



SOOTHING SONGS.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS,

original and selected, as used by

REV. DR. SHERWOOD,

the negro evangelist, in his gospel meeting, adapted to

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND GOSPEL SERVICES.

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DEDICATION:

To Miss Maggie Arrington, whose faithful labor can never be forgotten. To sister Chaney Arrington, whose kindness has shed many comforts on my pathway. To Rev. Dr. W. G. Alexander, whose sweet voice will ring forth these songs, many hearts gladdening, and last, but not least, to my sweet wife. This book is dedicated by the Author.

Z7
Sh59



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945

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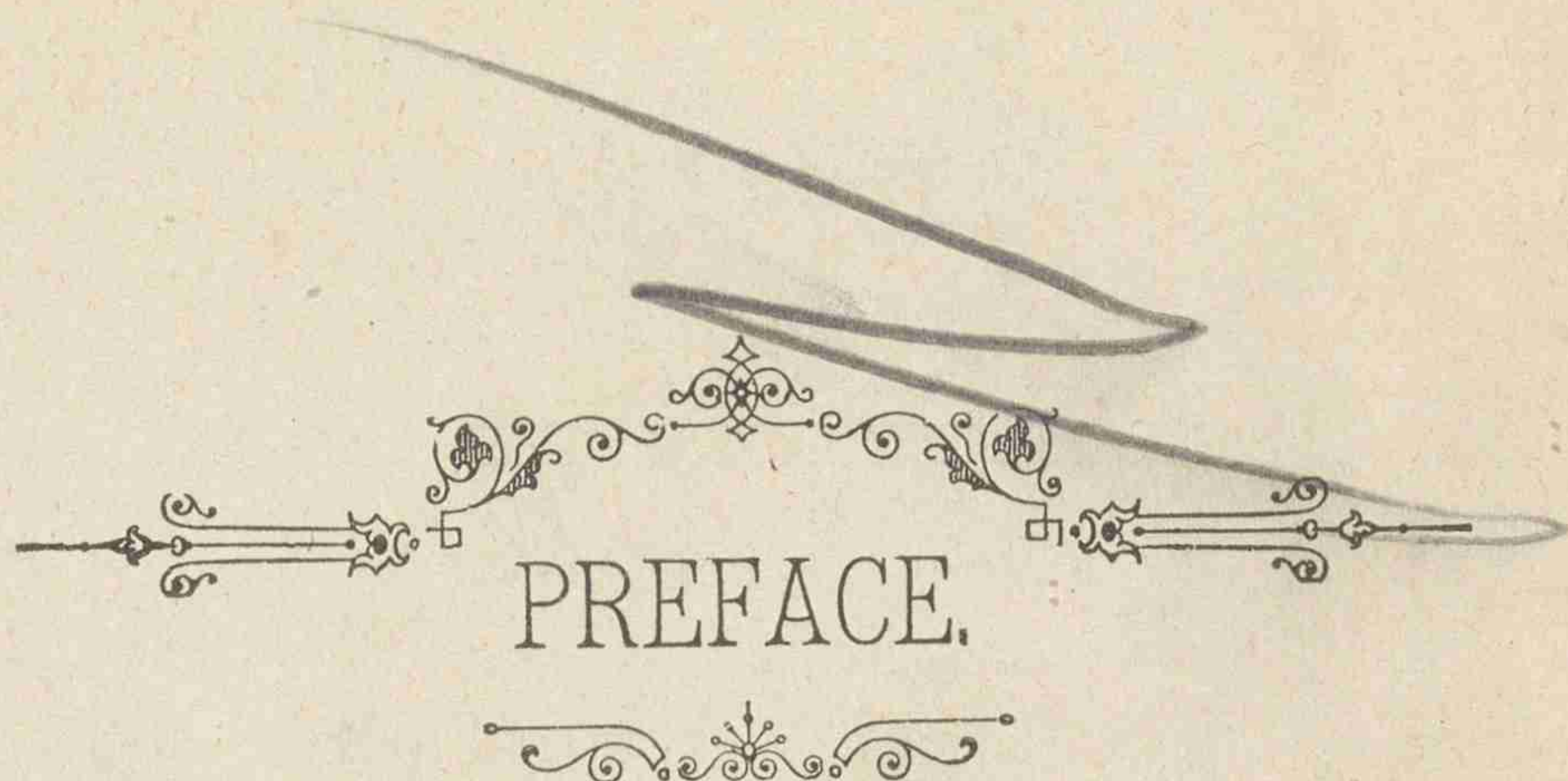
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Hymn
1891
Sher

