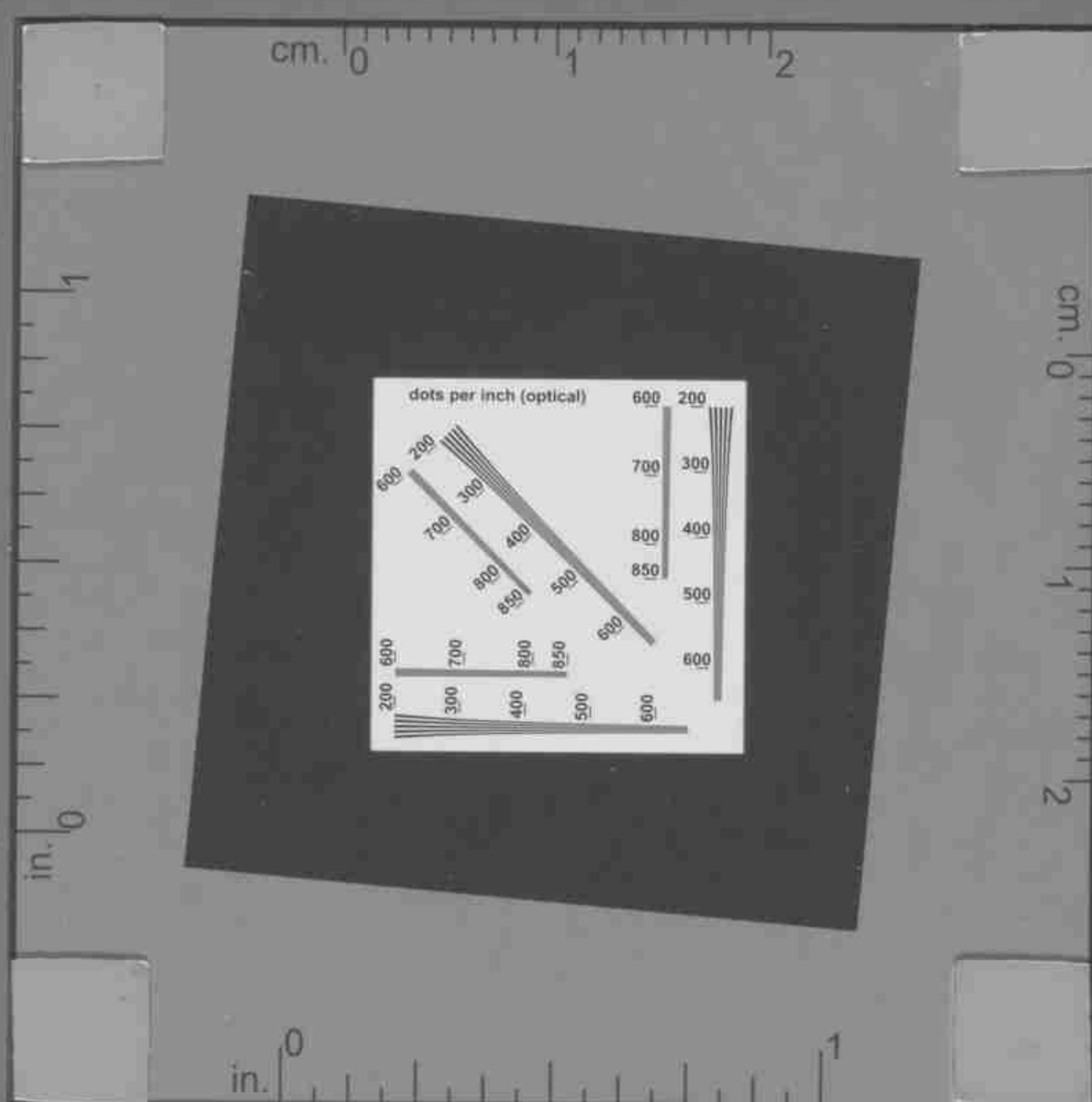


D50 Illuminant, 2 degree observer

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
L*	39.12	65.43	49.87	44.26	55.56	70.82	63.51	39.92	52.24
a*	13.24	18.11	-4.34	-13.80	9.82	-33.43	34.26	11.81	48.55
b*	15.07	18.72	-22.29	22.85	-24.49	-0.35	59.60	-46.07	18.51

