

GEMS



FOR THE

Sunday Schools

BY

B. B. BEALL.

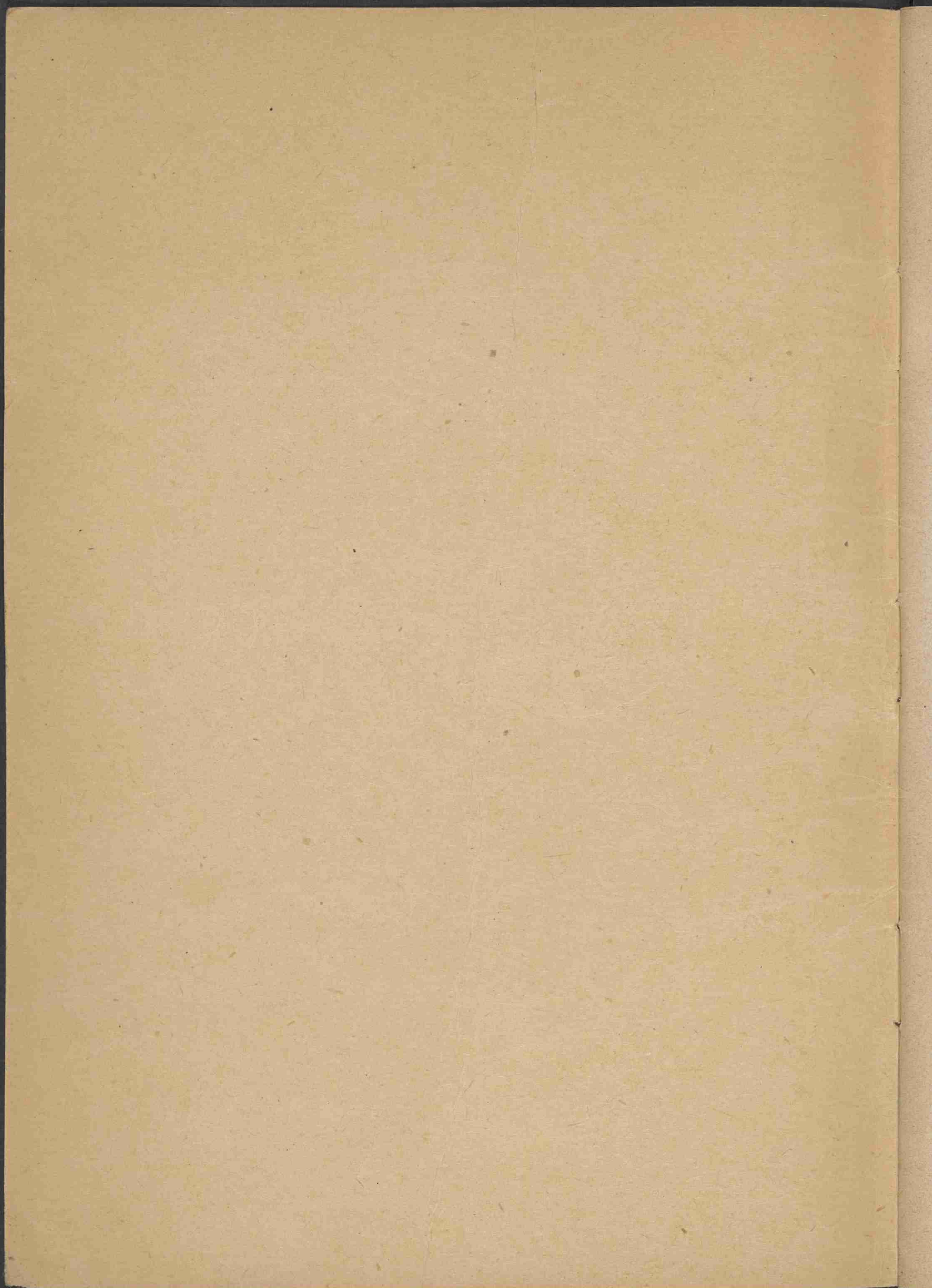
PUBLISHED BY

B. B. BEALL & CO., Douglasville, Ga.



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Preface.



MANY of the song books that are flooding our country are very inferior, both as to words and music. Some publishers, who are greedy for gain, publish everything in their reach that is "catchy," regardless of its quality.

As the people become more and more educated musically, there is a demand for a better grade of music. In order to help to supply this demand, the very greatest care has been taken in selecting the songs for "Gems for the Sunday-schools."

Such eminent composers as J. H. Tenney, Edward Roberts, Edwin Moore, H. N. Lincoln, Will. L. Thompson, and many others have contributed beautiful songs to its pages.

We send "Gems for the Sunday-schools" forth, praying God's blessing upon it, and trusting that it may be a blessing to the great Sunday-school army of our fair Southland.

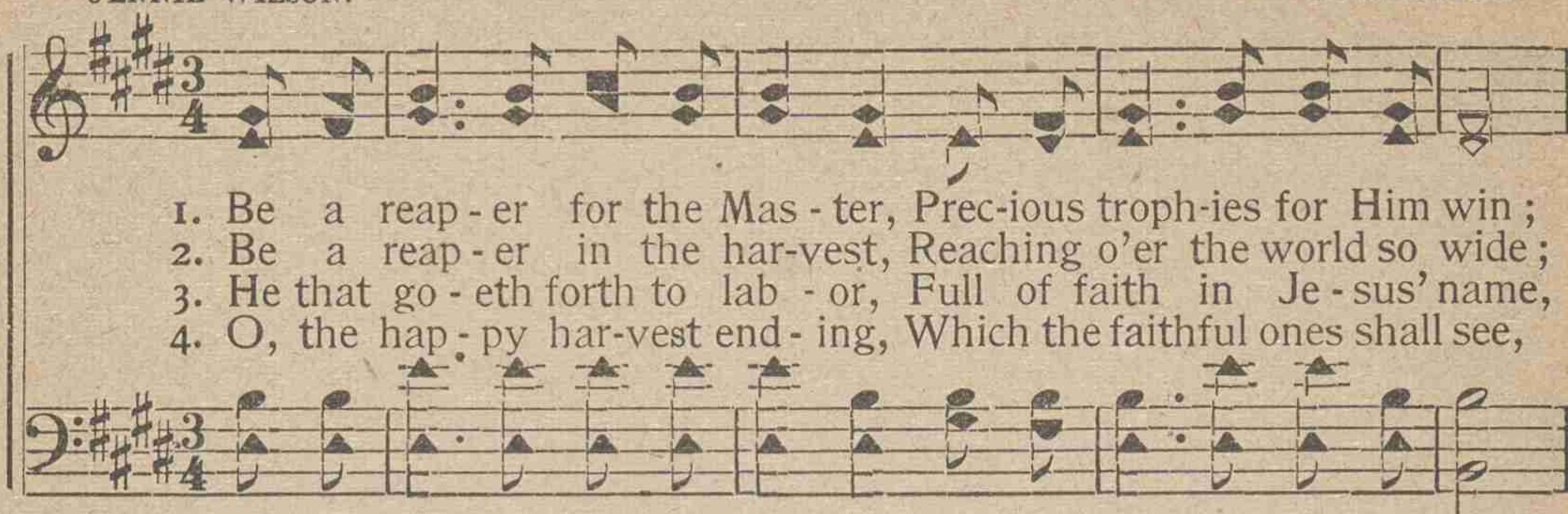
THE AUTHOR.

Gems for the Sunday-Schools.

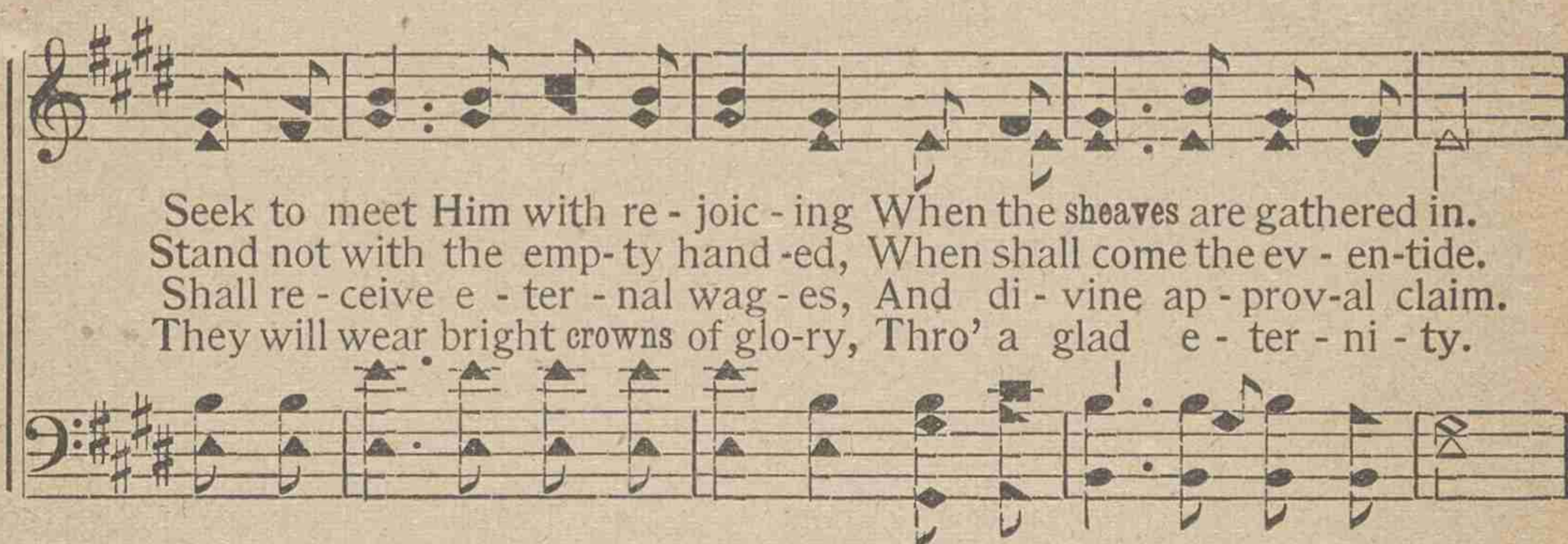
No. 1. WHEN THE SHEAVES ARE GATHERED IN.

JENNIE WILSON.

B. B. BEALL.

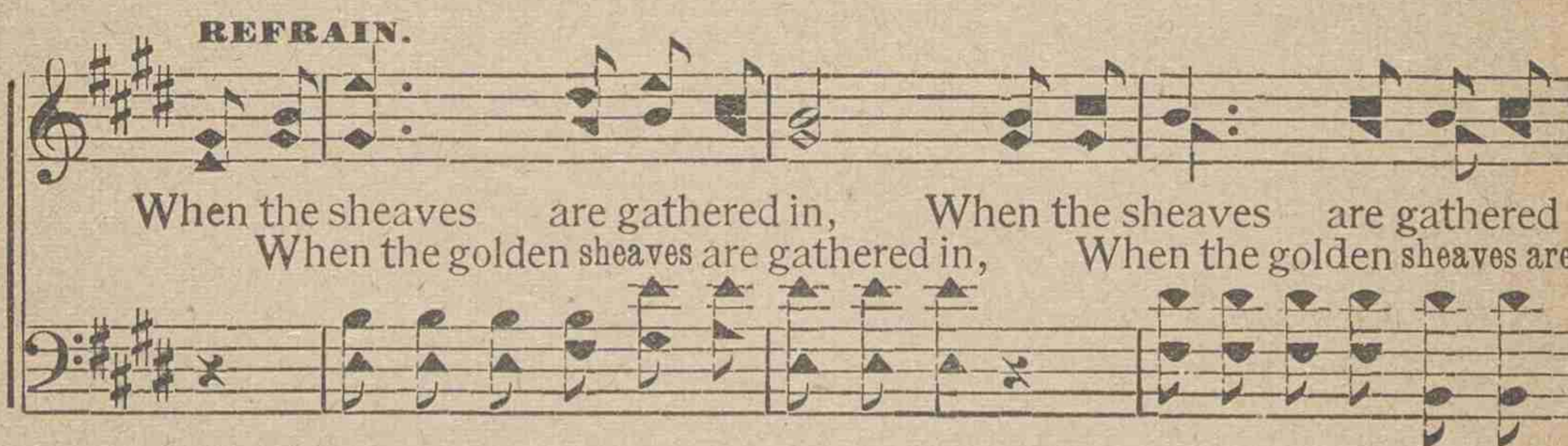


1. Be a reap-er for the Mas-ter, Prec-ious troph-ies for Him win ;
 2. Be a reap-er in the har-vest, Reaching o'er the world so wide ;
 3. He that go-eth forth to lab-or, Full of faith in Je-sus' name,
 4. O, the hap-py har-vest end-ing, Which the faithful ones shall see,



Seek to meet Him with re-joic-ing When the sheaves are gathered in.
 Stand not with the emp-ty hand-ed, When shall come the ev-en-tide.
 Shall re-ceive e-ter-nal wag-es, And di-vine ap-prov-al claim.
 They will wear bright crowns of glo-ry, Thro' a glad e-ter-ni-ty.

REFRAIN.



When the sheaves are gathered in, When the sheaves are gathered
 When the golden sheaves are gathered in, When the golden sheaves are



in, Meet the Mas-ter with re-joic-ing, When the sheaves are gathered in.
 gathered in, Meet the Master with re-joicing, When the sheaves are gathered in.

No. 2.

WE SHALL KNOW.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—I. COR. 13: 12.

REV. J. A. LEE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.



1. There is a land that's always bright and fair, Where there is no more
 2. There is a land I'm long-ing for each day, For I am wea-ry
 3. O friend, will you meet me in heav'n above? When we've laid down our



death nor woe; The saints of all the a - ges gath-er there, And
 here be - low; And oft-times dark and lone - ly seems the way, But
 toil and care? There we can spend e - ter - ni - ty in love, And

REFRAIN.



know their loved ones gone before.
 all in heav'n is bright, I know. We shall know, we shall know,
 dwell with Christ and friends up there. We shall know, we shall know,



Yes, we shall know each oth-er there, We shall know,
 we shall know, we shall know,

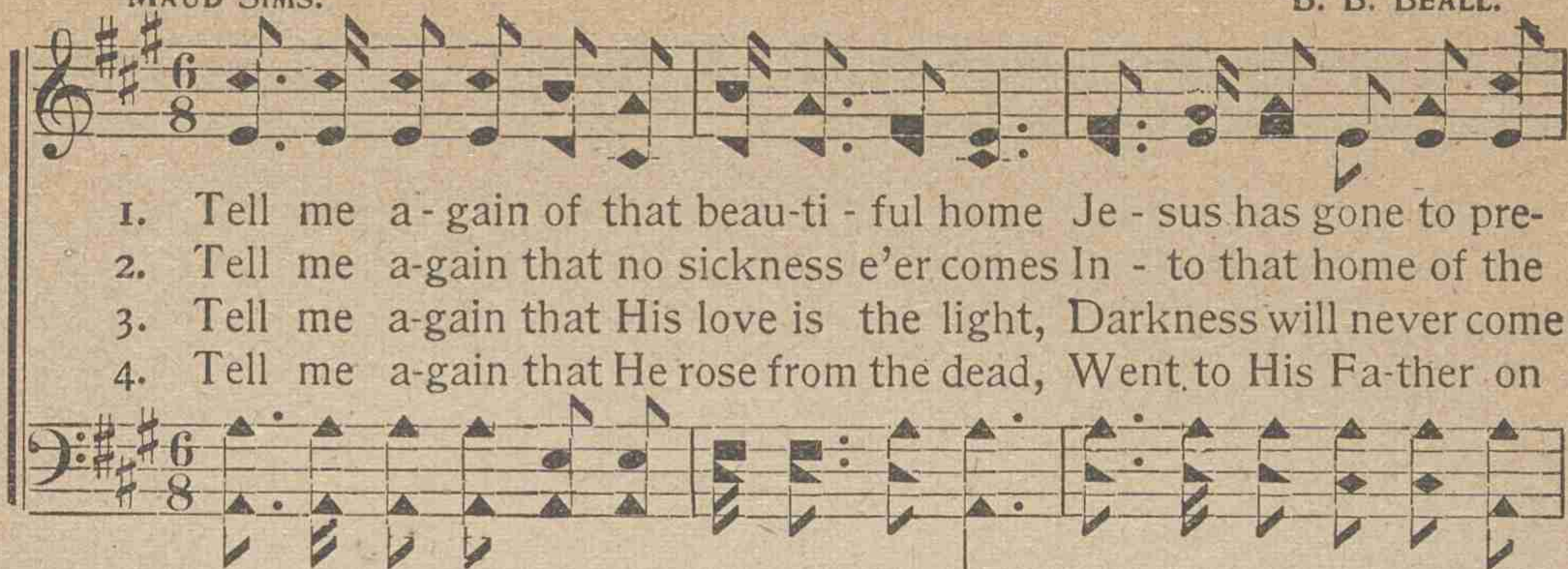


we shall know, We shall know each other in that home so fair.
 we shall know,

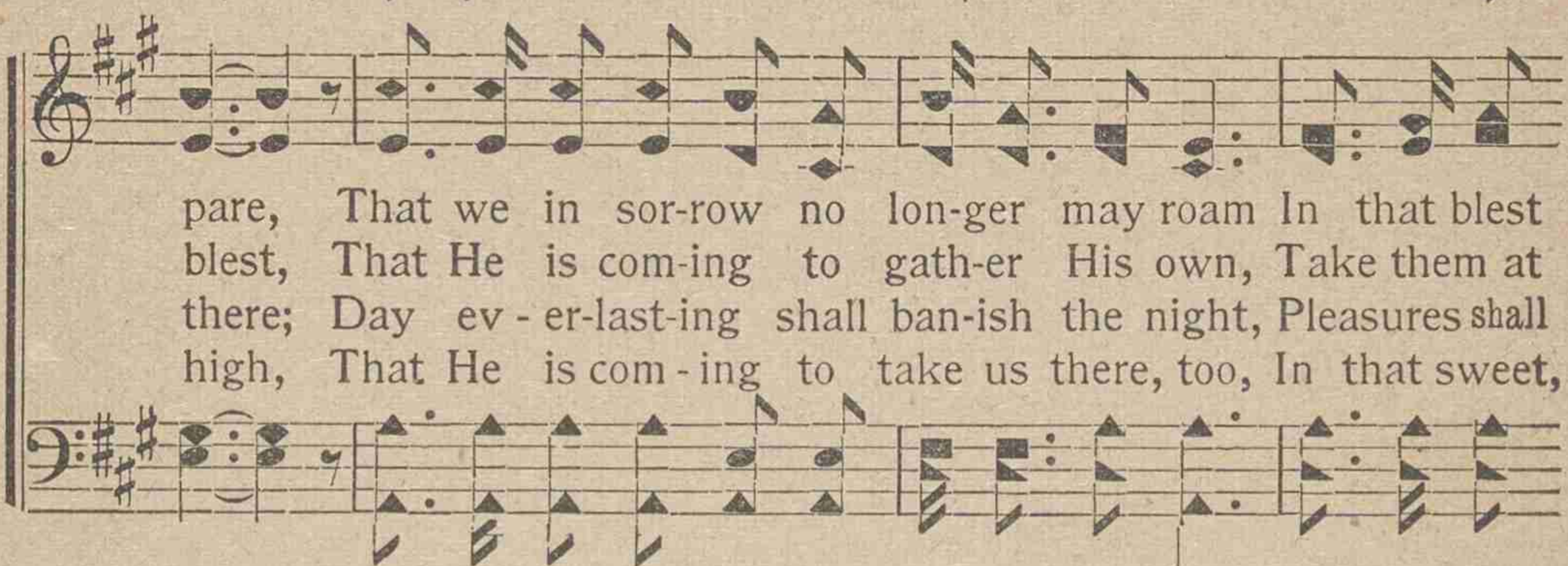
No. 5. The Wonderful Story.

MAUD SIMS.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Tell me a - gain of that beau - ti - ful home Je - sus has gone to pre -
 2. Tell me a - gain that no sickness e'er comes In - to that home of the
 3. Tell me a - gain that His love is the light, Darkness will never come
 4. Tell me a - gain that He rose from the dead, Went to His Fa - ther on



pare, That we in sor - row no lon - ger may roam In that blest
 blest, That He is com - ing to gath - er His own, Take them at
 there; Day ev - er - last - ing shall ban - ish the night, Pleasures shall
 high, That He is com - ing to take us there, too, In that sweet,

REFRAIN.



cit - y up there,
 last to His rest. Won - der - ful sto - ry! Won - der - ful sto - ry!
 ban - ish all care.
 sweet "By and By."



Je - sus is com - ing, com - ing in glo - ry, Com - ing to gath - er His



jew - els, His own, Take them in joy to His beau - ti - ful home.

No. 6. WE COME, WE COME WITH SINGING.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. We come, we come with singing, Our hap - py voic-es ring-ing, Glad
 2. We come, we come re - joic - ing, Our hap - py voic-es ring-ing, Glad
 3. Dear Saviour, grant Thy blessing, While we, our wants confess-ing, Be-




wel - come un - to all; We love to meet each oth - er, Each
 ti - dings un - to all; We sing, we sing the sto - ry, The
 fore Thee hum-bly fall; O bless us in our prais - ing, O




lit - tle friend and broth - er, We love to meet our Sav-iour, The
 sweet, the sweet old sto - ry, How Je - sus came from glo - ry, And
 help us in our pray - ing, And let us hear Thee speaking With-



CHORUS.



dearest friend of all.
 suffered for us all. Jesus is here, Angels are near, Sing, sing praises
 in these sa-cred walls.



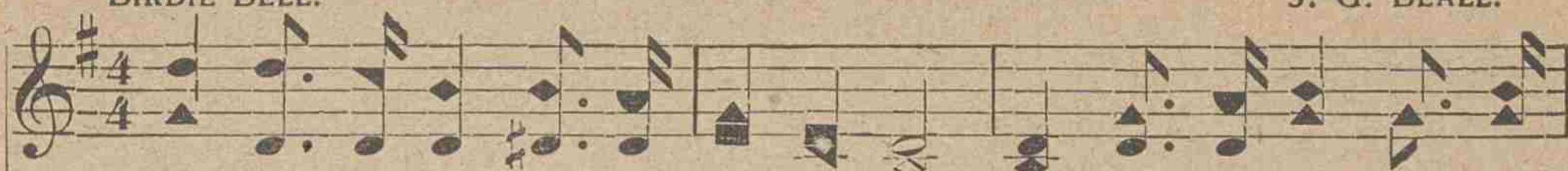

sing; Je-sus is here, Angels are near, Sing, sing praises sing.



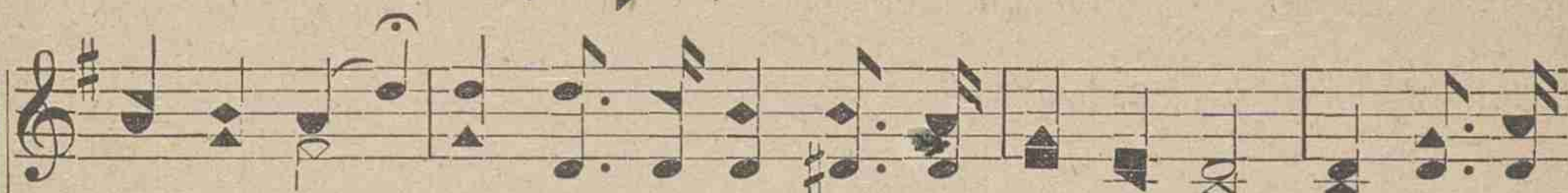
No. 7. Happy in Jesus the Whole Day Thro'

BIRDIE BELL.