Z7
Sh59



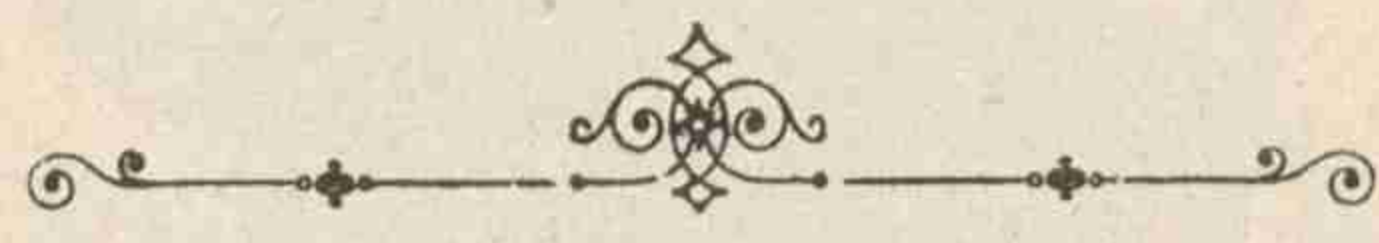
THE Songs and music herein contained are with the exception of a few standard pieces entirely original, having never appeared in any book. They contain no special merit and are put into book form by the request of many thousand devout hearts, who have enjoyed them as sung by me and my band of religious workers. I send them forth on their mission to the world of christian hearts, praying and believing, that they will gladden yet many souls.

W. H. SHERWOOD.




Yours respectfully,

W. H. Sherwood.



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—BY—
W. H. SHERWOOD.
1891.



ANTIOCH. C. M.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - iour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;

Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him room, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hill and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy.

And heav'n and na -
Re - peat the sould -

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
-ture sing,
-ing joy,

-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
-ing joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

INVITATION.

OVER THE LINE,

"Let him come unto me."

EDWARD H. PHELPS.

Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice

As he lov - ing - ly called to me,

Come ov - er the line it is only a step

I am wait - ing my child for thee."

INVITATION. (Continued).

Refrain.

A musical staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, followed by a repeat sign and then G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are chanting the

Handwritten musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with several rests. The notation is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

heav - en - ly strain: "O - ver the line," why should I re - main

The first system of the musical score is written in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, starting with a quarter rest. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation consists of several measures, including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, ending with a double bar line. The ink is dark, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

With a step be - tween me and Je - sus

Handwritten musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and a half note, with a final double bar line.

2. But my sins are many, my faith is small;
Lo! the answer came quick and clear,
"Thou needeth not trust in thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."
3. But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishoner thee.
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in his wounded palm,
Step over the line, and trust.

JOY AND REJOICING.

Foundation 11s

"I will never leave thee."

ANON.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent world!
D. S. You who unto Jesus for re-fuge have fled?

Fine

What more can he say, than to you he has said.

D. S.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
2. In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, and abroad, on the land on the Sea—
As your days may demand' so your succor shall be.
3. Fear not: I am with you; oh, be not dismayed;
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
4. When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.
5. When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.
6. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their tempels adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
7. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

COME HOME.

W. H. S.

W.H. SHERWOOD.

Like the pro - di - gal boy you have wan - der - ed a - way from home and all that was

right. But the sav - i - our now calls, will you heark - en and come home to

night. Come home Prod - ig - al, Come home Prod - ig -
Come home! Come home! Come home!

gal While your sa - vi - or is calling repent and come to the arms of his love oh come home
Roaming son

2. Sinner Stay not away from your home so fair,
For the longer you stay in that road, Ever darker the day ever sader the fear,
And more wild are the storms and the flood.
3. Now your father invites his erring child home,
Will you hear him tonigt and obey? Come back to the light of tne day,
You home he will gladly receive.
4. Your father will see when your face Homeward turn,
He is waiting and watching today.
What Joy it will be when the angles learn,
That you repent this way.

NO STAIN UPON MY SOUL.

