tri - als se- vere; There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is beckon-ing come,
3. 'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles and strife, Bravely onward your jour-ney pur-sue; Look a-way from the cross to the glit-tering crown,

CHORUS.

And where pleasures will never de - cay.
And no heart-aches and sighings are there. Look away, look a-way, look a-
That's a-wait-ing in heav-en for you. Weary one, look away from the cross to the crown,

way, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, Look a-way, look a-
cross to the crown, glittering crown, Weary one, look away, From the cross to the crown,

way, From the cross to the glittering crown.

By per. of F. L. Eiland.

98. Joy, The Prince of Peace Has Come.

W. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come To earth with its sorrow, sin and pain,
2. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come To ran-som a fal - len race of men,
3. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come And man - y a-wea-ried, lone and sad,

From each heart the load to lift, And glad - ness to re-store a - gain;
With His grace their hearts to strengthen Nev - er - more to sin a - gain;
He has cheered and com - fort-ed, And by His pres-ence made them glad;

Long the world had sighed for peace and rest, And suffered great ag - o - ny and woe,
All who trust His mighty pow'r to save, The love of the Lord shall feel and know,
By the working of His life di - vine They un - to His like-ness dai - ly grow;

The Prince of Peace Has come the reign of sin to o - ver - throw,
The Prince of Peace, The Prince of Peace has come, earth's sin to o - ver - throw.

CHORUS.

Joy, the Prince of Peace has come, Joy,..... the
Joy,..... the Prince, thePrince of Peace has come,

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

Joy, The Prince of Peace Has Come.

Prince, the Prince of Peace has come, Joy.....
Joy..... the Prince, the Prince of Peace has come,

He has come to save us, He has come to bless us, All men now His pow'r may know;

Joy, the Prince of Peace has come, Joy!..... the
Joy,..... the Prince, the Prince of Peace has come,

Prince, the Prince of Peace has come, Joy,.....
Joy, ... the Prince, the Prince of Peace has come,

He has come from heaven pan-o-plied with might, The reign of sin to o-ver-throw

No. 99. He Pleads With You.

H. L. Boyd. Copyright, 1918, by B. B. Bateman. B. B. Bateman.

1. The Sav-ior dear,..... ..... is pleading now,..... O come to
2. He died up - on..... the rug-ged tree,..... That you from
3. Why will you long - - er from Him stray,..... O seek just
4. In heav'n your loved..... ones for you wait,..... They long to

Him..... and humbly bow;..... Your spir-it now..... let Him re-
bond - - age might be free;..... He's pleading now..... for you to
now..... the nar-row way;..... Come now to Him..... your sins con-
meet ..... you at the gate;..... To bid you wel - come in His

new..... He pleads with you,..... He pleads with you.....
come..... To share with Him..... a heav'nly home.....
fess,..... And He your troub - - led heart will bless.....
name..... Who longs your spir - - it to re-claim.....

CHORUS.

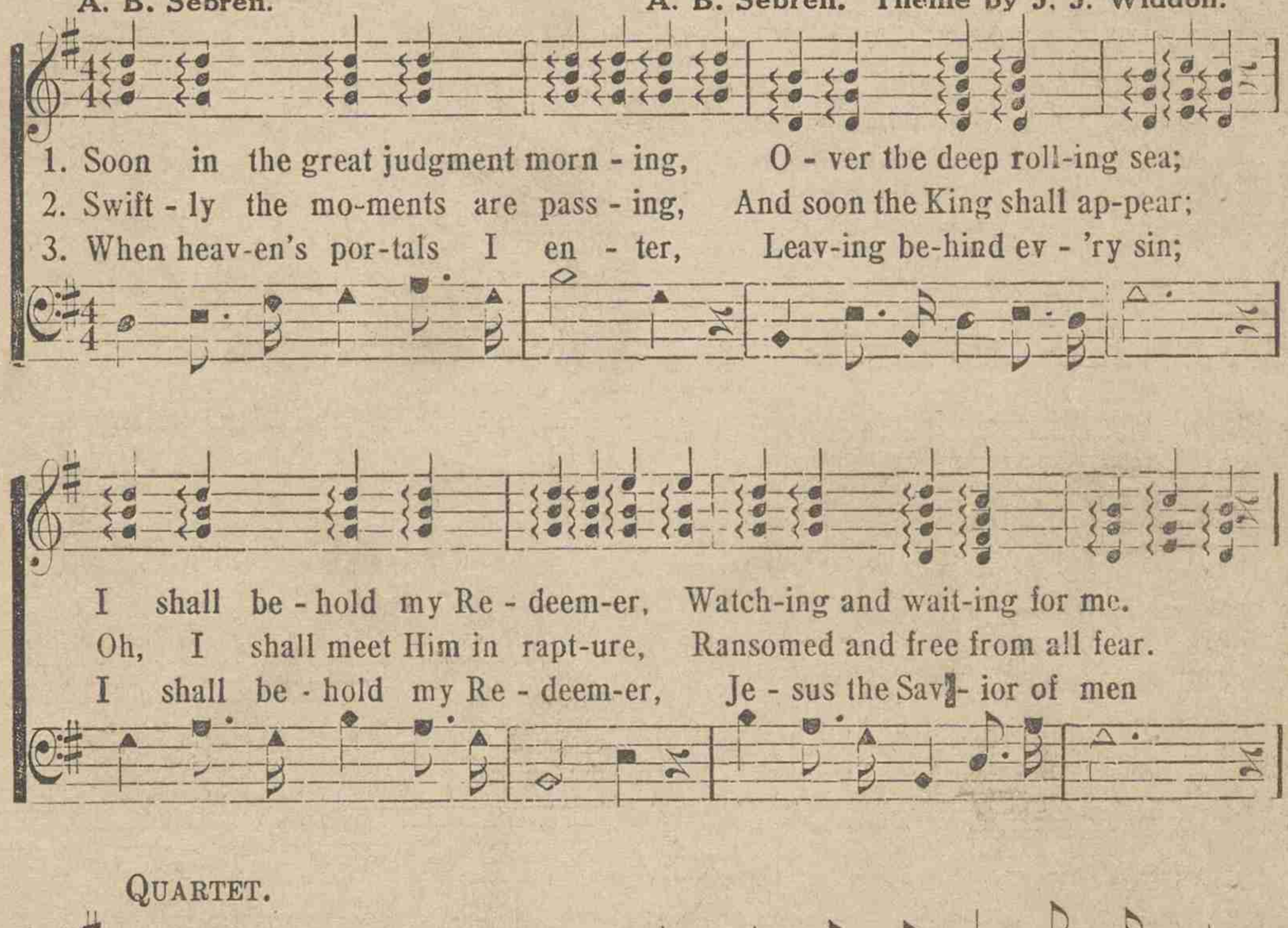
He pleads with you, O come to-day, Come to Him
He pleads with you,..... O come to-day,.....
now,..... His will o-bey;..... O won't you heed..... His ten-der
Come to Him now His will o-bey; O won't you heed

He Pleads With You.

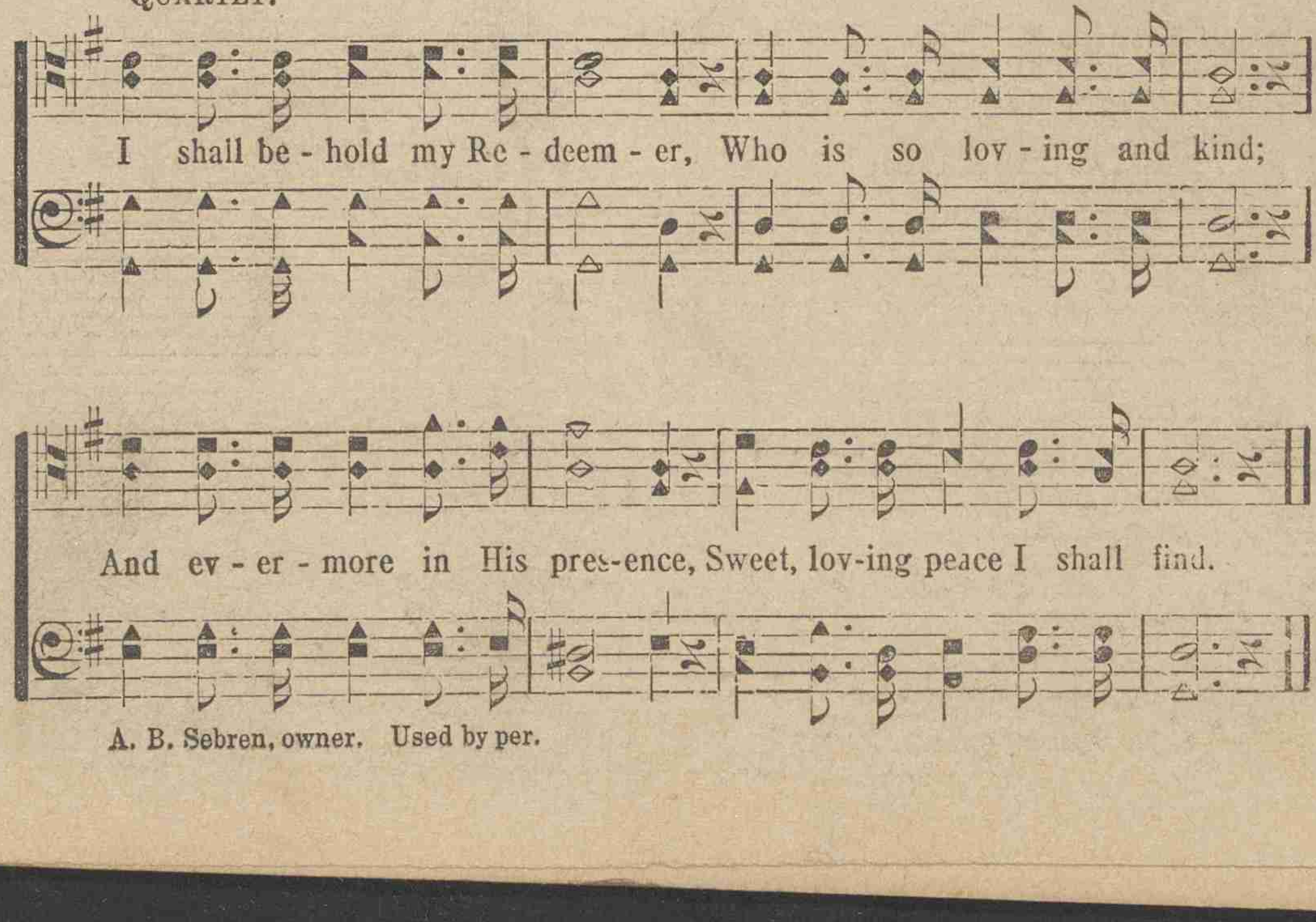


No. 100. I Shall Behold My Redeemer.

A. B. Sebren. A. B. Sebren. Theme by J. J. Widdon.



QUARTET.



A. B. Sebren, owner. Used by per.

No. 101. Clinging to The Life-line.

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

1. Hav - ing faith in Je - sus, sing - ing of His love, Lean - ing on His prom - is - es sub-lime;
2. Je - sus gives me cour - age, cheers me all the while, As the shin - ing steps of light I climb;
3. Sure that He will keep me al - ways lin - ger near, All the way to yon - der, bet - ter clime;

Seek - ing now His fa - vor and the crown a-bove,
I am in the bright-ness of His lov-ing smile,
I'll be true to Je - sus till the gates ap-pear,

REFRAIN.

Cling - ing to the life - line all the time. Cling-ing to the life-line all the time,
Cling - ing to the life - line all the time,

D. S. *Clinging to the life-line all the time.*

Lean - ing on His prom - is - es sub - lime;
life - line all the time, Lean - ing on His prom-is-es sub-lime;

I am bound for glo - ry, sing-ing love's old sto - ry,

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 102. Make Room for His Love.

James Rowe. **J. M. Henson.**

1. A won - der-ful Friend has come down from on high To make us all
2. Tho' man - y a sin - stain is deep in your heart, Break loose from the
3. If ev - er you hope to reach heav - en at last, You then must be

hap - py and whole; Who - ev - er will trust on His grace may re - ly,
temp-ter's con - trol, For won - der - ful blessings this Friend will im-part,
per - fect - ly whole; So come to this Friend who will can-cel your past,

REFRAIN.

Make room for His love in your soul. Make room for His love in your
Make room for His

soul,..... Start now for the beau - ti - ful goal;..... Be
love in your soul, Start now for the beau - ti - ful goal;

safe with the Lord and gain the re-ward; Make room for His love in your soul.

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 103 Wonderful, Marvelous Love.

Laurene Highfield. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son On the cross to bleed and die,
2. God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son As a sac - ri - fice for sin
3. God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son As a pledge His love was true,

That the souls of men who turned to Him Might a-bide with Him on high;
With a will - ing heart the Sav - ior died That His peo - ple He might win;
And the cov - e - nant was sealed with blood Which He made with me and you;

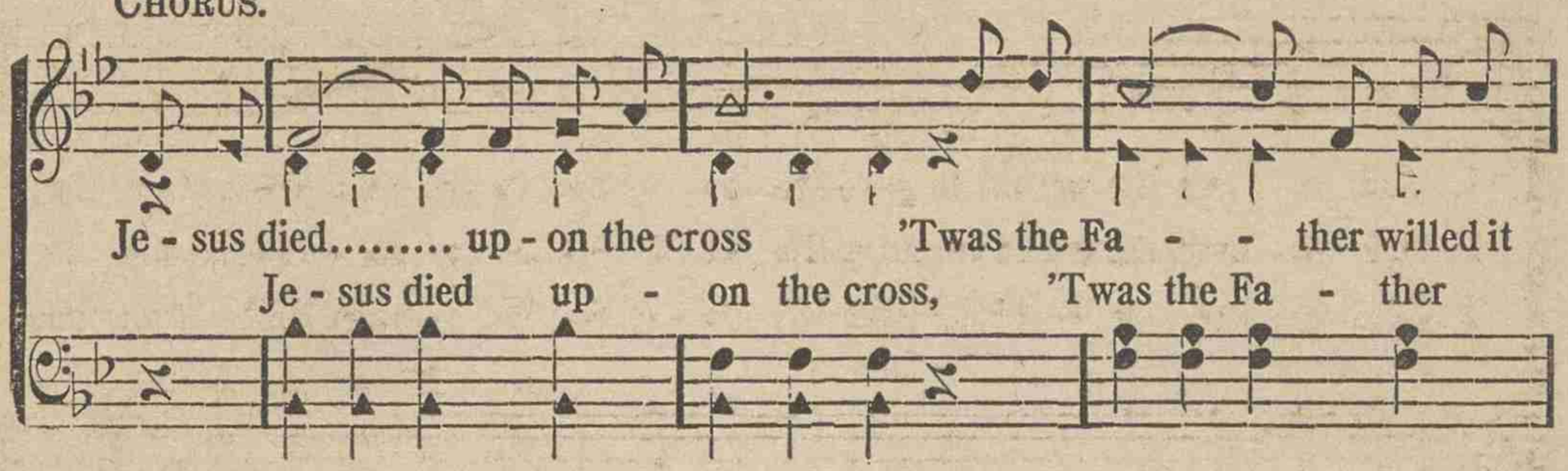
The re-pent-ant heart that owns Him as its Lord Is made pure and clean a-gain,
Je - sus pray'd the Father that He would forgive Those who hanged Him to the tree,
Tho' our sins are crimson He will wash them white, White as newly driven snow. Wonderful

Won-der-ful love, mar-vel-ous love, The love the Father showed to men.
The love that made that dying plea.
love, marvelous love, And all the world its joy may know

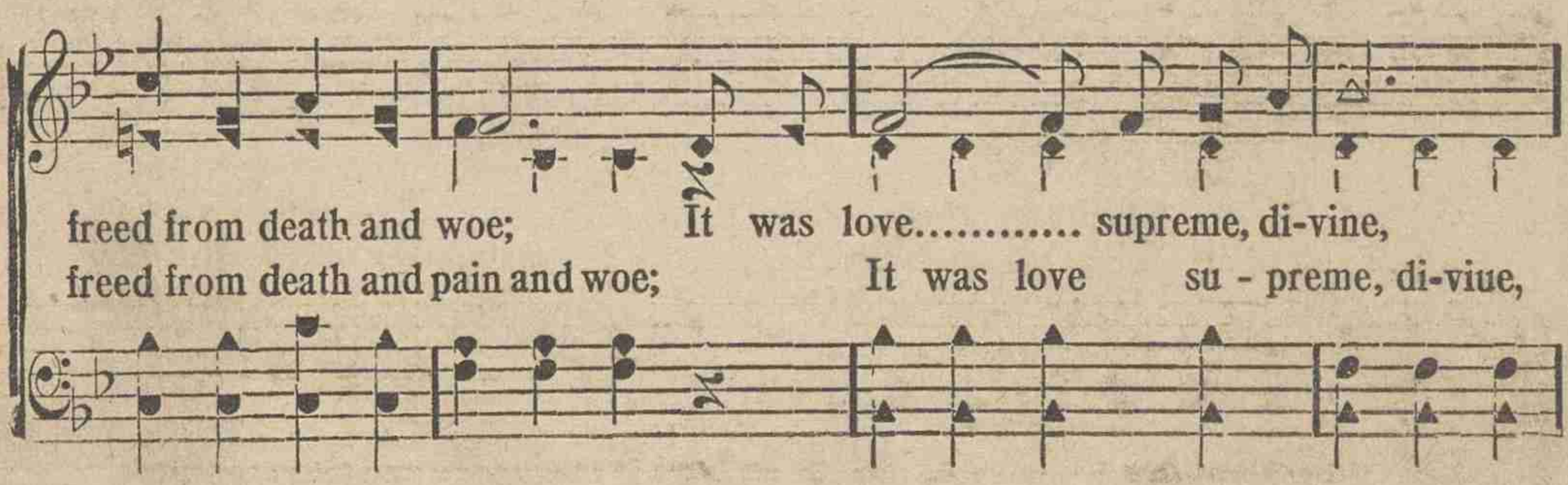
Copyright. 1920. by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs" No. 2.

Wonderful, Marvelous Love.

CHORUS.











No. 104. Hallelujah.

