COLEMAN'S NEW QUARTET BOOK

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COLEMAN'S

NEW QUARTET BOOK

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

B. B. McKINNEY, Musical Editor

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN

DALLAS, TEXAS

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FOREWORD

THE demand is rapidly enlarging for music arranged for Male Quartets and Chorus Work. The male choir, in addition to the mixed choir, is becoming more general in the worship of song. It is wise to utilize a Male Chorus, or at least a Quartet of Christian men for several reasons: *First*, men love to sing, and in this way they can take an active part in the service which proves both pleasant and profitable; *second*, each man has a friend, or friends, or family who will come with him to the service, especially if he is to take an active part; *third*, the general public enjoys and is helped by good music rendered by men.

This "NEW QUARTET BOOK" comprises the best now in existence, according to the best judgment of the Editor and Mr. McKinney as well as the leaders of many of the best Quartets and Chorus Classes in this country. The book also contains a number of new songs and new arrangements which we believe will prove very serviceable. The section of Plantation Melodies comprises some songs not previously used in the books, as well as those already proven popular. We have had many calls for some songs for Ladies' Voices, and are pleased to offer here the best we have found, as well as some splendid new arrangements.

Most of this music is very simple and can be utilized by all. Our prayer is that the book may be used to His glory.

THE EDITORS.

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COLEMAN'S
NEW QUARTET BOOK

No. 1. Only Trust In Jesus.

Miss Pauline Sadler. Copyright, 1925, by Robert H, Coleman. **B. B. McKinney.**

1. When the way is dark and drear-y, And your path would lead astray,
2. When your heart is sad and lone - ly, And your grief is hard to bear,
3. Though temp-ta - tion come up - on you, Call - ing, call-ing day by day,
4. When your work on earth is o - ver, And you reach the riv - er wide,

If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, He will guide you all the way.
If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, He will all your sor-rows share.
If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, You can nev - er go a - stray.
Christ, the Sav - ior, will go with you, He will bear you o'er the tide.

CHORUS.

He'll go with you, He'll go with you, He'll go with you to the end.....
to the end,

In your joy or in your sor - row, He will be your dearest Friend.

No. 2.

Calvary.

Copyright, 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney.

W. McK. Darwood.

Jno. R. Sweney.
Arr. for men by B. B. McKinney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow.. ..... my Sav-iour died, ... 'Twas their my
2. 'Mid rending rocks ..... and dark'ning skies, ... My Sav-iour
3. O Je-sus Lord .....how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst

1. On Calv'y's brow my Saviour died,

Lord..... was cru-ci - fied; ..... 'Twas on the cross..... He
bows..... His head and dies;..... The op'ning vail..... re -
give ..... Thy life for me, ... To bear the cross..... and

'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross

bled for me,..... And purchased there..... my pardon free.
veals the way,..... To heav-en's joys ..... and endless day.
ag - o - ny, ... In that dread hour..... on Cal-va - ry.

He bled for me, And purchased there

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal-va - ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me, (for me;)

rit.

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav-iour died for me.

No. 3. Memories of Galilee.

Dr. R. Morris H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright. Used by permission. **H. R. Palmer.**

1. Each coo - ing dove,..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen ..... and mos-sy dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read ..... the thrilling lore,..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove, and sighing bough

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something
birds ..... in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun - ny
walked..... up - on the sea,..... I long, O

that makes the eve so blest to me,

far. ..... di-vin - er now,..... It bears me back..... to
morn ..... the praises tell, ... Of sights and sounds..... in
how ..... I long once more ..... To fol - low Him ..... in

Has something far di-vin - er now, It bears me back

REFRAIN.

Gal - i - lee..... O Gal - i-lee, sweet Gal-i - lee, Where Jesus loved so

to Gal - i - lee.

much to be, O Gal - i-lee, Blue Gal-i-lee, Come sing thy song again to me.

Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 4. The Wandering Sheep.

Horatius Bonar. Copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. **John Josey.**

1. I was a wan-der-ing sheep, I did not love the fold;
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
3. No more a wan-der-ing sheep, I love to be con - trolled;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er de-serts waste and wild:
I love my ten - der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold:

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;
He found me nigh to death, Fam - ished and faint and lone;
No more a way - ward child, I seek no more to roam;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
He bound me with the bonds of love, He saved the wan-der-ing one.
I love my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

No. 5. Forward.

L. A. S. Copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. L. A. Stulce.

1. For-ward to the fight with cour-age, For-ward, for - ward brave-ly go;
2. Christ, the Cap-tain, calls us for - ward, His commands we must o - bey;
3. Je - sus Christ is ev - er near us, And will cheer us day and night;

Keep your sword unsheaved and read-y, As we march to-ward the foe.
Fight the en - e - my to con - quer, Be a - lert, do not de - lay.
In this strug-gle, sin to con - quer, We must win for God and right.

CHORUS.

For-ward! for - ward! is the or - der; For - ward is the bat - tle cry;

For-ward! fight! stand firm for Je - sus, We must win or we must die.

No. 6. Don't Forget To Pray.

B. B. M. Copyright, 1825, by Robert H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.

1. When the morning light is dawn-ing, Don't forget to kneel and pray;
2. While the day is swift-ly pass - ing, Keep your mind on God above;
3. When the ev'ning sun is hid - den, 'Neath the golden tin-ted west,
4. All a-long your pilgrim jour-ney, Nev - er free from sin and care;

Ask the Sav-ior to go with you, Through the burdens of the day.
Ask - ing Him to ev - er guide you, In the pathway of His love.
Al . ways pray for His pro - tec - tion, Through a night of peaceful rest.
You will o - ver-come temp - ta - tion, In the se-cret place of pray'r.

CHORUS.

Don't for - get, don't for - get, Don't for -
Don't for - get to pray, don't for - get to pray,

get to kneel and pray, Don't for - get,
kneel and pray, Don't for - get to pray,

don't for - get, Don't for - get to kneel and pray.
don't for - get to pray,

No. 7. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandley.

Copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman.

B. B. McKinney.

May be used as Duet to Chorus.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me all the way.

CHORUS. *Arr.*

Where He leads I will fol-low,
Where He leads ..... me I will fol-low, ... Where He

Where He leads I will follow, Where He leads
leads ..... me I will fol - low, ... Where He leads ..... me I will

I will fol-low, I'll go with Him all the way.
fol - low, ... I'll go with ..... Him all the way .....

No. 8. When the Night Shades Are Falling.

Copyright 1924, by Rob't H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

1. When the night shades gen - tly are fall - ing, And the lights soft-ly glow
2. What - ev - er the task that is giv - en, I will faith - ful - ly la -
3. And when my day here is end - ed, And the twi - light of life

in the sky, (in the sky,) Then I think of the home o - ver yon - der,
bor on; (la - bor on;) Con - tent - ed if, when it is fin - ished,
I've won, (life I've won,) I will face toward home in the eve - ning,

CHORUS.

And it seems to be so near by.
The Fa - ther shall say "Well done." O the glo - ry a - wait-ing in the
And wait for the lights to come.

home-land, When our day's work here is done!..... We will
work is done!

be safe home with the Fa - ther, And no sor - row shall ev - er come.

No. 9. Gathering Home.

Arr. copyright 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Mrs. Mariana B. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.
Arr. B. B. McK.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gathering home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions a- bove,—Gathering home! gath-er-ing home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-er-ing home!.....
Gath-er-ing home! gath-er - ing home!

Nev-er to sor - row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home!.. .....
Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gath-er-ing home.
gath-er - ing home!

No. 10. When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Dion De Marbelle.

Arr. copyright 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman, Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor - row, In that ha - ven of tomorrow, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the

on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the silver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.
reach that love - ly ai - den, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.

yond the shin - ing riv - er, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you here the angels singing? 'Tis the glo-ry

hal - le-lu - jah Ju - bi - lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far - off sweet for-ev-er, Just be -

No. 11. A Friend To Man.

Adapted by B. B. McK. Copyright 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.

1. Let me trav - el the road, the road of life, Where the rac - es of men press on, The men who are weak from their load of sin,
2. Let me see as I trav - el up - on my way, On the great high - way of life, The men who press on with the ar - dor of hope,
3. Let me trav - el the road, the road of life, Where some sin-burdened soul I'll meet, Let me be a balm to his ach - ing heart,

And the men who are good and strong, I would not look with a scor-ner's eye, Nor hurl the cyn - ic's ban, Let me
And the men who are faint with strife, Let me turn not a - way from their smiles and tears, Both part of an all - wise plan, Let me
And a guide to his way - ward feet, Let me tell him of Christ who has died to save, Let me give him sal - va - tion's plan, Let me

trav - el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.

No. 12. Wandering Child, O Come Home.

Copyright, 1914, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.
International copyright secured.

K. G. B. **Kem G. Bottorf.**

Moderato.

1. Have you wandered a - way from your Fa-ther's care, Heav-y heart - ed and sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gen-tle voice call-ing now to you—
2. Is your frail bark a - drift on life's rag - ing sea, Are you tossed on its bil - lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, waiting now for you—
3. He is plead - ing to - day, heed His gen - tle voice, As He bids you no long - er to roam, To that dear Father's house haste without de - lay—

CHORUS. *pp Second time.*

Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O come home. Child, come home, Child, come home,

child, come home, Child, come home,

home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam? Child, come home,

Wand'ring child, why long - er roam? 'Tis thy

Wand'ring child, O come home, come home.

'Tis thy Fa-ther now entreats— Wand'ring child, come home, come home.

Fa - ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O come home.

No. 13. At The Beautiful Gate.

Copyright, 1913, by the Fillmore Bros. Co. International copyright.

Palmer Hartsough. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Not fast.

1. At the beau - ti - ful gate of the tem - ple A poor man was ly - ing so
2. At the beau - ti - ful gate of the tem - ple He lin-gered in pain and in
3. At the beau - ti - ful gate of the tem - ple The heal-ing of par-don is

lame; At the beau - ti - ful gate where the peo - ple With songs and with
grief; At the beau - ti - ful gate there so free - ly Was giv - en the
giv'n; At the beau - ti - ful gate is the Sav - iour To o - pen the

CHORUS.

of - fer - ings came.
per-fect re - lief. At the beau-ti - ful gate, At the beau - ti - ful gate,
por-tals of heav'n

Where the wor-ship - ers joy - ful have trod; (have trod;) O there let me wait

poco rit. *molto rit.*

At the beau - ti - ful gate, At the gate of the tem - ple of God. (of God.)

No. 14. Work, Watch, Pray.

Mrs. N. A. Montfort. Arr. Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. **Fred A. Fillmore.**

mf *Cres.*

1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is wea - ry,
2. When the way seems lost and the staff is brok - en,
3. All your work will bring you the rich - est treas - ure,

mf

Broth - er, work, watch, pray; When the nights are long and the
Broth - er, work, watch, pray; And the spir - it yearns for some
Broth - er, work, watch, pray; And your pray'r's re - ward is the

Cres. CHORUS.

days are drear - y, Broth - er, work, watch, pray.
kind - ly to - ken, Broth - er, work, watch, pray. Work, watch and
sweet-est pleas - ure, Broth - er, work, watch, pray.

Cres. *f*

pray, Broth - er, bid the temp - ter flee. When the heart is faint,

Cres. *Slower.*

and when life seems vain, My broth - er, work, watch, pray.

No. 15. Sometime, Somewhere.

A. W. S. Copyright, 1913, by the Rodeheaver Co. Arthur W. Spooner.

1. An - gels are al - ways sing-ing, Some-where, some-where, Joy-bells are
2. Peace like a riv-er is flow - ing, Some-where, some-where, God His full
3. Home is a-wait-ing God's chil-dren, Some-where, some-where, Bright golden

ev - er ring-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; Somewhere the sun is shin-ing,
par-don be-stow-ing, Somewhere, somewhere; O - ver the hilltops of glo - ry.
crowns will be given, Somewhere, somewhere; Then the glad harps will be sounding

E - ven in darkest night; Cease then your sad re - pin-ing, Soon will your
Shine the fair streets of gold; Won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, Nev - er has
Round the white throne on high; Heav-en with praises re-sound-ing, Nev-er-more

CHORUS.

sky be bright. Some - time .... Somewhere,.... God will make all come
half been told.
pain or sigh. Sometime, Somewhere,

right,....Some-time,.....Some-where,... Skies will be al-ways bright.
right, come right, Sometime, somewhere, up there,

No. 16.

Ready.

S. E. L.

Copyright 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Read - y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read - y to
2. Read - y to go, read - y to bear, Read - y to
3. Read - y to speak, read - y to think, Read - y with
4. Read - y to speak, read - y to warn, Read - y o'er

stand the test; Read - y to stay at home and
watch and pray; Read - y to stand a - side and
heart and brain; Read - y to stand where He sees
souls to yearn; Read - y in life, read - y in

CHORUS.

send Oth - ers, if He sees best.
give, Till He shall clear the way. Read-y to go,
fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
death, Read-y for His re - turn.

read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill; Read-y for

ser - vice, low - ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

No. 17. The Nail-Scarred Hand.

Copyright, 1924, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured,

B. B. McK. B. B. McKinney.

1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk - ing a - lone thro' the shad-ows dim? Flace your hand in the
3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the

nail-scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
nail-scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?
nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,

CHORUS.

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand,

Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the

end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

No. 18. The Old Rugged Cross.

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard,
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

G. B. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at -
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -

suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug - ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glory for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 19. The Haven Of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Copyright 1889, by Jno. J. Hood. George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with sin and dis - trest; Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
2. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus who'll save who - so - ev - er will have
4. O come to the Sav-iour, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,

FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my soul
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

D. S.

in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 20. Will You Come?

Anon. Copyright 1909, by Ernest O. Sellers. **E. O. Sellers.**

1. We are trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you come?..... Will you come?
2. We are going to see the Bleeding Lamb,
3. We are going to join the heav'nly choir, Will you come?

To sing the Sav-iour's dy - ing love, Will you come? Will you come?
In rapt - 'rous strains to praise His name, Will you come? Will you come?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you come? Will you come?

Mil - lions have reached that blest a - bode, A-noint-ed kings and priests to God, And
The crown of life we there shall wear, The conq'rors palm our hands shall bear, And
There saints and an - gels glad - ly sing, Ho - san-nas to their God and King, And

rit.

mil-lions more are on the road; Will you come?..... Will you come?
all the joys of heav'n we'll share,
make the heav'nly ar - ches ring; Will you come?

No. 21. Make Room For Jesus.

Viola S. Cassidy. Copyright 1925. by Rob't H. Coleman **Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.**

1. On that glad day when Christ was born, In manger laid like one for-lorn,
2. The glad warm sun on that bright morn, Shone on the in - fant hum - bly born,
3. There's room for pride, there's room for gold, There's room for all that earth can hold,
4. O sin - sick soul, cast all a - way, Make room for Je - sus now, to - day,

He lay be-cause there was with-in, No room for Je - sus at the inn.
Who came to save us from our sin, But found no room to en - ter in.
There's room for plea-sure, room for sin, But none for Je - sus to come in.
And keep Him there your heart with-in, Make room for Je - sus to come in.

CHORUS.

Make room for Je - sus, He's a Friend, Who will be faith-ful to the end,

Who came that you might heav-en win, Make room for Je - sus to come in.

No. 22. Comrades, Press On.

Words and music copyright 1905, by H. N. Lincoln.

James Rowe. Rob't H. Coleman, owner. W. H. Roach.

1. From morn until even, and day aft - er day, Comrades in Jesus, press
2. The sword of the Spirit to faith - ful - ly wield, Comrades in Jesus, press
3. The world from its bondage of sin to re - lease, Comrades in Jesus, press

on; (press on;) Be found at your post in the heat of the fray;
on; (press on;) To mer - cy and truth sin and er - ror must yield;
on; (press on;) Till vi - brates the earth with the an - them of peace;

REFRAIN.

Comrades in Je-sus, press on, Press on and on, press
press on, Press on and on,

on and on, ... Comrades in Jesus, press on; . . . . . The vic-t'ry to
press on and on,

win o - ver darkness and sin, Comrades in Je-sus, press on. (press on.)

No. 23. Go Through The Gates.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co. **Ira B. Wilson.**

1. Go thro' the gates, O church of Christ, Cast up, cast up a safe high - way;
2. Prepare the way of ho - li - ness, Remove the stones that wound the feet,
3. Go thro' the gates, make known the strength That cometh from a faith di - vine,

For all the peo - ple make a road, That from the kingdom none need stay.
That all who walk there-in may find A joy and bless-ing pure and sweet.
A - rise, a - rise, O church of Christ, Be true and vic - t'ry shall be thine.

CHORUS.

Go thro' the gates, O church of Christ,
Go thro the gates, ... O church of Christ, ... And

And lift the roy - al standard high; The sav-ing pow'r
lift the roy - al standard high; ..... The saving pow'r .....

of Je - sus tell
of Je - sus tell ..... E're wait-ing peo-ple faint and die.

No. 24. He Lives On High.

Words and arr. copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman.

B. B. McK.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heaven's glo - ry, To re - deem the lost from sin and shame, On His brow He wore the thorn crown go - ry, And up - on Cal-va-ry He took my blame.
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row To dwell in that land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-mor - row, And He'll take all His children home above.
3. Wea - ry soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re - demption from sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and receive a bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri - um-phant o - ver sin and all its stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's coming a - gain.

No. 25. May God Depend On You?

Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

W. C. Martin. Ira B. Wilson.

1. In the war - fare that is rag - ing For the truth and for the right,
2. See, they come on sa - ble pin - ions. Come they in Sa - tan - ic might,—
3. From His throne the Fa - ther sees us; An - gels help us to pre - vail;

When the con - flict, fierce, is rag - ing With the pow - ers of the night,
Pow - ers come and dark do-min - ions From the re - gions of the night,
And our lead - er true is Je - sus, And we shall not, can - not fail,

God needs peo-ple brave and true; May He then de-pend on you?
God requires the brave and true: May He now de-pend on you?
Triumph crowns the brave and true,— May the Lord de-pend on you?
peo - ple brave and true;

CHORUS.

May the Lord.... depend on you?... Loy - al - ty..... is but His due;...
May the Lord de - pend on you? Loy-al-ty is but His due;

Say, O spir - it brave and true, That He may de-pend on you.
spir - it brave and true,

No. 26. Sail On!

Copyright, 1909, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
H. A. Rodeheaver, owner.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Up - on a wide and stormy sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and weary worn—The sky o'er-cast, Thy canvass torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft assail? Art pow'r-less, drifting with the gale?

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice is to Thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
Take heart! God's word shall nev - er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not al-ways

last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
sail on! sail on!

No. 27. Just Outside The Door.

Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. Oh, wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im - part—To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass-ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out - side.
How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out - side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!
Be - fore the temp - est breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.

CHORUS.

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, Be - hold it stands a - jar!

Just out-side the door, just out-side the door, So near and yet so far!

No. 28. The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Copyright, 1915, by E. O. Excell.

Jesse P. Tompkins. Words and music. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. The near - er I reach the end of life, The sweet - er is
2. The near - er the fad - ing of the leaf, The bright-er the
3. The near - er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair - er the
4. The near - er I reach the Morn - ing Land, The fair - er the

home to me; I long for the fra - grant flow'rs that grow
col - ors grow; I sigh, when the ev - 'ning shad - ows fall,
breez - es blow; The near - er I reach the Fount of Love,
gold - en light; My eyes in the gath - 'ring mists grow dim,

CHORUS.

On the banks of the Crys - tal Sea.
For the light of the morn - ing glow. Home, Home,
Then the sweet - er the wa - ters flow.
Then the clear - er im - mor - tal sight.

Heav - en - ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The near - er I

reach the end of time, The sweet - er thou art to me.

No. 29. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. **(Glory, Hallelujah.)** **Plantation Melody.**

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies. Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat, O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos-om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is marching on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo - ry, hal-le-lu -
Glory! glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory! glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le -

jah! Glo-ry! glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Our God is marching on.
lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 30.

When I Go Home.

Jennie Ree. Copyright 1913, by E. O. Excell. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. A lit - tle while and then the sum-mer day, When I go home;
2. Work ceases not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go home;

'Tis lonesome win - ter now, but 'twill be May, When I go home; Be -
But in the still - ness of the twi-light hour, I dream of home; And
The wan-der-ings all o'er, and lon - li - ness, When I go home; There
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go home; Oh,

yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel-come warm of
when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go home, when I go home.
dark, or chill of cold—I dream of home, I dream of home.
was on land or sea, When I go home, when I go home.
Him who died for me, When I go home, when I go home.

No. 31. It Came Upon The Midnight Clear.

Edmund H. Sears. Arr. copyright 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Arr. B. B. McKinney.**

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled.
3. And ye, beneath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et bards for-told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all-gra - cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel-sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

No. 32. The Church In The Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab - bath morn-ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
clear ringing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil - low, Dis -
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—spot is so dear to my child - hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lilt - tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

No. 33. The Riches Of Love.

Copyright. 1916, by D. B, Towner. Renewal.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner. N. B. Sargent. Arr.

1. The treas-ures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil - ver and gold; But a treas-ure far great - er is mine; I have rich - es of
2. The treas-ures of earth must all fail, Its rich - es and hon - or de - cay, But the rich - es of love that are mine, E - ven death can - not
3. Compared with the rich - es of love, The wealth of the world is but dross; I will seek but Christ Je - sus to win; And for Him I count
3. Come, take of the rich - es of Christ, Ex - haust-less and free is the store; Of its won - der - ful full - ness re - ceive, Till you hun - ger and

CHORUS.

val - ue un - told. Oh, the depth of the rich - es of love,..... The
take them a - way.
all things but loss.
thirst nev - er - more. the rich-es of love,

rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus, Far bet - ter than gold, or

wealth un - told, Are the rich - es of love in Christ Je - sus.

No. 34. Jesus, The Light of the World.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman,

J. V. C. Arranged I. E. R.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright;

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

No. 35. I Am Safe.

