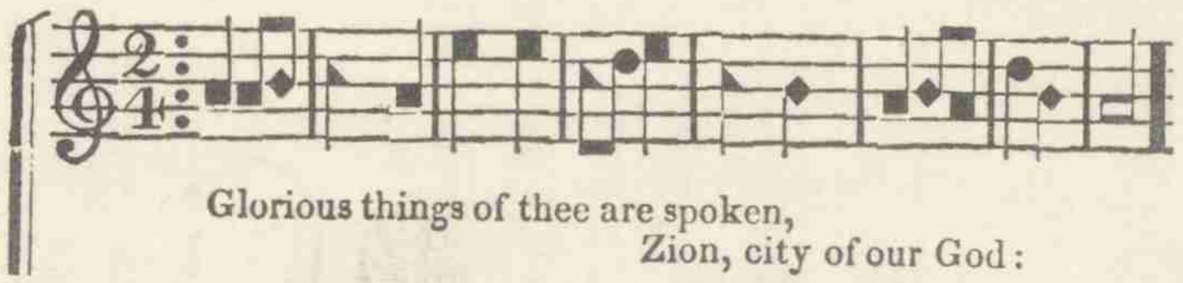
VAUGHAN'S REVIVAL



PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

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TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
JUNE 1945



JOHN B. VAUGHAN,

ATHENS, GA.

VAUGHAN'S

REVIVAL

✳

PART I.

✳

50 Cents a Copy; $5.00 a Dozen, prepaid; $4.25 a Dozen, not prepaid.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN,
ATHENS, GA.

1909
Vaug

PREFACE.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN Nos. 1 to 7 have proven to be great favorites among the singers and lovers of songs generally. Many are calling for the books combined, or for a selection of the most valuable songs that appear in the seven different books. With the assistance of the public in selecting these most useful songs, we have thus combined them, making VAUGHAN'S REVIVAL.

Such songs only as have proven to be special favorites among the singing public have been compiled for this book.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

No. 3 Courage.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Cour- age, my broth-er, what- e'er be- fall; Light fol- lows darkness
2. Though in thy pathway fierce li - ons stand, Je - sus thy Sav- iour
3. Strength for thy weakness God will pro-vide, He is thy ref - uge
4. Faith for thy ban - ner, hope for thy shield, Love for thy mas- cot

God is o'er all— Cour - age, my broth- er, what- e'er be- fall,
hold - eth thy hand; Though in thy path- way fierce li - ons stand,
what- e'er be - tide, Strength for thy weak-ness God will pro-vide,
tri - als will yield, Faith for thy ban - ner, hope for thy shield,

D.S.—Cour - age, look up - ward, think not of fear,

FINE. CHORUS.

Light fol- lows darkness, God is o'er all.
Je - sus thy Sav- iour, hold- eth thy hand.
He is thy ref - uge, what-e'er be- tide.
Love for thy mas- cot, tri - als will yield.

Cour- age, look up- ward,

Shrink not from tri - als, Je -sus is near.

D.S.

think not of fear; Shrink not from tri - als, Je - sus is near;

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Great
2. Rich bless - ings are fall - ing for all who be- lieve, Poor
3. The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Yes,

bless- ings so full and so free; Sweet show-ers are fall- ing for
sin - ner thy're fall - ing for you; Oh, will you look up and the
o - pen for you and for me; Poor wander'r in darkness and

those who o - bey, Yes, fall - ing for you and for me.
bless- ing re - ceive? The prom- ise though old, is yet true.
out of the way, The bless- ing is wait - ing for thee.

CHORUS.
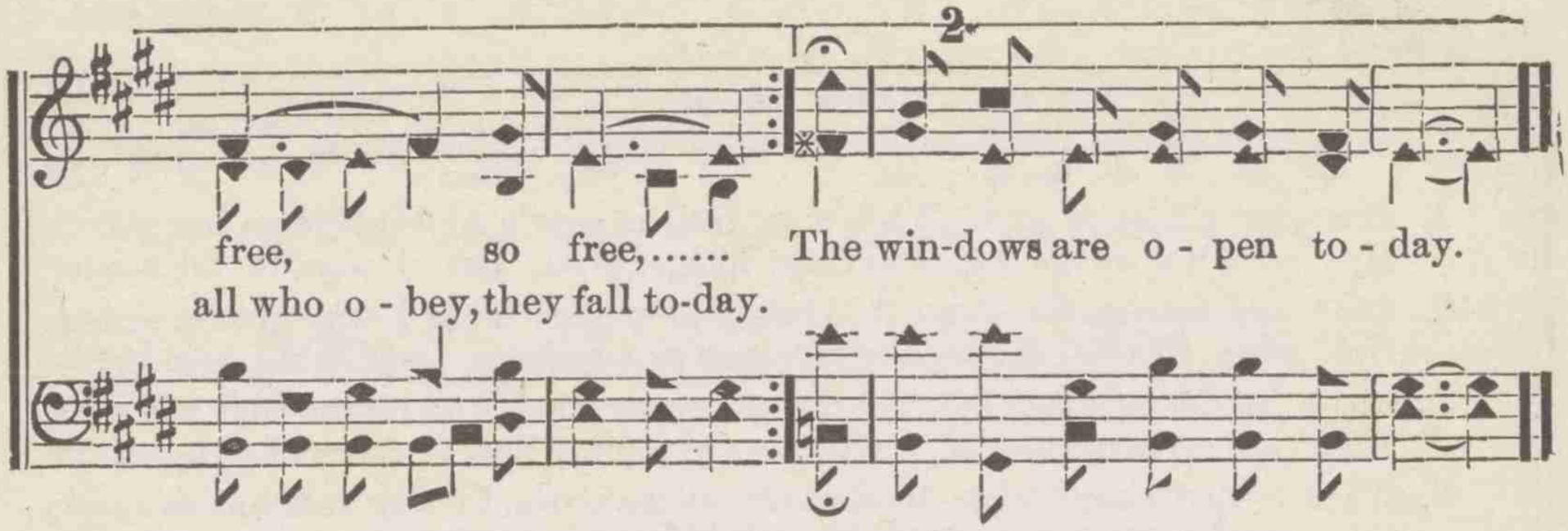
The win - dows are o - pen to - day,..... To -
The win - dows of heav - en are o - pen to - day, Yes,

day,..... to - day..... And bless- ing so full and so
o-pen to-day, yes o-pen to-day, Show - ers of bless-ings for
to-day, to-day,

1

J. B. Vaughan, owner.
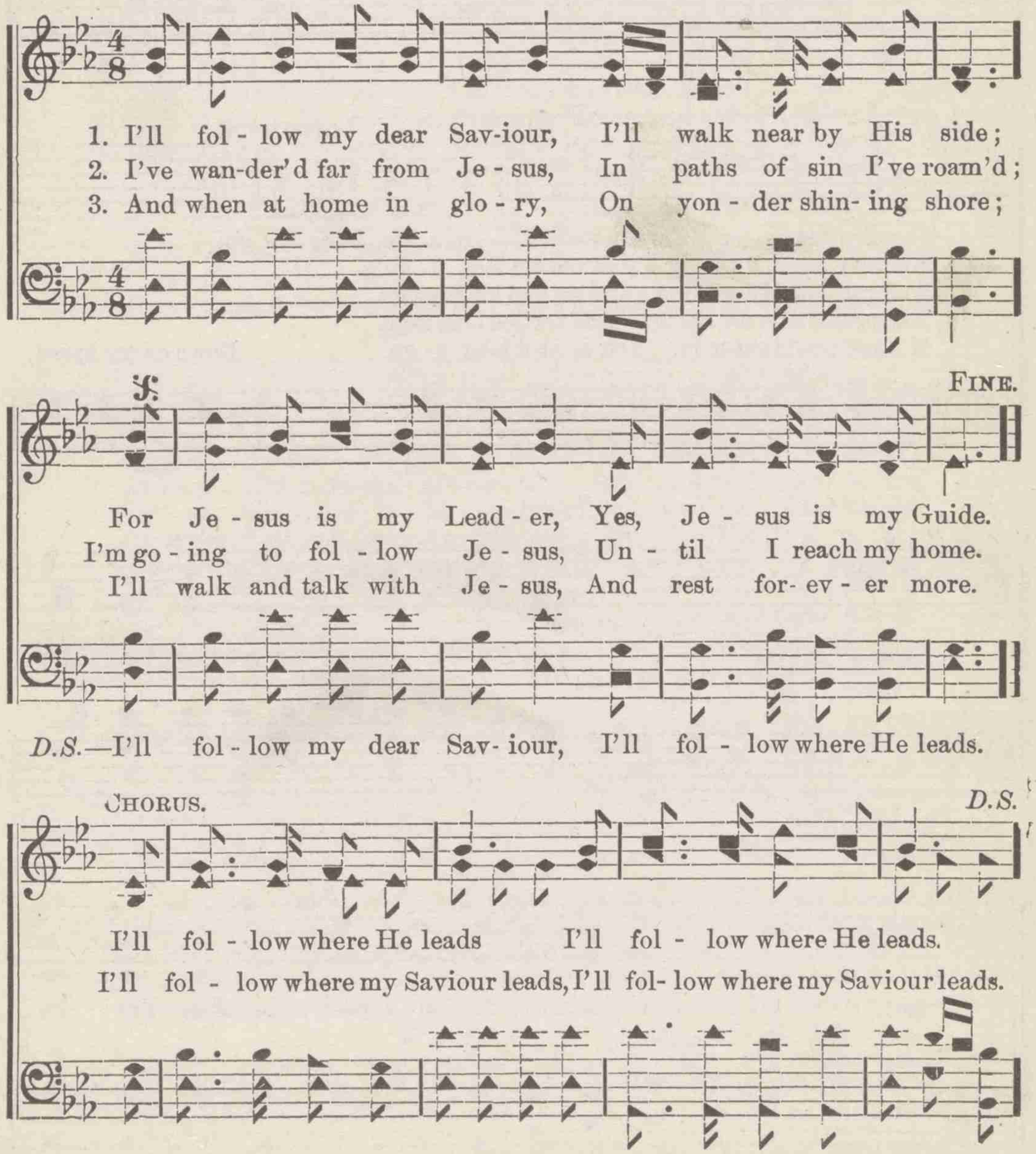
WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.—Concluded.



5

WALKING WITH JESUS.
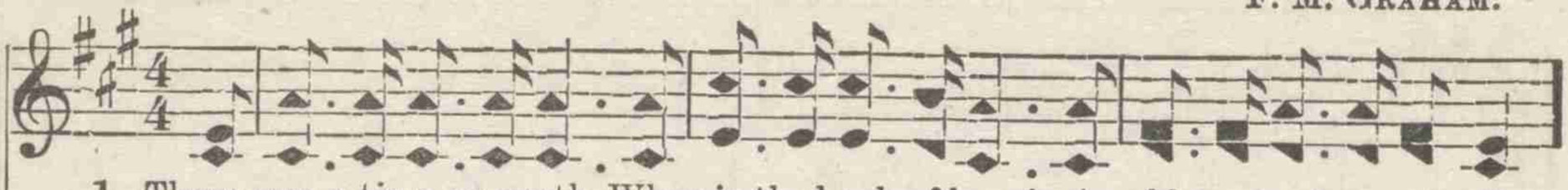
J. B. V. L. C. Taylor.
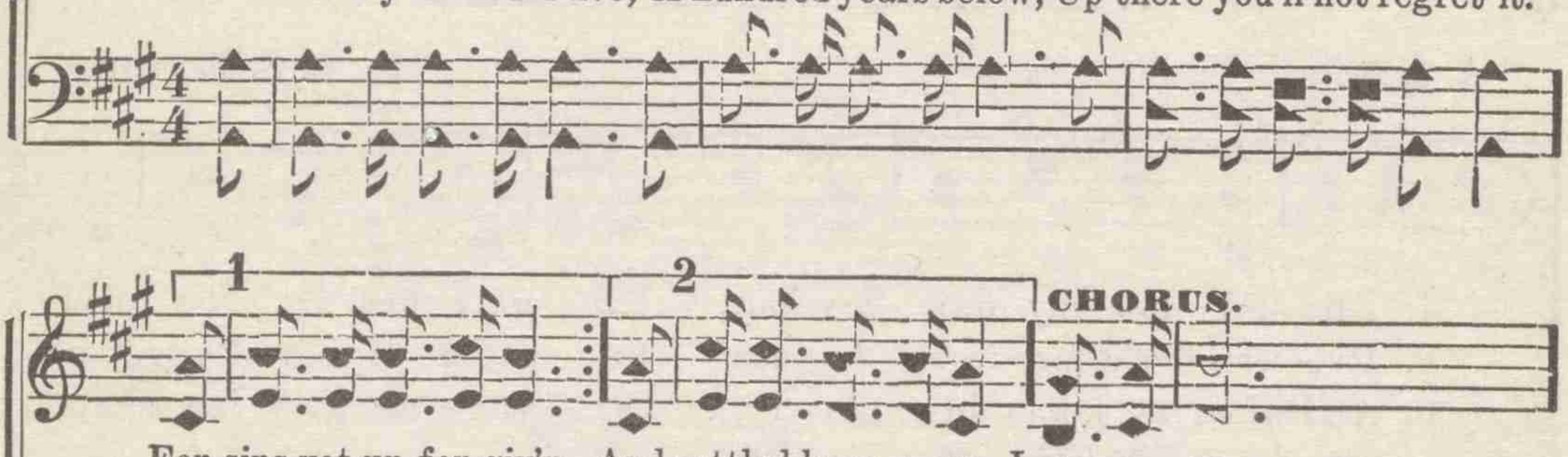


J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 6. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

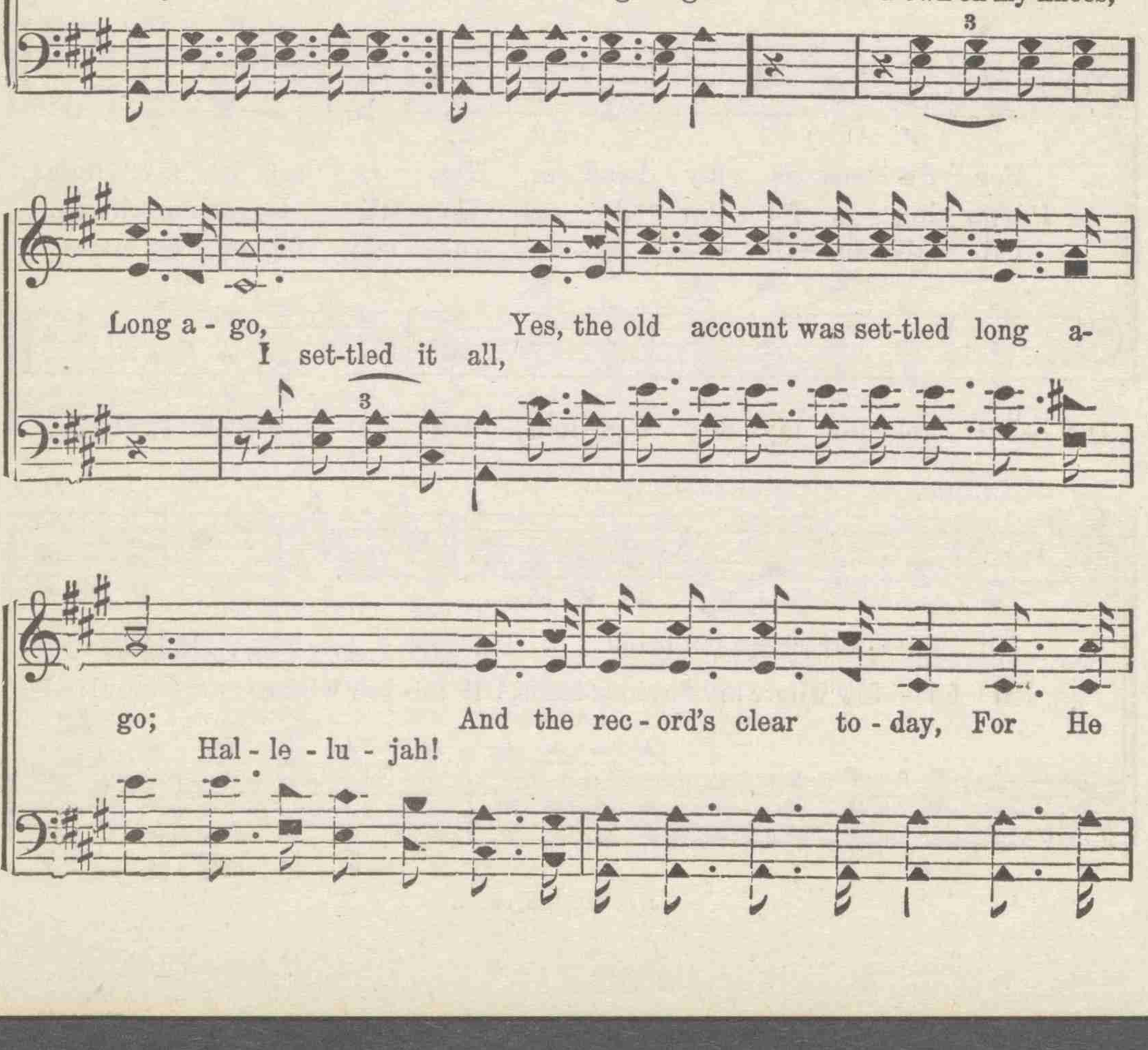
F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.



1. There was a time on earth, When in the book of heav'n An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things below, But I went to the keeper,
2. The old account was large, And larger ev'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe; I said that I would settle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow Because I had it set-tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has commanded,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it.



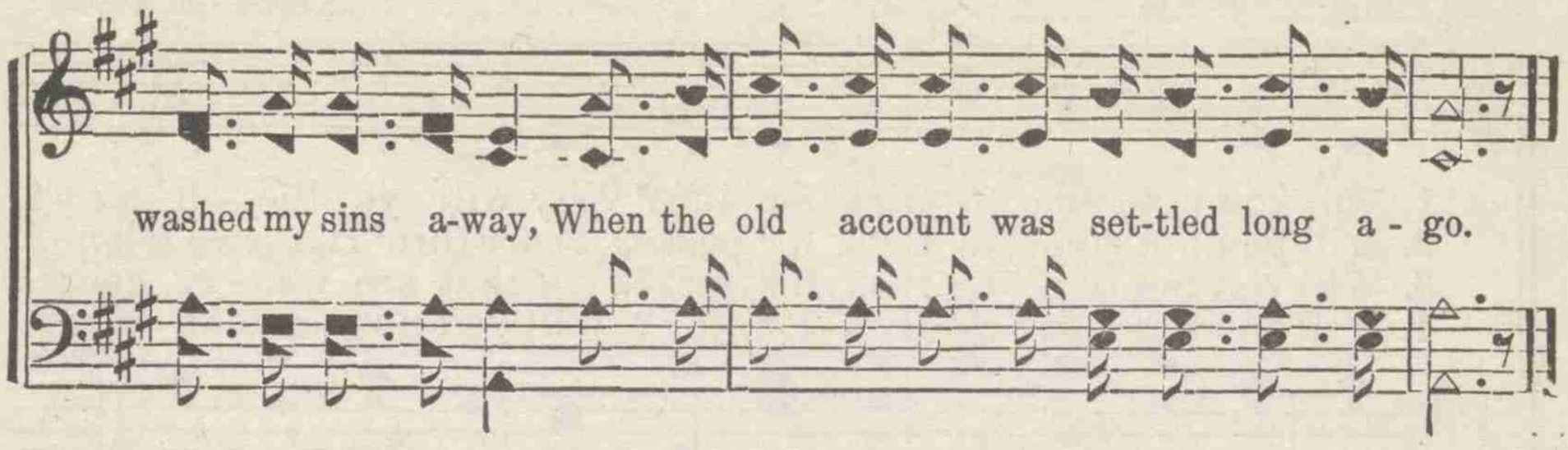
For sins yet un-for-giv'n. And settled long a - go. Long a - go,
And nev-er tried to pay. And settled long a - go.
And can not find a thing. And settled long a - go.
And praise Him for His love. And settled long a-go.
If you would enter in. You settled long a - go. Down on my knees,



Long a - go, Yes, the old account was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,

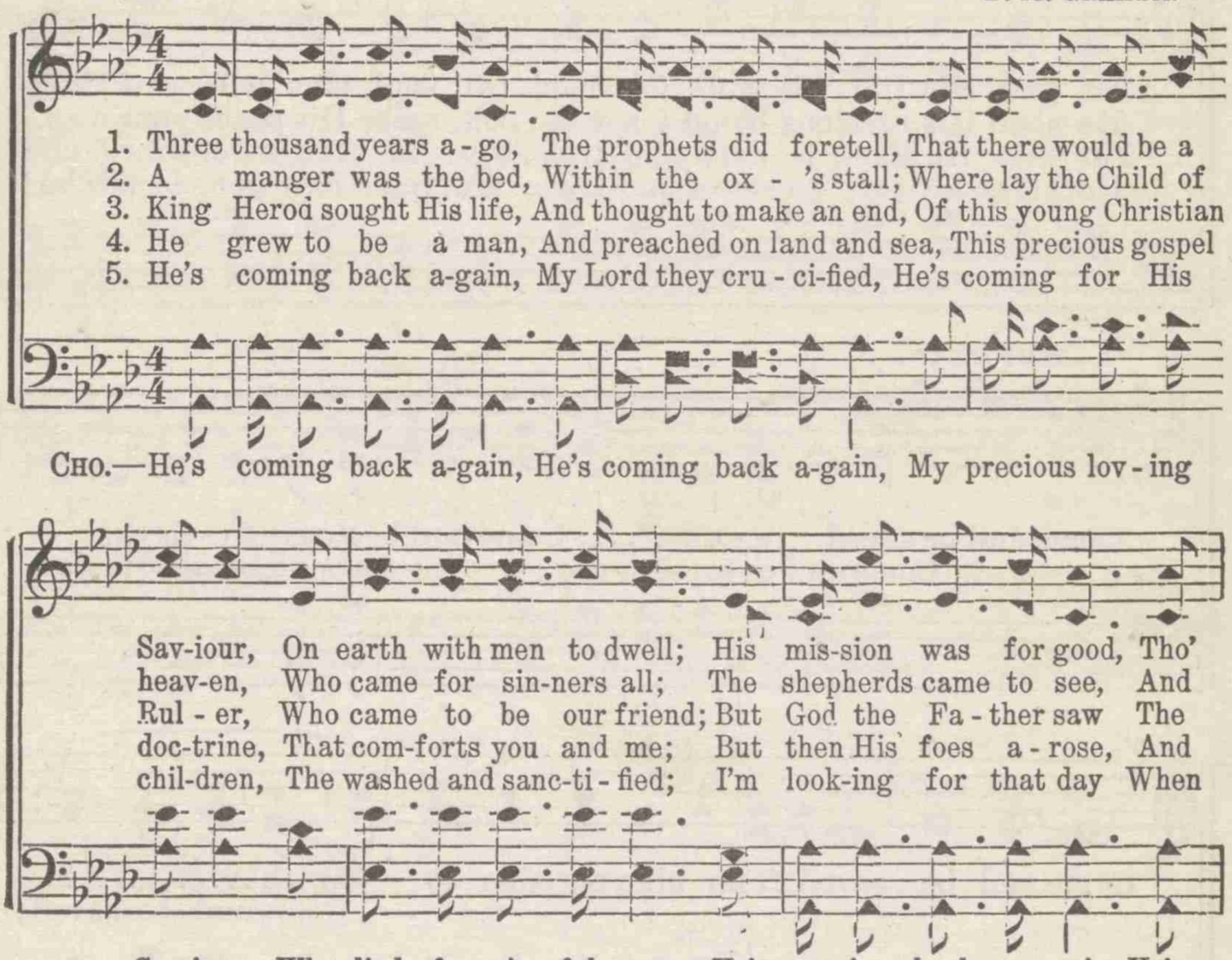
go; And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO. Concluded.



No. 7. HE'S COMING BACK AGAIN.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.



No. 8. Come and be Saved.

F. R. HAVERGAL. B. B. BEALL. (1905.)

1. Will you not come to Him for life? Why will ye die, oh why?
2. Will you not come to Him for peace, Peace thro' His cross a-lone?
3. Will you not come to Him for rest? All that are wea - ry, come!
4. Will you not come to Him for joy? Will you not come for this?

He gave His life for you, for me! Oh, soul, why will you die?
He shed His precious blood for you; Oh, make His peace your own.
The rest He gives is deep and true; Rest in His love, your home!
He gives a joy so sweet and true; Oh, taste His per - fect bliss!

REFRAIN.

Come and be saved to - day,*.... Come and be saved to - day,....
Come and be saved to-day, Come and be saved to-day,

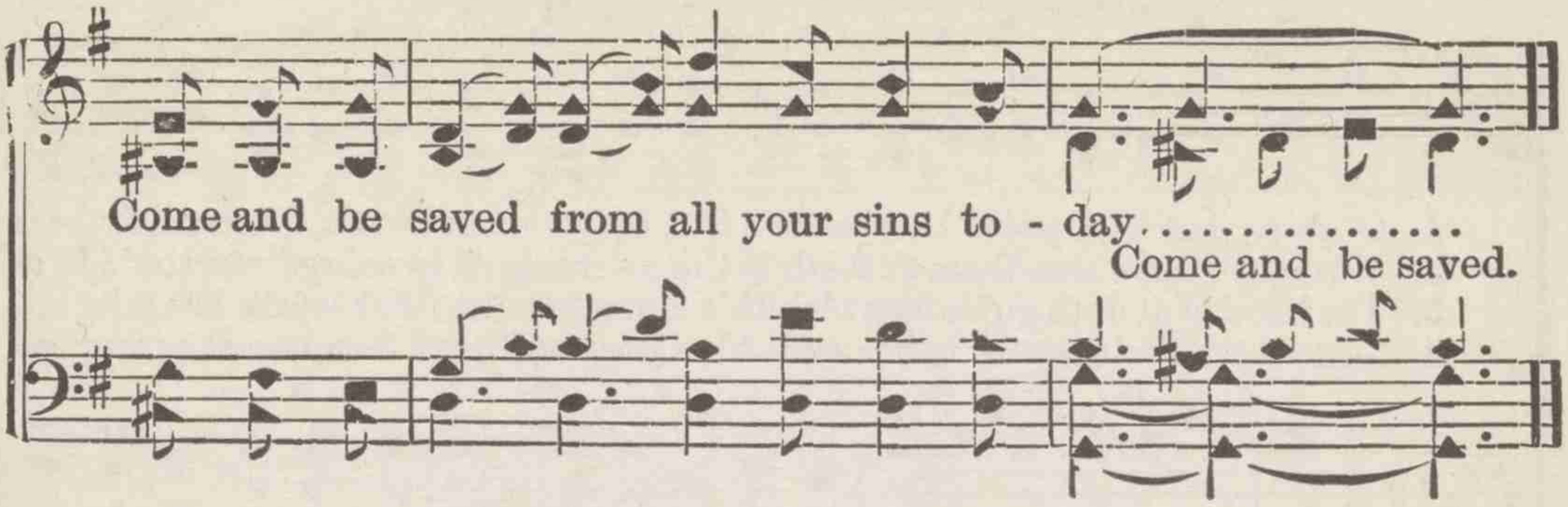
Come and be saved from all your sins to - day;.....
Come and be saved;

Come and be saved to - day,.....Come and be saved to - day,.....
Come and be saved to-day, Come and be saved to-day,

* "To-night may be substituted ior "to-day," to suit the hour.
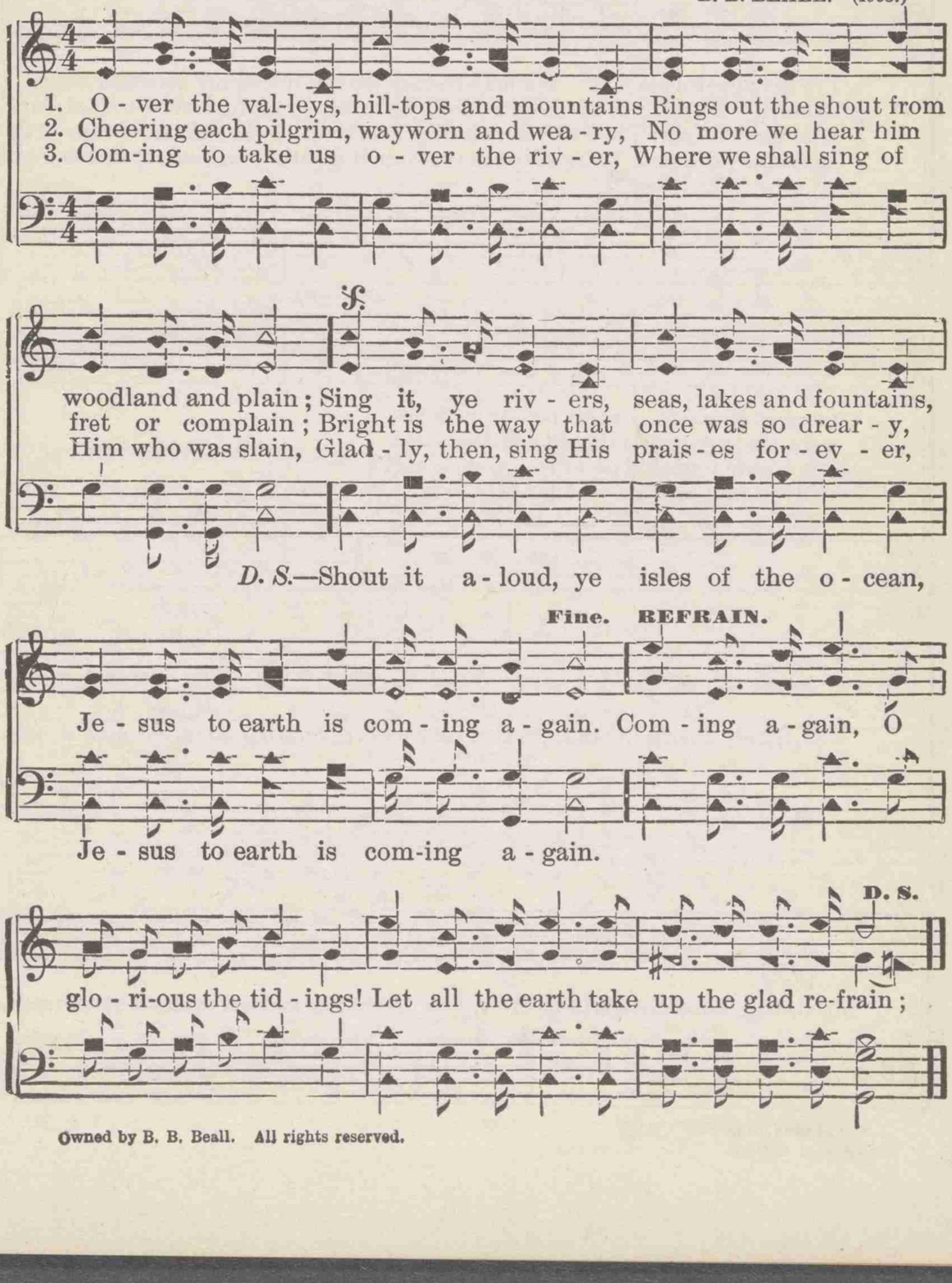
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Come and be Saved. Concluded.



No. 9. Jesus is Coming Again.

B. B. BEALL. (1905.)



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No.10. SHIPS THAT ENTER MY HARBOR NO MORE.

Mrs. A. B. WADE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Of ships that with pride I have launch'd from my harbor, And watch'd them sail forth over life's changeful sea; A few may re-turn that will bring my heart gladness But
2. With joy I have seen them go forth in the morning; At evening I've watch'd for the glimpse of a sail; With bea-con-light burning, by night, have I waited; And
3. The hand that doth guids them o'er life's changeful ocean, With infinite love rules on land and on sea; Then why should it grieve me if, in His great wisdom, The
4. Just o-ver life's ocean, in heaven's blest harbor, I'll find them, those ships that to me come no more. Those ships I have launch'd with such fond expectation, Shall

CHORUS.

more on this side I shall nev-er more see.
wept that my efforts should nothing avail.
ships I have launch'd ne'er return unto me?
add to my bliss on e - ter-nity's shore.

} But why should it grieve me; O!
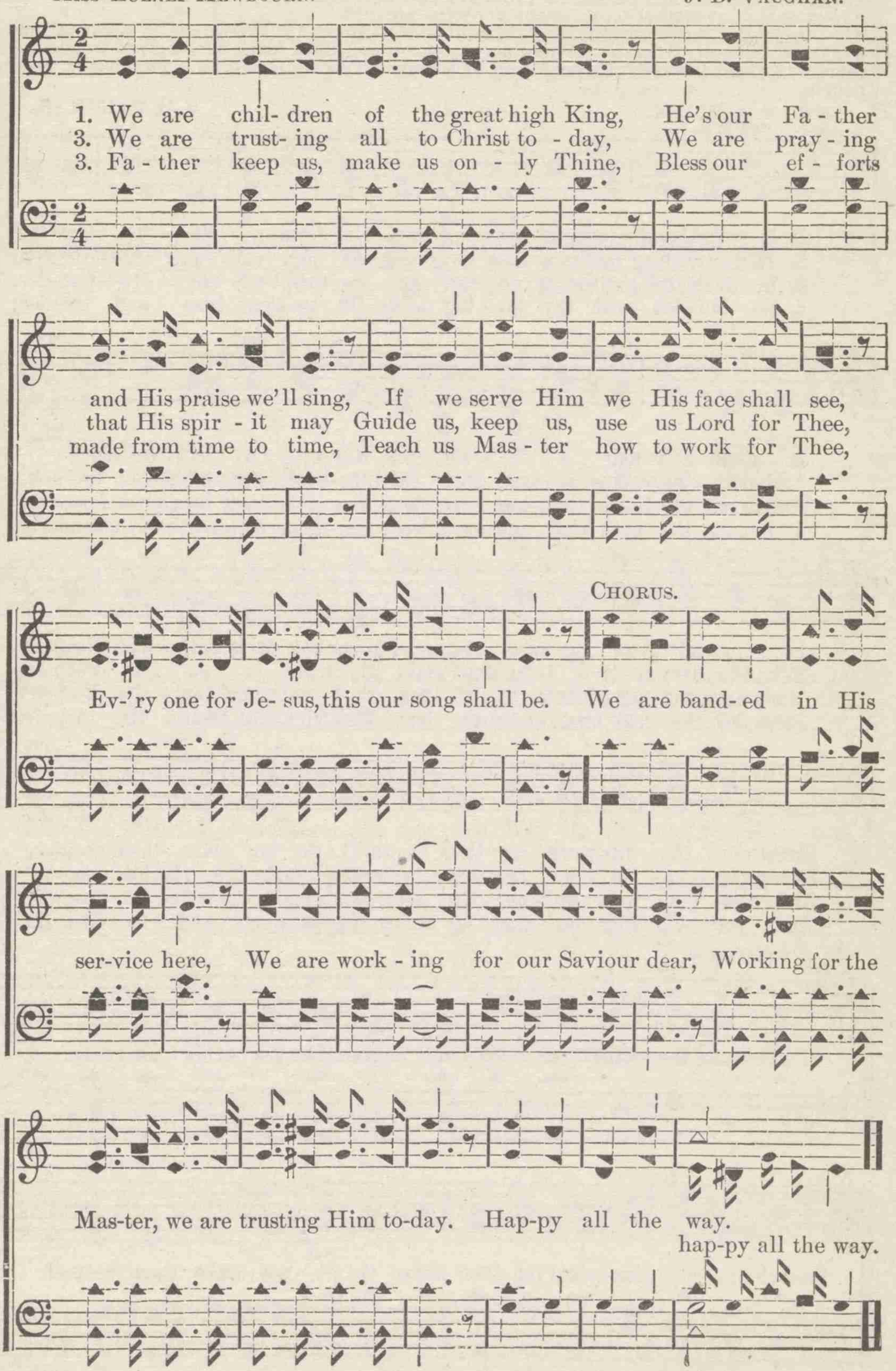
why should I sorrow For ships that may enter my harbor no more? Just o- ver life's ocean, some blessed to-morrow, I'll find them safe-anchored on heaven's bright shore.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Dedicated to the Tabernacle Philathea Class, Atlanta, Ga.,

No. 11. EVERY ONE FOR JESUS.

Miss EULALI MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.
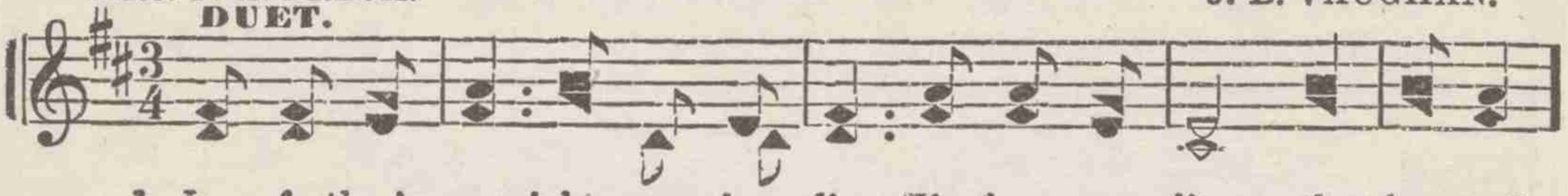
No. 12. DON'T MAKE THE WRINKLES DEEPER.

I met a young man not long ago who lived in my old home. I knew his parents well; both lovely Christian people. His mother was a beautiful young woman when I left the old home, and as years had passed I wanted to know how time had served her, so I asked him: "How does your mother look, is she as pretty as ever?"
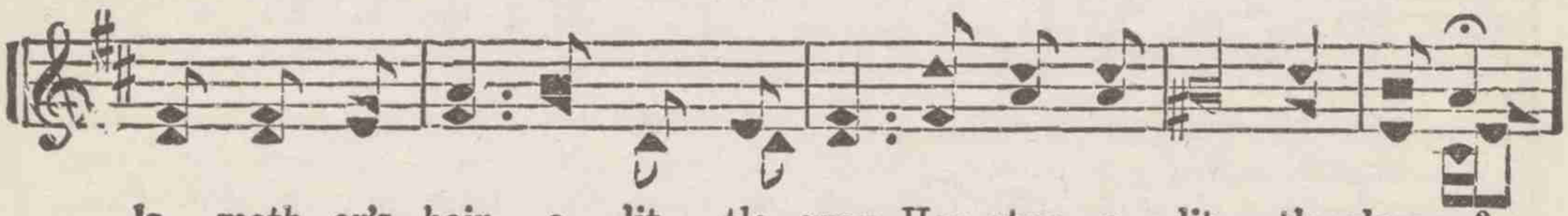
He looked rather serious for a moment and then said: "Yes; she is beautiful now, but there are many wrinkles on her once smooth brow, and I fear I have helped to put them there." I know it was ever true, for he had been a wild young fellow. Think of it, young people.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.
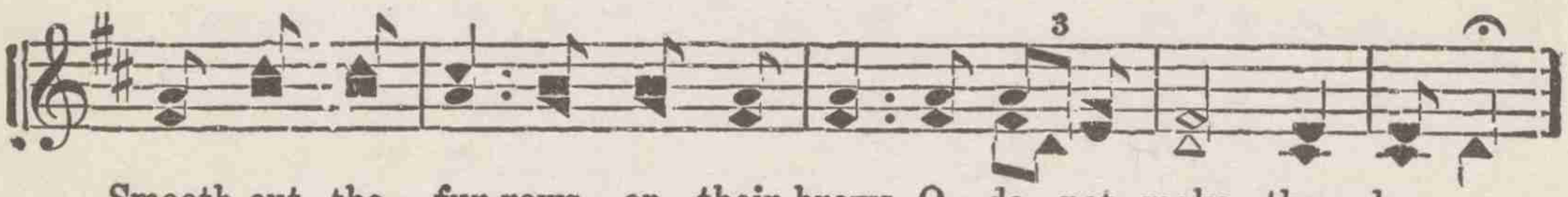


1. Is fa-ther's eye-sight grow-ing dim, His form a lit - tle low-er?
2. There's nothing makes a face so young As joy, youth's fair - est to-ken;
3. In doubt-ful path-ways do not go, Be tempt-ed not to wan-der;
4. Be lav - ish with thy lov - ing deeds, Be pa-tient, true and ten-der;



Is moth - er's hair a lit - tle gray, Her step a lit - tle slow-er?
And noth - ing makes a face grow old Like hearts that have been bro-ken.
Grieve not the hearts that love you so, But make their love grow fond-er.
And make the path that age-ward leads A - glow with earth - ly splendor.
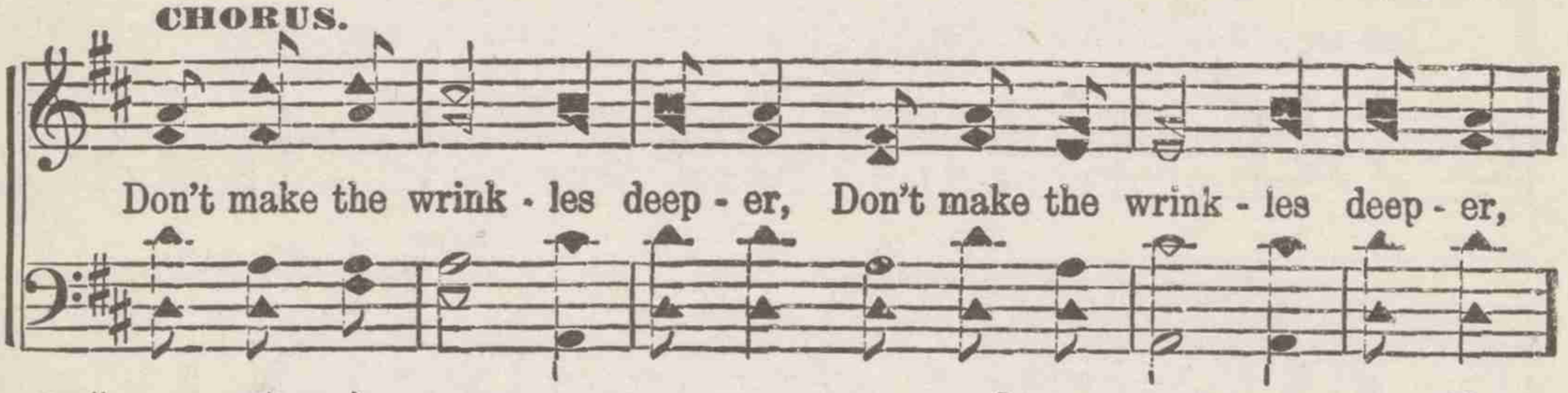


Is life's hill grow - ing hard to climb? Make not their path - way steep-er;
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make Thy moth - er be a weep-er;
Much have thy par - ents borne for thee, Be now their ten - der keep-er;
Some day thy dear ones, strick-en low, Must yield to Death, the reap-er;

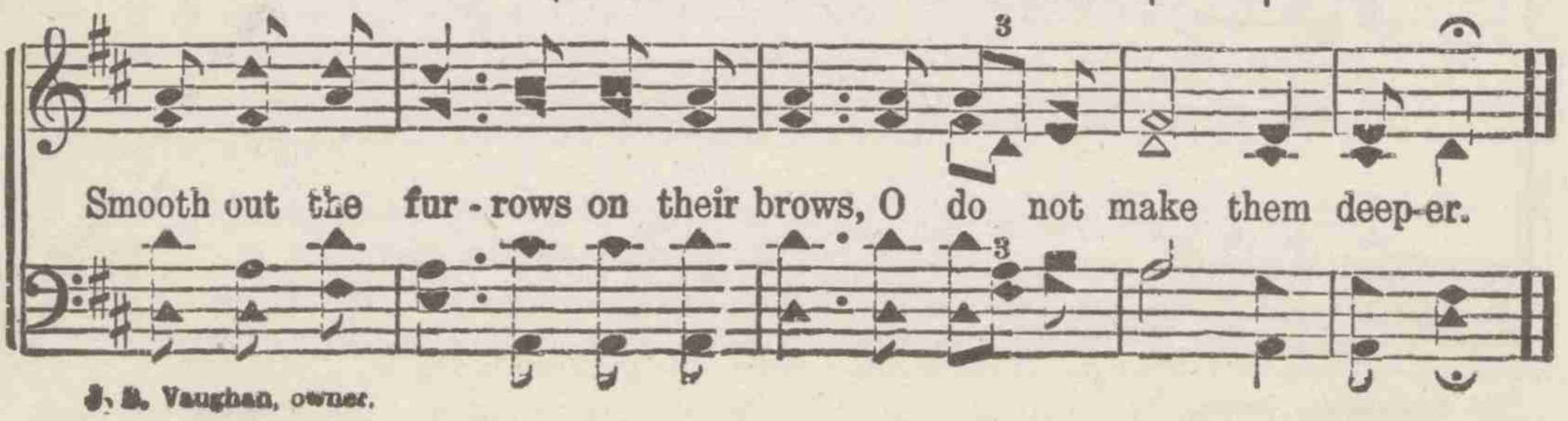


Smooth out the fur-rows on their brows, O do not make them deep-er.
Stamp peace up - on a fa - ther's brow, Don't make the wrinkles deep-er.
And let them lean up - on thy love, Don't make the wrink-les deep-er.
And you will then be glad to know, You made no wrink - les deep-er.

CHORUS.



Don't make the wrink - les deep - er, Don't make the wrink - les deep - er,

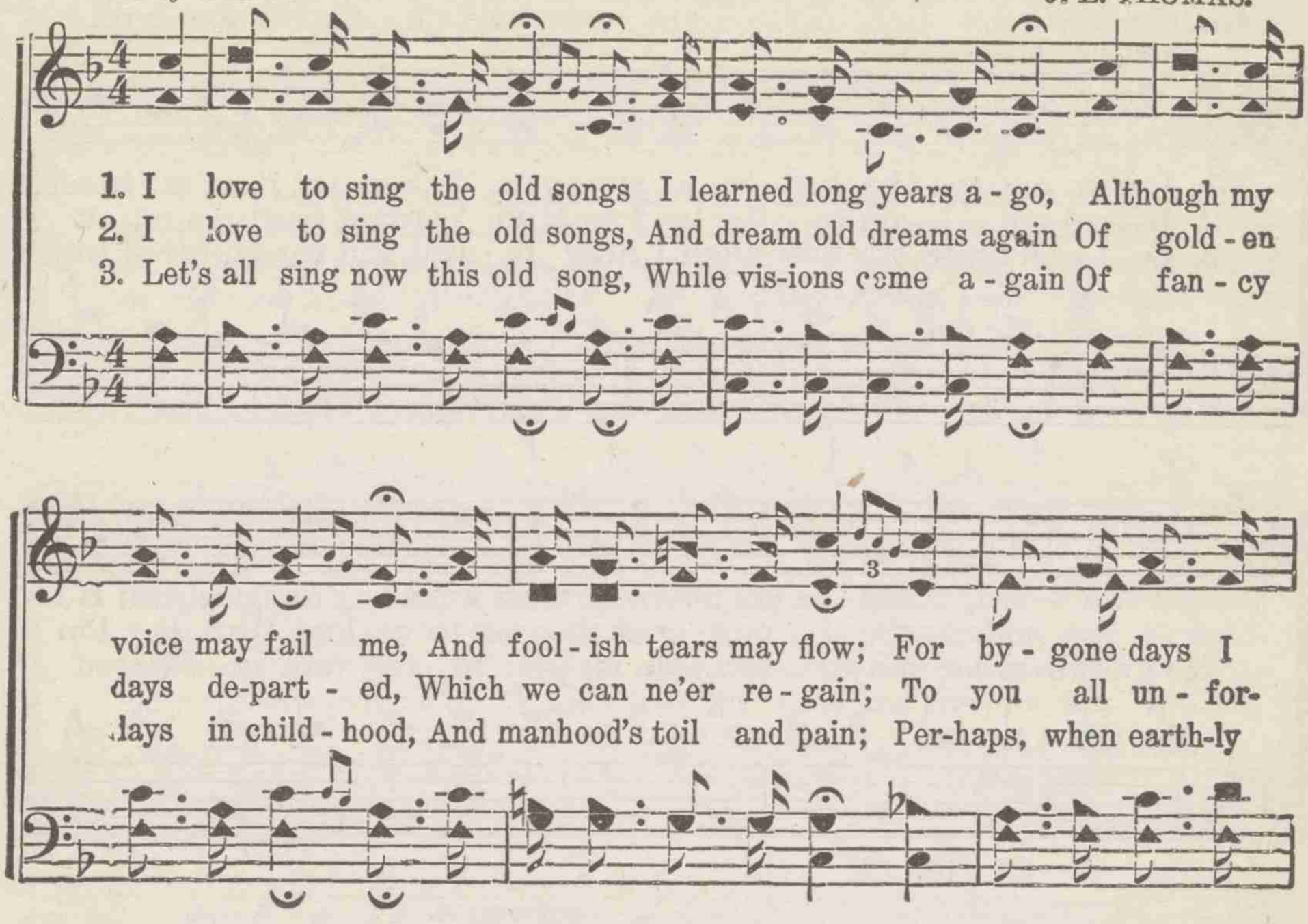


Smooth out the fur - rows on their brows, O do not make them deep-er.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 13. I LOVE TO SING THE OLD SONGS.

Arr. by J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.



All rights reserved by J. E. T.

No. 14. MY SHEPHERD IS YOUR SHEPHERD TOO.

"I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 0: 11.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

DUET. Expressive.

1. I was out on the des - ert, a stranger, I was far from my home,
2. In and out I am go - ing be- fore Him, Verdant pastures on ev-
3. O I well know His voice when I hear it, And I'm cer-tain that well

and un - fed, But the shepherd of souls knew my danger, And He
er - y side; O, I nev - er shall cease to a- dore Him, For I'm
He knows mine; May I nev - er for-get to re - vere it, Blessed

CHORUS.

res-cued my life from the dead.
sure that He'll al-ways pro - vide.
voice of my Shepherd di - vine.

O how lov-ing and kind is my

Lead-er! O how gen-tle, forbearing and true! He's my Shepherd, my

Life, and my Feed-er, And my Shepherd is your Shepherd too.

Copyright, 1899, by A. F. Myers, Toledo, O. By per.

No. 15. THE BIBLE.

GEORGE W. LYON. J. L. MOORE.

DUET, ALTO AND SOPRANO.

1. Mil - lions and mil - lions of snow - y-white hands, Now strik - ing the
2. Mil - lions and mil - lions of star - ry-bright eyes, Once tear-dimmed by
3. Mil - lions and mil - lions of earth-wea - ry hearts, Oft bur- dened and
4. Mil - lions and mil - lions of sin - saddened souls, Look up-ward where

harps of pure gold, Were taught from Thy pa - ges the an-thems of peace
sorrow's dark night, Have read of the glo - ries they now can be-hold,
break-ing with pain, Be- liev - ing the prom - is - es Thou dost re-veal,
my-riads have gone, A - bid - ing in faith and de - vo - tion to Thee,

CHORUS.

That sweep o'er the heav - en - ly fold.
En - rap- tured with scenes of de - light.
Have ris - en, with Je - sus to reign.
With glad-ness, at last, shall go home.

Precious book!..... I

Precious book! dear Bi - ble

love thee!..... Thy words are so sweet and so true; Tho' I
how I love thee!

read them a - gain, and a - gain, I al- ways find something new.

Owned by Lyon & Moore.

No. 16. Walking and Talking With Jesus.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My bless com-pan-ion by my side, Walk-ing and talk - ing with
2. My Sav-iour leads me all the way, Walk-ing and talk - ing with
3. And by and by on yon-der shore, Walk-ing and talk - ing with

Je - sus bless-ed Sav - iour, Je - sus my Saviour, Friend and Guide,
Je - sus bless-ed Sav - iour, He will not leave me night nor day;
Je - sus bless-ed Sav - iour, I'll be at home for ev - er-more;

I'm walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus bless - ed Sav - iour.
While walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus bless - ed Sav - iour.
Yes, walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus bless - ed Sav - iour.

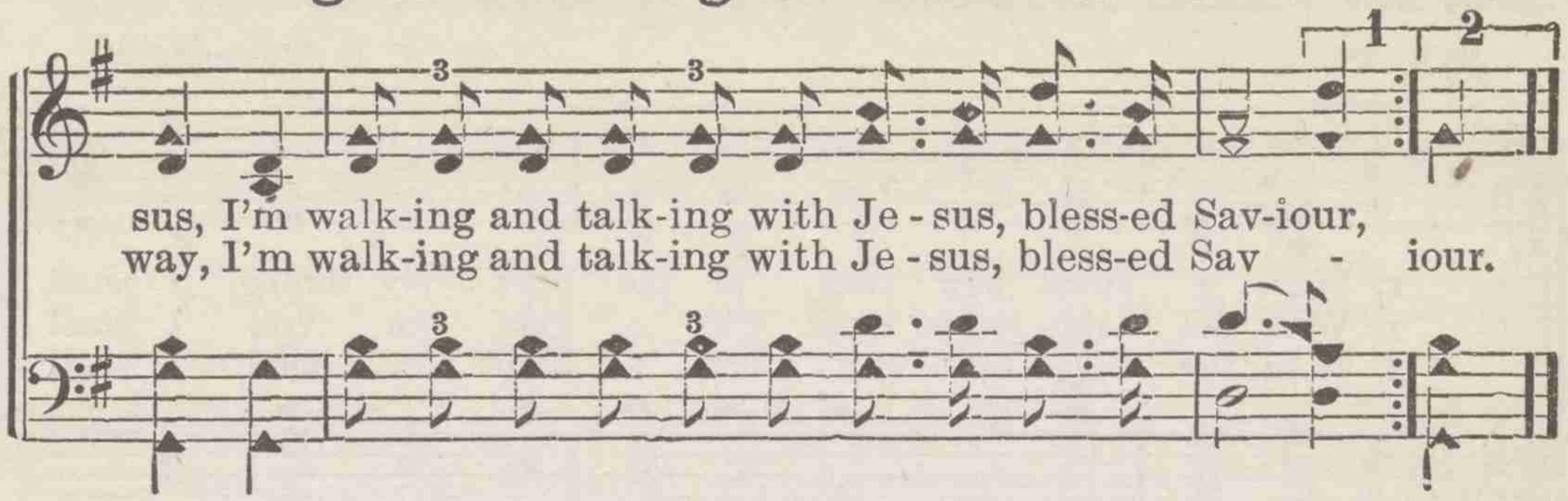
CHORUS.

I am walk - - - - - - ing and talking with Je - - - - sus,
Walking and talking with Je - sus, Walking and talking today,

Yes, I'm walk - - - - - - ing and talking with Je - - - - - -
Blessed companion how love - ly, Leading and guiding the

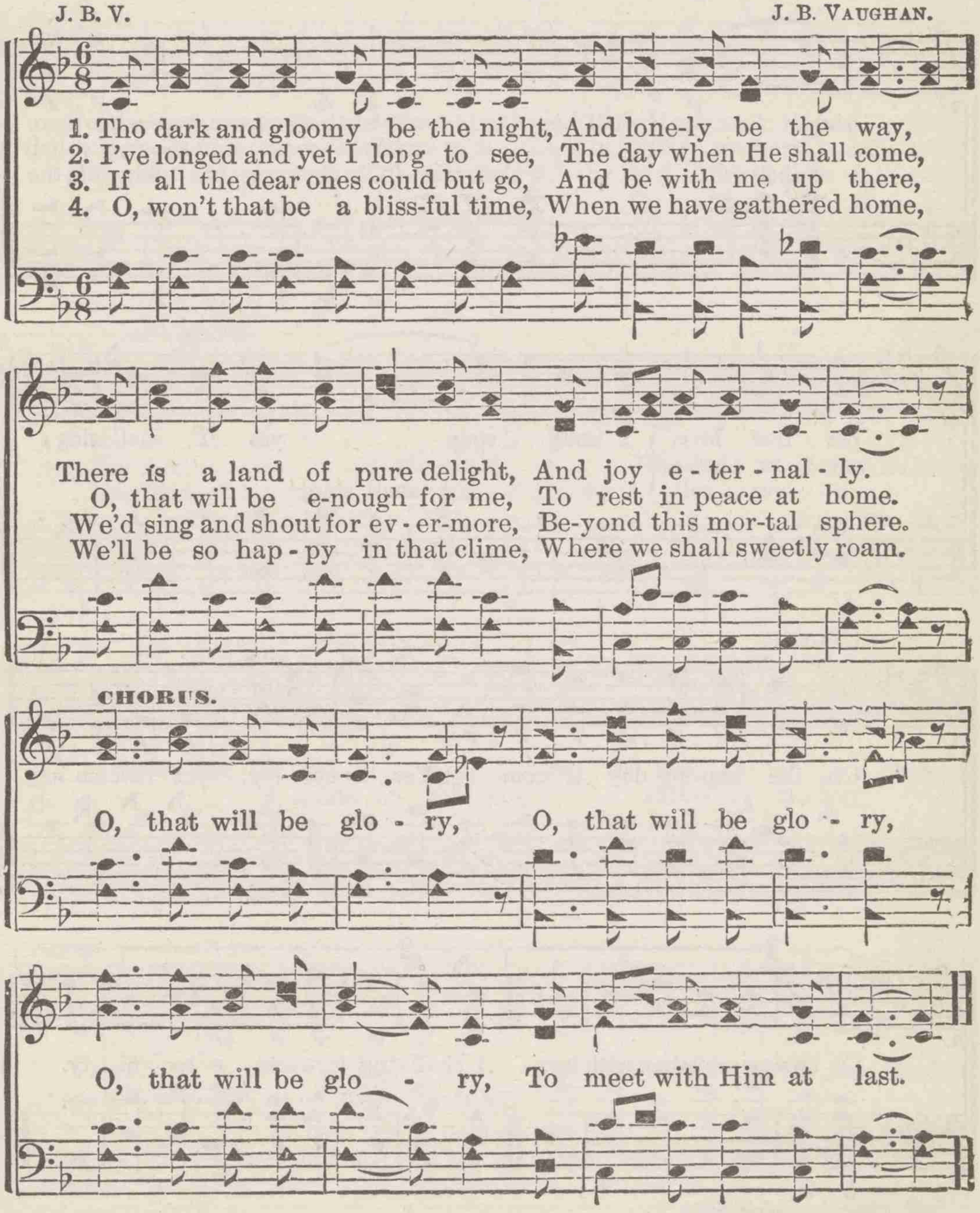
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Walking and Talking With Jesus. Concluded.



No. 17. O, That Will Be Glory.

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



No. 18. THE HAPPY DAY IS COMING.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Lively.

1. What a sweet new song, in the heav - 'nly throng, I shall
2. With the ran- somed choir and a gold - en lyre, I shall
2. With the loved ones stand and a harp in hand, I shall

sing, yes, I shall sing, I shall sing, I shall sing, { In that home a-bove when there's / What a per - fect peace, joy shall / Oh, the joys un - told, while the

per - fect love, / nev - er cease, / a - ges roll, } I shall sing, yes I shall sing;

I shall sing,

CHORUS.

Oh, the hap- py day is com- ing! Yes 'tis com-ing, yes 'tis com-ing,

1 2

Oh, how sweet it then will be; I shall sing thro'-out e- ter - ni - ty.

J. L. Moore.

No. 19. The Light of the World is Jesus.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dispelling the gloom and darkness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di - vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

The light of the world, The light of the world is
The light of the world, light of the world,

Je - sus! It shines on the way, Turns
It shines on the way, shines on the way,

night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!
night in-to day, night in - to day,

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

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

WILL L. THOMPSON.

First Voice.

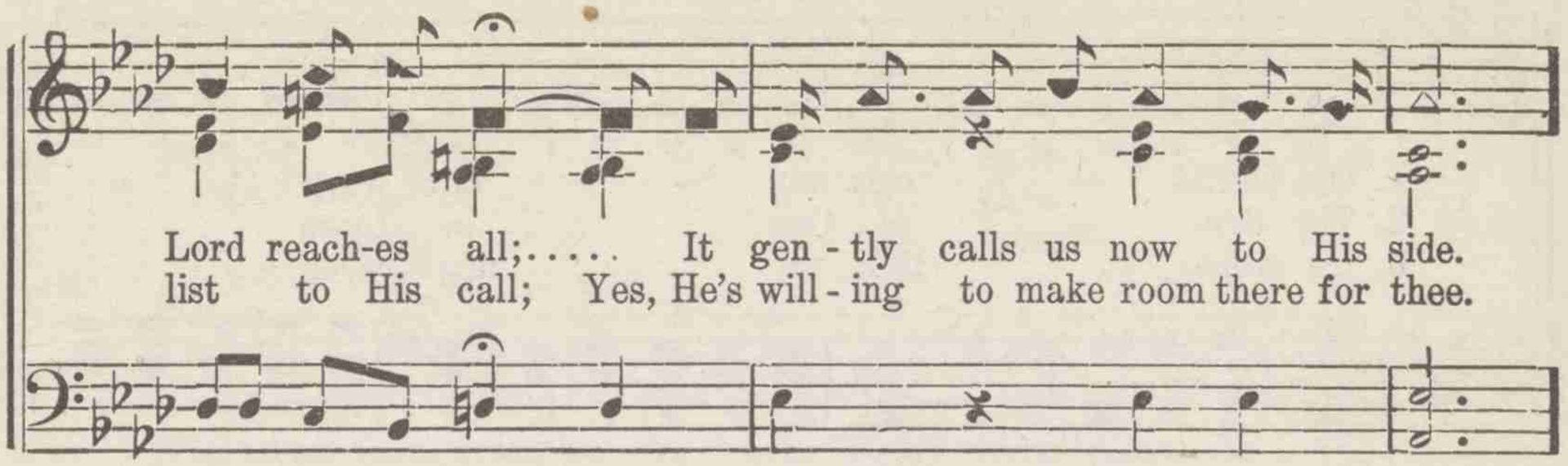
1. I have heard of a home far a - way a-bove the skies, Where the good and the true may hap - py be; I have looked thro' the stars, And I've watched thro' lone-ly hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarcely en - ter there; How then may a sin - ner like me? I am far, far a- way From the gen - tle Shepherd's care; O I won - der if He'll make room for me.
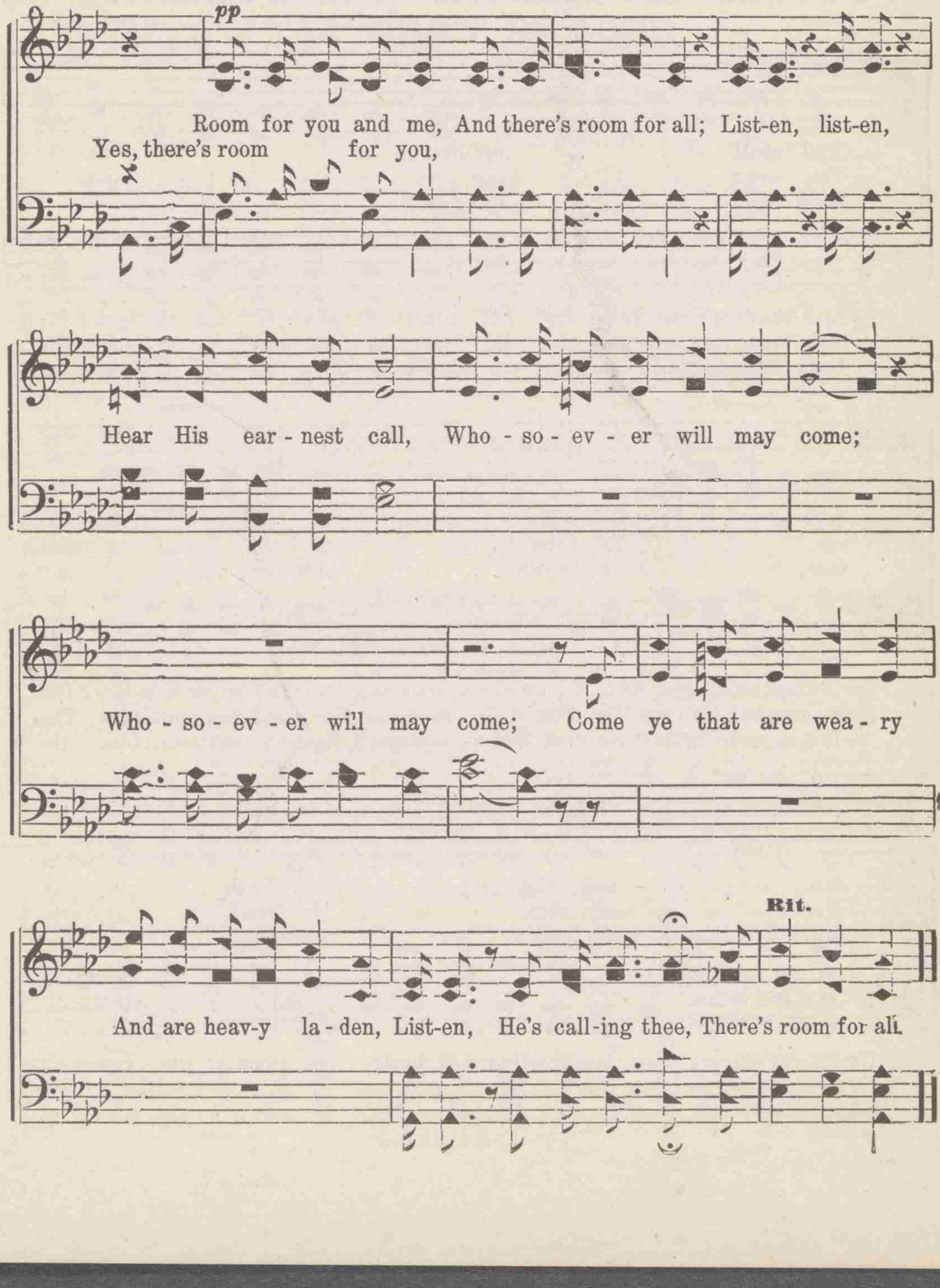
Second Voice.

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

Copyright, 1886, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio. By per.
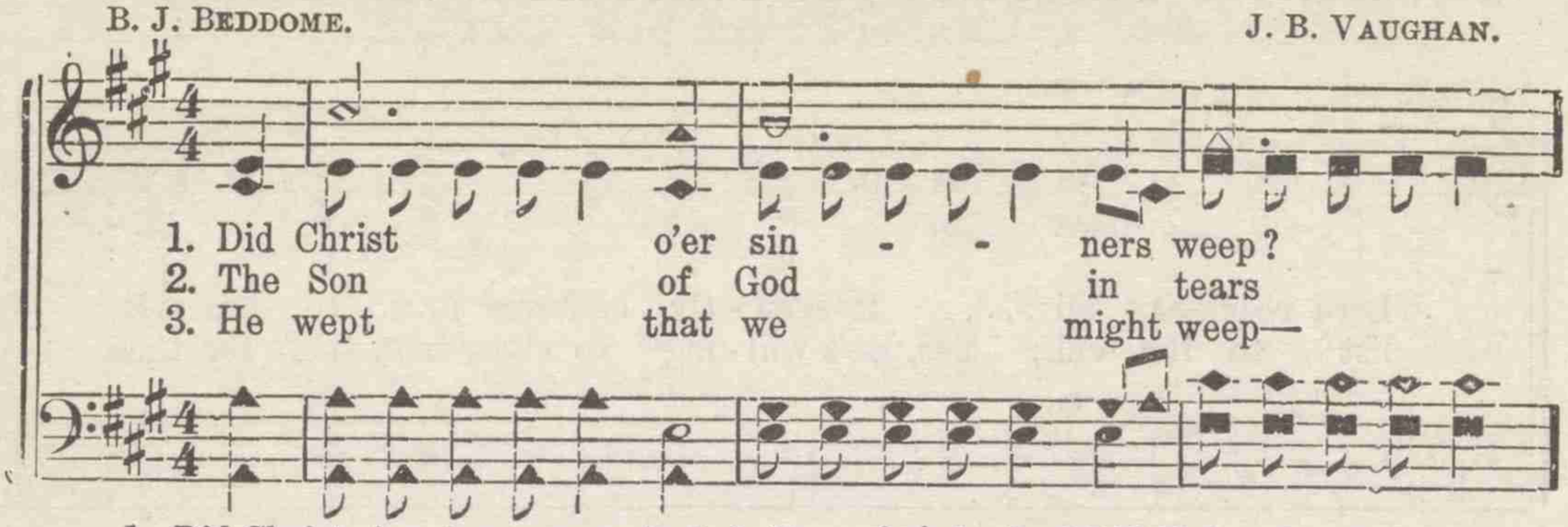
I Wonder if There's Room There for Me? Concluded.



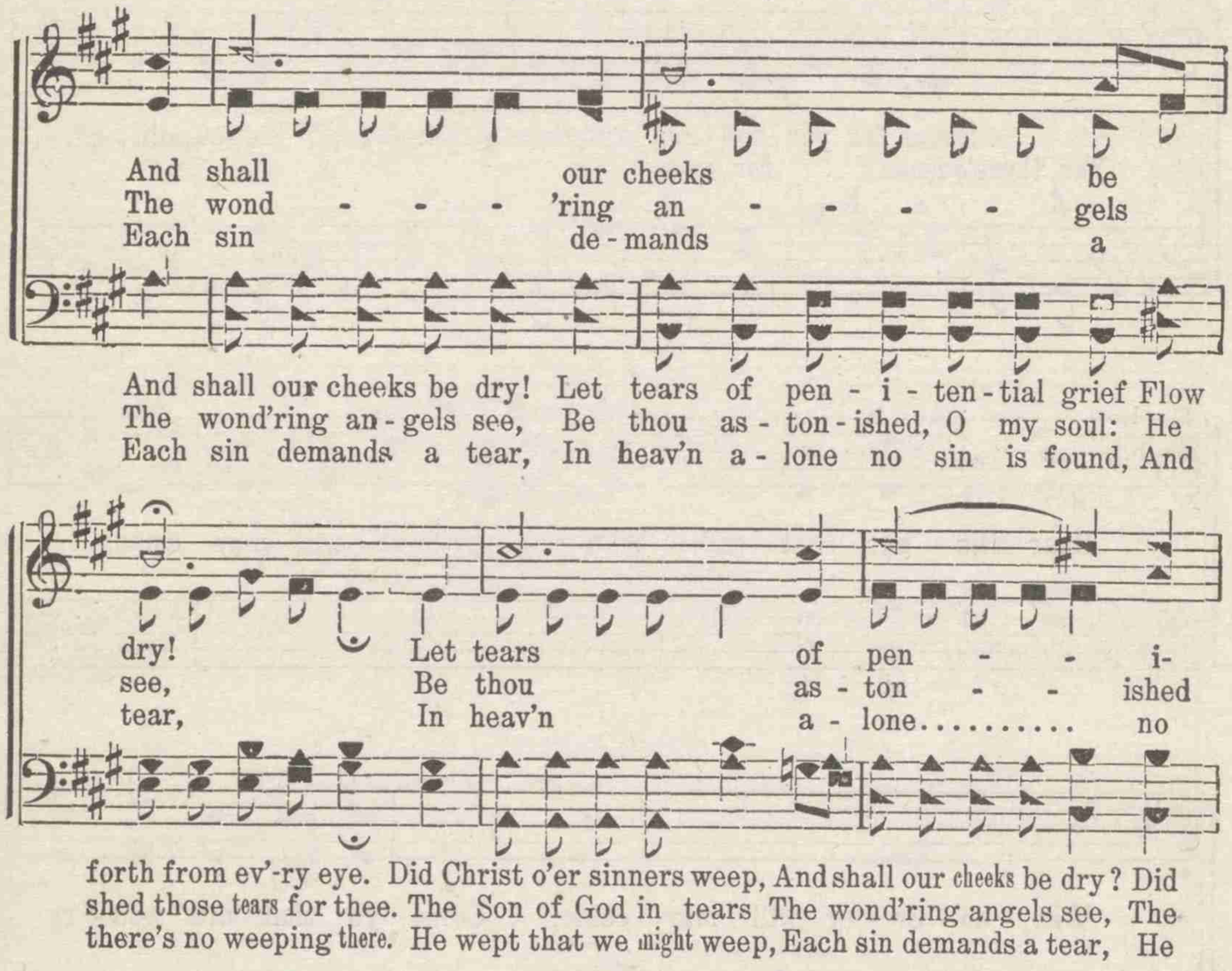


No. 21. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

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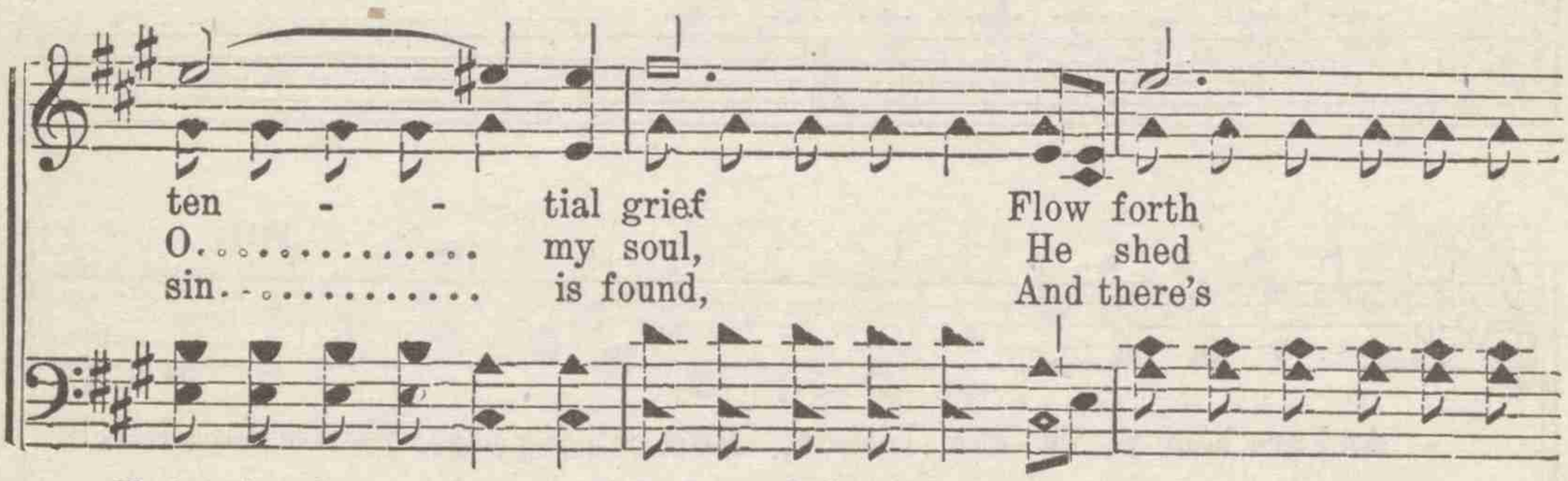


1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The Son of God in tears
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He wept that we might weep



And shall our cheeks be dry! Let tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow
The wond'ring an - gels see, Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He
Each sin demands a tear, In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And
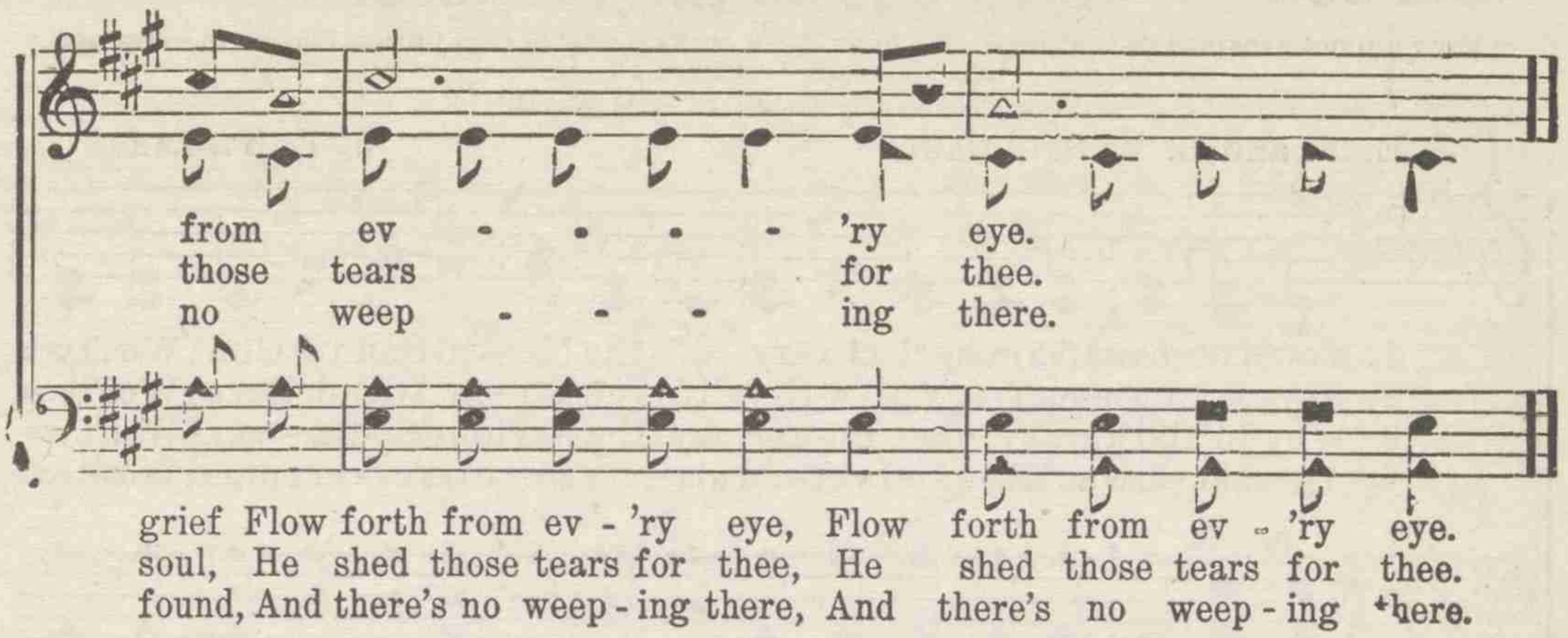
forth from ev'-ry eye. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did
shed those tears for thee. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The
there's no weeping there. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He



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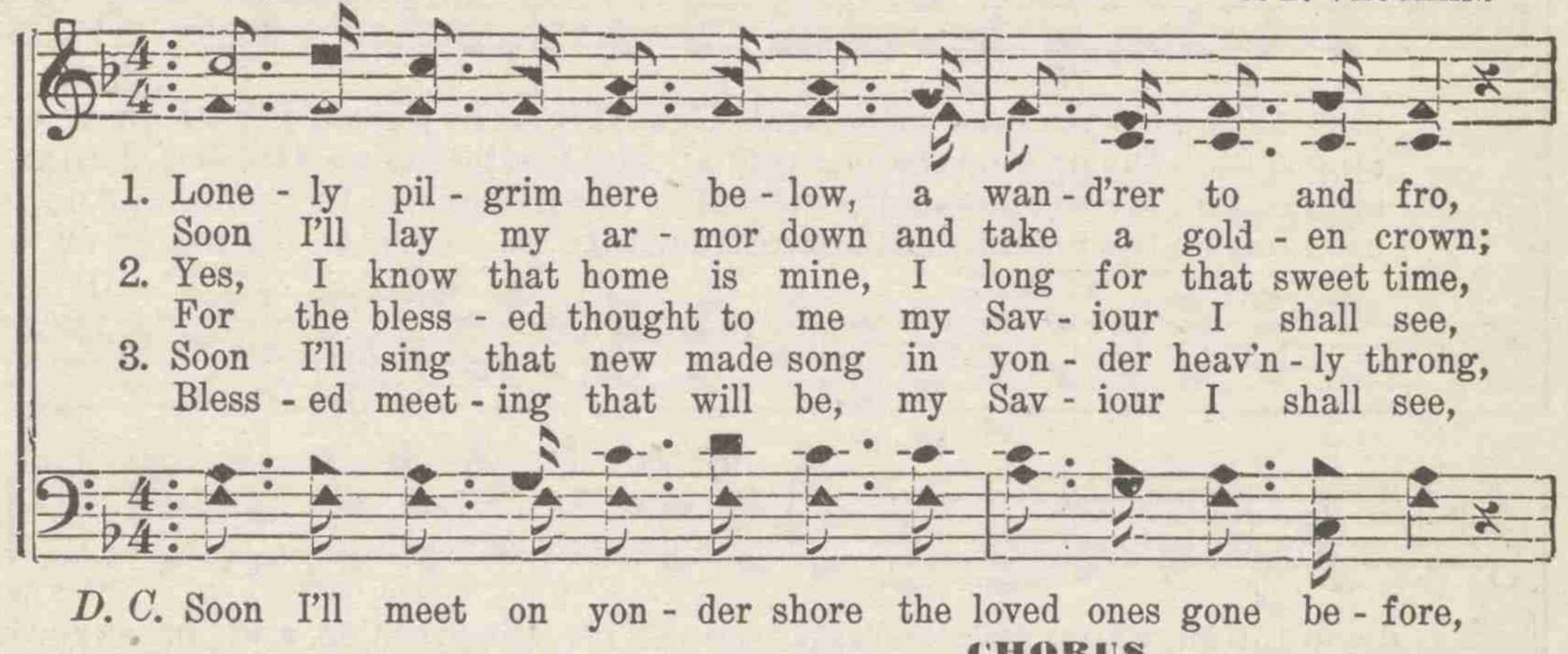
Owned by J. B. Vaughan.
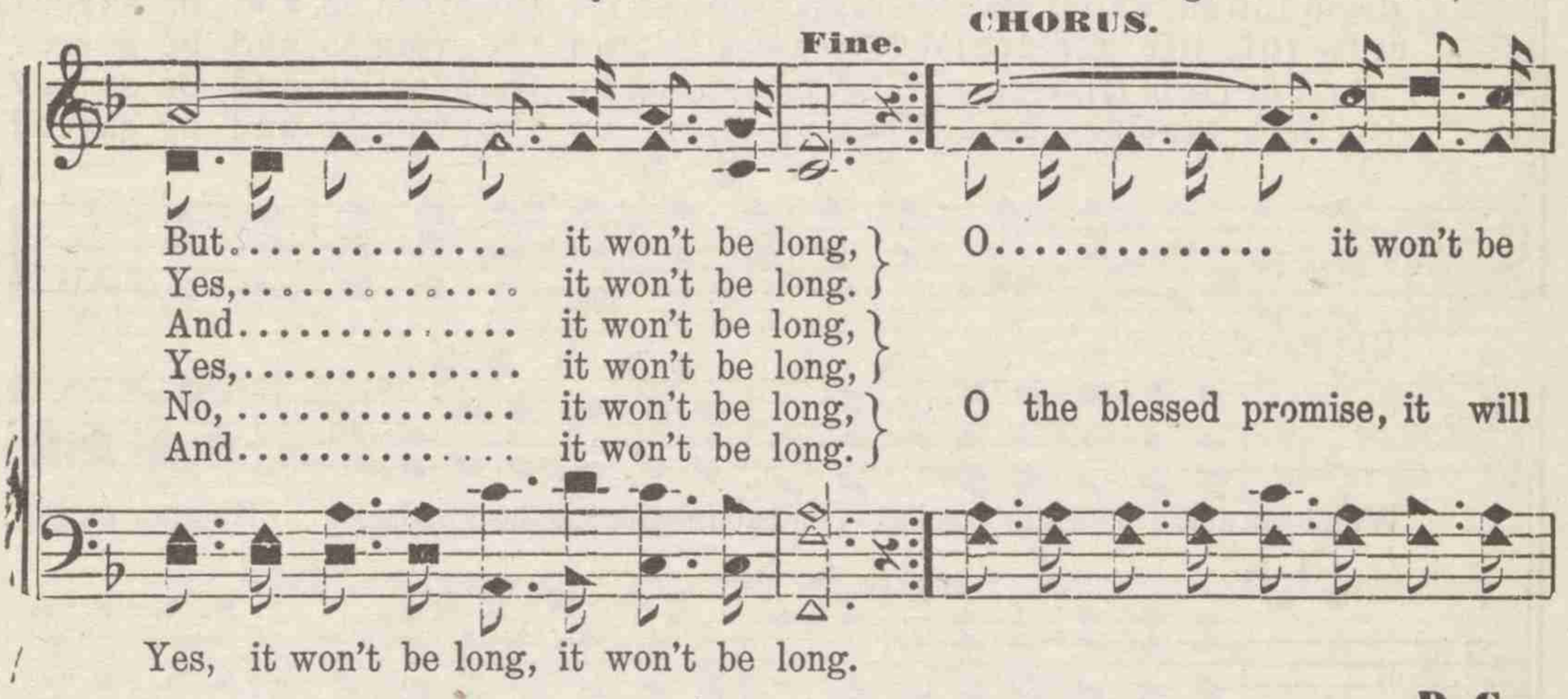
DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP? Concluded.



No. 22. IT WON'T BE LONG.

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





Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 23. Step Out on the Promise.

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

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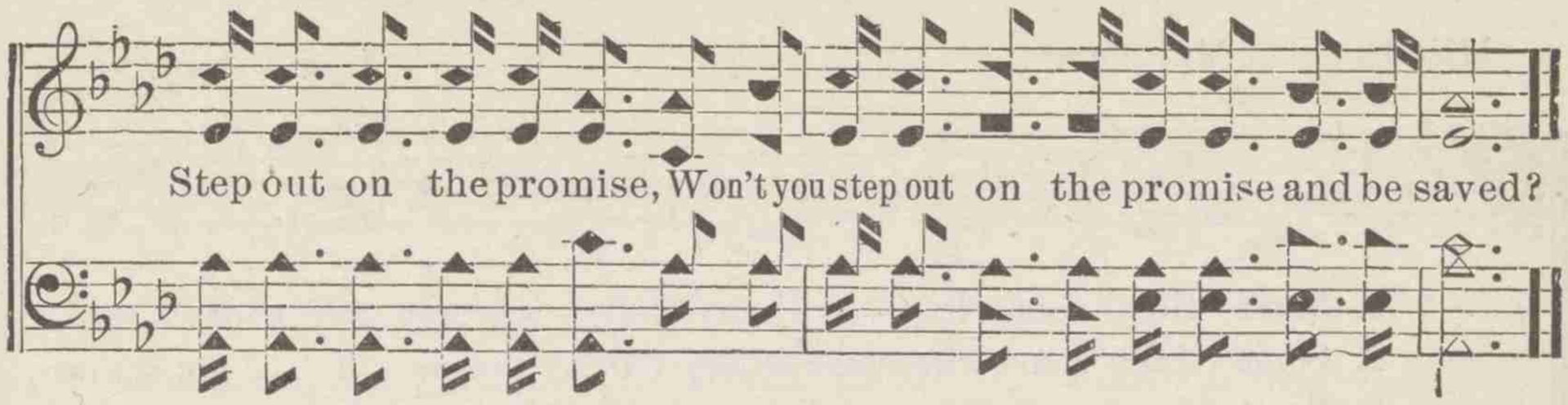
1. You have heard the gospel sto-ry of the blessed Son of God; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? How He left the ports of glo-ry to re-
2. He is off'ring free sal-va-tion, if you on-ly will believe; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved? All that heed the Saviour's bid-ding shall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

deem and save your soul; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
crown of life receive; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
farther from Him stray; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?
dwells in that blest home; Won't you step out on the promise and be saved?

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

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

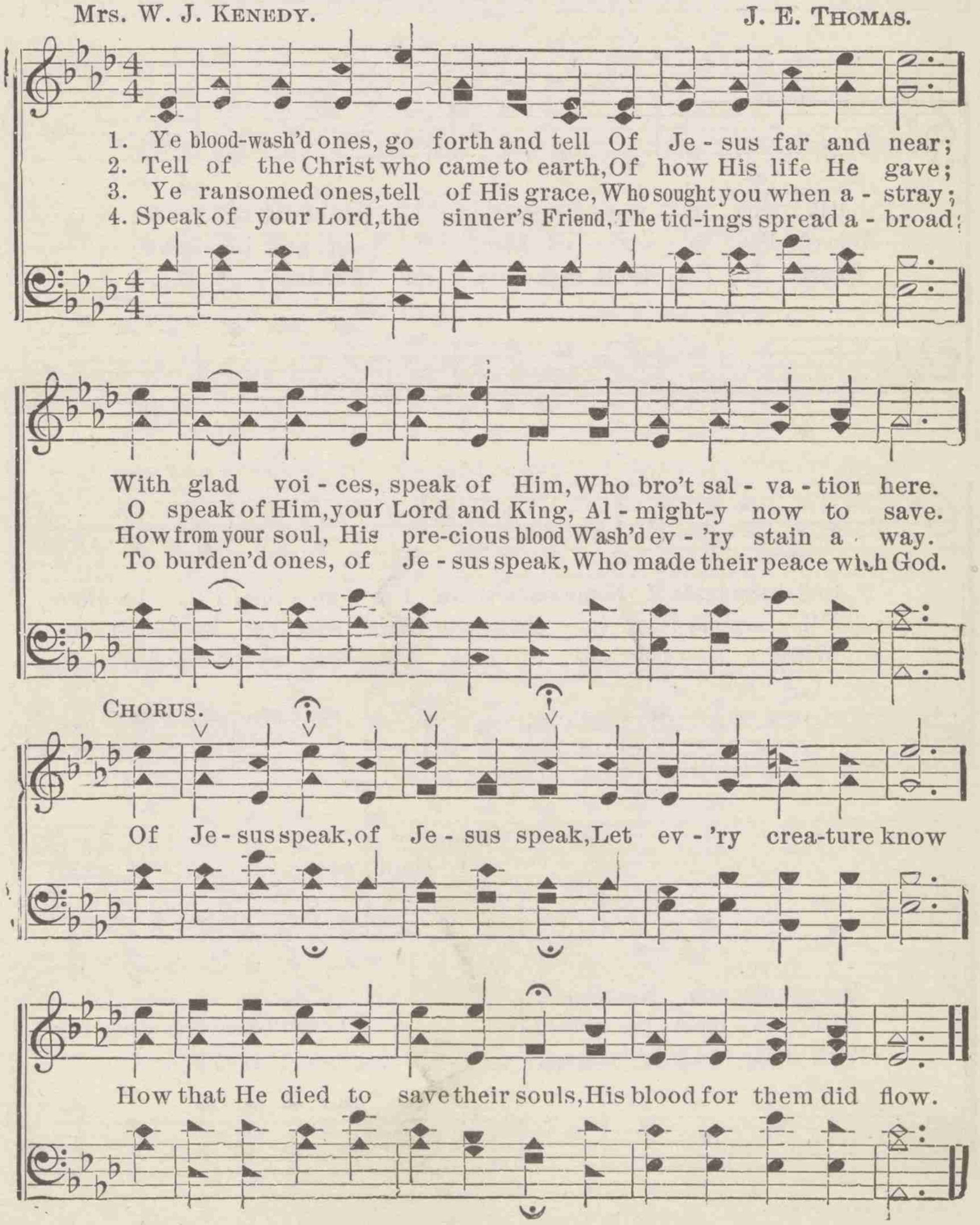
Step Out on the Promise.



No. 24 Of Jesus Speak.

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Mrs. W. J. KENEDY. J. E. THOMAS.



No. 25. I SHALL SEE HIM.

Miss Eulalia Mewbourn. J. B. Vaughan.

Duet.

1. Some - time, some hap - py time, I'll see my Sav - iour's face
2. Some - time, some-where, sometime, I'll know as I am known,
3. Some - time, some bless - ed time, with Je - sus ev - er more,

I'll sing in yon - der world, I am saved by grace:
When life is end - ed here, I am go - ing home;
Sweet - ly I'll dwell with Him, on yon hap - py shore,

Sweet thoughts of home somewhere, I'm go - ing, I'll be there,
I'll meet Him in the sky, He's com - ing by and by,
While a - ges roll a - long, I'll sing re - demp-tion's song,

Chorus.

I shall see..... I shall

Heav - en's glo - ries share.
Will you meet me there?
With His ran-som'd throng.

I shall soon see, and my

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

I SHALL SEE HIM. Concluded.

know..... when I meet..... Him at home.....

Saviour I'll know, when I get home, to my beau ti -ful home,

Je - - sus is com - ing, yes, com-ing to claim His

When I get home to my beau-ti-ful home, Je - sus will claim His

own,..... I'll sing ..... and re - joice,..... I've

dear ones, His own, I'll sing and re-joice I have made Him my choice, I'll

made..... Him my choice..... I'm saved thro' His

sing and re- joice, I have made Him my choice, I'm saved thro' His

won -der- ful grace, and I shall soon see His dear face.....

His dear face.

No. 26. It is Wonderful Love to Me.

JAMES ROWE. S. E. ARNOLD.

1. Oh, won - der - ful is Je - sus' love! It is bright-en- ing all my way,
2. It brought me from the vales of sin, Where the sor-rows of life in - crease,
3. Tho' oft - en dis - tant seems the goal, I shall nev - er de- spair or roam,
4. While here I dwell, my song shall be Full of praise for my King a - bove,

And, wheth-er blue or cloud a - bove, Giv-ing joy to my soul each day.
And placed me, pure and sweet with-in, On the beau- ti - ful plains of peace.
For Je - sus' love will draw my soul Ev - er on-ward to- wards its home.
And yon - der for e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing of His pre- cious love.

REFRAIN.

Won- der - ful love, won - der - ful love,
Won- der - ful love,..... won- der - ful love,.....

Ev - er boundless and sweet and free; Won- der- ful love,
Won- der- ful love,.....

won- der- ful love, It is won - der-ful love to me.....
won- der-ful love,..... to me.

Property of Perry Bros. Music Co.

No. 27. THAT CITY SO FAIR.

F. M. G. Hebrews 11: 10. F. M. GRAHAM.

Rather slow.

1. I've heard of a cit-y, with streets of pure gold, And pleas - ures a - bounding, that ne'er can be told; No streets that are filth - y, and
2. No tears will be fall - ing, no hearts will be sad, No friends will be dy - ing, oh, wont I be glad! No hears - es in heav - en in
3. Oh, sure-ly I'm hap - py to think of that time, When all of God's children will dwell in that clime; Where noth-ing will sadden, no
4. Now, Je - sus in-vites you to live in that place, But sin can - not en-ter, we're saved by His grace; Get read - y my broth-er, my

no im - pure air, But all is so cleanly, I want to live there.
mourn-ful ar - ray, The grave-diggers shov-el is now laid a - way.
tri - als to bear, Oh, that is my cit - y, I'm bound to live there.
sis-ter, my friend, The time will be o-ver, your chances will end.

CHORUS. Lively.

I want.....to live there. .... That Cit - y so fair....
I want to live there, yes I want to live there, That City, bright City so fair, so fair.

I'm bound.... to live there..... That Cit - y so fair....
I'm bound for that City, I'm bound to live there, That City fair.

F. M. Graham, owner.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

LUELLA MCCUTCHEON. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Each one in life is build - ing A tem - ple of his own; Seek
2. Earth's mightest works shall per-ish, Shall crum - ble and de - cay; The
3. There hath been laid in Zi - on A sure found-a - tion stone; Build

then the sure founda-tion, Choose well the cor-ner stone, Trust not in fame or
piles of brick and granite, The years shall sweep away; But souls live on for-
then your hopes upon it, On Christ and He a - lone, When to the fi - nal

rich - es, Nor on good works re - ly; Men's best acts are im - per - fect
ev - er, In joy or mis - er - y, And char - ac - ter is destined
judgment, We come at God's command, Safe on the Rock each tem-ple
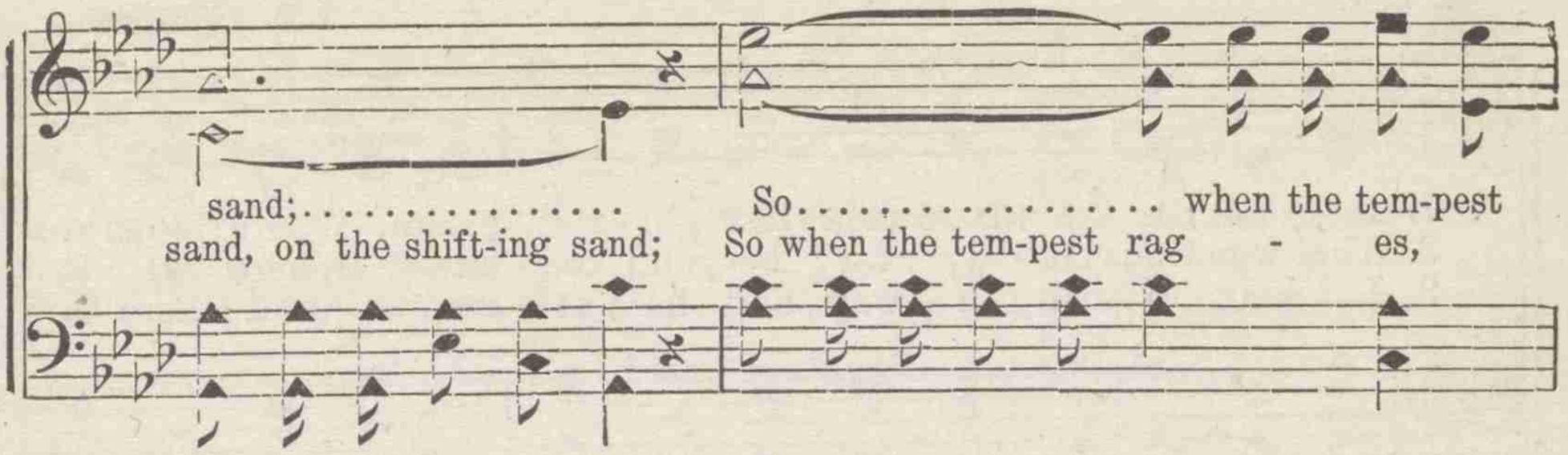
CHORUS.
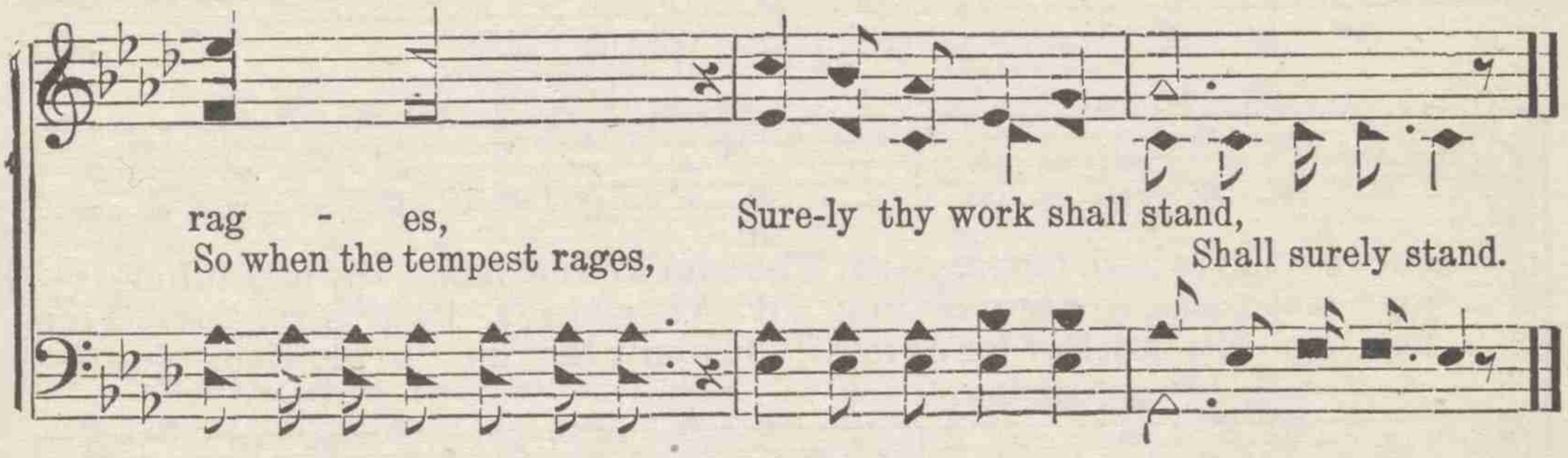
In God's un - err - ing eye. Build..... on the Rock of
To last e - ter - nal - ly.
All glo - ri - fied shall stand. Build on the Rock of A - ges,

A - ges, Build not on the shift-ing
Build on the Rock of A - ges, Build not on the shift - ing

From Songland Melodies, by H. N. Lincoln.

THE SURE FOUNDATION. Concluded.
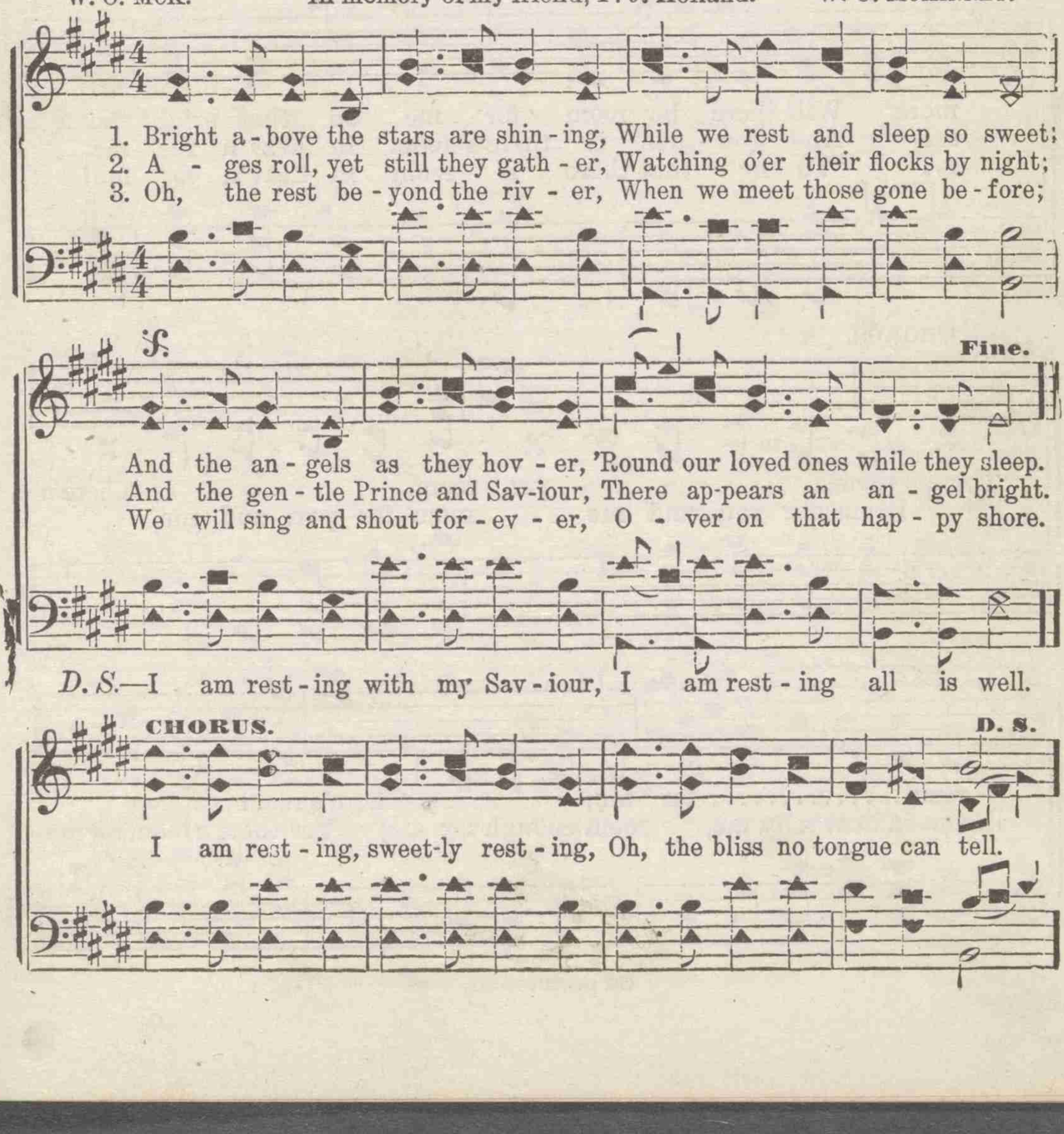




29

RESTING.

W. O. McK. In memory of my friend, P. J. Holland. W. O. McKinney.



30. # IS THERE ROOM FOR ME?

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

1. Be-yond the sea where fade-less glo-ries gleam, Where things are
2. That wondrous cit-y, far be-yond con-fine, Where all is
3. I long to soar a-way and be at rest, And there to

ours that eyes hath nev-er seen, The soul's sweet home, the blissful ev-er-
joy and peace, so pure, divine; In vi-sions I its glitt'ring streets can
lean up-on my Sav-ior's breast; Oh, won't that be a glo-rious vic-to-

more, Will there be room for me on that bright shore?
see, And won-der if there's room in heav'n for me.
ry, To find that there is room in heav'n for me!
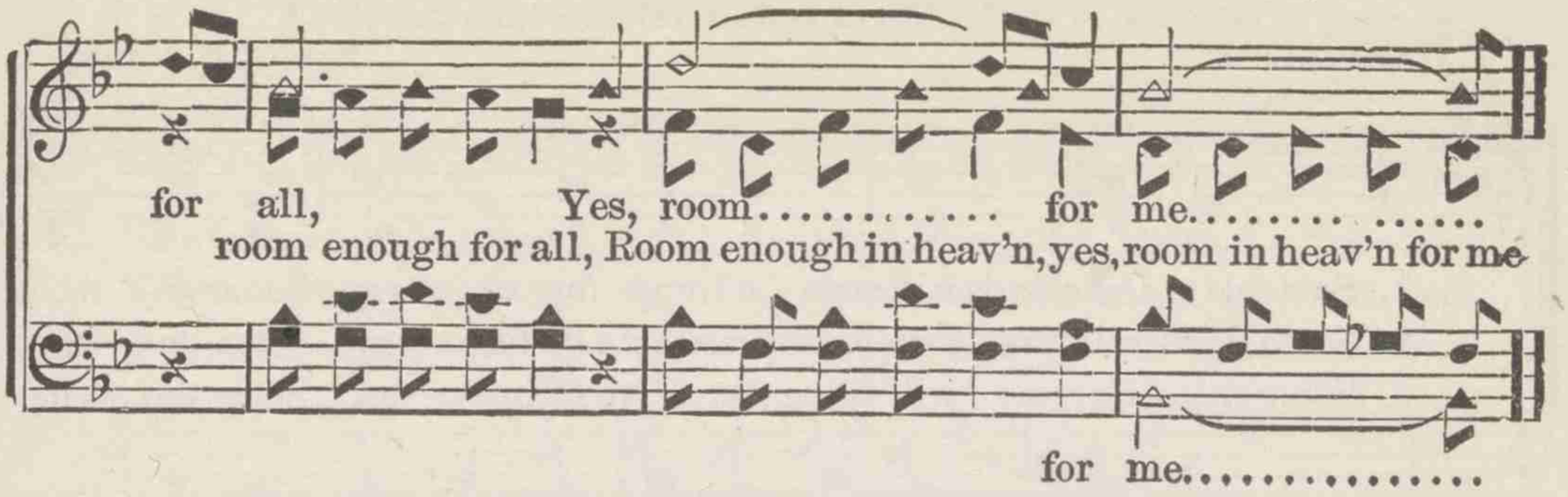
CHORUS.

There's room, yes, room, There's
Room for you and me, room for you and me,

room..... for me; There's room
Room in heav'n for me, room enough for all; Yes, there's room for me,

By permission.

IS THERE ROOM FOR ME? Concluded.
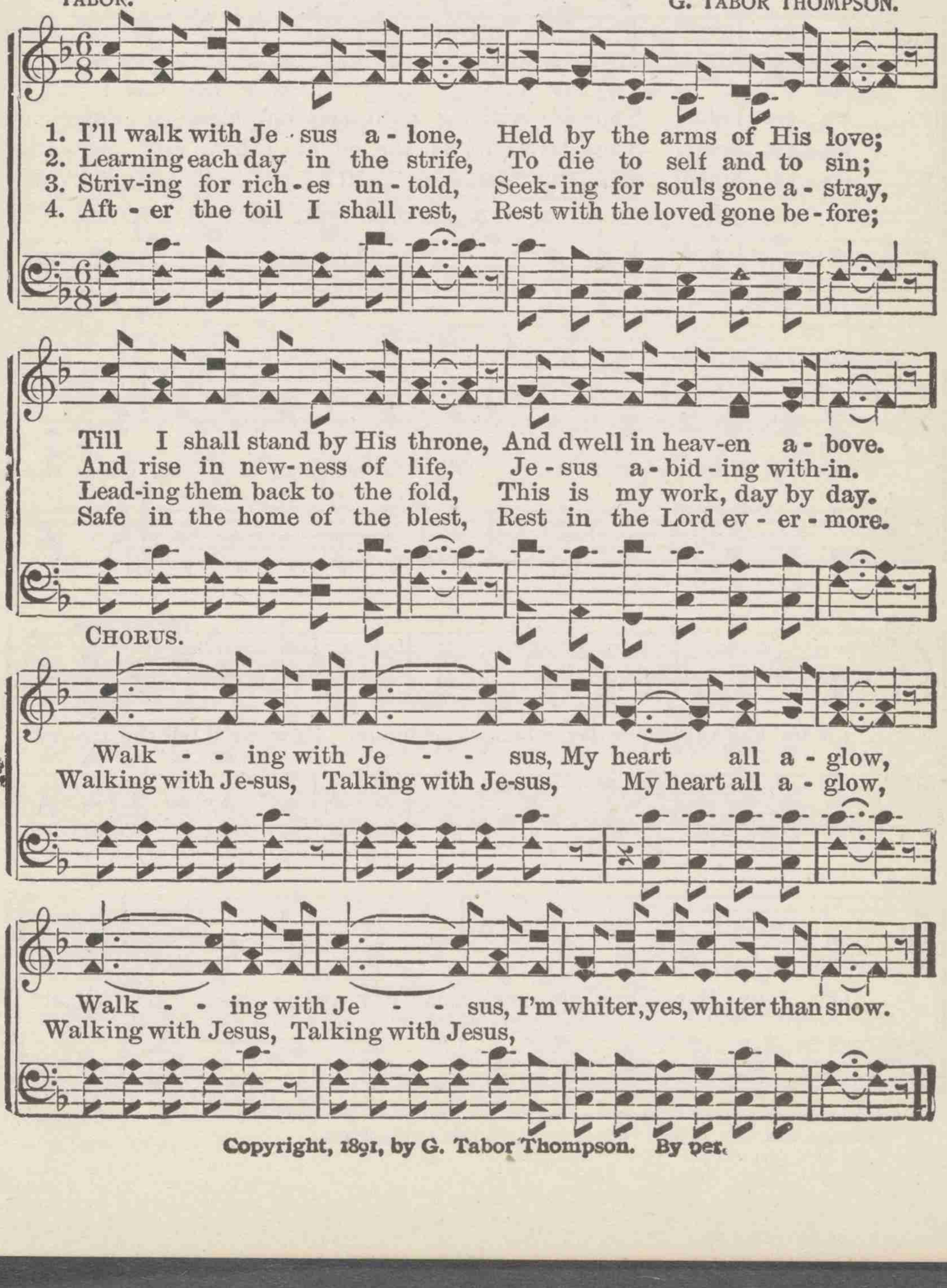


31.

WALKING WITH JESUS.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?—LUKE 24: 32.

TABOR. G. TABOR THOMPSON.



Copyright, 1891, by G. Tabor Thompson. By per.

No. 32. Some Day When We Get Home.

(Dedicated to the North Indiana Conference Quartet.)

T. C. N. Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. Some day the clouds will pass a - way for ev - er, Some day, when we get home; Some day with joy we'll meet our bless - ed Sav - iour,
2. Some day we'll meet with loved ones gone be-fore us, Some day, when we get home; Some day we'll join the might - y heav'n-ly cho - rus,
2. Some day the cross will bring the crown of heav - en, Some day, when we get home; Some day "well done," will be the wel- come giv - en,

CHORUS.

Some day, When we get home! Oh, the songs as- cend- ing, Oh, the joy un- end-ing, Some day, when we get home! How we'll tell the sto - ry, Of our Sav- iour's glo - ry, Some day when we get home!

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. Neal. Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 33. My Heart Keeps Singing.

J M. P. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Tho' gloom-y days may come a - long, No store have I a - head,
2. When o'er my path no sun doth shine, But darkness gath-ers fast,
3. When tri - als come up - on my way I nev - er stop nor fear;

My grate-ful heart will raise a song, And take no tho't for bread;
I do not stop or e'en re - pine, I know it can not last,
But mov-ing for - ward day by day, I can not rest me here;

Of grace He gives a full sup - ply, Then on His help re - ly.
For Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, And makes a heav'n-ly place.
Up yon - der is that peace-ful rest, Up - on my Sav - ior's breast.

CHORUS.
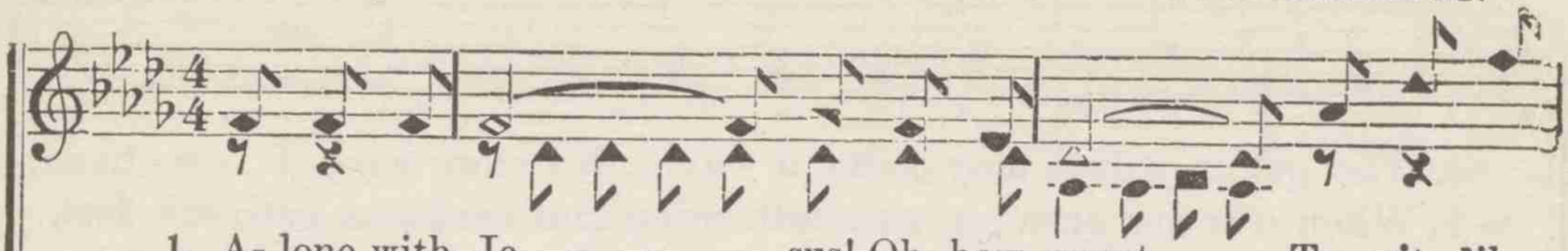
My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by, as the

days go by, My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by.

Copyright, 1905, by J. M. Pierce.
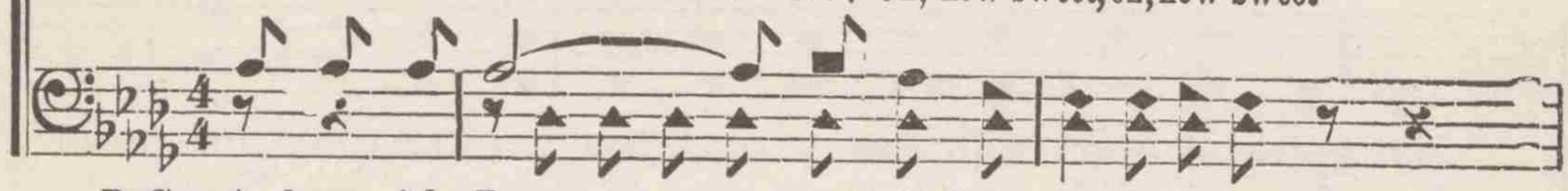
ALONE WITH JESUS.

PETER STRYKER, D. D. W. O. MCKINNEY.
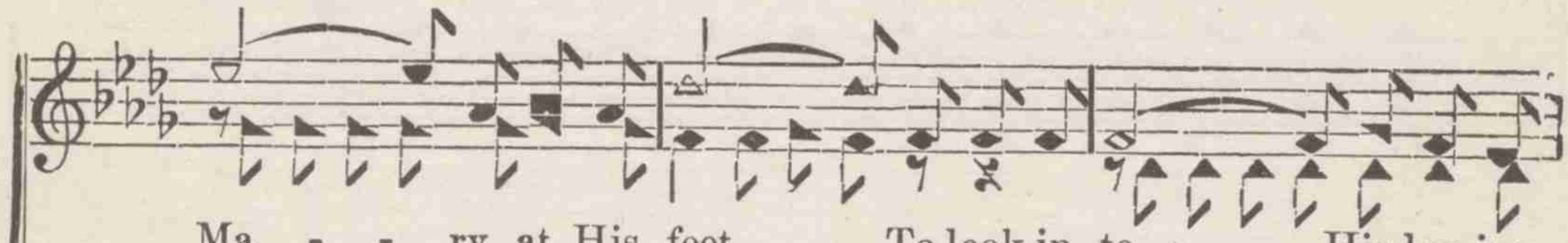


1. A- lone with Je - - - sus! Oh, how sweet..... To sit, like
2. A- lone with Je - - - sus! Oh, how sweet..... To meet Him
3. A- lone with Je - - - sus! Oh, how sweet..... My heart is

1. A-lone with Je - sus! Oh, how sweet, oh, how sweet
2. A-lone with Je - sus! Oh, how sweet, oh, how sweet
3. A-lone with Je - sus! Oh, how sweet, oh, how sweet
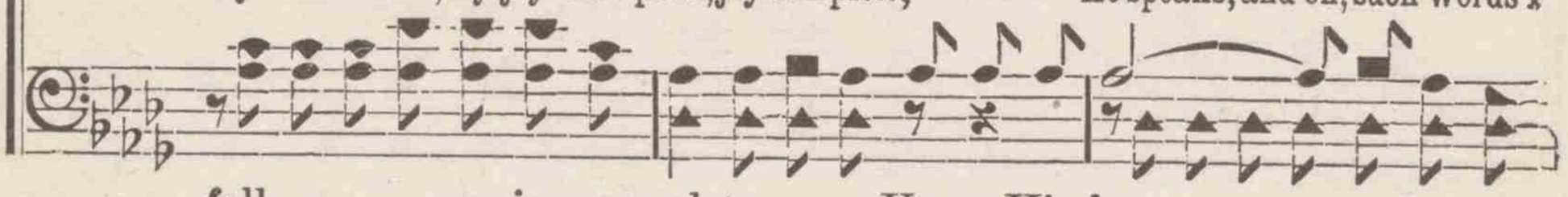


D. C.—A- lone with Je - - - sus! oh, how sweet,..... My heart is
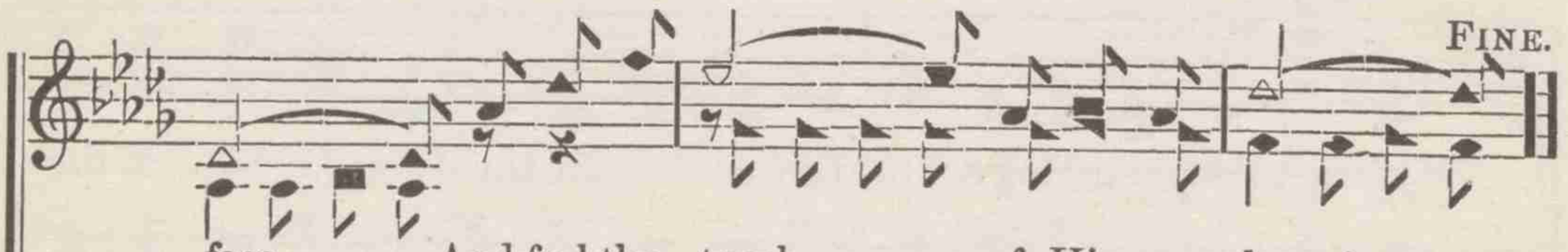


Ma - - ry at His feet,..... To look in- to..... His lov-ing
at..... the mer-cy - seat!..... To tell Him ev - - 'ry doubt an
full,..... my joy com-plete..... He speaks, and oh, ... such words I

To sit, like Ma-ry, at His feet, at His feet, To look in- to His lov- ing
To meet Him at the mer- cy - seat, mercy-seat! To tell Him ev-'ry doubt and
My heart is full, my joy com-plete, joy complete, He speaks, and oh, such words I
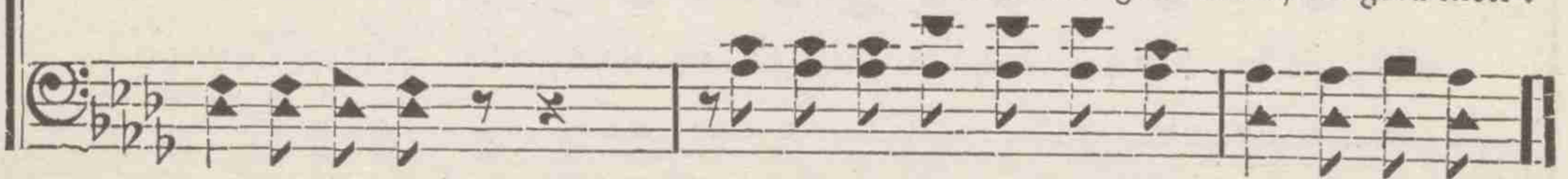


full, ... my joy com-plete,..... Up-on His bo - - som let me



FINE.

face,..... And feel the touch..... of His em - brace!.....
fear,..... Pour all my sor - - rows in His ear!.....
hear, ... So full of wis - - dom and good cheer!.....

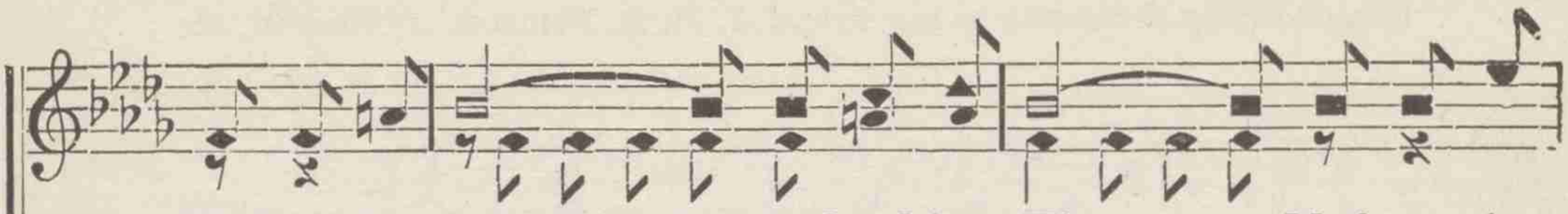
face, lov-ing face, And feel the touch of His em - brace, His em-brace!
fear, doubt and fear, Pour all my sor-rows in His ear, in His ear!
hear, words I hear, So full of wis-dom and good cheer, and good cheer!



rest,..... And feel I am..... su-preme-ly blest.....
home at rest.
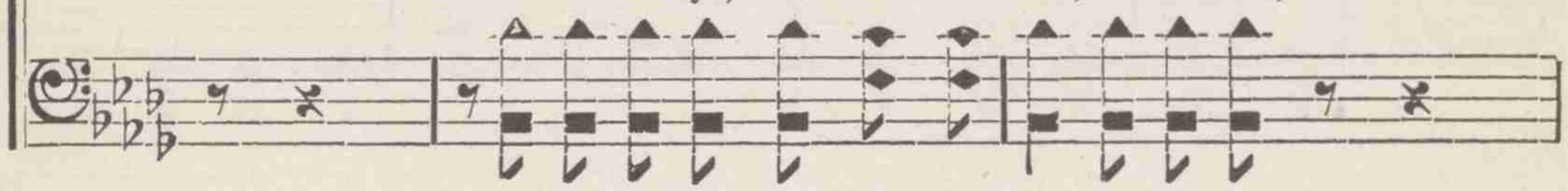
J. B. Vaughan, owner.
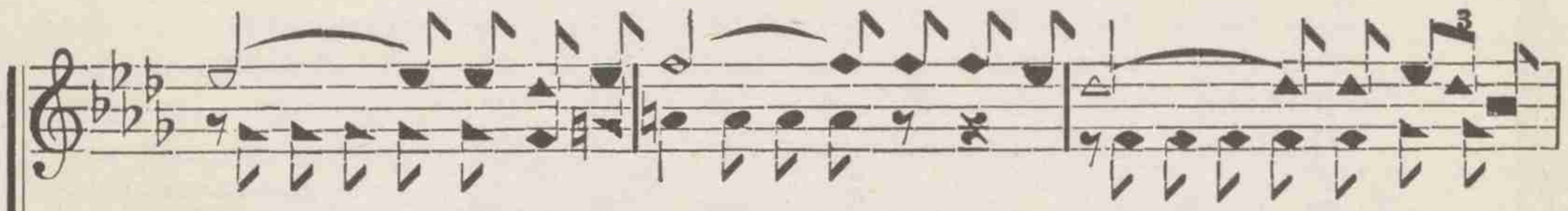
ALONE WITH JESUS.—Concluded.



His hand in mine,..... my hand in His, ... My heart o'er-
And then, as - sured ..... of pard'ning love, ... To rise all
Love in His eye, ... love in His voice,..... How can I

His hand in mine, my hand in His, hand in His,
And then, as-sured of par-d'ning love, pard'ning love,
Love in His eye, love in His voice, in His voice,
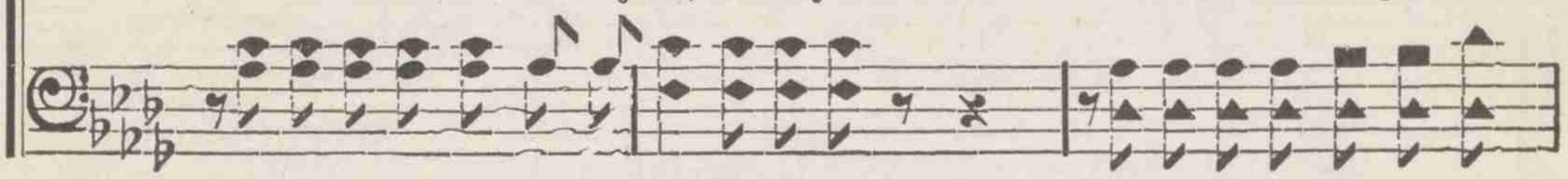




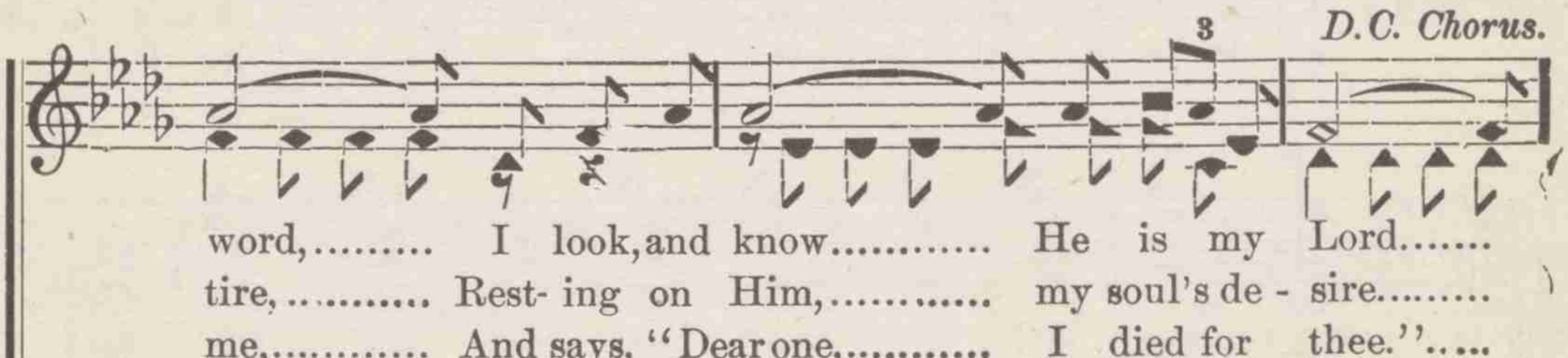
flows.....with heav'nly bliss..... Before He speaks..... one gracious
care..... and sin a - bove, ... And from the fool - - ish world re-
but..... in Him re - joice?..... He conde - scends..... to speak to

My heart o'erflows with heav'nly bliss, heav'nly bliss.
To rise all care and sin a- bove, sin a-bove,
How can I but in Him re-joice, Him re-joice?

Be-fore He speaks one gracious
And from the fool-ish world re -
He condescends to speak to
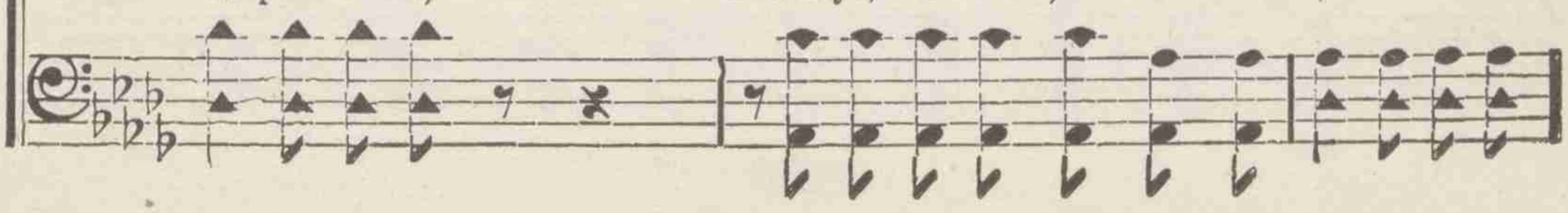


D.C. Chorus.



word,..... I look, and know..... He is my Lord.....
tire, ... Rest- ing on Him,..... my soul's de - sire.....
me,..... And says, "Dear one,..... I died for thee."....

word, gracious word,
tire, world re-tire,
me, speak to me,

I look, and know He is my Lord, is my Lord.
Rest-ing on Him, my soul's de- sire, soul's desire.
And says, "Dear one, I died for thee, died for thee."



No. 35. There's a City that is Far, Far Away

(Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mc

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY. By

1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far a - way,)
2. We will hear the an - gels sing o - ver there, (o-ver there,)
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev - er - more, (ev-er-more,)
4. All the pil-grims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,)
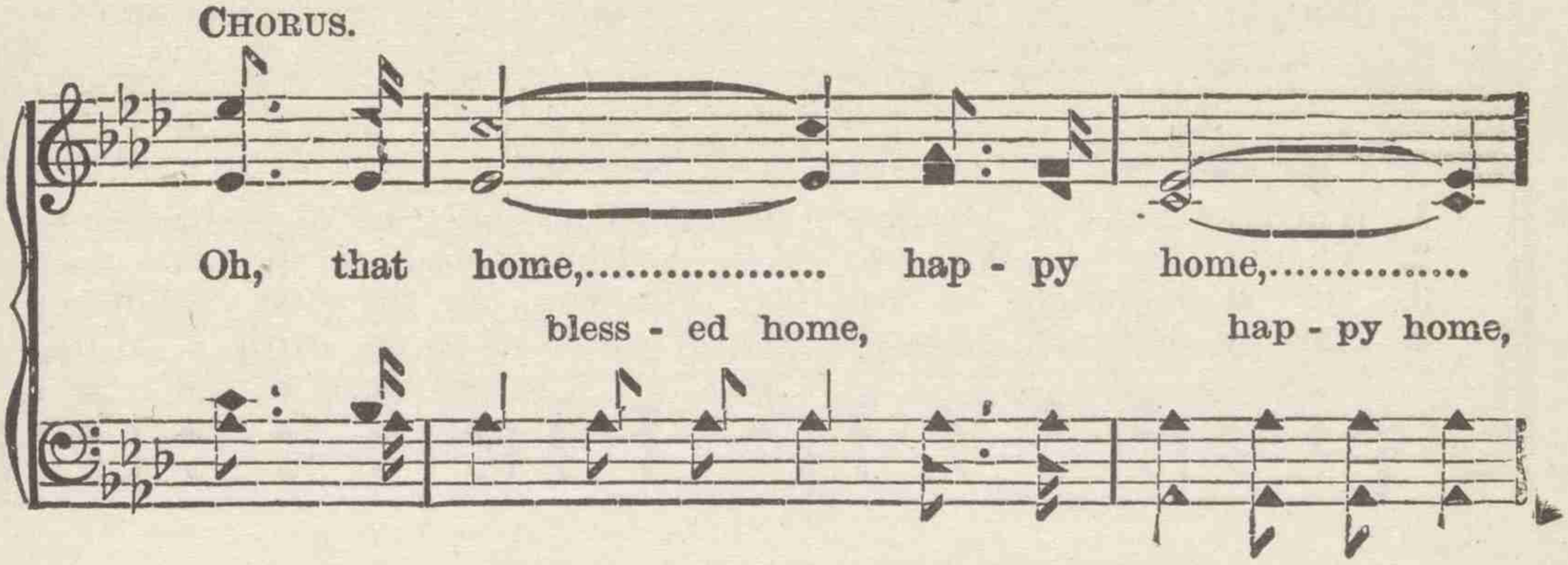
You can see its sil - ver spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,)
As they hold with - in their hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,)
While the cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, (ev - er roll,)
Who have suf - fered for their Lord on the way, (on the way,)

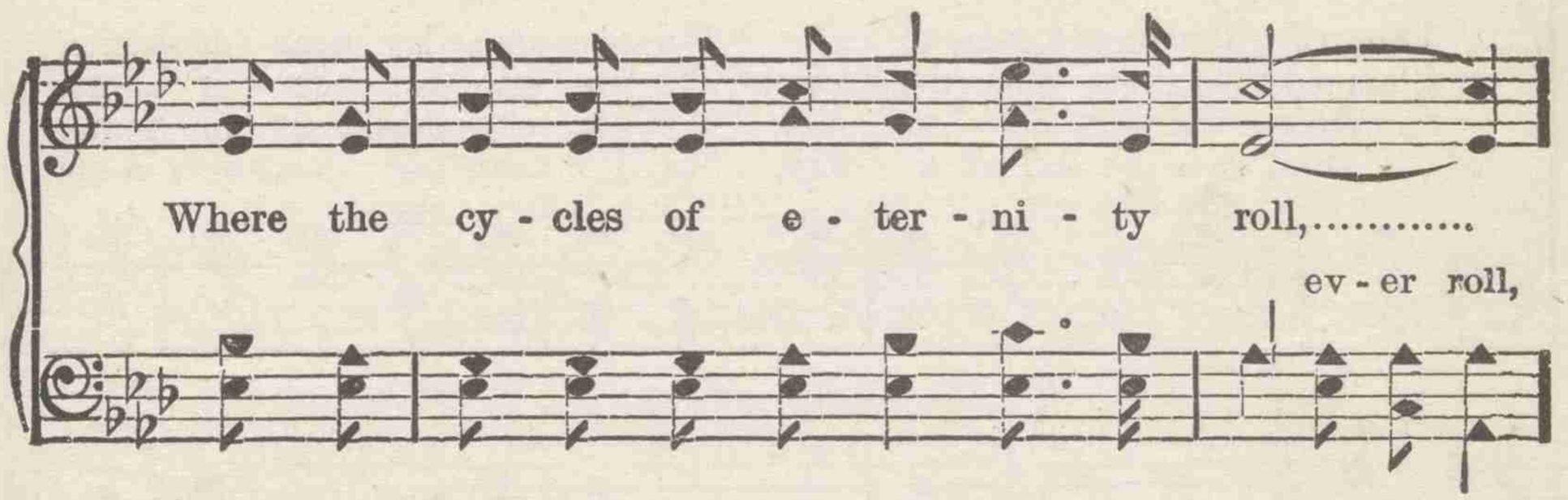
'Tis be - yond the roll - ing waves' mist - y spray, (mist-y spray,)
In that cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,)
And no sick - ness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,)
Will re - ceive a shin - ing crown, made of gold, (made of gold,)
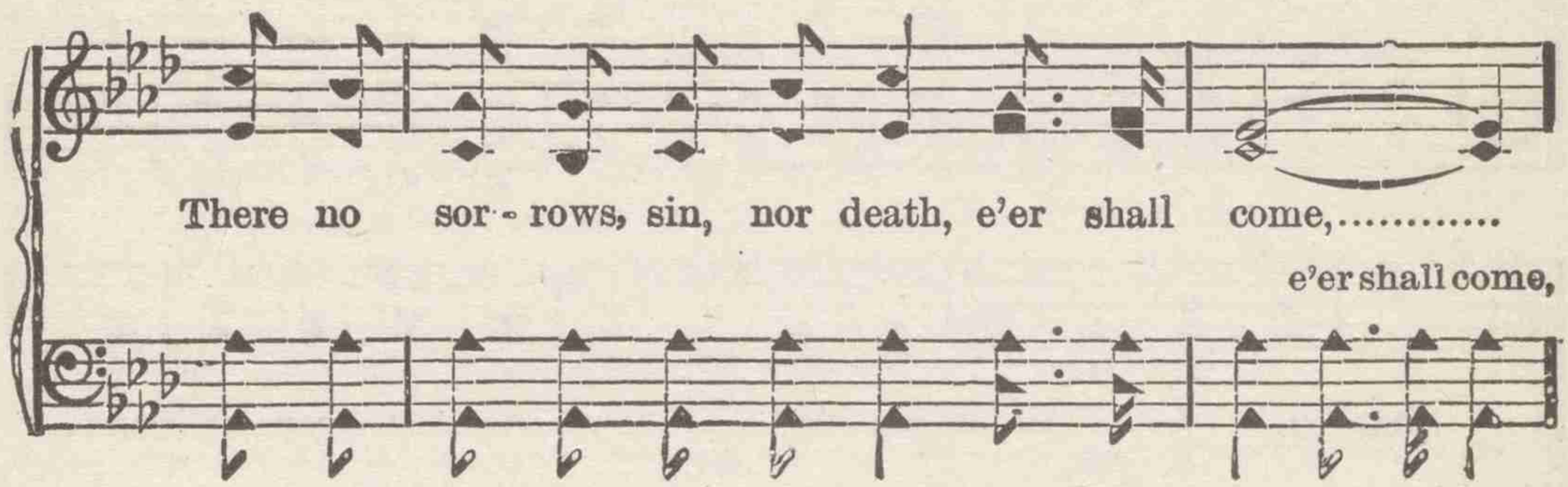
Oh, that cit - y is for you and for me.
Oh, that cit - y is the home of the soul.
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.
In that cit - y that is far, far a - way.

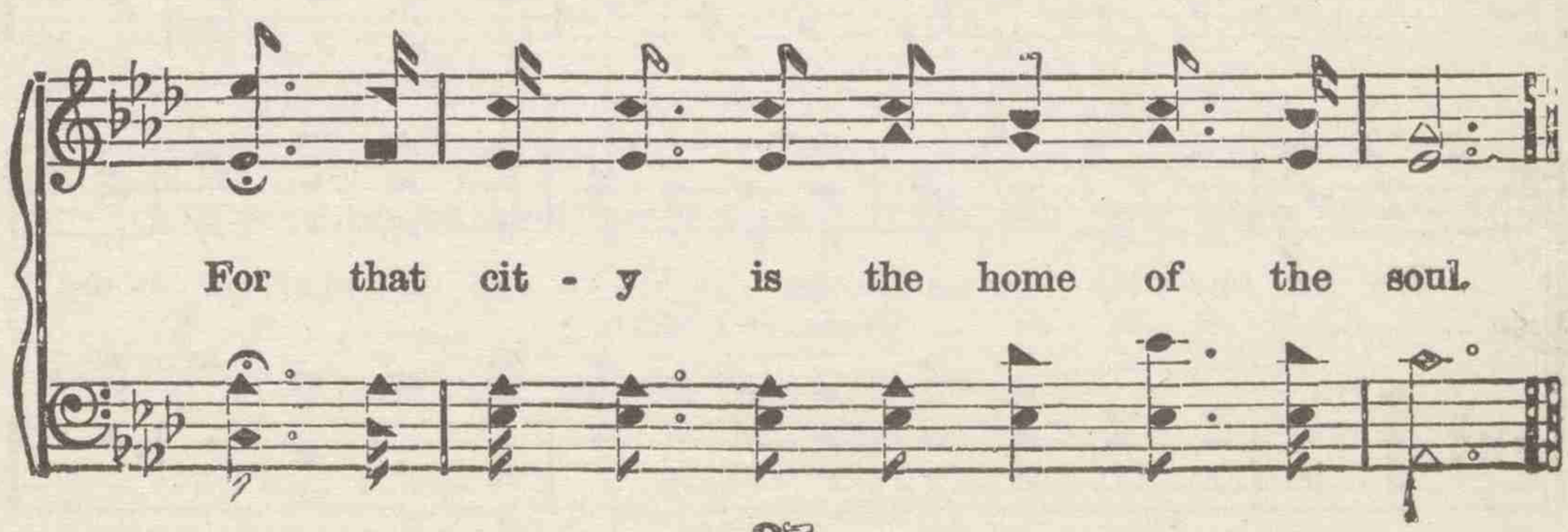
There's a City, etc. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 36. ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When the shades of evening fall, And an - oth - er night has come;
2. When I lay me down to rest, And bright vis-ions to me come,
3. Oft at mid-night si - lent - ly, Gaz - ing on the star - lit dome;
4. Hap- py day, oh, hap - py day, When no more on earth I roam,
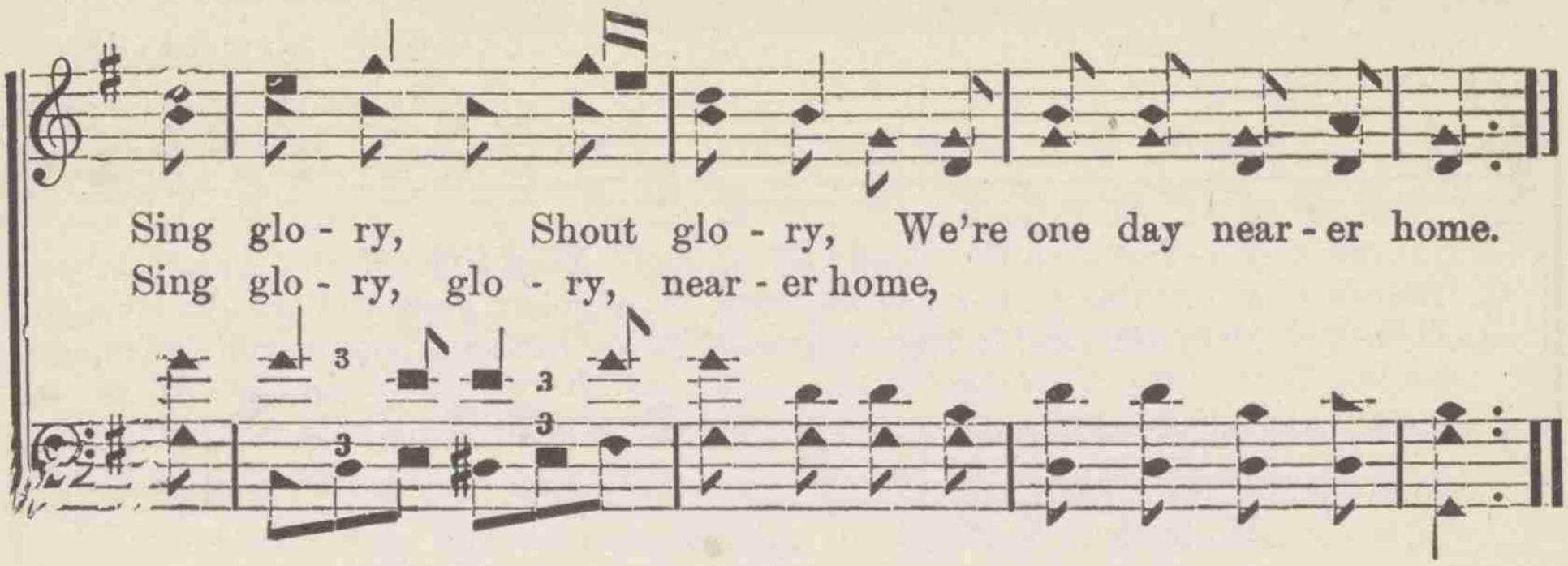
Then the tho't should come to all, We are one day near - er home.
Bless- ed thought it fills my breast; We are one day near - er home.
Something whispers soft to me; We are one day near - er home.
I shall soon be called a - way, For I'm near- ing that sweet home.

CHORUS.