S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Allegro Met. ♩=108.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ our Sav - ior, Reigns to - day a King,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, Saints in heav - en Join this glad-some morn,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, pre-cious Sav - ior, Ris - en from the grave,

He burst the bars of death a - sun - der, Oh, be glad and sing,
The song that's glad as was the an - gels, When the Lord was born;
Thy Fa-ther sent Thee down from heav-en, Souls to win and save;

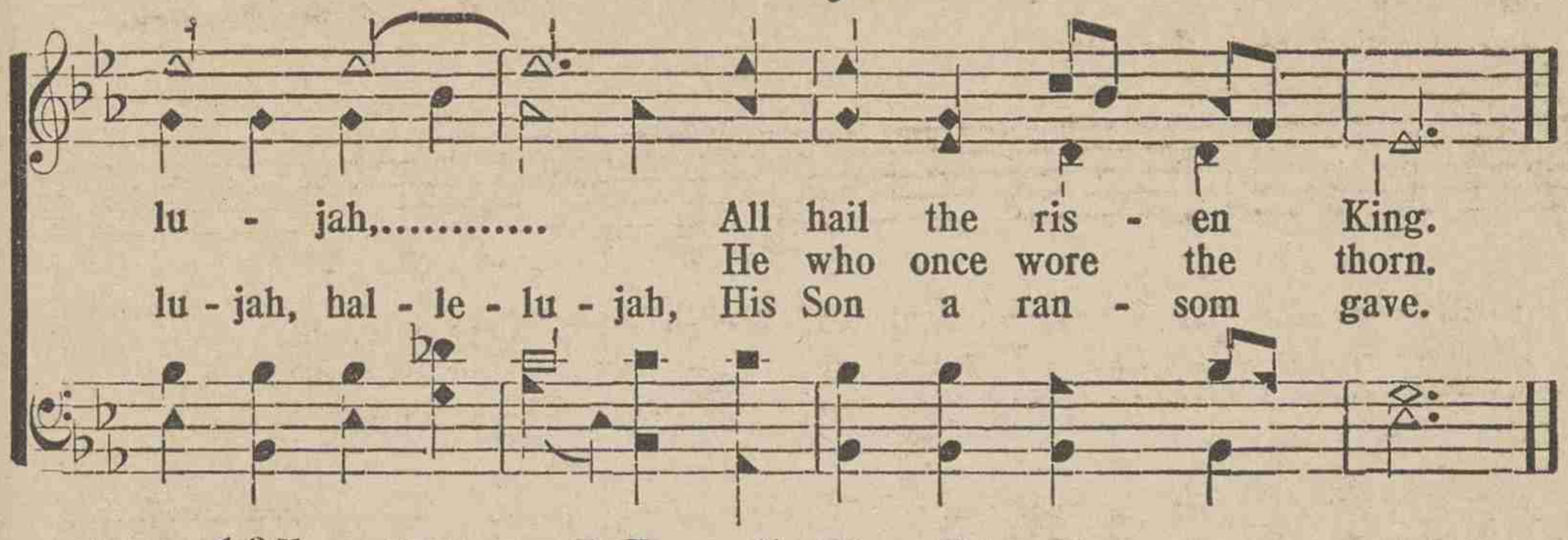
All hail to Thee, oh, earth's Re - deem - er, Hail Thou ris - en
Oh, crown Him with a crown of glo - ry Who once wore the
He His be - lov - ed Son for sin - ners As a ran - som

King, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,..... All
thorn,
gave, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, His

hail Thou ris - en King, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
who once wore the thorn,
Son a ran - som gave; Hal - le -

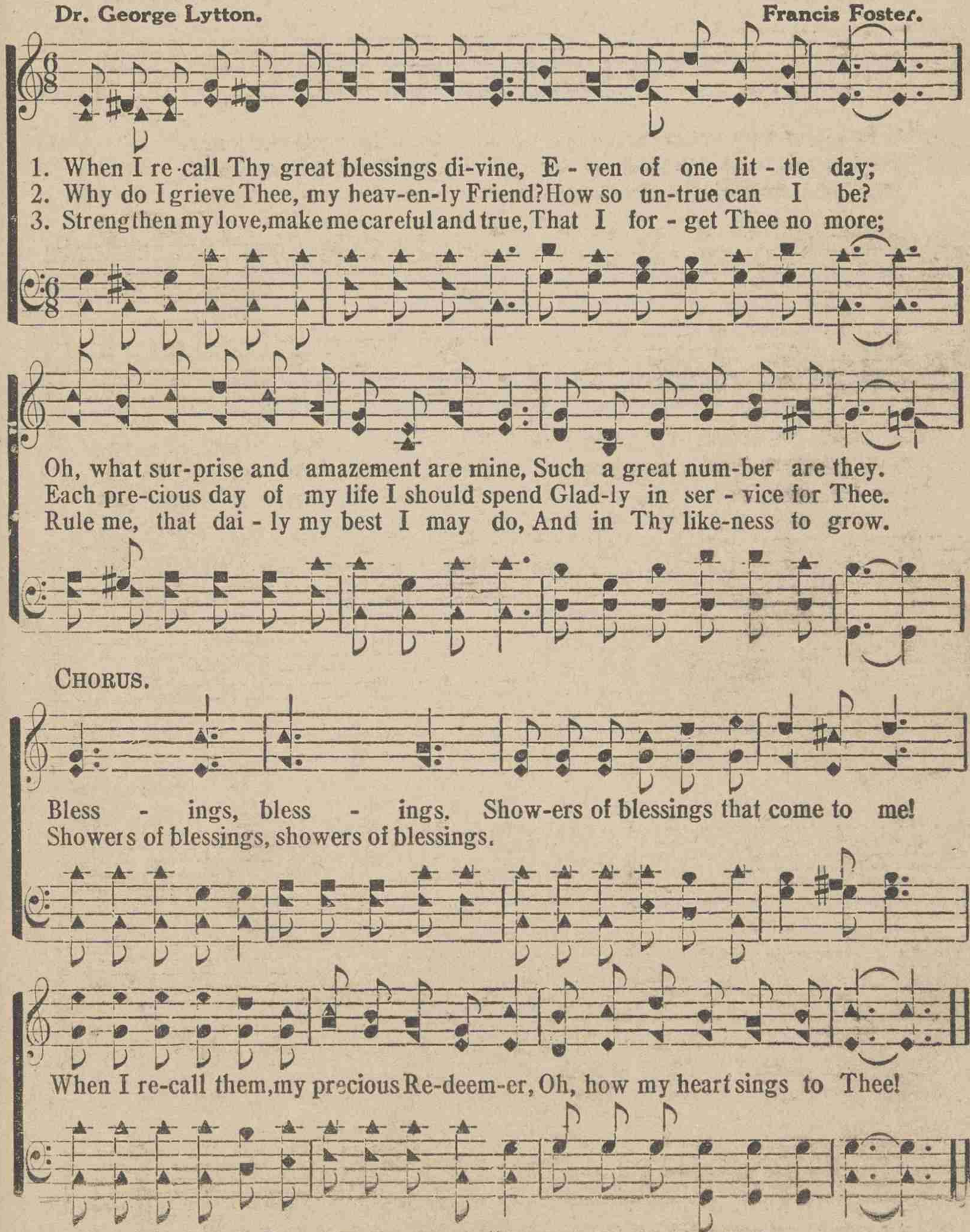
Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs." No. 2.

Hallelujah.



No. 105. When I Recall Thy Blessings.

Dr. George Lytton. Francis Foster.



Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley., in "Beazley's New Songs," No. 2.

No. 106. That Beautiful Land.

Used by per. of D. B. Towner.

F. A. F. WHITE. MARK M. JONES.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand, In the
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand; There are

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where cares nev - er come,
fruit-age is bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands,
mansions whose joys are un - told; And per - en - ni - al spring,

Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old....
In that fair - est of lands, And noth - ing shall ev - er grow old....
Where the birds ev - er sing, And noth - ing can ev - er grow old....

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land On the far a - way strand, No

storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are

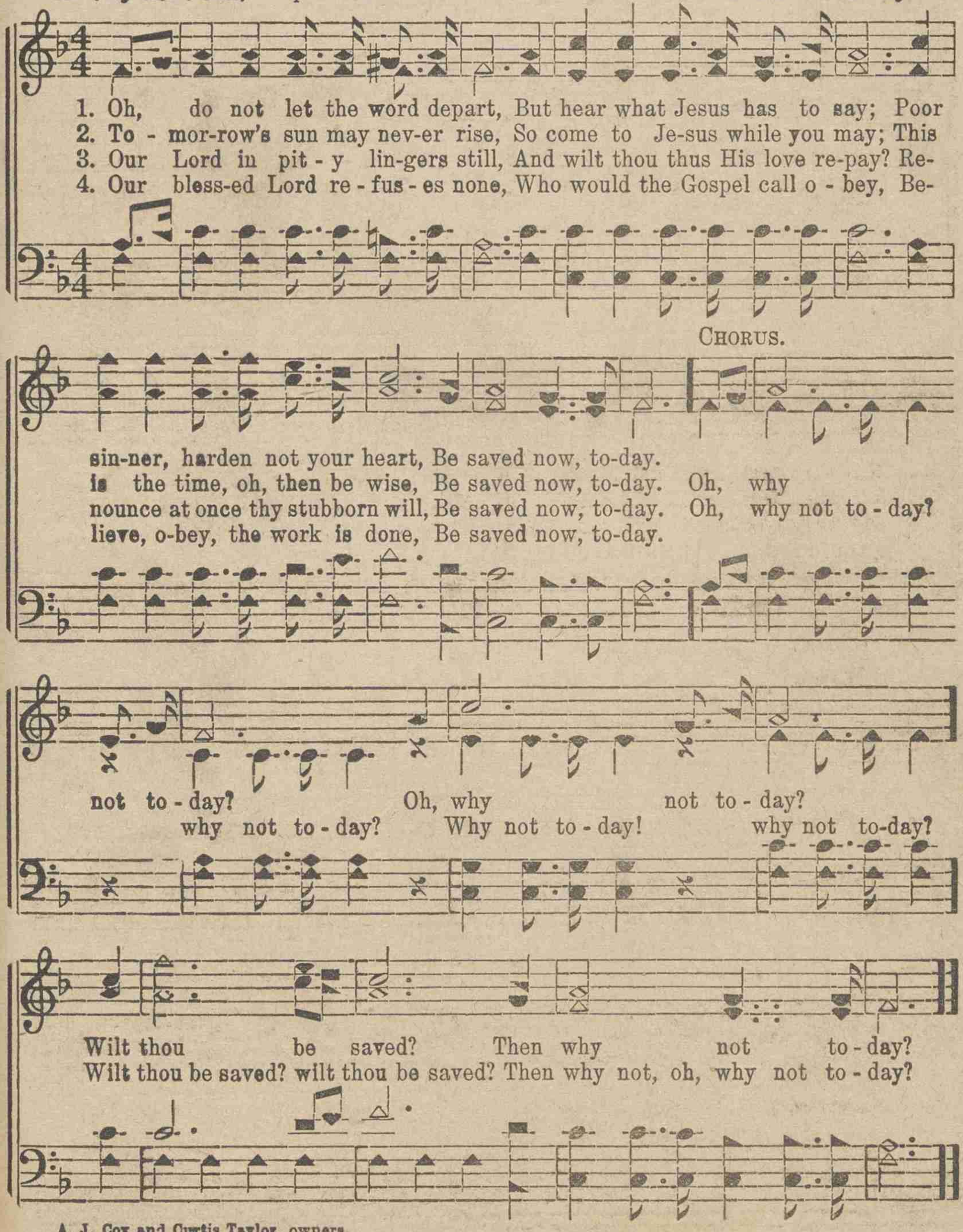
That Beautiful Land. Concluded.



No. 107 Oh, Why Not To-day?

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—St. John 6: 37.

Arr. by A. J. Cox, Gospel Preacher. **J. Calvin Bushey.**



A. J. Cox and Curtis Taylor, owners.

No. 108 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5 : 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are read-y,
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No 109. I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

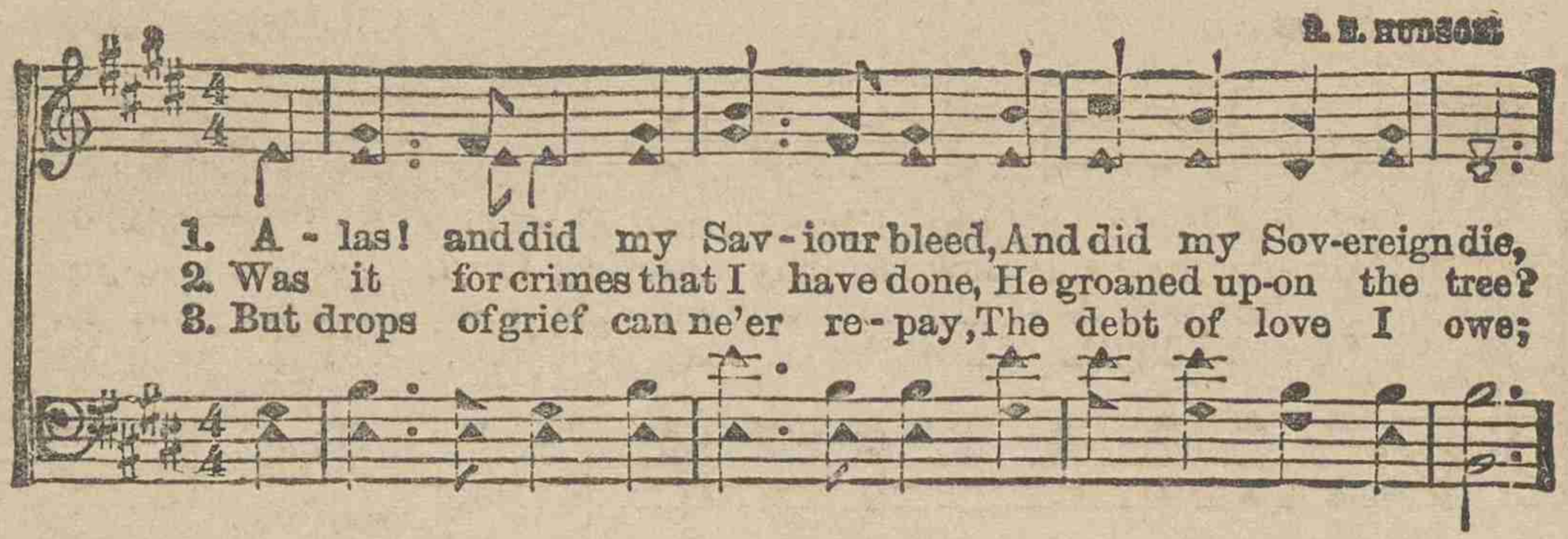
And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

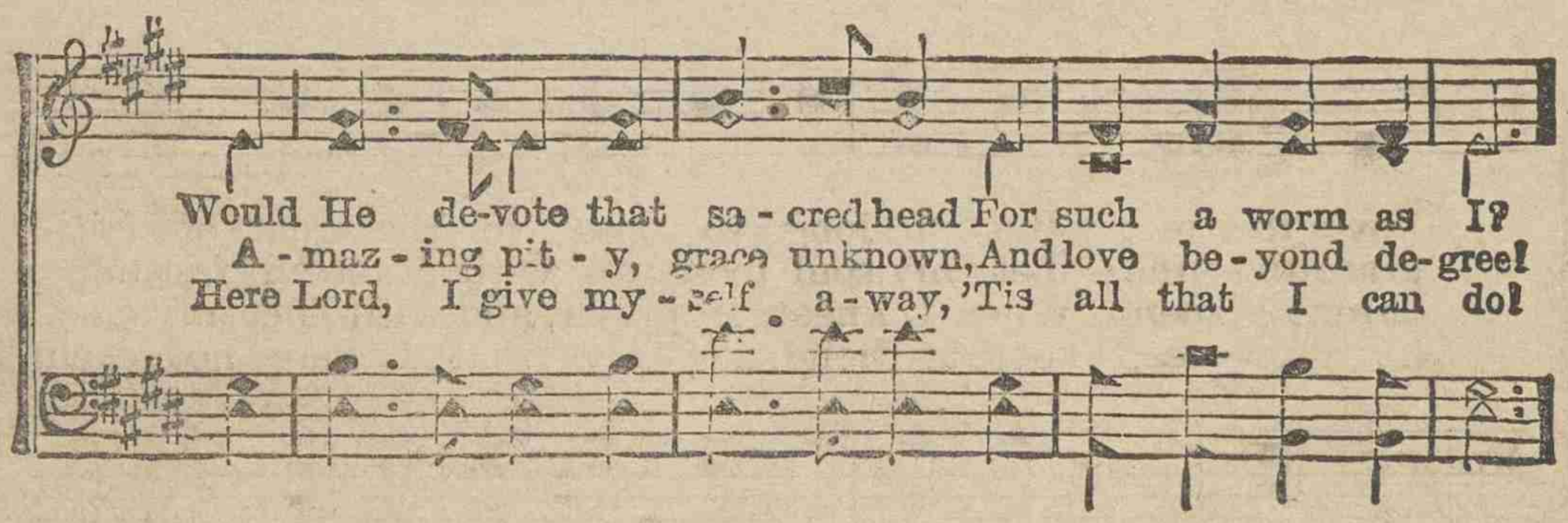
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

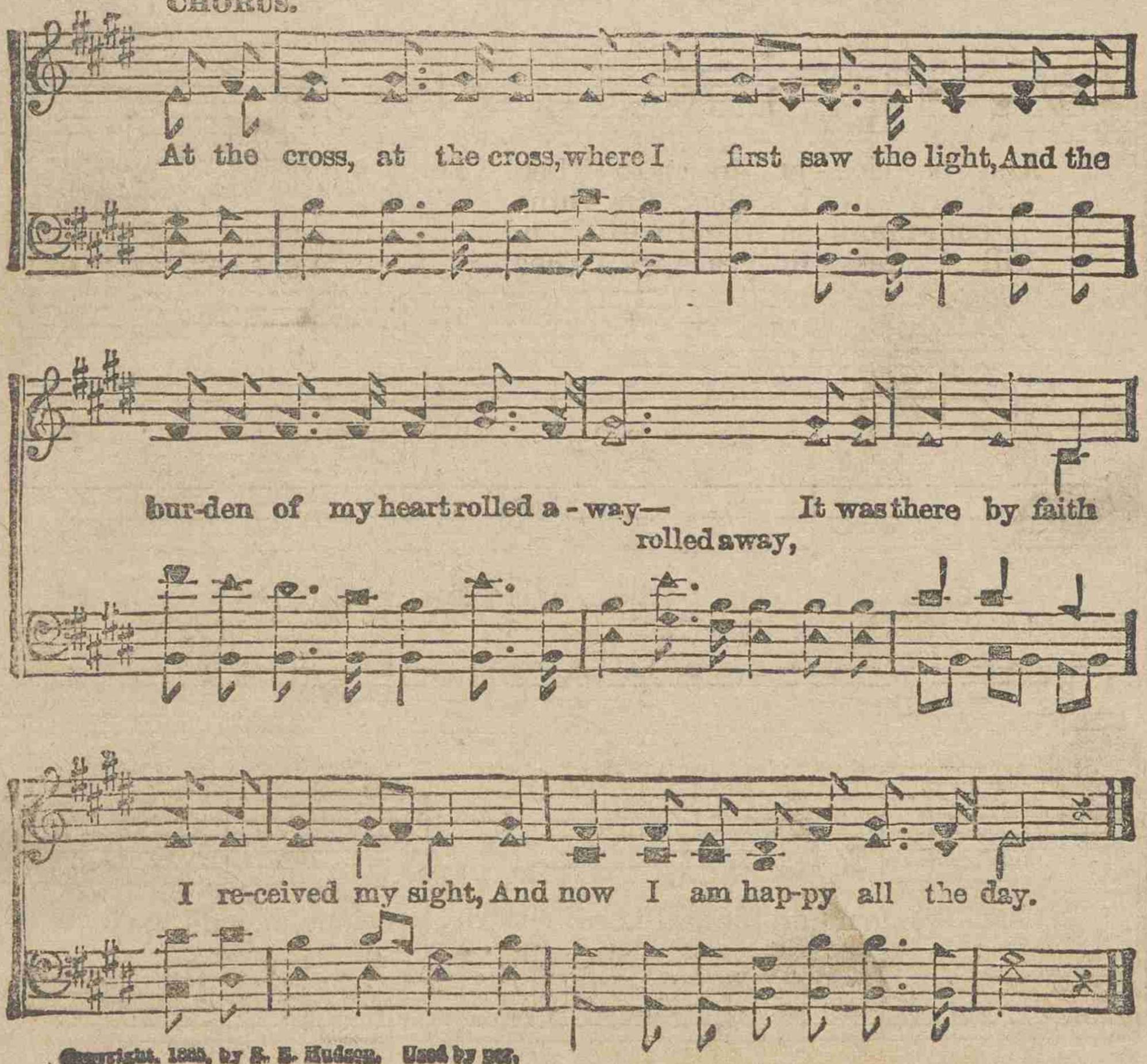
Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.

No. 110. At The Cross.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1895, by E. E. Hudson. Used by per.

No. 111. There is One Who Loves You.

Mrs. Clio Wyrick. **B. B. Bateman.**

1. There is One who al-ways loves you, And this One you oft - en grieve;
2. There is One who al-ways loves you, One who knows your ev - 'ry need;
3. There is One who al-ways loves you, Knows each tri - al that you meet;
4. There is One who al-ways loves you, E - ven tho' your faith is weak;

When you fail to do your du - ty, Or sometimes His pathway leave.
And who al - ways hears and an-swers When to Him, in faith you plead.
He is ev - er near to com-fort, And each foe He will de - feat.
He will ev - er - more up - hold you, If you will His guid-ance seek.

CHORUS.

There is One..... who al - ways loves you, It is
There is One
Je - - sus Christ our Lord;..... He will take..... you
It is Je - sus, He will take
home to heav - en, If you trust..... His ho - ly word.
If you trust

B. B. Bateman, owner.

No. 112. There is Power in The Blood.

L. E. J. 1 JOHN 1: 7. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Jesus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Won-der-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

Copyright, 1899, by E. L. Gilmour. Used by per.

N° 113. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY?

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

Words and music by F. L. EILAND.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1895, by F. L. Eiland.

No. 114 Jesus is Calling!

"Come unto Me and I will give you rest."'—Matt. 11: 28.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

F. J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **George C. Stebbins.**



1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day!
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wear - y tc rest—Call-ing to-day, call ing to-day!
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day!
4. Je - sus is pleading: oh, list to His voice– Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day!



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest: He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de - lay!
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice, Quick - ly a-rise and a - way!



REFRAIN.



Call - - ing to - day!..... Call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to-day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to day, to - day!

Je - - sus is call - - ing, Is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day!
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to-day!