W. H. S.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—i. John i:7.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

I know, that sin has stained my soul, and none but Christ could cleanse

I've come to him and been made whole, and now I'm pure with-in.

Chorus.

There is no stain, up - on my soul,

There is no blot there is no stain, up - on my soul my hap - py soul,

For Je - sus' blood, has made me whole.

Be-cause I know that Je-sus' blood has washed me clean and made me whole.

NO STAIN UPON MY SOUL.

(CONTINUED.)



Yes he has washed a-way my sins.

His pre-ci-ous blood has free-ly washed a-way my sins, all my sins.



And now my life is pure with-in.

And now my life my hap-py life is pure with-in. is pure with-in.

2. No condemnation hangs my brow
There's sunlight on my face;
I fully trust my Savior now,
And feed upon His grace.
3. Though clouds arise I shall not fear,
For He will lead me on;
All up the way His voice I hear,
I am not left alone.

4. And when dark Jordan I must cross
My Savior will be there;
I know my soul will not be lost
For He has paid the fare.
5. When I shall reach the heavenly plains
Still this shall be my theme:
Upon my soul there is no stain
For Christ has made me clean.

MY GOD, MY LIFE.

JUDD, S. M. KEY A♭

1. My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove;
For thou art all in all.
2. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
4. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

This song was suggested to the author by the inspiration of the Sabbath School and Church Bells in St. Augustine, Fla., one morning when they seemed to chime more sweetly than ever, filling his soul with overwhelming delight, his little boy said, "Don't the bells ring sweetly."

CHIME ON BELLS.

G. F. Thompson.

W. H. Sherwood.

Hark! hear the chim-ing sab-bath bells, ring out the hap-py gold-en

strain What joy they ev - ry mo-ment tell, what great de-light in them we

Chorus.

gain, Chime on, Chime on sweet

Chime on sweet bells, chime on. Chime on sweet bells chime on, sweet

Sab-bath bells chime on, chime on, chime on, chime

Sab-bath bells chime on, chime mer - ri - ly on, chime on, sweet bells chime on, chime on

CHIME ON BELLS. (Continued),

pp ad lib.

on, till Jesus comes. Sweet bells chime on.

Sweet bells chime on till Je - sus comes, sweet bells chime on.

2. Chime out with all thy glad refrain
Chime sweetly out His love again;
Send out the sound to nation around,
Tell what a Savior we have found.

3. Chime in the glorious Sabbath day
And call the happy children in;
Bid them to seek the joyful way,
And shun each day the road of sin.

This is one of the sweet old time Spirituals, that the poor oppressed colored people sang in the days of their bitterest sorrow, inspiring many hearts, and well deserves a place in "Soothing Songs".

W. H. Sherwood.

STEAL AWAY.

REV. DR. G. H. SHAFFER.

Contributed by G. H. SHAFFER, D. D.

p

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

f *p* *FINE*

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I h'aint got long to stay here.

(Continued on Page 17.)

This Anthem may be used to great appropriation for Church Rallies, Collections, Conferences, and Celebrations by changing the word "Church" and putting "School" or Temperance Meeting by using the word "Our cause is moving on."

THE CHURCH IS MOVING ON.

W. H. S.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

Mov - ing on, mov - ing on, mov ing on, mov-ing on, oh the

Mov-ing on,

Church is mov-ing on

Oh the church is mov-ing on, mov-ing on, mo-ving on, mo-ving on, mov-ing

Oh the Church is mov - ing on

on mov - ing on oh the Church is mov - ing on.

1. With the heav'nly armor shining bright moving on, mo-ving on mo-ving on, moving on, moving on
2. We will cheer our hearts with happy song

THE CHURCH IS MOVING ON.

(CONTINUED)

We are waging war for truth and right moving on, mo-ving on mo-ving on, moving on
In the Lord of hosts our hope is strong, to vic-to-ry

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Mov - ing on, mov - ing
Soon we'll reach the land of end - less day.

on, Mov - ing on, Mov - ing on, Mov - ing on. Guid - ed by the ev - er blessed
We must conquer Sat - an all the

Word. Mov - ing on, Oh our Church is mov - ing on.
way.

