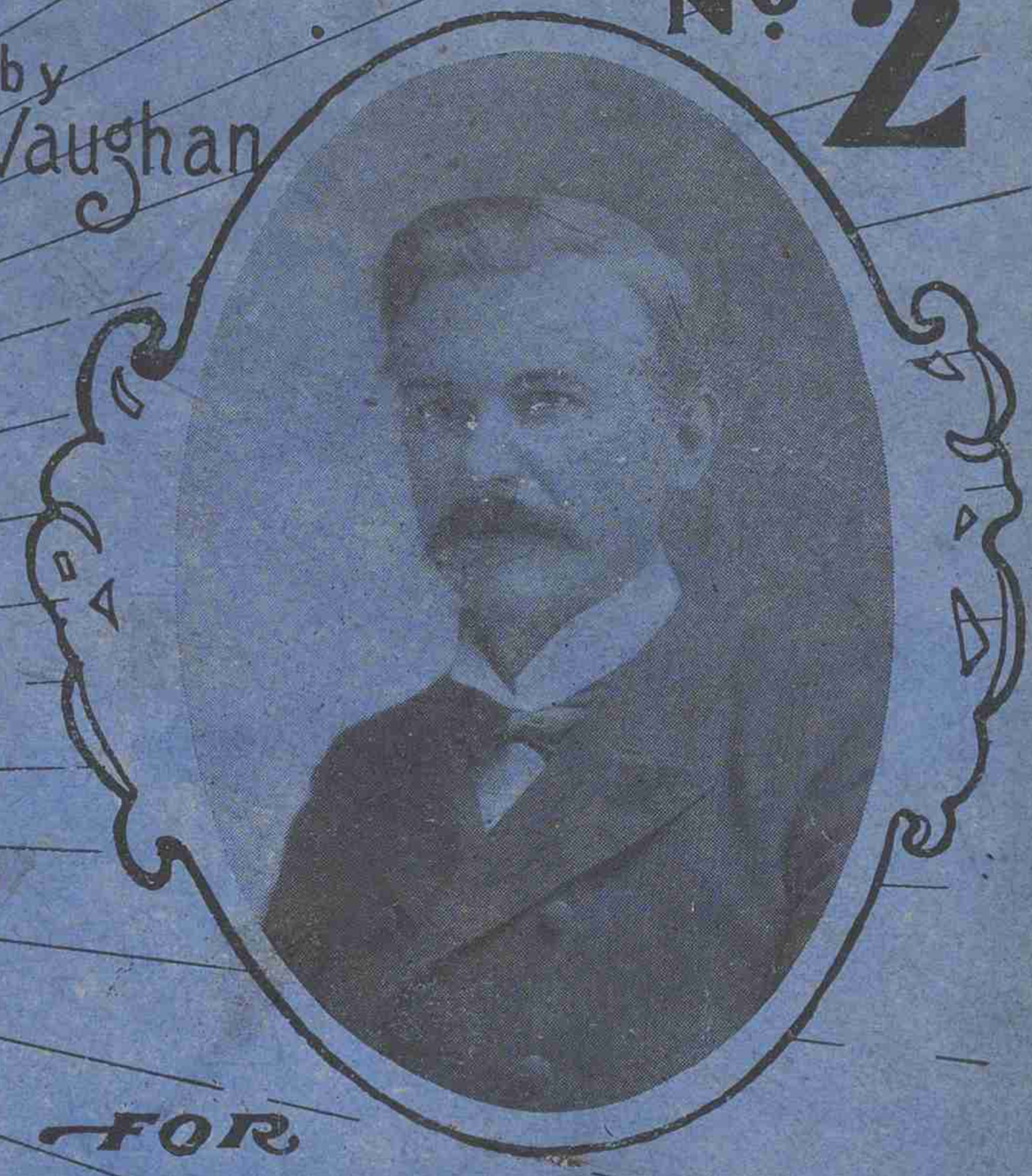
WINDOWS of HEAVEN

No. 2

by

J. B. Vaughan



FOR

Sunday Schools
Singing Schools
& Social Gatherings

PUBLISHED BY

J·B·VAUGHAN

Bowman·Ga· Mt·Sylvan·Texas

20 CENTS PER COPY $2.00 PER DOZEN PREPAID

001164-SPO

No. 3 WILL THE DOOR BE OPEN?

MRS. NETTIE MOORE. J. W. MOORE.

1. Will the door o - ver yon - der be o - pen, In that coun - try of
2. When I knock at the door o - ver yon - der, Will I see moth - er
3. When we all gath - er home o - ver yon - der, When we meet broth - er,

love so bright and fair? Will my fa ther be wait-ing to wel - come? Will a
stand-ing at the door? Will the songs we have sung be re-peat - ed? 'Twill be
sis - ter gone be - fore, O the bliss that a-waits all the faith - ful, Where the

CHORUS.

crown be a-wait - ing for me there? Will the doors..... be o - pen
heav - en and glo - ry ev - er more.
good meet to part no nev - er more. Will the doors be o - pen?

there? Will the doors..... be o - pen there? Will the
O - pen o-ver there? Will thy doors be o - pen, O-pen there for me?

loved ones be standing there to wel - come? Where all will be glo - ry ev-er - more.

J. B. Vaughan, owner

No. 4. JUST A LITTLE WHILE.

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle while and the day will dawn, And the drear-y night,
2. Just a lit - tle while, then, the toils all done, And the bat-tle fought,
3. Just a lit - tle while, and the tears that stray Down our fac - es now,
4. Just a lit - tle while—let us work and wait, Till our Father's hand

be for - ev - er gone; Just a lit - tle while e'er the storms will cease,
and the vict-'ry won, We shall lay the cross and the bur-den down,
God will wipe a- way; And the bit - ter pain and the wand'rings lone
o - pens wide the gate, And we hear His voice sweet-ly bid us come,

D. S.—*Soon our wea - ry feet to the end will come—*

CHORUS.

Ere the heav'nly calm, the e - ter- nal peace.
To receive at last heaven's promised crown. Just a lit-tle while, O it
All will sure- ly end at the Father's throne.
Ev - er-more to dwell with the Lord at home.

Glo - ry be to God! we are al- most home.

won't be long, Cour-age, faint-ing heart! let your faith be strong;

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 5. CAN I FORGET THEE.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O wondrous sto - ry, Je - sus died for me, Can I for-
2. Think of His bleeding hands and thorn-crown brow, Can I for-
3. Soon I shall go and rest on yon - der shore, Home with my

get my bless - ed Sav - iour? Yes, Je - sus died on Calv'ry's
get my bless - ed Sav - iour? Je - sus is with me, Je - sus
Sav-iour, home for - ev - er, Where gloom - y days and nights shall

cru - el tree, Can I e'er for - get my bless-ed Sav - iour?
saves me now, I can ne'er for - get my bless-ed Sav - iour?
be no more, Home at last with Je - sus, bless-ed Sav - iour?

CHORUS.

Can I for - get Thee? Can I for - get Thee?

1 2

Can I e'er for - get my bless - ed Sav - iour? Sav - iour?

No. 6. ROBE AND CROWN.

A. P. S. A. P. SPILLERS.

1. I am go - ing to my home, no more to sin and roam,
   I shall live with God a - bove, in that land of peace and love,
2. I have friends gone on be - fore, they are stand - ing at the door,
   Blest com-mun - ion, O how sweet, when to - geth - er we shall meet,
3. But the sweet - est of it all when at Je - sus' feet we fall,
   Soon we'll lay our ar - mors down and re - ceive the robe and crown,

Go - ing to wear a robe and a crown; Go - ing to wear a robe and a crown.

CHORUS.

Wear a robe, wear a crown,
beau - ti - ful robe, beau - ti - ful crown,

Go - ing to wear a robe and a crown, Wear a robe,
beau - ti - ful robe,

wear a crown, Go - ing to wear a robe and a crown.
beau - ti - ful crown,

No. 7. TOILING ON.

W. C. McCONNELL. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Let us scat-ter seeds of kindness, And dispel the gloom and sadness;
2. See the vineyard gate is wid'ning, And the ripen'd fruit is wast-ing;
3. Shall we go a-lone to glo-ry, Or shall we not tell the sto-ry
4. Let your voice be always ring-ing, Of the Sav-iour ev-er sing-ing;

Let us fill some heart with gladness, As we jour-ney, jour-ney on.
'Twill be lost for want of glean-ing, Who will go and work to-day?
Of our Lord, the Christ so ho-ly, And receive the great re-ward?
You have heard His sweet voice calling, Go in haste! be toil-ing on.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on,
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on,

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Guid-ed
toil-ing on, toil-ing on,

by the hand of Je-sus, We are toil-ing, toil-ing on.

Used by per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 8. OVER THERE.

J. D. V. "I go to prepare a place for you."—St. John 14: 2. JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

1. We are marching on to a mansion bright a-bove, Soon we'll
2. Ma - ny friends have gone to that hap-py, hap-py place, Soon we'll
3. What a joy - ful time when we meet to part no more, Soon we'll
4. Come and go with us, for the time is drawing nigh, Soon we'll

all be at home o - ver there; In that bless - ed home we shall
all be at home o - ver there; We shall reach there, too, thro' the
all be at home o - ver there; There's a robe and crown waiting
all be at home o - ver there; We shall live and reign where we

dwell in peace and love, Soon we'll all be at home o - ver there.
Saviour's boundless grace, Soon we'll all be at home o - ver there.
on that gold-en shore, Soon we'll all be at home o - ver there.
nev - er-more shall die, Soon we'll all be at home o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, O - ver there, We shall
O - ver there, o - ver there,

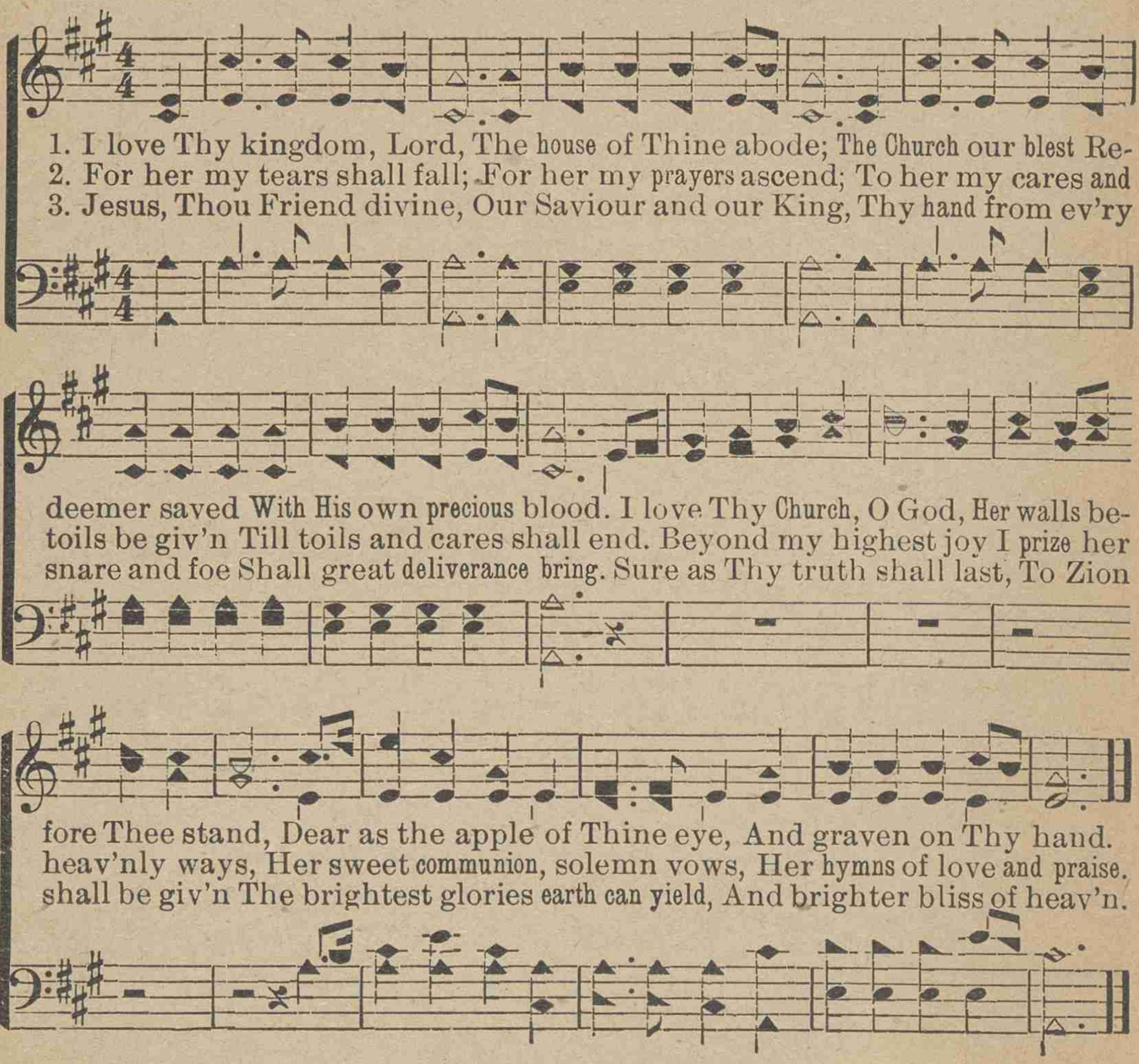
Used by per. of The Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

OVER THERE. Concluded.





No. 8½. BEALOTH. S. M. D.



No. 9. REMEMBER ME.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Dear Je - sus, when be - fore Thy throne, O Lord, wilt Thou re - mem - ber
2. A wea - ry wan-d'rer to and fro, In this dark world a - lone I
3. Dear Lord, I know I'm weak and small, And oft - en far a - way from
4. Re - mem - ber me when far a - way, And help me, Lord, live near - er

me? Dost Thou for - get Geth - sem - a - ne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
go; Dear Lord, I give my all to Thee, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Thee; If I can on - ly feel and know, That Thou re - mem - ber me.
Thee, In dis - tant land I cast my lot, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber me, tho' I may roam, In dis - tant lands I

cast my lot; And far a - way from friends and home, O

Lord, for - get me not, O Lord, for - get me not.

No. 10. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day, Call-ing for thee,
2. Je - sus is earn - est - ly plead-ing to - day, Pleading for thee,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing the wea - ry to bless, Waiting to - day,
4. Je - sus is call - ing, O, hear His glad voice, Hear Him to - day,

call - ing for thee; Broth-er, dear brother, why long - er de - lay?
pleading for thee, Quench not the spir - it, nor drive Him a - way,
wait-ing to - day, Come with re - pentance and hum-bly con-fess,
hear Him to - day, Come, all ye sad ones, and in Him re - joice,

CHORUS.

Life and sal - va-tion are free.
Lest He for - ev - er shall flee. Call - ing, He's call - ing,
He will not turn thee a - way.
While He is pass-ing this way. Calling, He's tenderly calling for thee,

The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee,.... Call - ing, He's
for thee, Calling, He's tender - ly

call - ing, The Sav-iour is call - ing for thee.....
call - ing for thee, for thee.

By per. H. A. R. Horton.

No. 11 Come, Listen to My Story.

Dedicated to the boys of our country.

Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

1. Come, lis - ten to my sto - ry now, A song to you I'll sing,
2. I promised her 'twould not be long Till we should meet a - gain;
3. Now since I've traced my footsteps to The home of long a - go,

Of home, the dearest place on earth, That mem - o - ry could ev-er bring.
Then bid - ding her a kind farewell, I start - ed to a far-off land.
I find that ev-'ry-thing has changed While I was wand'ring to and fro.

Some years a - go I left my home For fort-une and for fame, While
On look-ing back I saw her kneel With hands pressed to her face, And
The grape-vine swing has fallen down Which grew down near the mill, The

moth-er, pleading-ly did say: "Son, when shall we two meet a - gain?"
these the words me-think she said: "O Fa - ther, guide him by Thy grace."
old log house where mother prayed Lies mould'ring now up-on the hill.

REFRAIN.

Tho' man - y years have past and gone Since at dear mother's knee I lisped,

Come, Listen to My Story.



No. 12 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.

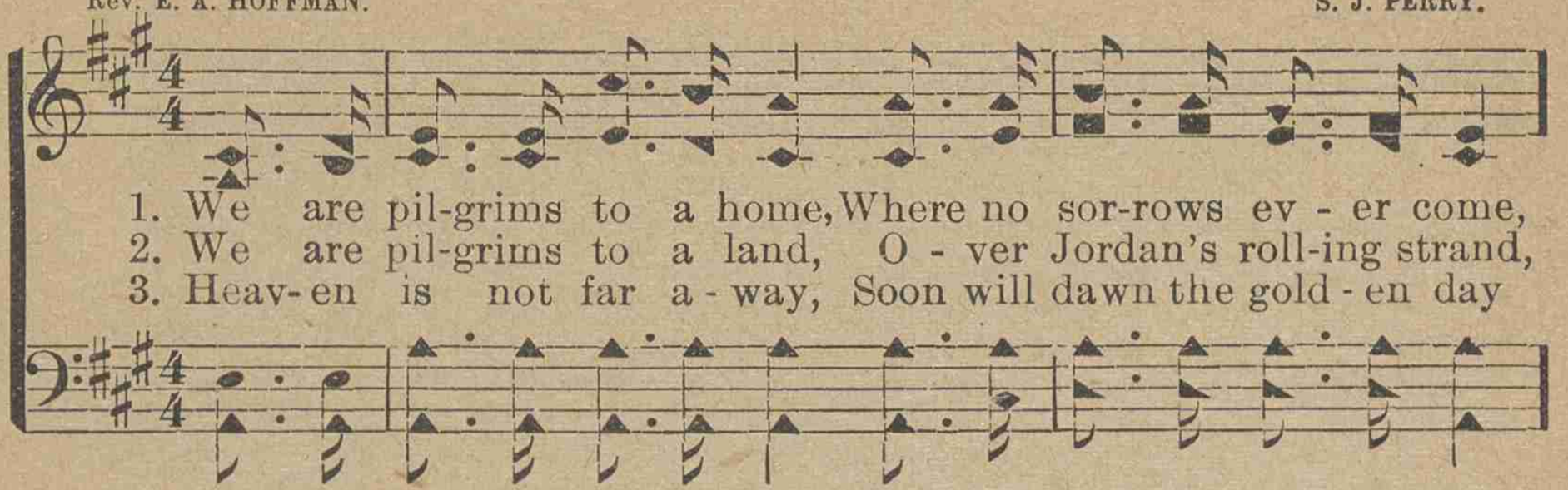


No. 13.

