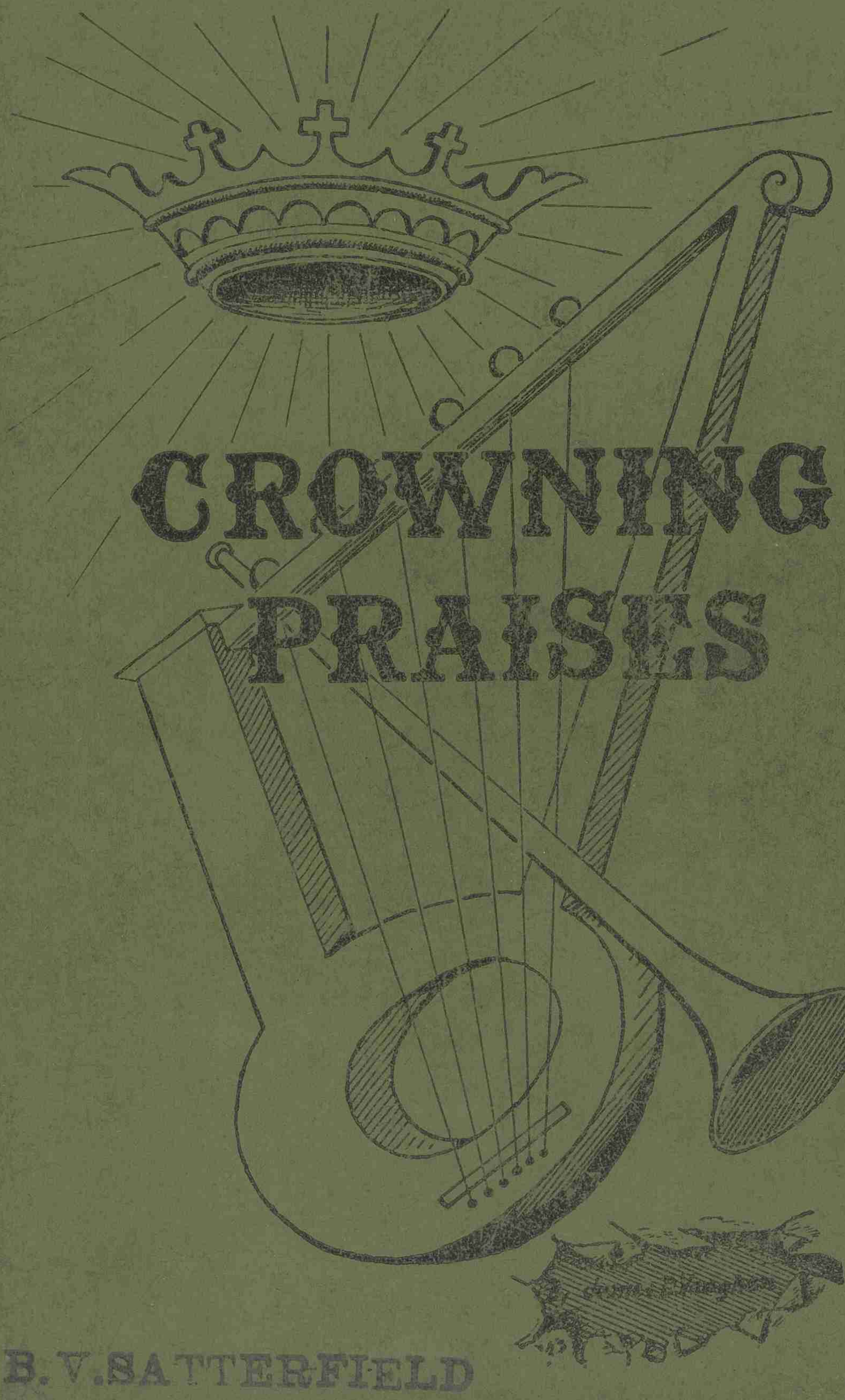

CROWNING PRAISES

B. V. SATTERFIELD
PADUCAH, KY.

89-003

91-000954

CROWNING PRAISES

B. F. Satterfield

FOR

Nov 12 1914

Sunday-Schools, Revivals, Conventions

AND

All Religious Work and Worship.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,

LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.

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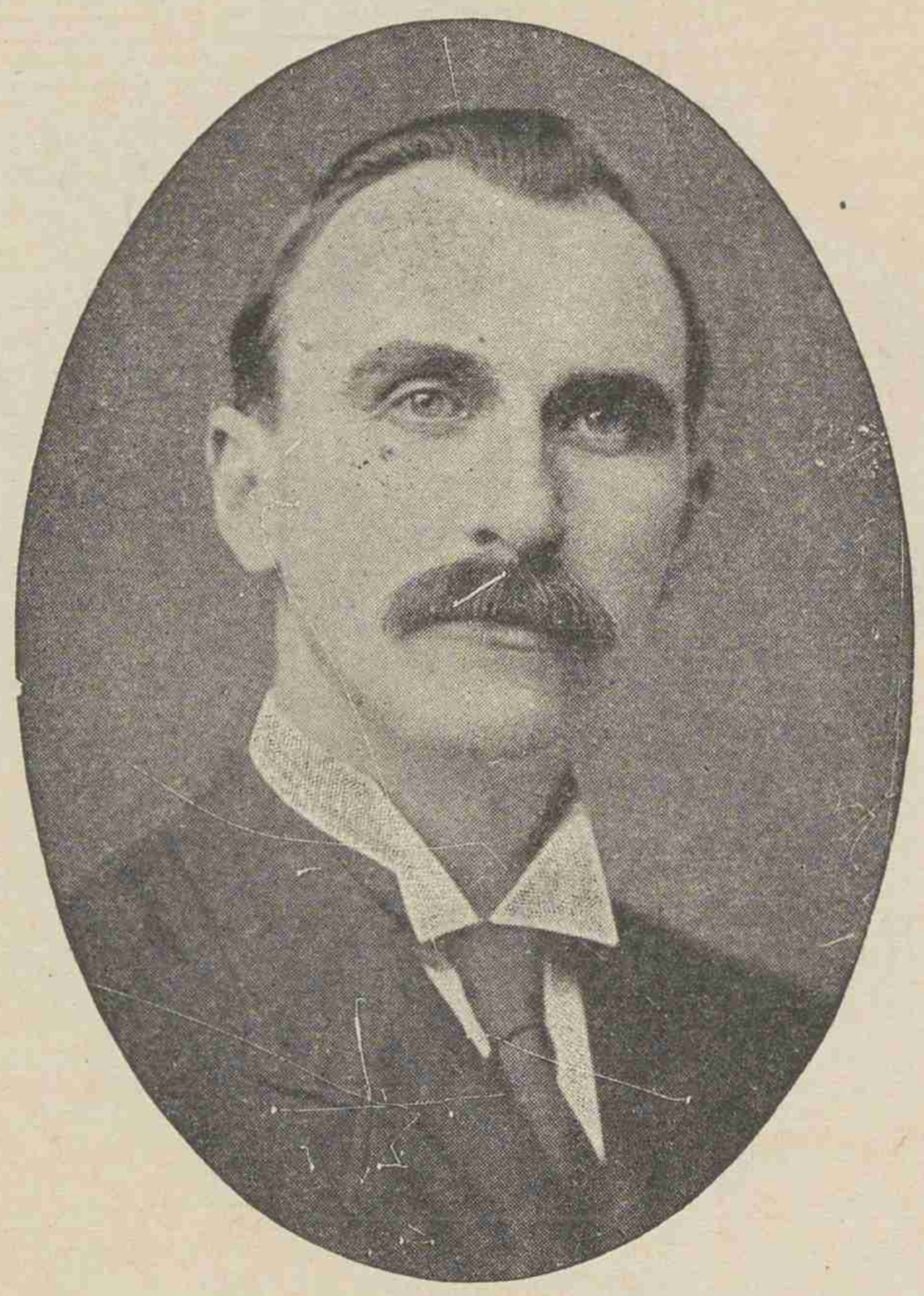
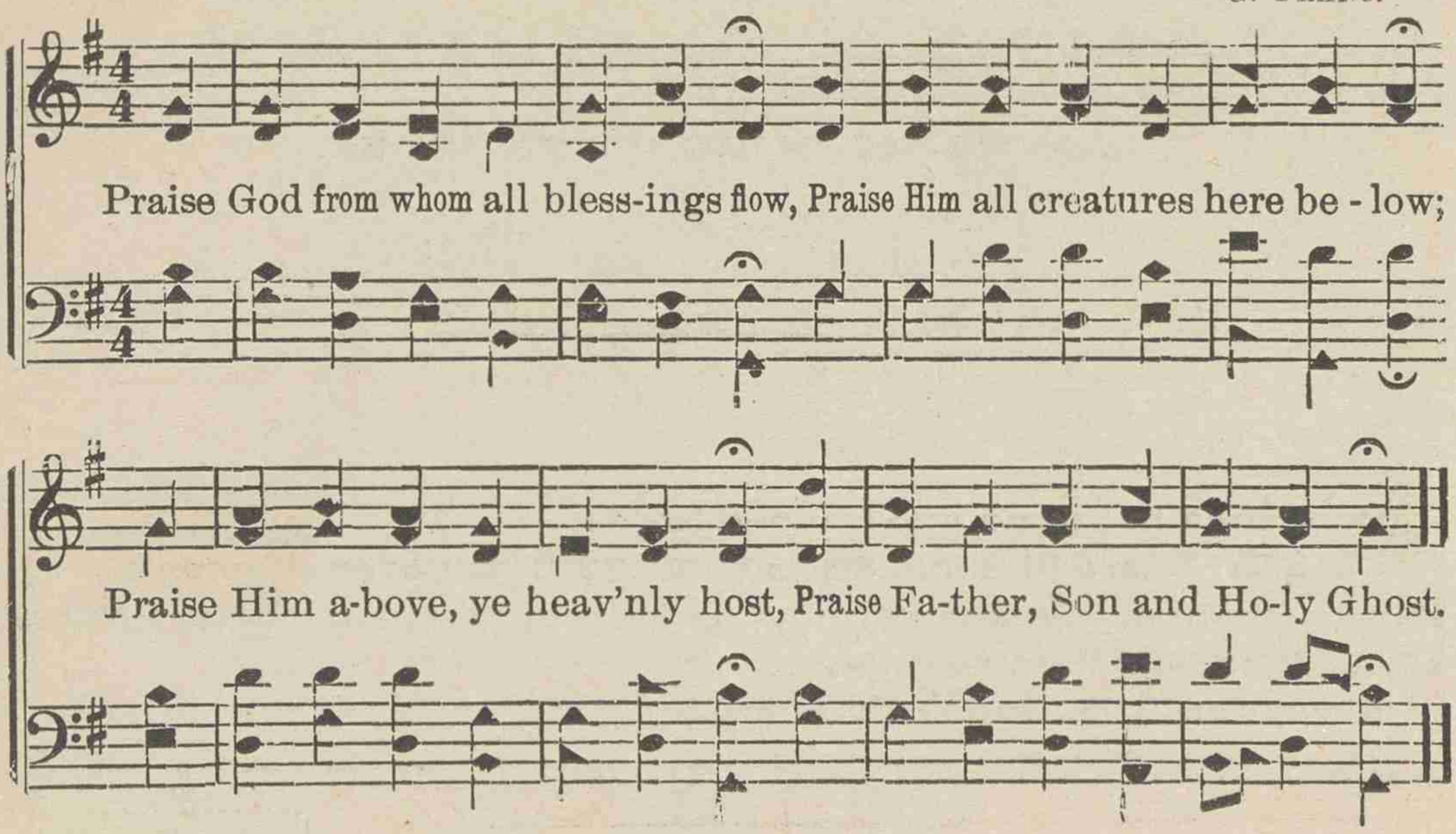
PREFACE.



Yours in Christ and Song,

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

OLD HUNDRED.

G. FRANC.

No. 1. CROWNING PRAISES.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. In His praise whose grace now redeems the race, Let us heart and voice employ;
2. He hath bro't us out of de-spair and doubt To the plains of peace and love;
3. O - ver all the earth He will show His worth, And un-fad-ing glo - ry gain;
4. Come, ye faithful, sing to the might-y King—To the one true God, our choice;

Let our voic - es rise, till be filled the skies With our crowning praises of joy.
Let us anthems raise, till our strains of praise Shall be heard by angels a - bove.
Earthly thrones shall fall, but the Lord of all, Thro' unnumbered a-ges shall reign.
His e - ter - nal name to the world proclaim, Till the nations hear and rejoice.

D. S.—Let us praise our God ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Crowning prais - - - - es, let us sing,
Crown-ing prais - es sing, Crown-ing prais - es sing,

To the Lord..... whom we a - dore;
To the Lord whom we with joy and rap - ture a - dore;

Mak-ing earth..... and heav-en ring,
Mak - ing glad the earth, Mak - ing heav - en ring,

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No. 2. HE'S MY KING.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. All day long of Je - sus I am sing - ing, He my song of
2. Streams of love a - round my soul are flow - ing, From His heart, love's
3. In His light, I'm go - ing home to glo - ry, With the souls who

joy will ev - er be; All the while He keeps my heart-bells ringing, For His
ev - er - last-ing spring; That is why my faith in Him I'm showing, That is
trust His sav-ing grace; Go - ing home to sing and tell His sto - ry, In the

CHORUS.

love is ev-'ry-thing to me. He's my King, and O I dear-ly love Him;
why an endless song I sing.
bless-ed sunshine of His face. He's my precious King,

He's my King, no oth - er is a-bove Him; All day long en -
He's my glorious King,

raptured praise I sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He's my King!
I sing, Glo-ry hal - le - le - jah! my blessed King!

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No. 3. Sometime I Shall Know.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. R. D. BURLESON.

1. Some - time I shall know how Je - sus must love me To
2. Some - time I shall know how great was His kind - ness, To
3. Though a - ges were mine, I could not re - pay Him For
4. Some - time may I know I brought to my Sav - iour Some

come, as He came long a - go, From the glo - ry and peace of the
seek such a sin - ner as I, And to res - cue and save me from
all He has done for my soul; But I know 'twill be glad - ness to
sin - ner that needs Him, like me? May I know that he found free for -

land far a - bove me, That I His sal - va - tion might know.
sor - row and blind - ness, Al-though He must suf - fer and die.
love and o - bey Him, While a - ges e - ter - nal shall roll.
give - ness and fa - vor, And know that that sin - ner was thee?

CHORUS.

Some-time, I shall know, Some-time, sometime in glory sub-lime,
Sometime I shall surely know, Sometime, sometime, sometime in glory, in glory sublime,
I shall know what I owe To Je-sus, my Saviour, sometime, sometime.
sometime, some-time, sometime.

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No. 4. COVERED BY THE BLOOD.

"Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are under the blood."

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN C. STOREY.

Not too fast.

1. Once in sin's darkest night, I was wand'ring alone, A stranger to mer - cy I stood; But the Saviour came nigh, When He heard my faint cry, And He put my sins
2. From my errors and faults, Jesus saves me so free, Amazed that He lift - ed my load; O the love and the grace I re-ceived in its place, When He put my sins
3. I can ne'er understand Why He sought even me, Why His life-blood on Calv'ry flowed; But suf - fi - cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath put my sins
4. Now He comes to my heart And removes ev'ry care, For He bears all my cumb'ring load; In a path-way re-plete With His love are my feet, Since He put my sins

REFRAIN.

un - der the blood. They are cov-ered by the blood, They are covered by the blood,

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui - ties so vast, precious blood,

Have been blot-ted out at last, My sins are all covered by the blood. precious blood.

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No. 5.

NO NIGHT THERE.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. B. HERBERT.

Andante.

1. In yon - der cit - y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes dark - ness
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No dark - ness
3. Here we have sor - row, Each one his share; No tears in
4. Here we have cross - es That we must bear; No tri - als
5. That Light up yon - der, Ra-diant and fair; Is Christ, our

p **CHORUS. Brighter.**

nev - er, No night there. No night there,
yon - der, No night there.
heav - en, No night there.
yon - der, No night there.
Sav - iour! No night there. No night there,

cres.

No night there, Light ev - er - last - ing!
No night there,
No night there,
f
No night there, No night there! No night
No night there, No night there,
there! God's ho - ly cit - y, No night there!
No night there,

rit. e dim.

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No. 6. O PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. O prod - i - gal child, where-so-e'er thou dost roam, O list to the
2. Come back to His love, to His fa - ther - ly care, Come back to the
3. Although you forsook Him and treat-ed Him ill, His great heart of

Sav-iour's voice call-ing you home; The Fa - ther still loves you, His
feast which He asks you to share; His arms will en - fold you in
love goes far out to you still; You have but to ask Him and

love ne'er grows cold, E'en tho' you have strayed far a - way from the fold.
ten-der em-brace, A - gain in His household He'll give you a place.
He will for - give, And take you to heav - en for - ev - er to live.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal, why lon-ger roam?.....
Come home, come home, why longer roam?

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home....
Come home, come home, come home.

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No. 7. KEEP SINGING AS YOU GO.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. F. M. FERRELL.

1. While trav'ling thro' time's desert bleak and drear, Keep singing as you
2. Thro' storm and shine, on land or on the sea,
3. Look to the Lord in sea-sons of distress,
4. The God of light will guide you all the way, singing, singing as you

go; Tho' dan - gers gath - er round your pathway here, Keep
A brave heart wins wher - ev - er you may be, Keep
For He doth wait to com - fort and to bless, Keep
go, as you go; He'll lead you on to ev - er - last - ing day, Keep

CHORUS.

sing - ing as you go. Keep sing-ing as you
sing-ing, sing-ing as you go. singing, singing, Singing
go, Keep sing-ing as you go, Fear
sing-ing as you go, singing, singing, singing as you go, as you go,
not, the Lord will be with you all the way, Keep singing as you go.
singing, singing, singing as you go.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas. Used by per.

No. 8. ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."—1 Cor. 15: 19.

F. L. E. F. L. Eiland.

1. End - less joys a - wait us yon - der. On the oth - er side!
2. There our souls can feel no sor - row, On the oth - er side!
3. Face to face we'll meet our Saviour, On the oth - er side!
4. We a - gain shall be u - nit - ed, On the oth - er side!
5. From the glo - ry that's e - ter - nal, On the oth - er side!
6. Saved will be the great ho - san - na, On the oth - er side!

Where the blood-washed throng will greet us, On the oth - er side!
For our hearts will have no ach - ing, On the oth - er side!
And will live with Him for - ev - er, On the oth - er side!
With our lost and dear - ly loved ones, On the oth - er side!
There can be no sep - a - ra - tion, On the oth - er side!
All redeemed, redeemed for - ev - er, On the oth - er side!

CHORUS.

There the might-y ransomed cho-rus, Thro' the heav-ens wide,

Shout the praise of God for - ev - er, On the oth - er side!

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No. 9. A SOUL WINNER FOR JESUS.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 19: 7.

J. W. F. J. W. FERRELL.

1. I want to be a soul win-ner For Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He does so much for me;
2. I want to be a soul win-ner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know;
3. I want to be a soul win-ner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down;

I want to aid the lost sinner To leave His erring way, And be from bondage free.
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Because He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."

CHORUS.

A soul..... ..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul winner for Je - sus Christ, the Lord, A soul win-ner for Je - sus

Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ, the Lord, O let me be each day A soul win-ner for Je - sus

Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ, the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ, the Lord,

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No. 10. HIS BEAUTIFUL LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Sing a-loud an an-them of praise, Sing of Him who blesses our days,
2. As a moth-er bending a-bove, Watches o'er the child of her love,
3. Make Him known with carols of joy, Heart and voice let Jesus employ,

Christ, the Friend who lov-ing-ly guides us thro' the gloam;
O-ver us He ten-der-ly bends from day to day;
O-ver all the lands of the earth His prais-es sing;

In our souls His Spir-it will dwell, More and more His love we will tell,
Ev-'ry grief and sor-row He shares, All our pains and troubles and cares,
Till with all the saved of the race We be-hold His glo-ri-ous face,

Till at last we en-ter with Him our hap-py home.
Mak-ing bright with whis-pers of cheer the home-ward way.
Let us praise the beau-ti-ful love of Christ our King.

CHORUS.

Praise His love, Praise it with joy,
Sing of His glo-ri-ous love, Praise it with anthems of joy,

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In ac - cord let rapt - ur - ous praise be sent a - bove;

Praise His love, Praise it a - gain,
Beau-ti - ful, won-der - ful love, Praise it a-gain and a - gain,

O with joy for - ev - er ex - tol the Sav - iour's love.
His beau-ti - ful love.

No. 11. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav -iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.

No. 12. Oh, Be Ready!

J. McP. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

1. Are you read - y for the Savior, should He come to-day? Are your lamps trimmed and burning bright? Do you fol-low His commandments and His laws o - bey? Are your feet in the way of right? O, be read-y!
2. Are you trusting for sal - va-tion on God's ho - ly One? Are you sure that He'll wash each stain? Do you go to Him for sol-ace when your tri - als come? Do you think He will come a-gain?
3. Are you longing for the mansions that a - wait up there All the wea - ry who toil be-low? Do you long those joys im-mor-tal ev - er there to share? Are your robes washed and white as snow? O, be ready, weary wand'rer!

CHORUS.

Yes. be ready, when He comes! Ere the night of death shall fall! O, be read-y, yes, be read-y When you hear the Savior call! for death's angel, when He comes to take you home;

No. 13.

Heaven.

J. M. T., Jr. To my brother, L. C. Taylor. J. M. Taylor, Jr.

1. Oft we talk and sing of heav-en, that bright cit-y of the blest; That su-
2. We have talked of all the freedom, of that country, from all sin, There's no
3. We have spo-ken of its serv - i - ces of peace and perfect love, Of its

per-nal home of glo-ry "o - ver there." 'Tis a bright and gold-en cit - y, and its
sor-row in that peaceful, happy home' And no tri - als e'er shall en-ter thro' those
bliss-ful-ness and of its pur - i - ty. There's no sickness and no dy - ing in that

D. S. What a grand and hap-py greeting when we

glo - ries are confessed; But, O, who can tell the rapt-ure to be there?
jas - per walls there-in, Christ is plead-ing and He's bid-ding us to come.
bless-ed home a - bove—All is joy and will be thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

en - ter thro' the door, There we'll sing and shout and praise for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

What a meet - - - ing and sing - - ing
What a meet - ing there will be when we all ar - rive at home,

There will be..... in that home;.....
O what sing - ing we shall hear, as we near the shelt'ring dome;

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No. 14. SINGING A WONDERFUL SONG.

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

Slow and meditatively.

1. Out on the glad hills of God's glo - ry, Mov-ing in rapt-ur - ous throng;
2. The flow of life's stream they are view-ing, Coursing its wa - ters a - long;
3. The fruit of the tree of God's healing, Giv - eth them ec - sta - sy strong;
4. Shall I with the ransomed go thith - er, There to be one of that throng;

The saints are re-hears-ing their sto - ry, Sing - ing a
In bliss that is ev - er ac - cru - ing, Sing - ing a
The joy of sal - va - tion ap - peal - ing, Sing - ing a
To try the great theme of re-demp - tion, Sing - ing a

REFRAIN.

won-der - ful song. Peace..... is the dream,.....
Peace is the dream, peace is the dream,

Glo - - - ry's the theme,..... Saved the re -
Glo - ry's the theme, glo - ry's the theme,

peat and pro - long; Crown - - ings they bring,.....
Crownings they bring, crownings they bring,

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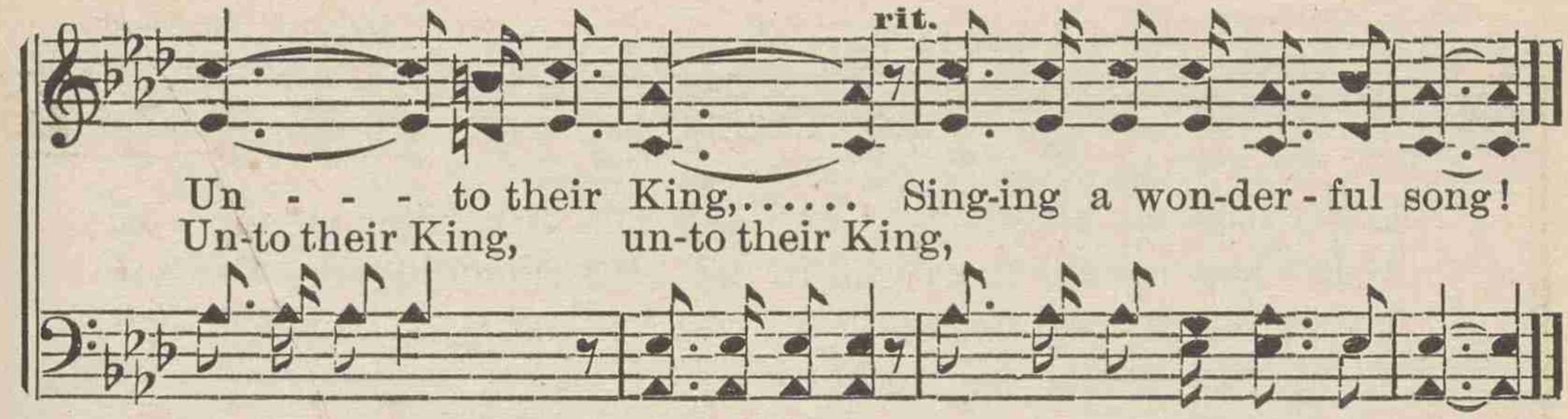
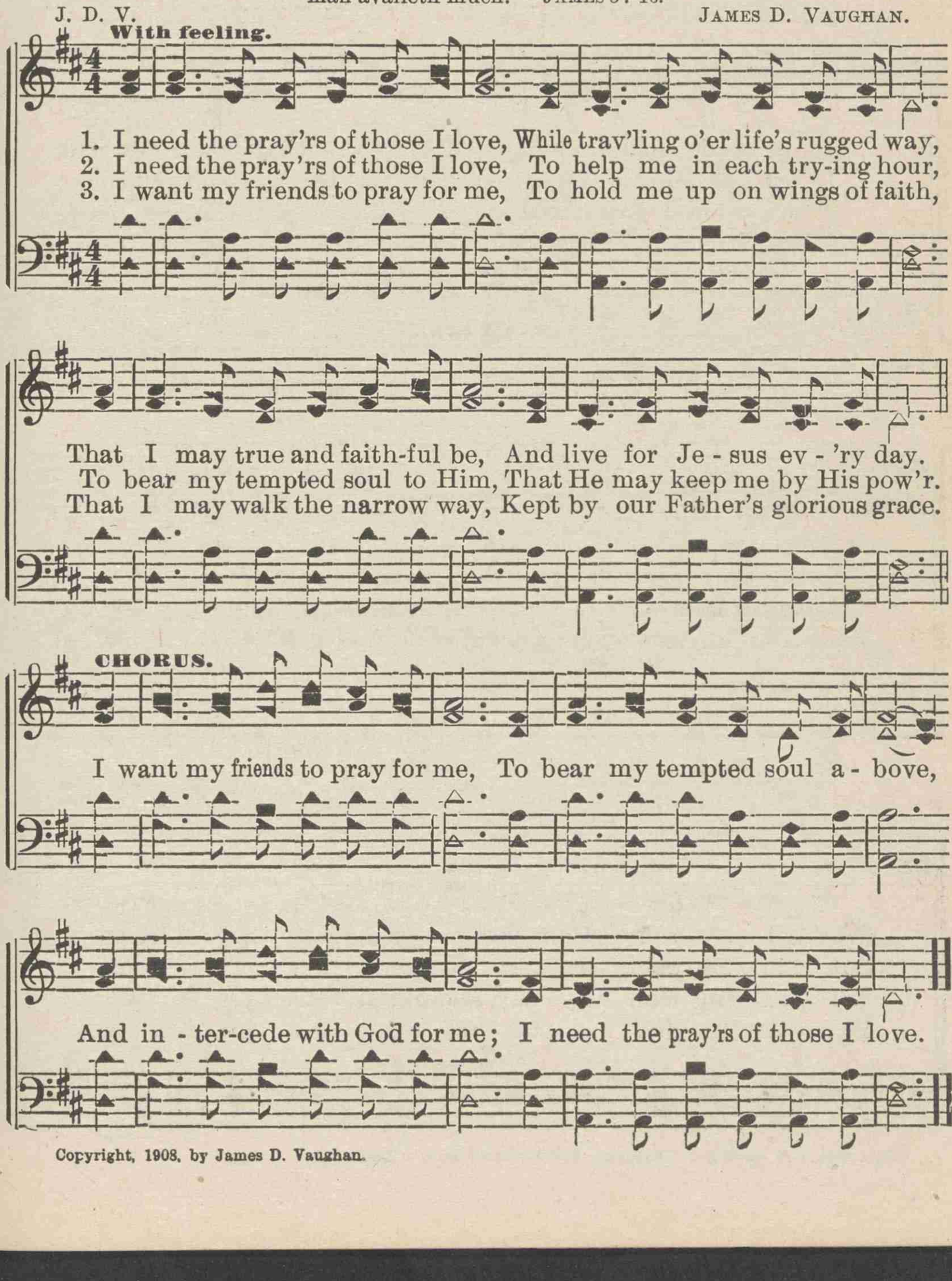
SINGING A WONDERFUL SONG. Concluded.

No. 15. I NEED THE PRAYERS.

"—and pray one for another. . . The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAMES 5: 16.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

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No. 16. JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
O how could I this friend de - ny When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end;

When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him, I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti-ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har-vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my friend.
Beau - ti - ful life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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No. 17.

THE REVIVAL REAPER.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

1. Reap-er, reap-er, see the fields are white, Gath-er in the gold-en
2. Ringing, ringing, is the voice to-day, Gath-er in the gold-en
3. Reap-er, reap-er, lend a will-ing hand, Gath-er in the gold-en

grain! La-bor, la-bor, from the morn till night,
grain! Call-ing, call-ing, reap-er, haste a-way,
grain! I-dle, i-dle, do not lon-ger stand,
the gold-en grain!

REFRAIN.

Gath-er in the gold-en grain! Reap-er, see the fields are white,
Reaper, reaper,

Do not lon-ger i-dle stand! Reap-er,
Do not, do not Reap-er; reap-er,

lend a will-ing hand, Gath-er in the gold-en grain!

F. L. Eiland, owner. Used by per.

No. 18. SHINE ON, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful Star that thro' the night is shin-ing our souls a - bove,
2. There's a beau-ti - ful Star that sends its light to ev - er - y tribe and race,
3. There's a beau-ti - ful Star that lights our souls thro' sorrow and pain and strife,
4. O ye wan-der-ers, fix your wea - ry eyes on Je - sus, the Star, to - day,

Shine on,..... O beau - ti - ful Star,
Shine on, O beau - ti - ful Star,

'Tis the em-blem of matchless mer-cy and the bea-con of death-less love;
'Tis the ra - di - ant sun of righteousness dif - fus - ing the light of grace;
'Tis the glo - ri - ous light of Cal - va - ry—our hope of e - ter - nal life;
For no oth - er can ev - er guide you in the beau-ti - ful homeward way;

Shine on,..... O beau - ti - ful Star.
Shine on, O beau - ti - ful Star.

REFRAIN.

Shine on,..... O beau-ti - ful Star, Shine on.... O
Shine on, O beau-ti - ful Star, Shine on

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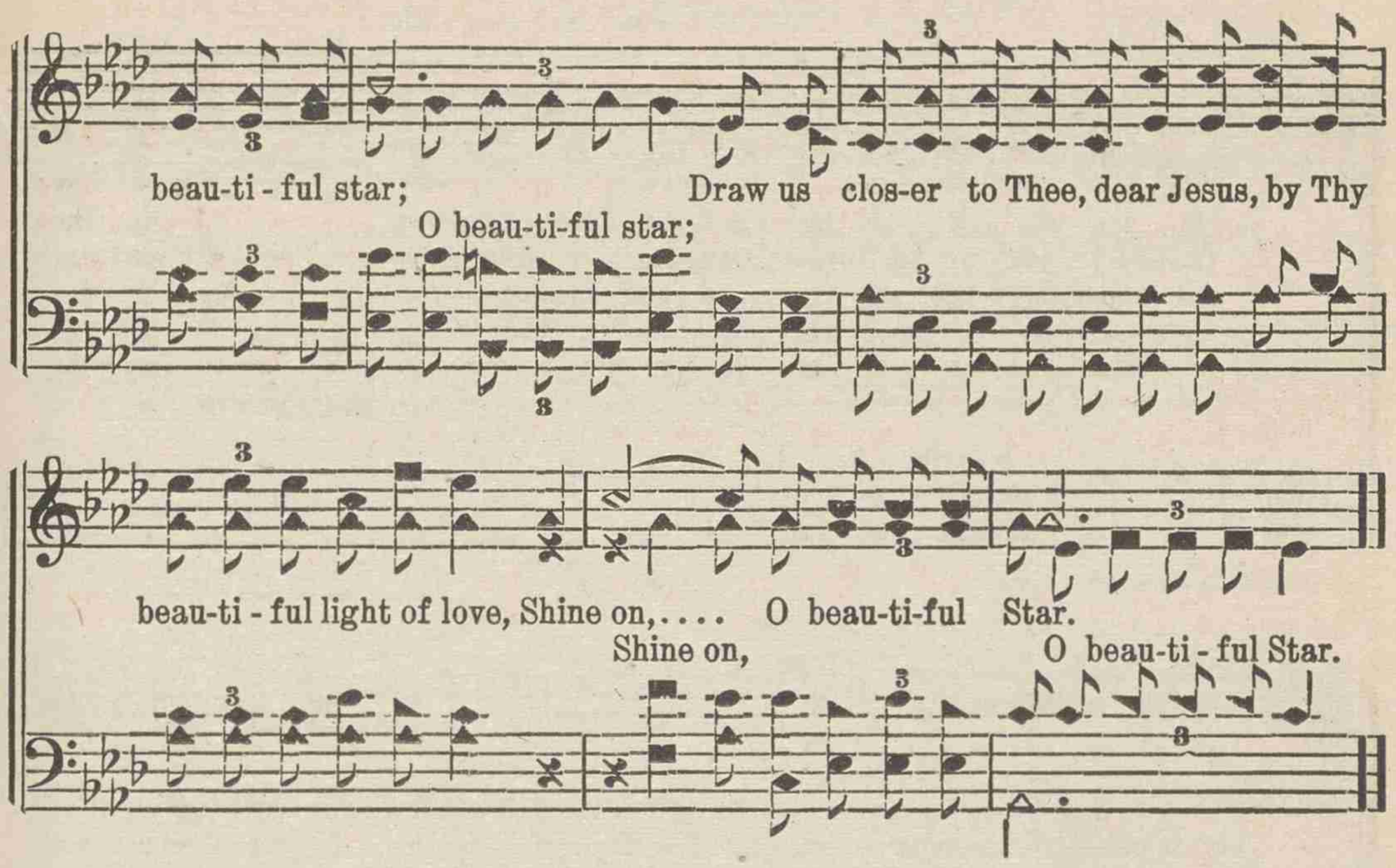
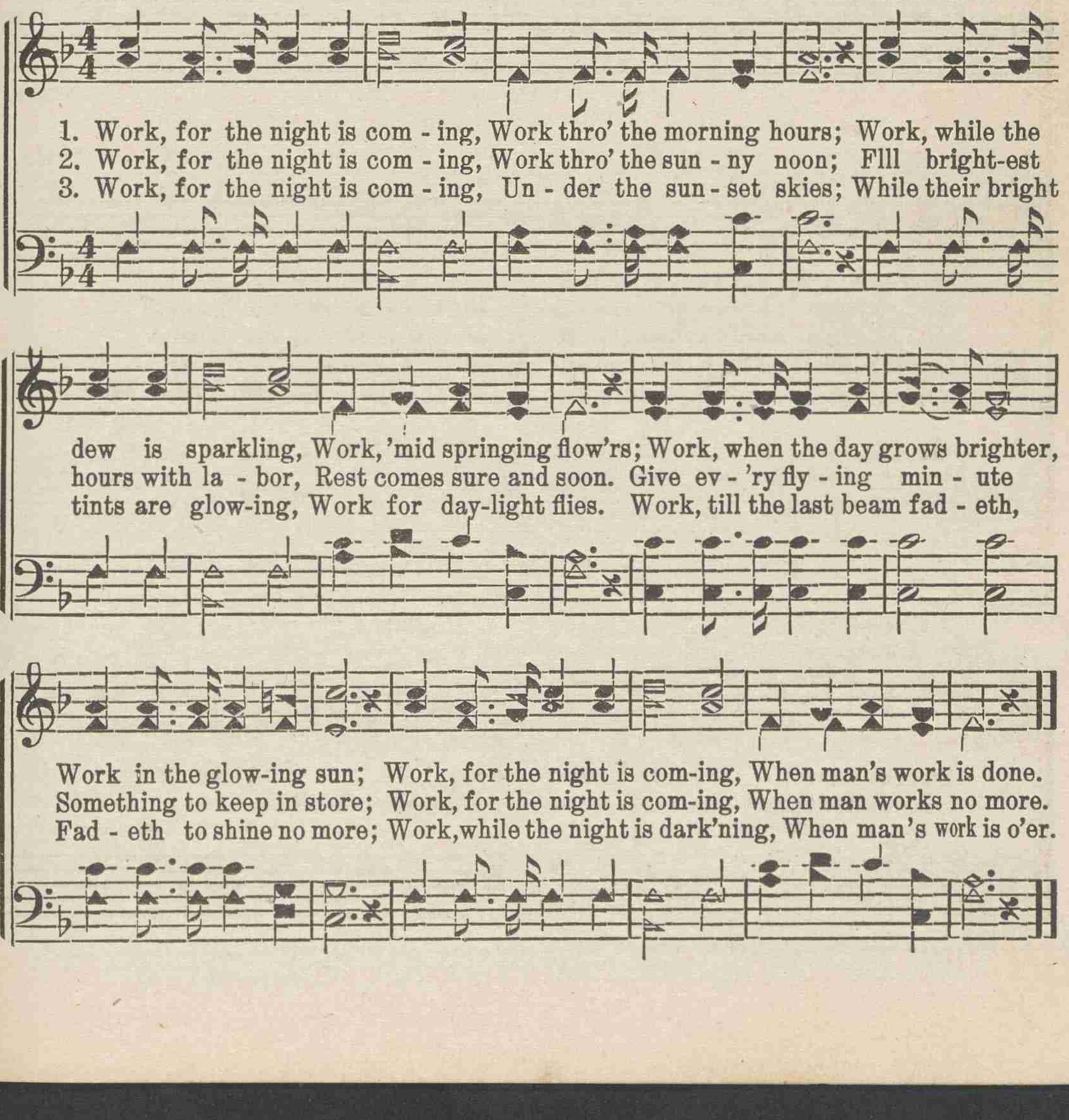
SHINE ON, BEAUTIFUL STAR. Concluded.

No. 19. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNA L. WALKEE. LOWELL MASON.



No. 20. WHEN THE CITY COMETH DOWN.

Rev. 21 : 2 and 10.

Rev. L. A. M. Rev. L. A. Morris.

1. Oh, the cit - y of the Lord is com - ing down, Oh, the com-ing down,
2. There'll be joy in earth and heav - en in that day, There'll be
3. All the peo - ple of the Lord shall be as one, All the
4. There will be no death nor sor - row in that day, There will
5. In that love - ly gold - en cit - y, we are told, In that

cit - y of the Lord is coming down; Then the saints for Je-sus wait-ing shall re - joy in earth and heaven in that day; We'll sing Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! when we peo-ple of the Lord shall be as one; When the Bridegroom comes in glo - ry and we be no death nor sor-row in that day; For the hand of God, our Fa-ther, all our love-ly gold-en cit - y we are told, Saints will all u - nite in sing-ing, with a

ceive the victor's crown, When the cit - y of the Lord com-eth down.
all re-ceive a crown, When the cit - y of the Lord com-eth down.
all re-ceive a crown, When the cit - y of the Lord com eth down.
tears shall wipe a-way, When the cit - y of the Lord com-eth down.
golden harp and crown, When the cit - y of the Lord com-eth down. (cometh down).

D. S.—*When the cit - y of the Lord com-eth down.*

CHORUS.

