Memorial

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Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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TO AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

JUNE 1945

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TO

JOHN B. VAUGHAN

Published by

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN

ATHENS, GA.

Price, per Copy, $1.00.

Hymn
1918
Vaug A

PREFACE.

In compliance with the wish expressed by so many of Mr. Vaughan's friends, that at least a sketch of his life be written, we have had Mr. W. I. Varner, who is known as a writer of both prose and verse, to give you a short account, such as the limitations of a book of songs would permit. For if an extended biography were set forth, it would make a book of some three hundred pages, and while we would love to give you this in detail, believing that it would not only interest all, but give you an insight into a beautiful Christ-like life lived, his child-like faith in God and His word, exercised almost throughout his entire life But we feel that so large a book would be far too expensive for us to undertake just at this time.

We hope you can find it in your heart to pardon us, if we feel that we can not be indifferent to dear Mr. Vaughan's memory, or cannot suffer the noble work which took so many years of his life to build up, to fall neglected. The work and expense of publishing this book, we feel is a duty we owe to his many inquiring friends, who insist upon knowing more of his trials, and brave struggle against fearful odds, and also to his little daughters, whose care and nurture now depends solely upon myself. So we feel that Mr. Vaughan's former friends and patrons will appreciate our endeavors, and approve of the motive which prompts us to undertake future publications, which will be made easier by the great piles of manuscript Mr. Vaughan left unpublished.

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

MEMORIAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN B. VAUGHAN

We are going to tell you again the story of Mr. Vaughan's life, so many dear friends are anxious to know about his last hours; and the beautiful sunset that fell upon the waters as he passed over the river, until it seemed more like saying good-bye, with bright anticipations for the morrow. Indeed, his life was a triumph over many sore trials, and a great victory, cheering on the faithful and encouraging the whole Christian brotherhood to remain true.

At the express wish of the bereaved, his wife and two little bright-eyed daughters, whom we must now take to our bosom, comforting the fatherless, nor "suffer the winds of Winter to visit too roughly," we undertake this little sketch.

A life so simple and genuine, treading the pathway of the lowly Jesus without noise or pretense, proves an inspiration. And so, without ceremony, we gather around the family circle, to hear how a brave heart met the untoward circumstances, which beset his path, and how it is possible to live as an humble Christian, and yet be victorious.

No lesson and no example concerns more nearly the little cottage on the hill, whose inmates because of its very modesty are liable to feel a shrinking at heart, gazing out on the big world and the fearful odds to be encountered,

as they step forth from its unpretentious surroundings. And those also, trying to lead lives becoming the Lord's elect, and discouraged because the wicked, with high and mighty tread, walk over the earth as if they owned it in fee-simple. Here they see how one chose the way of humility, and made his fight along lines laid down for the guidance of the righteous, and won out ever so gloriously.

What poor boy after this can complain, saying he had no chance? For answer will come back, that J. B. Vaughan, after plowing hard all day, learned to read at night by the blaze of a light-wood knot, with no instructor save the meagre assistance of a blind and invalid father. And who now need long for a musical course in Europe, or need despair, being denied such advantages, when our good friend, with an old melodeon, a trifle false in some of its keys, started out to be a composer, whose sacred songs have reached a sale second to none in America?

How often, too, it is said, that a man cannot be good without falling prey to the predatory and the vicious. Or be humble, without being trampled upon by the proud and the overbearing. Yet here is an example to the contrary before our eyes. It would be saying too much, of course, to declare that our friend was never victimized by the designing; or, that many a time he may not have been made to feel the pride of riches. Still he was not crushed by it, but, on the other hand, rose by his manly and straightforward course to have the respect and high regard of all alike. And, though liberal and charitable to a fault, still he prospered, and despite the fact that he was burned out three times, each time without insurance. Let's first have an account of his early days, that we may the better reflect upon his declining years, and regard the beauty of their sunset as they drew to a close.



Birthplace of John B. Vaughan, Elbert County, Georgia.
The oak under which he wrote many of his first compositions.

J. B. Vaughan was born in the early sixties—to be exact, June 16, 1862, while yet the smoke of battle hung like a pall over Dixie. When it had cleared away, there followed that bitter, ever memorable Reconstruction period, with all of its hardships and privations. These were the days of Mr. Vaughan's childhood, and were spent toiling on a little rocky red hill in Elbert County, on a very humble estate, given his mother by her father. At an age when other boys are hunting and fishing, he was grubbing among rocks for a living for mother, sisters and his blind old father, who was besides an invalid, suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism. How faithfully he met the obligations resting upon him can be guessed, for he reached his twenty-second year without ever being twenty-four hours away from home.

His opportunities for an education were, of course, worse than meagre—they were none whatever. Neither as to literary training, nor yet musical instruction. He taught himself to read by a light-wood-knot blaze, with such help as his afflicted father could give with his sightless eyes. What could be more pathetic, and at the same time instructive? To the struggling youth of our time, it is a fine example. For the hero rises against obstacles. Instead of deterring a brave heart, they only test out the metal of which the valiant are made.

Mr. Vaughan's parents came from Virginia a half century before, and settled in Elbert County. They were of staunch Scotch-Irish stock, that blood which has contributed to the freedom of England and America. There on their little red-clay hill farm their fifth child and third son first saw light, and at a time when the South was mustering its every resource and putting forth superhuman energy against the fearful odds of the enemy. To get bread at all was an item. And then to have this fol-

lowed up by a worse devastation through a quarter of a century, indeed made dark days that "tried men's souls."

At a very tender age he was put at hard work. Used to ride an old ox to mill; and when, as sometimes would happen, his sack would slip from under him to the ground, he would have to wait till some passer-by could help him up with it again. Started to the field about now, he was hardly able to lift the plow around at the end of the row, and his plow-horse was an ox, while the plowshare which turned the soil was none of your improved Avery's, Brinkley's or Calhoun's. Even in his seventh year he was set at plowing in oats.

In those days people ate cornbread and were glad to get it, while parched wheat served to make a kind of coffee. Rich and poor alike suffered for the necessaries of life. To obtain salt, the Vaughan family were compelled to dig up the floor of the smokehouse and boil down the dirt, such was its scarcity. Judge then what must have been the struggles of this little household, with the head of it confined to his bed, with the boys small and the girls needed by their mother, who was herself far from strong. Yet such was the good judgment of the elder Vaughan, that even from his couch of affliction he directed the little flock and brought them up in the ways of piety. If they had no chance for schooling, not even to learn their letters, what could you expect as far as learning anything about music? Yet all the little family had an inclination to sing, and an old melodeon, something worse for its keys, was their sole musical instrument. Having a natural ear for harmony, however, they overcame this difficulty. And so began the first efforts of a composer, whose songs have since gone from Maine to California, and whose songs have met with such a wonderful sale, at times rising to the 300,000 mark per year. Listen, boys! Are you still



John B. Vaughan in early manhood.

wailing out, and bemoaning your hard luck because you have not advantages? See what a man can do. Say to yourselves, "We can rise; we, too, are of good old stout Anglo-Saxon timber."

To have some idea of both letters and music, Johnnie B. plowed during the day, and then at night, though worn out with labor in the field, he puzzled over books, spelling out words, and over such magazines as he could get hold of. It was a standing joke, how his pockets were ever filled with such literature, and how he lost no occasion to pore over the same. The secret came out afterwards in the service he was able to render his fellow-man. Or it might be that he turned from this to his old melodeon, when his brothers and sisters joined in, and together they sang to its accompaniment.

Having an original turn, there began to burn within him a desire to compose. But what chance was there for it? How could you fit words to music, or vice versa, with your attention required every moment to keep the clods from covering up the tender plants? Or, with a stumbling, contrary ox manage to think, in raising a hymn to the Almighty? Yet just that Mr. Vaughan did; and between the handles of a plow labored away, humming and chanting to himself, as he arranged his compositions, which he kept in memory until they could be jotted down on paper.

The subject of our sketch had now seen about twenty birthdays. For a year or two longer he continued to write verses and adaptation therefor. Then the desire possessed him to bring out a song-book of his own, which he did, and called it "Our New Song Book." It was a bold venture for one self-taught, and with no one to correct mistakes, literary or musical. Still the book became immediately popular, and sold well for the limited territory in which he was compelled to operate. It was printed in

Cincinnati, and its success is to be attributed to its simplicity and originality.

His next essay was as publisher of a paper, called "The Music Leader." Like everything else he learned, he taught himself to set type, and had to work by the flickering blaze of an old brass lamp. Work in the field by day, and then often all night long he would set type.

It was some two or three years after the death of his father that he wrote, "Shall I Meet You Up There?" Rain had been falling, and perhaps its patter on the roof, together with a sense of refreshing induced by it, awoke in him a feeling of thanks; so in a musical manner it found expression. To be alone, he sought the open field, and there amid the sage, kneeling down on a rock, he committed to paper the Creator's praise, as it flowed from his heart:

"There's a beautiful home far up in the sky,
And mansions prepared by our Savior on high;
He wants me to live in that country so fair,
And, when I'm in glory, shall I meet you up there?"

The first printing press Mr. Vaughan was able to get hold of was an old job printing affair, which was crude enough. But, when this was shortly after destroyed by fire, as well as all of his manuscript, fate and Satan both seemed to be against him. Yet, although the fire-devil visited him three times in life, each time catching him without insurance, he rose with the indomitable pluck characteristic of the Scotch-Irish, and pressed on to the front.

His ability as an instructor in music caused him to be sought out; so he began teaching Theory and Harmony classes, using "Vaughan's Simplified Theory" and "How to Write Music," two little 15-cent books, that over the

States have sold as no other Theory; in his voice work using "Vaughan's Voice Culture," which is a great seller today, as well as in that earlier time. The greater part of this period of his life was devoted to work of this kind; going from place to place over twelve or fifteen States, singing for evangelistic meetings, and teaching singing-schools, often kept away from home and his lonely old mother for six, eight, twelve months.

Despite mishaps, he made a success of everything to which he put his hand. Rose not only superior to every obstacle, but would suffer no misfortune to daunt him. And, if he changed from one to another, it was simply to branch out on a more pretentious scale. From the singing-school and as tutor he turned to printing in a larger way, and now addressed himself to the arduous task of bringing out a new song-book each year, with the result he has published fifty volumes in all. And still the cry comes with every new year, "We have got to have another book." And so the author, who began under so many disadvantages, and with so little favorable to him, is now flooded months before each forthcoming issue with demands for "new songs."

Here we have his life-story in brief, and perceive, above all else, that J. B. Vaughan's course proved a triumph for the country boy, with poor opportunities and so many discouragements. He stands their champion, and the victory which he gained is theirs, and ever dear to them should his memory be and all that pertains to him. And, that such is felt to be true, a corresponding appreciation of the fact appears in the flood of letters that have come to Eulalie, his beloved wife, sorrowing with her over her loss and begging for a fuller account of his last days. Answer may be made, that as the latter time approached he gave himself all the more unreservedly over to the Lord,

feeling, as Shakespeare has expressed it, "There is a destiny shapes our end, rough hew them how we will;" feeling, too, that we are the Lord's, and that there is a distinct purpose in the life of each one of us—something that goes undone, if such an one fail. That it rests with God; therefore should we commit our ways unto him, and learn that he will give us the desires of our heart."

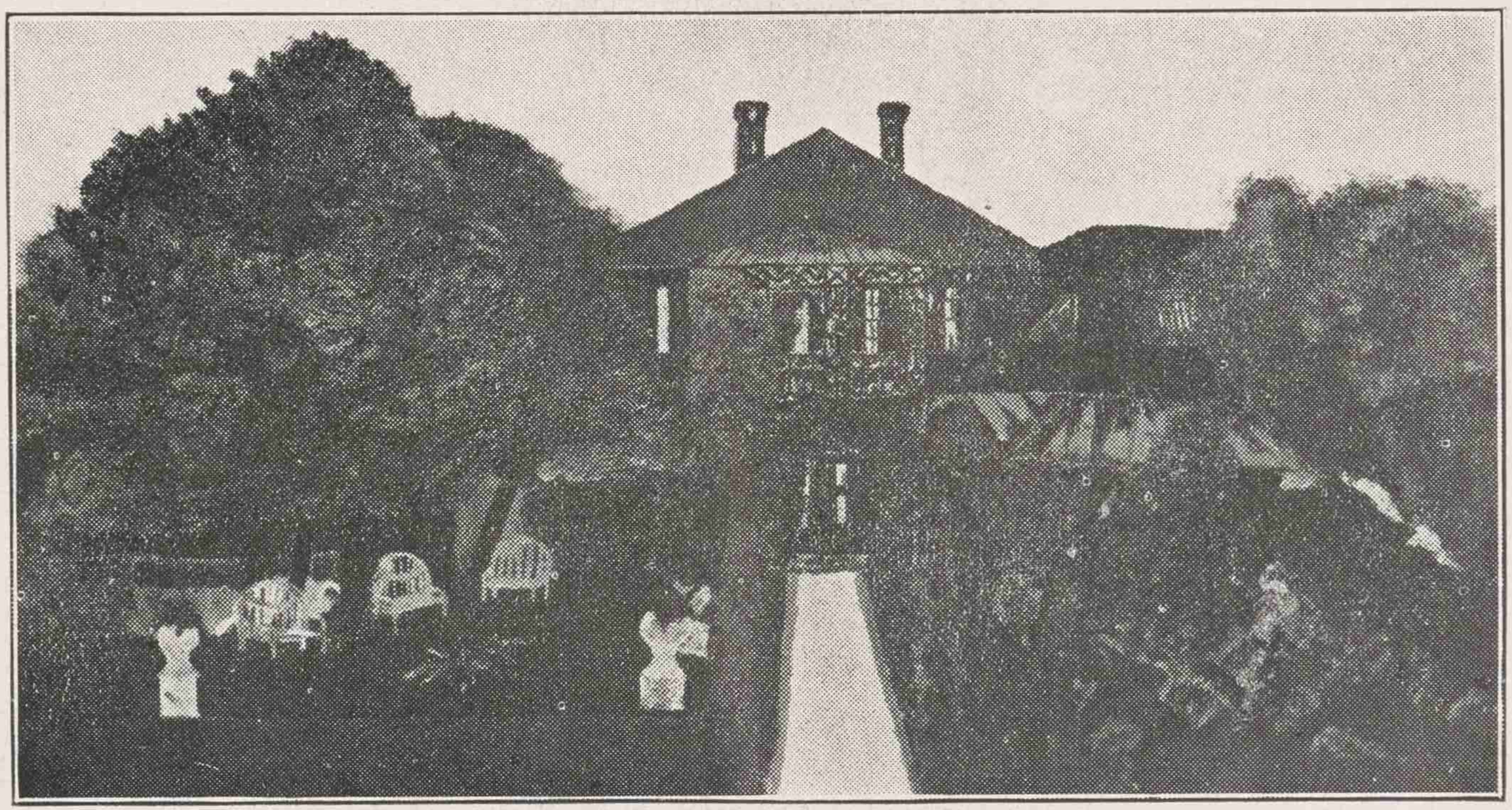
Though he was to endure many afflictions throughout, yet he learned not to complain. Learned to bear all with patience. And in a spirit of chastened humility, that taught him how we are made perfect through suffering. Knowing the first instance, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth;" and in the second, "Whoever would live godly in Christ shall suffer persecution."

While a man exceedingly nervous, yet it did not appear because of a calm exterior that never forsook him. Things vexatious might occur, yet so very careful was he not to afflict another with his personal affairs, that he would make no mention of them — not to a close friend, and any inquiry was met by some dry remark or bit of quaint humor, that was all his own. Modest and unassuming to a degree, any success of his own went without remark; or, perhaps, so carelessly made, that it was liable to escape your notice. Were it a song, or piece of music, the successful composition of some other writer, he was glad to play it for you, as much pleased as if it had been his own.

Nothing seemed to discourage him. Three times was he burned out, yet he rose to the task of rebuilding, whistling as he went. It might be that he trusted some one unworthy too far, still it did not make him hate mankind, nor yet rail out at the race or the individual in case. He simply pitied him, to think he had fallen so low. Nor could many unhappy experiences turn him against his



Mr. Vaughan and his Family in his little Summer House
in his front yard. Summer of 1915.



The Home of John B. Vaughan, "Olive Lawn," Athens, Ga.,
at the time of his passing over.

fellow-man, or stay a compassionate feeling for the unfortunate.

It might be a suspicious case, where an old Negro came to him a second or third time for help after a fire, and would have for answer, "My recollection is, Tom, if it serves me right, that this is the third time you have come back for this one fire—unless you are making a business of getting burned out." Still his hand would go down in his pocket, and the wily African would go his way rejoicing.

Hardships did not cause him, as it usually happens, to harden, nor yet to grow niggardly. Every good cause, or even one with a seemingly good front, found him with an open hand; and afterwards, if he discovered his mistake, he would remark with wonder at the expert tricks and the many ways they had of practising graft. Almost childlike in his faith, he never learned better — or chose never to learn. And, did you consider it a weakness and remonstrate, he would laugh and observe, "They all know me—know I'm an easy mark." But his earnest wish to do good, if it did not make him forget, at least made him hope the next one to apply would have a righteous cause. And when at times he felt a necessity of retrenching, it was always with regret. And his wife and friends would likely find him trying to figure out of the difficulty, not how to keep from giving, but how, by scanting himself still further, to meet the demand on his generosity.

People of a generous mind are frequently found to be indifferent workers, not to apply themselves closely. But not so with friend Vaughan. At all times, even on occasions when his health did not admit of it, he was seen steadily and industriously engaged with his song-books. A familiar sight on opening the door to his office was to find the mother at the typewriter, the father opening let-

ters, and the two children playing on the floor; the younger with a stack of silver dollars, and the older with her picture-books.

Nevertheless, visitors were always welcome, and entertained with a due regard, the humblest as well as the highest. And, as you would naturally suppose, it caused many with sad stories and doleful tales to seek him for advice and consolation. Plain people are apt to be forgetful in this respect, and busy men are frequently impatient, if not rude, pushing aside the tale of woe and its narrator, who, it too often happens, is disposed to tell the same thing over and over. Having a very kindly heart, it was interesting to see him dispose of such cases. He might be wholly occupied with his work, yet the fear of wounding somebody's feelings made him stop for the moment, speak a few words in sympathy, and then turn to something waiting his attention, and which could be done while conversing.

A great lesson, and one that must not escape us, which is set forth in bold relief in our friend's life, is the fact that advantages are not necessary to a successful career. The kite flies against the wind, and not with it. Where you have the proper spirit and mettle, they will rise superior to environment. Hardships serve as the grindstone to give steel its keen edge. Only those who are weaklings in mind and will power require to be bolstered up. Even then they will not rise to distinction.

And the sons of the rich, raised in the midst of glorious opportunity, nearly always prove underlings, for two reasons—one, they never know the necessity of making an effort; the other, they are usually so stuffed up with their own importance and self-conceit, that they can never descend to the humbler walks of life. Strange yet, is it not, that everyone, knowing this perfectly well, runs

blindly on after money. And the worst sinner in the lot is your self-made man, without education. Intent he is, above all things, to raise his son a scholar and a gentleman. And, when the deed is done, he finds that he has turned loose on civilization an idler and a spendthrift. Then he goes moaning around to his neighbors and saying he gave his boy every chance—yet behold the result. Not once deeming the fault his own, that he himself has withheld from him the great privilege of knowing how to work and be useful.

Those repining—and they are many—idly waiting for the ripe plum to drop into their mouths, must not fail to note in this recital how the strenuous effort put forth by Johnnie B. molded the man, who was later to rise to the high position he held, in a business way and in the esteem of all classes alike. That force of will, which drove him to set type all night, after plowing hard all day, was the same power necessary to push him up the rugged steep of success, and gave him courage to resume again, when thrice he suffered total loss by fire.

If you sit down at the first obstacle encountered, gazing with envy at another's rich harvest field, thinking it luck, you will doubtless spend the greater part of your days sitting down on a box or leaning against the wall at a street corner, while your road will pile high with logs and driftwood. What could have been more unpromising than our friend's prospects, to become a composer of music, with its endless technique and manifold requirements? No chance for an education, no musical instrument but an old melodeon, while dependent upon him were mother and sisters, not to mention the care of a father, bed-ridden.

What did you need to add, to make the forecast of a youngster gloomy? Suppose, instead of choosing the

manly course, he had run away from home, and left its inmates to shift for themselves. Many a thoughtless boy has done so, to return later a friendless prodigal; and, as frequently is the case, have to send back for money on which to return. No, the young lad rose to the occasion, and by the dint of his own exertions conquered in a battle none the less glorious, that it was not also a field of blood. "Peace hath its own victories, as well as war;" and here is a mighty exemplification of this saying.

About ten years ago, the writer and the subject of this sketch became acquainted, and later grew to be fast friends. It seems singular that two lives should meet in their course, when they had begun under circumstances so dissimilar—one with the barest possible advantages, and the other with every opportunity an indulgent father in easy plenty could afford.

The result in the latter case turned out a free-booter in the realms of intellect, writing either prose or verse, caring little for a dollar and knowing nothing of manual labor, given to hunting for recreation—horse and hound, living a careless, unconcerned existence as to the welfare of others. Ambitious enough and sufficiently energetic in things mental; yet, altogether too free of obligations to realize that he, too, must learn to grapple with the stern realities of life. As a consequence, when past middle age he had gone broke, his affairs became desperate. Not having been brought up to work for his daily bread, it became an irksome task, and with very little sympathy from the outside world. They were rather disposed to laugh at the discomfitures of one who had not used his good fortune to a better advantage. So much by the way of contrast.

For about this time the author and the composer met. The musician then was in fine circumtsances, with a nice home, and enjoying a business that reached out over thirty

States of the Union, and extending even to Canada. And to the most careless observer the position of each furnished an object lesson not to be forgotten. Only such is the persistent folly of mankind, that each one must get up the lesson for himself.

A turn for song-writing brought them together. The author, having a knack for doing many things with a pen, together with the fact of the hardships which he was brought to suffer, appealed to a man who had never known anything but to struggle. In a way, too, they complemented each other. The author's education and skill at verse-making coupled very nicely with the composer's sensitive ear for melody. However, it must be said, that the writer's fallen estate and the lack of appreciation manifested toward him stirred deeply in Vaughan a sense of compassion. Do not miss here this valuable point—the suffering must ever turn to those who have suffered. And let this fact be strongly impressed upon your minds, that, while we pray continually for more money and wider fields of operation, that the Creator knows that we are really more in the need of narrower limits and more straitened conditions, to bring out the best in us. The witness is here to testify with your permission that his endeavors have been far more fruitful of good since the property left by his father slipped forever from his hands.

A constant interchange of services between the author and composer followed to the day of final separation. One would help with music, and the other provide songs, or maybe do a bit by the way of drawing advertisements. The quick ear of the musician could detect qualities suited to song-purposes, and no mistake would he ever make. When he must say so, he would kindly remark, "That is a fine poem, but it will not sing." Occasionally the writer would be lucky enough to hit on something available; then both would be happy.

On such occasions Mr. Vaughan might go to the piano and immediately play off an air perfectly suited to the words. Such was the case with "Rest Over the Stars," a song which proved that season to be the leader in his annual issue. Its very name appealed to him, and seemed to excite in him a blissful hope after the long, arduous climb to which he had been subjected.

One venture, however, into which we entered did not give adequate returns — "The Day of Wrath," a book which the public were not ready to receive, though highly praised by all who read it. Try as we might, it availed not, and Mr. Vaughan seemed never to tire of putting it before the people. No amount of advertising, however, could induce readers to order it in paying quantities. While it proved a disappointment, he did not complain, though quite a little bit out on its publication. Nor did it cause any coolness between the pair because of its ill-success.

And, so very anxious was our friend to help advise the world of the near Second Coming, that shortly after this he offered to publish, of his own accord, Dr. Neighbor's "Pre-and-Post-Millennialism." No better result attended this effort. So he was forced to conclude, either that the time was not yet ripe, or otherwise the public were bent on turning a deaf ear to it.

So popular became Vaughan's Song Books, on the other hand, that his customers waited anxiously and impatiently for every new issue, while his desk was forever heaped with contributions, music and poems, sometimes both, some even going so far as to offer to pay him, should he see fit to include their musical endeavors. His services, tendered in so many directions, and for a long time his attendance on all-day singing meets, had taught him by close contact just what the people wanted. Nor could you prevail on him to enter a number, however pretentious, that did not answer that demand.

And a word may not be amiss along here concerning the faithful Eulalie. While her name does not appear in these song-books, save as a writer of poems, and like a devoted wife she has suppressed her own identity and been satisfied to be lost in her husband's preferment, the author is in position to say that there was not one feature of these publications, except the actual writing of the music, but what it came directly under her supervision. And so highly did her husband rate her judgment that she was consulted upon all occasions and concerning every phase and change. And to those who do not know, let us say, no fear need be entertained that in the future conduct of the business it will not be ably done. And as far as new songs and new music are concerned, that the departed left stacks of each unprinted.

A picture is drawn by Bro. Martyn, of College Park, of our friend's start and early trials, showing with what scant materials he had to work. Note in this recital what is said by all who knew him, that he was ever gentle and unselfish, at all times seeking to make others happy. He recounts:

"When I began my pastorate at Bowman, Ga., in 1885, I found in my congregation a young musician, who was introduced to me as Prof. J. B. Vaughan. I soon discovered that he was a musical genius, with rare voice, touch and intonation; with which gifts he charmed and thrilled all hearers.

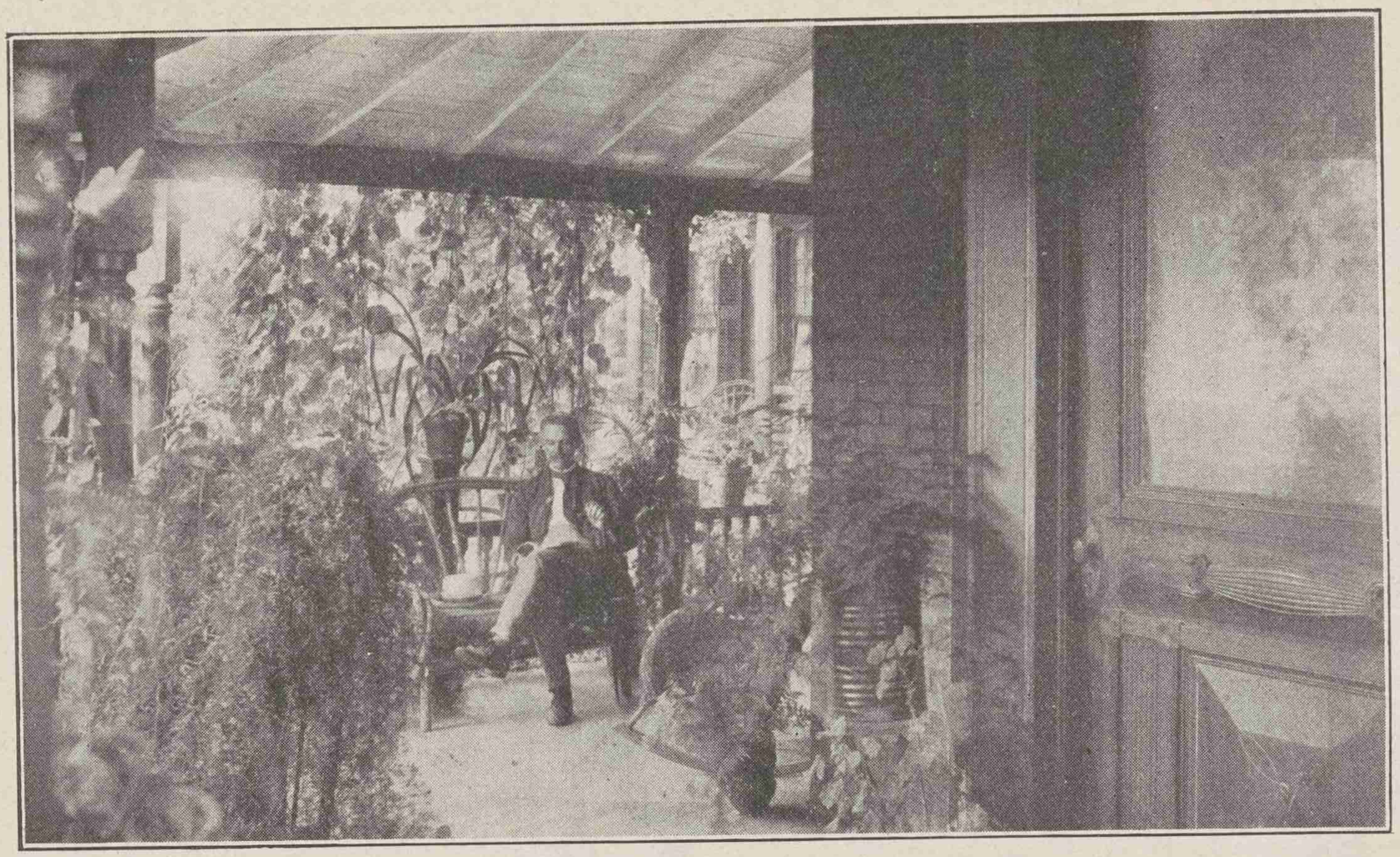
"Soon after my arrival, he opened up a little office to do printing. With meagre finances, a small hand-press, the best he could afford, he essayed to do business. For this press he improvised a type case, made by boring holes with a large auger in a piece of timber, down a sufficient depth to hold his type supply. There, with this scant outfit, he commenced; and by sending his manuscripts north

to music printers, soon had plates made, with which he put out leaflets book-sized, followed ere long by a pamphlet, entitled 'Our New Book.'

"Such was his beginning, in which I gave him such help as one not versed in music could offer. And, despite repeated reverses, many discouragements, such as losses by fire and dishonest men, he lived long enough and persevered successfully enough, to send out pages of music by the millions, and to become an instructor in music with a wide reputation; besides, to charm and to cheer many a pilgrim on life's weary way. Through the two years of my pastorate there, I reveled in the sweet music which his gifted touch and to me his unequaled voice produced in our churches, as well as in my home.

"After two years at Bowman, I was stationed the same length of time at Harlem, Ga. Soon after that change, in response to our earnest solicitation, he came to us there, and was entertained at our home by the week, which we gladly did for the price of his singing and playing. And yet did it leave him free to spend most of the day as he choose, whether at business or pleasure. Repeatedly thereafter he was in our home, than whom we never had a more welcome guest, always coming at our pressing request, and apparently glad to be with us.

"During this association a bond of loving friendship was formed between him and my family that lasted for years. We always looked upon him as one of us, as if really a member of the family. The call of business to him and pastoral changes for us made the old-time close personal association impossible, but our tender regard for 'Brother John' never ceased; and I feel sure that it was reciprocated by him. If I had been minded to forget him, it had not been possible, for up to the last book issued—except one or two—a copy of each new output was soon



John B. Vaughan in his favorite corner of the porch at "Olive Lawn."
Mr. Vaughan was a great lover of flowers as well as music. His recreation hours were often spent in caring for his flowers, and during the days when he was physically strong, many beautiful flowers from his grounds found their way to the bed rooms of the sick.

on our table, a compliment from the author, and came as a reminder that we had been considerately remembered.

"Never once did Brother Vaughan do or say anything, even manifest a spirit, at least within my knowledge, to make me question his integrity. And I was as much in the secret of his trials and tribulations for several years as any one ever was. And I shall sorely miss him, until we meet in that 'Beautiful home far up in the sky,' of which he wrote and sang, and to which he looked with a hopeful heart while on earth."

(REV.) ROBT. P. MARTYN.

While we have under consideration the difficulties, which all along beset him, we may do well to recall his own pathetic account of the misfortune which befell him, after laboring so hard to bring to completion his "Resurrected Songs." He said:

"In the year 1896 my mind was peculiarly directed to the task of republishing the old songs that had long been favorites. This inclination of my mind was encouraged by repeated calls from all sections of the South and West for a work of this kind. I began searching and advertising for the old and tried songs that were used, and still are being used with gospel power for good in the homes, churches and singing schools. With the lapse of twelve months the work was completed. But, before the much-valued matter could reach the printer's hands, fire came and my fondly cherished hopes and anticipations, together with all earthly possessions, were devoured by the unmerciful flames.

"Penniless and discouraged, not a ray of hope penetrated the deep gloom. Yet day and night, under all circumstances, this thought hovered around me, and seemed to crowd all others out of my mind: 'Why art thou cast

down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God. For I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.' My library, consisting of hundreds of books, the manuscripts of my whole life, together with thousands from the pen of others, of every description, valuable records, all gone! But the blessed thought which filled my soul was, 'Hope thou in God, and he will bring it to pass.' So with renewed energy and a hopeful spirit I began work—a labor that one must experience to ever realize the cost. Days, months and years went by, while I struggled with the task.

"On Saturday night, February 10, 1902, I beheld the work complete; and my weary pen was laid aside yet moist with the ink from the last touch to the index. My manuscripts were now ready for the stereotypers the following week. But, horrible memory that sickens me even to this day, that long-to-be-remembered, eventful night! When but two hours before I had just reached the height of my ambition, the completion of my book, the hideous, frightful, devastating flames were slowly eating their way beneath me. And in the language of the messenger to Job, 'I only escaped to tell thee.' Once again were my hopes blighted, earthly possessions gone, and my fond anticipations buried forever. Despair was on every hand, aspirations were dead; yet in this forlorn and desolate condition, homeless, friendless and penniless, still there was one precious message left, which I could hear as audibly as if spoken by a real voice, 'The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.'

"All hopes and thoughts of the old songs were gone, and I had not the faintest idea of ever attempting this work again. But in April following the never-to-be-forgotten February, while strolling alone one beautiful Sunday after-



John B. Vaughan and his two little daughters,
Eulalia M. and John Hazel Vaughan.

noon, there came to me impressions, feelings and inspirations that I am unable to express, and the sacredness of which forbids trifling. At this particular time the name, 'Resurrected Songs,' occurred to me. Many of the old melodies that I had thought of for years, and the quaint old songs that so many will welcome with delight, came crowding upon my mind. The next day found me working again on this self-imposed task.

"I could get no relief, my mind would not and could not be disengaged, but dwelt continually on my unparalleled misfortune, unless I were occupied with preparing my new book of old songs. During the day, and often till two, three and four o'clock in the morning I labored diligently, selecting and rearranging those desirable. Again the work is finished, and O God!—with the ill fate attending my efforts, shall I ever live to see the day when I shall clasp a perfect copy to my heart in triumphant joy?

"Let it suffice to say that if experiences, sore trying of my faith, uncommon circumstances, and the manner in which the work of gathering and arranging the material which appears in 'Resurrected Songs' were made known and placed in book form, that it would make no small volume."

How correct Mr. Vaughan's judgment proved with reference to RESURRECTED SONGS may be seen in the fact, that no issue has ever shown more popular; and today it sells with the same constant demand which marked its favor when new from the press. But, after such long, tedious years spent in its preparation, who had had the hardihood to undertake another compilation, with plates and manuscript all gone for the second time? Therein you behold the man; tender and gentle, yet an indomitable worker, with a will power showing the blue steel.

Again, you get here in his own confession an insight

into his inner nature, and learn whence the supply of courage came in dark hours, when not a ray of light seemed to shine. "While strolling alone one beautiful Sunday afternoon, there came to me impressions, feelings and inspirations I am unable to express, and the sacredness of which forbids trifling." Such was true of the man throughout, and here you have the dominant key to his life. Ever turning to the Lord, ever trusting to him with a faith never shaken, but growing the more devout and consuming as time went by.

The plain, honest, simple nature of the man appears so strongly in the points which he cites in the favor of "Resurrected Songs," that we quote here his observations, and ask you to pay special attention to the manner in which he sets them forth, and in every respect how faithful they are; never for one moment trying to claim for them anything beyond their actual merit:

(1) By using a large, bold-face type, the print is plain, which enables the old as well as the young to read the words and music with facility.

(2) The words are printed between staffs, whereby each word or syllable and the respective notes appear in juxtaposition.

(3) . . . . Every song in our book has been a special favorite some time in the past, and many of them have been sung and cherished for more than a century. Songs that have not been used with special effect and great power by the various churches are left out of this book. These songs have been tested, tried and proven valuable.

(4) * * * * *

(5) By referring to many church books offered to the public, you will readily observe that out of twenty-

five, only two or three are ever sung, or ever likely to be. Only those fixing themselves in the mind can be counted on for future use. We have selected only such songs as the public know and can sing from memory, thereby making our book contain all the useful, without making it immoderate in size.

(6) "Resurrected Songs" contain numbers appropriate for any and all occasions, and every phase of Christian experience — gloom, struggle, peace, joy and victory. The songs are classified and subjects outlined, so that the desired one may be found readily. The metrical hymns are arranged in consecutive order, followed by the revival songs.

(7) * * * * *

(8) To make the book complete for general use, I have added quite a number of the most popular songs that have appeared in my previous publications.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

We come next to the years when now his strength began to fail, and it became evident that ere long there must come a separation, hope as his friends might that he would not yet be taken from them. The man, who in early youth had been almost without a blemish, was now ailing and his health was seriously undermined. His many grievous experiences made him ever feel that he had been marked by Satan for a special exercise of his spleen and hate; and, be that as it may, it did seem that one who had borne so many afflictions might have been spared in his declining years. Not so; nor yet did the energy and determination which characterized his early prime diminish.

To the end, even to the very day he was brought to bed, never again to rise, did he make every endeavor to give his business the usual attention. It was pitiful, when

now almost blind, he would attempt to look over letters and manuscripts. On one occasion the author, not knowing his sight was so much impaired, came to him with a popular song, which he insisted on arranging music for; and, despite the fact he could hardly see the lines, tediously jotted down the notes, and corrected the writer's awkward efforts to transcribe the same. Throughout he was the changeless, kindly man, ever anxious to assist another.

About this time, himself and wife discussed the idea of buying a little farm near, where he could recreate and amuse himself, apart from the trying duties of song and music writing. So he bought a few acres with a little house on them near Athens, and gave not a little bit of his time to his youthful occupation. It was a pleasure to him again to breathe the fresh, pure country air and to hear the birds sing.

With his customary ideas of thrift, he thought to make it supply his table with chickens and vegetables, thereby reducing the cost of living. Yet, lacking the old hardihood, he was inclined to overdo himself. And trusting to a good Negro to attend to it for him, was trusting to a broken reed. Besides, when he sowed some wheat and it was up to a nice stand, a cold snap ruined that. Thus, after spending many dollars to no purpose and wasting a lot of valuable time, he saw he must give up the farm or the song business, and remarked, "Is it not singular that, when a body has made the little he has writing songs, he should lay that down and run off after some pleasing notion, some ear-tickling fancy? No one knows better than I, to succeed in any line, you must give it your undivided attention; yet here I am, neglecting my songs and fooling with this farm, which is an endless source of worry and vexation."

At length the day came when he took to his bed; not

suffering much, indeed the last four months were almost without pain, still he was entirely too feeble to rise and go about his daily duties. There, pillowed up and made entirely comfortable, he sat, half reclining. Here friends and acquaintances visited him, cheering him and reading to him from the papers and the Bible. Of the Sacred Word he was never tired hearing; it had been his comfort and consolation through life; and now that he must soon pass through the valley and its shadow, he feared no evil; for he ever felt the presence of the Savior. And, as the hour drew near for his departure, his mind, which remained clear to the end, turned away from earthly considerations, and dwelt almost wholly on the heavenly; at one time even saying to his wife, "The world is lost, Eulalie, and there is nothing left but Christ."

How significant this expression seemed at such a moment! Long familiar with the prophecies, which in his opinion accounted for the present war, and marking its trend in the daily issues from the press, he saw in its progress the fulfillment of the Scriptures. And now, as a parting to the one he held most dear, he would have her fix her mind on things eternal, and not on the transitory affairs of earth. To place her hope above, and not on the things below, where raging strife and an awful upheaval threatened to undo the race. No longer would his protecting arms be about her and their little ones, but the Father above would shield, when he was gone. To Him she must look for support during the dark day coming upon the world.

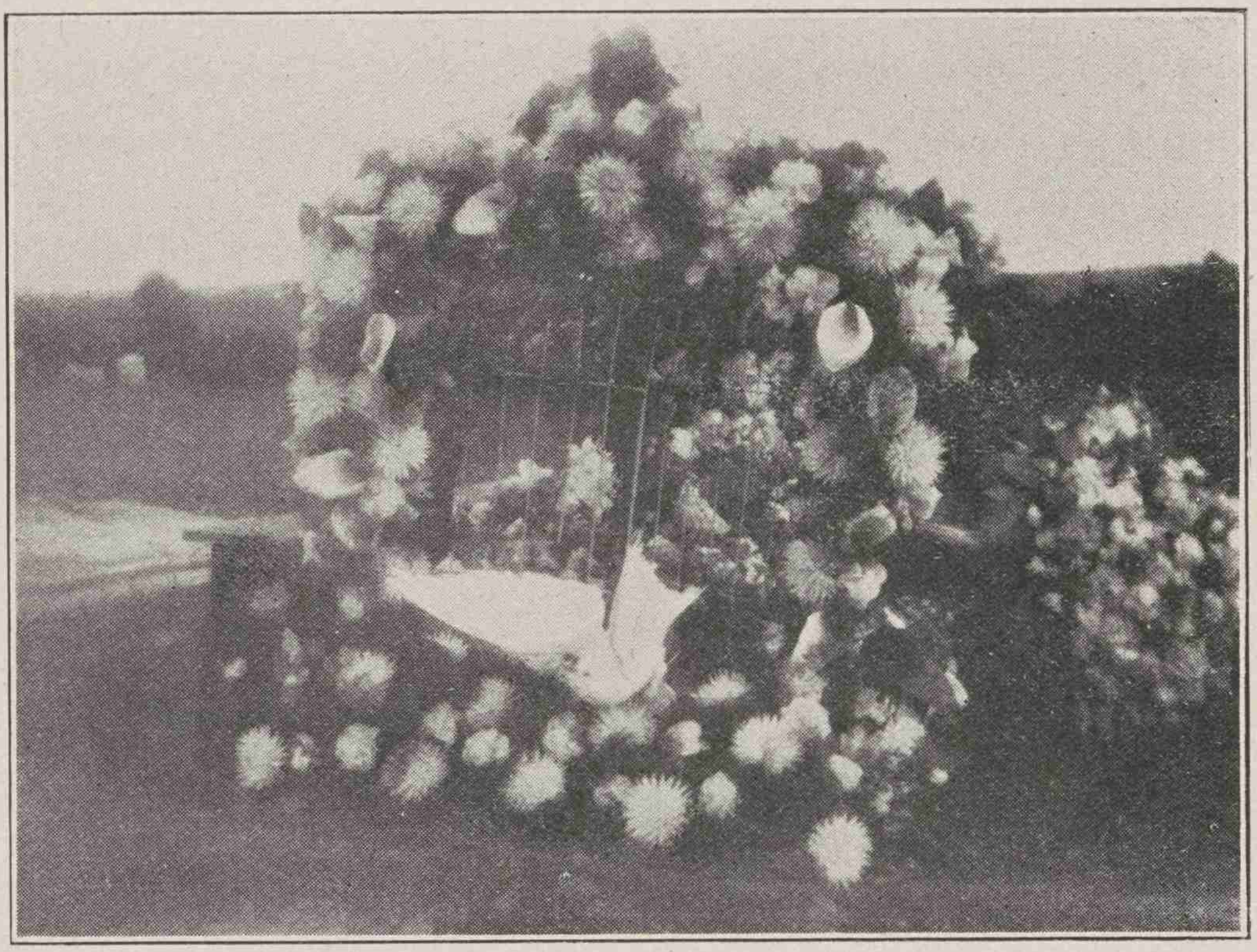
Come into his room when you might, it was filled with flowers, which kindly friends continually brought or sent. And there you would find some caller-in or some member of the family reading to him. All of them, especially his mother-in-law, who was devoted to him, were only too

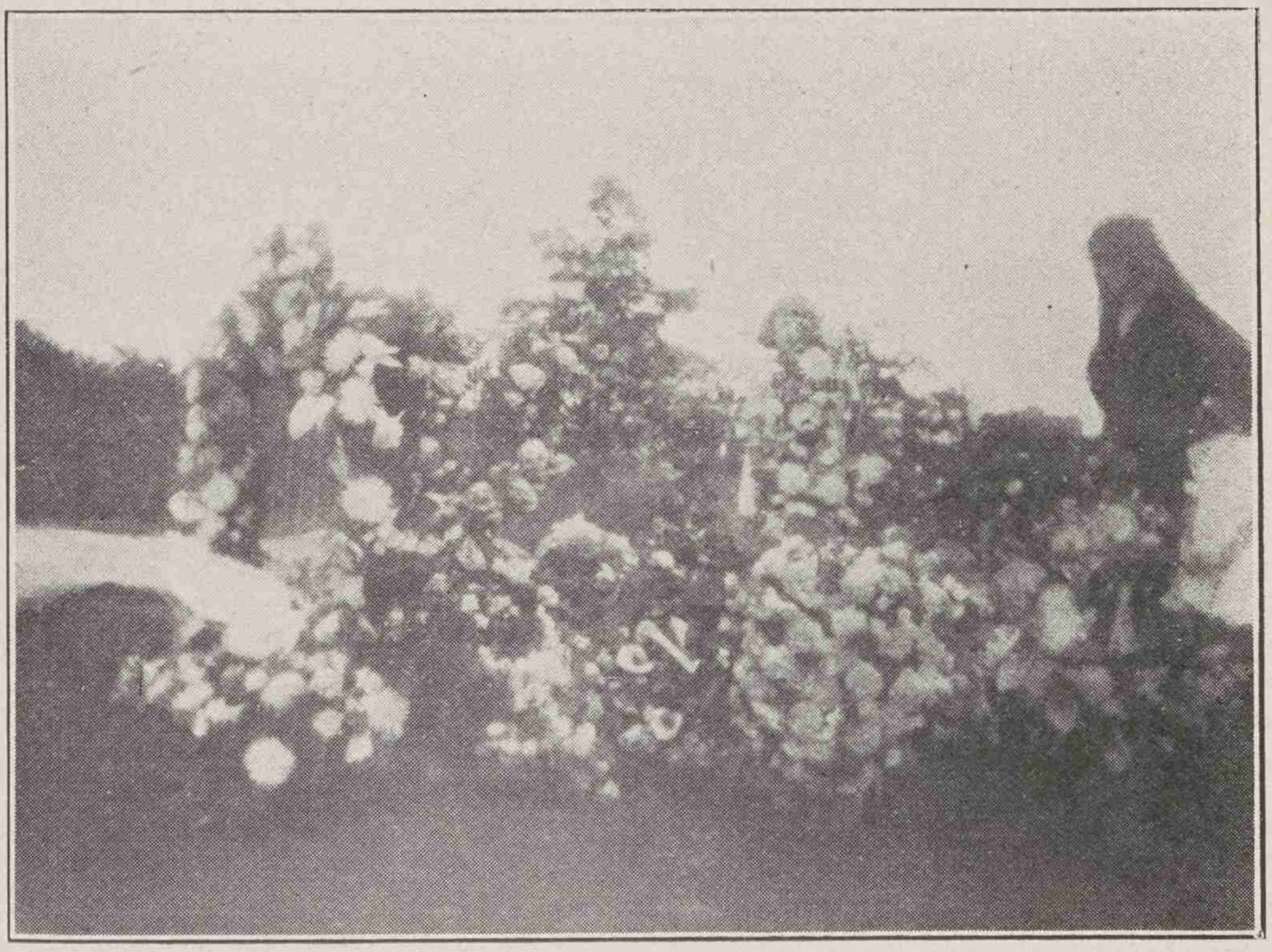
glad to contribute in any way to his ease or comfort, for no one of them had ever been forgotten in the day of his ministration.

At times he chose to sing, and the voice of his youth returned to him; that voice which had thrilled so many hearts, soon now to be silent forever more, was once again to raise a hymn in praise of his Redeemer. Even now as he stood at the passage of the river, "Where bright angels' feet have trod," he was to point the way and to proclaim a victory over the arch enemy, triumphing at the very gates of eternity. Just now he called to those about him, saying that he saw his mother, there in the midst of a glorious company, bright and shining. Who knows? Did not Stephen declare, when he came to be stoned, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

The Bible says in explanation, "being in the spirit," for the natural eye cannot see things spiritual. Even Saul could not discern Samuel, when raised up by the witch of Endor. Still some have this power as a gift, as declared by Paul in speaking of powers entrusted to various ones, I. Cor. 12: 10, "To another is given discerning of spirits." Balaam and the witch of Endor, though they misused the gift, are Biblical examples.

A matter of pleasant reflection, as well as highly instructive, was a certain studious observance on the part of all members of his family, and at all times. Through life, let us first say, it had been the ceaseless desire of our friend to promote pleasure and happiness. He ever strove to keep the good, the cheerful and the lovely to the fore, and to repress the evil and unsightly. So much so, that he did not like to hear uncouth stories, or about ugly scandals; would not even believe such reports, until the sad truth was forced upon him. So repellant were they,





Two views of the flowery mound where now rests the body of John B. Vaughan awaiting Resurrection. The subject of the Resurrection was one of great interest to Mr. Vaughan, and one of which he loved to think, write and sing. "We Shall Rise," was one of his favorite and most popular compositions.

that those he loved most kept from his ear uncanny gossip. On the other hand, delighted in telling him of things that would please him. And he, who did so much to make others happy, ever was treated to the best to be had; indeed, wherever he went it was true, and nothing in store was too good for friend Vaughan. Among friends, among relatives, among strangers, it was so. Thus did he come to realize his ideal by endeavoring to create it. What a lesson for the whole brotherhood to learn!

At length the day had come to say good-bye, for the uremic poisoning was slowly sapping away his strength. What may seem singular, however, it stimulated his mind, while it was to cause that noble heart soon to cease beating. So it was, his brain was clear to the last. His speech, as Dr. Born had informed his wife, might be somewhat uncertain, still his mind would be kept bright by the stimulating effects of the poison. During the last hours he was able to sit upon the bedside and sing. So it may be said, his latest breath was spent in the cause of Christ Jesus. To him he had ever gone in his darkest hours, and to him he would go, harp in hand, now that his earthly pilgrimage was over.

Lying back quietly on his pillow, he closed his eyes and fell asleep. Gently, and seemingly free of all pain, he took his leave of us. And now hushed forever was that voice, which had charmed thousands; and stilled was the beating of that heart, whose warm impulses had done so much to alleviate sorrow, so much to make happier his fellow-man. Soft as the passing breeze among the flowers, soft, as the prophet would say, as the flowing waters of Siloa, was his passage.

A deep silence fell upon the room, as many an eye wet with tears gazed longingly at the features of the departed. Over them soon swept an expression beautifully serene—

even sainted—teaching us what it is to live the life of a Christian and to be a blessing to mankind. Even it seemed in going from us, in his thoughtfulness and unselfishness he had radiantly smiled, that our every recollection of him might be pleasant.

Such a life told its own tale; there is no need of comment, least of all those florid expressions employed in behalf of the unworthy,

"Upon whose tomb is seen,
Not what they were, but what they should have been."

What our friend was is written in the hearts and memory of those who knew him best. You cannot tell people anything about J. B. Vaughan. They knew him. They also know you; and all these fine things, said undeservedly of those gone, may please the ear of pride, but they do not deceive. What you are, how great you are, how good you are—is known; and no silvery words and enchanting music can ever sing the praises of evil-doers, or consecrate the memory of the wicked.

A Christian, he lived the life of a Christian. There is no need of testimonials—it was seen in his daily intercourse with his fellows, and, of any one who had dealings with him, you have but to ask. And, a matter for reflection, such was not true with everything favorable; no, quite to the contrary, with the sorest and bitterest of trials.

Once we heard him remark, in that quietly humorous way he had, when at the birth of his first daughter the mother had some pretty cards made, announcing the fact to a circle of close friends and acquaintances, "That no such noise was made about it when he came here." And so we will let the exit be even as noiselessly as he came;



Mrs. Eulalia Mewbourn Vaughan, Eulalia and John Hazel Vaughn,
widow and daughters of the deceased.

in a manner decorously befitting the man, who in his modesty had chosen to slip away unobserved. And thus will we think of him as gone overnight, but—not for long.

GOOD-NIGHT, FRIEND VAUGHAN

BY W. I. VARNER

He passes not, our good friend, not forever;
    He leaves us now, but is not gone to stay;
A little night we miss him, we must sever,
    And then he comes with that all-glorious day.

The Master called him, yet he left in going
    The rainbow promise of a soon return;
What gladness—comfort do we feel in knowing,
    His faith and life assure us past concern.

How fine to sit at evening's purple quiet,
    The skies resplendent yet with golden day,
To view, from heights above, the rush and riot,
    The works that make one memorable alway.

To stand at sunset with all nature smiling;
    To feel at rest, a well-spent life your own;
With pleasing—peaceful thoughts the time beguiling,
    Ere summoned to appear before the throne.

What, if you slumber, 'tis to know reclining
    Your name beloved and hallowed with esteem;
A sweet repose that, nought to cause repining,
    When now the Savior bids you, "Sleep and dream."

And there that morn, the bright archangels waking,
    Amid that scene of glory to have part:
To rise, the rosy dawn in splendor breaking,
    Nor dread to stand and answer, who thou art.

Life royal is not regal chambers gracing,
Nor bowing man down to your sceptred will;
'Tis to be crowned with gentleness, replacing
The thorn of care with balm for every ill.

We part,—yet looking forward to the morrow,
Anticipating all its promise bright;
Nor speak farewell, nor turn away in sorrow,
But for an hour of slumber say—goodnight.

(In memory of Prof. J. B. Vaughan)

ECHOES

OF

JOHN B. VAUGHAN



50 Cents per Copy, $5.00 per dozen.

PUBLISHED BY

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN,

ATHENS, GA.

PREFACE.

Many are calling for all of Mr. Vaughan's songs in one book, and we have selected what we think is the best work of his life. Those in a position to know, claim that the variety in melody, harmony, subjects, arrangements, together with the deep spirituality found in this book, will hardly be excelled by any one writer.

No. 1 IS IT FAR?

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

1. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home Where the loved ones long be - fore have gone? Oh, my broth - er, will you with me go
2. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home Where the an - gels sing around the throne? 'Tis a tho't that cheers me on my way,
3. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home? I am wea - ry wait-ing here a - lone; I shall soon cross Jor-dan's roll - ing tide,

HORUS.

Where we'll meet our friends to part no more. Is it far to that
That there is a bright e - ter - nal day.
And with Je - sus ev - er safe a - bide. Is it far

beau-ti-ful riv - er? Tell me, is it far? Is it far where we'll
Is it far,

sing and shout for - ev - er, Tell me brother, is it far? is it far?

Used by per. of the Author

No. 2 GATHERING HOME.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. One by one we pass a - way to that unknown be-yond,
2. O my broth - er are you read - y? for the time is near;
3. Wont that be a hap - py meet-ing with the Sav-iour there,
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, deign to leave me not to walk a - lone,

There re - ceive the bless-ings that have wait - ed for us long;
List! the voice that calls us hence is sound-ing ev - 'ry-where;
Wel-come thrice the bless - ed call, I'm wait - ing now to hear;
Je - sus is my on - ly guide, there is no oth - er one;

Death is but the door that en - ters where the blessings are; I
Earth - ly toils will soon be end - ed and the vic - t'ry won; We're
Go - ing home to rest up there and with the loved ones roam; I
O the glo-rious tho't of meet-ing with the good and blest At

CHORUS.

long to be up there.
pass - ing one by one. Gath-er - ing home.....
long for home, sweet home. Gath-er - ing home to
home, sweet home of rest.

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.



No. 3 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

strength and my light ev - er near. Then whis - - per - ing hope, O how gen - - tle thy voice;..... Mak - - ing my heart ..... In its sor - - - - row re - joice.....

CHORUS.

come by the weight of their gloom. Whis - per-ing hope, O how gen - tle thy voice, Mak-ing my heart in its sor-row re-joice; Whisper-ing hope, O how gen-tle thy voice, Mak-ing my heart in its sorrows re-joice.

fa - ther with sweet smil-ing face.
realms of an un - cloud - y day.

Owned by Lyon and Vaughan.

No. 4 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.

Copyright, by J. B. Vaughan

No. 5 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.

That day is com-ing to all.....
yes, com-ing, coming to all.

6 UP THERE.

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

1. My home, bless-ed man-sion where lov'd ones are wait-ing, Oh! when shall I
2. Oh! glo - ry, sing glo - ry, and tell the sweet sto - ry,—I long with my
3. They're waiting and watching, they're beck'ning me o-ver, My harp is now

hear their sweet song! Oh! it will be glo-rious when I shall cross o - ver,
Saviour to be; I'll love Him, I'll serve Him, I'll praise Him forev - er,
wait-ing for me; I want to go home to my dear ones up yon- der,

CHORUS.

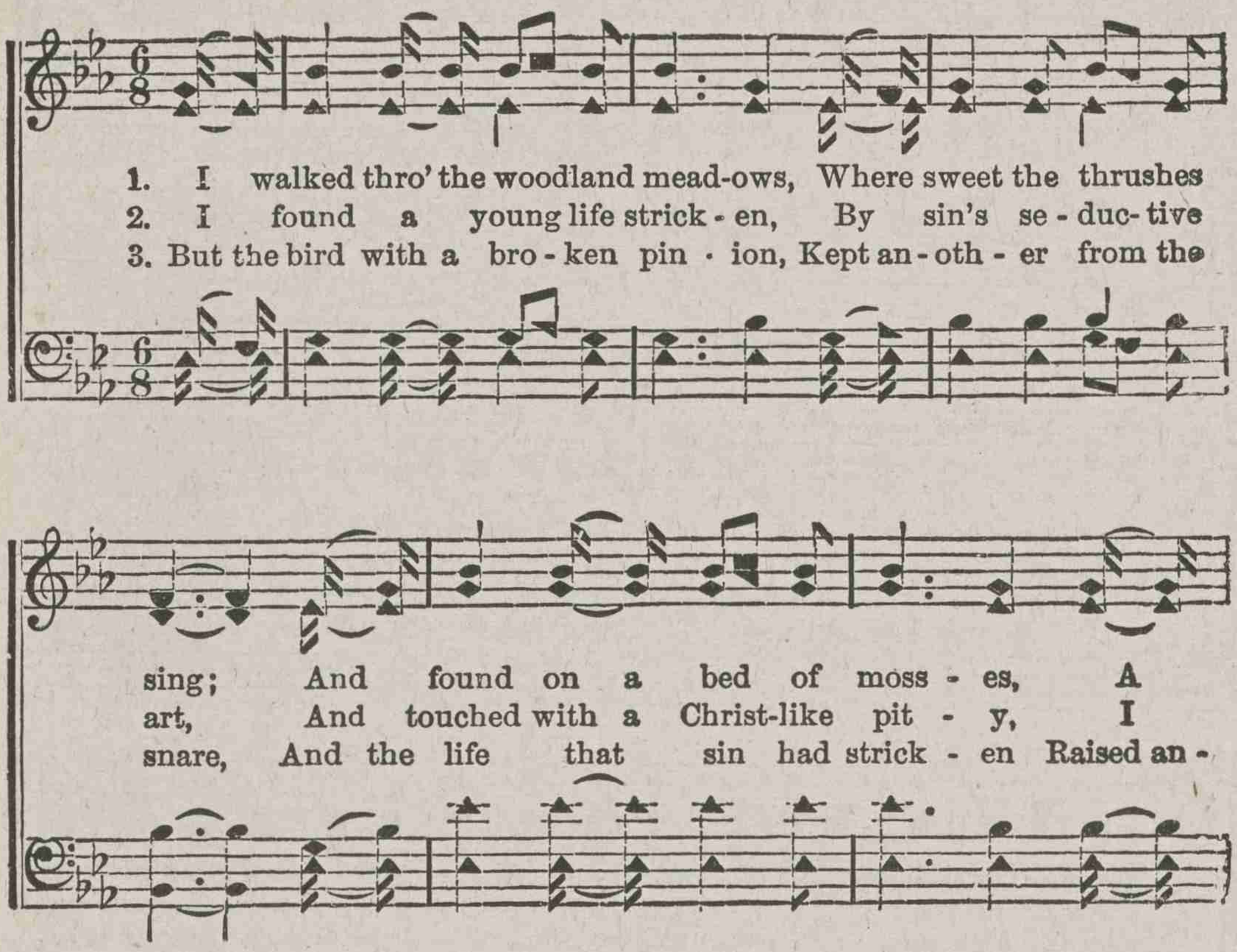
And sing with the great white throng.
My Sav- iour who died for me.
And sing thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

Up there, Up there, up there, they're there,.....
Up there, Up there, up there, they're wait-ing for me,

They're waiting for me up there, there.
They're waiting for me up there, up there.

No. 7 THE BROKEN PINION.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



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. 8 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. 9 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, as gone to pre-par , Home for the wea - ry, I
   Loved ones are wait-ing to wel- ome me home, There to be hap - py and
3. When I get home, O how sweet it will b , 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.
long to be there.
know as I'm known.
sor - row set free;
oft - en been told.

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

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

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

sto - ry can nev - er be told.....
long..... f r that home..... of the (*Omi.. . .*) soul.
nev - er be told, nev-e., no, nev er, can n v-er be told,
long for the home, long-ing for home of the (*Omit . . .*) soul.

2

No. 10 LIKE HEAVEN.*

J B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 11 DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

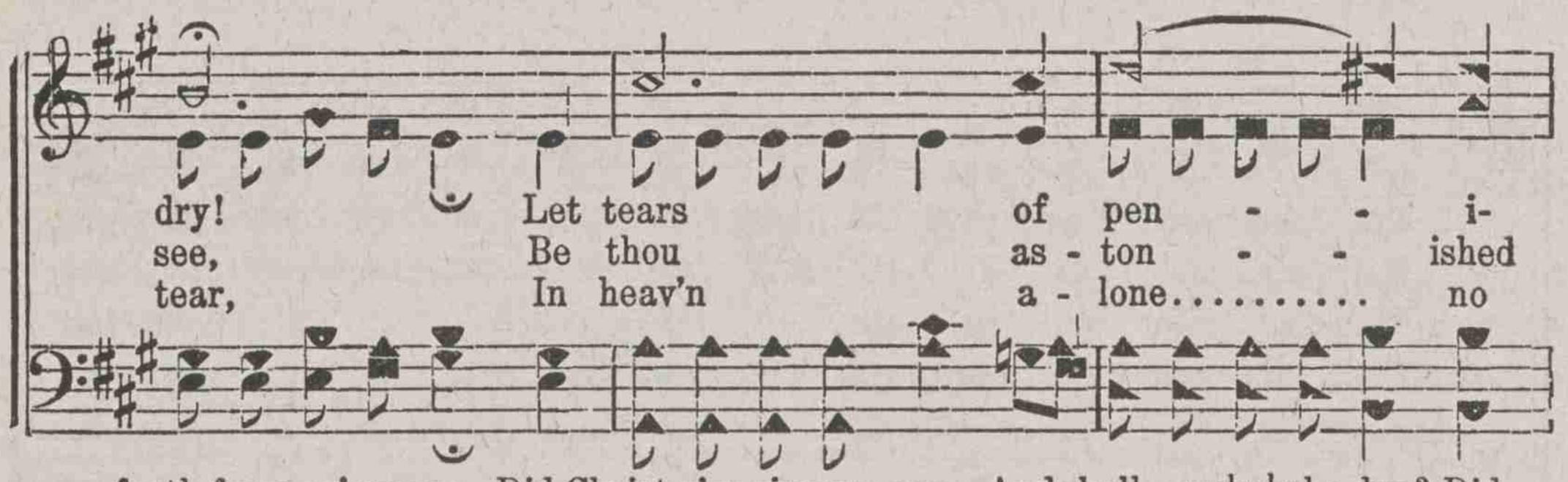
B. J. BEDDOME. J. B. VAUGHAN.



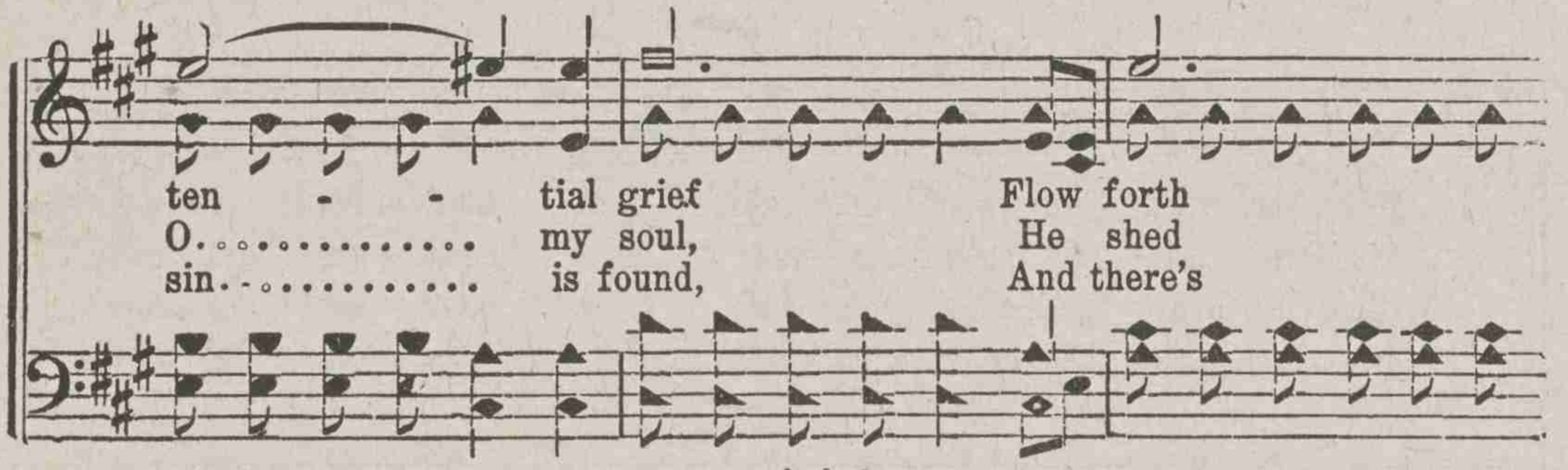
1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The Son of God in tears
3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He wept that we might weep



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



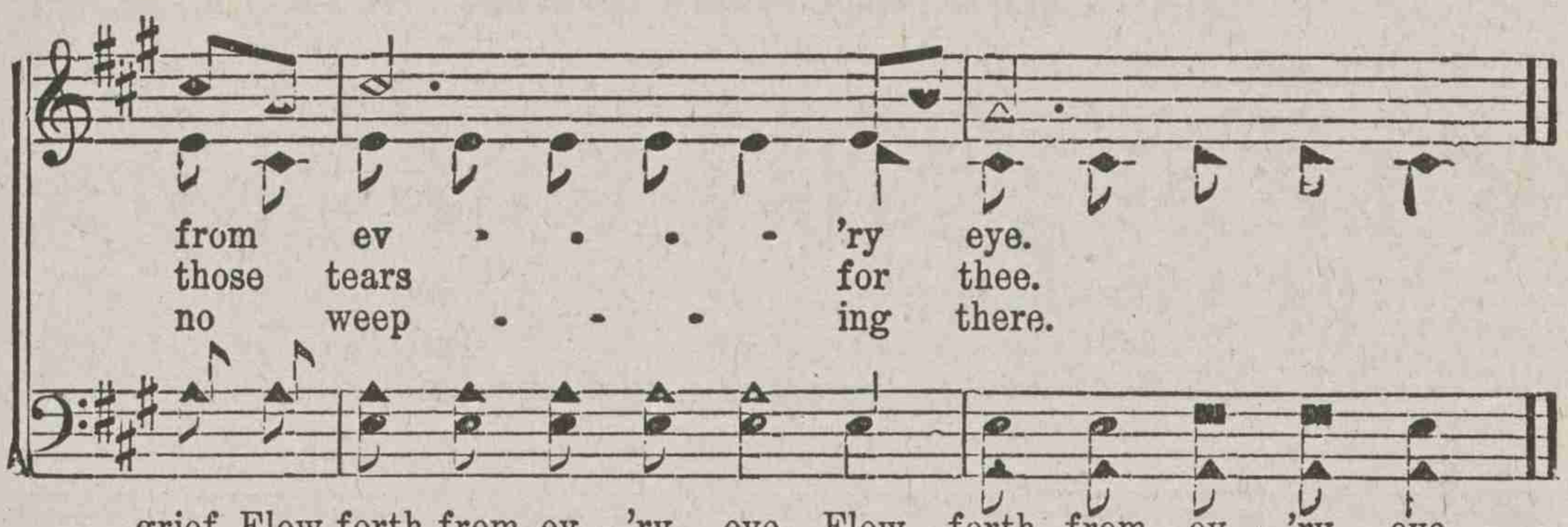
forth from ev'-ry eye. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Did
shed those tears for thee. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, The
there's no weeping there. He wept that we might weep, Each sin demands a tear, He



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.