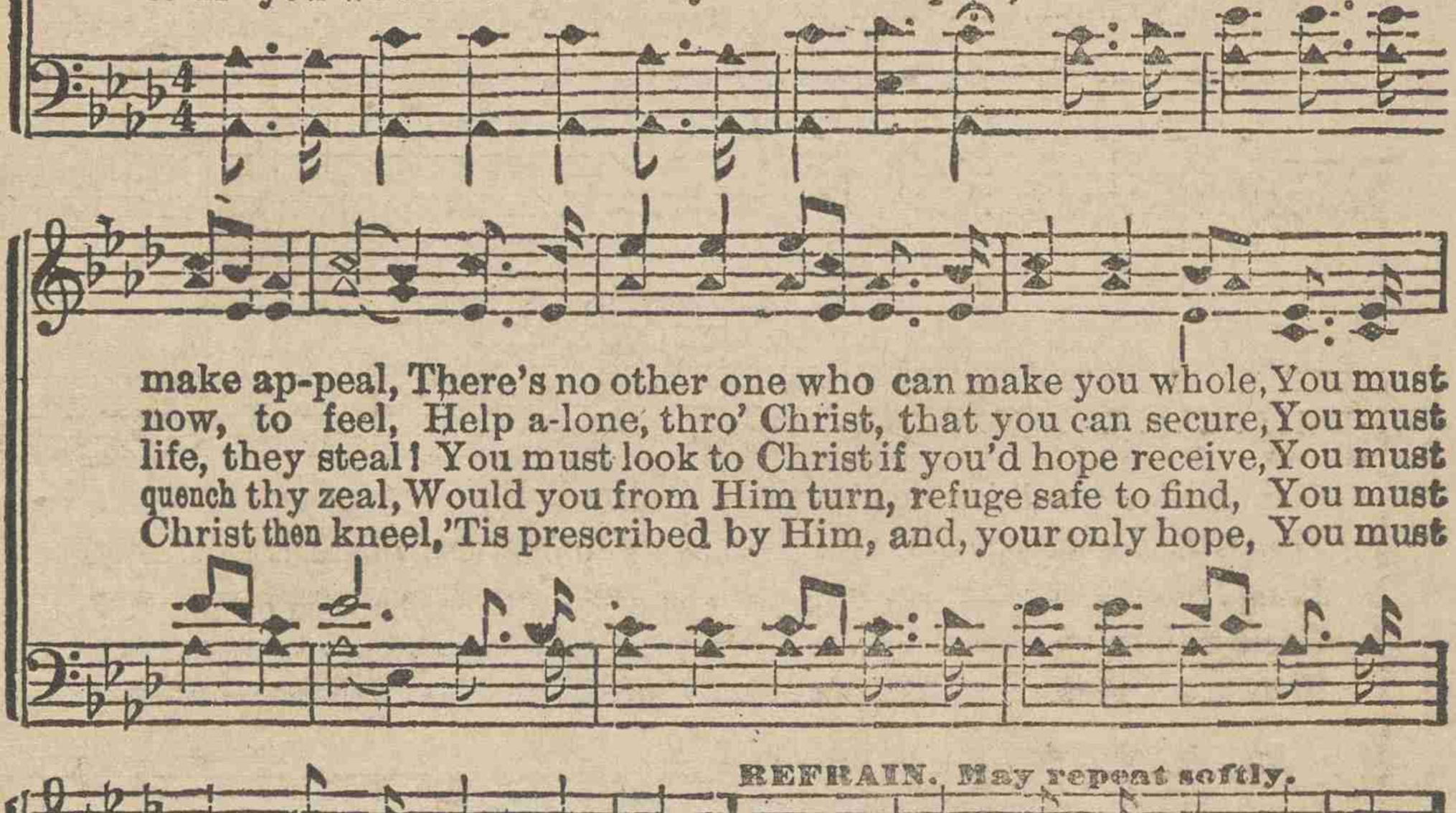
No. 115 Where the Blood Can Heal!

"Yea, when ...ou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal,
With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, "You must come where the blood can heal."

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.



1. Do you seek re-lief for your sin-sick soul? You to Christ, then, must
2. Vain are all your hopes of an-oth-er cure, Be per-suad-ed, you
3. Oth-er proffered aids can but you de-ceive, At your will, un-to
4. Hear you not? 'tis there a de-coy-ing voice, Striving ev-er, to
5. If you would a-rise from your bed of pain, To the coun-sel of



make ap-peal, There's no other one who can make you whole, You must
now, to feel, Help a-lone, thro' Christ, that you can secure, You must
life, they steal! You must look to Christ if you'd hope receive, You must
quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, refuge safe to find, You must
Christ then kneel, 'Tis prescribed by Him, and, your only hope, You must



REFRAIN. May repeat softly.

come where the blood can heal! You must come where the blood can heal,

You must come where the blood can heal, There's no oth-er one

who can make you whole, You must come where the blood can heal!

Text stanza may be used with the music.

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

No 116. Why Do You Wait.

Copyright, 1878. by The John Church Co.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope,dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4, Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way;

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin,
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to save you, There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

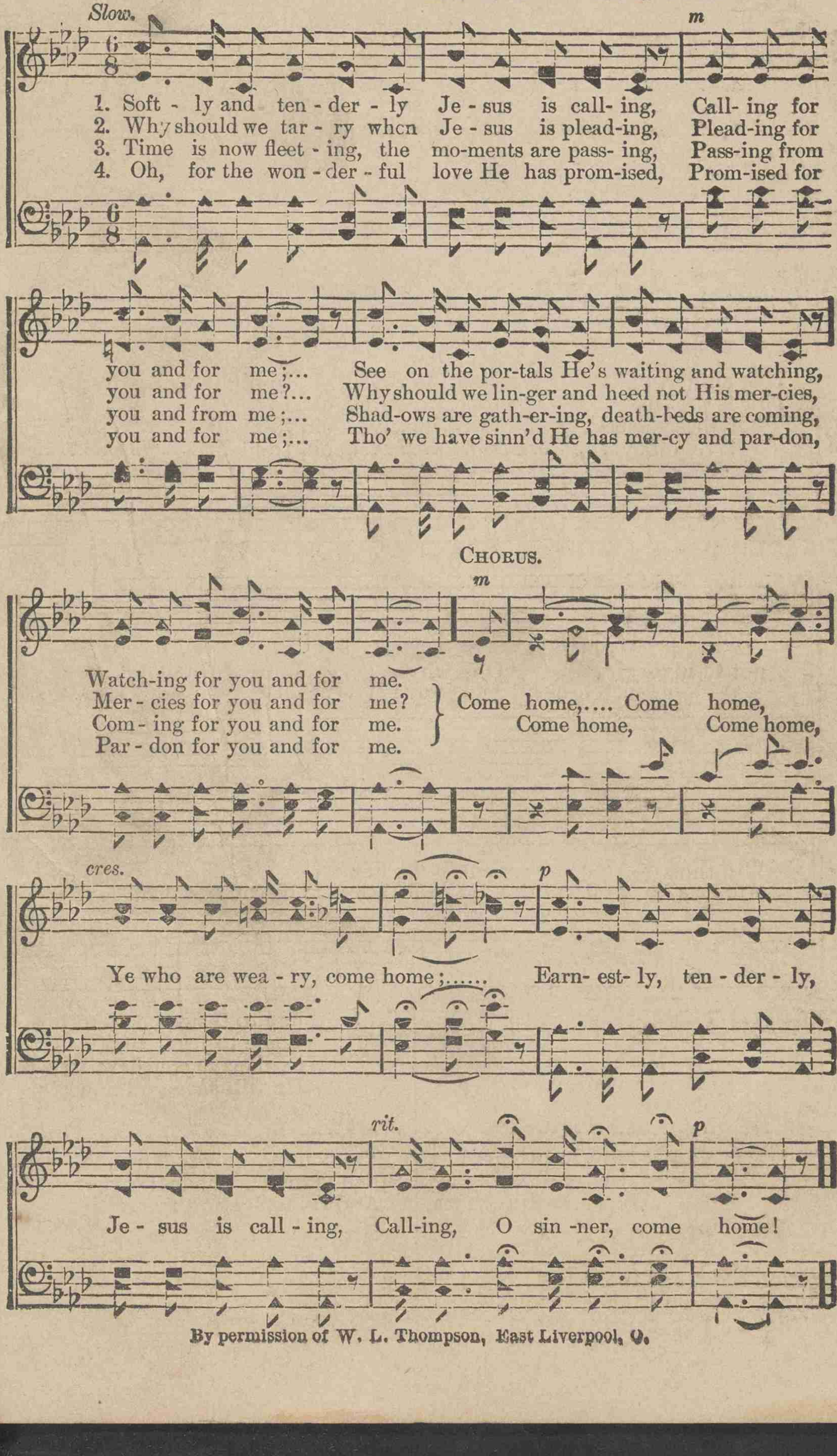
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No 117. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



By permission of W. L. Thompson, East Liverpool, O.

No. 118. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. By per.



No. 217. COME, EVERY SOUL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 119. THERE'S A GREAT DAY.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

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

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

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

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Are you read - y, are you read - y, Are you read - y for the

judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y, For the judgment day?

By per. Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 120. There'll Be Joy.

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

1. There'll be joy in heav- en when we all get home, There'll be joy
2. When we meet our loved ones who have gone be- fore,
3. What a great re - un- ion, what a hap - py day! There'll be joy,

I know, When we all shall gath-er round the great white throne;
We will see our Sav-iour when we reach that shore;
there'll be joy, I know, When we all are gathered home for - e'er to stay;

CHORUS.

There'll be joy I know. There'll be joy in heav-en when we
There'll be joy I know, I know.

all get home, There'll be joy I know, There'll be shout-ing,
There'll be joy, there'll be joy, I know,

sing-ing round the great white throne, There'll be joy I know.
There'll be joy, there'll be joy, I know.

B. F. Sims, owner.

No. 121. Pray Down The Power.

James Rowe. J. H. Henson.

1. Would you be strong in the vine-yard be - low? Pray down the pow'r,
2. Would you win souls for His glo - ry each day? Pray down the pow'r,
3. Would you have stars in your life-crown a - bove? Pray down the pow'r,

pray down the pow'r; Would you have songs for the mid - night of woe?
pray down the pow'r; Would you win life's bless - ed crown in the fray?
pray down the pow'r; Would you spread far the sweet sto - ry of love?

REFRAIN.

Pray down the won - der - ful pow'r. Pray down the pow'r,

pray down the pow'r That is the thing you must do; Pray down the

pow'r, This ver - y hour, Je - sus will send it to you.

J. M. Henson, owner.

No. 122. Watch-night.

G. T. B. REV. G. T. BYRD.



Copyright, 1914, by G. T. Byrd.

No. 123. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. Engld.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav-
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor-
3. We shall meet in that beauti - ful land on high, And be with the bright

iour is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I
row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky, O I
and the fair, Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mur by, O I

CHORUS.

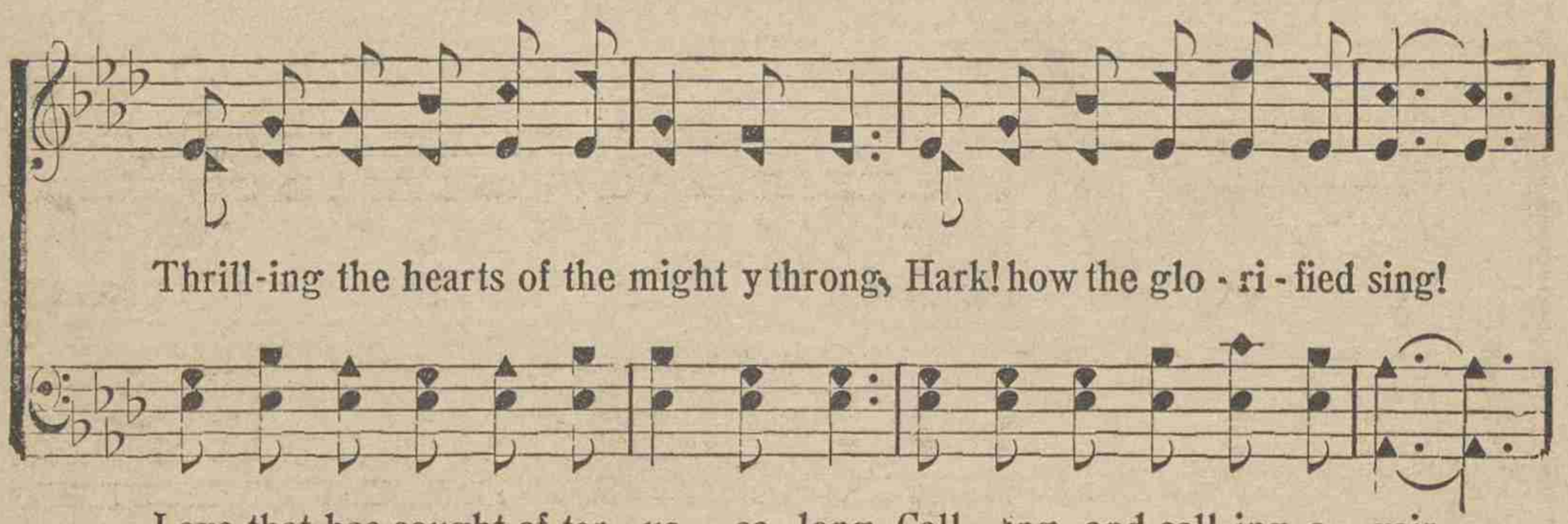
long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti - ful
In that beau-ti - ful land, in that
land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, we shall
beau-ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall meet,
meet, we shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land.
shall meet, shall meet,

No. 124. Love Is The Theme.

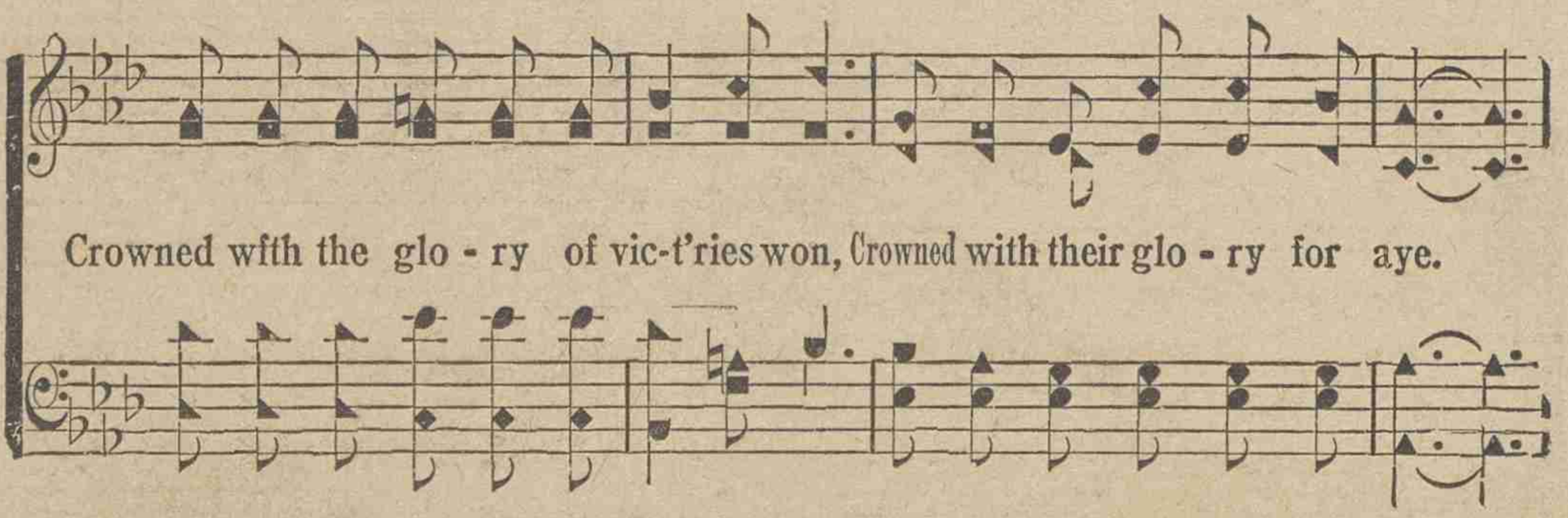
E. E. REXFORD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY



D. C.—Love is the theme of the sin-ner's song, Love for the Sav - ior of men,







Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

Love Is The Theme.









Love Is The Theme.









No. 125. When All the Singers Get Home.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

Devotional Hymns

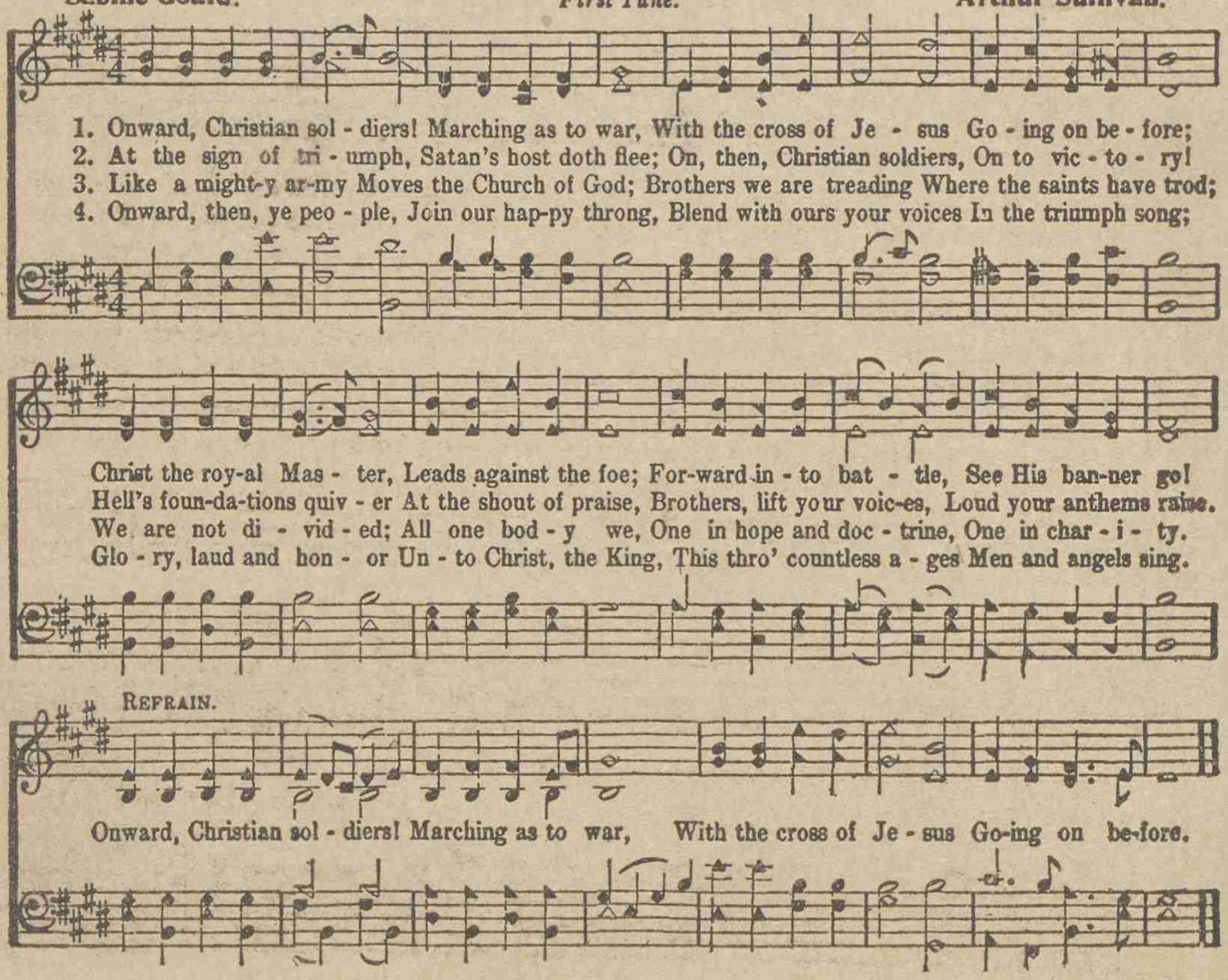
No. 126. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



No. 127. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



No. 128. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,



D. C.—*Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

No. 129. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. R. LOWRY.



1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. { For my par - don, this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   { For my cleansing, this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. { Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   { Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. { This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   { This is all my right-eous-ness, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



CHORUS.

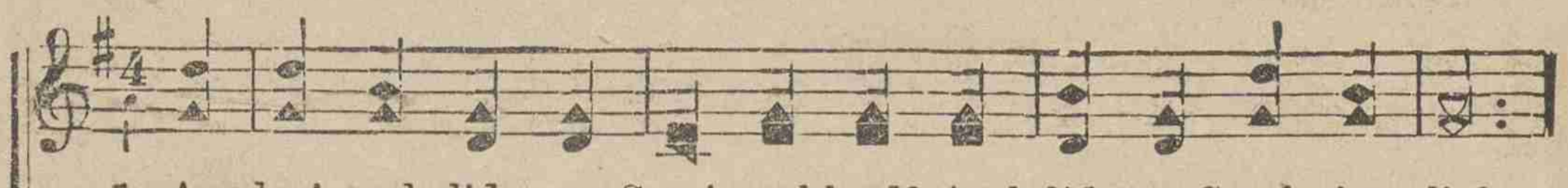


{ Oh precious is the flow That makes me white as snow,
{ No other Fount I know, [*Omit . . . . . .*] } Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.