Cometh down,..... cometh down,..... When the cit-y of the
Cometh down, yes, cometh down, cometh down, yes, cometh down,

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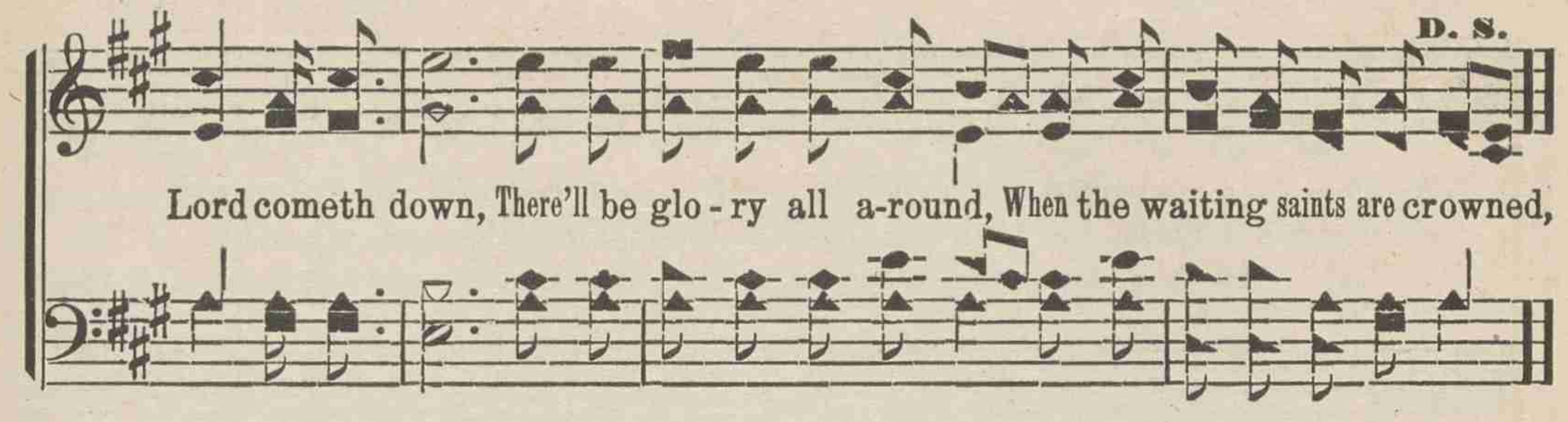
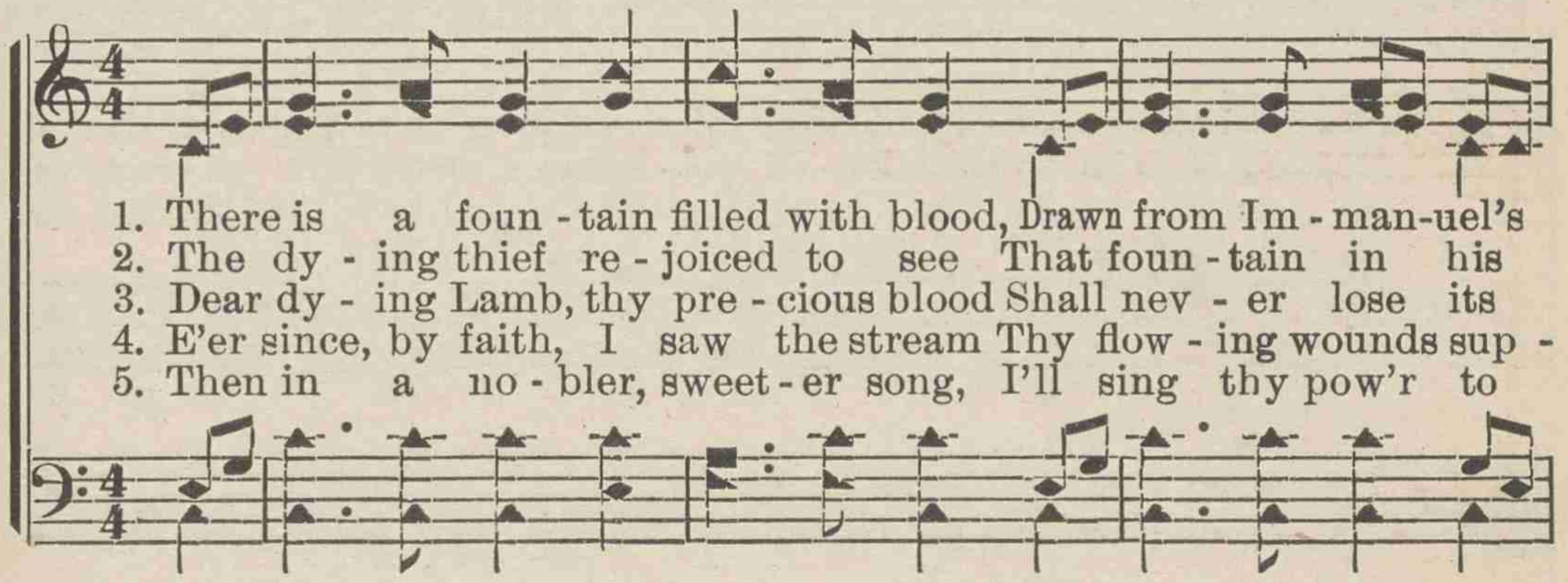
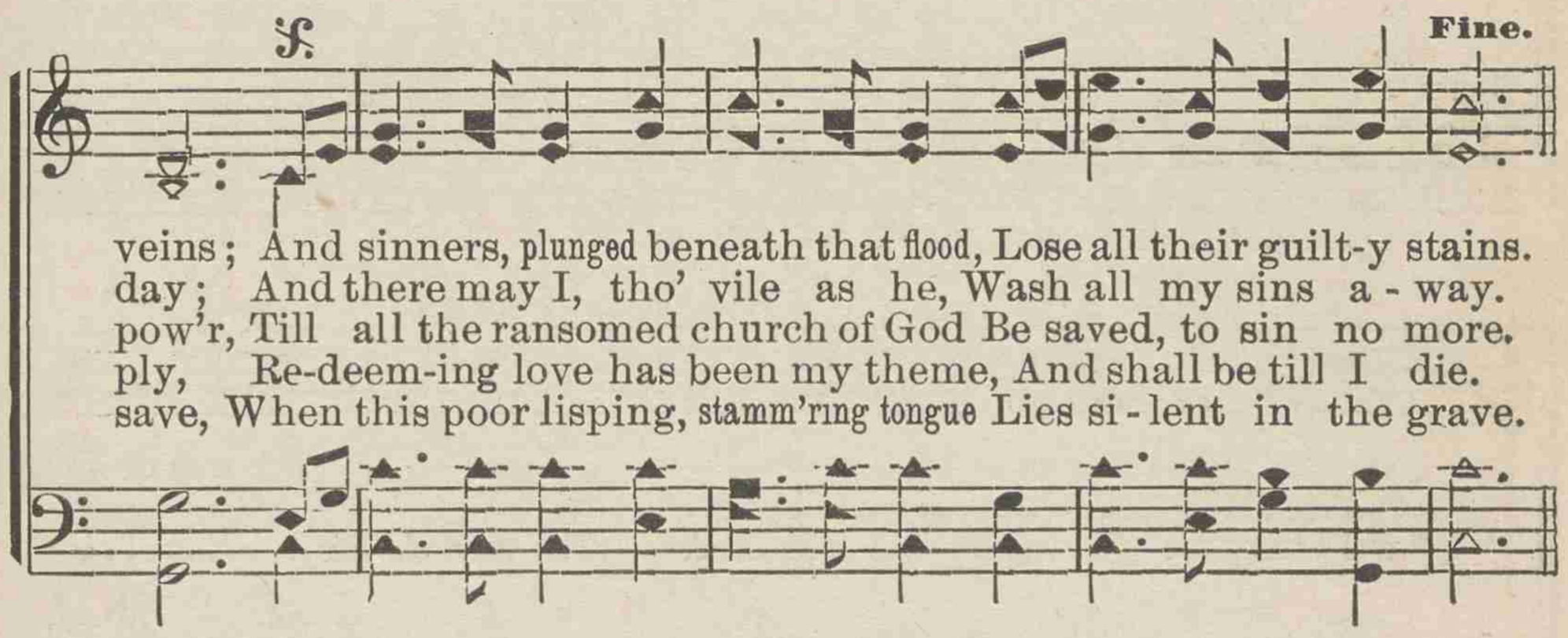
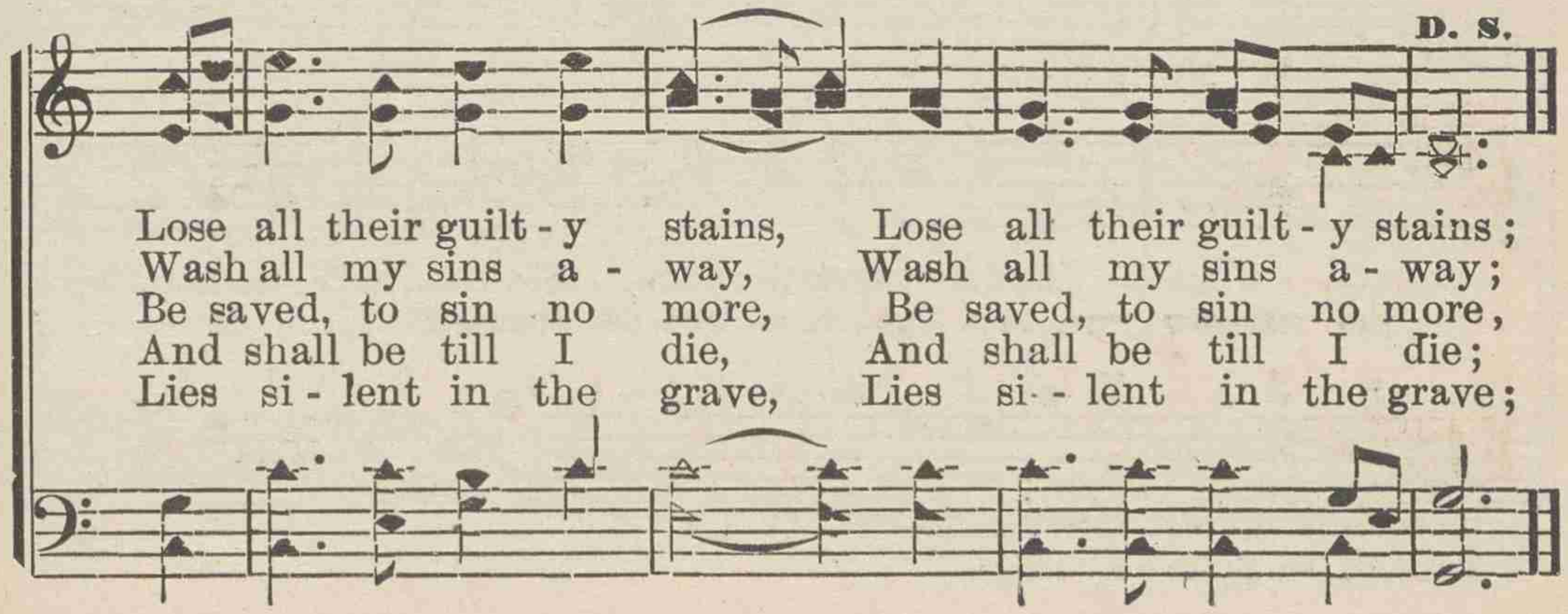
WHEN THE CITY COMETH DOWN. Concluded.

No. 21. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.





No. 22.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

LAURA E. NEWELL. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a way that leads to glo - ry, Bless-ed way for pilgrim feet, There's a
2. There's a Guide Book for the trav'ler, And the pilgrim need not stray, If but
3. Let us tell the joy - ous message To the straying and the lone, Tell them

sweet and old - en sto - ry, That our lips may still re-peat; There's a cit - y
faith - ful to its precepts, Ev - er will - ing to o - bey; It di - rects us
of our lov - ing Saviour, Who would gladly be their own; And the sad and

bright e - ter - nal, With its streets of shining gold, There where flow'rs are always
to His pal-ace, To the pal - ace of the King; And a crown a - waits the
heav - y la - den, Bid them come to Him and rest; Lo! He wait-eth with a

REFRAIN.

ver - nal, None may ev-er-more grow old. The way of life,
faithful, Who are striving sheaves to bring.
wel-come, for the wea-ry and oppressed. The way of life,.....

the nar-row way,
the nar-row way,..... Shall lead us

Shall lead us thence to realms of
thence,..... to realms of

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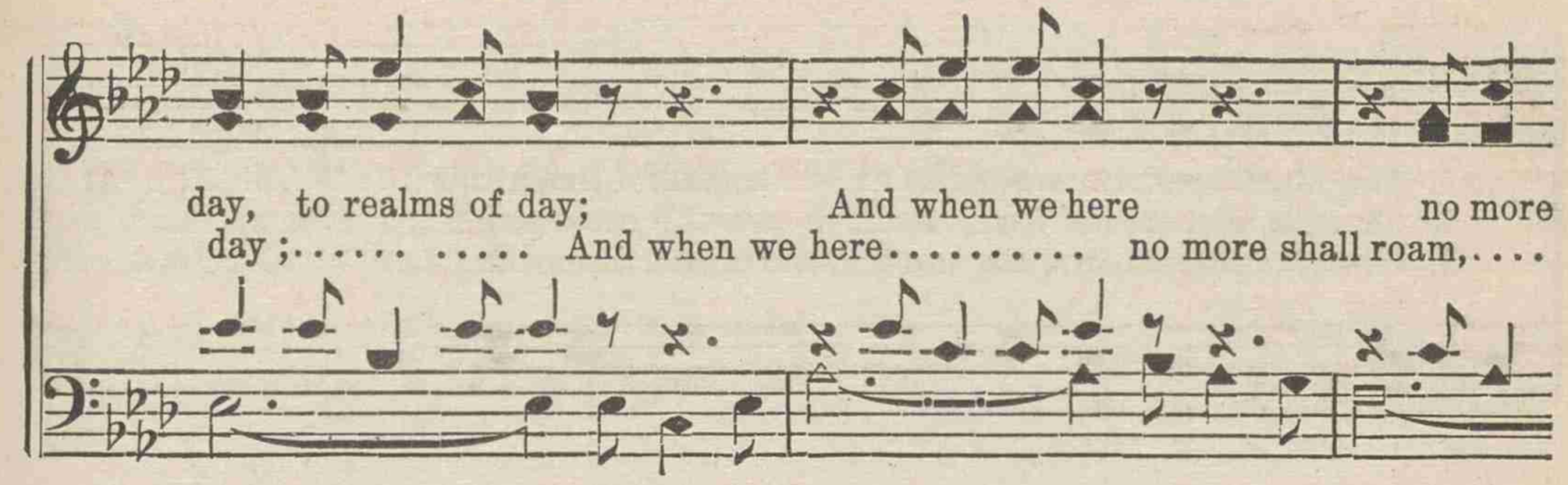
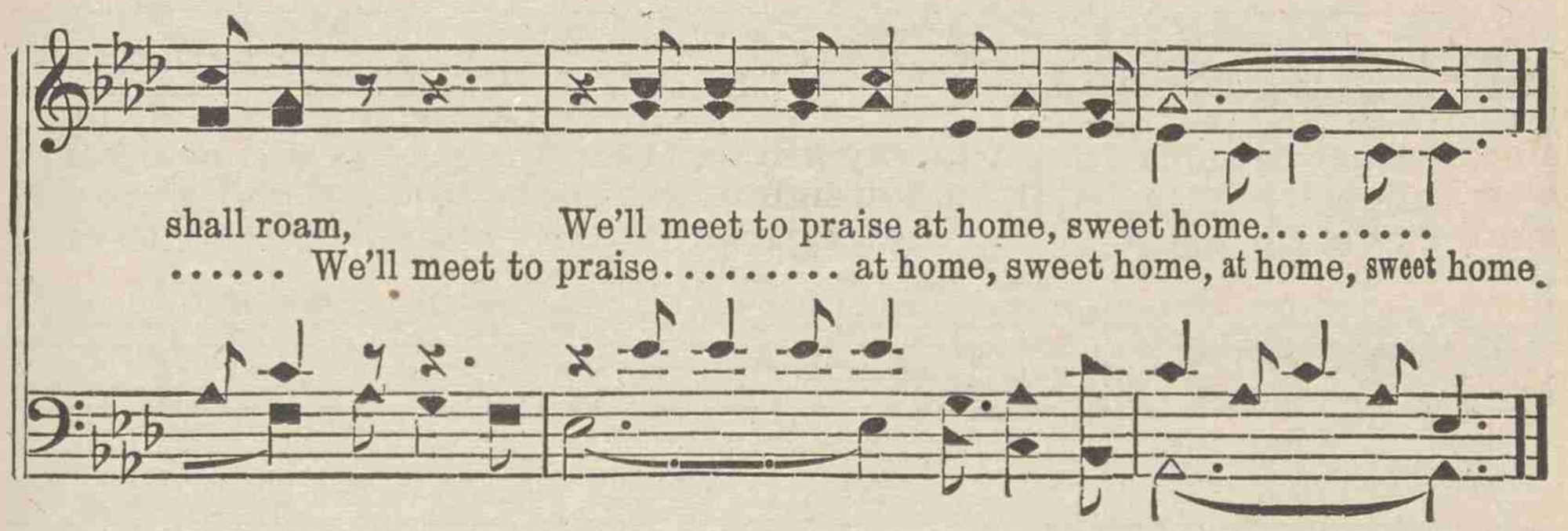
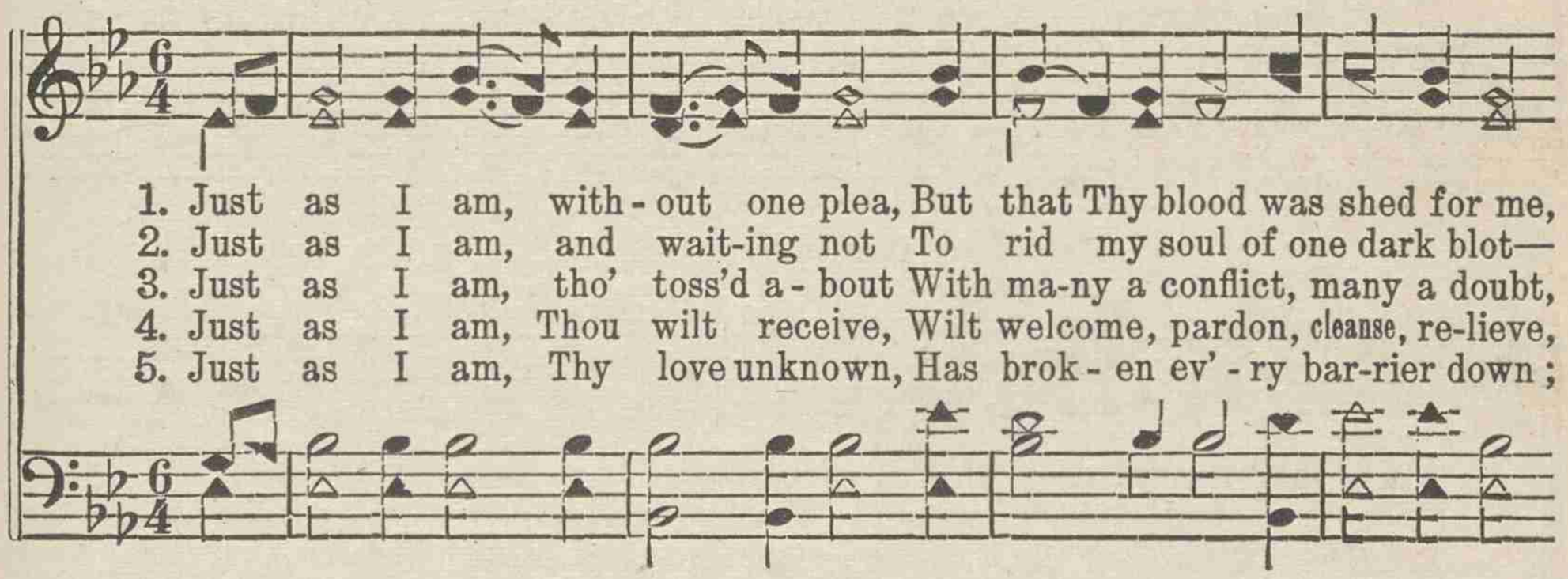



No. 23. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 24. IN THE MORNING LAND.

JAMES ROWE. ALVIS O. THOMAS.

1. We shall see no weeping eyes In the morning land; We shall hear no
2. Clouds will never form a-bove In the morning land; Eyes will glow with
3. Christ, our Saviour, we shall meet In the morning land; We shall hear His

long-ing sighs In the morning land; There no pathway will be dreary,
light of love In the morning land; No one there will sigh for treasure
welcome sweet In the morning land; Burdens we shall carry nev-er,

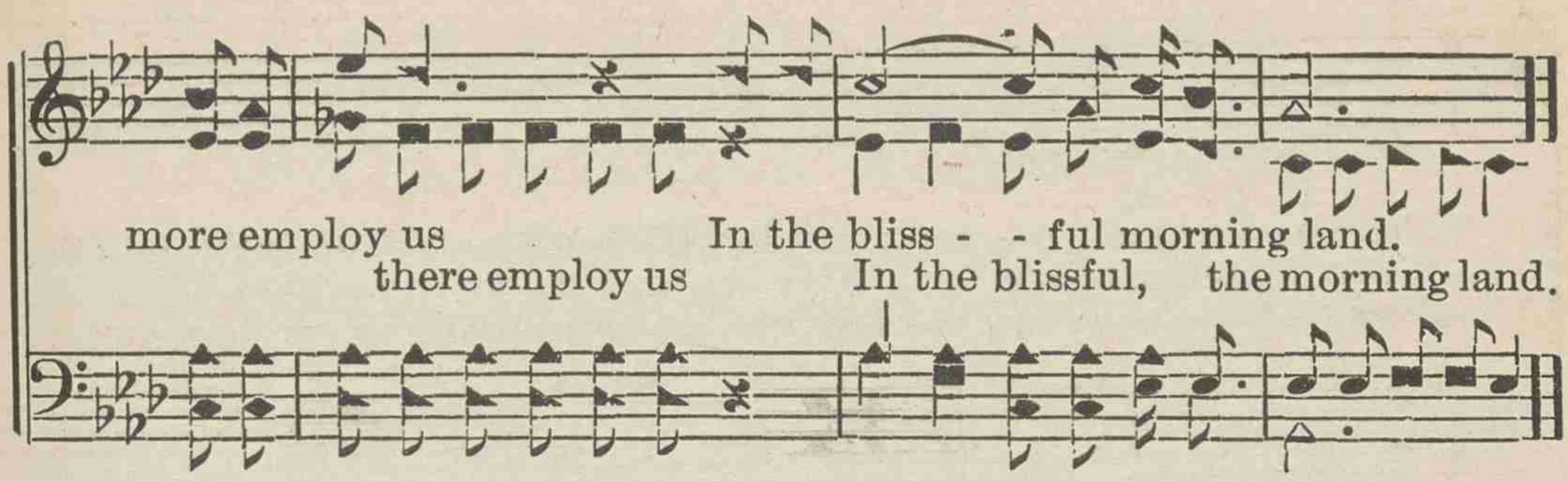
Lips will smile and hearts be cheery, None is faint and none is weary
Having wealth which naught can measure, Life will be un-bro-ken pleasure
Lov - ing hearts no more will sever, We shall be at home for-ev - er

CHORUS.

In the morning land. Sin will nev - er-more annoy us,
Sin will never there annoy us,

Songs of praise.... and anthems joyous Will for ev - - - er -
Songs of praise anthems joyous Will for ev - er-

A. O. Thomas, owner. Used by per.

IN THE MORNING LAND. Concluded.

No. 25. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

No. 26. 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, O 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.

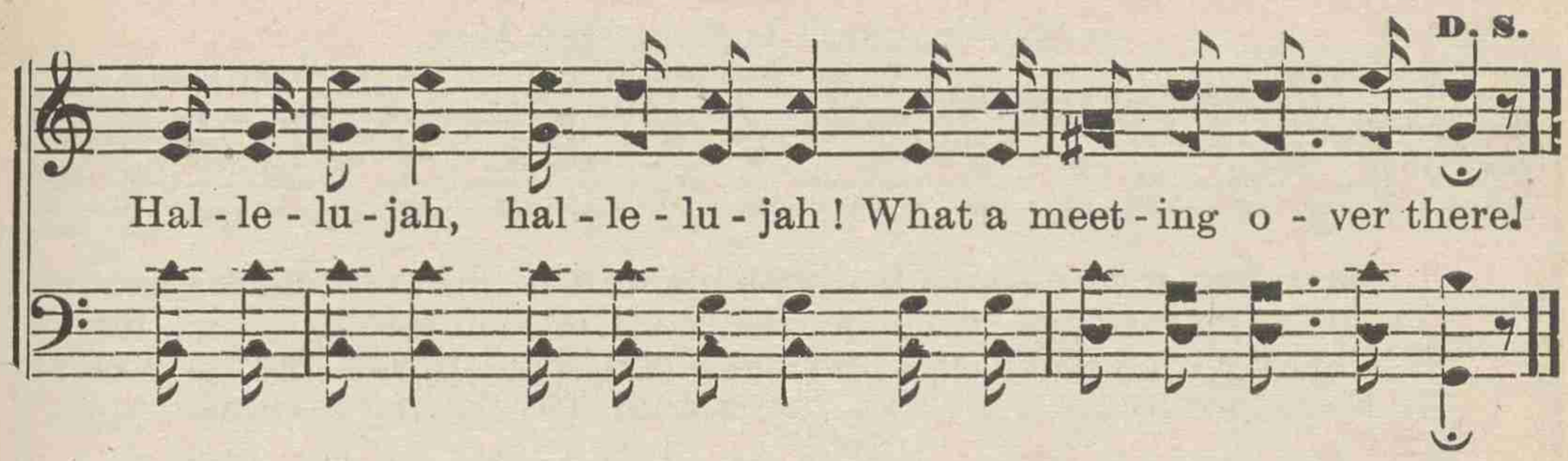
My Re-deem-er, O to see Him, Will be glo - ry o - ver there.
Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be sing-ing by and by.
Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I shall join them by and by.

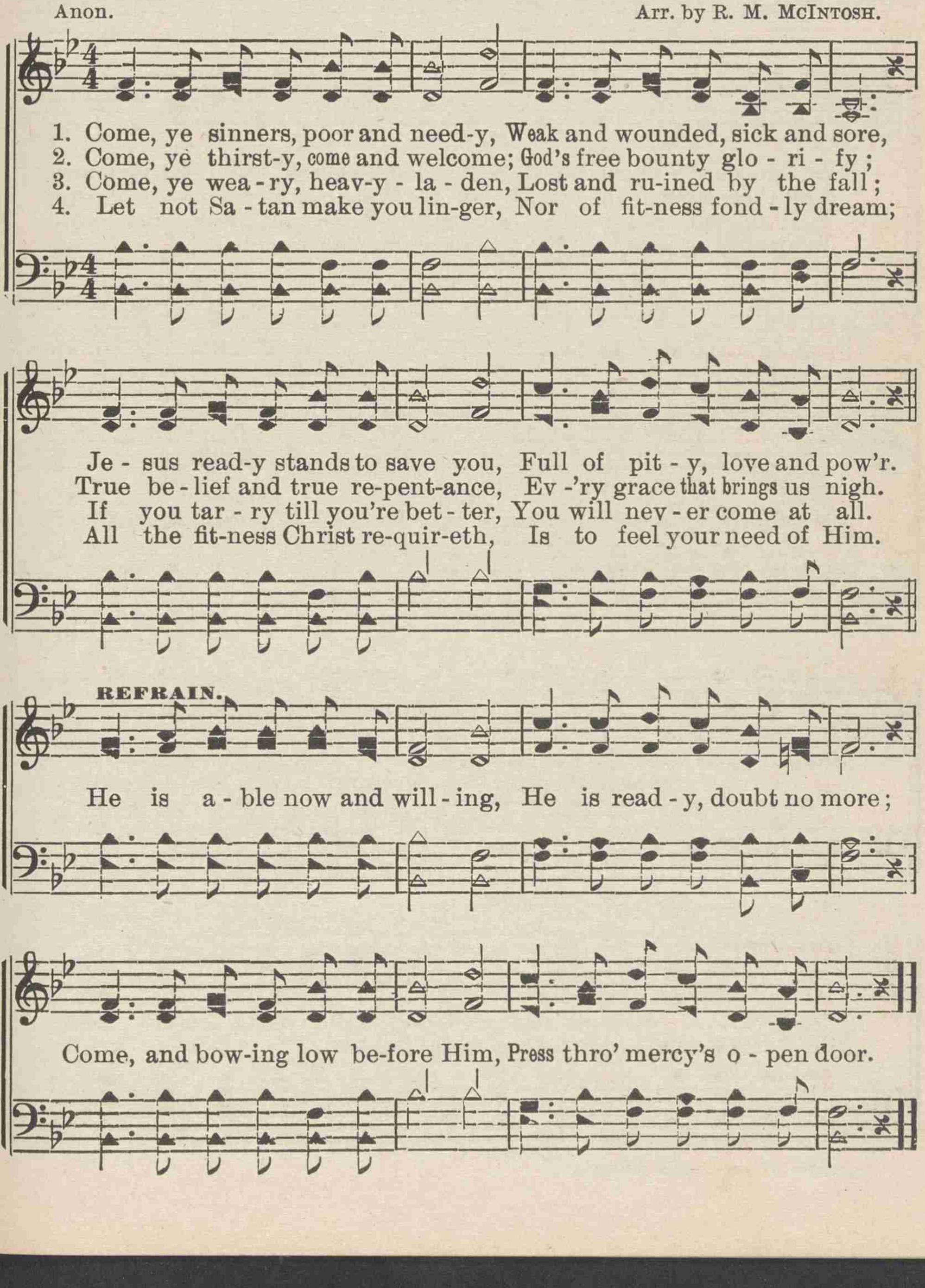
Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be sing - ing by and by.

CHORUS.

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

J B Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

HALLELUJAH BY AND BY. Concluded.

No. 27. COME, YE SINNERS.

Anon. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 28. WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN.

"A fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER. Music and Chorus by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gliding movement.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God, Are saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be 'till I die.

CHORUS.

Won - - der-ful foun - tain! Sin.....cleansing foun - tain!
Wonderful, wonderful fountain of blood! Wonderful, wonderful sin-cleansing flood!

Sinner! 'twas opened for thee;.... Je - - - sus on Cal - v'ry
'twas opened for thee; Jesus on Calv'ry His precious life gave,

Shed..... His own life - blood, Nailed to the cru-el tree.
Shed His own life-blood a lost world to save,

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No. 29. NO MORE SORROW.

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

1. I've heard of a coun - try, O where can it be?
2. Thro' faith in my Sav - iour I al - most can see
3. When shall I see Je - sus and bask in His love?
4. Land where the redeemed ones, bright Beu - lah so fair,

D. C.—*No dis - mal to - mor - row in heav - en a - bove,*

Fine.

They say there are man - sions there wait - ing for me.
Some loved one in glo - ry stand beck'ning for me.
O that will be glo - ry in heav - en a - bove.
O Ca - naan up yon - der, I long to be there.

We'll nev - er know sor - row, but heav - en and love.

CHORUS.

There'll be no more sigh - ing, there'll be no more tears,

There'll be no more dy - ing, no sea - sons nor years;

J. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

No. 30. ANCHORED IN LOVE DIVINE.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I've found the sweet ha - ven of sunshine at last, And Je - sus is bending a - bove; His dear arms a-round me are lov - ing - ly cast,
2. He saw me in dan - ger and lov - ing - ly came To pi - lot my storm-beaten soul; Sweet "Peace" He has spo-ken and bless His dear name,
3. His love shall con - trol me in life and in death, Com-plete-ly I'll trust to the end; I praise Him each hour and my last fleet-ing breath,

CHORUS.

And sweet - ly He tells His love. The tem - - - pest is o'er,..... I'm safe..... ev - er - more,..... What gladness, what
The bil - lows no lon - ger roll. ev-er is o'er, My anchor is holding, I'm safe evermore,
Shall sing of my soul's best friend. The dan-ger-ous tem-pest for -

rap-ture is mine; The dan - - - ger is past,..... I'm
The waters are peaceful, the danger is past, My

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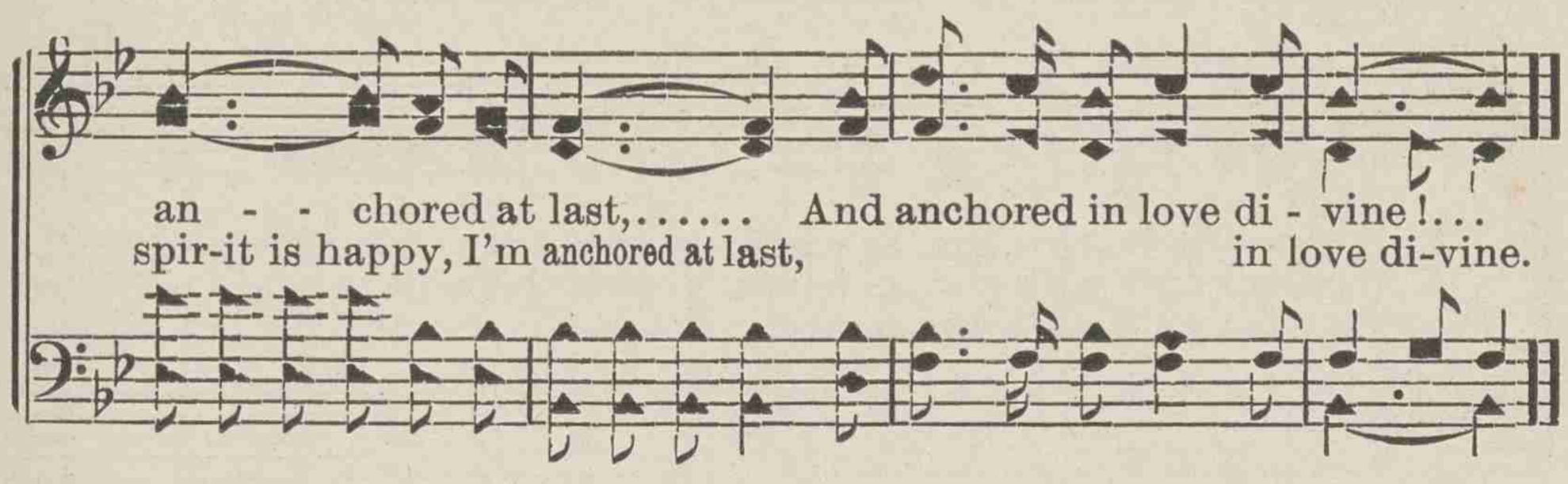
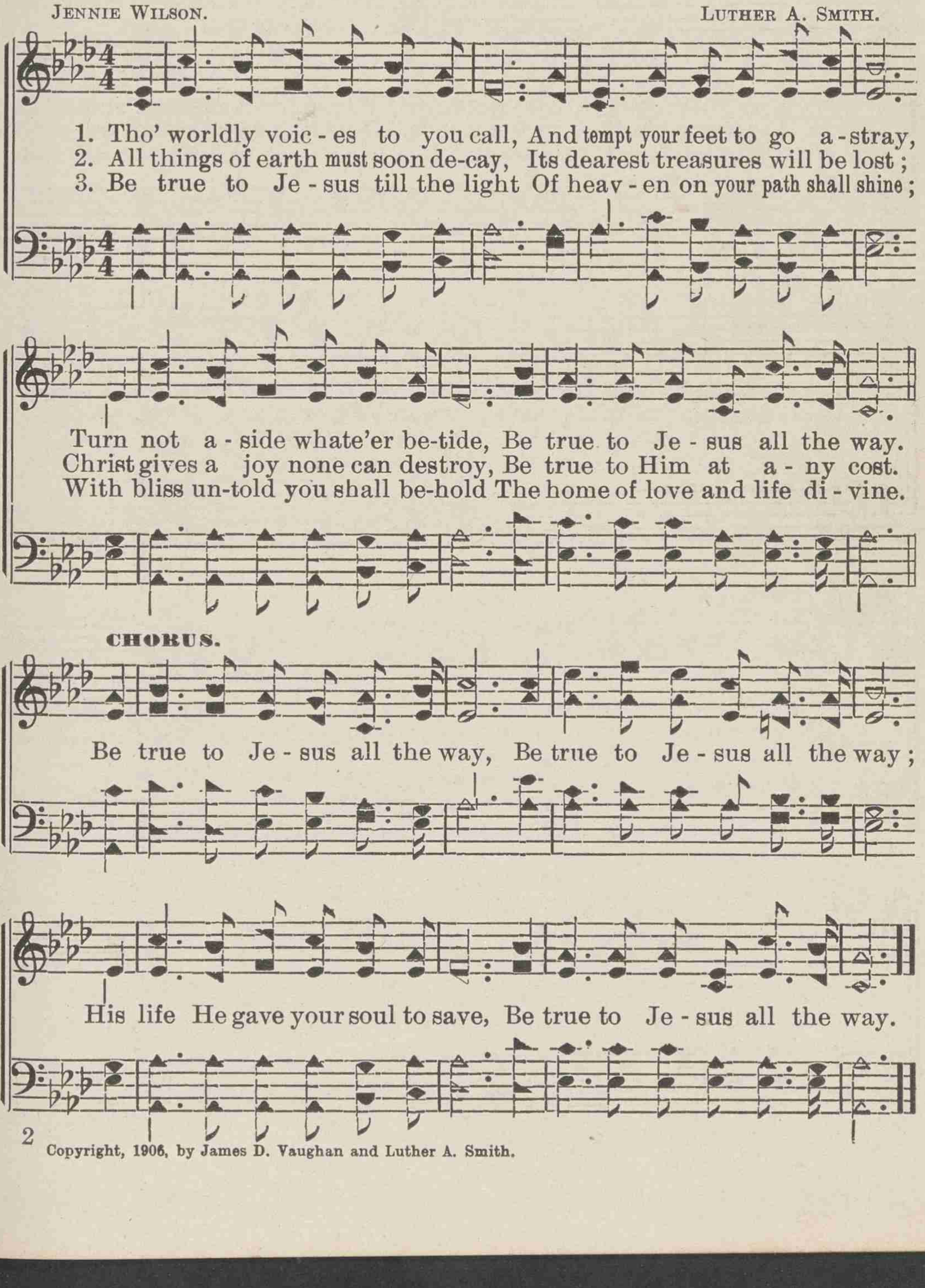

No. 31. BE TRUE TO JESUS ALL THE WAY.

JENNIE WILSON. LUTHER A. SMITH.

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No. 32. BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de - light,

Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
When the beau - ty of the King we see, Hold-ing con-verse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead, For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav-iour's smile.
In a fel-low-ship com-plete, Waking songs of holy mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful robes.... Beau - ti - ful robes,..
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear; ...
Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

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BEAUTIFUL ROBES. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light,.... Love - ly and bright,
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 33. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus, who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

lu-jah! A-men. Hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Revive us a-gain.

No. 34. IN THE MASTER'S HARVEST FIELD.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There is ripened grain for us all to reap, In the Master's harvest field;
2. Gather shining sheaves at His earnest call, In the Master's harvest field;
3. Blest reward will come when your toil is o'er, In the Master's harvest field;

Let us tru - ly seek His command to keep In the Master's harvest field.
La-bor while you may ere the shadows fall, In the Master's harvest field.
Strive to win the joy, last-ing ev - er-more, In the Master's harvest field.

REFRAIN.

In the Mas - - - ter's harvest field,..... In the
In the ripened harvest field, In the wait-ing harvest field,

Mas - - - ter's harvest field; Ere the light shall wane,
golden harvest field, In the beau-ti-ful, waving field;

Gath-er in the grain, In the Master's harvest field.
In the Master's field, His beautiful, waving field.

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No. 35. THE VOICE OF LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

Slowly with expression.

1. Still the Shepherd true is call - ing To His lost ones in the gloam;
2. There may be no friend be - side you In the midnight of de-spair!
3. O so long His love has plead-ed, For He knows the downward way!

Still His voice of love is fall - ing, Say-ing, "Dear ones, O come home!"
Let the lov - ing Shepherd guide you, Sweetly trust His ten-der care.
Is His warning still un - heed-ed? Won't you trust His love to-day?

p **CHORUS.** *f* **With vigor.**

Lis - ten! don't you hear Him? Lis - ten! don't you hear Him

p *f*

Call - ing sweet-ly thro' the gloam? Lis - ten! don't you hear Him?

Trust Him; nev-er fear Him; He is call - ing, "O come home.
come home."

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No. 36. VALLEY OF REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,
2. Val - ley of E - den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills,
3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran-quil and blest; Anchored for-ev - er we soon shall be, Gathered with
peaceful thy rills; Hap-py for - ev - er we soon shall roam, O - ver thy
fade-less thy flow'rs; Valley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy

Je - sus to rest; Songs of the ransomed are float-ing in air,
bright blooming hills; Thine are the beau-ties that nev - er de - cay,
beau - ti - ful bow'rs; Friends that were part-ed with rap-ture shall meet,

Waft - ed to earth from thy re - gions so fair; An - gels are
Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day; Voic - es of
Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet; Still the glad

ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
voic - es of an - gels re-peat, "Come to the val - ley of flow'rs."

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VALLEY OF REST. Concluded.

CHORUS. Repeat pp.

Come, come, come, come,
Come to this val-ley of E - den fair, Weary and sorrow op-pressed;

Angels are tenderly calling us there, Come to this val-ley of rest.....
Come, come, come, come, this valley of rest.

No. 37. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en -

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be."
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand."
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne."
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake."

No. 38. WHEN THE GLORY MORNING DAWNS.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Faith-ful lov-ers of the Lord, Travel onward in ac-cord, For the
2. To that land of cloudless day Ma-ny friends have passed away, And are
3. Let us trust Him to the end, On His precious word depend, For no

shadows all a - way soon will roll; In that cit-y ev - er bright We shall
safe with Him whose blood made them whole, They will meet us at the gate Where so
oth-er voice can guide to the goal; Nev-er-more to be oppress't, On His

dwell, in love's glad light, When the glory morning dawns for the soul.
ma - ny watch and wait, When the glory morning dawns for the soul.
bos - om we shall rest, When the glory morning dawns for the soul.

CHORUS.