J. G. BEALL.



1. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Read-y and will-ing His
2. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Whether the skies may be
3. Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro', Heeding His coun-sels so



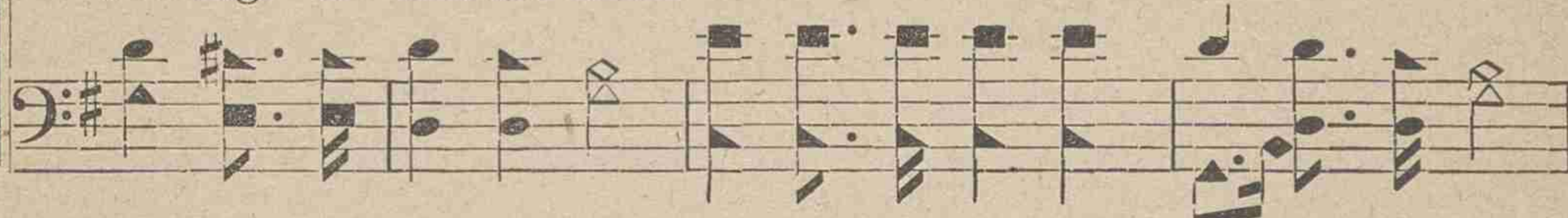
work to do, Walk in the path-way He chose for thee, Fol-low His
gray or blue, Grate-ful for blessings He sends in love, Look-ing when
kind and true, Go on His er-rands with will-ing feet, Ut-ter His



CHORUS.



bid-ding what-e'er it be.
wea-ry to joys a-bove. Hap-py in Je-sus day aft-er day!
mes-sage in accents sweet.



Fol-low His footsteps, walk in His way, Ev-er His man-dates



glad-ly o-bey, Hap-py in Je-sus the whole day thro'.



8. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. 8: 37.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. The prize is set before us To win, His words implore us ; The eye of God is
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth ; We'll yield to Him who
3. Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But Jesus dear to



o'er us From on high, from on high. His lov-ing tones are calling, While
pleadeth From on high, from on high. Then naught from Him shall sever, Our
love us There on high, there on high. We'll give Him best endeavor, And



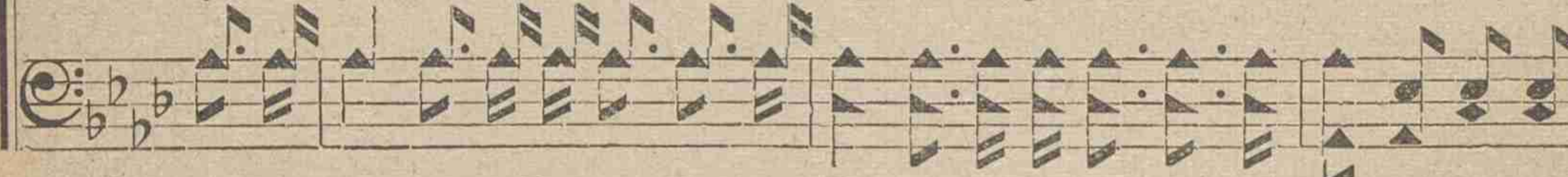
sin is dark appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh.
hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh.
praise His name, forever, His precious words can never, Never die, nev-er die.



CHORUS.



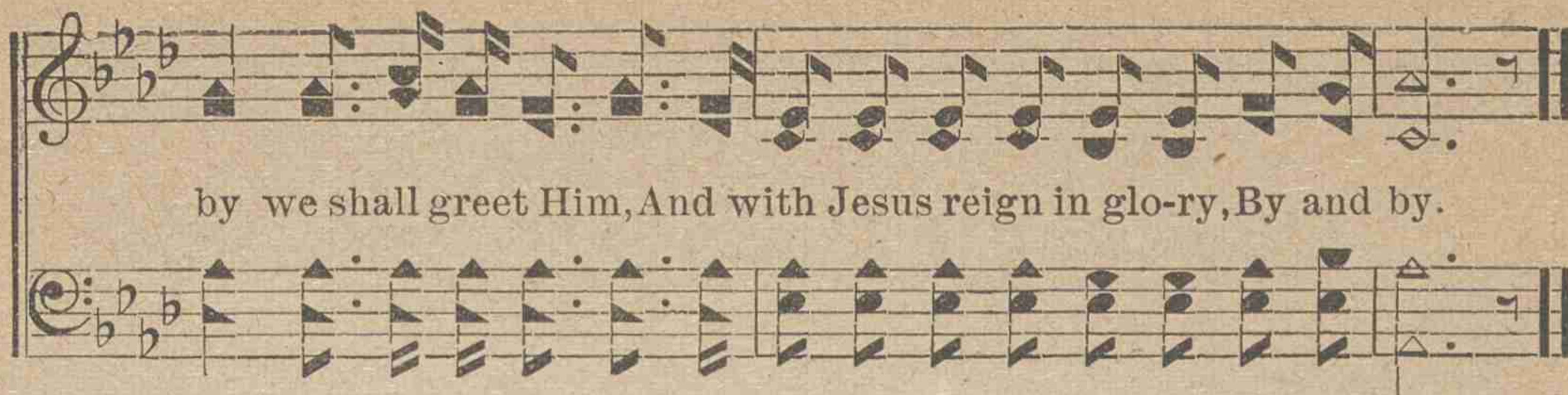
By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in



glo-ry, By and by, by and by ; By and by we shall meet Him, By and



TRIUMPH BY AND BY.



by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

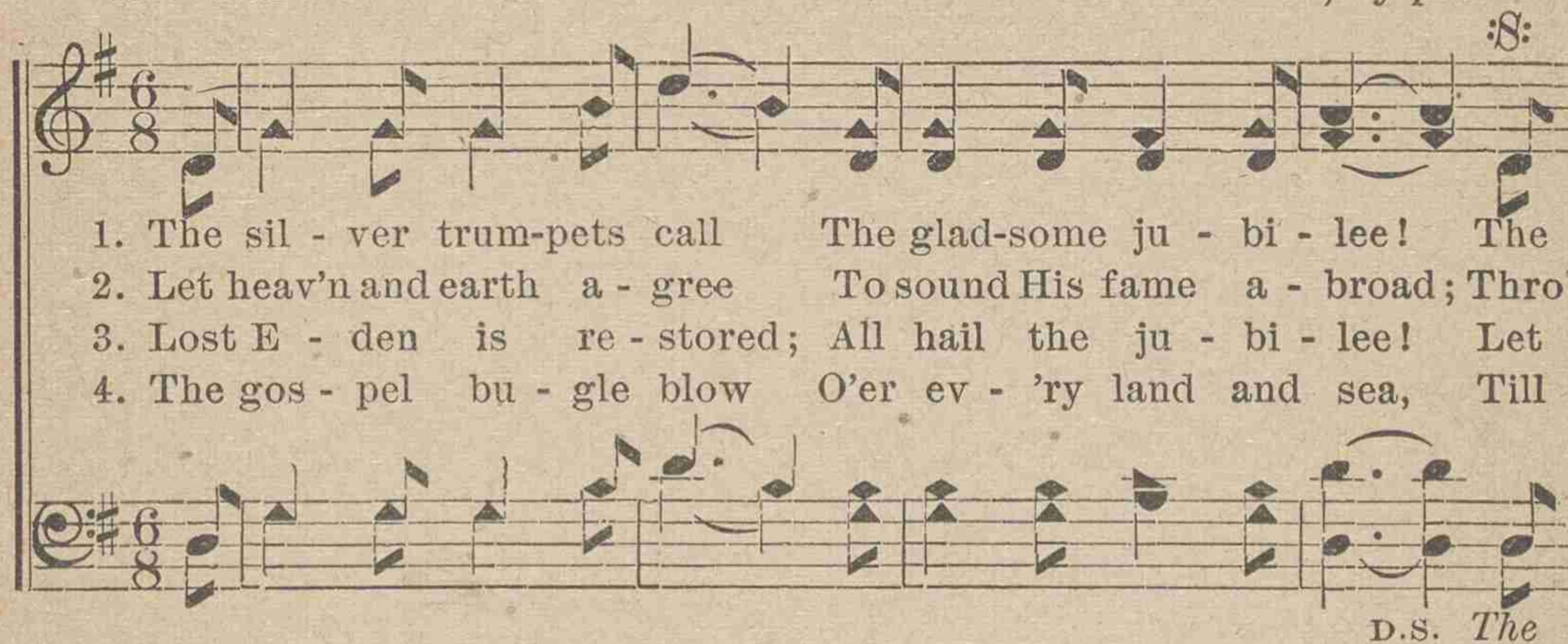
9.

THE JUBILEE.

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous."—Psalm 32: 11.

Rev. ROBT. KERR.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. The sil - ver trum-pets call The glad-some ju - bi - lee! The
2. Let heav'n and earth a - gree To sound His fame a - broad; Thro'
3. Lost E - den is re - stored; All hail the ju - bi - lee! Let
4. The gos - pel bu - gle blow O'er ev - 'ry land and sea, Till

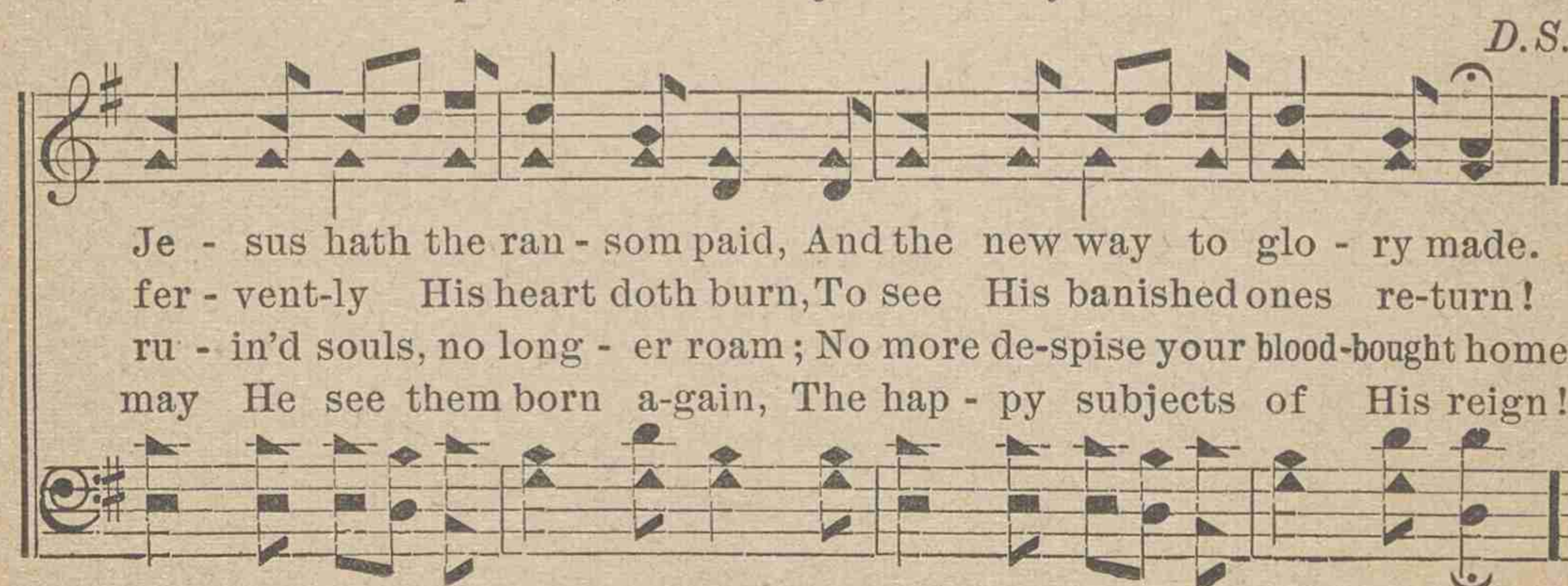
D.S. The



FINE.

fet - ters now must fall! The bondsmen may go free! For
whom the ju - bi - lee Calls back the world to God! How
Je - sus be a - dored, For grace so full and free! Ye
Sa - tan's cap-tives know That Je - sus makes them free; Soon

sil - ver trum - pets call, The glad - some ju - bi - lee.



D.S.

Je - sus hath the ran - som paid, And the new way to glo - ry made.
fer - vent-ly His heart doth burn, To see His banished ones re-turn!
ru - in'd souls, no long - er roam; No more de-spise your blood-bought home.
may He see them born a-gain, The hap - py subjects of His reign!

No. 10.

GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Mrs. LAURA NEWELL.

B. B. BEALL.



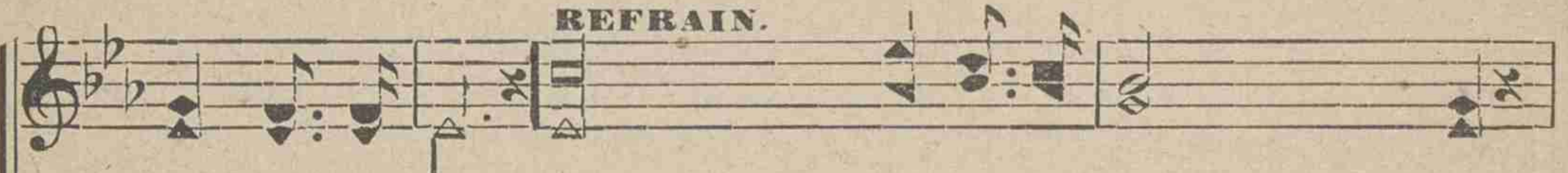
1. Gathering golden sheaves, glean-ing ev-er, Gathering golden sheaves halting
2. Gathering golden sheaves, O the pleasure, Gathering golden sheaves, heav'nly
3. Gathering golden sheaves, Christ will find us Gathering golden sheaves love doth



nev - er, Gathering golden sheaves, blest endeavor, Gather-ing gold-en
treasure, Gathering golden sheaves, who may measure Deeds that we do while
bind us, Gathering golden sheaves, cares behind us, Working till He shall



REFRAIN.



sheaves as we roam.

jour - ney-ing home. Gath - 'ring sheaves for Je - sus,
bid us to "come." Gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves,



Gold - en sheaves for Je - sus, Gath - 'ring
Gathering golden sheaves, yes, gathering golden sheaves, Gathering golden sheaves,



sheaves for Je - sus, Toiling till Jesus shall claim His own.
Gathering golden sheaves, claim His own.



No. 11.

JESUS' WONDROUS LOVE.

E. R. LATTA.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Treading in the paths of fol - ly, Tread-ing in the paths of sin,
 2. They are sowing seeds of sor - row, Sow-ing seeds of end - less pain!
 3. In the sol-emn day of judg-ment Shall it be a-against us brought

Heed-less of the com - ing dan - ger, Heed-less of a crown to win.
 Shall they gath-er in a har - vest That shall yield them golden grain?
 That we saw the sin-ners's dan - ger, But we left them still un-sought?

{ Thus are sin-ners ev - er press-ing Farther, farther still from God;
 { Off'ring insults ev - 'ry mo-ment, To the Saviour's precious blood.
 { Be in haste the lost to res - cue, Res-cue from their awful state;
 { Do not wait to give them warning Till for ev - er-more too late.
 { Will they heed the warning giv-en? What is that to you and me?
 { We must all ful - fill our mis - sion Or the blame on us shall be.

REFRAIN.

Point them to the cross of Cal - v'ry, To the Lamb of God a - bove,

Tell, O tell the glad-some sto - ry Of Je - sus' wondrous love.

No. 12. In My Soul There is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

T. N. BEALL.



1. When I think of the love of my Sav - ior, So ten - der, so deep,
 2. When I think how He paid for my ran - som, When sunk in the ru -
 3. When I think of His grace that has sought me, My soul He has wash'd




and so free, How He left His bright home in the glo - ry, To
 ins of sin, How He suf - fer'd and died up - on Cal - v'ry, That
 in His blood, How my foot - steps He dai - ly is guid - ing Safe



CHORUS.



res - cue a sin - ner like me.
 par - don for me He might win. In my soul there is glad - ness and
 home to the cit - y of God.




glo - ry That Je - sus a - lone can be - stow; I will tell the blest




ti - dings of mer - cy, That oth - ers the gladness may know.
 the glad - ness may know.

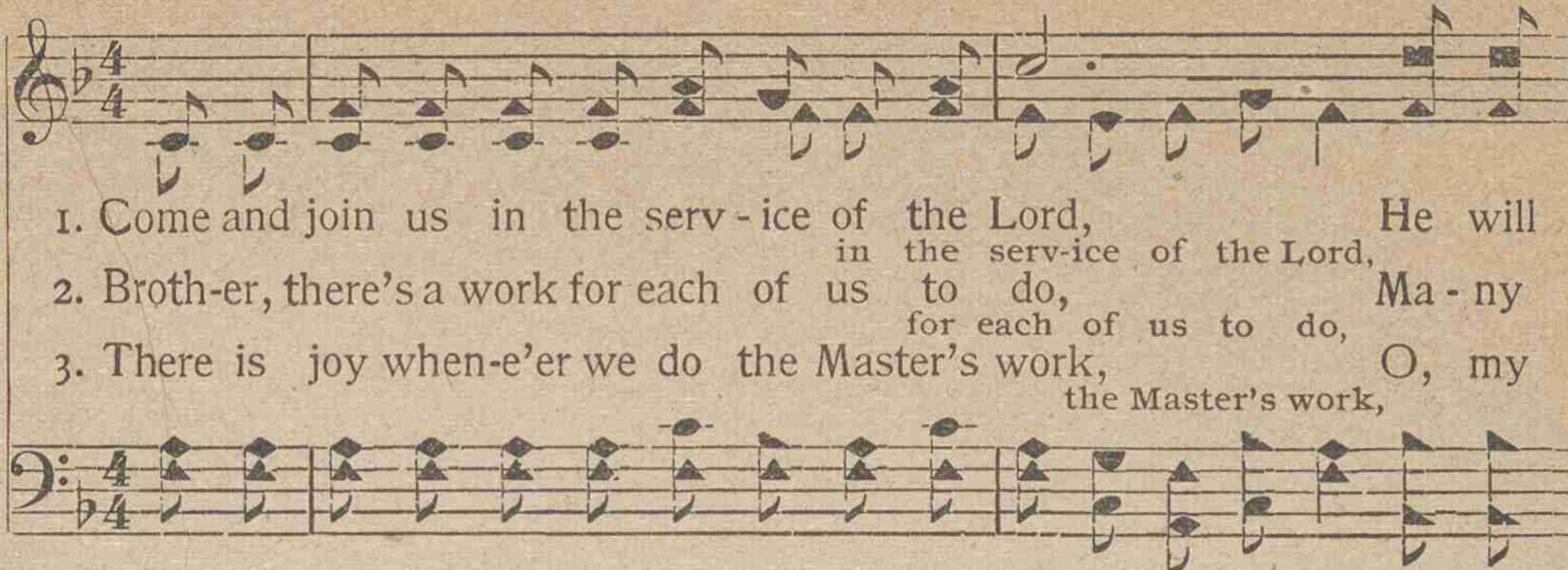


No. 13.

COME AND JOIN US.

REV. J. A. LEE.

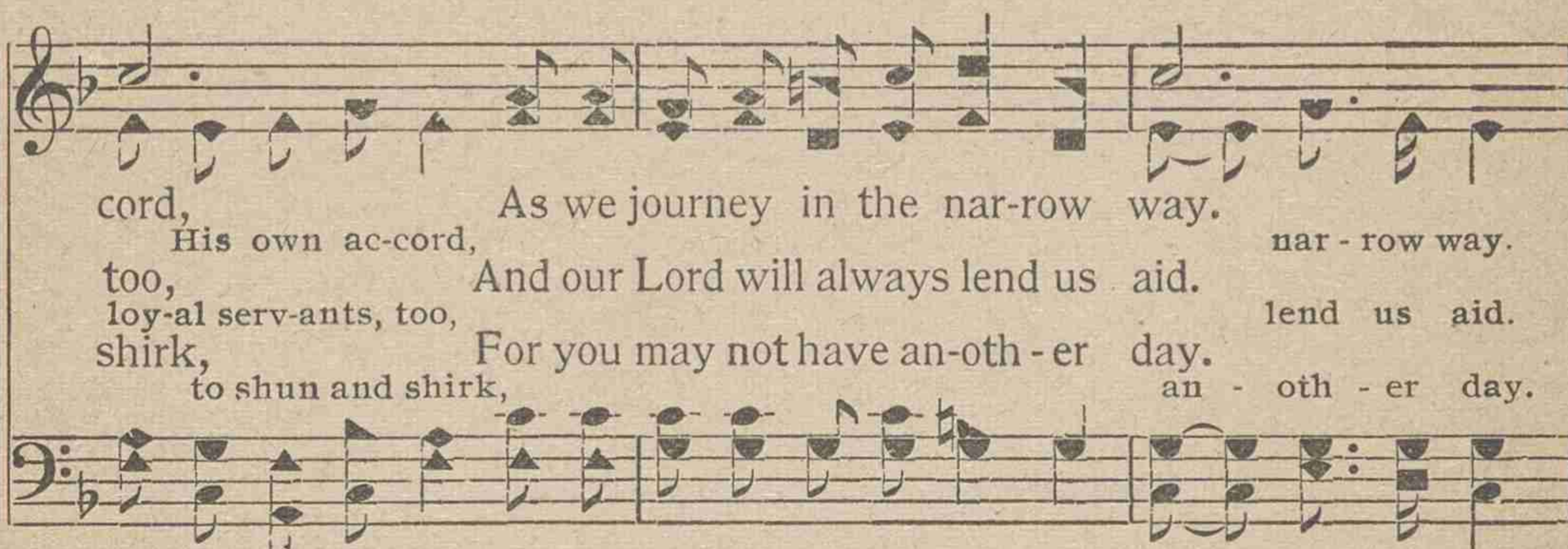
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Come and join us in the serv-ice of the Lord, He will
 2. Broth-er, there's a work for each of us to do, Ma - ny
 3. There is joy when-e'er we do the Master's work, O, my
 the Master's work,



lead and guide us day by day; He will keep our spir - its with His own ac-
 tasks on us the Lord has laid; Let us then be faith-ful, loy - al servants
 friends, why do you then delay? You can not af - ford your task to shun and



cord, As we journey in the nar-row way. nar - row way.
 His own ac-cord, And our Lord will always lend us aid. lend us aid.
 too, loy-al serv-ants, too, For you may not have an-oth - er day. an - oth - er day.
 shirk, to shun and shirk,

REFRAIN.



Come and walk the narrow way, Yes, walk the narrow way, For the Saviour leads us day by



day; Come and join us, come and join us, As we journey in the narrow way.
 Come and join us, come and join us,

No. 14.