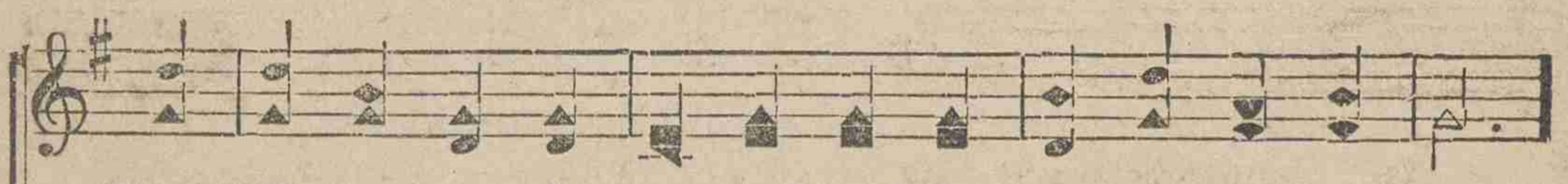
Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry.

No. 130 He Loves Me.



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





Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied, For man, the creat-ure's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.



CHORUS.



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



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



No. 131. PROMISED LAND,

SAMUEL STENNET. ARR.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

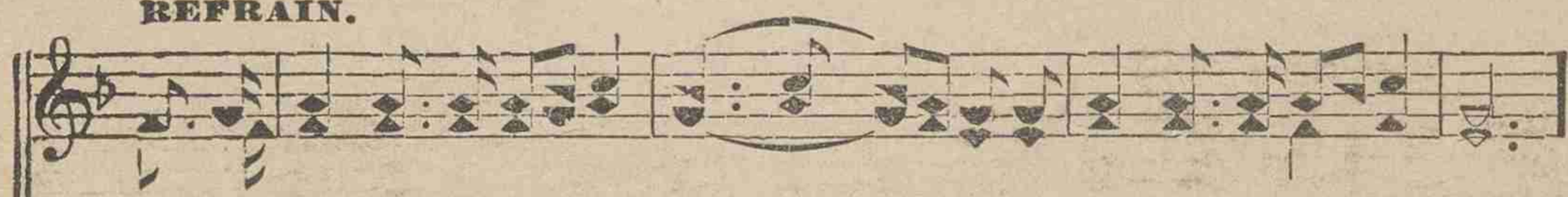




To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?



REFRAIN.



I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,





O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

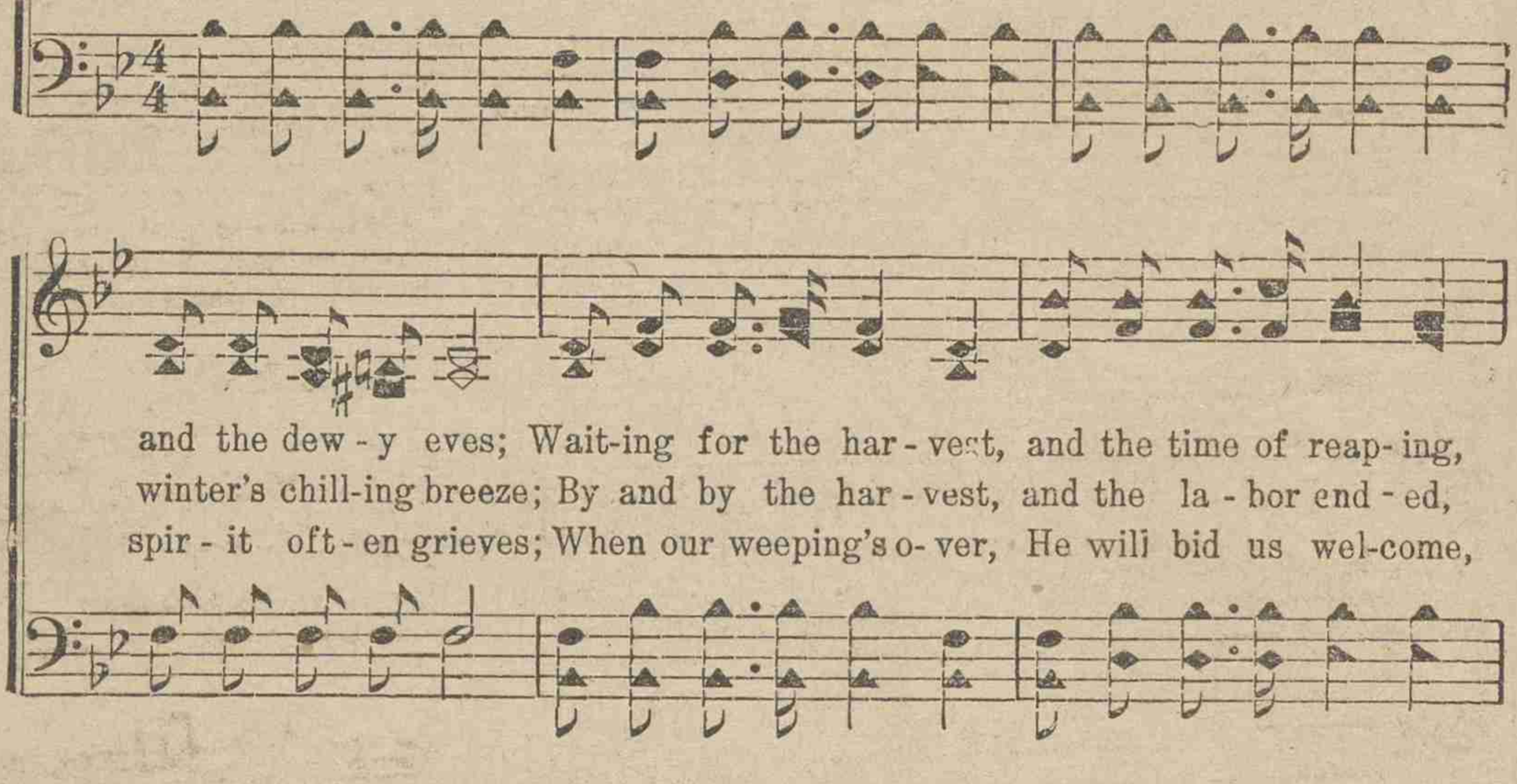


No. 132 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

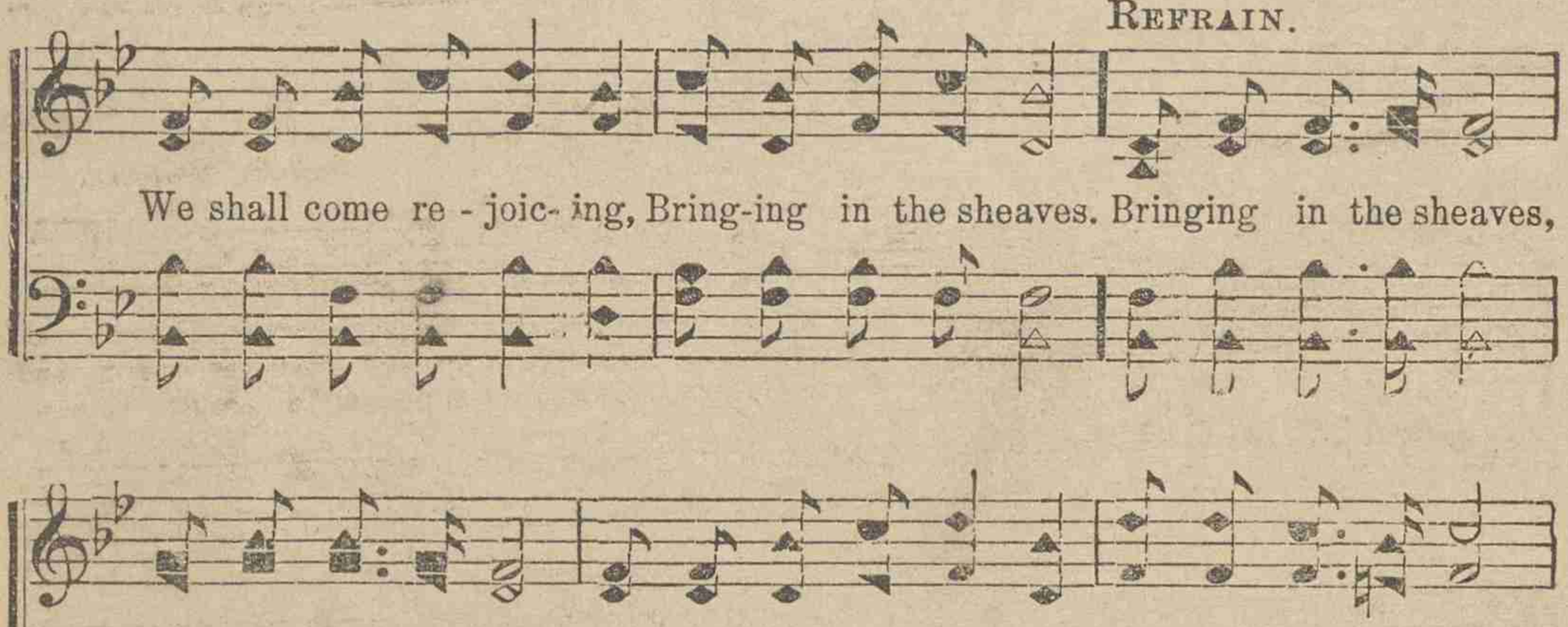
KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide,
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go then, ev - en weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our



and the dew - y eves; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o- ver, He will bid us wel-come,



REFRAIN.

We shall come re - joic- ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re- joic- ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves.



Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 133. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyeth.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 134. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.



No. 135. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

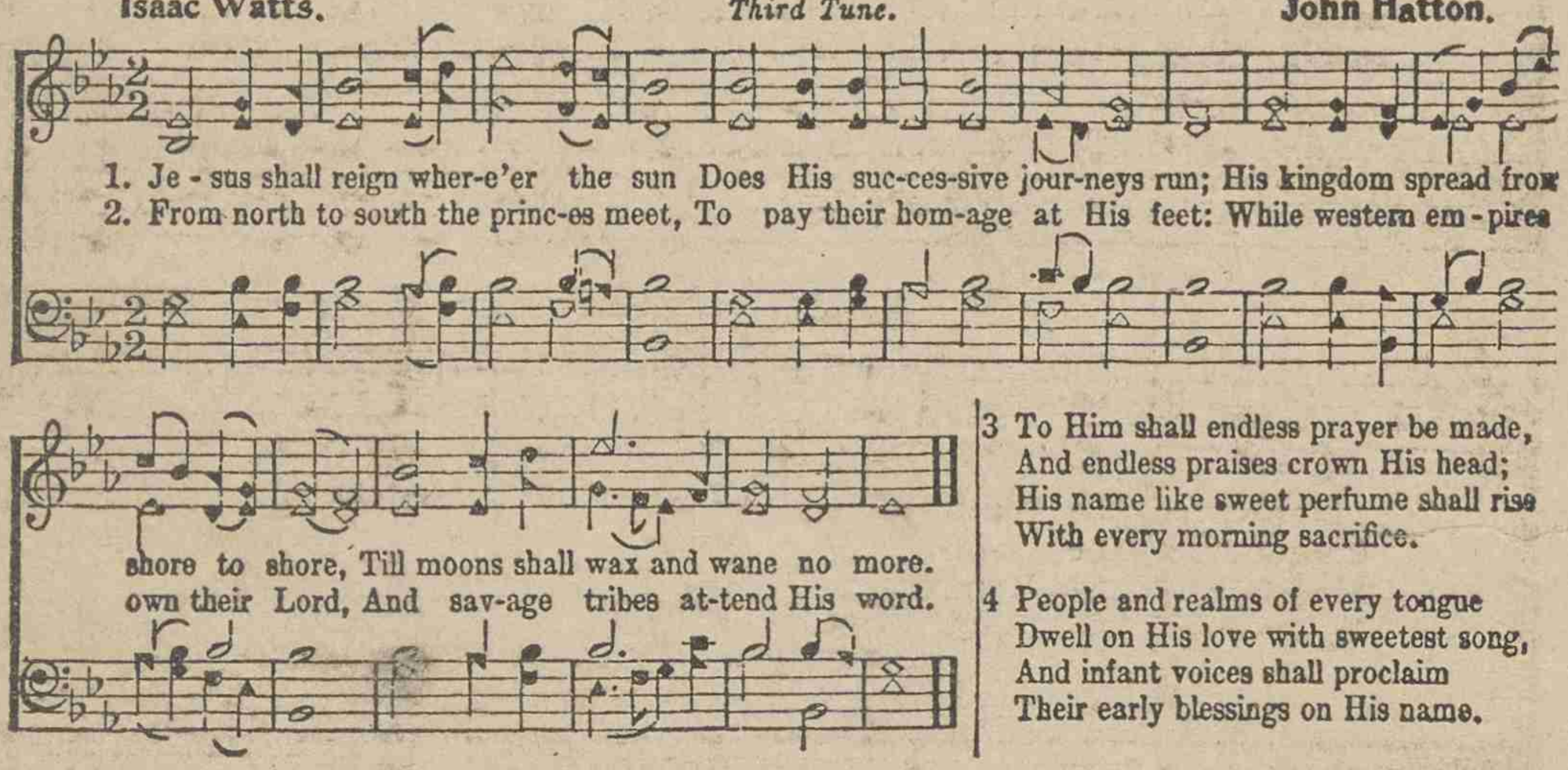
No. 136. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 137. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

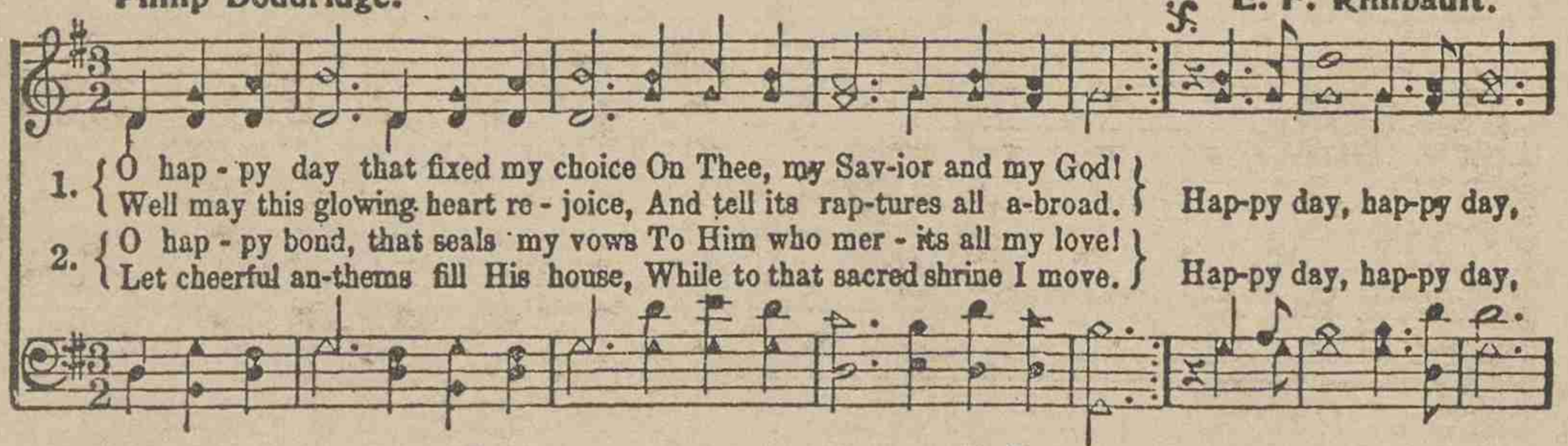


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 138. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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.

WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

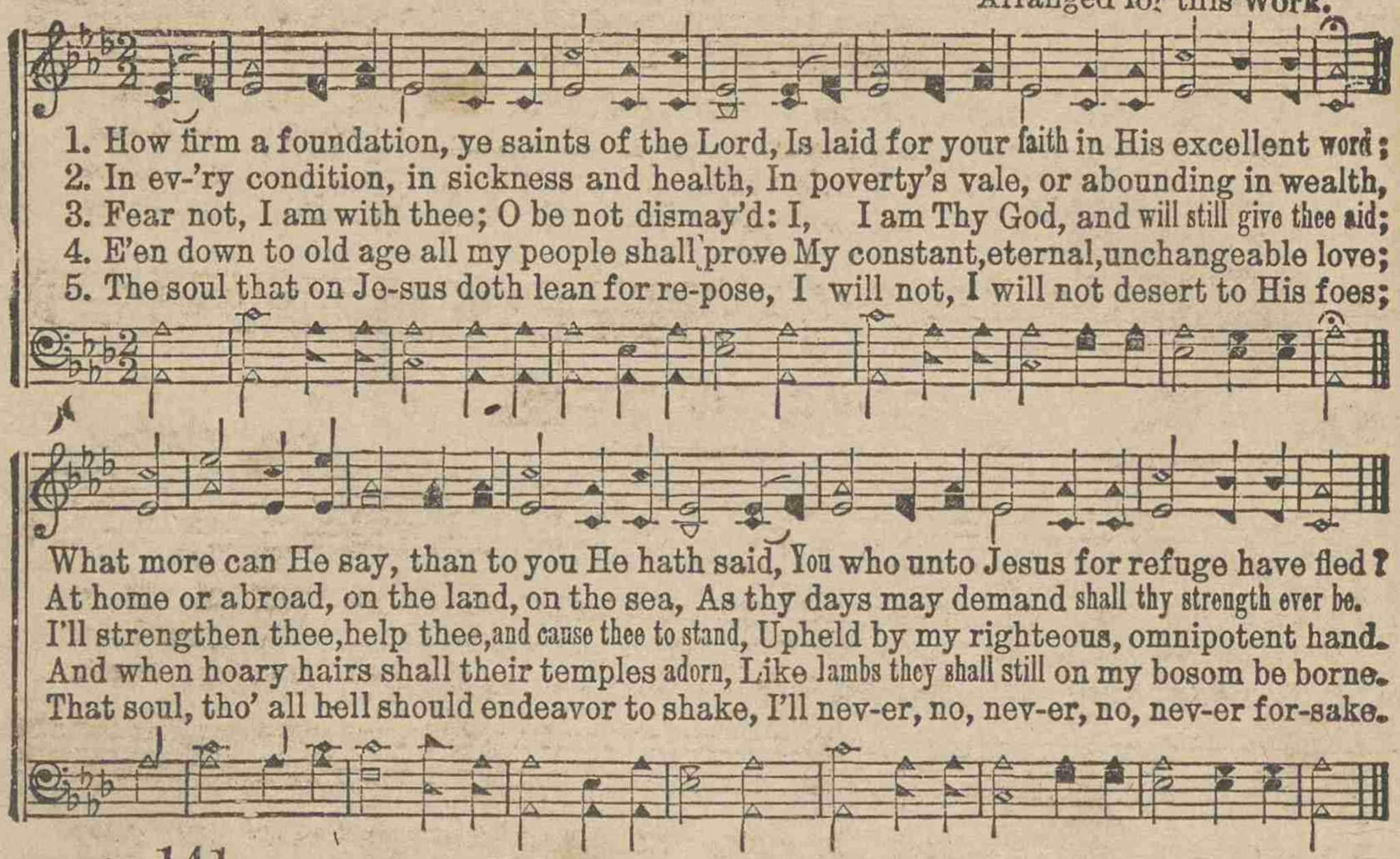
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

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

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

No. 140. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged for this Work.