With a song, Press a - long, Let His
With a hap-py, hap-py song, In your journey press a-long, Let the

love Still control; With the angels we shall sing Endless
Saviour's precious love Still your trusting hearts control;

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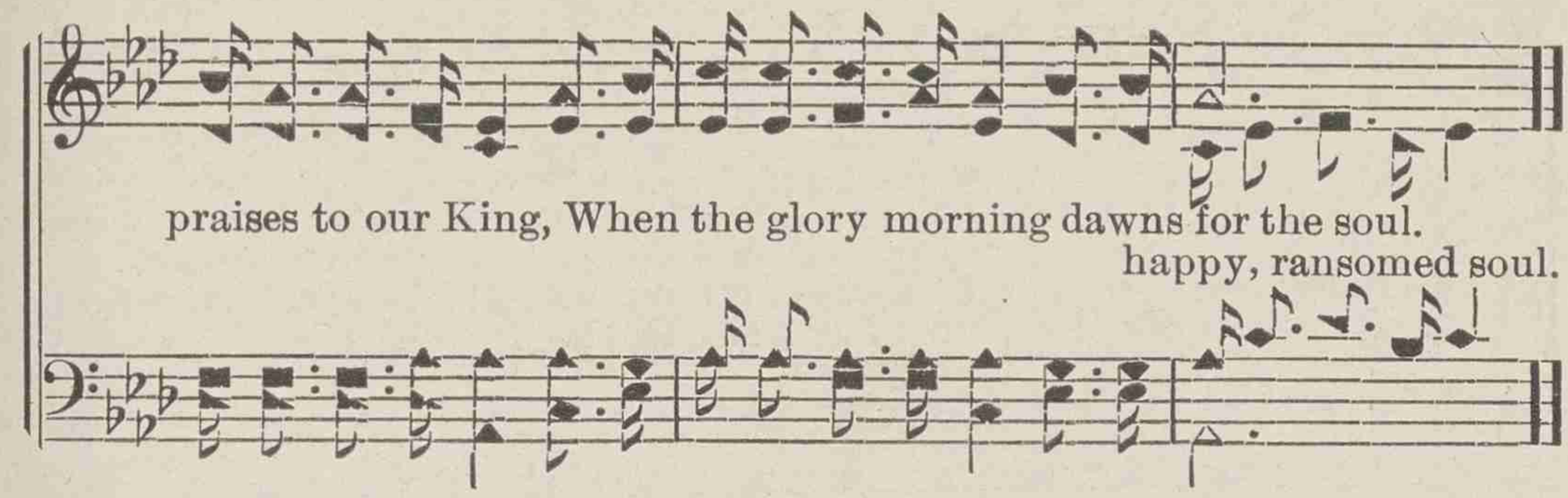
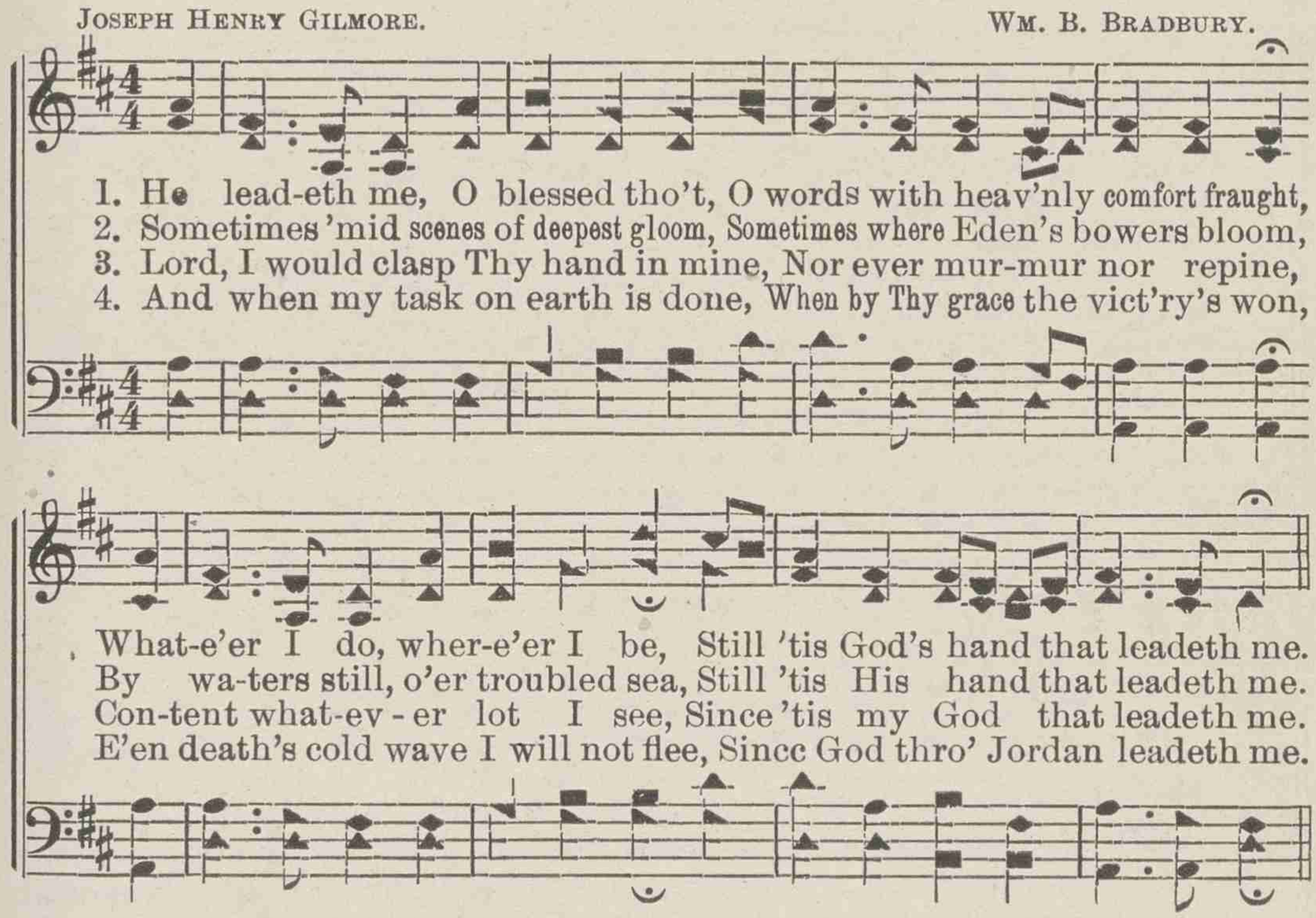

No. 39. HE LEADETH ME!

JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 40. COMING IN THE CLOUDS.

W. M. R. WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. When the Lord shall come in glo - ry, In the clouds from heav'n de -
2. He is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, With the heav'nly hosts de -
3. When He comes in clouds de-scend-ing, And the dead who loved and
4. No more sor - row, no more sigh-ing, No more sick-ness, no more

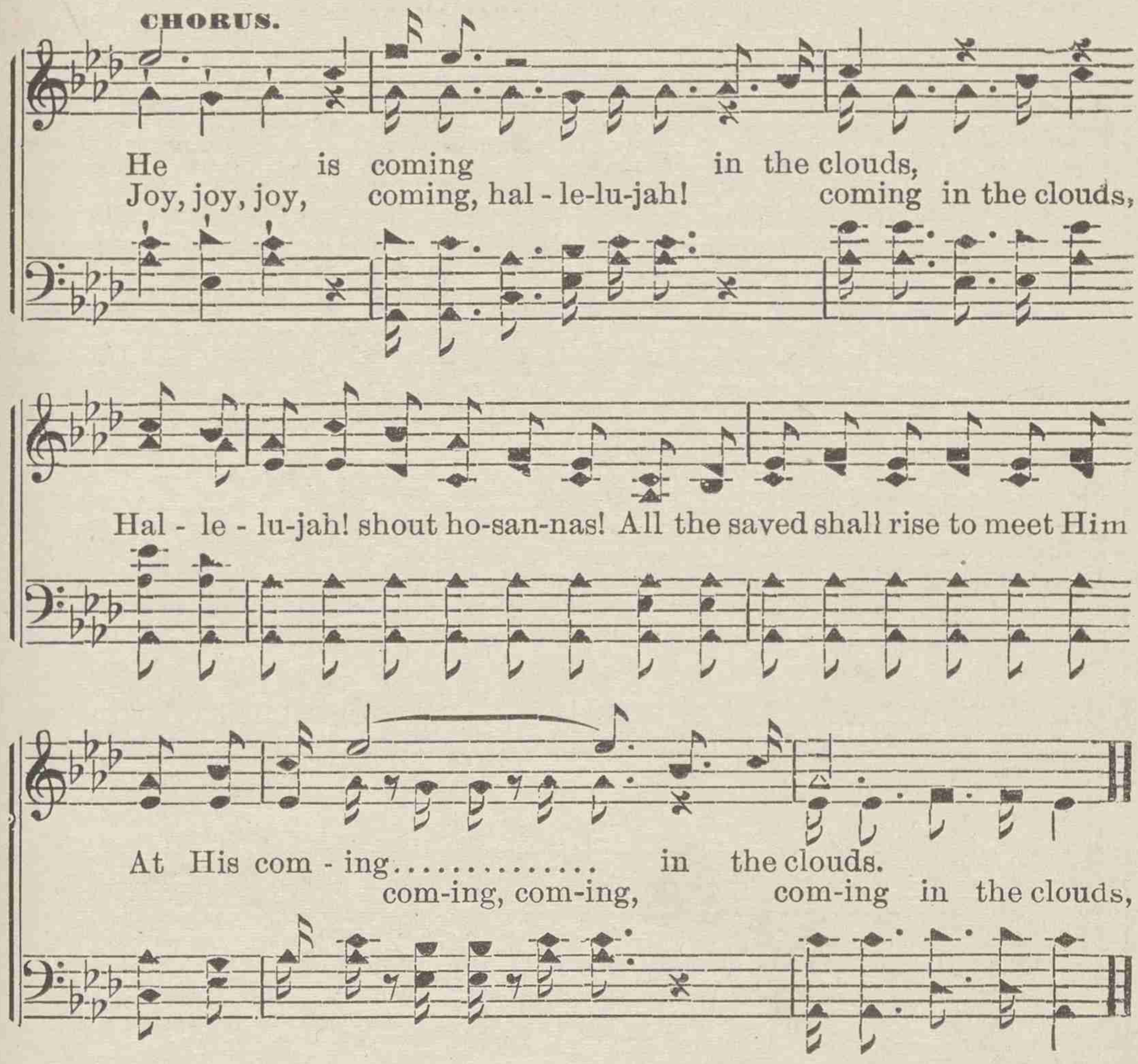
scending, What re - joic - - - ing there will be;
What re-joic-ing, what rejoicing there will be, yes, there will be;
scending, Hal - le - lu - - - jah, praise His name!
Hal - le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, praise His name, His ho - ly name!
served Him From their graves..... with joy come forth;
From their graves, yes, from their graves with joy come forth, with joy come forth;
dy - ing, No more gloom..... our visions shroud;
No more gloom our visions shroud, no gloom our visions ev - er shroud;

All the saved shall rise to meet Him On that bright and cloudless morning,
Will you be a-mong the num-ber That shall rise to meet and greet Him
Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Clothed in gar-ments bright, immortal,
But a day of glo - ry dawning, Far a - bove the sun in brightness,

At His com-ing..... in the clouds.
coming, coming, com-ing in the clouds.

Will M. Ramsey, owner. Used by per.

COMING IN THE CLOUDS. Concluded.



No. 41. COME TO JESUS.

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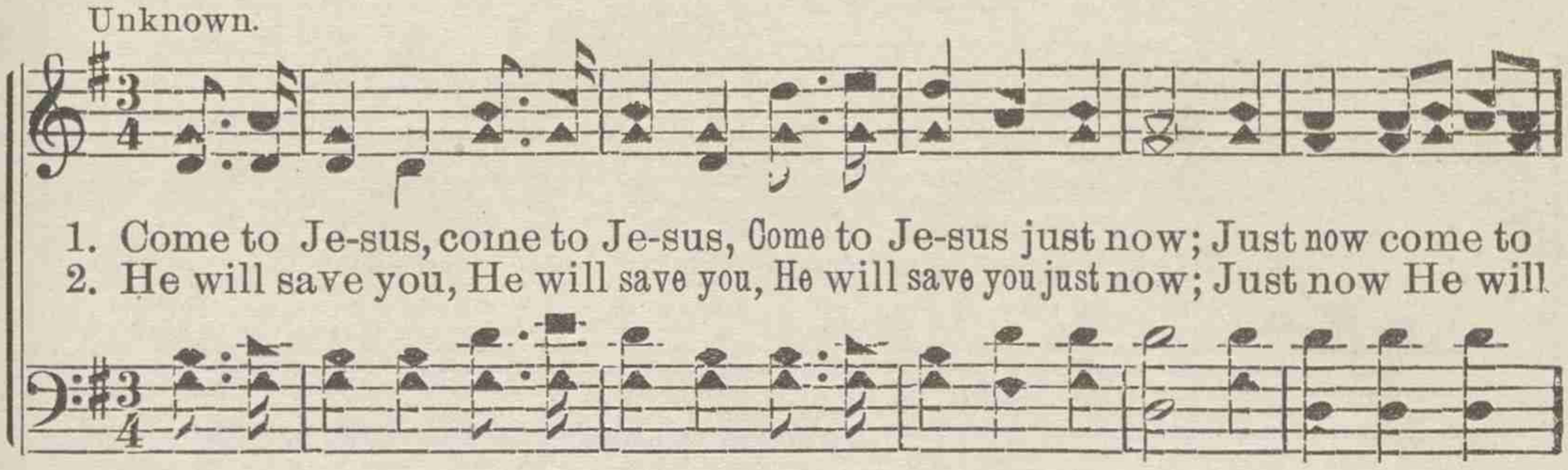
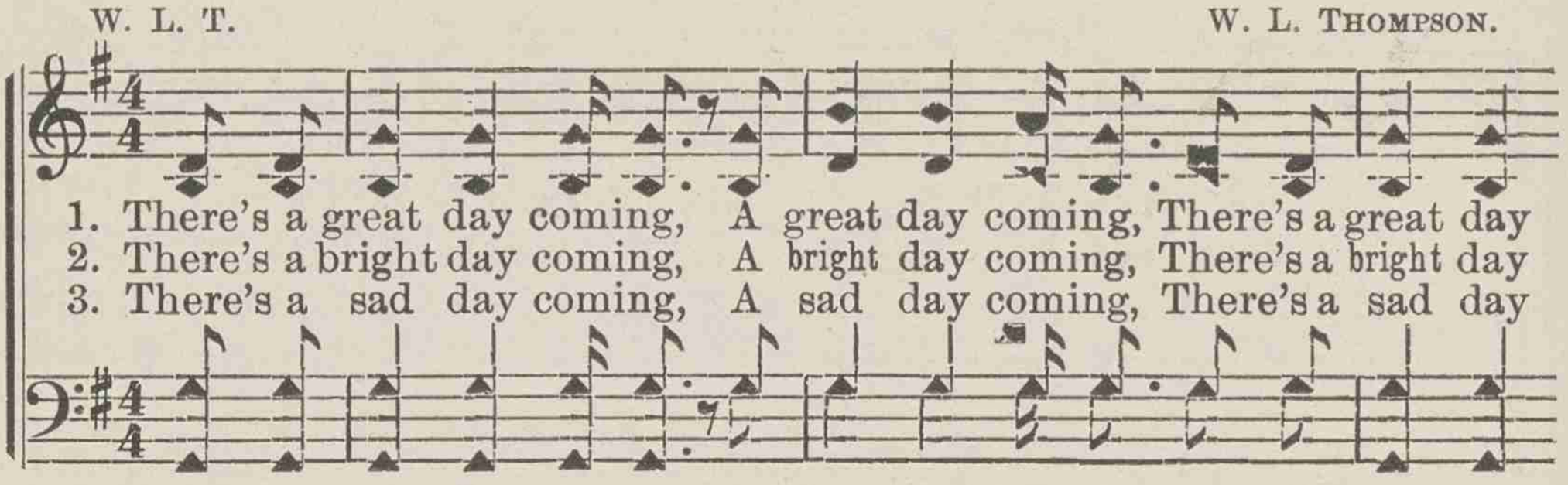
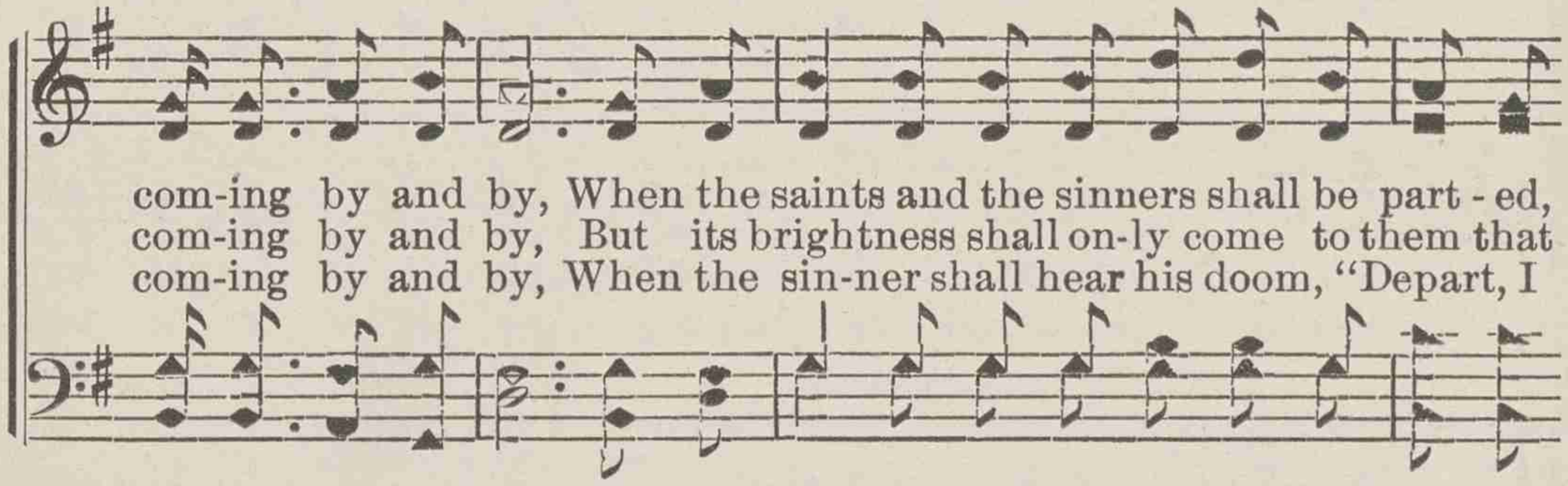
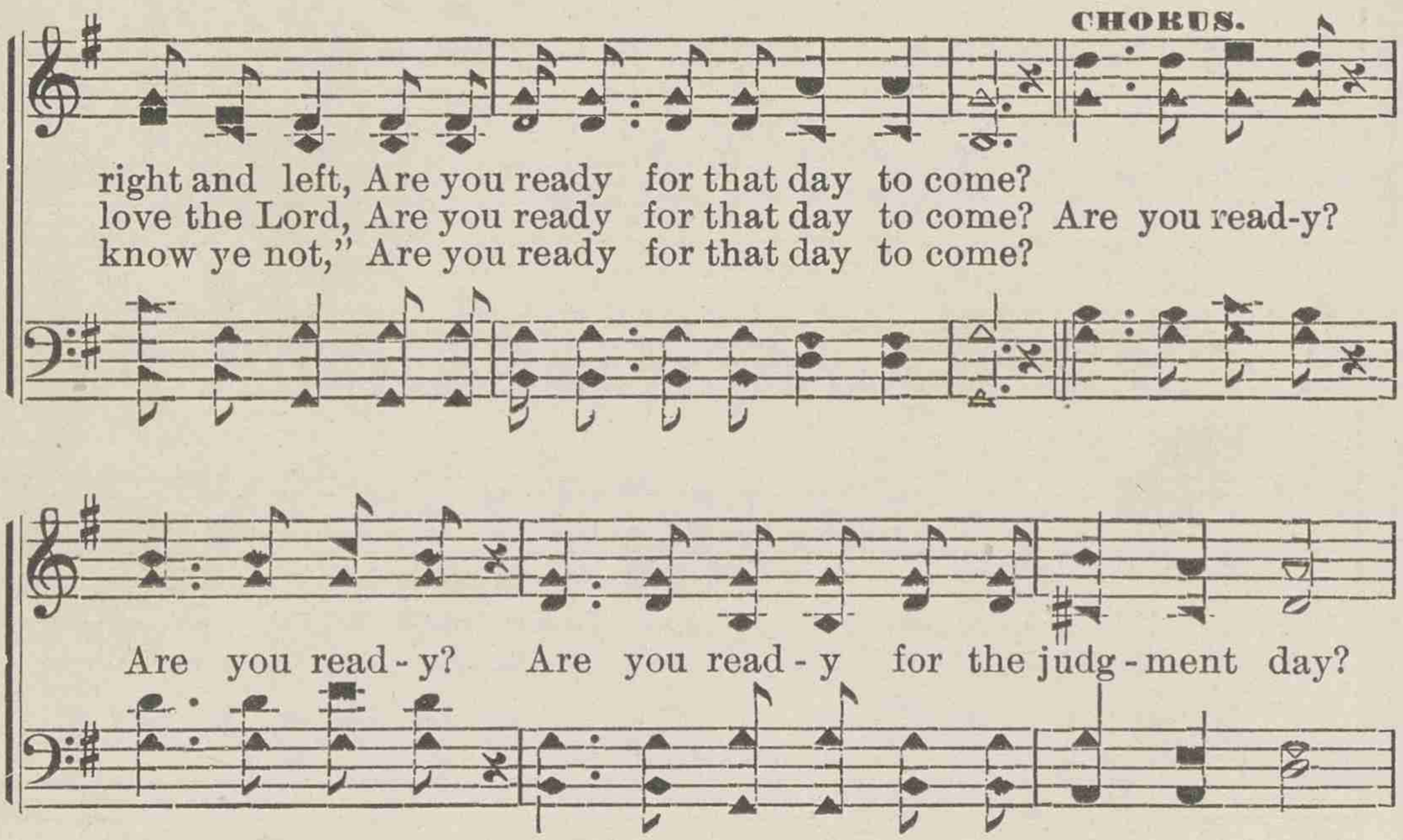
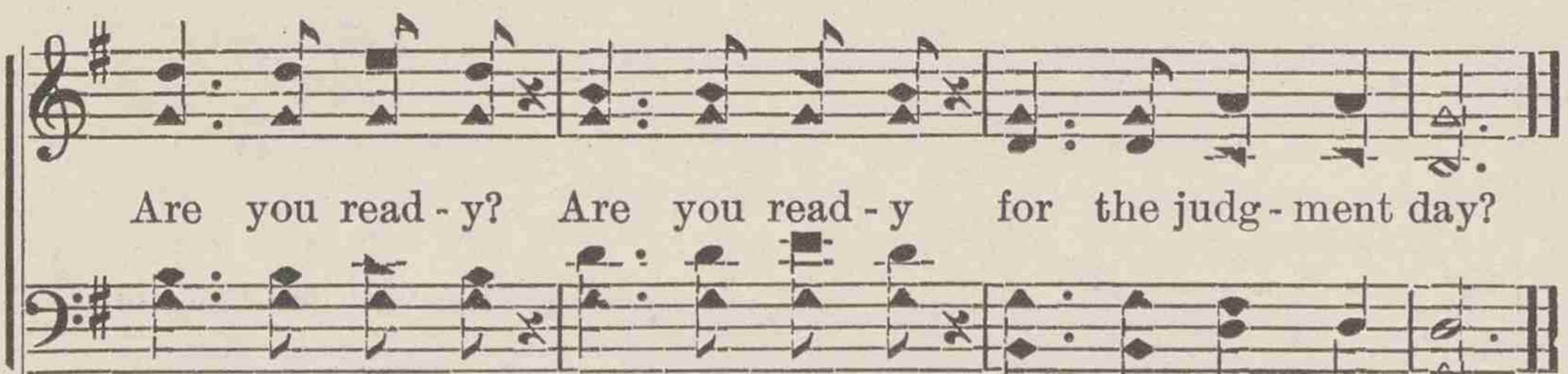

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 42. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—HEB. 9: 27.

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



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No. 43. O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may never rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lingers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sin - ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

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

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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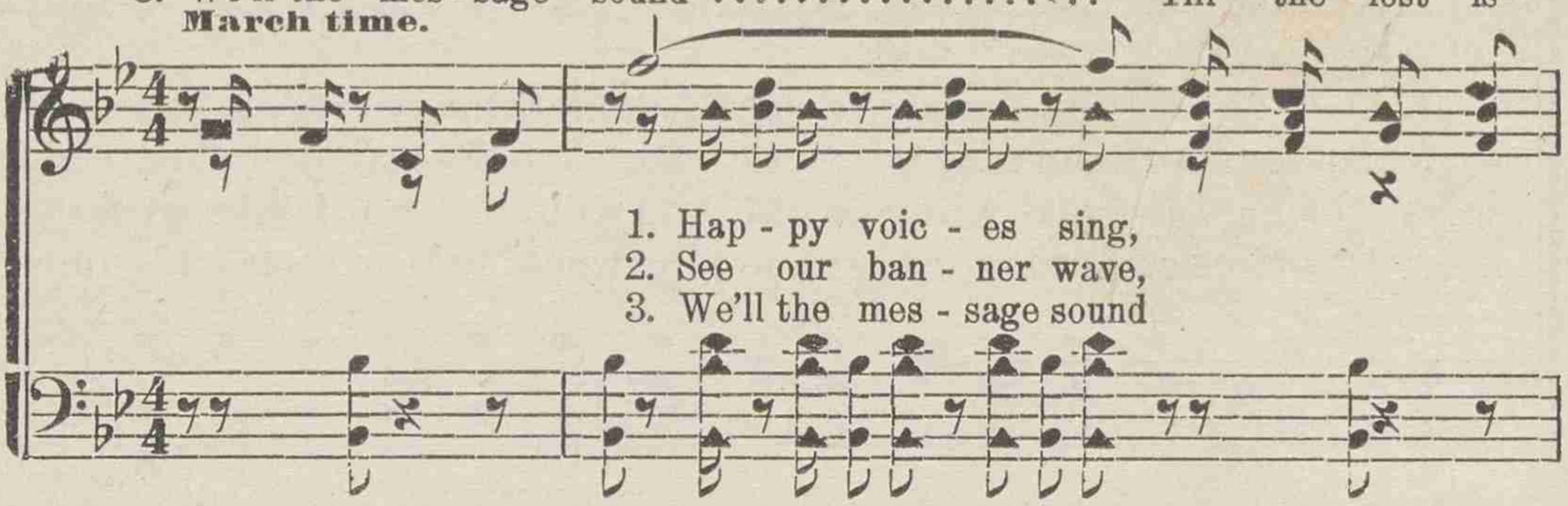
No. 44. HAPPY ON WE GO.

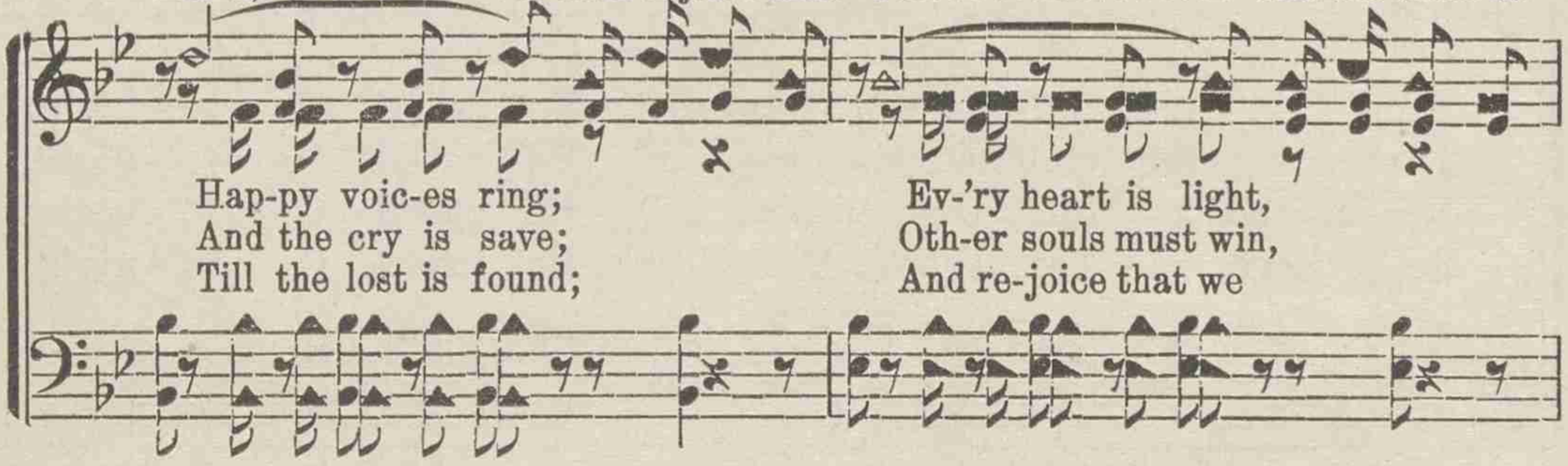
F. L. EILAND. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

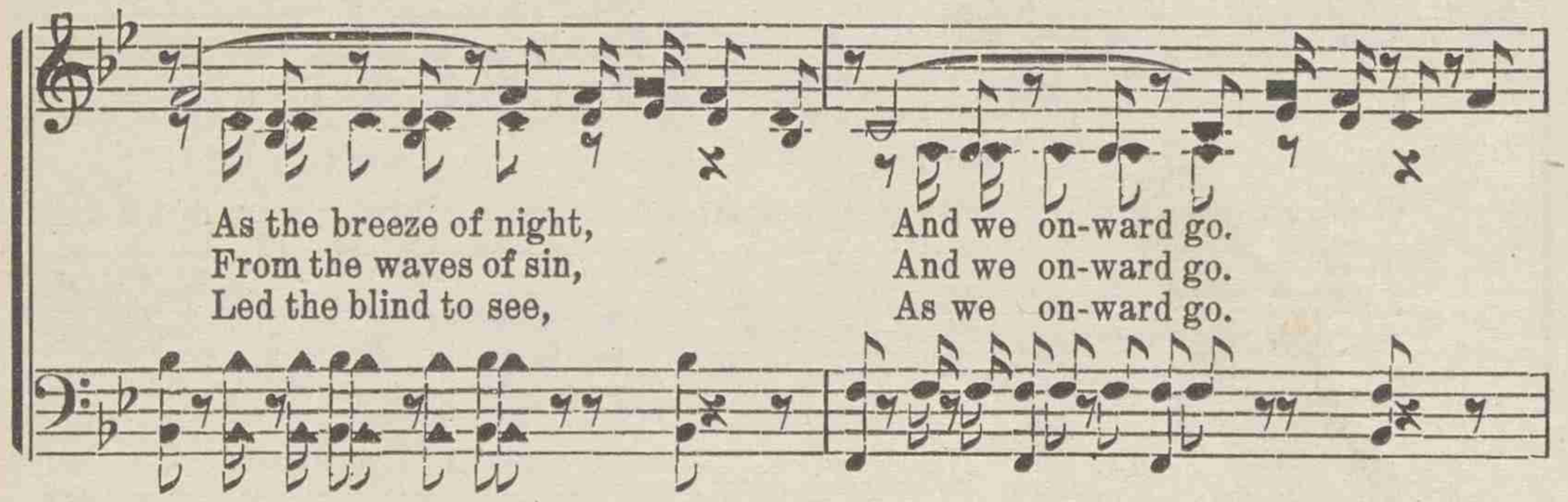
1. Hap - py voic - es sing,..... Hap - py voic - es
2. See our ban - ner wave,..... And the cry is
3. We'll the mes - sage sound ..... Till the lost is

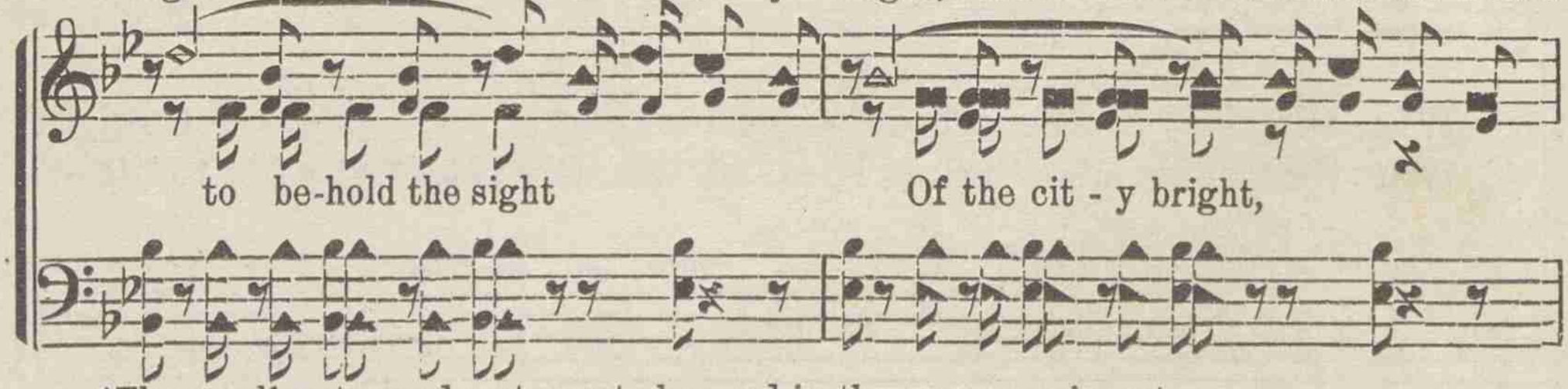
March time.



ring;..... Ev - 'ry heart is light,..... As the breeze of
save;..... .... Oth-er souls must win,..... .....From the ways of
found,..... ..... And rejoice that we..... Led the blind to



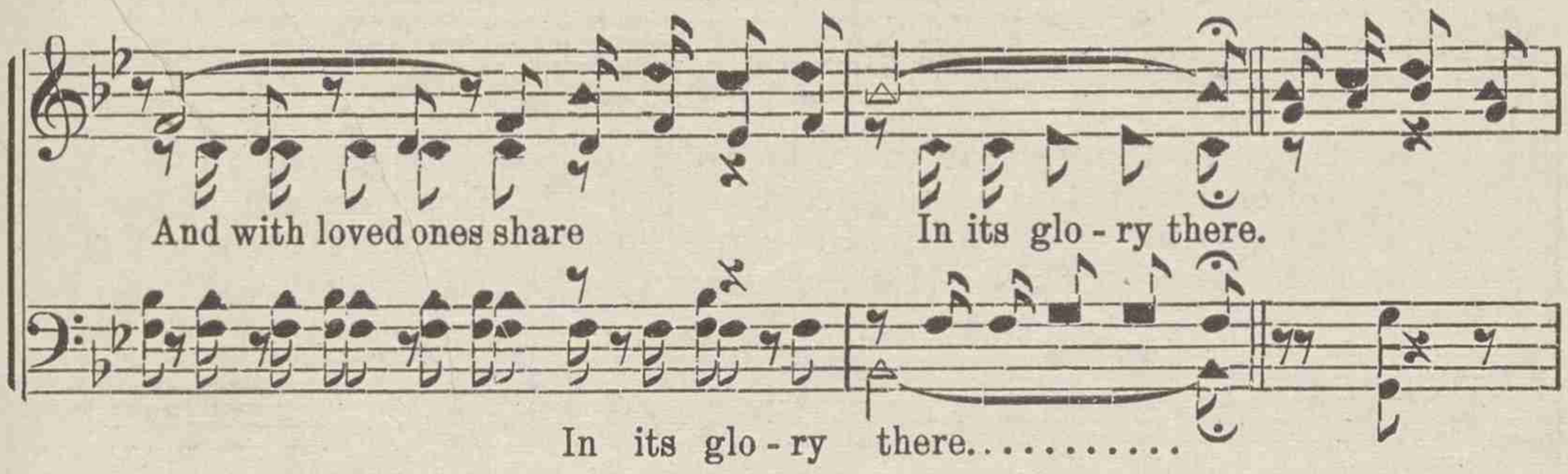
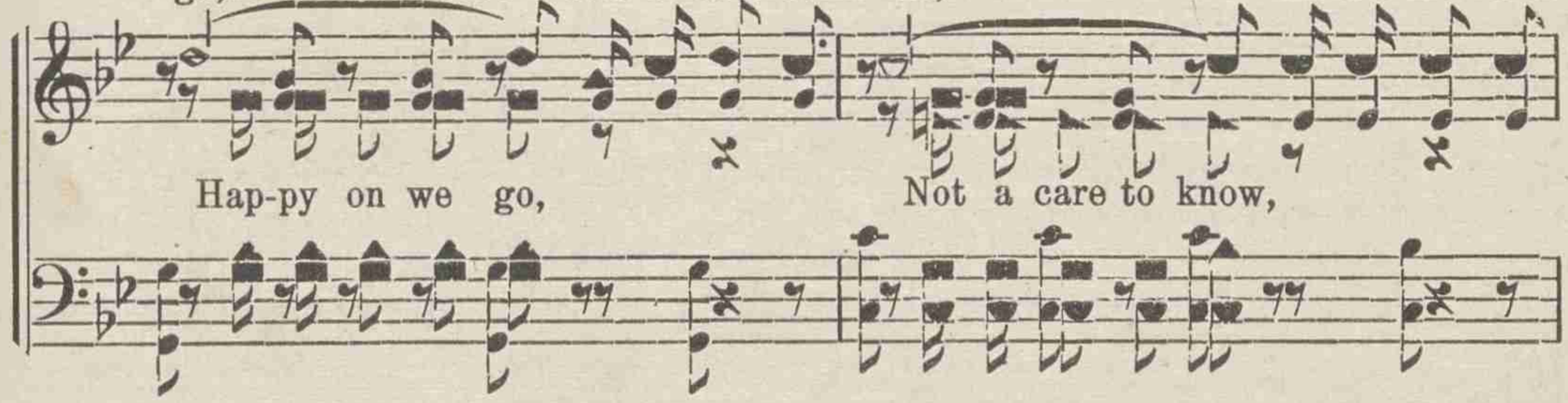
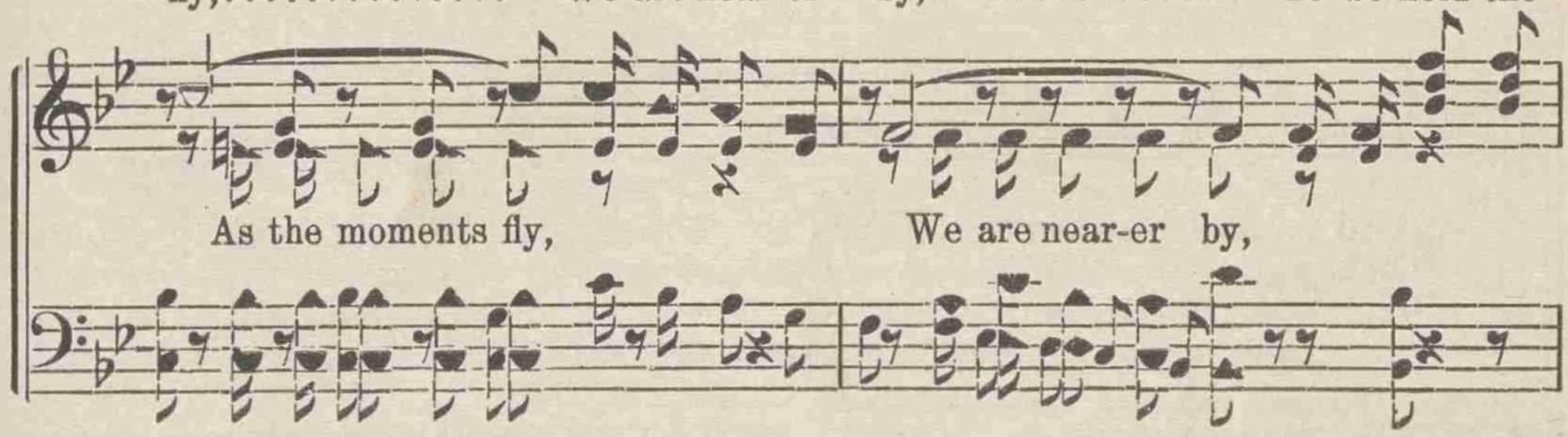
night,..... And we on-ward go,..... To be-hold the
sin,..... And we on-ward go,..... To be-hold the
see,..... As we on-ward go,..... To be-hold the

sight..... .... Of the cit - y bright,..... And with lov'd ones

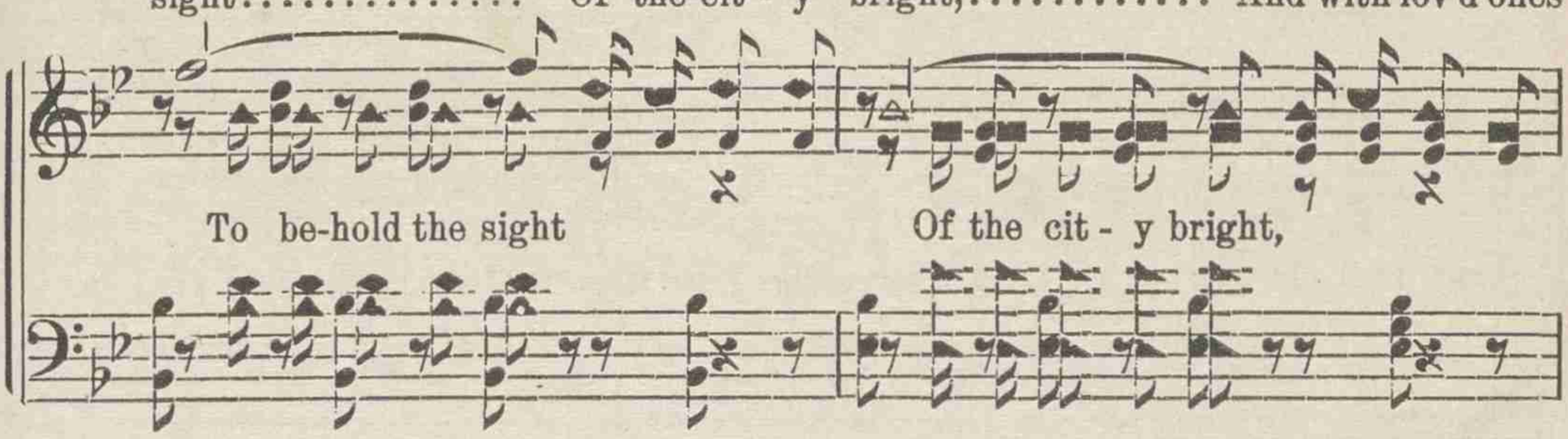


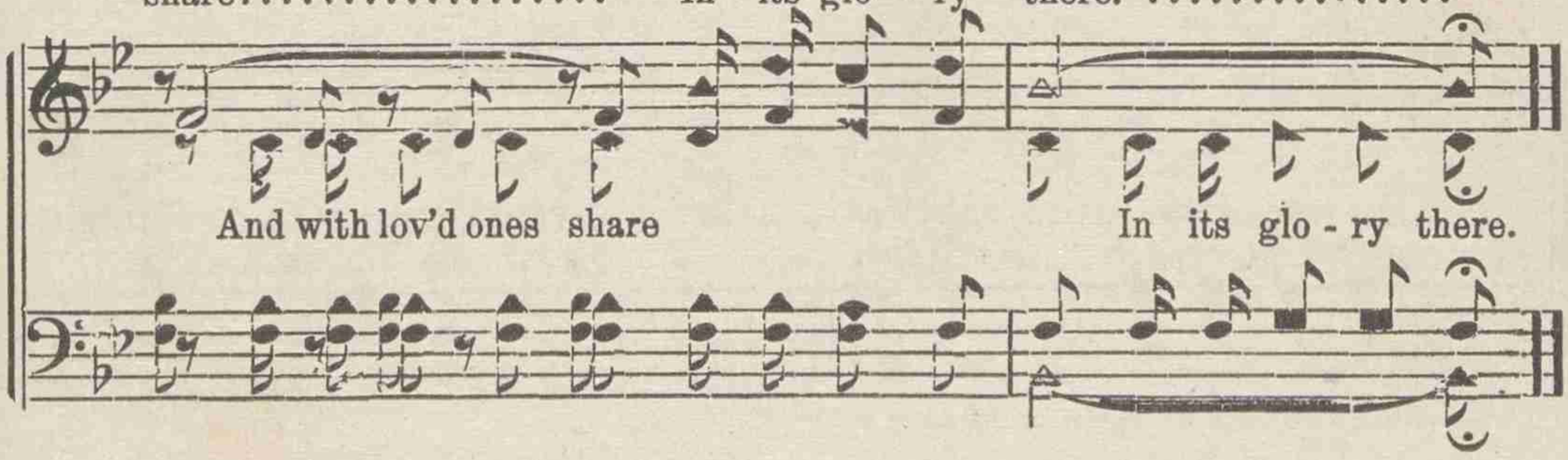
*The small notes and rests are to be used in the accompaniment.