Copyright 1916, by Rob't H. Coleman, Dallas, Texas.

I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds.

1. I am safe from ev - 'ry storm, Christ doth love me so;
2. I am safe when troub - les come, With my Sav - ior near;
3. I am safe for ev - er - more, Thro' the crim - son flood;
4. I am safe what - e'er be - fall, With a Friend so strong;

I am safe from ev - 'ry harm, For my Lord I know.
I am safe from Sa - tan's wiles, For my pray'r He'll hear.
I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His pre - cious blood.
I am safe for heav'n and home, With the blood - washed throng.

CHORUS.

I am safe, I am safe, For my Sav - ior died for me;
So safe, so safe,

I am safe, so safe, I am safe in Him, In His likeness I shall be.
shall be.

No. 36. Bright Breaks The Morning.

Copyright, 1913, by The Fillmore Bros. Co. International copyright.

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Bright breaks the morning, All things a - dorn - ing, Dull slum - ber scorn-ing,
2. Bright breaks the morning, O glo-rious morn - ing, Na - tions are turn - ing
3. Bright breaks the morning, Long promised morn - ing, His hands dis - cern-ing,

Comrades a - way! (where the) Cohorts are gleam-ing, Ban-ners are streaming,
Un - to the Lord, (sin-ful) Man is a - wak - ing, E - vil for-sak - ing,
Now in the sky, (holds a) Crown wait-ing o'er thee, Tell then the sto - ry,

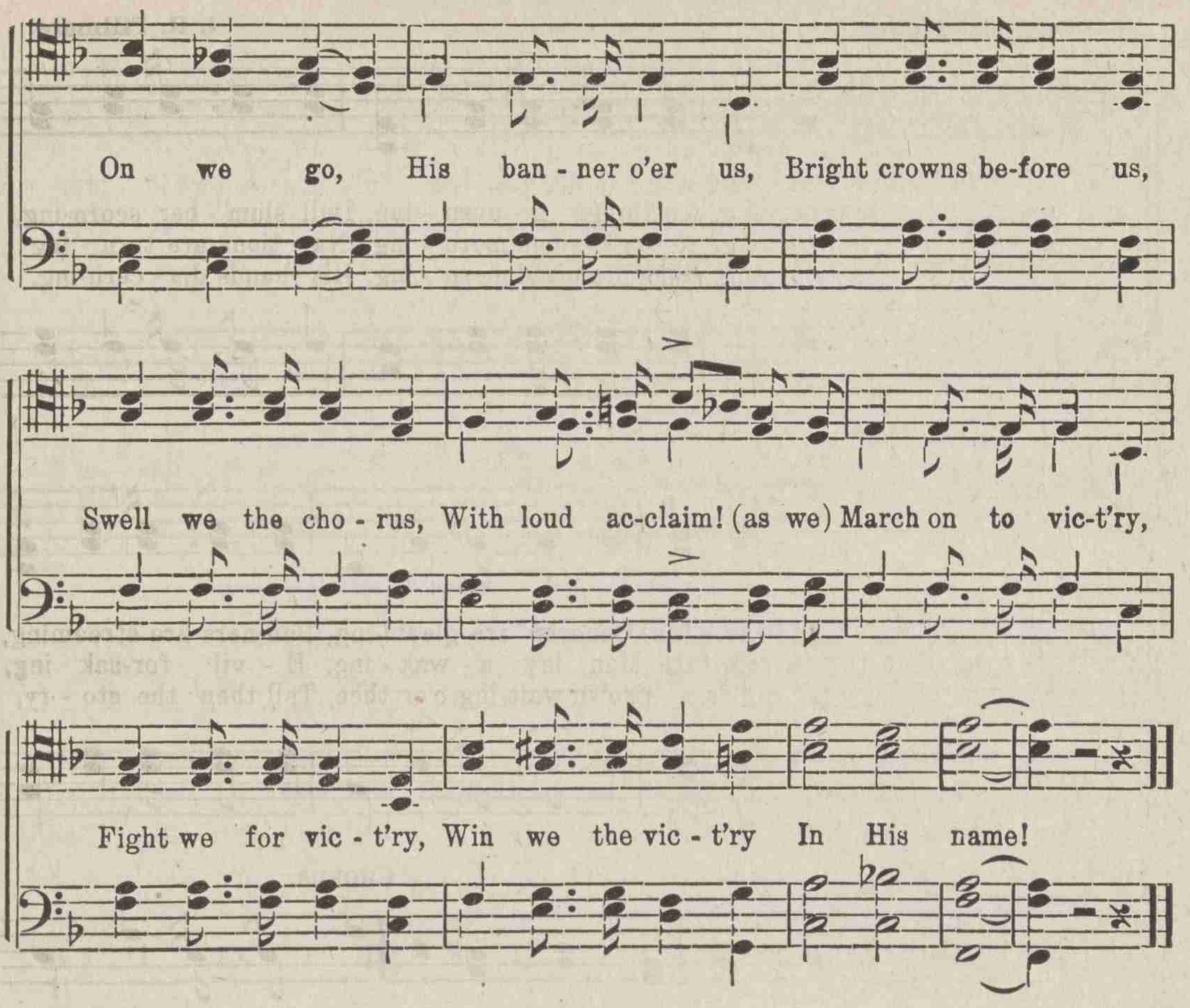
CHORUS.

Vic - t'ry is beam - ing O'er the day.
Fet - ters are break - ing At His word. Com - rades, the Cap - tain's
Our King of glo - ry Tri - umphs high.

call we know, On to the con - flict now we go,

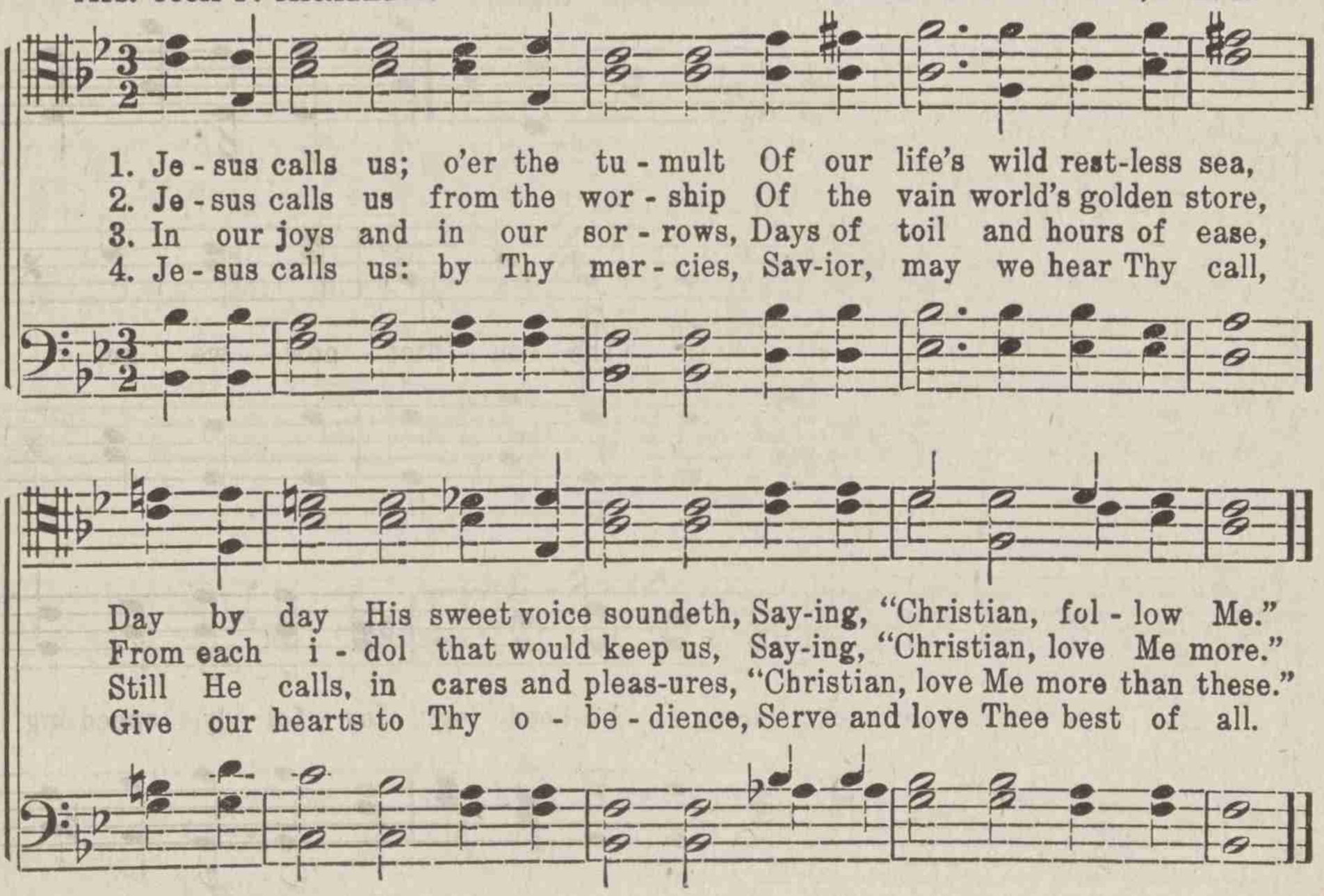
Fol - low His lead - ing, Dan - ger un-heed - ing, Joy - ful - ly speed-ing,

Bright Breaks The Morning.



No. 37. Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude. Arr, I. E. R.



No. 38. He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Copyright, 1910, by Ackley and Rodeheaver.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. H. A. Rodeheaver, owner. B. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temp - ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3- Sometimes I fal - ter filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall! He will not let me fall!
He will not let me fall!

He is my Strength, my Hope, my All, He will not let me fall!

No. 39. There Is A Green Hill.

Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. **Ira B. Wilson.**

Andante con espressione.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be forgiv'n He died to make us good,

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,

rit.

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood.

a tempo.

We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him to,

We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear;
Oh, dear - ly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too,

'Twas for us He hung and suf-fered there.
Trust His blood, And try His work to do.

But we believe He died for us He hung and suffered there.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

No. 40. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright preperty of W. H, Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

DUET OR TRIO.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red (Tho' they be red) like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to Me (Look un - to Me,) ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God!

TRIO. QUARTET.

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that entreats you;
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

No. 41. Speed Away! Speed Away!

Words and arr. copyright 1905, by H. N. Lincoln.
Rob't H. Coleman, owner.

H. N. Lincoln. I. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thy er - rand of light, The world is en -
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes-sage of love, And lead man-y
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the ti - dings of hope, To mil-lions who

shroud-ed in dark-ness of night; Ho - ly unc - tion will nerve thee if
souls to the man-sions a - bove: While the work is so great and the
in their dark wan-der-ings grope, Go and win them to Je - sus, still

trust-ing you go, And re - peat the sweet sto - ry the whole world must
work-ers so few, Can the Lord for a reap - er de - pend up - on
oth - ers they'll win, Thus the bat - tle to wage and to o - ver - come

know: Bless - ed ti - dings of grace and sal - va - tion con - vey.
you From the dawn of the morn to the close of the day?
sin, Till the earth shall be bright with mil - len - ni - al ray.

rit.

Speed a - way,..... speed a - way,..... speed a - way!
Speed a-way, speed a-way,

No. 42. No Night There.

Copyright, 1899, by The Biglow and Main Co.
Hope Publishing Co., owner.

John R. Clements. Hart P. Davis.
Arr. P. H. Metcalf.

Moderato.

1. In the land of fade - less day, Lies the cit - y four-square;
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the cit - y four-square;
3. And the gates shall nev - er close, In the cit - y four-square;
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the cit - y four-square;

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is no night there.
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is no night there.
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is no night there.
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is no night there.

God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

CHORUS.

mf

God shall wipe away all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall wipe a - way all tears; There's no death, no pain, nor fears:

And they count not time by years, by years,

dim.

And they count not time by years, For there is no night there.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is no night there.

For there is no night there.

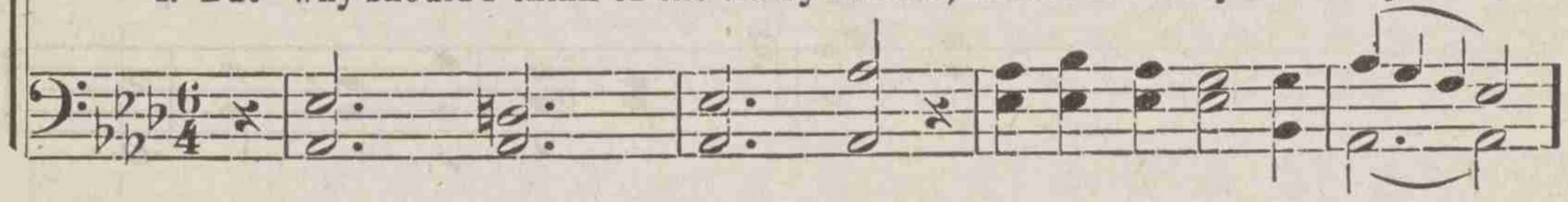
No. 43. The Valley Of Shadow.

Copyright, 1908 and 1912, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

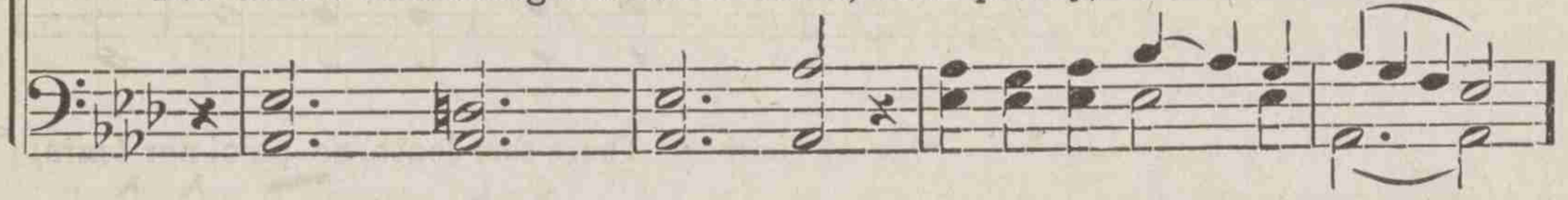
Ada R. Habershon. Tabernacle Publishing, Co., owner. **Robert Harkness.**

SOLO.

1. They tell me tnat there is a shad-ed vale Thro' which I must surely go.
2. It may be that some day my path may lead Where death casts its gloomy shade;
3. Since Je-sus my Saviour endured the cross, I need not fear a - ny - thing,
4. But why should I think of the valley's shade, Where Jesus my Lord may come,



But passing that way it could not be dark, My Lord would be there I know.
Since death by His dying has lost its pow'r, Will shadows make me a - fraid?
For He tasted death, and He gives me life, Oh, death, where is now thy sting?
For Him I am looking and not for death, Come quickly, Lord Je-sus, come.



CHORUS.

My Lord will be there I know,..... My Lord will be there I know,
I know,

The shadows can-not harm me, My Lord would be there I know.....
I know.

No. 44. I Want My Life To Tell.

Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid life's bus-y, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way-far-ers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je - sus hid, That I may do what He shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sublime;

While I am trav-el - ing a - long, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And help them on their way a-right; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
I want to love as Je - sus did; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And ev-'ry-where—and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I want my life..... to tell for Je - sus! I want my
I want my life
life.....
I want my life to tell for Je - sus, That ev - 'ry-where I go,

Men may His goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je - sus!

No. 45.

Roll, Billows, Roll!

Copyright, 1914, by Hunt and Scholfield.
Owned by Robert H. Coleman.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.
Arr. I. E. R.

1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, bil-lows, roll! I fear naught on
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, bil-lows, roll! All God's host sur -
3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as - sail, Roll, bil-lows, roll! In God's might I
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say, "Roll bil-lows, roll! Christ is keeping

CHORUS.

sea or land, so Roll, bil - lows, roll.
round my soul, so Roll, bil - lows, roll. Roll, bil - lows, roll!
shall pre - vail, so Roll, bil - lows, roll.
me each day, so Roll, bil - lows, roll."

Roll, bil - lows roll! Je - sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from

ev - 'ry foe; So roll, bil - bows, roll!..... Roll, bil - lows,

rit. *rit.*

roll!.... Je - sus is my an - chor and He'll keep my soul.

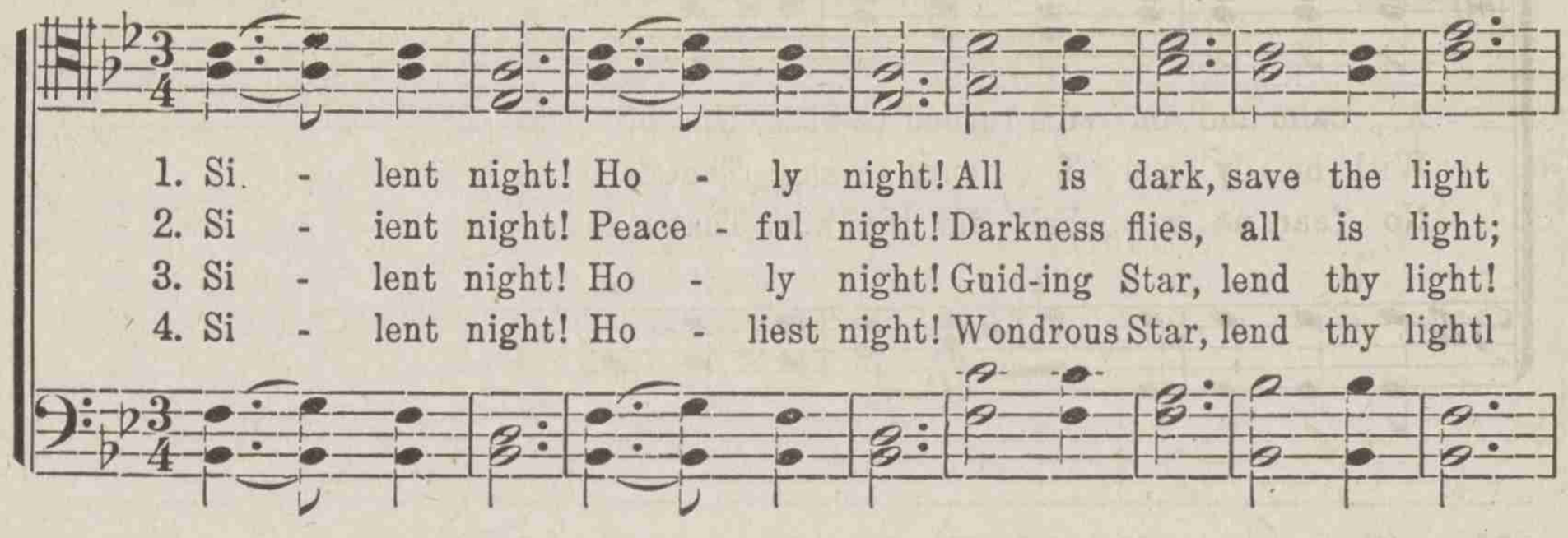
No. 46. Silent Night! Holy Night!