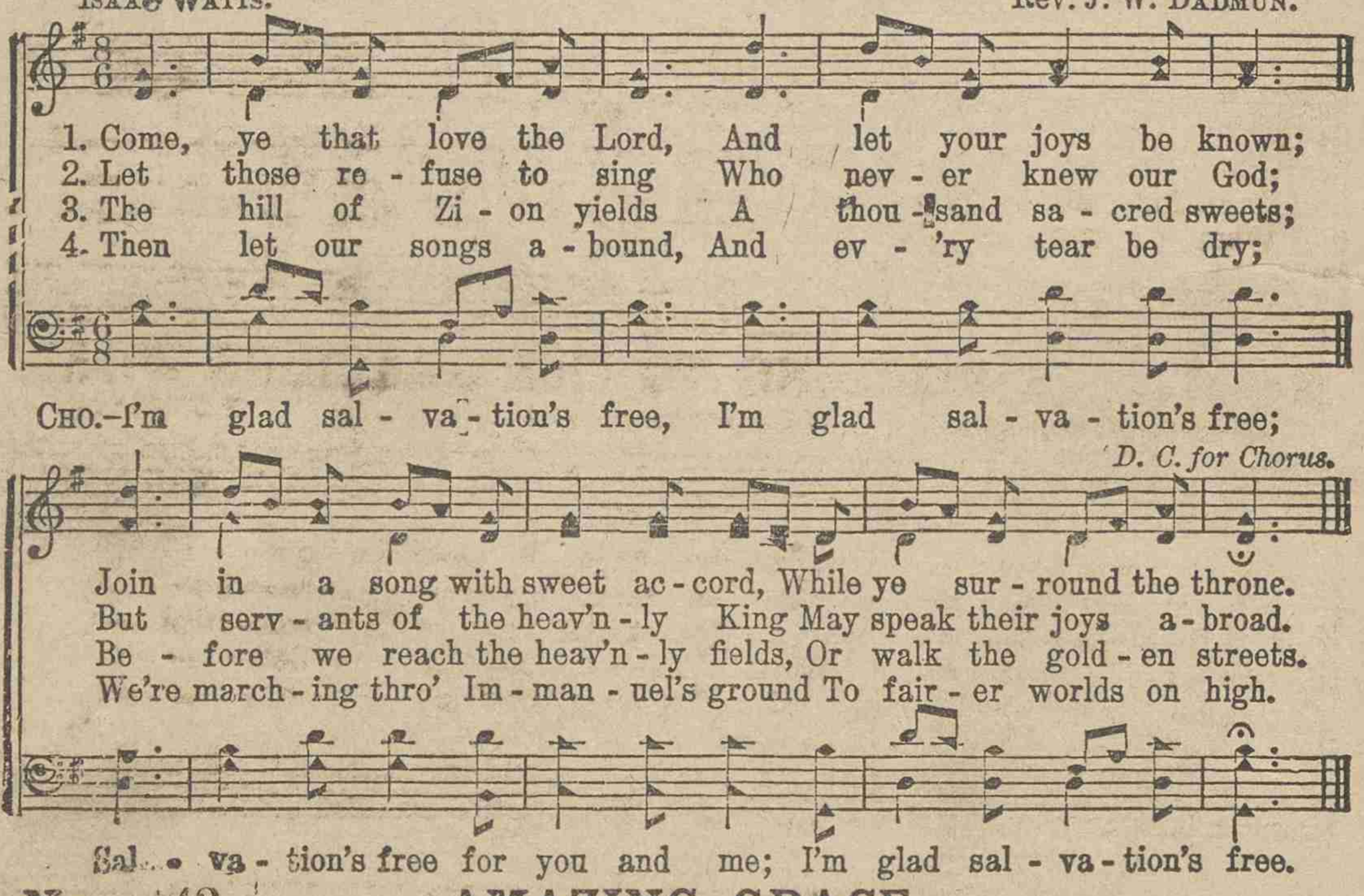


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
2. In ev-'ry condition, in sickness and health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd: I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
4. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
5. The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I will not desert to His foes;

What more can He say, than to you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake.

No. 141. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

Isaac Watts. Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets;
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

D. C. for Chorus.

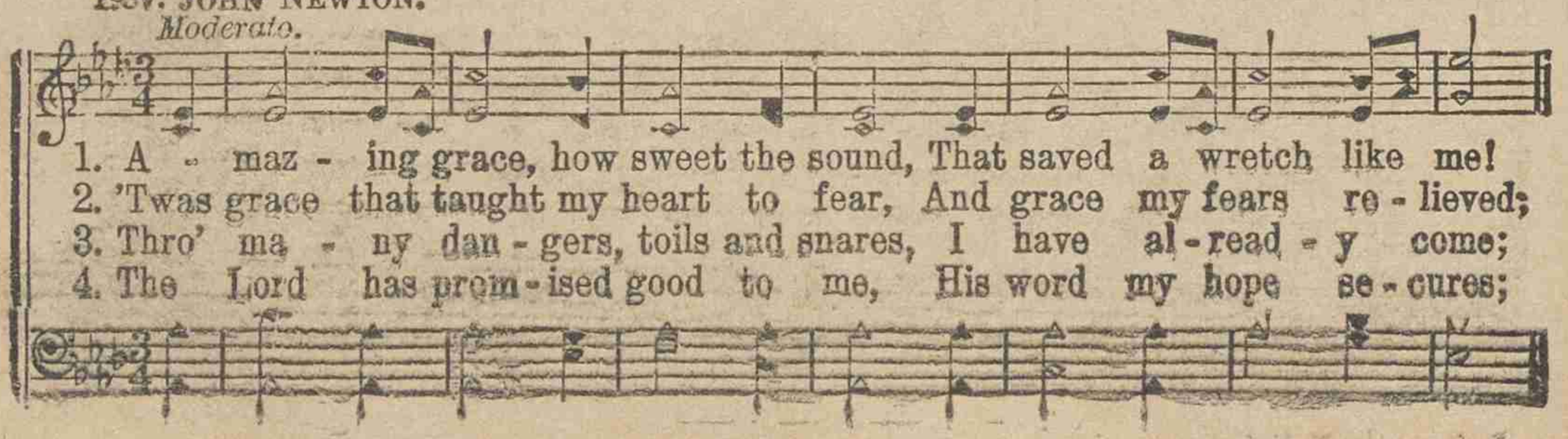
Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round the throne.
But serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
We're march - ing thro' Im - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

No. 142. AMAZING GRACE.

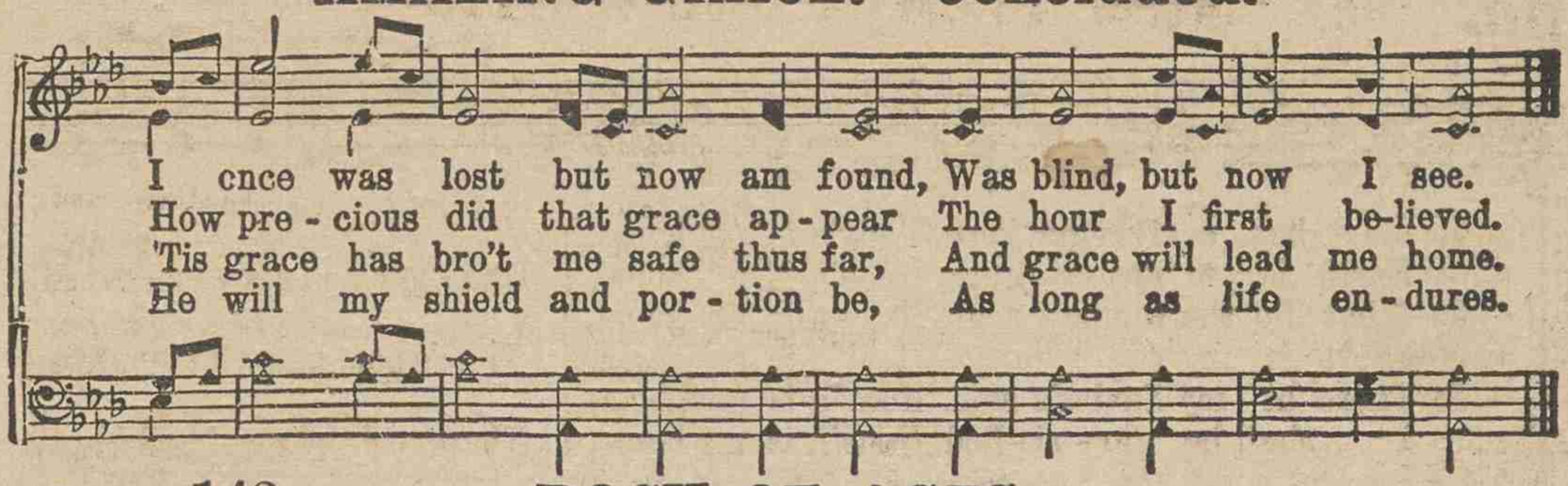
Rev. John Newton.

Moderato.



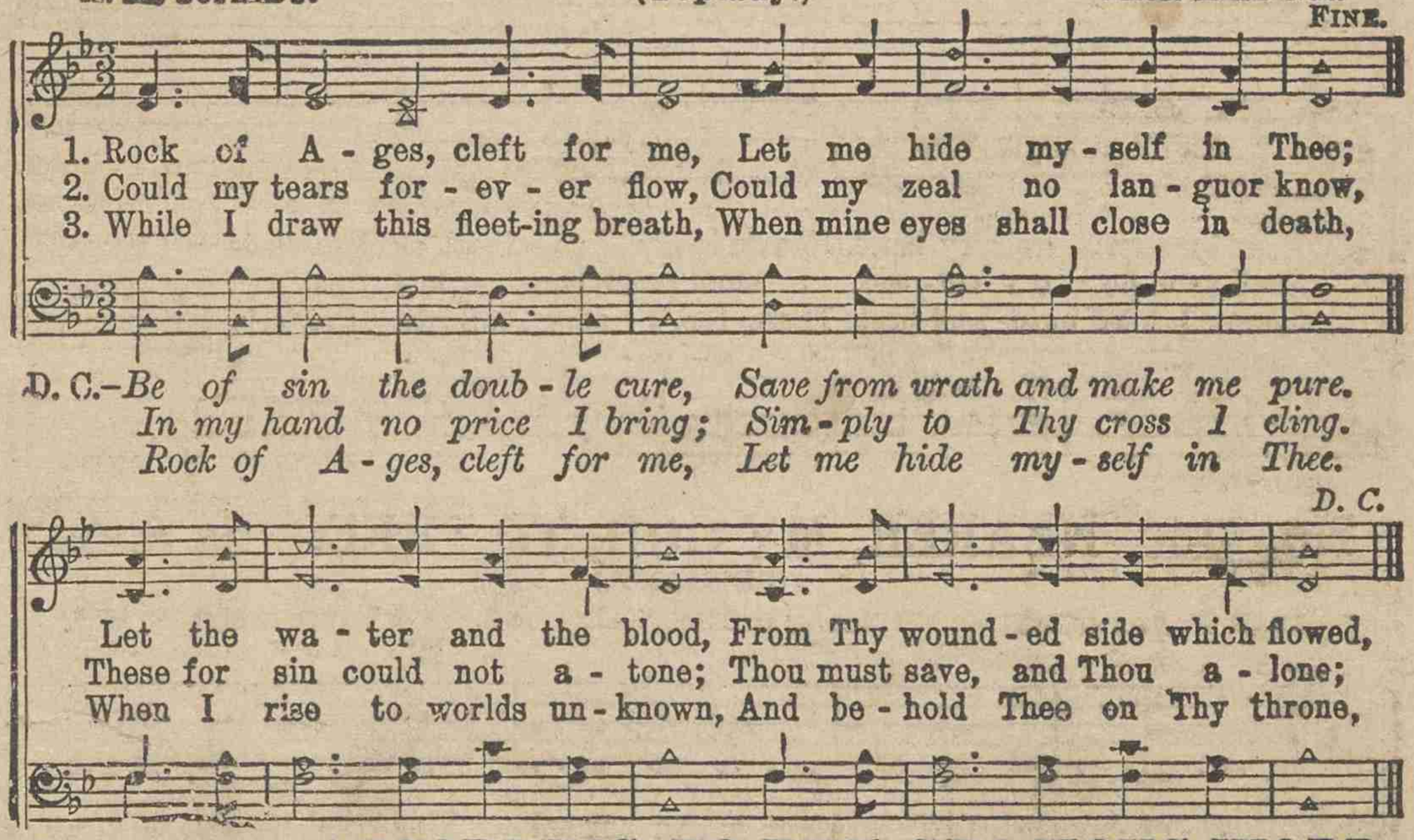
1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

AMAZING GRACE. Concluded.



No. 143. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. (Toplady.) THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 144. ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. (Manoah. C. M.) F. J. HAYDN.



No 145. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



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

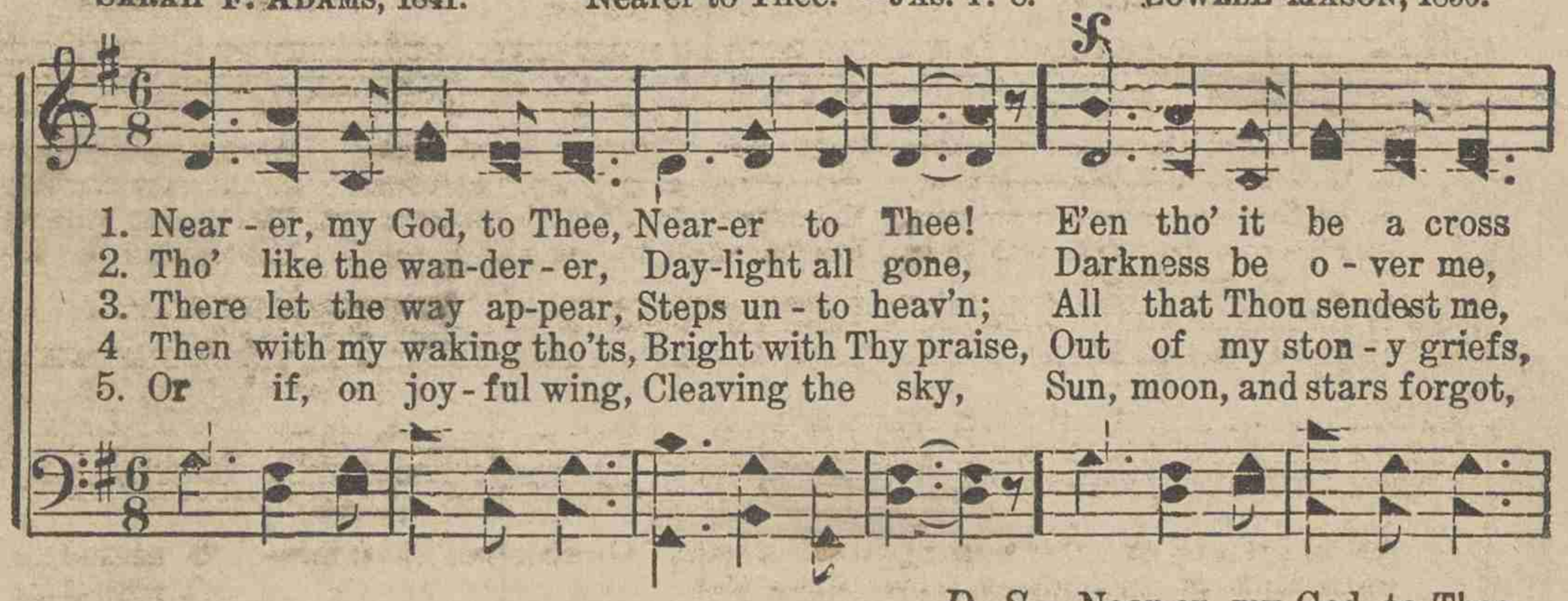


Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - therland, Heav'n is my home.
Shall soon be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 146. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

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



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

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,



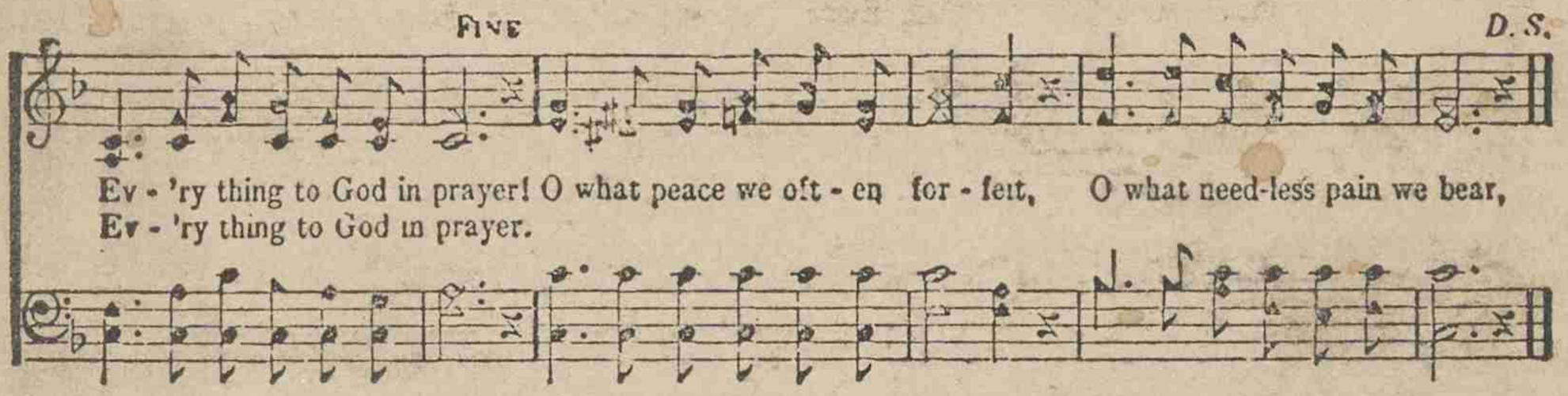
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still all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

Near - er to Thee!

No 147. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.





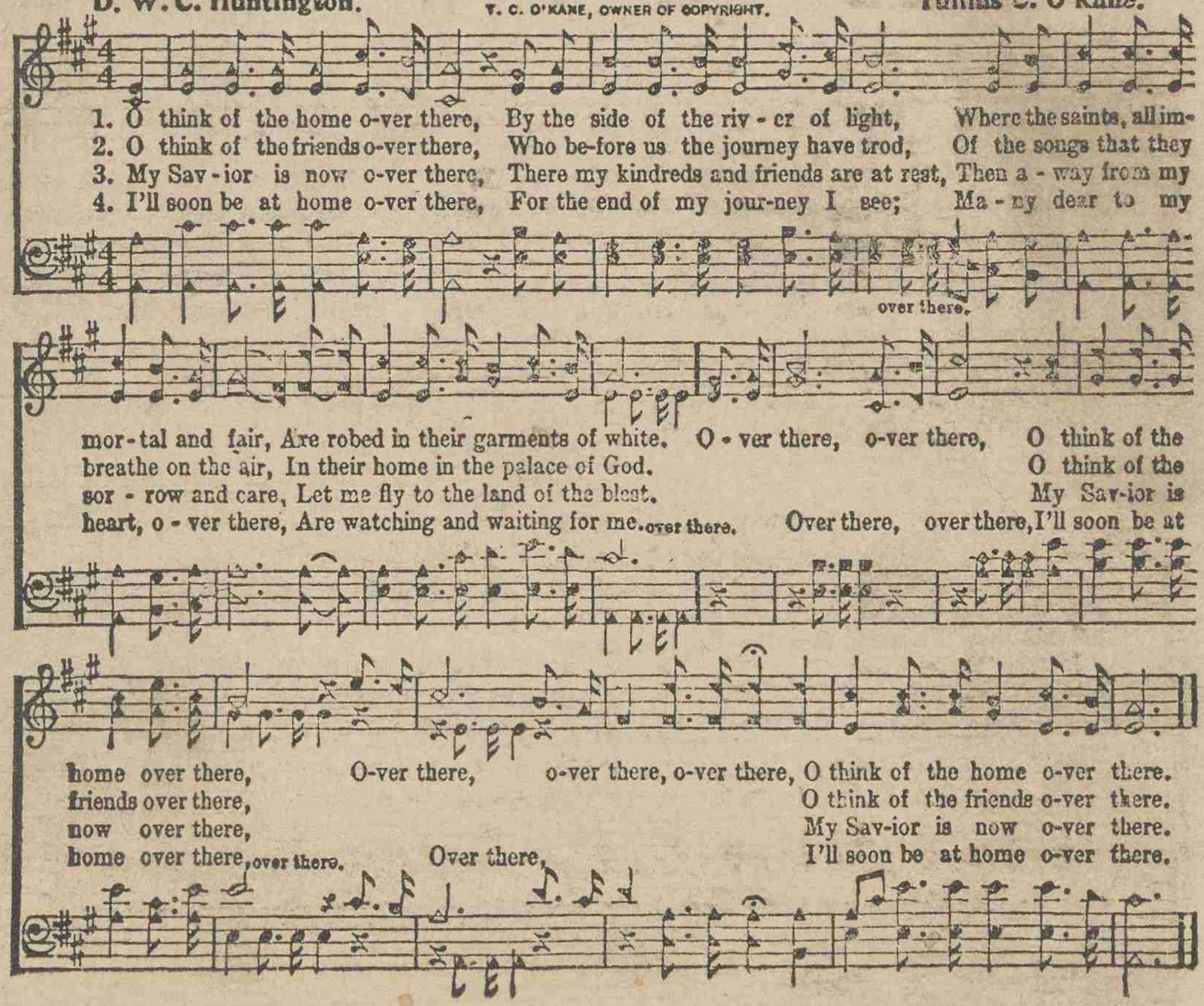
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