J. Edmond Thomas, owner. Used by per.

HAPPY ON WE GO. Concluded.

share..... In its glo - ry there..... Hap-py on we

go,.. ..... Not a care to know,..... As the moments

fly,..... We are near-er by,..... To be-hold the

sight..... Of the cit - y bright,..... And with lov'd ones



share..... In its glo - ry there. .....

No. 45. FULLY SAVED.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. D. BURLESON.

1. I had wandered far a - way from the fold, (from the fold,) On the bar - ren hills of sin, dark and cold, But I heard my Saviour's voice,
2. When I bro't Him all my great load of sin, (load of sin,) Then His ten - der arms of love took me in, And I soon found per-fect rest,
3. Let the bil - lows of this life round me toss, (round me toss,) Let the tempter of my soul seek its loss, But I'm rest-ing on the arm,
4. So I'm rest-ing in His love day by day, (day by day,) And I find He sweetly saves all the way; So I still will shout and sing,

And it made my heart re-joice, As I cried, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
On my precious Saviour's breast, Shouting out, "I am saved, ful-ly saved!"
That can save my soul from harm, And to-day I am saved, ful-ly saved!
As I make His prais-es ring, Praise the Lord, I am saved, ful-ly saved!

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful - ly saved, (ful - ly saved,) Hal - le - lu - jah, I am saved, ful-ly saved; (ful-ly saved;) Kept by God's Almighty

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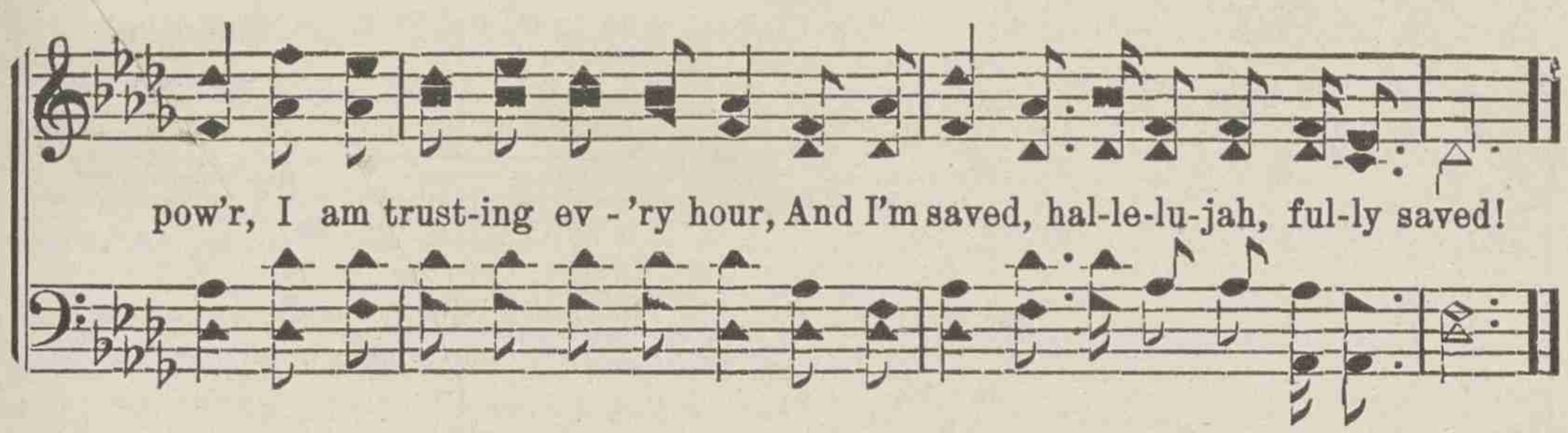
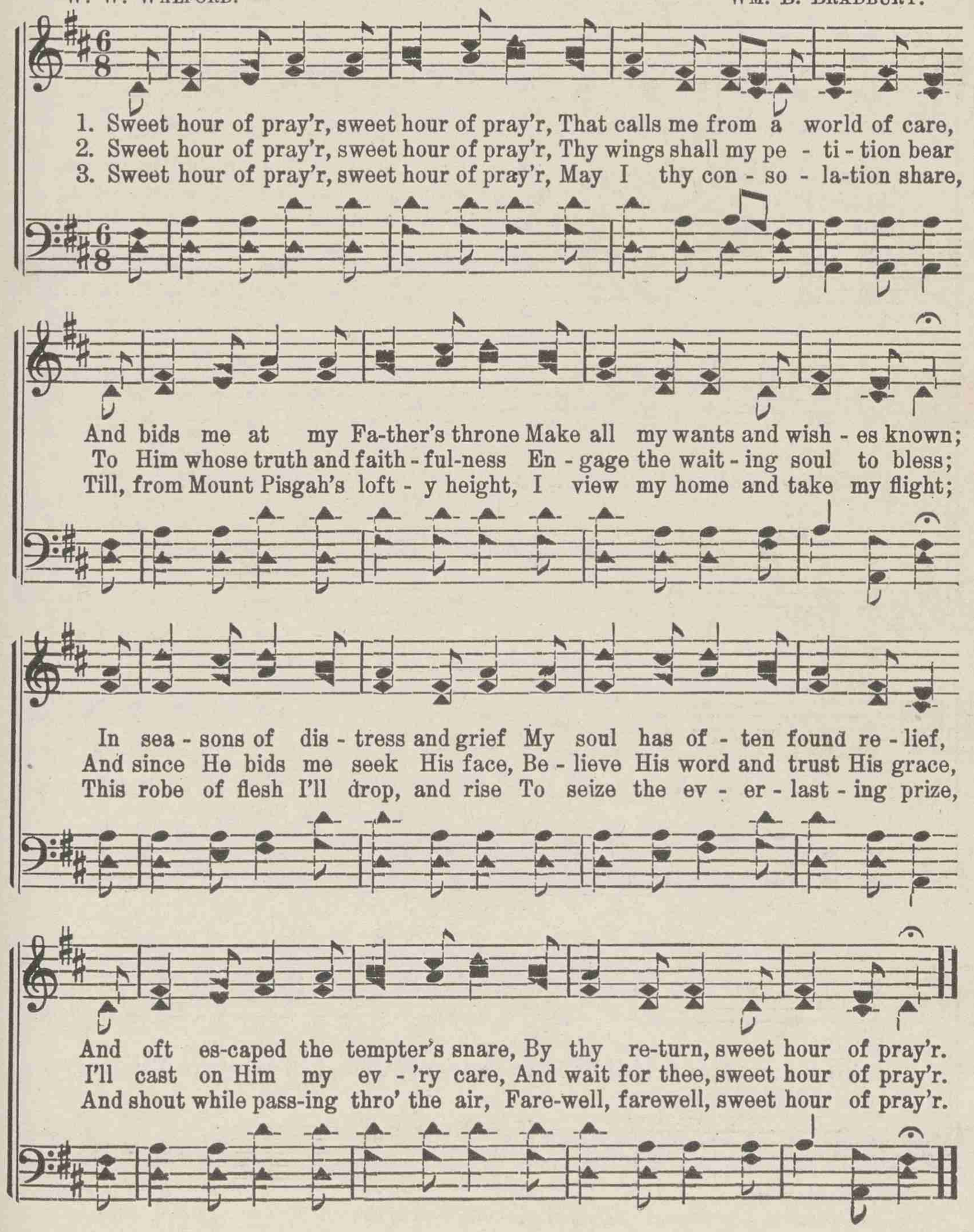
FULLY SAVED. Concluded.



No. 46. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 47. I'M A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 JOHN 3:2

E. R. LATTA. J. E. THOMAS.

1. I'm a child of the King, Who is might-i-er far Than the kings of this
2. I'm a child of the King, Who has conquered the grave, I'm a child of the
3. I'm a child of the King, And His maj-es-ty own! I'm a child of the

world In their pal-a-ces are; I'm a child of the King, What a
King, Who is might-y to save! I'm a child of the King, What a
King, And an heir to the throne! I'm a child of the King, What a

won-der-ful thing! I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the heav-en-ly King.

REFRAIN.

I'm a child of the King! What a won - der-ful
I'm a child of the King, of the heavenly King! What a wonderful thing! what a

thing!..... I'm a child of the heavenly King! Of His love I'll ever sing,
wonderful thing!

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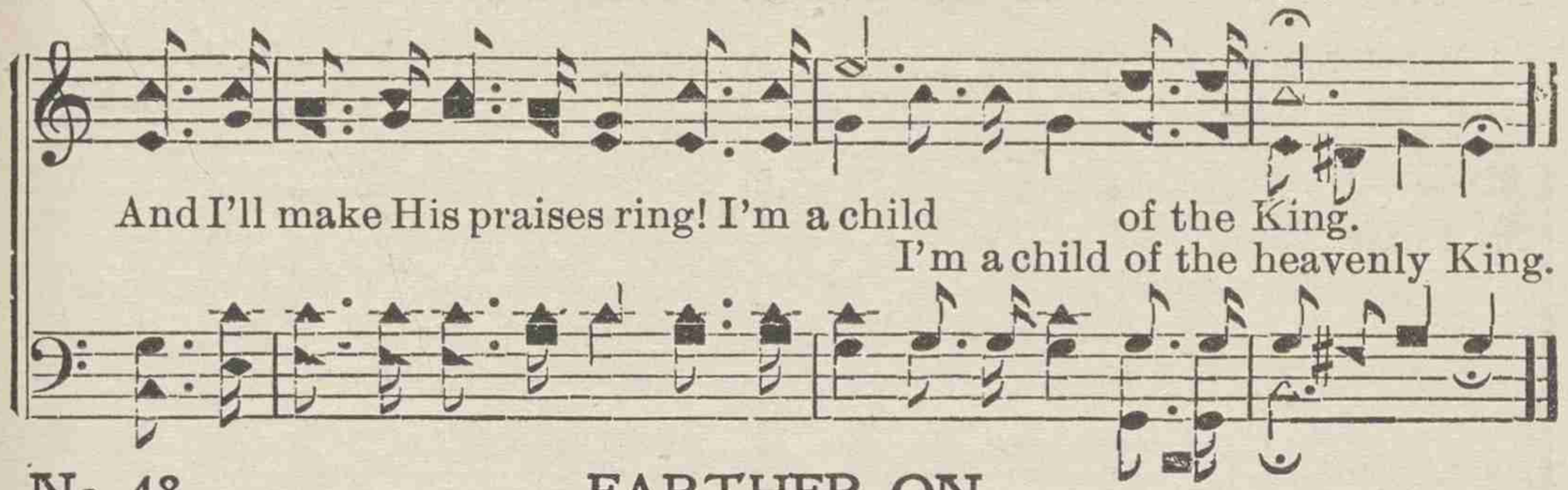
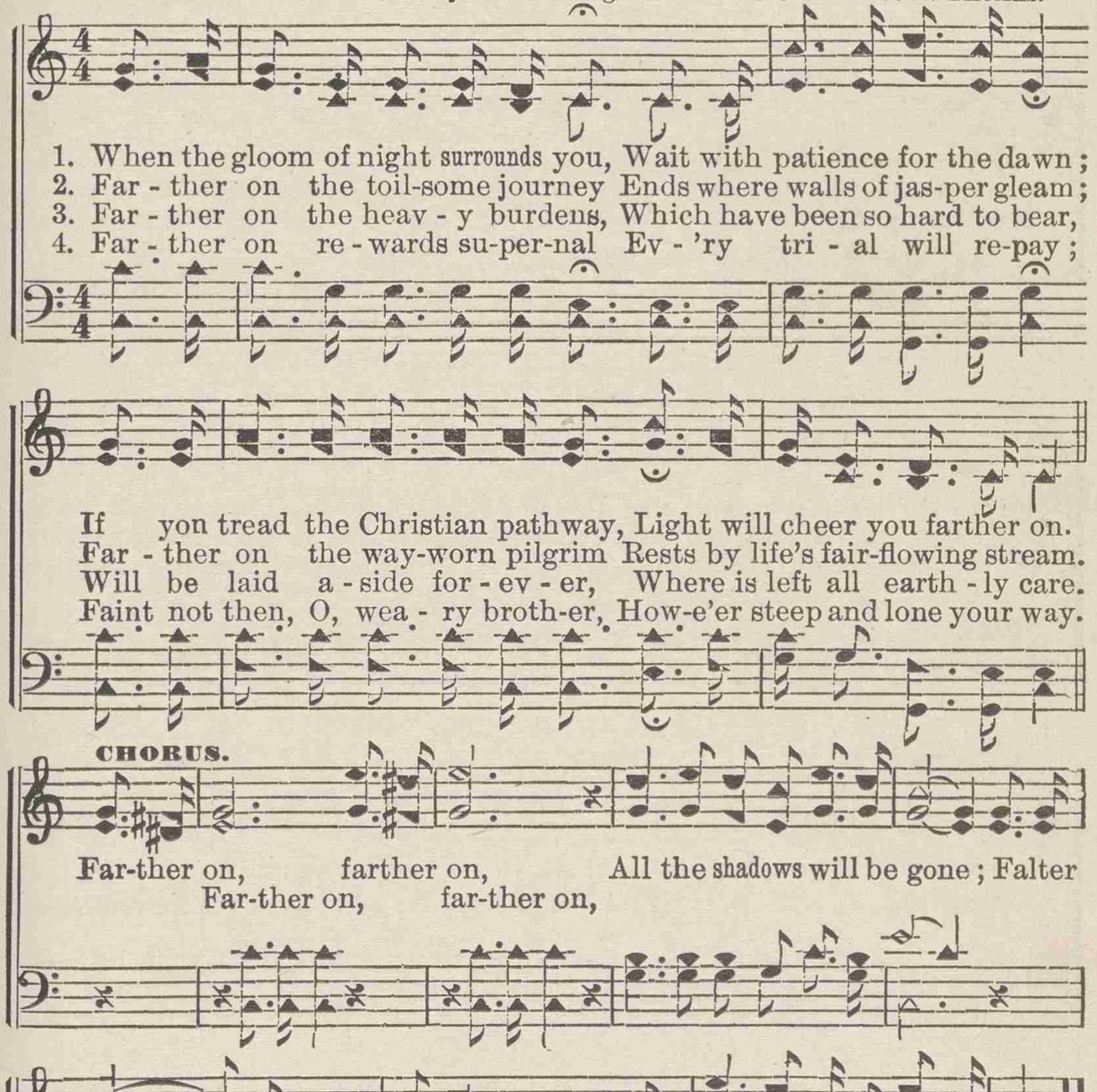
I'M A CHILD OF THE KING. Concluded.

No. 48. FARTHER ON.

JENNIE WILSON. "Walk while ye have the light."—JOHN 12: 35. J. E. THOMAS.



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No. 49. WHEN THE SAINTS MARCH IN FOR CROWNING.

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Joyfully.

1. When the saints march in for crowning To the home-land of the King, To that
2. On that glad and glo-rious morning We will one an-oth-er greet, And the
3. Let us cling to pre-cious Je-sus While we tar-ry here be-low, Let us

home be-yond all sor-row, pain and sin; What an an-them of re-joic-ing
nev-er-end-ing cho-rus we'll be-gin; Ev-'ry crown that He shall give us
search till all the lost are gath-ered in, That we en-ter 'mid ho-san-nas,

Thro' the shining courts will ring Un-to Him who died those precious souls to win.
We will cast at His dear feet, That were pierced that we might stand His courts within.
That sweet home of endless glow, Crowned and robed by Him who died our souls to win.

CHORUS.

When the saints..... march in for crown-ing,
When the saints march in for crowning, When the saints march in for crowning,

Who have walked ..... in wis-dom's ways;
Who have walked in wis-dom's ways, who have walked in wis-dom's ways;

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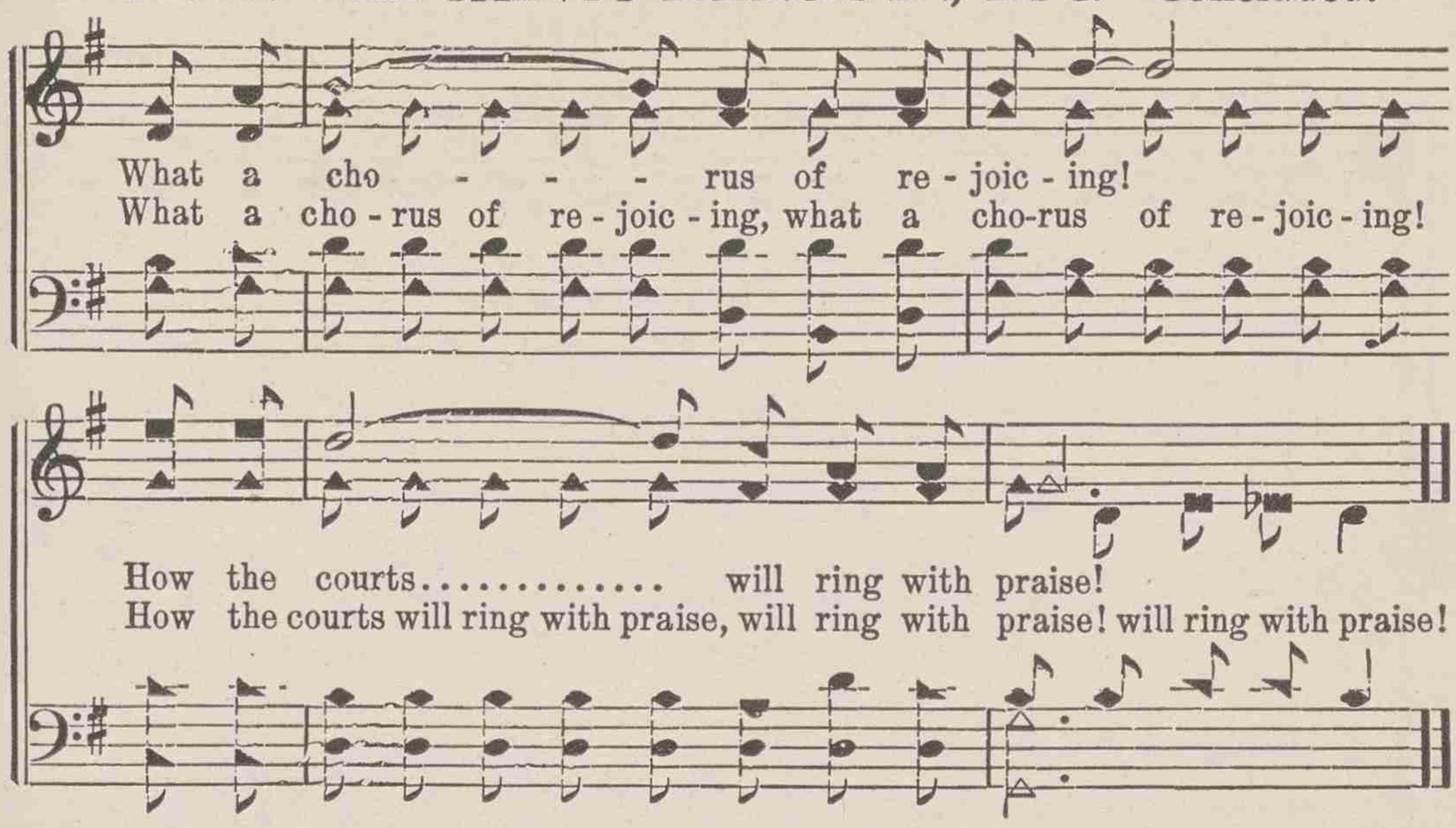
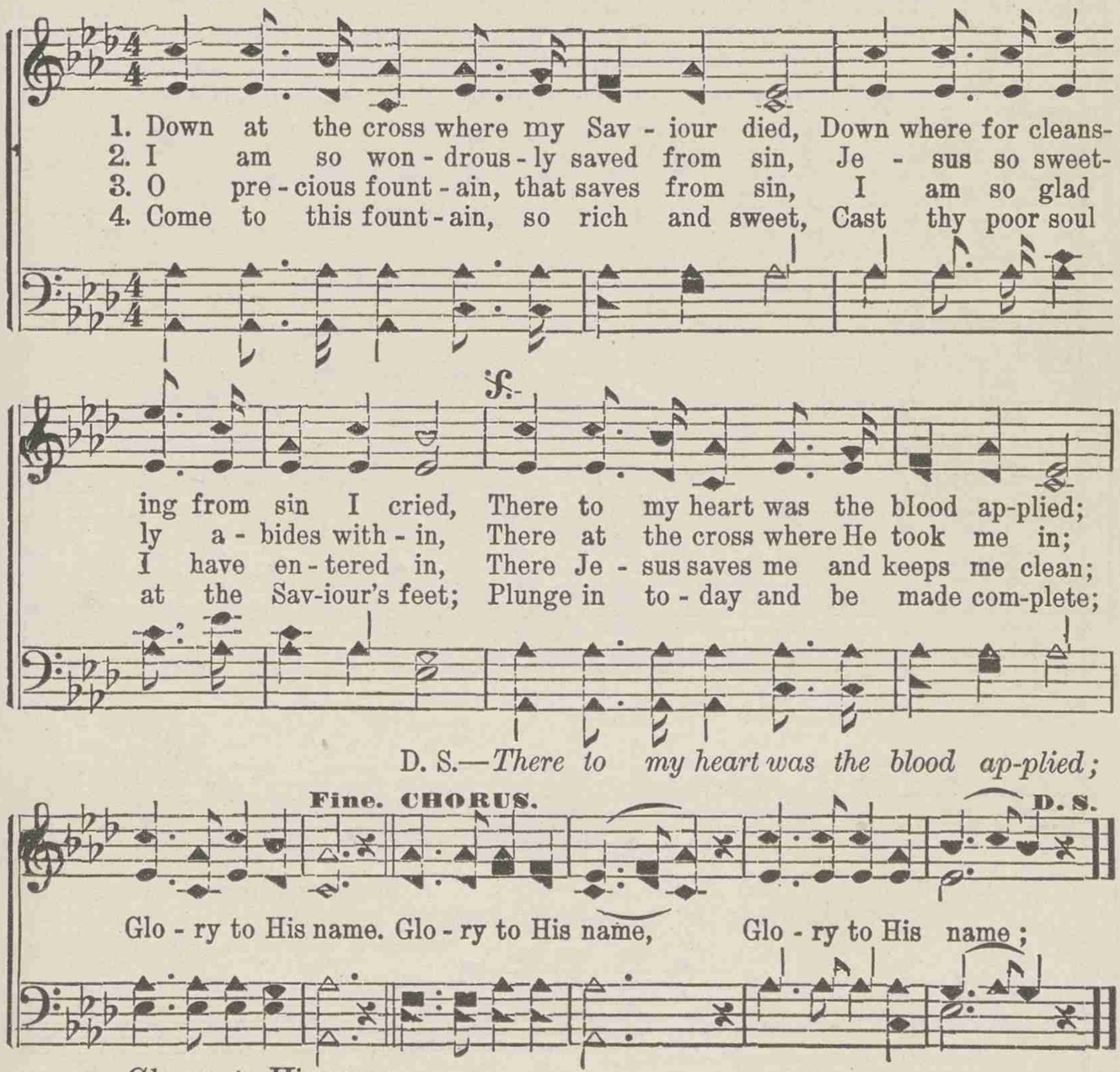
WHEN THE SAINTS MARCH IN, ETC. Concluded.

No. 50. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.

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No. 51. NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Arr. by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. My Saviour's gone a mansion to prepare In yon fair lands;
2. How won-der-ful the sto-ry I've been told, That in those lands;
3. Just o - ver there, its splendor I can see, All fair it stands;
4. There, all the ransomed robed in spotless white, Dwell in those lands,
5. When life is o'er, some morning bright and fair I'll leave these lands;

1. In yon fair lands;

A - dorned it will be with jew - els rare, Not made, not made with hands.
The gates all are pearl, the streets are gold, Not made, not made with hands.
How wondrous this dwelling place for me, Not made, not made with hands.
Se - cure - ly with-in that home of light, Not made, not made with hands.
With all the redeemed, a crown to wear, Not made, not made with hands.

CHORUS.

I know, I know, In heav'n for me a mansion stands;
yes, I know, sure-ly know,

A home, A home, A house not made with hands.
hap-py home, beau-ti-ful home,

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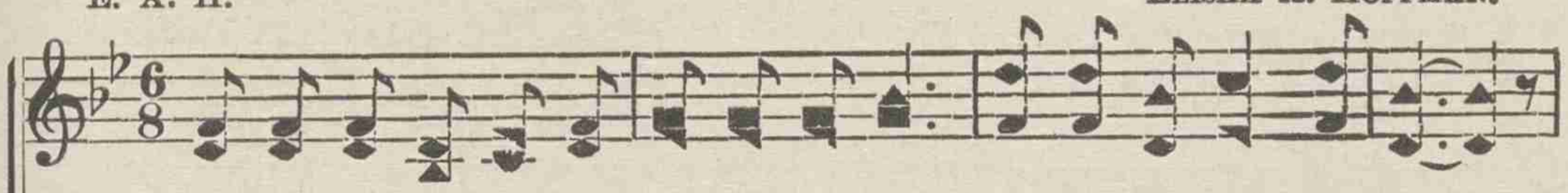
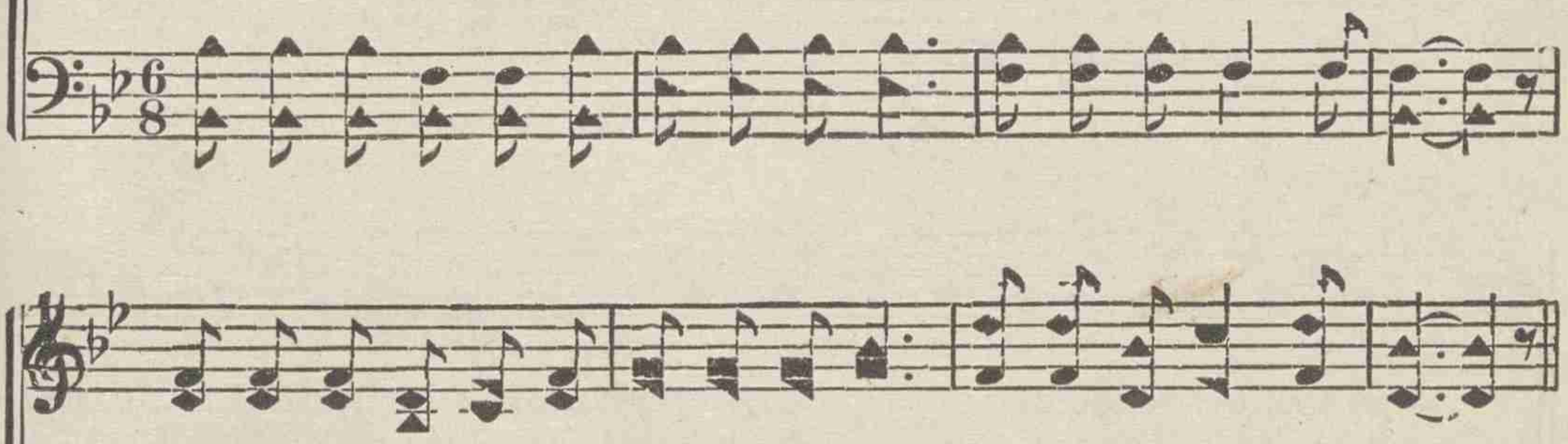
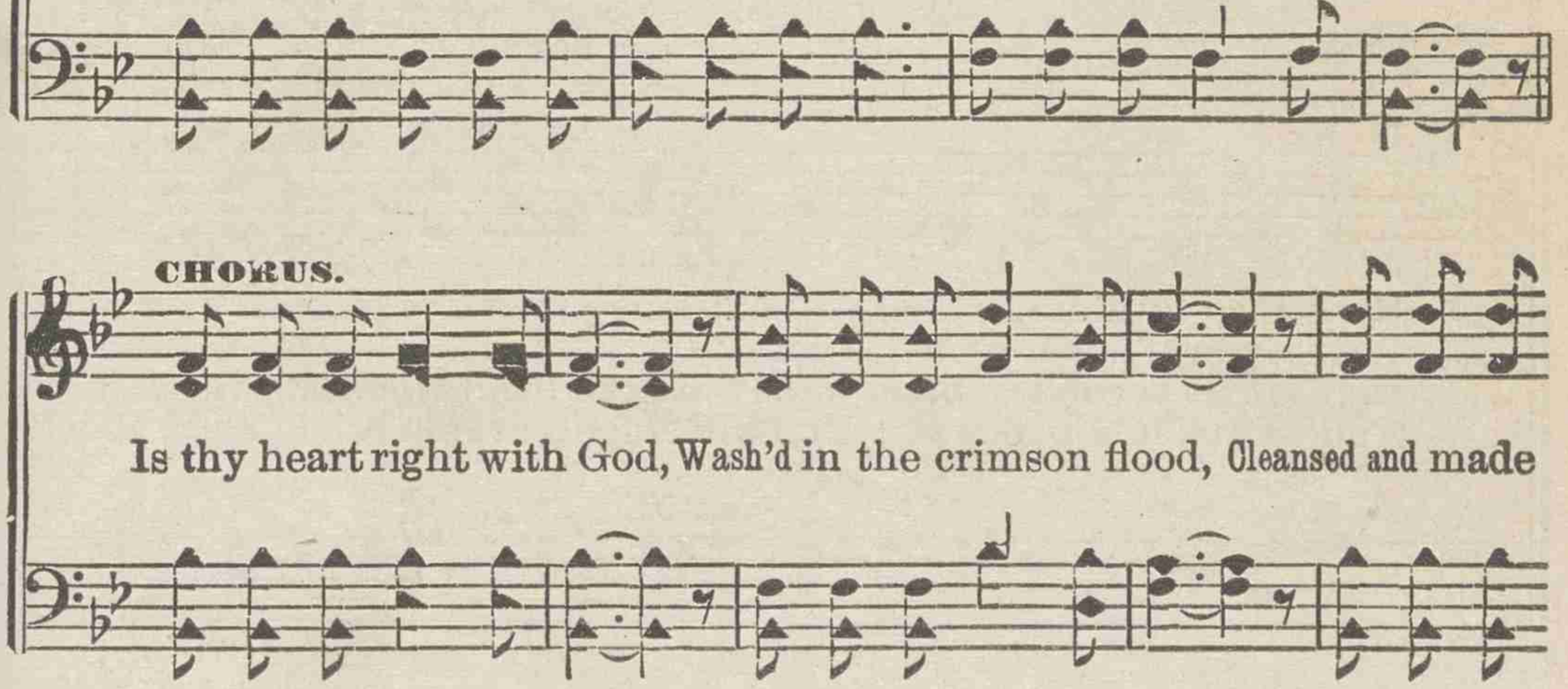
No. 52. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly, humble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?

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No. 53. WHAT GLAD SINGING OVER YONDER.

To my dear friend, Prof. S. M. Morris.

JENNIE WILSON and J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Not too slow.

1. When the day of life is done, At the set-ting of the sun, We shall
2. In the presence of our King Hal-le-lu-jahs we shall sing, While the
3. Ma-ny loved ones will be there, In those holy songs to share, And each
4. Wea - ry sin-ner, seek to go Where the living fountains flow, In that

go to meet redeemed ones gone before; Number'd with that multitude,
nev - er-end-ing a - ges roll a - long; As great throngs that chorus swell,
soul from earthly sorrow will be free; O I want to meet with you
cloudless land of music, light and love; Come to Christ, confessing wrong,

Ransomed by atoning blood, We shall sing glad songs of praise for evermore.
With a power none can tell, That will be a wondrous feast of joy and song.
In that home beyond the blue, Where the Lord in all His beauty we shall see.
And salvation's joyous song You will sing forever in bright realms above.

REFRAIN.

What glad sing - ing o - ver yon - der! When be-
What glad singing and re-joic-ing o - ver yonder by and by!

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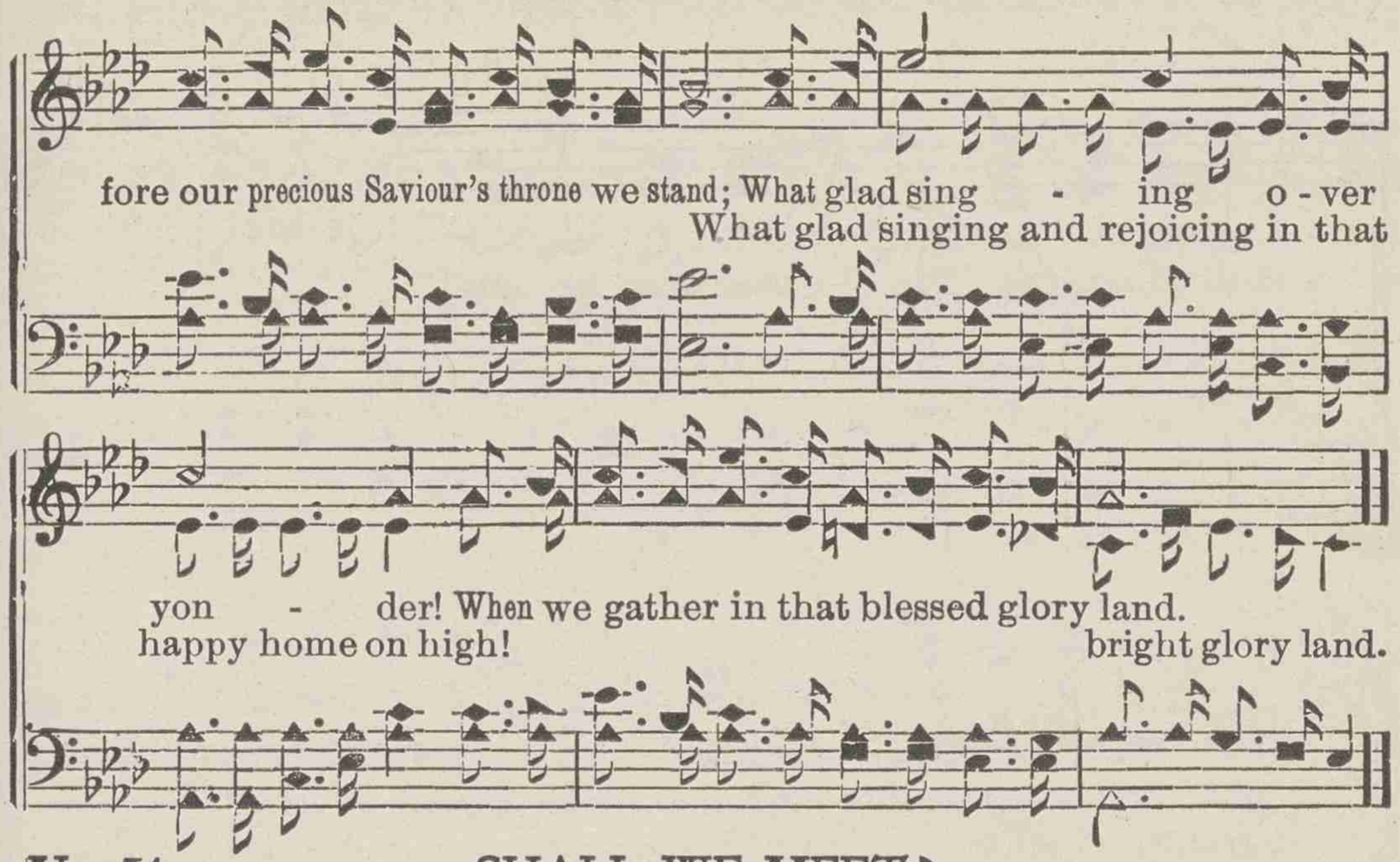
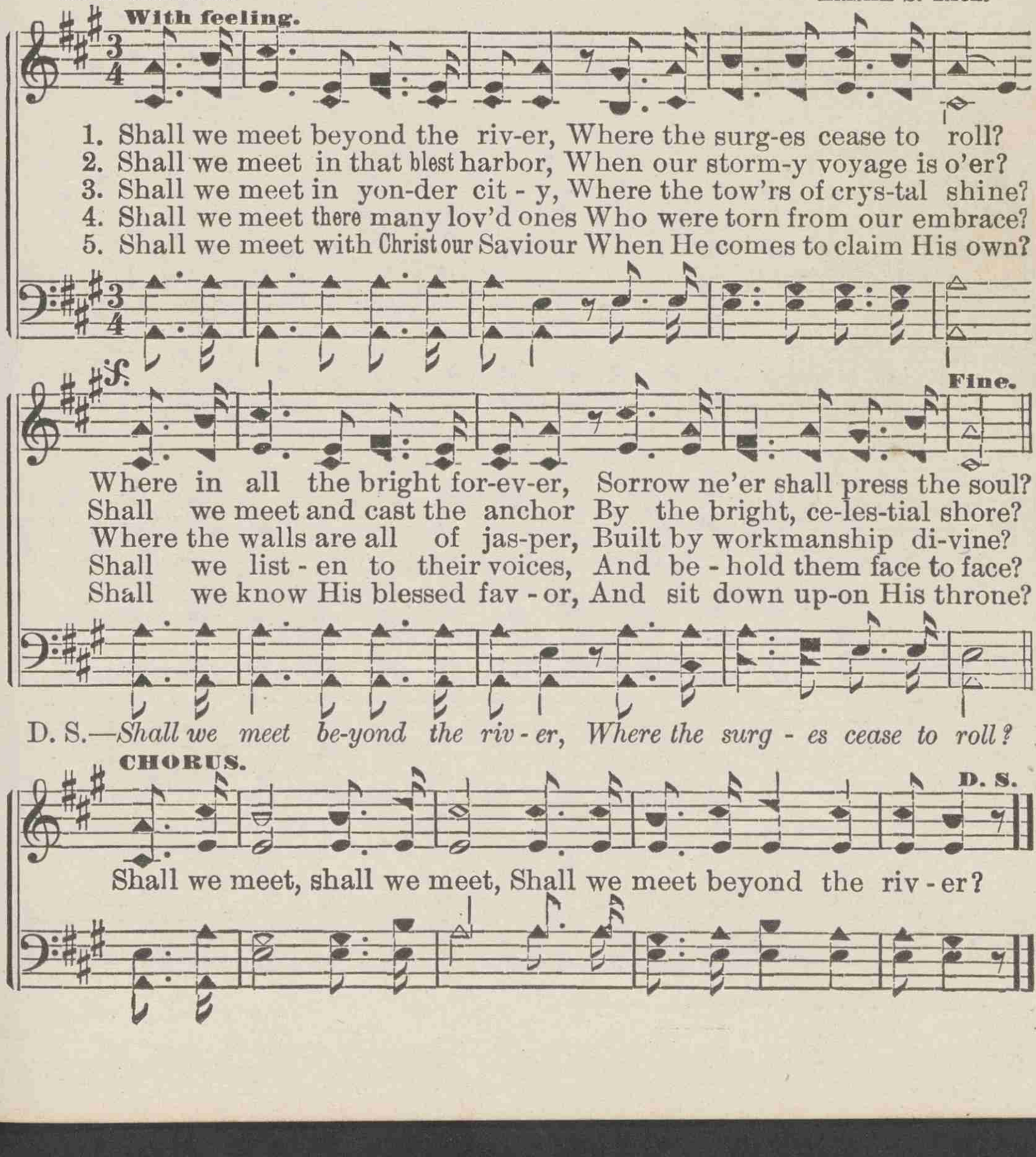
WHAT GLAD SINGING OVER YONDER. Concluded.



No. 54. SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.



No. 55. It Is Sweet to Look Beyond.

JENNIE WILSON. J. HENRY SMITH.

1. It is sweet to look be-yond the clouds And the clinging mists of time, To the light that shadows nev-er dim In the bright ce-les-tial clime.
2. When our days of toil and strife are past, There's a place where we shall rest; In the mansions of our Father's house Earthly tri-als ne'er mo-lest.
3. Though we sor-row here for loved ones gone, Tears of grief will soon be o'er; There will be no parting and no pain On the glad e-ter-nal shore.
4. As we jour-ney in the homeward way, Let us fear not nor de-spond; With all doubt dispelled by hope and faith It is sweet to look be-yond.

CHORUS.

It is sweet . . to look be-yond, ... It is sweet . . . to look be-yond; . . . . . Though the road is steep and the gloom grows deep, It is sweet to look be-yond.

It is sweet to look be-yond, to look be-yond, It is sweet to look be-yond, to look be-yond,

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No. 56. YOU MAY TELL MY DEAR OLD PARENTS.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. If you reach the gates be-fore me to that land of end-less day, To that
2. Thro' my mind there steals a pic-ture of a fire-side warm and bright, I can
3. Then my home was almost heav-en tho' but hum-ble at its best, But to
4. Then no mat-ter what the journey, tho' the way be dark or bright, I will

home that is for-ev-er bright and fair, When my father and my mother ask you
see my moth-er in her old arm chair; I can hear my fa-ther praying that I
me it was most beau-ti-ful and fair; O what will it be in heaven, in those
push a-head with hope, and not de-spair; For I soon will join my loved ones in that

D.S.–Lord has heard and answered ev'ry pray'r; Yes, be sure to give this message when they

if I'm on the way, You may tell my dear old parents I'll be there.
might be led a-right, And reach home at last in an-swer to his pray'r.
man-sions of the blest, When with father and with mother I'll be there.
land of love and light, Then be sure to tell my par-ents I'll be there. (I'll be there.)

meet you at the gate, You may tell my dear old par-ents I'll be there.

REFRAIN.

You may tell them I'll be there, ... That the
tell my par-ents I'll be there,

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No. 57. BE OF GOOD CHEER.

E. E. HEWITT. C. R. RAY.

1. When with pleasure's ros - y light, All the day is calm and bright, Be of good
2. When the storm-y tempests blow, Clouds of tri - al bend-ing low,
3. Look to Je - sus all the way, Close be-side Him watch and pray,

cheer,..... for Je - sus is near; (yes, Je - sus is near;) Ev - 'ry
O be of good cheer; (yes, be of good cheer;) He will
Be of good cheer, and nev-er-more fear; (no, nev - er-more fear;) On - ly

bless - ing from a - bove tells us of our Fa - ther's love, Be of good
be a light to thee, till the pass - ing shad - ows flee,
fol - low His com-mand, trust the guid - ance of His hand,

cheer,..... for Je - sus is near, (yes, Je - sus is near.)
and nev - er-more fear, (O nev - er - more fear.)
Be of good cheer, for Je - sus is near, (yes, Je - sus is near.)