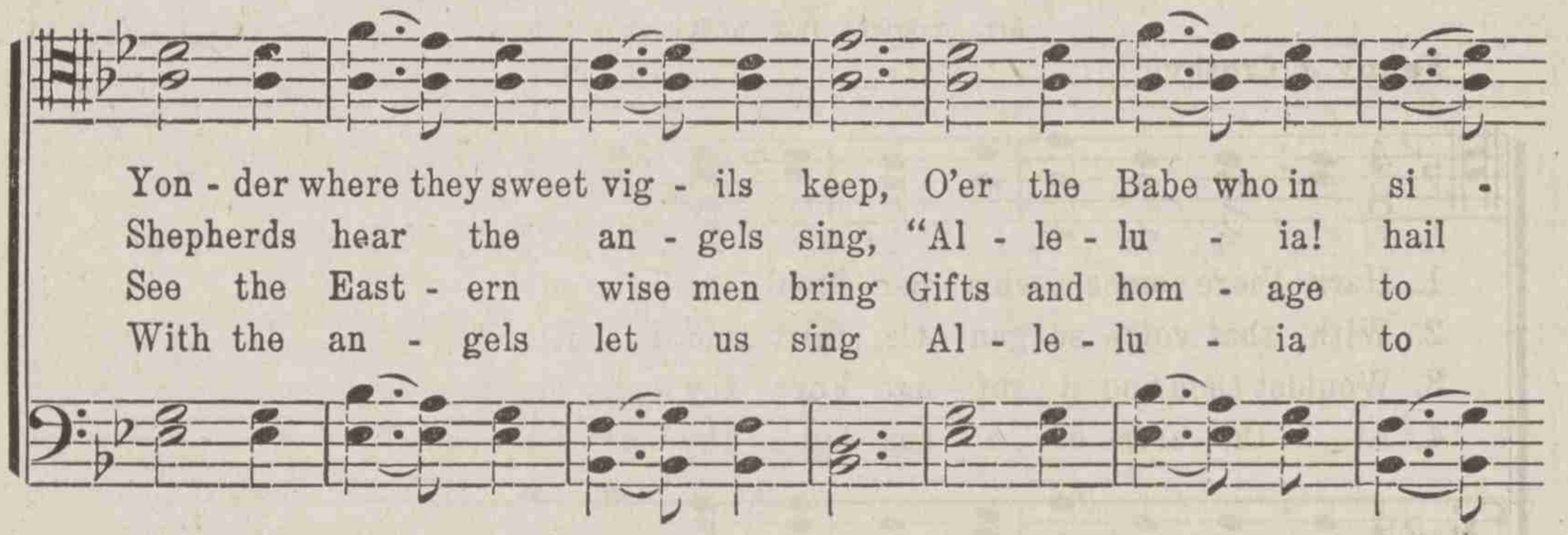
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Rev. Joseph Mohr. Franz Gruber.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

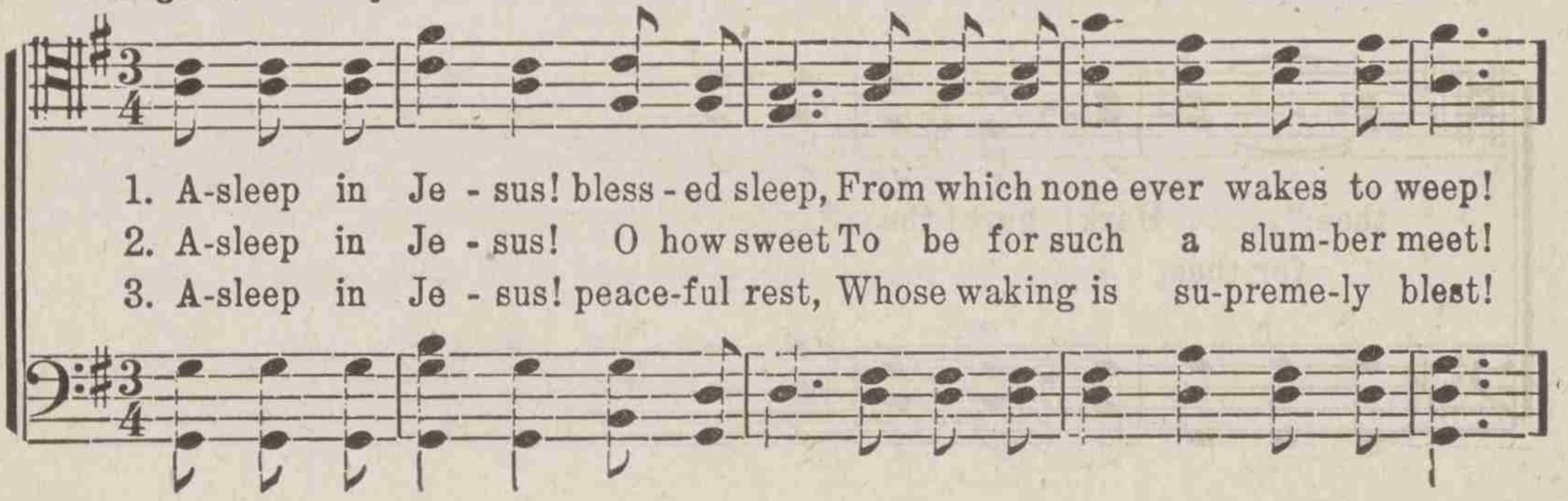




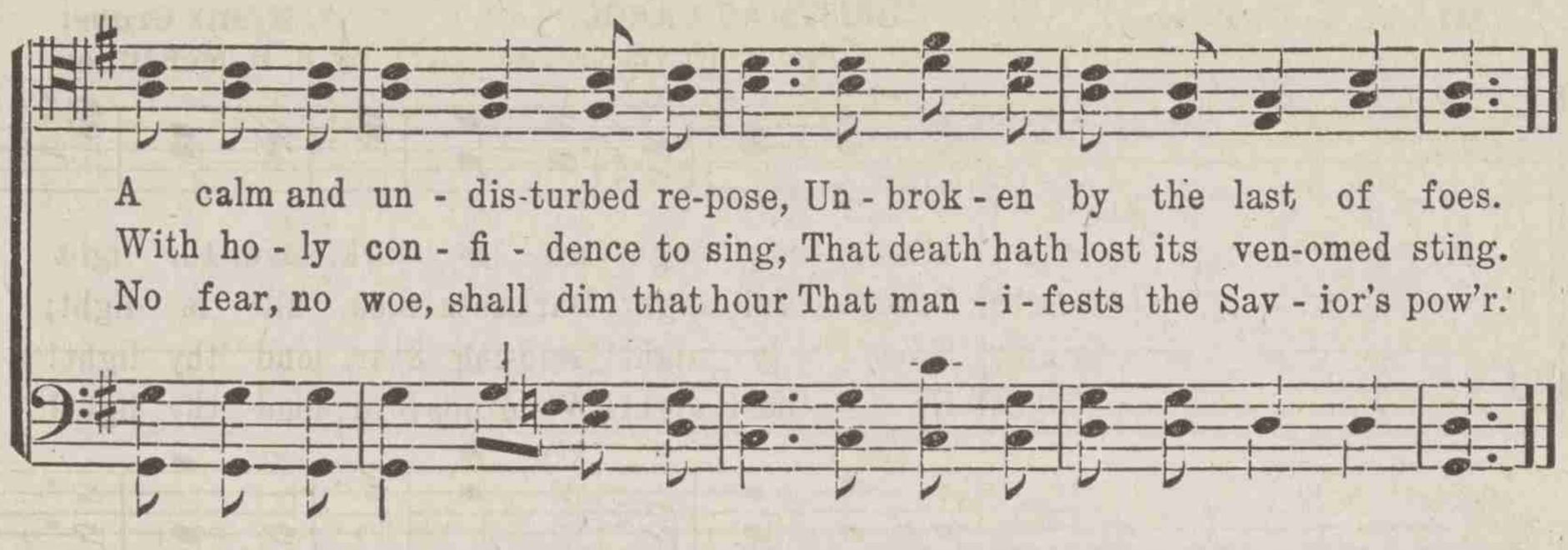
No. 47. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.
Arr. I. E. R.



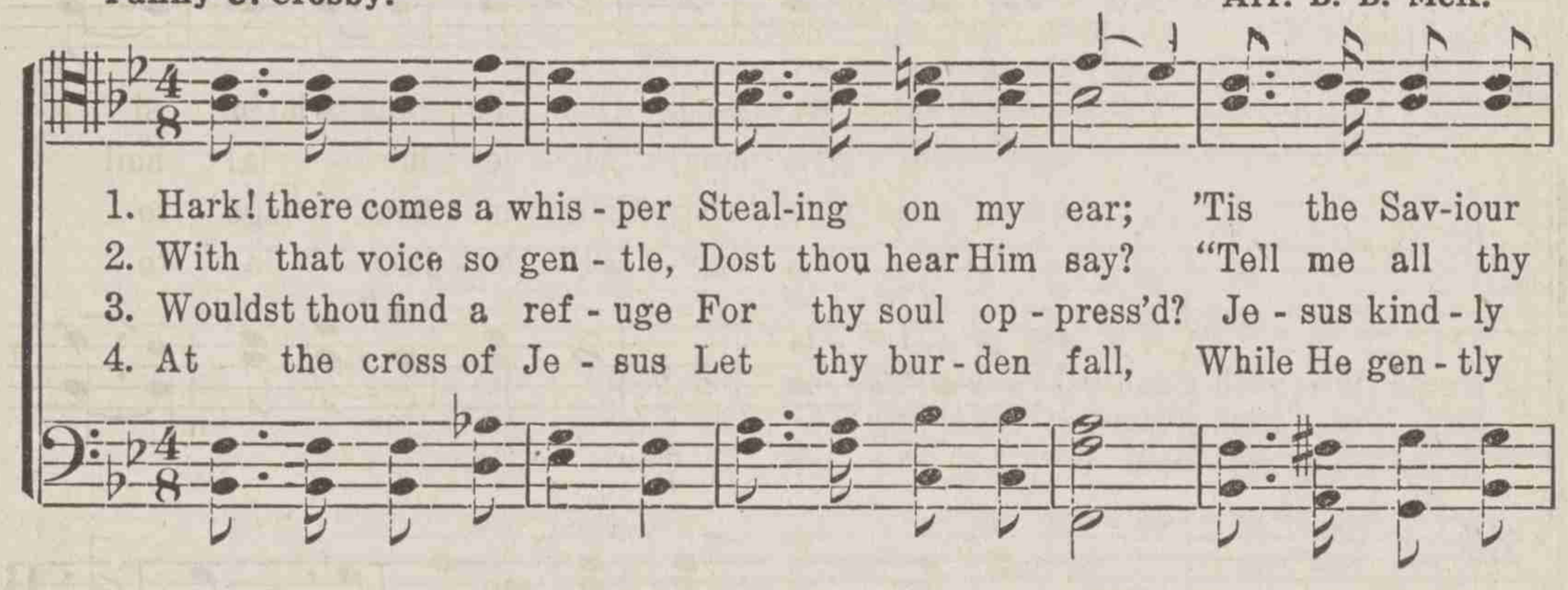
Asleep In Jesus.

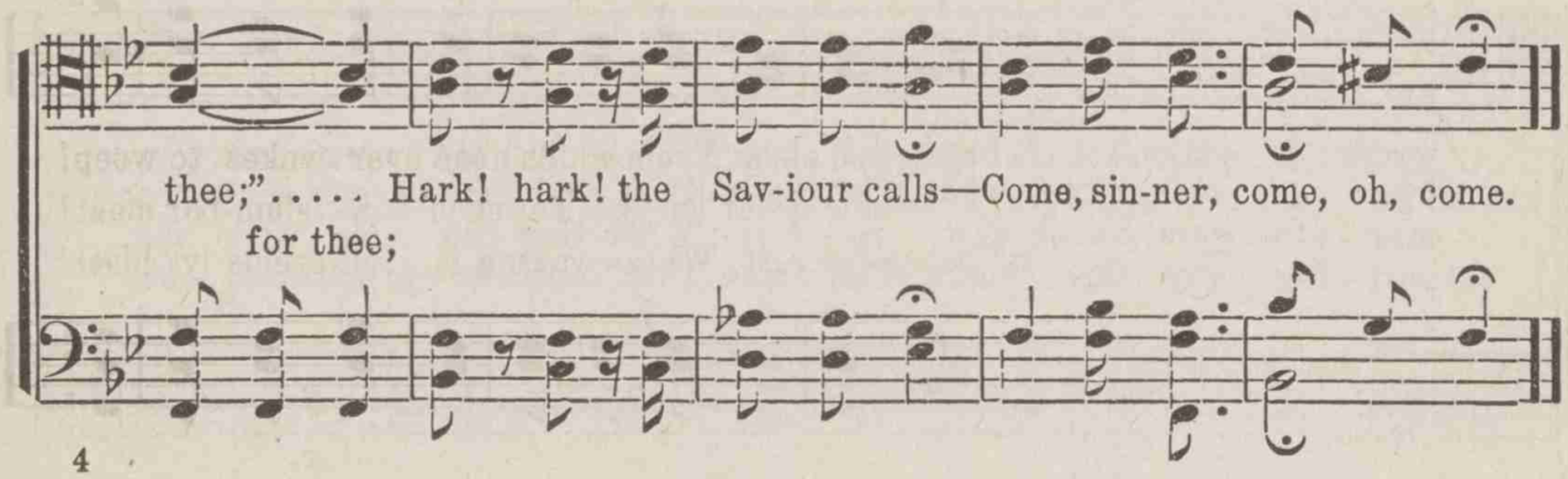


No. 48. Hark! There Comes A Whisper

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**
Arr. B. B. McK.





No. 49. Purer In Heart.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with coun-sel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul with-in; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

No. 50. More Love To Thee.

Mrs. E. P. Prentice. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Dr. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea:
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me:
4. Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be:

More Love To Thee.

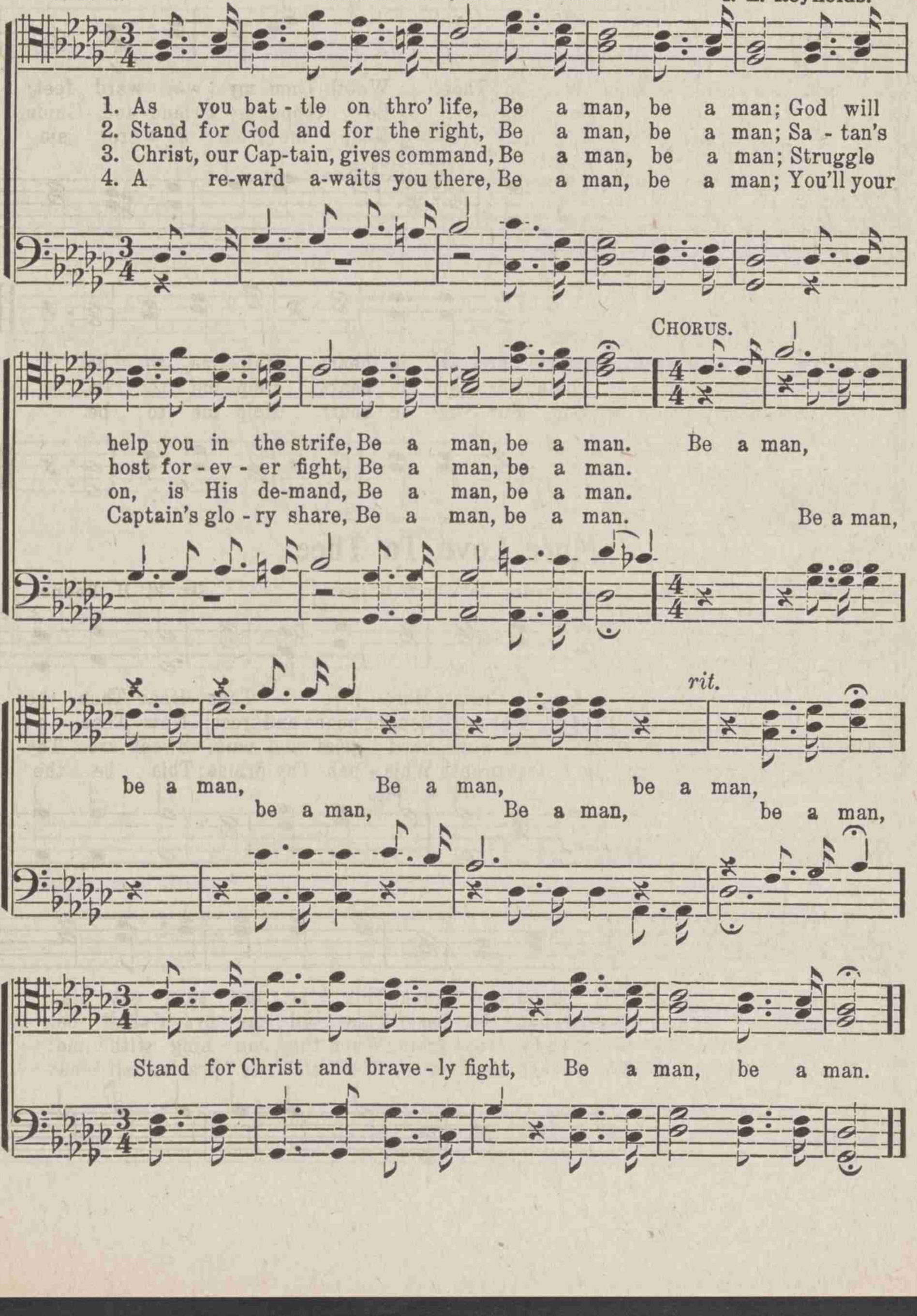
No. 51.

Be A Man.

I. E. R.

Copyright, 1917, by Robert H. Coleman.

I. E. Reynolds.



No. 52. Our God Is Over All.

Viola S. Cassidy. Copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman. **Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.**

1. When mid the try - ing scenes of life, In troub-les great or small,
2. We are the chil-dren of His care, He loves us, great or small,
3. He gov - erns with al - might - y hand And reigns in love o'er all;

Mid an - gry tul-mults, bit - ter strife, Oh, then these words re - call.
With love that is be - yond com-pare, In wis - dom rules o'er all.
'Twill give us cour-age just to think Our God is o - ver all.

CHORUS.

Our God is o - ver all, He notes each spar - row's fall;
He knows when dangers round us roll, Our God is o - ver all.

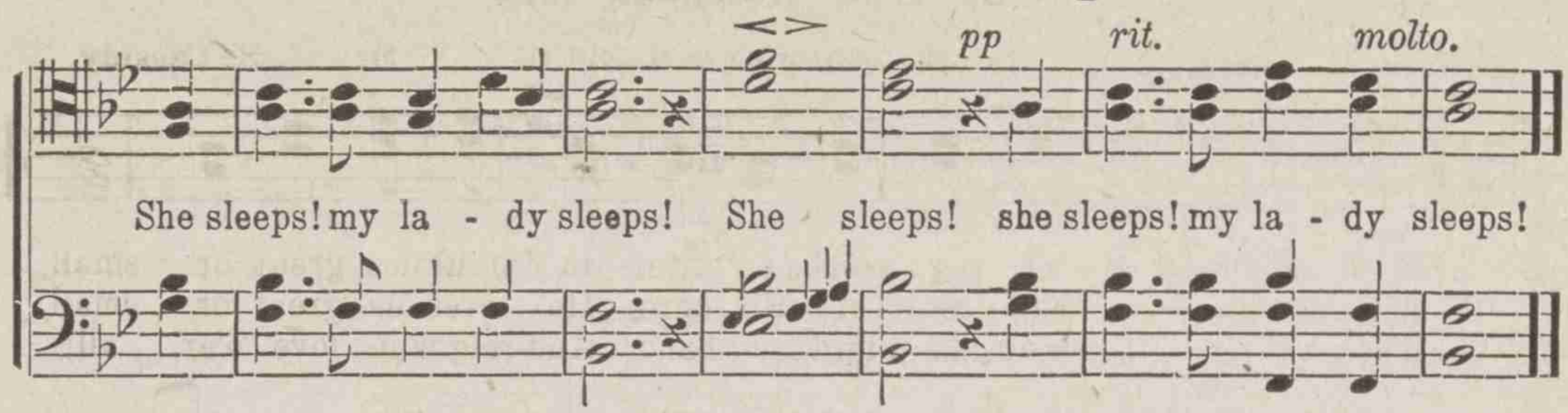
No. 53. Stars Of The Summer Night.

H. W. Longfellow. **I. B. Woodbury.**

Slow and gentle.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light;
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in si-lent light;
3. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch, while in slumbers light;

Stars Of The Summer Night.



No. 54. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes. Arr. by H. F.

Melody in Second Tenor.

No. 55. He Will Keep.

Copyright, 1911, by M. J. Babbitt.

Julia H. Johnston. Robert H. Coleman, owner. M. J. Babbitt.

1. Je - sus Christ is my sal - va-tion, He will keep; (He will keep;) From the
2. When life's per - il o'er me hov - ers He will keep; My de -
3. When I come to earth's dark riv-er He will keep; When the

pow - er of temp-ta - tion He will keep; From the world's bewitching snare,
fense-less head He cov - ers, He will keep; In the dead - ly grasp of pain
flesh and spir - it quiv - er He will keep; Un - der-neath my Sav-ior's arm

Tho' it find me un - a - ware, Je - sus Christ, whose name I bear, He will
He is nev - er sought in vain, He who turns our loss to gain, He will
He'll sup - port in fear's a - larm, And from ev - 'ry loss and harm He will

CHORUS.

keep. He will keep..... from ev - 'ry foe, Fear-less-
He will keep. He will keep from the foe,

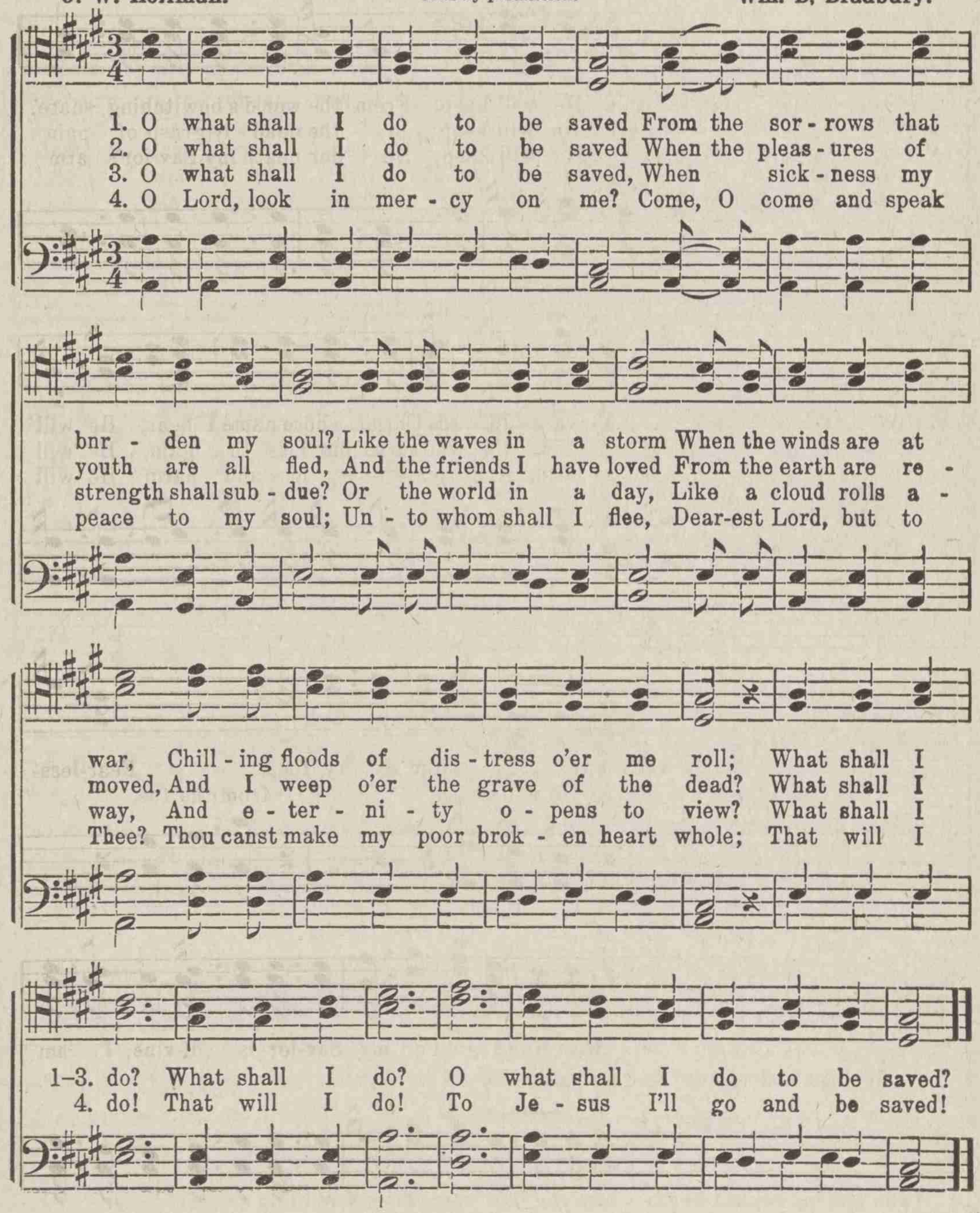
ad lib.

ly..... with Him I go, For my Sav-ior is di-vine, I am
Fearlessly with Him I go,.....

