"REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING"
"FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN XXXX AND HIS NAME SHALL BE WONDERFUL COUNSELLOR; THE MIGHTY GOD; THE EVERLASTING FATHER; THE PRINCE OF PEACE."
ISAIAH 9:6.

SANCTIFICATION

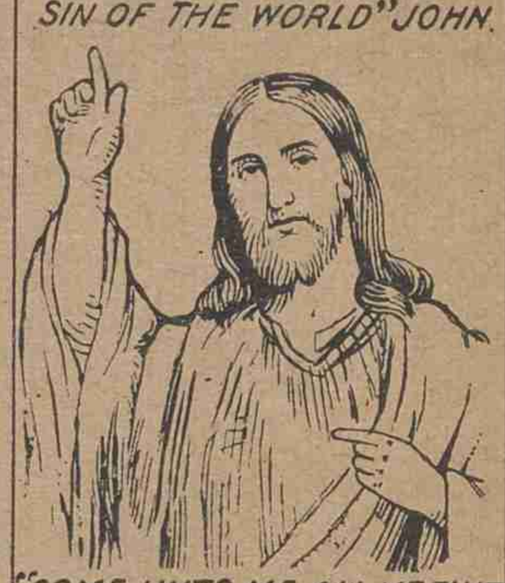
HOLINESS

The Eureka TIDINGS OF JOY



"BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE" LUKE 2:10.

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD" JOHN.



"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST" CHRIST

"JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD HAS COME, LET EARTH RECEIVE HER KING."

"I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME, LET US GO INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD" Ps 122:1

EDITED BY

REV. S. J. OSLIN
F. L. EILAND
G. L. YOUNG
AND DR. S. S. MAYFIELD

ASSISTED BY

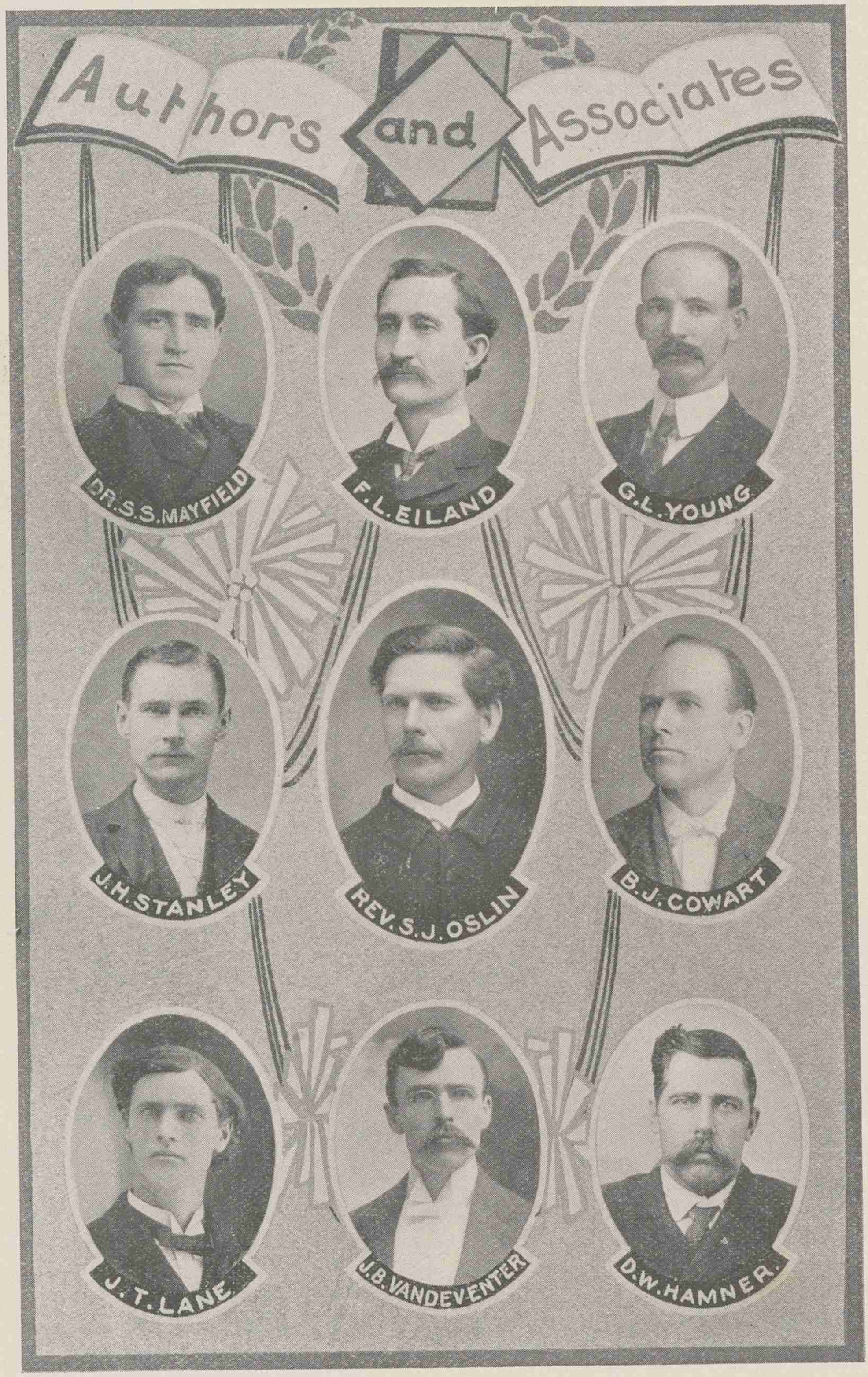
J. H. STANLEY, J. T. LANE, B. J. COWART, D. W. HAMNER
AND J. B. VAN DEVENTER

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B. J. COWART
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D. W. HAMNER

00109-SPO

THE EUREKA

TIDINGS OF JOY

A SUPERIOR COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS

FOR ALL

Religious Gatherings.

EDITED BY

REV. S. J. OSLIN, F. L. EILAND, G. L. YOUNG,
and DR. S. S. MAYFIELD,

ASSISTED BY

J. H. STANLEY, J. T. LANE, B. J. COWART,
D. W. HAMNER and J. B. VAN DEVENTER,

WITH

SCOTT and WILEY,
of the Indian University, as Special Advisers.

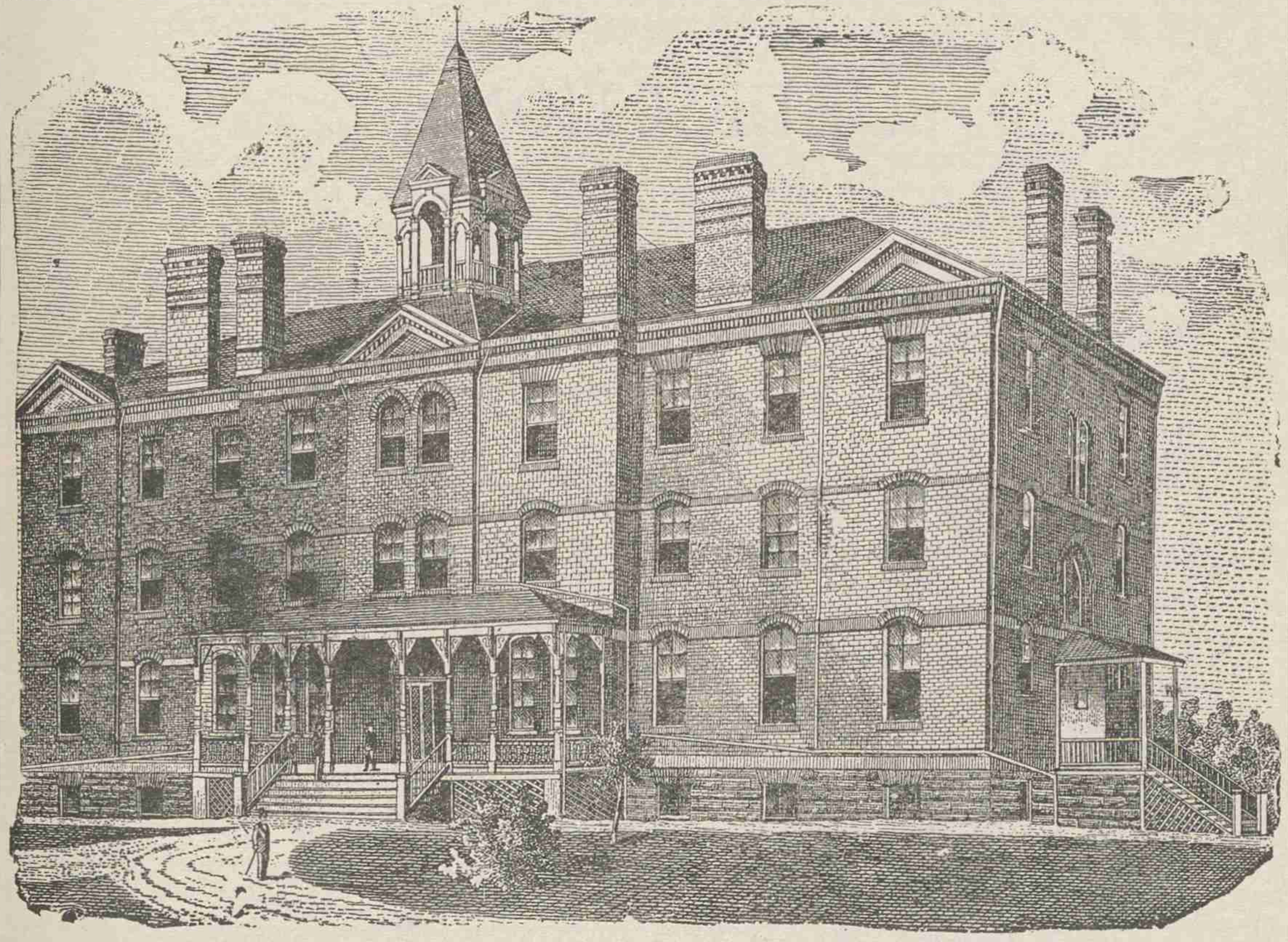
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DEDICATION.

TO ALL Faithful Ministers of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ who proclaim a free, full and unlimited salvation through the atoning blood of the Lamb, bringing joy and gladness to perishing souls :

TO a Band of Faithful Sunday School Workers who are so earnestly laboring for the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom and for the good of humanity :

AND TO Leaders of Other Religious Societies who are assisting in the Christian Training of the young people of our Land:

AND TO ALL the Faithful in Christ Jesus, who patiently wait for His second coming and whose delight it is to sing God's praise in His Earthly Sanctuary, the Sunday School and Home,

THIS BOOK OF SACRED SONGS is most respectfully and prayerfully

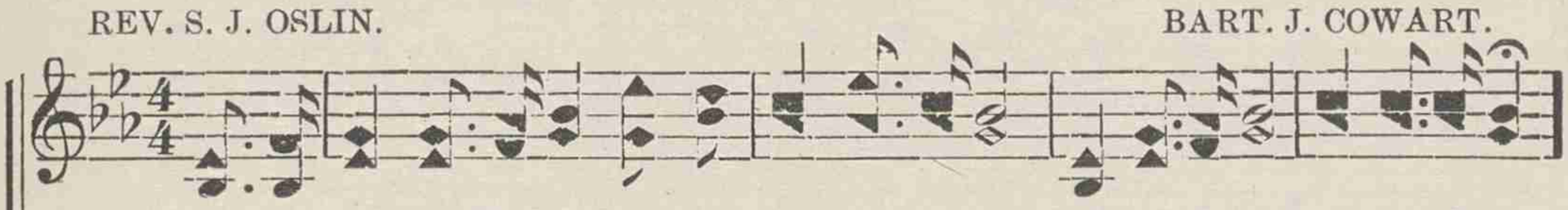
DEDICATED.

PART I.
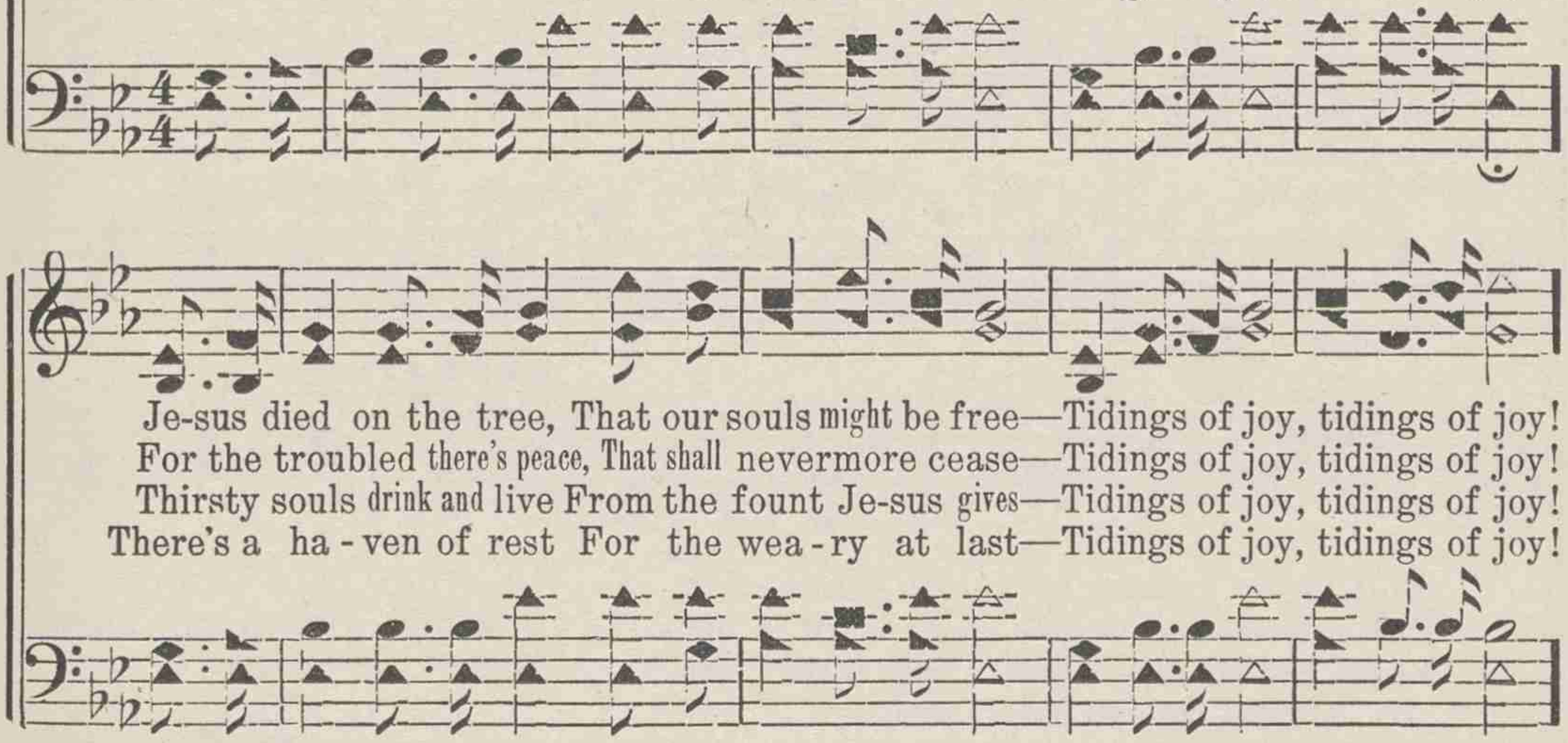
NEW GOSPEL SONGS.

No. 1. EUREKA TIDINGS OF JOY.

REV. S. J. OSLIN. BART. J. COWART.
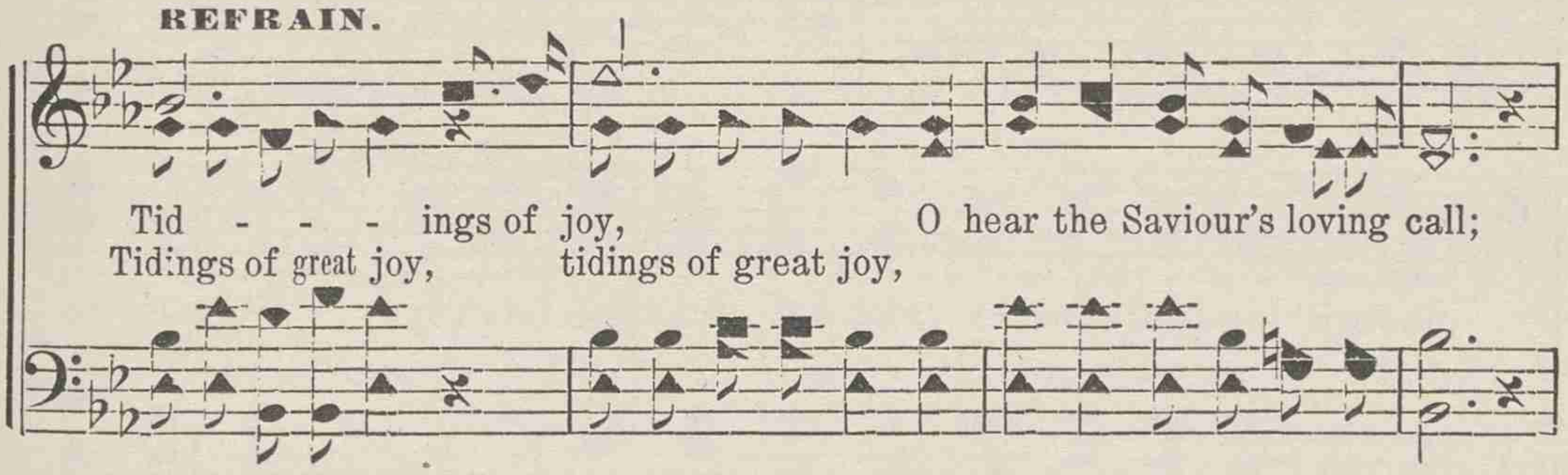


1. In the gos-pel of Christ There is hope for the lost—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
2. For each soul un-der sin, Jesus brings joy within—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
3. Blinded eyes now may see, And the sick healed be—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
4. There's sal-vation for all, Who on Jesus doth call—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
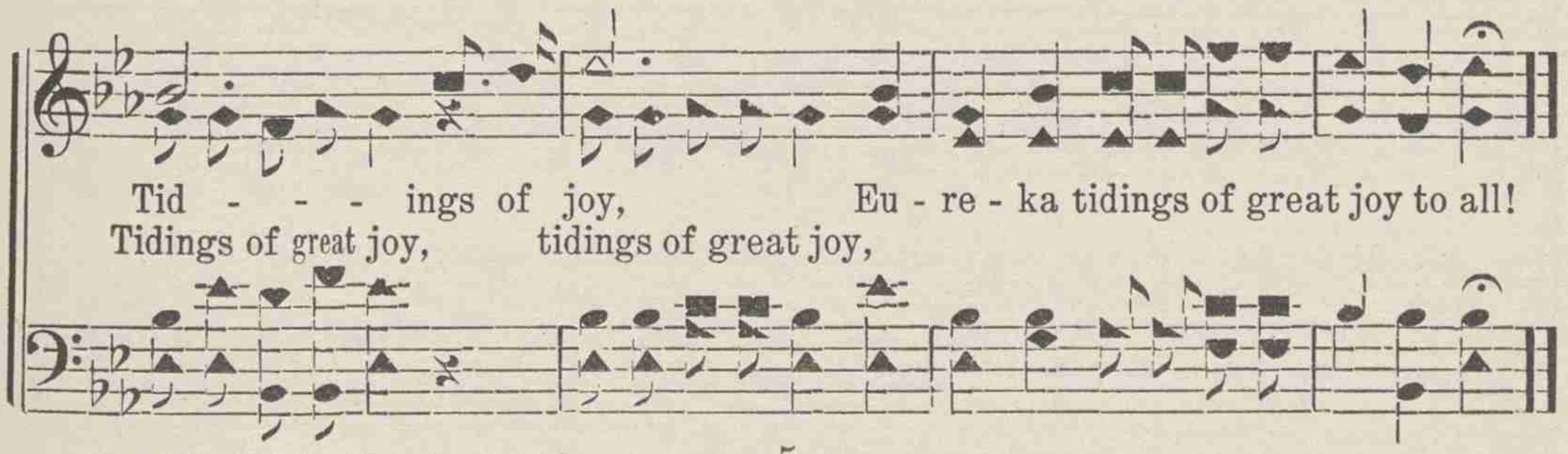


Je-sus died on the tree, That our souls might be free—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
For the troubled there's peace, That shall nevermore cease—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
Thirsty souls drink and live From the fount Je-sus gives—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!
There's a ha-ven of rest For the wea-ry at last—Tidings of joy, tidings of joy!

REFRAIN.



Tid - - - ings of joy, O hear the Saviour's loving call;
Tidings of great joy, tidings of great joy,



Tid - - - ings of joy, Eu - re - ka tidings of great joy to all!
Tidings of great joy, tidings of great joy,

Copyright, 1905, by Cowart and Oslin.

No. 2. LAND BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

S. J. OSLIN.

1. Beyond these chil - ly winds and gloom-y skies, Beyond death's cloud-
2. A land whose light is nev - er dimmed in shade, Whose fields are ev-
3. We may not know how sweet its balm - y air, How fair and bright
4. O land unknown! O land of love di - vine! Fa-ther, all - wise

y por - tal, There is a land where beau-ty nev - er dies,
er ver - nal; Where noth - ing beau - ti - ful can ev - er fade,
its flow - ers; We may not hear the songs that ech - o there,
e - ter - nal, O guide these wand'ring way-worn feet of mine,

REFRAIN.

And love beams on im - mor - tal.
But lives for aye e - ter - nal. O land be - yond these
Thro' those en - chant - ing bow - ers.
To those sweet val - leys, ver - nal.

gloomy clouds of time, O land of end - less beau-ty! We long to

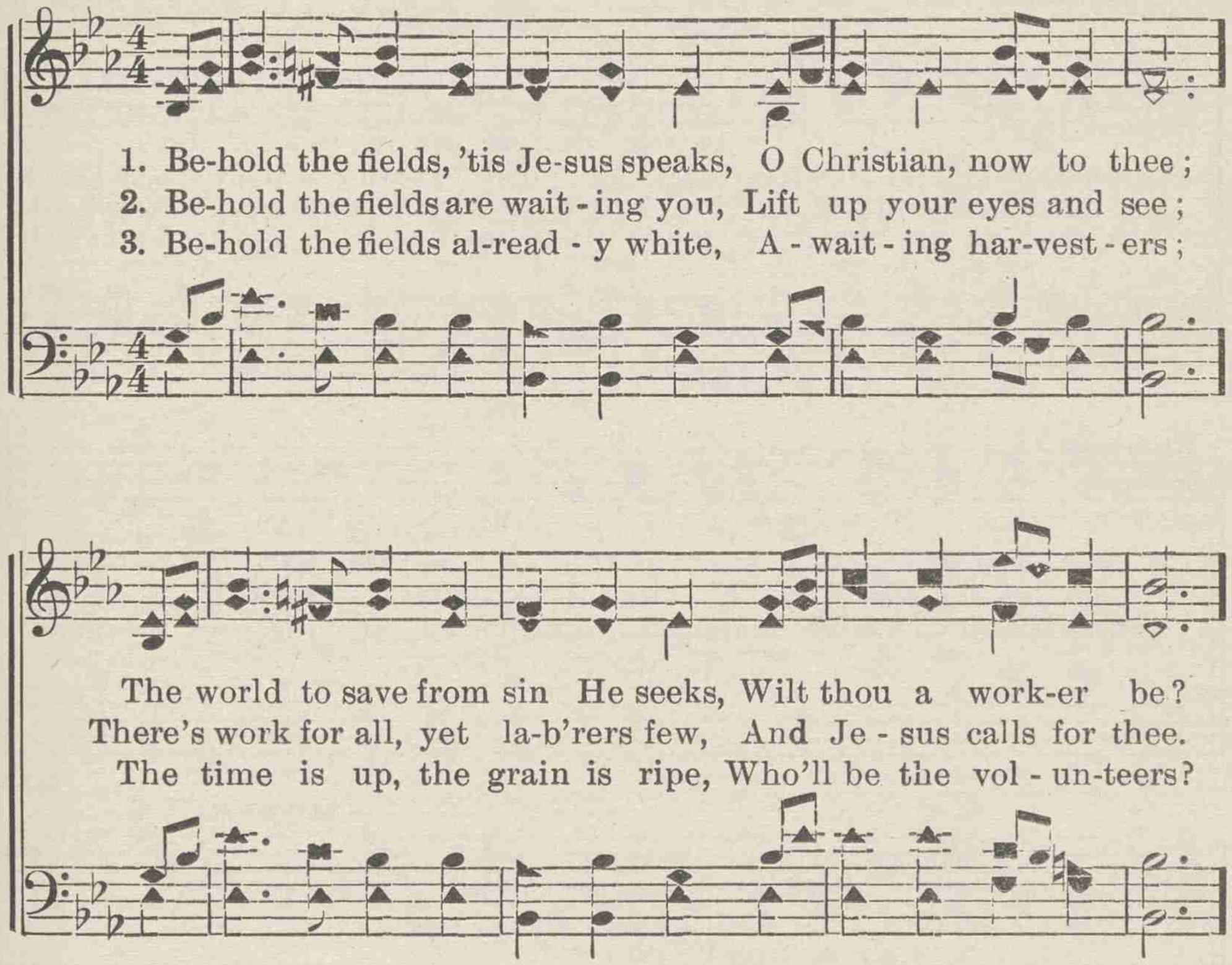
see that hap - py, sun-ny clime, And dwell in peace for - ev - er!
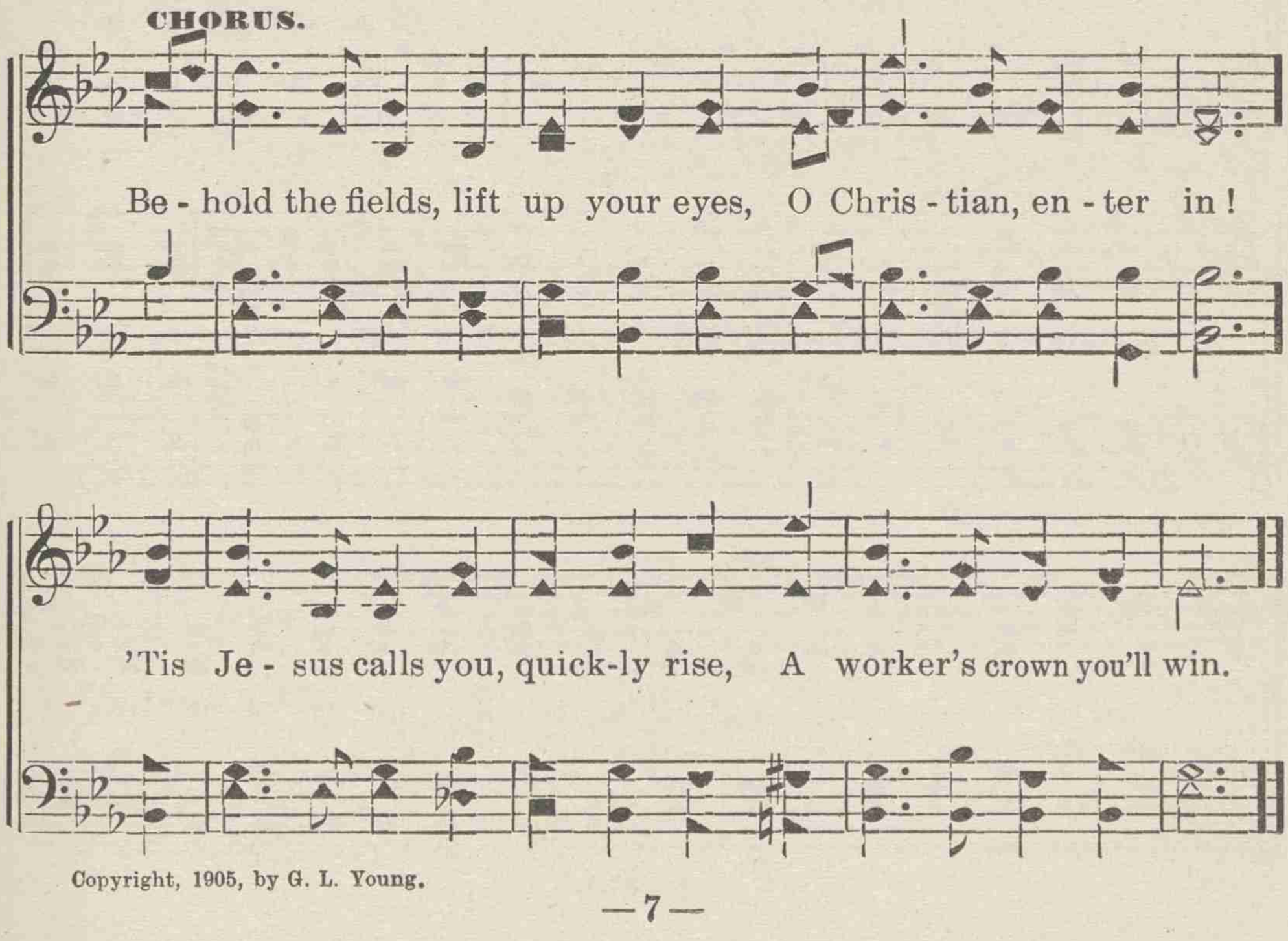
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No. 3. BEHOLD THE FIELDS.

"The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

REV. S. J. OSLIN. G. L. YOUNG.
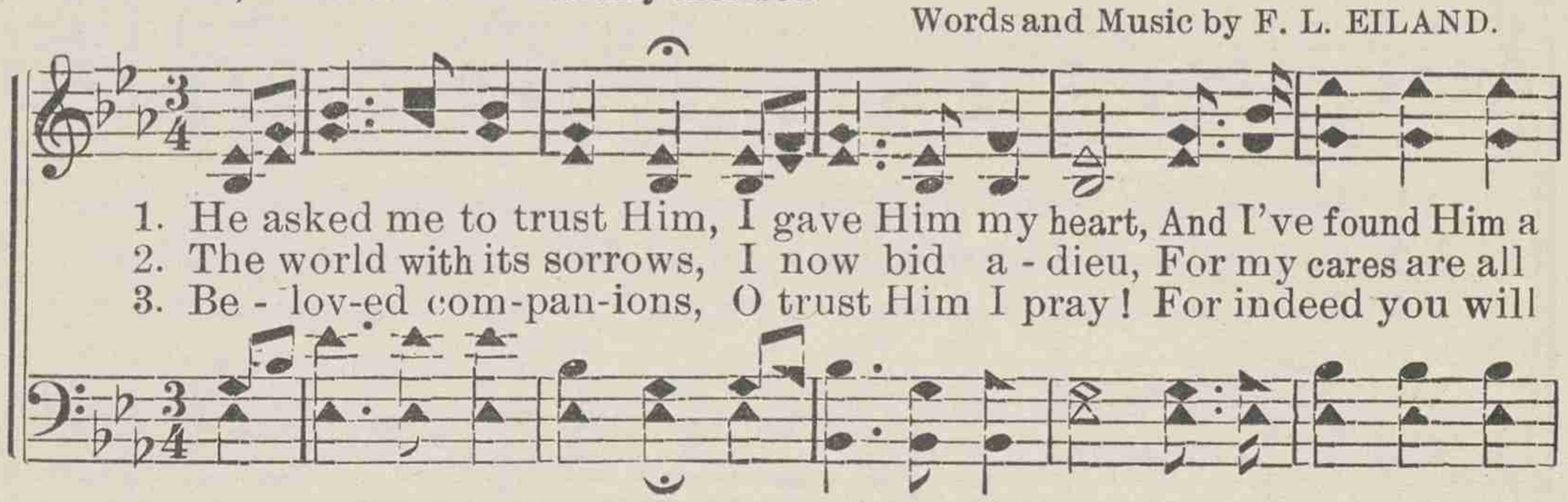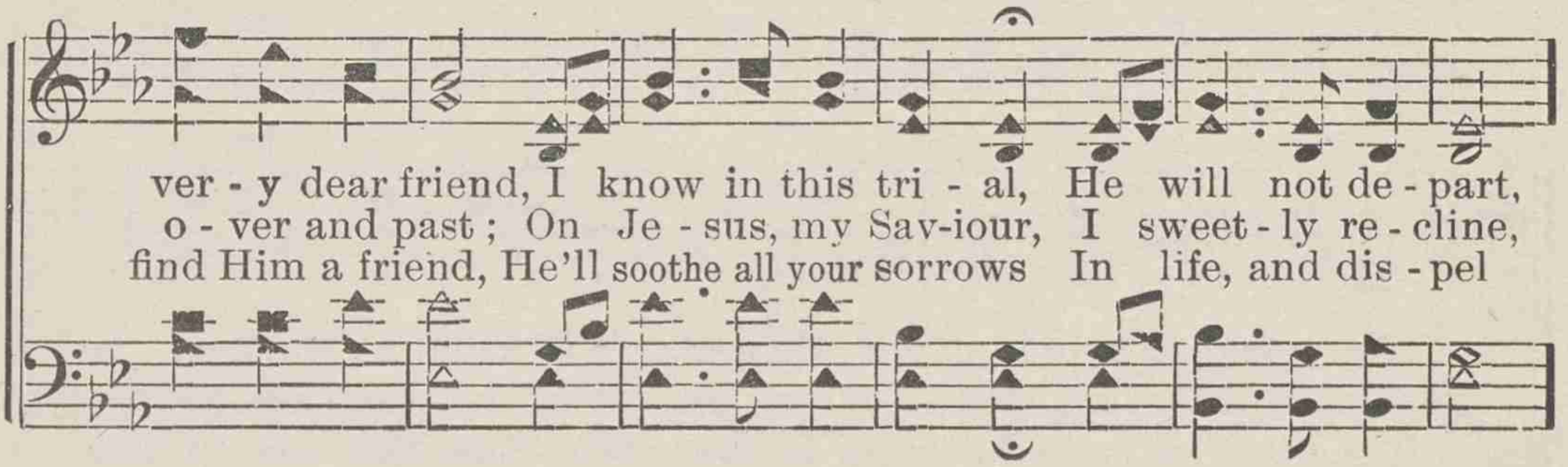




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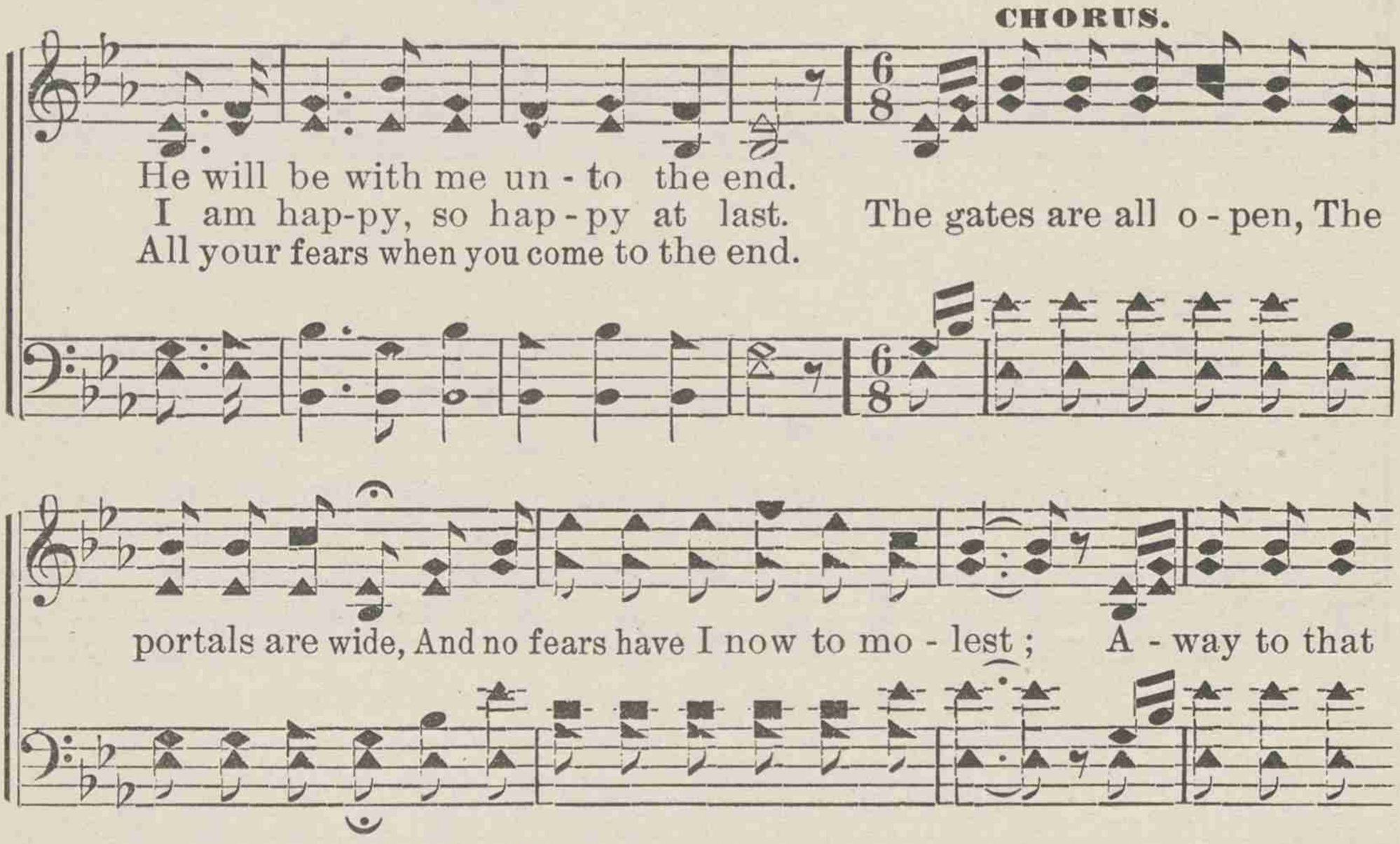
No. 4. THE GATES ARE ALL OPEN.
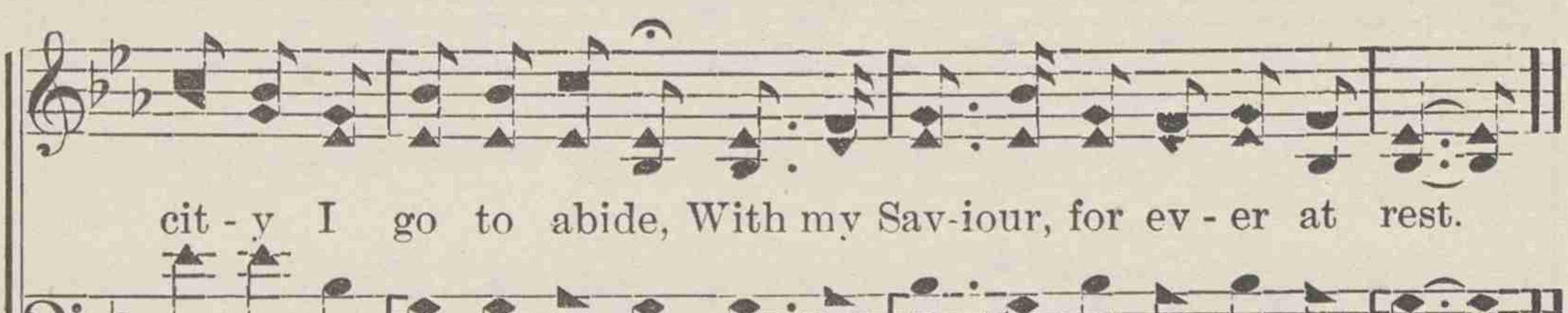
"The gates are all open." These words were uttered by my loving wife about two hours before her death. She was a true and faithful companion, a sweet singer and a zealous Christian, with implicit confidence in God. To the monument before me erected by her life of devotion, these words are sacredly ascribed.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.









No. 5. NEARER HOME.

DR. S. S. MAYFIELD.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
2. "One day nearer," sings the sail - or, As He glides the wat-ers o'er;
3. Worn and wea-ry oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun;

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi-light, For an - oth - er day is gone!
While the light is slow - ly dy - ing, On the dist-ant na - tive shore.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his journey near - ly done.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the darker shades will come;
Then the Christian on life's o - cean, As the life-boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel when on life's des - ert, Heart and san-dal worn we roam;

f. **Fine.**

Still 'tis sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near - er home!
Cries with rapture in the ev'ning, "I am one day near - er home!"
As the twi-light gath-ers o - ver, We are one day near - er home!
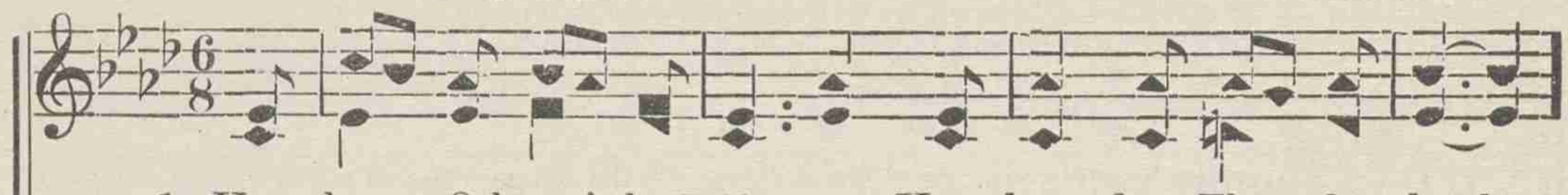
D. S. Still 'tis sweet to know at ev - en, We are one day near-er home!

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

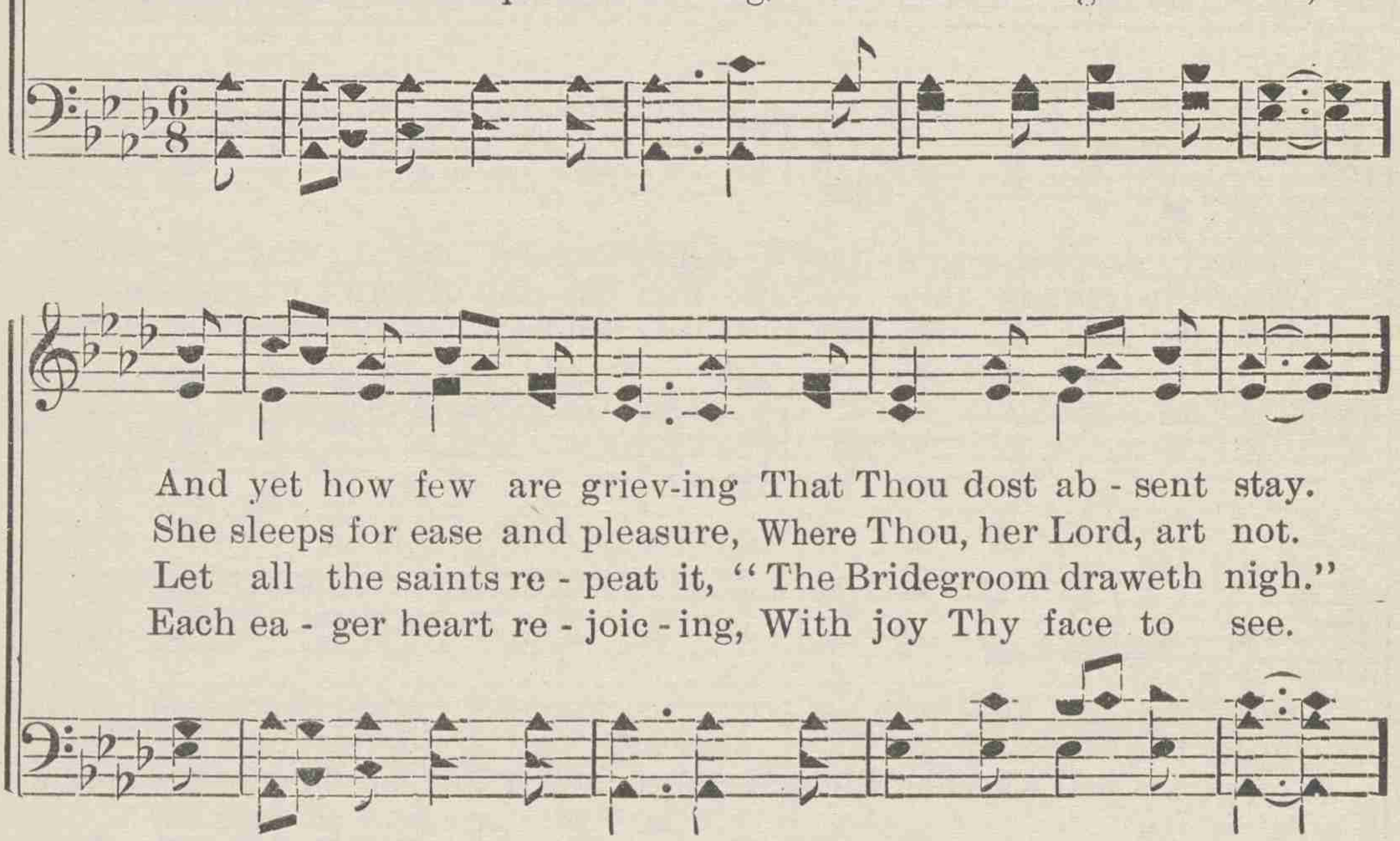
Nearer home, near - er home Near-er to our heav'nly home;
Near-er home, near-er home,

No. 6. THE BRIDEGROOM DRAWETH NIGH.

Selected. Chorus arr. by J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY.

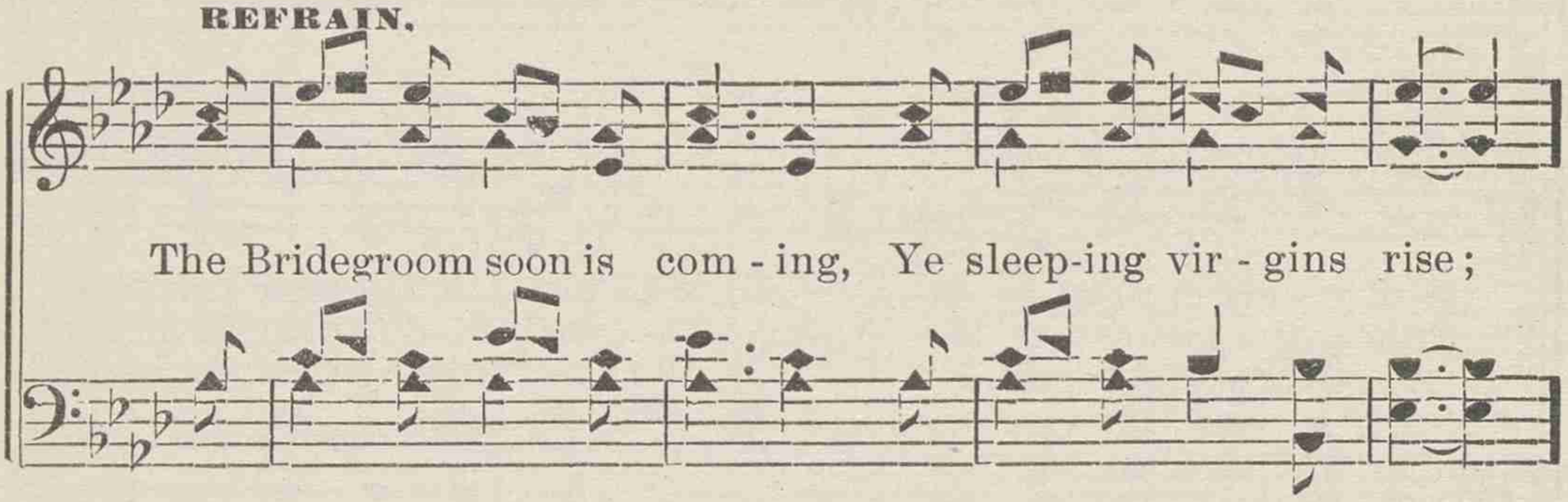


1. How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom, How long dost Thou de - lay?
2. The ver - y bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got;
3. A - wake, ye sleep-ing vir - gins, Send forth the sol - emn cry;
4. Let all our lamps be burn-ing, Our loins well gird - ed be;
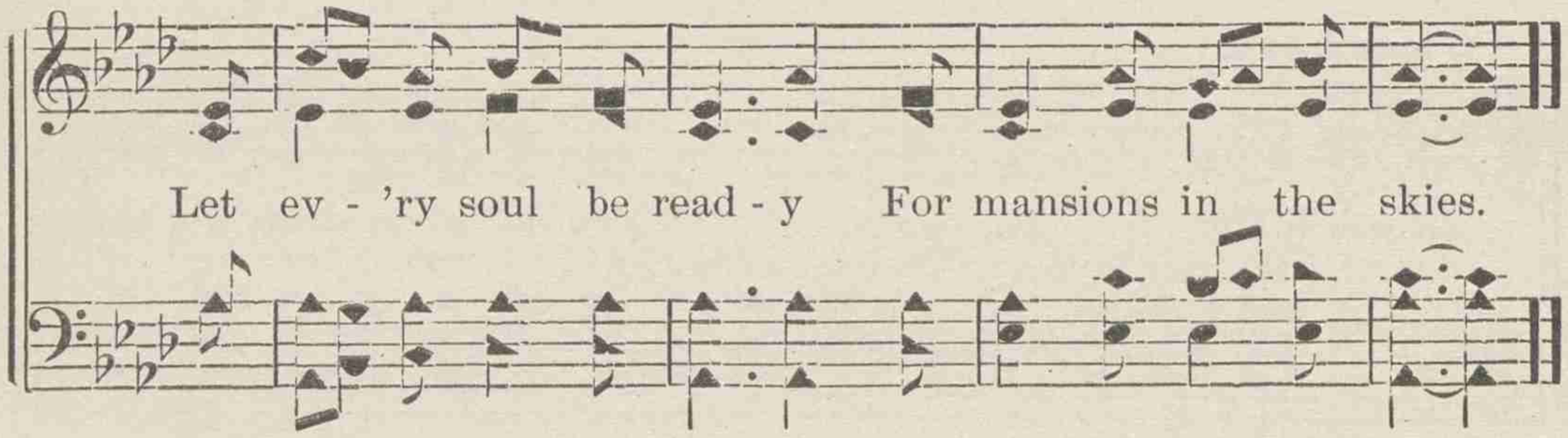


And yet how few are griev-ing That Thou dost ab - sent stay.
She sleeps for ease and pleasure, Where Thou, her Lord, art not.
Let all the saints re - peat it, "The Bridegroom draweth nigh."
Each ea - ger heart re - joic - ing, With joy Thy face to see.

REFRAIN.



The Bridegroom soon is com - ing, Ye sleep-ing vir - gins rise;



Let ev - 'ry soul be read - y For mansions in the skies.

No. 7. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. WARREN HAMNER.

1. Go out and gath - er the gold - en grain, The world is your
2. Go lift some soul from the haunts of sin, The treasures of
3. Go find some pearl on the o - cean strand, The shell may be

har - vest field; Your toil for Je - sus will not be vain, For
grace dis - play; Your mis - sion here is to work and win, Go
rough and brown; But pol - ished by the dear Sav-iour's hand, 'Twill

REFRAIN.

He will the in - crease yield. Go gath - - - er, go
show to the lost the way.
shine in His jew - eled crown. Go gath - er the beau - ti - ful

gath - er,
gold-en grain, The beau-ti - ful gold - en grain; Go gath-er the

- er, go gath - er,
beau - ti - ful gold - en grain, The har - vest for heay - en's plain.

No. 8. GATHERED HOME.

REV. S. J. OSLIN. REV. J. T. LANE.

1. Soon, ah soon, this life of toil will be o'er, We'll be gathered home
2. Storm-y clouds of life will soon pass a-way, We'll be gathered home
3. Then re-joice, O Christian, Je-sus will come, We'll be gathered home
4. Hap-py tho't, 'twill be a ha-ven of rest, We'll be gathered home

by and by; Then we'll go and live with Christ ev-er-more,
by and by; Then, O then we'll see a bright, heav'n-ly day,
by and by; Then we'll hear His gen-tle voice "Child, well done,"
by and by; There we'll live with Je-sus and all the blest,

REFRAIN.

We'll be gathered home by and by! Gathered home, gathered
Gathered home by and by, gathered

home! Gathered home with Jesus by and by, Gathered home,
home by and by, Gathered home by and by,

gathered home!
gathered home by and by!
To our home of beau-ty in the sky!

No. 9. THE GLORIOUS TIME.

W. J. S. and R. M. D. BOYKIN. W. J. SMITH.

1. When the Lord shall come To re-ceive His own, What a glorious time
2. Then the saints will sing Prais-es to their King, What a glorious time
3. We'll be hap - py there, In that mansion fair, What a glorious time

that will be! For He'll take us home, Never-more to roam, What a
that will be! And our songs shall rise 'Neath the heav'nly skies, What a
that will be! We will sing His praise, Thro' e - ter - nal days, What a

REFRAIN.

glo - rious time that will be! When we all get
When we all get home, when we

home, We'll be
all get home, What a glo-rious time that will be! We'll be

hap - - py there, What a glorious time that will be!
hap-py there, we'll be happy there.

No. 10. THE REST THAT REMAINETH.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

MRS. J. M HUNTER. A. T. SWEEK.

1. Toil - ing here 'mid the shad-ows, By life's wea - ry cares op-prest,
2. Earth in-deed hath its tri - als, But we know they'll soon be past,
3. Sav-iour, help us be faith-ful, Give Thy precious peace and cheer,

Oft my soul fills with long-ing, And my heart sighs for rest;
"Who will re - count the bil-lows, When the shore's won at last?"
O, the soul-thrill - ing glad-ness, Just to feel Thou art nigh!

Then com - eth the prom-ise From my Fa - ther a - bove, Of the
One mo-ment of heav - en, Will our sor - rows re - pay, For "a
Joy's crown will be bright-er, For the cross - es be - low, And a

"rest that re-maineth" For the child of His love.
rest there remaineth," In the fair realms of day. Sweet rest a-waits
sweet rest re-main-eth, In the home where I go.

REFRAIN.

trust in His love; "A rest there remaineth," In the bright home above.
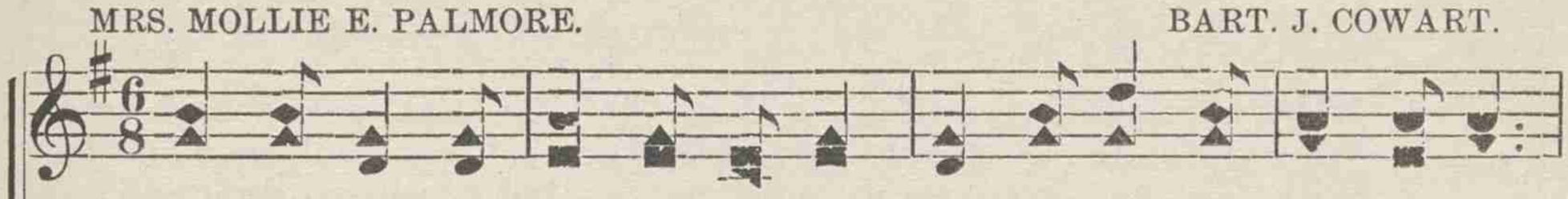
Rit. ad lib.

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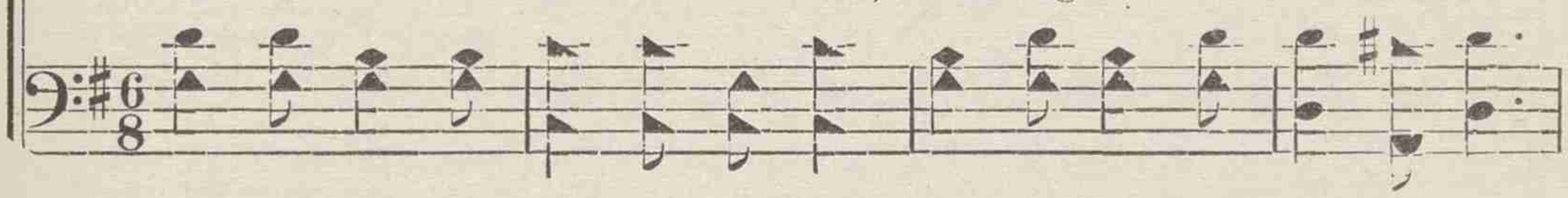
No. 11. ON THE BANKS OF THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1.

MRS. MOLLIE E. PALMORE. BART. J. COWART.
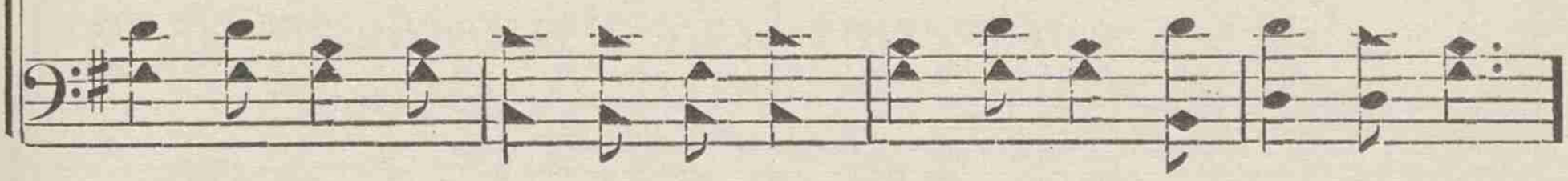


1. When the toils of life are o - ver, And our wea - ry journey's done;
2. There our cares will all be o - ver, And our tears all wiped a-way;
3. When the storms of life are o - ver, In that pure and ho - ly land;
4. There the an - gel bands are sing-ing, All their happy songs of love:
5. There our dear and sainted loved ones, Wait-ing for us on the strand:
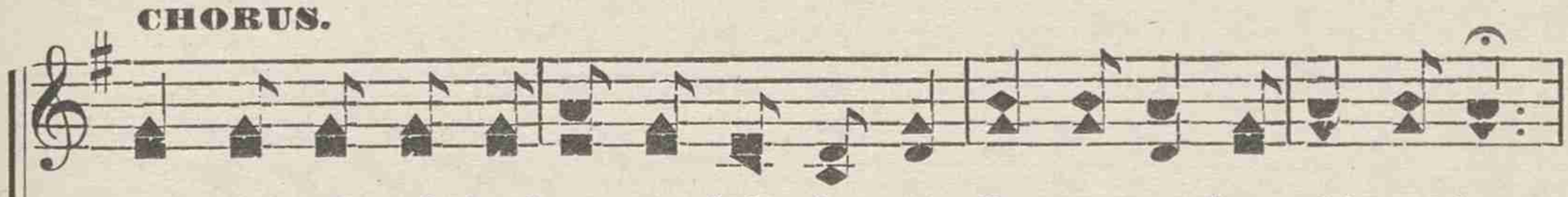




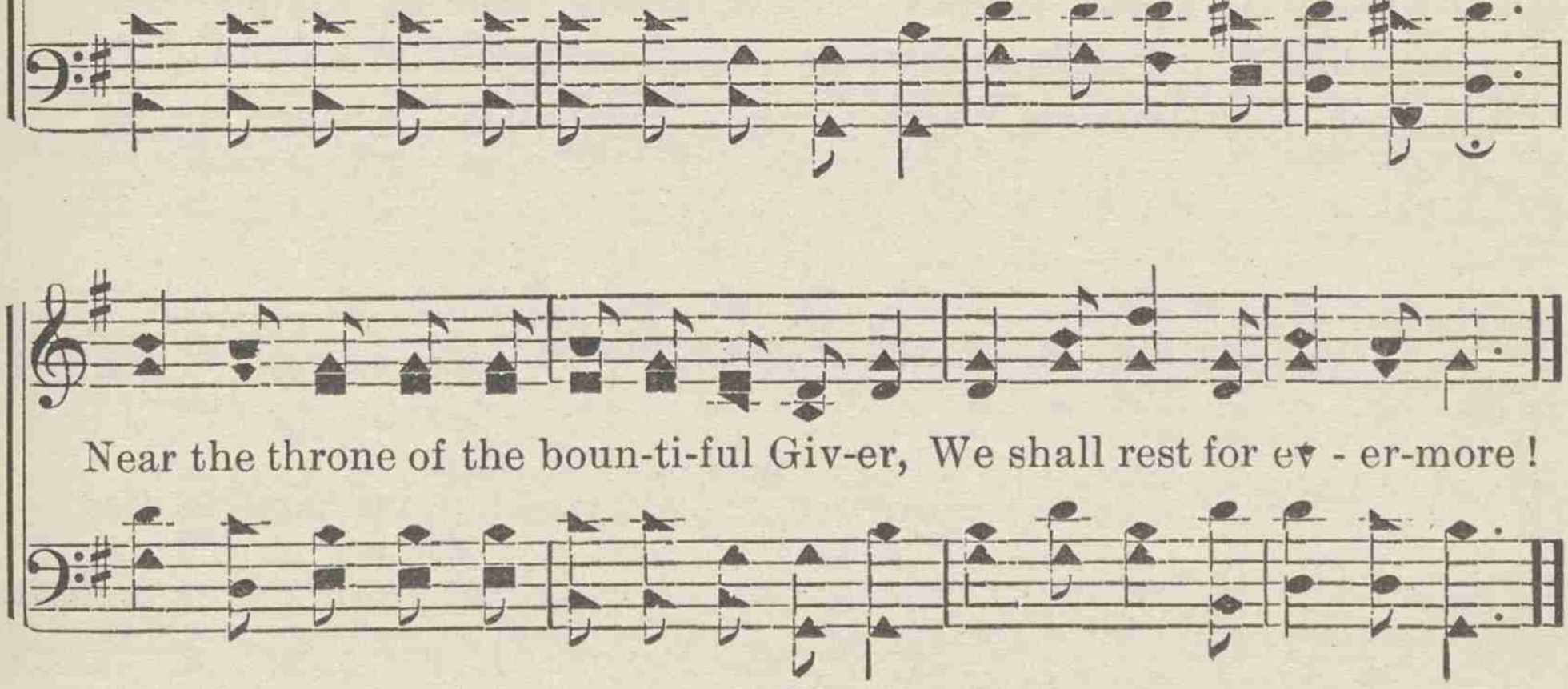
When the Christian's war-fare's ended, And the vic - to - ry is won.
There we'll see our bless - ed Sav-iour, In the realms of end-less day.
We shall join the heav'n-ly cho - rus, In one joy - ful hap - py band.
We will make one in their number, When we meet them up a - bove.
Beck - on us with an - gel whispers, That we join their hap - py band.



CHORUS.



On the banks of the beau-ti - ful riv - er, O - ver on the gold-en shore;



Near the throne of the boun-ti-ful Giv-er, We shall rest for ev - er-more!

Copyright, 1905, by B. J. Cowart.

No. 12. WILL THE ANGELS COME FOR ME?

J. S. T. J. S. TORBETT.

1. When my work on earth is end-ed, Will the an - gels come for me?
2. When life's sun is slowly sinking, And the soul will soon be free,
3. Will the an - gels bear me upward To that home so bright and fair?

Will they bear me on their pinions O'er the dark and stormy sea?
Will the gates of heav-en o - pen, And the an - gels come for me?
There to be with Christ my Saviour, And the ransomed gathered there?

CHORUS.
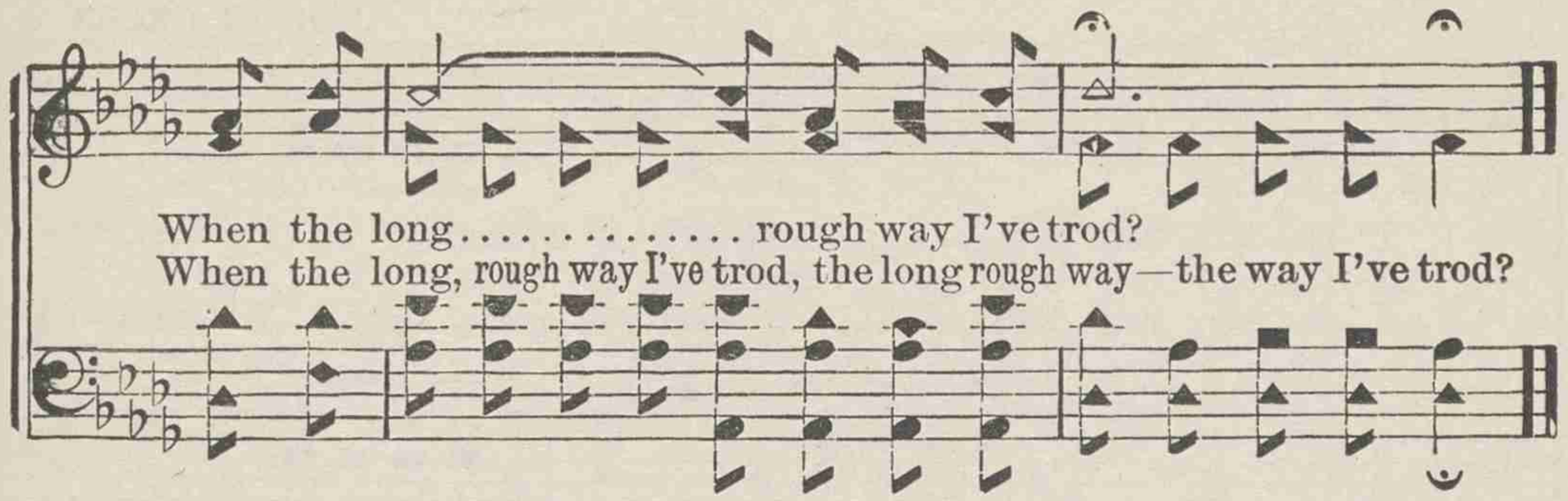
Will the an - - - - - gels come for me,
Will the an-gels come for me, oh, will the an-gels come for me,

When I cross..... the storm-y sea?
When I cross the stormy sea, yes, when I cross the storm-y sea?

Will they take..... me home to God,
Will they take me home to God, oh, will they take me home to God,
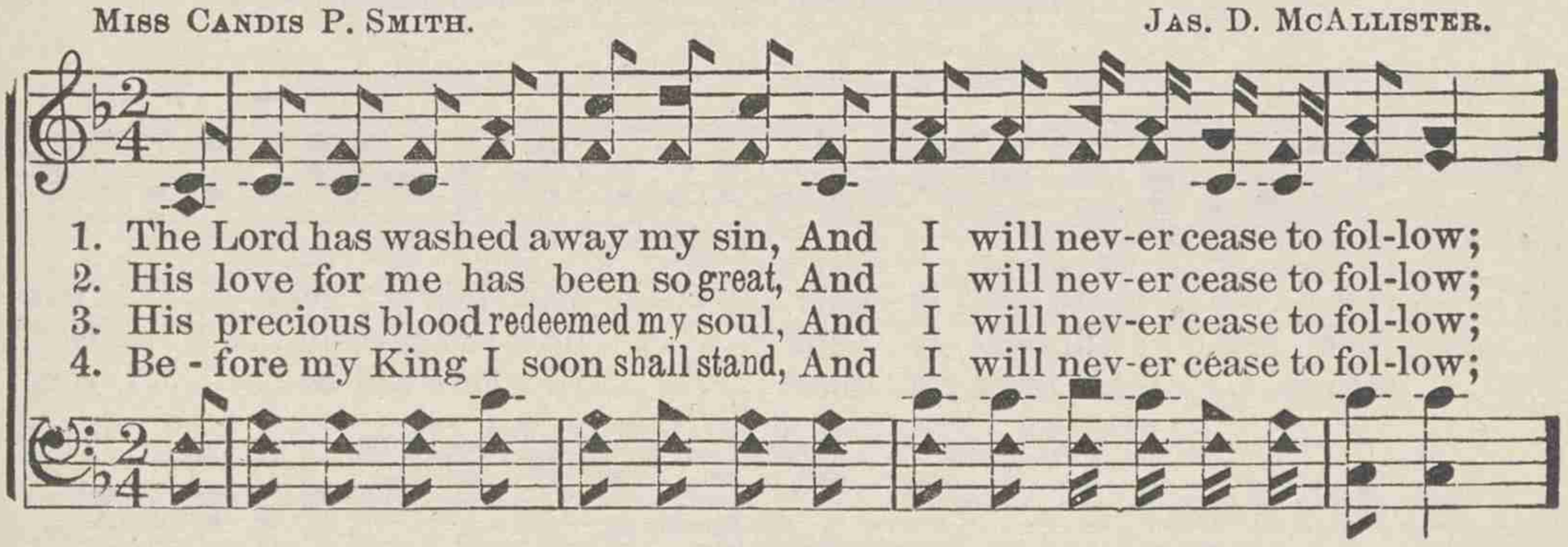
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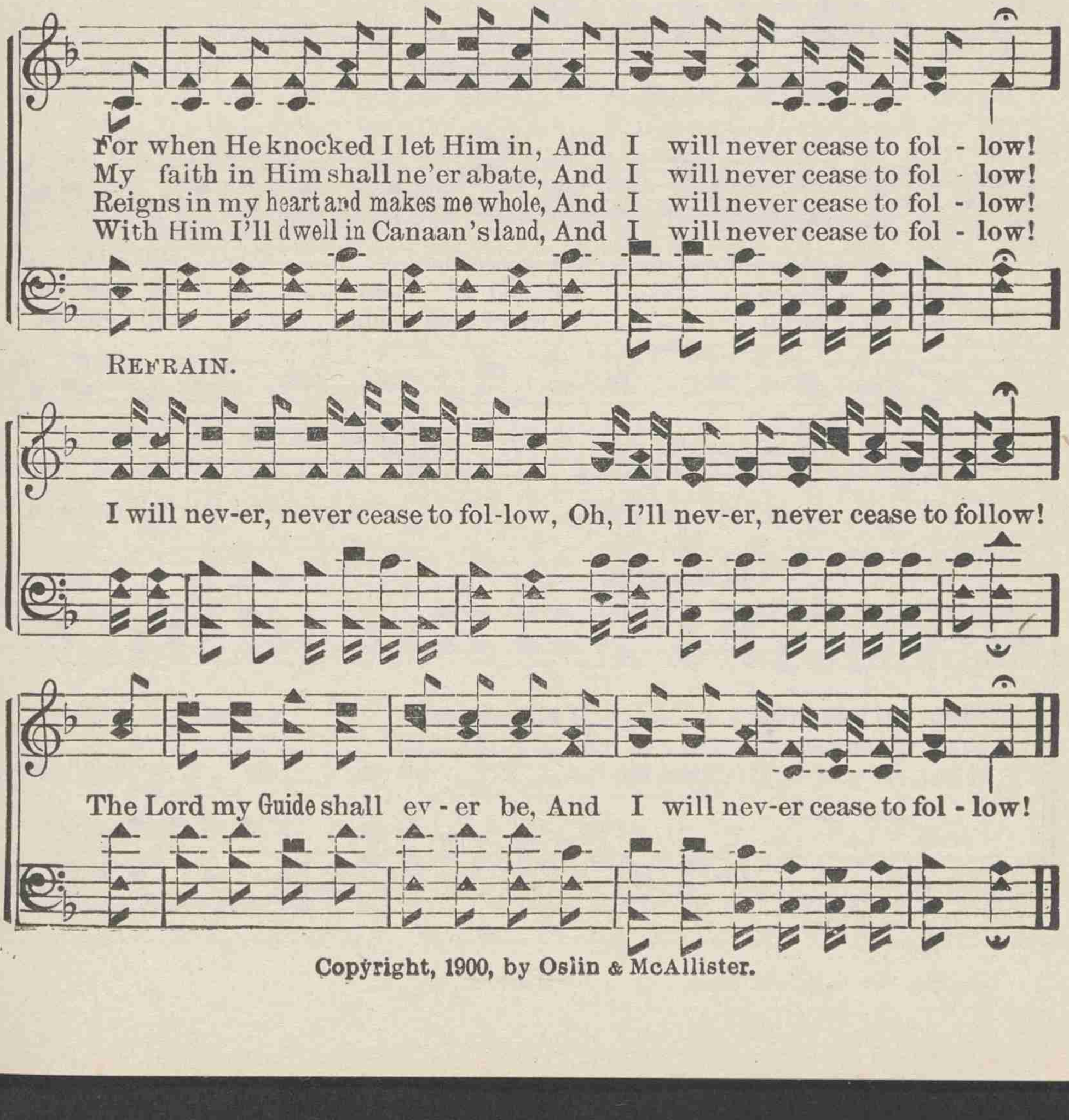
WILL THE ANGELS, Etc.—Concluded.