REFRAIN.

Be of good cheer,..... for Je - sus is near,
Ev - er-more be of good cheer, yes, He is ev - er so near,

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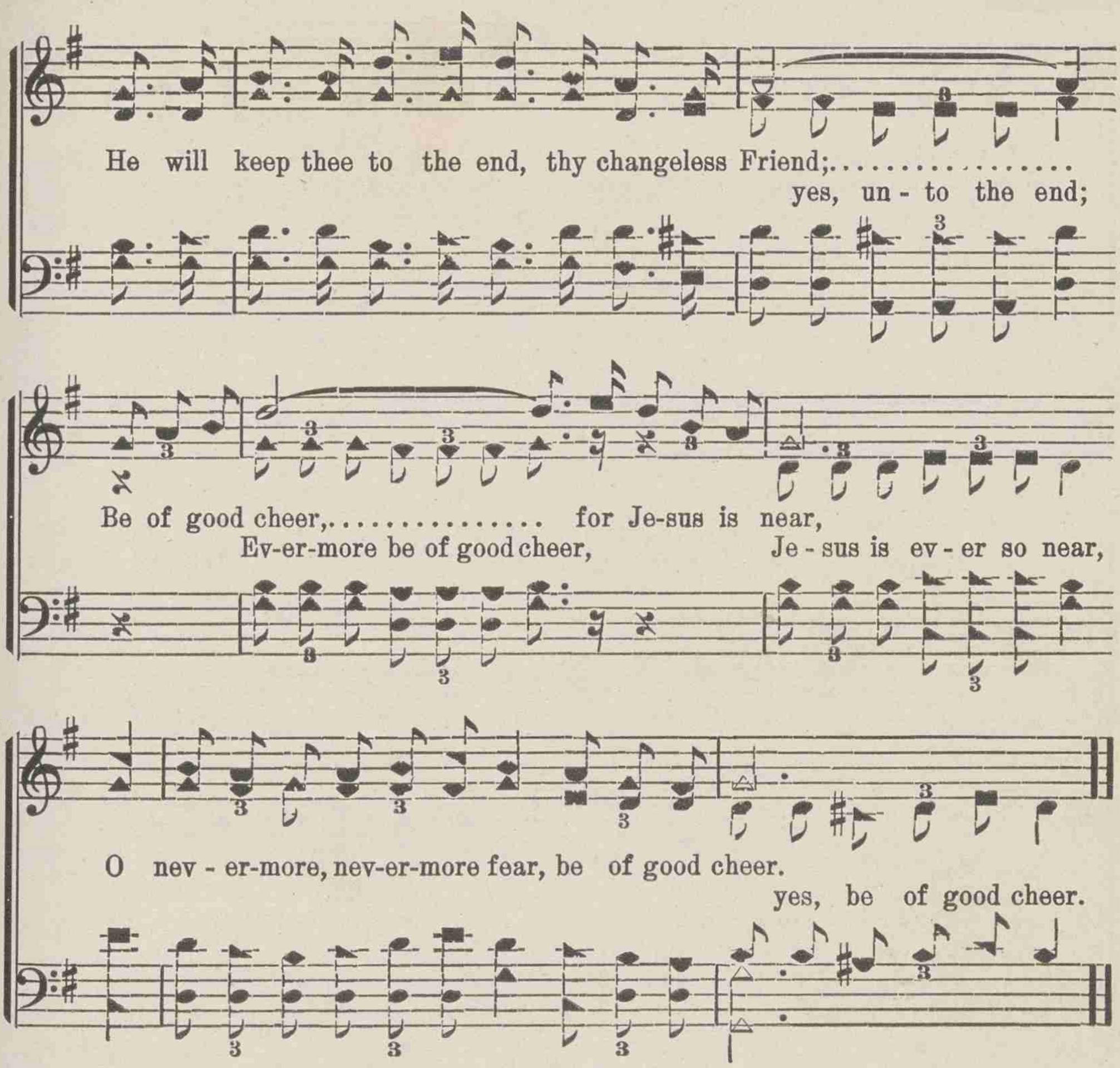
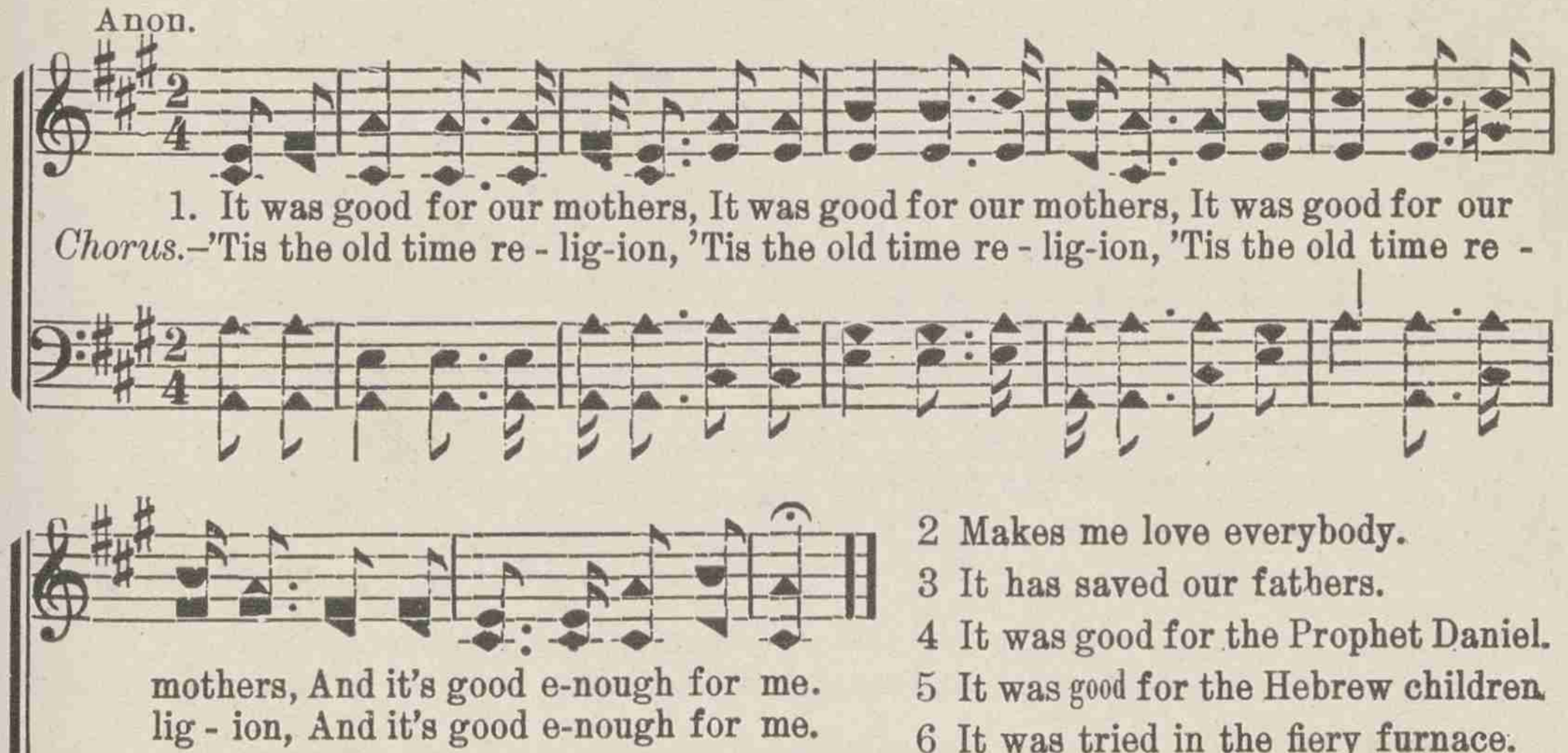
BE OF GOOD CHEER. Concluded.

No. 58. OLD TIME RELIGION.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 59. DEAR LAMB OF CALVARY.

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. O Cal - va - ry!..... O Cal - va - ry!..... My Sav - iour
2. 'Twas there they nailed..... Him to the wood,..... 'Twas there He
3. 'Twas there He met..... such bit - ter scorn,..... 'Twas there His

1. O Cal - va - ry! O Cal - va - ry!

suf - - - fered there for me,..... He gave His
shed..... His pre - cious blood,..... The heal - ing
sa - - cred brow was torn,..... And all with

My Sav - iour suffered there for me, yes, there for me;

life..... to set me free,..... Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
tide,..... the cleansing flood,..... Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
lamb - - like patience borne,..... Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry!

He gave His life to set me free,

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry!..... O Cal - va - ry!..... Where Je - sus

O Cal - va-ry! O Cal - va-ry!

died..... for you and me;..... All praise to Him.....
Where Je-sus died for you and me, for you and me; All praise to Him

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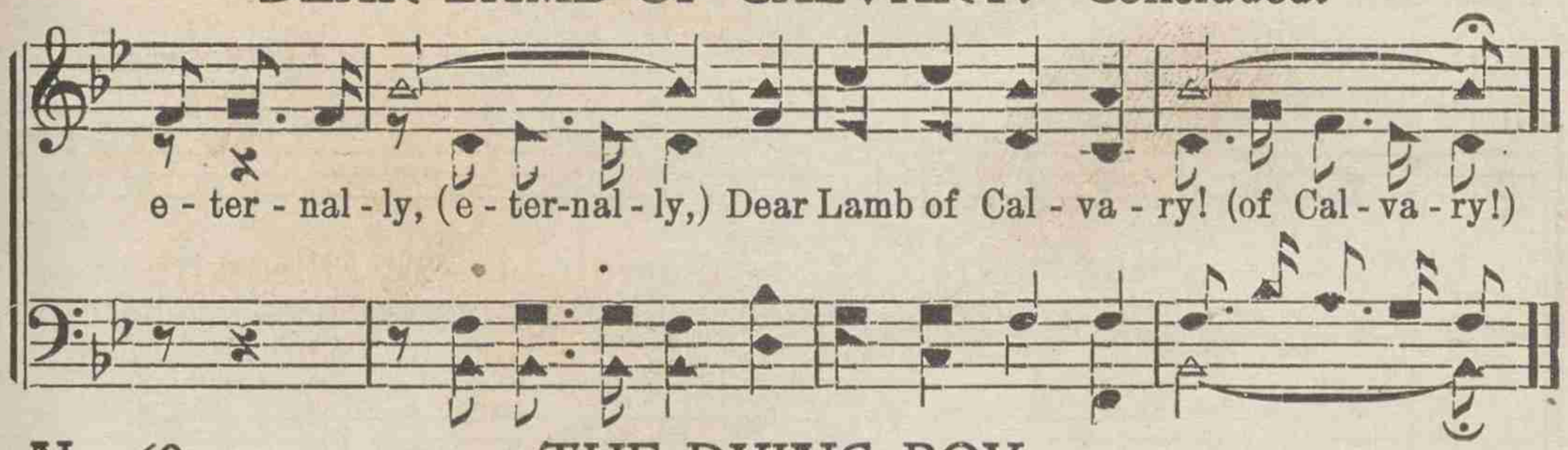
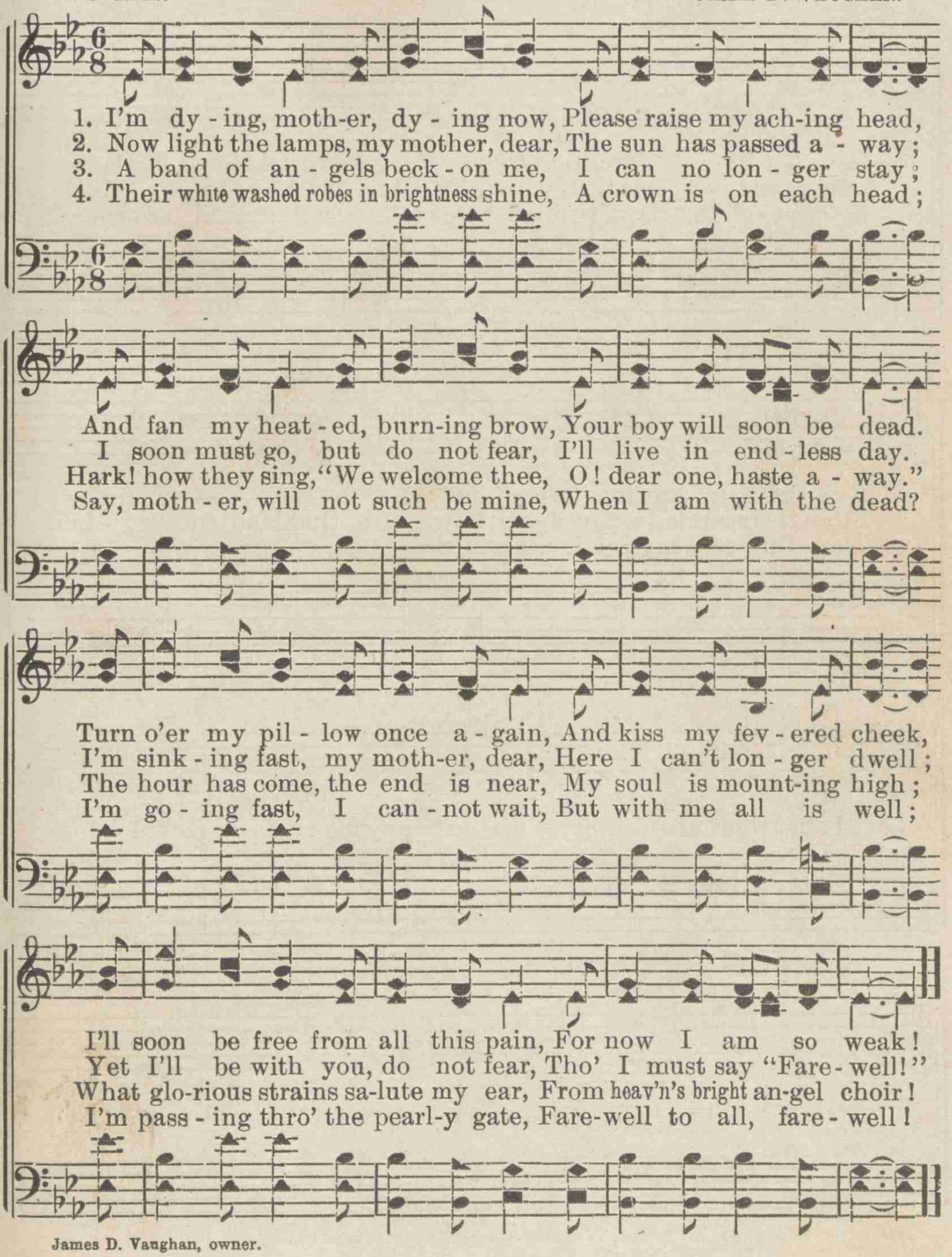
DEAR LAMB OF CALVARY. Concluded.

No. 60. THE DYING BOY.

H. S. REES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



No. 61. THAT HOME IN GLORY.

G. W. S. GEO. W. SEBREN.

1. Won-der-ful the sto - ry, Of my home in glo - ry, Filled with ev-er -
2. Naught of earthly sorrow, In that bright to-morrow, Ev - er shall the
3. Tho' my heart be wea-ry, And the day be drear-y, And the tempter

last - ing joy; There I'll know no sadness, Sweetest songs of gladness
ransomed know; But with voic-es blending, Prais-es nev - er end - ing,
doth be - guile, Soon 'twill all be end - ed, And my soul as-cend-ed,

CHORUS.

Ev - er will my tongue em-ploy.
From their sainted tongues shall flow. In that land of Beu - lah,
Then I'll see my Sav-iour's smile.

Loved ones there are waiting, With the happy glo-ri - fied; How I long to

meet them, How I long to greet them, O - ver on the oth - er side!

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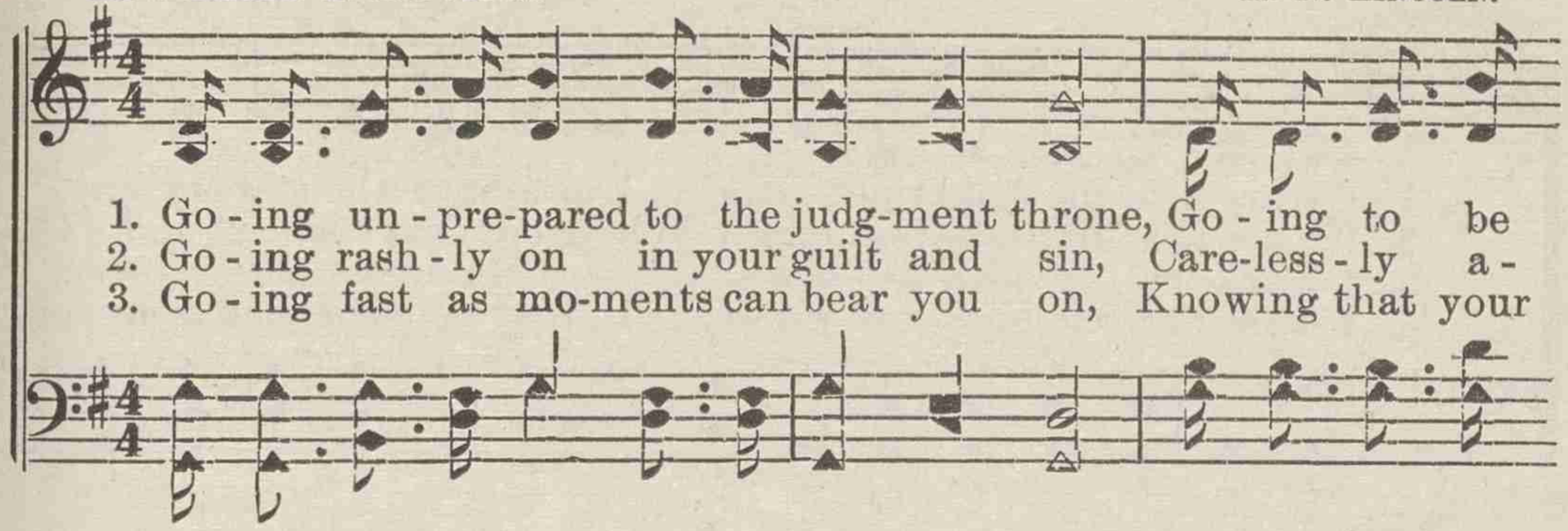
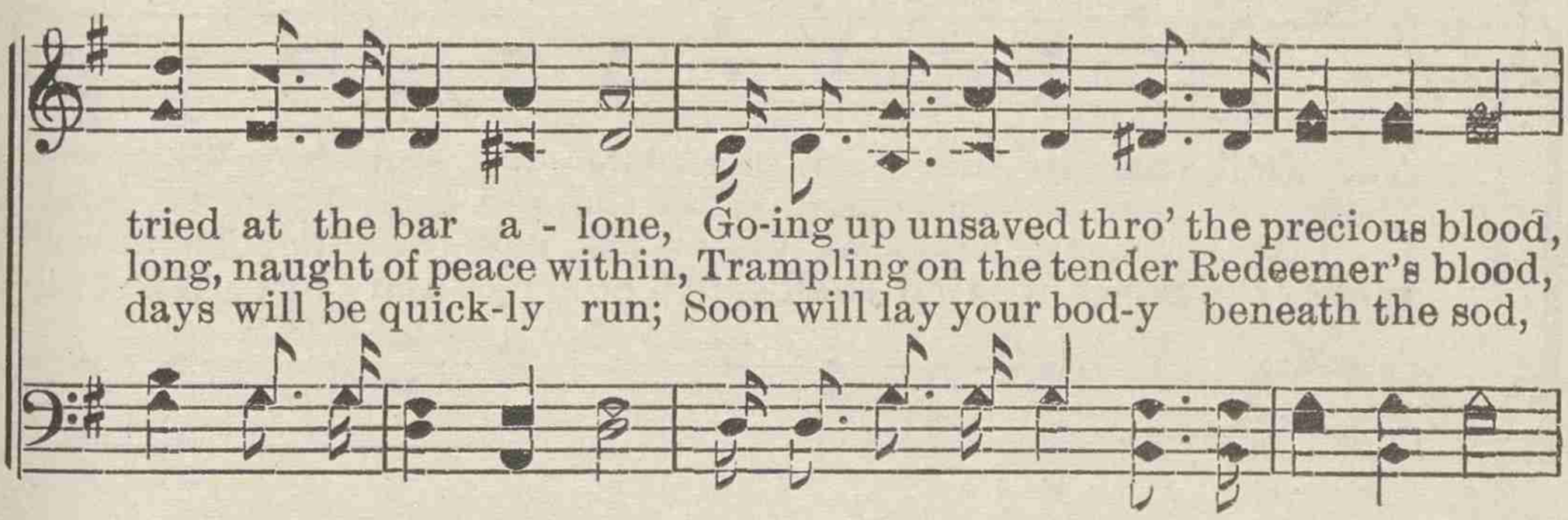
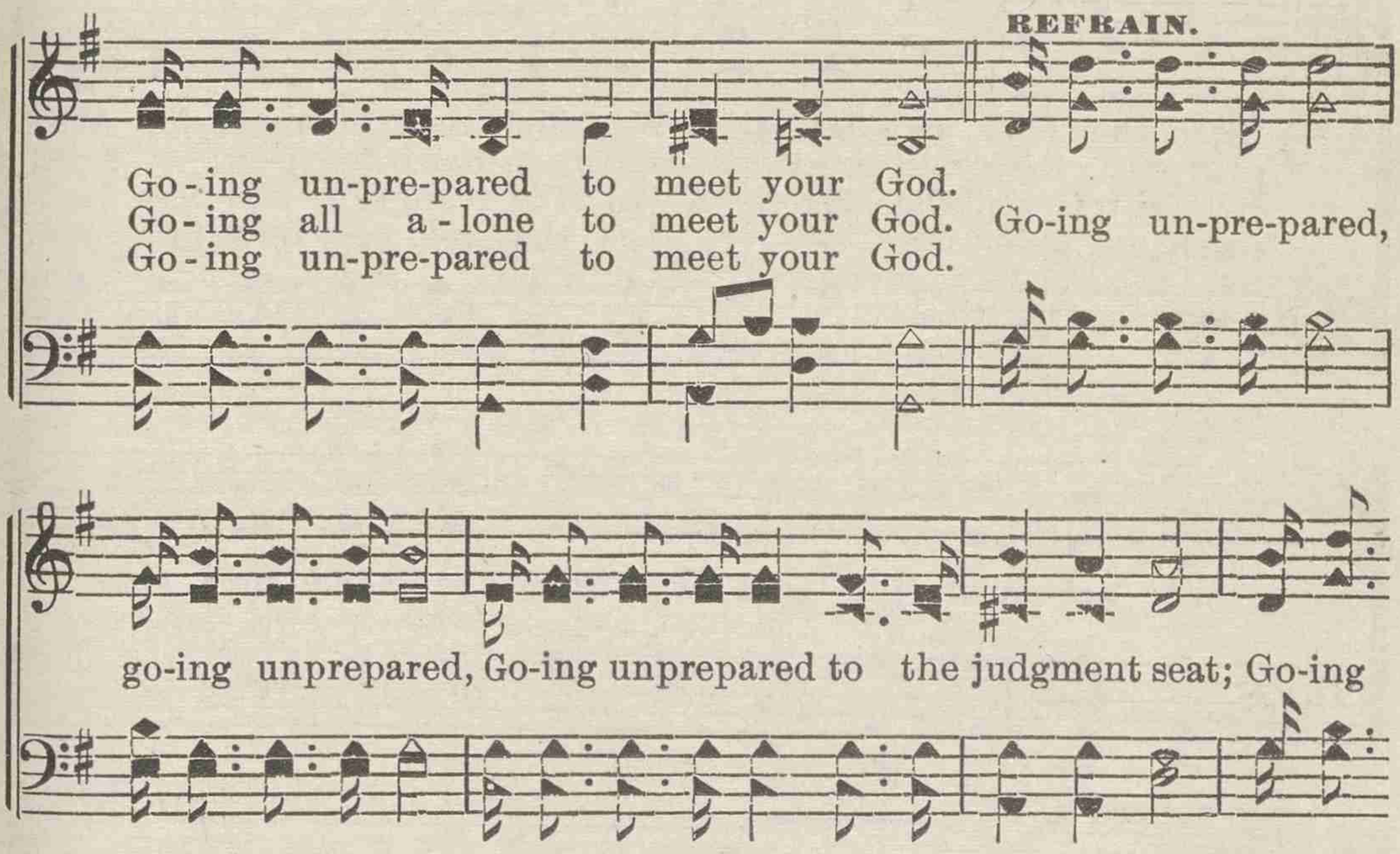
No. 62. GOING UNPREPARED.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. N. LINCOLN.



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No. 63 WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME.

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

1. We are nearing that bright mansion Up a-bove the star - ry way,
2. We are nearing that fair cit - y Where our dear ones watch and wait;
3. We are nearing joys im - mor-tal That will nev - er fade a - way,
4. We are nearing bliss and glo - ry In that home beyond compare,

And we'll pass its bless - ed por - tals by and by; When we
There we nev - er - more shall speak the sad good - bye; O, how
In that coun - try where we'll nev - er, nev - er die; There we'll
Where the saints of God shall gath - er by and by; We shall

reach the land ce - les - tial We shall rest in peace for aye;
glad - ly they will greet us When we reach the pearl - y gate;
live with Christ, the Sav - iour, In the realms of end - less day;
dwell in love for - ev - er, And the rich - est blessings share;

We are near - ing that sweet home be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.

We are near - - - ing that sweet home.
We are near - ing that sweet home.

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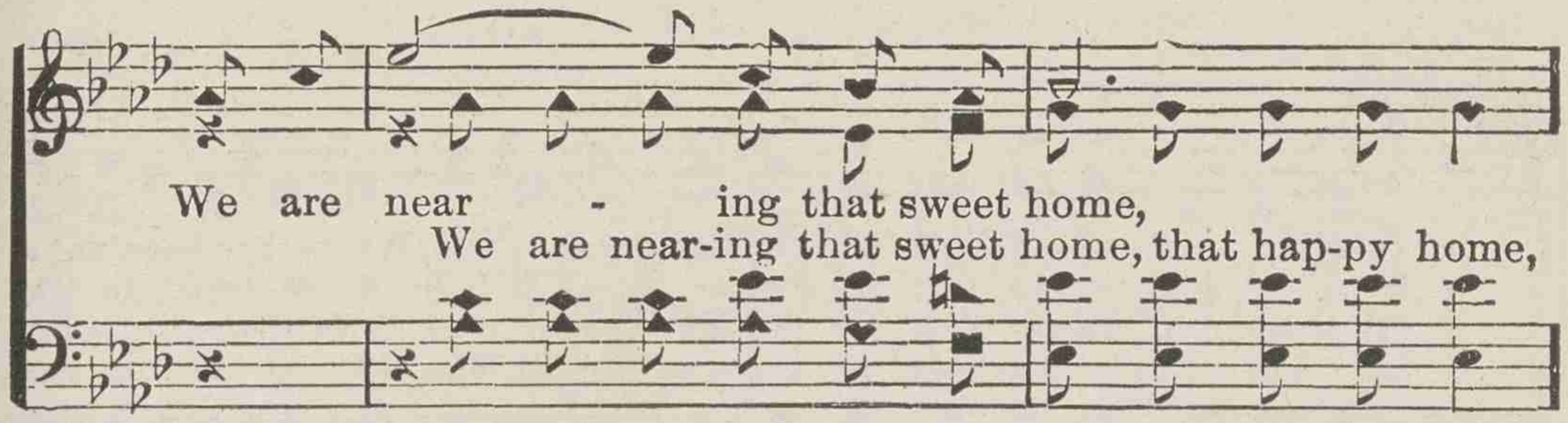
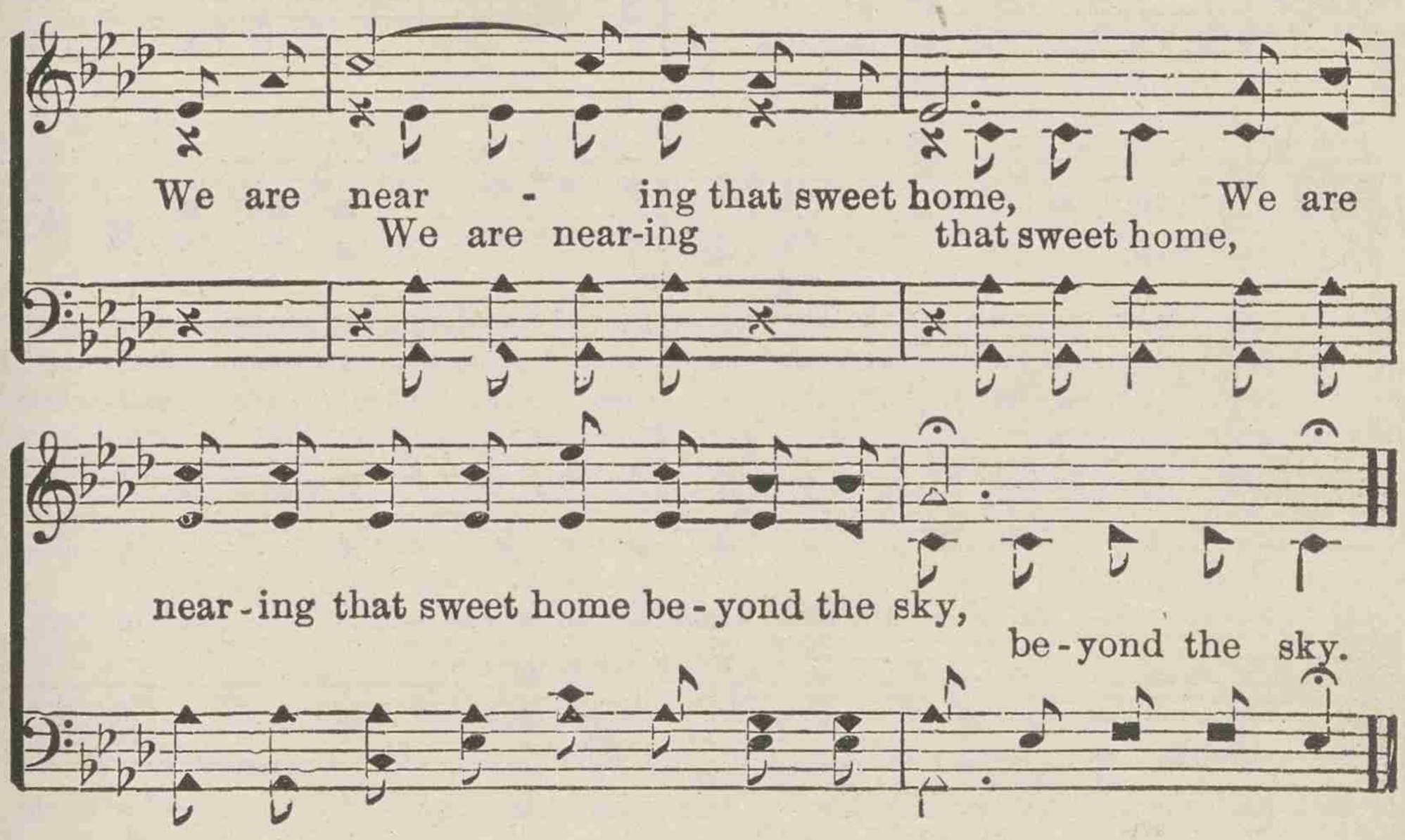
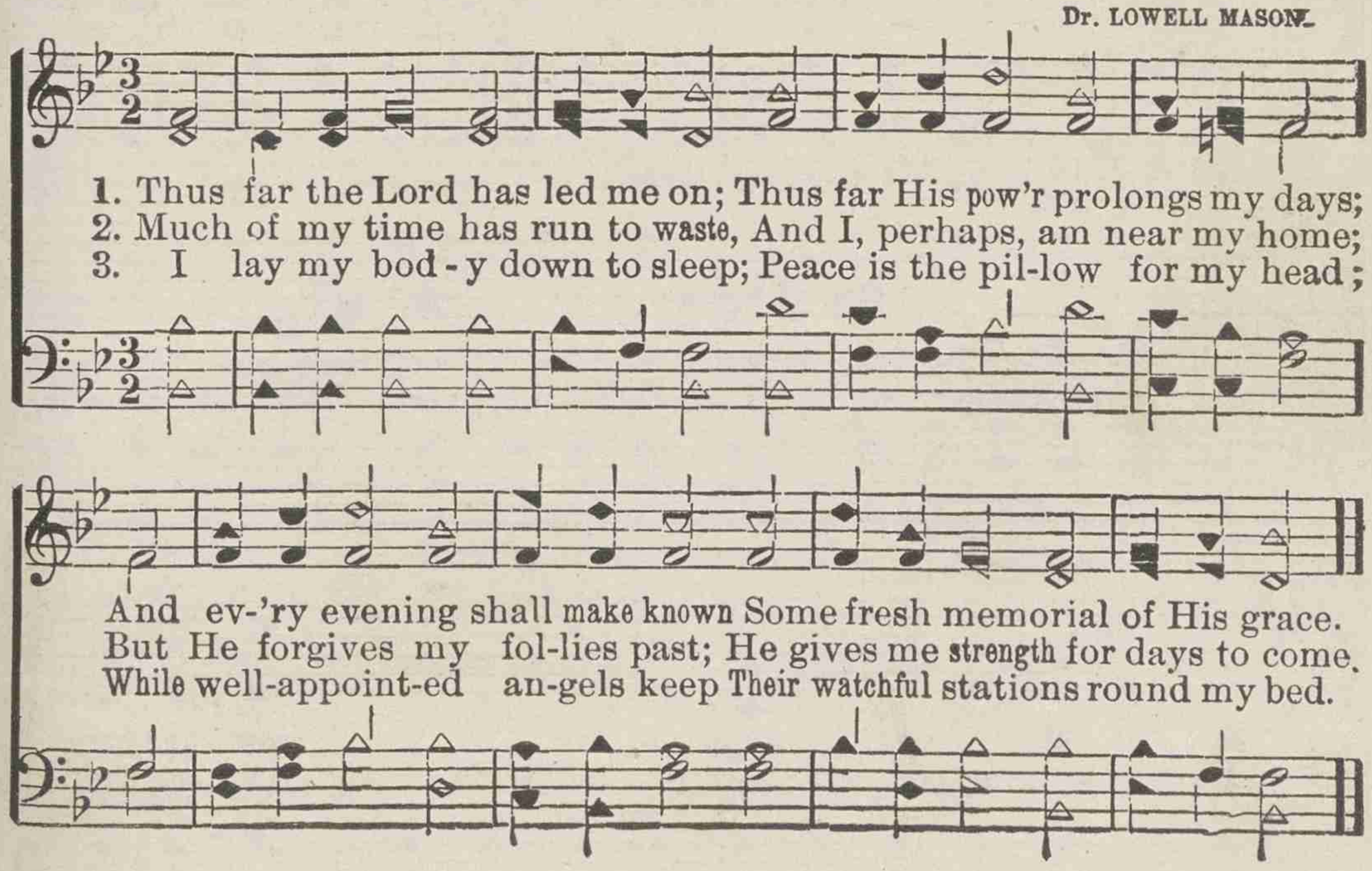
WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME. Concluded.

No. 64 THUS FAR THE LORD.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 65. THE CITY OF LIGHT.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

Aldine S. Kieffer. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Gliding movement

1. There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care; And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold,
2. Broth - er, dear, nev- er fear, we shall tri - umph at last If we trust in the word He has giv'n; When our tri - als and toils, and our weepings are past,
3. Sis - ter, dear, nev- er fear, for the Sav - iour is near, With His hand He will lead you a - long; And the way that is dark Christ will gra-cious-ly clear,
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di - vine, Let us ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us love, watch, and pray in our pil - grim-age here,

D. S.—For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight,

Fine. CHORUS.

And the building ex-ceed-ing - ly fair. Let us pray for each
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.
And your mourning shall turn to a song.
Let us count all things else but as loss. Let us pray for each other, Let us
And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

oth - - - er, Nor faint by the way,
pray for each oth-er, Nor faint by the way, nor faint by the way,

D. S.

In this sad world of sor - - row and care.
In this sad world of sor - row, this sad world of sor - row and care.

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No. 66. WE'LL SWEEP THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Some cloudless morning we shall rise, And sweep thro' the gates of gold;
2. When God shall call His children home, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold;
3. When we have reached our shining goal, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold;
4. Here sorrows come, but some sweet day We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold;

To that blest home beyond the skies, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
With joy we then will rise and come,—We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
There floods of joy will fill the soul, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
There God will wipe all tears a-way, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.

CHORUS.

We'll sweep thro' the gates,
We'll sweep thro' the gates, thro' the beau-ti - ful heav - en - ly gates,

We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold; To that blest home be - gates of gold;

yond the skies, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold- gates of gold.

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No. 67. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

MRS. R. A. EVILSIZER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall a - rise, And the splendor im -
2. When the King shall ap - pear In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His
3. O the bliss of that morn When our loved ones we meet, With the songs of the

mor - tal Shall en - vel - op the skies, When the An - gel of Death Shall no
chil-dren To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
ransomed We each oth - er shall greet, Sing-ing praise to the Lamb Thro' e -

lon - ger de - stroy, And the dead shall a - wak - en In the morn-ing of joy.
all your em - ploy, That your soul may be spot-less In the morn-ing of joy?
ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for-got - ten With its sor-rows and tears.

REFRAIN.

In the morn-ing of joy, In the morn-ing of joy, We'll be gath-ered to

glo - ry, In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the

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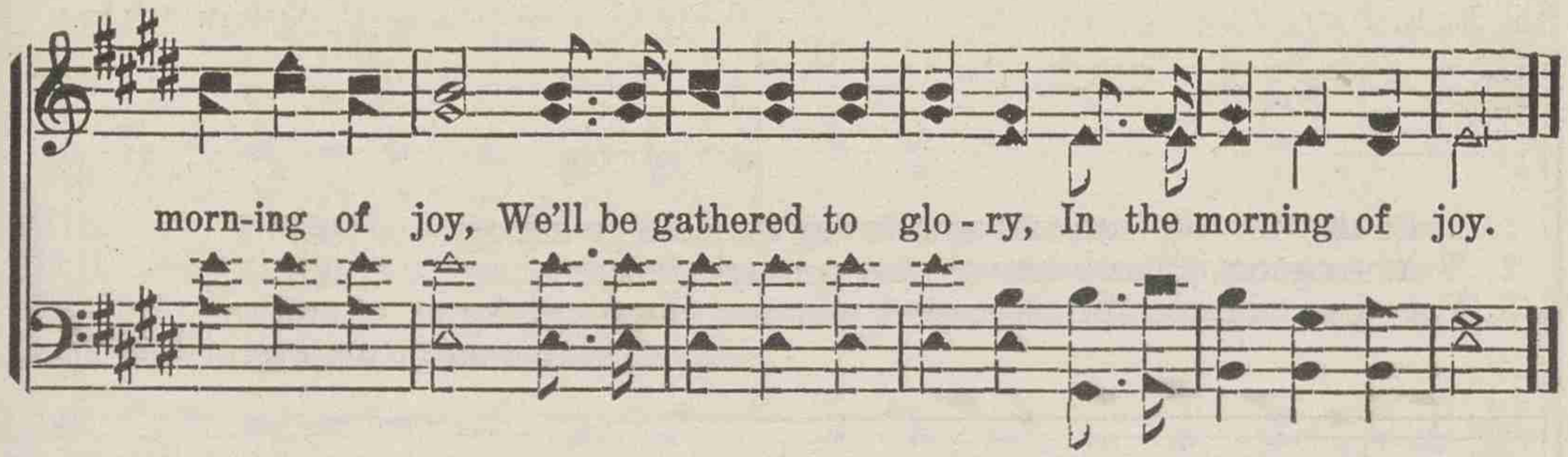
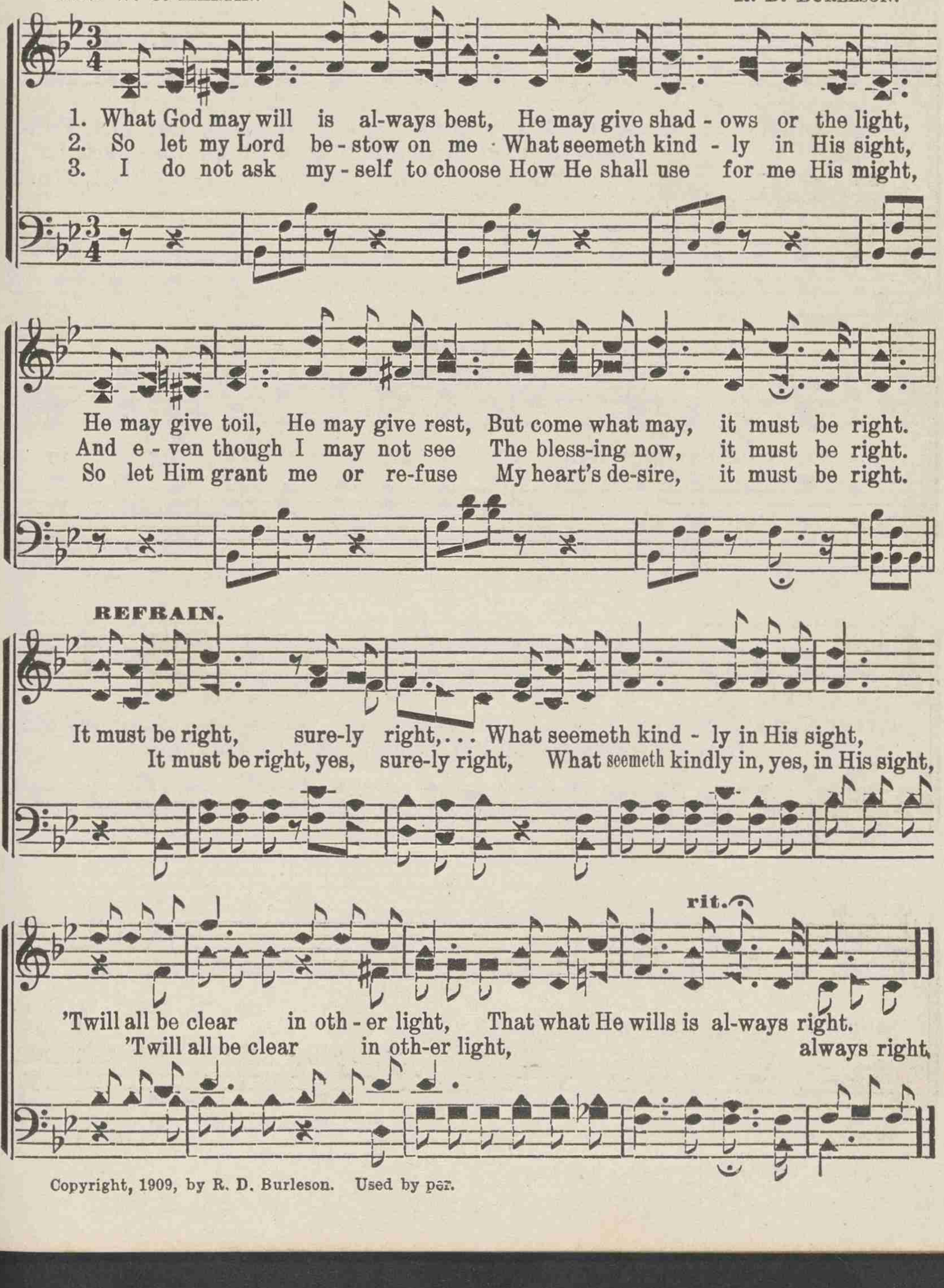
IN THE MORNING OF JOY. Concluded.