D. C.

On every mount the banner waves, moving on, moving on, moving on, moving on.
In Jesus' name it has been raised, moving on, moving on, moving on, moving on.
Let us all stand by the grand old chart, moving on, moving on, moving on, moving on.
Let every soldier bear his part, oh! the church is moving on.—*Da Capo*,

I SHALL REST MY SOUL.

G. F. Thompson.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa 35; 10.

W. H. Sherwood.

I am wait-ing for the dark-ness of this sin - ful life to pass,

Then I'll wor ship in the bright-ness of my home sweet home at last

Chorus.

High be yond the swel-ling bil-lows, o - ver on the oth - er shore,

other shore

In the shad-ow of the wil - low I shall rest my wea - ry soul.

happy soul.

2. I am passing down the valley
To the swelling Jordans bank;
Soon I'll gather with the many
In that high and happy rank,

3. While I here the cross am bearing
Meeting storms of sorrows wild;
Christ is for my soul preparing,
Robe and crown that's undefiled,

STEAL AWAY.

(CONTINUED.)

f

1 My Lord calls me, He calls me by the Thun-der, the
2 Green trees are bend-ing, poor sin - ners stand tremb-ling, The

p D C.

trump et sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

3. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.

Cho:—Steal away, etc.

4. Tombstones are bursting,
Poor sinners are trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.

Cho: - Steal away, etc.

JOY.

AMAZON, C. M. KEY A.

1. Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In natures barren soil;
All we can bosst till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil

2. But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

3. A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
A sense of pardoning love—
A hope that triumphs over death,—
Give joy like those above.

4. To take a glimpse within the vail,—
To know that god is mine—
Are Springs of joy that never fail;
Unspeakable devine!

"I WILL FIGHT."

W. H. Sherwood,

"Fight the good fight of faith".—1 Tim. 6:12.

W. H. Sherwood.

I want to be a sold-ier for the Lord, I will de-fend his ev-er-last-ing

word. I will fight, I will stay, and prove faith-full ev'-ry day in the ar-my of my

Chorus.

Lord. I will fight I will stay in the ar-my, bles-sed ar-my of my

Al - ways fight, Al - ways stay

Lord. I vo-lun-tered to stay, and be faith-ful ev'-ry day, in the ar-my of my Lord.
Of my Lord.

"I WILL FIGHT."

2. My Captain 's gone before me on the field,
I promised him to follow at his will,
I will follow where He goes till He conquers all
His foes
In the army of the Lord.
3. I take my stand around His holy staff,
I place my hands and feet upon His path,
I will hold to the cross, counting all the world but
dross
In the army of the Lord.

4. The Captain wants no cowards in His band,
The Master calls for valiant hearted men:
I will fight till I die, I will hold my banner
high
In the army of the Lord.
5. And when on earth the battle strife shall end,
The Heavenly sky the victor's voice shall rend,
I will shout the struggle o'er and will study war
no more
In the army of the Lord.

This old time refrain is one of my earliest inspirations. When a boy, how many good old time Christians gathered in a log hut sing and praise their God. My mother full 30 years ago, made it ring through my soul. The impression is still there.

"WILL YOU GO?"

W. H. SHERWOOD.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

Je - sus my all to heav'n has gone, Him whom I fix my hope up-on.

Chorus.

Oh, seek - er will you go? Will you go? Will you go?

Oh seek - er will you go, where pleas-ure ne-ver dies

2. His track I see and I'll pursue a narrow way to Him I view.—*Cho.*
3. This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not.—*Cho.*
4. The way the holy prophets went, the road that leads from banishment.—*Cho.*
5. The kings highway of holiness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.—*Cho.*

This old time Spiritual was sung in the meeting where I found the Savior, fully fifteen years ago. I feel the inspiration this moment. now I can never forget it. How full of assurance it is. W. H. SHERWOOD.

ROOM ENOUGH.

"And yet there's room."

Oh, broth-ers don't stay a - way, Broth-ers don't stay a - way,

Broth - ers don't stay a - way, Don't stay a - way.

Chorus.

For my Lord says there's room e - nough, Room e - nough in the

Heav'ns for you, My Lord says there's room enough, Don't stay a-way

2. Oh, mourners don't stay away.
Cho.—For the Bible says there's room enough, &c.
3. Oh, sinners don't stay away.
Cho.—For the angel says there's room enough, &c.
4. Oh, children, don't stay away.
Cho.—For Jesus says there's room enough, &c.