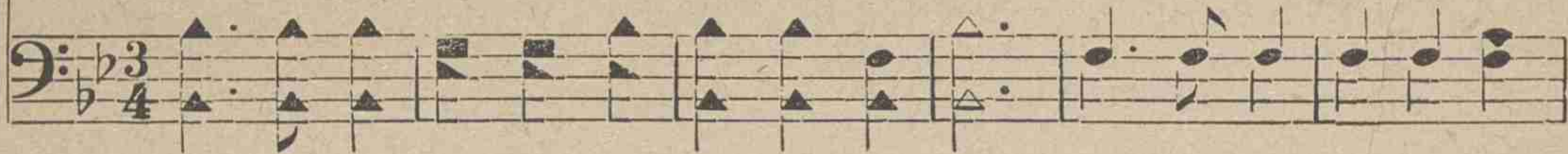
FAITHFUL TO JESUS.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL

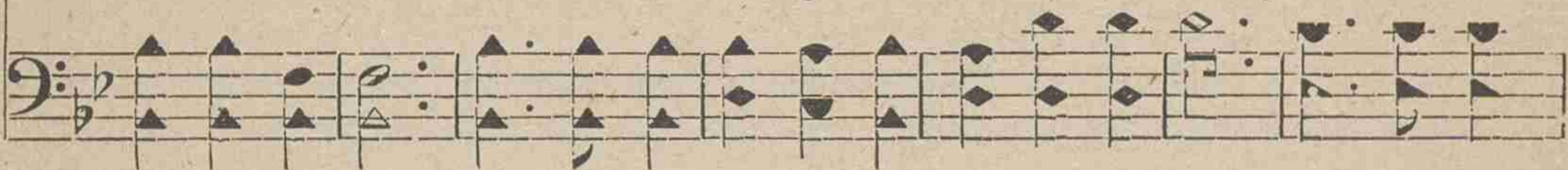
EDWIN MOORE.



1. Faith-ful to Je-sus, O may I be found, Liv-ing or dy-ing with
 2. Short is the race that by me must be run, Brief is the time till life's
 3. "Lo, I come quickly!" the Master hath said, Are our lamps burning, by



God's grace abound, Walk in life's pathway where Jesus hath trod, Lead-ing at
 jour-ney is done, Greater the need to be toil-ing and pray, Aid-ing the
 Him are we led? Let us be watching and work while we wait, Till comes the



REFRAIN.



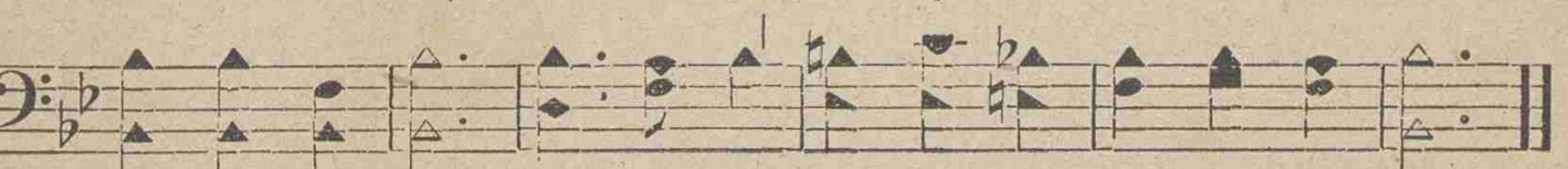
last to the pal-ace of God.
 souls we may meet on the way. Faithful, yes, faith-ful to ev-er a-bide,
 Bridegroom, if ear-ly or late.



Close to Christ Je-sus, for me who hath died; First in my heart He my



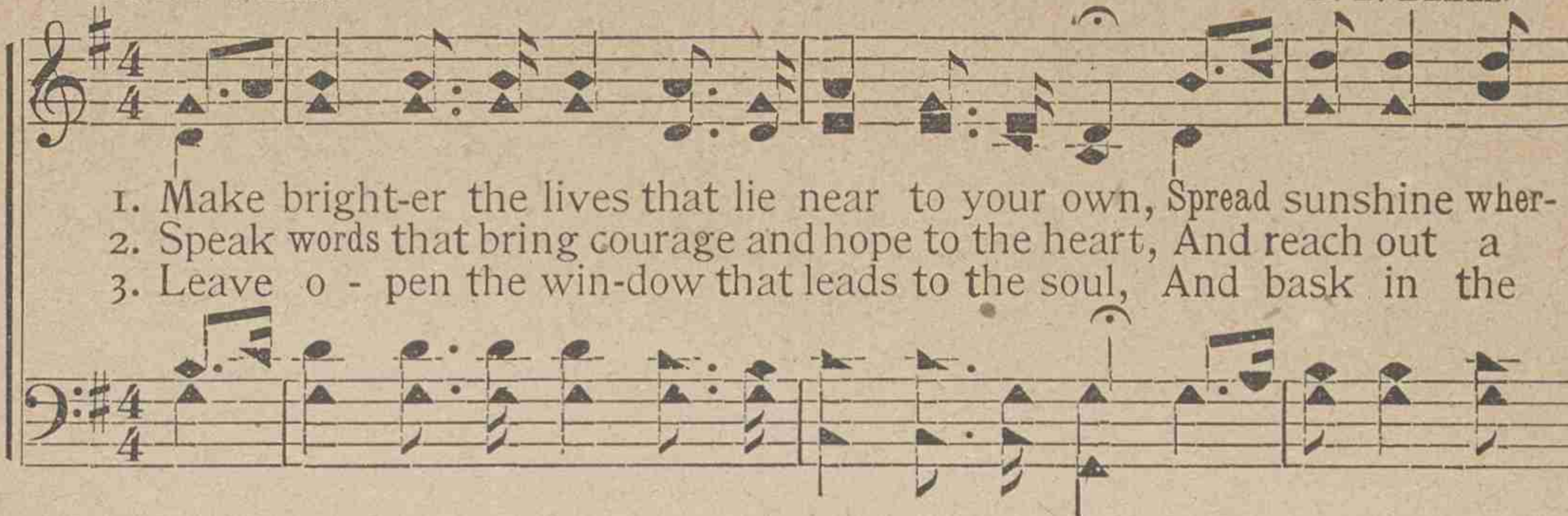
Sav-iour shall be, Till I His beau-ty in heav-en shall see.



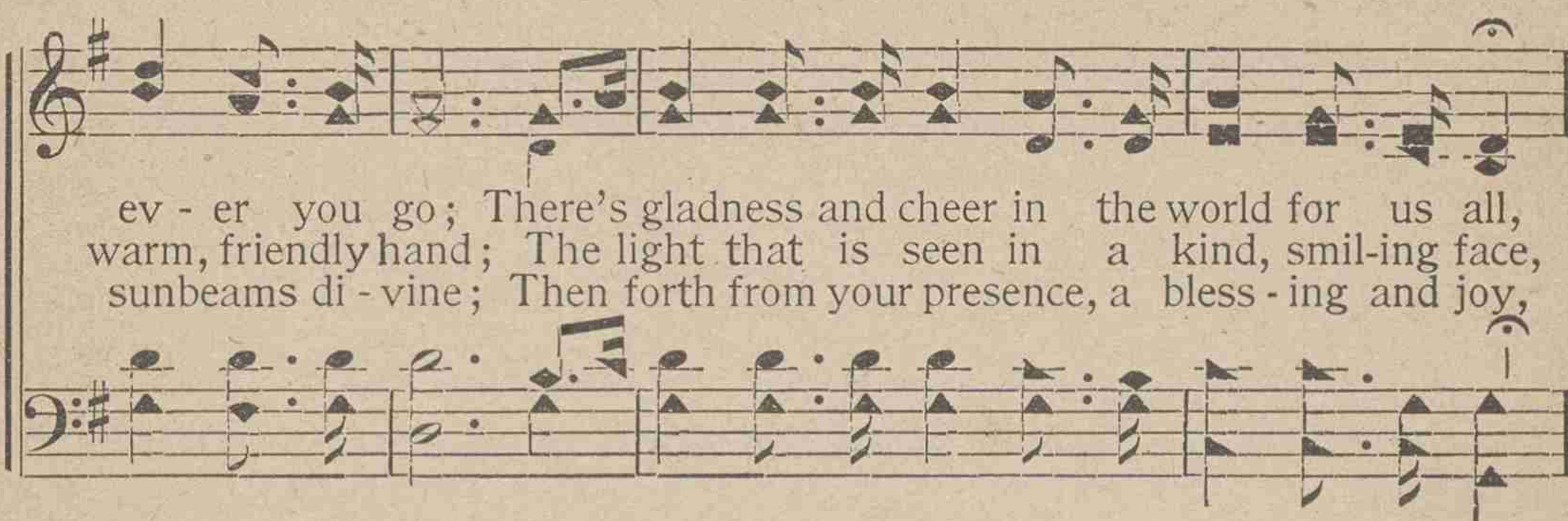
No. 15. THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

JENNIE WILSON.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Make bright-er the lives that lie near to your own, Spread sunshine wher-
 2. Speak words that bring courage and hope to the heart, And reach out a
 3. Leave o - pen the win-dow that leads to the soul, And bask in the



ev - er you go; There's gladness and cheer in the world for us all,
 warm, friendly hand; The light that is seen in a kind, smil-ing face,
 sunbeams di - vine; Then forth from your presence, a bless - ing and joy,

REFRAIN.



If we seek their ra - di - ant glow.
 Is need-ed all o - ver the land. Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 The beau - ti - ful love-light will shine.



pp
 sunshine, sunshine, That comes to us down from a-bove! O, may we send out



all a - round us each day, The beau - ti - ful sun-shine of love.

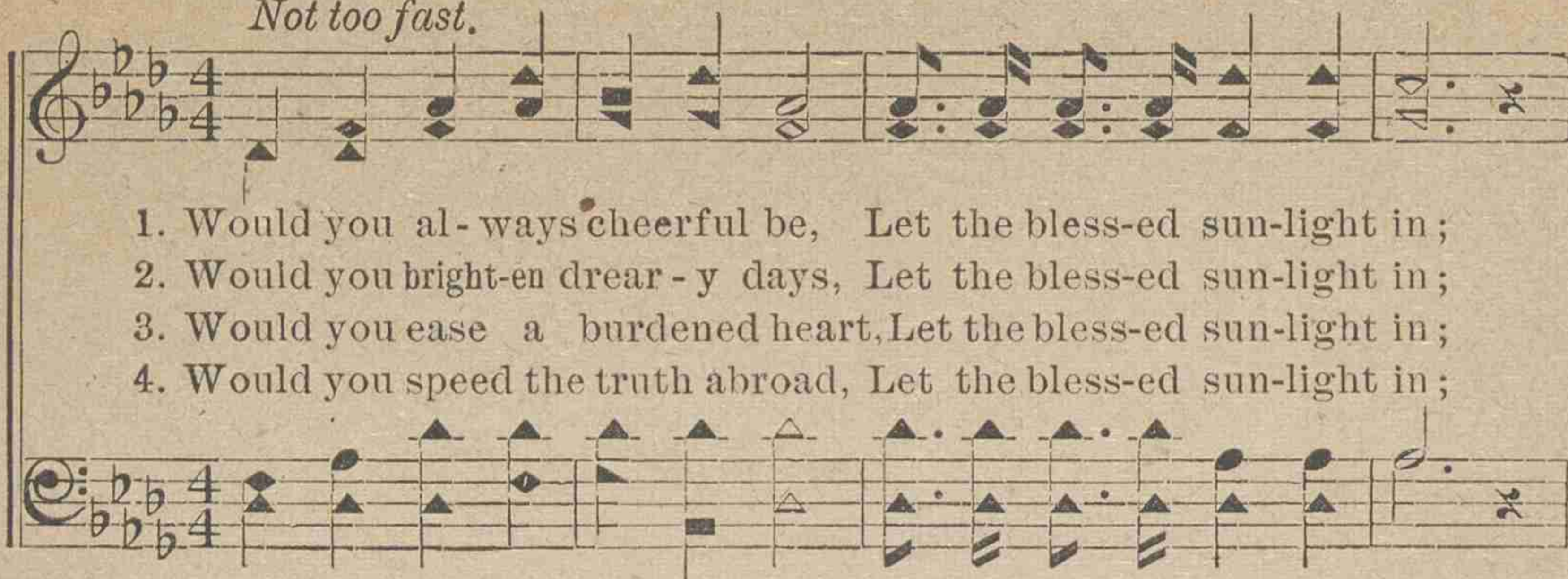
16. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

"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 cheerful be, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 2. Would you bright-en drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
 4. Would you speed the truth abroad, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;



Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
 Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

CHORUS.



Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the blessed sunlight in!
 sun-light in! sun-light in!

Repeat chorus softly.



Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
 sunlight in!

17. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Oh! my heart is thrilled with won-drous joy to - day, I am
2. At the foun - tain 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 rap - ture! O the won - drous peace! I am
5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am



rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trusting in His grace I ven-tured
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust-ed Je - sus, lo! the
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk-ing with Him in the



sins a - way, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.
free - ly in, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.
work was done, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.
joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.
nar - row way, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.



REFRAIN.



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



I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.



No. 18.

THE REALM OF BLISS.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

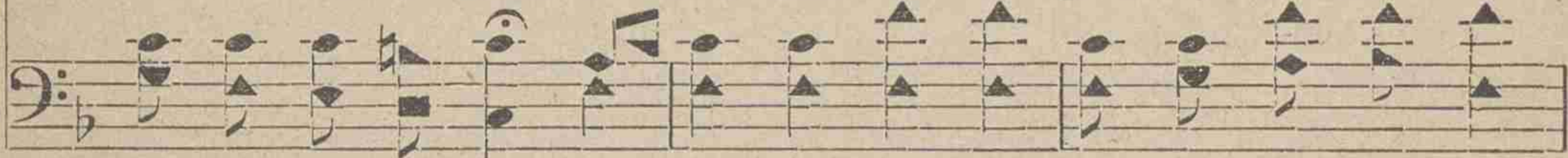
Rev. S. J. OSLIN.



1. There is a realm beyond death's sable shore, Where souls redeemed shall
2. To that bright realm I slowly wend my way, Thro' desert wastes a-
3. Whilst Mo-ses did not gain fair Canaan's land, He caught a glimpse of

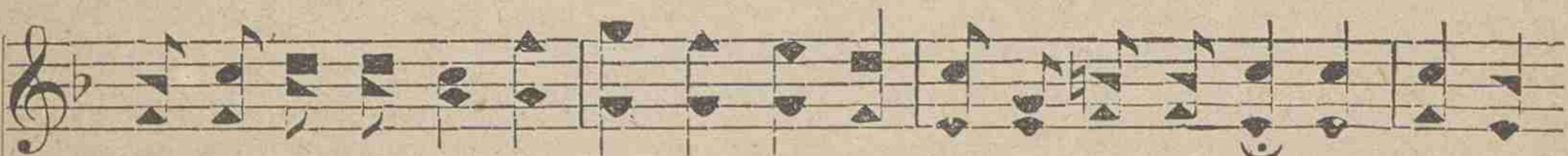


dwell for ev - er-more; A realm in which no taint of sin is found,
like by night and day; The cloud-y pil - lar shades from noon-day heat,
Ne - bo's rock-y stand; I know that I shall gain beyond death's shore,

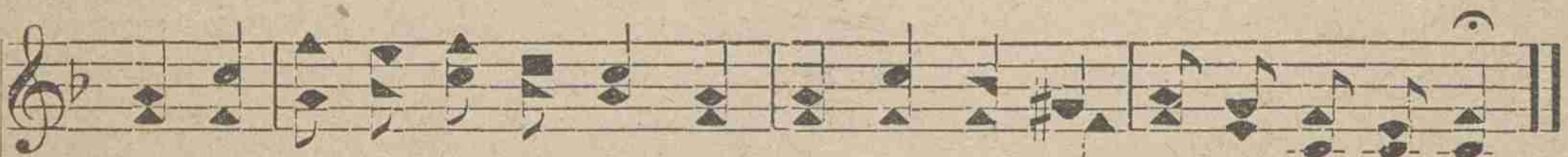


REFRAIN.

Where pur - est joys and boundless bliss abound.
And lights thro' midnight gloom my weary feet. That realm of bliss I
That blissful realm and meet those gone be-fore.



know I soon shall see, And live, dear Saviour, happy there with Thee, We'll know no



sorrow at Thy blest right hand, But rest for-ev - er in that blissful land.



No. 19. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

HORACE E. KIMBALL.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban - ner
2. Jesus Christ, your Saviour, Says that you must win, If ye do His
3. Then when warfare's o-ver, When the fight is done, When the foes are



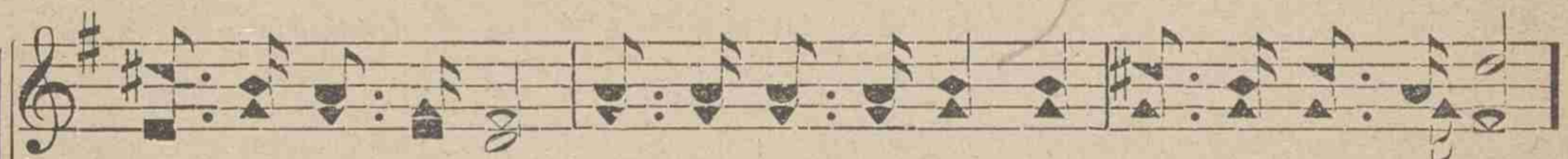
D. S.—Hold the ban - ner



firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right! Hold the cross of Je - sus,
bid - ding, Look for strength to Him; Clad in heav'n-ly ar - mor,
vanquished, When the vic-t'ry's won; Lay - ing down your ar - mor,



firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right.



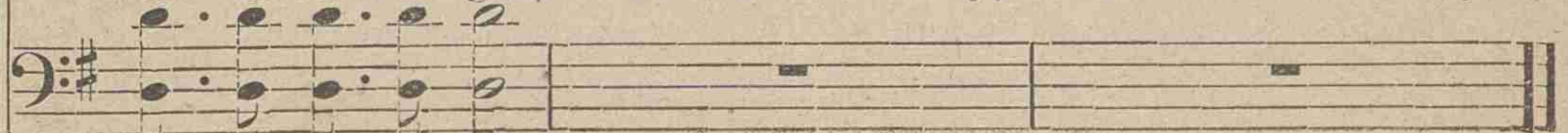
As your ban-ner high, Nev - er must you fal - ter, Nev - er must you fly.
You'll o'ercome the foe, Triumph o'er the tempter, Je - sus tells you so.
Clad in snow-y white! You shall reign with Jesus, In e - ter - nal light.



Onward, Christian soldiers, Onward to the fight, Hold the banner firm-ly,



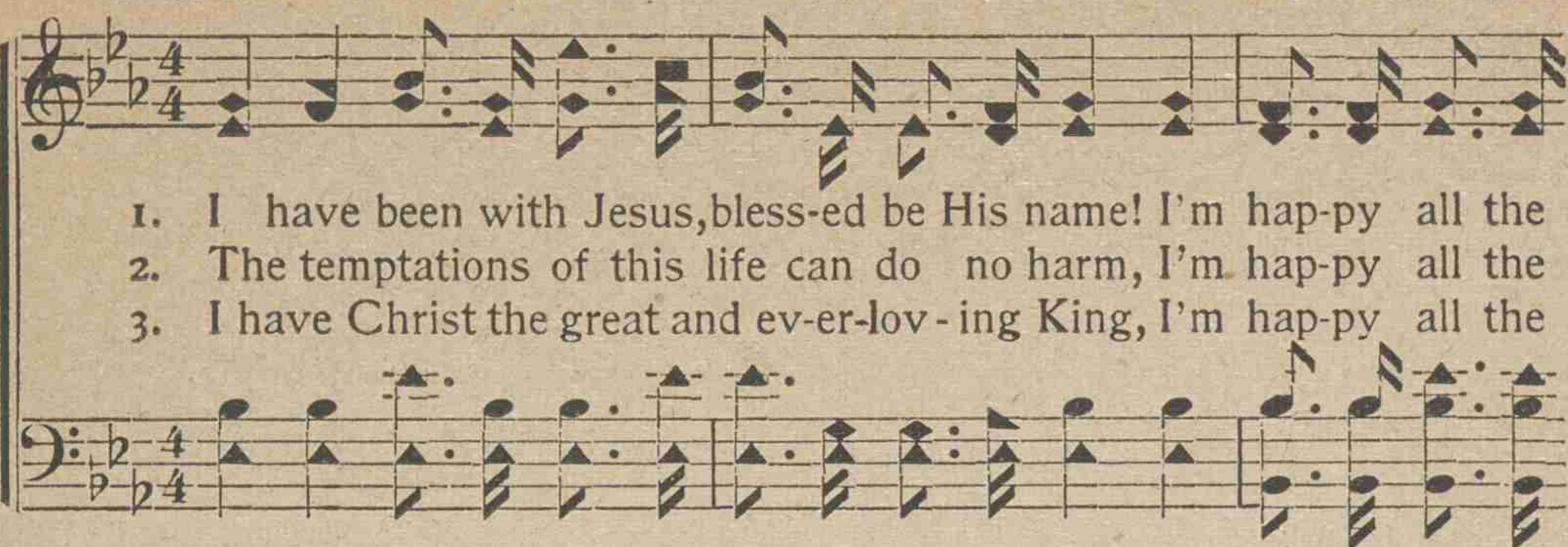
Bat - tle for the right, Hold the banner firmly, Hold the banner firm-ly,



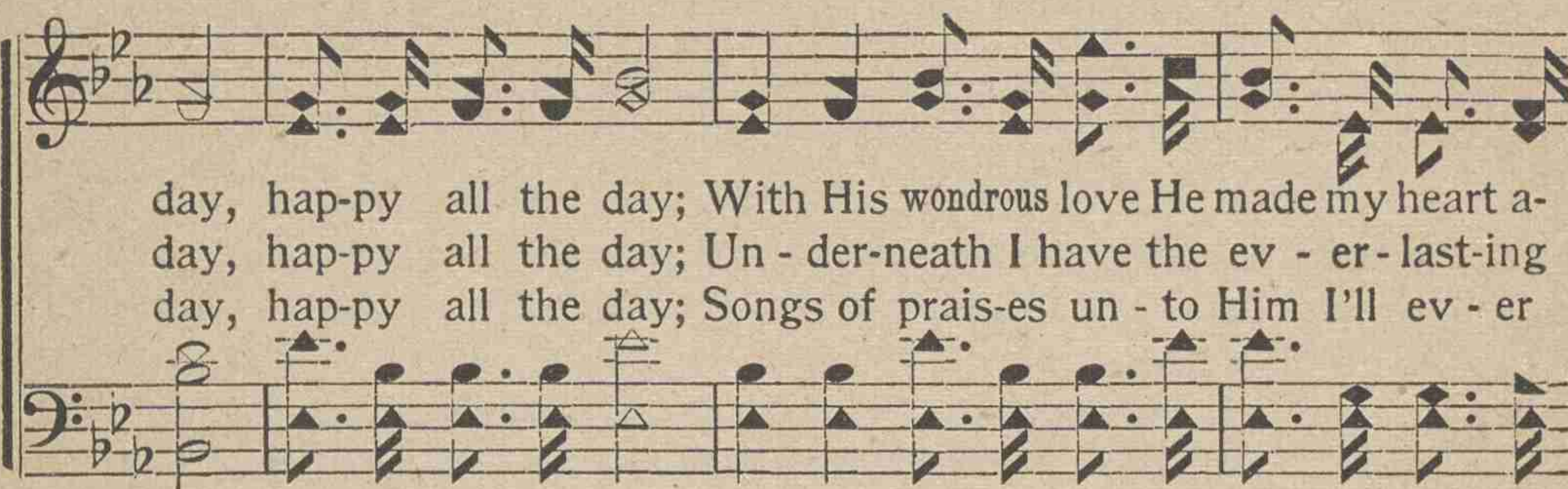
No. 20. I'm happy all the Day.

B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.



1. I have been with Jesus, bless-ed be His name! I'm hap-py all the
 2. The temptations of this life can do no harm, I'm hap-py all the
 3. I have Christ the great and ev-er-lov-ing King, I'm hap-py all the



day, hap-py all the day; With His wondrous love He made my heart a-
 day, hap-py all the day; Un-der-neath I have the ev-er-last-ing
 day, hap-py all the day; Songs of prais-es un-to Him I'll ev-er



REFRAIN.
 flame, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu - - jah!
 arm, He washed all my sins a-way.
 sing, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved,



I am saved, Saved by won-drous grace di-
 Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, Saved by wondrous grace di-vine, Saved by



vine; Yes, I place my trust in
 won-drous grace di-vine; For I placed my trust in Christ, Yes, I

I'm Happy all the Day. Concluded.