	10	11 (A)	12	13	14	15
L*	97.06	92.02	87.34	82.14	72.06	62.15
a*	-0.40	-0.60	-0.75	-1.06	-1.19	-1.07
b*	1.13	0.23	0.21	0.43	0.28	0.19
Density	0.04	0.09	0.15	0.22	0.36	0.51

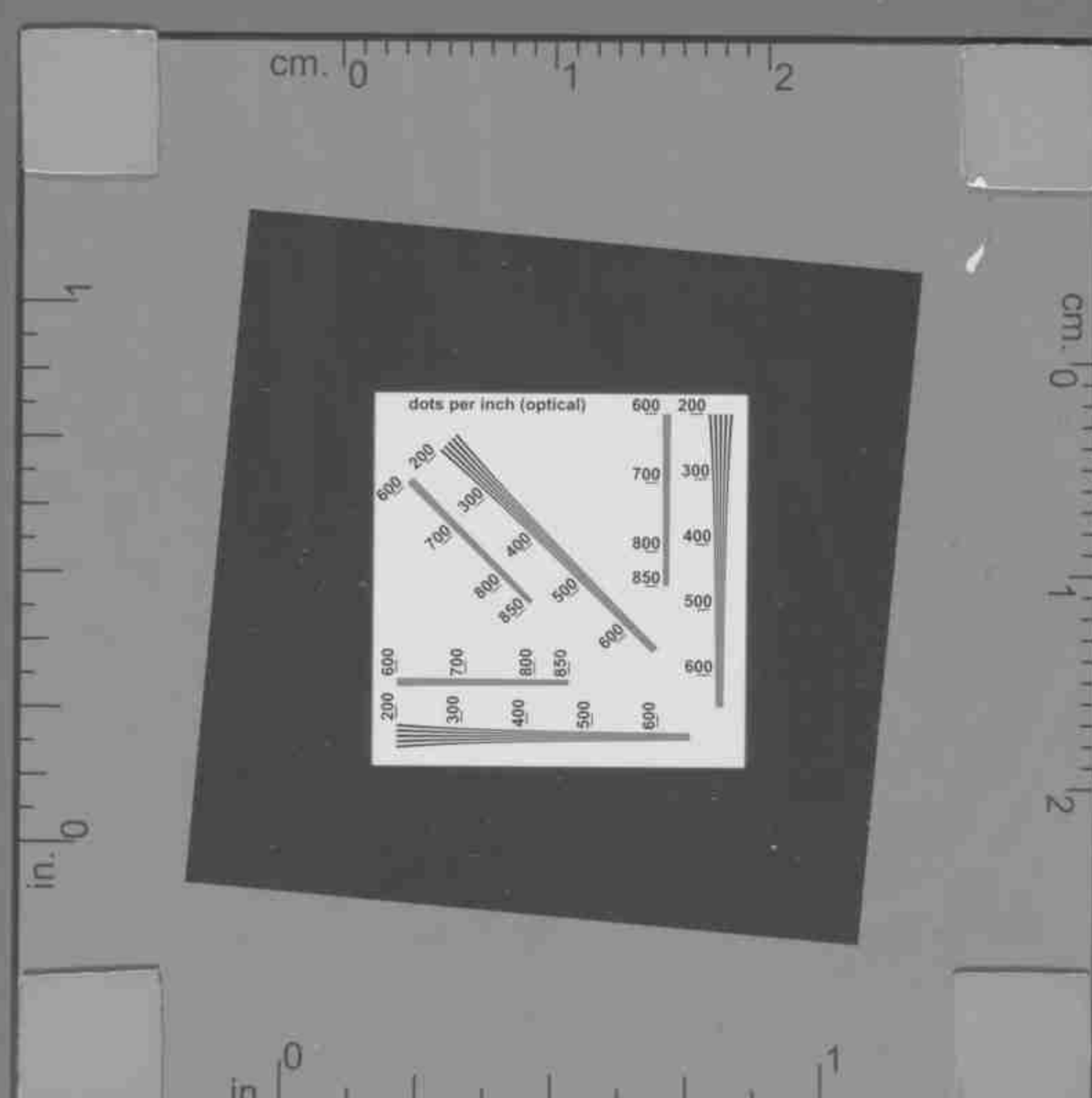