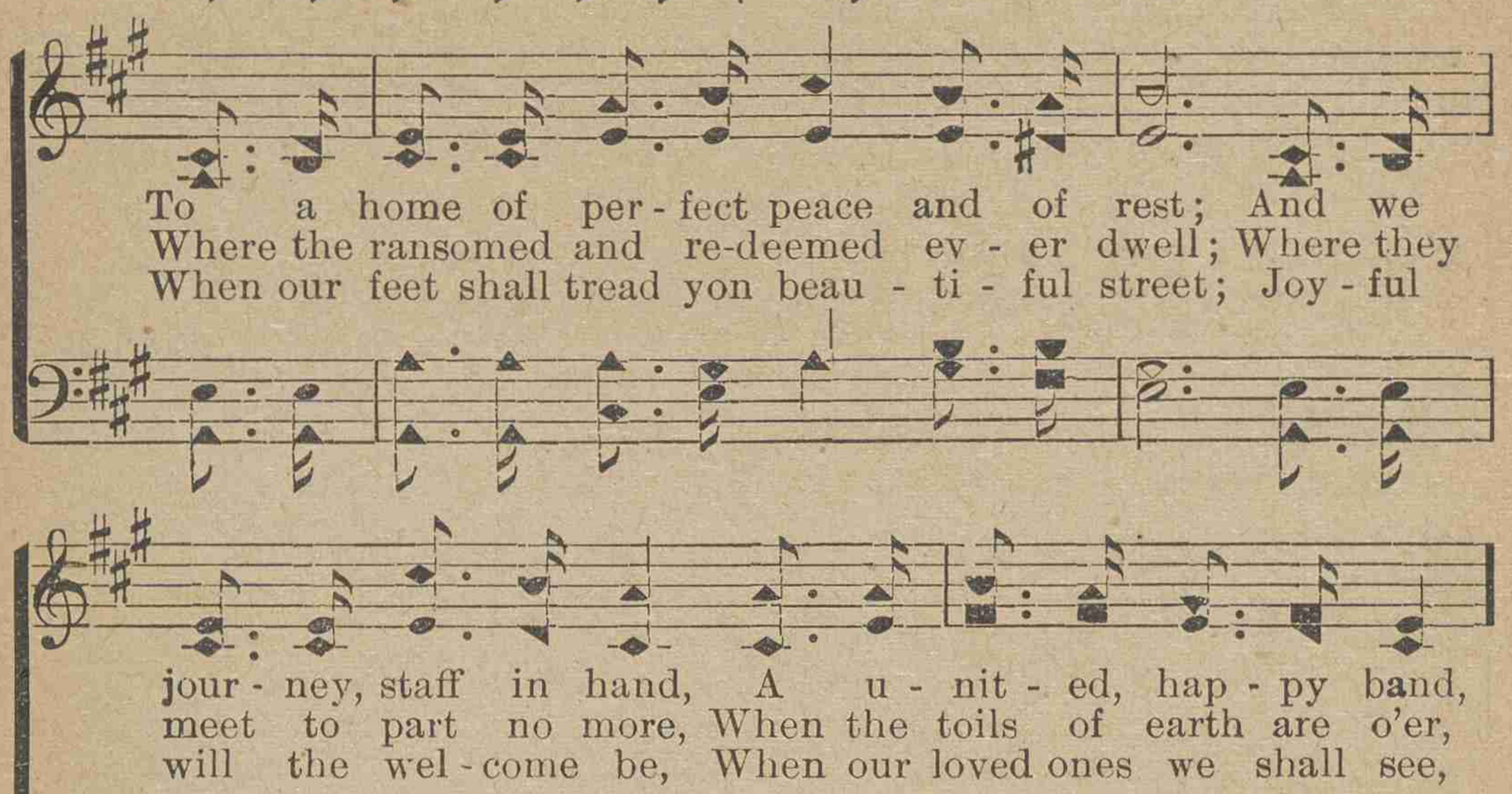
BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

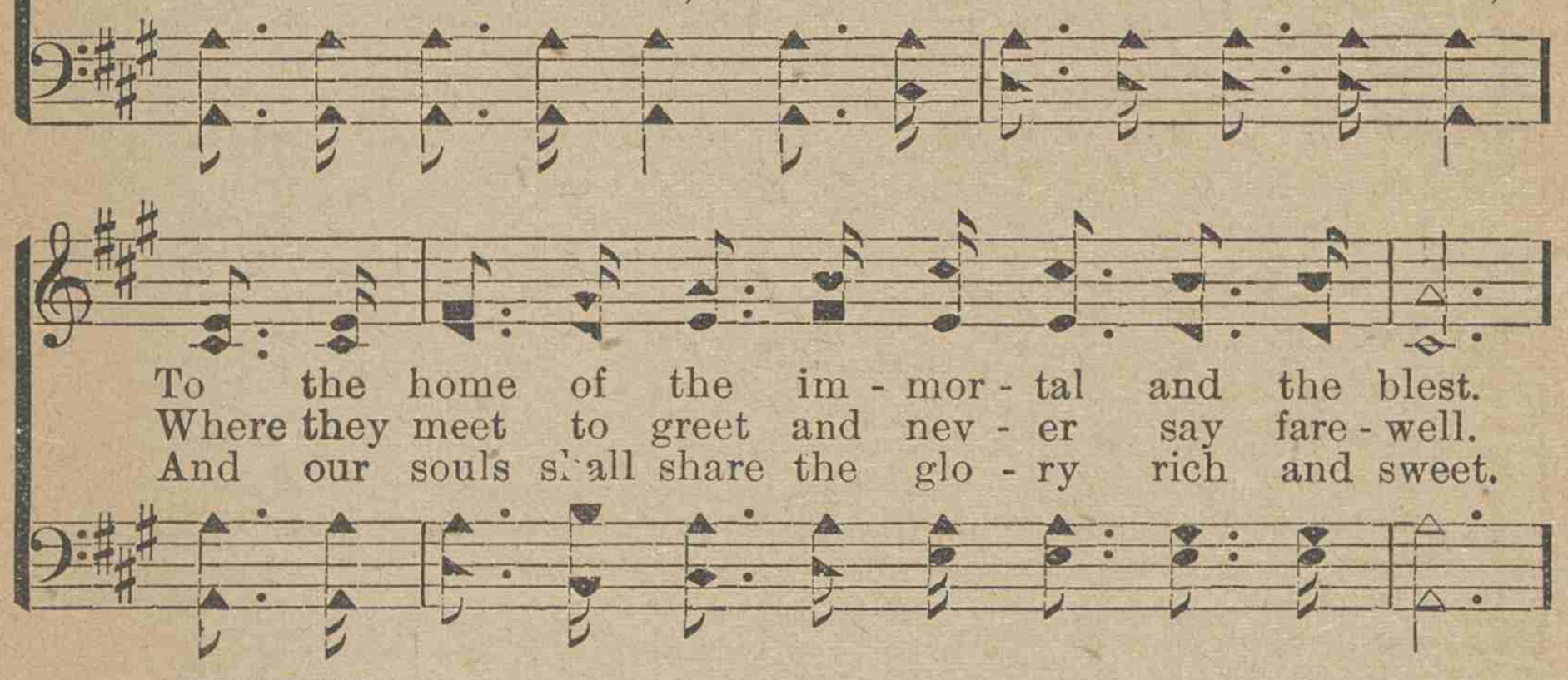
1. We are pil-grims to a home, Where no sor-rows ev - er come,
2. We are pil-grims to a land, O - ver Jordan's roll-ing strand,
3. Heav-en is not far a - way, Soon will dawn the gold - en day



To a home of per - fect peace and of rest; And we
Where the ransomed and re-deemed ev - er dwell; Where they
When our feet shall tread yon beau - ti - ful street; Joy - ful



jour - ney, staff in hand, A u - nit - ed, hap - py band,
meet to part no more, When the toils of earth are o'er,
will the wel - come be, When our loved ones we shall see,



To the home of the im - mor - tal and the blest.
Where they meet to greet and nev - er say fare - well.
And our souls shall share the glo - ry rich and sweet.



REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti - ful home, On the
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,

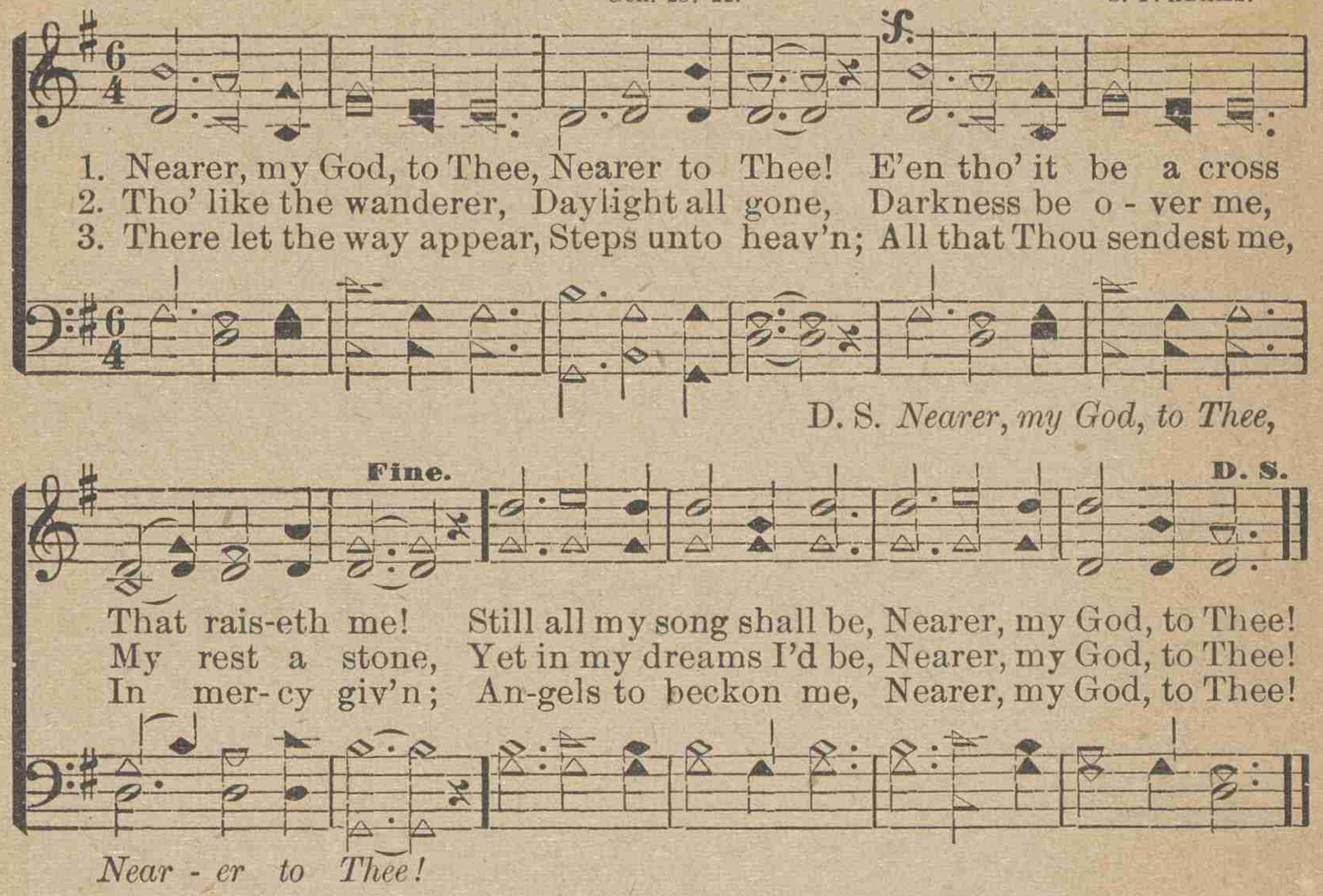
From "Crowning Vocalist," by per. of S. J. Perry.

BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.



No. 13½. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Gen. 28: 22. S. F. ADAMS.



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

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

No. 14. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be - low, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
4. Be mine a hap- pier lot to own, I feel like trav-el - ing on,
5. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like trav-el - ing on,

Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
A heav'nly mansion near the throne, I feel like trav- el - ing on.
Un - til that bless-ed home I see, I feel like trav- el - ing on.

CHORUS.

Yes, I feel like trav-el- ing on, I feel like trav-el - ing
trav-el-ing on,

on; My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.
trav-el-ing on;

No. 15. THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET. Sop. and Tenor.

1. Home of the soul, that sweet home of the soul, Won - der-ful home I have
   O the sweet rest that is wait - ing somewhere, O I am long - ing, yes,
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has gone to pre-pare, Home for the wea - ry, I
   Loved ones are wait-ing to wel-come me home, There to be hap - py and
3. When I get home, O how sweet it will be, Wont that be glo - ry from
   Mu - sic, sweet mu-sic, while a - ges shall roll, Won - der-ful sto - ry, I've

CHORUS.

oft - en been told;
long to be there.
long to be there.
know as I'm known.
sor - row set free;
oft - en been told.

Rest - ing at home, that sweet
Rest - ing at home, while the
Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,
Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,

home..... of the soul,.....
a - ges shall roll,.....
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul,
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul,

Won - der - ful
O..... how I
won-der-ful sto - ry can
O how I long, yes, I

sto - ry can nev - er be told.....
long..... for that home..... of the (*Omit . .*) soul.
nev - er be told, nev-er, no, nev - er, can nev-er be told,
long for the home, long-ing for home of the (*Omit . . .*) soul.

1 2

No. 16. Cow-Boy's Carnival.

Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Thomas.

Dedicated to the Cow-boys of Texas.

Rev. C. W. Byron, arr. by J. E. T. Walter L. Rose.



1. I've been think - ing to - day as my thot's be-gan to stray, Your
2. May we lift our voi - ces high till the glo-rious by and by, And be
3. As we look up - on the plain to the cow-boys who have fain While the



mem - o - ry to me's worth more than gold; As you ride up-on the plain midst the
known by all thro' God's own brand of love; For His prop-er-ty we are and He'll
rag-ing storm and light'ning flash-es by; We will meet to part no more on that



sunshine and the rain, You'll be round-ed up with - in the Master's fold.
know us from a - far, And will round us up in glo - ry by and by.
hap - py gold - en shore When we're rounded up in glo - ry by and by.



Chorus.



We'll be round-ed up in glo - ry by and by, (by and by,) We'll be



round-ed up in glo - ry by and by; (by and by); When the milling time is o'er,



Cow-Boy's Carnival.



No. 17. Cleansing Fountain.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

CHORUS.

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die;
And thus I hope to sing His praise
In sweeter strains on high.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 17½ Evergreen Shore.

Key of G.

S. STENNETT.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

2 Oh, the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No. 18. HOME OF REST.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Soon my Sav - iour I shall see, with the loved ones I shall be, And from
2. O - ver in that sun - ny clime far be - yond the shores of time, Where the
3. How I long to reach that home, with the loved ones I shall roam, And I'll

sin and sor-row free, I'll be there; There's a land so bright and fair in that
love lights ev-er shine, I'll be there; Yes, the loved lights shine so bright they will
meet those who have gone, over there; Soon I'll lay my ar-mor down and take

D. S.—There's a land so bright and fair in that

Fine.

home be - yond somewhere, Je - sus has for me a crown I shall wear.
scat - ter 'way the night, And no tears shall dim the sight o - ver there.
up a gold - en crown, And my Sav-iour's praise re-sound o - ver there.

home be - yond somewhere, Je - sus has for me a crown I shall wear.

CHORUS.

O that home, bless - ed home, with the loved ones I'll roam,
O that home, that bless - ed home, with the loved ones I shall roam,

D. S.

In that land of sweet rest with the good and the blest.
In that land of rest, sweet rest, with the good and with the blest.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 19. LIKE HEAVEN.*

J B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When you hear of good in peo - ple, tell it out (tell it out),
2. You must have a work to do, pur - sue it now (do it now),
3. Do the woes of life sur-round you, face them brave (face them brave),
4. Have you a - ny wrong to right, please right it now (right it now),

When you hear a tale of e - vil quill it out (quill it out);
If a fail - ure try a - gain, re - new it now, (true and brave);
Do tempt - a - tions hov - er round you, face them brave (face them brave);
Do you have a sin to fight, yes, fight it now (fight it now);

Let the good - ness have the light, put the e - vil out of sight,
Fail - ures spur us to suc - cess, fail - ures come, but come to bless,
Think of Him who rul - eth all, He who helps you tho' you fall,
God him - self will help you win, let His Spir - it en - ter in,

Make the world you live in bright, like heav - en a - bove.
Fill - ing us for right-eous - ness in heav - en a - bove.
Glad - ly hears you when you call from heav - en a - bove.
Mak - ing right the heart with - in, fit for heav - en a - bove.

* February 15, 1902. First song written after my sad misfortune by fire.

No. 20. I Wonder if There's Room There for Me.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

First Voice.

1. I have heard of a home far a - way a-bove the skies, Where the good and the true may hap - py be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've watched thro' lone-ly hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.

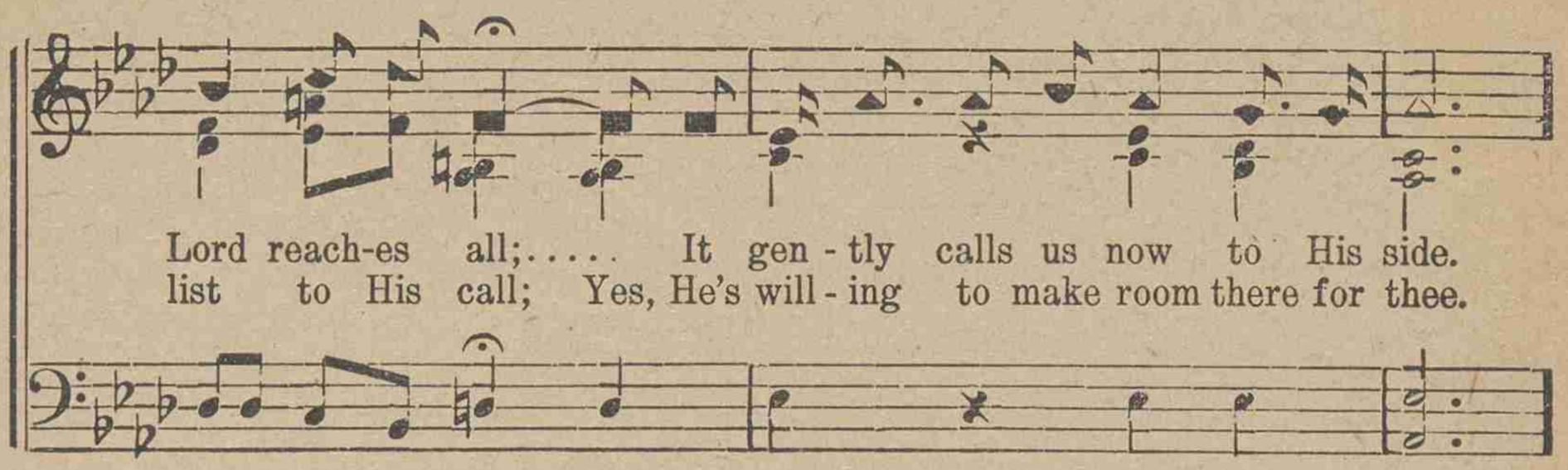
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarcely en - ter there; How then may a sin - ner like me? I am far, far a- way From the gen - tle Shepherd's care; O I won - der if He'll make room for me.

Second Voice.