No. 13. I'LL NEVER CEASE TO FOLLOW.

MISS CANDIS P. SMITH. JAS. D. MCALLISTER.
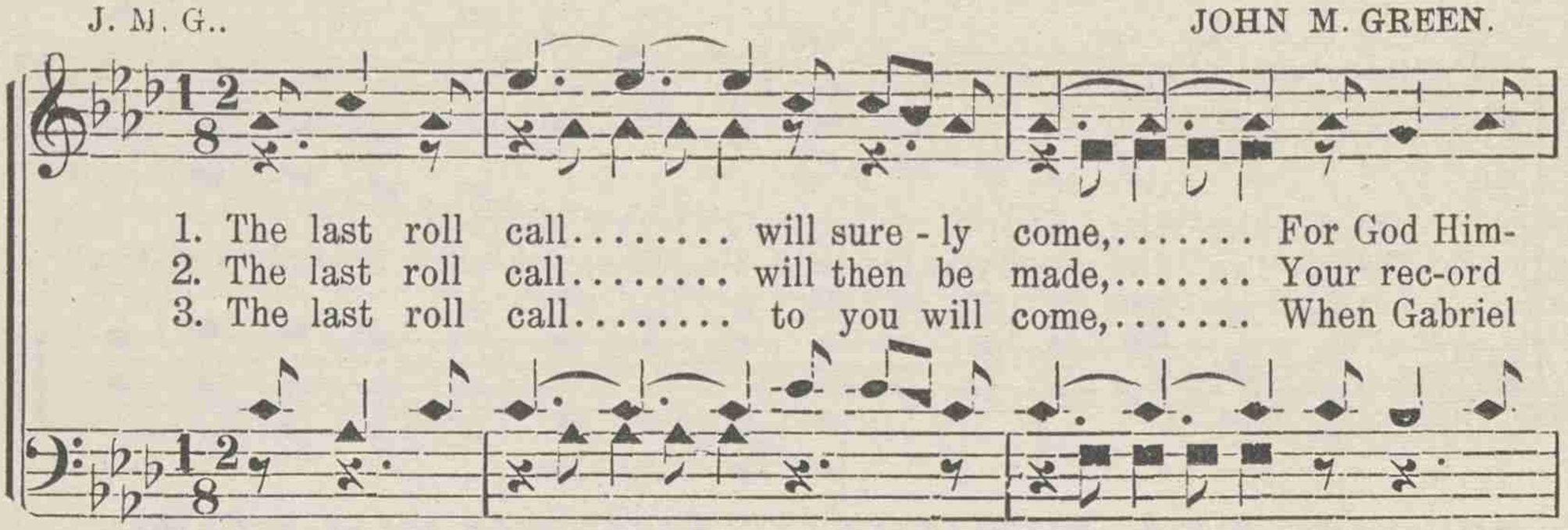




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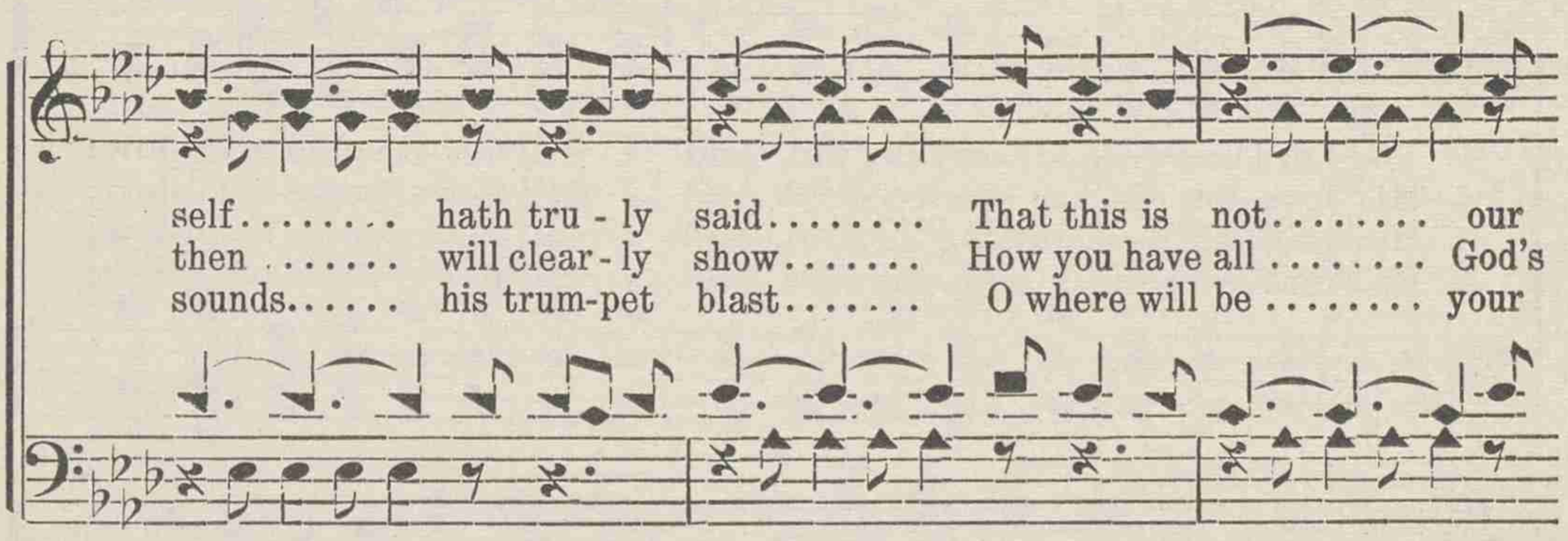
Copyright, 1900, by Oslin & McAllister.

No. 14. THE LAST ROLL CALL.
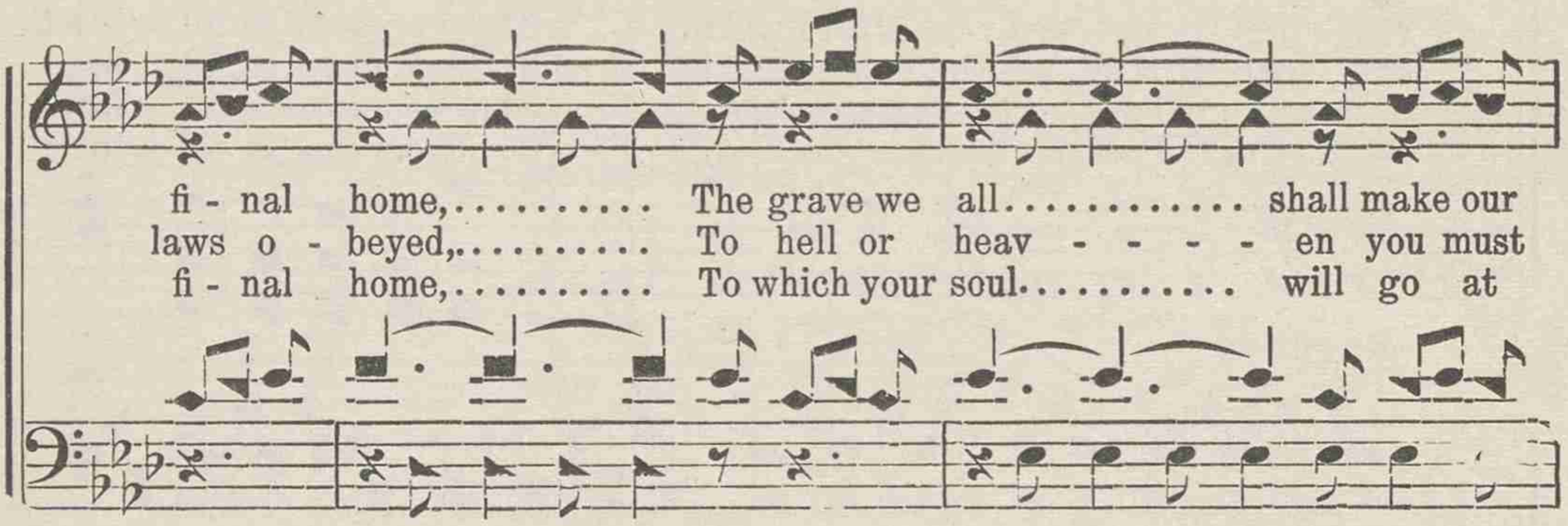
J. M. G.. JOHN M. GREEN.



1. The last roll call will surely come,
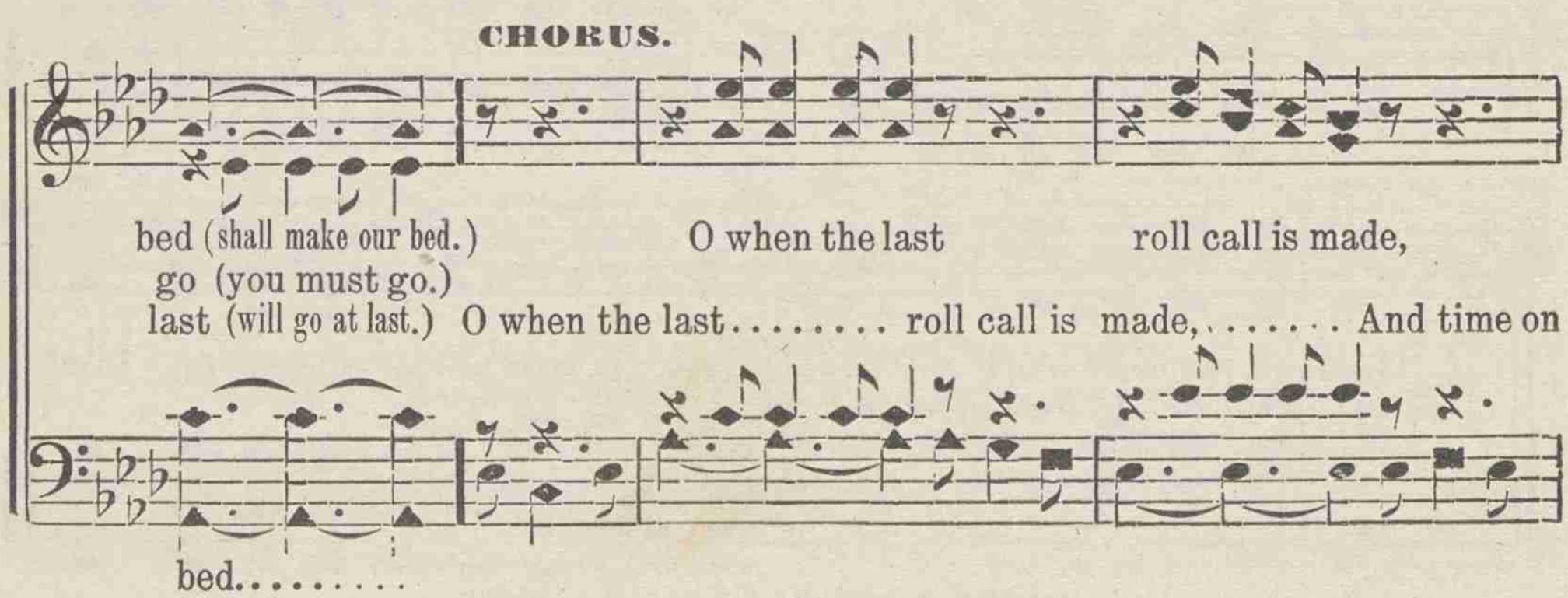


For God Himself hath truly said, That this is not
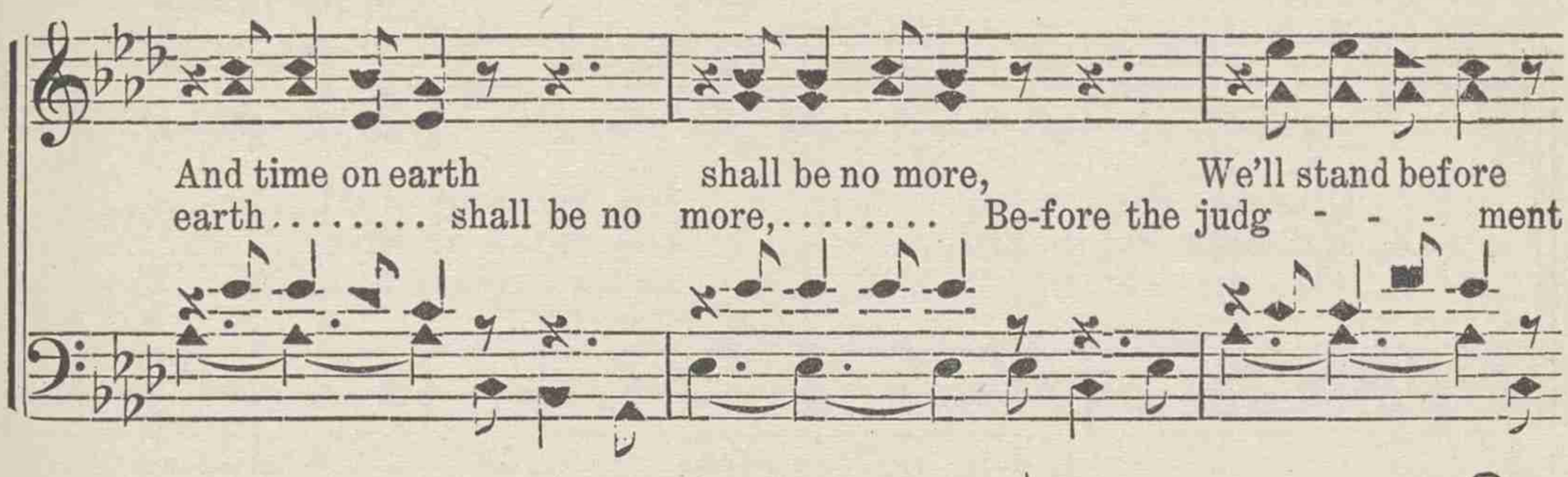


our fi - nal home, The grave we all shall make our

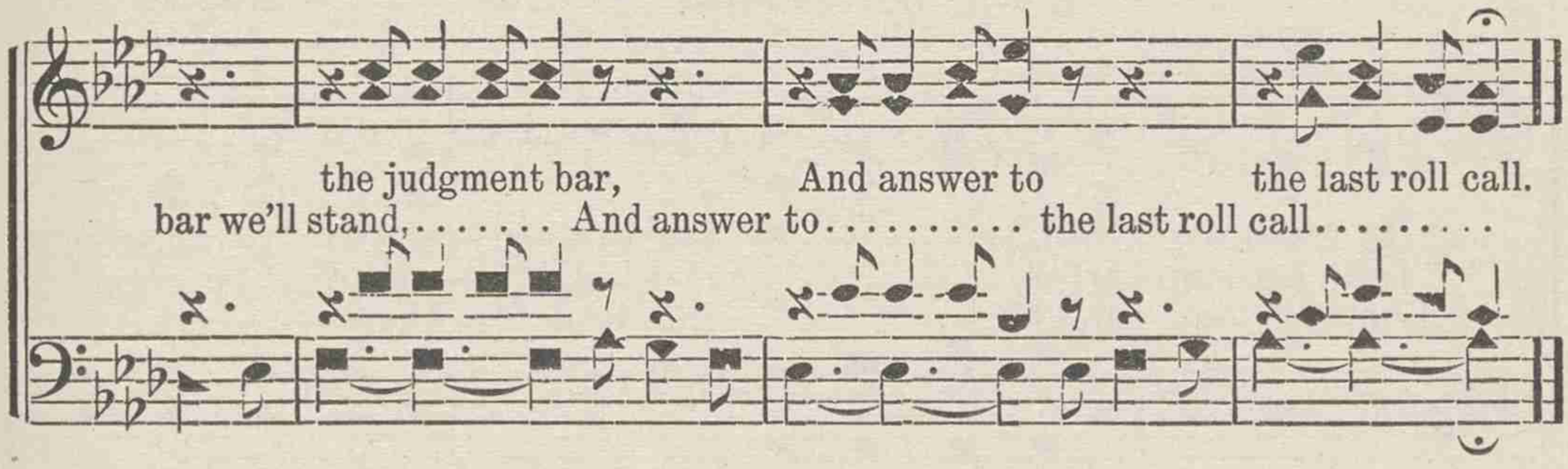
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1905, by John M. Green,
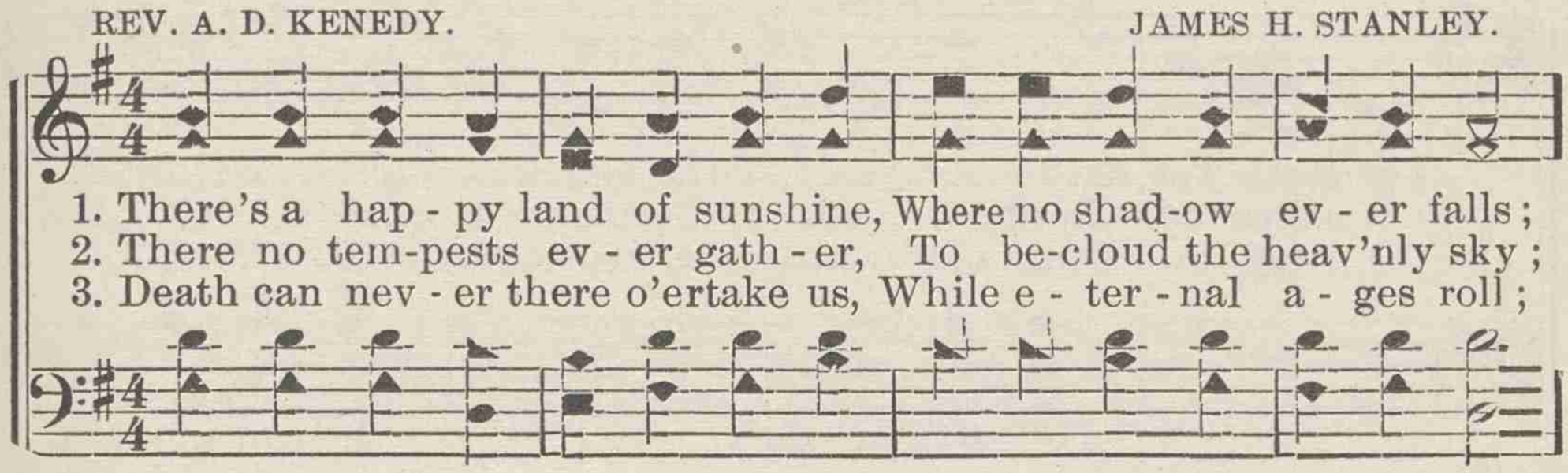
THE LAST ROLL CALL. Concluded.
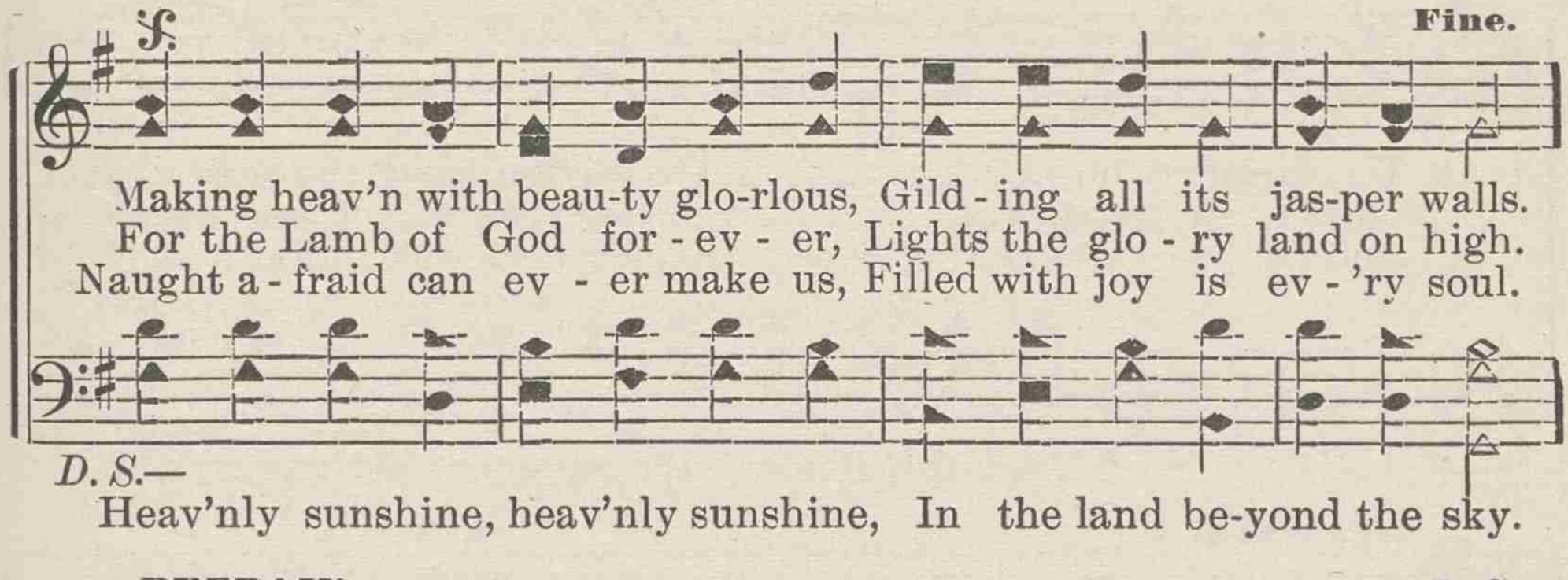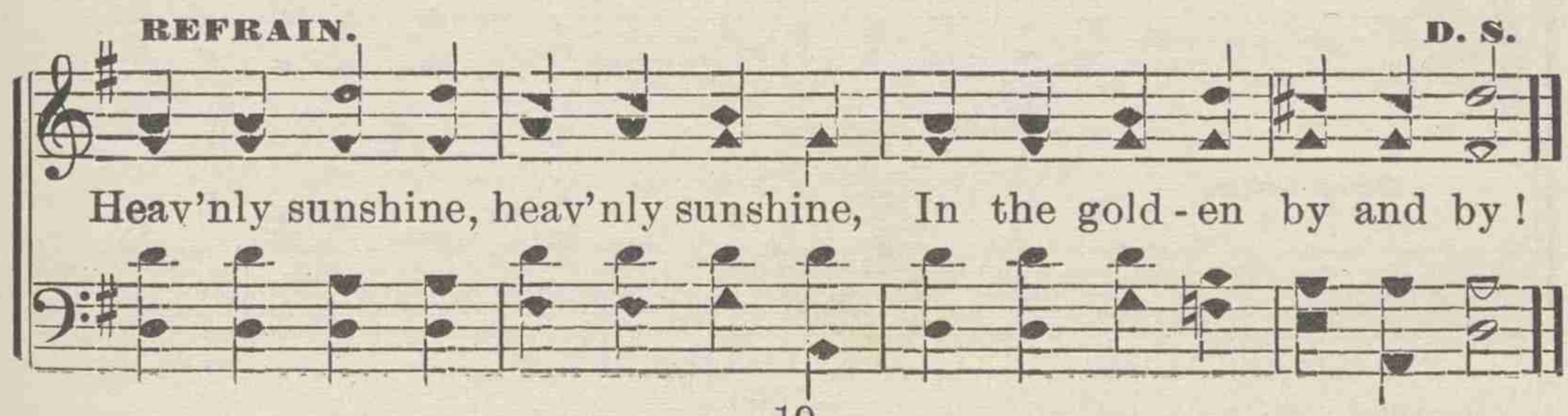




No. 15. HEAVENLY SUNSHINE.

REV. A. D. KENEDY. JAMES H. STANLEY.







No. 16. UPON THE CROSS.

J. L. D. J. L. DOCKERY.

1. Up - on the cross..... my Sav-iour died,.....
2. My spir - it heard..... the Sav-iour say,.....
3. O sin - ner now. ..... sal - va-tion's free,.....

1. Up - on the cross my Sav-iour died,

"My God, my God,"..... He hum-bly cried:.....
"Take up your cross, ... and keep my way," .....
For Je - sus paid..... the debt for thee:.....

"My God, my God," He hum-bly cried:

The earth was dark,..... the sun was hid,.....
I answered, "Lord,..... the cross I'll bear,".....
O come to Him,..... be rec - on - ciled,.....

The earth was dark, the sun was hid,

"'Tis fin-ished now,"..... The Saviour said (the Saviour said.)
That I a crown..... .... in heav'n may wear (in heav'n may wear.)
And be a lov - - - - - - ing Father's child (a Father's child.)

"'Tis finished now," the Sav-iour said.....

REFRAIN.

The Saviour rose and reigns on high,

Bass Solo.

The Sav-iour rose..... and reigns on high,..... to judge the

Copyright, 1905, by J. L. Dockery.

UPON THE CROSS. Concluded.

To judge the world,, yes, by and by; O sinner you

world..... yes, by and by; ..... O sin-ner you ..... will hear His

will hear His call, And answer there, yes, one and all!

call,..... And answer there,. ..... yes, one and all!.....

No. 17. CLOSE TO THY SIDE.

Arr. J. D. WHITE.

1. In Thee, O Lord, my trust shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
2. My lov - ing Sav - iour and my God, The fount for guilt and sin;
3. O wash and make me e'er Thine own, For Thou, my Sav-iour art;
4. The blest a-tone-ment now ap - ply, 'Till faith to sight improve;

f. **Fine.**

This is my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
To me ap - ply Thy precious blood, And make me pure with-in.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
'Till hope in full pru - i - tion die And all my soul be love.

D. S. Thy cleansing pow'r has made me free, And I am ev - er Thine.

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

My soul will ev - er hap - py be, I'm saved by grace di-vine!

No. 18. REST IN HEAVEN.

Arr. by S. J. O. J. B. VAN DEVENTER.

1. There is a place of per - fect rest To wea - ry pilgrims giv'n;
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sin and sor - row driv'n;
3. There bright will be the tear - less eye, The heart no long - er riv'n;
4. There fragrant flow'rs im-mor-tal bloom, There joys supreme are giv'n;

There is a joy for souls distressed, 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.
Tho' tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, There is a calm in heav'n.
We'll hap - py be with not a sigh, And all se - rene in heav'n.
There rays di - vine dis-perse the gloom, And all is peace in heav'n.

CHORUS.

O the prom - ise, pre - cious promise, Giv'n to
O the precious promise of our Saviour and our King, Giv'n to one and

one and all! Wait - - ing now to
all! Giv'n to one and all! Waiting now to bid you welcome,

bid you wel - come, Heed the Sav - iour's call.
Welcome one and all! Heed the blessed Saviour's lov-ing call.

Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Van Deventer.

No. 19. SWEETLY SAVED.

HUBBARD J. BOOTH. G. L. LINDSEY.

1. Once in sin I lone-ly wandered, Far a-way from home and God;
2. Life was drear-y, hopes were blighted, Peace and joy were then not mine;
3. Je - sus gen - tly whispered to me, "Come, ye wea - ry one, from sin;"

Wand'ring on in sin and darkness, In for - bid-den paths I trod.
Love and sunshine, peace and gladness, In my soul would nev-er shine.
And I hearkened to His call - ing, Safe-ly then He took me in.

CHORUS.

Now I'm saved, ... I'm sweetly saved, Free from
Sweet-ly saved in Je - sus, sweet-ly saved in Je - sus,

sor - - row, pain, and sin, Dwelling safe - - ly in His
sorrow, pain, and sin, sorrow, pain, and sin, Safe-ly in His love,

love, Since He sweet - - - ly took me in.
safe-ly in His love, Since He sweetly took me in, since He sweetly took me in.

Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Lindsey.

No. 20. I AM SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND. By per.

1. All my hopes of heav'n are brighter, And life's bur-dens all are
2. Heav'nly scenes I now am view-ing, With the grace of God ac-
3. I am joy - ful har - vest reap-ing. Since my heart is in His

light - er, I am saved by the blood of the Lamb; Last - ing
cru - ing, I am saved by the blood of the Lamb; To the
keep - ing, I am saved by the blood of the Lamb; Zeal with-

D. S.—Last - ing

is my glo - ry ev - er, With it I will part no, nev-er, I am
King of peace I'm clinging, Of His glo - ry I am singing, I am
in my soul is burning That the world to God be turning, I am

is my glo - ry ev - er, I will part with it no, nev-er, I am

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

saved by the blood of the Lamb! I am saved by the blood of the

saved by the blood of the Lamb!

D. S.

Lamb! I am saved by the blood of the Lamb!
of the Lamb! of the Lamb!

No. 21. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. G. L. YOUNG.

Very slow and sustained.

1. Should the death an-gel knock at your cham-ber, In the still hours of the night;
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to a world of de- spair;
3. Ma - ny re-deemed ones now are as-cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief mo-ment brings your doom near - er, Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead - ing for you in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.

CHORUS.

O say, are you read - y, my brother,.....

Say, are you read-y, my broth-er?.....

Say, are you read-y?

If the death an - gel should call?.....

O, are you read - y,

Poco accel.

A tempo.

rit.

O broth - er, be read - y while mer - cy is wait - ing for all.

my brother?.....

Copyright, 1905, by G. L. Young.

No. 22. WE'RE MARCHING TO CANAAN.

T. S. C. THOMAS S. COBB.

1. We're marching on the way to Canaan's hap - py land, O
2. We're marching bold-ly on, we're read - y for the fray, The
3. And when the bat - tle's o'er and we are safe at home, We'll

bless - ed, bless - ed day when we shall join that band, We'll
Sav - iour is our guide He'll lead us day by day, He
sing and shout a - loud and wel - come oth - ers come; Dear

praise His bless - ed name, we'll sing sweet songs of love, On
tells us in His Word He'll give the vic - to - ry, We'll
broth - er, will you come and go with us to - day? We're

Canaan's hap - py shore, in yon - der home a-bove.
laud His blessed name throughout e - ter - ni - ty. We're marching to
marching home a-bove to be at rest for aye.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1904, by Thomas S. Cobb.

WE'RE MARCHING TO CANAAN. Concluded.

Canaan's bright land, Where Je - sus our Sav-iour has
Canaan's bright land, our

gone; To build us a pal-ace that's grand, and
Saviour has gone; a pal-ace that's grand, yes,

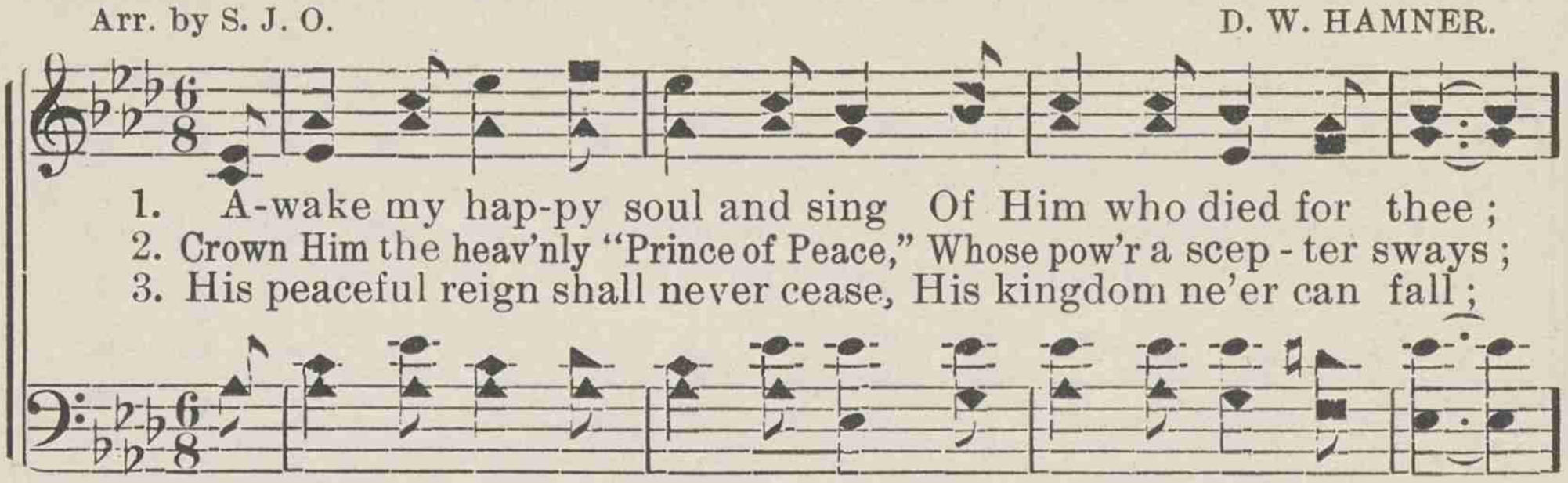
give us a seat on His throne, We're marching to Canaan's bright
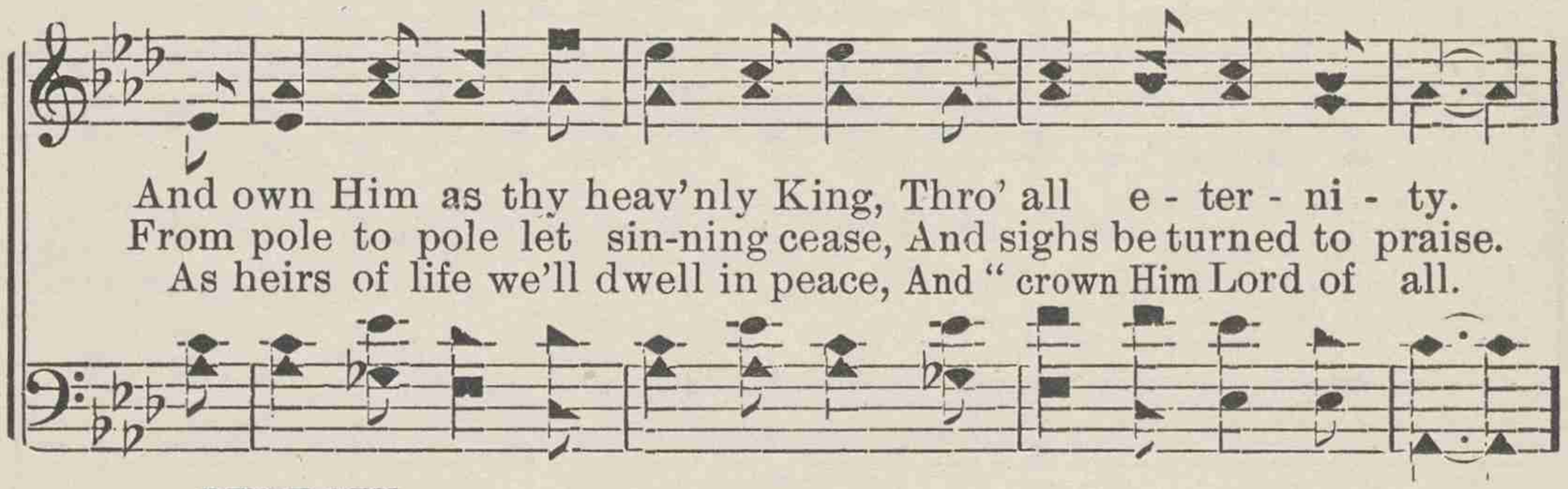
land, We re marching to Canaan's bright land, To
Canaan's bright land, Canaan's bright land,

join with the heavenly band, yes, join with the heavenly band.
heav-en-ly band,

No. 23. CHRIST THE KING.

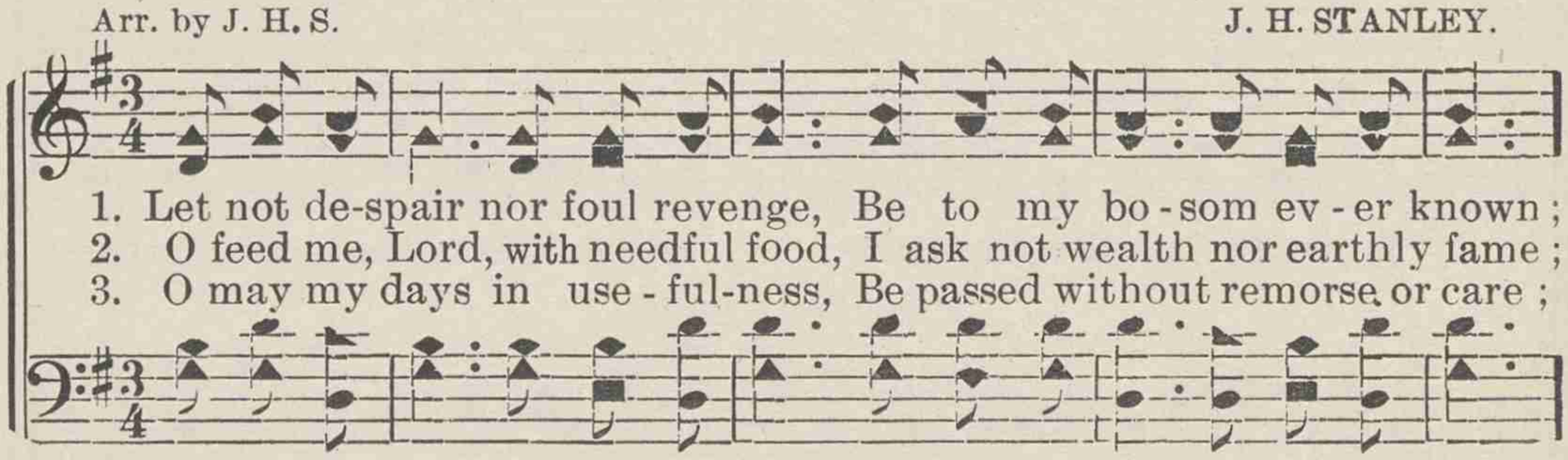
Arr. by S. J. O. D. W. HAMNER.



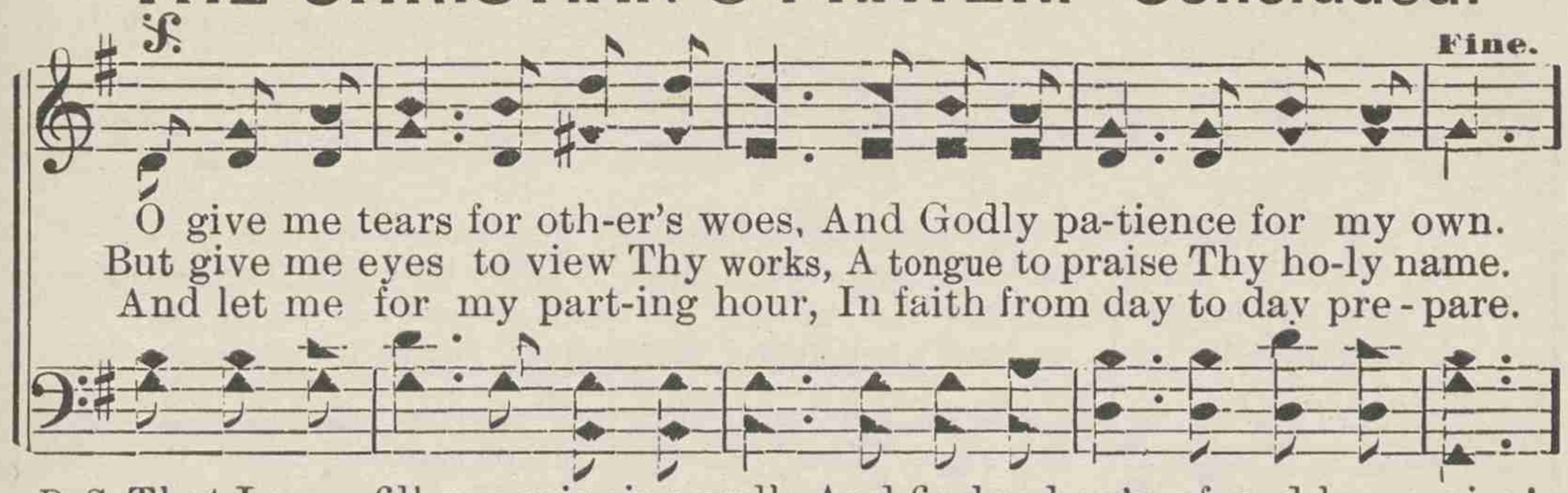


No. 24. THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

Arr. by J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY.
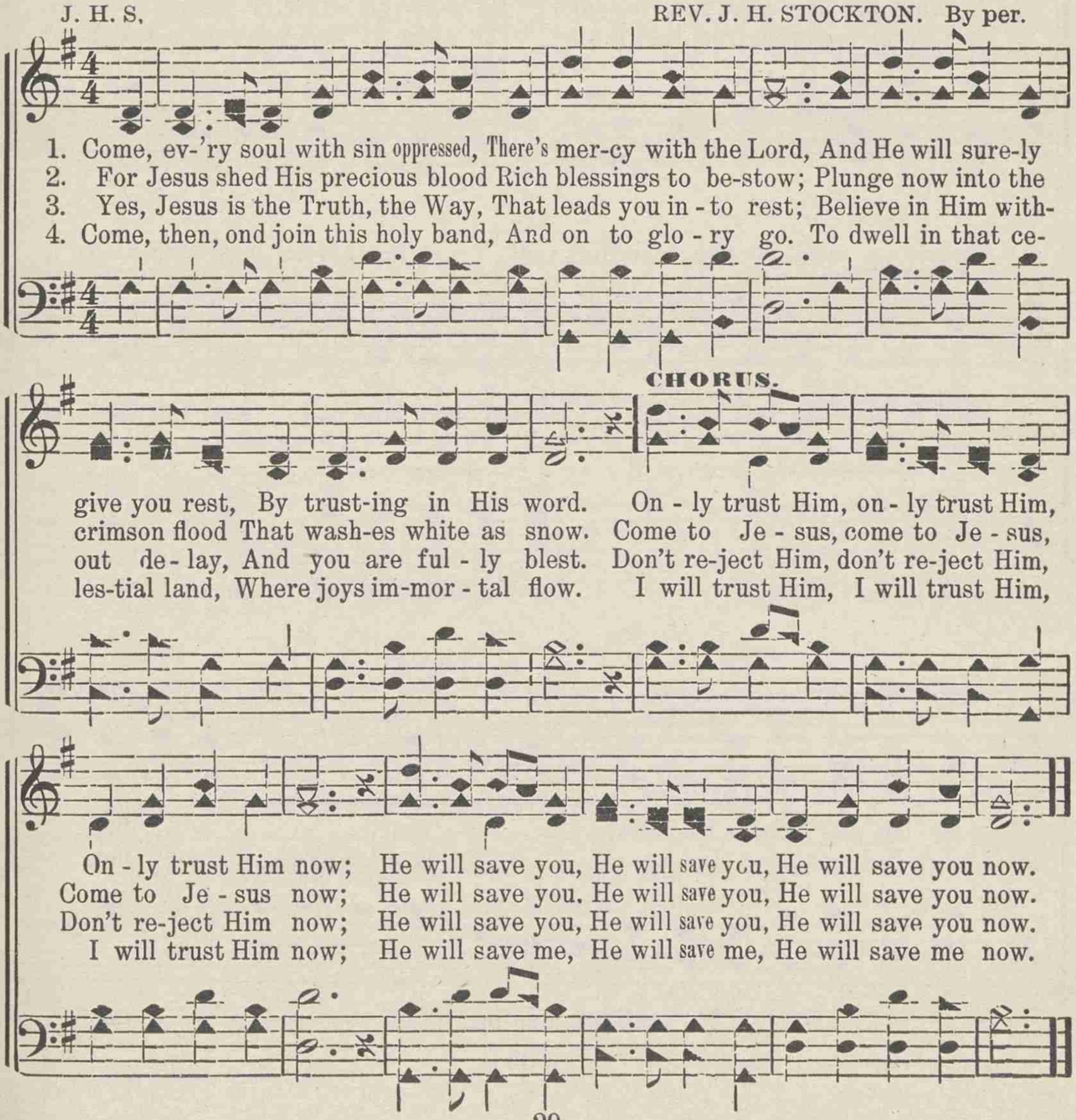


THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER. Concluded.



No. 25. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



No. 26. GOD CALLING YET.

J. BORTHWICK. G. L. YOUNG.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de-spise;
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can - not stay, My heart I yield with - out de - lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay, He calls me still, can I de - lay!
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part, The voice of God has reached my heart.

Call - - ing. sin-ner, hear Him, Call - - ing, sin-ner, hear Him, God is

CHORUS.

God is call - ing yet, O sin-ner, hear Him call - ing, God is
God..... ..... is call - - - - - - ing,
God is call - ing yet, O sin-ner, hear Him call - ing,

call - ing yet,..... Call - - ing, sin-ner, hear Him,
call - ing yet, O hear Him now, Call - - - - - - - ing,
God is call-ing, sin - ner,
call-ing, call-ing, Call - - - - - - - ing,

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GOD CALLING YET. Concluded.

Call - ing, sin-ner, hear Him,

Call - - - - - ing, God is call - ing yet, O hear Him call-ing yet.
Hear Him calling, call - ing,

Call - - - - - ing,

No. 27. TRUST THE SAVIOUR'S POWER.

ADA POWELL. G. L. YOUNG.

Andantino.

1. O how ma - ny cares and sorrows We in weakness strive to bear, While the
2. As a child when worn and wea-ry, Nest-les on a par-ent's breast, Let us
3. Let us lay our need-less bur-dens At the lov-ing Sav-iour's feet, He has
4. Let us trust our Saviour's pow-er, Find in Him a ref - uge sure, For His

Saviour strong and mighty, Would take all our load of care, Would take all our load of
take our hearts so heavy, To the Com-fort-er for rest, To the Com-fort-er for
strength our woes to carry, Sym-path-y and comfort sweet, Sym-pa-thy and comfort
love is pure and boundless, And for - ev - er will en-dure, And for-ev - er will en-

care; When the Sav-iour strong and mighty, Would take all our load of care.
rest; Let us take our hearts so heav-y, To the Com-fort - er for rest.
sweet; He has strength our woes to car-ry, Sym-pa-thy and com - fort sweet.
dure; For His love is pure and boundless, And for - ev - er will en - dure.

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No. 28. MARCHING TO JERUSALEM

"I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."
1 Pet. 2; 11.

T. AND E. J. E. THOMAS.

March tempo.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm journ'ying home To the new Je - ru - sa - lem;
2. I am glad I'm sound and on my way To the new Je - ru - sa - lem;
3. When my Saviour said "With you I'll go," To the new Je - ru - sa - lem;
4. I'm a pilgrim, and my way is clear, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem;

All the way I'll sing of joys to come, When I shall en-ter my man-sion there.
And it makes me hap-py ev -'ry day, To know that glo-ry a-waits me there.
I believ'd His Word and found it so, And He'll be with me for-ev - er there.
And I want my sin-ner friends to hear That I am praying to meet them there.

CHORUS.

I am on my jour - ney home, I am on my jour-ney
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm journ'ying home, I'm a pil - grim, and I'm

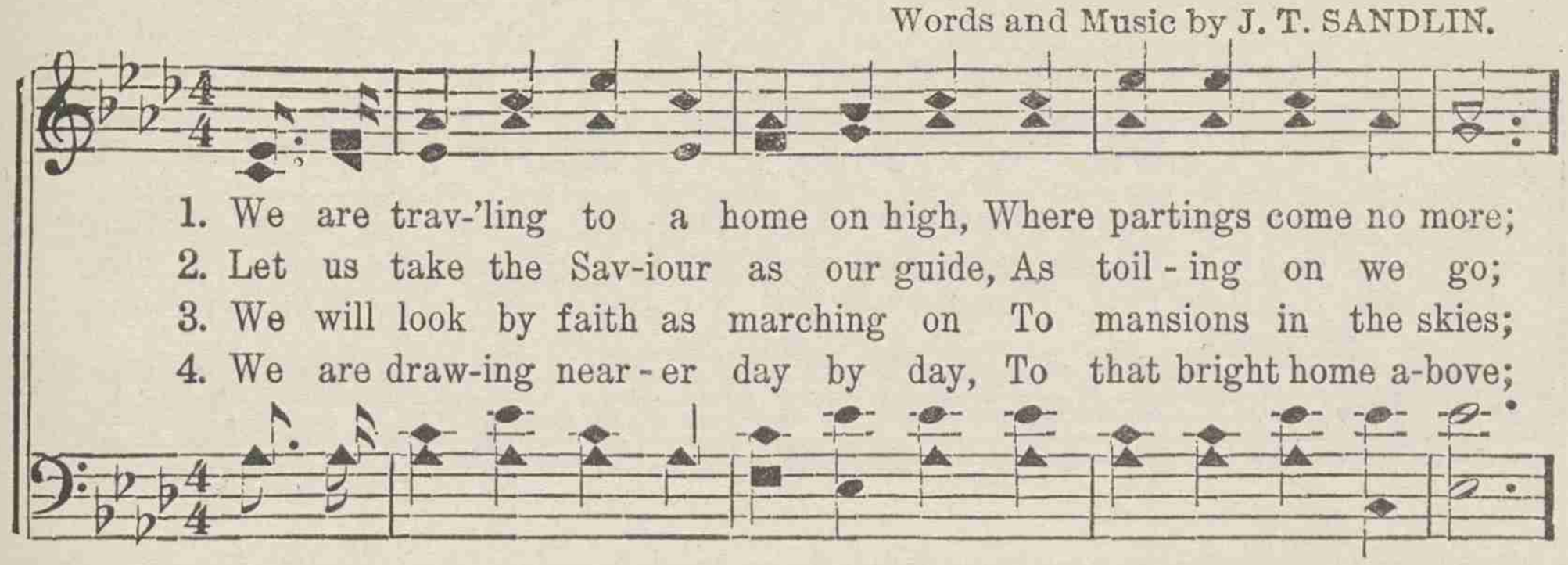
home, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, There to join the blood-wash'd
journ'ying home, Yes, I'm marching to Je - ru - sa - lem,
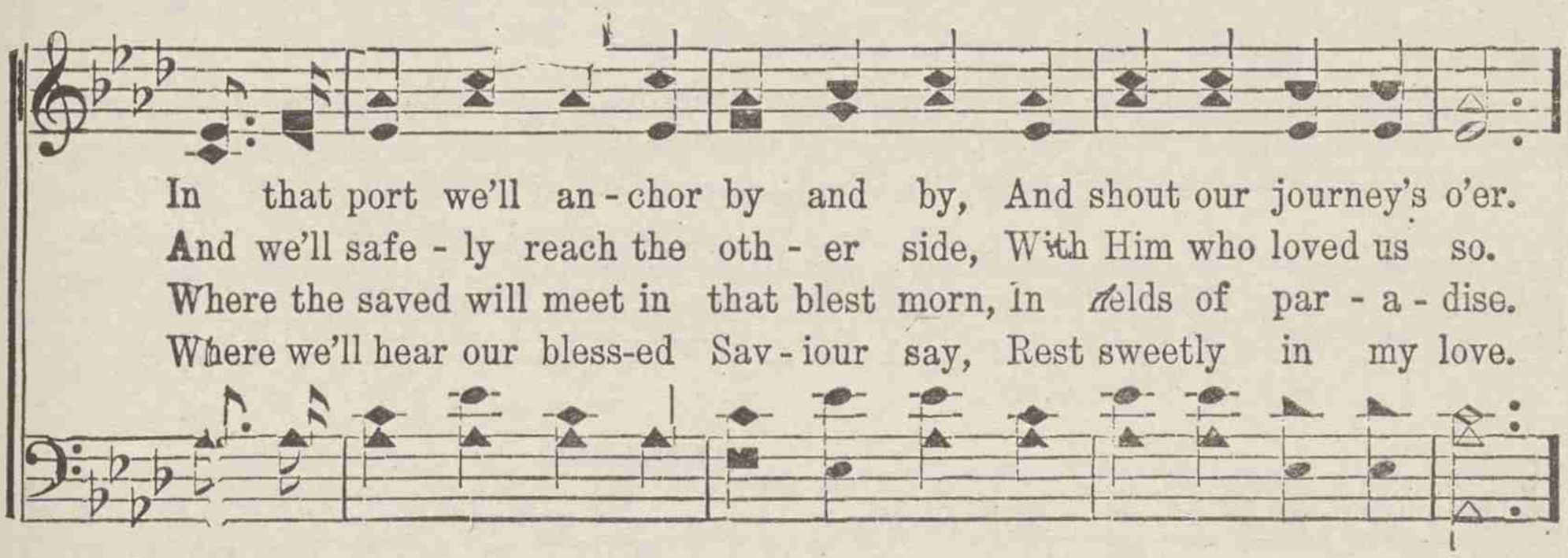
throng; Tho' best of all I'll be with Je-sus, And sing forever that sweet new song.

J. H. Thomas, owner.
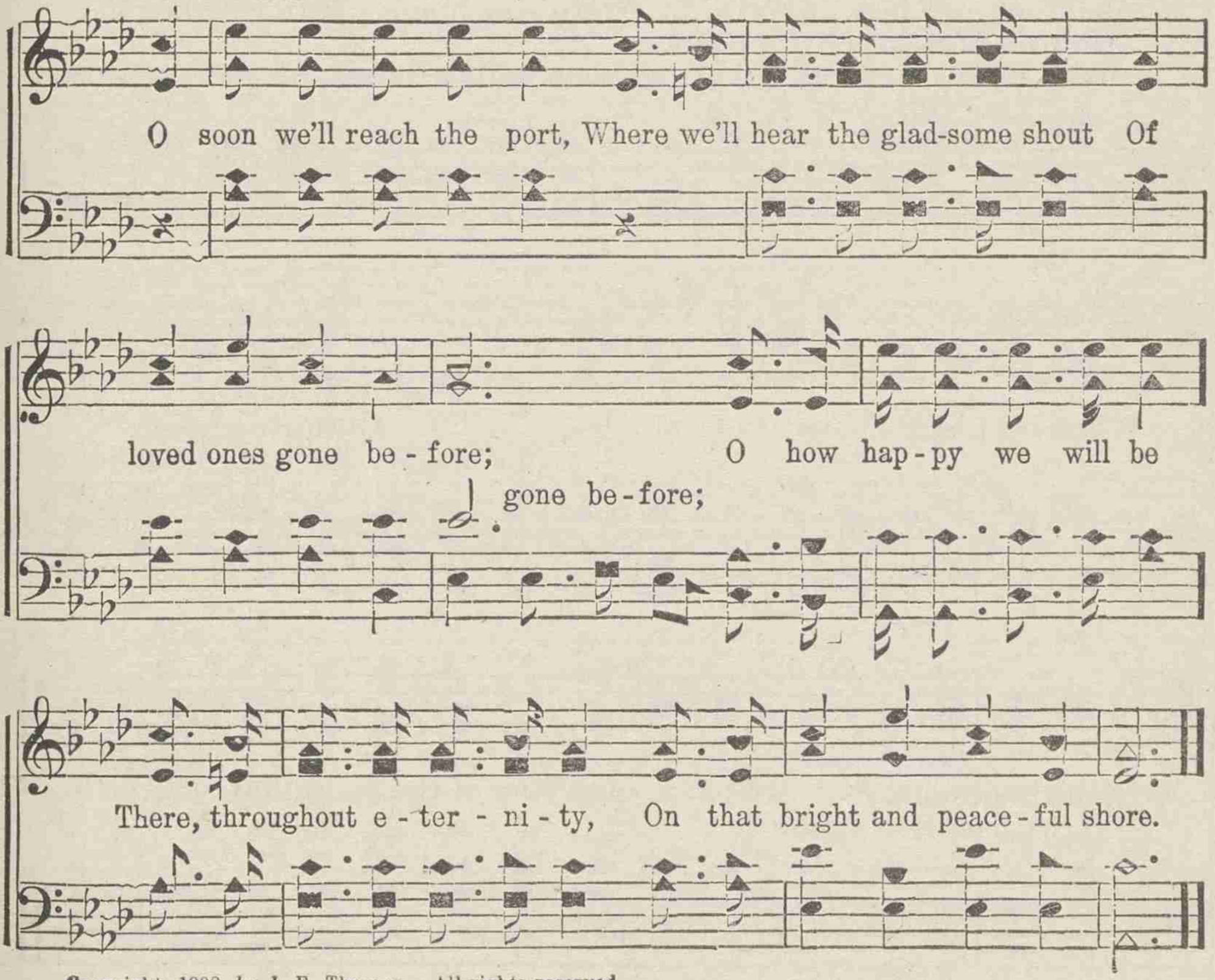
No. 29. TRAVELERS TO ETERNITY.

Words and Music by J. T. SANDLIN.





CHORUS.



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No. 30. GATHERING HOME.

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

1. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, And ap - pear at the
2. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, When the toils of this
3. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, In a land where no

great ju - bi - lee; We'll meet all our friends gone before us, And with
life all are o'er; We'll join in the songs of the faith-ful, Praising
sor-rows can come; And Je - sus, our precious Re-deem - er, Is the

REFRAIN.

them ev - er hap - py we'll be. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
God on His throne ev-er-more.
light of that beau-ti - ful home. Soon we'll gather home, yes, we'll gather home,

When we hear the song of ju - bi - lee, Gath'ring home,
ju - bi - lee, We will gather home,

gath'ring home, What a gath'ring of the good that will be!
yes, we'll gath-er home,

Copyright, 1905, by J. H. Stanley.

No. 31. SHINING CROWN.

S. J. OSLIN. LUTHER A. CUMMINGS.

1. There's a shin-ing crown in heav-en, For the saints who en-ter there;
2. There's a shin-ing crown in glo - ry, For the saved in Je-sus' name;
3. We shall wear a crown for-ev - er, On that bright, e-ter-nal plain;

To the pure in Christ 'tis giv - en, Who their souls by Him prepare.
All the saints throughout the ag-es, There shall wear a gold-ed crown.
There we'll live su-preme-ly hap-py, While we with the Saviour reign.

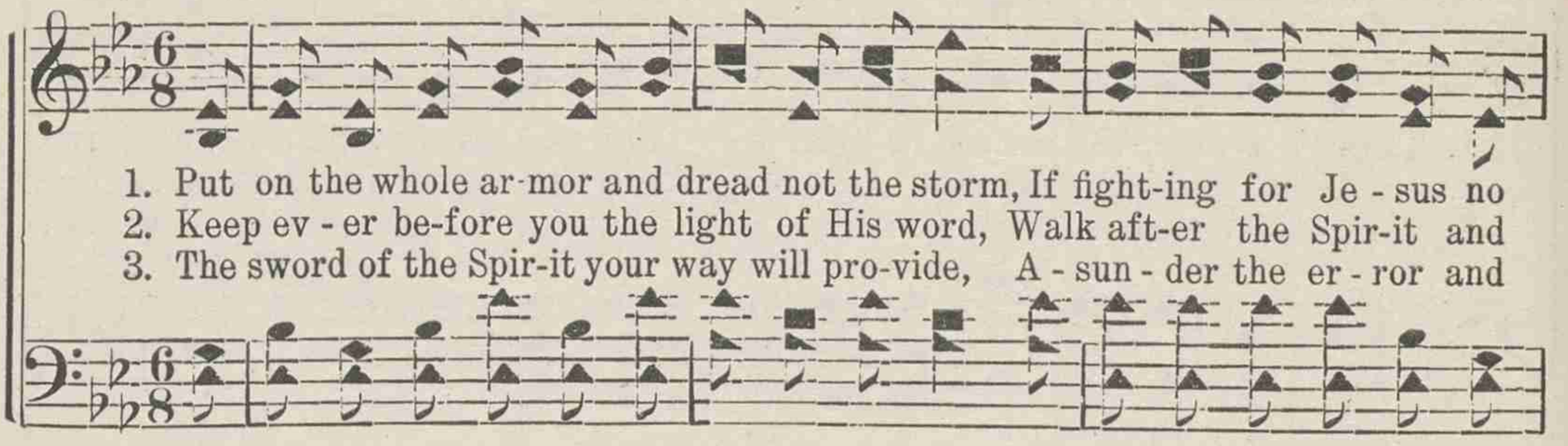
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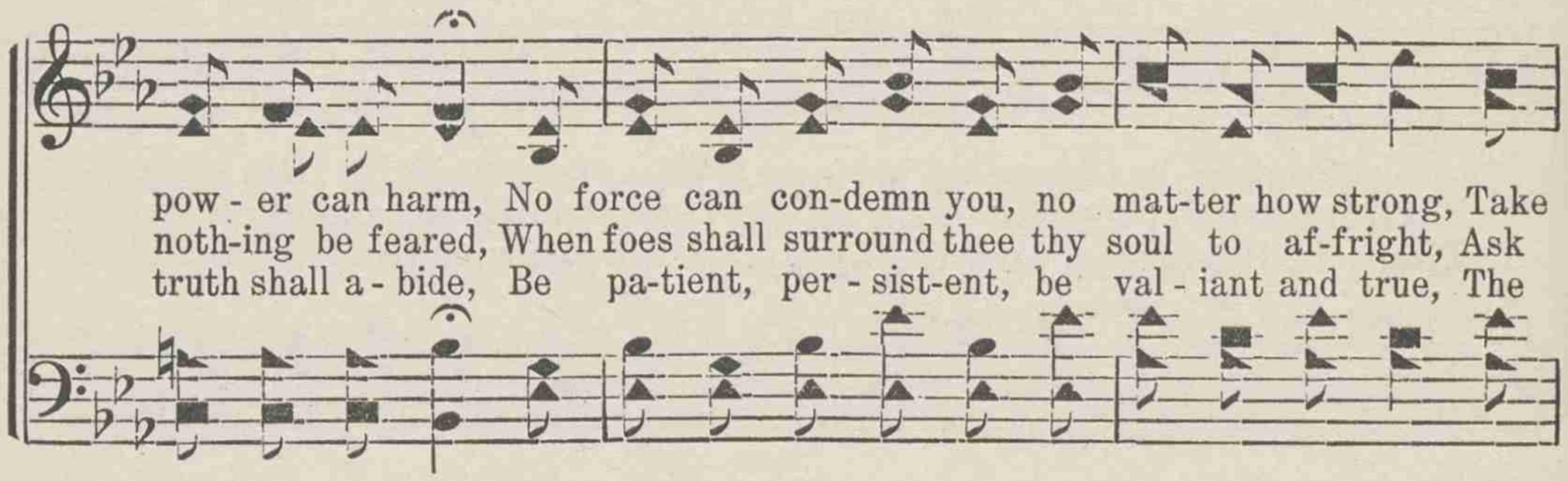
There's a crown, there's a crown, In a shin - ing crown, shin - ing crown,
hav'n of peace and rest; There's a crown, there's a a shin-ing crown,
crown, For the saved a - mong the blest. a shining crown, among the blest.
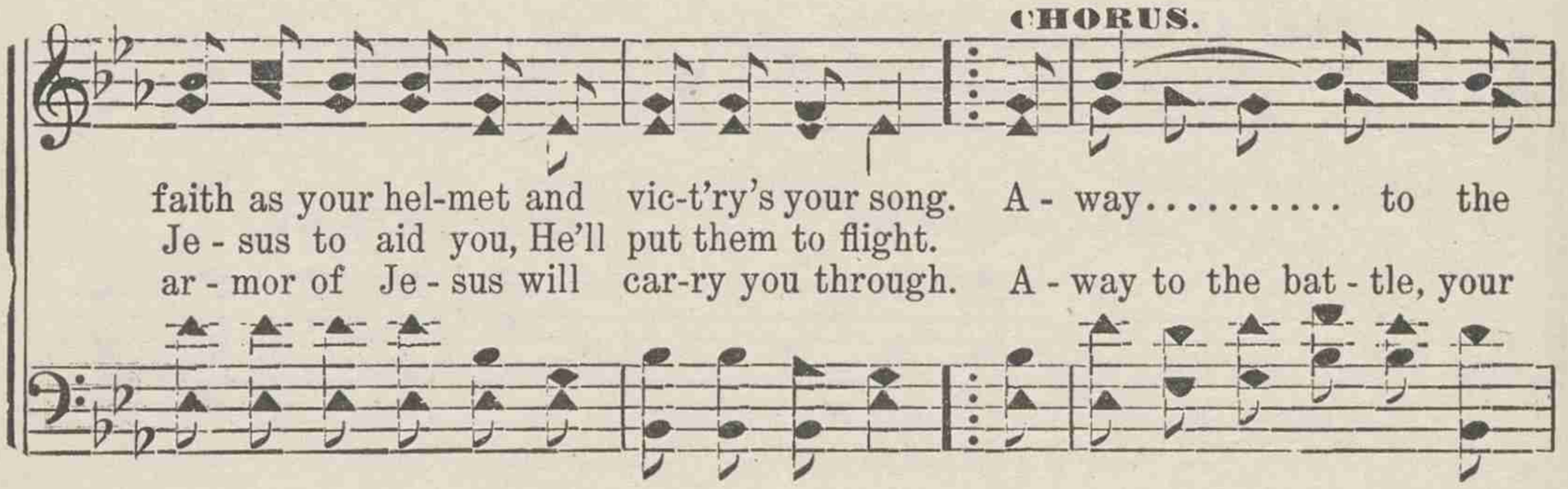
No. 32. PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.
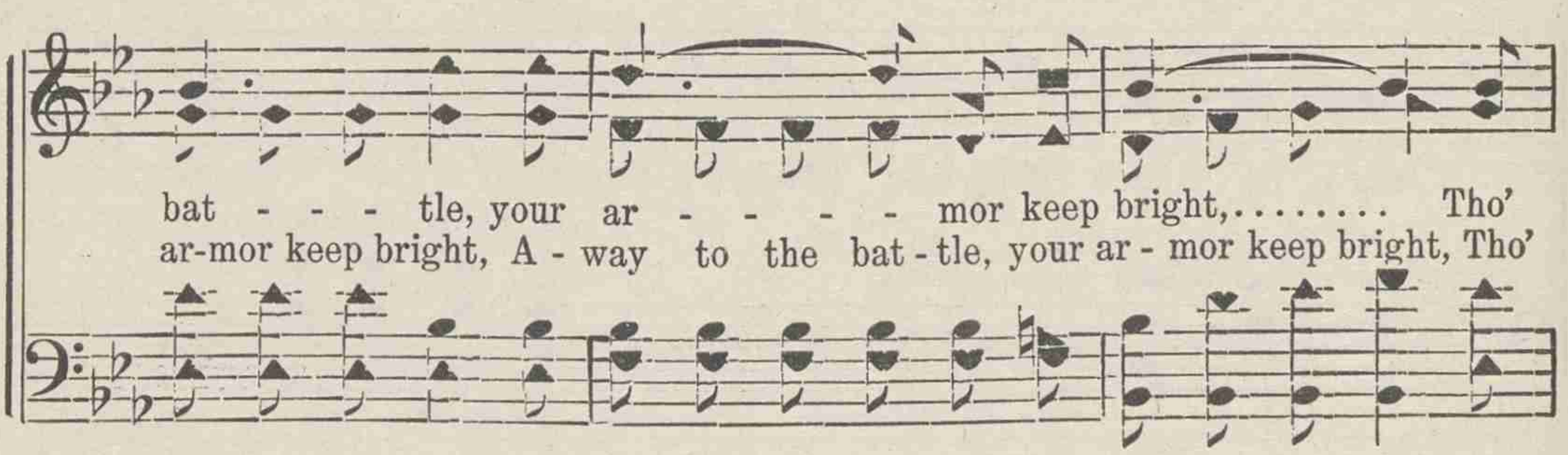
"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.
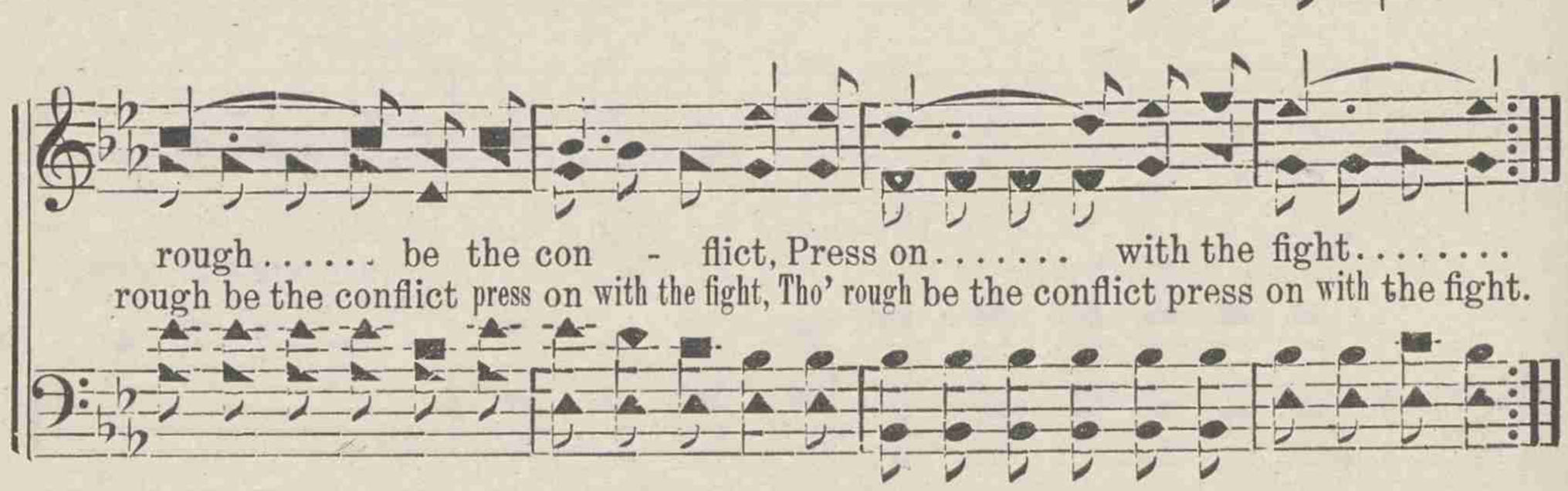
F. L. EILAND. BARTON J. COWART.











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No. 33. HOLD HIGH THE BANNER.

JENNIE WILSON. J. E. JOHNSTON.