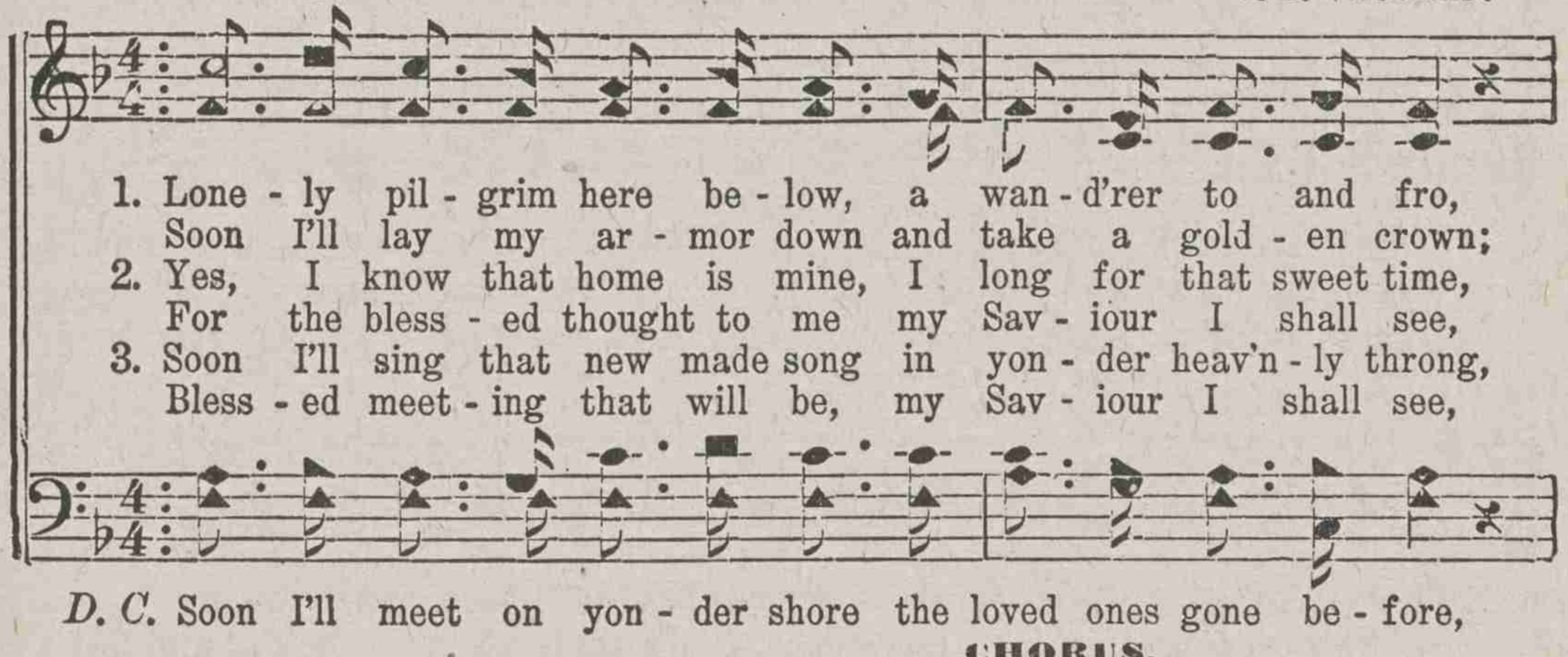
DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP? Concluded.



grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye, Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
soul, He shed those tears for thee, He shed those tears for thee.
found, And there's no weep - ing there, And there's no weep - ing there.

No. 12 IT WON'T BE LONG.

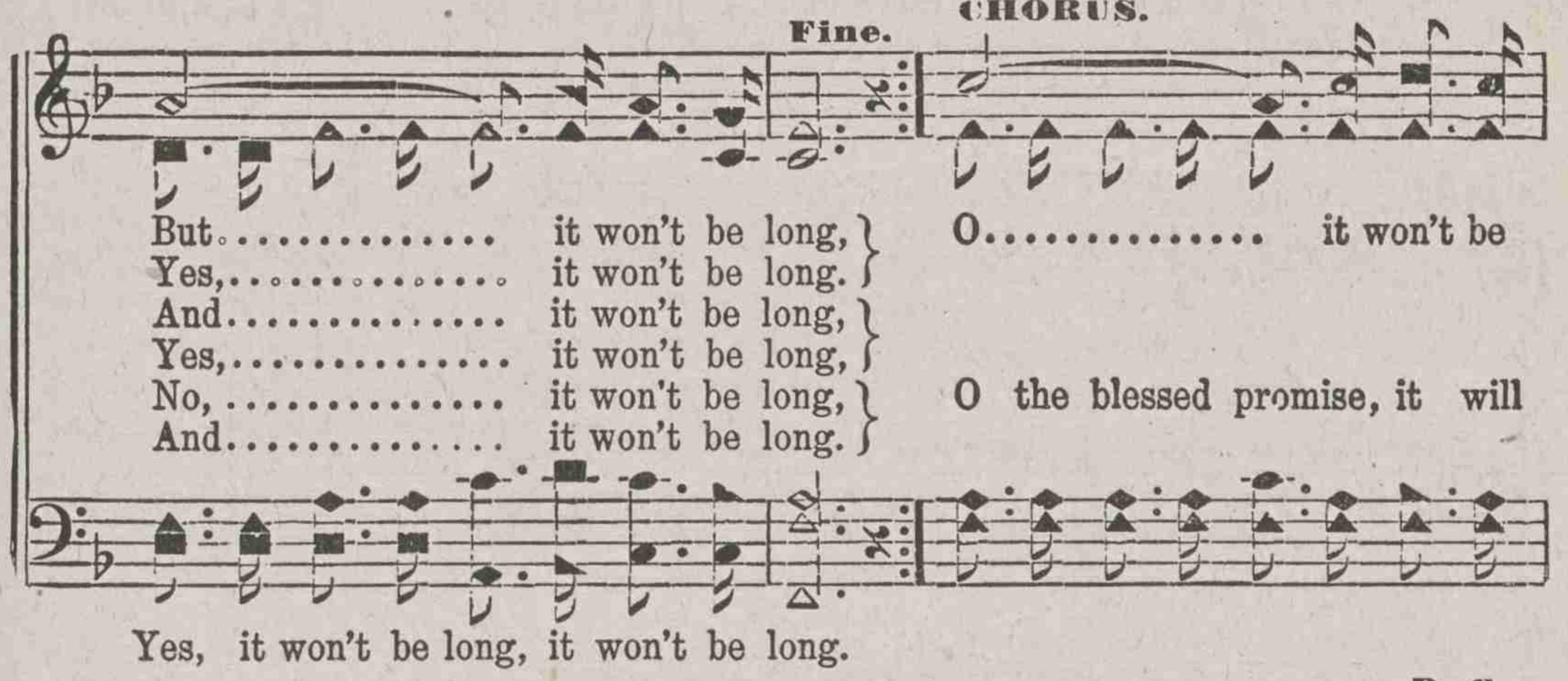
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Lone - ly pil - grim here be - low, a wan - d'rer to and fro,
   Soon I'll lay my ar - mor down and take a gold - en crown;
2. Yes, I know that home is mine, I long for that sweet time,
   For the bless - ed thought to me my Sav - iour I shall see,
3. Soon I'll sing that new made song in yon - der heav'n - ly throng,
   Bless - ed meet - ing that will be, my Sav - iour I shall see,

D. C. Soon I'll meet on yon - der shore the loved ones gone be - fore,

Fine. **CHORUS.**



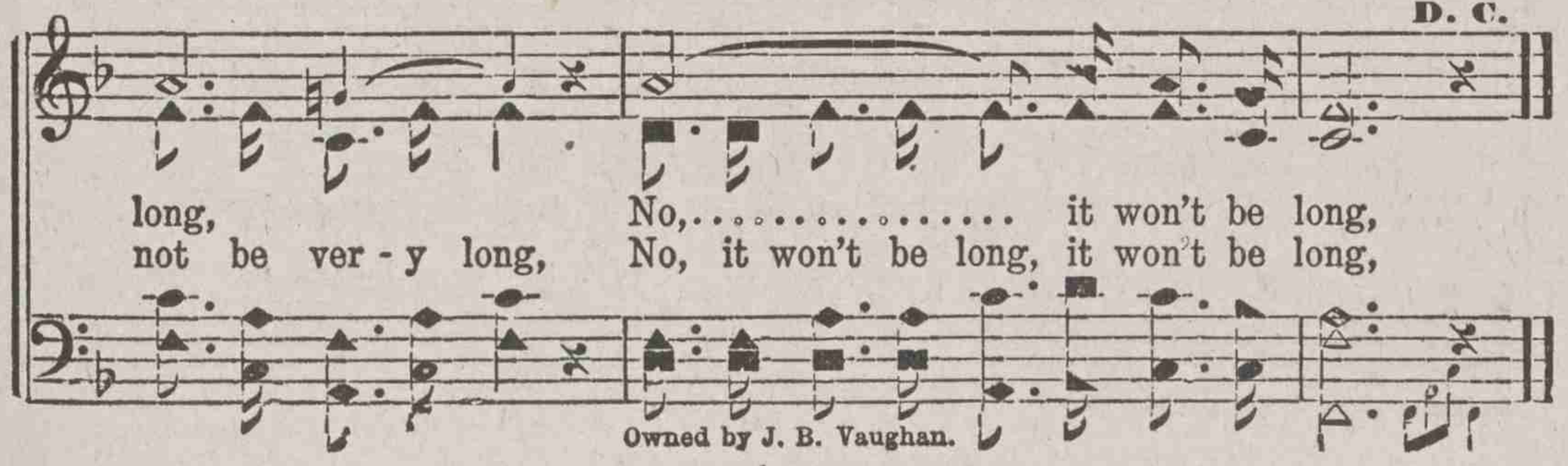
But . . . . . it won't be long,
Yes, ... it won't be long.
And . . . . . it won't be long,
Yes, ... it won't be long,
No, ... it won't be long,
And . . . . . it won't be long.

O . . . . . it won't be

O the blessed promise, it will

Yes, it won't be long, it won't be long.

D. C.



long, No, ... it won't be long,
not be ver - y long, No, it won't be long, it won't be long,

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 13 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. 14 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. 15 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. 16 LET US STAND UP FOR JESUS.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, let us stand in His might, Let us
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, let us have His laws, Let us
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus till the con - flict is past, And at

gird on the ar - mor, and be first in the fight; Let us
watch and be faith - ful to His king - dom and cause; Let us
home with the ransomed we are gath - ered at last; Let us

D. S.—might - y to save, Let us

trust in His prom-ise, let His strength make us strong, And the
tell the glad sto - ry of His mer - cy and love, As we
fol - low His ban-ner till our tro - phies we bring, To the

fol - low His ban - ner Till our tro - phies we bring, To the

dear name of Je - sus be our watch-word and song. Let us stand,
march ev - er onward to that cit - y a-bove.
feet of our Sav-ior, our Redeemer and King. Let us stand,

feet of our Savior, our Redeemer and King.

Let us stand, With our hearts true and brave, For He's

Let us stand,

Owned by J. B. Vaughan.

No. 17 RAILWAY MESSAGE.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

RAILWAY MESSAGE. Concluded.



No. 18 SHATTERED VASE.*

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

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

No. 19 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 none 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. 20 THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

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

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

J. B Vaughan, owner.

No. 21 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
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
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
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

D.S.—There no sor - rows can come, to that

Fine.

bod - y of clay, And my troub - les and tri - als are o'er.
man - sions a-bove, Where to us a new song shall be giv'n.
home bright and fair, And I hope we shall see them a - gain.
rest ev - er be, In that beau - ti - ful, sweet, hap - py home.

sweet, hap - py home, And its pleas - ures can nev - er be told.

Chorus.

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

D.S.

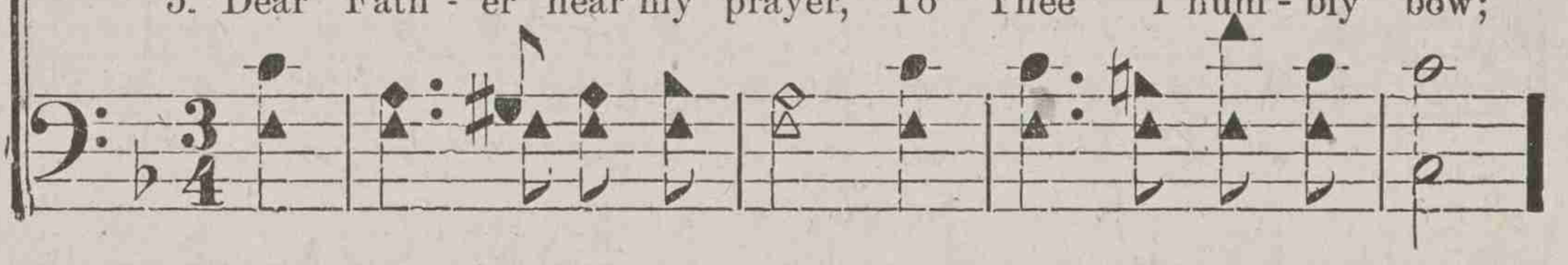
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 22 LORD, SAVE THE SINNER NOW.

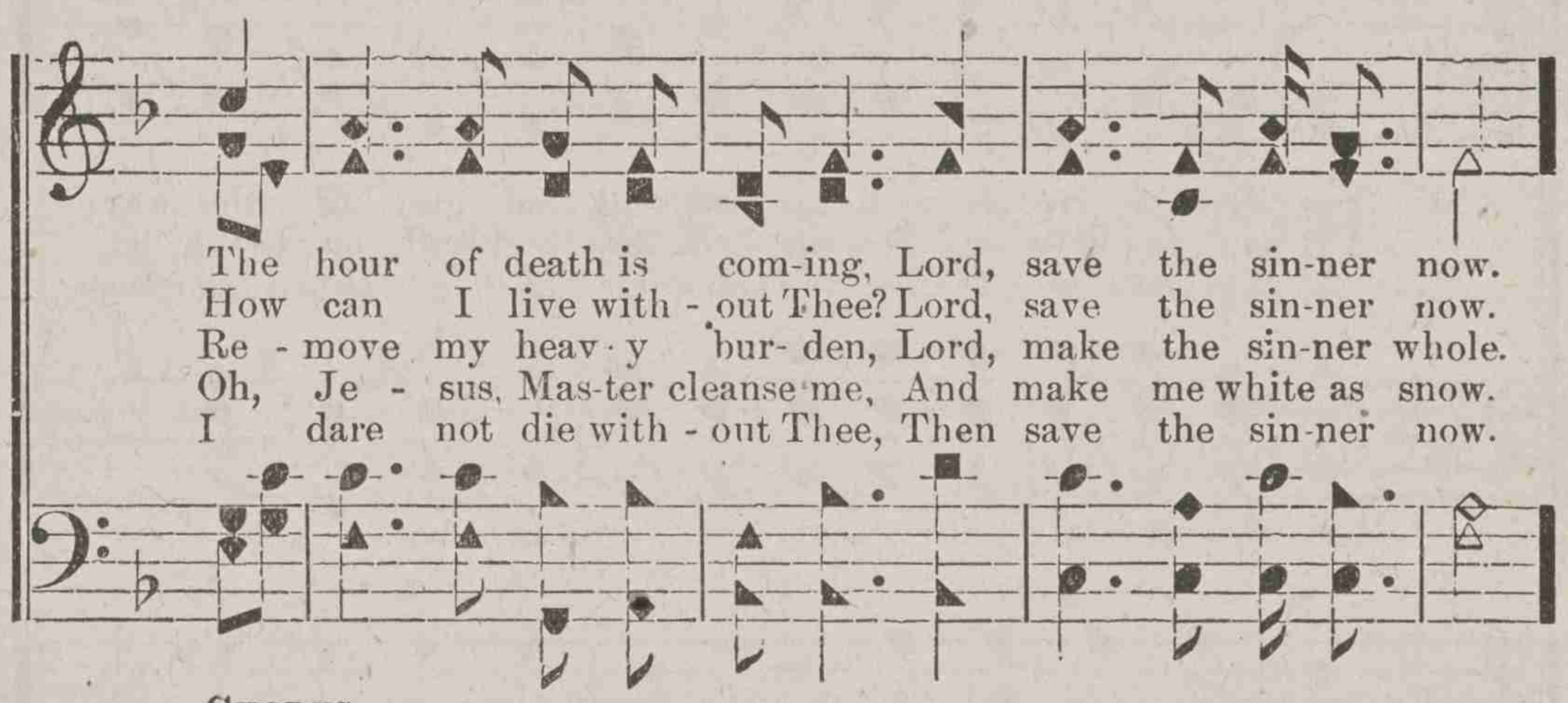
J. T. CAMP. J B. VAUGHAN.



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;



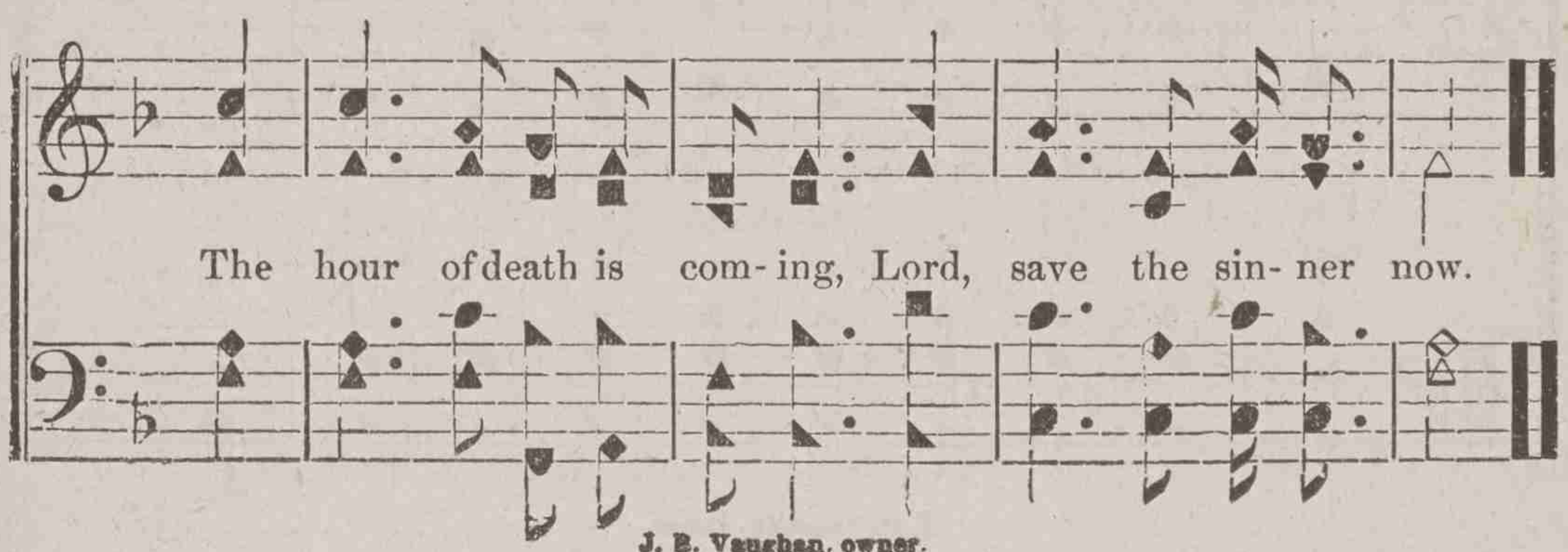
The hour of death is com-ing, Lord, save the sin-ner now.
How can I live with - out Thee? Lord, save the sin-ner now.
Re - move my heav - y bur- den, Lord, make the sin-ner whole.
Oh, Je - sus, Mas-ter cleanse me, And make me white as snow.
I dare not die with - out Thee, Then save the sin-ner now.



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. 23 KEEP GOING ON.

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

1. I have a bless-ed Sav-iour that is keep-ing me to-day,
2. Let storm-clouds lower heav-y, and the winds tem-pest-uous blow,
3. My jour-ney here will soon be o'er, life's sun is go - ing down,

Yes, Je-sus, He is with me and will lead me all the way;
I'll put my trust in Je-sus, look be-yond and on-ward go;
I soon shall re-al-ize the splen-dor of a shin-ing crown,

Though bur-dens press me down, the world look or and frown,
The jour-ney won't be long, I'll cheer me with a song,
At home, will be my song, with that su-per-nal throng,

I look to Je-sus and keep go-ing on.
I'll look to Je-sus and keep go-ing on.
I'll look to Je-sus as I on-ward go.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

KEEP GOING ON.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 24 THE MEETING IN THE SKY.

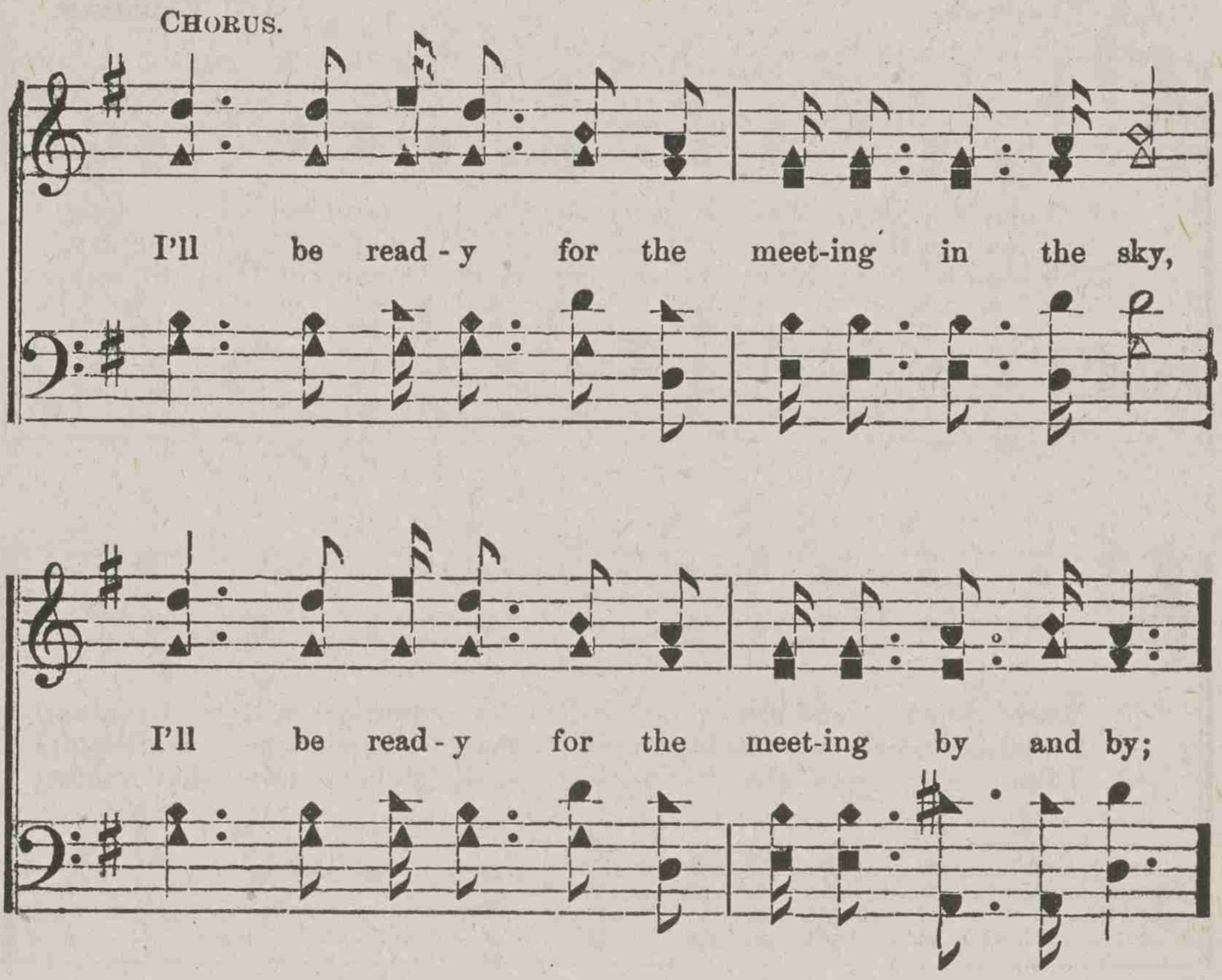
J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

THE MEETING IN THE SKY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 25 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. 26 YOU WILL NEED JESUS.

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

1. There's a dark, lone-ly val-ley which we all must pass some day,
2. Let us look thro' the veil be-yond the dis-tant shores of time,
3. Soon our work here is end-ed and our pil-grim-age is o'er,

Go-ing one by one, all a-lone; But there's One who will lead us and will
Where the dazzling beauties are bright; Ma-ny loved ones are waiting, they are
Blest are we if read-y to go; Blessed Je-sus be with me, thro' the

cheer us on the way, Till we reach the man-sions at home.
safe in yon-der clime, They are bask-ing in heav-en's light.
tur-bid, chil-ly wave, Sing-ing home at last, sweet-ly saved.

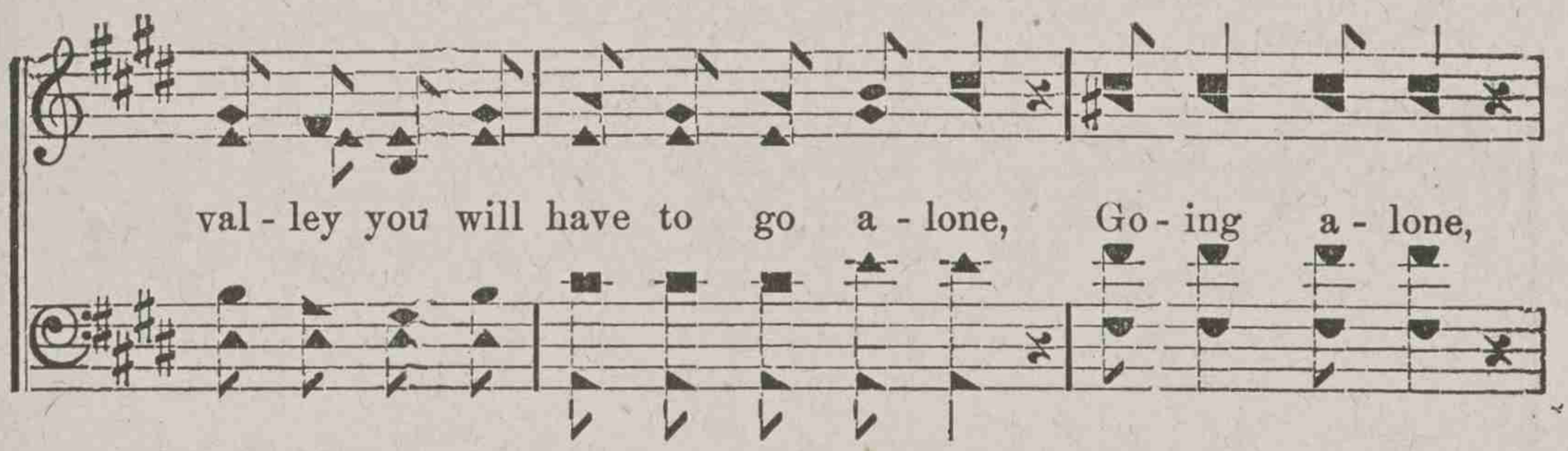
CHORUS.

You will need Je-sus with you, for there is no oth-er one, There

is no oth-er one, there is no oth-er one, When you pass thro' death's

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

YOU WILL NEED JESUS.—Concluded.



No. 27 ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.

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

J. B. Vaughan, OWNER.

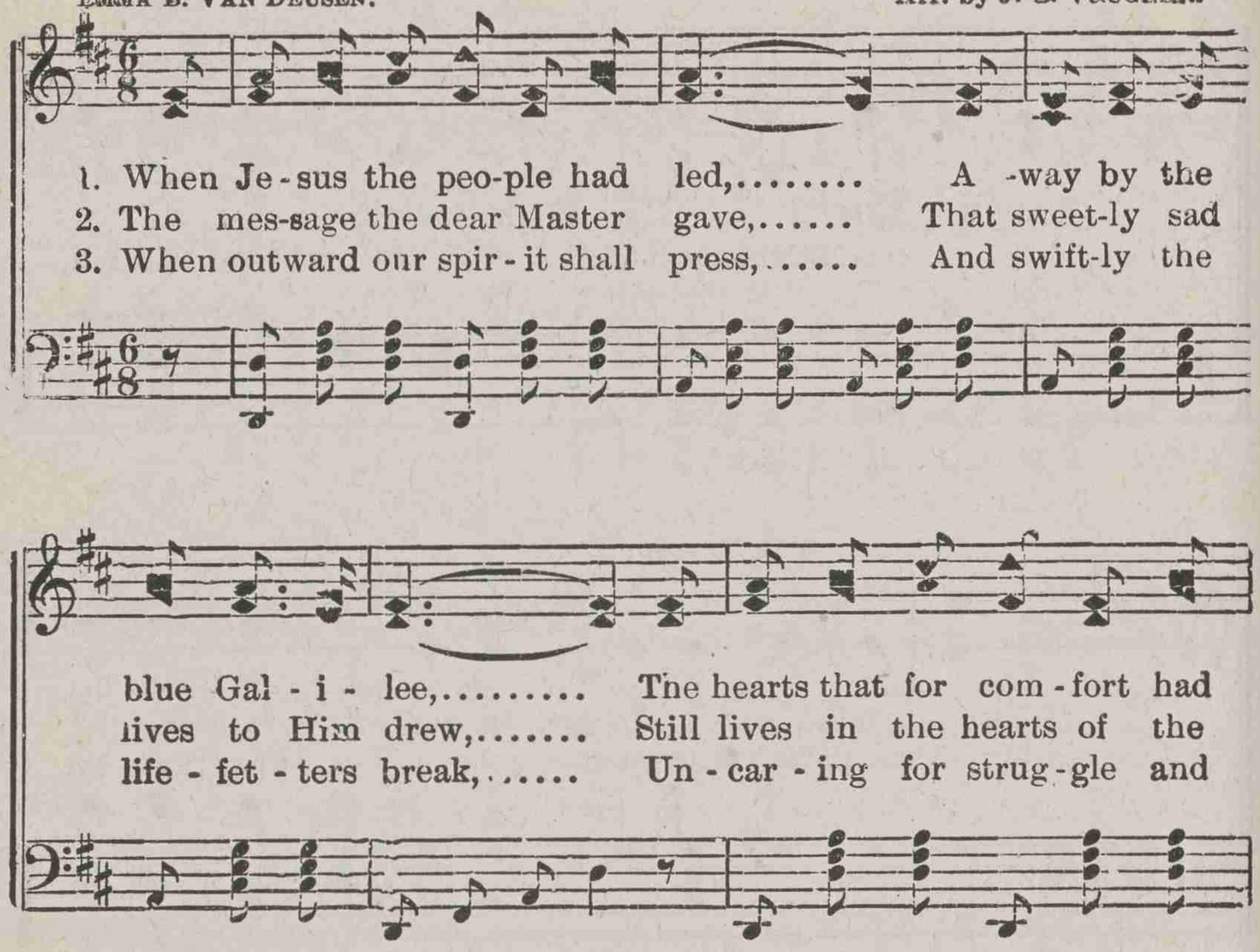
ON THE HILLS OVER THERE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 28 Meet Me Up There.

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.



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. 29 O That Will Be a Crowning.

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

1. The time is fast approaching, when ev-'ry eye shall see, The great e-ter-nal glo - ry, that waits for you and me; Ere long we all shall meet Him, our trophy
2. The Bridegroom, His beloved, the church for which He died, The chosen ones who fol - low, yes, keeping near His side; He'll bring them home to glory, He'll crown them
3. The res - ur - rect-ed myr-iads of Adam's race shall come, Before His dazzling glo - ry, be-hold His on - ly Son; The millions long de-part - ed, the heav'nly

we will bring, Ten thou-sand times ten thousand, we'll crown Him King of kings.
as His own, O won't that be a crown-ing, the earth has nev - er known.
host He'll call, They'll clap their wings tri-umph-ant and crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

O won't that be a crowning, such as earth has never known, When Christ shall call us one by one be-fore His great white throne? O won't that be a crowning, such as

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

O That Will Be a Crowning. Concluded.

earth has never known, When Christ shall call us one by one before His great white throne?

No. 30 Father, I Come to Thee.

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

1. Father, I come to Thee, Oft I have sought for Thee praying and
2. Father, I come to Thee, Out in the gloomy night, seeking sal-
3. Father, I yield to Thee, Far in sin's wilderness, wretched and
4. Father, I'm safe in Thee, Sheltered beneath Thy wing, naught can a-

weep - ing; I would commit my soul into Thy..... keep-ing;
va - tion; Oft lured by satan's wiles into temp- - ta - tion;
friend - less; Save me by Thy free grace from ruin.... end - less,
larm me; With Thee for friend and guide, what can harm me?

Father, I come, I come to Thee, Fa-ther, I come to Thee.
Father, I cry, I cry to Thee, Fa-ther, I cry to Thee.
Father, I yield my-self to Thee, Fa-ther, I yield to Thee.
Father, I'm safe, I'm safe in Thee, Fa-ther, I'm safe in Thee.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 31 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?

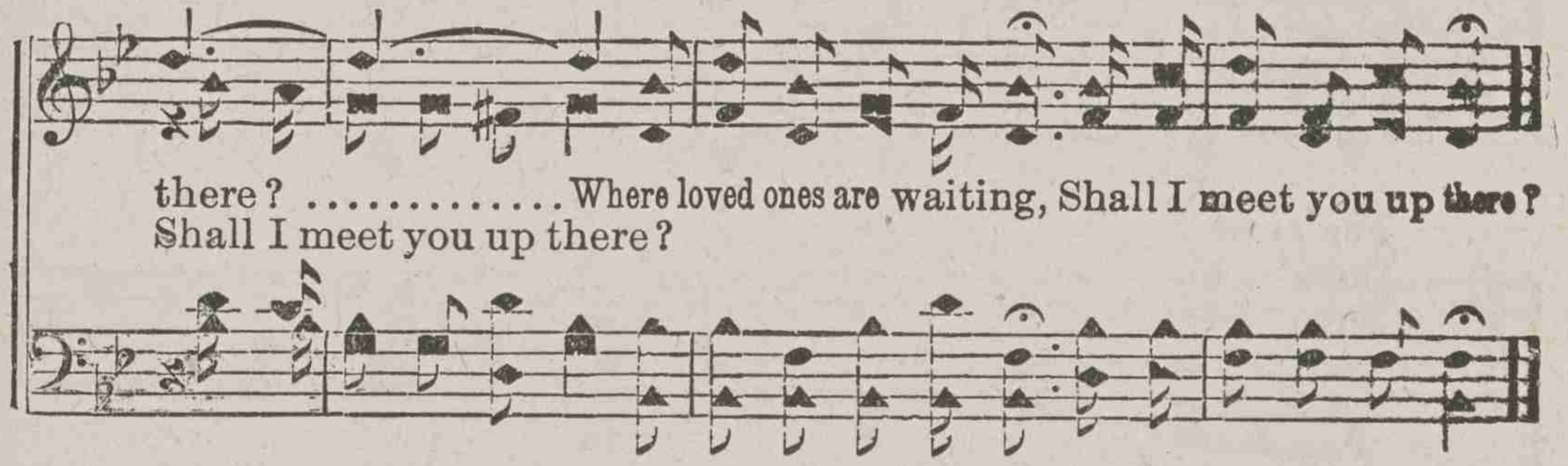
REFRAIN.

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?

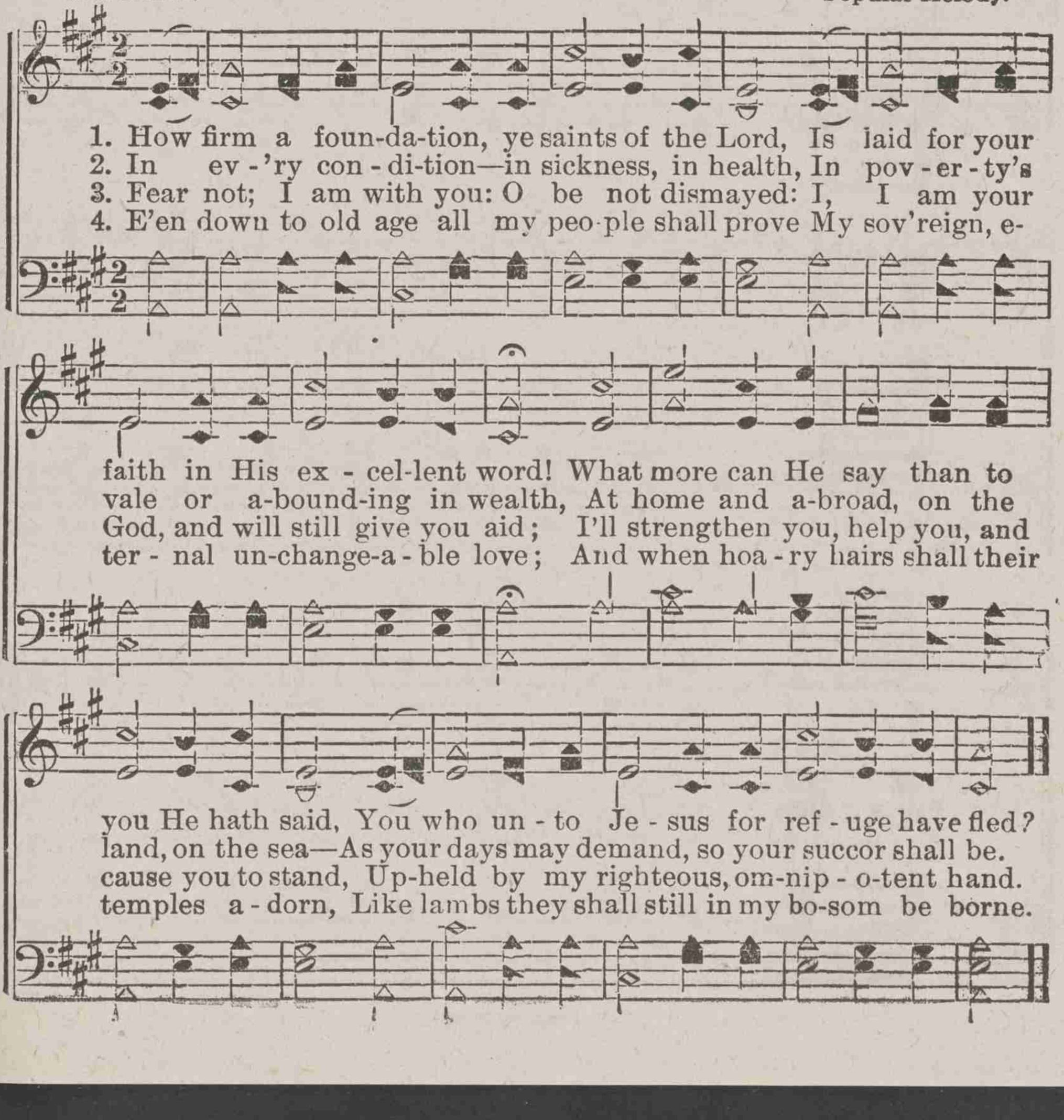
Shall I Meet You Up There? Concluded.





No. 32 How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.



No. 33 SOLDIERS FOR GLORY.

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

1. Come and join us march - ing on to - geth - er,
2. We are need - ing sol - diers in the war - fare,
3. Though we march through rug - ged scenes and dan - ger,

For - ward, on - ward, help - ing one an - oth - er;
There are crowns a - wait - ing for us up there;
But with Je - sus lead - ing us on safe - ly;

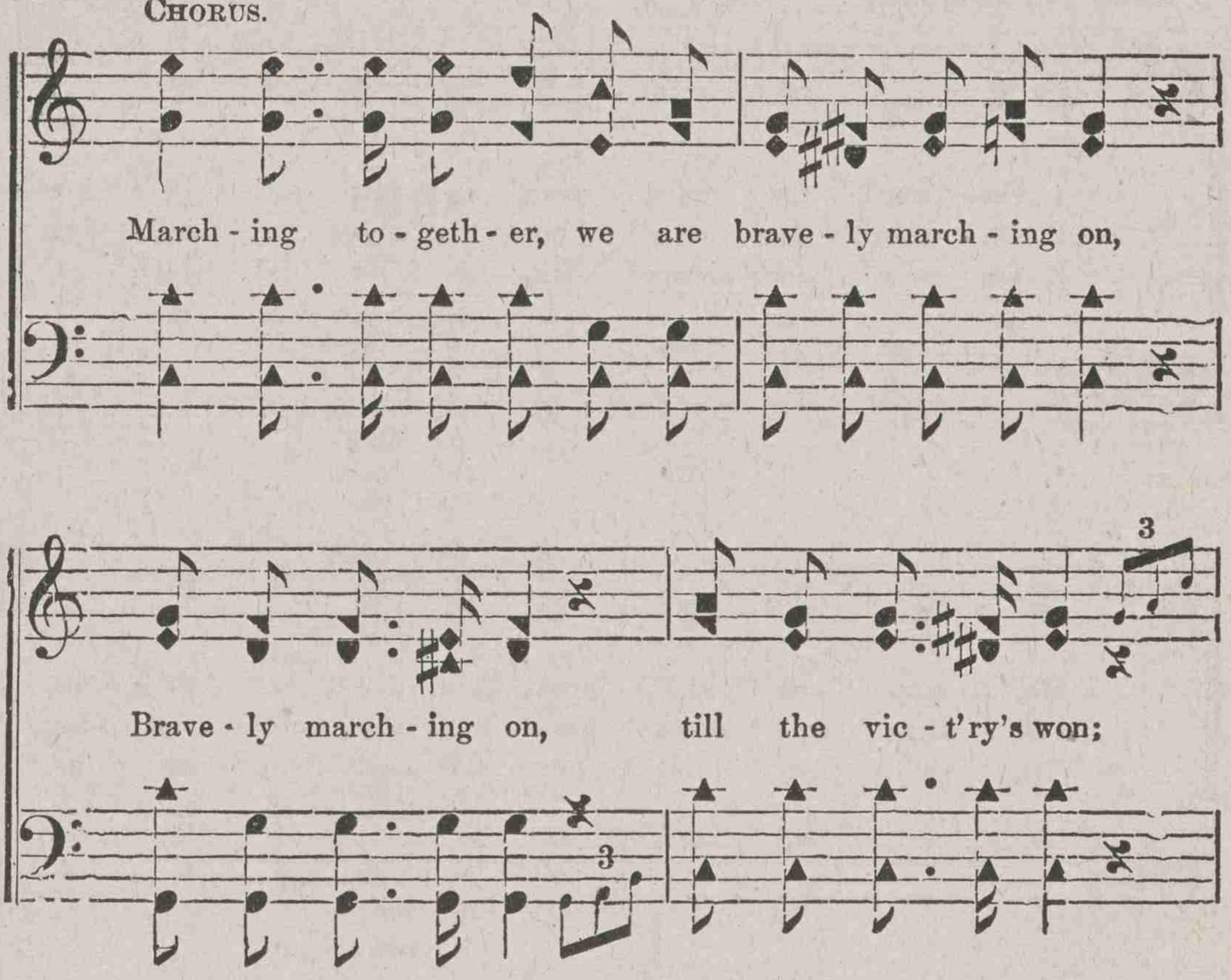
Man - ful - ly charge the strong - hold of Sa - tan,
Some of our com - rades have crossed the riv - er,
Where Je - sus leads us we'll go cour - age - ous,

Press brave - ly on, fal - ter - ing nev - er.
They are at home— hap - py for - ev - er.
Sol - diers of peace, march - ing to glo - ry.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

SOLDIERS FOR GLORY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

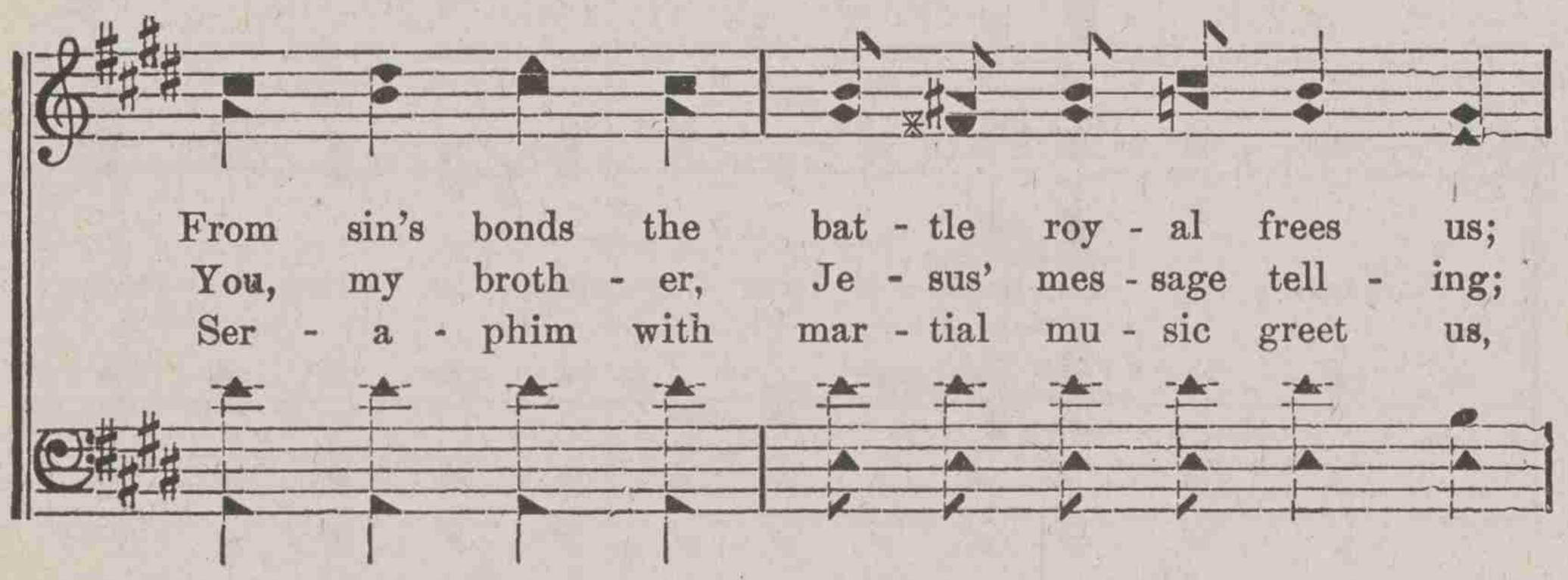


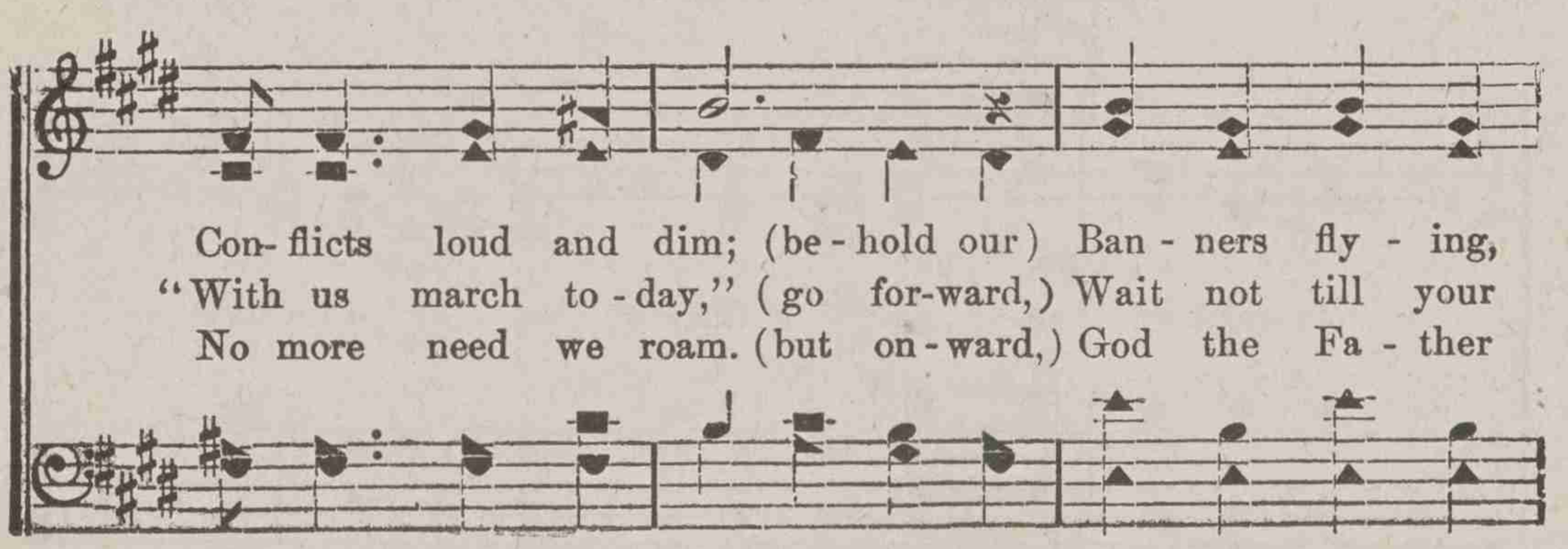
No. 34 ONWARD, FORWARD!

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.





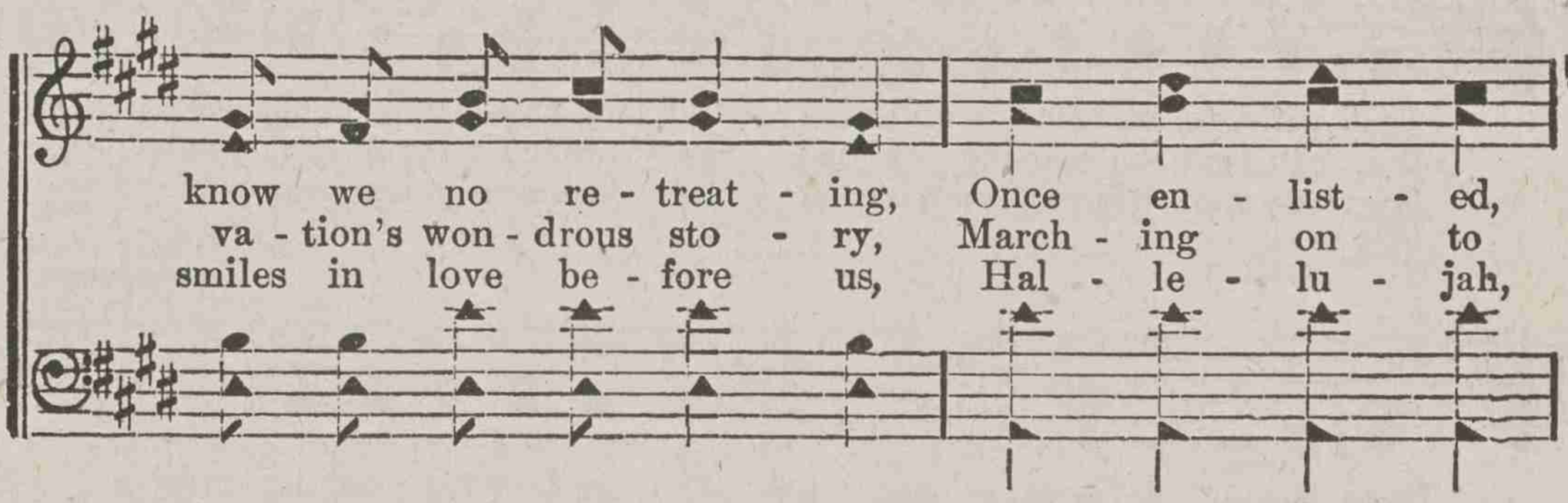




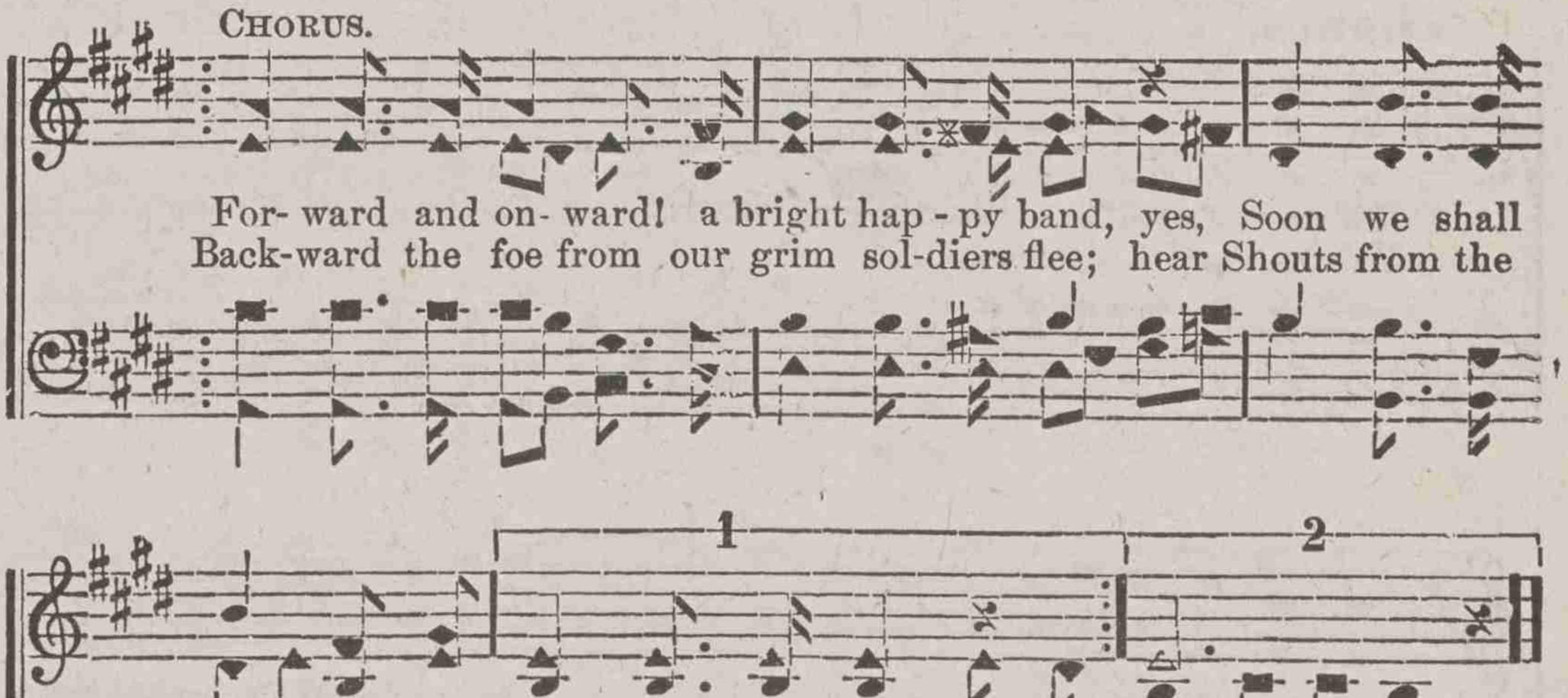
J. B. Vaughan owner.

ONWARD, FORWARD!—Concluded.











No. 35 The Gospel Train.

C. BROOKSNER. 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.

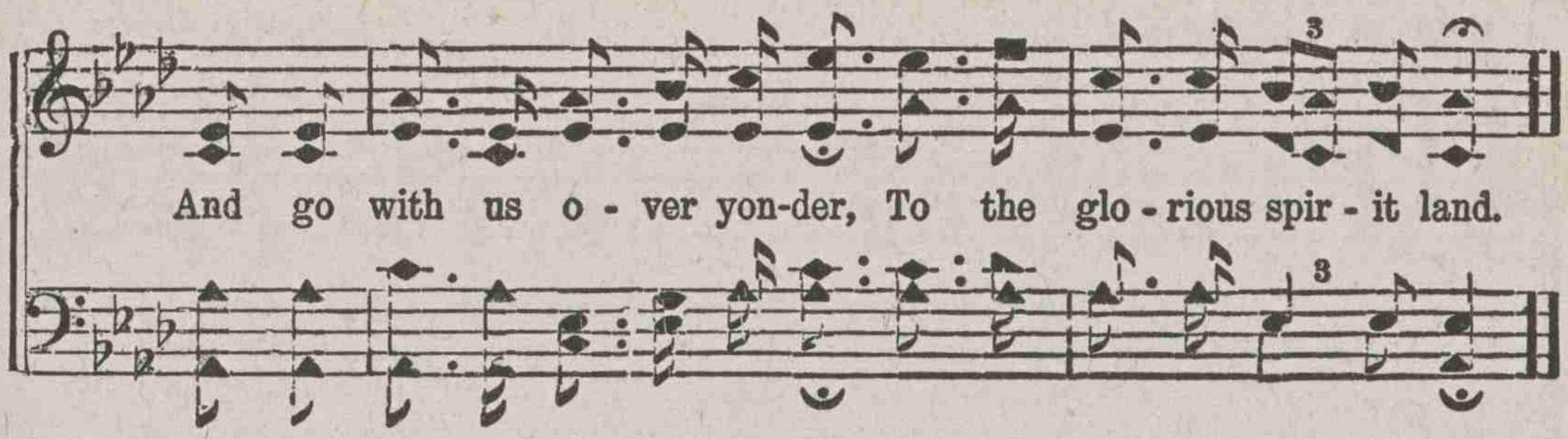
CHORUS.

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. 36 His Will Be Done.

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



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

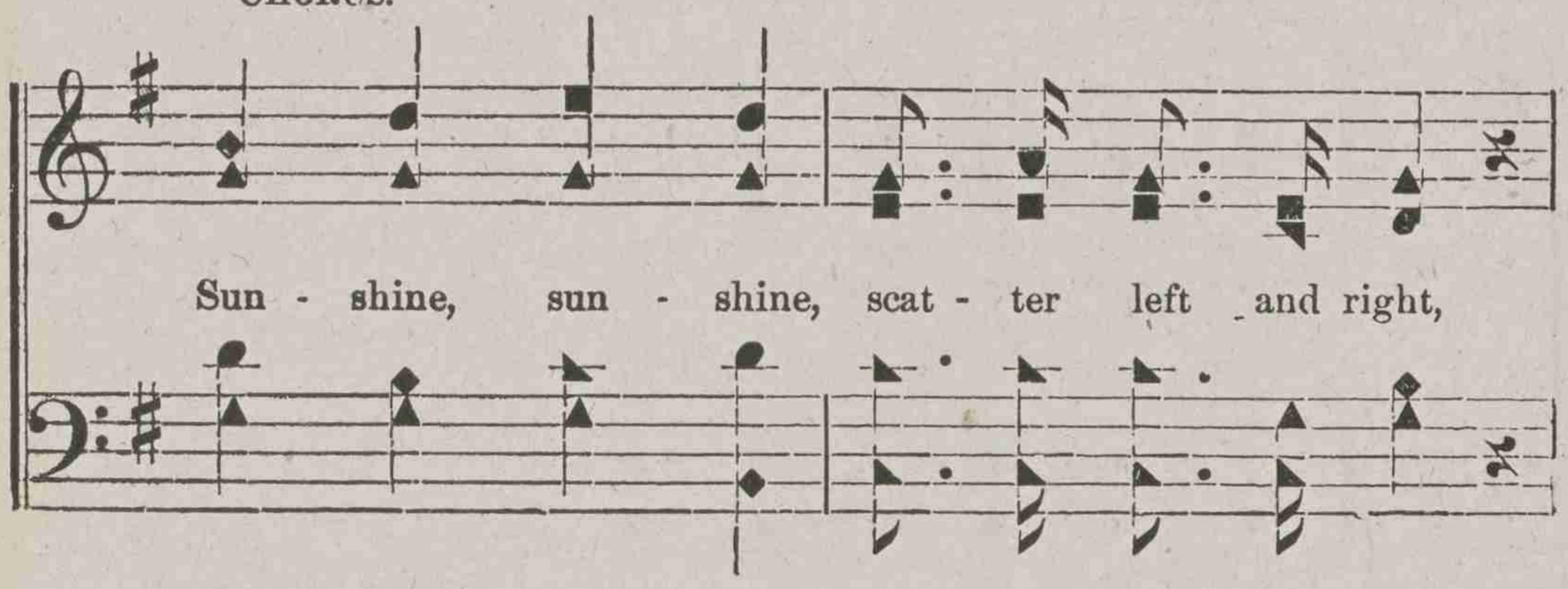
No. 37 PASS ALONG THE SUNSHINE.

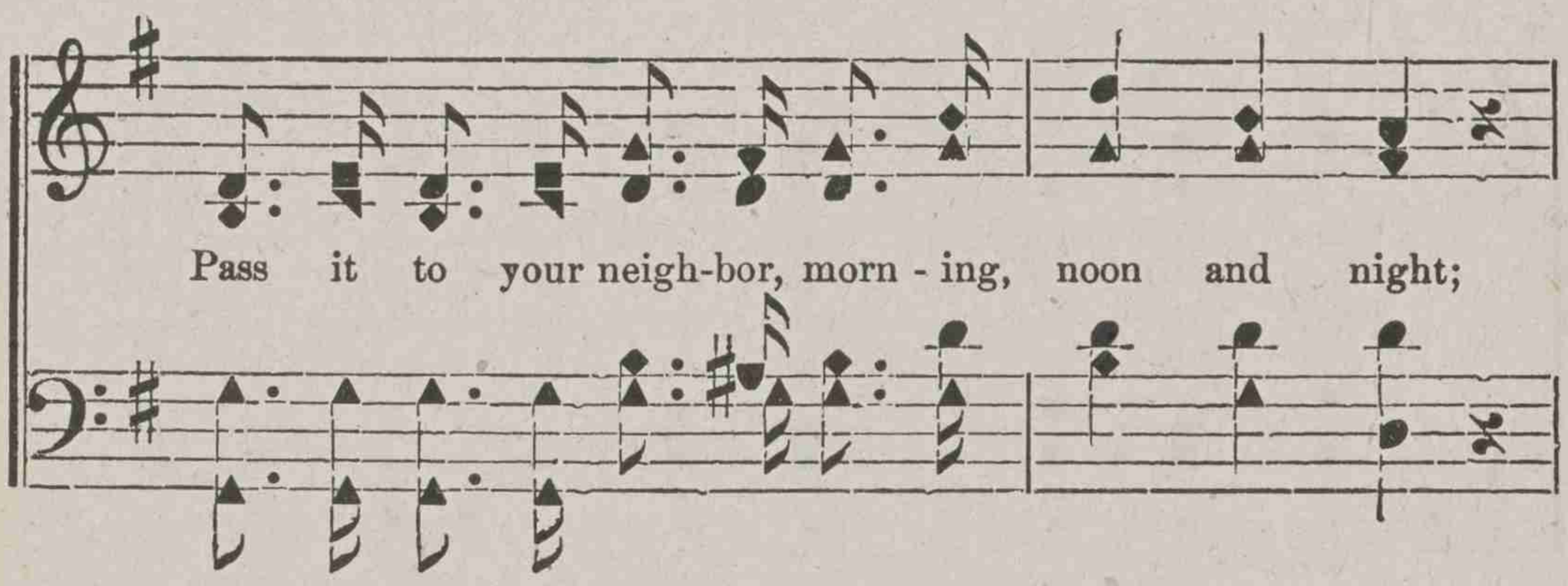
EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

PASS ALONG THE SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.









4 Pass it to your neighbor,
Scatter left and right,
Golden gleams of brightness,
Morning, noon and night.

Fill the earth with beauty,
Flood the world with **song:—**
Make an earthly Eden,
As you pass along.

No. 38 CLING TO THE CROSS.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Cling to the cross when the storm fear - less lowers,
2. Some - times when friends are for - get - ful and cold,
3. When, as you sit by your loved ones and weep,
4. When, at the thresh - old of heav - en you stand,

Sun - shine and beau - ty is lost 'mid the showers;
New hearts pre - fer to the faith - ful and old;
Watch - ing their eyes close in long, peace - ful sleep,
Ask - ing an en - trance to that hap - py land,

Pleas - ures are pain - ful, hap - pi - ness is grief,
Borne down by heart - aches, bur - dened o'er with woe,
No more dark sad - ness, earth - ly gain or loss—
Ere you are met, or por - tals o - pen wide,

Then in the cross there may be found sweet - est re - lief.
Lord to Thy cross help Thy poor child ev - er to go.
Then with your heart, sor - row - ing one, cling to the cross.
Je - sus will ask, "is the dear cross close by your side?"

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

CLING TO THE CROSS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 39 STEP OVER ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

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

1. You are standing at the turning place, Your de- cis - ion must be made;
2. You have loved ones that with anxious care, Long to take you by the hand,
3. When the rec-ords of your life are read, When we know as we are known,

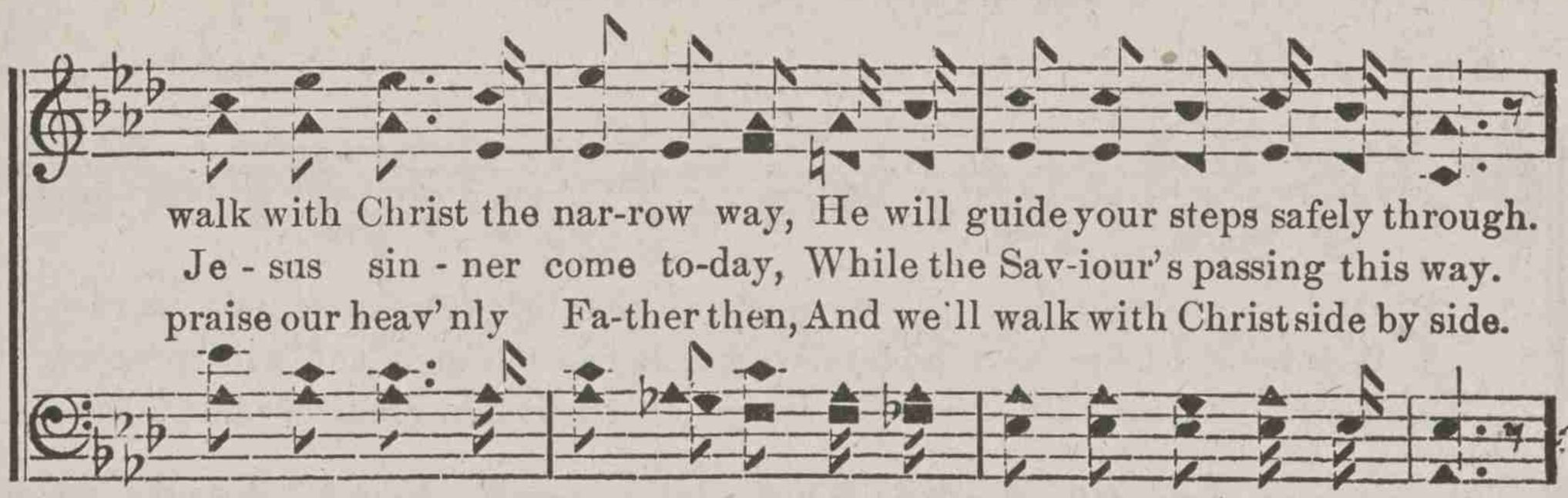
At your left the path that down - ward leads, At your
They will help you bear your bur - den's weight, Can you
We must meet and face the deeds we've done, We must

right the heav'n - ly grade; It re - mains for you to
still their love with - stand? Hum - bly at the cross bent
reap as we have sown— When be - fore the judg - ment

make your choice, There is noth - ing else to do, Will you
low they pray, That to Christ you'll look to - day, Come to
bar of God, By His law our souls are tried, We will

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

STEP OVER ON THE LORD'S SIDE.—Concluded.