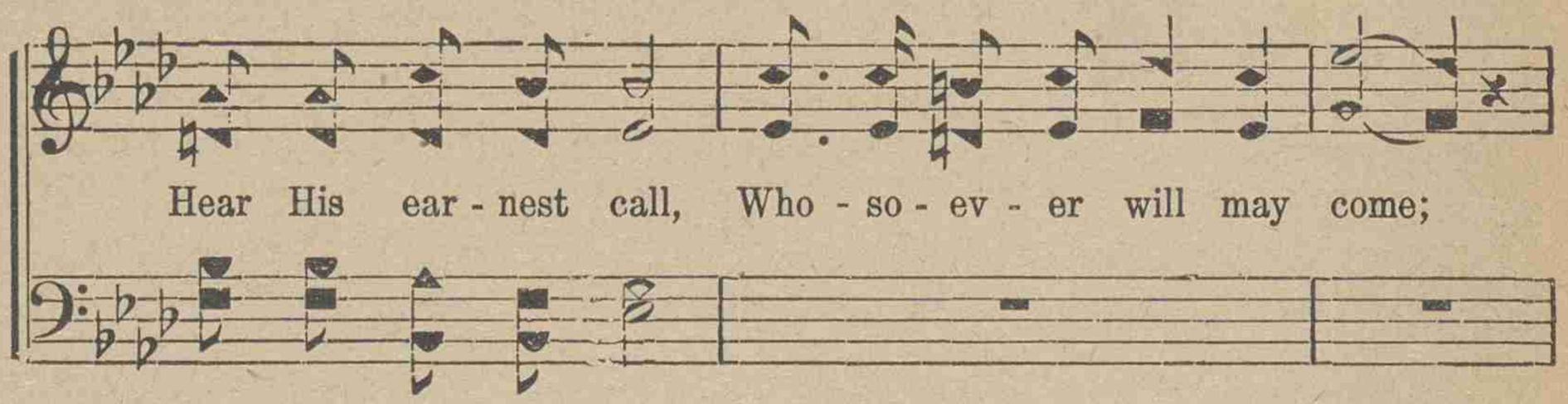
Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be - side; The won - der - ful love Of the grand in - vi - ta-tion, full and free; There's room for us all, If we

Copyright, 1886, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio. By per.

I Wonder if There's Room There for Me? Concluded.











No. 21. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

B. J. BEDDOME. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The Son of God in tears
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He wept that we might weep



And shall our cheeks be dry! Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth
The wond'ring an - gels see, Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed
Each sin demands a tear, In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's

forth from ev'-ry eye. Did Christ o'er siners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did
shed those tears for thee. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The
there's no weeping there. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He

Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let tears of pen - i - ten-tial
Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see. Be thou as-ton-ished; O my
wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, In heav'n a - lone no sin is

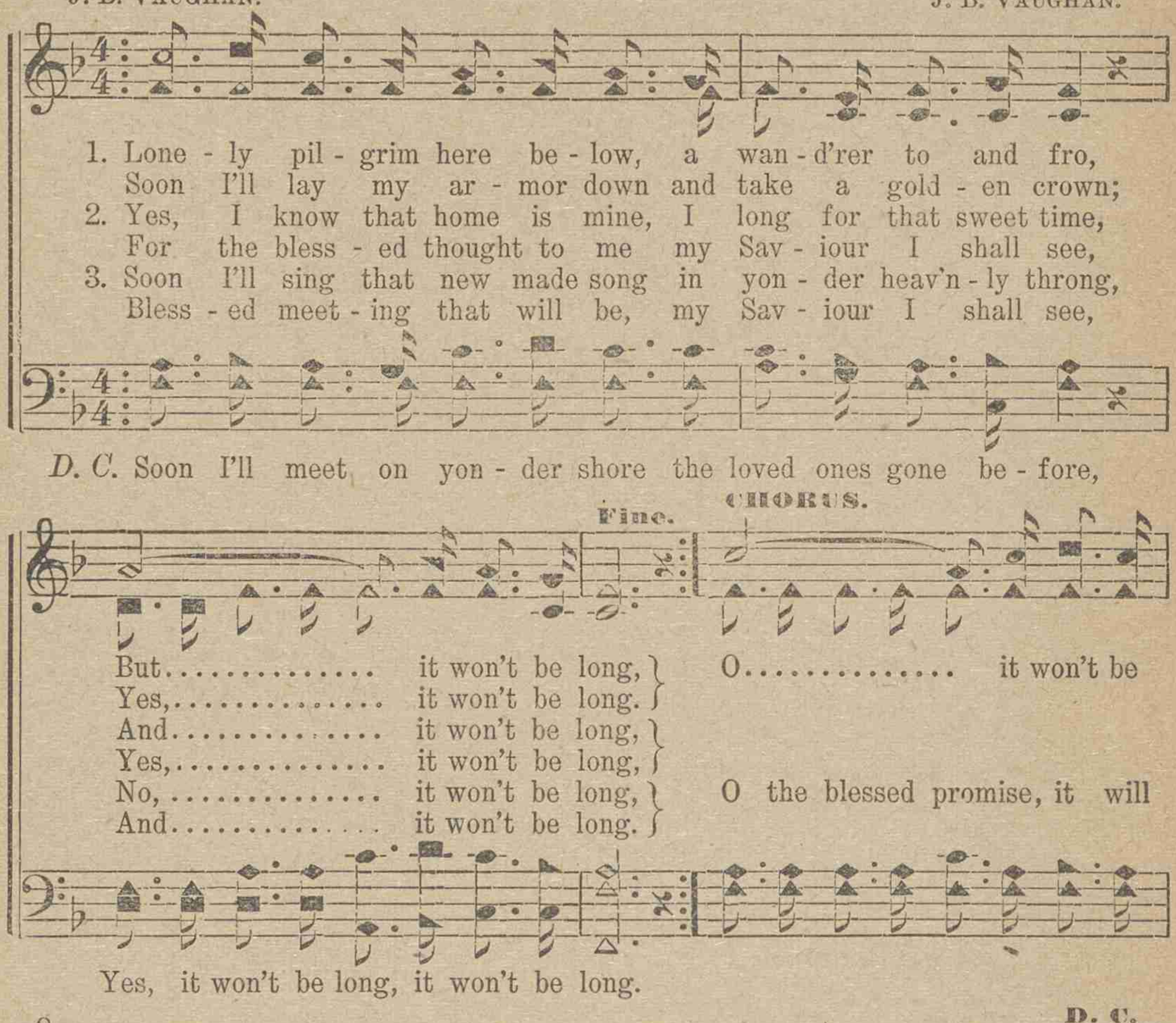
Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP? Concluded.



No. 22. IT WON'T BE LONG.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 23 Step Out on the Promise.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Romans 7: 16.

Copyrighted by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

J. E. T. and L. V. STOCKARD. J. E. THOMAS.

1. You have heard the gospel sto-ry of the blessed Son of God; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? How He left the ports of glo-ry to re-deem and save your soul; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
2. He is off'ring free sal-va-tion, if you on-ly will believe; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? All that heed the Saviour's bid-ding shall a crown of life receive; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
3. Why in darkness longer lin-ger, and the Saviour cast a-way? Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? He's in-vit-ing you to come, and no farther from Him stray; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
4. In that clime so bright and ver-nal where no sorrows ev-er come; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? Christ, the Son, the Light e-ter-nal, ev-er dwells in that blest home; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

Won't you step out on the promise, Won't you step out on the promise, Step out on the promise and be sav'd? Hal-le-lu-jah! Won't you step out on the promise, Won't you

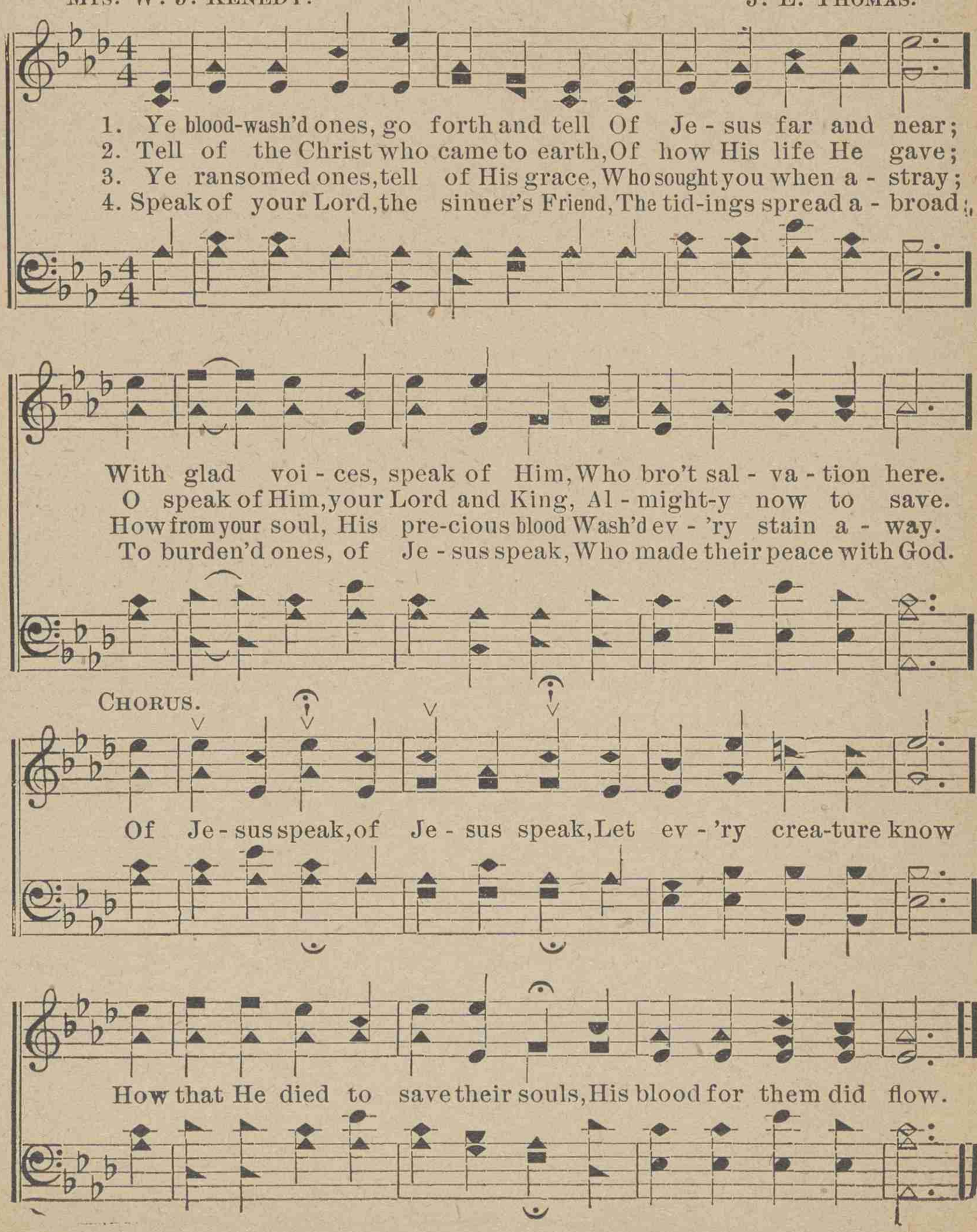
Step Out on the Promise.



No. 24 Of Jesus Speak.

Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

Mrs. W. J. Kenedy. J. E. Thomas.



No. 25. JESUS IS WITH ME.

J. B. VAUGHAN, Feb. 18, 1902.

1. All a-round seems dark and cold and the bur - dens heav - y roll,
2. Tho' I seem to be a - lone and the world has cold - er grown,
3. I've no treas-ures here be - low on - ly wand'ring too and fro,

But there's sun-shine in my soul for I can see o - ver yon - der;
Yet I've one that stays be - side me all the time, hal - le - lu - jah!
But I have a bless - ed home on yon - der shore, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.—nev - er leave me lone - ly a - ny more, hal - le - lu - jah!

For the lights are grow - ing bright and they shine a - way the night,
What a friend He is to me, nev - er lone - ly can I be,
How I long for that sweet rest in that man - sion of the blest,

Wont that be a hap - py time, leav - ing troub - le all be - hind,

Fine. **CHORUS.**

There is sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine in my soul.
I shall love and praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty. He is
And be hap - py while the a - ges sweet - ly roll.

And go home to rest in yon - der sun-bright clime.

D. S.

with me, He is with me, And He'll
with me all the way, He is with me all the way,

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 26. Danger in the Border-Land.

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

Mrs. FRANK E. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are stand - ing, you are stand - ing in the bor - der - land, The wild, waste coun - try of sin; But a bless-ed hap-py king - dom is be-
2. You are stand - ing, you are stand - ing in the bor - der - land, "Not far from the king-dom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you
3. You are stand - ing, you are stand - ing in the bor - der - land, No long - er, long - er de - lay, For the darkness will be com-ing swift up-
4. You are stand - ing, you are stand - ing in the bor - der - land, By sin and sor - row oppress'd; Come re - pent-ing and thy Fa - ther will re-

CHORUS.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.
on you, A - rise! oh, haste a - way.
ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger

in the border-land, Oh, leave the weary life of sin, For there's
dan - ger in the bor-der-land, Come, a bet - ter life be - gin.
dan-ger, dan-ger

Copyright, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 27. Marching Home.

To Rev. J. C. McDonald.

T. M. BOWDISH.

1. We are marching homeward to that land: To the re-gion of the blest;
2. In that bless-ed land we're nearing now, We shall see our Saviour's face;
3. Brothers, will you join our hap-py band, Trav'ling up the shin-ing way?

We shall soon be with the an-gel band, Where our wea-ry feet may rest.
He will place a crown on ev-'ry brow, Saved by His re-deem-ing grace.
Je-sus is the Cap-tain in com-mand, Will you now His call o-bey?

CHORUS.

March-ing home, ... we're marching home, ... We'll sweet-ly
We're marching home, we're marching home,

rest in that bright mansion by and by, ... March-ing
yes, by and by,

home, (marching home,) we're marching home ..... O yes, we're
we're marching home, we're marching home,

Copyright by T. M. Bowdish. By per.

Marching Home. Concluded.



No. 28. Saved Through and Through.

Music and Chorus by T. M. BOWDISH.



No. 29. Tell Mother I Will Meet Her.

RALPH S. TINSMAN. RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. In a far and dis - tant cit - y, Dy - ing at the close of day, 'Twas a fair-hair'd boy who'd wandered far from home, Take this message to my moth-er,
2. In his hand he held a pic-ture, Of the old home far a - way, In the oth - er 'twas a moth-er old and gray "While in accents low he whispered,
3. 'Tis my last good-night he whispered, Angels gath-er round my bed, Soon with all my friends and loved ones I shall be, "Down the val-ley of the shad-ow,
4. To the old home came a message, 'Twas to moth-er from her boy, But a- las, for her the message came too late, "For that day the an - gels took her,

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

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

CHORUS.

Fine.

In the land be-yond the blue. Tell my moth-er, I will meet her
Tell my moth-er,
In the land be-yond the blue.

meet her When my work of love and la - bor all are thro',
I will meet her

Copyright, 1902, by T. M. Bowdish.

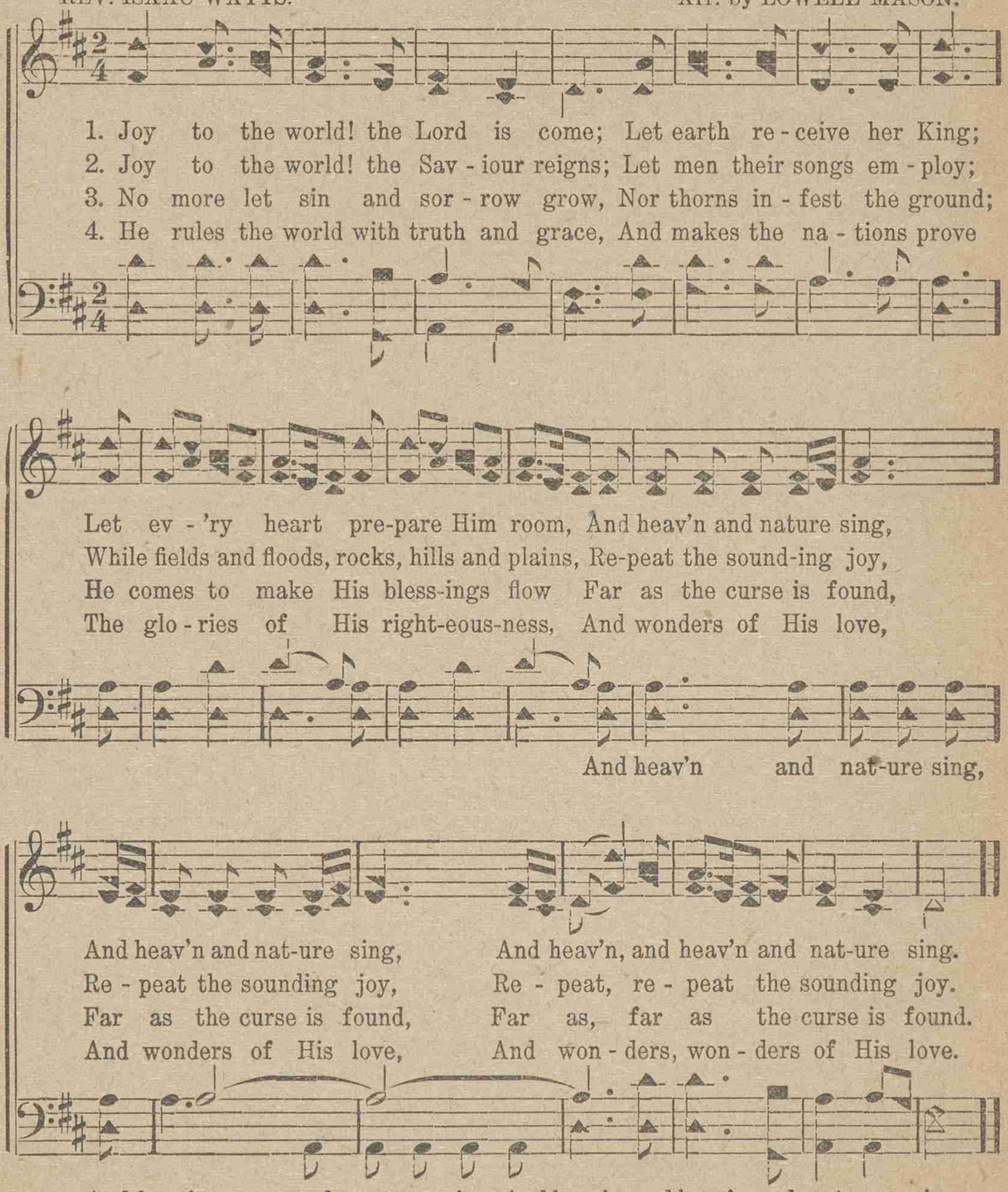
Tell Mother I Will Meet Her. Concluded.



No. 30. Joy to the World.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

REV. ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 31. Holding the Life-Line.

RALPH S. TINSMAN. RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. Out on the per - i - lous sea of life, Some one is drift - ing a-
2. Far-ther and far - ther they drift each day, Rest - ing their oars on the
3. Quick to the res - cue while yet you may Suc - cor the per - ish - ing
4. Now I sur - ren - der my all to Him, Je - sus has res - cued and

wav to - night; Out in the dark-ness, where the storm rag - es wild,
o-cean's white spray, Dreaming of pleas - ure with - out al - loy.
save one to - day, Tell them of Je - sus who came to save.
saved me from sin, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions burst on my sight.

CHORUS.

Throw out the life - line to some mother's child. 1*st Chorus.*
Throw out the life - line to some mother's boy. Hold it fast while the
He that be - liev - eth sal - va - tion may have. 2*d Chorus.*
Glo - ry to Je - sus I'm saved to - night. Hold - ing fast while the

waves roll high, Je - sus will res - cue you by and by. Saved at last, what a
waves roll high, Je - sus has res-cued me, this my cry. Saved I am what a

joy to know, Take hold of the life - line, and nev - er let go.
joy to know, I'm hold - ing the life - line, I'll nev - er let go.

Copyright, 1900, by T. M. Bowdish. By per.