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

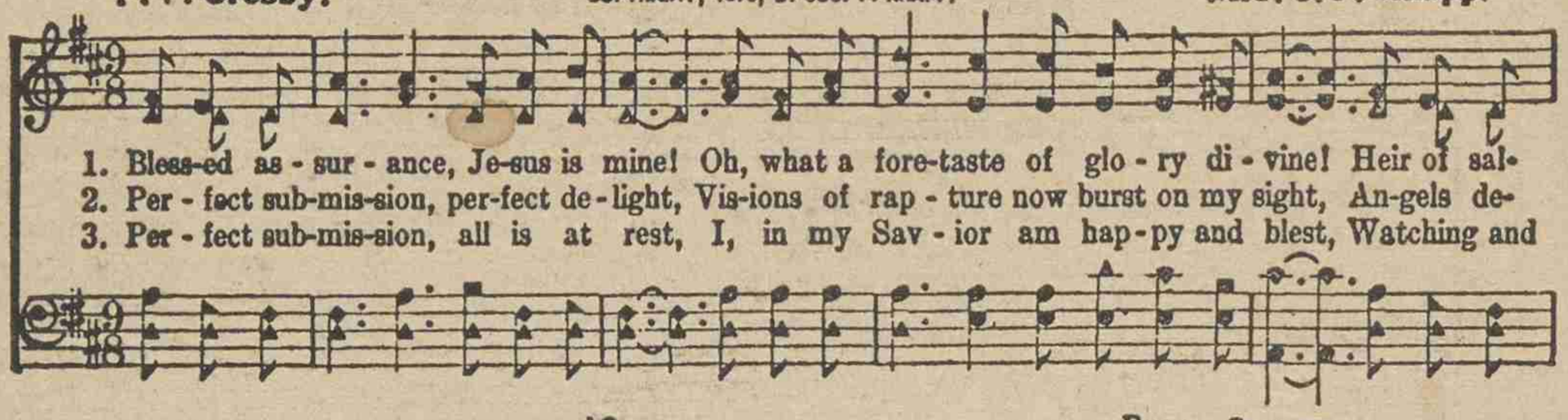
No. 148. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



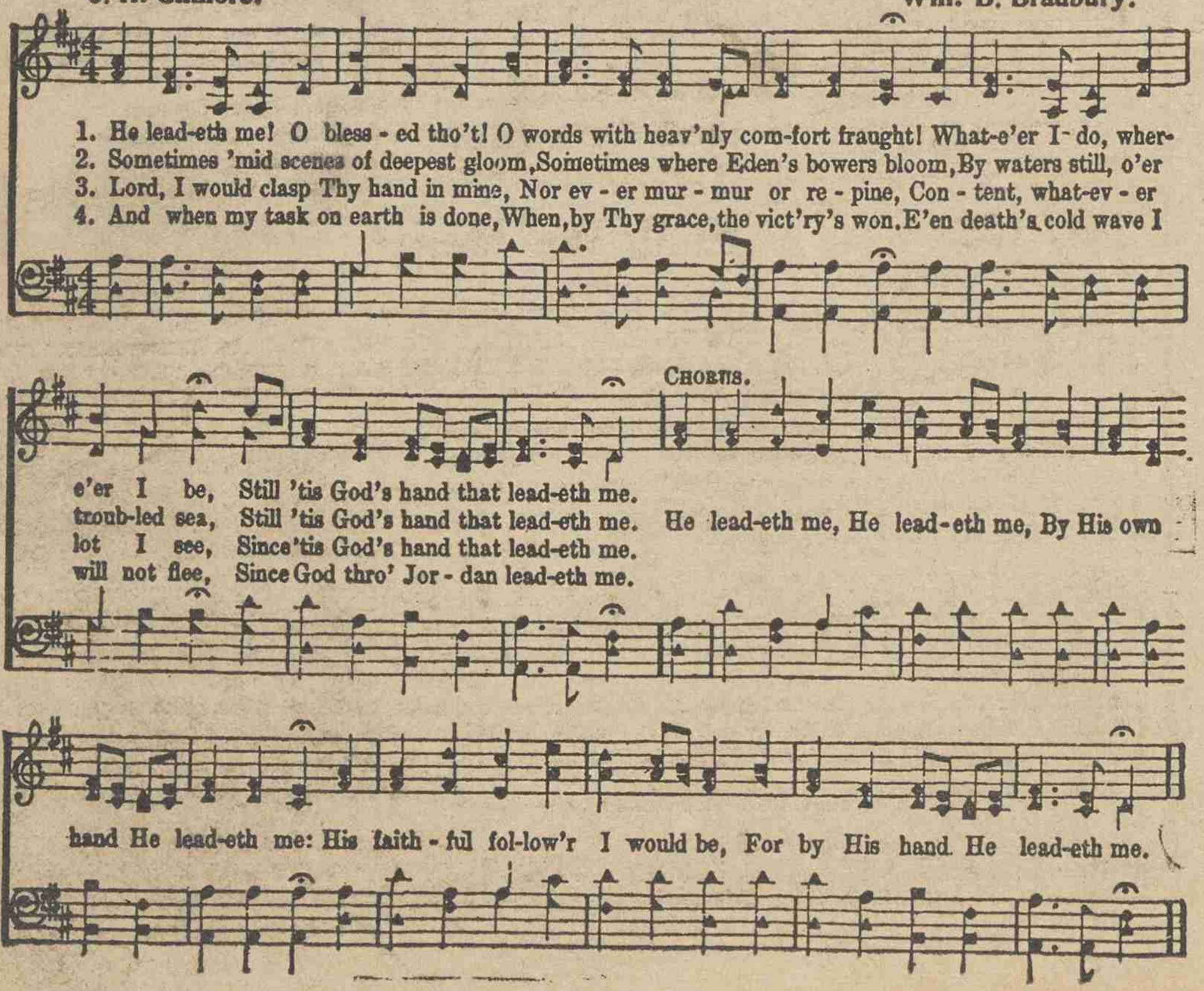
No. 149. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 150. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



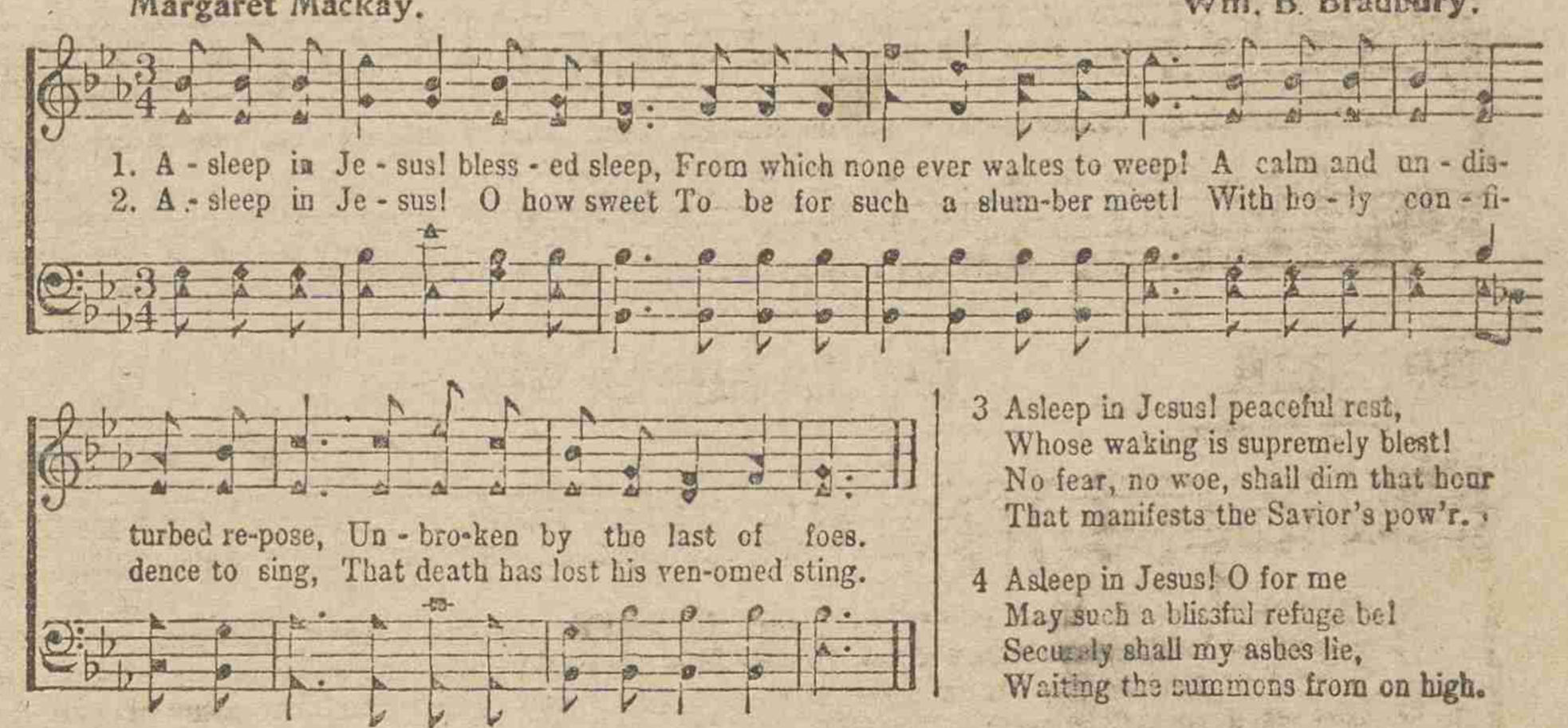
No. 151. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.



No. 152. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



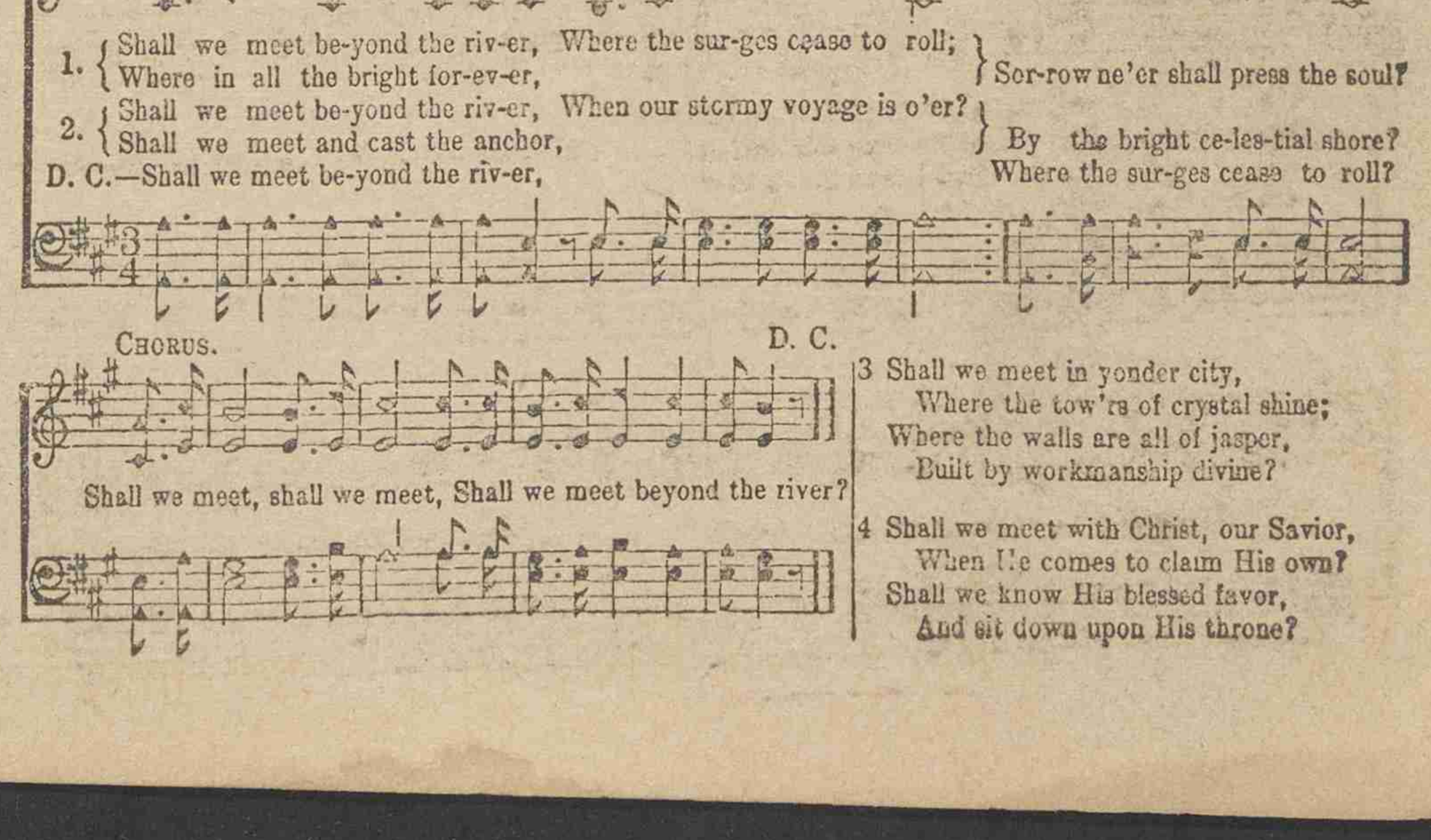
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 153. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elihu S. Rice.

USED BY PERMISSION

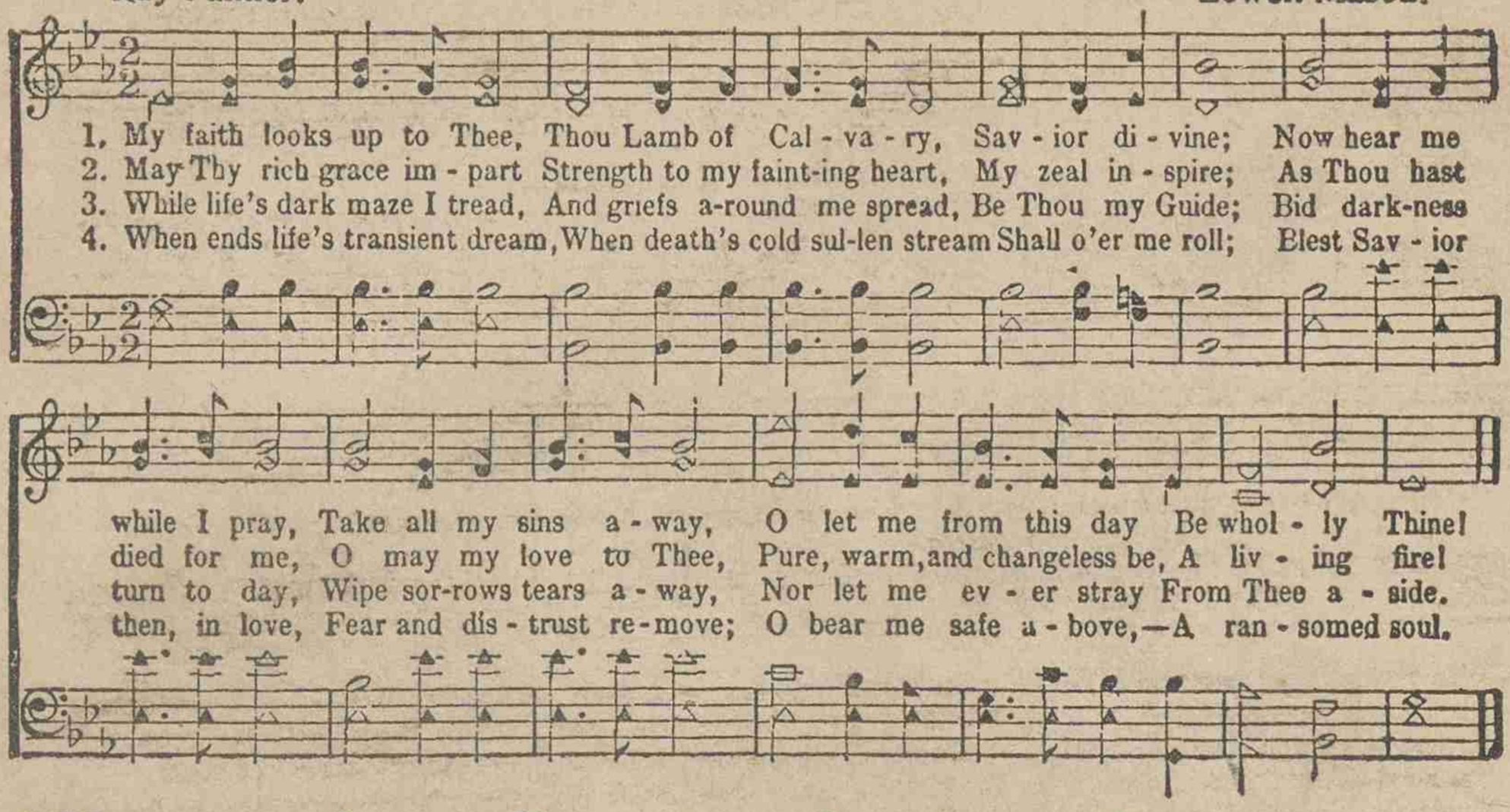


3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

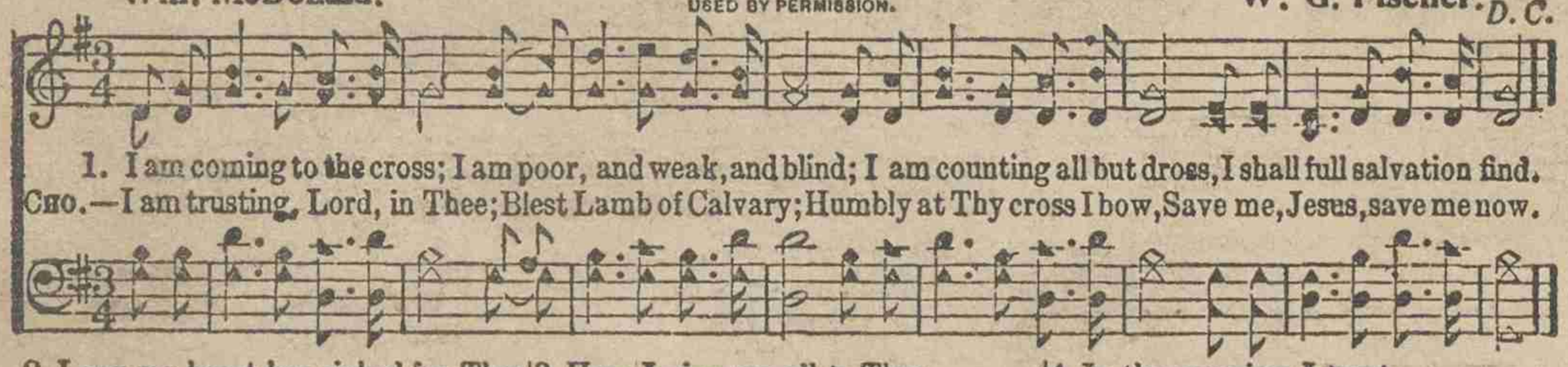
154. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



155. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



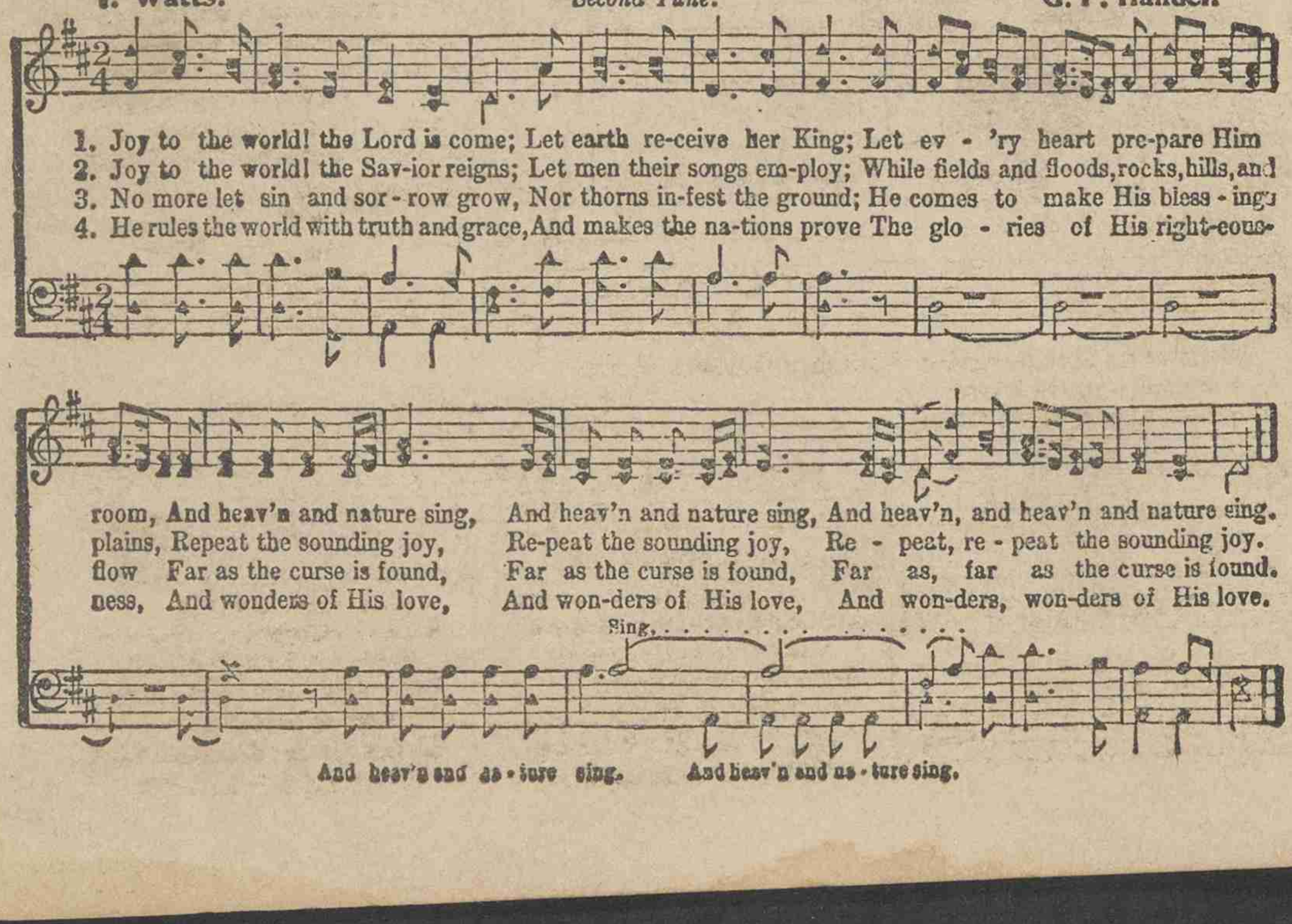
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