CHORUS.



No. 40 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

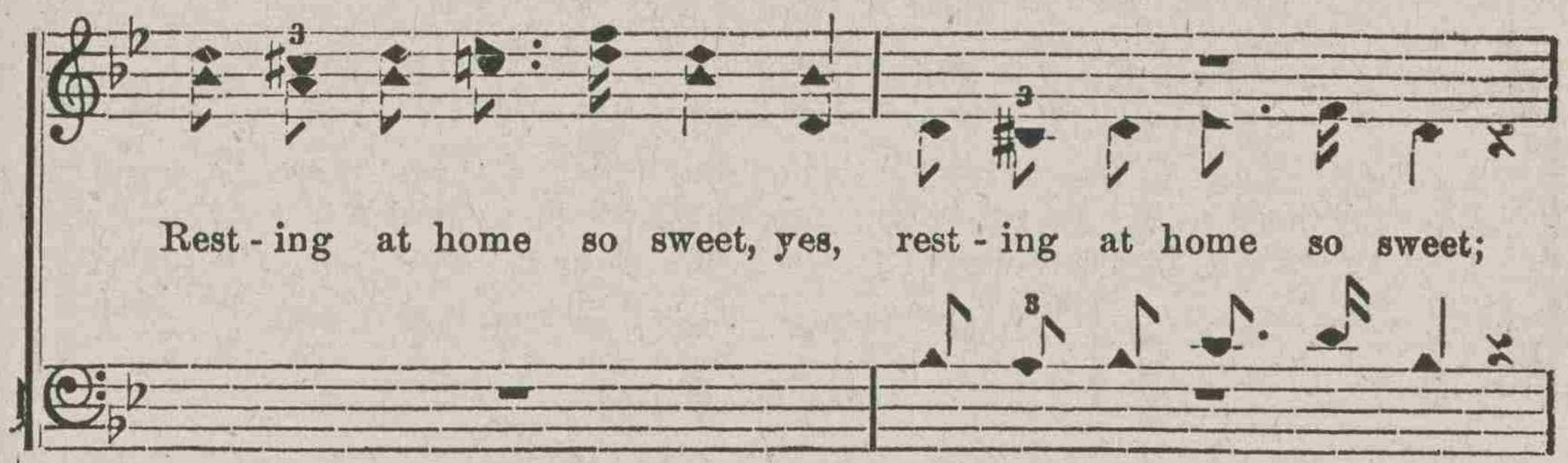
safe - ly housed beyond, with that tri - umphant heav'nly throng, Singing re -
be so full and free, un - der the shades of life's green tree, Where the pure
al - most see the light, beau-ti - ful bea - con shin-ing bright, Soon we shall

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. 41 WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Judg - ment is com - ing, who shall be a - ble then to stand?
2. Oh, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, who shall be a - ble then to stand?
3. Pre - cious the coun - sel, Je - sus has giv - en in command,

Each line, verse and chap - ter, Writ - ten by an - gel's care-ful hand;
Aid Thou their great ef - forts, To do the way Thou dost command;
The will of the Fa - ther, Do ye, and tread the path He planed,

God's true eye re - view - ing, each mo - tive con - stru - ing,
When dark, dread dis - as - ter, comes fast and comes fast - er,
When God's great for - ev - er, counts up - ward en - deav - or,

Jus - tice pur - su - ing, who shall be a - ble then to stand?
Help, Thou dear Mas - ter, who shall be a - ble then to stand?
Earth's links dis - sev - er, thou shalt be a - ble then to stand.

FINE.

D.S.—These and these on - ly, they shall be a - ble then to stand.

CHORUS.

Who shall be a - ble then to stand? Who shall be a - ble then to stand?

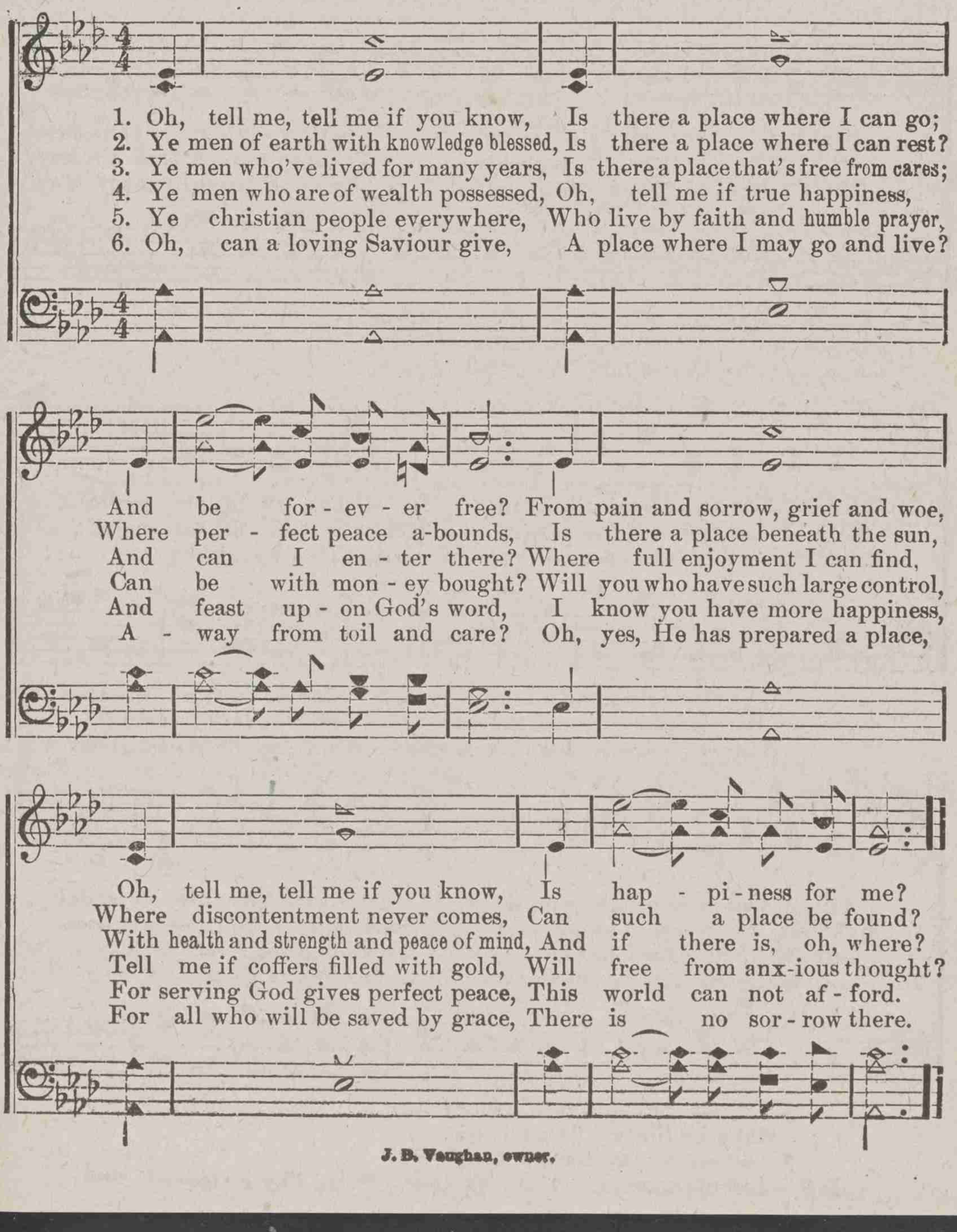
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?—Concluded.



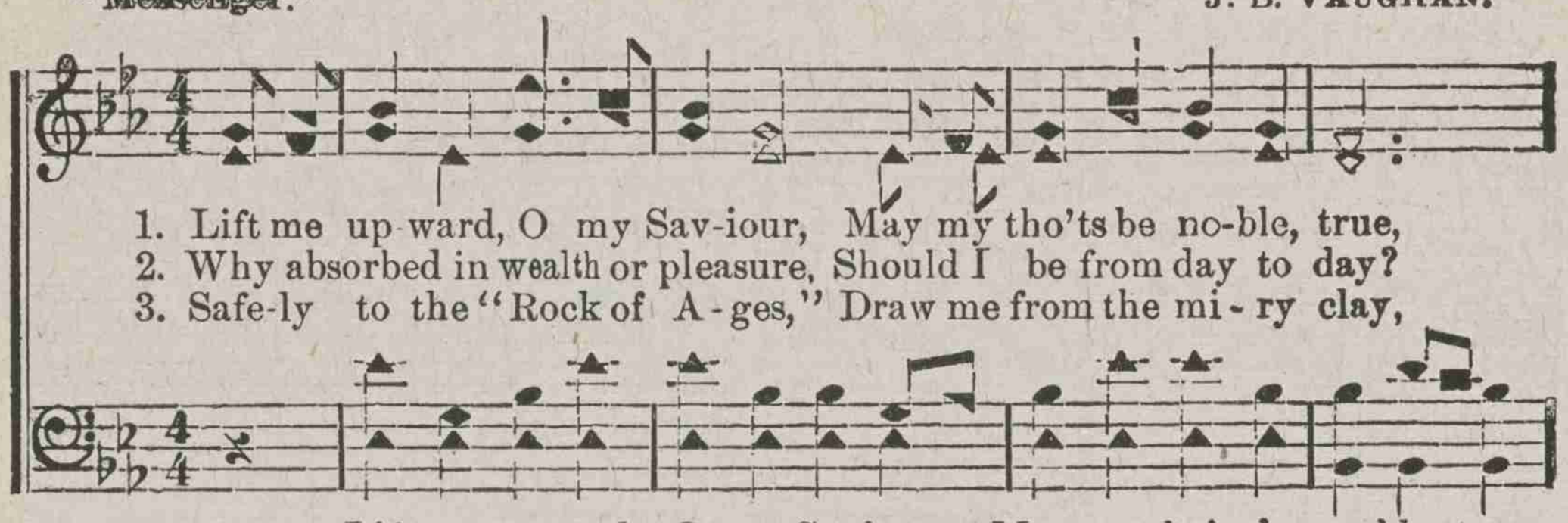
No. 42 INQUIRING CHANT.

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



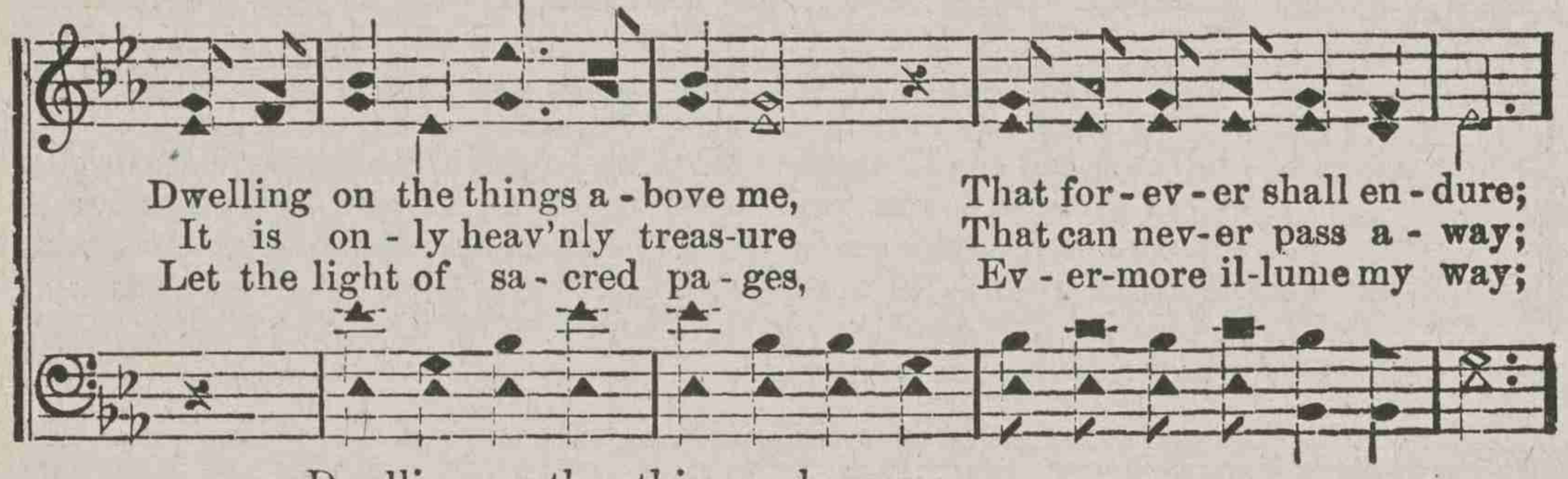
No. 43 LIFT ME UPWARD.

"Messenger." J. B. VAUGHAN.



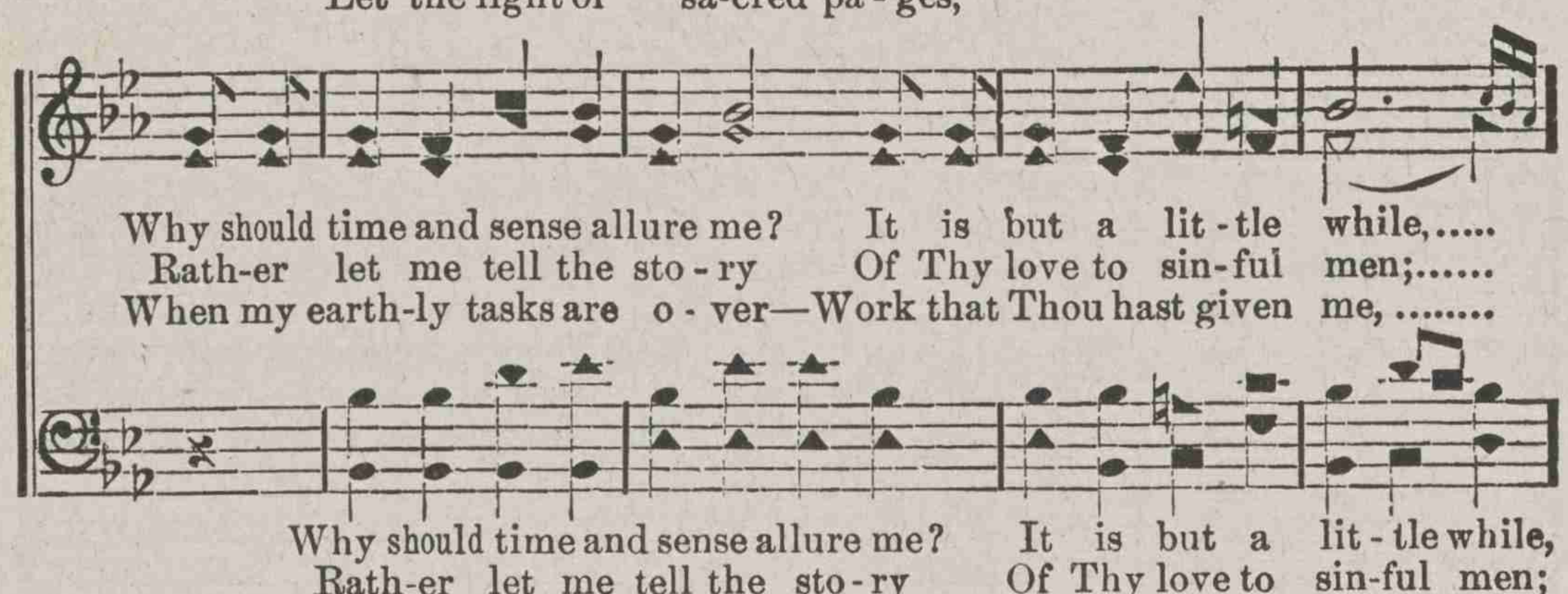
1. Lift me up-ward, O my Sav-iour, May my tho'ts be no-ble, true,
2. Why absorbed in wealth or pleasure, Should I be from day to day?
3. Safe-ly to the "Rock of A-ges," Draw me from the mi-ry clay,

Lift me upward, O my Saviour, May my tho'ts be no-ble, true,
Why absorbed in wealth or pleasure, Should I be from day to day?
Safe-ly to the "Rock of A-ges," Draw me from the mi-ry clay,

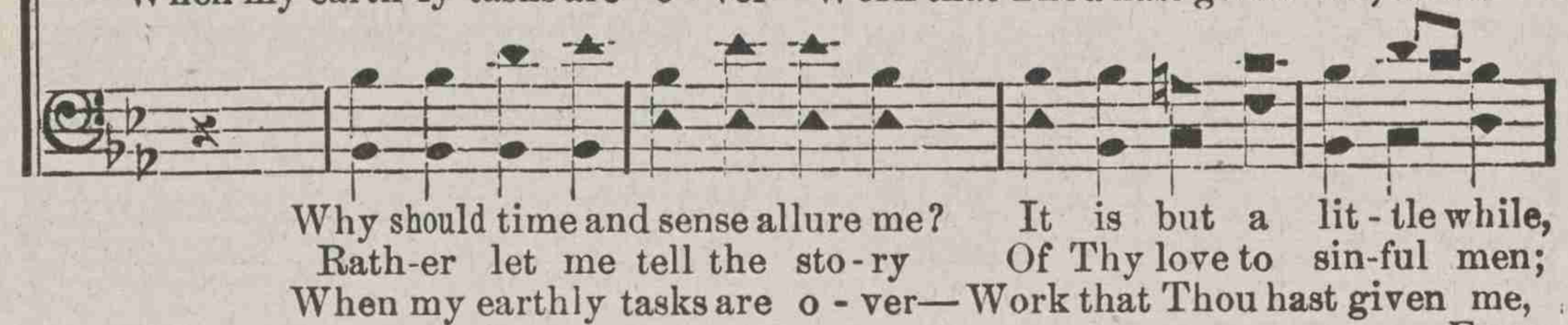


Dwelling on the things a-bove me, That for-ev-er shall en-dure;
It is on-ly heav'nly treas-ure That can nev-er pass a-way;
Let the light of sa-cred pa-ges, Ev-er-more il-lume my way;

Dwelling on the things a-bove me,
It is on-ly heav'nly treasure
Let the light of sa-cred pa-ges,

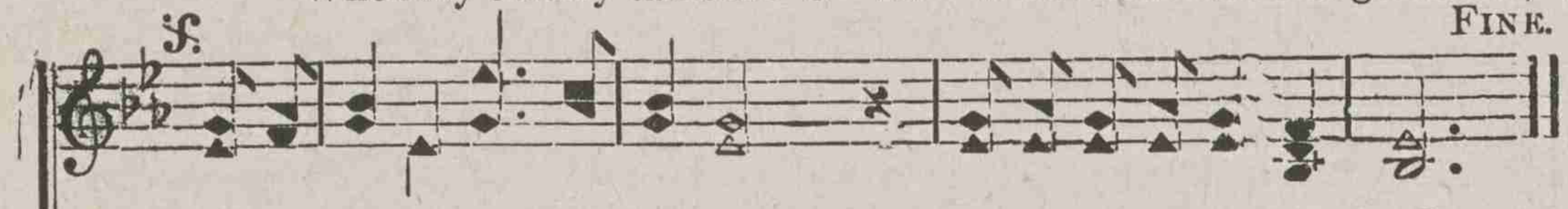


Why should time and sense allure me? It is but a lit-tle while,.....
Rath-er let me tell the sto-ry Of Thy love to sin-ful men;.....
When my earth-ly tasks are o-ver—Work that Thou hast given me, ...

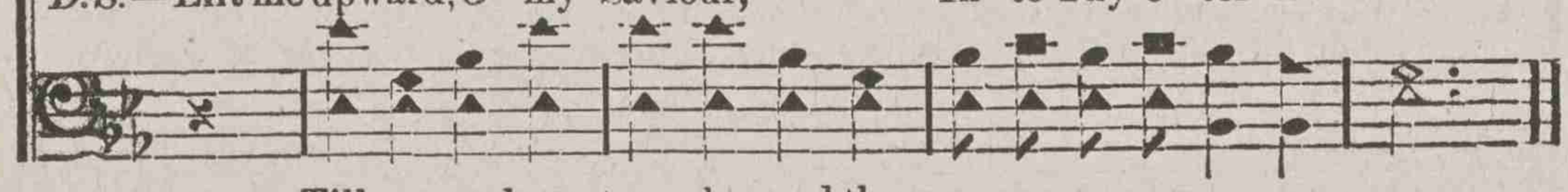


Why should time and sense allure me? It is but a lit-tle while,
Rath-er let me tell the sto-ry Of Thy love to sin-ful men;
When my earthly tasks are o-ver—Work that Thou hast given me,

FINE.



Till my soul must pass beyond them To receive Thy frown or smile.
Make my life re-flect Thy glo-ry, Show that I with Thee have been.
Call me up to mansions high-er, There to dwell e-ter-nal-ly.
D.S.—Lift me upward, O my Saviour, In-to Thy e-ter-nal rest.



Till my soul must pass beyond them
Make my life re-flect Thy glo-ry,
Call me up to mansions high-er,
D.S.—Lift me upward, O my Saviour In-to Thy e-ter-nal rest.

LIFT ME UPWARD.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.

Lift me upward, lift me up-ward, Lift me upward to Thy breast;

Lift me upward, lift me upward, Lift me upward to Thy breast;

No. 44 BEST OF ALL.

J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN, Dec. 25, 1904.

1. There is a bright home in yonder's somewhere, That home is for you,
2. I hope I shall see my fa-ther up there, We'll know not a sor-
3. My moth-er is wait-ing for me somewhere, I'll see and I'll know
4. I've broth-ers who've crossed safe o-ver the tide, They've landed their bark
5. My sis-ter so young, so ten-der and true, I had to give up
6. I've ma-ny dear comrades gone on be-fore, We've sung of our Sav
7. To meet with so ma-ny, who would not go? They're happy in Je
8. But best of it all, to me it will be When I shall get home,

D.C.—Yes, sweet-est of all my Sav-iour I'll see, For-ev-er at home

FINE. CHORUS.

say, will you be there?
row, shed not a tear.
her when I get there.
on Canaan's bright side.
and bid her a-dieu.
iour oft-en be-low.
sus on that bright shore.
my Sav-iour to see.

But best of it all, to me it will be

pre-pared there for me.

D.C.

When I shall get home, my Sav-iour I'll see;

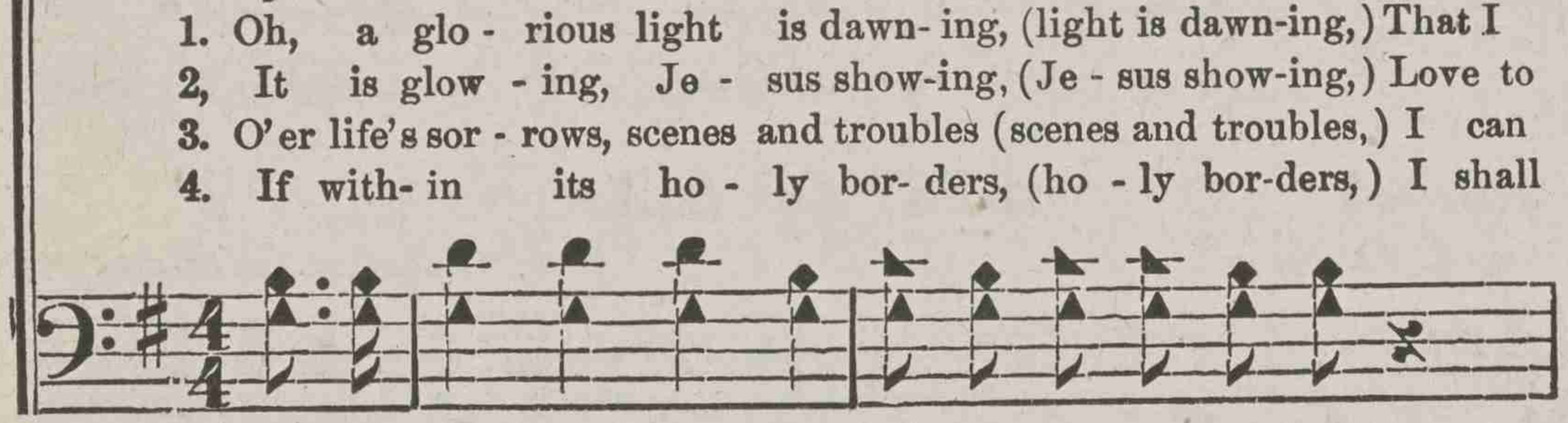
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 45 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. 46 Wanderer, Come Home.

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

1. Oh, far a- way child in dark-ness and sin, Why long- er from home will you stay?
2. Oh, how can you long - er turn Him a - way? The one who has loved you so true,
3. There is a sad day for those who re-ject, And turn the dear Sav - iour a - way,

Your Sav - iour and Lord, your He's call - ing you now, oh, 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

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. 47 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!

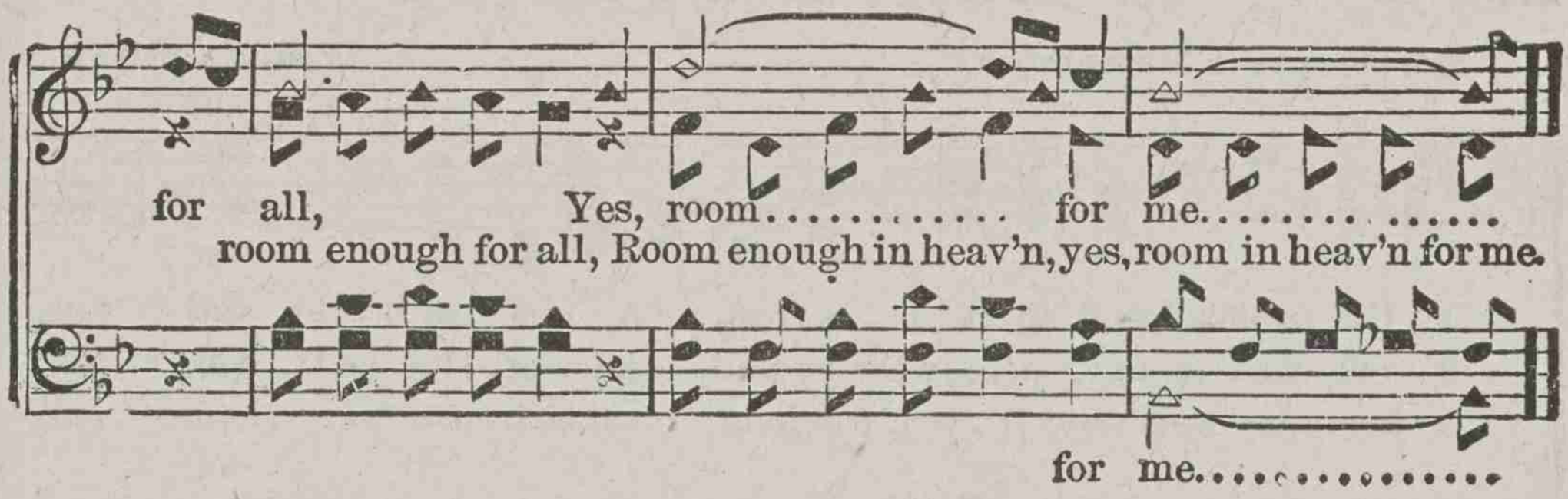
CHORUS.

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.



No. 48 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. 49 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. 50 The Coming of His Feet.

ANON. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. In the crim-son of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the am-ber glo-ry of the day's re-treat, In the mid-night robed in
2. I have heard His weary foot-steps on the sands of Gal-i-lee, On the tem-ple's mar-ble pavement, on the street! Worn with weight of sor-row
3. Down the monster aisles of splendor, from be-twixt the cher-u-bim, Thro' the wand'ring throng with motion strong and fleet, Sounds His vic-tor tread ap-
4. He is com-ing, O my spir-it! with His ev-er-last-ing peace, With His bless-ed-ness im-mor-tal and com-plete! He is com-ing, O my

D.S.—Crowned with glo-ry He is

darkness or the gleam-ing of the moon, I list-en for the
falt'ring up the slopes of Cal-va-ry, The sor-row of the
proaching with a mu-sic fair and dim, The mu-sic of the
spir-it, and His com-ing brings re-lease, I list-en for the
coming, in the air His Bride to meet, I list-en for the

FINE. CHORUS.

com-ing of His feet.
com-ing of His feet.
com-ing of His feet.
com-ing of His feet.

Bless-ed com-ing..... bless-ed
Bless-ed com-ing of His feet, bless-ed

com-ing of His feet.

com-ing,..... I list-en for the coming of His feet, D.S.
com-ing of His feet. of His feet.

No. 51 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. 52 Only Believe in the Promise.

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

1. Je-sus is mighty to save us to-day, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise,
2. Je-sus will give you the victor's power, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise,
3. Draw from the treasure of bound-less grace, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise,
4. Comfort and peace thro' re-deem-ing love, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise,

Free-ly He will take all sin a-way, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise.
Looking to Him for your strength each hour, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise.
Walk in the light of the Saviour's face, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise.
Fore-taste of wonderful joy a-bove, On-ly be-leive in the prom-ise.

CHORUS.

On-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise,

Hear His sweet voice, make Him your choice, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 53 Jesus Will Lead You.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus will lead you, why should you fear, thro' the long
2. Child in thy sor - rew, turn to the Lord, com - fort and
3. On - ly be- lieve and you shall re- ceive bless - ing each

jour-ney be - low, Call on His name. you'll find He is near,
peace you shall find, Rest in His love and trust in His word,
day from His hand, Seek you His love, His upward ways choose.

read - y to lead, where you go; Storms dark and low, your
on His strong arm to re - cline, Ten - der and true He
Firm on His prom - is - es stand— Je - sus your friend, will

steep pathway o'er, All will be sun-shine some- time, Dear
watch- es o'er you, Holds you firm clasped to His breast, With -
be to the end, Safe o'er the deep crys- tal sea, There

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Jesus Will Lead You. (Concluded.)

Jesus will guide, with shelter provide, lights o' er the way will shine.
in those dear arms safe kept from all harm, you shall find peace and rest.
is a bright day just o-ver the way, Je-sus will come for thee.

CHORUS.

Je- sus wlll lead you; yes, guide and pro- tect you, No dan- ger can

harm you if Je - sus is with you, For-sake you He'll nev-er—but

keep you for - ev - er, Yes, Je - sus will guide you through.

No. 54 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,

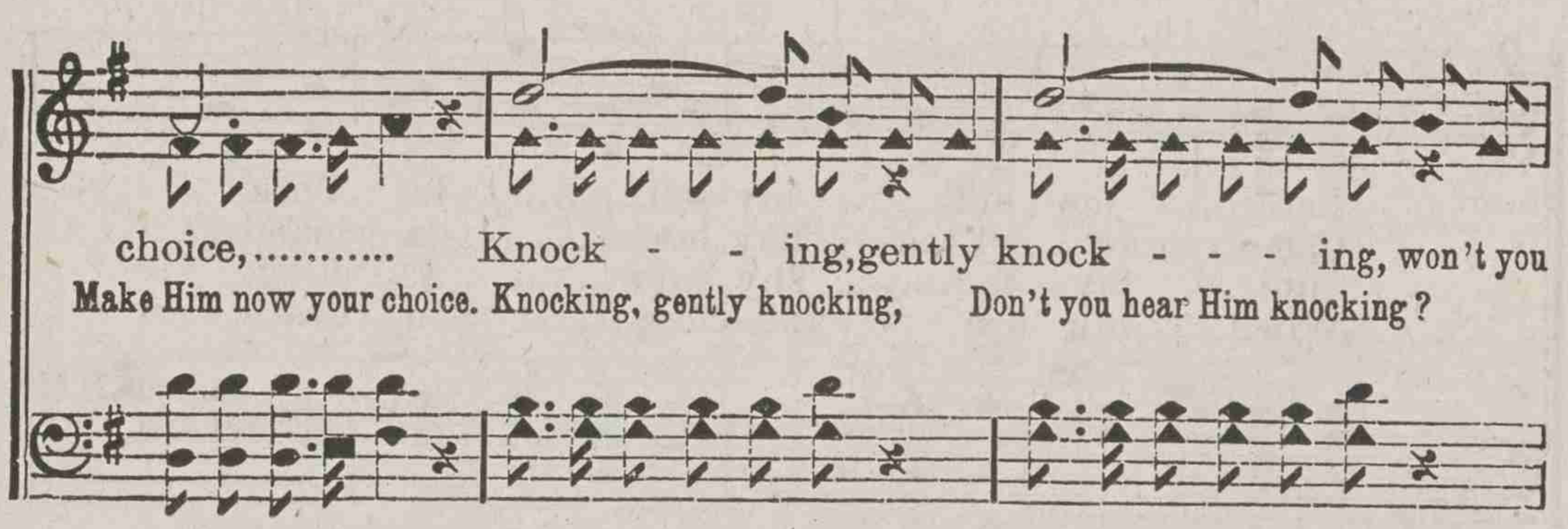
call - - - ing, Don't you hear..... His pleading voice?

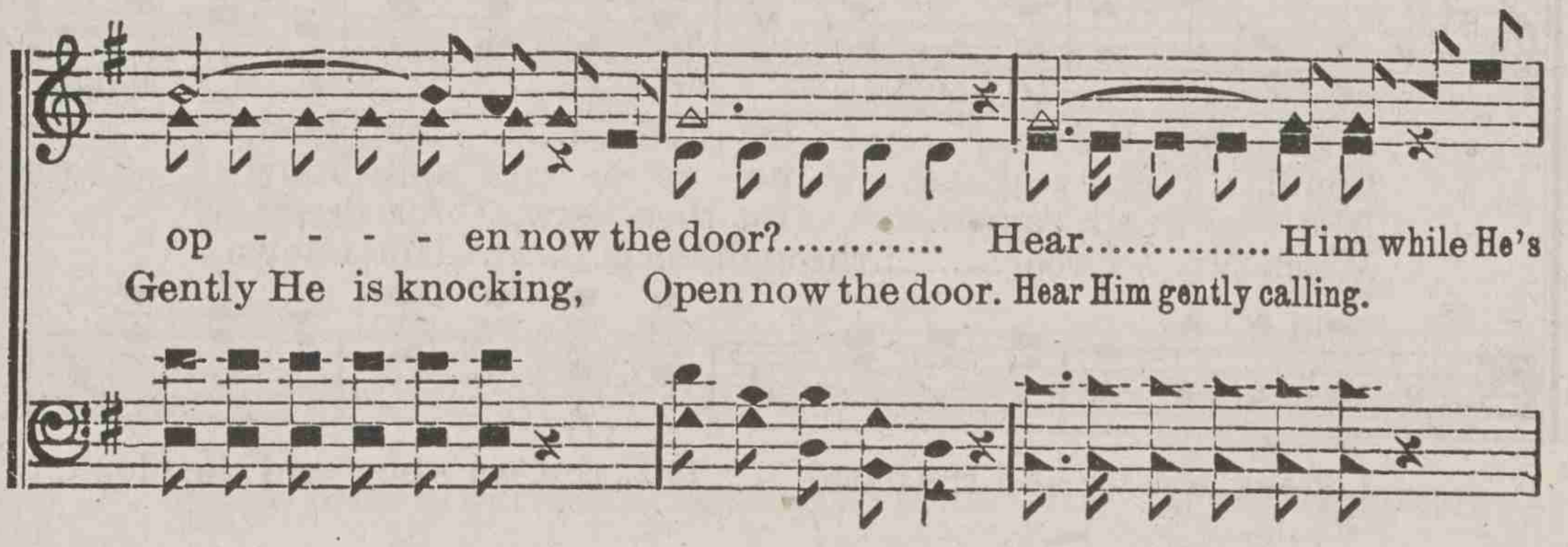
Don't you hear Him calling, Hear Him sweetly calling, Hear His pleading voice.

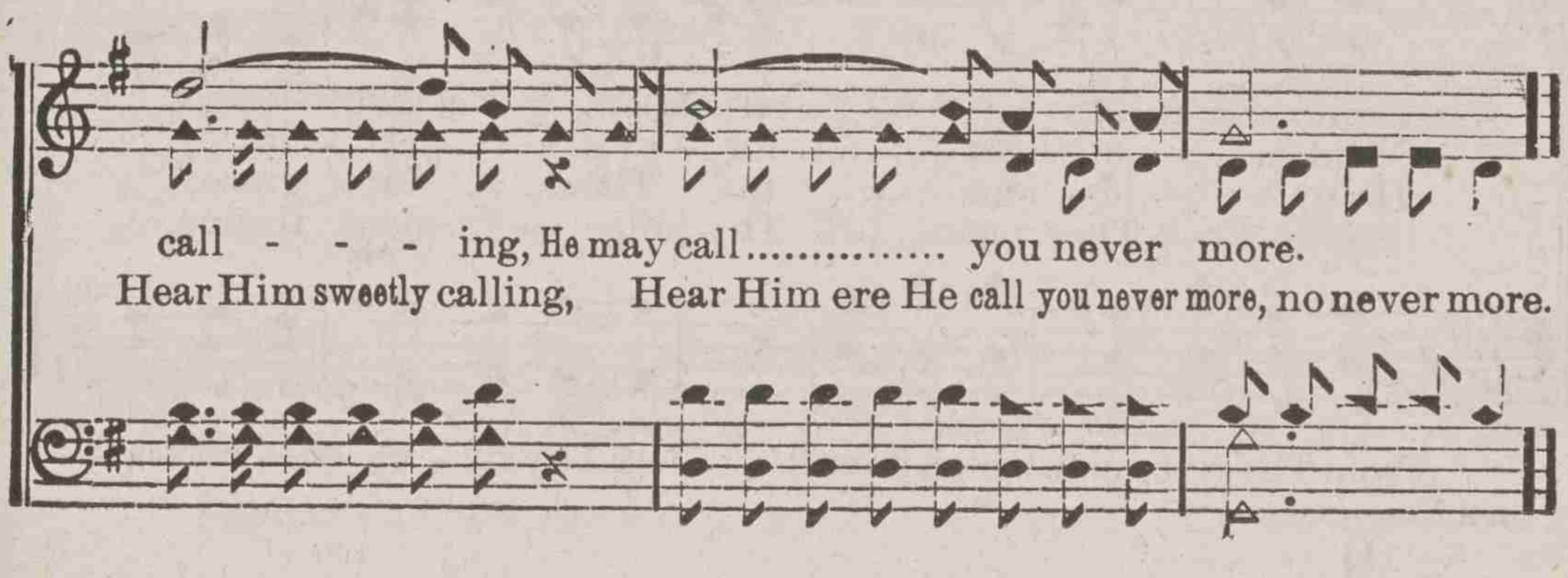
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Hear Him Calling. (Concluded.)









No. 55 Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. J. B. VAUGHAN.

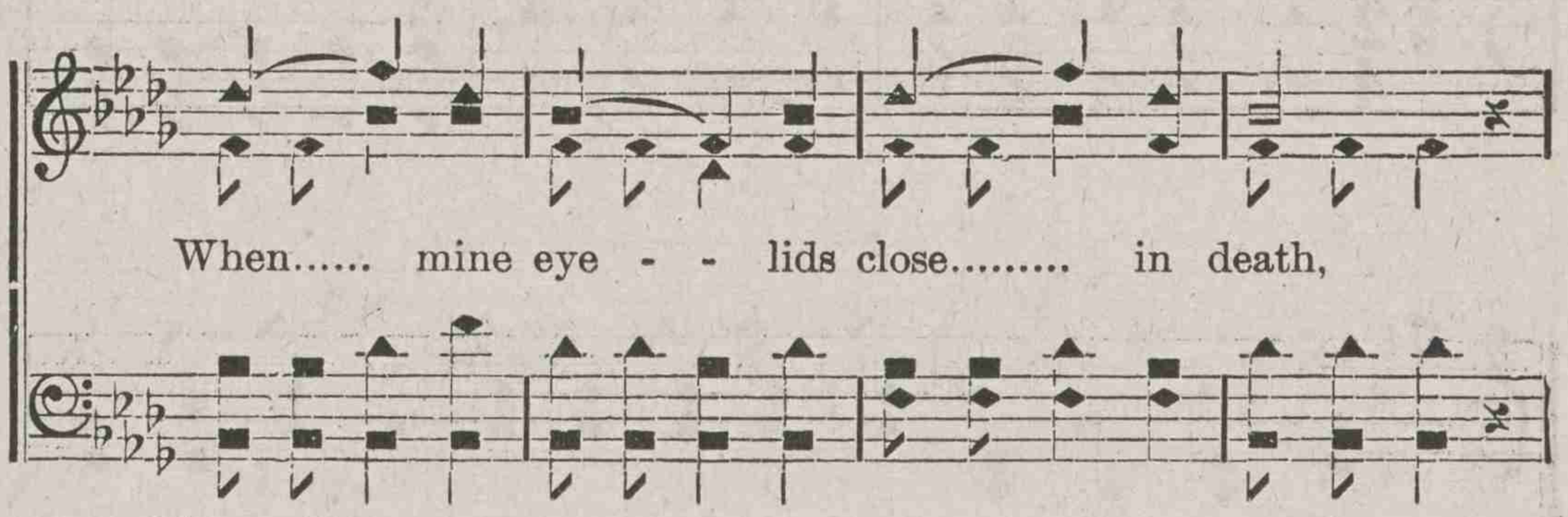


J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Rock of Ages. (Concluded.)



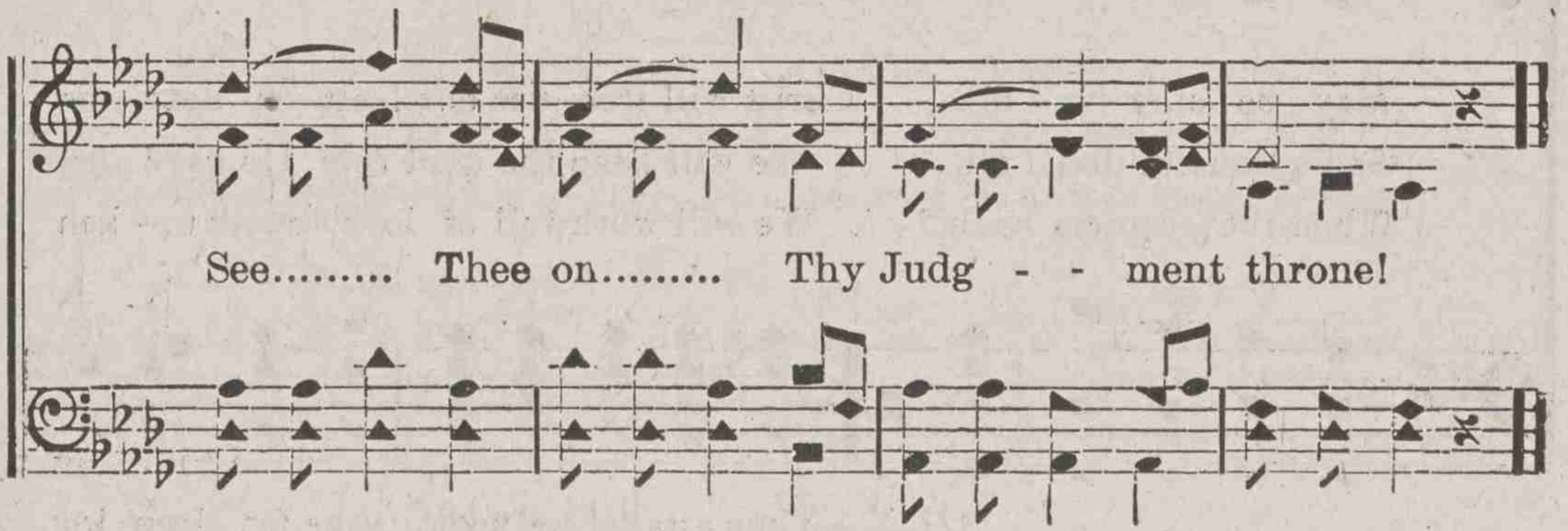
While I draw this fleet-ing breath (Yes,) while I draw this fleet-ing breath.



When mine eyelids close in death (Oh) when mine eyelids close in death.



When I rise to worlds unknown, (Yes) when I rise to worlds unknown,



See thee on Thy judgment throne, I'll see Thee on Thy judg-ment throne.

No. 56 Awake.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We must wake from our i - dle dream-ing; Ev - 'ry mo-ment with
2. Je - sus says—"Love ye one an - oth - er Bur- dens bear dai - ly
3. We shall reap what we now are sow - ing, Rip'ning fields scattered

work is teem - ing; Each e- vent, though of use - less seem - ing
for each oth - er, Treat each soul as an on - ly broth - er,
wide are grow - ing, Good or bad which will most be show - ing

CHORUS.

May be ours to fill. Christ will treas-ure our least en- deav - or
God's own children all. We will keep the glad rule He gave us;
When the reap-ers come? We will work full of love's sweet to - ken

D. S.—Then awake! we've no time for sleep- ing,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

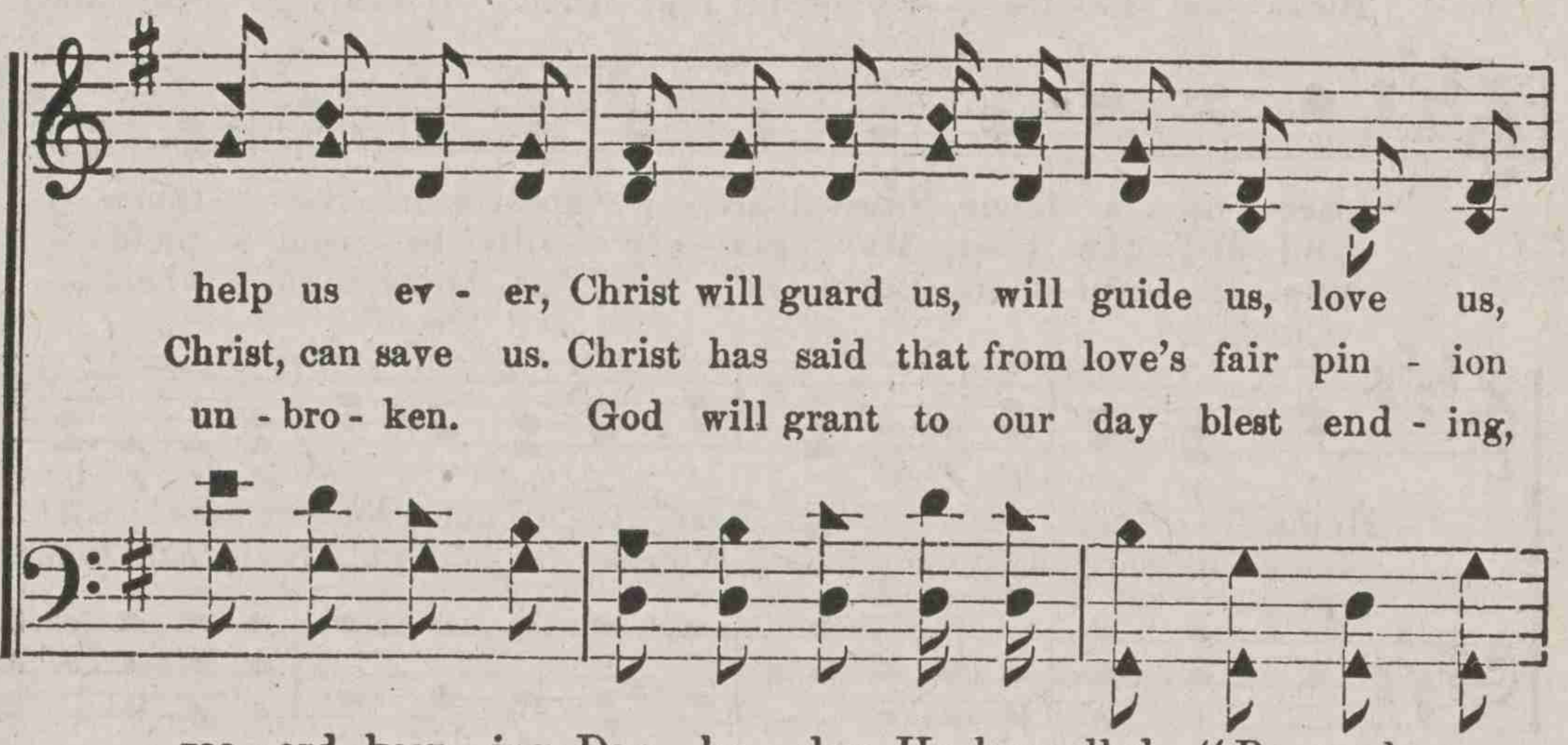
Awake. (Concluded.)



For the right, and from sin to sev - er; Stead-fast, true, He will
Nev- er let Sa-tan's pow'rs en - slave us; Naught but liv - ing like
Leave no words for the right un - spok - en Keep our pre-cepts pure,



Soon the fields will be ripe for reap- ing, Christ, our Lord, is our



help us ev - er, Christ will guard us, will guide us, love us,
Christ, can save us. Christ has said that from love's fair pin - ion
un - bro - ken. God will grant to our day blest end - ing,

rec - ord keep - ing. Day by day He has called—"Be read - y,

D.S. for Chorus.



Hold His bright, beacon star a - bove us, Lead us safe thro' ill.
On each work-er in His do - min - ion His sweet peace shall fall.
Christ His sweet ben-e - dic- tion blending We will rest at home.



Be ye firm, be ye strong and stead- y, Work ye with a will."

No. 57 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. VAUGHAM, owner.

No. 58 All The Way.

J. M. PIERCE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je-sus is my precious friend,
2. Je-sus keep me by Thy side,
3. Saviour to Thee will I cling,

All the way, ... all the way.....
All the way, all the way.

On His love I can depend,
In Thy strength let me con-fide,
And Thy prais-es ev - er sing,

All the way, ... all the way.....
All the way, all the way.

Sav- iour I will trust in Thee, For Thy grace so full and free,
Guide me thro' this des - ert drear, Send the Ho - ly Spir - it near,
Thou wilt all my sor - row share, And my ev - 'ry bur - den bear,

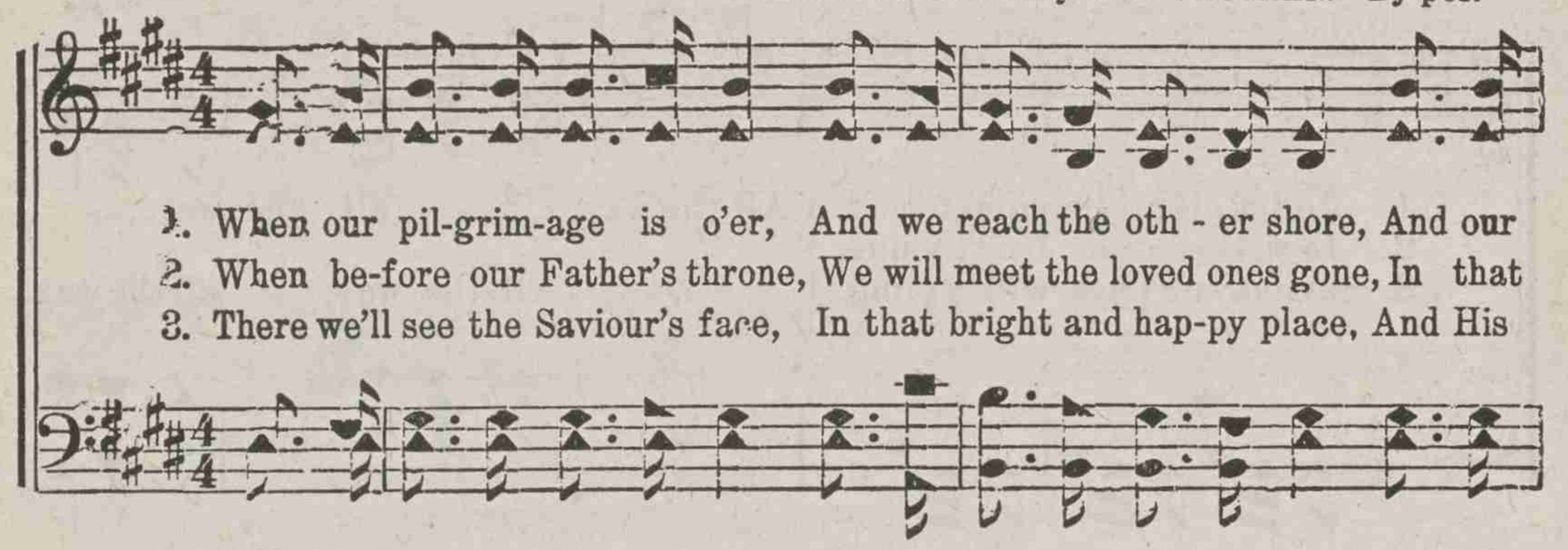
Let Thy love a - bide in me,
My pe - ti - tion shalt Thou hear
I shall be Thy constant care,

All the way, ... all the way.....
All the way, all the way.

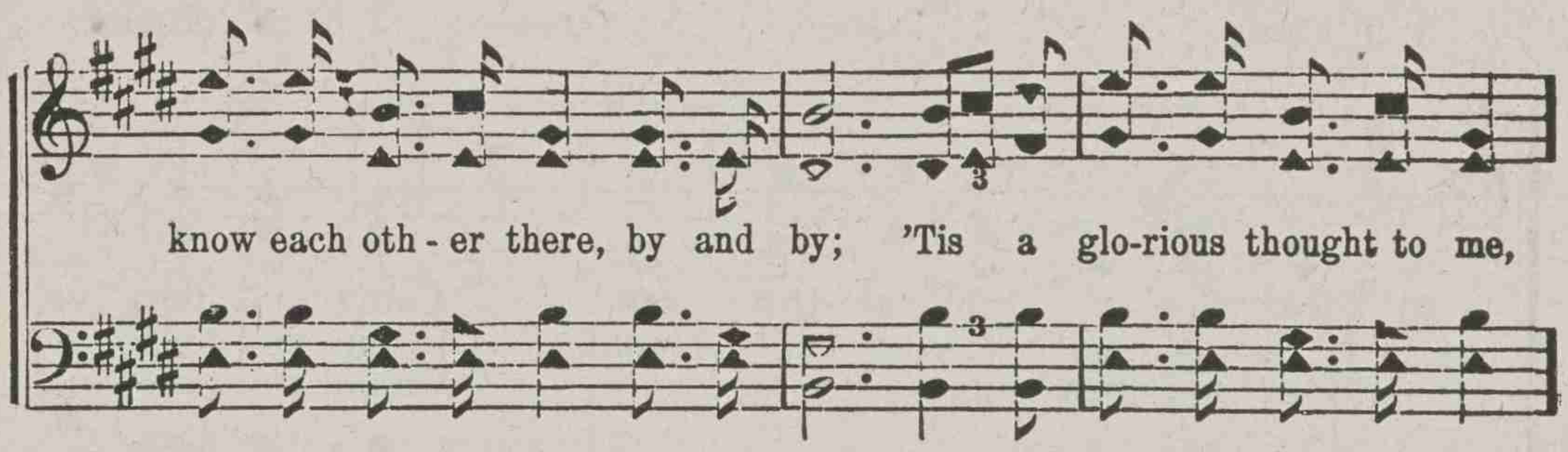
J. B. VAUGHAN, OWDOT.

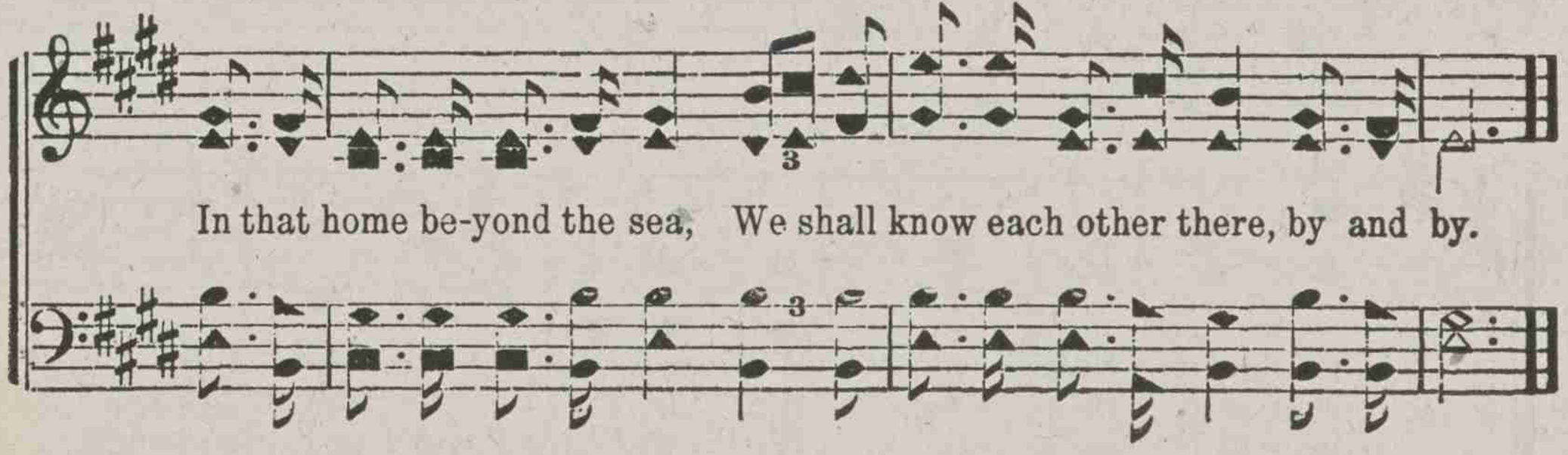
No. 59 We shall Know Each Other There.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.



We shall Know Each Other There. Concluded.





No. 60 Belmont.

From MOZART.





No. 61 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. 62 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
2. My eyes are blind, I can-not know The way in which He'd have me
3. Tho' ston-y be the path and steep That I must trav - el ere I
4. When I be-fore His presence stand, With crowned head and harp in

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

CHORUS.

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

me; Yes, all is well, is well with me, If there His
well with me, All is well, yes, all is well with me,

foot - step I can see, Then all is well, is well with me.
can see, yes, well,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 63 Perfect Trust.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I may not always know the way Wherein God guides my feet,
2. I may not always understand Just why He sends to me
3. O pre-cious peace within my heart, O blessed rest to know

But this I know, that round my path His love and wisdom meet;
Some bitter grief, some heavy loss, But though I can not see,
My Father's love keeps constant watch Amid life's ebb and flow;

And so I rest content to know He guides my feet where'er I go,
I kneel and whisper thro' my tears A pray'r for help, and know He hears,
I ask no more than this, I rest Content and know His will is best,

And so I rest content to know He guides my feet where'er I go.
I kneel and whisper thro' my tears A pray'r for help, and know He hears.
I ask no more than this, I rest Content and know His will is best.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 64 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.

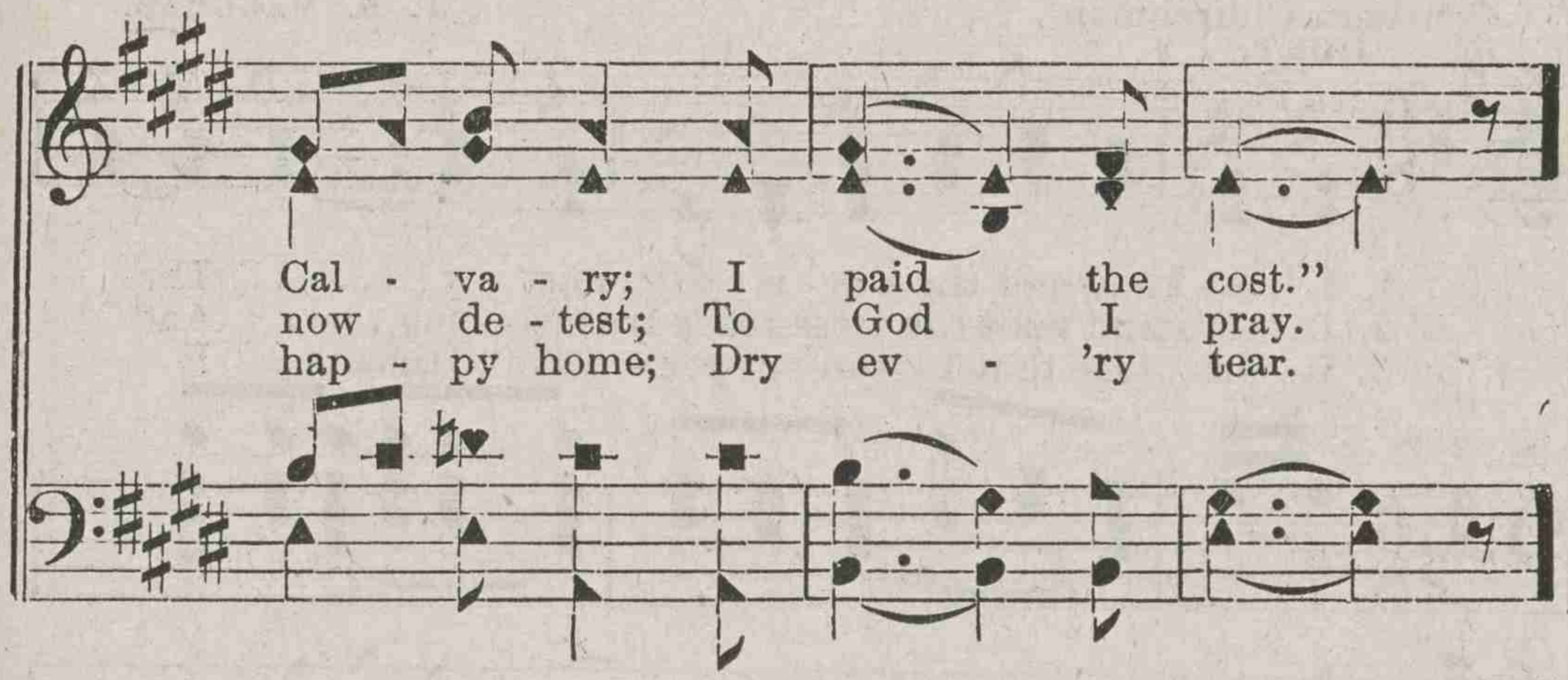
A sweet voice said, "Come un - to me" (to me), And
Dear Lord, all my guilt I con-fess (con - fess), For
Your Sav - iour is wait - ing, O come (O come), O

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

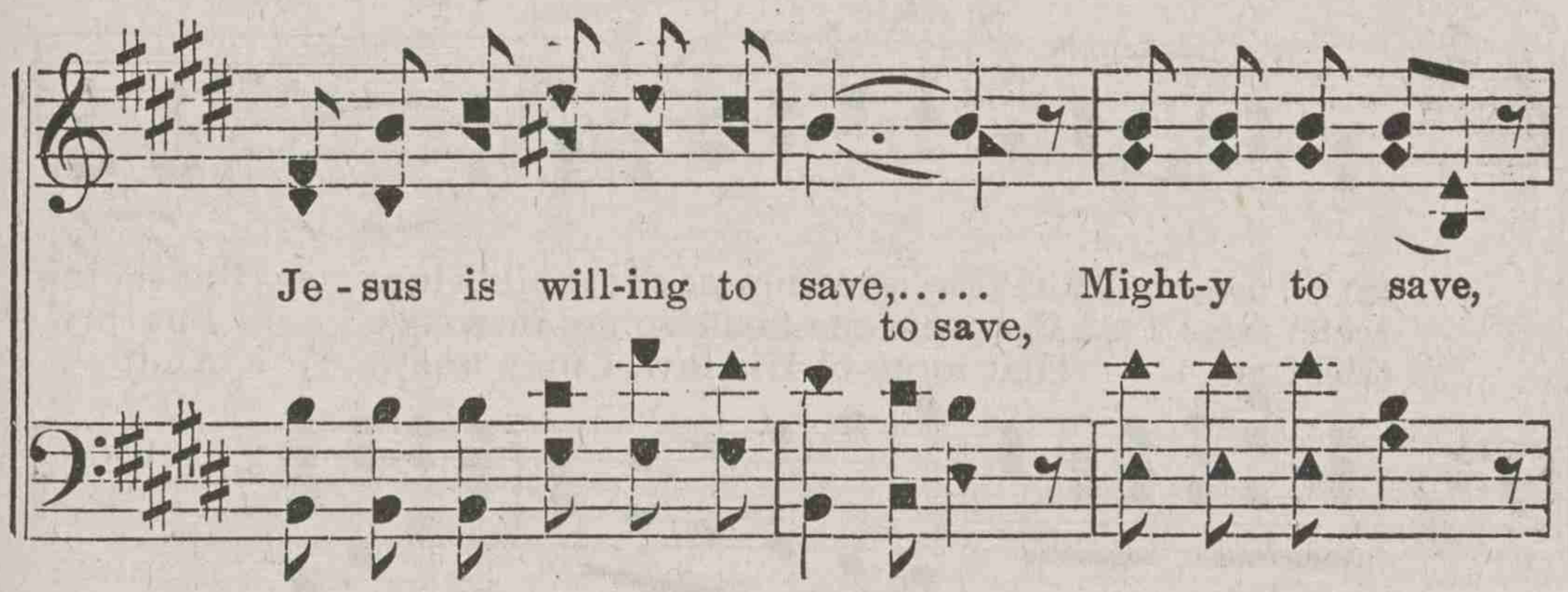
For you I died on
My sin - ful - ness I
He'll give to you a

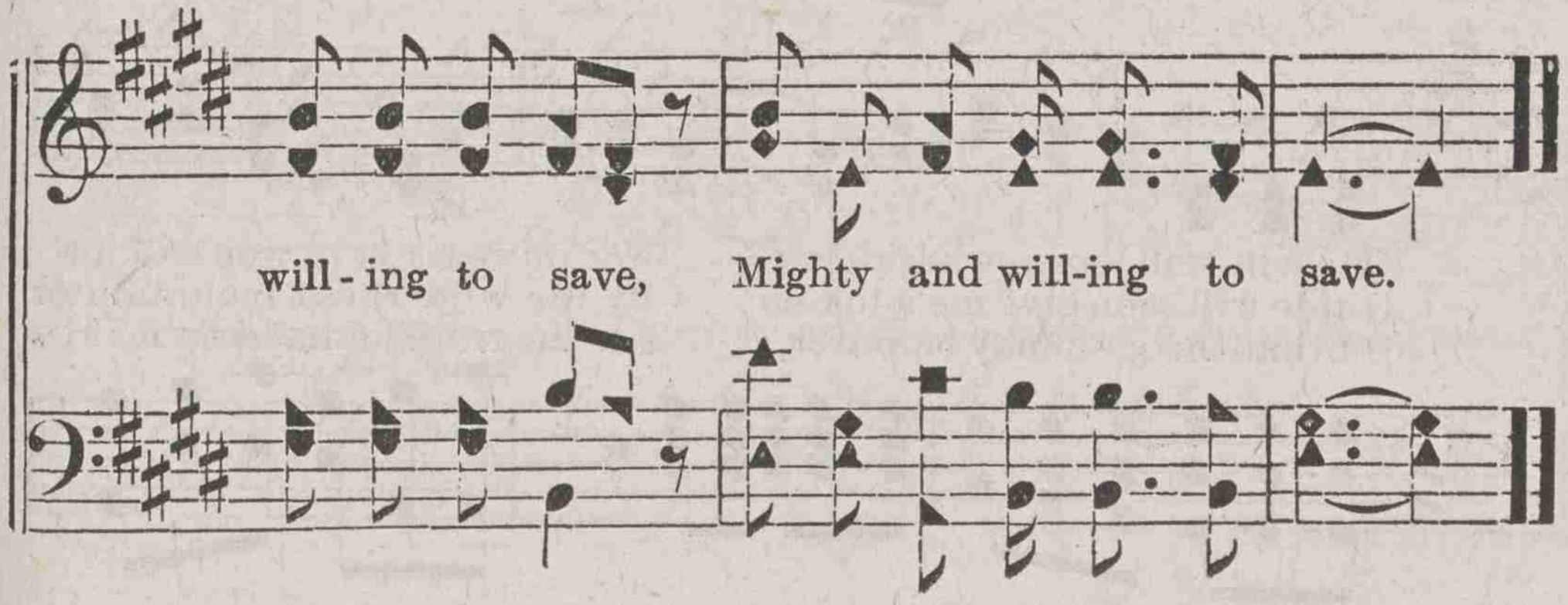
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Jesus is Mighty to Save. Concluded.