1. Hold high the gos - pel ban-ner, O serv - ant of the Lord;
2. Hold high the gos - pel ban-ner, Nor fear to meet the foe;
3. Hold high the gos - pel ban-ner, And brave - ly bear it on,
4. Hold high the gos - pel ban-ner Till earth from sin is free,

To you a joy - ous tri - umph Is prom - ised in His word.
The Cap - tain of sal - va - tion Be - fore you e'er will go.
Till o'er the Prince of Dark - ness Is last - ing con-quest won.
And souls, by er - ror fet - tered, Ex - ult in lib - er - ty.

REFRAIN.

Hold high! hold high The ban - ner of the cross,
The ban-ner, the gos - pel banner,

Hold high! hold high! The ban - ner of the cross!
The banner, the gos - pel banner,

No. 34. DO YOU WANT TO GAIN HEAVEN?

MISS EFFA CARTER. THOS. D. LEMMOND.

1. Do you want to gain heav-en, the land of sweet rest; Where the wea-ry will toil nev-er-more, But will ev-er be
2. Do you want to gain heav-en, the land of glad joy; Where the an-gels of God dwell in light; Sing-ing prais-es for-
3. If we want to gain heav-en, the king-dom of God; Sing His prais-es with an-gels on high; We must walk with Christ
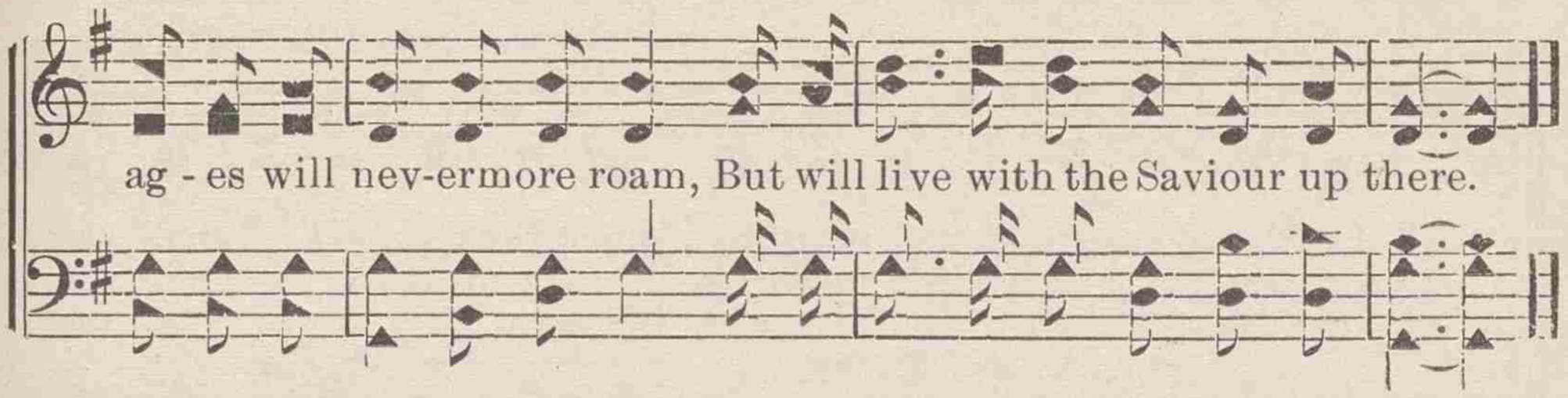
hap-py in Christ ev-er blest, On that peaceful and bright happy shore?
ev-er around the great throne, And be robed in pure garments of white?
dai-ly the path that He trod, And He'll call for us all by and by;

CHORUS.

Do you want to gain heav-en, that beau-ti-ful home, Where the glo-ries of Je-sus we'll share, And the saints of all

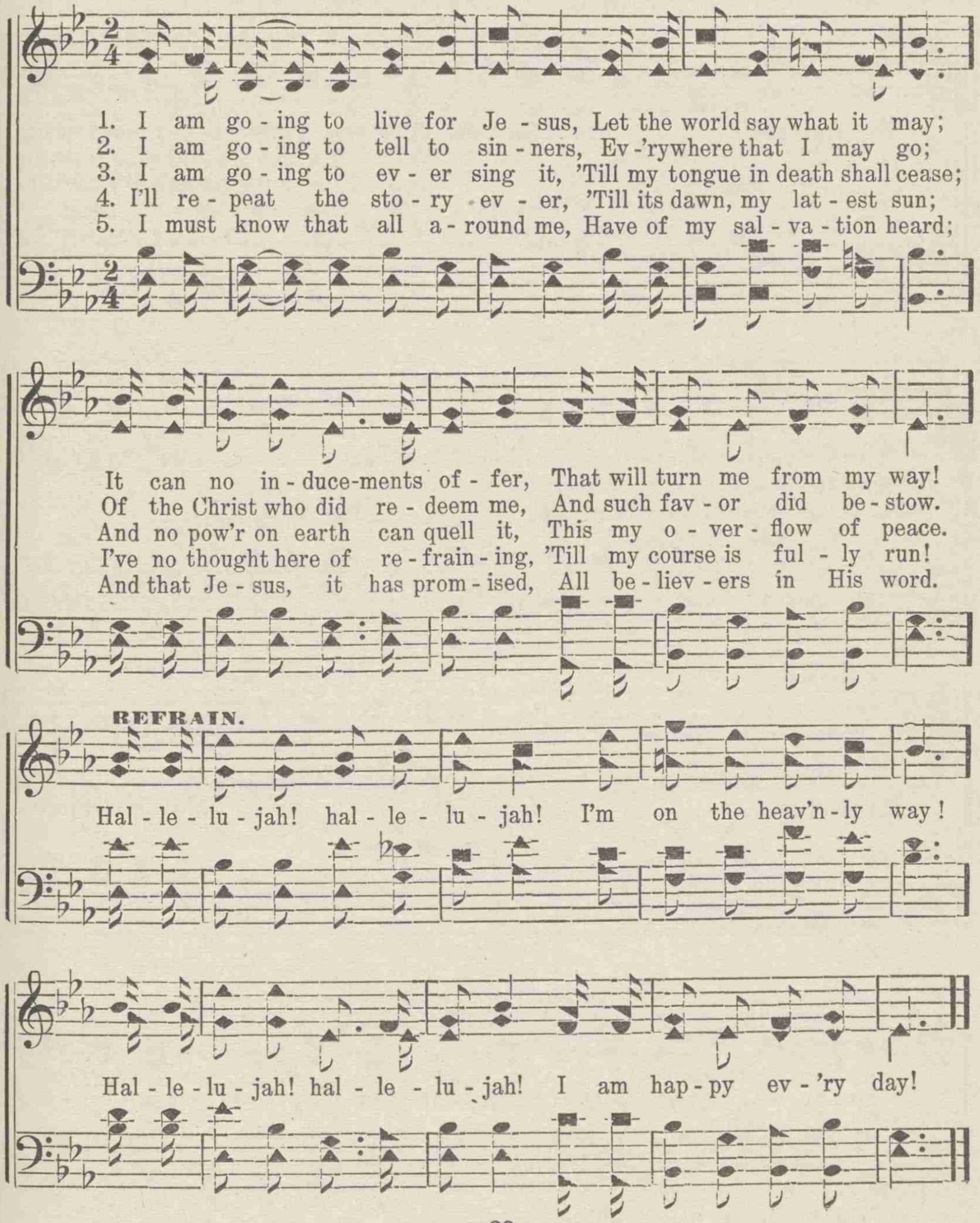
Copyright, 1905, by G. L. Young.

DO YOU WANT TO GAIN? Concluded.



No. 35. I AM HAPPY EVERY DAY.

F. L. EILAND. S. J. OSLIN.

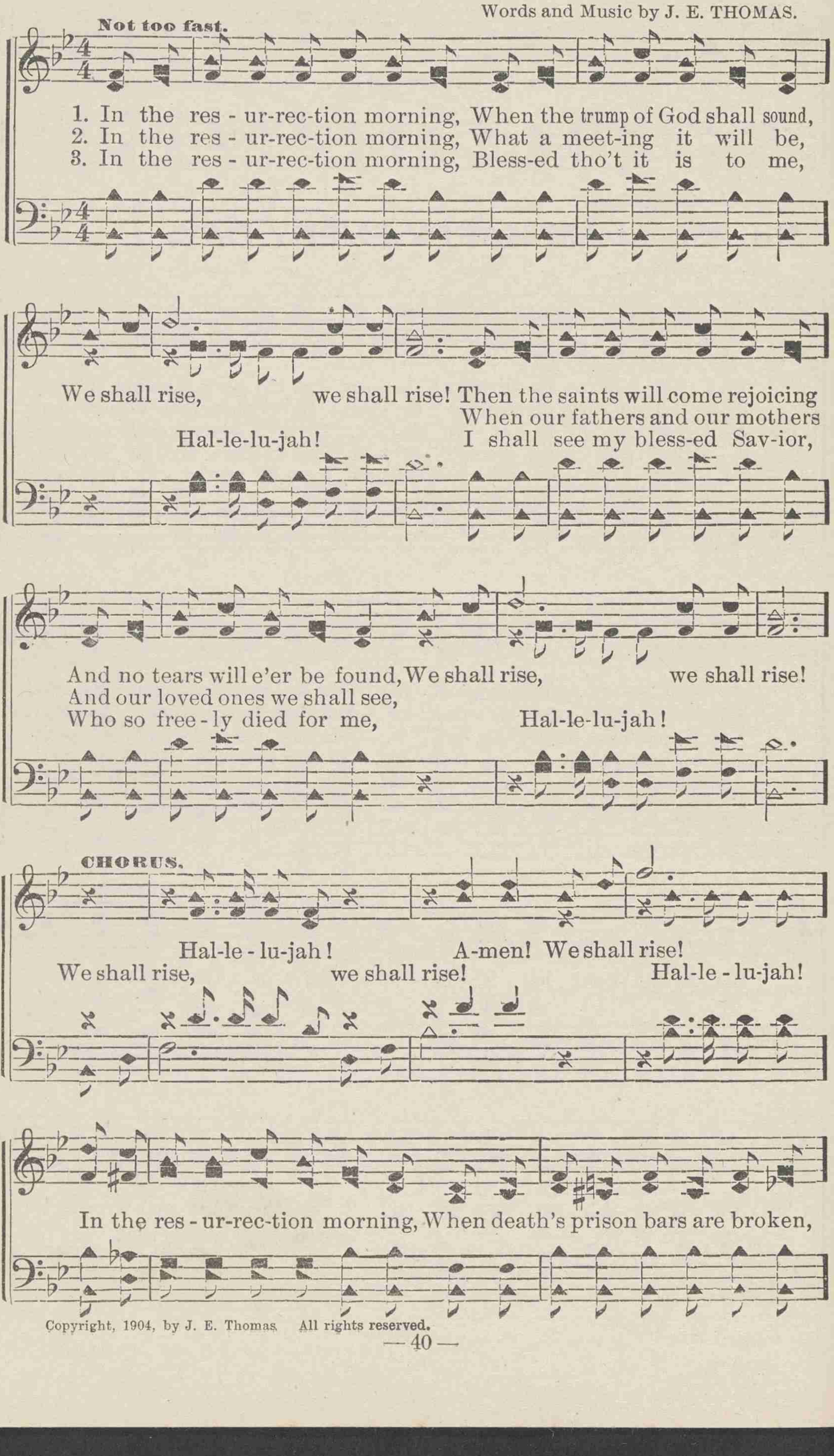


Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

No. 36. HALLELUJAH WE SHALL RISE.
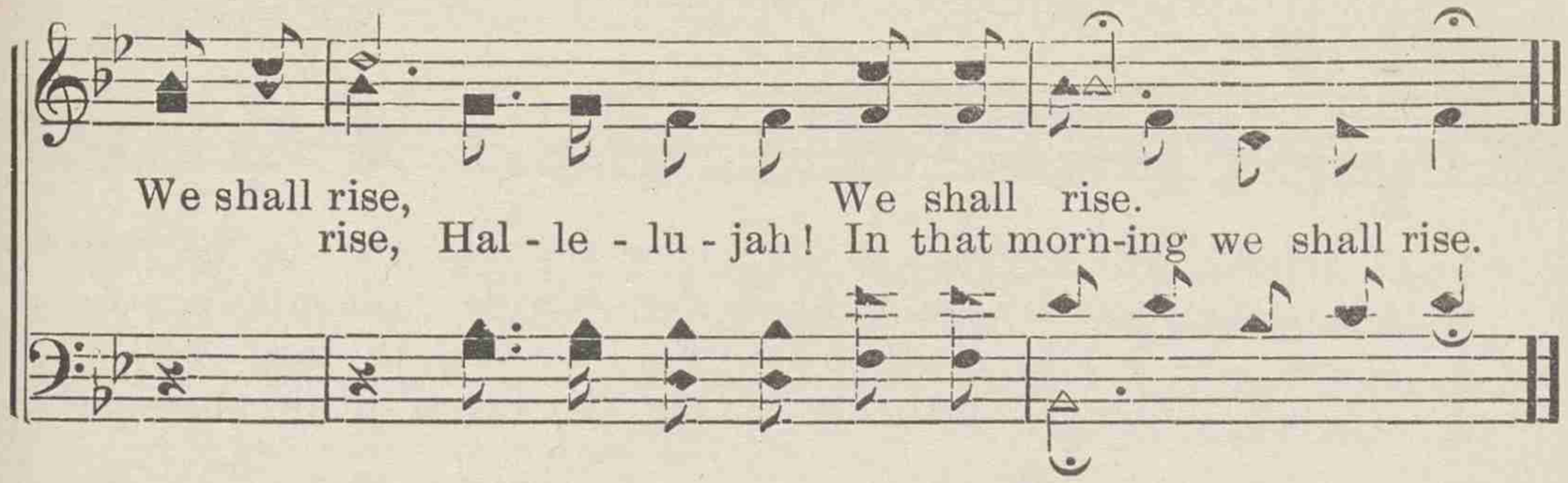
"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.



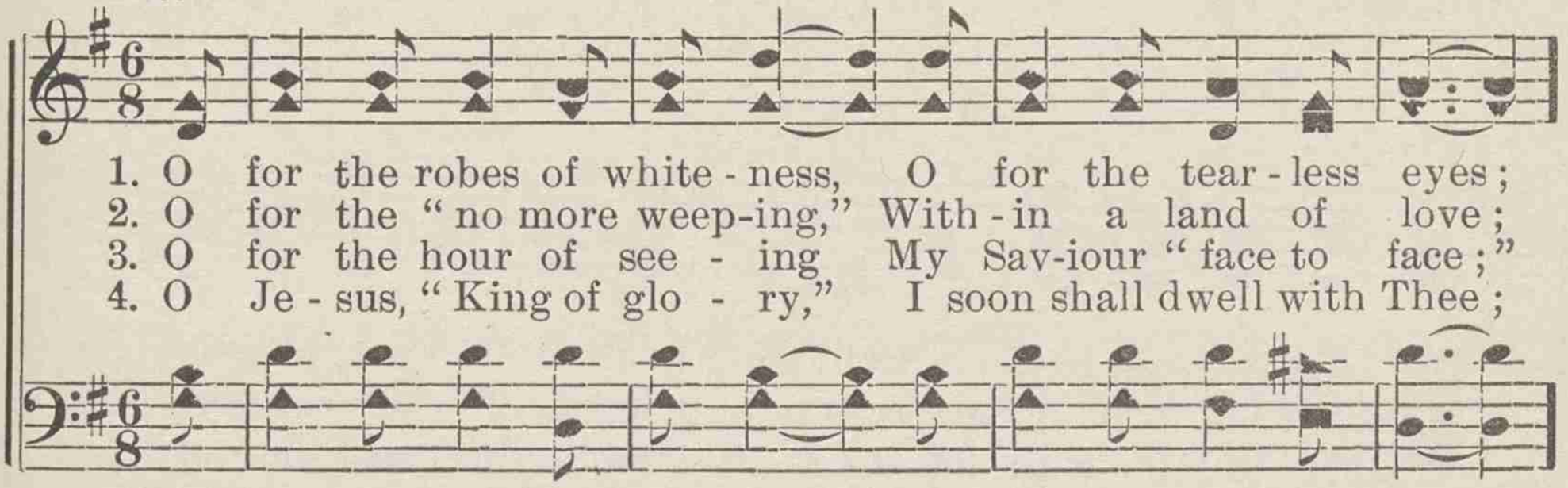
Copyright, 1904, by J. E. Thomas All rights reserved.

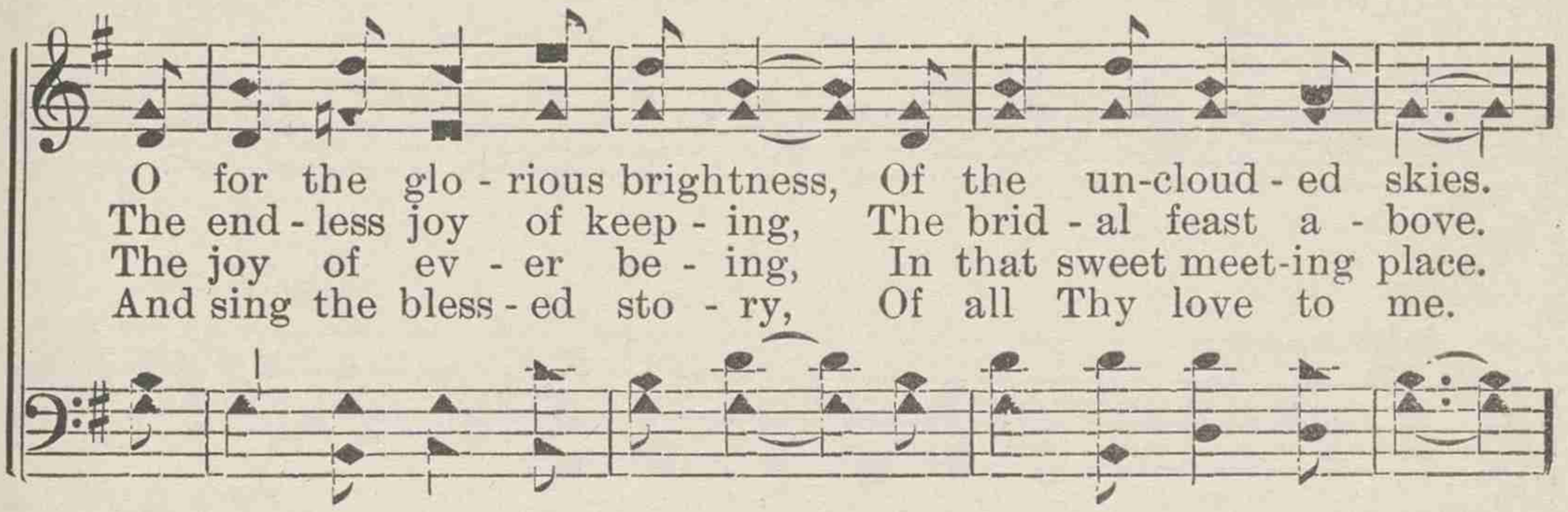
HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE. Concluded.
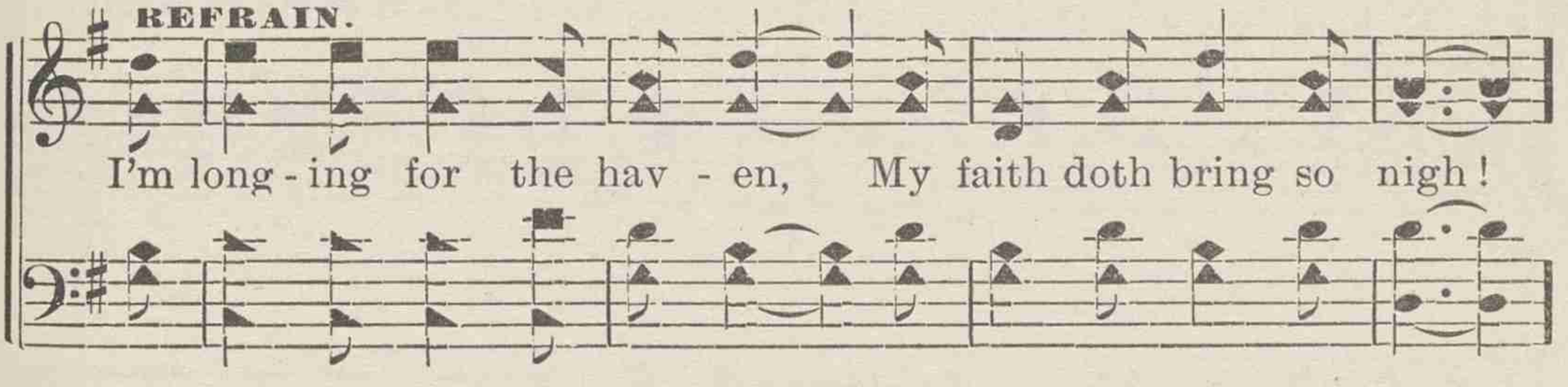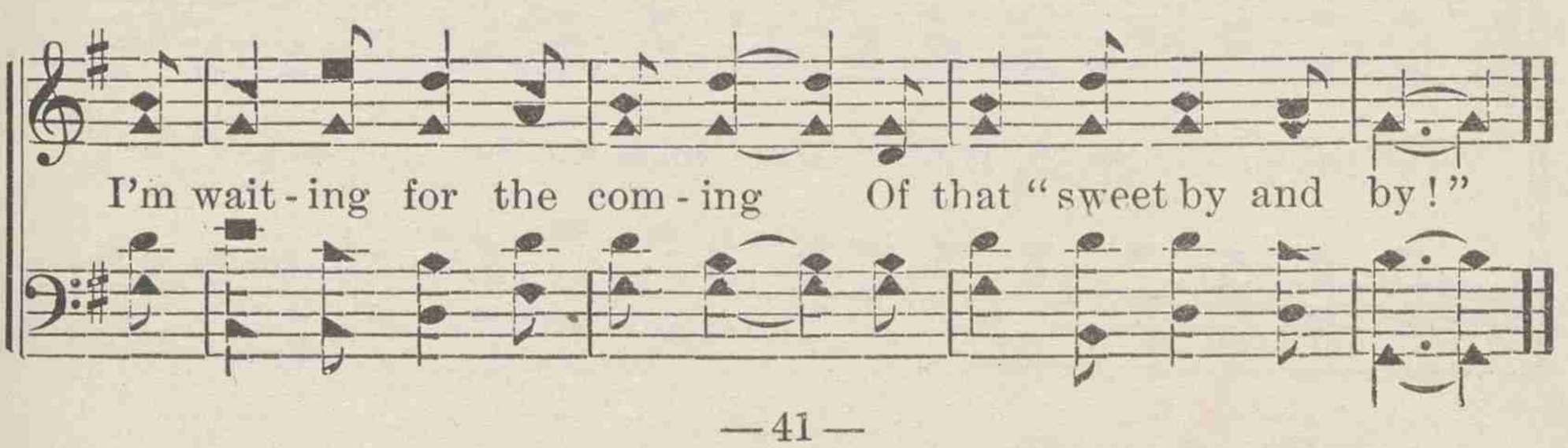


No. 37. THE CHRISTIAN'S ANTICIPATION.

Selected. D. W. HAMNER.
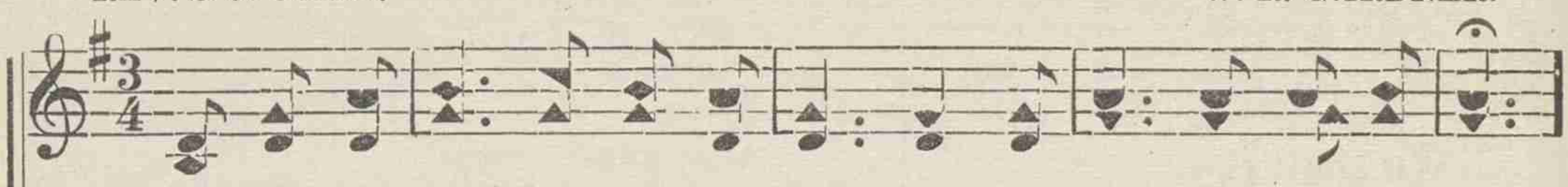






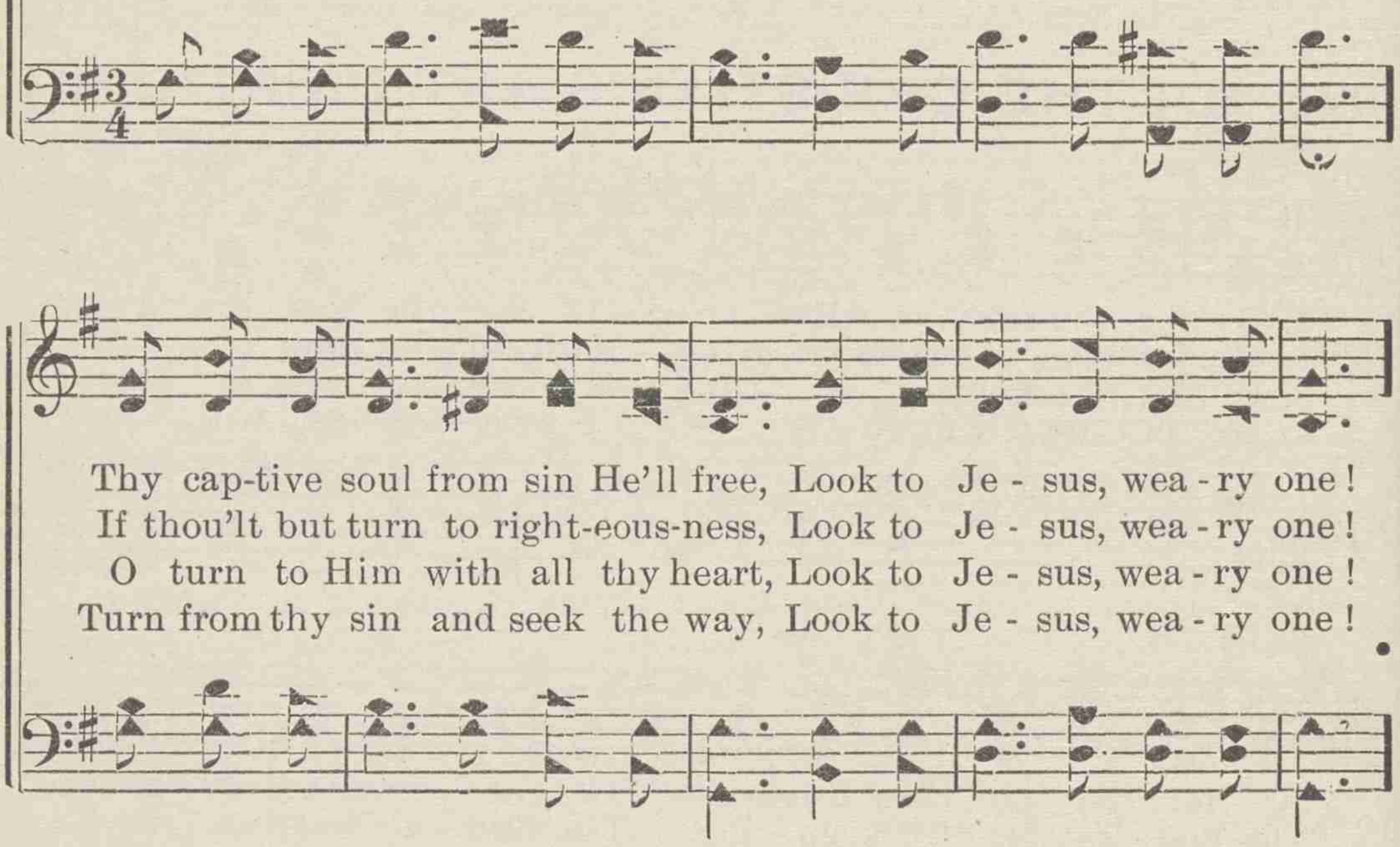


No. 38. LOOK TO JESUS, WEARY ONE!
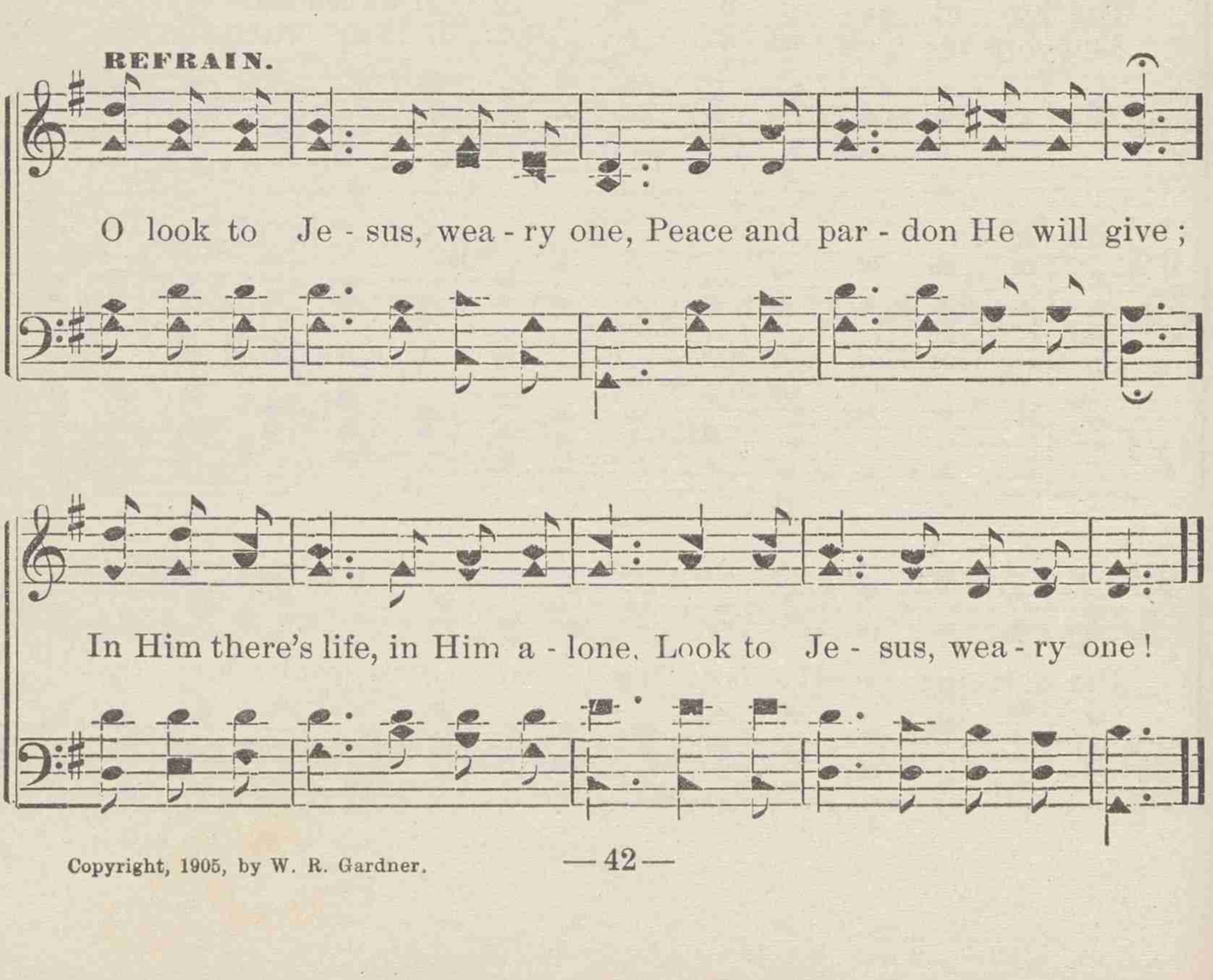
REV. S. J. OSLIN. W. R. GARDNER.



1. O sin-ner, Je - sus calls to thee, Hear the voice ere it be gone;
2. He's waiting now thy soul to bless, Par - don He will sure-ly give;
3. A wan-der - er in sin thou art, Far from God, thy dearest friend;
4. O think be-fore you farther stray, Ere thy hopes of life are gone!



Thy cap-tive soul from sin He'll free, Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one!
If thou'lt but turn to right-eous-ness, Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one!
O turn to Him with all thy heart, Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one!
Turn from thy sin and seek the way, Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one!



REFRAIN.

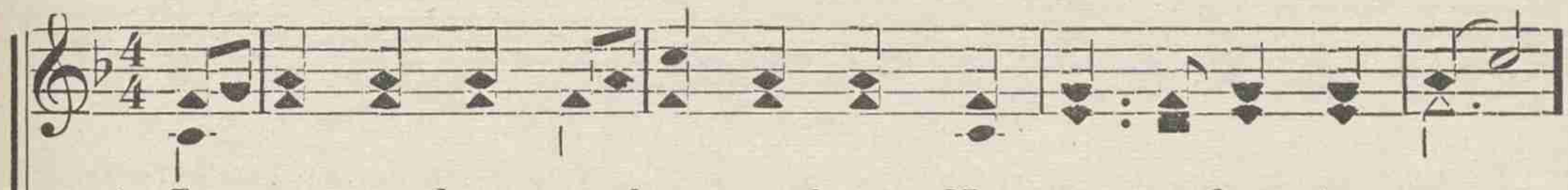
O look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Peace and par - don He will give;

In Him there's life, in Him a - lone, Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one!
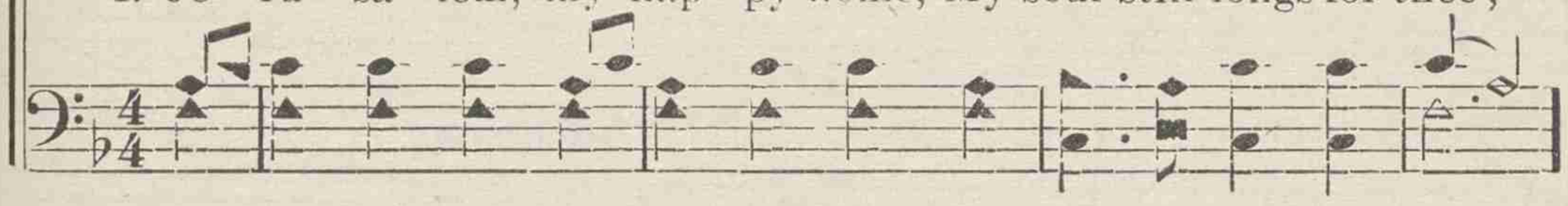
Copyright, 1905, by W. R. Gardner.
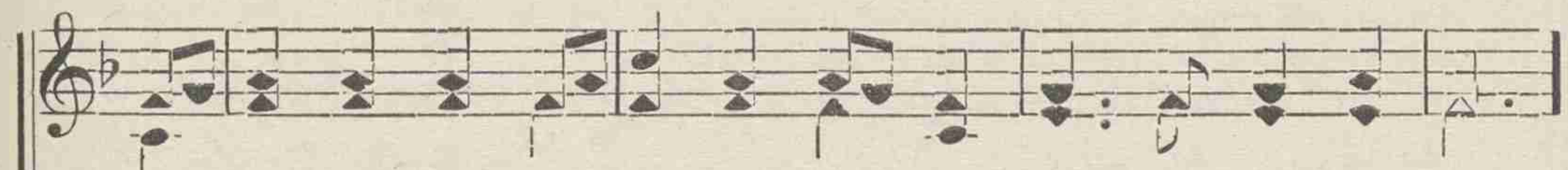
No. 39. WORK AND PRAY.

I. WATTS. Arr. Arr. by S. S. M.
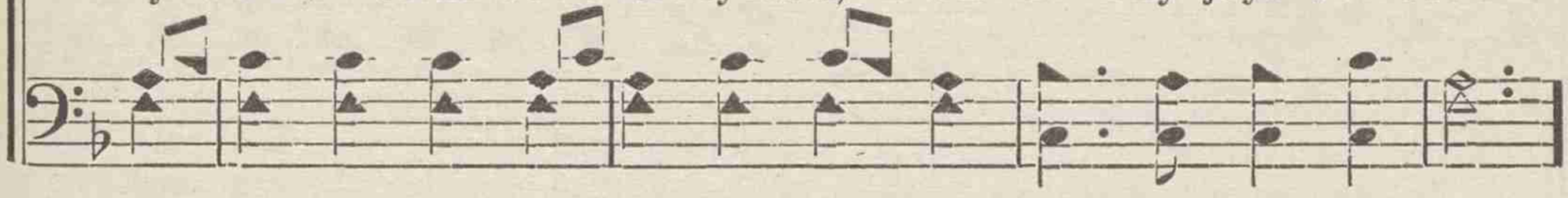


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me;
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend;
3. The shin-ing way I'll e'er pur - sue, Nor shrink when death comes near;
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still longs for thee;

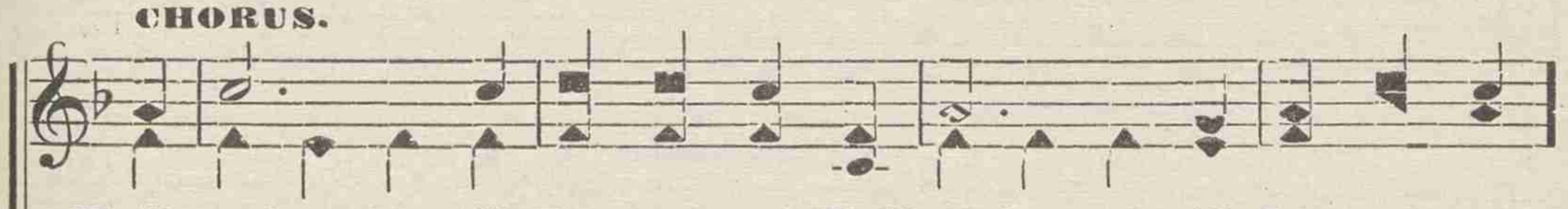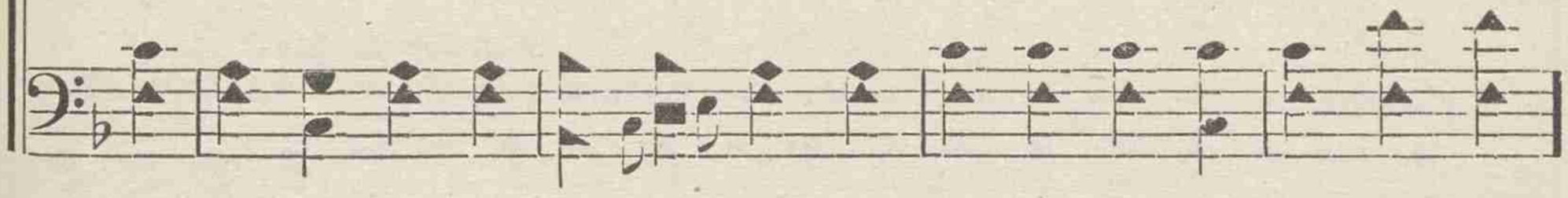




When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace with Thee?
Where con - gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And sab-baths have no end?
For I have Ca-naan's land in view, And realms of end - less day!
My work on earth will short-ly end, Then I Thy joys will see!
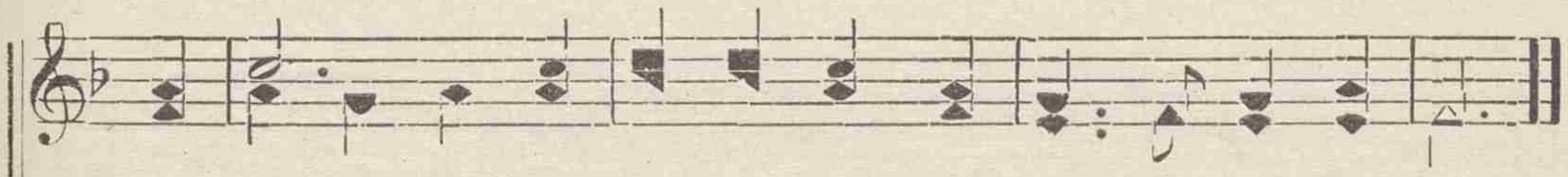


CHORUS.
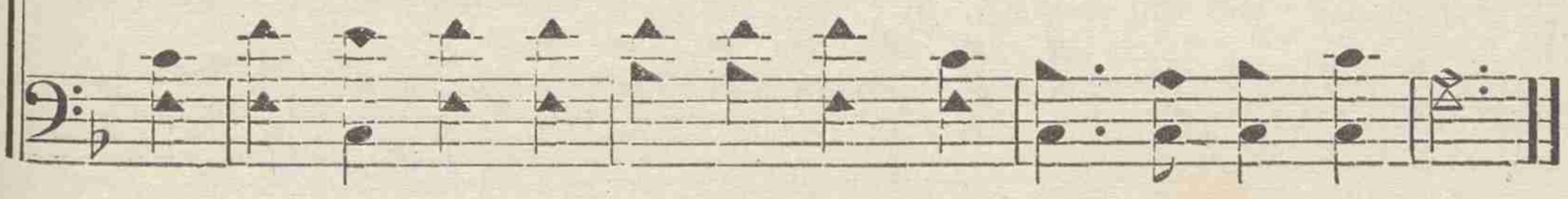


We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work and pray We'll work and pray





We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home!
We'll work and pray



No. 40. SOW GOOD DEEDS.

ANON. Music and Chorus by THOMAS S. COBB.

1. Good deeds are gold - en treas-ures, If by a free hand sown; The har-vest's
2. Good deeds so oft bring glad-ness To hearts bowed down in grief; And lifts the
3. Then let us sow good deeds, friends, Wher-ev - er we may go; And when this

CHORUS.

rich-est pleasures, The human heart hath known. Let us sow..... good
veil of sad-ness, Then O, what sweet re-lief.
life is o - ver, The good we've done we'll know. Ev - er sow good deeds, my brother,

deeds, my broth-er,..... mak - ing glad - - ness in the
Ev - er sow good deeds, my broth-er, mak - ing glad-ness in the soul, mak-ing

soul, ... If we sow ..... them for the mas - -
gladness in the soul, If we sow them for the mas-ter, If we sow them for the

ter we will reap..... a love un - told.....
mas - ter we will reap a love un - told, we will reap a love un - told.

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No. 41. THE HARVEST FIELD.

J. E. J. J. E. JOHNSTON.

1. To - day the har-vest field is white, The la - bor - ers are few;
2. Go work while it is called to - day, Why do you i - dly stand?
3. There's room for all in this great field, To gath - er in the sheaves;

Go work while shines the gold - en light, There's something you can do.
O broth - er, do not long de - lay, This is the Lord's command.
Then let us all the sick - le wield—Bring something more than leaves.

CHORUS.

Go work, go work, The Mas - ter calls for thee;
Go work to - day, go work to - day,

The field is white, There's room for you and me.
The field is white, the la - b'rers few,

No 42. I'M ON MY WAY.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend and teacher, Prof. J. E. Thomas.

J. W. E. J. W. EARLS.

Lively.

1. I'm on my way,..... I'm on the way.....
2. I'm on my way,..... To the cit - y fair,.....
3. I'm on my way,..... Tho' here I roam,.....

1. I'm on my way, yes, on my way,
2. I'm on my way, I'm on my way,
3. I'm on my way, Tho' here I roam,

To the land of pure..... And perfect day, ...
Where loved ones wait..... To greet me there.....
My Redeemer soon..... Will call me home.....

To the land of pure And perfect day,
Where loved ones wait, To greet me there,
My Redeemer soon Will call me home,

I'll sing sweet songs,..... As I go a - long,.....
Soon I'll bid farewell..... To ev -'ry care,.....
Then I'll sing His praise..... For ev - er- more,.....

I'll sing sweet songs As I go a-long,
Soon I'll bid farewell To ev-'ry care,
Then I'll sing His praise For ev - er-more,

Till at last I join..... That heavenly throng.....
And then go home..... A crown to wear.....
With the loving ones..... Who've gone before.....

Till at last I join That heavenly throng
And then go home A crown to wear.
With the loving ones Who've gone before.

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I'M ON MY WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'm on my way,..... I'm on my way,.....
I'm on my way, I'm on my way,

To the land of pure..... And per - fect
To the land of pure

day,..... All the way I'll sing.....
And per - fect day All the way I'll sing

Of joy to come,..... Till I en - ter
Of joy to come,

in..... That beau-ti - ful home.....
Till I en - ter in That beau-ti - ful home.

No. 44. HE'S COMING AGAIN.

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

1. O would you be numbered as one of His fold? Be spot-less with-
2. Not known is the moment when He shall appear, To gath - er them
3. The voice of His spir - it says, read-y, then be, O will you be-
4. Risk not, an ac-cept-ance of Him in that day, All covered with

in ;..... Be watch-ing and wait - ing that sight to be - hold,
in ;..... The souls who have followed Him faith-ful - ly here ;
gin?..... If peace in His pres-ence you hope then to see ;
sin,..... Be robed and all read - y the spir - it doth say,

REFRAIN. rit. to end final.

He's com - ing a - gain! He's com - ing a - gain! (a - gain!)

He's com - ing a - gain! (a - gain!) Be watch - ing and

Repeat Refrain tenderly, earnestly.

wait-ing that sight to be - hold; He's com - ing a - gain!

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No. 45. HAPPY IN HIS LOVE.

S. J. OSLIN. W. W. CUMMINGS.

1. The Sav - iour died the world to save, And rose a vic - tor
2. The Ho - ly Ghost, Christ now im-parts, To bless and comfort
3. We're liv - ing in His spir - it's light, And walk by faith and
4. The Lord re-deemed us by His blood, Our souls have found the

o'er the grave, That we might come to Him and live, Live
troub - led hearts, And give us life with Him a - bove, We're
not by sight; We live in Him, in Him we move, While
cleans-ing flood; By Him we'll reach our home a - bove, Be

REFRAIN.

hap - py in His love. I'm hap - - - - - - - py in His
Hap - py in His love,
love, I'm hap - py in His love; We'll
hap - py in His love;
bear the cross and onward move, While hap-py in His love!
onward move,

No. 46. DANGER IN THE BORDER-LAND.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.
on you, A - rise! oh, haste a - way.
ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger
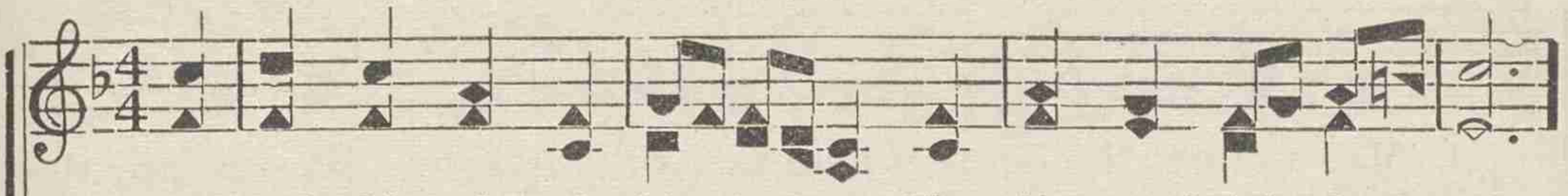
in the border-land, Oh, leave the weary life of sin, For there's
come to Je-sus,

dan - ger in the bor-der-land, Come, a bet - ter life be - gin.
dan-ger, dan-ger

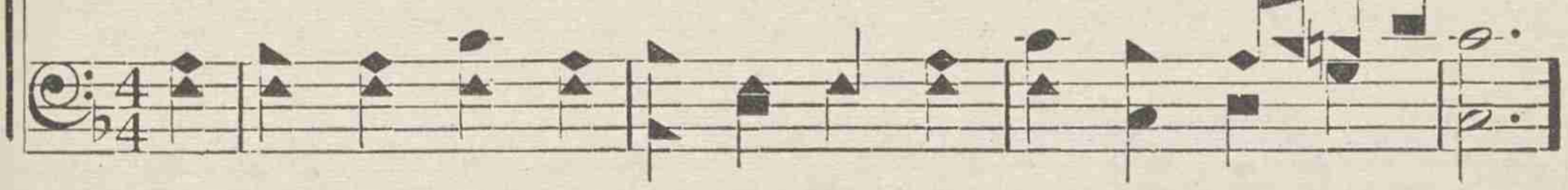
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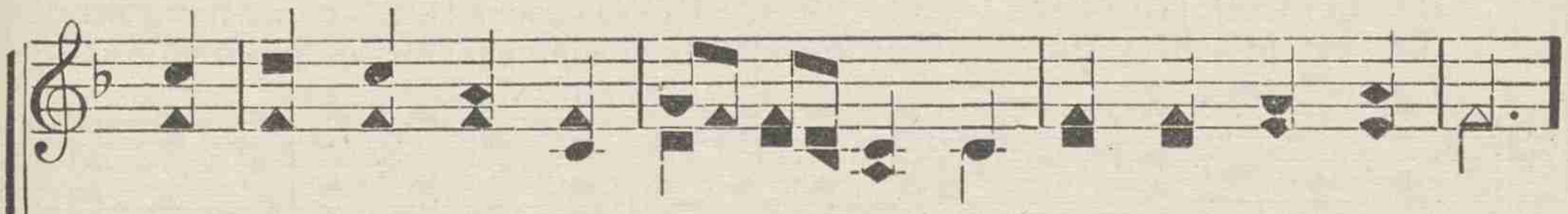
No. 47. BEYOND.

T. G. HILLIARD. Arr. by S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN.
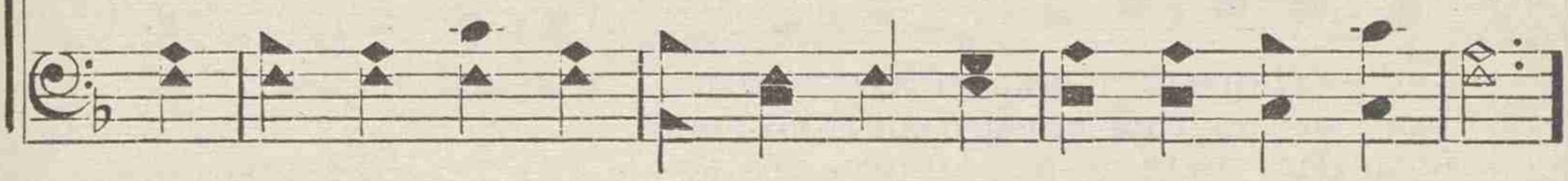


1. Be-yond this vale of bit - ter tears, There lies a bright do - main;
2. Be-yond this earth-ly mor-tal sight, The sun shines on that strand,
3. Be-yond this earth-ly care and gloom, O'er on the oth - er shore,
4. Be-yond this earth-ly troubled land, Will dawn a bright-er day!
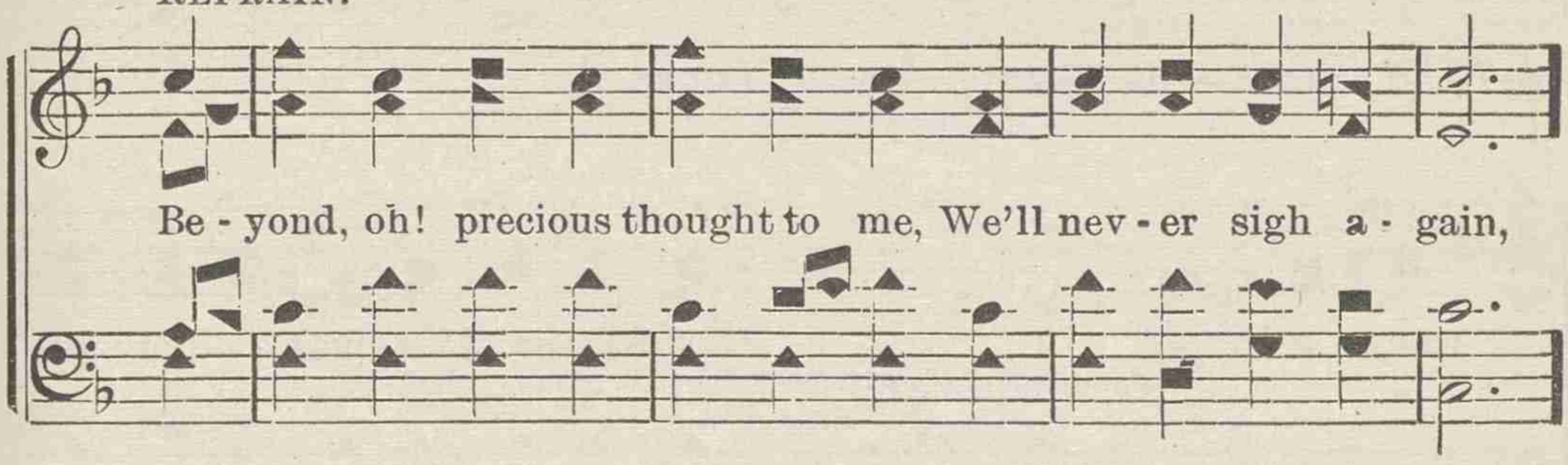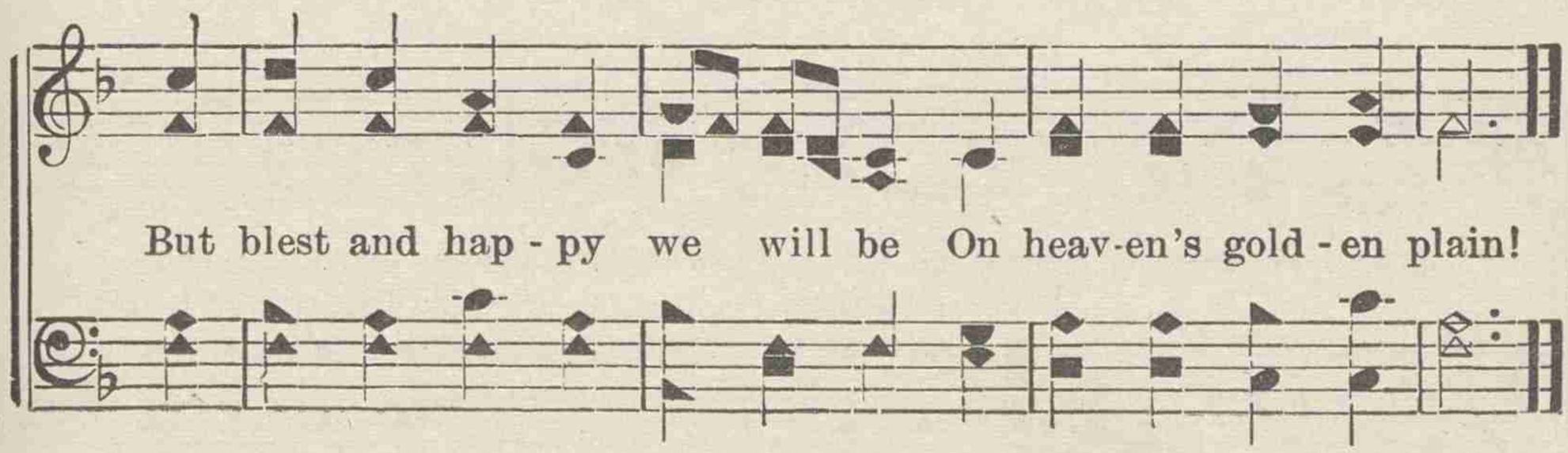




Where pain and sor - row, sin and fears, Shall nev - er come a - gain.
Re - veal - ing, thro' its rays of light, The won-ders of that land.
Im - mor - tal flow - ers sweet - ly bloom, To fade and die no more.
When Christ's own tender, lov - ing hand Will brush all tears a - way!



REFRAIN.



Be - yond, oh! precious thought to me, We'll nev - er sigh a - gain,



But blest and hap - py we will be On heav-en's gold - en plain!

Copyright, 1902, by S. J. Oslin.

No. 48. OUR HOPE GROWS BRIGHTER.

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

1. Ma - ny are the burdens here we all must bear, Ma - ny are the griefs a-long our way; Ma - ny are the joys in heav-en we shall share,
2. Grievous were the thorns that pierced our Saviour's brow, Ma - ny were the tri - als that He bore; Ma - ny are the mansions that are waiting now,
3. Precious are the prom-is - es of Him who said: "Bear your cross and dai - ly fol - low Me;" Up a-gain He'll bring our bodies from the dead,

CHORUS

And our hope doth brighter grow each day. Bless-ed hope, ... O wondrous hope!
For us on that hap-py gold - en shore. O wondrous hope!
With Him there to spend e-ter - ni - ty. Bless-ed hope, Bless-ed hope,

D. S. Ev - er growing brighter day by day!

wondrous hope! Shedding precious light a - long our way; Bless-ed hope,..... O wondrous hope!
Bless-ed hope, O wondrous hope!

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No. 49. THIS IS THE PRICE THAT HE PAID.

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

Slowly.

1. He from the bo - som of God and His glo - ry, Came and the
2. Moved was His love for the sin-ner's con - di - tion, And did Him
3. He by the world and His own was re - ject - ed, And by friends

sac - ri - fice made, Bring-ing to man thro' His death a sal - va-tion,
pit - y per - suade; Mer - cy to of - fer, tho' death it should cost Him,
(promised) betrayed; Yielding His life their re-demp-tion to purchase,

REFRAIN.

This is the price that He paid! Won - der-ful, won - der - ful,

how could it be, Such the great sac - ri - fice made! Je - sus from

heav-en, thus dy - ing for man, This is the price that He paid!

rit.

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No. 50. WE'LL ALL GATHER HOME.

I. BALTZELL. D. WARREN HAMNER.

1. We'll all gath - er home in the morn-ing, On the banks of the
2. We'll all gath - er home in the morn-ing, At the sound of the
3. We'll all gath - er home in the morn-ing, And our bless - ed Re-

bright jas - per sea; We'll meet all the good and the faith-ful, What a
great ju - bi - lee; We'll all gath - er home in the morn-ing, What a
deem - er we'll see; We will meet with friends gone be-fore us, What a

REFRAIN.

gath'ring that will be! What a gath - 'ring, gath - - 'ring,
What a gath'ring, that will be, that will be,

What a gath - 'ring that will be! What a gath - 'ring,
What a gath-'ring that will

gath - - 'ring, What a gath-'ring that will be!
be, that will be, that will be!
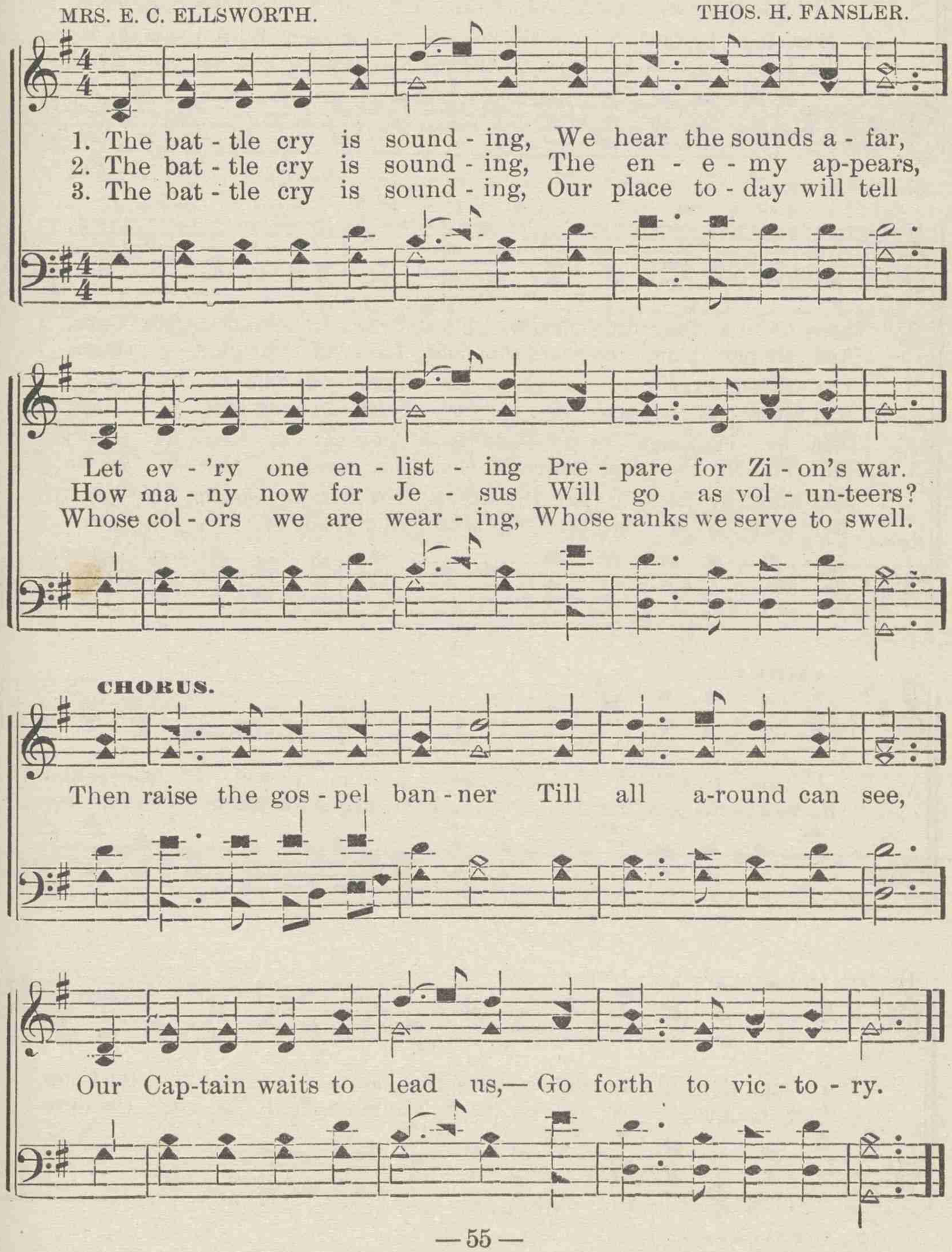
PART II

STANDARD GOSPEL SONGS

No. 51. THE BATTLE CRY.

"Ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpet."—NUM. 10: 9.
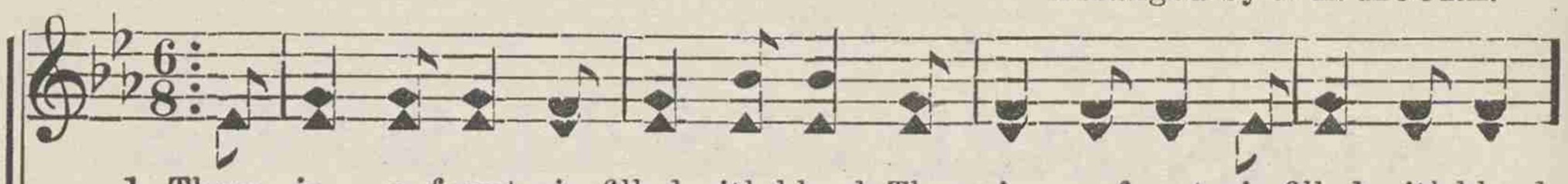
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. THOS. H. FANSLER.



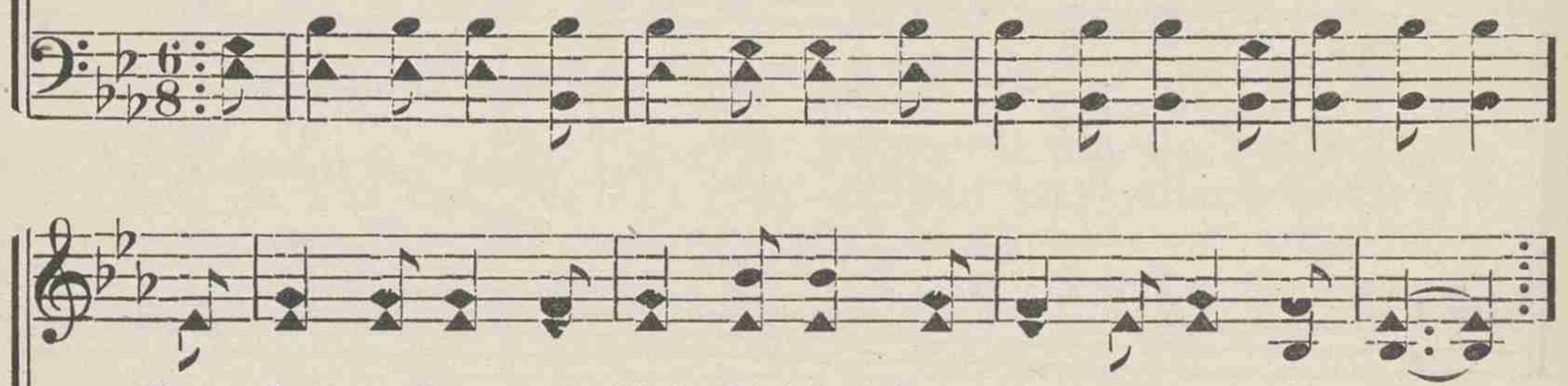
No. 52. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

"Lord, I believe."—MARK 9: 24.

Arranged by J. L. MOORE.



1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, There is a fount-ain filled with blood,
   And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy precious blood, Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy precious blood,
   Till all the ransomed Church of God, Till all the ransomed Church of God,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
   Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme,
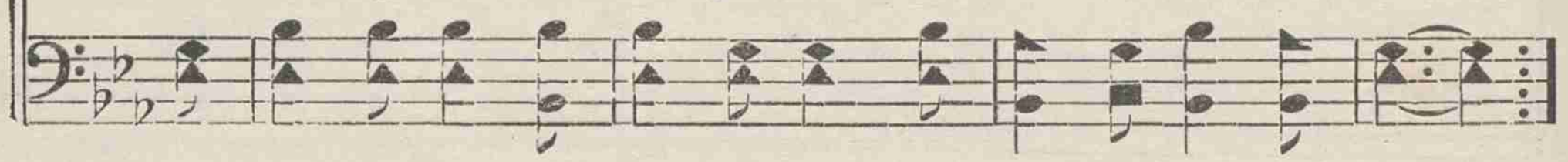


There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins.
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
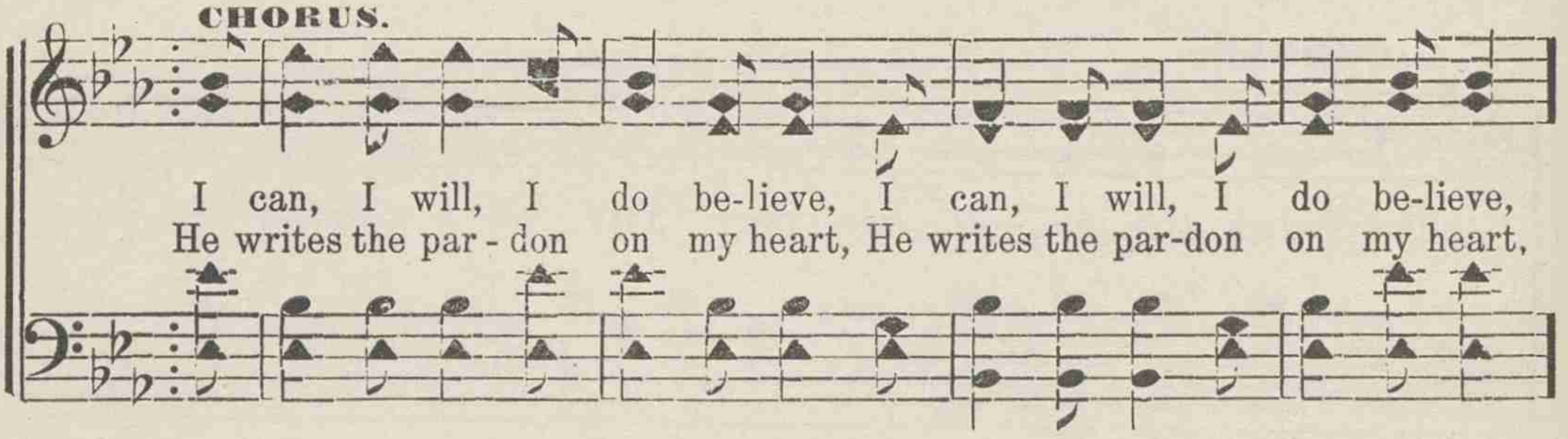
The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

Thou dy - ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God, Are saved to sin no more.
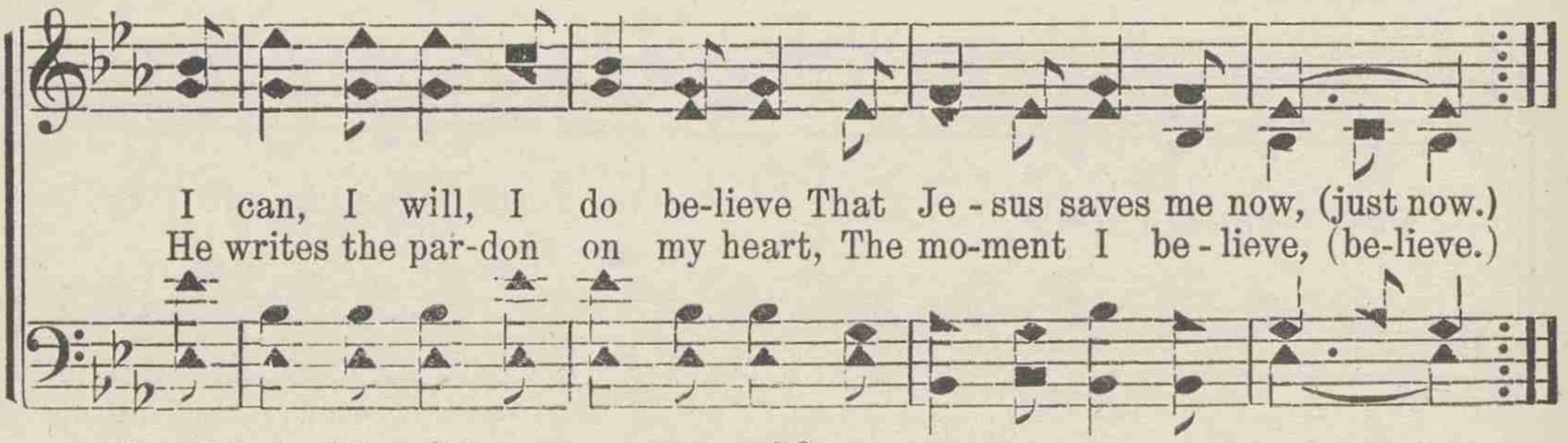
E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.



CHORUS.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
He writes the par - don on my heart, He writes the par-don on my heart,



I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now, (just now.)
He writes the par-don on my heart, The mo-ment I be - lieve, (be-lieve.)

No. 53. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord I care not for rich- es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma- ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo- ri-fied

heav- en, I would en - ter the fold, In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav- iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright
be- ings, In pure garments of white, Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de-

pa- ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ- ten there?
let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?

REFRAIN.