MERCY IS FREE.

W. H. S.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. Rev. 22:17

W. H. SHERWOOD.

Go, preach his word, spread the news abroad, tell the world sal - va - tion's free

Tell them how he died, in the grave was laid, paid the debt for you and me.

Mer-cy's free for me. Mer-cy's free for you and me.

Mer-cy's free for me, for you and me.

Mercy's free for me, for you, for me, mercy's free for you and me.

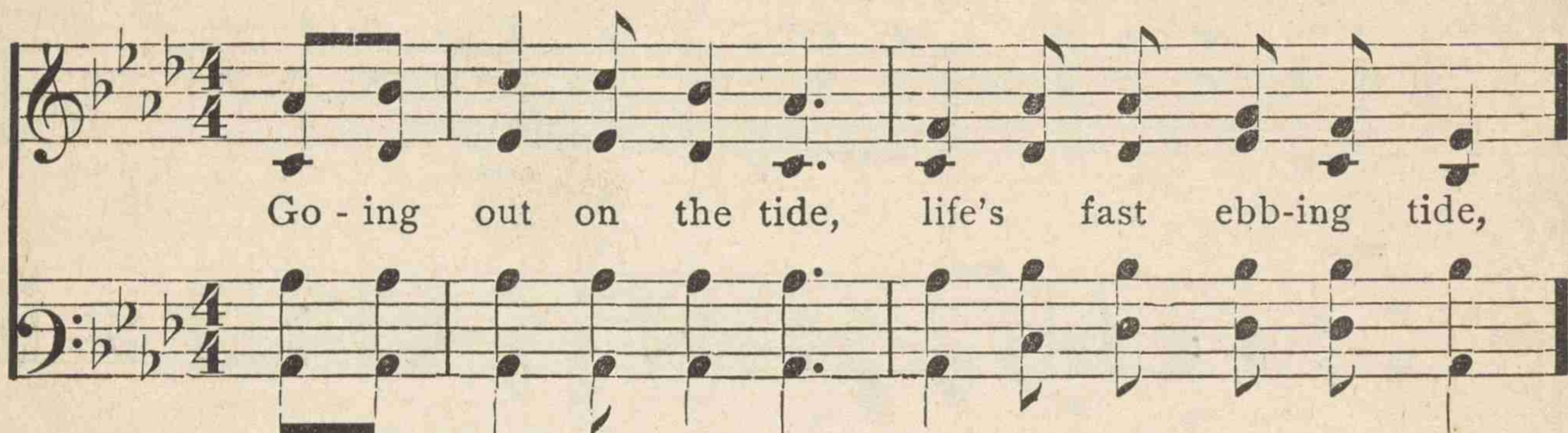
2. Why then sinner mourn o'er works undone
Why smite your soul with grief?
On the cross was hung, your victors palm,
Christ bought your victory.
3. Sinner trust him now, to his scepter bow,
Let not conscience make you wait,
Cast away your fear, and with faith draw near,
Tarry not untill too late.

Suggested by a scene in Pensacola, Florida, on Pensacola Bay, August, 1890. An excursion party had gone out on a pleasure trip with the tide. Its ebbing made their return difficult, and filled their parents and friends with extreme anxiety, one mother exclaiming, "Oh, my God, will my child ever return!"

"GOING OUT ON THE TIDE."

Music by W. H. S.


By W. H. Sherwood.



Go - ing out on the tide, life's fast ebb-ing tide,



and its bil - lows how loud - ly they roar. Will the boat the storm a - bide



as they thought-less-ly ride, what o what is the mar-

Chorus.



rin - ers goal out on the tide.....
fast eb - bing tide

"GOING OUT ON THE TIDE."

(CONTINUED.)

Going out, Going out, on the tide. how thoughtless they

ride Going out going out on the tide.
out on the tide,

2. Going out on the tide, life's high rising tide,
And its billows how wildly they swell,
Onward boundless they ride on the high rising
tide,
What ending the journey will tell.

3. See how careless they ride, can the children
Stem the tide?
They are out, they are out on the tide,
God will temper the tide if in Him they confide
While they all are out on the tide.

LABAN S. M.

KEY D.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise!
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down!
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

ASHAMED OF JESUS!

CRICHLOW. L. M. KEY A.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted head of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more reverse his name.