No. 32. BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

J. B. V. D. M. KING.

1. When all around thee darkness gathers and clouds of grief o'erhang,
2. When all around thee darkness gathers, look out up-on the earth,
3. When all around thee darkness gathers just look with-in your self,

When eyes are full of sor - row and hearts are full of pangs, Oh,
The mis - er - y and an - guish, the fam-ine and the dearth, Oh,
Should I in-flict a pain or cause a tear for sake of pelf? Oh,

let us smooth the pathway and let us lift the load Off
let us smooth the pathway and let us lift the load Off
let us smooth the pathway and let us lift the load Off

CHORUS.

some poor feeble brother and help him on to God.
some poor falt'ring brother and help him on to God.
some poor fal-len brother and help him on to God.

Yes, bear ye one an-
Yes, bear ye one an-

oth - ers bur-dens, yes, bear ye one an-oth-ers bur - dens.
oth - ers bur-dens, and help each other on to [*Omit.....*] God.

No. 33. We Shall Know Him.

"Rejoice with joy unspeakable."—1 PETER 1: 8.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. J. E. THOMAS.

1. When we meet be-yond the por-tals Of that gold-en cit - y fair, And a-
round the shining throne of God we stand; Christ will be the first to greet us, At the
pearl - y gate He'll meet us, And we'll know Him by the nail-prints in His hands.

2. By and by, when we have gathered In that par - a - dise a-bove, Where our
long-departed loved ones we shall greet. First we'll look for Him in heaven, Who to
us new life hath giv - en And we'll know Him by the nail-prints in His feet.

3. In that cit - y bright e - ter - nal, He, the King of glo-ry reigns, And the
an - gels at His throne in rev'rance bow, O proclaim the wondrous story Of the
One who reigns in glo - ry, For we'll know Him by the thorn-prints on His brow.

4. There is peace se-cure in knowing We may nev-er go a - stray, For we
have the bless-ed Bi - ble as our guide, And we read with-in its pages, He the
rift - ed rock of a - ges, We shall know there by the spear-prints in His side.

5. Yes, we'll know Him by the nail-prints In His hands and in His feet, By the
spear-points in His side our Lord we'll know, If we had no oth - er tok-en, There is
ev - i - dence un-spo-ken, For we'd know Him by the thorn-prints on His brow.

CHORUS.

We shall know Him, we shall know Him, When we've crossed death's chilly tide.
Yes, we shall know my bless-ed Sav-iour by the spear-prints in His side.

Copyright, 1902, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

No. 34. MEET ME UP THERE.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Be - yond the dark riv - er there is a fair cit - y, Where
2. That won-der - ful day of re - un - ion is com - ing, I'm
3. We'll know not a sor - row, no dread - ed to - mor - row, Dear

we shall be gath-ered some day; We'll meet one an - oth - er and
wait-ing dear Sav - iour for Thee; O won't that be glo - ry to
brother, O will you be there? Re - un - ion in glo - ry will

D. S. We'll sing and shout glo - ry, and

Fine.

know there each oth - er, That cit - y is just o'er the way.
sing the sweet sto - ry, In glo - ry ere long we shall be.
be our sweet sto - ry, No sick-ness nor sor - row to fear.

tell the sweet sto - ry, O say will you meet me up there?

CHORUS.

Meet me there,.....
Meet me, O say will you meet me up there?

D. S.

Meet me there,.....
I will be wait - ing and watch-ing up there.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 35. I'm Longing for the Unclouded Day.

Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. Music and Chorus by J. E. THOMAS.

1. Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day, Where stormy winds shall blow no
2. Oh, they tell me that mine eyes shall behold The jas-per walls that bright-ly
3. Oh, they tell me when life's conflicts shall cease, That clouded skies no more we'll
4. Oh, the bless-ed day that soon is to dawn; Oh, how I long its light to

more; There they say my Sav-iour's smil-ing face Lights up the happy, golden shore.
gleam; And the shining streets all paved with gold, And waters of a crystal stream.
see; Then no more we'll wan-der, seek-ing peace, For Je-sus with us then shall be.
greet; For the ransomed ones, in that blest morn, Shall gather at the Saviour's feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, they tell me that my Sav-iour we'll see, When the res- ur- rec-tion
morn - ing has come; Then to - geth - er, to the
cit - y of gold, Je - sus will con - duct us home.

rit.

No. 36. They Are Gathering Home.

W. O. McK. W. O. McKINNEY.

1. The Sav-iour is call-ing, our dear ones are go-ing, They're gathering home,
2. Yes, soon He will call us to meet Him up yon-der, Where all is sweet rest,
3. If I should be called first to cross the dark riv - er, I'll wait for you there,

yes, gath - er - ing home; Can you say you are read - y, dear
with the good and the blest; O won't that be glo - ry, we'll
yes, I'll wait for you there; The time is not far when He'll

broth - er, to meet Him, Our loved ones are gath - er - ing home.
sing the sweet sto - ry, Yes, soon we'll be gath - er - ing home.
bid you cross o - ver, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath - - er - ing gath - 'ring, The dear..... ones are
Gath'ring, yes, gath'ring, they're gathering home, The dear ones are gath'ring, yes,

gath - 'ring, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.
gath - er - ing home,

No. 37. The Story of His Love.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."
JOHN 15 : 13.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. There's a sto - ry I would tell, will you hear it? A sto - ry that is
2. 'Tis the sto - ry of the cross, O re-ceive it! See how He died to
3. Je - sus saw, with pity-ing eye, our con - di - tion, And will - ing - ly He
4. Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, but the sto - ry Will live and ev - er

ev - er new; 'Tis that Je - sus frees the sin - bur-dened spir - it, O
save His own; O ac - cept the mes-sage now and be - lieve it, And
died for all; Now He's knocking at our hearts for ad - mis-sion, Shall
grow more dear, Of our Saviour's matchless love and His glo - ry; O

CHORUS.

bless-ed words of com - fort true. 'Tis the sto - - - ry of His
walk no more life's way a - lone.
we re - ject His lov - ing call?
will you now the sto - ry hear? 'Tis the sto - ry of His

love, (of His love,) Je - sus died the lost to save; His own

precious blood He shed to re-deem us, And rose in triumph from the grave.

Copyright, 1901, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 38. RESTLESS HEART, DON'T WORRY SO.

Furnished by MRS. EMMA BALL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Dear rest - less heart, be still! Don't fret and wor - ry so, God
2. Dear rest - less heart, be still; For peace is God's own smile, His
3. Dear rest - less heart, be brave! Don't moan and sor - row so, He
4. Dear rest - less heart, re - pose Up - on His heart an hour, His
5. Dear rest - less heart, be still! Don't toil and hur - ry so; God
6. Dear rest - less heart, be still! Don't strug-gle to be free, God's

has a thou - sand ways His love and help to show, Just
love can ev - 'ry wrong And sor - row rec - on - cile, Just
hath a mean - ing kind In the chil - ly winds that blow, Just
heart is strength and life, His heart is bloom and flow'r; Just
is the si - lent one, For - ev - er calm and slow, Just
life is in your life, From Him you may not flee, Just

trust, and trust, and trust, Un - til His will you know.
love, and love, and love, And calm - ly wait a - while.
hope, and hope, and hope, Un - til you brav - er grow.
rest, and rest, and rest, With - in His ten - der pow'r.
wait, and wait, and wait, And work with Him be - low.
pray, and pray, and pray, Till you have faith to see.

CHORUS.

Don't wor - ry so, don't wor - ry so, Dear heart, don't

wor - ry so, Just wait, and hope, and pray, Un - til His will you know.

J, B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 39. The Ten Virgins.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

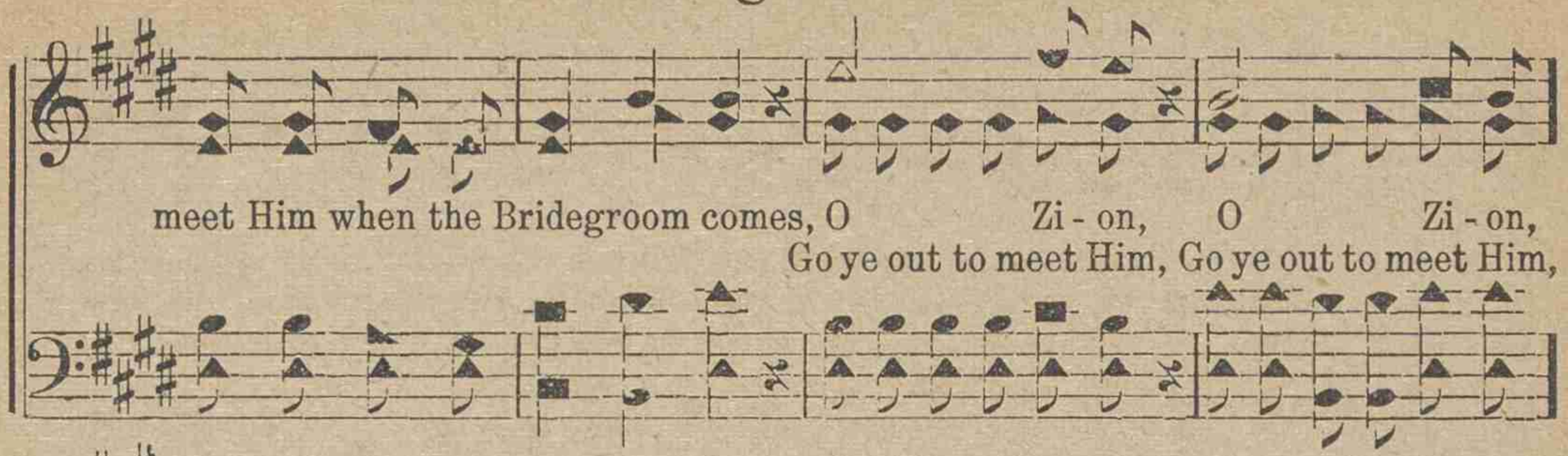
1. Five of them were wise when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were wise when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were wise, Five of
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were foolish when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were foolish, Five of
3. The fool-ish had no oil when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish had no oil when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish had no oil, The fool-ish
4. The fool-ish kept a knocking when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish kept a knocking when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish kept a knocking, The fool-ish
5. Go ye out to meet Him when the Bride-groom comes, Go ye out to meet Him when the Bride-groom comes, Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye
6. Have your lamps a burning when the Bride-groom comes, Have your lamps a burning when the Bride-groom comes, Have your lamps a burning, Have your

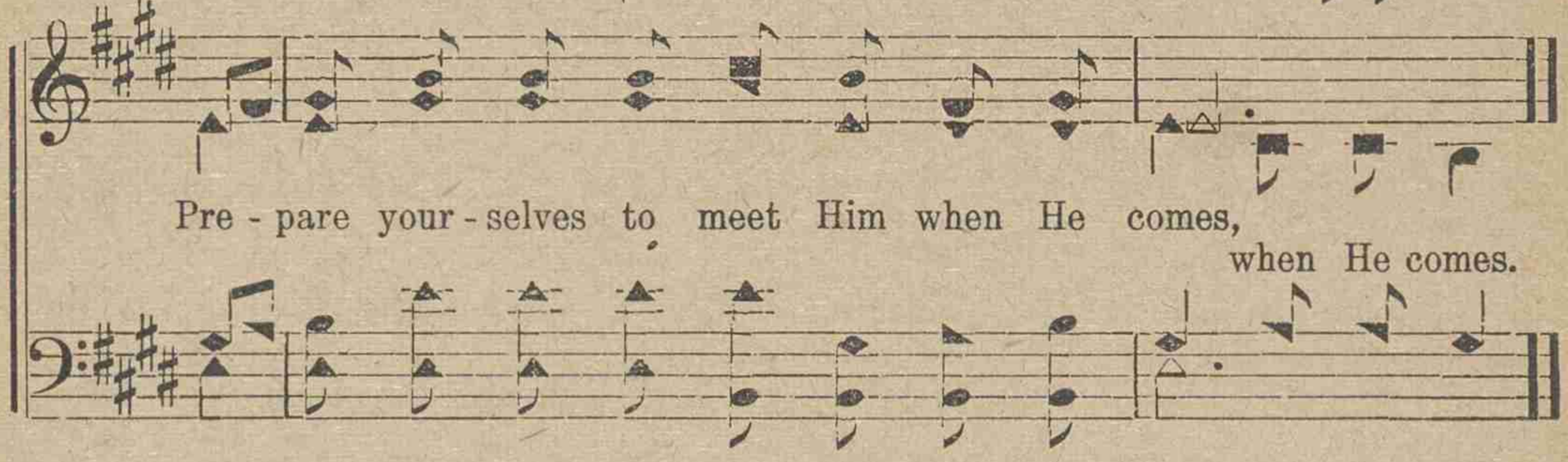
them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came, (when He came.)
them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came, (when He came.)
had no oil, The fool-ish had no oil when He came, (when He came.)
kept a knocking, The fool-ish kept a knocking when He came, (when He came.)
out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him when He comes, (when He comes.)
lamps a burn-ing, Have your lamps a burn-ing when He comes, (when He comes.)

CHORUS.

O Zi - on, O Zi - on, Go ye out to
Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him,

The Ten Virgins. Concluded.





No. 40. The Parting Hand.*

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



* An excellent parting song for schools and other occasions.

No. 41. Grand Gathering.

J. B. FRANKLIN. Music and Chorus by T. S. COBB.

1. O what a grand gath'ring 'twill be When life with its trou-bles is o'er,
2. When Je - sus shall call us a - way From earth with its sad - ness and care,
3. I long, O I long to go home And join all my dear ones a- bove,

Where all our dear loved ones we'll see And dwell on that ev - er - green shore.
To heav - en, that land of sweet day, The joys of that home we shall share.
To sing with that heav - en - ly throng, O beau - ti - ful an - gels of love!

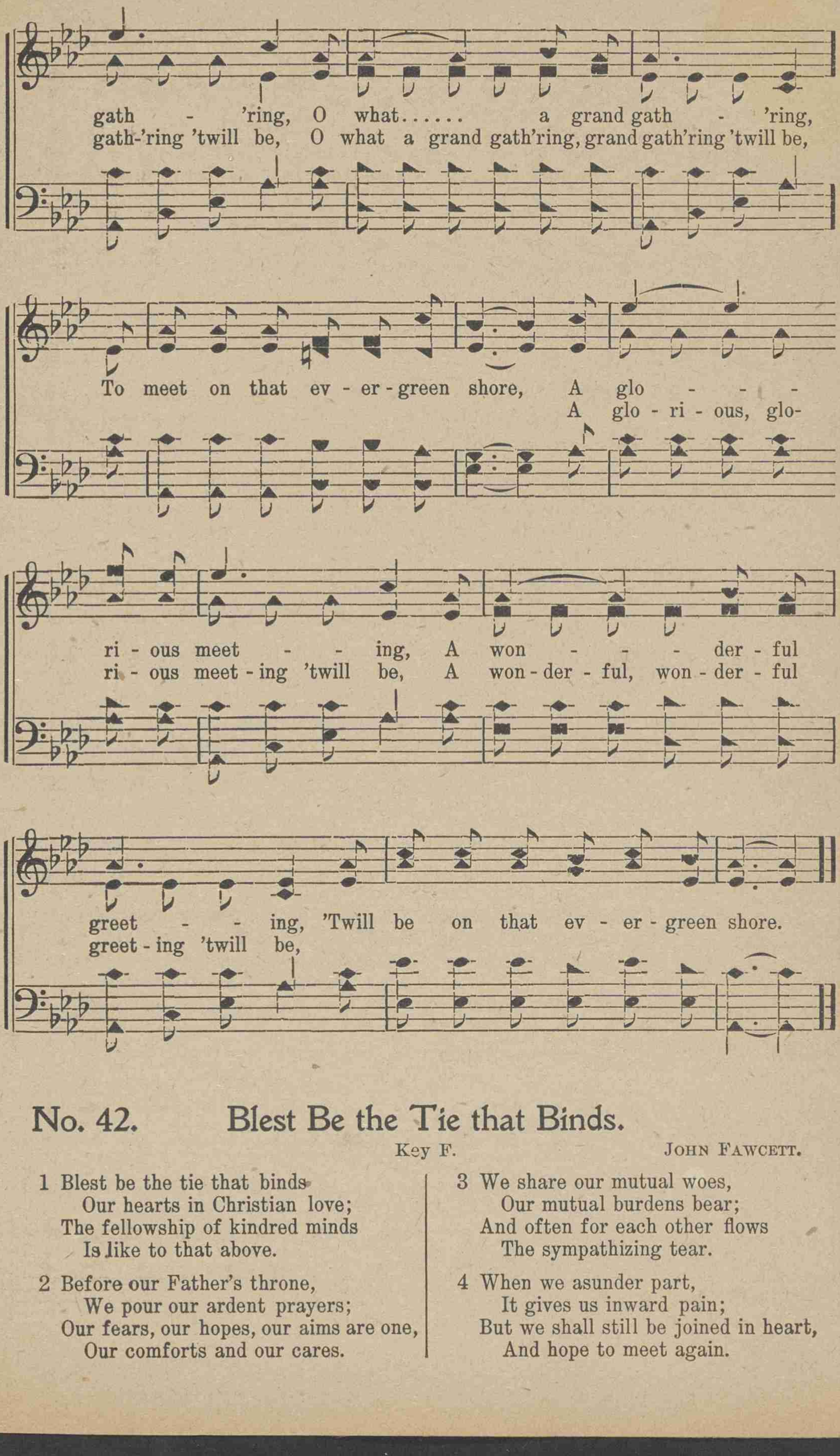
We'll ev - er be hap - py up there, Where nev - er a sor - row can come,
How sweet, O how sweet it will be, To meet on that beau - ti - ful shore,
My soul now in glad - ness a - rise, The hour of thy free-dom is near,

A beau - ti - ful crown we shall wear We'll en - ter that home of the free
A home I shall have in the skies,

REFRAIN.

In heav - en, that glo - ri - ous home. O what..... a grand
And dwell with our Lord ev - er - more.
O, friend, will you meet me up there. O what a grand gath'ring, grand

Copyright, 1902, by J. E. Thomas and T. S. Cobb.



No. 42. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

Key F. JOHN FAWCETT.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 43. FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

"For with Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light."—Ps. 36: 9.