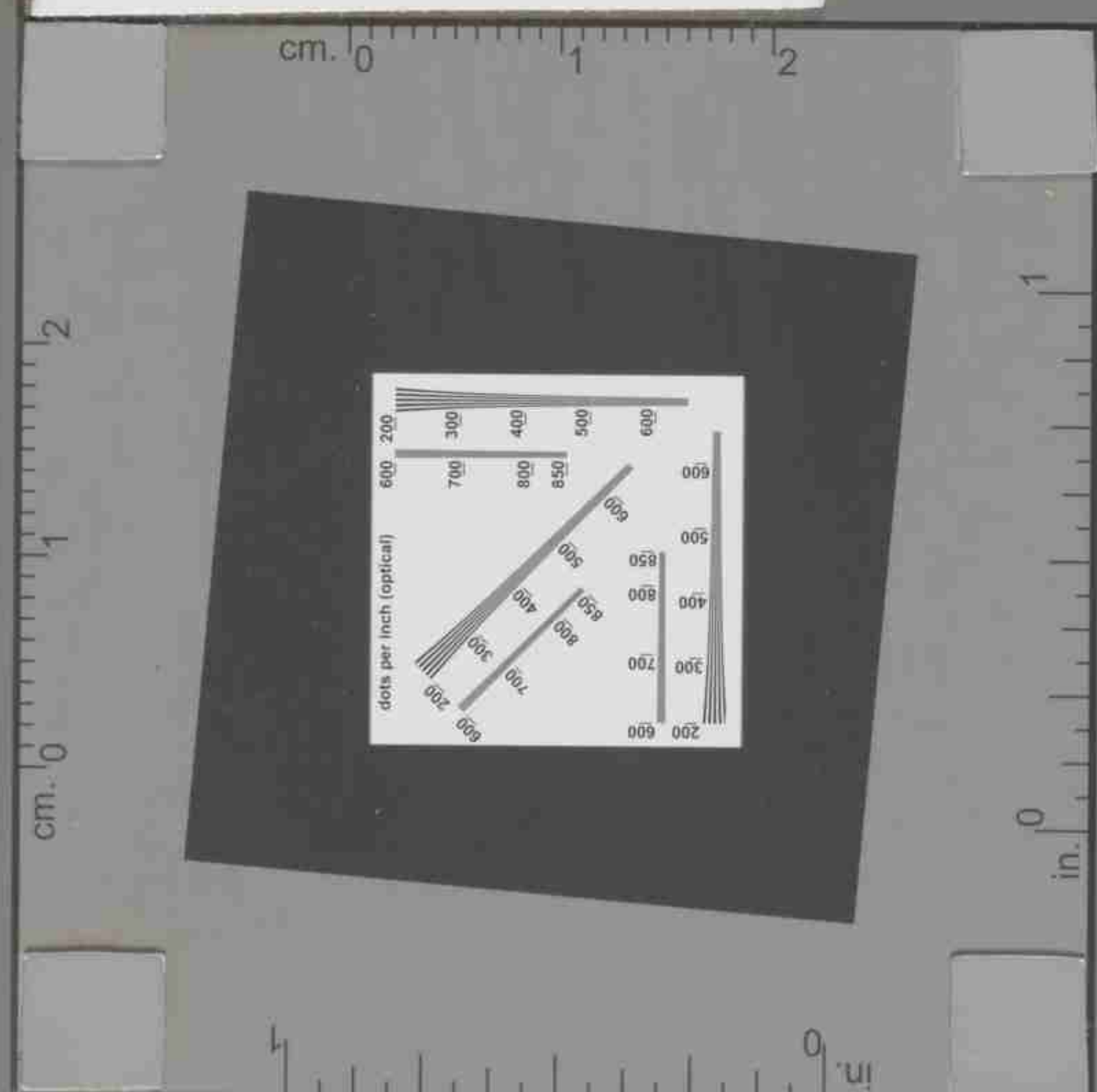


	16 (M)	17	18 (B)	19	20	21
L*	49.25	38.62	28.86	16.19	8.29	3.44
a*	-0.16	-0.18	0.54	-0.05	-0.81	-0.23
b*	0.01	-0.04	0.60	0.73	0.19	0.49
Density	0.75	0.98	1.24	1.67	2.04	2.42