Christ, And now He is ev - er mine.
 placed my trust in Christ, And now He is ev - er mine, He's ev - er mine.

No. 21.

I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

B. B. BEALL.

1. I'm glad that Je - sus was my Friend When I in ru - in lay;
 2. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; When in the mir - y clay,
 3. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend; He washed my sins a - way,
 4. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, Renews my strength each day;
 5. I'm glad that Je - sus is my Friend, He lights my des - ert way;

He quick - ly to my res - cue came; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.
 He came and placed me on the Rock; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.
 And dwells in this poor heart of mine; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.
 In Him I find all that I need; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.
 I know He'll bring me safe - ly home; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

D. S.—Now Je - sus is my dear - est Friend, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day.

REFRAIN.

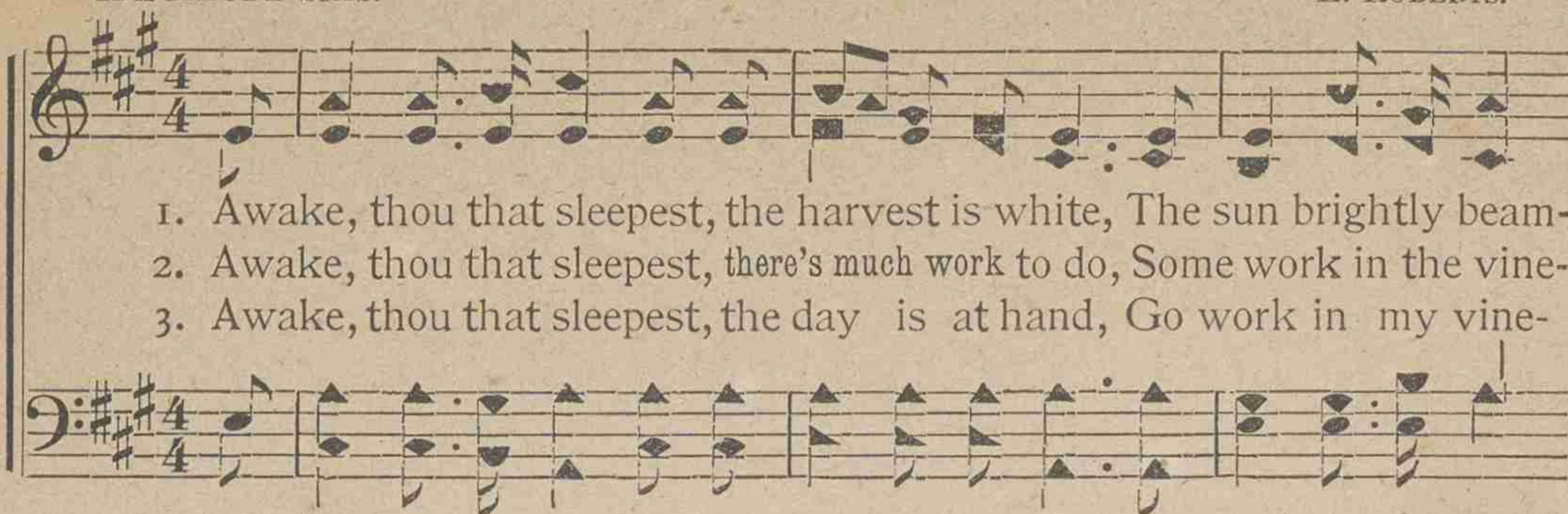
D. S.

Im glad, I'm glad, to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;
 I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day; I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;

No. 22. AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST.

IDA MAUDE SIMS.

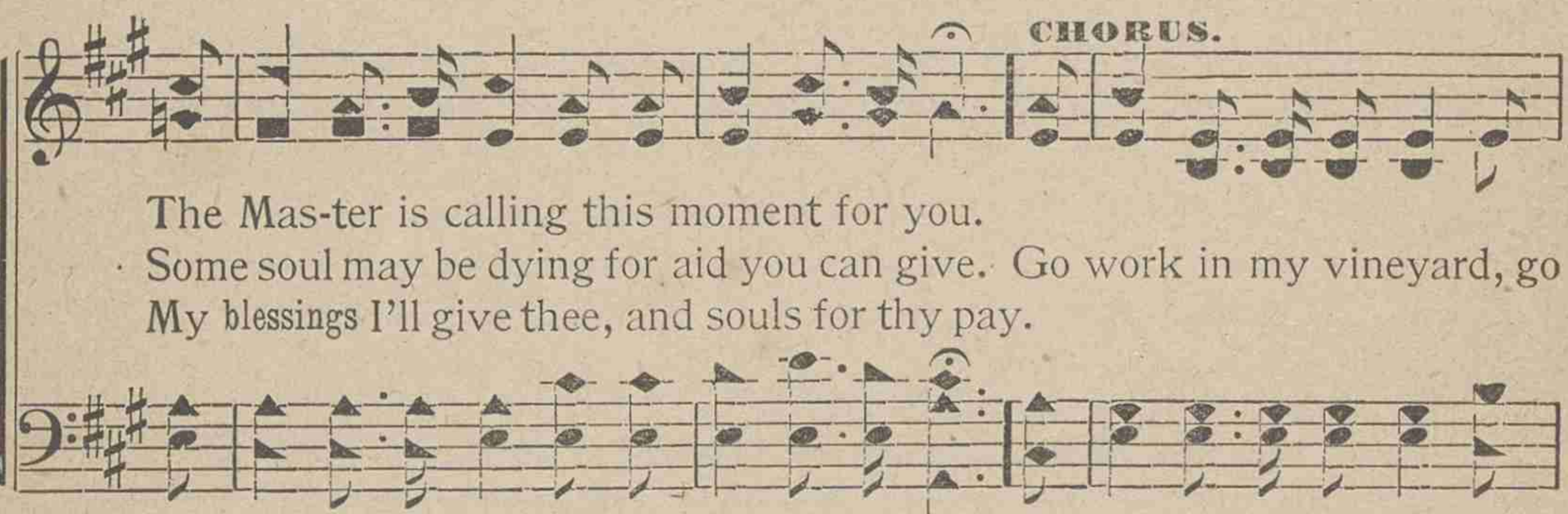
E. ROBERTS.



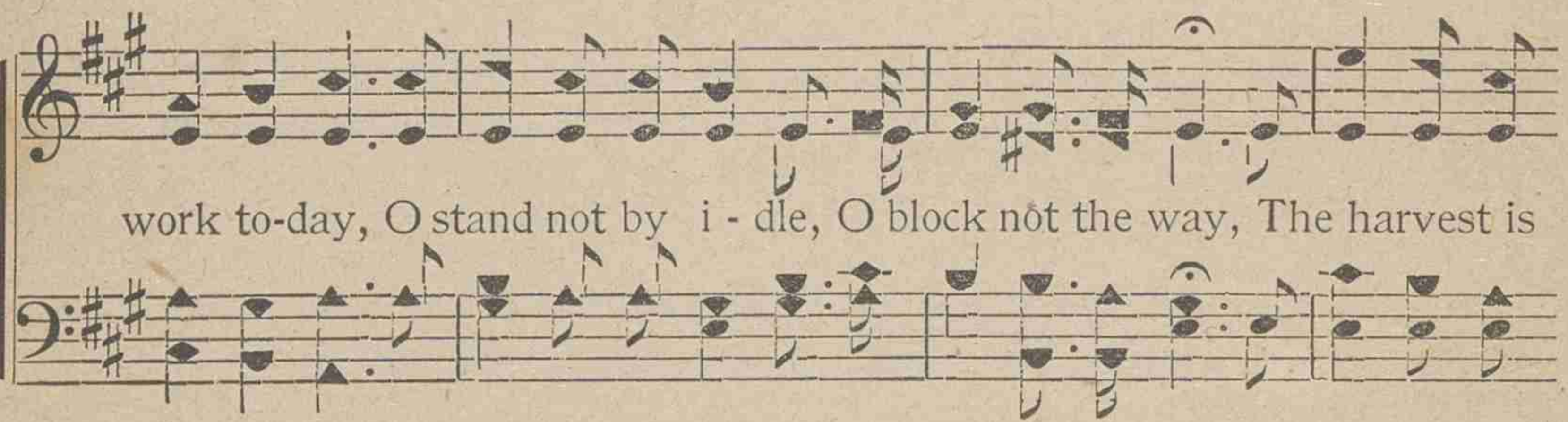
1. Awake, thou that sleepest, the harvest is white, The sun brightly beam-
 2. Awake, thou that sleepest, there's much work to do, Some work in the vine-
 3. Awake, thou that sleepest, the day is at hand, Go work in my vine-



ing has banished the night; The harvest is waiting the lab'ers are few,
 yard is waiting for you; Some soul may be waiting your help to receive,
 yard, the Master's command; Put forth all thy powers all e - vil to slay,



CHORUS.
 The Mas-ter is calling this moment for you.
 Some soul may be dying for aid you can give. Go work in my vineyard, go
 My blessings I'll give thee, and souls for thy pay.



work to-day, O stand not by i - dle, O block not the way, The harvest is



waiting, the lab'ers are few, There's work in the vineyard for all hands to do.

No. 23.

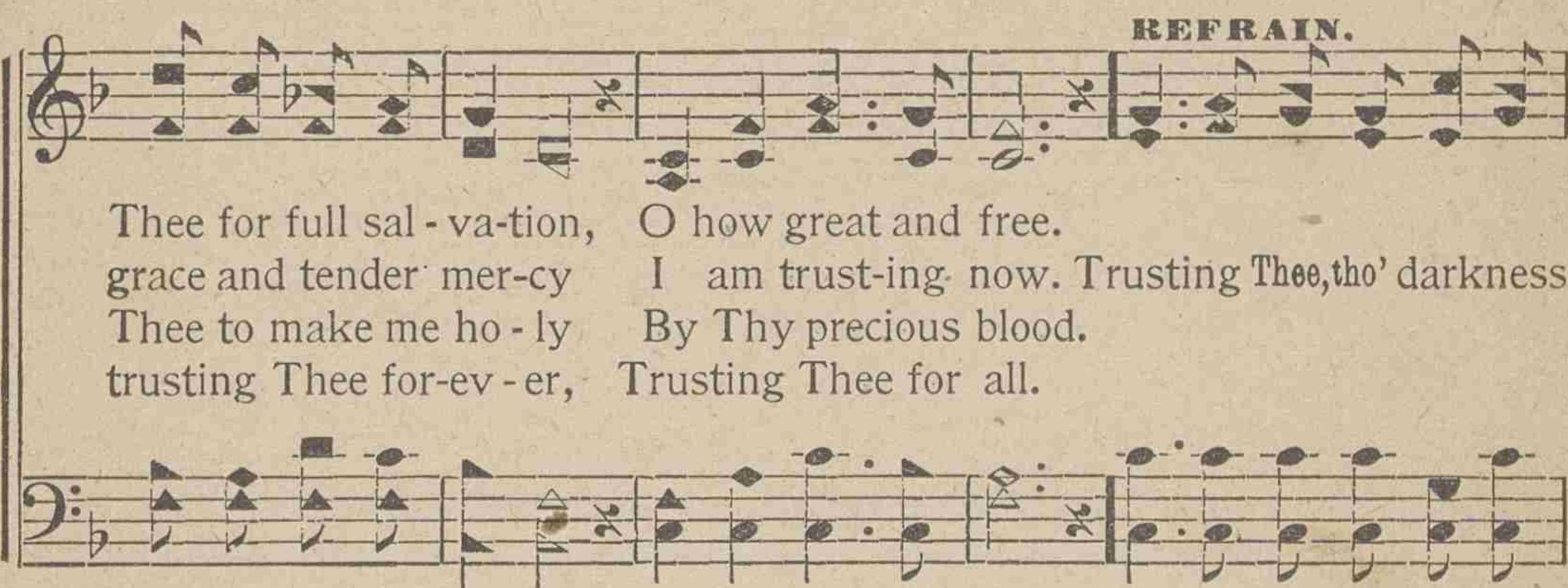
TRUSTING ONLY THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

B. B. BEALL.



1. I am trusting Thee dear Saviour, Trusting on - ly Thee; Trust-ing
 2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy
 3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing In the crim-son flood; Trust-ing
 4. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Nev-er let me fall; I am



REFRAIN.

Thee for full sal - va-tion, O how great and free.
 grace and tender mer-cy I am trust-ing now. Trusting Thee, tho' darkness
 Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy precious blood.
 trusting Thee for-ev - er, Trusting Thee for all.



fall,..... Trust-ing Thee, tho' sins ap - pall,
 tho' darkness fall, tho' sins ap-pall,



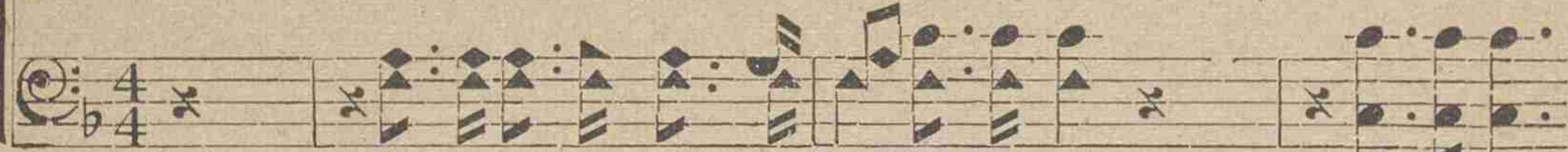
Trusting Thee, I conquer all,..... Trusting on - ly Thee.
 I conquer all,

CONFESS THY SINS.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 John 1: 9.
 Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Art thou bur - dened with thy sin, with thy sin, Is there deep . . .
2. Is thy soul . . . oppressed with grief, 'pressed with grief? With the dread . . .
3. Come to Him . . . with all thy grief, all thy grief, He will give . . .
4. On His pre - cious promise rest, sweetly rest, Lean by faith . . .



un-rest with-in, un-rest within? Wouldst thou par - - don, peace re -
 of end - less doom, of endless doom? O es - cape . . . and thou shalt
 the sweet re - lief, gives sweet re - lief, On the Son . . . of God be -
 up - on His breast, up - on His breast, He will all . . . thy woes for -



ceive, peace receive, Confess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will forgive.
 live, thou shalt live, Confess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will forgive.
 lieve, oh, believe, Confess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will forgive.
 give, He'll forgive, Confess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will forgive.



CHORUS. D.S. Confess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give. . . .



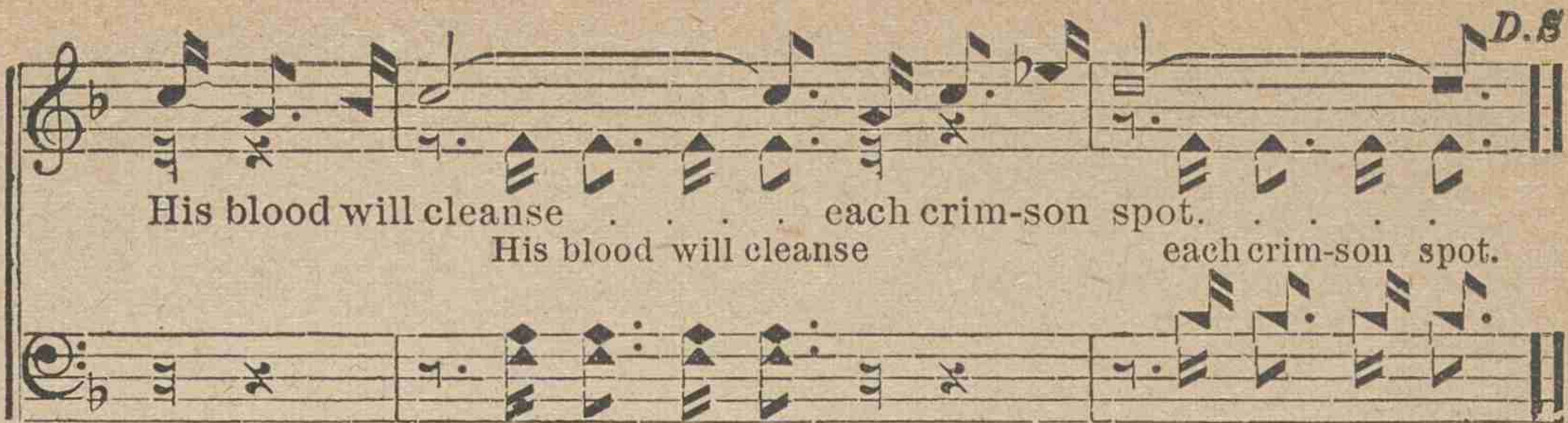
Thou bur - dened one, . . . oppressed with grief,
 Thou bur - dened one, . . . oppressed with grief,



Con - fess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will for - give;



CONFESS THY SINS.



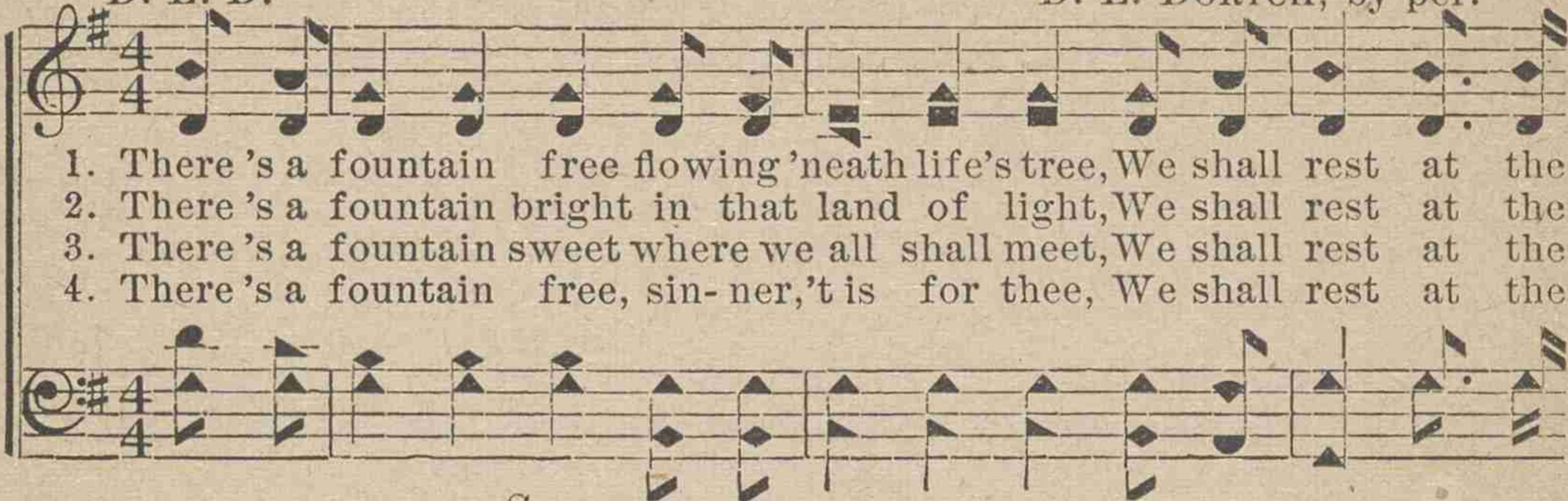
His blood will cleanse . . . each crim-son spot. *D.S.*
His blood will cleanse . . . each crim-son spot.

25. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

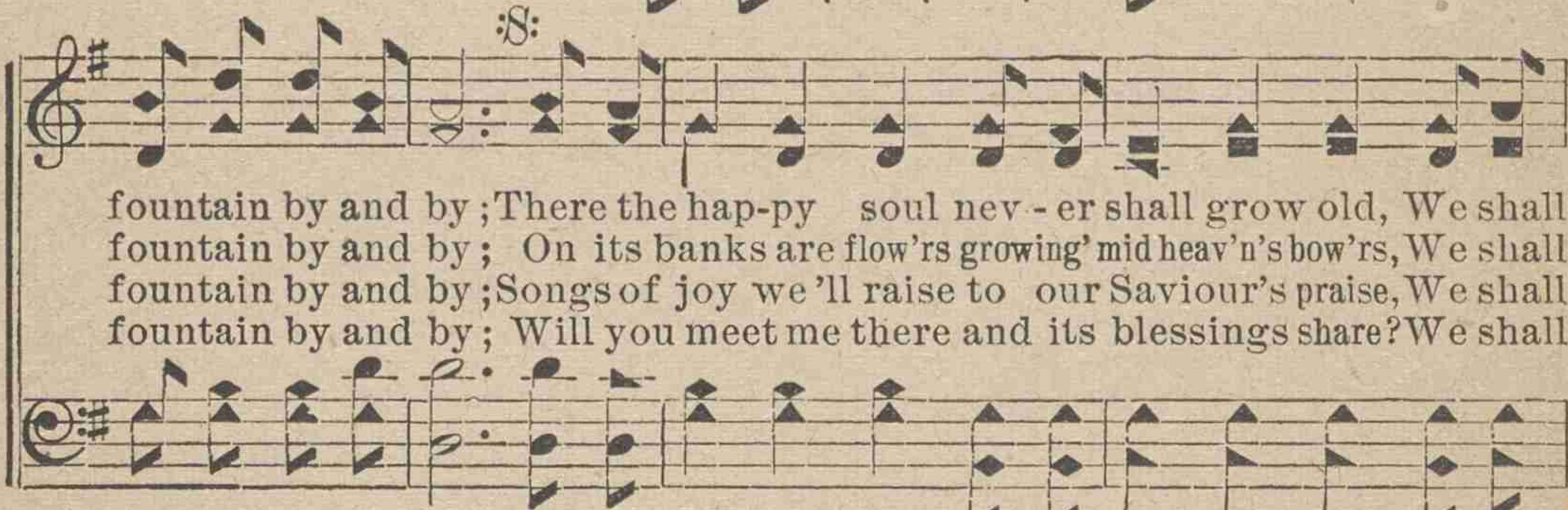
"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. There's a fountain free flowing 'neath life's tree, We shall rest at the
2. There's a fountain bright in that land of light, We shall rest at the
3. There's a fountain sweet where we all shall meet, We shall rest at the
4. There's a fountain free, sin-ner, 't is for thee, We shall rest at the



fountain by and by; There the hap-py soul nev-er shall grow old, We shall
fountain by and by; On its banks are flow'rs growing 'mid heav'n's bow'rs, We shall
fountain by and by; Songs of joy we'll raise to our Saviour's praise, We shall
fountain by and by; Will you meet me there and its blessings share? We shall

D.S. There we all shall stand with the an-gel band, We shall

FINE. REFRAIN.



rest at the fountain by and by. We shall rest at the fountain by and
rest at the fountain by and by.



by, (by and by,) We shall rest at the fountain by and by, (by and by;)

By permission.

No. 26. WHAT WE NEED IN THIS WORLD IS JESUS.

BIRDIE BELLE.

EDWIN MOORE.



1. What we need in this world is Je - sus! He makes heav-y
 2. What we need in this world is Je - sus! He feeds ev - 'ry
 3. What we need in this world is Je - sus! He guides lest our
 4. What we need in this world is Je - sus! His pow'r makes the



bur - dens light; For His love, which is true and ten - der, Brings
 hun - gry heart; He re - fresh-es the thirst - y pil - grim And
 feet might stray, And He points us, when weak and falt - 'ring, To
 fee - ble strong; He sup-ports us a - long the jour - ney, And

CHORUS.



day out of dark - est night.
 com-forts when joys de - part. What we need in this world is
 realms of un - fad - ing day.
 teach-es our lips a song.