No. 65 He Knoweth the Way That I Take.

Southern Churchman. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. I know not the way is so mist - y,..... The joys or the griefs it shall bring; What clouds are o'erhanging the
2. I stand where the cross-roads are meet - ing,..... And know not the right from the wrong; No beck-on-ing fin-ger di-
3. It is true that I can-not per - ceive Him,..... If back-ward or forward I go; He hideth Himself, but He

fut - ure, What flow'rs by the road-side shall bring, But there's
rects me, No welcome floats to me in song; But my
tries me, That more of His love I may know. And

One who will journey beside me, Nor in weal nor in woe will for-
Guide will soon give me a tok-en By the wilderness, mountain or
O ! that the gold may be purer, For the trouble that comes for His

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

He Knoweth The Way That I Take. Concluded.

sake:.... And this is my sol-ace and com - fort, "He
lake,..... What-ev-er the darkness a - bout me, "He
sake;.... I'll not be a-fraid of life's sor - row, "He

CHORUS.

knoweth the way that I take." He know-eth the way, He

know-eth the way, He knoweth the way that I take;..... He
that I take;

knoweth the way, He knoweth the way, He knoweth the way that I take.

No. 66 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. 67 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.

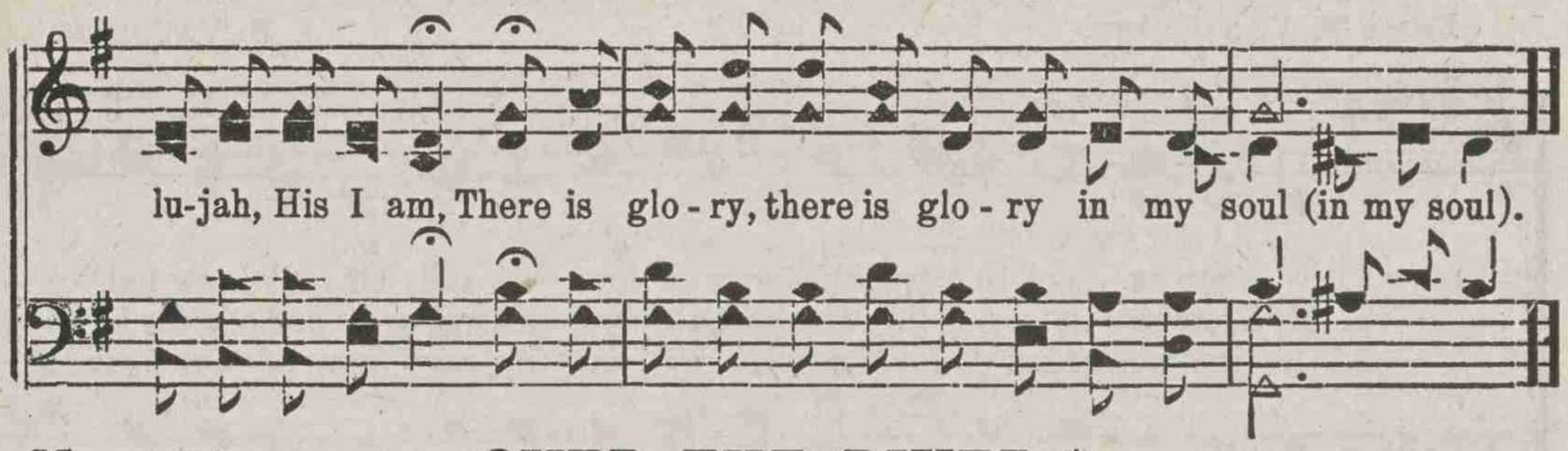
CHORUS.

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. 68 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. 69 MY LANDLORD IS A KING.

EMMA B. VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I soon ex - pect to move, the news I love to tell, Of my new hab - i - ta - tion where I, thro' time, may dwell; Be - yond the swell - ing sea my fair a-bode will be With my bless-ed new Land-lord and my King.
2. My Landlord is a King, His prais-es far are known, The heav'nly hab-i - ta - tion He gave me for my own; A life-long res - i - dent, I'll dwell for-e'er content With my bless-ed new Land-lord and my King.
3. Or tru - er, grand-er love can a - ny ev - er say Than of our dear Re - deem-er, who washed our sins a - way; Who bade us cease to roam, who gave us peace and home, He's my bless-ed new Land-lord and my King.

and my King.

CHORUS.

He's my bless-ed new Land-lord and my King; Hal - le - lu - jah! His prais-es I will sing, He's my bless-ed new Land-lord, hal-le - lu - jah! His prais-es I will sing,

and my King;

I will sing,

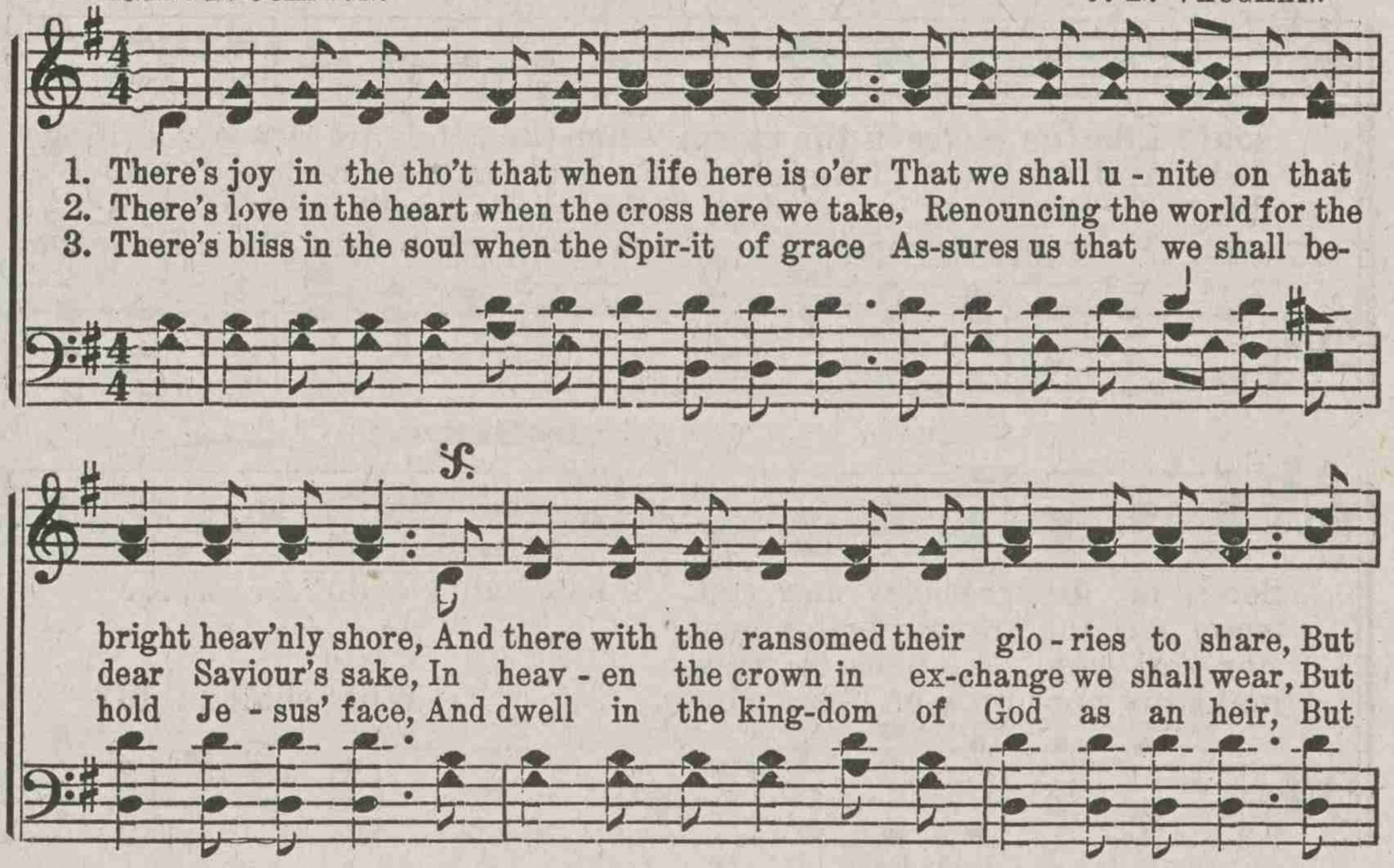
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

MY LANDLORD IS A KING. Concluded.



No. 70 THE KING WILL BE THERE.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 71 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. 72 SAILING HOME.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



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.



No. 73 GET RIGHT WITH GOD TO-DAY.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O will thou bend to God thine ear, And now His loving message hear,
2. The world may charm thee for awhile, And fortune for a season smile,
3. The world is full of sin and wrong, It's pow'r will carry thee along,
4. The heart of man was made for One, The ho-ly and e - ter-nal Son,

He speaks in ac - cents plain and clear, Get right with God to-day.
But let not Sa - tan thee be-guile, Get right with God to-day.
Thou need'st the arm that's good and strong, Get right with God to-day.
He sat - is - fies, and He a - lone, Get right with God to-day.

CHORUS.

Get right with God, to - mor-row's
Get right with God to-day, get right with God to-day,

sun may nev-er rise, Get right with
Get right with God, with God to-day, Get

God, get right, Get right with God to - day.
right with God to - day,

74 IS THE GRACE OF GOD FULL IN THY HEART?

F. L. EILAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Have you sought to dis-cern its con - di - tion? Do you know it just
2. Have you held with it spe - cial com-mun-ion? Have you asked it the
3. Is there still for the world there a cham-ber? Is there room for pride's

on - ly in part? Can you an-swer the ques-tion af - firm-ing? Is the
truth to im-part? Did its ef - forts de - pict an e - va - sion? Is the
fan - cy a start? Is there yet just a nook of di - vi - sion? Is the

CHORUS.

grace of God full in thy heart? Is the grace of God full in thy heart?
in thy heart?

Is the grace of God full in thy heart? Can you an - swer the
in thy heart?

question af-firm - ing? Is the grace of God full in thy heart?
in thy heart?

No. 75 MY SHEPHERD.

MR. AND MRS. J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Shep-herd, my Lord,..... in Him I'll re - joice,.....
2. Thro' pastures of green,..... be-side the still stream,.....
3. My head He a - noints,..... my way He ap - points, ...

I've heard this sweet voice,..... and made Him my choice,.....
My steps He doth lead,..... He know-eth my need, ...
My wants He sup - plies,..... He nev - er de - nies, ...

By wa - ters so still..... my soul He doth fill,.....
O why should I fear,..... my Lord He is near, ...
His mer - cy He shows..... my cup it o'er - flows,.....

In mer - cy He lead-eth me for His own dear name's sake.
His rod it doth com-fort me in val - leys lone and dark.....
I'll dwell with the Lord in peace and joy for ev - er - more....

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

CHORUS.

By wa - ters so still..... my soul He doth

fill,..... My wants He sup - plies,.....

He nev - er de - nies,..... He car - eth for

me,..... His face I shall see,.....

I'll dwell with the Lord in peace and joy for ev - er - more.. ..

No. 76 LEAD ON, O SAVIOUR MINE.

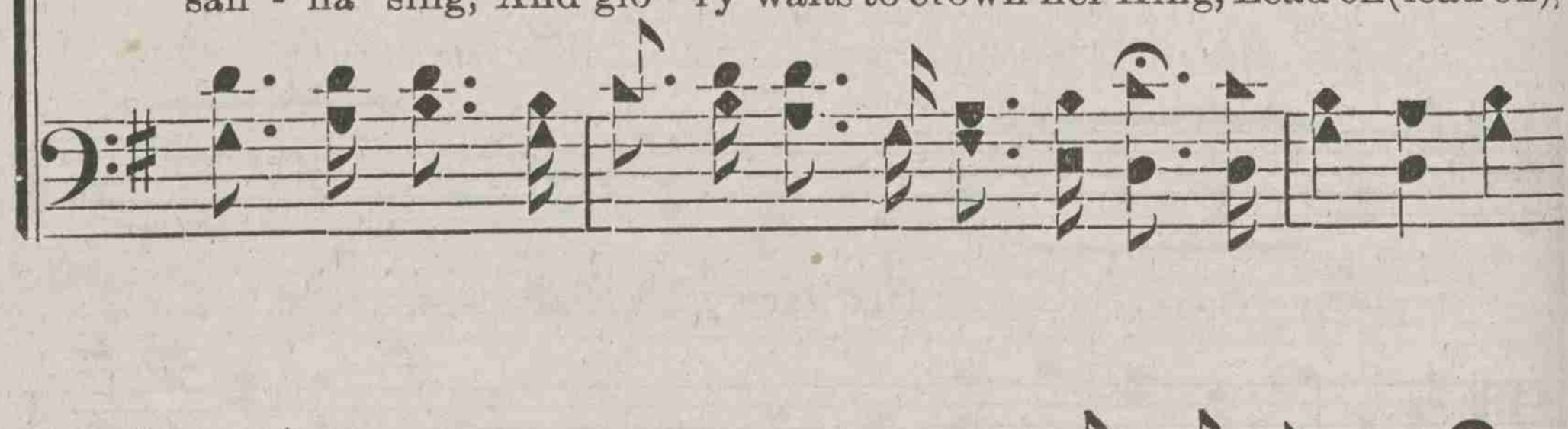
W. J. VARNER. J. B. VAUGHAN.



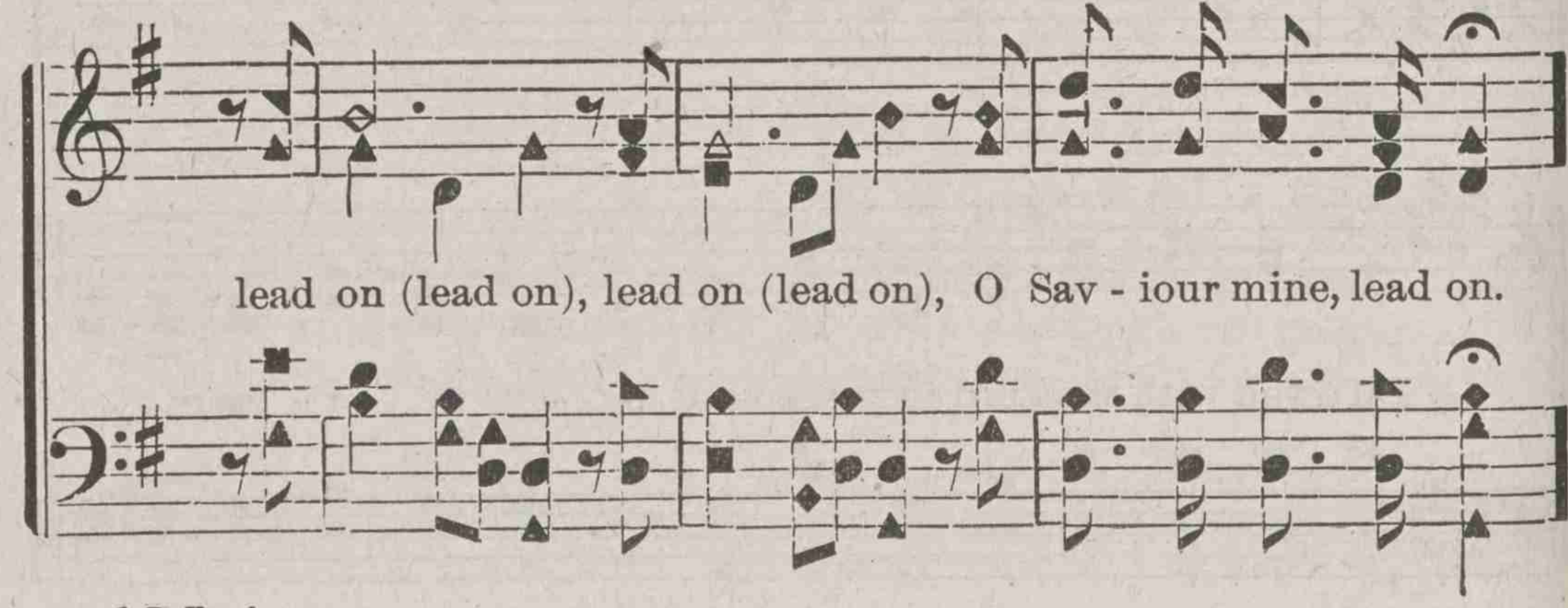
1. Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead on(lead on),The fight is won, the
2. Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead on(lead on),The trumpet peals, the
3. Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead on(lead on),Let death,the pale,white
4. Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead on(lead on),Where love and joy ho-



star, the crown, The gates of death and hell go down, Lead on (lead on),
ban - ner flys, The Christian shout a-rise, a - rise, Lead on (lead on),
char - ger,stride, Let hell behind on dragons ride, Lead on (lead on),
san - na sing, And glo - ry waits to crown her King, Lead on(lead on),



lead on (lead on), lead on (lead on), O Sav - iour mine, lead on.



J. B. Vaughan.

LEAD ON, O SAVIOUR MINE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lead on,..... lead on,.....
Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead on, lead on, Lead on, O Saviour mine, lead

..... The fight, the throne, the crown is won, A -
on, lead on,

rise thou nev - er - set - ting sun, Lead on, lead
Lead on, lead on, lead

on, Lead on, O Sav-iour mine, lead on.
on, lead on, My Sav-iour lead on.

No. 77 Who Will Go?

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Perishing souls that in darkness are dying, Ne'er of salvation have heard,
2. Down in the valley of deep degradation, Near by the brink of despair,
3. If we give not of our talent and treasure, Fanning the love-light to flame,

Who will with Jesus' commandment complying, Take them a comforting word;
Hopeless and crushed by their own condemnation, Many are perishing there;
Scattering blessings with unstinted measure, How can we trust in His name?

Tell, that for them in His grace ever pleading, With the dear Father above,
Who will go lift up the fallen and fearful, Strengthening hearts that are weak,
If we are lacking in daring and doing, How can we hope for re - ward?

Picture the Christ for their sins interceding, Proffering pardon and love.
Soothing the woes of the sad-eyed and tearful, Teaching redemption to seek.
Pleasures and purposeless pathways pursuing, What can we say to our Lord?

CHORUS.

Who will go,..... who will go?.... Hear the Redeemer's sad moan?
Who will go? who will go?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Who Will Go? Concluded.

How can you tarry while these my children Die in darkness a - lone.

No. 78 A Prayer.

Respectfully subscribed to the Bacacas and Philatheas.

EULALIA MEWBOURN. GRACE M. CAPPS.

1. Hear us, Fa - ther, as we pray In the name of Christ to-day,
2. Teach us, Lord, Thy way to know, Guide us as thro' life we go,
3. Use us, Lord, for Thee each day, Fill our lives with work, we pray;

Send a bless-ing un - to all While up - on Thy name we call.
Fill us with Thy spir-it true, May we love Thy will to do.
May we tell those lost in sin Of Thy death for sin - ful men

Keep us, Fa-ther, day by day, Pur - i - fy our hearts, we pray,
Je - sus, stay Thou ev - er near, For we count Thy presence dear,
Help us when our faith grows weak Stay our ev - er wandring feet,

Help us look to Thee for pow'r, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.
"Leave, ah leave us not a - lone," Keep us ev - er near Thy throne.
May we each one live for Thee Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 79 THERE IS A CALL.

C. L. CHAMBERS. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a call through-out the land, It is heard on ev-'ry hand,
2. There are fields of whit - en grain, That are rip-'ning all in vain,
3. Come and help us with your mite, It is pre-cious in God's sight,

Come and help us in the Mas - ter's cause to - day;
For no reap - ers come the sheaves to gath - er in;
To some soul 'twill help to hear the mes - sage true;

There are sheaves to gar-ner in, There are pre-cious souls to win,
We want work-ers for the field, Workers strong who will not yield.
Tho' your - self you may not go, Oth-ers can the good work do,

Come and help us, show to them the liv - ing way.
Men of cour - age who will save the world from sin.
If you give to send them as God pros - pers you.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

THERE IS A CALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hear the call..... for workers o'er the land,
There's a call, O hear the call for work-ers, O-ver the land

Come and give..... to us a help-ing hand,
Come and give, O give to us a help-ing hand, helping hand,

There are sheaves to gar-ner in, There are pre-cious souls to win,

Come and help us lead them from the path of sin.

No. 80 I WILL BE A SUNBEAM.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I will be a sun - beam ev - 'ry-where I go,
2. I will be a sun - beam, send-ing words of love
3. I will be a sun - beam, shin-ing fair and bright,

Sym - pa - thy and sun - shine from my heart shall flow,
To sad hearts to bright - en all the way a - bove;
Ban- ish care and dark - ness with a gold - en light;

Driv - ing out the shad - ows with some lov - ing deed,
Com - fort give the wea - ry bend-ing 'neath a load,
This shall be my mis - sion, none could grand-er be

D. S.—*I will be a sun - beam, shin - ing all the way,*

Fine.

Glad - ly give my serv - ice, for an - oth - er's need.
Point them to their Sav - iour, tell them of their God.
Than to be a sun - beam, shin - ing for the Lord.

Scatt-'ring joy and glad - ness thro' each pass - ing day.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

I WILL BE A SUNBEAM. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I..... will be a sun - - beam,
I will be a sun - beam, shin-ing all the way,

Shin - - - ing all the way,
I will be a sun - beam, shin-ing all the way,

Scat - - - t'ring joy and glad - - ness
Scat-t'ring joy and glad - ness thro' the pass - ing day,

Thro'..... each pass-ing day.
Scat- ter joy and sun-shine ev - 'ry day, pass-ing day.

No. 81 WE'LL CROWN HIM.

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

1. We'll crown Him, we'll crown Him, We'll crown Him King of kings, Join
2. We'll praise Him, we'll praise Him, While angels prostrate fall, We'll
3. All glo - ry, all glo - ry, Resound from pole to pole, Let

in the sweet refrain, join in the sweet re - frain, His
sing His sav - ing grace, we'll sing His sav - ing grace, Sal -
earth and heav-en sing, let earth and heav-en sing, And

CHORUS.

glo - ries to proclaim. We'll crown, crown Him Lord of all, We'll
va - tion free for all.
make His praises ring. We'll crown Him Lord of all, ... We'll

crown Him Lord of all. Crown,
crown ..... Him, crown ..... Him, Crown ..... Him

crown, We'll crown Him, we'll crown Him, We'll crown the Sav-iour
Lord, Lord of all,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WE'LL CROWN HIM. Concluded.



No. 82 HEAVEN IS MORE THAN A DREAM.

(MALE QUARTET.)

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Live up to the high-est that's in you, Be true to the
2. I know not the king-dom im-mor-tal, Yet feel in my
3. I know with the wis-dom of sor-row, The les-sons I've
4. With voic-es se-raph-ic and ten-der, Our loved ones are

voice in your soul, Let love and your bet-ter self win you, And
in-ner-most soul, That death's not a wall, but a por-tal, Thro'
learned by the way, The fruits that we gath-er to-mor-row Are
call-ing a-far, With light that is gold-en in splen-dor, Truth

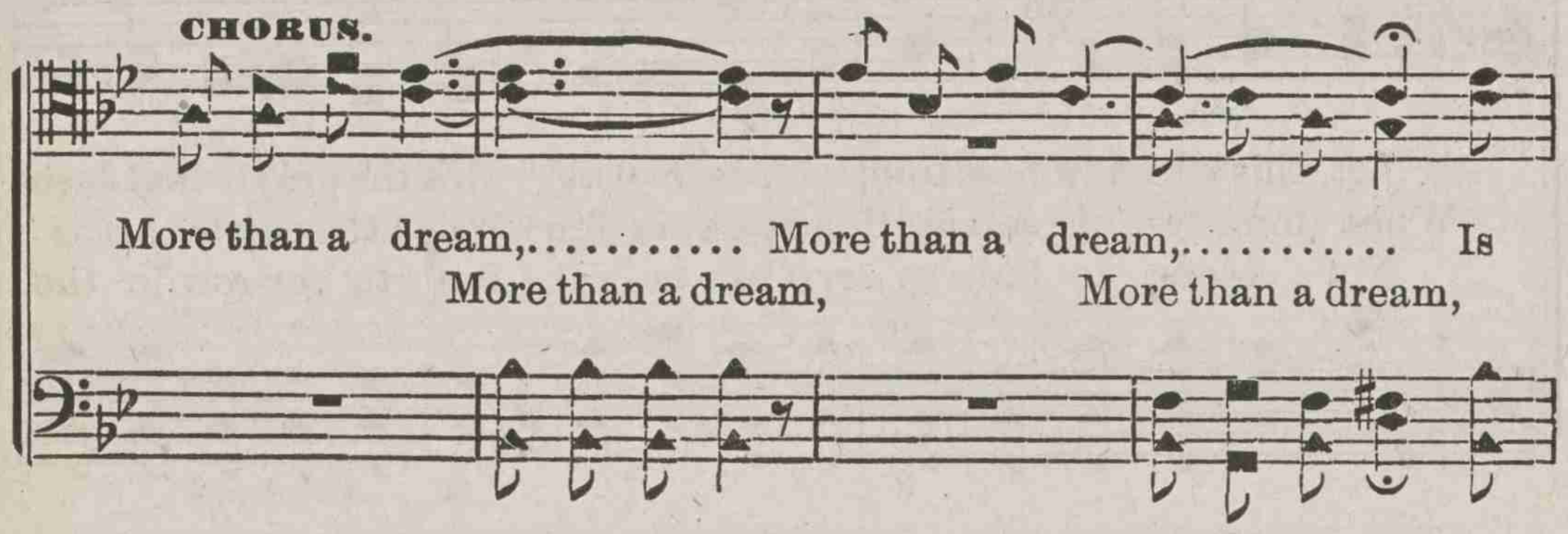
fol-low them on to the goal. A-far in the path of en-
which lies an in-fi-nite goal. I know not the glo-ry su-
grown from the seeds of to-day. Life's page we have blotted and
shines like a mys-tic-al star. The veil of the si-lence is

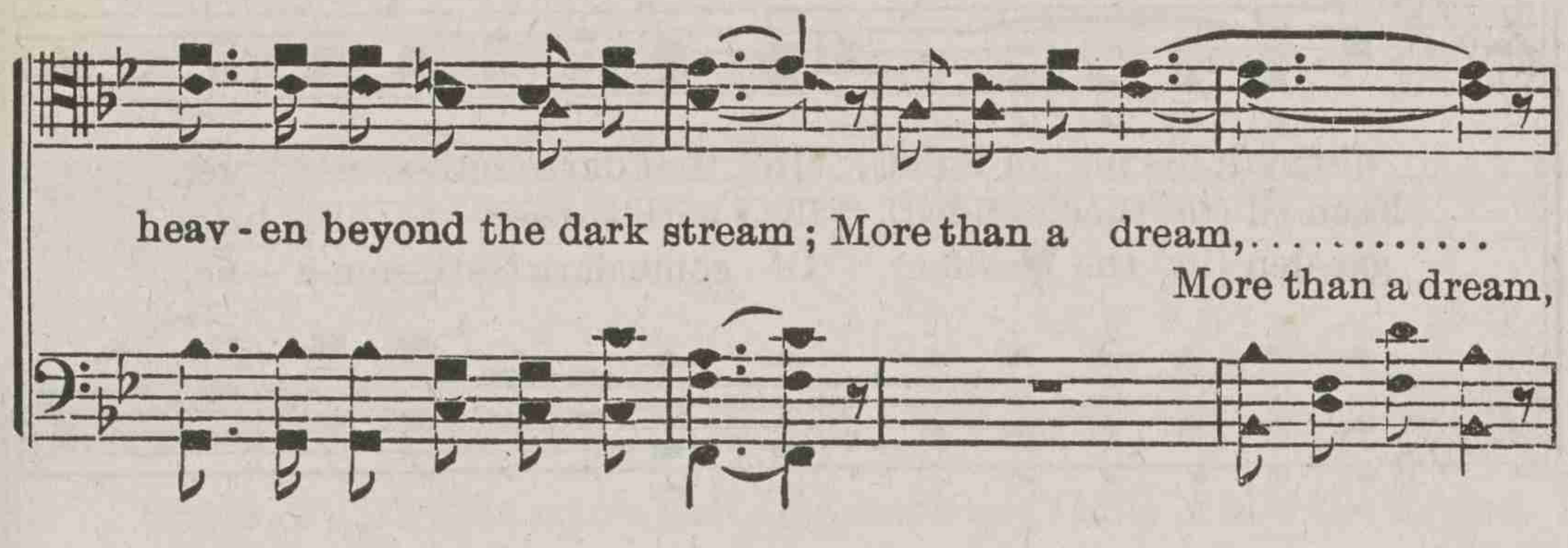
deav-or, The tem-ples of hap-pi-ness gleam, They stand as a
per-nal, Nor paths that the an-gels have trod, Yet something with-
checkered, No pow-er on earth can re-store, We write an in-
riv-en, The ban-ner of hope is un-furled, And love, thro' the

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

HEAVEN IS MORE THAN A DREAM. Concluded.









No. 83 WHEN THY CUP IS FILLED WITH SORROW.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. "If it be Thy will, O Fa - ther (will, O Fa - ther),
2. When thy heart is al - most breaking (al - most break-ing),
3. Ev - 'ry soul must fol - low Je - sus (fol - low Je - sus),

Let this cup now pass from me (pass from me)," This the pray'r that Jesus
When thine eyes with tears are dim (tears are dim), When the cup to thee is
Not a-lone to Cal - va - ry (Cal - va - ry), But to sor-row in the

of-fered (Je - sus of-fered), In that dark Geth-sem-a - ne,
hand-ed (to thee handed), Filled with sor-row to the brim,
gar-den (in the gar-den) Of some dark Geth-sem-a - ne,

"Yet Thy will, not mine, O Fa-ther (mine, O Fa-ther), Let Thy will
Do not turn and cast it from thee (cast it from thee), Do not from
But if we, like Him, are faithful (Him, are faith-ful), If on earth

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WHEN THY CUP IS FILLED. Concluded.

be done in me(done in me)," And that aw - ful cup of
thy du - ty run (du - ty run), Strive to em - u - late the
His cup we share(cup we share), In our Sav-iour's home in

sorrow(cup of sor-row), Jesus emptied there for me(there for me).
Saviour(blessed Saviour), Pray as He, "Thy will be done(will be done)."
glo-ry(home in glo - ry), We a crown of life shall wear(crown shall wear).

CHORUS.

When thy cup is filled with sor - row(filled with sor - row),

Think of dark Geth-sem-a-ne(Geth-sem-a-ne), Think of how the blessed

Saviour(blessed Saviour), Drank His bitter cup for me (all for me).

No. 84 LOVE'S CALL.

EMMA VANDEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

Duet.

1. O it may be some sad heart is long - ing For the comfort and
2. Each one of us owes to his neigh - bor, All the love and the
3. If a cup of cold wa - ter is giv - en, Or a crust in His
4. It may be a blighting temp-ta - tion Hangs o - ver the
5. Op-por-tu - ni - ties, thick-ly are ly - ing, Be - strew-ing your

joy you may bring, Some life in which ills may come thronging,
help in His pow'r, What is life but the sea - son of la - bor?
dear name to - day, Some soul struggling upward to heav - en
life of some friend, You can bet-ter his dark sit - u - a - tion
path as you move, O ma - ny are suf - fer-ing, dy - ing,

Some soul pierced with sorrow's sharp sting, O it may be a
To scat-ter sweet words hour by hour, Then, say, then O
May on-ward be helped in his way, If in-stead of
If you kind, loving thoughts to Him send, Wait not till the
Un-bless-ed by a sweet word of love, Then gath-er your

sweet word of cheer - ing May change all their darkness to light,
say, then, my broth - er, Wait not for the darkness to wing,
the aid you'd re-strained, He might have lost courage and cheer,
day has grown old - er, But do what you're thinking to do,
forc - es a-round you, What's been giv'n to you, freely give,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

LOVE'S CALL. Concluded.



While a cold word of scorn or of jeer - ing May plung them in
To com-fort with kindness some oth - er, But has - ten the
And the progress your kind act has gained him, Been changed to a
To - mor-row his heart may be cold - er, To - mor-row may
Cast off the re-serve that has bound you, And learn that to



CHORUS.



blackness of night. Hear ye, will you hear love's sweet call?
love-light to bring.
downward ca - reer.
ne'er dawn for you.
love is to live. Hear, O hear,





Hear ye, 'tis a message to all, Love's call, will you
Hear, O hear,



hear it I pray, O hear ye love's sweet call to - day.

No. 85 Have I Ever Won A Soul?

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

1. Oh, the bur-den of my soul is press-ing down-ward heav - y,
2. Lord, I've tried to live for Thee, I love to work for Je - sus,
3. Oh, how sad will be the days, If we've no sheaves for Je - sus,

Je - sus help me an-swer, help me Lord to-day; What shall be the
May I hear the wel-come, en-ter in, "well done?" Oh; the bliss be -
Af - ter all the bless-ings show'rd from heav'n a - bove; I will lead some

rec-ord, what shall be the an-swer, Must I say to Je - sus, nay.
yond, a-waits the faith-ful chil-dren, When their earth-ly race is run.
wan - d'rer to the feet of Je-sus, I will tell of Je - sus' love.

CHORUS:

Have I ev - er won a soul for Christ? Have I ev - er won a
soul for Cheist,

soul for Christ? All a-long my pil-grim way, Je - sus
soul for Christ,

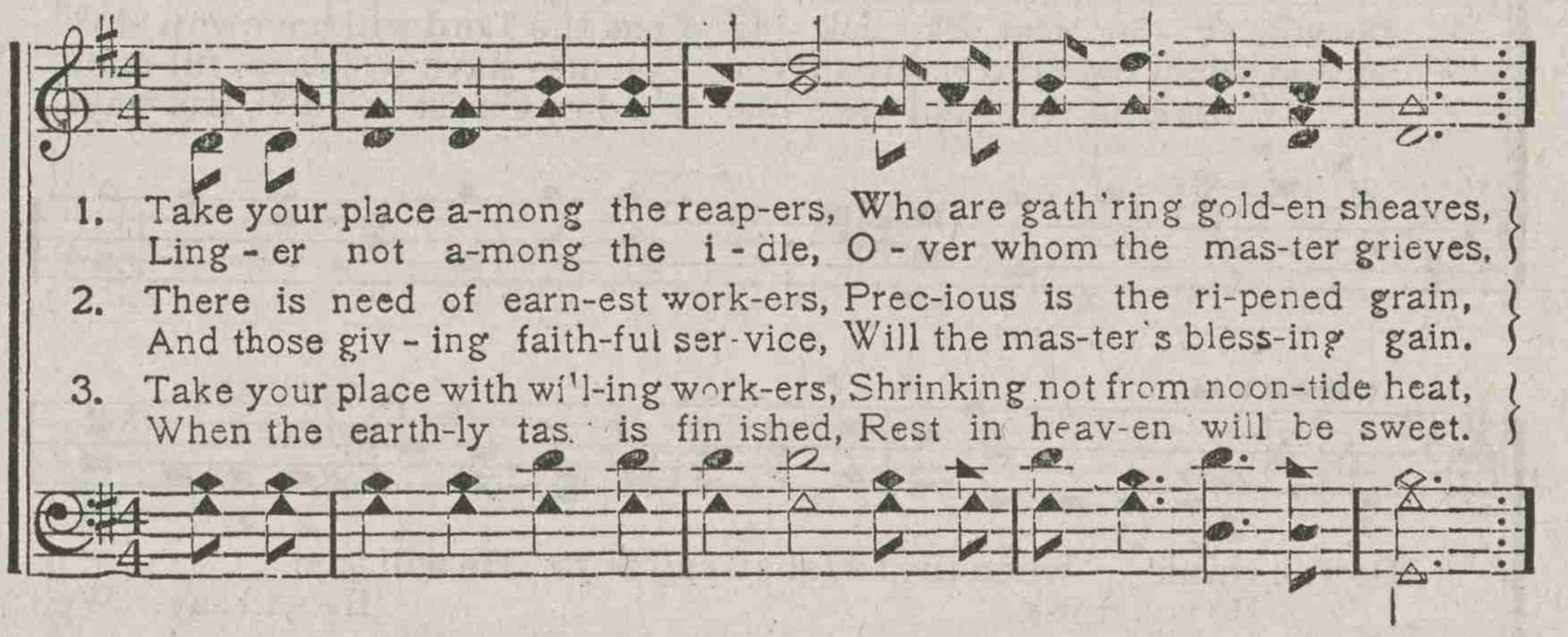
J B. Vaughan, owner.

Have I Ever Won A Soul? Concluded.



No. 86 Take Your Place.

JENNIE WILSON. J. B. VAUGHAN.



CHORUS:



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 87 SHALL HE SAY "WELL DONE?"

C. P. G.

C. P. GARDNER AND J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Are you liv-ing, now, my broth-er, With the fut - ure life in view?
2. Do you dai - ly read your Bi - ble, Dai - ly to your pray'rs at - tend?
3. Is there now no con-dem - na - tion For the sins of oth - er days?

Do you ev - er feel like ask - ing What the Lord will have you do?
So that when the Lord might call you, You may have a peace - ful end.
Be a Chris-tian true and no - ble, Fol-low Christ in all His ways.

CHORUS.

Do you think when the Lord shall call for you He will say:
Do you think He will say: "Well

done, faithful one, En - ter in - to the joys so true; The fight you have fought, good

service to me wrought, Well done, faithful one, Enter in, for your work is done."

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 88 WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

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

1. Tell me, brother, worn and wea - ry, Traveling o'er this pathway dim,
2. Do you try to tell the sto - ry Of the Saviour's precious love,
3. Are you seek - ing out the lost ones, Whom the Saviour died to win?
4. Have you made a con - se - cra - tion Of your time and earthly store?

Are you shed-ding light a-round you, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him?
Are you hun - ger - ing and thirsting Ev - er-more your love to prove?
Are you show - ing them the foun-tain, That can wash a-way all sin?
If your all is on the al - tar Then the Mas-ter asks no more.

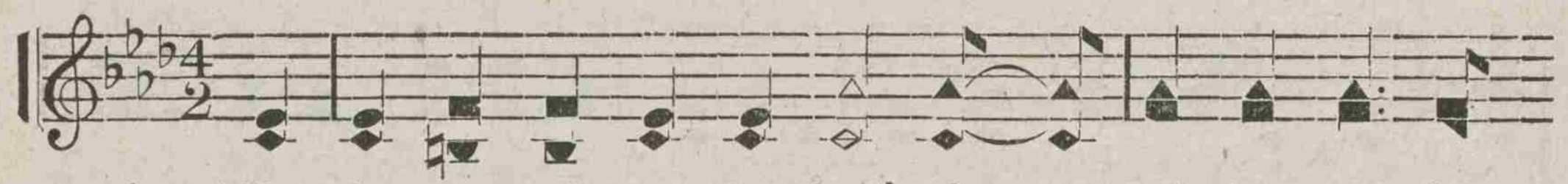
CHORUS.

Are you wit - - ness-ing for Je - sus, Are you wit -
Wit-ness-ing for Je - sus, witnessing for Him, Witnessing for
- ness-ing for Him, Are you shed - - ding light a -
Je - sus, witnessing for Him, Shedding light around you,
round you, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him?
shedding light around, Witnessing for Je - sus, witnessing for Him?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 89 No Telephone in Heaven.

Duet. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. "Now I can wait on ba - by," the smil - ing mer-chant
2. "Tell her 'at I'se so lone-some 'at I don't know what to
3. "All froo de day I wants her, for my dol - ly's dot so



said, As he stooped and soft - ly toyed with the
do, And pa - pa cries so much I dess he
tored, Fum de aw - ful punce-ing bud - dy dive it



gol - den curl - y head, "I wan't 'oo tall up ma - ma,"
must be lone-some too; Tell her to tum to ba - by,
wif his 'it - tle sword; An' ain't no one to fix it

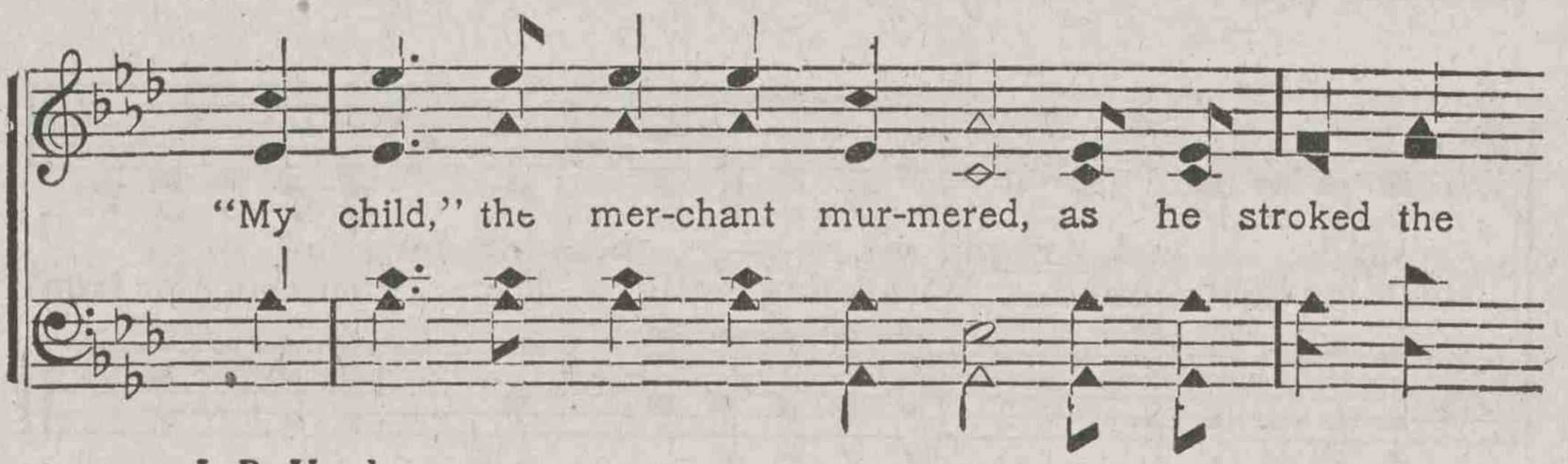


came the an-swer full and free, "Wif' yo tel - e -
'tause at night I dit so fraid, Wif no one
since ma - ma went a - way, An' poor it - tle



phone and 'ast her when she's com - in back to me.
there to tiss me, when de light be - gins to fade.
lone-some dol - ly's dit - tin thin - ner ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS:

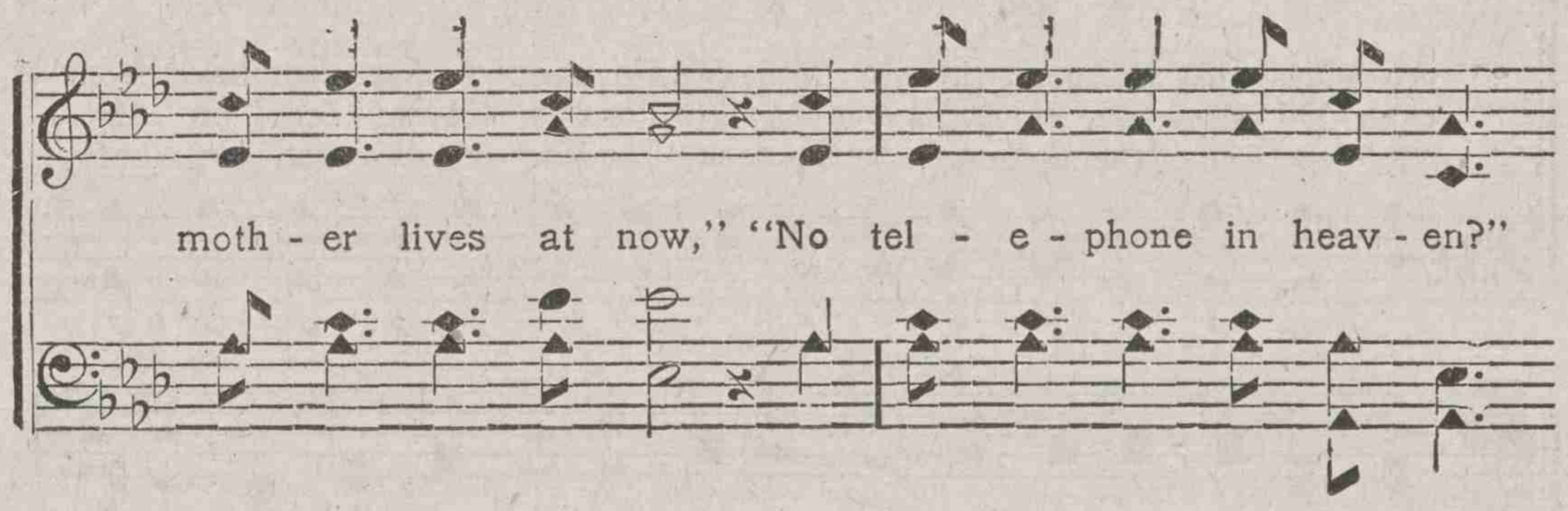


"My child," the mer-chant mur-mered, as he stroked the

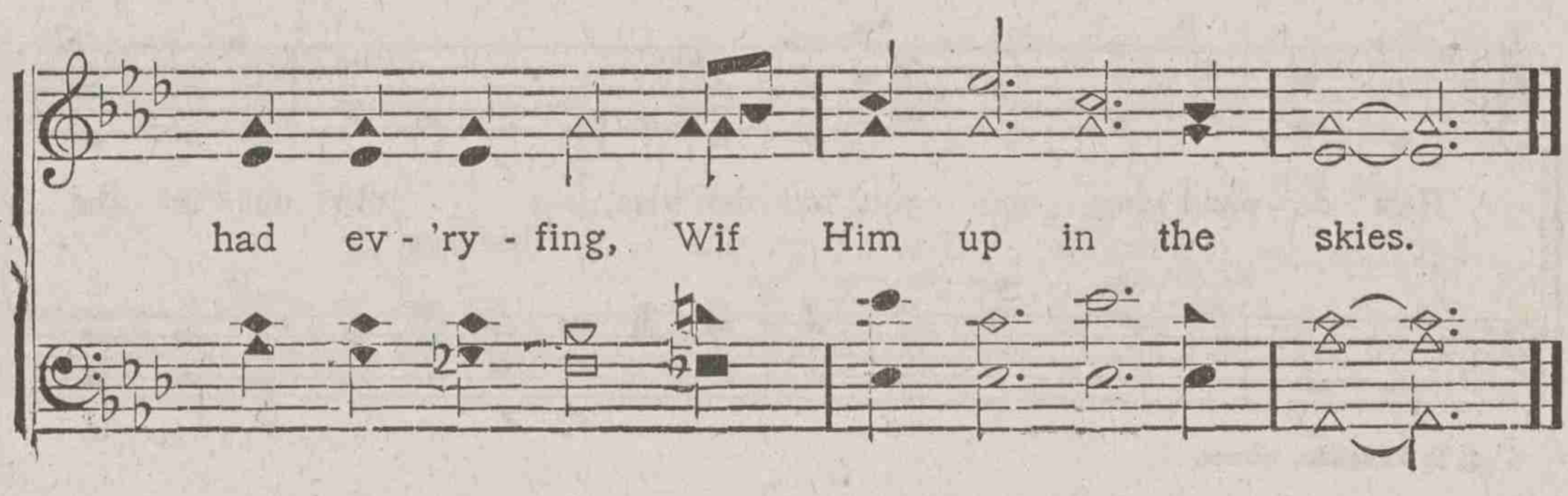
J. B. Vaughan. owner.

No Telephone In Heaven. Concluded.









No. 90 HE IS DEPENDING ON YOU.

MRS. JULIA R. WILLIAMS. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus de-pends on you who know your sin's for-giv'n To gath - er oth - er
2. Je - sus de-pends on you to shine where'er you go, To be each day a
3. Je - sus de-pends on you to go this ver - y hour, Hearts all a-flame to

pre - cious souls and point the way to heav'n, He pur - i - fies your heart from
chan - nel sweet thro' which His love may flow, For this He suf - fered on the
res - cue souls from Sat - an's cruel pow-er, The Mac - e - do - nian cry of

sin, that you may joy - ful go And tell to all His blood doth cleanse, e'en
cross in ag - o - ny and shame, He gave His life that we might live, and
old is ring - ing out a - new, Can He de-pend on you, my friend? He's

CHORUS.

whit-er than the snow. O He's de-pend-ing on you to be wise,
glo - ri - fy His name.
trust-ing all to you. to be true,

He's de - pend - ing on you to be wise, Go out in the
to be true,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

HE IS DEPENDING ON YOU. Concluded.

by-way, the hedges and the high ways, For He is depending on you.

No. 91 MERCY FLOWS FOR YOU AND ME.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. From the loving heart of God mer-cy flows, By His all - a - ton - ing
2. For the weakest of us all mer-cy flows, For the ones that err and
3. From the courts of heav'n a-bove mer-cy flows, In the kindness of His

blood mer-cy flows, By the death of heaven's son, Thro' the pure and per-fect
fall mer-cy flows, If we will our sins confess, Then our waiting souls to
love mer-cy flows, Blessed thought will never cease Till we en - ter gates of

D.S. *Through a blest e - ter - ni - ty mer - cy flows for you and*

CHORUS.

Fine.

One mer - cy flows for you and me.
bless, mer - cy flows for you and me. Mer-cy flows from the foun -
peace, mer - cy flows for you and me.

me mer - cy flows, for you and me.

D. S.

tain so free, mer - cy flows..... for you and me.
so free, mer-cy flows for you and me, you and me.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 92 RESTING IN HIS PROMISES.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I'm rest-ing in His prom-is-es to-day, My bur-den He has
2. When cares of life too heav-y for me grow, He'll give to me a
3. I'm rest-ing in His prom-is-es to-day, His prom-is-es my

tak-en all a-way. He'll give me daily bread, His children will be fed,
helping hand, I know, I'm trusting in His Word, I'm look-ing to the Lord,
wea-ry feet will stay, I'm washed in Jesus' blood, A precious healing flood,

CHORUS.

I'm rest-ing in the prom-is-es of God. I am resting, ...
I am resting, sweetly resting,
sweet-ly rest-ing. . . . . I'm rest-ing in the prom-is-
I am rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing.
es of God. They help in word and song, They cheer me all day long.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 93 THE LIGHTS ALONG THE WAY.

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

1. Tho' dark and drear - y be the night, And tempest-tost by day,
2. How oft our wea - ry feet may tread In paths that lead a - stray,
3. Dear Sav-iour help me walk with Thee, Thy blessed will o - bey,

But still there is a bless - ed light, A light a - long the way.
The graves may hide our loved and lost, There's light a-long the way.
O help me, Lord, that I may see The lights a - long the way.

CHORUS.

The lights a - long the way,..... The lights a - long the
the way,
way,..... O bless - ed light, that shines so bright, And
the way,
scat - ters night a - way.... night a - way.....

J. B. Vaughan, owner

No. 94 WILL YOU?

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I'll trust in His mer - cy, I'll en - ter His door, Will you? ...
2. I'll trust in the shep-herd, I'll en - ter His fold,
3. I'll seek His for - give-ness His shel - ter and love, Will you?

will you?..... I'll trust His com-pas-sion and won-der no more;
My feet are so wea - ry I'm faint-ing and cold;
will you? I'll trust Him this mo-ment His blessings I'll prove;

I'll trust Him (my Sav-iour), O sin - ner,.... will you?....
I'll en - ter (and trust Him), O sin - ner,.... will you?....
I'll trust Him (my Sav-iour), O sin - ner,.... will you?....

CHORUS.

I'll go to the Sav-iour, He lead-eth the way, I'll go to the

Sav-iour, He seeks when I stray; I'll trust Him this mo-ment, He's

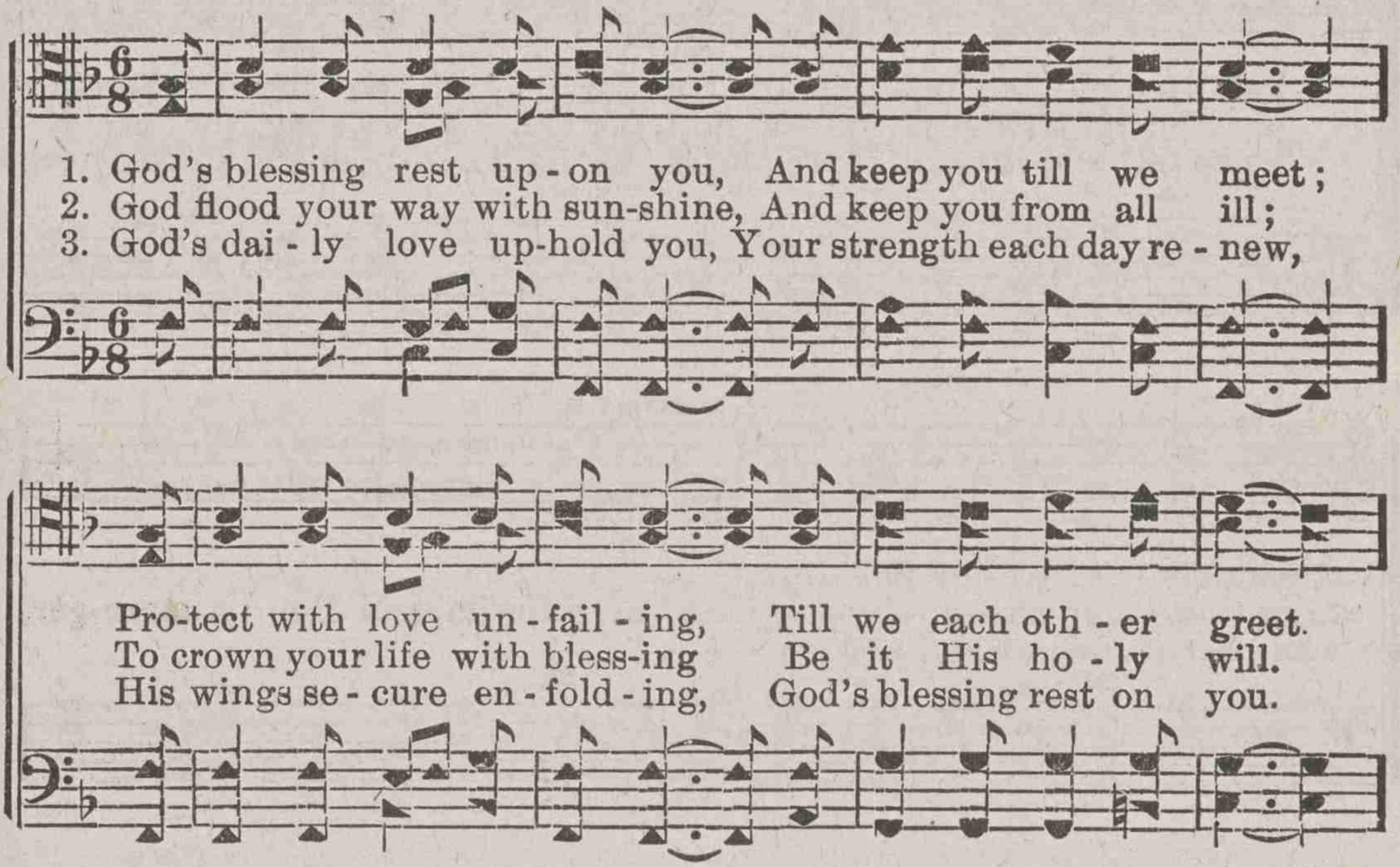
J. B. Vaughan, owner.

WILL YOU? Concluded.



No. 95 GOD'S BLESSING REST ON YOU.

ADA POWELL. Male Quartet. J. B. VAUGHAN.





No. 96 I'M A PILGRIM.

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

1. I'm a pil-grim,and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour-ney, My Re-deemer, my Redeemer
3. There the sunbeams are ever shining, Oh,my longing heart, my longing

but a night,Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
is the light,There is no sor-row, nor an-y cry-ing,Nor an-y
heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and drear-y, I long have

CHORUS.

streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.
tears there, nor an-y dy-ing. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger,
wan-dered for-lorn and wea-ry.

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night, I'm a pil-grim and

I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 97 OUR GOD IS LOVE.

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. In the morn of life, ere the stress and strife Wins our thoughts from the
2. By the riv - er's brink, as we stoop to drink, When the night of our
3. Sure and safe at last all the dan-gers past, With our feet on the

things a - bove, Then we humbly pray, trusting day by day, In the
life draws near, With our fee - ble breath, we will say in death, O the
gold - en shore, We will sing the love of the God a - bove, In the

CHORUS.

God whom we know is love.
love of our God is dear. In the noon's high tide, by the
home-land for ev - er-more.

Sav - iour's side, May we la - bor our faith to prove; May we

teach with pow'r ev'ry day and hour To the world that our God is love.

No. 98 GO HOME.

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

1. Go home, do not de - lay, And tell the sto - ry sweet;
2. Go home with hap - py heart, Go quick - ly, let them hear;
3. The great Phy - si - cian's here, Just look and be made whole;

Go, tell to us you know, And all that you may meet.
Go, let your loved ones know The Sav - iour He is here.
Trust Him and do not fear, He'll save your sin - sick soul.

CHORUS.

Go home, go home and tell The bless-ings you've re -
go home and tell

ceived, Go, quick-ly go, and let the oth - ers know, Go home, go

home and tell, Go, quick - ly go, and let the oth - ers know.
go home and tell,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 99 JESUS IS PASSING.

EMMA VAN DEUSEN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Hear, hear the great tid-ings: "No more of dark night," Glad time of re -
2. Not al-ways the peo - ple Who cry - eth, "Lord, Lord," But he who sin -
3. For you is the mess-age; The joy is for you; For you is the

joic - ing, All earth will be bright, Thine house set in or - der, Make read -
cere - ly Doeth His blessed Word Will wel-come the Mas - ter With soul -
bless-ing, To Christ be thou true, Be thou in thy plead-ing Glad ear -

y, I pray, For Je - sus, the Mas - ter, Is pass - ing to - day.
burst - ing cry, "Stay, stay with me, Je - sus, Oh! nev - er pass by."
nest, sin - cere, Thine own bless-ed Je - sus Wilt bide with thee here.

CHORUS.

Pass-ing this way, passing this way, Je-sus is pass-ing this way, Pass-ing this
Pass-ing to - day, passing to-day, Je-sus is pass-ing to - day, Pass-ing to -

1 2

way, passing this way, Je-sus is passing this way;
day, passing to - day, Je-sus is pass-ing to - day.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 100 JUST A LITTLE WORD OF LOVE.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

Male Quartet.

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

1. To the err - ing gen - tly whisper, Just a lit - tle word of love; Min - gle
2. Mur - mur to the ones who sor-row, Just a lit - tle word of love; Wait not
3. Ma - ny hearts are sad - ly pin-ing For a lit - tle word of love; Will you

with the tranquil vesper, Just a lit - tle word of love. All the way will brighter
for some bright to-morrow, Speak a lit-tle word of love. What will charm each care a-
mal - ice all re-sign-ing, Speak a lit-tle word of love? Happy from the ear-ly

grow, As the mo-ments come and go, If in kind - ness you be-stow Just a
way, Turning dark-ness in - to day? List! the an-gels answ'ring, say: "Just a
dawn Till the day-light all is gone, Ev - er marching brave-ly on, Speak a

CHORUS.

lit-tle word of love." There are lives that you can brighten With a lit - tle word of
There are lives that you can brighten With a little word of

love; Tell the way-ward ones of Je - sus, Speak a lit - tle word of love.

No. 101 ALL SUFFICIENT.

THOS. SUMMERVILLE. Chorus by J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's not a trail of sor-row But Je-sus with me stands; He has the pow'r of heal-ing, How ea - sy His commands. His love is like the
2. No foe can e'er withstand Him, Sweet freedom He bestows; Triumphant- ly I con-quer O'er His and all my foes. His pow'r and grace and
3. That all I need He'll give me, Yes, richly He'll bestow, That all a - long my jour-ney The liv - ing wa - ters flow; And stooping down I

sunshine That glows o'er all my way, It makes my pathway joy - ous And
glo - ry All ra-diant-ly they shine, And walking close be-side Him, He
drink them And life a-bun-dant get, Such fullness and such blessing He

CHORUS.

bright each passing day.
tells me He is mine. His love is all - suf - fi - cient, Oh, bless - ed
nev - er failed me yet.

be His name, His love is all-suf - fi-cient, He's al-ways just the same.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 102 DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?

Male Quartet.

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

1. There's a grand ce - les-tial coun-try, Full of joys di - vine - ly fair,
2. In that land of matchless beauty Gleams a star of heavenly birth,
3. Do not wait nor lon - ger tar - ry, Join the on - ward marching band,

Where our Saviour's gracious presence Spreads sweet peace o'er all things there.
And it shines a-long the path-way Of the wea - ry ones of earth.
Ma - ny great and rich pos-ses-sions Wait for you in Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

Don't you want to go? Oh, don't you want to go? Don't you want to

go to heav - en, In that home so bright and fair? Oh, meet me

there; Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 103 FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost! Canst thou be-lieve? Gift of the Com-fort - er
2. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost! Thou art the Lord's, Shar-ing the joys of Christ,
3. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost! Je - sus a - bide; Sav-iour and Com-fort - er,
4. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost! Hum-bly, O soul, Till that the knowledge sweet,

Thou shalt re-ceive. Filled with the Ho-ly Ghost! All things are thine; Riches un-
Sufferings, re-wards. Filled with the Ho-ly Ghost! O shin - ing way That groweth
What-e'er be-tides. Filled with the Ho-ly Ghost! Sent from a - bove, Prom-ise of
Christ makes thee whole. Filled with the Ho-ly Ghost! Oth-ers to win Out of the

CHORUS.

search-a - ble, Glo-ries di-vine.
bright-er till Comes per-fect day. Filled with the Holy Ghost! In gold-en beams
God ful - filled, Gift of His love.
ter - ri - ble Darkness of sin.

A tempo.

The glo - ry from a-bove Re - ful-gent streams. Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost!

O joy di - vine! Filled with the Ho - ly Ghost! To serve and shine.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 104 IN HIS GLORY WE SHALL SHARE.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When the glowing sun hath vanished and the stars in beau-ty shine, Faith can look with joy beyond them to the home of love di-vine; For we know our
2. We are now joint heirs, He says it in the Bi-ble clear and plain, And the rich-es of the Fa-ther thro' His name we free-ly gain; O the mind can-
3. Pov-er-ty may sore op-press us in this change-ful world be-low, But a-bundant wealth is wait-ing in the world to which we go; Gold-en crowns and

dear Re-deem-er said He would up there prepare An a-bode where all His
not conceive it, wealth and bliss beyond compare, For with all the pure and
spot-less rai-ment, shining harps of beauty rare, O how full, how sweet the

D. S.—Ev-er-more we'll dwell with foll'wers should at last His glory share. Beautiful with God to be,
hap-py in His glo-ry we shall share.
prom-ise, in His glo-ry we shall share.

Fine. CHORUS.

Beautiful with Je-sus in the pal-ace o-ver there.

Beau-ti-ful with God to be, with all the pure and hap-py in His God to be,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

IN HIS GLORY WE SHALL SHARE.



No. 105 WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 106 JUST FOR TO-DAY.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Lord, let me live in Thy wonder-ful light, Help me to gar - ner Thy
2. Let me be loy - al to all that is best, Liv - ing for right, and not
3. Put a good thought in my heart—let it grow Till I am will - ing to

bless - ings so bright; Shad-ows of doubt and of fears send a - way,
sigh - ing for rest Heed-ing in no wise what oth - ers may say,
soothe some one's woe, Make me un - self - ish and kind, Lord, I pray,

CHORUS.

Give me the sun-shine, then, just for to - day.
Make me true-heart-ed, then, just for to - day. Just for to - day, Lord,
Let me be use - ful, then, just for to - day.

make me, I pray, Read-y to an - swer if Jesus should call, Just for to -

day, Lord, make me, I pray, Read - y to an-swer if Je - sus should call.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 107 HOW DEAR TO ME.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. How dear is the thought of my Sav - iour! I want to be lov - ing and true,
2. How dear is the thought of my Sav - iour! When trou-bles their shadows un - roll,
3. How dear is the thought of my Sav - iour! I lay down my fears at His feet,

To praise Him for all of His mer - cy,
I flee to His side for my ref - uge,
And strong in His love I press on - ward

CHORUS.

Do all He would have me to do.
There's shelter and peace for my soul. How dear is the thought of my
To heav - en, where joys are com - plete.

Sav - iour! My per-fect a - tone-ment is He; I flee to His side for my ref - uge, How dear is the Sav-iour to me.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 108 EVENING MEDITATION.

This may be sung to "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

EULALIA. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. While the day is soft - ly dy - ing, While all nature sinks to rest,
2. While the evening shades are dark'ning, Scenes of earth are growing still,
3. While the eve of life is draw -ing Gent - ly, soft - ly, to an end,
4. When at last all night is end - ed, Moon and stars no more in sight,

Let us raise our voice in praising God, the ho - ly One, the blest.
Let us praise the great Cre -a - tor, Let us do His ho - ly will.
Be Thou near me, Lord and Mas-ter, Thou art might-y to de - fend.
Christ will come in glo - ry shin- ing, There will be no more of night.

CHORUS.

Sing and praise..... the great Je -ho - vah, Praise His
Sing and praise the great Je - ho-vah, great Je-ho-vah,

bless - ed name most high, Sing and praise..... our great Cre-
Sing and praise His bless -ed name, His blessed name, Sing and praise our great Cre-

a - tor, Dwelling now..... be-yond the sky.
a-tor, great Cre-a-tor, Dwelling now be-yond the sky, beyond the sky.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 109 THERE IS NEVER A DAY SO DREARY.

MRS. L. M. ALEXANDER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it bright,
2. There is nev - er a path so hid - den, But God can lead the way,
3. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y But nail-scarr'd hands are there
4. There is nev - er a heart so bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal,

And un - to the soul that trusts Him, He giv-eth them songs in the night.
If we seek for the Spirit's guid-ance, And pa-tient -ly wait and pray.
Out-stretch'd in His love and mer -cy, The bur-den to help us bear.
For the heart that was pierced on Cal -va -ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.

CHORUS.

There is nev - er a sin or sor - row, ... There is
There is nev - er a sor - row,

nev - er a care or loss, But that we may bring to
care or loss,

Je - sus, ... And leave at the foot of the cross.
our Sav-iour,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 110 SHINING SHORE.

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

1. I am long - ing to go home, on yon - der shin - ing shore,
2. No more sor - row,, no more tears, on yon - der shin - ing shore,
3. Bless - ed hope of home up yon - der, on the shin - ing shore,

In sweet fields of E- den roam, on yon- der shining shore, I will meet with
No more doubt-ing, no more tears, on yon- der shining shore, No more wea-ry
Nev - er more in sin to wan- der on the shining shore, 'Tis a land of

friends long gone, on yon - der shining shore, Meet to part, no, nev - er more on
journeys there, on yon - der shining shore, Streets of gold and man-sions fair on
bliss su-per - nal on the shining shore, With my Sav-iour rest e - ter - nal

CHORUS.

yon -der shining shore.
yon -der shining shore.
on the shining shore.
} Shining shore, shining shore, yonder shin-ing shore,

Meet up there to part no more, on yon - der shin - ing shore.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 111 HE CARES FOR ME.

Miss Eulalia Mewbourn. J. B. Vaughan.

Duet.

1. It mat-ters lit-tle where I be, What-e'er I find to do,
2. If on the land or on the sea, Where-e'er my lot be cast,
3. He's guid-ing me I know each day, I dare not go a-lone,

My Sav-iour keeps and cares for me, I count this bless-ing sure,
I know my Sav-iour cares for me, His prom-is-es will last,
I'm trust-ing Him, to Him I pray, I feel I'm near-ing home,

I count this bless-ing sure,
His prom-is-es will last,
I feel I'm near-ing home,

My Sav-iour keeps and cares for me, I count this bless-ing sure,
I know my Sav-iour cares for me, His prom-is-es will last,
I'm trust-ing Him, to Him I pray, I feel I'm near-ing home.