	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
L*	31.41	72.46	72.95	29.37	54.91	43.96	82.74	52.79	50.87
a*	20.98	-24.45	16.83	13.06	-38.91	52.00	3.45	50.88	-27.17
b*	-19.43	55.93	68.80	-49.49	30.77	30.01	81.29	-12.72	-29.46



S/N: D00345





SONG SERMONS

OR

The Songs I Love to Sing

BY

SINGING PILGRIM

 REV. B. F. WATSON 

OF THE

A. M. E. CHURCH.



To the many, who have asked me for the words of "The Songs
I Love to Sing" I send you glad tidings.—B. F. W.



IF I WERE A VOICE.

1. If I were a voice,
A persuasive voice,
I would travel the wide world thro'.
I would fly on the gleam of the morning beam,
And tell men to be true.

CHORUS.

||: I would fly
Far away, far away o'er the land and sea, :||
I'd point to the light,
Show sin's darksome night,
That men might take heed and be free.

2. If I were a voice,
A consoling voice,
I would travel with wings of air;
And the dwellings of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
To save men from despair.—*Cho.*

3. If I were a voice,
An immortal voice,
I would travel the earth around,
And wherever a man to his idols bowed,
The gospel note I'd sound.—*Cho.*

THE BOY HAILED.

1. A sinner once wandered at eventide,
His tempter was watching close by at his side;
In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong,
But hark! from the church he hears a sweet song,
"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly."

2. He stopped, and listened to every sweet chord;
He remembered the time he once loved the Lord.
Come on, said the tempter, come on with the throng;
But hark! from the church again swells the song,
"While the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high."

3. Oh, tempter, depart; I have served thee too long;
I fly to the Savior, He dwells in that song.
Oh, Lord, can it be that a sinner like me
May find a sweet refuge by coming to Thee?
"Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on Thee."
I come, Lord, I come; Thou'lt forgive the dark past,
And, oh, receive my soul at last.

MY WANDERING BOY.

1. Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care;
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer.

CHORUS.

||: Oh, where is my boy to-night? :||
My heart o'erflows,
For I love him he knows,
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

2. Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.—*Chorus.*

3. Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden times,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime.—*Chorus.*

4. Go for my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.—*Chorus.*

A MOTHER'S PLEA.

1. A mother dear is weeping somewhere to-night, somewhere
to-night:

Many and bitter the tears she weeps,
Weary the vigil and sad she keeps,
For, oh, she grieveth by night and day,
For one that wandereth far away from God and right.

CHORUS.

Oh, wandering one, list, list to the plea,
Thy mother is praying, is praying for thee.

2. A mother lowly bending, somewhere to-night, somewhere
to-night,

Bowing and pleading with God in prayer,
Bringing to Jesus her load of care.
She prays as mothers alone can pray,
For one that wandereth far away from God and right.—*Cho.*

3. A mother's heart is breaking somewhere to-night, some-
where to-night.

Breaking with sorrow and shame and grief.
When shall she find for her soul relief?
A!as! for her there can be no peace
Until her darling to wander cease, from God and right.—*Cho.*

4. A mother still is pleading somewhere to-night, somewhere
to-night,

Pleading, still pleading for one astray,
Making the promise of God her stay,
While faith and hope in her bosom burn;
Oh, come, thou wandering one, return to God and right.—*Cho.*

THE NINETY AND NINE.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
 Are they not enough for Thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
 Has wandered away from me,
 And although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3. But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn,
 They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5. But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!
 Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

Converts' Experience.

OVER THE LINE.

1. Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice
As He lovingly called to me,
"Come over the line, it is only a step—
I am waiting, my child, for thee."

REFRAIN.

"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain :
"Over the line"—Why should I remain
With a step between me and Jesus?

2. But my sins are many, my faith is small,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear :
"Thou needest not trust in thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."

Refrain—"Over the line."

3. But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail.
And thus may dishonor Thee.

Refrain—"Over the line."

4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must,
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,
Step over the line and *trust*.

Refrain (4th verse)—

"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain :
"Over the line,"—I *will not* remain,
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

Christian Duty.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by ;
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by ;
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

REFRAIN.