We are one day near - er home, We're one day near - er home;
Near- er home,
Sing glo - ry, shout glo - ry, We're one day near - er home.
yes, for,
We are one day near - er home, We're one day near - er home,
Near- er home,

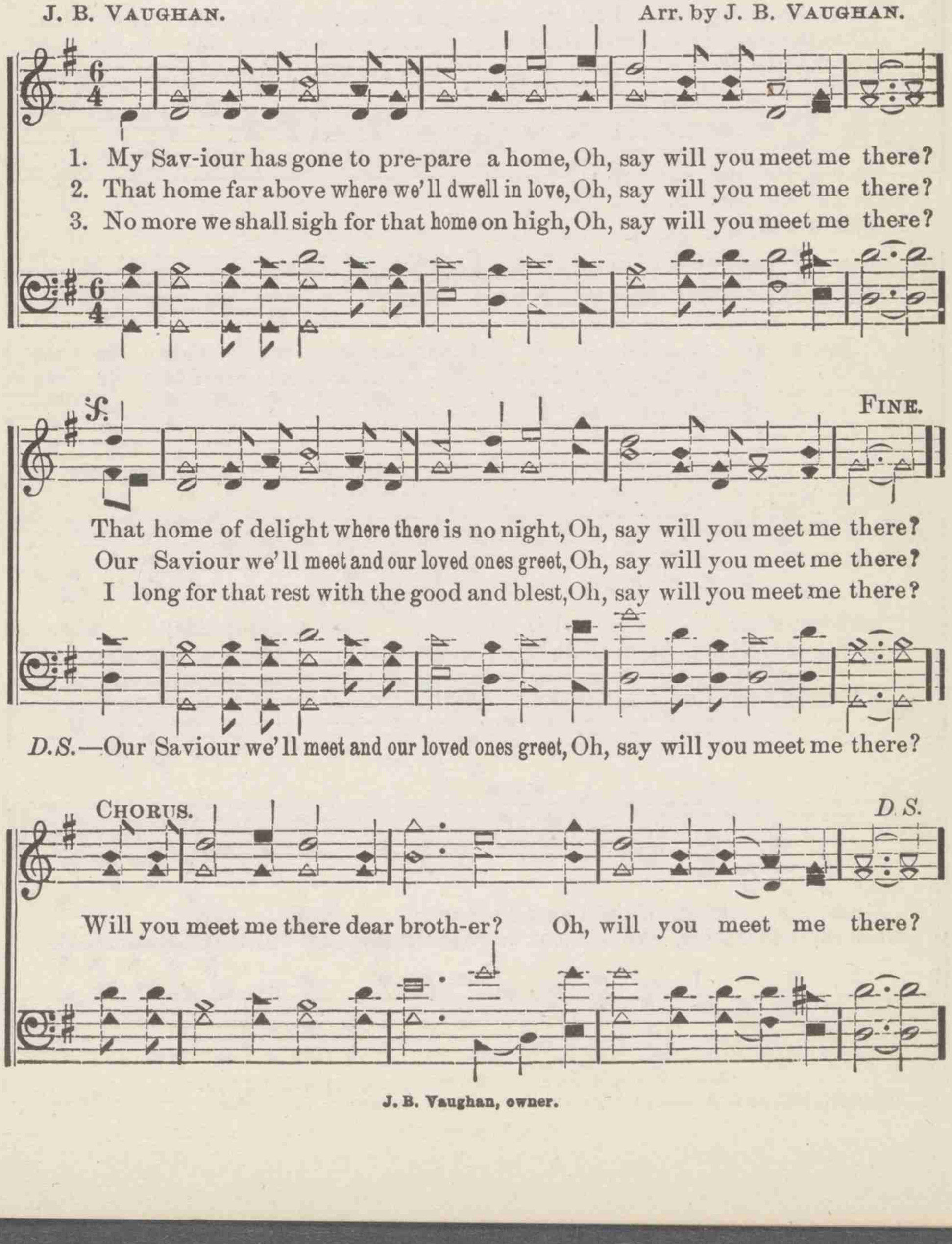
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.—Concluded.



No. 37. WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

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



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 38. A Glory Side to the Cloud.

(Inscribed to all of my pupils.—B. B. B.)

MISS E. E. HEWITT. B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a glo-ry side to the cloud we fear, For the Lord Himself, tho' unseen, is near,
2. There's a glo-ry side; O, how fair and bright, And its golden gleams cheer the gloomy night,
3. There's a glory side, and it brighter grows, As our faith and hope on His word repose;

To the trusting soul will His grace ap - pear; There's a glory side to the cloud.
When the Ho-ly Dove comes with saving might, There's a glory side to the cloud.
And the God of love " present help" bestows, There's a glory side to the cloud.

REFRAIN.

Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con - fide In the
Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con-fide In the
Lord who stand - eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side; when our
Lord, in the Lord who standeth by, who stand-eth by; Yes, a glo-ry side;
faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky.
when ourfaith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky, we will look beyond the sky.
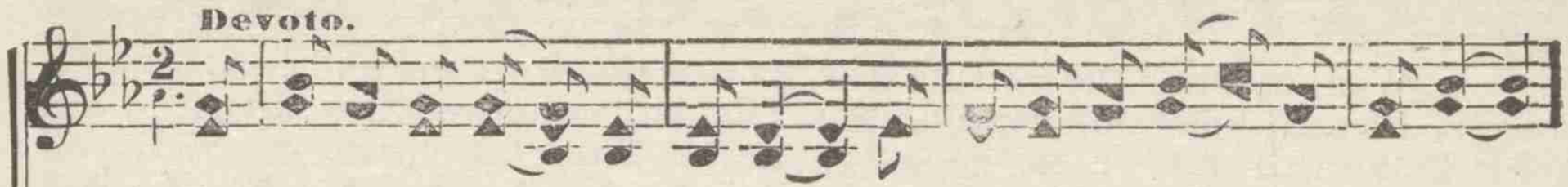
We will look, we will look beyond the sky.

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No. 39. I Sometimes Grow Faint and Weary.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.
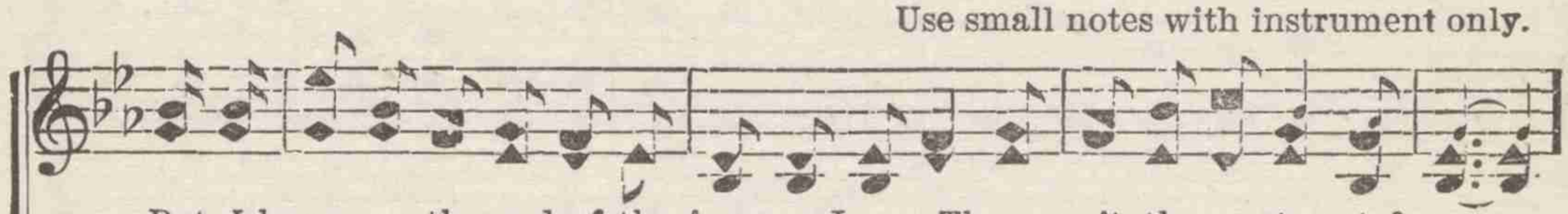
May be used as a Solo.
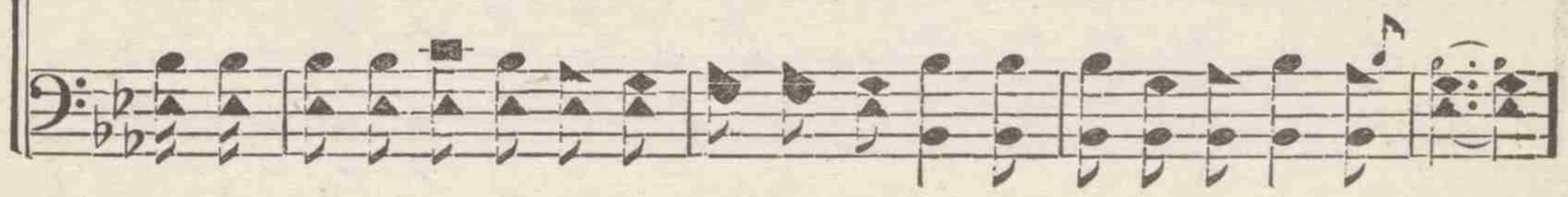


1. I sometimes grow faint and wea-ry, And oft-en the way seems drear-y,
2. No more all the la-bor and toil-ing, No more earth's defiling and soil-ing,
3. 'Tis not ver-y far to the por-tals Where dwell evermore God's immortals,
4. My home I am constantly near-ing, The prospect is comforting, cheering,
5. This hope is so sweet and sustaining, I jour-ney al-way uncom-plain-ing,

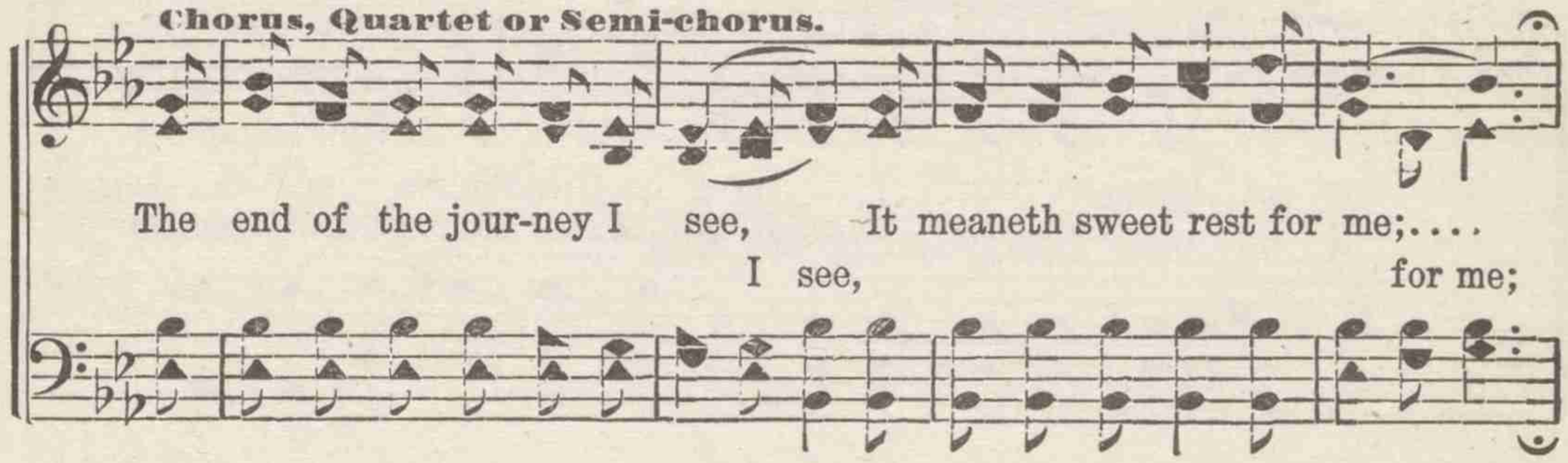


Use small notes with instrument only.
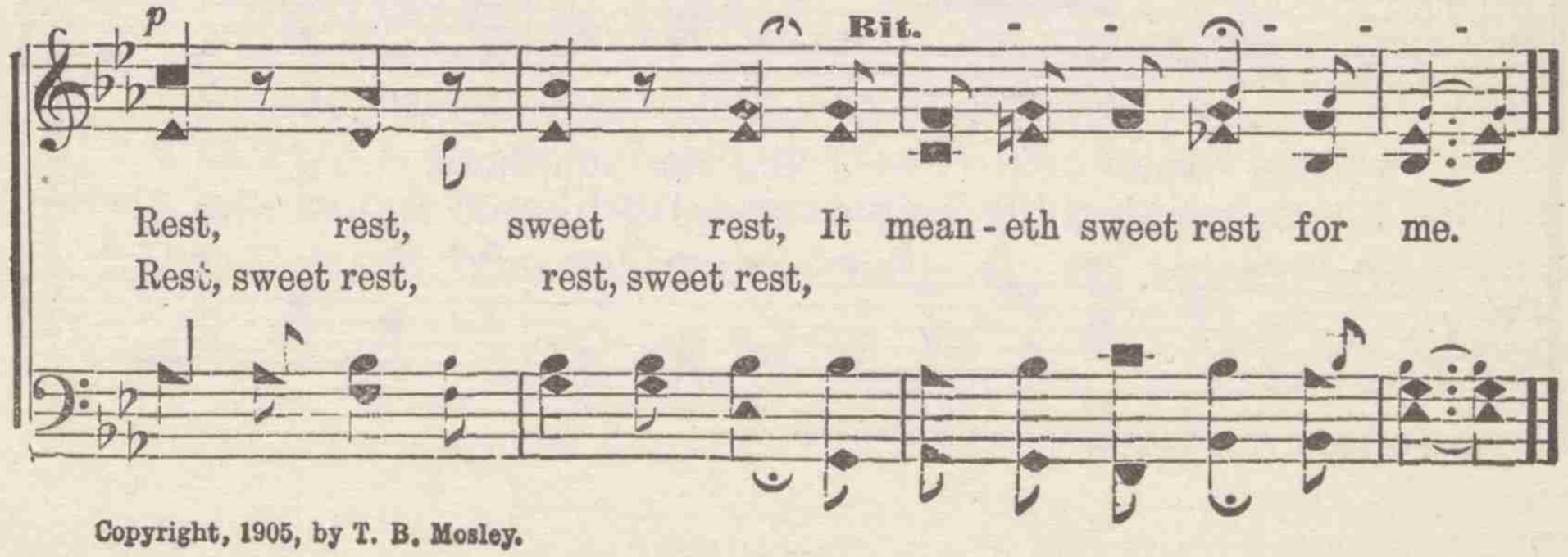


But I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.
For I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.
And I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth a home for me.
And I know, as the end of the journey I see, There waiteth a crown for me.
For I know, as the glo-ry of heav-en I see, There waiteth sweet rest for me.





The end of the jour-ney I see, It meaneth sweet rest for me;....
I see, for me;



Rest, rest, sweet rest, It mean-eth sweet rest for me.
Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest,

Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosley.

No. 40. I WILL MEET YOU IN THE MORNING.

J. B. V. To my class at Jacksonville, Texas. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We must shed the parting tear, And our hearts are sad and drear, But we'll meet a-gain some day, by and by; Let us look beyond the gloom, Where trans-
2. Blessed hope our beacon light, That will shine away the night, And will guide us safely home, by and by; Never more to say farewell, But with
3. We will nev-er say good-by, In that home beyond the sky; Will you meet me o-ver there, by and by; There no parting words are said, There no

plant-ed ros-es bloom, There we'll meet to part, no, never, by and by.
loved ones we shall dwell, Won't that be a hap-py meet-ing, by and by.
farewell tears are shed, Will you meet me, will you meet me, by and by?
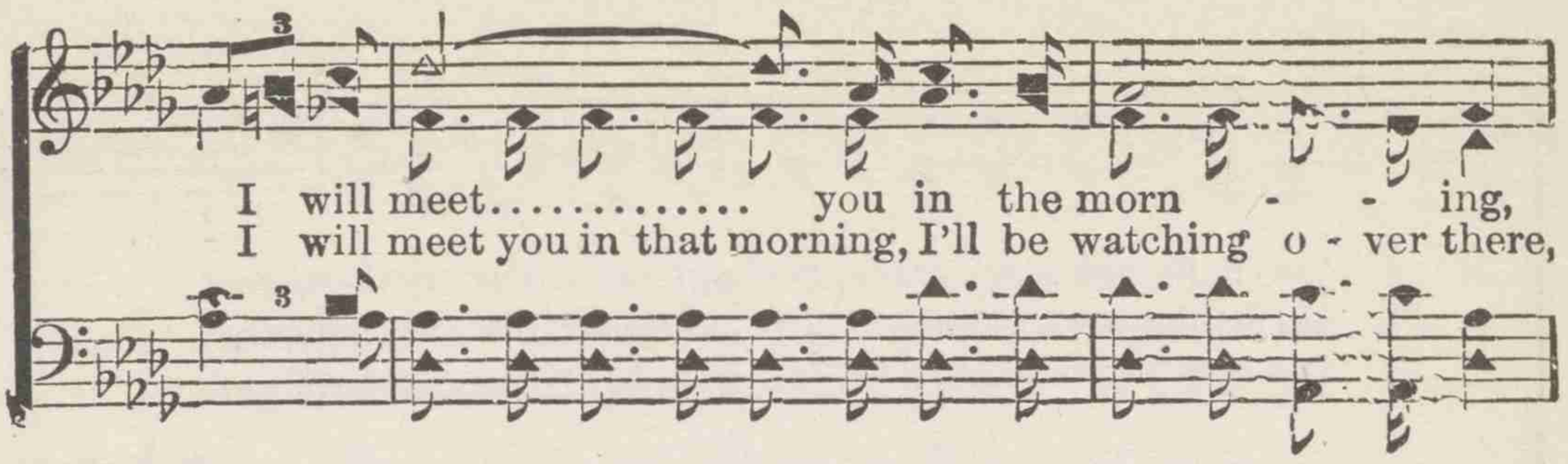
CHORUS.

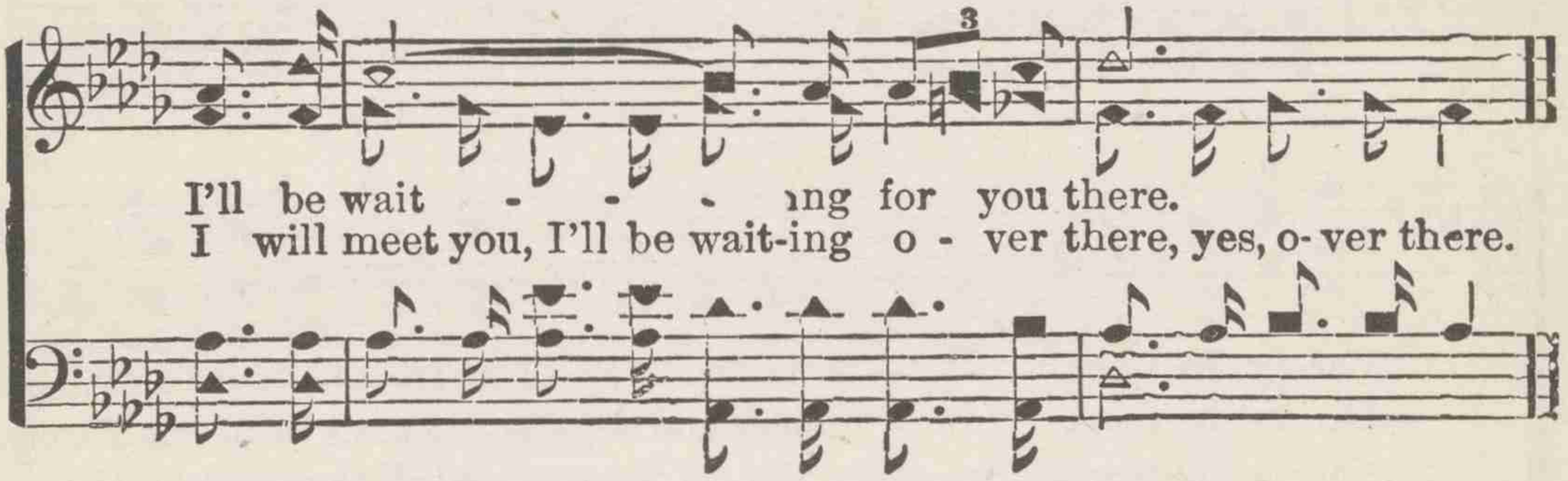
I will meet..... you in that morn - - ing,
I will meet you, yes, I'll meet, you, I will meet you, o-ver there,

I'll be wait - - ing for you there,
I'll be wait-ing, I'll be watching, I will meet you o-ver there,

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

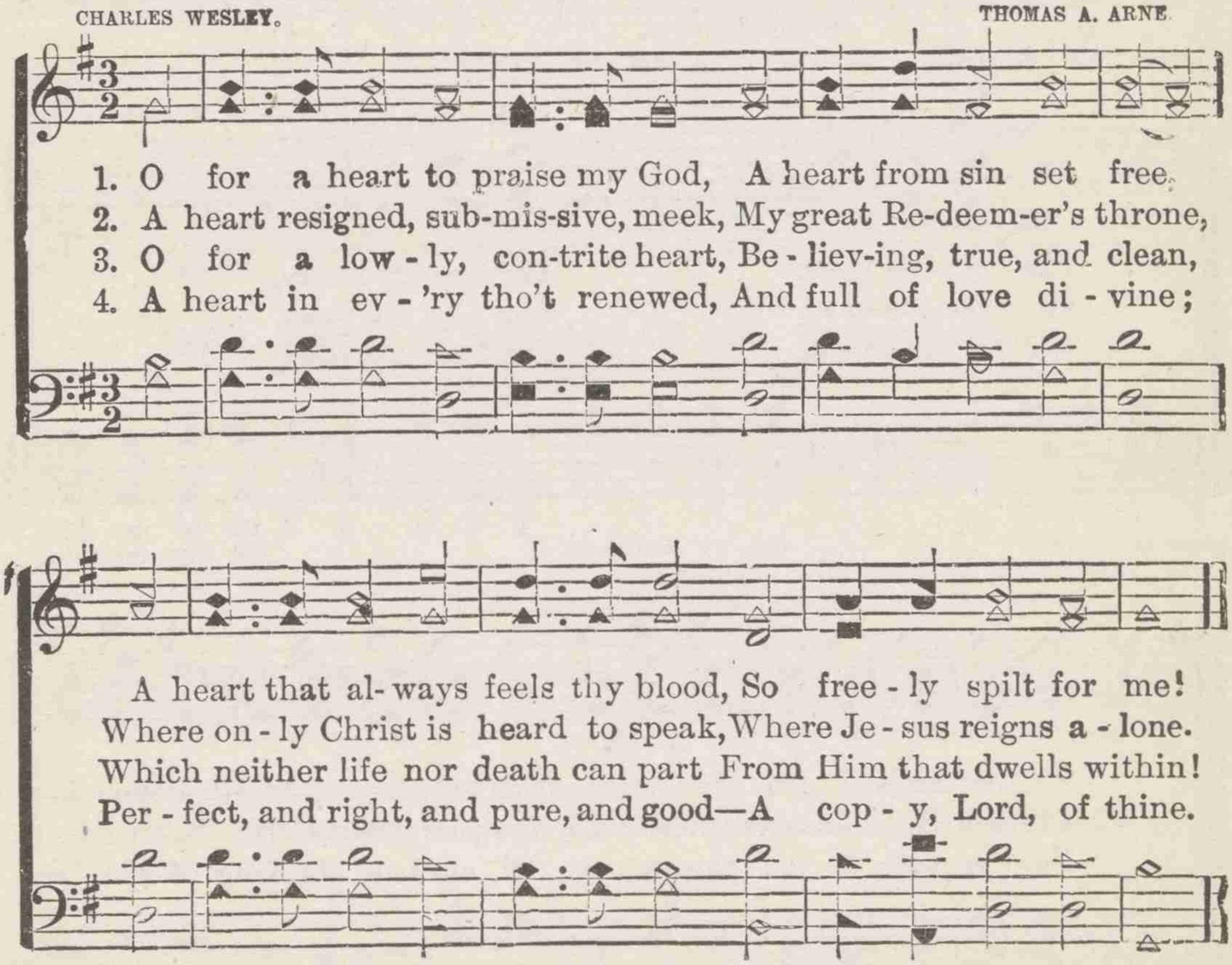
I WILL MEET YOU. Concluded.





No. 41. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 42. CARRY THE NEWS.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Car-ry the news, tell it o'er land and sea, Car-ry the news,
2. Car-ry the news, tidings of joy proclaim; Car-ry the news,
3. Car-ry the news, streams of sal-va-tion flow; Car-ry the news,

Car-ry the news,

Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,

Tell it a-broad, that Christ hath ran-somed thee,
Shout and re-joice, sing prais-es to the Lamb,
Car-ry the news, till all the earth shall know,

Car-ry the news,

Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,

Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,
Car-ry the news,
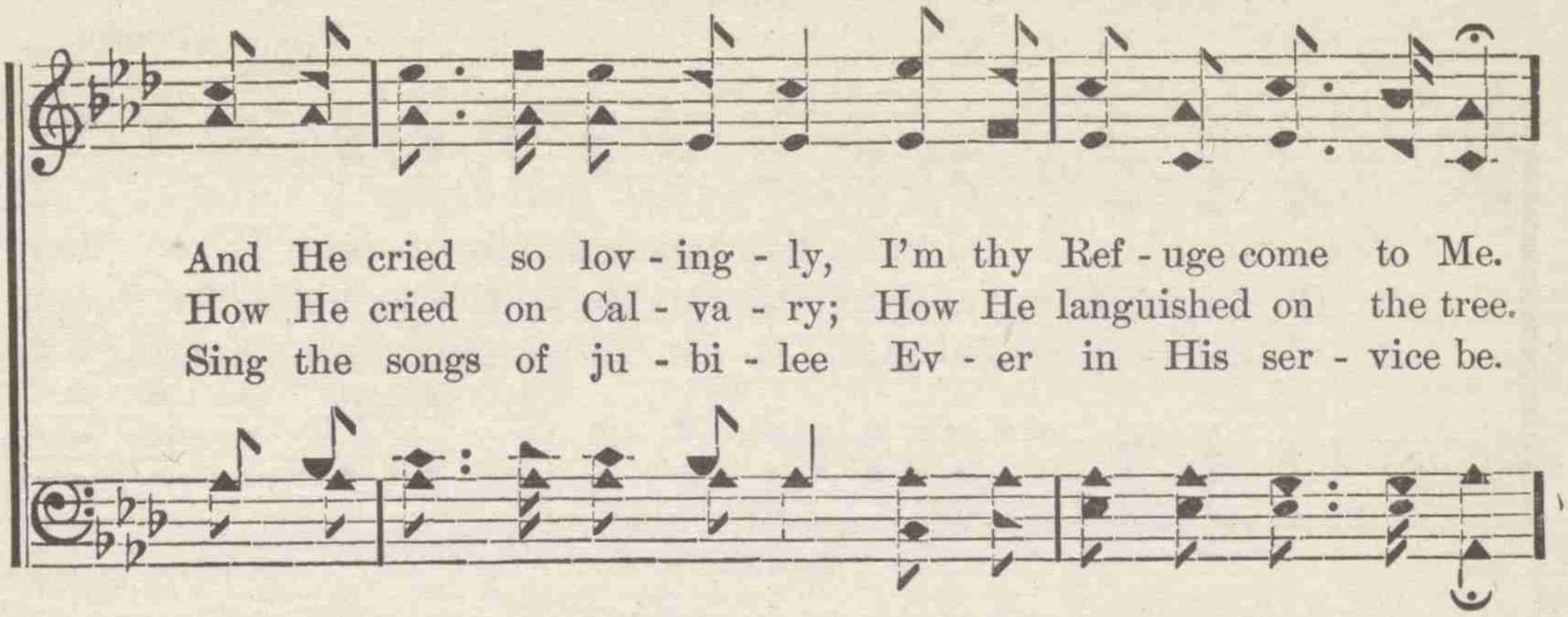
Car-ry the news,
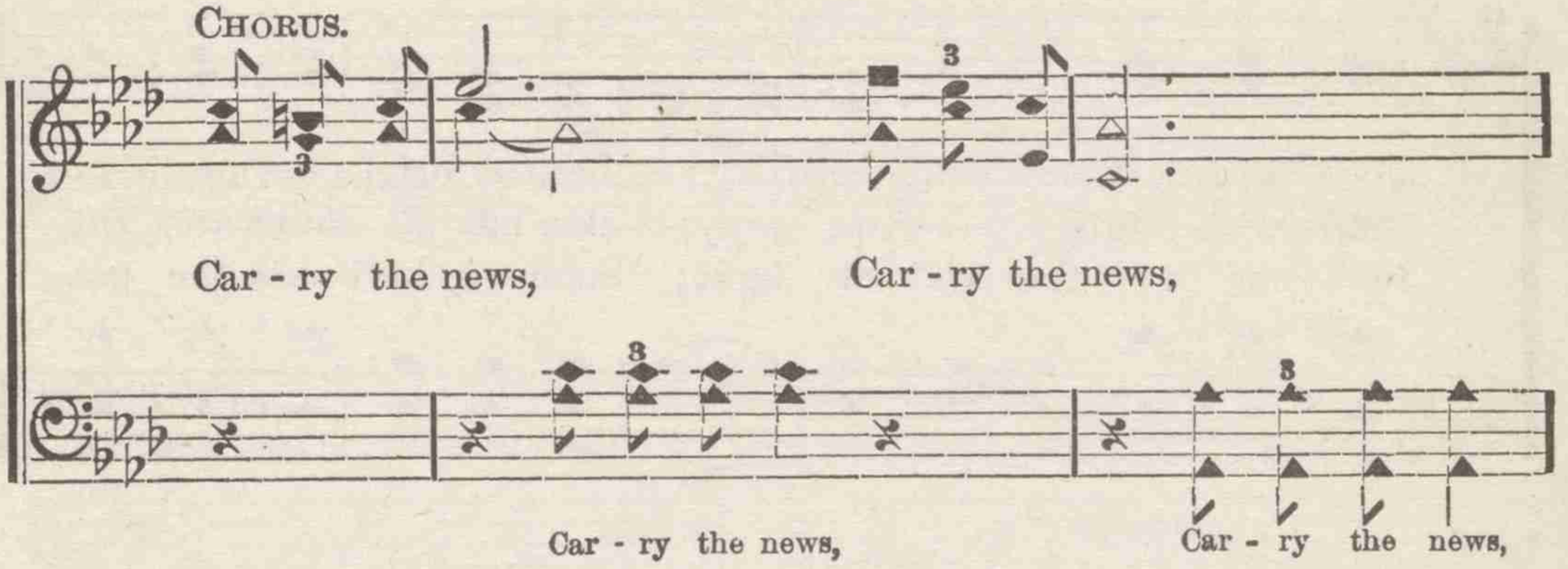
Car-ry the news,

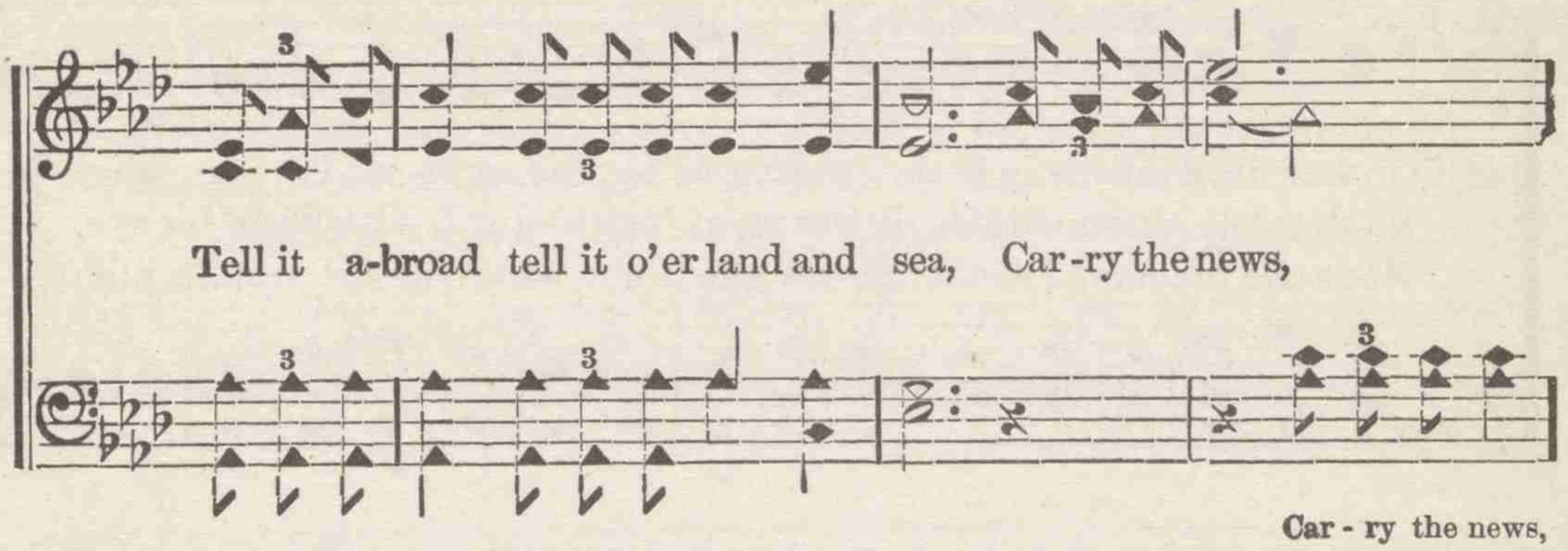
In the bonds of sin He found thee, Thorns and snares and death around thee,
Tell how He from heav'n descended, How poor sin-ners He be-friend-ed,
Nev-er cease to tell the sto-ry Of our Lord the King of glo-ry,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

CARRY THE NEWS. Concluded.







No. 43. FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

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

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

1. Fountain of life and light, Scattering shades of night, In - to the
2. Glo - ri-ous Fount of light, Show us the truth and right, Shine in our
3. In the clear gos-pel rays, Let us re-joice and praise, Walking with

gloom and dark-ness come to - day; Let thy bright beams di-vine,
hearts with might-y pow'r we pray; Ban-ish all doubt and sin,
Je - sus to the land of light; Soon we shall pass the gate,

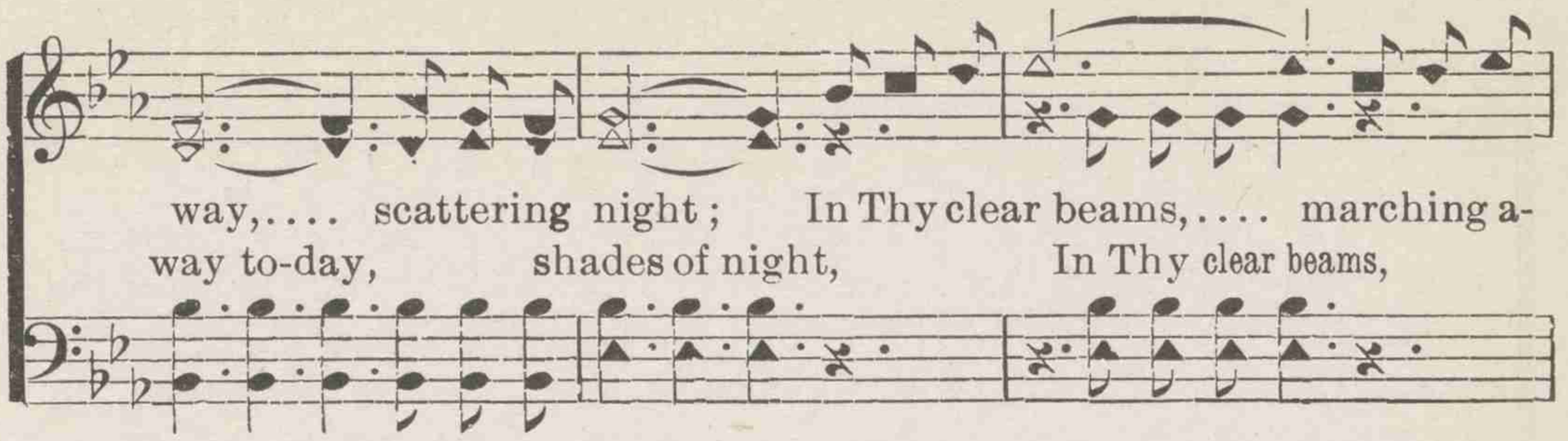
On our dark pathway shine, Guiding us to the land so far a - way.
Ra-diant-ly shine within, Bring us at last to dwell with Thee for aye.
Where the redeemed await, En-ter the home where never cometh night.
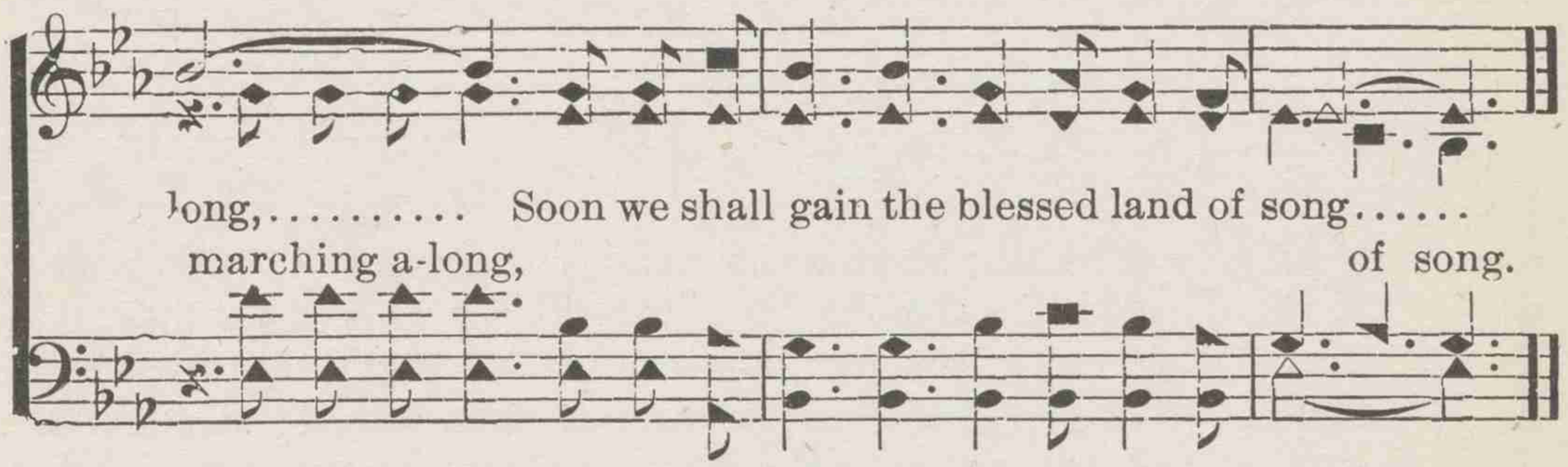
CHORUS.

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

Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

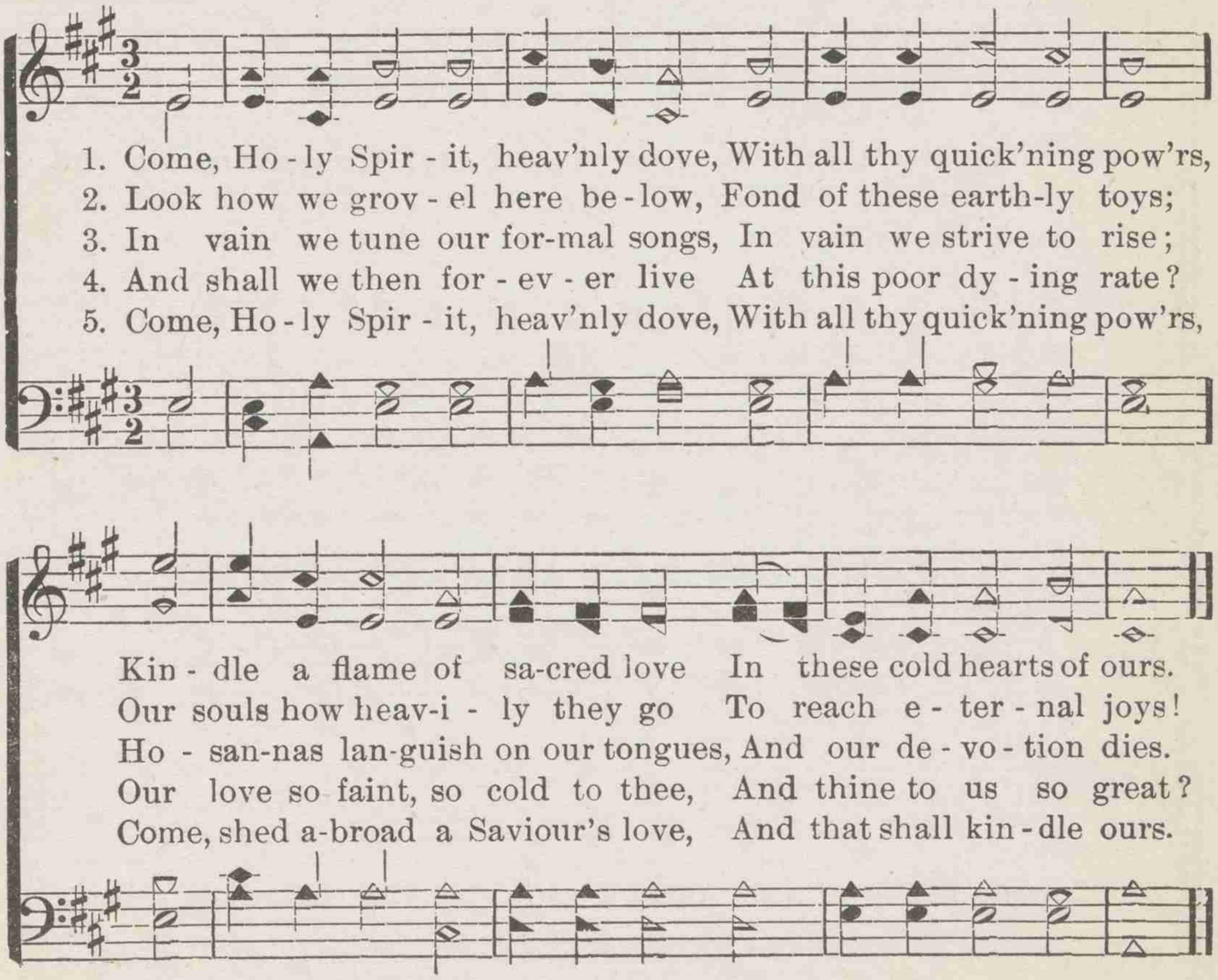
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE AND LIGHT. Concluded.





No. 44. AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. C. G. GLASER.



No. 45. 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.
ban - ish all care.
sweet "By and By."

Won-der - ful sto - ry! Won - der-ful sto - ry!

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.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY B. B. BEALL.

No. 46. LET US CARRY SUNSHINE.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Let us car - ry sun-shine Ev -'rywhere we go; It will strengthen oth-ers,
2. Let us be a sun-beam, Shining for the Lord; Walk-ing in His footsteps,
3. If your life's a sun-beam, All is peace with-in, Let it shine for Je - sus,

Je - sus' love to know, If our hearts grow weary, Let us sing and pray,
Trust-ing in His word, If temp-ta-tions lead us, From the paths of right,
Oth - er souls to win; Toil - ing in His vine-yard, Ev - er faith - ful be,

REFRAIN.

Help some wand'ring soul To find the liv - ing way. Let..... us car - ry
Let us look to Je - sus, For in Him is light.
Brighter beams in glo - ry Waits to shine for thee. Let us car-ry sun - shine,

sun - shine, Ev - - - - - 'rywhere we go,
Ev-'rywhere we go; Let us car-ry sun - shine, Ev-'ry-where we go;

It will strengthen others, Jesus' love to know, Let us carry sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go.

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

No. 47. Land of Light.

MAY E. McMILLAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a land of light be-yond the swelling tide (the swelling tide,)
2. They are wait ing on the shin-ing sil - ver sands (the sil - ver sands)
3. In that land of light sweet happy voic - es sing (they sweetly sing,)

There's a cit - y fair be-yond the sil - ver sea (the sil - ver sea,)
They are wait-ing by the crys - tal riv-er's shore (the riv-er's shore,)
As they chant triumphant anthems loud and free (yes, loud and free,)

Where our loved ones with the Sav-iour doth a - bide (where they a-bide,)
They will greet us with their sinless beck'ning hands (their beck'ning hands,)
And we, too, shall with the joy - ful an-gels sing (with an - gels sing,)

They are wait - ing o - ver there for you and me (for you and me.)
When the fit - ful dream of life for us is o'er (for us is o'er.)
When we pass be-yond the sil - ver shin - ing sea (the shin-ing sea.)

CHORUS.

They are wait - ing, they are wait - ing,
They are wait - ing o - ver there, they are wait - ing o - ver there,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Land of Light, Concluded.

They are wait-ing by the crys - tal riv-er's shore,
the crys-tal shore

They will greet us with their sin-less beck'ning hands,
sin-less beck'ning hands,

They will greet us with their sin-less beck'ning hands,
sin-less beck'ning hands,

They are wait - ing, they are wait - ing,
They are wait - ing o - ver there, they are wait - ing o - ver there,

Rit - - - - - - - -

When the fit - ful dreams of life for us is o'er.
for us is o'er.

No. 48. He'll Roll the Clouds Away.

JNO. R. BRYANT. J. M. PIERCE.

1. If clouds shut out the sun-shine, From in your heart to - day,
2. If faith has weakened in you, And love grows cold to - day,
3. If pray'r don't seem to help you, No an - swer comes your way,
4. If you would go re - joic - ing, To yon - der realms of day,

To Je - sus take thy troub - le, He'll roll the clouds a - way.
There's naught but Je - sus need - ed, He'll roll the clouds a - way.
Keep pray - ing un - til Je - sus Will roll the clouds a - way.
Just place your trust in Je - sus, He'll roll the clouds a - way.

CHORUS.

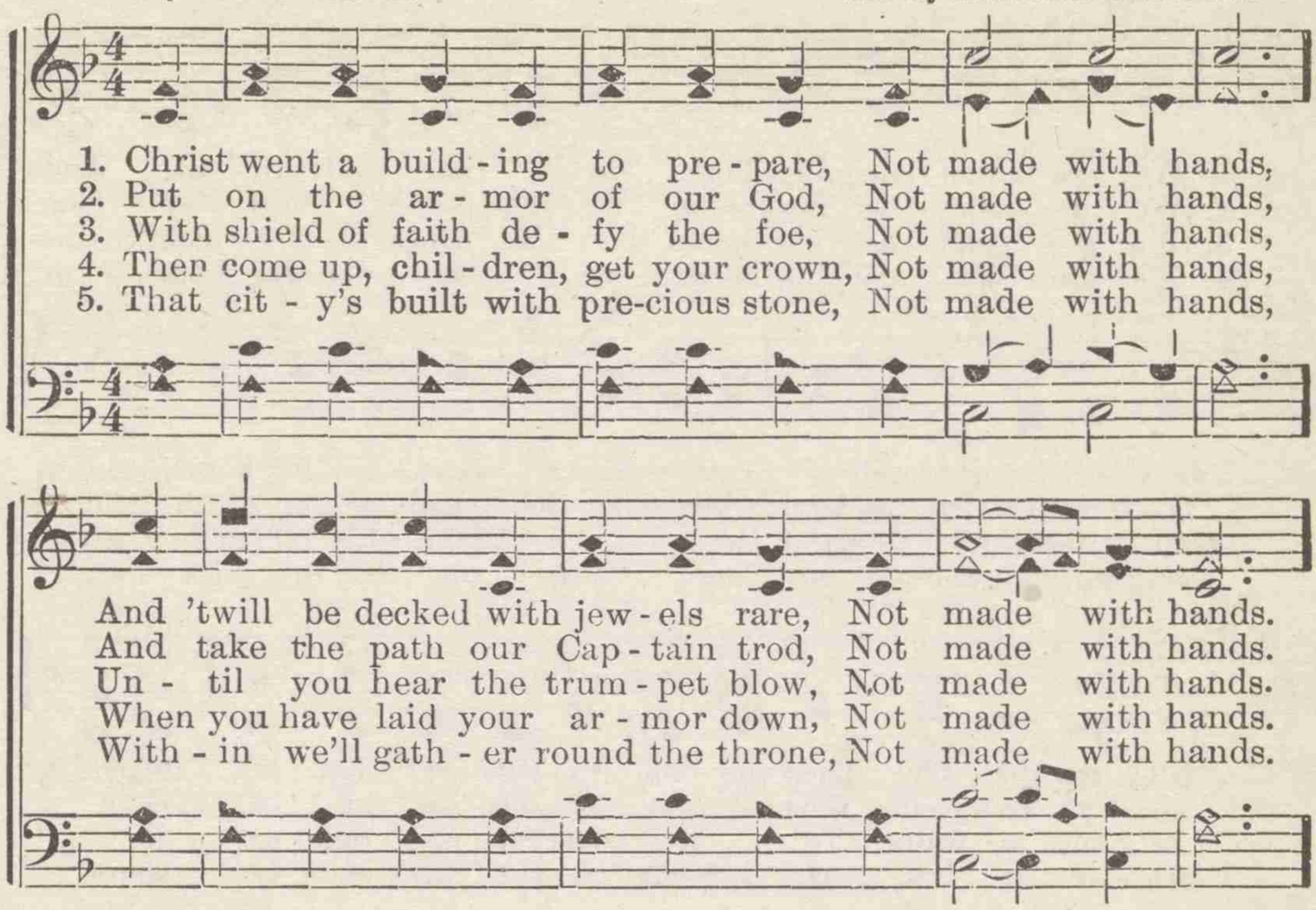
He'll roll the clouds a - way, He'll roll the clouds a -
yes, roll the clouds away, yes,
way; The Saviour's ev - er nigh, With pow'r to clear the
roll the clouds a - way;
sky, He'll roll the clouds a - way.
He'll roll the clouds a - way.

Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Pierce, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 49. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.



Copyright, 1900, by Brown Bros. By per.

No. 49½. AT THE CROSS.

Key of F.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REF.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How Happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till Christ shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

No. 50. Wandering Home.

E. A. BARNES. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. We are wan - der- ing home as time glid- eth by, And
2. We are wan - der- ing home by the same.... old way Our
3. We are wan - der- ing home o'er a storm - y plain, Re-
4. We are wan - der- ing home, yes, wan - der - ing home, But

weav- eth its gar-lands of years; To a beau - ti - ful home, and a
fa - thers be- fore us have trod; To the shad- ow of death and the
plete with tempta - tion and sin, To a beau - ti - ful fold where
soon we shall wan- der no more, And, oh, may we meet each

bet - ter by far Than the one in this val - ley of tears.
cit - y be - yond, The glo - ri - ous cit - y of God.
Je - sus a - waits To wel- come each wan - der - er in.
oth - er at last, At home on the "heav-en - ly shore."

CHORUS.

Wan - der - ing home,..... wan - der - ing home,.....
wan-der-ing home, wan-der-ing home,

Soon we shall wan- der no more,..... And oh! may we meet each
wander no more,

Rit.....

oth - er at last, At home on the "heav - en - ly shore."

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 51. I'LL SOON SEE JESUS.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 52. KEEP THE SONG WAVE ROLLING ON.

W. M. R. *To the singers of the south.* WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. Keep the song wave roll - ing on-ward, let it cease, no, not a
2. Keep the song wave roll - ing on-ward, nev - er let it cease a
3. Keep the song wave roll - ing on-ward, nev - er let it cease its

moment, It will ban-ish care and sadness, let it roll;.... There's no
moment, It will fill our homes with gladness, let it roll;.... Lift your
mo-tion, Higher lift your voices now and let it roll;.... All the

time for i - dly wait-ing, for the day will soon be o - ver, Then a-
voice in ad - o - ra - tion to the God of our sal - va-tion, O a-
way will then be brighter, and our bur-dens will be light-er, If we'll

CHORUS.

rise and start the song wave rolling on. Keep it roll - - - - - ing
wake and keep the song wave rolling on.
on - ly keep the song wave rolling on. rolling, rolling, rolling, ever

on, ev - er roll - - - - - - ing on;
rolling on and on, rolling, rolling, rolling on, yes, rolling on and on;

on and on,

Copyright, 1906, by Will M. Ramsey.

KEEP THE SONG WAVE—Concluded.

Nev - er let it break but keep it roll - ing, roll - ing, Keep it on,

roll - - - - - - - - - ing on, ev - er roll - - - -
rolling, roll-ing, roll-ing ev - er on and on, roll-ing, roll-ing,

- - - - - ing on, Keep the song wave ev-er roll-ing, roll-ing on.
rolling on, yes, on and on,

No. 53. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

THOMAS SCOTT. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to em - plore! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,
4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the mor-row's sun,

Wis-dom, if you still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won
Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage is run.
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn, Ere sal - va - tion's work is done.
Lest per - di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

No. 54. The Vale of Peace.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There is a vale..... of sweet re - pose,..... A vale that's
2. There Sharon's rose..... in beau - ty blooms,..... Fair li - lies'
3. O! come with me..... this vale to share,..... For Christ the

There is a vale of sweet repose,

free..... from cares and woes,..... And children of..... our Lord should
breathe..... their soft per-fumes,..... The liv-ing fount..... and stately
Lord..... invites you there,..... 'Tis yours to have,..... 'tis His to

A vale that's free from cares and woes, And children of

D.S.—Where silv'ry streams..... with flash-ing

FINE.

know..... They peace may find..... if there they go.....
palm,..... Sad hearts will heal..... with Christ's sweet balm.....
give,..... O! come to this..... blest vale and live.....

our Lord should know They peace may find if there they go, if there they go.

spray,..... Be-dew my thirst - - ing soul each day. (my soul each day.)

CHORUS.

O bless - ed vale where all may dwell, where none its

joys..... can full - y tell, can full - y tell.

tell.....

D.S.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 55. 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!

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

No. 56. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Once in the path of sin I trod, all tem-pest tossed,
2. "Come unto me," the Sav - ior said, "I am the way,
3. Come, sinner, Christ will make you whole, O nev - er fear,

Cared I not for the love of God, my soul was lost.
For you my blood was freely shed, stay not a - way."
Il - lu-mine your be-night-ed soul, your bark He'll steer.
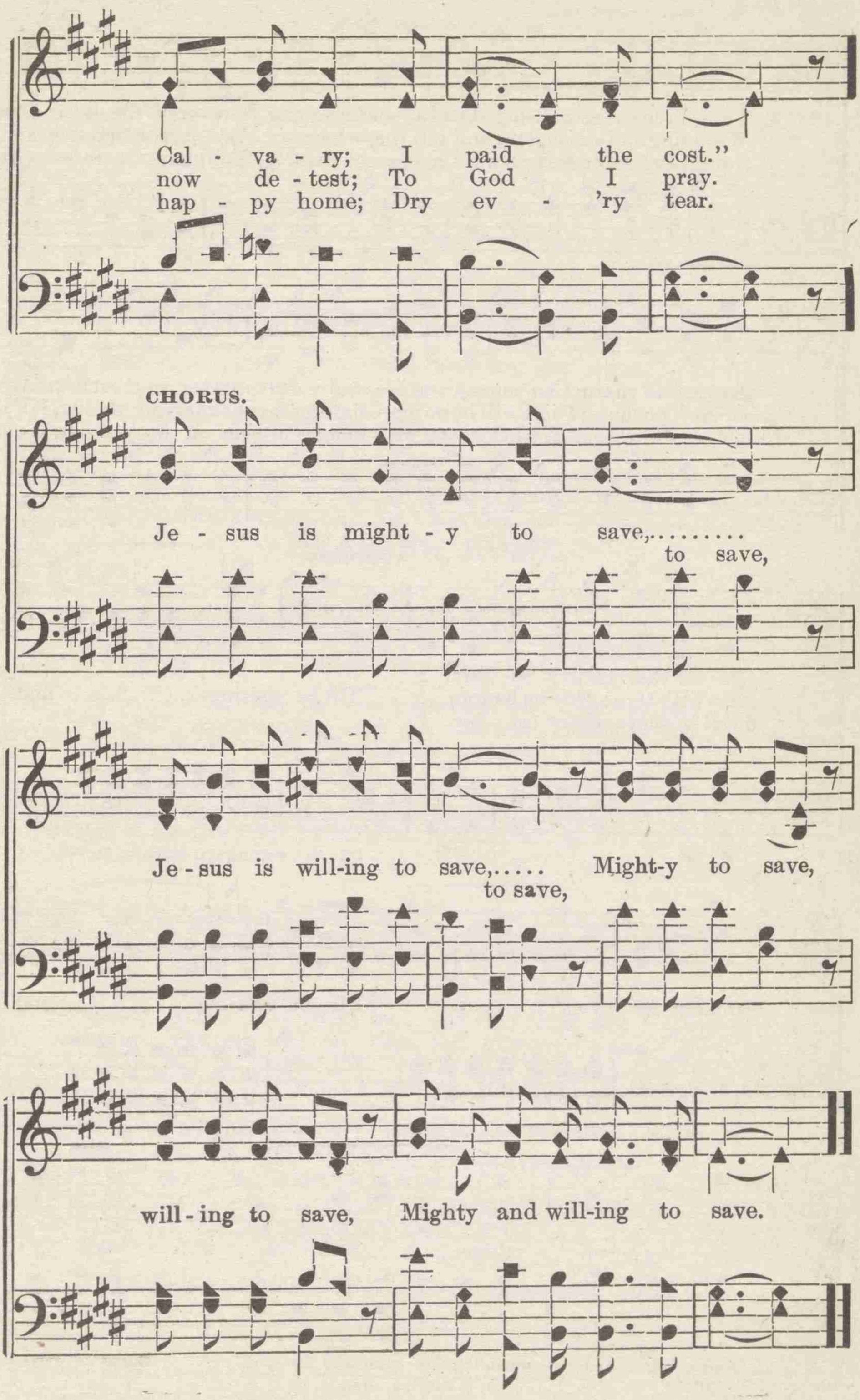
A sweet voice said, "Come un - to me" (to me), And
Dear Lord, all my guilt I con-fess (con - fess), For
Your Sav - iour is wait - ing, O come (O come), O

rest I will give un - to thee,
par-don, for peace and for rest,
why in sin's wil-der-ness roam,

For you I died on
My sin - ful - ness I
He'll give to you a

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Jesus is Mighty to Save. Concluded.



57 WAITING AND WATCHING.

J. B. V. J. A. SMITH.

1. The Saviour is call-ing, the dear ones are going, There're gath'ring up there those glo-ries to share; Can you say you are read-y dear mother to meet them? And
2. We'll sing and shout glory and tell the sweet story, We'll rest on that shore, and sor-row no more; There will be no more sighing, no sickness nor dy-ing, We'll
3. Sweet rest for the wea-ry, we'll nev-er be drear-y, We'll never more fear, with lov'd ones up there; With dear ones we'll wander in heav-en up yon-der, We'll

CHORUS.

en- ter that country so fair?
rest with those gone on be-fore.
dwell in that country so fair.

I'll be waiting..... and I'll be waiting and watching for you,

watching for you,..... ..... I'll be wait-ing..... and I will be waiting and watching for you, I'll be watching and waiting for you,

watch - ing up there,..... A harp of Wait - ing and watch-ing up yon- der for you, Harps of pure

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WAITING AND WATCHING.—Concluded.

gold,..... a crown I shall wear,..... I'll be

gold and crown I shall wear, wait- ing and watching, yes, waiting for you, I'll be

wait- ing..... and watch-ing for you.....

yes, waiting for you.

wait-ing and watching for you, yes, wait - ing for you.....

58

NEARING HOME.

L. C. T.

L. C. TAYLOR.

1. I am trav'ling to my home a- bove, Ev -'ry day I'm near-ing
2. Dear broth-er come and go with me, Ev -'ry day I'm near-ing
3. Oh, glo- ri - ous tho't when we get home, Ev -'ry day I'm near-ing

D.S.—Ev-'ry day I'm near- ing

home; When all is peace and per - fect love, Ev - 'ry day
home; And we shall soon our Sav- iour see, Ev - 'ry day
home; Through fields of bliss and lone we'll roam, Ev - 'ry day

home, In that sweet home I soon shall roam, Ev - 'ry day

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

I'm near-ing home. Ev -'ry day I'm near-ing home.....

I'm near- ing home.

59.

I'M GOING HOME.

F. M. G. FRANK M. GRAHAM.

1. I'm go - ing home, Where Je - sus is; Where the
I'm go - ing home, Where Jesus is;

D. C. And I'll be there, Where all is fair; Where the
Will you be there, Where all is fair:

2. We read of Him, of Beth - le - hem Who was
We read of Him, of Beth - le-hem;

D. C. The Christ was born, oh, hap - py morn When the
The Christ was born oh, hap-py morn

3. This Christ is mine, Thro'-out all time, For He
This Christ is mine, Thro out all time,

D. C. And now I'll sing And praise my King For He
And now I'll sing, and praise my King,

streets of the cit - y are pure gold, A love - ly home
A love - ly home

life giv - ing riv - er flows so free Where all is love
Where all is love

born in a man-ger long a - go, The an - gel came
The an - gel came

shep-herds be-held the Ho - ly One, They must have smil'd
They must have smil'd

came to re-deem poor fall - en man, His blood was shed
His blood was shed

gives me sal - va - tion full and free, And by and by
And by and by

FINE,

for all who come And an un-fad-ing crown of life we're told.
for all who come

in heav'n a - bove With the twelve kinds of fruit upon one tree.
in heaven above

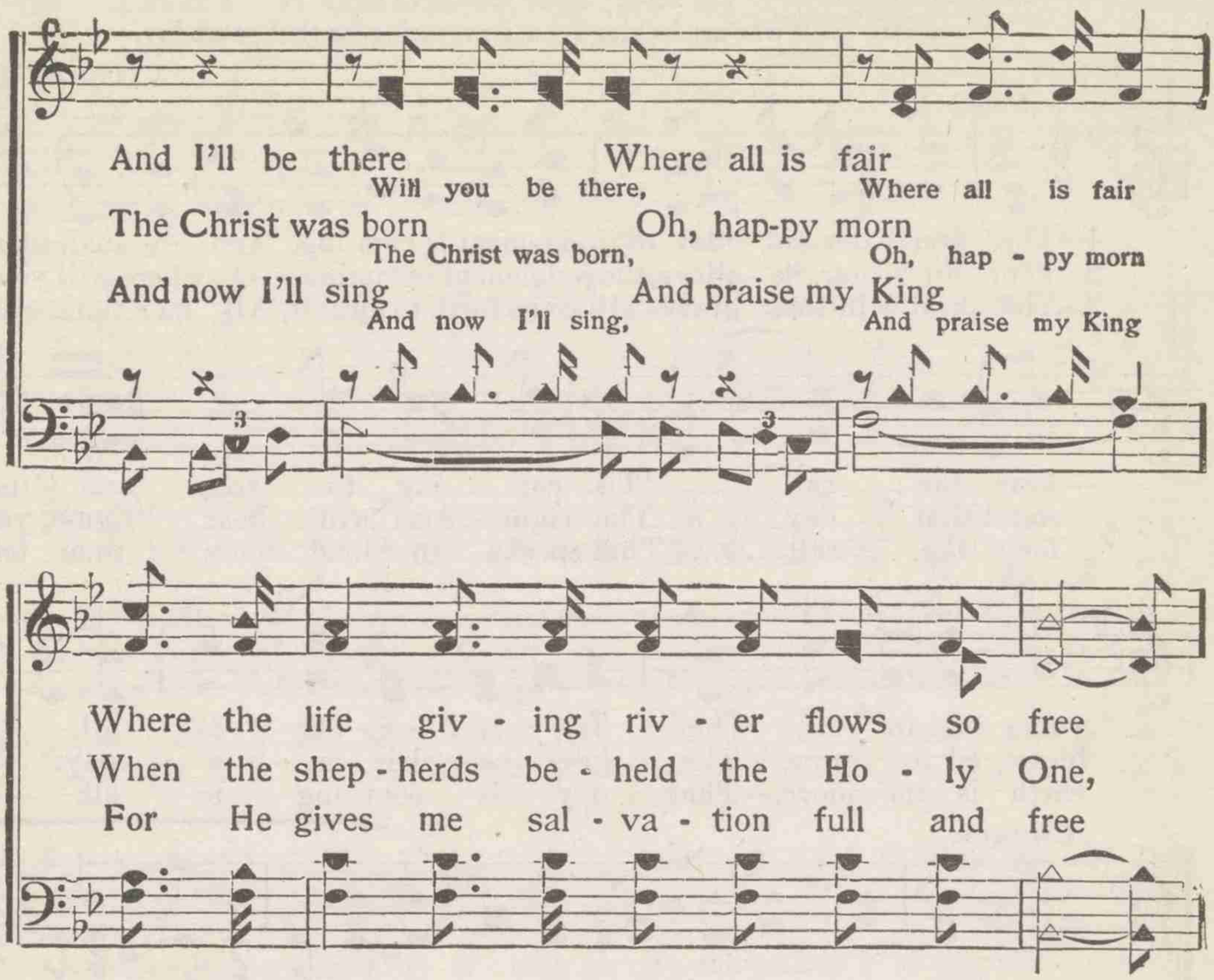
and did proclaim That the shepherds of Bethlehem might know
and did proclaim

and lov'd the child For He was His dear Father's on-ly Son
and loved the child

He once was dead Now I live thro' redemption's perfect plan.
He once was dead

we'll live on high In a man-sion prepar'd for you and me.
we'll live on high

I'M GOING HOME. Concluded.
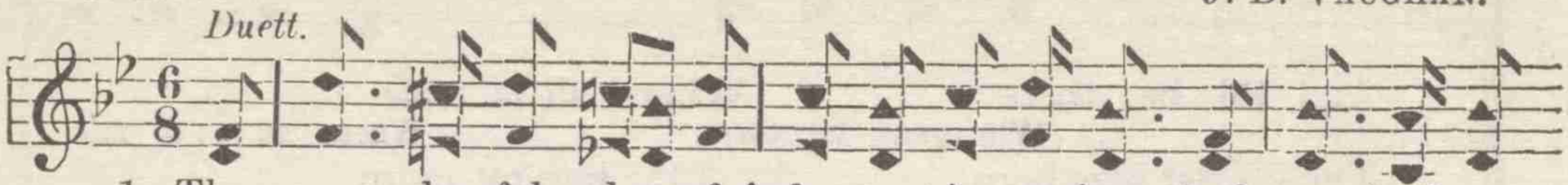


THAT WONDERFUL DAY.
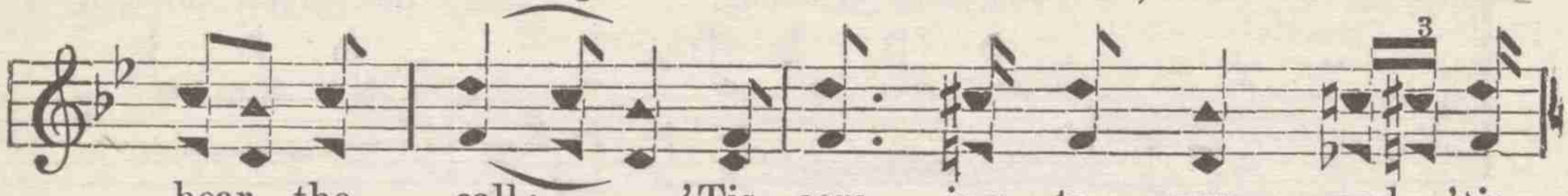
Consecrated to all who are looking for and preparing for that great day.

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

Duett.



1. The won - der-ful day of judgement is com-ing, And we shall soon
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judgement is coming, O, where will you
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All na - tions will
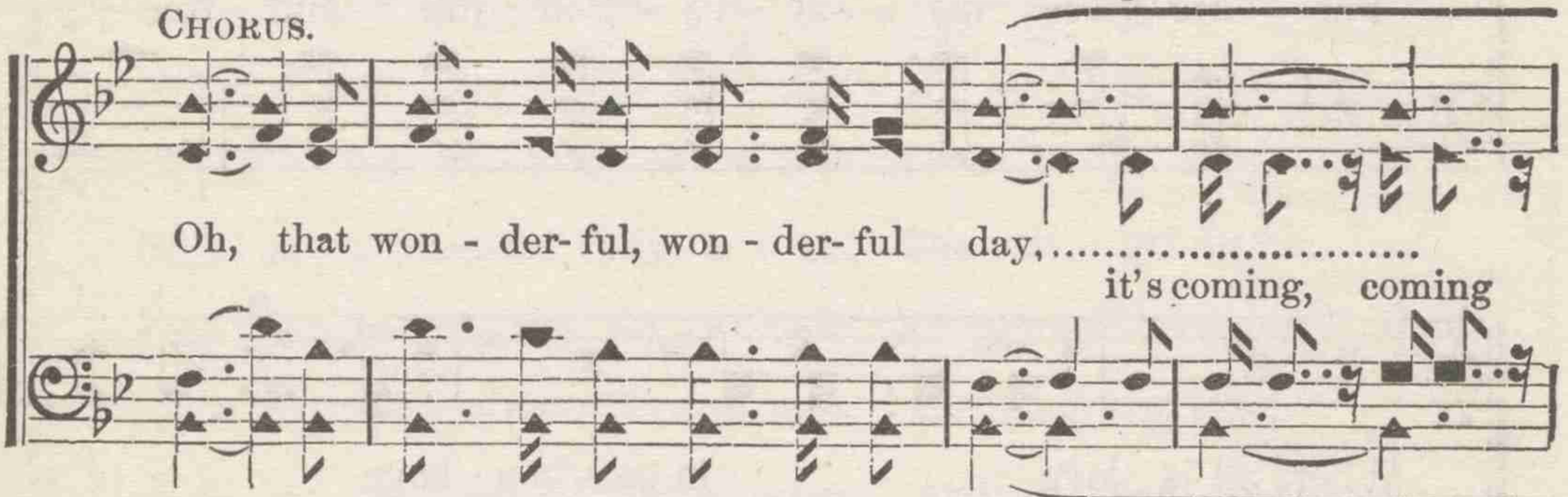


hear the call;..... 'Tis com - ing to you, and 'tis
stand that day?..... The right - eous will hear "Come, ye
hear the call..... That speaks in loud tones time on
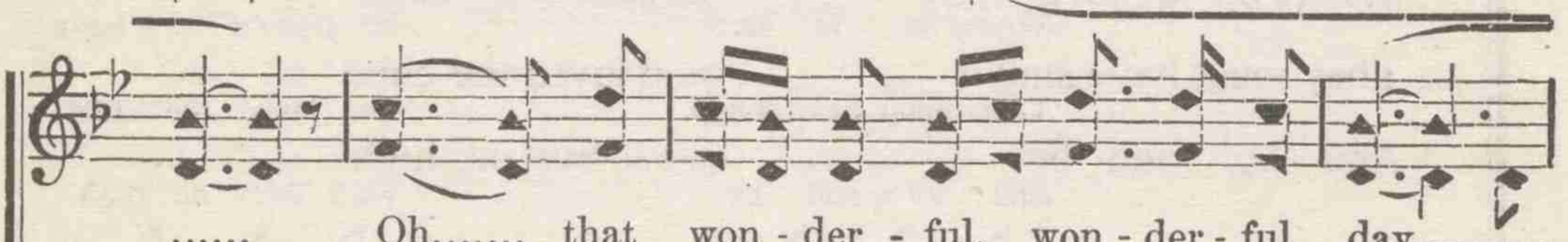


com - ing to me, That day is com- ing to all.
bless - ed of mine," The lost, be driv - en a - way.
earth is no more,—That day is com- ing to all.
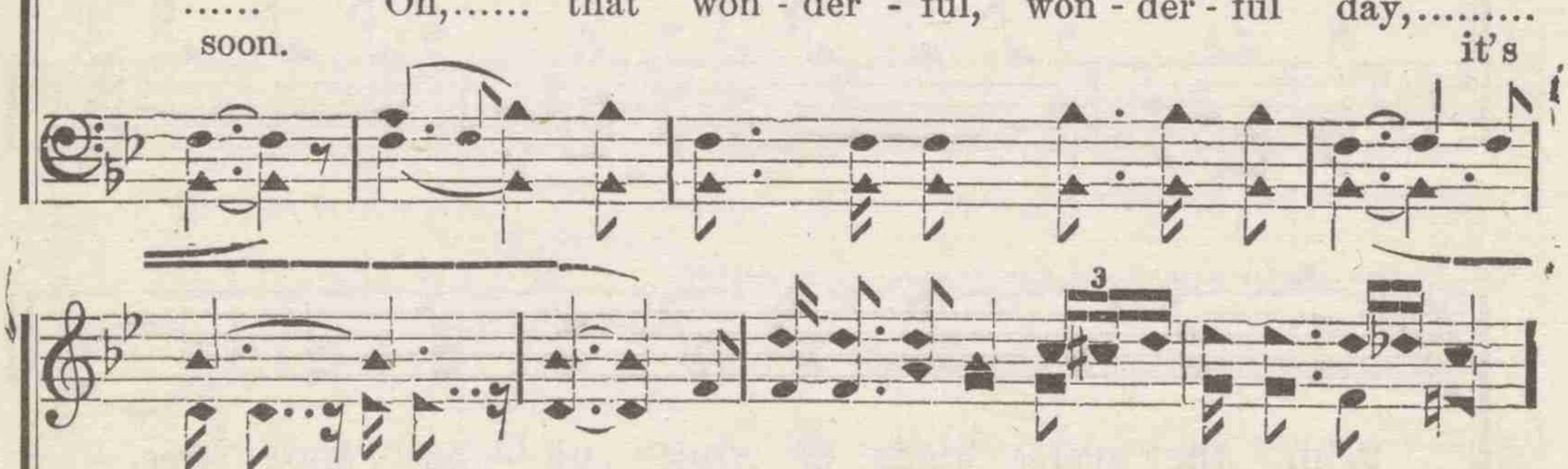
CHORUS.
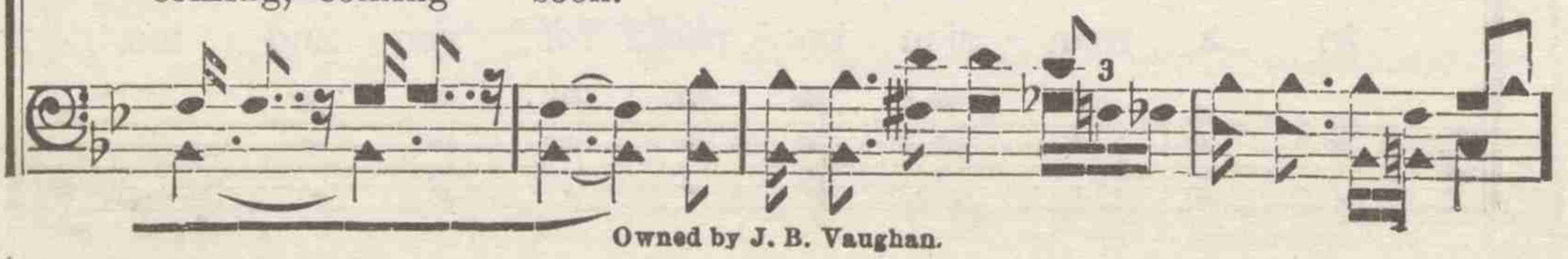


Oh, that won - der- ful, won - der- ful day,.....
it's coming, coming



..... Oh,..... that won - der - ful, won - der - ful day,.....
soon. it's
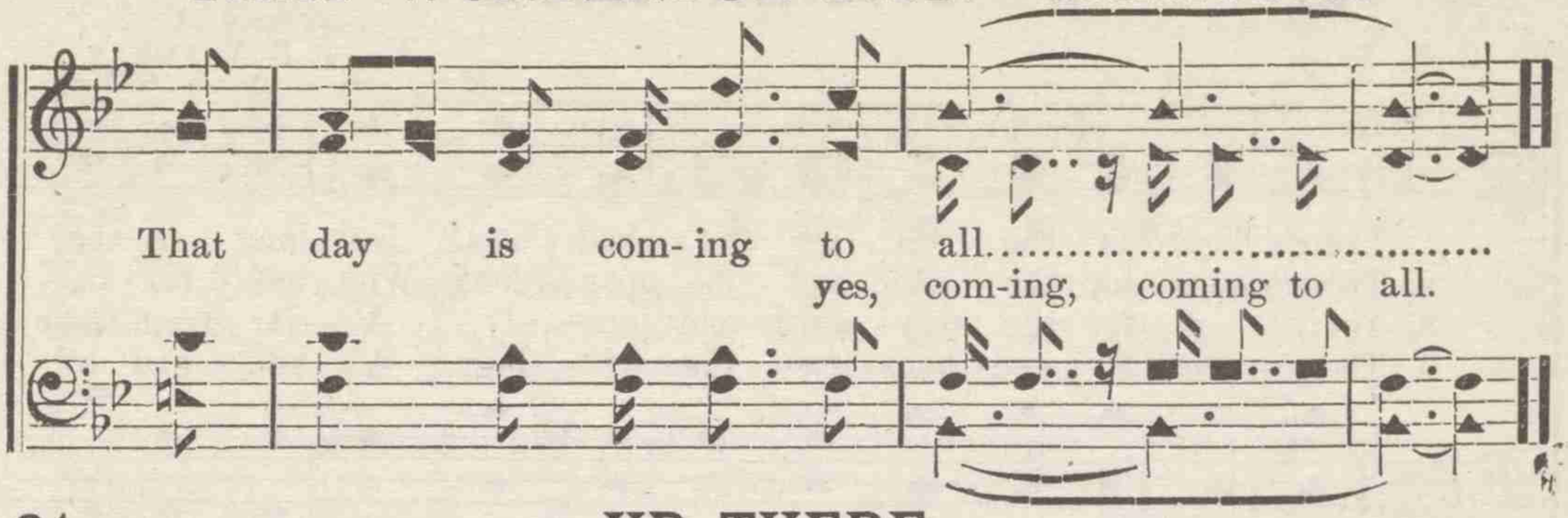


..... It's coming to you, it's coming to me,
coming, coming soon.



Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

THAT WONDERFUL DAY.—Concluded.



61 J. B. V. UP THERE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 62. WHISPERING HOPE.

G. W. LYON. J. B. VAUGHAN

1. There's light in the val - ley of shad - ows, No long - er the dark-ness I fear; For Je - sus is reign - ing in glo - ry, My
2. There's hope for the sad and de - spon - dent, Who suf - fer in si - lence a - lone; A - mid their be-reave-ments and sor - row, O'er-
3. There's joy for the way - ward and lone - ly, A - far from their own na - tive place; A home and a wel - come are wait - ing, A
4. There's com - fort and help for the dy - ing, A rod and a staff for the way; A Guide who se - cure - ly will lead them To

CHORUS.

strength and my light ev - er near. Then whis - - per - ing hope, hope,..... O how gen - - tle thy voice;..... Mak - -
come by the weight of their gloom. fa - ther with sweet smil-ing face. realms of an un - cloud - y day. Whis - per-ing hope, O how gen - tle thy voice, Mak-ing my heart in its sor-row re-joice; Whisper-ing
- - ing my heart ..... In its sor - - - - row re - joice.....
hope, O how gen-tle thy voice, Mak-ing my heart in its sorrows re-joice.

Owned by Lyon and Vaughan.

No. 63. Weep Not for Me.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Weep not for me my race is run, The Sav - iour
2. Weep not for me when I am dead, I see the
3. Weep not for me dear friends fare - well, With joy the
4. Weep not for me, weep not for me, When I am

calls and I must go, The vic - to - ry o'er death is
crown that I shall wear, Let not one tear for me be
sum - mons I o - bey, Ere long with loved ones I shall
laid be -neath the sod, Hence-forth thro' all e - ter - ni -

To dwell with Je - sus whom I

CHORUS.

FINE.

won, And I must leave these scenes be - low,
shed, But prom- ise you will meet me there.
dwell, In that fair land of cloud-less day.
ty I'll sing the prais - es of my God.

} Weep not for

love. Weep not for me, weep not for me.

D.S.

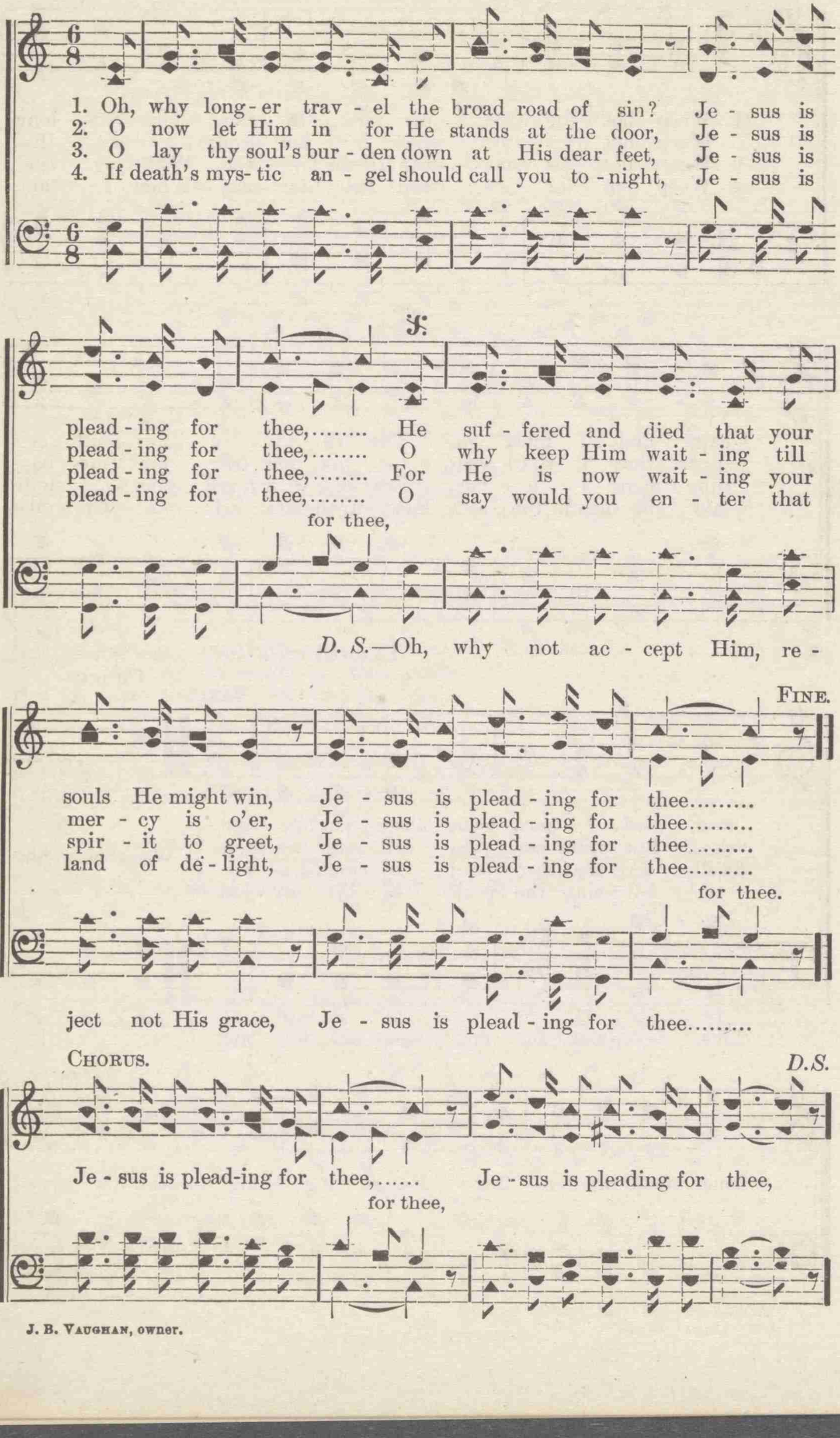
me, weep not for me, I'm go - ing home to heav'n a - bove,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 64. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

M. M. R.

VAUGHAN & ROCHESTER.



CHORUS.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 65. I'll Come Again.

To my Uncle, Eld. E. B. Hunt.

From the words of Christ, in St. John 14.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

DUET. Soprano & Alto, or Soprano & Tenor.

1. O let your heart not troubled be; Be-lieve in God, al - so in me;
2. If I pre-pare for you a home, To earth some-day a - gain I'll come;
3. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life; Some-day I'll end all earth-ly strife;

In Father's house bright mansions are, A place for you I will pre-pare.
My heav'nly glo - ry you shall see, That where I am there you may be.
Then in this earth made glorious, new, All the re-deemed my will shall do.

CHORUS.

And if I go I'll come a - gain, And take you to that glo-rious
I go a - gain,
home; That where I am there you may be, Saved for all e - ter - ni - ty.

Property of R. E. Winsett. Chattanooga, Tenn.

No. 66. Blessed Jesus, Thou Art Mine.

(MALE QUARTET.)

Arr. by G. W. B. G. W. BREWINGTON.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly Thine;
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, day by day Keep me in the nar - row way;
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, Heav'nly Guest, May I lean up - on Thy breast,

Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Thou dost reign in ev - 'ry part.
Keep my soul in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in - crease.
Till in glo - ry I shall be, And Thy face for - ev - er see.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless - ed Je - sus,

walk - ing in the light;..... All I have..... is whol-ly
Keep me walking in the light; All I have

Thine, Bless - ed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.
whol-ly Thine, Jesus, Thou art mine, yes, Thou art mine.

Owned by G. W. Brewington.

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

J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

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

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

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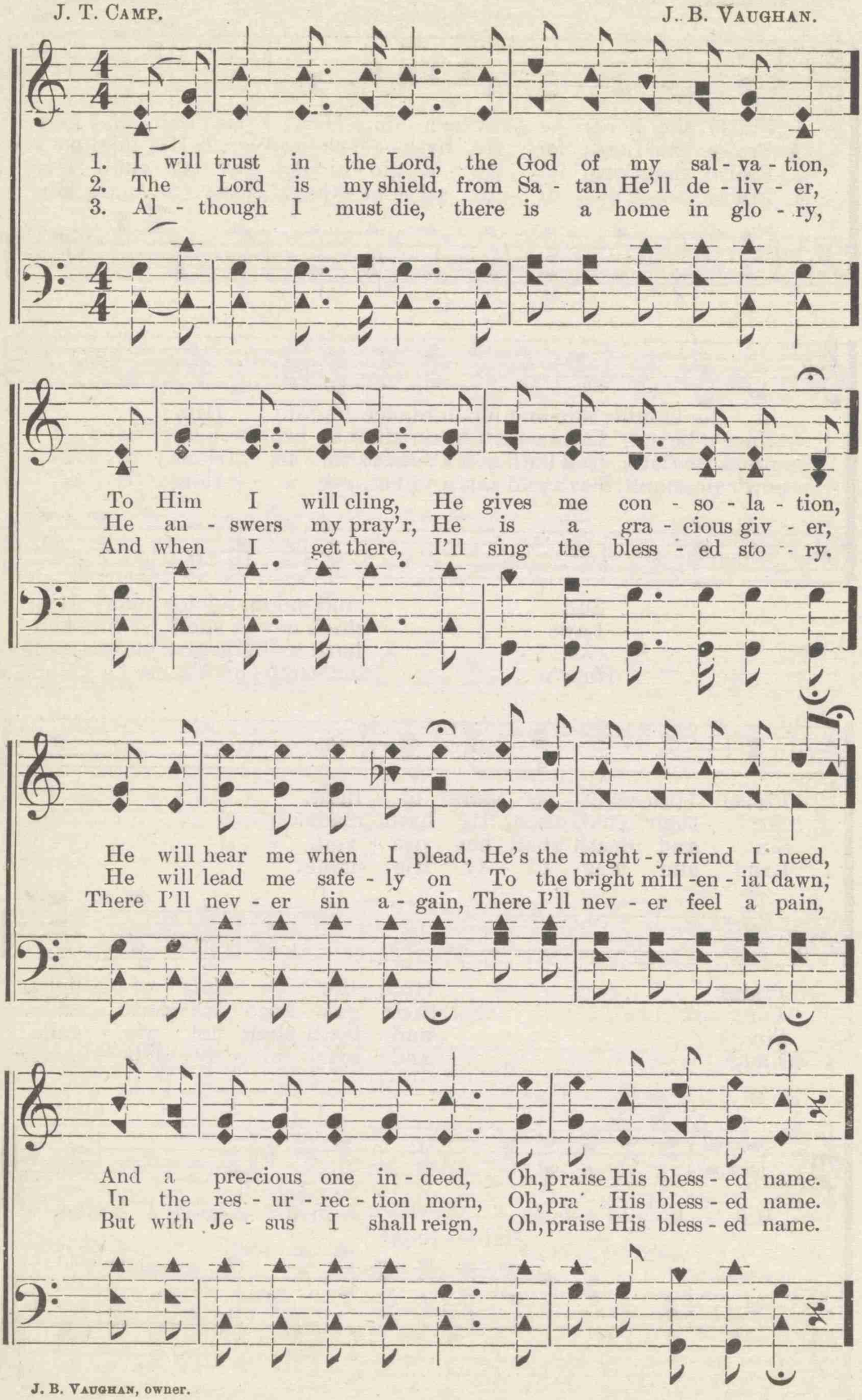
A - men.

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

Hal-le - lu-jah!

No. 68. PRAISE HIS NAME.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

PRAISE HIS NAME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Praise,..... oh, praise His name,

Praise, oh, praise His name, Sing - ing hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - - - ry hal - le - lu - jah!.....

Praise His bless - ed name, Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise..... His bless - ed name,

Praise His bless-ed name, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

Praise,..... oh, praise His name.

Sing, give thanks and praise His name, His bless - ed name.

No. 69. HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO!

P. S.

DR. H. R. PALMER.

SOLO.

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

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

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

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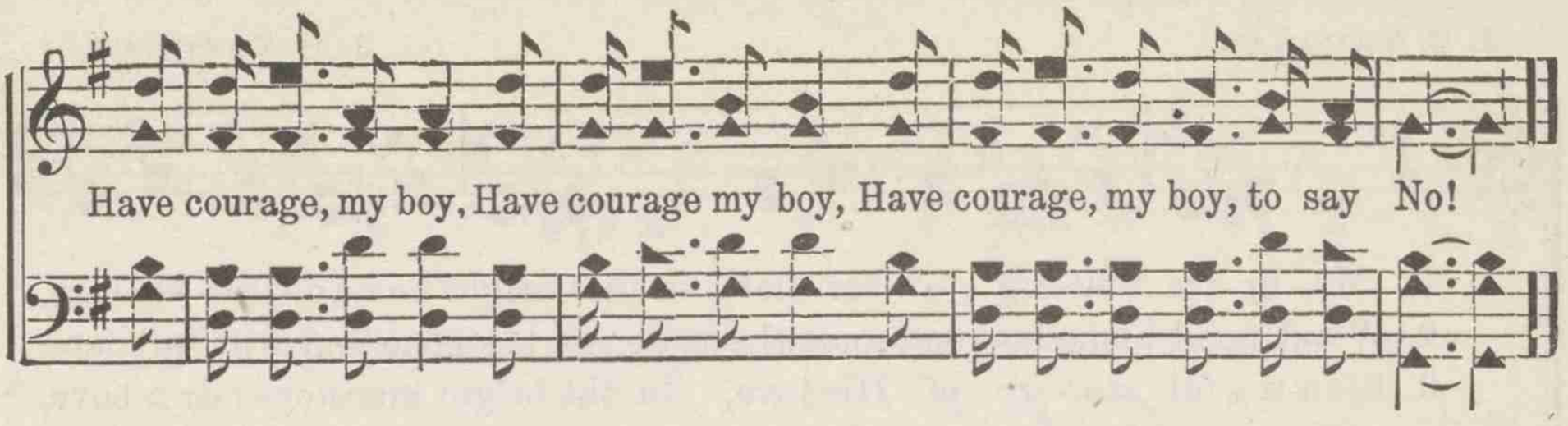
CHORUS.

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

say No! say No!
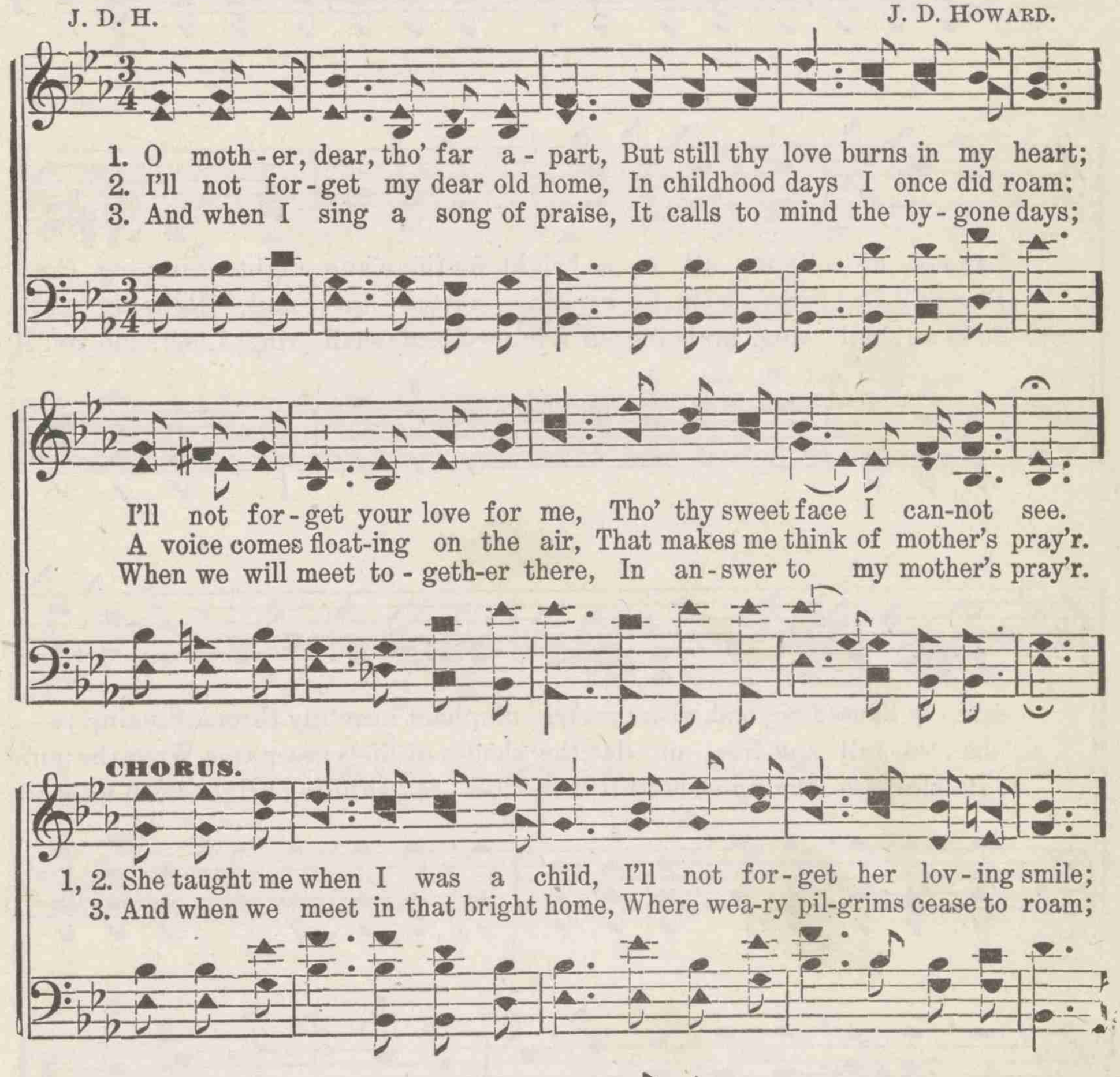
Copyright, 1887, by Dr. H. R. Palmer. Used by per,

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO! Concluded.



No. 70. THINKING OF MOTHER AND HOME.

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



No. 71. RESTING AT HOME.

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

1. Ma - ny are wait-ing o - ver there, in that bright home of jew - els rare,
2. Wonder- ful home be-yond somewhere, Je-sus has gone and will prepare;
3. Beau-ti - ful sto - ry of His love, In the bright mansions fair a-bove,

Land of de - light, all is so bright, for there's no night; Sing-ing I'm
That will be joy, soon to be-gin— nev-er to end; Rest-ing will
Soon we shall sing, prais-ing our King, welcome shall ring; Look! and you'll

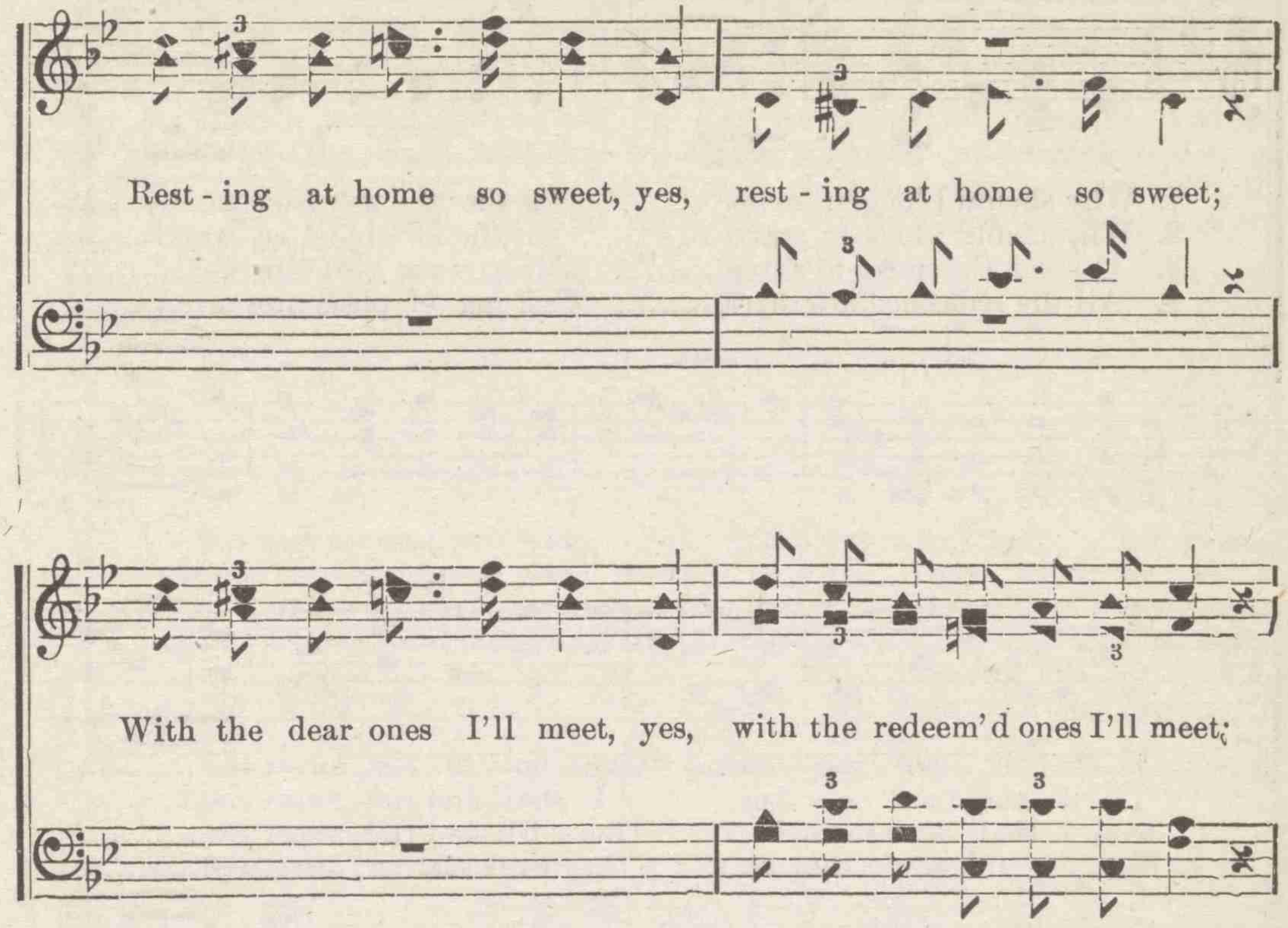
safe - ly housed beyond, with that tri - umphant heav'nly throng, Singing re -
be so full and free, un - der the shades of life's green tree. Where the pure
al - most see the light, beau-ti - ful bea - con shin-ing bright, Soon we shall

deem-ing love at home while a - ges si - lent - ly roll a - long.
riv - er flows for a - ges, yes, it's flow-ing for you and me.
en - ter in - to rest, with all the ransom'd, the good and blest.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.
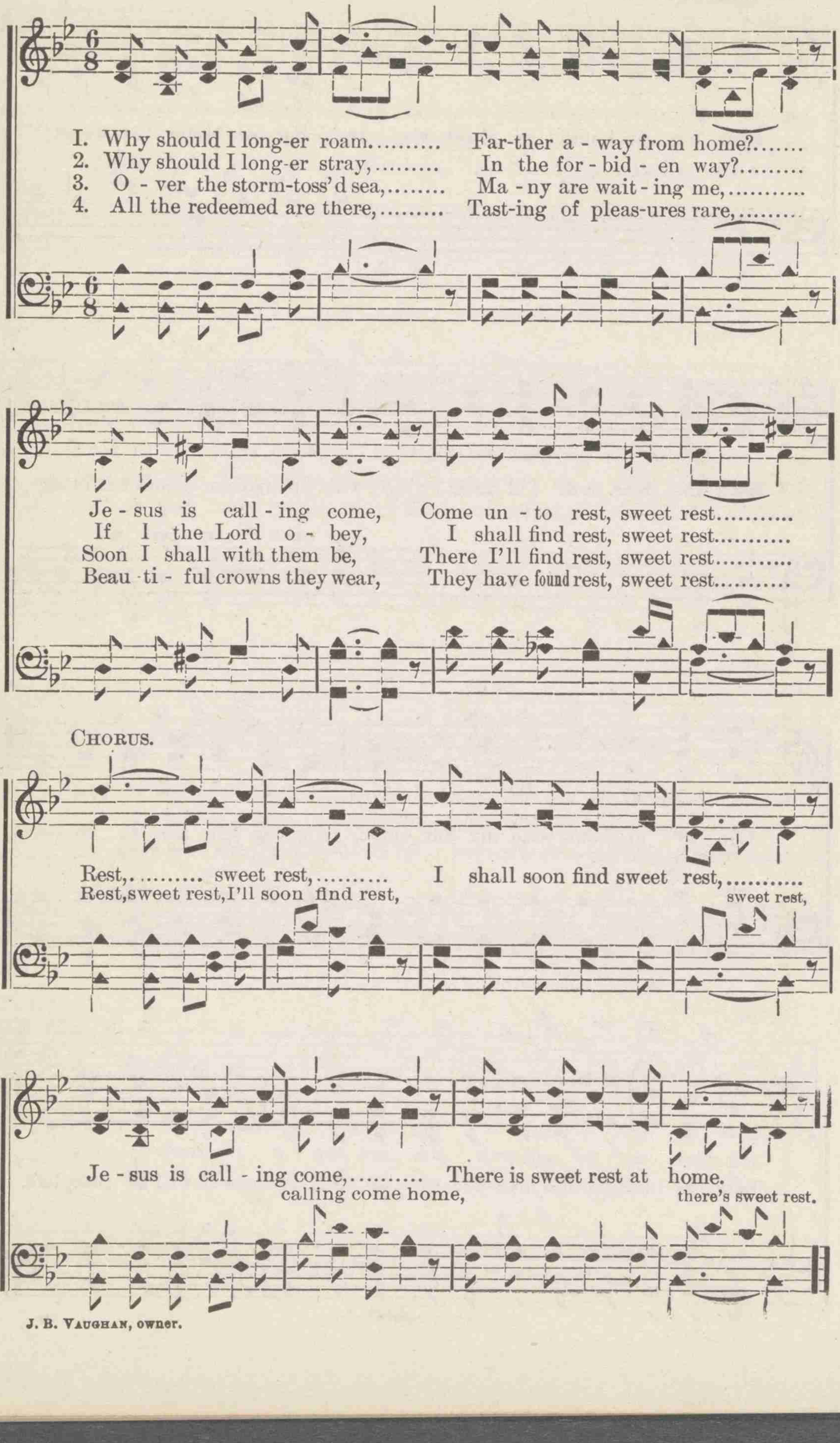
RESTING AT HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 72. REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

J. T. CAMP. W. O. MCKINNEY.



J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 73. THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

Capt. D. MERRITT CASEY. C. D. OVERTON, harmony by H. A. R. HORTON.

1. There's a deep tur - bid riv - er flow-ing on be-fore, And its
2. O'er the dark foam-ing wa - ters, from the un-seen shore, An - gel
3. Ma - ny forms we have lov'd are from their homes remov'd, Dip their
4. To this deep end- less riv - er, we must one day come, And we'll

wa- ters are deep and wide, But faith sees a light, yes, a beacon bright,
bands in their beauty glide, And will bear us a-way to the realms of day,
wings in the mystic tide, They have pass'd o'er the deep, where they'll ne'er more weep,
cross o'er its wa- ters wide, How hap - py we'll be, if by faith we see

CHORUS.

Just down by the riv-er side.
In- to light on the oth-er side.
In the light on the oth-er side.
The light on the oth-er side.

There's a light at the riv- er, a
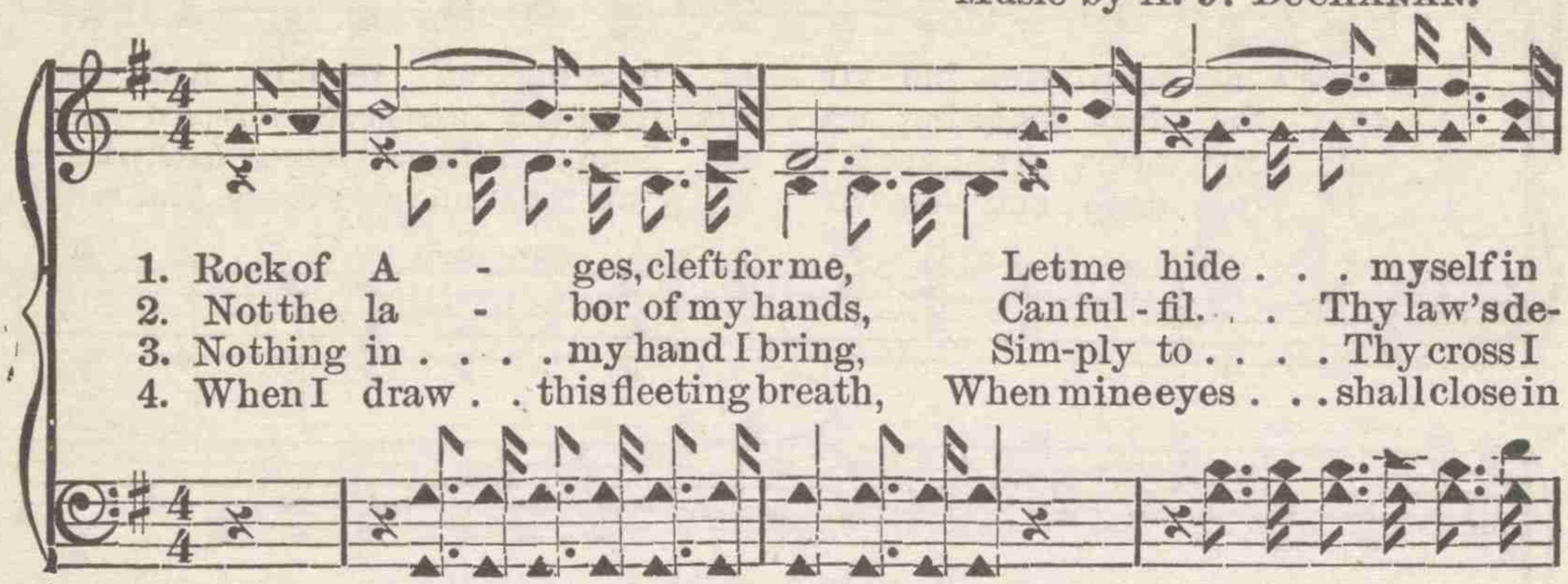
light at the riv- er, A light at the riv - er I can see,
by faith,
My Lord will stand and hold in His hand, A light at the riv-er for me.

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 74 NEW ROCK OF AGES.
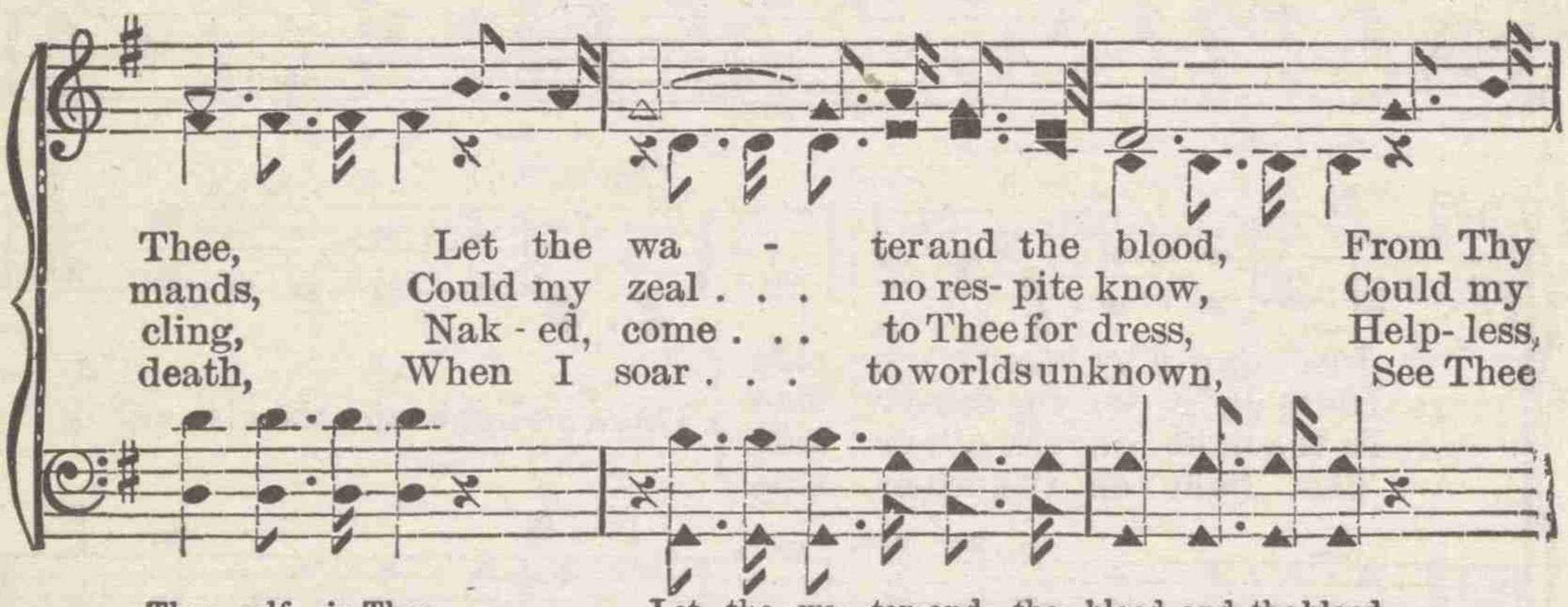
JOHN 19 : 34.

Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide . . . myself in
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fil. . . Thy law's de-
3. Nothing in . . . . my hand I bring, Sim-ply to . . . . Thy cross I
4. When I draw . . this fleeting breath, When mine eyes . . . shall close in

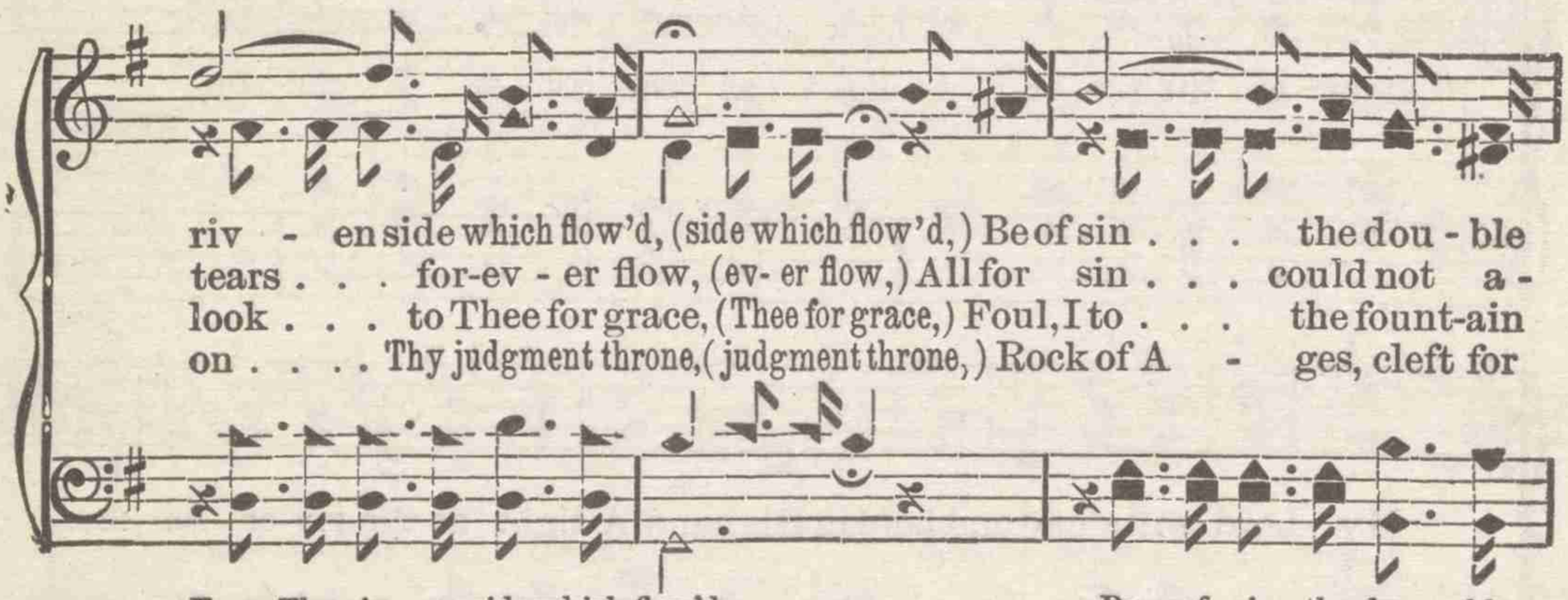
1. Rock of A- ges, cleft for me, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in
2. Not the la- bor of my hands, of my hands, Can ful-fil Thy law's de -
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, hand I bring, Sim- ply to Thy cross I
4. When I draw this fleeting breath, fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in



Thee, Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy
mands, Could my zeal . . . no res- pite know, Could my
cling, Nak - ed, come . . . to Thee for dress, Help- less,
death, When I soar . . . to worlds unknown, See Thee

Thee, self in Thee,
mands, law's demands,
cling, cross I cling,
death, close in death,

Let the wa- ter and the blood, and the blood,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, res- pite know,
Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress, Thee for dress,
When I soar to worlds unknown, worlds unknown,
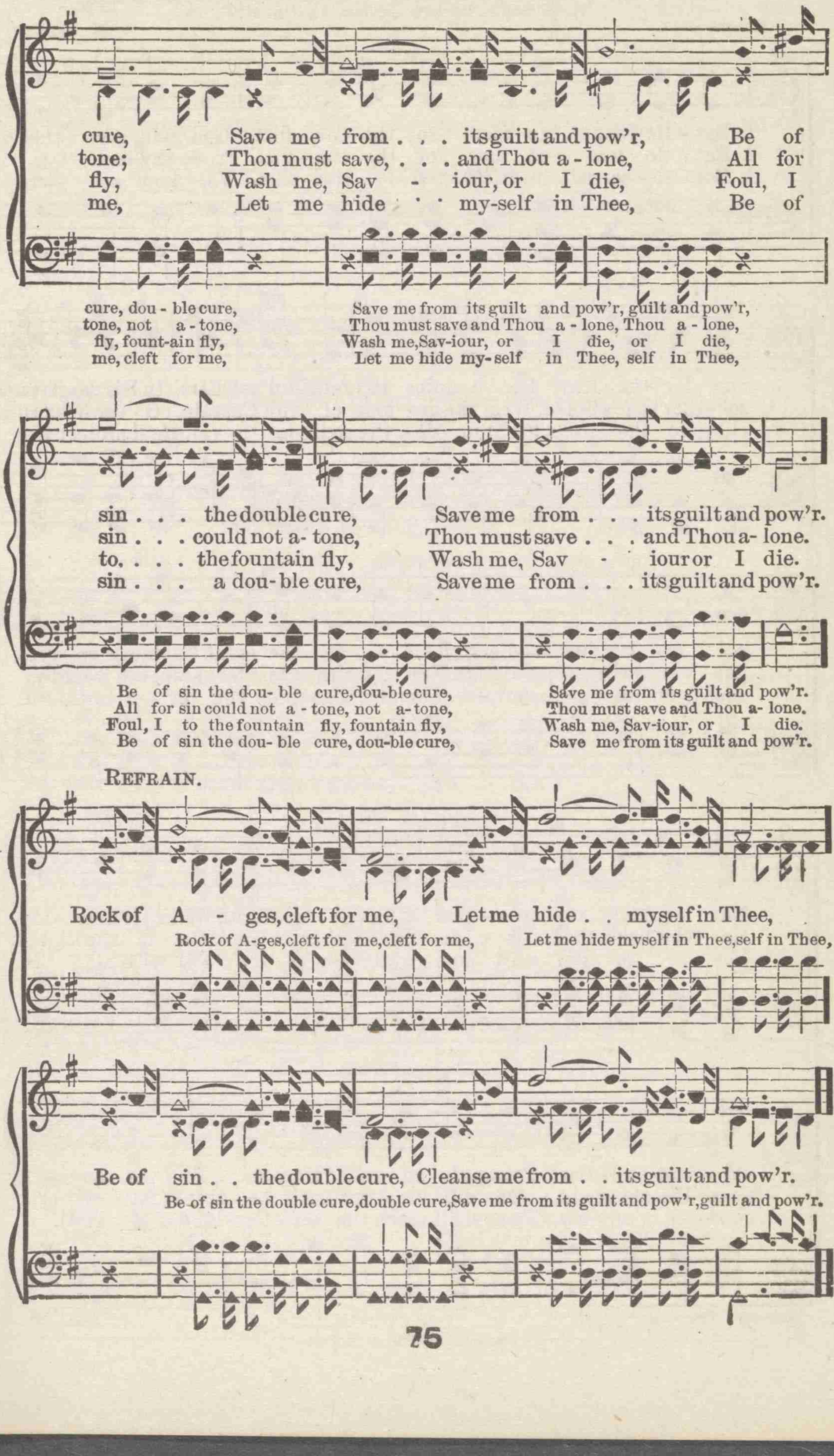


riv - en side which flow'd, (side which flow'd,) Be of sin . . . the dou - ble
tears . . . for-ev - er flow, (ev- er flow,) All for sin . . . could not a -
look . . . to Thee for grace, (Thee for grace,) Foul, I to . . . the fount-ain
on . . . . Thy judgment throne, (judgment throne,) Rock of A - ges, cleft for

From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Help- less, look to Thee for grace,
See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble
All for sin could not a -
Foul, I to the fount - ain
Rock of A - ges cleft for

Copyright, 1890, by H. A. R. Horton.

NEW ROCK OF AGES. Concluded.



REFRAIN.

No. 75 The Good Warfare.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend, and co-worker in the vineyard of song,
H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va.—A. M. P.

BIRDIE BELL. A. M. PACE.

1. Bat - tle-fought, go forth to the con - flict, God will arm thee now for the fray; He e-quips His faith-ful sol-diers, In His strength march on to - day (ye sol-diers). Read-y at the great Captain's or - ders, Nev - er doubt or ques - tion why (go for-ward); When He calls for val - iant sol - diers, Prompt-ly an - swer, "Here am I" (yes, an - swer).

2. Bat - tle - test - ed, now for the con - flict, Prove thy - self a sol - dier that's brave; Wear the ar - mor of thy Captain, O - ver head His ban - ner wave (keep waving). Fear not tho' the foe seem-eth might-y, He who leads thee is di - vine (just trust Him); On to con - quest 'neath His stand-ard, On till vic - t'ry shall be thine (for - ev - er).

3. Bat - tle-scarred, in life's wear - y con - flict, Val - iant sol - diers cling to the cross; Fight un - til the strife is o - ver, He'll protect thy soul from loss (press onward). Then let Him find you ev - er faith - ful, Loy - al to His least com-mand (keep go - ing); Till with all His cho - sen ar - my, Thou shalt reach the bet - ter land (of rest).

Copyright, 1908, by A. M. Pace.

The Good Warfare. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Christ is call - ing thee to war - fare, Tho' the

Christ is call-ing thee, He's calling thee to warfare, Tho' the bat-tle

Christ is call - ing, calling thee to warfare, Tho' the

bat - tle may be long; Be a brave and loy - al

may, it may be fierce and long; Just be a brave and loy - al,

bat - tle may be fierce and long; Just be a brave, and

sol - dier, Thou shalt join the vic - t'ry song.

be a loy-al sol-dier, Thou shalt join, yes, join the might-y vic-t'ry song.

be a loy-al sol-dier, Thou shalt join the might-y vic-t'ry song.

No. 76 Blue Water.

Anon. A. M. PACE.

1. Lord, I can - not let Thee go, Till a bless-ing Thou be - stow;
2. Dost Thou ask me who I am? Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name;
3. Thou didst once a wretch be - hold, In re - bel - lion blind - ly bo'd,

Do not turn a - way Thy face, Mine's an ur - gent, press - ing case.
Yet the ques - tion gives a plea, To sup-port my suit with Thee.
Scorn Thy grace, Thy pow'r de - fy, That poor reb - el, Lord, was I.

No. 77. O, THE GRAND OLD BOOK!

F. H. *With vigor.* FLAVIL HALL.

1. O, the grand old Book has stood the tri - als of the a - ges past! Tho' the bat - tles have been strong, Tho' the bat - tles have been strong,
2. Ev - 'ry creed that's made by men will per - ish in e - ter - nal night, Heaven's Book a - lone shall stand, Heaven's Book a - lone shall stand,
3. Back, then, from the wars of par - ties, and the con - flicts of the creeds, To the word of God a - lone, To the word of God a - lone,
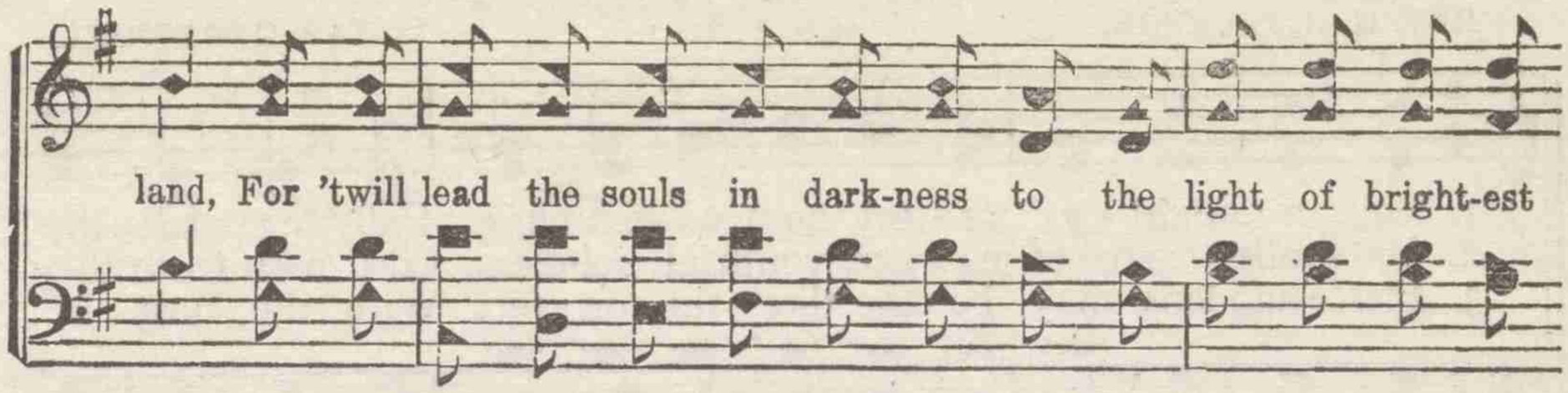
And 'twill stand the storms un - til e - ter - nal day shall dawn at last, And God's love shall be our song, And God's love shall be our song.
'Tis the on - ly light to guide us in the way of truth and right, And to that bright hap - py land, And to that bright hap - py land.
To the blood-bought church of God, yea, to the way our Cap - tain leads, Thus in Him we may *"be one,"* Thus in Him we may *"be one."*
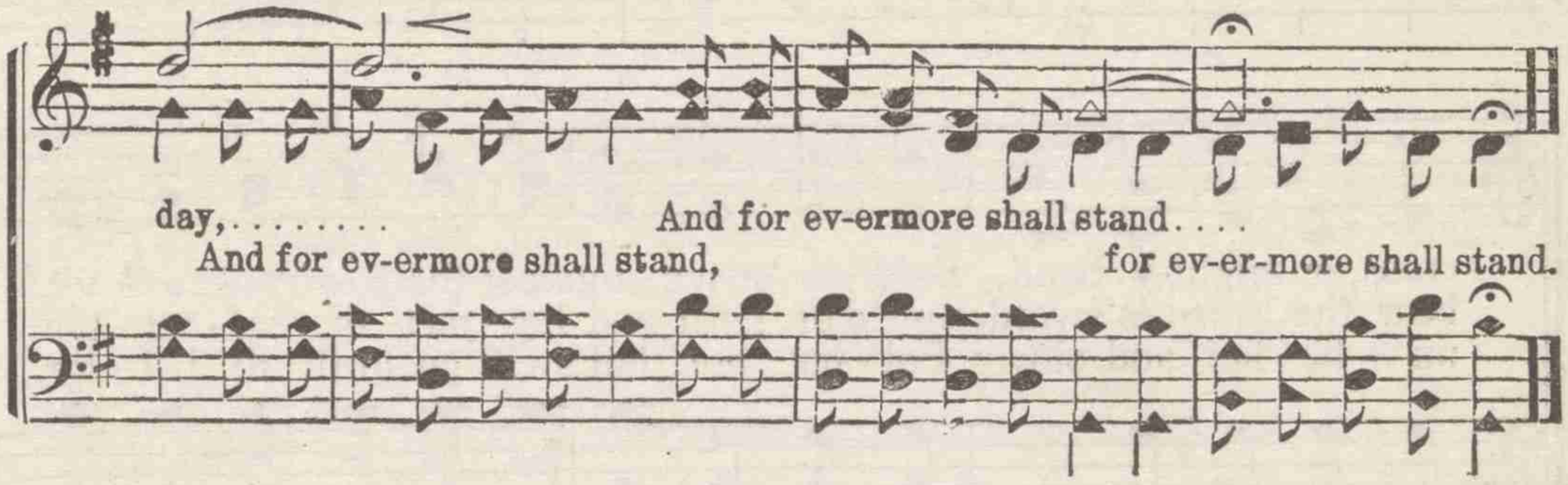
CHORUS.

O, the grand old Book!..... Send it forth to ev - 'ry the grand old Book!

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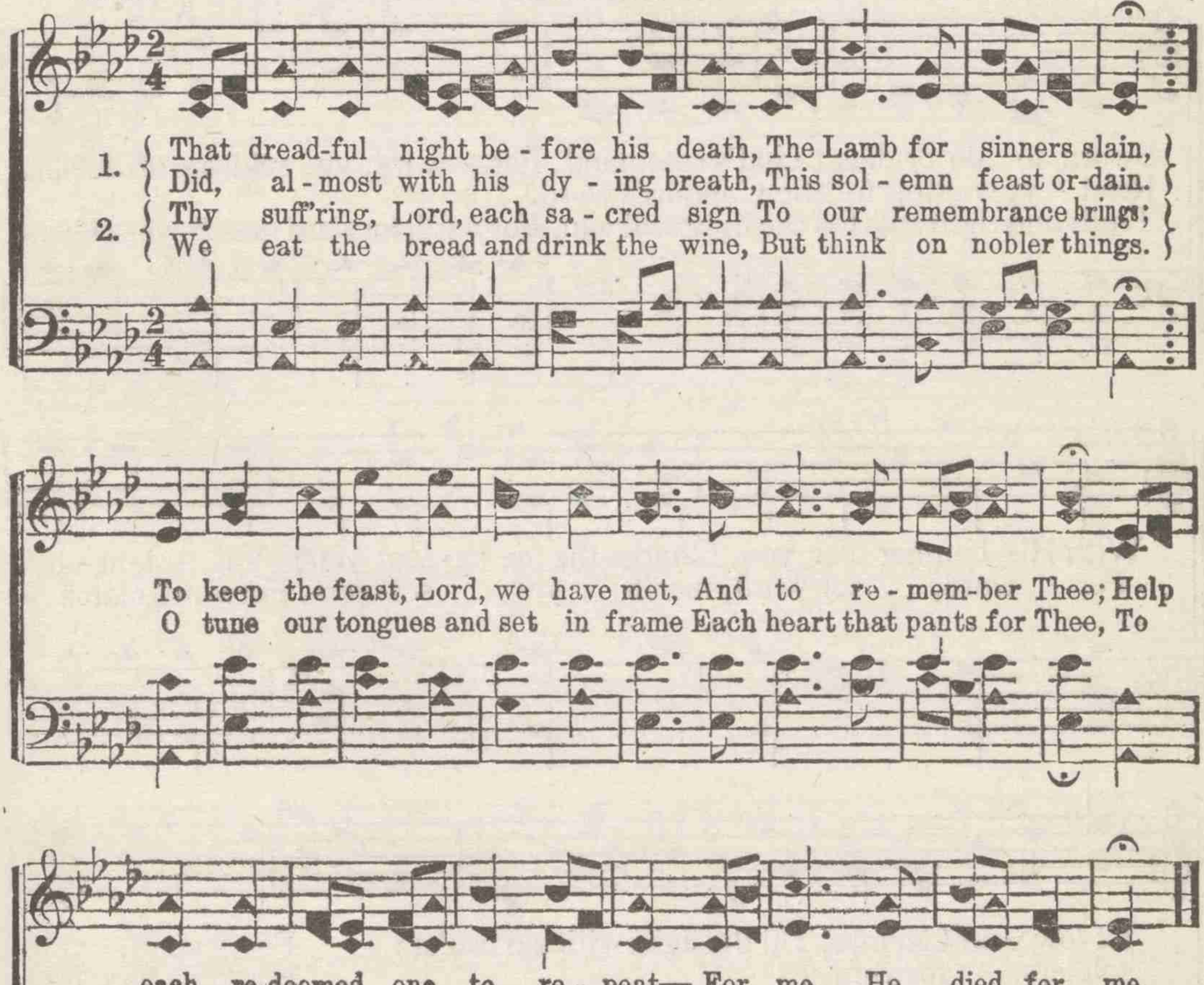
O, the Grand Old Book!
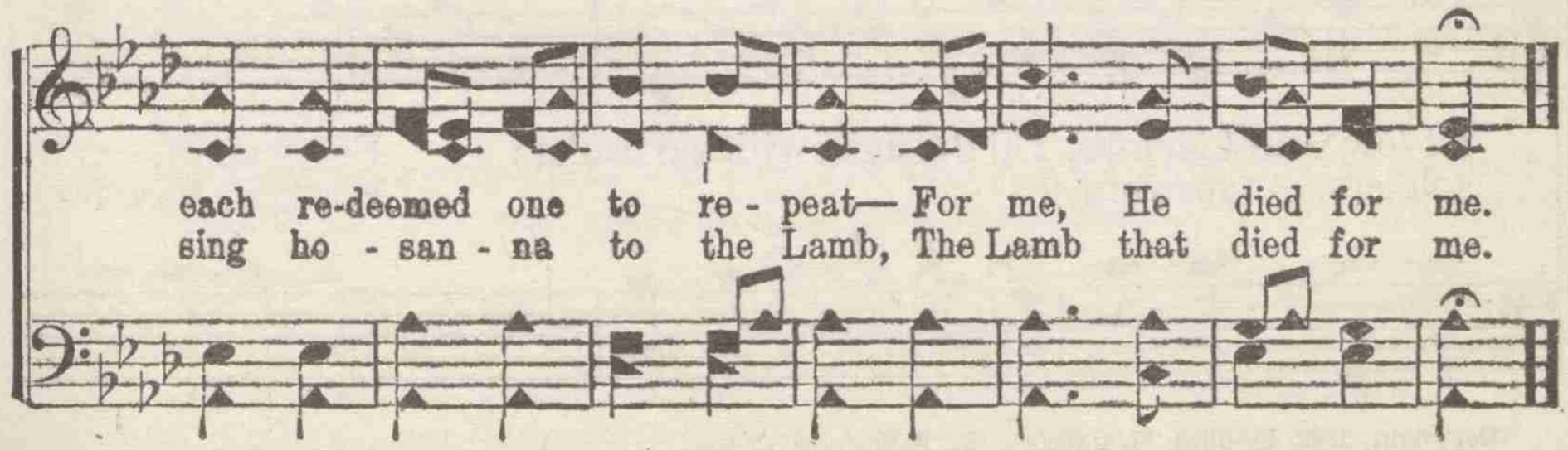




No. 78. THE DREADFUL NIGHT.

Anon. Matt. 26: 26-46. P. M. ATCHLEY.





No. 79. Lo! A Mighty Army.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. EPH. 1: 11. CHAS. H. GABRIEL,

1. Lo! a might-y ar-my now as-sem-bling, Rally-ing to the
2. Marshalled league of ea-ger, youthful sol-diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire-ful con-flict With the host of

cross, a might-y band, Bold to strive a-gainst the pow'rs of e-vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel-met of sal-va-tion,
un-be-lief and sin, Fal-ter not, but swift go forth to bat-tle,

CHORUS.

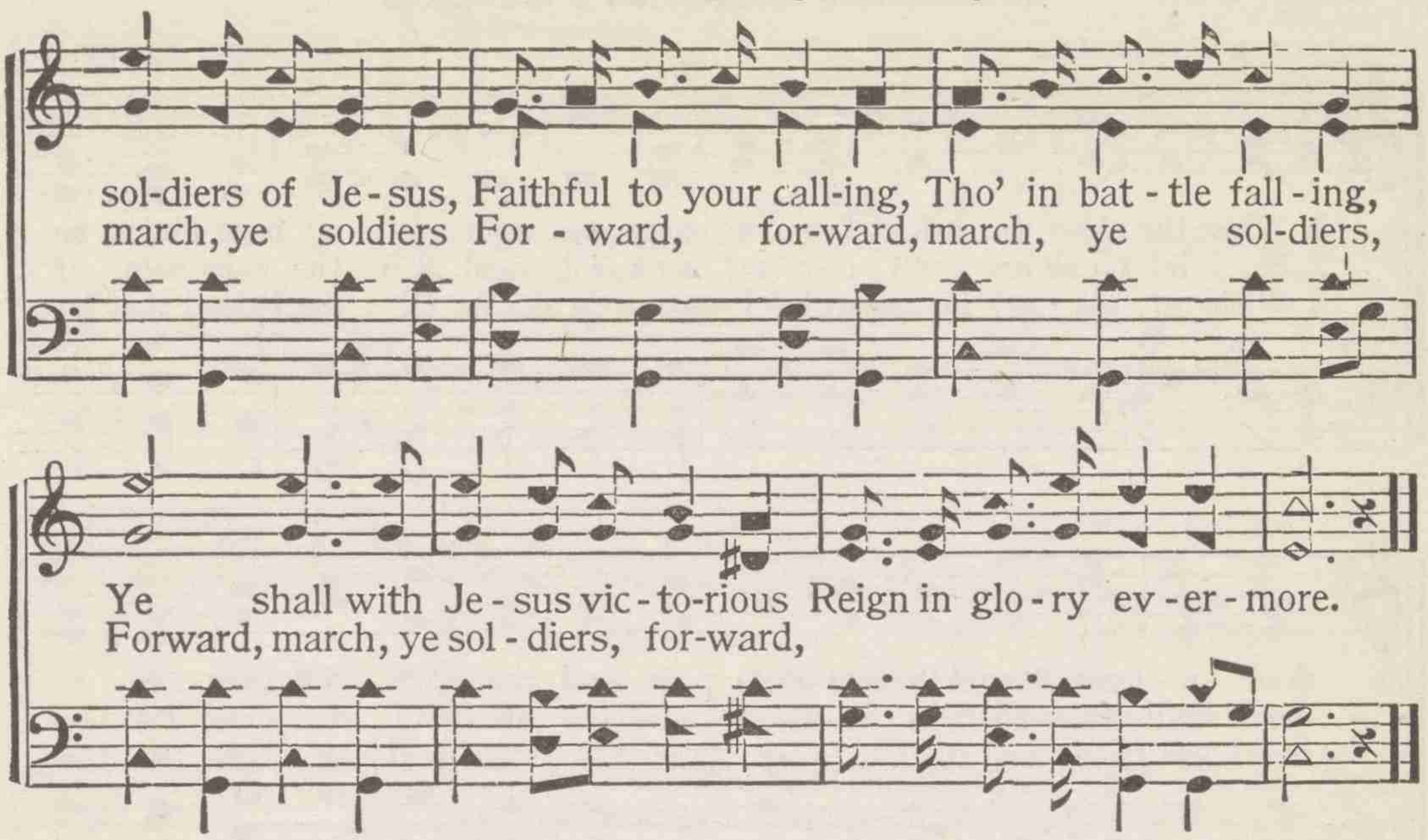
Sworn to do or die at God's command. For-ward, ye soldiers of Je-sus,
Read-y, waiting for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win. Forward, forward march, ye soldiers,

With His ban-ner o'er you, Charge the foe be-fore you; Val-iant-ly
For-ward, for-ward, march, ye sol-diers, Forward, march, ye

fol-low your Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; For-ward, ye
soldiers, forward, Forward, forward,

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. H. Gabriel. H. N. Lincoln, owner.

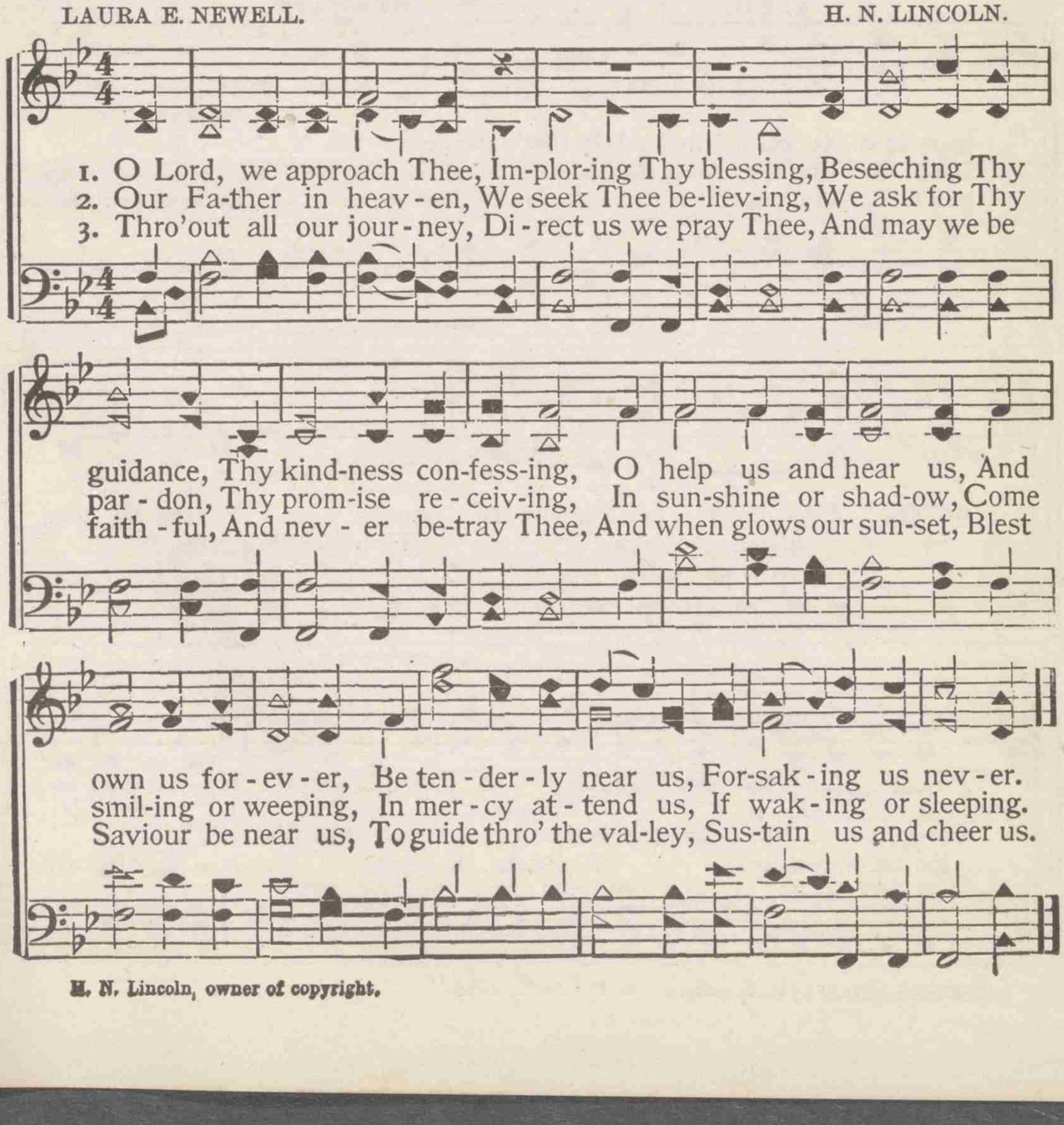
Lo! A Mighty Army.



No. 80. O Lord, We Approach Thee.

It will be noticed the theme changes around in the different voice-parts, but is recognizable. Part of the tenor is baritone and part of the alto is contralto. It is to be studied.

LAURA E. NEWELL. H. N. LINCOLN.



H. N. Lincoln, owner of copyright.

No. 81. When the Skies are Bright.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. F. CLARK PERRY.

1. When the skies are bright I've a song so light, As my bark glides so
2. So, let troub-les roll o'er my sink-ing soul Till the vain help of
3. With my lat-est breath will I sing in death Of the Friend that has

free a-long; Should the tem-pests pour And the thun-ders roar I've a
earth shall cease; There is One whose voice Bids me still re-joice, 'Tis the
nev-er fail'd; And when safe-ly o'er On the gold-en shore Of the

Rit. REFRAIN.