I count this bless-ing sure,
His prom-is-es will last,
I feel I'm near-ing home,

Chorus.

He cares for me, My Sav-iour cares for me, He cares for
He cares for me, He cares for me,
He cares for me, He

me, Where-ev-er I may be, He cares for me, I
cares for me,
He cares for me, He cares for me,

know He cares for me, On land, on sea, My Saviour cares for me.
He cares for me on land, on sea,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 112 MY JESUS, MY ALL.

EULALI MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, how I love to sing and praise my heav'n-ly King,
2. He found me lost in sin, He came and took me in,
3. Since Je - sus came to me, my heart is light and free,

How sweet it is to know, as on-ward here I go,
I'm hap-py on the way, I'm trust-ing day by day,
I'm singing close to Thee, and this my song shall be,

He's washed my garments white, I'm dwelling in the light,
He dwells with-in my soul I'm safe wiih - in the fold,
Oh, con - se-crate my time, let it be on ly Thine,

I'm hap - py in my Sav - iour day and night.
With Him I'll dwell while a - ges sweet - ly roll.
I'll love and praise Thee through e - ter - ni - ty.

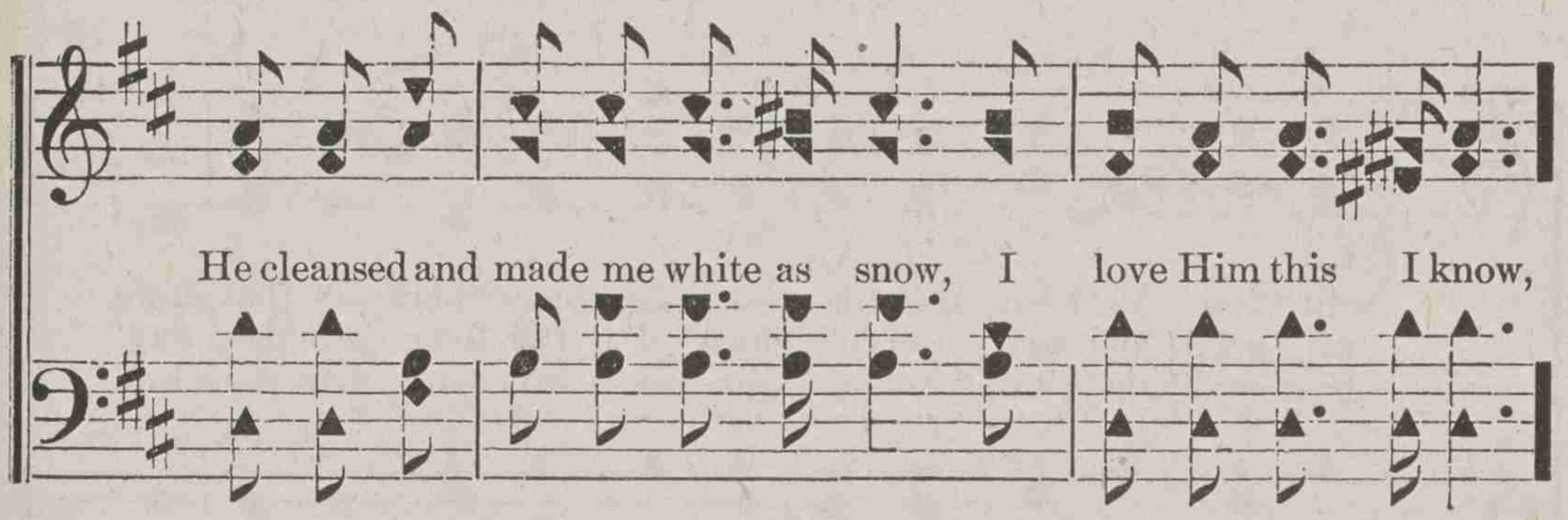
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MY JESUS, MY ALL. Concluded

CHORUS.









No. 113 HOME, BLESSED HOME.

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

1. There's a home up there, there's a land some-where, And its glo-ries I'm long - ing to share, Oh, my soul, wea - ry soul, that is wait - ing to know, What is heav - en, some-where on that shore.
2. There's a home so bright, 'tis a land of light, Bless -ed thoughts fill my soul with de - light; I will wait, I will pray, on my pil - grim - age way, Till the dawn of the long promised day.
3. Oh, the land of song, oh, the heav'n-ly throng, I shall be o - ver there, yes, ere long, Sing -ing home, home of rest, with the good and the blest, Not a sor - row my soul can mo - lest.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, sweet home, o - ver
Bless-ed home, sweet home,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

HOME, BLESSED HOME. Concluded.

on yon - der shore, How I long, how I
o -ver on o - ver on yon shore,

long to be there, Then I'll know, I shall
to be there, Then I'll know,

know what my Lord has in
I shall sure - ly know, what my Lord

store For His chil - dren at home o - ver there.
has in store

No. 114 THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Arr. J. F. Lesley.

1. In the Bi - ble we read you all know, Of a prod - i - gal
2. How bright were his hopes on that day, When the prod - i - gal
3. The eld - er broth - er drew near, The danc- ing and
4. Now if there is a wan - der - er here, Come now to your

saved here be - low, If you'll o - pen the book at the
son turned a - way, From home and from rest, from
mu - sic did hear, For his serv - ant he sent and
Fa - ther, draw near, He will free - ly for - give, and

gos - pel of Luke, The fif - teenth chap-ter will show
all that were blest, He ig - nored fa- ther's be - quest,
asked what it meant, They told him his broth- er had come,
take you to live, With Him you will nev - er more fear.

How they brought forth the robe and the ring, Made mer - ry, did
He van -ished the thought of his home, And wished but in
His fa - ther came out - side to him, And asked him, oh,
And the bells of heav - en will ring, Of the birth of a

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. Concluded.

shout and did sing, For the one that had gone from
free - dom to roam, Till friend- less he stood with - out
please do come in," He said "don't be sad— but be
child to a King, Your Fa - ther a - bove is

fa - ther and home, Was no long - er with stran-gers to roam.
cloth - ing or food, He said, "I'll a - rise and go home."
mer - ry and glad, For your on - ly dear broth-er's come home."
wait - ing in love, Oh, wan - der - ing sin - ner come home.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ry to God he's come home,..... Yes, glo - ry to
come home,

God he's come home; From sin and from crime, from

feed - ing with swine, Oh, glo - ry to God he's come home.

No. 115 ENTER WHILE YOU MAY.

"EULALIA." J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. If you hear the Sav-iour's voice Gent - ly call - ing to - day,
2. Long and pa - tient - ly He waits, Do not turn Him a - way,
3. He may call you nev - er more, Will you long - er de - lay?

Come, poor sin-ner, make your choice, Come and en - ter while you may.
Seek Him ere it be too late, Come and en - ter while you may.
Hear Him knocking at the door, Come and en - ter while you may.

CHORUS.

Come to - day, while you may, He is call-ing, He is
Come to-day, while you may

wait -ing, come to - day, Come to - day, while you
Hear Him calling, come to-day,

may, Je - sus calls you, He's wait-ing, come to - day.
while you may, come to - day.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 116 WE'LL MEET IN HEAVEN.

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

1. Join glad hands be - yond death's riv - er, Hap - py o - ver there,
2. Good - by friends till that bright morning, When we all get there,
3. O, how sweet will be that meet-ing, Meet-ing o - ver there,

hap - py o - ver there, Meet our friends to part, no nev - er,
when we all get there, Look out for the glo - rious dawning,
meet -ing o - ver there, Won't that be a glo - rious greet-ing,

Hap - py o - ver yon - der when we all get there.
Je - sus He is com - ing and we'll all be there.
Greet - ing o - ver yon - der when we all get there.

CHORUS.

Good-by friends we'll meet in heav-en, meet some day, meet some day, Good -by friends we'll

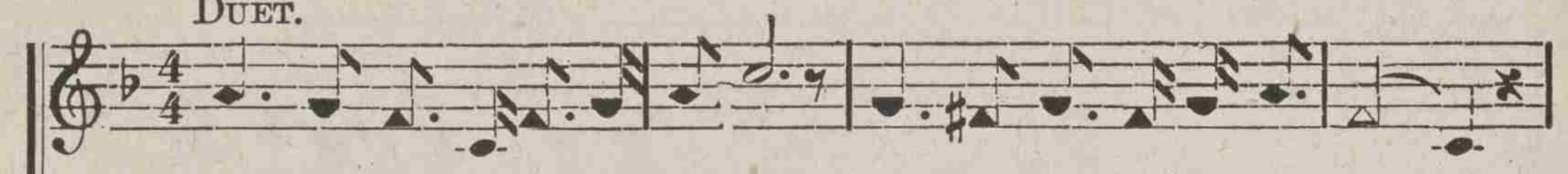
meet in heav-en, meet you o - ver yon-der, yes, we'll meet some day.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

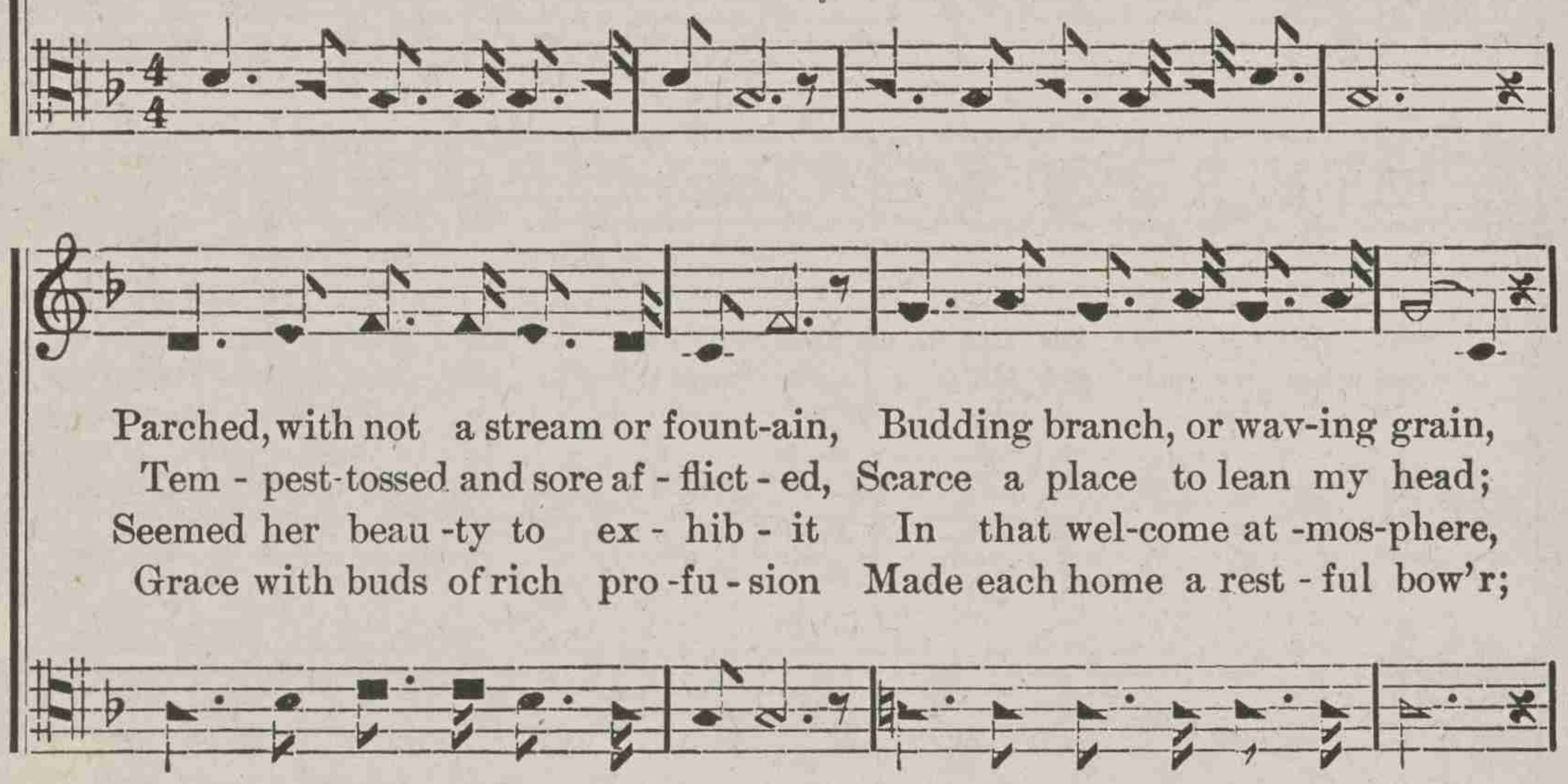
No. 117 HIS UNFAILING LOVE.

JENNIE MAST. J. B. VAUGHAN.

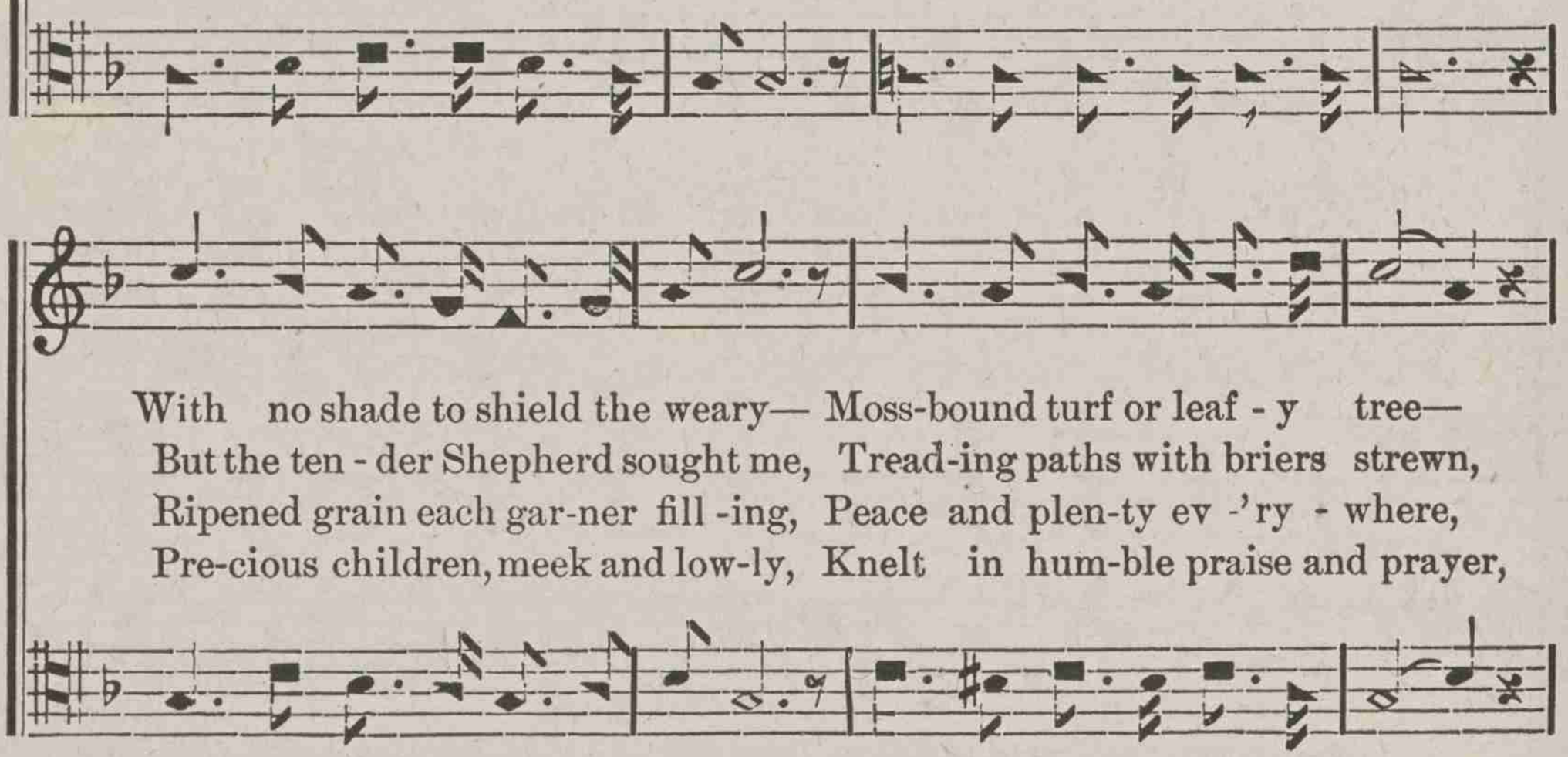
DUET.



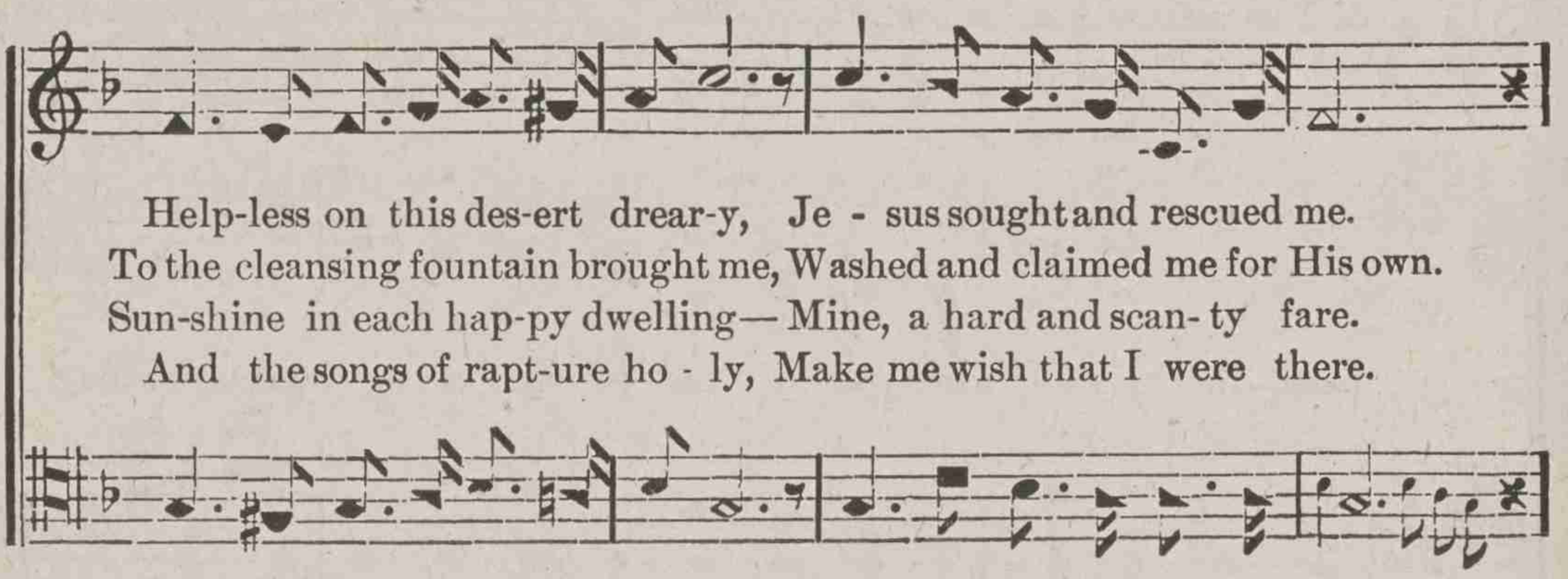
1. Long I wandered on the mountain And up - on the des-ert plain
2. I was lost and un -pro-tect -ed, Far from home and thinly clad,
3. Oft I watched the golden sunrise Flood with light a country fair,
4. When at eve the sun-set crim-son Fad - ed in the twilight hour,



Parched, with not a stream or fount-ain, Budding branch, or wav-ing grain,
Tem - pest-tossed and sore af - flict - ed, Scarce a place to lean my head;
Seemed her beau -ty to ex - hib - it In that wel-come at -mos-phere,
Grace with buds of rich pro -fu - sion Made each home a rest - ful bow'r;



With no shade to shield the weary— Moss-bound turf or leaf - y tree—
But the ten - der Shepherd sought me, Tread-ing paths with briers strewn,
Ripened grain each gar-ner fill -ing, Peace and plen-ty ev -'ry - where,
Pre-cious children, meek and low-ly, Knelt in hum-ble praise and prayer,



Help-less on this des-ert drear-y, Je - sus sought and rescued me.
To the cleansing fountain brought me, Washed and claimed me for His own.
Sun-shine in each hap-py dwelling— Mine, a hard and scan- ty fare.
And the songs of rapt-ure ho - ly, Make me wish that I were there.

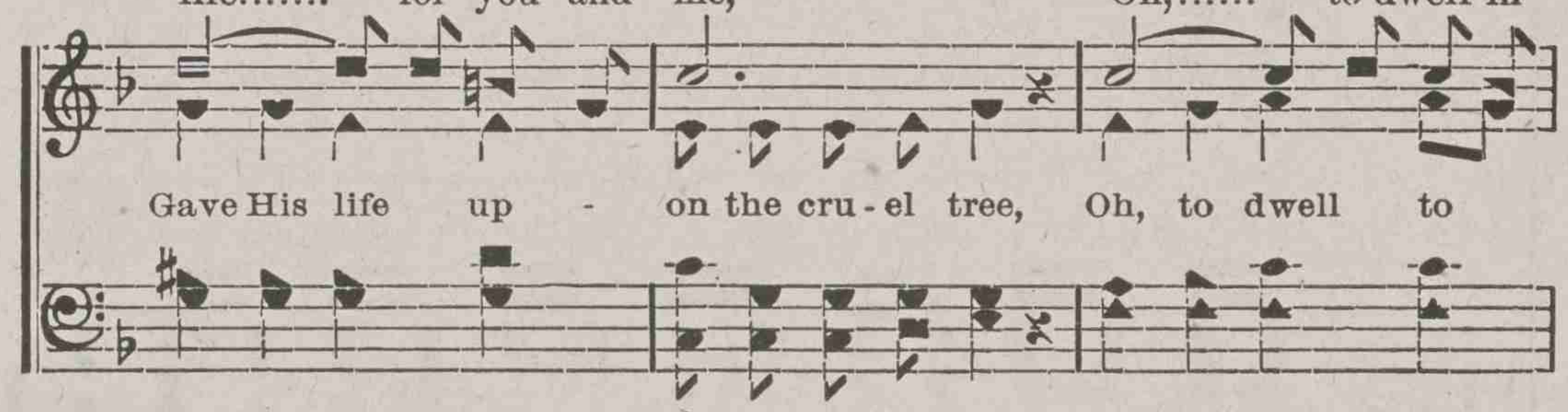
J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

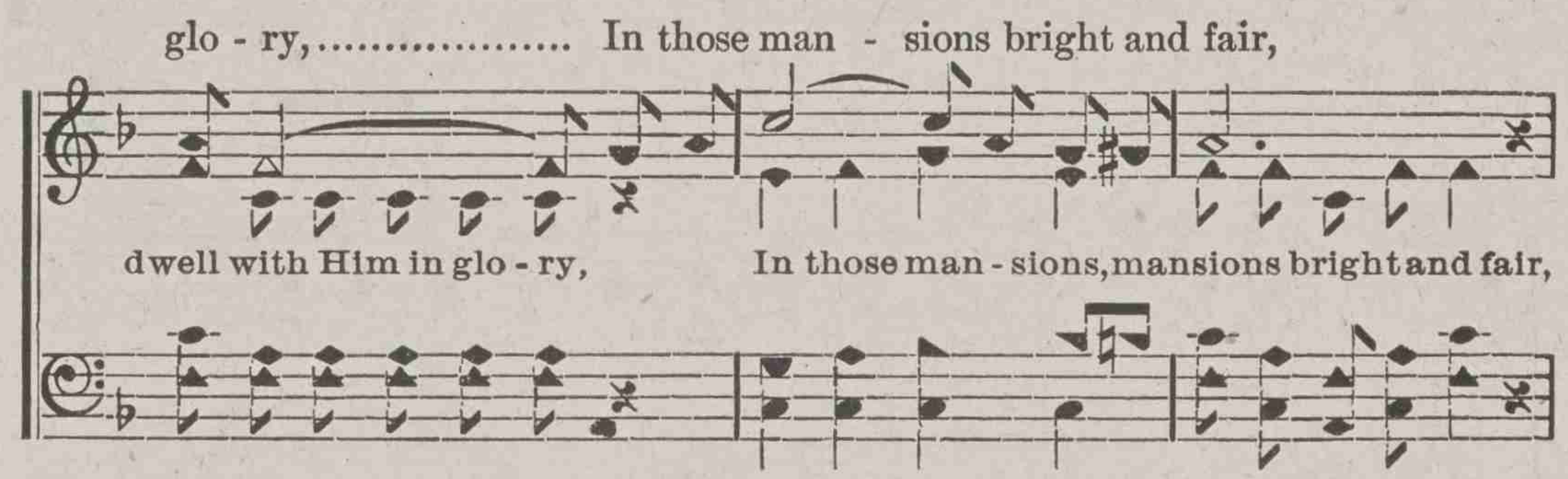
HIS UNFAILING LOVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.











No. 118 THE HEAVENLY TELEPHONE.

E. B. Van Deusen. J. B. Vaughan.

1. O let your name be ta-ken for a heav - en- ly tel - e - phone,
2. 'Tis a heav'nly cor-po- ra-tion with a paid up div - i - dend,
3. An up - to-date di-rec- to - ry with numbers plain and clear,
4. We all can be sub-scrib-ers, for our Lord the bill has paid—

You will have a bet - ter ser-vice than with a - ny you have known,
E - ter - ni - ty the lim- its, for our time will nev - er end,
Is giv - en to the list - ed ones, the sta-tion's al- ways near,
Re - ceipt - ed each cer - tif - i - cate that in our names were made.

You will al-ways get the man - a - ger and talk with him a-lone,
Our bless- ed head of - fi - cial is our Sav-iour, brother, friend,
And nev - er "cut-out" no - ti - ces a- gainst us need ap-pear,
The wires will ne'er be tan- gled, nor our mes- sage e'er de-layed,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

THE HEAVENLY TELEPHONE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

If to the rules you are faith - ful.
If to the rules we are faith - ful.
If to the rules we are faith - ful.
If to the rules we are faith - ful.

Hel - lo, hel - lo,

please hold the 'phone, I wish to speak to Je - sus and to

speak with Him a - lone, My business ve - ry ur- gent and to

cen-tral I am known, For to the rules I am faith - ful.

No. 119 SINGING AND TRUSTING.

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

1. 'Tis so sweet to sing of Je - sus, 'tis so sweet His love to know,
2. How I love to work for Je - sus and His serv-ant e - ver be,
3. I am trust-ing in my Sav - iour and He'll guide me safe - ly thro'

I can nev - er, nev - er wea - ry prais -ing Him where'er I go,
His re - wards are ev - er - last - ing, He has off - ered you and me,
Tho' my foes be - guile and chide me, mat-ters not what they can do,

Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus and up - on His prom - ise rest,
In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter, I will toil from day to day,
I will look to my dear Sav - iour He will hear me when I call,

By and by we shall be gathered with the ransom'd and the blest.
When we're working for the Mas - ter, we shall sure re - ceive the pay.
He's my friend and my com -pan -ion, Je - sus is my all in all.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

SINGING AND TRUSTING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am sing - - ing, I am trust - - ing,

I am sing-ing, I am trust-ing, I am work-ing for my Lord

I am work-ing for my Sav-iour ev · 'ry day,

I am trust-ing in my Sav-iour ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry day.

How I love Him, yes, I love Him,

How I love my bless-ed Sav - iour I am trust-ing day by day,

Je - sus is the life, the truth the on - ly way, (the on - ly way.)

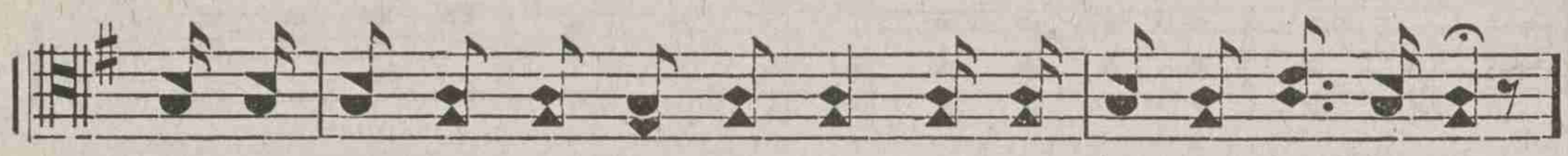
No. 120 Climbing Up the Mountain.

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

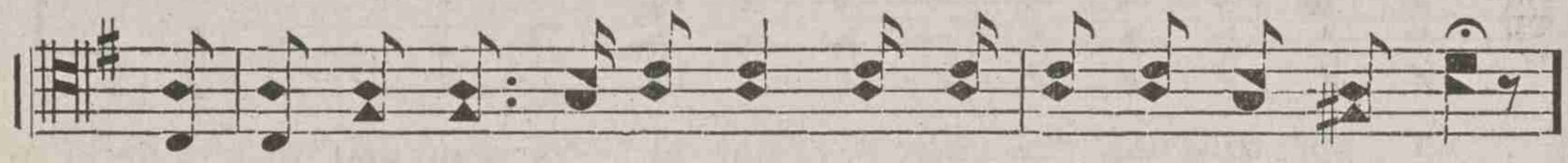
High and low Tenor Duet.



1. I'm climb-ing up the moun-tain and the way is rough and steep,
2. I've long been on this jour - ney, 'tis the on - ly way I know,
3. There's some who call me sil - ly for climb-ing ev - er - y day,
4. When I am on the moun-tain far a - bove the sins be - low,



And I have to be so care - ful where I place my slip - 'ry feet,
For I feel His bless - ed pres-ence an - y - where that I may go,
Dis - cour-age me, no nev - er, for I like the moun-tain way,
Where the nights are dark and drear - y and the winds tem-pest-ous blow,



There are per - ils on be - fore me, there's dan - ger on each side,
I've plac'd my trust in Je - sus and He leads me safe - ly on,
By faith I view old Jor - dan that is flow - ing, oh, so grand,
To have this blest as - sur - rance far ex - ceeds all wealth to me,

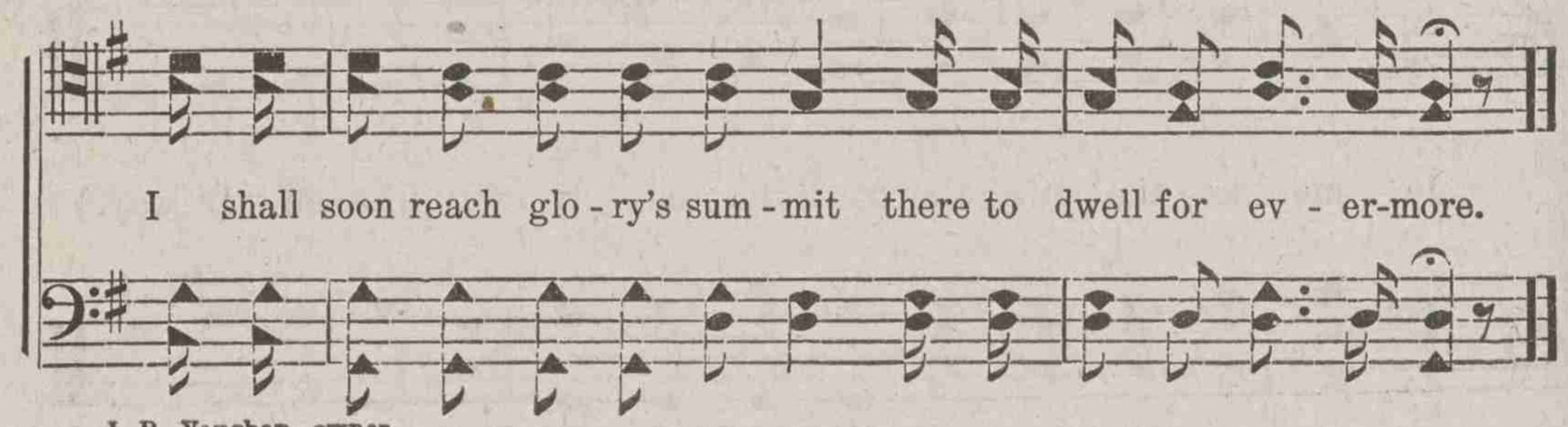


I'm close be - hind my Lead - er for He is my on - ly guide.
For 'tis grace that leads me safe thus far and grace will lead me home.
Be - cause I'm on the moun-tain I can see the prom-ised land.
For I know I'm near - er heav - en and in heav - en soon I'll be.

CHORUS.



I'm climb-ing up the moun-tain and I have not far to go,



I shall soon reach glo - ry's sum - mit there to dwell for ev - er-more.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 121 Try to Be a Blessing.

NINA J. ORR. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Try to be a bless - ing in this world be - low, Try to be a blessing
2. Try to be a bless - ing to the ones you meet, Try to be a blessing
3. Try to be a bless - ing with the songs you sing, Try to be a blessing
4. Try to be a bless - ing with the deeds you do, Try to be a blessing

ev - 'ry-where you go, Try to be a bless - ing as His love you show,
to the ones you greet, Je - sus then will bless you, kneeling at His feet,
with the words you bring, Try to be a bless - ing with the tho'ts you spring,
as your way pur - sue, Be and make a bless-ing all your whole life thro',

CHORUS.

Try to be a bless-ing to - day. Try..... to be a
Try to be a bless-ing,

bless-ing,..... try..... to be a bless-ing.....
Try to be a blessing, Try to be a blessing, blessing ev'ry day,

Try..... to be a bless-ing, ... Try to be a blessing to-day
Try to be a blessing ev'ry day and all the way,

No. 122 You Will Miss Your Mother Some Day.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. When you are ab - sent from the group that gathers in the dear old home,
2. Her heart o'er all the world will seek and follow you where'er you stray,
3. Then cherish ev - 'ry lov-ing tone that you have ev - er heard her speak,
4. The passing years will bring a change, for their swift flight we can-not stay,
5. You'll miss your mother's loving care so oft-en on your lone-ly way,

Your mother ne'er forgets her child, tho' far in dis - tant lands you roam.
Her love for you is strong and true, and you will miss her dear some day.
In your temp-ta - tions and your griefs your mother's help and coun-sel seek.
There's none like mother in this world, and you will miss her dear some day.
Tho' life seems now so fair and bright, yet you will miss her dear some day.

CHORUS.

You will miss your moth - er some day, You will
Re - mem - ber this to - day,

miss your moth - er some day, Tho' all seems so
She soon will pass a - way.

rit.

fair and bright a-long the way, You will miss your dear mother some day.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 123 Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

QUARTET.

1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief;
3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry, With heav - i - er woe,

Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care;
Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;
Now drop 'mid the dark - ness— Go com - fort them, go;

Go think of it calm - ly, When cur - tained by night,
Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on the way;
Go bu - ry thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest;

Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right;
He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray;
Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest;

Go tell it to Je - sus And all will be right.
He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
Go, give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

No. 124. Shout His Praise Louder.

B. E. WARREN. MALE QUARTET. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Let the mighty mil-lions sing, louder sing, Pay your homage to our King,
2. Let the might-y King; Roll His praise o'er land and sea, All ye chil-dren of the free,
3. Let the mighty mil-lions sing, louder sing, Spread their notes on ev'ry wing,

glad - ly bring; Soon we'll join that heav'nly choir, And we'll raise our voices high'r,
ev - 'ry wing; Wake, ye slumb'ring voices, wake, With His praise the silence break,

CHORUS.

In this year of ju - bi - lee, hal - le - lu - jah.
We will sing and nev - er tire, hal - le - lu - jah. O shout His prais-es
Make the low - er re - gions shake, hal - le - lu - jah.

loud - er, O shout His praises louder, O make the heav'nly arch
loud-er, loud-er,

ring with song, Sound its mu - sic far and near,
hal - le - lu - jah,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Shout His Praise Louder. Concluded.

Sad and gloomy hearts to cheer, O make His praise like thunder roll a - long.

No. 125 O Homesick Lad.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. MALE QUARTET. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Far a - way, so far a - way From home and friends and care,
2. Leave the way of sin and snares, And seek a Sav - iour's face,
3. Waste of years shall be for-got, That left thee lone - ly, poor,
4. Home, sweet home, dear home-sick lad, So tired at last of sin;
5. Will you leave the path of sin, Come home, dear home-sick lad,

O home-sick lad, come home, come home, And join the old - time pray'r.
Come home, come home, O home-sick lad, There is re - deem - ing grace.
And thou shalt know, shall sure - ly know, The love that will en - dure.
Tbe fam-ine land has naught of good, Where thou so long has been.
At home a wel - come waits for you, Come, make the an - gels glad.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home to fa - ther, moth-er, O come, dear home-sick lad,

Why wan - der in a far off land, When love would reach a bless - ing hand.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 126 Too Late!

Dedicated to all away from God.

M. M. ROCHESTER. QUARTET. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! the sands of life are fall - ing;
2. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! and Je - sus oft in - vit - ed;
3. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! I hear the groans and sigh - ing,
4. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! My soul from death is shrink - ing;

Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! I hear the an - gels call - ing;
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! and yet His grace I slight - ed,
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! the soul is al - ways dy - ing;
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! in dark - ness I am sink - ing;

Too late! O soul to seek for grace, The Sav-iour hides His smil - ing face,
For when His love to me was told, "'Tis time," I said, "when I grow old,
In out - er dark-ness I will roam, A poor, lost soul with-out a home,
I'm drift - ing far - ther from the shore, The things I loved I'll see no more,

My soul can find no resting place, Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
To Je - sus then I'll give my soul," Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
For all e - ter - ni - ty to come, Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
O soul, thy day of grace is o'er; Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!

rit.

No. 127 Walking By Faith.

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

1. Christ is now walking the sea, ... And He is bec'ning to me.....
2. Oft - en the wa-ters roll high,..... But my dear Savior stands by,...
3. Why should I doubt Him, O, why?... For He is standing near by,.....

Why should I tremble and fear,..... While He is standing so near..... ..
Faith is my an-chor and stay,..... Walk-ing with Je-sus to-day.....
If I but trust Him I may,.... Walk the deep waters to-day.....

CHORUS

Je - sus is walk-ing the sea,..... ..... Je - sus is com-
Je - sus is walk-ing, He's walk-ing the sea, Je - sus is com-

ing to me,..... If I but trust Him I
ing. He's com- ing to me, If I but trust Him, yes,

may,..... Walk the deep wa-ters to - day .. ..
trust and o - bey, Walk the deep wa-ters, deep wa-ters to-day.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 128 Sweet Heavenly Home.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Some day I'll see.... .... my Sav-ior's face,.....
2. 'Tis pre-cious, Oh, ... such wondrous love, ...
3. Look up, strive on, ... He'll come a-gain, ...

Some day I'll see my Savior's face.

I'll swift - ly fly..... to His em-brace,..... .....
That Je - sus left..... ..... His home a - bove,..... .....
Some day with Him .... we'll sweet-ly reign,..... .....

I'll swift - ly fly to His em-brace.

When all the cares .... of life are o'er,..... ... .
For me He died... ..... on Cal - va - ry,. .....
Oh, won-drous love,. .. .. su-preme the tho't,.....

When all the cares of life are o'er,

I'll dwell with Him .... for - ev - er more.....
I'll praise Him thro'..... ..... e - ter - ni - ty,..... .. ..
The price-less gift..... the Sav-ior brought..... .....

I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er more.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

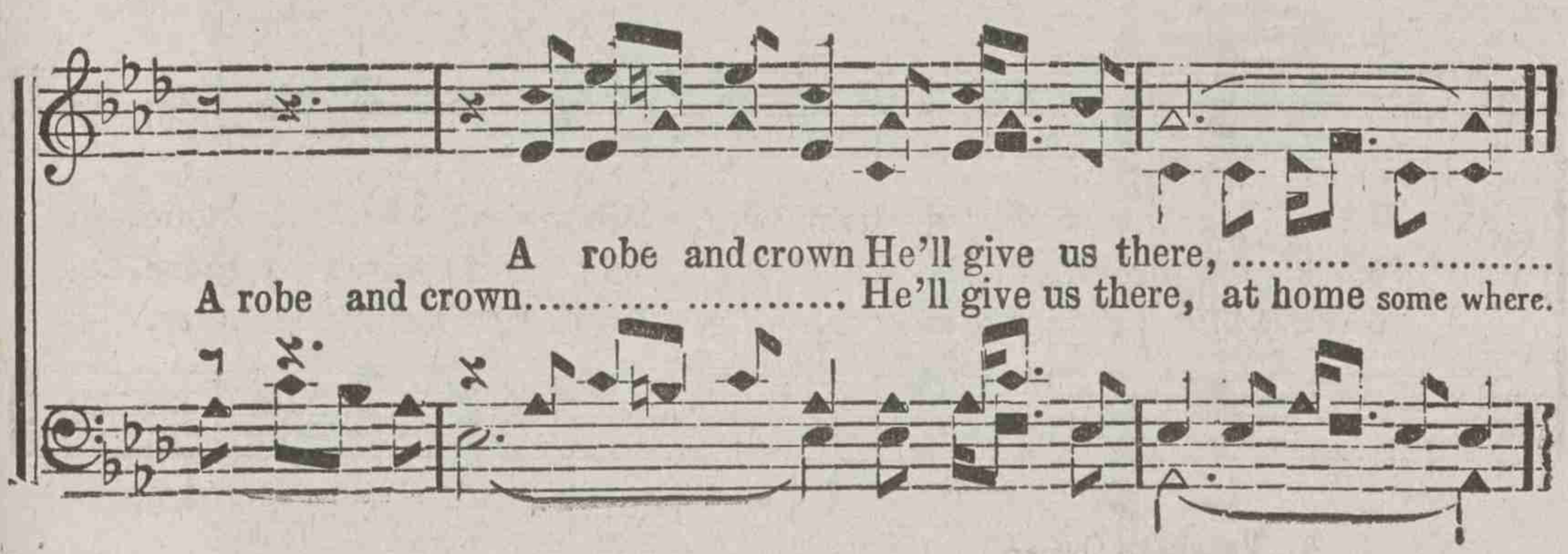
Sweet Heavenly Home Concluded.

CHORUS.



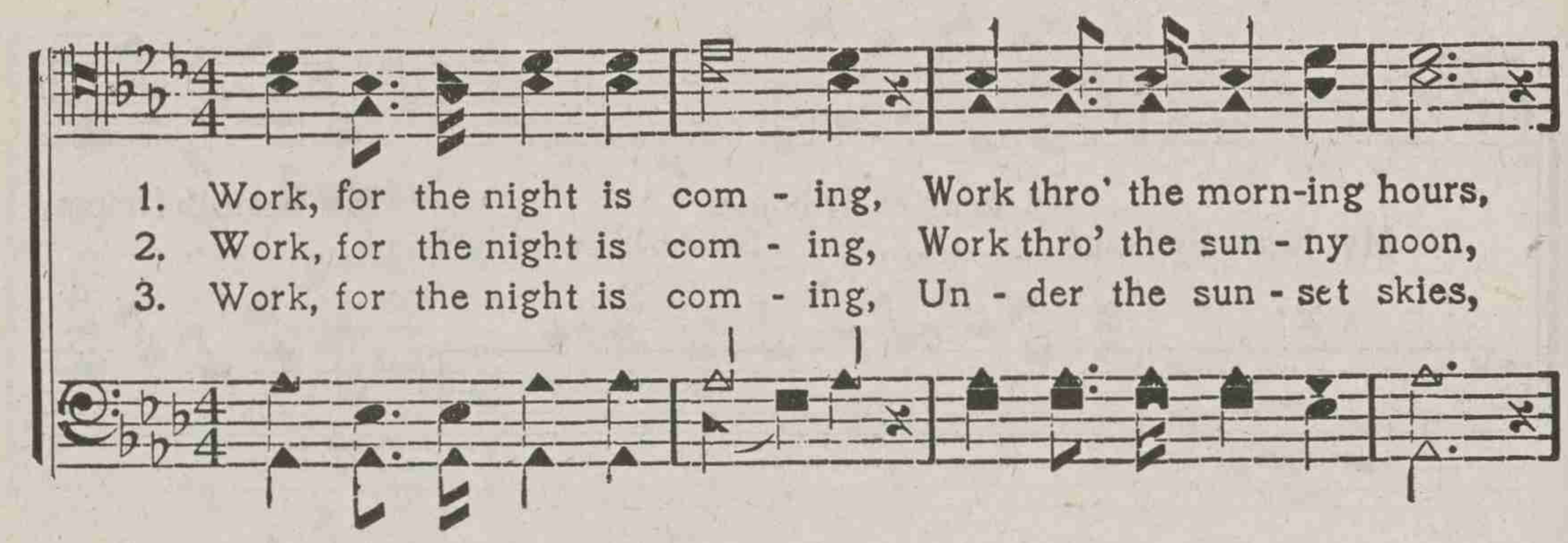


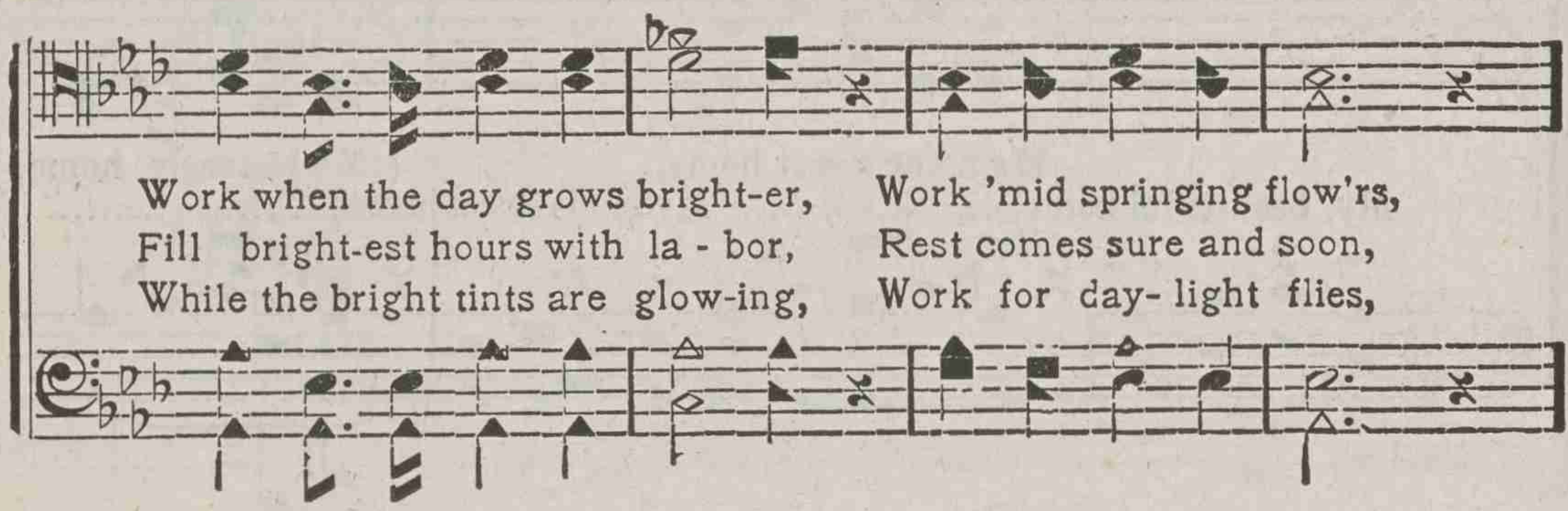


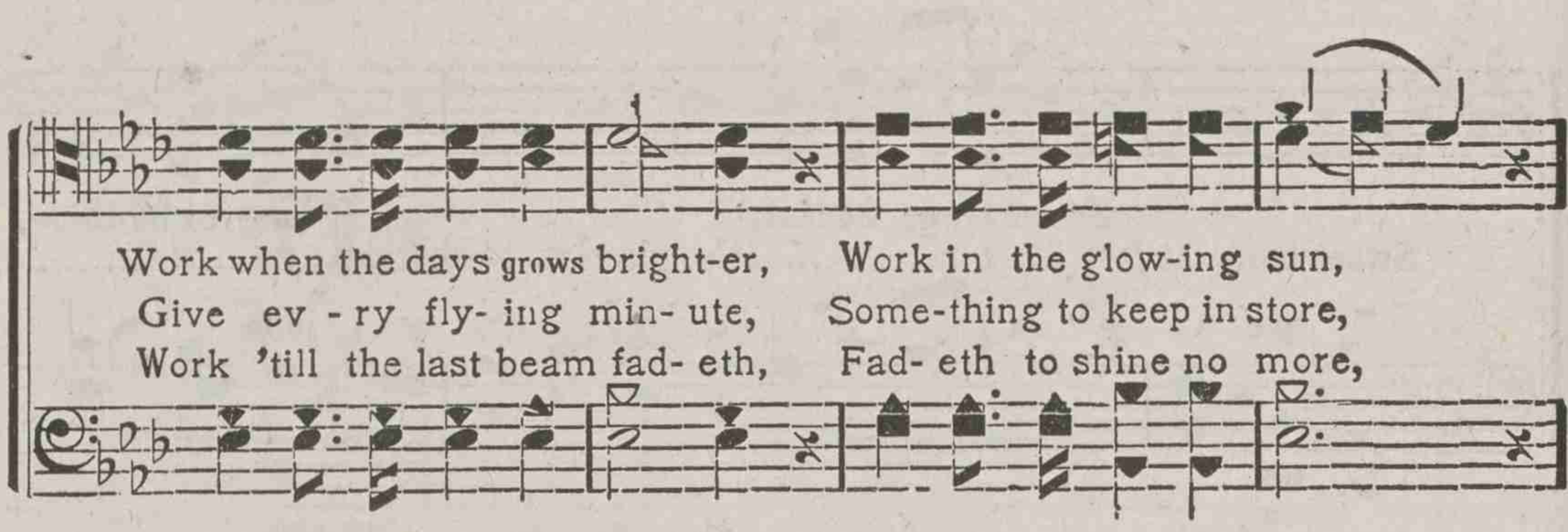


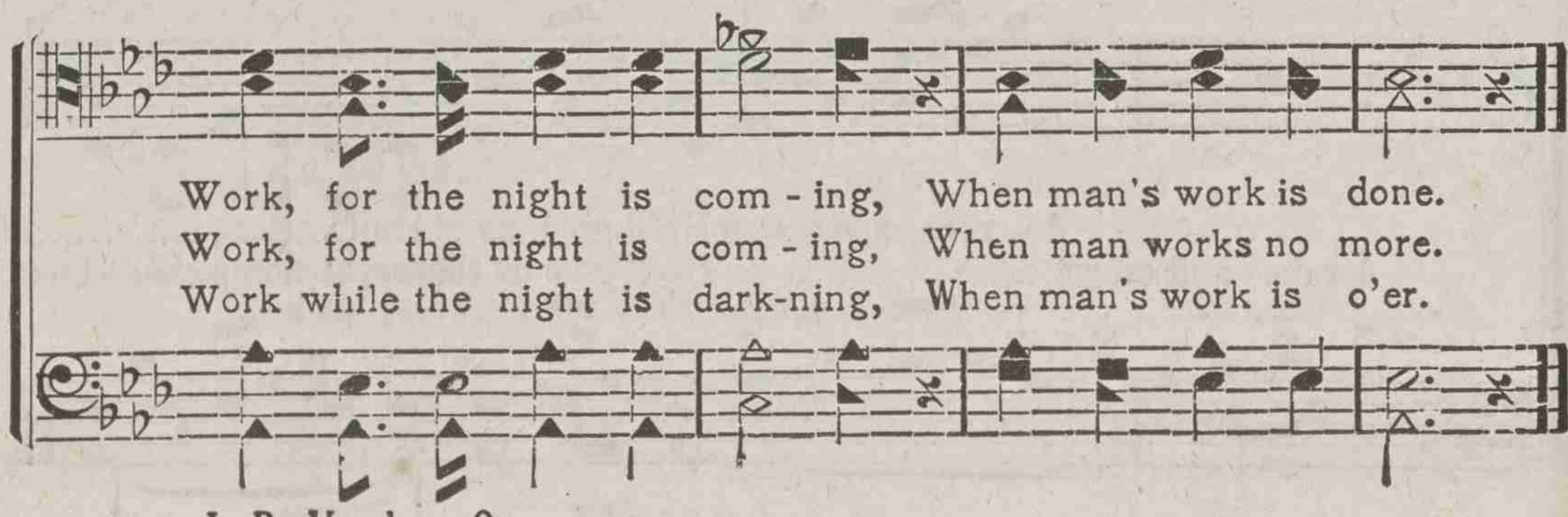
No. 129 Work for the Night Is Coming.

Male Quartet. ARR, BY J. B. VAUGHAN.









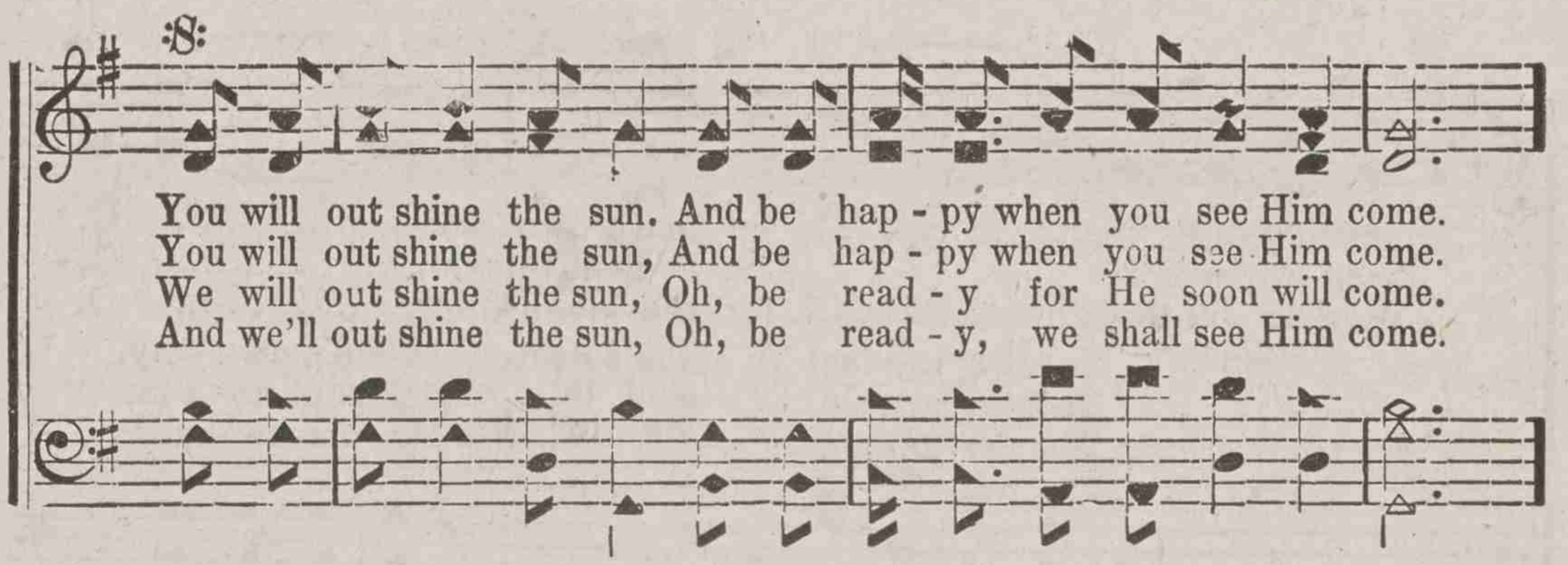
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 130 Out Shine The Sun.

J. B. V, ARR. J. B. VAUGHAN.







D. S. And we'll out shine the sun, And be hap - py when we see Him come.

CHOORUS. **D. S.**



J. B. Vaughan, Owner,

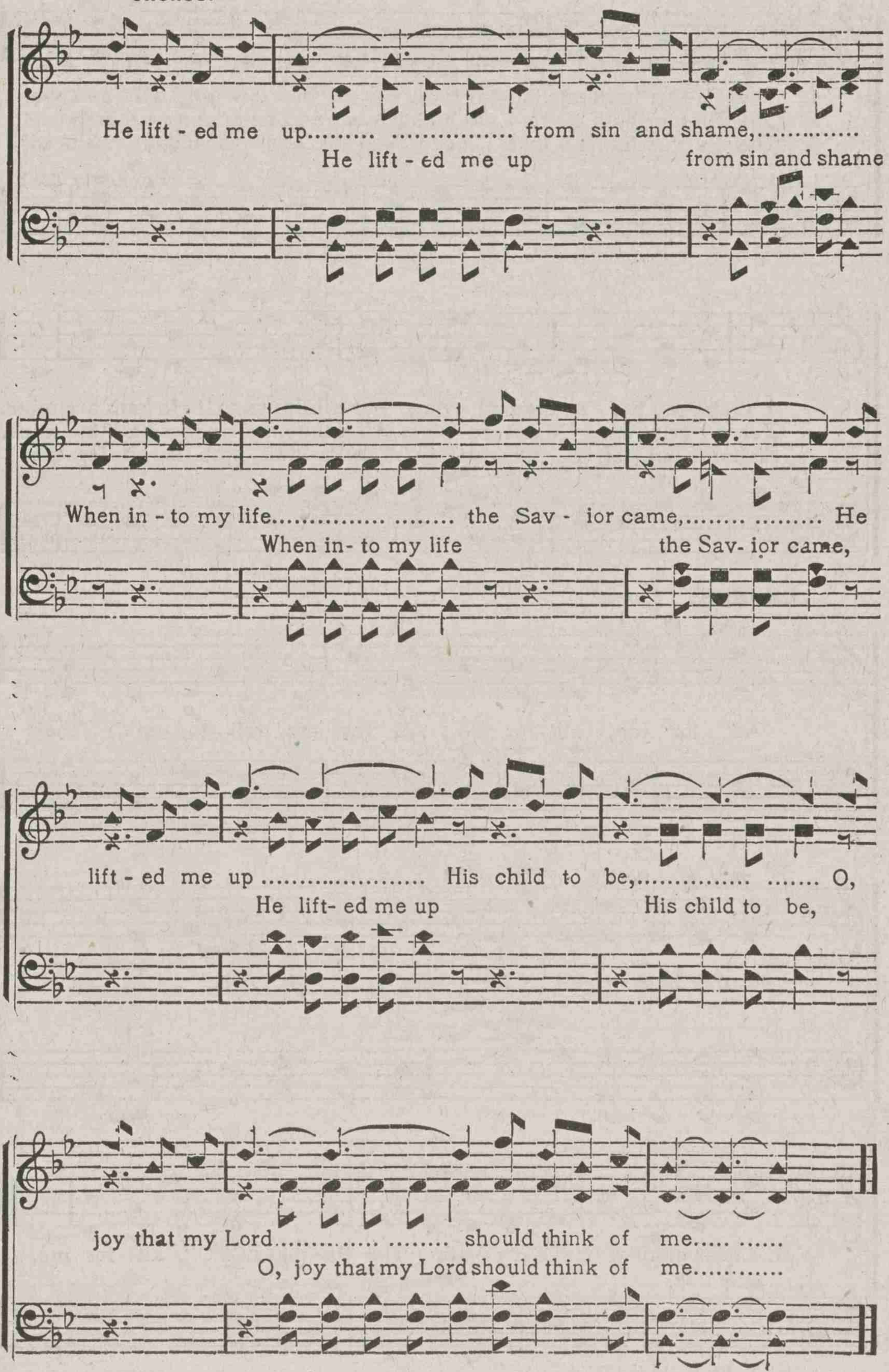
No. 131 He Lifted Me Up.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner,

He Lifted Me Up. Concluded.

CHORUS:



No. 132 All For Me.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The Fa-ther hath unchanging love, For all be - low and all a - bove;
2. The Fa-ther hath e - ter - nal life, No more of pain, and no more strife;
3. The Fa-ther hath all that I need, Sweet hope, and love, and life in- deed;

I claim my her - i - tage di - vine, For all things that He hath are mine.
O'er my brief woes I'll not re- pine, All things the Fa-ther hath are mine.
A home in blest e - ter - ni - ty, The Fa- ther hath it all for me.

CHORUS:

All for me, (all for me,) All for me, (all for me,) The Fa- ther hath it all for me, (all for me,) In His dear name I make my claim, The Fa- ther hath it all for me.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 133 Trust In Jesus.

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



1, Sin - ner trust in Christ to- day, Trust in His al-might-y word;
2. Trust in Je-sus, He's your friend, He will to your wants at- tend;
3. Trust in Je- sus, nev - er stray, From the bless-ed nar-row way;

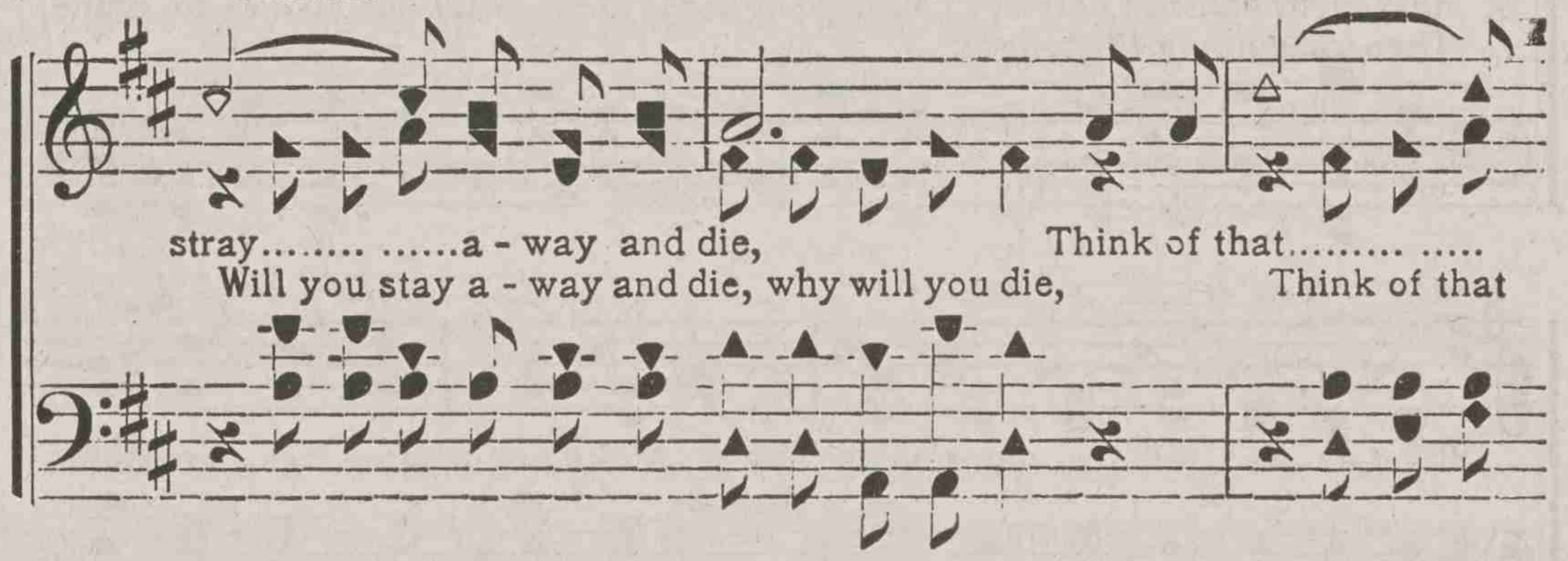


In the war-fare 'tis your sword, Trust Oh, trust in Je - sus.
And will love you to the end, Trust Oh. trust in Je - sus.
Hark! He calls to you to - day, Trust Oh, trust in Je - sus.



Trust in Je - - sus, tell me why, Will you
Trust in Je - sus, tell me why, teil me why,

CHORUS:



stray..... .....a - way and die, Think of that..... .....
Will you stay a - way and die, why will you die, Think of that



sweet by and by. Trust, Oh, trust in Je- sus.
sweet by and by, Trust, Oh, trust yes trust in Je-sus.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 134 Make Our Faces To Shine.

MRS. FRANK A. BAKER. J B. VAUGHAN.

1. Day by day make our fa - ces to shine, With the glad-ness none tak-
2. Help us tell un - to sin - ners Thy love, With our fa - ces a- glow
3. Make our fa - ces to shine ev - er-where, That Thy chil-dren in shad-

eth a - way; With the won-der- ful peace that is Thine, Oh, grant
with the joy; Of the saints and the an - gels a - bove, The glad-
ow of night; May have com-fort in all they must bear, And praise

CHORUS.

us this bless-ing we pray.
ness earth can-not de-stroy. Make our fa-ces to shine, Make our fa- ces to shine,
Thee for sending them light.

Shine as we tell re- demp-tions sto-ry, Make our fa - ces to shihe,

Make our fa - ces to shine, In the beau - ti - ful country of glo - ry.

J. B. Vanghan, Owner.

No.135 Some One Is Needing Your Smile.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Some one is need - ing a mes-sage of cheer, Scat- ter with good will his doubt- ing and fear; Have a kind word for all
2. Some one is need - ing the touch of your hand, Pin - ing for home in a far - a - way land; Lost and be - wild-ered and
3. Some one is starv- ing for friend-ship and love, Far a- mong strang-ers in lone - li - ness rove; O - pen your heart your hu-
4. Some one is need - ing the kind- ness you show, Scat - ter it free - ly where - ev - er you go; Some one is need- ing you

those who come near, Some one is need - ing your smile.
lone - ly to stand, Some one is need - ing your smile.
man - i - ty prove, Some one is need - ing your smile.
more than you know, Some one is need - ing your smile.

CHORUS:

Some one is need-ing your love, Some one is need-ing your smile;
O - pen your heart to the sunshine, Some one is need-ing your smile.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 136 His Love Divine.

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

1. Where e'er I roam there comes to me, a vis - sion so di - vine, It
2. This vi- sion of my Sav- ior dear, I wish twas al-ways near, When
3. I could not live in this sad world, with-out His love di- vine, My

keeps me from the snares of sin, and peace around me twine; It makes me hap- py
I am hap- py in His love, I have no dread of fear; It mat-ters not where
hopes of heaven then would fade, my heart would for Him pine, It all would noth-ing

D. S.—I could not live in

here be-low, where pov-er- ty is mine, For when I'm weary with life's cares, His
e'er I am, If I His voice can hear, A pris-on home would com-fort be, with
be to me, and blank would be the time, When I was hap- py in His love, and

this sad world with-out His love di-vine, My hopes of heav-en then would fade, my

Fine **CHORUS.**

love around me shine. His love, His love, His love so pure di-
Je- sus, Sav-ior dear.
felt His love was mine. His love, His love, His love di-vine,

heart would for Him pine.

D. S.

vine, His love, His love, His love a - round me twine.
His love so pure, His love for you,

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 137 Glimpse of Jesus.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAM.

Quartet.

1. Oh, give me a glimpse of my Savior, The Sav-ior of Cal - va - ry, Just
2. To glimpse at my Savior is glo- ry, Is glo- ry yes, glo-ry to me, I'll
3. Some day when my eyes shall be-hold Him, Oh, won't that be glo-ry for me, Yes,

on - ly a glimpse of my Sav-ior, 'Twill be all suf - fi-cient for me.
sing and re-joice in the sto - ry, It's won-der-ful, how can it be.
glo - ry for - ev - er with Je-sus, The nail prints I sure-ly will see.

Fine.

D. S.—'Twill be all suf - fi- cient for me.

CHORUS;

Glimps-es..... of Je- sus,..... It cheers me as on-ward I go,.....
Glimps-es of Je - sus a won-der-ful glimpse, It cheers me as on-ward I go, (as I go,)

D. S.

Glimps-es of Je - sus on Cal - va - ry's tree.

J, B, Vaughan, Owner.