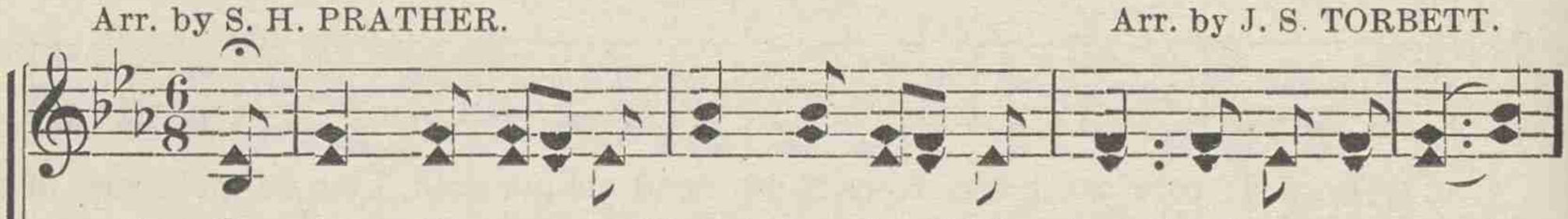
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
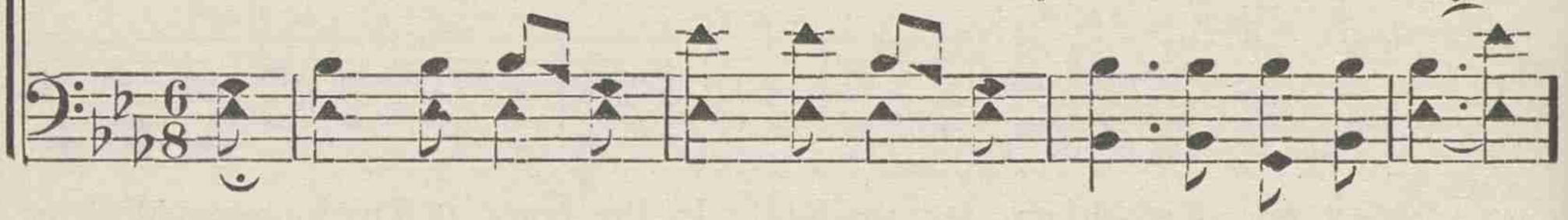
No. 54. ALL TAKEN AWAY.
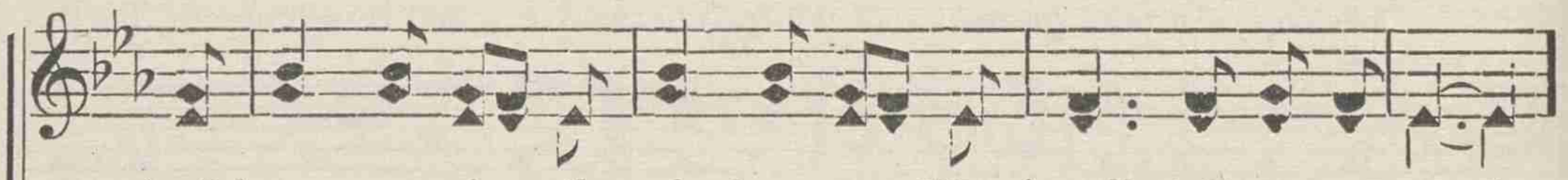
"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. S. TORBETT.
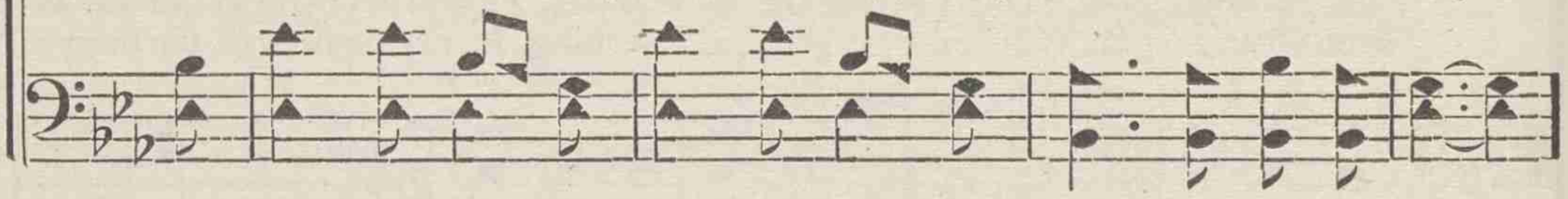


1. O who will come to Christ to-day? They're all taken a-way!
2. I came to Him, my heart was sad, They're all taken a-way!
3. I nev-er can for-get the day, They're all taken a-way!
4. I nev-er could be-lieve be-fore, They're all taken a-way!
5. I've con-se-erat-ed all to Thee, They're all taken a-way!
6. And now I'll serve Him till I die, They're all taken a-way!
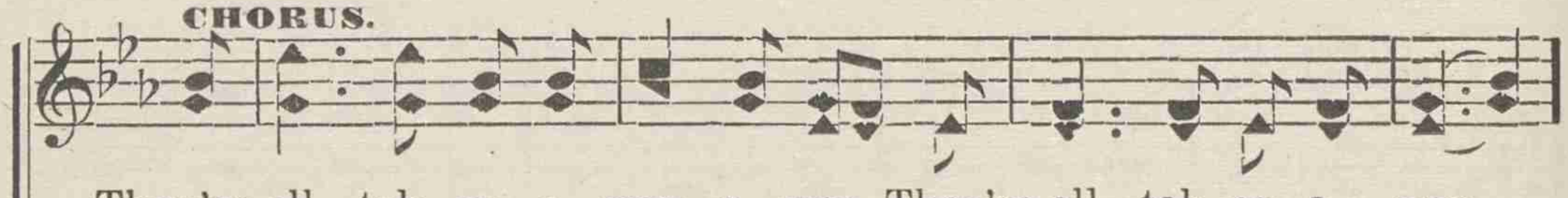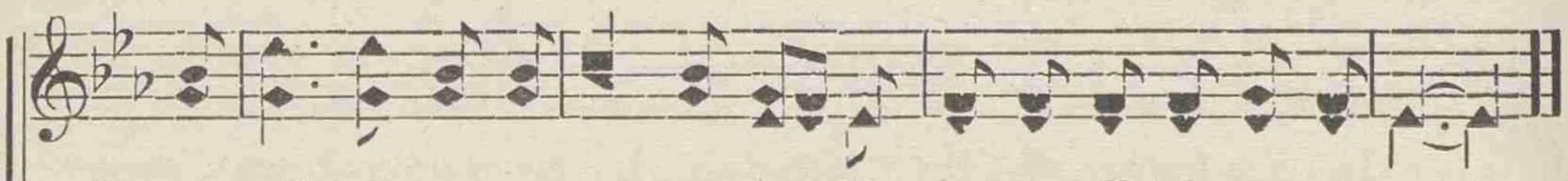




And have your sins all washed a-way, They're all tak-en a-way!
He saved my soul and now I'm glad, They're all tak-en a-way!
When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, They're all tak-en a-way!
That I could go and sin no more, They're all tak-en a-way!
And now I know from sin I'm free, They're all tak-en a-way!
And then we'll meet beyond the sky, They're all tak-en a-way!
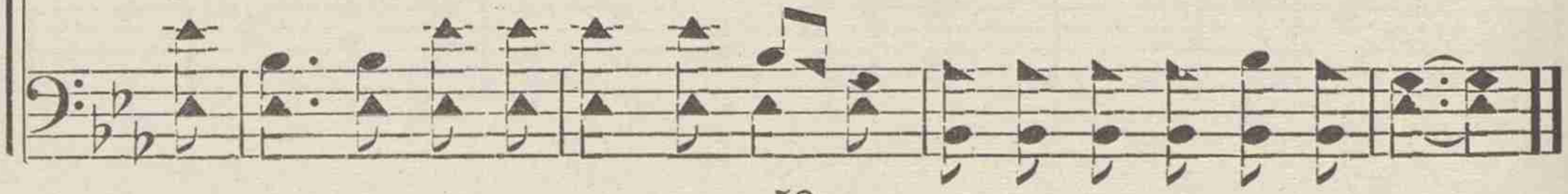


CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, They're all tak-en a-way,



They're all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way!



No. 55. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O,sometimes the shadows are deep,And rough seems the path to the goal
2. O,sometimes how long seem the day,And sometimes how weary my feet
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre - vail;

And sorrow,sometimes how they sweep,Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow,how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep,Or walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

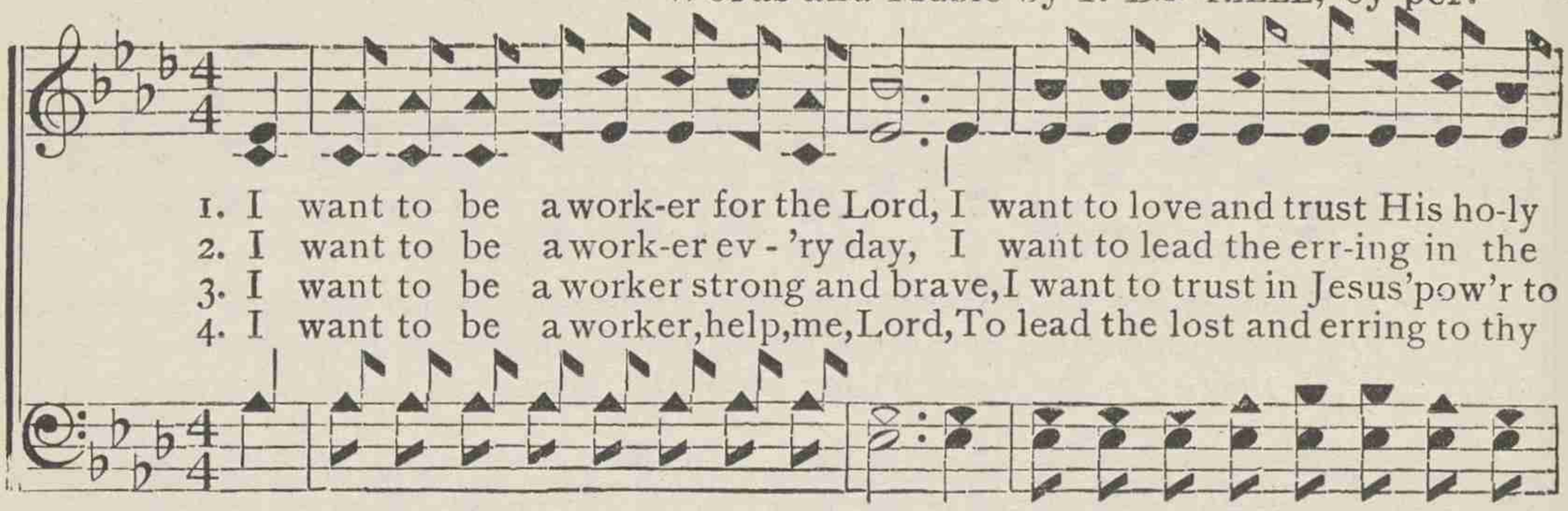
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I;
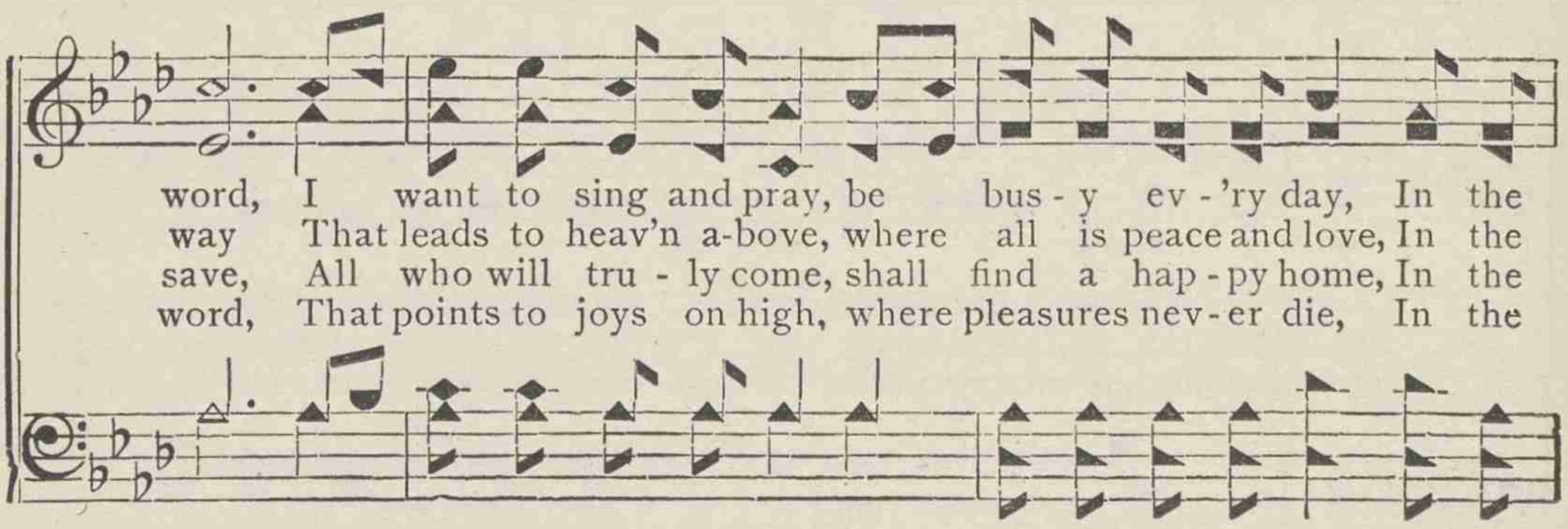
O, then, to the Rock let me is high - er than I;

fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.
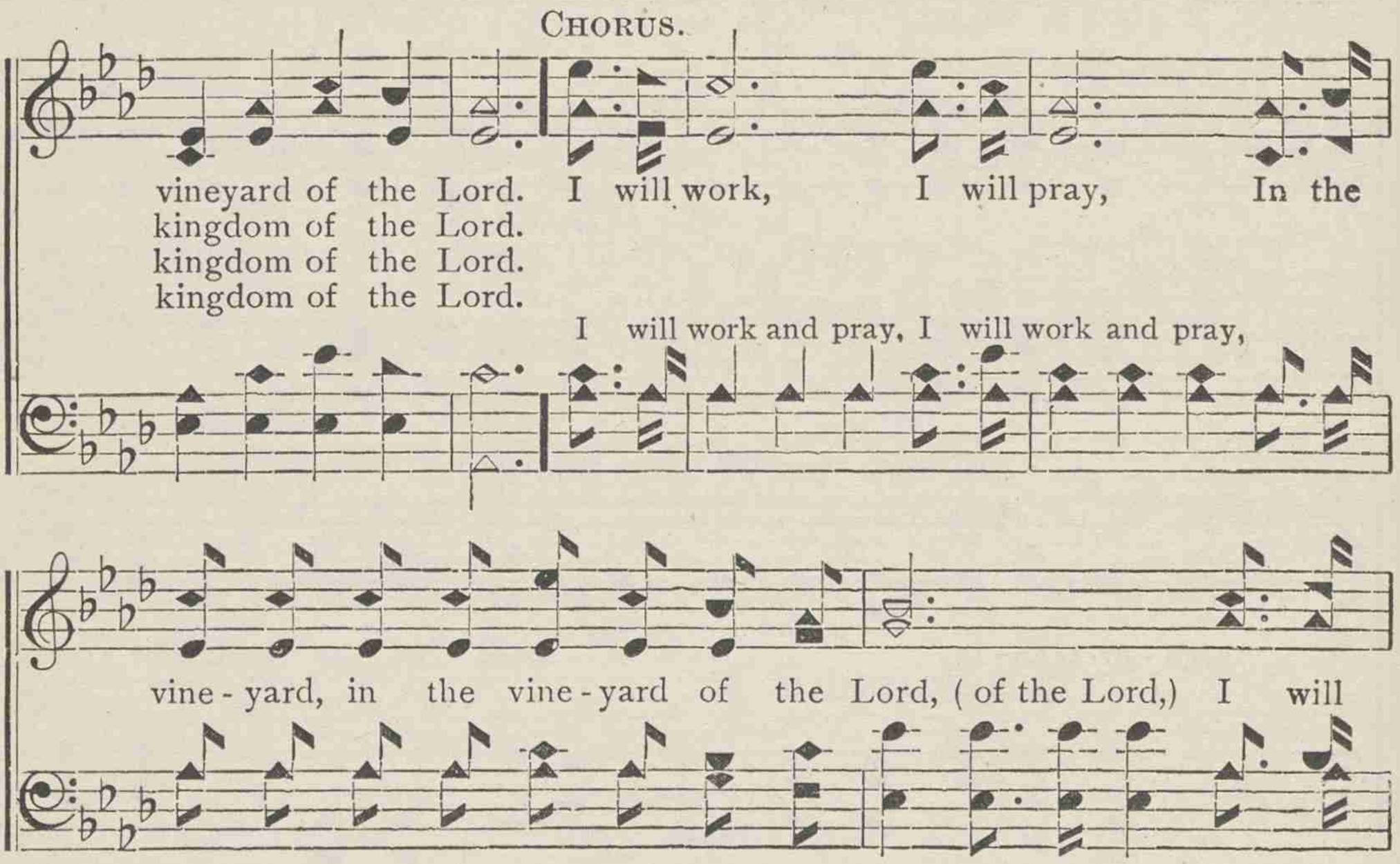
No. 56. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.
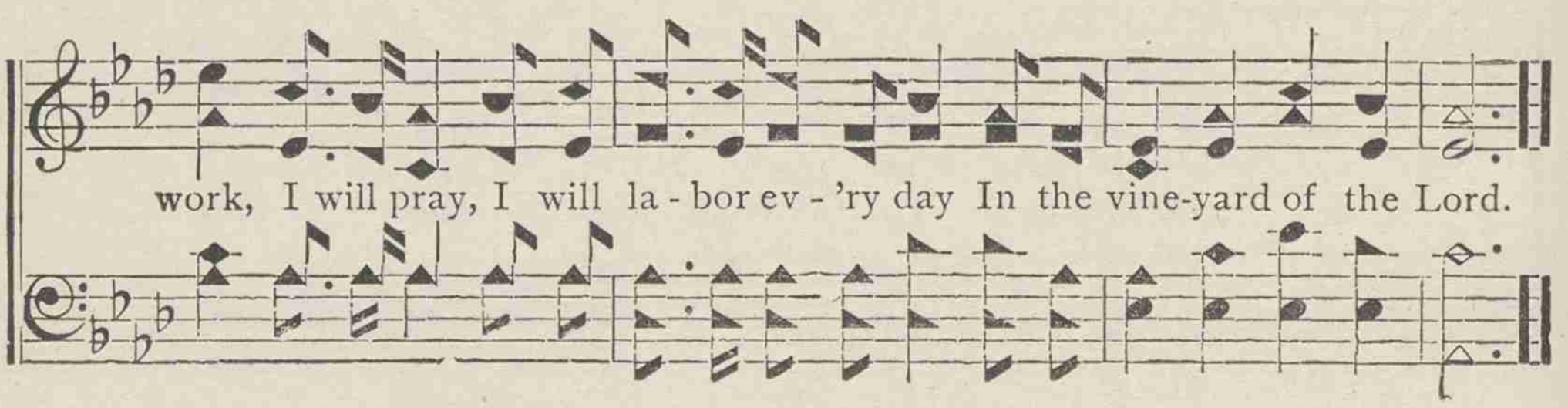
Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.





CHORUS.
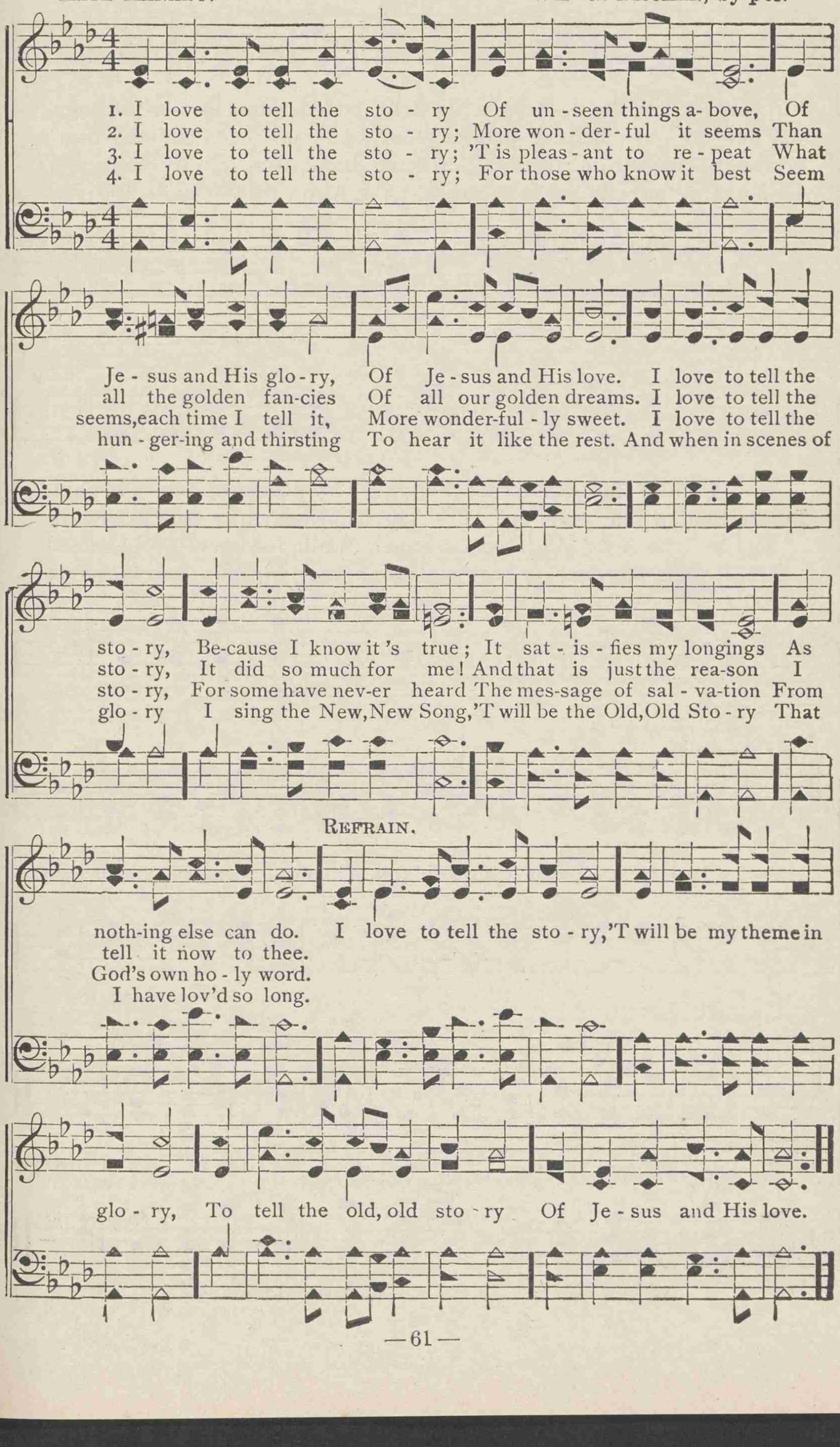




No. 57. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

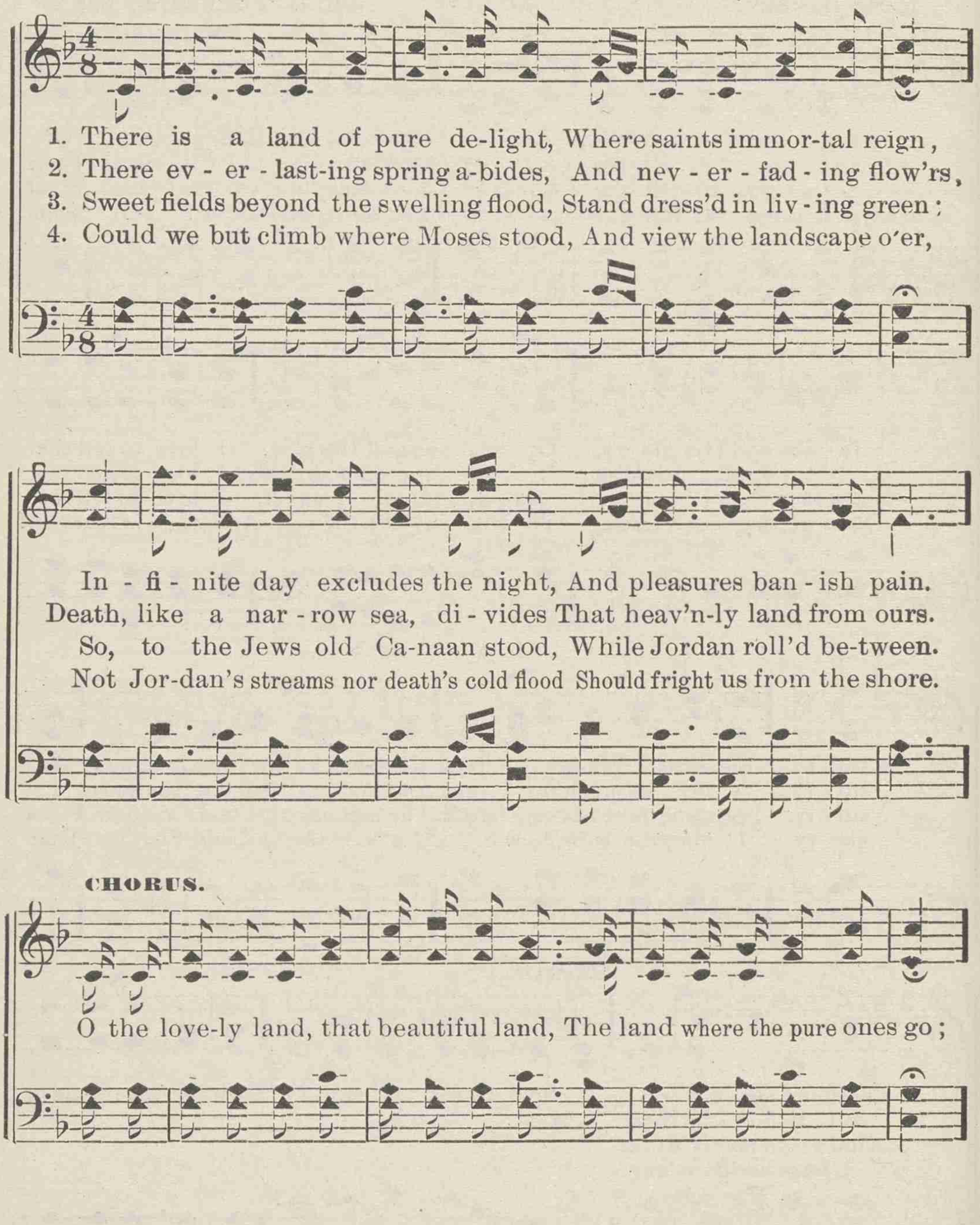
KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



REFRAIN.

No. 58. LOVELY LAND.

Music and Chorus by J. B. VAUGHAN.



From "Gospel Voice," pub. by J. B. Vaughan, Elberton, Ga., by per.

No. 59. SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

Sel. by J. E. H.

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

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

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

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

No. 60. AT THE CROSS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

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

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 61. OVER THERE. P. M.

D W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, (o-ver there;) Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, (o-ver there;) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest, (o-ver there;) Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see, (o-ver there;) Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white (o-ver there.) O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God (o-ver there.)
fly to the land of the blest (o-ver there.)
watching and wait - ing for me (o-ver there.) O - ver there,

there, O think of a home o - ver there; O - ver there,
o-ver there, O-ver there, o-ver there,

O - ver there, o - ver there, O think of a home o - ver there.

No. 62. WILL YOU BE READY?

*Arr by S. J. OSLIN.

1. Will you be read - y when Je - sus comes a-gain? Are you sure you're
2. Think of the sol - dier who pierced my Saviour's side; Think of the
3. Blind-ed Jews re-ject-ed Christ and cried, "Away with Him!" Pilate said, "What
4. Two will be to - geth - er, and grind-ing at the mill; Two will be to-
5. Then the sun will cease to shine—the moon will not give light; Stars will then be

born a-gain and washed in Je-sus' blood? Are your garments spot-less, and
mul - ti-tude who did my Lord de - ride, Say-ing, "He saved oth - ers, Him-
hath He done? I find no fault in Him; If I cru - ci - fy your Lord His
geth - er in sleep so calm and still; One will then be ta - ken, the
fall - ing, O what a dreadful sight! Na-tions of the earth will mourn and

are you pure and good? Will you be read - y when Je - sus comes?
self He can - not save;" What an aw - ful sight to them when Je - sus comes?
blood will be on you;" What a weep-ing there will be when Je - sus comes?
oth - er left be - hind, Some will not be read - y when Je - sus comes?
wail be - cause of Him; Saints of God will shout and sing when Je - sus comes?

REFRAIN.

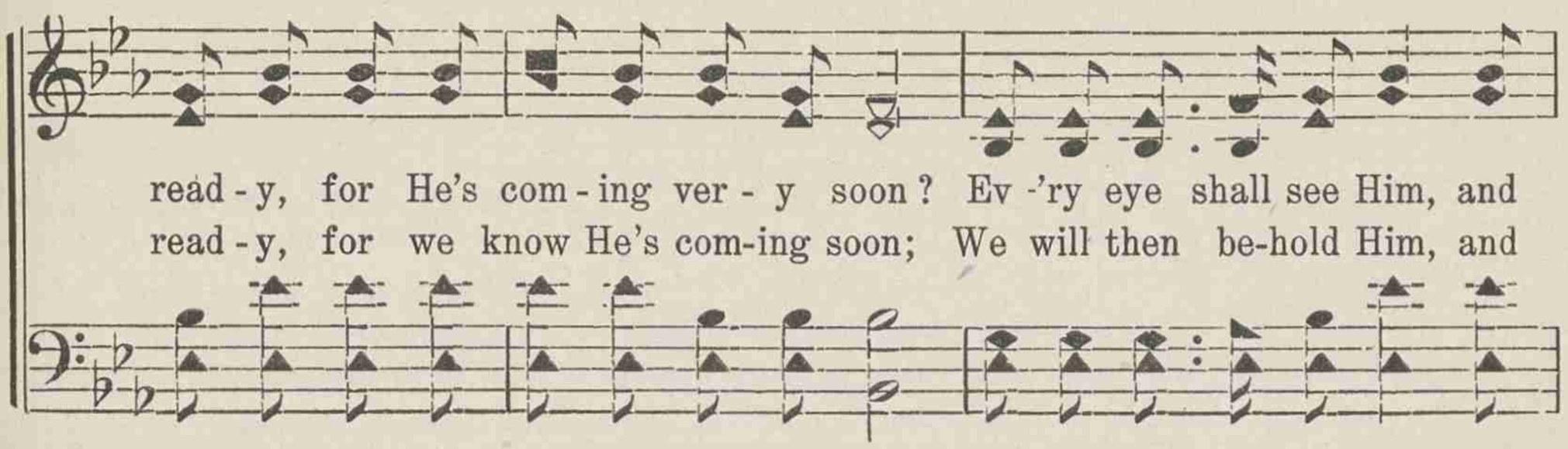
Will you be read - y when Je - sus comes? Will you be
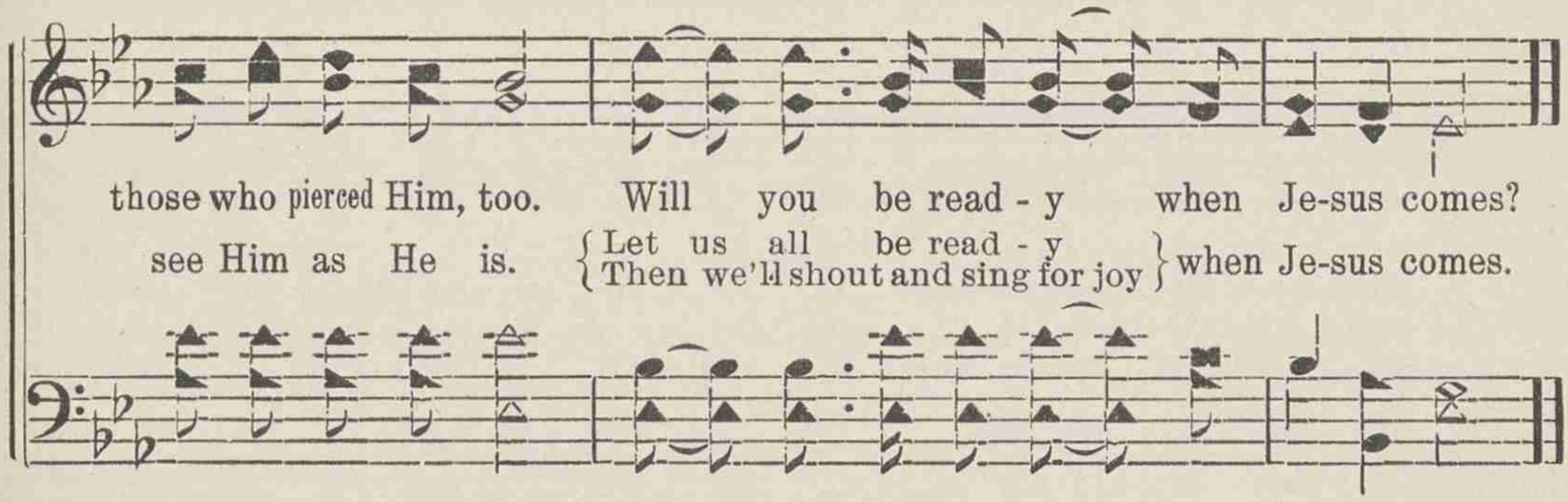
Repeat after last stanza.

Let us all be read - y when Je - sus comes? Let us all be
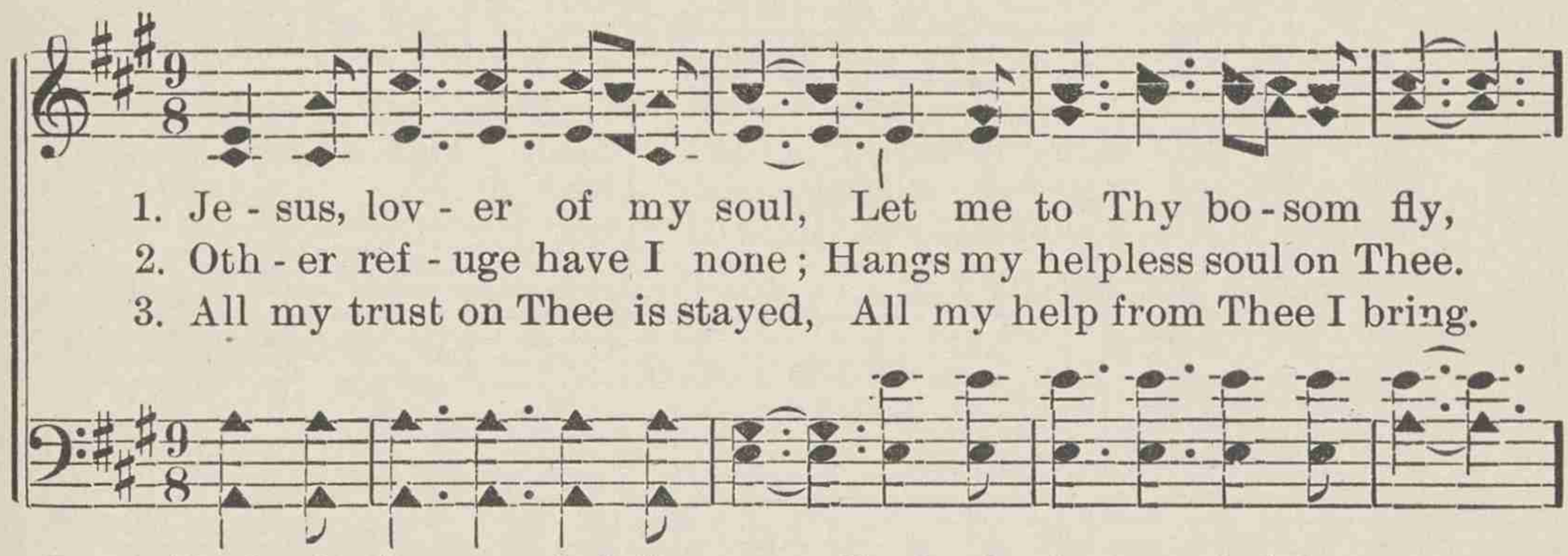
* This arrangement is not copyrighted, and is free to any who may want to use it.

WILL YOU BE READY? Concluded.
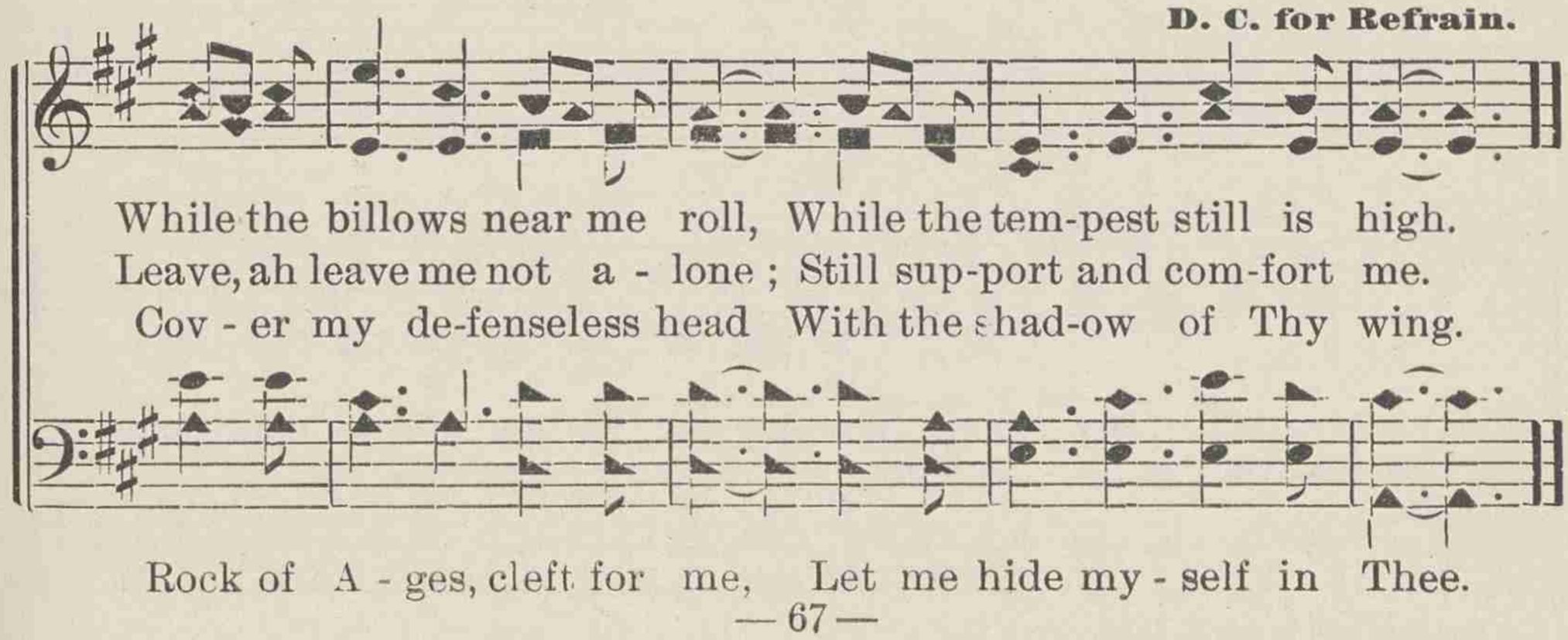




No. 63. ROCK OF AGES. 7s.



D. C. for Refrain.



No. 64. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis- ions of rap -ture now
3. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look -ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Jno. F. Knapp.

No. 65. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 JOHN 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS. By per.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sunlight in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the blessed sun-light in!
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the blessed sun-light in!
Would you joy and strength im-part, Let the blessed sun-light in!
Would you bring the world to God, Let the blessed sun-light in!

CHORUS.

Let the bless-ed sun-light in! Let the sun-light in!
bless-ed sun-light in! Would you nev-er wea-ry sun-light in!

Repeat Chorus softly.

When the days are drear-y, Let the bless-ed sun-light in! sun-light in!

Copyright, 1887, by A. F. Myers, Toledo, O. From "The Seed Sower."

No. 66. HE LEADS ME.

Miss Eula Florence. Emmett S. Dean.

1. The Sav-ior gen-tly leads me by the hand, And shields me
2. The lov-ing Sav-ior guides my wayward feet A-long the
3. Removes temptations hard to o-ver-come, And bur-dens

1. The Sav-ior gen-tly leads me by the hand, And shields me
2. The lov-ing Sav-ior guides my wayward feet A-long the
3. Re-moves temp-ta-tions hard to o-ver-come, And bur-dens

from the tempter's snare; Thro' shadows dark He ev-er lights the
rug-ged paths of life; Up mountains steep, whose sides I could not
heav-y takes a-way; He gently leads me from the haunts of

from the tempter's snare, the tempter's snare; Thro shad-ows dark He
rug-ged paths, the rug-ged paths of life; Up moun-tains steep, whose
heav-y, bur-dens heav-y takes a-way; He gen-tly leads me

way, And safe-ly keeps me in His care.
climb Should He for-sake me in the strife;
sin, When oft-en from Him I would stray.

ev-er lights the way, And safe-ly keeps me, safe-ly keeps me in His care.
sides I could not climb Should He for-sake, should He for-sake me in the strife;
from the haunts of sin, When oft-en from Him, oft-en from Him I would stray.

REFRAIN.

The Sav - - - - ior leads me, yes, He leads me on, and
The Sav-ior leads me on, He leads me, yes. He leads me, ev-er

Copyright, 1901, by Emmett S. Dean. From "Gospel Gleaner."

HE LEADS ME—Concluded.

on, Thro' shadows dark He lights the way;
leads me on and on, He lights the way;

The Sav - - - - ior leads me, yes, He leads me on and
The Sav - ior leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

on, To mansions fair and endless day.
leads me on and on, that endless day.

No. 67. AVON. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. HUGH WILSON.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame;
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet the mem-'ry still!
4. Re-turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest!

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re-fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 68. LOOK UNTO ME.

REV. L. A. MORRIS. C. L. YOUNG.

1. A - way from thy sad-ness and sor-row, Look un-to Me, look un-to Me;
2. When life's rugged billows o'er-flow thee, Look un-to Me, look un-to Me;
3. If troub-le and doubt o-ver-take thee, Look un-to Me, look un-to Me;
4. When called to pass thro' the dark val - ley, Look un-to Me, look un-to Me;

O do not de - lay till to - mor - row, Look un - to Me, to Me.
My arms are a - bove and be - low thee, Look un - to Me, to Me.
I'll nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake thee, Look un - to Me, to Me.
No e - vil shall ev - er be - fall thee, Look un - to Me, to Me.

CHORUS.
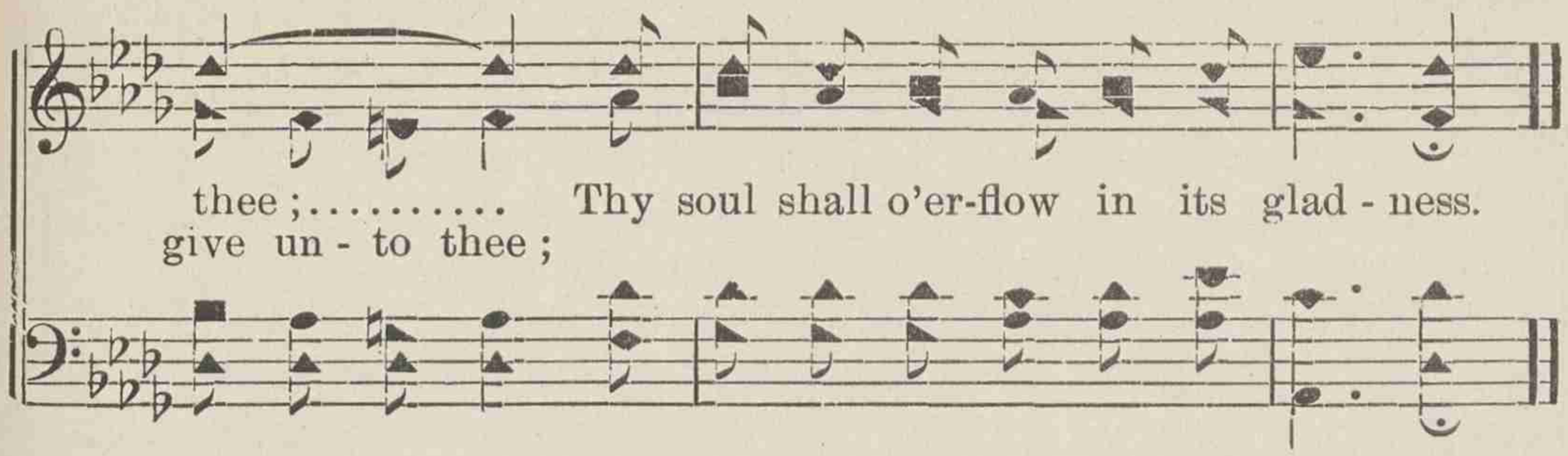
O wea - - - - ry one, look,..... now look..... un - to
O wea-ry one, look, now look un - to Me, O wea-ry one, look, now

Me,..... A - way from thy sor - row and sad - ness; Great
look un - to Me,

joy..... I will give,..... will give..... un - to
joy I will give, will give un - to thee, Great joy I will give, will

Copyright, 1904, by G. L. Young.
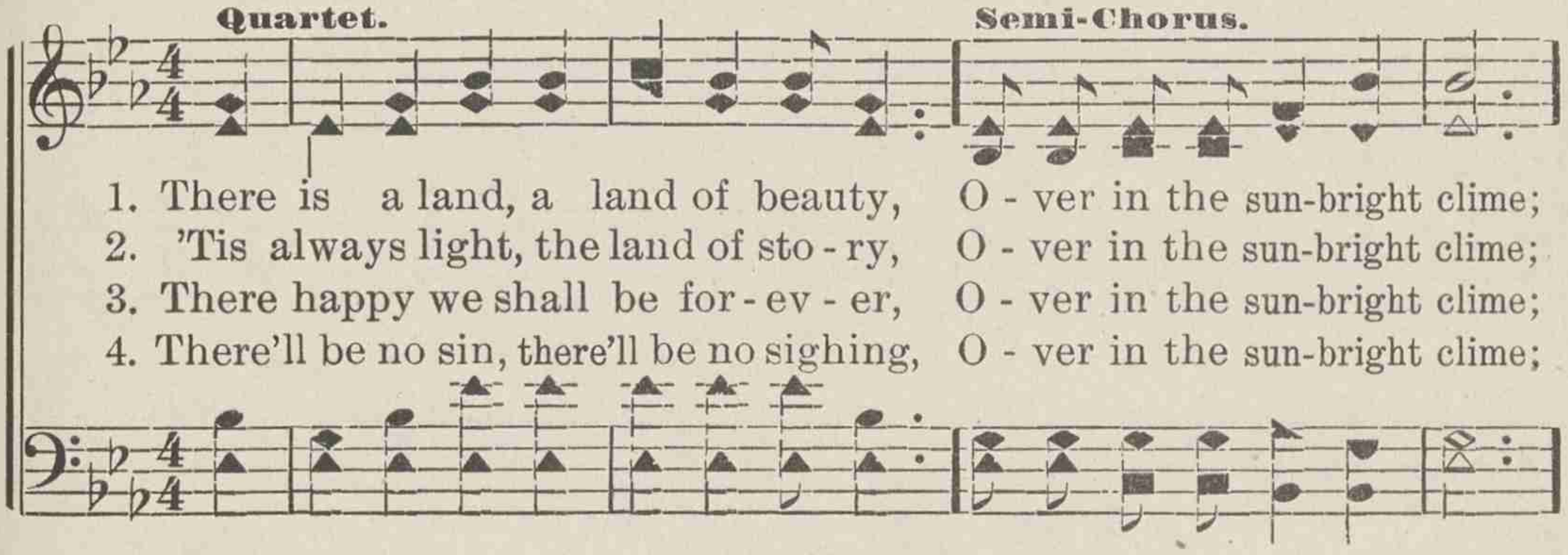
LOOK UNTO ME. Concluded.

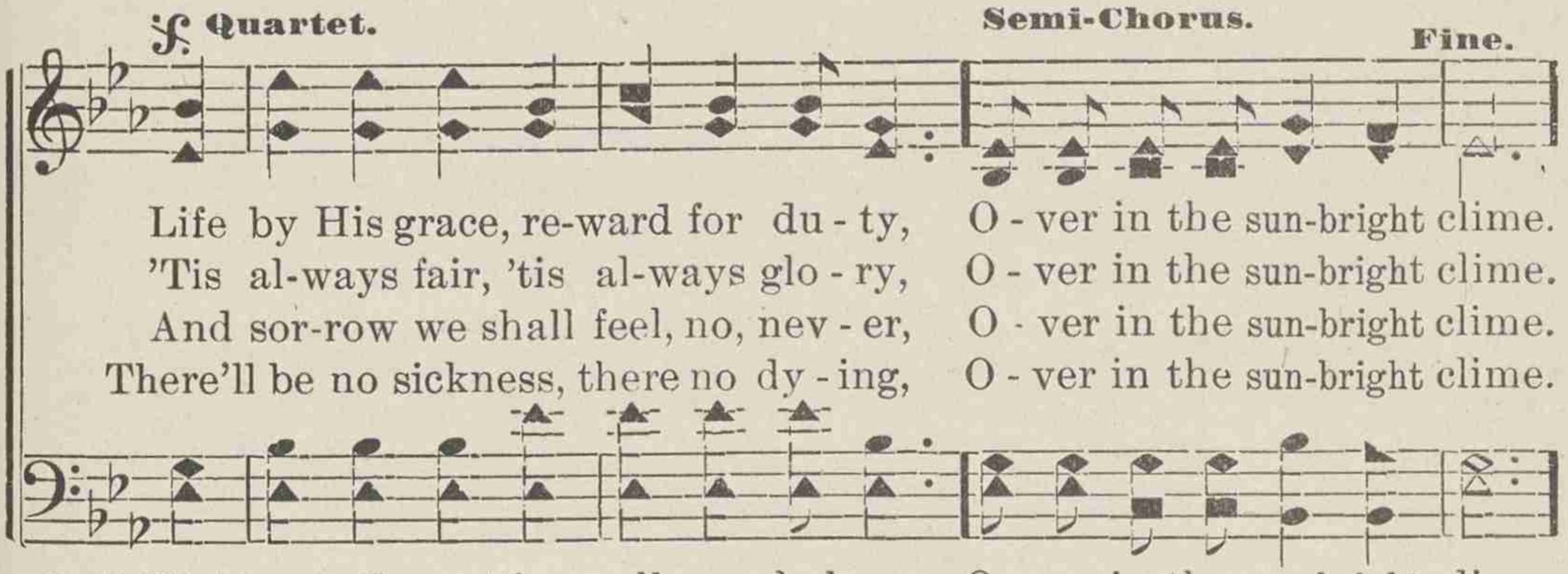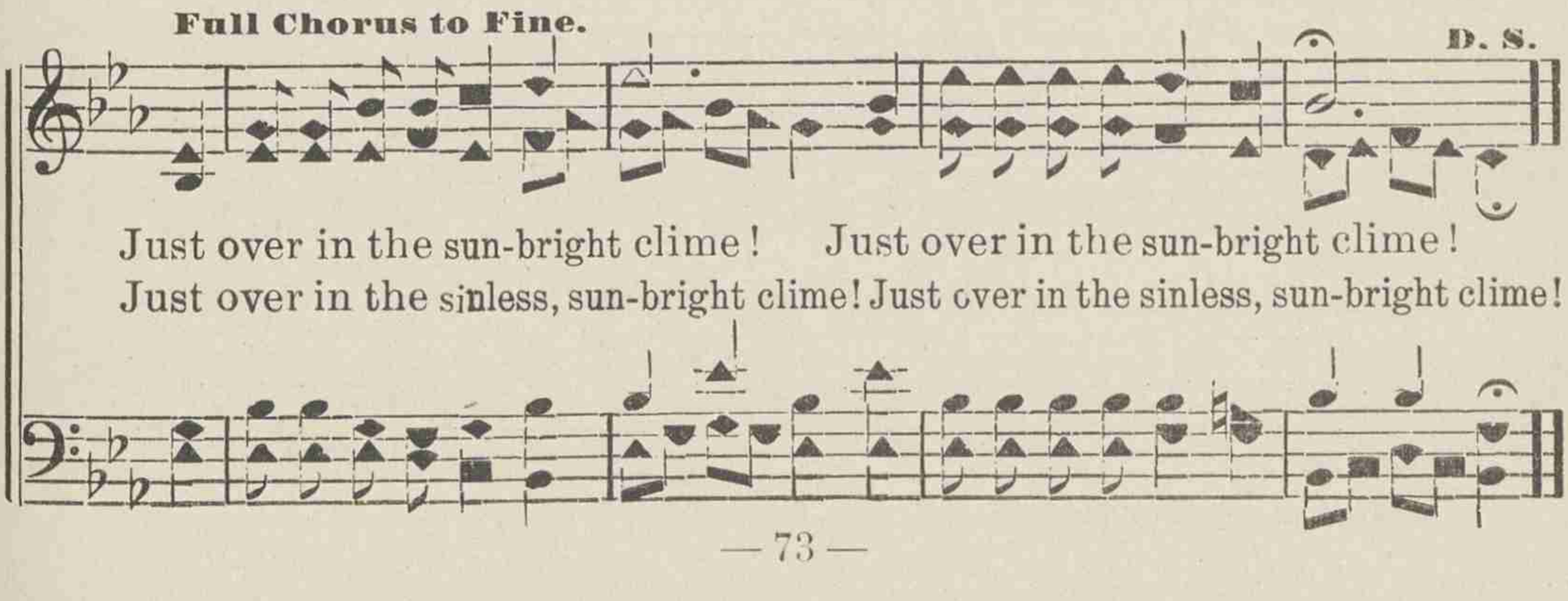


No. 69. OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

"The Lord giveth them light."—REV. 22: 5.

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN. By per.
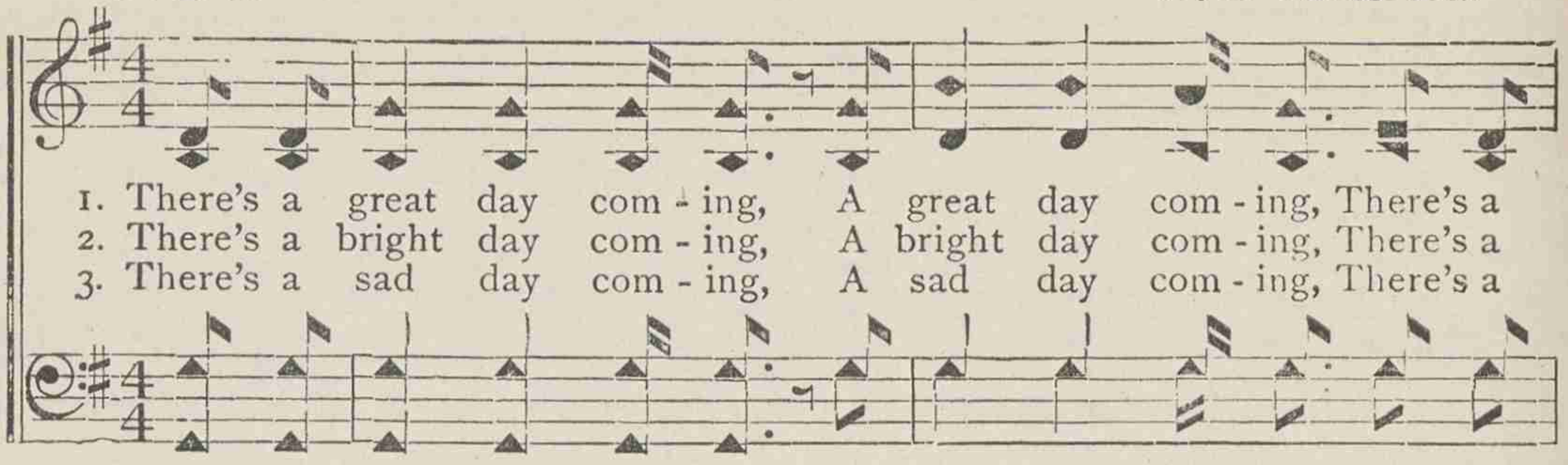


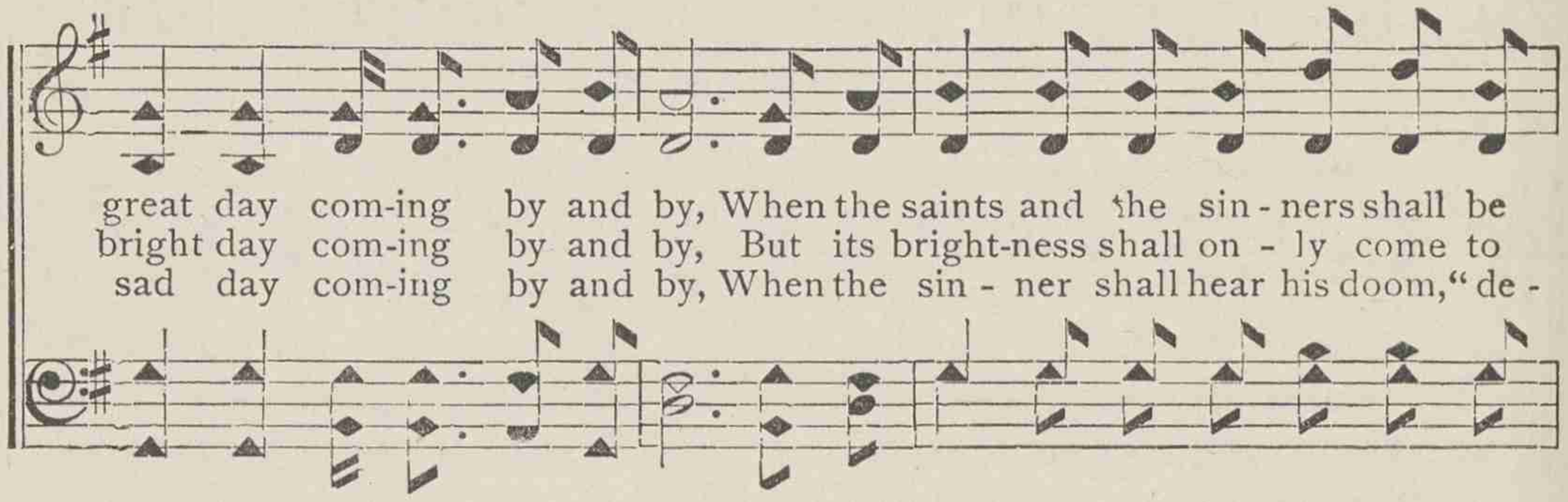


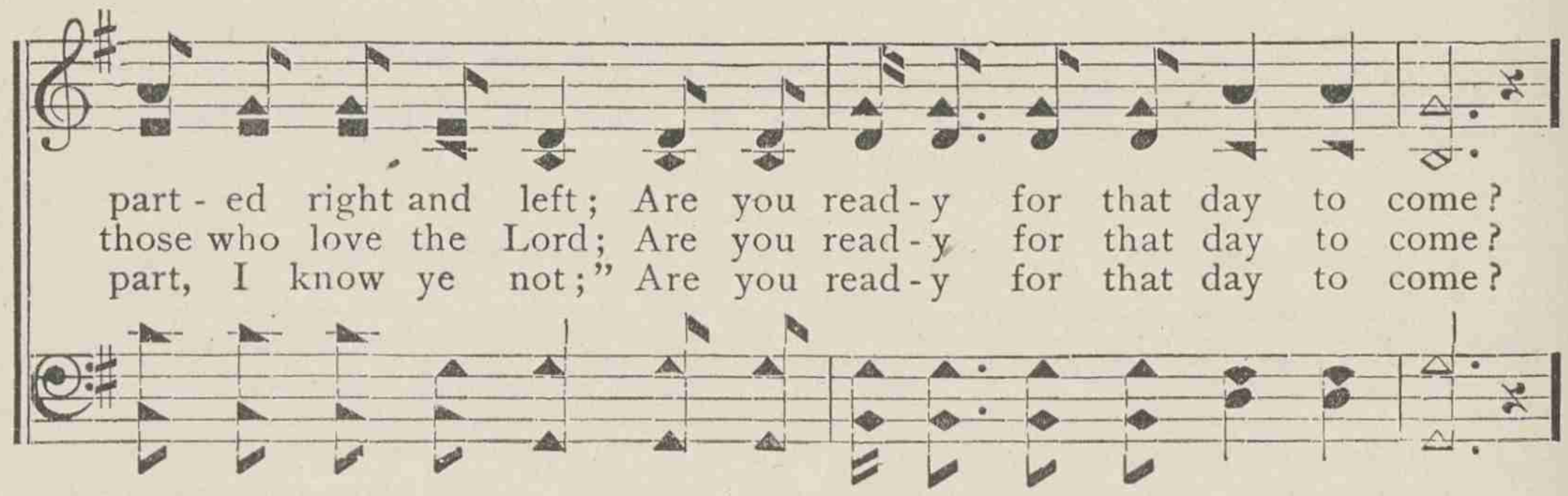


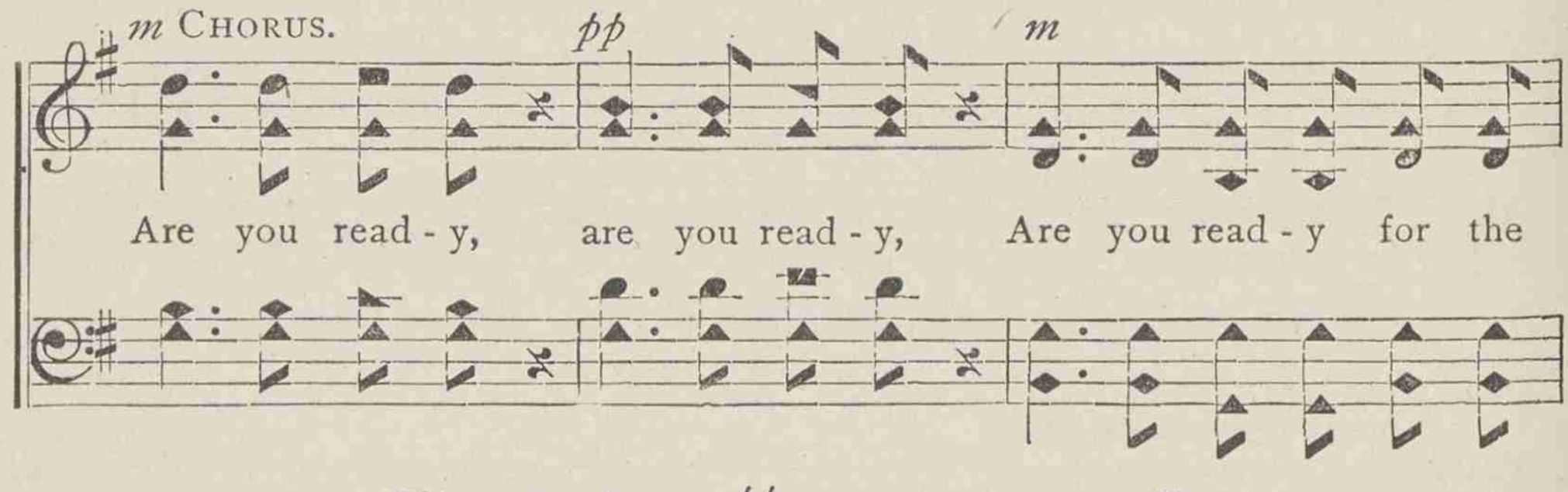
No. 70. THERE'S A GREAT DAY.

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









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

No. 71. IS THY HEART WITH GOD?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with - out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.
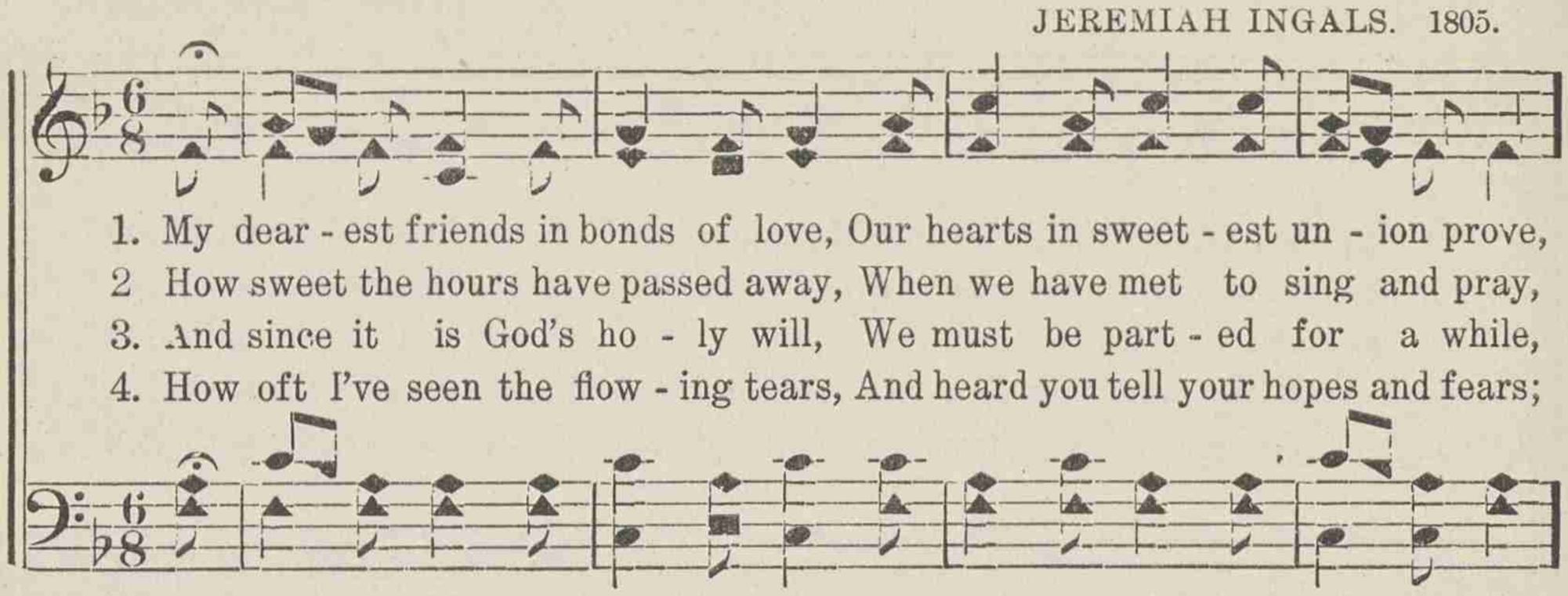
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

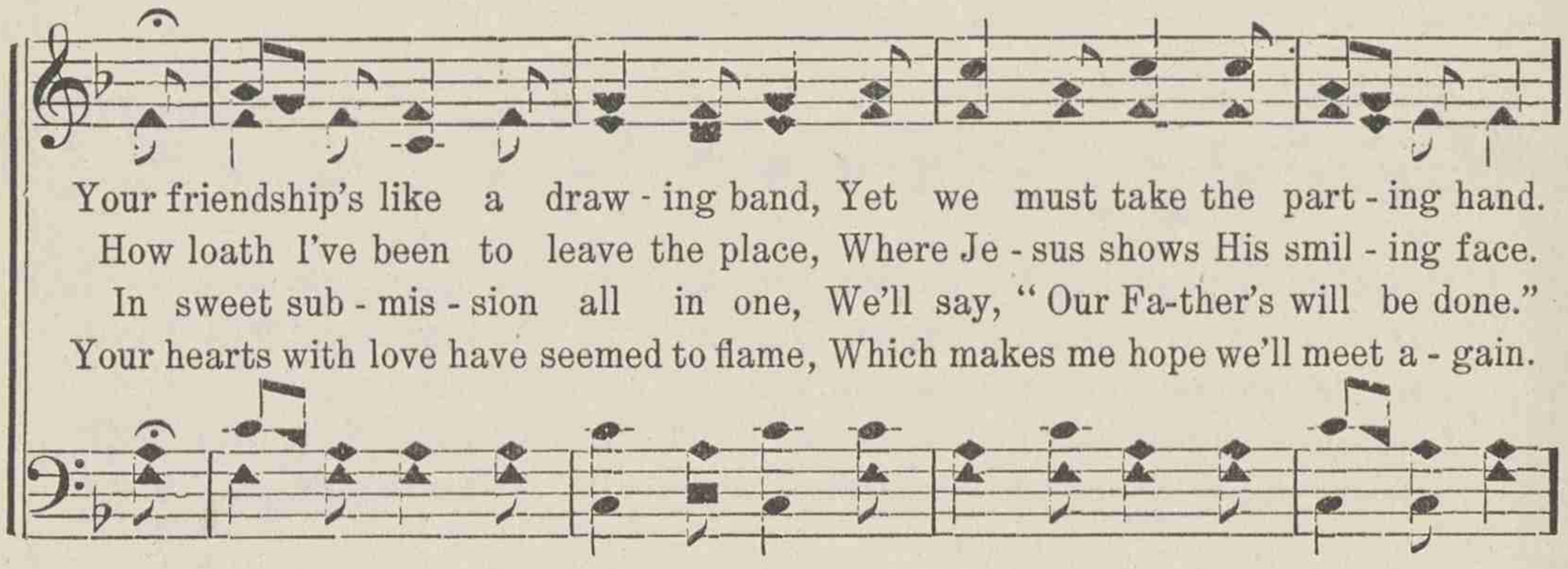
Cleans'd and made ho-ly, hum-ble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?
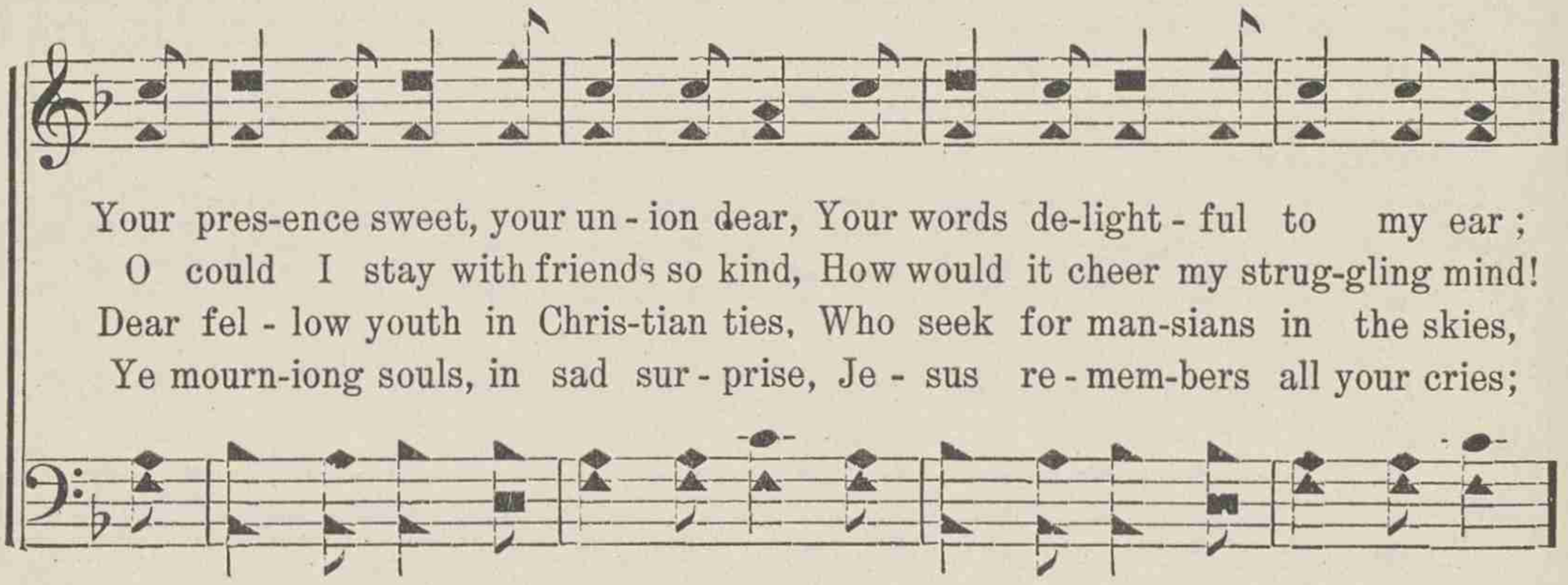
Used by permission of E. A. Hoffman, owner of copyright.