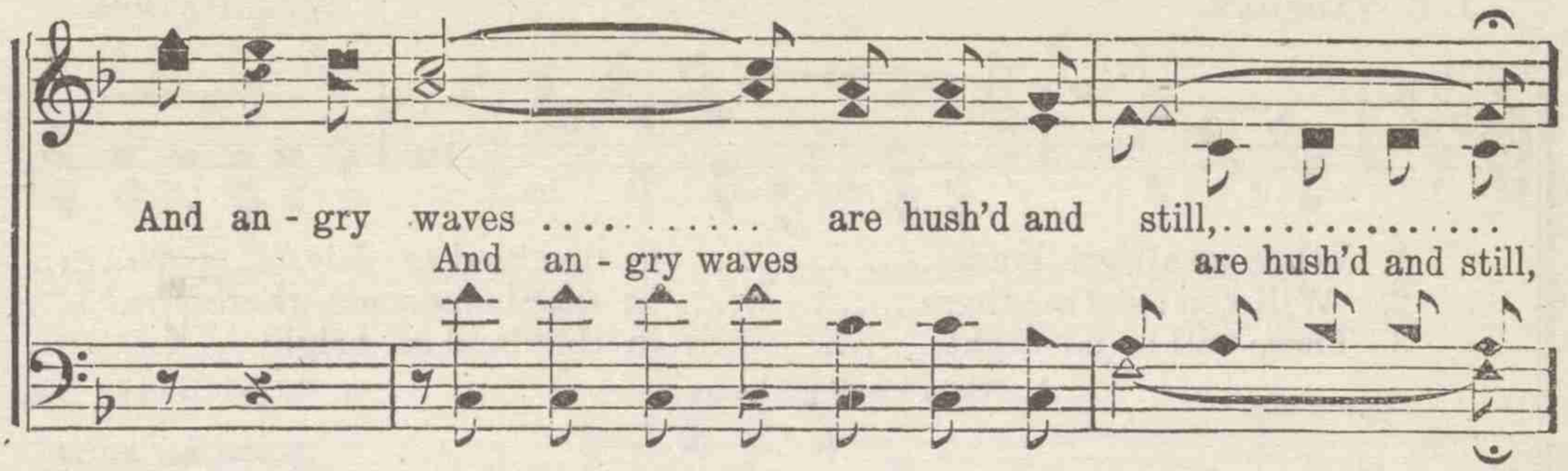
hope that is sure, I've a help that's strong.
Lord of the sea, And He whispers peace. My Saviour walks..... up-
pow'r I will tell That o'er all pre-vail'd. My Saviour walks
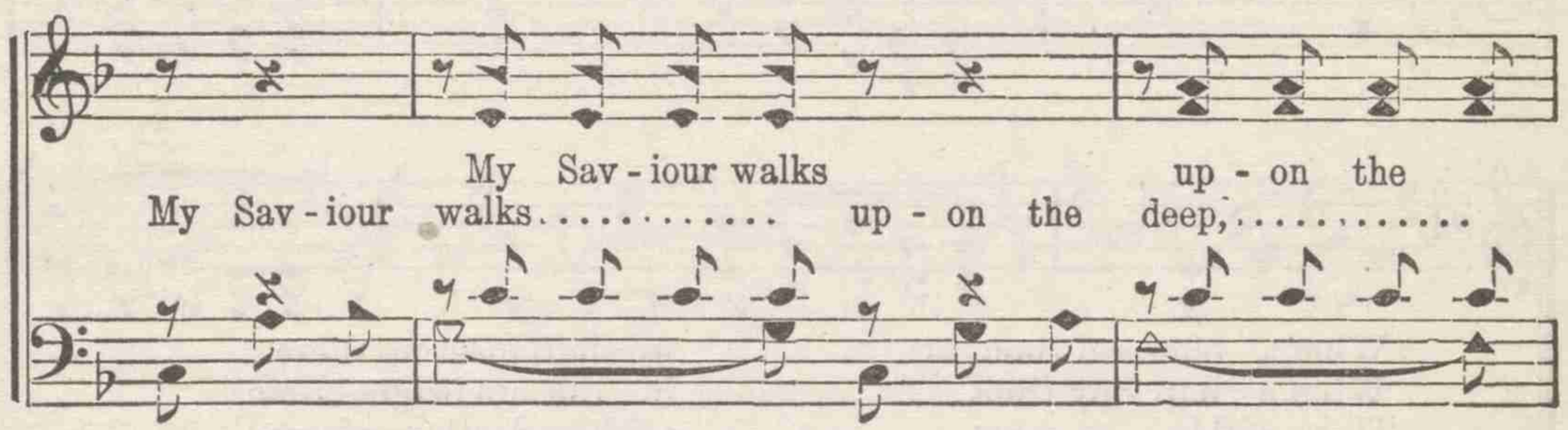
on the deep,.....When wild the storms..... the bil-lows
up-on the deep, When wild the storms
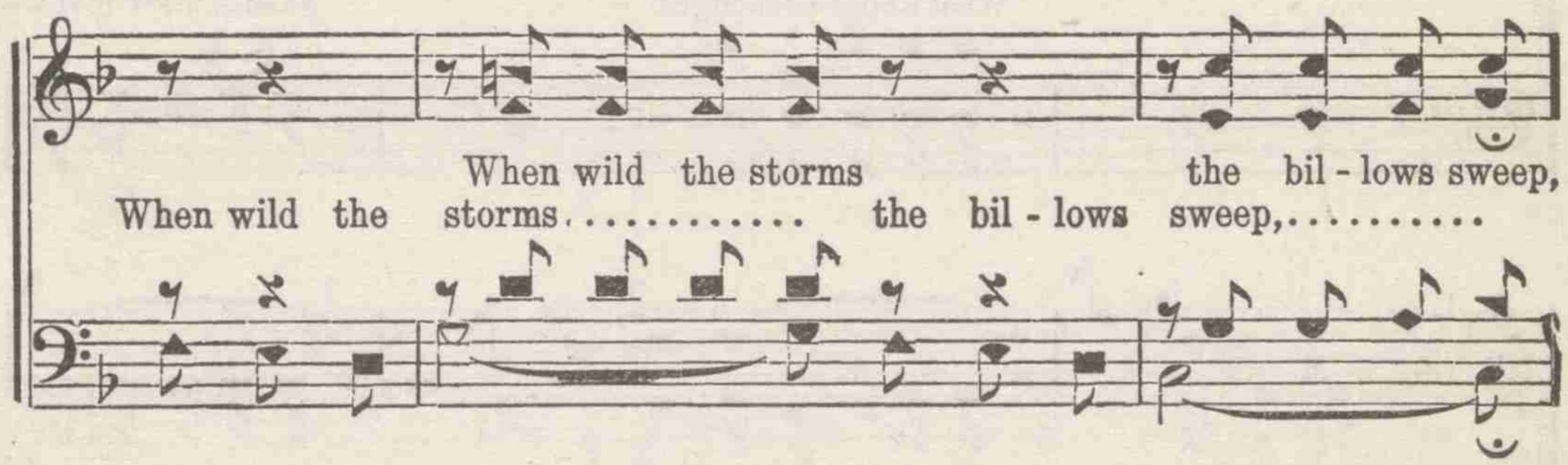
sweep,..... He speaks, the winds ..... o-bey His will,.....
the billows sweep, He speaks, the winds o-bey His will,
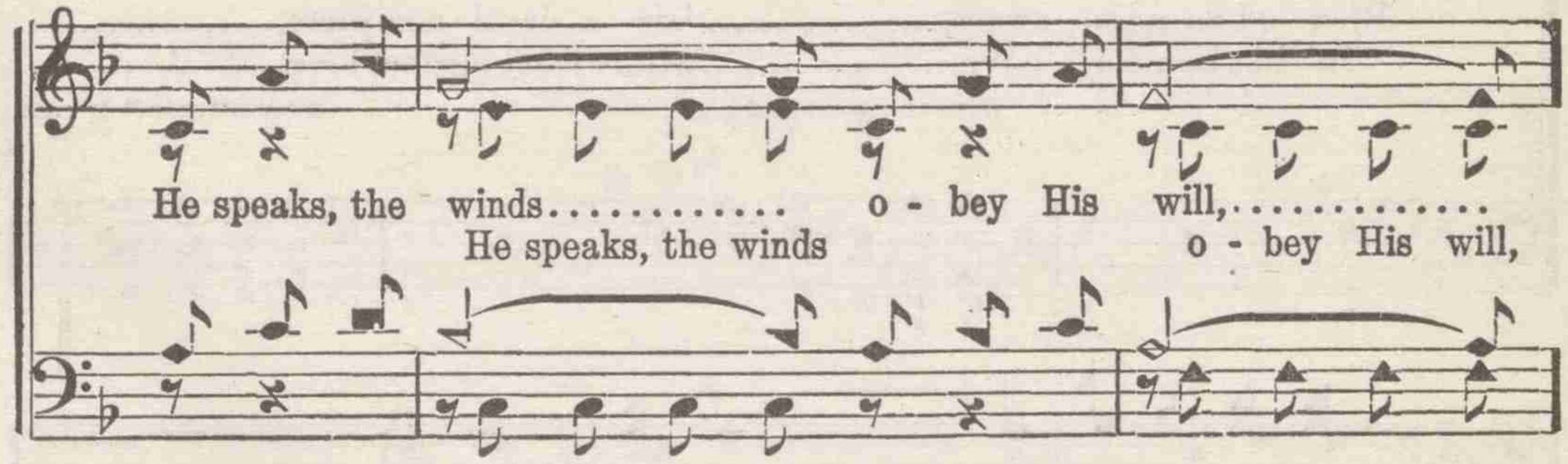
Owned and controlled by Perry Bros.
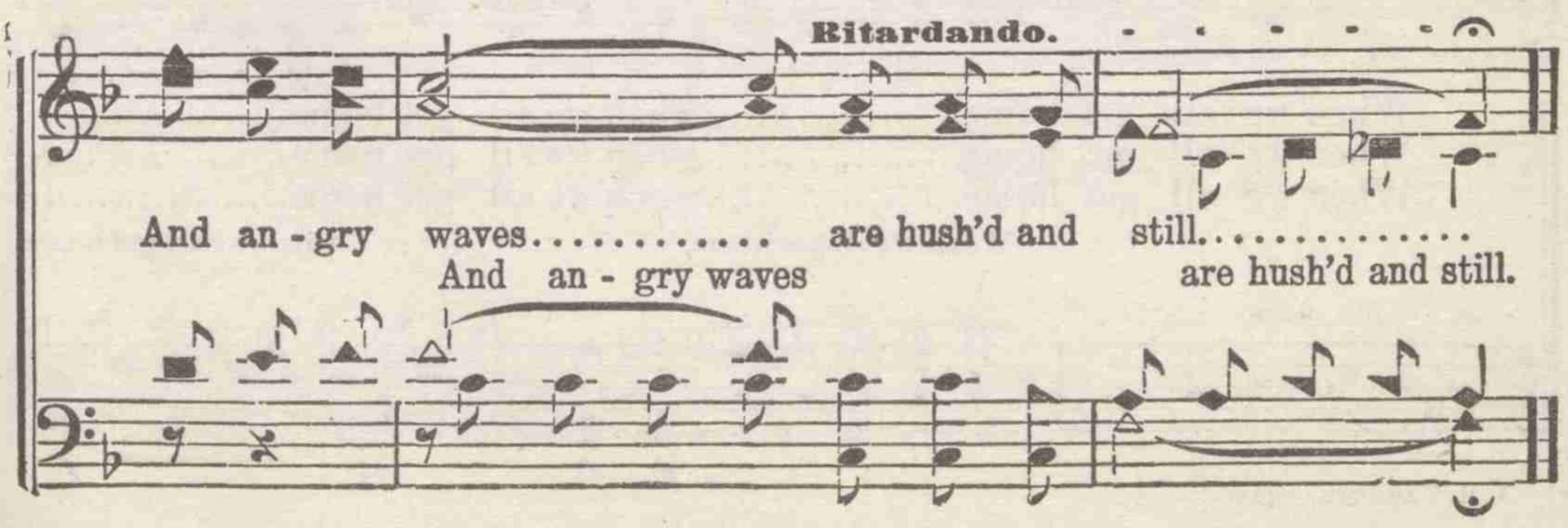
When the Skies are Bright. Concluded.











No. 82. WHEN WE ALL GET HOME.

J. B. VAUGHAN. W. J. GRAVES.

1. When we all get home..... in that land so fair,.....
2. Will you meet me there,..... in that home some-where?.....
3. There will be no night..... in that land so bright,.....

1. When we all get home in that land so fair,

What a bless-ed thought:..... we shall meet up there.....
What a hap - py time,..... in the sun bright clime,.....
There will be no tears..... neith-er death nor fears.....

What a bless-ed thought: we shall meet up there

With the good and blest,..... we shall sweet-ly rest,.....
Bless-ed home so sweet,..... 'tis a land complete,.....
In that home a - bove,.....where there's perfect love,.....

With the good and blest, we shall sweet-ly rest
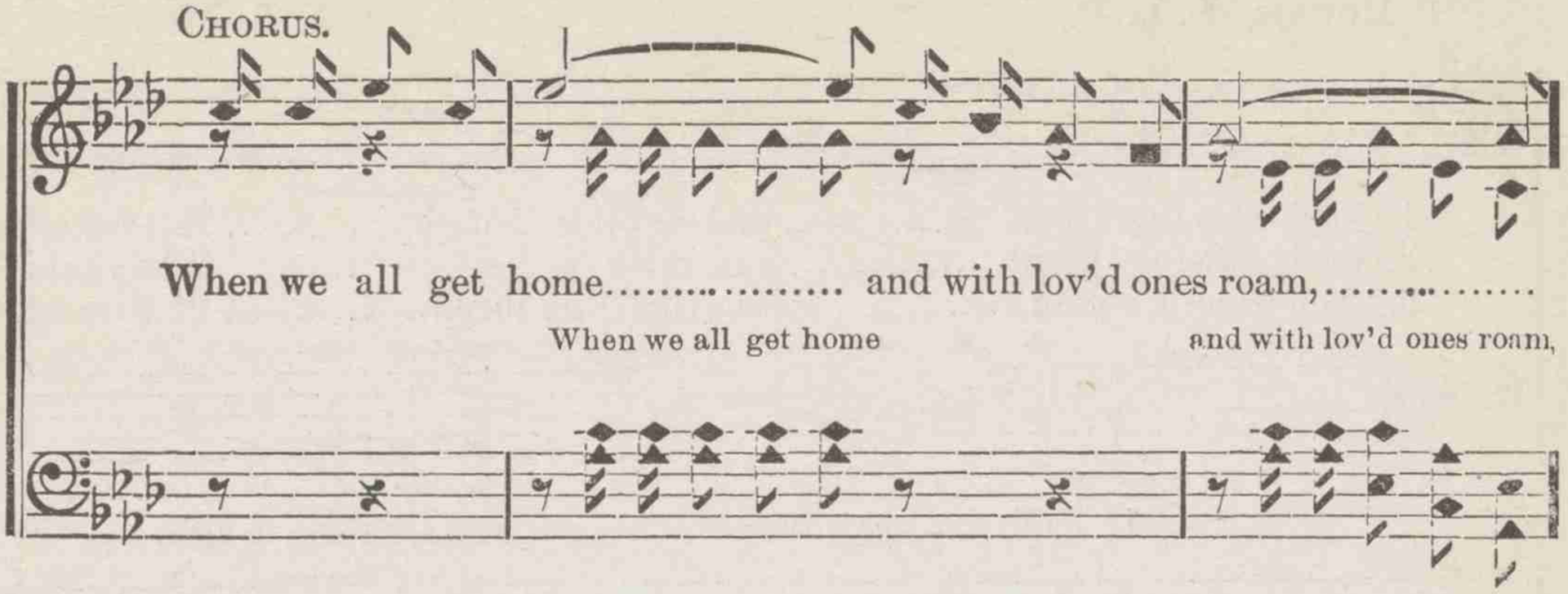
When we all get home,..... when we all get home.....
When we all get home,..... when we all get home.....
When we all get home..... when we all get home.....
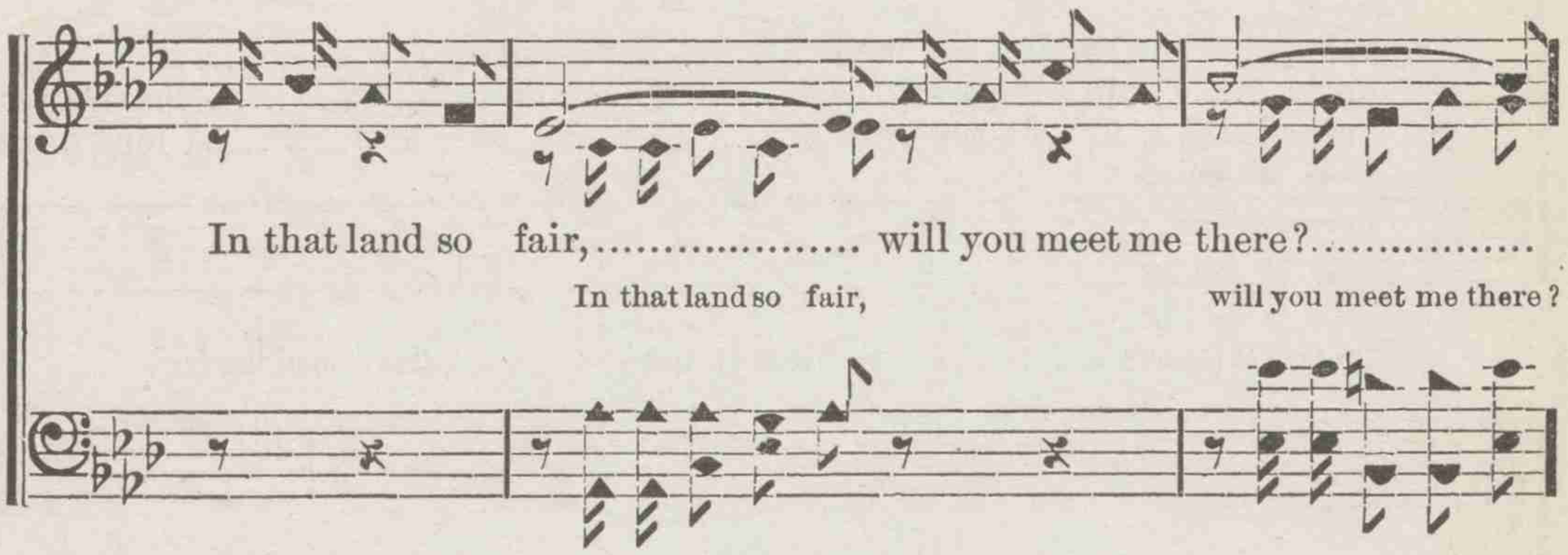
When we all get home, when we all get home.
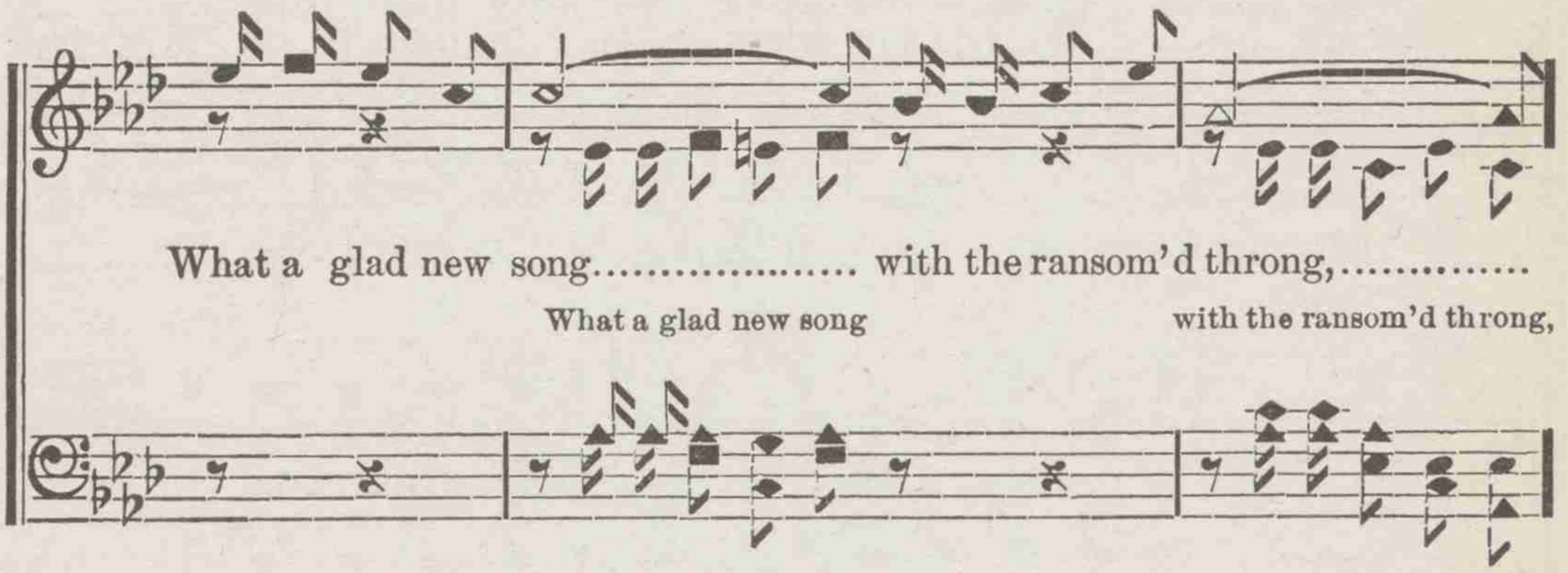
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.
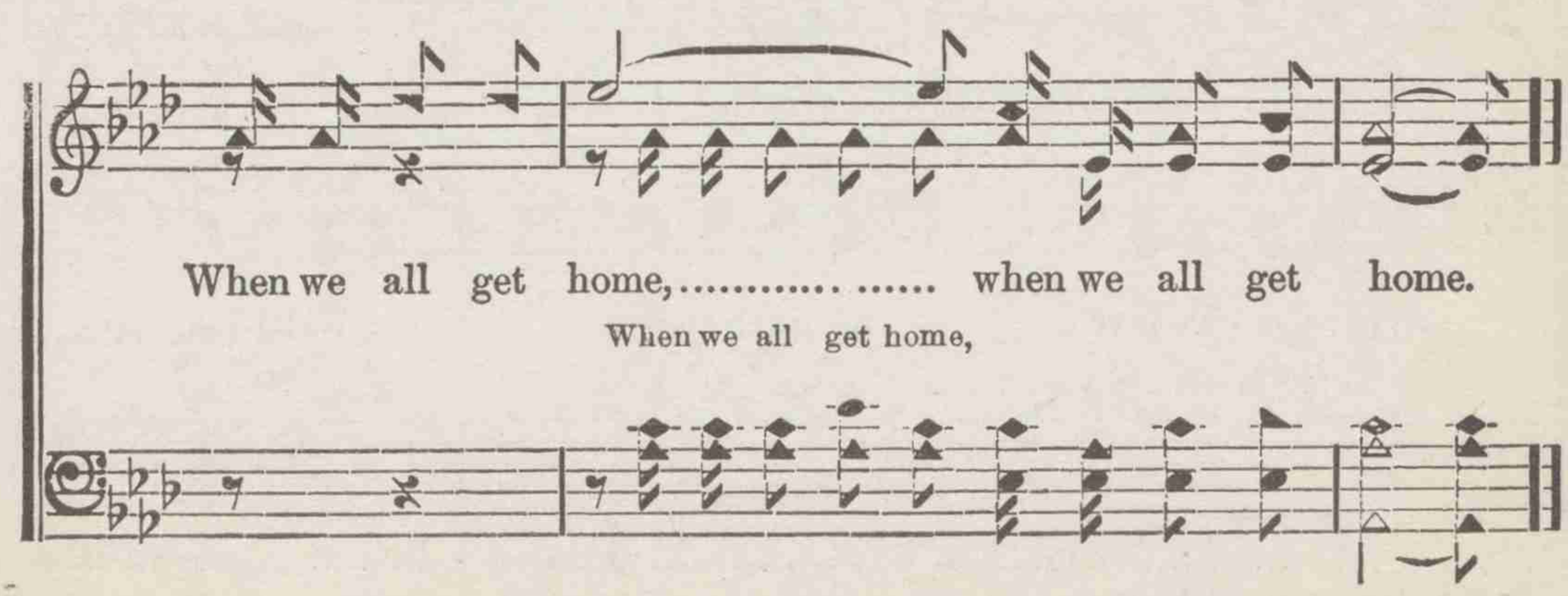
WHEN WE ALL GET HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 83. GALILEE.

R. MORRIS, L. L. D. J. L. MOORE.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flowing glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where happy
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1 Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough,

eve..... so blest to me ;..... Has something far ..... di-vin-er
birds..... in song a - gree ;.....Thro' sunny morn.....the praises
walked..... up - on the sea,..... I long, O how..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me ; Has something far

now :—..... It bears me back....., ... to Gal - i - lee..... .....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more,..... To fol - low Him..... in Gal - i - lee, (to galilee.)

di- vin-er now :— It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.....

CHORUS.
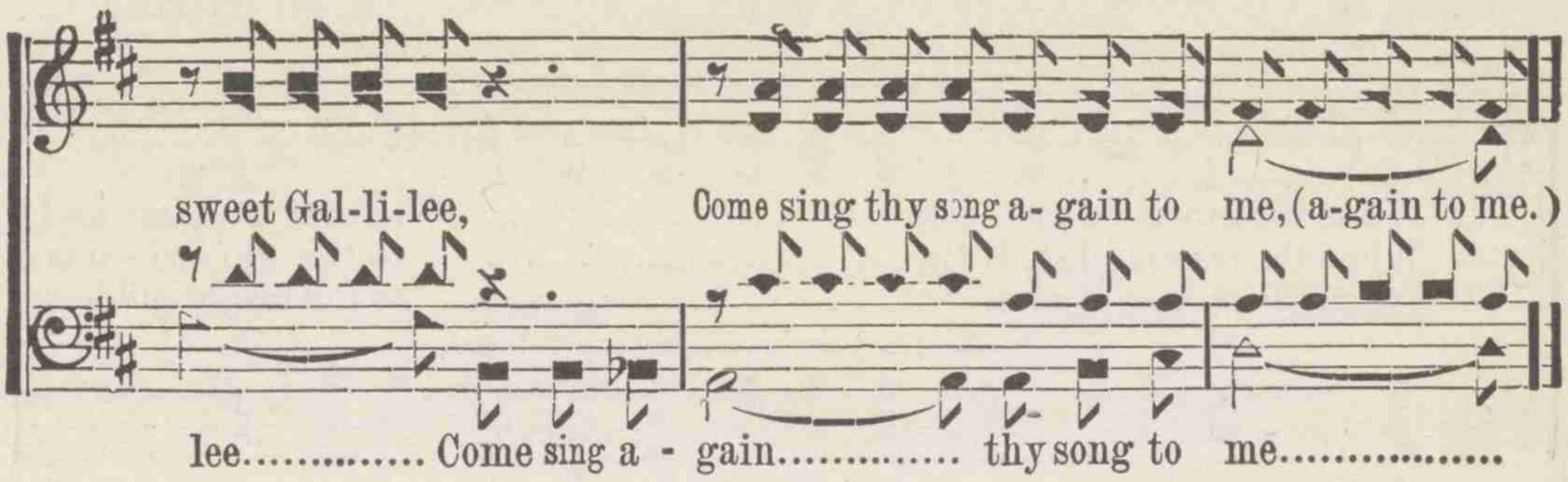
O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee.

O Gal -i - lee,..... sweet Gal -i - lee,..... Where Je-sus

Where Je -sus love'd so much to be ; O Gal-i-lee,
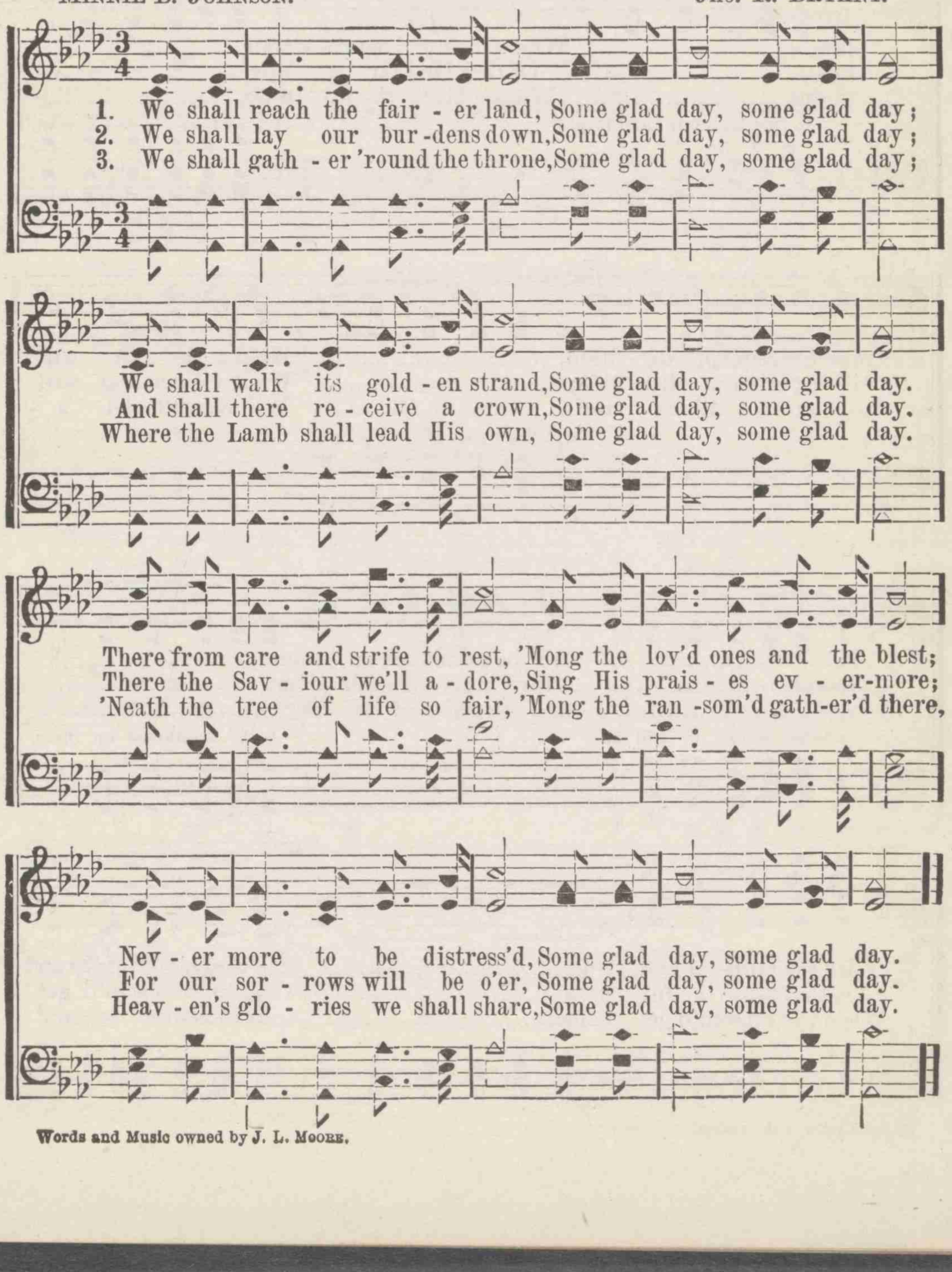
lov'd..... so much to be ;..... O Gal -i - lee,.....Sweet Gal-i-

J. L. MOORE, owner, Bethlehem, Ga.



No. 84. SOME GLAD DAY.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.



Words and Music owned by J. L. MOORE.

No. 85. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

S. W. B. S. W. Beazley.

Not fast.

1. When the ransom'd get home..... ... to that land fair and
2. When the ransom'd shall rise..... to the glo - ri - ous
3. When the ransom'd cross o'er ..... to the bright golden

1. When the ran- som'd get home.

bright,..... Where the lov'd ones now wait.....
bliss,..... Of that land far a - way,.....
plains,..... What a beau - ti - ful song,.....

to that land fair and bright, Where the lov'd ones now wait

'mid the scenes of de - light,..... What a joy it will
fair- er, brighter than this;..... What a shout- ing will
what mel- o - di-ous strains..... Will be waft - ed a -

'mid the scenes of de - light,

be..... to be numbered up there.....
sound..... thro' heav-en's fair dome,.....
way..... mid the domes of the sky,.....

What a joy it will be to be numbered up there,

With the faith-ful and true,..... in that home bright and
On that beau- ti - ful shore,..... when the ran-som'd get
When the ransom'd get home..... in the sweet by and

By permission of the author.

WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

fair.....
home.....
by.....
in that home bright and fair.

When the ransom'd get home,

When the ran-som'd get home,.....

what a joy it will be, To be gath-ered up

what a joy it will be,.....

there ..... blessed Sav-iour, with Thee, ...

to be gath- ered up there,

blessed Sav-iour, with Thee;

Where no partings e'er come,

Where no part - ings e'er come,..... and we nev - er - more

and we nev-er-more roam; In that beau-ti - ful land,

roam;..... In that beau-ti - ful land

when the ran - som'd get home.....

when the ran - som'd get home.

No. 86 ALL ALONE.

G. T. B. G. T. BYRD.

1. On Mount Ol - ive's sa-cred brow Je - sus spent the night in pray'r,
2. There are days I'd like to be With the sanc - ti - fied and blest,
3. There are days to fast and pray For the pil-grim in his way,
4. When a heart is brok - en up With the bit - ter, woe-ful cup,

He's the pat-tern for us all, all a - lone, If we'll on - ly steal away,
There are days I like to be all a - lone, These can never grace impart,
There are days to be with Christ all alone, We can tell Him all our grief,
Then's the time to go to Christ all a - lone, In our blessed Lord di-vine,

In some portion of the day, We will find it always pays to be a - lone.
To my weary, sin-toss'd heart, There are days I'd like to be just all alone.
He will give us quick re-lief, There are days I'd like to be just all alone.
There is peace and joy sublime When we take our sorrows all to Him alone.
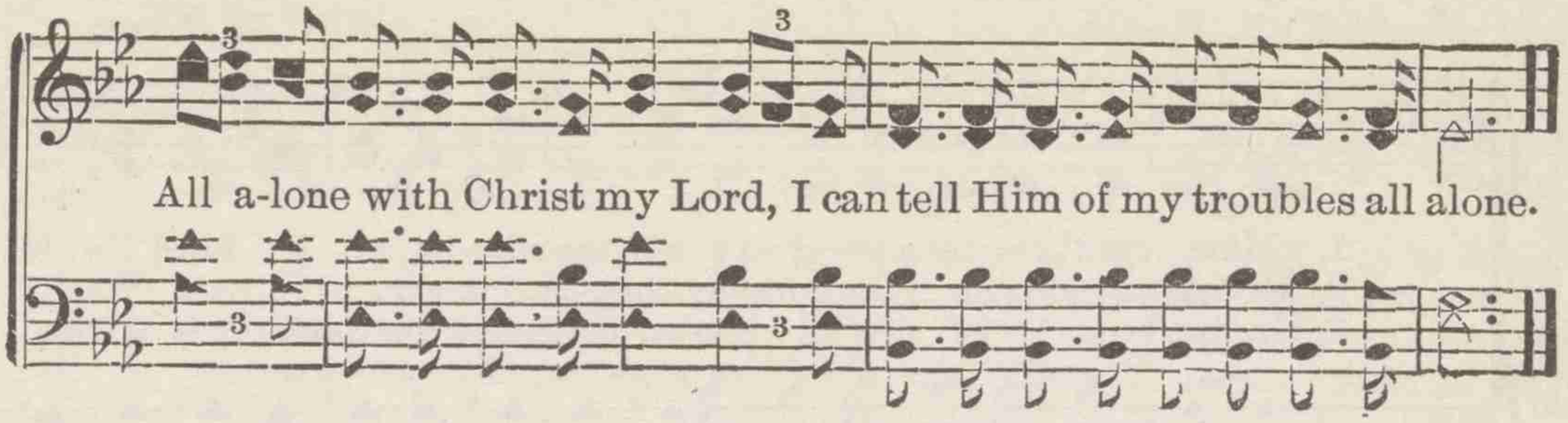
CHORUS.

There are days I'd like to be All a - lone with Christ my Lord,

I can tell Him of my troubles all alone, There are days I'd like to be
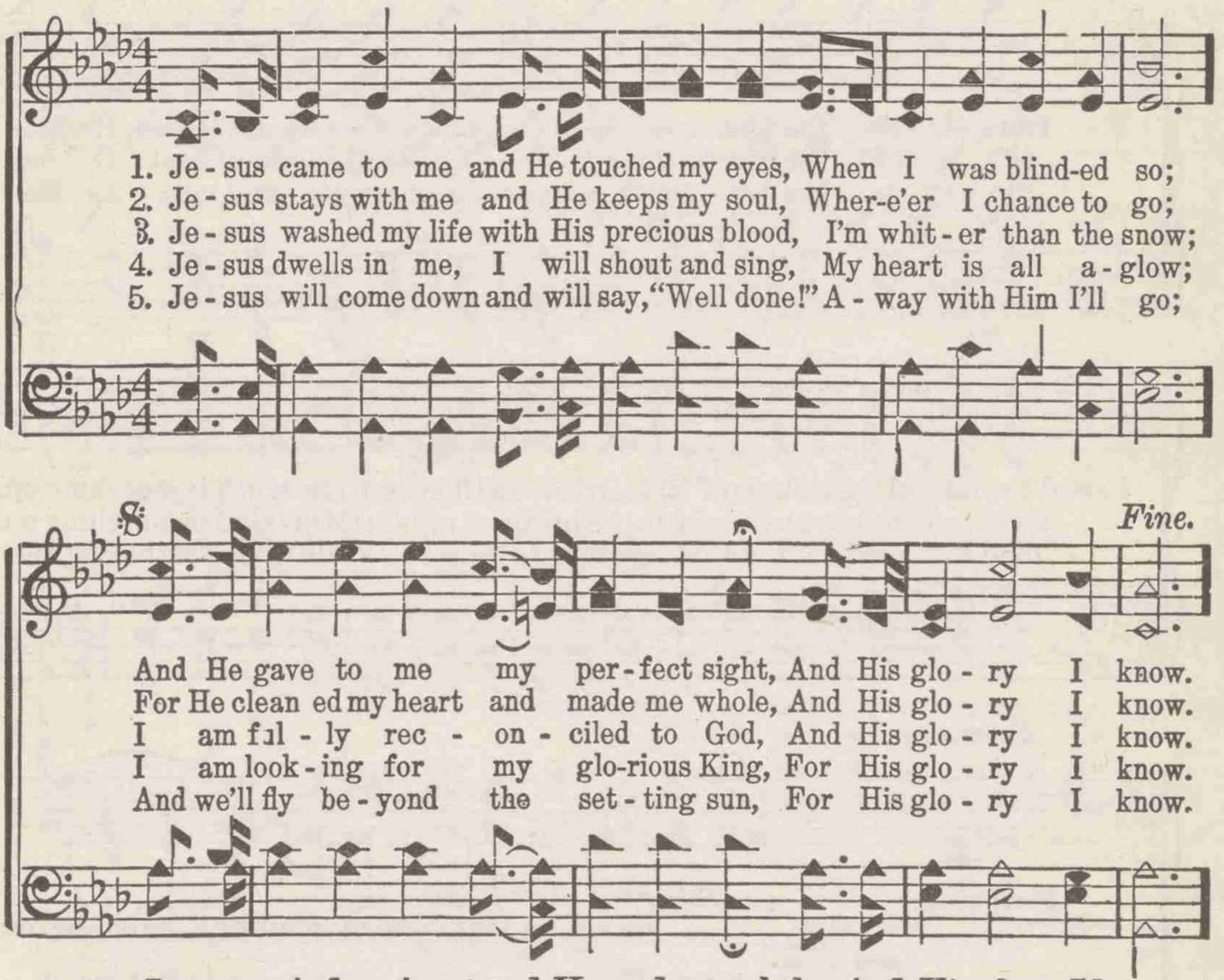
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ALL ALONE. Concluded.
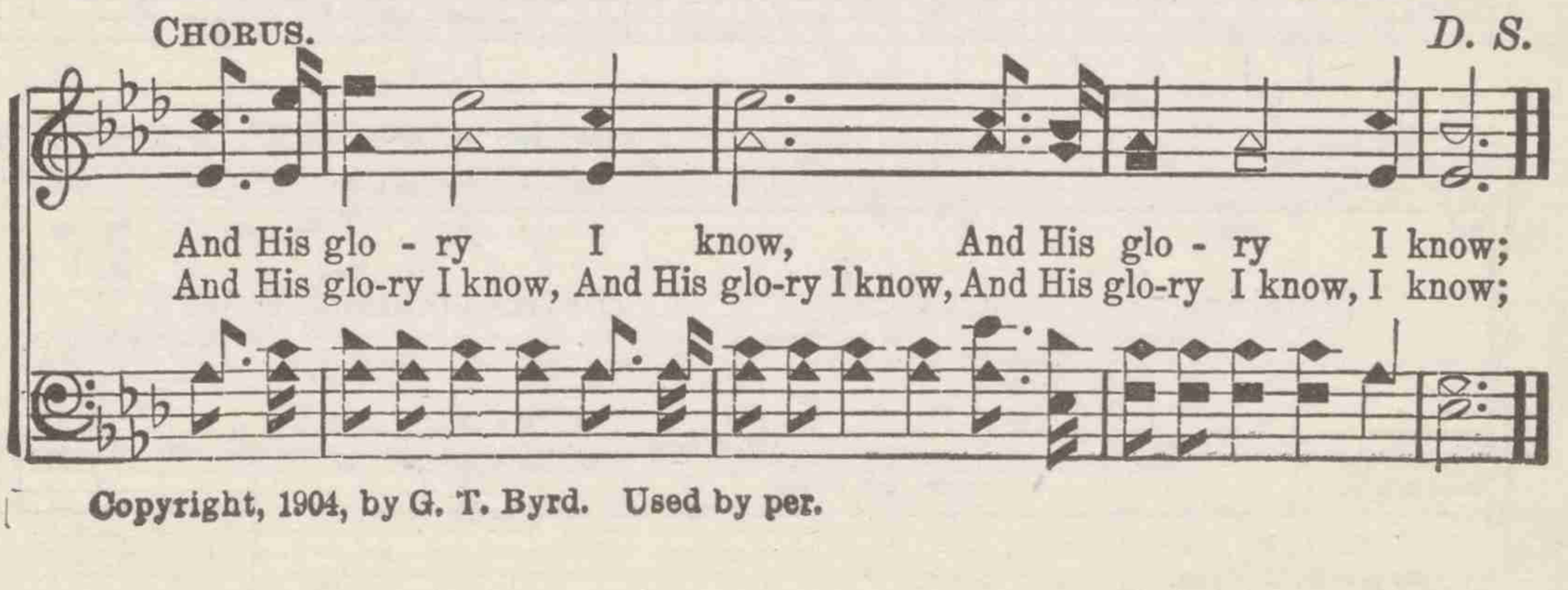


No. 87 AND HIS GLORY I KNOW.

G. T. B. Rev. G. T. Byrd.



D. S.—*Je-sus touched my heart and He made me whole, And His glory I know.*



Copyright, 1904, by G. T. Byrd. Used by per.

No. 88. OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON.

* * *

G. W. LYON.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord, He is trampling out the vint- age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has
2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call re-treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment-seat; O, be
3. In the beau- ty of the lil - ies Christ was born across the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos - om that trans- fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on.
swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men holy, let us strive to holy be, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Marching, marching, march - ing on; . . . .
Marching, marching, marching, marching, marching on, marching on;
Marching, marching, His truth is marching on.
Marching, marching, marching on.

By per. G. W. Lyon.

No. 89. I AM WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

W. G. IRVIN. JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop - ing soon to meet the lov'd ones, Where the "ma-ny mansions" be;

When the sor - row and the darkness Of this change-ful life are gone.
Hop - ing, when the war-fare's o - ver, To re - ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To a land of bliss a - bove.
List - 'ning for the hap - py wel - come Of my Sav - iour call - ing me.

CHORUS.
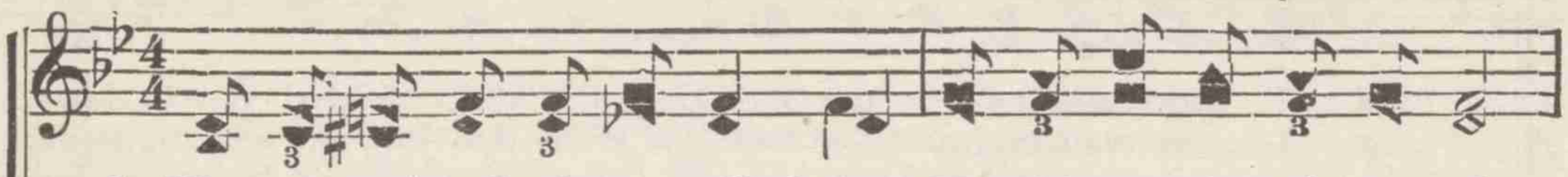
I am wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing,
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this
wea - - - - ry life is o'er; On - ly wait - - - - ing
wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry, till this wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing, waiting, waiting
for my wel-come, for my welcome, From my Sav-iour on the oth - er shore.

No. 90 Young Christian's Triumphant March.
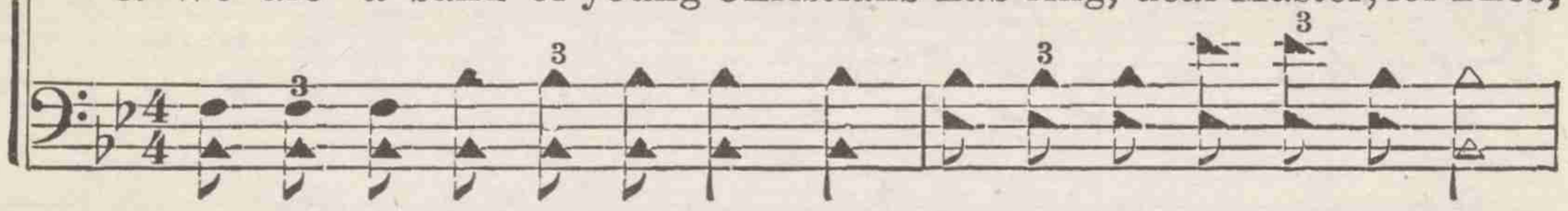
Arranged specially for Young People's Societies.
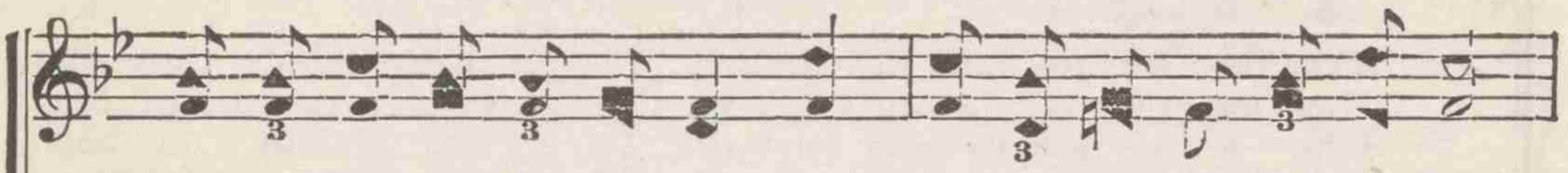
"Be strong and of good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

Words and Music by T. S. COBB.
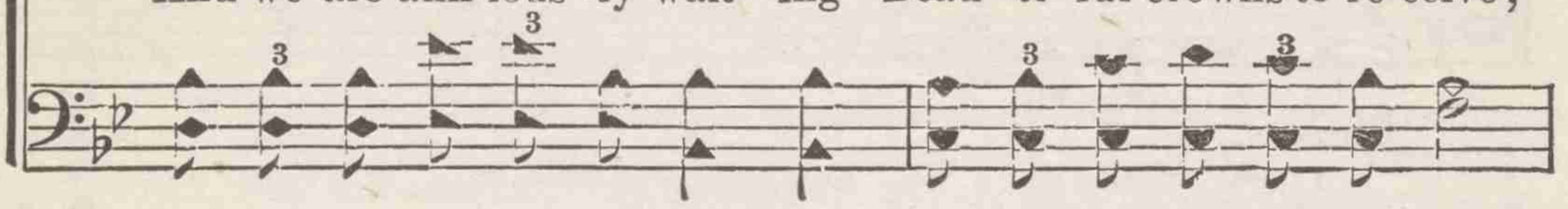


1. We are a band of young Christians Marching against the great foe,
2. We are a band of young Christians Marching to Canaan a - bove,
3. We are a band of young Christians Lab'ring, dear Master, for Thee,
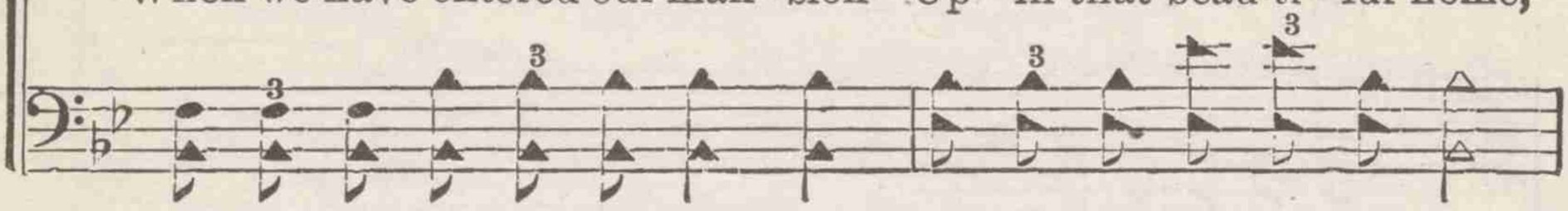




O - ver the hills and the mountains Where the good seed we may sow;
And we are joy-ful - ly sow - ing Seed of our Father's great love;
And we are anx-ious - ly wait - ing Beau - ti - ful crowns to re-ceive;



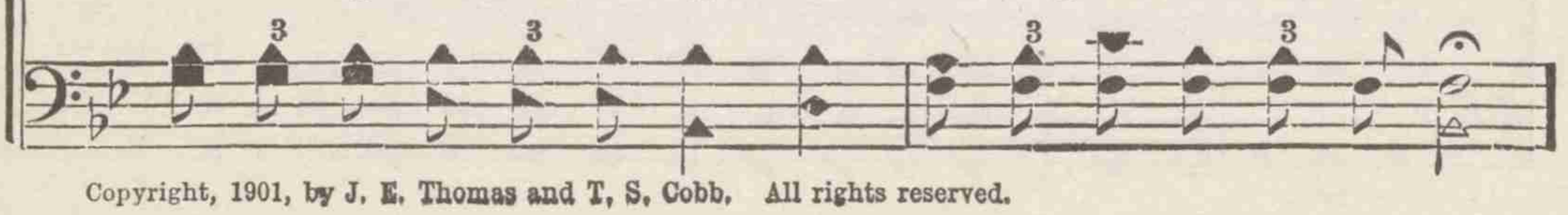


While we are joy-ful - ly sing - ing Songs of our Savior's great love,
Sow - ing and reaping and glean - ing As we go marching a - long,
When we have entered our man - sion Up in that beau-ti - ful home,
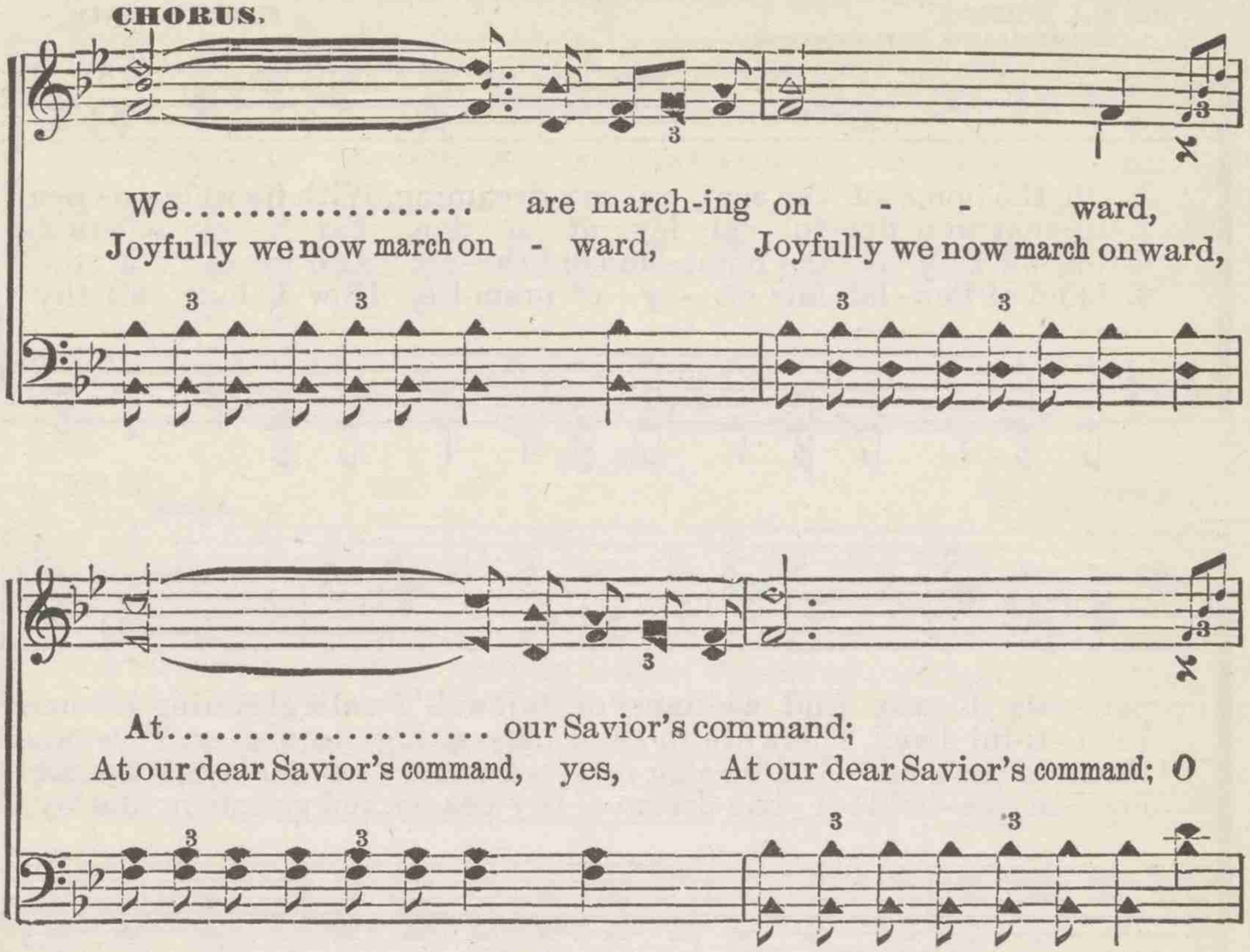




Come and go with us re - joic - ing Home to our Fa-ther a - bove.
Beau - ti - ful sheaves we are carrying Up to our Fa-ther's great throne.
Then the bright crown will be giv - en For the good work we have done.



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Young Christian's Triumphant March. Concluded.



No. 91. HOME-LAND OF HEAVEN.

To Prof. S. J. Perry, Dalton, Ga, (E. B. F.)

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER. ELBERT B. FOWL[illegible].

Andantino con espress.

1. Oh, the home of the soul, in my dreaming, With its wide - o - pen
2. In that won-der-ful val - ley of E - den, Far a - way where the
3. Oh, we sing of the home-land of heav-en, And we call it the
4. Land of Beu - lah fair cit - y of prom-ise, How I long all thy

por - tals I see, And a glimpse of its jewell'd walls gleaming Is some-
beau - ti-ful dwell, There are an-gel-ic harp-strings a-quiv - er While sweet
"Home of the Soul." And we sigh for its beau-ti - ful val-leys, Where fair
joys to .be-hold! I can dream of thy beauty and grandeur, But by

REFRAIN.

times half revealed un - to me.
an - thems of love ev - er swell. Oh, that fair, hap-py home-land of
riv - ers of peace ev - er roll.
tongue it can nev - er be told.

heav-en, With its wide - o - pen por-tals I see, How I long for the

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summons to en - ter, And at home with my Sav - iour to be!

No. 92. GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

Rev. 21: 4.

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

Duet.

1. Here we have a time of sor - row, Pain and anguish day by day;
2. Weeping eyes shall weep no longer, Peace and joy shall last for aye;
3. At the bed-side of the dy - ing, To the weeping gently say;

But there'll come a time of gladness, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."
In that E - den land up yon - der, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."
That in heav'n there is no sor - row, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, how sweet the promise, As we pass a-long life's way;

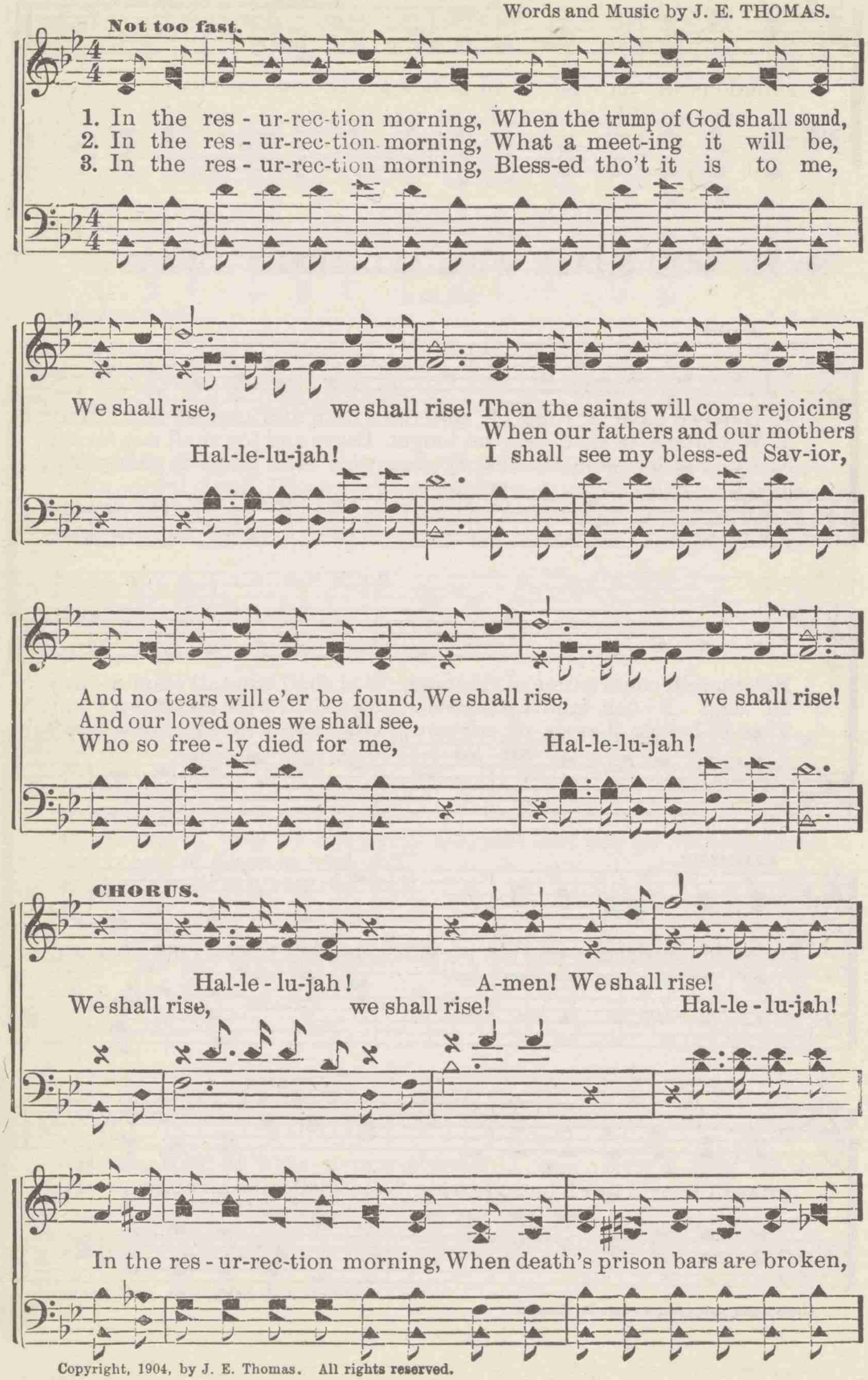
That in heav'n there'll be no sorrow, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."

Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

No. 93. Hallelujah, We Shall Rise.

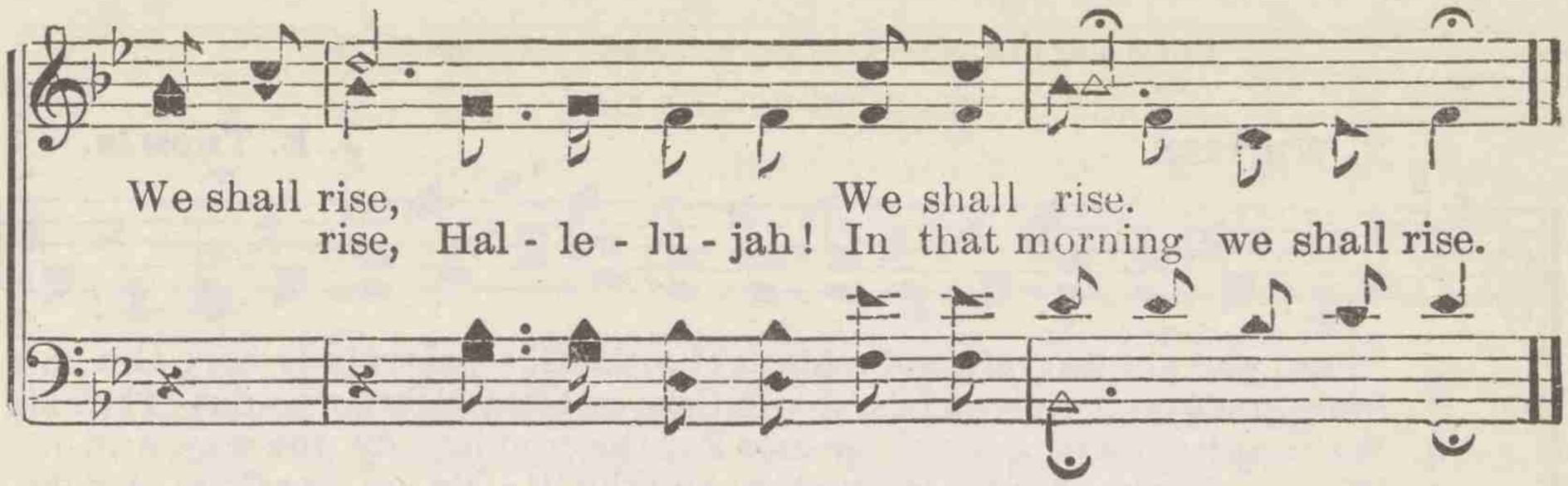
"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.



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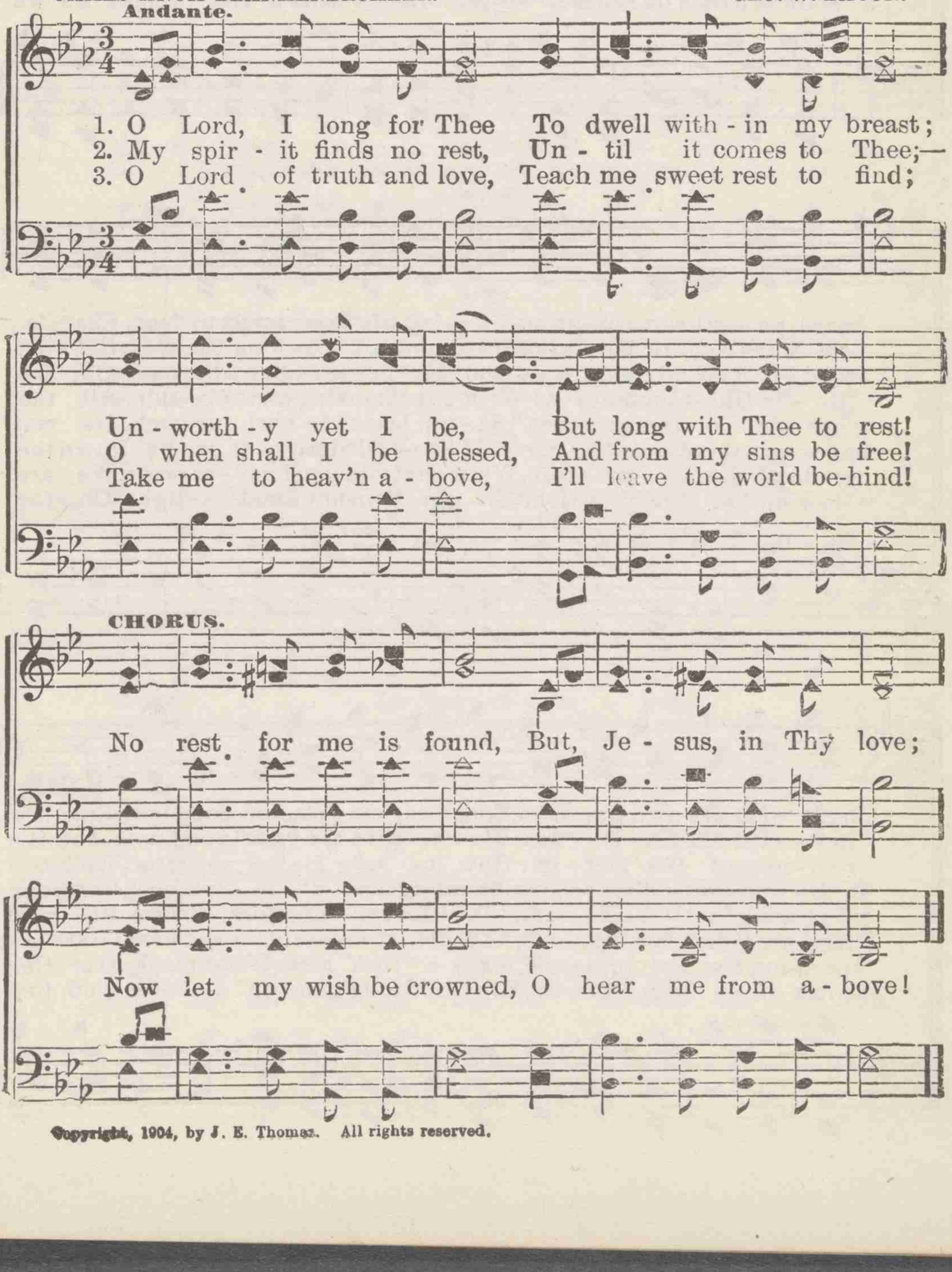
Hallelujah, We Shall Rise. Concluded.



No. 94. No Rest.

Dedicated to my friend, Rev. D. J. Hunt.

JAMES KNOX BLANKENBECKLER. GEO. W. BACON.
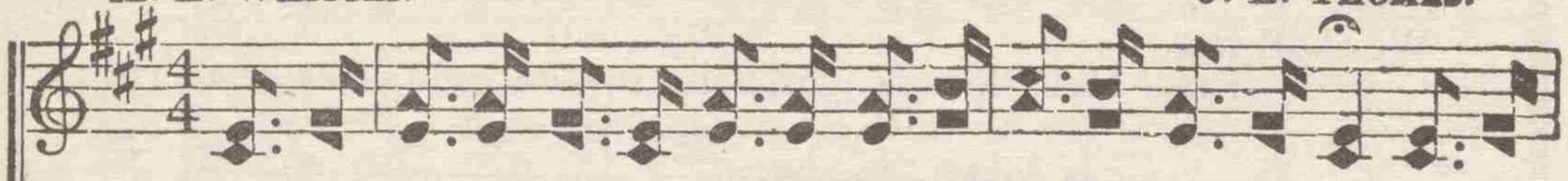


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The Gospel Railroad.
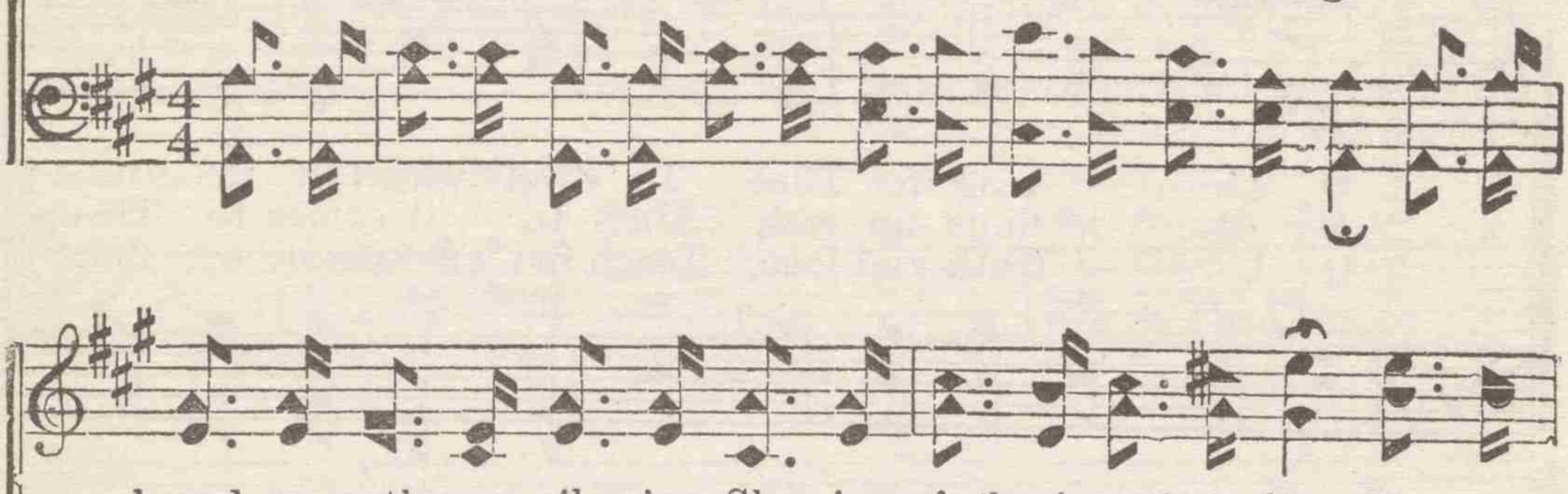
"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.
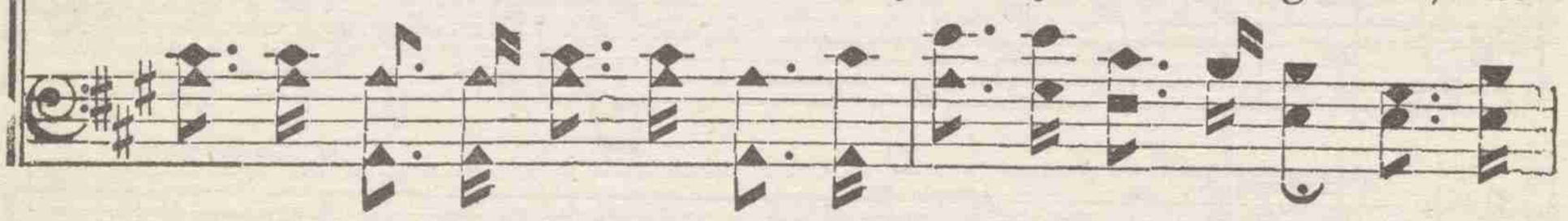
M. E. WHITTEN. J. E. THOMAS.
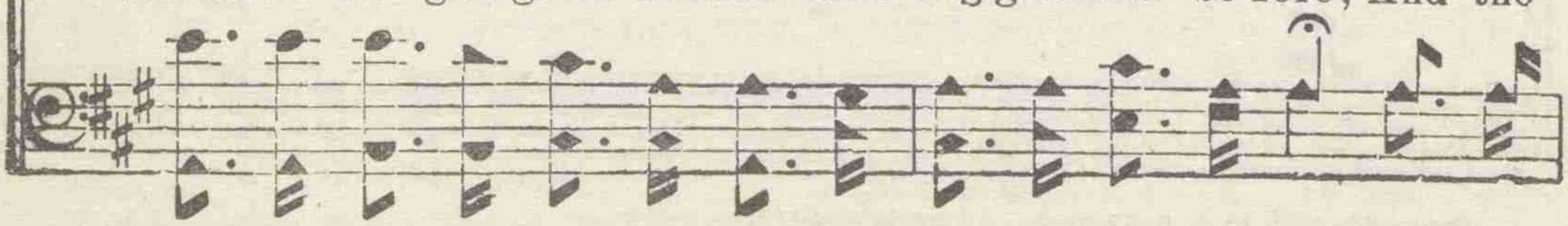


1. Heard you not that railroad whistle? Lo, the Gos-pel train is here. Get a -
2. Storm-toss'd sinner o'er life's bil-lows, Come on board this train to-day; There are
3. We're equipped in th' gos-pel ar-mor For the conflict's by the way, And our
4. We've a brave and true Conductor; And the Bi - ble is our Guide; And the
5. See the Gos-pel "Headlight" streaming Far a-down our fore-most track, To dis-
6. Lo, our En-gin-eer "keeps sighting Down the track" with ea - gle eye, If per-
7. We are "sweeping on to glo-ry," O'er each culvert, 'round each curve; Up the
8. Soon we'll reach the heaven-ly "De-pot;" Lo, its spires a - rise in sight As we



board, ye earthworn pil-grims, She is safe, there's nought to fear. She is
sta - tions rich in bless - ing Scat-tered all a - long the way. Get your
food is heav'n-ly man - na God dis - pens - es day by day. Oh, the
Ho - ly Ghost sup-plies us With our "moving power" be-side. All the
close the "o - pen switches" Sa - tan leaves to hurl us back. He may
chance some threat'ning dan - ger Half con-cealed may near us lie. Down the
grade of con - se - cra - tion, Where our train must nev - er swerve. We are
"slow up" at the "sta-tion," At our jour-ney's end a - light. Oh, the



built of God's own tim - bers, Coach-es am - ple and complete; Rails are
tick - et, God's for - giv - ness; Je - sus paid the "fare" you know, And His
rich - ness of His mer - cy; How it sat - is - fies and saves! While the
Brake-men are God's ser-vants, Standing firm at du - ty's post, Carrying
plan "wrecks" and "di - sas - ters," To "de - rail" or "ditch" our train, But we'll
track are "dark obstructions," Tri-als, trou-bles, pain, and care; Hark! He
speed-ing o'er the brid - ges, Where a "break" means certain death; O'er the
shouts of an - gels greet us! Kin - dred long gone on be-fore; And the



The Gospel Railroad.

laid in faith and pa-tience, And each "tie" a prom-ise sweet.
"tel - e-grams" of mer - cy, Up and down this rail-road go.
ban - ner of sal - va - tion O'er our Rail - road proud-ly waves.
train - loads in - to Ca - naan—Lo, a great un-num-bered host.
make the "run" suc - cess - ful, All his ef - forts prove in vain.
sig - nals "dan - ger!" "dan-ger!" "Down with brakes!" "beware!" "beware!"
moun-tains, thro' the tun - nels Where we ride with "bat-ed breath."
Sup - 'rin - ten - dent hails us, "Welcome, wel-come! ev - er - more!"

CHORUS.

All a - board . . . . the Gos-pel rail - - road, All a -
All a-board the Gos - pel rail - road, All a - board, ere 'tis too late; All a -

board, ... ere 'tis too late; We are
board the Gos - pel rail - road, All a - board, ere 'tis too late; We are

bound . . . . . for Heav-en's de - pot, Where the
bound for Heav - en's de - pot, We are bound for Heav-en's de - pot, Where the

An - - - - - gel por - ters wait.
shin - ing An - gel por - ters for us wait. (for us wait.)

No. 96 Home at Last.

J. F. C. J. F. CAGLE.

1. My boy has gone to for-eign lands, I know not where his lot be cast;
2. O Fa-ther, wilt Thou keep his feet In all his ways where'er he be;
3. O cleanse him Lord, in Jesus' blood, Turn him from doubt and sin away;

I want the pray'rs of all Christ's bands, That he may be brought home at last.
Yea, keep him, Father, till we meet Beside Thy throne, dear Lord, with Thee.
Bap-tize him in the crim-son flood, And lead him home to endless day.

CHORUS.

Home at last, home at last, In his
Home at last, home at last, home at last, home at last,

glo - ry there to stand; Home at last,
Home at last, home at last,

home at last, With the heav-'nly an - gel band.
home at last, home at last,

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex,

97

I'll Cling to the Rock!

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

1. Oh Rock of Ages let me hide Within Thy cleft when storms arise; Be-
2. Oh Rock of Ages sol-id still When burning worlds have fled and gone; Safe
3. Oh Rock of Ages when I come To cross the stream with swollen tide, When

CHORUS.

neath Thy shadows to a-bide, While a-ges roll and nature dies. O
and secure oh, let me dwell, On Thee, the trusting pilgrims' home. O
life with all its work is done, Oh, let me in Thy shadows hide. O

Rock, O bless-ed Rock of A-ges, I will ev-er to Thee cling, Tho'

Rock, O Rock, O bless-ed Rock, to Thee I'll cling, Tho'

dark the conflicts be; And when I'm passing thro' death's valley, I will

dark the conflicts be; . . And when I'm passing thro' death's val-ley

shout Thy praise and sing, I'm clinging, clinging, ev-er un-to Thee!

still I'll sing, I'm clinging, clinging, ev-er un-to Thee!

I'm cling-ing, clinging,

Jesus Calls.

By per.

In memory of Prof. C. E. Leslie.

LAURA E. NEWELL. T. M. BOWDISH.

DUET.

1. Je-sus calls us, and He gen-tly Giv-eth His be - lov-ed sleep;
2. Wea-ry hearts may find sweet shelter, When they flee to Jesus' breast;
3. Look to heav'n when earth seems dreary, Trust in Je-sus, He will aid;
4. When the day of life is end-ed, May we meet to part no more,

Where the saints a - bide in heav-en, None may ev - er wake to weep.
And tho' storms of grief o'er-take us, In His love our souls may rest.
And tho' tempests sweep a-round you, You shall nev-er be dis-mayed.
In the Kingdom of the bless-ed, On the shin- ing gold-en shore.

CHORUS.

We shall meet . . . . be - yond the riv - er,

We shall meet, . . . yes, we shall meet be-yond the riv - er,

We shall meet,

We shall meet be-yond the riv - er,

When the storms . . . . of life are o'er; . . . . .

When all the storms, the storms of life are o'er;

There to praise . . . . our dear Re-deem - er,

There to praise our dear Re-deem - er, there to praise our dear Re-deemer,

ad lib.

On that bright . . . e - ter - nal shore, e - ter - nal shore.

On that bright,

No. 99. FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR.

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

1. Pass along the highways, cheerful as you go, Ma-ny are in sad-ness
2. In the morn or evening as we march along, Let us lead some sinner
3. In the shades of evening, sing a happy song, Cheering lonely pilgrims

in this world below, There is one that cheers and leads us by the hand,
from the paths of wrong, Bid them follow Je-sus clos-er ev-'ry day,
as they pass a-long, Join our might-y ar-my, 'tis a hap-py band,

CHORUS.

Point them to the Saviour the redeeming Lamb. Fol - - low-ing the
Looking to their leader, He's the on-ly way.
Marching on to Canaan to the promised land. Fol-low-ing the Sav-iour,
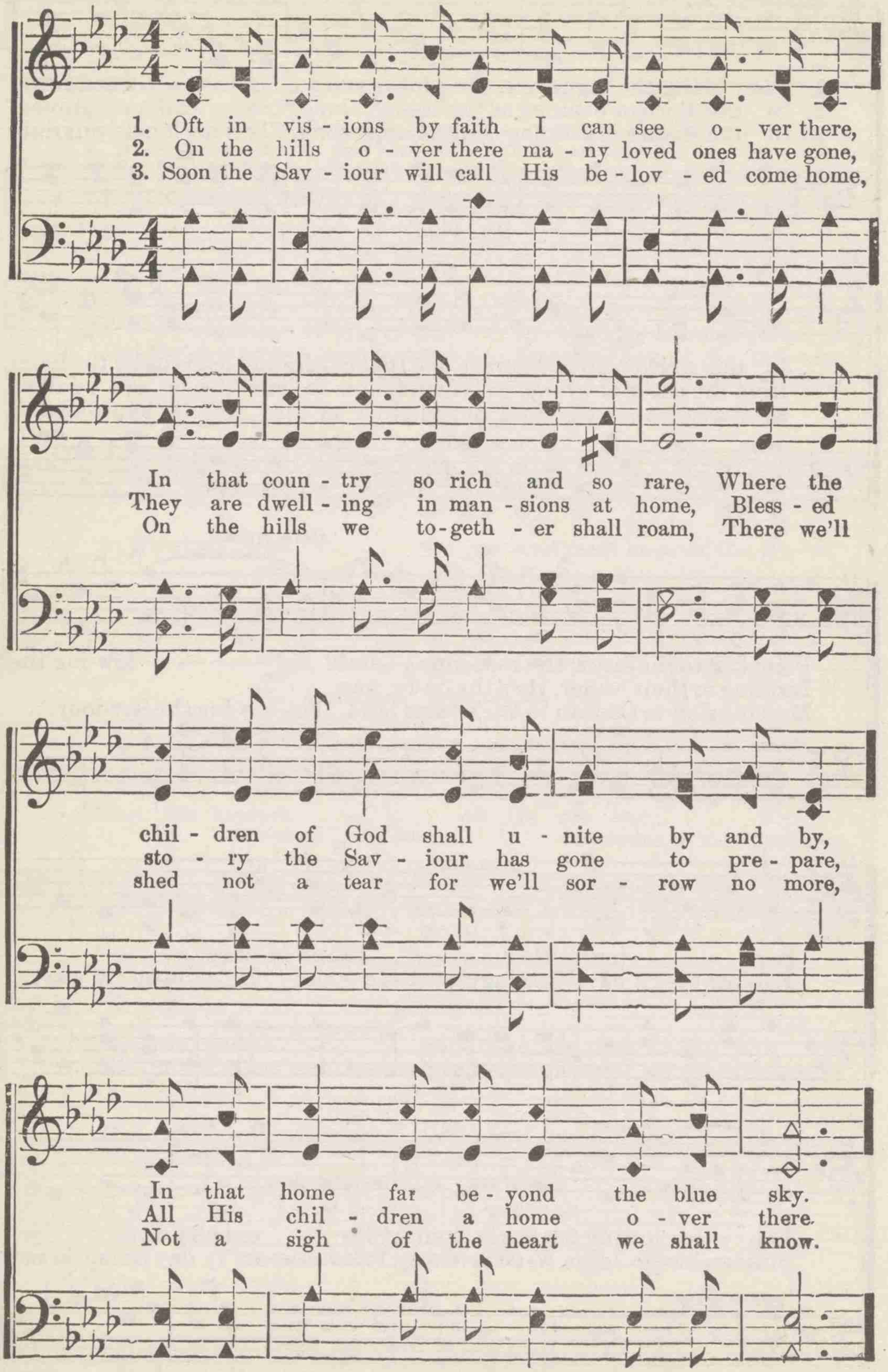
Sav - - iour, He's..... the on-ly way,
Fol-low ev-'ry day, Walking close to Je - sus, He's the on-ly way,

Fol - lowing the Sav - iour Clos - er ev'ry day.
Follow close to Jesus, We can never stray, Follow closer ev-'ry day (and all the way.)

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 100 ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.
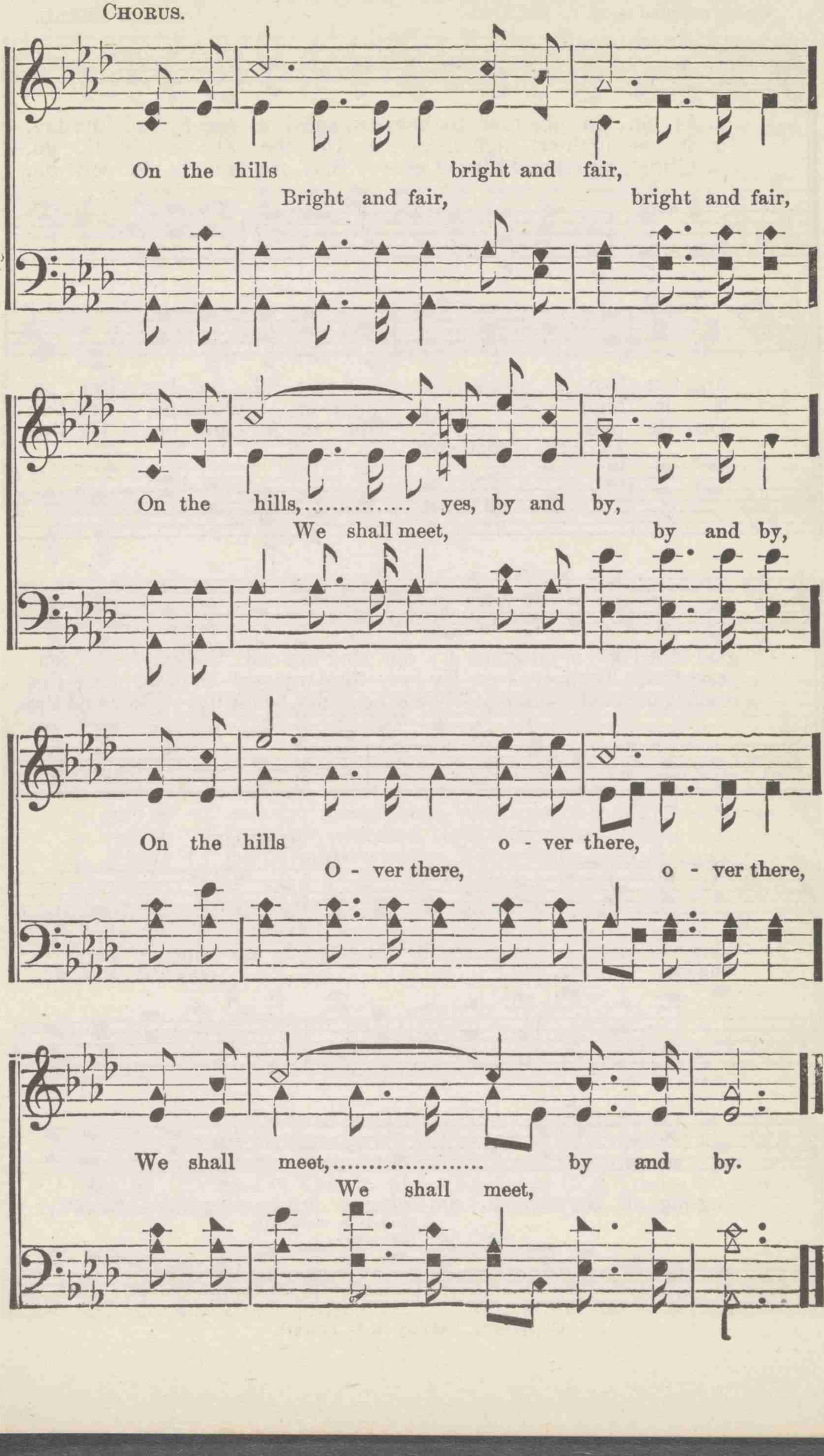
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 101. I AM SINGING ALL THE WAY!

Words adapted by F. L. EILAND. R. L. POWELL.

1. I am on the road to heav-en, and I'm hap-py all the day,—
2. It is high-er, high-er, ev - er, Up the Zi - on hill I'd go,—
3. Christ, the blessed King of glo-ry, Bids me, Him to fol - low on,

And I'm hap - - py,.... hap-py all the day; I'm so
It is high - - er,..... high-er I would go,— And I've
Yes, He bids me,.... Him to fol - low on,— Till I've
hap - py, hap - py,

glad that I'm a pil-grim, I am sing-ing all the way,— I am
peace that's like a riv - er, Ev - er, thro' my soul to flow, And I'm
reached the land of promise, Where the saints, before have gone, And I'm

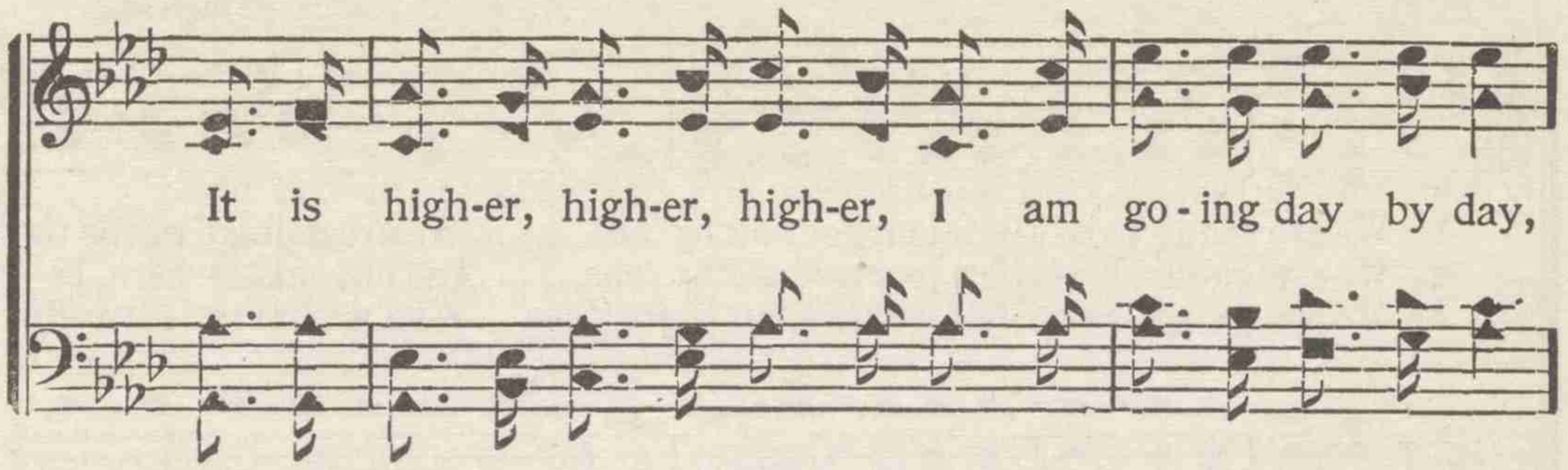
REFRAIN.

sing - ing,... sing-ing all the way! I am sing - ing,
sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing,

sing-ing all the way; I am sing - ing,... sing-ing all the way,—
sing-ing, sing-ing,

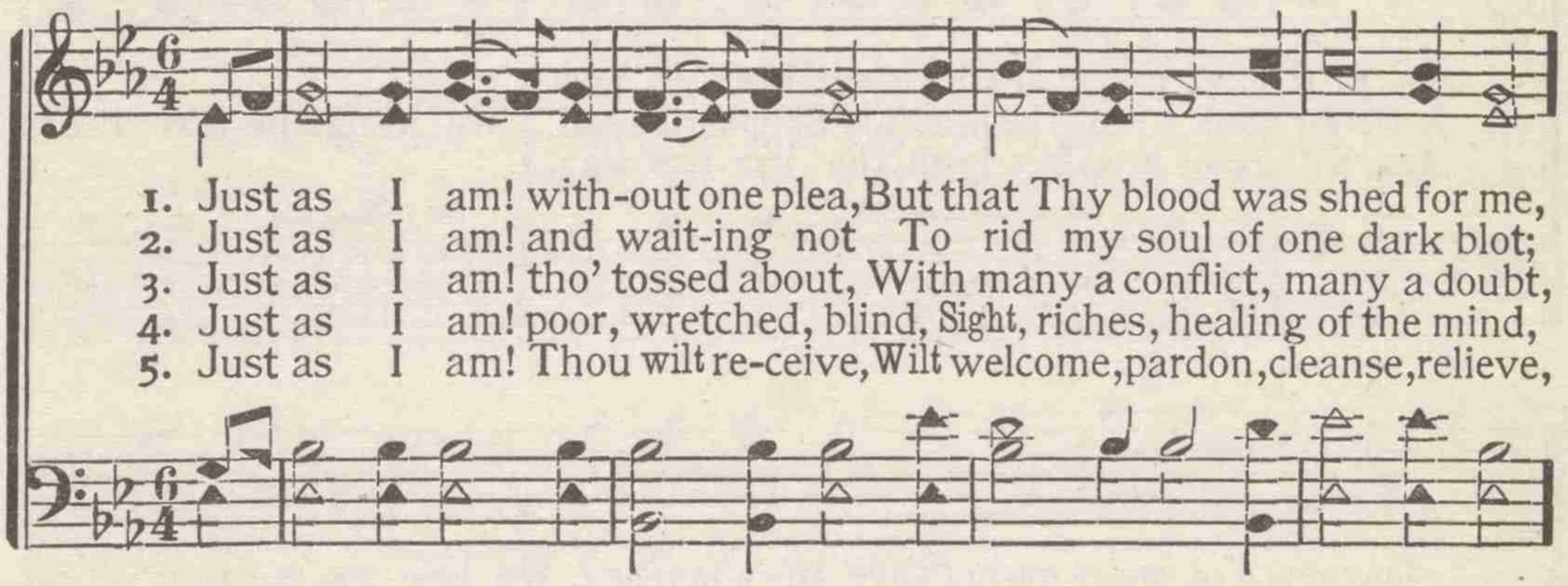
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I AM SINGING ALL THE WAY! Concluded.



No. 102. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 103. WE ARE GOING ONE BY ONE.

F. H. FRED. HEUMEL.

Recitative.

1. We are going thro' life's journey one by one,.... We are going t'wards the
2. We are going thro' life's journey one by one,.... And our labors here be-
3. We are going thro' life's journey, but there s one Who will never leave His

ev'ning's set-ting sun ; Soon the fleeting days of earth will all be past,...
low will soon be done; When the fi-nal end doth come to one and all;,...
children sad—forlorn, 'Tis the lov-ing Sav-iour, He will be our stay,

CHORUS.

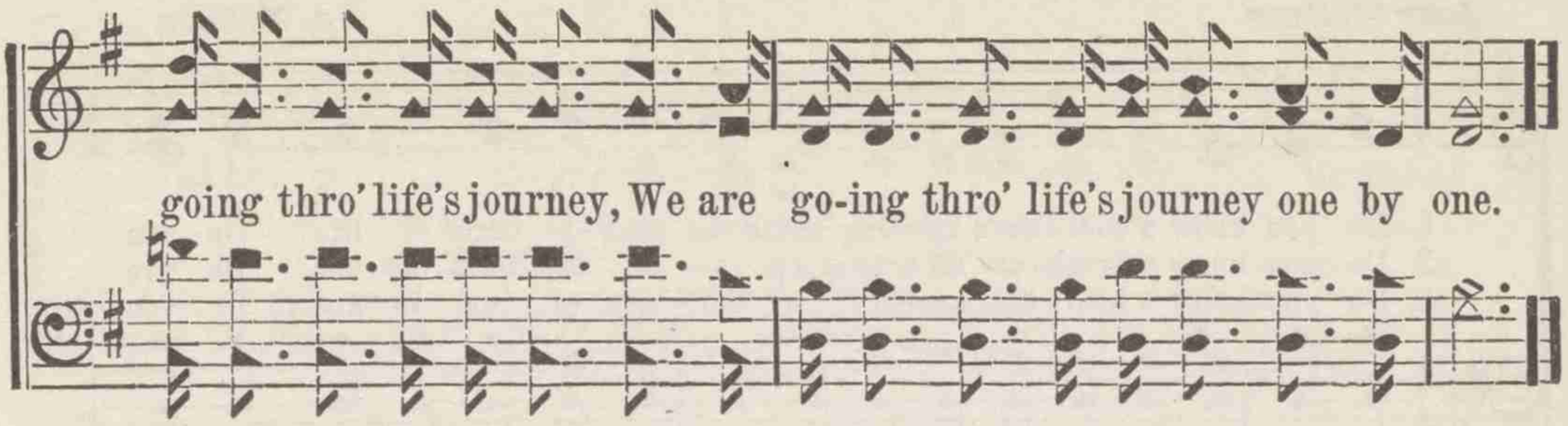
And we'll stand up- on death's river bank at last.
Let's be read- y for the heav'nly Shepherd's call.
And will guide us safe - ly in the nar-row way.
} We are going thro' life's

journey, Yes, we're go-ing thro' life's journey, We are go- ing thro' life's

jour-ney one by one, We are go- ing thro' life's jour-ney, Yes, we're

J. L. MOORE, owner.

WE ARE GOING ONE BY ONE.—Concluded.
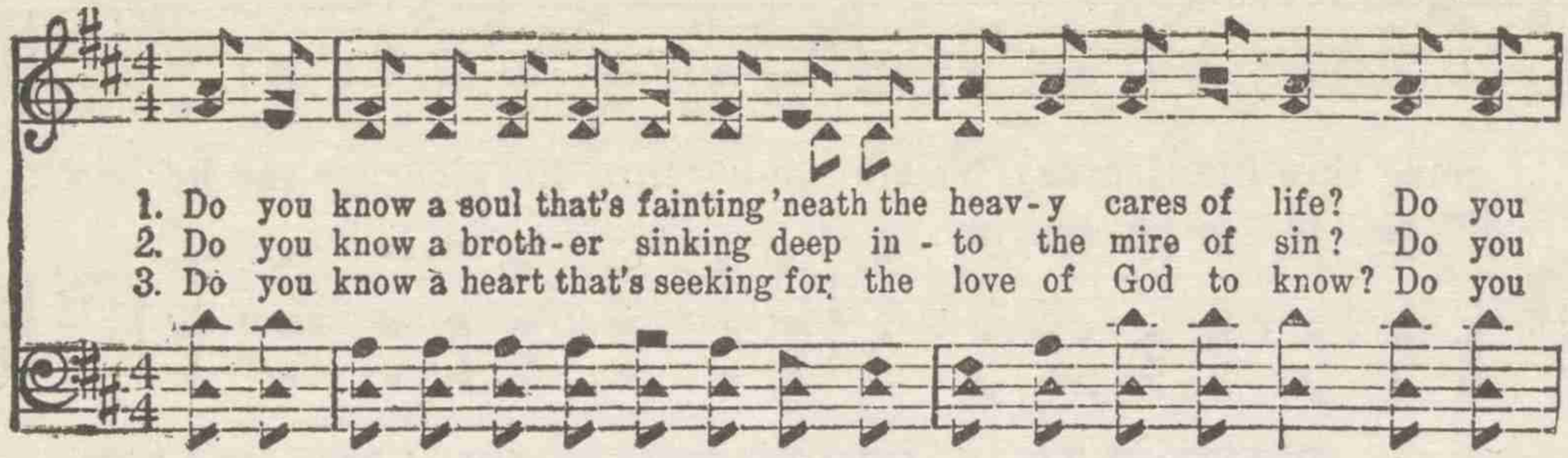


No. 104. THERE IS A CITY BRIGHT AND FAIR.

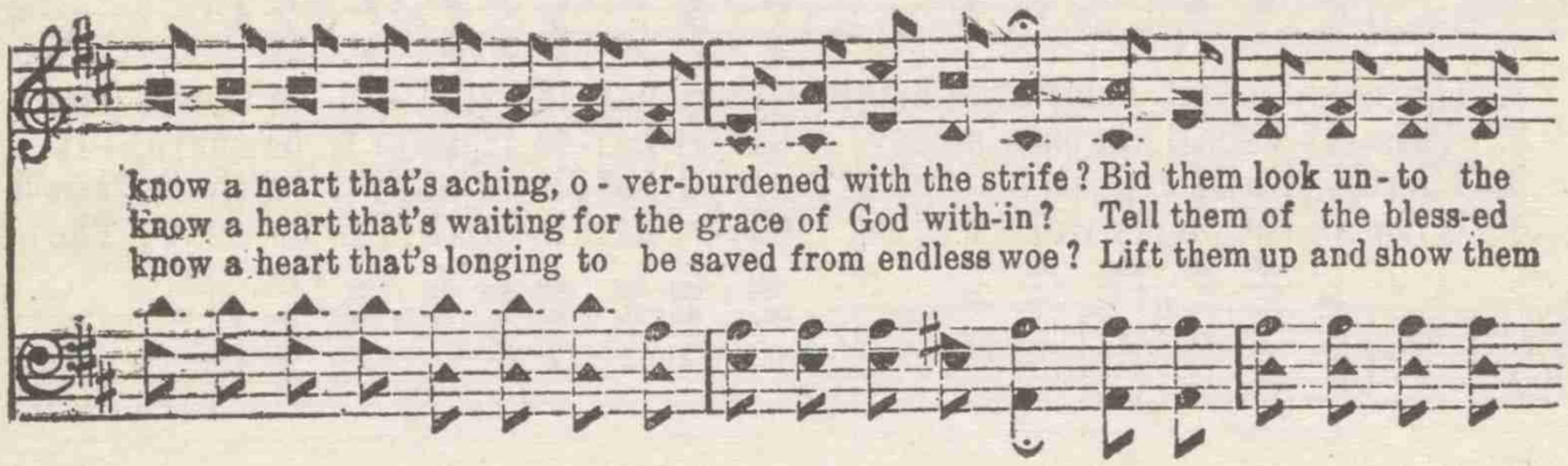
Words arr. J. L. MOORE.

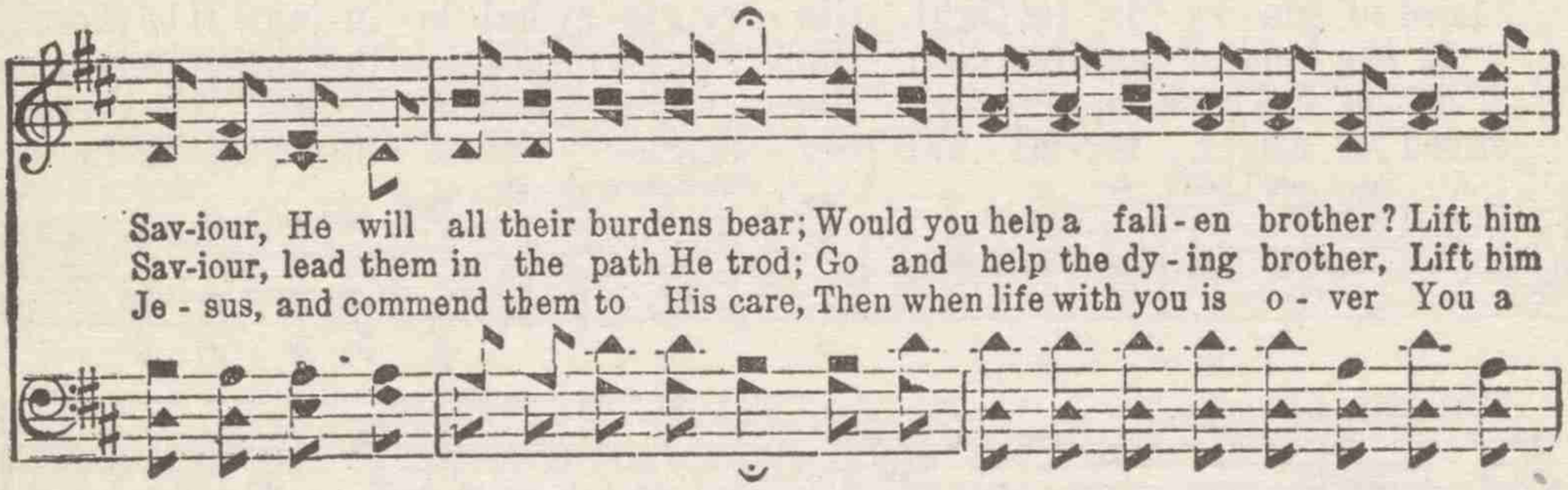
J. L MOORE, owner.

No. 105 LIFT THEM UP.

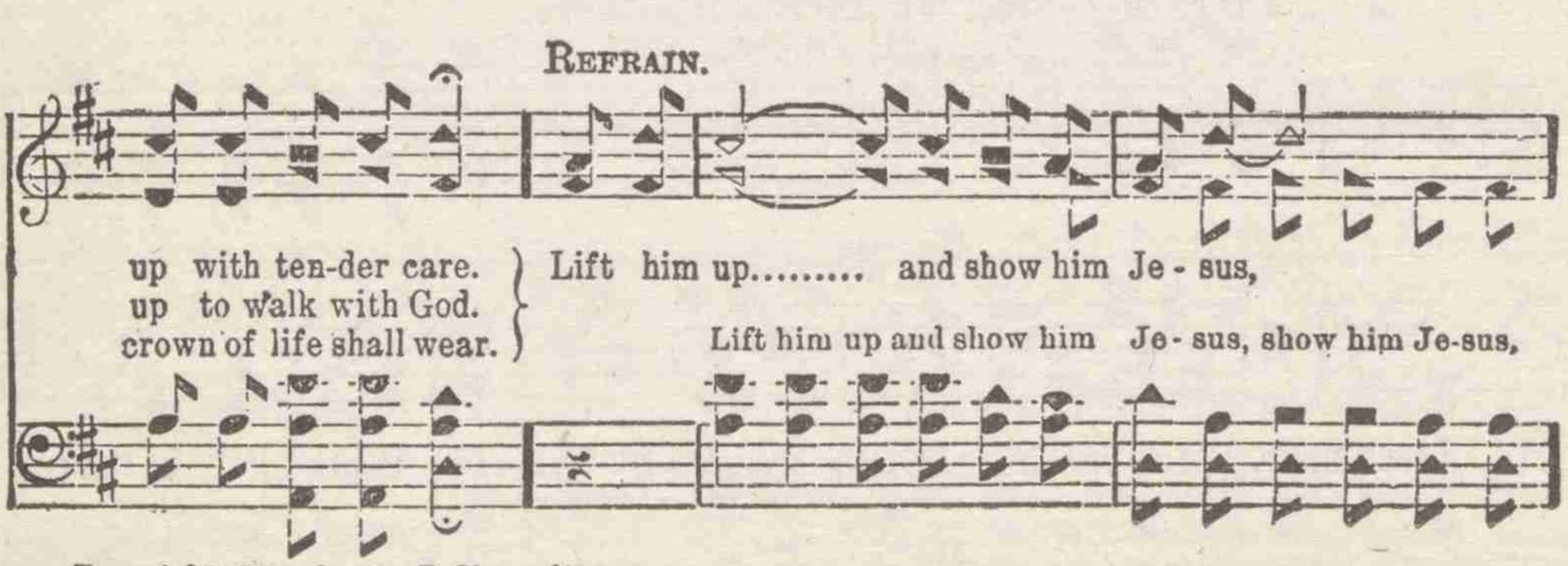
JOHN W. HUFF A. M. PACE.
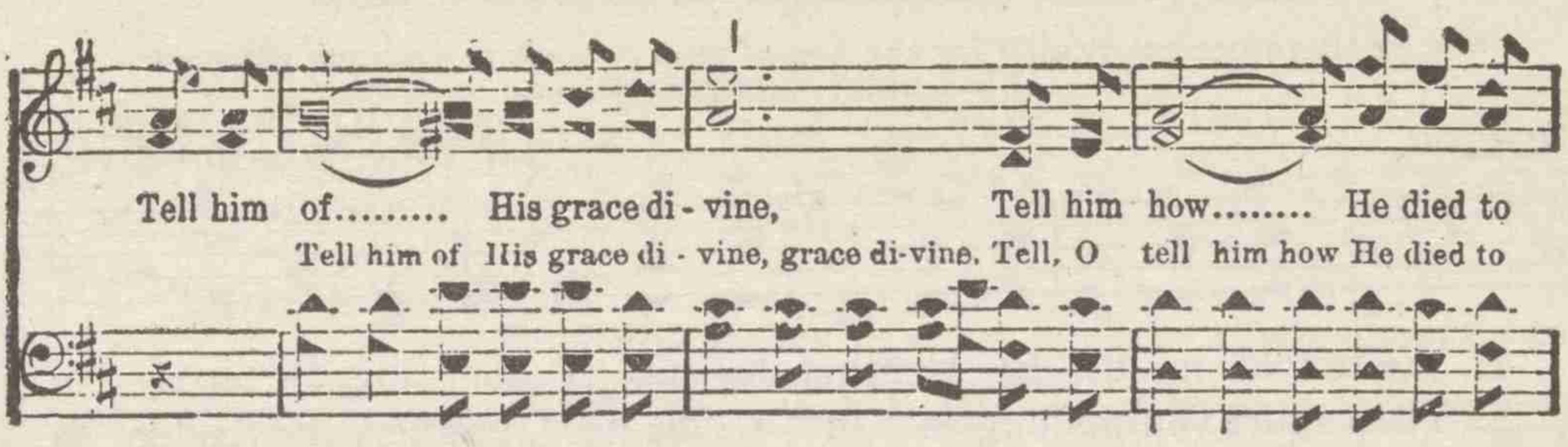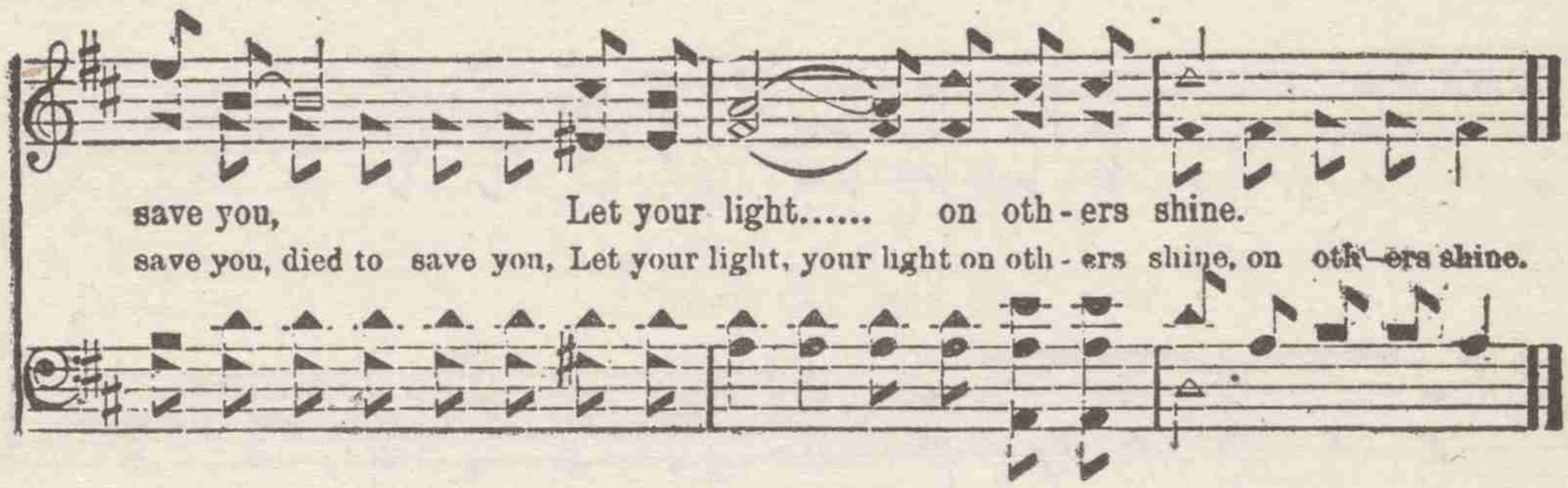






REFRAIN.



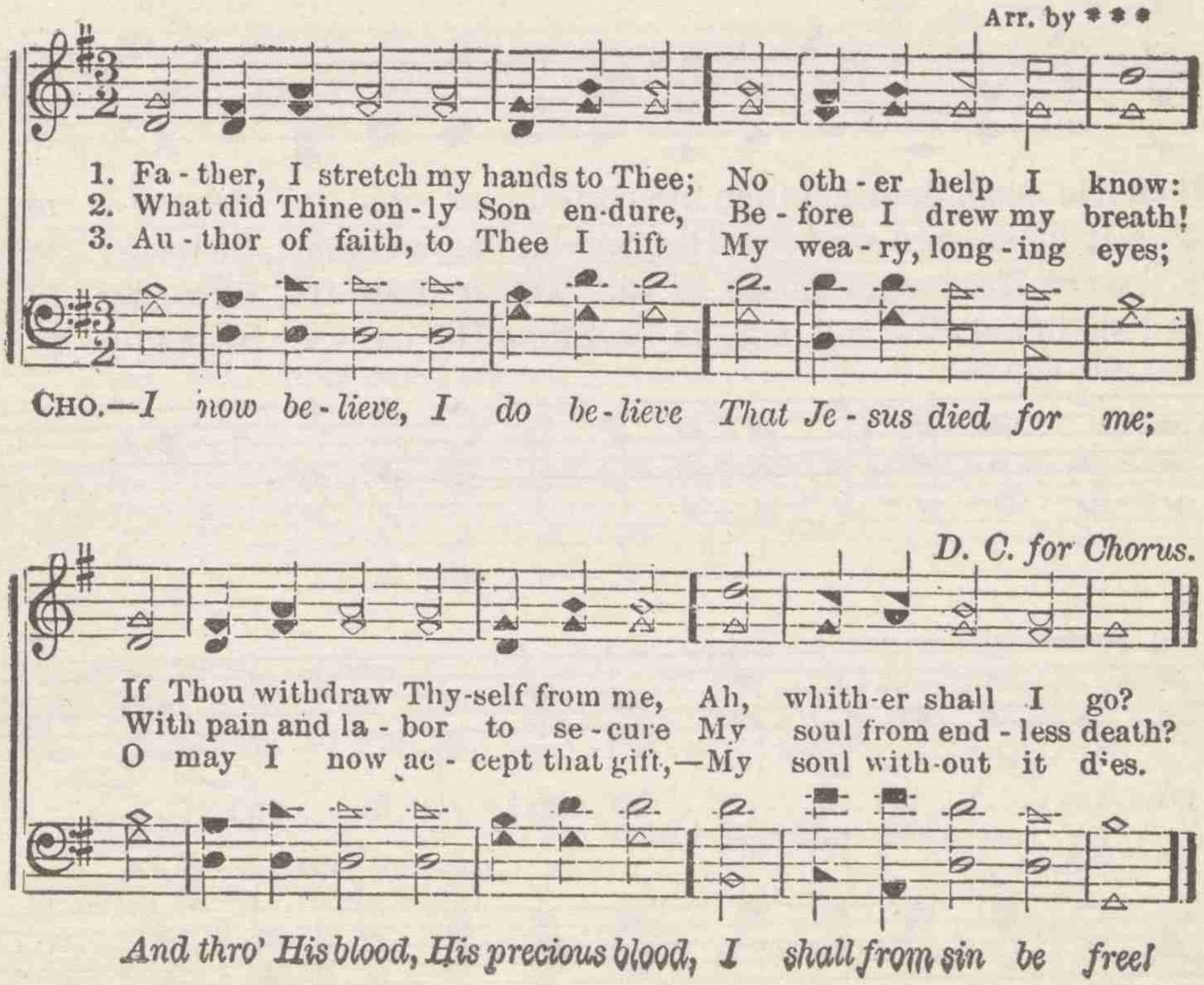
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LIFT THEM UP.





No. 106 FAITH AND TRUST. C. M.



No. 107 BE READY TO GO!

"Be ye therefore ready also for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—LUKE 12 40.

CHAS. C. WILLIAMS.
Arr. by N. W. ALLPHIN.

C. C. W.

1. We're told in the Bi - ble, that Je - sus is com - ing; Be read-y to
2. Then stand you no long-er in i - dle-ness, brother, Be read-y to
3. We know not the day nor the hour of His com-ing, Be read-y to
4. Would you, with the millions redeemed there be numbered? Be read-y to

go,..... be read - y to go!.....
Be read - y to go,

When He shall de-scend from the port-als of glo - ry, Be read-y to
Be watch - ing and wait-ing His com-ing to wel-come, Be read-y to
Re - ward He has promised to all who are faith-ful, Be read-y to
Then slight not His call, nor re - ject thou His mer-cy, Be read-y to

go,..... be read - y to go! .....
Be read - y to go,

Copyright, 1908, by D. M. Ragle.

BE READY TO GO! Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Be ready to go..... for sure He is coming!.....
Be read-y to go, He's com-ing a-gain!

That day may be near, ... be read-y to
That day may be near,

go,..... Be read-y to go..... with
be read-y to go, Be read-y to go

all the re-deemed ones!..... When He shall ap-
in glo-ry to reign!

pear..... be read-y to go!.....
When He shall ap-pear be read-y to go!

No. 108 TOILERS.

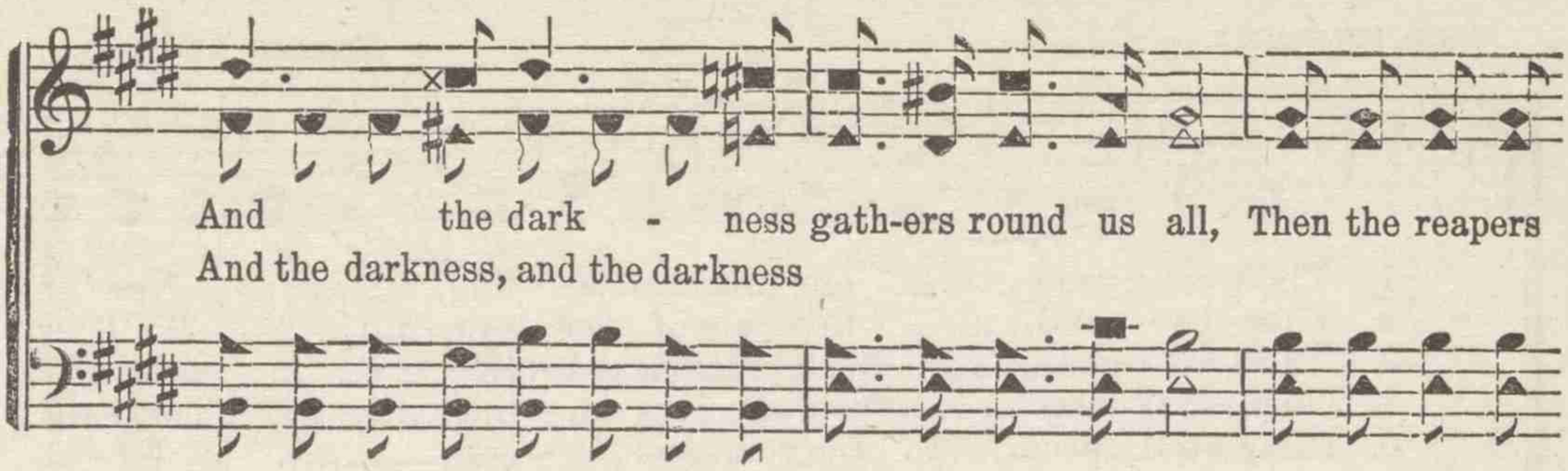
W. M. R. WILL M. RAMSEY.
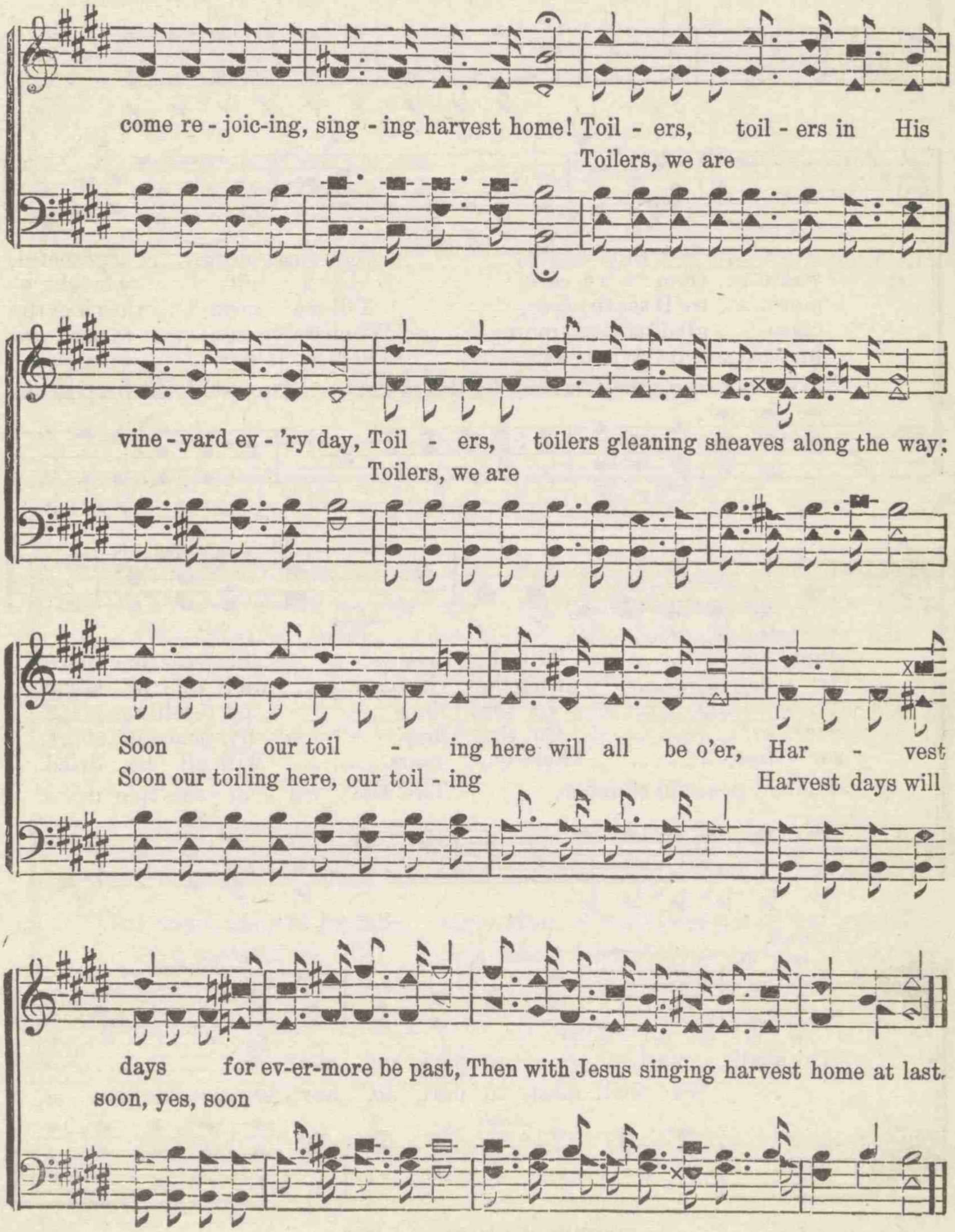
1. Toil - ers in the Mas-ter's vine-yard all the season through, Do-ing with our might whate'er our hands may find to do; Know-ing Je - sus will re-ward us when our work is o'er, Re - u - nite us there for-ev - er on the gold-en shore.
2. Toil - ers in the Mas-ter's vine-yard serving Him each day; Heed-ing not the hin - dranc-es that oft be-cloud our way; Leaning on His prom-is - es we know His word is true, And whate'er befalls us here He always leads us through.
3. Toil - ers in the Mas-ter's vine-yard reaping golden grain, Leading lost ones to the Saviour, blessed Lamb once slain; See the evening shadows, now the day will soon be done, Let us toil from early morning till the setting sun.

CHORUS.

Toil - ers, toil-ers in His vineyard ev'ry day, Toil - ers, toil - ers gleaning sheaves a - long the way; When the eve - ning shades begin to fall,
Toilers, we are Toilers, we are When the evening, when the evening
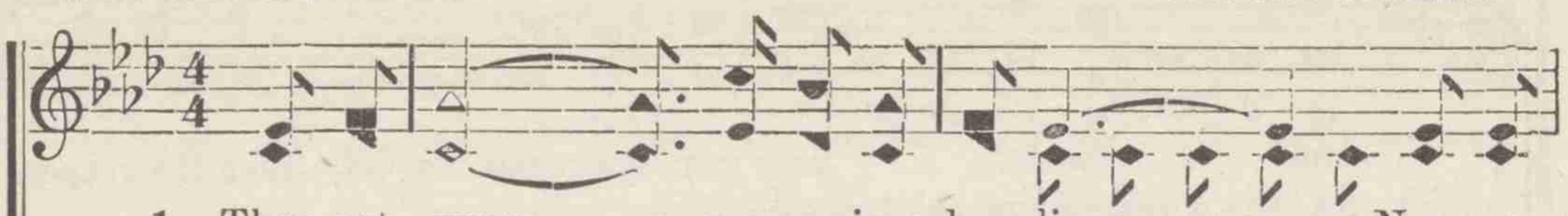
Copyright, 1906, by Will M. Ramsey. Used by per.


And the dark - ness gath-ers round us all, Then the reapers
And the darkness, and the darkness


come re - joic-ing, sing - ing harvest home! Toil - ers, toil - ers in His
Toilers, we are
vine - yard ev - 'ry day, Toil - ers, toilers gleaning sheaves along the way;
Toilers, we are
Soon our toil - ing here will all be o'er, Har - vest
Soon our toiling here, our toil - ing
Harvest days will
days for ev-er-more be past, Then with Jesus singing harvest home at last.
soon, yes, soon

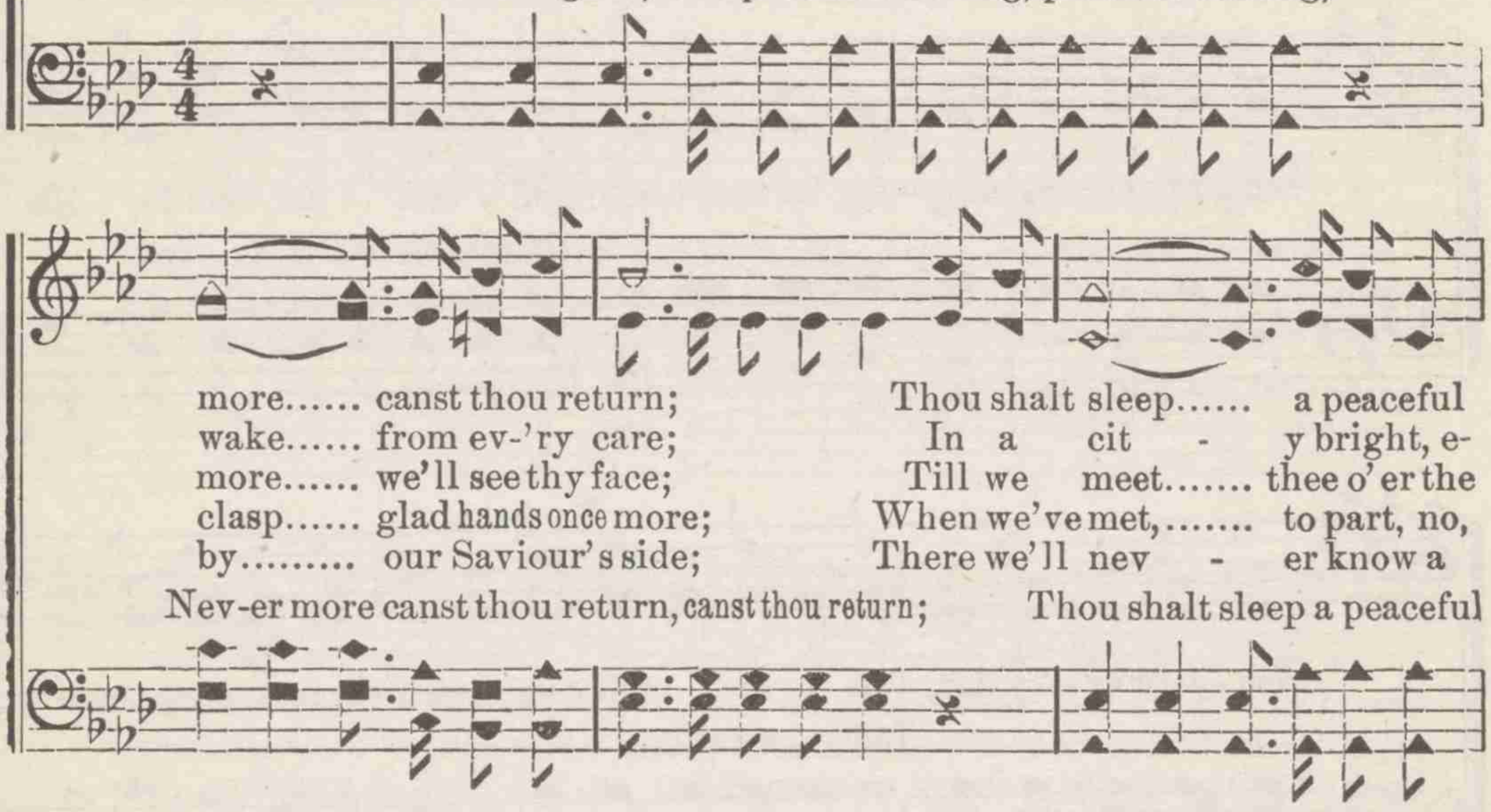
No. 109. THOU ART GONE.

SAM. SHULTZ. EMMETT S. DEAN.
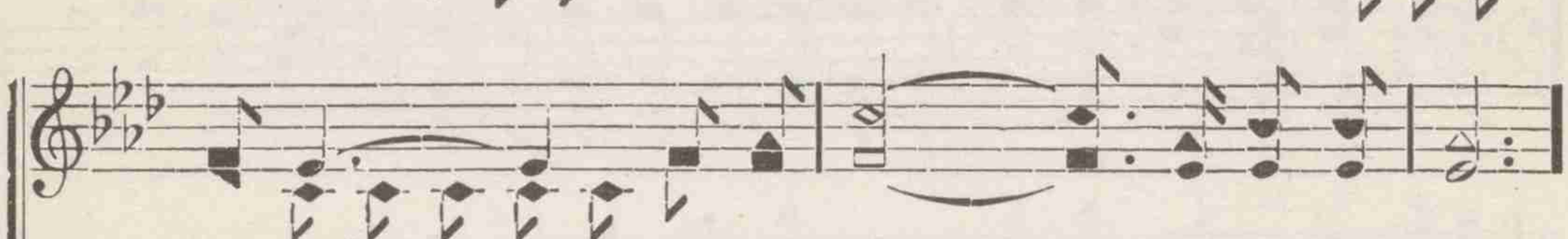


1. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar - ling,..... Nev - er
2. Then be - yond..... this vale of sor - row,..... We'll a
3. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar - ling,..... Nev - er
4. There we'll meet..... you, precious dar - ling,..... There we'll
5. There we'll spend..... the countless a - ges,..... Ev - er

1. Thou art gone, our precious darling, precious darling,



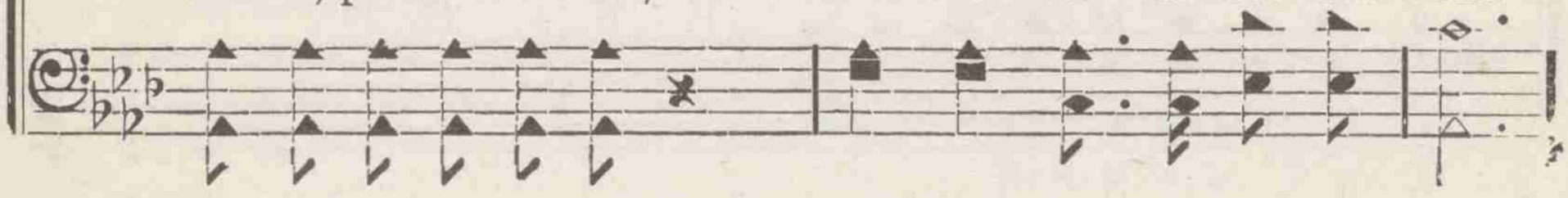
more..... canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep..... a peaceful
wake..... from ev-'ry care; In a cit - y bright, e-
more..... we'll see thy face; Till we meet..... thee o'er the
clasp..... glad hands once more; When we've met,..... to part, no,
by..... our Saviour's side; There we'll nev - er know a

Nev-er more canst thou return, canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep a peaceful

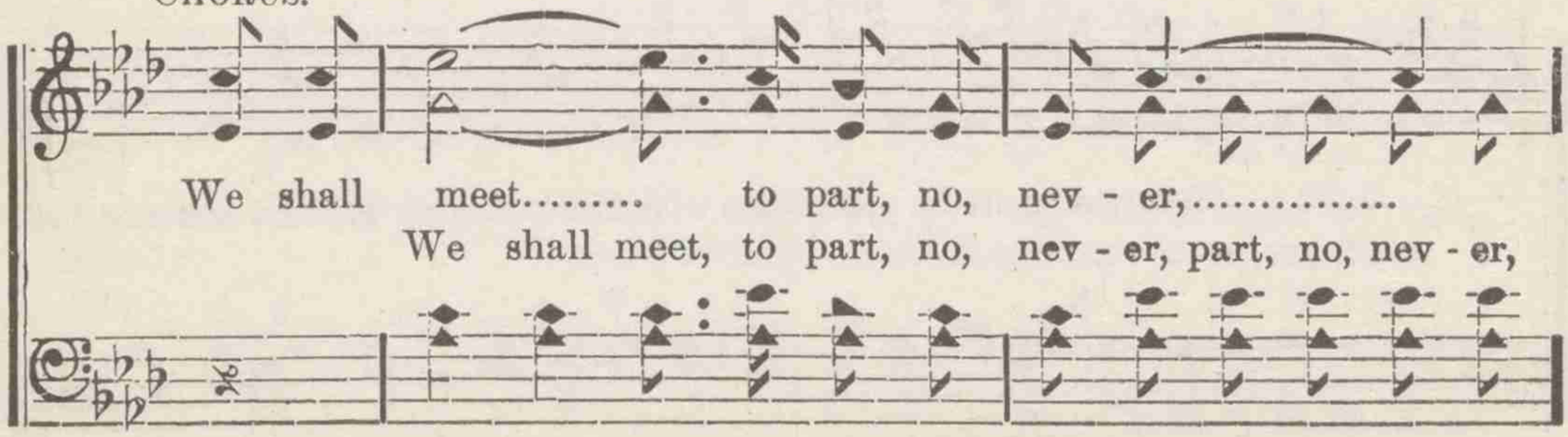


slum - ber,..... Till the res - - ur - rec- tion morn.
ter - nal,..... And its joys..... we'll ev - er share.
riv - er,..... In that hap - - py dwelling place.
nev - er,..... On that hap - - py, peaceful shore.
sor - row,..... There our tears..... will all be dried.

slumber, peaceful slumber, Till the res - ur - rec- tion morn.



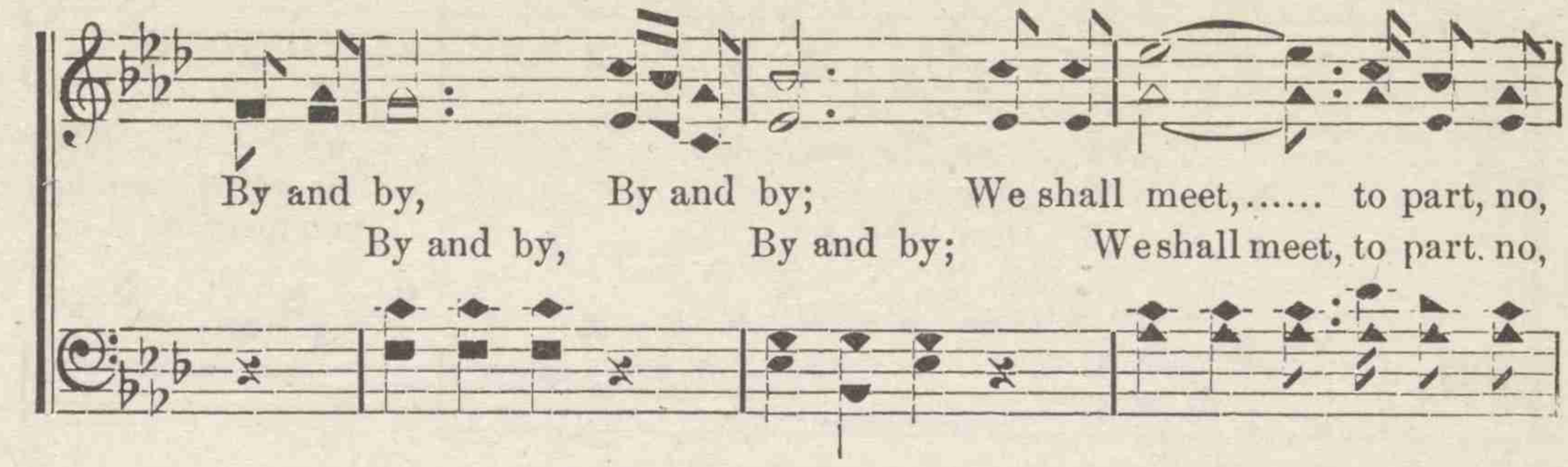
CHORUS.

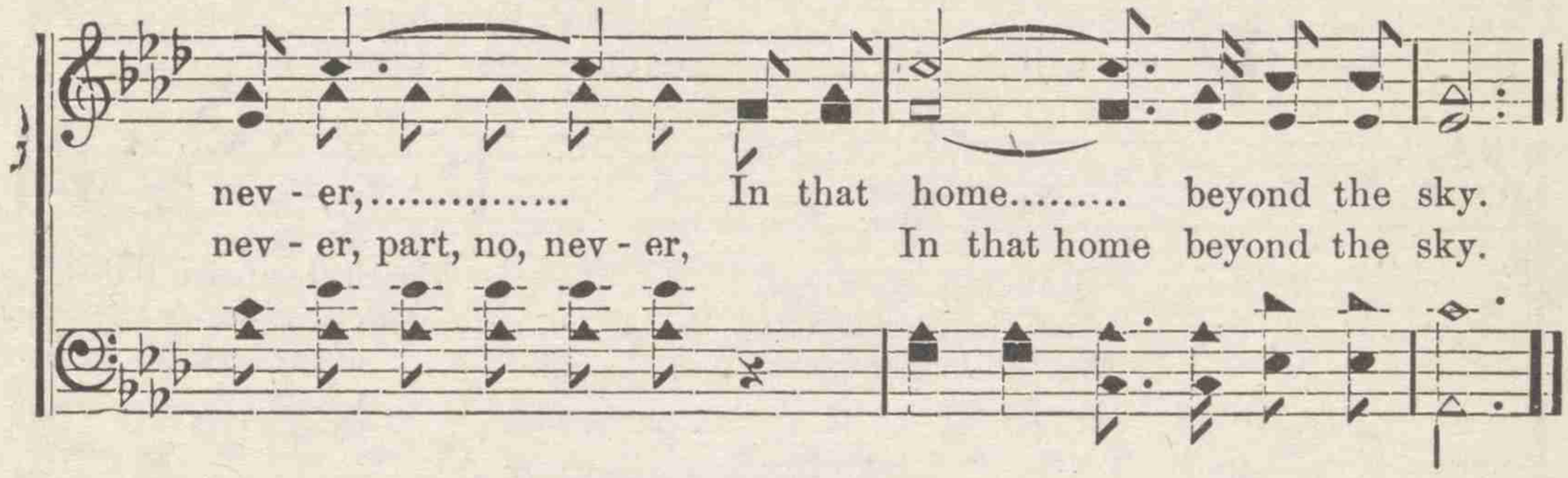


We shall meet..... to part, no, nev - er,.....
We shall meet, to part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev - er,

Copyright, 1899, by Emmett S. Dean.

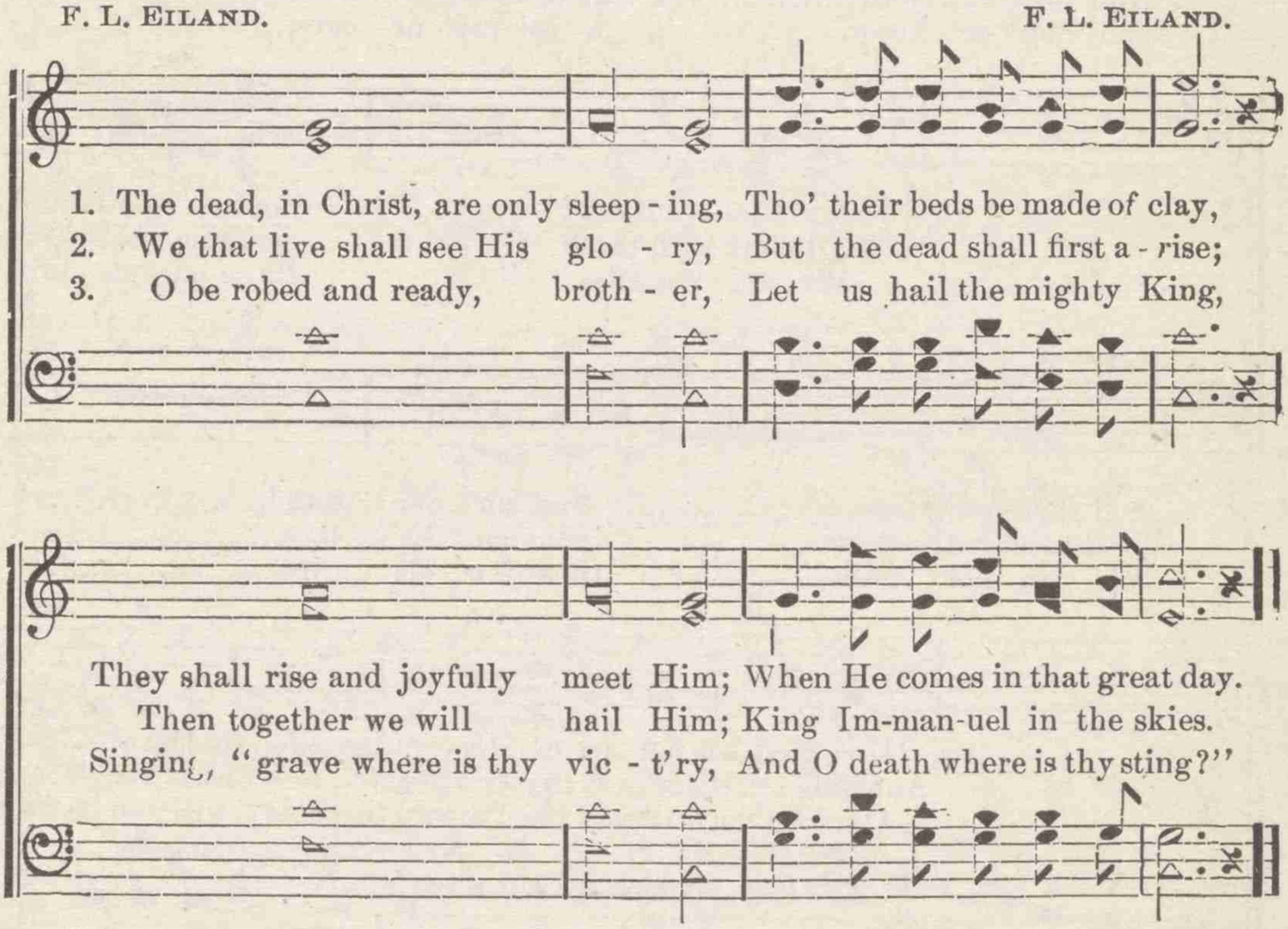
THOU ART GONE.—Concluded.





No. 110. ONLY SLEEPING.

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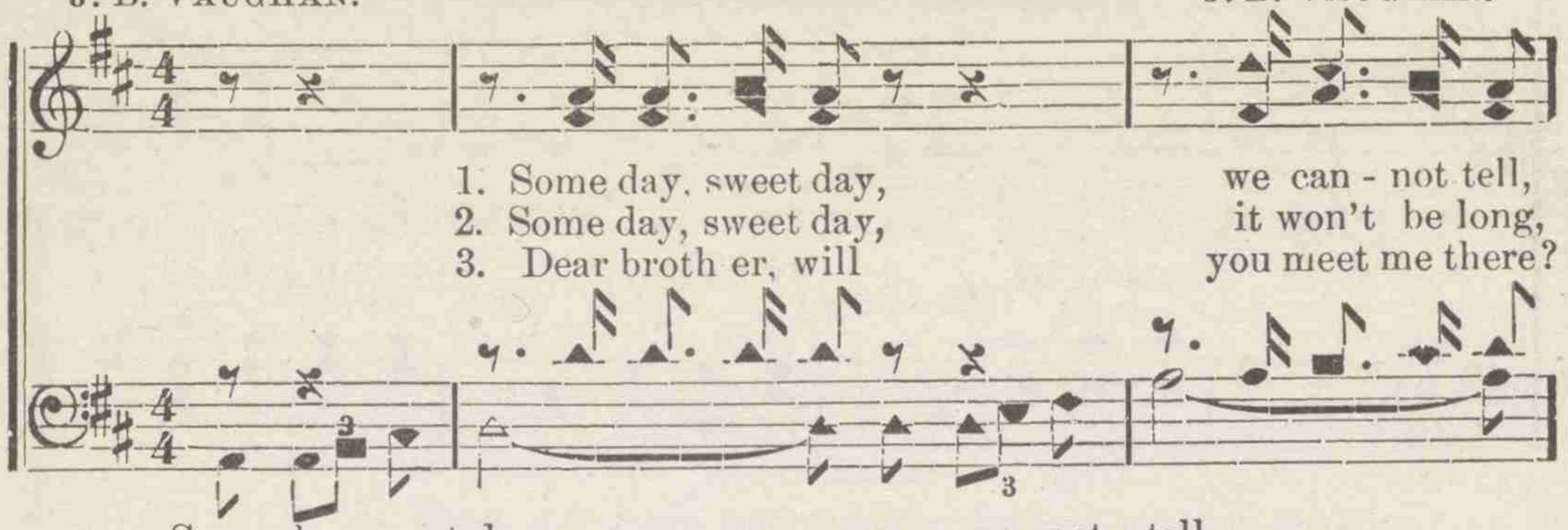


The sentiment of these songs, when used for burial service occasions, are intended, (as all others should be) to express the true situation of the departed ones, and to magnify the hope which we have of being reunited with them, and not as a medium to intensify our sorrow.

We should be careful in our selection and rendition of these songs, for these solemn moments, that they do not have a misleading tendency. After death, we can neither preach or sing a soul to heaven.

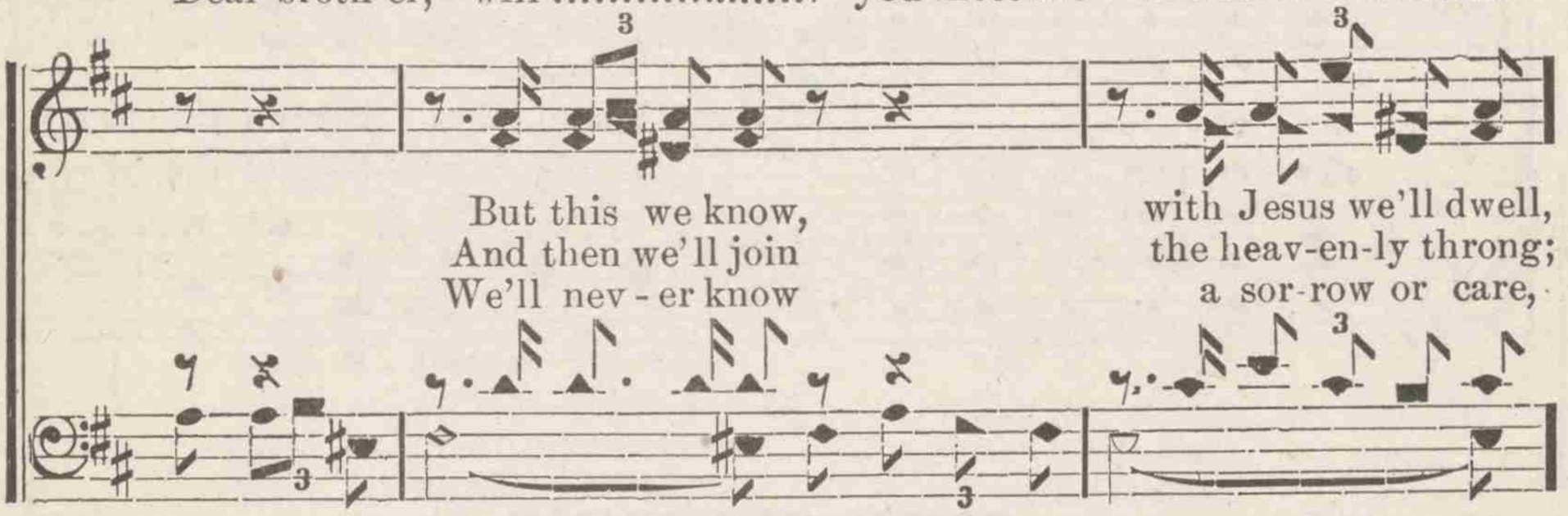
No. 111. WILL YOU BE THERE?