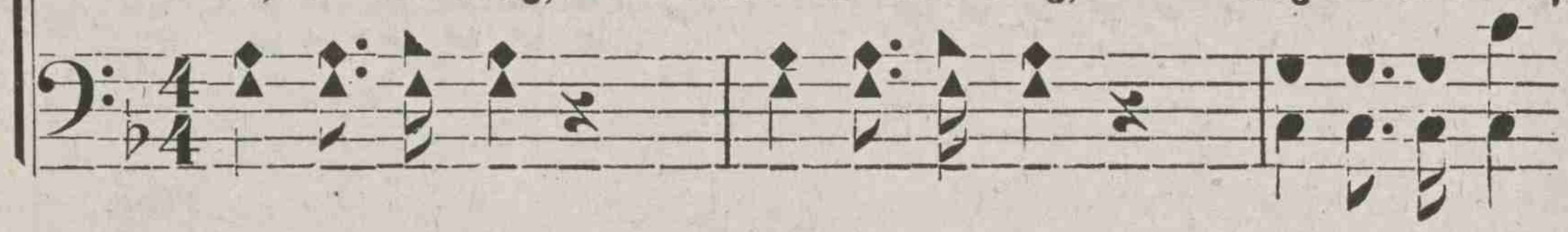
No. 138 Grace.

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



1. Grace, won- drous grace, Grace we need, yes,
2. Grace, more and more, Grace sus-tains us,
3. Grace, is our song, Let us sing it

Grace, wondrous grace, Grace wondrous grace, Grace ev-'ry day.
Grace, more and more, Grace, more and more, Grace will sustain,
Grace, is our song, Grace is our song, Sing o'er and o'er,



need each day, God's gift of
as we go, Oh, precious
o'er and o'er, Grace leads us
Grace ev - 'ry day. God's gift of grace,
Where-e'er we go, Oh, precious grace,
Sing o'er and o'er, Grace leads us on,



grace, Has sup - plied all the way.
grace, Keep us safe ev - er- more.
on, Sav - ior give more and more.
God's gift of grace; He will sup- ply all the way, all the way.
Oh, precious grace, Grace keep us safe ev - er- more, ev-er-more.
Grace leads us on, Give Sav-ior, give, ev - er- more, ev-er-more.



J, B. Vaughan, Owner.

Grace. Concluded.

CHORUS



No. 139 Sing Redemption's Story.

THOS. R. SWEATMON, J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I've a ten - der lov-ing Sav-ior, who has done so much for me, I have learned to know His fa-vor, since He cleansed and made me free, I was lost be-
2. Man-y bent be-neath their sorrow, burden'd with a heav-y load, Think-ing that per-haps to-mor-row, they will find a bet- ter road. But when morning
3. There's no rest without the Savior, nothing good without His care, He has brought me sweet de-liv-'rance, as I go to Him in pray'r, Oh, I can- not

fore He found me, wicked, vain, a sin-ner vile, Since He threw His arms a-
light approaches, bringing all a brighter day, They will find that sin en-
do with-out Him, I'm a- bid- ing in His love, I can nev - er, nev- er,

CHORUS

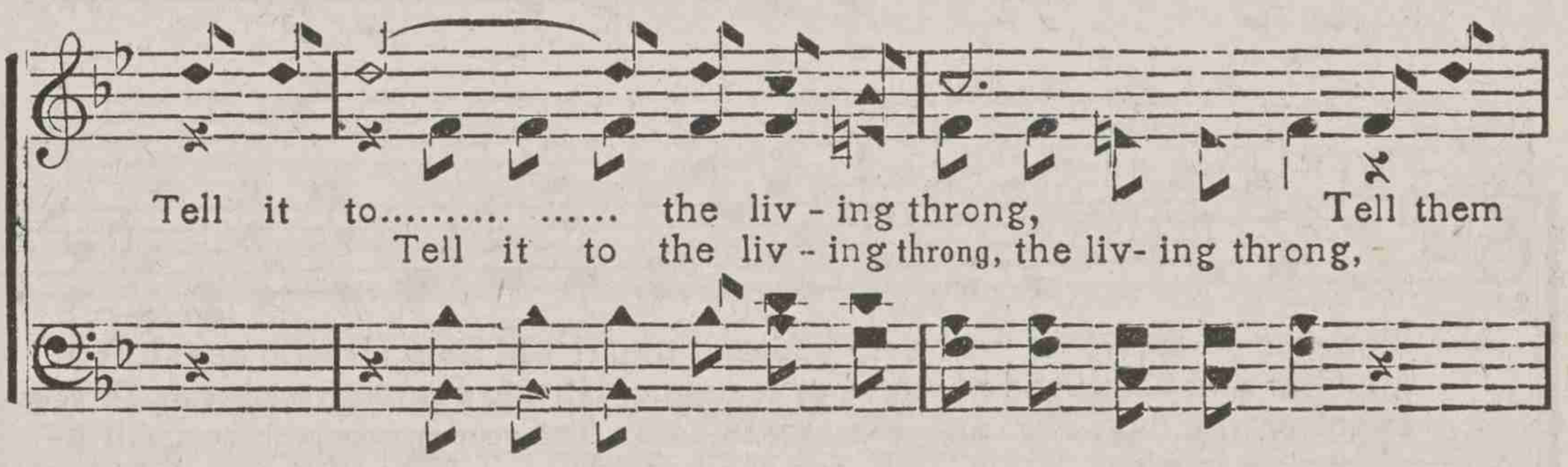
round me, I am hap - py all the while. Sing, Oh, sing..... re-
croach-es, all a - long their wea-ry way.
doubt Him, He's my ad - vo-cate a- bove. Sing, Oh, sing re-

demptions sto- - ry, Shout a - loud,..... ..... the news in
demption's sto-ry, bless-ed sto-ry, Shout a- loud the news in

I, B. Vaughan, Owner.

Sing Redemption's Story. Concluded.











No. 140 Lift A Bright Sunny Face.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Lift a bright sun-ny face, Show of sadness no trace, And no small words of
2. Show a bright sun-ny smile, As you try all the while, Just to do what is
3. Speak a Kind tender word, Like the song of a bird, It will brighten up
4. Lift a bright sun-ny face, For the Lord's in His place, And we know that His

kindness de-spise; It will help you and me, It will help all who see, Lift a
kind-est and best; And how-ev- er it seems, Now to shatter your dreams, Do your
sweet-en the day; For an - oth-er will hear, And your message will cheer, All a-
plann-ing is wise; It is all for the best, There's a light in the west, Lift a

D. S.—Soon a fair golden glow, In the heaven's will show, Lift a

Fine CHORUS

bright sun-ny face to the skies.
part, leave to Je- sus the rest. Lift a bright sun-ny face, It will
long o'er the rough sto- ny way.
bright sun-ny face to the skies.

bright sun- ny face to the skies.

D. S.

help in the race, Tho' the shad-ows in dark-ness a - rise;
in dark-ness a- rise.

J B. Vaughan, Owner,

No. 141 The Prayer Meeting.

W. M, LIGHTHALL, J. B. VAUGHAN.

1, Let us meet and of-fer pray's, Bringing all our load of care, To the
2. Let us sing the song of praise, That have brightened all our days, Since we
3. Let us tell what He has done, It may help some err- ing one, Some poor

mer- cy seat where Je-sus pleads; Let us read the word of God, It will
found the peace which Je-sus gives; O, sing glo - ry to His name, Sing to
soul who needs the bless-ed word; Tell the same sweet sto-ry old, That to

D. S.—Thus u - ni - ted in His praise, Heav'n and

Fine.

light - en ev - 'ry load, Give each heart the bless-ing that it needs.
all the world His fame, Sing the bless - ed sto - ry Je - sus lives.
you was gent - ly told, Led you vile and sim- ple to the Lord.

earth their voic - es raise, Till the songs of glo - ry fills the air.

CHORUS:

Let us sing the won-drous love, Of our bless- ed Lord a - bove,

D. S.

Till our voic - es min - gle with the saints on high;

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 142 The Battle Is The Lord's.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When seem - eth all the hosts of hell, A - gainst me are a -
2. I'm not a - fraid, O, praise the Lord, Since Je - sus dwells with
3, Tho' sev - en fold the furn-ace heat, The Sav- ior's form I

rayed, The God of Is - ra - el as-sures, Oh, do not be dis-mayed,
in, O, great-er far is He than all, The teem-ing host of sin,
see, From ter - ror of the li - on's den, He ful - ly sets me free,

Thou hast a shield in - vinc - i - ble, An ho - ly an - gel guard,
The faith He gives to meet the foe, He bless - ed - ly re- wards,
No e - vil can be - fall me when, The God of Dan - iel gaurd,

Be still and my sal - va - tion see, The bat - tle is the Lord's.
My soul is shout- ing vic - to - ry, The bat - tle is the Lord's.
Give Him the praise for vic - to - ry, The bat - tle is the Lord's.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

The Battle Is The Lord's. Concluded.

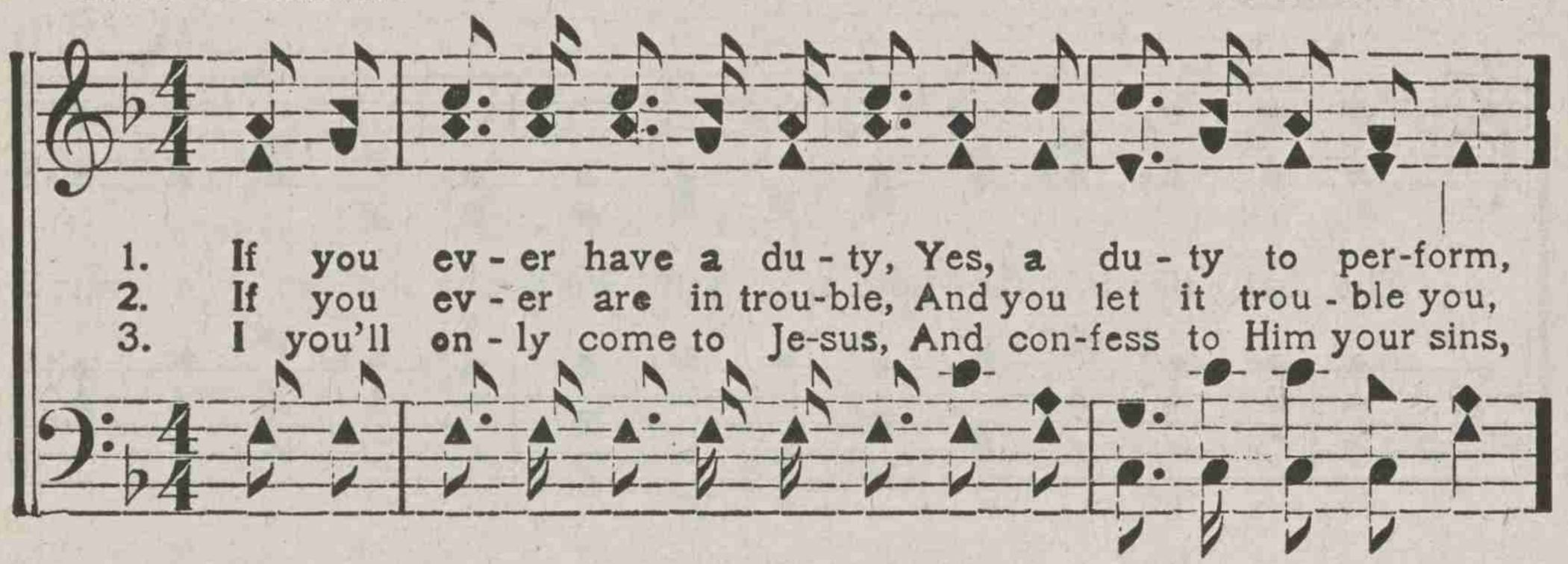
CHORUS:

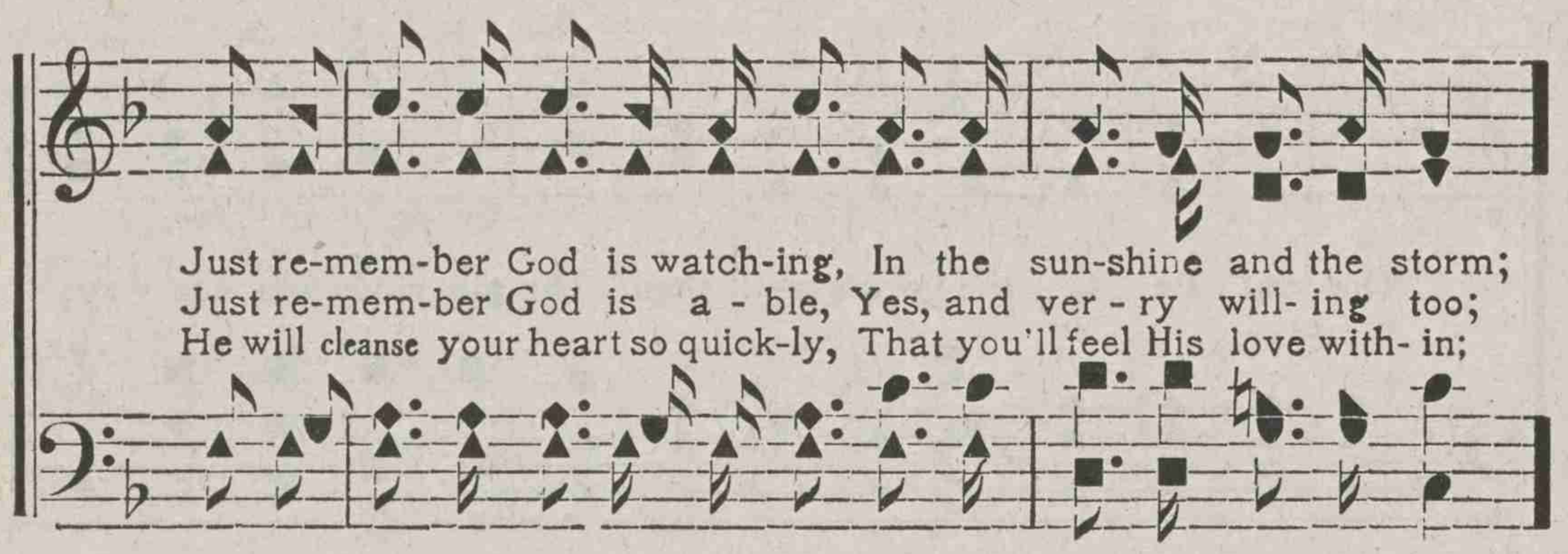


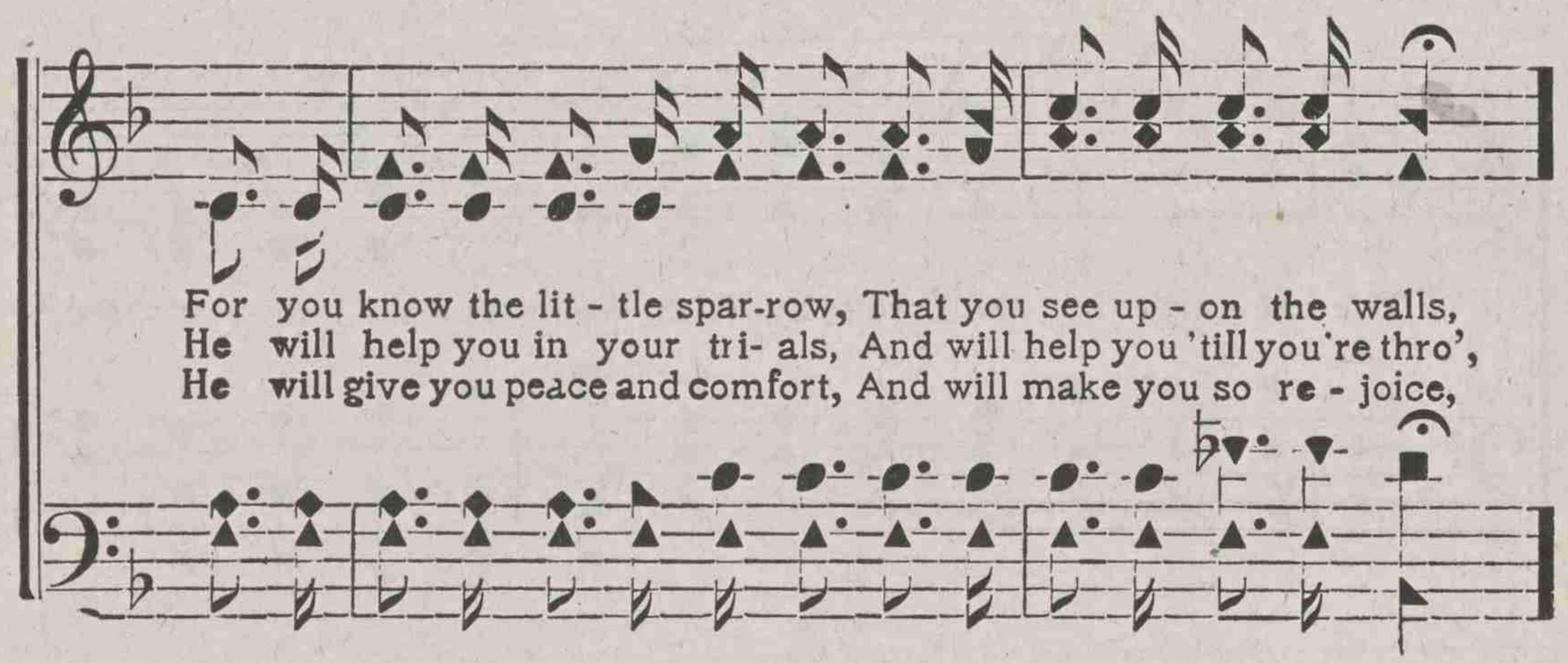


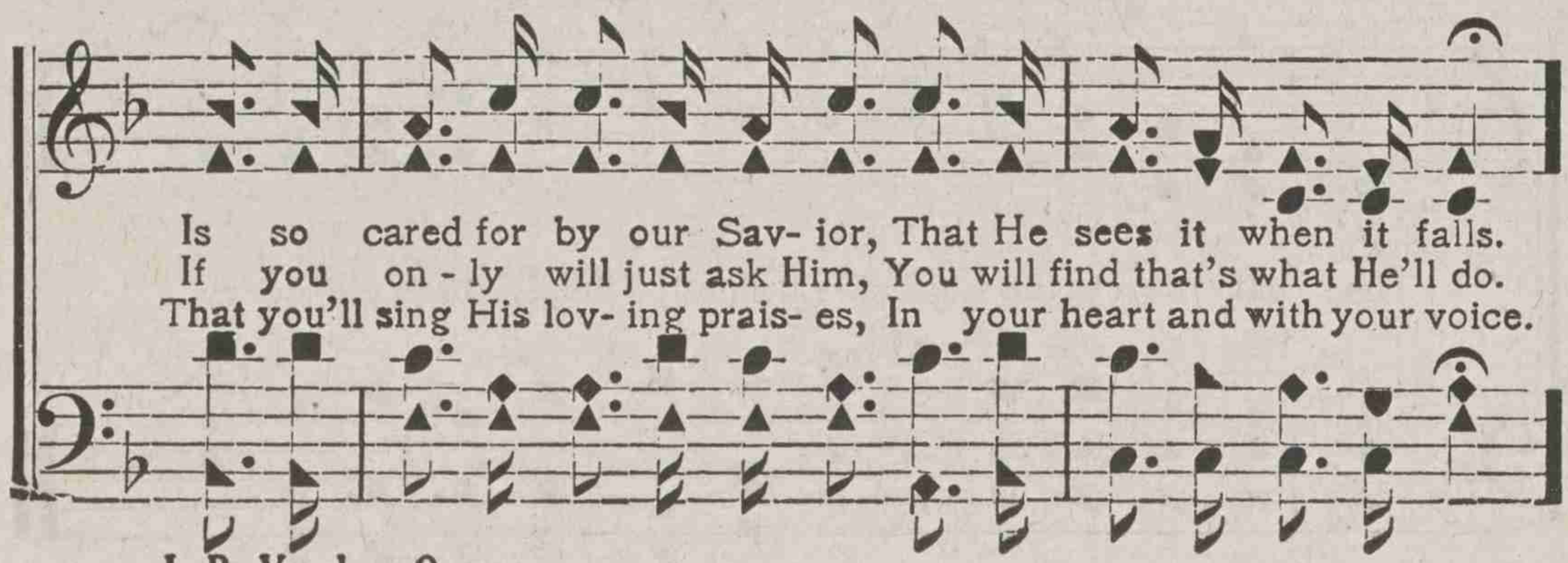
No. 143 If You Ever Have A Duty.

EDWIN B. MAGILL. J. B. VAUGHAN,





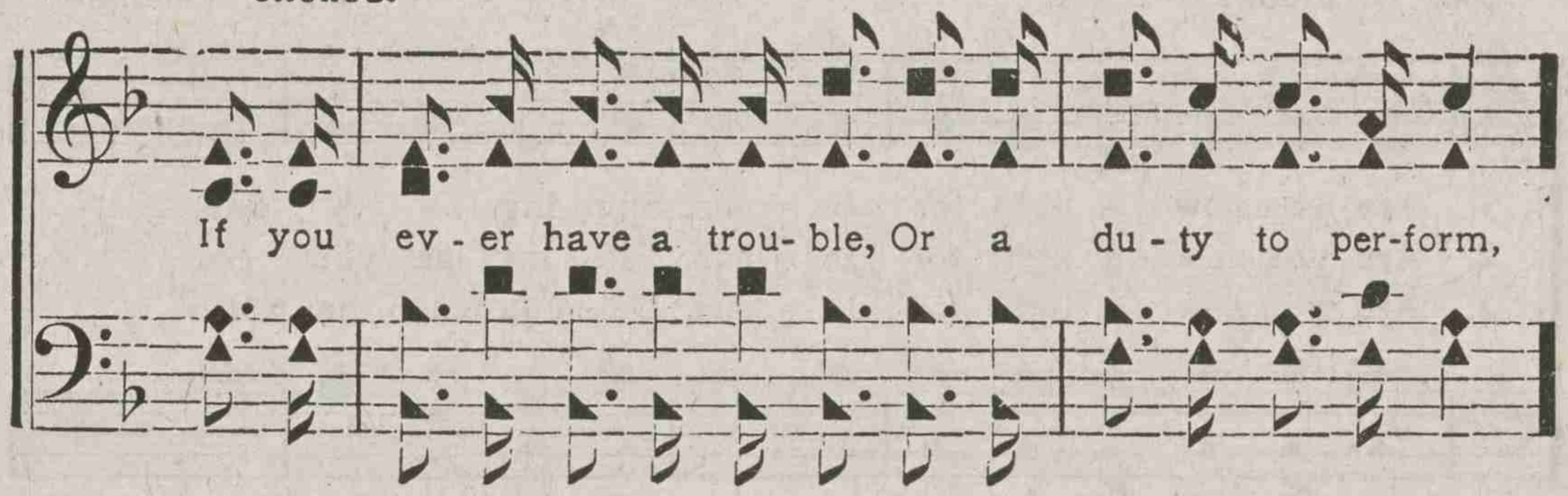


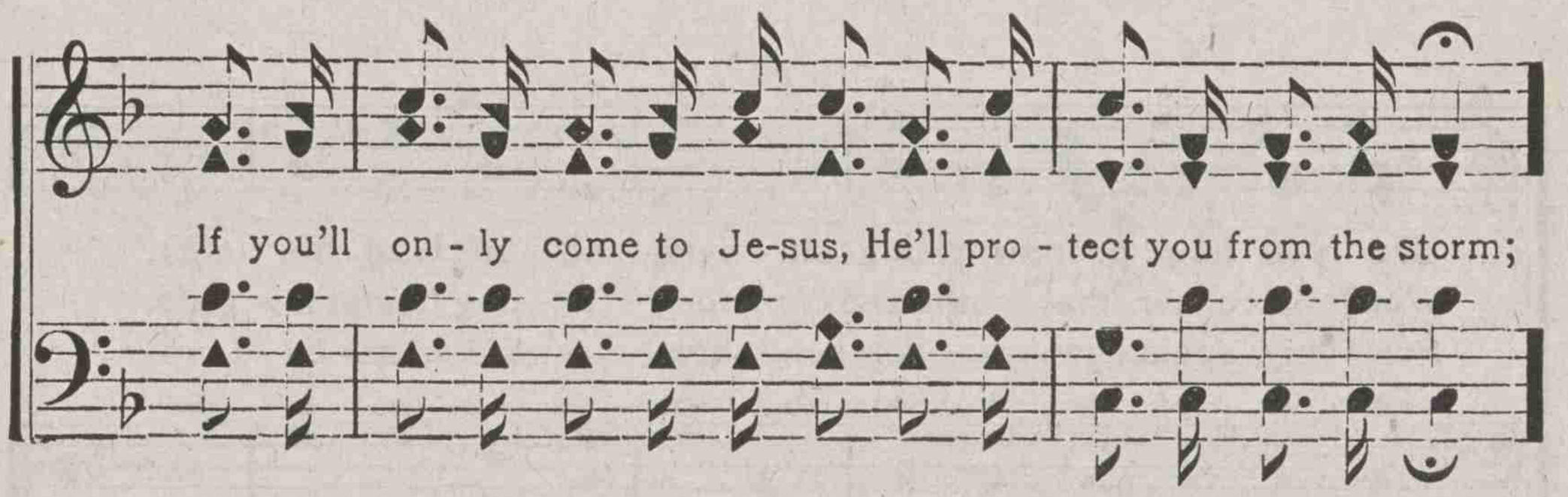


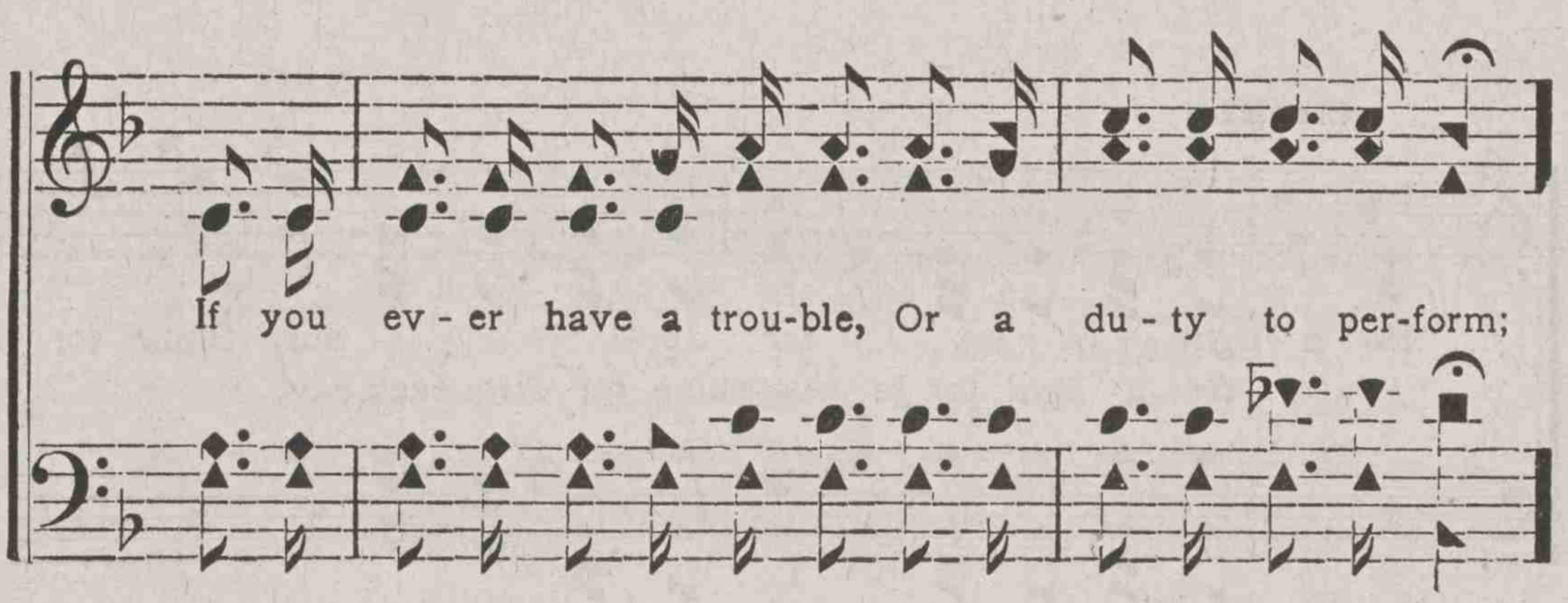
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

If You Ever Have A Duty. Concluded.

CHORUS:









No. 144 Are You A Light?

JAS. C. MOORE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Are you now a light for Je - sus, Shin- ing ev - 'ry day,
2. Are you now a light for Je - sus, Tell - ing as you go,
3. Are you now a light for Je - sus, Do you teach the word?

Do you help poor strug-ling sin - ners, All a - long the way.
Words that cheer, that soothe and com- fort, Set- ting hearts a - glow.
Point- ing souls now un - der bond- age, To the bless- ed Lord.

CHORUS

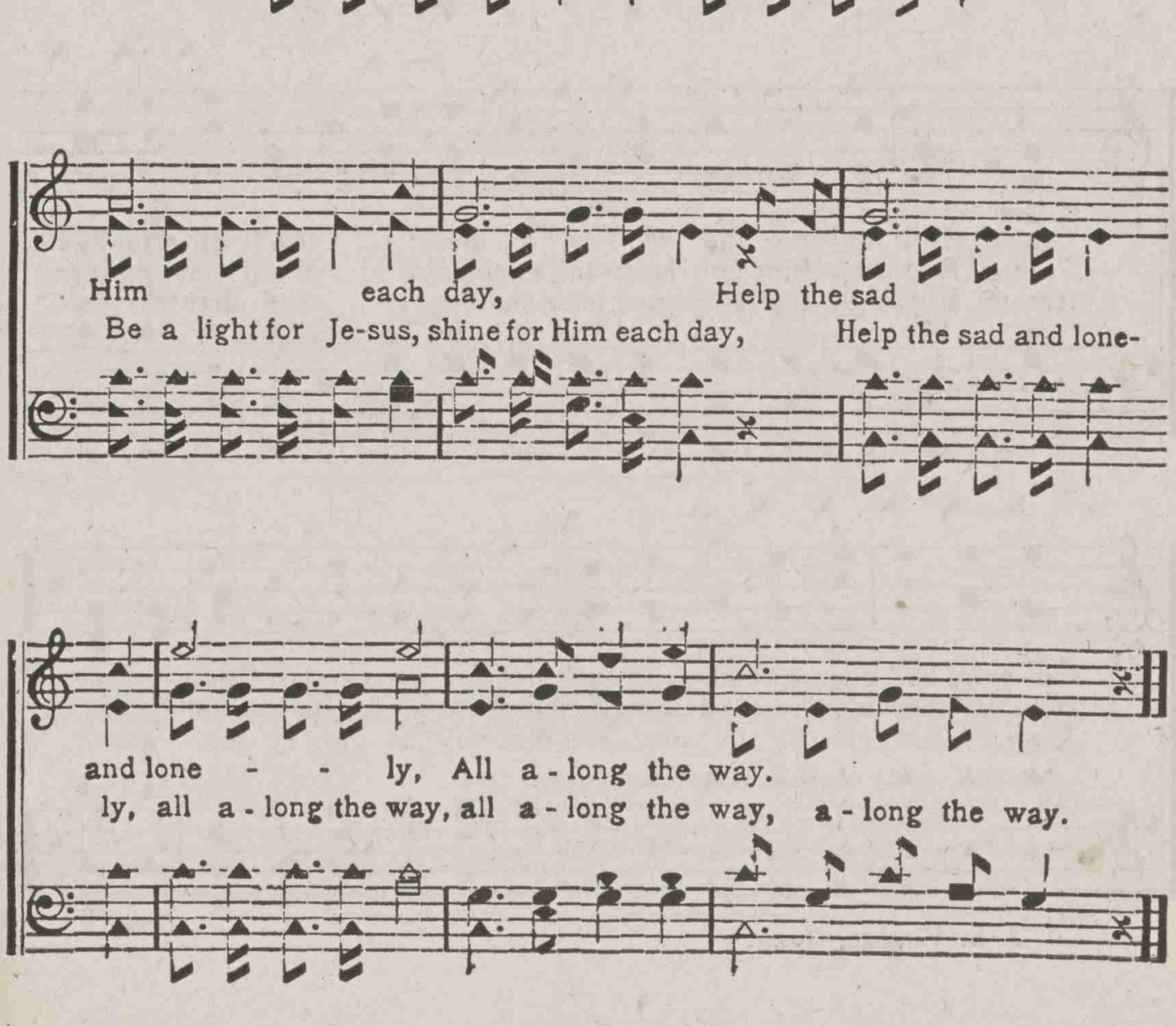
Be a light for Je - - sus, Shine for
Be a light for Je - sus, shine for Him each day,

Him each day, Help the sad
Be a light for Je-sus, shine for Him each day, Help the sad and lone-

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

Are You A Light. Concluded.





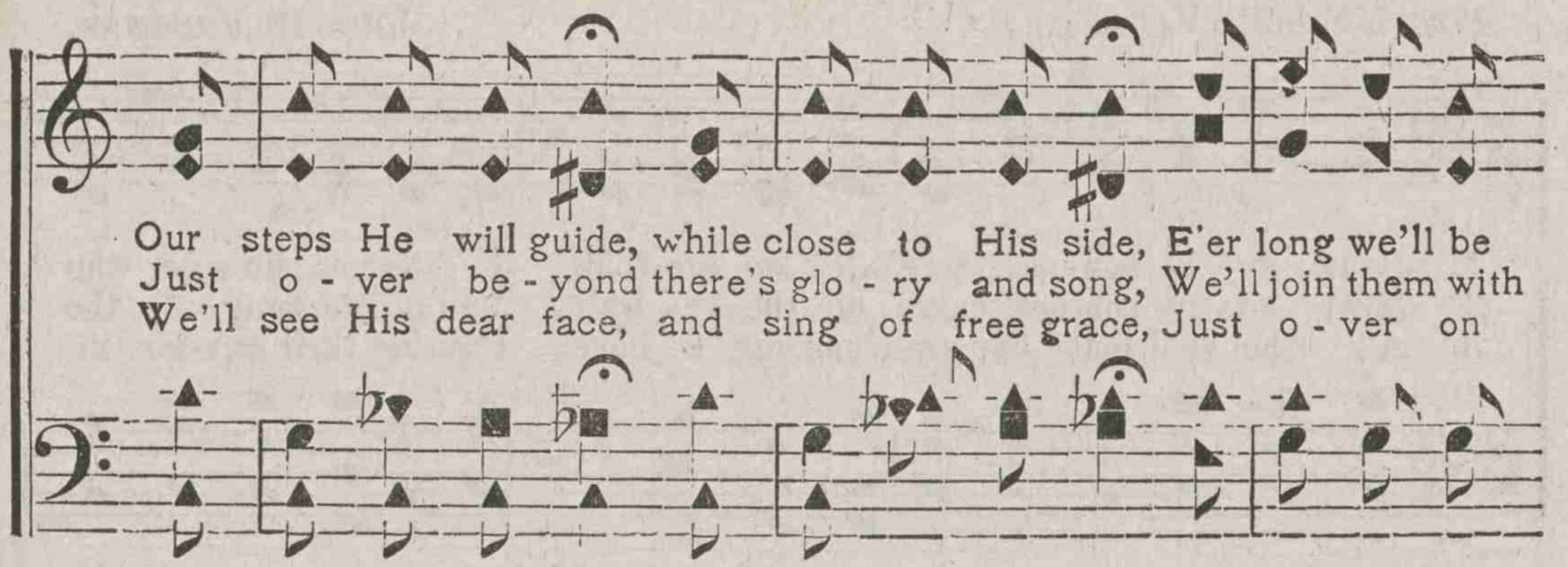
No. 145 Never Grow Weary.

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



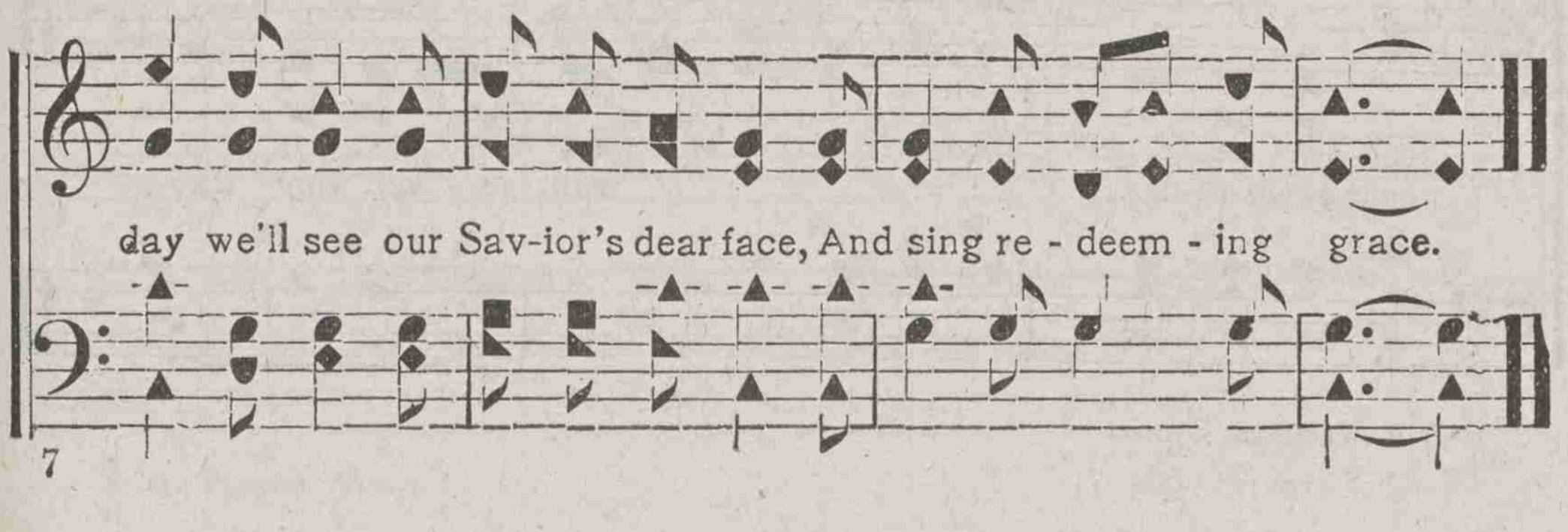
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

Never Grow Weary. Concluded.



CHORUS





No. 146 Heavenly Echoes.

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. Heav - en - ly ech-oes, there's joy we are told, O - ver a sin - ner who
2. Heav - en - ly ech-oes, catch up the re - frain, Join in the song of the
3. All the re-deemed one are chant-ing a - bove, Praising their Sav-ior in

en - ter the fold, List to the ech-oes from heav - en a - bove,
lamb that was slain, List to the ech-oes, sweet ech - oes of love,
an-thems of love, Ech-oes, sweet ech-oes from o - ver the way,

D. S. List to the ech - oes they're com-ing so near.

Fine CHORUS.

Sweet-ly re - peat - ing the sto - ry of love. Ech-oes..... sweet
Ech-oes re-sound-ing from heav-en a - bove.
List to the ech-oes we hear them to - day. Ech-oes sweet ech-oes we

Heav - en - ly ech - oes sweet mu - sic I hear.

D. S.

ech-oes..... ..... Com-ing from o- ver the way, ...
hear them to-day, from o - ver the way.

J, B. Vaughan. Owner

No. 147 Our God Is Marching On.

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

1. There's a marsh'ling of the arm - ies by the spir - it of the night.
2. There's a tide of ris - ing sor - row, like an o-ver-whelm-ing flood,
3. Woe - ful hail, each stone a ta - lent, on His en - e - mies shall fall,
4. Thro' the o - pen scroll of heav-en, that shall fold and roll a - side,
5. An - gels notes shall pierce the thun-der, till the noise of earth is still,
6. Sud - den - ly in heav'n- ly glo - ry, it shall shriv - el and de - cay,

March-ing on, (Marching on,) March-ing on, (March-ing on,)

See, the Kings of earth, are gath'r-ing Ar-ma-ged-don's war to fight,
There's a wail from wives and chil-dren, in the fa - mine want of food,
From the host of shin - ing an - gels we shall hear the bu - gle call,
We shall see the Man of sor-rows, who for love was cru - ci - fied,
There will be re-vealed to mor-tals, heav-en's high and ho - ly will,
O, my soul, there's but one ques-tion how to meet that glo-rious day,

D. S. read - y my dear broth-er, soon the bless-ed light will dawn,

Fine. **CHORUS.**

Marching on, Marching on, Marching on, March-ing
Marching on, Marching on, Marching on

Marching on,..... Marching on..... *D. S,*

On, (marching on.) God is com-ing soon to earth, He's marching on, (Hal-le-lu- jah) Oh, be

J. B. Vaughn, Owner.

Hal - le - lu- jah, Oh, be

No. 148 Jesus Says I'm Welcome.

ADA POWELL. J, B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus says I'm wel-come, as He o - pens wide the door,
2. Je - sus says I'm wel-come, tho' my robe is old and torn,
3. Je - sus says I'm wel-come, at His ta - ble there is room,
4. Je - sus says I'm wel-come, when His love I come to seek,

Knows that I am fam-ished, sees my wounds are bleed- ing sore;
Tho' my tears are stream-ing, and my heart is sad and worn;
I will heed His in - vi - ta- tion, glad - ly I will come,
Mat - ters not how lone - ly, how for - sak- en, or how weak,

Shows His great com- pas- sion, tho' I wan- dered off so far,
Tho' so man - y turned a - way my sor - rows to de - ride,
Tho' my sins are crim- son He'll re - mem - ber them no more,
There is room to en - ter in the pal - ace of the blest,

Gent - ly bids me en - ter thro' the door that stands a - jar.
Je - sus says I'm wel-come and He brings me safe in - side.
Je - sus says I'm wel-come as He o - pens wide the door.
Je - sus says I'm wel-come and He gives my soul sweet rest.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

Jesus Says I'm Welcome. Concluded

CHORUS









No. 149 'Tis Burning In My Soul.

MRS. E. C. LITTLETON, J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. God's ho - ly spir - it came, and kindled up a flame, That set my heart a-
2. 'Tis sweet so sweet to know, while in this world be-low, Such peace and joy and
3. Oh, praise the Lord I'm free, in Je - sus I am free, His grace shall ev - er

gow, all glo - ry to His name; Yes like a mighty sea, the waves of glo-ry roll,
love, the Father will be-stow, Oh, blessed tho't to me of glo-ries yet un-told,
be, His way it just suits me, I'm look-ing t'ward my home, and soon will reach the goal

D. S. like a mighty sea, the waves of glo - ry roll,

Fine

The fire of heav'n-ly glo - ry, is burn-ing in my soul.

The fire of heav'n - ly glo - ry, is burn - ing in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burn-ing in my soul, The
'Tis burn-ing, yes 'tis burn-ing, It is burn-ing in my soul,

D. S.

fire of heav'n-ly glo - ry, is burn-ing in my soul, Yes

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 150 A Friend of Sinners.

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

1. When Je - sus walked be-side blue Gal - li - lee, He was a friend of
2. When on the mount He "said come un - to me," He was a friend of
3. When Je - sus pray'd in dark Geth-sem-a-nee, He was a friend of
4. Oh, come to Je - sus while He calls to you, He is a friend of

sin - ners; When Je - sus fed the hung-ry by the sea,
sin - ners; When Je - sus died on cru - el Cal - va - ry,
sin - ners; Now while in glo - ry, Je - sus cares for me,
sin - ners; There is no friend so lov - ing, kind and true,

D. S, Oh, bless-ed Sav-ior just the same to - day,

Fine CHORUS.

He was a friend of sin - ners.
He was a friend of sin - ners. He was a friend of
He is a friend of sin - ners.
He is a friend of sin - ners.

He is a friend of sin - ners.

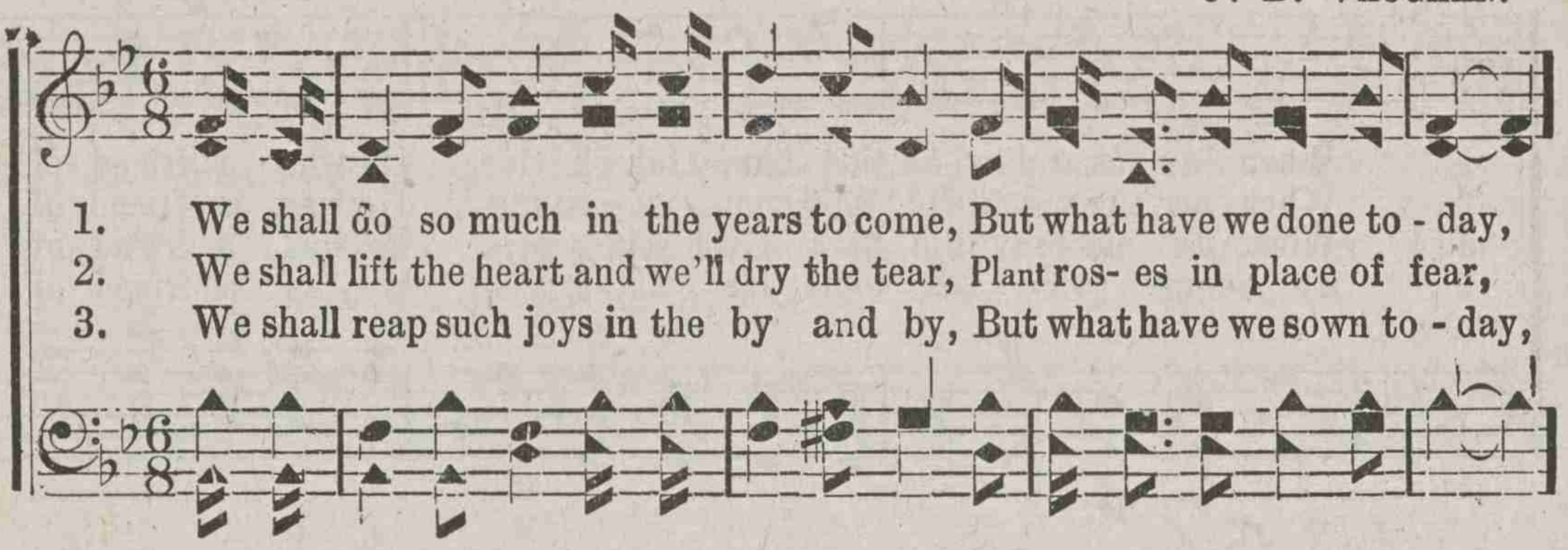
D. S.

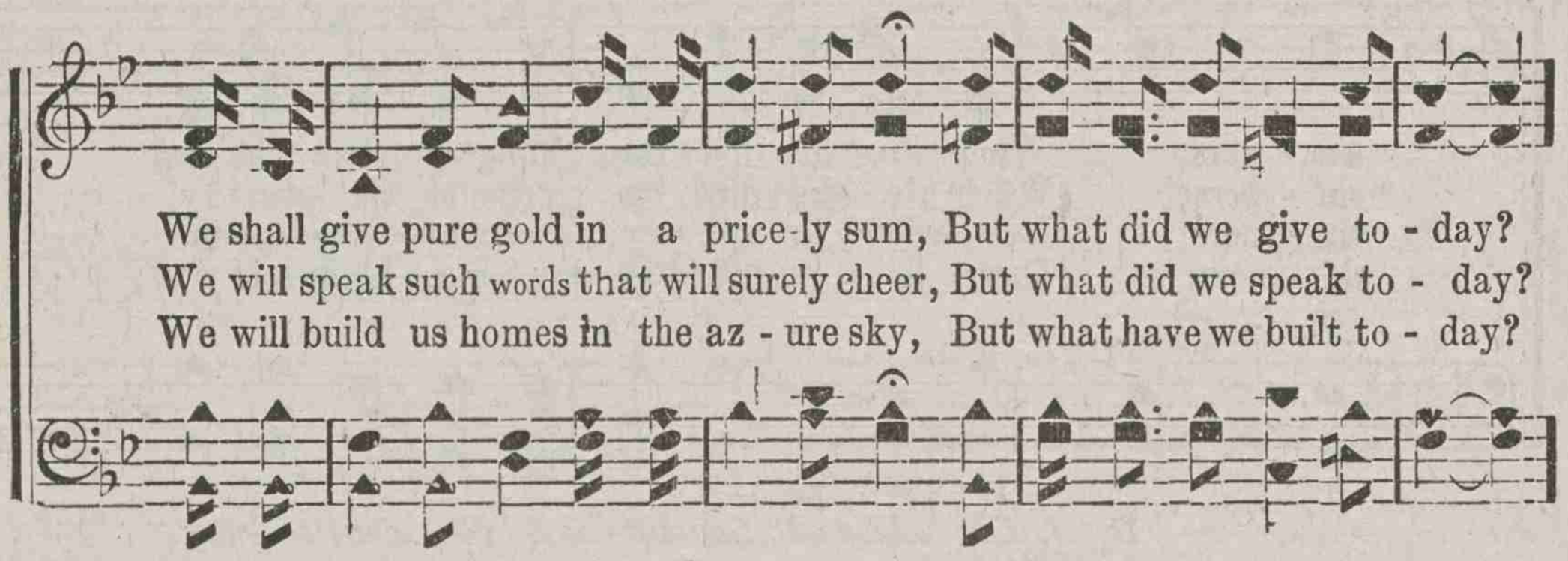
sin-ners, ... He was a friend of sin-ners, ...
friend of sin-ners, friend of sin-ners.

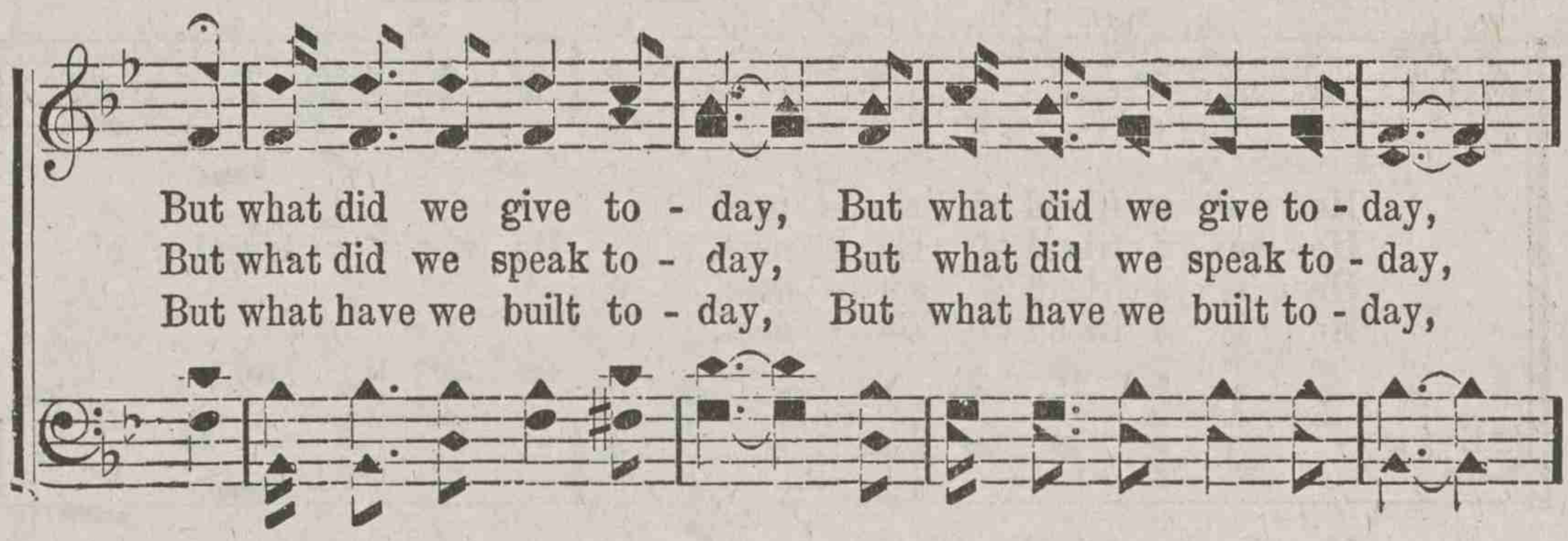
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

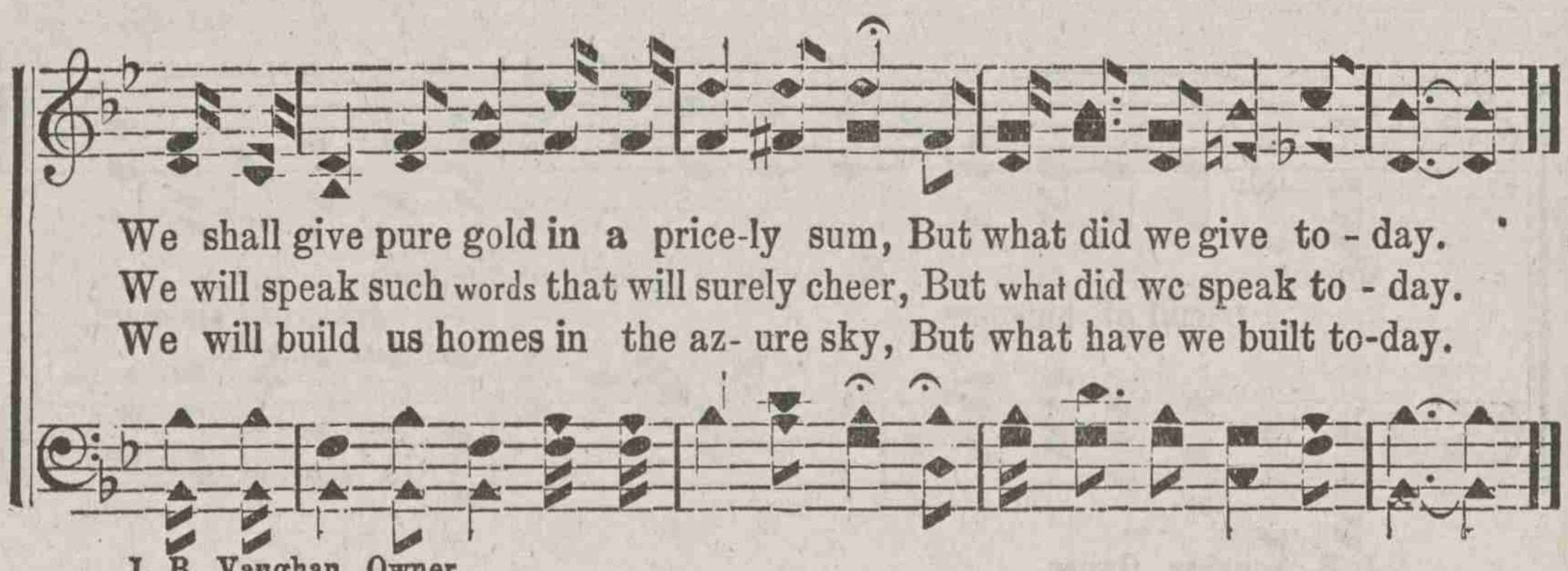
No. 151 What Have You Done To-Day?

J. B. VAUGHAN.









J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 152 When He Rolled Away The Burden.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am hap - py I am free, For the Lord has par-doned me, And I'm
2. I was crushed by weight of sin, I was stained and scarred with-in, And was
3. With my friend I'm go-ing home, Sweet-ly sing-ing thro' the gloom, With as-

liv - ing un - der His di - vine con-troll; I've been sing-ing on the way
drift-ing on-ward to a fright-ful goal; But it's well with me at last,
sur-ance that His love will keep me whole; All His prom - i - ses are true,

D. S.—sing- ing on the way

Ev - er since that hap-py day, When He rolled a - way the bur - den
For the Sav - ior hid my past, When He rolled a - way the bur - den
And His bid - ding I will do. Since He rolled a - way the bur - den

Ev - er since that hap - py day, When He rolled a - way the bur - den

Fine. CHORUS.

from my soul. When He rolled away the burden from my soul,
from my soul, from my soul,
from my soul, D. S.

When He whispered peace and made me free and whole! I've been
free and whole.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 153 The Harvest Call.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Why stand ye all day i - dle? The har - vest time is here;
2. Oh, who will go for Je - sus, A - cross the storm - y wave;
3. Why stand ye all day i - dle, The la - bors are so few,
4. Why stand ye all day i - dle? The sun is sink - ing fast;

Be - hold, with flam - ing sick - les, The reap-er's gath - er near;
And o'er the rug - ged moun-tain, Some pre - cious soul to save?
The har - vest is in - creas - ing, And there's so much to do;
The day will soon be o - ver, The har - vest will be past;

Oh, hear the earn - est plead-ings, Which come from ev - 'ry land;
Oh, who will go for Je - sns, In - to the haunts of sin;
The Mas - ter calls for work-ers, Then, broth-er, heed the cry;
Go work to - day for Je - sus, Bring in the gol - den sheaves;

Lord, send us gos - pel work - ers, To lend a help - ing hand.
With mes-sage from the Sav - ior, And gent - ly lead them in?
Go qnick - ly join the reap-er's, And in His ser - vice die.
And in the day of crown-ing, Re - ward you shall re - ceive.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

The Harvest Call. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 154 The Glory Train.

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN. John B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a train that's bound for glo - ry and there is no oth - er way,
2. Get a - board this train for glo - ry, For the time is draw-ing near,
3. Have your baggage checked for glo - ry, So you'll meet with no de - lay,
4. All you have to pay for tick-ets, Just ac - cept His bless-ed word,
5. Je - sus is our great con - duc - tor, He has been this way be - fore,

If you want to go,..... If you want to go,

Get your tick - et and be read - y, For this train may come to-day.
Je - sus paid your trans - po - ta - tion, And you need not doubt or fear,
Faith in Christ is all suf - fi - cient, And there is no oth - er way,
All may know the way to glo - ry, For they have so of-ten heard,
There's no side-track there's no sta-tion, Till we reach the oth-er shore,

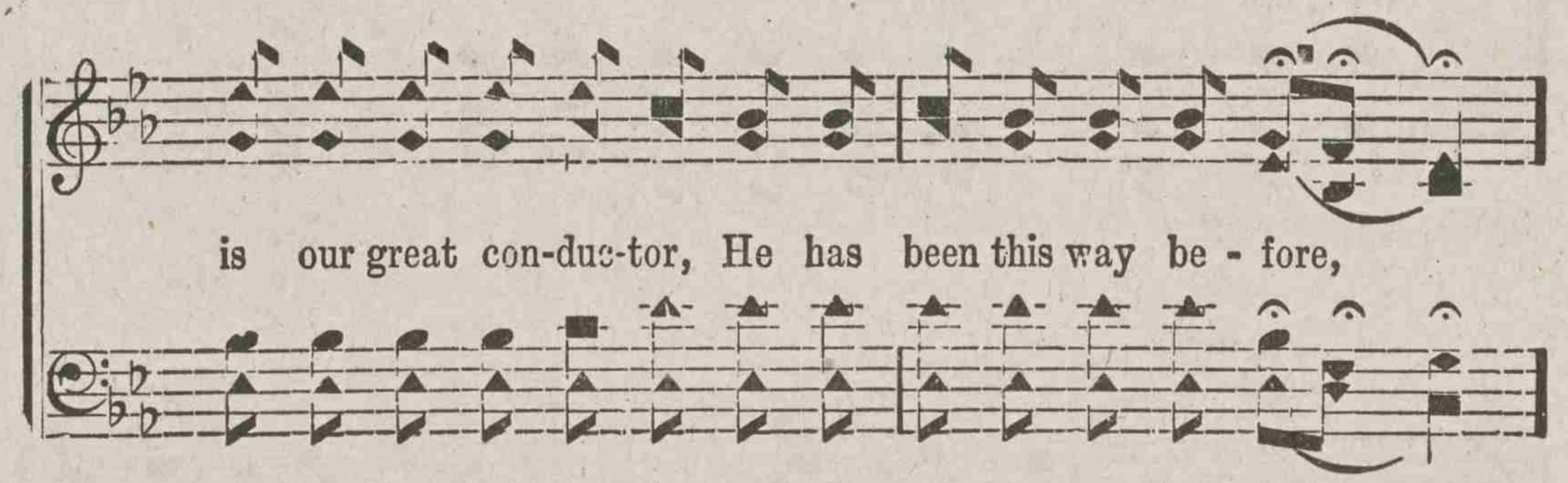
If you want to go,..... If you want to go.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

The Glory Train. Concluded.

CHORUS.







No. 155 Sing, Evermore Sing.

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



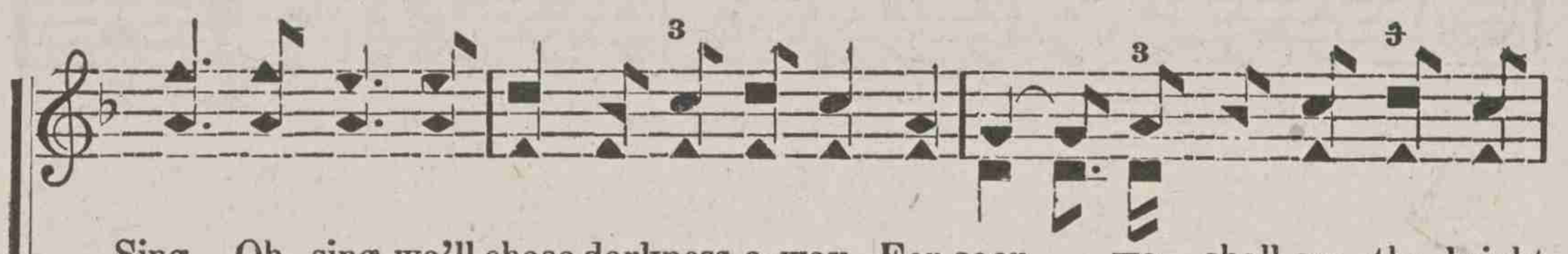
1. Sing, sing - ing the songs of love and vic - to - ry,
   Hap - py songs, songs of love and vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,
2. Sing, ev - er - more sing, we'er sure to win the prize,
   Sing, re - joice, sing, we'er sure to win the prize, win the prize,
3. Sing, vic - to - ry sing, and nev - er wear - y grow,
   Vic - t'ry sing, sing and nev - er wear - y grow, wear-y grow,



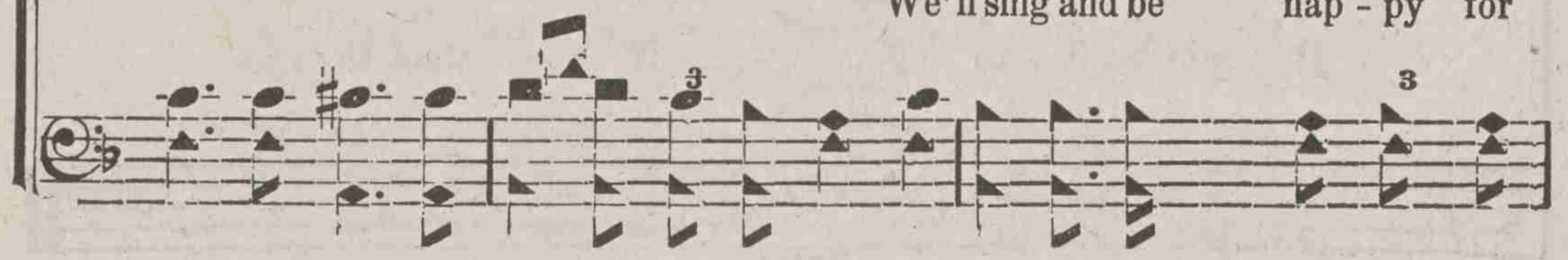


Songs, of the Sav - ior who has done so much for me,
Songs, of the Sav - ior,
Songs, of the ran-some, we shall meet them in the skies,
Songs, of the ran-some,
We will be hap - py sing - ing as we on - ward go,
We will be hap - py,



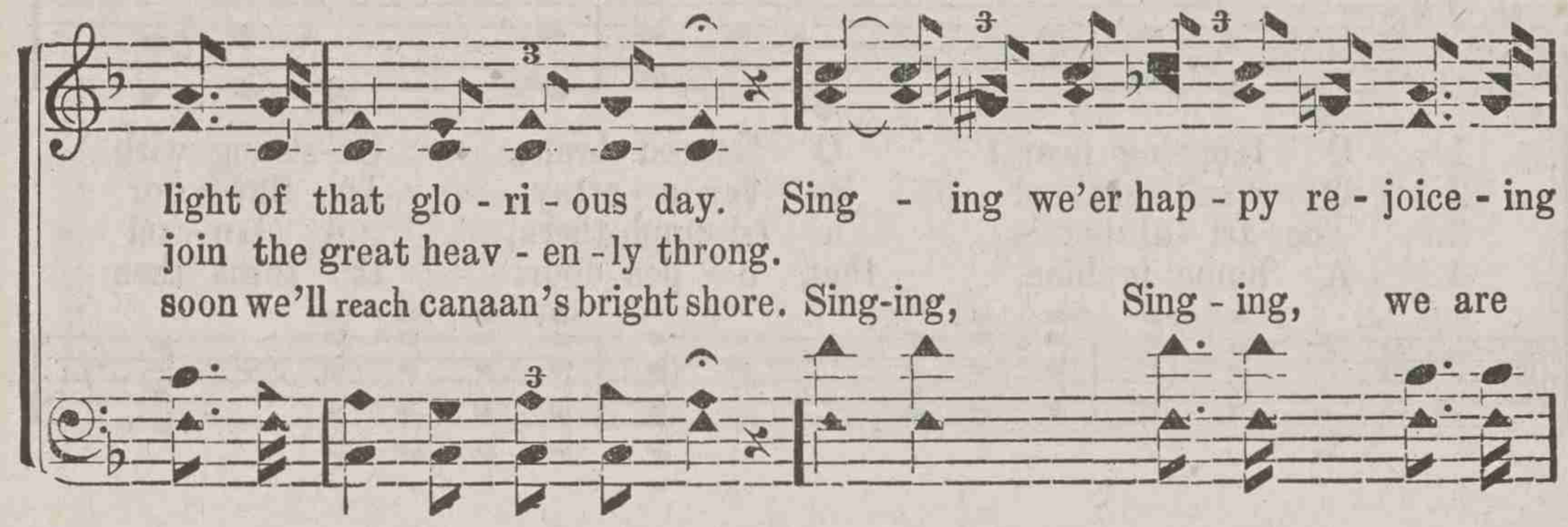


Sing, Oh, sing we'll chase darkness a-way, For soon we shall see the bright
For soon we shall see the bright
Sing - ing, sing-ing come, join in our song, Soon Je - sus will call us to
Soon Je-sus will call us to
Glo - ry glo - ry, while pil-grims be-low, We'll sing and be hap - py for
We'll sing and be hap - py for

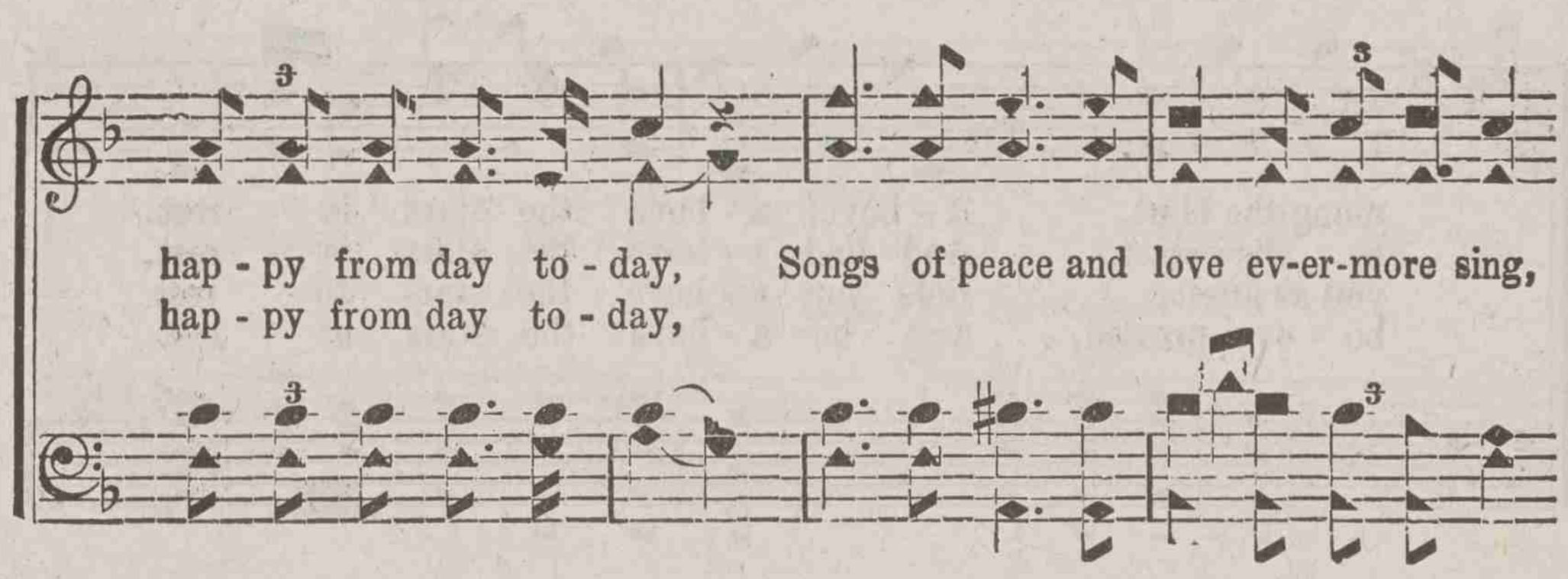


Sing, Evermore Sing. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 156 Rest Over The Stars.