Je - sus, is Jesus, Sup-ply - ing our dai - ly need, A lov - ing



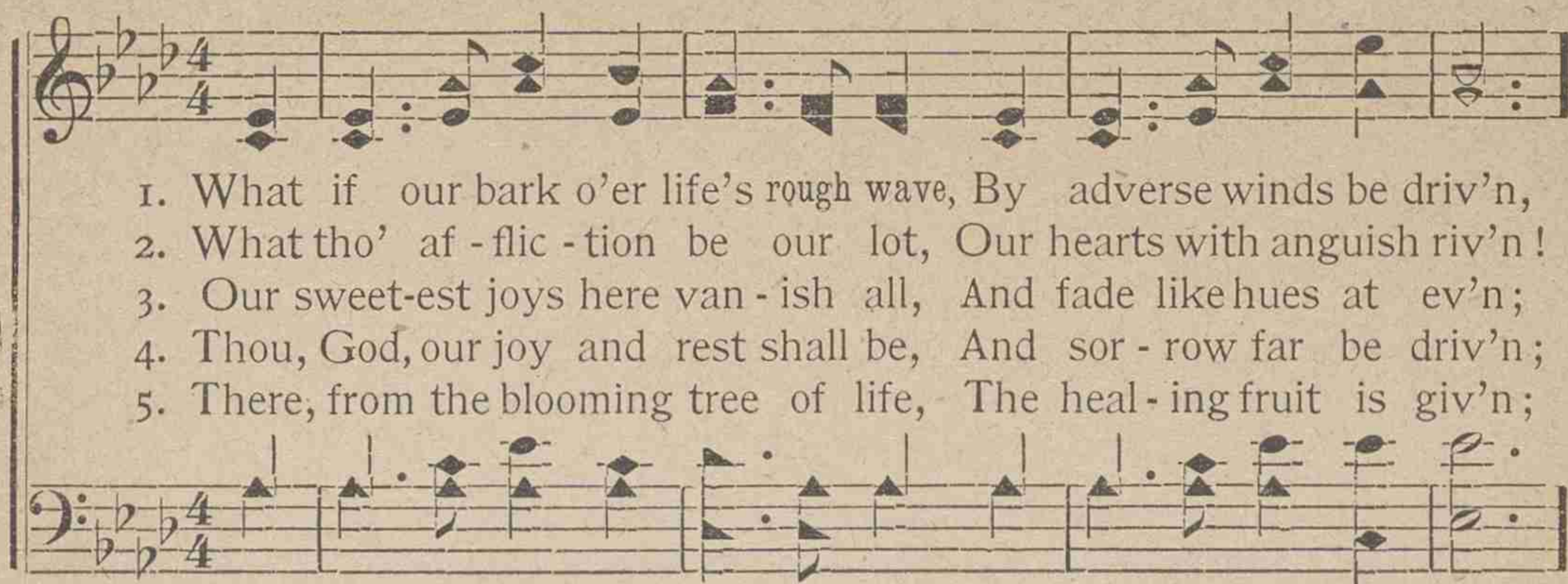
Friend who will fail us nev - er, Our steps He will ev - er lead.

No. 27.

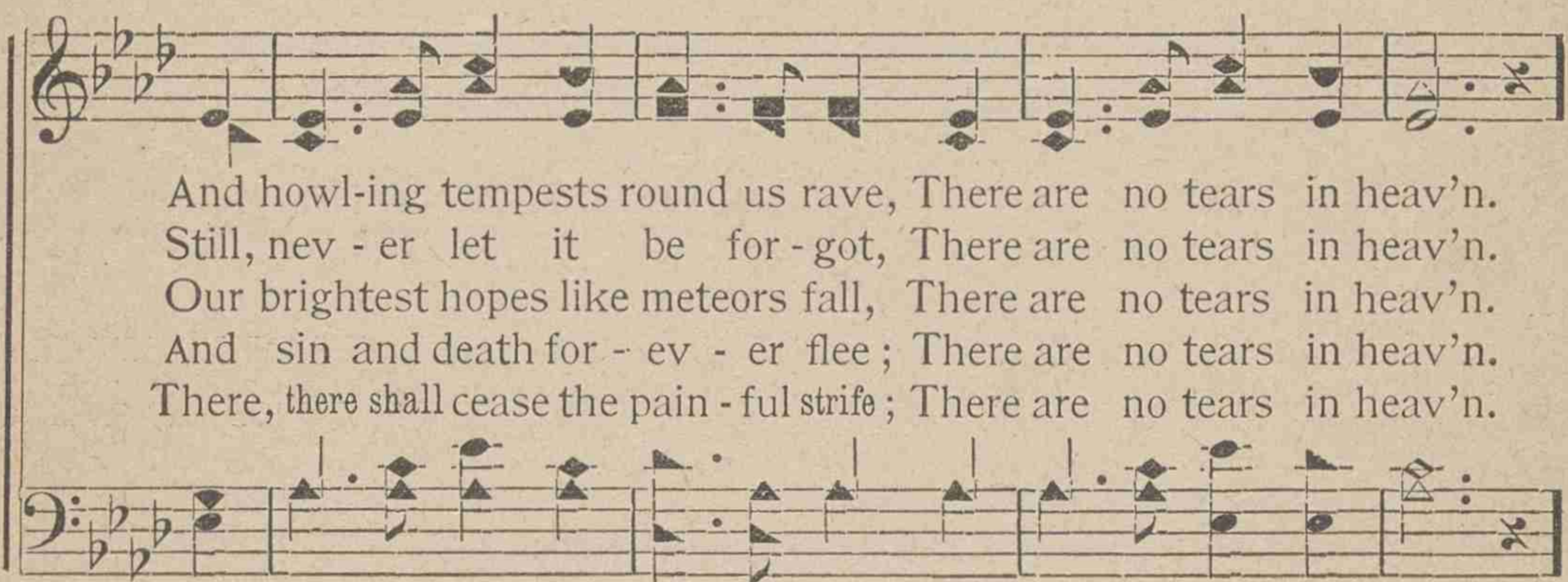
MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

(Lovingly inscribed to my dear old father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Beall.)

B. B. BEALL.



1. What if our bark o'er life's rough wave, By adverse winds be driv'n,
 2. What tho' af-flic-tion be our lot, Our hearts with anguish riv'n!
 3. Our sweet-est joys here van-ish all, And fade like hues at ev'n;
 4. Thou, God, our joy and rest shall be, And sor-row far be driv'n;
 5. There, from the blooming tree of life, The heal-ing fruit is giv'n;

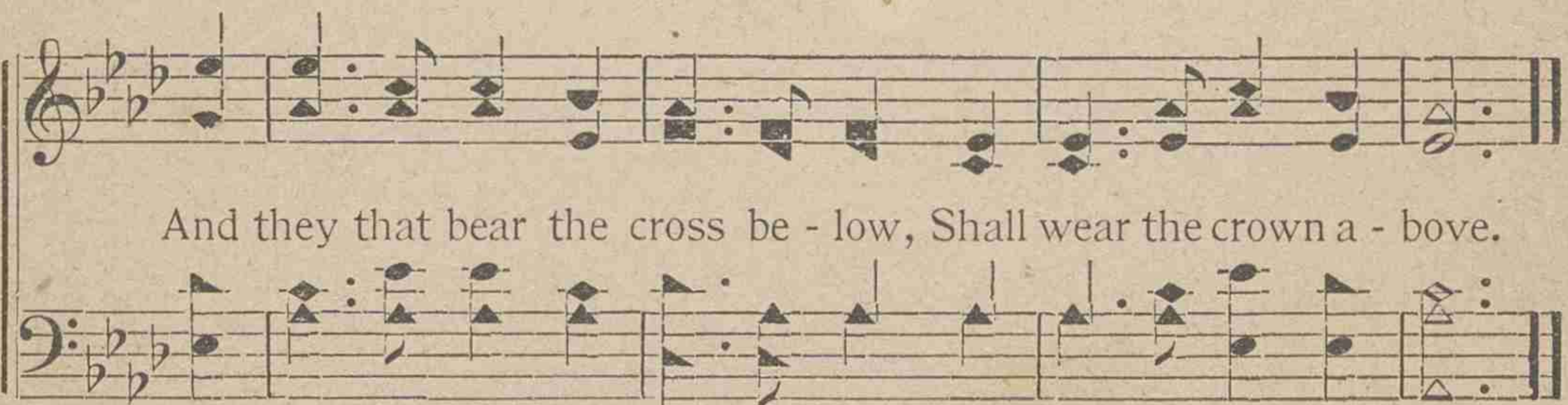


And howl-ing tempests round us rave, There are no tears in heav'n.
 Still, nev-er let it be for-got, There are no tears in heav'n.
 Our bright-est hopes like meteors fall, There are no tears in heav'n.
 And sin and death for-ev-er flee; There are no tears in heav'n.
 There, there shall cease the pain-ful strife; There are no tears in heav'n.

REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home of love;



And they that bear the cross be-low, Shall wear the crown a-bove.

28. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

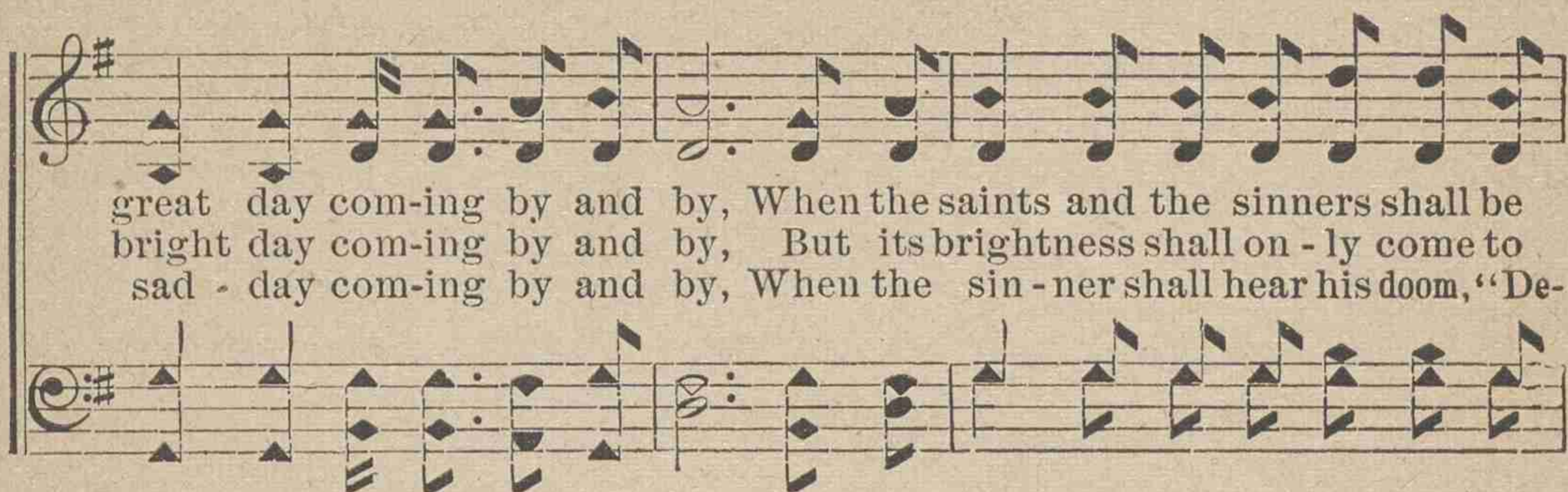
"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.



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



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



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

CHORUS.



Are you ready? are you read-y? Are you ready for the judgment day?



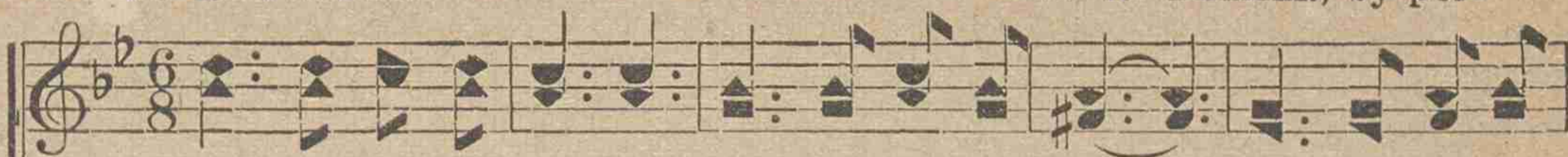
Are you read-y? are you read-y? For the judg-ment day?

By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON AND Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

29. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



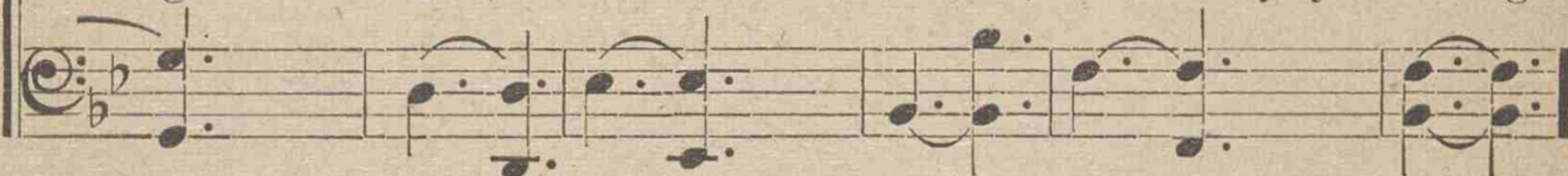
1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yield - ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win. Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark
rev - erence, Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind -
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down. He who is our Sav - iour, Our



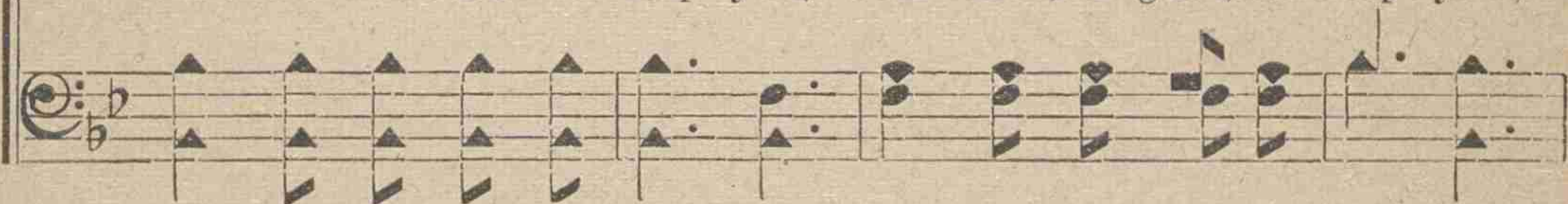
passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

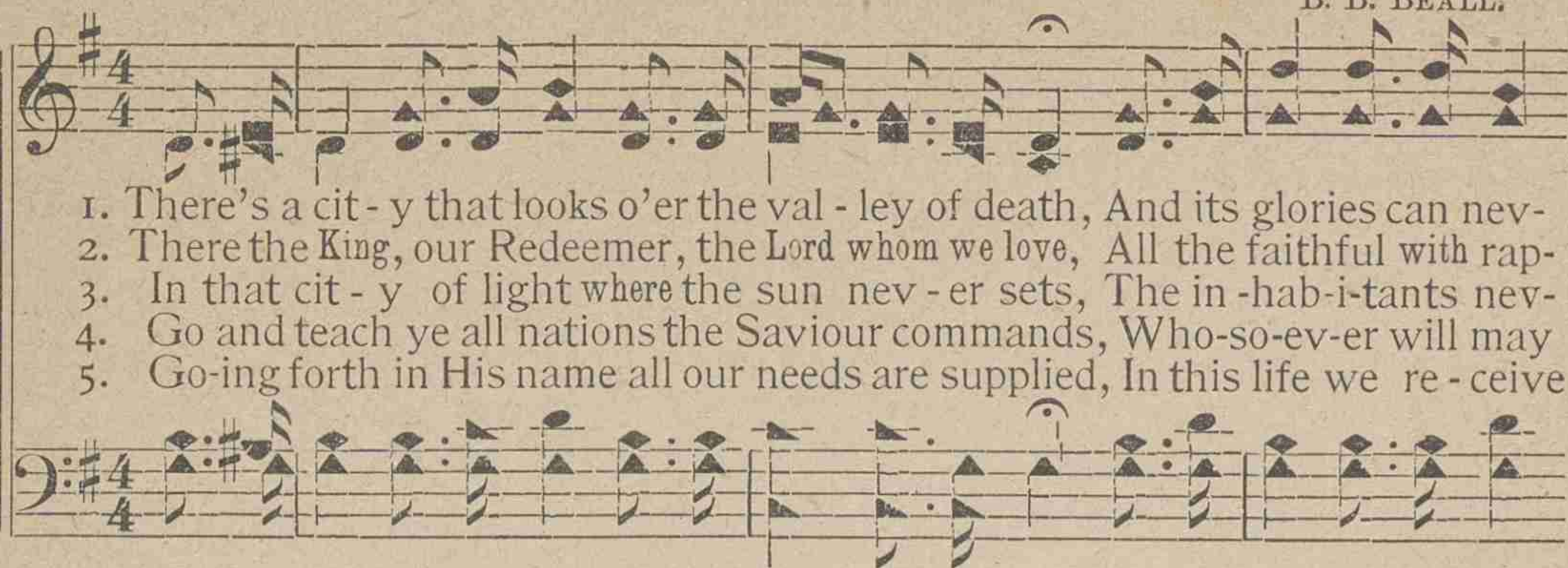


No. 30.

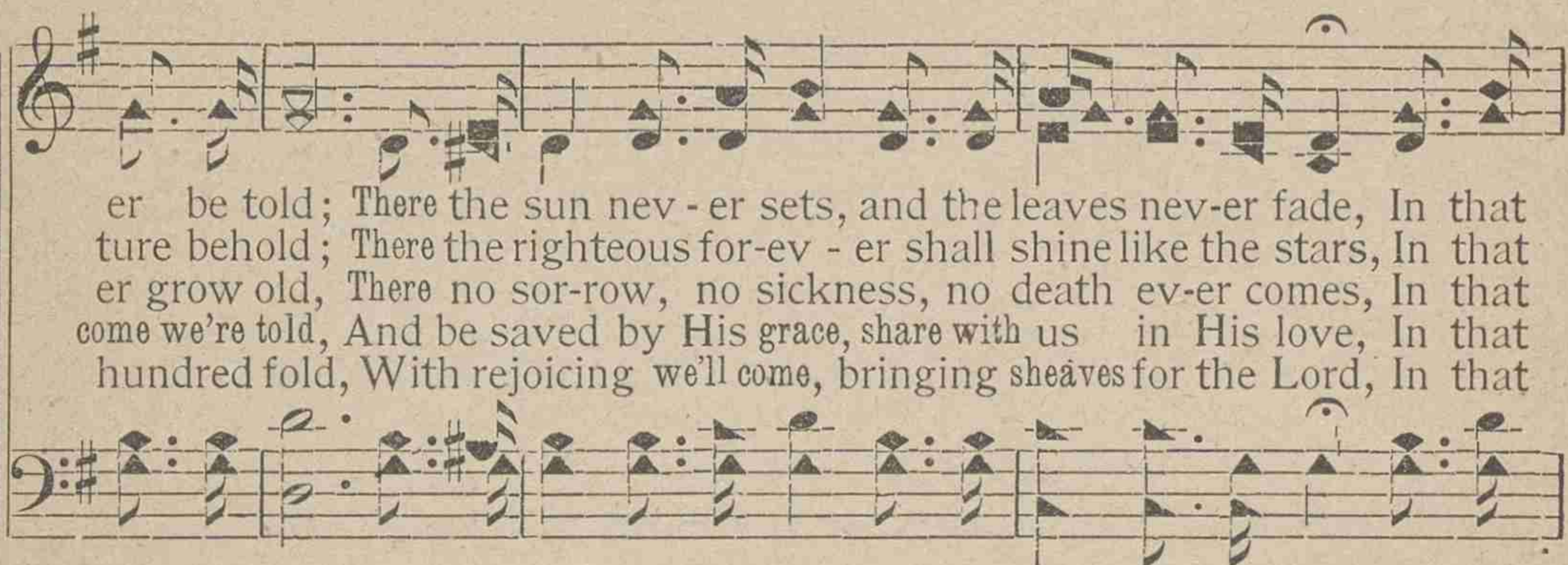
THE CITY OF GOLD.

(Lovingly inscribed to my mother-in-law, Mrs. Georgia Clonts.)

B. B. BEALL.



1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glories can nev -
 2. There the King, our Redeemer, the Lord whom we love, All the faithful with rap -
 3. In that cit - y of light where the sun nev - er sets, The in - hab - i - tants nev -
 4. Go and teach ye all nations the Saviour commands, Who - so - ev - er will may
 5. Go - ing forth in His name all our needs are supplied, In this life we re - ceive



er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade, In that
 ture behold; There the righteous for - ev - er shall shine like the stars, In that
 er grow old, There no sor - row, no sickness, no death ev - er comes, In that
 come we're told, And be saved by His grace, share with us in His love, In that
 hundred fold, With rejoicing we'll come, bringing sheaves for the Lord, In that

REFRAIN.



beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold. Where the sun nev - er sets,
 Where the sun nev - er sets,



and the leaves nev - er fade, Where the eyes of the faith -
 and the leaves nev - er fade,



ful their Sav - iour be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

31. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

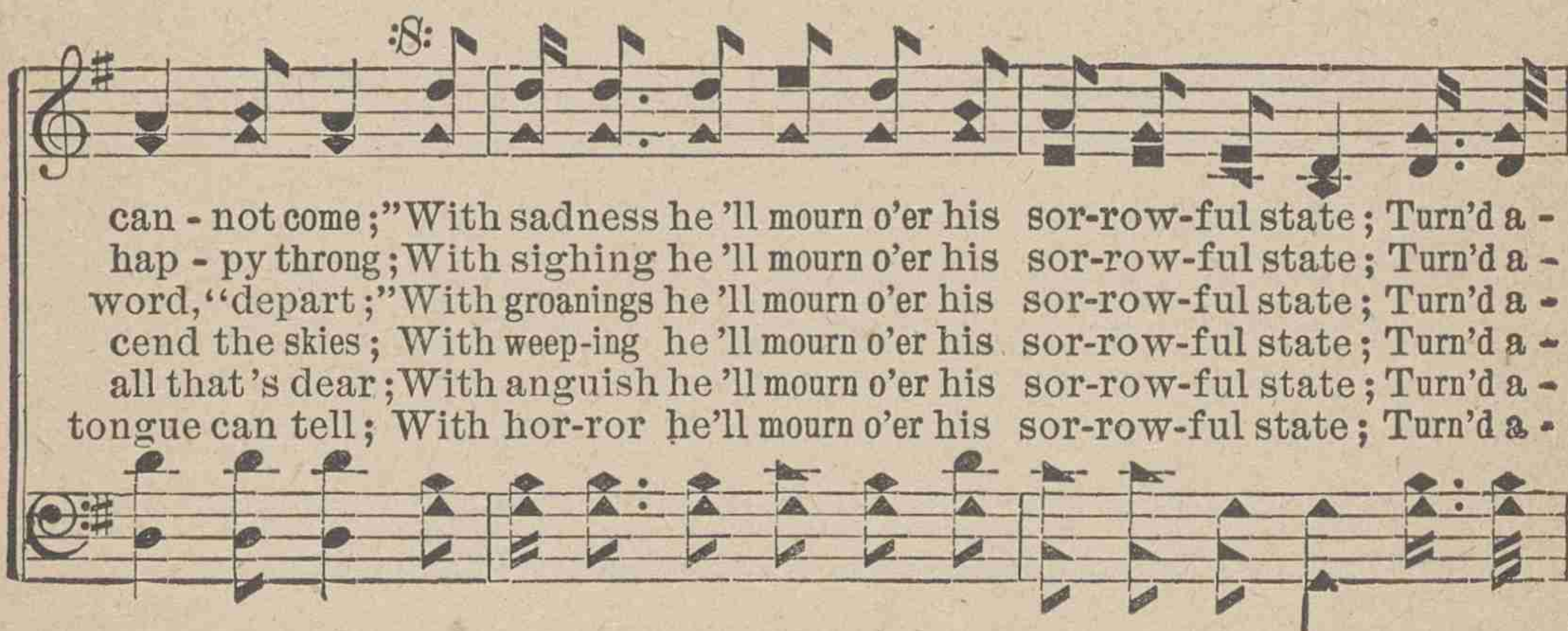
"Lord, Lord, open to us. But He shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. DORTCH.
Not too fast.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, " You
2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people as -
5. Some one will go in - to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no



can - not come; "With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -
hap - py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -
word, "depart; "With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -
cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a -

FINE. REFRAIN.



way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful



gate, . . . Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate. . . .
beau-ti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful gate.