J. D. V. JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

1. Fountain of life and light, Scattering shades of night, In - to the gloom and dark-ness come to - day; Let thy bright beams di-vine,
2. Glo - ri-ous Fount of light, Show us the truth and right, Shine in our hearts with might-y pow'r we pray; Ban-ish all doubt and sin,
3. In the clear gos-pel rays, Let us re-joice and praise, Walking with Je - sus to the land of light; Soon we shall pass the gate,

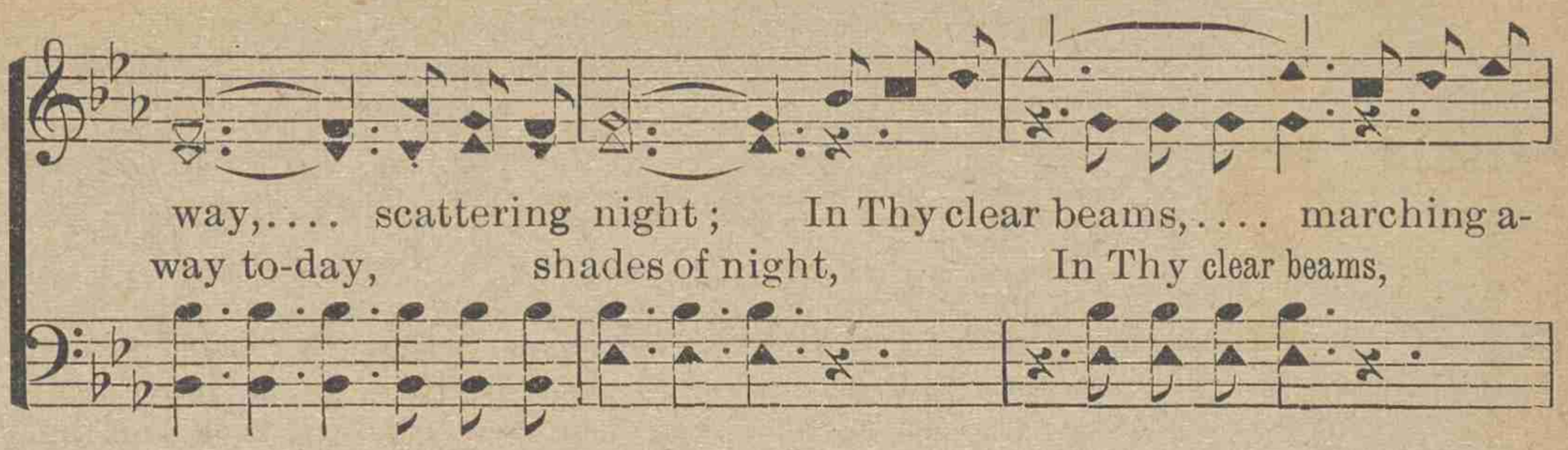
On our dark pathway shine, Guiding us to the land so far a - way.
Ra-diant-ly shine within, Bring us at last to dwell with Thee for aye.
Where the redeemed await, En-ter the home where never cometh night.

CHORUS.

Fountain of life,..... Fountain of light..... Shine on our
Fountain of life, Fountain of light,

Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT. Concluded.





No. 44. AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. C. G. GLASER.

No. 45. We Bid You Welcome.

CONVENTION OPENING SONG.

Words and Music by ANNA BELLE RITCHIE WEST.
Coda by J. E. THOMAS.

1. We welcome you all our dear friends who have come To join us in sing - ing of Je - sus, the Way, Who fills our glad hearts with His
2. Our hearts bound with joy when we meet you, our friends, A welcome from us to you glad - ly ex - tends; We'll min - gle to - geth - er our
3. Let us live for our Mas-ter and glo - ri - fy Him, By help-ing and serv - ing each oth - er while here, We'll praise Him in song for His
4. May we love one an - oth - er, be pa-tient and true, And each help the oth - er His bur - dens to bear, That when we have sung our last

mel - o - dy sweet, This beau - ti - ful, glo - rious con - ven - tion day.
prais - es in song, Then joy - ful - ly we will the cadence pro - long.
good-ness to all, And give Him the glo - ry and hon - or up there.
song here be - low, We'll meet in that home be - yond sor-row and care.

CHORUS.

Then a wel - come,..... Glad wel - come,.....
Glad welcome to each and to all, You are welcome, dear
. . . . . Yes, a wel - come to all who may come;
friends in our homes,

Copyright, 1902, by J E. Thomas and T. S. Cobb.

We Bid You Welcome. Concluded.







No. 46. A Little Talk With Jesus.

ANON. "And behold there talked with him two men."—LUKE 9: 30. Arranged.

Key of E-flat.

1 While fighting for my Saviour here,
The devil tries me hard;
He uses all His mighty power,
My progress to retard;
He's up to every move,
And yet through all I prove,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

CHO.–A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right,
In trials of every kind,
Praise God I always find,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

2 Though dark the night, and clouds look
black,
And stormy overhead;
And trials of almost every kind
Across my path are spread;
How soon I conquer all,
As to the Lord I call,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

3 When those who once were dearest friends
Begin to persecute,
And more who once professed to love,
Have distant grown and mute,
I tell Him all my grief,
He quickly sends relief,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

4 And thus, by frequent little talks
I gain the victory;
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my Friend,
I'll prove until the end,
A little talk with Jesus makes it right,
all right.

No. 47. ONCE I WANDERED.

BOLTON, arr. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.



1. Once I wandered lone and wea-ry, As a lamb lost from the fold;
2. Now He keeps me by the riv-er, In the pastures sweet and green;
3. Do not wan-der on in darkness, Seek the ten-der Shepherd's fold;



Thro' the night so bleak and dreary, O'er sin's mountains dark and cold;
But some day I'll rest in safe-ty In the land that's yet un-seen;
Come to Je-sus, He will give you Room to shel-ter from the cold.



But the faith-ful Shepherd found me, There in sad-ness and de-spair;
No more sin and no more sor-row, No more wand'ring o-ver there;
Cast on Him your ev-'ry bur-den, Rest se-cure-ly in His love;

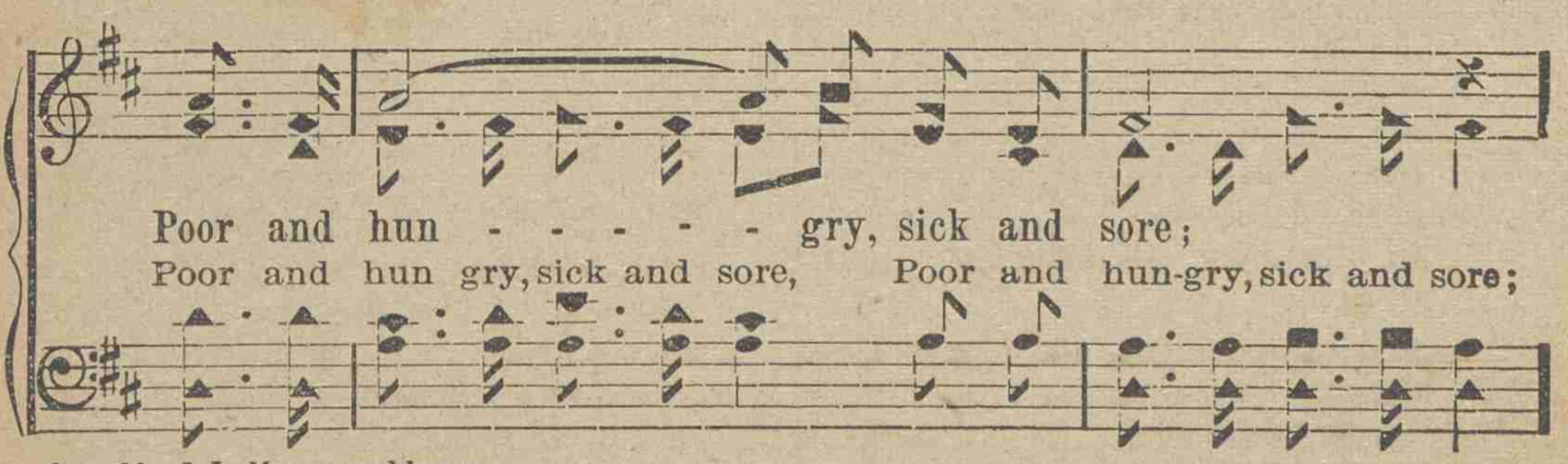


Cheered me with His words of comfort, Lead me back with ten-der care.
No more long-ing for to-morrow, In that home so bright and fair.
He will shield and keep you ev-er, Till you reach the fold a-bove.

CHORUS.



I was lost..... but Je-sus found me,
I was lost but Je-sus found me, I was lost but Je-sus found me,



Poor and hun - - - - - gry, sick and sore;
Poor and hun gry, sick and sore, Poor and hun-gry, sick and sore;

Owned by J. L. Moore, used by per.

ONCE I WANDERED.—Concluded.

With His lov - - - - - ing arms a-round me,
With His lov-ing arms around me, With His lov-ing arms a-round me,

I can sor - - - - - row nev-er more.
I can sor-row nev-er more, Nev-er more, no, nev - er more.

No. 48. THE CLOUDLESS DAY.

JNO. C. MCDONALD. C. J. HAMRICK.

1. Thro' a glass we see but dark-ly, As we trav - el on life's way;
2. We'll not fear to cross death's river When this life has passed a - way,
3. We shall see as oth - ers see us, When the dark- ness rolls a - way;

FINE.

But the Lord will gen - tly lead us, To the bright uncloud-ed day.
For we know His hand will guide us To the land of cloudless day.
We shall sing His praise for - ev - er Thro' the bright unclouded day.

D.S.—To the mountain heights of heav-en, To the land of cloudless day.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

He will lead us thro' the val-ley, He will guide us all the way,

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 49 I gave My Life for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL, A. J. BUCHANAN.
Colorado City, Tex. Sept., 19, 1889.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light— My glo - ry cir - cled throne
3. I suf fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to Thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand-'rings sad and lone;
Of bitter - est a - go - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

REFRAIN.

I gave . . . . My life . . . for thee. . . . . for thee, . . What
I left, ... it all . . . for thee, ... for thee, . . Hast
I've borne . . . . it all . . . for thee, ... for thee, . . What
I bring . . . . rich gifts . . . to thee, ... to thee, . . What

I gave, I gave My life for thee, I gave, I gave My life for thee, What
I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee, Hast
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What

hast . . . . thou given . . . for Me, . . . for Me? . . .
thou . . . . left aught . . . for Me, . . . for Me? . . .
hast . . . . thou borne . . . for Me, . . . for Me? . . .
hast . . . . thou brought . . to Me, . . . to Me? . . .

hast thou given for Me, for Me? What hast thou given for Me, for Me?
thou left aught for Me, for Me? Hast thou left aught for Me, for Me?
hast thou borne for Me, for Me? What hast thou borne for Me, for Me?
hast thou brought to Me, to Me? What hast thou brought to Me, to Me?

No. 50. Contented.

F. L. ELAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Soul, why be con - tent- ed, Out of Christ to stay? With no
2. Why ne - glect this inter-est? Let it pass you by? Seek- ing
3. Why then be con - tent- ed, With thy soul ex - posed, Till the

hope of heav-en, And so much to pay? Jes - us is for-
aft - er for-tune, Which must short - ly die? Mon - ey will not
gate of mer-cy, Shall to thee be closed? Has - ten then my

bear- ing, That you yet may heed:—Warn- ings oft' re - peat- ed,
pur- chase You a ti - tle, friend, To that world of glo - ry,
broth - er, Do not long - er wait, Soon you'll hear with sad- ness,

CHORUS.

And se - cure thy need.
Nor a sol - ace lend.
Oh, poor soul too late.

'Tis a debt, my broth-er! And 'tis

com - ing due; Ques- tion, can you meet it? Judg - ment waits for you!

No. 51. I'LL SOON SEE JESUS.

Words and music by J. B. VAUGHAN, Feb. 18, 1902.

1. My days on earth will soon be o'er, And I shall rest on yon-der
2. O! welcome day, O! hap-py time, I long to go to that bright
3. My race on earth will soon be run, My joys will then have just be-

shore, I soon shall close those tear-dimmed eyes, But I'll see
clime, Where dis-ap-point-ments ne'er can come, In yon-der
gun, Yes, I shall see Him face to face, And tell the

CHORUS.

Je-sus by and by.
man-sions, my hap-py home.
sto-ry, I'm saved from grace.

{ When I see Je-sus face to
{ I'll soon see Je-sus face to

face, I'll tell the sto-ry saved by grace, When I see Je-sus
face, I'll tell the sto-ry saved by grace, Yes, I'll see Je-sus

face to face, I tell the sto-ry sweet-ly, saved by grace.
face to face, I'll sing the sto-ry sweet-ly, saved by grace.

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 52 Away with Strife.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. S. J. OSLIN, by the writers.

F. L. EILAND. S. A. MYERS

1. Hand in hand the field we en- ter; Heart to heart we now u - nite,
2. Truth hath made us free, my broth-er, This to oth- ers, we should tell,
3. All the way the sto - ry sing-ing, Through the har-vest field we go;
4. By and by the har- vest end- ed; Rest a - waits when all is done;

La'bring for the bless-ed mas-ter, In the cause of truth and right.
In the field of sin and sor-row, Let us now the message swell.
Find- ing here and there a sin- ner, Wait-ing on - ly Christ to know.
From the field of toil he'll call us, Say- ing, where are those you've won.

CHORUS.

A - way with strife and all se - di-tion, Worldly gain and hon- or go!

If I can bring some soul to Je- sus, This is all I care to know.

Copyright, 1892, by S. J. Oslin.

No. 53. VAUGHAN'S REVERIE.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When dark clouds are hovering o'er me, And my way is sad and lone,
2. What tho' all my earth-ly ef-forts, Bring-eth on-ly wea-ry hours,
3. My sad heart has long been yearning For the love of long a-go;

Wea-ry with my cares and cross-es, Long-ing for the joy that's flown.
I have longed and grasped for ros-es, All its thorns in-stead of flow'rs.
Bit-ter les-sons I am learn-ing From the gloom-y page of woe;

But if I have Je-sus with me, Then the sky will be a gem;
But if I have Je-sus with me, I pos-sess a wealth so rare;
But my Sav-iour, He is with me, We are walk-ing hand in hand,

Je-sus is my light in dark-ness, He's the star of Beth-le-hem.
He's the "Lil-ly of the val-ley," And the "Rose of Sha-ron fair."
Tho' the bur-den seem so heav-y, But with Je-sus I can stand.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 54. BE YE READY.

MRS. EMMA B. VANDUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Know ye not my chos - en peo - ple, I am com-ing for thee soon;
2. "Ral - ly then, my heart's dear people," Saith the Mas-ter once a - gain;
3. Feed the hun-gry, cheer the wea-ry, Hold sharp thorns from tender hands;

Ye may look for me at evening, At fair morn or sun - ny noon. Be ye
Hast-en then to do His bid-ding, Glad-ly work in His dear name. Fill each
Keep the wand'ring feet from sinking In life's shoals of treach'rous sands. Gently

D. S.—Gent-ly

read - y for my summons, Let thy hearts be true and strong; Know ye not that
swift-ly pass-ing mo-ment, Full of acts that He'd approve, With no self-ish
from the cheek of sor-row Dry the tear-drop ere it falls; Do each du - ty

from the cheek of sor-row, Dry the tear-drop ere it falls, Have your lamps all

Fine. **CHORUS.**

a - ny mo-ment May be thine to pass a - long.
tho't or mo-tive, Gild each hour with deeds of love. Be ye read-y for the
and be read - y For the Mas - ter when He calls.

trimmed and read-y For the Mas - ter when He calls.

D. S.

com-ing of the Lord, O be read - y for the com-ing of the Lord;

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 55. THAT WILL BE GLORY.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, who is it thus would pray and long to live and stay?
2. On - ly a few lu - cid morn-ings that will dawn be - low,
3. Oh, who would live al - way from their God and that sweet home?

Since Je - sus is seek - ing and He bids us come to - day;
Dark, fol-lowed by clouds and gloom wher-ev - er we may go;
Far, far from yon heaven, where your Sav - ior bids you come,

I would not live al - ways, for I wel-come now the tomb,
Dear Je - sus, my light, my hope, my ev - er con-stant stay,
There riv - ers of pleas-ure flow o'er Ca-naan's sun - ny plain,

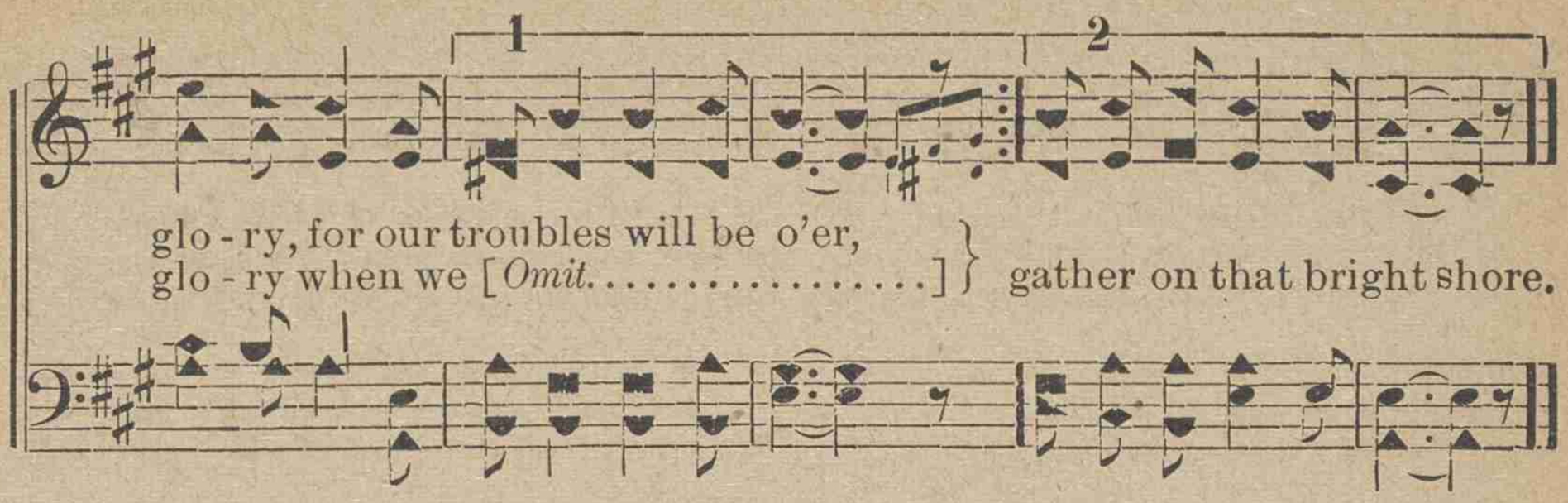
For since my dear Sav - ior lain there, He hath dispelled the gloom.
Wher-ev - er He leads me I will fol-low Him all the way.
Up there where the noon-tide sweet shall surely for-ev - er reign.