W. I. VARNER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. O faint-ing heart! O fevered brain, Un-strung with sor-row, sin, and pain, A - bove it all, a-
2. O wand'ring soul so far a - stray, The Sav - ior calls, do not de - lay; Come to His arms, come
3. The tri - al here's a tri umph there, A lau - rel wreath the thorn of care; A Prince there wel - comes
4. A home is thine, that o - pen door: It turns thee from it nev - er - more; Come to a Fa - ther's

mong the blest, A - bove, a - bove the stars is rest.
to His breast, And find a - bove the stars is rest.
you as guest, Bids you a - bove the stars to rest.
bo - som pressed, And be a - bove the stars at rest.

CHORUS.

Rest o - ver the stars .... Rest o - ver the
Rest o - ver the stars,

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

Rest Over The Stars. Concluded,









No.157 He Will Keep A Faithful Watch.

E. C. WILSON. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. It mat-ters not with God if you're on land or sea, What joy, or pain may
2. It mat-ters not how dark the night, how soft your tread, Unknown, unseen of
3. Up - on the Saviors name, be liev-ing oft - en call, And strive in tho't and

:S:

come, what course you may per-sue, This peace and strife His vig - il will, un-
God there's noth-ing you can do, Be - cause of love un-told His blood He
deed to be steadfast and true, All see-ing, pat-ient, kind He marks the

D. S. O'er ev - 'ry loy - al, trust-ing one what-

Fine.

fail - ing be, For - ev - er He will keep a faith-ful watch o'er you.
free - ly shed, And ev - er will He keep a faith-ful watch o'er you.
spar-rows fall, And ev - er will He keep a faith-ful watch o'e. you.

e'er be - tide, Re-mem-ber He will keep you, and will safe - ly guide.

CHORUS.

He will keep a lov - ing, faith-ful watch o'er you,
He will al - way keep a lov - ing faith-ful watch o'er you,

D. S.

He will keep a lov - ing faith-ful watch o'er you.
He will al - ways keep a lov - ing faith-ful watch o'er you.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 158 Singing The Shadows Away.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Hap-py with Je - sus my glo - ri - ous King, Day af - ter day, to the
2. Oh, how I love Him who suffered for me, Made me so hap - py and
3. He will up - hold and de-fend me, I know, Guide me, and keep me as

prom-ise I cling; Safe from the temp-ter, I'm un - der His wing,
keeps me so free; For it is rap - ture with Je - sus to be,
white as the snow; Straight to the cit - y with Him I will go,

Fine. CHORUS.

Sing-ing the Shad-ows a - way. Sing - ing the shad-ows a-way, ... a - way,

D. S. Sing-ing the shadows a - way.

D. S.

Clinging to Je - sus to - day; Saved and for-giv-en, I'm go-ing to heav'n, to- day,

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 159 The Game Of Life.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. This lfie is like a game of cards, Which mortals have to learn,
2. In play-ing some throw out their trumps, There winning card to save,
3. When hearts are trumps we play for love, And pleasures rule the hour.
4. When diamonds chance to rule the pack, The players stake their gold.



Each shuf-fles puts and deals the pack, And each a trump doth turn,
Some play the king, some play the duce, But man - y play the knave,
No tho't of sor row checks your joy, In beau - ty's ros - y bow'r,
And heav - y sums are lost and won, By play-ers young and old.



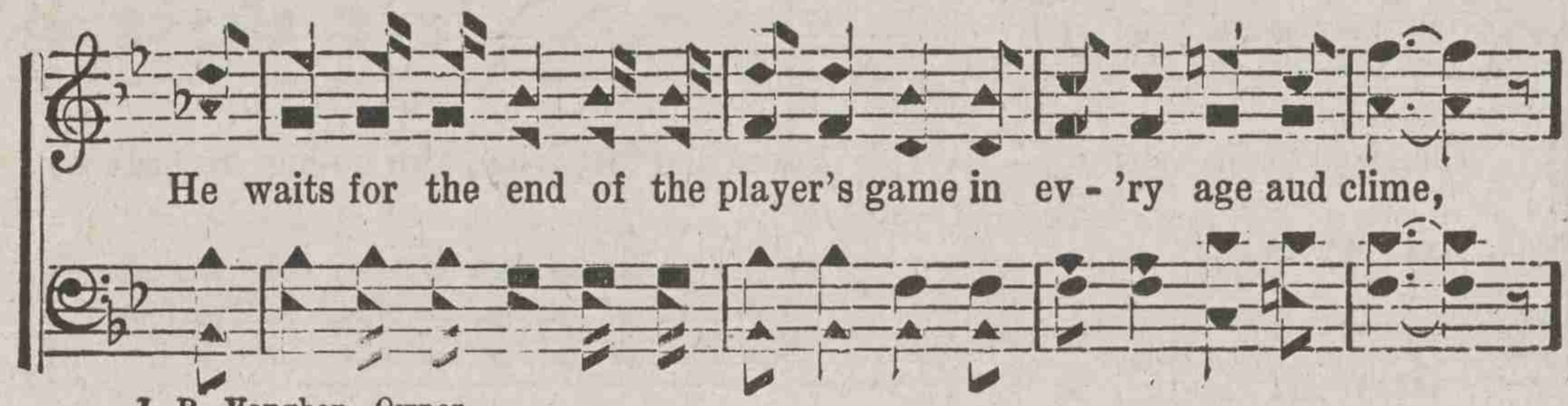
Some bring a high card to the top, And some will bring a low,
Some play for mon-ey, some for love, And some for world - ly fame,
We laugh, we dance, sweet verses write, Our cards at ran - dom play,
Each one in - tent up - on the game, Doth watch with ea - ger eye,



Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, And some but few can show,
But not un - til the hand's play'd out, Can they count up the game,
And while our hearts re-main on top, Our life's a hol - i - day,
That he may see his neighbors cards, And cheat him on the sly.



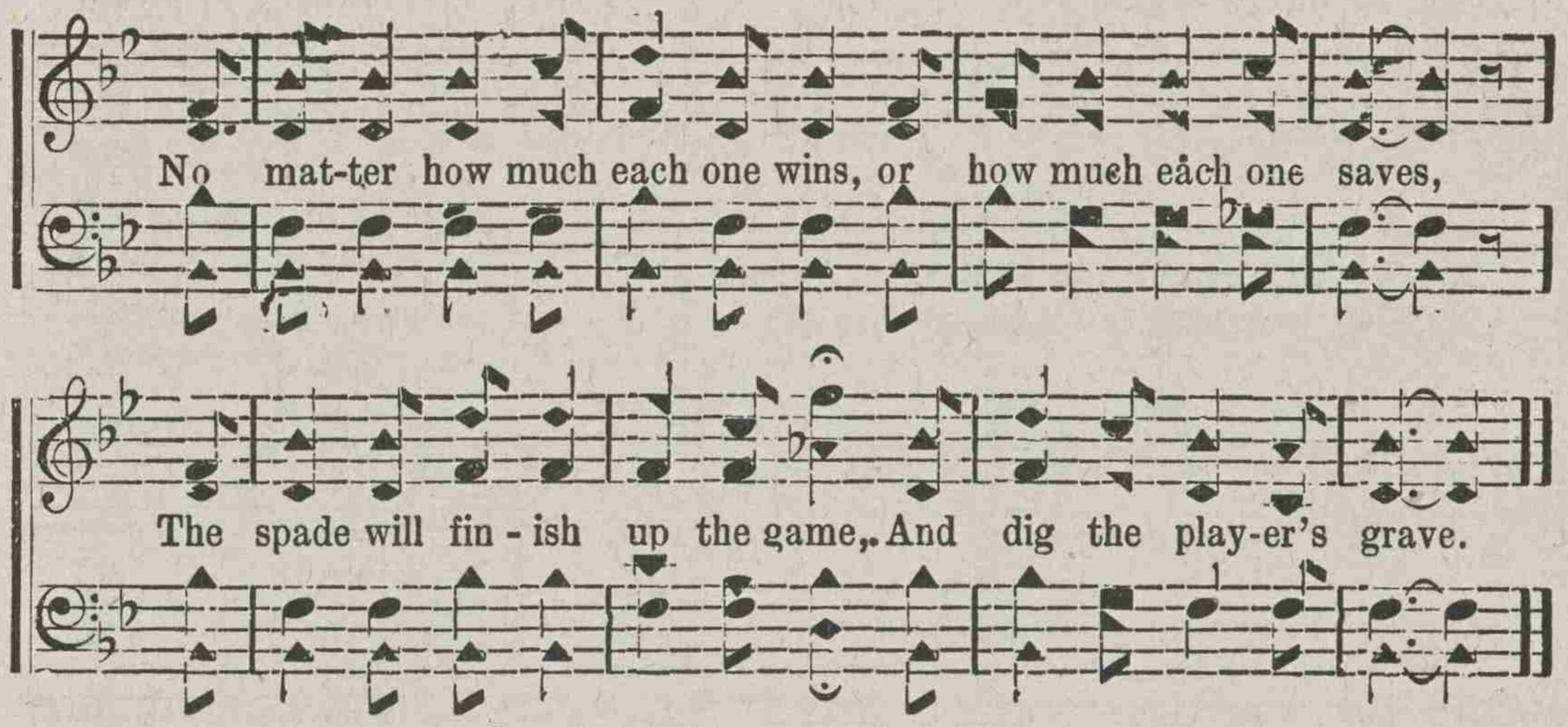
Last game of all is when the spade is turned by the hand of time,



He waits for the end of the player's game in ev - 'ry age aud clime,

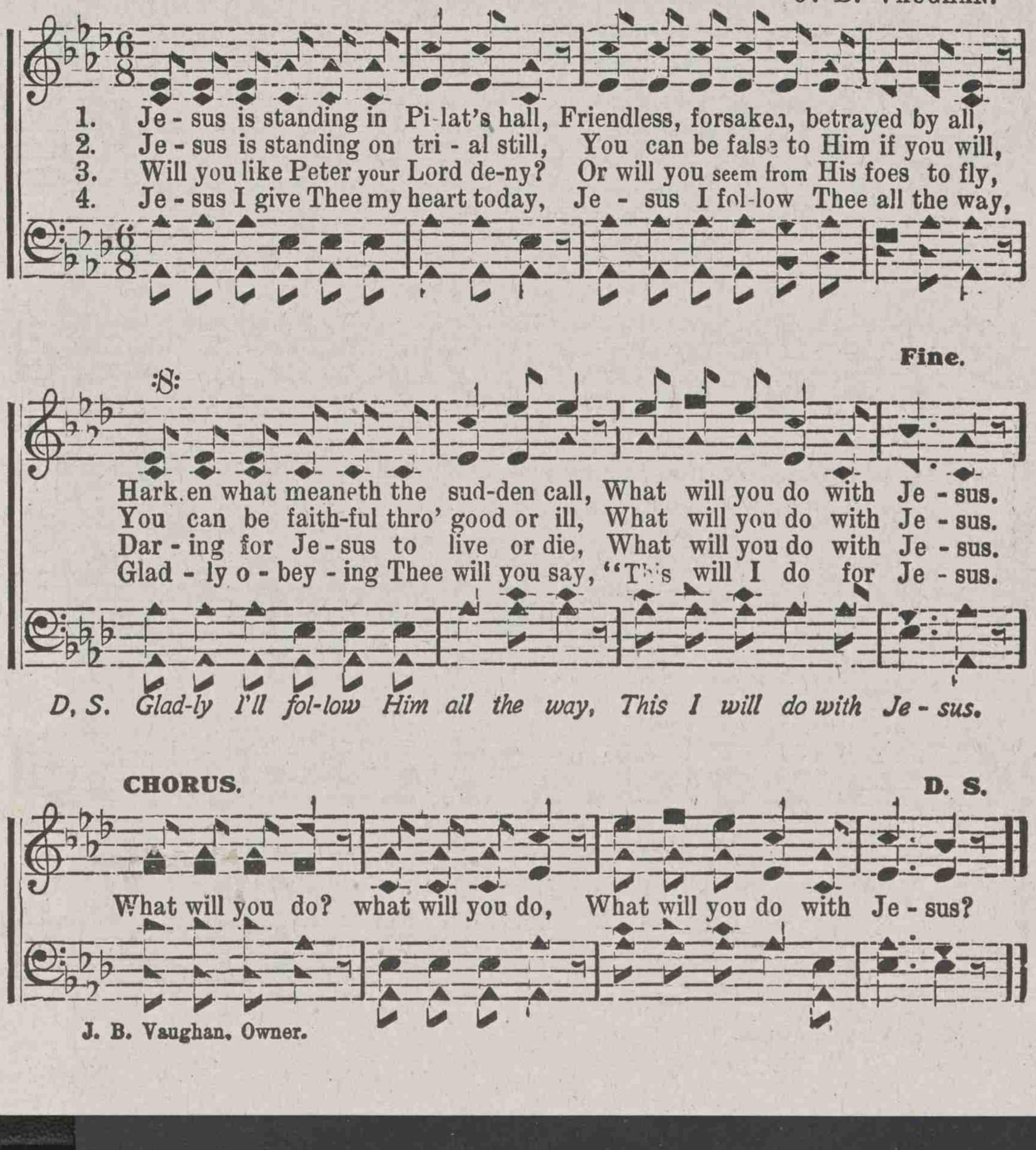
J. B. Vaughan. Owner.

The Game Of Life. Concluded.



No. 160 What Will You Do With Jesus.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 161 His Blood Alone.

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

1. A - lone my Sav - ior died for me,..... Brought par-don peace and
2. A - lone in dark Geth - sem - a - ne,..... He prayed and wept most
3. Such matchless love can you re - ject?.... ..... With love and grace He

lib - er - ty, A - lone could He un - lock the door, To
bit - ter - ly, A - lone He has the power to save, He
will pro-tect, O, come to Je - sus while yon may, Re-

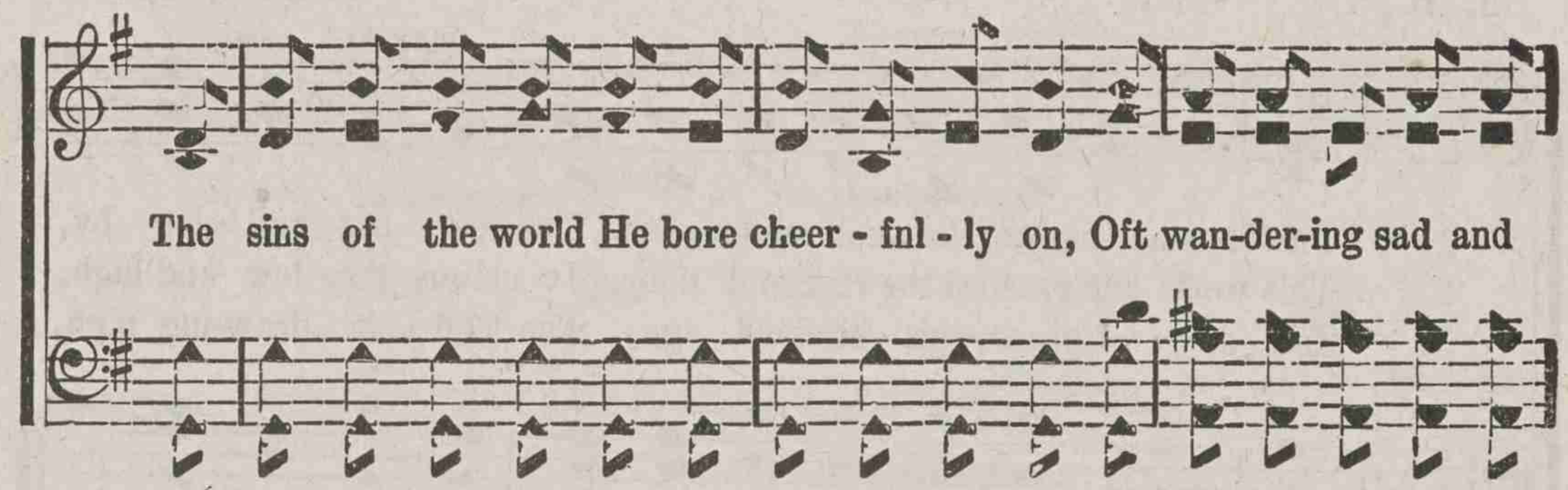
CHORUS.

Par - a - dise and God once more.
conquered death, rose from the grave. On hill and in val - ley, 'mid
ceive His par-don, peace to - day.

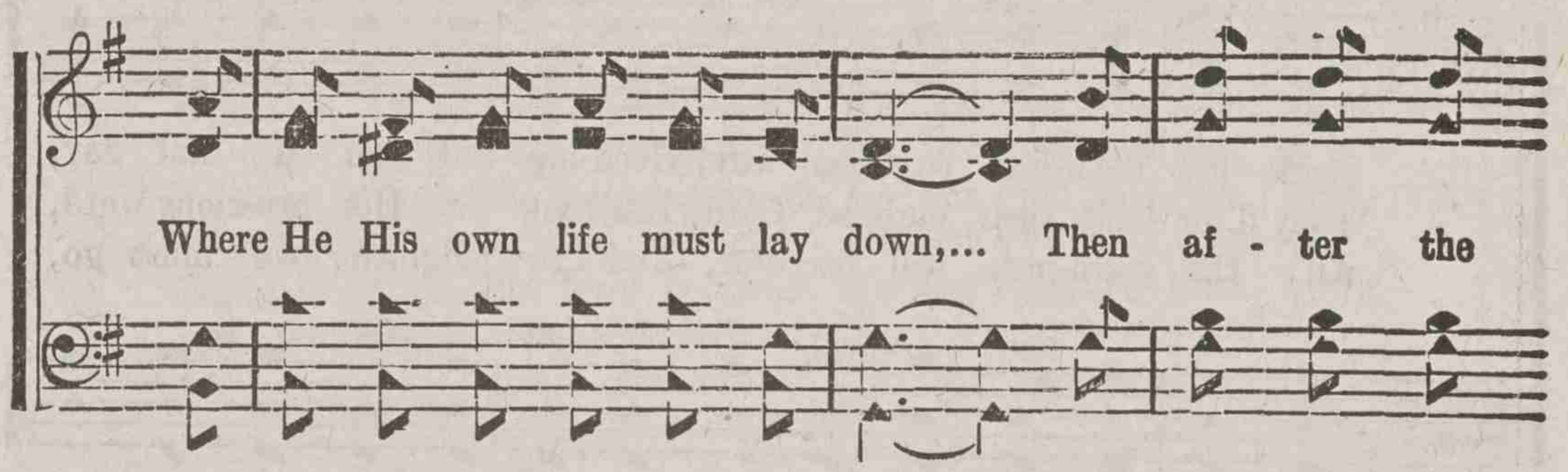
Gal - li - lee's shore, The Sav - ior walked o - yer and o'er. ....
walked o - ver and o'er,

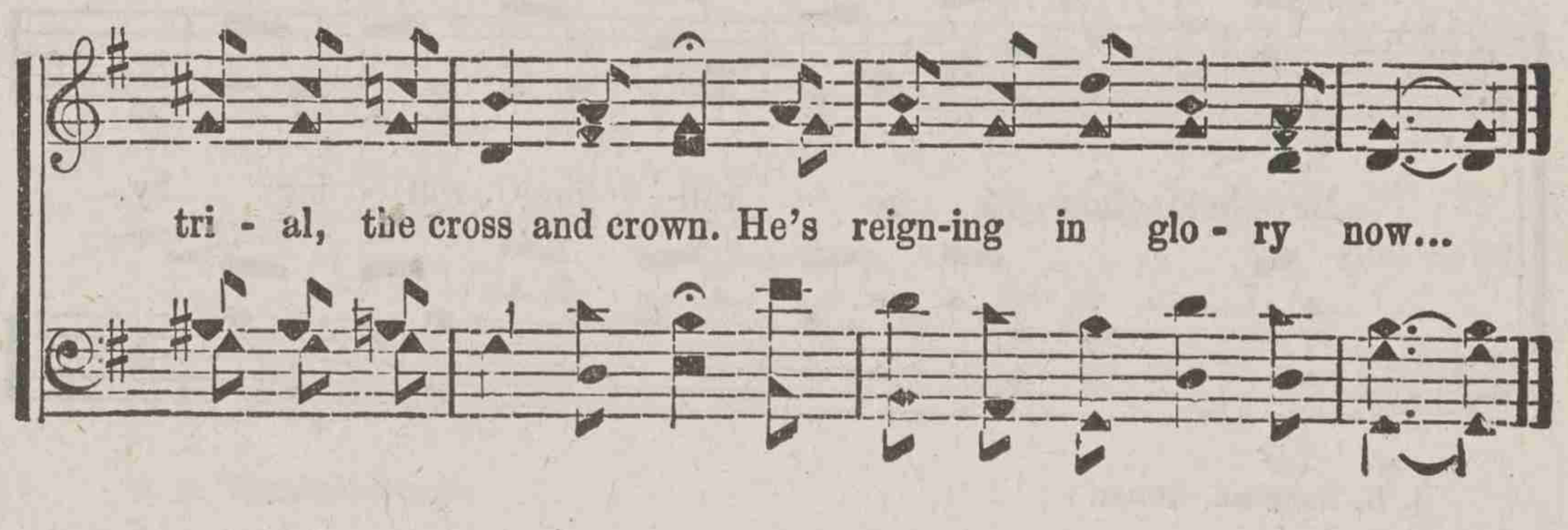
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

His Blood Alone. Concluded.









No. 162 The Days Are Rolling By.

J. B., N. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The days and nights, the weeks and months, The years are roll - ing by,
2. This world has grasped the rich and poor, It claims the low and high,
3. The day of grace, this bless-ed age, The end is draw-ing nigh,

We're bus - y with the world and things, That soon must sure - ly die,
And oft the blood-bought Child of God, Will in its wealth re - ly,
And all who will for - get their Lord, He said, "must sure-ly die,"

Reck - less dash-ing on the way, Heed-ing not the fi - nal day,
They'll for - get their bless-ed Lord, Heed-ing not His pre-cious word,
All the warn-ings will be o'er, And to judgment we must go,

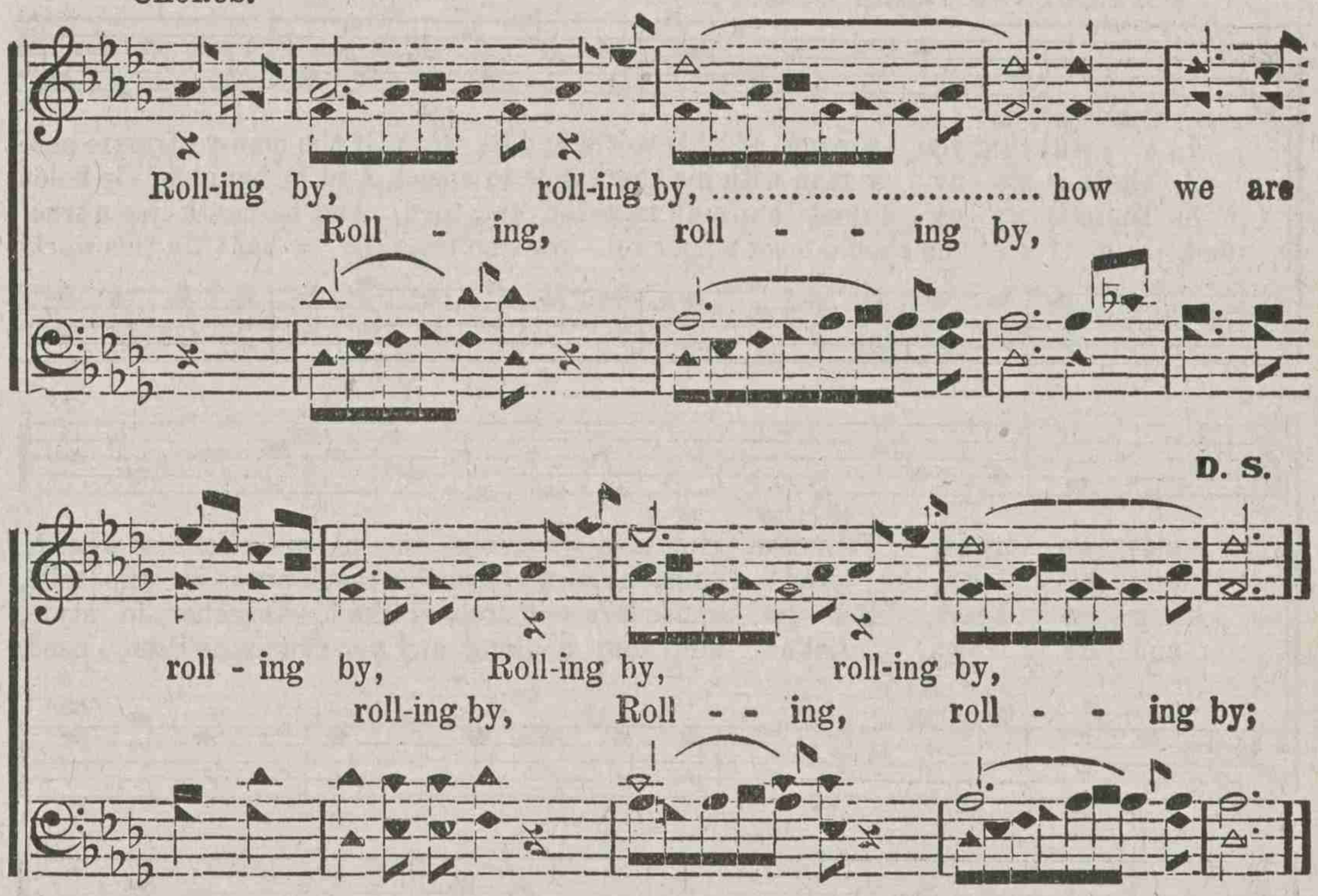
FINE.

Be - hold, how we go roll - ing, roll - ing by.

J. B, Vaughan, Owner.

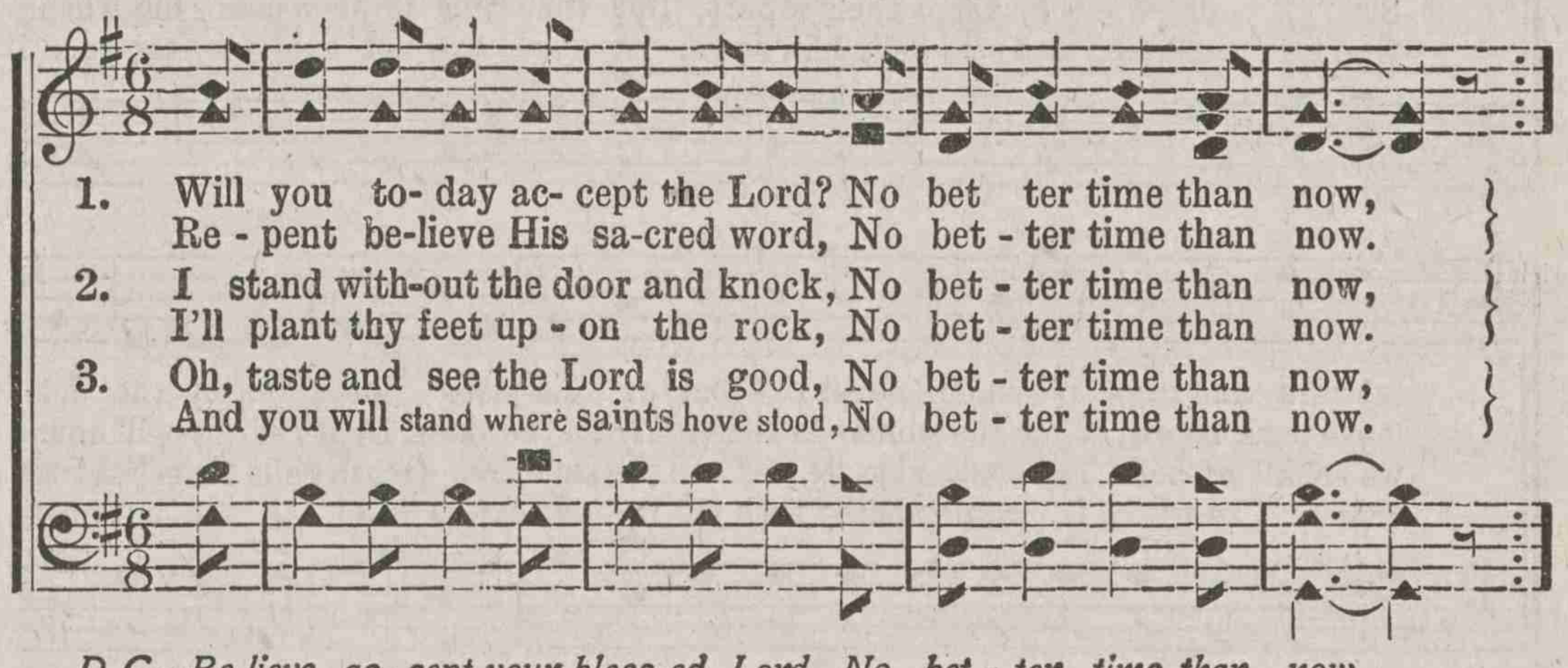
The Days Are Rolling By. Concluded.

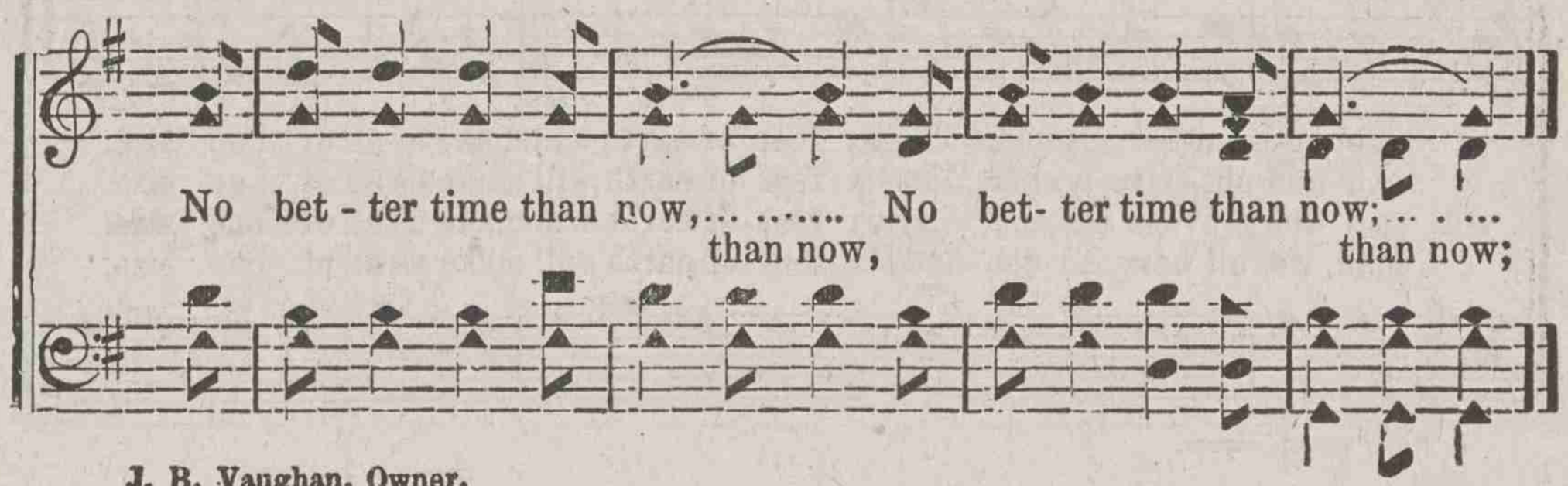
CHORUS.



No. 163 No Better Time Than Now.

WM. R. HAULCITER. J. B. VAUGHAN.





J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 164 Six Feet of Earth.

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

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1. I will sing you a song of this world and its ways, Of the man-y strange peo-ple we meet, From the rich man who rolls in his mil-lions of wealth,
2. There is ma-ny a man with his thousands to spend, And he haught-i-ly holds up his head, And thinks he's a-bove the mech-an-ic who toils,
3. There is ma-ny a coat that's all tattered and torn, And be-neath lies a true hon-est heart, But be-cause he's not dressed like his neighbor, in style,
4. Now if e'er you should meet a poor fel-low who tries To baf-fle this world and its frown, Let's help him a-long and per-chance he'll suc-ceed,

To the poor struggling wretch in the street, Though a man, he is poor and in tat-ters and rags, We should never re-ject or dis-pise, But think of the ad-
And is hon-est-ly earn-ing his bread, But his gold and his jew-els he'll leave here below, When the summons is heard from the skies, Death surely will come
So - ci - e - ty keeps them a-part, But the time is soon com-ing when we shall be-hold The mounds where the great and the small lie, Death calls them both hence
Don't crush him and still keep him down. A cup of cold wa-ter in char-i-ty giv'n, Is remembered with joy in the skies, We all are but hu-

age, re-mem-ber, my friends, That six feet of earth will make us all of one size.
and con-clu-sive-ly show, That six feet of earth will make us all of one size.
to the grave in the end, And six feet of earth will make us all of one size.
man, we all have to die, And six feet of earth will make us all of one size.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 165 After While.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. This world of forms and changes, Is just now so confused, That there is found some dan-ger, in ev - 'ry thing you use, But this is con - so - la - tion to
2. Old Sa-tan tries to throw down, Just ev'ry thing that's good, He'd fix a day to confound, the righteous if He could, But thanks to God Al - might - y that
3. There are some men and women, That help the de-vil on, By con-stant-ly com- plain-ing of ev'ry thing that's done, They want to be called christains and
4. The preach-er in the ser-mon, Will tell them of their life, But they don't like to hear it, they're full of sin and strife, They want the whole arrangement to

Fine.

ev-'ery bloodwashed child, The Lord will change your station, af - ter while
he can - not be - guile, And we will be done fighting, af - ter while.
march in rank and file, But God will o - pen se-crets, af - ter while.
suit their self-ish pride, But God will sit in judgment, af - ter while.

D. S.—The Lord will change our sta- tion, Af - ter while.

CHORUS.

Af-ter while, ... af - ter while, The Lord will change your stations,
Af-ter while, af-ter while,

D. S.

af-ter while, Af - ter while, af - ter while,
Af - ter while, af - ter while.

J. B. Vaughan. Owner.

No. 166 Faith.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Annie O'Farrell.)

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. I can - not see my Sav - ior dear, Be - hold Him with mine eye;
2. In time when grief my soul de-press, "I to His bo - som fly,"
3. Oh, joy to have a friend so true, Whom you He'll ne'er de - ny;

But in the hours of grief or joy, I know my Lord is nigh,
I trust the prom-ise in His word, And find Him al - ways nigh,
To guide you thro' the storm and strife, And feel He's ev - er nigh,

D. S. *fol - low Him from day to day, Tho' rough may be the way,*

I hear the still small voice al - ways, On this I can re - ly,
I have in Him a joy com-plete, A love that will not die,
Oh, bless - ed, bless - ed be the tho't, And bless - ed is the tie,

Faith leads me on un - till I reach, The goal is not so far,

FINE

I'm com - fort - ed for this I know, My Lord is ev - er nigh.
I'm con-cious of His presence sweet, And know my Lord is nigh.
That joins the Fa-ther's heart and ours, And makes us feel He's nigh.

My cross lay down, take up my crown, Faith is the vic - to - ry,

REFRAIN **D. S**

My Sav - ior's standing near, His whis-per I can hear, I

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 167 Be a Daniel.

(Male Quartet.)

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUHAN, by per.

1. "Dare to be a Daniel" in this world be - low, Show- ing forth a
2. Ma - ny sad - ly fal - ter when the fight is hot, Just when they are
3. Friends may oft de-ceive you, foes may press you sore, You must show your

cour- age true where'er you go, Oh, be earn-est in the fight, firm and
need - ed, you will find them not; Dear old Dan-iel, true was he, who will
col - ors, show them all the more, Let the Lord on you de-pend, ev - er-

FINE.

faith-ful for the right, Dare to be a Dan- iel in this world be - low.
his suc- ces - sor be? Dare to be a Dan- iel in this world be - low.
more the right de-fend, Dare to be a Dan- iel in this world be - low.

D. S.—*Dare to be a Dan-iel in this world be - low,*

CHORUS.

Faith-ful, faithful, faithful for the right, Faithful, faithful,
Faithful and courageous, always faithful for the right; Faithful, always faithful, have a

D. S.

courage strong and bright, Firm and faithful all the time for the things sublime,

No. 168 Life's Journey

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

1. Life on earth is but a jour-ney from the cra - dle to the grave,
2. O - ver all the check-ered paths of life I've journey'd safe thus far,
3. Ev - 'ry day my jour-ney brings me just a lit - tle near-er home,

There is on - ly just one path for those who seek and would be saved, But the
With my eye up-on the Light, my bless-ed Guide, the Morning Star, All His
Soon I'll reach the land prepared for all the wea- ry and the worn, Then to

faith-less, un- be-liev-ing, they can nev - er know this way. Je - sus
prom - is - es are true, and He will guide me safe - ly thro' Fatih and
look back o'er my journey, frought with temp-est and with storm, I will

speaks, oh, hear Him sinner while you may, When He calls His faith-ful
trust, be-lieve, is something I can do, Tho' I stum-ble from the
praise Him who so gen - tly led me on, My de - light will be to

D. S.—Rest - ing safe at home with

ser-vants who the crown of life have won, And proclaim the bless-ed plaudit
path that leads me safe - ly to the goal, I've a chart, a bless-ed compass
crown my Lord, and ev -er -last -ing King, Wheu I join the ransom'd yonder,

Je - sus when my four-ney here is o'er, For I know there's glo-ry wait-ing

Life's Journey. Concluded.

en - ter in be-lov'd "well done," All the tri - als, and troubles will be
that will guide my wea - ry soul, Ho - ly Spi- rit, is near me, His pro-
and the songs of Mos - es sing, No more sickness, nor sor-row, All is
me on yon - der hap - py shore, It has nev - er been heard, nor has it

FINE

counted as but naught, Just to en - ter in His kingdom, bless-ed tho't.
tec-tion is so dear. Call on Him and He will nev - er fail to hear.
glo - ry o- ver there, Songs of praise e-ter - nal - ly shall sweet-ly ring.
ev - er yet ap-pear'd, Un - to man the bliss e - ter - nal ev - er-more..

CHORUS.

I'm a pil grim, to - day, and I press on the way, Home is
al - most in sight, see yon bea - con so bright, I am climb-ing
the mountain, I'll soon reach the fountain, O wont that be de - light

D. S.

No. 169 Everybody Needs the Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. Tell and sing the sto - ry more and more from day to day, Point - ing
   For so hard the bat - tle and so thorn - y is the way! (*Omit....*)
2. Lean-ing on His prom-ise, praise Him ev - 'ry-where you go, Make Him
   For so great life's bur-den and so might - y is the foe! (*Omit....*)
3. Till we en - ter heav - en to be with Him ev - er-more Till we
   Let us send the ti - dings o - ver ev - 'ry sea and shore; (*Omit....*)

way - ward souls to Him a - bove; Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.
known, the precious Ho - ly Dove, Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.
stand a-round the throne above, Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the love of Je - sus,..... Ev - 'ry-bod - y
the precious love of Je - sus,

needs our Friend above; Sweet-ly tell the sto - ry of His
they need our Friend above;

grace and glo - ry, Ev - 'ry-bod - y needs His precious love .....
and of His glo-ry, His precious love.

No. 170 Give Me Jesus.

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

1. You need not ask me why I al - ways sing and praise His name,
2. This world is full of sin and sor - row, it is not my home,
3. I'm sat - is - fied to wait till I shall hear my Sav - ior call,

If you will get the bless ing, you will sure - ly do the same,
A land where death's grim c - cle, har - vest down the rose and throne,
I know what-e'er He do - eth, it will be the best for all,

I care not for the crit - i - cis - er, he'll not be here long,
The few and lu - rid mornings, that may dawn up - on us here,
I know while on my jour-ney, He will lead me all the way,

And I shall al - so say fare - well and this shall be my song.
Can - not com-pare for just a mo - ment with my Sav - ior there.
He nev - er failed me all a - long, un - til this bless - ed day.

REFRAIN.

Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus, You may have all this world, Give me Je - sus.

No. 171 He'll Surely Be a Shelter.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The Lord has led me all the way, And keeps me ev - 'ry day, He'll
2. The storms a-round me rage and blow, The temp-est loud - ly roar, He'll
3. The Lord will cheer my wea - ry soul, And I shall reach the goal, He'll
4. Sometimes when storm clouds gather near, I need not have a fear, He'll

:S:

sure - ly be a shel - ter for me, I'll love and serve Him here be-
sure - ly be a shel - ter for me, He pro - mise'd to be near me,
sure - ly be a shel - ter for me, I'll trust His prom-ised to the
sure - ly be a shel - ter for me, And by and by I'll hear Him

D. S.—*And by and by with Him on*

low, Till I am called to go, He'll sure ly be a shel - ter for me.
Thenwhy should I doubt and fear, He'll sure - ly be a shel - ter for me.
end, My Lord my dear-est friend, He'll sure - ly be a shel - ter for me.
say, My child come on this way, He'll sure - ly be a shel - ter for me.

FINE.

high, His face I then shall see, He'll sure - ly be a shel - ter for me.

REFRAIN.

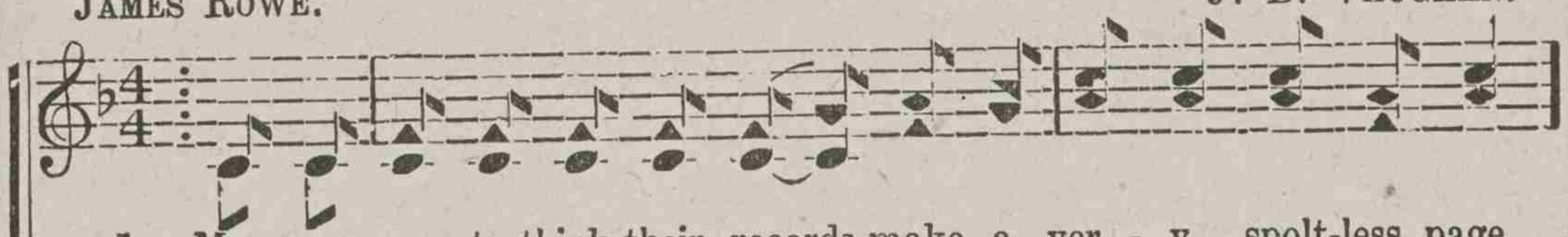
D. S.

He'll surely be a shelter for me, (for me) He'll surely be a shelter for me, (for me)

No. 172 Are You Just What You Are?

Beholding the throngs on the streets, the crowded church buildings, the various places of amusement over-flowing. This thought came to me. "Are we just what we are?"—J. B. V.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Man - y seem to think their records make a ver - y spolt-less page,
   Yet their prec-ious souls are blackened by the e - vils of the age,
2. Oh, the temp-ter is de- ceiv- ing man - y care - less ones to - day,
   Man - y who are fac - ing heav-en, backward walk the downward way,
3. You may long de-ceive your neigh-bor, but the Lord is not de-ceived,
   By and by, you will a - waken, see the net that sin has weaved,
4. Do not be an im - i - ta - tor, but be tru - ly what you are,
   Break a - way from all your fetters, make the Lord your guid - ing star,



D. C. *Some the life-crown seem to win. But are deep in love with sin;*

FINE.

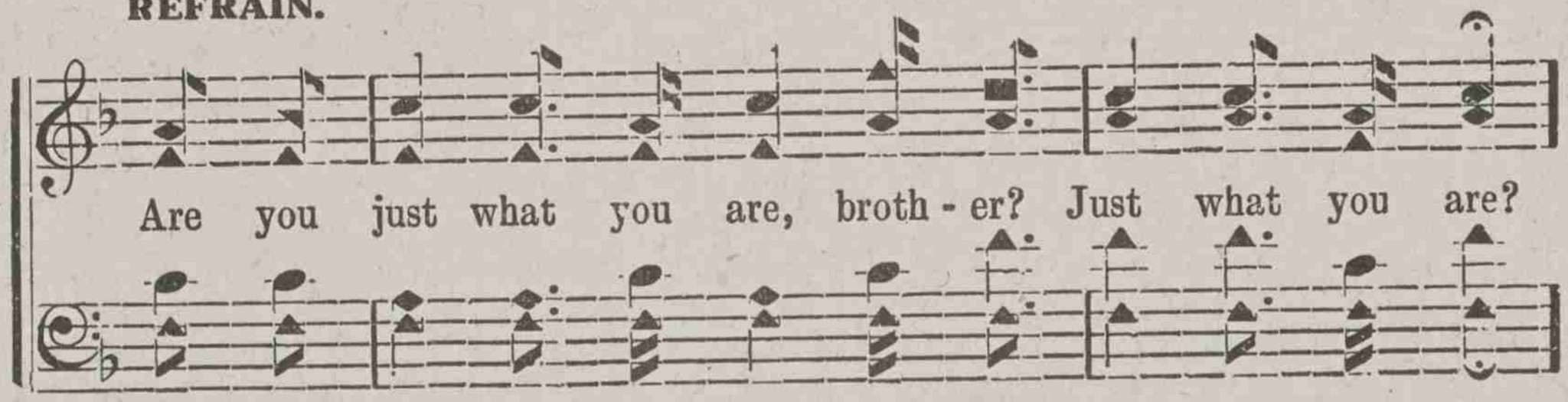


And from day to day they wear a saint - ly smile,
For the gold - den calf they wor - ship all the while.
They are mere - ly im - i - ta - tors of the good,
Know - ing not that by the world they-re un - der - stood.
He is a - ble ev - 'ry se - cret thought to know;
And your soul will have to reap the seeds you sow.
And no lon - ger what you on - ly seem to be;
Make your re - cord such as God de - lights to see.



Are you sure my broth - er you're just what you are?

REFRAIN.



Are you just what you are, broth - er? Just what you are?

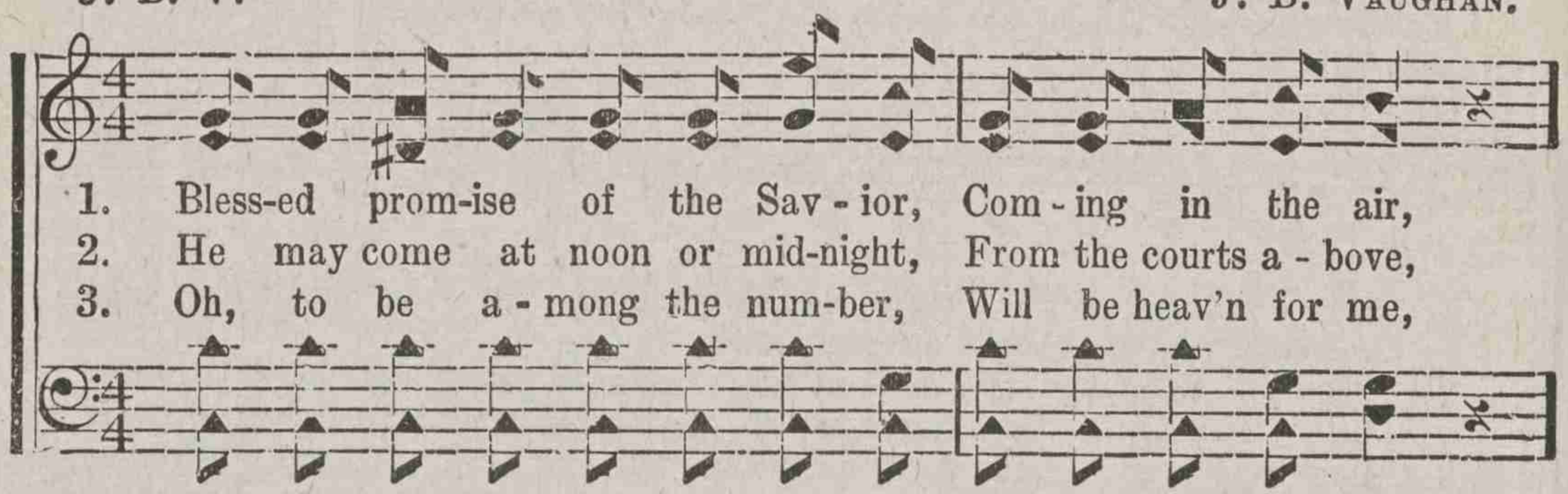
D. C.



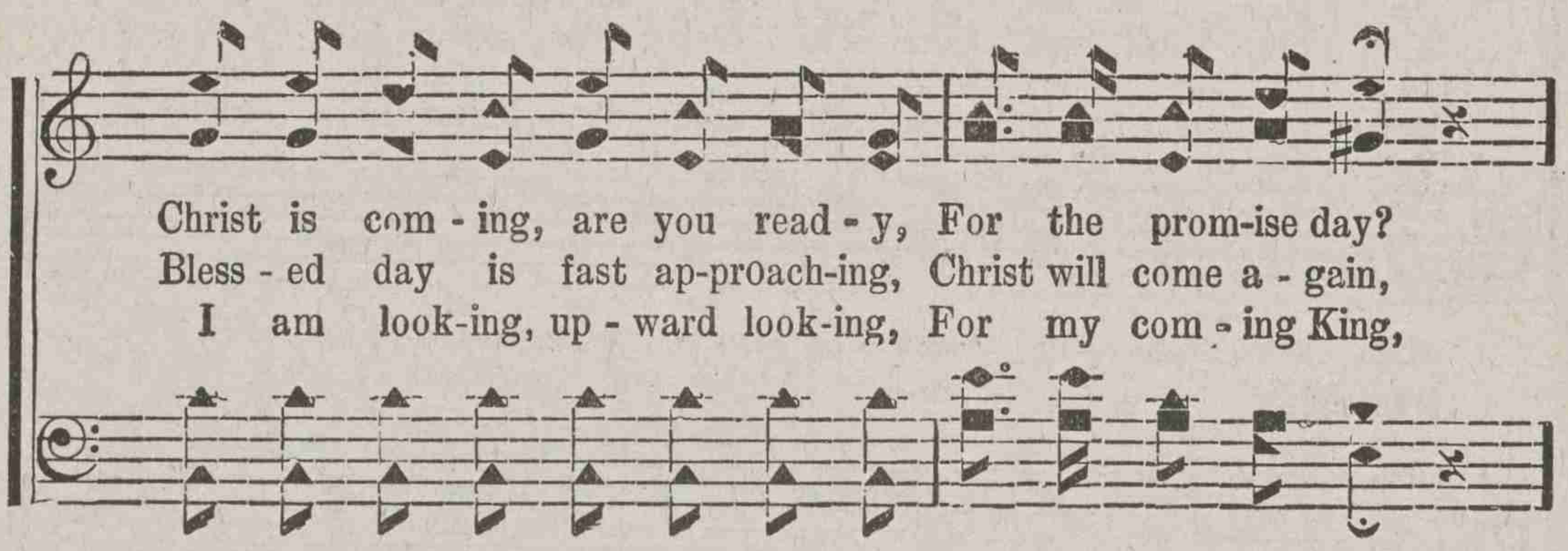
Are does hid - den sin your rec - ord sad - ly mar?

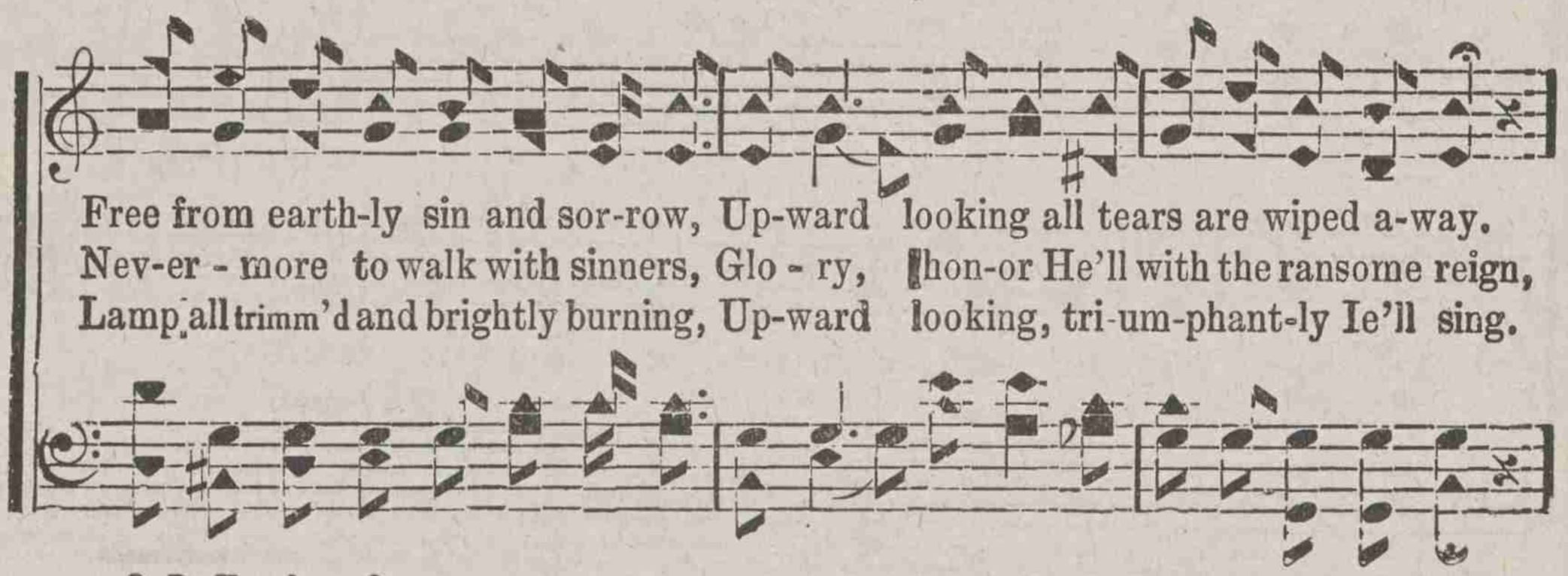
No. 173 The Upward Look.

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





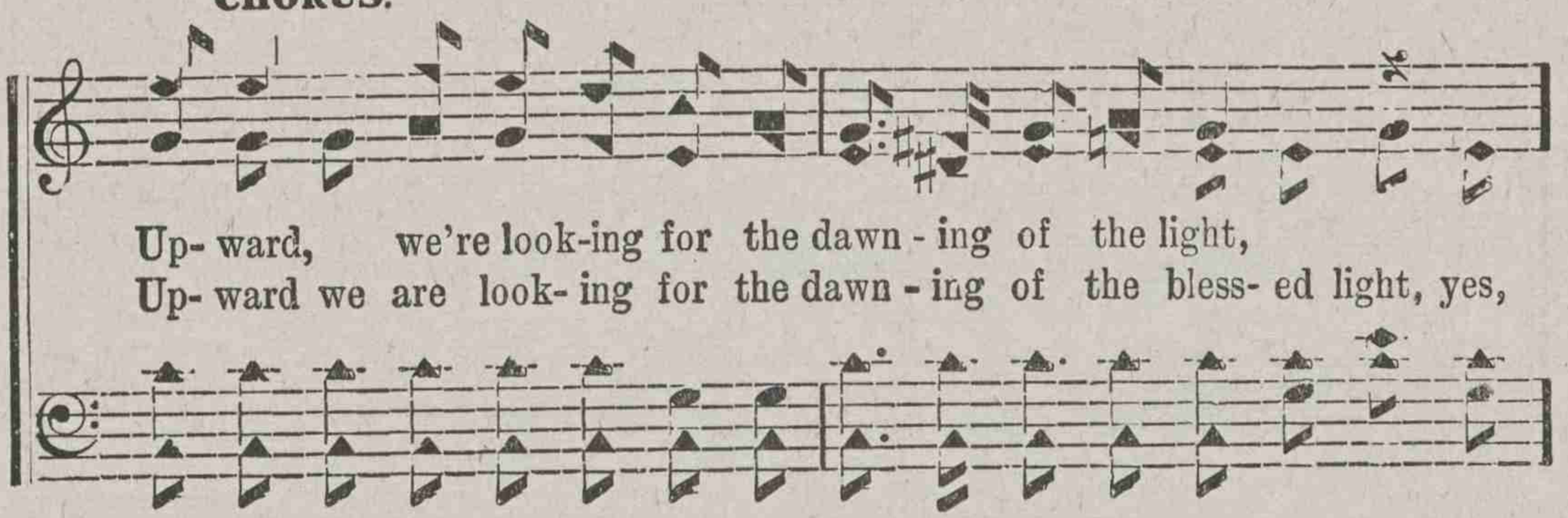


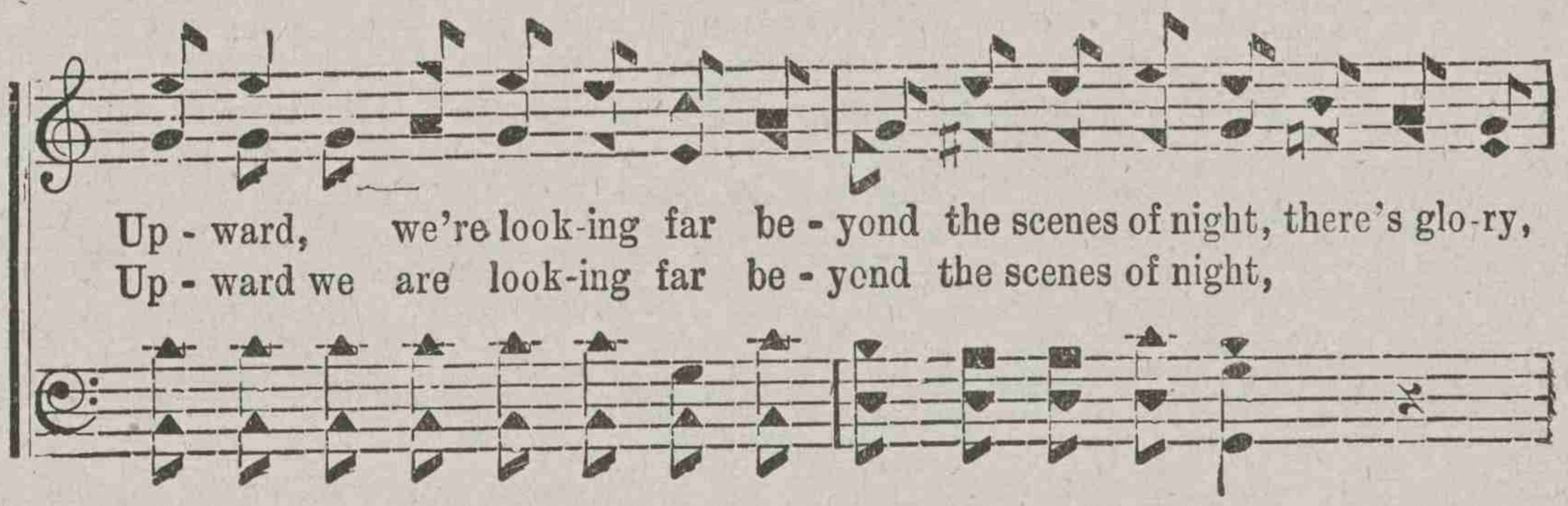


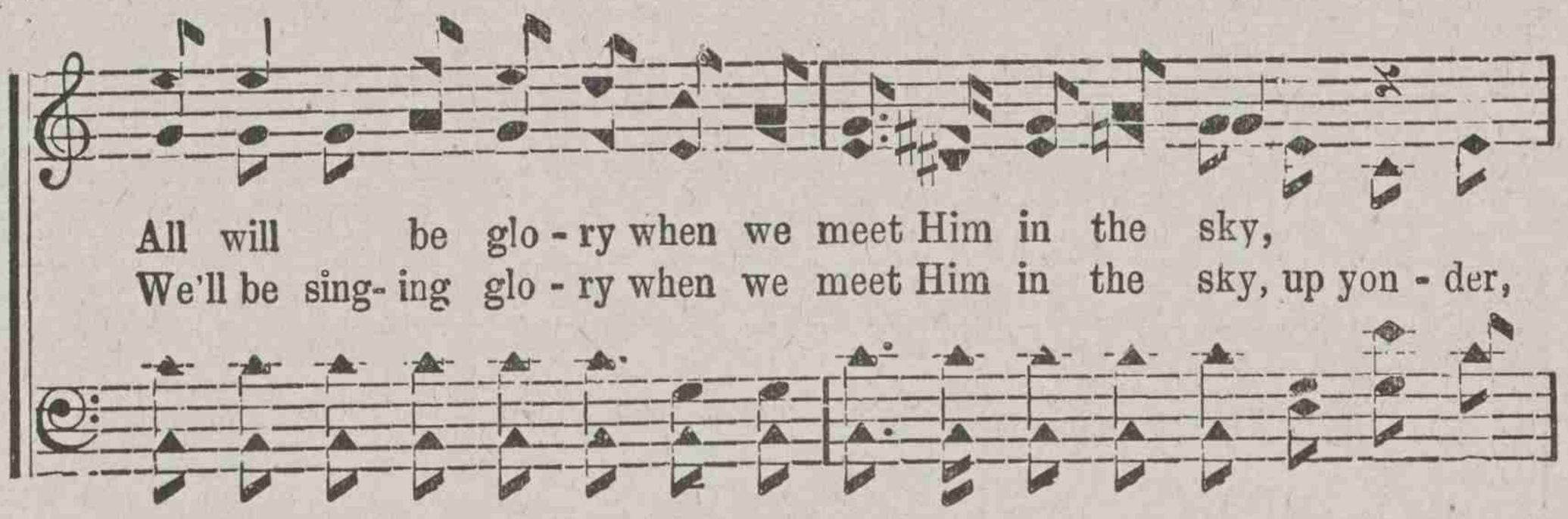
J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

The Upward Look. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 174 We Shall See The King.

J. B. V. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a bless - ed time that's com - ing, com-ing soon. (com-ing soon,)
2. Are you read - y should the Sav - ior call to - day? (call to-day?)
3. Oh, my broth - er are you read - y for the call? (for the call,)

It may be ev'n - ing, morn - ing or at noon, (or at noon,) The
Would Je - sus say well done or go a - way? (go a - way?) My
To crown your Sav - ior King and Lord of all? (Lord of all?) The

wed-ding of the Bride, u - nit - ed with the groom, We shall see the
home is for the pure, the vile can nev - er stay, We shall see the
king-doms of this world shall soon be-fore Him fall, We shall see the

D. S.—*com-ing soon in pow'r, we'll hail the bless-ed hour, We shall see the*

FINE CHORUS

King when He comes. We shall see the King, We shall see the
oh, glo - ry, let us tell the

King when He comes. D. S.

King, We shall see the King when He comes, He is
bless-ed sto-ry, hal - le - lu - jah

No 175 In Touch With The King.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. For years I was lost in the low-lands of sin, No light was a-round me, a - bove, or with-in; But now in the sun-light of glad-ness I sing
2. He found me in dark-ness and led me to light, And now all the home path His love keepeth bright; To Him thro' all tri-als, by faith I will cling,
3. O soul in the low-lands, come up to the hills, Where Je - sus with glad - ness the wea-ry heart fills; Your sins and your sorrows to Him you may bring

REFRAIN.

For home-ward I'm go - ing, in touch with the King.
March onward to glo - ry, in touch with the King. In touch with the King
And al - ways be hap - py, in touch with the King.

my Re-deem-er, And sweet-ly His prais-es I sing; No lon - ger I stray,

for, re - joic - ing to-day, For homeward I'm go-ing, in touch with the King.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 176 Praying Down The Blessing.

J. B. V. (J. B. Vaughan, Owner.) J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We will ring the sky bells, With our mes - sage go - ing by,
2. Mos - es prayed for Is - rael, And the Lord could not re - fuse,
3. All a - long the a - ges, Prayer has brought the blessings down,

If we call the op - er - a - tor, He will send re - ply,
For the prayers of ho - ly men so won - drous - ly, are used,
When we ask in faith, be - leiv - ing, we have sure - ly won,

For the Lord can nev - er turn a - way His plead-ing child,
And the faith - ful A - bra - ham who sought the Lord to save,
He will fill our strore-house full of bless-ings from a - bove,

S.—*liv - er safe - ly there,*

FINE.

For the fer-vent prayer will bring the an - swer with a smile.
And res - cured His neph - ew from the aw - ful fire - y grave.
Keep on pray-ing, and re - mem - ber that our God is love.

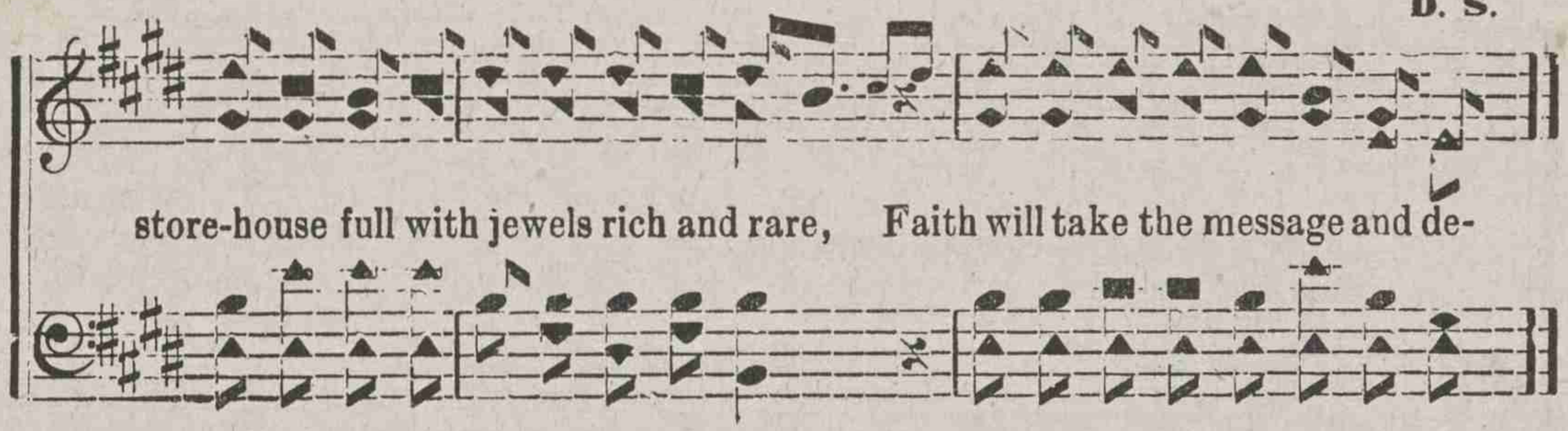
We will get a an - swer from the of - fice in the sky.

REFRAIN.