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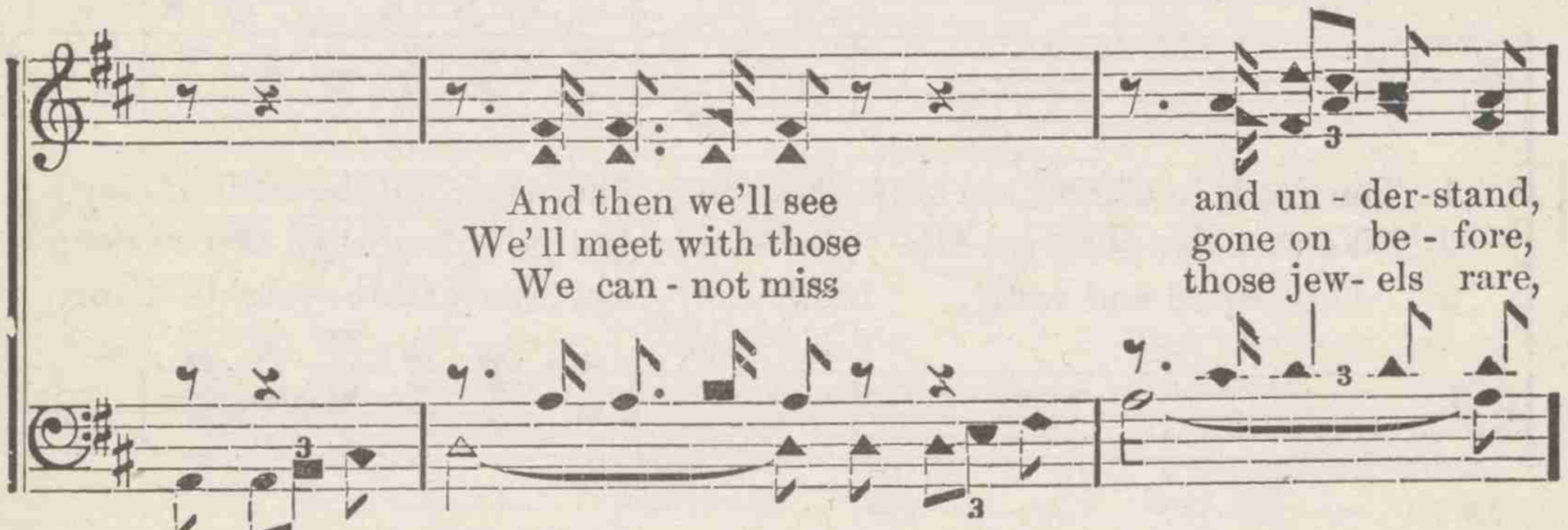


1. Some day, sweet day, we can - not tell,
2. Some day, sweet day, it won't be long,
3. Dear broth er, will you meet me there?

Some day, sweet day, ... we can - not tell, ...
Some day, sweet day, ... it won't be long, ...
Dear broth-er, will ..... you meet me there? .....



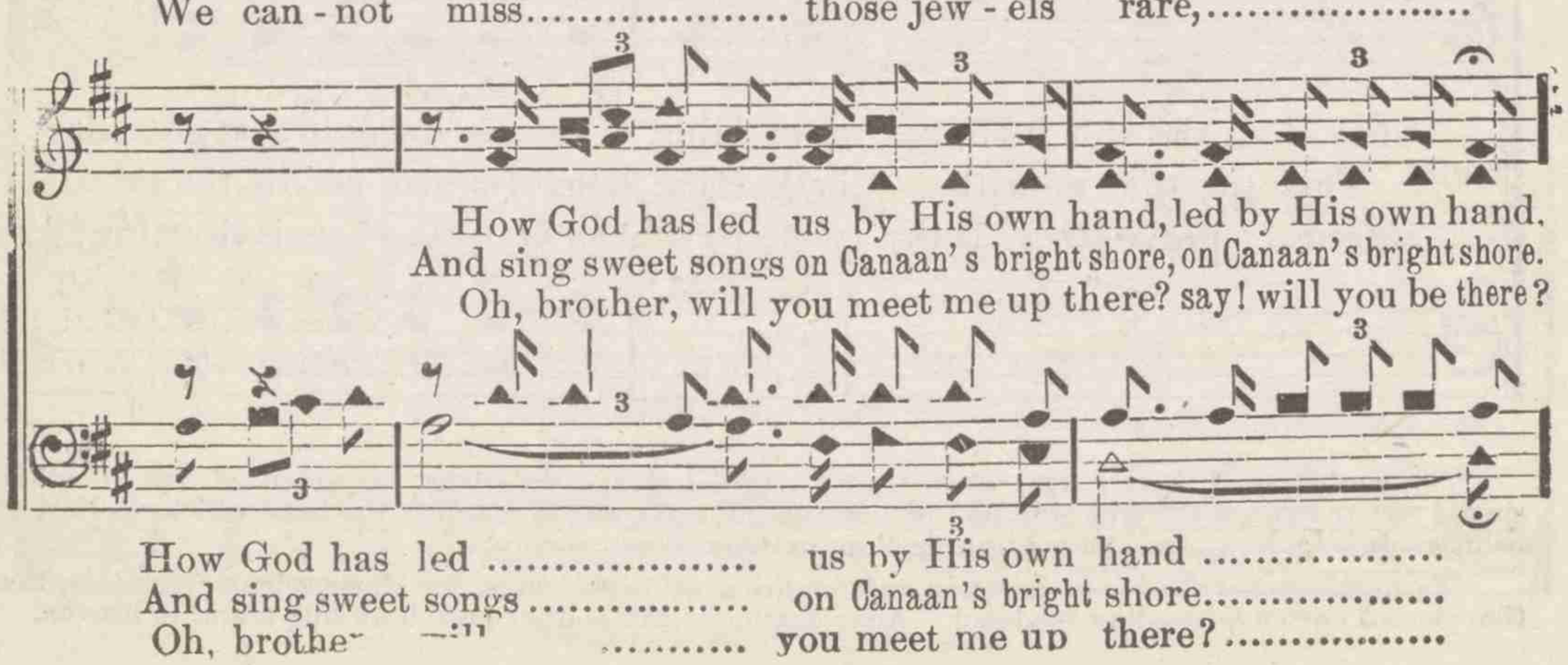
But this we know, with Jesus we'll dwell,
And then we'll join the heav-en-ly throng;
We'll nev - er know a sor-row or care,

But this we know, ... with Je sus we'll dwell, ...
And then we'll join ..... the heav-en - ly throng; .....
We'll nev - er know ..... a sor-row or care, ...



And then we'll see and un - der-stand,
We'll meet with those gone on be - fore,
We can - not miss those jew- els rare,

And there we'll see ..... and un - der - stand, ...
We'll meet with those ..... gone on be - fore, ...
We can - not miss ..... those jew - els rare, ...



How God has led us by His own hand, led by His own hand.
And sing sweet songs on Canaan's bright shore, on Canaan's bright shore.
Oh, brother, will you meet me up there? say! will you be there?

How God has led ..... us by His own hand .....
And sing sweet songs ..... on Canaan's bright shore .....
Oh, brother, will ..... you meet me up there? .....

WILL YOU BE THERE?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll meet you up there,..... say, will you be there?.....
I'll meet you there, say, will you be there?

With all the re - deemed,..... their glories to share?.....
With all the redeemed, their glories to share?

At home we shall rest . ..... and be with the blest.....
With all the blest, that home of sweet rest,

Say, will you be there?..... oh. meet me up there.....
Say, will you be there? oh, meet me up there, Say, will you be there?

No. 112 Then I Knew There was Welcome for Me.

J. M. P. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Like a sheep from the fold, On the mount - ain so wild, I had
2. I am safe in the fold Of my Sav - iour to - day, In His
3. I am safe in His arms And I fear not the storm, Tho' a-

wandered, my Saviour, from Thee; Till I heard Thy sweet voice saying
love and His mer - cy di - vine; I can sing with de-light, with His
round me the bil - lows may roll; I will look to the Lord, I will

make me your choice, Then I knew there was wel - come for me
pres - ence so bright, Of the joy that shall ev - er be mine.
trust in His word, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

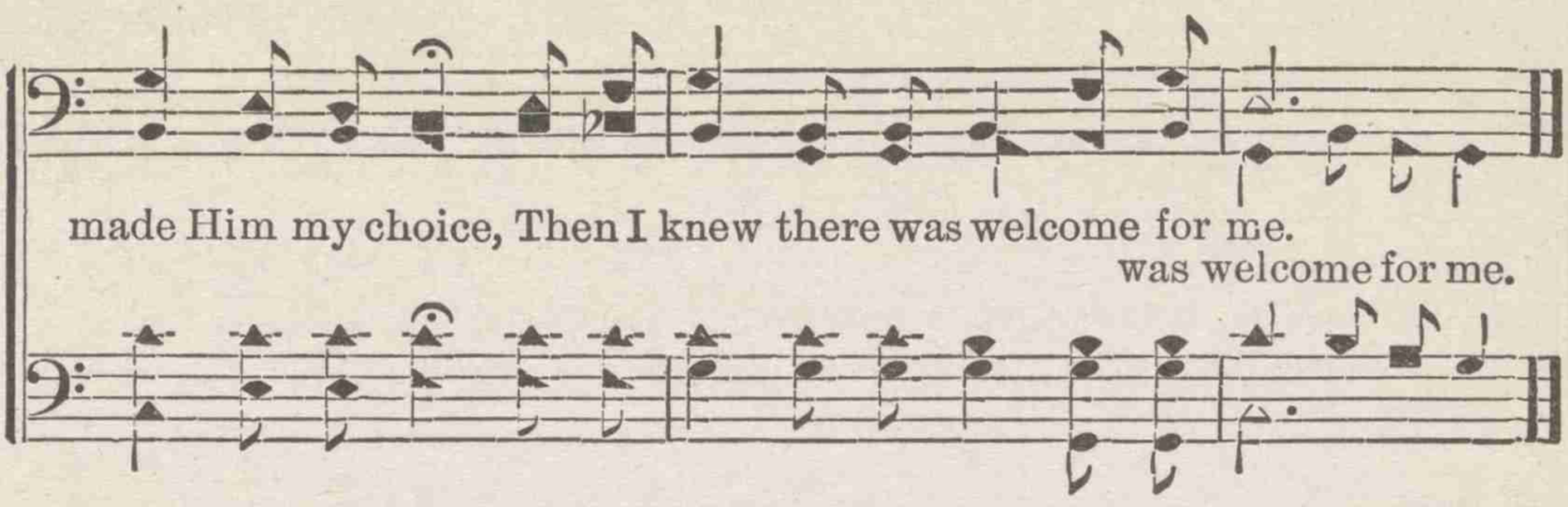
CHORUS.

Then I knew there was welcome for me, Yes, I knew there was
was welcome for me,

wel - come for me; When I heard His sweet voice, And I
sweet welcome for me.
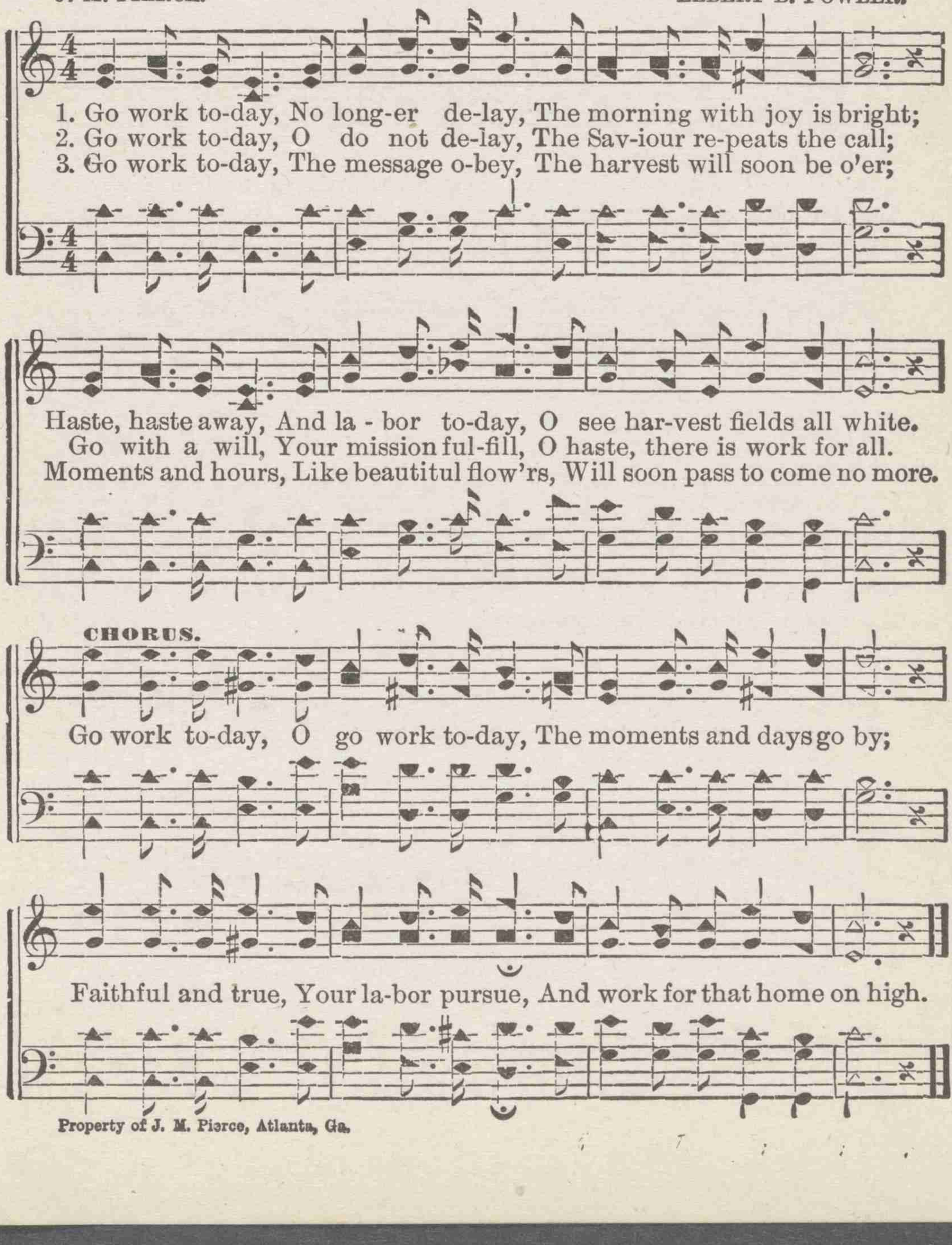
Property of J. M. Pierce, Atlanta, Ga.

Then I Knew There was Welcome, etc. Concluded.



No. 113 Work for the Home on High.

J. M. PIERCE. ELBERT B. FOWLER.



Property of J. M. Pierce, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 114 DRIFTING AWAY.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 115. THAT IS WHERE I WANT TO GO.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. There's a bright - er world than this, There's a home of changeless bliss, Where the
2. Here there's sin, and death, and pain, Cherished hopes are of - ten vain, And the
3. I have loved ones o - ver there, Forms so dear, and fac - es fair, And they
4. On - ly through the Saviour's grace Can we reach that ho - ly place, For His

ran-somed ones e - ter - nal life shall know; From His glo - ry-gleaming throne
storm-y winds of sor - row fierce-ly blow; There they nev - er feel a fear,
walk with Christ in robes as white as snow; They'll be look - ing out for me,
right-eous-ness on us He must be-stow; All who love and serve Him here

D. S.—That is where I want to go,

Je - sus smiles up-on His own, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
There they nev-er shed a tear, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
And I long their smiles to see, O I tell you that is where I want to go.
Shall re-ceive a welcome there, O, my broth-er, tell me don't you want to go.

Vast e - ter - ni - ty to spend, O I tell you that is where I want to go.

CHORUS.

That is where I want to go, That is where I want to go, When this earthly life shall end.

Copyright, 1909, by T. B. Mosley.

No. 116. SAILING HOME.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

BASS SOLO.

1. While toss-ing on life's stormy sea, Tho' frail our lit - tle barks may be,
2. Al-though our barks are frail and small, We'll trust in God, He'll keep us all,
3. And when our jour - ney is com-plete, And we a - gain each oth-er meet,

We'll nev - er fear, but brave the gale, As swift-ly on we homeward sail.
Yes, keep us sure till storms are past, And land us safe at home at last.
We'll sing God's praise on that blest shore, Secure from storms for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

We're sail - ing home..... o'er life's rough tide,..... Yes, sail - ing
We're sail-ing home o'er life's rough tide,

on..... life's ocean wide;.....We soon shall land on that blest
Yes, sailing on life's ocean wide; We soon shall land

shore, Secure from storms..... for ev - er - more.....
on that blest shore, Secure from storms for ev - er-more.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 117 Some Day.

Rev. A. D. KENNEDY. D. W. CRIST.

1. Some day I'll en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, be-yond the
2. Some day I'll walk in the streets of gold, By and by, be-yond the
3. Some day I'll sing with the ransomed throng, By and by, be-yond the
4. Some day the beau- ties of heav'n I'll see, By and by, be-yond the

riv - er; When all the storms of this life a - bate,
riv - er; Some day I'll taste of the joys un - told,
riv - er; Who sing that great and tri - um - phant song,
riv - er; To spend my life in e - ter - ni - ty,

CHORUS.

By and by, be - yond the riv - er. Oh! the glo - ries of that
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
By and by, be - yond the riv - er.
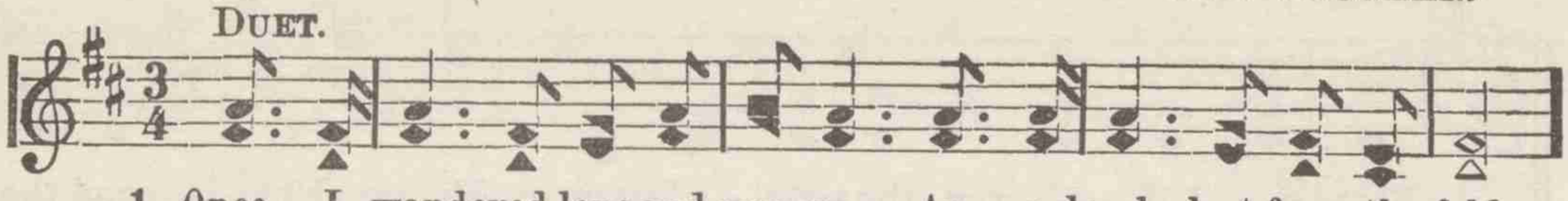
heav'n - ly land, Oh! the bright and shin- ing an - gel band; With
gold - en harps we shall with them stand, By and by, be-yond the riv- er.

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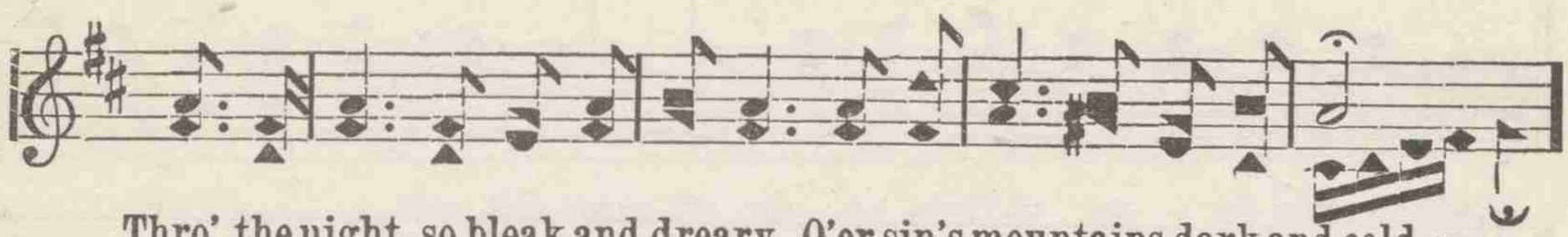
No. 118 ONCE I WANDERED.

BOLTON, arr. J. B. VAUGHAN.
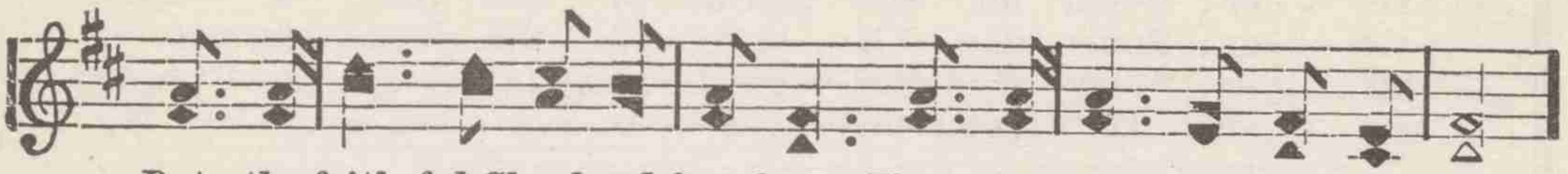
DUET.
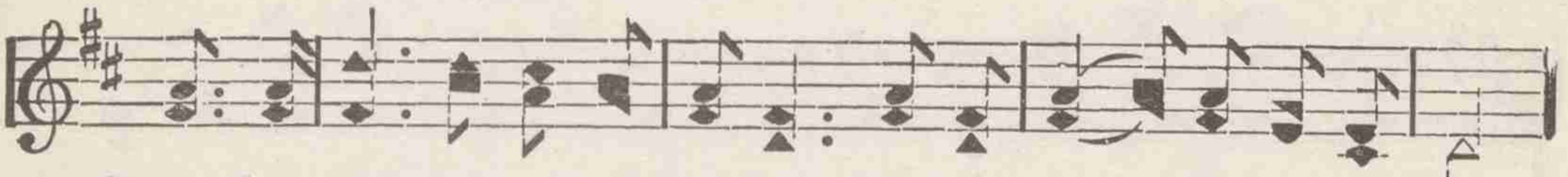


1. Once I wandered lone and wea-ry, As a lamb lost from the fold;
2. Now He keeps me by the riv-er, In the pastures sweet and green;
3. Do not wan-der on in darkness, Seek the ten-der Shepherd's fold;



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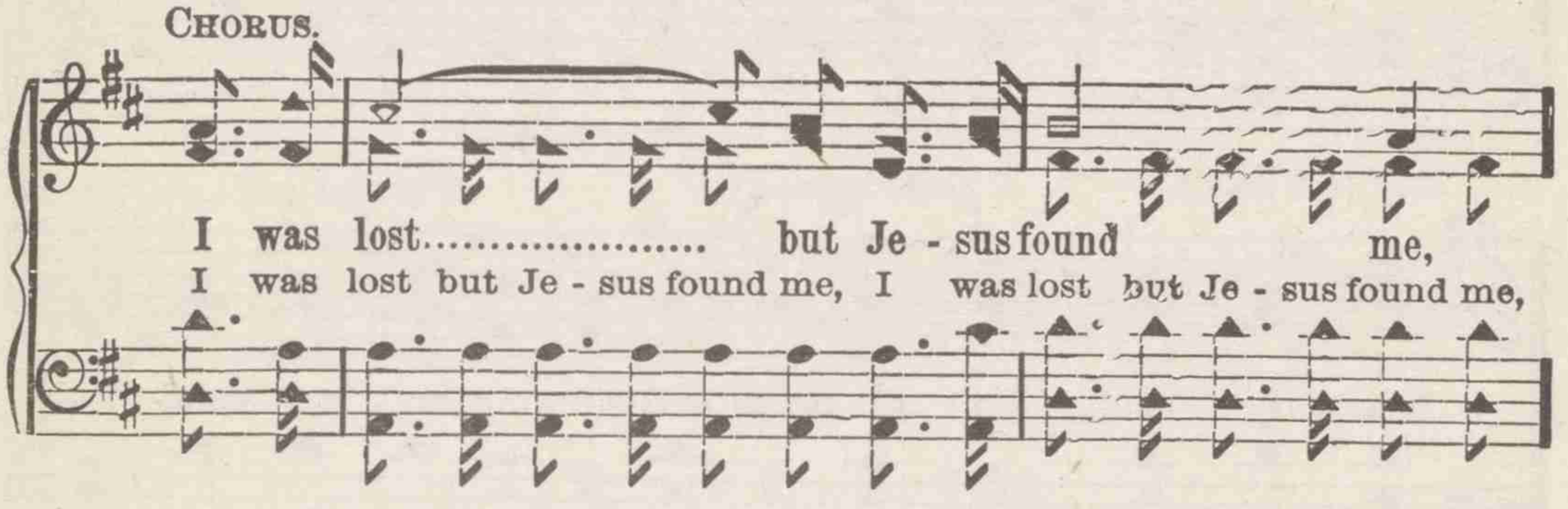


But the faith-ful Shepherd found me, There in sad-ness and de-spair;
No more sin and no more sor-row, No more wand'ring o-ver there;
Cast on Him your ev-'ry bur-den, Rest se-cure-ly in His love;

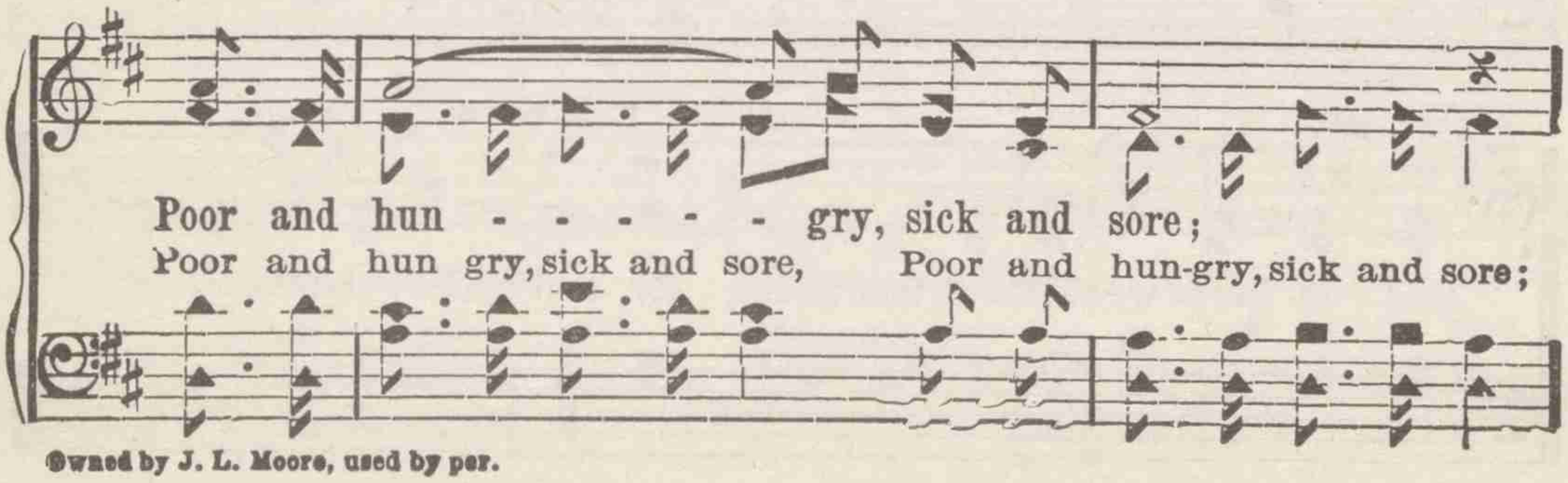


Cheered me with His words of comfort, Lead me back with ten-der care.
No more long-ing for to-morrow, In that home so bright and fair.
He will shield and keep you ev-er, Till you reach the fold a-bove.

CHORUS.



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



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

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

ONCE I WANDERED.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 119 THE CLOUDLESS DAY.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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

J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 120 SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON.

1. Scat- ter bright smiles all a- round you, They cheer like the beau- ti - ful
2. Scat- ter bright smiles all a- round you, More pre-cious than treasures of
3. Scat- ter bright smiles all a- round you, Re- mem-ber the weak and op -
4. Scat- ter bright smiles all a- round you, We nev-er know where they may

rain, That falls on the with - er- ing flow - ers, And make them bloom
gold, They light-en the bur- dens of oth - ers, They cheer up the
press'd, Oh! smile on the poor and the need - y, And com- fort the
fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To scat- ter bright

CHORUS.

sweet-ly a - gain.
young and the old.
sad and dis - tress'd.
smiles o - ver all.

} Then scat-ter bright smiles, they will never be lost,

Re - mem - ber your mis- sion be - low; Scat - ter bright smiles,

scat- ter bright smiles, Wher-ev - er, wher-ev - er you go.

By permission of G. W. Lyon.

No. 121 Music In Heaven.

LUKE 15: 6, 7.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. There is mu - sic in heaven o'er the saved ones of earth, From the Bi - ble the sto - ry sweet is known, When the wand'rer, re-pent-ing, Makes the Saviour his choice;
2. In the des-ert, 'mid danger, strays the poor wayward sheep; Lo! the tempest is gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watching, And a voice calls in love,
3. Sin - ner can you re - bell-ious, wander long-er a - way; Je - sus for your trans- gressions, did a-tone; Spot-less an - gels are wait-ing, O, how glad-ly they'll sing,

REFRAIN.

When the Shepherd brings home His own!
See the Shepherd brings home His own! There is mu - sic, sweet mu-sic up in
When the Shepherd brings home His own!

heav-en we know, (O, what int-'rest for err - ing mor-tals shown!) Ho - ly an-gels re-joic-ing in the presence of God; When the Shepherd brings home His own.

No. 122 Tell Mother I Am Coming.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. Bright an - gels tell my moth-er in that fair land of light That now her wand-'ring
2. Tell moth - er how I missed her when first she left my side, How wea-ry, brok - en
3. Tell moth - er that I'm try - ing to do as once she taught, She taught me how to
4. I know that she is wait-ing and watching by the gate Un - til my lit - tle

boy has learned to pray; Yes, tell her that I'm liv - ing for
heart - ed, I did roam, But since my bless - ed Sav - iour came
live and how to die; Go tell her that I'm liv - ing each
bark shall cross the foam; Go tell her tha I'll be there, and

God and truth and right, Tell moth-er I am com-ing on the way (on the way).
with me to a - bide, Tell moth-er I am com-ing, com-ing home (coming home).
mo-ment as I ought, Tell moth-er I am com-ing by and by (by and by).
ask her still to wait, Tell moth-er I am com-ing, com-ing home (coming home).

REFRAIN.

Tell moth-er I am com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, Tell
Tell moth-er I am com-ing, yes, I'm com-ing, I am com - ing,

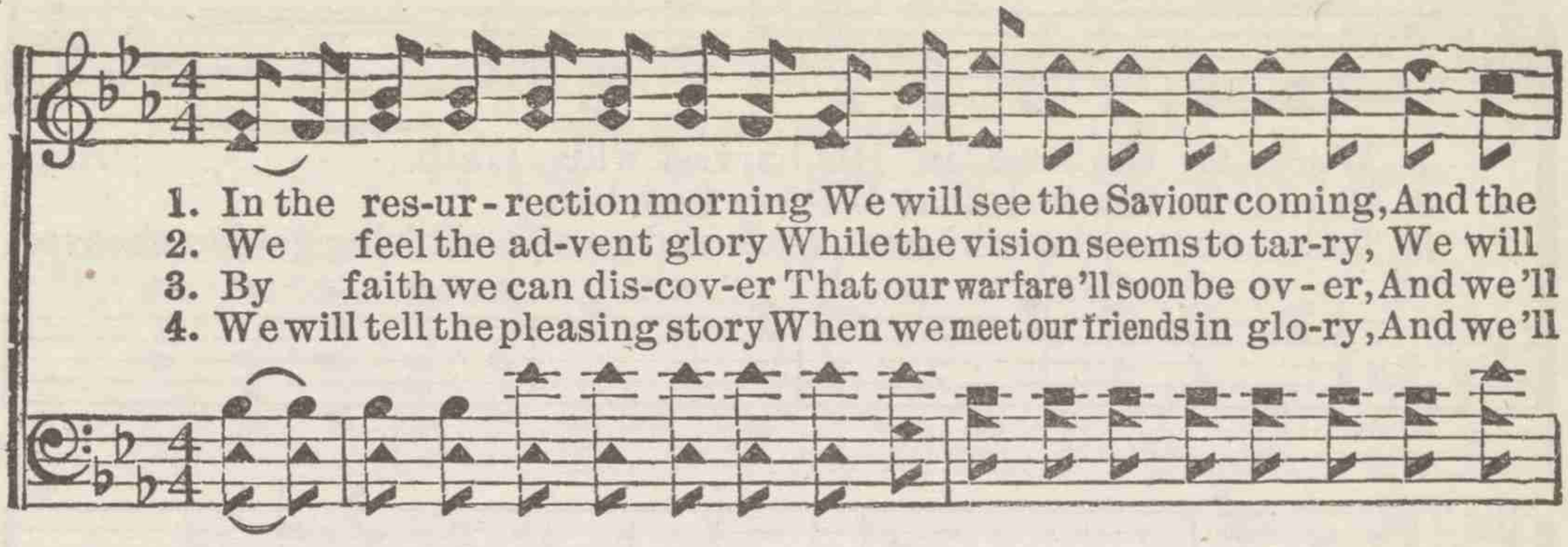
1. moth-er I am com-ing to that bless-ed home up there;
2. moth-er I am com-ing, for her [*Omit*. . . . . God has answered pray'r.

rit. [*Omit*. . . . . .

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No. 123 The Resurrection.

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



No. 124 GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES.

JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.

1. Work for the Lord in His harvest wide, Gath - - 'ring gol-den sheaves;
2. Grand is the task that be-fore thee lies, Toil from the morning till ev - en-tide,
3. Toil on thro' wea-ri-ness, tears and pain, Gath'ring golden sheaves;

Glad-ly for garn-ers beyond the skies,
Gath'ring golden sheaves; Rich is the prize which the faithful gain,

Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves; Reapers are few and the field is vast, Haste for the moments are speeding fast,
Bring to the Mas-ter a shining store, Reap-ing in time for the ev-er-more,
Gath'ring golden sheaves, golden sheaves; Heaven's sweet rest shall the reapers know, Bright in their crowns shall the star-gems glow,

Lov-ing-ly la-bor while strength shall last, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves;
Pa-tient-ly toil till the harvest's o'er,
Won while they toiled in the field be-low, Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves,

Used by per. of D. W. Crist, Moultrie, O.

GATHERING GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves; Gath - - 'ring
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves; Gath'ring golden sheaves,

gol - den sheaves, While the hours swift-ly flee, for e-
gath'ring gol-den sheaves,

Rit.

ter - ni - ty, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves.
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves.

No. 125 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

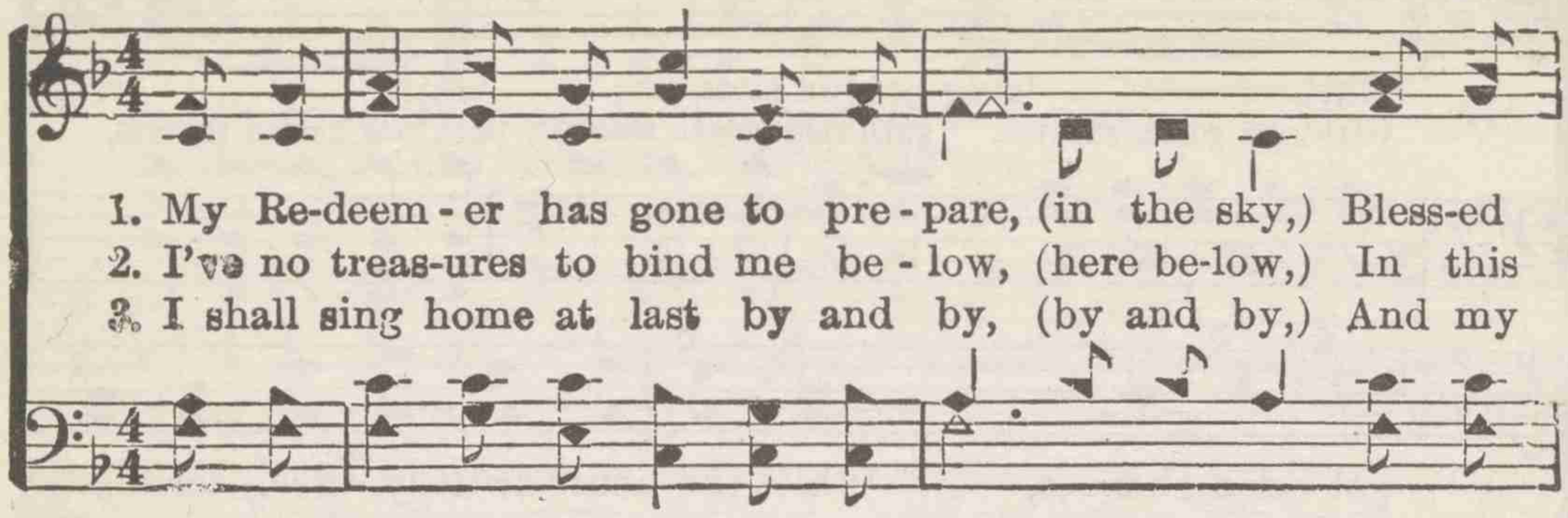
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown, Has broken ev -'ry bar-rier down;

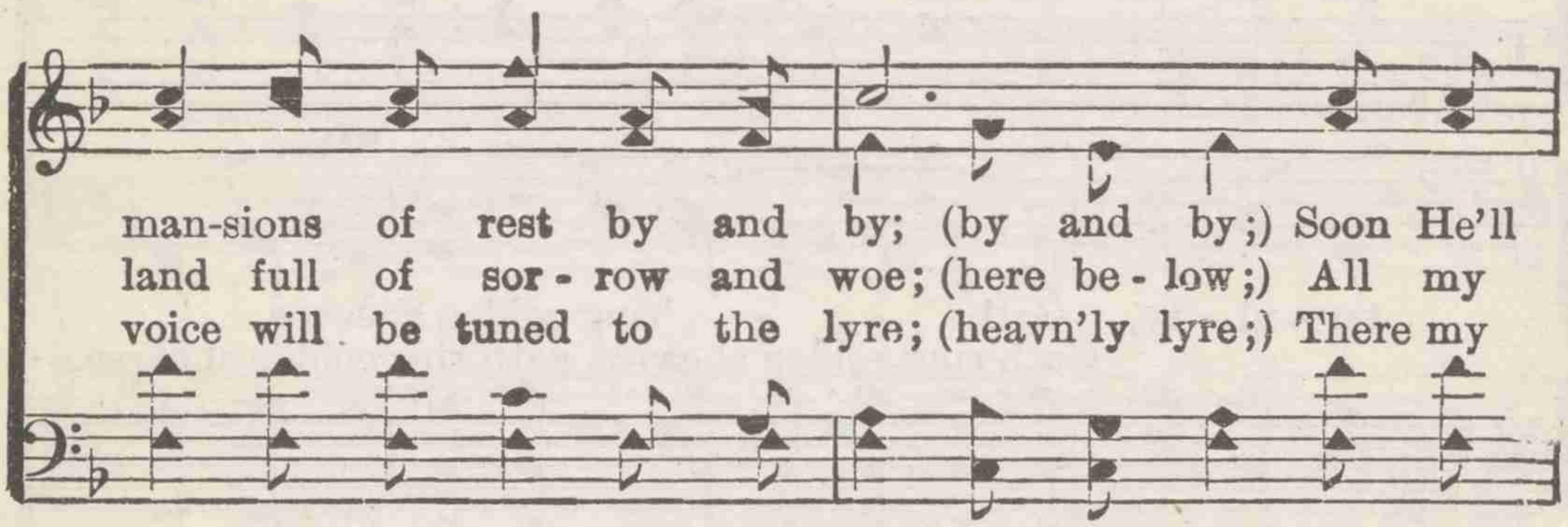
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Because Thy prom-ise I be-lieve-- O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

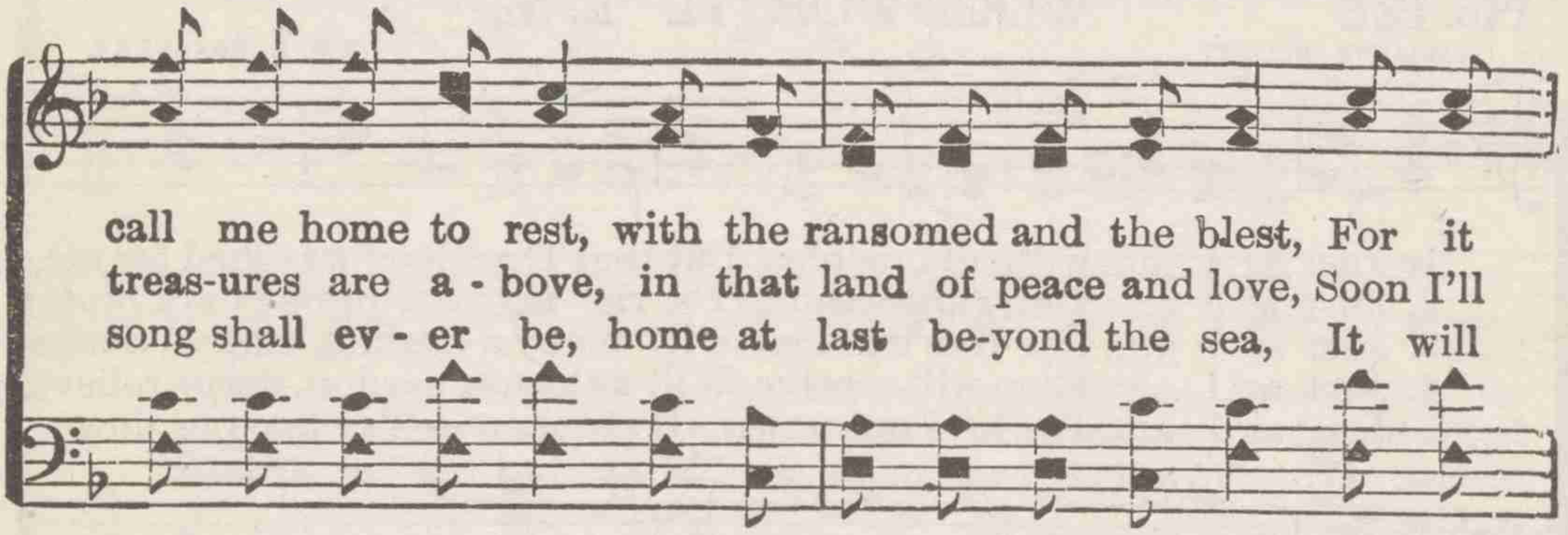
No. 126 'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

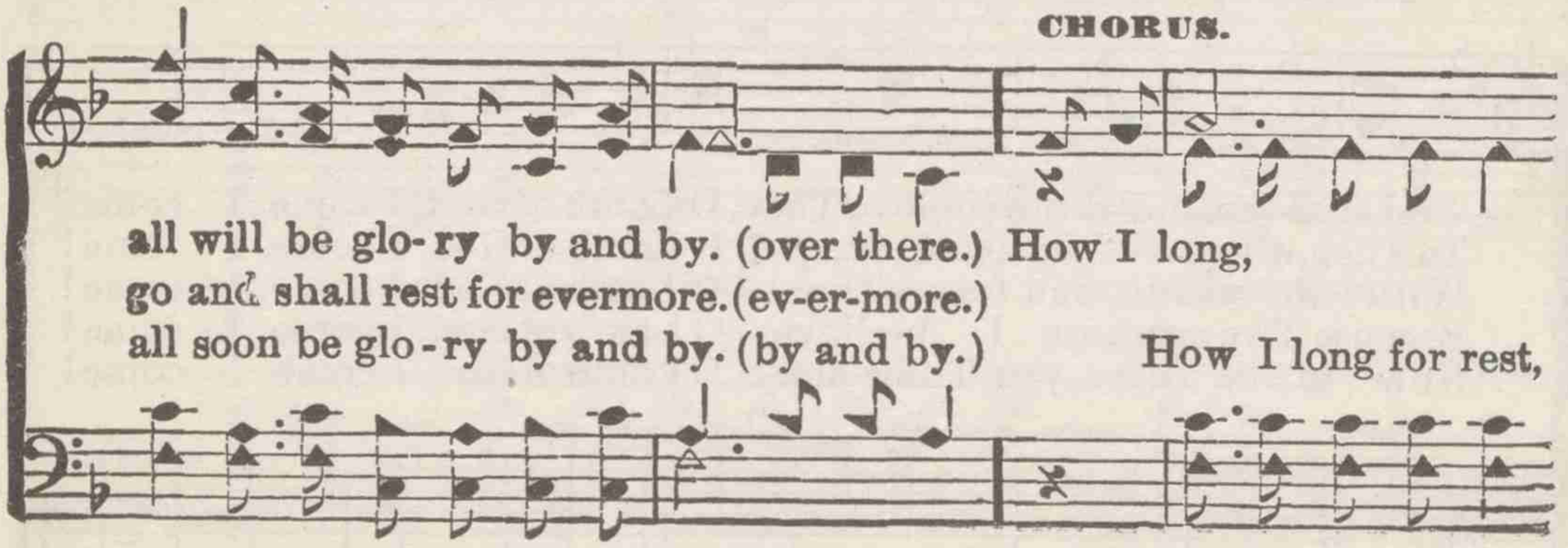
"—then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.
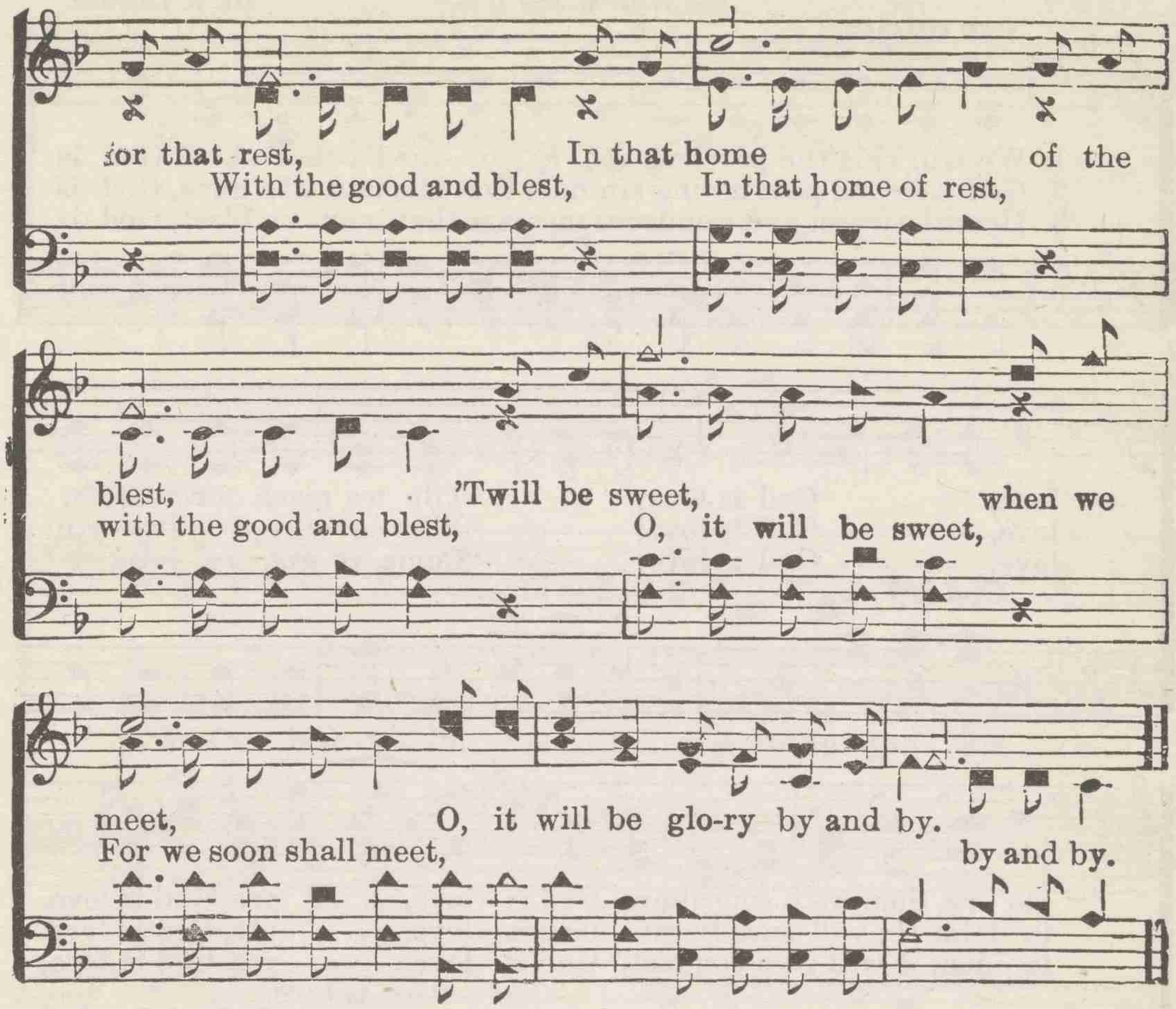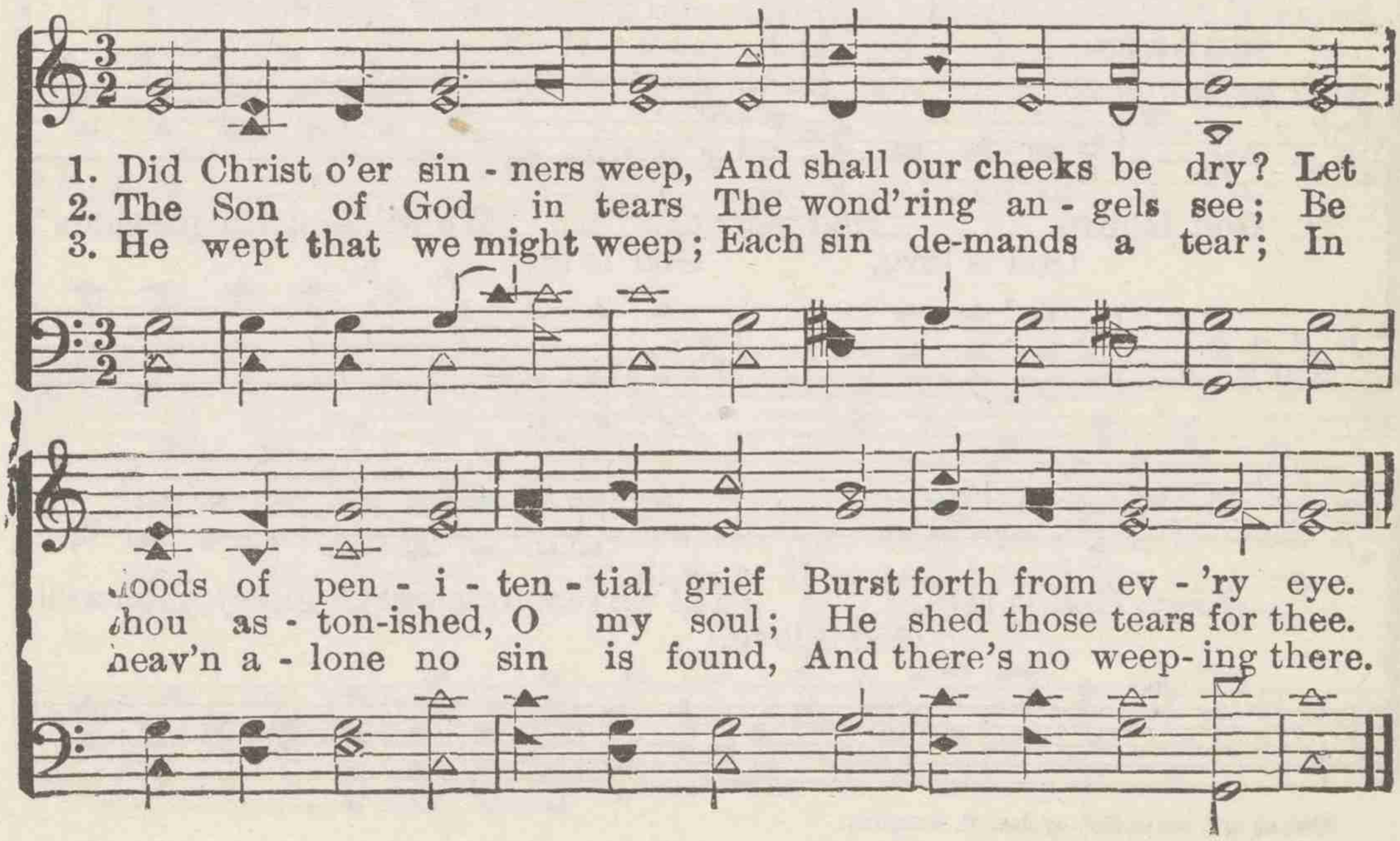








Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY. Concluded.



No. 127 DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 128 GOD IS LOVE.

J. D. V. John 4: 8. St. John 3: 16. JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

Con spirito.

1. We will sing the precious sto-ry of our Fa-ther's love, God is love, God is love; Till we reach our home in
2. God so loved poor dy-ing sin-ners that His Son He gave, God is love, God is love; Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth
3. Hear the sweet and wondrous message that is ev-er blest, God is love, God is love; "Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y

God is love, God is love,

glo-ry, then we'll sing above, God is love,..... yes, God is love.
in Him He will sure-ly save, God is love,..... yes, God is love.
la-den, I will give you rest," God is love,..... yes, God is love,

God is love,
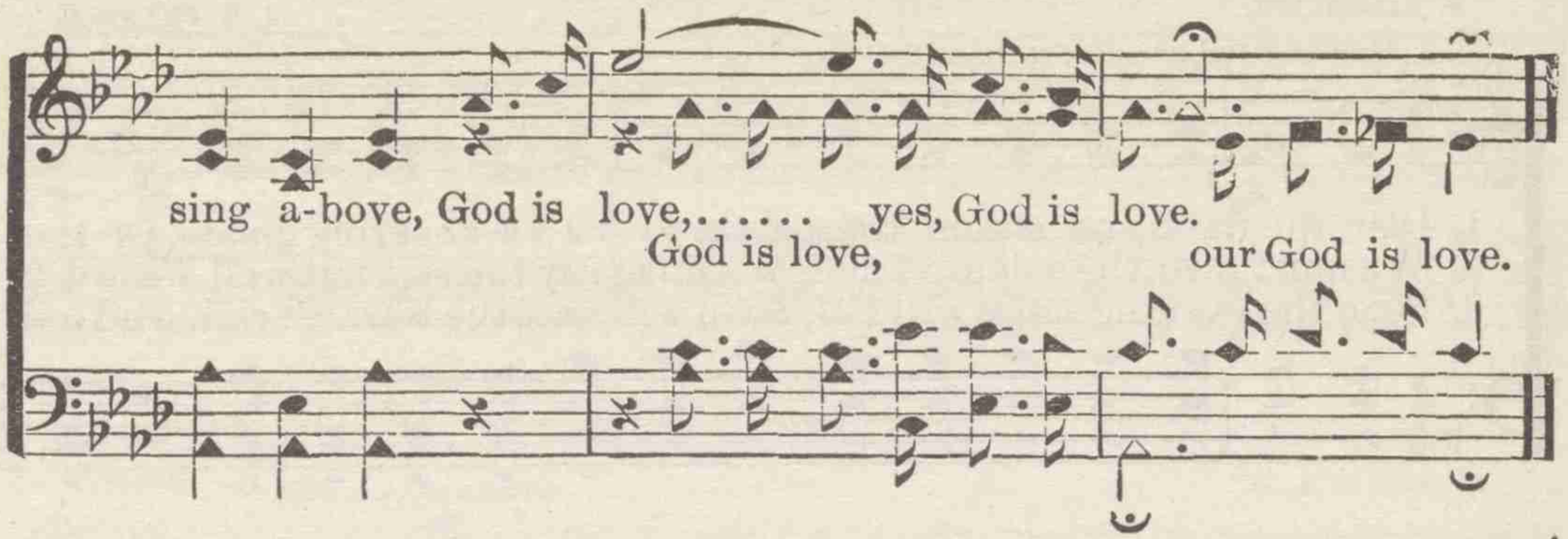
CHORUS.

God is love, God is love, We will sing the precious
God is love, God is love,

sto-ry, God is love, Till we reach our home in glo-ry, then we'll
God is love,
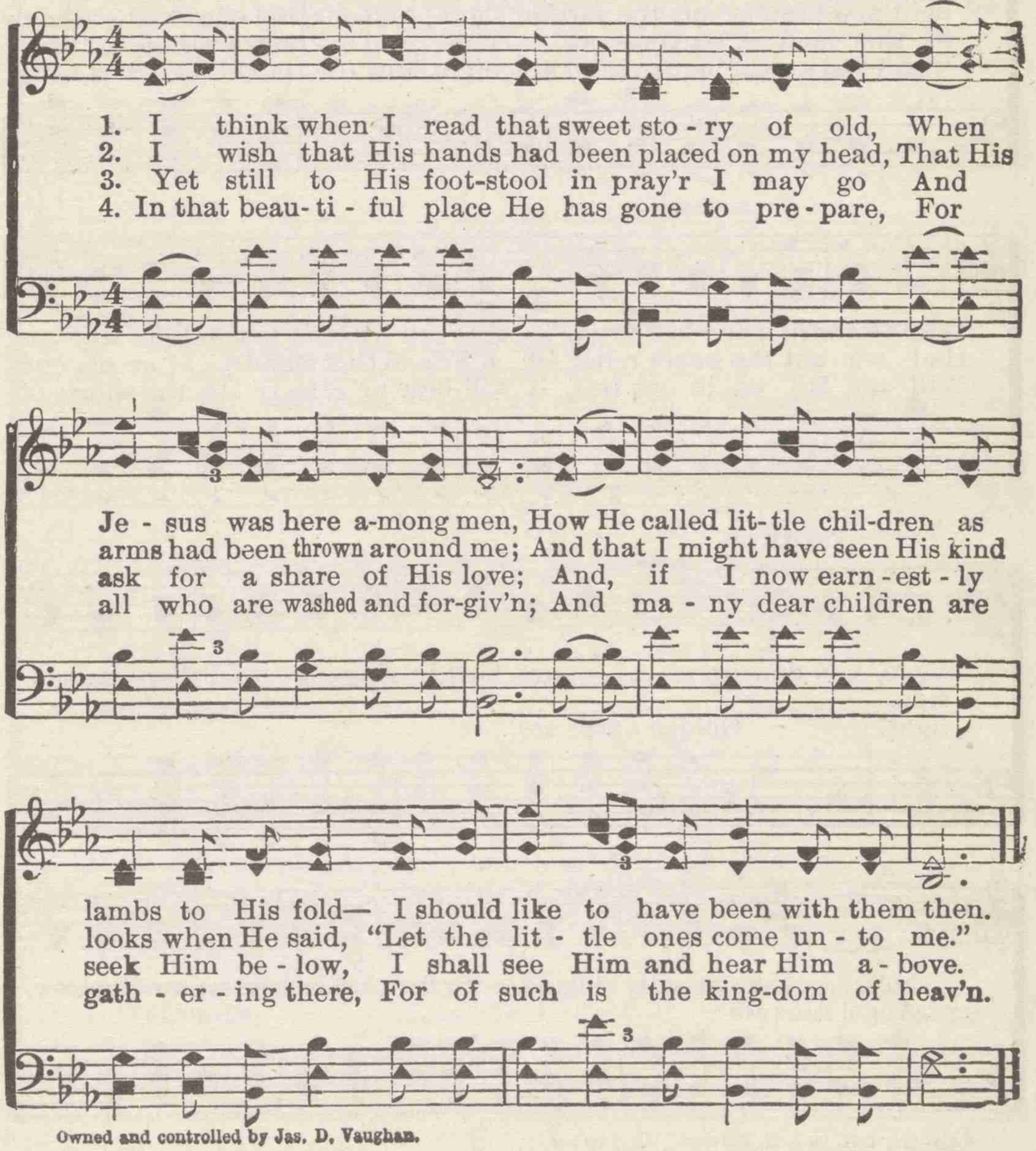
Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

GOD IS LOVE. Concluded.



No. 129 THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

JEMIMA LUKE. JAS. D. VAUGHAN.



Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

No. 130 GOLDEN HARPS.

P. HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. O'er the dark and si-lent stream, Comes to us a cheering gleam, Of the
2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad farewell, While with-
3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our

light and beau-ty of the farther shore, And our loved ones wait, we know
in this land of partings we a-bide, And our hearts would sink with grief,
fragile bark must launch in-to the night, But the Hand that led us here,
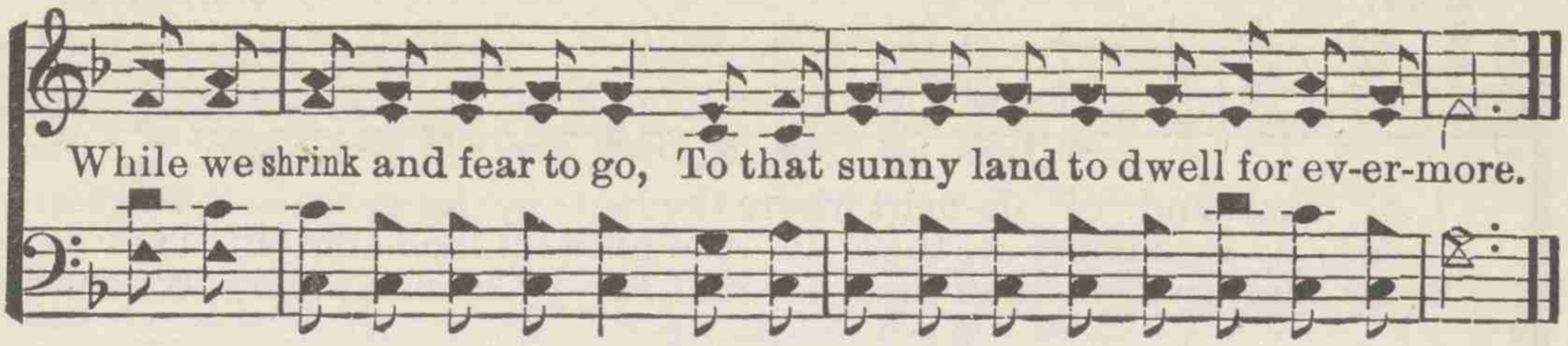
While we shrink and fear to go, To that sun-ny land to dwell for ev-er-
Had we not the sweet relief Of a Friend that standeth ev-er at our
Will not fail us in our fear, It will bear us safe-ly to the shores of

CHORUS.

more. Gol-den harps..... are loud-ly ring-ing o-ver there, An-gel
side.
light. Golden harps are
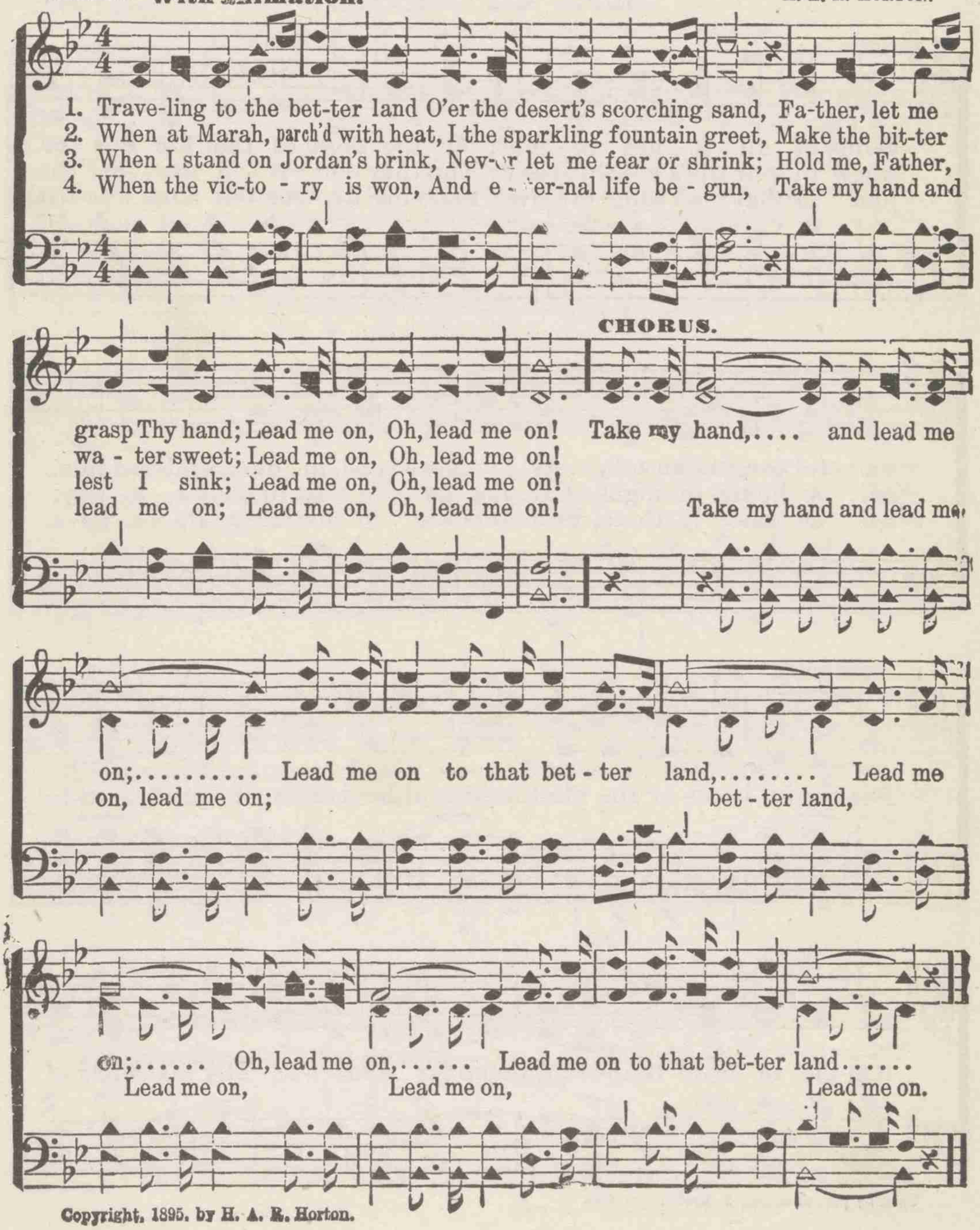
choirs.... are sweetly singing, o-ver there, And our loved ones wait, we know,
Angel choirs are

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No. 131 LEAD ME ON.

Words arr. **With animation.** H. A. R. HORTON.



Copyright, 1895, by H. A. R. Horton.

No. 132 BEAUTIFUL HOME FAR ABOVE.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O that land of de-light where the hap - py an-gels dwell, Where the saints of all a - ges re - side: O the bliss of that life nev - er
2. Ma - ny loved ones are there in the bliss-ful land of light, That we knew in our life's youthful day; And they oft vis - it us in the
3. By and by we shall meet in that hap-py home so fair, We shall join in that glad song of love; Prais-ing Je - sus our King who hath
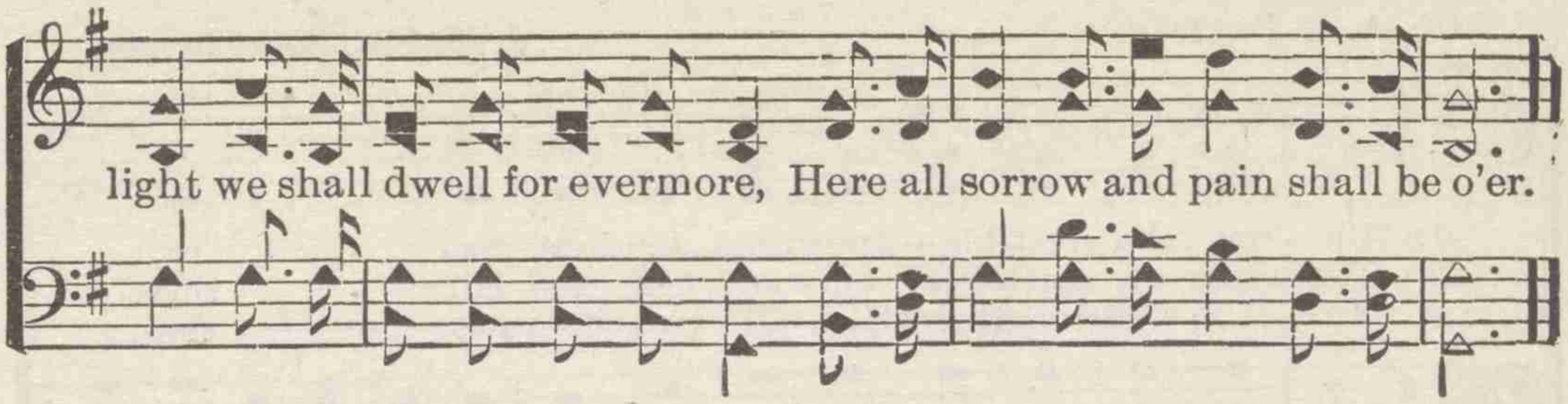
mor - tal tongue can tell, As it flows on in one end-less tide.
still - y hours of night, Call-ing us to that home far a - way.
led us safe - ly there, From this life to that blest life a - bove.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home of the blest! beautiful land of sweet rest! Beau-ti-ful tem-ple of love! beau-ti-ful home far above! In Thy mansions of

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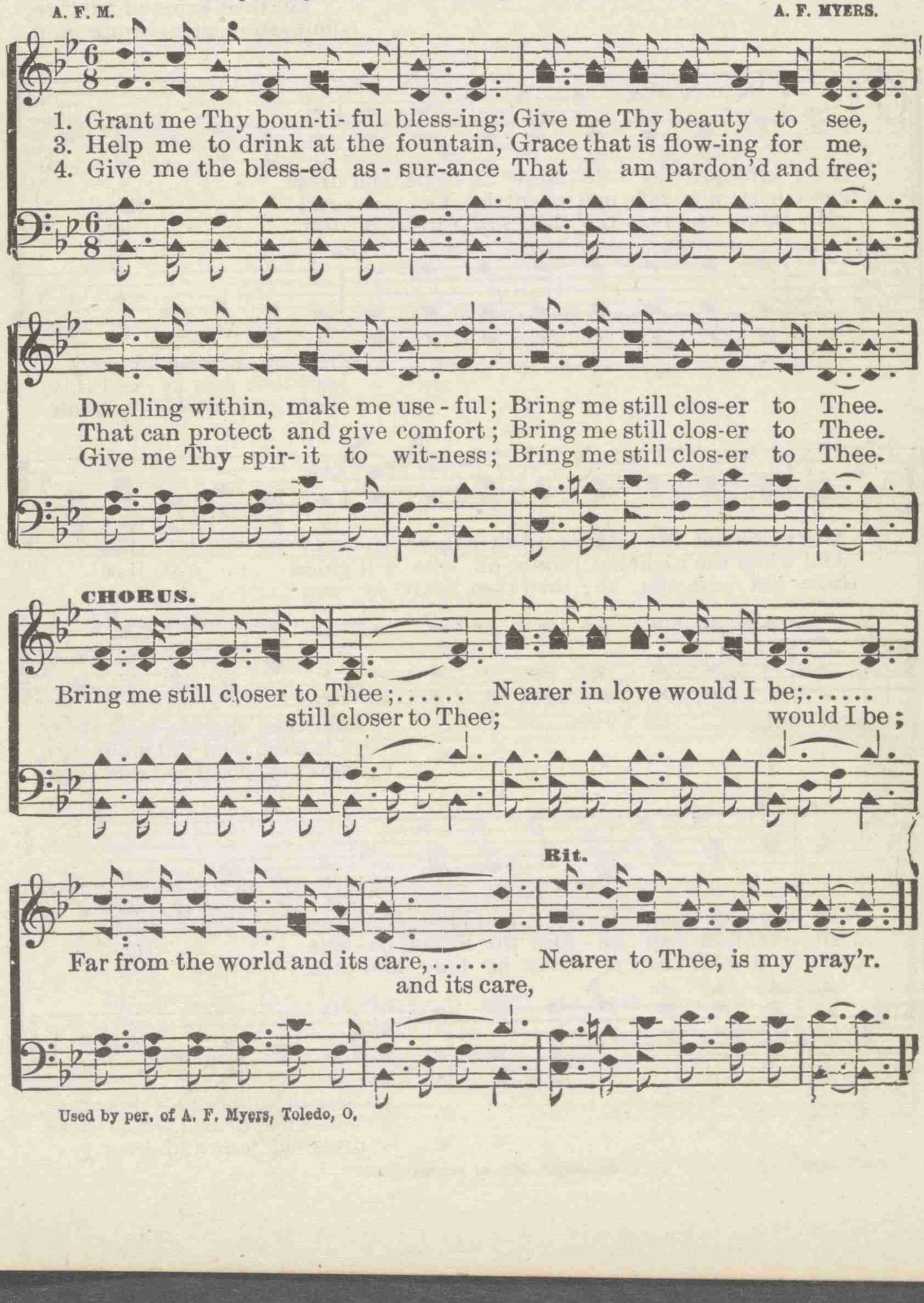
BEAUTIFUL HOME FAR ABOVE. Concluded.



No. 133 CLOSER TO THEE.

"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord."—2 Pet. 3: 18.

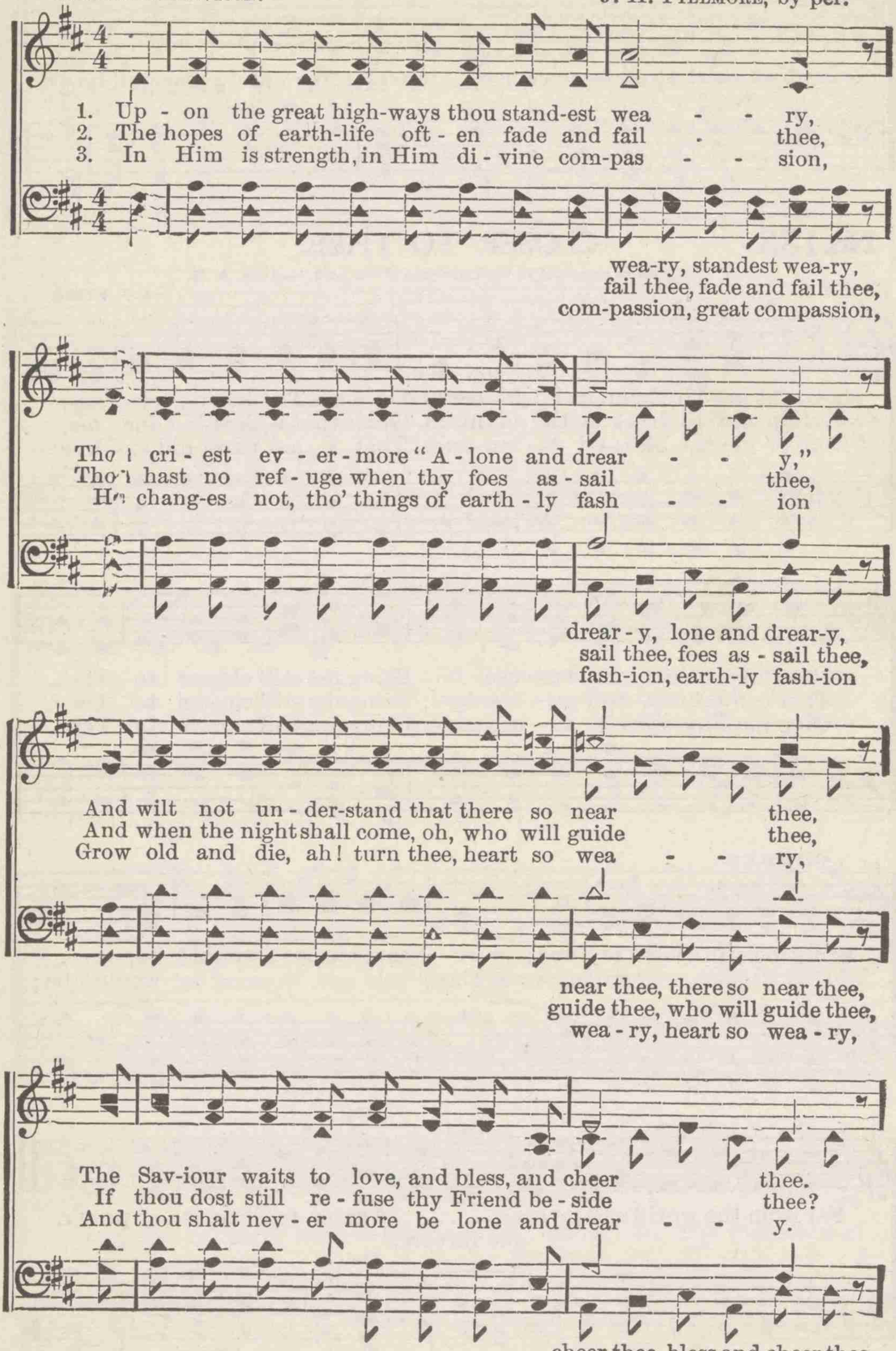
A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.



Used by per. of A. F. Myers, Toledo, O.

No. 134 HE STANDS SO NEAR.
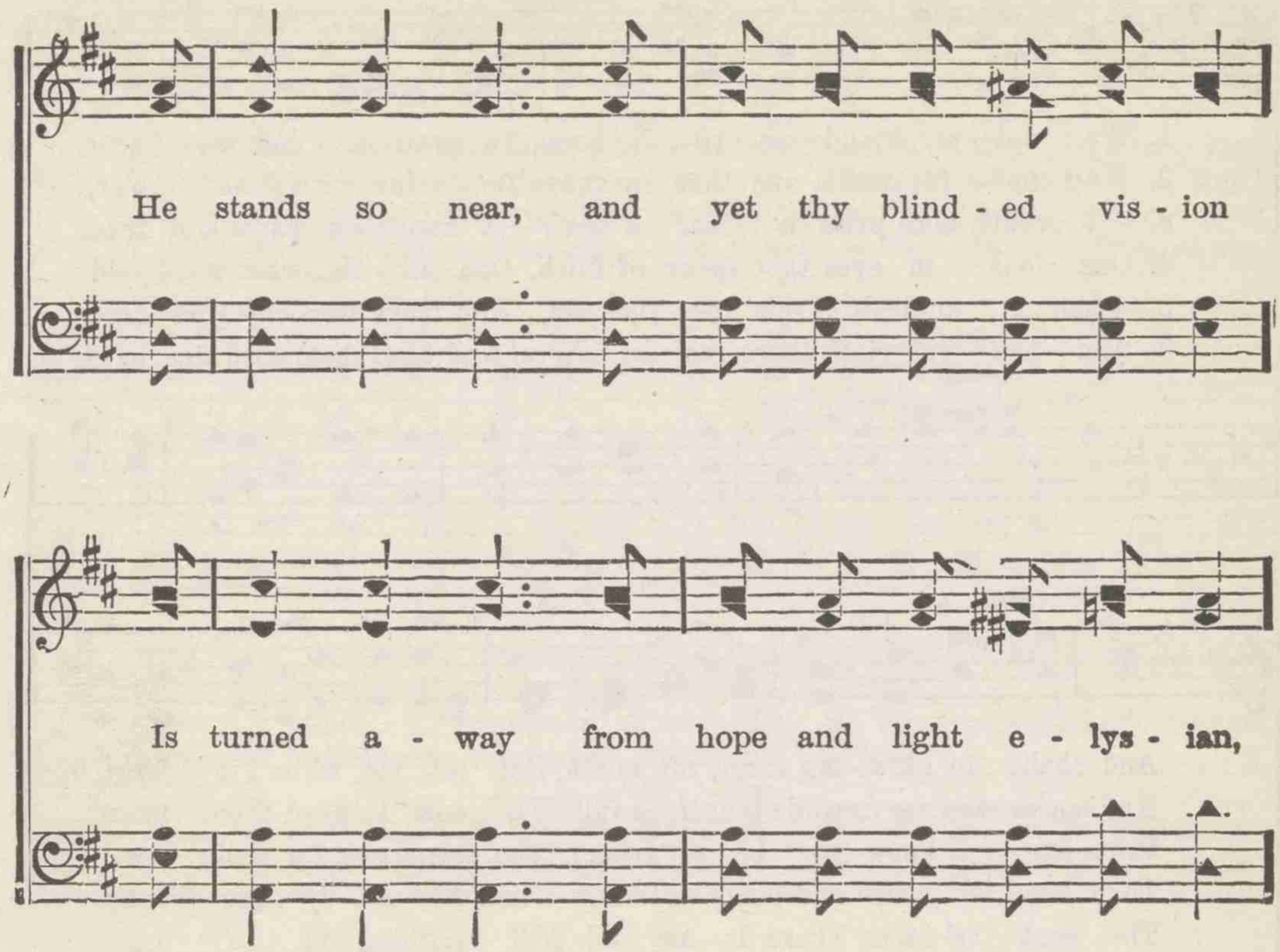
Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore, by per.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

HE STANDS SO NEAR.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 135 TELL ME NOW.

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

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

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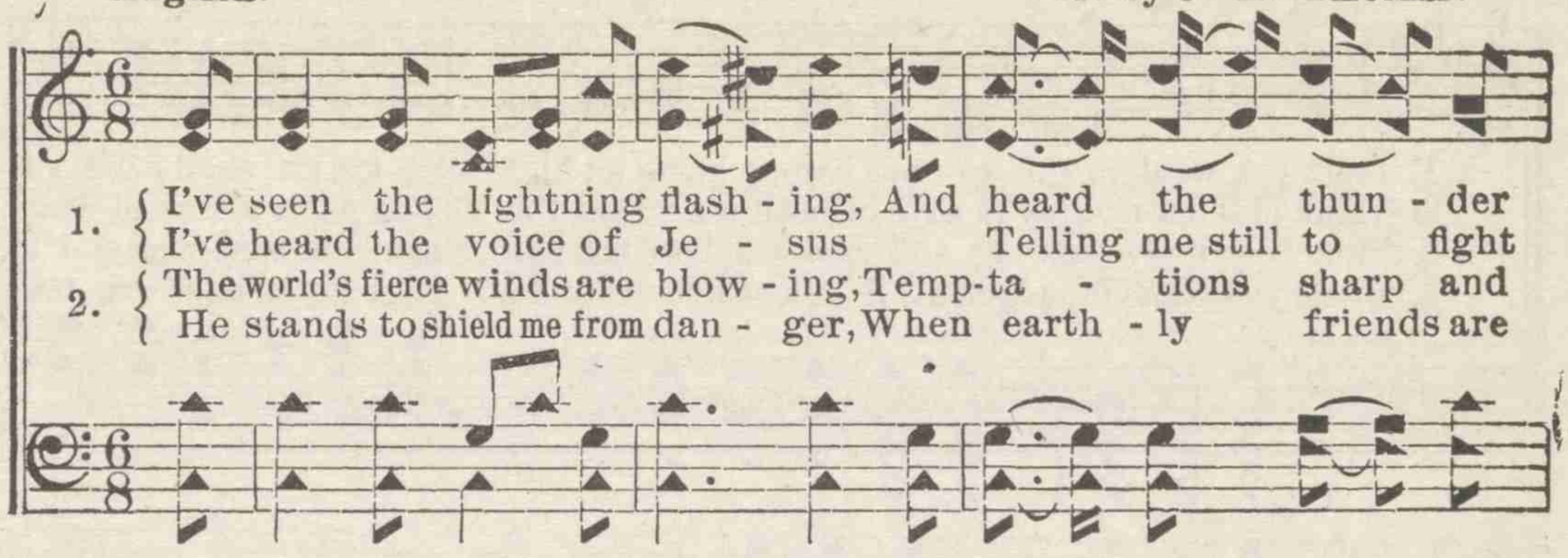
CHORUS.
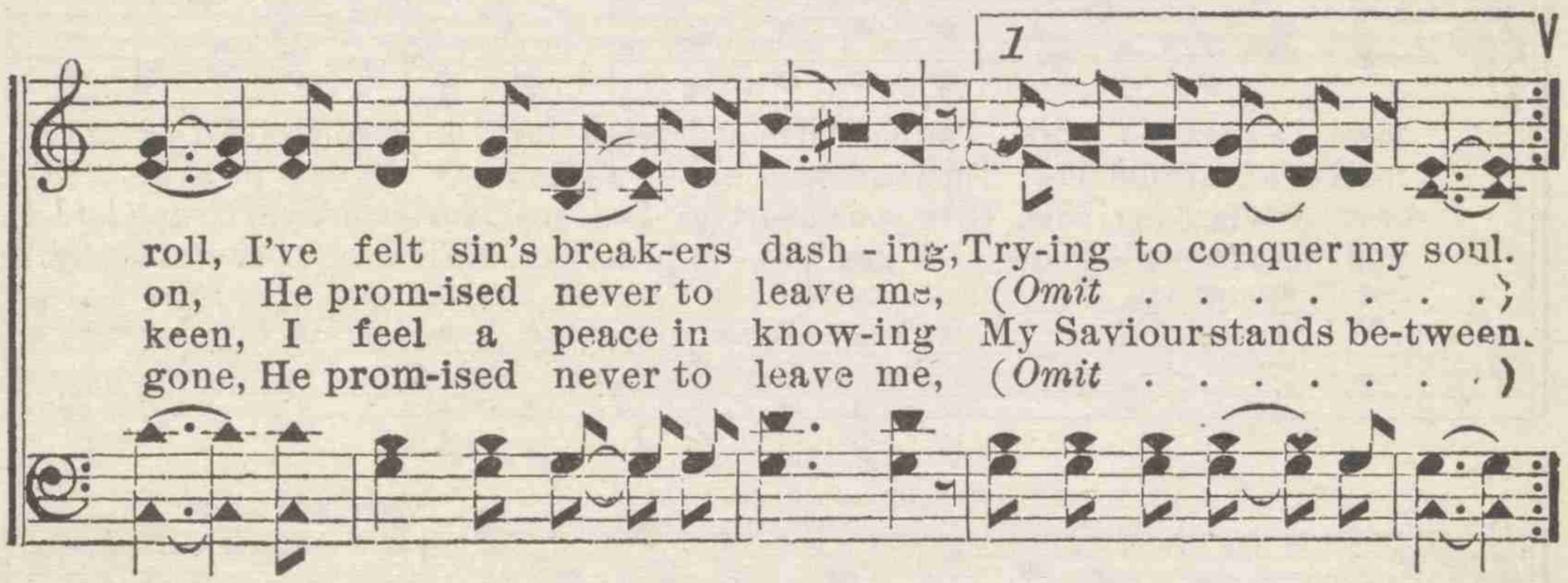
Then if you love me—tell me now; One lit - tle word will do;.....
will do;
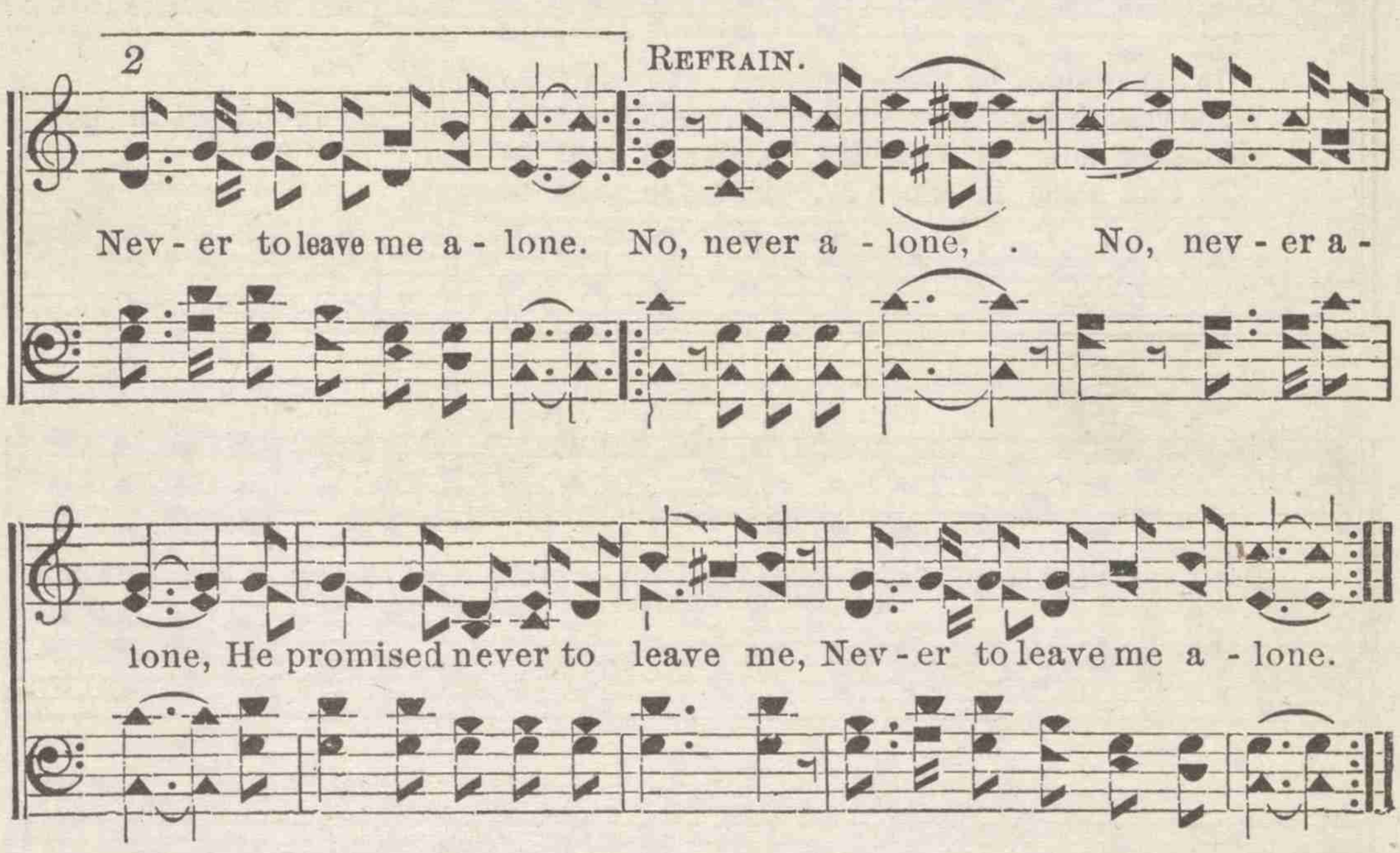
Wait not and say it by my tomb, When I am gone from you.

No. 136 Never Alone.

English. Arr. by J. E. THOMAS.







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

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

No. 137 Don't You Want To Go?

Words and musc by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a-bove the star-ry sky,
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offer'd up for you, Oft-en while you slept dear mother's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal-va-tion, O to her love be true,
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in ev-er-last-ing woe, Give your heart to Je-sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten you must face you know, Je-sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,

REFRAIN.

In that sun-ny clime up-on the gold-en shore.
While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
Moth-er now is wait-ing, don't you want to go?
To that home in glo-ry, don't you want to go?

Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je-sus bids you come to that hap-py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

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No. 138 PENTECOST.

G. T. B. G. T. Byrd.

1. We are wait - ing for the prom-ise of the Fa- ther, For the
2. We are wait - ing for the prom-ise of the Fa- ther, Let the
3. We are wait - ing for the prom-ise of the Fa- ther, Bap -

prom- ise of the Ho - ly Ghost; Let the prom - ise un - to
Ho - ly Spir - it come we pray; May we ev - er have His
tize now, with the old time fire; All our ma - ny, ma - ny

us now be giv - en, And then we will have the pen - te- cost.
ho - ly, ho - ly presence, And bap- tize us with this pow'r to- day.
sins and doubts consum-ing, O send now up - on us gifts of pow'r.

Chorus.

O Lord give us the spir- it Give us an - oth - - - er pen- te- cost,
O Lord Give us an-other pen - te - cost,

O Lord give us the spirit, And baptize us with the Holy Ghost.
O Lord Holy Ghost.

rit.....

Copyrighted, 1904, by G. T. Byrd, Rockwood, Tenn.

No. 139 HALLELUJAH BY AND BY.

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

1. There's a home just o - ver yon - der, there's a land that's bright and fair,
2. When my pil - grim - age is o - ver and I jour - ney here no more,
3. Bless - ed hope of life e - ter - nal, bless - ed prom - ise oh, how sweet,

Ma - ny mansions there are wait - ing, for the faith - ful by and by,
I shall lay me down to slum - ber, soon to wake on yon - der shore,
I am cling - ing to my Sav - iour, I am sit - ting near His feet,

'Tis so sweet to sing of heav - en, of its glo - ries rich and rare,
I shall wake to see my Sav - iour, I shall meet Him in the sky,
I can al - most hear the sing - ing, of redeemed ones in the sky,

D.S.—Hal - le - lu - jah will be ring - ing, where the voic - es nev - er tire,

FINE.

My Re - deem - er, oh, to see Him, will be glo - ry o - ver there.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be sing - ing by and by.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I shall join them by and by.

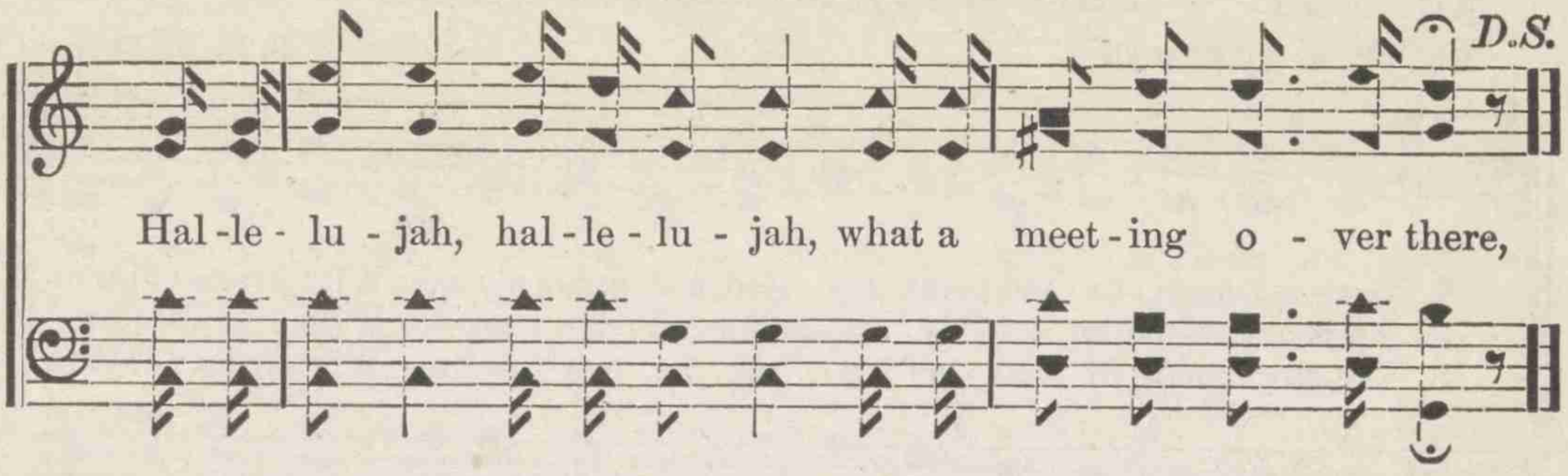
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - te - lu - jah, I'll be sing - ing by and by.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah by and by,

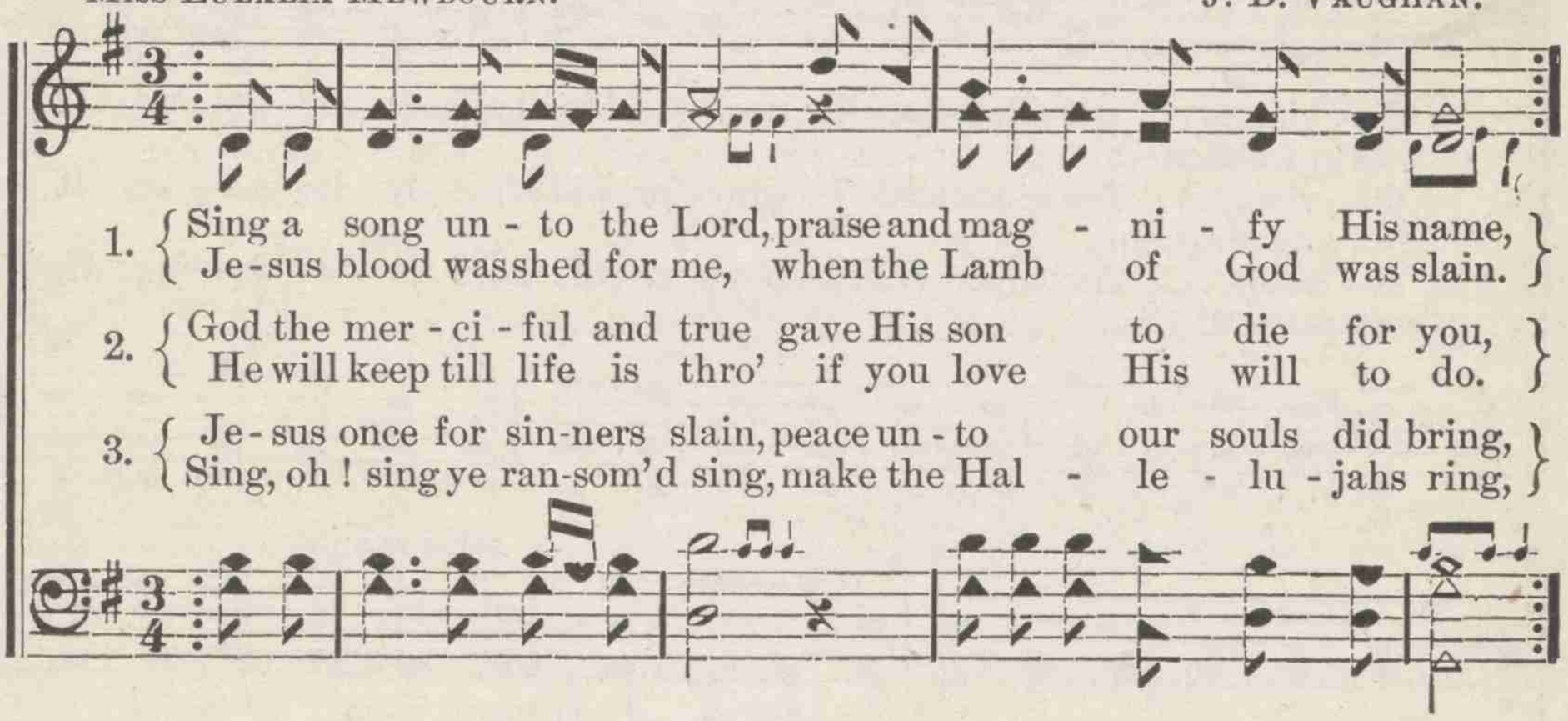
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.
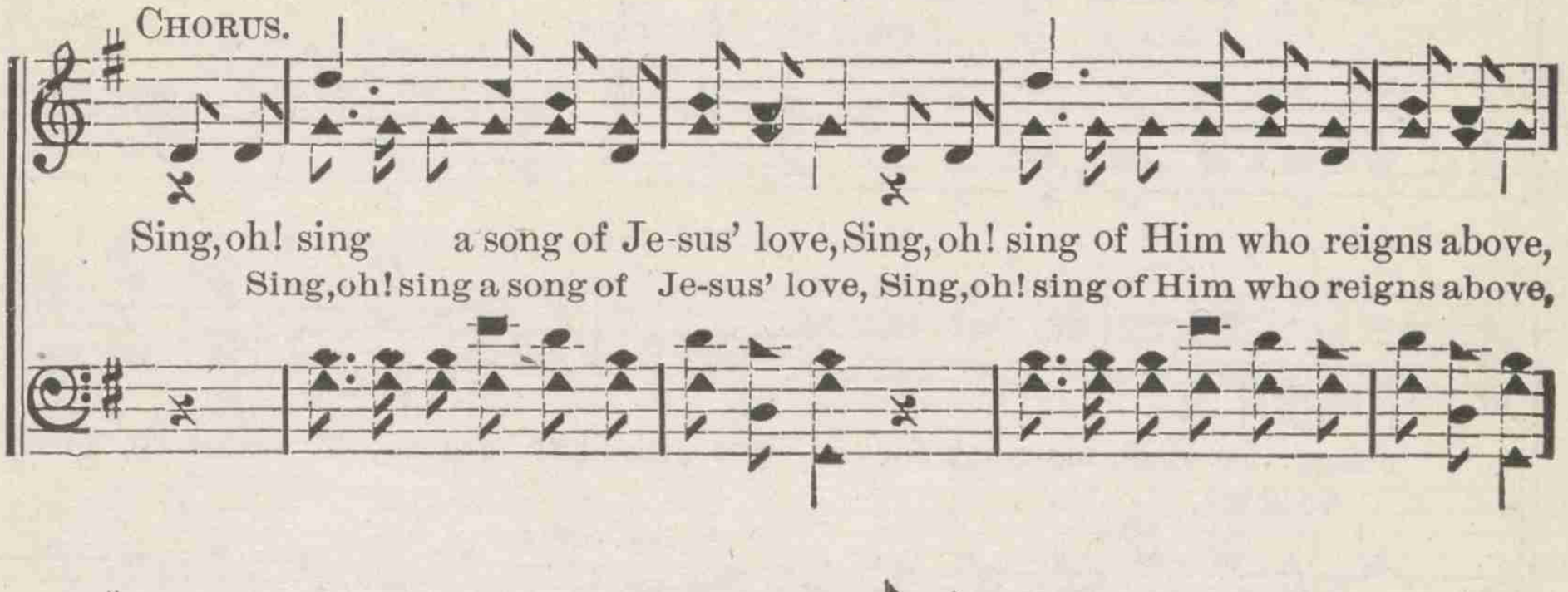
HALLELUJAH BY AND BY. Concluded.

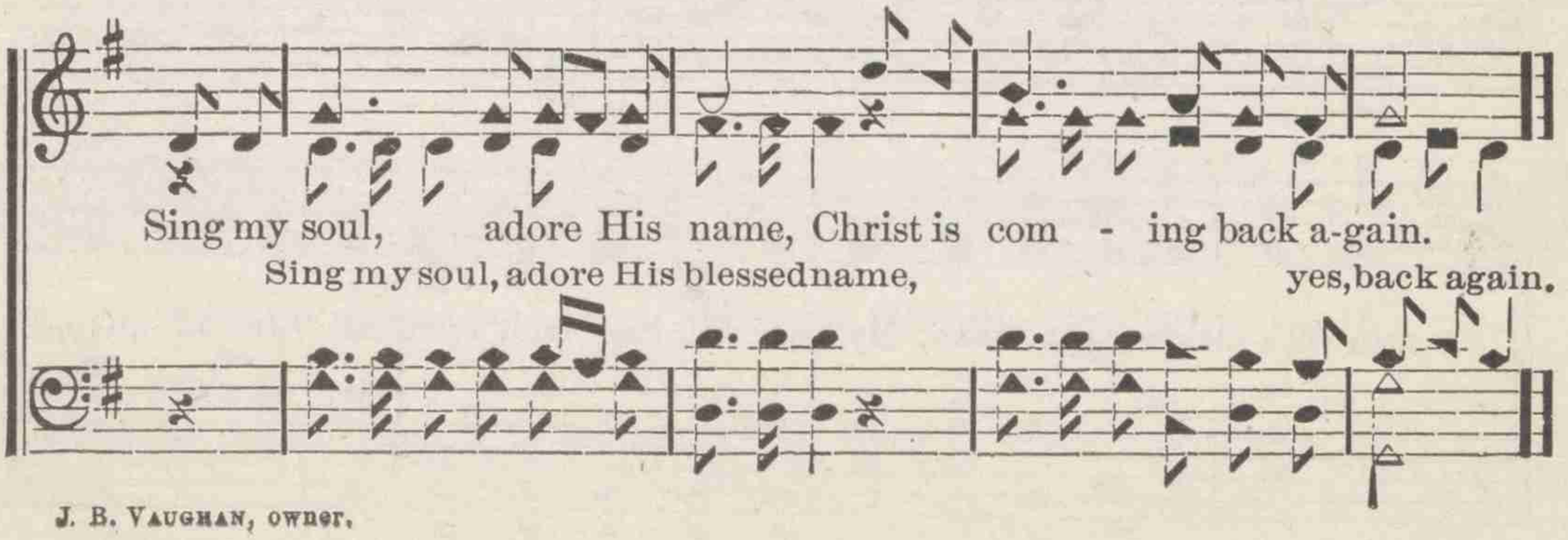


No. 140 SING A SONG UNTO THE LORD.

Miss EULALIA MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.







J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 141 This is My Mission, to Shine.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From mo-ment to mo-ment my God will sup - ply me With grace (di-vine,)
2. My heart should be dai - ly a - noint - ed from heav-en With love (di - vine,)
3. The storehouse of heav - en is full to o'er-flow-ing With peace (di-vine,)

di - vine;.... No bless-ing I need will kind heav - en de - ny me, If with grace di-vine;
di - vine;.... The grace that I pray for will free - ly be giv - en, If with love di-vine;
di - vine;.... And free - ly His pow - er the Lord is be - stow-ing, When with peace di-vine;

REFRAIN.

need - ed to make my light shine. This is my mis - sion, to clear - ly to shine,

shine,.... Each mo-ment for Je - sus with light di-vine; To shine be - fore to shine,

men with clearness and then, My Lord will have fruit from this life of mine.

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No. 142 OVER THE OCEAN.

Mrs. A. L. MARSCHALL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O - ver the o - cean, in the dark lands, Millions of heath-en,
2. Ma - ny have gone, they've sac - ri - ficed all, Gone to dark lands they've
3. Can you ref - use their pleedings to - day, Since He has bless - ed

stretching their hands, Call-ing to christians, hear them to - day, Heed their sad
answered the call, Workers are few, they need you to - day, Will you not
you bounti-ful-ly, Ma - ny have gone from dear ones to stay, Do not for-

CHORUS.

cry, they're looking this way.
help, they're looking this way.
get those looking this way.

Look-ing this way, yes, looking this

way, Dear ones in far lands, look-ing this way, Mill-ions of

heathens dy-ing to - day, Will you not help, they're looking this way.

J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER.

No. 143 Hear the Macedonian Call.

J. T. Camp. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Hear the cry from o'er the sea, Come and help us,
2. It is no un - cer - tain sound, Come and help us,
3. Hear the plead-ing, plaint-ive voice, Come and help us,

come and help us; We are longing to be free,
come and help us; We in fet - ters strong are bound,
come and help us; We would make the Lord our choice,

Hear the Mac - e - do - nian call (hear the call).

Broth - er, dear, do not de - lay (not de-lay), Souls are sink-ing
Broth - er, do not dread to go (dread to go), You the gos-pel
Do not mind the part - ing tear (parting tear), Do not fal - ter,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Hear the Macedonian Call. Concluded.

night and day (night and day), To the heathen haste a - way,
seed must sow (seed must sow), 'Tis your du-ty, this you know,
do not fear (do not fear), Pre-cious tidings you must bear,

CHORUS.

Hear the Mac - e - do - nian call. Hear the Mac - e - do-nian

call, Hear the call, Hear the Mac-e - do-nian call, Hear the call;

To the heathen haste away, hear the Macedonian call (hear the call).

No. 144 Place My Name On the Roll.

JNO. R. BRYANT. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Place my name on the roll, On those pages bright and fair; Where there's none but the
2. Place my name on the roll, For I'll be among the blest; Those who work ev - er-
3. Place my name on the roll, That the an-gel reads in heav'n; When that morning shall

true, With their names en - list - ed there; They who dare with a will, On - ly
more, For that bless - ed heav'nly rest; 'Mong the first ones to wake, In the
come, And our rec - ords shall be read; In that bright glow - ing dawn, Of the

know the Saviour's love; They who trust in His grace shall meet a-bove.
re - gions of the good; I'll be found white as snow in Je - sus' blood.
res - ur - rec-tion fair; I'll re-spond when my name is called up there.

shall meet a - bove.

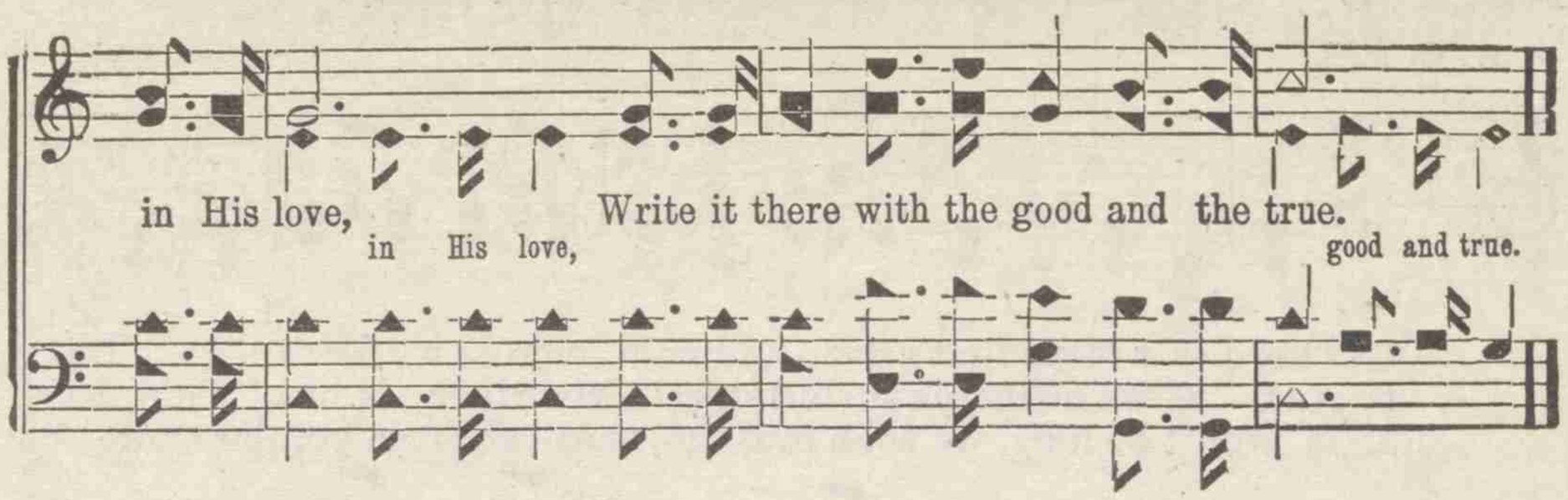
CHORUS.

Place my name on the roll, place it
Place my name up - on the roll, on the roll,

there a-mong the true, With the ones who dare and do; Write it down,
Write it down,

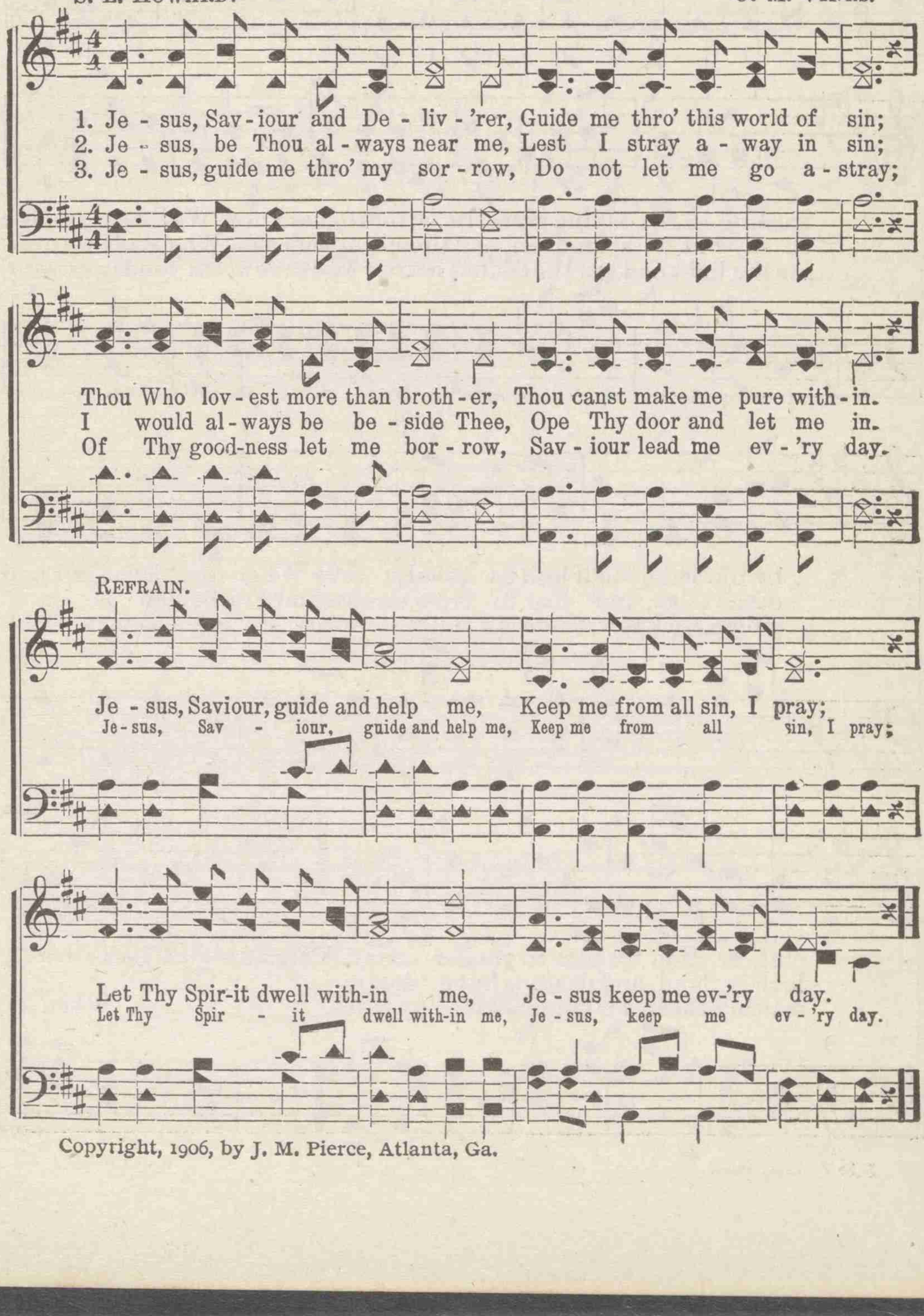
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Place My Name On the Roll. Concluded.



No. 145 Jesus, Saviour and Deliverer.

S. L. HOWARD. J. M. VINES.



Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Pierce, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 146 CROSSING DEATH'S RIVER.

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

1. There is a stream that's deep and wide, a-cross we fear to go, But trusting in His saving grace, its terrors never know; We have a Guide, near
2. And as we near this turbid stream, the river is not wide, Its on - ly but a span or so, and then the other side; Why should we ever
3. It won't be long, we soon must go, they call from yonder shore, We see the light and hear the call, but fear our boats to row; On yonder side, some-

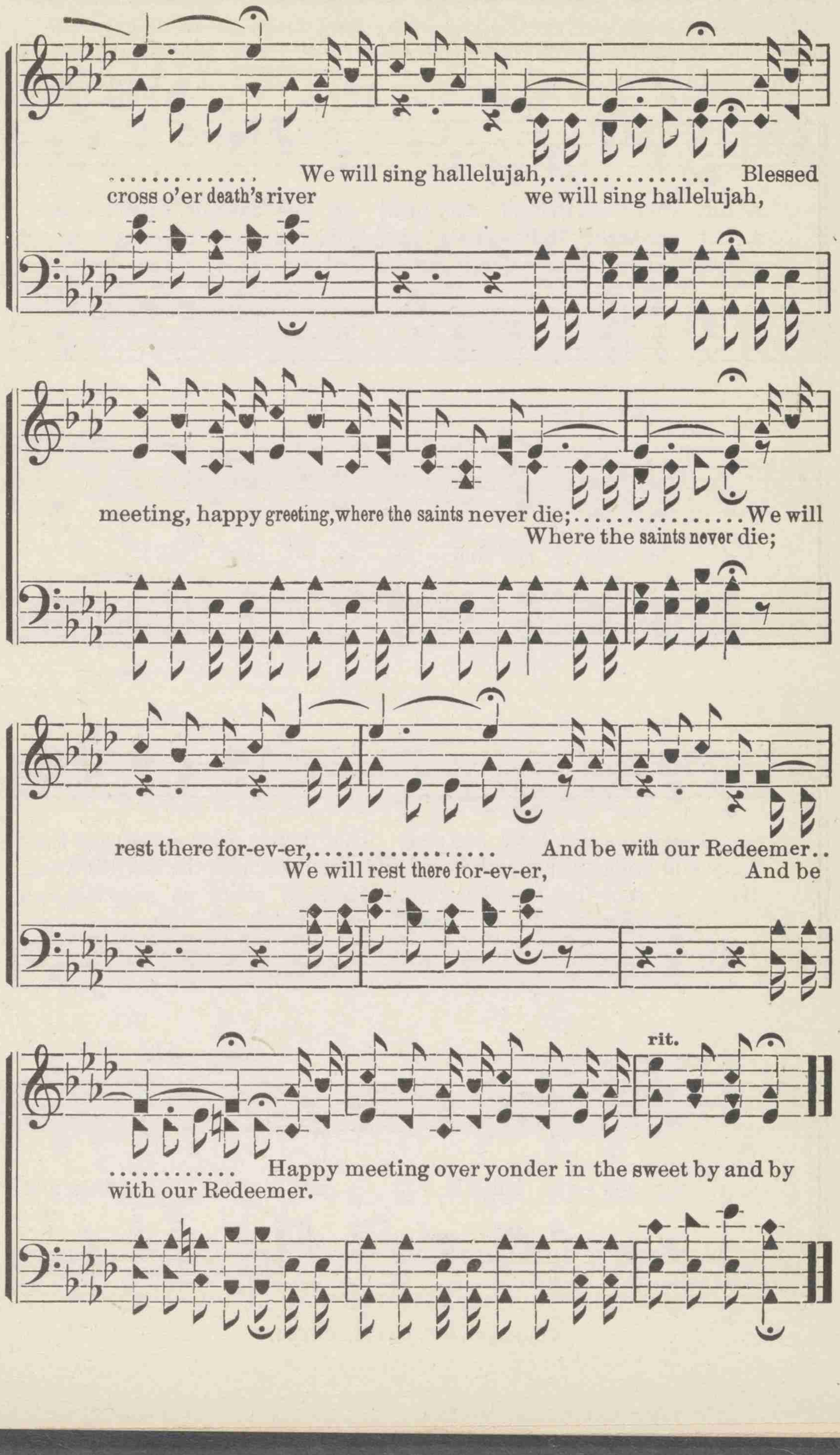
by our side, He'll lead us safe-ly o'er When thro' death's dark and
dread to go, and fear to cross the stream? For Beulah is a
where, we know, there is a resting - place, E - tern - al joys are

CHORUS.

chil - ly tide we pass to yonder shore. When we cross o'er death's river...
love-ly land, and death is but a dream.
waiting there for sinners saved by grace. When we

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

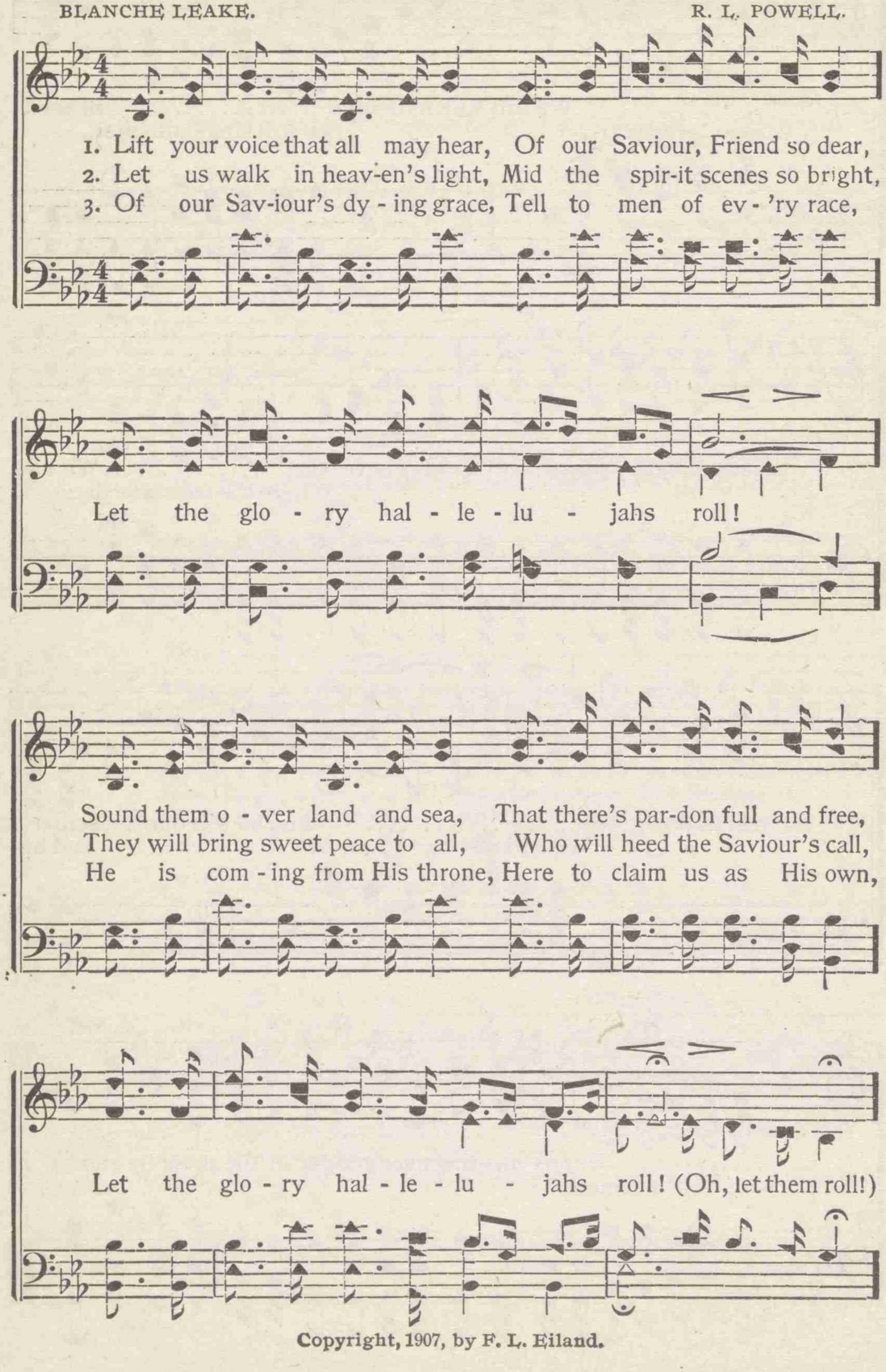
CROSSING DEATH'S RIVER. Concluded.



No. 147 LET THE GLORY HALLELUJAHS ROLL!

All ye ransomed spirits sing, Of the mighty coming King, Let the glory hallelujahs roll!
Stand ye in the holy place, There, in peace to see His face, Let the glory alleiujahs roll!—F.L.E.

BLANCHE LEAKE. R. L. POWELL.



Copyright, 1907, by F. L. Eiland.

LET THE GLORY, Etc. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let them roll,..... Let them roll,.....

Let them roll, the hal - le - lu - jahs, Let them roll, let them roll,

Let the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahs roll! (let them roll!)

Let them roll till ev - 'ry na - tion, Knows the story of sal-va - tion,

Chorus may be repeated with good effect.

Let the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jahs roll! (Oh, let them roll!)

No. 148 TRAVELING ON.

R. L. P. R. L. POWELL.

Slowly, in perfect tempo.

1. We are trav-'ling on Toward that land of song, Where the
2. Let us watch and pray, Sing-ing on our way, As we
3. When the trump shall sound, Let us each be found, Brave-ly

righteous in beau-ti-ful mansions forever shall dwell; (forever shall dwell);
jour-ney a-long to that beau-ti-ful ha-ven of rest; (that haven of rest);
marching and bearing the banner of Jesus, our King! (of Jesus, our King)!

In that home of light Come no shades of night, There with our
Where no stain of sin E'er can en-ter in, And with our
When our work is o'er, And we've reached that shore, We, with the

Sav-iour in glo-ry for-ev-er His praises we'll tell! (His praises we'll tell)!
Saviour, who died to redeem us, we there shall be blest. (we there shall be blest).
angels, redemption's sweet story, forever shall sing! (we ev-er shall sing)!

CHORUS.

Trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on,

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TRAVELING ON. Concluded.

on Sing - ing a

trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on,

won - - - - - - - der - ful sto - ry of

Sing - ing, yes, sing - ing a won - der - ful

love! Soon we shall be

sweet sto - ry of love! Soon we for - ev - er shall be

hap - py and free, Dwell-ing with

hap - py, so hap - py and free,

Je-sus at home in those beautiful mansions a - bove!

in man-sions a - bove!

No. 149 THE GREAT REUNION.

S. J. CALVERT. (Inscribed to our brother, Rev. S. J. Oslin.) W. H. LIVINGSTON.

1. There will be a great re-un-ion on the gold-en shore, By and by,
2. I will meet my blessed Savior who has died for me,
3. I will meet you there, dear brother, in that glory-land, By and by,

by and by, And we'll meet with all our loved ones who have gone before,
And I'll live with Him e-ter-nal, and from sin be free,
by and by, Where we'll sweetly sing together with the an-gel band,

REFRAIN.

By and by, by and by! There will be a great re-un-ion up in
By and by,

heav'n some day, By and by, by and by; There we'll sing the praise of
By and by, by and by;

Je-sus, who once died for me, By and by, by and by!
By and by,

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No. 150 Shall We Ever Meet Again?

(Respectfully inscribed to Miss Beulah Tittle.)

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

1. How sad, in-deed, are all life's part-ings, How it fills our hearts with pain!
2. O life is filled with ma-ny chang-es, Some must go, and some re-main;
3. Dear ones have passed from earth to heaven, There to sing the glad re-frain;
4. Yes, we shall meet in those bright mansions, If we're cleansed from ev'ry stain;

For o'er and o'er will come the ques-tion, Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?
O must our part-ing be for-ev-er? Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?
O shall we join them in the cho-rus? Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?
And nev-er-more will ask the ques-tion, Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?

REFRAIN.

Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?.... Shall we ev-er meet a-
Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?
gain?.....
When we part here on earth from the
Shall we ev-er meet a-gain? If no more in this world, in the
ones that we love, Shall we ev-er meet a-gain?
man-sions a-bove, Shall we (*Omit*.....) ev-er meet a-gain?

Owned by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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No. 1. THINKING OF HOME.

T. D. ARD. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am think - ing to-day, of my friends far a-way, Some I nev - er shall see an - y more; Un - til death sets me free, from this bod - y of clay, And my troub - les and tri - als are o'er.
2. Oh, how hap - py we'll be when our loved ones we see, Who have gone on be-fore us to heav'n; We shall sing of His love in the man - sions a-bove, Where to us a new song shall be giv'n.
3. There our fa - thers have gone and are rest - ing at home, Bless-ed Sav - iour is wait-ing for me; Yes, our moth - ers are there in that home bright and fair, And I hope we shall see them a - gain.
4. We have broth - ers at rest in that home of the blest, Where no cry - ings or pains ev - er come, There our sis - ters we'll see and at rest ev - er be, In that beau - ti - ful, sweet, hap - py home.

D.S.—There no sor - rows can come, to that sweet, hap - py home, And its pleas - ures can nev - er be told.

FINE.

CHORUS.

I am think - ing to - day of that home far a - way, And its joys how I long to be - hold, to be - hold.

D.S.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 2. GLORY IN MY SOUL.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus is my Friend and Guide, Keeps me ev - er by His side, There is
2. Je - sus taught me how to pray, Keeps me in the nar - row way, There is
3. Je - sus is so kind and true, Sin - ner, He will par - don you, There is
4. When my race on earth is run, He will say to me well done, There is

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He's my Sav-iour, He's my King,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He a crown of life will give
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul; He will countless blessings show'r,
glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul (in my soul); In the pal - ace of the King,

And His prais-es now I'll sing, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
When I go with Him to live, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
Go to Him this ver - y hour, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.
With the ransomed I will sing, There is glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul.

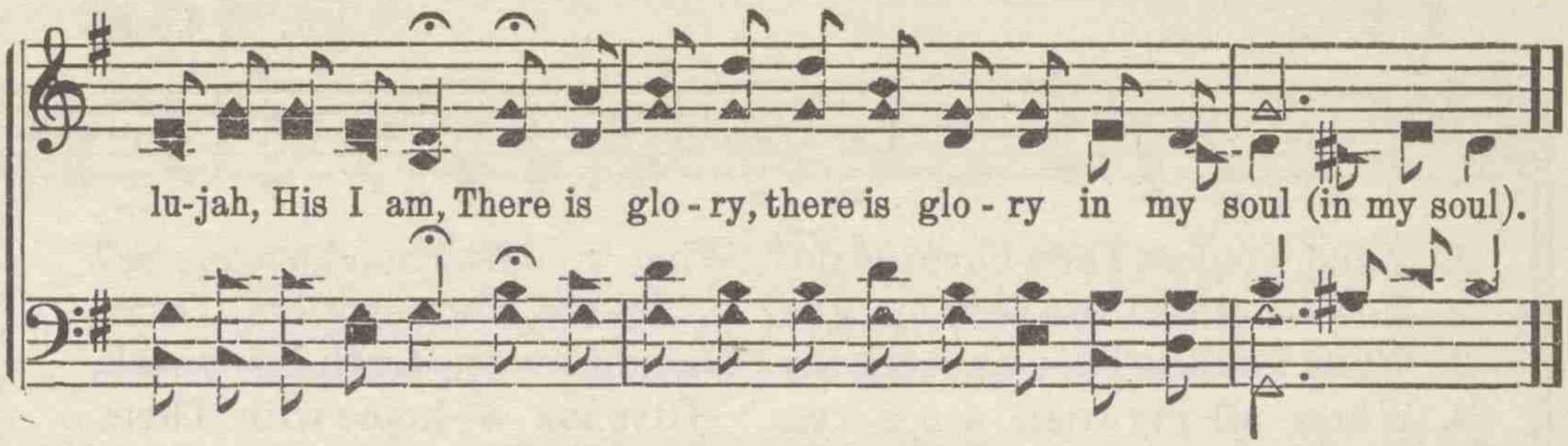
CHORUS.

Oh, there's glory, there is glory in my soul (in my soul), Yes, there's glory, there is

glo - ry in my soul (in my soul); Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, hal - le -

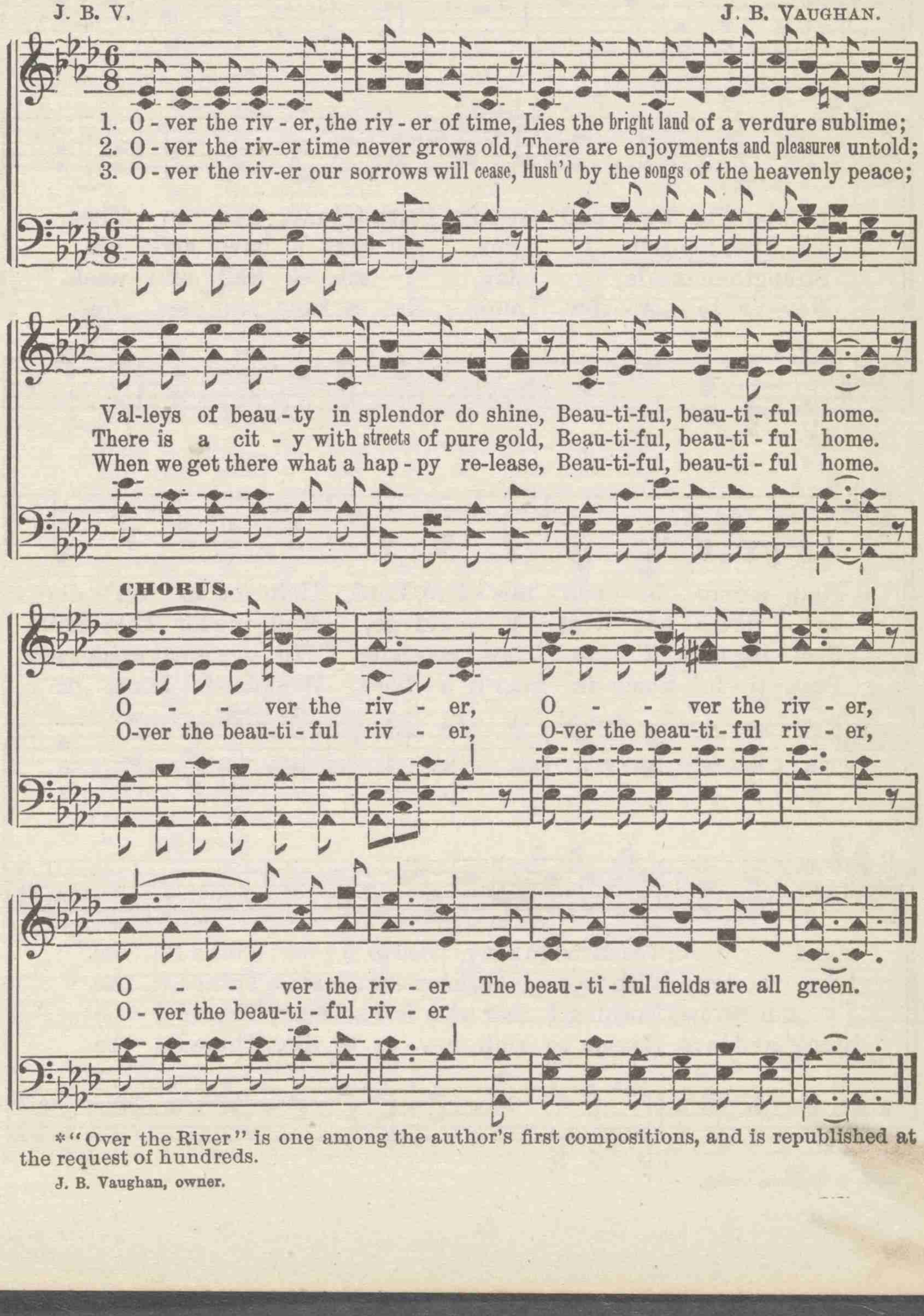
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

GLORY IN MY SOUL. Concluded.



No. 3. OVER THE RIVER.*

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



*"Over the River" is one among the author's first compositions, and is republished at the request of hundreds.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 4. Thine I'd Be.

J. T. C. J. T. Camp.

1. What wouldst Thou have me do? What wouldst Thou have me be?
2. How wouldst Thou have me live? Je - sus, Thou spotless Lamb,
3. What wouldst Thou have me say? Naught but the truth I'd speak,
4. When all my trials are o'er, Give me a home with Thee;

I would be firm and true, Faith-ful my, God, to Thee.
To Thee my-self I give, All that I have and am.
Strengthen me day by day, I am so frail and weak.
Nev - er to sor - row more, Ev - er from sin set free.

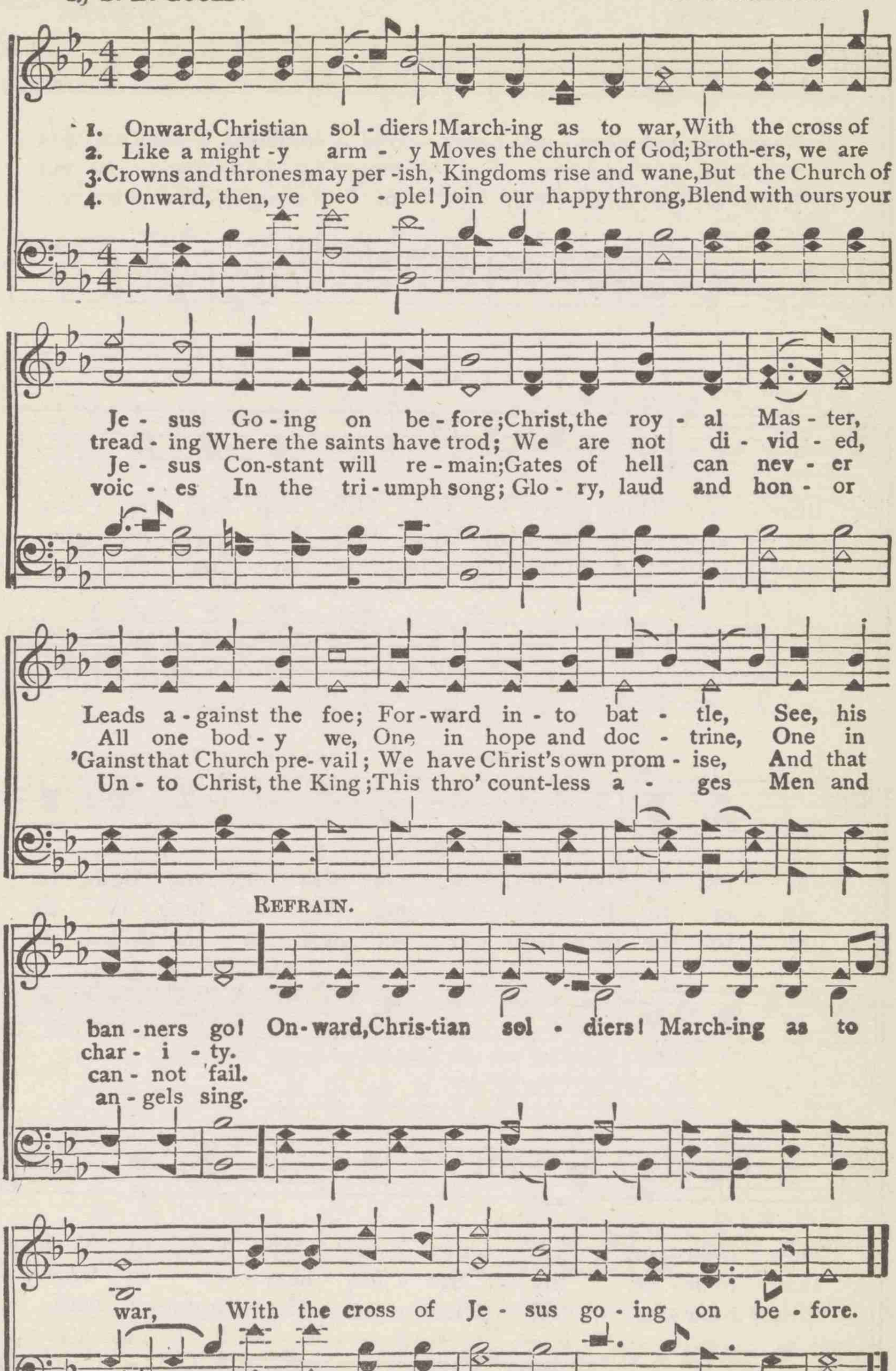
Help me to be sub - mis - sive, Lord, Help me to un - der-
In - to the har - vest I would go, Toil - ing for Thee while
Feel - ing that I to Thee be - long. In my great weak-ness
Beau - ti - ful home in heav'n a - bove, Won-der-ful home of

stand Thy word; Teach me to pray, Thee to o - bey; Thine I'd be.
here be-low; With me a - bide, keep near my side; Thine I'd be.
I am strong, Nothing I fear when Thou art near; Thine I'd be.
peace and love, Nev-er to sigh, nev - er to die; Thine I'd be.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.
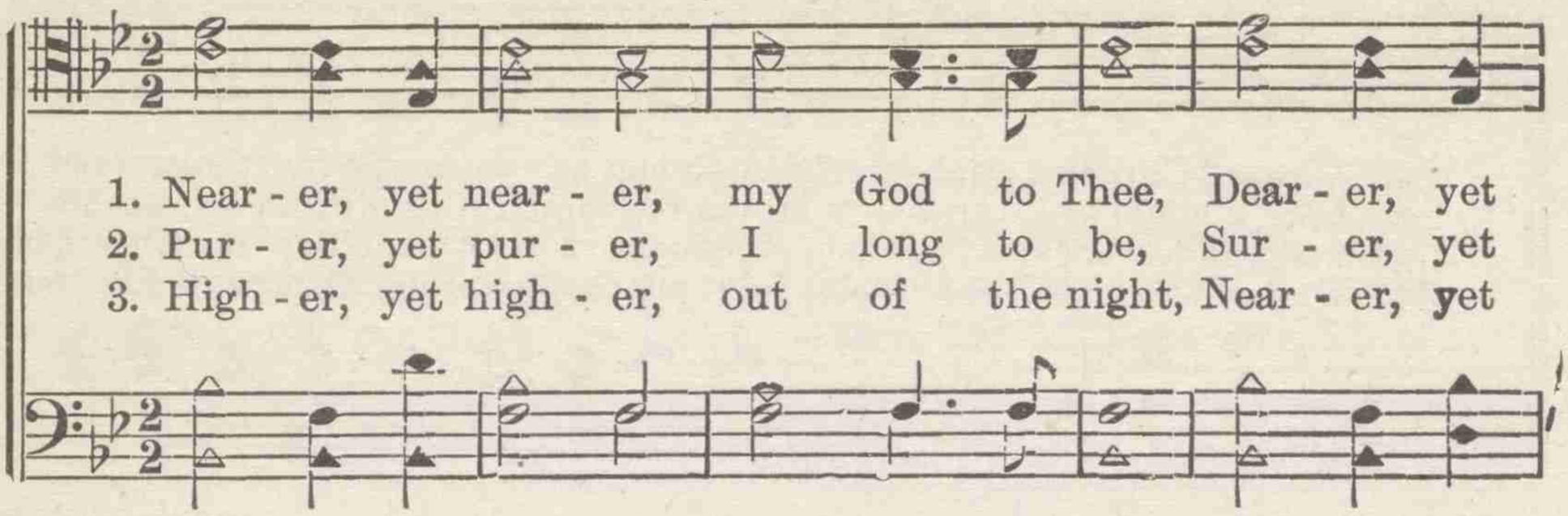
No. 5. Onward, Christian Soldiers.
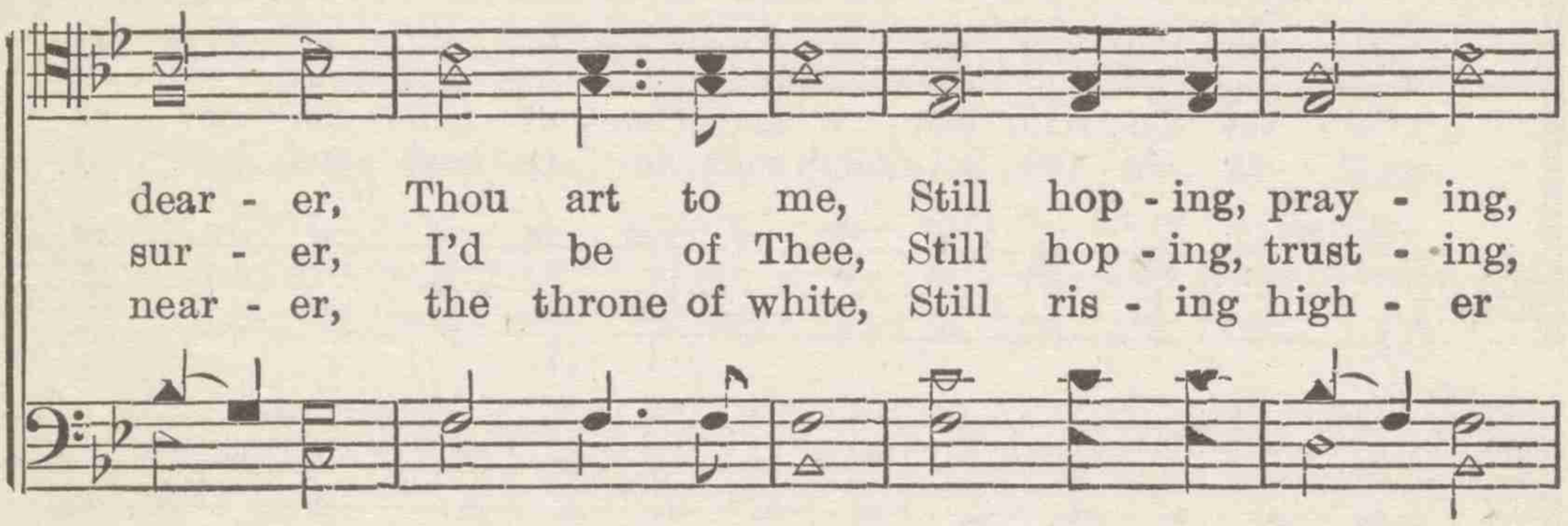
by S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.
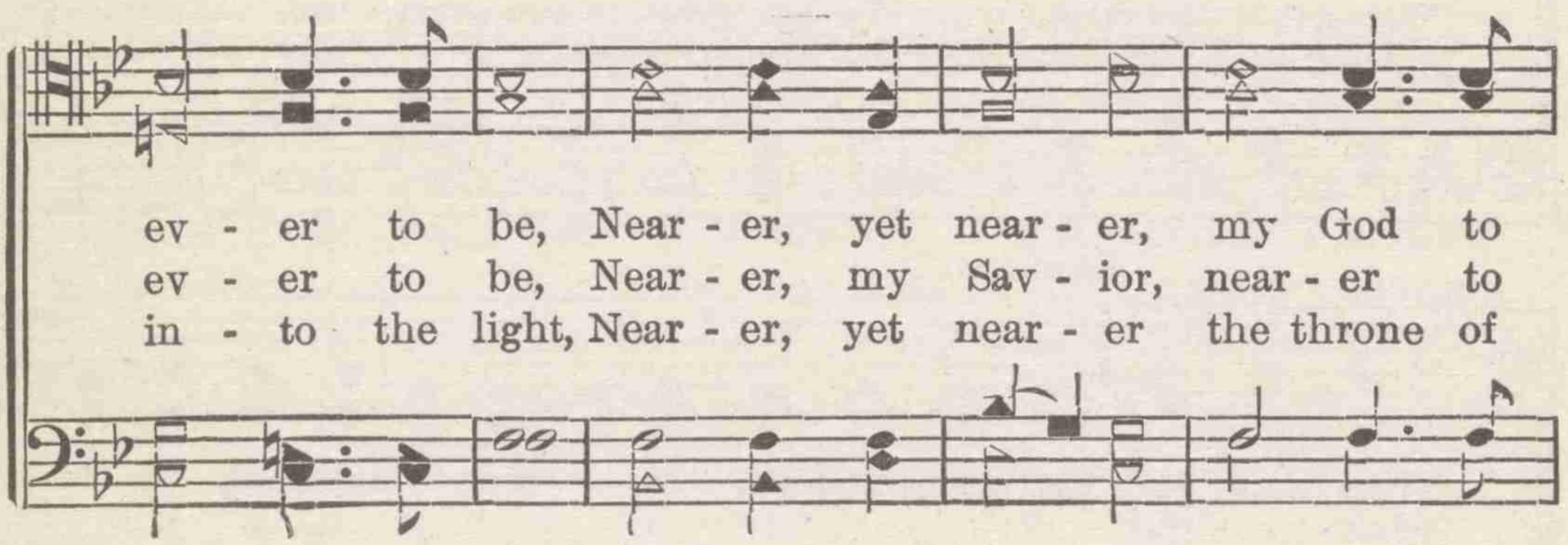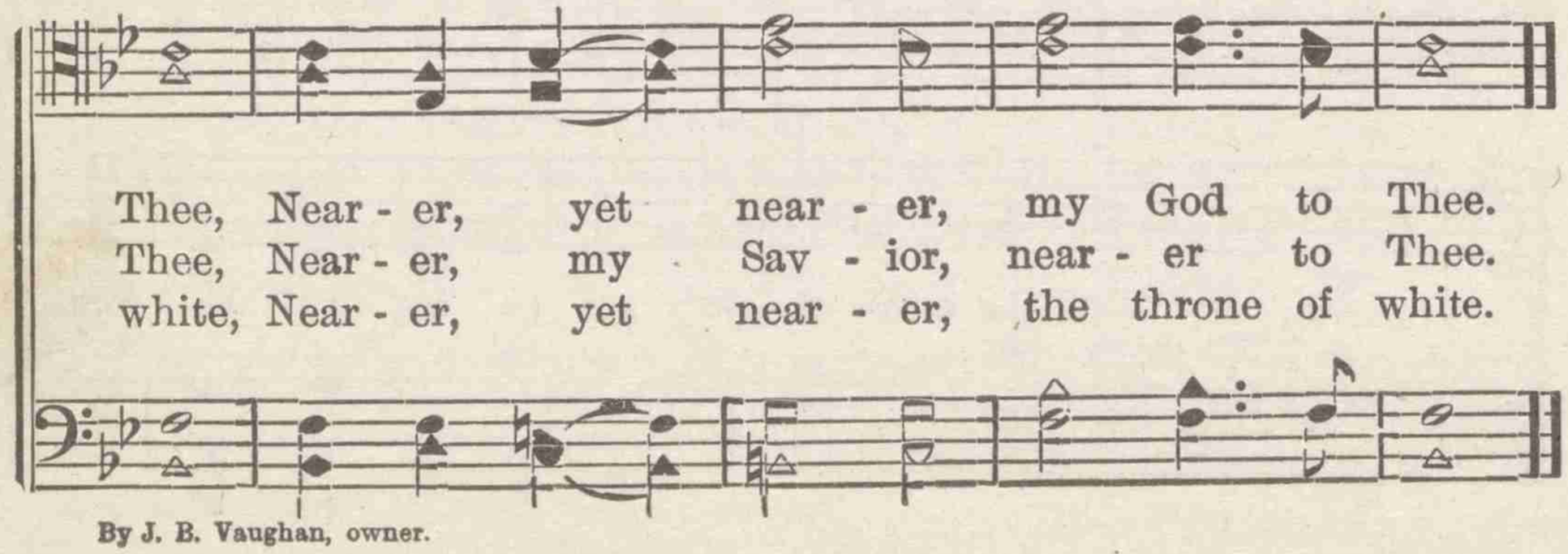


No. 6. Nearer, Yet Nearer.