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be glo - ry, yes, that will be glo - ry, We'll sing and shout
Oh, that will be glo - ry, yes, that will be glo - ry, Oh, won-der-ful

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

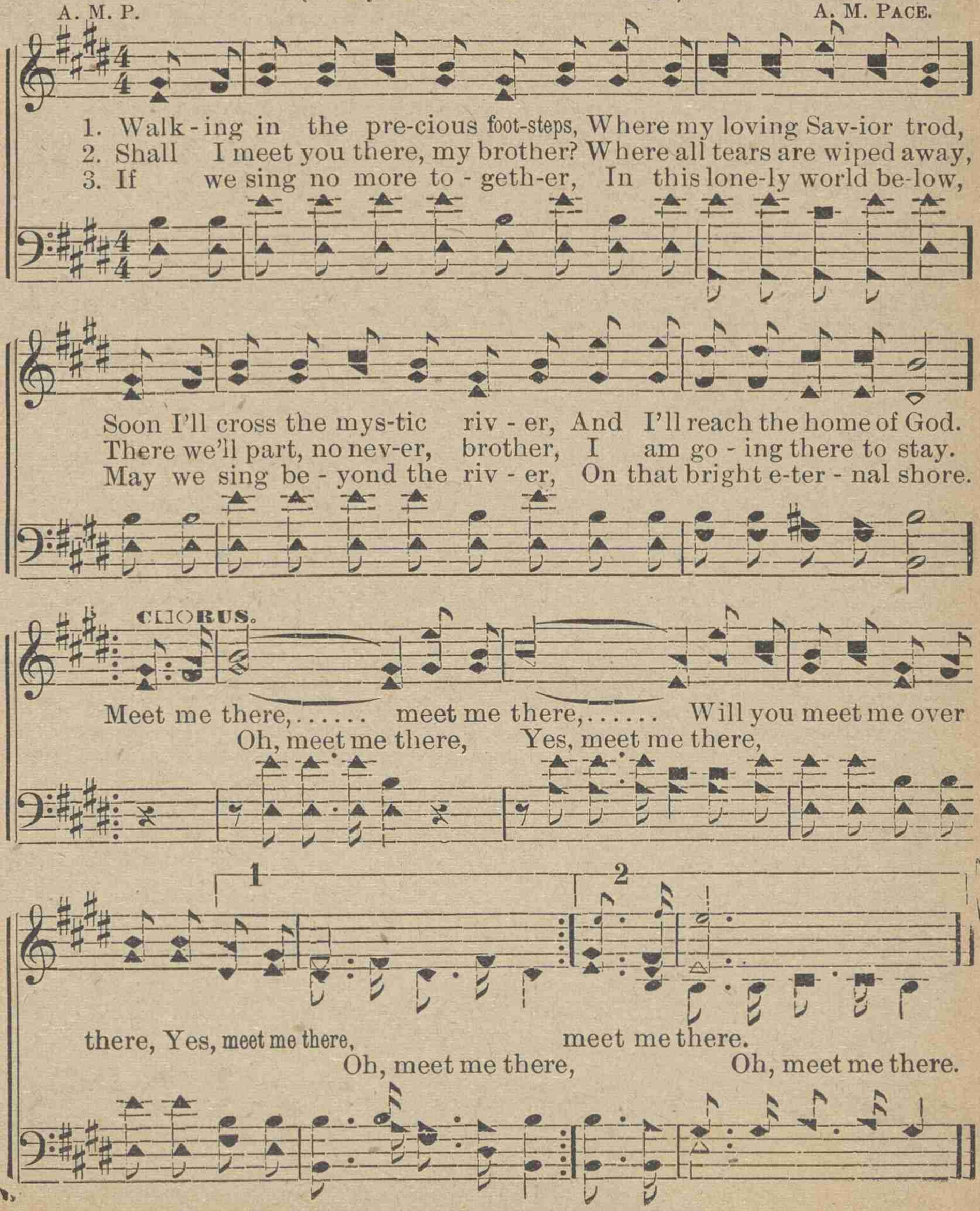
THAT WILL BE GLORY. Concluded.



No. 56. MEET ME THERE.

(To my classmates at Ocilla Normal.)

A. M. P. A. M. Pace.



No. 57. JESUS AND I.

ELLA BUTE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I'm cling - ing to Je - sus, by faith I will hold, How sweetly I
2. The storms may be powerful and tri - als se - vere, No bow in the
3. Though lone and for-sak-en, a sub-ject of jeer, No father's pro-

rest in this heav-en - ly fold; Our un - ion is per - fect, all
heav - en to com-fort our cheer; Dark clouds of temp-ta - tions may
tec - tion, no moth-er's warm tear; No broth-er or sis - ter or

foes we de - fy, We'll cling to each oth - er, my Je-sus and I.
spread o'er the sky, We'll cling to each oth - er, my Je-sus and I.
kin-dred be nigh, We'll cling to each oth - er, my Je-sus and I.

D. S.—We'll cling to each oth - er, my Je sus and I.

CHORUS.

Je - sus and I, my Je - sus and I, We'll cling to each other, my

Je - sus and I; Je - sus and I, my Je - sus and I.

J. B Vaughan, owner.

No. 60. WEAR A CROWN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
   While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's
o-ver we shall wear a crown in the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Fine.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

D. S.

No. 61. MY OWN SWEET COUNTRY.

MISS M. A. LEE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

Tenderly, slow.

1. I am far from my home, I'm wea - ry oft - en whiles,
2. Tho' the earth is all cov - ered with flow - ers so gay,
3. My sins have been ma - ny, my sor - rows been sore,
4. Like a child to its moth-er, a bird to its nest;
5. He is true to His word, He will come sure, I know,

For the longed - for home-bring-ing my Fa-ther's wel-come smiles;
And the birds war - ble blithe-ly as ev - er they may;
But there they'll ne'er vex me, nor be tho't of an - y more;
I would fain hie my way to my Sav - iour's dear breast;
At what hour I know not, but I long now to go;

I will ne'er be con - tent - ed till my eyes they shall see
Yet these sights and these sounds will as naught be to me,
By His blood I'm made white and His hand'll dry my eyes,
For He gath - ers the lambs, in His bos - om they're free,
Still He bids me to watch, ev - er read - y to be,

The gold - en gates of heav'n, and my own sweet coun-try.
When I hear the an - gels sing - ing in my own sweet coun-try.
When He brings me home at last to my own sweet coun-try.
And He car - ries them Him-self to His own sweet coun-try.
To go at an - y mo - ment to my own sweet coun-try.

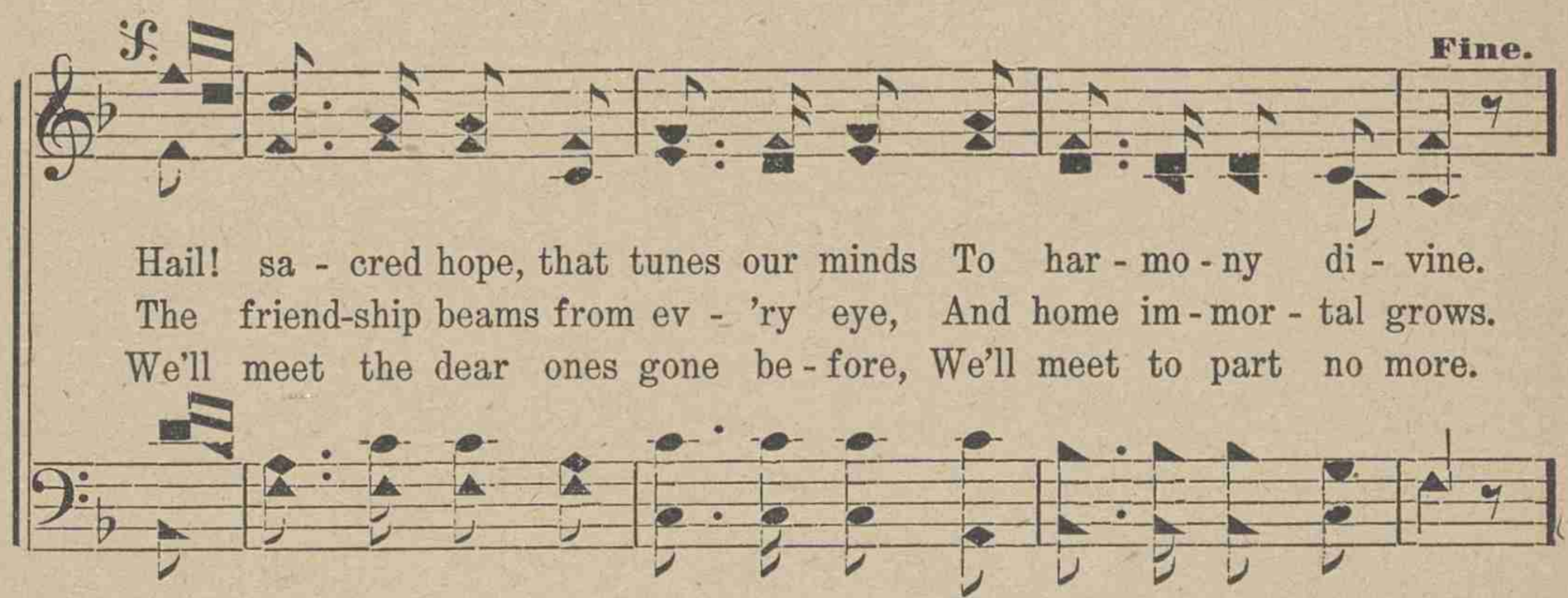
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

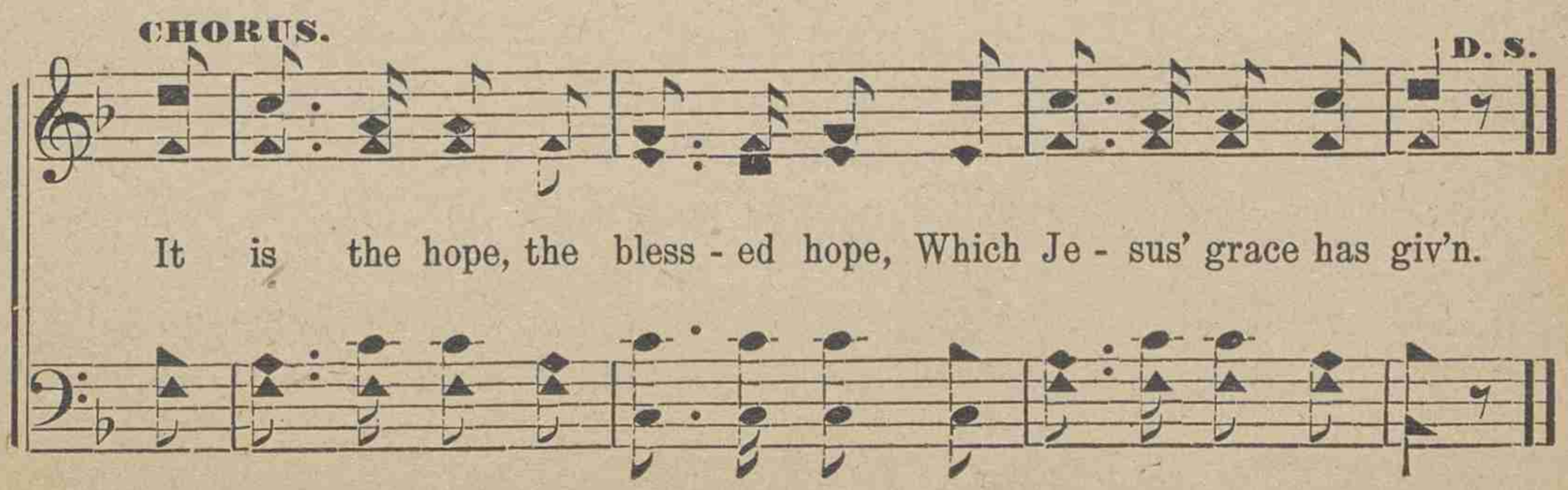
I NEVER SHALL FORGET. Concluded.



No. 64. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.







No. 65. RAILWAY MESSAGE.

J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We are go - ing home to glo - ry, We will leave our camps to-day,
2. On this road there's no col-lis - ions, For we know our en - gin - eer,
3. Bless - ed Je - sus our con-duct - or, He has car - ried thousands thro',

All our baggages checked for Ca-naan, And we have the right - of way,
He has got the right time ta - ble, Come on board you need not fear;
Je - sus lives up there in glo - ry, And they say "there's room for you."

There are dear ones at the sta - tion, They are wait - ing us to come;
For there's thousands gone be-fore us, They have land - ed safe at home—
Je - sus paid your trans-por-ta - tion, And the way is free for all;

CHORUS.

We will sing and shout de - liv'-rance, go - ing home.
And they'll welcome, yes, they're bidding us to come. Hel - lo, Cen - tral!
Look! be - hold the head-light shin-ing, hear them call?

give me heav-en, For my ma-ma's there, She'll be glad to know I'm com - ing

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

RAILWAY MESSAGE. Concluded.



No. 66. SHATTERED VASE.*

J. B. VAUGHAN. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

*The above verses tell a story, the story may be found between the lines. Who can read it?

No. 67. PEREZ. 8s & 7s. (With Hallelujah.)

J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels
2. Praise the Lord; for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y
3. Praise the Lord; for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His

in the height; Sun and moon rejoice be-fore Him;
voice o-beyed; Laws which never shall be bro - ken,
prom-ise fail; God hath made His saints vic - to - rious;
pow'r proclaim; Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion,

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Laws which nev-er shall be bro- ken,
God hath made His saints vic - to-rious;
Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion,

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
For their guid - ance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
For their guid - ance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

A - men.

Hal- le - lu- jah! A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.
Hal-le - lu-jah!

No. 68. Mother and Home.

Earnestly dedicated to our mothers.

Words and music by W. J. LANEY.

With feeling.

1. Years a - go when but a boy, Sing - ing songs was mother's joy, When my
2. Fa-ther he was good and kind, Oft he told us we would find Not an -
3. My dear mother we all knew To her God was ev - er true, And she
4. Now I'm here so far a-way, From that home I've gone astray; Yet my

father dear would leave us there so lone; I can hear her voice so sweet, As she'd sing "When shall we
other that would share our ills and woes; 'Twas her hands that press my brow, I can almost feel them
told us o'er this world to never roam; As in years we older grew, She her blessings would be-
moth-er of-ten prays for me a - lone; Troubles, trials to en-dure, Yet I'll live a life that's

CHORUS.

meet;" I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home. My dear mother, she was true To her
now, I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home.
stow, I can ne'er for-get my mother and my home.
pure, Then I'll meet my dear sweet mother in our home.

children and her home; She was patient, tender, kind, and loved us all; I praise

rit.

God for her sweet name, She was ever just the same; I can ne'er forget my mother and my home.

No. 69. HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO!

P. S. SOLO. DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, A - long the grand highway of life;
2. In cour-age, my boy, lies your safe-ty, When you the long jour-ney be - gin,
3. Be care-ful in choos-ing com-pan-ions, Seek on - ly the brave and the true,

You'll meet with a thou-sand temp-ta-tions—Each cit - y with e - vil is rife.
Your trust in a heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin.
And stand by your friends when in tri - al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;

This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's danger wher-ev-er you go:
Temp-ta - tions will go on in - creas-ing, As streams from a riv - u - let flow;
And when by false friends you are tempt-ed The taste of the wine-cup to know,

But if you are tempt-ed to weak-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
But if you'd be true to your man-hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
With firm-ness, with patience and kind-ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No!.... Have courage, my boy, to say No!....

say No! say No!

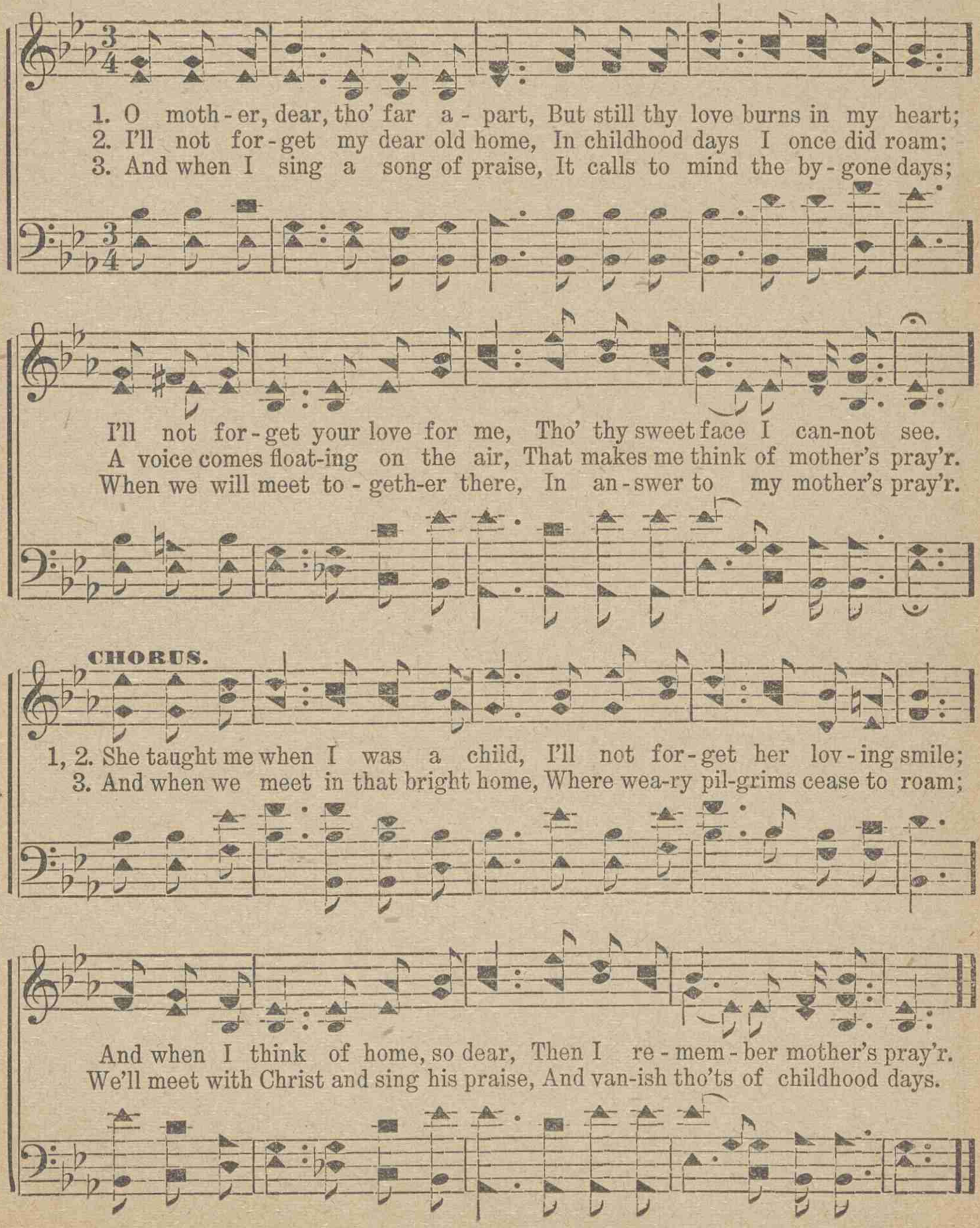
Copyright, 1887, by Dr. H. R. Palmer. Used by per,

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO! Concluded.



No. 70. THINKING OF MOTHER AND HOME.

J. D. H. J. D. HOWARD.



No. 71 I'm Thinking of Heaven.

(Dedicated to F. L. EILAND.)

"I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also."—*Jesus.*
JOHN 14: 3.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

1. We read of the cit - y where pure wa- ters gleam, A cit - y that's free from all sor - row and care; And oft - en I ask my - self
2. We sing of the cit - y of jas - per and gold, With beau - ties and grand- eurs so won - drous ly rare, We sing of the an - gels the
3. I think of that cit - y with streets all a - glow With light from the Fa - ther and Sav - iour so dear; And won - der should I, there so
4. To - geth - er we'll work in the vine - yard of song, And oft for each oth - er we'll breathe a low pray'r, In vok - ing God's bless - ings to

as if in dream, O shall I be found a-mong those that dwell there?
num - bers un - told, But tell me, oh, tell me will you, I meet there?
hap - pi - ly go, If I would meet you with dear loved ones so fair.
help us a - long, 'Till Je - sus shall call us to dwell with Him there.

CHORUS.

Shall I, ... shall you . . . be found among those that dwell there?
shall you, shall I, shall you dwell there?

Cho. for last stanza.

Then I, ... then you, . . . will be found among those that dwell there.
then you, then I, then you dwell there.

Shall I, . . . shall you . . . be found among those that dwell there?
shall you, shall I, shall you
Then I, . . . then you . . . will be found among those that dwell there.
then you, then I, then you

Used by per. of J. E. Thomas, Wortham, Texas.

No. 72. DRIFTING AWAY.