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

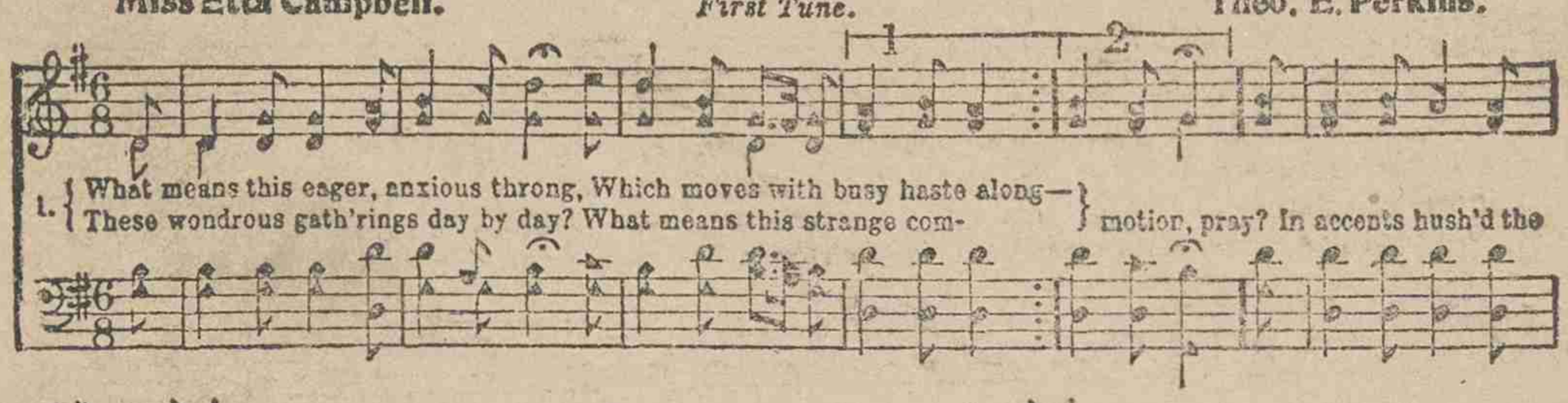
156. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 157. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* **Theo. E. Perkins.**



1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com- motion, pray? In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."



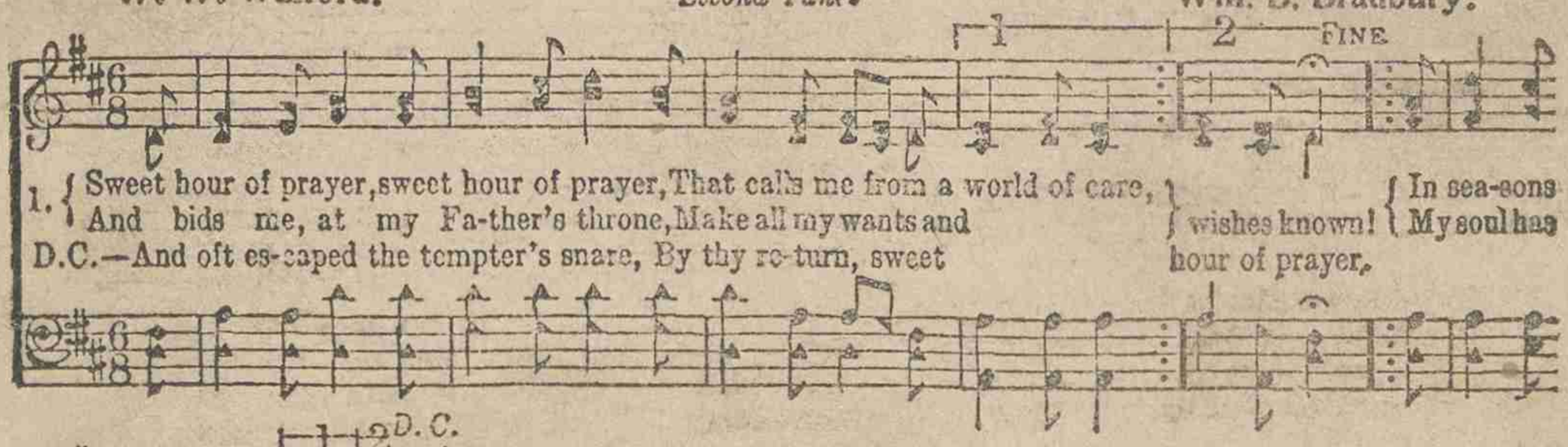
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 158. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! In sea-sons
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.



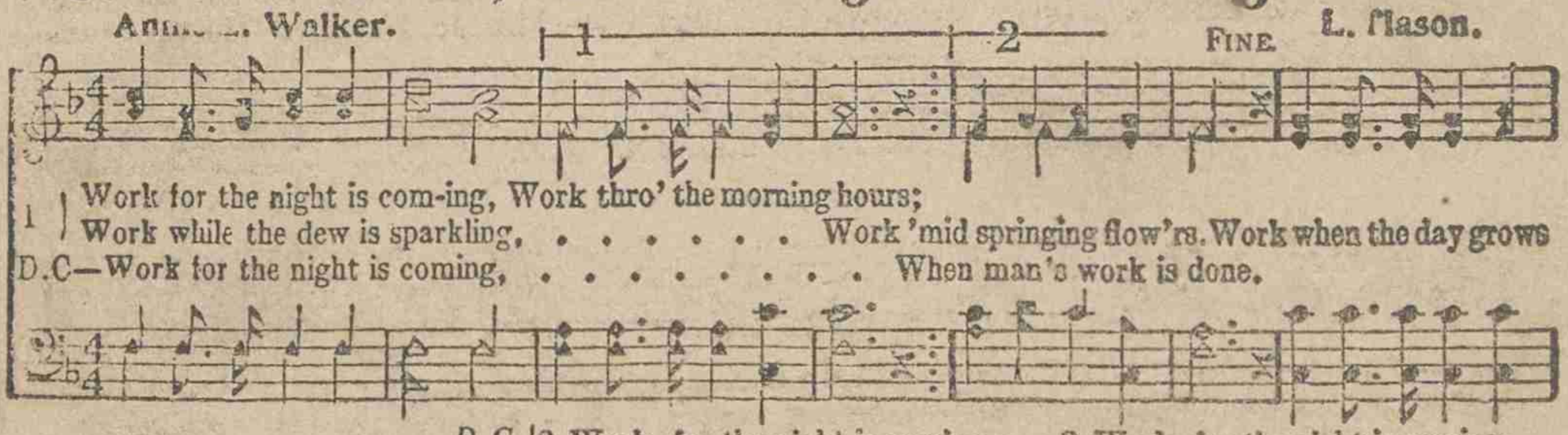
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re- lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

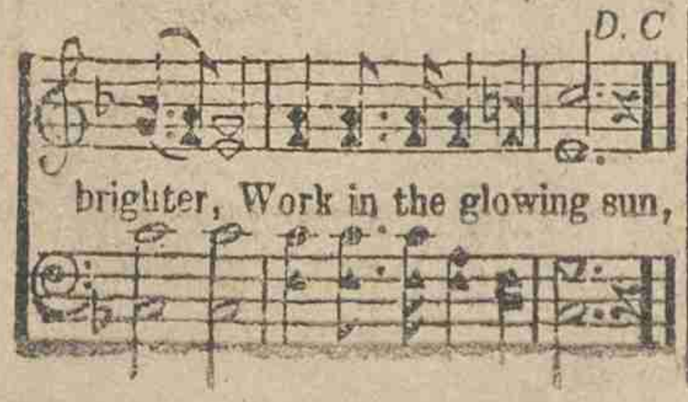
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 159. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Anne L. Walker. **L. Mason.**



1 Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.



brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

No 160. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. 4th verse by Rev. H. C. Buchloz. P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al- most per- suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al- most per- suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Har- vest is past; "Al- most per- suad - ed,"
4. "Al - most per- suad - ed," Come to the light; "Al- most per- suad - ed,"
   Come, come to - day;



Christ to re - ceive, Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way, Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al-most" is
O come to - night, Grieve not the spir - it's call, Make Christ your
Turn not a - way.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day, On Thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail, Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"
all in all, And He will save your soul, Come, sin - ner come.

No. 161. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

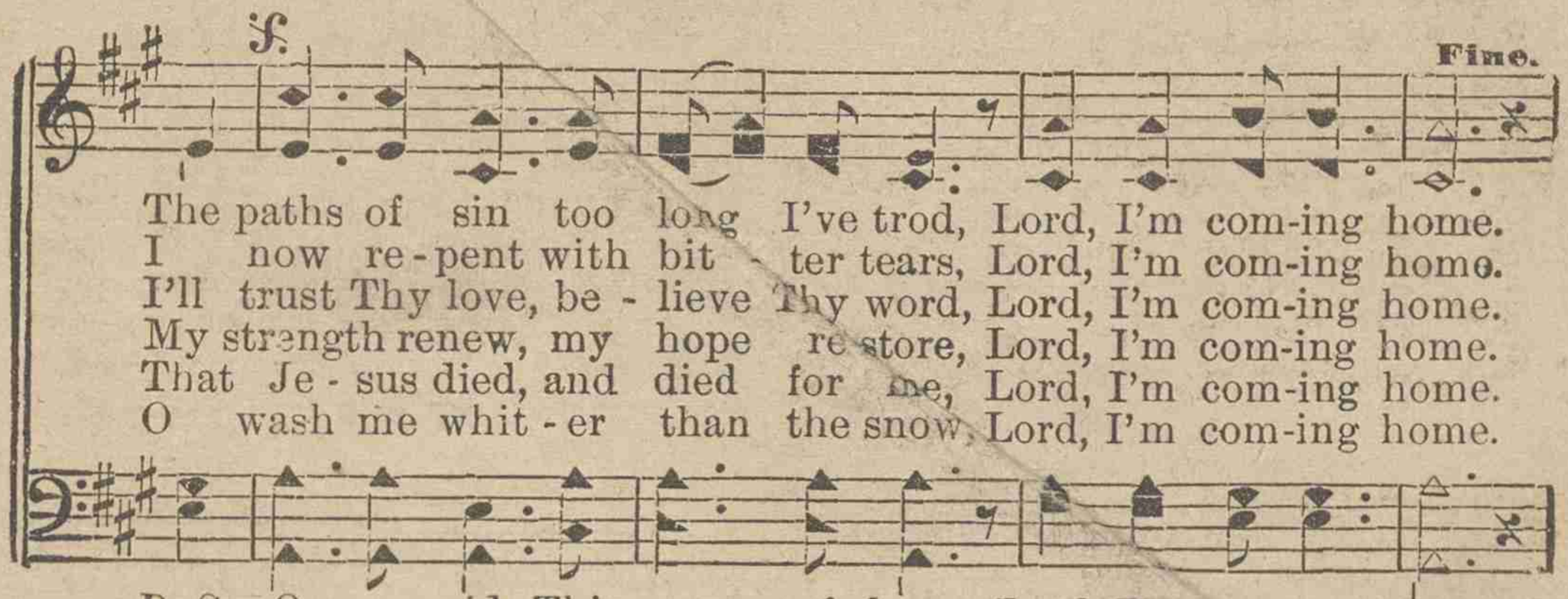
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With feeling.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home:
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

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LORD, I'M COMING HOME. Concluded





No 162. NO, NOT ONE.

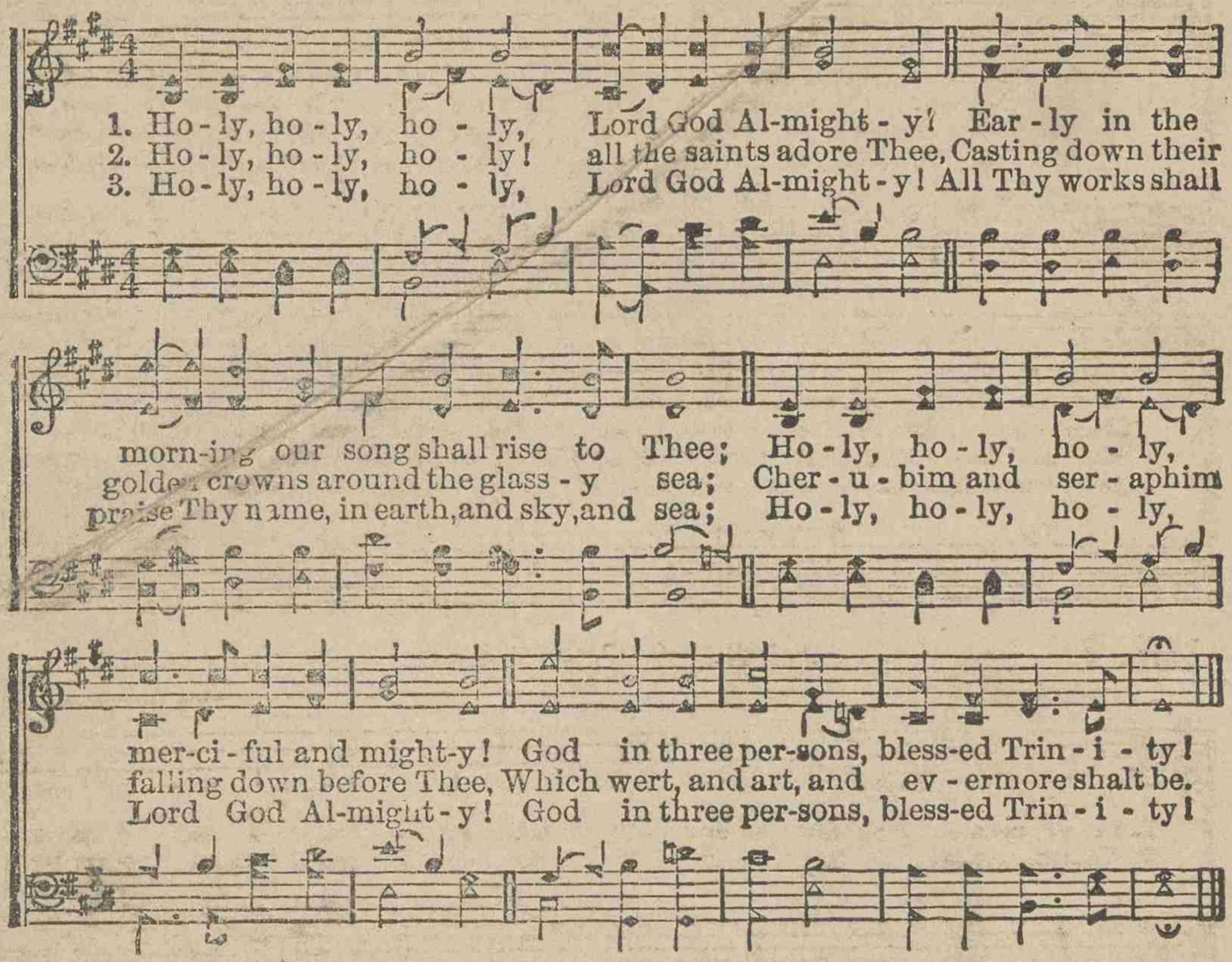
REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

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No. 163. Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. *M. H. 4. B. H. 209. P. H. 527. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No. 164. Jesus, Lover of My Soul,

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 354. B. H. 499. P. H. 305. S. B. MARSH.

FINE.



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

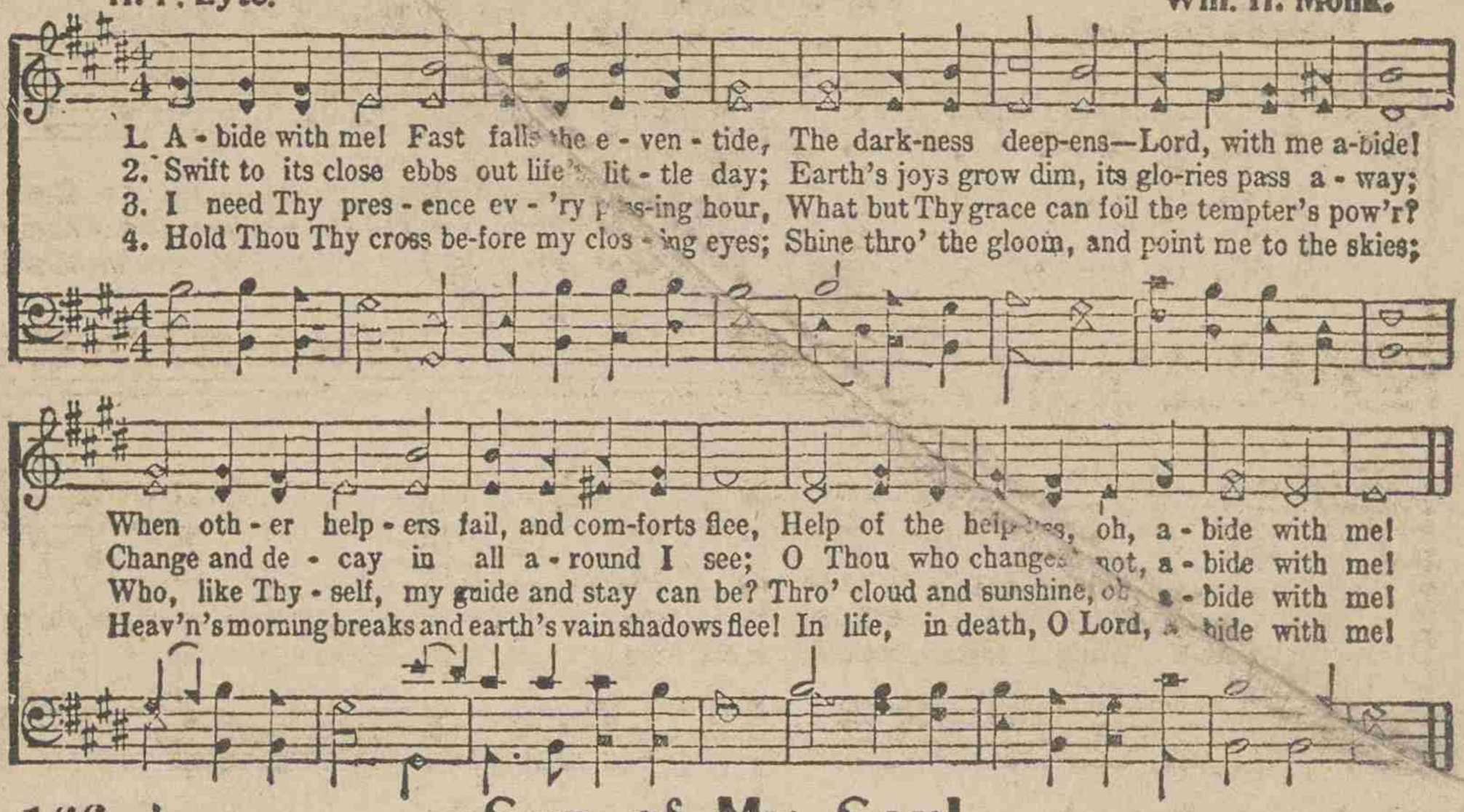
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

165. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



166. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

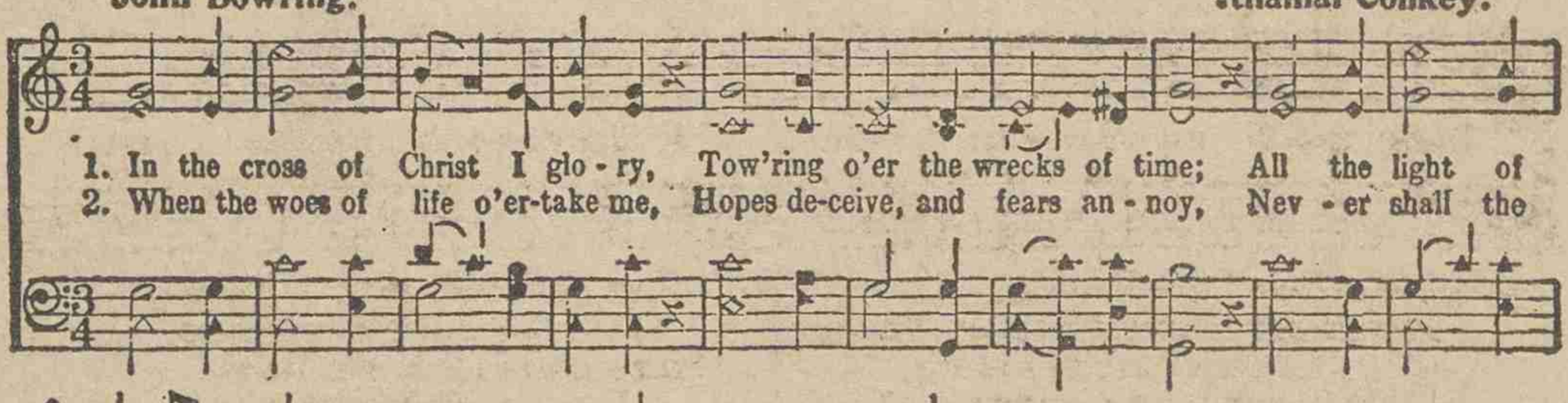


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

167. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

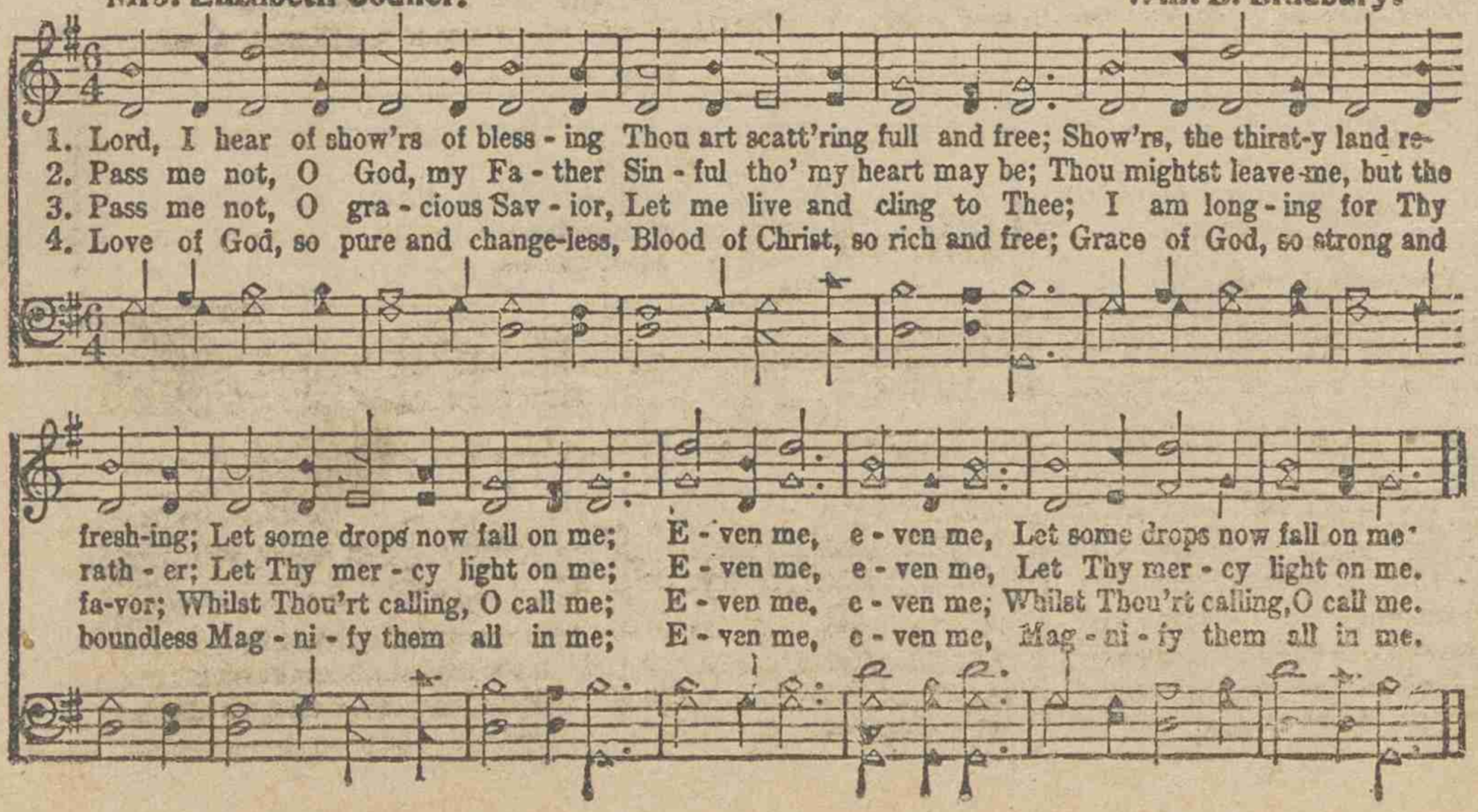
No. 168. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.



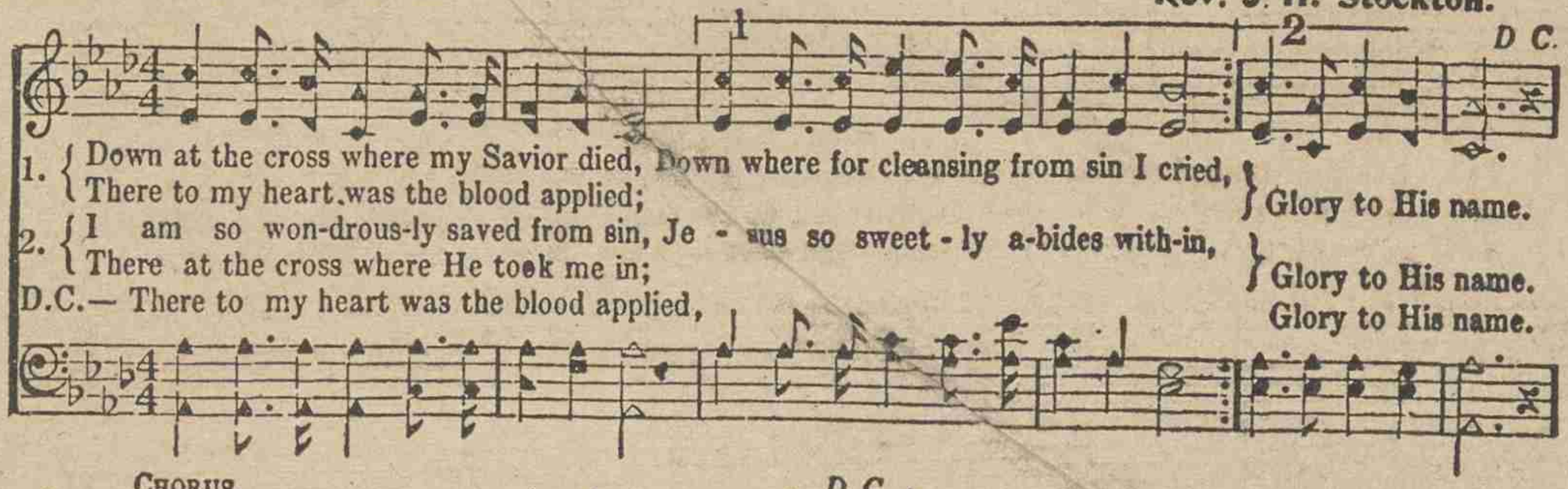
No. 169. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 170. Glory to His Name.

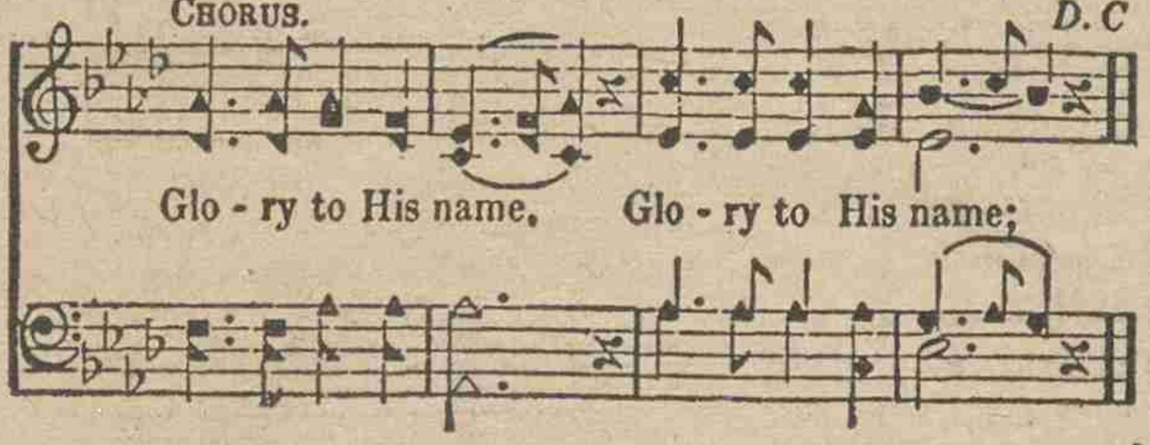
Rev. E. A Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
   There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
   There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 171. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
   'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 172. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above

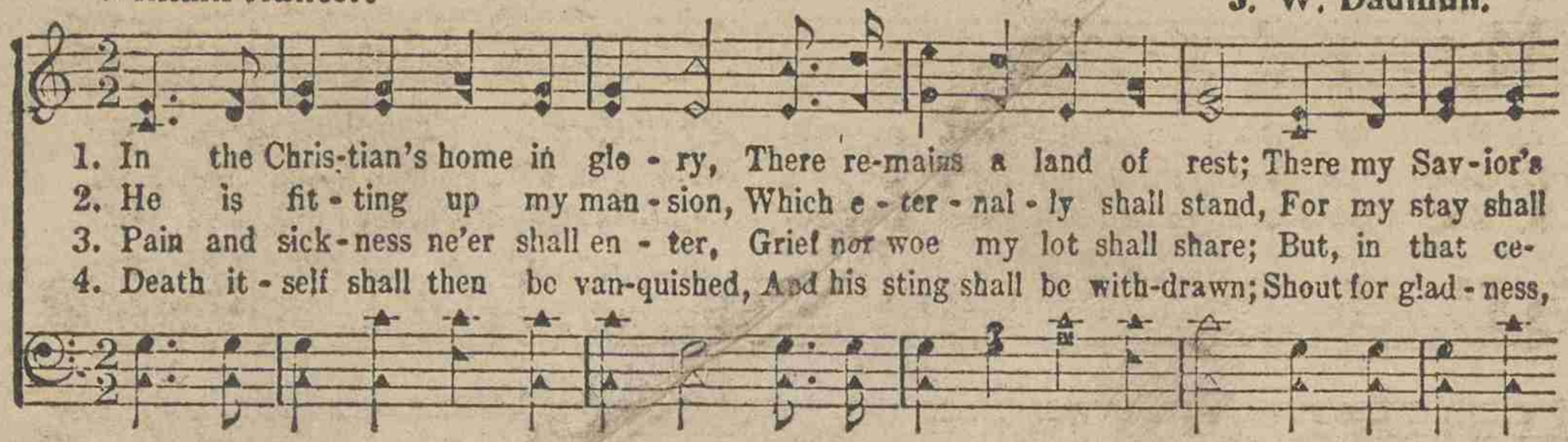
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

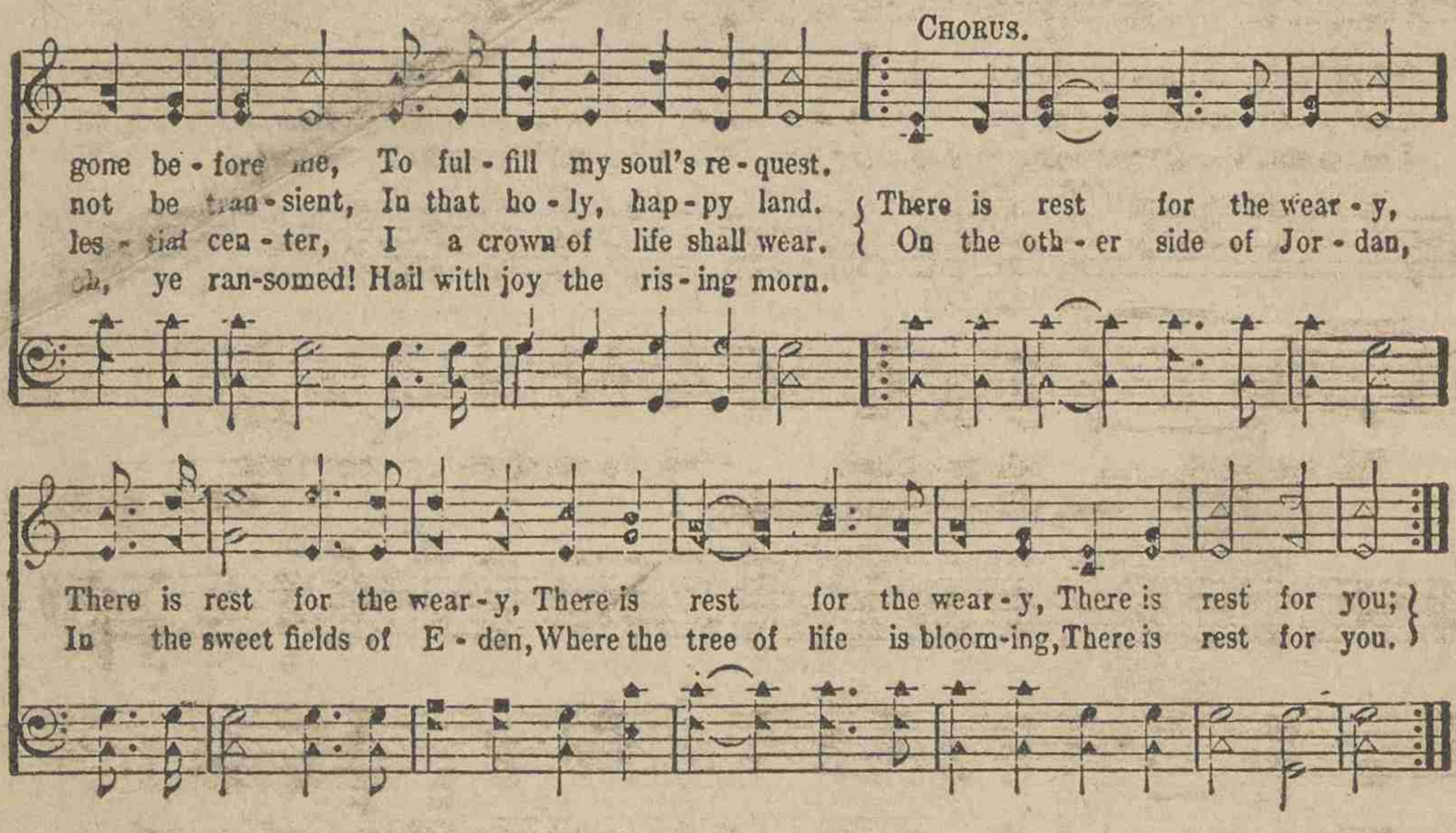
3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No 173. Rest for the Weary.

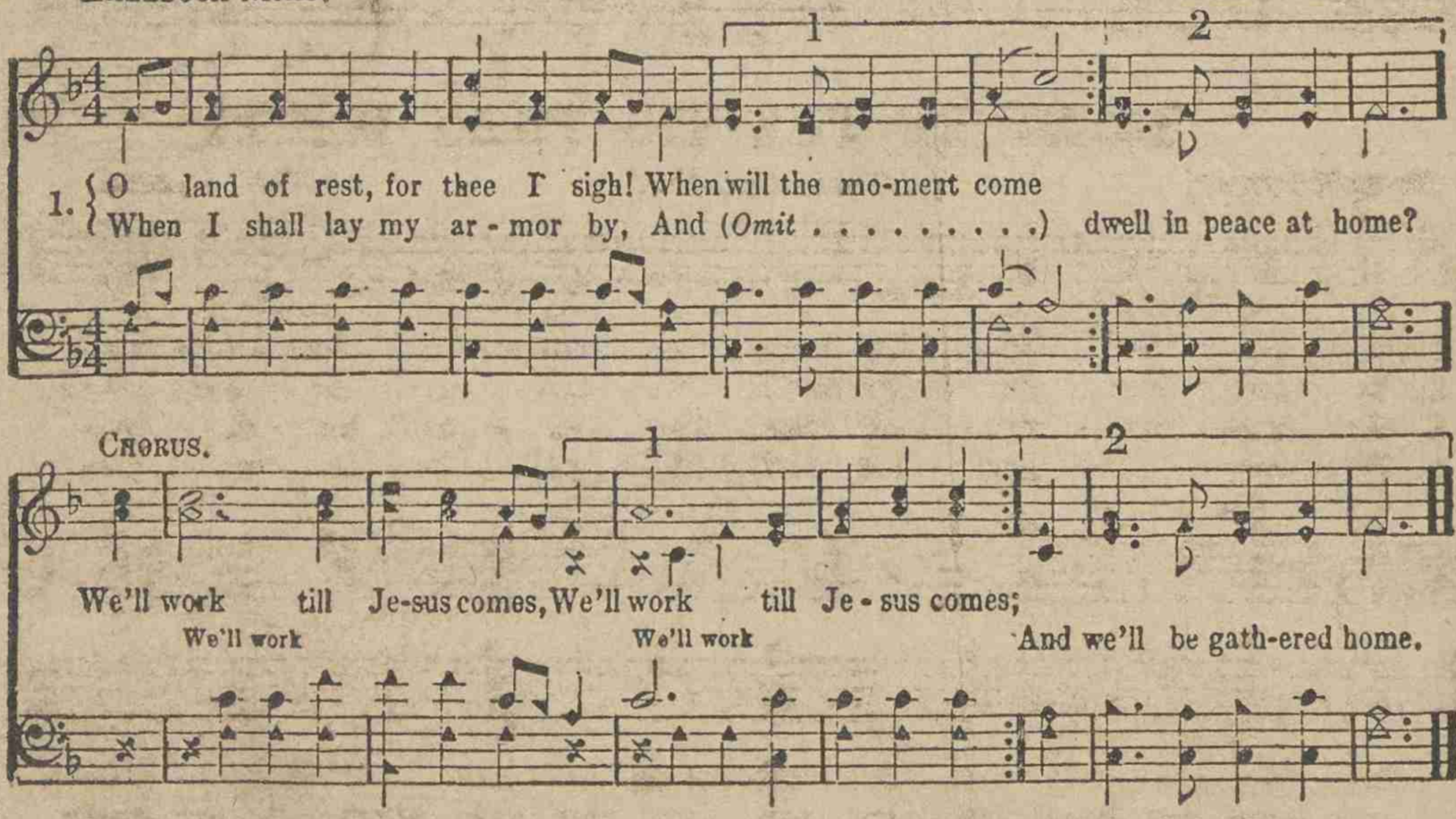
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.





No. 174. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.



2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. By per. of J. E. Rankin, owner of copyright. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you;

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

CHORUS.

Till we meet,.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;
Till we meet..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet, till we meet again,

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

JOHN FAWCETT. (Dennis. S. M.) H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'r;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our care
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

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No. The Robin's Song.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The Rob - in is sing - ing way up in the tree, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
2. The Rob - in is swing-ing there high o - ver head, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
3. The Rob - in is chirp-ing 8 to me and 9 to you, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
4. The Rob - in is sing - ing in soft lit - tle words, Sweet, sweet, sweet,

2 She's sing-ing a song to her lit - tle ones three, Sweet, sweet, sweet.
7 She's care - ful - ly put - ting her ba - bies to bed, Sweet, sweet, sweet.
10 She knows we love her, and her lit - tle ones, too, Sweet, sweet, sweet.
11 Our Fa - ther in Heav - en takes care of the birds, Sweet, sweet, sweet.

CHORUS.

8 She knows when the sun has gone down in the west,

4 It's time for wee bird - ies to stay in the nest,

5 To cud-dle down close while she sings them to rest, Sweet, sweet, sweet.

MOTIONS: 1. Look up, point up.
2. Nod heads.
3. Raise arm and lower slowly.
4. Nod and shake finger slowly.
5. Two hands together, like a nest.
6. Swing hands to and fro.
7 Make the nest with hands.
8 Hands clasped on breast.
9 Hands stretched out to audience.
10 Nod and smile.
11 Look up, hands upraised.
May be used without motions if desired.