A. S. KIEFFER. J. T. CAMP.









By J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 7. Forward, Soldiers.

SUSAN B. ATRICE. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Rouse ye now, ye sol-diers Of the cross, a-rise, Laud your Captain's glory
2. Up and do-ing, Christians, 'Tis the Lord's command, Dare ye longer i - dle,
3. Thro' the wea- ry conflict, Bear the toil and pain, Suff 'ring here for Je- sus

to the ver - y skies, Foes are lurking 'round you, Seek ye not re-pose,
there is work at hand, Souls are dy-ing 'round you, For the blessed word,
is but heav'nly gain, When the strife is end - ed When your work's complete,

CHORUS.

Christ your faithful lead - er To the bat - tle goes.
Bear to them the mes- sage Of your precious Lord.
All these earthly tri - als, Makes your rest more sweet.
} Forward, soldiers,

to the battle field, Fight for Je - sus till the foe shall yield, For the spir-it

rit.

gives you strength to-day, Forward to the bat-tle field, a - way, then, away.

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No. 8 DROP A LITTLE KIND WORD IN.

ROBT. H. WALTON. G. W. LYON.

1. Do you speak for Je- sus ev-'ry-where you go? Are you tell - ing
2. Would you go re - joic-ing as the days pass by? Speaking words of
3. Go with faith un - fail-ing, put your trust in God, Walking in the

oth - ers of the joy you know? Save the fall - en broth-er from the
kind-ness that can nev - er die? Cheer the sad and lone- ly, try some
footprints where the saints have trod, Brighten up the pathway where the

CHORUS.

path of sin, Drop a lit - tle kind word in.
soul to win, Drop a lit - tle kind word in.
light shines dim, Drop a lit - tle kind word in.
} Drop a lit - tle kind word

in, Drop a lit - tle kind word in, Cheer the
drop it in, drop it in,

sad and lone-ly all a - long the way, Drop a lit- tle kind word in.
drop it in.

G. W. Lyon, owner.

No. 9. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 2 Tim. 4: 8.

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

1. Shall I be content 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 harvest fields, Where work is so great and the lab'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 Master's renown,

CHORUS.

And the way will be brighter 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. Working for the crown, for the

crown, Work - ing for the crown, . . .
beau-ti-ful golden crown, Working for the crown, for the beautiful goldeh crown,

Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,

Copyright, 1899, by H. A. R. Horton.

No. 10. The Army Moves Along.

NINA CLARK. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Lo! an ar - my all vic - to - rious, Marching dai - ly on- ward,
2. Marshalled league of loy - al sol - diers, Read - y for each du - ty,
3. Vic - t'ry af - ter vic - t'ry dai - -ly, Ev - 'ry bat - tle win-ning,

O - ver - com - ing pow'r of e - vil, In their progress homeward,
Shield of faith, Sal - va - tion's hel - met, Come, be- hold their beau-ty,
See the foe re - treat - ing ev - er, Press'd from the be - gin-ning,

See, they fol - low Christ their lead - er, As they're pressing for-ward,
Val - iant foll'wers of the Mas - ter, For the bat - tle read - y,
Raise a - loft the roy - al stand - ard, Keep the col - ors streaming,

With a firm and stead - y step the ar - my moves a - long.

CHORUS.

Marching on.....to Canaan's land, Thus a might - y Christian band, Hèar the
Marching on to Canaan's land Thus a might - y Christian band.

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The Army Moves Along. Concluded.

glad triumphant song, With a firm and steady step the army moves along.
Hear the glad tri- umphant song,

No. 11. Who is Willing and Ready?

KATE ULMER. J. M. PIERCE.

1. Hark! a call goes forth for work-ers, From the fields both far and near,
2. Young and old a - like are need-ed, For there's work for all to do,
3. Tar - ry not for time is fly - ing, Har - vest days are pass- ing by,
4. When the Lord of har - vest com-eth, At the set - ting of life's sun,

Will - ing hearts and hands are want-ed, In the Master's cause so dear.
Strong and fee - ble in the vineyard, There's a place just meant for you.
Haste the precious sheaves to- geth - er, Ere the gold - en moments fly.
Toil and tears will be for- got - ten, In the joy of His "Well Done."

CHORUS.
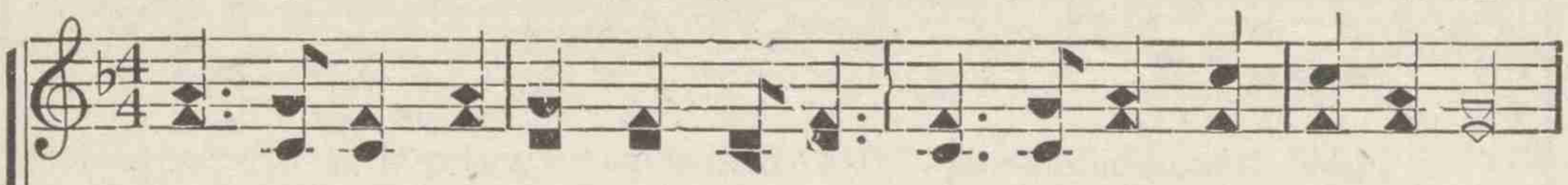
Who is will-ing? Who is read- y? Now the summons to o - bey,

Who is will-ing? Who is read- y? For the Lord to work to - day.
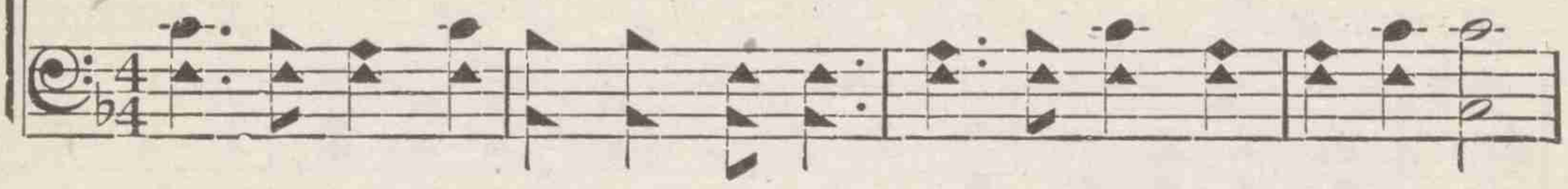
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BETTER FARTHER ON.

Anon. Except first and last verses by F. M. G. Anon.

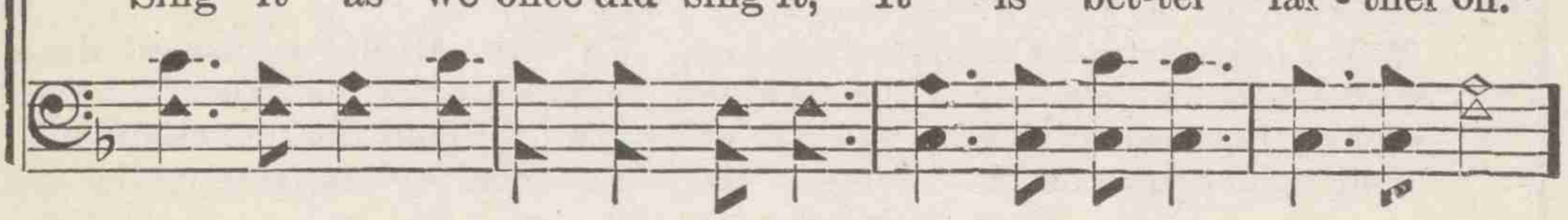


1. As we trav - el thro' the des- ert, Storms be - set us by the way,
2. Oh, my broth-er, are you wea-ry Of the roughness of the way?
3. Je - sus, Je - sus will go with you, He will lead you to the throne;
4. Far - ther on, oh, how much far-ther, Count the mile-stones one by one;
5. Hark! a voice from E - den steal-ing, Soft - ly in an un - der-tone;
6. At my grave, oh, still be sing-ing, Tho' you weep for one that's gone,

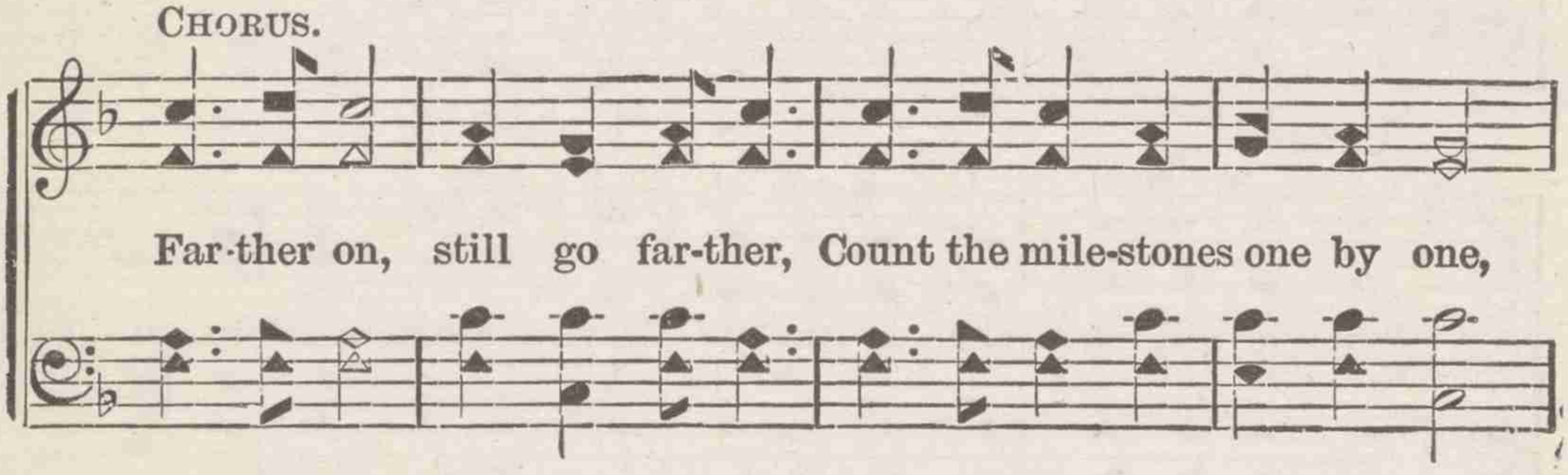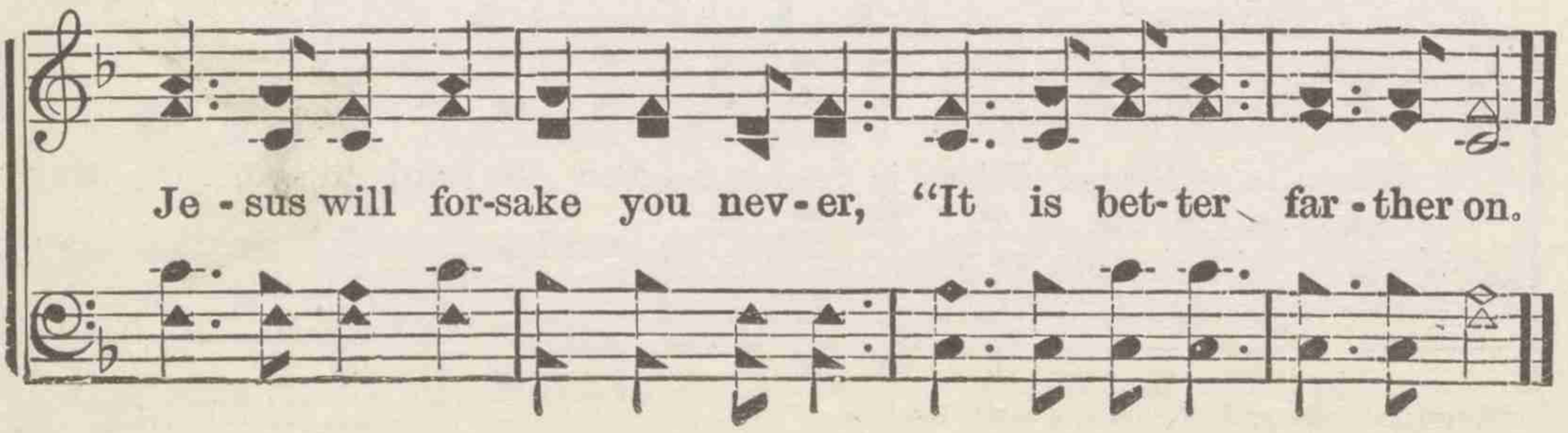




But be-yond the riv - er Jor-dan Lies a field of end-less day.
Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay?
He who dyed His garments for you, And the wine-press trod a-lone.
Know no counting, on - ly trust-ing, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Hark! I hear its gen - tle whis-per, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."
Sing it as we once did sing it, "It is bet-ter far - ther on."



CHORUS.



Far-ther on, still go far-ther, Count the mile-stones one by one,



Je - sus will for-sake you nev - er, "It is bet - ter far - ther on.

No. 13. All Is Well.

MRS. J. S KIRK. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. I grope in dark - ness here be - low, One step be-fore I can-not know;
2. My eyes are blind, I can-not know The way in which He'd have me go;
3. Tho' ston-y be the path and steep That I must trav - el ere I sleep;
4. When I be-fore His presence stand, With crowned head and harp in hand,

But if God's hand is lead - ing me, Then all is well, is well with me.
But if God's way seems right to me, Then all is well, is well with me.
If there His foot - step I can see, Then all is well, is well with me.
Then all earth's mys - ter - ies shall flee, And all is well, is well with me.

CHORUS.

Yes, all is well, is well with me; Yes, all is well, is well with me, If there His foot - step I can see, Then all is well, is well with me.

Yes, all is well, is well with me. Yes, all is well, all is well, is well with me, All is well, yes, all is well with me, yes, well, is well with me.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 14. Shall It Be You?

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. J. W. BLACK.

1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one, come in, come in?"
2. When you're called to go do you tru - ly know That you'll hear Him say, "come in?"
3. Sad in that great day if He shall not say, "Faithful one, come in, come in,"

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep de - spair will fall o'er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

Shall it be you, shall it be you,
Shall it be you, shall it be you,

To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you,
Shall it be you,

shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?"
shall it be you,

S. W. Beazley, owner.

No. 15. THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

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

DUET. Sop. and Tenor.

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

CHORUS.

oft - en been told;
long to be there. Rest - ing at home,..... that sweet
long to be there. Rest - ing at home..... while the
know as I'm known.
sor - row set free; Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,
oft - en been told. Rest-ing at home, that sweet home of the soul,

home..... of the soul,..... Won - der-ful
a - ges shall roll,..... O..... how I
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul, won-der-ful sto - ry can
Rest - ing at home that sweet home of the soul, O how I long, yes, I

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

No. 16. There is a Rest.

MISS EULALIE MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, troubled soul, there is a rest, A place so bright and fair,
2. Oh, come to-day, poor wear-y soul, And at His feet con - fess;
3. Some day, sweet day, it won't be long, We'll hear the Sav - iour call,

Where wear-y pil - grims love to roam, And crowns of glo - ry wear,
He'll from your heart the bur-den roll, And give you sweet - est rest.
And then we'll join re-demp-tion's song, And crown Him Lord of all.

This rest-ing place, God has prepared, For those who faith - ful be:
Just come and lay your burdens down, And say His will be done:
His pardoning love so full and free, He saves me through and through,

Some day He'll call us home to share His bless-ing rich and free.
He'll give to you a star - ry crown, Oh, sin-ner will you come?
He died and rose for you and me, What more could Je - sus do?

J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER.

No. 17. WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that bur-den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chilling
2. Oh, what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved From the earth are removed, And I
3. Oh, what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall sub- due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e-
4. Oh, Lord, look in mer-cy on me, Come, oh, come and speak peace to my soul, Un-to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst

CHORUS.

floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do?.....
weep o'er the graves of the dead.
ter-ni-ty o-pens to view.
make my poor brok-en heart whole. What shall I do?

What shall I do?..... Oh, what shall I do to be saved? What shall I
What shall I do?

do?..... What shall I do?..... Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? What shall I do?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 18. THE MEETING IN THE SKY.

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

1. The time is draw - ing near, His voice we all shall hear,
2. The saints of long a - go, did pray that day to know,
3. The lights on yon - der shore, with heav - en's bliss a - glow,

Dear broth - er will you be, a - mong the first to rise?
But they shall soon be - hold with an im - mor - tal eyes;
They're shin - ing bright to - day, they'll guide us all the way;
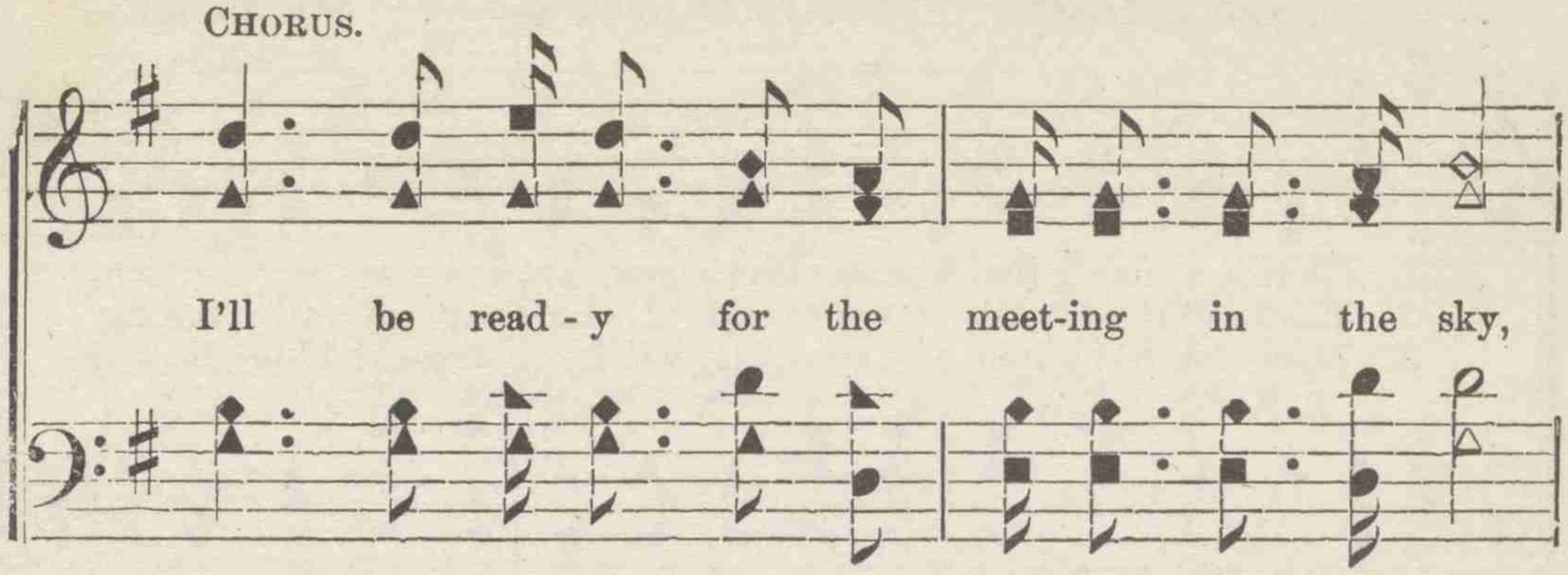
So hap - py I shall be for Je - sus I shall see,
Oh, day, blest hap - py day, I'll watch and wait and pray,
The clouds may oft - en rise and veil these mor - tal eyes,
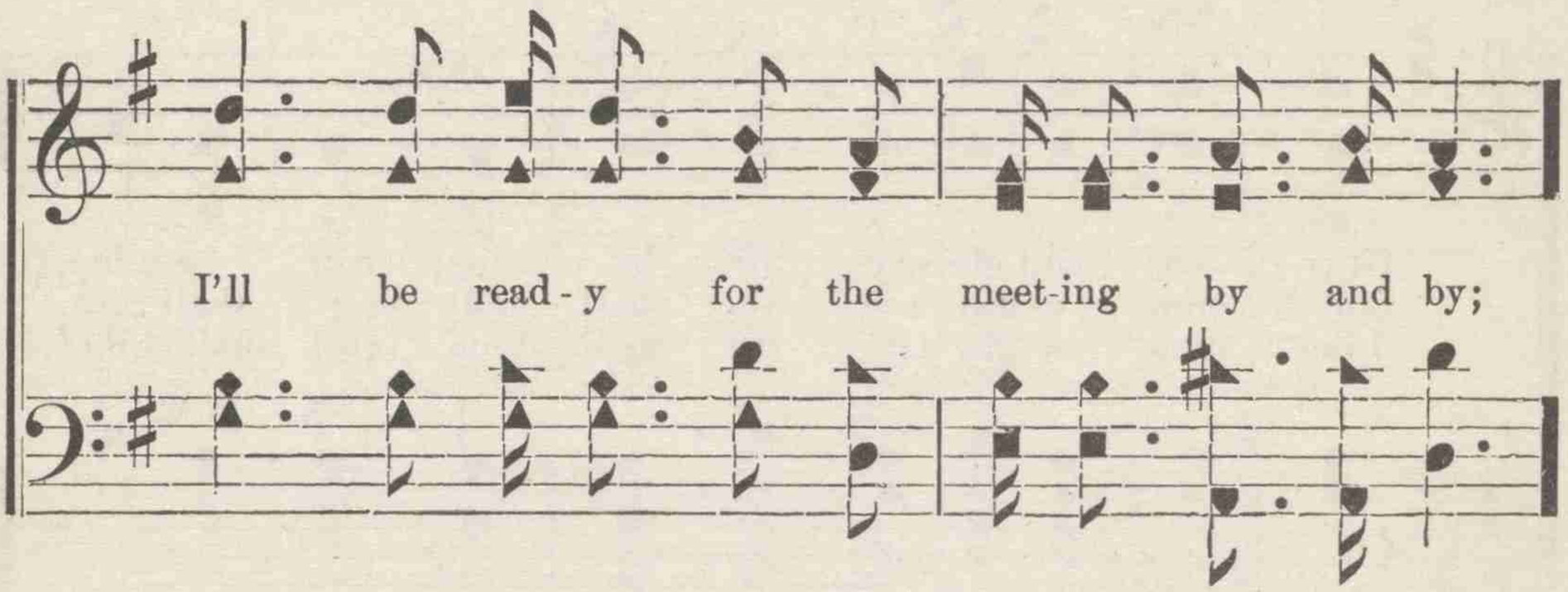
And I'll be read - y for the meet-ing in the skies.
I'm read - y wait-ing for the meet-ing in the skies.
I'm hap - py, wait-ing for the meet-ing in the skies.
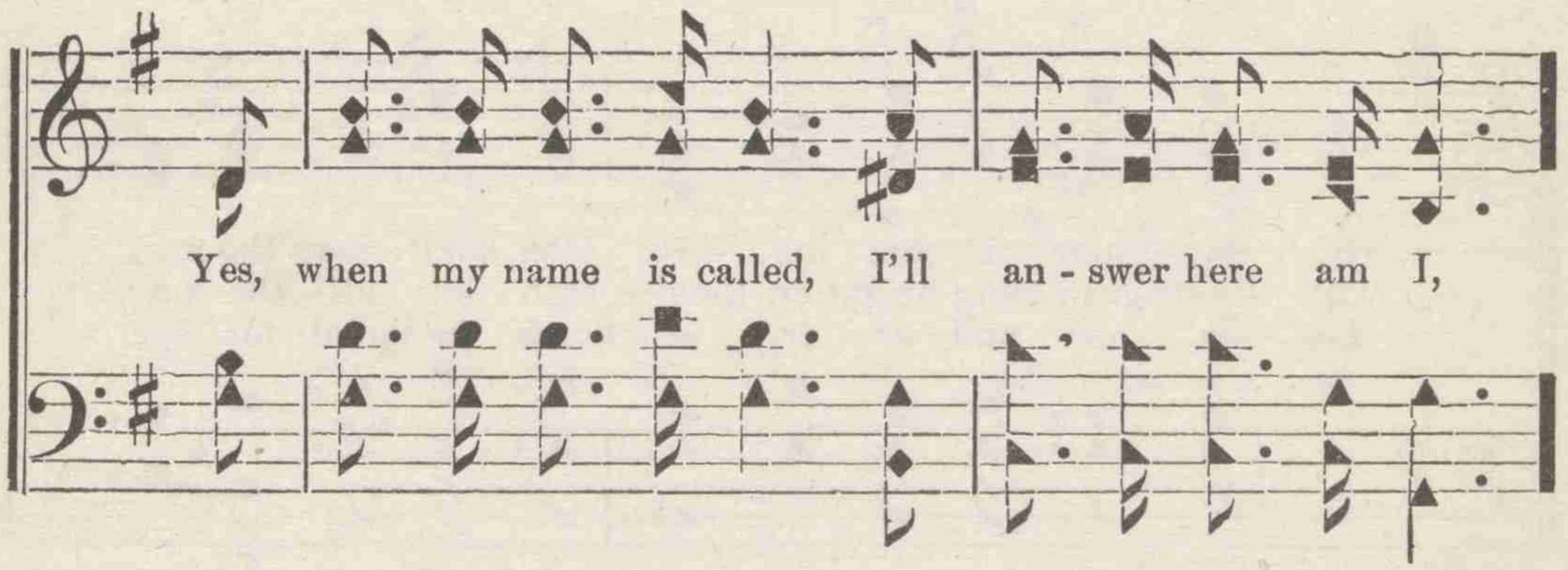
J. B. Vaughan, owner.
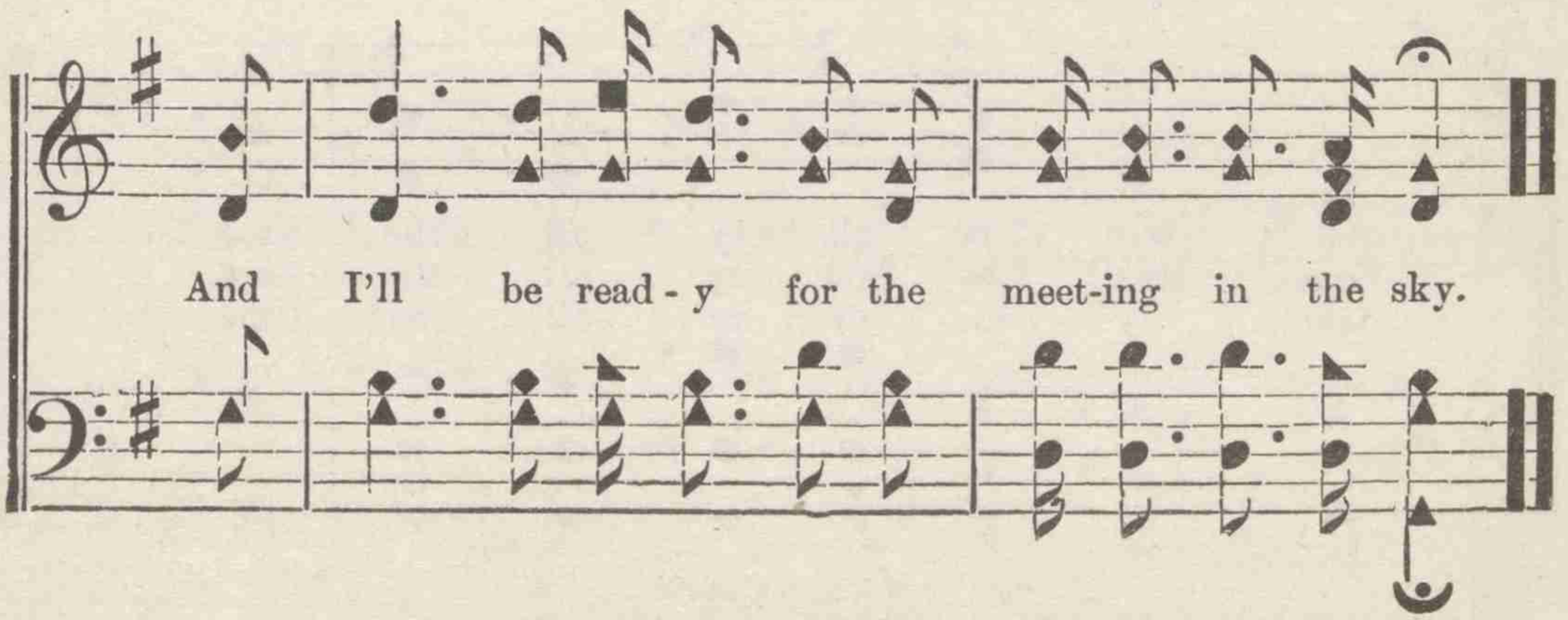
THE MEETING IN THE SKY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 19. ALL WILL BE GLORY.

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

1. There's a day that is com- ing and it won't be ver - y long,
2. Bless - ed tho't fills my soul and I am hap- py all the day,
3. Bless - ed Sav - iour is com- ing, we'll go home with Him to stay,

Heav - en and glo - ry will be mine; (will be mine;)
Loved ones a- wait- ing I shall find; (I shall find;)
Like stars in glo - ry we shall shine; (we shall shine;)
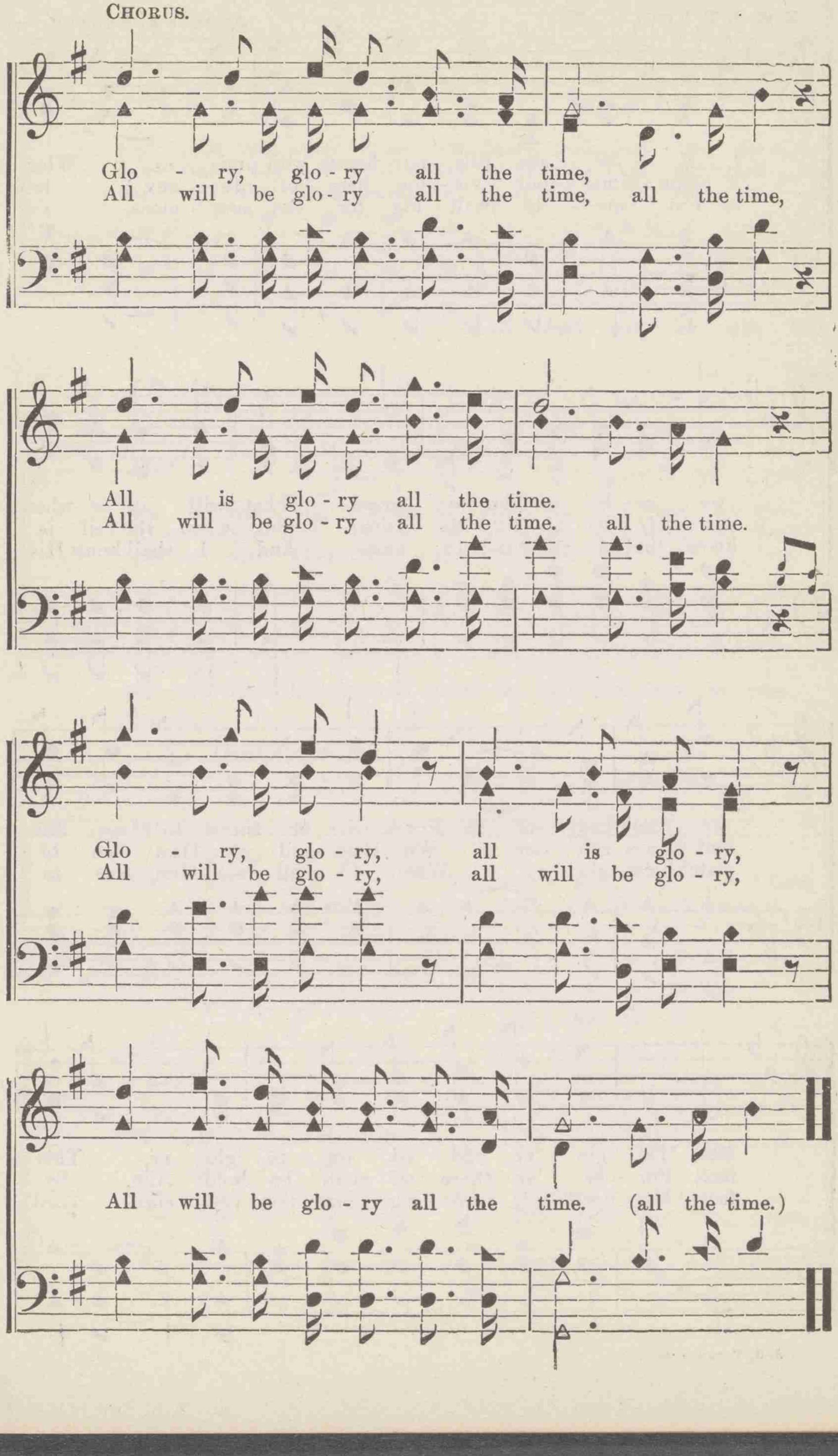
Our Sav - iour is com - ing, we soon shall hear the song,
The lights grow - ing bright-er, they're shin - ing all the way,
For - ev - er and ev - er, at home be- yond for aye,

All will be glo - ry all the time.
Soon 'twill be glo - ry all the time.
Glo - ry fo ev - er all the time.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

ALL WILL BE GLORY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 20. Forever Face to Face.

Rev. G. T. Byrd. Albert B. Fowler.

1. If Je - sus fills our hearts with prais - es When
2. Some - times our vis - ion here of Je - sus, Is
3. I'm on - ly wait - ing for the sum - mons, I

we re - ly on him for grace, What will it be when
on - ly by a lit - tle faith; But when the veil is
know that I am saved by grace, And I shall know His

we reach heav - en? For - ev - er there to see His
rent a - sun - der, We then shall see Him face to
match- less glo - ry, When I shall see Him face to

face, 'Tis glo - ry add - ed un - to glo - ry, This
face, For - ev - er there we shall be - hold Him, By
face, My heart is yearn - ing for His pres - ence, Lord

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Forever Face to Face. (Concluded.)

joy! poor sin - ner, now em - brace, And great - er glo - ry
sight and not a lit - tle faith! One look sur - pass - ing
waft my soul from earth a - pace, That I for - ev - er

D.S.—And nev - er will till

FINE.

yet is wait - ing, When we shall see Him face to face.
all earth's glo - ry! When we shall see Him face to face.
may be with Thee, For - ev - er see Thee face to face.

till we reach heav'n, And there be - hold Him face to face.

CHORUS.
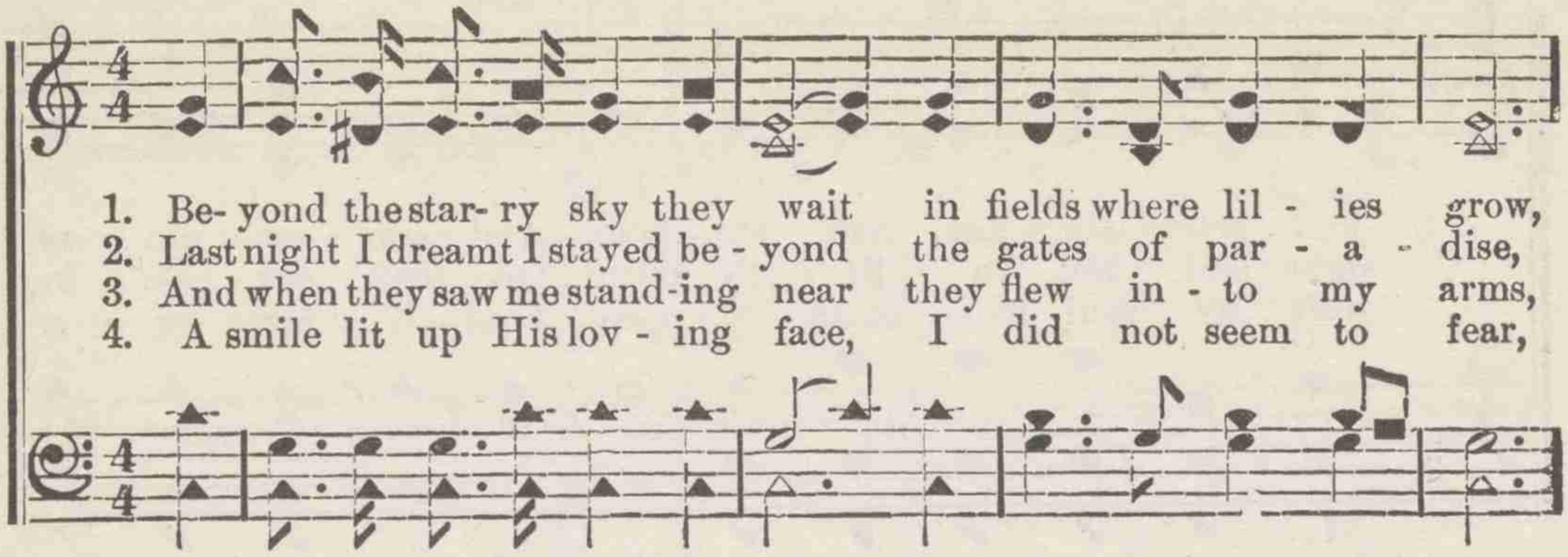
The half..... has nev - er..... been
Half has nev- er yet been told of Je - sus' grace,
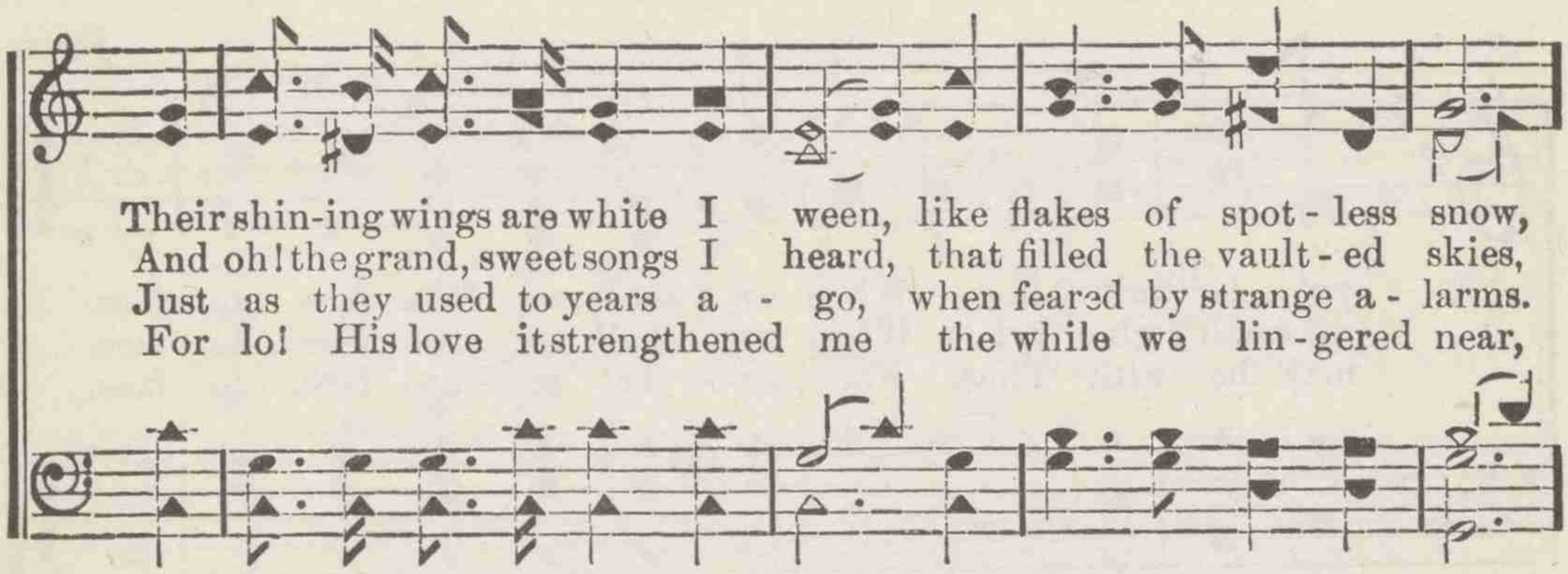
told..... of grace.....
His dear dy - ing grace, Pre- cious sav - ing grace.
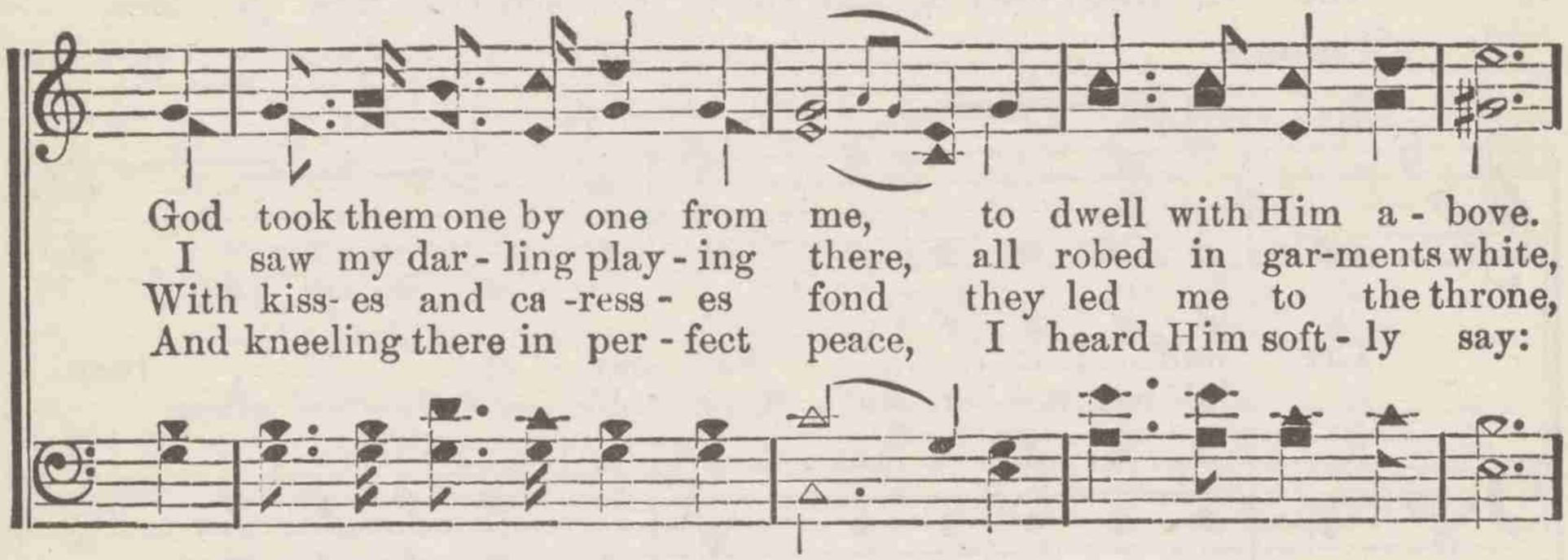
D.S.
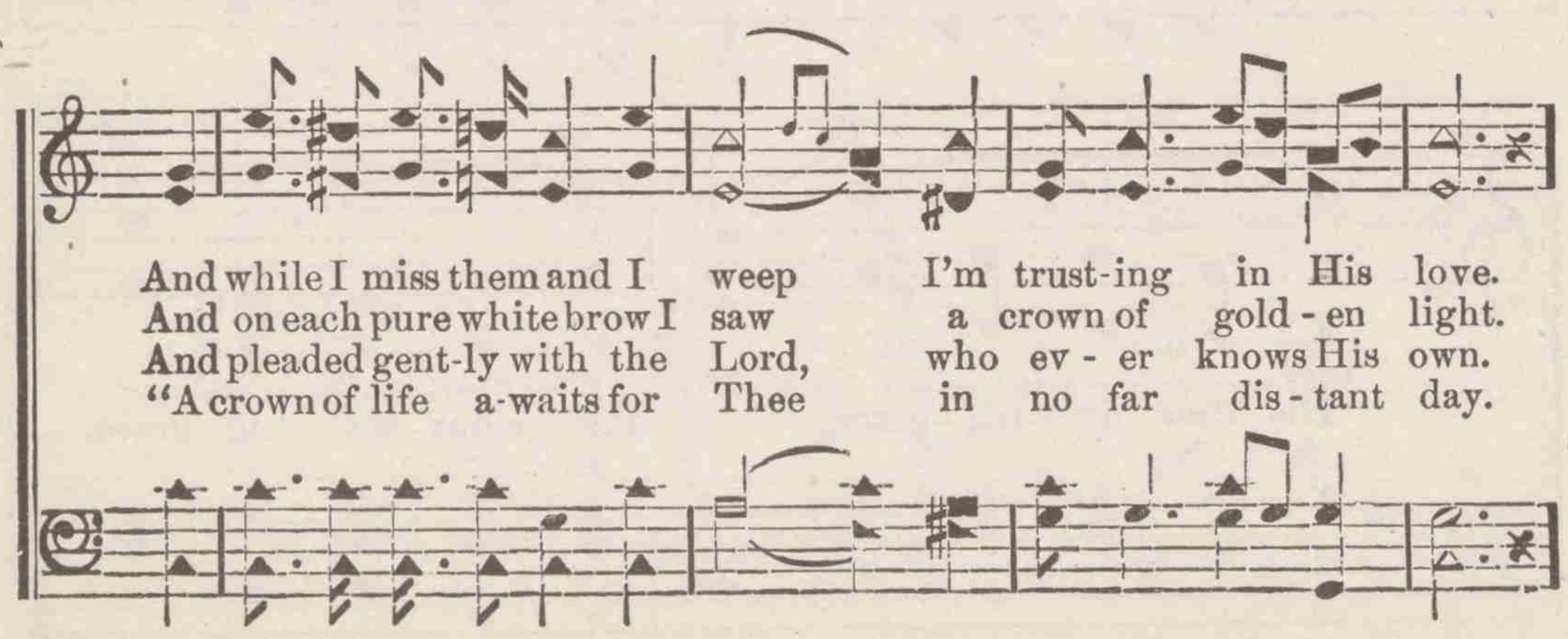
No. 21. Trusting.

ALBERT CLARK. J. B. VAUGHAN.
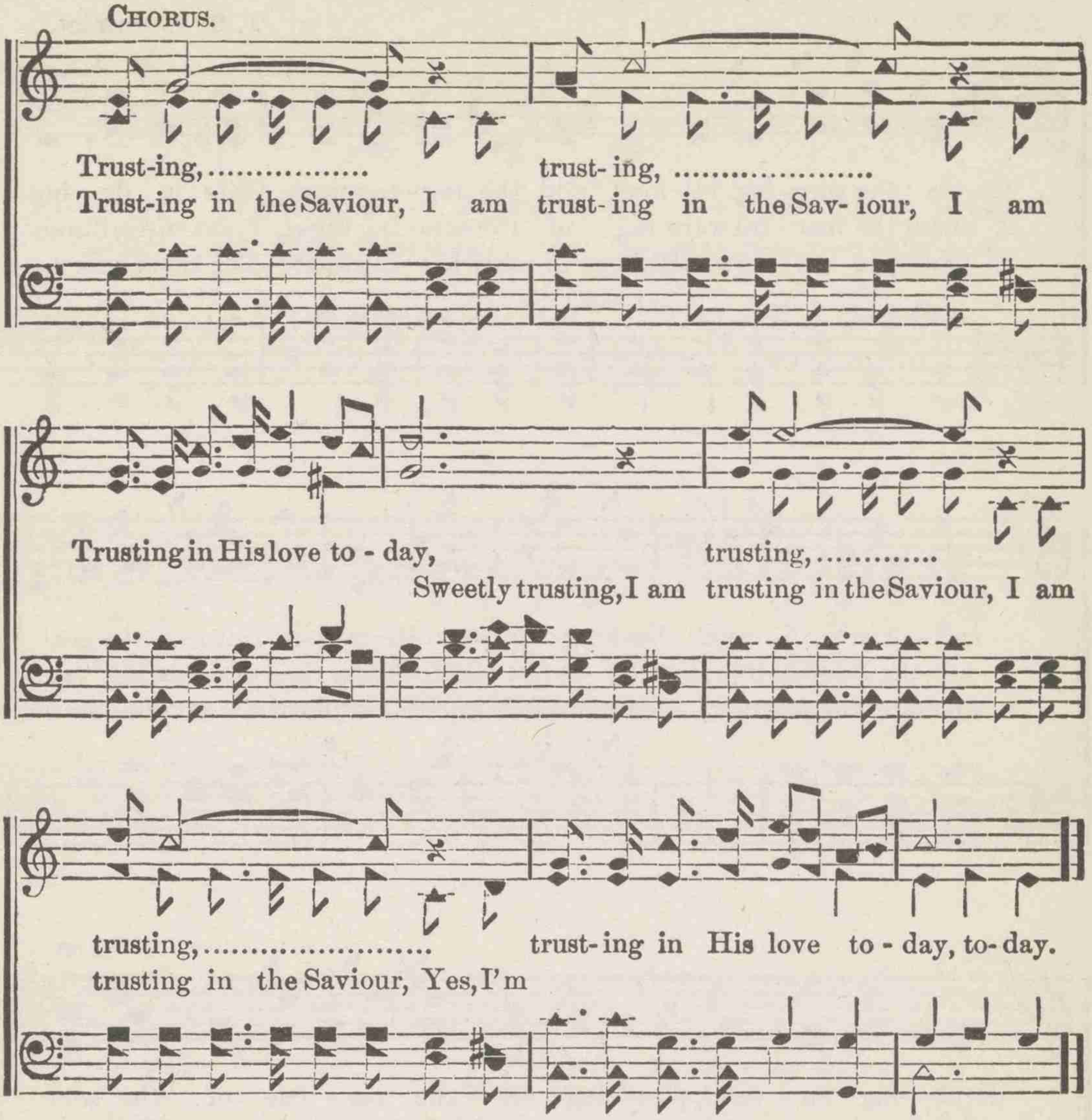








J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Trusting. (Concluded.)



5 "My daughter linger yet a while, for there is much to do,
And when thy work is all complete, I'l send my Host for you,
And do not lose thy faith in Me, for there thy treasures are,
Remember there's a place for thee within the gates ajar."

6 With trembling lips I kissed the feet that still the nail-prints bore
Again I heard the glad sweet songs upon the golden shore,
Then on through lilied fields we strayed, where fairest blossoms grew
Among the waving grasses green, with sparkling crystal dew.

7 My darlings blessed me once again and then they passed away,
And when I 'woke from out the dream I faced another day,
But still I know they wait for me, where many mansions are,
And lilies grow in vernal fields, beyond the evening star,

8 And so I live in perfect peace and trust Him day by day,
And when the day seems dark and lone I kneel to Him and pray,
And when the shades of night close in I feel that they are near,
And oh! the very thought does dry away each scolding tear.

No.22. Drifting and Gone.

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

1. On the surg- ing bil- lows 'mid the rag - ing wave, Cries a dy - ing
2. Shout the fear - ful warn-ing of the com- ing night, Point the millions
3. Can you not do something in this try - ing hour? Beg them look to

sail - or save, oh, save! Dashing o'er the white-caps, drifting from the goal,
to the Bea-con light: Day is fast de-clin- ing, they are drift-ing on,
Je - sus, look just now, See the roll- ing billows, hear the rag- ing storm,
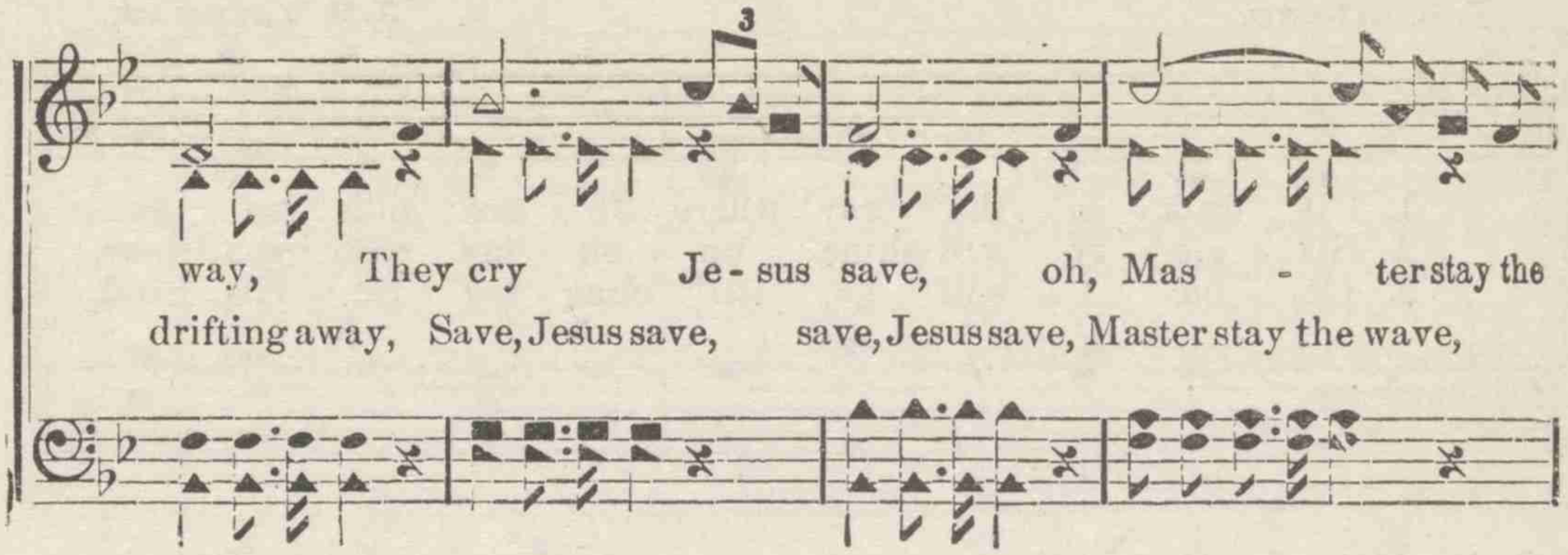
Drift - ing on - ward, plead- ing for the res - cue of the soul.
Soon they'll cry in vain, too late! I'm gone, for - ev - er gone.
They are drift - ing, drift - ing on - ward, gone, for - ev - er gone.

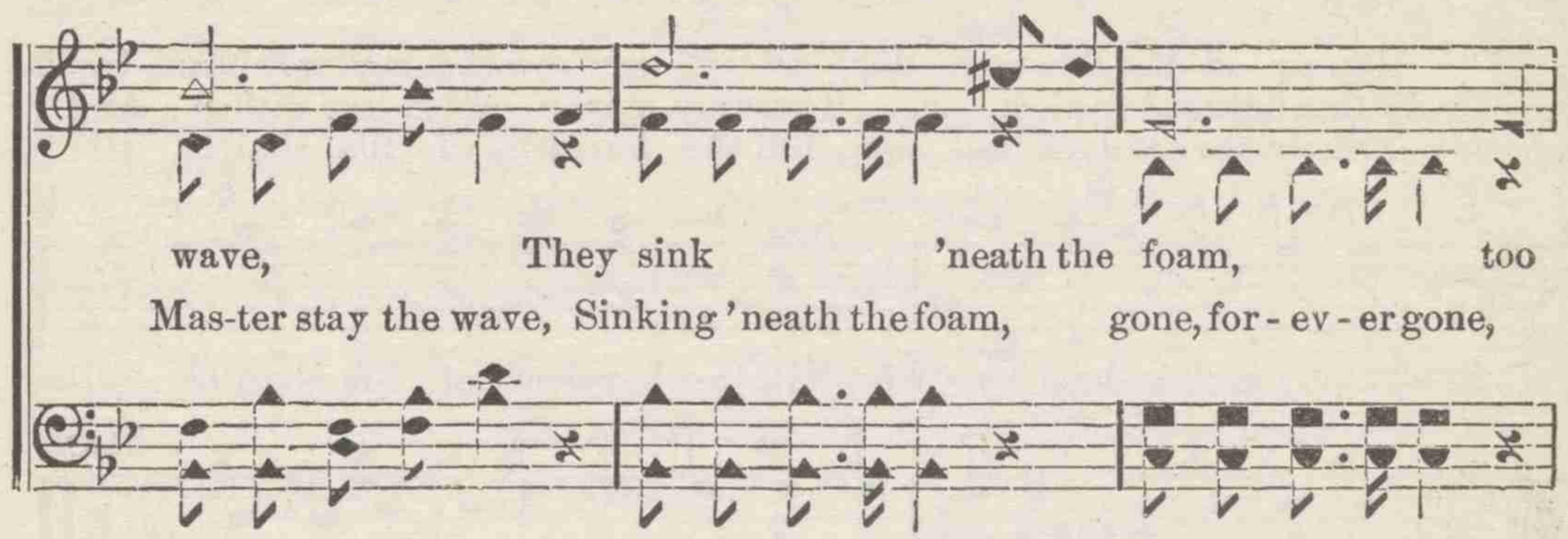
CHORUS.
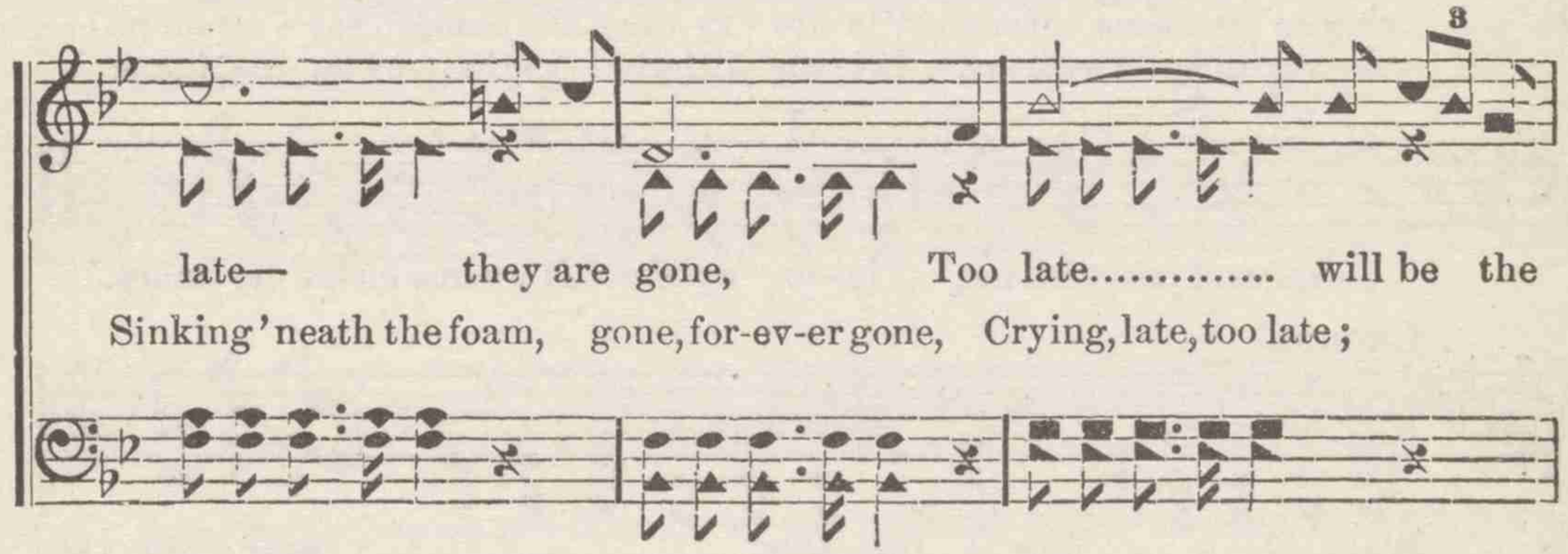
They're drift - - ing to - day, yes, drift - - ing a -
Drift-ing to-day, drift-ing a- way, drift-ing to-day,

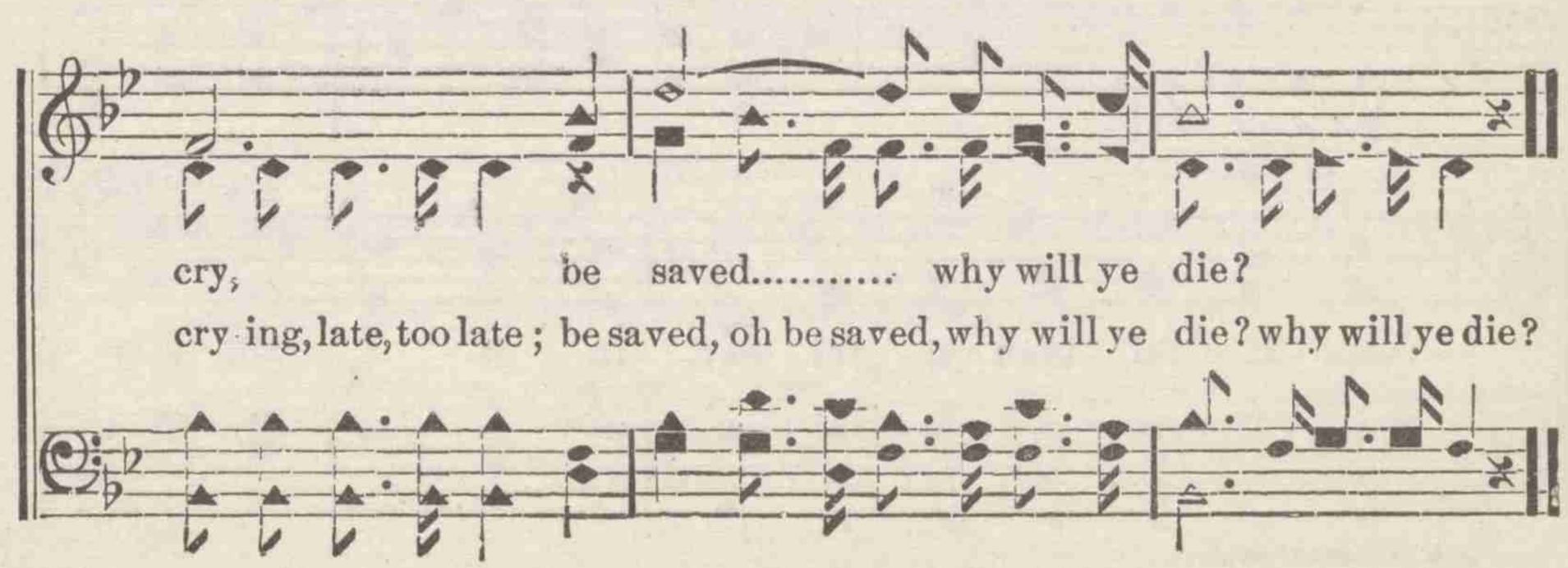
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Drifting and Gone. (Concluded.)









No. 23 I'll Walk in the Way.

F. L. EILAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I'll walk in the way where Je - sus bids me go,
2. His glo - ry will shine up - on my path - way here,
3. On, on I will go, still cling - ing to His hand,

Hap-py in His love each day, Ev-'ry sor- row that binds my heart, He'll
With a light that's so di - vine, There my spir- it shall live with-in, And
Till my work is done be - low, Till the bur-dens of life shall be all

D.S.—Till my work is done be - low, Till the bur-dens of life shall be all

FINE.

bid it a - way, depart, Whisp-er- ing peace in- to my trust-ing soul!
sing to the sons of men, Vic - to - ry thro' His name for-ev - er more.
o - ver and past with me, Liv- ing with God in that e - ter - nal home.

o - ver and past with me, Vic - to - ry thro' His name for-ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Walk - - - ing in the way,..... walk - ing the
Walking in the way, beau- ti - ful, heav'nly way, I will walk the

beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful way. In it I will stay

D.S.

J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER.

No. 24. WONDROUS SAVING POWER.

G. T. B. REV. G. T. BYRD.

1. I have been to Je-sus for His saving grace, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
2. I have been to Je-sus to the cleansing flood, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
3. I have been to Je-sus, made the sac-ri-fice, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
4. Now the Ho-ly Spir-it wit-ness-es to me, There's wondrous saving pow'r,
5. Sinner, now this feast is spread for thy poor soul, There's wondrous saving pow'r,

There's wondrous saving pow'r; And by faith have seen His ev-er smil-ing face,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; And I found re-demp-tion in the sav-ing blood,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; I have now as-sur-ance that He sanc-ti-fies,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; I am free from bondage, He has made me free,
There's wondrous saving pow'r; If you will but trust Him He will make you whole,

REFRAIN.

There's wondrous saving pow'r, There is pow-er in the blood. Pow'r, pow'r, sancti-

fying pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, Pow'r, pow'r,

sanctifying pow'r, There's wondrous saving pow'r, There is power in the blood.

No. 25. Wanderer, Come Home.

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

1. Oh, far a- way child in dark-ness and sin, Why long- er from
2. Oh, how can you long - er turn Him a - way? The one who has
3. There is a sad day for those who re-ject, And turn the dear

home will you stay? Your Sav - iour and Lord, your
loved you so true, He's call - ing you now, oh,
Sav - iour a - way, Oh, wan - der - er come, your

on - ly true friend, Is will - ing to save you to - day.
hear Him to - day, In dark - ness no long - er pur - sue.
Sav-iour ac - cept For Je - sus is pass- ing this way

CHORUS.

Come home,..... come home,..... for loved ones are
Come home, come home, we wait for you, yes, loved ones are

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Wanderer, Come Home. (Concluded.)

wait - ing for you,..... Come home,..... come home,..... ac -
wait - ing for you, for you, Come home, come home, we wait for you ac -

cept Him that's all you can do,..... Come home,..... come
cept Him that's all you can do, can do, Come home, come home, oh,

home,..... Oh, prod - i - gal child come home,..... We
why will you roam? Oh, prod - i - gal child come home,..... We
come home,

wait, we pray, we're longing for thee to - day.
wait, we pray, we wait we pray, we're longing for thee to - day, to-day.

No. 26. HEAR HIM SWEETLY CALLING.

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

1. On - ly look and you will see the time is draw - ing near,
2. Broth - er, are you read - y for the meet - ing in the air?
3. Oh, the bless - ed prom - ise, He will sure - ly come a - gain,

All the liv - ing and the dead must hear; (the call will hear;)
Num - ber - less will be the host up there; (the host up there;)
Come to pur - i - fy the world from sin; (the world from sin;)

Hear the trump - et sound from yon - der vault - ed skies a - bove,
That will be a glo - rious day—but for the faith-ful few,
Let us all be read - y, for we know - eth not the day,

Je - sus soon will come to reign with love. (yes, reign with love.)
Broth - er, will this num - ber in - clude you? (the chos - en few?)
Je - sus bids us ev - er watch and pray. (yes, watch and pray.)

CHORUS.

Hear..... Him sweet - ly call - - ing,
Hear Him sweet - ly call - ing, Don't you hear Him call - ing?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

HEAR HIM SWEETLY CALLING.—Concluded.

Call - - - ing, gen - tly call - - ing;
Ten - der - ly and gen- tly, hear the bless- ed Sav-iour call- ing;

Ten - der - ly call- ing you come, Come home,.....
He's call-ing you come home,

Hear ..... Him sweet - ly call - - ing,
Hear Him sweet- ly call - ing, Don't you hear Him call-ing?

Call - - - - ing, sweet-ly call - - ing,
List - en, you can hear the bless - ed Saviour sweet-ly call- ing,

Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly, call-ing you home, come home.
He's calling you come home.

No. 27 The House Upon A Rock.

ORLANDO. 2d and 3d verses by W. H. MORRIS. W. H. MORRIS. By per.

1. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will
2. My house is on the ev - er - last - ing rock, I know it will
3. My house is built up - on a sol - id rock, I know it will

stand for - ev - er, The floods may come and the roll - ing thun-der
stand e - ter - nal, The storms may come and the walls may toss and
fall, no, nev - er, And Je - sus Christ is that great E - ter - nal

D. S.—The floods may come and the roll - ing thun-der

shock, But my house will nev-er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
rock, But I know it can not fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.
Rock, And a house can nev-er fall, Which is built up - on that rock.

shock, But my house will nev - er fall, For 'tis built up - on a rock.

CHORUS.

It will nev - er fall,.....
For 'tis built up - on a rock,

It will nev - er fall,.....
Yes, up - on the sol - id rock,

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No. 28. I WANT TO BE READY THAT DAY.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 25; 13.

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

Slow.

1. The King in His glo-ry is com-ing, With an-gels His way to at - tend,
2. To all who are read-y and wait-ing, Oh, what a great scene it will be,
3. But, oh, what a sadness and sorrow, The soul of the sinner must know,
4. Too late, it will be for la-ment-ing, Too late, there, for mercy to cry,

And beauty beyond all ex-pres-sion, To saints this glad moment will lend!
What wonderful sights of rejoicing, The eyes of the faithful shall see!
When turned from His presence forever, With wicked transgressors to go!
Too late, when this meeting is over, Yet, still, for sal-va-tion, to cry!

REFRAIN. Slower. **rit.**

1, 2. I want to be read - y that day,—that day,—I want to be
3, 4. Too late for a weep-ing that day,—that day,—Too late for a

Parts rit.

read - y that day!..... By the King, at His com-ing, ac-
weep-ing that day! (that day!) When the soul, in that mo-ment, re -

With good effect, refrain may be repeated after last stazna.

rit.

cept - ed to be, I want to be read - y that day!
ject - ed has been, Too late for a weep - ing that day!

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No. 29. Meet Me Up There.

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When Je-sus the peo-ple had led,..... A-way by the blue Gal-i-lee,..... The hearts that for com-fort had fled..... He
2. The mes-sage the dear Master gave,..... That sweet-ly sad lives to Him drew,..... Still lives in the hearts of the brave,..... 'Twas
3. When outward our spir-it shall press,..... And swift-ly the life-fet-ters break,..... Un-car-ing for strug-gle and stress,..... But

told them of beauties of heav-en, He spoke of the bright mansions
spok-en that all who be-lieve it, From grief may find refuge and
ere from the drear earthly por-tal, Our glad way we'll speed thro' the

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Meet Me Up There. Concluded.

fair,..... And plead with them earnestly, gent-ly, "My
peace,..... And glad hope to all who re-ceive it, That
air,..... We'll speak the dear words of the Master, "Oh

CHORUS.

friends, will you meet me up there?".... Meet me up there, ...
with Him all sor-row will cease.....
friends, will you meet me up there?" ... Meet me, O say will you
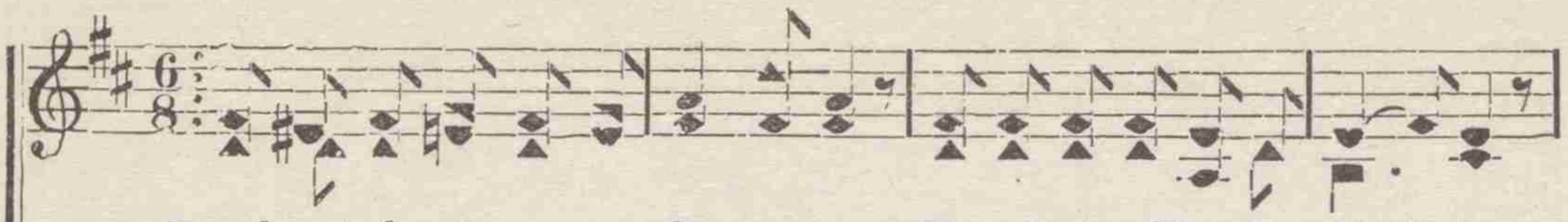
..... Meet me up there,..... Clearly
meet me up there? Meet me, O say, will you meet me up there?

ech - o the words sweet and fair, Still lov - ing so dear - ly, He's
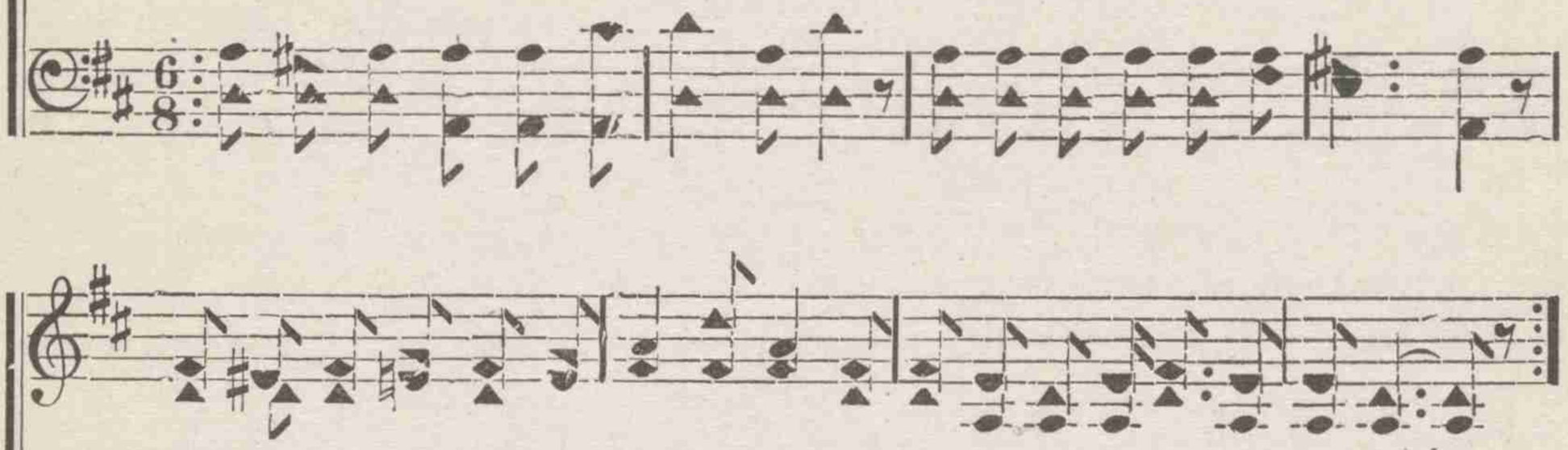
pleading sin - cere - ly, "O friends, will you meet me up there?"

No. 30. SOMETIME.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.
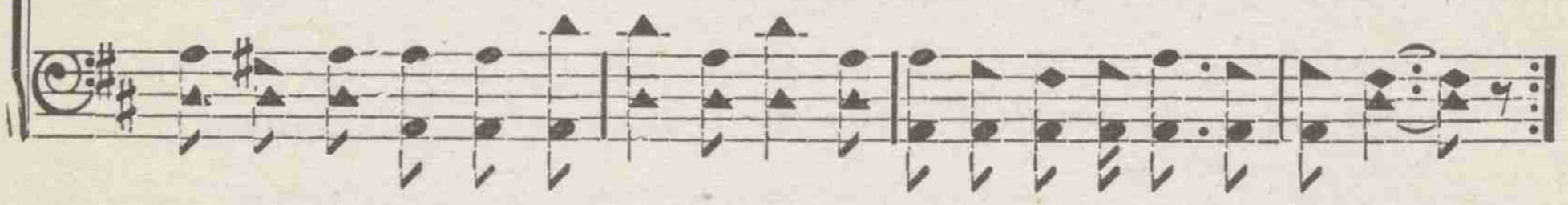


1. Dear heart, thou'rt weary and sore opprest, Homeless and lonely and grieving,
   Oft - en it seem-eth thy heart must break, Crushed 'neath thy cares and thy crosses,
2. Sometime, beloved, thou'lt wing thy flight, Far from the sad earth-plane dreary,
   Dross-es transmut-ed to pur - est gold, Stings drawn from all bitter sorrows;
3. Sometime—but what time—oh, who can tell, Soon all thy earth-ties shall sever;
   Here in thine home where thy love appears, Clad in the joys of that fair clime;



Crave thou a friend on whose faithful breast, Thy burdens will find sweet relieving?
Courage, bear bravely each heavy ache—Gain will compensate thy loss - es.

Wander 'mid pleasures of pure delight, Forget thou hast ever been weary.
Thou shalt stand fashioned in fairest mold, Heir of loves endless tomorrows.
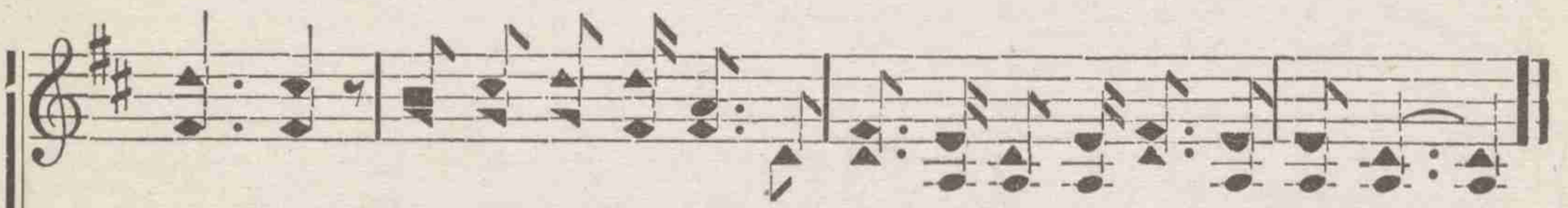
But in that grand time thou'lt know full well, Sweet happiness—Dear Heart—forever.
Van-ish all ills of this vale of tears, Glo-ri-ous land of glad sometime.
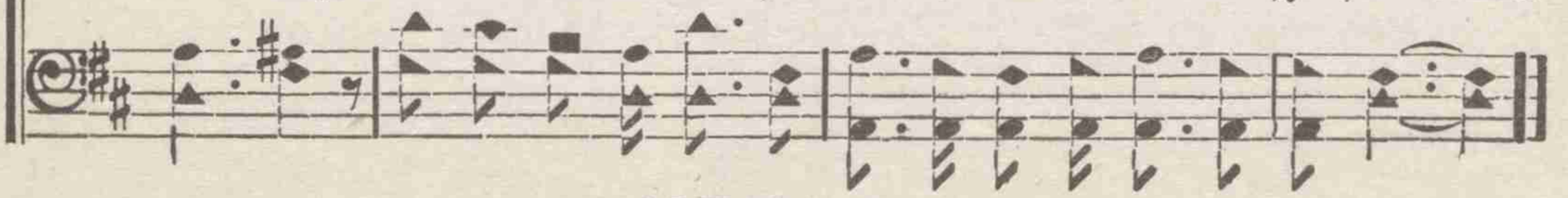


CHORUS.



Sometime, beau-ti - ful sometime, I'll see my dear Saviour, yes, some-time,
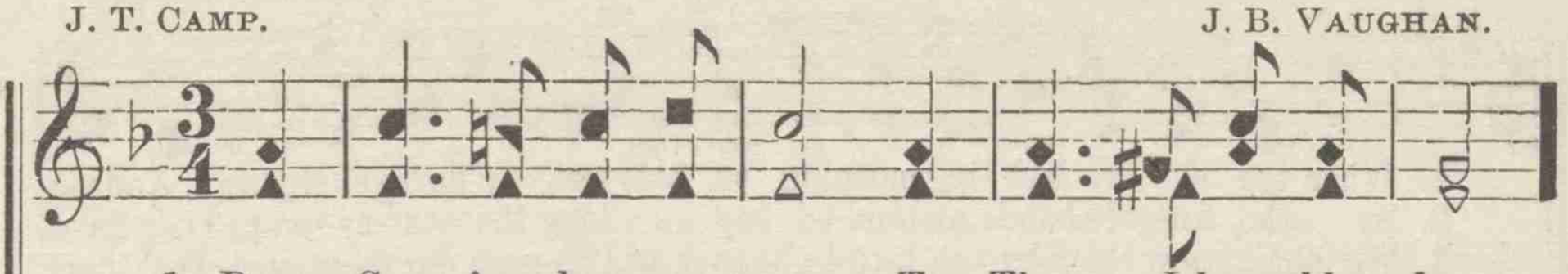


Some-time, beau - ti - ful sometime, I'll meet with the loved ones, yes, sometime.
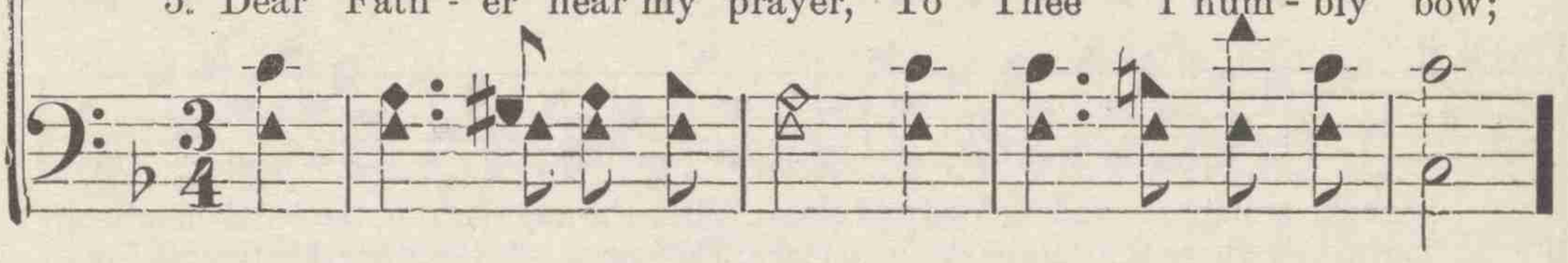


J. B. Vaughan, owner.

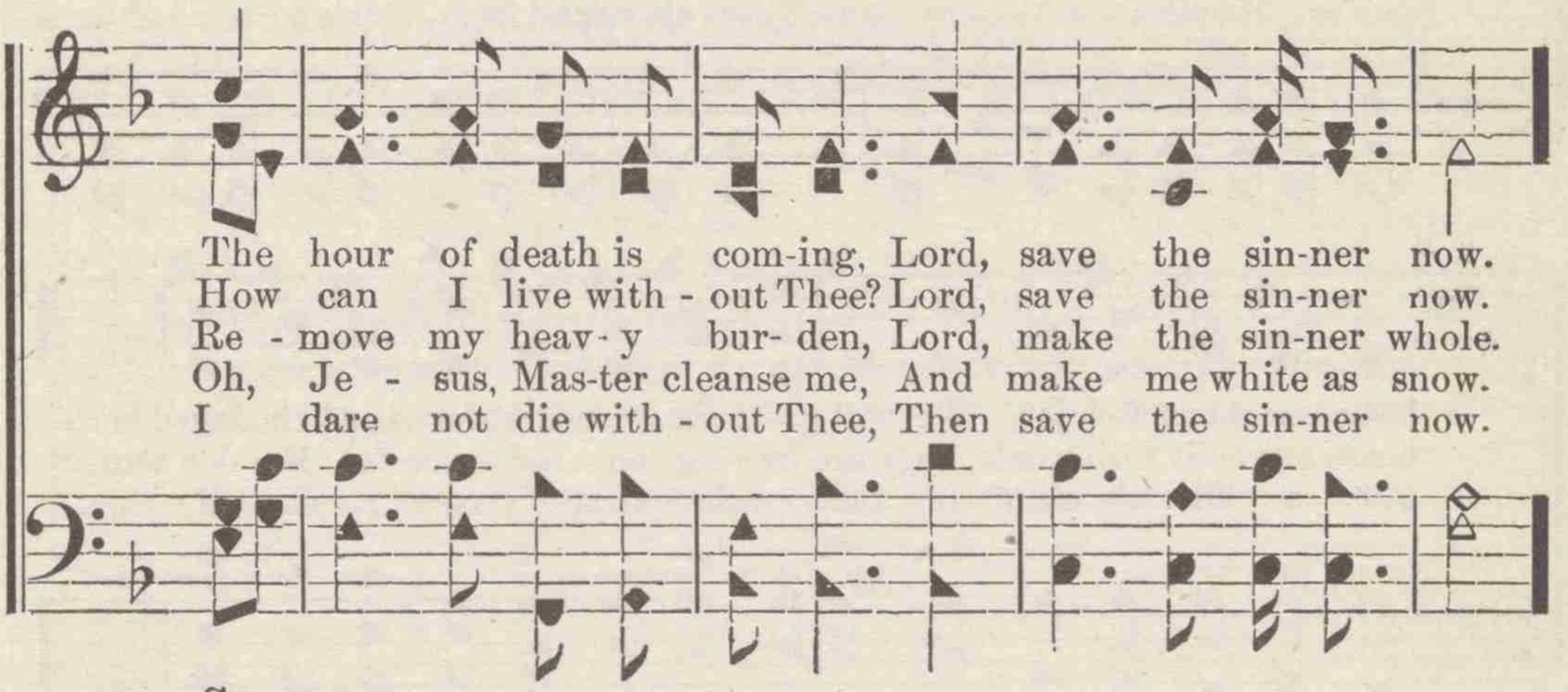
No. 31. LORD, SAVE THE SINNER NOW.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN.
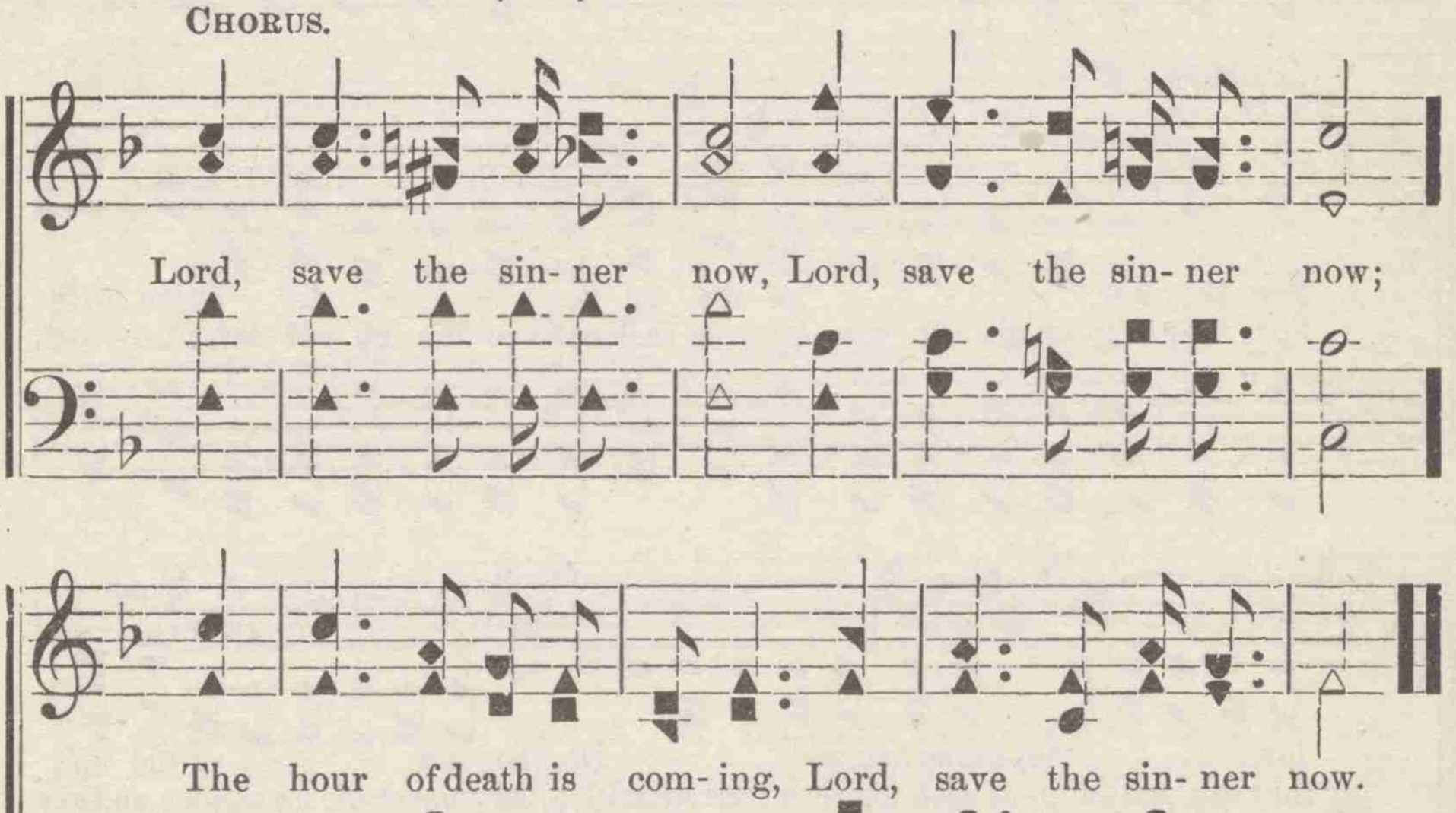


1. Dear Sav - iour hear my cry, To Thee I hum- bly bow;
2. I come just as I am, Poor, wretch-ed, weak, and vile;
3. To Thee dear Lord I cling, To Thee com-mit my soul;
4. Be Thou my Friend and Guide, While trav - 'ling here be - low;
5. Dear Fath - er hear my prayer, To Thee I hum - bly bow;
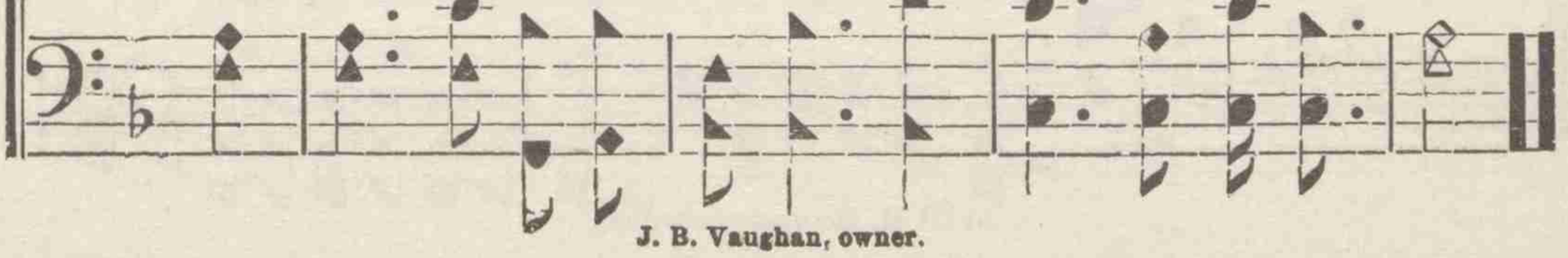




The hour of death is com-ing, Lord, save the sin-ner now.
How can I live with - out Thee? Lord, save the sin-ner now.
Re - move my heav - y bur- den, Lord, make the sin-ner whole.
Oh, Je - sus, Mas-ter cleanse me, And make me white as snow.
I dare not die with - out Thee, Then save the sin-ner now.



CHORUS.



Lord, save the sin- ner now, Lord, save the sin- ner now;

The hour of death is com- ing, Lord, save the sin- ner now.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 32. THEY NEVER DIE UP YONDER.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. WILL M. RAMSEY.

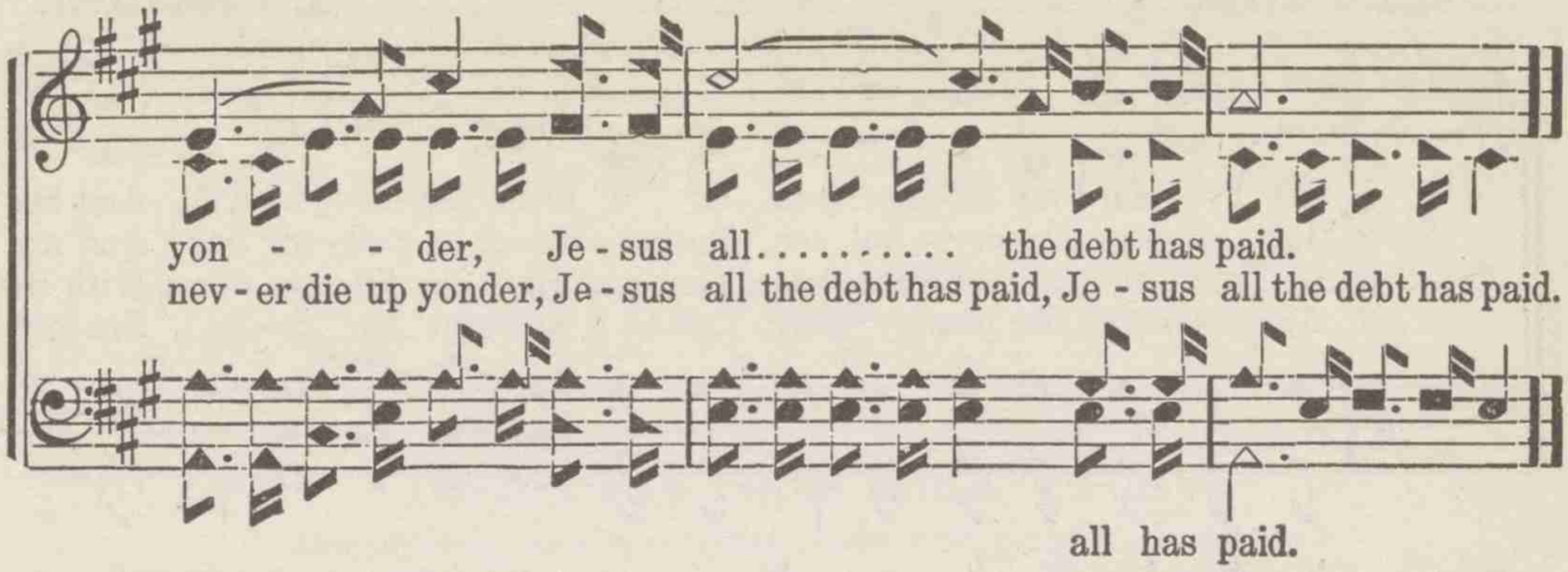
1. When the ev - er - last - ing morning on this wea - ry earth shall dawn, And we hear the trumpet sounding loud and clear, When the angels from the battlements of heav - en shout for joy, We will greet the friends we loved and cherished here.
2. By the an-gel - bands at-tend-ed up a - long the star-ry way, They have journeyed where the surges swell no more; They have left their earthly temple for a house not built with hands, They are liv - ing on the peace-ful E - den shore.
3. We shall know them by the love-light that still lin-gers in their eyes, Tho' their faces bright with heaven's glory shine; Those who vanished from earth's portals and were lost a lit - tle while In the sun-shine land of par - a - dise di - vine.

CHORUS.

For they nev - - - er die up yon - - der, There with joy..... they stand arrayed; No, they nev - - er die up
For they nev - er die up yon - der, for they nev - er die up yon-der, There with joy they stand arrayed, there with joy they stand arrayed; No, they never die up yonder, no, they
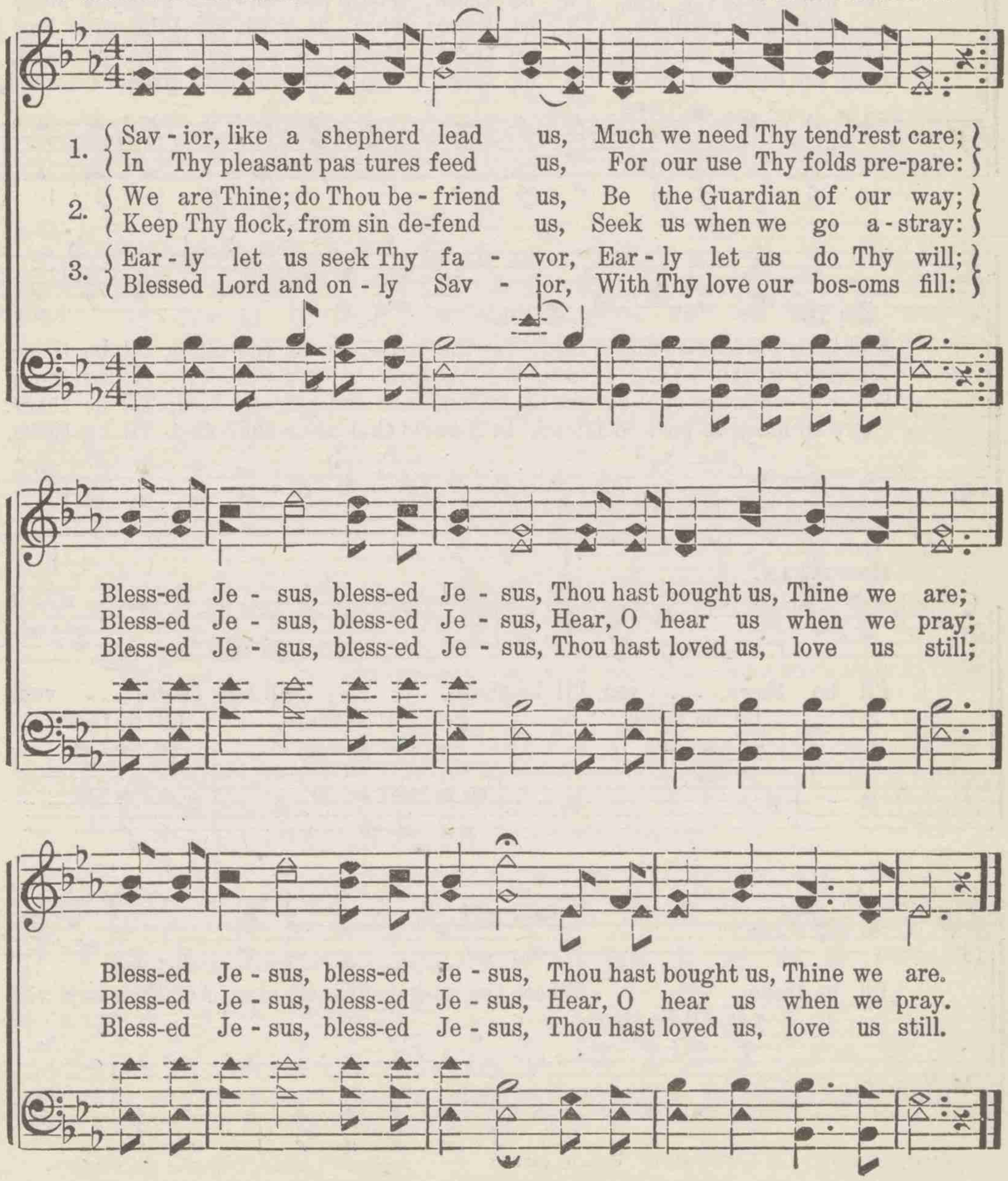
Will M. Ramsey, owner.

THEY NEVER DIE UP YONDER—Concluded.



No. 33. SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 34. I'll Be There.

WILL H. GAREY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft I've heard my moth-er tell Of a home she loved so well, And her last words soft-ly fell, I'll be there; Where the an-gels sweet-ly sing,
2. Just a-cross the crys-tal sea, Mother's sweet-ly call-ing me, And my an-swer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meet-ing that will be,
3. O-ver on the peaceful shore, There my Sav-ior I'll a-dore; With His hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the an-gels' hap-py band,
4. An-gels watch the pearl-y gate, There's a message to re-late, I've not long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glitt'ring streets I'll wend,

And their harps with music ring, In the pal-ace of the King, I'll be there.
When my mother's face I see, For 'tis thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.
We will walk the gold-en strand, In that fair and hap-py land, I'll be there.
There to meet de-part-ed friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there.

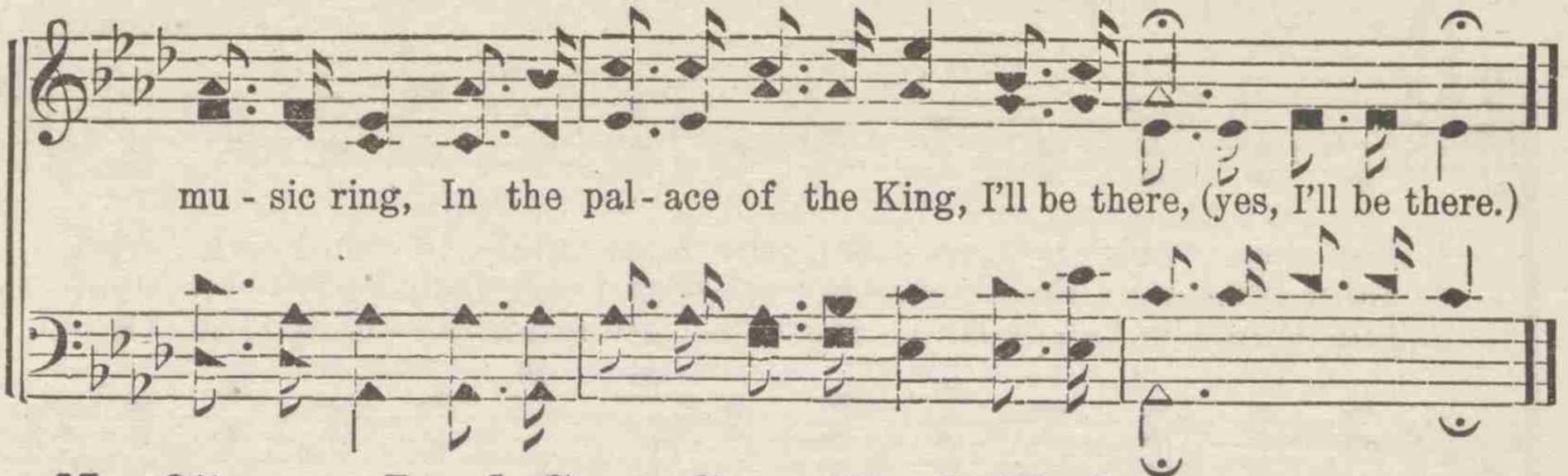
REFRAIN.

I'll be there,.... yes, I'll be there, I'll be there,.... yes, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, Where the an-gels sweetly sing, And their harps with

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I'll Be There. Concluded.



No. 35. Lord, Save Some Souls To-day.

Respectfully inscribed to the noble Evangelist, D. L. Moody.*

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. BY per.

* This song I composed October 3, 1899, while attending Mr. Moody's meetings, which were being held in the city of Chicago, and it seemed very appropriate to dedicate it to this great worker for God and humanity.—J. H. S.

Copyright, 1899, by J. Henry Showalter.

No. 36. YOU WILL BE SORRY SOME DAY.

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

1. The har - vest is o - ver, the sum - mer is end - ed, And yet you are stay-ing a - way; O, list - en, I'll tell you the
2. Your bless-ed Re - deem - er de-scend - ed from glo - ry, And here a - mong sin-ners did stay; Why don't you believe Him, ac-
3. The time is soon com - ing when all must ac - cept Him, Or b' ban-ished for - ev - er a - way; O, what would you give then for

D. S.—*Re - mem-ber, take warning be*
D. S.—*Re - mem-ber, take warning be*
D. S.—*Re - mem-ber, perhaps there will*

sto - ry of Je - sus, Or you will be sor - ry some day.
cept and re-ceive Him? And you won't be sor - ry some day.
on - ly one mo-ment, To pray Him for mer - cy some day.

fore that great morn - ing, Or you will be sor - ry some day.
fore that great morn - ing, And you won't be sor - ry some day.
be no to - mor - row; Then come and ac - cept Him to - day.
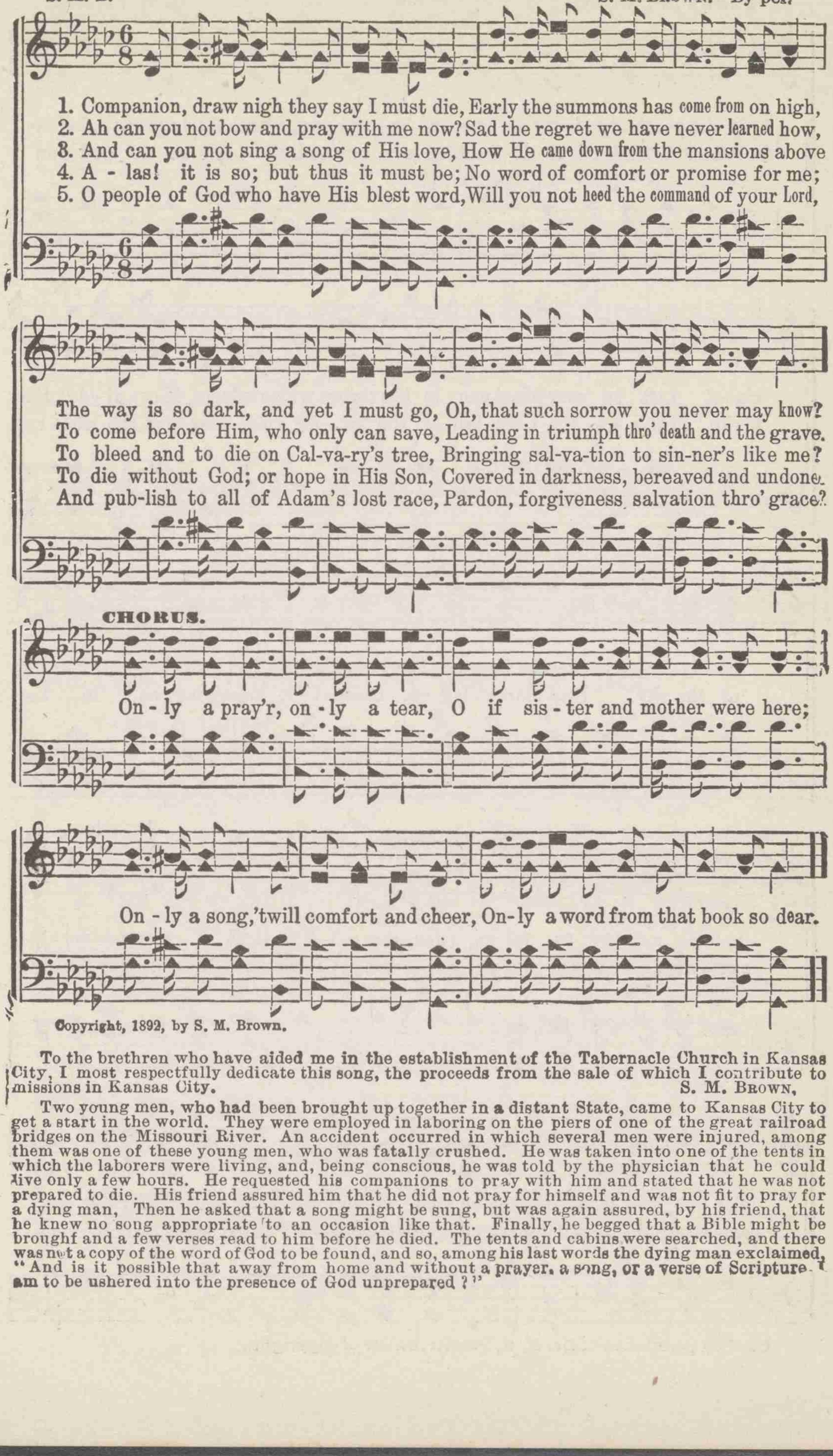
CHORUS.

Or you will be sorry some day (some day); Don't turn the dear Saviour away (away).
And you won't be sorry some day (some day); If you will accept and obey (obey).
You'd better take warning to-day (to-day) : Don't turn the dear Saviour away (away).

Used by per. of the Author.

37. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN. By per.



1. Companion, draw nigh they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high,
2. Ah can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learned how,
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above
4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

The way is so dark, and yet I must go, Oh, that such sorrow you never may know?
To come before Him, who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bringing sal-va-tion to sin-ner's like me?
To die without God; or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.
And pub-lish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness salvation thro' grace?

CHORUS.

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and mother were here;

On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On - ly a word from that book so dear.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Brown.

To the brethren who have aided me in the establishment of the Tabernacle Church in Kansas City, I most respectfully dedicate this song, the proceeds from the sale of which I contribute to missions in Kansas City.

S. M. BROWN.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and, being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companions to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man, Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured, by his friend, that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be broughf and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed, "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

No. 38 STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sound ho - san - na, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter - nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim! Lift up your hearts un - to His throne with gladness, Mag - ni - fy His
high! Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind - ness, Join the cho - rus

ho - ly name. March - ing a - long un - der His ban - ner bright, Trust-ing
of the sky. Still march - ing on, cheer - i - ly march-ing on, In the

in His mer - cy as we go, (trust-ing we go,) His light di - vine ten-der - ly
ranks of Je - sus will we go, (ev - er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful - ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er.
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise him for-ev-er.

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

STEADILY MARCHING ON. Concluded.

Stead - i - ly march-ing on, with our ban-ners wav - ing o'er us; Stead - i - ly

marching on, while we sing the joy - ful cho-rus, Stead-i - ly marching on, pillar and

cloud go - ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

No. 39 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or, if on joy - ful wings, Cleav-ing the sky; Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. *D. S.*

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An-gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still, all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

No. 40. Shall I Meet You Up There?

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far up in the sky, And
2. In that beau - ti - ful land no sor - row will come, We shall
3. No night shall be there, it is one end - less day, No
4. When my work here is done, then the an - gels will come And

mansions prepared by our Sav-ior on high, He wants me to live in that
sing hallelujah around the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful robe and a
tears will be shed, God will wipe them away; No sickness and dy - ing, no
take me a - way to my beau-ti-ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my
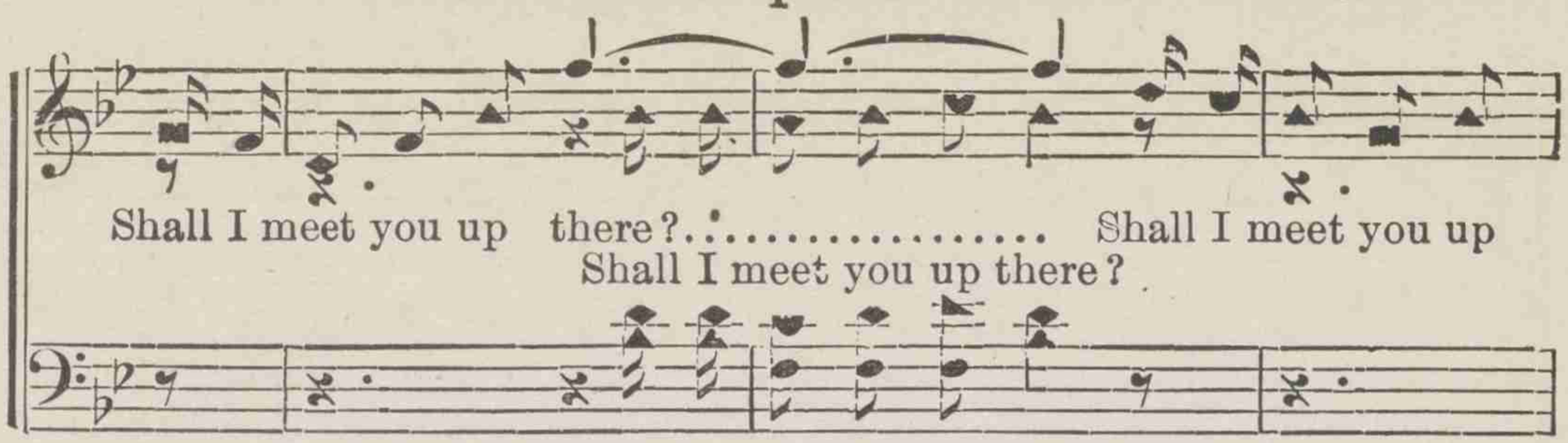
coun-try so fair, And when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there?
crown we shall wear, And live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
pain we shall bear, No parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
Father's own care, With angels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

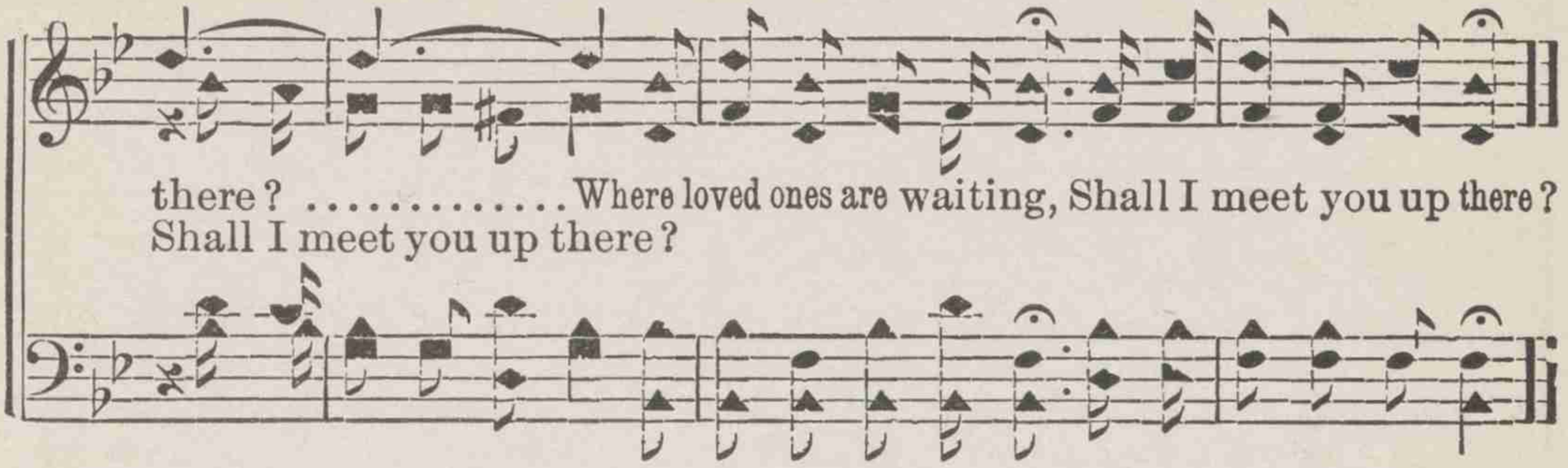
REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there?..... Shall I meet you up
Shall I meet you up there?

there?.....Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

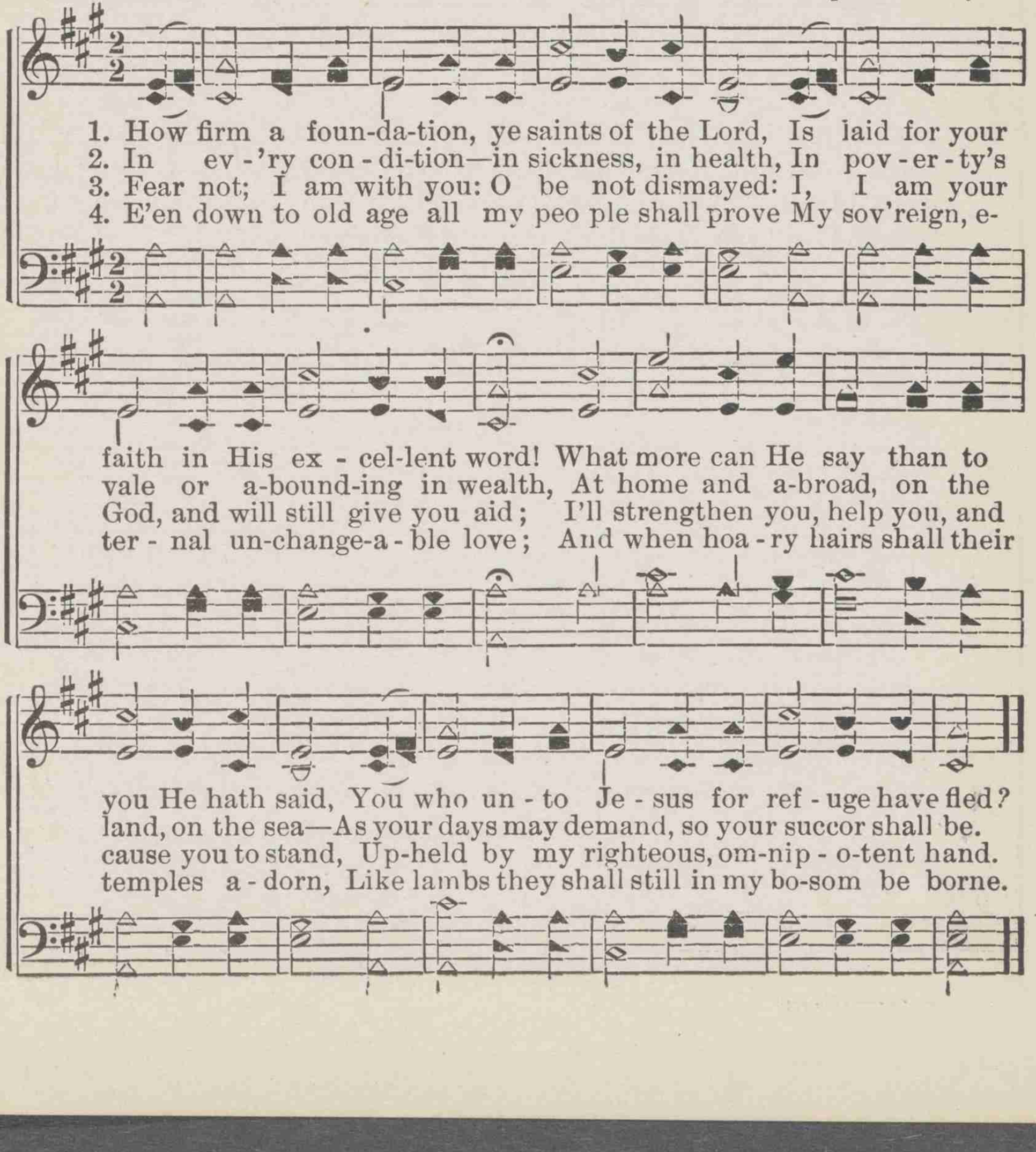
Shall I Meet You Up There? Concluded.
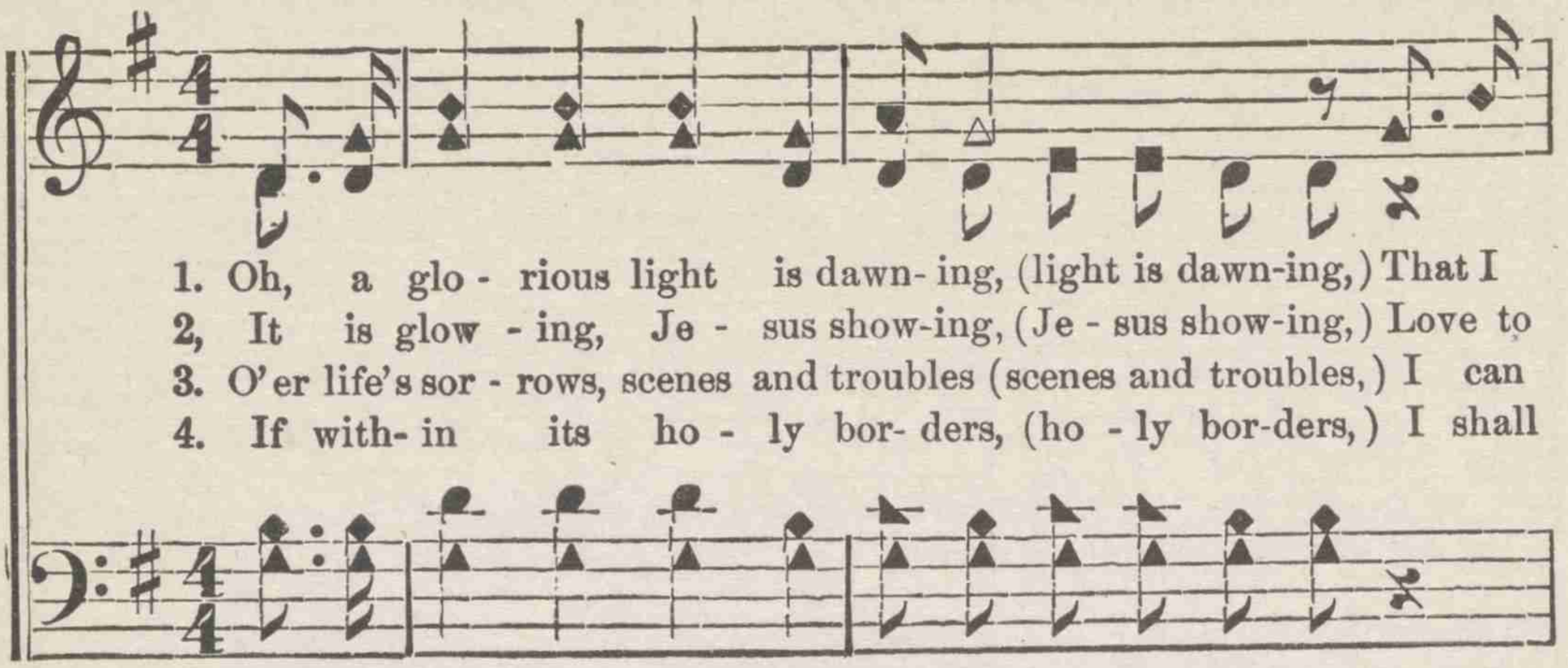




No. 41. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.

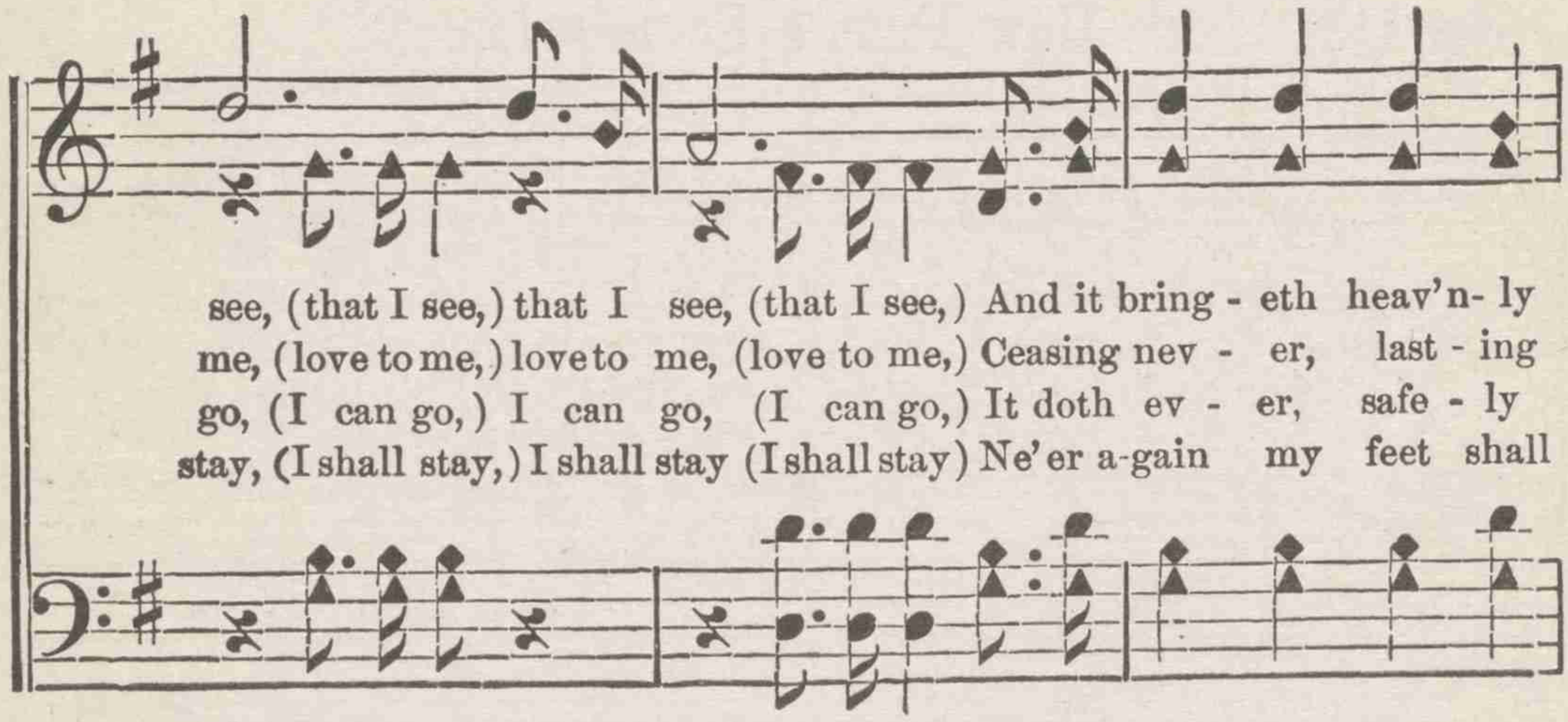


No. 42 Glorious Light.
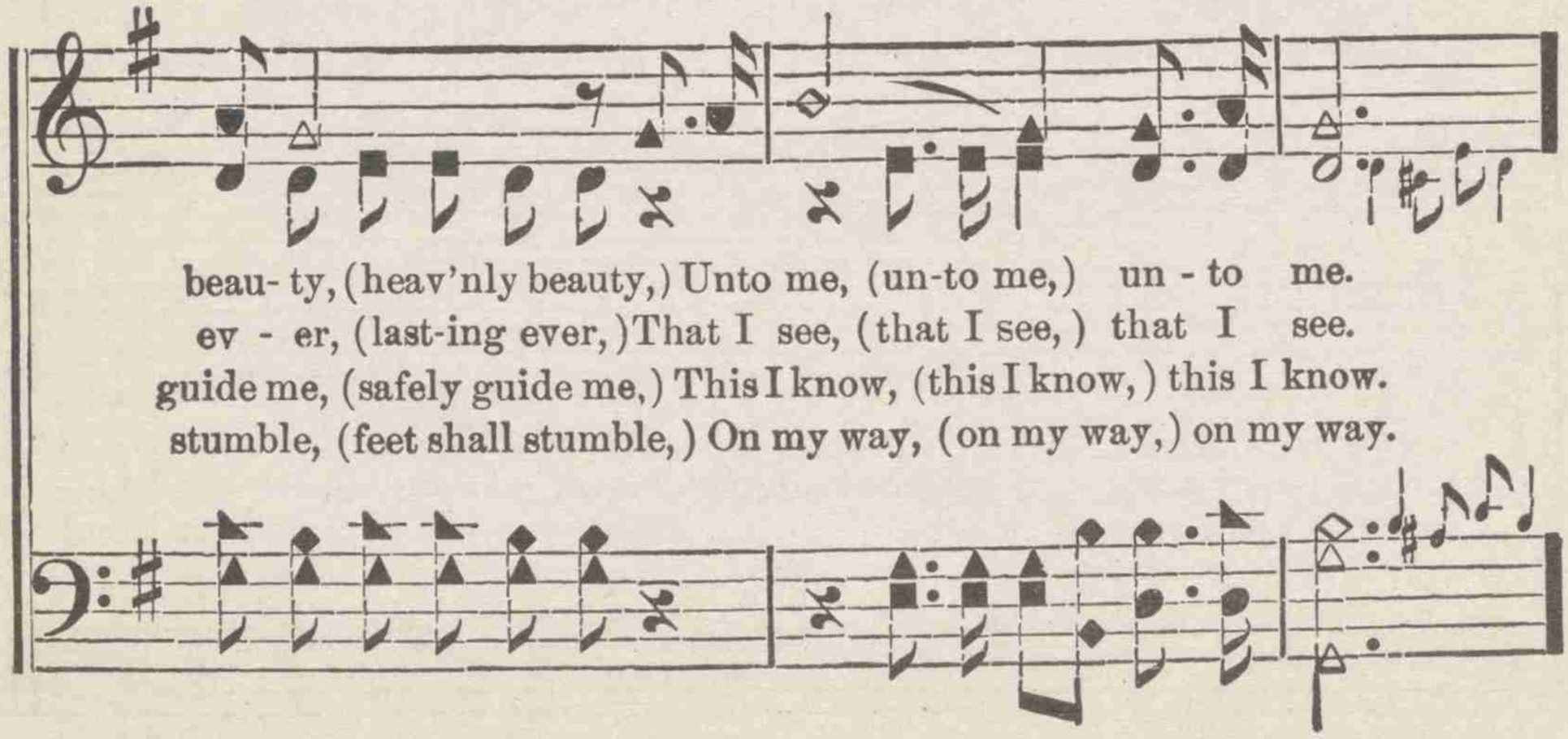
F. L. EILAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Oh, a glo - rious light is dawn- ing, (light is dawn-ing,) That I
2. It is glow - ing, Je - sus show-ing, (Je - sus show-ing,) Love to
3. O'er life's sor - rows, scenes and troubles (scenes and troubles,) I can
4. If with- in its ho - ly bor- ders, (ho - ly bor-ders,) I shall



see, (that I see,) that I see, (that I see,) And it bring - eth heav'n- ly
me, (love to me,) love to me, (love to me,) Ceasing nev - er, last - ing
go, (I can go,) I can go, (I can go,) It doth ev - er, safe - ly
stay, (I shall stay,) I shall stay (I shall stay) Ne'er a-gain my feet shall
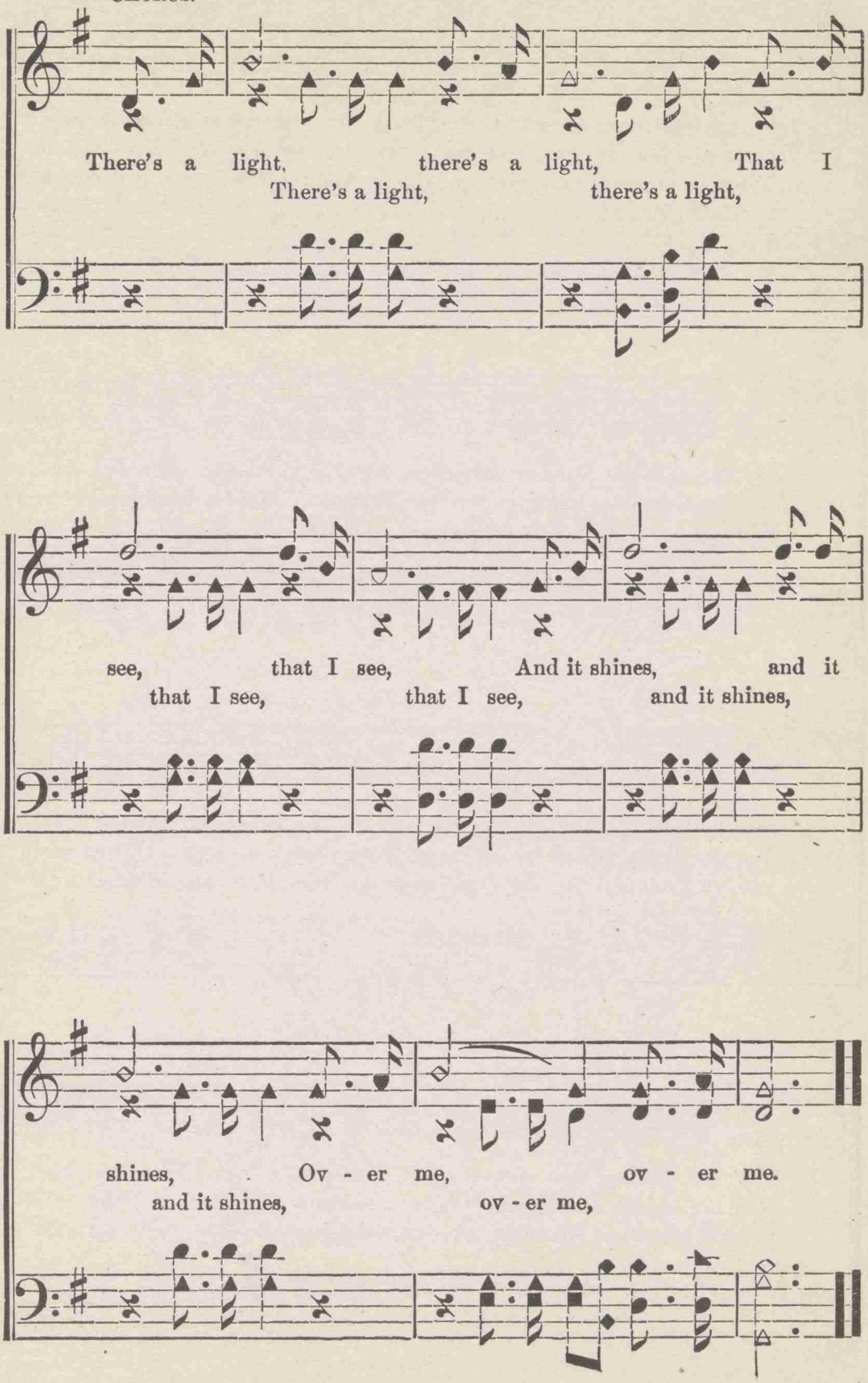


beau- ty, (heav'nly beauty,) Unto me, (un-to me,) un - to me.
ev - er, (last-ing ever,) That I see, (that I see,) that I see.
guide me, (safely guide me,) This I know, (this I know,) this I know.
stumble, (feet shall stumble,) On my way, (on my way,) on my way.

J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER.

Glorious Light. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.



No. 43. KEEP ON CLIMBING.

BIRDIE BELL. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Do you oft - en grow dis - cour-aged As you climb the up-ward way?
2. Is the jour-ney long and toil-some? Do your dear-est hopes de - part?
3. When you reach the dis - tant sum- mit, And the wea - ry feet may rest,

Is the sum-mit far a - bove you, Keep on climb-ing ev - 'ry day;
Tho' the tear-drops blind your vis-ion, Keep on climbing, troub-led heart;
You will see the shin-ing gate-ways Of the Cit - y of the Blest;
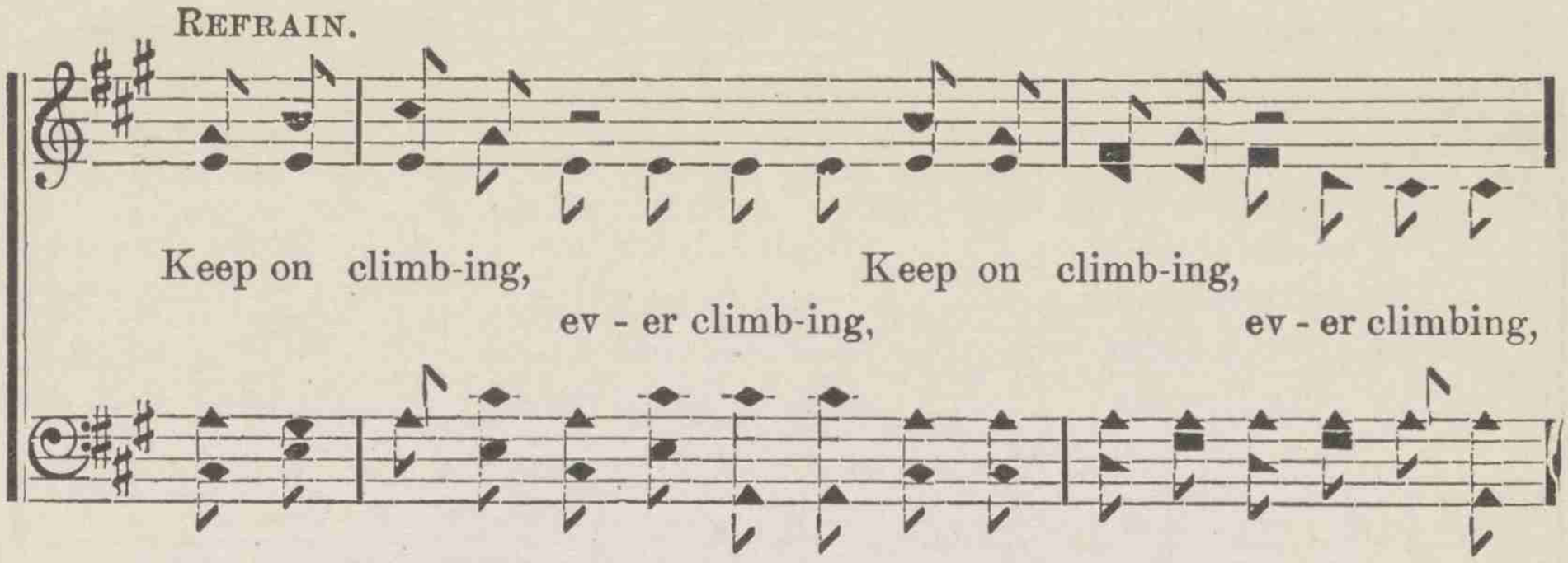
Step by step you'll gain the sum-mit, Je - sus points you to the goal;
For the path grows ev - er bright-er, As your foot - steps up-ward wend,
Ev-'ry grief will be for - got - ten, All the tri - als of the way,

Tho' the ach-ing feet may stum-ble, Keep on climbing, wea - ry soul.
And the Mas-ter helps you on - ward, Keep on climbing to the end.
Then be brave and pa - tient ev - er, Keep on climbing day by day.
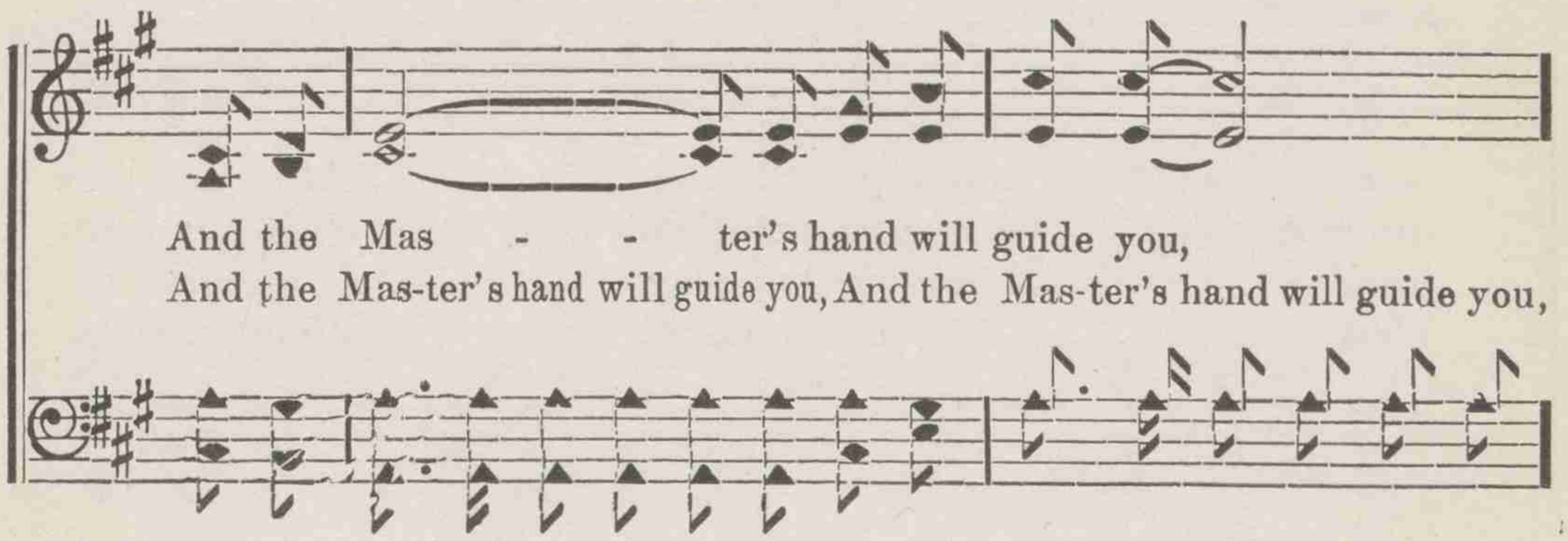
By per. R. H. Cornelius, Midlothian, Texas.

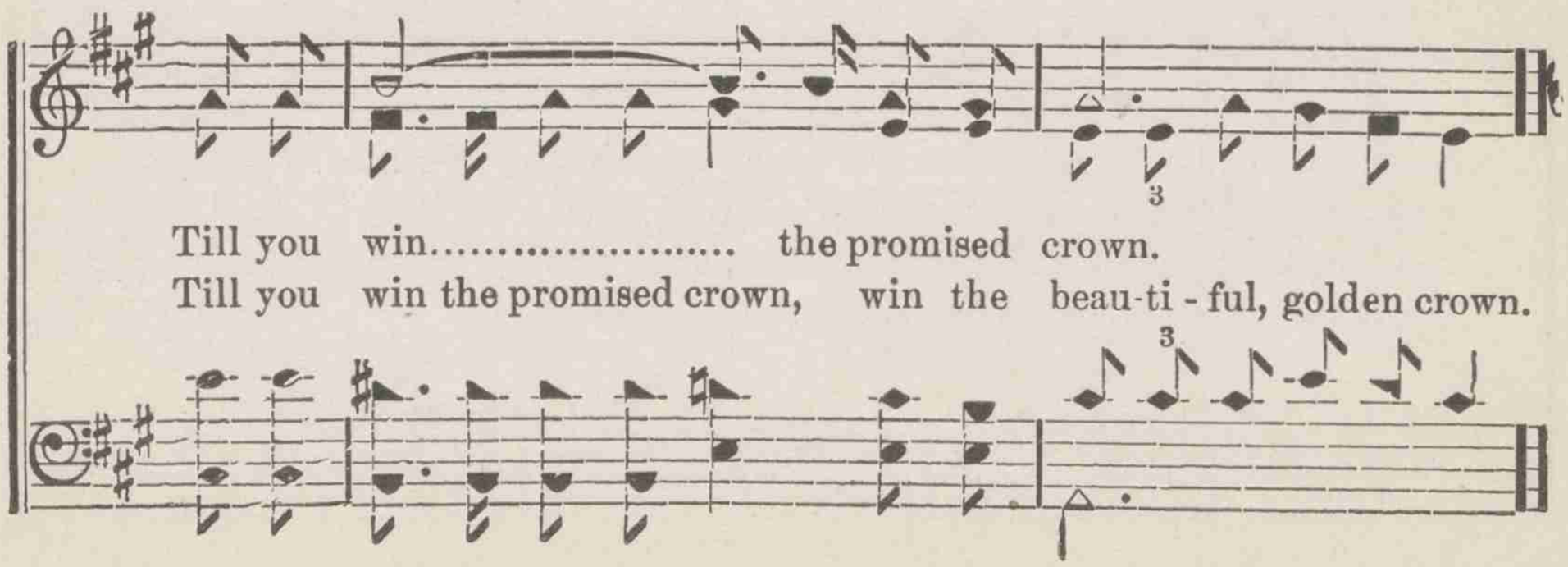
KEEP ON CLIMBING.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.