W. O. McK. W. O. McKINNEY.

1. We're out on the o - cean sail - ing, From shore we head - less stray,
2. We see ma - ny loved ones stand-ing, They watch with ea - ger eyes,
3. You're out on the o - cean stray-ing, You're drift-ing far a - way;

Yes, drift - ing on the bil - lows, We're drift-ing far a - way.
They are beck-'ning us to the har - bor, O hear their deep - est sighs.
Your Sav-iour stands and plead - ing, O sin - ner, come to - day.

CHORUS.

Come home,.... come home,.... Je - sus is call-ing to - day; O
Come home, come home, why longer roam,

how can you stay a - way, O why will you long-er de - lay?.....
a-way, why longer de-lay?

No. 73. The Day Will Soon Be Over!

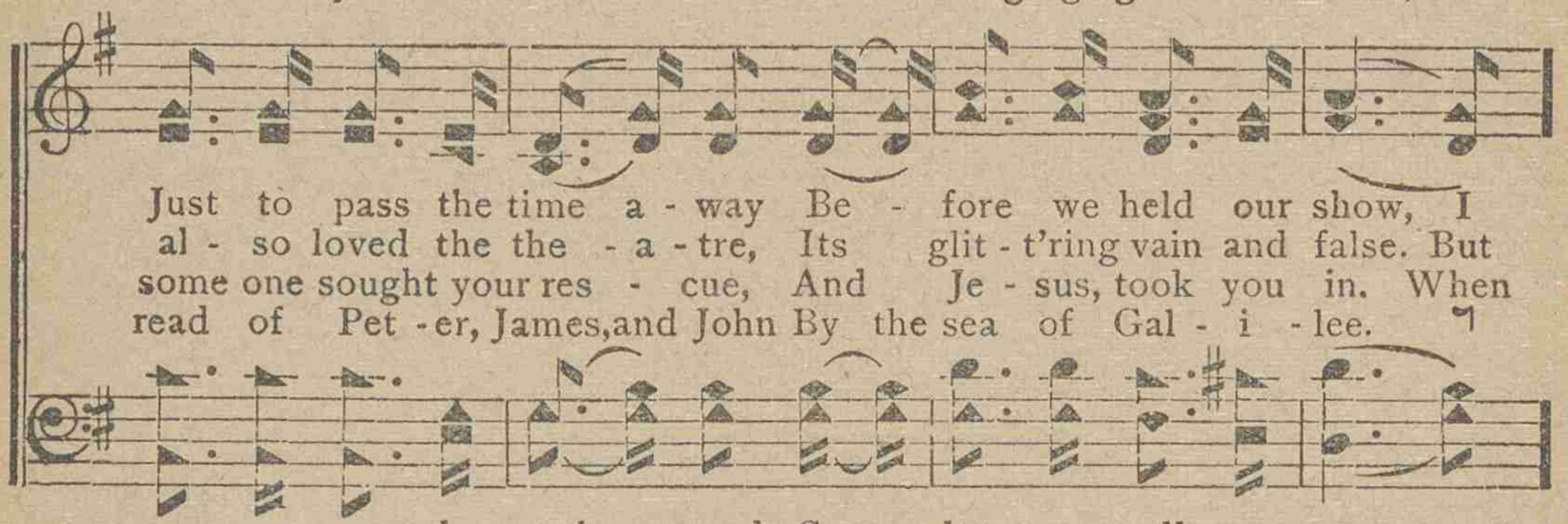
Rev. C. W. BYRON. Music arr. by J. E. THOMAS.



1. While walk- ing out one eve - ning, Not know-ing where to go, I
2. I used to dance the pol - ka, The schottische, and the waltz, I
3. One day my pre - cious com-rades You, too, were lost in sin, When
4. While read-ing thro' the Bi - ble, Some won-drous sights I see; I



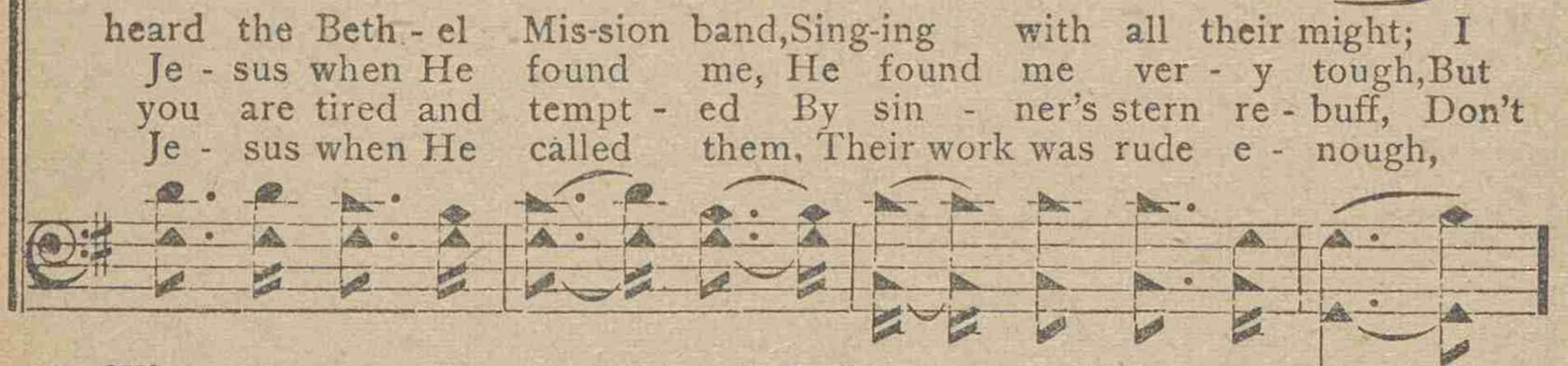
D. C.—The day will soon be o - ver When dig - ging will be done, And



Just to pass the time a - way Be - fore we held our show, I
al - so loved the the - a - tre, Its glit - t'ring vain and false. But
some one sought your res - cue, And Je - sus, took you in. When
read of Pet - er, James, and John By the sea of Gal - i - lee.



no more gems be gath - ered, So let us all press on.



heard the Beth - el Mis-sion band, Sing-ing with all their might; I
Je - sus when He found me, He found me ver - y tough, But
you are tired and tempt - ed By sin - ner's stern re - buff, Don't
Je - sus when He called them, Their work was rude e - nough,

When Je - sus comes to claim us, And says it is e - nough, The

D.C. for Chorus.



gave my heart to Je - sus, And left the show that night.
praise the Lord He saved me, I'm a dia - mond in the rough.
turn a - way in an - ger, They're dia - monds in the rough.
They were pre - cious dia - monds, He gath - ered in the rough.

dia - monds will be shin - ing No long - er in the rough.

Used by per. of C. W. Byron.

No. 74. I Dare Not Idle Stand.

For C. E. S. D. W. CRIST

Lively.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor
3. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's com-mand For

whiten - ing fields de - clare the har - vest near, (har - vest near;)
wan-d'ring souls need hum - ble help like mine, (help like mine;)
Him I'll la - bor on through life's short day, (life's short day;)

:S: A glean- er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest
Far bright -er than the gem In mon-arch's dia - a - dem, Each
The eve will come at last, Day's la - bor soon is passed, E -

D.S. *A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Yes,*

FINE.

I with empty hands at last ap-pear. Work - ing for the
soul a star in Je - sus' crown may shine.
ter - nal rest will then my toil re - pay. Working for the Mas - ter,

gath -er for His gar-ner in the sky.

3 D.S.

Mas - ter, For . . . . . the home on high.
working for the Lord, Working for a home, a home that is on high.

Copyright, 1891, by D. W. Crist. By per.

No. 75. WE ARE MARCHING TO ZION.

E. F. MILLER. H. A. HORTON.

1. There are beauties in heav-en a-wait-ing for me, That cit- y whose gates of bright
2. There are angels now waiting to welcome me home, And beckon in dreams bidding
3. Oh! how bless-ed for- ev - er with Je-sus to stay, Where clouds shall ne'er darken the

pearls I shall see; With gems of rare brightness that ev - er shall glow, And
ev - er to come; The gates are wide o - pen to all who will fly On
ra-diance of day; Where robes ev - er shin - ing with glo - ry and light, And

CHORUS.

flow'rs of new E - den that ev - er will grow.
wings of bright promise and faith to the sky. March-ing to Zi - on! yes,
vis - ions of rap- ture to wel-come our sight.

marching to Zi - on, that beau-ti- ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y of God, We are

march - ing, yes marching to Zi- on, That beautiful, beautiful cit- y of God.
marching to Zi - on,

Used by per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 76. TELL ME NOW.

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN. W. O. MCKINNEY.

1. Wait not—my friend—un - til I'm gone, To praise and call me dear,
2. Wait not for death, and then my grave Be - strew with flowers o'er,
3. I would more prize a tear—a flow'r—A handclasp warm and true,
4. One look in eyes that speak of faith, One lit - tle sweet word said
5. When I shall drop this ves - ture old, And from life's cares be free,
6. And tho' you plant there choicest flow'rs, And tend them with wet eyes,

And chant in glow - ing terms my worth, But tell me, while I'm here.
And speak sweet words while teardrops fall; 'Tis now I need them more.
From one I know to be my friend, (Tho' friends be far and few.)
Than lav - ish praise and pomp and show When I am ly - ing dead.
The spot of earth where I am laid Will nothing be to me.
'Twill touch me not—I'll not be there, Or hear your deep-est sighs.

CHORUS.

Then if you love me—tell me now; One lit - tle word will do;.....
will do;

Wait not and say it by my tomb, When I am gone from you.

No. 77 The Ocean of Life.

Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Thomas. All rights reserved.

Words and music by J. E. THOMAS.

*Slow and gliding.**

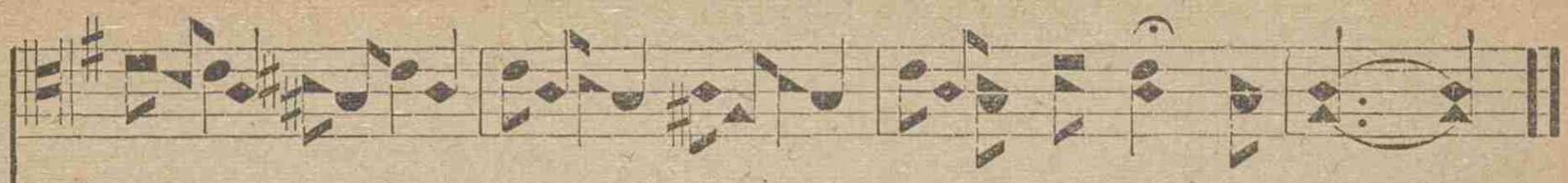
1. I'm out on the o - cean sail - ing, My Captain's by my side; Tho'
2. I'm out on the o - cean sail - ing, I'm head - ed for the shore, Where
3. I soon will be safely land - ed, I'm near - ing now the shore, Where
4. Oh, sin-ner, your barque is drift - ing A-down the dan-g'rous way, While

of-ten the break-ers dash 'round me, Yet in Him I con - fide. I
millions and millions have land - ed, To sing for - ev - er - more. I'm
fathers and mothers and loved ones Have long since gone be-fore. By
Sa - tan, your captain, is say - ing, We'll turn, but "not to - day." He

know that the wind and wa - ters Quick as a thought o - bey, . .
watch-ing the lighthouse gleamings, Where loved ones beck-on me; . .
faith I can see them stand - ing In that ce - les - tial dome, . .
tells you that he is a - ble To calm the fierc - est gale, . .

*Melody or air in Second Tenor.

The Ocean of Life.



When He com-mands, "Let there be peace, Let there be peace to - day."
Come, wea - ry one, pull for the shore, Treasures are here for thee.
Watch-ing for me, call-ing to me, Saying, "My child, come home."
But when it comes 'twill be too late, Sad then will be your wail.



No. 78 Mother's Advice.



1 Mother and I stood at the door,
And talked of the bygone days;
Her heart with sorrow was running o'er
Because of my evil ways.

2 I tried to cheer dear mother's heart,
But her eyes they filled with tears;
She dreaded the time I had to start,
For her heart was filled with fears.

3 The day arrived, I left my home
And a tender mother's care;
My trunk I searched when all alone,
And found a Bible there.

4 With loving hands she placed it there,
With many an anxious thought;
She lifted her voice to God in prayer
That her boy to God be brought.

5 Mothers, keep praying for your boys,
Your prayers are not in vain;
The God that heard dear mother's prayers
Is ever, yes, ever the same.

CHORUS *for 4th and 5th verses.*

And mother, I'm saved to-night,
Yes, mother, I'm saved to-night;
I left my home this world to roam,
But, mother, I'm saved to-night.

No. 79

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

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

No. 80 We Are Waiting.

J. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sin- ner, we are wait- ing, wait- ing, Anx-ious - ly, we wait to know,
2. Sin- ner, we are wait- ing, wait- ing, Will you per - ish from de - lay?
3. Sin- ner, we are wait- ing, wait- ing, Now we pray that you may come,
4. Sin- ner, we are wait- ing, wait- ing, Soon hope's lamp will cease to burn!

If the gos - pel is cre - at - ing, In your soul, de - sire to go
Know you not pro - cras - ti - na - tion, Speeds you on the downward way!
All to Je - sus con - se - crat - ing, That His love may guide you home.
Soon the ebb - ing tide, a - bat - ing, Bears to realm whence no re- turn!

To the land of bliss e - ter- nal, Where the King shall deck each brow
Choose this mo-ment! let your Sav-iour, Joy - ous, hear your sol- emn vow,
O your soul from sin now sev - er! Now your will to Je - sus bow!
Je - sus' cross is now en-treat- ing, Will you not His claims al - low,

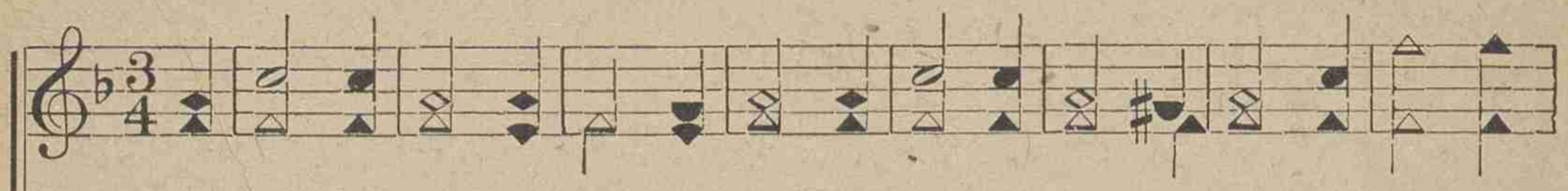
With a crown of gold su - per- nal, Heav'n and earth wait for you now.
And be- stow His lov- ing fa - vor! Heav'n and earth wait for you now.
Soon His calls will cease for - ev - er! Heav'n and earth wait for you now.
Ere He ceas - es all His pleadings? Heav'n and earth wait for you now.

Copyright, 1892, by J. H. Thomas.

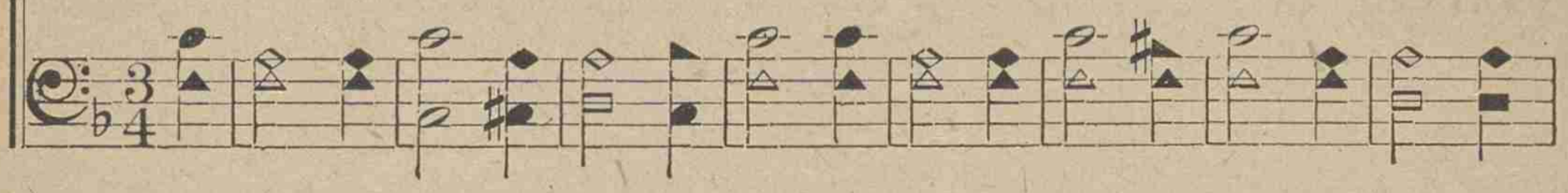
No. 82 I'm Coming to Thee.

Copyright, 1900, J. E. Thomas.

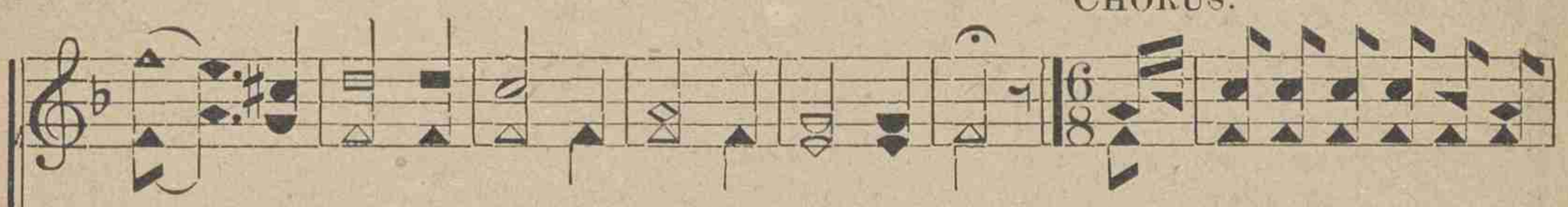
Rev. A. J. WHARTON. WALTER L. ROSE.



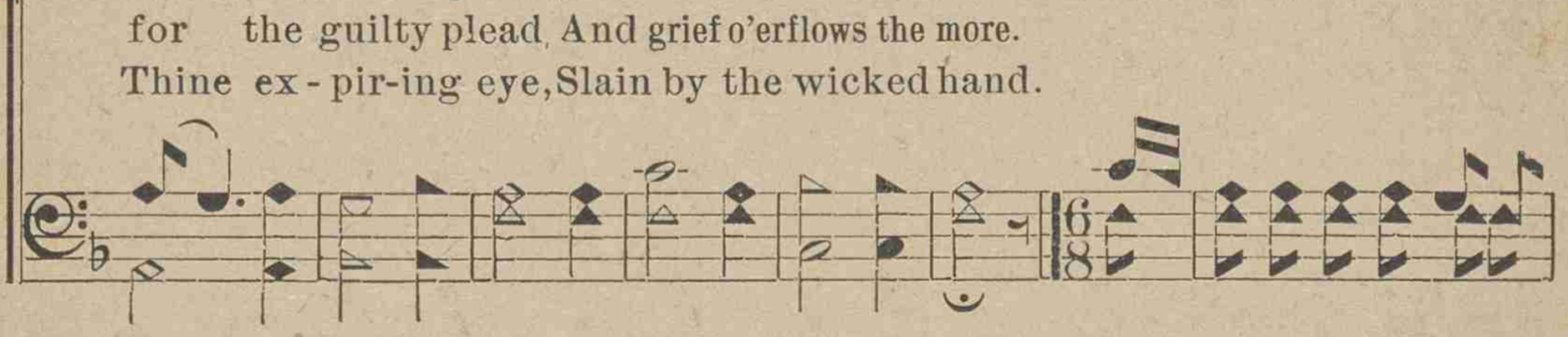
1. O Je-sus !Sweet the tears I shed, While at Thy feet I kneel, Gaze on Thy
2. My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed, This heart so hard be-fore; I hear Thee
3. 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die, And I a sin-ner stand; Convinc'd by



CHORUS.



wounded, fainting head, And all Thy sorrows feel. O Jesus, dear Jesus, my
for the guilty plead, And grief o'erflows the more.
Thine ex - pir-ing eye, Slain by the wicked hand.



Saviour and King, To Thee I am coming, O blest be Thy name; I'll wash, wash in Thy



fountain and then I'll be whole, O Jesus, blest Saviour, I'm coming to Thee.