He Will Keep.

No. 56. What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

J. W. Hollman. Used by permission. Wm. B, Bradbury.



No. 57. The Wayside Cross.

Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer.
Used by permission.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take," shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a - wea - ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridg-es the wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
4. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pencil the hedg - es and fruit - la - den vines—My fortune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But between us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill."
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

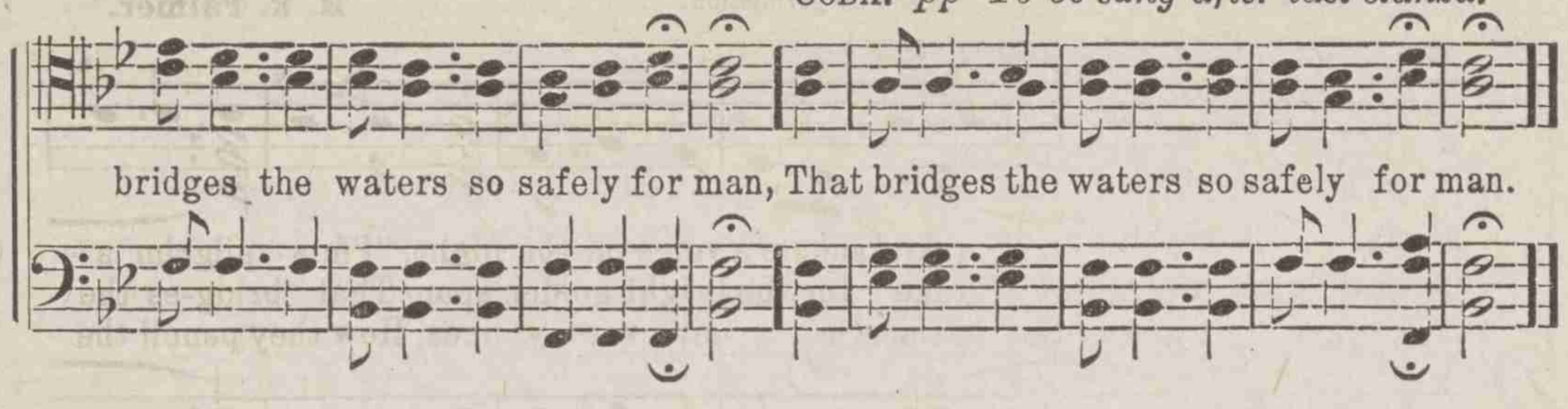
*CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side, cross, Like a gray fri - ar cowled in li-chens and moss: And its crossbeam will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

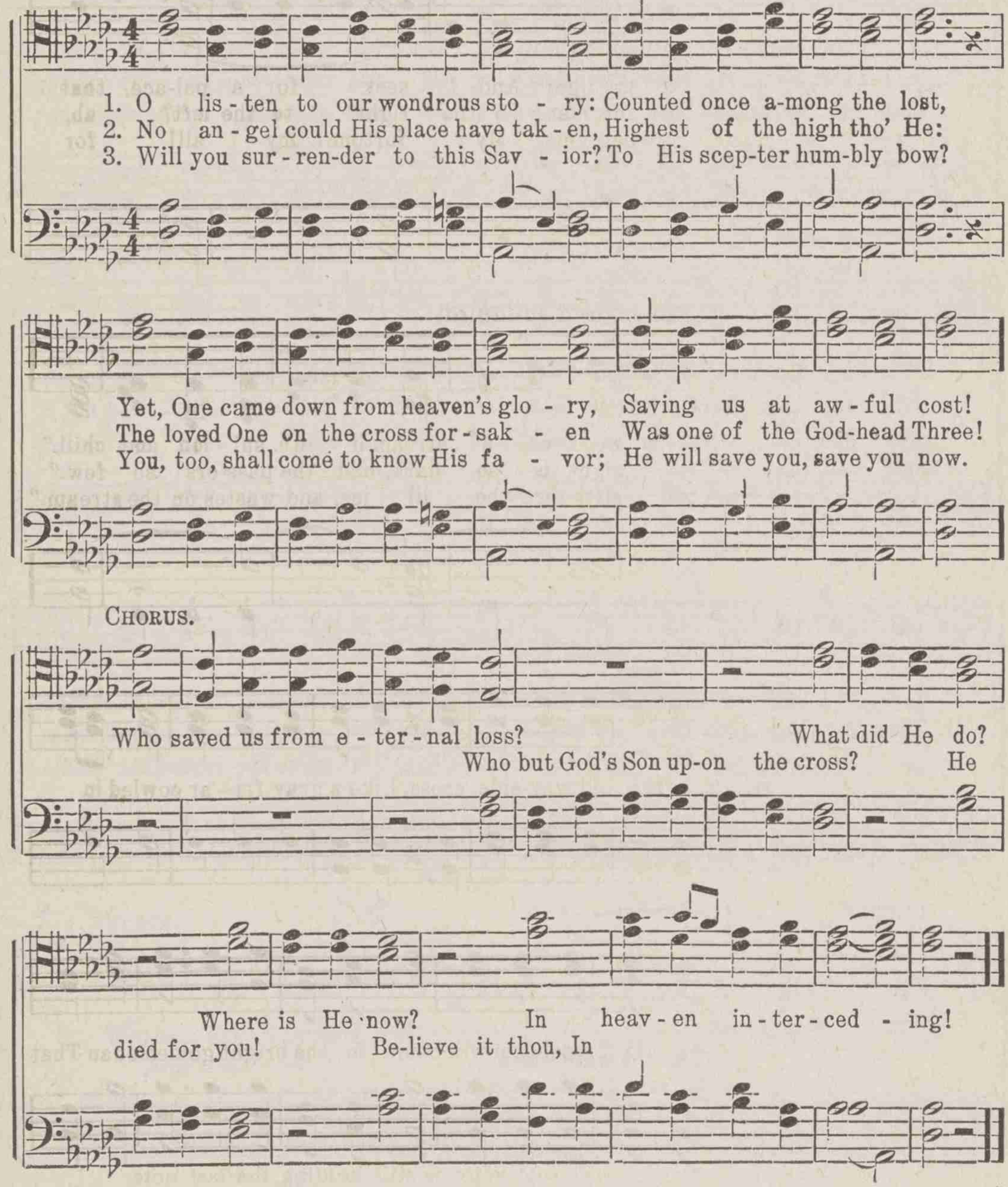
CODA. *pp To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 58. What Did He Do?

Copyright, 1903, by Winona Publishing Co.
Arr. copyright, 1910, by O. F. Pugh.
Hope Publishing Co., owner

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.



No. 59. A Watchman In The Night.

Copyright, 1913, by M. J. Babbitt.

Julia H. Johnston. Robert H. Coleman, owner. J. Babbitt.

1. Where the night of sin lies dark - ly, And a - far the wand'rers roam,
2. It is night up - on the wa - ter Where life's bil - lows toss and roar,
3. Not my own, the word of warn - ing Or the light of help and cheer,

I must keep the watch-fires burn-ing That will guide the wea - ry home;
I must keep my watch-fires gleaming On the sands up - on the shore;
But to me has been en - trust - ed Je - sus' mes - sage, sweet and clear;

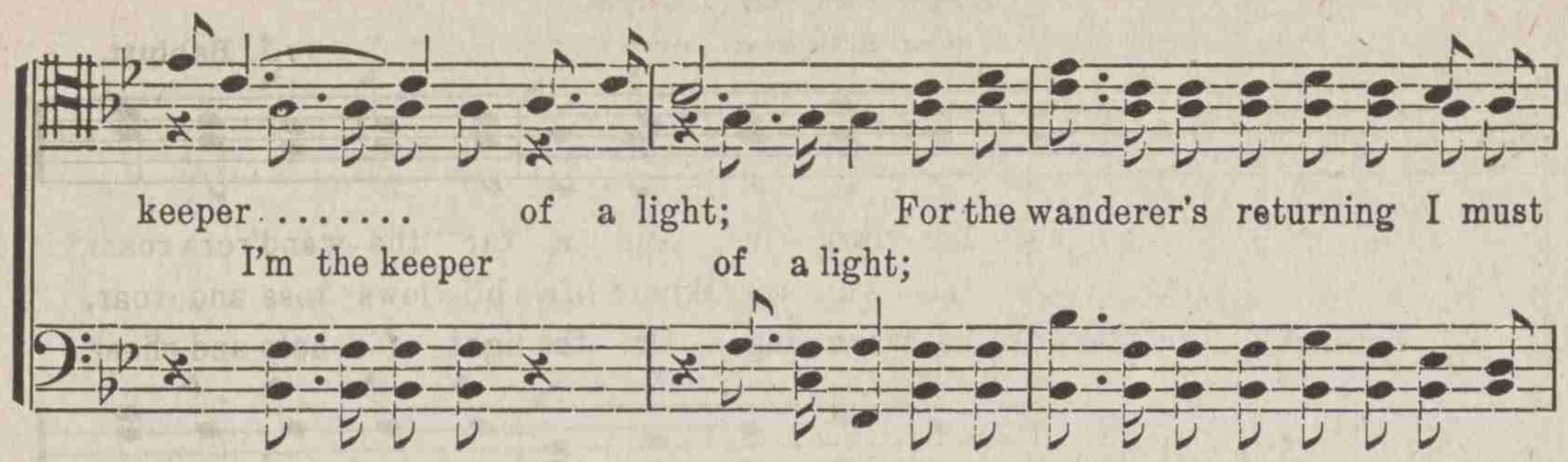
'Tis my Lord who loves the sin - sick That has made this du - ty mine;
'Tis for this that Christ my Sav - ior Hath in love de - liv - ered me,
I can call to those in dark-ness Or far out up - on the foam;

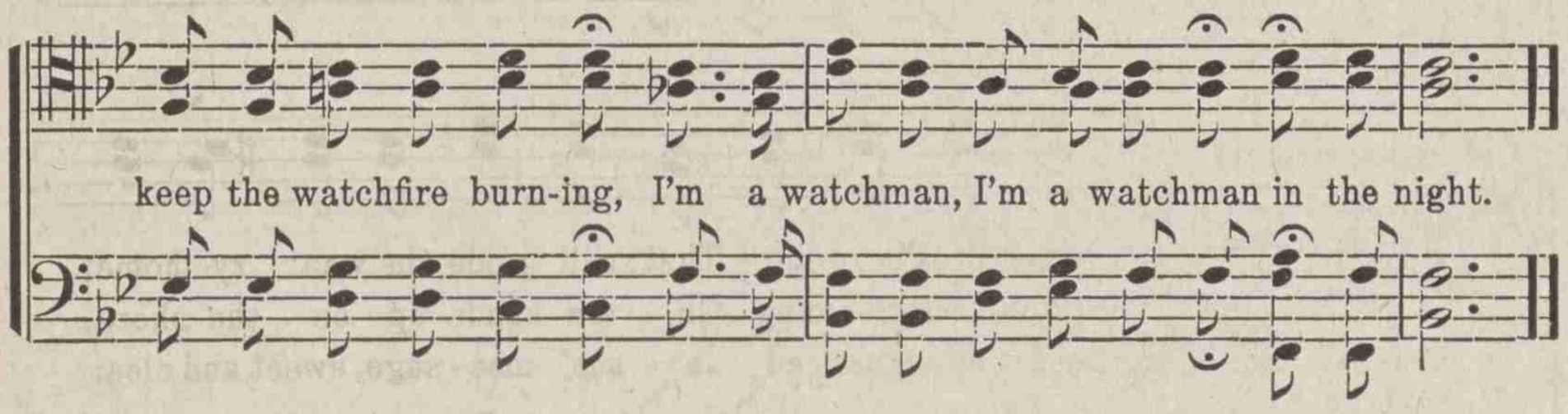
He has giv - en to my keep-ing This fair gleam of light di - vine.
That my light may help an - oth - er Who is out up - on the sea.
I can keep my own light burn-ing That may guide the wan-d'rer home.

CHORUS.

I'm a watch-man..... in the night. I'm a
I'm a watch-man in the night,

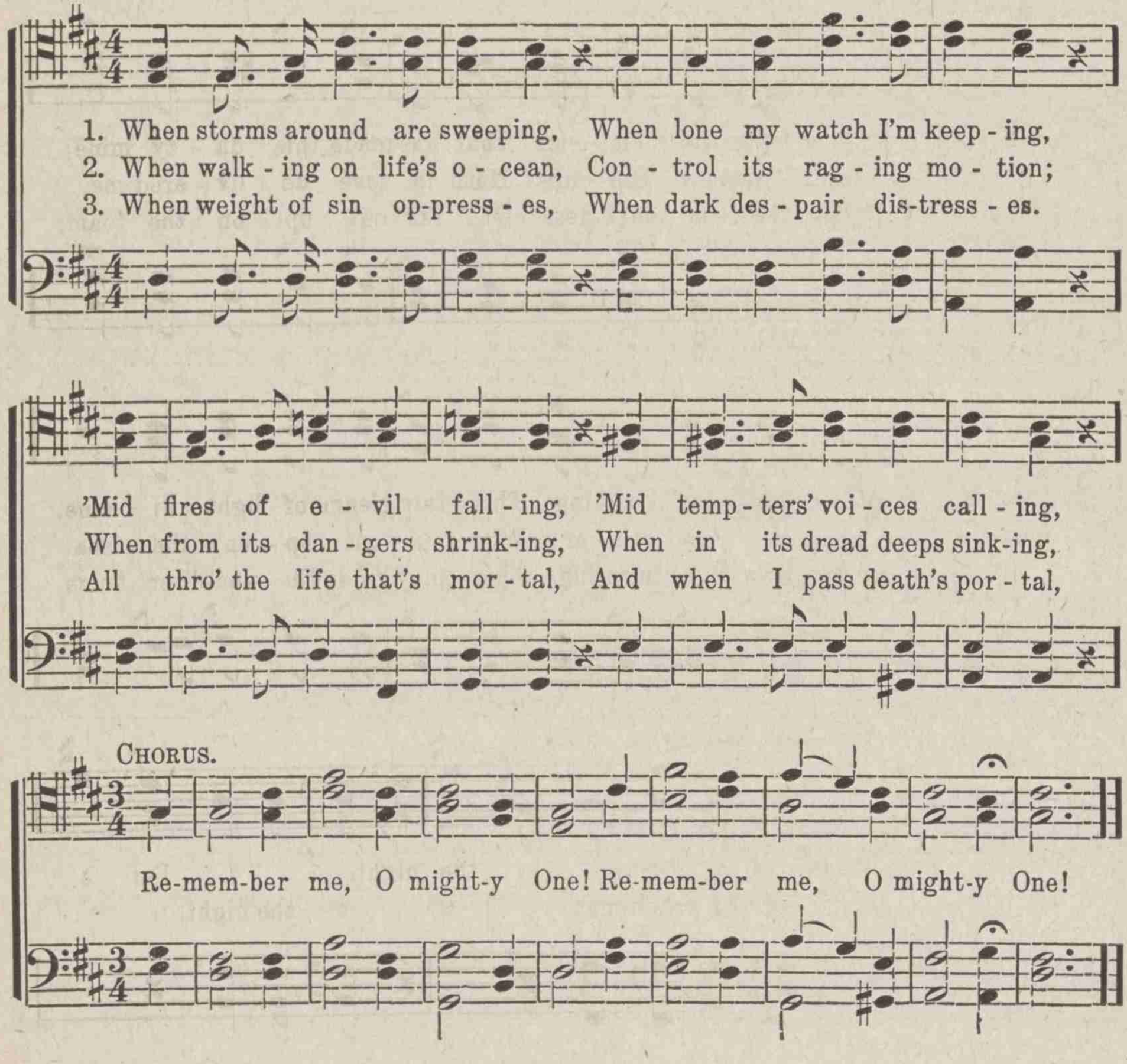
A Watchman In The Night.





No. 60. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. **Joanna Kinkel.**



No. 61. My Anchor Holds.

Copyright, 1902, by D. B. Towner.
Arr. copyright, 1912, by Chas. M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

W. C. Martin. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner. D. B. Towner.

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul;
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem - pest ri - ses high;
Temp-ters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day:

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

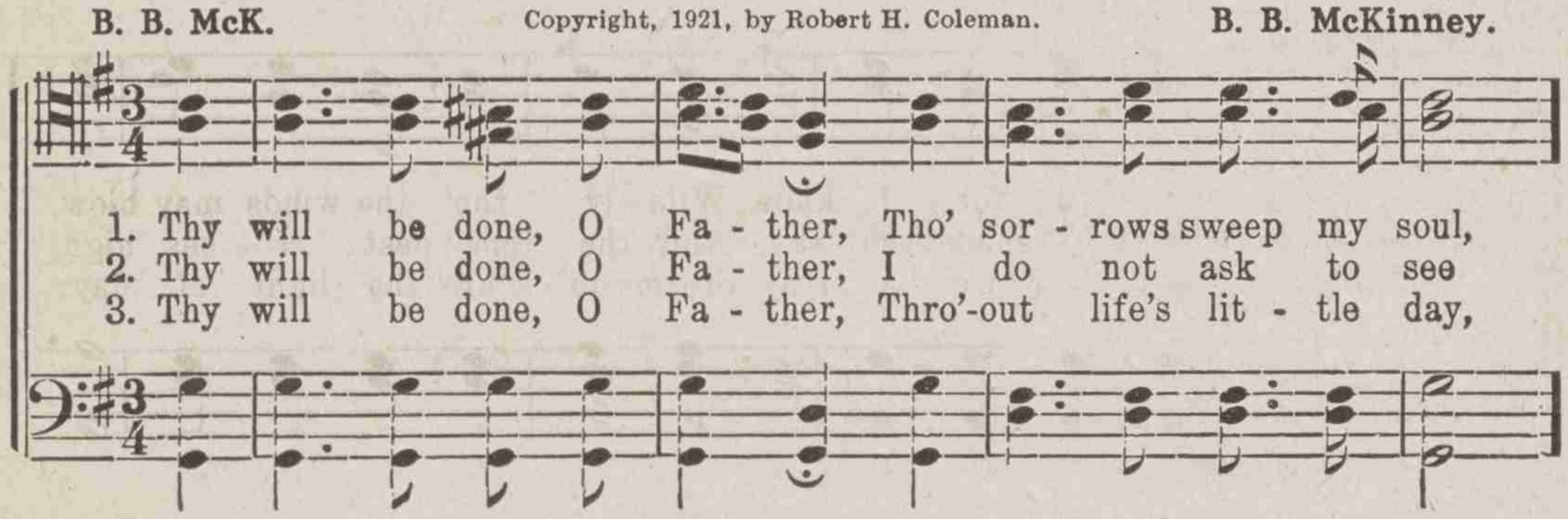
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, ye
And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er

My Anchor Holds.

No. 62. Thy Will Be Done.

B. B. McK. Copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.



No. 63. Looking This Way.

Copyright, 1905, by J. W. Van DeVenter.
Copyright, 1912, by Charles H. Alexander. International copyright secured.
Tabernacle Publishing, Co., owner.

J. W. V. J. W. Van DeVenter.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing,
2. Fa - ther and moth-er safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man,
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some-one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - ior, Bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones

look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and des - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com - ing some time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck - on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew,
stray - ing a - far, Hear the glad mes-sage,—why will you roam?

p ad lib. CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch-ing pa - tient - ly there.
In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait - ing be - low. Look-ing this way, yes,
Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin - ner, come home!"