No. 44. Wonderful Joy.

Copyright, 1907, by D. W. Crist. Used by per.

JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.

1. Won-der-ful joy wait-eth for me O'er the un-
2. There is a crown soon to be mine Gleam-ing with
3. There is a robe, spot-less and white, Worn by the
4. O - ver the sea soon I shall dwell Thrilled with de-

known, shad-ow - y sea, Bless-ed re -
stars, pure and di - vine, Shin-ing un -
saints walk-ing in light, Aft - er I
light words can-not tell, Safe with the

ward prom-ised of God Af - ter the
dimmed thro' heav-en's years, Rich - ly re -
leave fet - ter-ing clay, I shall be
blest rest-ing at home, Where nev - er

CHORUS.

pathways of time have been trod (pathways been trod). Wonderful joy,
pay - ing all tri-als and tears (trials and tears).
clad in that garment for aye (garment for aye).
more earth's deep sorrows can come (sorrows can come). Wonderful joy,

Wonderful Joy. Concluded.

rapture untold (rapture untold), Waits in the cit-y with pavements of

gold, Aft - er the griefs all shall be
pavements of gold, aft - er the griefs

past, Wonderful joy comes for-ev-er to last,
all shall be past, for - ev-er to last.

No. 45. Martyn.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 46. Beyond the Clouds.

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

DUET.

1. Beyond the clouds, beyond somewhere, There is a home so bright and
2. Beyond the clouds, we oft-en sing And long so much to see our
3. Oh, how my wea-ry heart doth long To know the bliss that waits be-

fair Be-yond in that bright, sun-ny clime, We shall
King. Some day I know we'll un-der-stand, When we
yond: Up there where ma-ny dear ones wait, They are

meet up there some-time..... Be-yond, where weeping is not
en-ter that home-land,..... Then safe be-yond the clouds we'll
stand---ing by the gate..... Some day in that bright, happy

known, Where ma-ny dear ones long have gone;..... Some
roam, And live in per-fect peace at home:..... With
land, I know we then will un-der-stand;..... Yes

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Beyond the Clouds. (Concluded.)

day when earthly toils are o'er, Not a sor - row we'll know.
Je - sus and the good and blest. We'll be hap - py at rest.
all we've lost we then shall find, In that coun - try some- time.

CHORUS.

Be - yond the clouds we soon shall meet, (we shall meet,) Our
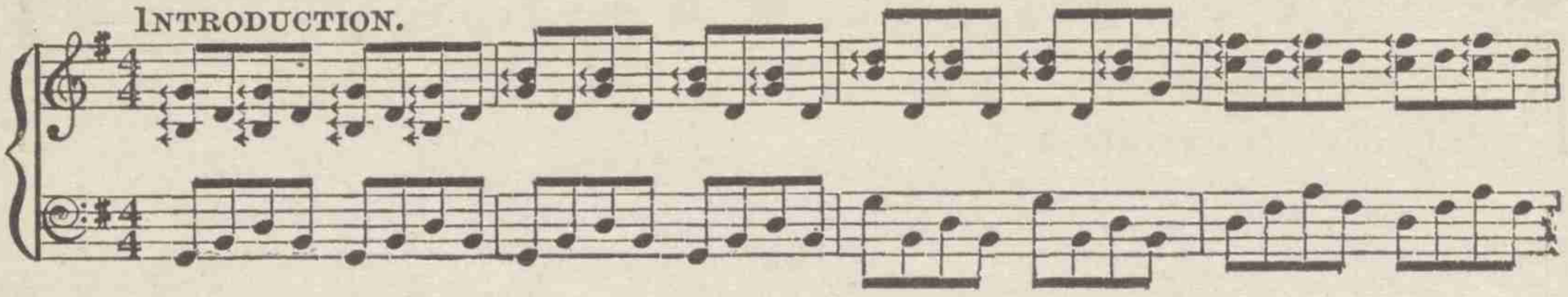
friends and loved ones we shall greet, (we shall greet,) In that ce -

les - tial Beu - lah clime, We'll be gath - ered home some - time.

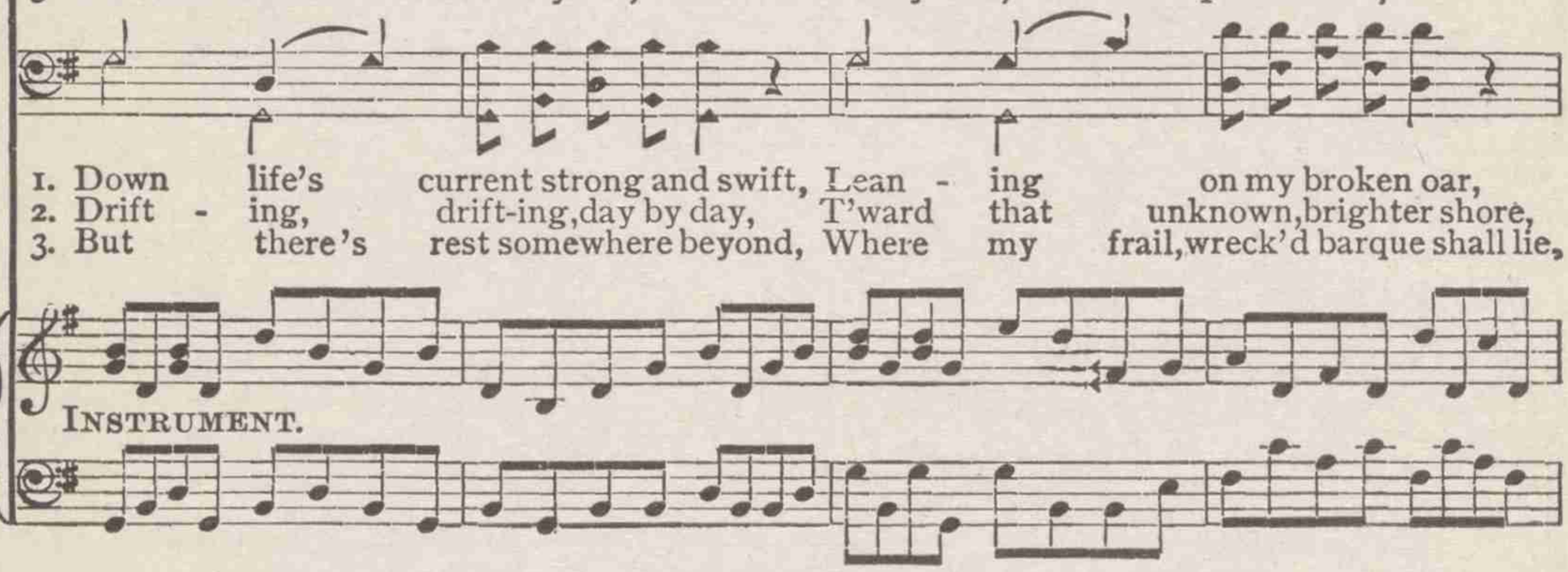
No. 47. Drifting Down Life's Stream.

Devotedly inscribed to my wife, Mrs. E. L. Lincoln.
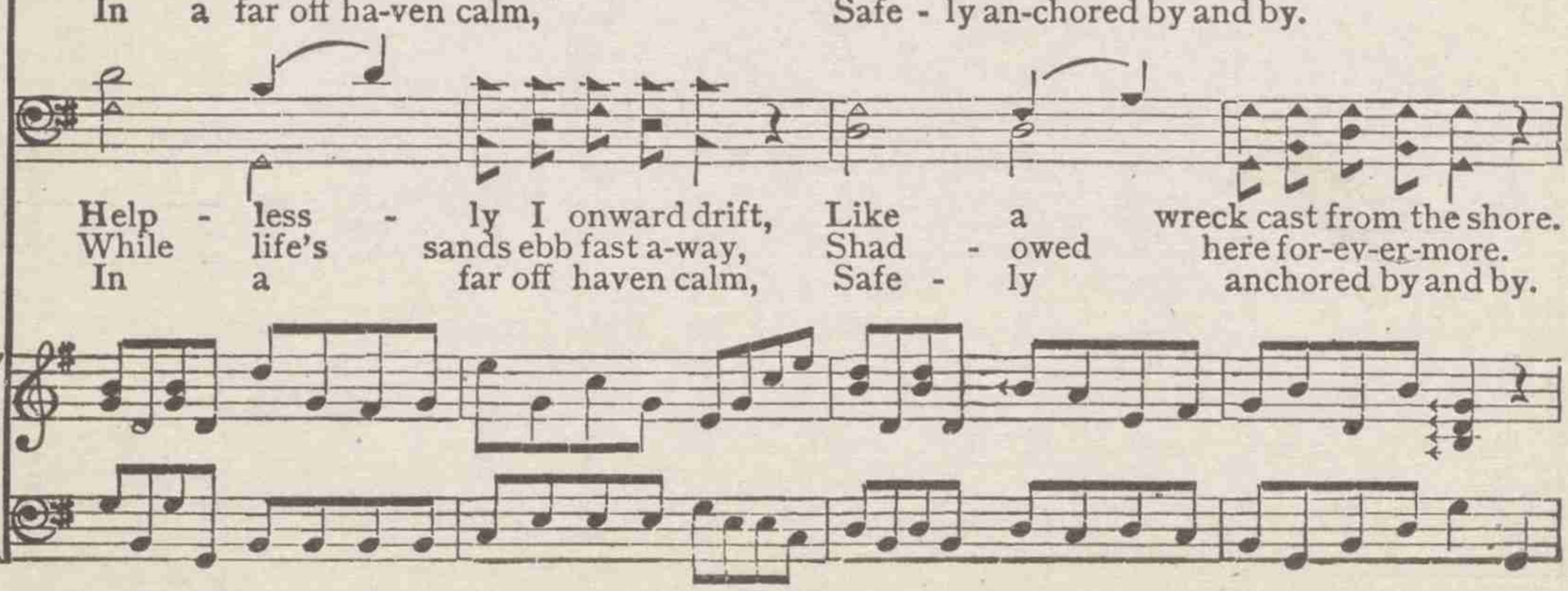
IDA L. REED. H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Down life's current strong and swift, Lean - ing on my bro-ken oar,
2. Drifting, drifting, day by day, T'ward that unknown, brighter shore,
3. But there 's rest somewhere beyond, Where my frail, wreck'd barque shall lie,



Help-less-ly I onward drift, Like a wreck cast from the shore.
While life's sands ebb fast away, Shadowed here for-ev-er-more.
In a far off ha-ven calm, Safe - ly an-chored by and by.



Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

Drifting Down Life's Stream. Concluded.

'Neath the shadow floats my barque,
Ah, to me the old world brings
All my per- ils shall be o'er,

While the wea-ry years glide on,
Ma - ny, ma - ny pains and cares,
Cares and troubles then shall cease,

'Neath the shad - ow floats my barque,
Ah, to me the old world brings
All my per - ils shall be o'er,

While the wea - ry years glide on,
Ma - ny, ma - ny pains and cares,
Cares and trou - bles then shall cease,

And the hours with pain are dark,
And my spirit beats its wings,
And up-on that fair-er shore,

As I drift a-lone, a-lone.
Like captive bird 'gainst prison bars.
I shall en-ter in - to peace.

And the hours with pain are dark,
And my spirit beats its wings,
And up - on that fairer shore,

As I drift a-lone, a-lone.
Like cap - tive bird 'gainst prison bars.
I shall en-ter in - to peace.

CHORUS.

Down life's current, strong and swift,
so strong and swift,

While its waves around me rise,
around me rise,

In my stormwreck'd barque I drift,
I onward drift,

T'ward the hills of Par - a-dise.
of Par-a-dise.

No. 48. I'm Going To a City.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. J. E. HARPER.

1. I'm go - ing to a cit - y whose streets are paved with gold, Where white-robed throngs in glo - ry wait for me; I hear the an-gels sing-ing, safe in the Father's fold,
2. I'm go - ing to a cit - y be-yond the flight of time, Where living wa-ters nev - er cease to roll; There summer nev - er fad - eth in that fair sunbright clime,
3. I'm go - ing to a cit - y in heav'n not made by hands, Whose walls are all a- gleam with precious gems; Around His throne are gathered the Saviour's blood-bought bands,

CHORUS.

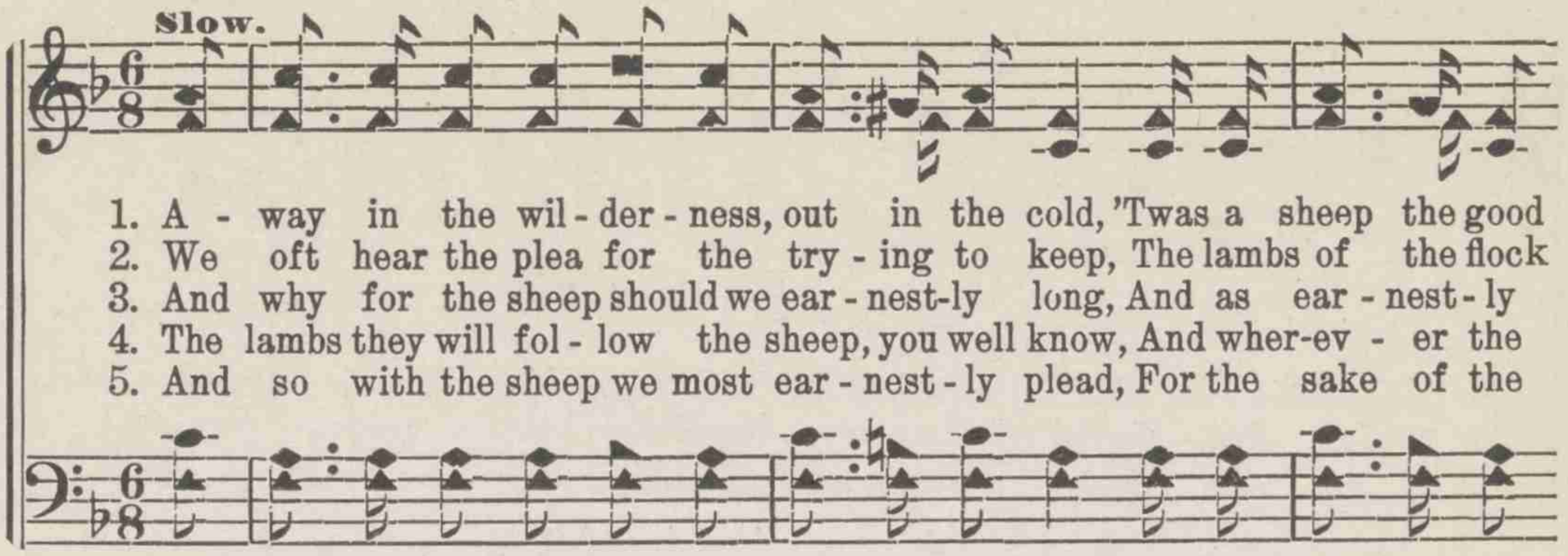
They wait to greet me by the sea.
Where an-thems of joy shall fill my soul.
Who wear with Christ a di - a - dem.

Oh, glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! My bless-ed Lord hath washed my sins a - way! Hal - le - lu-jah! And just a-cross the riv - er He's waiting now for me, In a cit - y that's fairer than the day.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.

No. 49. THE SHEEP OF THE FOLD.
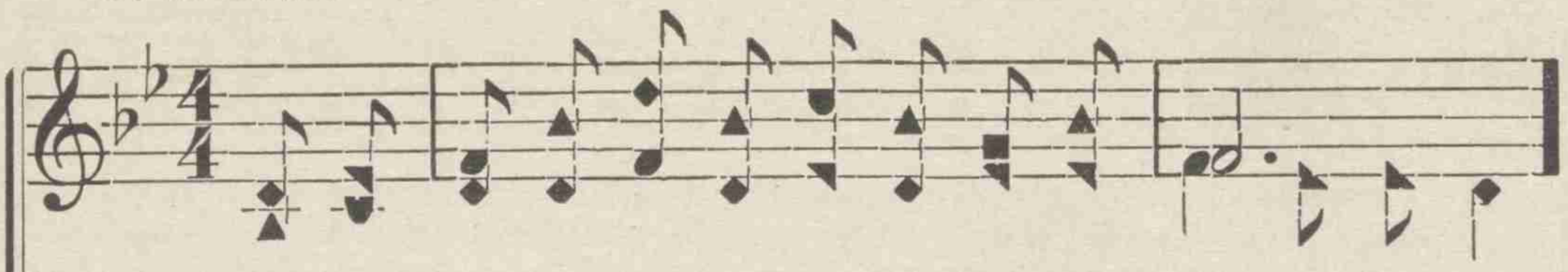
C. D. MEIGS. J. B. VAUGHAN.
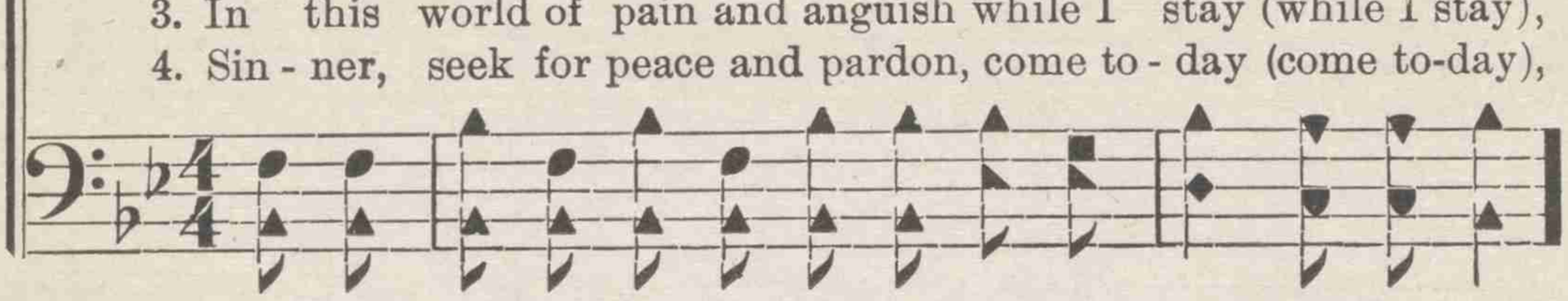


J. B. Vaughan, owner.
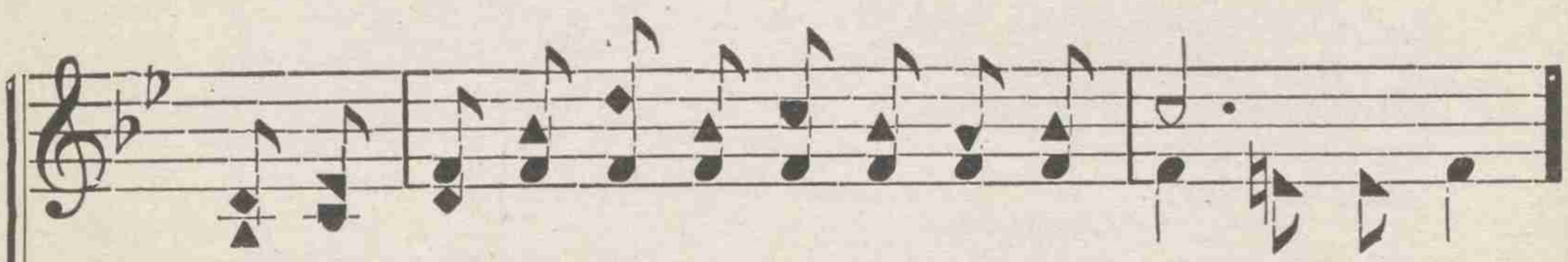
No. 50. I Must Go.

J. T. Camp. J. T. Camp.
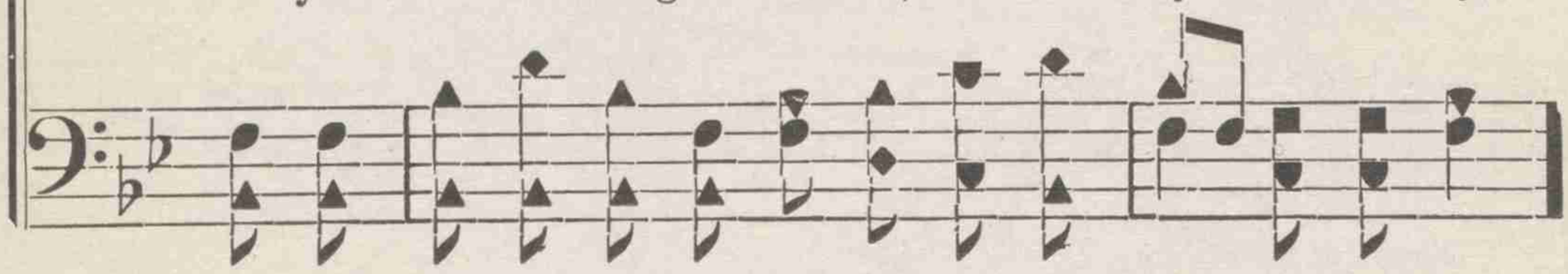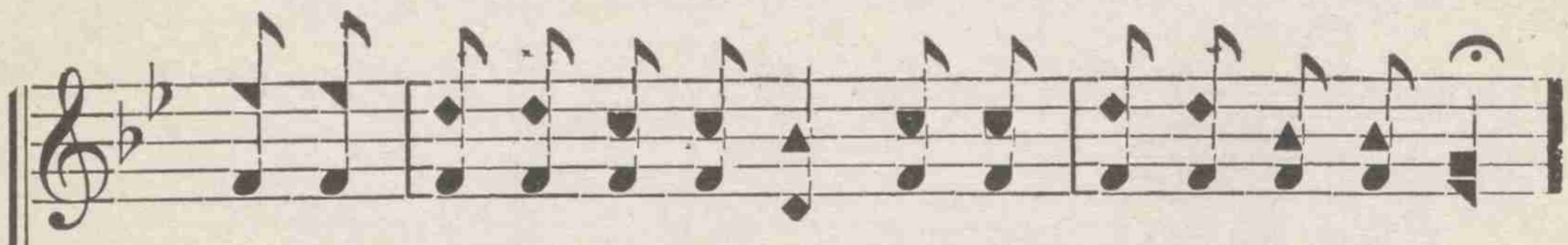


1. Hark! I hear my Sav-ior call me, I must go (I must go),
2. Hark! I hear my Sav-ior speak-ing, naught I fear (naught I fear),
3. In this world of pain and anguish while I stay (while I stay),
4. Sin - ner, seek for peace and pardon, come to - day (come to-day),
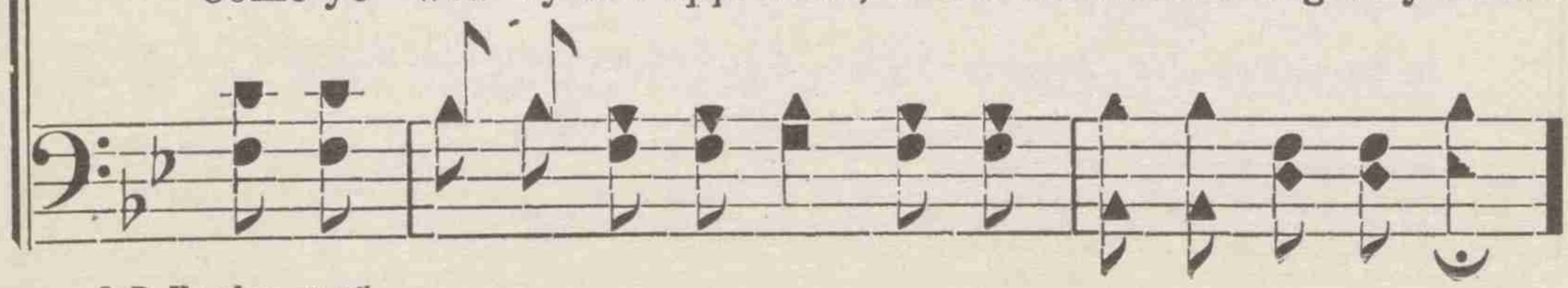




There is naught that should appall me here below (here be - low);
Light up - on my soul is breaking bright and clear (bright and clear);
I must nev-er droop or lan-guish by the way (by the way);
And your heart no longer hard-en, don't de - lay (don't de - lay);
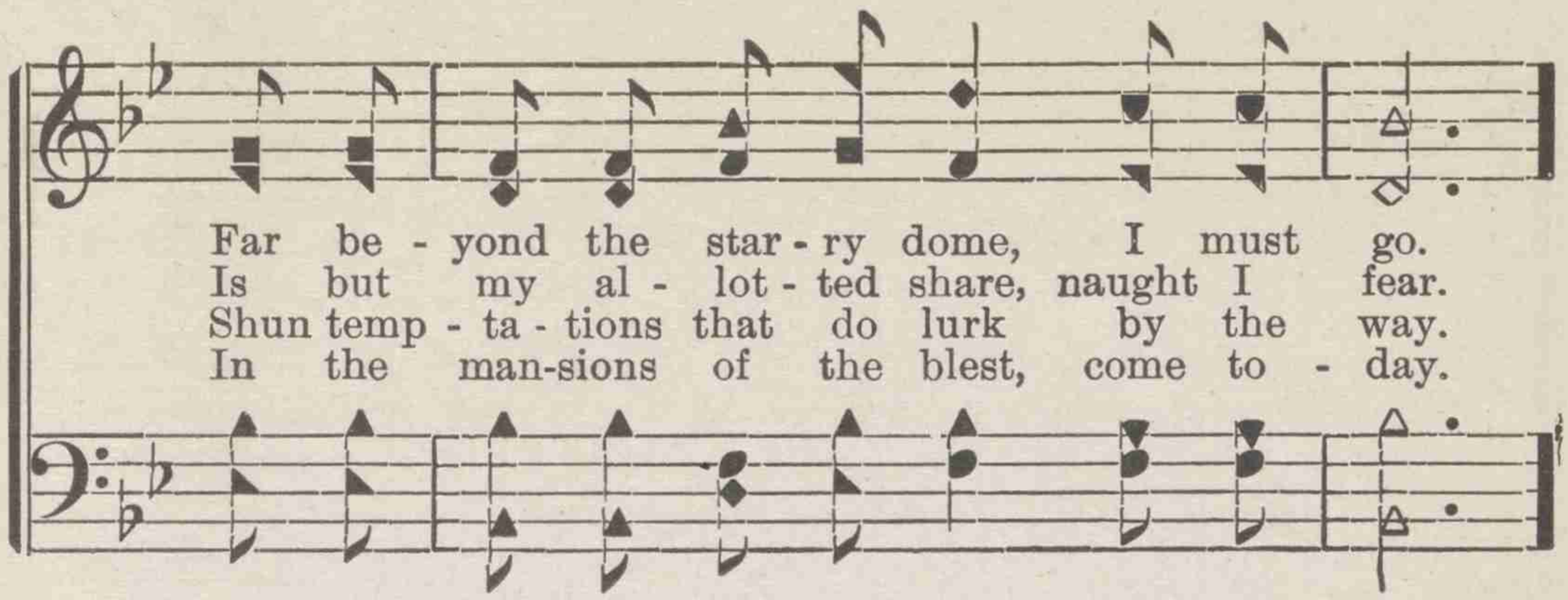




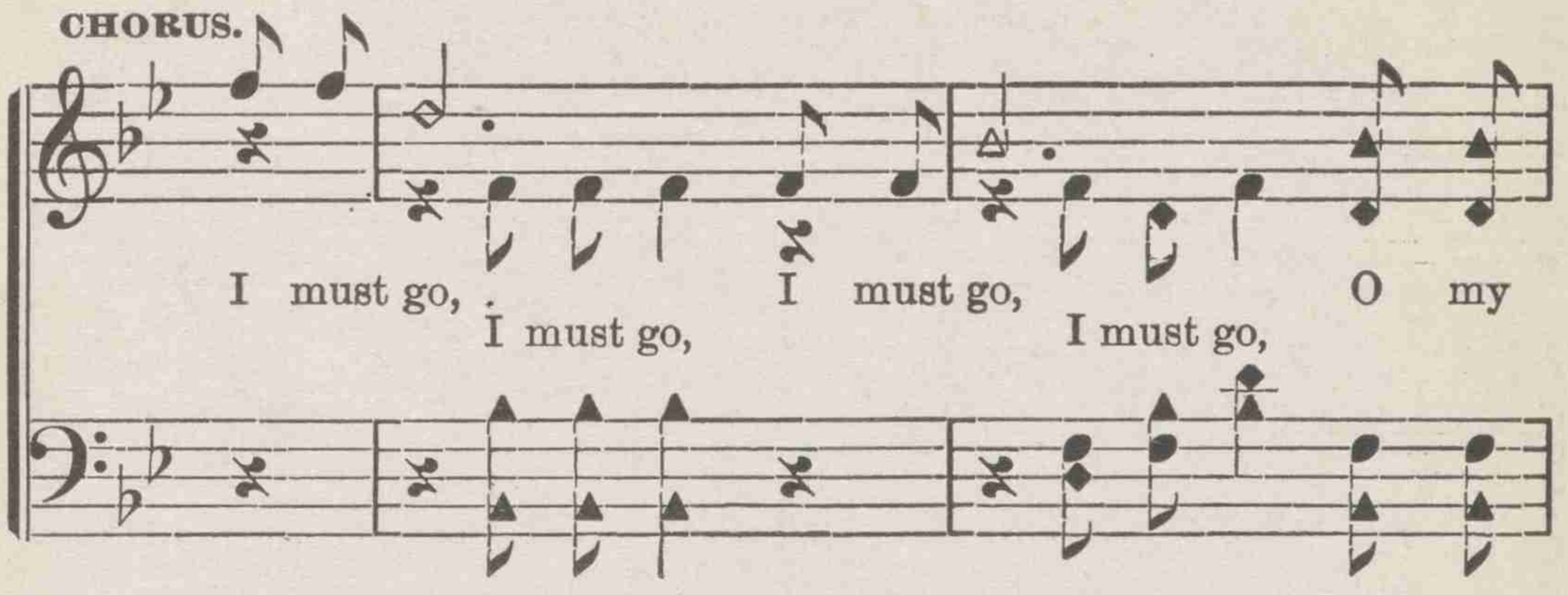
He is beck'ning me to come To a sweet, ce - les - tial home
Ev - 'ry cross and ev-'ry care, Ev - 'ry bur - den that I bear
In the vine-yard I must work, And my task must nev-er shirk
Come ye wea - ry and oppressed, Christ the Lord will give you rest
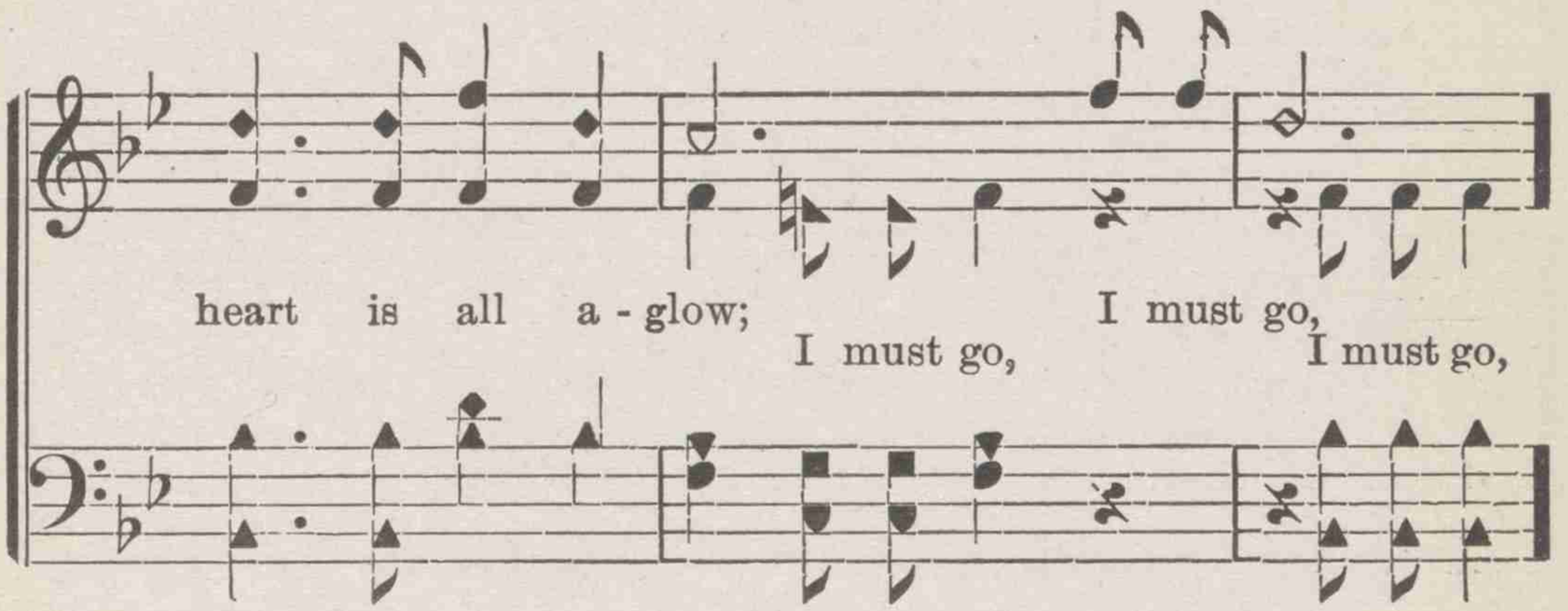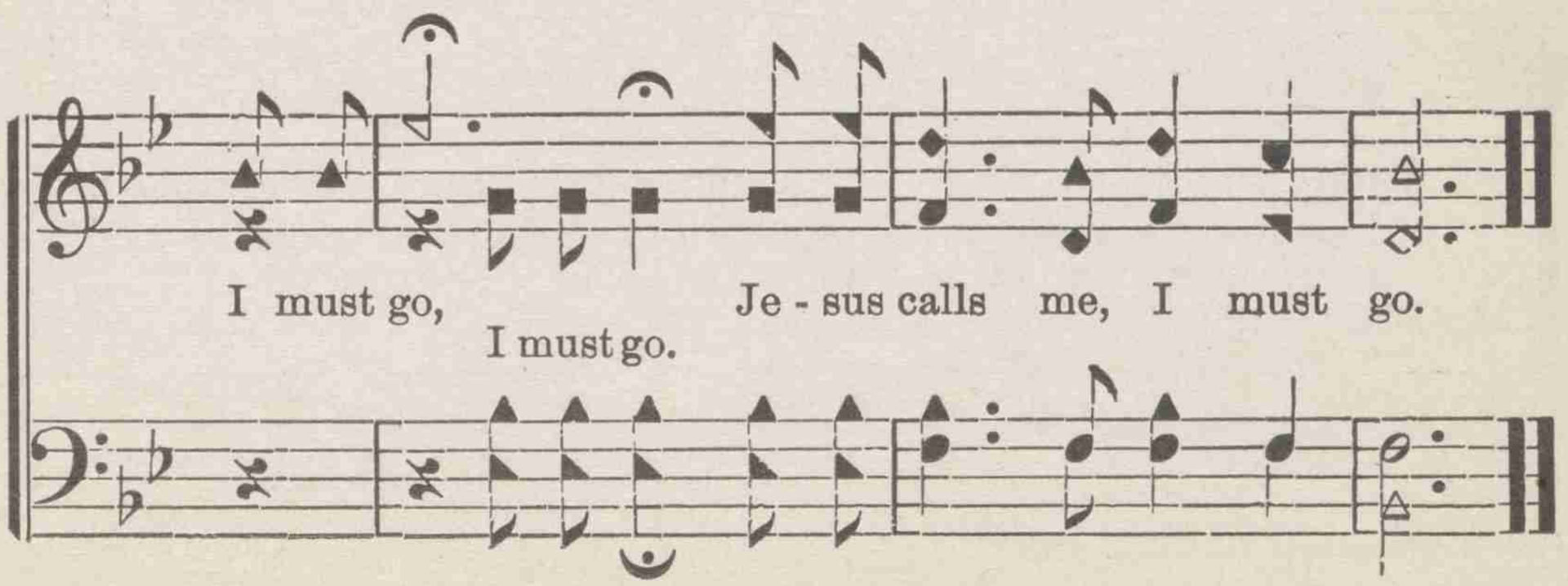


J. B. Vaughan, owner

I Must Go. Concluded.









No. 51. THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. Who can sing the wondrous love of the Son di - vine? O, my
2. Tune your hearts, ye ransomed throng, and ex - tol the Christ; Sing the
3. O, let saints and an - gels join in tri-umphant song; Let the

Lord, there's none so dear to me As the One who bore the
name that o - pened mer - cy's door, O, 'tis mu - sic, sweet-est
mu - sic of all worlds ac - cord, And in ho - ly an-thems

bur - den of all my sin, And so free - ly died to set me free.
mu - sic to sin-ners lost, Sweetest to the saints for ev - er-more.
high o - ver all proclaim, Glo-ry be to Je-sus Christ the Lord.

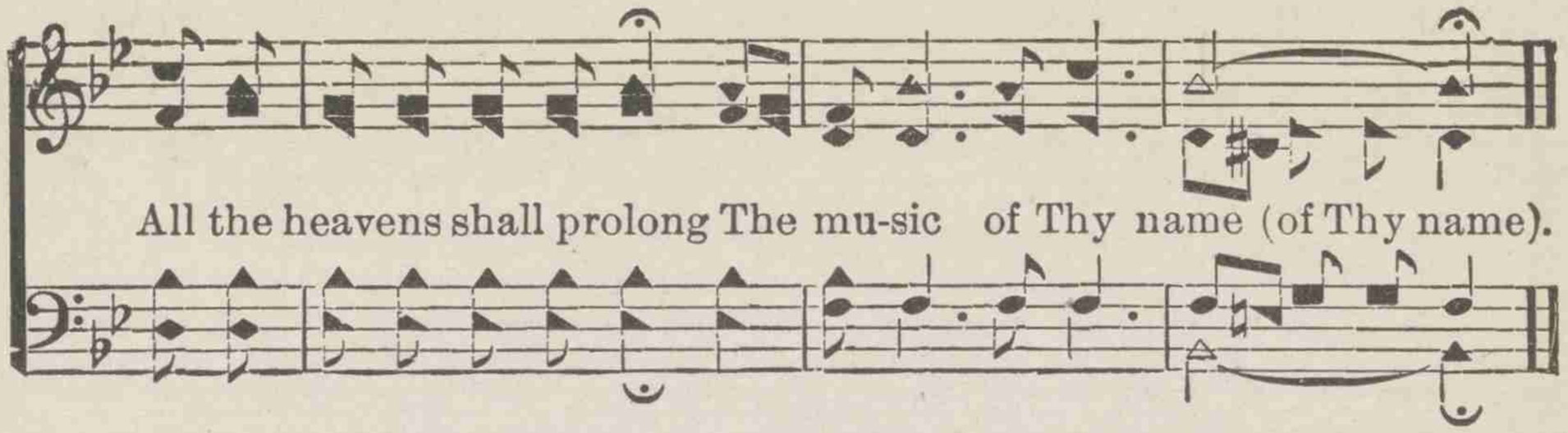
CHORUS.

O, the pre-cious mu - sic of Je - sus' name!
O, the pre-cious, pre-cious mu - sic of Je - sus' ho - ly name!

Glo-ry to the Lamb!.... O, sweetest name in song!
Glo-ry, glo- ry to the precious Lamb, precious Lamb!

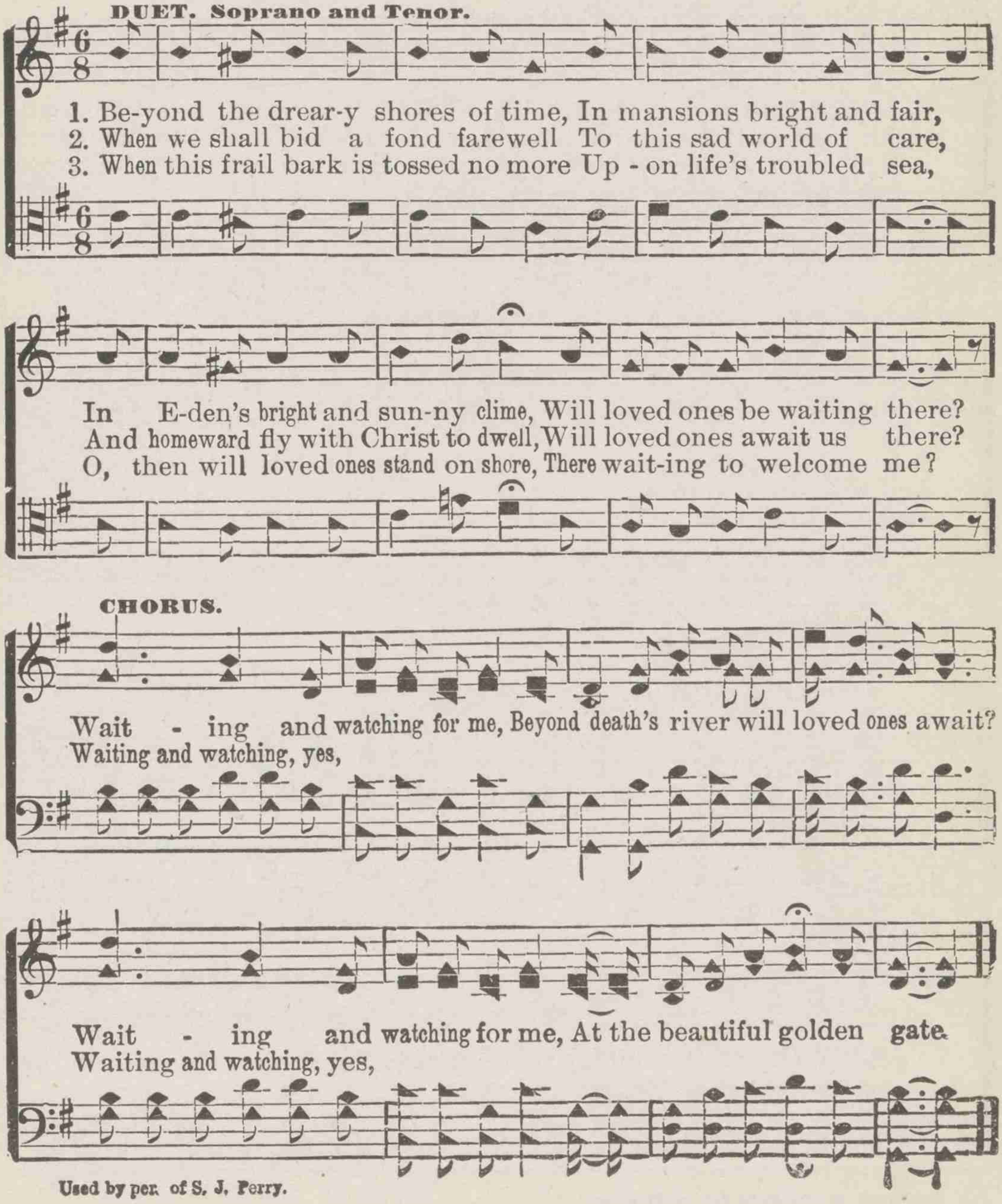
By per. of B. E. Warren, Springfield, O., owner of copyright.

THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME. Concluded.



No. 52. WILL LOVED ONES WATCH AND WAIT?

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.



Used by per. of S. J. Perry.

No. 53

PRECIOUS BIBLE.

J. D. V. "The word of the Lord was precious."—1 Sam. 3: 1. JAS. D. VAUGHAN

1. Precious Bi-ble, book of love, It will lead us home a-bove, To the pearl-y gate beyond the riv - er cold; It will guide us to that land
2. Precious Book, to me so dear, It will comfort, soothe and cheer, While I lin - ger in this world of sin and pain; I will press it to my heart,
3. "'Tis a lamp un - to my feet," With its promises so sweet, It will light me to the soul's immor-tal clime; Then 'mid glories yet unknown,
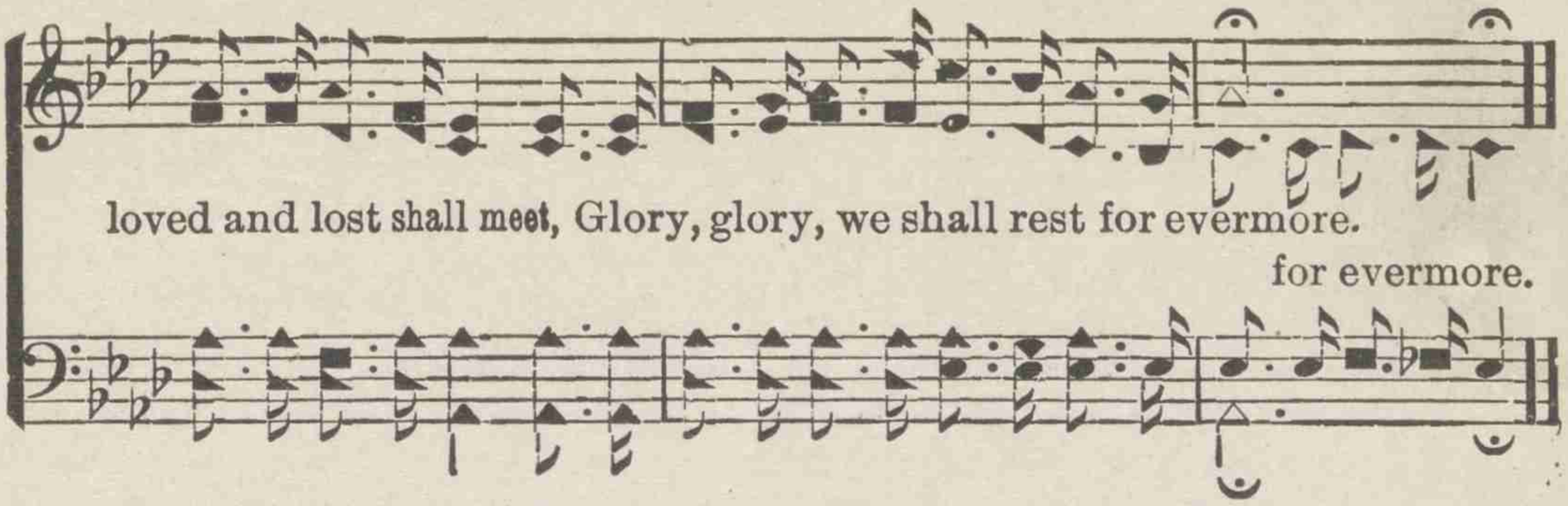
Where the happy angels stand, There to walk the streets all paved with purest gold.
And will never from it part, Till in death I hear the angel's sweet refrain.
We shall praise before the throne, Hallelujah, we shall join the song sublime.

CHORUS.

Precious Bi-ble, book of love, It will lead us home a-bove To the gold-en city on the shining shore; There we shall the angels greet, And our
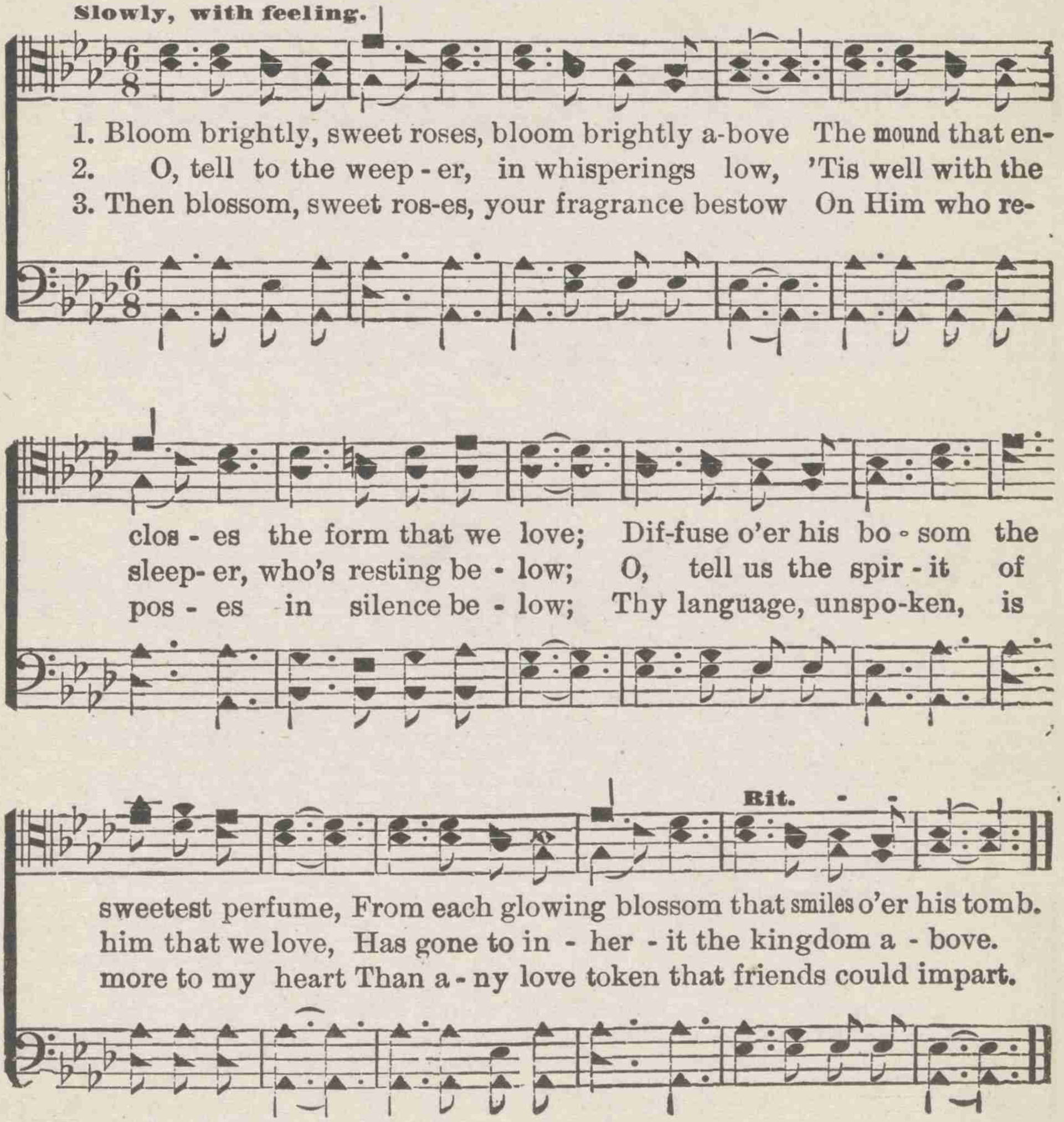
Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

PRECIOUS BIBLE. Concluded.



No. 54. BLOOM BRIGHTLY, SWEET ROSES.

C. L. SHAW. In memory of my father.—C. L. S. E. B. FOWLER.



Copyright, 1894, by S. J. Perry. Used by per.

No. 55. FATHER, COME HOME.

B. W. BOB WHITEFIELD.

DUET.

1. Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes one,
2. Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes two,
3. Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes three,

You promised, dear father, that you would come home As soon as your day's work was done.
The night has grown colder and Benny is worse, But he has been calling for you.
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long, For poor weeping mother and me.

Our fire has gone out, our house is so dark, And mother's been watching since tea;
In-deed he is worse, mother says he will die, Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
Yes, we are a-lone, poor Ben-ny is dead! And gone with the angels of light,

With poor little Benny, so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me.
And this was the message she sent me to bring, Come quickly, or he will be gone.
And these were the very last words that he said: "I want to kiss papa good-night."

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, come home, For Benny is dy -ing to - night:
Come home, come home, to-night:

Come home— come home, "I want to kiss pa -pa good - night."
come home— come home, good-night.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 56. Death is Only a Dream.

J. B. VAUGHAN. A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.

1. Oh, how will it be when my Sav-iour shall call His dear ones a -
2. No tongue hath yet ut - ter'd nor ear hath yet heard, No mor- tal eye
3. Pre - pare me my Sav-iour, pre - pare me I pray, To cross o'er death's
4. Then when I a- wake in that beau- ti - ful land, To dwell with the

cross the dark stream? If I can just know that in Him it's all right, It'll
ev - er hath seen The glo - ries perpar'd for the children of God, As
tur - bid dark stream, Oh, lead me and guide me and be near my side, And
good and re - deem'd, Me-thinks I will whisper to lov'd ones be - low, That

CHORUS.

be noth- ing more than a dream.
soon as they wake from their dream.
death will be on - ly a dream.
dy - ing is on - ly a dream.

Death is a dream,

It is

On - ly a dream, I'll wake up be-yond the dark stream, Soon Je- sus will

call me, Come join with the ransom'd, I know death is on - ly a dream.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 57. WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.

Words by FRANK L. STANTON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
Arr. by S. W. R.
Quartet for Mixed Voices.

1. O - ver the sea and the storm -y foam, And the bells ring home,.....
2. O, the long voyage 'neath storm and star, But the bells a - far,—.....
3. Home in the ha - ven sweet and blest, And the bells ring rest!.....

1. And the

..... O - ver the sea where the wrecks are tossed, Where the
..... We heard them ring in the down - ing night, And we
..... What were the cross - es and hope and fears, The
bells ring home;
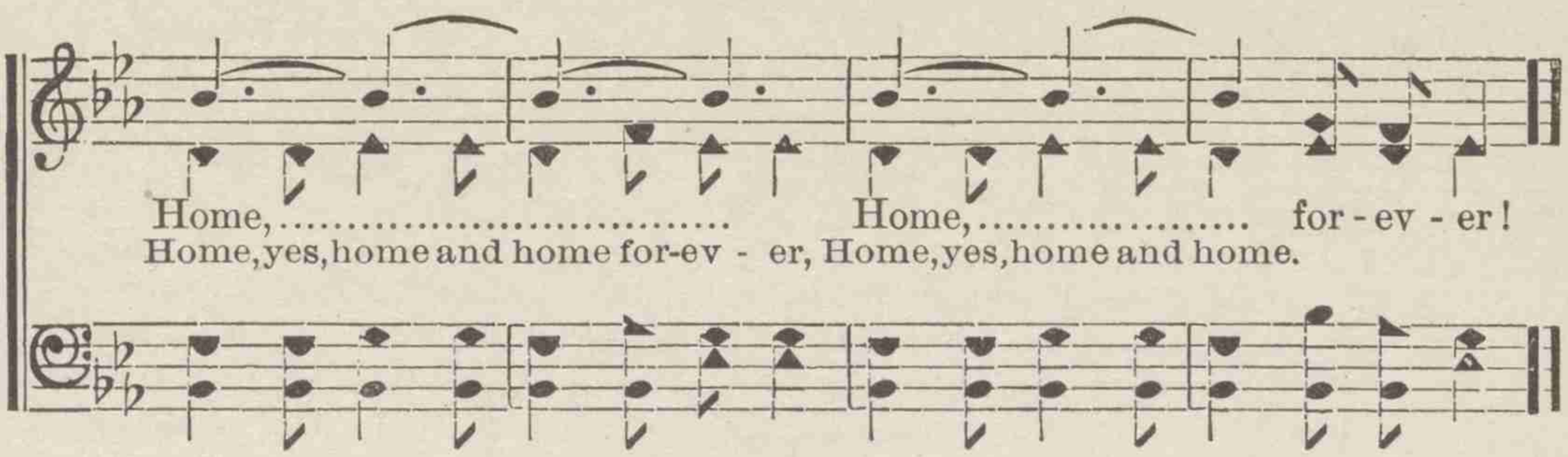
storms de -scend till the stars are lost, From the o - cean's knells,.....
heard them sing of the har - bor light; The bells, the bells,.....
ray - less dark-ness, the rain of tears? Love's mu - sic swells.....

From the

..... To the glad, sweet bells,—.....
..... O'er the o - cean's knells..... ....
..... From the glad sweet bells.....
o - cean's knells To the glad sweet bells,

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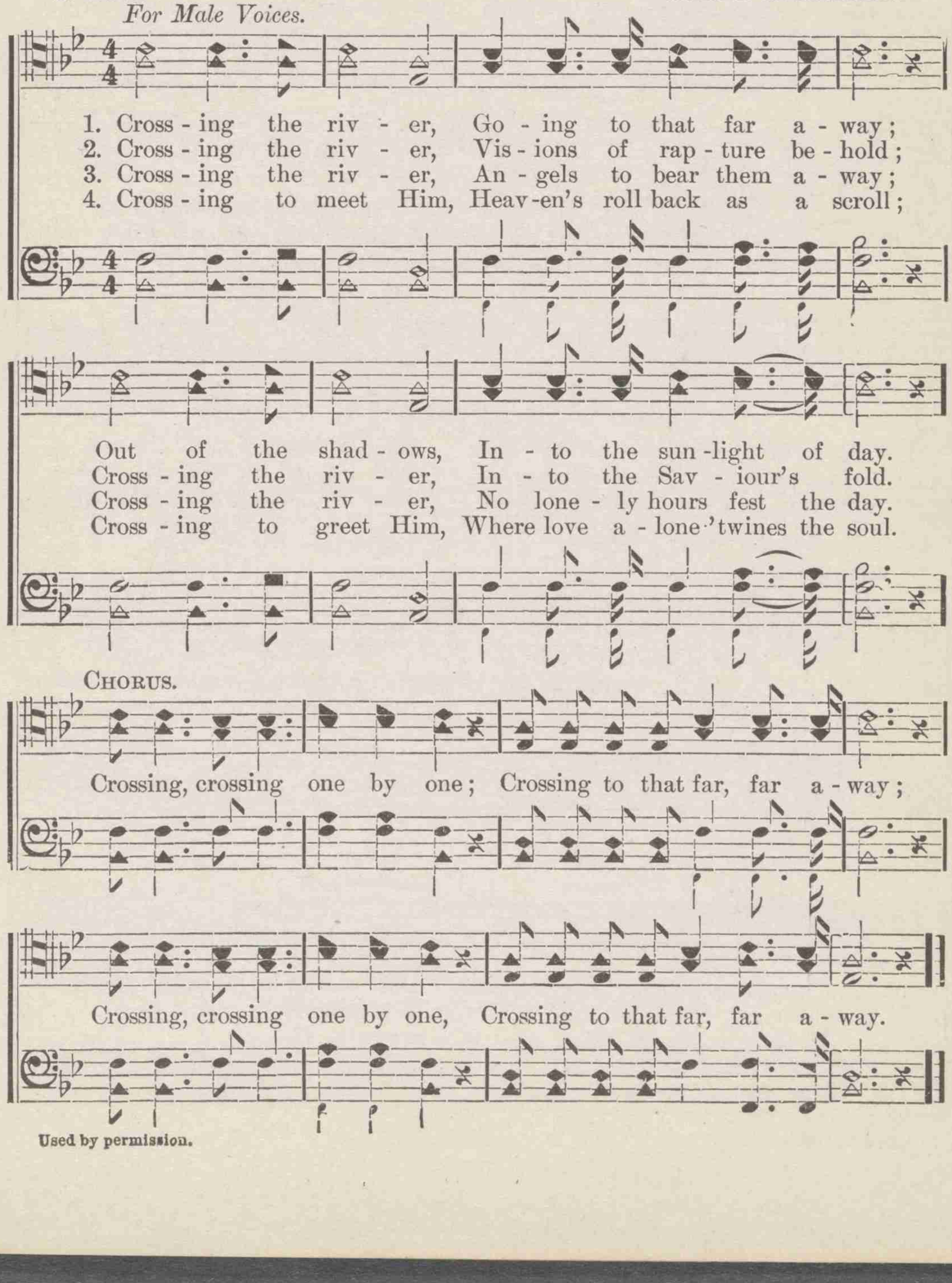
WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME. Concluded.



No. 58. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

For Male Voices.
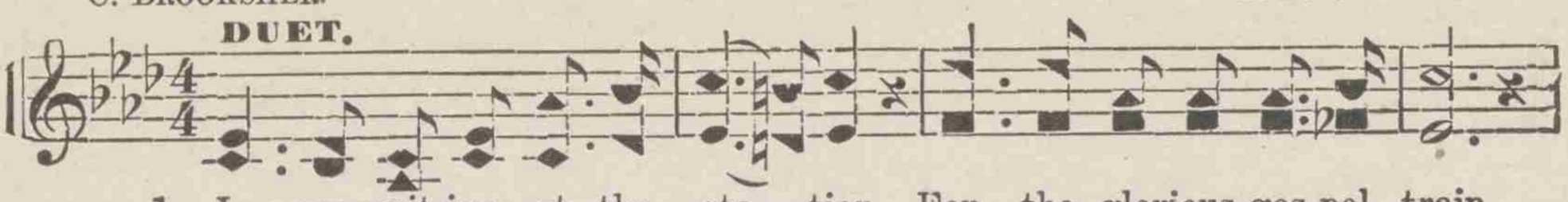


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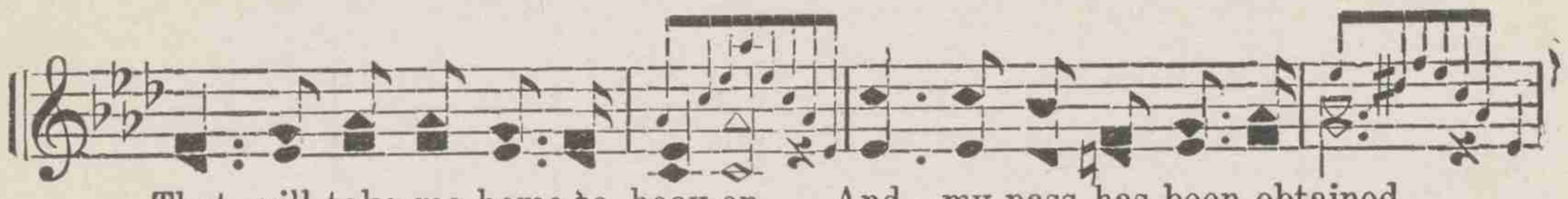
No. 59. The Gospel Train.

C. BROOKSHER. J. B. VAUGHAN.
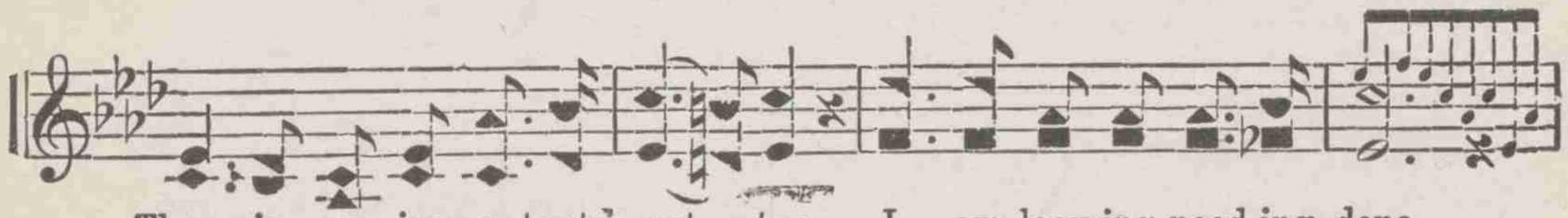
DUET.
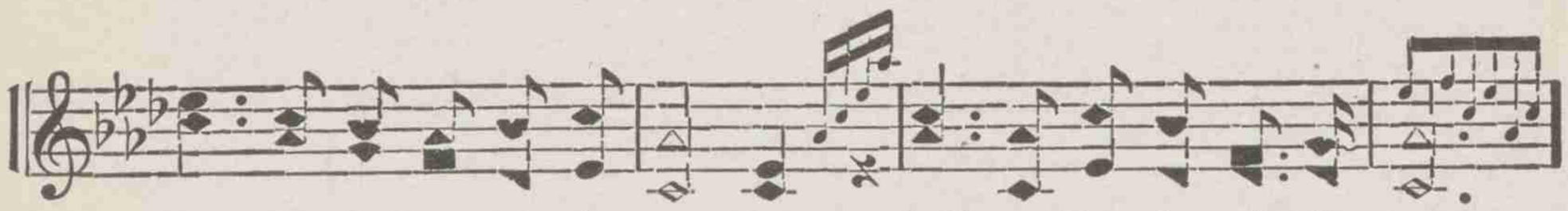


1. I am wait-ing at the sta - tion For the glorious gos-pel train,
2. We can see the headlight gleam-ing, As a - long the rails it shines,
3. Je - sus Christ is our con - duct - or, And we shall not be a - fraid,



That will take me home to heav-en, And my pass has been obtained.
We can hear the roar-ing en-gine, As around the curves it climbs.
For the train will stop at heav-en, And our passage has been paid.



There is no im-por-tant mat - ter I am leav-ing need-ing done,
We will hold the blood-stained banner Of King Je - sus in our hand,
It was paid by King Im - man - uel, As he groaned with Calv'ry's pain,
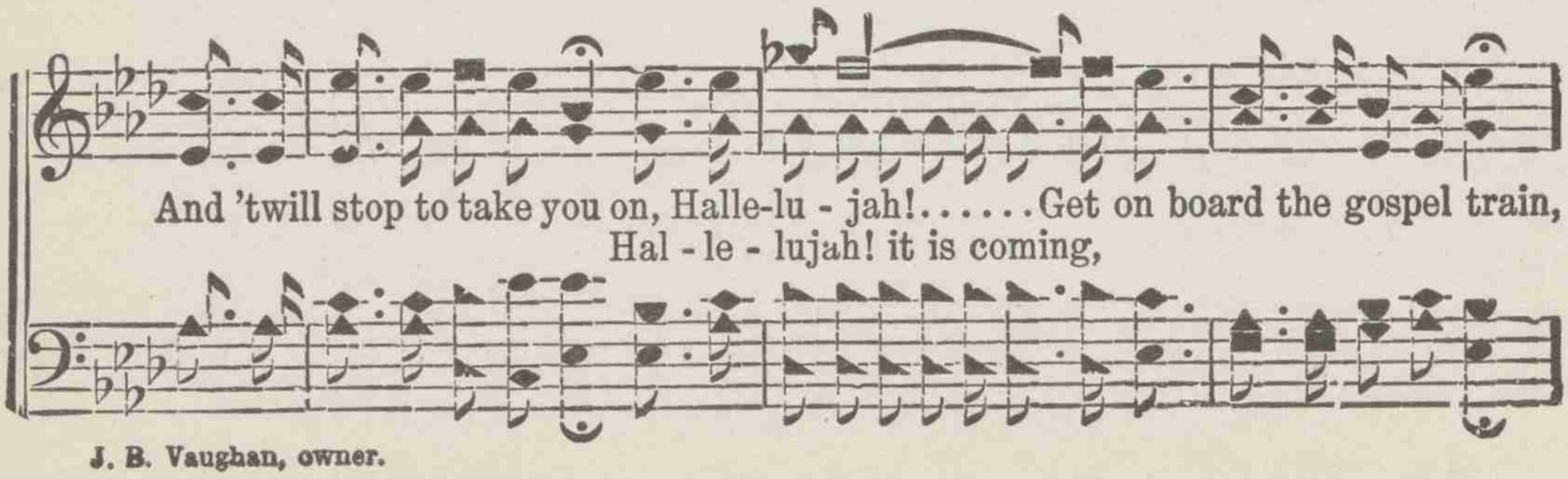


But I'm read-y at the sta - tion, And on time to make the run.
When we board the train for heaven Rid - ing to the spir - it land.
'Tis the on - ly pas-sage need- ed On the glorious gos - pel train.

CHORUS.



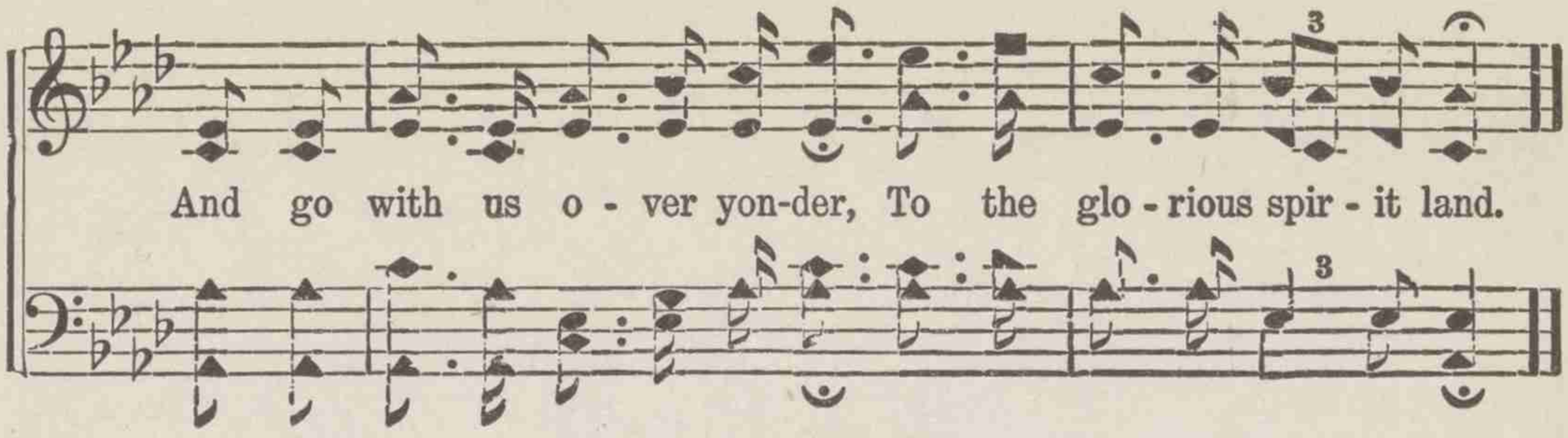
Hal - le - lu - jah!.... hear the glad triumphant song, 'Tis the gospel train approaching,
Hal - le-lujah! it is coming,



And 'twill stop to take you on, Halle-lu - jah!.....Get on board the gospel train,
Hal - le - lujah! it is coming,

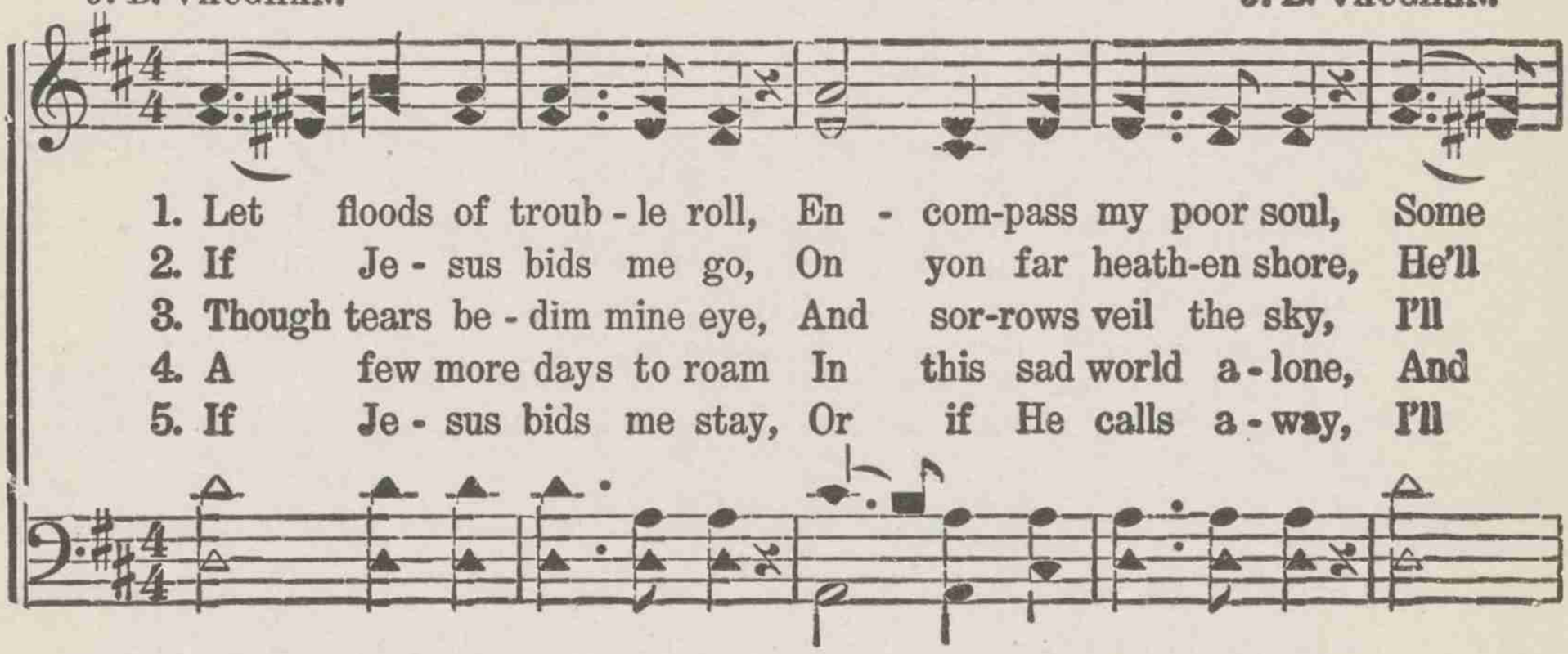
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

The Gospel Train. Concluded.



No. 60. His Will Be Done.

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



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 61. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Rock..... of A - - ges, cleft..... for me,
2. Not..... the la - - bors of..... my hands
3. Noth - ing in..... my hand..... I bring,
4. While..... I draw..... this fleet - ing breath,

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Let..... me hide..... my - self..... in Thee;
Can..... ful - fill..... Thy law's..... de - mands;
Sim - ply to..... Thy cross..... I cling;
When..... my eye - lids close..... in death.

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Let..... the wa - - ter and..... the blood,
Could..... my zeal ..... no re - - spite know
Nak - ed, come..... to thee..... for dress;
When..... I soar.....through tracts..... un - known
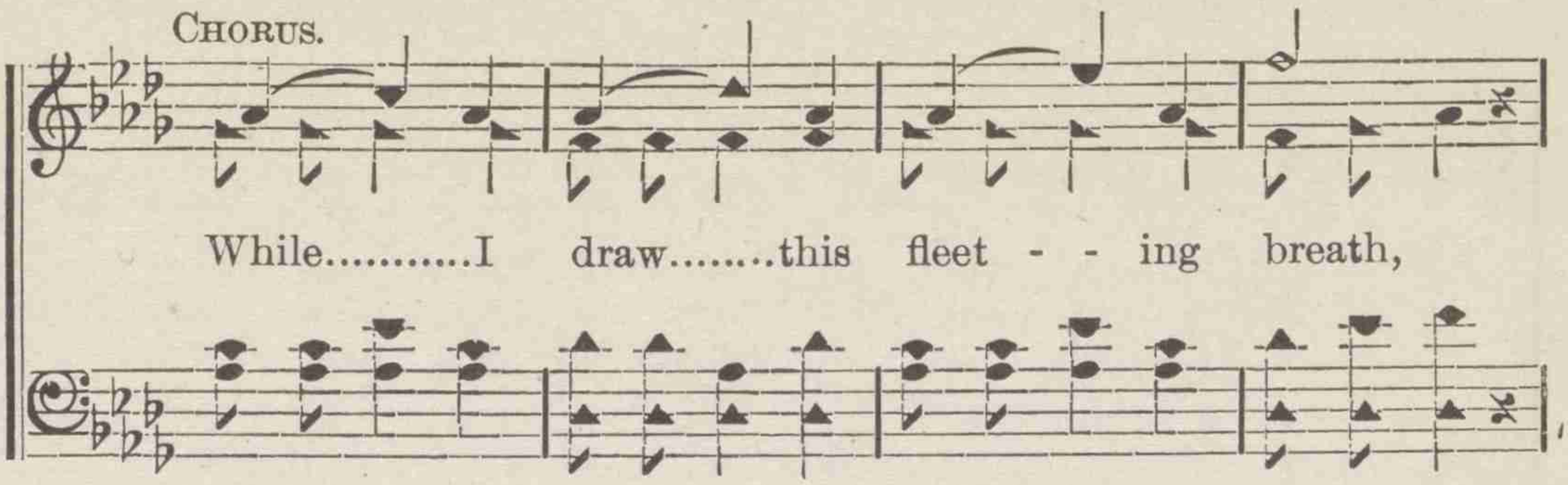
Let the wa - ter and the blood, Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From..... Thy riv - - en side..... which flowed,
Could..... my tears..... for - ev - - er flow,
Help - - less, look..... to Thee..... for grace;
See..... Thee on..... Thy judg - ment throne,

From Thy riven side which flowed From Thy riv - en side which flowed.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Rock of Ages. (Concluded.)



No. 62. Oh, Don't You Want To Go?

JOSEPH BROOKSHERE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am think - ing of the loved ones, who have gone to heav'n a - bove, Bless - ed home,..... hap - py
2. Oh! my soul doth long to meet them and their song of prais - es sing, Bless - ed home,..... hap - py
3. I shall weep no more up yon - der, for there'll be no sor - row there, Bless - ed home,..... hap - py

Blessed home,
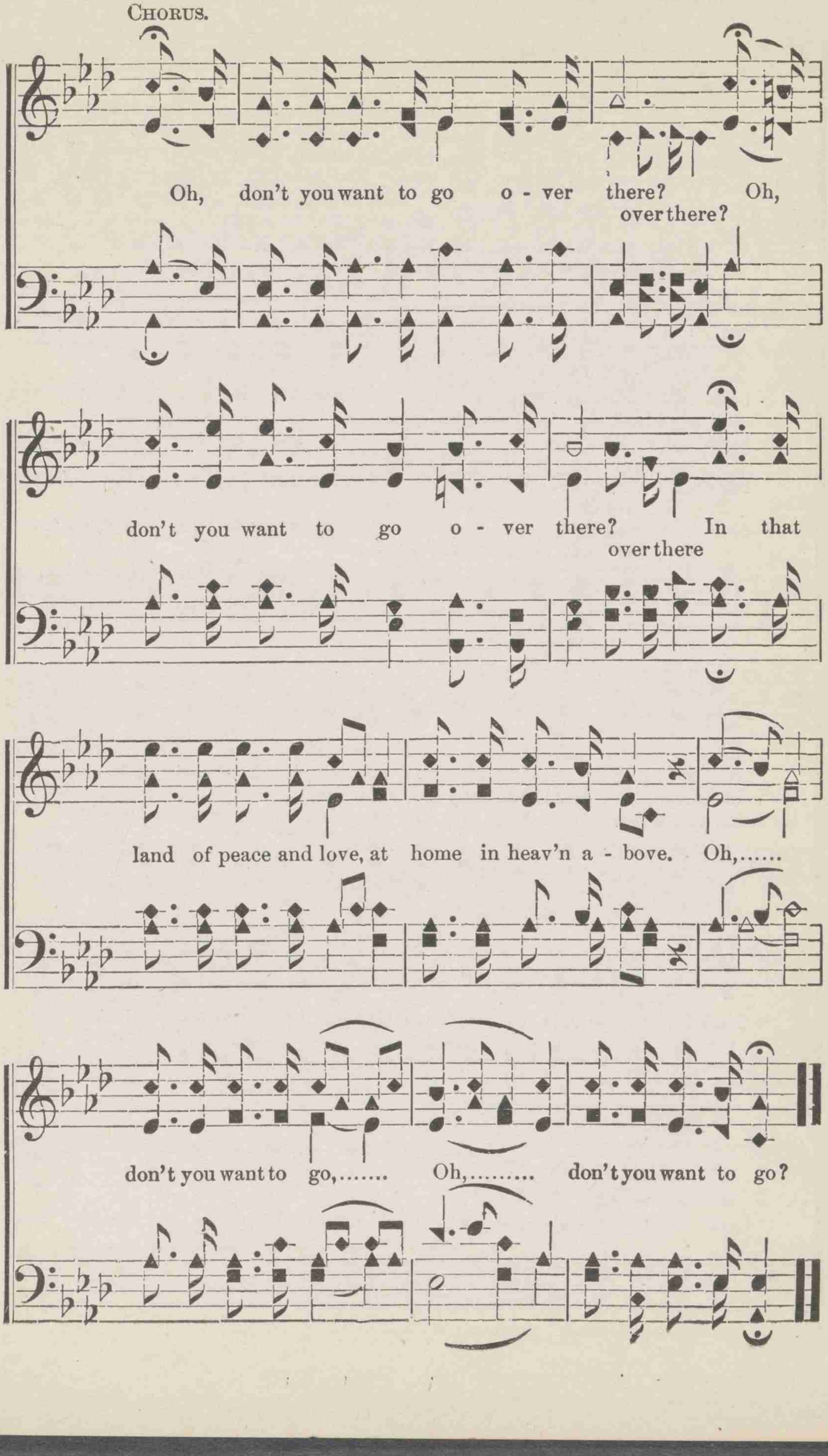
home, They are drink - ing at the Foun - tain in that
home, I shall sing and shout for - ev - er make the
home, Don't you want to go to glo - ry, and a

land of peace and love, Bless - ed home,..... hap - py home.
heav'n - ly arch - es ring, Bless - ed home,..... hap - py home.
crown of glo - ry wear? Bless - ed home,..... hap - py home.

J. B VAUGHAN, owner.

Oh, Don't You Want To Go? (Concluded.)

CHORUS.



No. 63. DON'T LET IT BE SAID TOO LATE.

First Stanza and Chorus by W. D. EVRIDGE.
Last three Stanzas by STELLA ADAMS.

W. D. EVRIDGE.

1. Don't let it be said, too late, wea-ry sin - ner, Start now for that beautiful home so fair;.....
2. Don't let it be said, too late, wea-ry sin - ner, The Sav-iour is call-ing you that beau - ti - ful home so fair;
3. Don't let it be said, too late, wea-ry sin - ner, Come humbly and learn of the home to - day;.....
4. Oh! how can you long-er stay, wea-ry sin - ner, Out in the lone desert so is call - ing you home to - day;

Come, hav - ing a con-trite heart.
Oh! list - en, and yield at once
Oh! will you for - sake your sins
Come, wash in the pre-cious fount-

Sav - iour's love;..... learn of the Sav-iour's love;
dark and cold?..... des - ert so dark and drear;

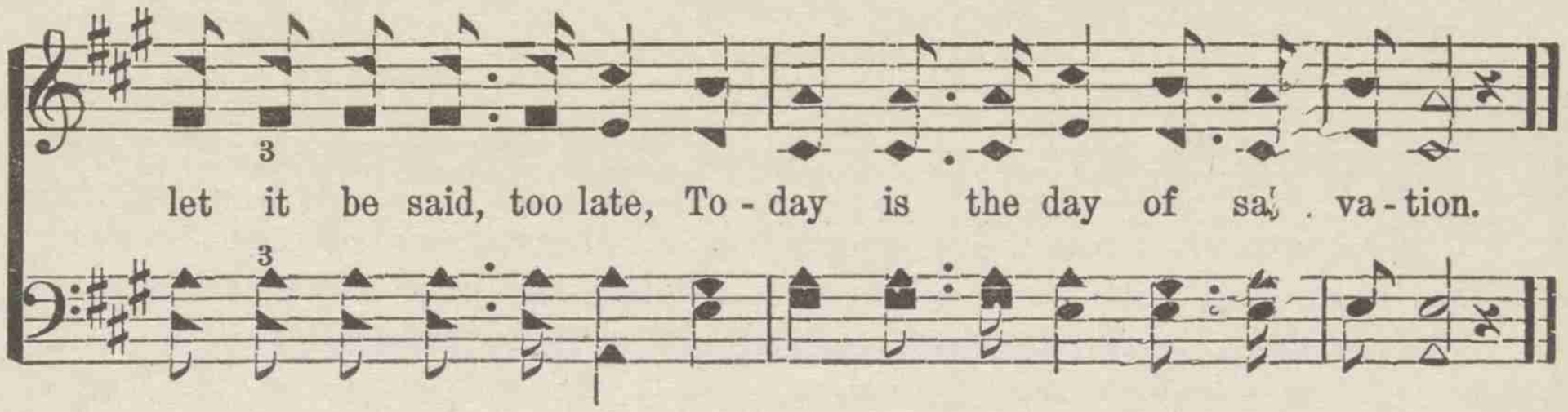
ful - ly trust - ing, And Je - sus will help you your bur-dens bear.
to His plead - ing, And turn you no long - er from Him a - way.
at this mo - ment, And seek the fair cit - y of God a - bove?
ain that's flow - ing; And live in Thy bless-ed Re-deem - er's fold.

CHORUS.

Don't let it be said too late (too late), don't let it be said too late, But hark to the in - vi - ta-tion! Don't let it be said too late (too late), don't
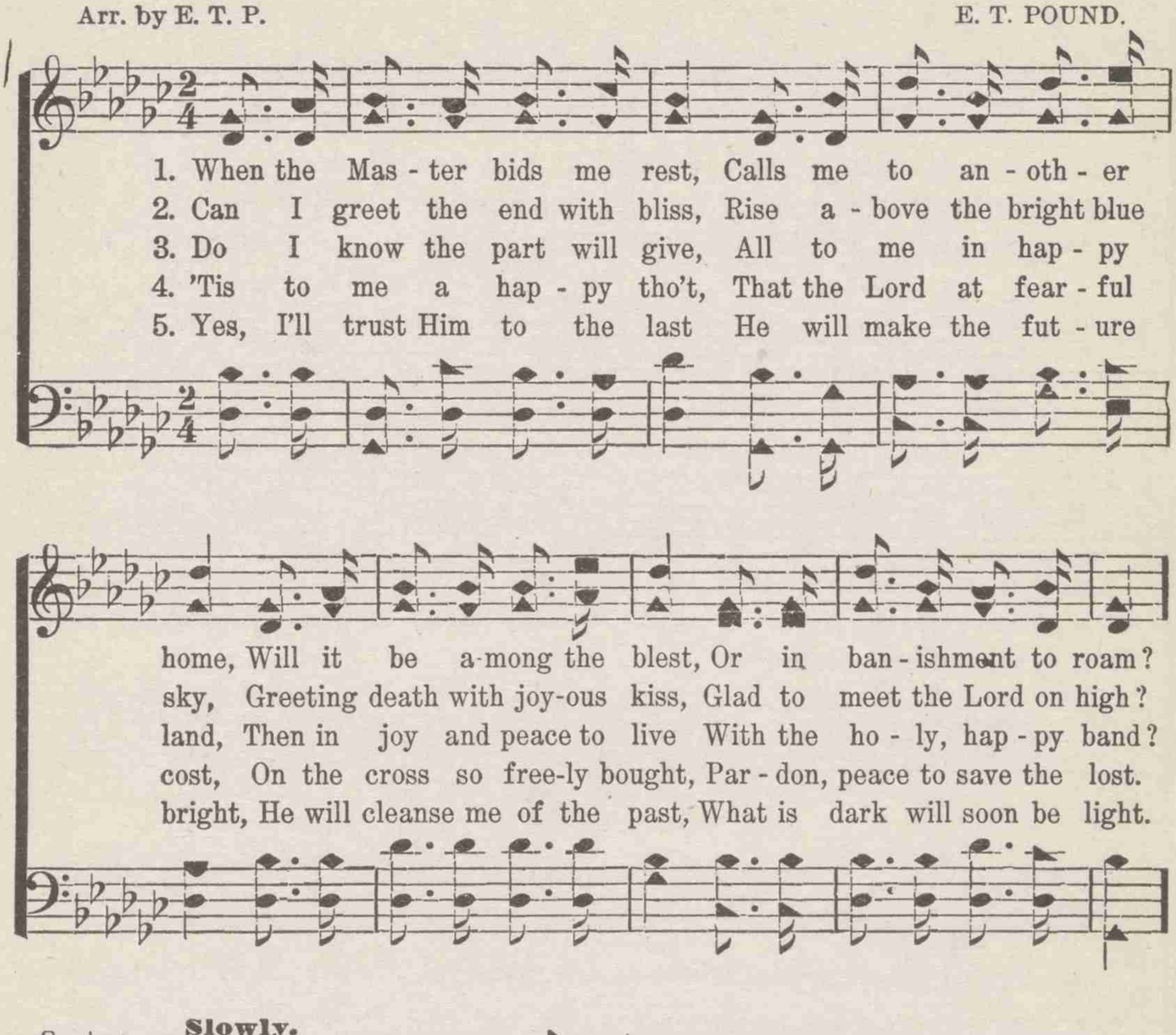
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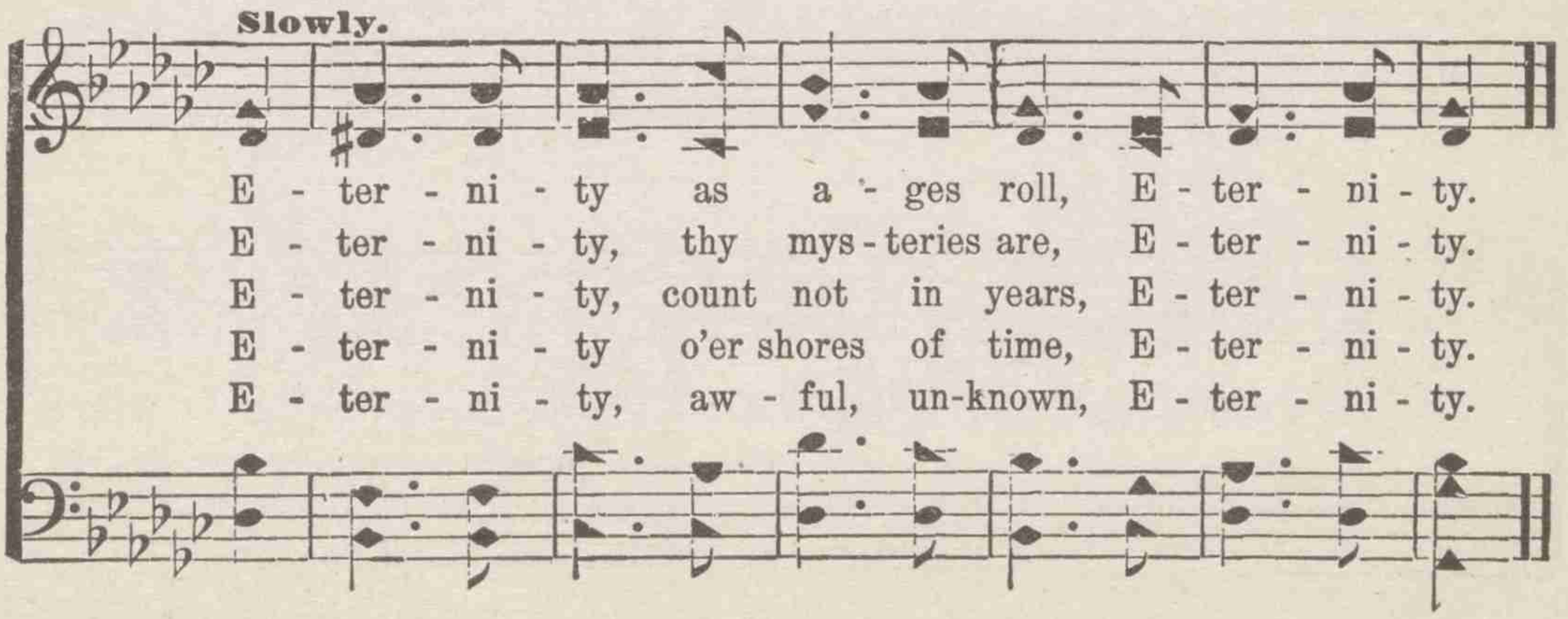
DON'T LET IT BE SAID TOO LATE. Concluded.



No. 64. WHAT WILL IT BE IN ETERNITY.

Arr. by E. T. P. E. T. POUND.





No. 65. When All the Singers Get Home.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. My broth-er, awake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re-
2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of the beauty, That a-waits the re-
3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav-ior shall

un-ion will come; Then, O what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each other,

REFRAIN.

When all redeemed singers get home.
For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, O what a wonder-ful
When all redeemed singers get home.

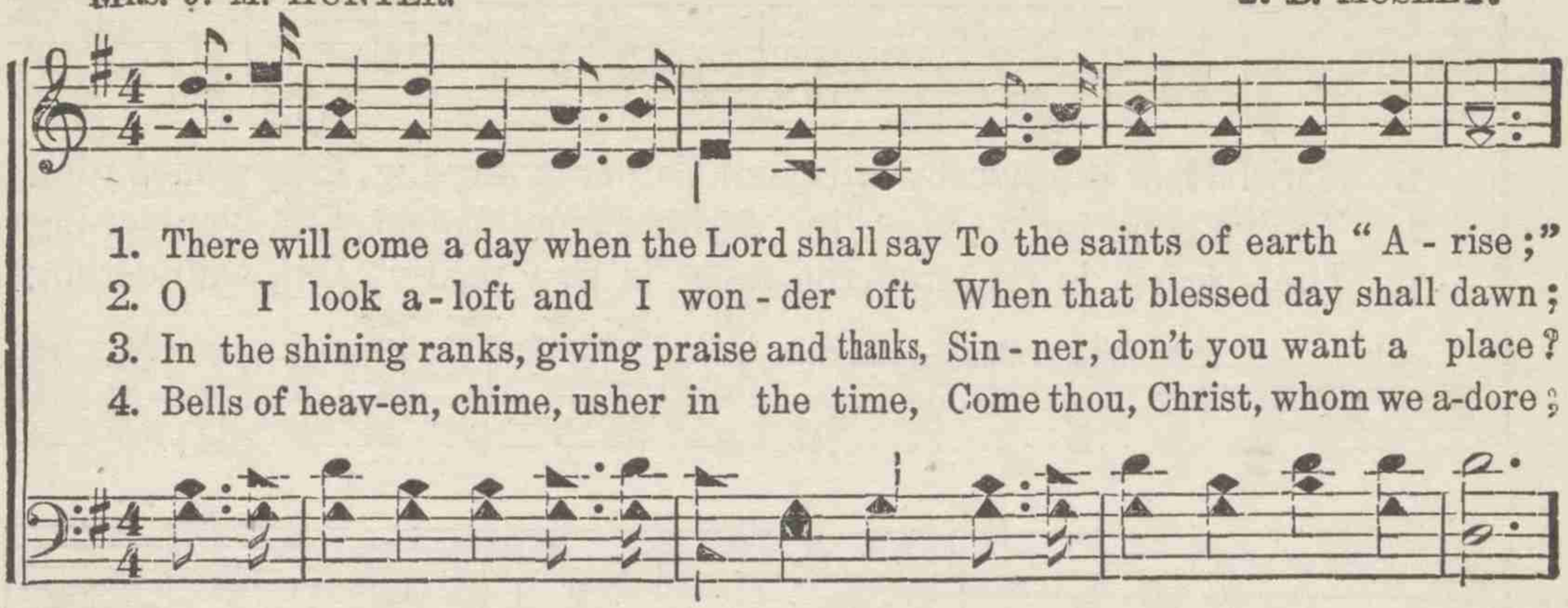
wonder-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

un-ion, thro' a-ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.

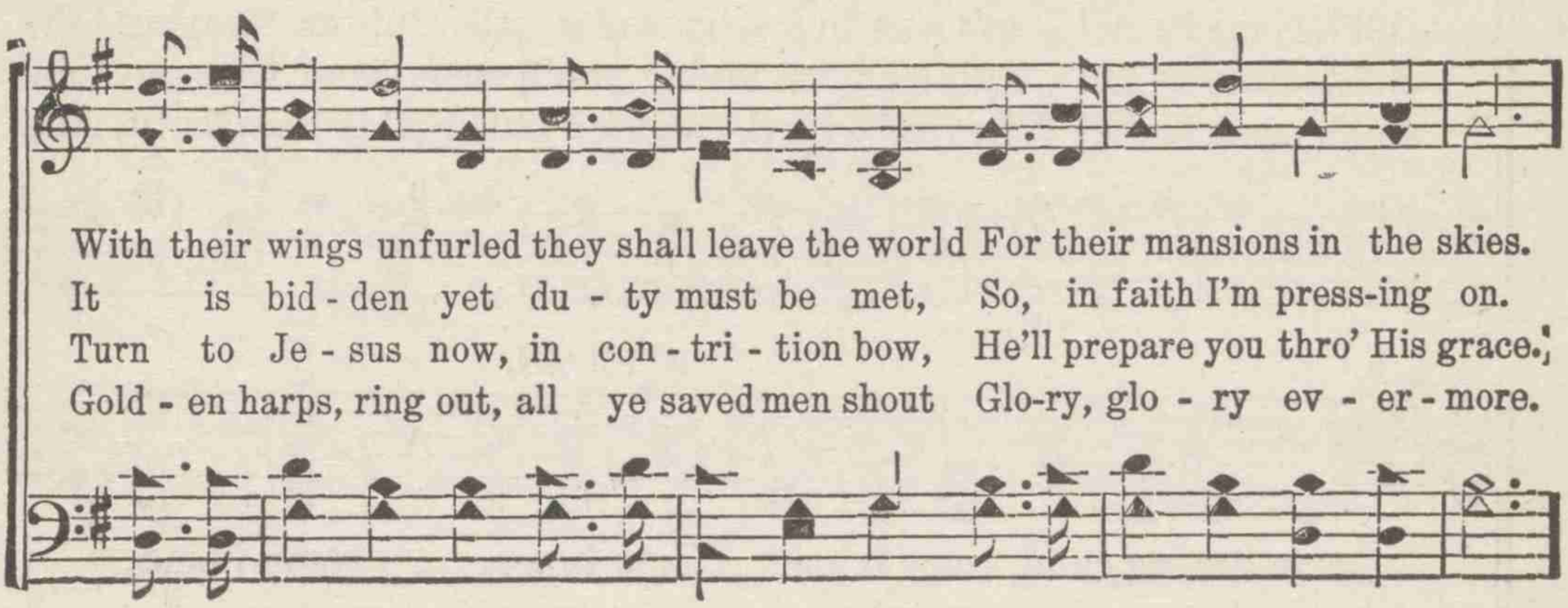
No. 66. The Great Glad Day.

(Title and first stanza, T. B. M.)

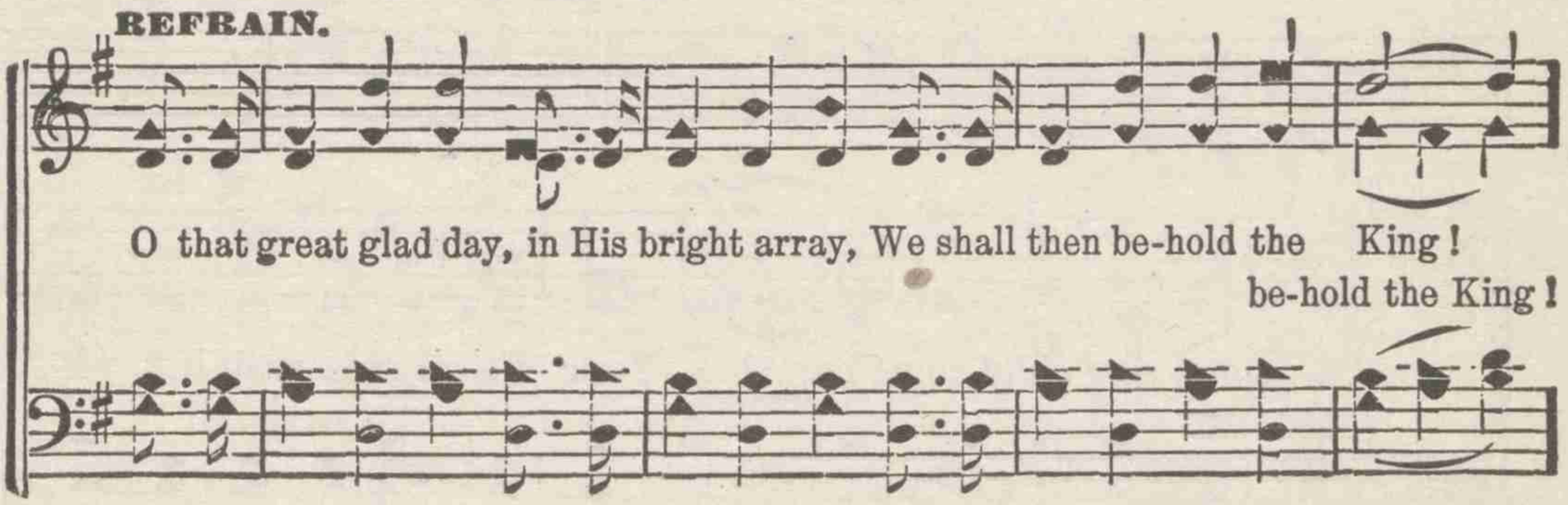
MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. B. MOSLEY.
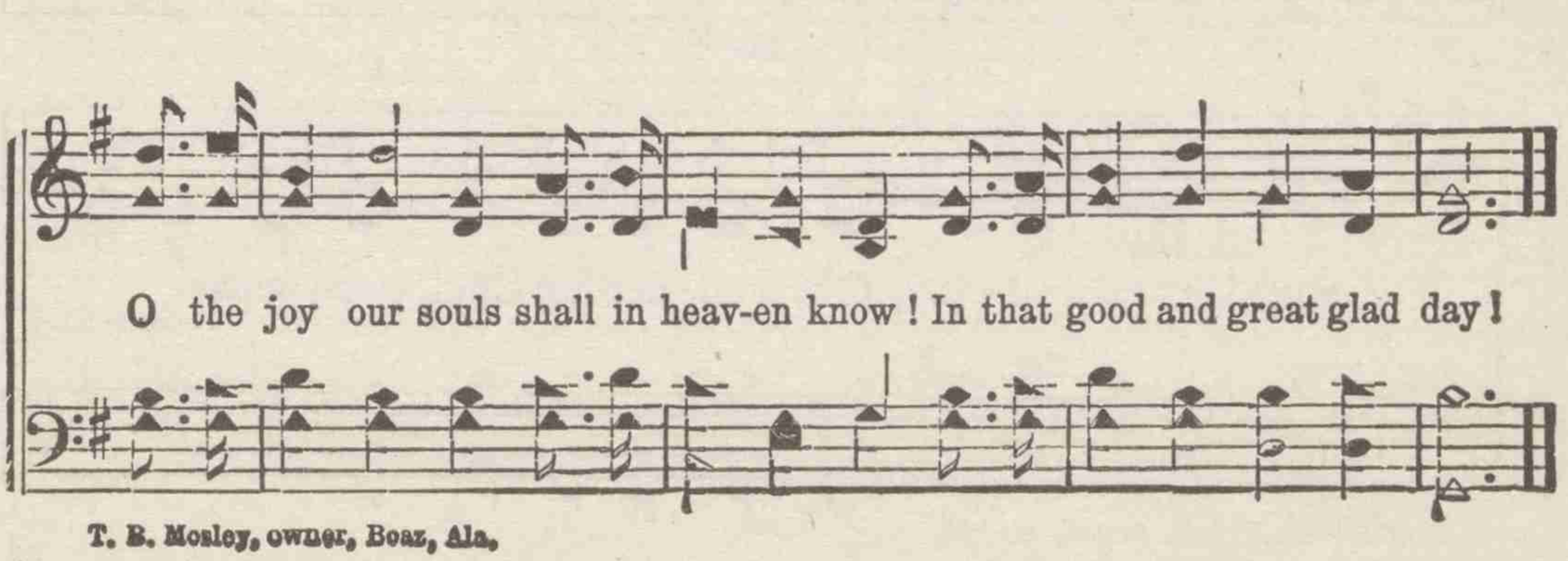


1. There will come a day when the Lord shall say To the saints of earth "A - rise;"
2. O I look a - loft and I won - der oft When that blessed day shall dawn;
3. In the shining ranks, giving praise and thanks, Sin - ner, don't you want a place?
4. Bells of heav-en, chime, usher in the time, Come thou, Christ, whom we a-dore;



With their wings unfurled they shall leave the world For their mansions in the skies.
It is bid - den yet du - ty must be met, So, in faith I'm press-ing on.
Turn to Je - sus now, in con - tri - tion bow, He'll prepare you thro' His grace.
Gold - en harps, ring out, all ye saved men shout Glo-ry, glo - ry ev - er - more.



O that great glad day, in His bright array, We shall then be-hold the King!
be-hold the King!



O the joy our souls shall in heav-en know! In that good and great glad day!

T. B. Mosley, owner, Boaz, Ala.

No. 67 Wandering Child, Come Home.

J. L. M.
Good as a solo.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Hark! Hear the sweet words your Father is say-ing, Oh, wan-der-ing
2. You've gone far a - way in darkness and danger, Oh, wan-der-ing
3. The feast is prepared, the robe is now read-y, Oh, wan-der-ing

child, come home! There's room in my house for all of the straying, Oh,
child, come home! Oh, come back to-day, you'll soon die of hun-ger, Oh,
child, come home! Why feed with the swine? your Father has plenty, And

REFRAIN.

wan-der-ing child, come home! Come home, come home,
wan-der-ing child, come home!
bids you to - day, come home!

Come home, my child, come home, come home,

Oh, wand'ring child, come home! Your Fa - ther is wait-ing, yes,

anx - ious-ly wait - ing, Oh, wan - der-ing child, come home!

come home!

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No. 68. Mother and Home.

Earnestly dedicated to our mothers.

Words and music by W. J. LANEY.

With feeling.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

rit.

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

No. 69. Beautiful Home Somewhere.

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

DUET.

1. Oft - en I've heard of heav - en, won- der-ful country some-where,
2. Oft - en we sing the sto - ry, beau - ti- ful sto- ry so sweet,
3. Oft - en I dream of glo - ry, vis - ions so love- ly and fair,

Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of glo - ry, land of de- light so fair;
Oft - en we hear of its glo - ry— where the redeem'd ones meet,
I am so hap - py in Je - sus, long-ing to be up there:

E - den, sweet home up yon - der, Je - sus has gone to pre -
Wait - ing till Je - sus calls me, then I shall rest with the
Bless - ed Re- deem - er's com - ing, then I shall go to that

pare us a home, Sweet home, I shall soon be there.
good and the blest, My glo - ry will be com - plete.
beau - ti - ful shore, For - ev - er at home some - where.

CHORUS.

Home o - ver yon - der, Beau - ti - ful home some- where,.....
Home o - ver yonder some-where, Won-der-ful home my beau-ti-ful home,

Oh,..... ..... beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
Beau- ti - ful, won-der-ful, beau-ti - ful home,

home,..... Some day I shall reach my sweet home.....
beau- ti - ful home, sweet home.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 70 BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SOMEWHERE

"And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick."—Isa. 33: 24.

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

1. I have heard of a home in the re-gions a - bove, That my
2. There's a beau-ti - ful song they are sing-ing up there; 'Tis the
3. Ma - ny loved ones have gone to that land of sweet rest; There's no

Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare; Oh, I long to go home, where the
song of re-demp-tion I hear; When I get to that home, 'twill be
trou - ble or sor-row to fear; They are singing sweet songs in the

D. S. *Where the pure and the blest, ev - er*

loved ones have gone, In the beau - ti - ful gol-den some - where.
sweet then to roam In the beau - ti - ful gol-den some - where.
heav - en - ly throng, In the beau - ti - ful gol-den some - where.

more there shall rest, In the beau - ti - ful gol - den some - where.

CHORUS. D. S.

Beau - ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home, How I long to be there,

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

No. 71. Write My Name Up There.

NINA CLARKE. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. In the realms a - bove Write it down in love, In the
2. Would you have your name, Far a - bove world's fame? Have it
3. In the judg-ment day, All will pass a - way, Save what's

Lamb's own book let me see; On a page so fair, O re -
writ - ten then up in Heav'n; Let the whole world know, That you're
writ - ten down in God's book; Keep your name then clear, By your

cord it there, Write a name that stands for me.
white as snow, And your life to God's been giv'n.
ac - tions here, To this end my broth - er look.

REFRAIN.

Write a name that stands for me, Write a name that stands for me;
that stands for me, that stands for me,

I re - joice to see, In that book that He Writes a glorious name for me.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 72. TURN YE TO JESUS.

IDA L. REED. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, sinner, the har-vest is pass-ing, The summer is gliding a - way,
2. The Lord of the har-vest is wait-ing, To bless and to gath-er you in,
3. Oh, sinner, the har-vest is pass-ing, The summer will shortly be o'er,

Soon all of earth's sheaves will be garnered, Oh, turn ye to Je - sus to - day.
The arms of His love there to shel-ter, Your soul from the blightings of sin.
Come now to the ranks of the bless-ed, For Je- sus may call you no more.

CHORUS.

Turn ye to Je - sus, oh, turn ye to- day, Why will ye ling - er, oh,

why will ye die? Oh, turn, turn ye to- day, Turn ye to Je-sus to - day.

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No. 73. Christ Does Redeem.

C. P. G. C. P. GARDNER. Cho. by J. B. V.

1. My Lord will say to me "well done," And I in
2. When I get home, at home of rest, To dwell with
3. Poor sin - ner, come and go with me, And we shall

sin no more will roam, He'll give to me a star - ry crown,
all the good and blest, Where Je-sus has prepared for me,
ev - er hap - py be; The Lord will say, dear one, "well done,

When I am safe - ly housed at home. And then up
A man - sion, where I soon shall be. I oft - en
To save your soul I gave my Son." And then up

there I'll sing the song, With that e - ter - nal heav'nly
sing and long to be, At home be - yond the jas - per
there, thro' end - less days, I'll sing my bless - ed Savi-or's

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Christ Does Redeem. Concluded.

throng; Just as I am will be my theme, Christ can and
sea; Ere long I'll see that home a - bove, Where all is
praise; Just as I am will be my theme, Christ can and

CHORUS.

will and does re - deem.
peace and per - fect love. Just as I am will be my
will and does re - deem.

theme, Christ can and will and does re - deem; Just as I

am shall be my song When I a - wake in yon-der throng.

No. 74 Where the Blood Can Heal!

"Yea, when thou hast tried all else but to fail, Make you yet, still the one appeal,
With a faith that's strong in the sentence sure, "You must come where the blood can heal."

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

1. Do you seek re - lief for your sin-sick soul? You to Christ, then, must make ap-peal, There's no other one who can make you whole, You must
2. Vain are all your hopes of an - oth - er cure, Be per-suad-ed, you now, to feel, Help a-lone, thro' Christ, that you can secure, You must
3. Oth - er proffered aids can but you de-ceive, At your will, un - to life, they steal! You must look to Christ if you'd hope receive, You must
4. Hear you not? 'tis there a de - coy-ing voice, Striving ev - er, to quench thy zeal, Would you from Him turn, refuge safe to find, You must
5. If you would a-rise from your bed of pain, To the coun-sel of Christ then kneel, 'Tis prescribed by Him, and, your only hope, You must

REFRAIN. May repeat softly.

come where the blood can heal! You must come where the blood can heal,
You must come where the blood can heal, There's no oth - er one
who can make you whole, You must come where the blood can heal!

Text stanza may be used with the music.

Copyright, 1905, by F. L. Eiland.

No. 75. FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Look away from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares weary one look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no sorrow can come,
2. Tho' the burdens of life may be heavy to bear, And your crosses and tri - als se- vere; There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is beckon-ing come,
3. 'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles and strife, Bravely onward your jour-ney pur-sue; Look a-way from the cross to the glit-tering crown,

CHORUS.

And where pleasures will never de - cay.
And no heart-aches and sighings are there. Look away, look a-
That's a-wait-ing in heav-en for you. Weary one, look away from the

way, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, Look a-
cross to the crown, glittering crown, Weary

way, look a-way, From the cross to the glittering crown.
one, look away, From the cross to the crown,

By per. of F. L. Eiland.

No. 76. SEND THE TIDINGS!

F. L. EILAND. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Send the tid - ings of sal-va-tion, O'er the land and o'er the sea,
2. Send them on in spir - it pow - er, And the Lord their course will bless,
2. Send them quickly, send them gladly, Send them far and send them wide,

That the na-tions now in bond-age, May ac - cept the lib - er - ty,
Turn - ing man from his transgression, To a life of hol - li - ness,
Glo - rious tid - ings of sal - va-tion, Thro' the Christ, the cru-ci - fied;

That, the Christ, from sin hath purchased, And is of - fer - ing to - day,
Where the glorious light of heav - en, Ev - er - more may shine with-in,
That the trembling, anxious sin - ner, Shall, in all the world a - round,

Un - to ev - 'ry soul that's will-ing, His commandings to o - bey!
And the joy of full re-demp-tion, Can the hap - py soul be - gin!
Know that on - ly, 'tis in Je - sus, That his par - don can be found!

REFRAIN.

Send the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Send them

Send the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, of sal - va - tion,

Send the tid - ings of sal - va - tion,

Copyright, 1907, by F. L. Eiland. Used by per.

SEND THE TIDINGS! Concluded.

o'er the land and sea, Send them, brother,

Send them o'er the land and sea, o'er land and sea, Send them, brother, Send

Send them o'er the land and sea, Send them, broth-

Send them on-ward, That the bond-ed soul be free, from sin be free;

them onward, send them onward, That the bonded soul be free; be free...

er, send them on-ward,

Yes, proclaim them from the hill-tops, Pub-lish

..... Yes, proclaim them from the hill-tops, from the hill-tops,

Yes, pro-claim them from the hill-tops,

lib-er-ty for all, Send them east-ward,

Pub-lish lib-er-ty for all, Pub-lish lib-er-ty, Send them eastward, send

Pub-lish lib-er-ty for all, Send them east-

send them westward; Till all men shall hear the call!

them westward, send them, brother, Till all men shall hear the call!

ward, send them west-ward,

No. 77. WHEN JESUS COMES TO CROWN HIS OWN.

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

1. When Je - sus comes to crown His own, His faith-ful ones from sea to sea; O will there be one soul in that ce - les-tial home,
2. What would I do if Christ should come, And He should have no crown for me? I'd stand with trembling lips in si-lence all a - lone,
3. O burdened heart, why do you fear? There is a crown held out to thee; Reach forth thy hand in faith, some weeping heart go cheer,
4. Then toil while here for souls to win, Our days on earth are fleet-ing by; The world's the har-vest field, but heaven is the bin,

CHORUS.

A sparkling gem for me.
Without one sin - gle plea. There's a crown, there's a crown,
And sparkling gems you'll see.
Reward's be - yond the sky. laid up, laid up,

For the faith-ful, kind and true, There are sparkling
kind and true, There are gems, sparkling

gems be-yond the sky, Waiting to sparkle for me by and by.

Rit. 3

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

No. 78. STORM THE FORT.

Rev. J. B. VINTON. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Ho! my comrades see the sig - nal Je - sus waves on high;
2. See! the loft - y walls are frown-ing, Held by Sa - tan's pow'r;
3. See! the pro-phets now are show- ing How the fort must fall;
4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, How the end is near;

Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments are reel - ing; Hear our cap-tain's cry,
Sin enshrouds the world in dark - ness; Now's the storm-ing hour.
There is no such thing as fail - ing; Shout my comrades all.
On - ward leads our great com- mand - er; Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

CHORUS.
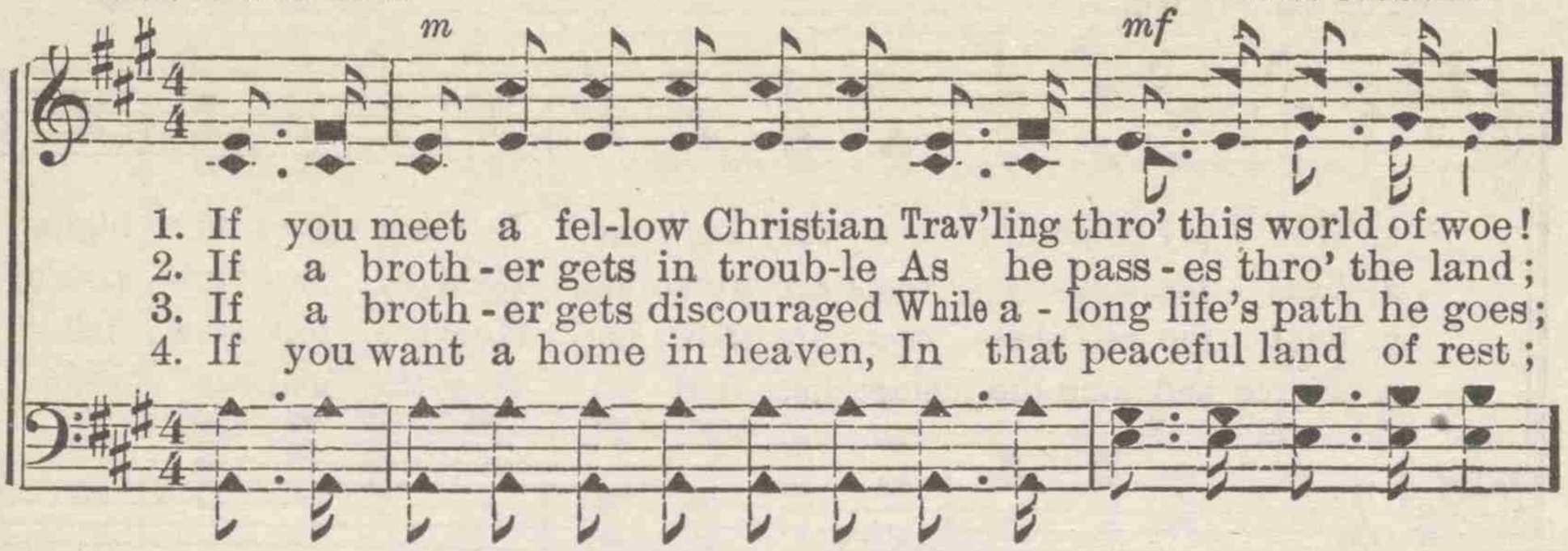
"Storm the fort! for I am lead - ing! I have shown you how!"

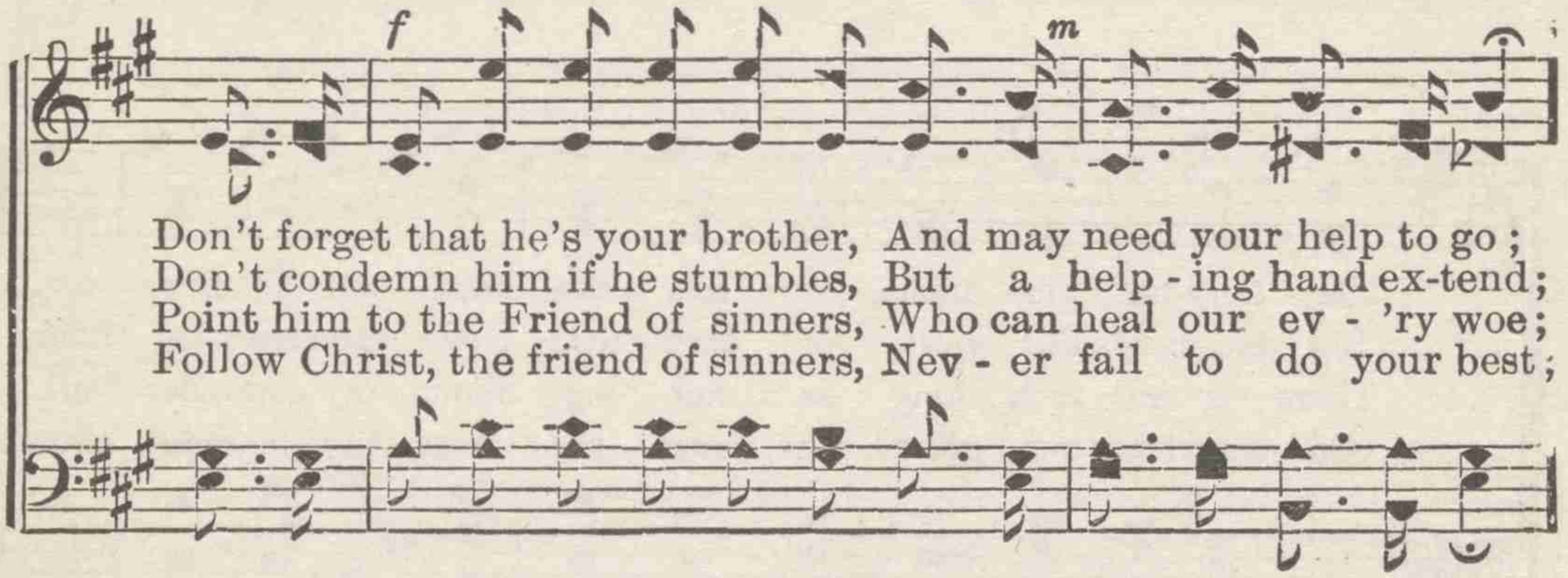
Shout the an - swer back to heav- en, "We are read - y now!"
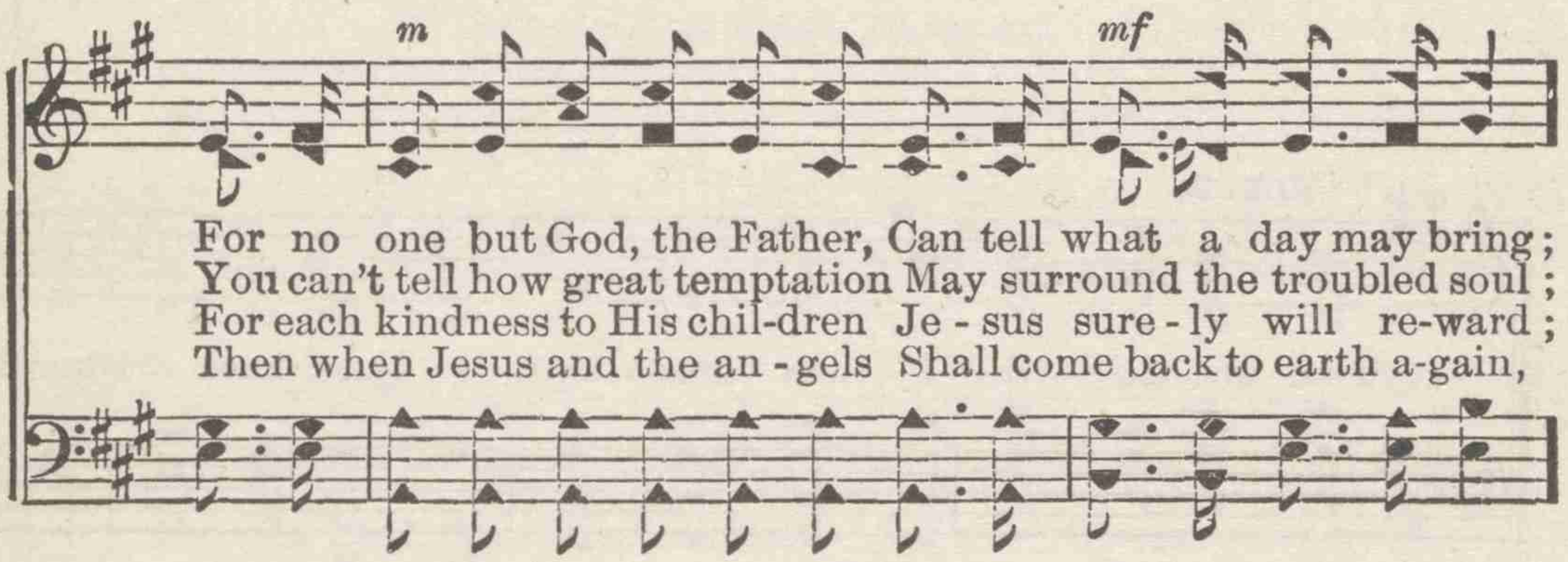
Copyright, 1891, by J. H. Tenney.
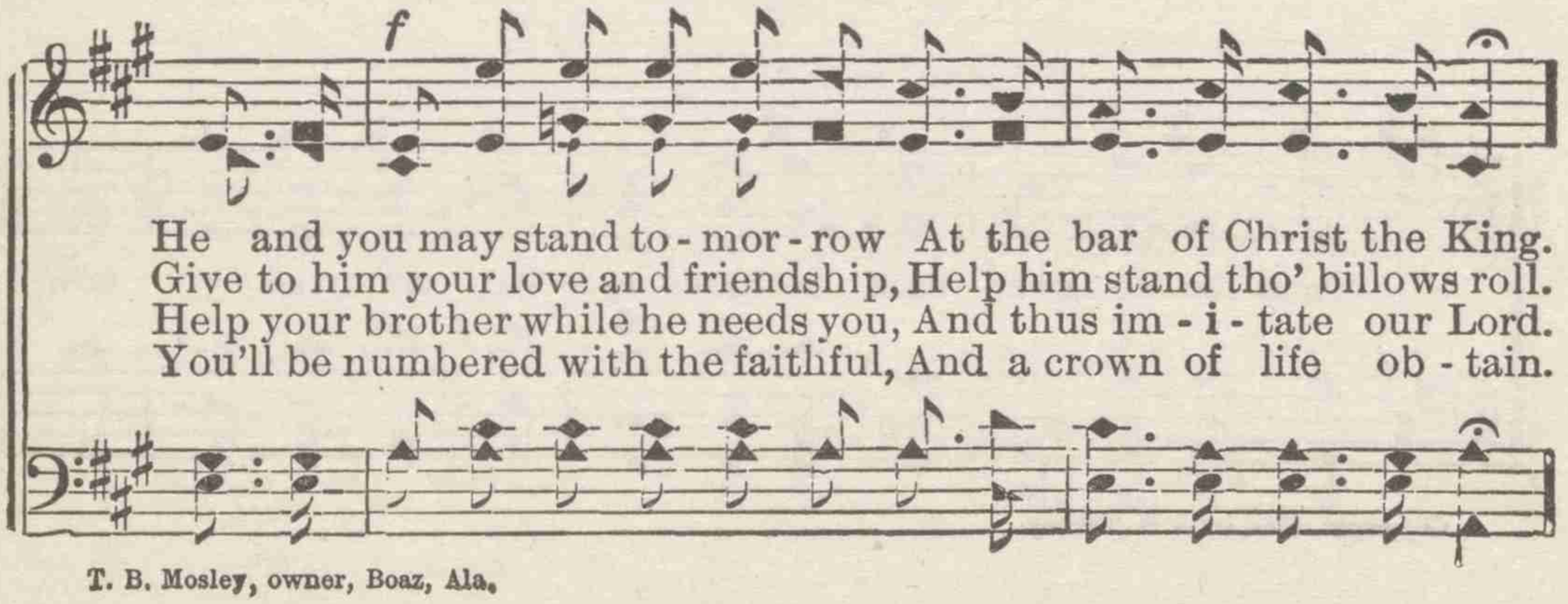
No. 79. Help Each Other To-day.

E. R. THOMPSON. T. B. MOSLEY.



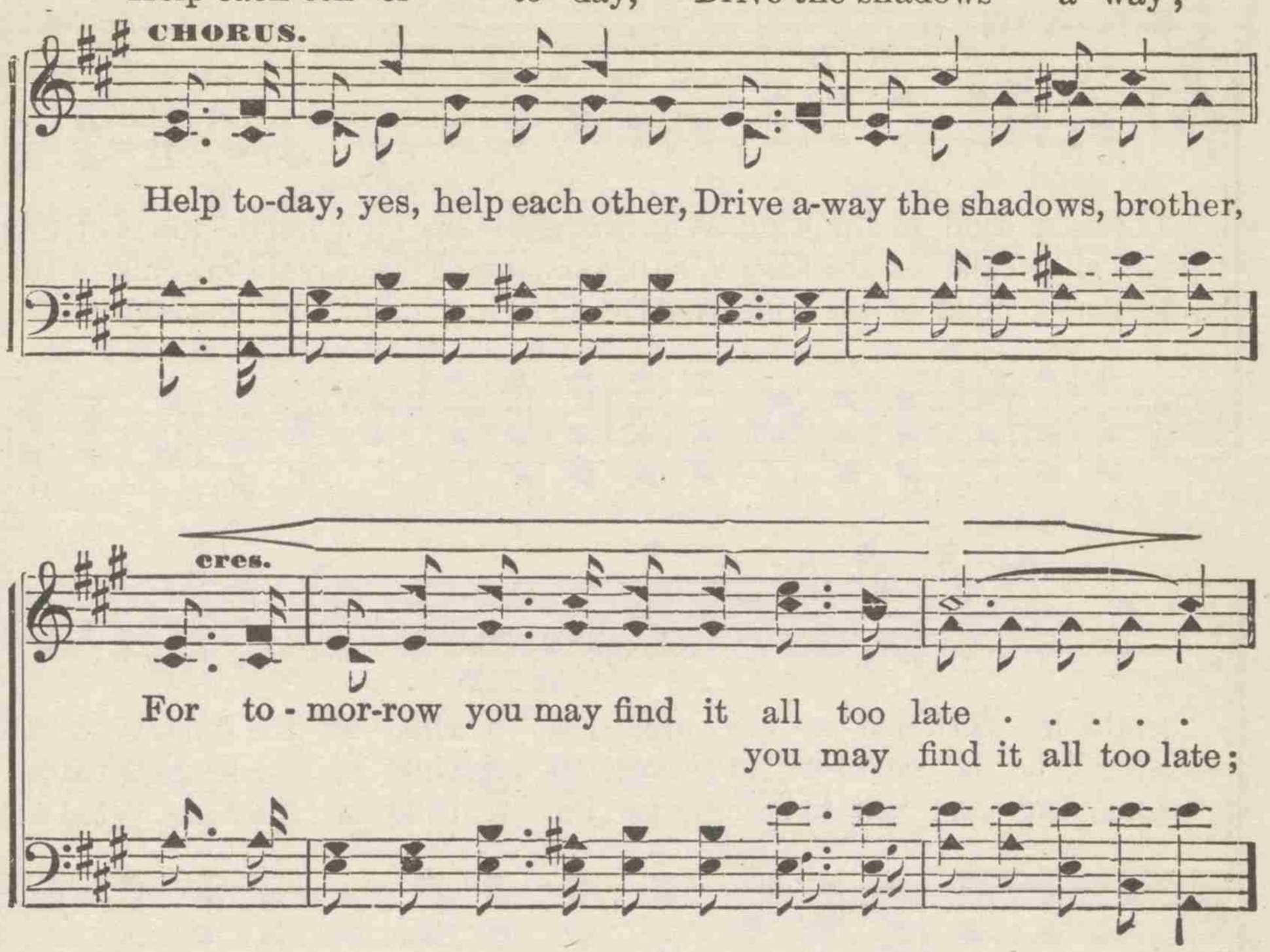






T. B. Mosley, owner, Boaz, Ala.
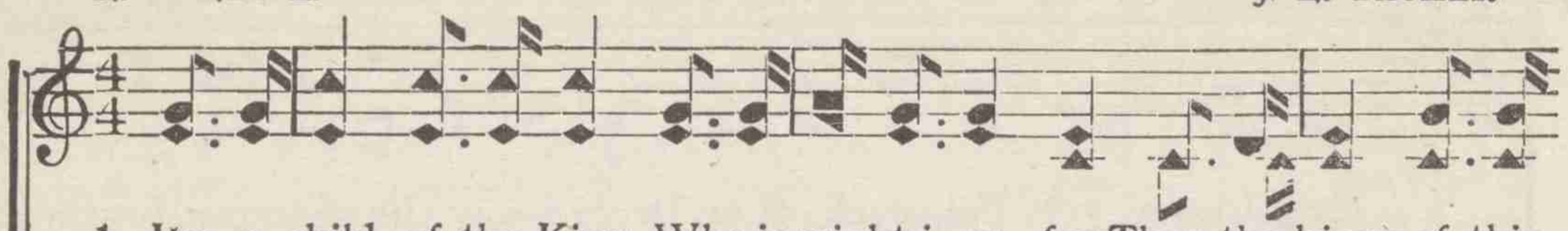
Help Each Other To-Day. Concluded.



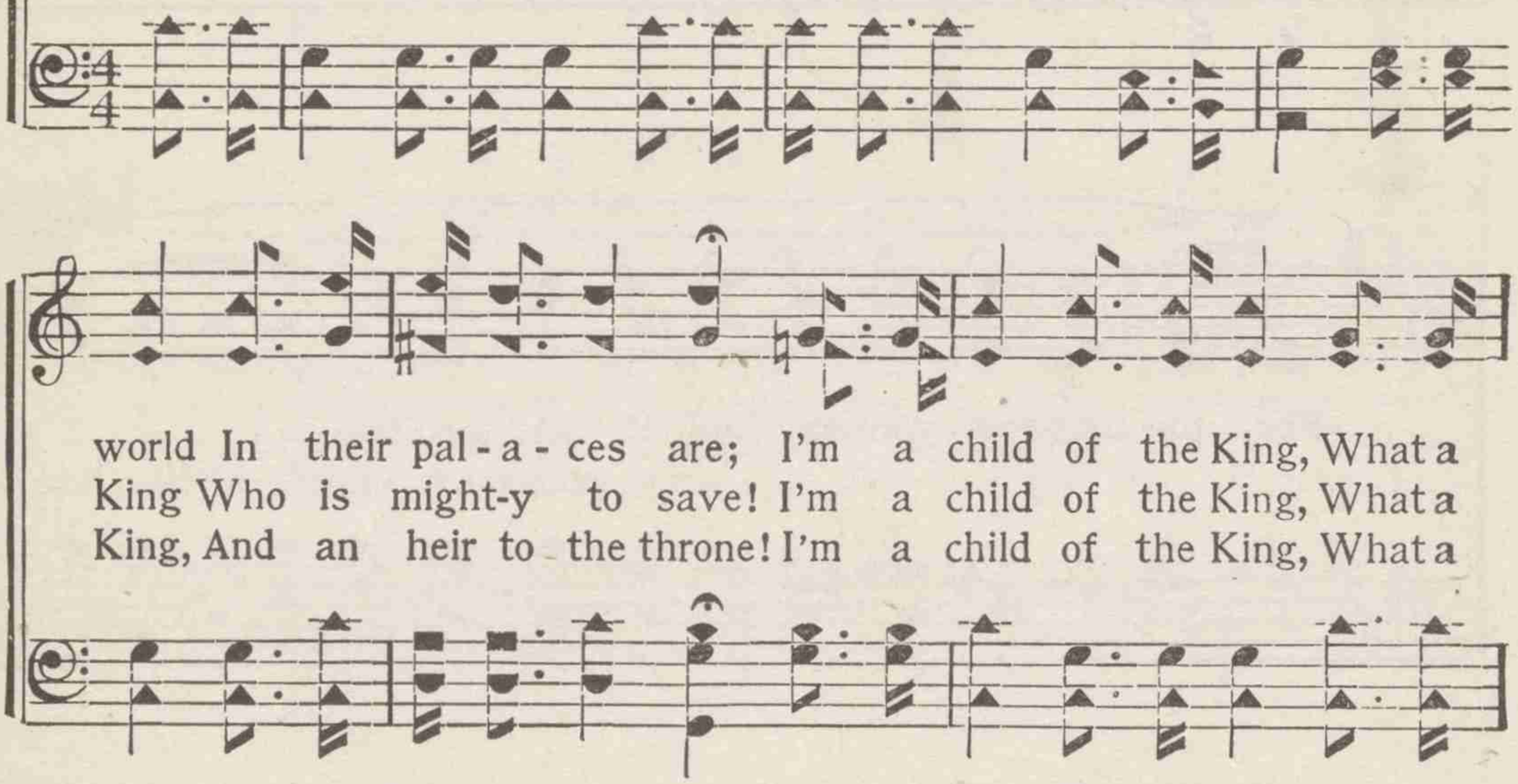
No. 80 I'M A CHILD OF THE KING.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!—1 JOHN 3: 2.

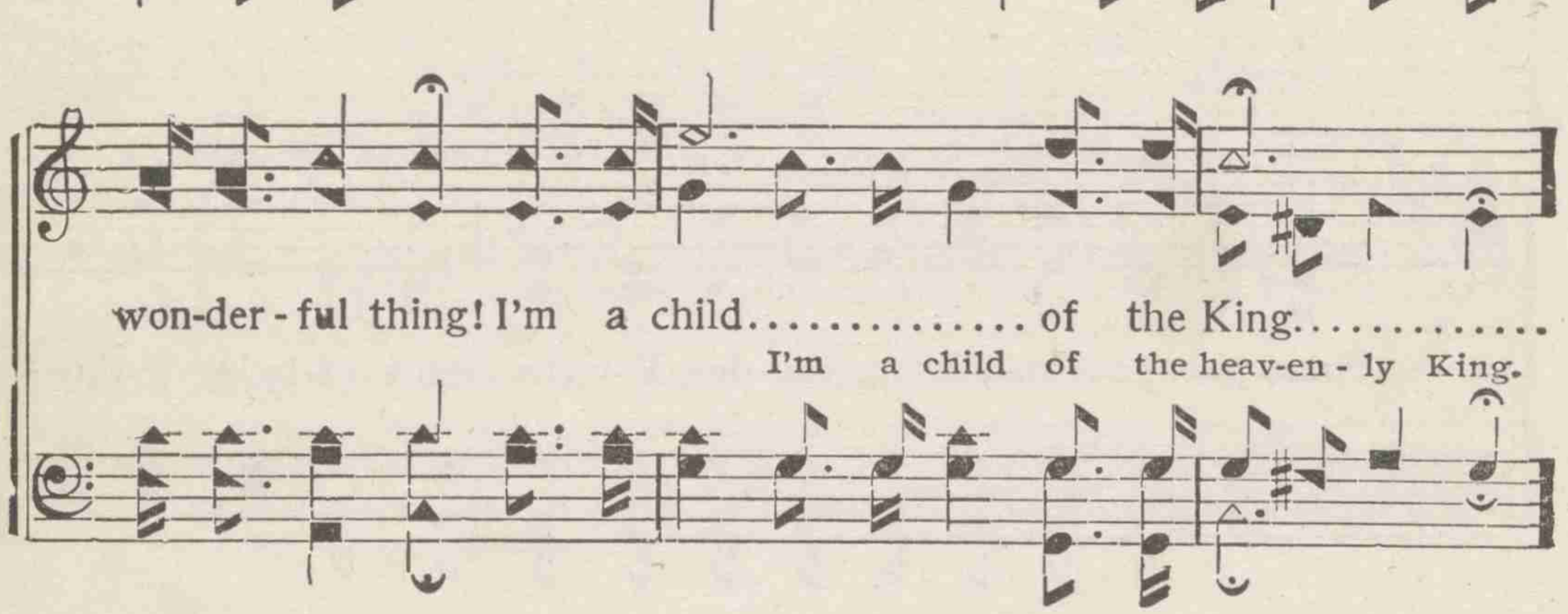
E. R. LATTA. J. E. THOMAS.
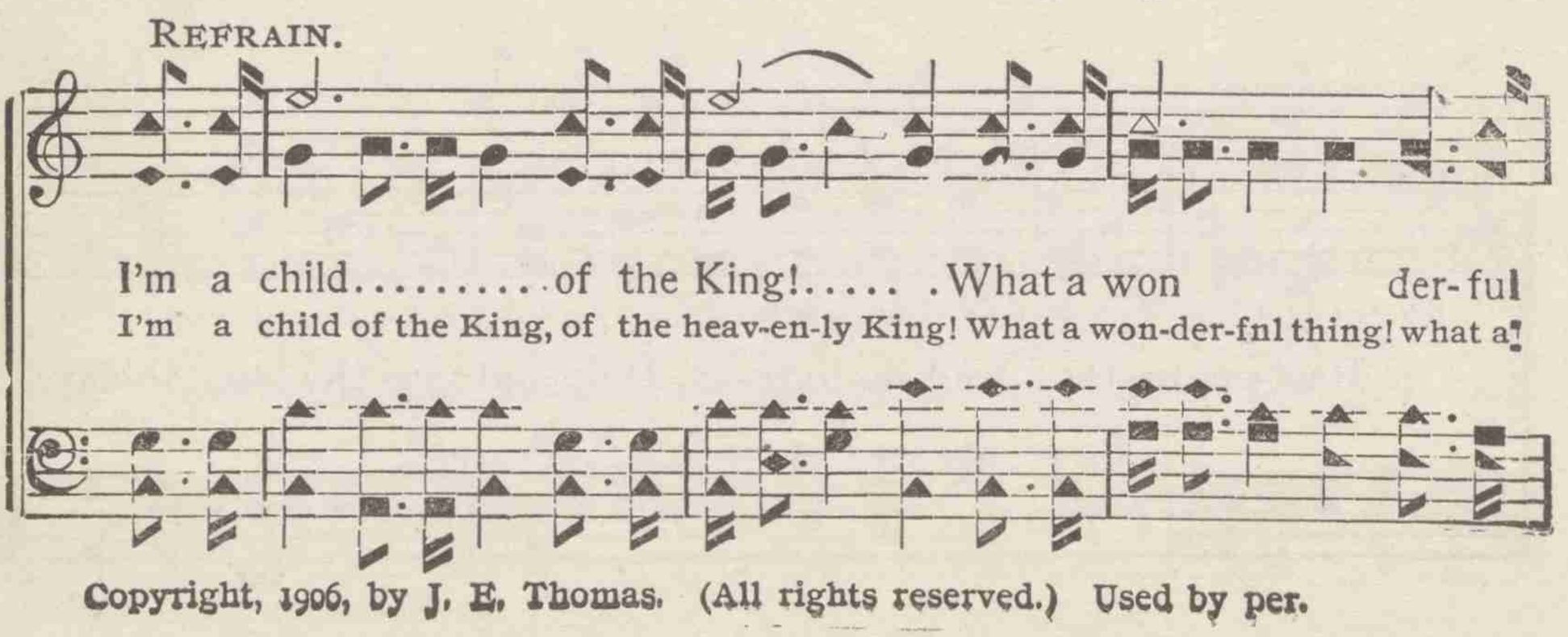


1. I'm a child of the King Who is might-i-er far Than the kings of this
2. I'm a child of the King Who has conquered the grave; I'm a child of the
3. I'm a child of the King, And His maj-es-ty own! I'm a child of the



world In their pal-a-ces are; I'm a child of the King, What a
King Who is might-y to save! I'm a child of the King, What a
King, And an heir to the throne! I'm a child of the King, What a



won-der-ful thing! I'm a child..... of the King.....
I'm a child of the heav-en-ly King.
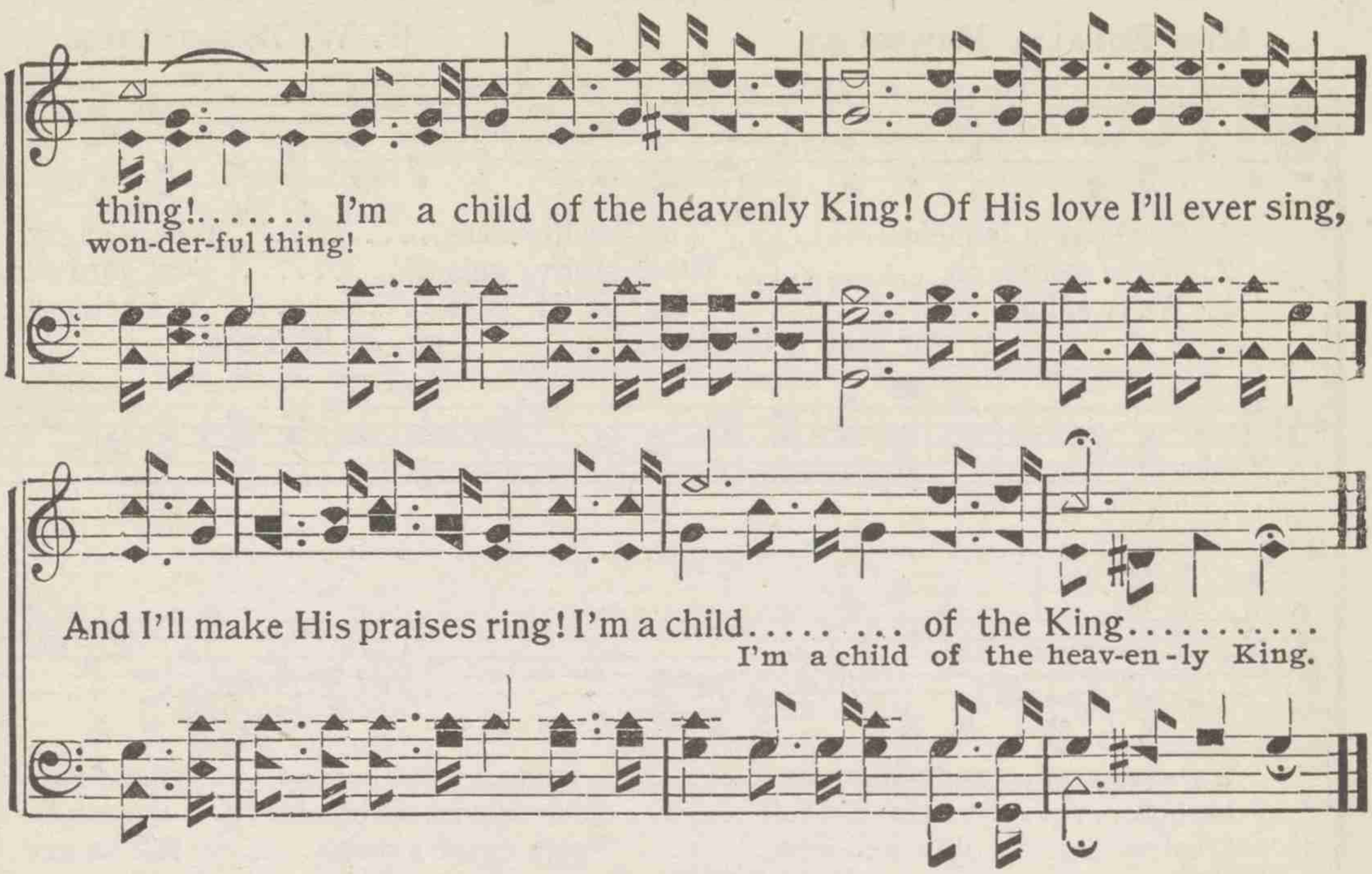


REFRAIN.