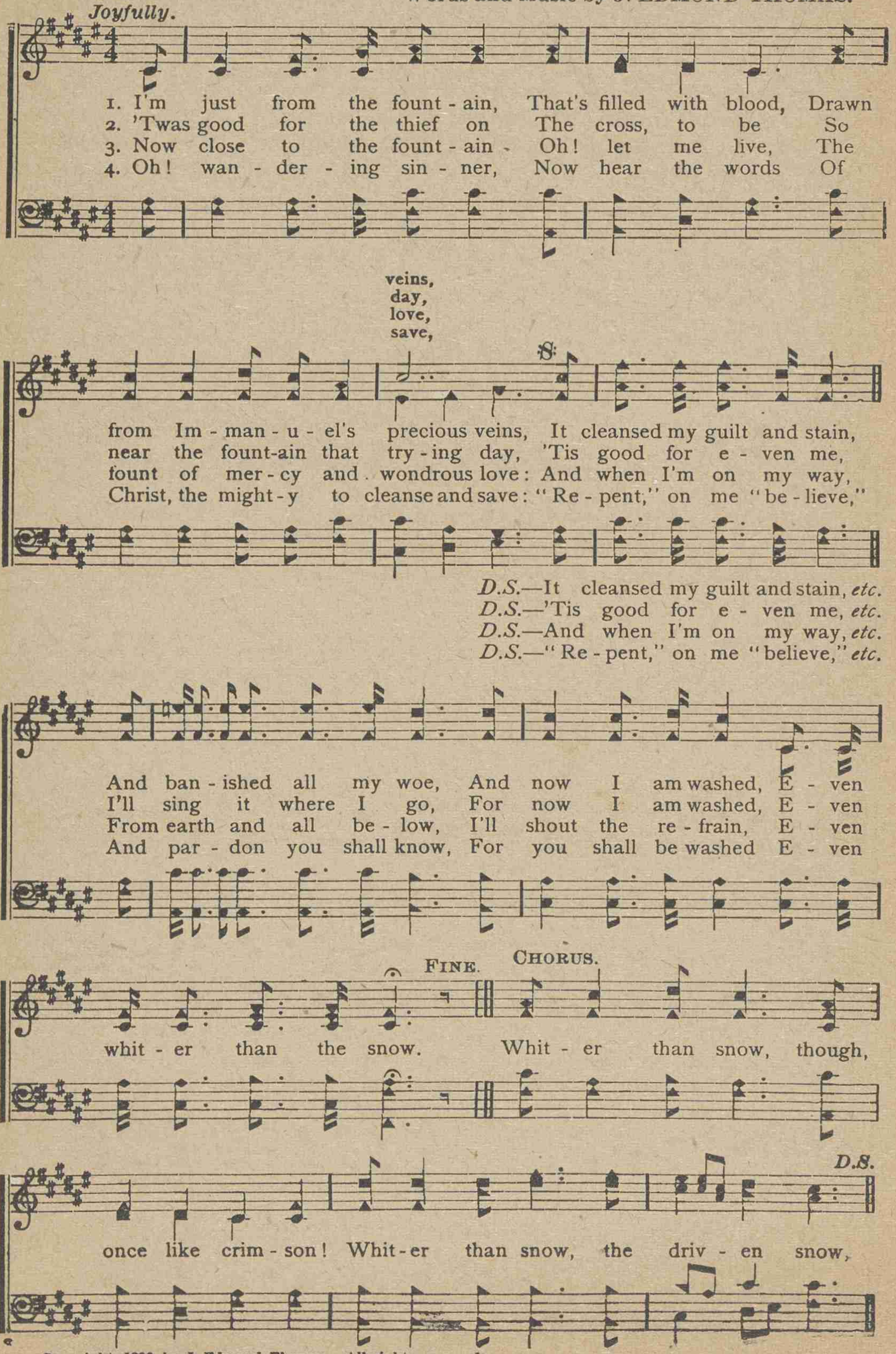


No. 83 I'm Just From the Fountain!

"These are they which came out of great tribulations, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—REV 7: 14.

Words and Music by J. EDMOND THOMAS.

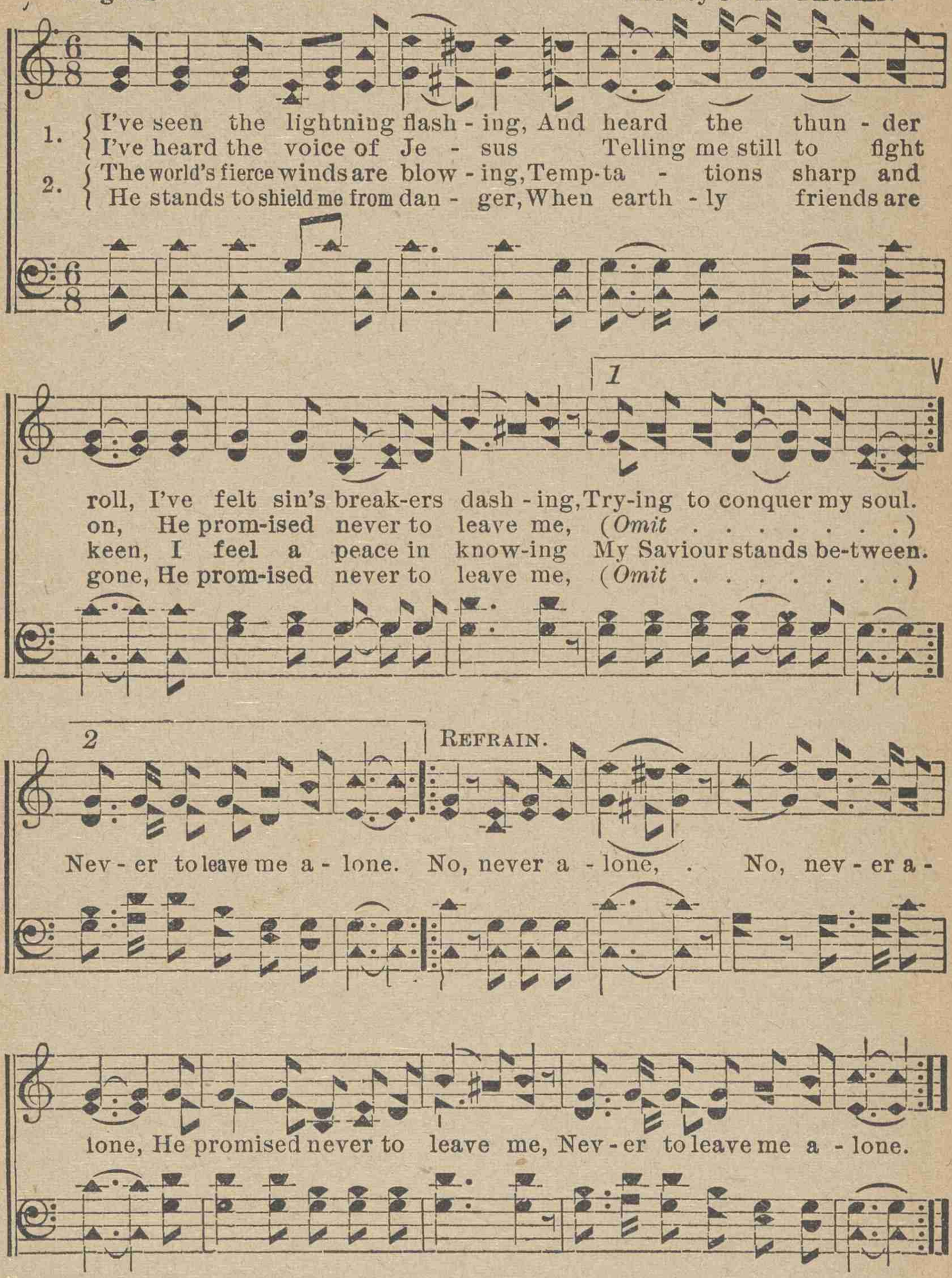
Joyfully.



Copyright, 1896, by J. Edmond Thomas. All rights reserved.

No. 84. Never Alone.

English. Arr. by J. E. THOMAS.



3 When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Saviour helps me to carry
My cross, when heavy to bear;
My feet entangled with briars,
Ready to cast me down,
My Saviour whispers His promise,
"I'll never leave thee alone."

4 He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side;
For me He opened that fountain,
The crimson cleansing tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

No. 85. Beautiful Fields of Grain.

S. A. MYERS. S. A. MYERS.

DUETT.*

1. Those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful fields of grain, Are ripe in the
2. The world is the beau - ti - ful har - vest field, Go work, and a -
3. The reap- ers are toil - ing from morn till night, A song of sweet
4. When life with its tri - als is o'er and done, And home we are

val - ley and on the plain, Go put in the sick - les and
bun - dant will be the yield, Your la - bor for Je - sus will
glad- ness and great de - light, Is heard as they gath - er and
gath - er - ing one by one, How pleas - ant to see as we

bring them in, Those beau - ti - ful fields of grain.
not be in vain, Go har - vest the gold - en grain.
reap the gain, Of beau - ti - ful gold - en grain.
leave the plain, Those beau - ti - ful sheaves of grain.

* May be used as a soprano solo.

By permission of the Author.

Beautiful Fields of Grain.—Concluded.





No. 86.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
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.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 87. BRING BACK MY BOY.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Out in the cold world and far a-way from home, Some-bod-y's boy is
2. O could I see him and fold him to my breast, Glad-ly I'd close my
3. Out in the hall-way there stands a va-cant chair, Yon-der the shoes my
4. Well I re-mem-ber the part-ing words he said, We'll meet a-gain where

wan-der-ing a-lone; No one to guide him or keep his footsteps
eyes and be at rest; There is no oth-er that's left to give me
dar-ling used to wear; Emp-ty the cra-dle the one he loved so
no sad tears are shed; There'll be no good-byes in that bright land so

D. S.—Tell him his moth-er with fad-ed cheeks and

Fine. CHORUS.

right, Some-bod-y's boy is homeless to-night.
joy, Bring back my boy, my wan-der-ing boy. Bring back my boy, my
well, O how I miss him there's rone can tell.
fair, When done with life I'll meet you up there.

hair, At their old home is wait-ing him there.

D. S.

wan-der-ing boy, Far, far a-way wher-ev-er he may be.

J. B. Vaughan, owner

No. 88. Christmas Night Serenade.

Words and Music by J. EDMOND THOMAS.

1. Star of the eve, ... with twinkleing light, ... Now hailing with
2. Queen of the night, . . . thou sil-ver-y moon, . . . Now peering thro'
3. Star of the morn, . . . most wondrous of all, ... Which guided the



pride . . . . . the scenes of the night; . . . . . From thy great
clouds . . . . . from heaven's bright dome, ... Oh! sing to us
wise . . . . . with light to the stall, ... Where angels from



joy, ... oh, nev-er re-frain, ... But sing to us
of . . . . . our lov'd ones that wait, ... With beckon-ing
heaven . . . . . this mes-sage did bring, ... To earth now is



now . . . . . of Je-sus once slain. . . . . .
hands, ... at heaven's bright gate. . . . . .
born . . . . . a Sav-iour and King. . . . . .



J. EDMOND THOMAS, owner.

No. 89. Sowing Time.

ADALINE H. LERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ.

1. See, the morn is bright'ning, In the east - ern sky; Up! for work make
2. Sow the seeds of kind- ness In your neighbor's heart; You will soon with
3. Sow a-long the high- way, Strangers may be there; You may make them

read - y, Lie not i - dly by; Has - ten to the grain - fields,
glad - ness See the plant - lets start; If the soil is ston - y,
bet - ter By a gift or pray'r Sow be-neath the noon - tide

With your pre-cious seed; Ma- ny will- ing work-men, Yet the Lord will need.
Nev - er fear to sow; Some rift may be o-pen, Where the stalk may grow.
While your strength is giv'n, Sow 'till life is end - ed, You will reap in heav'n.

CHORUS.

'Tis . . . . . the time for sow - - ing Seeds . . . . of
'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'Tis the time for sow -

By permission.

Sowing Time.—Concluded.

pre - cious worth;..... Scat - - - - ter them like
ing Seeds of pre- cious worth, Scat- ter them like sun - shine,

sun - - shine O - - - - ver all the earth.....
O- ver all the earth, Scat-ter them like sun - shine, O - ver all the earth.

'Tis..... the time for sow - - ing Seeds..... of
'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth,'Tis the time for sow -

pre - cious worth,..... Scat - - - - ter them like
ing Seeds of pre-cious worth; Scat - ter them like sun - shine,

sun - - shine, O - - - - ver all the earth.....
O- ver all the earth, Scat-ter them like sun-shine, O- ver all the earth.

No. 90. I CAN NEVER LEAVE HIM.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Mat-ters not where Jesus leads me I will go, Thro' this dark and lonely
2. Clouds of gloom and doubt may oft obscure the way, But with Je - sus all is
3. I may oft - en faint and fall and long for rest, Then it will be sweet to

des - ert here be - low, Ev - 'ry step will lead me near-er home I know,
well with me to - day, Let the world forsake me this I'll al - ways say,
lean up - on His breast, For I'll soon be liv - ing yon-der with the blest,

CHORUS.

I can nev - er, nev - er leave my Sav-iour.
I can nev - er, nev - er leave my Sav-iour. I can nev-er leave Him, I can
I will nev - er, nev - er leave my Sav-iour.

nev-er leave Him, Nev-er, nev-er leave my blessed Sav-iour; I can nev-er

leave Him, I can nev-er leave Him, I can nev-er leave my blessed Sav-iour.

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 91. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

B. Booth. Arr. by J. B. Vaughan.

DUET.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er out-
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than com-posed His
4. The light of His love shin - eth bright - er, As it falls on
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk - ing

weighs His grace, The storms that I feared may sur-round me, But it
crown for me, The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than He
paths of woe, The toil of my work grow - eth light-er, As I
in His sight, My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-

CHORUS.

ne'er excludes His face.
drank in Geth - se - mane. The s is not greater than His grace, The
stoop to raise the low.
lone can keep me right.

storm can not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know,

That with Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

J. B Vaughan, owner.

No. 92. WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

An invitation from a teacher to his school of singers to meet him in heaven.

EMMA B. VANDUSEN. W. O. MCKINNEY.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WILL YOU MEET ME THERE? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Meet me there,..... Meet me there, Will you
We will
Will you
Meet me there, Meet me there, We will

meet me at the heav'n - ly por - tals fair;
meet each oth - er at the por - tals fair;
meet me at that cit - y's en - trance fair;
meet each oth - er at the cit - y fair;
Meet me o - ver there,

There be - side the pearl - y gate I for you will glad - ly wait,
When you reach that shin - ing gate You for me will sure - ly wait;
Close be - side the jew - eled gate I for you will watch and wait
As we gath - er at the gate For each oth - er we will wait,

Rit. - - -

If you'll meet me, on - ly meet me, o - ver there.
I'll be with you if you'll meet me o - ver there.
If you'll meet me, on - ly meet me, o - ver there.
And to - geth - er we will en - ter o - ver there.

No. 93. BEYOND THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

MAY E. MCMILLAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Be - yond the crys - tal riv - er's sil - ver spray (sil-ver spray), There's a
2. We'er drift-ing to that riv - er's shin - ing shore (shining shore), As the
3. Soon life's sad fit - ful dreams shall be no more (be no more), Where the

cit - y that is bright and fair to see (fair to see); Be - yond the gold - en
gold - en days so swift - ly pass a - long (pass along); Earth's sor - rows and its
an - gels strike their shin-ing harps of gold (harps of gold); Ere long we'll meet our

D. S. There's rest for all the

sun - set far a - way (far a - way), In that cit - y, there is
pain will all be o'er (soon be o'er); We'll join the hap - py,
loved ones on that shore (hap - py shore), Whose beau - ty and whose

wea - ry, rest for me (rest for me), In that cit - y that is

Fine. CHORUS.

rest for you and me (you and me). Be - yond..... the crys - tal
glad tri - umph-ant throng (happy throng).
glo - ry is un - told (is un-told). Be - yond the crys - tal riv - er, Be-

bright and fair to see (fair to see).

D. S.

riv-er,..... Be - yond..... the shores of time.....
yond the shores of time, Be- yond the crys-tal riv - er, in yon-der sun-bright clime.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

INDEX.

	No.
Azmon	44
A little talk with Jesus	46
Away with strife	52
Bealoth	8½
Bear ye one another's burden	32
Beautiful fields of green	85
Beautiful home	13
Bethany	13½
Beyond the crystal river	93
Be ye ready	54
Blest be the tie that binds	42
Bring back my boy	87
By the gates they'll meet us	58
Can I forget thee	5
Christmas night serenade	88
Cleansing fountain	17
Come, listen to my story	11
Contented	50
Cowboys' Carnival	16
Danger in the border land	26
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	21
Drifting away	72
Evergreen shore	17½
Fountain of life and light	43
Grand gathering	41
Have courage to say no	69
Holding the life-line	31
Home of rest	18
How sweet the name	79
I can never leave Him	90
I dare not idle stand	74
I feel like going on	14
I gave my life for thee	49
I'll soon see Jesus	78
I'm coming to thee	82
I'm just from the Fountain	83
I'm longing for the unclouded day	35
I'm thinking of heaven	71
I never shall forget thee	63
I wonder if there is room for me	20
It won't be long	22
Jesus and I	57
Jesus is calling to-day	10
Jesus is with me	25
Joy to the world	30
Just a little while	4
Let us stand up for Jesus	81
Like heaven	19
Marching home	27
Meet me there	56
Meet me up there	34
Mother's advice	78
Mother and home	68
My Own Sweet Country	61
Never alone	84
Of Jesus speak	24
Once I wandered	47
Over there	8
Perez	67
Railway message	65
Remember me	9
Restless heart, don't worry	38
Robe and crown	6
Rock of Ages	12
Saved through and through	28
Scatter bright smiles	59
Shattered Vase	66
Sowing time	89
Step out on the promise	23
Sweet hour of prayer	86
Tell me now	76
Tell mother I'll meet her	29
That will be glory	55
The cross is not greater	91
The day will soon be over	73
The home of the soul	15
The ocean of life	77
The parting hand	40
The story of His love	37
The ten virgins	39
The cloudless day	48
They are gathering home	36
Thinking of mother and home	70
Toiling on	7
Vaughan's reverie	53
Will you meet me?	92
We are marching to Zion	75
We are waiting	80
Wear a crown	60
Will the door be open?	3
We shall know him	33
We bid you welcome	45
Whispering hope	62
We shall meet again	64

Windows of Heaven No. 2.

The best Sunday-school song book we have published. It contains the most valuable songs we have ever secured. 20c per copy; $2.00 per dozen, prepaid.

Gospel Arrows.

A new book for general use. You will find songs in this book suitable for all religious gatherings and Christian phases. 25c per copy; $2.50 per dozen.

Vaughan's Theory, or How to Write Music.

Harmony, composition and how to write music made simple, and you may learn and know correctly without a teacher. 15c per copy; $1.50 per dozen.

SHEET MUSIC.

The Stylish Church, Rock of Ages and **Under His Wing,** in sheet form. J. B. Vaughan's best compositions. 10c per copy.

The Game of Life. The most popular song we have before the public, and the best seller. 15c.

I Shall Know My Mamma. By the child composer, Miss Eula Vaughan. This is a wonderful song and the proceeds from the sale of this song has broken the record. 10c per copy.

Special discount given to teachers and dealers using and selling our publications.

J. B. VAUGHAN,
Bowman, Ga.