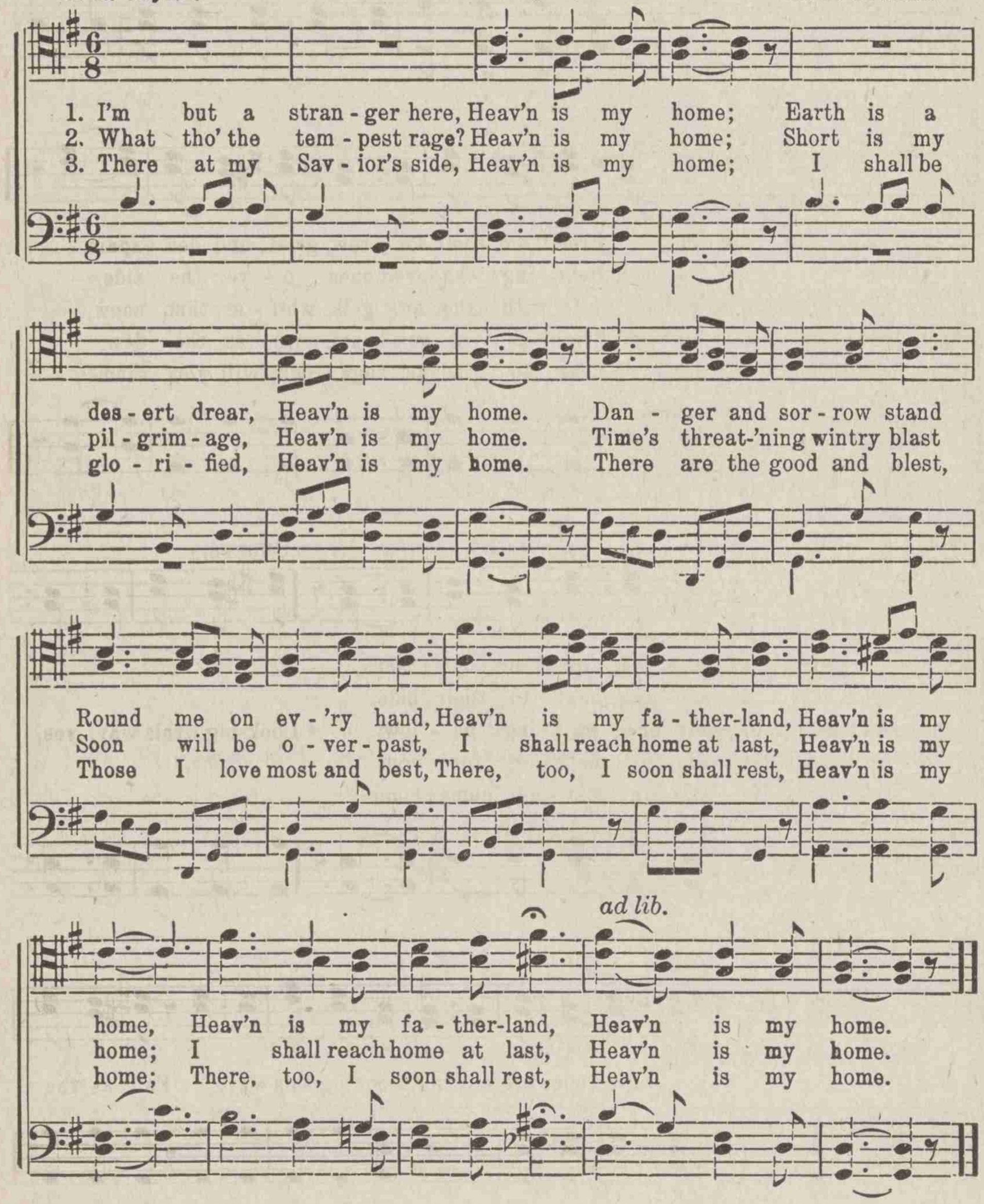
look-ing this way, Loved ones are waiting, Looking this way; Fair as the

Looking This Way.

No. 64. Heaven Is My Home.

Copyright, 1902, by D. B. Towner,
Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

J. R. Taylor. D. B. Towner.



No. 65. That Beautiful Land.

May be sung as Duet by first and second tenors.

F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.

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

In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told,..... Where
And their fruit - age is bright - er than gold;..... There are
There are man - sions whose joys are un - told,..... And per -

cares nev - er come, Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And
harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands, And
en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing, And

CHORUS.

noth - ing shall ev - er grow old.
noth - ing shall ev - er grow old. In that beau - ti - ful
noth - ing can ev - er grow old.

land, On that far a - way strand, No storms with their

That Beautiful Land.

blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are paved with pure

gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.

No. 66. Let The Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or, tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

FINE.

D. S. Some poor fainting, struggling sea - man You may res - cue you may save.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing, Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

No. 67. Going Down The Valley.

Jessie H. Brown. Copypight, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

With feeling.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Hu - man

fa - ces t'ward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of
com-rade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will

mournful cy-press grows, Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last.
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

mf CHORUS.

We are go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val-ley,

f

Go - ing t'ward the setting of the sun; We are go - ing down the val-ley,

Going Down The Valley.

Rit. e dim.

Go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val - ley, one by one.

No. 68. Fair Eden-Land, My Home.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1906 by the Lorenz Publishing Co. **Ira B. Wilson.**

1. By faith I see thy hap - py shore, Where earthly tri - als come no more; There I shall rest with conflicts o'er, Fair E - den-land, my home.
2. Made pure from ev - 'ry taint of wrong, I long to sing redemption's song A - mong thy ho-ly ransomed throng, Fair E - den-land, my home.
3. In thy do - main I shall be - hold E - ter - nal mys-ter - ies un - fold, And see my Lord with joy un-told, Fair E - den-land, my home.

CHORUS.

Fair E - den-land, my home! Fair E - den-land, my home! I long to stand up - on Thy strand, Fair E - den-land, my home, (my home.)
Fair E - den - land, my home! Fair E - den-land, my home!

rit.

No. 69. Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros.

C. M. F. Tabernacle Pub. Co., owner **Charles M. Fillmore.**

SOLO. (*When instrument is used play Solo in treble clef.*)

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Tho' I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good,
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree,
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come,

How I would grieve my moth - er by my fol - ly and neg - lect;
So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ted rough and rude;
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing af - ter me,
If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home;

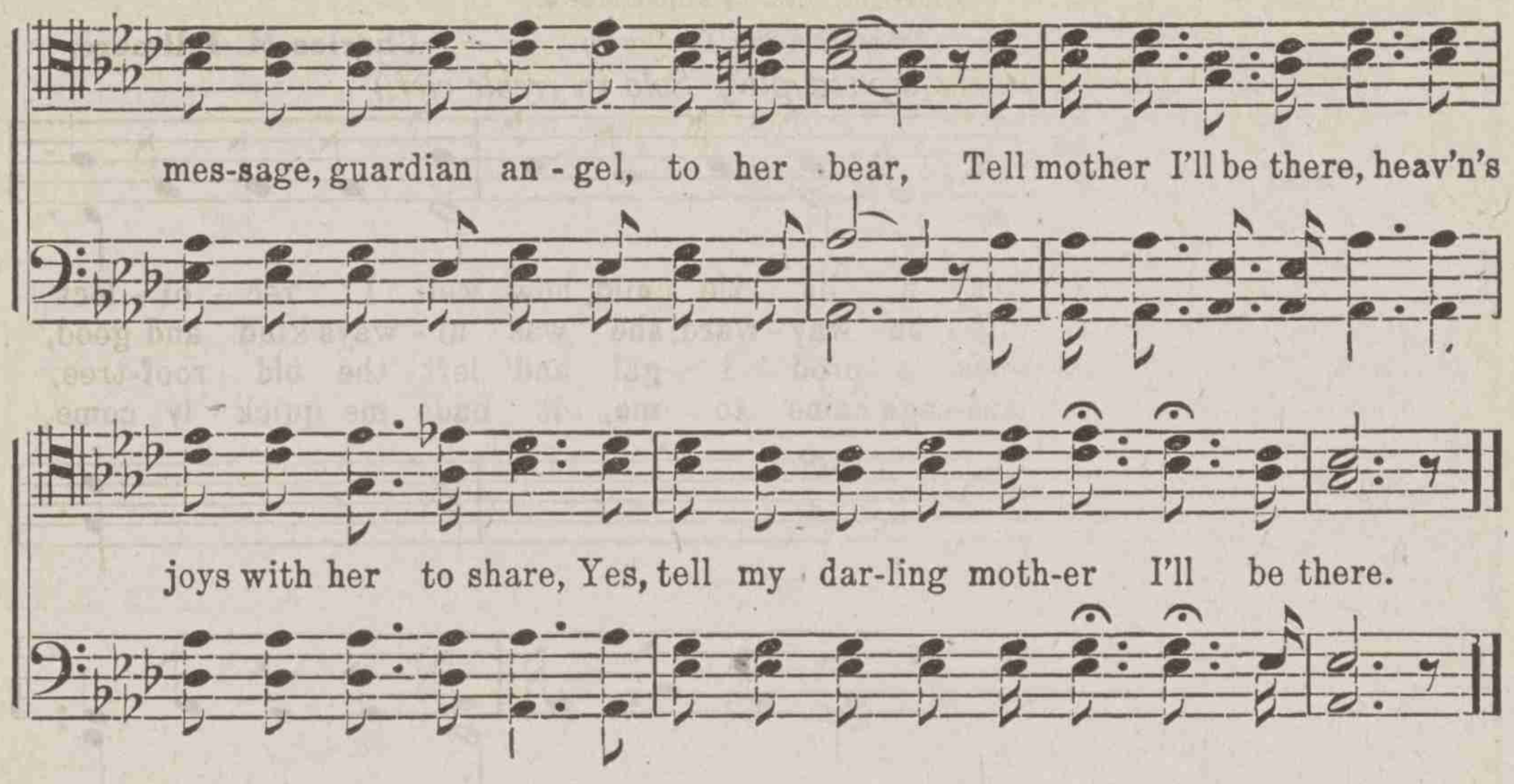
And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care:
My child-hood grief and tri - als, she would glad - ly with me share:
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care:
I prom - ised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare:

O an - gels, tell my moth - er I'll be there ....

CHORUS. (*Melody in Second Tenor.*)

Tell moth - er I'll be there, in an - swer to her payer, This

Tell Mother I'll Be There.



No. 70. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

No. 71. Fight To Win.

James Rowe. Copyright 1908, by the Lorenz Pub. Co. E. L. Ashford.

1. Sol - diers on the bat - tle field, Fight to win;
2. Tho' the strife be long and hard, Fight to win;
3. Fol - low where your Leader leads, Fight to win;

Fight to win; Fight to

Fight to win. Have no thought that you will yield,
Fight to win. Cour - age is its own re - ward,
Fight to win. Crown your lives with no - ble deeds,

win. Sol - diers,

Sol-diers ev - er fight to win.

fight, Yes, fight to win. Man-ful - ly your col - ors
God is with you, He will
Would you thin the ranks of

Sol - diers, fight to win; Sol - diers, fight to win;

show, Keep your fa - ces to the foe,.....
shield, Give your strength the sword to wield;.....
wrong, Sing at last the vic - tor's song,.....

Give with cour - age blow for blow, Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Yours at last shall be the field; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Let your faith in God be strong; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.

Fight To Win.

REFRAIN. (*Time strongly marked.*)

Fight to win, yes, fight to win, Nev-er yield an inch to sin;

cres.

Keep up the fight both day and night; Sol-diers, fight, fight to win.

No. 72. Twilight Is Falling.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman,

A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld. Arr. I. E. R.

1. Twilight is fall-ing o - ver the sea, Shadows are stealing dark on the lea;
2. Voices of loved ones, songs of the past, Still linger round me while life shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, come, come to me! Bringing some message o-ver the sea,

FINE.

Borne on the night-winds, voi-ces of yore Come from the far - off shore.
Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
Cheer - ing my path - way while here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

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

CHORUS. *f* *D. S.*

Far a-way beyond the starlit skies, Where the love-light never, nev - er dies,

No. 73. Nearer Home.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

Alice Cary. E. D. Keck.
Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ing, And the eve..... is
2. One day near - er sings the sail - or, As he glides..... the
3. Near-er home, yes, one day near - er, To our home..... be -

drawing nigh,.....Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an -
wa-ters o'er,.....While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On the
yond the sky,.....To the green fields and the foun - tains, In our

And the eve
is drawing nigh,

oth - er day is gone, a day is gone; Gone for
dis - tant, na - tive shore, the na - tive shore; Thus the
Father's home on high, His home on high; For the

oth - er day is gone;.....

aye,..... its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - 'ning shades will
Chris - tian, on life's o - cean, As his light - boat cuts the
heav'ns..... are grow-ing bright-er, And the lamps..... hang in the
gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark'ning shades will

come,..... Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning We are
foam,..... In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture, I am
dome,..... And our hearts are grow-ing light - er For we're
come, shades will come,

Nearer Home.

CHORUS.

one day nearer home, one day nearer home. Near-er home,.....
Near-er home,
one .....day nearer home.....

Near-er home,..... Nearer to our home on high, To the green fields
Near-er home,
and the foun - tains, Of a land beyond the sky, beyond the sky.
Of a land..... .. be-yond the sky.....

No. 74. Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

Edward Caswall. Rev. J. B. Dykes. Arr. B. B. McK.

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast:
2. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
3. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize shall be;

But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

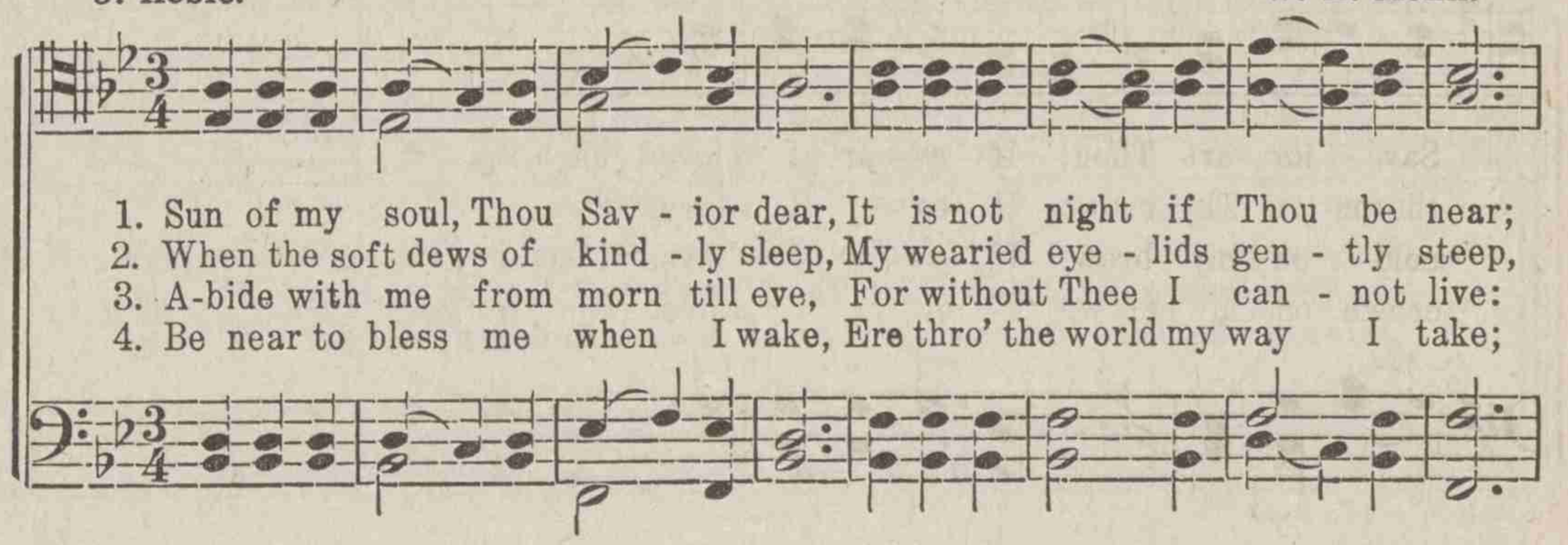
No. 75. O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

Arr. copyright 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

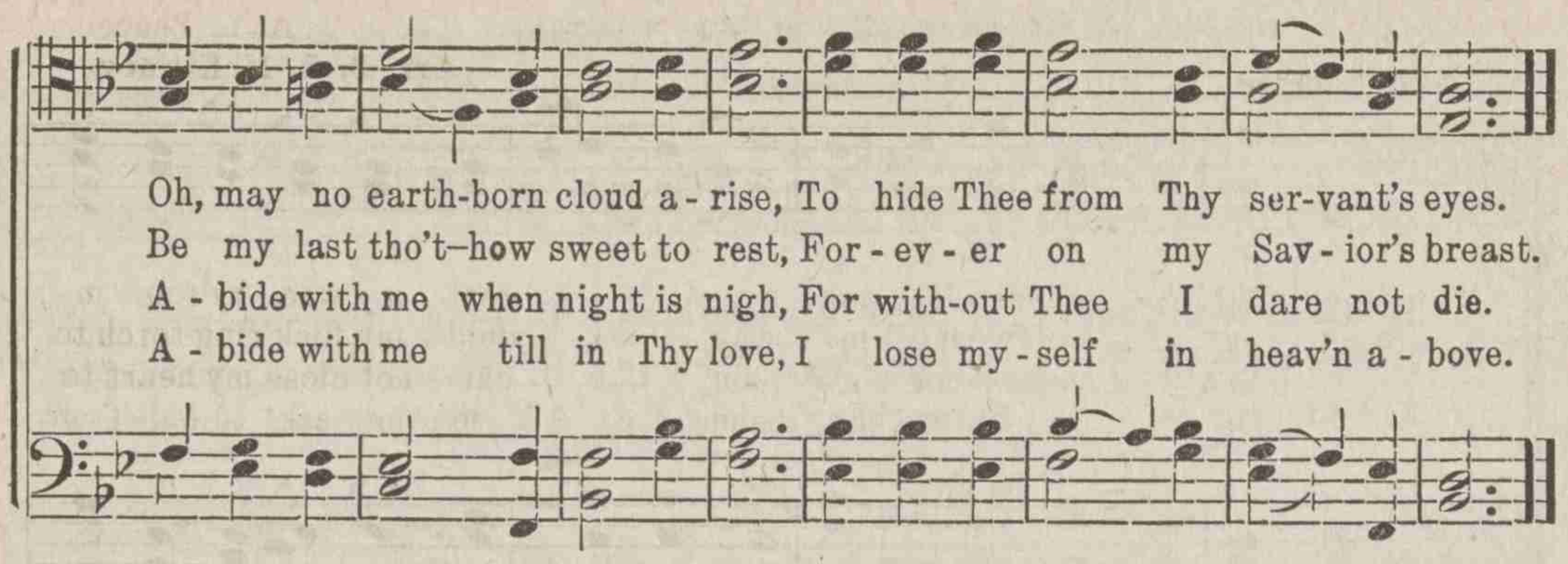
George Matheson. A. L. Peace.
Arr. B. B. McKinney.

No. 76. Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble. W. H. Monk.



Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.



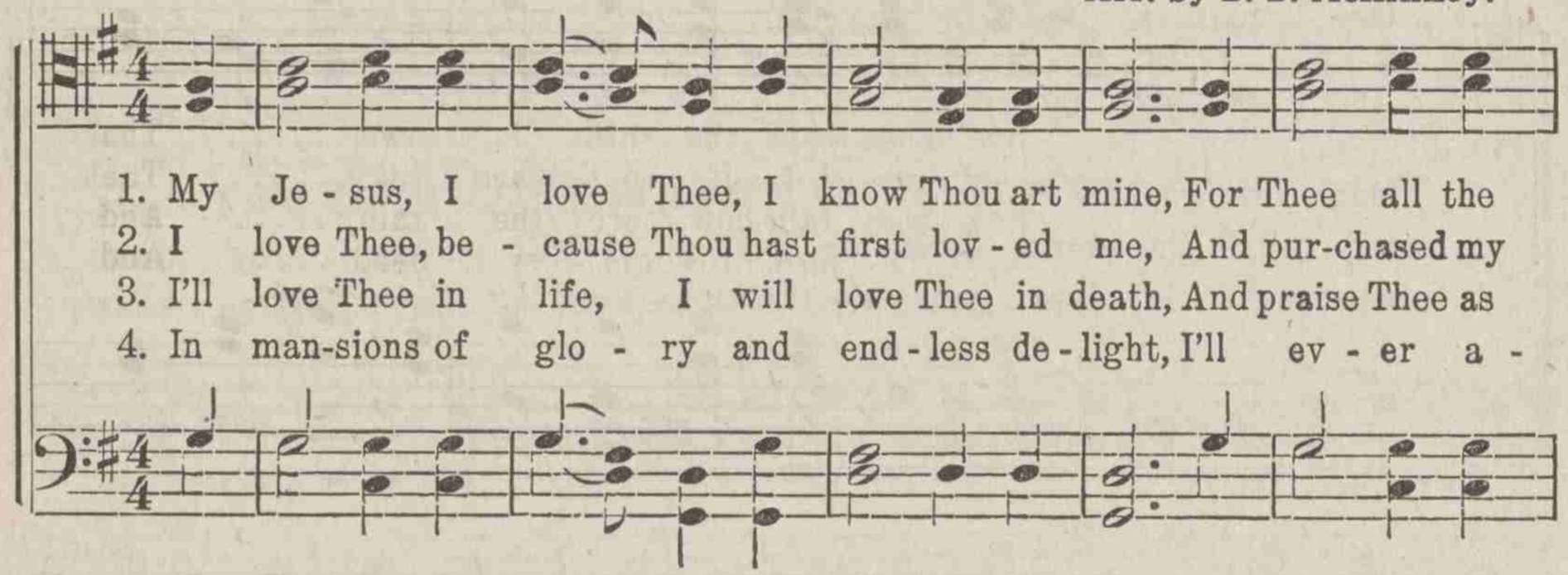
No. 77. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

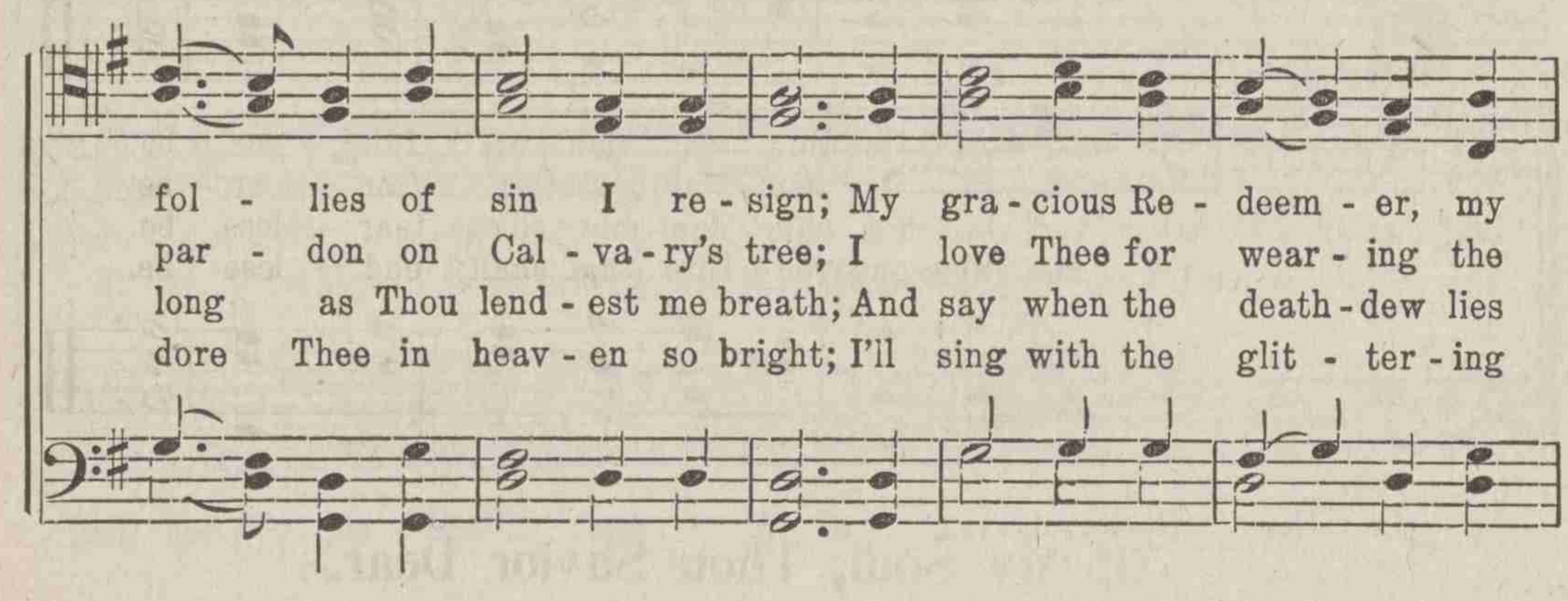
Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

A. J. Gordon.

Anon.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.