I'm a child..... of the King!..... .What a won der-ful
I'm a child of the King, of the heav-en-ly King! What a won-der-fnl thing! what a!

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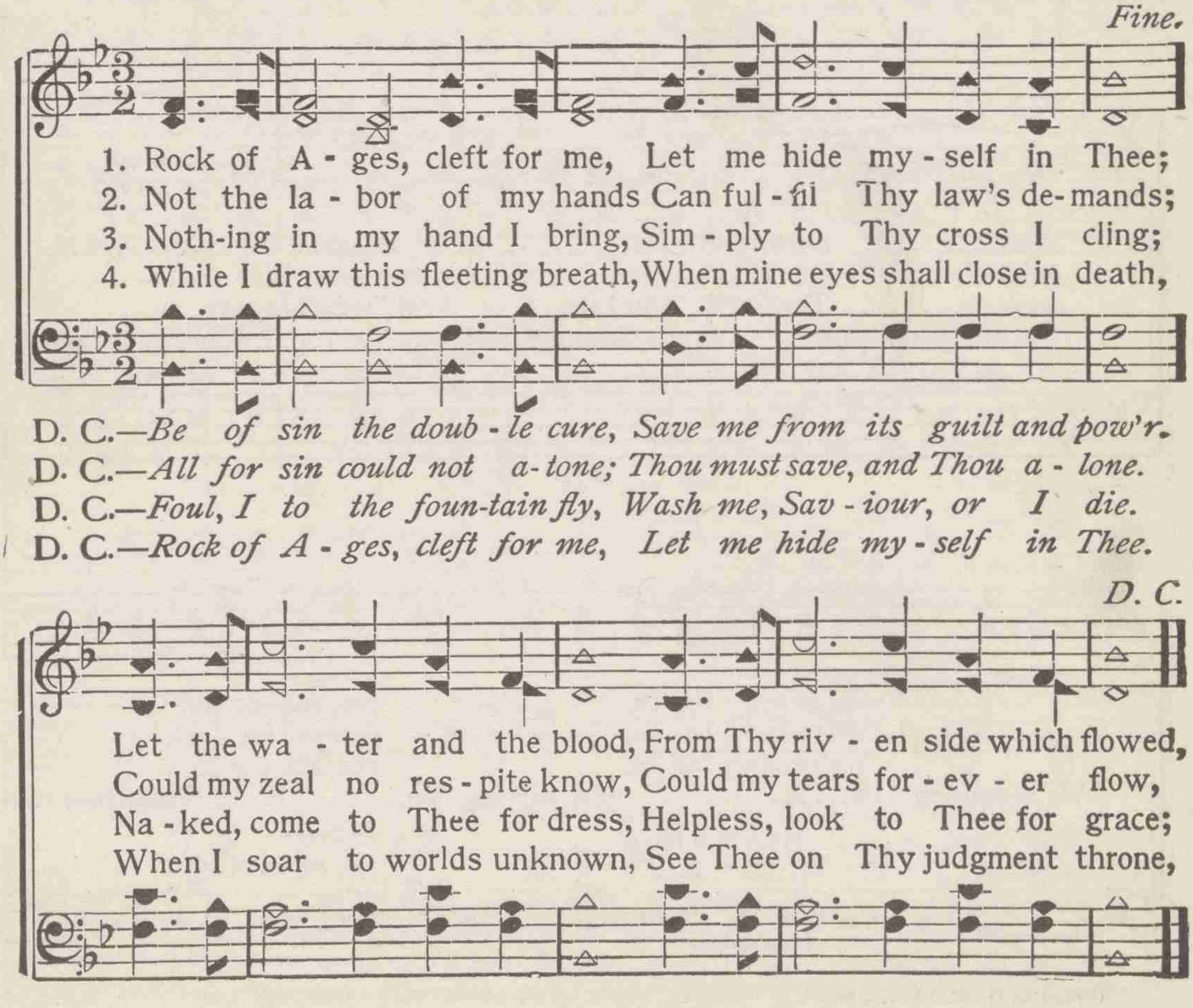
I'M A CHILD OF THE KING—Concluded.



No. 80½ ROCK OF AGES.

The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages.—Isa. 26: 4.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 81. We're Sailing On.

MISS EULALIA MEWBOURN. G. W. BREWINGTON.

1. Our boat is launched..... up - on life's sea,..... Where angry
2. We're sailing on..... through stormy gale,..... Beat hard our
3. We're sailing on..... the sea of time,..... In Christ we

1. Our boat is launched up - on life's sea,

waves..... and billows be,..... And soon our barque.... would go a-
barque,..... we can-not fail, ... Since Christ our shield.... is near to
trust,..... all is sub-lime,. ..... From ocean's rough..... and an-gry

Where angry waves and billows be, And soon our barque

shore,..... Save for His love,..... whom saints a-dore.....
guide,..... Our boat a - cross ..... to yonder side.....
wave,..... The Christ, "Our Life - - boat," quick to save.....

would go a-shore, Save for His love, whom saints adore.

We're sail - ing on, yes, sail-ing on,
We're sail - ing on, yes, sail-ing fast,
We're sail - ing on, yes, sail-ing on,

We're sail-ing on,..... yes, sail-ing on,..... Where those be-

Owned by G. W. Brewington.

We're Sailing On. Concluded.

Where those before us long have gone With Christ, our Guide,
We'll reach the port in peace at last, See on yon shore
Life's vic- to -ry will soon be won, And safe our yatch
fore..... us long have gone,..... With Christ, our Guide,.... all will be

all will be well, And soon in ports of peace we'll dwell.
the harbor light, See thro' the mist, it's shining bright.
will anchored be, Free from life's rough tempestuous sea.
well,..... And soon in ports..... of peace we'll dwell.....

CHORUS.

We're sail - ing on,..... yes, sail - ing on,..... Life's vic - to-
sail - ing on, sail - ing on,
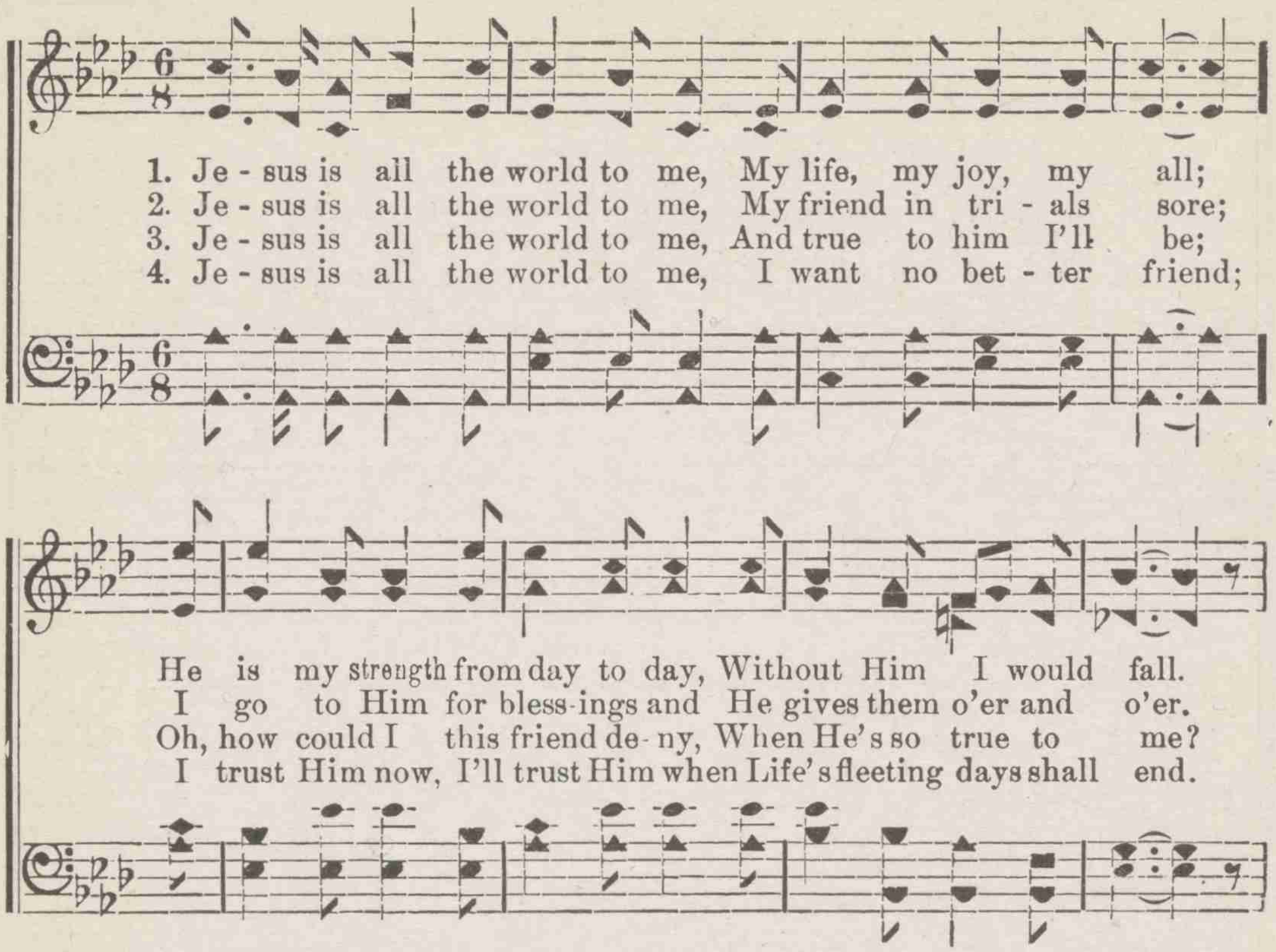
ry..... will soon be won,..... With Christ, our Guide,.....
vic - to - ry, soon be won, Christ, our Guide,
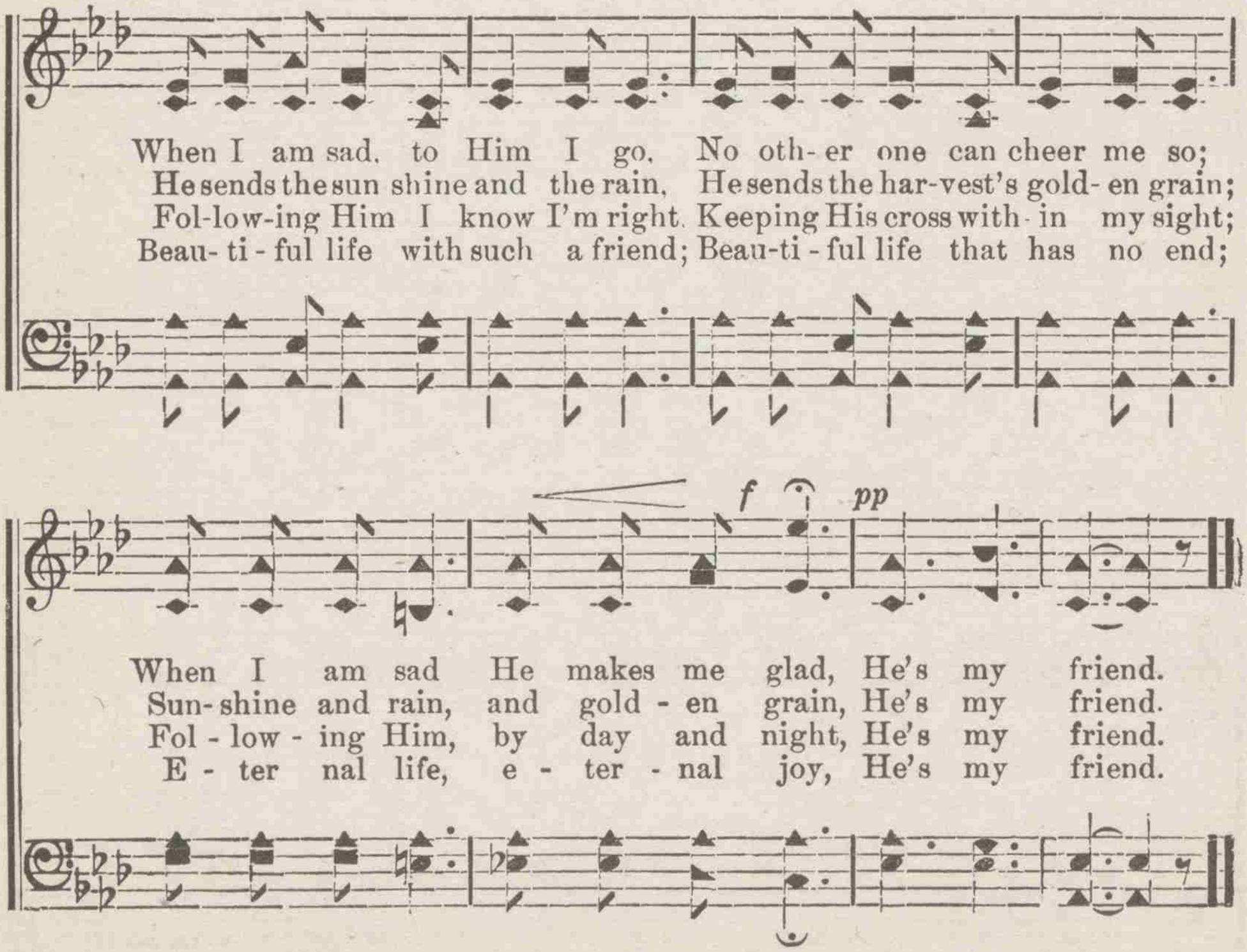
all will be well,..... And soon in ports ..... of peace we'll dwell.
will be well, soon in ports of peace we'll dwell.

rit.

No. 82. Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.





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No. 83. Going Home.

W. O. McK. W. O. McKINNEY

1. Go- ing home..... to live with Je - sus, (live with Je - sus) All our
2. We shall meet..... with our dear fa- thers', (our dear fathers') Clasp our
3. We shall leave..... this world of sor- row, (world of sor- row) Go-ing

sor - - rows will be o'er, (will be o'er,) When we cross .....death's turbid
mo - - thers' lov-ing hand, (loving hand,) Sing with sis - - ter and dear
home,..... 'twill not be long, (not be long) Dwell with Christ..... at home for-

FINE.

ri-ver, (tur-bid riv-er,) We'll be safe..... on yon-der shore.
brother, (and dear brother) Songs of Mo - - ses and the Lamb.
ev- er, (home for-ev-er,) Singing songs..... a-round the throne.

D.S.—'Tis the bea - - con of my soul, (of my soul.)

CHORUS.

I am cross - - ing o'er the riv- er,..... and the waves.....

I am crossing, I am cross-ing o'er the river, and the waves

around me roll, There's a light..... that shines for-ev-er.....

around me roll, o'er me roll, There's a light that shines for-ev-er, shines for-ev - er,

D.S.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 84. WE ARE MARCHING HOME.

J. D. V.

March movement.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. We are marching on..... to the clime a - bove,..... .....
2. Je - sus is the Light,..... the bright guiding Star,.....
3. And our loved ones wait..... in that safe re-treat; .....
4. Hal-le - lu - jah! saved..... through the cleansing tide,.....

We are marching on to the clime above,

We are marching on..... to the land of love;.....
He is point-ing us..... to the gates a - jar;.....
They will greet us there..... with a welcome sweet;.....
Flowing free to all,..... from the Saviour's side,.. .....

We are marching on to the land of love, to the land of love;

We are walk - ing now,..... in the nar - row
He will bring us safe..... to the Beu - lah
'Mid the shouts of joy,..... and the glad new
O the ec - sta - sy..... that shall there un-

We are walk - ing now,

way,..... Lead-ing to our home.....
land,..... Past the scenes of time.....
song,..... We shall reach our home,.....
fold,..... Through e - ter - ni - ty.....

in the nar - row way, Lead-ing to our home

Copyright, 1904, by James D. Vaughan.

WE ARE MARCHING HOME. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

in the realms of day.....
to the shin - ing strand.....
and it won't be long.....
'twill be bliss un - told.....
in the realms of day, in the realms of day.

We are march-ing

We are marching home, to that radiant land,
home,..... to that radiant land,..... We are marching

We are marching home, Come, and join our band,
home,..... Come, and join our band,.....

'Mid the shouts of joy,..... ..... and the glad new song,.....
'Mid the shouts of joy, and the glad new song,

We shall reach our home,..... ..... and it won't be long.....
We shall reach our home, and it won't be long.

No. 85 Beautiful Fields of Grain.

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

DUETT.*

1. Those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful fields of grain, Are ripe in the
2. The world is the beau - ti - ful har - vest field, Go work, and a -
3. The reap- ers are toil - ing from morn till night, A song of sweet
4. When life with its tri - als is o'er and done, And home we are
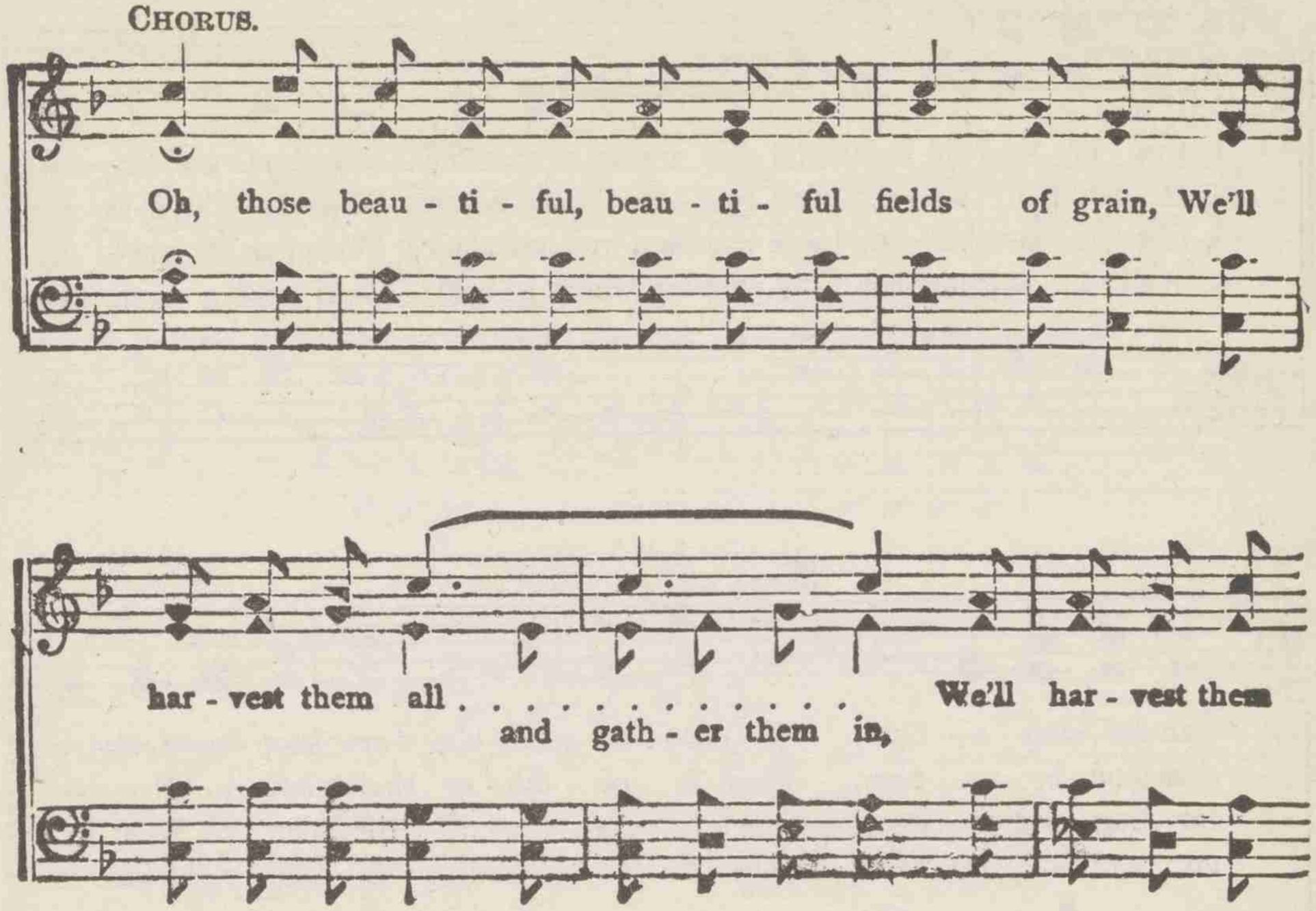
val - ley and on the plain, Go put in the sick - les and
bun - dant will be the yield, Your la - bor for Je - sus will
glad- ness and great de - light, Is heard as they gath - er and
gath - er - ing one by one, How pleas - ant to see as we
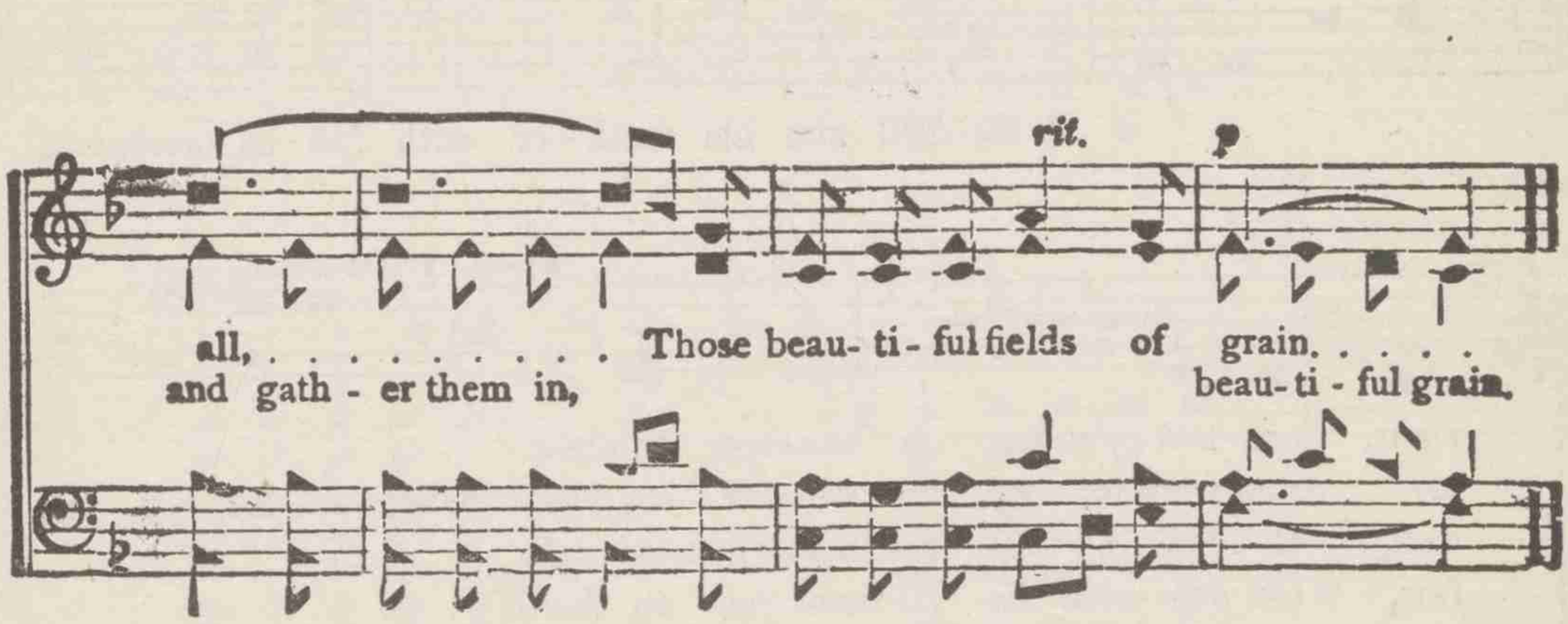
bring them in, Those beau - ti - ful fields of grain.
not be in vain, Go har - vest the gold - en grain.
reap the gain, Of beau - ti - ful gold - en grain.
leave the plain, Those beau - ti - ful sheaves of grain.

* May be used as a soprano solo.

By permission of the Author.

Beautiful Fields of Grain.—Concluded.





No. 86.

Key of D.

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

2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee sweet hour of prayer.

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

No. 87. BRING BACK MY BOY.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

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

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

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

Fine. CHORUS.

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

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

D. S.

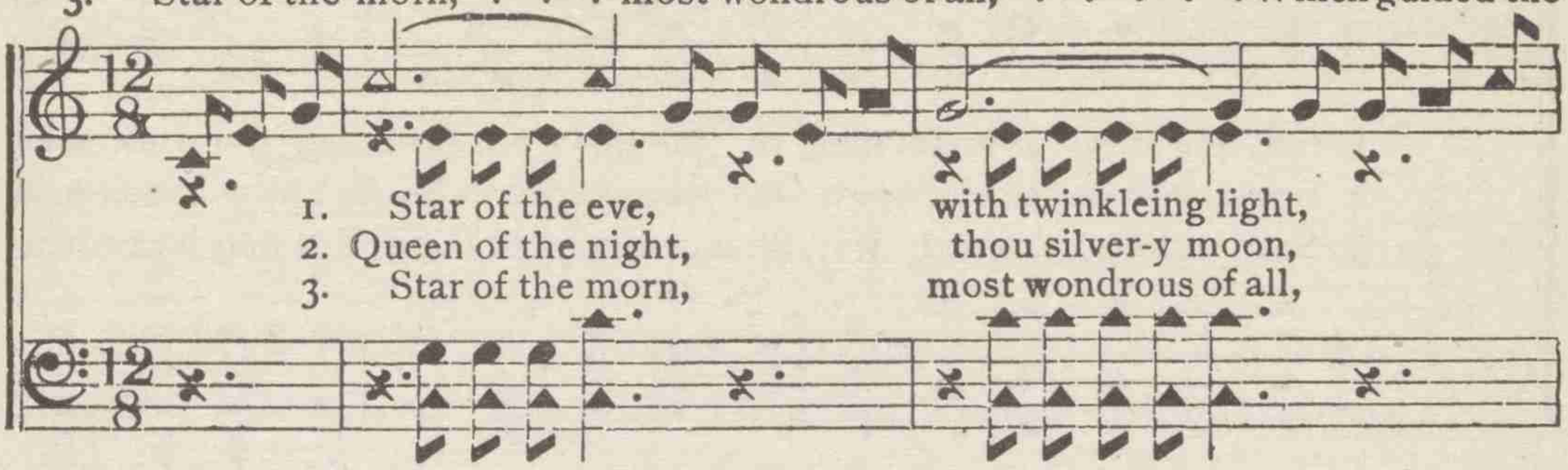
wan-der-ing boy, Far, far a-way wher-ev-er he may be.

J. B. Vaughan, owner

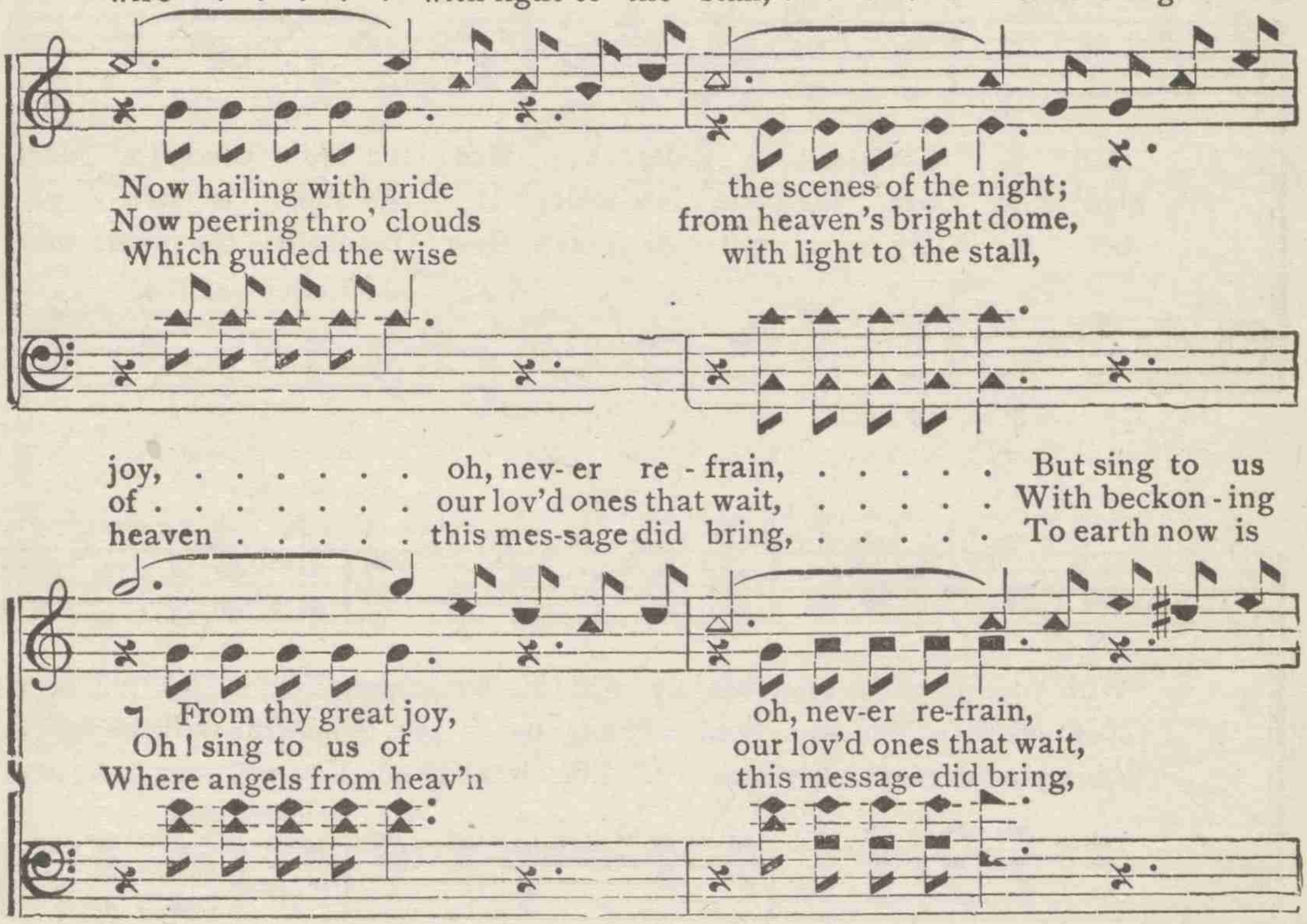
No. 88 Christmas Night Serenade.

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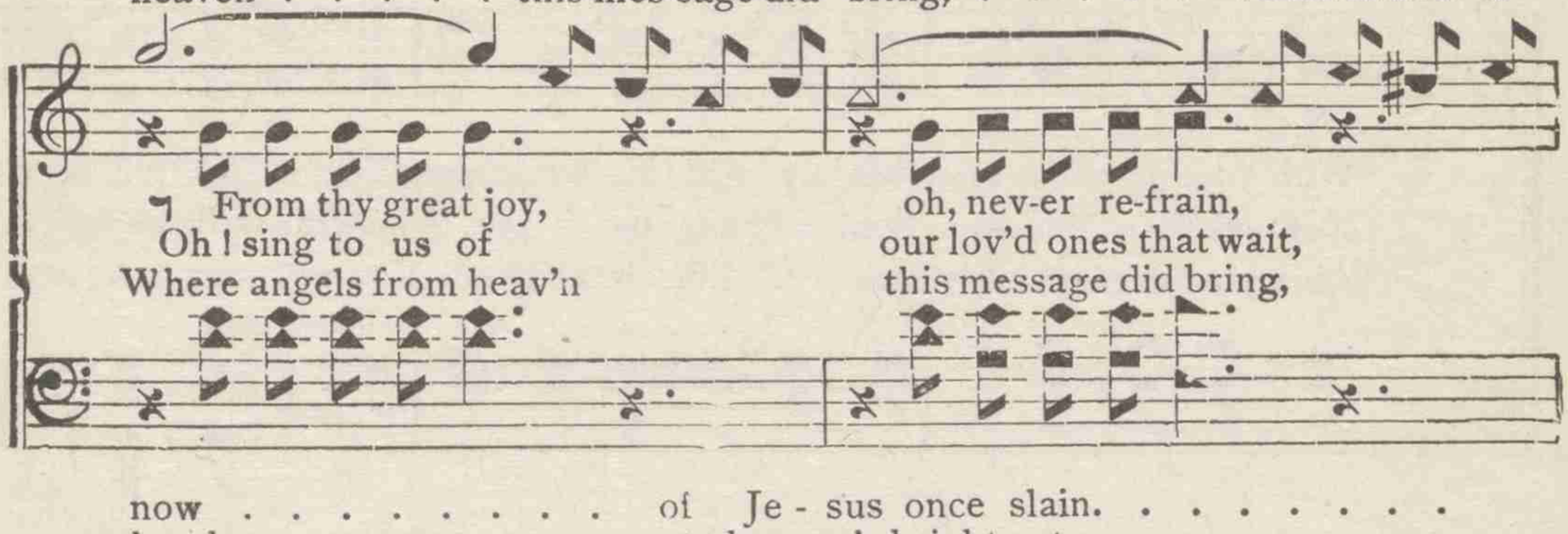
1. Star of the eve, ... with twinkleing light, ... Now hailing with
2. Queen of the night, . . . thou sil-ver-y moon, . . . Now peering thro'
3. Star of the morn, . . . most wondrous of all, ... Which guided the
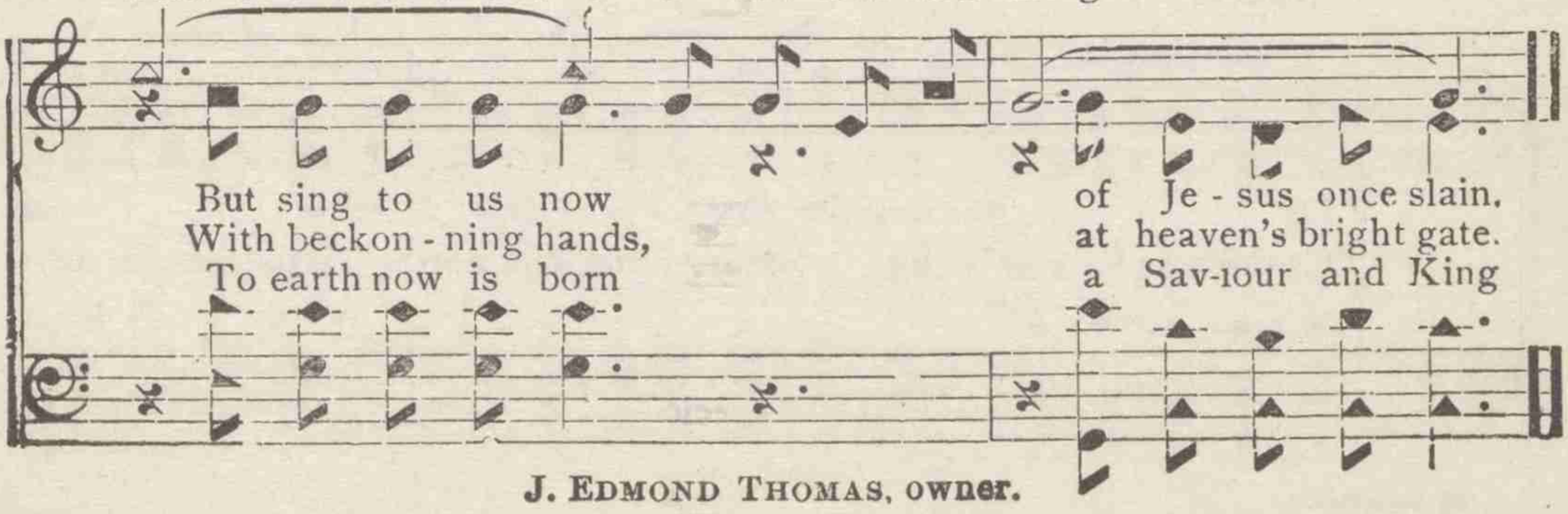


pride . . . . . the scenes of the night; . . . . . From thy great
clouds . . . . . from heaven's bright dome, ... Oh! sing to us
wise . . . . . with light to the stall, ... Where angels from



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



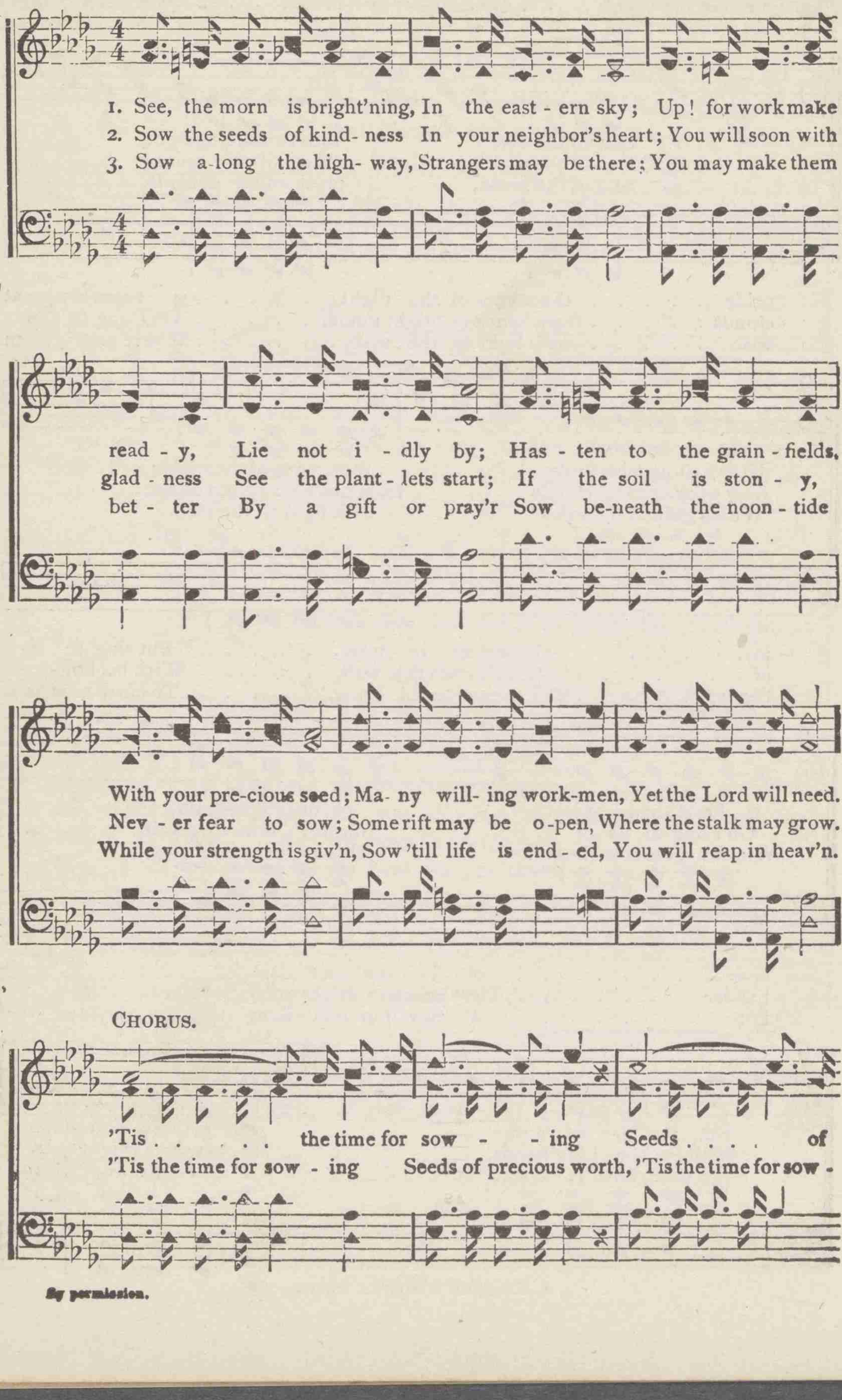
now . . . . . of Je-sus once slain. . . . . .
hands, ... at heaven's bright gate. . . . . .
born . . . . . a Sav-iour and King . . . . . .



J. EDMOND THOMAS, owner.

No. 89. Sowing Time.

ADALINE H. LERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ.



CHORUS.

By permission.

Sowing Time.—Concluded.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 90. I CAN NEVER LEAVE HIM.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 91. Tell Me More About Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Tell me more a-bout Je - sus; O how I love to hear The sto - ry so tender and precious, The sto-ry of comfort and cheer.
2. Tell me more a-bout Je - sus; More of His sav - ing grace, And more of His love for poor sin-ners, His suff'ring for sin in their place.
3. Tell me more a-bout Je - sus; Kind has He been to me, Al- though of His children the weakest, No oth-er so lov-ing could be.
4. Tell me more a-bout Je - sus; Sweet is each ten-der word That speaks of my dear loving Saviour, And whispers the grace of my Lord.

CHORUS.

Then tell me more about Je-sus; My heart doth with tenderness move,
To hear of His wondrous compassion, His pure and His infinite love.

T. B. Mosley, owner. All rights reserved.

No. 92. Over in the Sun-bright Clime.

S. J. O. "The Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. 22: 5. S. J. Oslin.

Solo or Duet. **Semi-Chorus.**

1. There is a land, a land of beau - ty, O - ver in the
2. 'Tis al - ways light, the land of sto - ry, O - ver in the
3. There hap - py we shall be for - ev - er, O - ver in the
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sigh - ing, O - ver in the

sun-bright clime; Life by His grace, re - ward for du - ty,
sun-bright clime; 'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis al - ways glo - ry,
sun-bright clime; And sor - row we shall feel, no nev - er,
sun-bright clime; There'll be no sick - ness there nor dy - ing,

REFRAIN.

O - ver in the sun-bright clime. Just o - ver in the sun-bright
Just o - ver in the sin - less,

clime! Just o - ver in the sun-bright clime! We'll
sun-bright clime! Just o - ver in the sin - less, sun-bright clime!

sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

By per.

No. 93 Will You? and Will I?

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Luke 13: 24.

Words by H. A. R. H. **Music by H. A. R. HORTON.**

1. Some one will en - ter the gold - en gate, By and by, by and by;
2. Some one will gen - tly in death lay down, By and by, by and by;
3. Some one will call at the pearl - y gate, By and by, by and by;
4. Some one will sing the re -demp-tion song, By and by, by and by;

f rit. *repeat pp.*

Taste of the bless-ings for them a - wait, Will you? and will I?
And from the Sav -iour re - ceive a crown, Will you? and will I?
Hear the sad an -swer, you are too late, Will you? and will I?
Join the glad cho - rus, the blood wash'd throng, Will you? and will I?

Mil-lions will trav-el the streets of gold, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful to be-hold,
Glo-rious reward to the faith-ful giv'n, Purchas'd by Je-sus, His bod - y riv'n;
Darkest dispair with the damn'd shall reign, Mercy's sweet voice cannot lull their pain,
Ma-ny will greet on the golden shore, Lov'd ones of earth who have gone before,

f rit. *repeat pp.*

Take of the glo - ries so long fore- told, Will you? and will I?
Hap -py is he who shall en - ter heav'n, Will you? and will I?
Some one will knock at the door in vain, Will you? and will I?
Join in the sing - ing for - ev - er more, Will you? and will I?

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No. 94 Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H. ABBY HUTCHINSON.

1, Kind words can nev-er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,

Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times
In win-try hours, But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp'd in its gloom, What tho' the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace a-way,

GIRLS.

Ay, in all years and climes, Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev-er die.
With ma-ny add-ed hue They bloom a-gain, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die.
Live thro' e-ter-nal day With Christ above. Our souls can nev-er die.

BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL. *rit.*

Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can never die, No, nev-er die.
Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can never die, No, nev-er die,

No. 95. There'll Be Shouting in the Air.

O. B. W. O. B. WILSON.

1. There'll be shouting in the air when the Saviour comes, With His clouds of light and
2. There'll be shouting in the air when the Saviour comes, When He comes to earth to
3. When the res - ur-rec-tion comes and the saints a-rise To go meet the Saviour
4. 'Tis a blessed, blessed tho't that He'll come some day, And will bear us in a

wings of flame, All the nations under ground then shall hear the trumpet sound And rise
claim His own, From the East and from the West over all this vast domain, They'll rise
in the skies, Hal-le-lu-jahs we will sing, shouting praises to His name, There'll be
cloud a - way, To our blessed home on high, free from sorrow, toil and pain, We'll go

REFRAIN.

shouting when He comes a-gain. There'll be shouting..... there'll be shouting.....
in the air, in the air,

There'll be shouting when He comes again, There'll be shouting.....
to earth again, in the air,

There'll be shouting,..... There'll be shouting when He comes again.
in the air, to earth again.

No. 96. There Will Be Light.

A. TAYLOR. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. There's a riv - er deep and wide, With a dark and roll - ing tide,
2. Ma - ny forms we dear - ly loved From our homes have been re - moved
3. Soon will close the bus - y day, Soon our souls will pass a - way

And life's path - way ends up - on its shore; For the bless-ed child of God,
To that coun - try where there is no night; They have crossed the swelling tide,
O'er the si - lent riv - er deep and wide; O how hap - py we will be,

Who the long rough way have trod, There'll be light of God to guide them o'er.
To be crowned and glo - ri - fied In that bless - ed home of love and light.
If the bea - con light we see At the land - ing by the riv - er side.
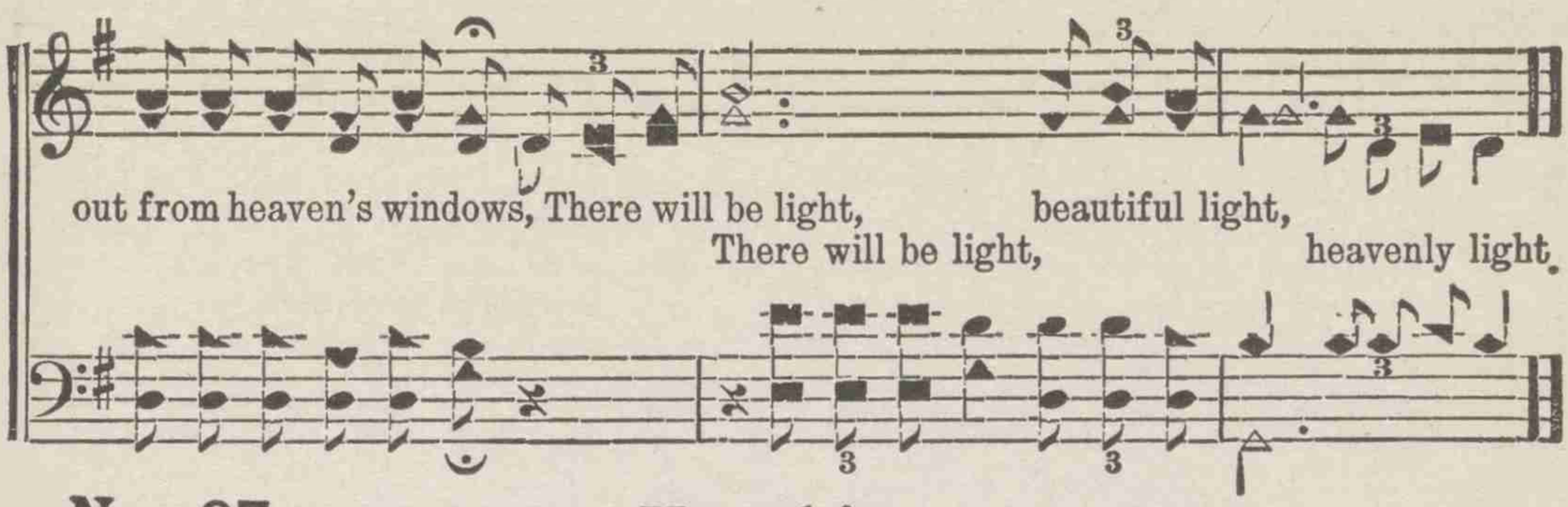
CHORUS.

There will be light, beau - ti - ful light, There will be
There will be light, beau-ti - ful light,

light, shining so bright At the landing o-ver yonder, Shin-ing
There will be light, shining so bright,
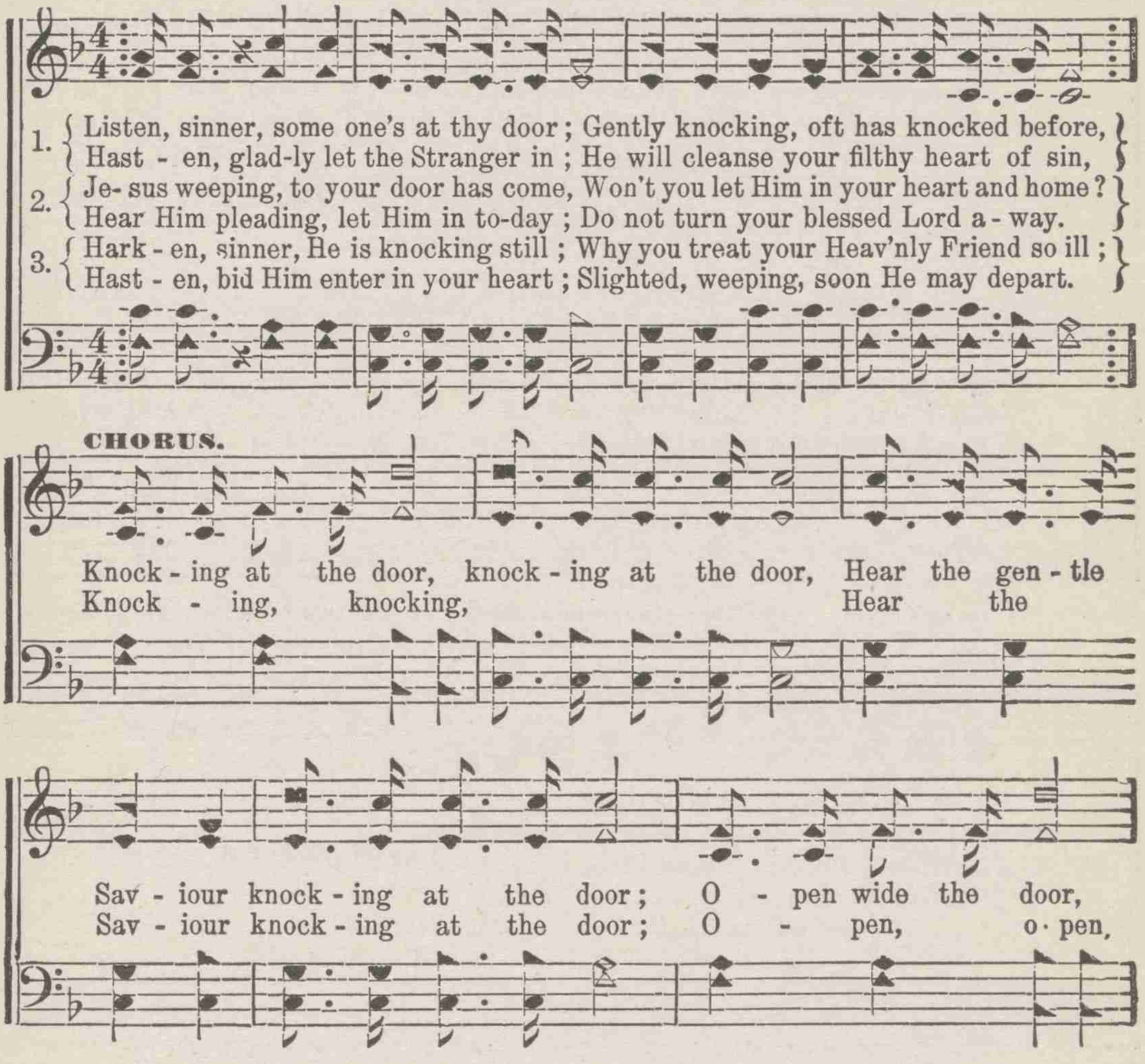
Used by permission,

There Will Be Light. Concluded.



No. 97. Knocking.

A. TAYLOR. AUSTIN TAYLOR.



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No. 98 I Am Saved.

J. T. Camp. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Once to God I was a stran-ger, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
2. Once I spurn'd the great sal-va-tion, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
3. When I came my sins con-fess-ing, Je-sus saved, yes, He saved,
4. Je-sus found me in my blind-ness, And He saved, yes, He saved,

And my soul was in great dan-ger, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
And I sneer'd at con-dem-na-tion, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
He be-stow'd on me the bless-ing, Je-sus saved, yes, He saved,
He is full of lov-ing kind-ness, For He saved, yes, He saved,

I was once by sin de-filed, But my Sav-iour on me smiled,
Now no more in sin I rove, For I know a Sav-iour's love,
When He called to me one day, Then I has-ten'd to o-bey,
Bless-ed Je-sus, friend di-vine, I to Thee my-self re-sign,

Je-sus is my dear-est friend And my prayers to Him as-cend,

FINE. CHORUS.

Now to God I'm reconciled, I am saved.
I will ne'er from Him remove, I am saved.
He is now my hope and stay, I am saved.
I can feel Thy hand in mine, I am saved.
} I am sav'd, hal-le-lu-jah!

I am saved.

To my cries He will attend, I am saved.

D.S.

I am sav'd, I am sav'd, I am sav'd, hal-le-lu-jah! sweetly sav'd. (sweetly saved.)

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 99 O Who Shall be Able to Stand?

REV. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN.

1. There's a great judgment day that is com-ing we know, 'Tis com-ing to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His
2. Then the right-eous and wick-ed to-geth-er shall meet, To judg-ment they shall be bro't; And the Judge shall proclaim to the
3. There will be great re-joic-ing of hap-py ones there, Who fol-lowed the Sav-iour here; When they hear Him de-clare "come, ye
4. But there'll be lam-en-ta-tion and mourning that day, When Je-sus shall say "de-part!" And the wick-ed shall flee from His
5. O pre-pare us, dear Lord, for Thy com-ing ere long, The judg-ment of that great day; When the saints shall re-joice in Thy

REFRAIN.

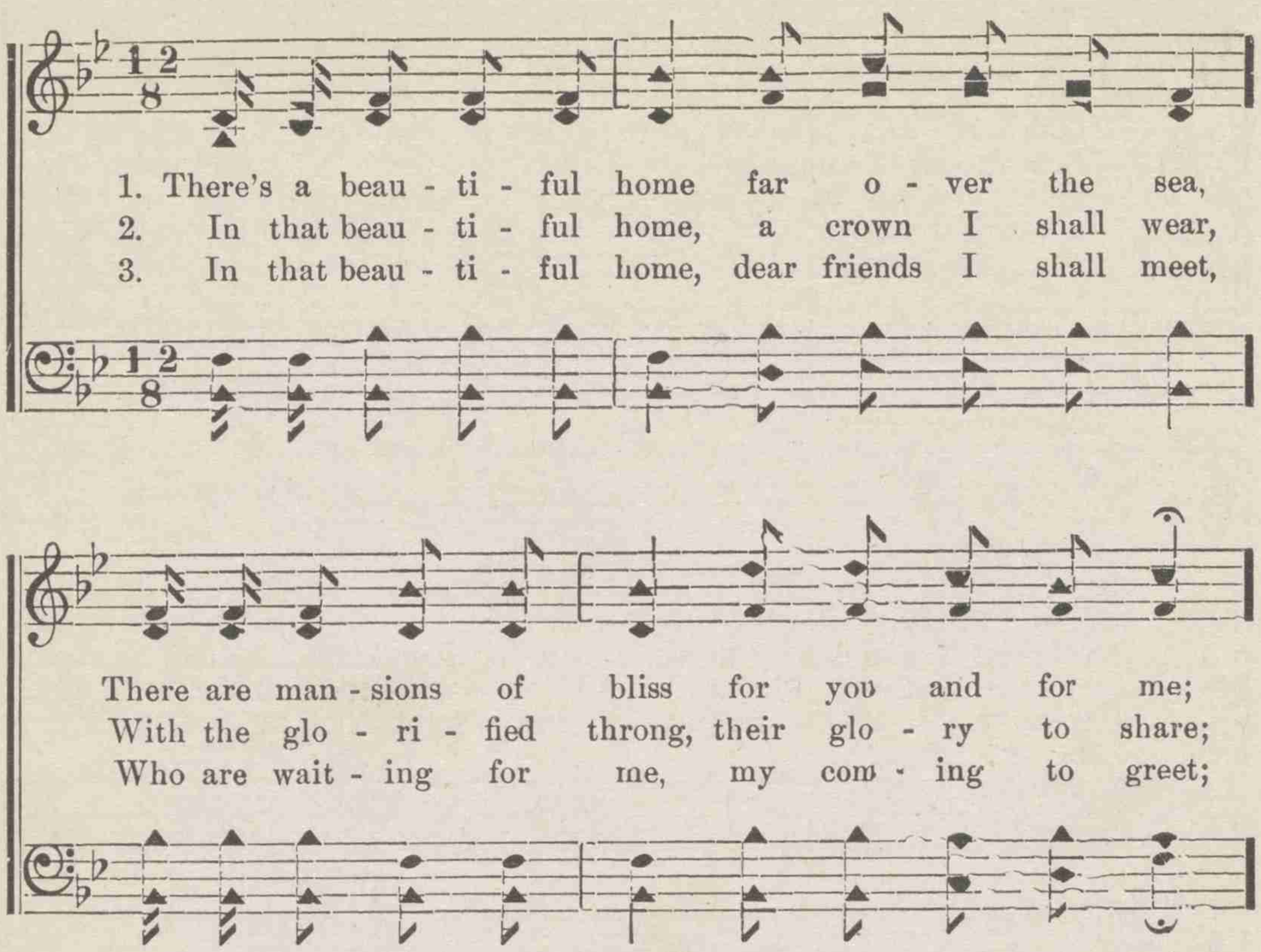
power divine, And judge both the great and small. **When Jesus comes and the**
righteous "well done," The wicked "I know ye not."
blessed of mine," And en-ter my home so fair.
presence away, What rending of ev-'ry heart.
presence with song, Forever with Thee to stay,

judg-ment is set, O who will be at His right hand, When the trumpet shall sound and the nations have come, O who shall be able to stand?

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No. 100 THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

H. W. ELLIOTT. EMMETT S. DEAN.



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THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful home..... far o - ver the
a beau-ti - ful home

sea,..... There's a beau - ti - ful home,.....
far o - ver the sea, a beau-ti - ful home,

for you and for me;..... And its glit - ter - ing
for you and for me;

tow'rs..... the sun out - shine,..... And that beau-ti - ful
its glit-ter-ing tow'rs the sun out-shine,

home..... some day shall be mine.....
that beau-ti - ful home, some day shall be mine.

No. 101. THERE'S A GUIDING STAR.

J. S. TORBETT. (GOOD AS A QUARTET.) J. S. TORBETT.

1. There's a guid-ing star..... and it cheers the soul,.....
2. "Ma-ny mansions" there..... by the Lord pre-pared,.....
3. 'Twas a moth-er's love..... and a fa-ther's pray'r,.....

On its jour-ney home..... to the heav'nly goal,.....
And He beckons on..... to the saints re-ward,.....
That inclined our feet..... to the nar-row way,.....

And it lights the way..... o-ver mountains steep,.....
He has left His word,..... as a guid-ing star,.....
And we found the light..... in the path we trod,.....
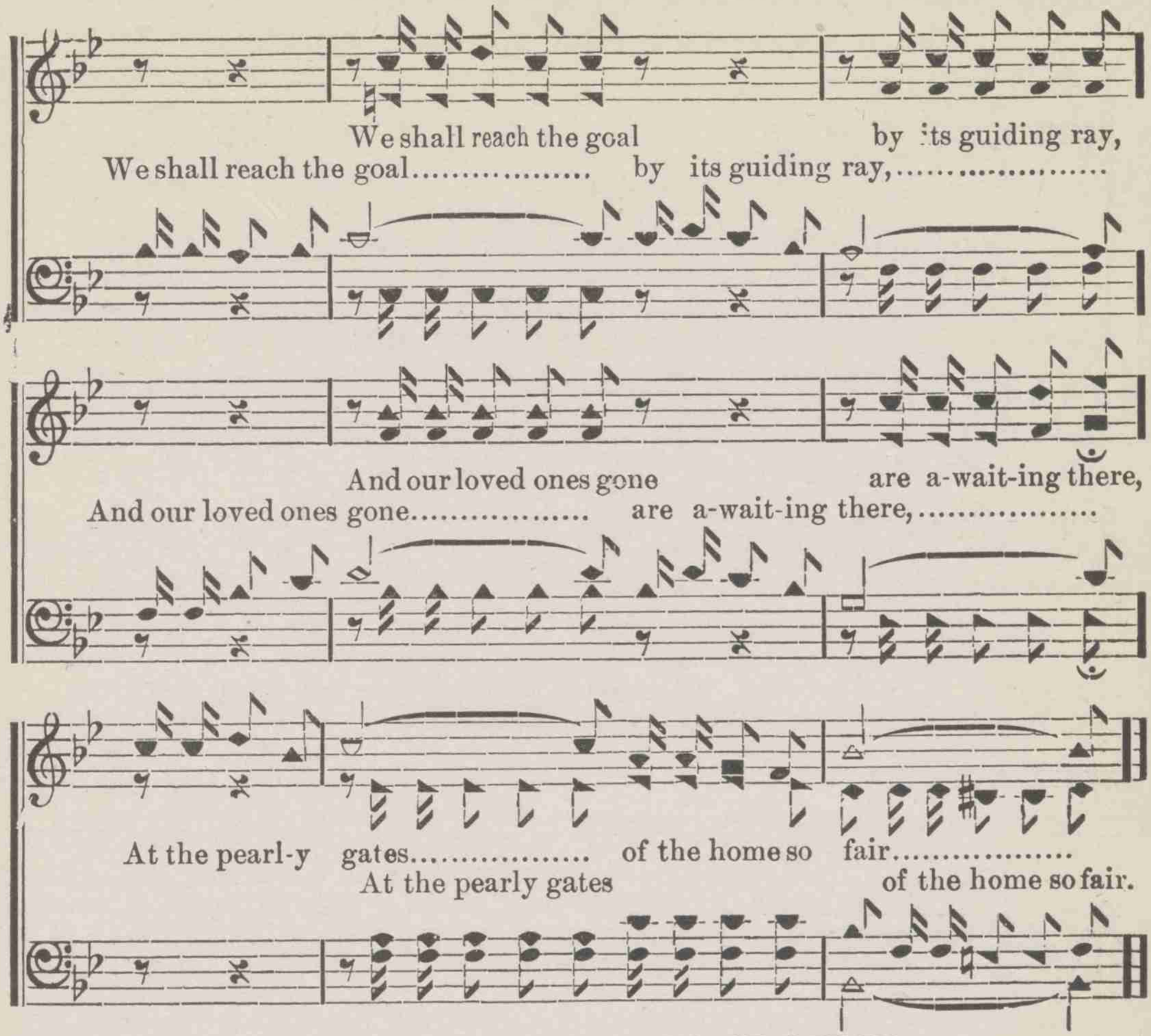
And the valleys dark..... and the waters deep. (and the waters deep.)
To the pilgrim's rest..... in the land a-far. (in the land a-far.)
So we jour-ney on..... to a home with God. (to a home with God.)

CHORUS.

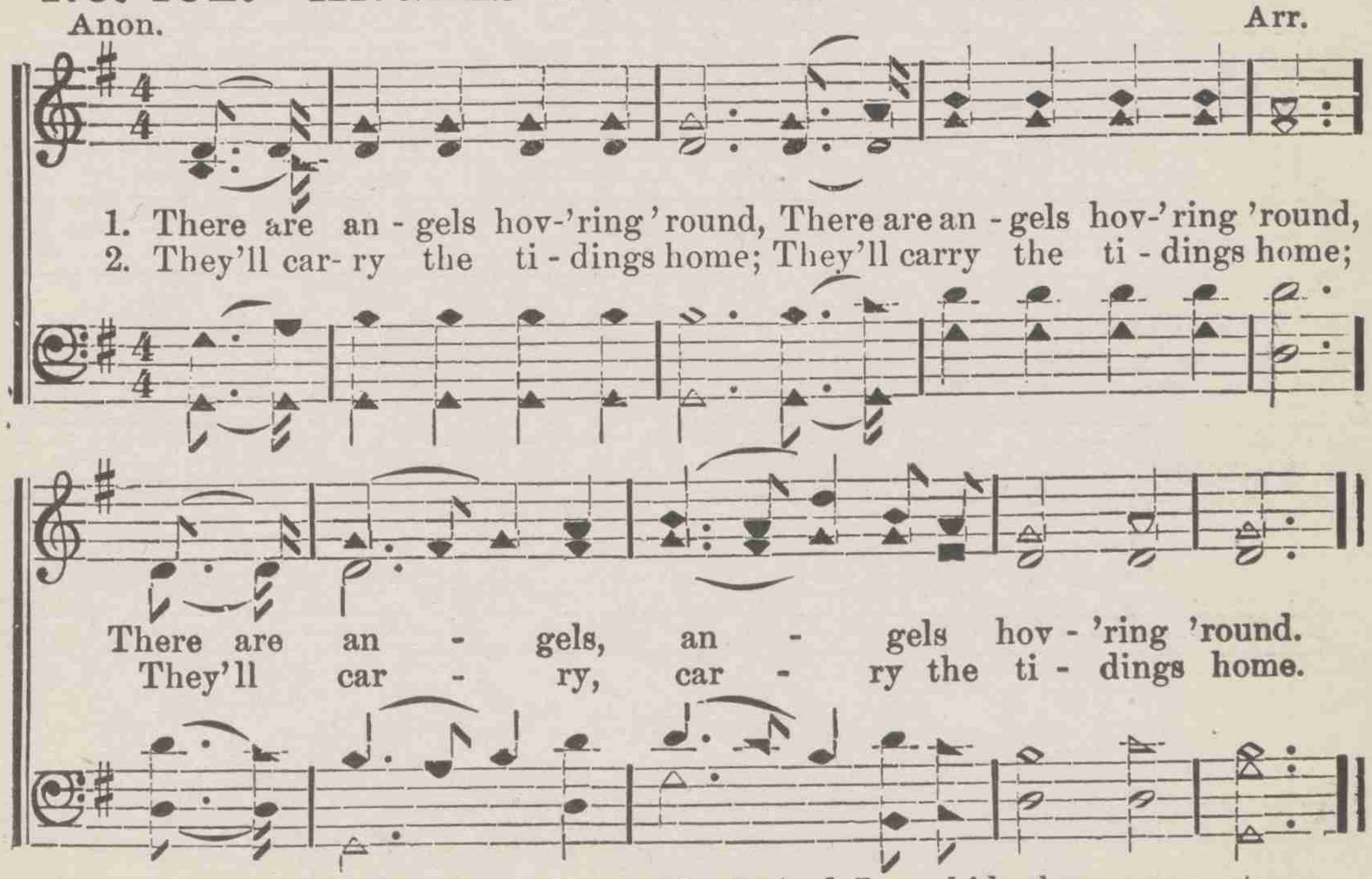
O the star shines bright o'er the rugged way,
O the star shines bright..... o'er the rugged way,.....

Copyright, 1901, by J. S. Torbett.

THERE'S A GUIDING STAR.—Concluded.



No. 102. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.



3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

103 Don't You See the Harbor Lights?

By per.

Words inscribed to G. F. Lower, M.D. of Evansburg, Ohio.

E. R. LATTA. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. Don't you see the har-bor lights, In the night of sin so dark?
2. Don't you see the har-bor lights, As you sail and sail a-way?
3. Don't you see the har-bor lights, That would never greet your view,
4. Don't you see the har-bor lights, Kin-dled by the Lord's own hand?

Now they pour their friendly rays, To di-rect your wayward bark!
Sin-ner, look, by faith, just now! Catch the brightness, while you may!
Had not Je - sus in His love Come to suf - fer death for you?
Won't you seek that shore, so bright, Sail - ing with the Chris-tian band?

CHORUS.
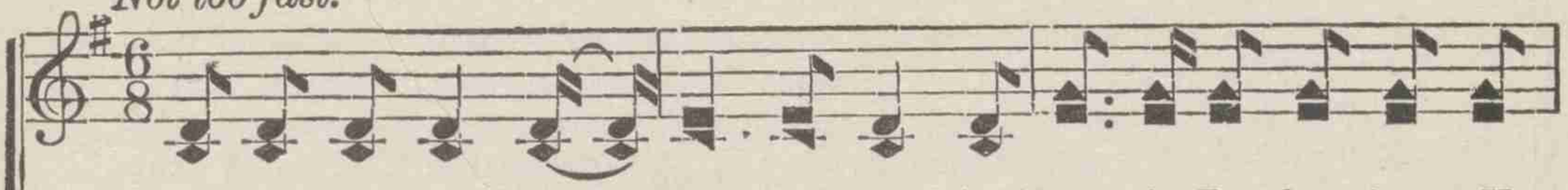
Don't you see the har-bor lights, oh, see the lights, Beaming from their lofty heights?
Don't you see the lights, Don't you see them?
From their loft - y heights?
don't you see them? Don't you see the har - bor lights?

No. 104 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.
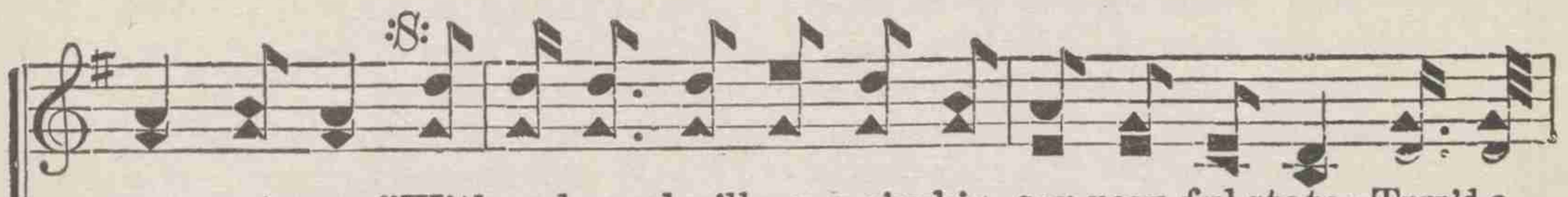
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.
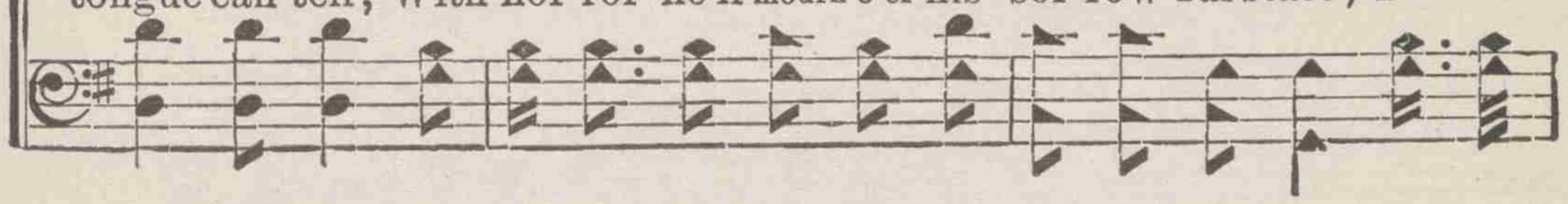


1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people 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
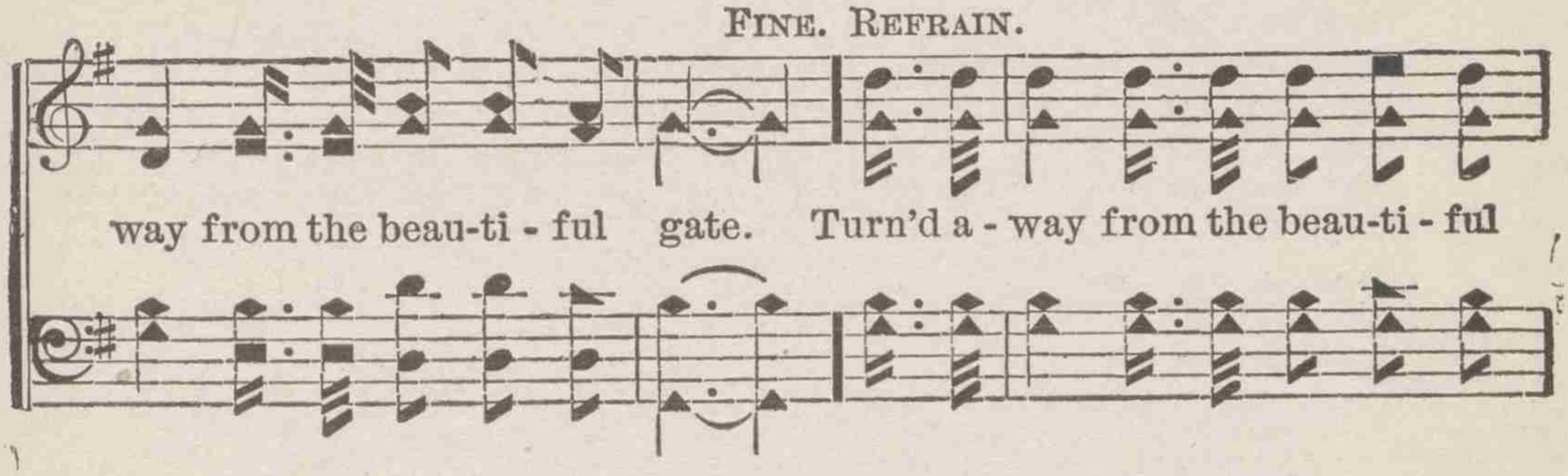




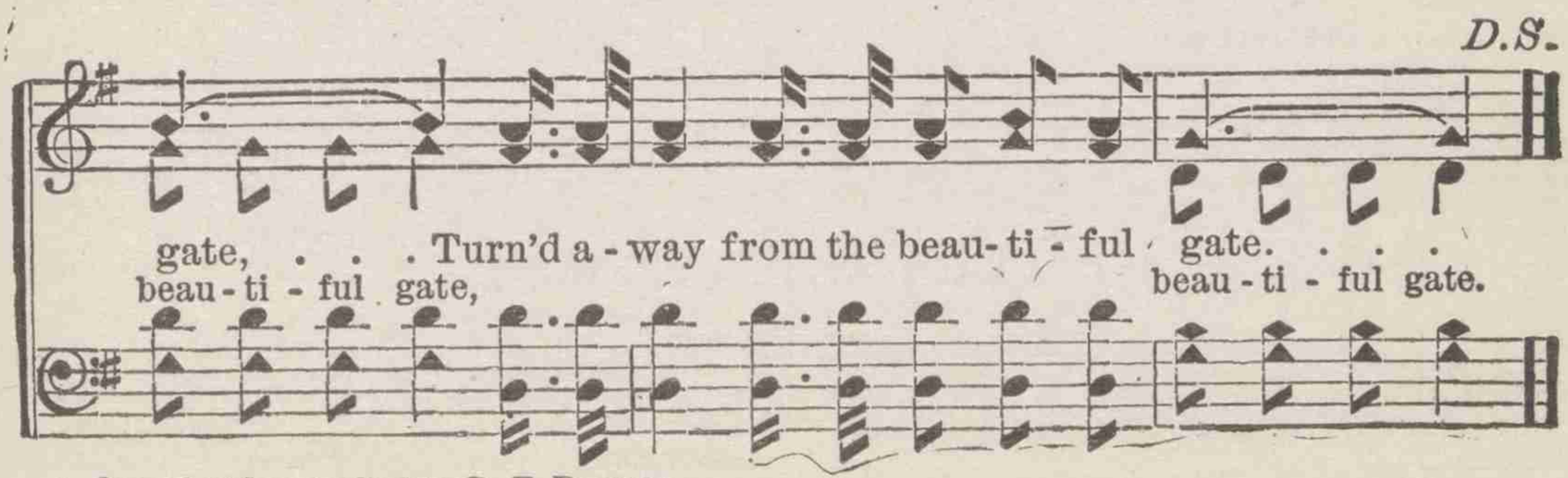
can-not come;" With sadness he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap-py throng; With sighing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies; With weep-ing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful 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



D.S.

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 105 The Ten Virgins.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

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

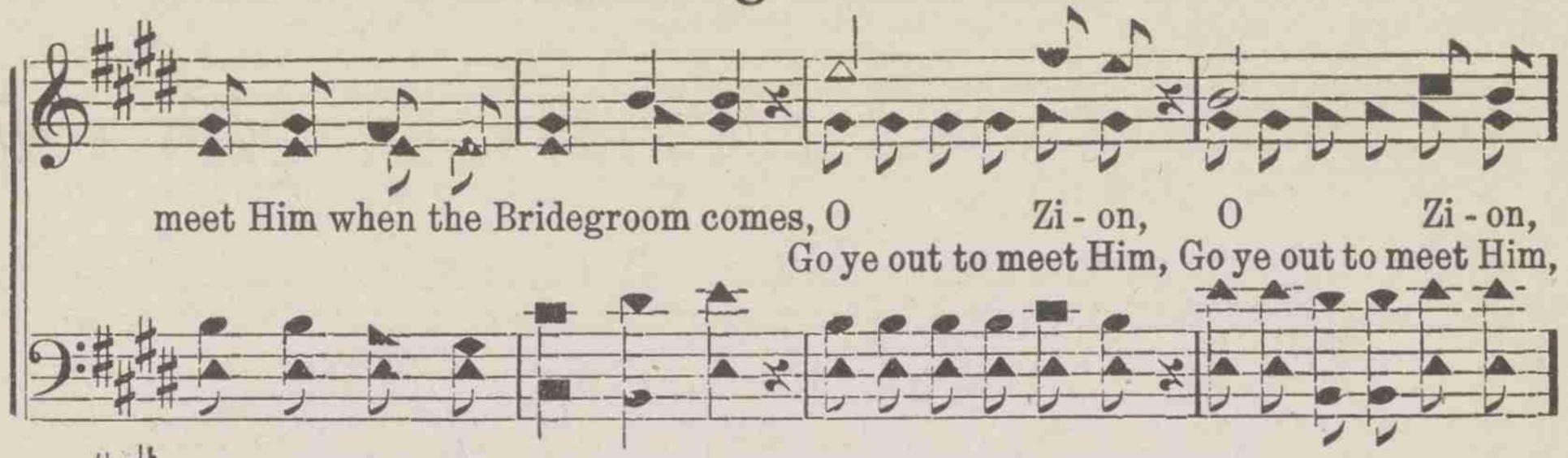
wise when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were wise, Five of
foolish when the Bride-groom came, Five of them were foolish Five of
oil when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish had no oil, The fool-ish
knocking when the Bride-groom came, The fool-ish kept a knocking. The fool-ish
meet Him when the Bride-groom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

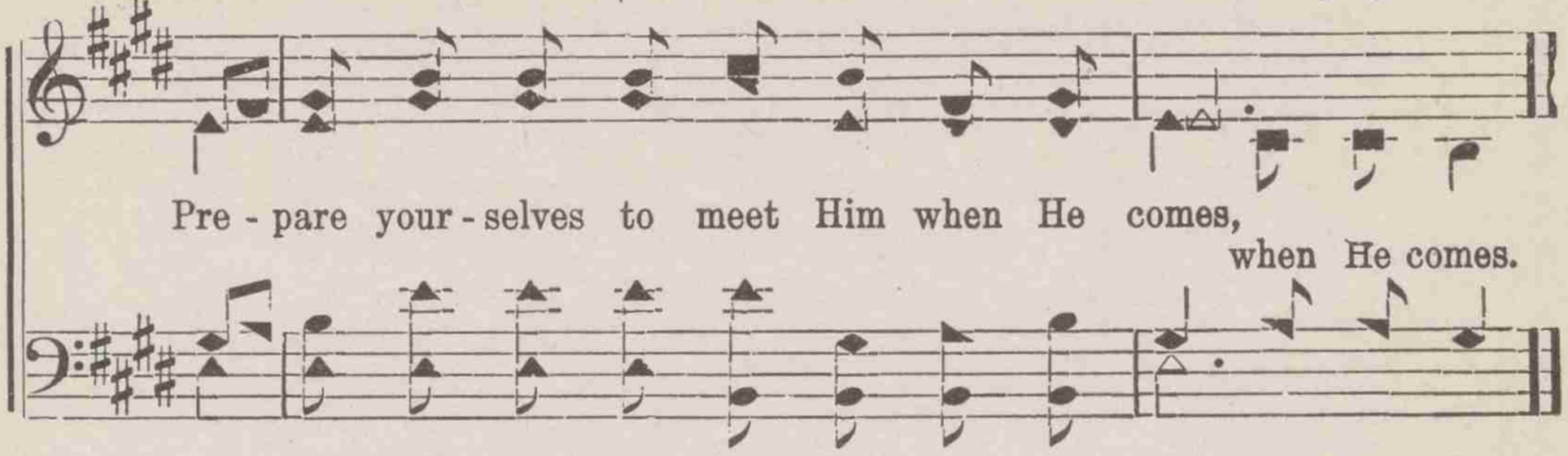
them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came,(when He came.)
them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came,(when He came.)
had no oil, The fool-ish had no oil when He came,(when He came.)
kept a knocking, The fool-ish kept a knocking when He came,(when He came.)
out to meet Him, Go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

CHORUS.

O Zi - on, O Zi - on, Go ye out to
Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him,
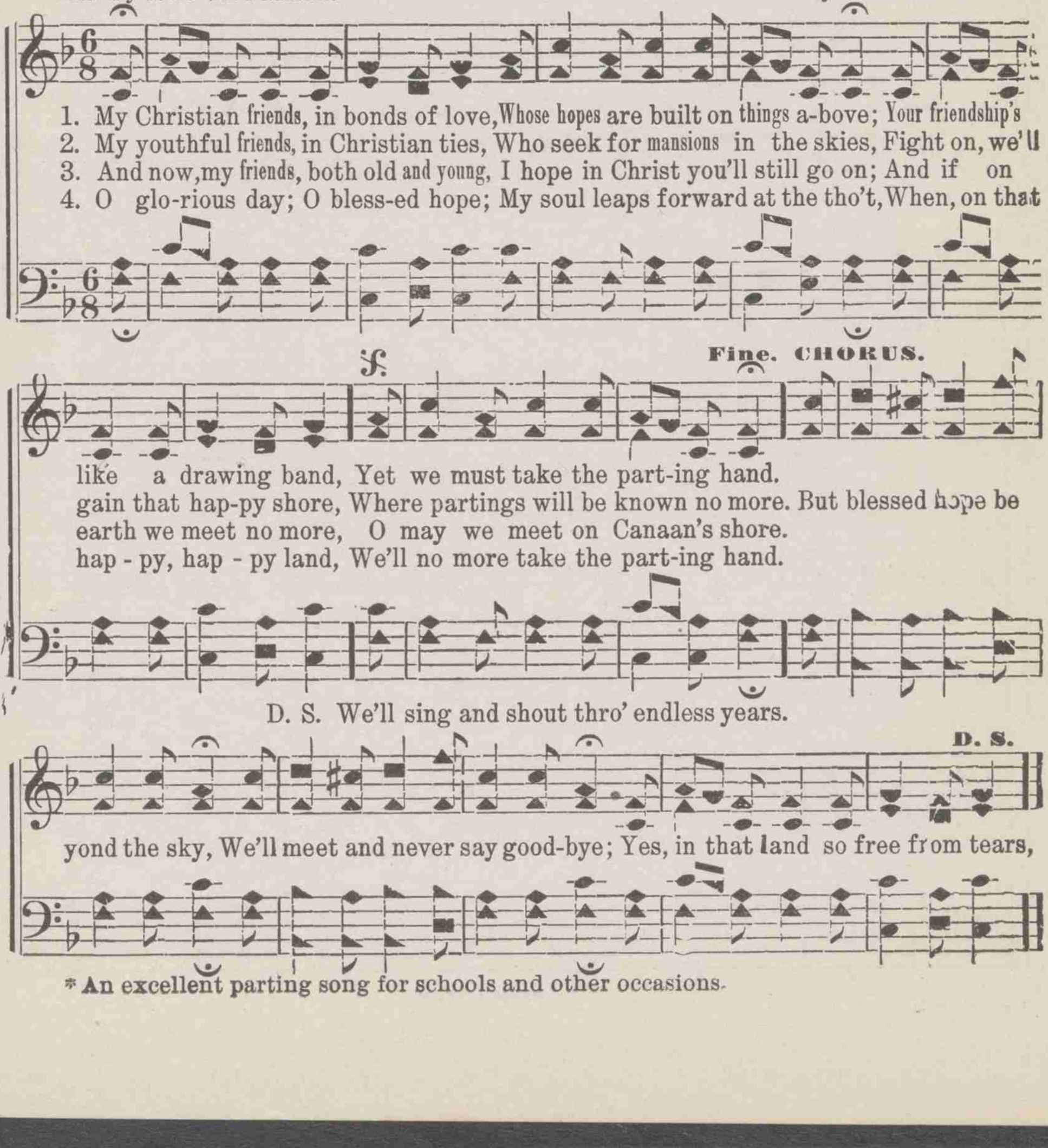
The Ten Virgins. Concluded.





No. 106 The Parting Hand.*

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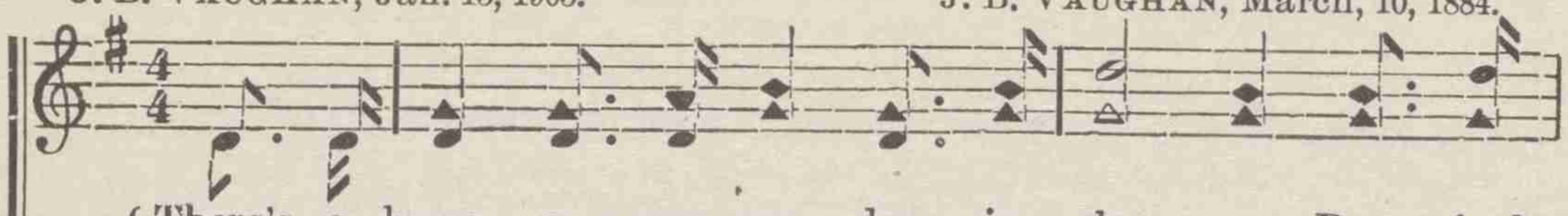


* An excellent parting song for schools and other occasions.
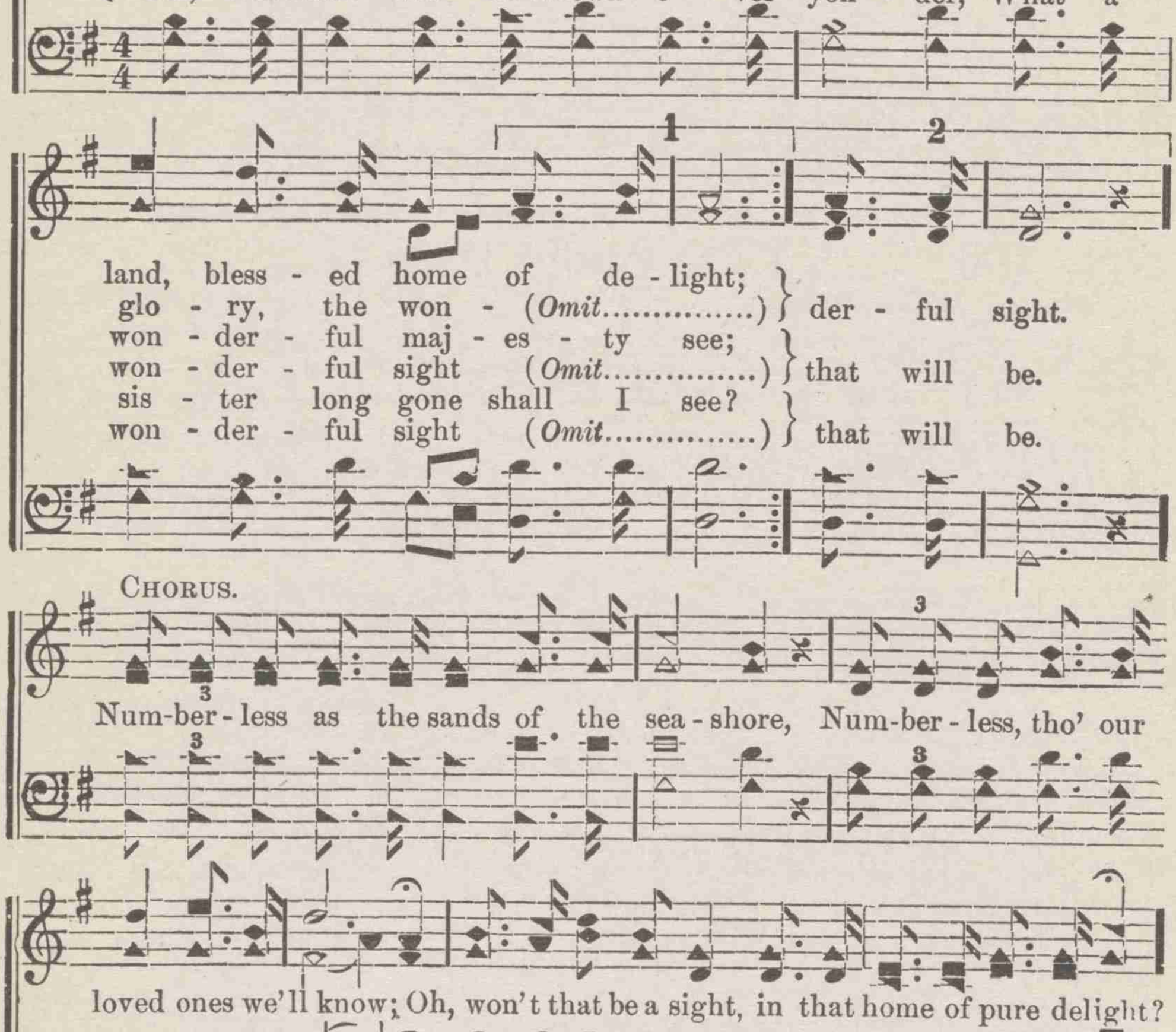
No. 107. THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

D. B. Cade, of Lisbon, Ga. so familiarly known as "Capt. Cade," but should be known as Big-hearted Cade, whose hospitality is known and has been felt from one side to yonder borders and will long be remembered by a "numberless host," was some years ago deeply impressed by the singing of this song. The song appeared in some of the author's first efforts at editing song books and was once used with excellent results, but like many songs, has been left with the past. The song being a special favorite of Capt. Cade he has paid for the making of a new plate and asks me to let it appear in No. 3.—J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN, Jan. 15, 1905. J. B. VAUGHAN, March, 10, 1884.



1. There's a home o - ver yon - der in glo - ry, Prom - ised land, bless - ed home of de - light;
   We shall rest by the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Oh, the glo - ry, the won - (*Omit*.....) der - ful sight.
2. We'll be - hold and we'll know our Re - deem - er, And His won - der - ful maj - es - ty see;
   We'll pos - sess that fair land He has prom - ised, What a won - der - ful sight (*Omit*.....) that will be.
3. Shall I know, fa - ther, moth - er and broth - er? And my sis - ter long gone shall I see?
   Yes, I'll know and be known o - ver yon - der, What a won - der - ful sight (*Omit*.....) that will be.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 108 VAUGHAN'S REVERIE.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN

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

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

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

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

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 109 BY THE GATE THEY'LL MEET US.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. 1: 14.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER

1. Holy, happy angels, guard the Christian's way, Never from his path they stray; Ev- er on their mission they their vigils keep, Guarding all his
2. Tho' we may not see them with our mortal eyes, By the light of Time's dim skies; Yet we hear their whispers pointing far away, To the gol-den
3. Ho-ly, hap-py an-gels, sent us from a-bove, Thro' the Saviour's gracious love; Be ye ev - er near us, guarding all our way, Till we reach the

CHORUS.

waking, watching all his sleep.
lus - ter of e - ter - nal day. By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the gold-en sky,
mansions of e - ter - nal day.

Meet us at the por-tal, Meet us by and by; By the gate they'll meet us,

'Neath the gol-den sky, Meet us at the por- tal, Meet us by and by.

Used by per. of Aldine S. Kieffer, Dayton, Va

No. 110 SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless- ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be-yond the stars, To my

watching and I 'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I 'll fly, To a
arms en- fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean- ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the

D.S. *In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from*

home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I 'm sweeping thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be-
song im - mor - tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I 'm sweeping thro' the

ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the

FINE. CHORUS.

gates. Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates,
gates.
fore!
gates. Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweeping thro' the gates;
gates.

D.S.

Sweep - - - - ing thro' the gates.
Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

No. 111 Hear Him Calling.

MISS EULALIE MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je-sus in His mer-cy came from heav'n above, Came to bring poor sinners
2. Je-sus in His mer-cy left His home so bright, Came to lead His children
3. Je-sus left a mansion far a-bove the sky, Came to save the lost ones
4. Hear Him gently knocking, open wide the door, He will wash you, cleanse you,
5. Je-sus stands in mercy, pleading, come to-day, He's a lov-ing Sav-iour,

nev-er dying love, Left His home in glo-ry, came the debt to pay, And
in-to paths of right— Left a home of beau-ty that will ne'er decay, And
on the cross to die, Came to bring a mes-sage, ever watch and pray, And
make you white as snow—He will ne'er forsake you, Turn Him not away, Be-
sinner why de-lay? Give your heart to Jesus, do not from Him stray, Oh,

CHORUS.
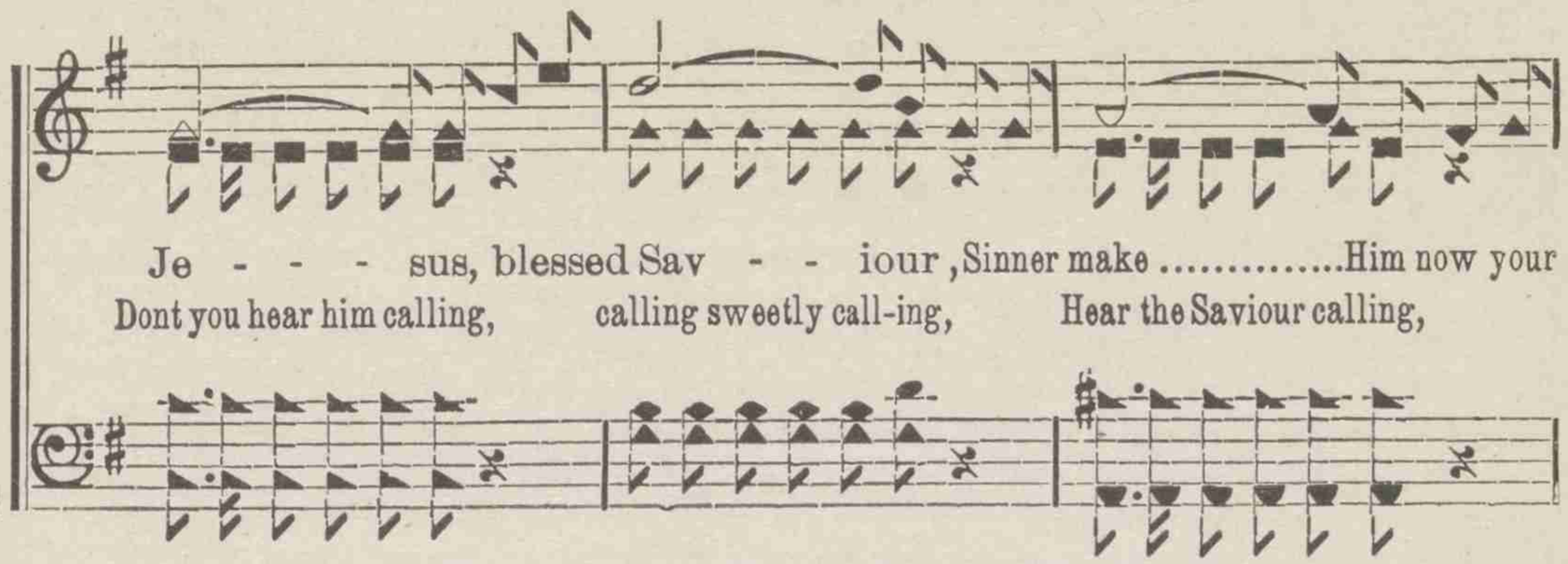
oh— poor sin-ner, He's call-ing to-day.
oh— poor sin-ner, He's call-ing to-day.
oh— poor sin-ner, He's call-ing to-day.
lieve poor sin-ner, He's call-ing to-day.
hear, believe Him, He's call-ing to-day.

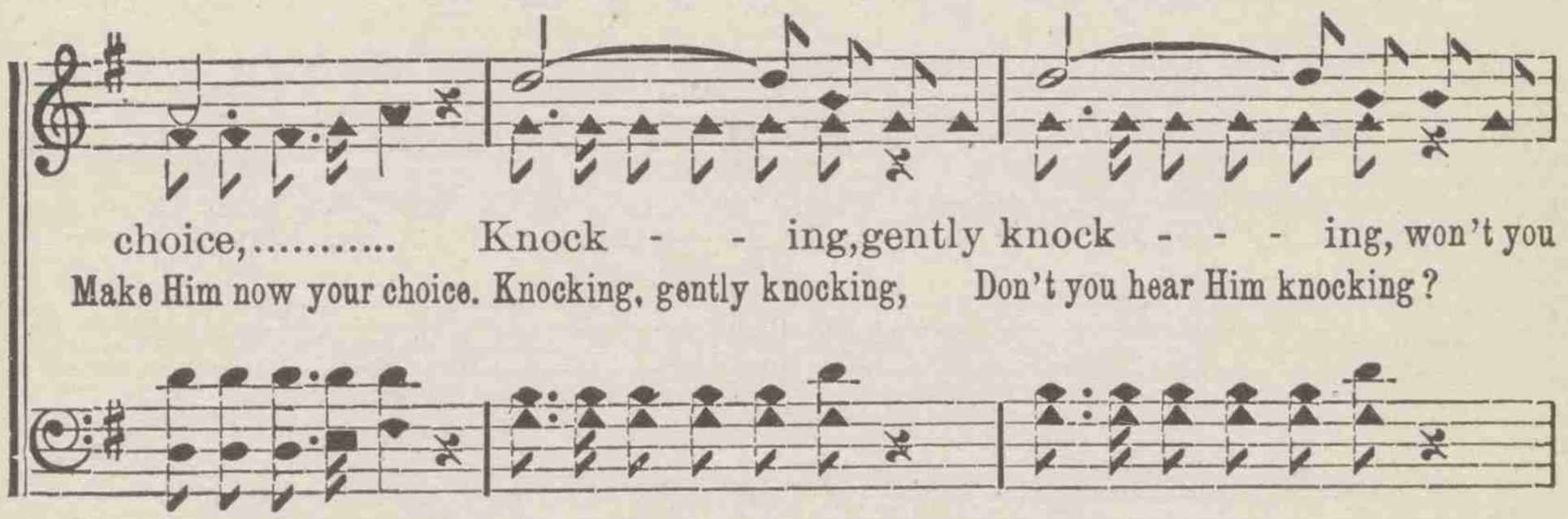
Hear..... Him sweetly
Hear the Saviour call-ing,

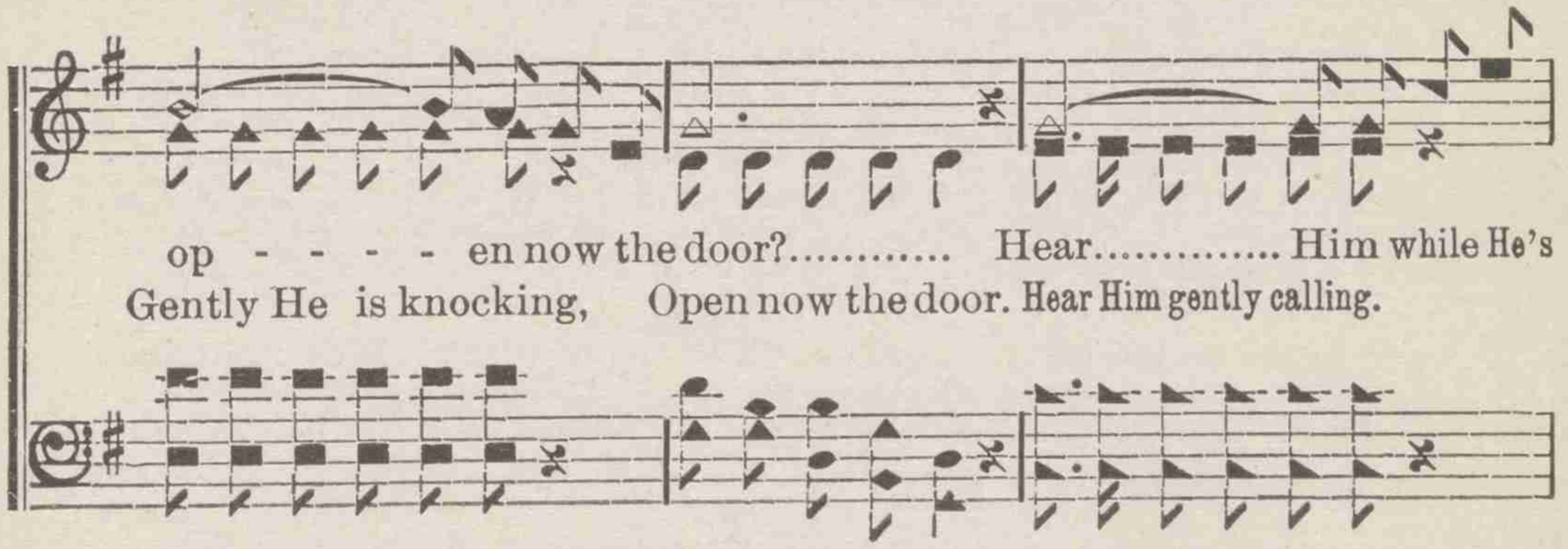
call - - - ing, Don't you hear..... His pleading voice?
Don't you hear Him calling, Hear Him sweetly calling, Hear His pleading voice.

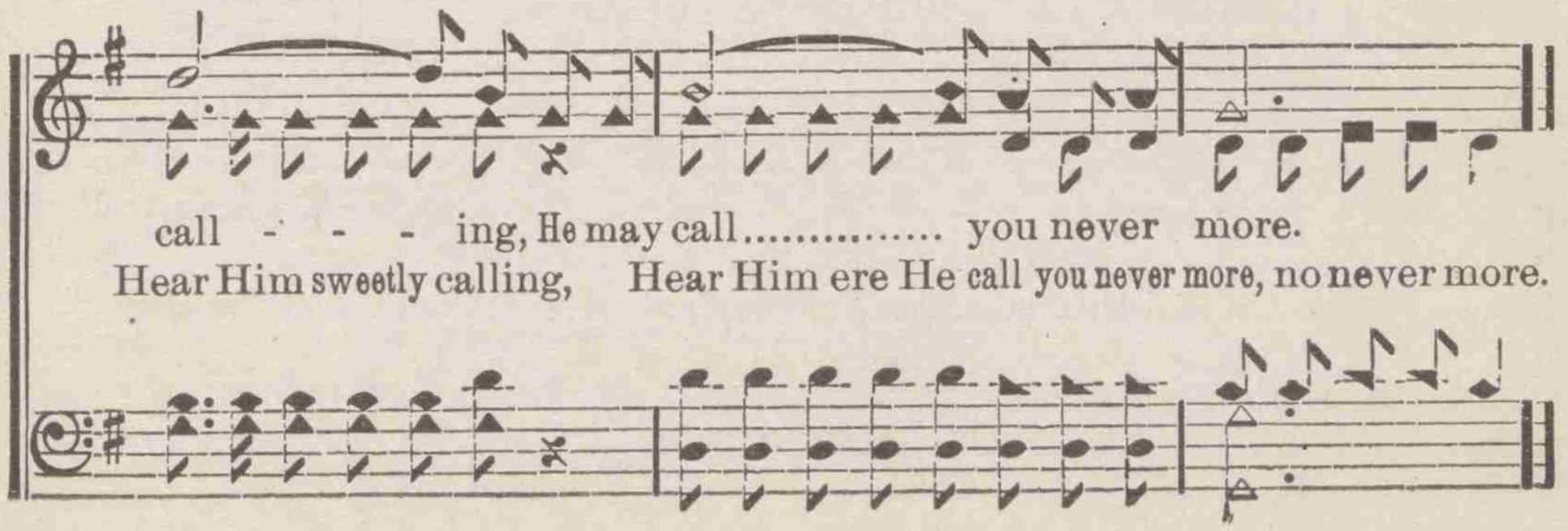
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Hear Him Calling. (Concluded.)









No. 112 GOSPEL WAVES.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. CARL DONAHO.

1. Up from the shore.... of far Gal-i - lee,..... Where the storm raged... so
Sa-cred shore! Gal - i - lee! Fiercely raged!
2. Out of Geth-sem - 'na's garden of woe,..... Where the Lord wept.... in
Where a-lone, Je - sus wept! Je - sus wept!
3. From the dread scene.... on Calvary's height,... When Jesus died..... the
Earth, be-hold! Hear Him cry! Wondrous grace!

dark and wild,..... Gospel waves roll..... a mes-sage to me .....
Dark and wild! Peace b› still! Ev - en me;
pain and grief,..... Gospel waves roll. ... to .ll here be - low.....
Prostrate lay! Ev - e roll! Here be-low,
world to save,..... Gospel waves roll..... in splendor and might....
Boundless love! Ev - er roll! Sound His praise!

CHORUS.

Fear not,'tis I,..... O, wavering child.....
Je - sus speaks! Trust in me.
Bearing sweet com - fort, bringing relief..... Gospel waves roll..... in
Trust His love, Praise His name Ev - er roll
Roll on in pow'r.... o'er death and the grave..
Mighty pow'r! Je - sus reigns.
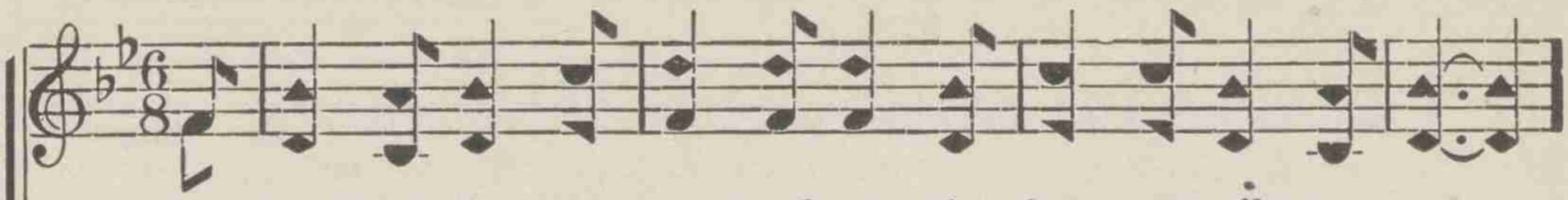
pow'r and might,... Bear o'er the earth... the message of light... Gospel waves
Pow'r and might! O'er the earth! Wondrous light!

roll.... on Calv'ry's stream!.. Sing, O my soul,.. The Lord will redeem. .
Swiftly roll! Calv'ry's stream! He'll redeem, redeem.
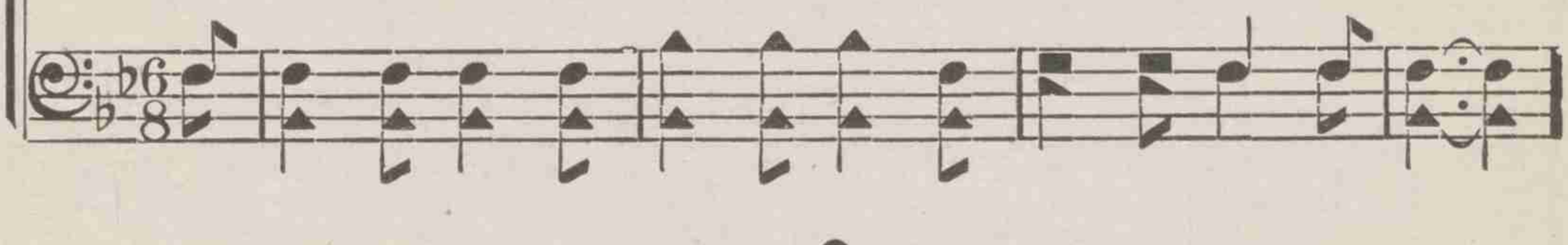
F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex.
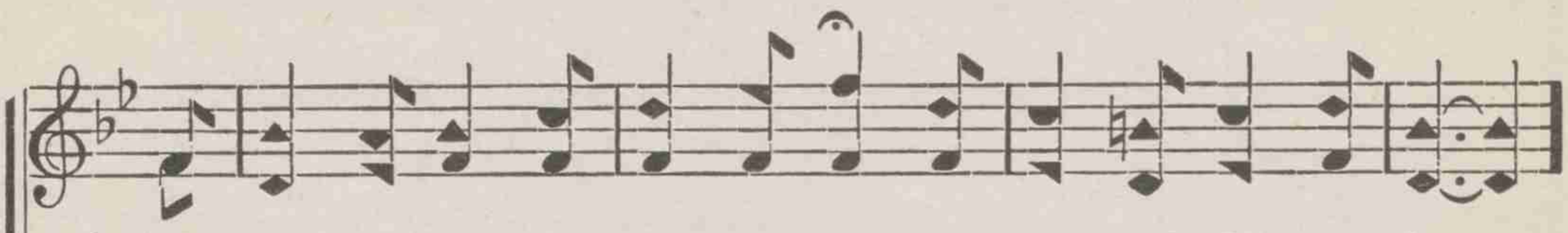
No. 113 When You and I Get Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JOHN M. DYE.
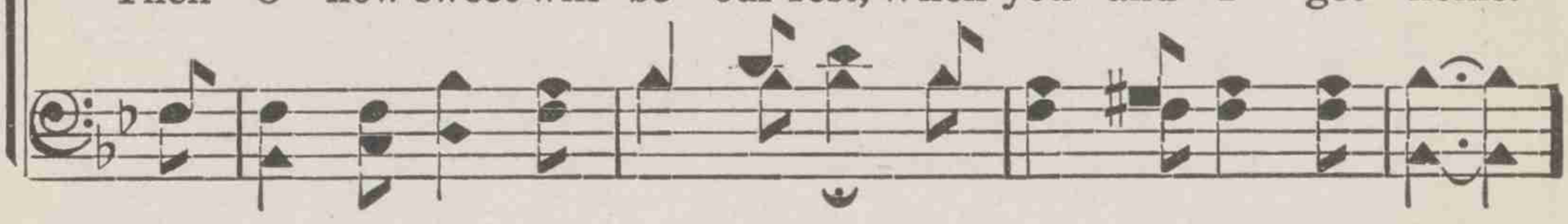


1. A few more days for you and me, A few more miles to roam,
2. Tho' now we face life's storm-y blast, Tho' bil - lows round us foam,
3. If oft the way be dark as night, No stars in heav-en's dome,
4. The friends that left us long a - go, When Je - sus bade them "Come,"
5. Then let us work and do our best While here on earth we roam,

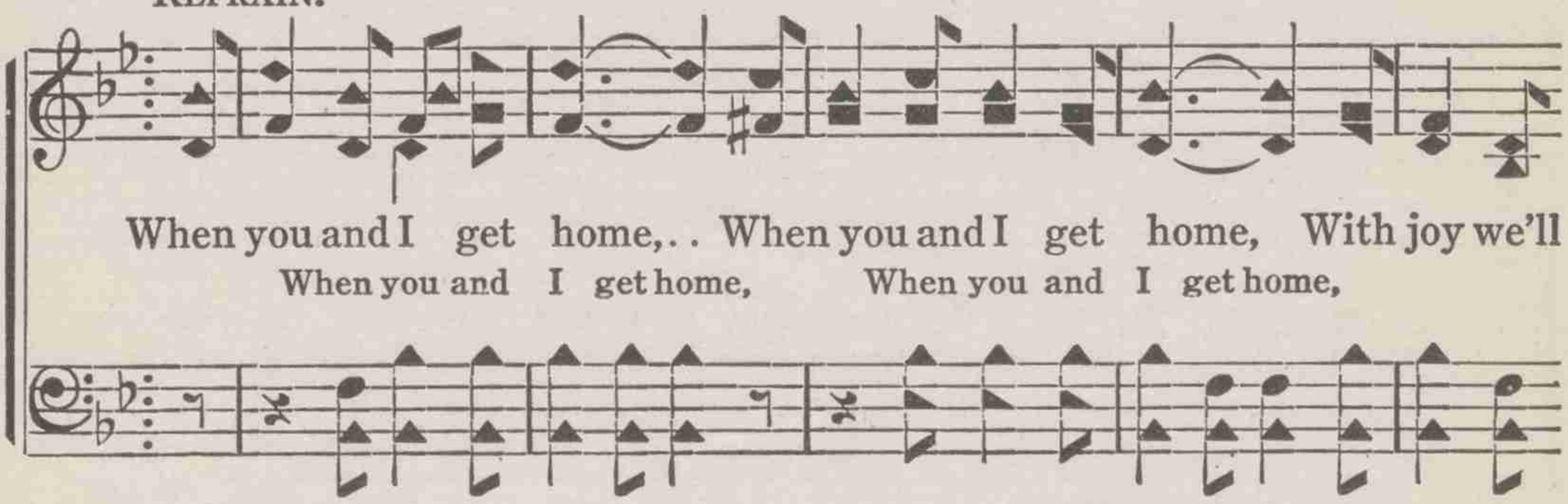




Then we will shout the vic - to - ry, When you and I get home.
Our cares will all be o - ver past, When you and I get home.
We'll dwell in ev - er - last-ing light, When you and I get home.
Each pre-cious face we'll see and know, When you and I get home.
Then O how sweet will be our rest, When you and I get home.



REFRAIN.



When you and I get home,.. When you and I get home, With joy we'll
When you and I get home, When you and I get home,

shout the vic-to-ry, When you and I get home; you and I get home.
get home; get home.

Copyright, 1905, by John M. Dye.

No. 114 Bound for the Harbor and Home.

Respectfully inscribed to my dear teacher, Prof. A. M. Pace.—Austin H.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

1. Tossed by the waves of an un rest - ing sea, We're bound for the har - bor and home.
2. Sweep on, ye temp - est of life's rest - less main, We're bound for the har - bor and home.
3. Christ is the Pi - lot who stands at the wheel, We're bound for the har - bor and home.

Driv - en sometimes by the temp - est are we,
Safe - ly we'll weath - er our sor - rows and pain,
He knows the per - ils the waves may con-ceal;

We're bound for the har - bor and home.
We're bound for the har - bor and home.
We're bound for the har - bor and home.

Brest - ing the waves of life's o - cean a - far,
Bil - lows may roll and the break-ers may roar,
He can the wild heav-ing o - cean re-strain;
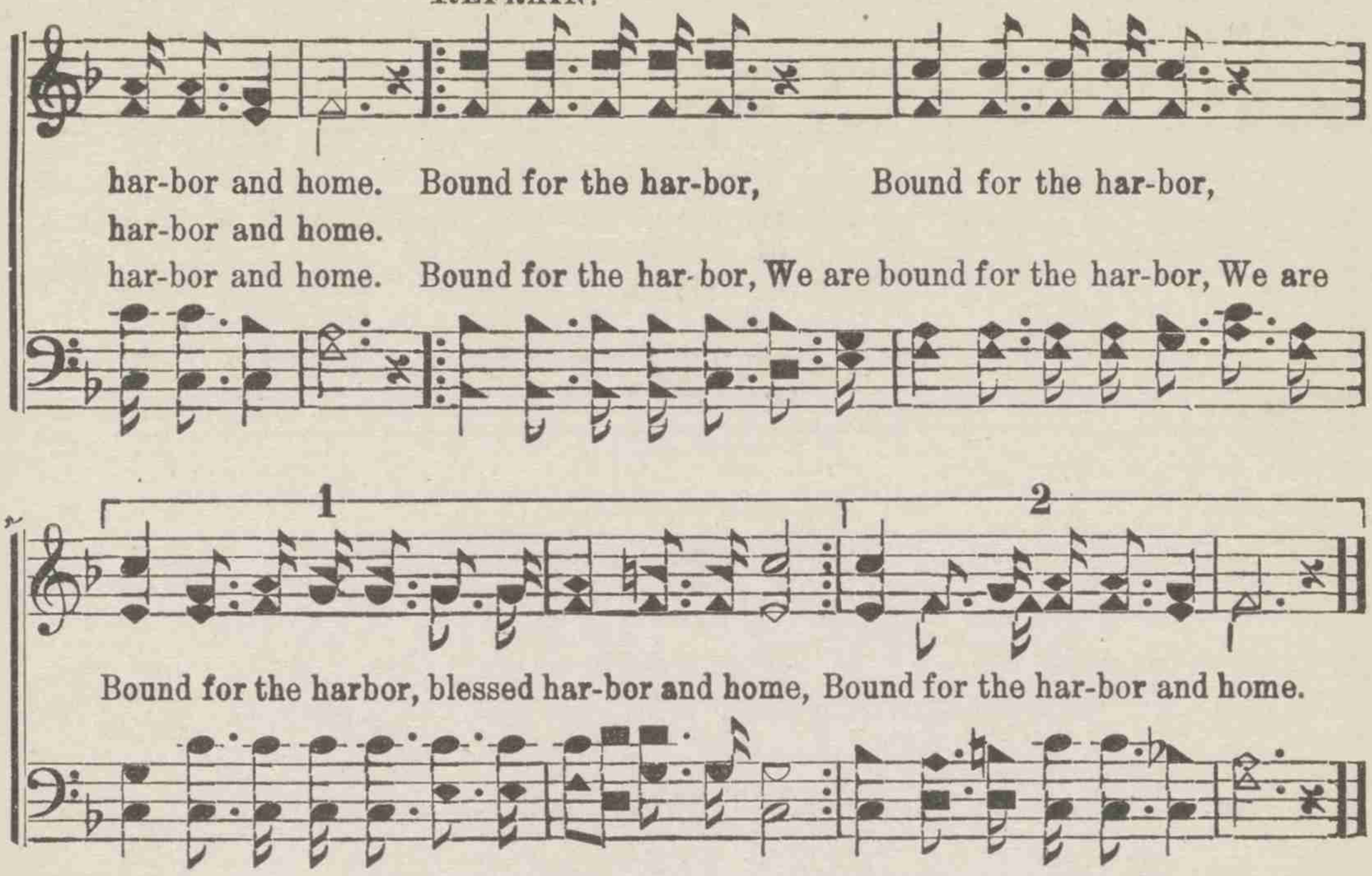
God's word our chart and His spir - it our star,
Al - most we now see that beau - ti - ful shore.
He can speak peace to the bil - low - y main.

Soon we shall cross o - ver yon har - bor bar, We're bound for the
Where we shall rest, sweet - ly rest, ev - er more; We're bound for the
Soon that blest har - bor of heav - en we'll gain; We're bound for the

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Bound for the Harbor and Home.

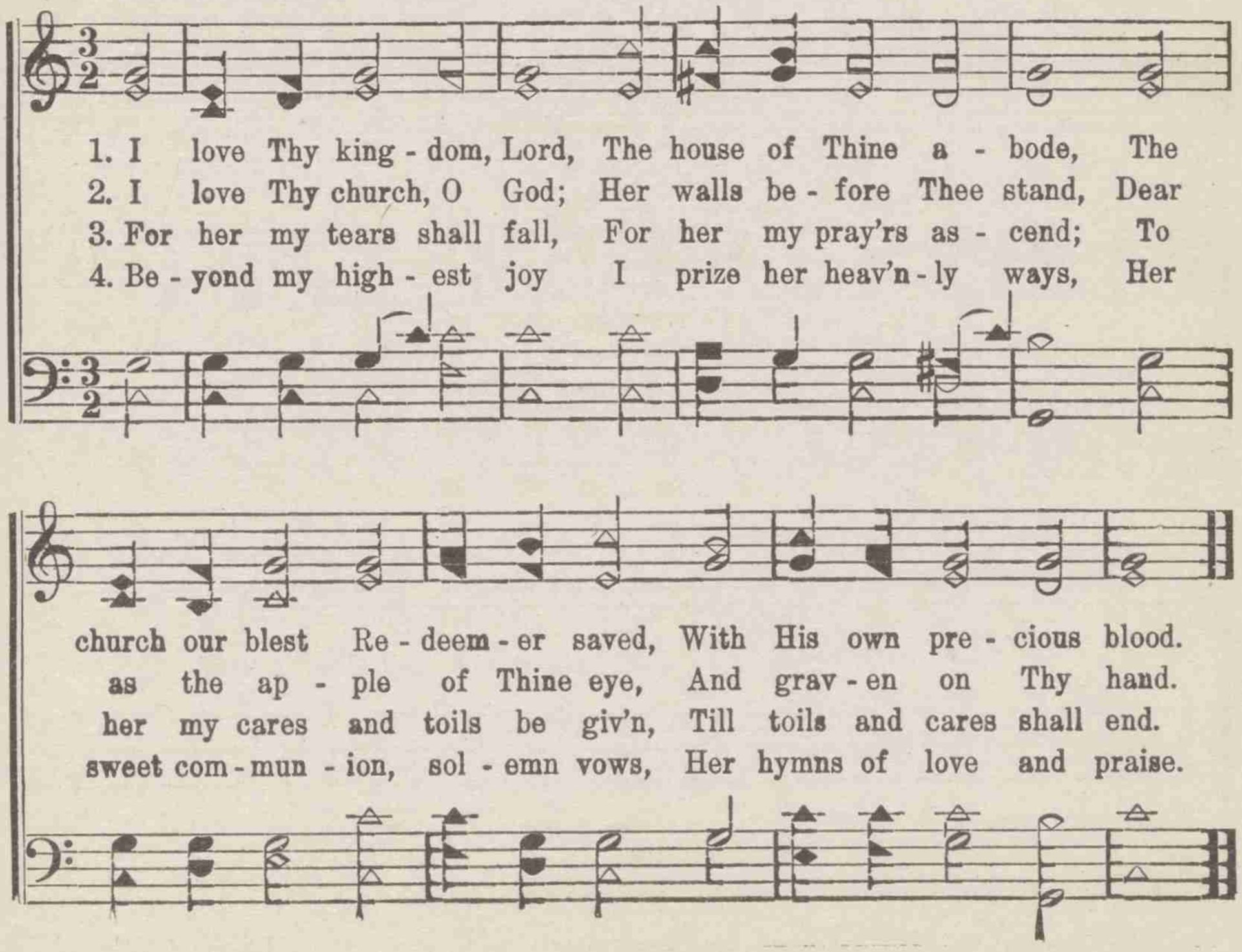
REFRAIN.



No. 115 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 116 The Story of the Cross.

"The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."—I. Cor. 1: 18.

Lucius Luttrell. Lucius Luttrell.

Bass Solo.

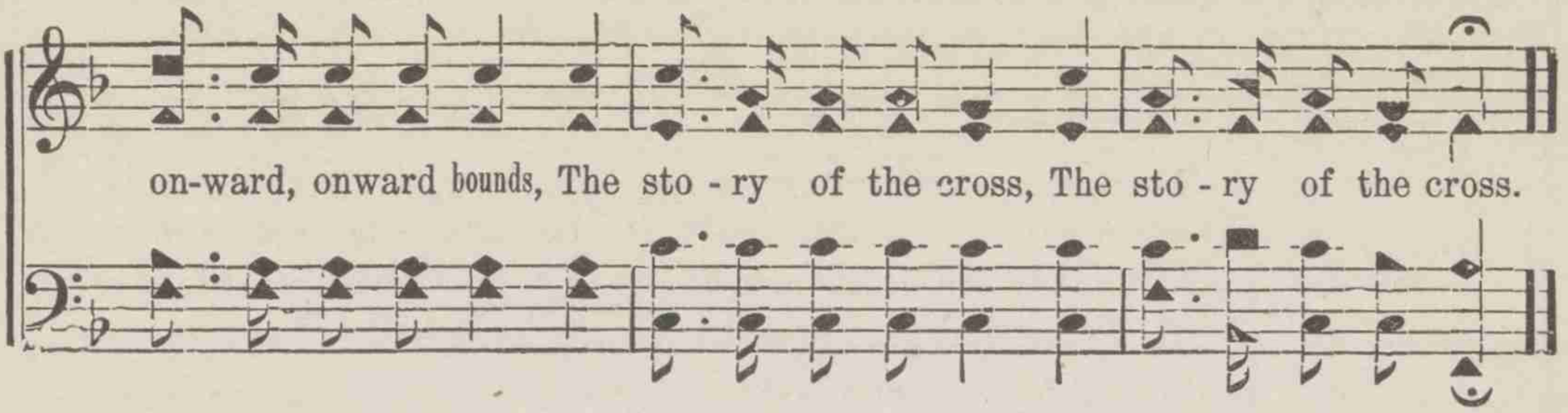
1. It is a sto - ry oft - en told (oft-en told), Tho' oft re-peat-ed ne'er grows old (ne'er grows old), It is more pre - cious far than gold (far than gold),
2. It is a sto - ry soft and sweet (soft and sweet), A sto - ry all should oft re-peat (oft re-peat), With love and truth it is re - plete (is re-plete),
3. It is a sto - ry true and grand (true and grand), A sto - ry by the Fa-ther planned (Father planned), It brings us safe to that fair land (that fair land),
4. It is a sto - ry ev - er new (ev - er new), A sto - ry, sin-ner, 'tis for you ('tis for you), It saves all who for par - don sue (par - don sue),

CHORUS.

The sto - ry of the cross (of the cross). We'll re - peat it o'er and o'er,
Till it spreads from shore to shore, The sto - ry of the cross, The
sto - ry of the cross; O how sweet the mu - sic sounds, As it

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The Story of the Cross. Concluded.



No. 117 Pleasant Pathways.

Unknown. (NATIONAL.) D. E. D.

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No. 118 HEAVEN'S JOYS HAVE BEGUN.

GEORGE M. SIVLEY. LEROY B. LEISTER.

1. When the Mas-ter in His goodness makes a sin-ner free from sin,
2. When the se-cret of our con-duct is be-fore the Just One laid,
3. Let us wait with res-ig-na-tion till His com-ing day ar-rives,

Takes a-way his heav-y bur-dens ev-'ry one, O the
And the trump-et loud proclaims our work is done, 'Mid the
Ev-er seek-ing all the e-vil ways to shun; If we

love that it a-wak-ens when he thinks what "might have been",
scenes of dread con-fu-sion,—will our debt of sin be paid?
rest up-on His prom-ise, dai-ly con-se-crate our lives,

Then to feel the joys of heav-en have be-gun!
Do we know the joys of heav-en have be-gun?
Then we know the joys of heav-en have be-gun.

CHORUS.

O we know the joys of heav-en have be-gun,

O we know the joys of

Copyright, 1906, by L. B. Leister.

HEAVEN'S JOYS—Concluded.

We have tasted of the bliss-ful life to come;
that life to come;

For the Lord has bid-den us to share this home,
For the Lord has bid - den

Yes, we know the joys of heav-en have be - gun.
heav'n, the joys of heav - en have be - gun.

No. 119 WINDHAM.

DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De - ny thy-self, and take thy cross, Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new—

But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Which hypocrites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a-pos - tates nev - er knew.

No. 120 YET, THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet, the beauties of that city will unfold after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see). Yes, the half has never been told!—F. L. E.

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

1. There's a mansion where the saints forever rest, In the ev - er- last-ing pal - ace of the soul, And a stream of liv - ing wa - ter flows a-
2. I have traveled toward that cit - y man-y years, And by faith in Christ its por - tals I can see, But un - til I've crossed the Jordan, all its
3. Sin ner, won't you turn to Jesus while you may? Turn, O turn ye from sin's mountain bleak and cold,—Toward that home of many mansions, there 'tis

midst the cit - y blest,—Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
joys I can-not know, For the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
one e - ter- nal day,—Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the

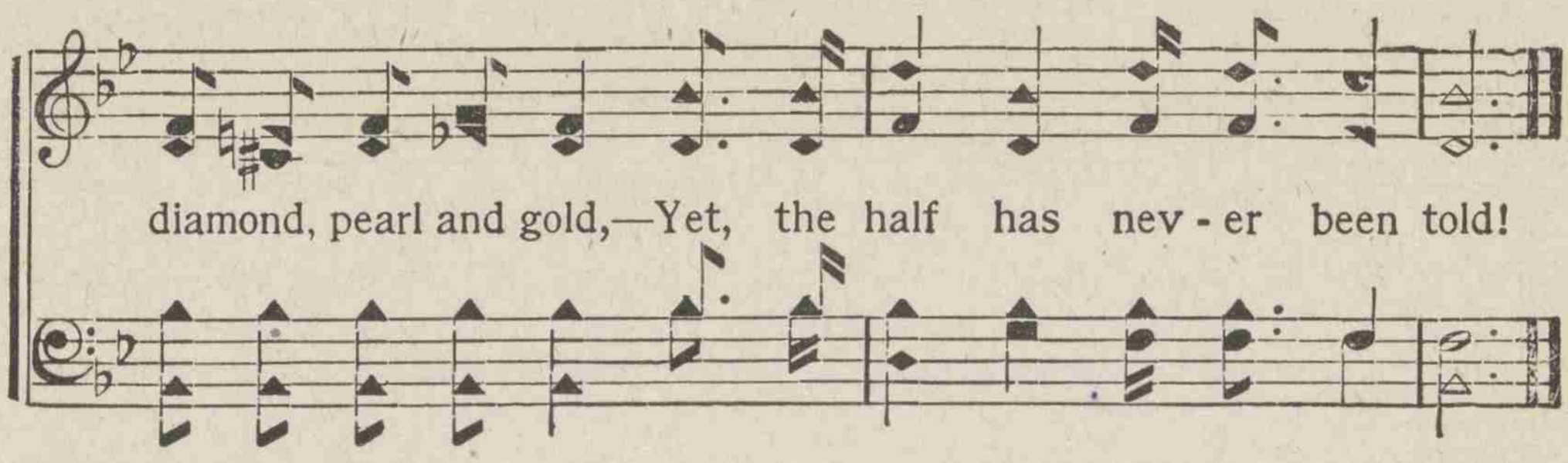
half has nev - er been told!..... Yet, the half has nev-er been
nev-er been told!

told!..... 'Tis a cit - y built of jas-per, ru - by,
nev - er been told!

REFRAIN.
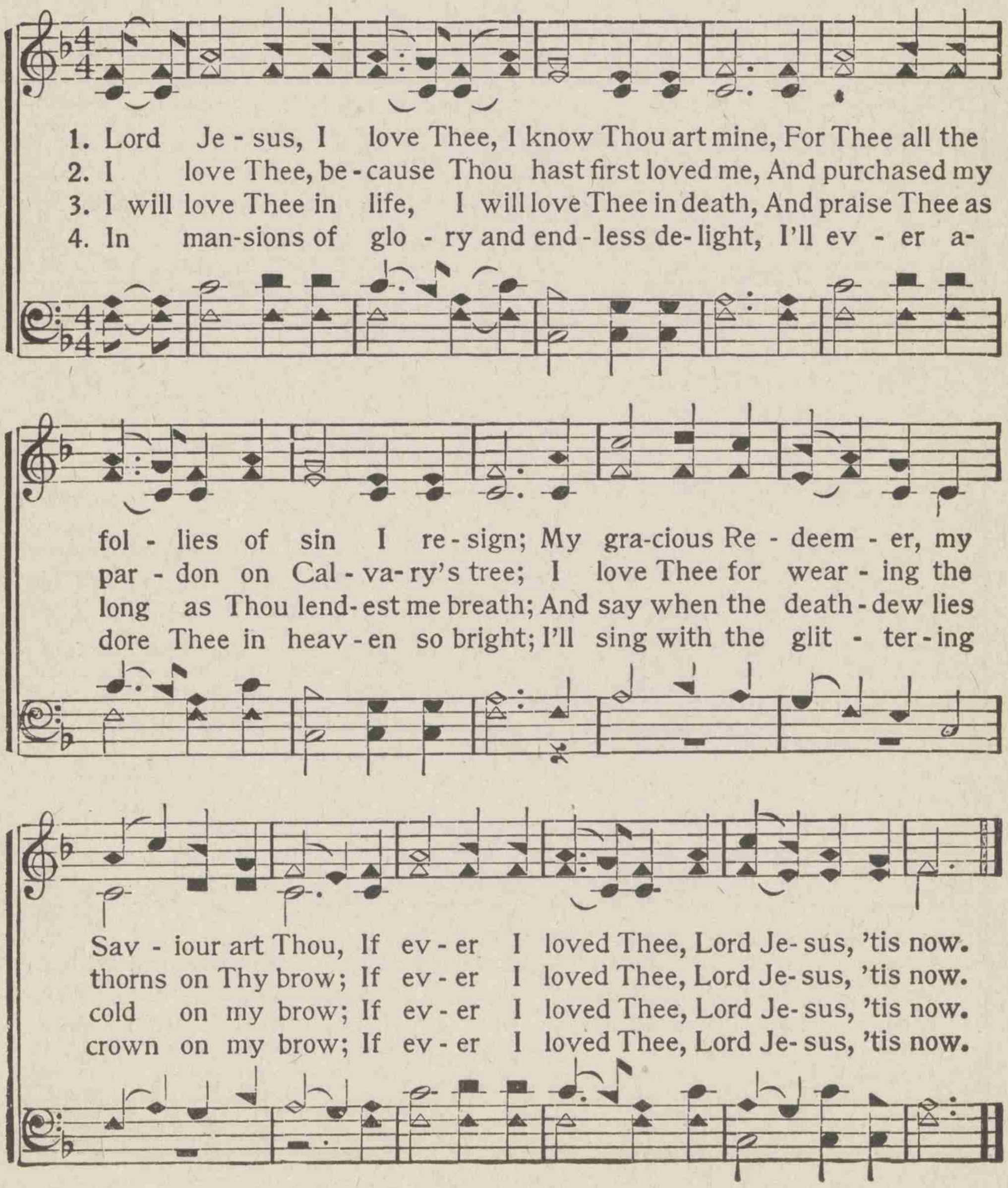
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YET, THE HALF, etc.—Concluded.



No. 121 LORD JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. Rev. A. J. GORDON.



No. 122 THE BROKEN PINION.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I walked thro' the woodland mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing; And found on a bed of moss - es, A
2. I found a young life strick - en, By sin's se - duc- tive art, And touched with a Christ-like pit - y, I
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin · ion, Kept an - oth - er from the snare, And the life that sin had strick - en Raised an -

bird with a bro - ken wing, I heal'd its wound and each
took him to my heart; He lived with a no - ble
oth - er from de - spair; For Christ the might - y

morn - ing It sang its sweet old strain, But the bird with a
pur - pose And strug-gled not in vain, But the life that
heal - er, Has a balm for ev - 'ry pain, And the soul that

THE BROKEN PINION.—Concluded.

bro - ken pin - ion, Nev - er soared as high a - gain, But the
sin had strick - en Nev - er soared as high a - gain, But the
He had heal - ed High - er still shall soar a - gain, And the

rit.

bird with a bro-ken pin - ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
life that sin had strick - en Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
soul that He had heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.

No. 123 BE TRUE.

Mrs. W. B. Willet. Mrs. O. L. Fleck.

Solo.

1. Be true to the friends that love you, In this val - ley of
2. Be true to the soul im - mor - tal, That is giv - en you
3. Be true to the Great High Spir - it, Who lives thro' e

f.

sor - row and tears, Be true to the heav - en a -
here be - low, Keep it read - y to en - ter the
ter - nal years, For do we not all in -
D.S.—Then ev - er we'll cher - ish this

Fine.

bove you,..... Mov - ing on - ward with nev - er a fear.
por - tals..... Of bliss, where we all hope to go.
her - it,..... That life fraught with joy or with tears.
mot - to,..... Be true, be true, be true.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Be true, be true, Be true as the **sun to the day,**

No. 124 WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME.

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

1. We are nearing that bright mansion Up a-bove the star-ry way,
2. We are nearing that fair cit-y Where our dear ones watch and wait;
3. We are nearing joys im-mor-tal That will nev-er fade a-way,
4. We are nearing bliss and glo-ry In that home beyond compare,

And we'll pass its bless-ed por-tals by and by; When we
There we nev-er-more shall speak the sad good-bye; O, how
In that coun-try where we'll nev-er, nev-er die; There we'll
Where the saints of God shall gath-er by and by; We shall

reach the land ce-les-tial We shall rest in peace for aye;
glad-ly they will greet us When we reach the pearl-y gate;
live with Christ, the Sav-iour, In the realms of end-less day;
dwell in love for-ev-er, And the rich-est blessings share;

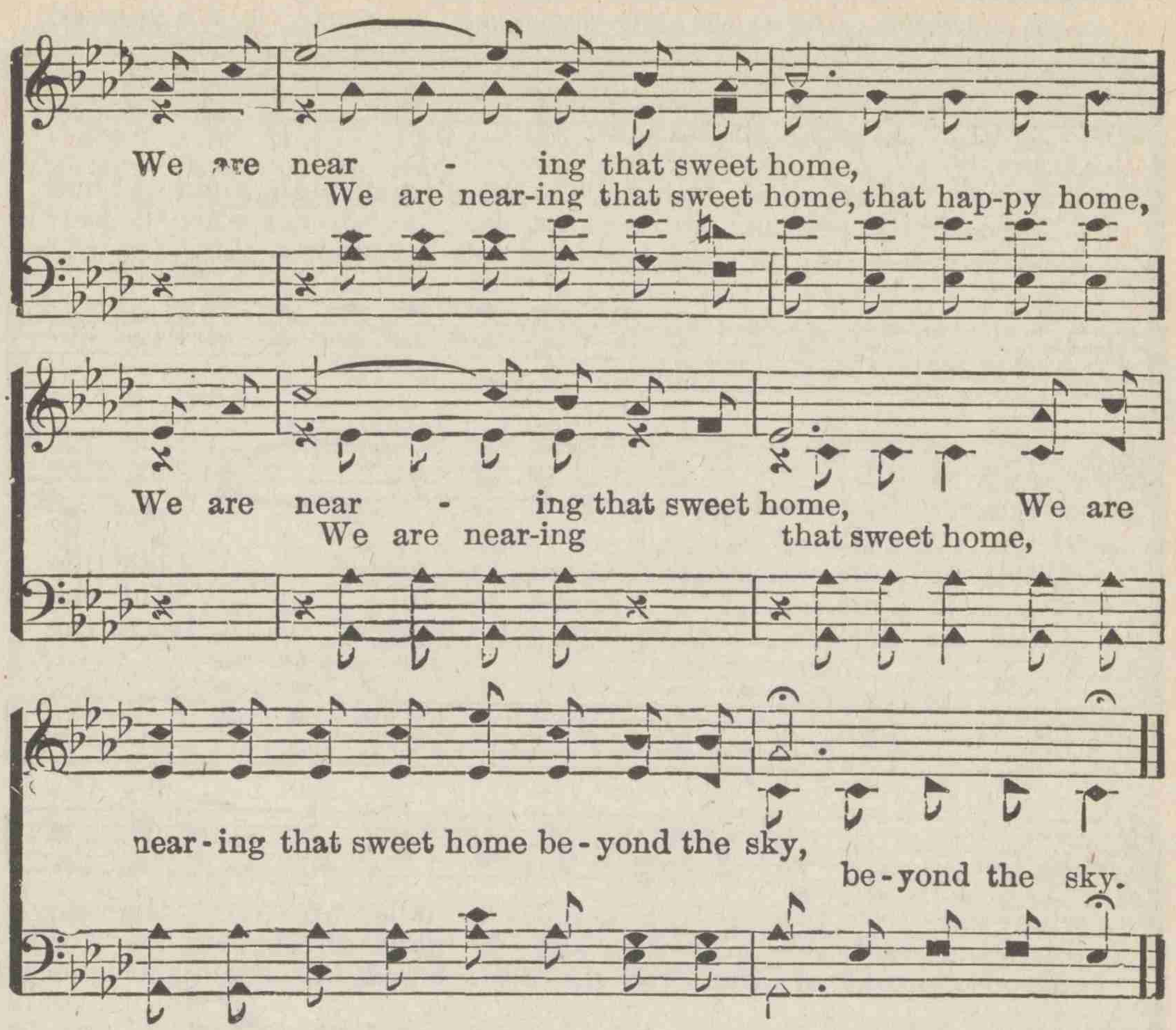
We are near-ing that sweet home be-yond the sky.

CHORUS.

We are near - - ing that sweet home.
We are near-ing that sweet home.

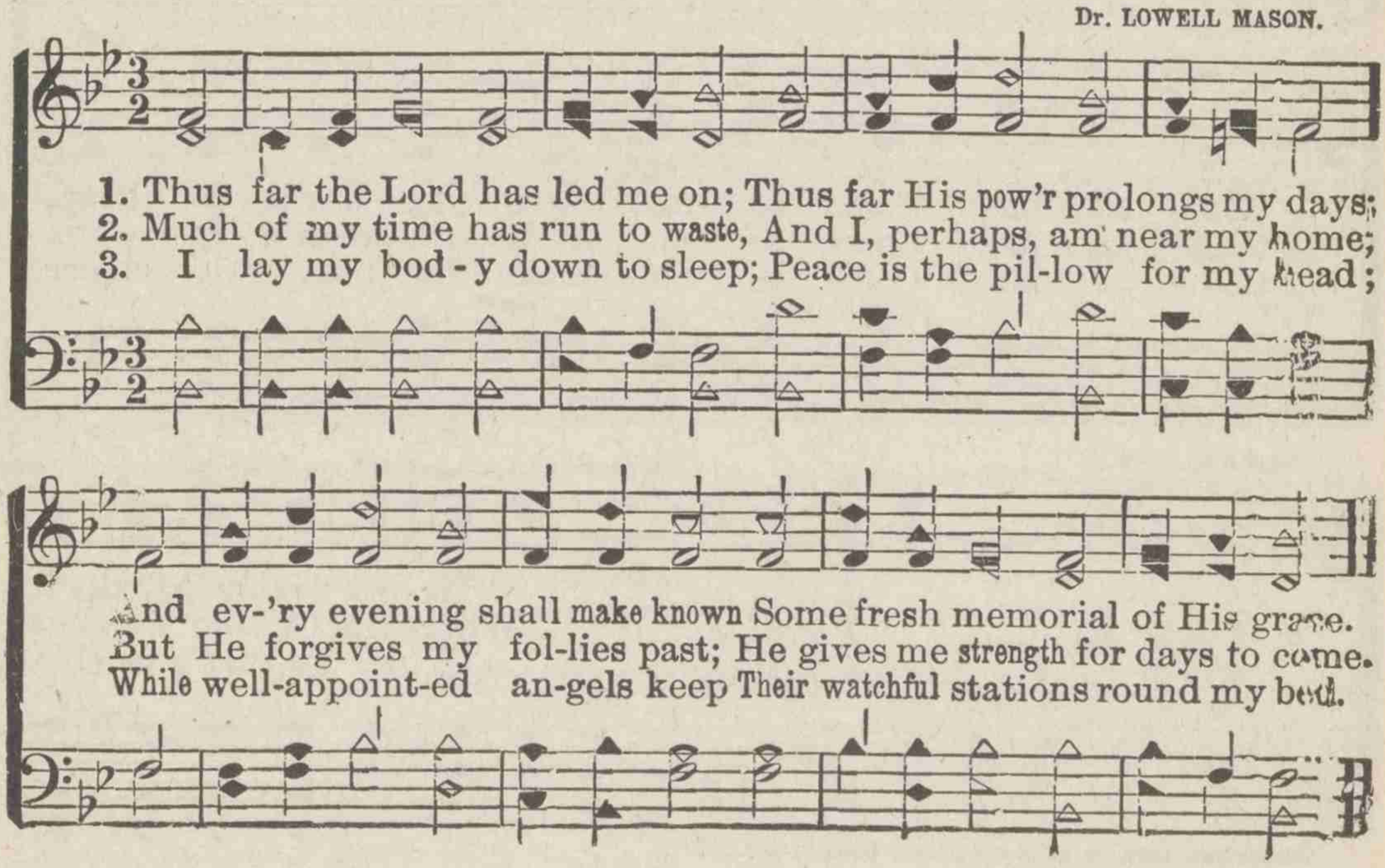
Used by per. of the Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME. Concluded.



No. 125 THUS FAR THE LORD.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 126 COME TO ME.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. And the splrit and the bride say come. Rev. 22: 17. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. In the still-ness of the twilight there's a gen-tle voice I hear,
2. In the dry-ness of the des-ert lo! a ten-der voice is heard,
3. In the fam-ine of the far-land soft-ly sounds a lov-ing voice,

Come to me,..... Come to me;..... Like the
Come to me, ... Come to me;..... 'Mid the
Come to me,..... Come to me;..... Leave the
Come to me, Come to me;

whis-per of the ze-phyr, soft it falls up-on the ear,
thirst-ing and the burn-ing soft-ly falls the heav'n-ly word,
emp-ty husks of hun-ger, make the bread of life your choice,

Come to me, Come to me, bless-ed words I hear.
Come to me, Come to me, falls the heav'n-ly word.
Come to me, Come to me, make the heav'n-ly choice.