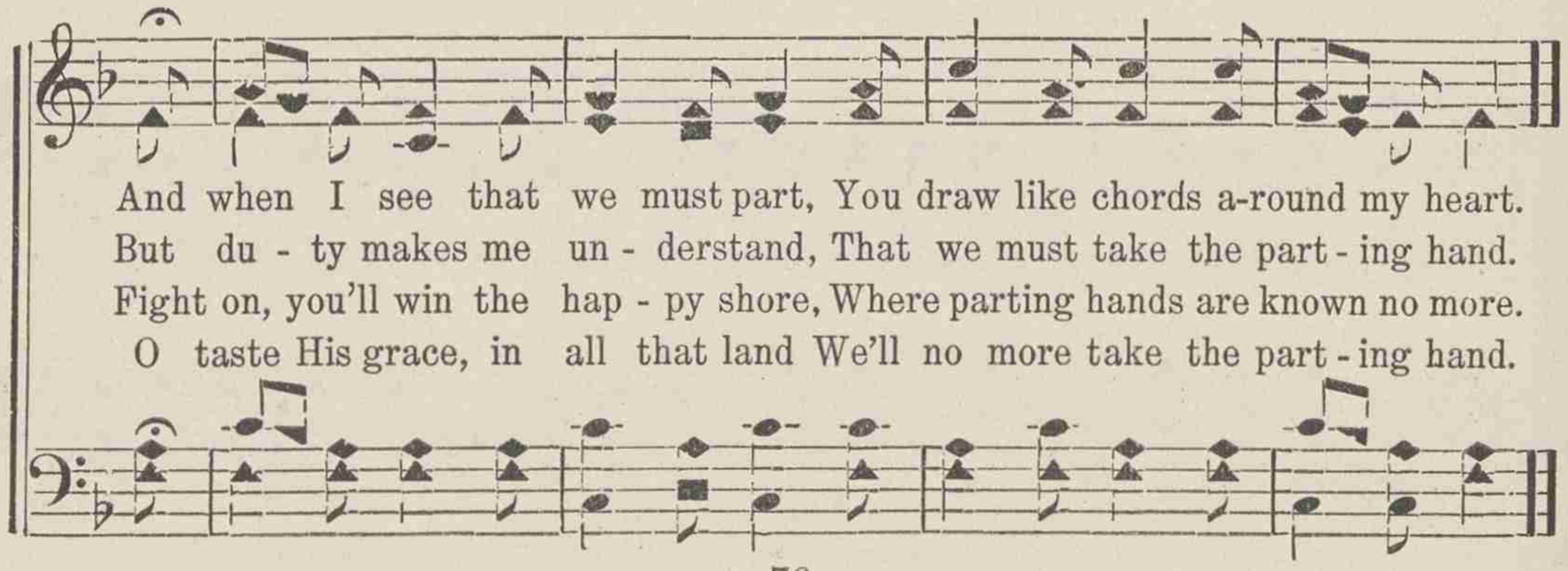
No. 72. PARTING HAND. L. M. D.

JEREMIAH INGALS. 1805.
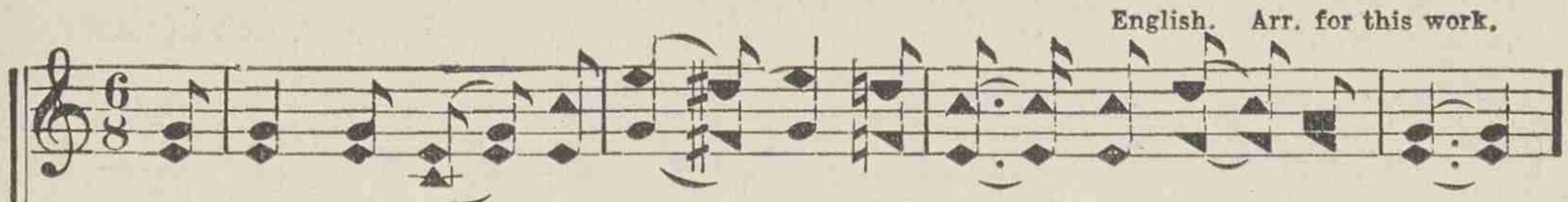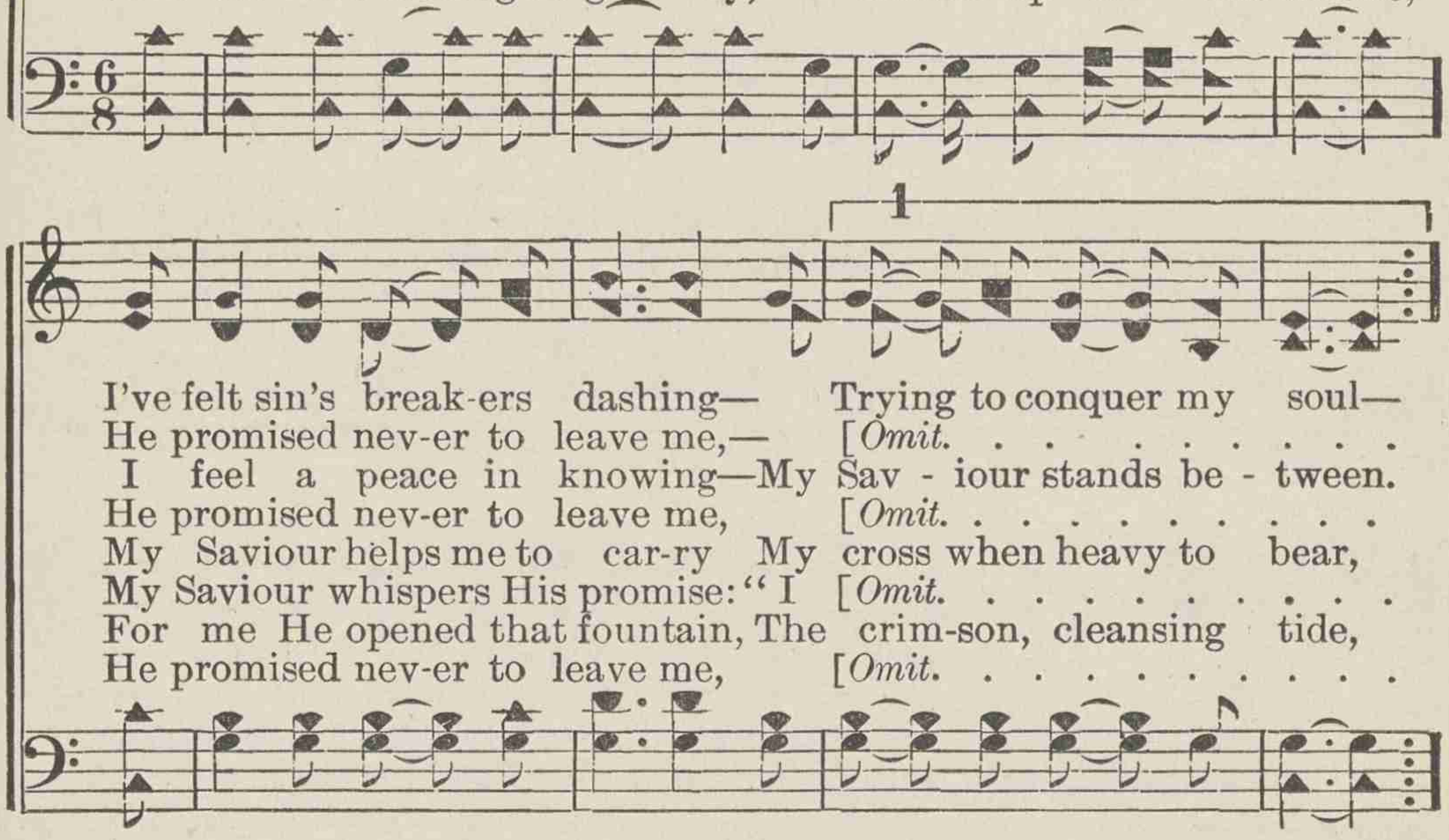








No. 73. NEVER ALONE.
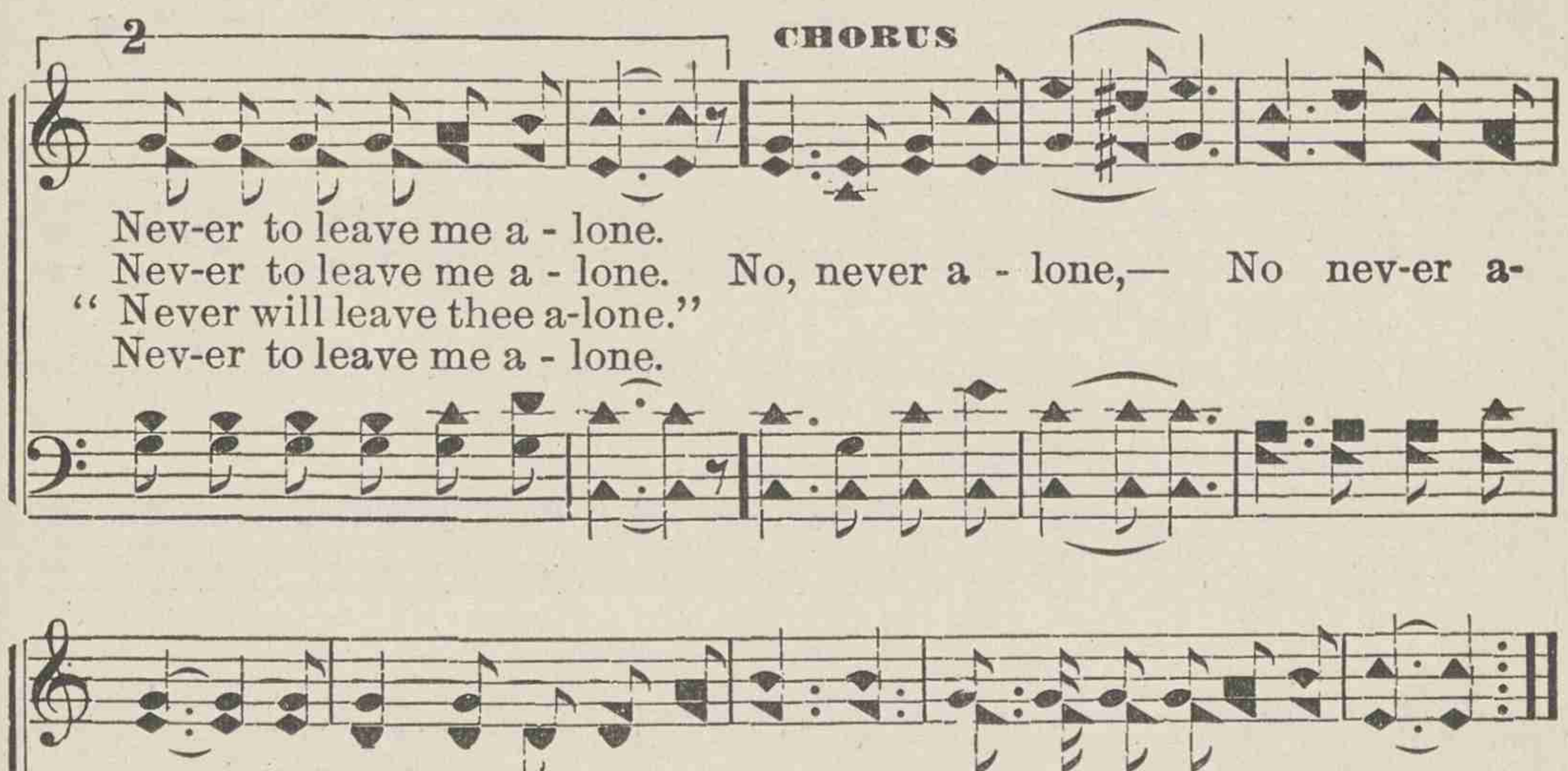
English. Arr. for this work.



1. { I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
   { I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. { The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
   { He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. { When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
   { My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. { He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
   { For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,

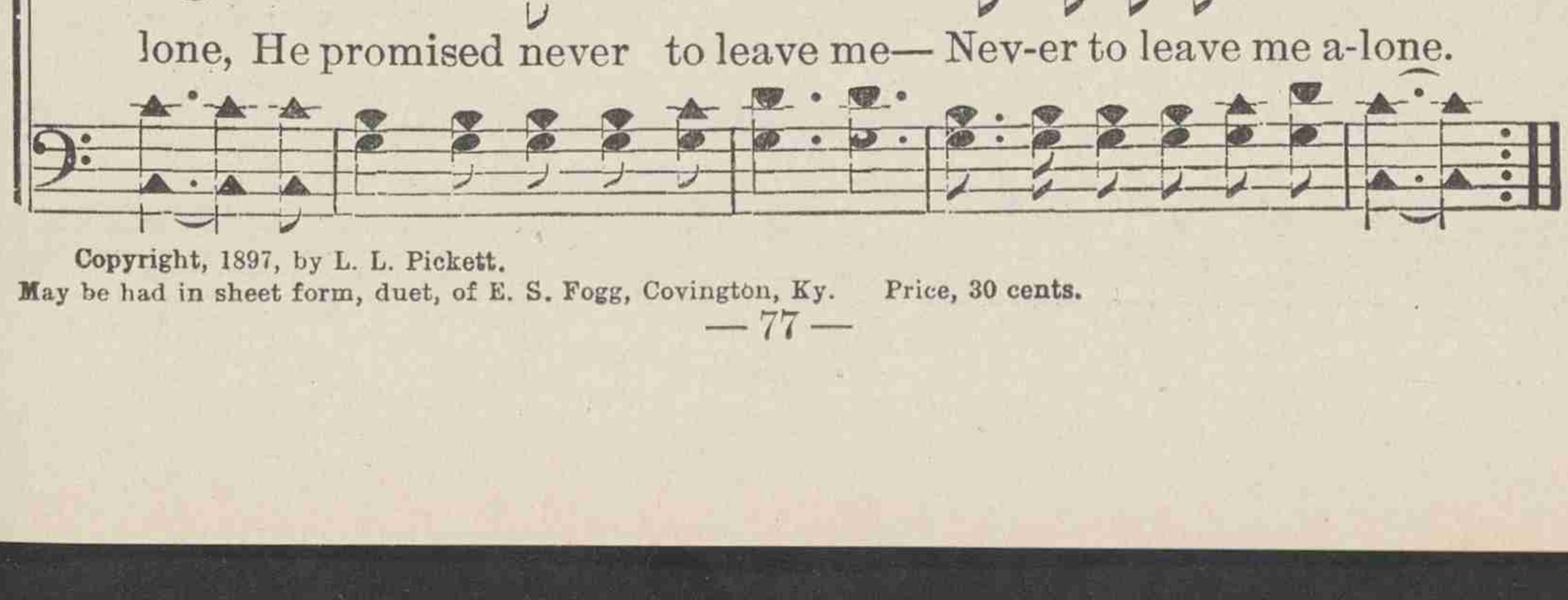


I've felt sin's break-ers dashing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised nev-er to leave me,— [*Omit.* . . . . . .
I feel a peace in knowing—My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .
My Saviour helps me to car-ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I [*Omit.* . . . . . .
For me He opened that fountain, The crim-son, cleansing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .



CHORUS

Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
"Never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.



lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

No. 74. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle,
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di- vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise,
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un-to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges

REFRAIN.

See, His ban - ners go!
One in char - i - ty! Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching
And that can - not fail.
Men and an - gels sing.
as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

No. 75. I AM RESTING.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O my heart is thrill'd with wondrous joy to - day, I am
2. At the fount - ain o - pened for the soul un - clean, I am
3. All my doubts are van-ished,, all my fears are gone, I am
4. O the bliss and rapt - ure! O the won-drous peace! I am

rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trust - ing in His grace I
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus,
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so

all my sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love.
ventured free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love.
lo! the work was done, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love.
pure a joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Saviour's love.

REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

No. 76. BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes so white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev - er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O - ver in yon-der sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti - ful crown I'll wear, Shin-ing with
When from this world we're free, Free from its toil and care, Heav - en - ly
Count - ing my treas - ures o'er, Where we shall nev - er die, Car - ry me

stars o'er there, Yon - der in man-sions fair, Gath - er us there.
joys to share, Let me cross o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
by and by, Nev - er to sor - row more, Heav-en - ly store.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful robes,..... Beau-ti - ful land,.....
Beau-ti - ful robes of white, Beau-ti - ful land of light,

Beau-ti - ful home,..... .... Beau-ti - ful band,.....
Beau-ti - ful home so bright, Beau-ti - ful band of might,

BEAUTIFUL ROBES. Concluded.

Beau-ti - ful crown ..... Shining so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beautiful crown, shining, yes, shining so fair,

Beau-ti-ful man - - sion bright, gather us there.....
Beau-ti-ful mansion bright, gather us there, yes, gather us there.

No. 77. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would. I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S. While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

D. S.

No. 78. AT THE CROSS.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is par - don full and free, At the cross, What - so - e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, In the Sav-iour's
3. There's a joy that all may feel, At the cross, If in hum-ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure, At the cross, It is like an

at the cross,

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord entreat, With our
"all is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel, At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope ob-tain, That shall

at the cross;

burdened souls to meet, And bestow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
showered from a-bove, Thro' the Master's dy - ing love, At the cross.
be for us, too late, Mer - cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross.
nev-er prove in vain, While be-liev - ing we re - main, At the cross.

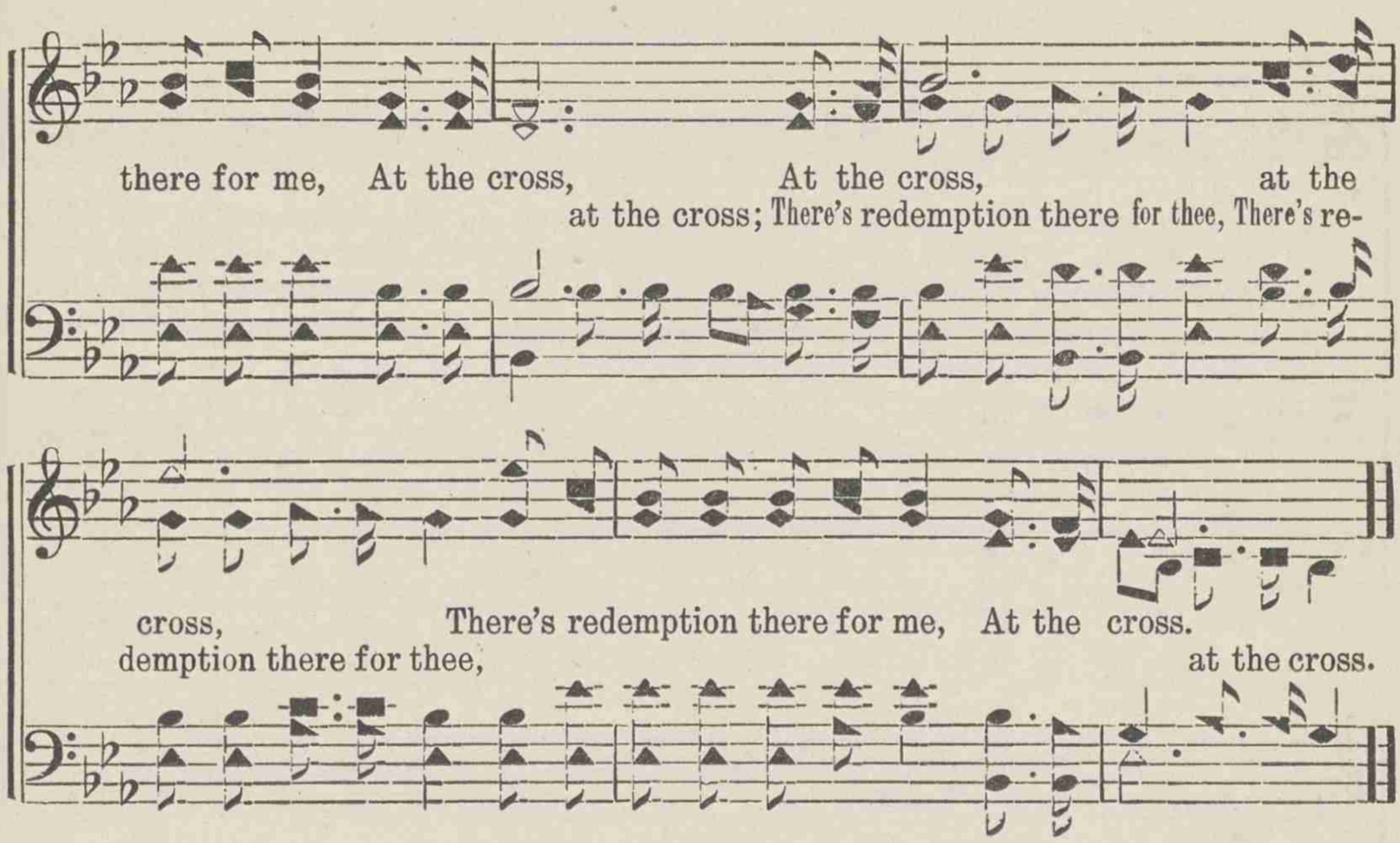
at the cross.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, There's redemption
There's redemption there for thee, There's redemption there for thee,

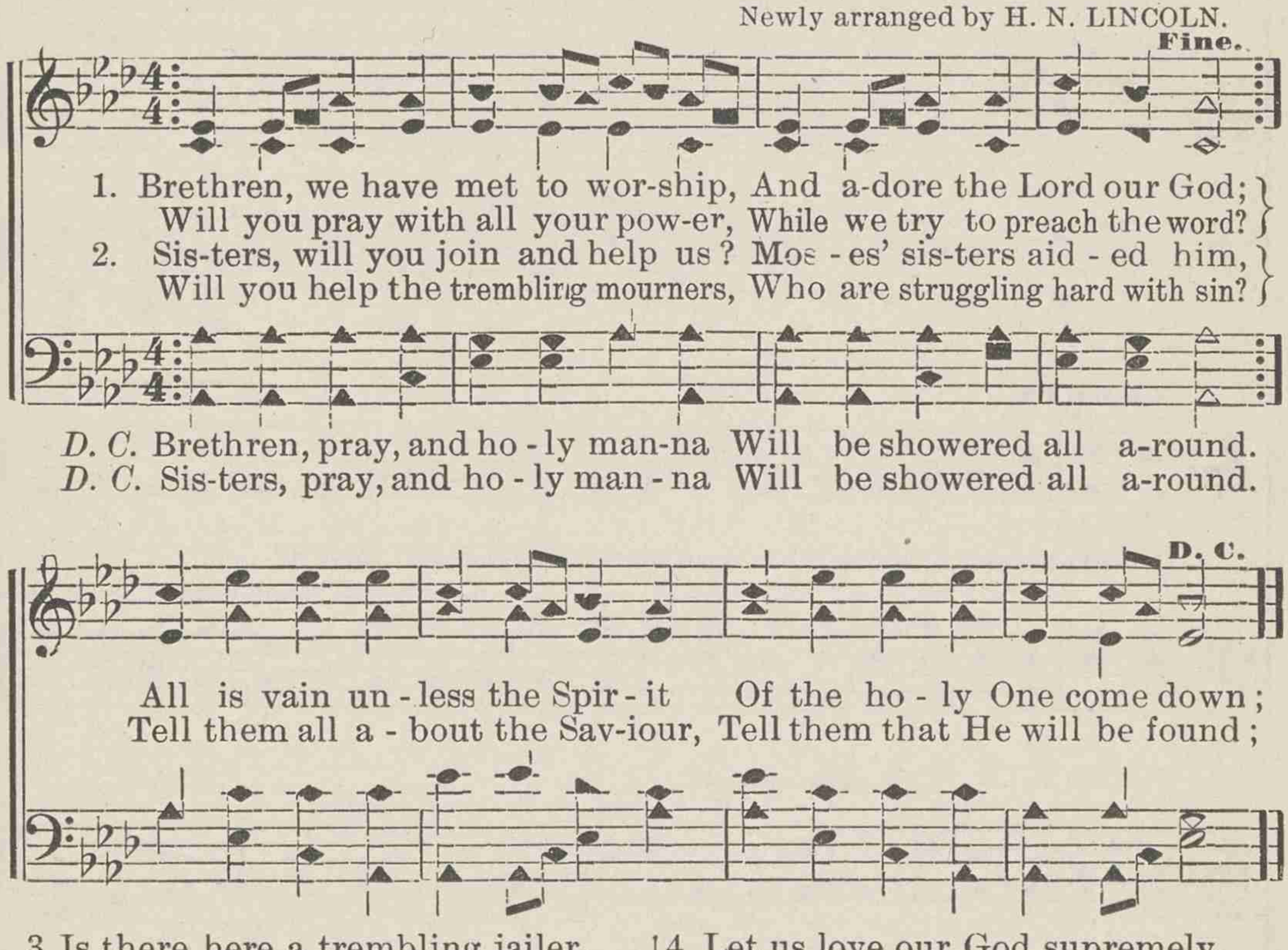
Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

AT THE CROSS. Concluded.



No. 79. HOLY MANNA.

Newly arranged by H. N. LINCOLN.



3 Is there here a trembling jailer,
Seeking grace and filled with tears?
Is there here a weeping Mary
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Brethren, join your cries to help them;
Sisters, let your prayers abound;
Pray, O pray that holy manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.
Then He'll call us home to heaven;
At His table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird Himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

No. 80. BEAUTIFUL FIELDS OF GRAIN.

"White already to harvest."—JOHN 4: 35.

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

DUET. *

1. Those beautiful, beau-ti-ful fields of grain Are ripe in the val-ley and on the plain;
2. The world is a beau-ti-ful har-vest field, Go work and abundant will be the yield,
3. The reapers are toiling from morn till night; A song of sweet gladness and great delight
4. When life with its tri-als is o'er and done, And home we are wandering one by one,

Inst.

Rit.

Go put in the sick-les and bring them in, Those beau-ti - ful fields of grain.
Your la - bor for Je - sus will not be vain, Go har-vest the gold - en grain.
Is heard as they gath-er and reap the grain Of beau-ti - ful fields of grain.
How pleasant to see, as we leave the plain, Those beau-ti-ful sheaves of grain.

CHORUS.

O those beautiful, beautiful fields of grain, We'll harvest them all,.....
and gather them in;

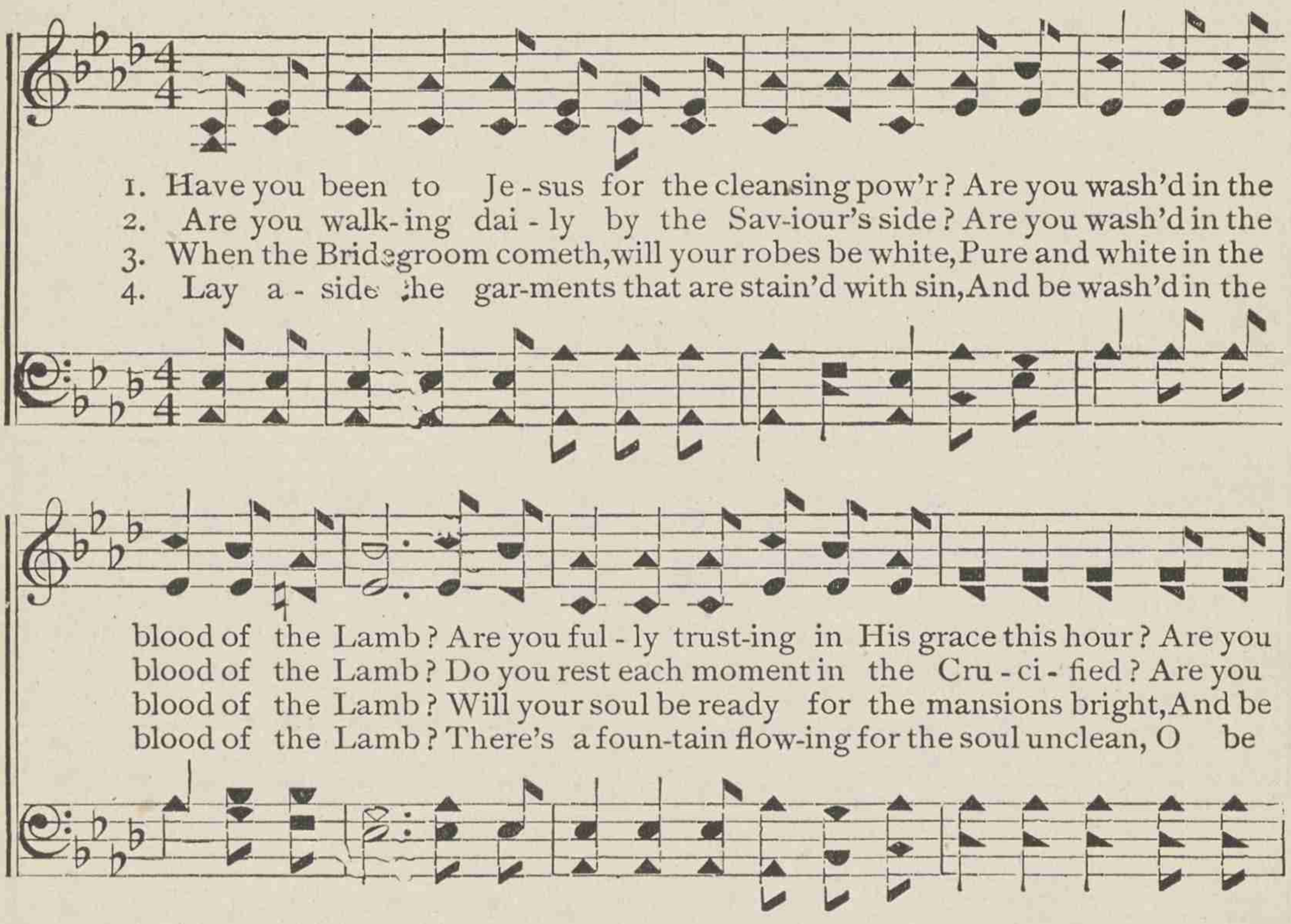
rit.

We'll harvest them all,..... Those beautiful fields of grain.....
and gather them in, beau-ti-ful grain.

* May be used as a soprano solo.

No. 81. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Words and music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



From "Spiritual Songs," by permission.

No. 82. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

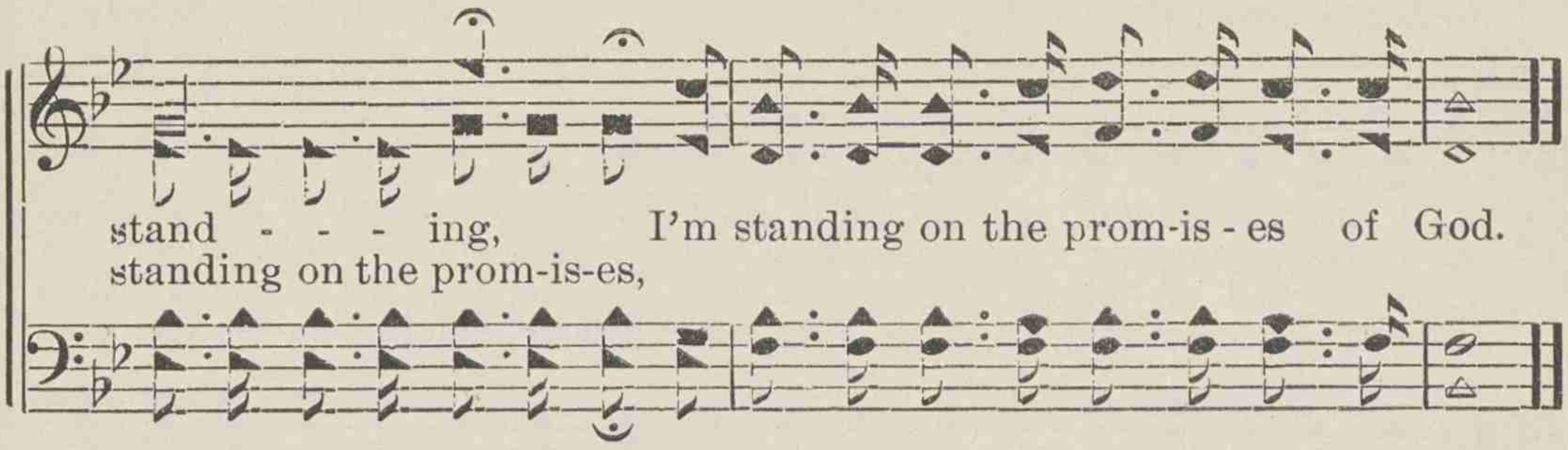
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see, Per-fect, present cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e- ter - nal-ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,

CHORUS.
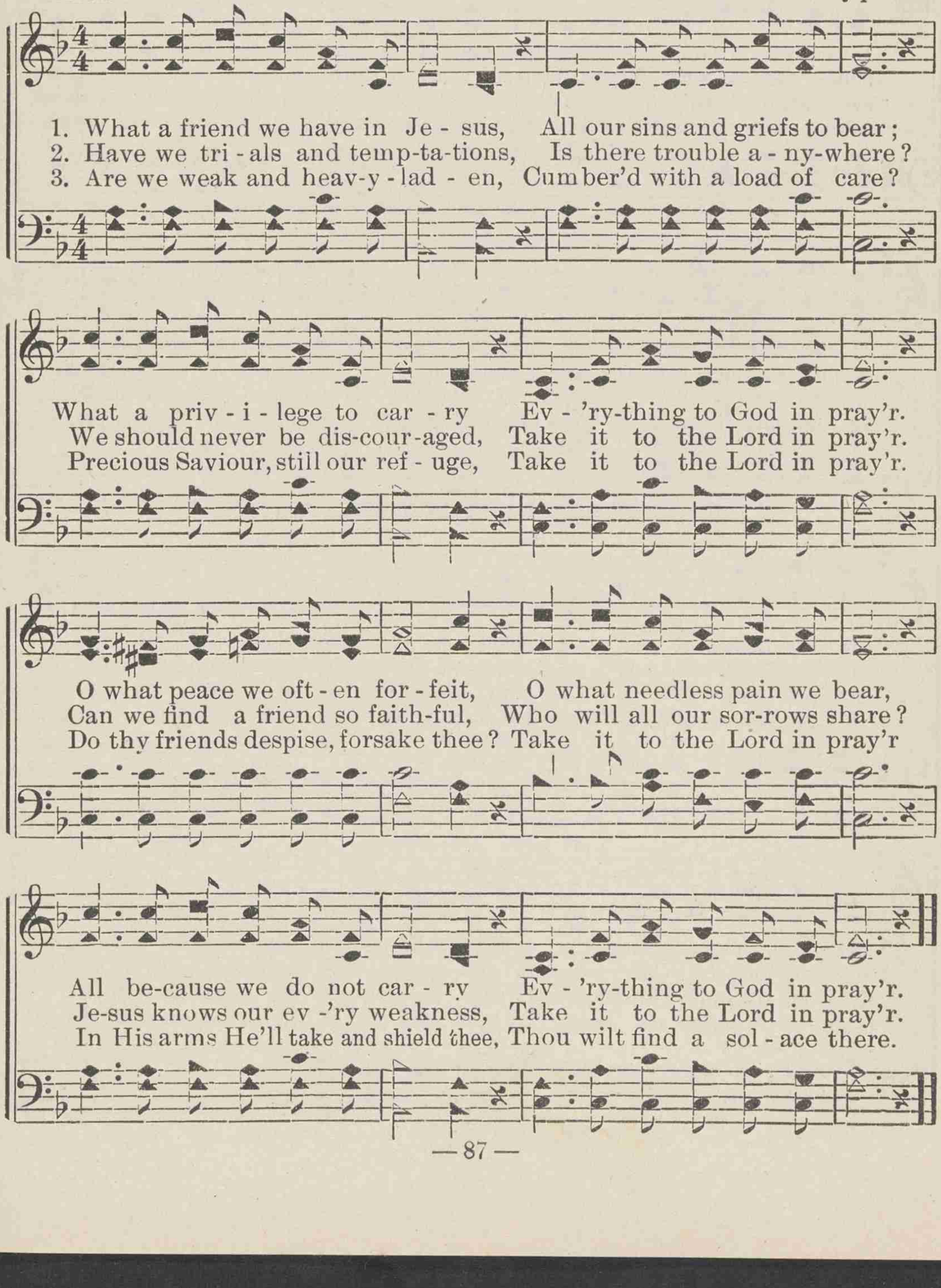
Stand - - - ing, stand - - - ing Standing on the prom - is - es of God.
Standing on the promises, standing on the promis-es, Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.
prom - is - es of God my Sav-iour; Stand - - - - ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.

STANDING ON THE PROMISES. Concluded.



No. 83. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

Anon. C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



No. 84. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

Words and melody by REV. J. K. ALWOOD. J. F. KINSEY. By per.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of a home far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow,
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their sor- rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain

O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles,
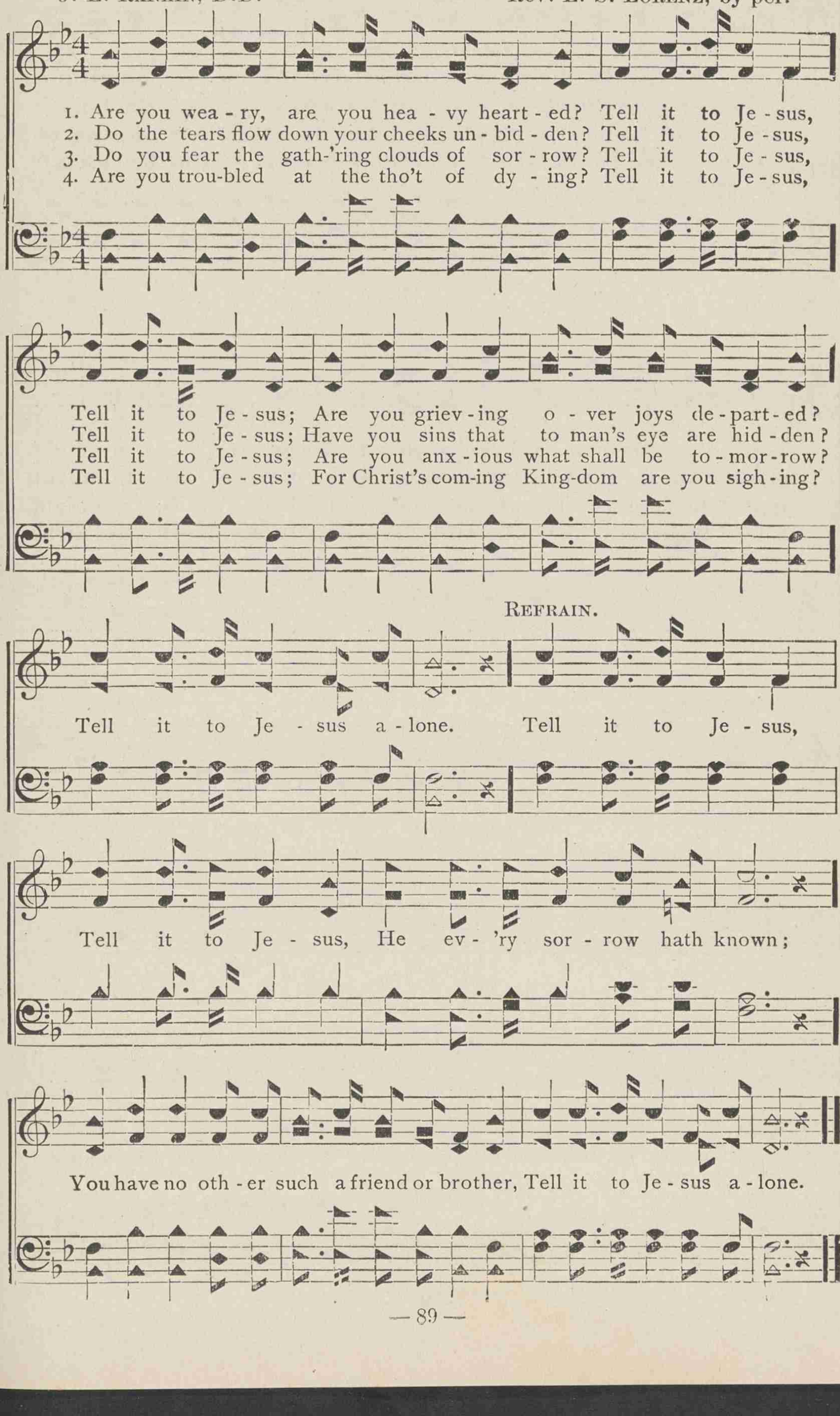
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud - ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of His love - beam - ing eye; O the King in His

home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud - ed sky.
friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud - ed sky.
King on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud - ed sky.
beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud - ed sky.

No. 85. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"Tell it to Jesus."— Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.



No. 86. O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. By per.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be sav'd, O to-night.
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, O then be wise, Be sav'd, O to-night.
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Be sav'd, O to-night.
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-ed none Who would to Him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be sav'd, O to-night.

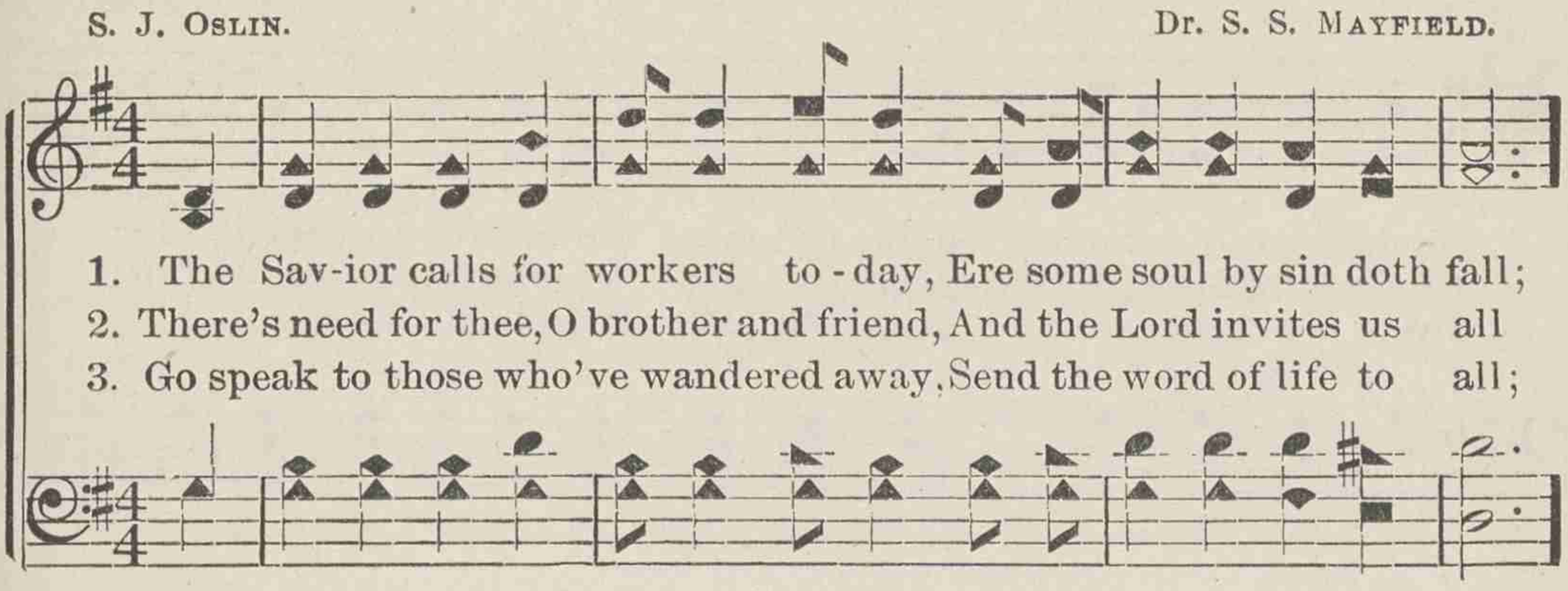
CHORUS.

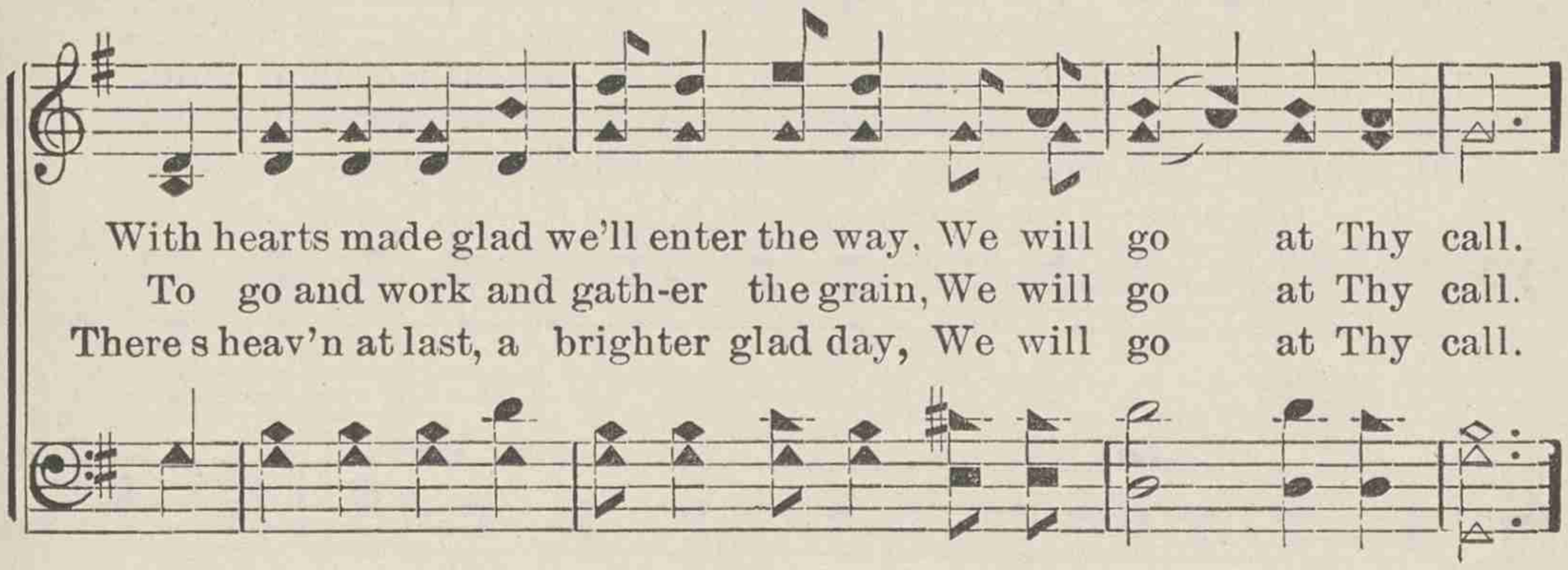
O why not to-night? O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?
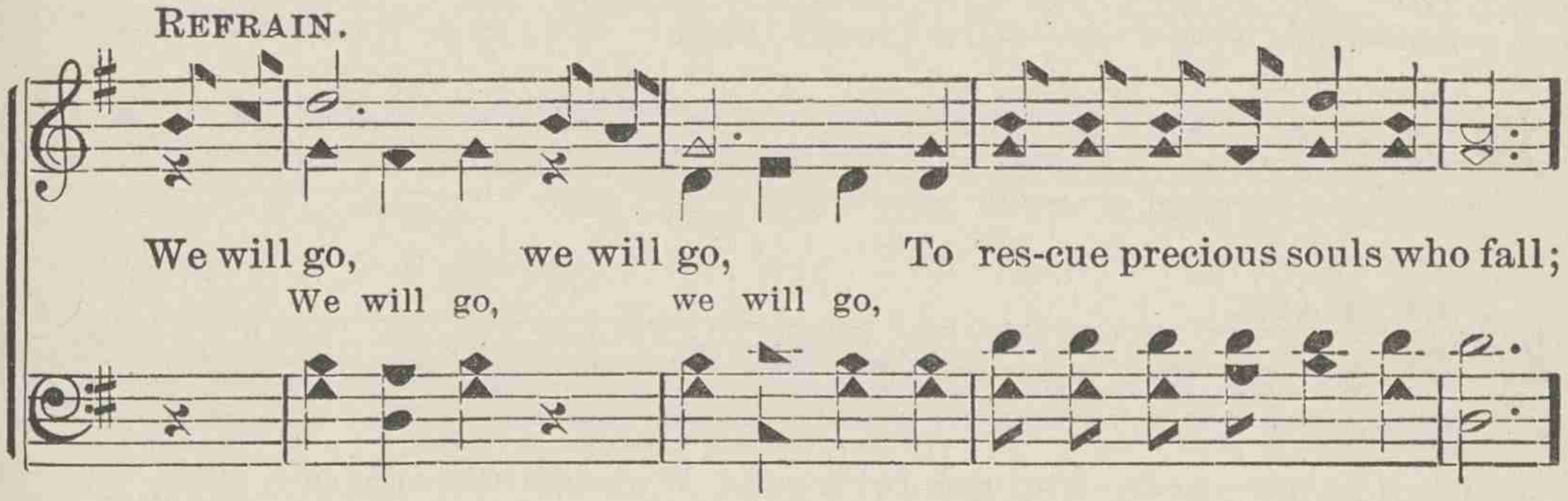
No. 87. WE WILL GO AT THY CALL.

S. J. OSLIN. Dr. S. S. MAYFIELD.





REFRAIN.

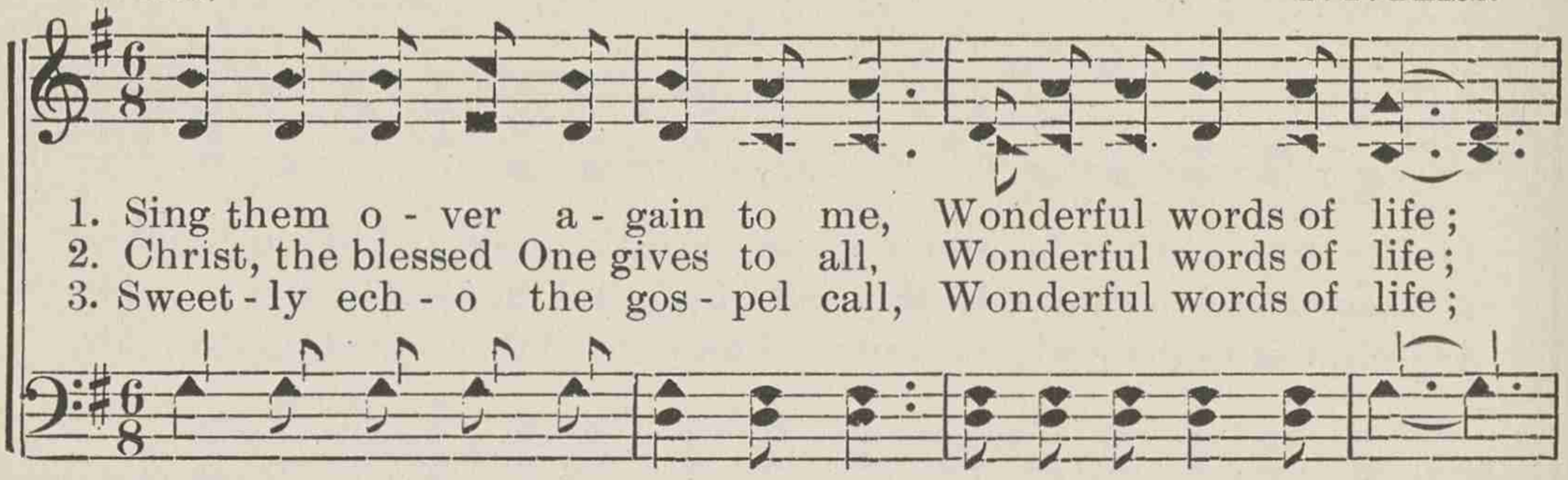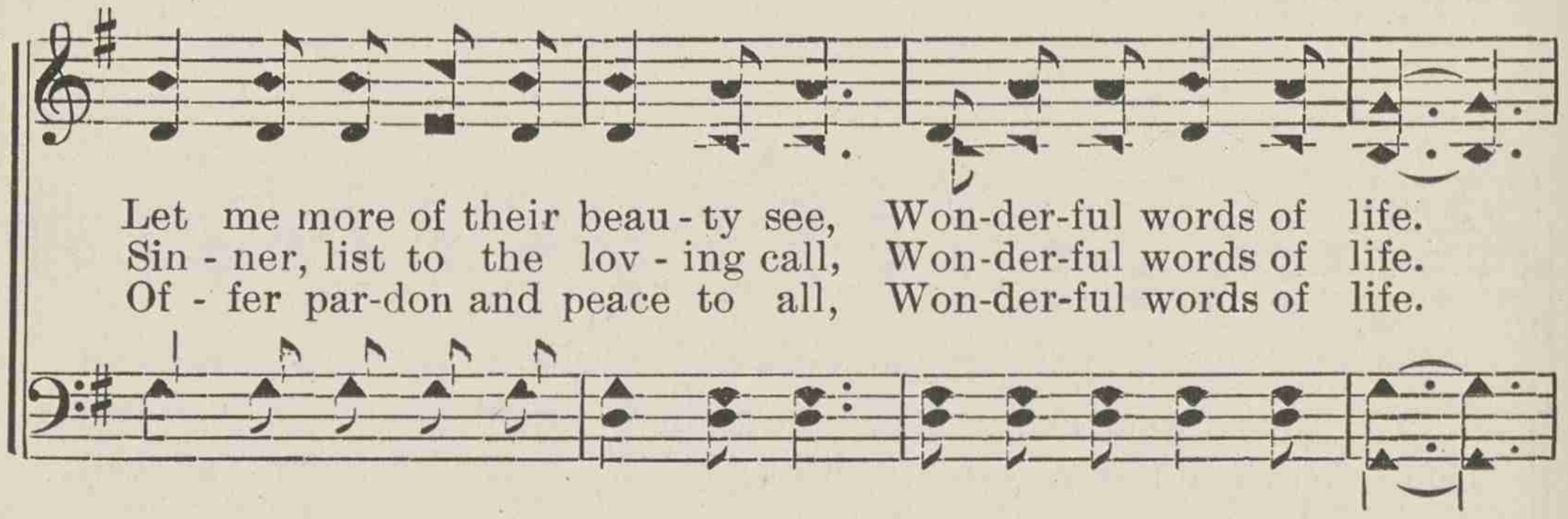


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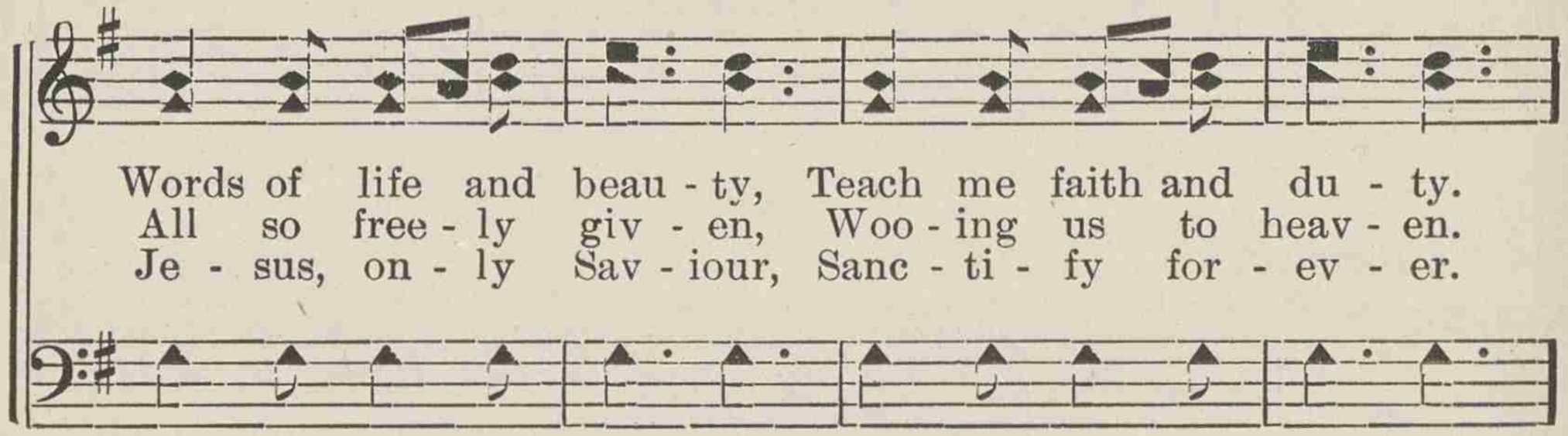
No. 88. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

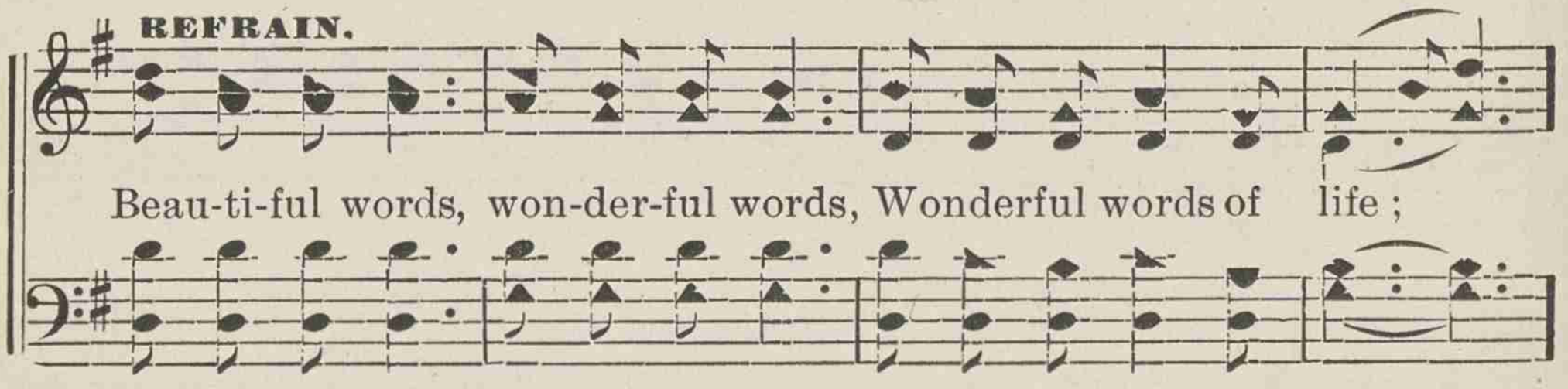
"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, they are life."—JOHN 6: 63.

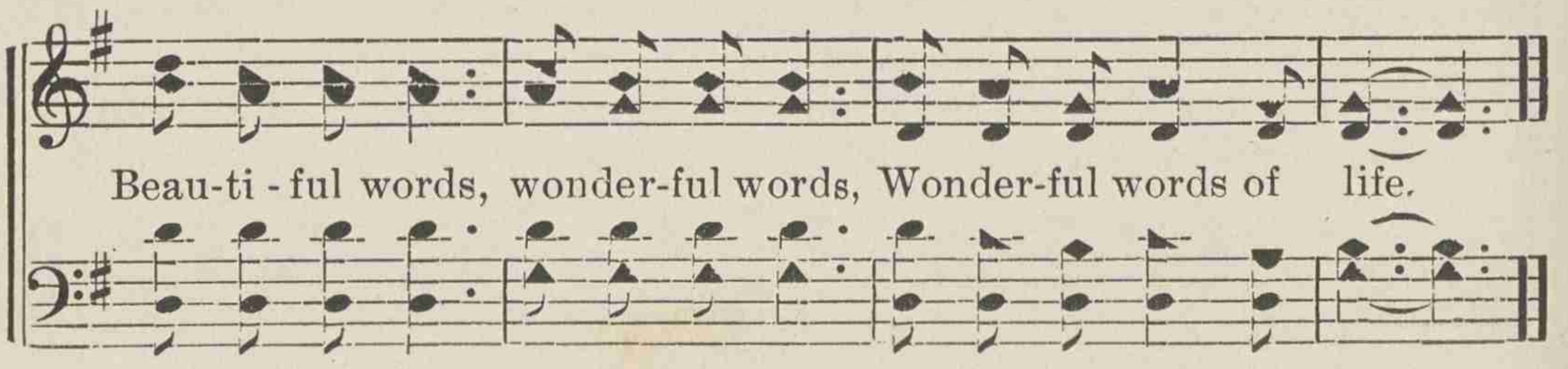
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.





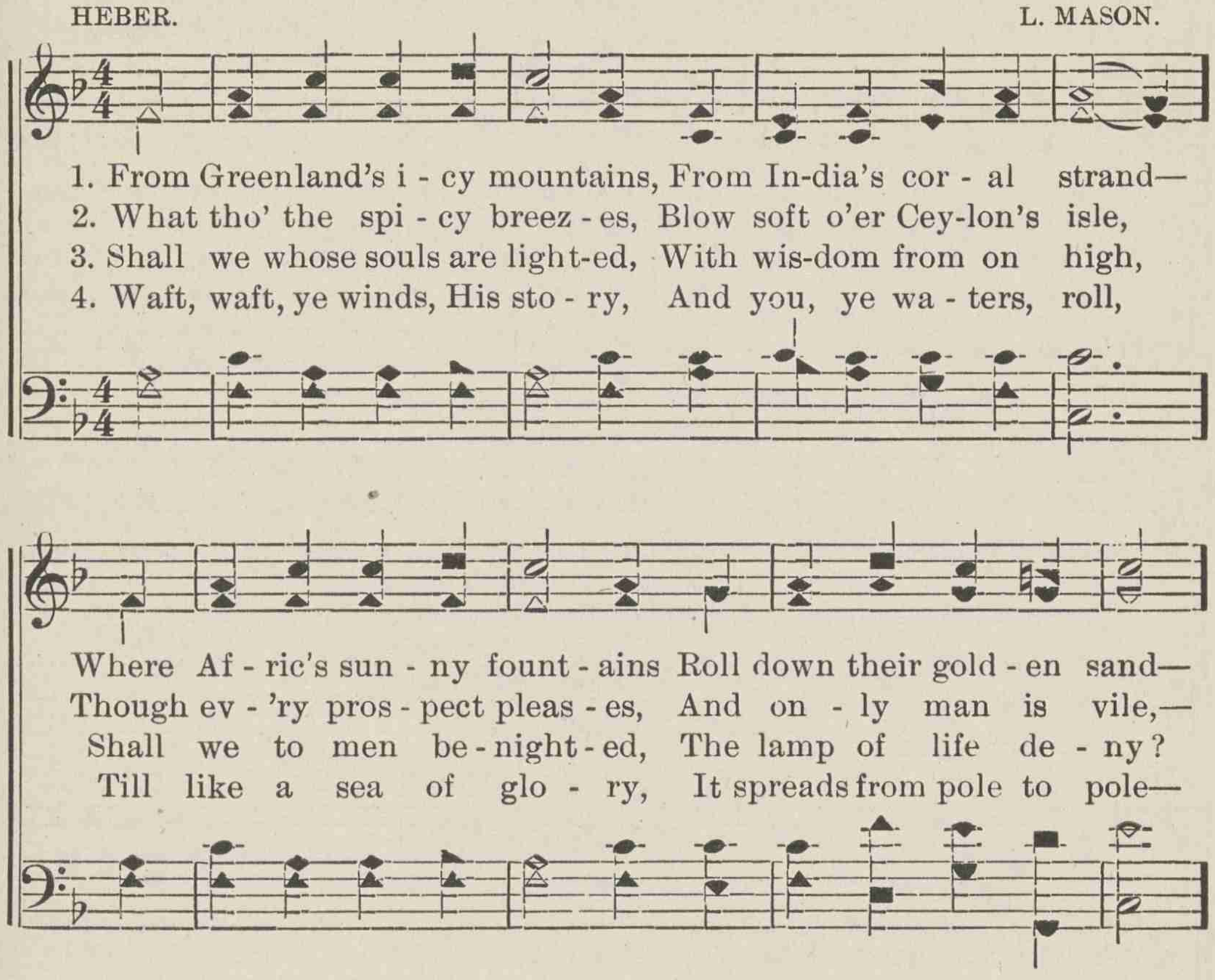






No. 89. MISSIONARY HYMN.

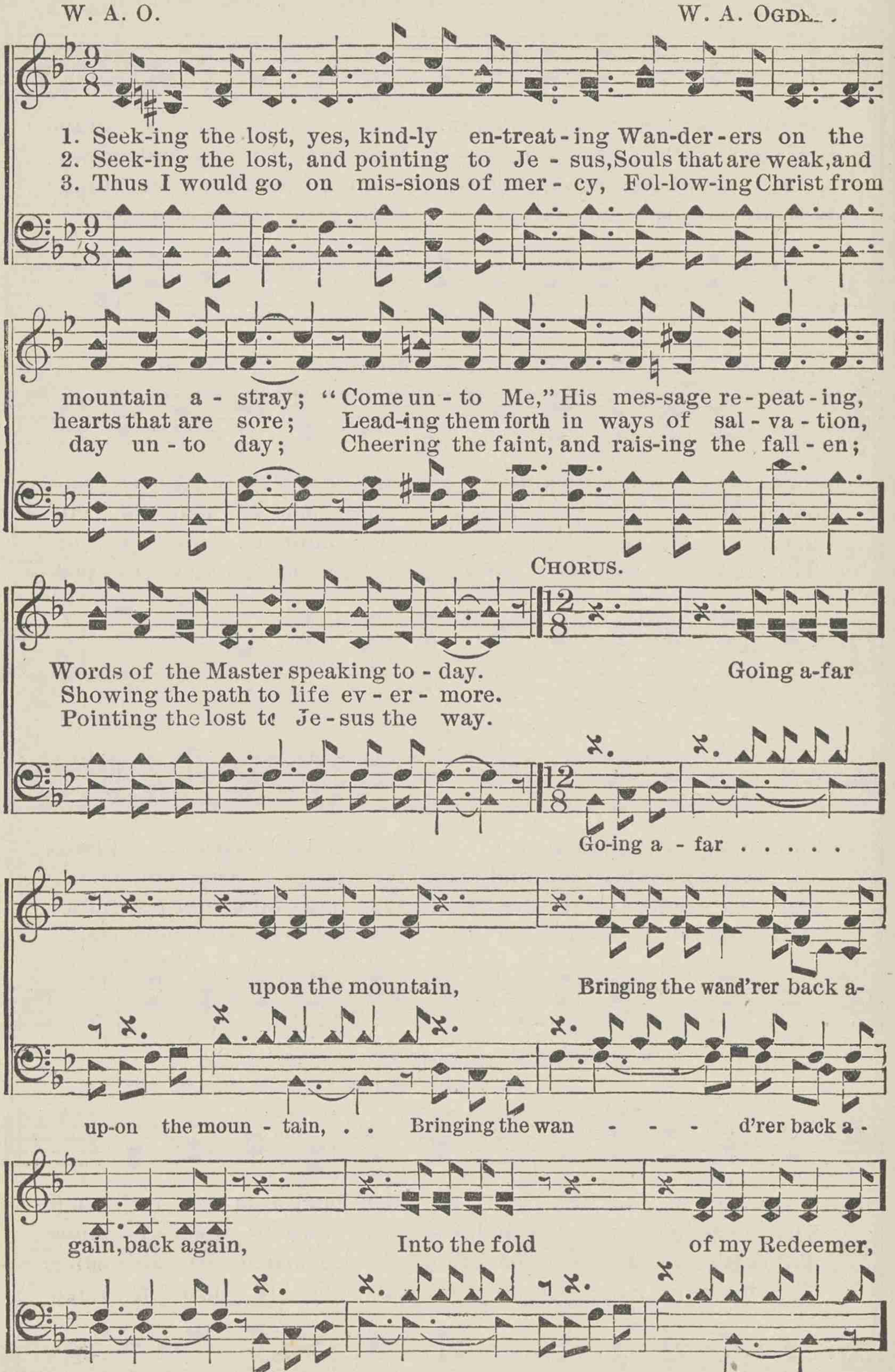
HEBER. L. MASON.



No. 90. SEEKING THE LOST.
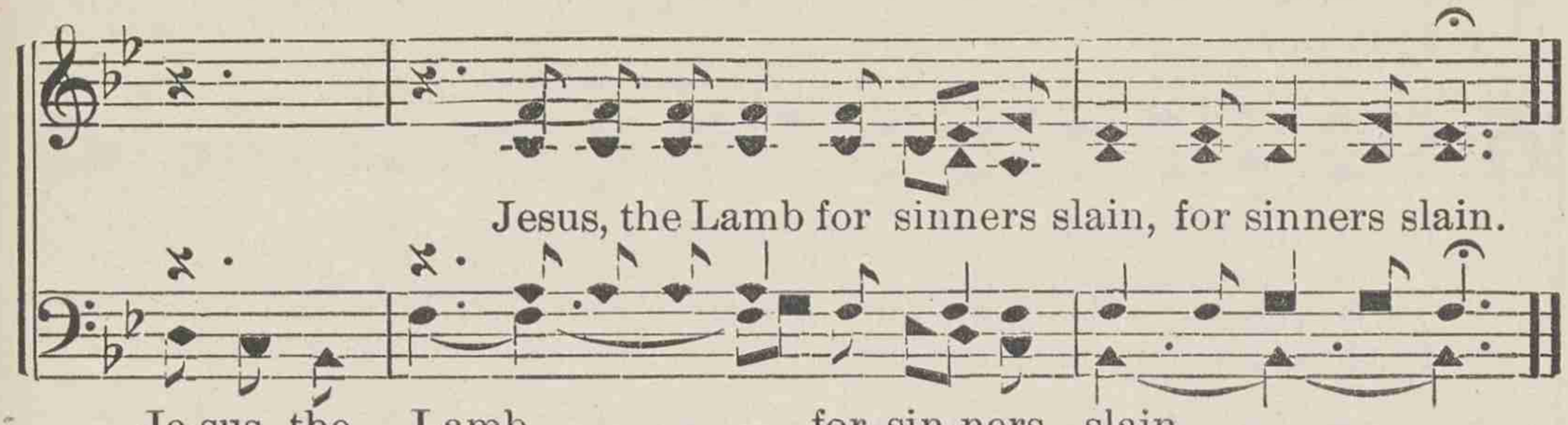
"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogde.



By permission of W. A. Ogden.

SEEKING THE LOST. Concluded.