"THE ANGEL BAND."

W. H. S.

"With my song, will I praise Him."—Ps. 28:7

W. H. Sherwood.



I have a home be-yond the sky, a pal-ace made by Gods own hand.



Where songs of joy ev-er rise, Going home to join the angels band.

Chorus.



At the throne of the king, where the saints always sing and the harps of glo-ry ring we'll stand

stand we'll stand



Notes of high joy we raise Christ the king ev - er praise going home to join the angels band.

2. When this tabernacle shall dissolve
I have a building made above,
Built by the Lord's almighty hand:
We are going to join the angel band.
3. On earth we have no resting place
We are only living on his grace,

But soon we will see him face to face:
We are going to join the angel band.

4. My Saviour bids me to prepare
The starry crown and robe to wear,
I intend to be waiting there
We are going to join the angel band.

These questions put in one of Dr. Sherwoods meetings to the congregation: Who will it be my friends? What will it be? How will it be? Will it be you? will it be well? Will it be bad?

SHALL YOU? SHALL I?

W. H. S

LUKE 13:24

W. H. S.

Some one will en-ter the pearl-y gate By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glories that there a-wait, shall you? shall I?

Some one will tra-vel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful vis-sions will

there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?

- 2 Some one will gladly his cross lay down by and by, by and by.
Faithful, approved, shall receive the crown, shall you, shall I?
Some one the glorious King will see, ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with him thro' eternity: Shall you? shall I?
- 3 Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
Hear a voice saying "I know you not", Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will strive when the door is barred
Some one will fail of the saints reward: Shall you? shall I?
- 4 Some one will sing the triumphant song, By and by, by and by,
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore, loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory forever more: Shall you? shall I?

From ballad sung in many of the revival meetings with good effect. Its origin is unknown.

OVER THERE!

Contributed by A. J. Russell.

Set to music by W. H. Sherwood.

Come all ye scatt-er'd race and the savi - ors love em-brace.

You may see his smil-ing face with care, He is on the giv-

ing hand, if you'd come at his com-mand, you may with the an gels stand o'er

Chorus

there ov - er there . . .

ov - er there, ov - er there, ov - er there, ov - er there ov-er there

OVER THERE!

(CONTINUED.)

ov - er there . . . there's a land of
ov-er there, ov-er there ov-or there, ov-er there

pure de-light ov - er there we will lay our burd - en down and at
ov - er there

Je-sus' side set down and wear a star - y crown ov-er there.
ov-er there.

2 Oh, consider our stand | When he took us by the hand,
From the dreadful bar of sand, to his care.
And he placed us on the Rock | Now we stand on Pisgahs top—
And we view the happy flock over there.

3 Yes, he went to Calvary, | Where they nailed him to the tree
And he died for you and me without fear;
On the third day he 'rose, | And he conquered every foe—
Now salvation does appear over there.

4 They are going through the land | As a missionary band,
Leading sinners by the hand to his care,
That Salvation he may give | As they turn to him and live—
In the pretty world of Love over there.

Is not this the Land of Beulah?

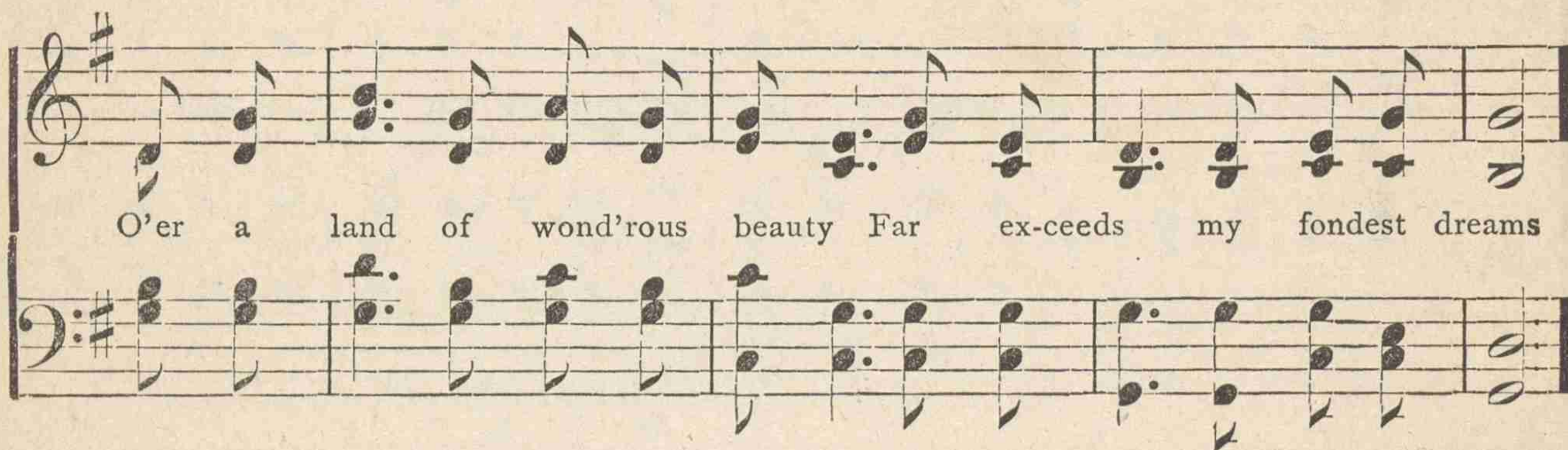
W. H. S.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