Pray-ing down the blessings with our in- ter- ceed- ing prayer, He will fill our

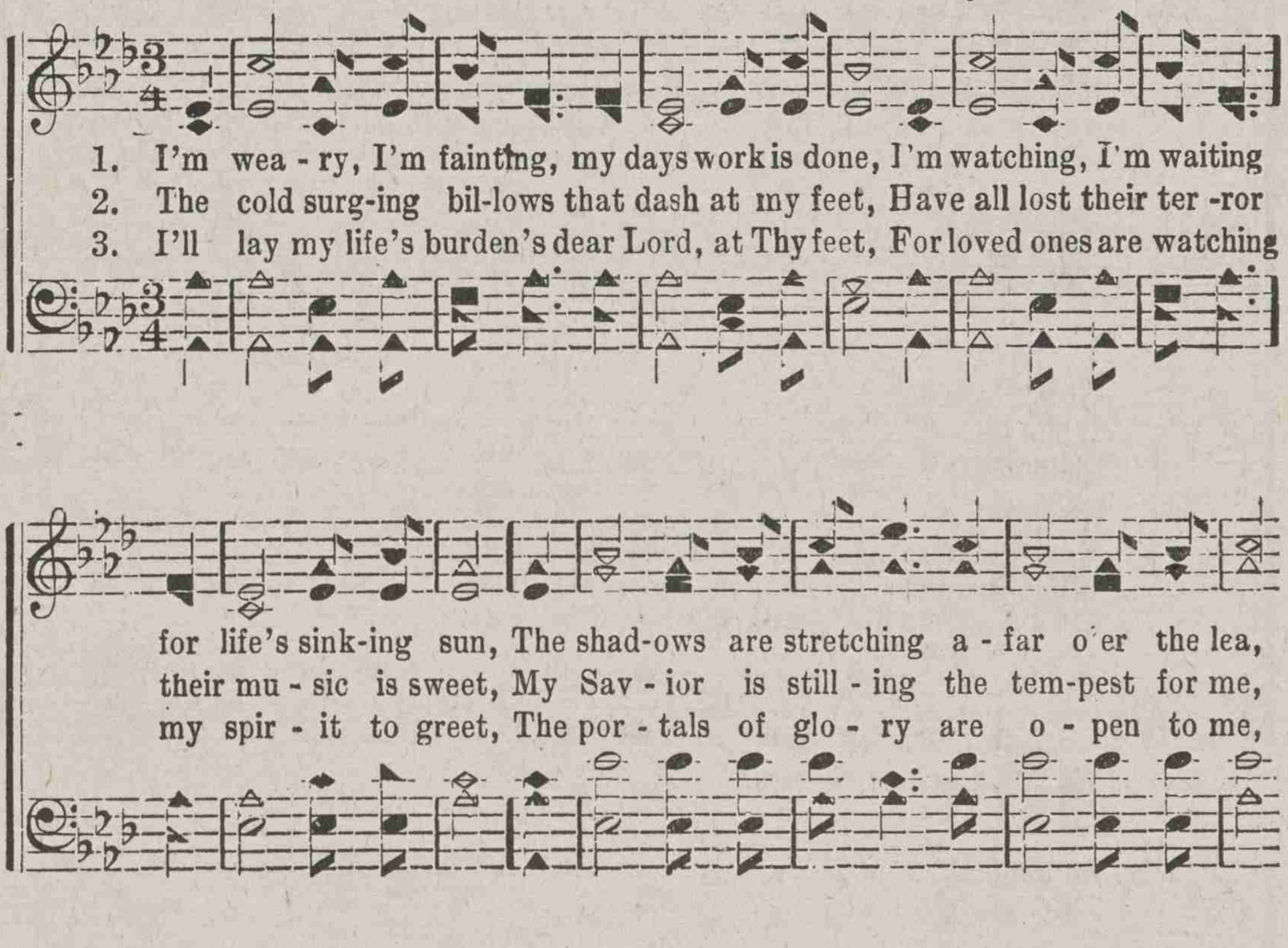
Praying Down The Blessing. Concluded.

D. S.



No. 177 Beyond The Dark Sea.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.



FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.



D. S.—*Then oh let me anchor beyond the dark sea.*

J. B. Vaughan, Owner,

No. 178 His Good Old Way.

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

1. I love Je - sus for He first loved me, Oh, it's won-der-
2. E - noch walked with God, and he was not, We re - mem - ber
3. Let us fol - low close our low - ly King, Let's be faith-ful

ful how could it be? How He sought me when in sin a - stray,
what was said of Lot, One walked close to God, and did not stray,
and re - joice and sing, Be as - sured we soon shall hear Him say,

REFRAIN.

Now He keeps me in His own good way.
While the oth - er left the good old way. Je - sus keeps me in His
Child come high-er, walk the Beu - lah way.

own good way, And I fol-low Him from day to day, I'm de-light-ed

When I hear Him say, "Child be faith-ful in the good old way."

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 179 Stay Near Me Lord.

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

Duet.



1. Stay near me Lord, I would not have Thee go, The gloom is deep'ning I need Thee
2. I need Thy light to shine up-on the way, I need Thy presence, Lord with me
3. Take Thou my hand and lead me safe-ly thro', A - lone, I tremble, I know not



more and more, All oth-er help-ers fail to com-fort me, I trust a-lone in Thee.
ev - 'ry day, My path is dark, the way I do not know, Come Lord, and with me go.
what to do, Thy grace I need a-bun-dent-ly to - day To shine up - on the way.

CHORUS.



Stay near me,..... stay near me,..... Lord
Stay near me ev - 'ry day, Lord lead me on the way,

lead and guide me gent-ly on, Stay near me,.....
on, gen-lty on, Lord lead me ev - 'ry day,

Stay near me, Lead Thou me on, lead on,
and guide my feet in Thine own bless - ed way, lead on,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 180 No More Pain.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Far be - yond the mys-tic riv - er, Far be - yond our mor-tal sight,
2. O, the suf - fer - ing of mor-tals, Pain of bod - y, grief of mind,
3. Sin has laid its curse up - on us, We are in the shades of night,

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, Nev - er feel - ing frost or blight,
Yea, the sick and the af - flict - ed Here on ev - 'ry side we find,
"Thro' a glass we see but dark-ly," O, how dim and blurred our sight!

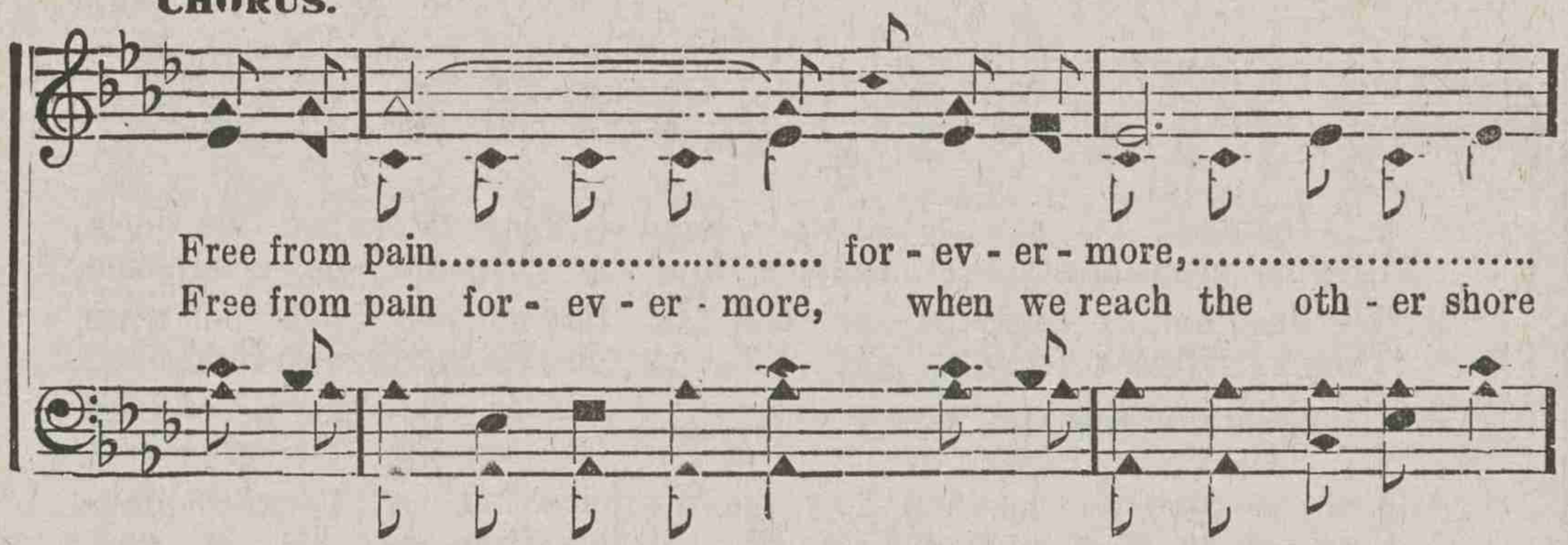
There is love be - yond ex-press-ion, There is end - less joy and gain,
But a bet - ter day is com - ing—On that glad e - ly - sian plain,
Souls are moaning, hearts are breaking, Tears are fall - ing down like rain,

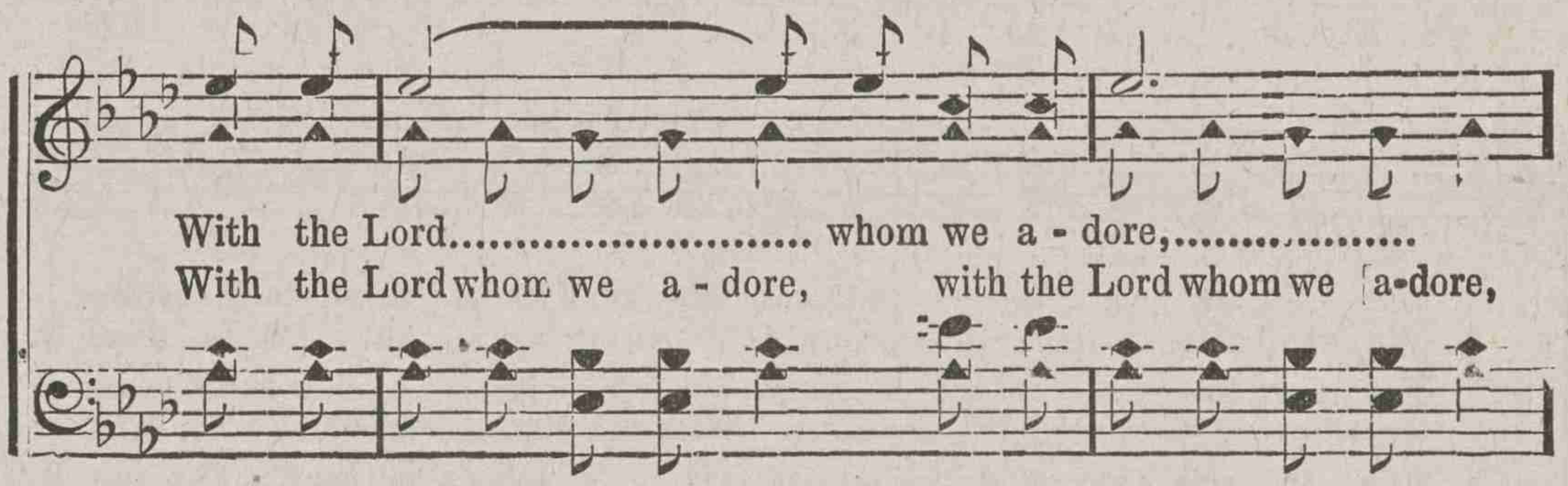
But the sweet-est thing a - bout it, We shall there be free from pain.
God will make us whole and per - fect, We shall there be free from pain.
But in that de - light - ful coun-try, We shall there be free from pain.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No More Pain. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 181 Life On Earth.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Life on earth is but a va - por, Soon we'll lay these bod - ies down,
   Brighter than the stars of heav-en, Bright-er than the daz-zling sun,
2. We shall not a - bide for - ev - er, In this gloom-y vale of tears,
   Then we'll pass a - way to glo - ry, At our Fa-ther's own right hand,
3. I would not give up my ti - tle, To that fu - ture world of bliss,
   I had rath - er bear af - flic- tion, Be a hat - ed pil - grim here,
4. Let us then be up and do - ing, We have but a few short days,
   Cour-age, broth-er, work and suf - fer, Till this fleet- ing life is past,





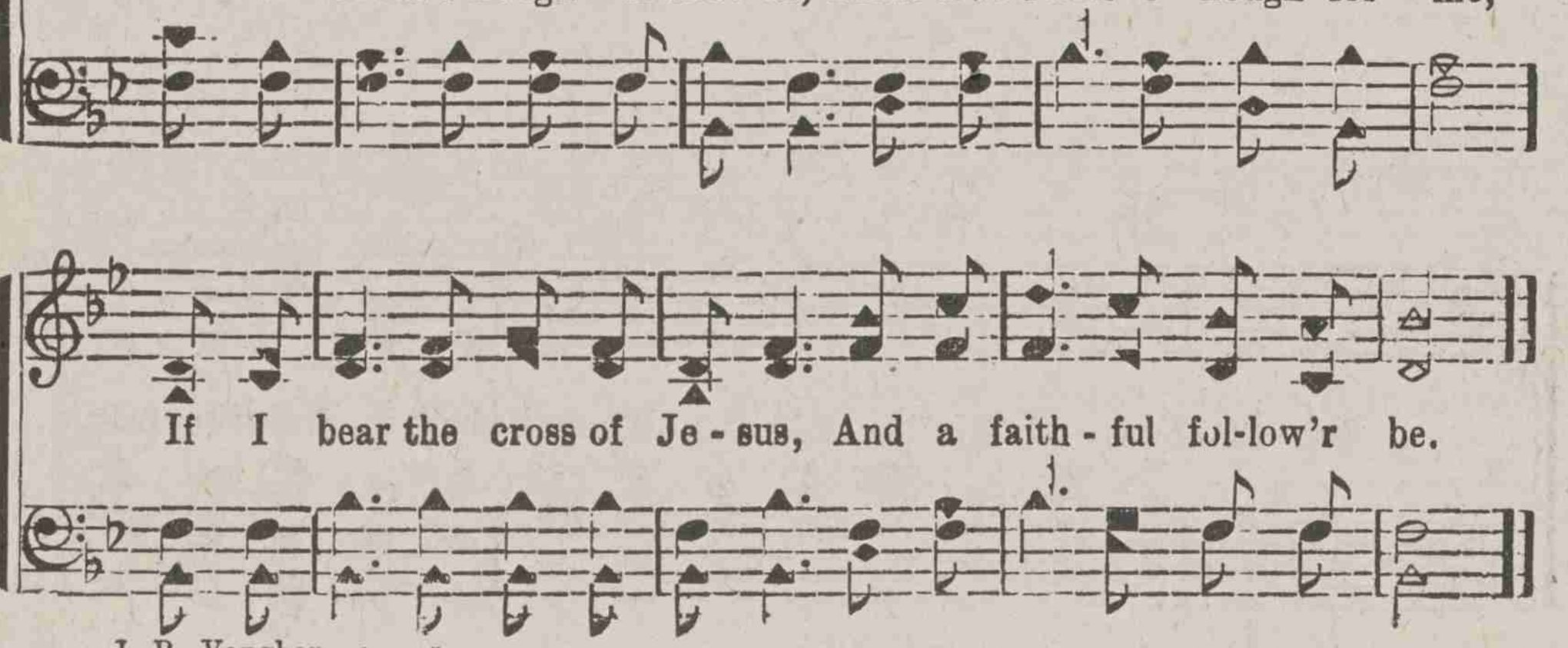
But if we con - tin - ue faith-ful, We shall wear a vic-tor's crown,
We shall shine a-mong the ransom'd, When our work on earth is done.
For our life shall at the long-est, On - ly last a few short years,
There to sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, With the blood-washed he - ly band.
For the shin - ing gold and sil-ver, Of a thous-and worlds like this,
Miss the di - a - dems ter-res-tial, And ob - tain a crown up there.
Price-less souls of men to res-cue, From their dark and sin - ful ways,
God will re-com-pense our la-bor, With a great re - ward at last.



REERAIN



There'll be room e-nough in heav-en, There'll be room e - nough for me,



If I bear the cross of Je - sus, And a faith - ful fol-low'r be.

J. B. Vaughan, [illegible]r.

No. 182 Brighter Every Day.

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

1. When I'm lone-ly, God is near, Je - sus al-ways seems so dear,
2. Je - sus leads me, this I know, Where He leads me I will go,
3a Bright - er as the days go by, Sweet - er as the moments fly,

With my hand in His I have a stay, ... And its just a lit - tle
Peace flows gent-ly, like a might-y stream, ... Makes my days and nights so
If my path seems dark along the way, ... It will be a lit - tle

CHORUS.

brighter ev -'ry day.
plac- id like a dream. It is just a lit-tle brghter ev-'ry day,
brighter ev -'ry day, ev-'ry day,

Just a lit - tle brighter all the way, Bless- ed hope to - mor-row,

I have peace in sor-row, And it's just a lit - tle brighter ev - 'ry day.

J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 183 WHEN HE COMES.

MARY B. BRADFIELD. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Shall we know Him if we see Him, when He comes, when He comes?
2. Shall we dare to stand be - fore Him, when He comes, when He comes?
3. May our feet be swift to meet Him, when He comes, when He comes?

Shall we fear Him, shall we flee Him when He comes, when He comes,
Shall we wor-ship and a - dore Him when He comes, when He comes,
May our hearts leap up to greet Him when He comes, when He comes

Shall we love Him and be - lieve Him, will His own at last re - ceive Him,
Or will pride persume to try Him, will our craven fear de - ny Him,
May our lips be fit to sing Him, may our hands be clean to bring Him

Or will slighting coldness grieve Him, when He comes, when He comes?
And our sins cry, "Cru-ci - fy Him," when He comes, when He comes?
All we have and are, to crown Him when He comes, when He comes?

J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER.

184 WORK TO DO.

Miss EULALIA MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.



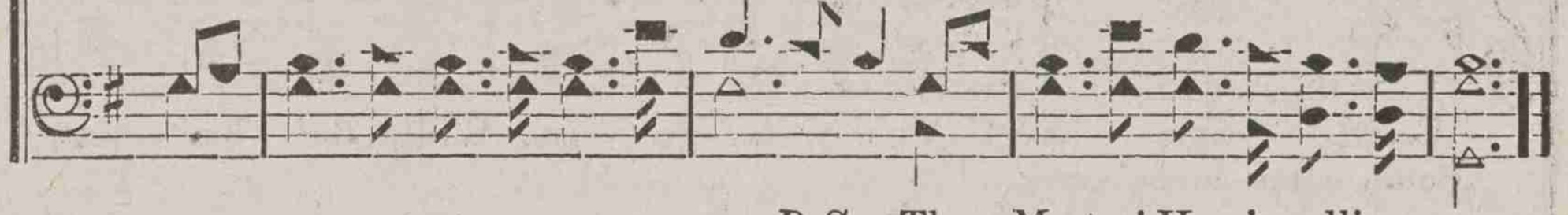
1. Oh christians there is work to do, The Mas - ter, He is call-ing you,
2. O great the wasting harvest now, For ma - ny souls to i - dols bow,
3. Lord bless the garners, give them grace, Thy foe in foreign lands to face,
4. Lord bless the dear ones far a - way, Be thou their guide from day to day,





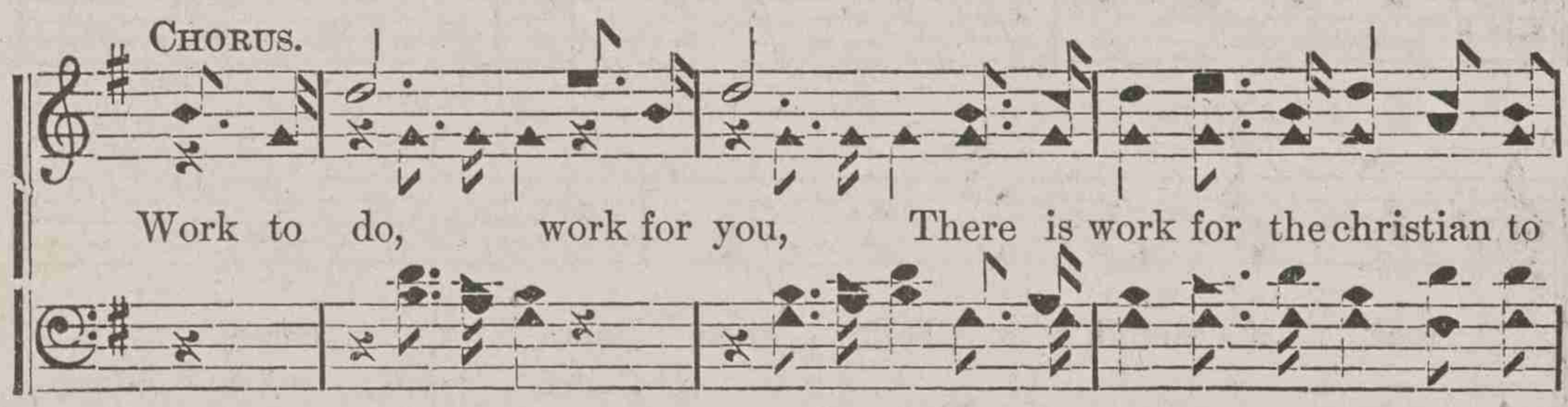
FINE.

Go! gath - er in the golden grain, Your la-bor shall not be in vain.
And should the Master call for you, Be read-y then His work to do.
Oh! may each sheave they bring to Thee, For - ev- er shining jewels be.
The har-vest-ing will soon be o'er, Then we shall rest for-ev - er more.



D.S.—The Master! He is calling you.

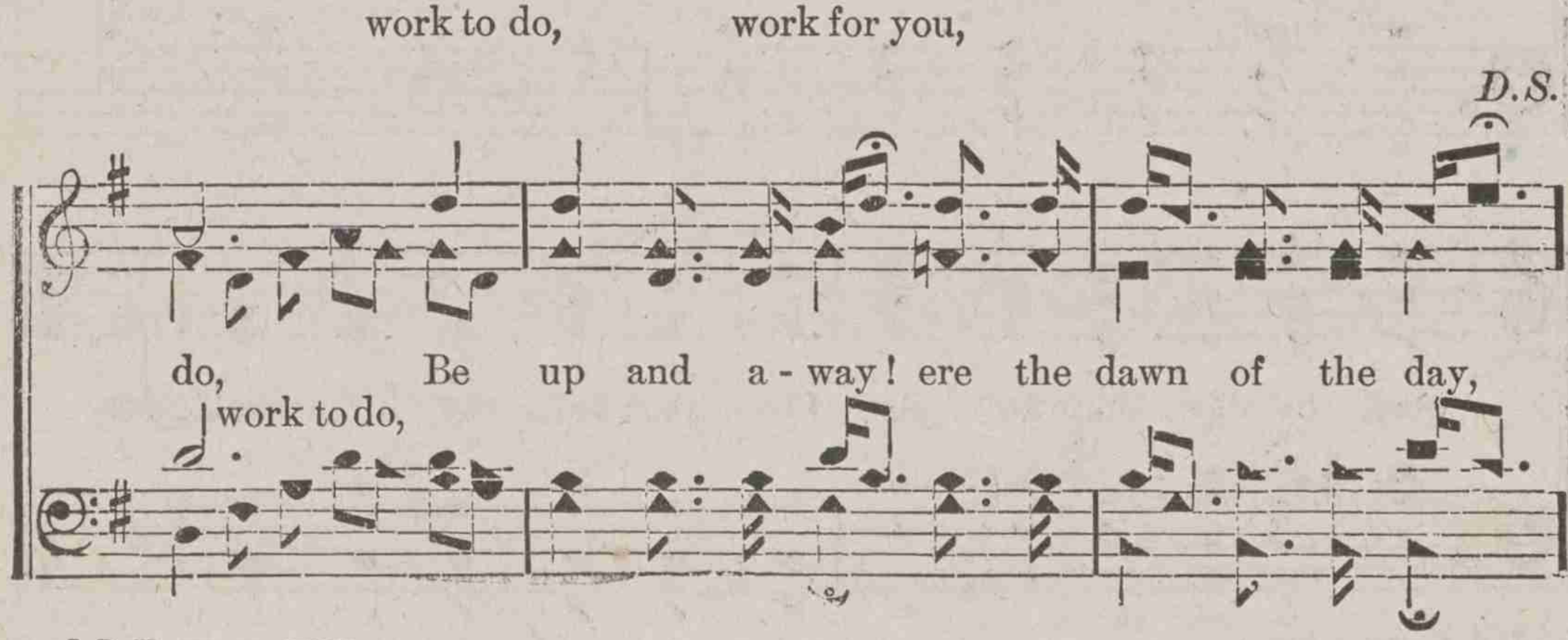
CHORUS.



Work to do, work for you, There is work for the christian to

work to do, work for you,

D.S.



do, Be up and a - way! ere the dawn of the day,

work to do,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 185 COME WORK TO-DAY.

T. W. DENNINGTON. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Who will la - bor for the Mas-ter? Who will hear His call to- day?
2. La - bor on and fal- ter nev- er, Strive some other souls to win:
3. Help some stumbling, fainting brother, Who has heav-y griefs to bear;

Who will gladly reap the har-vest? Who will now the call o- bey?
Lead them gently to the Sav-iour From the des- ert paths of sin.
There's a glorious harvest wait-ing For the faithful ones to share.

CHORUS.

Come, come work to- day for Je - sus, White the har - vest,
Come, come, come, come,
look a - round, a - bout thee, Come, come,
Come, come, come, come,
work to - day for Je - sus, Pre - cious souls thy hire shall be.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 186 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

Miss Eulalia Mewbourn. J. B. Vaughan.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can go in safe - ty, Since He's cleansed and made me white as snow,
2. An - y-where with Je - sus I shall ne'er grow weary, He's a lov -ing Sav-iour this I know,
3. An - y-where with Je - sus I can tell the sto - ry, And His love to heathens I can show,
4. An - y-where with Je - sus, I'll be ev - er tell-ing How His bountious love doth free-ly flow,

I shall tell the sto - ry of His home in glo -ry
A -ny-where with Je -sus be it dark or drear-y
'Tis a joy to point them to His home in glo-ry
A -ny-where with Je -sus I am sweet-ly dwelling

D.S.—He's a lov -ing Sav-iour all to Him I owe,

FINE. CHORUS.

A - ny-where with Je - sus I will go..... A - y-where with Je - sus
A - ny-where with Je - sus I will go.

is a joy to go, Since His love has found me, made me white as snow,

D.S.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 187 WE ARE GROWING OLD.

MAY E. McMILLAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The eyes that were bright with the star - ry light Are
2. For you and for me hath the lines of care Been
3. On the face, and the form, in the dim blue eyes Are the
4. And soon, soon a - las, all will be too soon— Must our

fad - ed and dim to - day, The brow once so fair with no
drawn on the pa - tient face, And the form that is bend - ing so
works of our pass - ing years, They were made while the pa - tient and
wan- der - ing foot - fall cease, The eyes, ten - der eyes will have

line of care, Its fair - ness drift - ed a - way. And the
feeb - led now, Hath lost all its old- time grace. And the
ten - der heart, Was throbbing perchance with tears, For the
sight -less grown, Our wea - ry sad heart find peace, And our

face like a flow'r in its youth - ful bloom, With its
hair like a rift of..... drift - ed snow, Hath
safe - ty of those so..... lov'd and dear, More
hands, will - ing hands be..... fold - ed low, The

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

WE ARE GROWING OLD. Concluded.



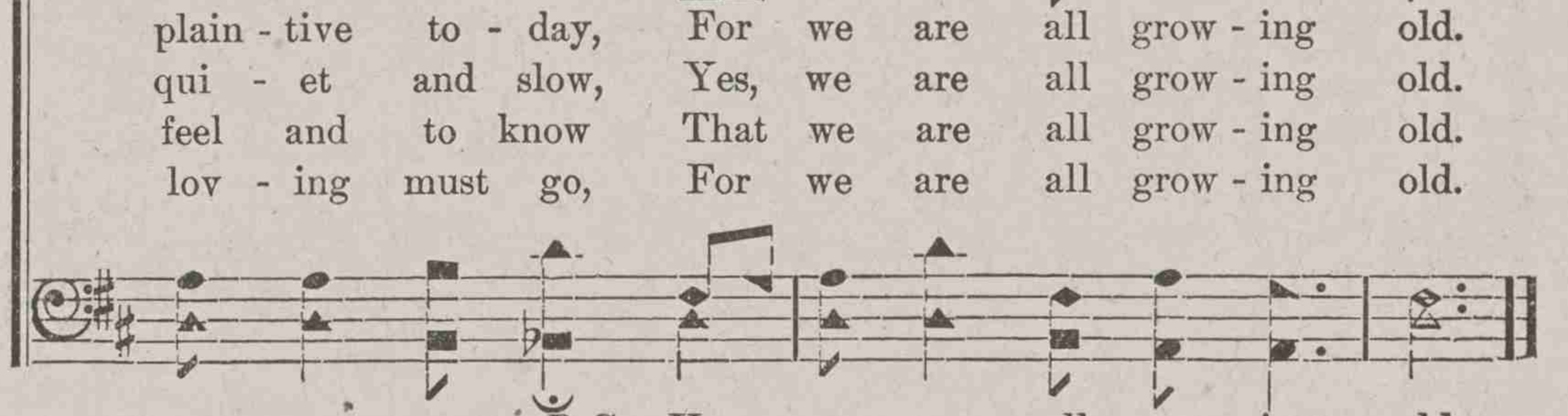
wealth of love un - told, Is care-worn and sad and....
lost its gleam of gold, The tott-'ring foot-steps so.....
price - less far than gold, And it sad - dens my heart to.....
warm sweet lips grow cold, For the loy - al, pa - tient, and the





FINE.

plain - tive to - day, For we are all grow - ing old.
qui - et and slow, Yes, we are all grow - ing old.
feel and to know That we are all grow - ing old.
lov - ing must go, For we are all grow - ing old.



D.S.—Yes, we are all grow - ing old.

CHORUS.



Grow-ing old, grow-ing old, Yes, we are all
Growing old, growing old,



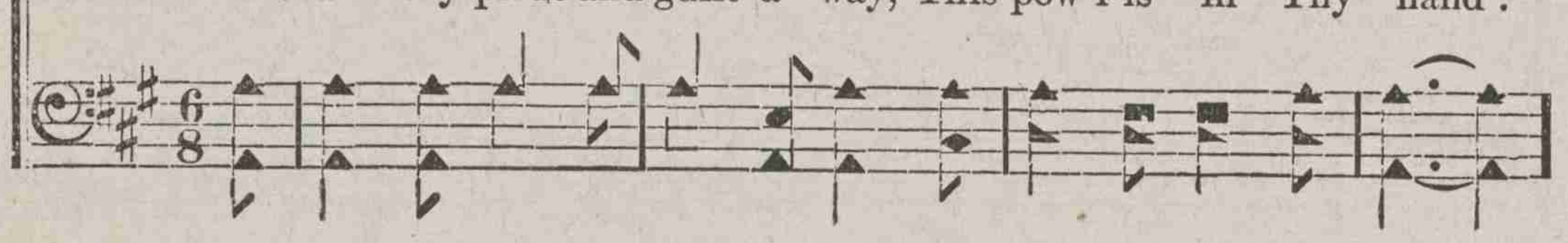
grow - ing old, Grow - ing old, grow - ing old.
growing, growing old, growing old, growing old, growing old.

No. 188 TAKE ME AS I AM.

GEORGIA HINELEY. B. J. NAHGUAV.



1. Not for the worth I am to Thee, Be - fore Thee, Lord I stand,
2. Take me, dear Fa - ther to Thy heart, Shield me with Thine own hand,
3. I will not wait and try in vain My - self to pur - i - fy,
4. Take all my pride and guilt a - way, This pow'r is in Thy hand:





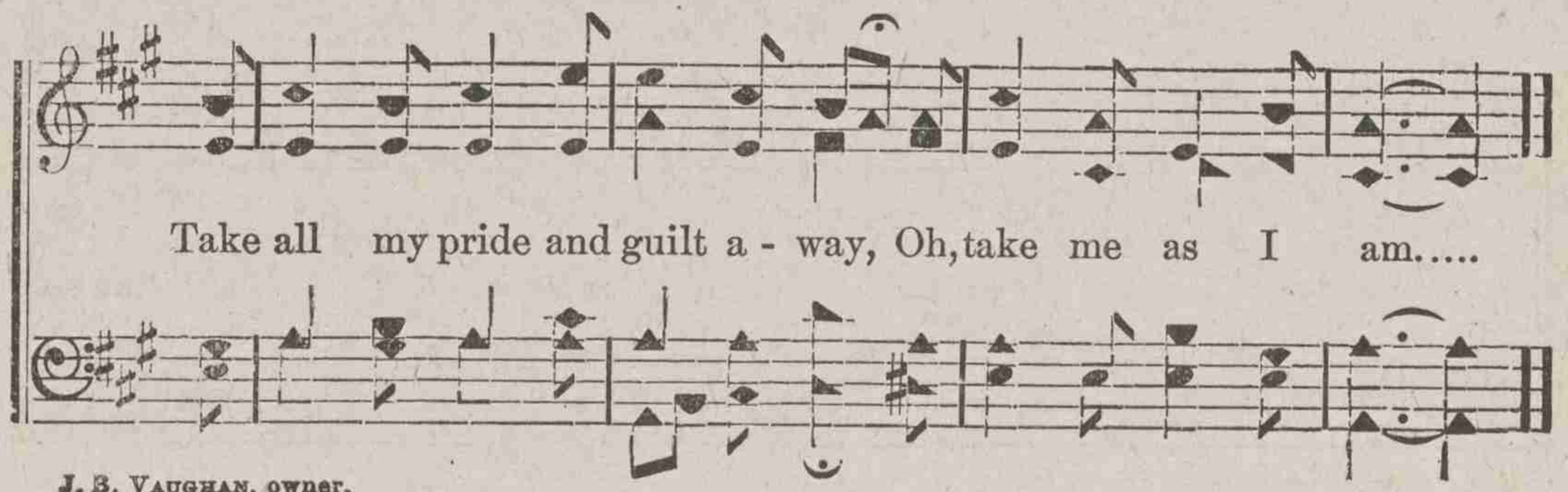
But for the praise I owe to Thee, Lord, "take me as I am."
From guilt and sin set me a - part, Oh, "take me as I am."
But take and cleanse from ev - 'ry stain My heart, ere I shall die.
From Thee I can - not stay a - way, Oh, "take me as I am."



CHORUS.



Oh, take me as I am,..... Just take me as I am,.....
dear Lord, dear Lord,



Take all my pride and guilt a - way, Oh, take me as I am.....

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 189 GO YE FORTH AND LABOR.

J. M. PIERCE. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Go ye forth and la - bor, In the field a - way; For the grain is read-y,
2. Go ye forth and la - bor, There is work to do; Plen-te-ous the harvest,
3. Go ye forth and la - bor, Gath - er in the grain; La - bor for the Mas-ter,

It is ripe to - day; Hear the Mas - ter call - ing, Heed His blest comand;
Yet the la - bor's few; O then will you hast - en? Lend a helping hand;
'Twill not be in vain; Go ye forth and la - bor, Join the hap - py band;

CHORUS.

Do not lon-ger i - dle stand. Go..... with-out delay..... In - to the
Go and work, yes, go without delay,

har - - vest field a - way, Far a - way, Hear the
In the har - - vest field that's far a - way, Hear the

Mas - ter's sweet voice call - ing us come and work to - day.
Mas - ter's voice call - ing us come to - - day.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 190 SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

EULALIA. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Won't you speak a word for Je-sus, as you pass a-long the way? Telling
2. Won't you speak a word for Je-sus, 'tis a mes-sage you should give, Tell those
3. Won't you speak a word for Je-sus? time is pass-ing fast a-way, He com-

sin-ners what you know of His great love from day to day, You may help some wand'ring
lost in sin, of Je-sus, how to come to Him and live, Tell, Oh, tell this wond'rous
mands us go and tell, oh, go and tell them while 'tis day, Tell how Je-sus died on

sinner, far a-way from love and home, Far a-way in sin and darkness and con
sto-ry, nev-er wea-ry of it grow, Tell and sing the lov-ing sto-ry, tell and
Calv'ry, gave His life for you and me, Let the na-tions hear the sto-ry, sound it

tent from God to roam, Oft-en words in kindness spoken, to poor sin-ners
sing it o'er and o'er, 'Tis the old, old bless-ed sto-ry, 'tis the sto-ry
o-ver land and sea, Tell, oh, tell the love of Je-sus, how His blessings

gone a-stray, Brings them back to love and mercy, souls are dying, don't delay.
from a-bove, Broth-er, speak a word for Je-sus, tell poor sinners of His love.
free-ly flow, 'Tis the sweet, old bless-ed sto-ry, tell and sing it o'er and o'er.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 191 JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

M. M. R. VAUGHAN & ROCHESTER.

1. Oh, why long-er trav - el the broad road of sin? Je - sus is
2. O now let Him in for He stands at the door, Je - sus is
3. O lay thy soul's bur - den down at His dear feet, Je - sus is
4. If death's mys- tic an - gel should call you to - night, Je - sus is

plead - ing for thee,..... He suf - fered and died that your
plead - ing for thee,..... O why keep Him wait - ing till
plead - ing for thee,..... For He is now wait - ing your
plead - ing for thee,..... O say would you en - ter that

for thee,

D. S.—Oh, why not ac - cept Him, re -

FINE.

souls He might win, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.....
mer - cy is o'er, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.....
spir - it to greet, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.....
land of de - light, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.....

for thee.

ject not His grace, Je - sus is plead - ing for thee.....

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Je - sus is plead-ing for thee,..... Je - sus is pleading for thee,

for thee,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

Dedicated to the Tabernacle Philathea Class, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 192 EVERY ONE FOR JESUS.

Miss EULALI MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We are chil- dren of the great high King, He's our Fa - ther
3. We are trust- ing all to Christ to - day, We are pray - ing
3. Fa - ther keep us, make us on - ly Thine, Bless our ef - forts

and His praise we'll sing, If we serve Him we His face shall see,
that His spir - it may Guide us, keep us, use us Lord for Thee,
made from time to time, Teach us Mas - ter how to work for Thee,

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry one for Je- sus, this our song shall be. We are band- ed in His
ser-vice here, We are work - ing for our Saviour dear, Working for the
Mas-ter, we are trusting Him to-day. Hap-py all the way.
hap-py all the way.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

193 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.

No. 194 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.....



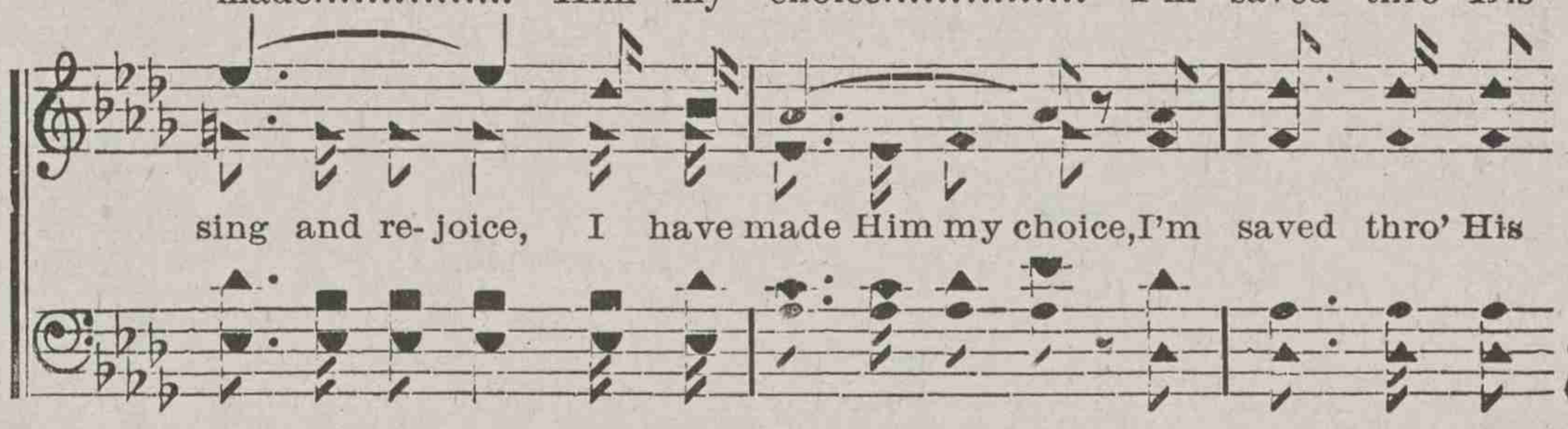
Je - - sus is com - ing, yes, com-ing to claim His

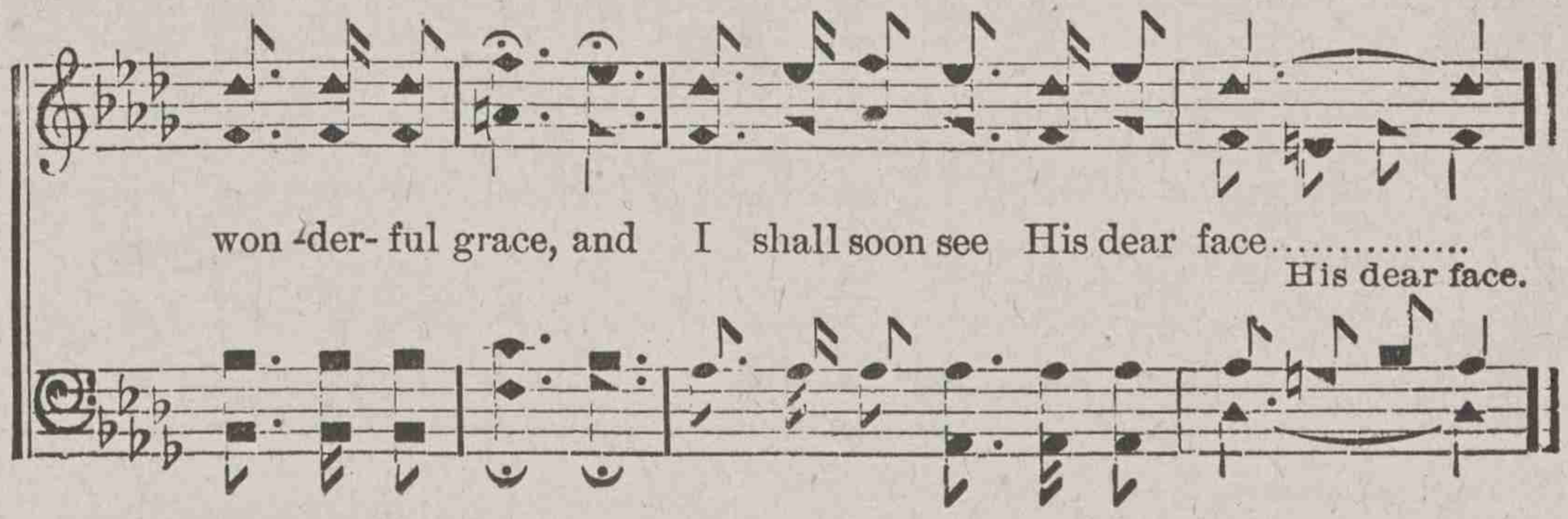


own,..... I'll sing ..... and re - joice,..... I've



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





No. 195 PRAISE HIS NAME.

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

1. I will trust in the Lord, the God of my sal - va - tion,
2. The Lord is my shield, from Sa - tan He'll de - liv - er,
3. Al - though I must die, there is a home in glo - ry,

To Him I will cling, He gives me con - so - la - tion,
He an - swers my pray'r, He is a gra - cious giv - er,
And when I get there, I'll sing the bless - ed sto - ry.

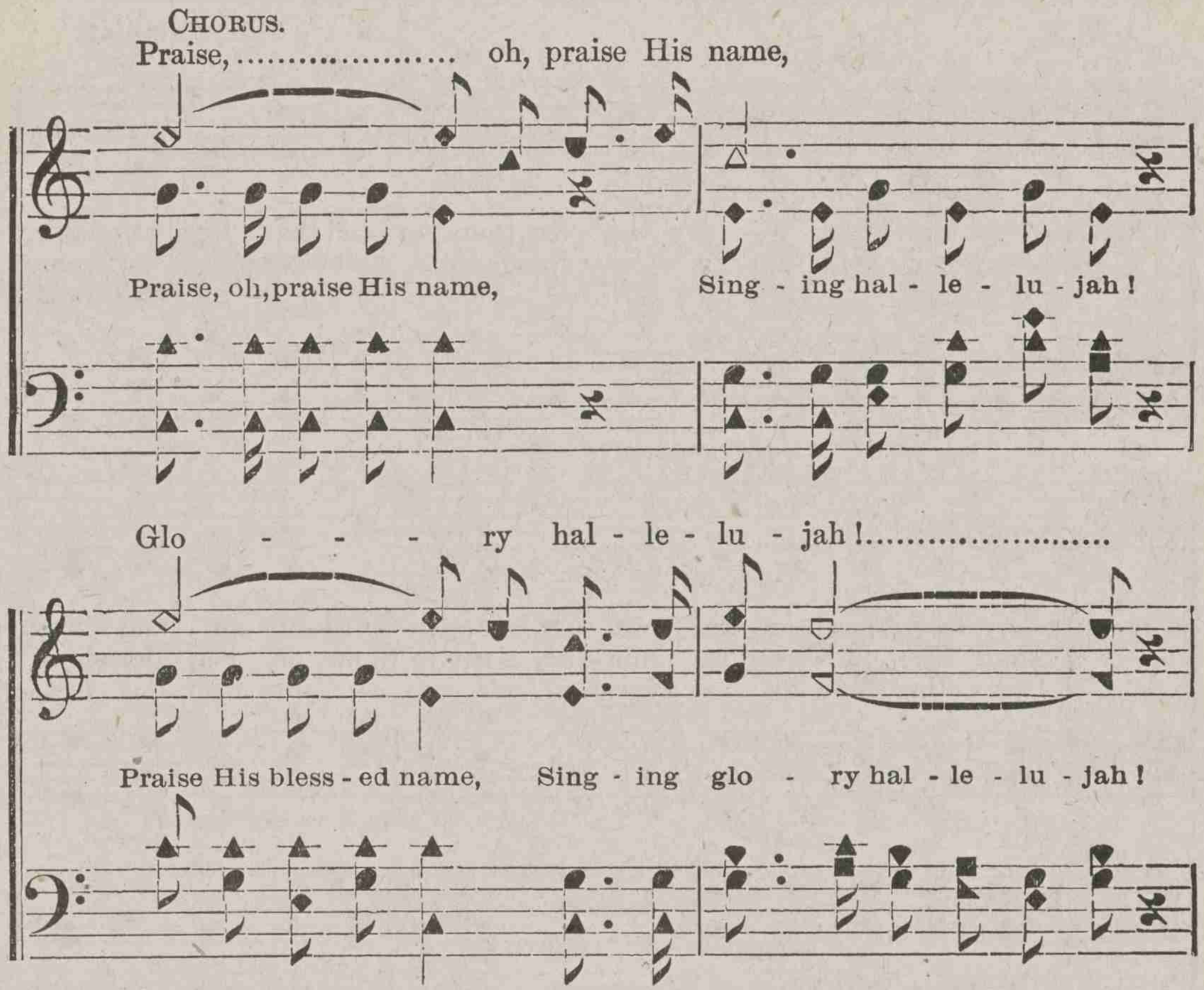
He will hear me when I plead, He's the might - y friend I need,
He will lead me safe - ly on To the bright mill - en - ial dawn,
There I'll nev - er sin a - gain, There I'll nev - er feel a pain,

And a pre-cious one in - deed, Oh, praise His bless - ed name.
In the res - ur - rec - tion morn, Oh, pra His bless - ed name.
But with Je - sus I shall reign, Oh, praise His bless - ed name.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

PRAISE HIS NAME. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 196 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.

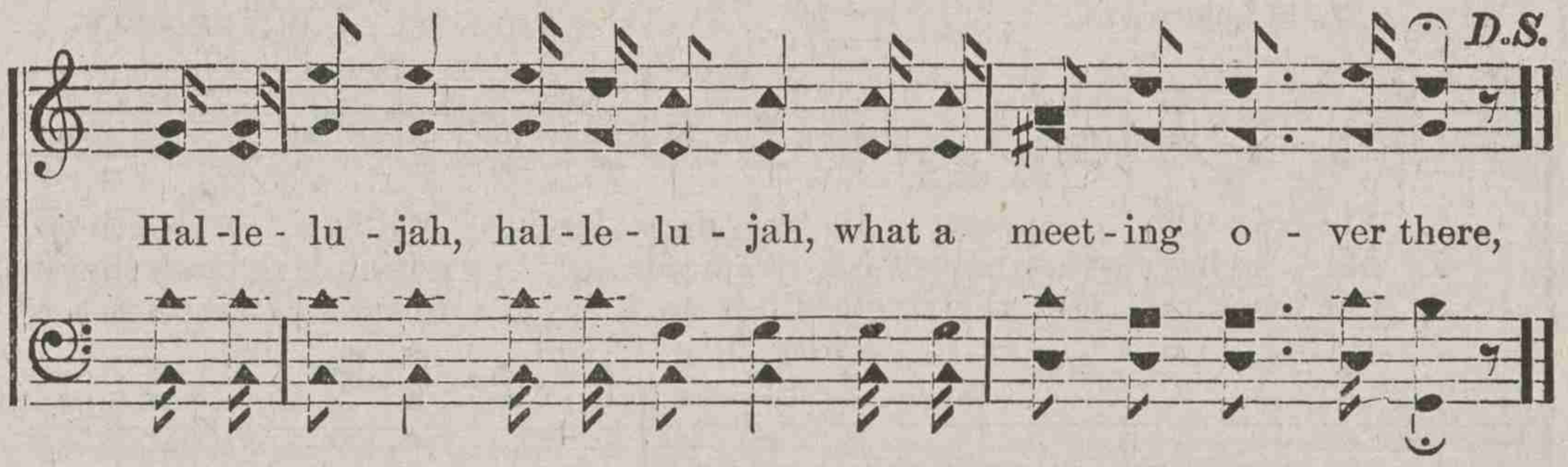
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - te - lu - jah, I'll be sing - ing by and by.

CHORUS.

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

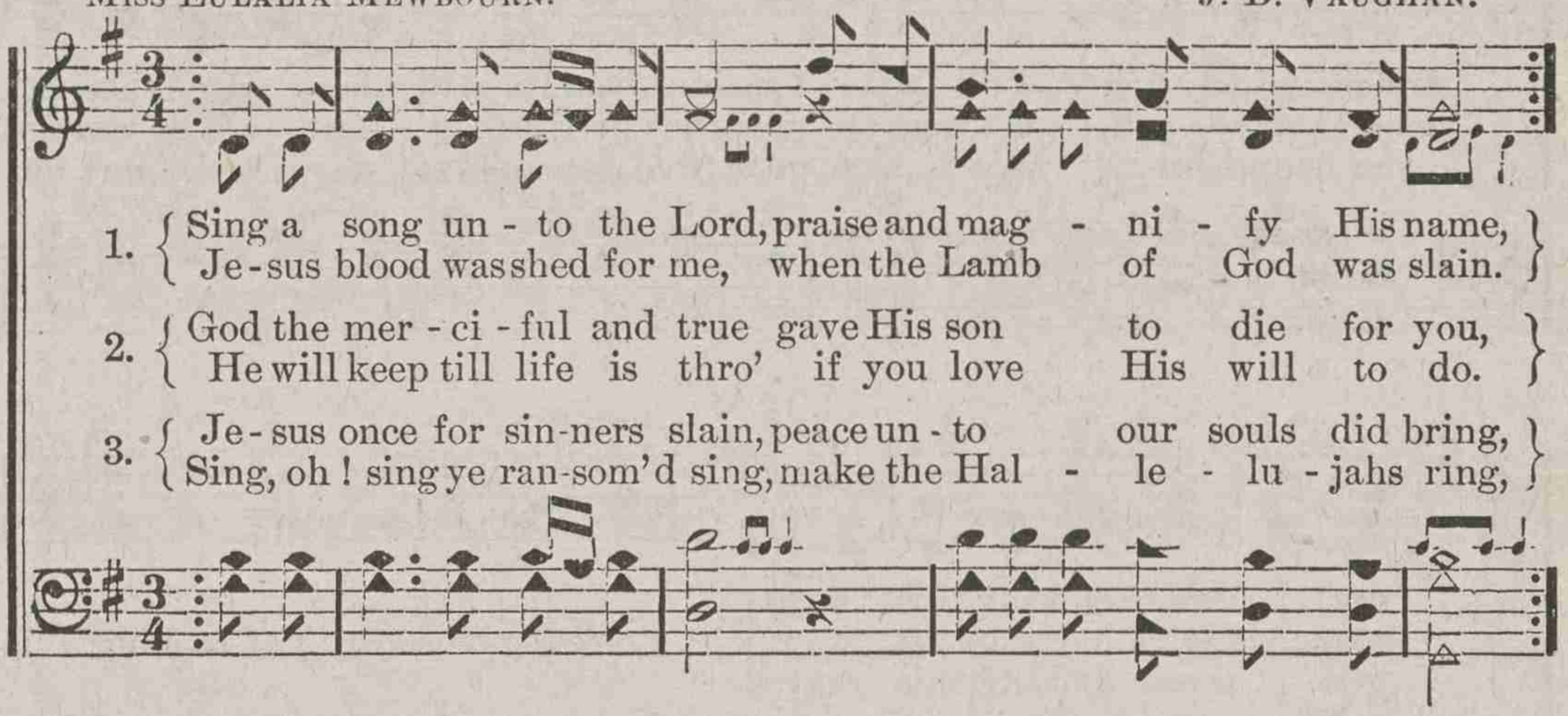
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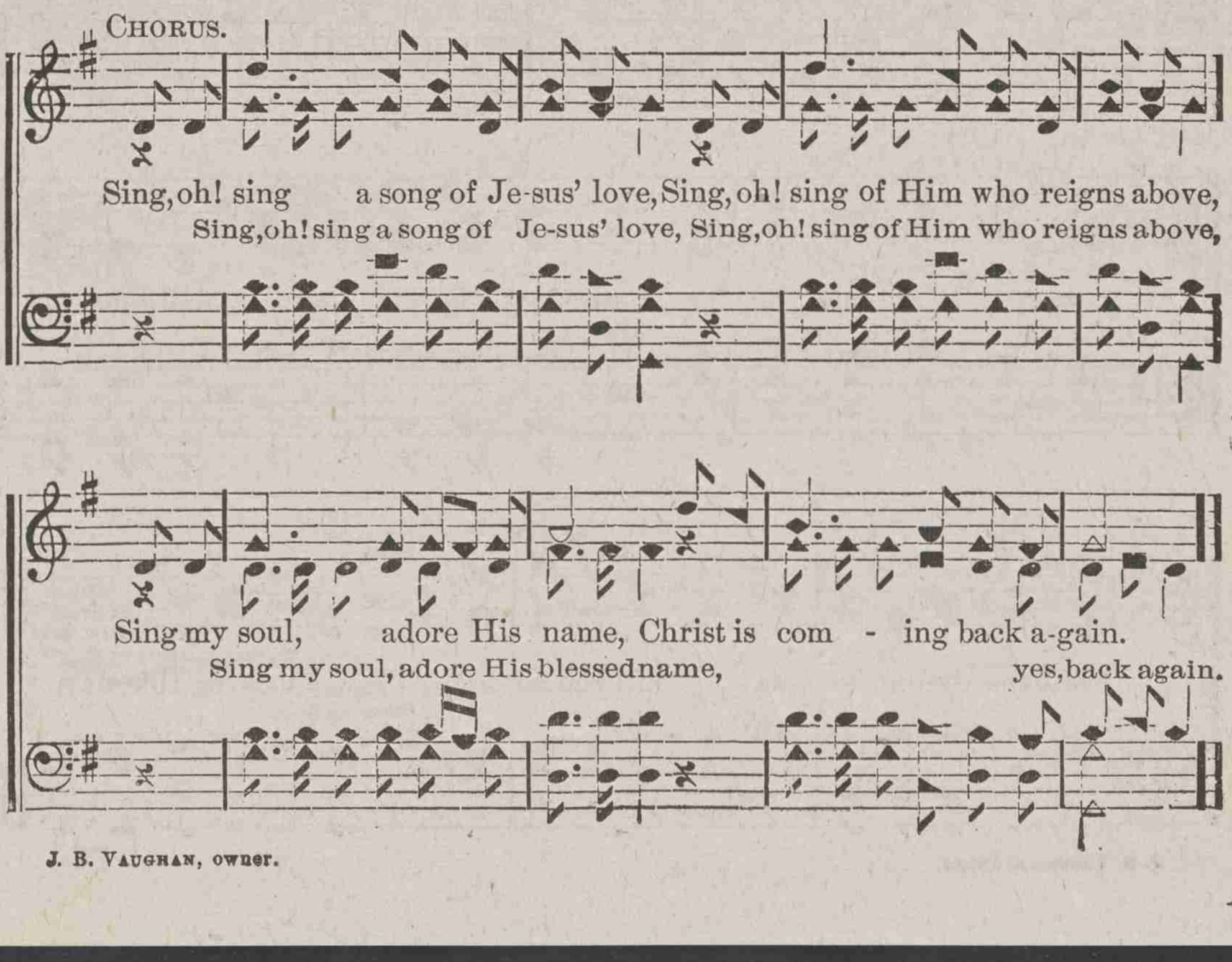
HALLELUJAH BY AND BY. Concluded.



No. 197 SING A SONG UNTO THE LORD.

Miss EULALIA MEWBOURN. J. B. VAUGHAN.





J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 198 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. 199 JESUS WILL SAVE.

Miss Eulalia Mewbourn. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Je - sus came to me, and to - day I'm free, And He'll save you from sin, If you'll let Him come in, On the cru - el tree Je - sus died for thee, There is
2. 'Tis a love so sweet and a joy complete, Dwelling safe-ly to- day, in His pres-ence to stay, On - ly ask, He'll give, on - ly look and live, There is
3. Bless-ed fountain free, 'tis for you and me, If we'll trust and be-lieve, we shall par - don re - ceive, Let us look be - yond as we march a - long, There is

Chorus

par-don full and free.
par-don full and free.
par-don full and free.

Je - sus saved me, I'm so happy, glad and free,
Je - sus saves I'm happy, glad and free,
Je - sus loves and cares, He watches o - ver me, He is my dai - ly guide, I'm walk-ing by His side, Yes, Je - sus of - fers par-don free.
Je - sus cares He watch - es o - ver me,
full and free.

rit.

No. 200 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

CHORUS.

face I soon shall see. } I long, I
He ap - pears a - bove.
heav'n so bright and fair. } I long, I long to

long, I long to see His face, To
see His lov - ing face, (His face,) To

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I LONG TO SEE HIS FACE. Concluded.



No. 201 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,

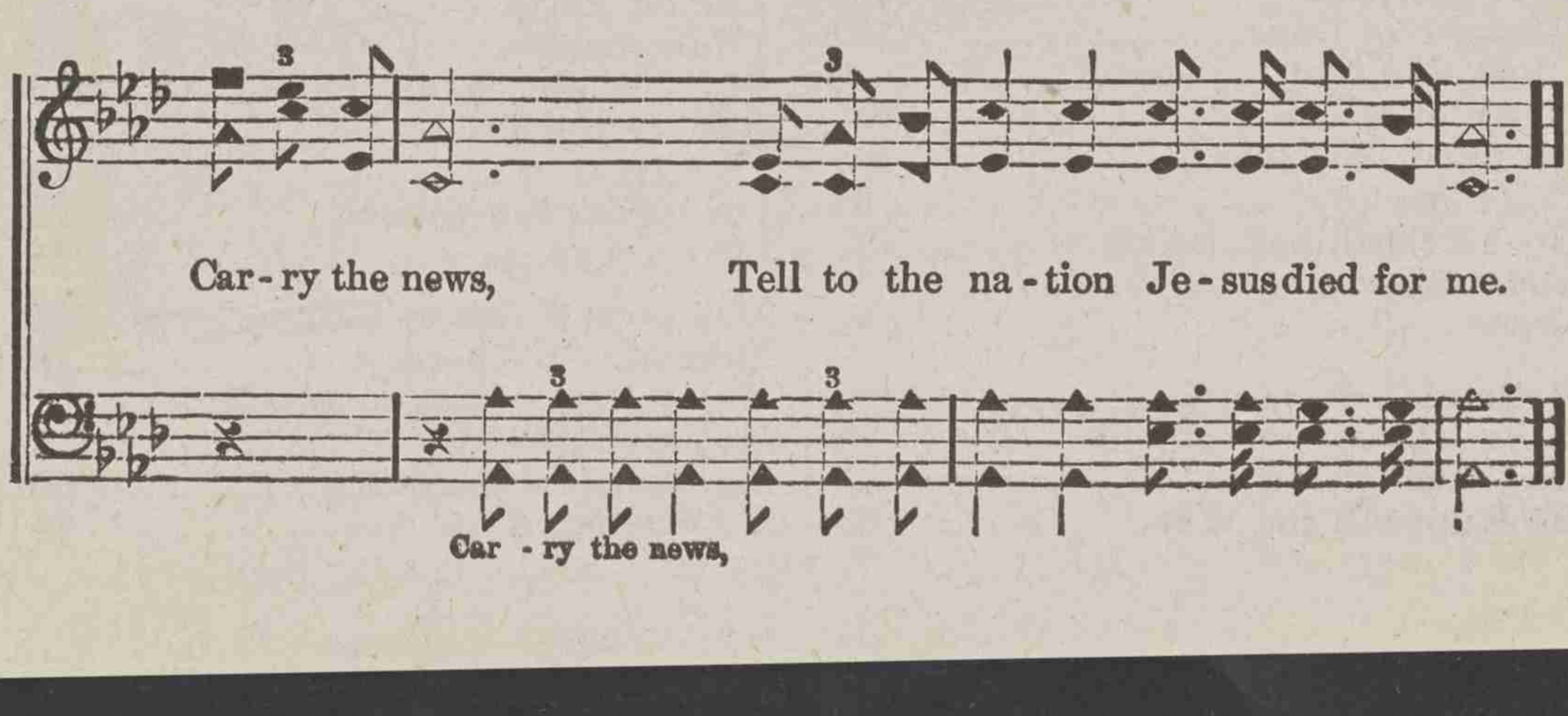
In the bonds of sin He found thee, Thorns and snares and death around thee,
Tell how He from heav'n descended, How poor sin-ners He be-friend-ed,
Nev-er cease to tell the sto-ry Of our Lord the King of glo-ry,

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

CARRY THE NEWS. Concluded.







INDEX.

	No.
A Friend of Sinners	150
A Prayer	78
After While	165
All for Me	132
All is Well	62
All Sufficient	101
All the Way	58
All Will Be Glory	25
Anywhere With Jesus	186
Are You a Light	144
Are You Just What	172
Awake	56
Be a Daniel	167
Be True	8
Beautiful Home Somewhere	57
Belmont	60
Best of All	44
Beyond the Dark Sea	177
Brighter Every Day	182
Bringing Back My Boy	19
Carry the News	201
Christ Does Redeem	66
Climbing Up the Mountain	120
Cling to the Cross	38
Come Work Today	185
Did Christ O'er Sinners	11
Don't You Want to Go?	102
Enter While You May	115
Evening Meditation	108
Everybody Needs the Love	169
Every One for Jesus	192
Faith	166
Father, I Come to Thee	30
Filled With the Holy Ghost	103
Gathering Home	2
Get Right With God	73
Give Me Jesus	170
Glimpse of Jesus	137
Glorious Light	45
Glory in My Soul	67
Go Bury Thy Sorrow	123
Go Home	98
Go Ye Forth and Labor	189
God's Blessing Rests on You	95
Grace	138
Hallelujah By and By	196
Have I Ever Won a Soul	85
He Cares for Me	111
He Knoweth the Way	65
He lifted Me Up	131
Hear Him Calling	54
Hear the Macedonian Cry	61
Heaven Is More Than a Dream	82
Heavenly Echoes	146
He'll Surely be a Shelter	171
He's Depending On You	90
His Blood Alone	161
His Good Old Way	178
His Love Divine	136
His Unfailing Love	117
His Will Be Done	36
Home, Blessed Home	113
How Dear to Me	107
How Firm a Foundation	32
I Long to See His Face	200
I Shall See Him	194
I Will be a Sunbeam	80
I'm a Pilgrim	96
If You Ever Have a Duty	143
In His Glory We Shall Share	104
In Touch With the King	175
Inquiring Chant	42
Is it Far?	1
Is the Grace of God	74
Is There Room for Me?	47
It Won't be Long	12
Jesus is Mighty to Save	64
Jesus is Passing	99
Jesus is Pleading	191
Jesus Says I'm Welcome	148
Jesus Will Lead You	53
Jesus Will Save	199
Just a Little Word of Love	100
Just for Today	106
Keep Going On	23
Lead On, O Saviour Mine	76
Let Us Stand Up for Jesus	16
Life on Earth	181
Life's Journey	168
Lift a Bright Sunny Face	140
Lift Me Upward	43
Like Heaven	10
Lord, Save the Sinner	22
Love's Call	84
Make Our Faces to Shine	134
Meet Me Up There	28
Mercy Flows for You and Me	91
My Jesus, My All	112
My Landlord is a King	69
My Shepherd	75

	No.
Never Grow Weary	145
No Better Time	163
No More Pain	180
No Telephone in Heaven	89
O Homesick Lad	125
O That Will be a Crowning	29
On the Hills Over There	27
Once I Wandered	13
Only Believe in the Promise	52
Onward, Forward	34
Our God is Love	97
Our God is Marching On	147
Outshine the Sun	130
Over the Ocean	198
Over the River	68
Pass Along the Sunshine	37
Perfect Trust	63
Praise His Name	195
Praying Down the Blessing	176
Railway Message	17
Rest Over the Stars	156
Resting at Home	40
Resting in His Promise	92
Rock of Ages	55
Sailing Home	72
Shall I Meet You Up There	31
Shall I Say, "Well Done"	87
Shattered Vase	18
Ships That Enter My Harbor	193
Shout His Praise	124
Sing a Song With	197
Sing Evermore, Sing	155
Sing Redemption's Story	139
Singing and Trusting	119
Singing the Shadows Away	158
Six Feet of Earth	164
Soldiers for Glory	33
Someone is Needing Your	135
Speak a Word for Jesus	190
Stay Near Me, Lord	179
Step Over On the Lord's Side	39
Sunshine Shore	110
Sweet, Heavenly Home	128
Take Me As I Am	188
Take Your Place	86
That Wonderful Day	5
The Battle is the Lord's	142
The Broken Pinion	7
The Cloudless Day	14
The Coming of His Feet	50
The Cross is Not Greater	20
The Days are Rolling	162
The Game of Life	159
The Glory Train	154
The Gospel Train	35
The Harvest Call	153
The Heavenly Telephone	118
The Home of the Soul	9
The King Will Be There	70
The Lights Along the Way	93
The Meeting in the Sky	24
The Prayer Meeting	141
The Prodigal's Return	114
The Upward Look	173
There is a Call	79
There is Never a Day	109
There is Rest	49
Thinking of Home	21
'Tis Burning in My Soul	149
Too Late	126
Trust in Jesus	133
Try to be a Blessing	121
Turn Ye to Jesus	4
Up There	6
Vaughan's Reverie	15
Walking By Faith	127
Walking With Jesus	48
Wanderer, Come Home	46
We Are Growing Old	187
We Shall Know Each Other	59
We Shall See the King	174
We'll Crown Him	81
We'll Keep a Faithful	157
We'll Meet in Heaven	116
What Have You Done	151
What Must it Be	105
What Shall I Do to be Saved	71
What Will You Do	160
When all the Singers Get Home	51
When He Comes	183
When He Rolled Away The	152
When Thy Cup is Filled	83
Whispering Hope	3
Who Shall Be Able To	41
Who Will Go	77
Will You	94
Witnessing for Jesus	88
Work for the Night is Coming	129
Work to Do	184
You Will Miss Your Mother	122
You Will Need Jesus	26

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