No. 91. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

By permission of W. H. Doane

No. 92. I AM THINE, O LORD.

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

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,
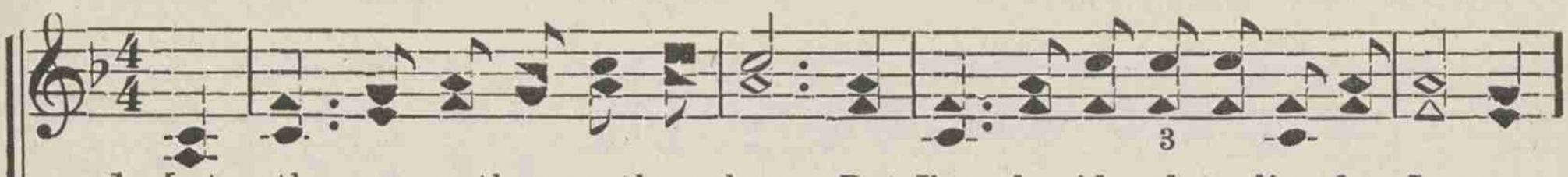
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

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

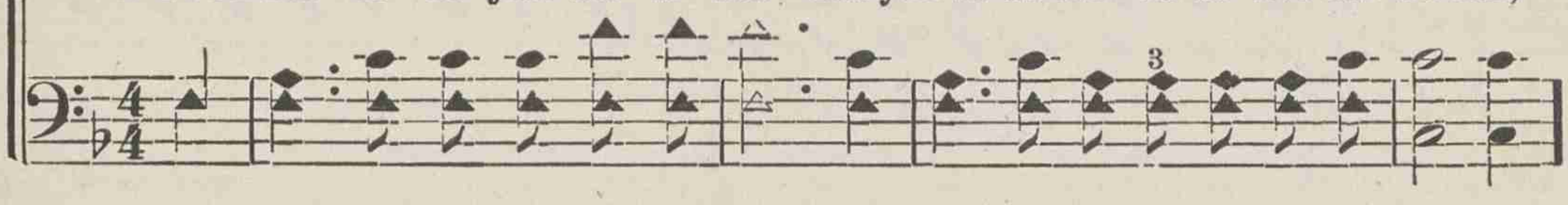
Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main.
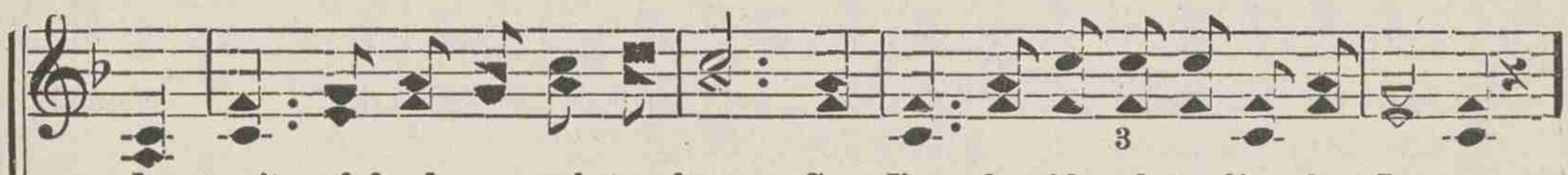
No. 93. I'VE DECIDED TO LIVE FOR JESUS.

F. M. G. FRANK M. GRAHAM.
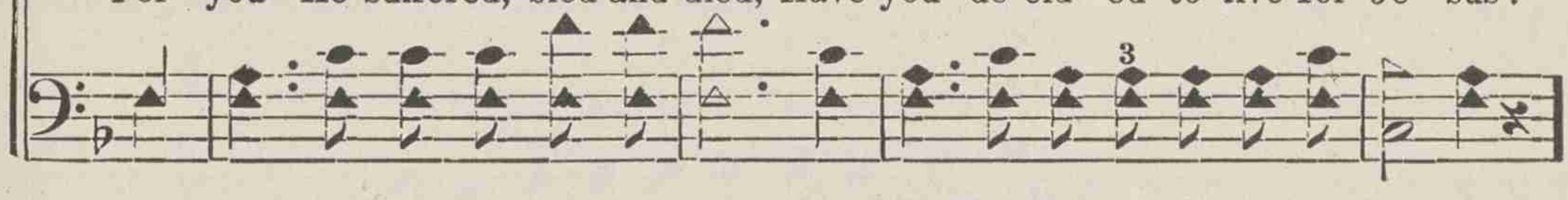


1. Let oth - ers go the way they choose, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;
2. Some seek the pleasures of this life, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;
3. The pleasures of this world al-lure, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;
4. I have some loved ones out in sin, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;
5. O soon will come that day of gloom, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;
6. You'll nev - er be just sat - is - fied Till you've de-cid - ed to live for Je-sus;

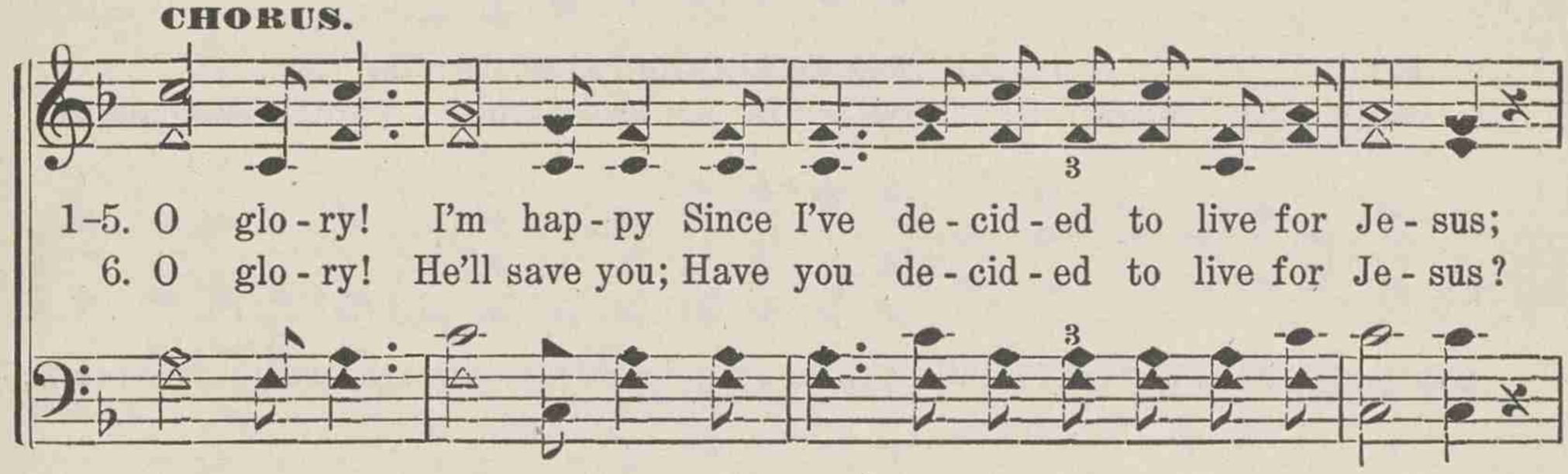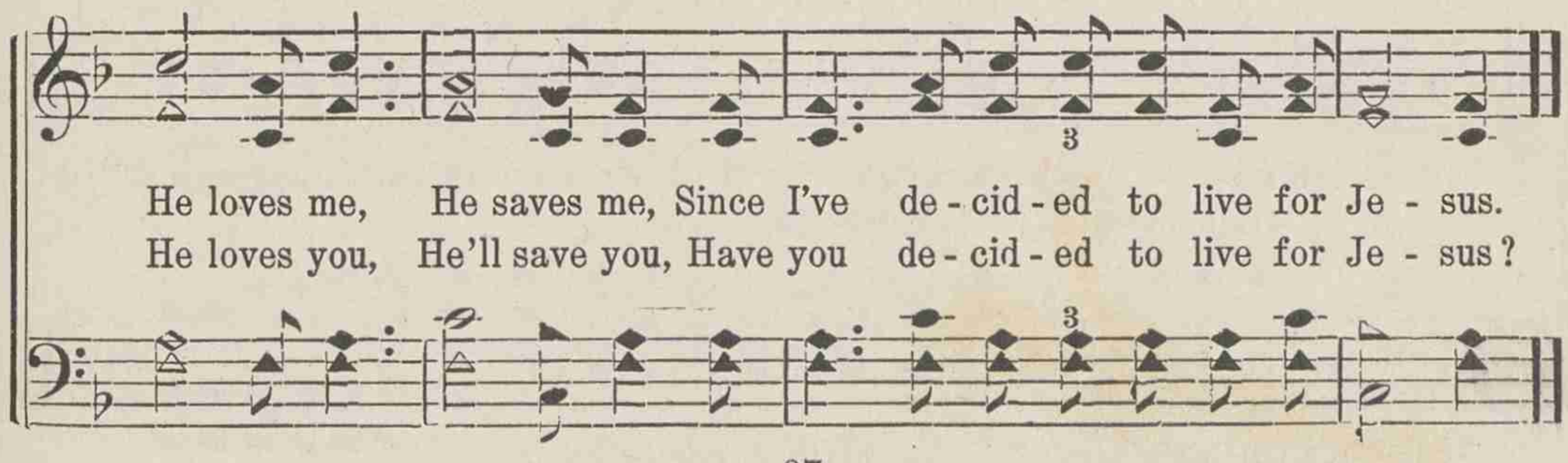




I can't af-ford my soul to lose, So I've de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
This world is full of sin and strife, So I've de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
The joy of heav'n I know is sure, So I've de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
I'm long - ing for them to come in, Since I've de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
When some will hear their awful doom, But I've de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
For you He suffered, bled and died, Have you de-cid - ed to live for Je - sus?



CHORUS.



1–5. O glo - ry! I'm hap - py Since I've de - cid - ed to live for Je - sus;
6. O glo - ry! He'll save you; Have you de - cid - ed to live for Je - sus?

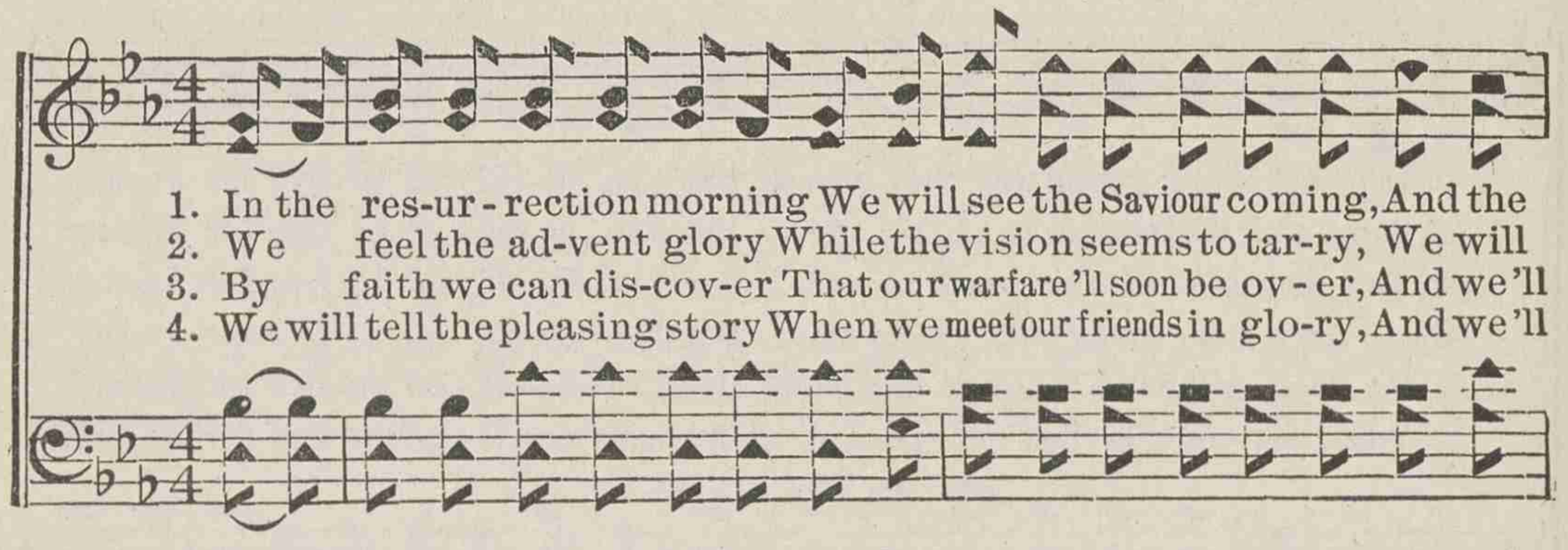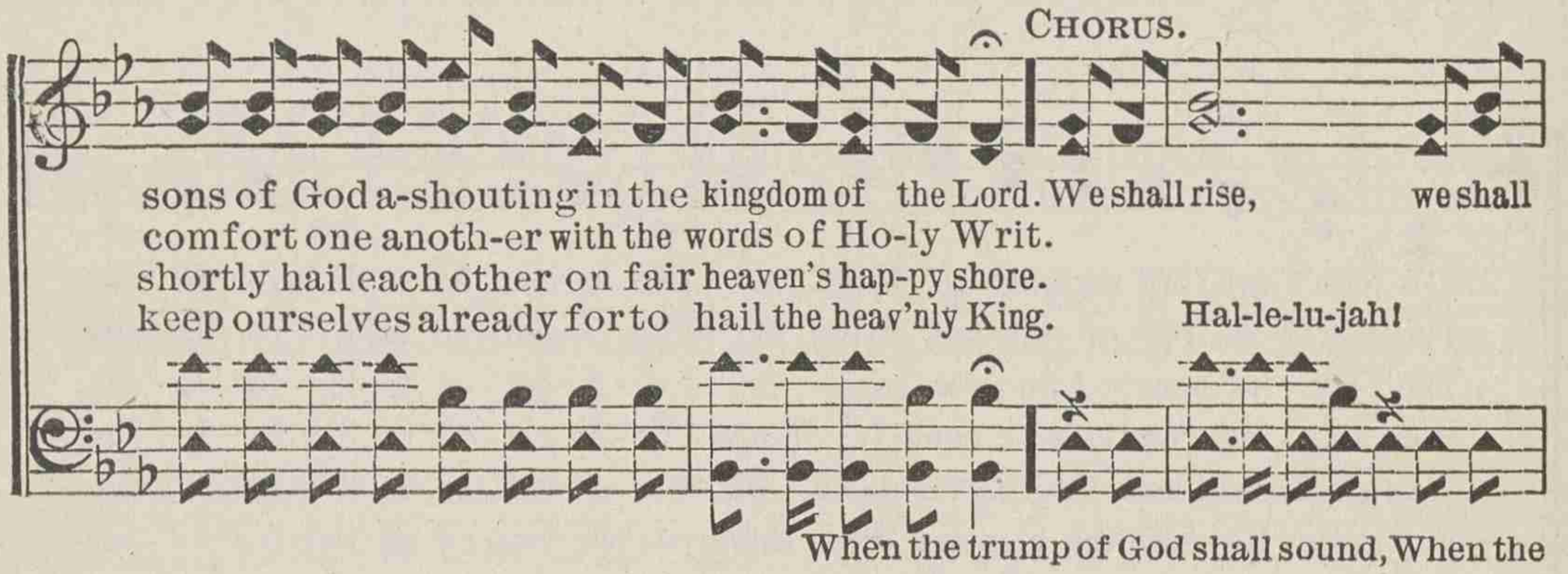


He loves me, He saves me, Since I've de - cid - ed to live for Je - sus.
He loves you, He'll save you, Have you de - cid - ed to live for Je - sus?
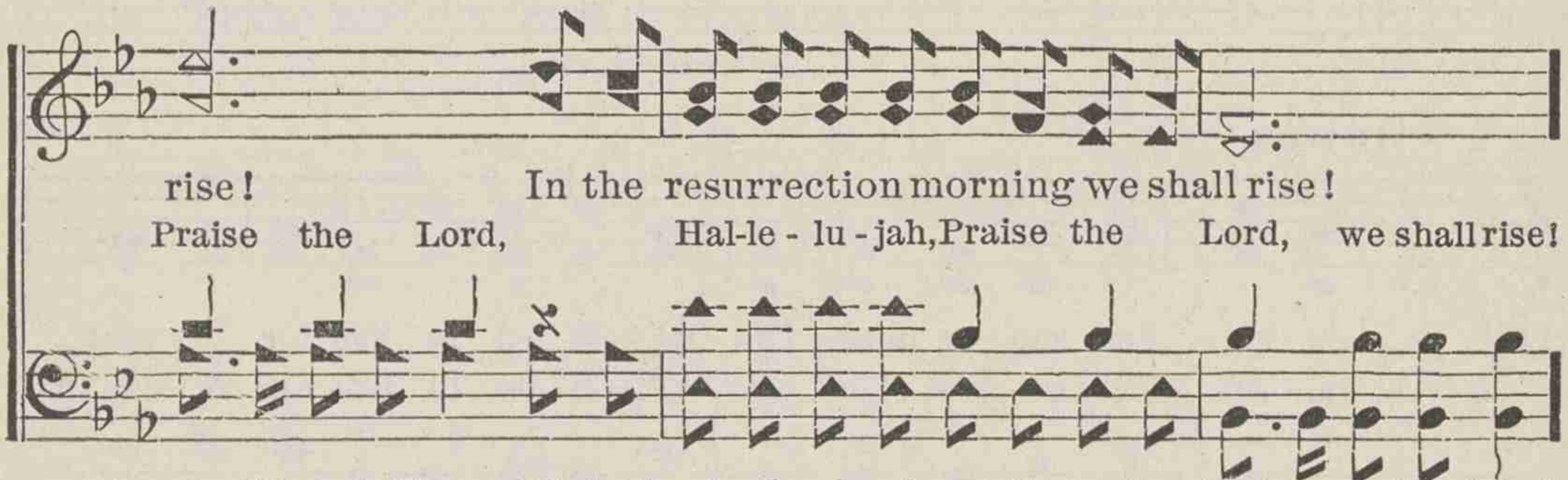
Copyright, 1901, by Frank M. Graham.
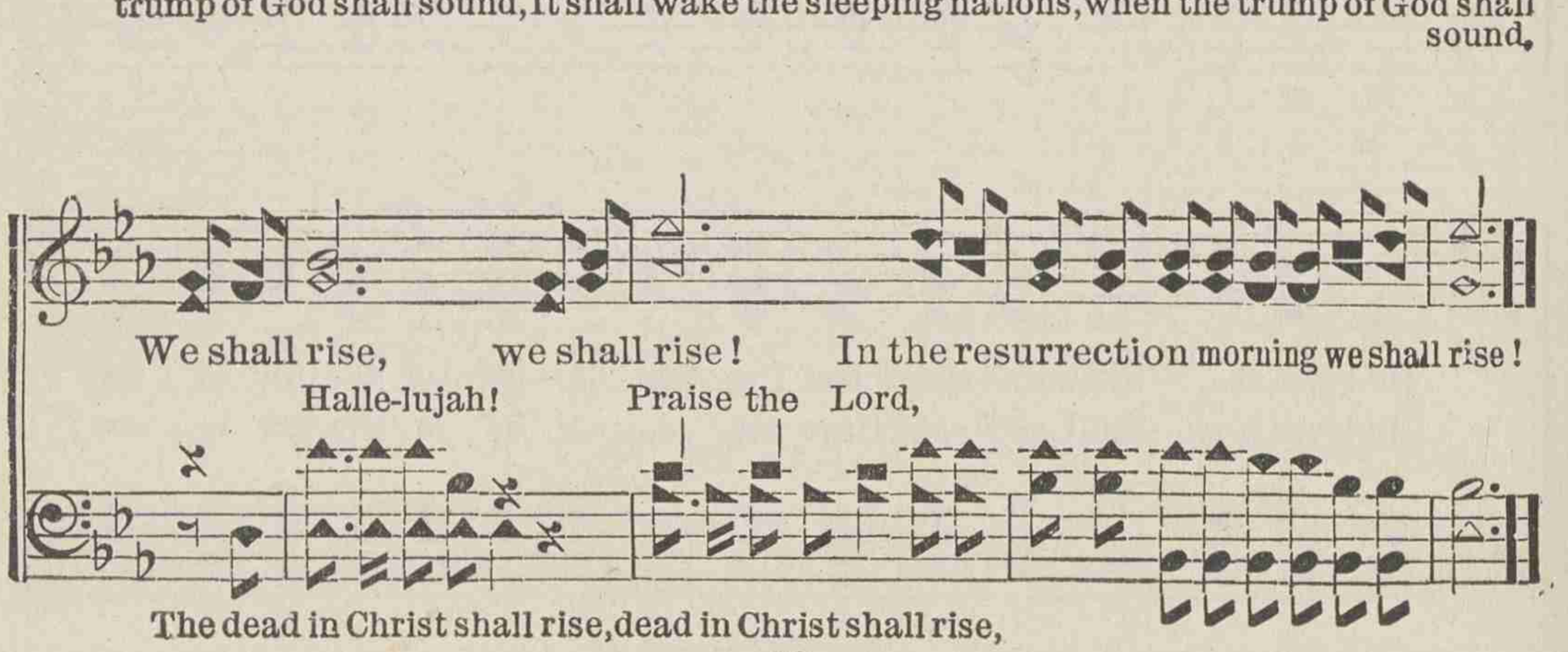
No. 94. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.









No. 95. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY. H. A. R. HORTON. By per.

1. Shall I be con-tent with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till

por - tals I see? The an-swer comes back—Strive a clus - ter to win,
wide har-vest fields, Where work is so great and the la-b'rers so few,
plain I can see, And now hav-ing found it I'll la - bor and wait,
heav - en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas-ter's re-nown,

CHORUS.

And the way will be bright-er for thee. Work - - ing for the
And the prom-ise a boun - ti - ful yield?
For whol-ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
Day by day for the Lamb that was slain. Work-ing for the crown, for the

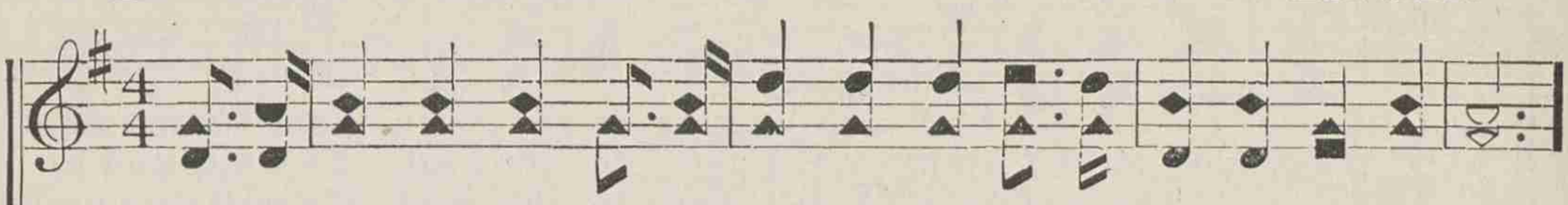
crown, Work - - ing for the crown,.....
beau-ti-ful golden crown, Working for the crown, for the beau-ti - ful gold-en crown,

Work - - ing for the crown We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beau-ti-ful gold-en crown
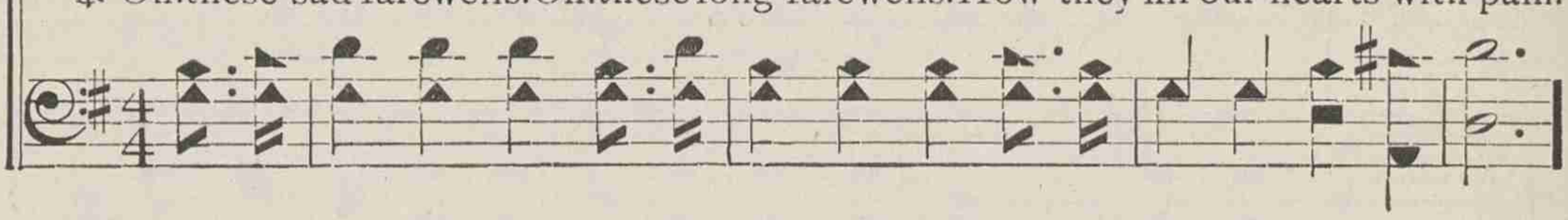
Copyright, 1899, by H. A. R. Horton.

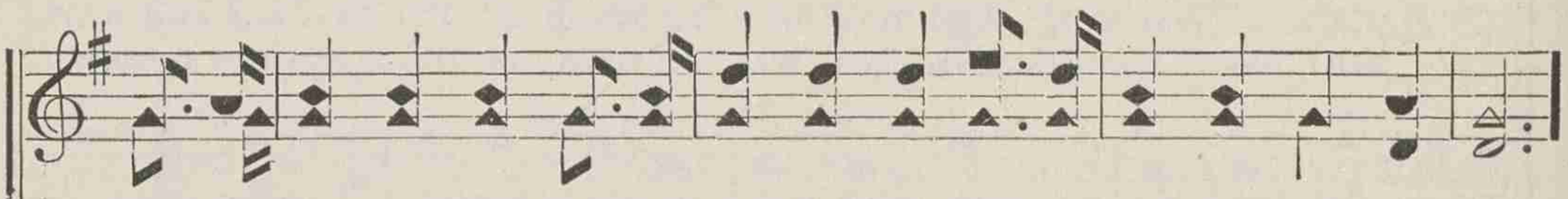
No. 96. THE GLAD DAY COMING.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Chas. K. Langley.

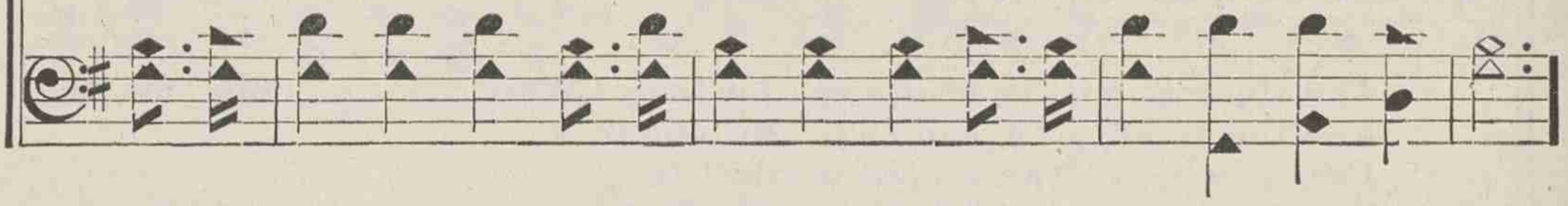


1. When this life is o'er, And we reach the shore Of the sun-bright land above,
2. There are sor-rows here, And the clouds appear, Shadows oft-times dim the day;
3. Soon will dawn the day, 'Tis not far a - way, When we all shall joy-ful come,
4. Oh! these sad farewells! Oh! these long farewells! How they fill our hearts with pain!

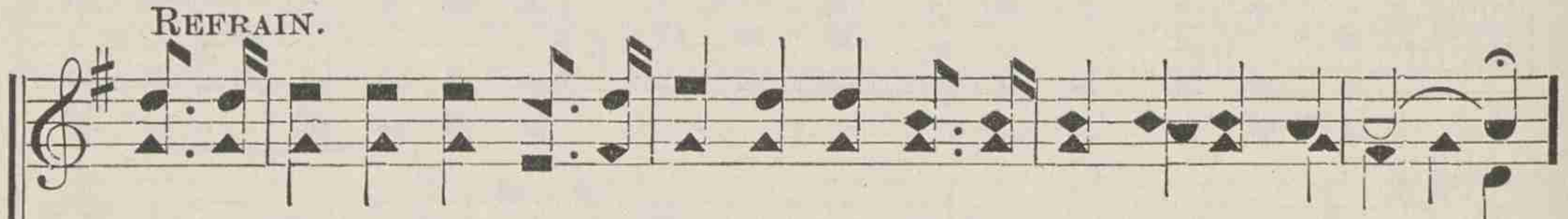




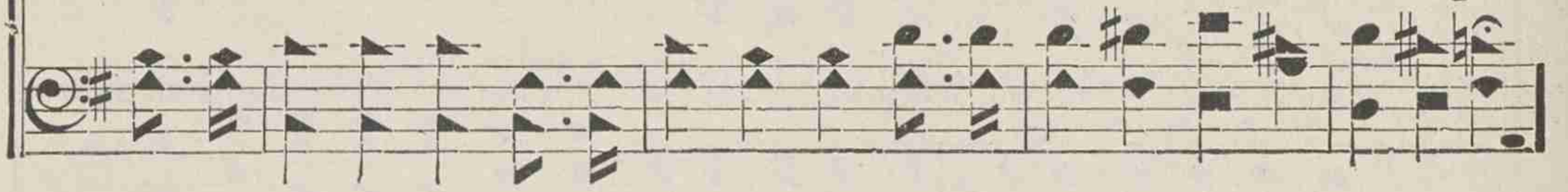
We shall meet a - gain on the E - den Plain, All the dear ones of our love.
In our home up there, In the land so fair, God will wipe all tears a - way.
To the gold - en gate, Where our lov'd ones wait, With a happy wel-come home.
But, in heav'n, at last, They will all be past, And we ne'er shall part a - gain.



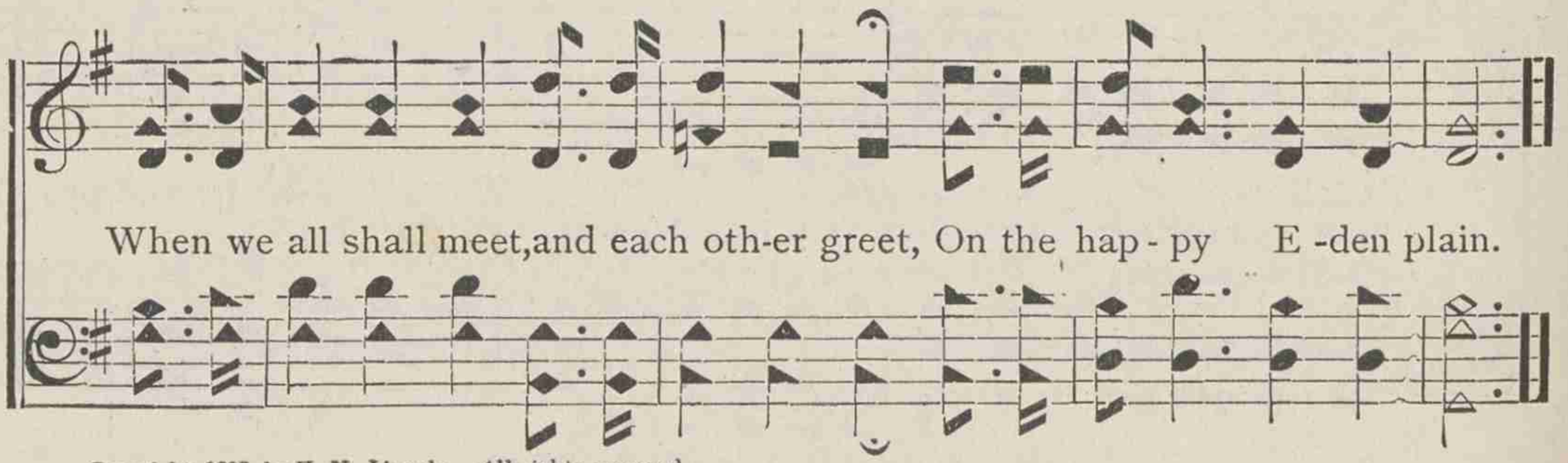
Refrain.



There's a glad, glad day; 'Tis not far a -way, When we all shall meet a gain; .
shall meet again;



When we all shall meet, and each oth-er greet, On the hap - py E -den plain.



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No. 97. SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

MISS GRACE WATKINS. Arr. by S. J. O. GEO. D. LANE.

1. My soul mounts up on wings of love, Where all is bright and fair,
2. The clouds may o - ver-shad-ow thee, No light shine from a - bove,
3. Our bur-dens may seem hard to bear, Our hearts be lone and sad,

To seek a land, a sun-bright clime, Be-yond this toil and care.
But clouds will van-ish when we see The sun-shine of His love.
But love will ban - ish ev - 'ry fear, And make our spir - its glad.

REFRAIN.

There's sun-shine in the Saviour's love, To drive all gloom a - way;
'Twill light thy road to heav'n a - bove, And shine thro' end-less day.

No. 98. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."—CHRIST.

Arr. S. J. OSLIN.

1. I have longed for the bliss of par - don, I've sighed for it
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in dark - ness, I'll wan - der in
3. Yes, the door of His love is o - pen, I'll go and will
4. I'm re-solved now to knock and en - ter, 'Tis death if with-

o'er and o'er, Yet I know if I trust my Sav - iour, I'll
sin no more, For my Saviour's sweet voice in - vites me, To
doubt no more, For my Sav - iour will bid me wel - come, I'll
out I roam, I am com - ing O bless - ed Je - sus, To

REFRAIN.

en - ter the o - pen door. I'll en-ter the o - pen door,
wide open door,

I'll en - ter the o - pen door, 'Tis
wide o - pen door,

Je - sus invites, I'll en - ter in! I'll en - ter the o - pen door!

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No. 99. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

REV. J. H MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor - row in
2. How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad-ness in
3. O Lord, I beseech Thee for wis-dom and grace, In winning lost

heav - en can be; If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate,
heav - en can be; If no one should be at the beau-ti - ful gate,
souls un - to Thee, That ma - ny may be in that beau-ti - ful place,

CHORUS.

There wait-ing and watch-ing for me. Yes, wait - - - ing and
Con-duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
A crown of re - joic - ing to me. Yes, waiting and watching for

watching for me, Yes, wait - - - ing and watching for me; May
me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me; May

many of those at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me.

No. 100. GATHERING HOME.

Arr. by J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY.

1. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, And ap - pear at the great ju - bi - lee; We'll meet all our friends gone before us, And with them ev - er hap-py we'll be. Gath'ring home, gath'ring home,
2. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, When the toils of this life all are o'er; We'll join in the songs of the faith - ful, Prais - ing God on His throne evermore.
3. We'll all gath - er home by the riv - er, In a land where no sor- rows can come; And Je - sus our precious Re-deem - er, Is the light of that beau-ti-ful home. We are gath'ring home, we are gath'ring home,

REFRAIN.

There to join the song of ju - bi - lee; Gath'ring home, ju - bi-lee; We are gath'ring home, gath'ring home, what a gath'ring of the good that will be. we are gath'ring home,

No. 101. CHRIST IS ALL.

REV. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head, Wait-
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake, Nor
4. I dream'd that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A
5. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The

peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her help-less
ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His
death his soul ap - pall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He looked tri-
fire dissolved this ball; I saw the churches ransomed throng, I heard the
Bride re - peats the call; For He will clean your guilt - y stains, His love will

REFRAIN.

widowhood's defense, She told me, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, She
spir-it passed a-way, He whispered "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, He
umph-antly to heav'n, And an-swered "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, And
burden of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas
soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, For

told me, "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
whispered "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, He whispered "Christ is all."
answered "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, And an - swered "Christ is all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

By per. of W. A. Williams, Warnock, O., publisher of "Silver Tunes," 35 cts., and "Song Jewels," 20 cts.

No. 102. THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Arr. by S. J. OSLIN.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams;
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered ma-ny years;
3. I am drinking at the fount-ain, Where I ev-er would a-bide!

In a land whose wondrous beauty, Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft-en hindered on my jour-ney, By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er! And my soul is sat-is-fied!

Where the air is pure e-the-real! Ladened with the breath of flow'rs;
Brok-en vows and disappointments! Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures! Nor a-dorn-ing rich and gay,

CHORUS.
Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Bless-ed sun-ny land of light!

D. S. for Chorus.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthin's bow'rs.
But the Lord, un-err-ing, lead me, To the land I hold to-day.
For I've found a rich-er treas-ure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Where the flowers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright.

No. 103. WEAR A CROWN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

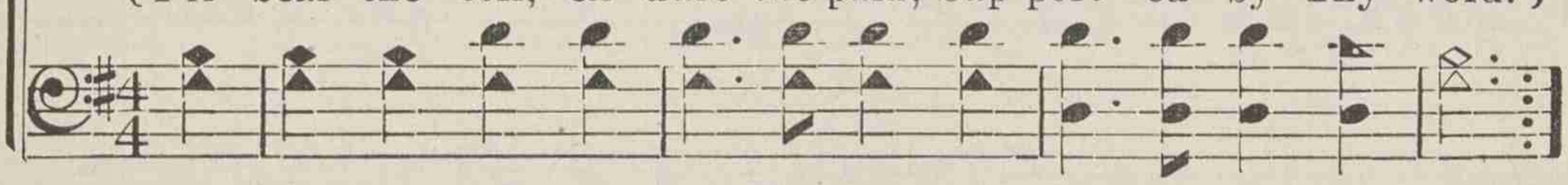


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
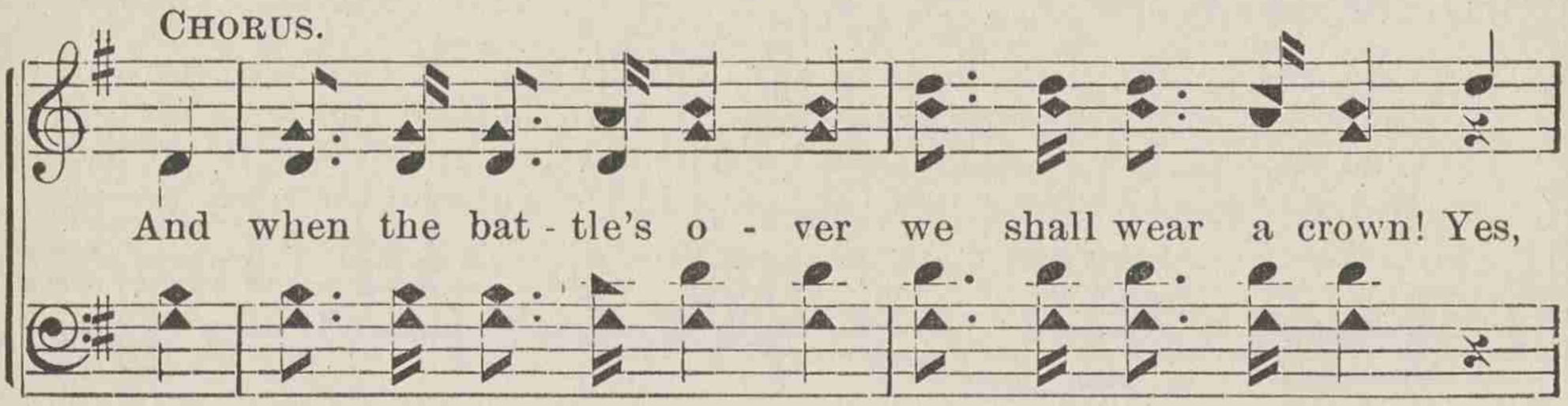
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
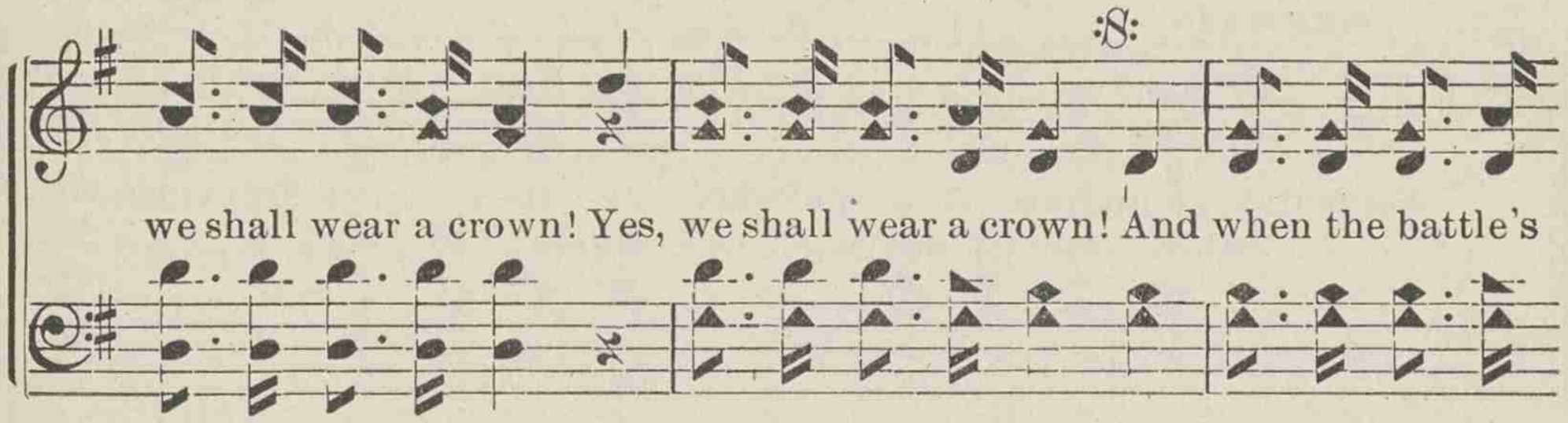
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
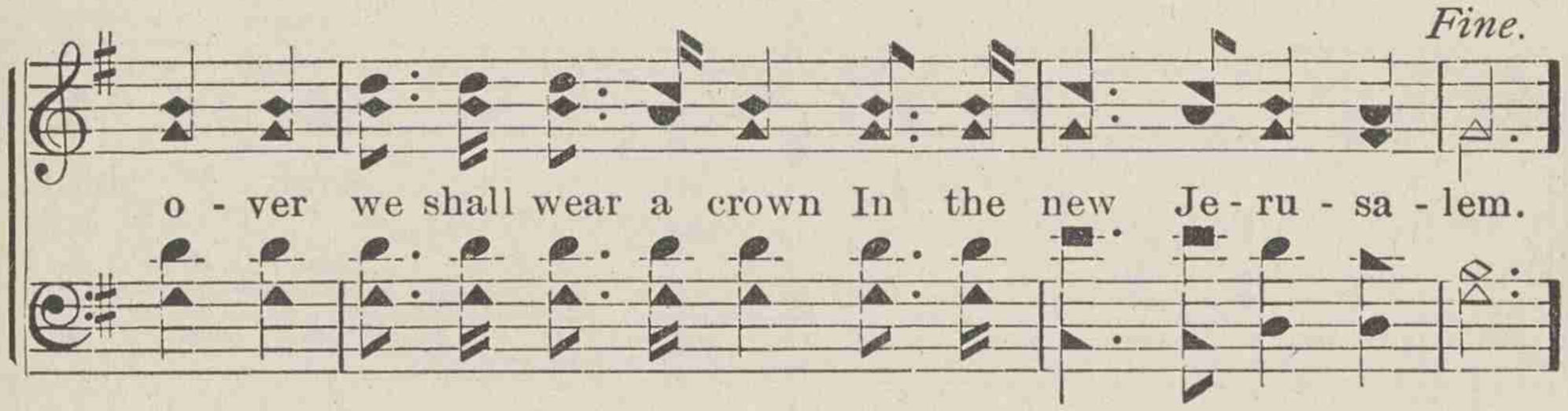


CHORUS.



And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
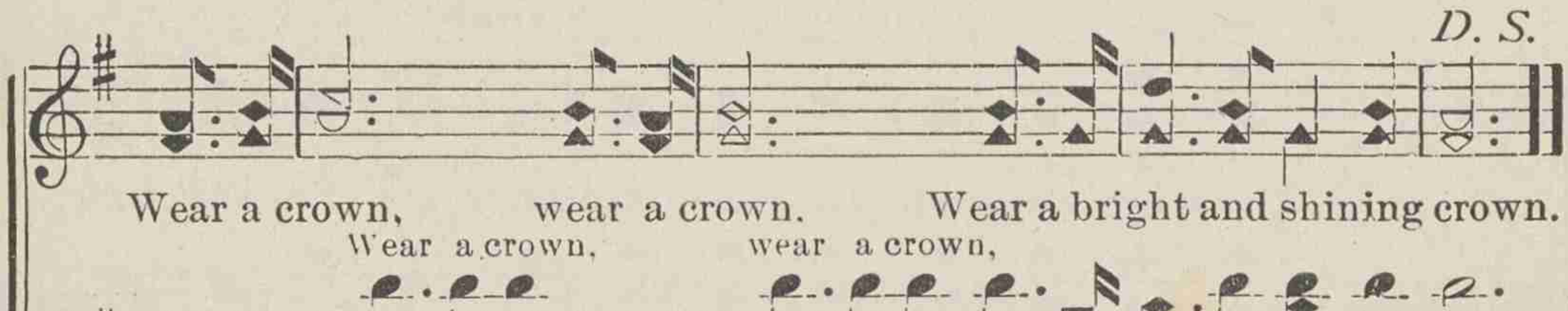


we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's



o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

Fine.



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

Wear a crown, wear a crown,

No. 104. SOME DAY.

"And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."—Rev. 15: 3.

E. E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

DUET. Slow with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain-ly to re-peat,
2. Some day my journey will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won;
3. "Some day," I say, content to wait, The op'ning of the jas-per gate,
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

Its mel-o-dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall behold the face of God.
Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end-less rest to me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home "some day."

REFRAIN.

Some day, some hap - - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o - dy, And I shall sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.
Some hap - py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o - dy,

Cres.

ritard.

No. 105. BE READY WHEN THE BRIDE-GROOM COMES.

"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 25: 12.

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK.

1. Are you walking now in the light of God? Be read-y when the
2. Have you full sal - va-tion from ev - 'ry sin? Be read-y when the
3. Is your heart made clean by the precious blood? Be read-y when the
3. He will come some day un - to ev - 'ry soul, Be read-y when the

Bridegroom comes; Are you in the path that the Mas - ter trod? Be
Bridegroom comes; Trusting in His word have you peace with-in? Be
Bridegroom comes; Have you been made white in the cleansing flood? Be
Bridegroom comes; By His heal-ing pow'r let Him make you whole, Be

CHORUS.

read - y when the Bridegroom comes. Will you be read - y to

en - ter in? Read-y when the Bridegroom comes? In the morn-ing

light or at noon or night, Be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

No. 106. A LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

D. K. W. S. J. OSLIN.

1. There's a deep si - lent riv - er flow - ing just be - fore, And its
2. O'er its dark foam-ing wa - ters from the un-seen shore, An - gel
3. Ma - ny dear ones are gath-ered safe be - fore the throne, Dipp'd their
4. To the deep si - lent riv - er we may one day come, And pass

waters are dark and wide; But faith sees a light, yes, a bea-con light,
bands in their beauty glide; They'll bear us a - way to the realms of day,
wings in the mys-tic tide; Passed o - ver the deep where they do not weep,
o - ver its wa - ters wide; But hap-py we'll be if by faith we see,

REFRAIN.

And 'tis down at the riv - er's side.
To the light on the oth - er side. There's a light at the riv - er,
In - to life on the oth - er side.
A bright light on the oth - er side.

A light at the riv - er, A light at the riv - er side; My
Saviour will stand and hold in His hand, A light at the riv - er side!

Copyright, 1905, by S. J. Oslin.

No. 107. 'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

E. R. LATTA. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. 'Twill not be long, O my broth-er, not long, That our
2. 'Twill not be far, O my broth-er, not far, To the
3. 'Twill not be night, O my broth-er, not night, When the
4. 'Twill not be long, O my broth-er, not long, That our

feet shall be treading life's way; For they shall rest with the
beau - ti - ful Kingdom of Day! There we shall dwell where there's
spir - it is quit-ting the clay! In heav'n the Lord, yea, the
feet shall be treading life's way! For they shall rest with the

REFRAIN.

glo - ri - fied throng, Aye and aye! aye and aye!
noth-ing to mar, Aye and aye! aye and aye!
Lord is the light, Aye and aye! aye and aye!
glo - ri - fied throng, Aye and aye! aye and aye!
} Not be long,

not be long, Till we gath-er with yon - der throng! 'Twill not be

long, O my broth-er, not long! 'Twill not be long! not long!

Copyright, 1899, by J. Henry Showalter. By per. of the S. M T. A.

No. 108. BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. O glo - ri - ous homeland just o - ver the line, Pre-pared for the wea - ry by Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith-ful that
2. When friends loved so dear - ly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so drear-y when missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where
3. When wea - ry with toil - ing, in sor - row a - lone, With bear-ing the bur- dens to oth - ers unknown, There comes to my mind the sweet
4. When deep are the shadows en - cir-cling me here, When beams of glad sun-light so sel - dom ap - pear, Hope whis-pers of home-land and

home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
an - gels a - bide In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
rest near the throne, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
glo - ri - fied cheer, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.

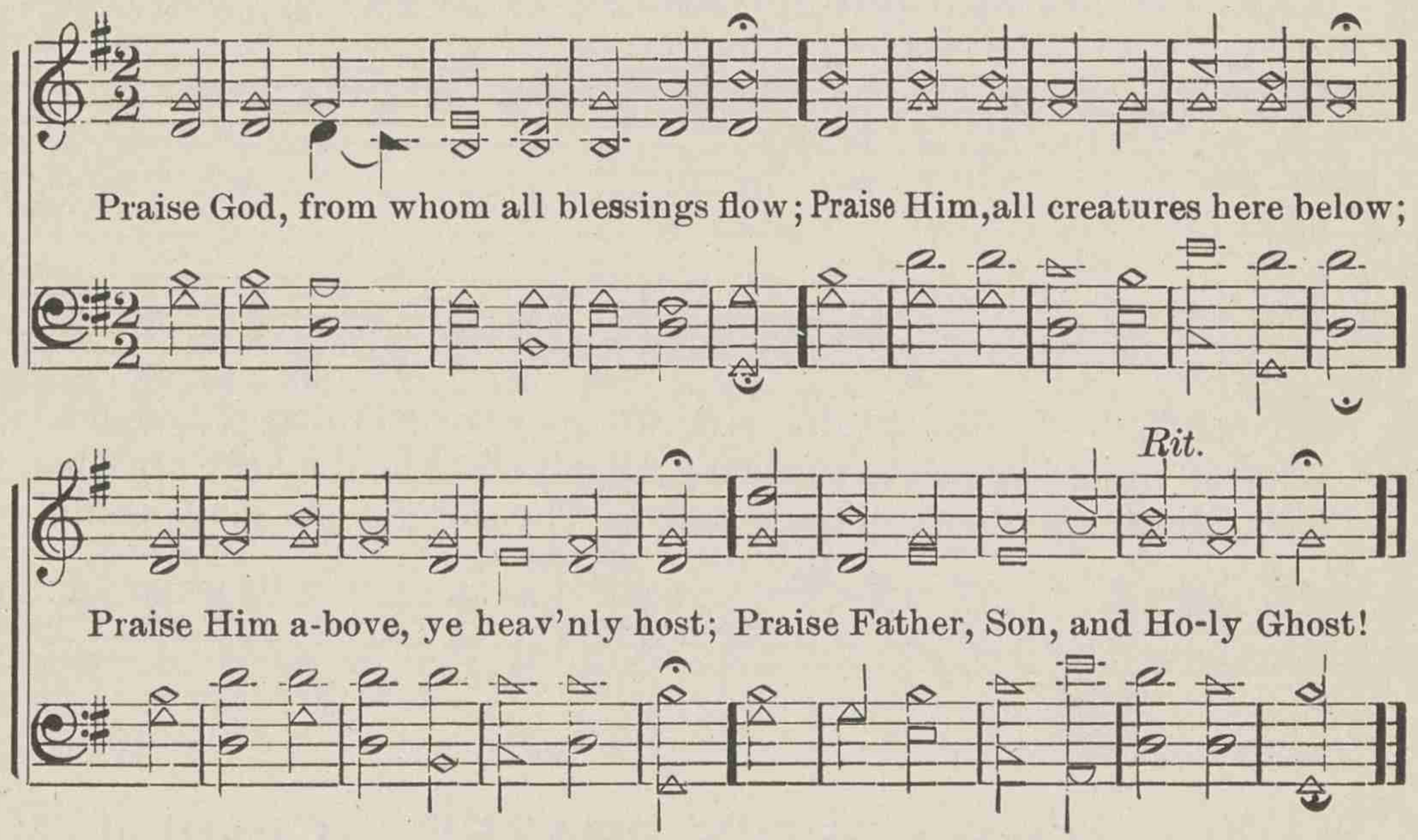
CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful, gold-en some-time, Some-time, some-time, Thro' Je-sus, my Savior, that home shall be mine, In the beau- ti- ful, gold-en some-time.
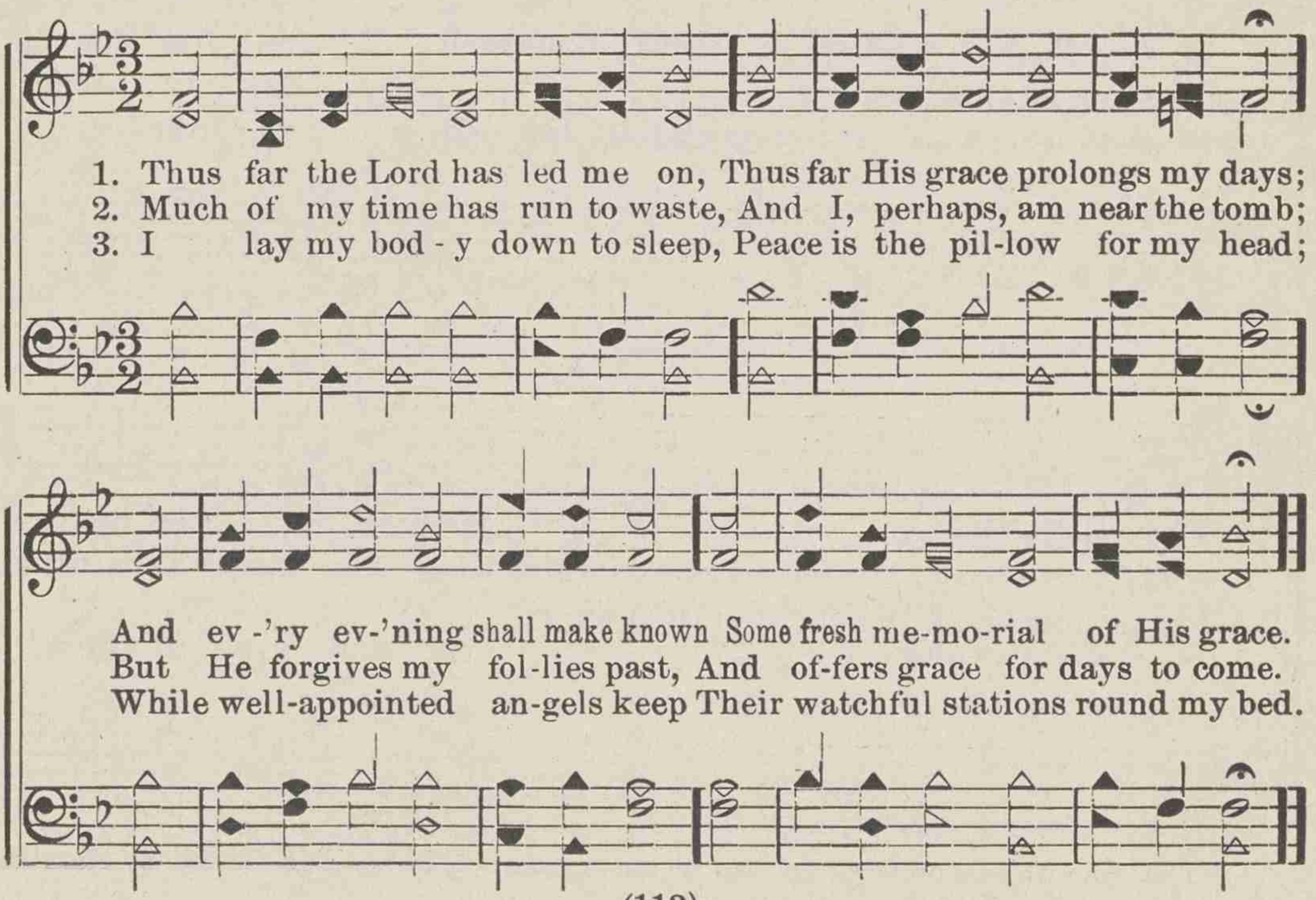
PART III. STANDARD HYMNS.

No. 109. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

(DOXOLOGY.)
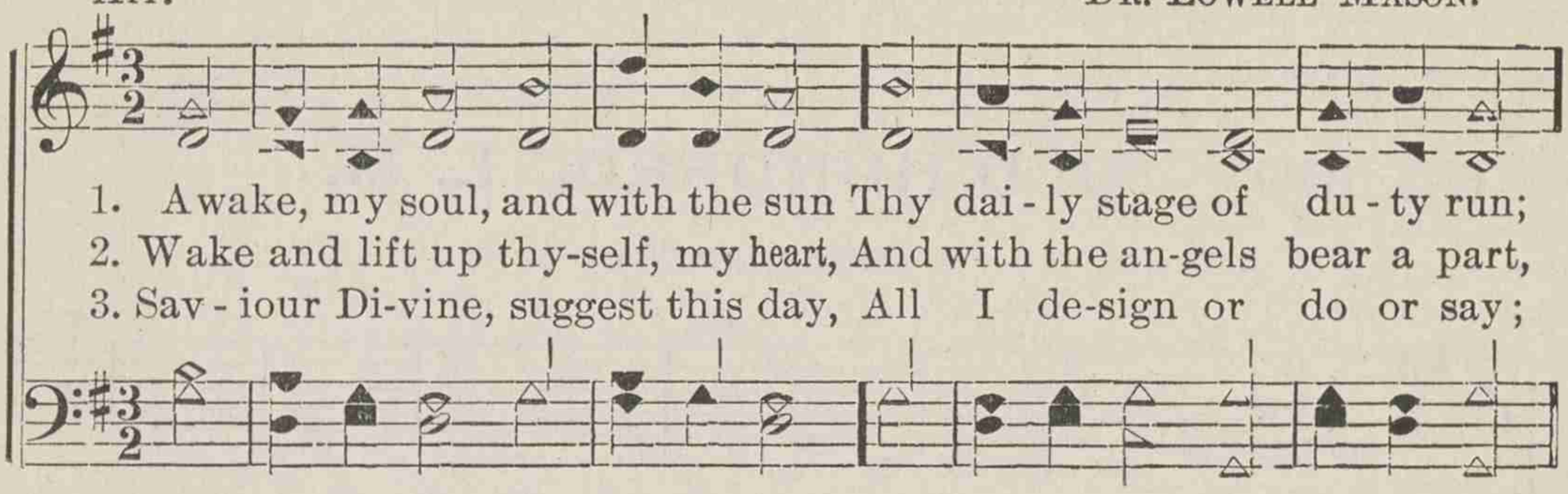


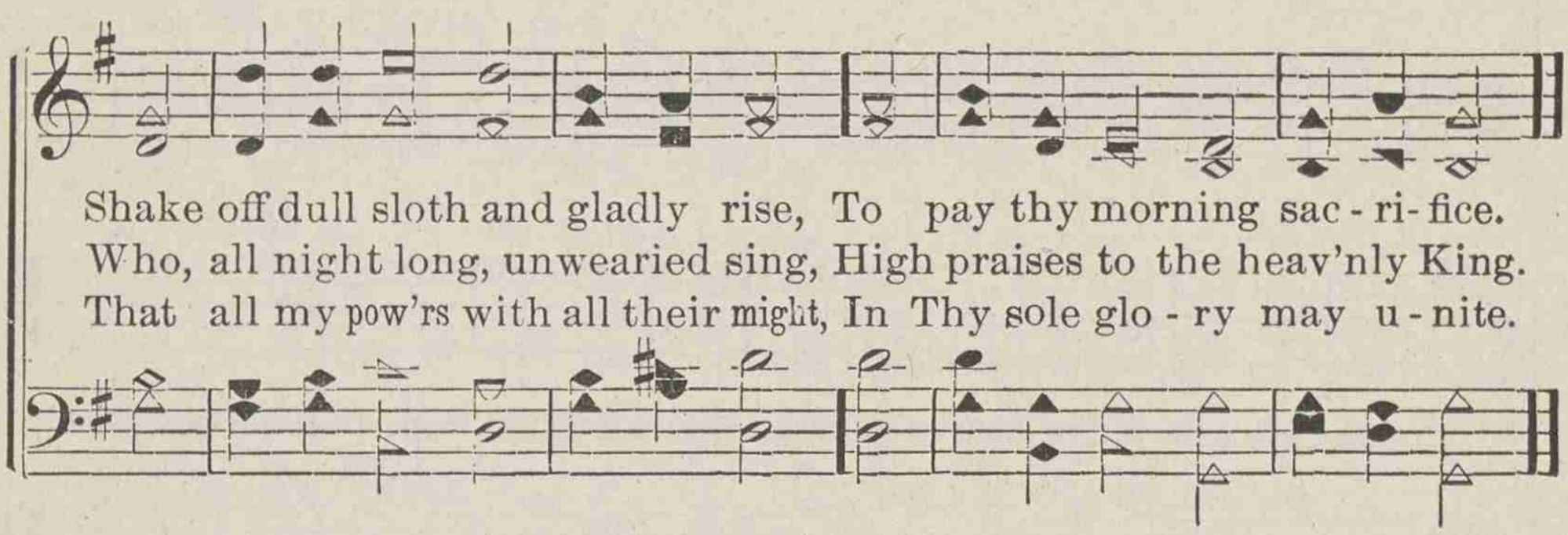
No. 110. HEBRON. L. M.



No. 111. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.*

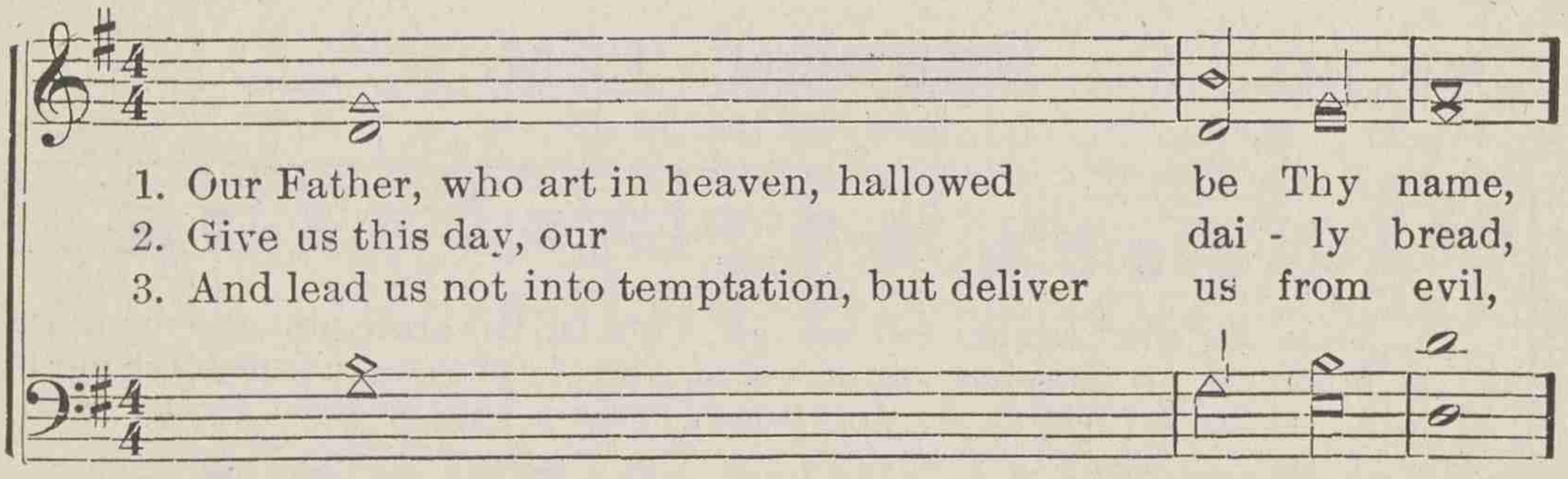
Arr. DR. LOWELL MASON.





No. 112. THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)*

Arr.
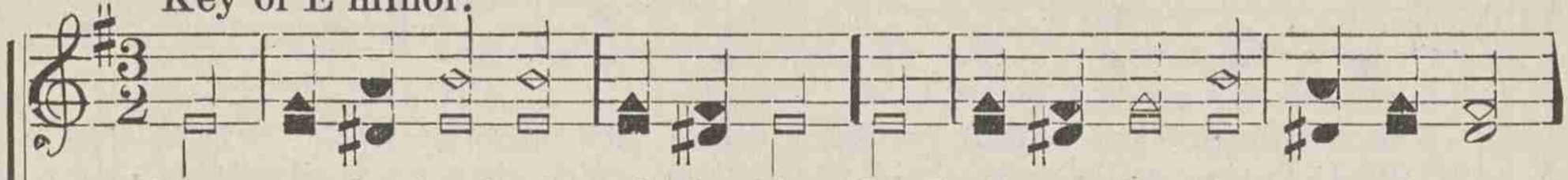


* The two numbers on this page can be made useful as an opening service, by chanting No. 112 and follow with No. 111, all standing.

No. 113. MOURN NOT THE DEAD.
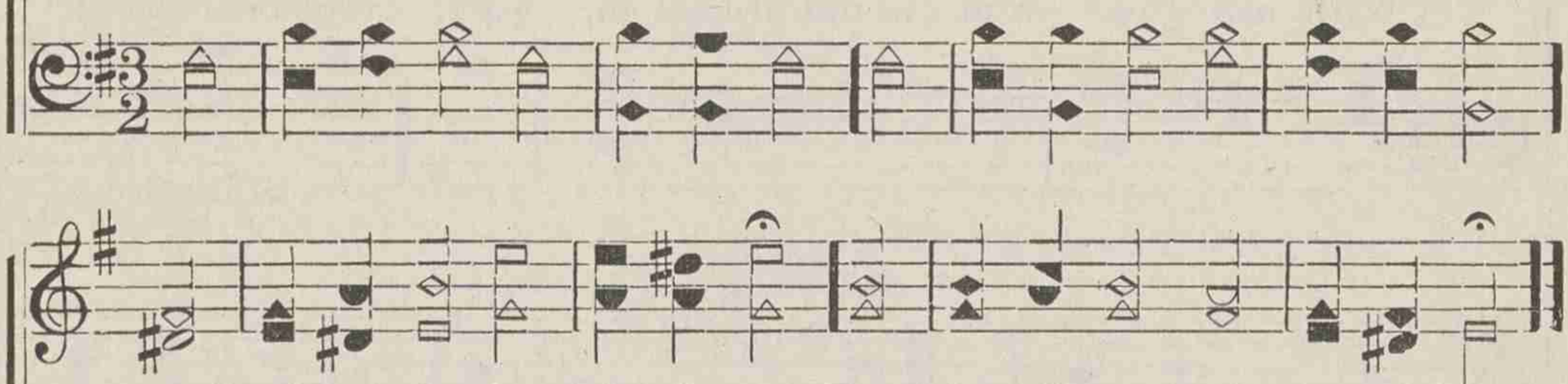
(FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICE.)