No. 68. IT MUST BE RIGHT.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. R. D. BURLESON.



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No. 69. SINGING AND TRUSTING.

E. E. HEWITT. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Look up to Je - sus, and with loving trust, Keep singing, still
2. Your song may cheer a heav-y - lad-en heart, Keep singing, still
3. For - get - ting not the blessings of the past, Keep singing, still

Keep singing, sweetly singing

sing - ing; He'll safe - ly guide us, He is wise and just; Trust
sing - ing; And stron-ger faith and brighter hope im - part, In
sing - ing; In sum-mer bloom, or 'mid the win - try blast, Trust
of our Saviour's love;

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Sav-iour King. Sing on thro' sun-ny days, Sing on in

darkened ways, Sing, sing; Sing on, His

Singing, sweetly sing-ing, singing, sweetly singing;

name is love; Sing on, He reigns a - bove; Sing, sing.

Sing on, trust on and sing.

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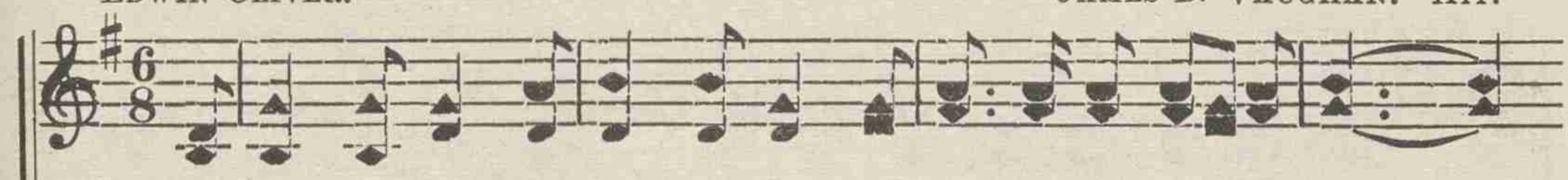
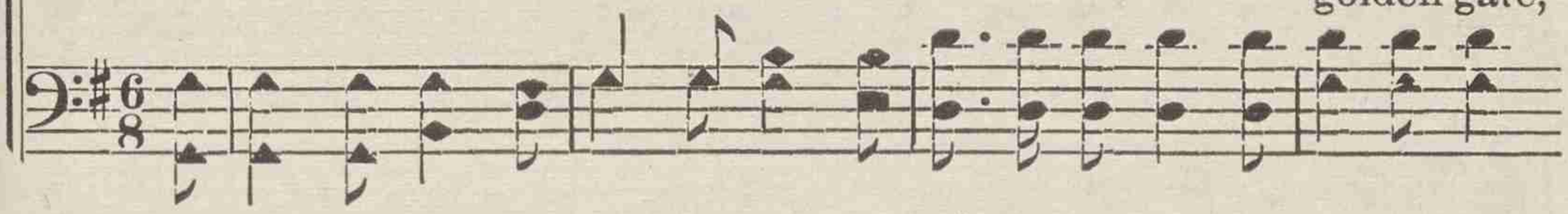
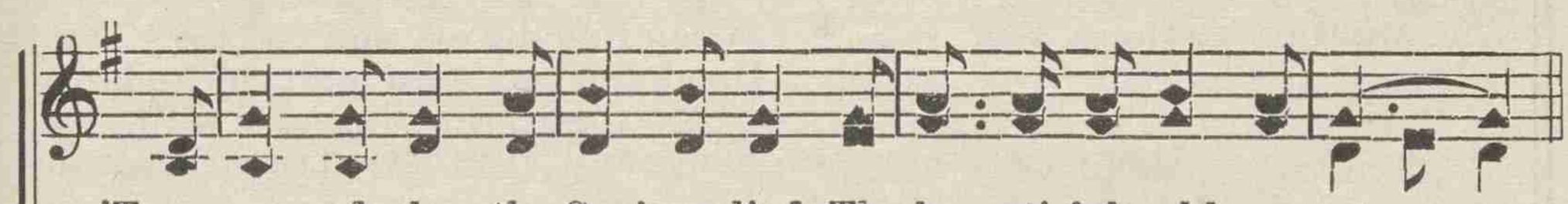
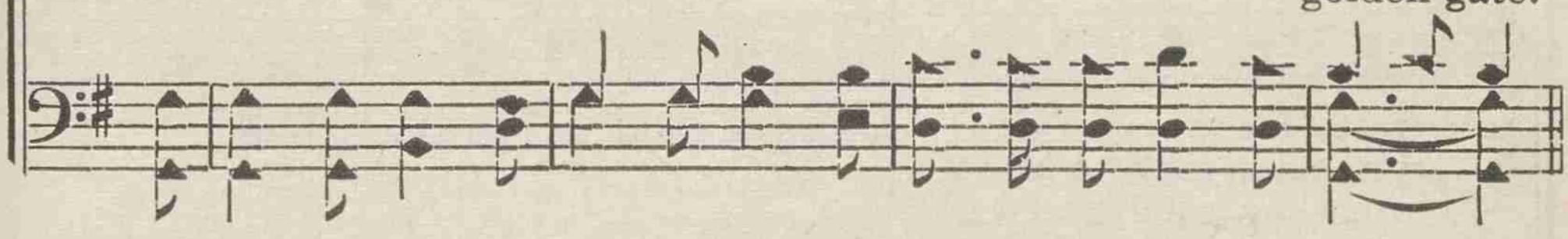
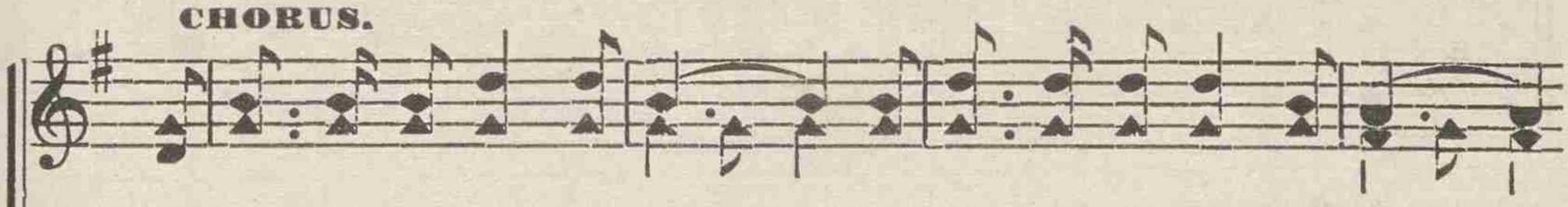
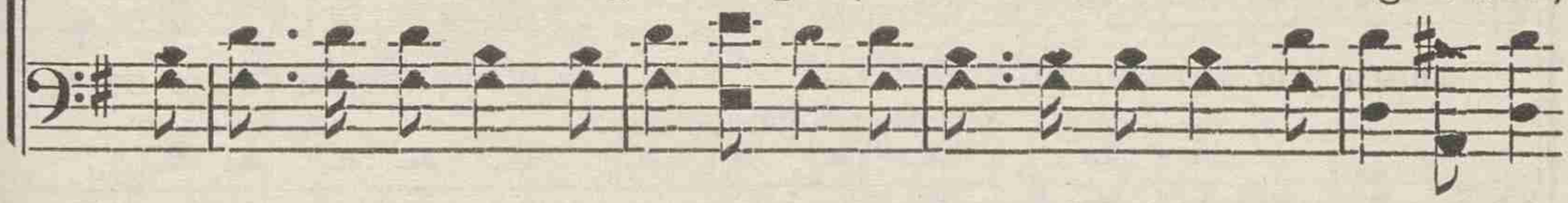
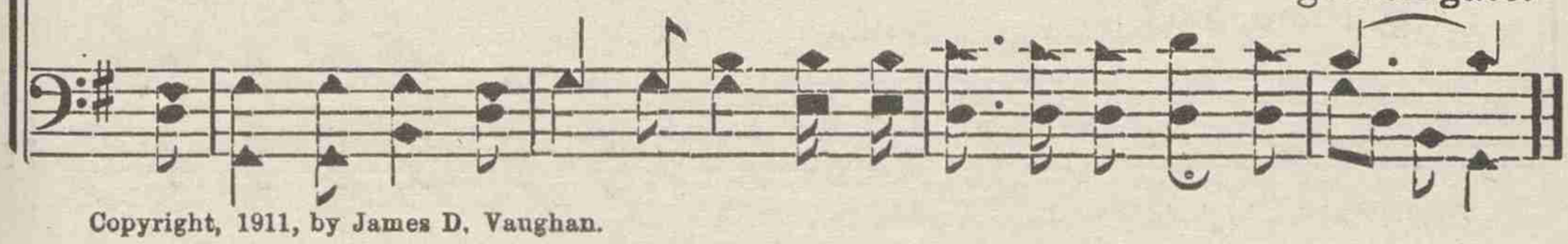
No. 70. THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.

EDWIN OLIVER. JAMES D. VAUGHAN. Arr.

1. There is a gate that o-pens wide, The beau-ti-ful golden gate,....
2. Do you de-sire to en - ter thro' The beau-ti-ful golden gate?....
3. Pre-pare, for soon the time will come, To en- ter the golden gate,....
4. How sad the words "too late, too late" To en - ter the golden gate!....
5. O would you walk the streets of gold, Then enter the golden gate,....

golden gate,

'Twas opened when the Saviour died, The beau-ti-ful gold - en gate.....
Re - pent, or you will nev - er view, The beau-ti-ful gold - en gate.....
Ex - cept ye be con-vert-ed here, None en-ter the gold - en gate.....
May they not seal your last es-tate, Come, en-ter the gold - en gate.....
Would see the glo - ry long foretold, Then en-ter the gold - en gate.....

golden gate.

CHORUS.

The beau-ti - ful gold-en gate,.... Where heav-en-ly an - gels wait,.....
gold-en gate, angels wait,

You must accept the Saviour now, If you en-ter the gold-en gate.....

golden gate.

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No. 71. DON'T YOU WANT TO GO THERE, TOO?

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Mil-lions now are on the way to Canaan's hap - py shore, Don't you want to go there, too?
2. Je - sus now in-vites you and the Spir - it woos your heart, Don't you When this life is end - ed they will there, go there, too?
3. Loved ones gone before are standing at the pearl - y gate, Don't you Break the bands that bind you and for Lov - ing-ly they lin - ger while for there, go there, too?
4. For the saved of all the a - ges there are thrones on high, Don't you Kings and priests of God they'll reign in rest for ev - er-more. Don't you want to go there, too?

Ca - naan make a start.
you they watch and wait.
glo - ry by and by. there, go there, too?

REFRAIN.

Don't you want to go there too? Don't you want to go there, there, go there too?

too? "Who-so - ev - er will," the in - vi - ta - tion is to all, go there, too?

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No. 72. TO JESUS I WILL GO.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen - tle voice with - in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) 'Tis a
2. He has prom-ised all my sins to for - give, (to for - give,) If I
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, (in my youth,) And be
4. Still the gen - tle voice with - in calls a - way, (calls a - way,) And its

warn - ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt - ed
ask in sim - ple faith for His love; (for His love;) In His ho - ly word I
faith - ful to its cause till I die; (till I die;) If with cheerful step I
warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er; (o'er and o'er;) But my heart is melt - ed

now, I o - bey; (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan - der no more.
learn how to live, (how to live,) And to la - bor for His king-dom a - bove.
walk in the truth, (in the truth,) I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
now, I o - bey, (I o - bey;) From my Saviour I will wan - der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

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No. 73. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. From the wounded side of Je - sus gushed a pure, soul-cleansing stream, Precious
2. To ef - face the stains of e - vil ev - er flows that ho - ly tide,
3. Come, O sin - ner, to the fountain that can wash you white as snow,

blood,..... a - ton - ing blood! It was shed in wondrous mercy, help-less
Souls are free from con-dem-na-tion when thro'
precious blood, Find-ing par-don for transgression last-ing

sin - ners to re - deem, Pre-cious blood,..... the Saviour's blood!
faith it is ap - plied,
joy and com - fort know, Pre-cious blood,

CHORUS.

I am saved by the blood, That was shed.....
Hal - le - lu - jah! the precious blood, That was shed
for you and me; And its heal-ing is for all who for re -
on Cal-v'ry's tree for you and me;

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demp-tion hum-bly flee, To the fount . . . . . of precious blood.
To the fount of precious blood.

No. 74. GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Duet.

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

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

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, how sweet the prom - ise, As we pass a - long life's way;
That in heav'n there'll be no sor - row, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."

No. 75. SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

REV. J. F. BLACK. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Show-ers of bless - ings come from a - bove,..... Show-ers re -
2. Show-ers of bless - ings fall - ing a - gain,..... Com-ing from
3. Show-ers of bless - ings, sat - is - fy all,..... Free - ly from

1. Show-ers of bless-ings come from a - bove,

fresh - ing, tokens of love,.....Dewdrops of mer - cy fall-ing to -
heav - en like show'rs of rain,.....Blessings a-bun - dant, coming to -
heav - en sparkling drops fall;..... Wa-ter of life flows freely to -
Showers refreshing, tokens of love, Dewdrops of mer-cy

day,..... Je - sus the Sav - iour, pass-ing this way.....
fall-ing to - day, Je - sus the Sav - iour, pass-ing this way.

CHORUS.

Show-ers of bless-ings, show-ers of love,
Show-ers of bless - ings, show-ers of love,..... Com-ing from

Coming from glo-ry, heav-en-ly dove! Fill-ing and thrilling
glo - ry, heav-en-ly dove!..... Filling and thrill - ing Christians to-

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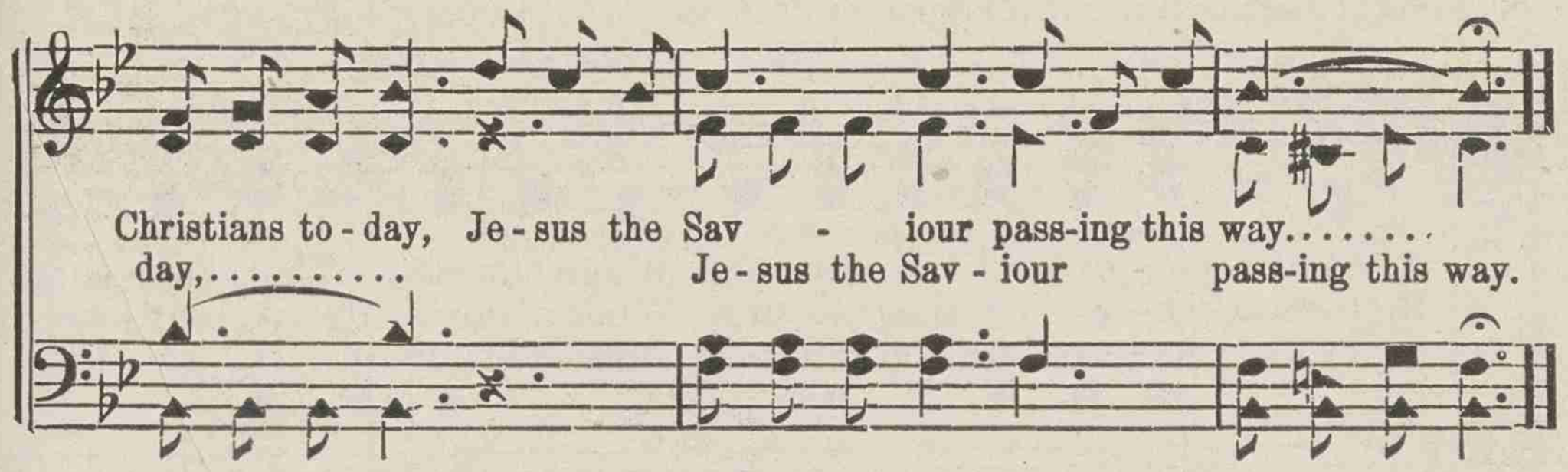
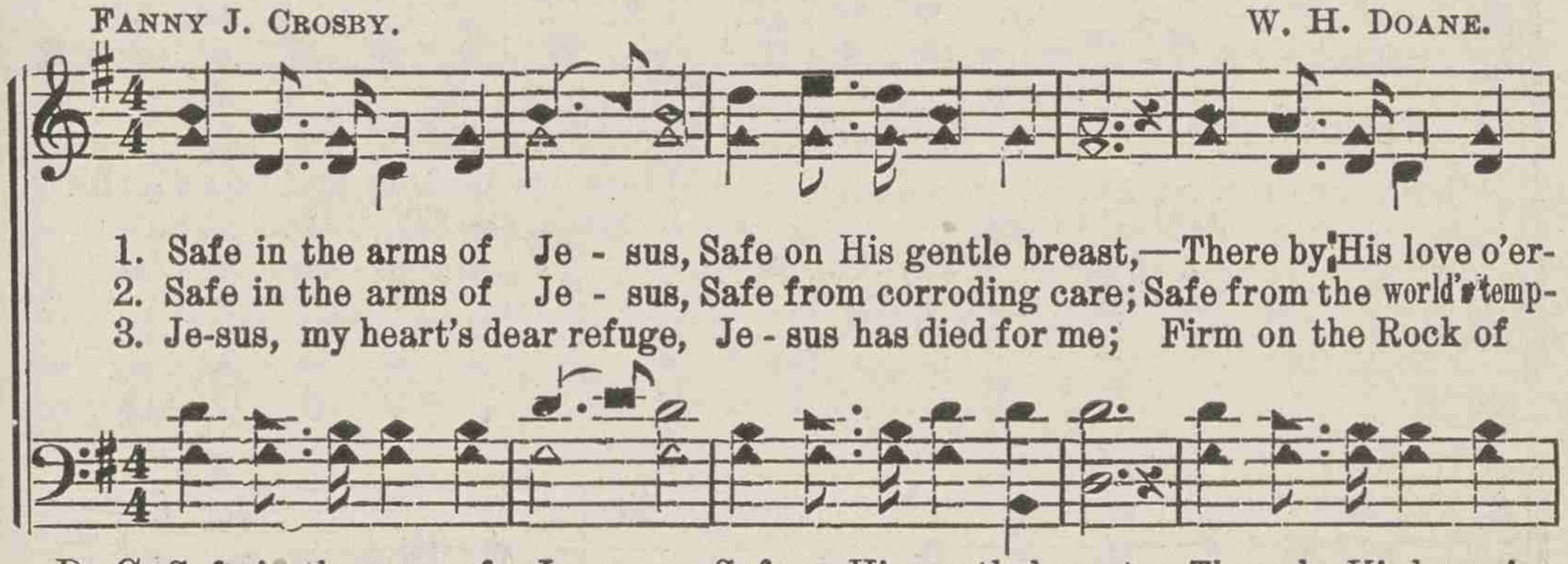

No. 76. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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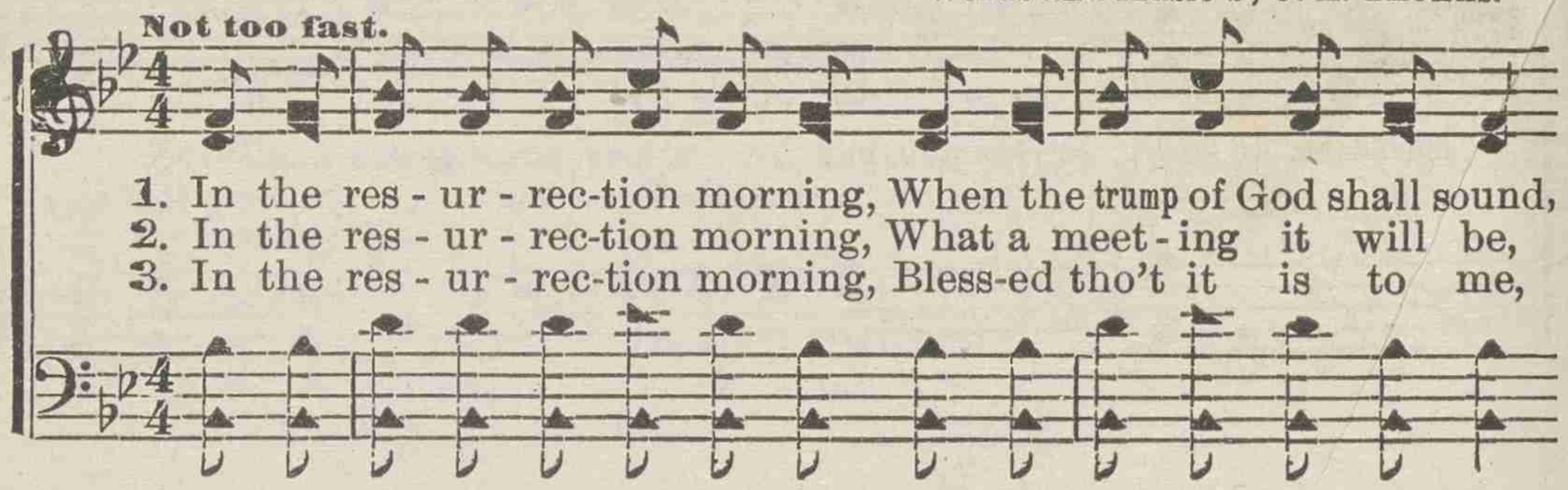
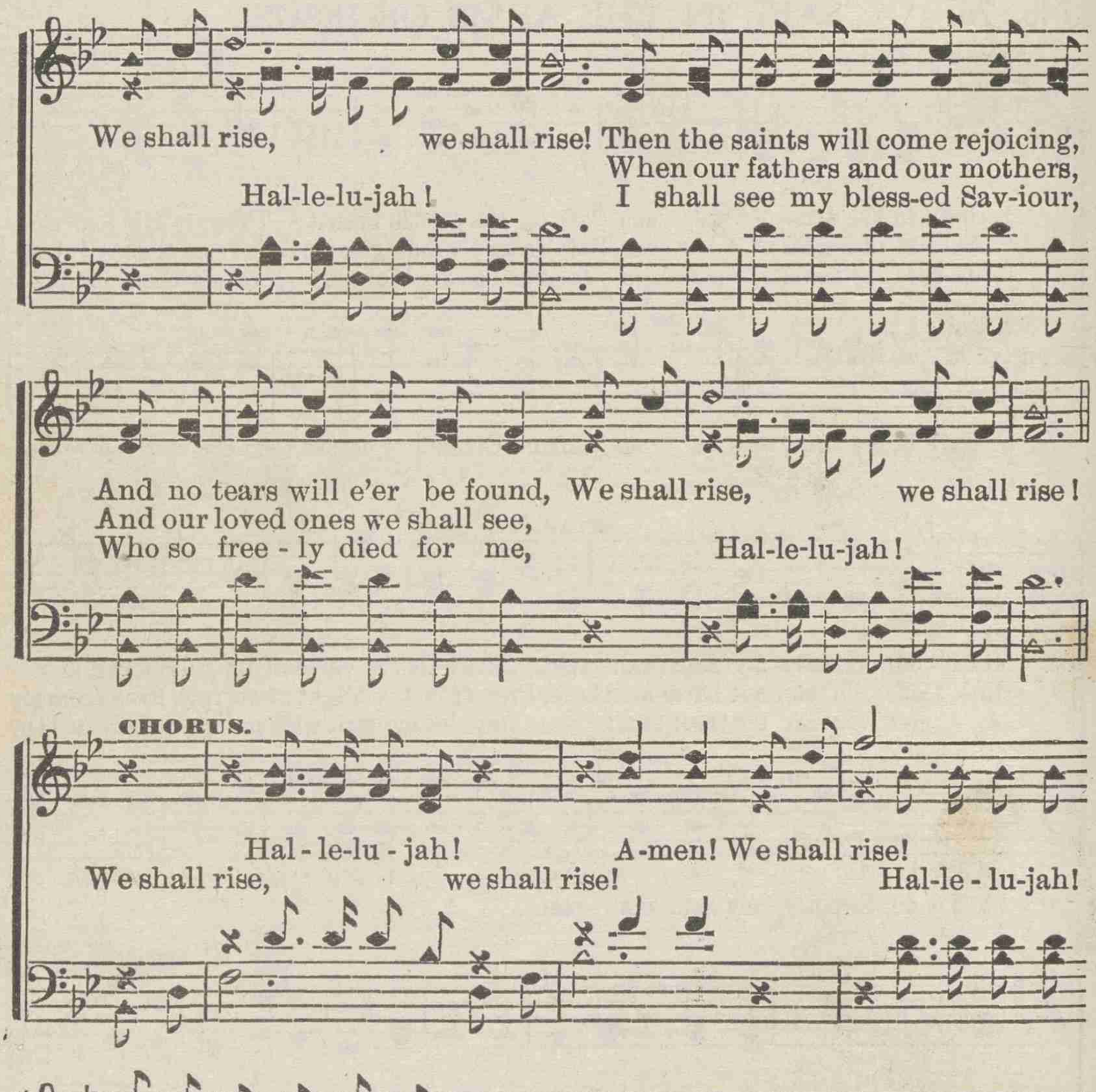
No. 77 HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE!

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

Words and music by J. E. Thomas.





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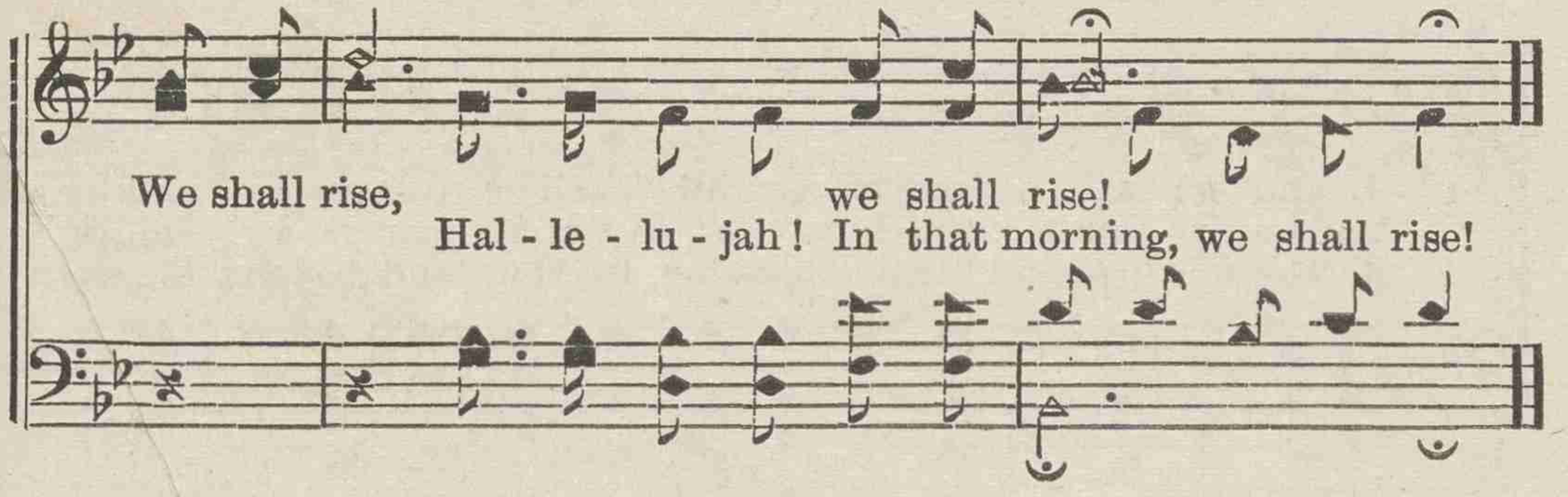
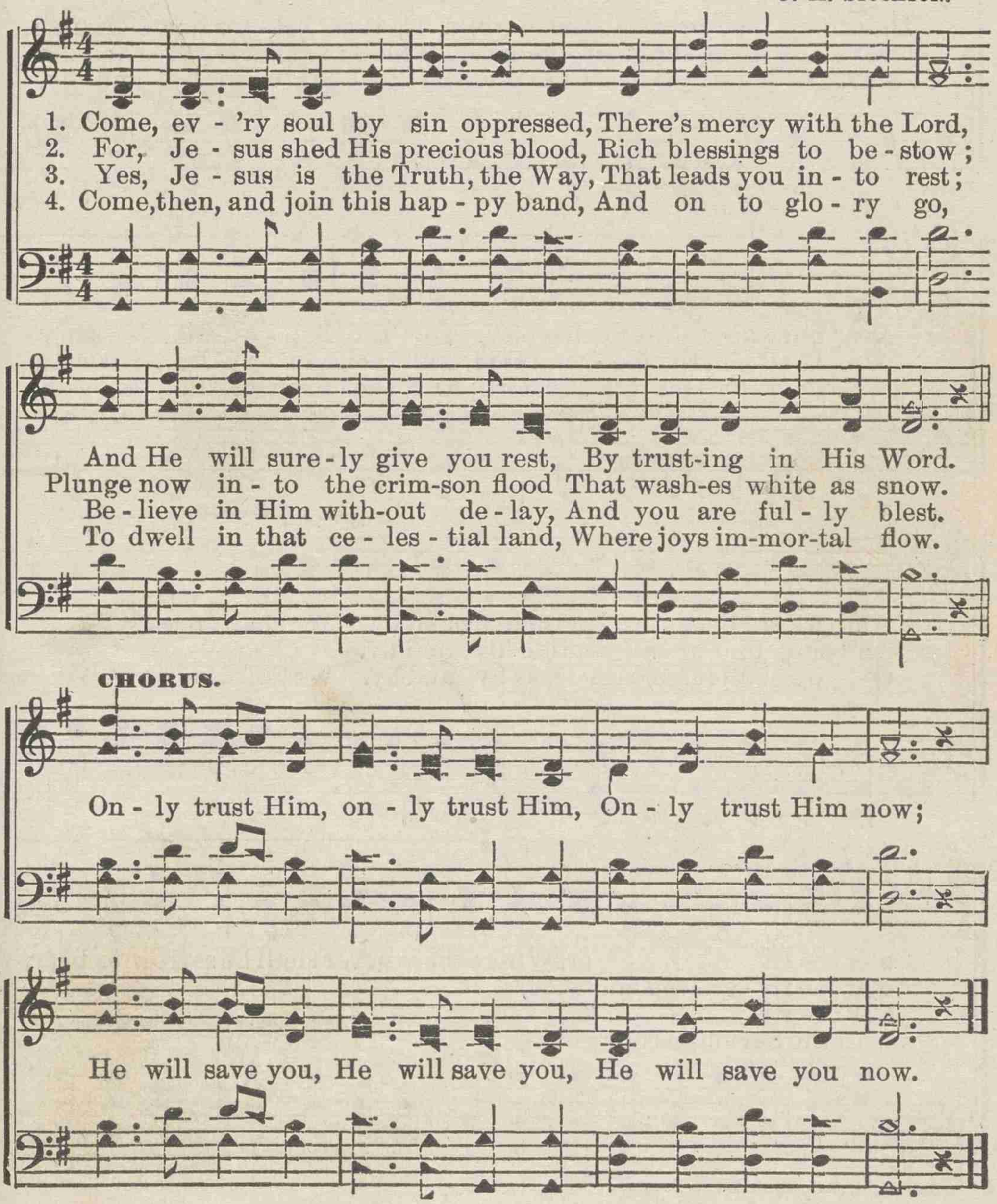
HALLELUJAH, WE SHALL RISE! Concluded.

No. 78 ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 79. ACROSS THE RIVER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Tho' we have a time of sor-row, 'Twill be o - ver by and by,
2. There is mu-sic o'er the riv-er, We shall hear it by and by,
3. There is love and life and blessing, In that land beyond the sky;

There'll be glad-ness on the morrow, In that bet - ter home on high.
Prais - ing Him, the great Life-giver, Where they nevermore shall die.
Joy be-yond the heart's expressing Shall be giv - en by and by.

Dear ones now are crossing o'er, To the hap - py gold - en shore,
We shall join them o - ver there, And their glo - ry we shall share,
When our tri - als all are done, And the crown of life is won,

CHORUS.

And we shall go to meet them by and by. We shall cross.....
And sing of our redemption by and by.
O we shall reign with Jesus by and by. We shall cross, yes, we shall cross

o'er the riv - er, Where there never shall be sorrow to bear;
o'er the riv - er deep and wide,
o'er the riv - er,
with the Saviour as our guide,

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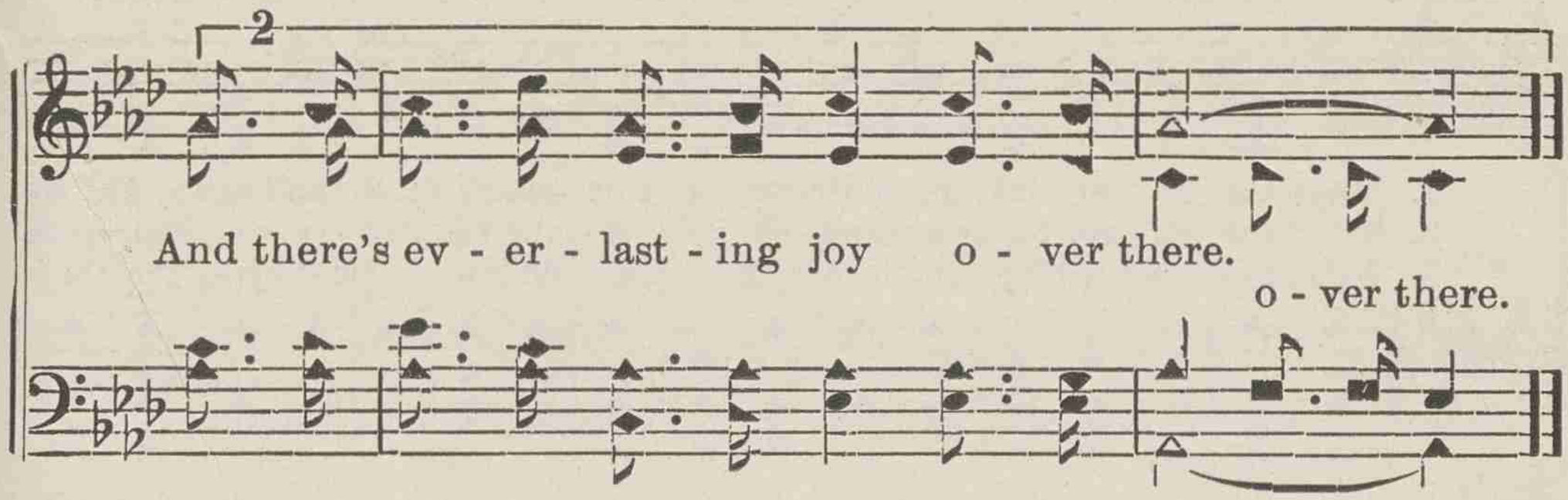
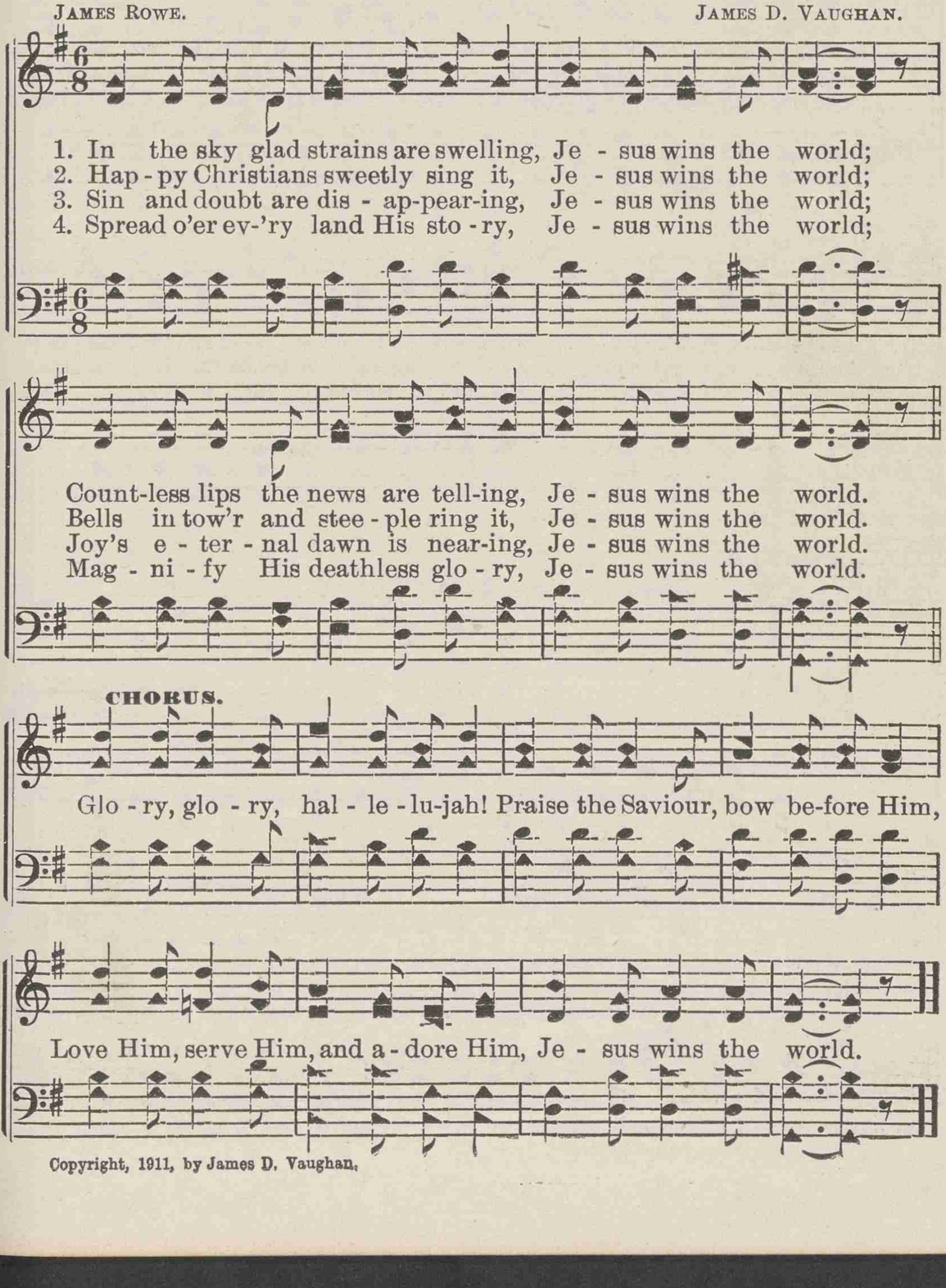

No. 80. JESUS WINS THE WORLD.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

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No. 81. THEY NEVER DIE UP YONDER.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. When the ev - er - last-ing morn-ing on this wea-ry earth shall dawn, And we
2. By the an - gel bands at-tend - ed up a - long the star - ry way, They have
3. We shall know them by the love-light that still lin-gers in their eyes, Tho' their

hear the trumpet sounding loud and clear, When the angels from the battlements of
journeyed where the surges swell no more; They have left their earthly temple for a
faces bright with heaven's glory shine; Those who vanished from earth's portals and were

heav - en shout for joy, We will greet the friends we loved and cherished here.
house not built with hands, They are liv - ing on the peace-ful E - den shore.
lost a lit - tle while In the sun - shine land of par - a - dise di - vine.

CHORUS.

For they nev - - - er die up yon - der, There with
For they nev-er die up yon - der, for they nev - er die up yonder, There with

joy..... they stand arrayed; No, they nev - er die up -
joy they stand arrayed, there with joy they stand arrayed, No, they never die up yonder, no, they

Wm. M. Ramsey, owner. Used by per.

THEY NEVER DIE UP YONDER. Concluded.

yon - der, Je - sus all..... the debt has paid.
nev - er die up yonder, Je - sus all the debt has paid, Je - sus all the debt has paid.

all has paid.