Going by, going by,
 Going by, going by,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

2. There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by ;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by.

Refrain—Going by, going by.

3. All the loving links that bind us,
 While the days are going by ;
 One by one we leave behind us,
 While the days are going by,
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow,
 While the days are going by.

Refrain—Going by, going by.

Dark Days.

HE KNOWS.

1. I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy he sends me, comes
A glad and sweet surprise.

CHORUS. Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing, He knows, He knows,
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

2. One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence
Came His loving "Follow Me."

Chorus—Where He may lead, I'll follow.

3. O, blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

Chorus—Where He may lead, I'll follow.

4. So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

CHORUS. Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing, He knows, He knows,
He knows, He knows, He knows.

Light Ahead.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunlight falls in gladness
 On the river and the rills,
 We recall our Father's promise
 In the rainbow of the spray:
 We shall know each other better,
 When the mists have rolled away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning
 Of that bright and happy day,
 We shall know each other better,
 When the mists have rolled away.

2. Oft we tread the path before us
 With a weary, burdened heart;
 Oft we toil amid the shadows,
 And our fields are far apart;
 But the Savior's "Come, ye blessed,"
 All our labor will repay,
 When the shadows have departed,
 And the mists have rolled away.
Chorus—We shall know as we are known.

3. We shall come with joy and gladness,
 We shall gather 'round the throne;
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known:
 And the song of our redemption
 Shall resound thro' endless day,
 When the shadows have departed,
 And the mists have rolled away.
Chorus—We shall know as we are known.

MORE LIGHT—LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win?
Is it dark without you, darker still within?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.

CHORUS.

Let a little sunshine in,
Let a little sunshine in,
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.

2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love?
Are your prayers unanswered by your God above?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.—*Chorus.*

3. Would you go rejoicing on the upward way,
Knowing naught of darkness—dwelling in the day?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.—*Chorus.*

NEARER TO THEE.

1. Back from the Long Ago,
Distant and dim,
Breathing a warning low,
Comes a sweet hymn,
Fraught with my childhood dreams,
Is it for me?
Sacred and tender seems,
"Nearer to Thee."

CHORUS.

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee."

2. Oft in an hour of bliss
Comes the refrain,
Bidding me find in this,
Heavenly gain;
E'en in my griefs I say,
Father, I flee
Out of this clouded way,
Nearer to Thee.

CHORUS.

"So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee."

3. Thus let me daily rise
Nearer Thy throne,
Nearer the lasting prize
Kept for Thine own;
E'en when Death's heralds come,
Lord, may they be
Angels to lead me home,
Nearer to Thee.

CHORUS.

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee."

Looking Homeward.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall
be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair,
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in
Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the
skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

Chorus—When the roll is called up yonder.

3. Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
We'll be there.

Chorus—When the roll is called up yonder.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1. There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrow pressed down;
I long for my crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHORUS.

In that beautiful land I'll be, I'll be,
From care and from sorrow set free, set free,
My Savior is there, He has gone to prepare
A home in that land for me.

2. There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There with friends hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

Chorus—In that beautiful land I'll be, I'll be.

3. There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.

Chorus—In that beautiful land I'll be, I'll be.

4. There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say good-by!
When over the river
We're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

Chorus—In that beautiful land I'll be, I'll be.

IN SIGHT OF BEULAH.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers;
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHORUS.

Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of rest,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2. I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3. I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.

There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

5. Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

HOME AT LAST.

1. Hark the song of holy rapture,
Hear it break from yonder strand,
Where our friends for us are waiting,
In the golden, summer land;
They have reached the port of glory,
O'er the Jordan they have passed,
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last:
And with millions they are shouting,
Home at last, home at last.
2. O, the long and sweet re-union,
Where the bells of time shall cease;
O, the greeting, endless greeting,
On the vernal heights of peace,
Where the hoping and desponding
Of the weary heart are past,
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last:
And we enter life eternal,
Home at last, home at last.
3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing;
See the mist dissolve away;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning
Of a bright celestial day;
Soon the shadows will be lifted,
That around us now are cast,
And rejoicing we shall gather
Home at last, home at last:
And rejoicing we shall gather,
Home at last, home at last.