J. LOWERY. DANIEL READ.
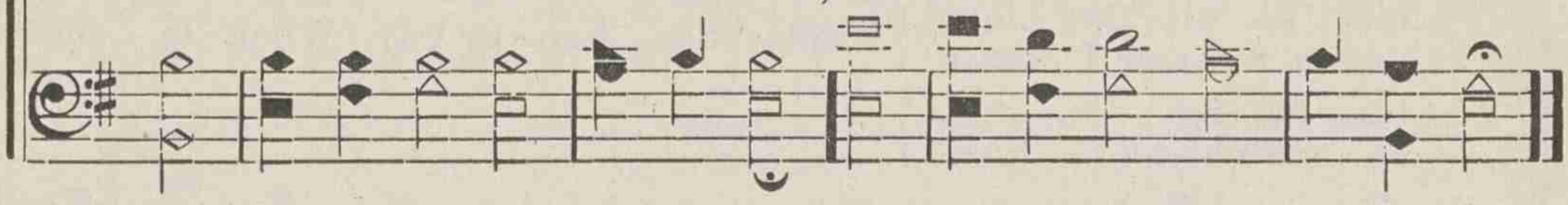
Key of E minor.



1. Mourn not the dead who calmly lie By God's own hand composed to rest;
2. Mourn not the dead; tho' like the flow'r Just op'ning to the morn-ing ray,
3. Mourn not the dead whose lives declare That they have nobly borne their part;
4. They rest in hope; their hallowed dust Is watched, and from the grave shall rise;
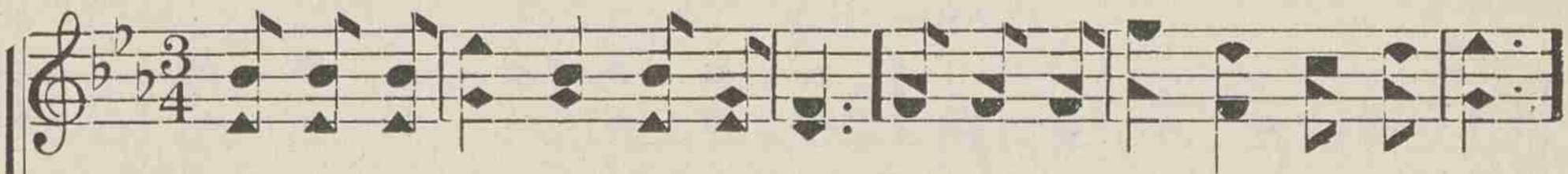


For, hark! a voice from yon-der sky Proclaims them now for-ev - er blest.
Nipped by dis-eas-e's cru - el power, They fell from love's embrace away.
For vict'ry's gold-en crown they wear, Reserved for ev - 'ry faithful heart.
Earth shall restore her sa-cred trust, Made all im-mor - tal for the skies.
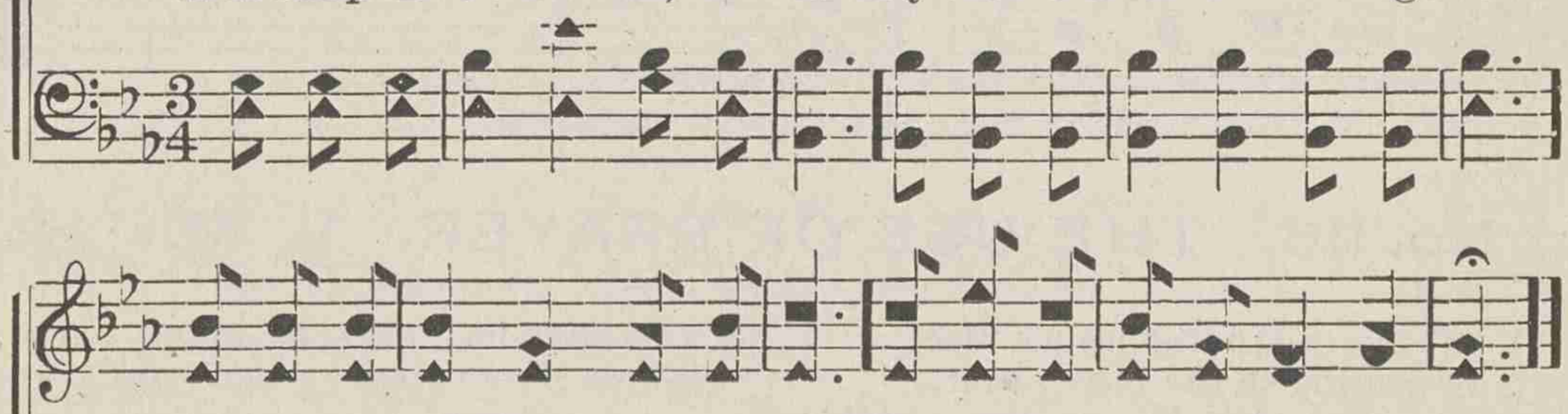


No. 114. ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M.
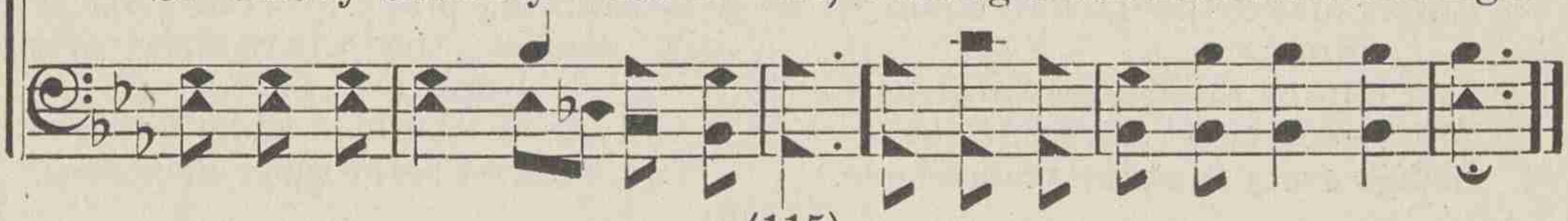
MRS. MARGARET MCKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



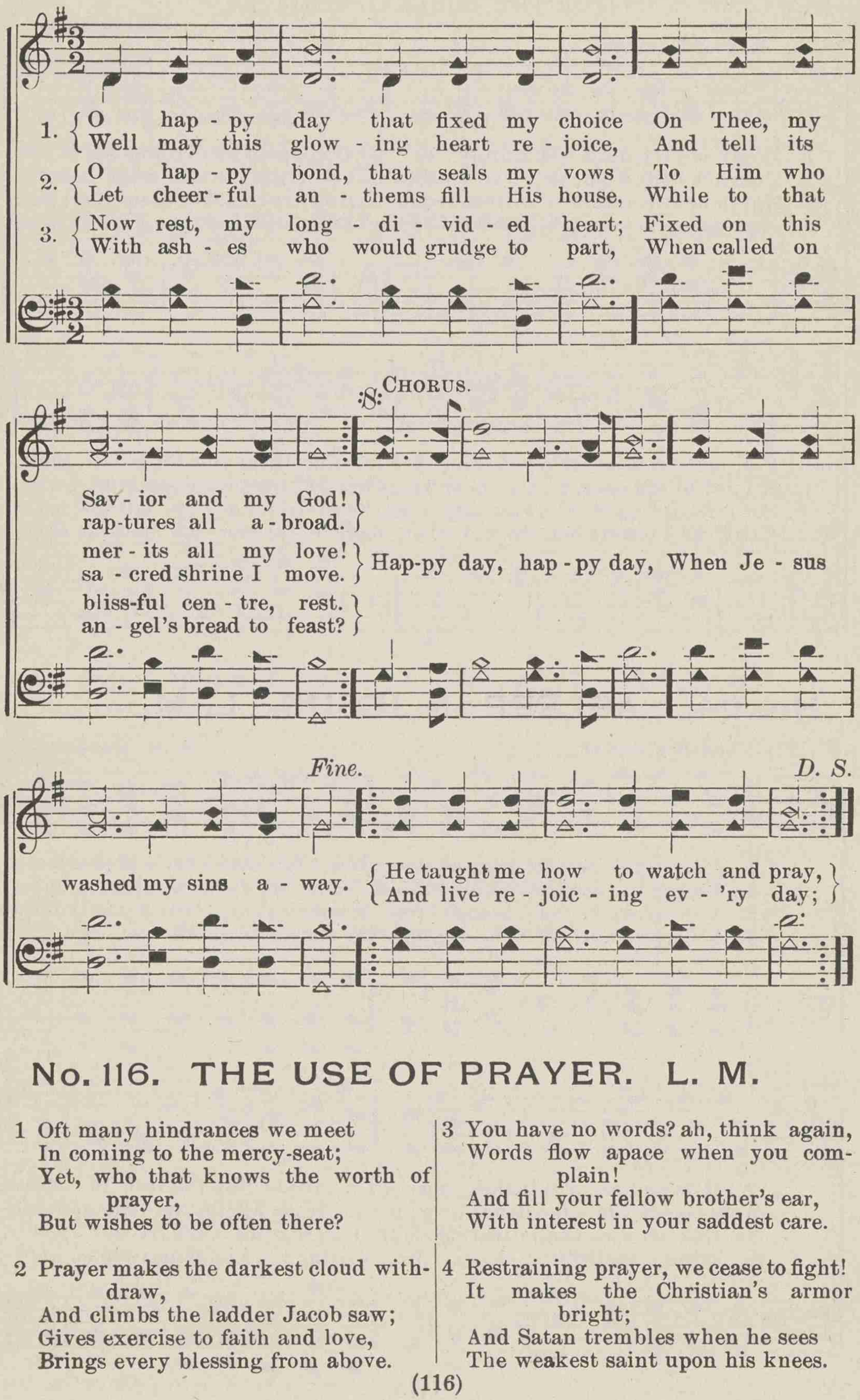
1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref - uge be!



A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Sav-ior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.



No. 115. HAPPY DAY. L. M.



No. 116. THE USE OF PRAYER. L. M.

1 Oft many hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
And climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 You have no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain!
And fill your fellow brother's ear,
With interest in your saddest care.

4 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight!
It makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 117. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 118. EVAN. C. M.

J. F. HERZOG. WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - mem - ber me, Thro' all the hours of night;
2. With grateful heart I close my eyes, Since Thou wilt not re - move;
3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my earth-ly days,
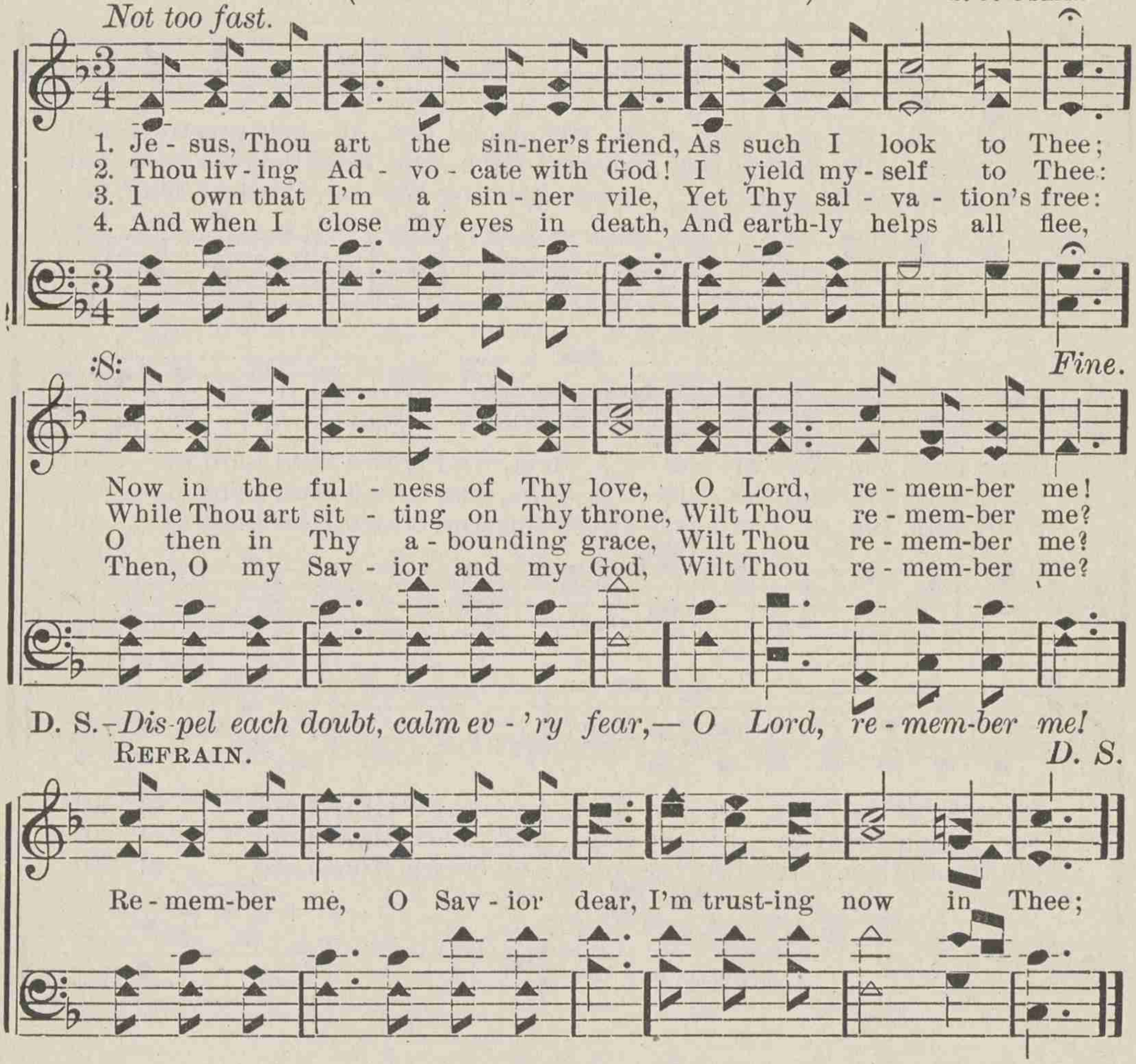
And grant to me, most gra-cious-ly, The safe-guard of Thy might.
And in the morn-ing let me rise, Re - joic - ing in Thy love.
Oh! take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 119. REMEMBER ME. C. M.

(FOR THE ALTAR SERVICE.)

S. J. OSLIN.
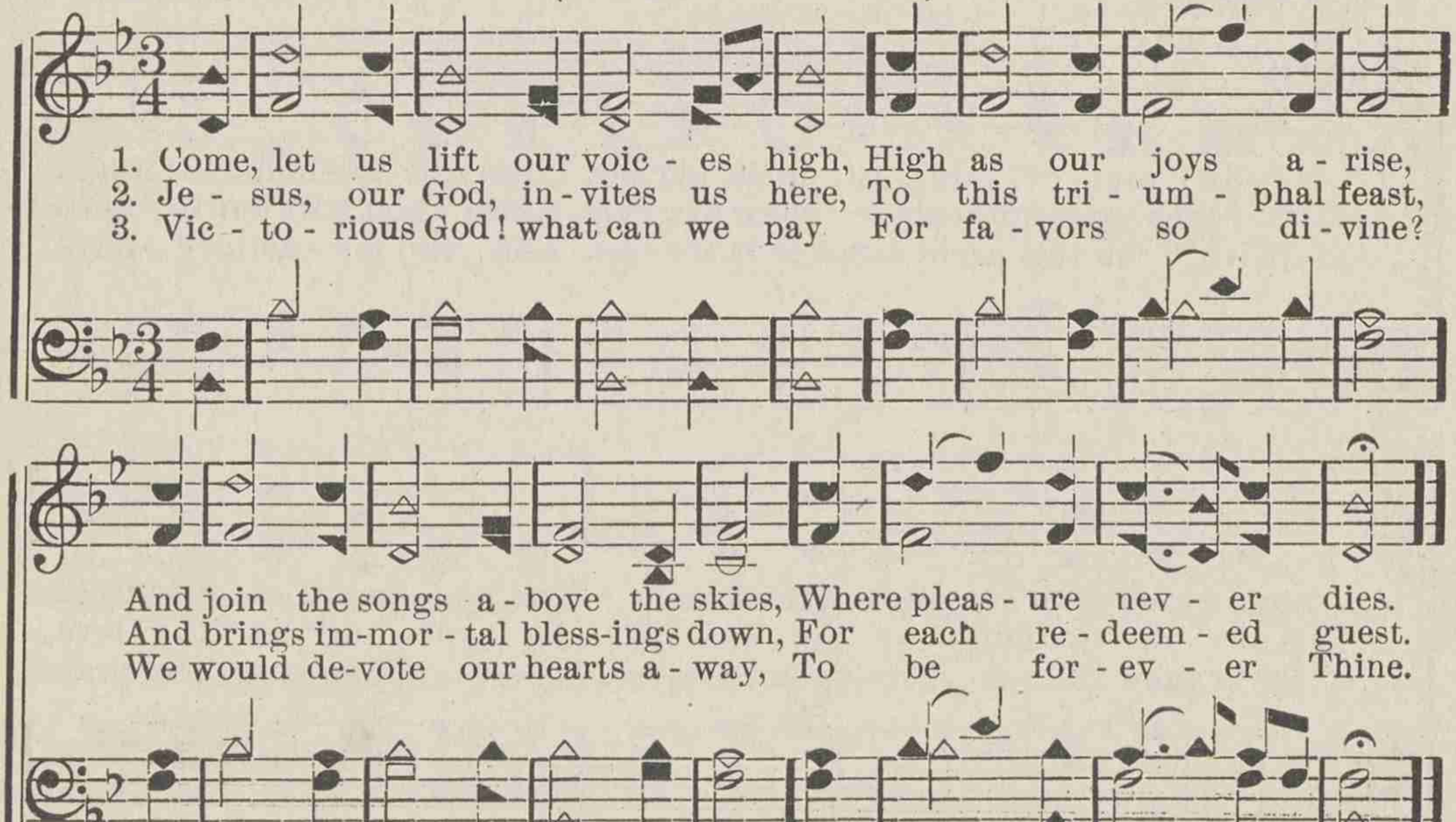
Not too fast.



No. 120. BALERMA. C. M.

(OPENING HYMN.)

Scotch Air.



No. 121. THINE, O CHRIST. C. M.

Selected. J. B. Van De Venter.

1 Thy works, not mine, O liv - ing Christ, Speak gladness to this heart;
2 Thy wounds, not mine, O liv - ing Christ, Can heal my wound-ed soul;
3 Thy cross, not mine, O liv - ing Christ, Has borne the aw - ful load
4 Thy death, not mine, O liv - ing Christ, Has paid the ran - som due;

Thy whis-pers to my soul "Well done," Bid all my fears de - part.
Thy sa - cred stripes, not mine, contain The balm that makes me whole.
Of sins that none could ev - er bear But Thee, in - car - nate God!
I know ten thousand deaths like mine Would on-ly be too few.

No. 122. AMAZING GRACE! C. M.

John Newton. Wm. Walker.

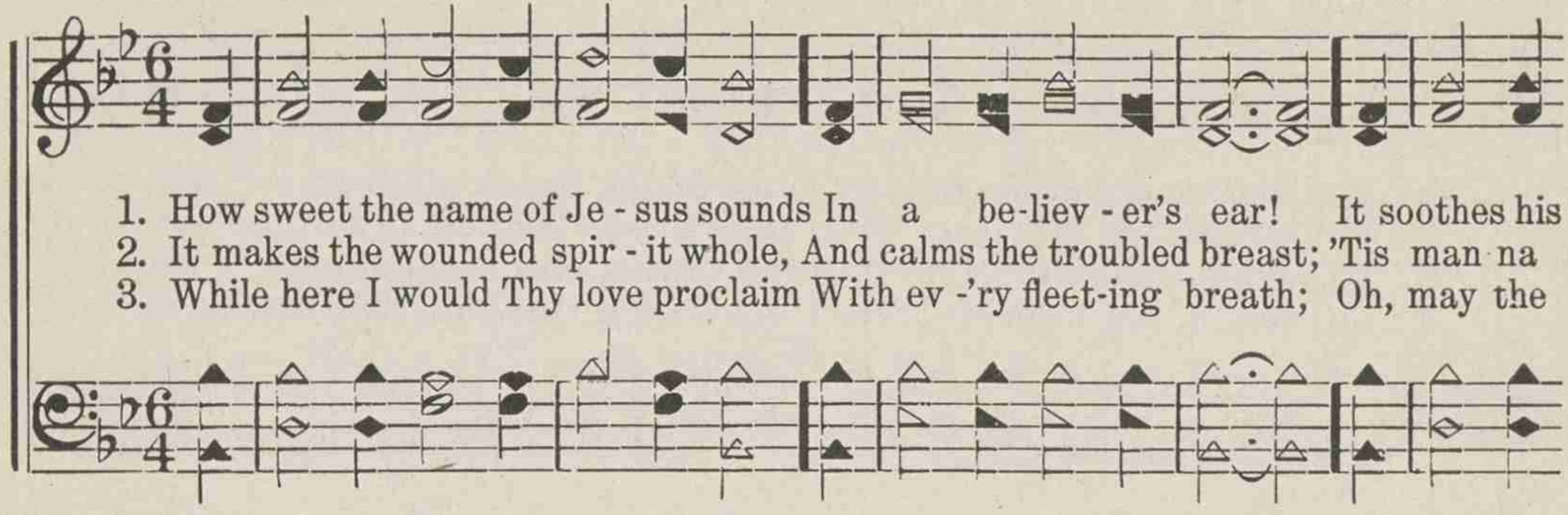
Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first believed!
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

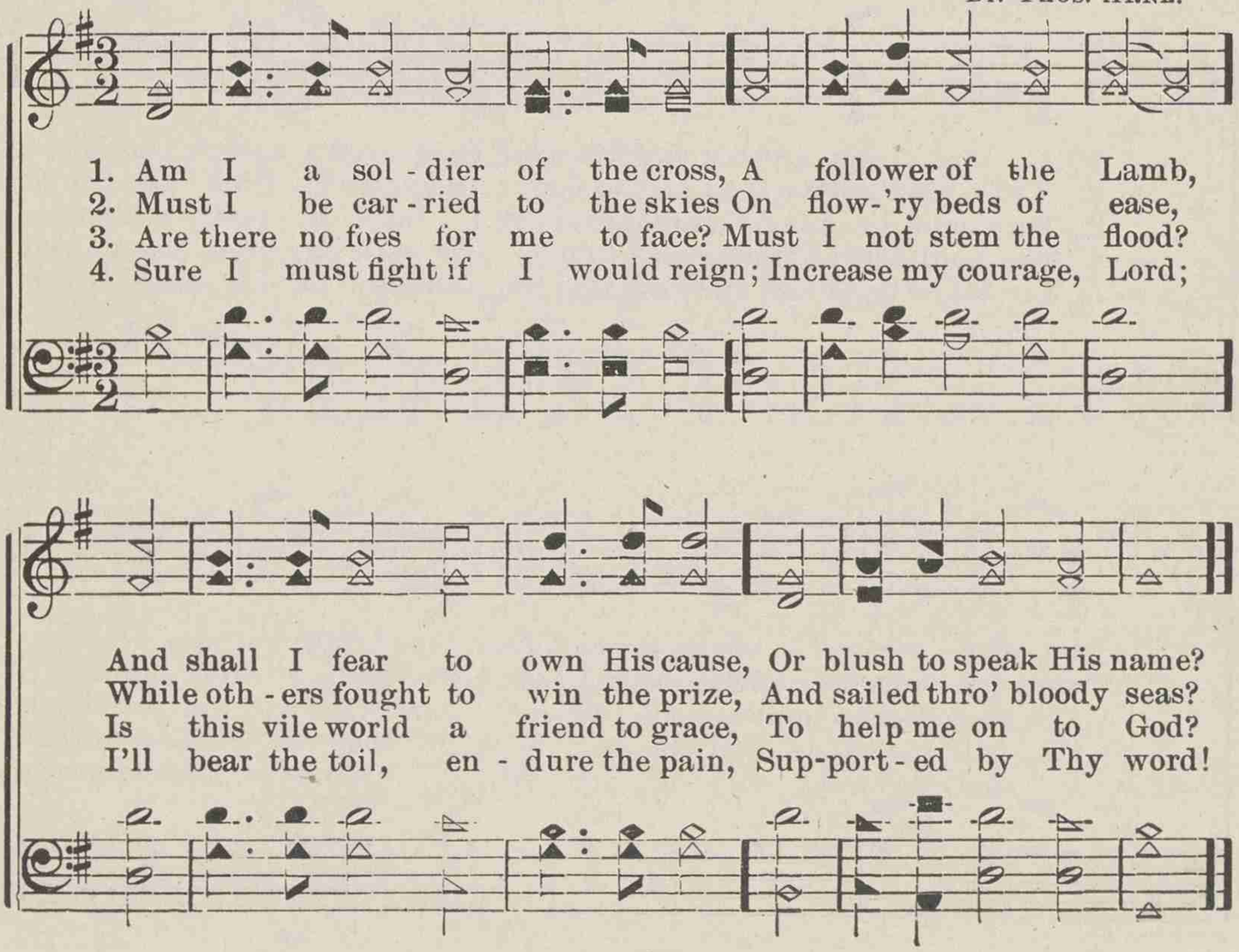
No. 123. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 124. ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. THOS. ARNE.



No. 125. FAITH AND TRUST. C. M.

Arr. by * * *

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know:
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—*I now be - lieve, I do be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

D. C. for Chorus.

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
With pain and la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death?
O may I now ac - cept that gift,—My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free!

No. 126. GRATITUDE. C. M.

J. T. LANE.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My thankful soul sur - veys,
2. Un-num-bered comforts on my soul Thy ten-der care be - stowed,
3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life, Thy goodness I'll pur - sue;
4. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A grate-ful song I'll raise;

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whence those comforts flowed.
And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.
But, oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise.

No. 127. THE THRONE OF GRACE. C. M.

Arr. by S. J. O. J. B. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Be - hold the throne of rich - est grace, The prom - ise calls me near;
2. Thine im - age, Lord, on me bestow,—Thy pres-ence and Thy love;
3. I'll live in Thee each day by faith,—Conform my will to Thine;
4. If Thou these earth-ly bless-ings give, And wilt my por-tion be;

There Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
I'll serve Thee glad - ly here be - low, And reign with Thee a - bove.
I'll be a vic - tor o - ver death, And then in glo - ry shine.
All world-ly joys I'll glad - ly leave, And find my heav'n in Thee!

No. 128. REDEEMING LOVE. C. M.

W. COWPER. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,

And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed sons of God Are saved, to sin no more.

D. S.—*And then I hope to sing this love In sweet - er strains on high.*

Fine.
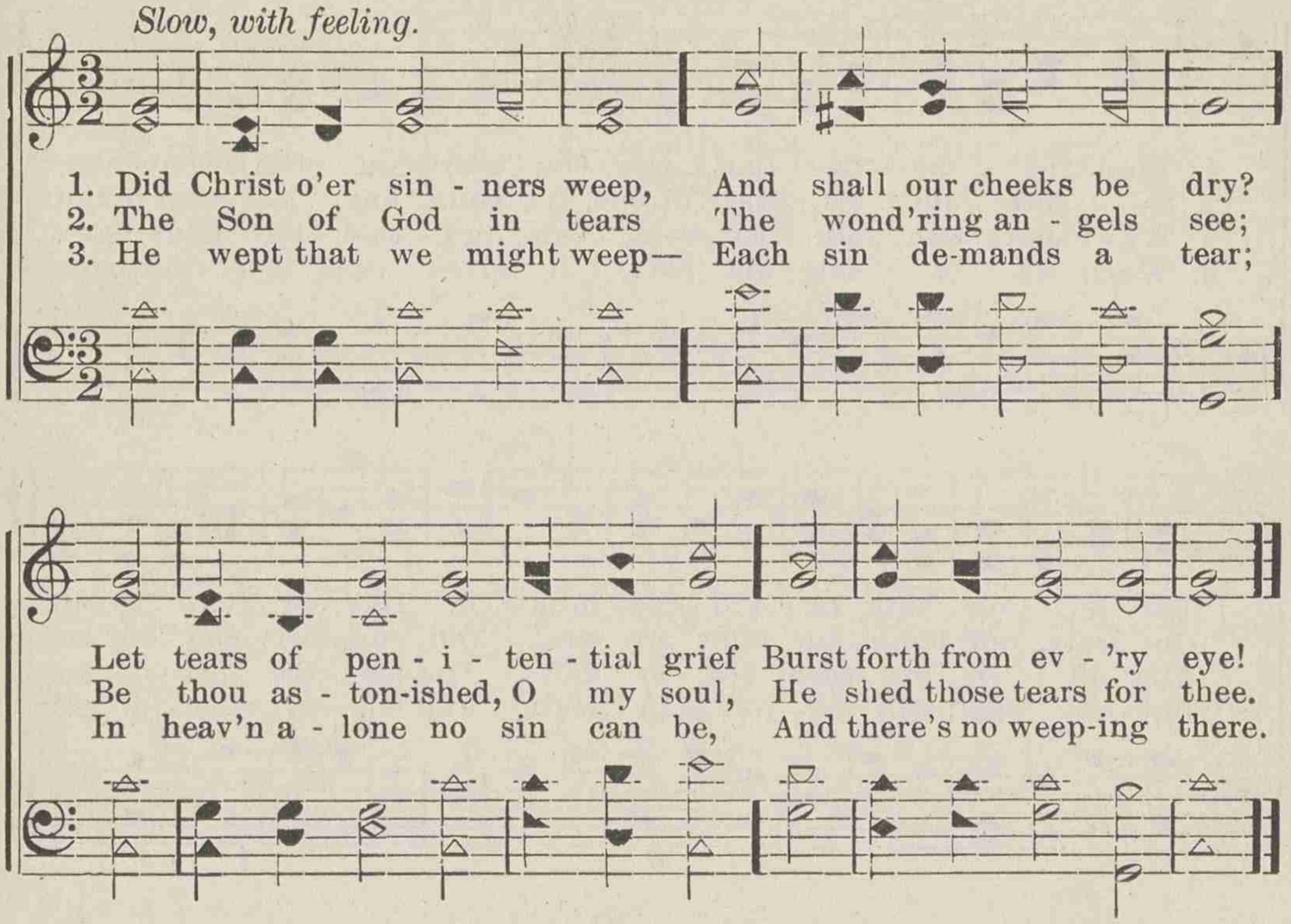
CHORUS. *D. S.*

Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die;

No. 129. BOYLSTON. S. M.

B. Beddome. Dr. Lowell Mason.

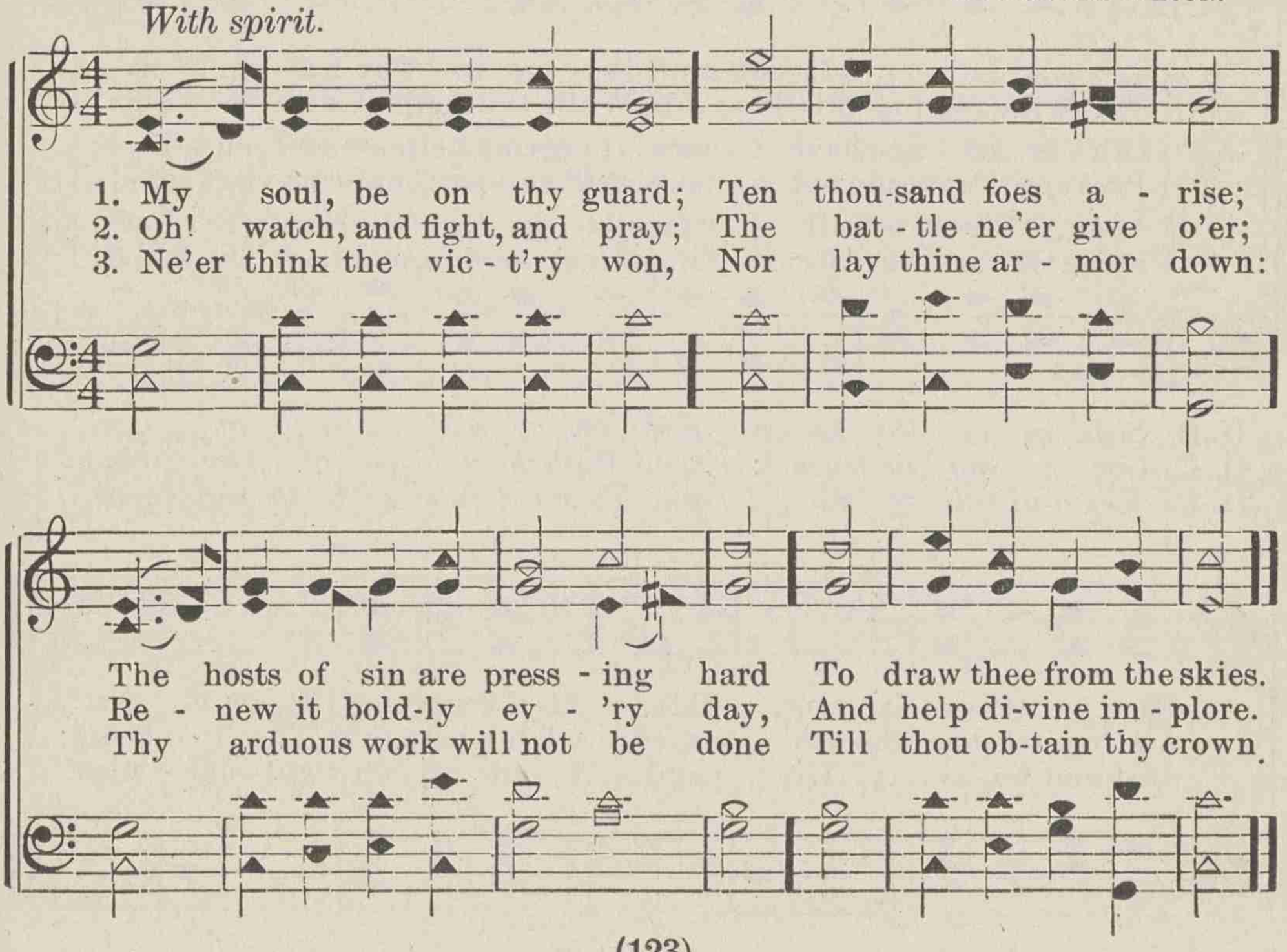
Slow, with feeling.



No. 130. LABAN. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

With spirit.



No. 131. DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.

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

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

No. 132. MARTYN. 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   While the rag-ing bil - lows roll, While the tempest still is high. }
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me. }
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in Thee I find;
   Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. }

D. C.–*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.*
D. C.–*Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.*
D. C.–*Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous - ness;

No. 133. BE BORN AGAIN. S. M.

MONTGOMERY. A. CHAPIN.

1. How sol - emn are the words, And yet to faith how plain,
2. "*Ye must be born a - gain!*" For so hath God de-creed;
3. "*Ye must be born a - gain!*" And life *in Christ* must have;
4. "*Ye must be born a - gain!*" Or nev - er en - ter heav'n;

Which Je - sus ut - tered while on earth—*Ye must be born a - gain!*
No ref - or - ma - tion will suf - fice— 'Tis *life* poor sin - ners need.
In vain the soul may else - where go— 'Tis He *a - lone* can save.
'Tis on - ly blood-washed ones are there—The ran-somed and for-giv'n.

No. 134. GREENVILLE. 8, 7.

R. ROBINSON. ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
   { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. { Oh, to grace how great a debtor Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
   { Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
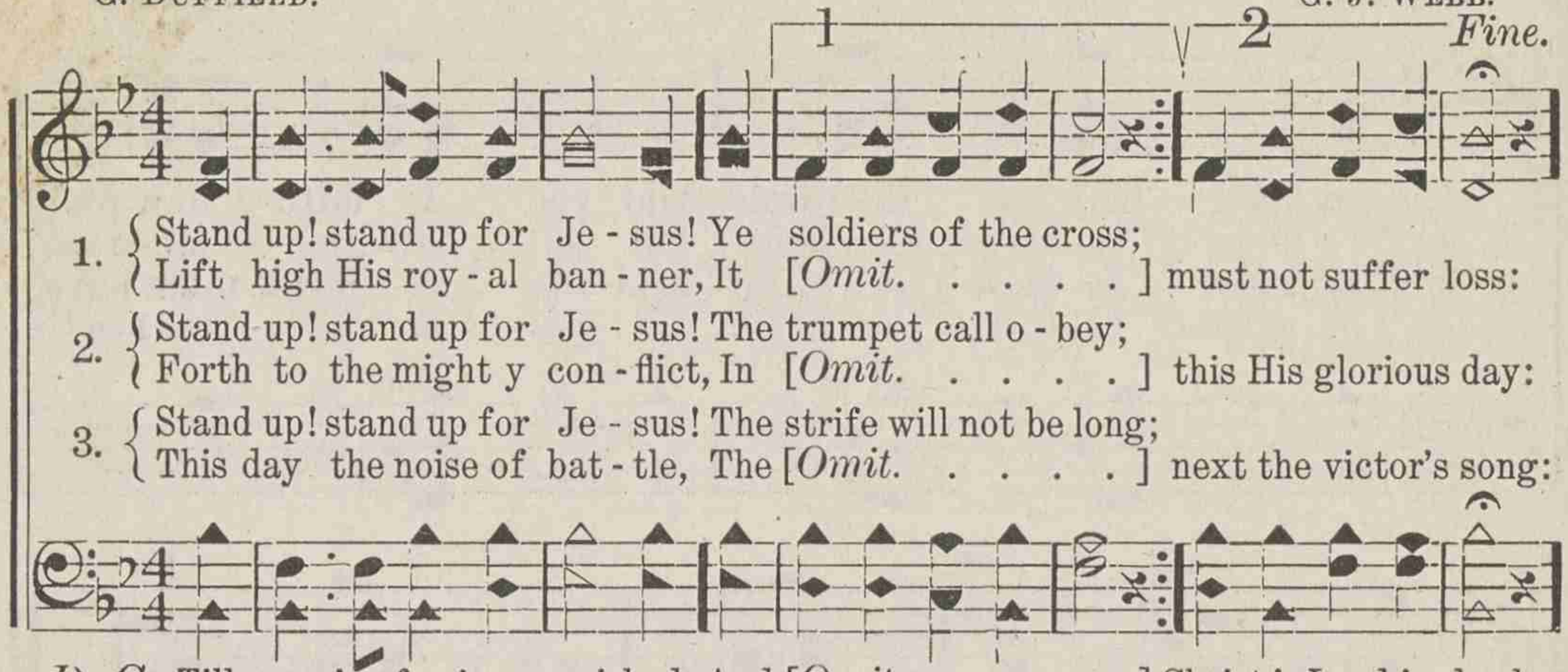
D. C.–*Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.*
D. C.–*He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.*
D. C.–*Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.*

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—
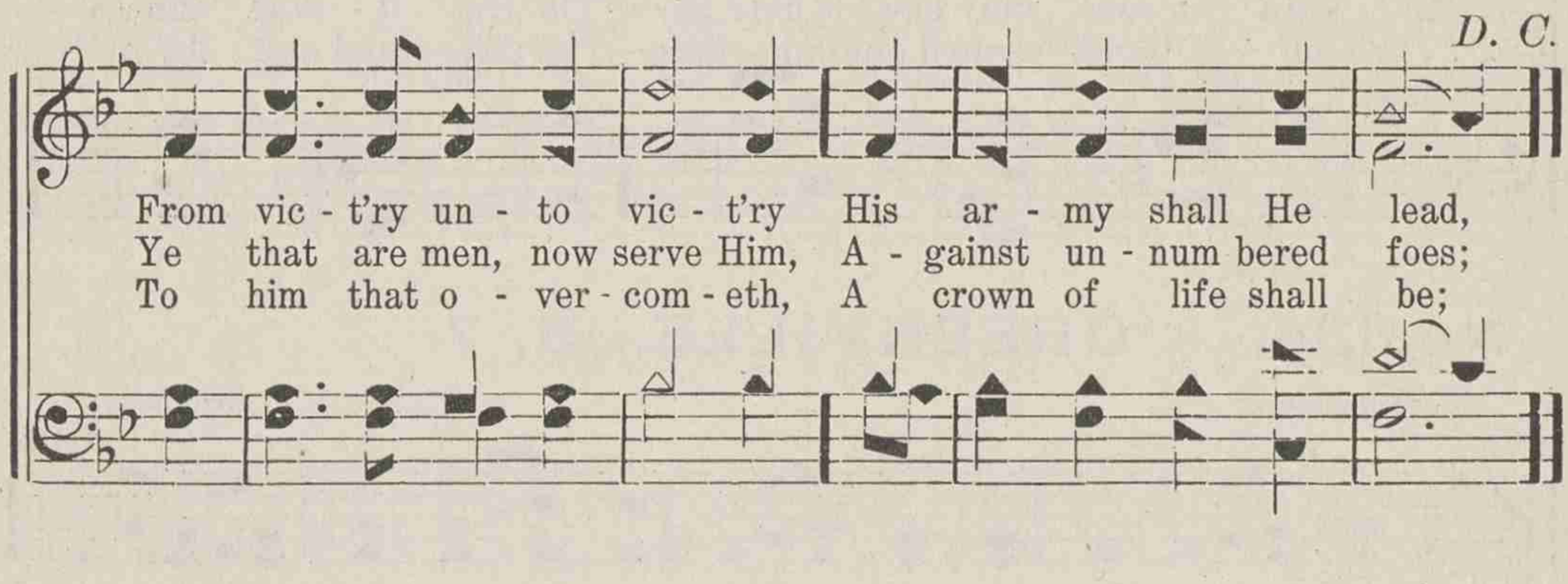
No. 135. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
   Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It [*Omit.* . . . .] must not suffer loss:
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey;
   Forth to the might y con - flict, In [*Omit.* . . . .] this His glorious day:
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
   This day the noise of bat - tle, The [*Omit.* . . . .] next the victor's song:

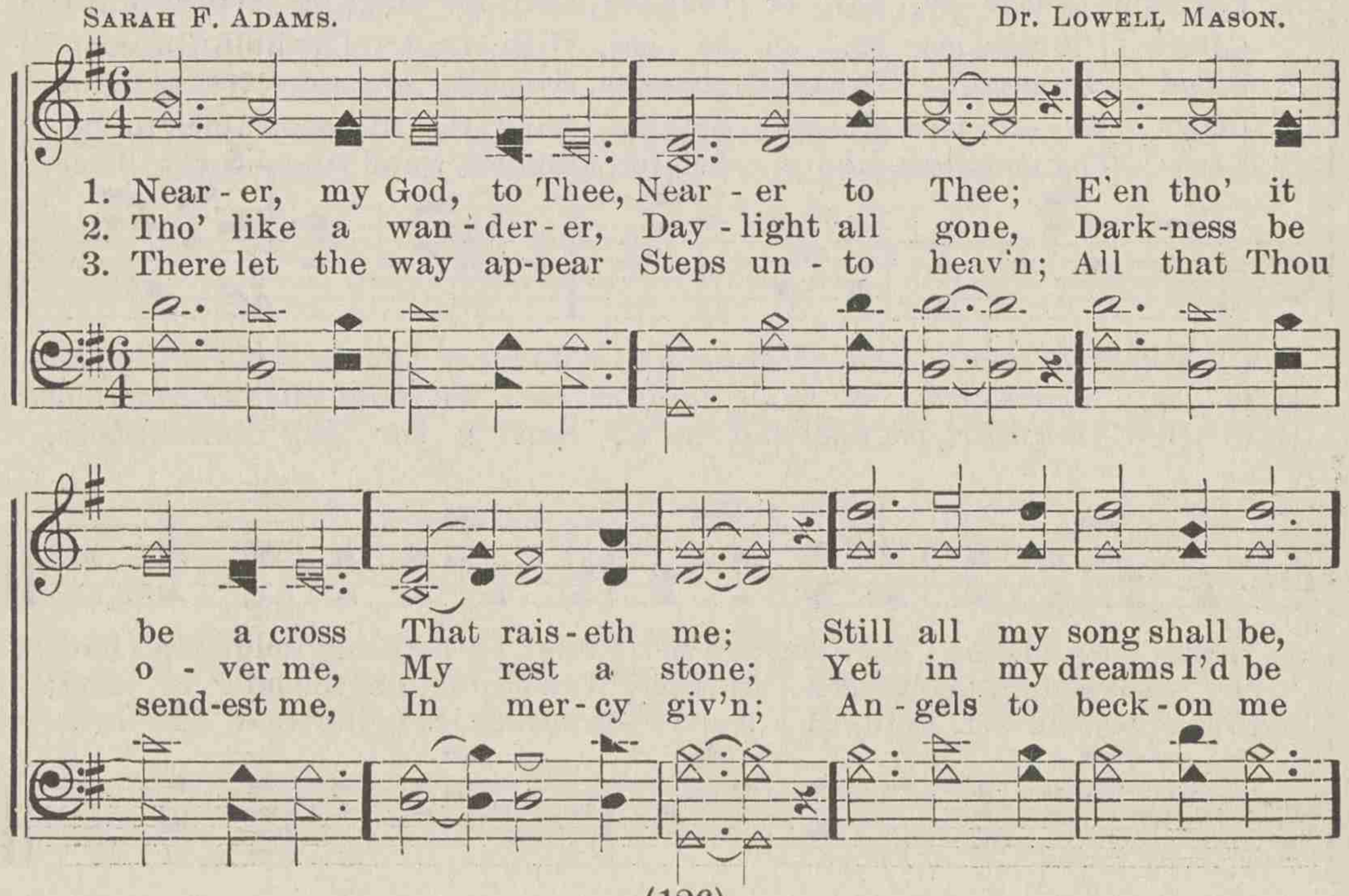
D. C.–Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And [*Omit.* . . . .] Christ is Lord in deed.
D. C.–Your courage rise with danger, And [*Omit.* . . . .] strength to strength oppose.
D. C.–He with the King of glo - ry Shall [*Omit.* . . . .] reign e - ter-nal - ly.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num bered foes;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 136. BETHANY. 6, 4.
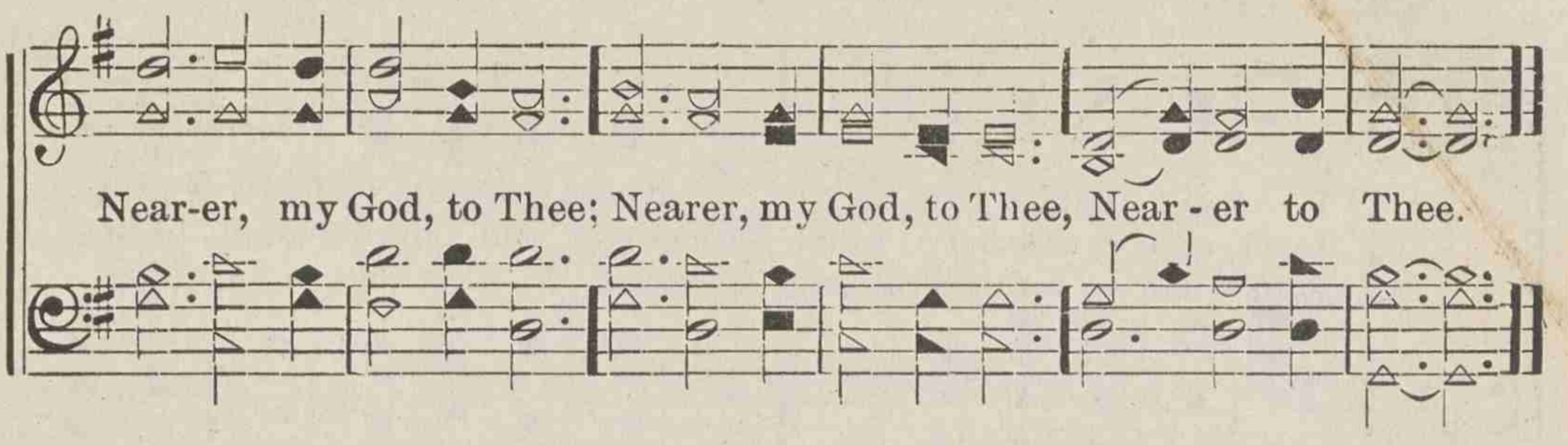
SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me

BETHANY—Concluded.



No. 137. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

G. KEITH. Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 138. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. And when be fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll

REFRAIN.

weakness, watch and pray, Find me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
} Je - sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 139. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store,

CHO.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry,*
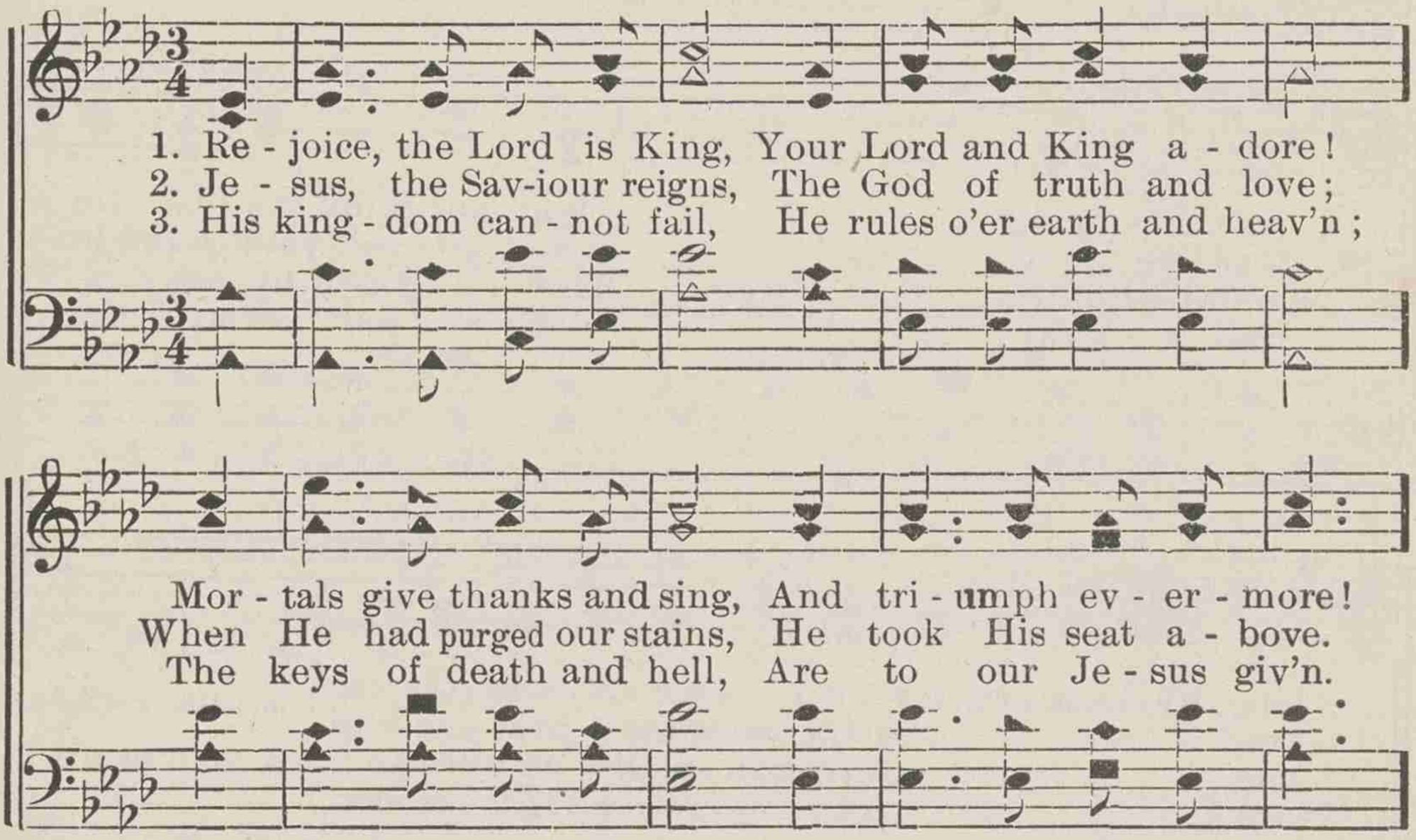
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Wholly Thine for - ev - er-more.

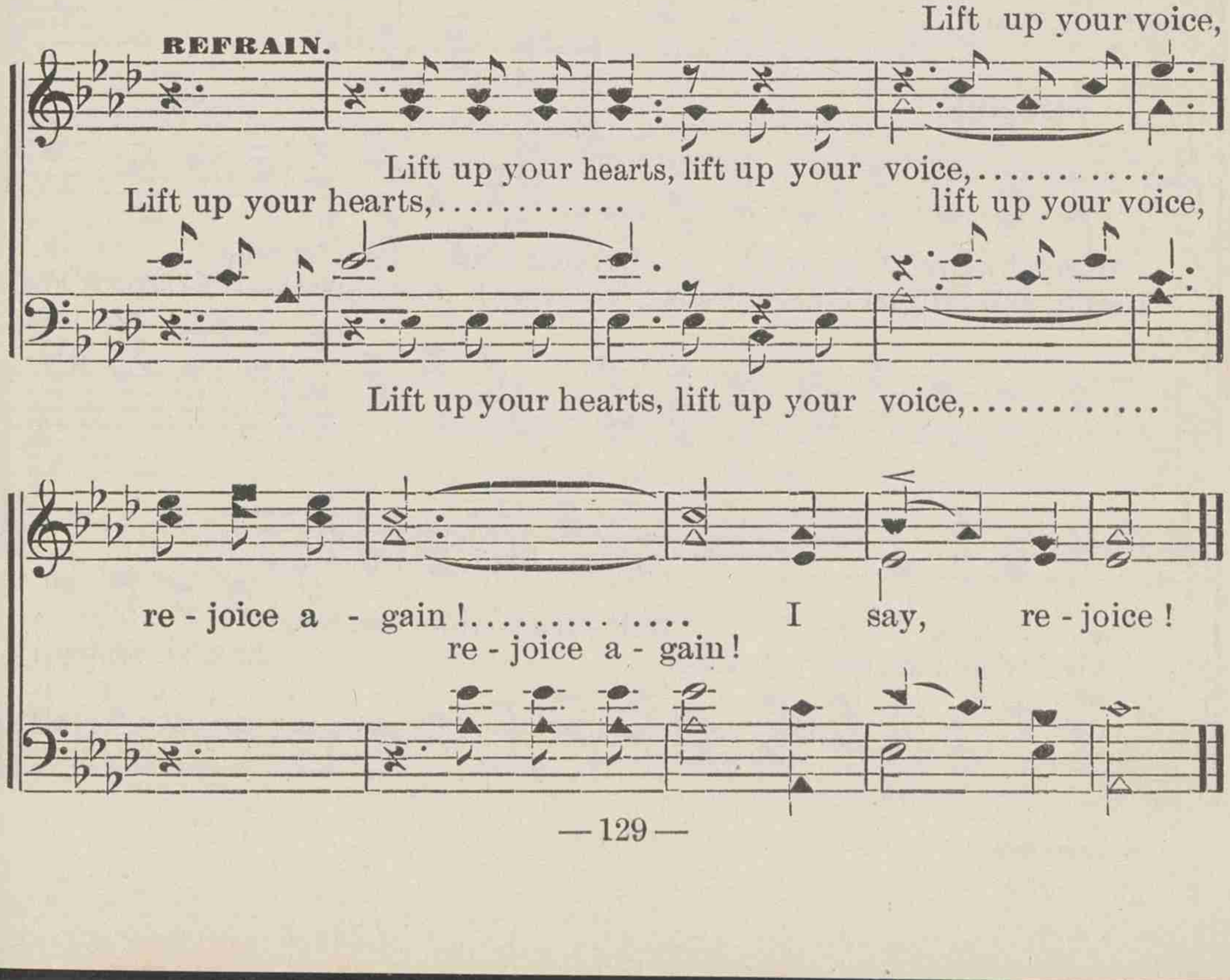
Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

PART IV.
MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 140. FREDERICKSBURGH. H. M.

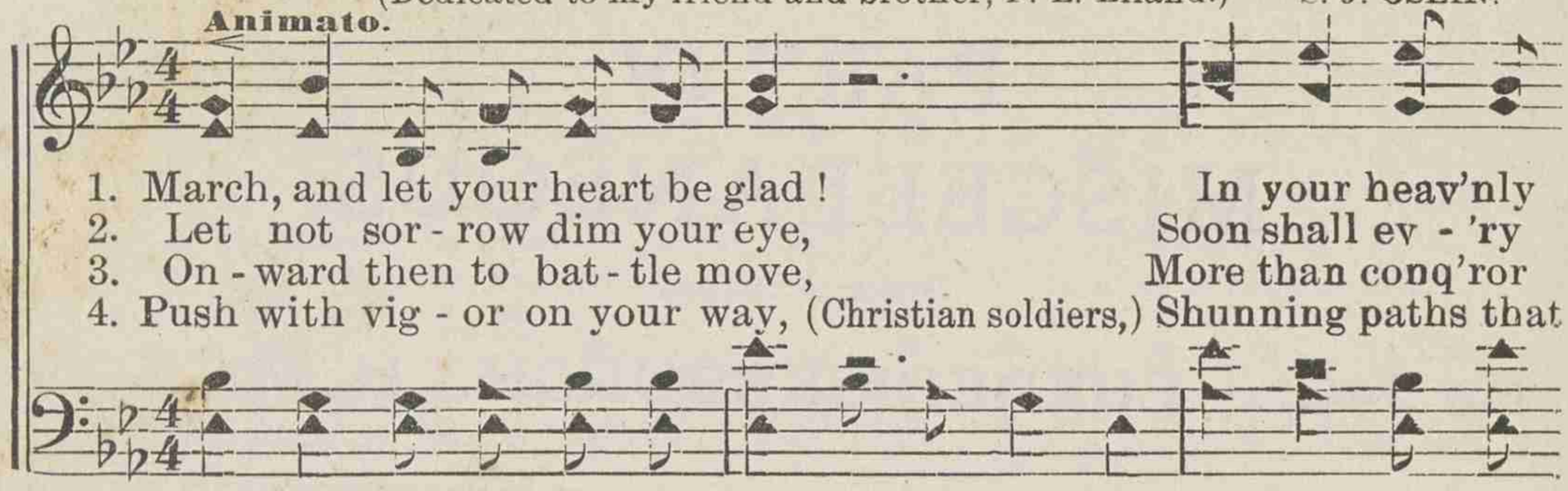
R. M. McINTOSH.





No. 141. CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(Dedicated to my friend and brother, F. L. Eiland.) S. J. OSLIN.



Copyright, 1905, by S. J. Oslin.

No. 142. LOVE AT HOME.

Old melody. Arr. by S. J. OSLIN.

Soft with expression.

1. There is beau - ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in
2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy
3. Kind - ly heav-en smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is
4. Je - sus show Thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweet-ly whis - per

ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home; Peace and plen-ty here a - bide, Smil-ing
ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home; Ros-es blossom 'neath our feet, All the
filled with love, When there's love at home; Sweeter sings the brook-let by, Bright-er
I am Thine, Then there's love at home; Source of love Thy cheering light, Far ex-

sweet on ev -'ry side, Time doth ev - er sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
earth's a garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
beams the a-zure sky, And there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
ceeds the sun so bright, Can dis-pel the gloom of night, Then there's love at home.

REFRAIN.

Love at home, love at home! Time doth ever sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home! Mak-ing life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home! And there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
Love at home, love at home! Can dis-pel the gloom of night, When there's love at home.

No. 143. STEADILY ONWARD.

(Dedicated to the W. N. C. M. and Eureka boys.)

W. H W. W. H. WHITWORTH.

1. We are a band of broth-ers marching a - long, Tell - ing the bless - ed gos - pel news in song; Sing - ing of Je - sus who can save from all sin, Un - der His ban - ner we will vic - t'ry win.
2. Vir - tue our watch word as we march bravely on, Press - ing the bat - tle till the strife is done; God is our ref - uge and our strong mighty tow'r, No foe can harm us while we trust His pow'r.
3. Hear ye the bat - tle - cry! to God now be true, Je - sus our Cap-tain sig-nals now to you; Lift up your eyes, my comrades, crim-son the sky, Night is re - ced - ing, lo! the dawn is nigh.

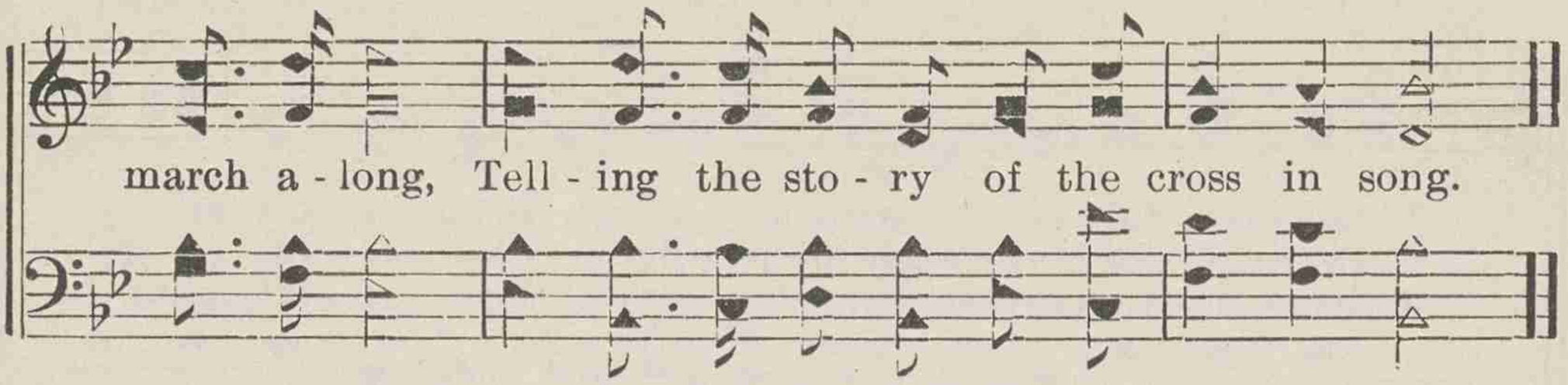
CHORUS.

On - ward, Stead - i - ly on we go; For - ward, On-ward, on-ward! For-ward, for-ward!

Van-quish-ing ev - 'ry foe; On - ward, Brave-ly we On-ward, on-ward!

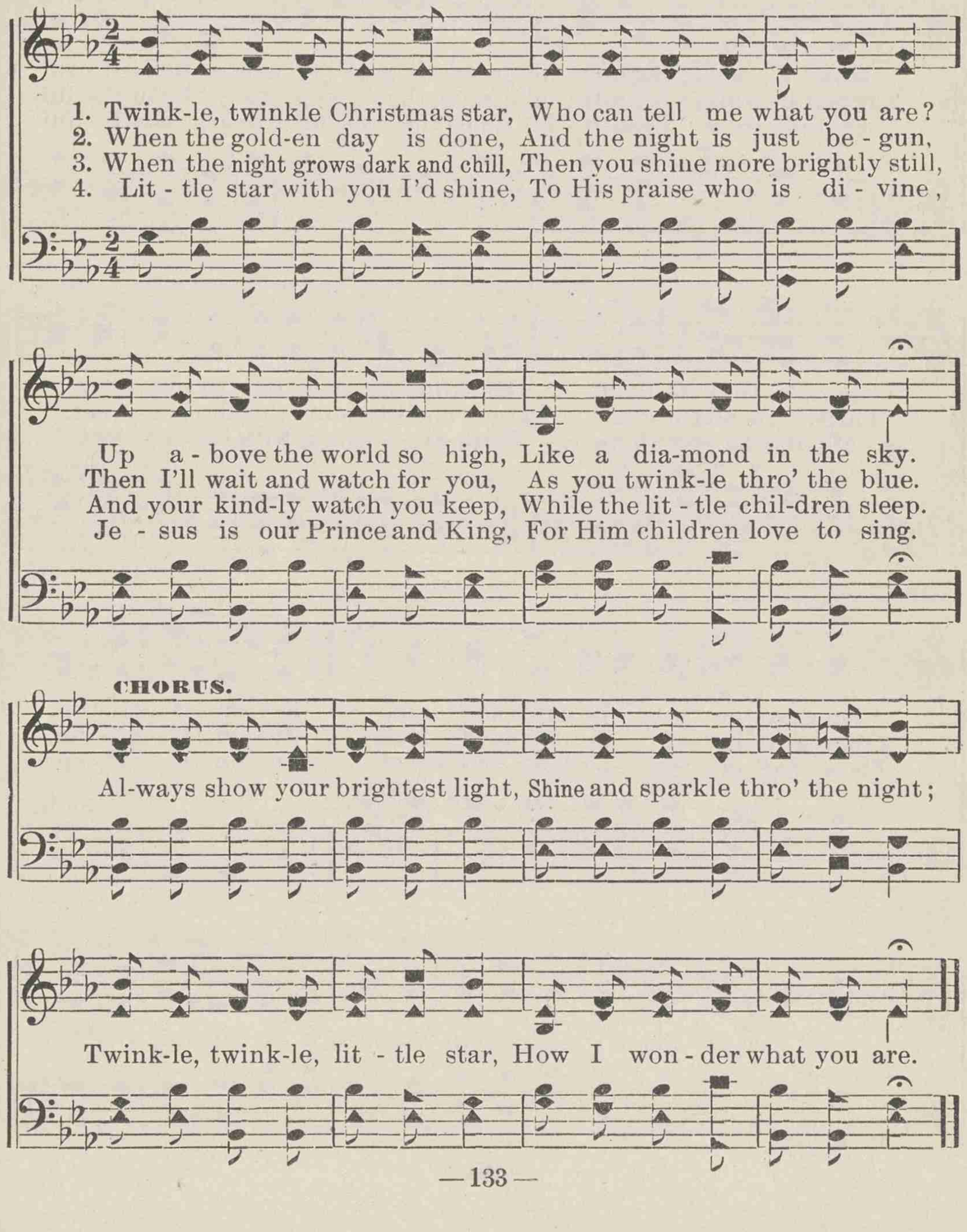
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STEADILY ONWARD. Concluded.



No. 144. TWINKLE, TWINKLE, CHRISTMAS STAR.

(For Juvenile Class.) BART. J. COWART.



No. 145. BEAUTIFUL CITY.

JAS. H. STANLEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels
3. Beau - ti - ful crown on ev - 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the

that I love; Beau-ti - ful gates of pear - ly white, Beau-ti - ful
clothed in white; Beau-ti - ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti - ful
vic-tor's show; Beau-ti - ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti - ful

tem-ple, God its light. He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
harps thro' all the choir. There shall I join the cho-rus sweet,
all who en - ter there. Thith-er I press with eag - er feet,

Op-ened the pear - ly gates for me, Zi - on, O Zi - on,
Wor-ship-ing at the Sav-iour's feet, Zi - on, O Zi - on,
There shall my rest be long and sweet, Zi - on, O Zi - on,

love - ly Zi - on, O beau-ti - ful Zi - on, Cit - y of our God!

No. 146. LIBERTY.

(National Song.)

Old melody.

2nd and 3d stanzas by R. F. ESTES.

Reconstructed and arr. by S. J. OSLIN.

1. No more be-neath op-pres-sion's hand Of ty - ran-ny we groan;
2. In this fair land of lib - er - ty, This land of peace and rest;
3. May lib - er - ty for - ev - er grow, And spread from shore to shore;

Be - hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, Which freedom calls her own.
Let jus-tice reign from sea to sea, And all man-kind be blest.
That oth - er lands may see and know, Op-pres-sion's reign is o'er.

Be - hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, Which

Be - hold a smil - ing,

Be-

Be - hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, Which freedom calls her

free - dom calls her own, Which free - dom calls her

hap - py land, Which free-dom calls her own, Which free - dom

hold a smil - ing, hap - py land, Which free-dom calls her

own her own, Which free - dom calls her

own!.....

calls her own, Which freedom calls her own! Which freedom calls her own!

own,

own!.....

S. J. Oslin, owner.

No. 147. ROW ME OVER THE TIDE.

Unknown. THOS. MARTIN.

Slowly and softly.

1. Two lit - tle chil-dren were stroll - ing one day, Down by the clear water's side; One came up to the boat-man and said:
2. We are so wretch-ed, so hun - gry and poor, We have no place to a - bide; Pa - pa and mamma and Wil - lie are gone,
3. Pa - pa and mam-ma told Wil - lie one day, Je - sus would come for their child; We are so tir - ed of wait - ing so long,
4. Two lit - tle fac - es no more we shall see, Sweet-ly they sleep side by side: Je - sus so full of com - pas-sion and love,

REFRAIN.

"Please row me o - ver the tide."..... Row me o - ver the
"Please row me o - ver the tide."..... o - ver the tide.
"Please row me o - ver the tide."..... o - ver the tide,
Has rowed them o - ver the tide."..... yes, o - ver the tide.

tide, ... Row me o - ver the tide; Loved ones are wait-ing for me o - ver there, Please row me o - ver the tide.....
o - ver the tide, yes, o - ver the tide.
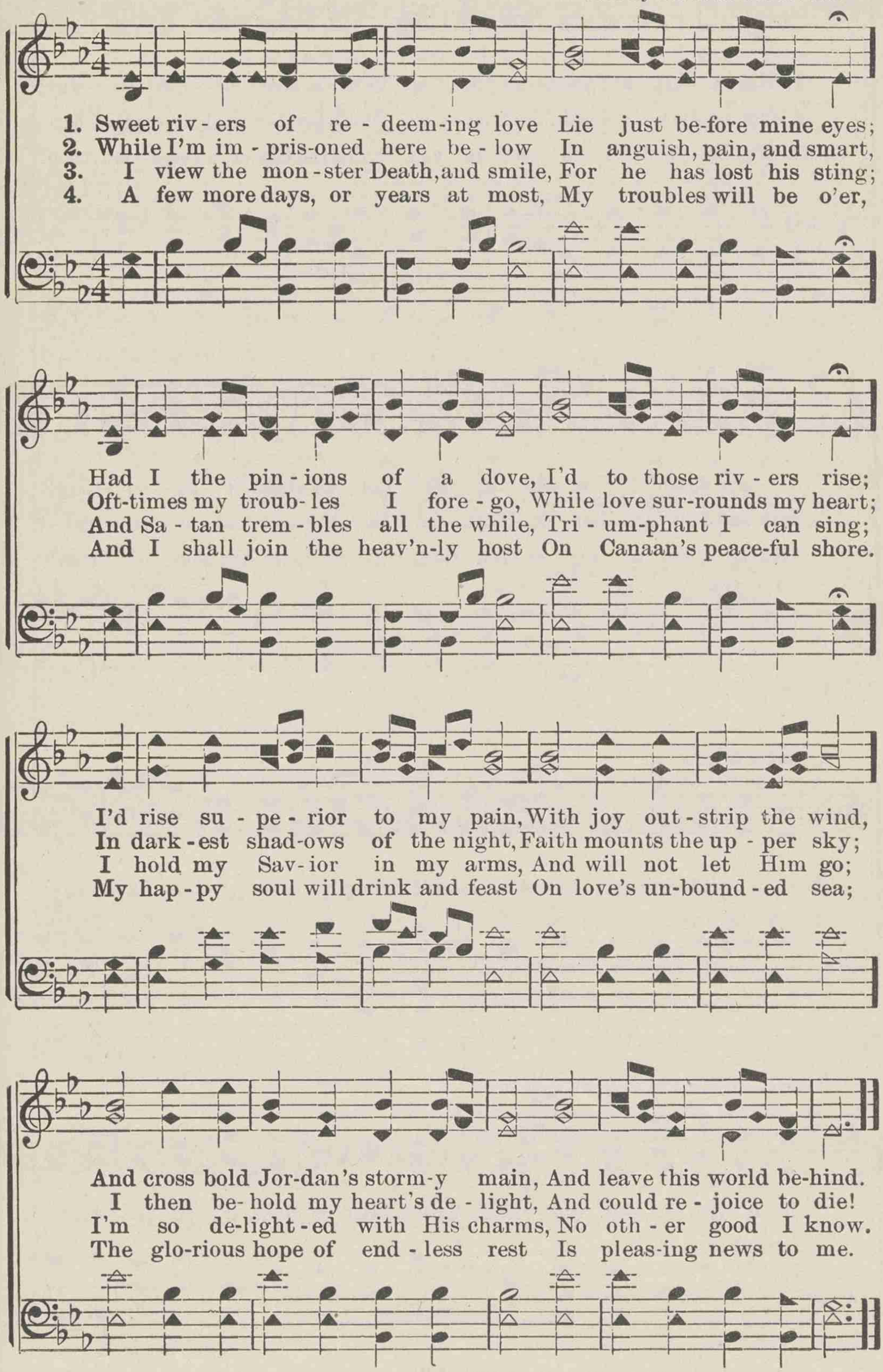
Repeat pp after last stanza.

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No. 148. SWEET RIVERS.

(This arrangement is respectfully dedicated to our fathers and mothers who used to sing this song from "Sacred Harp and Christian Harmony.")

Arr. by Dr. S. S. MAYFIELD.



1. Sweet riv - ers of re - deem-ing love Lie just be-fore mine eyes;
2. While I'm im - pris-oned here be - low In anguish, pain, and smart,
3. I view the mon - ster Death, and smile, For he has lost his sting;
4. A few more days, or years at most, My troubles will be o'er,

Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd to those riv - ers rise;
Oft-times my troub - les I fore - go, While love sur-rounds my heart;
And Sa - tan trem - bles all the while, Tri - um-phant I can sing;
And I shall join the heav'n-ly host On Canaan's peace-ful shore.

I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With joy out - strip the wind,
In dark - est shad-ows of the night, Faith mounts the up - per sky;
I hold my Sav - ior in my arms, And will not let Him go;
My hap - py soul will drink and feast On love's un-bound - ed sea;

And cross bold Jor-dan's storm - y main, And leave this world be-hind.
I then be - hold my heart's de - light, And could re - joice to die!
I'm so de-light - ed with His charms, No oth - er good I know.
The glo-rious hope of end - less rest Is pleas-ing news to me.

Arrangement copyright, 1903, by S S. Mayfield.

No. 149. "IT IS WITHIN YOU."

F. L. EILAND. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. Not a thou-sand years be-yond us, Not a score of time a - way;
2. Not be - yond a death, dark riv - er, Not when tombs shall emptied be;
3. Not be - yond, "It is with - in you," Saith the Christ, no ques-tion then;

Je - sus said: "It is with - in you," Let us claim it so to - day!
Here and now pro-claim it, broth - er, In its pow'r and vic - to - ry!
Not be - yond a res - ur - rec - tion, We its heirs, the sons of men!

REFRAIN.

"It is with - in you," Je - sus spake it; Sing ye not of it, a - way;

"It is with - in you," glo - rious kingdom, Let us claim it so to - day!

No. 150. GO SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

S. J. OSLIN.

1. Go scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the beau - ti - ful rain; That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And
2. Go scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More precious than treasures of gold; They light-en the bur - dens of oth - ers, They
3. Go scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re-mem - ber the weak and oppressed; Go smile on the poor and the need - y, And
4. Go scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know where they may fall; Then ev - er be read - y and will ing, To

makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.
cheer up the young and the old.
com - fort the sad and dis-tressed.
scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.

REFRAIN.

Go scatter bright smiles, they will nev - er be lost, Remember your mission be-low; Scat-ter bright smiles, scatter bright smiles Wher-ev-er, wher-ev - er you go!.....
wher-ev - er you go!