No. 82. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
4. Rec - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them,

REFRAIN.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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No. 83. OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home a-bove, In a kingdom of rapture and love, Where the
2. In this kingdom there comes no night, For the Sav-our himself is the light; There no
3. In this glo-ri-ous, happy home, We shall nev-er be tempted to roam, And the

ransomed will be at peace ev - er-more; There for-ev-er our souls will rest, Nev-er
sor-row is known and tears never fall; Not a bur-den will reach us there, And we
an - gel of death will part us no more; There, where praises unceasing swell, With our

troubled and nev - er oppressed, In the presence of Him whom an - gels a - dore.
all shall have rap-ture to spare, For the Sav-iour a-lone will reign o - ver all.
loved ones and Christ we shall dwell, When the troubles and cares of earth-life are o'er.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful home,..... our beau - ti - ful home,
Beau-ti - ful home, glo - ri - ous, hap-py home,
There we shall rest..... while a - ges shall roll;
There we shall rest with Je - sus so hap-py, while a - ges roll;

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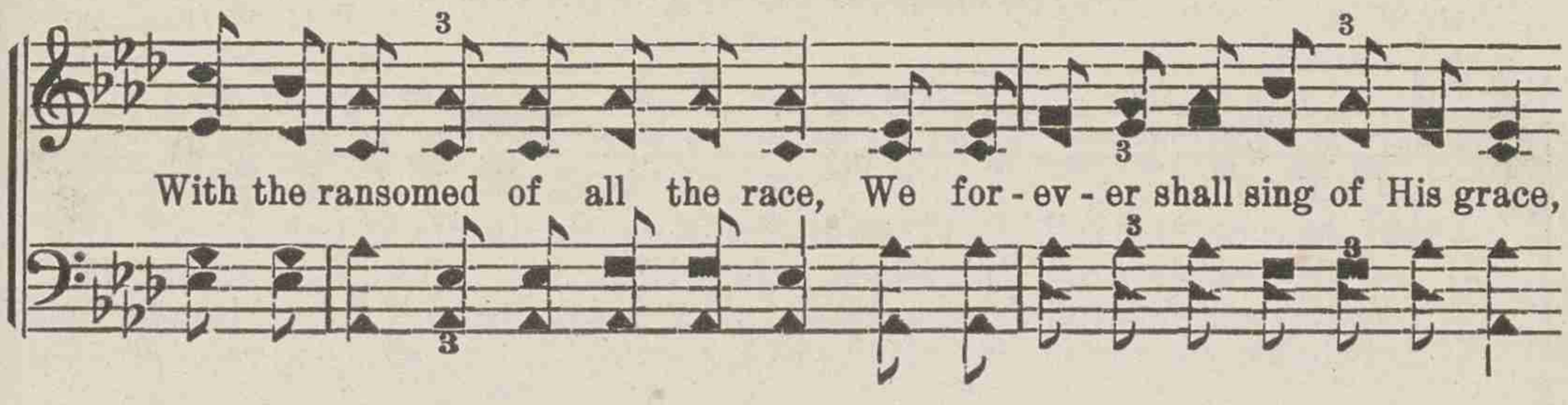
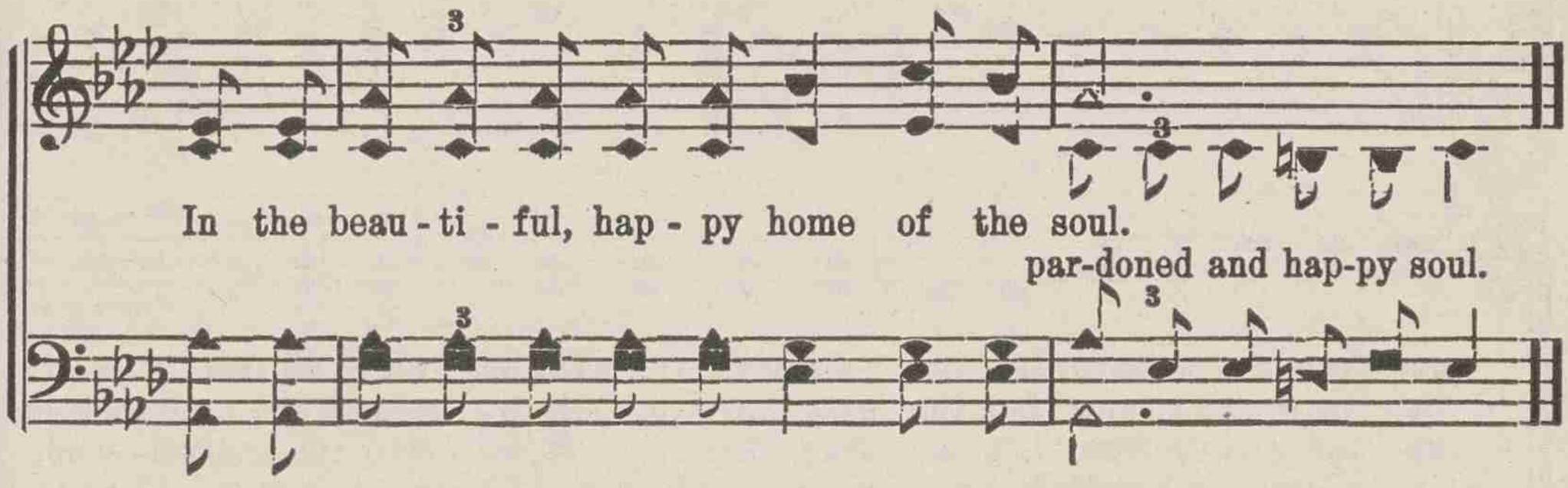
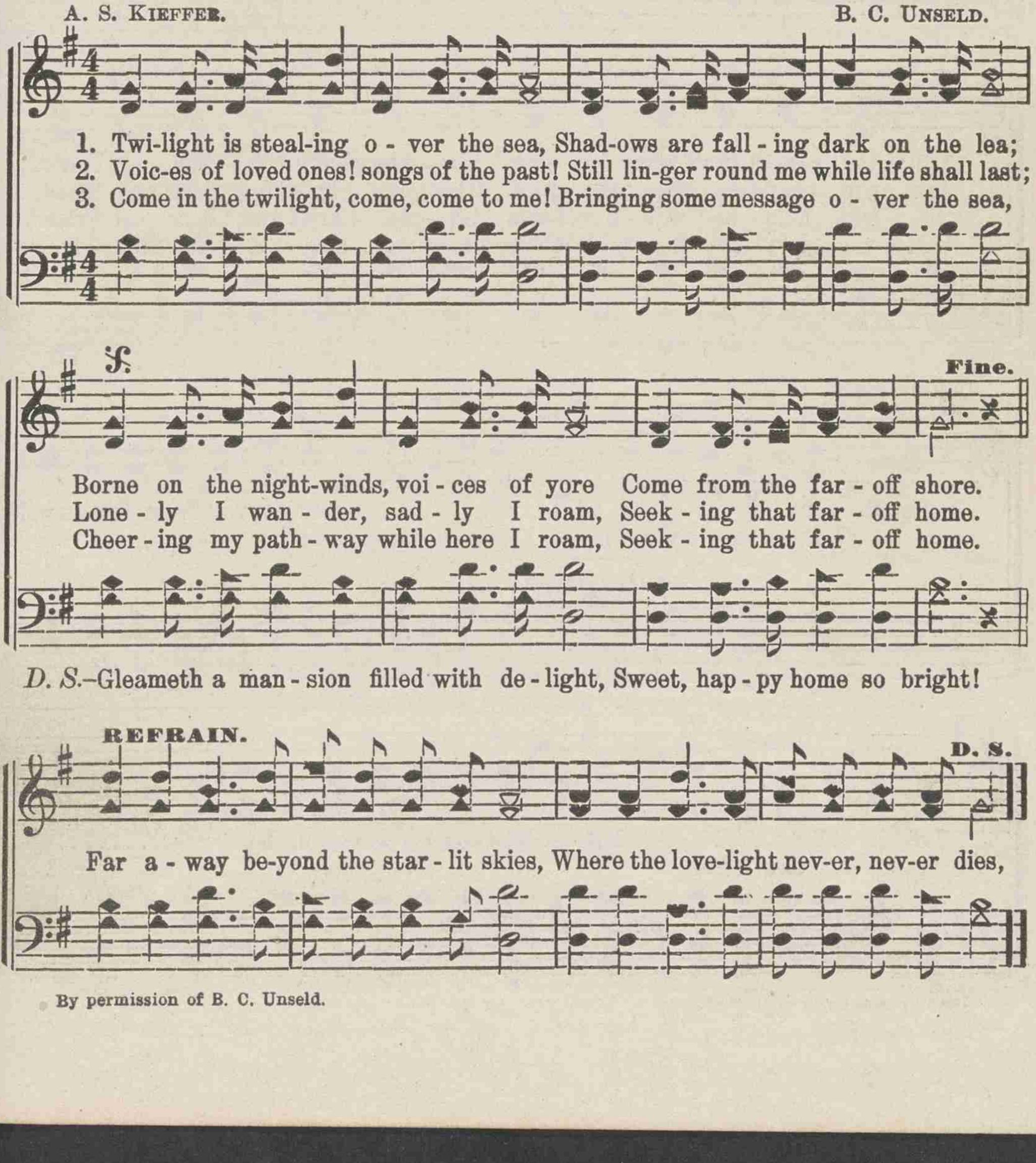
OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.



No. 84. TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.

By permission of B. C. Unseld.

No. 85. LET THE SONG WAVE ROLL.

H. W. E. H. W. Elliott.

1. Let the song wave roll In praise of Him who gave, His life on Cal-va - ry Our
2. Let the song wave roll In hon-or of our King, Let all with one accord Join
3. Let the song wave roll From mountain, hill and plain, Let earth's remotest bounds Take
4. Let the song wave roll, If, God to us has giv'n; Let all who sing rejoice, Since

souls from woe to save; Let the song wave roll Till we all shall feel its pow'r,
in His praise to sing; Let the song wave roll, It will smooth the path we tread,
up the glad re-frain; Let the song wave roll, It will help the gos-pel send,
an - gels sing in heav'n; Let the song wave roll, And how sweet, how sweet 'twill be

Till the youths shall learn to sing As the birds in sun - ny bow'r.
And will bright-en up the way, That is ly - ing just a - head.
It will help in win - ning souls Un - to Christ our dear - est Friend.
When we joln the heav'n-ly choir, There to sing e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Let it roll,..... yes, let it roll,..... Let it roll from pole to pole;
Let the song wave roll, Let the song wave roll,

Let it roll,..... Ev - er let the song wave roll, let it roll.....
Let it roll, let it roll.

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No. 86. THE LAND ABOVE.

MAHLON OLIPHANT. J. OWEN LONG.

Good as a Quartet.

1. I know there is a land a - bove This world of toil and care,
2. A land where flow'rs immortal bloom, And storms can ne'er annoy;
3. O Beu- lah land! O home of light! O land of bliss un-told;
4. To wan-der by that riv - er side, And view that shining shore,

And that earth's ransomed ones shall meet In bliss - ful u - nion there.
E - ter - nal are its gates of peace, Un-bound-ed is its joy.
I long to join thy spotless throngs, And walk thy streets of gold.
Where death is swallowed up of life, And naught can harm us more.

CHORUS.

I know, I know,..... there is a land,..... .....
I know, I know a bliss-ful land,

Where we shall meet some day;..... Where we shall
some hap-py day;

meet and dwell with Christ the Lord Some bright and hap - py day.

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No. 87. THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. OWEN LONG.

Duet for Alto and Tenor.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful val - ley of peace, Where the heart of the weary may rest;
2. In that beau-ti-ful val - ley I know Wild clam-or is hushed in-to calm;
3. In the val-ley of peace I may hide, Where strifes of the world cannot mar,
4. In the val-ley of peace let me roam, With Jesus, my "Staff" and my "Rod."

Where tumult and tri - als shall cease, And those who are burdened be blest.
And walking where still waters flow, The sor-row-ing soul find-eth balm.
And where I will fol - low my Guide, My Hope and my glo - ri - ous Star.
Till I come to my heav - en - ly home, Whose build-er and mak - er is God.

QUARTET or CHORUS.

In the beau - ti - ful val - ley of peace, In the
the val-ley of peace,

beau - ti - ful val - ley of peace; My Sav - iour is there,
the val-ley of peace;

ev - 'ry bur - den to bear, In the beau - ti - ful val-ley of peace (of peace).

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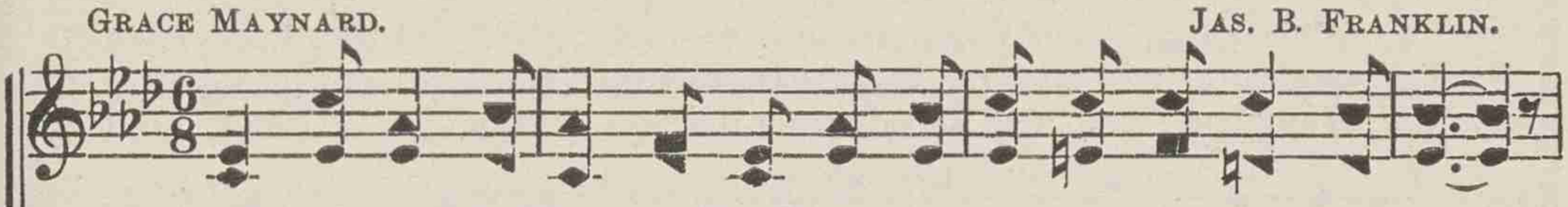
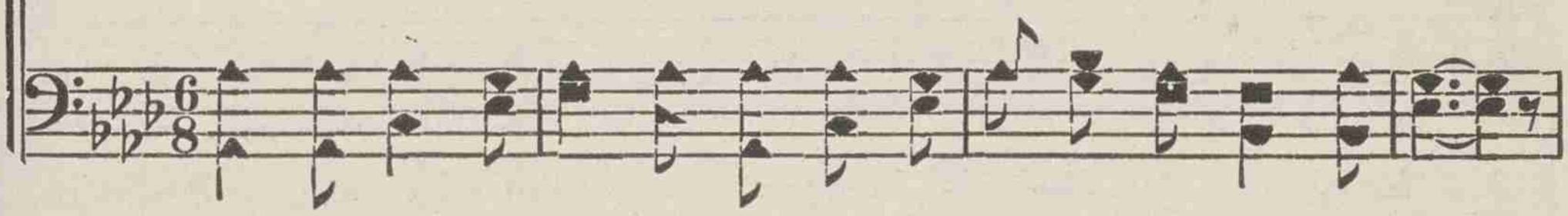
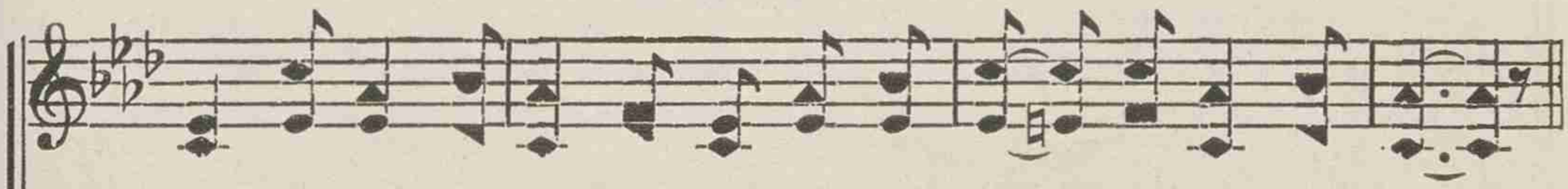
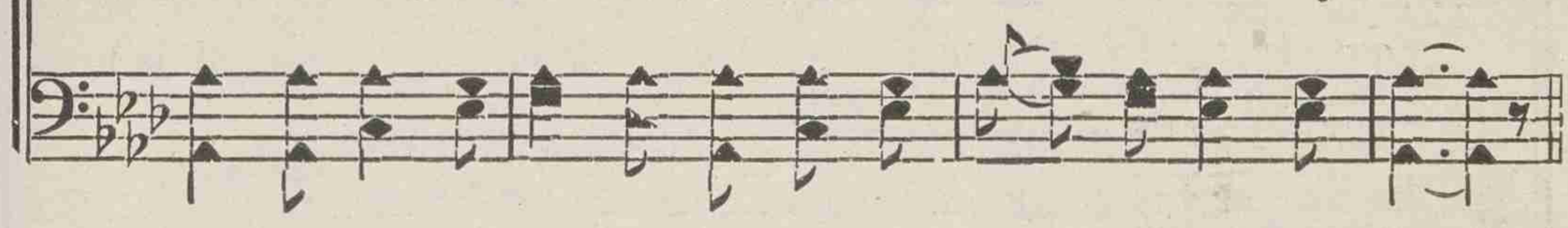
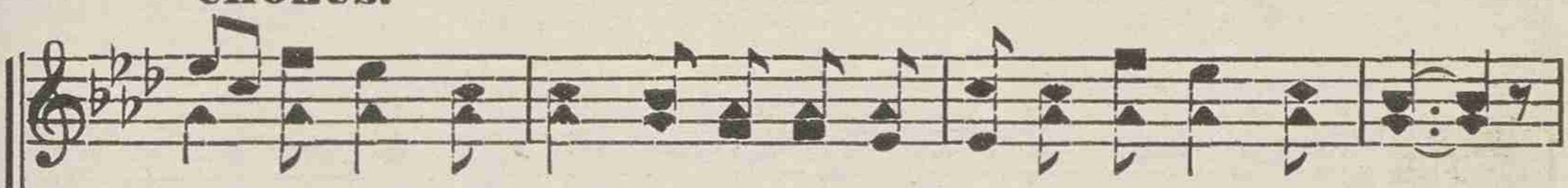
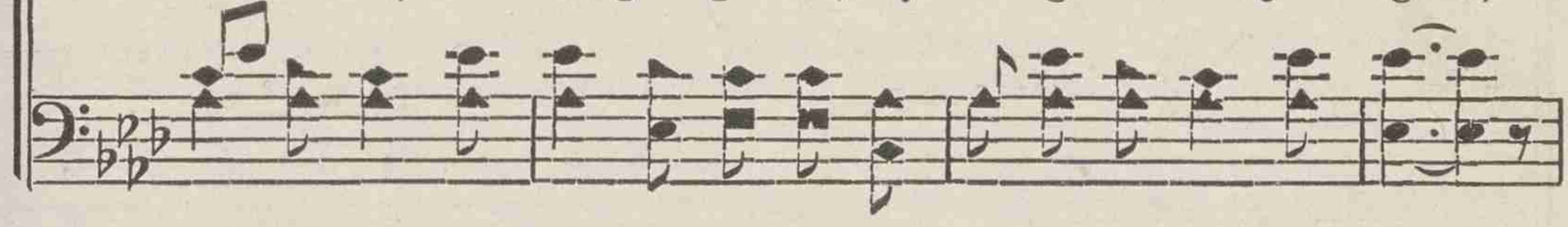
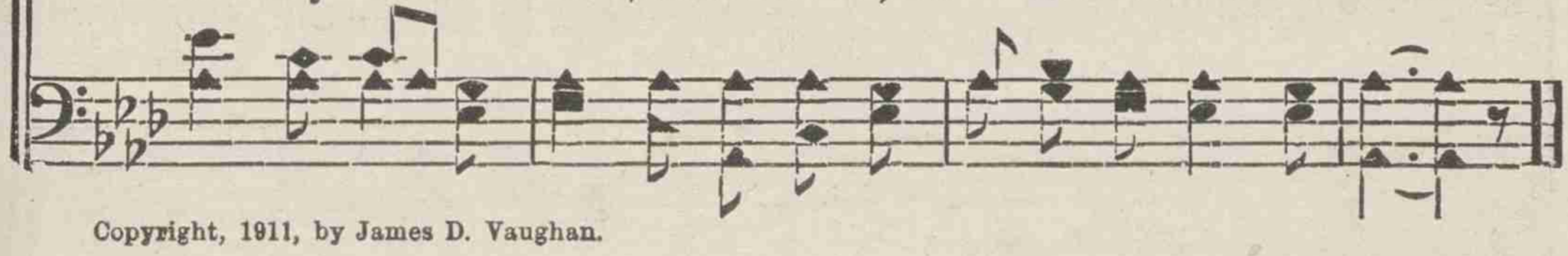
No. 88. FATHER, HOLD MY HAND IN THINE.

Nearer, nearer, day by day,
To that land where angels stay:
Closer, closer, Father mine—
Hold my trembling hand in Thine.—G. M.

GRACE MAYNARD. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Lo! temp-ta-tions thickly gath-er, A-bout this poor soul of mine;
2. When the storm-clouds o'er me hover, O, Fa-ther, then be Thou nigh;
3. When I come to death's dark river, Its wa-ters so deep and wide;

Clos - er come and hold, dear Father, My trembling hand in Thine.
With Thy shelt'ring mercy cov-er, My soul till the clouds roll by.
Leave me not, dear Fa-ther, nev-er, A - lone on the chill - y tide.

CHORUS.

Leave me not, when dangers gather, My courage and strength all gone;

Hold my hand in Thine, dear Father, For I can-not walk a - lone.

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No. 89. GOD IS LOVE.

J. D. V. JOHN 4: 8. ST. JOHN 3: 16. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Con spirito.

1. We will sing the precious sto - ry of our Fa-ther's love, God is
2. God so loved poor dy-ing sin-ners that His Son He gave, God is
3. Hear the sweet and wondrous message that is ev - er blest, God is

love, God is love; Till we reach our home in
Who-so - e'er be - liev - eth
God is love, God is love; "Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y

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

God is love,

CHORUS.

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

sto-ry, God is love, Till we reach our home in glo - ry, then we'll
God is love,

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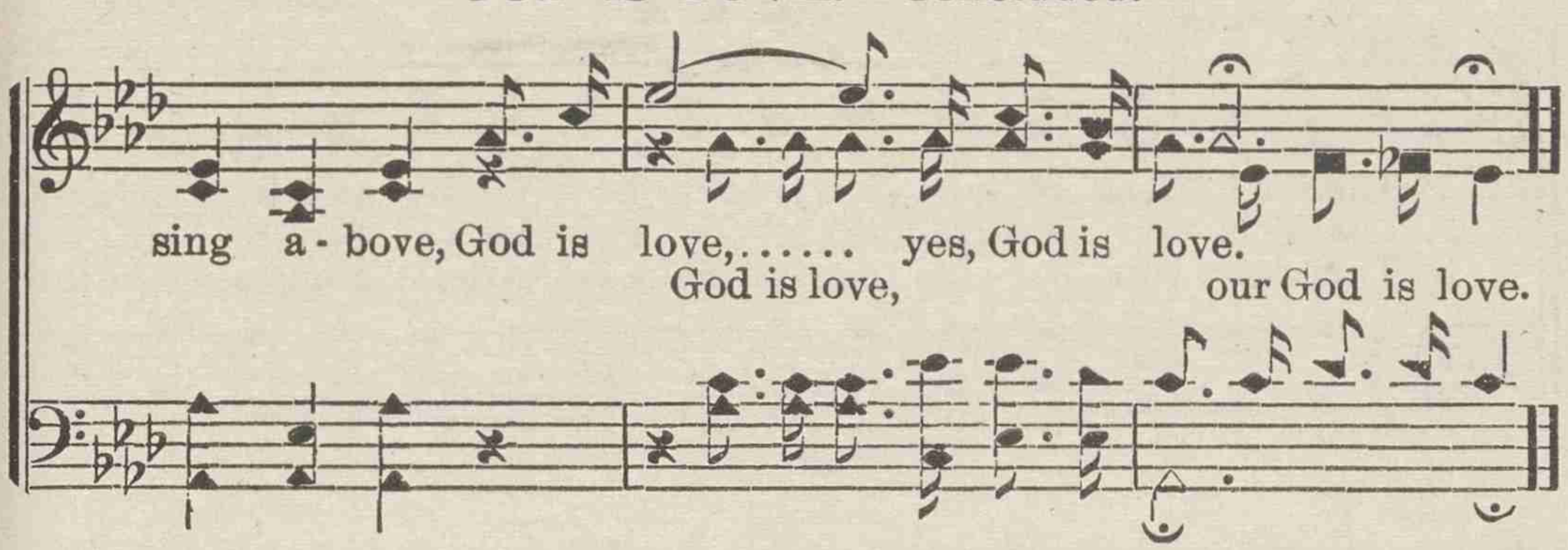
No. 90. WEBB.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

No. 91. DON'T YOU WANT TO WEAR A CROWN?

G. H. R. G. H. RAMSEY.

Vigoroso.

1. There's a great re - un - ion that is com-ing by and by, Don't you
2. There is toil and trouble all a - long the way be-low, Don't you
3. There's no con - so - la - tion in the ways of death and sin, Then make

want to wear a crown that day? If you do, make read-y, for the
want to wear a crown some day? Here we meet with disappointments
read - y for a crown some day; Heaven's gates are o - pen, you may

Fine.

time is draw-ing nigh, Heed the in - vi - ta - tion while you may.
as we on-ward go, And the skies a - bove are of - ten gray.
free - ly en - ter in, There to wear a shin - ing crown some day.

D. S.—*When the great re - un - ion meets up there.*

REFRAIN.

Don't you want..... to wear a crown some day, Don't you
Don't you want to wear a shining crown some day,

want..... to wear a crown some day, When the
Don't you want to wear a golden crown some day,

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DON'T YOU WANT TO WEAR A CROWN? Concluded.

great re - un-ion meets up there? Yes, I want..... to wear a
Yes, I want to wear a

D. S.

crown some day, Yes, I want ..... to wear a crown some day,
shining crown some day, Yes, I want to wear a golden crown some day,

No. 92. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone Can change the
3. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
gar-ments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.

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

No. 93. We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

MARY A. KIDDER. Arr. JAMES D. VAUGHAN. Arr.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, From the dust we shall a - rise;
2. From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the des-ert and the plain;
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;
4. In the bright e - ter-nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come:

Clad in robes of fade-less beau-ty, We'll meet Je - sus in the skies.
From the val - ley and the mountain, Count-less throngs shall rise a - gain.
Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.
In His own good time He'll call us, From the grave to " home, sweet home."

CHORUS.

We shall sleep,..... but not for - ev - er, There will
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, not for - ev - er,

be..... a glorious dawn! We shall meet..... to
There will be a glo-rious dawn, a glo-rious dawn! We shall meet to

part, no, nev - er, On the res - - - ur - rec-tion morn.
part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev-er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn.

Rit.

This arrangement owned by James D. Vaughan

No. 94. ETERNITY'S SEA.

Arr. from F. M. D. J. L. MOORE.

Slowly.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land where the angels dwell, Just o - ver e - ter - ni - ty's
2. There the hills ev-er ver - nal in beau - ty rise, And sweet are the val-leys of
3. But our gaze cannot soar to that blissful shore, No mortal its sands e'er has

sea (deep rolling sea); On that shad - ow-less shore where the wea - ry rest, My
rest (the valleys of rest); Liv-ing foun-tains of pleas - ure for - ev - er flow, All
trod (its sands e'er has trod); Yet we of - ten in vi-sions its charms be - hold, O

CHORUS.

loved ones are wait-ing for me (yes, waiting for me).
o'er the bright land of the blest (the land of the blest). Then we'll sing of that beau-ti-ful
beau - ti - ful land of our God (the land of our God).

land of joy, Where life is so sin - less and free,..... And the wea - ry with
so sin - less and free,

toil-ing shall find sweet rest, Just o - ver e - ter - ni - ty's sea.....
deep roll-ing sea.

rit.

J. L. Moore, Bethlehem, Ga. Used by per.

No. 95. WHERE WE'LL NEVER SORROW MORE.

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

1. We are pilgrims, we are sol-diers, In this world of sin and woe,
2. Here we meet with strange besetments, Dangers make us quake and fear,
3. Onward, onward, brave-ly on-ward, Nev - er yield to sin and doubt,

And we need must have our conflicts, As we dai - ly on - ward go;
But a sweet re - lease is com - ing, Glo - ry, it will soon be here;
Soon our God shall give us vic - t'ry, And His prais-es we shall shout;

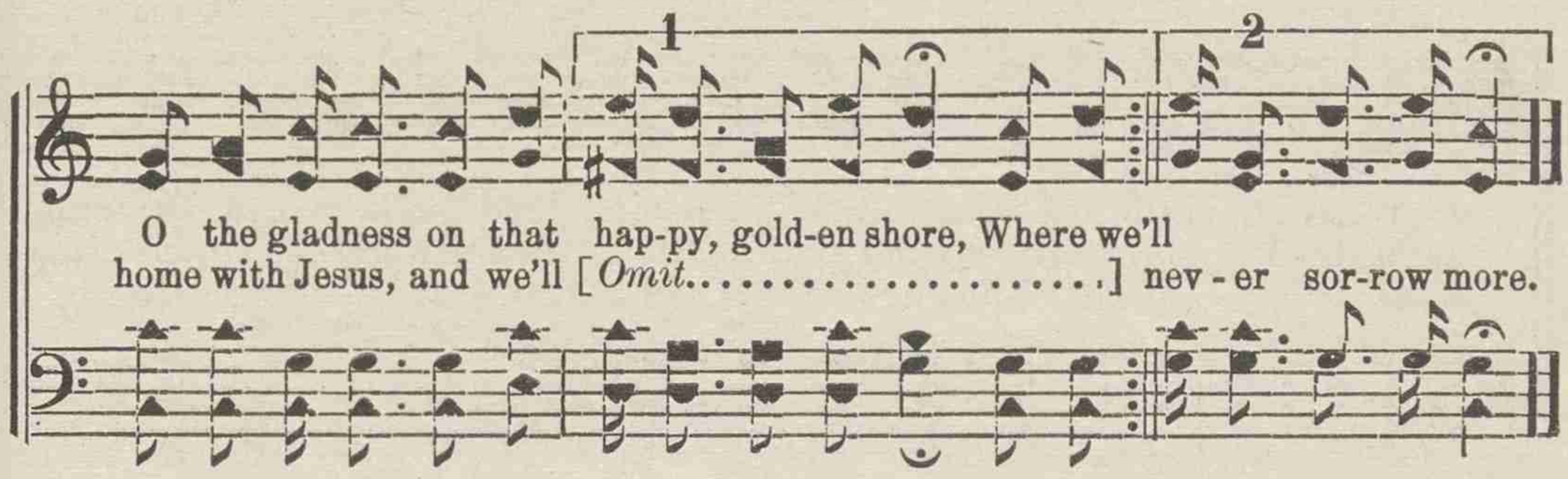
Oft our quiv'ring hearts are ach - ing, Oft our wea - ry feet are sore,
We shall cross the stream of si-lence, And shall reach the gleaming shore,
Trib - u - la - tions all for - got - ten, Ev - 'ry bat - tle safe - ly o'er,

But we'll reach ere long a coun - try Where we'll nev - er sor - row more.
Where no sin or pain can touch us, And we'll nev - er sor - row more.
We shall be at home with Je - sus, And we'll nev - er sor - row more.

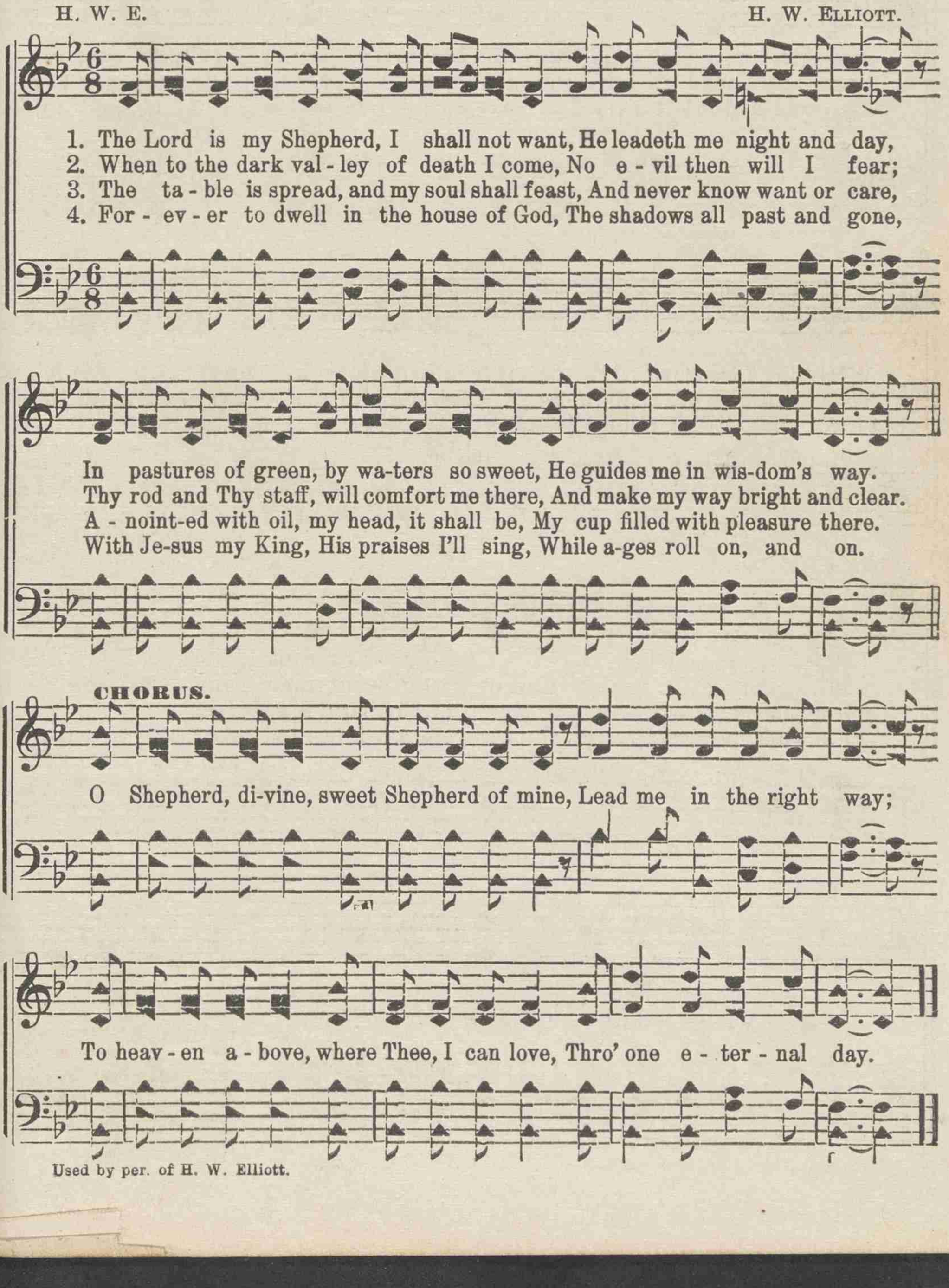
CHORUS.

Where we'll never sorrow more, where we'll never sorrow more, O the beau-ty never sorrow more, where we'll never sorrow more, We shall be at

J. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

WHERE WE'LL NEVER SORROW MORE. Concluded.

No. 96. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.



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No. 97. THE SERVICE WE LOVE.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. With His standard bright unfurled, Praising Jesus to the world, Drawing
2. Mak - ing known the gospel glad To the burdened and the sad, Giv-ing
3. O the joy that fills our hearts! O what rapture He imparts Un - to

strength for service true from a - bove, We are dai - ly marching on,
hope to those in sin and de - spair, We are marching on the road
all who put their trust in His love! We will fol - low to the end

With our faces t'ward the dawn, Finding glory in the serv-ice we love.
To the spir-it's true a - bode, Where the glory of our God we shall share.
Our un-fail-ing, changeless Friend, And for-ev-er sing His praises a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are march-ing, ev - er march-ing,
We are march-ing on and on, ev - er march-ing t'ward the dawn,
For there's sun-shine, peace and glad-ness,
For there's sun-shine all the way, peace and glad-ness day by day,

1

In the path which saints and martyrs have trod,
in Je - sus' name have trod,

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O there's glo - ry in the serv - ice of God,
the serv-ice of our God.

No. 98. HE IS COMING.

F. M. G. Arr. F. M. Graham. Arr.

1. Sometimes the way is dark and dreary, Ma-ny things may hinder you,
2. Think not so much a - bout hard trials, Je - sus knows our ev-'ry care,
3. I mean to do my Saviour's bidding, While I live on earth below,
4. Our Lord is com-ing with the an-gels, On that morning bright and fair;

But put your hope and trust in Je-sus, He will lead you safe - ly thro'.
For He has trod the way be-fore us, All our burdens He will bear.
And when I hear the trumpet sounding, I'll be read-y then to go.
O hal - le - lu - jah, shout ho-san-na, We shall meet Him in the air.

CHORUS.

Then keep on pray-ing, ev - er trusting, He is coming by and by;
Be read - y when the trumpet calls you, For His coming draw-eth nigh.

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No. 99. JESUS CAN SAVE.

J. B. F. J. B. FRANKLIN.

1. So ten - der - ly Je - sus en-treats you to come, O, why will you
2. Tho' of-ten re - ject-ed, He pa-tient-ly stands With gifts to be -
3. O how can you lon-ger de - ny Him your heart, Be-ware of the

lon - ger in dark - ness roam? The of - ten re - peat - ed call
stow from His boun-ti - ful hands; Wait not till death's an - gel shall
tempt-er, O bid him de - part! Stand forth in your might, while He

you may now hear, The last time on life's side of e - ter - ni - ty.
call at thy gate, For wait - ing for mer-cy will then be too late.
of - fers to save, For all hope will have vanished beyond the grave.

CHORUS.

O sin - ner, Je-sus can save you, He's waiting your soul to re -
O sin-ner, Je-sus can save you,

deem; He of - fers life ev - er-last-ing, O'er death's dark stream.
He of - fers life ev - er-last - ing,

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No. 100. THE ROCK AMID THE WAVES.

Tenderly inscribed to Mrs. Harriet E. Jones, the author of these sublime words.—J. D. V.

HARRIET E. JONES. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With earnestness.

1. There stands a Rock a - mid the waves, O mar - i - ner, be not a - fraid;
2. When clouds are dense around your bark, And when the wind in anger raves,
3. When wild winds rave and billows roll, There's safety near the One who saves;
4. Are you upon the sea alone, Friends gone whose love your sad heart craves?
5. We'll reach the harbor some glad day, Where dwell the hosts He sweetly saves,

When sur - ges roll He sweetly saves, In His dear name be not afraid.
Sail on and trust, nor fear the dark, There is a Rock amid the waves.
For ev - 'ry loving, trusting soul, There is a Rock amid the waves.
He sees the tear-drops of His own, This blessed Rock amid the waves.
Where all the tears are wiped away, By this great Rock amid the waves.

REFRAIN.

There is a Rock a - mid the waves, A a - mid the waves,
might-y Rock a-mid the waves, O, hal - le - lu-jah, how He amid the waves,
saves, This bless-ed Rock a-mid the waves.
so sweetly saves, amid the waves.

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No. 101. THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

LAURA E. NEWELL. (MATT. 11: 28.) J. H. HALL.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta-tion? Je - sus says, "Come unto me,"
2. There are bless-ed ma - ny mansions Waiting for the pure and true;
3. Heav-y la - den, or a - wea - ry, Je - sus says, "In me find rest,"
4. Time is short and days are fleet-ing, Heed the message, "Come to me,"

Come to me, ... O, come to me;
Come to me, O, come to me;

'Tis the mes - sage of sal - va-tion, That the Mas - ter brings to thee;
There in heaven's green ex-pan-sions, Hear the Sav-iour call to you,
Does your path in life seem drear-y, By His love you may be blest,
O, the joy of yon - der greeting, In the home be-yond the sea;

CHORUS.

Come to me, ... O, come to me. Come to me, (come to me,) O, come to
Come to me, Weary heart, (weary heart), for refuge

me, (O, come to me,) Je-sus says, (Jesus says,) Come unto me, (come unto me.)
flee (for refuge flee,) (*Omit* .....)

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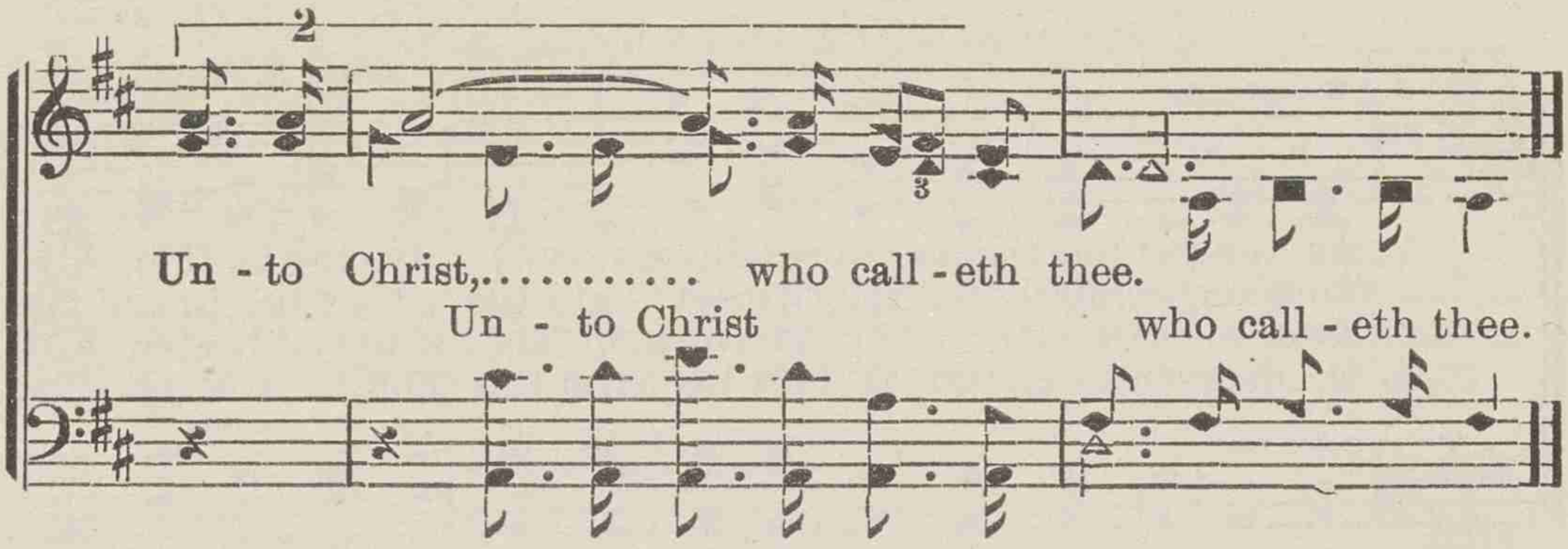
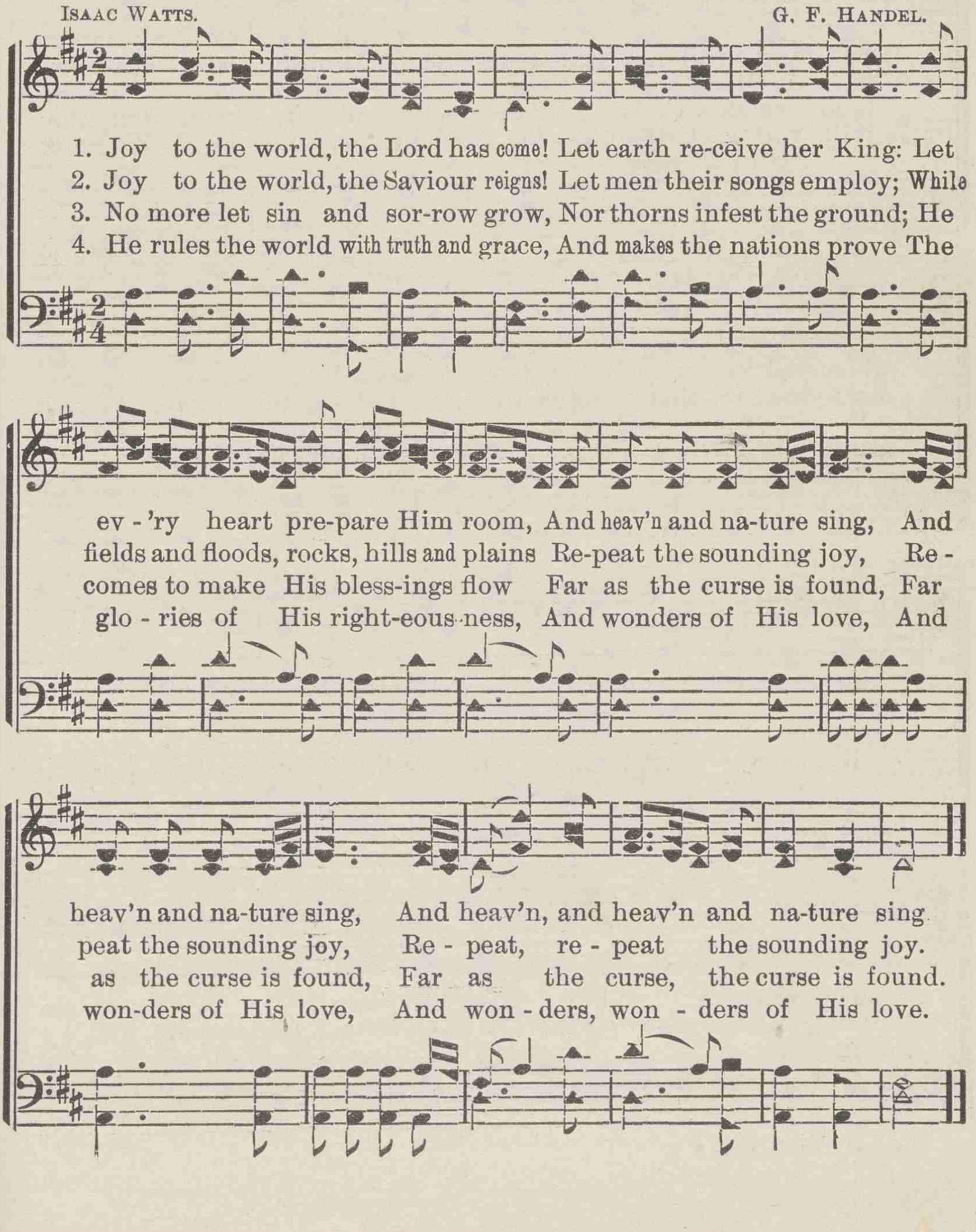


No. 102. ANTIOCH.