No. 32.

COULD WE READ THE HEART.

MAUDE SIMS.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Often in our hearts there's kindled Flames of anger, flames like fire, And we watch them
2. Often in the hour of anger, When we think some wrong is done, And the world seems
3. Deeds that now seem very cruel, Causing sorrow, pain and strife, Thick and fast to
4. If we only knew the motive Of each deed of right or wrong, We might often



burn on daily, Feed them oft with vengeful ire. Unkind tho'ts are often harbored Till of cold and cruel, Darkness banishes the sun. Ah! how bright across our pathway Would sweet fall around us, Crowding out the good of life, Would not seem one-half so cruel, Would not think more kindly Of those we've abhorred so long. We might praise where now we slander, Free our



life they are a part, Yet how eagerly we'd quench them Could we only read the heart. "Friendship" send her light, If the hearts of those around us We could only read aright. drive the light a-way, If we knew that by our anger We were leading souls astray. lives from Satan's arts, Hate the sins but love the sinners, Could we only read their hearts.



Let us then be kind and cheer-ful, Patient e'er to bear our part,



For the world would all seem bright-er, Could we on - ly read the heart.



No. 33.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

Arr. by H. N. L.

Music and refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.

The first staff of music is written on a five-line staff with a treble clef. The key signature consists of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The staff is part of a larger musical score on aged paper.

1. The Sunday School army has gathered once more; Its numbers are greater than
2. We fight a-against e - vil and battle with wrong, Our sword is the Bible both
3. Amid all our conflicts we think of our Lord, Who died on the cross and from
4. To Je - sus our Captain, hosannas we raise, And join with our teachers in

ev - er be - fore, Its banners are spread and shall never be furled, Till the
trusty and strong, With prayer as our watchword, and faith as our shield And our
death was restored, To save us from sin and to give us a place With the
sing - ing His praise, His soldiers we are and His soldiers we'll be, Till we

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is composed of various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The notation is printed in a dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

REFRAIN.

A musical score for a single melodic line, likely for a piano or violin. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), indicating D major or B minor. The time signature is 2/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. A double bar line separates the main body of the music from a section labeled "REFRAIN." which begins with a repeat sign. The paper shows signs of age, including slight discoloration and wear at the edges.

Prince of sal - va - tion has conquer'd the world. Sing and re -
ar - mor to en - e - mies nev - er we'll yield.
ransomed who al - ways be - hold His bright face.
lay down our ar - mor and death sets us free. Sing and re - joice with

joyce, Our arm- y is on its bright way, bright way,
heart, soul and voice.

March - ing a - long, . . . To the beau-ti-ful mansions of day.
March-ing along with ban-ner and song,

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the staff. The score is a single system, and the music ends with a double bar line.

No. 34.

Beautiful Home.

(To my friend and class-mate, Prof. B. B. Beall.)

J. J. M.

JOHN J. MATHEWS.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far be - yond the star - ry sky, Christ has
 2. There I'll sing with the an - gels of Moses and the Lamb, While the
 3. I will dwell in that home with the lov'd ones gone before, And with

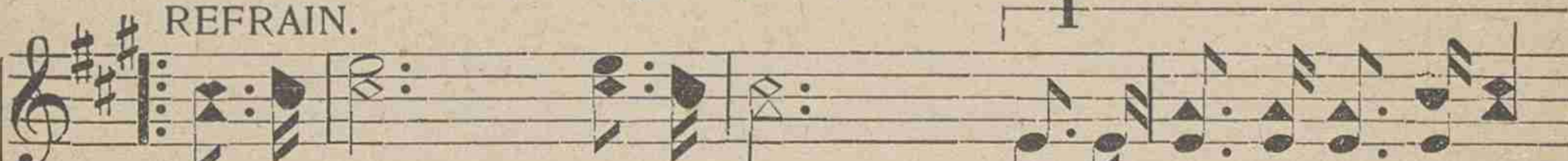


gone to pre - pare o - ver there; I shall dwell in that home in the
 a - ges e - ter - nal - ly fly; For the Lord will be there with the
 them all its bless - ed - ness share, And for - ev - er the Sav - ior of



sweet by and by; How I long, how I long to be there!
 sav'd from ev - 'ry land, In that home in the sweet by and by.
 sin - ners a - dore, And be hap - py and blest o - ver there.

REFRAIN.



Then I'll sing, sweetly sing In the mansions where the blest
 Then I'll sing, sweet - ly sing



nev - er die; In that home in the sweet by and by.
 nev - er die; by and by.

No. 35. WORKING FOR A CROWN OF JOY.

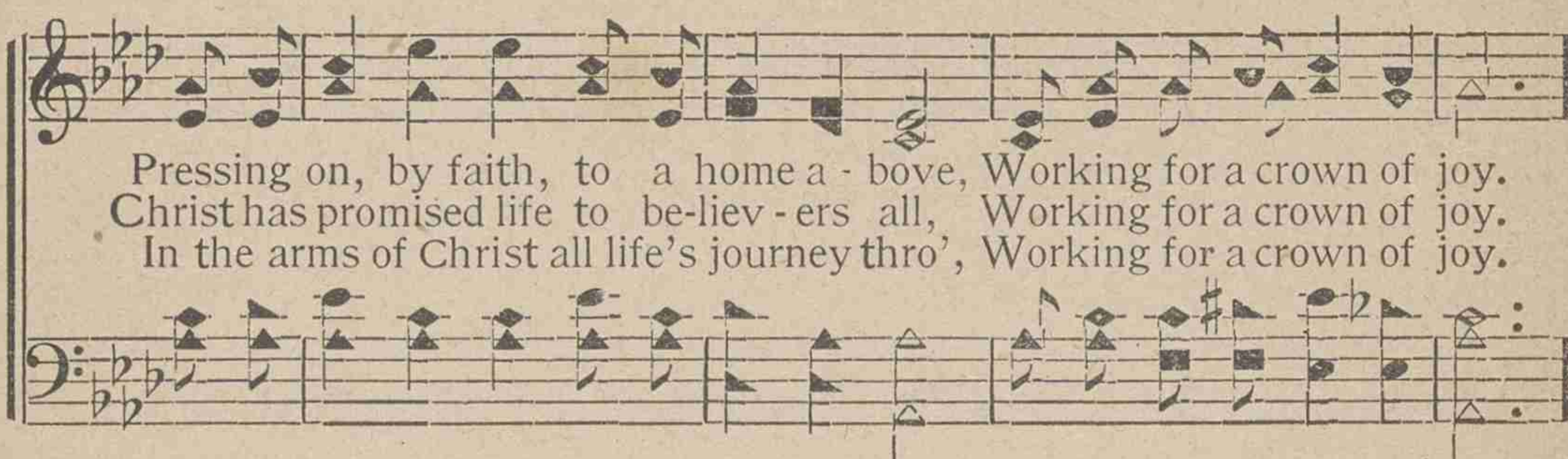
B. B. B.

(To my wife.)

B. B. BEALL.



1. O how sweet to live in a Saviour's love, Working for a crown of joy;
 2. What a bless-ed tho't, I can nev - er fall, Working for a crown of joy;
 3. What an anchor sure for the Christian true, Working for a crown of joy;



Pressing on, by faith, to a home a - bove, Working for a crown of joy.
 Christ has promised life to be-liev - ers all, Working for a crown of joy.
 In the arms of Christ all life's journey thro', Working for a crown of joy.

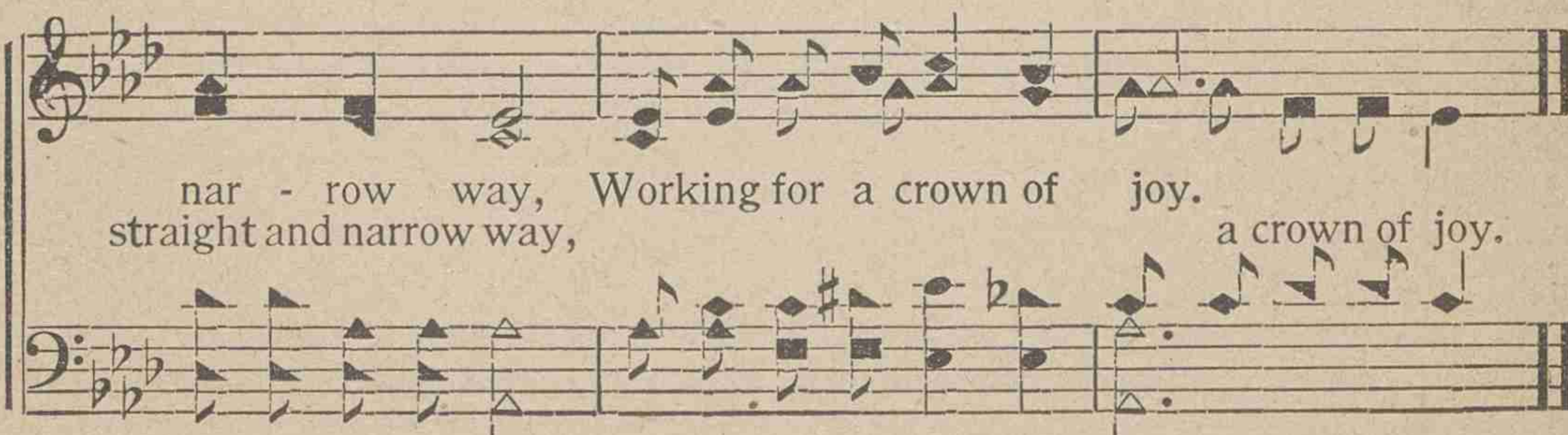
REFRAIN.



I will serve my King and His prais - es sing, Work-ing for a
 prais-es ev - er sing,



crown of joy, There is grace ev - 'ry day in the
 crown, working for a crown of joy,



nar - row way, Working for a crown of joy.
 straight and narrow way, a crown of joy.

36. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING

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

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

m



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for



you and for me; See on the por - tals He's
 you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has

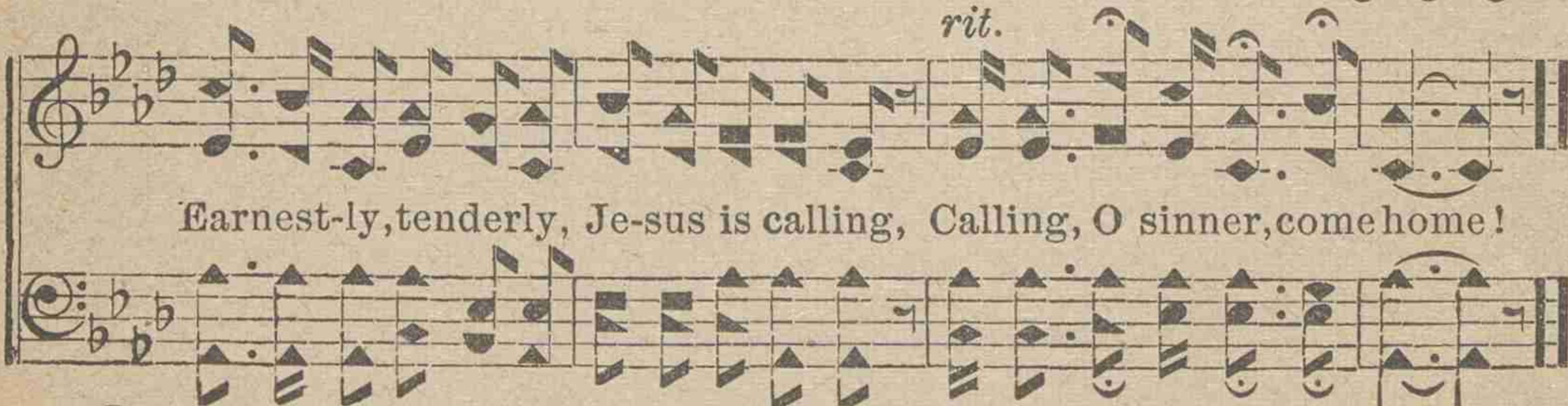


wait - ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - bells are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, come home,



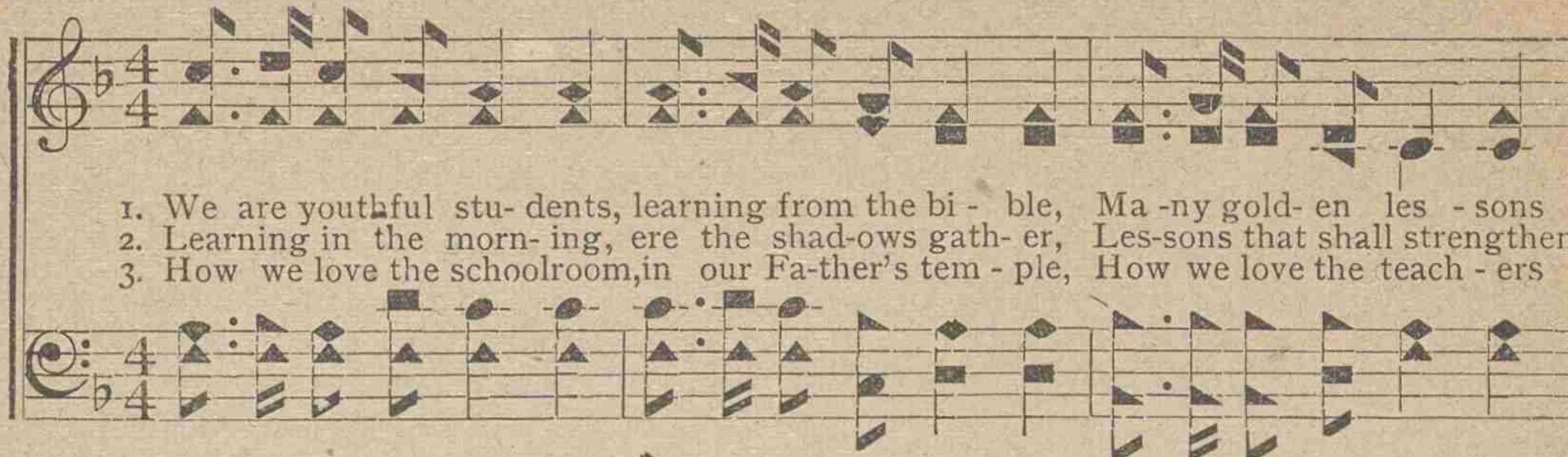
rit.
 Earnest - ly, tenderly, Je - sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission Will L. Thompson and Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

To my son Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. We are youthful stu-dents, learning from the bi-ble, Ma-ny gold-en les-sons
 2. Learning in the morn-ing, ere the shad-ows gath-er, Les-sons that shall strengthen
 3. How we love the schoolroom, in our Fa-ther's tem-ple, How we love the teach-ers



that shall bless our days; Precious words of wisdom, from the royal author, From the heav'nly
 while a-mid the strife; Les-sons that shall arm us for the dai-ly bat-tles, We must all en-
 who a-mong us move, How we love the les-sons, tell-ing us of Je-sus, And the bless-ed

CHORUS.



Fa-ther whom we love and praise; Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise;
 coun-ter in this low-er life. Bless-ed words of truth, Bless-ed words of truth,
 man-sions He's prepared a-bove. Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,



From the heav'nly Fa-ther whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
 Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth, Bless-ed words of truth,
 For the gold-en les-sons scattered all a-broad. Glo-ry be to God,



Whom we love and praise, From the heav'nly Fa-ther whom we love and praise.
 Bless-ed words of truth, Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth.
 Glo-ry be to God, For the gold-en les-sons scattered all a-broad.

No. 38.

MESSAGES FROM HOME.

Dedicated to my dear teacher, B. B. Beall.—R. W. D.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

RAYMOND W. DOSTER.



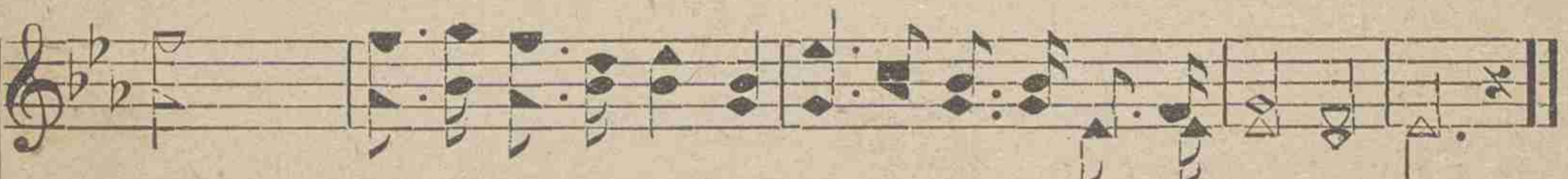
1. Mes - sa - ges from home, sweet home be - yond the crys - tal sea,
Wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, rough the way you now may roam,
2. Out up - on life's mount - ains, foot - sore, sor - row - ing and lone,
Sweet it is to pon - der on the glo - ry yet to be,
3. O - ver on the gold - en shore, the shore where loved ones wait,
We are safe - ly an - chored in the ha - ven of the blest,



Ti - dings of the glo - ry that a - wait - eth you and me; }
Peace past un - der - stand - ing (Omit) }
Yearning for the mo - ment when the King shall claim His own; }
That these heav'nly mes - sag - (Omit) }
Glad will be the meet - ing when with - in the pearl - y gate; }
Where 'mid scenes celes - tial (Omit) }



waits in messag - es from home. Messag - es from home, Messag - es from
es re - veal to you and me.
we shall find e - ter - nal rest. Messages from home, sweet home, Messages from



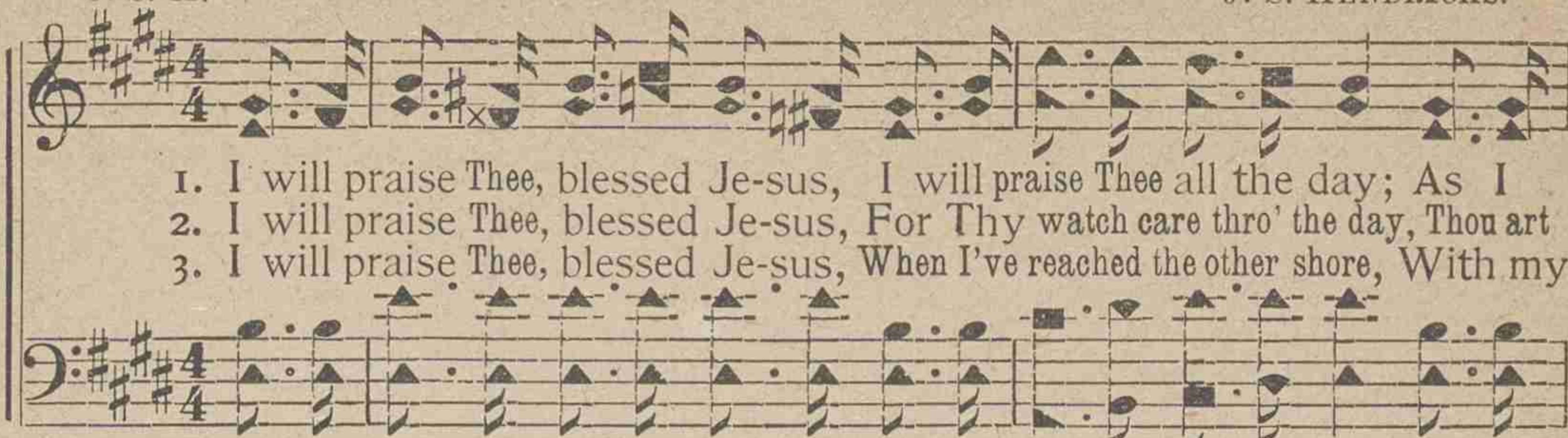
home, Glory in the highest, Blest these messages from home, sweet home,
home, sweet home,



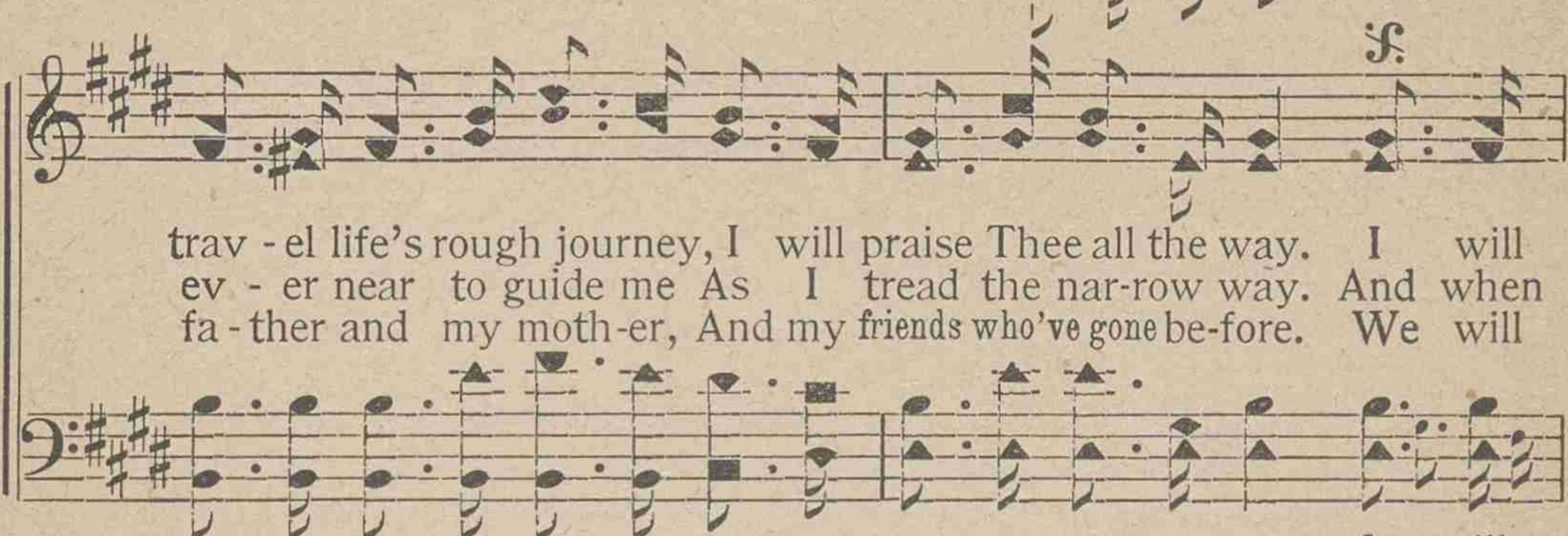
No. 39. I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

J. S. H.

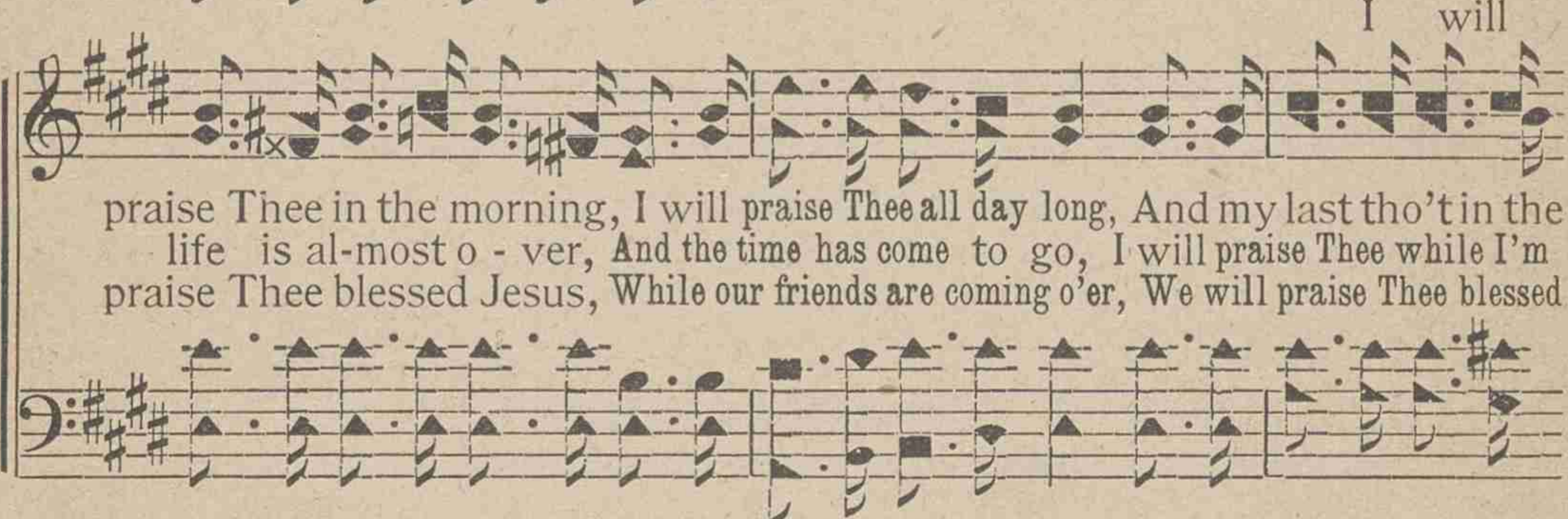
J. S. HENDRICKS.