No. 151. THE LAMB THAT LOST ITS WAY.

LAURA E. NEWELL. Melody by A. L. WRIGHT.

1. Dark the storm-cloud hung o'er the dusk - y world, And the shadows were dim and gray; When for - sak - en far from the sheltered fold,
2. But the Shepherd missed from the fold the lamb, Tho' the nine-ty and nine were there; Thro' the storm He pressed as in scenes of calm,
3. Yes, the Shepherd hastened, tho' paths were steep, And His blood marked the way so drear; Trod that fear - ful night on the mountain lone,

D. S.—O'er the path of a soul by sin de-filed,

Was the lamb that has lost its way. O the night came down on the mount-ain lone, And the thun-der with an - gry roar Ech - oed
In the sunlight se - rene and fair. And He hast-ened on as His lis - t'ning ear Caught the pit - y - ful, wea - ry cry Of the
Ere He res-cued the lamb so dear. In His arms He car - ried it to the fold, All so peace-ful at break of day, But He

O'er the lamb that has lost its way.

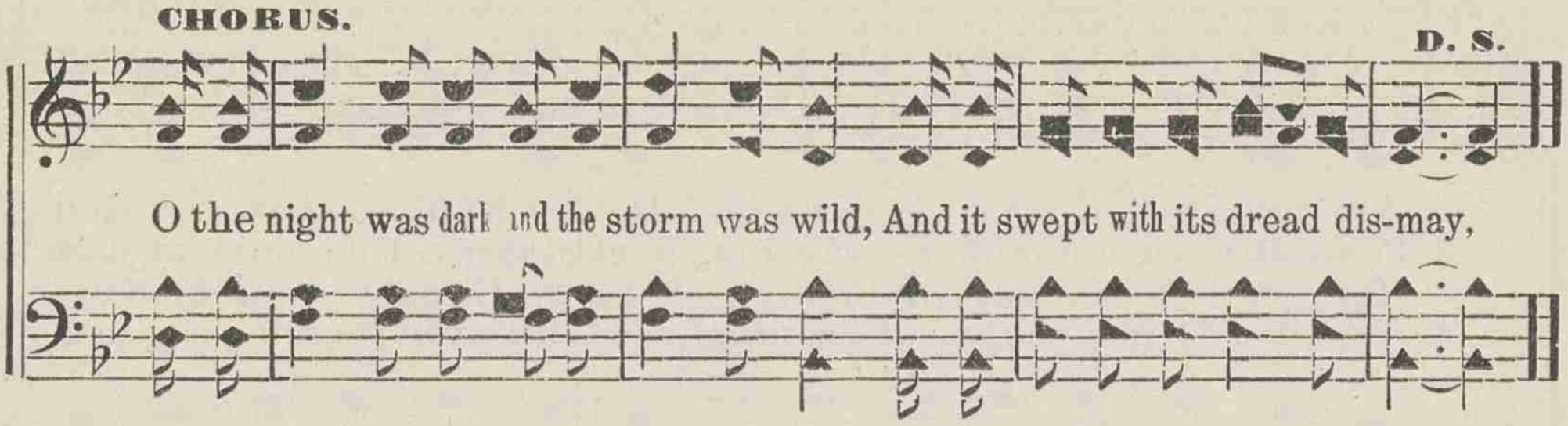
wild and deep as the wind's low moan Swept across the de - sert - ed moor.
lamb who strayed that had lost its way, Tho' the Shepherd to it was nigh.
gave his life - ten - der sto - ry old, For the lamb that had lost its way.

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THE LAMB THAT LOST. Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S.

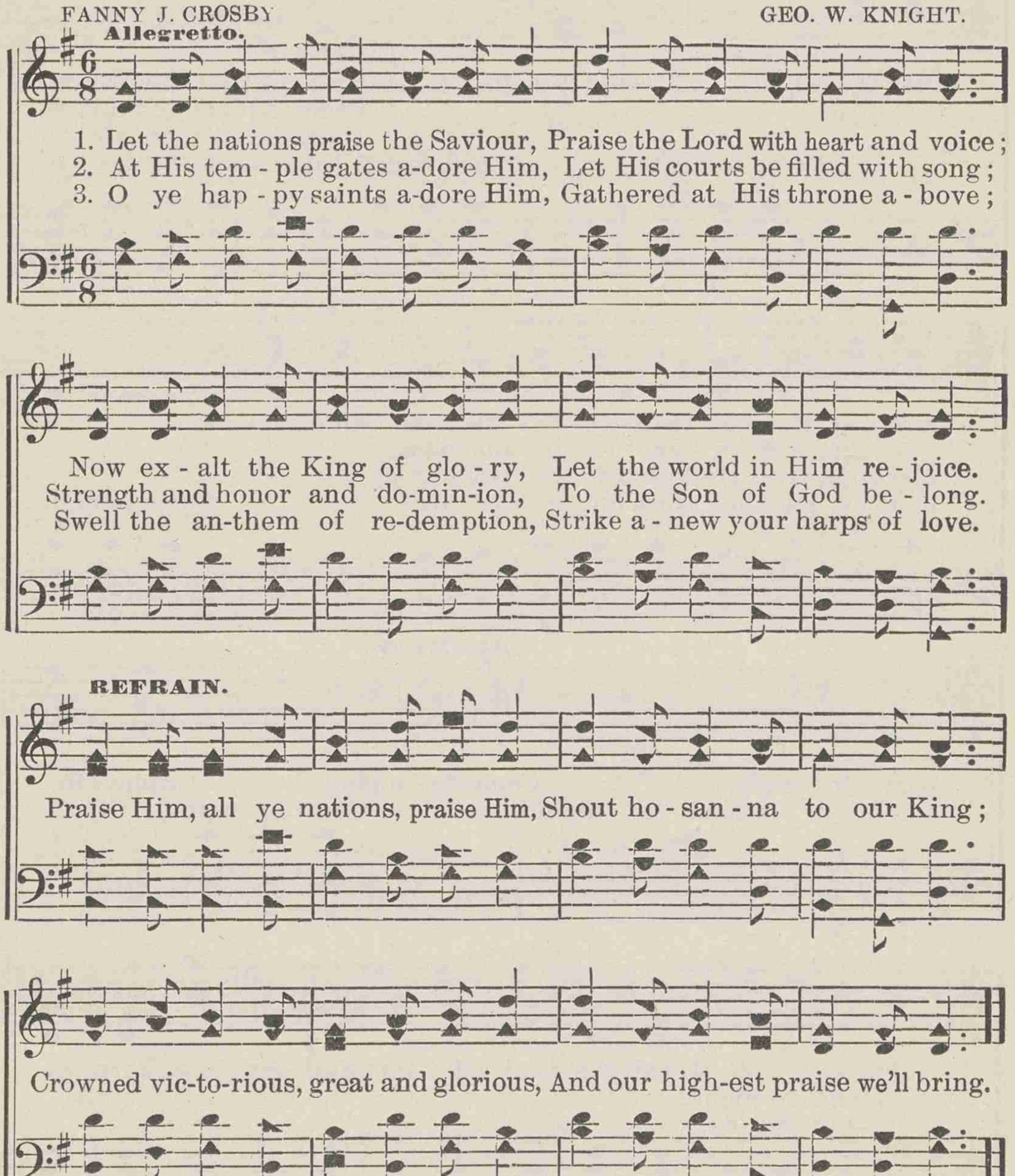


No. 152. LET THE NATIONS PRAISE HIM.

(Opening service praise song.

FANNY J. CROSBY GEO. W. KNIGHT.

Allegretto.



REFRAIN.

No. 153. DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOR GOD?

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

1. Are you tired of sin's de - lu-sion? Do you want to live for God?
2. Peace at thy command is wait-ing, Wouldst thou it this moment claim?
3. Tar - ry not a - way in doubting, While the Christ now in-ter-cedes;
4. Time is fly-ing, judgment's coming, Shall unsaved there be thy cry?

Come to - night,..... come to-night!

Seek the paths the saints be-
Bring thy load of guilt be-
With the Fa-ther He is

Come to-night, come to-night! Let you not the day of

fore you Have by faith in Je - sus trod, Come to - night,... ....
fore Him, Ask re - lief in Je - sus' name,
pleading, And He knoweth well thy needs,
mer - cy, Pass you thus for - ev - er by!

Come to-night,
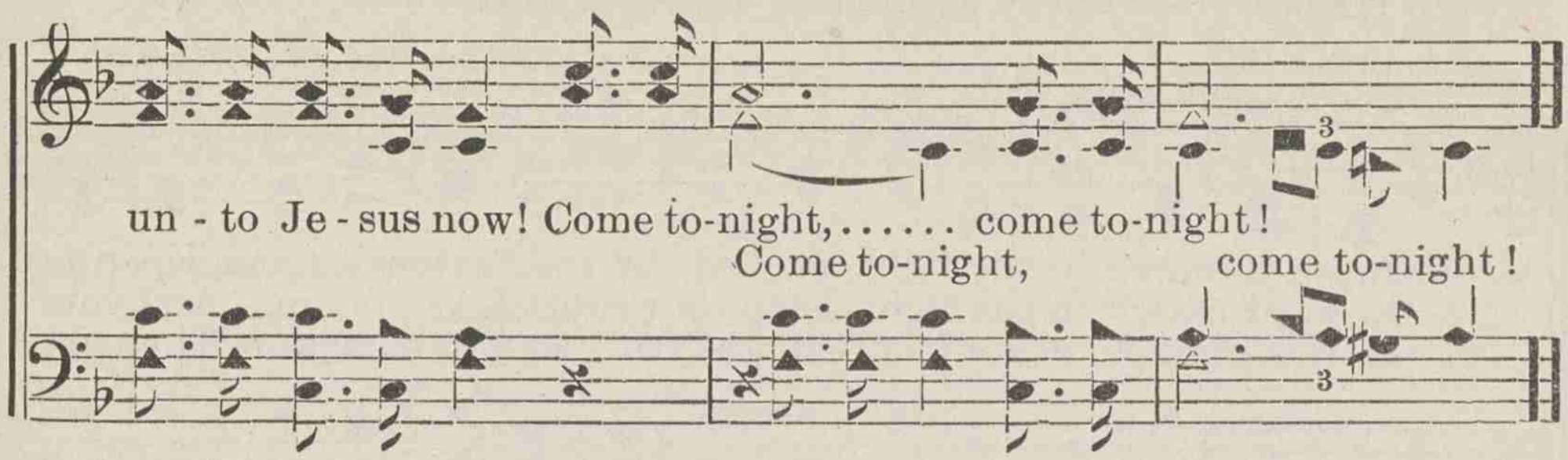
REFRAIN.

come to - night! Come to - night, come to-
come to - night! Come to - night,

night! Leave the road of sin and sor - row, Turn ye
come to-night!

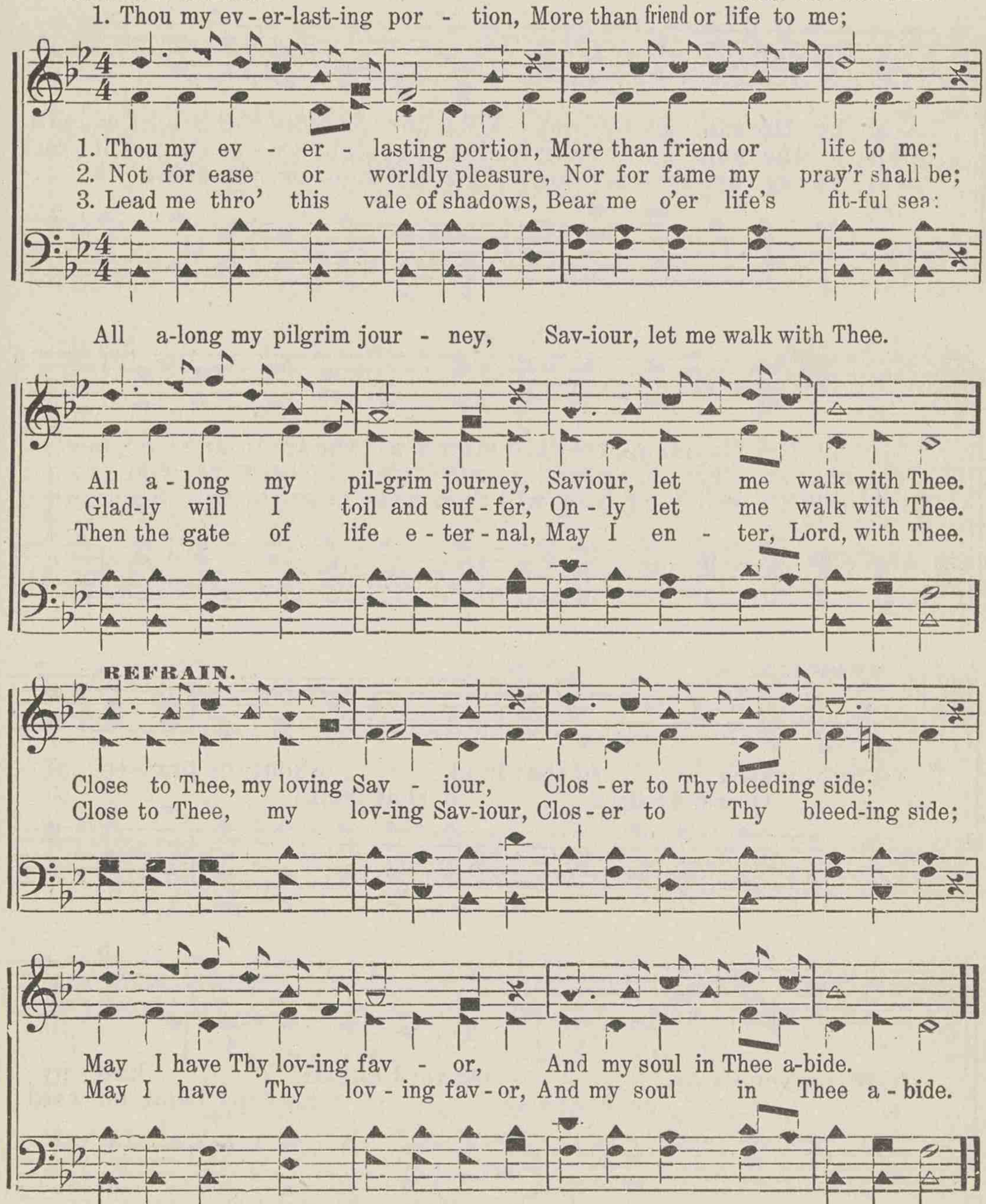
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DO YOU WANT TO LIVE. Concluded.



No. 154. CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JAS. H. STANLEY.



No. 155. ONWARD MARCH.

L. A. CUMMINGS, L. J. CARTER. Har. arr. by L. A. C.

March movement.

1. On-ward march in the light, guid-ed by the Saviour's hand, Keeping close by His side all the way; With our ar-mors e'er bright we will go at His command, Onward march to the front and o - bey.
2. On-ward march in the light, keep your courage as you go, And your steps in the ranks brave and true; Let your light ev - er shine till you con-quer ev - 'ry foe, Shout ho - san - na to Christ as you go.
3. On-ward march, never fear, till the bat - tle you have won, Then your heav - en - ly ar - mor lay down; For the hon - ors to share of a soldier's life well done, You will then wear a bright shin-ing crown.

REFRAIN.

Onward march to that land, Shout the prais-es of
Onward march to that land,
God on your way; Onward march, hap - py
on your way; hap - py band, on-ward

ONWARD MARCH. Concluded.

band, Onward march to the front and o - bey.
march, happy band, and o - bey.

No. 156. AWAKE AND SING. C. M.

Arr. by S. J. O. from S. M. (Opening praise song.) E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. A - wake ye saints and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His nev - er - dy - ing love, And of His ris - ing pow'r;
3. Sing on your bright and heav'nly way, Ye hap - py Christians sing;
4. We soon shall hear the Sav - iour say, "Be-lov - ed children, come;"

Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name!
He ev - er in - ter-cedes a - bove, For those whose sins He bore.
And go re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day, In our e - ter - nal King!
For He will call us hence to stay, In our e - ter - nal home!

CHORUS.

Wake ev-'ry heart, sing ev'ry tongue, And praise the Saviour's name!
Yes, wake ev-'ry heart,
Let angels raise their sweetest song, Of prais-es to the Lamb!
Let an - - - - gels raise,

Copyright, 1905, by E. T. Hildebrand.

No. 157. BE READY.

J. B. H. JESSE B. HARDIN. Arr. by per.

1. O be read - y to meet Christ thy Saviour, He is com - ing His
2. O look up, all ye Christians, be watching, For we know not the
3. We'll be read - y to meet Christ our Saviour, Tho' we meet ma - ny

own to re-ward; And the ones who a-wait for His com-ing, He'll re-
hour He may come; And the grace of the Lord will sus-tain us, Till He
foes by the way; We will press firmly on, trust-ing Je - sus, Be pre-

CHORUS.
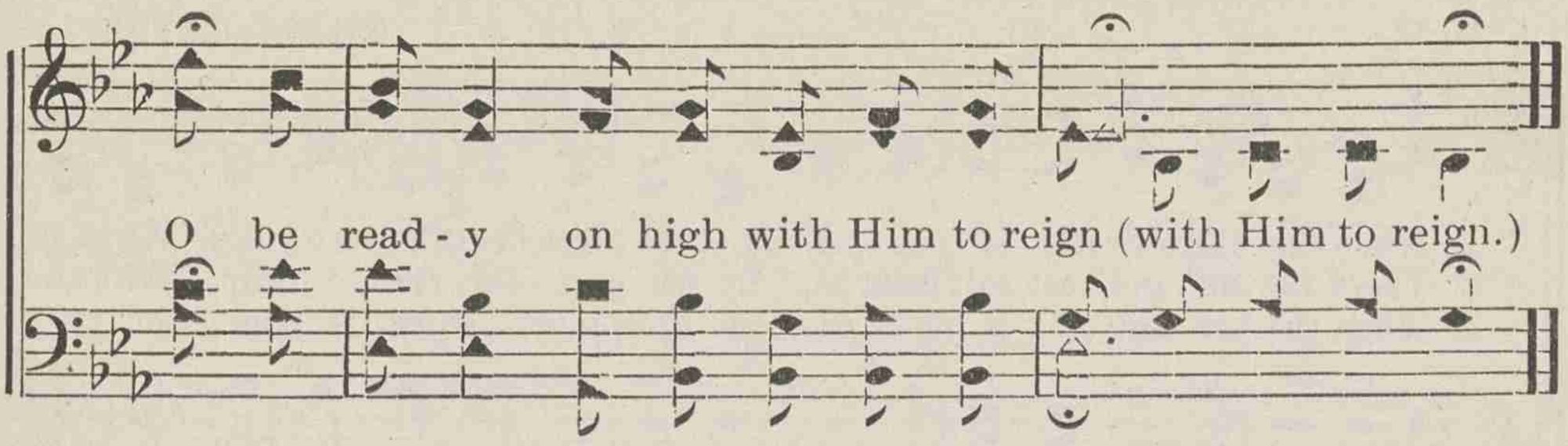
ceive as He said in His word. He is com-ing, He is
bids all His faith-ful come home.
pared for the great judgment day. He is coming, Christ is coming, He is

coming, Christ is coming to gath-er all His own;
coming, Christ is coming, all His own;

He is com-ing, He is com-ing,
He is coming, Christ is com-ing, He is coming, Christ is com-ing,

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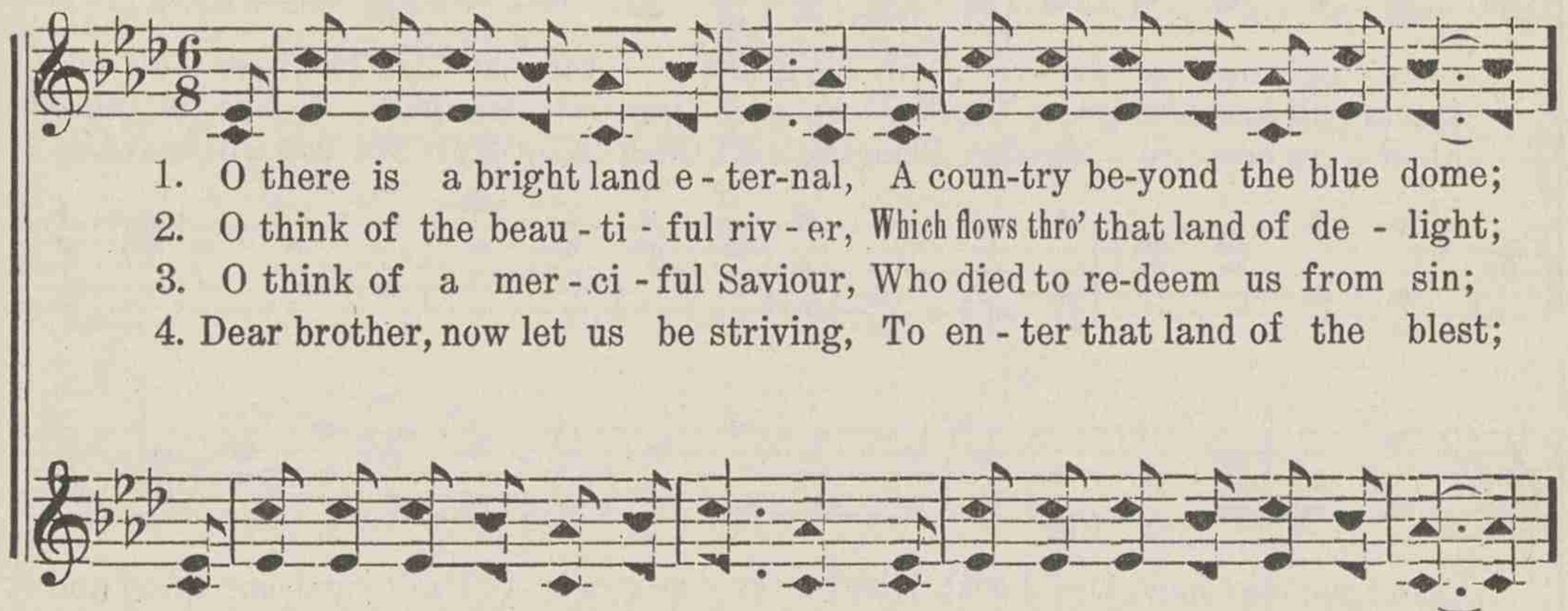
BE READY. Concluded.

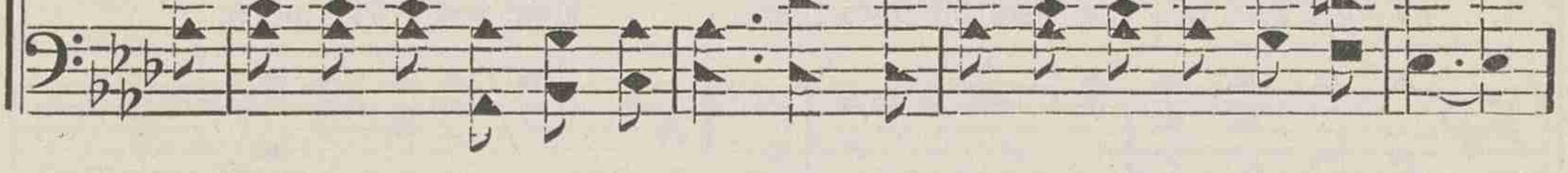


No. 158. BRIGHT LAND ETERNAL.

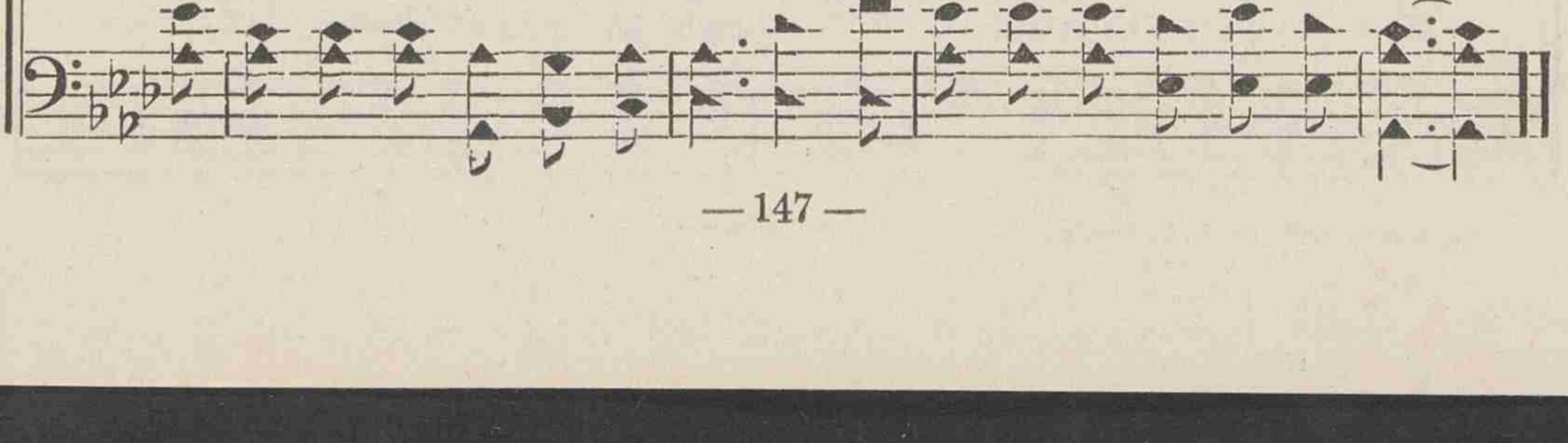
WM. S. HOWELL. J. T. LANE.

DUET.





REFRAIN.



No. 159. WHEN WE MEET.

W. H. WILSON HAYNES.

1. When this earth-ly life is end - ed, And we cross death's stormy sea, We shall
2. There the an - gel host will meet us, By the crys - tal riv - er fair; Blood-washed
3. When the har-vest all is end - ed, And the reaper's work is done, And the

nev - er know a sor - row, In the grand e - ter - ni - ty. There we'll be with
saints will haste to greet us, Will be wait - ing o - ver there. I can al - most
glean - ers come re - joic-ing, Bringing with them those they've won. They will hear the

Christ our Sav-iour, Dwell with Him for ev - er-more; And will meet our loved and
see the cit - y, With its streets all paved with gold, With its walls of pearl and
Mas - ter say-ing, "Come, ye bless-ed, to your home;" Praise the Lord, we'll rest for-
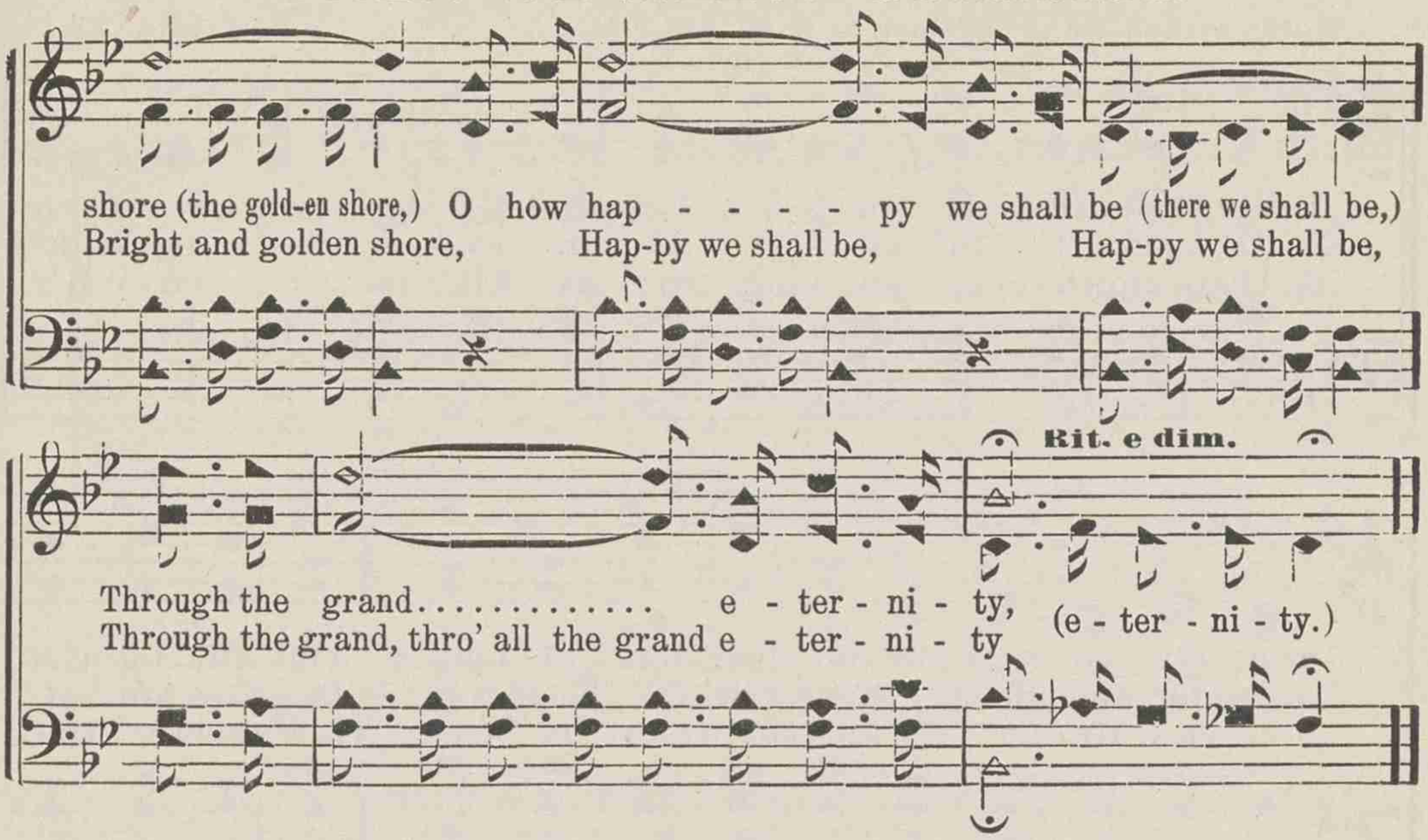
CHORUS. Not fast.

lost ones, On that hap - py, gold-en shore. When we meet..... to part no
jas-per, Glorious things shall we be-hold.
ev - er, Far be - yond the bil-lows foam. Meet to part no more,
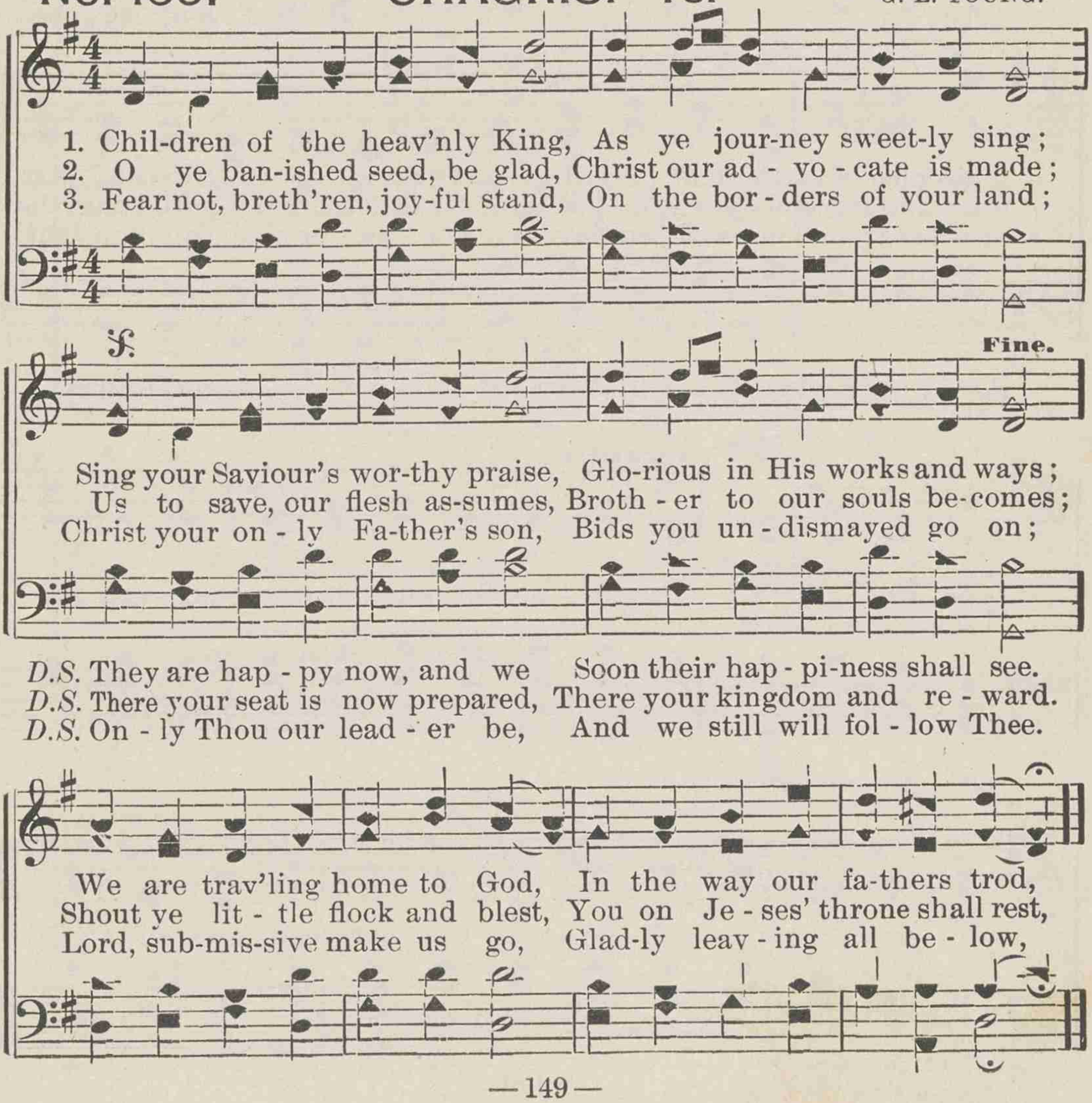
more (to part no more,) On that bright..... and gold - en
Meet to part no more, Bright and gold-en shore,

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WHEN WE MEET. Concluded.



No. 160. CHAGRIS. 7s. G. L. YOUNG.



No. 161. BEAUTIFUL CITY OF LIGHT.

Words written for and adapted by N. W. ALLPHIN. W. J. GRAVES.

1. We read of a cit - y be - yond the dark riv - er, Where com - eth no sor - row nor shad - ows of night; And all of the
2. O beau - ti - ful cit - y of life ev - er - last - ing, Whose splendor and glo - ry have nev - er been told; Its gates are of
3. There crowns of re - joic - ing to us will be giv - en, When life with its tri - als and troub - les is o'er; How sweet is the

D. S.—I long to be

ransomed of earth shall be gath-ered, For - ev - er to dwell in that
pearl and its walls are of jas - per, Its streets are all paved with the
thought that we there with our Sav-iour, For - ev - er shall dwell on that

there with my loved ones u - nit - ed, For - ev - er to dwell in that

Fine. **CHORUS.**

cit - y of light.
pur - est of gold. O beau - ti - ful cit - y, whose por - tals are
beau-ti - ful shore.

cit - y of light!

D. S.

o - pen, Where com-eth no sor - row nor shad - ows of night;

Eiland and Graves, owners.

No. 162. MY FAR-AWAY HOME.

(Effective as a Solo or Duet.)

E. T. H. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

With feeling.

1. I am think - ing to-night of a far - a-way home, Where the an - gels are hap-py in song, And the streets of pure gold, which I long to be - hold, Are trod by the bright an - gel throng.
2. I am think - ing to-night of that heav - en - ly band, And those who are crowned with the blest; 'Tis the host of the Lord who re- ceived the re - ward Which is promised to all who seek rest.
3. I am think - ing to-night of... those who have gone To view that great cit - y a - bove; Oh, may we at length, through Je - sus the Son, Pass in - to that ha - ven of love.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, land of the blest, Whose glories for-ev- er are bright; My soul goes up to the great white throne, Where Jesus is ev-er the light.

Rit.

By per. of The Home Music Co.

No. 163. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

S. S. M. S. S. MAYFIELD.

1. I have read of a beau-ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the
2. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, And the crowns that His
3. I have read of a home up in heav - en, Which my Sav-iour has

kingdom of God; I have read of the walls made of jas - per, And its
children shall wear; When the Saviour shall bid them "Come en-ter," And His
gone to pre - pare; Of the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for-

streets that are gold-en and broad. In the midst of the street is life's
glo - ries e - ter - nal - ly share. O the right-eous are e - ven more
ev - er with Christ o-ver there. There's no sin, neith-er troub-le nor
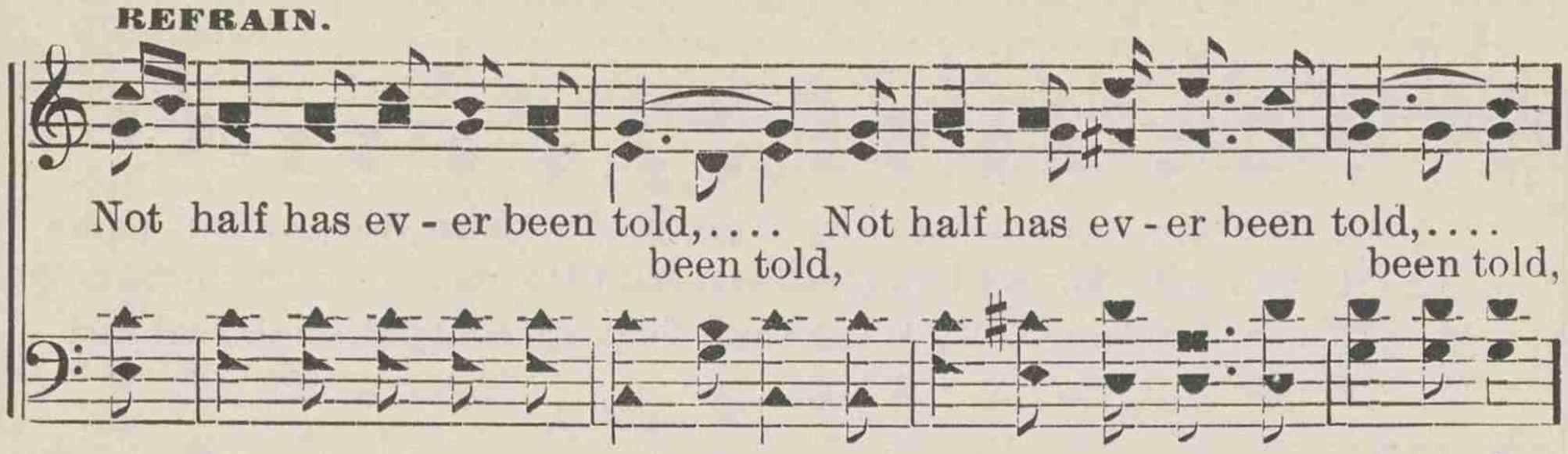
riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be - hold, Yet not
bless - ed, As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow old, But not

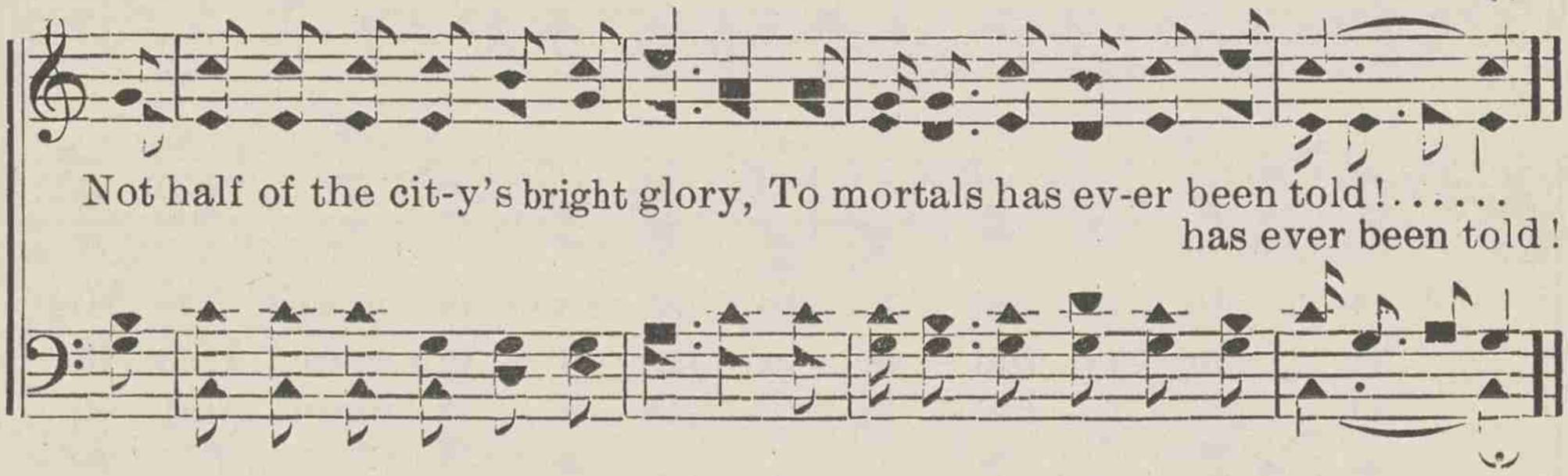
half of the cit-y's bright glo - ry, To mor-tals has ev - er been told!
half of this won-der-ful sto - ry, To mor-tals has ev - er been told!
half of this won-der-ful sto - ry, To mor-tals has ev - er been told!

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NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN. Concluded.

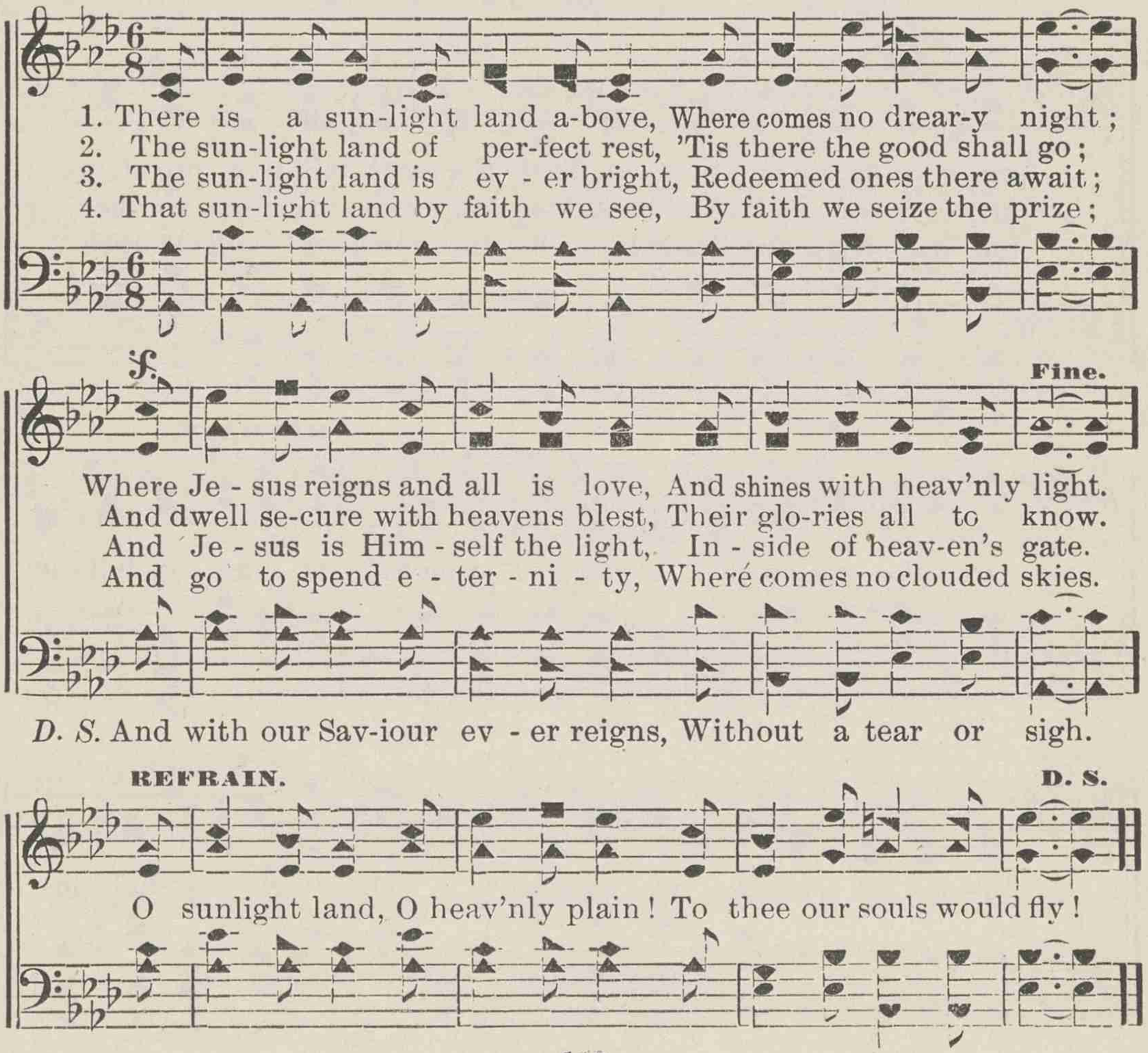
REFRAIN.





No. 164. THE SUNLIGHT LAND.

W. H. L. W. H. LIVINGSTON.



REFRAIN. **D. S.**



No. 165. O GLORY HALLELUJAH.

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

1. I can nev - er cease to love Him, And a - dore His precious name,
2. I can not for-get His goodness, And His mer - cy un - to me,
3. 'Tis a free and full sal - va-tion, That my soul dath now embrace,

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more! I His
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more! He's the
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more! And its

pres-ence, peace and pow - er, Thro' the earth will now pro-claim,
giv - er of all bless-ings, That are com - ing mine to be,
for each son and daughter, Of the whole of A-dam's race,
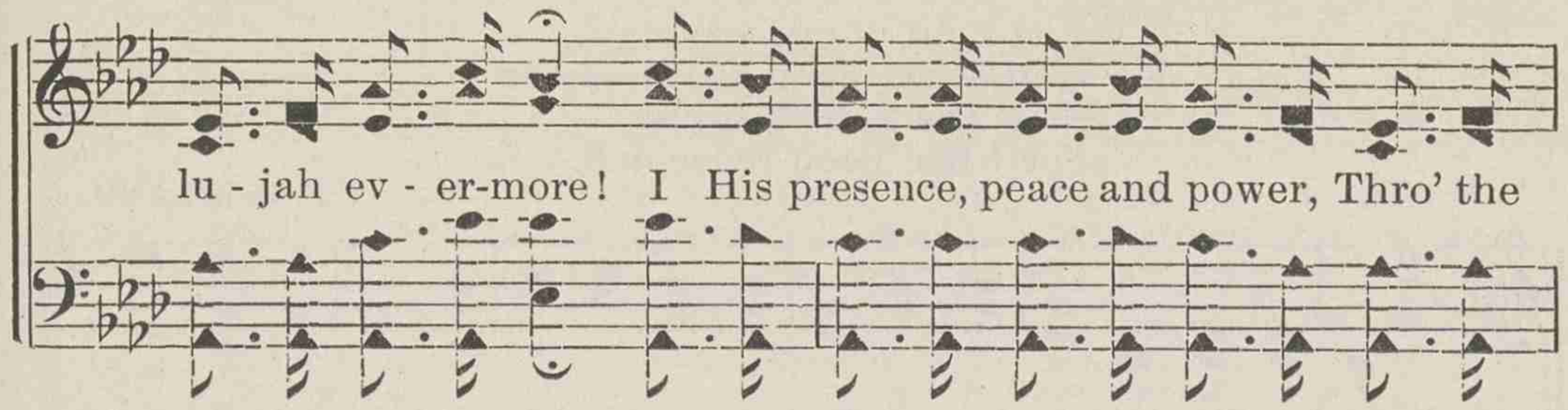
REFRAIN.
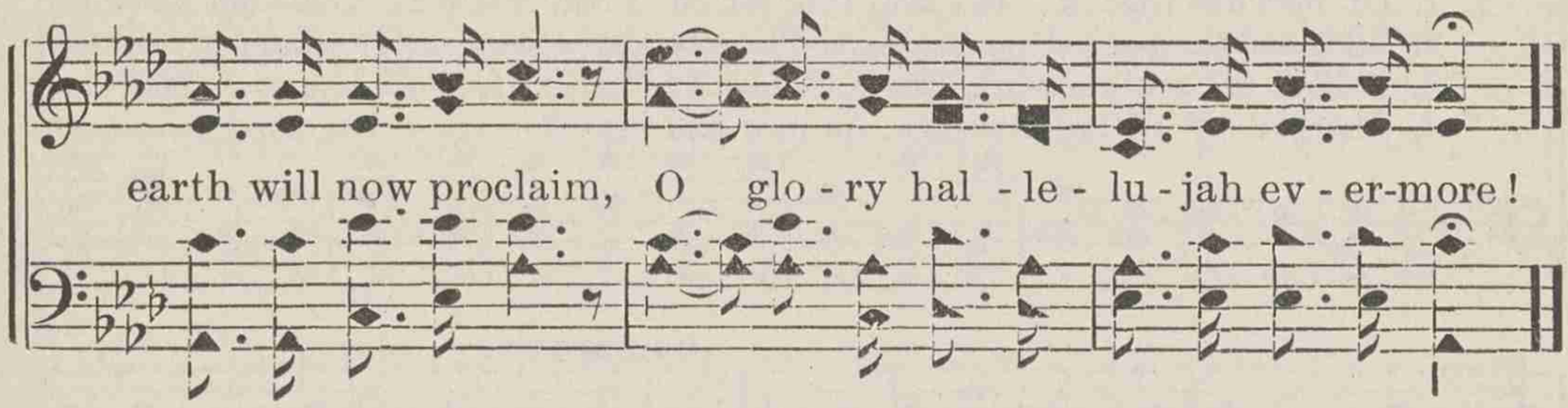
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah ev - er-more! O glo - ry hal - le-

lu - jah ev - er-more, ev - er-more! O glo - ry hal - le-

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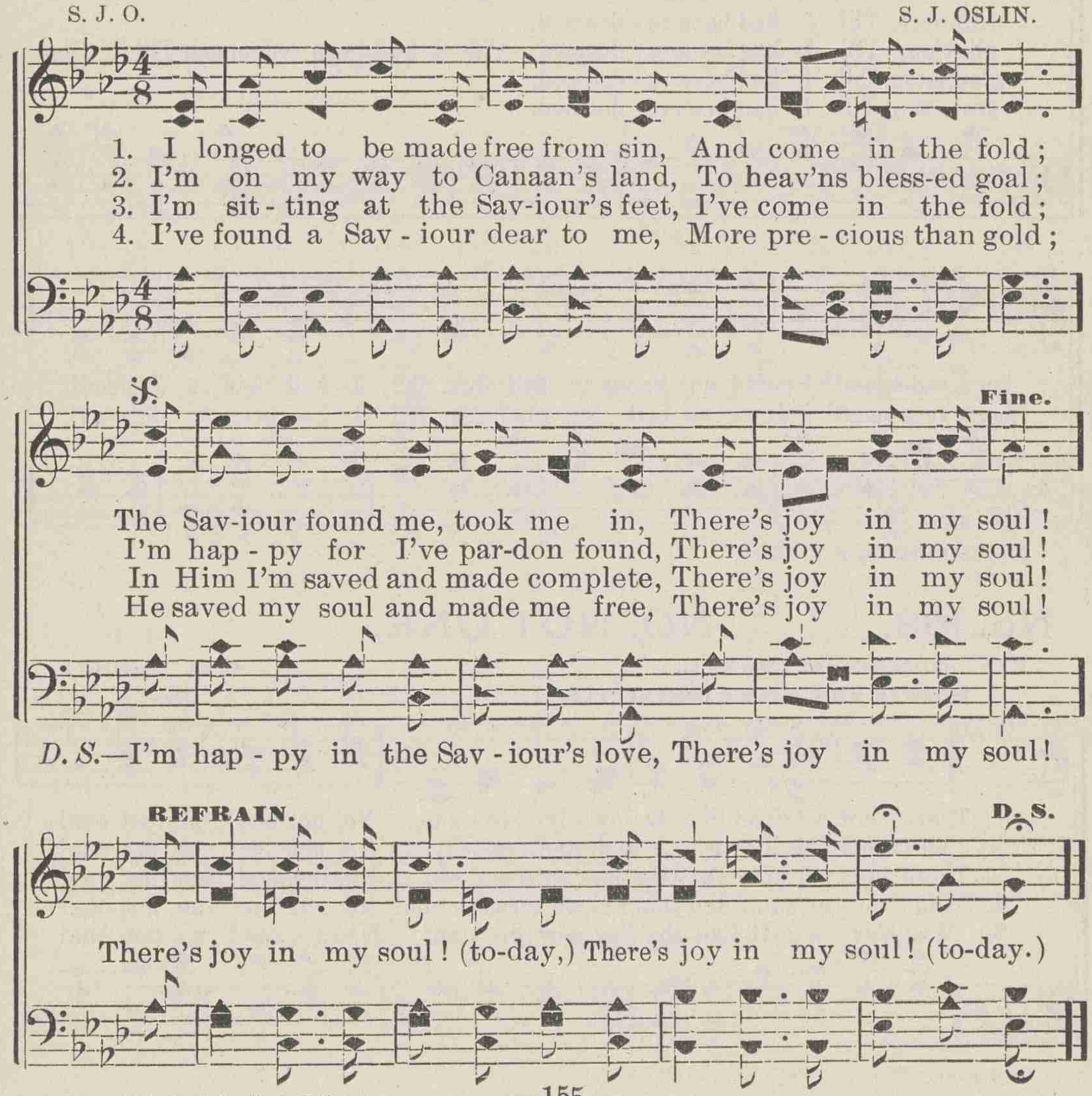
O GLORY HALLELUJAH. Concluded.





No. 166. THERE'S JOY IN MY SOUL.

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN.
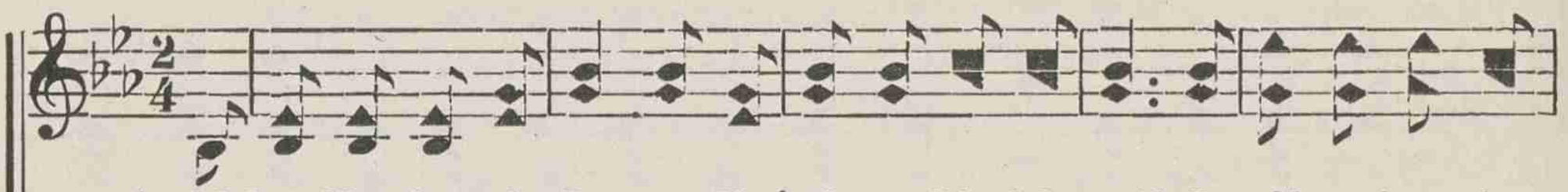


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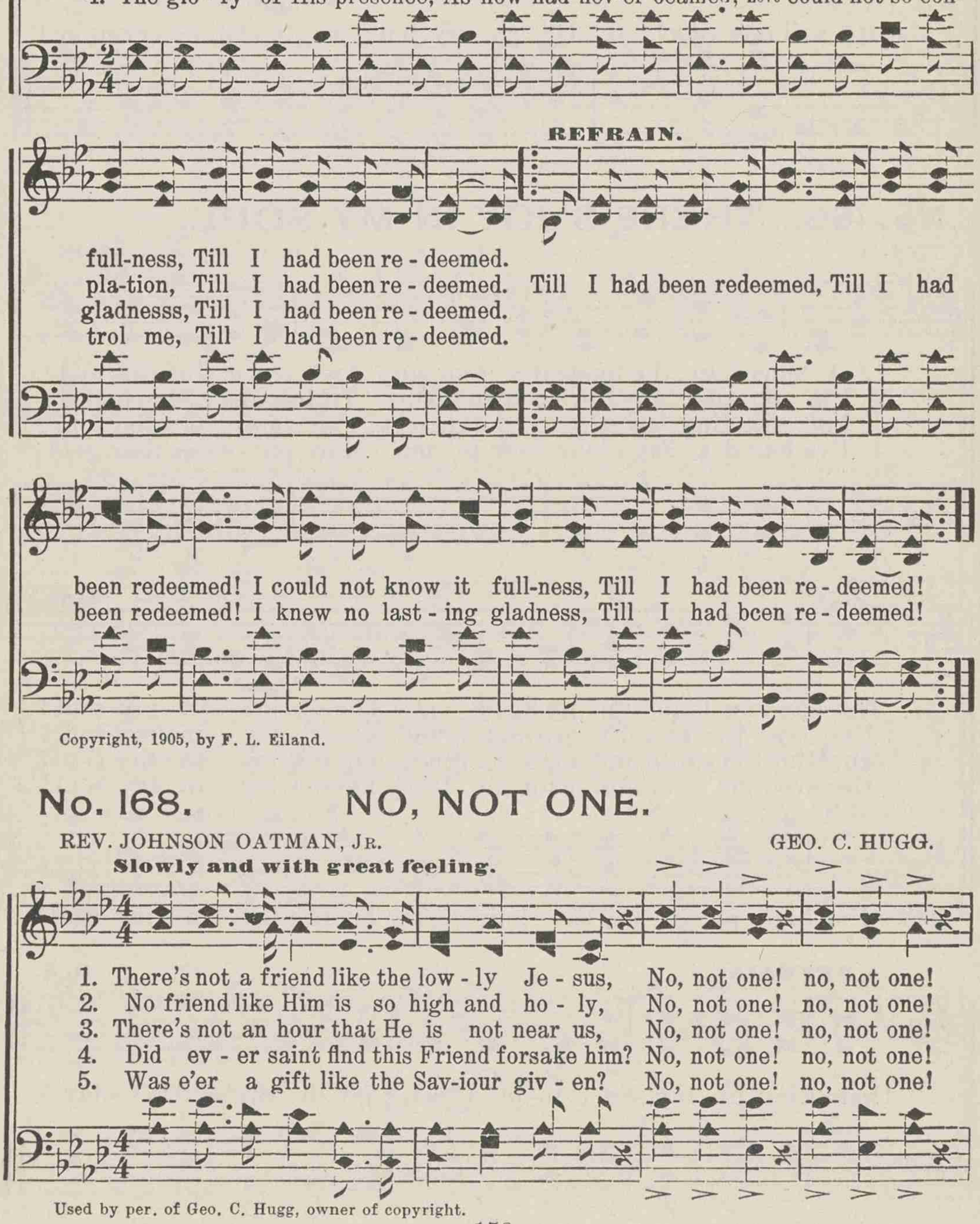
No. 167. TILL I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

When light of my salvation,
Had down upon me streamed,
I knew the love of Jesus,
For I had been redeemed.—E.

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



1. Of love like that of Je - sus, Tho' oft-en I had dream'd, I could not know its full-ness, Till I had been re - deemed.
2. I'd heard the gos-pel mes-sage, And love-ly tho' it seemed, 'Twas faint my contem- pla-tion, Till I had been re - deemed.
3. A-bout my soul such brightness, Before had never gleamed, I knew no last - ing gladnesss, Till I had been re - deemed.
4. The glo - ry of His presence, As now had nev-er beamed, Love could not so con- trol me, Till I had been re - deemed.



been redeemed! I could not know it full-ness, Till I had been re - deemed!
been redeemed! I knew no last - ing gladness, Till I had been re - deemed!

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No. 168. NO, NOT ONE.

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

Slowly and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

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NO, NOT ONE. Concluded.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas- - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

No. 169. SWEET LIFE IN GOD.

REV. MARCUS K. McELHANNON. S. W. LANE.

1. Haste to the Sav-iour, sin - ner go, To arms of mer - cy flee;
2. The Sav-iour calls, O will you hear, The voice so ten - der, sweet;
3. And when be-yond the shores of time, When earthly life is past;

That you may full sal - va - tion know, Be hap - py, blest and free.
Come now to Him while He is near, His bless - ed pres-ence meet.
I'll to the heights of glo - ry climb, My home sweet home at last.

D. S. My soul, my mind, my bod - y all, I give to His em - ploy.

REFRAIN.

O life, sweet life to live in God, My soul is filled with joy!

No. 170. THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY.

DR. H. R. PALMER. Newly arranged.

The heav'ns declare the glo - ry of God, And the firmament showeth His

hand-i - work; Day un - to day uttereth speech,.....

Day un - to day uttereth

Night un - to night showeth knowledge,.....

speech, Night un - to night showeth knowledge,
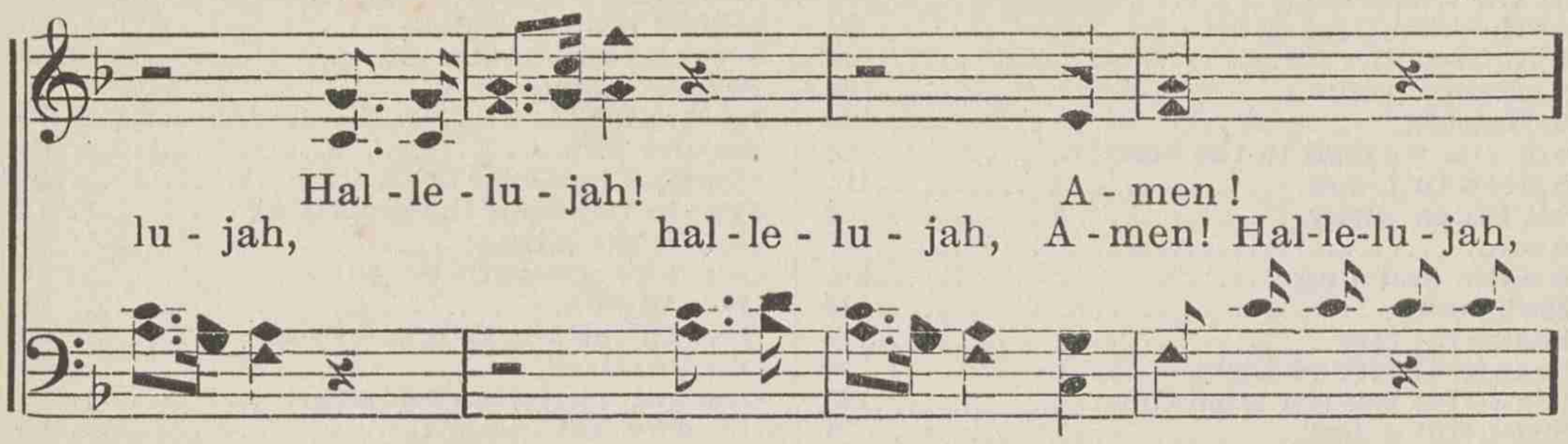
There is no speech nor language where their voice, where their voice is not heard.
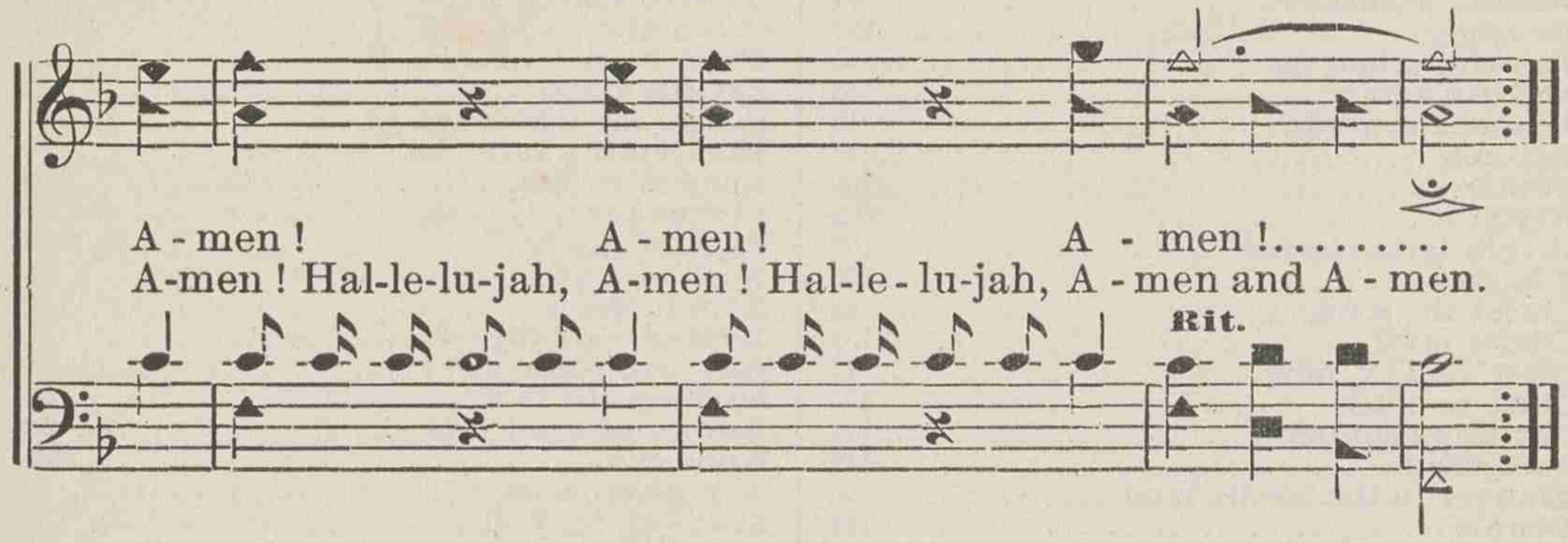
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

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

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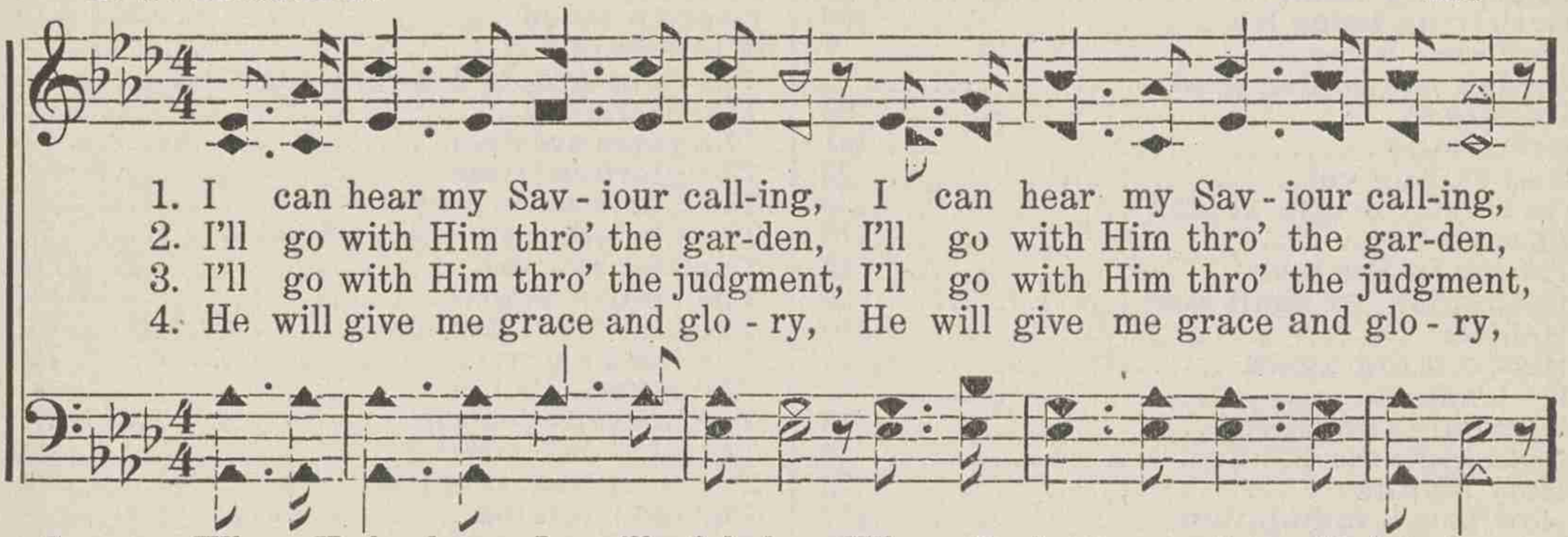
THE HEAVENS DECLARE. Concluded.
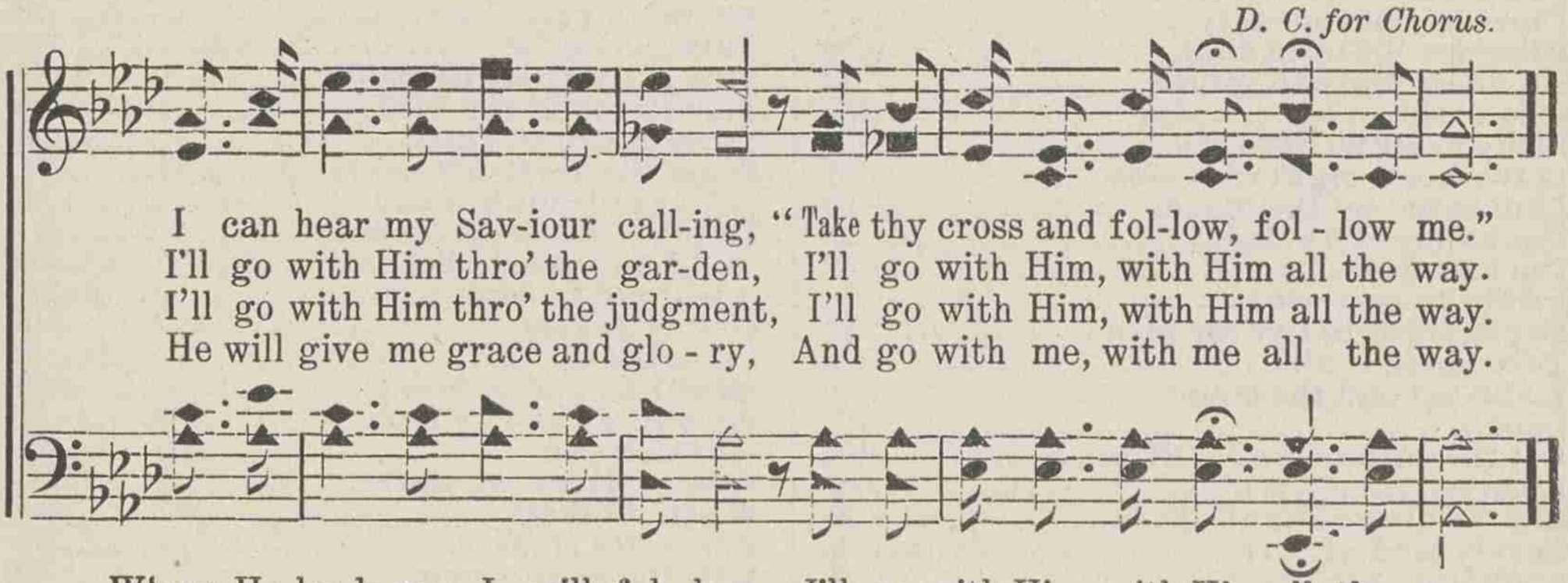




No. 171. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr



D. C. for Chorus.



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