No. 78. Glorious Things Of Thee.

Copyright, 1914, by D. B. Towner. Renewal. International copyright secured.

John Newton. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner. D. B. Towner.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our
2. Sav - ior, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, thro' grace a mem - ber
3. Fad - ing is the worlding's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and

God; He whose word cannot be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
am, Let the world deride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy name.
show; Sol - id joys and lasting treasure, None but Zi-on's children know.

CHORUS.

Oh the Rock of A - ges found - ed,

On the Rock..... of A - ges found - ed, What can

What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's walls sur -

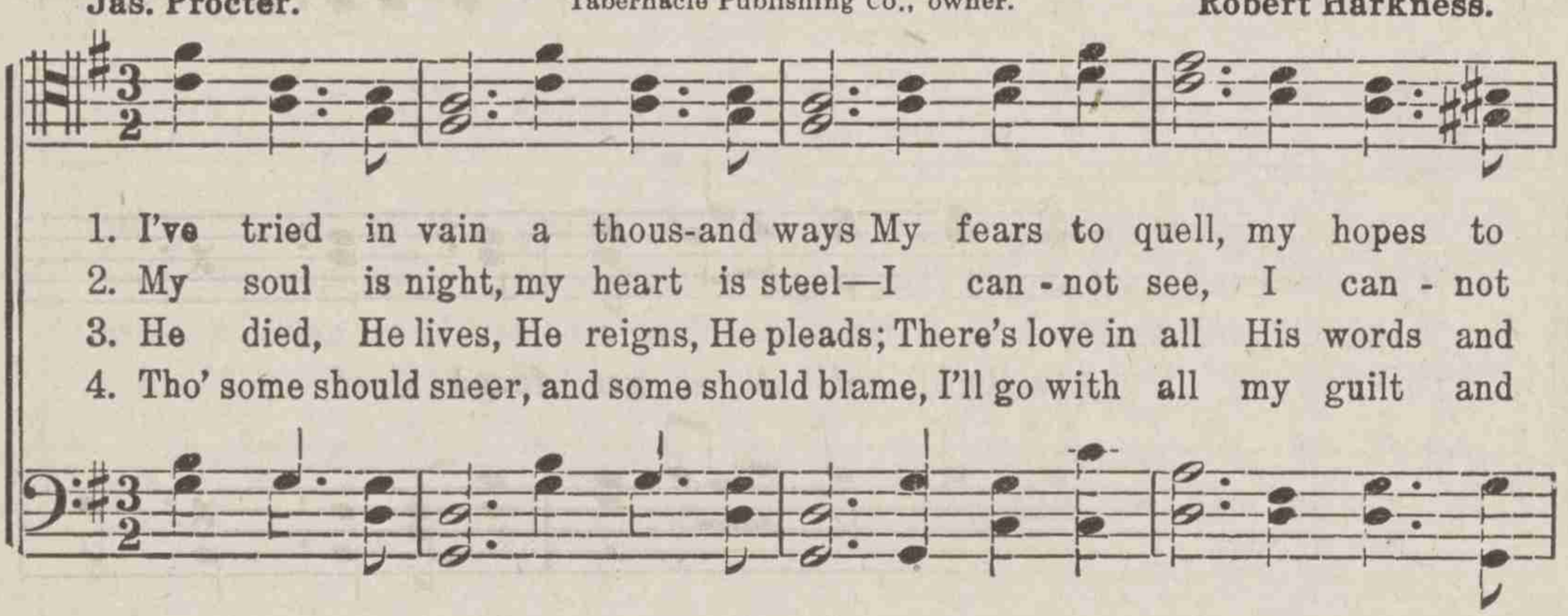
shake..... thy sure re - pose? With sal-va - tion's walls sur -

Glorious Things Of Thee.

No. 79. In Jesus.

Copyright, 1904 and 1912, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

Jas. Procter. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner. Robert Harkness.



No. 80. More Like Thee.

Arr. B. B. McK. Copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. B. B. KcKinney.

1. Help me, my Lord, to grow More, more like Thee, Thy won-drous
2. Tho' rough the road may be, Jag - ged and steep, Lord, tho' I
3. Or if my foot-steps sink In doubt's dark wave, May I like
4. And when from Pis-gah's height Ca - naan I view, When faith shall

love to know, Thy face to see, Lord, fill my soul with light,
may not run, Up - ward I'll creep; When mighty shad - ows fall,
Pe - ter cry,—"Lord Je - sus save!" So by my faith to prove,
change to sight, Old things to new:— Then in a no - bler song,

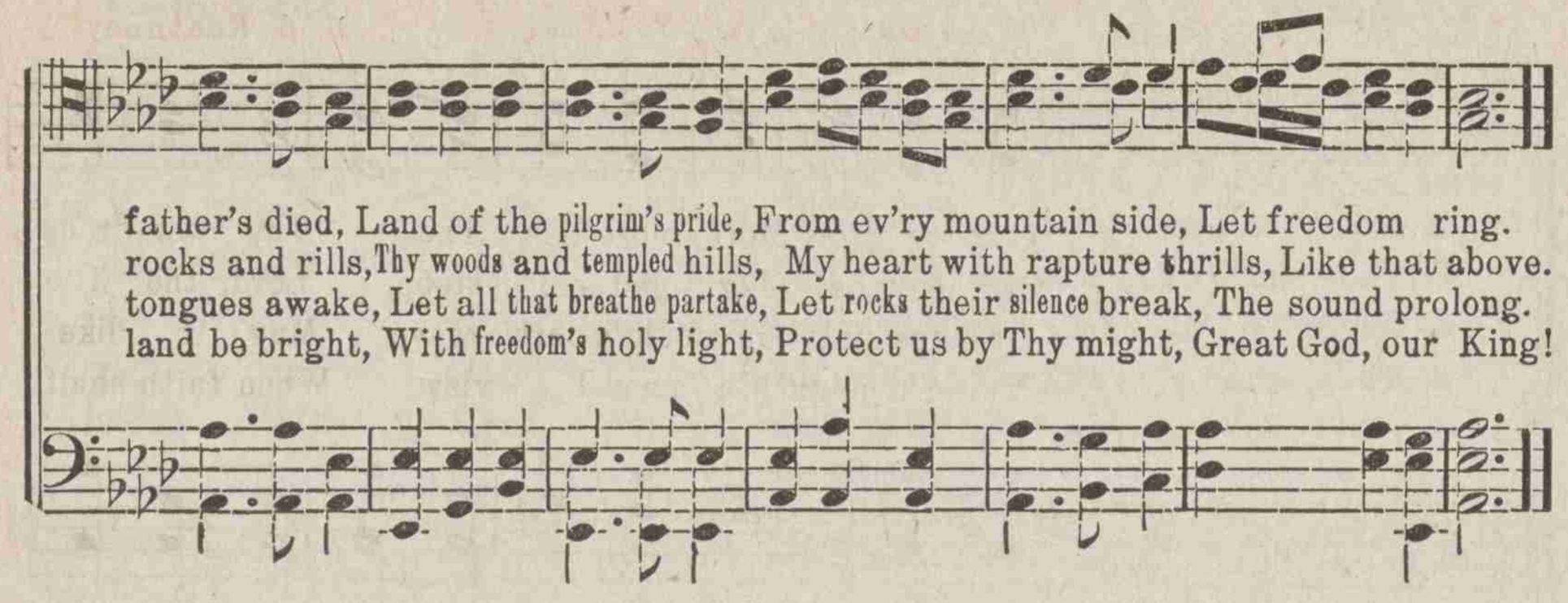
Dis-pel the gloom of night, And make me thro' Thy might, More, more like Thee.
When doubts and fears appall, Then may I rise from all, More, more like Thee.
Thrice all re-deem-ing love, O make me, Heav'nly Dove, More, more like Thee.
Thro' all the a - ges long, I'll stand a - mid the throng, Made like to Thee.

No. 81. My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

S. F. Smith. AMERICA. English. Arr. I. E. R.

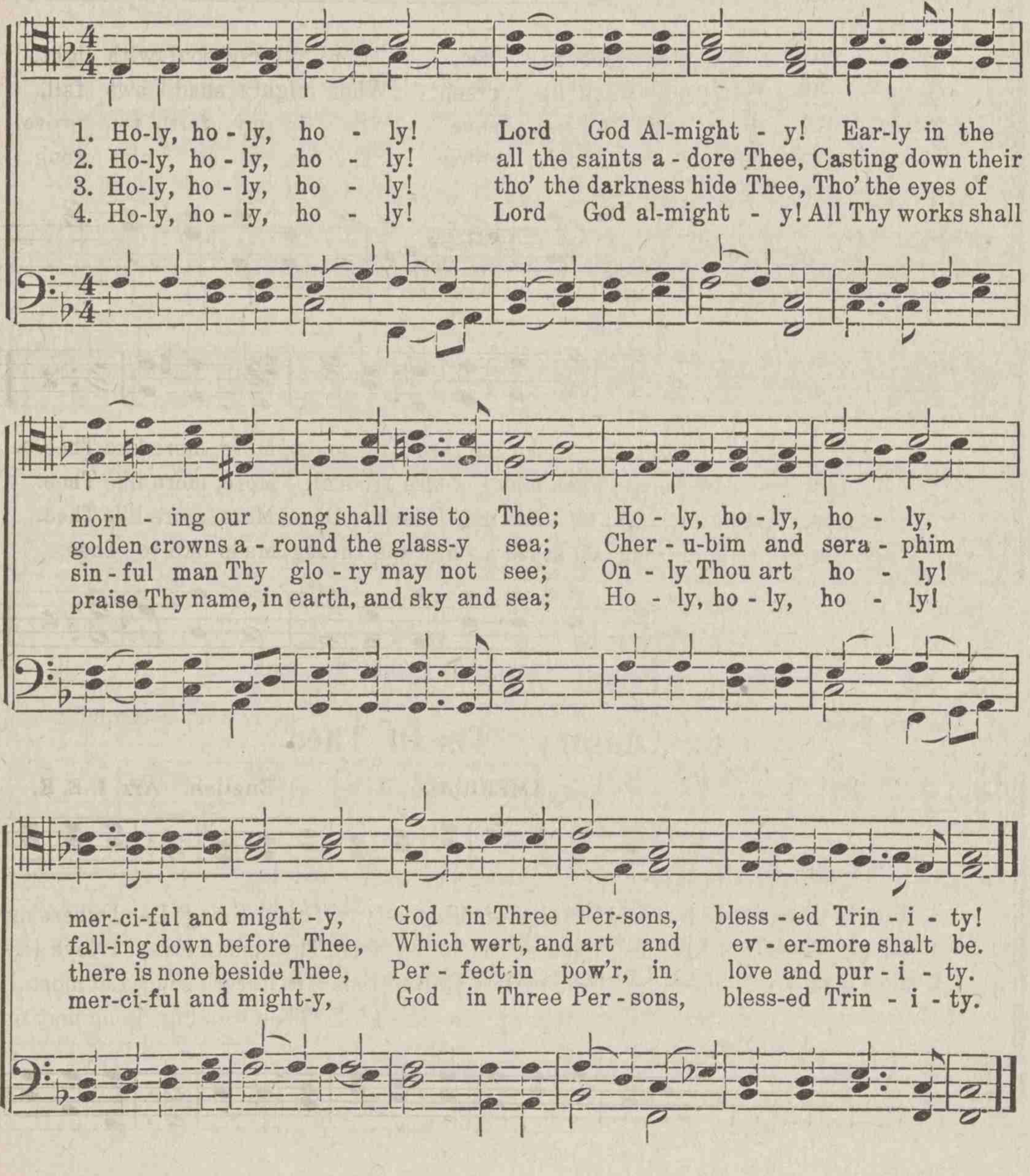
1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.



No. 82. Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber. Arr. John B. Dykes.



No. 83. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

S. F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

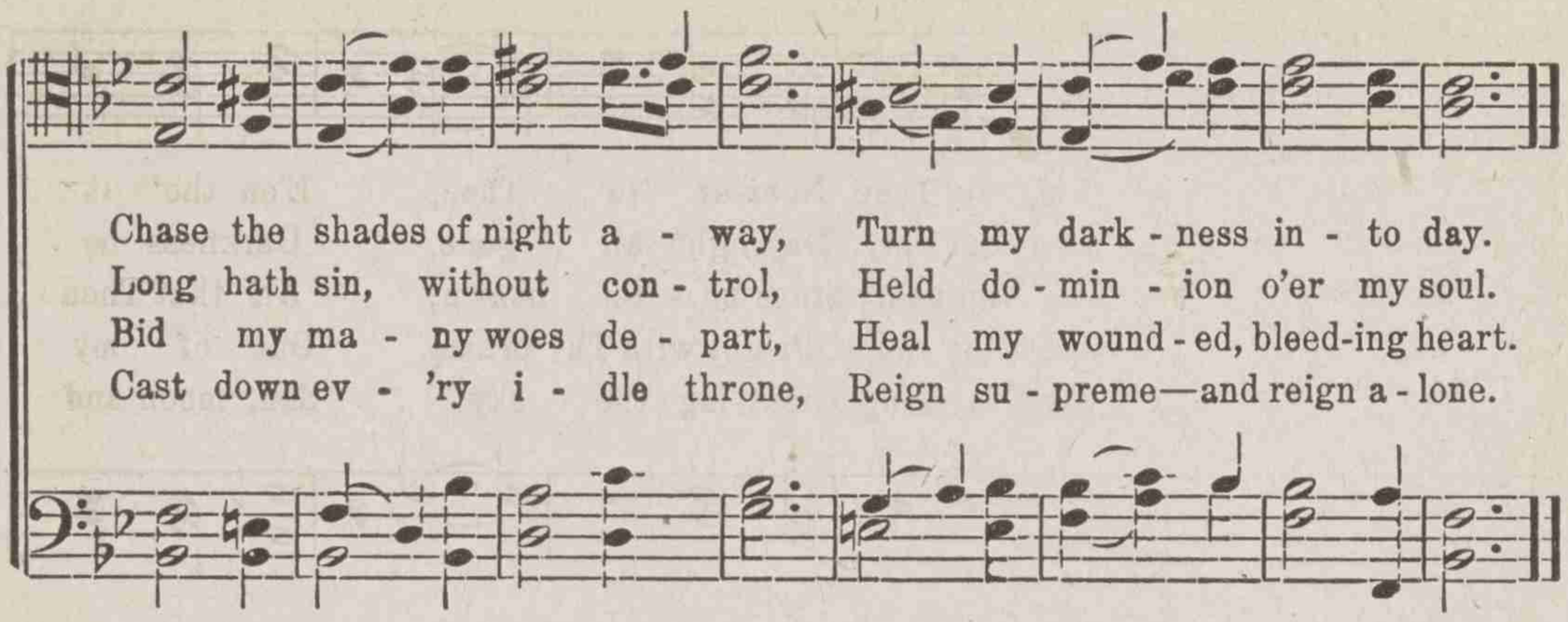
Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

No. 84. Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed. Arr. from Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine,
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine,

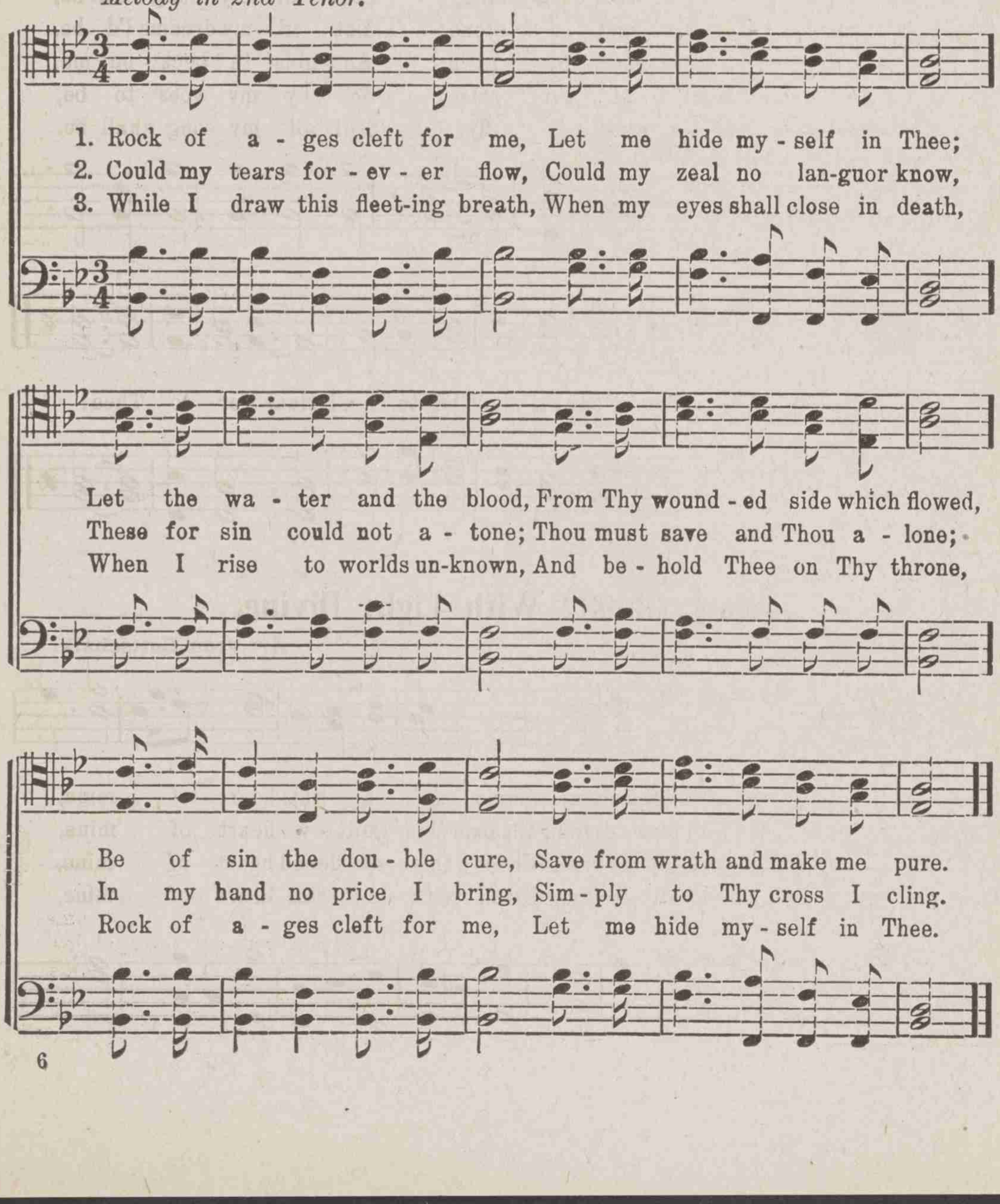
Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.



No. 85. Rock Of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. **Thomas Hastings.**

Melody in 2nd Tenor.



No. 86. All The World For Jesus.

Coyyright, 1913, by the Fillmore Bros. Co. International copyright.

Palmer Hartsough. **Arr. by George B. Nevin.**

1. All the world for Je - sus, 'Tis the for-ward cry! From on high He
2. Mil-lions now are weep - ing In their dark de-spair; Na - tions vast are
3. He His word un - fail - ing, Un - to us has giv'n, And His pow'r pre -

sees us, Guides us with His eye, Go we, blessings tak - ing,
sleep - ing, In death's shadow there, Go we, sor - rows shar - ing,
vail - ing, Rules in earth and heav'n, Ev-'ry heart shall own Him,

To earth's fallen sons; Bread of heaven break - ing, To the starving ones.
Blest is the em - ploy; Go we, ti-dings bear - ing, Of e - ter-nal joy!
Low be-fore Him fall; All the world shall crown Him, Saviour, Lord of all.

No. 87. In The Cross Of Christ I Glory.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman.

J. Bowring. **I. Conkey. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.**

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 88. The Saviour Is Calling.

Words and arr. copyright, 1913, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copygright.

J. W. Falls. Stephen Foster. Arr. by I. W. B.

Hum..... Hum.....

1. Oh, list-en to the voice of Je - sus, Call - ing for thee;
2. Je - sus is watching for thy com-ing, Back to the fold;
3. No longer will I keep Thee waiting, Je - sus, my King;

Hum..... Hum.....

Turn from the path to dan-ger lead - ing, Lost one, to Je - sus flee.
Why do you keep Him long-er wait - ing, Why is thy heart so cold?
Hear now my pray'r, for mer-cy plead - ing, Sav - iour, Thy par - don bring.