1. I will praise Thee, blessed Je-sus, I will praise Thee all the day; As I
 2. I will praise Thee, blessed Je-sus, For Thy watch care thro' the day, Thou art
 3. I will praise Thee, blessed Je-sus, When I've reached the other shore, With my



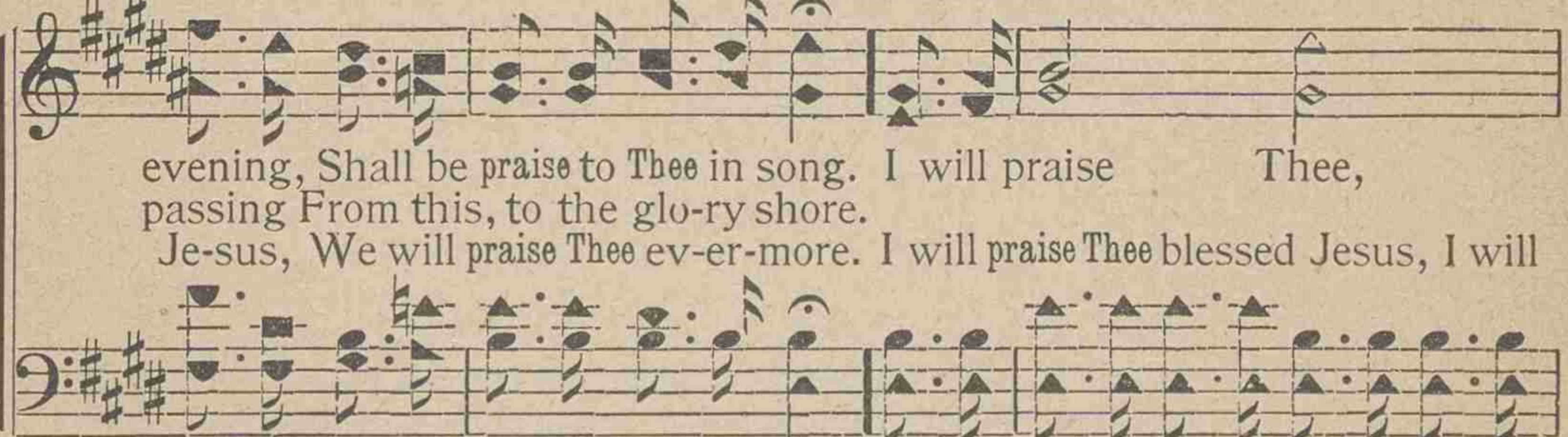
trav - el life's rough journey, I will praise Thee all the way. I will
 ev - er near to guide me As I tread the nar-row way. And when
 fa - ther and my moth-er, And my friends who've gone be-fore. We will



I will
 praise Thee in the morning, I will praise Thee all day long, And my last tho't in the
 life is al-most o - ver, And the time has come to go, I will praise Thee while I'm
 praise Thee blessed Jesus, While our friends are coming o'er, We will praise Thee blessed

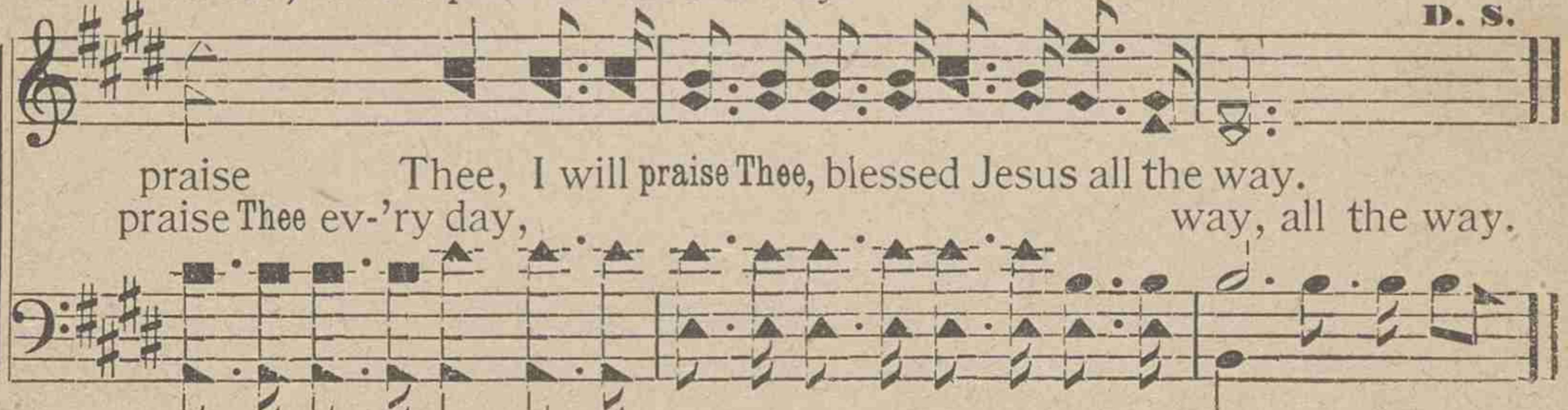
praise Thee, blessed Jesus, I will praise Thee ev'ry day, I will praise Thee, blessed

Fine. REFRAIN.



evening, Shall be praise to Thee in song. I will praise Thee,
 passing From this, to the glo-ry shore.
 Je-sus, We will praise Thee ev-er-more. I will praise Thee blessed Jesus, I will

Je-sus, I will praise Thee all the way.

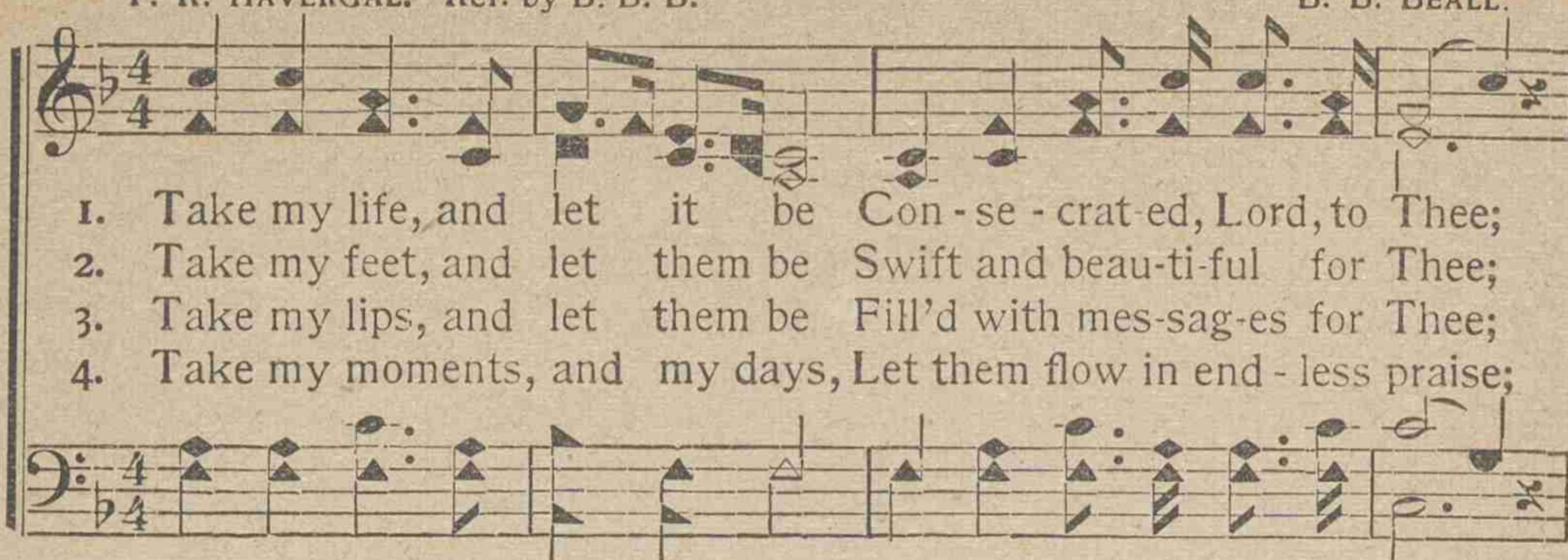


praise Thee, I will praise Thee, blessed Jesus all the way.
 praise Thee ev-'ry day, way, all the way.

No. 40. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Ref. by B. B. B.

B. B. BEALL.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

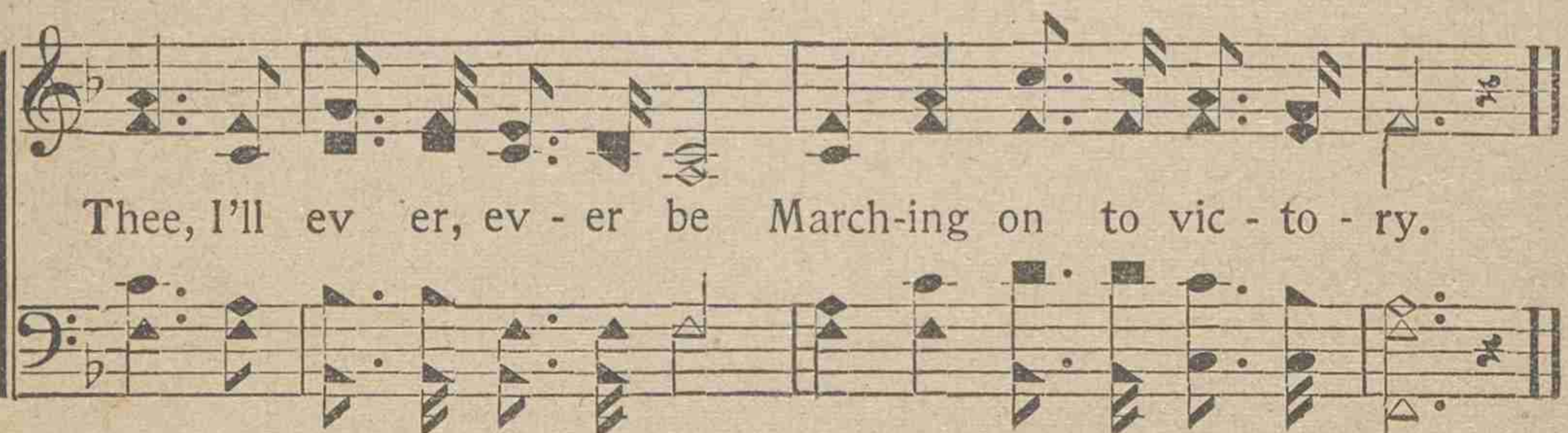
REFRAIN.



Guide me by Thy Spir-it ev-'ry day, Keep me
yes ev-'ry day,



in the strait and nar-row way; Liv-ing all for
the nar-row way;



Thee, I'll ev-er, ev-er be March-ing on to vic-to-ry.

41. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

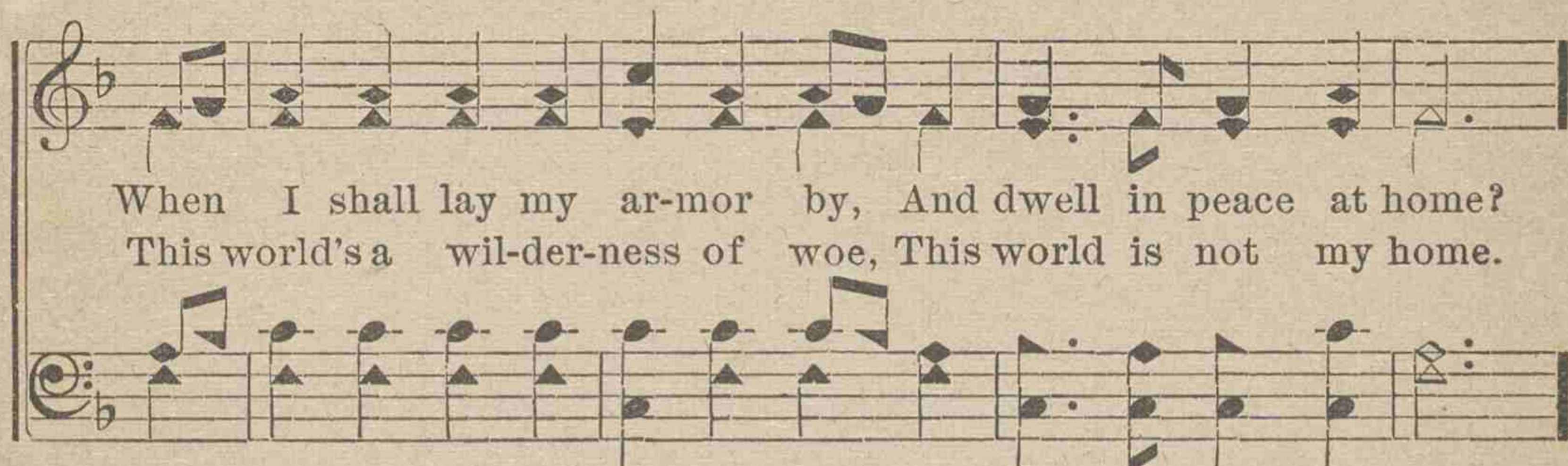
"I will come again." — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.

CHORUS.



We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Jesus comes, We'll
We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait, we'll wait



wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
we'll wait

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

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

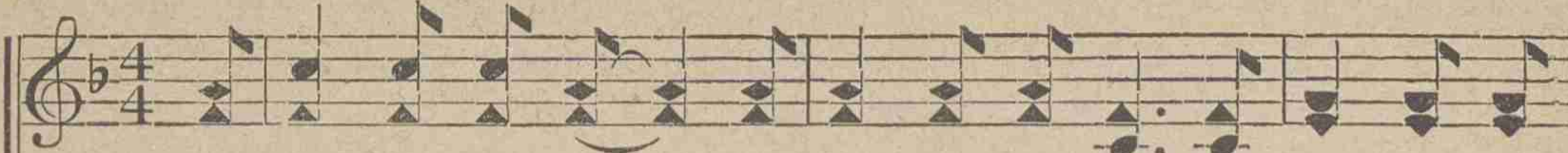
42.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

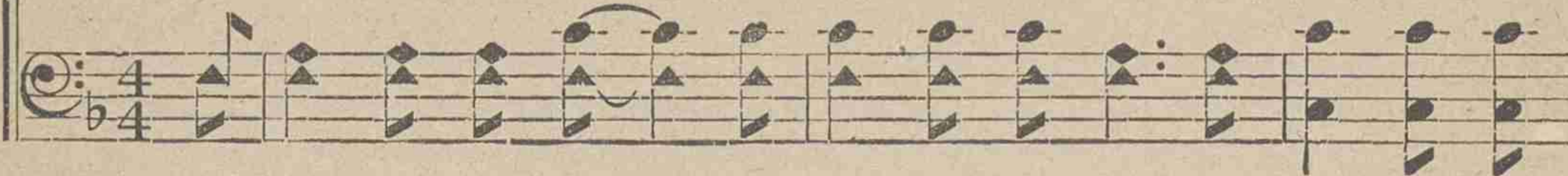
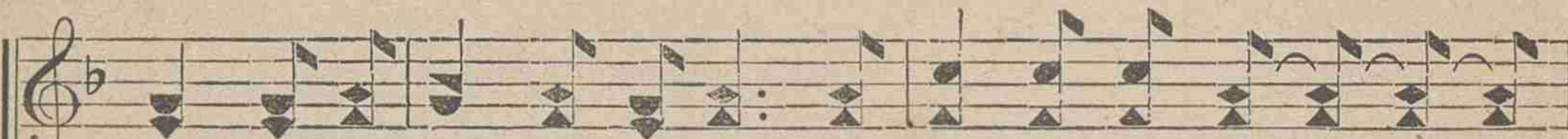
"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.— James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J.M. A. SUMNER.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour so fair, Once wandered on
 3. I once was an out - cast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
 earth hu - man sor - row to share; But now He is reign - ing for -
 choice and a lov - er of mirth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
 pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet my




sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full; He has rich - es un - told.
 ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
 name's writ - ten down: An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
 glad heart can sing, All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;




With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.



No. 43.

THE OPEN DOOR.

B. B. BEALL.



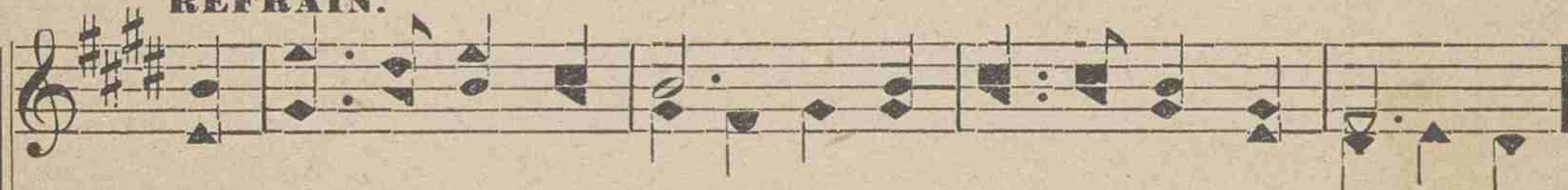
1. Be - hold the o - pen door, Be - hold, O heart of sin;
2. Why will ye still de - lay, And waste God's pre-cious light?
3. Look at His bleed - ing feet, And list - en to His voice,
4. For sor - rows nev - er come In that e - ter - nal home;



There Je - sus stands with lov - ing voice And calls you to come in.
Be - hold, the har - vest draw-eth near, And dark will be the night.
For tho' thy bur - den heav - y be, He makes thee to re - joice.
If we but trust in Him we'll rest, And nev - er-more shall roam.



REFRAIN.



There is a peace-ful rest, Pre-pared in Je - sus' love,
peaceful rest, precious love,



And if we suf - fer here be - low, We'll find that rest a - bove.

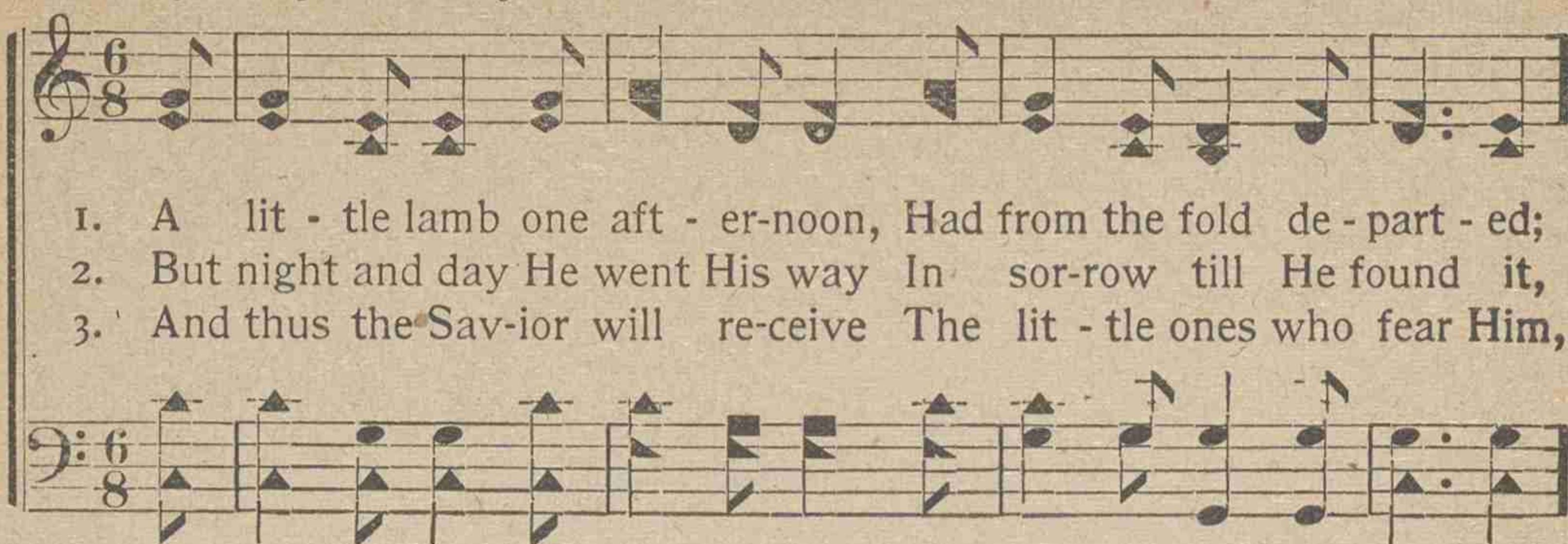


No. 44.