This sentiment was awakened in the heart of the author in 1878 as he was passing along a sparkling brook in a mellow scented region of Fla. Sung from ballad in many of his meetings.



I am dwel - ling on the moun - tain where the gold - en sun-light gleams




O'er a land of wond'rous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams



Where the air is pure eth - e - real Lad - en with the breath of flowers.

Cho—Is not this the land of Beu - lah? Bles - sed bles - sed land of light,

D. S. Chor.



They are bloom-ing by the fount-ain 'Neath the am - a - ran - thine bowr's.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, and the sun is al - ways bright

Is not this the Land of Beulah?

2. I can see far down the mountain, where I wandered
weary years,
Often hindered in my journey by the ghosts of doubt
and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments thickly sprinkled
all the way,
But the spirit led unerring, to the land I hold
to-day.
3. I am drinking at the fountain where I ever would
abide,
For I've tasted life's pure river and my soul is
satisfied,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures nor adorning
rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure, one that fadeth
not away.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses, nor the burdens hard
to bear,
For I've found this great salvation makes each burd-
en light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus, gladly counting all but
dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking for the glory of the
cross.
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this
to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow, I can see my path-
way through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers; Take the cross thou
need'st not fear
For I've tried the way before thee, and the glory lin-
gers near.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

W. H. S.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

W. H. SHERWOOD.

There are mansions e - ter - nal, Will you be there? There are fields ever
ver-nal, Will you be there? Where the glorified rest, With the Savi - our so blest,
Where no cares can in - fest. Will you be there? Will you be there?

2. There are saints now in glory,
Will you be there?
And they chant the old story, will you be there?
Where the glorified sing, and heav'n's arches ring
With the praise of their king, will you be there?
Will you be there?

3. There are loved ones gone before,
Will you be there?
And they wait on that shore, will you be there?
When in judgment so grand,
The redeemed ones shall stand,
At the saviours right hand, will you be there?

GOING HOME.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5:8.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

W. H. SHERWOOD.

Go-ing home, Go-ing home Go-ing home

Our bles-sed home A hap-py home Joy-ful home

Beau-ti-ful home, Go-ing home, Peace-ful home,

My hap-py home, A shining home,

Chorus

Je-sus smiles and bids me to come, Going home, Going home,

My happy home, heav-en-ly home

Happy home, Beau-ti-ful home To that home so bright and fair,

Joy-ful home

GOING HOME.

(CONTINUED.)



There's no sor-row and no fear, when I'm done with toil-ing here, go ing home.