REFRAIN.

I will go,..... I will go,..... 'Tis my Saviour speaks to
I will go,..... I will go,..... Where the liv-ing wa-ters
I will go,..... I will go,..... To my Fa-ther's ta-ble
I will go, I will go,

Copyright, 1899, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

COME TO ME. Concluded.

me, And He of - fers par-don free; I will go,..... I will
free, Flow for all and flow for me; I will go,..... I will
free, Where there's plenty waits for me; I will go,..... I will
I will go,

go,..... 'Tis for me, 'Tis for me, par-don full and free.
go,..... To the fount, To the fount, flow-ing full and free.
go,..... To the feast, To the feast, spread so full and free.
I will go,

No. 127 JESUS WILL SAVE.

S. J. P. Heb. 7: 25. S. J. PERRY.

1. I'm a way-worn pilgrim here, but Jesus will save; Fill'd with many a
2. Let us walk by faith each day, for Jesus will save; And be hap-py
3. There's a message from the Lord, that Jesus will save; We may find it
4. There are souls for us to win, that Jesus will save; There are sheaves to
5. When this toilsome life is o'er, dear Jesus will save; All His loved ones

D. S. *Come to Him by*

Fine. REFRAIN. D. S.

doubt and fear, but Jesus will save.
on the way, for Jesus will save.
in His Word that Jesus will save. Je-sus will save, yes, Je-sus will save.
gar - ner in, that Jesus will save.
ev - er-more, yes, Jesus will save.

faith and live, for Je - sus will save.

Used by per. of S. J. Perry.

No. 128 I LONG TO SEE HIS FACE.

KITTIE DEASON. COLUMBUS WASHINGTON.

1. I long to see my bless - ed Lord, Whose blood has made me free, If I but trust His ho - ly word, His
2. My soul is saved by His free grace, I trust His bound-less love, I long to see Him face to face, As
3. I once be- held Him on the tree, My soul He par- don'd there, I long His glo - rious face to see, In
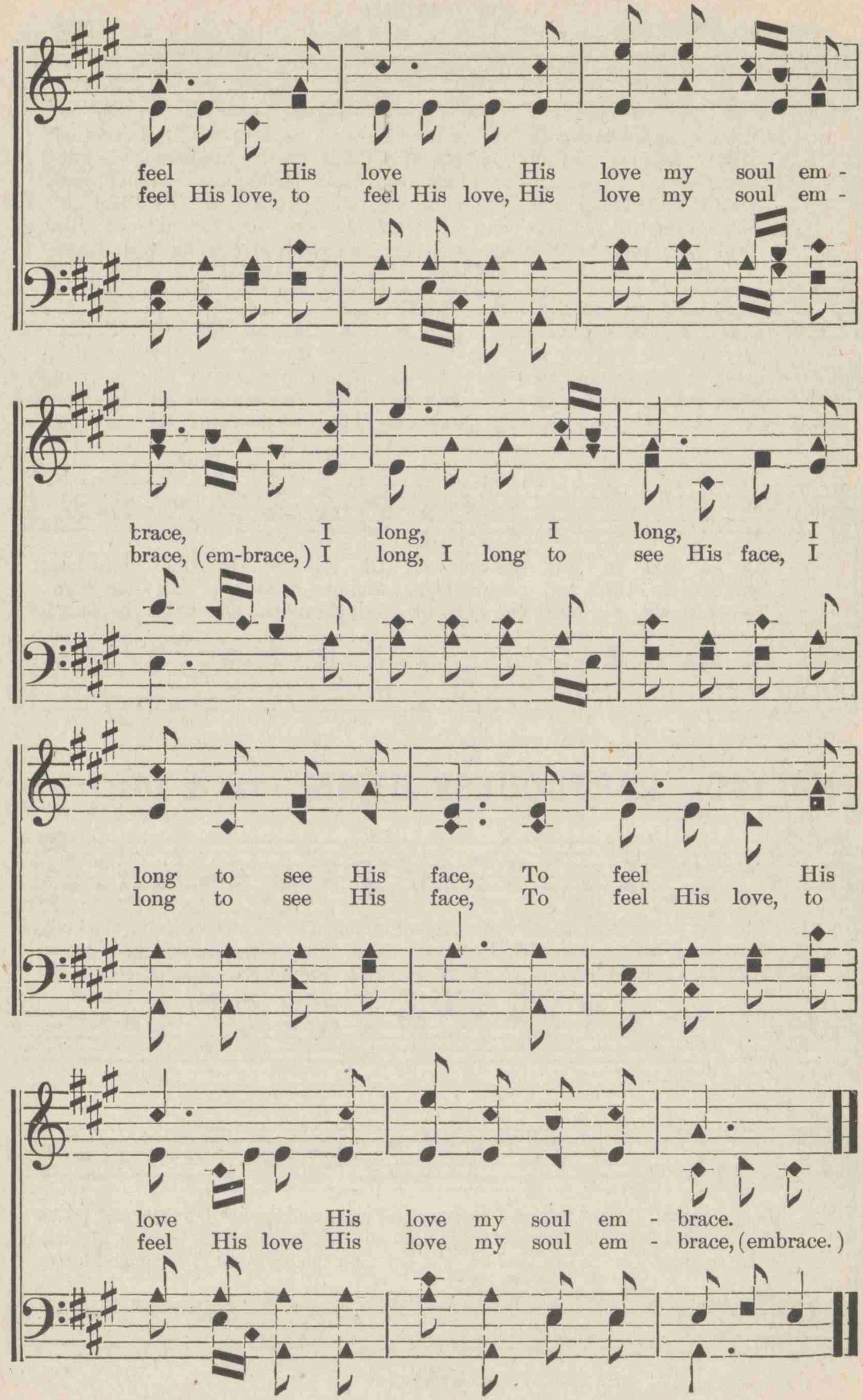
face I soon shall see. } I long, I
He ap - pears a - bove. }
heav'n so bright and fair. } I long, I long to

CHORUS.

long, I long to see His face, To
see His face, To see His lov - ing face, (His face,) To

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

I LONG TO SEE HIS FACE. Concluded.

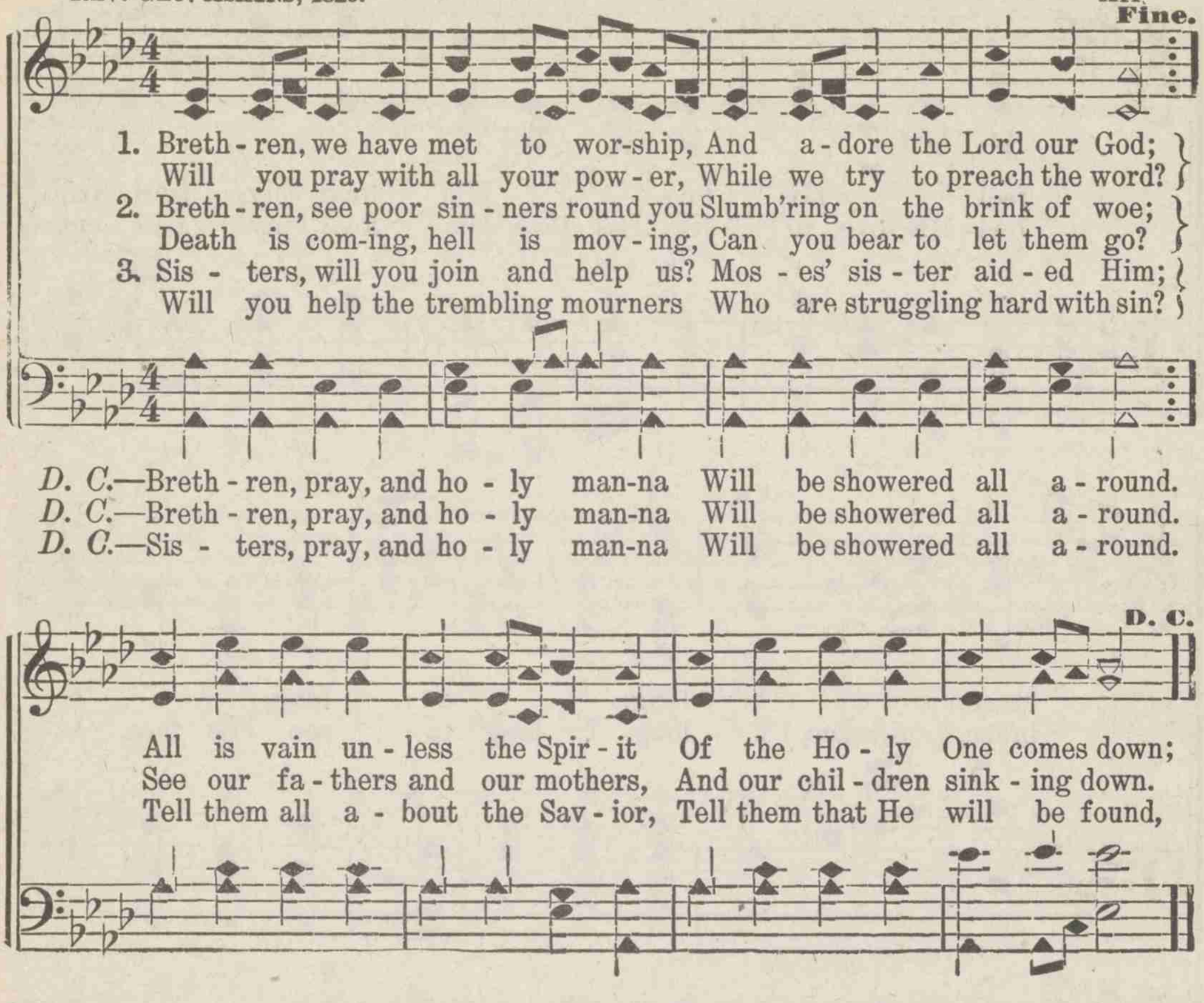


No. 129. HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s.

(ON OPENING.)

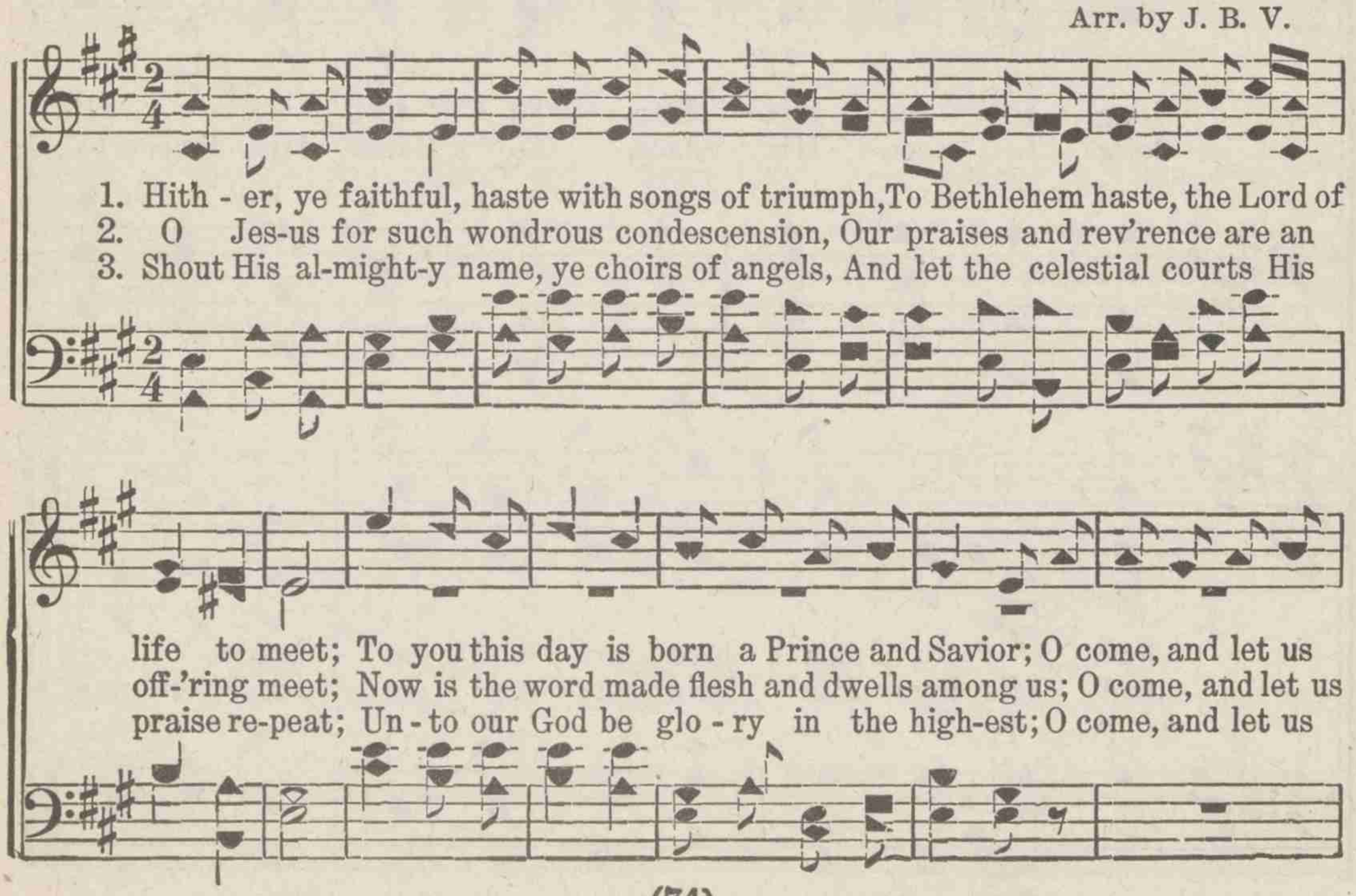
REV. GEO. ASKINS, 1820.

Arr.
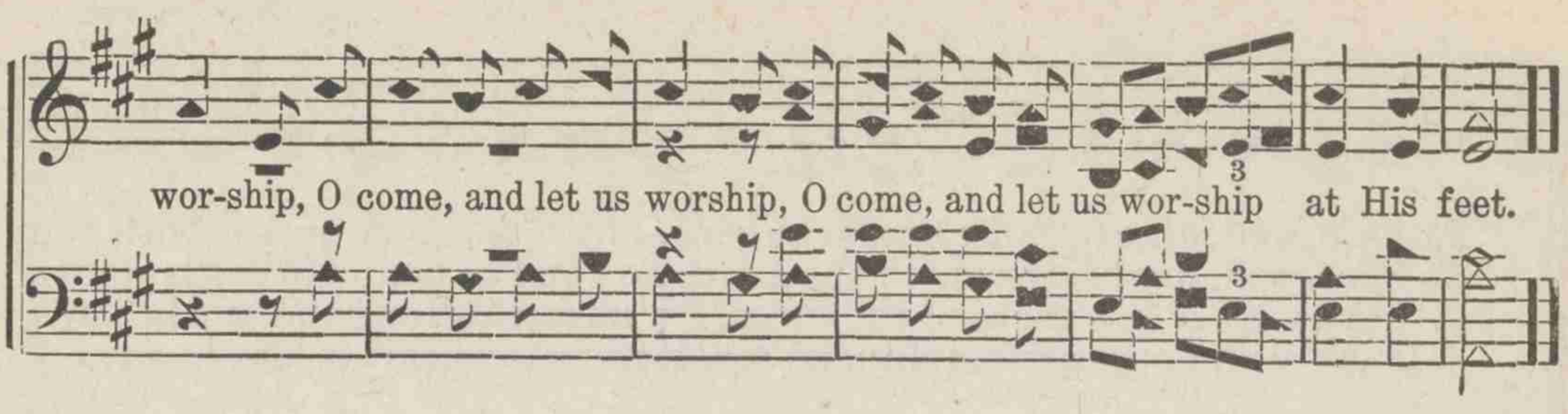


No. 130. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s & 10s.

Arr. by J. B. V.
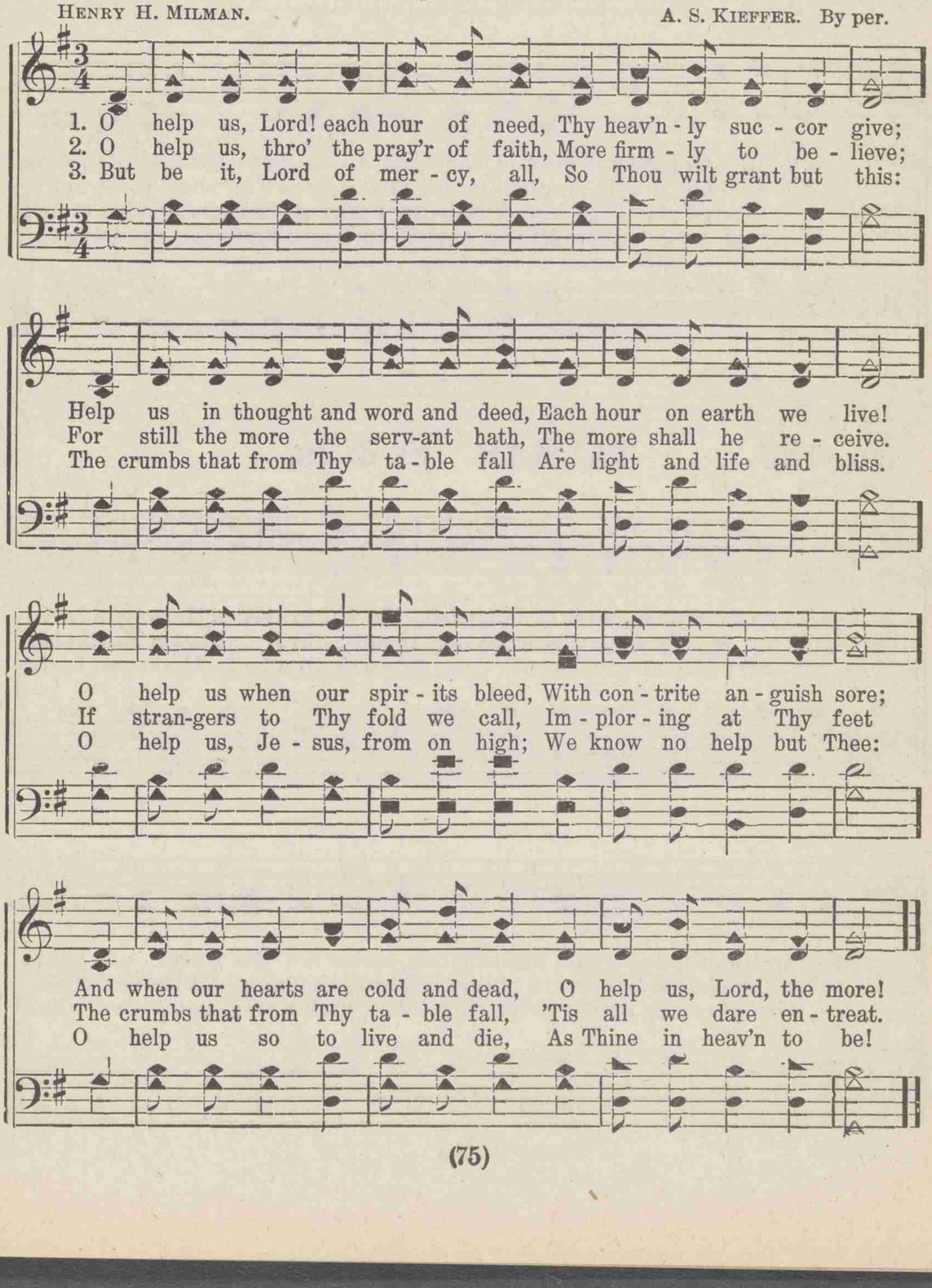


PORTUGUESE HYMN. Concluded.



No. 131. REDEEMING LOVE. C. M. D.

"Lord, help me."—MATT 15: 25.

HENRY H. MILMAN. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



No. 132. THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.

Arr.

1. Fare-well, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you;
2. Fare-well, my brethren, in the Lord, To you I'm bound in cords of love;
3. Fare-well, old soldiers of the cross, You're struggling long and hard for heav'n,
4. Fare-well, poor careless sinners, too, It grieves my heart to leave you here,

I'll take my staff and trav-el on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.
Yet we believe His gracious word, That soon we all shall meet above.
You've counted all things here but dross, Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
E-ter-nal vengeance waits for you, O turn and find sal - va-tion near.

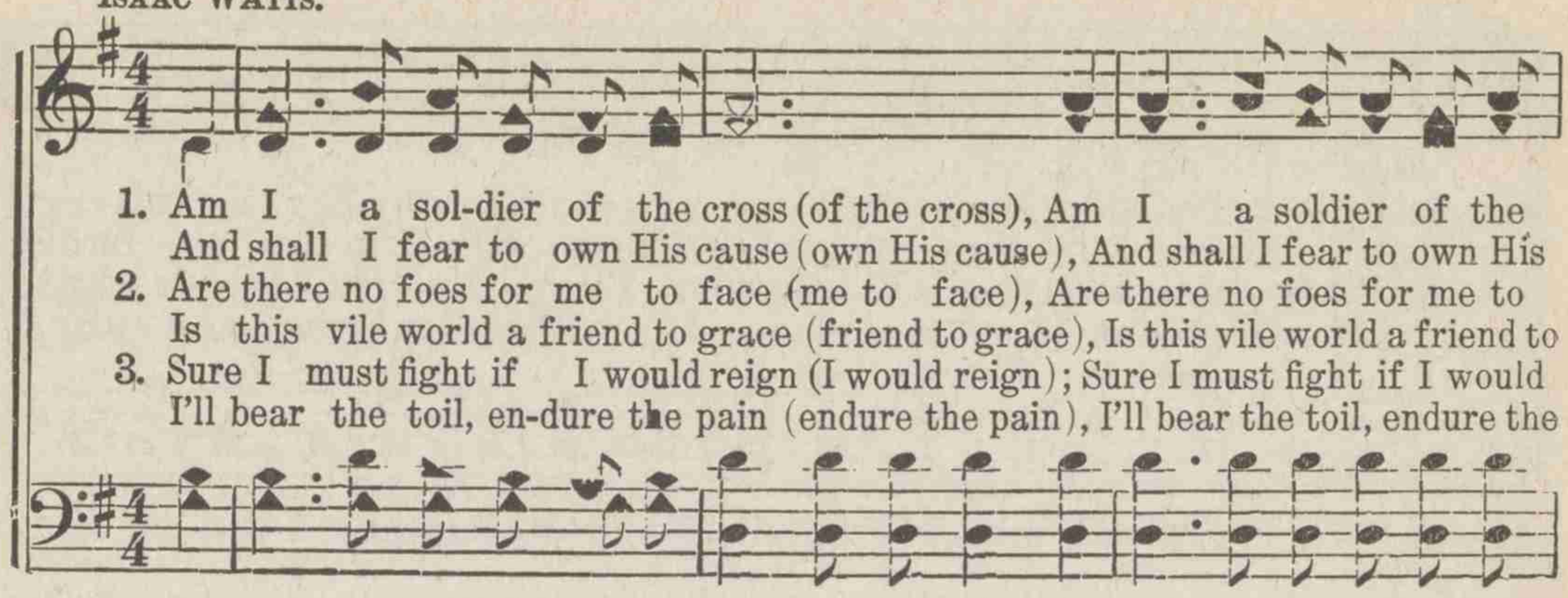
No. 133. TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

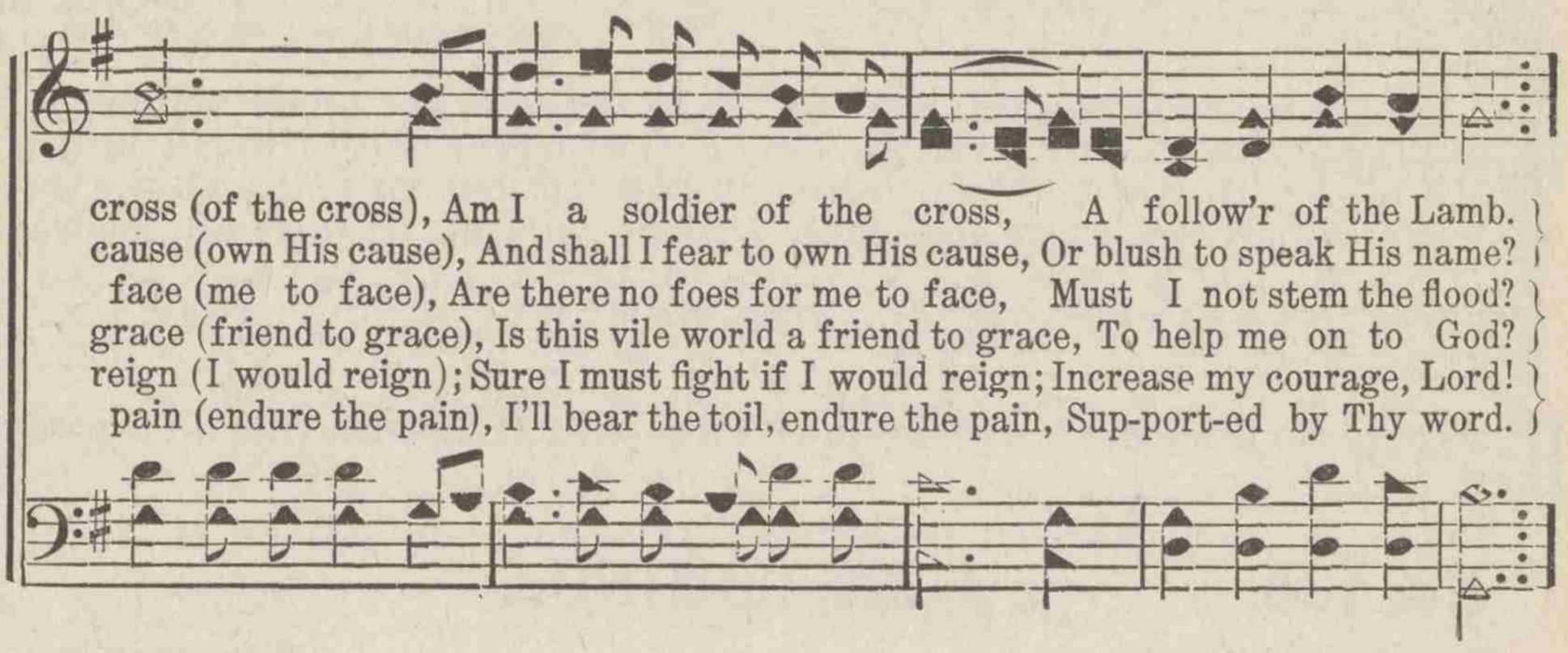
1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the graves of those you love;
2. While our si-lent steps are straying, Lonely, thro' nights deep'ning shades,
3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the land of God most high,

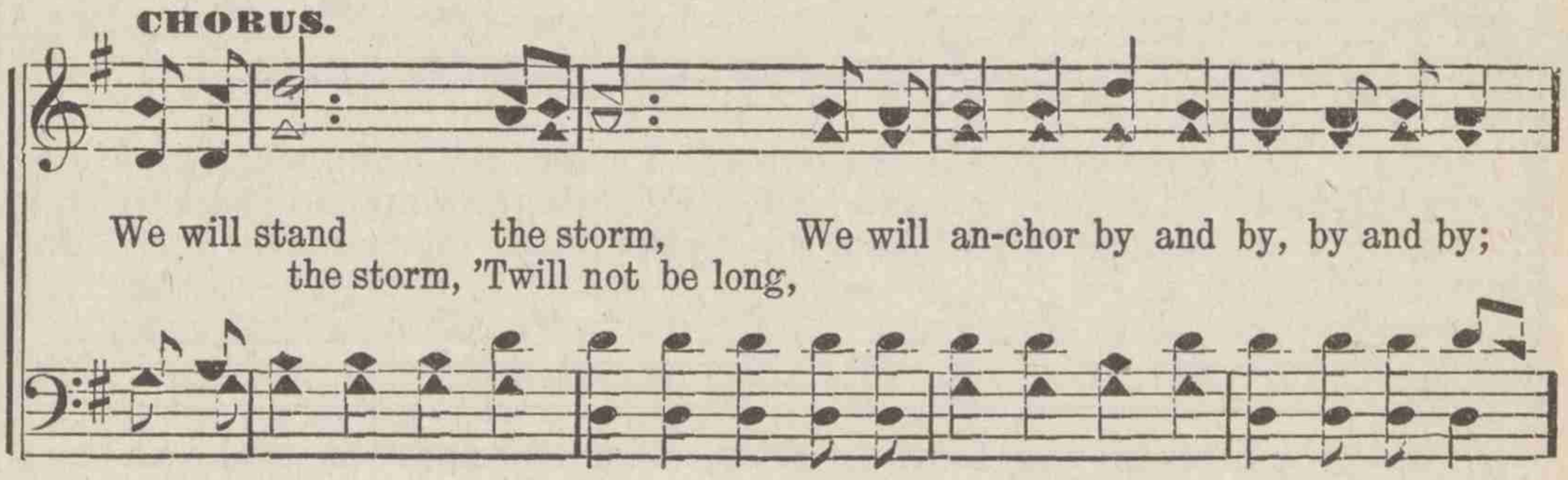
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world a - bove.
Glo-ry's bright-est beams are playing, Round the happy Christian's head.
In His glo-rious presence liv - ing, They shall never, nev - er die.

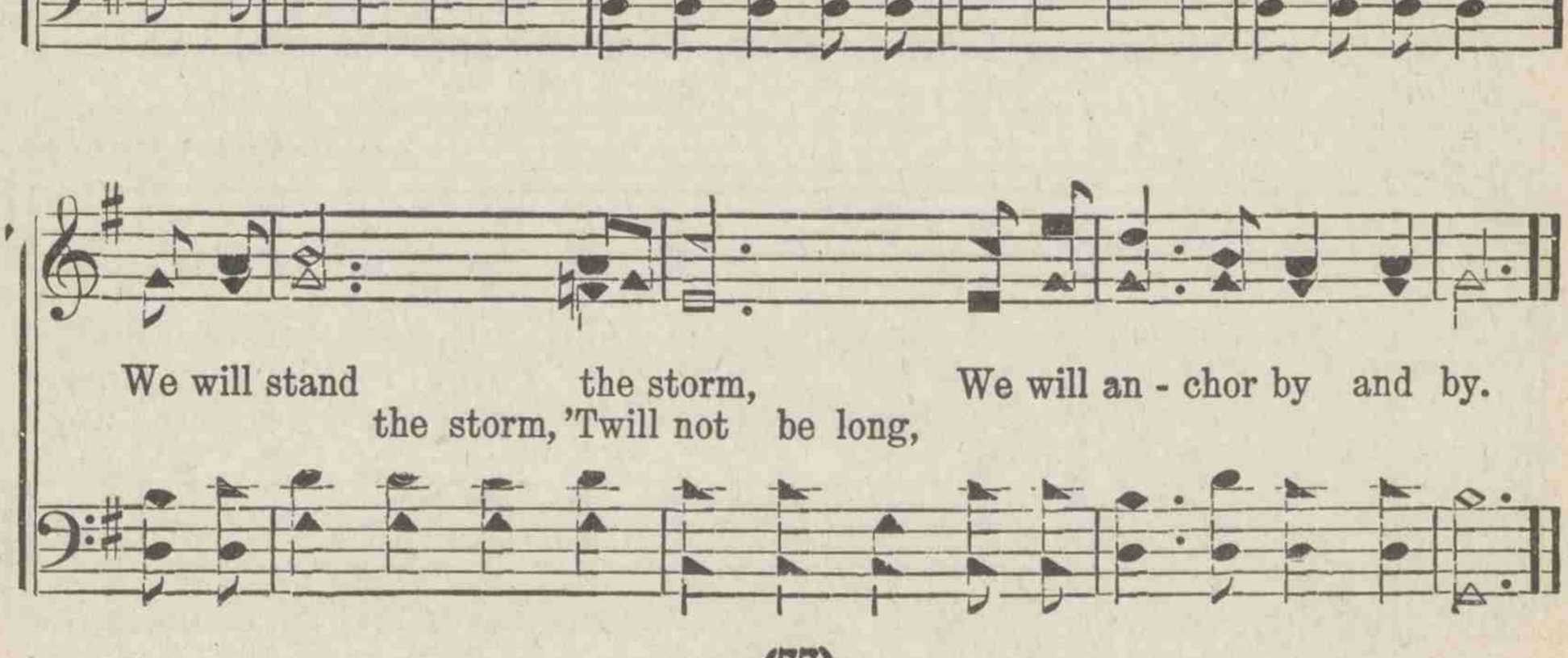
No. 134. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS.



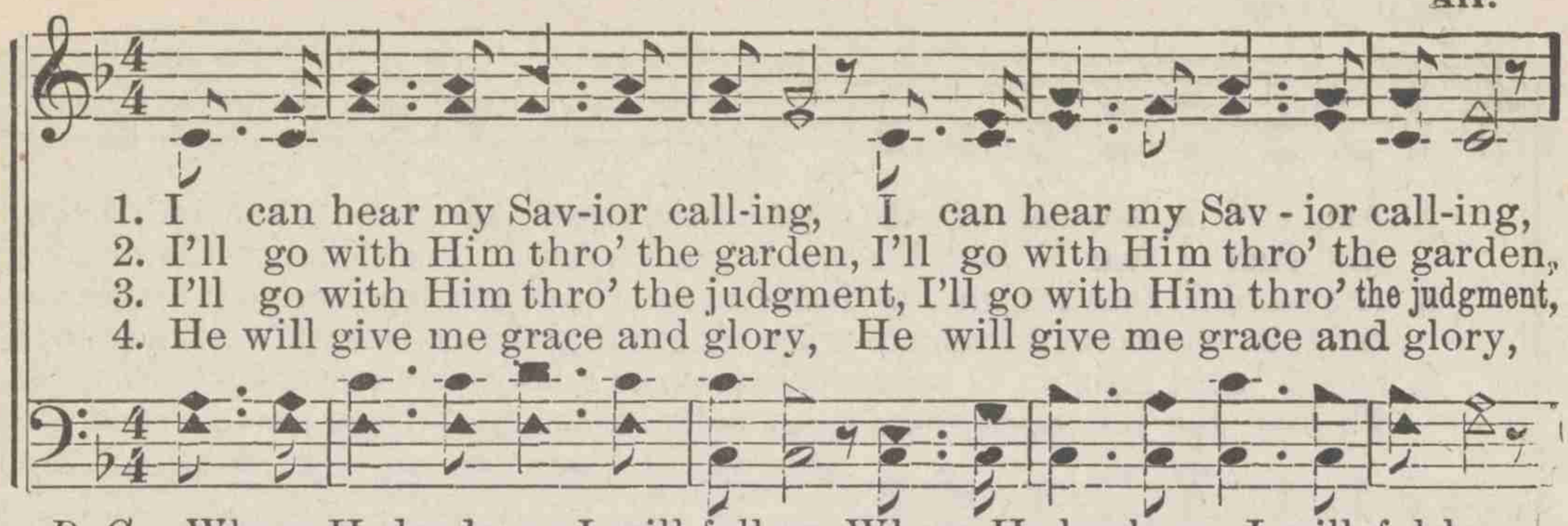


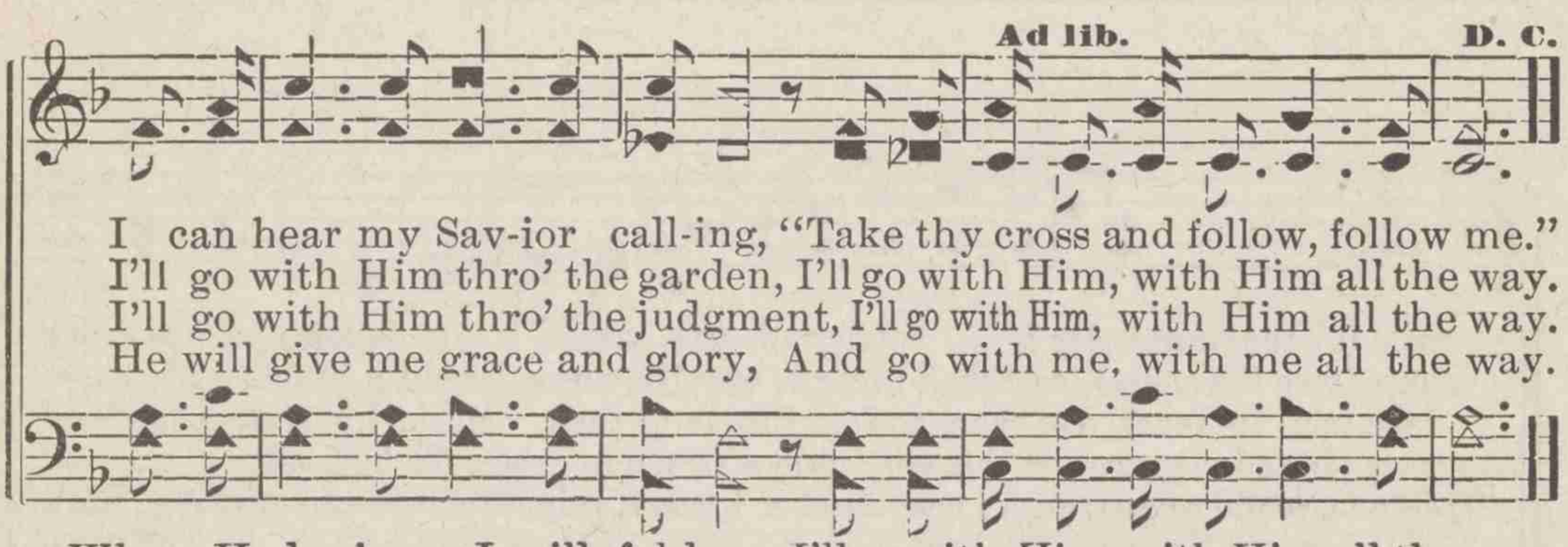




No. 135. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.
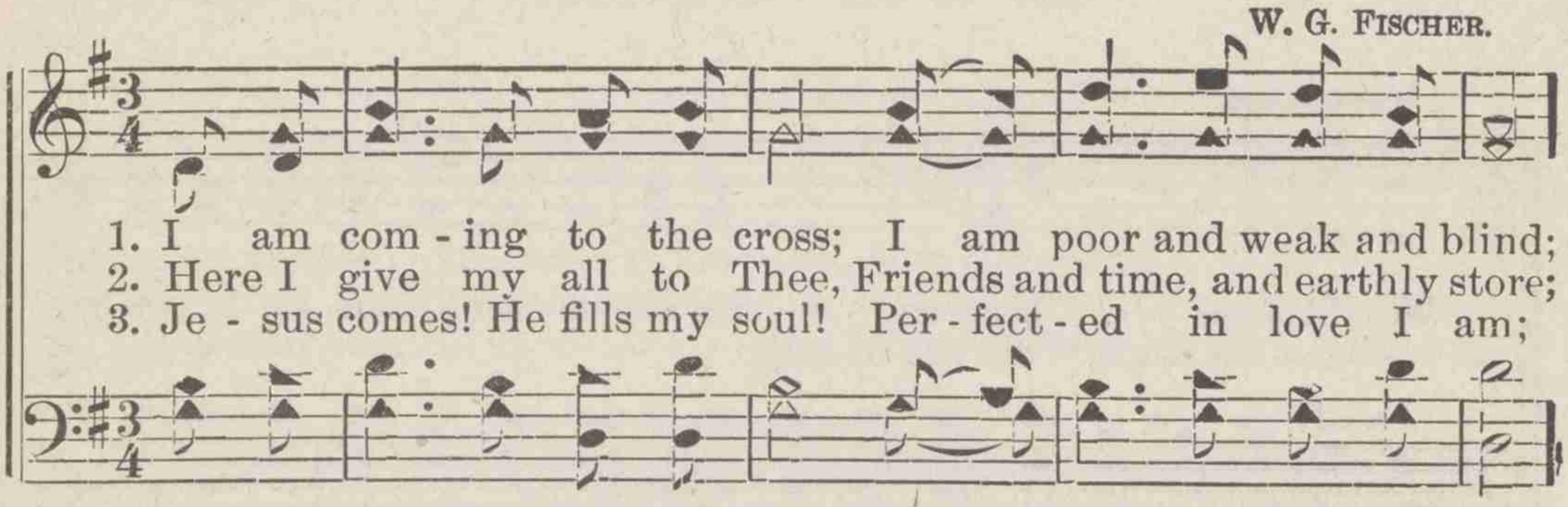
ART.

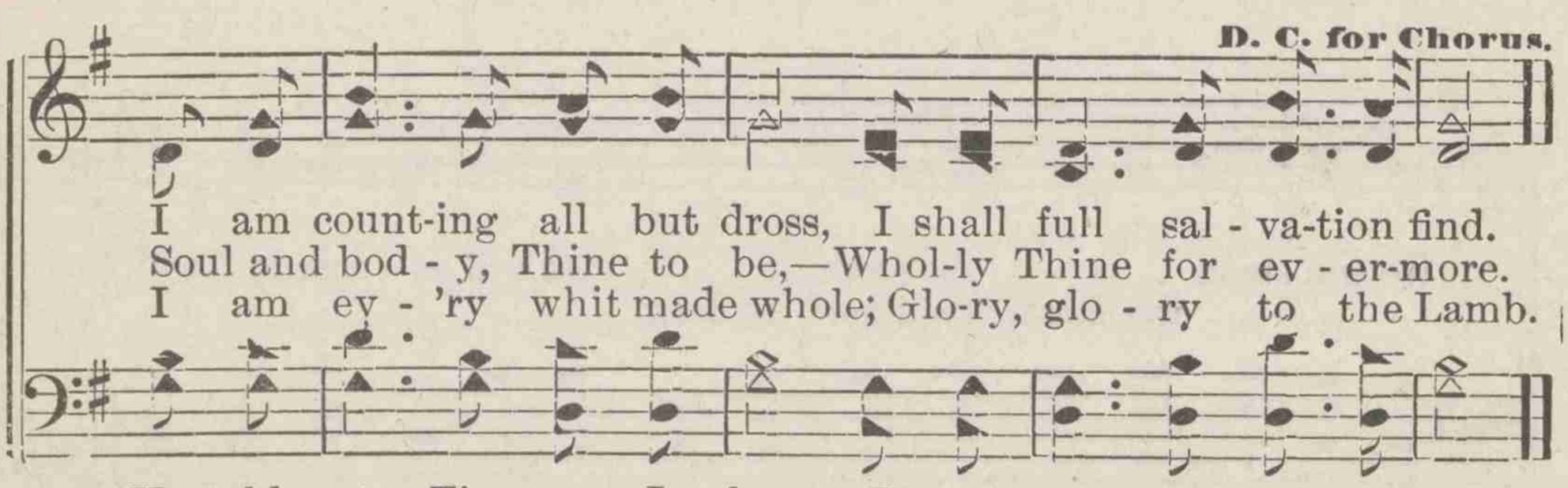




No. 136. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

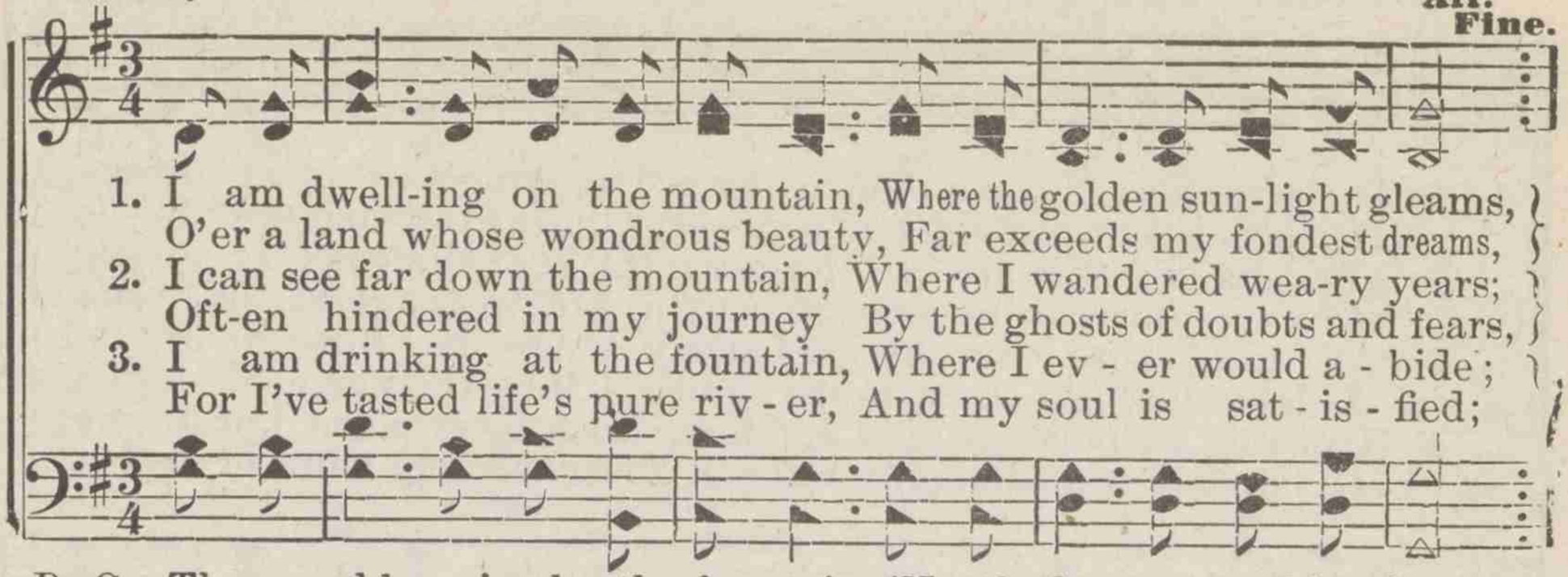




No. 137. THE LAND OF BEULAH.

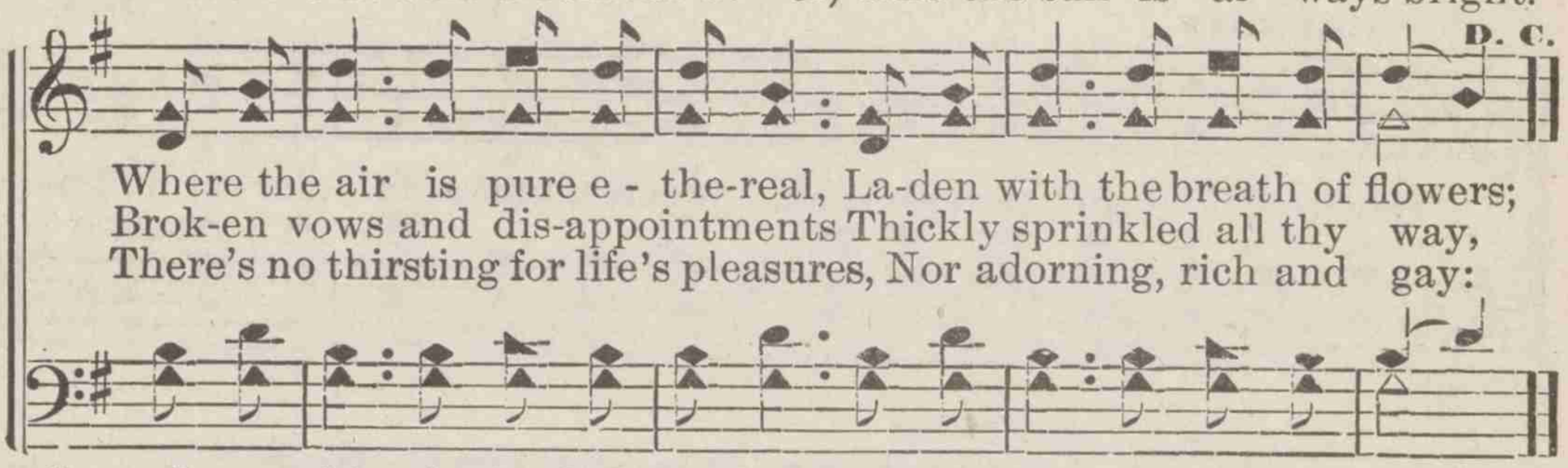
"Thy land shall be called Beulah."—ISAIAH 62: 4.

ANON. Arr.



1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sun-light gleams,
   O'er a land whose wondrous beauty, Far exceeds my fondest dreams,
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years;
   Oft-en hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
3. I am drinking at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
   For I've tasted life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

D. C.—They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.
D. C.—But the Spir-it led, un - err - ing To the land I hold to - day.
D. C.—For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fadeth not a - way.
Where the flowers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

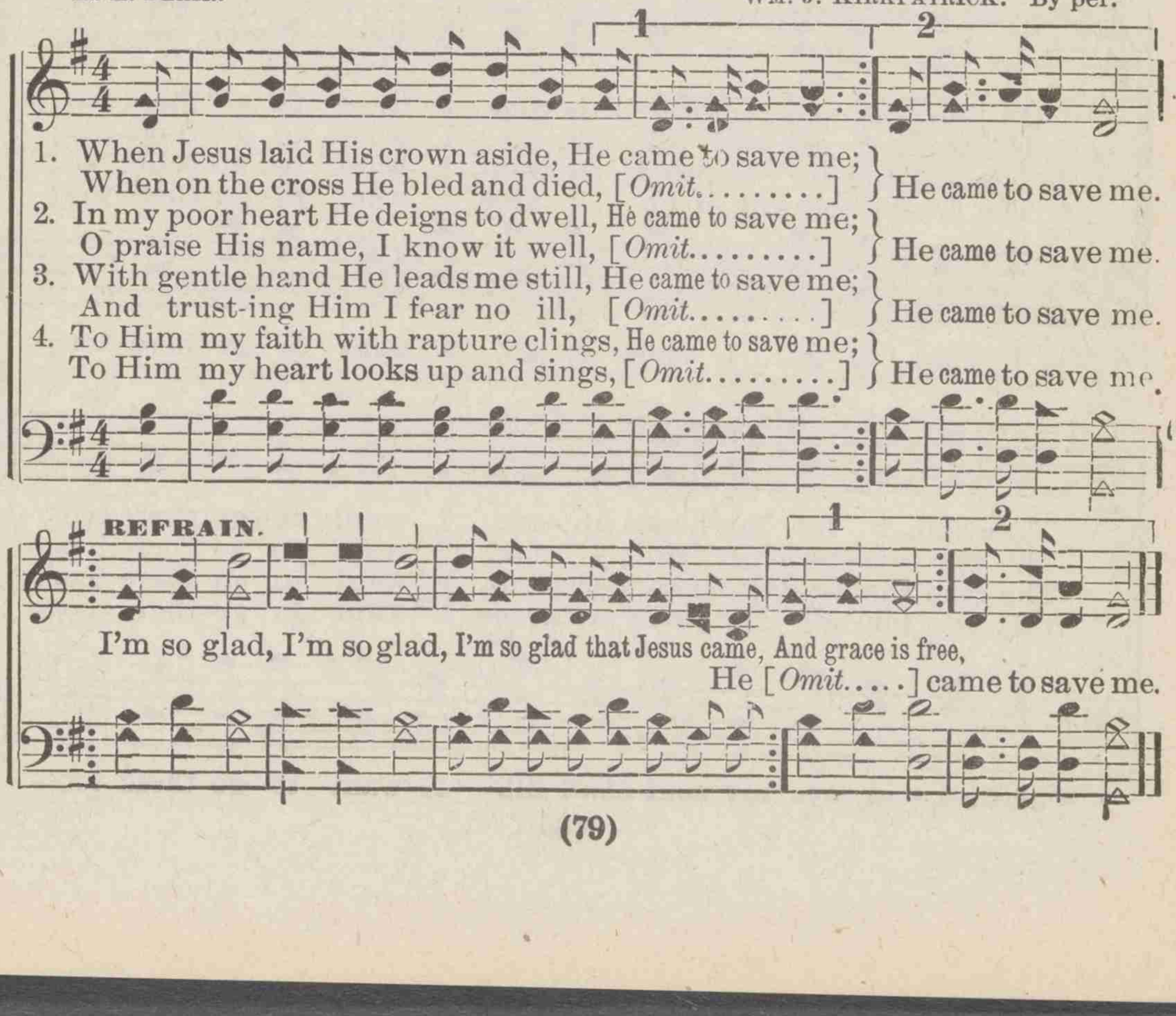


Where the air is pure e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers;
Brok-en vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprinkled all thy way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor adorning, rich and gay:

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Blessed, blessed land of light;

No. 138. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me;
   When on the cross He bled and died, [*Omit.....*] } He came to save me.
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
   O praise His name, I know it well, [*Omit.....*] } He came to save me.
3. With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me;
   And trust-ing Him I fear no ill, [*Omit.....*] } He came to save me.
4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me;
   To Him my heart looks up and sings, [*Omit.....*] } He came to save me.
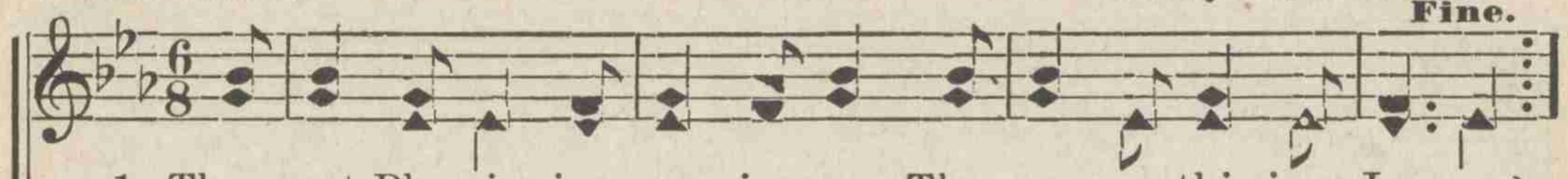
REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
He [*Omit.....*] came to save me.

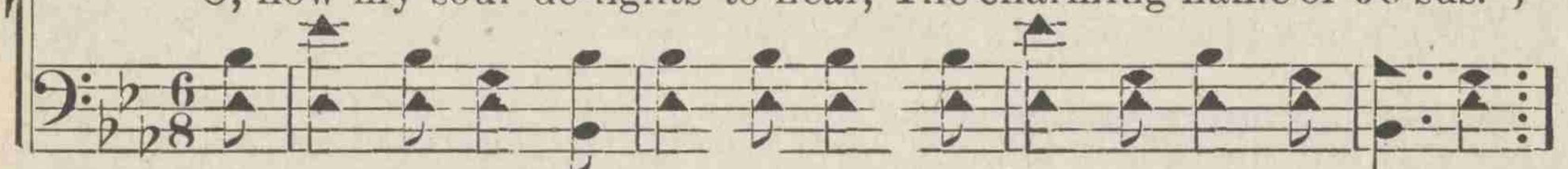
No. 139. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.
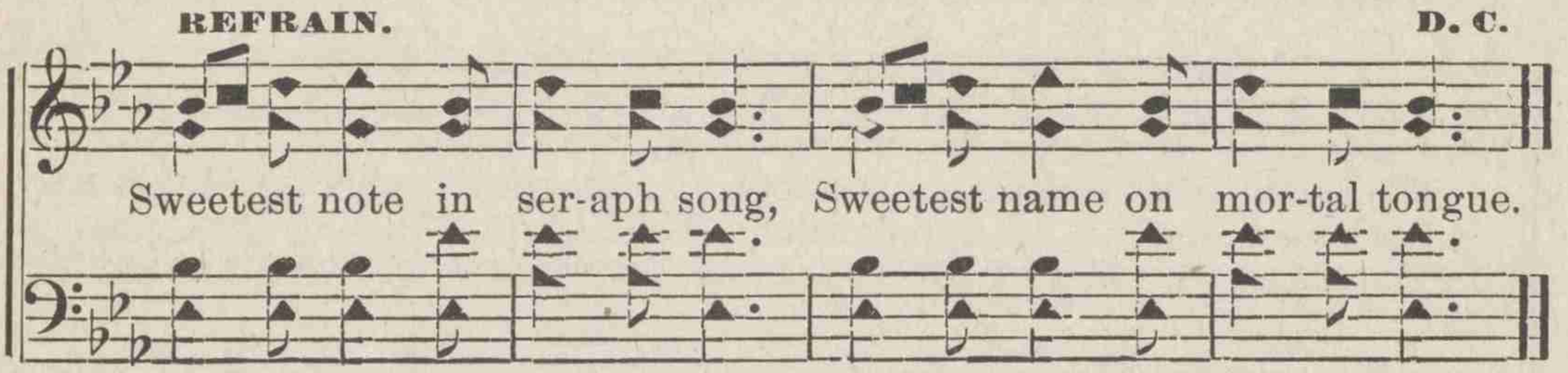


1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je-sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je-sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je-sus;
   I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je-sus;
   O, how my soul de-lights to hear, The charming name of Je-sus.



D. C. Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je-sus.

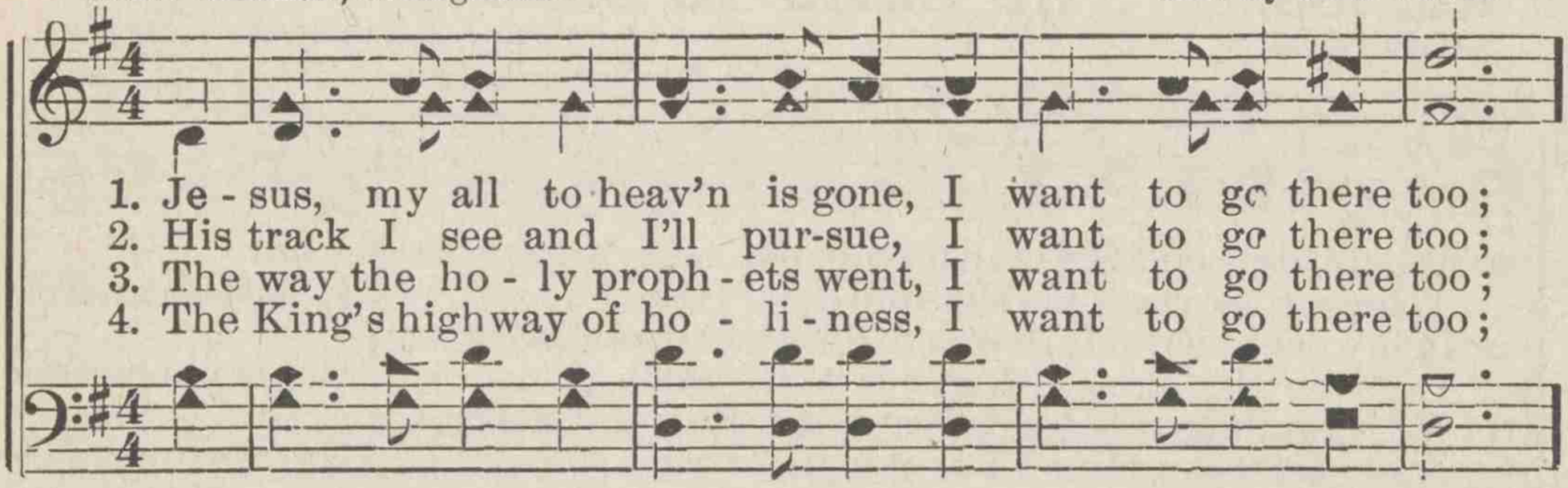
REFRAIN. D. C.



Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue.
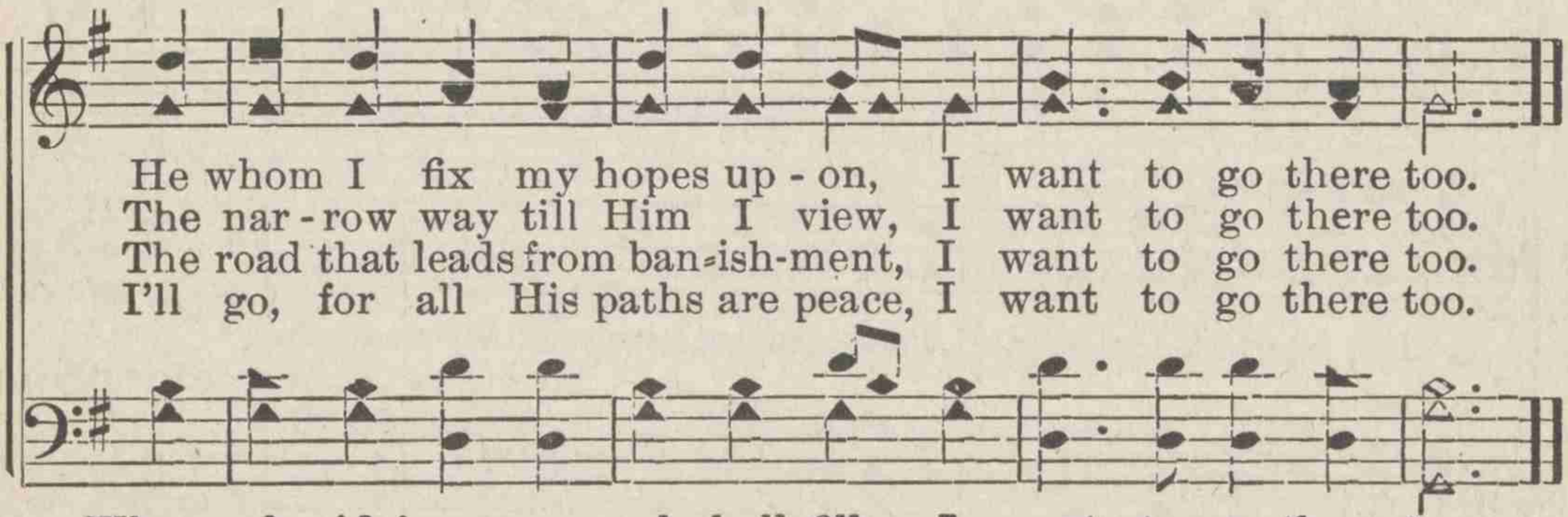
No. 140. I WANT TO GO THERE TOO.

JOHN CENNICK, of England. Arr. by W. T. DAVIS.



1. Je - sus, my all to heav'n is gone, I want to go there too;
2. His track I see and I'll pur-sue, I want to go there too;
3. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, I want to go there too;
4. The King's high way of ho - li - ness, I want to go there too;

Cho. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too;



He whom I fix my hopes up - on, I want to go there too.
The nar - row way till Him I view, I want to go there too.
The road that leads from ban-ish-ment, I want to go there too.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, I want to go there too.

Where sol - id joys my soul shall fill, I want to go there too.

No. 141. THE CITY OF LIGHT.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

1. There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care ; And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold,
2. Brother dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the word He has giv'n ; When our tri-als and toils, and our weepings are past,
3. Sis - ter dear, nev-er fear, for the Sav-iour is near, With His hand He will lead you a-long ; And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di-vine ; Let us ev - er keep near to the cross ; Let us love, watch, and pray in our pil-grim-age here ;

CHORUS.

And the building ex - ceed-ing -ly fair,
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n. Let us pray for each oth-er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sorrow and care, For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.
And your mourning shall turn to a song.
Let us count all things else but as loss.

No. 142. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat,
2. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Refining fire, go thro' my heart,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall.

Cho.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Jesus answers pray'r.
Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi-nate my heart.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume,

I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Jesus saves me now.

No. 143. DEPARTED LOVED ONES.

Old Revival Song. Arr.

1. Is it wrong to wish to meet them Who were dear to us in life?
2. I've a moth-er up in heav-en, And, O tell me, if you will.
3. Does she watch me from those windows While I'm on this distant shore?
4. I've a fa - ther, too, in glo - ry, And, O tell me, if you know?
5. In that land are saint-ly children, Who are hap-py now and free;

Shall we check the ris-ing sadness, Since they're freed from toil and strife?
Will my mother know her children? Will she rec-ol - lect them still?
Will she know when I am go - ing? Will she meet me at the door?
Will my fa-ther know his children, When we meet on Canaan's shore?
Shall we ev - er reach those mansions All those darling ones to see?

No. 144. SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer - cy! can it be That mercy's still re-served for me?

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul was sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

No. 145. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

Arr.

1. I'm glad sal - va-tion's free, And without price or cost;
2. In this cold world be - low, With none to care for me,
3. Once I was blind and lost, Of sin and sor - row full;
4. And now I on the way To brighter lands a - bove;
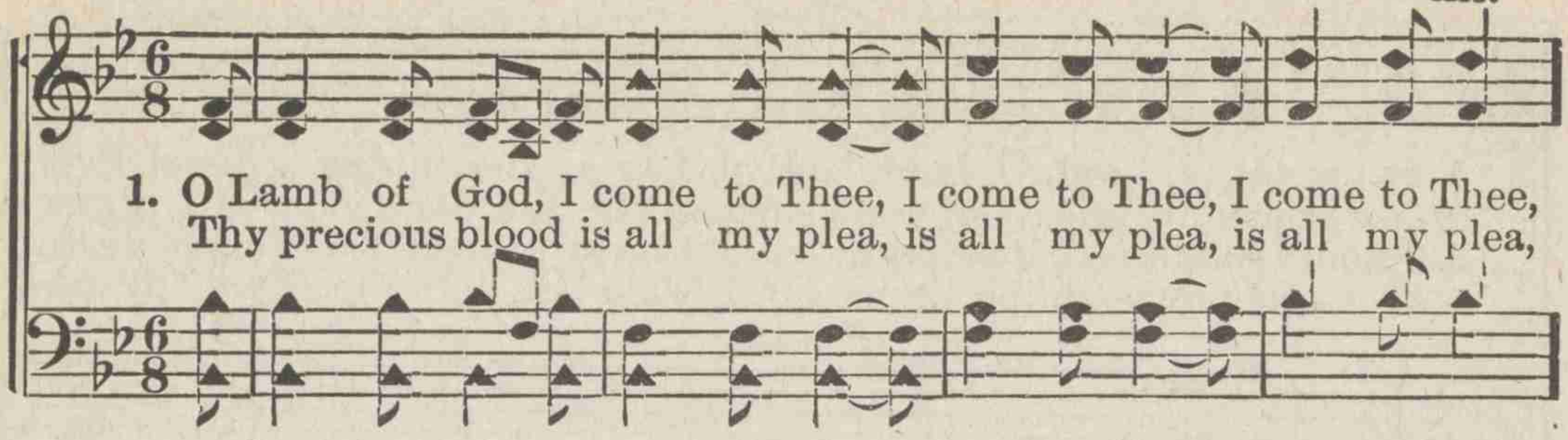
CHO.—I'm glad sal - va-tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;
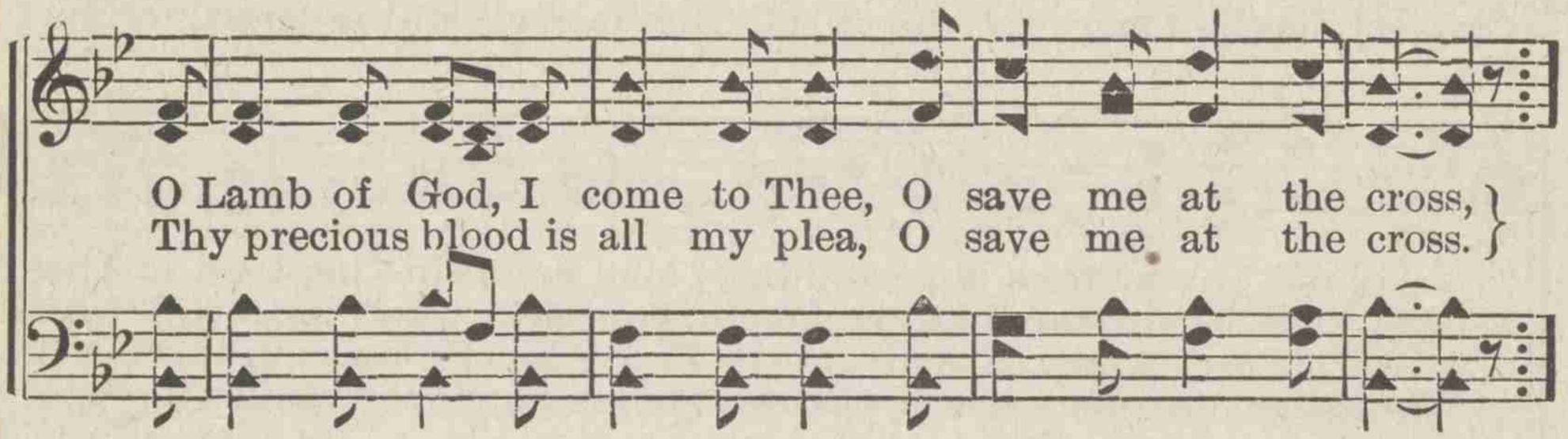
For had it been for me to buy, My soul must have been lost.
A pilgrim lone, without a home—I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.
But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood, I feel it in my soul.
I hope to triumph ev - er - more Thro' the Re-deemer's love.

Sal - va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va-tion's free.

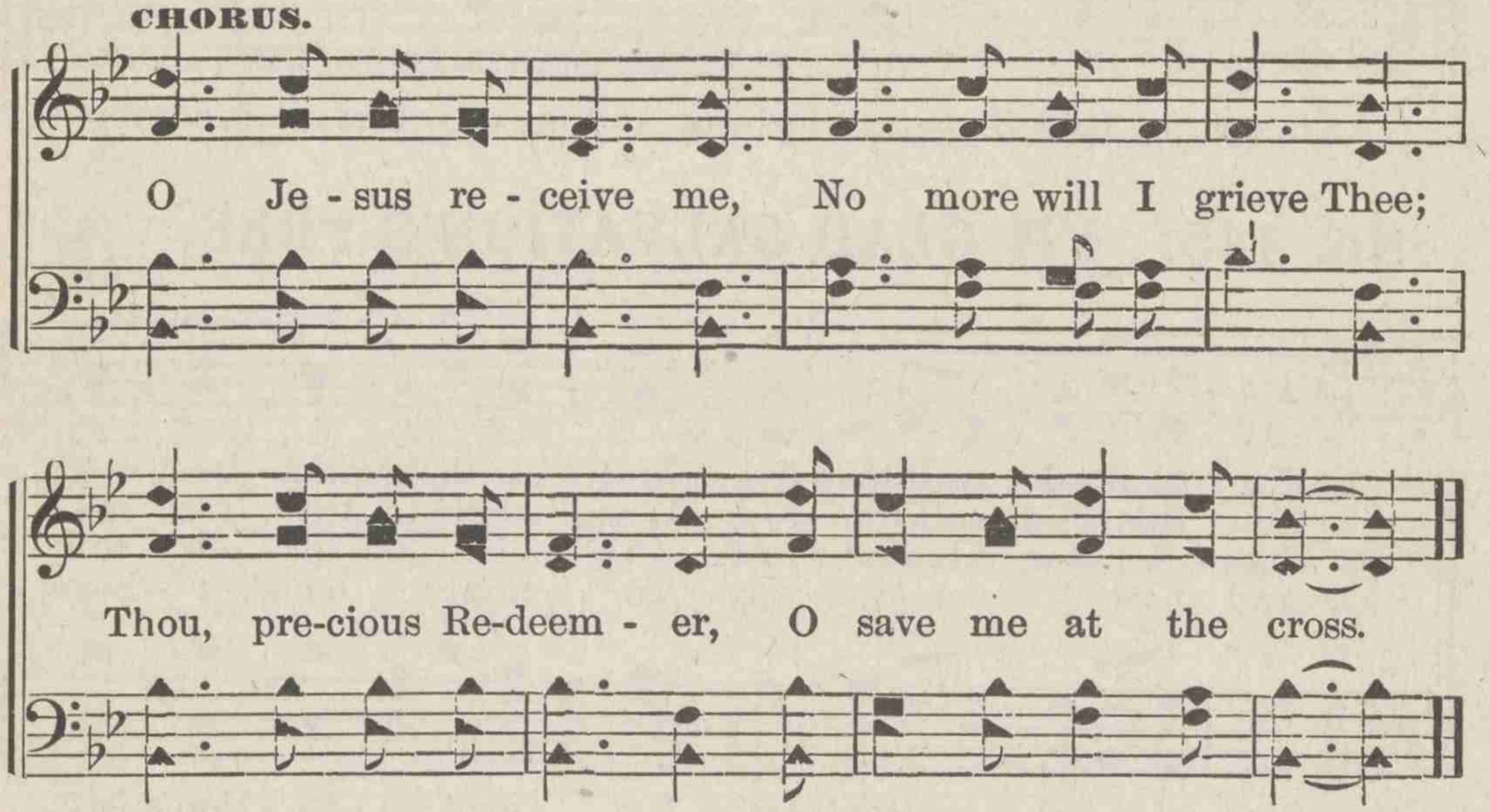
No, 146 O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

W. T. D. Arr.





CHORUS.



2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died, etc.
O save me at the cross,
I flee for refuge to Thy side, etc.
O save me at the cross.

3 If I should perish I will pray, etc.
O save me at the cross,
Dear Savior cast me not away, etc.
O save me at the cross.

4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free, etc.
O save me at the cross,
In mercy, Lord, now think on me, etc.
O save me at the cross.

5 O let Thy blood now be applied, etc.
O save me at the cross,
And bring me near Thy bleeding side, etc.
O save me at the cross.

6 O "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.
O save me at the cross,
And "Let me hide myself in Thee," etc.
O save me at the cross.

7 Here, Lord, I would forever stay, etc.
O save me at the cross.
And never more would go astray, etc.
O save me at the cross.

No. 147 O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

REV. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears;
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 beyond de - gree!
When Christ the great Creator, died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.
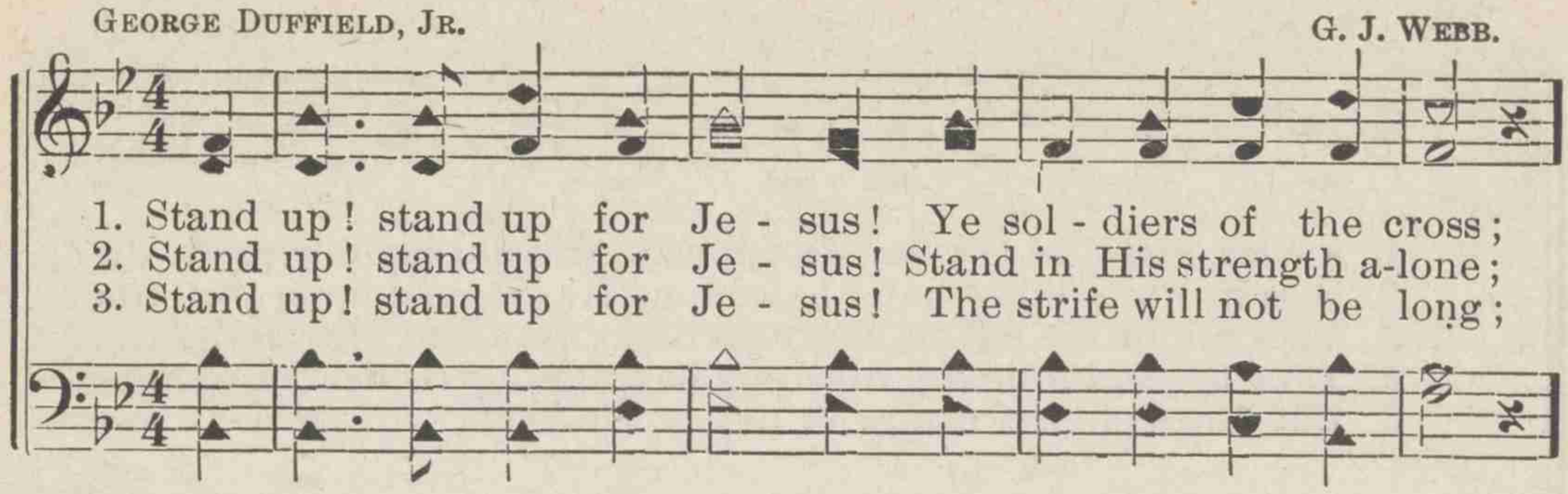
CHORUS.

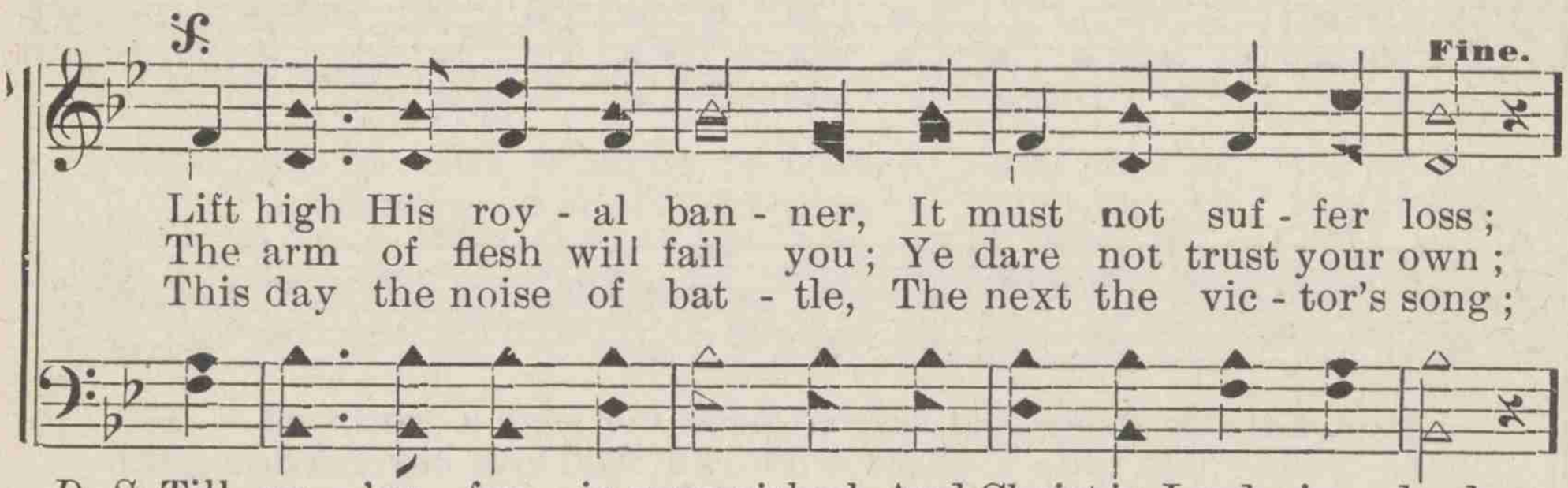
O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus!
I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,

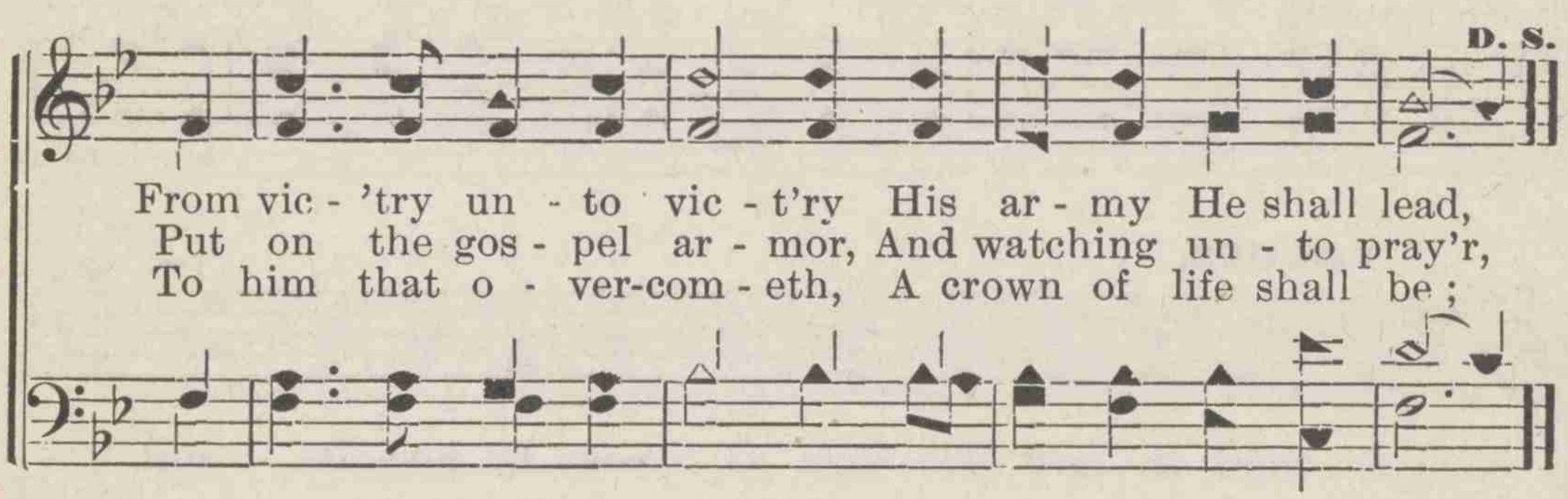
O how I love Je - sus! Be-cause He first loved me.
I'll nev - er for - get Him, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!

No. 148. WEBB.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. G. J. WEBB.

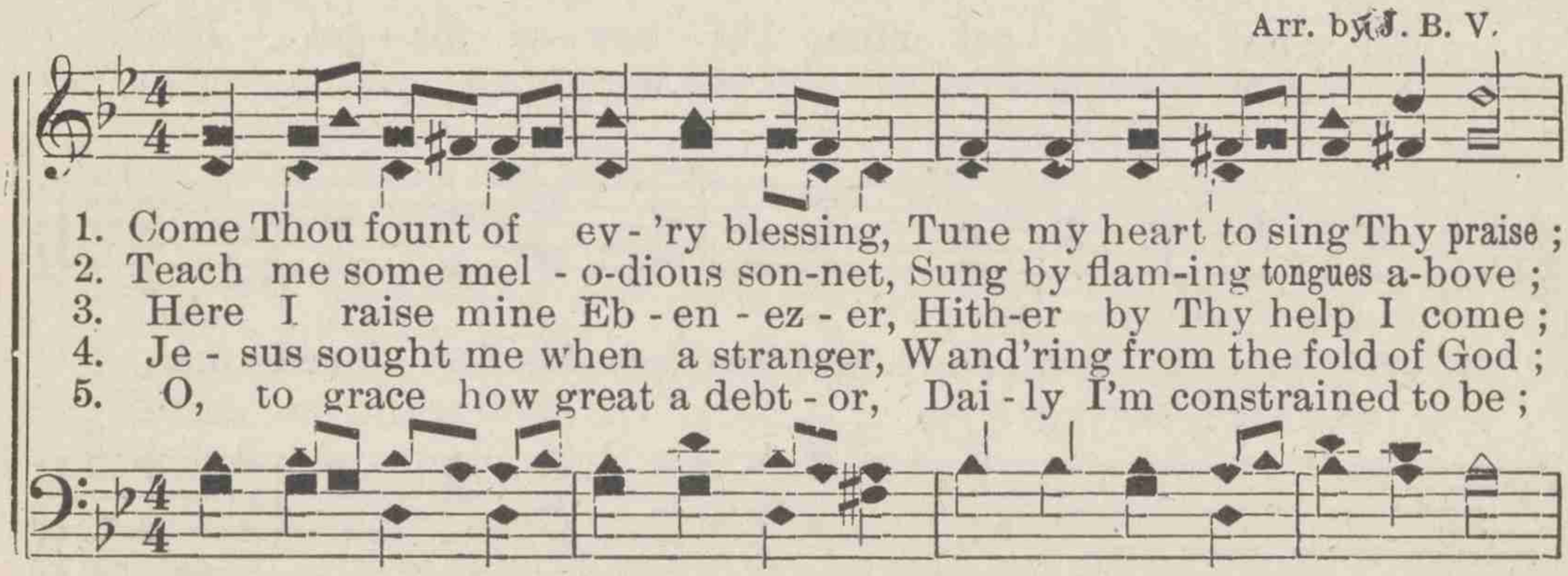




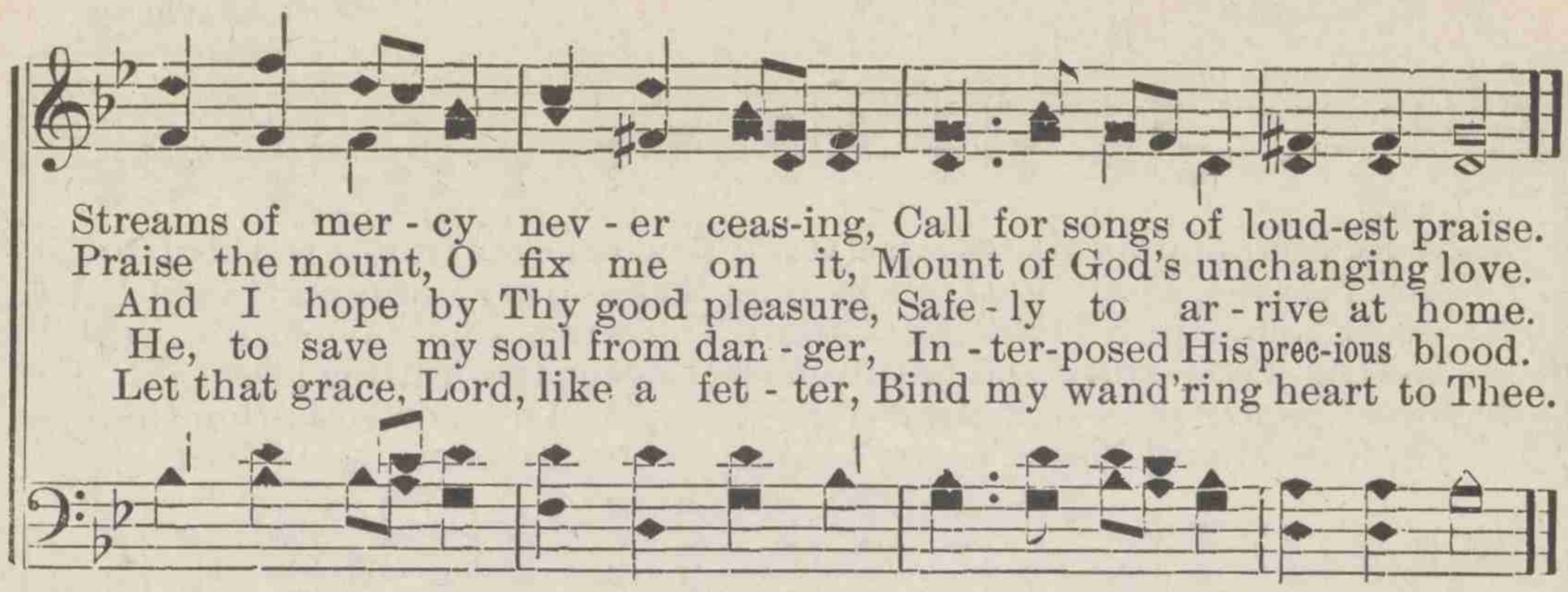


No. 149. I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by J. B. V.
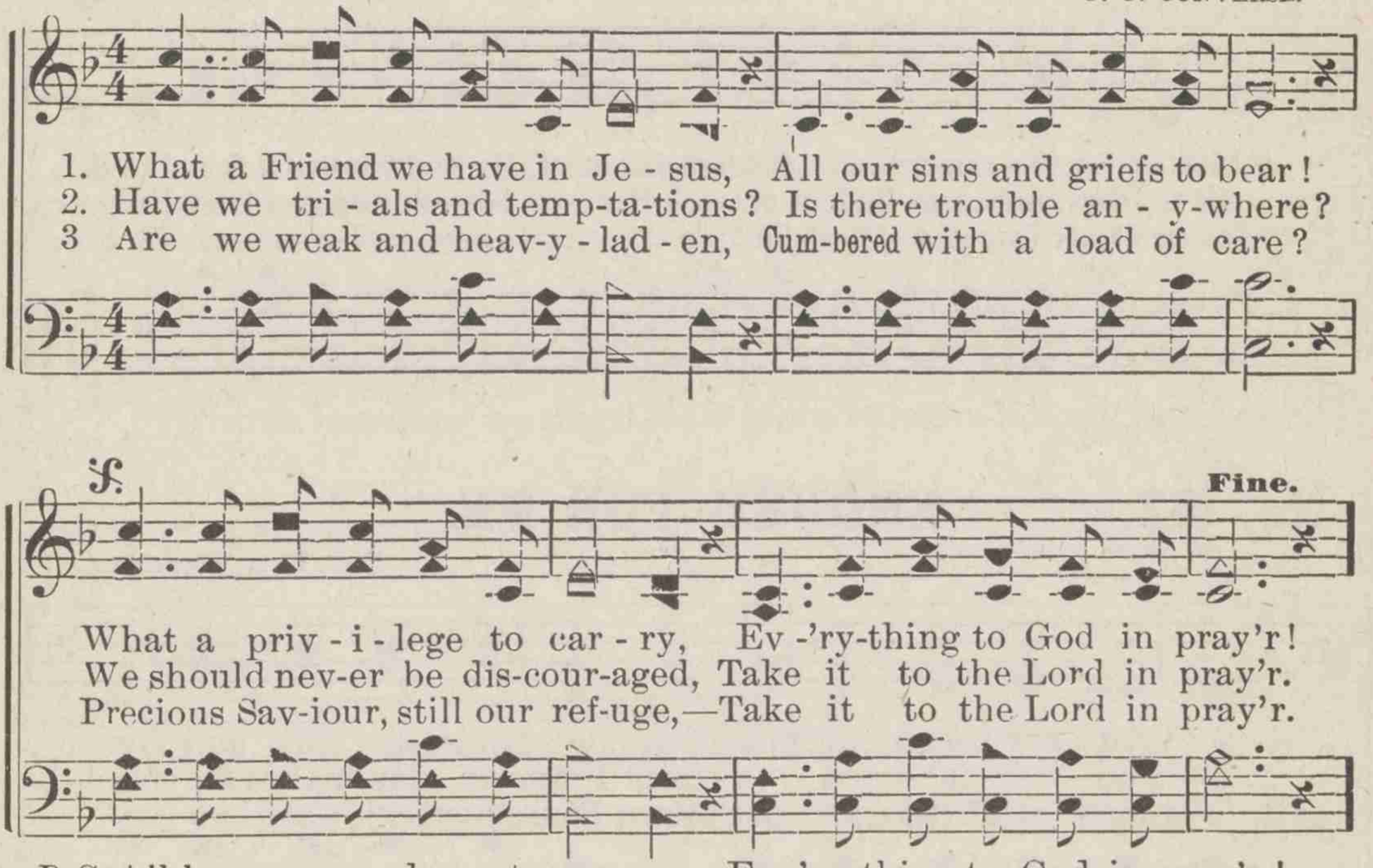


I WILL ARISE. Concluded.



No. 150. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



No. 151. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and [*Omit.* .]
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness, Engage the waiting [*Omit.* . .]
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I Thy con-so-la-tion share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and [*Omit.* . .]

D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet [*Omit.* . .]
D. C.—I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for Him, sweet [*Omit.* . .]
D. C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet [*Omit.* . .]

wishes known: In sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has often found re-lief,
souls to bless; And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev- er-last-ing prize;
hour of pray'r.

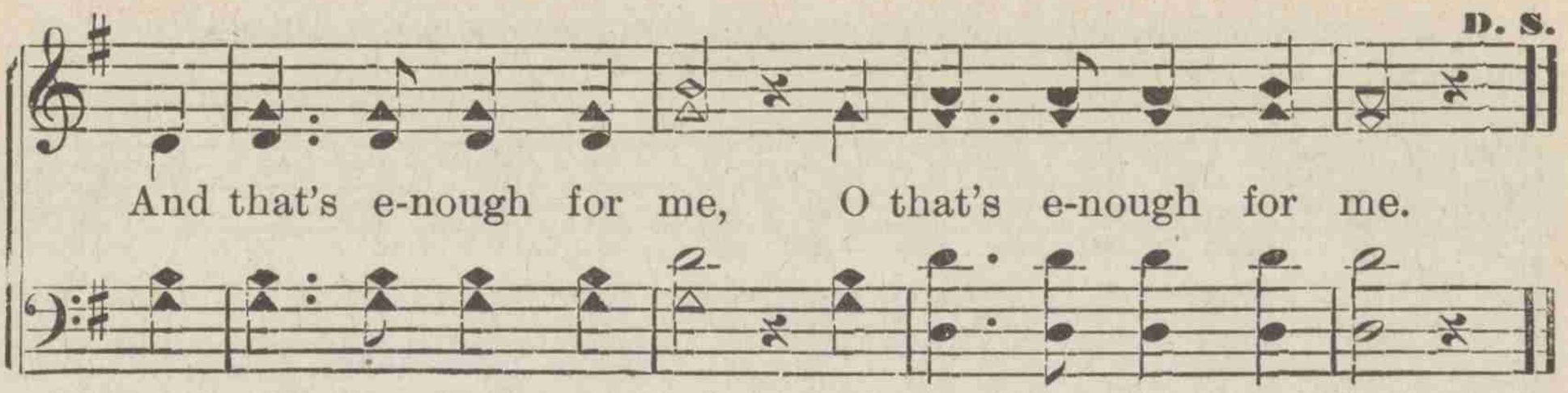
No. 152. ENOUGH FOR ME.

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

1. O love, sur-pass - ing knowledge! O grace, so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ, so pre-cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!
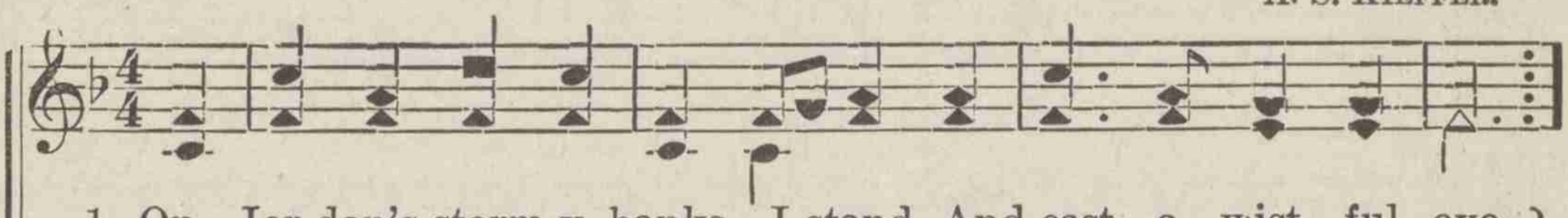
I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel the sweet as - sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me.
I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me.

ENOUGH FOR ME. Concluded.

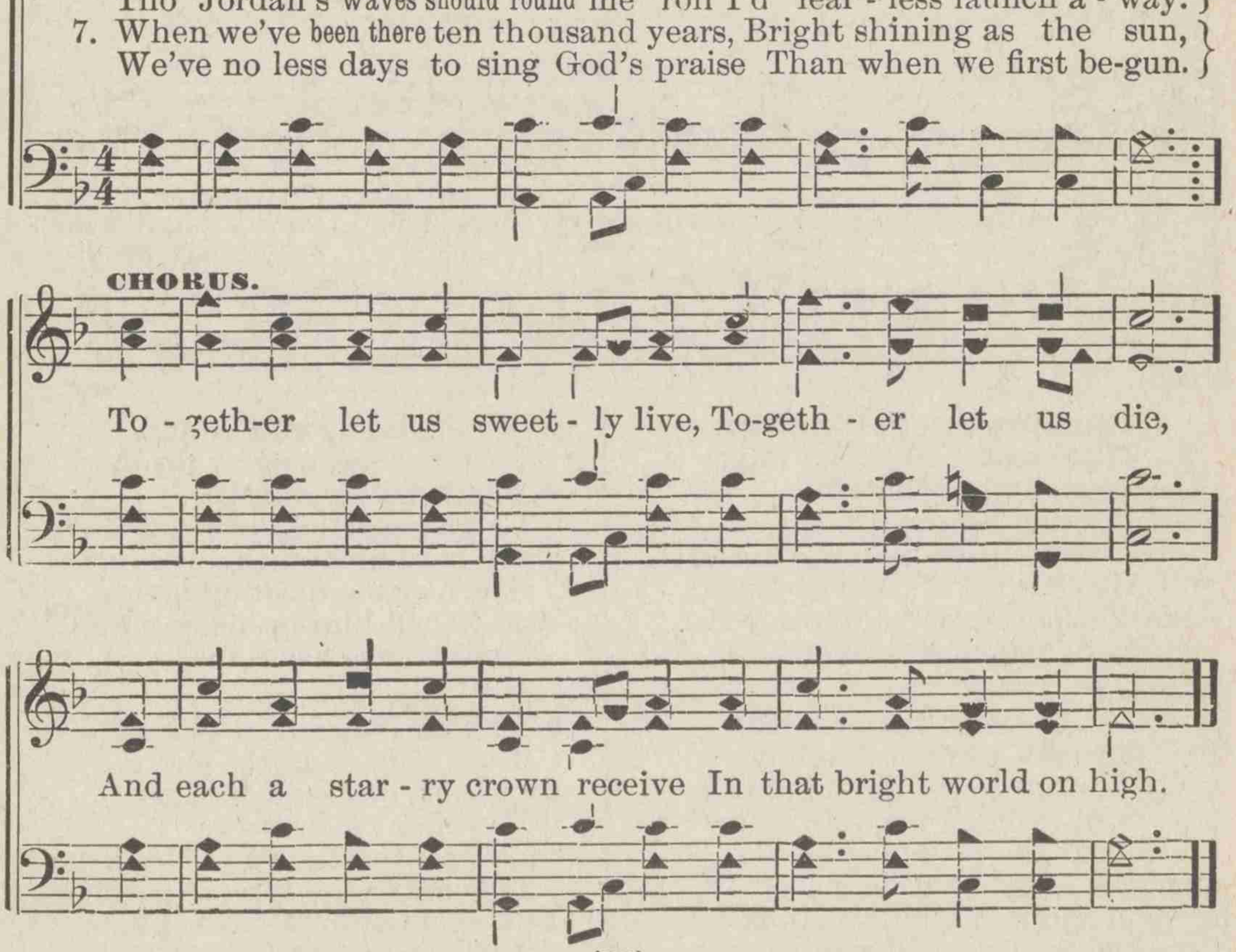


No. 152½. LAND OF PROMISE.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist - ful eye
   To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
2. O the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight!
   Sweet fields, arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
   There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
4. No chill-ing winds, nor poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
   Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
   When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
6. Filled with de-light, my rap tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
   Tho' Jordan's waves should round me roll I'd fear - less launch a - way.
7. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
   We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun.

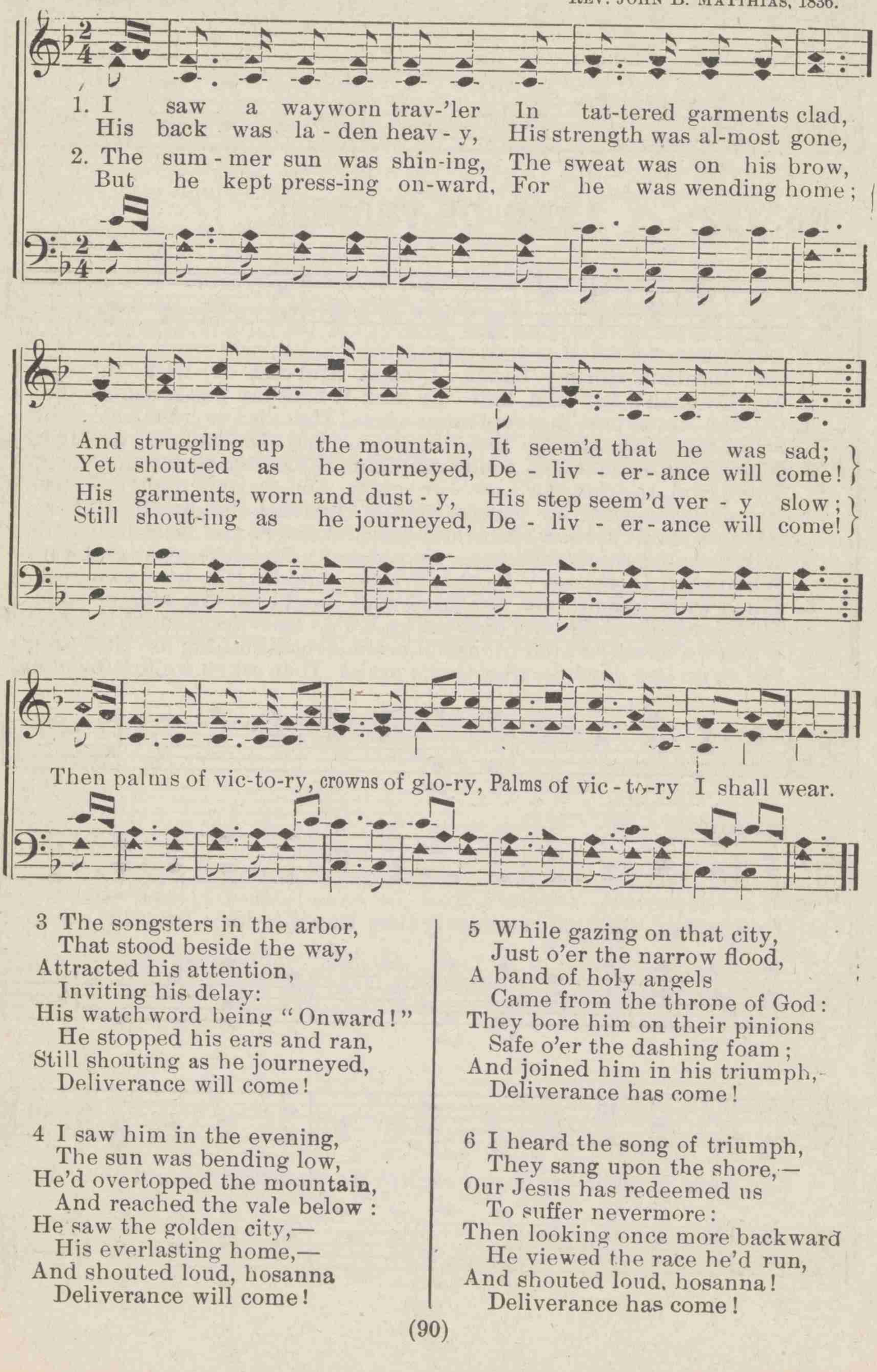


No. 153. PALMS OF VICTORY.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M.

REV. JOHN B. MATTHIAS, 1836.



3 The songsters in the arbor,
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, hosanna
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph,
They sang upon the shore,—
Our Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then looking once more backward
He viewed the race he'd run,
And shouted loud, hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

No. 154. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

"Who his ownself bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—I. PETER 2: 24.

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

1. I hear the Sav - iour say Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a - lone,
3. Then down be-neath His cross I'll lay my sin - sick soul;
4. For noth - ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim,-
5. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise,
6. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete,

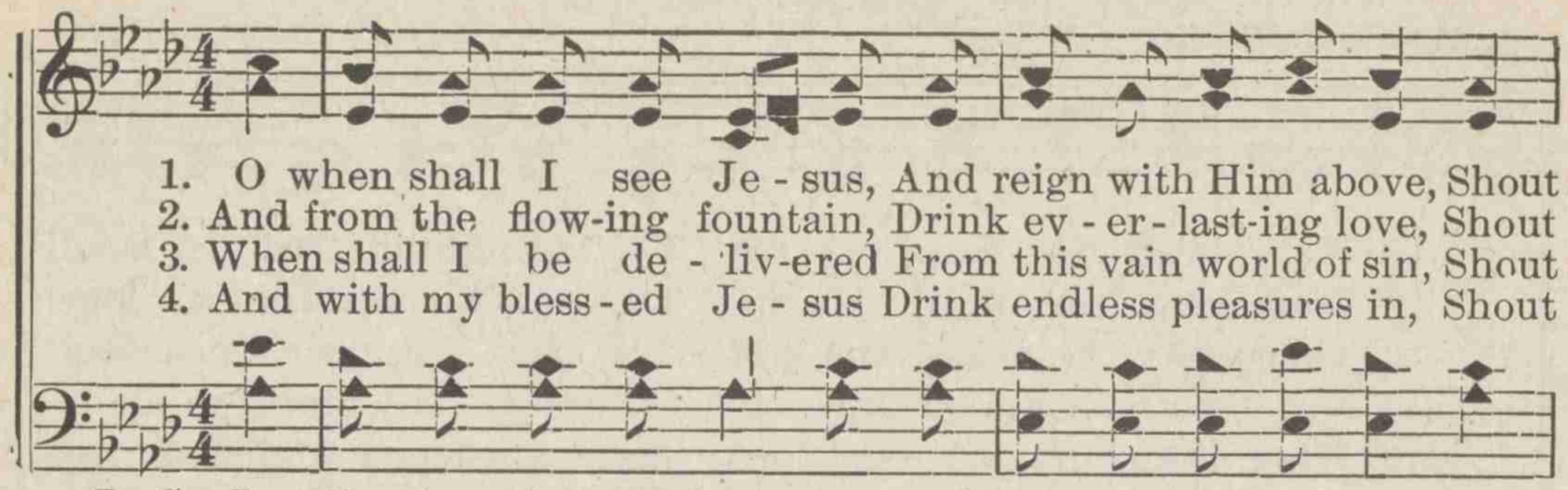
Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Cal'vry's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus paid it all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my troph-ies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
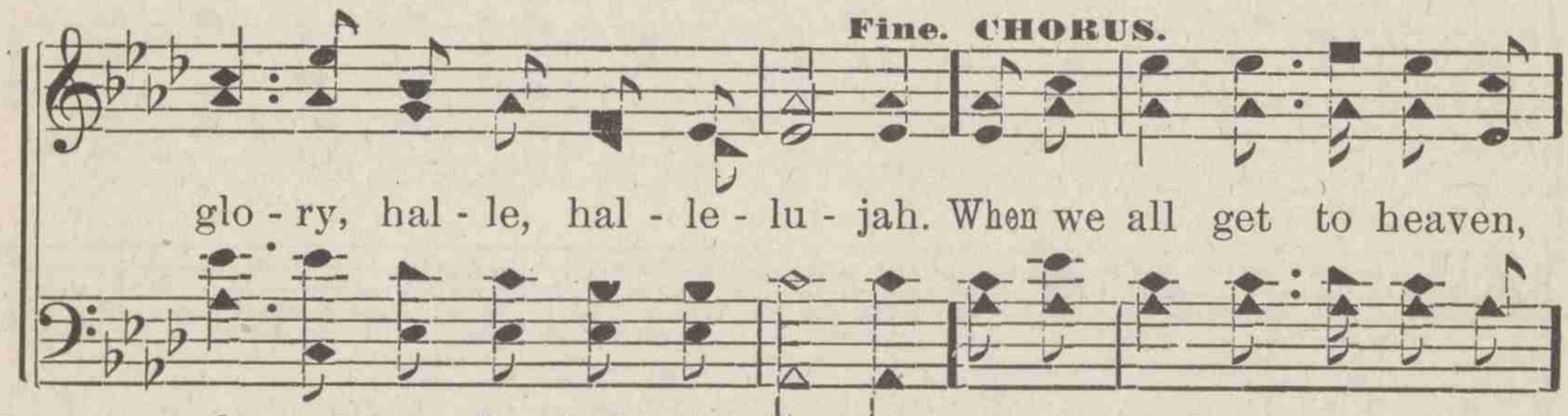
CHORUS.
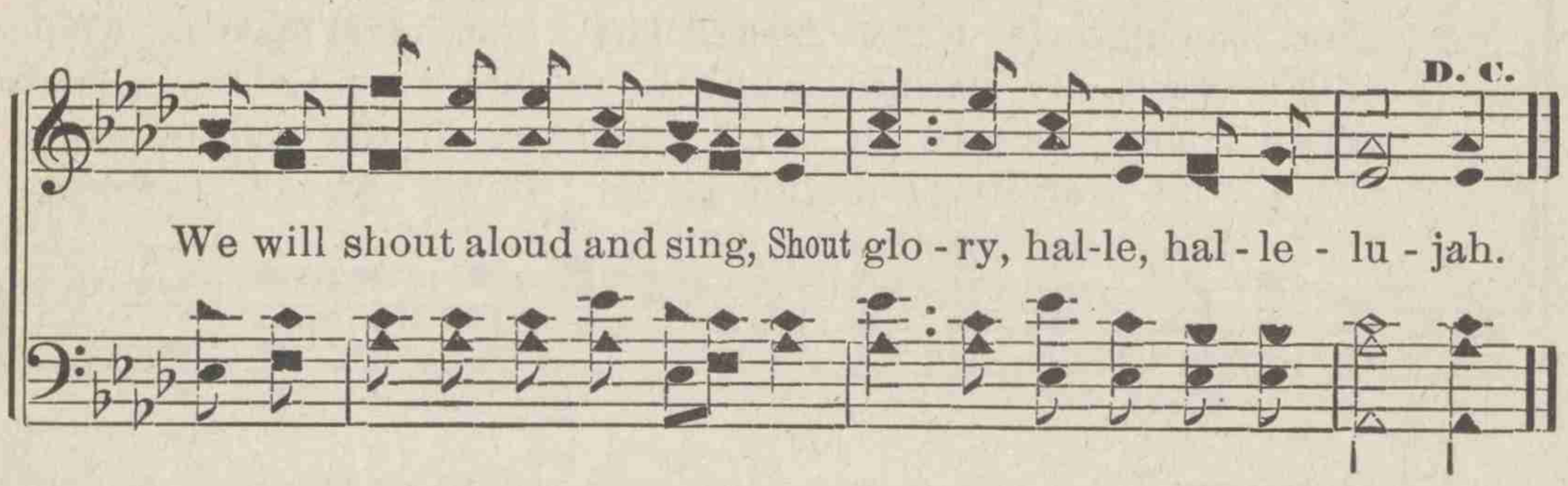
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 155. RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. 7s & 6s.

W. D. WILLIAMS. Arr. by J. B. V.

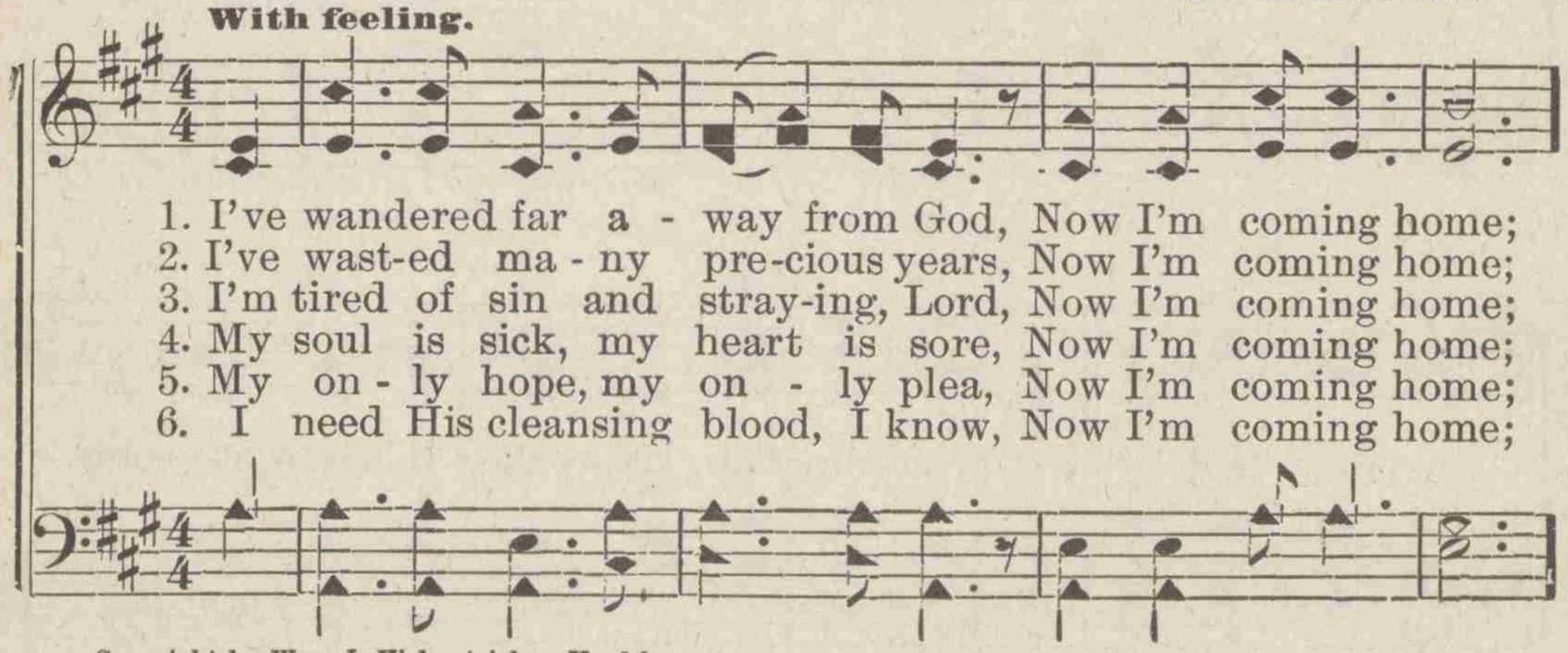






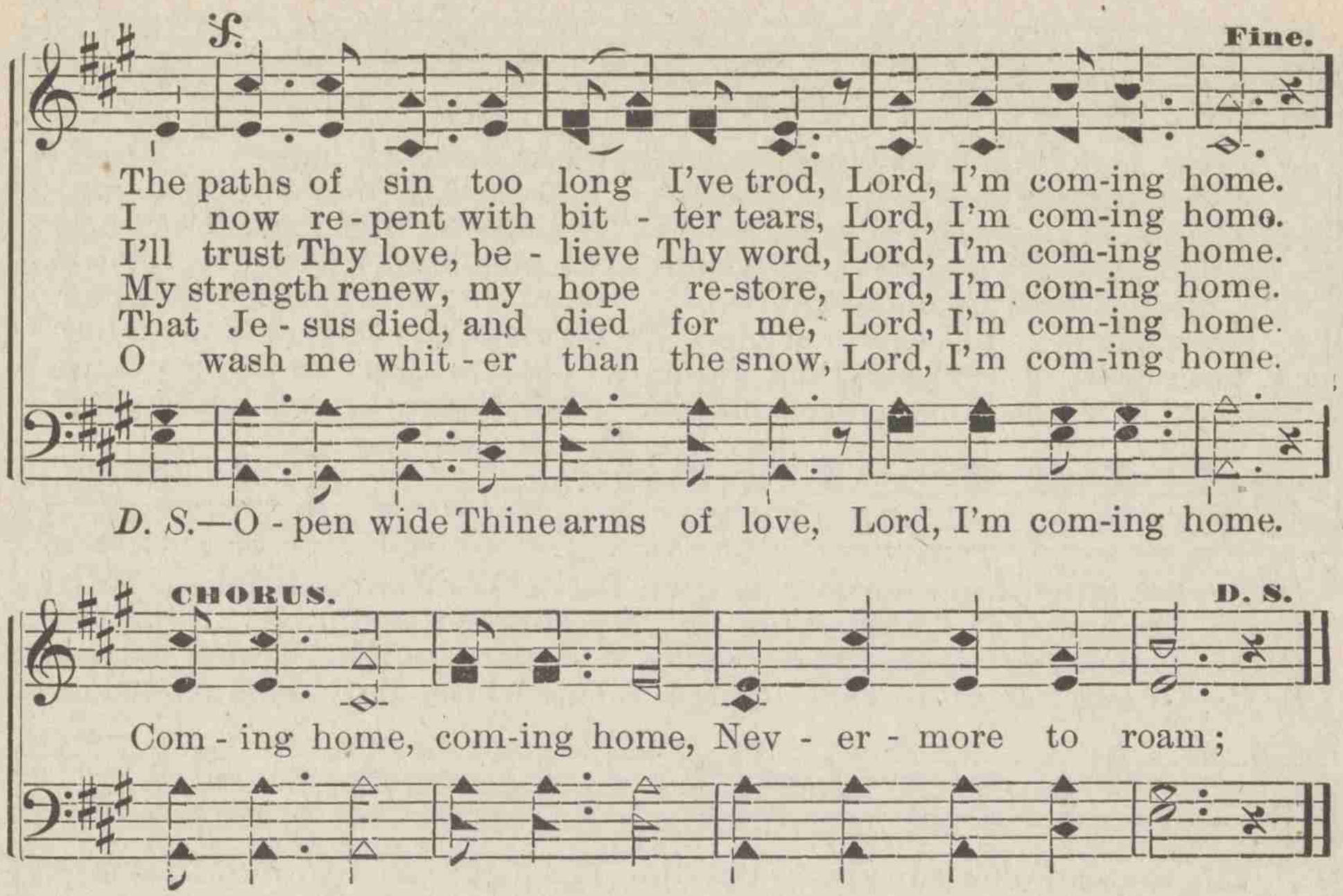
No. 156. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
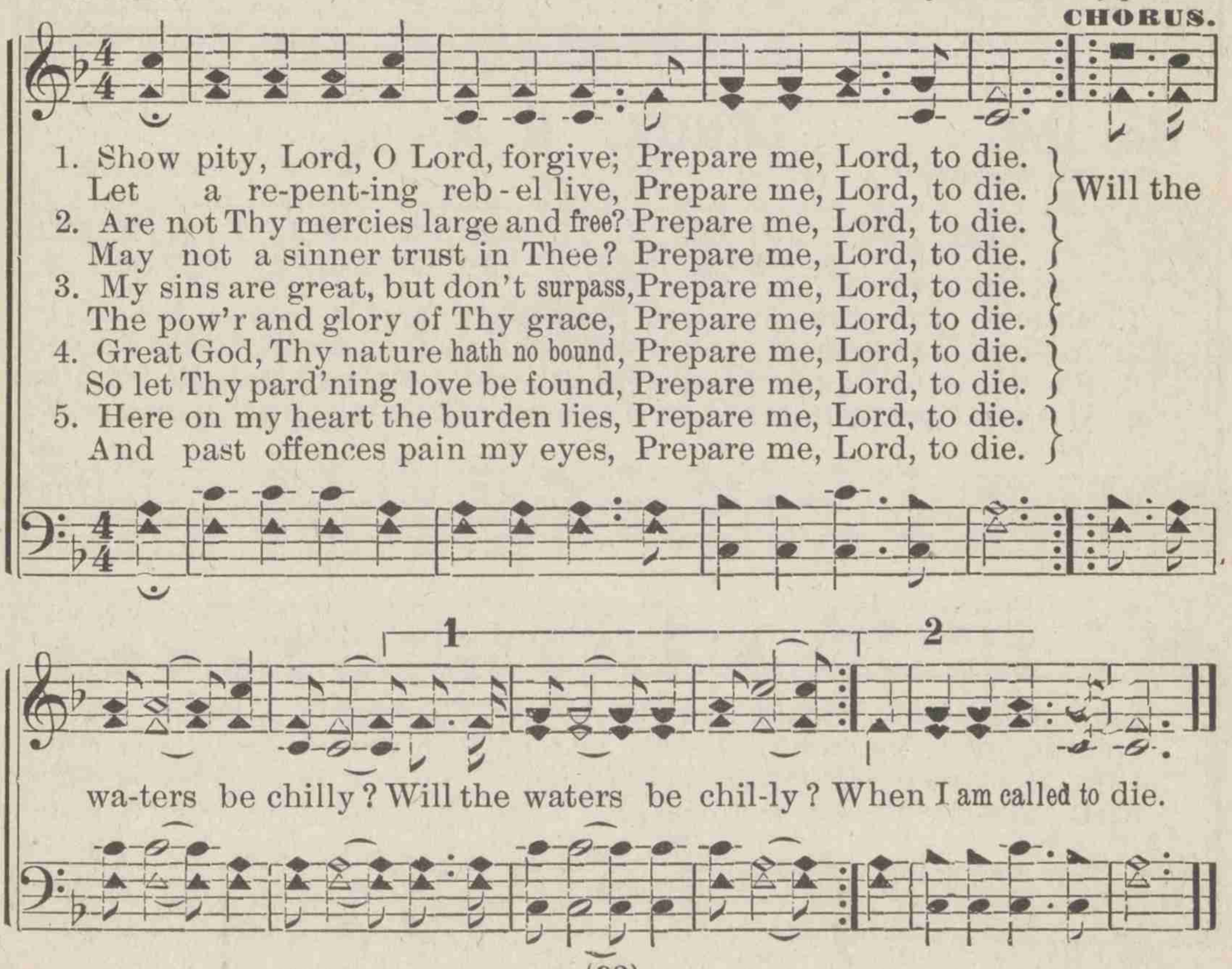


Copyright by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Used by per.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME. Concluded.



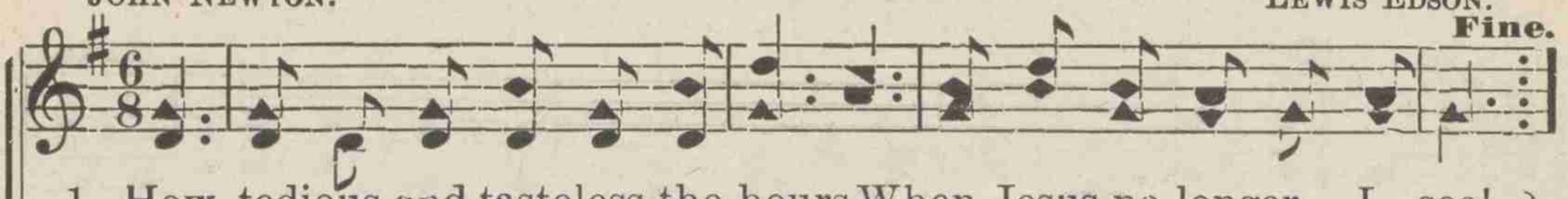
No. 157. WILL THE WATERS BE CHILLY.

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K. By per.



No. 158. DE FLEURY. 8s. D.
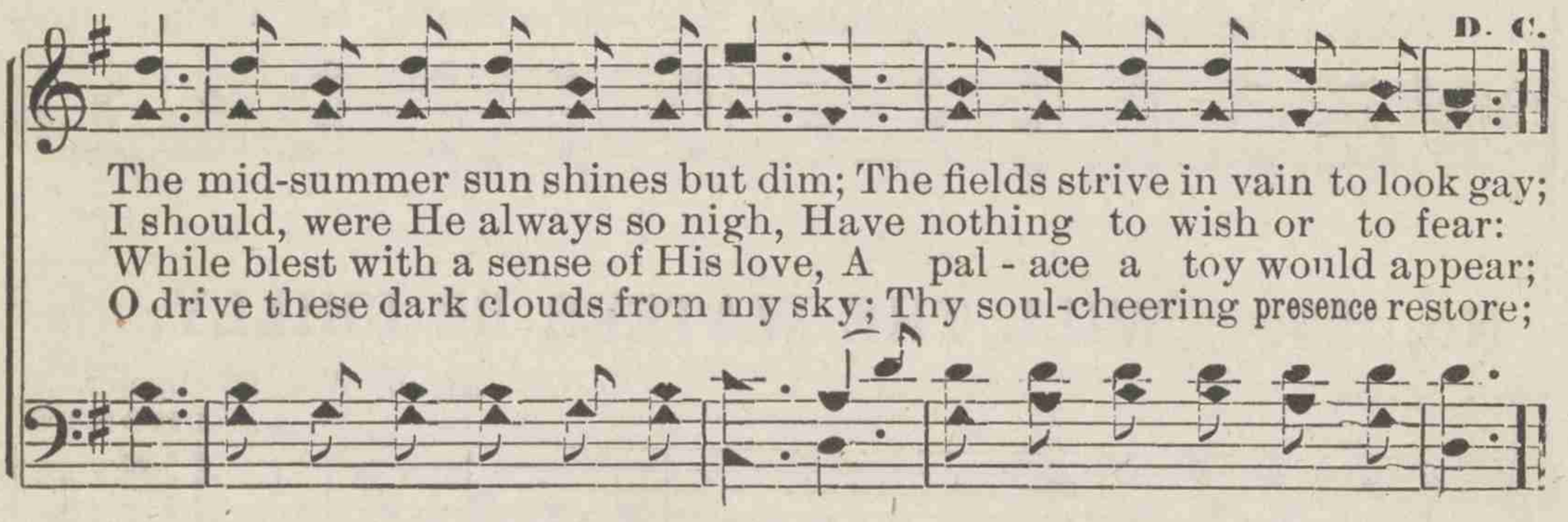
JOHN NEWTON. LEWIS EDSON.



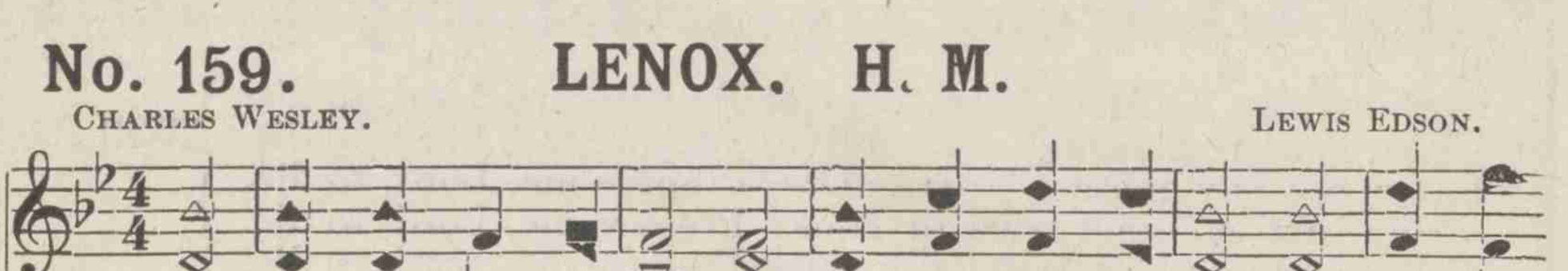
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
   His pres-ence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice.
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure resigned,
   No chang-es of season or place Would make any change in my mind.
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
   Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?



D. C.—But when I am happy in Him, De-cember's as pleasant as May.
D. C.—No mortal so happy as I; My summer would last all the year.
D. C.—And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
D. C.—Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.
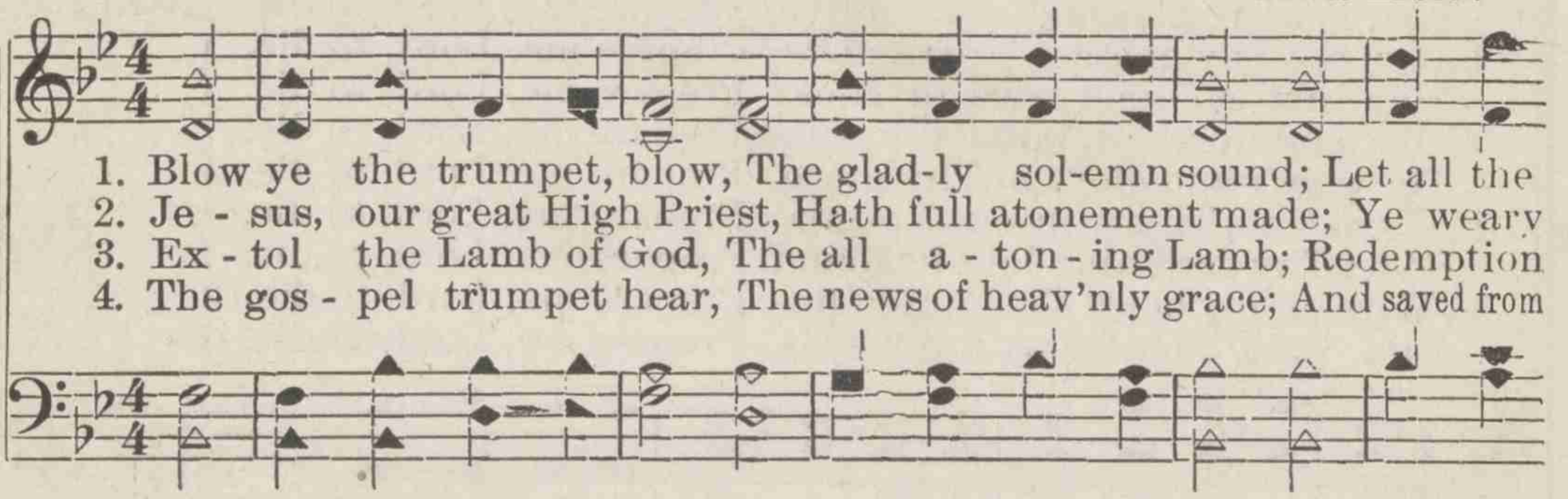


The mid-summer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always so nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear:
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would appear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

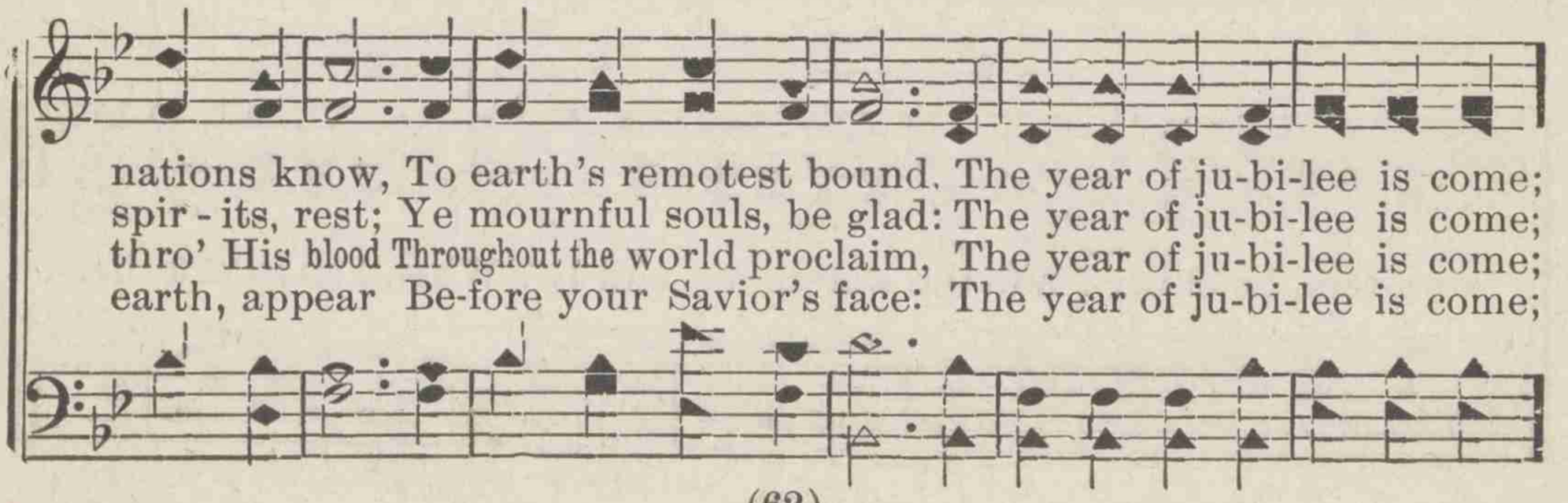


No. 159. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.
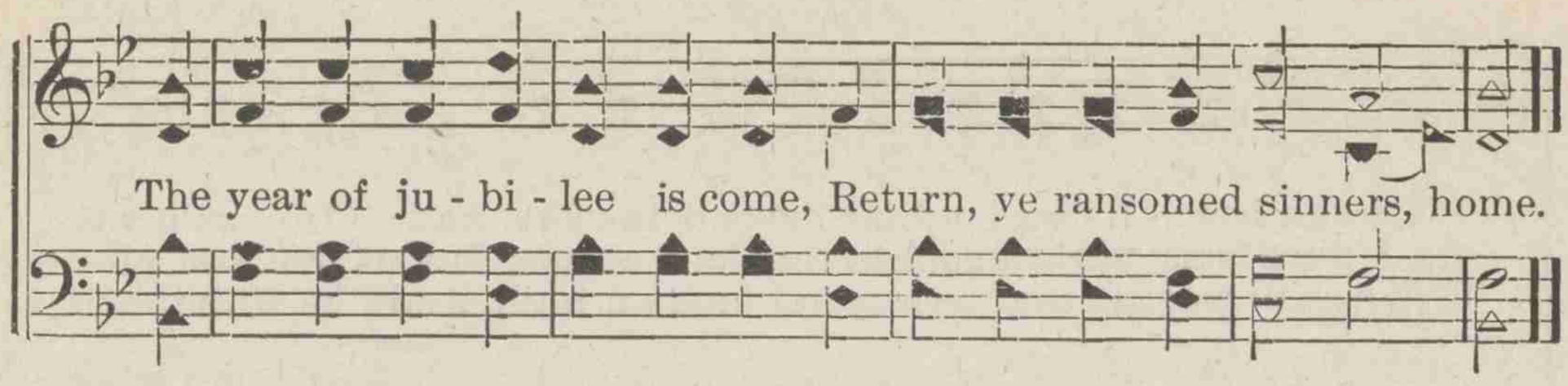


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all a - ton - ing Lamb; Redemption
4. The gos - pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And saved from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
thro' His blood Throughout the world proclaim, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
earth, appear Be-fore your Savior's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;

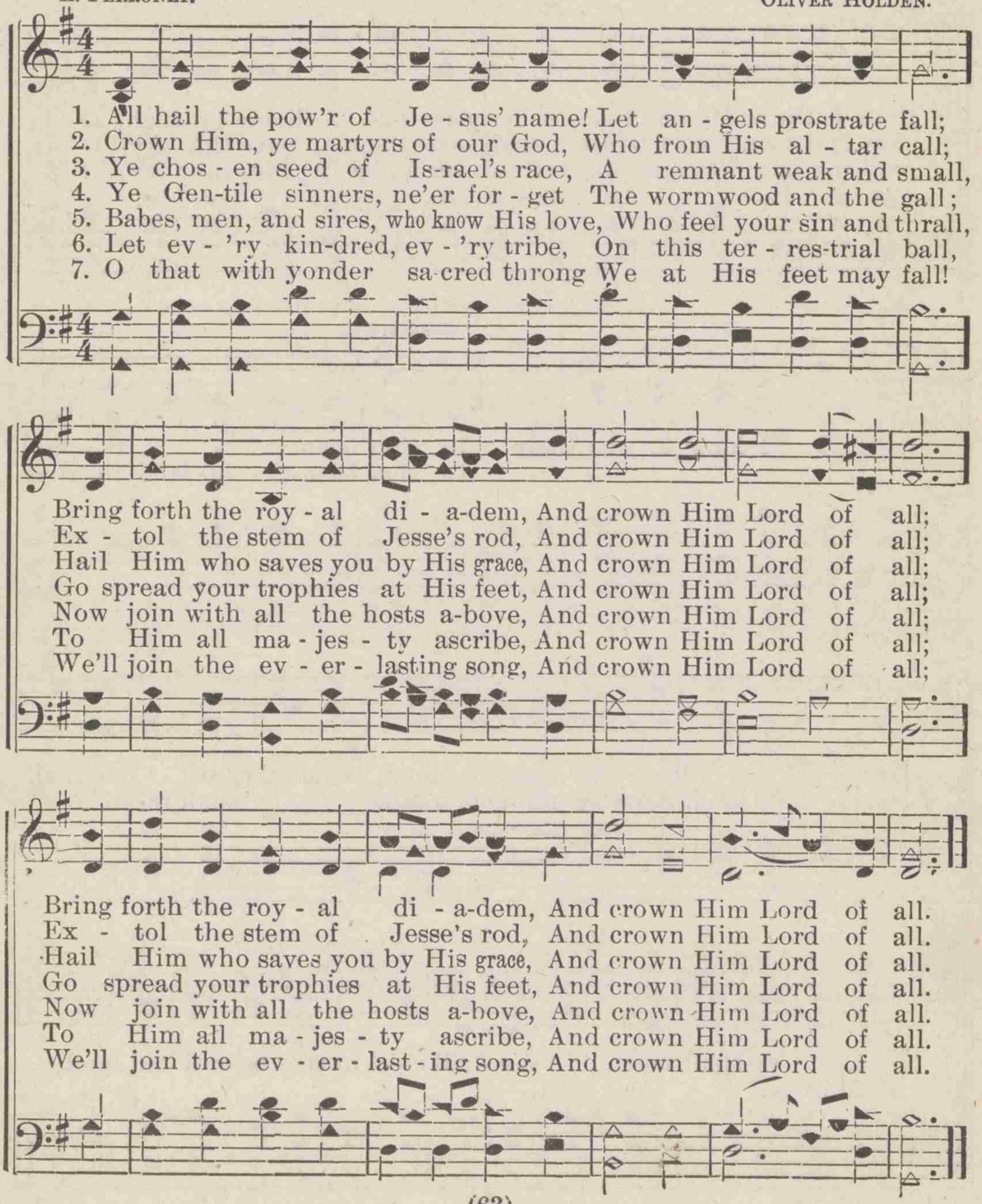
LENOX. Concluded.



No. 160. CORONATION. C. M.

"The coronation."—PHIL. 2: 10, 11.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 161. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav-
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor-
3. We shall meet in that beauti - ful land on high, And be with the bright

iour is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I
row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky, O I
and the fair, Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mur by, O I

long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti - ful
In that beau-ti - ful land, in that

CHORUS.

land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, we shall
beau-ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall meet,
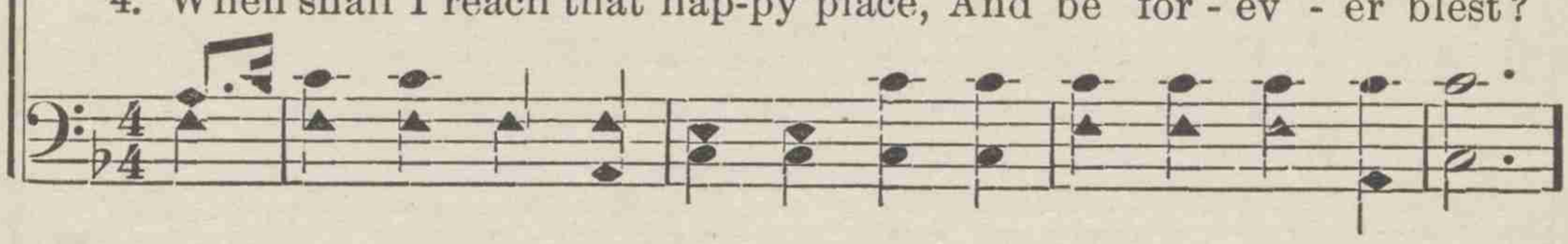
meet, we shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land.
shall meet, shall meet,
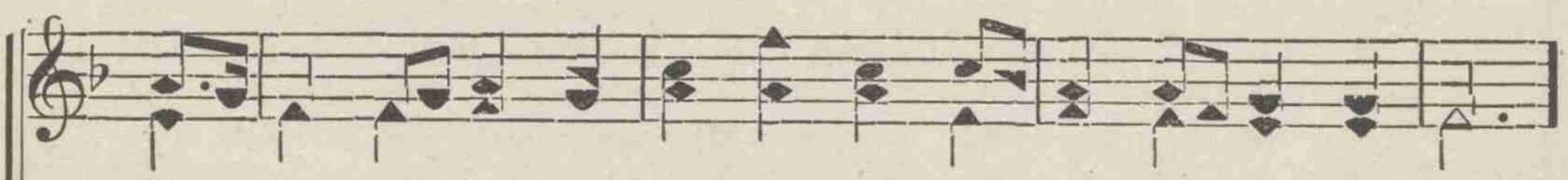
No. 162. PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNET. Arr.
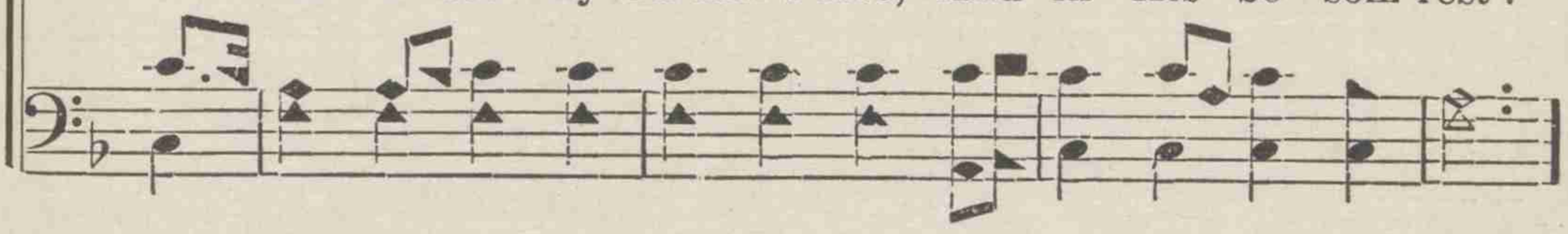


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
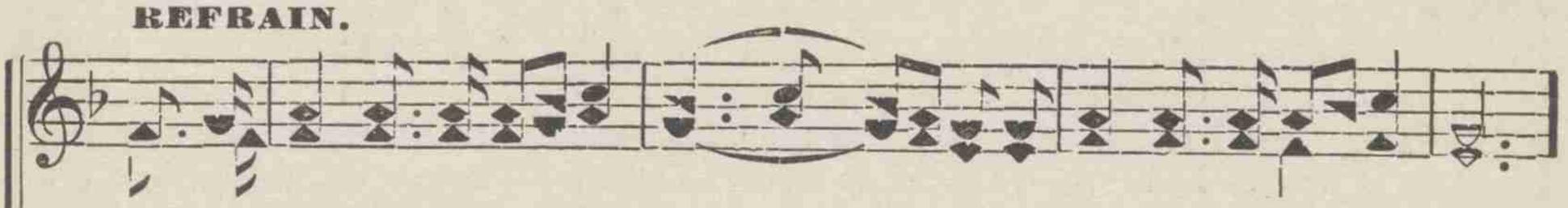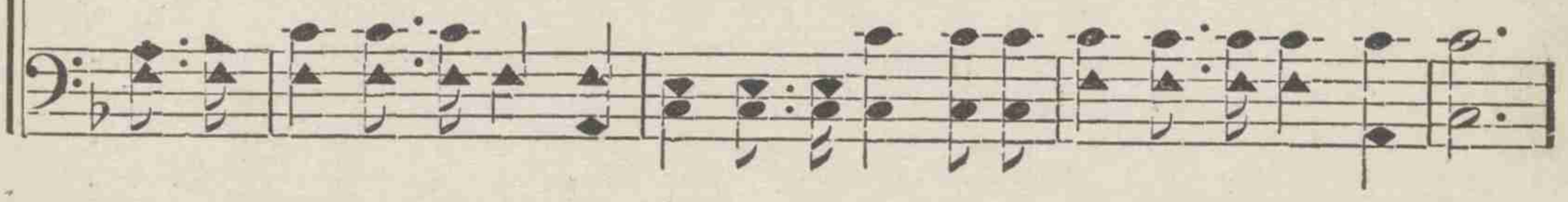




To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun for - ev - er reigns, And scatters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
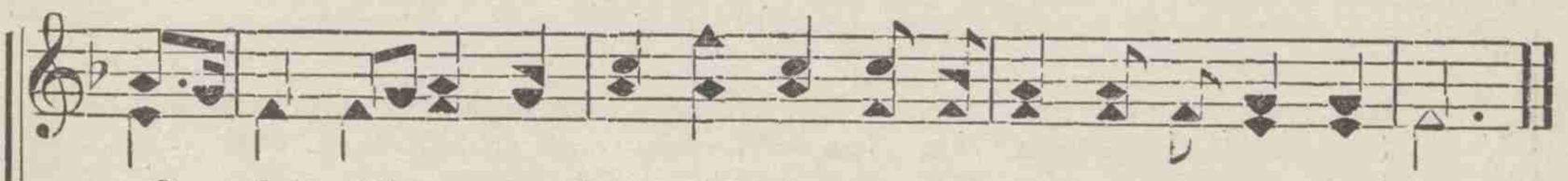


REFRAIN.
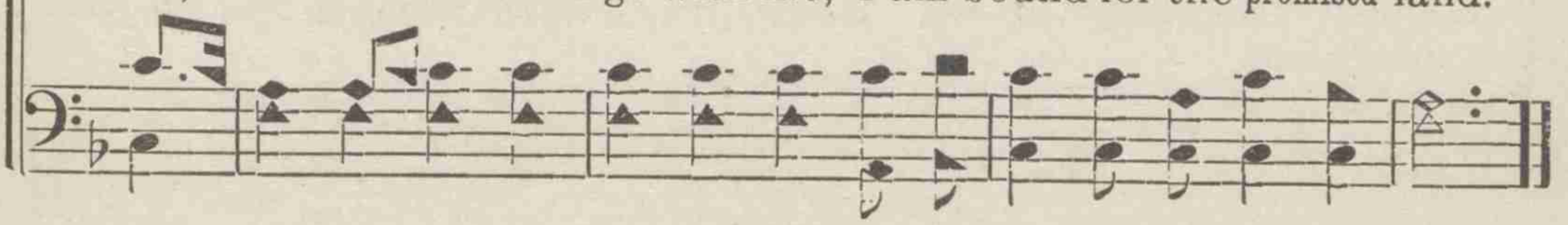


I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,





O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.



No. 163 I gave My Life for Thee.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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

From "Song-Land Messenger." by per. of H. N. Lincoln.