CHORUS.

All the ways of earth are tempting, And they lead to sin;.....

(*Chorus after last verse.*)

All the hosts of heav'n are sing - ing, An - gels swell the strain; .....

Hum..... Hum.....

Now while the door of life is o - pen, En - ter, oh, en - ter in!
See Je - sus with the lost re-turn-ing, Safe to the fold a - gain.

No. 89. Climbing Jacob's Ladder.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Arr. by B. B. McKinney.**

1. We are climbing Jacob's ladder, ladder, We are climbing
2. Each day brings me one round higher, higher, Each day brings me
3. Don't you wish you had this blessing, blessing, Don't you wish you
4. Je - sus died that you might have it, have it, Je-sus died that

1. We are climbing We are climbing

Ja - cob's lad-der, lad-der, We are climbing Jacob's lad-der, lad-der,
one round high-er, high-er, Each day brings me one round higher, high-er,
had this blessing, blessing, Don't you wish you had this blessing, blessing,
you might have it, have it, Je - sus died that you might have it, have it,
We are climbing

FINE. CHORUS.

Sol - diers of the cross. We will a - rise and shine and
rise and shine and

D.S. Sol - diers of the cross.

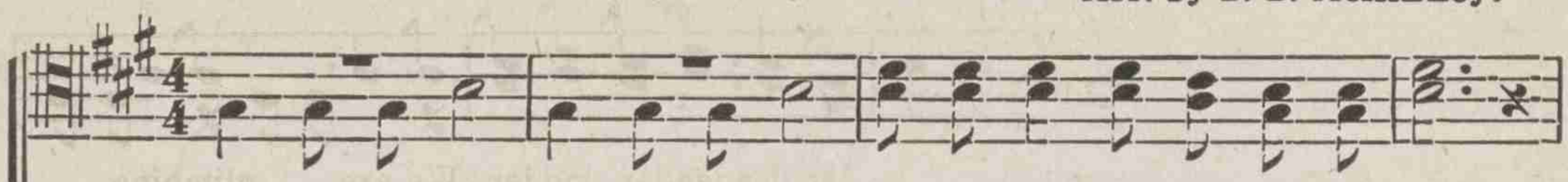
Give God the glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise and shine and give God the
Rise and shine and

D. S.

glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise and shine and give God the glo - ry, glo - ry,
Rise and shine and

No. 90. Going To Shout All Over God's Heaven.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Arr. by B. B. McKinney.**



1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe, All of God's children got a robe;
2. I've got a crown, you've got a crown, All of God's children got a crown;
3. I've got a shoes, you've got a shoes, All of God's children got a shoes;
4. I've got a harp, you've got a harp, All of God's children got a harp:
5. I've got a song, you've got a song, All of God's children got a song;

When I get to heav-en, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all
When I get to heav-en, goin' to put on my crown, Goin' to shout all
When I get to heav-en, goin' to put on my shoes, Goin' to walk all
When I get to heav-en, goin' to play on my harp, Goin' to play all
When I get to heav-en, goin' to sing a new song, Goin' to sing all

CHORUS.

o - ver God's heav-en. Heav-en,* heav-en, Ev - 'ry - bod-y talk-ing 'bout

heav'n ain't a goin' there, Heav'n, heav'n, Goin' to shout all over God's heav'n.

*Let the last syllable of heav'n be a hum.

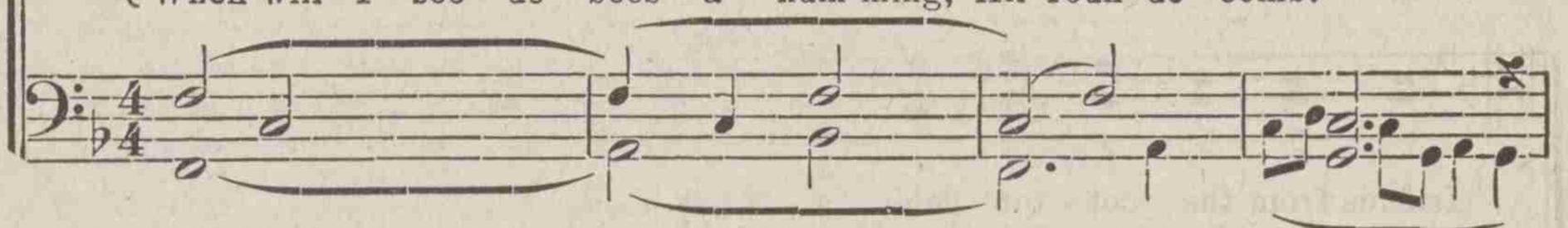
No. 91. Old Folks At Home.

S. C. F. SWANEE RIVER. Stephen C. Foster.

1. { Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er Far, far a - way;
   { All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

2. { All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
   { When I was play - ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I:

3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love;
   { When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All roun' de comb?



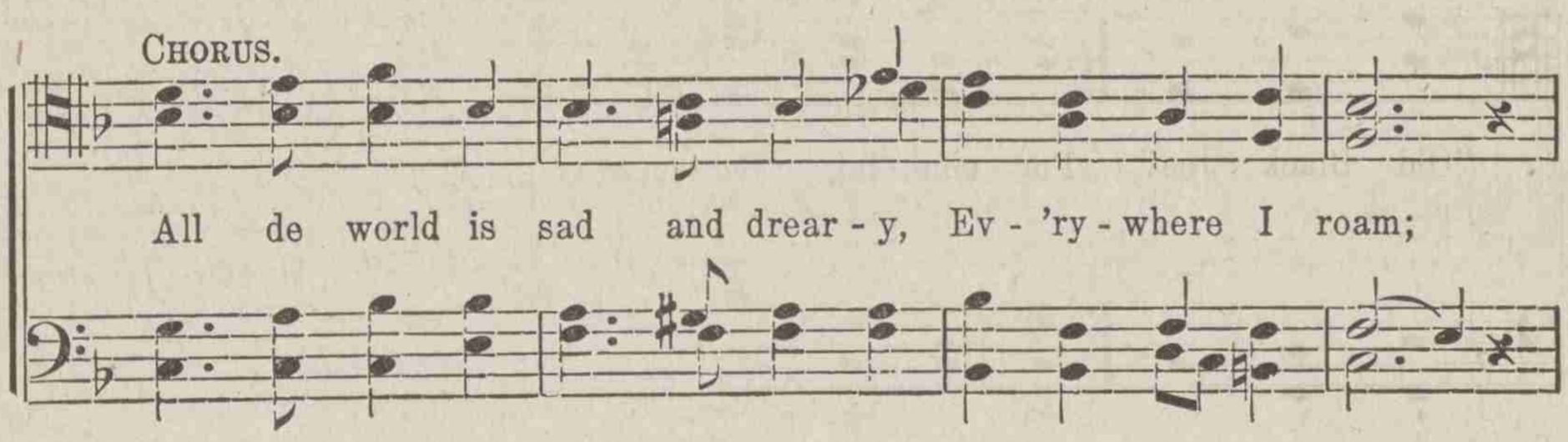
Humming accompaniment.

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

Den ma - ny hap-py days I squandered, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.

Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I roam.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home.

CHORUS.



All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

Oh! dark-ies how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

No. 92. Old Black Joe.

S. F. C. Stephen C. Foster.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The children so

friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,

CHORUS.

"Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is
For my head is bending

bend-ing low; I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
low;

No. 93.

Swing Low.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Arr. by B. B. McKinney.**

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home; Swing

Hum . . . . . hum . . . . . .

low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

rit. FINE.

Hum . . . . . Hum . .

1. I looked o - ver Jor-dan, what did I see Coming for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be-fore I do, Coming for to car-ry me home;
3. I'm some-times up, I'm some-times down, Coming for to car-ry me home;

. . . . . Hum . . . . . Hum . .

D. C.

A band of an-gels com-ing af-ter me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing, too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
But still my soul is heav'n - ward bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

. . . . . Hum . . . . . .

No. 94. Standing In The Need Of Prayer.

PLANTATION MELODY.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Arr. by B. B. McKinney.**

Plaintive.

1. Not my brother, nor my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r;
2. Not my fa - ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r;
3. Not the dea-con, nor my pas-tor, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the need of pray'r;

Not my brother, nor my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord,
Not my fa - ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord,
Not the dea-con, nor my pas-tor, but it's me, O Lord,

CHORUS.

Standing in the need of pray'r. It's me, (it's me,) it's me, O Lord,

Standing in the need of pray'r; It's me, (it's me,) it's me, O Lord,

CODA. *rit.*

Standing in the need of pray'r. Standing in the need of pray'r.

No. 95. Steal Away.

Arr. copyright 1914, by H. N. Lincoln.
Rob't H. Coleman, owner.

H. N. L. H. N. Lincoln.

p Very slow.

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

Steal a - way.....

Steal a - way..... to Je - sus,

f *dim.* FINE.

way, ... Steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.

Steal a - way,.....

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der.
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand a tremb-ling.
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-ning.
4. Tomb - stones are burst-ing, Poor sin - ners stand a tremb-ling.

p D. C.

The trum-pet sounds it in my soul, I have not long to stay here.

No, 96. In My Heart.

Old Melody.

With feeling.

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
2. Lord, I want to be more hum-ble In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
3. Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart, in my heart, Lord, I

In My Heart.

CHORUS.

want to be a Christian In my heart. In my heart,..... in my
want to be more humble In my heart.
want to be like Je - sus In my heart. In my heart,

heart,..... Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.
Lord, I want to be more hum-ble in my heart.
in my heart, Lord, I want to be like Je - sus in my heart.

No. 97. "Good Night, Ladies."

f Sostenuto.

1. Good - night, la - dies! good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
3. Sweat dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat pp

roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

No. 98. My Old Kentucky Home.

S. C. F.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum - mer, the
   The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer - ry, all
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead - ow, the
   The day goes by like the shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where
3. The head must bow and the heart will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the
   A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,— No mat - ter, 'twill

Humming Accompaniment.

dar - kies are gay; The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
hap - py and bright; By'm - by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the dooor, Then my
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
all was de - light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the
nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my

1. birds make mu-sic all the day.
   bench by the old cab - in door.
   field where the su-gar canes grow.

2. old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
   old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
   old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song
for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home far a - way.

No. 99. Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman.

James Black. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. Car - ry me back to old Vir-gin - ny, There's where the cotton and the corn and
2. Car - ry me back to old Vir-gin - ny, There let me live un-til I whither

CHO. Car - ry me back to old Vir-gin - ny, There's where the cotton and the corn and

ta-toes grow, There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime, There's where this old
and de - cay, Down by the old dismal swamp have I wandered, There's where this old

ta-toes grow, There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime, There's where this old

FINE.

darkey's heart am long to go; There's where I labored so hard for old Mas-sa,
darkey's life will pass a - way; Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone before me,

darkey's heart am long to go.

Day af - ter day in the fields of yel - low corn, No place on earth do I
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore, There we'll be hap - py and

D. C. for Chorus.

love more sin-cere - ly, Than old Vir-gin - ny the state where I was born.
free from all sorrow, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev - er part no more.

No. 100. Inching Along.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman. **Arr. B. B. McKinney.**

Keep a - inch-ing a - long, Keep a - inch - ing a - long, Je - sus will

come by and by; Keep a - inch-ing a - long, like a poor inch worm,

FINE.

Je - sus will come by and by.

1. It was inch by inch that I
2. We'll inch and inch and
3. Oh, trials and troub - les

sought the Lord, Je - sus will come by and by; I be -
inch a - long, Je - sus will come by and by; And
on the way, Je - sus will come by and by! But

lieved His word and He saved my soul, Je - sus will come by and by.
inch by inch till we get home, Je - sus will come by and by.
we must watch as well as pray, Je - sus will come by and by.

D. C.

No. 101. The Royal Telephone.

Copyright, 1909, by F. M. Lehman.
Used by permission.

F. M. L. F. M. Lehman.
Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. Central's nev - er "bus-y," Al-ways on the line, You may hear from heaven
2. There will be no charges, Tel - e-phone is free; It was built for ser-vice,
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Satan's crossed your wire By some strong de-lu-siou,
4. Car - nal com-bin - a-tions Can-not get control Of this line to glo - ry,

Al - most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv-ice, Free for one and all—
Just for you aud me. There will be no wait-ing On this roy - al line—
Or some base de-sire. Take a - way obstructions— God is on the throne—
Anchored in the soul. Storm and tri - al can-not Dis - con-nect the line

FINE. CHORUS.

When you get in troub-le Give this roy - al line a call.
Tel - e - phone to glo - ry Al - ways an-swers just in time. Tel - e-phone to
And you'll get the an-swer Thro' this roy - al tel - a-phone.
Held in con-stant keep-ing By the Fa-ther's hand di-vine.

D.S. We may talk to Je - sus Thro' this roy - al tel - e-phone.

glo - ry, O what joy di-vine! I can feel the cur - rent Mov - ing

on the line; Built by God the Fa - ther For His loved and own—

No. 102. Some O' These Days.

Arr. copyright, 1905, by Robert H. Coleman. **Arr. B. B. McKinney.**

1. I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry, oh, yes,
2. I'm a - go - na shout and sing for - ev - er, oh, yes,
3. I'm a - go - na see my saint-ed moth - er, oh, yes,
4. I'm a - go - na see my bless-ed Sav - ior, oh, yes,

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry Some o' these days;
I'm a - go - na sing and shout for - ev - er Some o' these days;
I'm a - go - na see my saint - ed moth-er Some o' these days;
I'm a - go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior Some o' these days;

Hal - le-lu - jah, I'm a - go-na walk on the streets of glo - ry,
Hal - le-lu - jah, I'm a - go-na sing and shout for - ev - er,
Hal - le-lu - jah, I'm a - go-na see my saint-ed moth - er,
Hal - le-lu - jah, I'm a - go-na see my bless-ed Sav - ior,

Go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry Some o' these days.
Go - na sing and shout for - ev - er Some o' these days.
Go - na see my saint - ed moth - er Some o' these days.
Go - na see my bless - ed Sav - ior Some o' these days.

No. 103. Four And Twenty Elders.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman,

Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. See four and twen - ty el - ders on their knees,.....
2. They're bow - ing round the al - ter on their knees, ...
3. See Dan - iel in den of li - ons on his knees,.....
4. We'll praise our Lord to - geth - er on our knees, ...

See four and twen - ty el - ders on their knees.
They're bow - ing round the al - ter on their knees.
See Dan - iel in den of li - ons on his knees.
We'll praise our Lord to-geth - er on our knees.

CHORUS.

And we'll all rise to - geth - er and face the ris - ing sun,

Oh, Lord, have mer - cy, if you please.... .....
oh, Lord, if you please.

No. 104. Life's Railway To Heaven.

Male Quartet arrangement—Copyright, 1924, by Charlie D. Tillman.

M. E. Abbey. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Life is like a moun-tain rail - road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide;

We must make the run suc-cess - ful From the cra - dle to the grave:
See that Christ is your con-duc - tor On this light'ning train of life:
On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train:
You be-hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide:

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob-struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su-perin-tend - ant, God, the Fa - ther, God, the Son;

Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y joy - ous plaud-it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, wel-come home."

Life's Railway To Heaven.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss - ful shore,
Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for ev - er-more.

No. 105. Faith Of Our Fathers.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman.

F. W. Faber. H. F. Hemy. Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for Thee!
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:

Faith of our fathers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 106. I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman. **Arr. B. B. McKinney.**

Oh,
Oh, I could'nt hear no-bo - dy pray, I could'nt hear no - bo - dy

pray, Oh, way down yonder by my - self;.....
And I could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray.

1. Mas - sa Je - sus!..... In the
2. Chil - ly wa - ters..... In the
3. Hal - le - lu - jah!..... Trou - bles

I could-'nt hear no - bod - y pray,

val - ley, With His bur - dens
Jor - dan, Crossing o - ver
o - ver, In the king-dom

I could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, I could'nt hear no - bo - dy

And His tri - als. Oh, I
In - to Ca - naan.
With my Je - sus.

pray, I could-'nt hear no - bod - y pray;

I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.

Oh, Lord,

could-'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, And I could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray,

Oh, way down yon - der by my - self;.....

And I could'nt hear no - bo - dy

Oh, Lord,

pray, I could - 'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, Oh, I

Oh, Lord,.....

could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, Oh, way down yon - der by my -

self;..... ...

And I could - 'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, No - bo - dy pray.

No. 107. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Arr. copyright, 1821, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Phœbe Cary. R. S. Ambrose. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

One sweetly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,

sol-emn thought

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ev-er been be-fore.

Near-er my Fa-thers house, Where the man-y man-sions be;

Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea .....

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;

the bounds of life,

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Near-er leav-ing the cross,.... Near - er gain - ing the crown.

But ly - ing dark-ly be - tween, Winding a-down thro' the night

Is the si - lent unknown stream That leads at last to the light.

Fa - ther be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

rit.

For it may be, I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

No. 108. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Arr. copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Arr. B. B. McKinney.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my songs shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. Though like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone: Yet, in my dreams I'll be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Thee. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
un-to heav'n;

pp

sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n, An-gels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. Or if on joyful wings Cleaving the

sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot Upward I'll fly; Still all my songs shall be, Nearer to

ppp *rit.*

Thee, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A - men.

No. 109. Awakening Chorus.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Charlotte G. Homer. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A -
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re -
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a - rise; A -
A - wake! a - wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till
Re - peat, re - peat,

wake! a - wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And
A - wake! a - wake!
all the earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And
Till all the earth,

light is beam - ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and
And light is beam-ing
shout a - new the glo - ri - ous re-frain; With angels
And shout a - new

rills, the vales and hills resound with gladness, All na - ture joins to
in the heights sing of the great sal-va-tion He wrest - ed from the

Awakening Chorus.

Full Harmony.

sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and sin is backward
hand of sin and death. sin is

Unison.

hurled! Re - joice! re - joice! lift heart and voice, Je -
backward hurled!

Full Harmony.

ho - vah reigns! Proclaim His sov'reign pow'r to all the world, And
pow'r to all the world,

let His glo - rious ban-ner be unfurled! Je - ho - vah
And let His grand and glorious ban-ner be unfurled! Jehovah reigns! Je-ho-vah

reigns! Rejoice! rejoice! rejoice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
re - joice! re - ?oice! re-joice!

No. 110. No Burdens Yonder.

Copyright, 1906 and 1912, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

Ada R. Habershon. Tabernacle Pub. Co., owner. **Robert Harkness.**

Quietly.

1. No bur - dens yon - der, not a sin - gle care,
2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test - ing done,
3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,
4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,

When home is entered.... not a load to bear,....
The school-days o - ver... and the priz - es won,....
No dis - ap - pointments... and no more dis - tress,....
No pain, no sick-ness,... and no weep - ing eyes,....

No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be -
No much - tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood. We'll
But best of all my Sav - ior I shall see, No

No Burdens Yonder.

* If a repetition of the chorus is desired, sing following measure and a half as written, otherwise pass to 2nd ending.

No. 111. Blessed Is He That Readeth.

Copyright, 1894, by D. B. Towner.
Tabernacle Pub. Co., owner.

C. S. Colburn.

Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless - ed, Bless-ed is he that read - eth, and

they that hear the word, the word of the Lord; For He saith un - to you,

He saith un - to you, "Tho your sins be as scar - let, They shall

be as white as snow; Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as
They shall be as

wool;
wool; For God so loved the world,
so loved the world,
That He gave His on - ly

Blessed Is He That Readeth.

His on - ly Son to die, to die, That who - so - ev - er be -
Son to die, to die,

liev - eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not per-ish, But have ev-er-last-ing

life, But have ev - er-last-ing life, But have ev - er-last - ing life.

No. 112. Now The Day Is Over.

S. B. Gould. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

1. Shad-ows of the eve - ning, steal a - cross the sky.

No. 113. Steady, Brothers, Steady.

Copyright, 1922, by Chas H. Gabriel, Renewal.
Used by permission

H. R. Trickett. Chas. H. Gabriel,

Solo or Unison.

1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Stead - y, broth - ers,
2. Swift on the wings of the roar - ing wind, Stead - y, broth - ers,
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Stead - y, broth - ers,

Play loco.

stead - y; Hid are the stars, aud the storm clouds fly, Be
stead - y; Fly thro' the night and the day - light find, Be
stead - y; Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be

read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Cap-tains have we who de -
read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Day-light shall o - pen her
read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Comrades have we who are

liv-'rance will bring, Darkness or day-light is one to our King, He will de -
win-dows of gold, Safe - ty and Par - a - dise we shall be - hold, Shout ye for
safe on the shore—Com-rades a-wait-ing to greet us once more, Comrades from

Steady, Brothers, Steady.

liv - er, so joy - ful - ly sing, All glo - ry to Je - sus our Sav - ior.
gladness, O hearts, true and bold, All glo - ry to Je - sus our Sav - ior.
whom we will part nev - er - more, All glo - ry to Je - sus our Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y; Fear ye not the bil - lows roll - ing,
Stead - y, stead - y, broth - ers, stead-y, Fear not bil - lows

roll - ing high; Stead-y, stead - y, stead-y, There's a star il -
high; Stead-y, stead - y, stead - y, There's a star

lumes the dark - est sky, the dark-est sky; Storms will soon be past,
il - lumes the sky;

The har-bor gained at last, All glo - ry to Je - sus our Sav - ior.

No. 114. Shall I Crucify Him?

Copyright, 1900, by Tullar-Meredith Co.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Arr. by I. H. M.
Grant Colfax Tullar.

With expression.

1. Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior, When for me He bore such loss?
2. Are temp-ta-tions so al - lur - ing? Do earth pleasures so en - thrall,
3. 'Twas my sins that cru-ci - fied Him—Shall they cru - ci - fy Him yet?
4. Oh! the kind-ly hands of Je - sus, Pour-ing bless-ings on all men!

Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior? Can I nail Him to the cross?
That I can - not love my Sav - ior Well e-nough to leave them all?
Black-est day of name-less an - guish, Can my thankless soul for - get?
Bleeding, nail-scarred hands of Je - sus! Can I nail them once a - gain?

CHORUS.

p *rit. pp*

Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?

Once! oh once! I cru - ci - fied Him! Shall I cru - ci - fy a - gain?

FOR LADIES' VOICES.

No. 115. Lead, Kindly Light.

H. Newman. **Arr. by C. H. G.**

No. 116. Thinking Of Me.

Copyright, 1924, by Lorenz Publishing Co.
International copyright secured.

W. C. Poole. Marie M. Hine.

1. It helps when temptation sweeps over my soul, And toss-ing is life's restless sea,..... To know that my Pi - lot has per-fect con-trol, And Je -
2. It helps me, when pleasures would lead me astray, To know that the Sav - ior, in love, ... Is ten - der - ly guid-ing me o - ver life's way, And watch -
3. So on - ward I jour-ney in glad-ness to-day, Wher-ev - er my path-way may be; ..... I know that my Sav-ior is lead-ing the way, And Je -

CHORUS.

sus is thinking of me..... Thinking of me, Thinking of
ing from heaven a - bove.....
sus is thinking of me..... Je - sus is thinking of

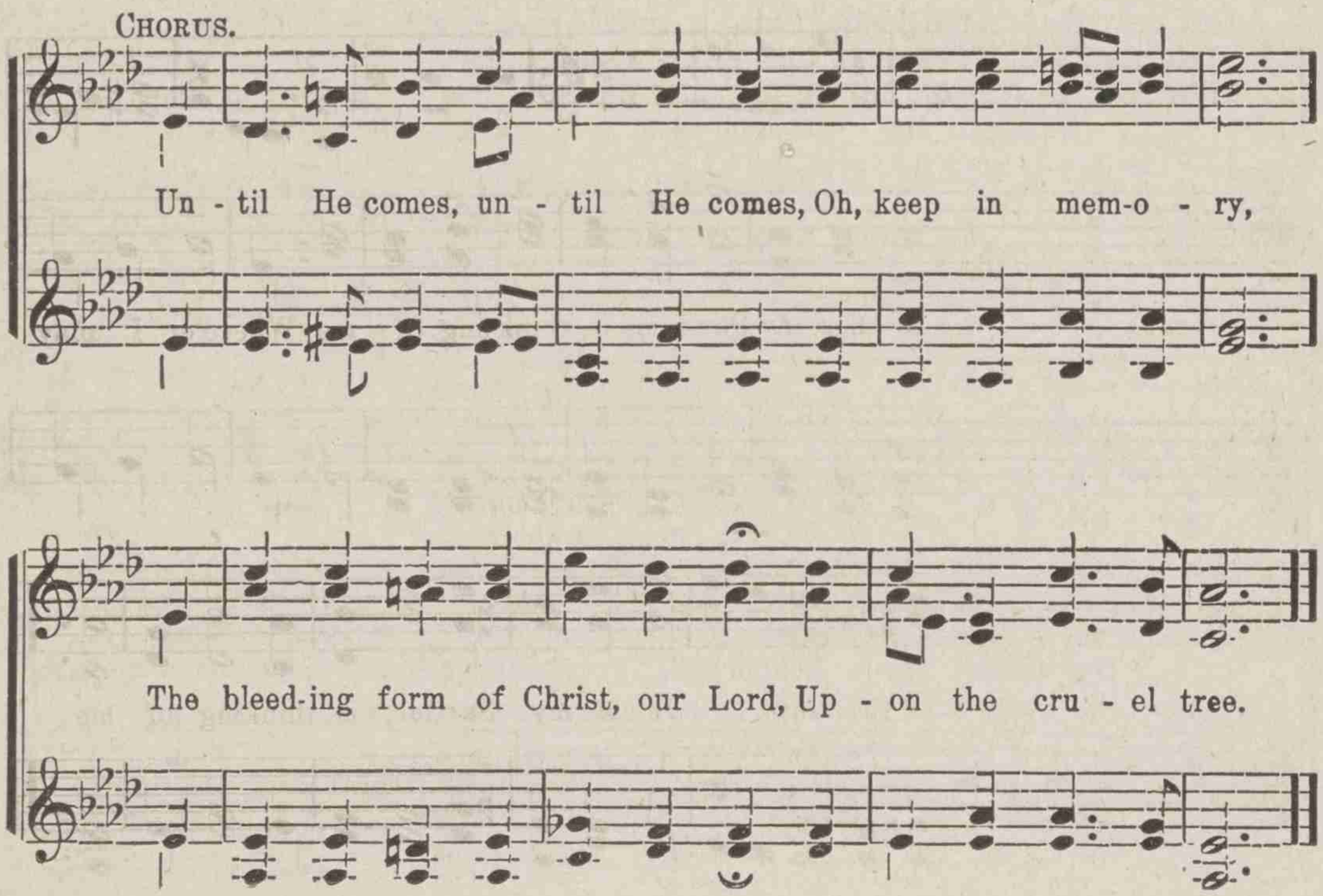
me. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is think-ing of me; Where'er I may
of me,

be, on the land or the sea,.... Je-sus, my Sav-ior, is thinking of me.

No. 117. In Memory Of Me.

B. B. McK. Copyright, 1925, by Robert H Coleman. B. B. McKinney.

Duet to Chorus.



No. 118. Rock Of Ages.

Toplady. Copyright, 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, ... Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, ... Could my zeal no languor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, ... When my eyes shall close in death,

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, ... From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; .... Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, .. And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure, ... Save from wrath and make me pure.....
In my hand no price I bring, ... Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.....
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, ... Let me hide my-self in Thee.....

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure,

Be of sin the doub-le cure, ... Save from wrath and make me pure....
In my hand no price I bring..... Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.....
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, ... Let me hide my-self in Thee.....

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

No. 119. Beautiful Isle.

Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Exccell.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Words and music. J. S. Fearis.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer-don won.
Some-where the skies are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau ti - ful Isle of Some - where!
Somewhere, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti - ful Isle of Somewhere!

No. 120. There's A Song On My Lips.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. Copyright, 1891, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

Duet.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the
3. There is joy in my heart All the long wea - ry day, For the

waves of dis - tress Deep - ly 'round me may roll; For I know whom I
seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a - way; For an an - gel spoke
storm o - ver - past And the clouds rolled a - way; There's a rose for each

trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall safe-ly go home, If I
peace To my spir - it's a - larm; He is ris - en for thee: There is
thorn, And a - gain for each loss, Since my Saviour, Him - self, Gained a

CHORUS.

cling close to Him.
noth - ing to harm. I will not be a - fraid When the dark grave I
crown by the cross.

see, For my Sav - iour has died and has ris - en for me.

No. 121. When The Lord Shall Call His Own.

A. P. Cobb. Copyright, 1890. by Fillmore Bros. J. H. Fillmore.

1. There is a time,..... a hap-py time,.....When the Lord shall
2. Like fer-tile seed,..... ... each lov-ing deed,.....When the Lord shall
3. What heav'nly grace..... on ev-'ry face,..... When the Lord shall

There is a time, a hap-py time,

call His own; Then all shall sing,.....and praise their King,.....
call His own; Tho' lost to view,..... shall spring a-new,.....
call His own; As to each one,..... ... He says "well done,".....

Then all shall sing, and praise their King,

CHORUS.

When the Lord shall call His own. O an - gel song! O hap - py, hap-py

throng, When the Lord shall call His own; Shall I be there,.....

Shall I be there,

your bliss to share!..... When the Lord shall call His own?

your bliss to share!

No. 122. List To The Voice.

B. B. McK.

Arr. copyright, 1924, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

Duet.

1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a -
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op -
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to

bove, Filled with a mes - sage so ten - der, Filled with a
prest, Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly plead - ing, "Come, and I
me, Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us

mes-sage of love; Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry,
will give you rest." Come with your grief and your sor - row,
o - ver the sea; Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing,

Ten - der-ly speaks to the sad. Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing,
Come, with your burden of sin; Trust in the bless-ed Re-deem - er,
Far from the Sav-ior they roam: "Go in the by-ways and hedg - es,"

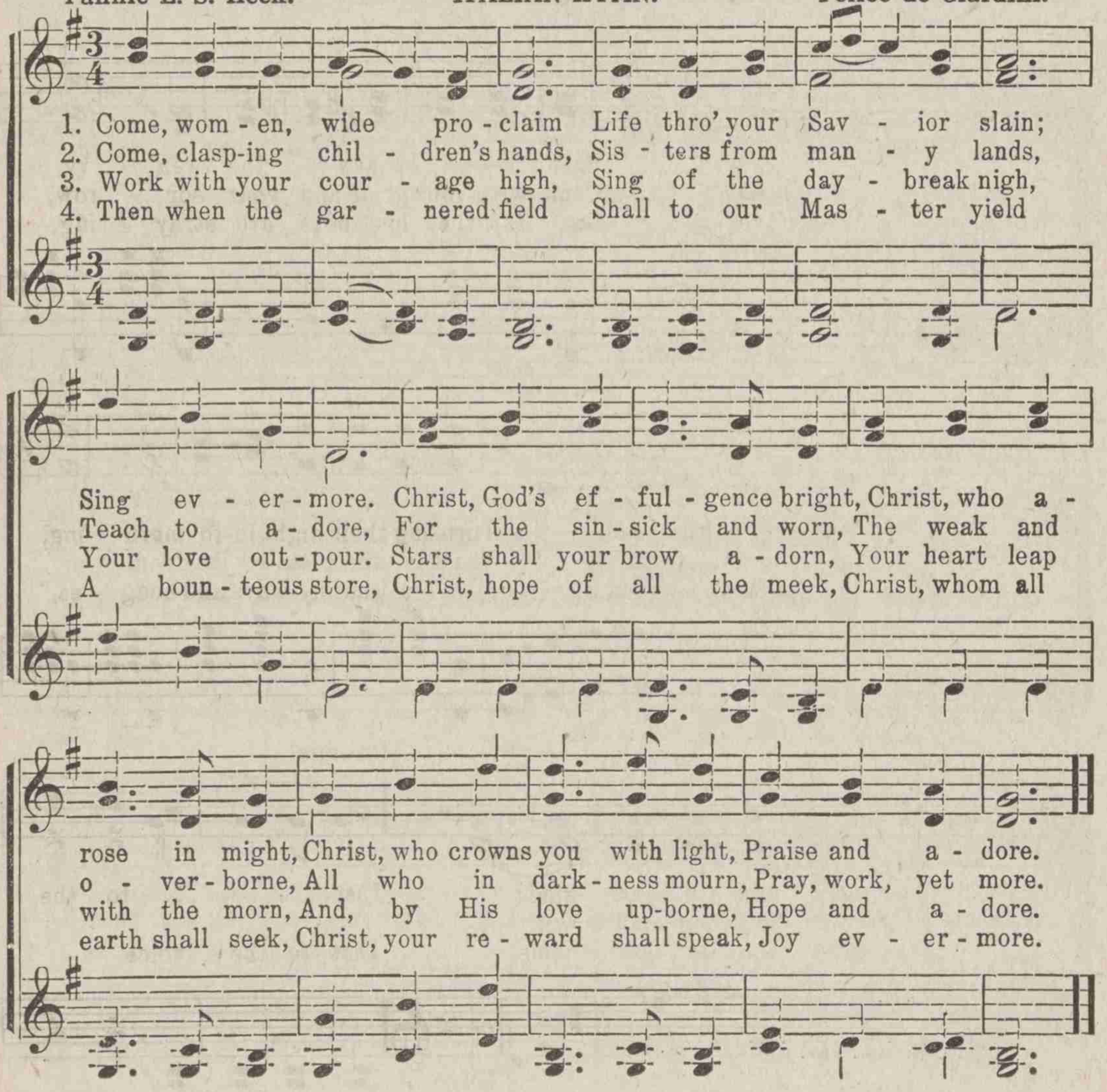
CHORUS.

Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad. List..... to the
Life ev - er - last - ing you'll win.
Bring-ing the wan - der - ers home. List to the voice,

List To The Voice.

No. 123. The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. **ITALIAN HYMN.** **Felice de Giardini.**



No. 124. Sweet Savior Mine.

Palmer Hartsough. Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. **J. H. Fillmore.**

1. Sweet Sav - ior mine,..... so full and free,..... Thy par-d'ning
2. Sweet Sav - ior mine,..... Thy feet to kiss,..... In ser - vice
3. Sweet Sav - ior mine,..... can I with-hold..... The tri - fling

love..... has been to me;..... Were I possessed..... of boundless
low..... is high-est bliss;..... Oh, give to me..... one glance of
deed..... the pal - try gold?..... Nay, low-ly at..... Thy feet I

store,..... My heart would long..... to yield Thee more.
Thine,..... And pain for Thee..... is joy di - vine.
fall;..... Sweet Sav - ior mine,..... I give Thee all.

CHORUS.

The world is naught a - part from Thee, sweet Sav-ior mine, And crusts are

king-ly fare for me since I am Thine; My life, my all to Thee I

Sweet Savior Mine.

give, Sweet Sav - ior mine, for Thee to live, My life, my
to Thee I give,

all to Thee I give, Sweet Sav - ior mine, for Thee to live.
to Thee I give,

No. 125. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk. arr.

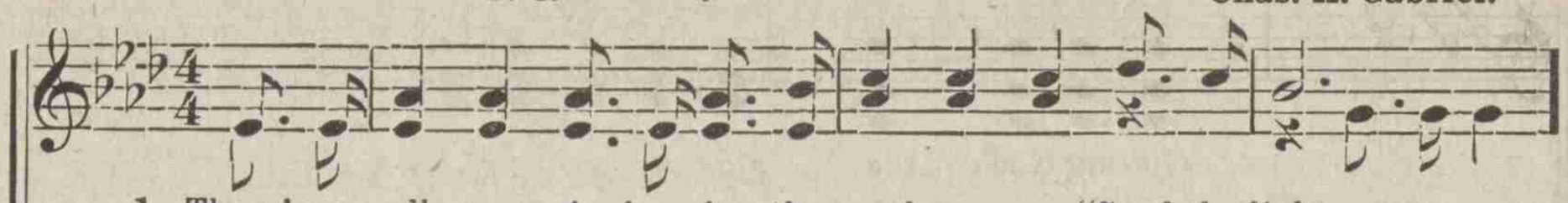
1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a-round I see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee—In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

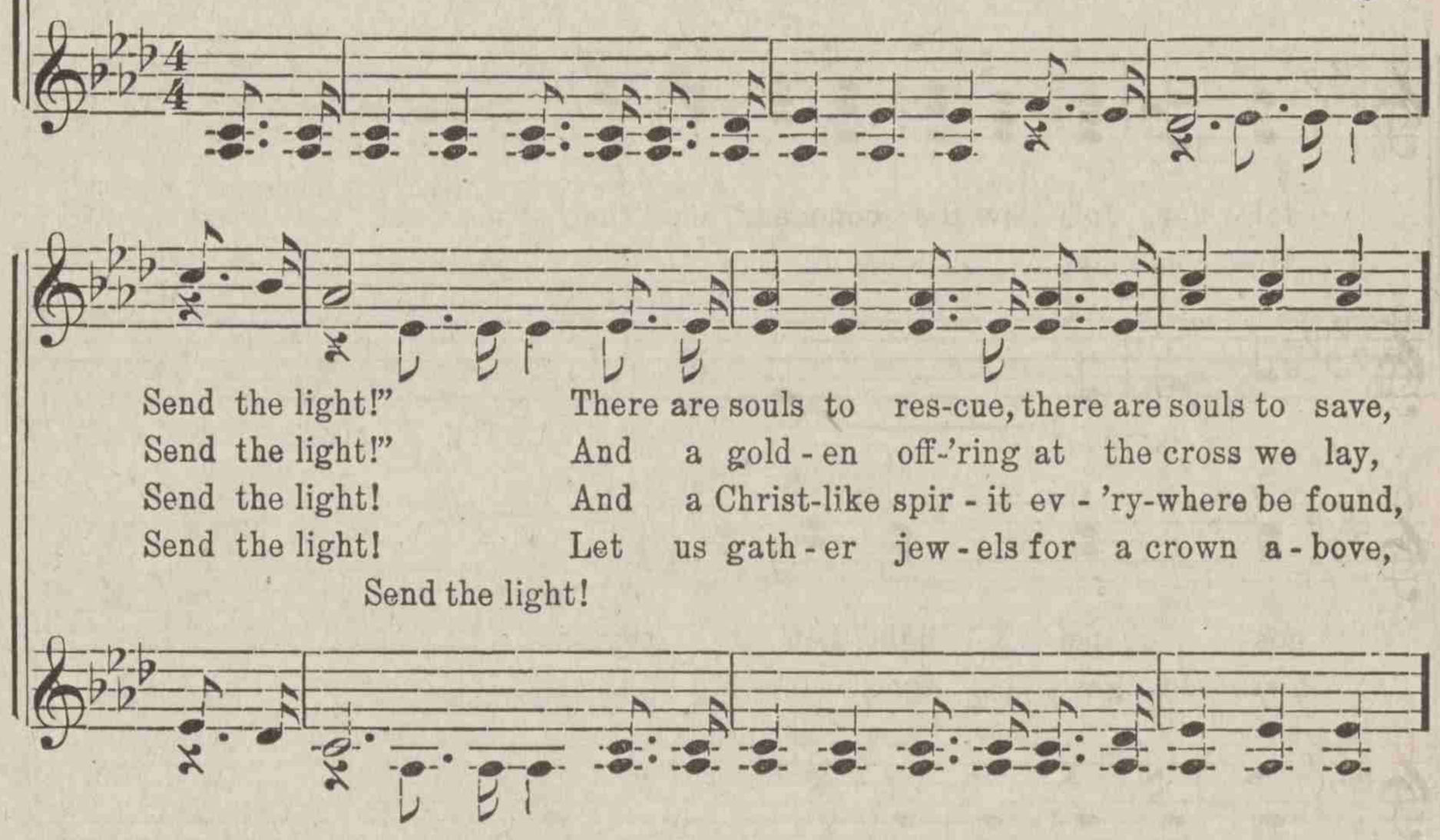
No. 126. Send The Light.

C. H. G. Copyright, 1918, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Renewal. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



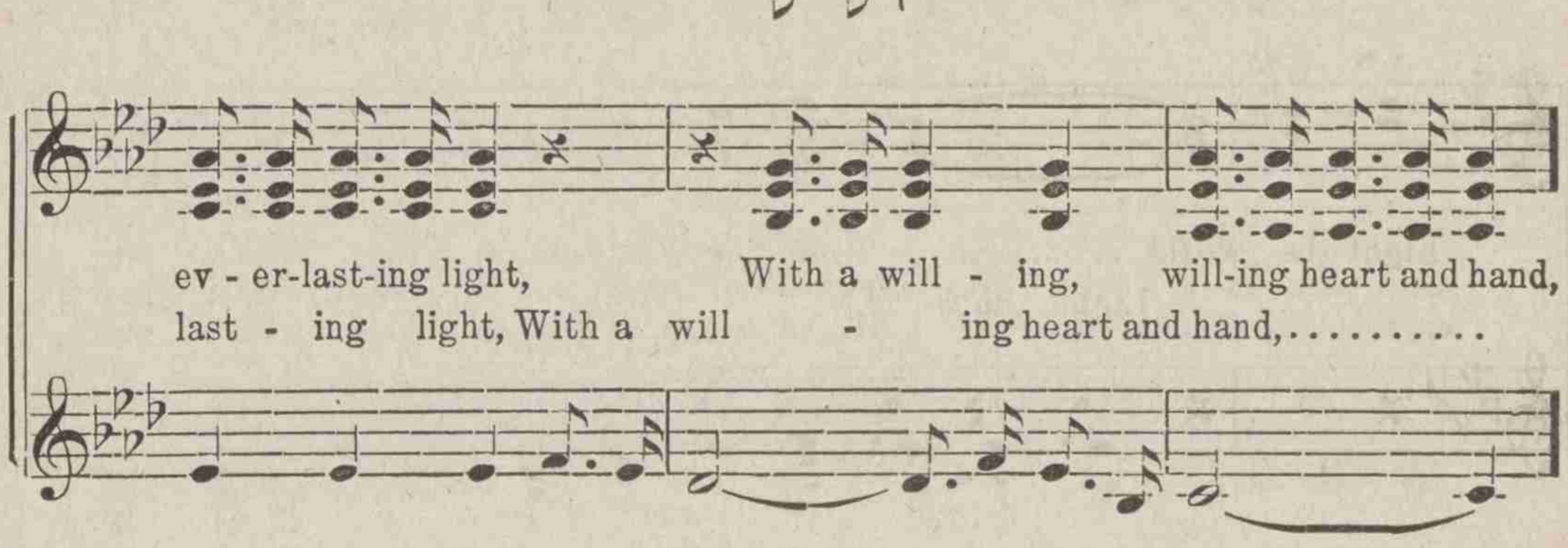
1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light,
2. We have heard the Ma-ce - don - ian call to - day, "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light,



Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!



1st and 2nd Sop. and 1st Alto.

pp CHORUS.

Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the

Send the light! Send the light! We will spread the ev - er -

SOLO. *2nd Alto.*

ev - er-last-ing light, With a will - ing, will-ing heart and hand,

last - ing light, With a will - ing heart and hand, ...

Send The Light.

Giv-ing God the glo - ry ev - er-more, We will
Giv - ing God..... the glo-ry ev - er - more, We will fol - low

fol - low, fol - low His command, Send the light,..... the bless - ed
His com-mand.. ..... Send the light, the

gos - pel light, Let it shine..... from shore to
bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it shine

shore,..... Send the light..... and let its ra - diant beams
from shore to shore, Send the light and let its radiant beams

Light the world..... for - ev - er - more.....
Light the world for ev - er - more.

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