Going home

2. Going home, nev'r to roam
To my home, beautiful home
To my home beyond the sky
Where my greatest Joy lies.—*Cho.*
3. By and by, by and by,
Going home beyond the sky,
When the sorrows all are past,
I shall reach my home at last.—*Cho.*
4. Here my stay can't be long,
Soon my work on earth is done;
Christ will soon call me home,
When my duty here is done.—*Cho.*

5. Fare you well, fare you well,
Going home with Christ to dwell,
Soon I'll ring the charming bells,
When I bid this world farewell.—*Cho.*
6. There we'll sing, sweetly sing.
Make the harps of heaven ring;
We will stand by the throne,
When we all are safe at home.—*Cho.*
7. We'll come home safely home,
Brightest home beautiful home,
Shining home, smiling home,
Safe at home, no more to roam.—*Cho.*

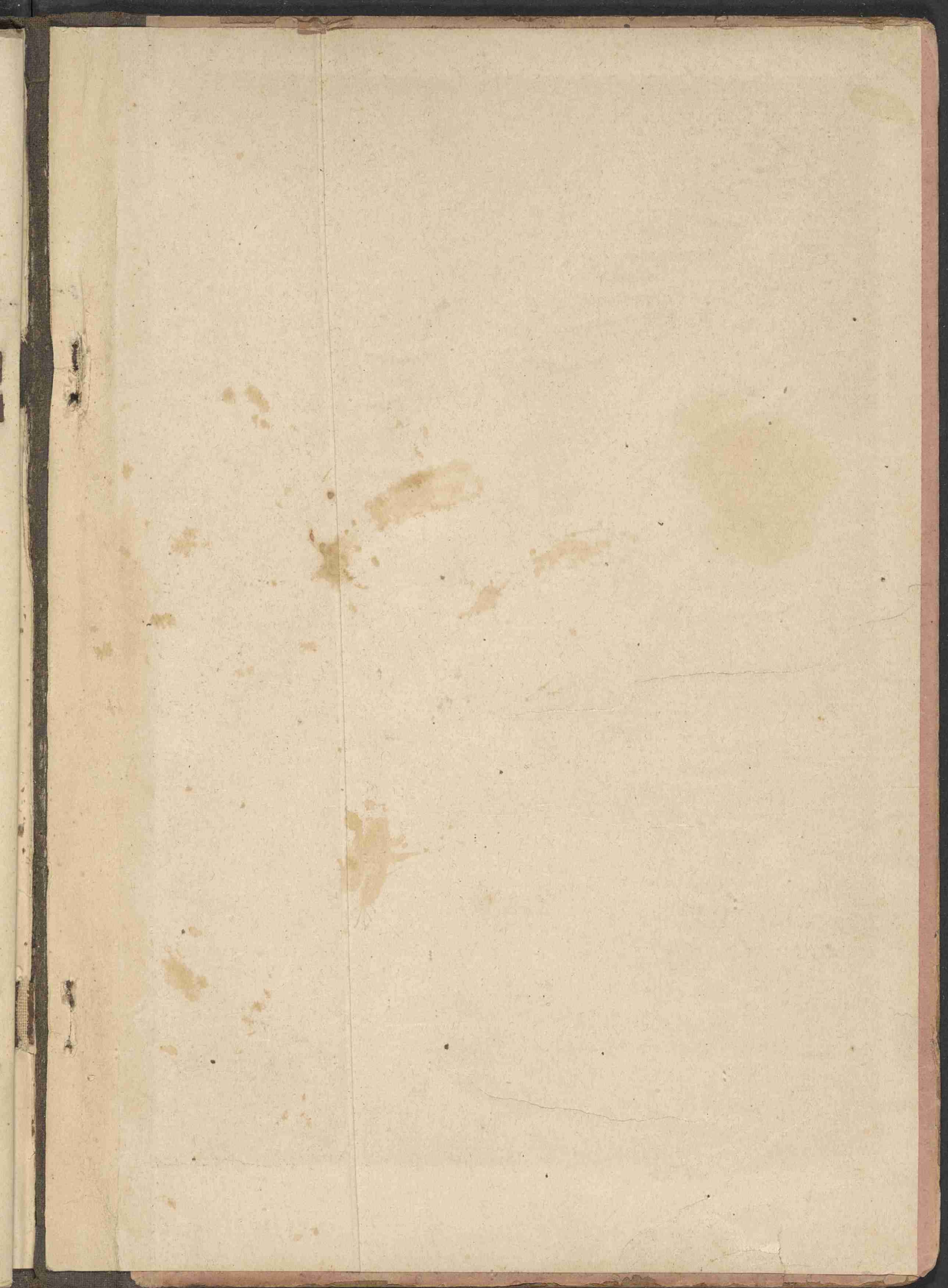
HEBRON, L. M.

L. MASON.



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