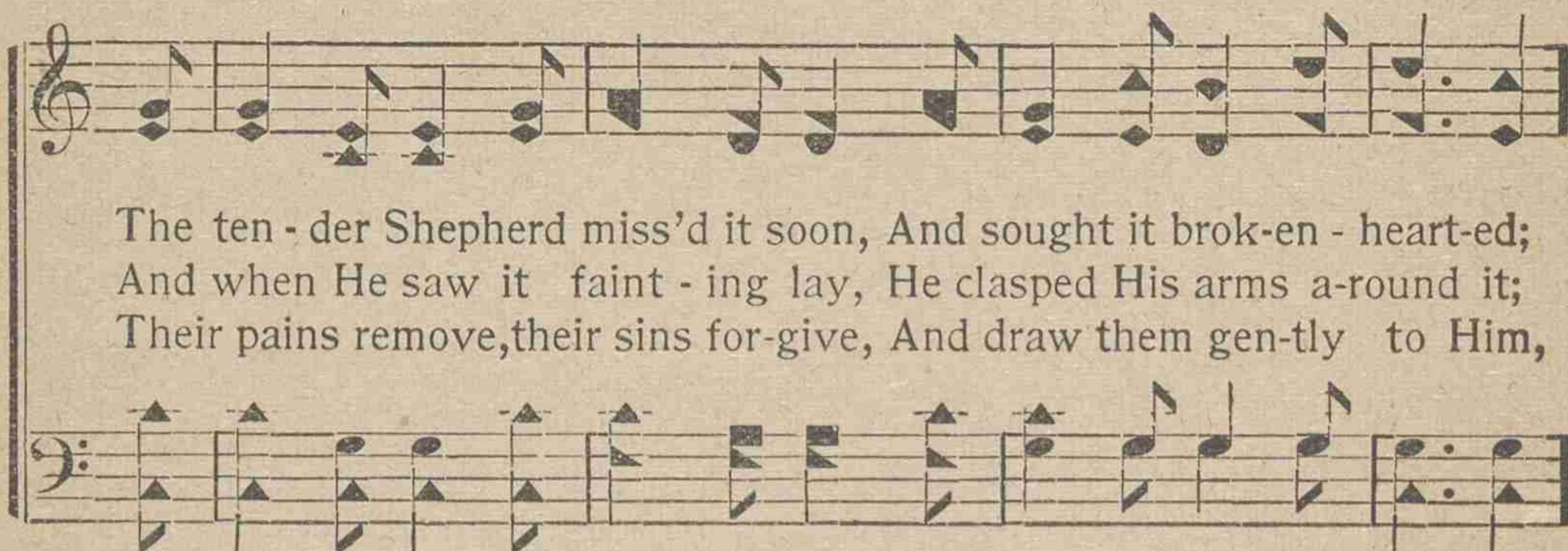
The Little Lamb.

May be sung as a duet by two little children.

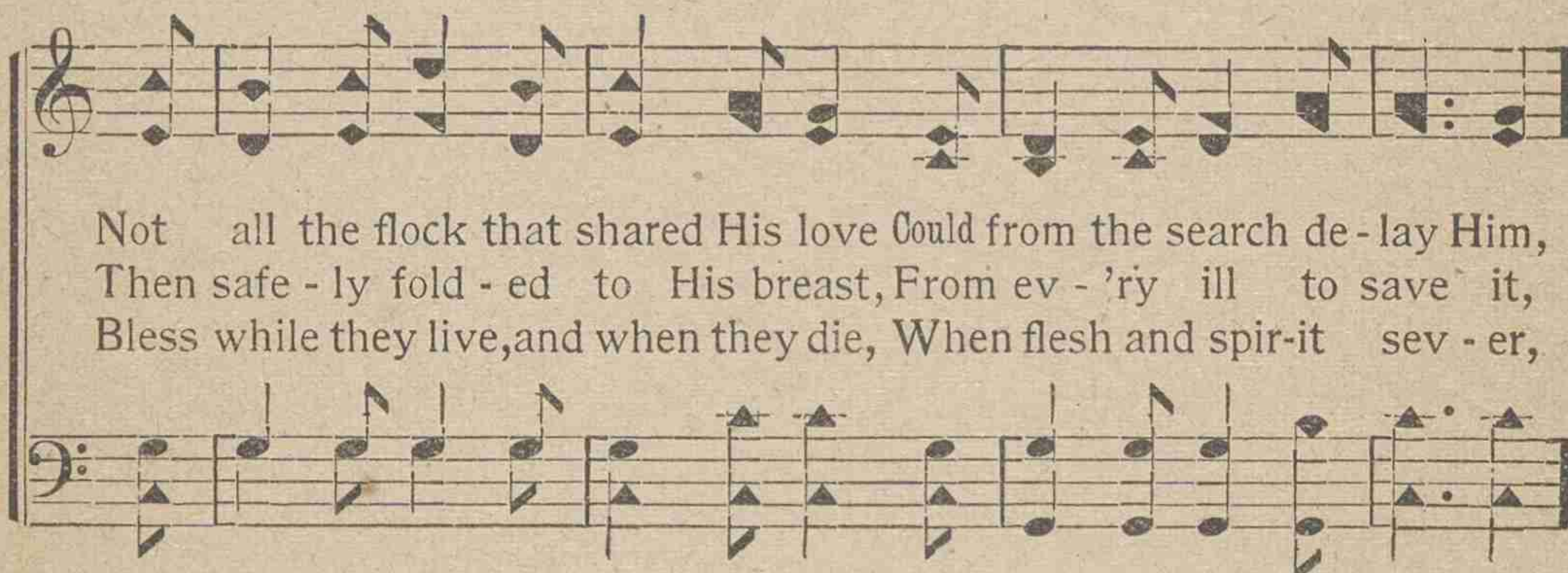
J. H. TENNEY.



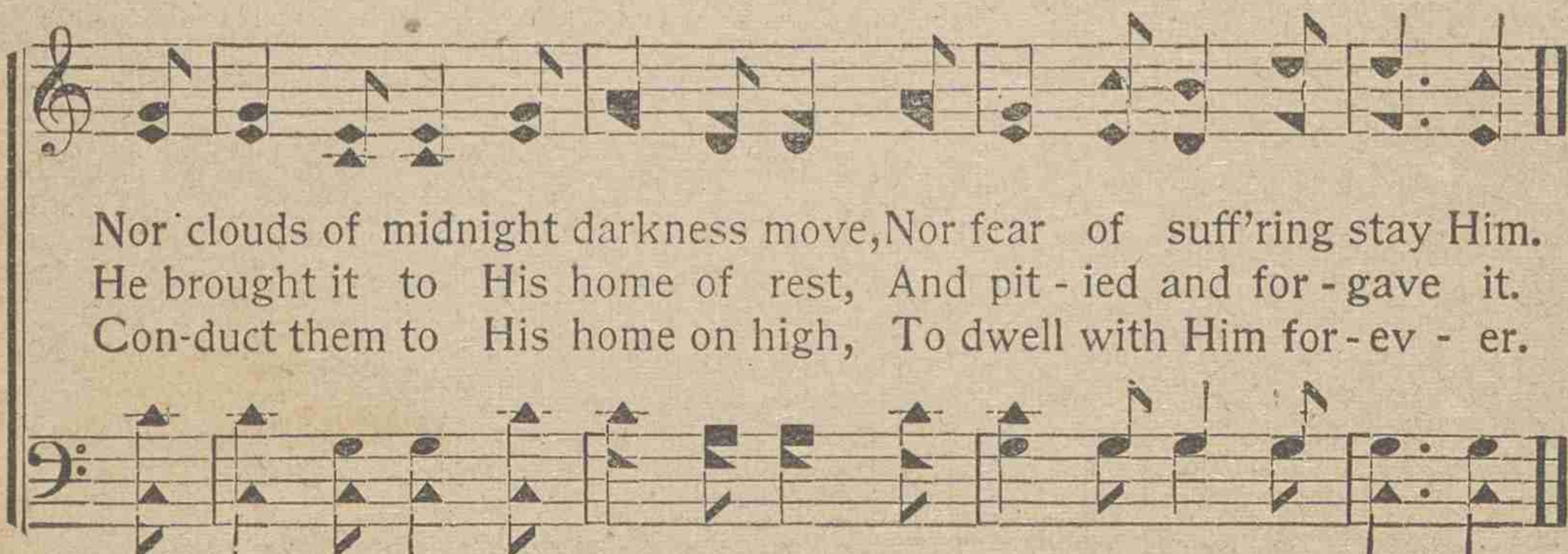
1. A lit - tle lamb one aft - er-noon, Had from the fold de - part - ed;
 2. But night and day He went His way In sor-row till He found it,
 3. And thus the Sav-ior will re-ceive The lit - tle ones who fear Him,



The ten - der Shepherd miss'd it soon, And sought it brok-en - heart-ed;
 And when He saw it faint - ing lay, He clasped His arms a-round it;
 Their pains remove, their sins for-give, And draw them gen-tly to Him,



Not all the flock that shared His love Could from the search de - lay Him,
 Then safe - ly fold - ed to His breast, From ev - 'ry ill to save it,
 Bless while they live, and when they die, When flesh and spir-it sev - er,

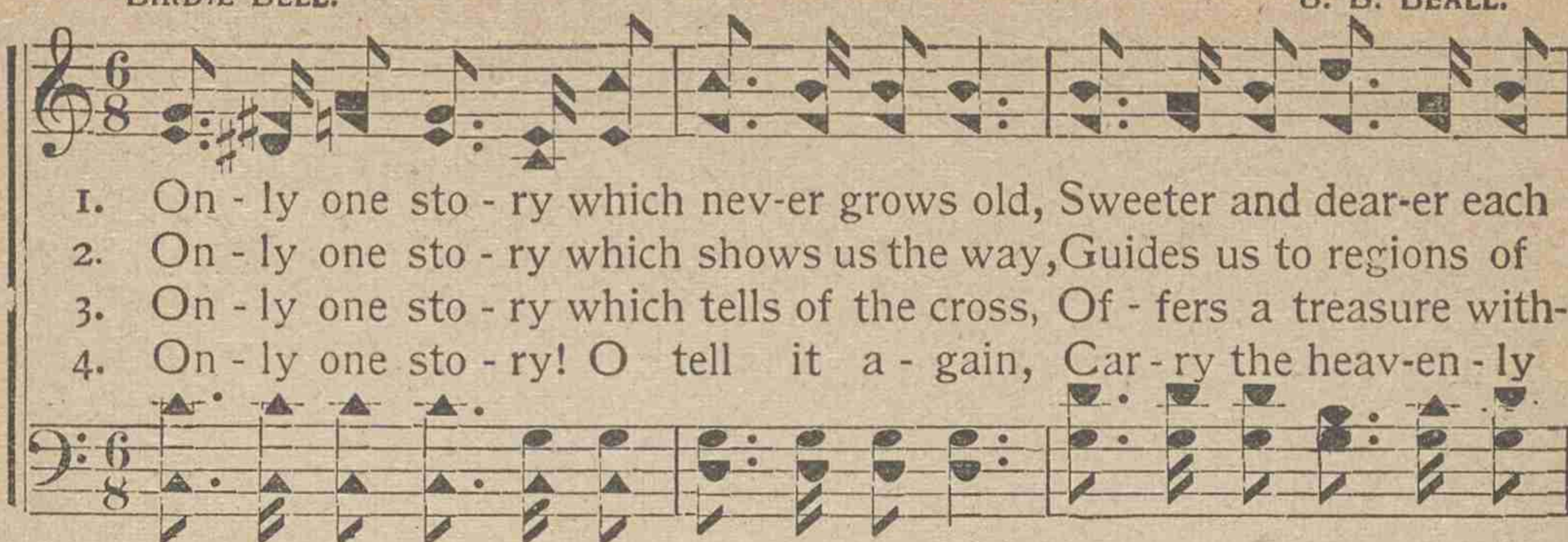


Nor clouds of midnight darkness move, Nor fear of suff'ring stay Him.
 He brought it to His home of rest, And pit - ied and for - gave it.
 Con-duct them to His home on high, To dwell with Him for - ev - er.

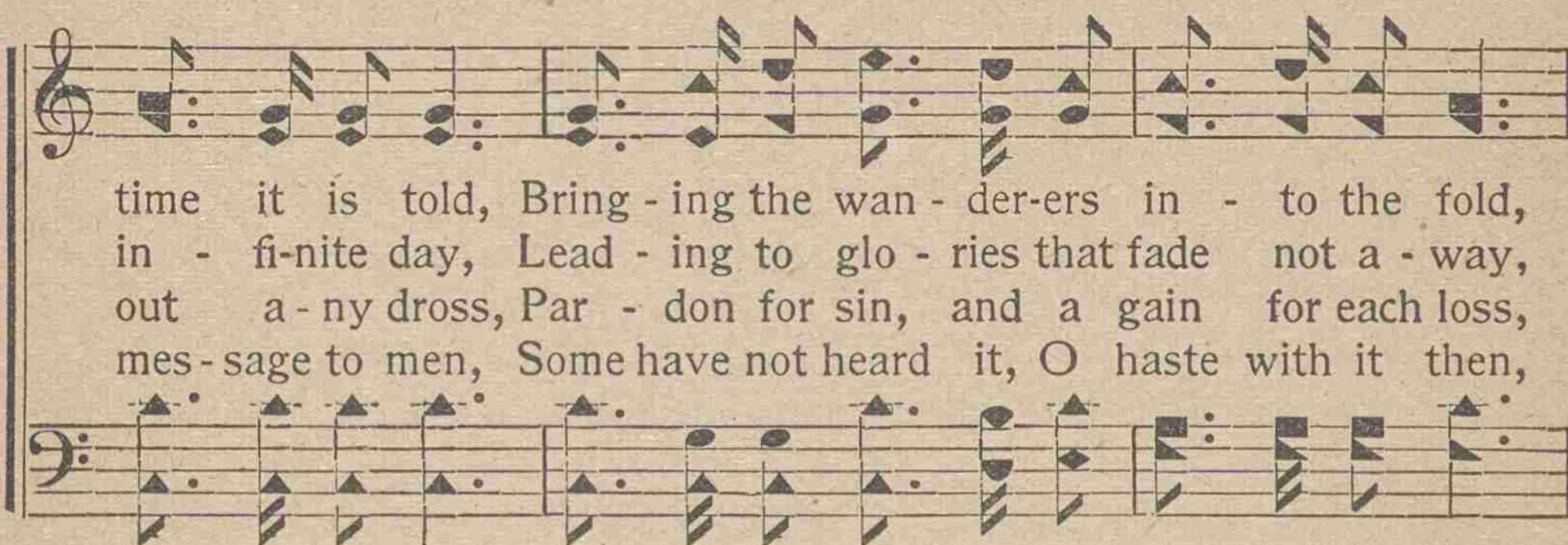
No. 45. Wonderful Story of Love.

BIRDIE BELL.

B. B. BEALL.



1. On - ly one sto - ry which nev - er grows old, Sweeter and dear - er each
 2. On - ly one sto - ry which shows us the way, Guides us to regions of
 3. On - ly one sto - ry which tells of the cross, Of - fers a treasure with -
 4. On - ly one sto - ry! O tell it a - gain, Car - ry the heav - en - ly



time it is told, Bring - ing the wan - der - ers in - to the fold,
 in - fi - nite day, Lead - ing to glo - ries that fade not a - way,
 out a - ny dross, Par - don for sin, and a gain for each loss,
 mes - sage to men, Some have not heard it, O haste with it then,

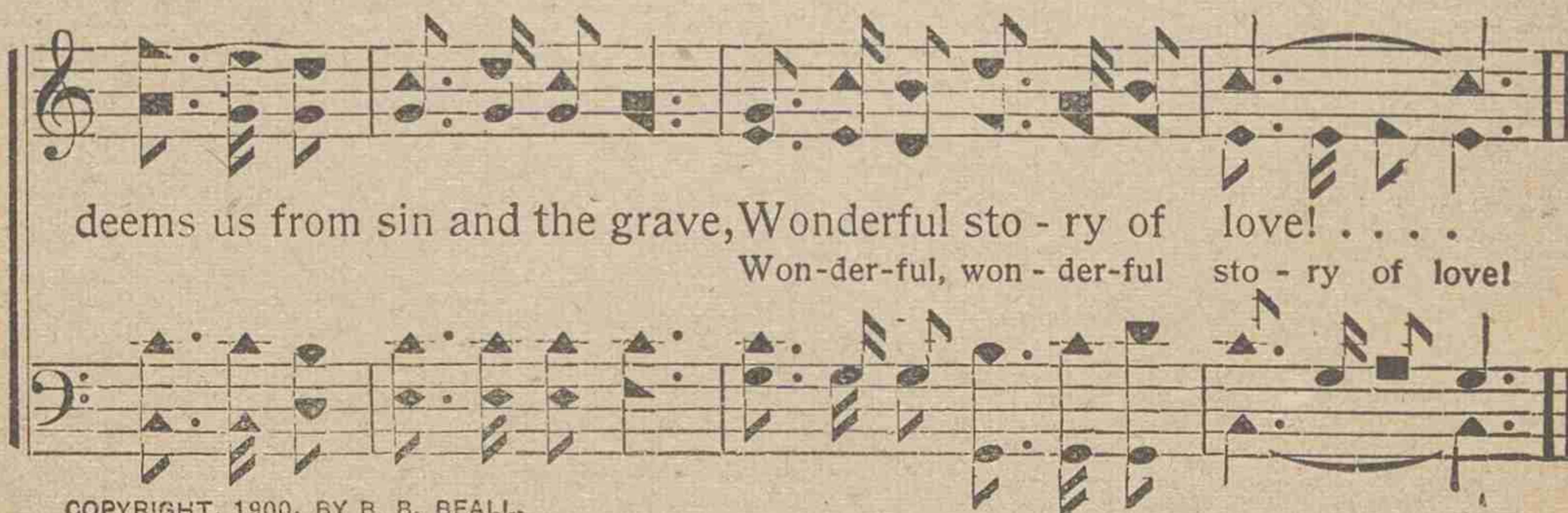
REFRAIN.



Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of



love that will save, Sound it a - far o'er the land and the wave, Je - sus re -



deems us from sin and the grave, Wonderful sto - ry of love!
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry of love!

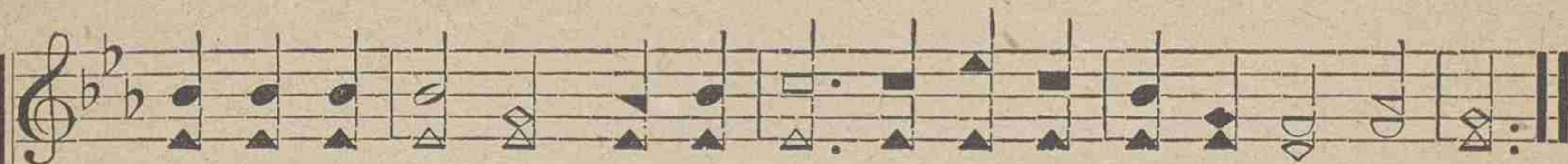
46.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. MACAY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake 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-premely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;



A calm and un - disturbed re-pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
 No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
 But thine is still a bless-ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep.



47.

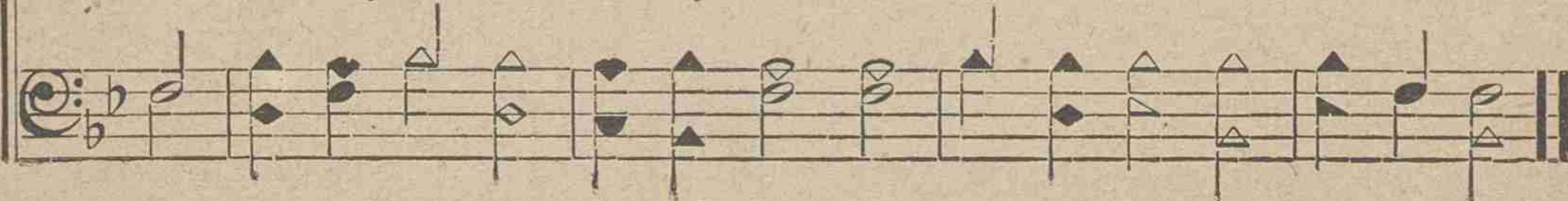
HEBRON. L. M.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground;



And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-pointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.



48.

DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697.

D. E. DORTCH.



49.

OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

G. FRANC, 1545.



50.

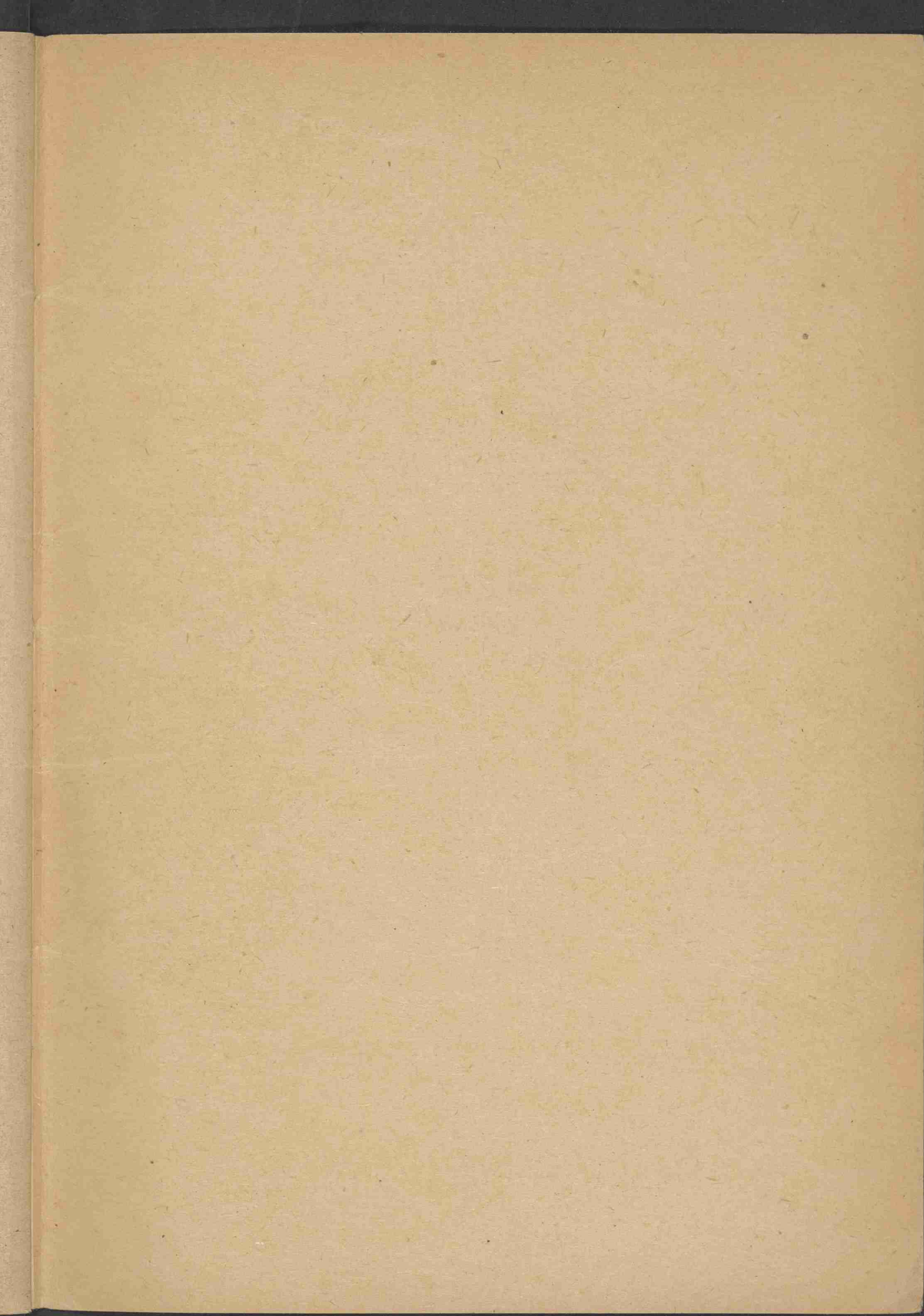
SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



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