ISAAC WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 103. WILL YOU MEET MOTHER?

In memory of our sainted mother.—J. D. V.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Tenderly.

1. As the twi-light shades were falling, slow-ly dy - ing mother lay,
2. They all promised that they'd meet her in the cit - y bright and fair,
3. Some are wand'ring on in darkness, in the broad and beaten way,
4. O dear children, time is fleet-ing, soon this short life will be o'er,

And the chil-dren gathered round her form so fair, Then she
Then she sang that good old song she loved so well, "In that
Lead - ing downward t'ward the re-gions of de - spair; But the
Will you seek the bless-ed Sav-iour's pard'ning love? We are

whispered, "I am dy-ing, but in heav'n I'll live for aye, O my
morn - ing, in that morning, we'll all shout to-geth-er there," And with
oth - ers are en-deav'ring by the grace of God to say, "I'll meet
wait - ing, pray-ing for you, mother's watching on that shore, Come, go

REFRAIN.

chil - dren, will you meet me o - ver there?" Meet me there,
Je - sus and the an-gels went to dwell.
moth-er in that sweet home, o-ver there."
with us to that shining home a-bove. Will you meet me over there?

meet me there, Meet me there, meet me
Will you meet me o - ver there? And e - ter-nal glories share, And e -

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there; In the bliss-ful land of E - den where the
ter - nal glories share,

flow'rs are blooming fair, Will you meet your sainted mother o-ver there

No. 104. BLOOM BRIGHTLY, SWEET ROSES.

In memory of my father.—C. L. S.

C. L. SHAW. E. B. FOWLER.

Slowly with feeling.

1. Bloom brightly, sweet roses, bloom brightly a-bove The mound that
2. O tell to the weep - er in whisperings low, 'Tis well with the
3. Then blossom, sweet roses, your fragrance be-stow On Him who re

clos - es the form that we love; Dif - fuse o'er his bos - om the
sleep - er who's resting be - low; O tell us the spir - it of
pos - es in si-lence be - low; Thy language, un-spo-ken, is

sweetest per-fume, From each glowing blossom that smiles o'er his tom
him that we love, Has gone to in - her - it the kingdom a-bove.
more to my heart Than a - ny love to - ken that friends could impart.

rit.

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No. 105. I WILL MEET YOU.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I am ful - ly trust-ing Je - sus Who has res - cued me from sin,
2. Where the jasper walls are gleaming, I will meet you by and by,
3. Where the hands of ho-ly an - gels Make the harps of heav - en ring,

Af - ter all my wea - ry con-flict, Giv - ing peace di - vine with-in;
Glad-ly tread-ing gold - en pavements On which shadows nev - er lie;
Join-ing in the hal - le - lu-jahs Which the white-robed ar - mies sing;

And when scenes of time shall van-ish, And e - ter - nal years be - gin,
Stray-ing by the crys - tal riv - er, Where sweet flow - ers can - not die,
There to dwell thro' endless a - ges In the pres-ence of our King,

I will meet you in the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

REFRAIN.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

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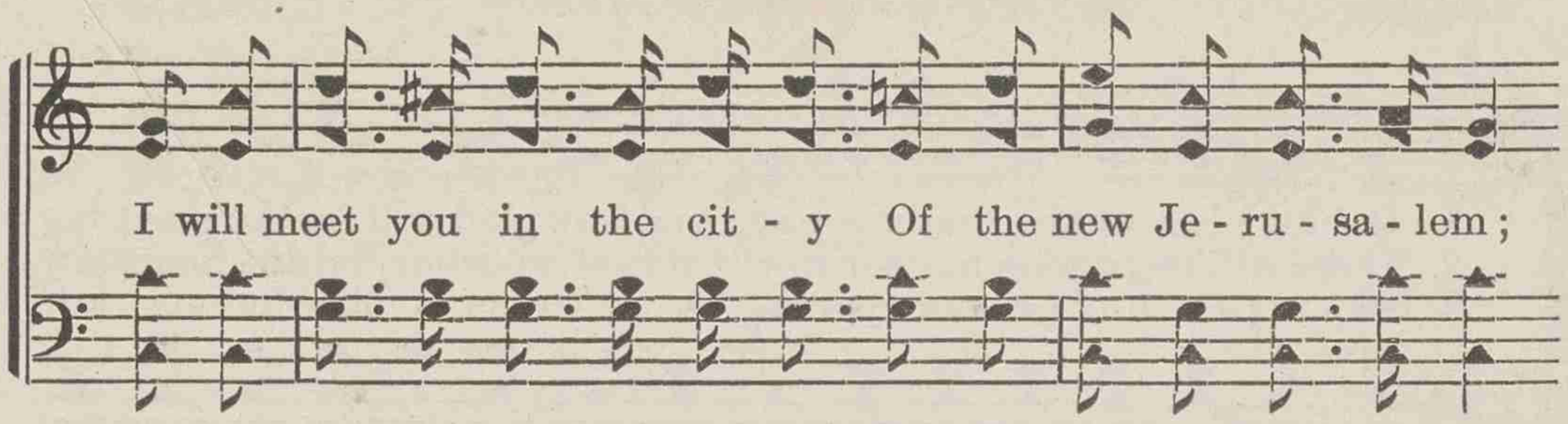
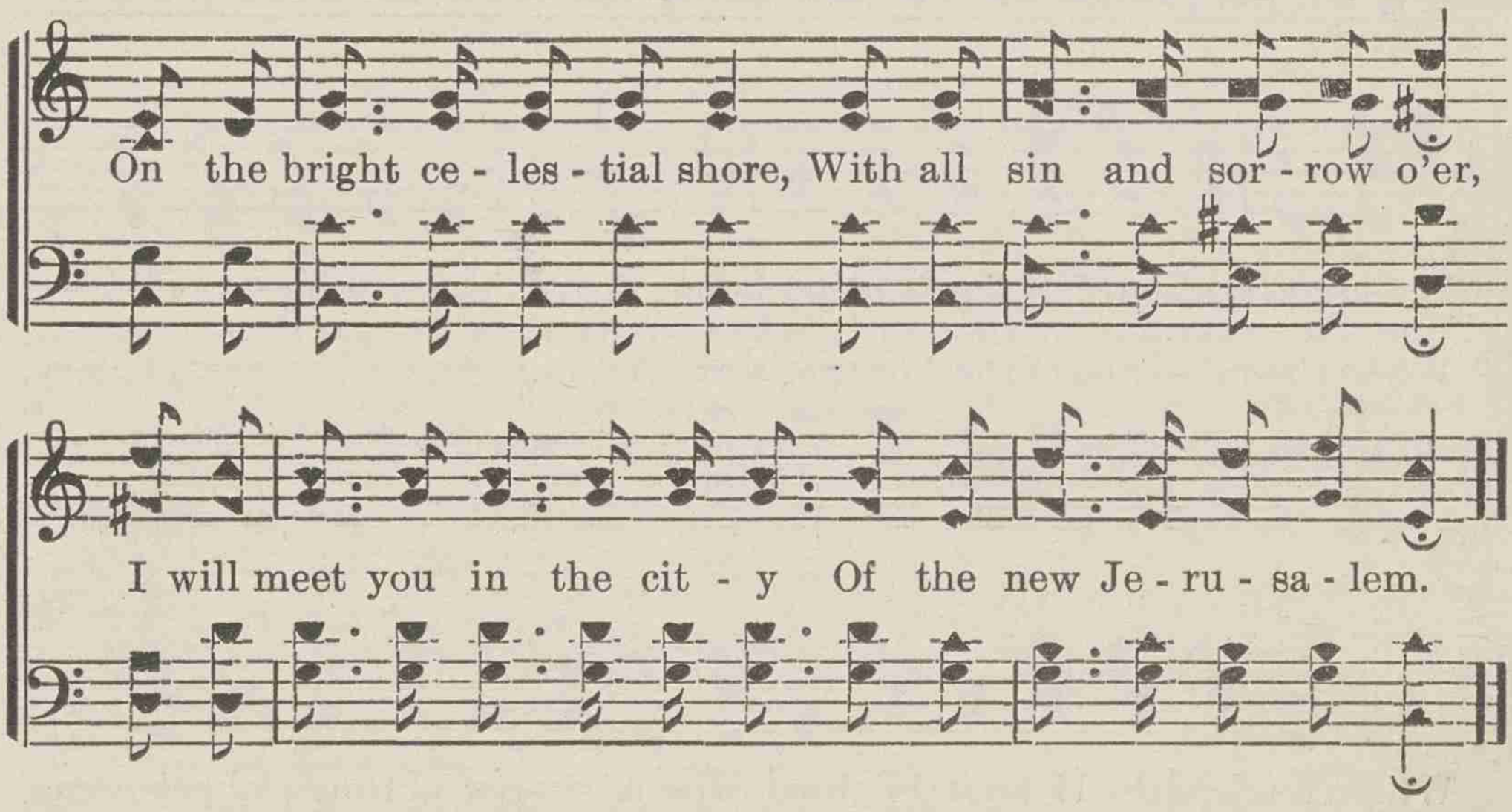
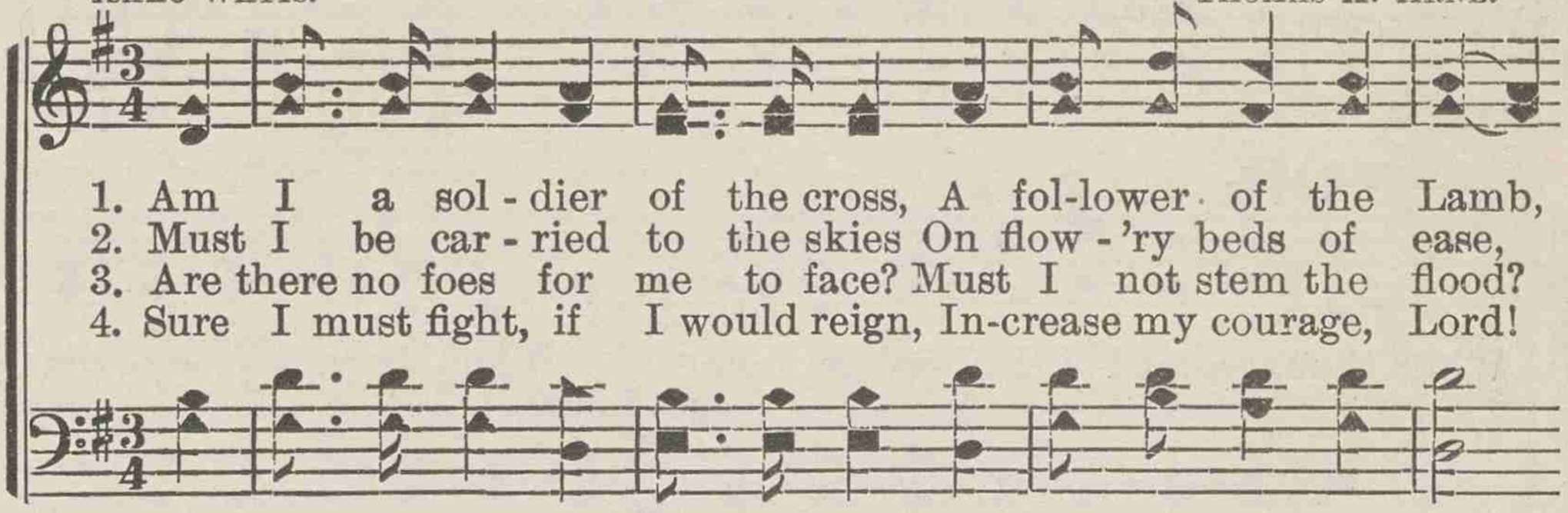
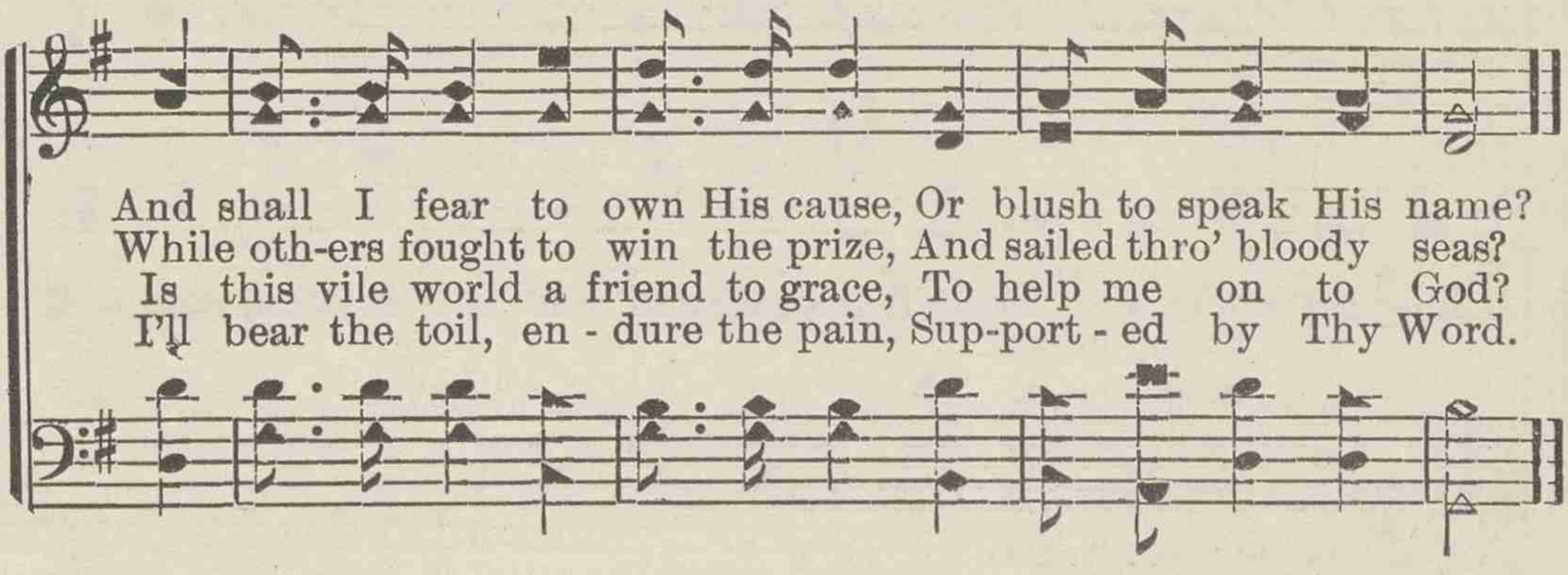
I WILL MEET YOU. Concluded.

No. 106. ARLINGTON.

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.





No. 107. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

G. H. R. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. O how blest will be that meeting, And how glad will be the greet-ing,
2. There will be no pain nor sor-row, On that welcome, bright tomorrow,
3. Seek to pass thro' heaven's por-tal, To a home of bliss im-mor - tal,

When the ransomed of the Lord get home; Broken ties will be u - nit - ed,
When the ransomed of the Lord get home; With the saints sweet praises voic-ing,
When the ransomed of the Lord get home; With the white-robed throngs in glory,

Where no cherished hopes are blighted, When the ransomed of the Lord get home.
There will be un-told re - joic-ing, When the ran-somed of the Lord get home.
Tell redemption's wondrous story, When the ran-somed of the Lord get home.

REFRAIN.

When the ransomed of the Lord get home, When the ransomed of the get home,

Lord get home, There'll be peace and con - so - la - tion, And the get home,

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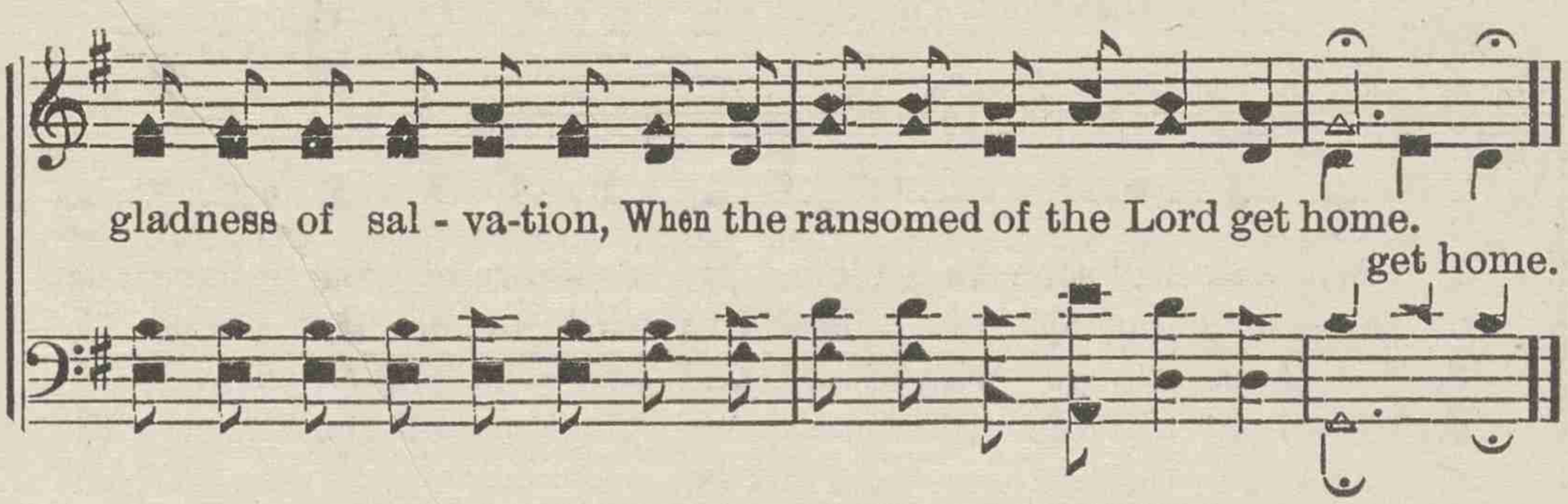
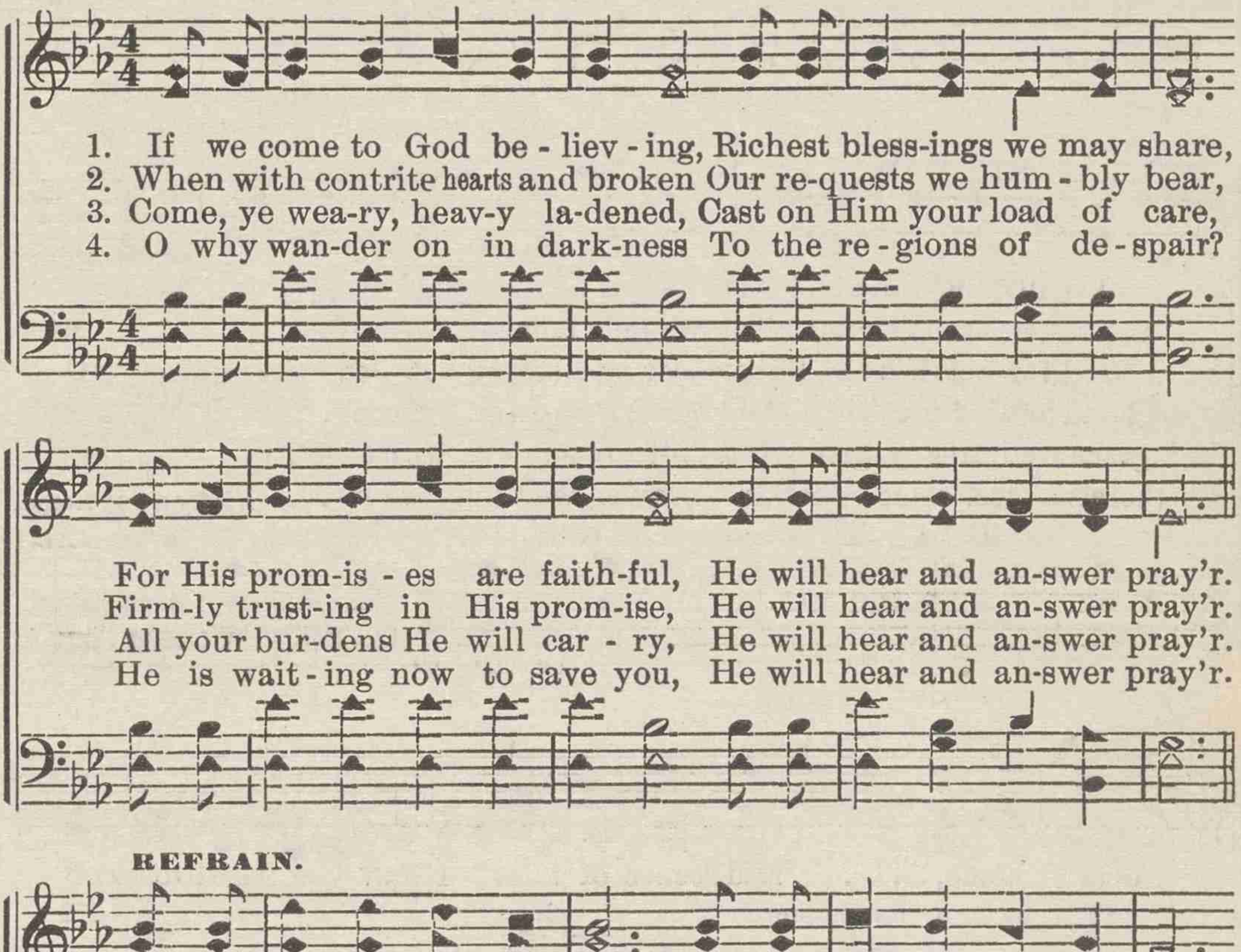
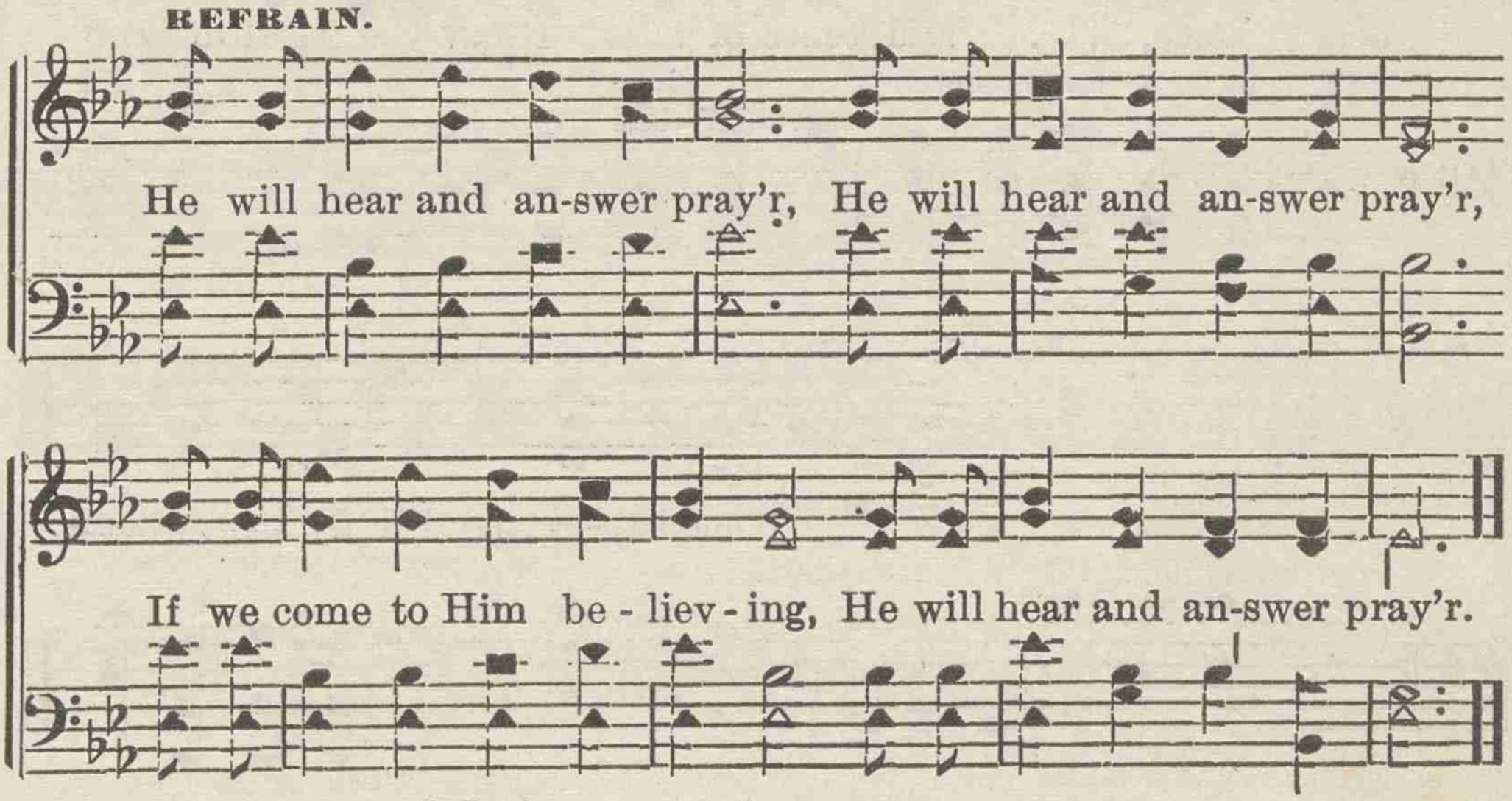
WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME. Concluded.



No. 108. HE WILL HEAR AND ANSWER.

(To all who believe in prayer.)

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. C. W. VAUGHAN.

REFRAIN.



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No. 109. I'll Fly Away Home.

"For then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. 56:6.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. My work will soon be o'er, My sor-rows all be past, Then
2. Through all the days of life I've tried to do my best, I
3. I hope to go with joy, And bear some gold-en sheaves,—O
4. The Lord has been so good And pre-cious all the way, His
5. And at the riv - er dark Where mor - tals shrink with fear, His
6. I'm draw-ing near that home, Its glo - ries soon I'll see, And

REFRAIN.

I shall mount on high, And en-ter heav-en at last. O home, .
know there waits for me Some where a home of sweet rest.
God, for-bid that I Should car-ry nothing but leaves.
hand has led me on, And blessed me ev-er - y day.
grace He'll free-ly give And fill my spir - it with cheer.
there's a wel-come sweet In heav-en wait-ing for me. I'll fly away home,

dear home, . . 'Mid scenes of bliss I ev - er shall roam; O
I'll fly a - way home, I'll

home, . . dear home, . Some hap-py day I'll fly a-way home.
fly a-way home, I'll fly a-way home,

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No. 110. SINCE LOVING THEE.

JAMES E. ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Since lov - ing Thee, my Friend di-vine, Since Thou hast held my hand in Thine;
2. Since lov - ing Thee, I've nev - er known The weight of sor-row borne a - lone;
3. Since lov - ing Thee, the things I sought In mis-spent days have been as naught;
4. Since lov - ing Thee, my con-stant aim Has been to glo - ri - fy Thy name;

The tem - pest wild has gone to rest, And pre-cious peace has filled my breast.
For Thou hast al - ways lin-gered near, And giv - en com-fort, strength and cheer.
For Thou hast fixed my heart and eyes, Up - on the things of par - a - dise.
And so in storm and shine 'twill be, Till self is whol - ly lost in Thee.

CHORUS.

Since lov - ing Thee,..... a sweet new song,..... My heart has
Since loving Thee, a sweet new song,

sung..... a-mid the throng;..... And lights of home..... have gleamed for
My heart has sung amid the throng; And lights of home

me, ... My Sav-iour dear, since lov - ing Thee .....
have gleamed for me, My Saviour dear, since loving Thee, since loving Thee.

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No. 111. GET IN TOUCH WITH GOD.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. O if you would be the vic - tor In this world of sin, On life's storm-y field of bat - tle, If you want to win; Let the faith that
2. In the dew - y hour of morning Ere the world you meet, Feast up - on the hid - den man-na At the Sav-iour's feet; Then go forth to
3. O this world has sore temptations Luring us a - side, But there's al-ways sure de-liv-'rance At the Sav-iour's side; And to those who

o-ver-com-eth Give you peace within, Get in touch, close touch with God.
do His bidding, Finding service sweet, Get in touch, close touch with God.
ful-ly trust Him, Is no good de - nied, Get in touch, close touch with God.

CHORUS.

Get in touch with God to - day, Hear the
close touch with God to-day,
word that He will say; Onward, then, His
sweet word that He will say; On, on,

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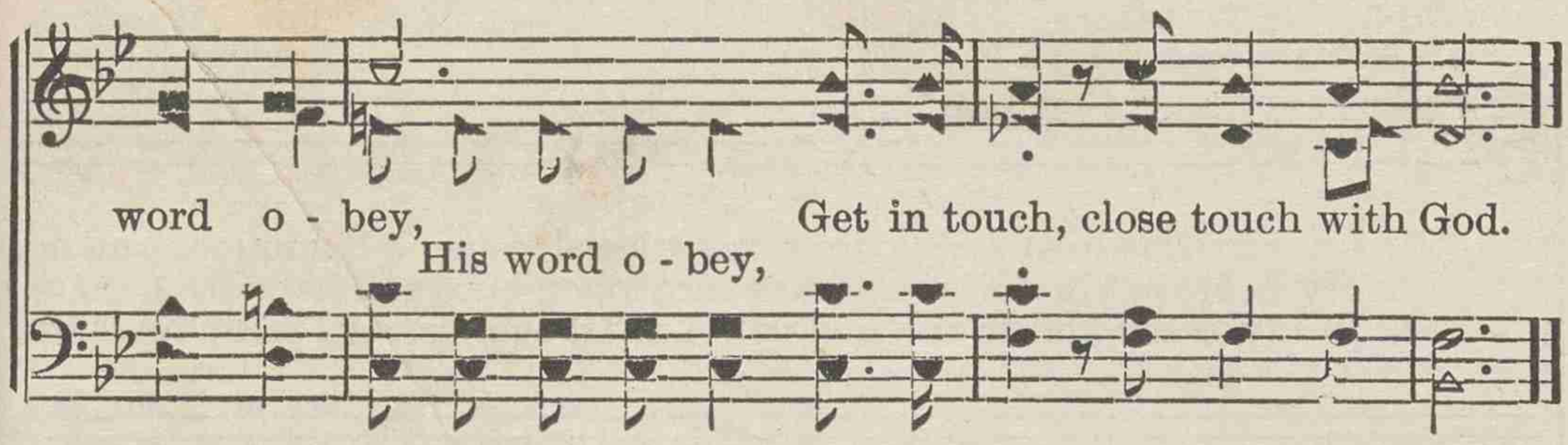
No. 112. DON'T GRIEVE YOUR MOTHER.

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

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No. 113. OUT AND OUT FOR CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

REV. GEO. S. FULCHER, CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.

1. I feared to own my Saviour, was ashamed to speak His name, And my life was filled with doubtings, not a prom-ise did I claim, But I heard the
2. My heart is filled with gladness thro' obedience to His will, I have giv - en Him the keeping of my life thro' good or ill, But the glo - ry
3. In my home and in my business I shall ever see His face, Nev - er will I fail to wit-ness of His wondrous love and grace, Since He gave His

glorious message, like the lightning's flash it came, Be out and out for Him.
that is grandest is to rescue souls from sin, Be out and out for Him.
life to save me, all my life for Him shall be, Be out and out for Him.

REFRAIN.

Out and out for Christ the Sav-iour, Out and out for Christ the Sav-iour,
Out and out for Christ the Sav-iour, I'm out and out for Him.

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No. 114. MANSIONS IN HEAVEN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JESUS.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There will be mansions in heaven, The Sav-iour Him-self doth de -
2. Words can-not picture the beauty Of those mansions so bright and so -
3. Oh! 'twill be bliss beyond measure, The Sav-iour Him-self will be

clare; And for each of His dear trust-ing chil - dren, A
fair; Nor tell of that beau-ti - ful rest - land A -
there, And we shall be with Him for - ev - er, The

CHORUS.

place He has gone to pre - pare.
wait - ing God's children up there. There will be mansions in
glo - ries of heav-en to share.

heav - en, By Je - sus Him - self we are told; The

half of whose won-der-ful beau-ty, Can nev-er, no, nev-er be told.

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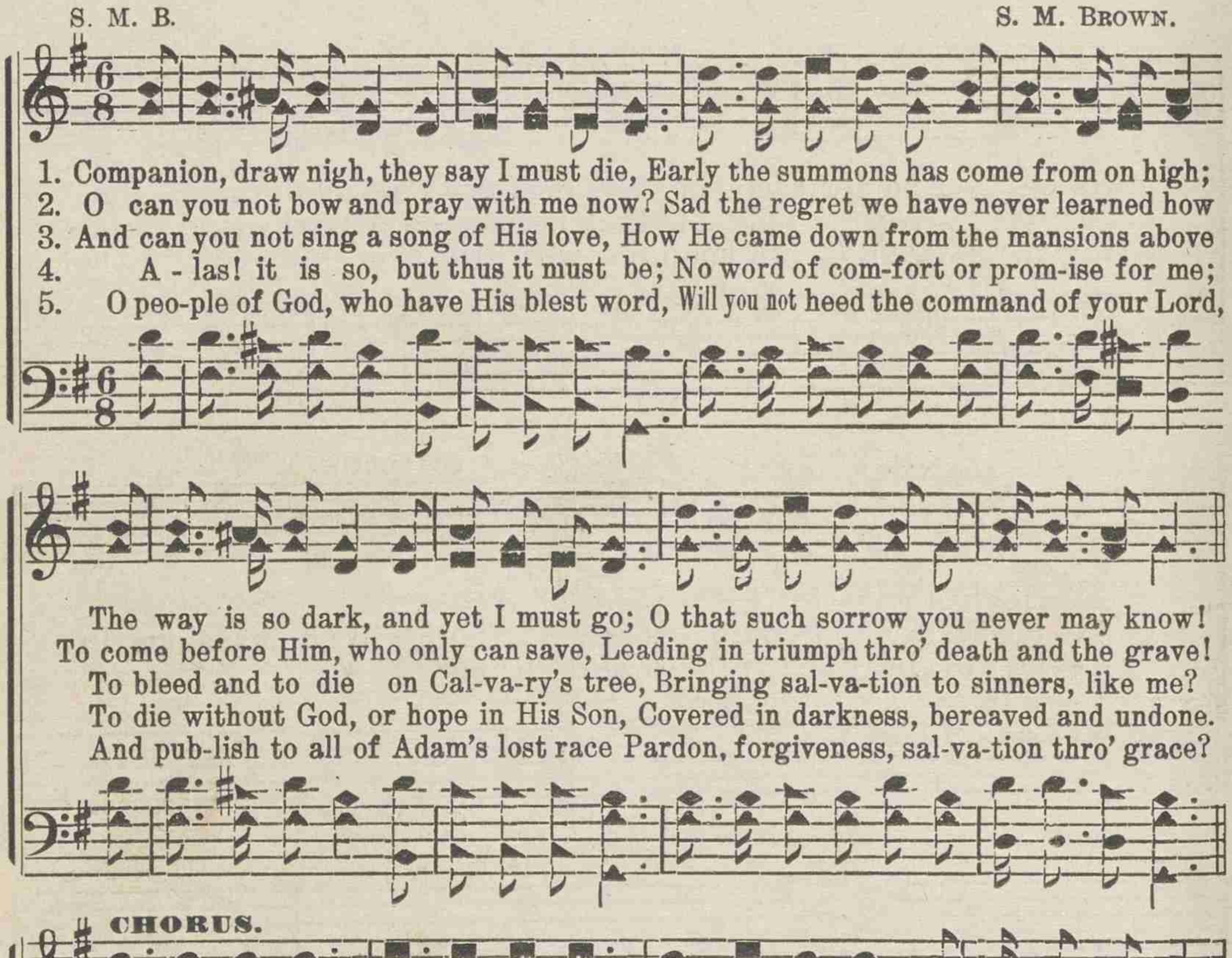
No. 115. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

To the brethren who have aided me in the establishment of the Tabernacle Church in Kansas City I most respectfully dedicate the following song, the proceeds from the sale of which I contribute to missions in Kansas City.—S. M. BROWN.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured. Among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and, being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him, and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself, and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally he begged that a Bible might be brought, and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the Word of God to be found, and so among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.



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No. 116. WRITE MY NAME UP THERE.

NINA CLARKE. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. In the realms a - bove Write it down in love, In the
2. Would you have your name Far a - bove world's fame? Have it
3. In the judg-ment day All will pass a - way, Save what's

Lamb's own book let me see; On a page so fair, O re -
writ - ten then up in heav'n; Let the whole world know, That you're
writ - ten down in God's book; Keep your name then clear, By your

cord it there, Write a name that stands for me.
white as snow, And your life to God's been giv'n.
ac - tions here, To this end my broth - er look.

REFRAIN.

Write a name that stands for me, Write a name that stands for me;
that stands for me, that stands for me;

I re-joice to see In that book that He Writes a glorious name for me.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 117. WHEN WE ALL SHALL GATHER THERE.

"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him."—EPH. 1: 10.

W. M. R. WILL M. RAMSEY.

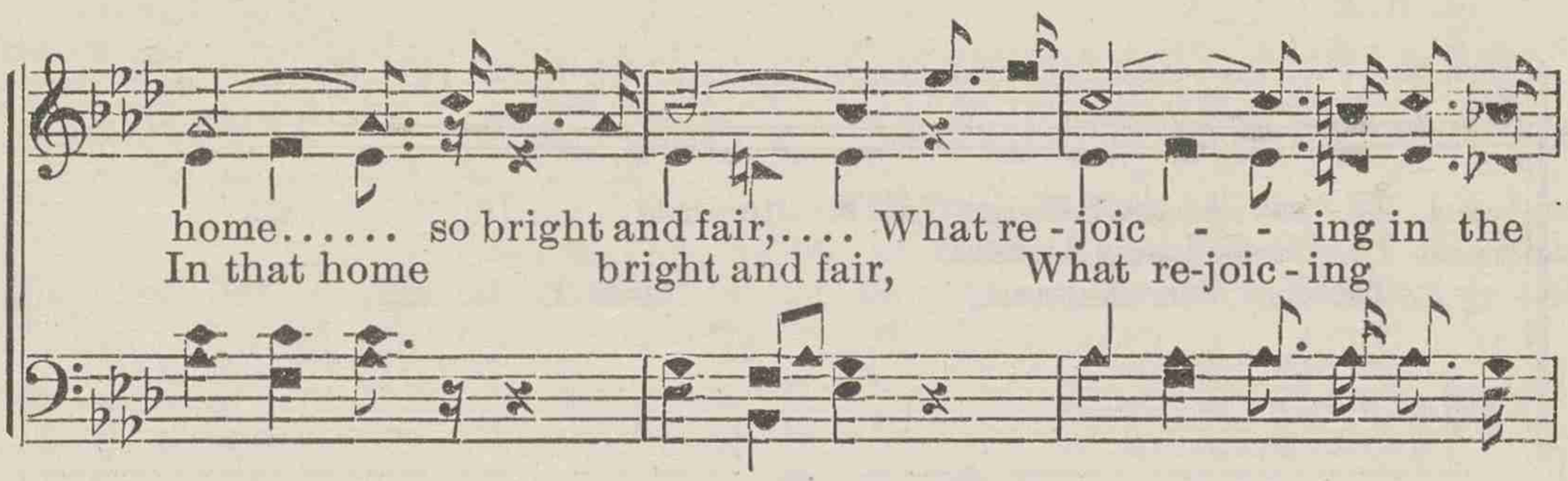
1. What a meet-ing that will be In the home beyond the sea, When we
2. All our la-bors will be o'er, And we'll sorrow nevermore, When we
3. All our loved ones we shall meet, Walk with them the golden streets, When we
4. Best of all, dear friends, to me, Is that I my Lord shall see, When we

all..... shall gath-er there;..... Sing-ing, shouting on the
Free from sickness, pain, and
No more partings there to
When we all gath-er there; Lean my head up-on His

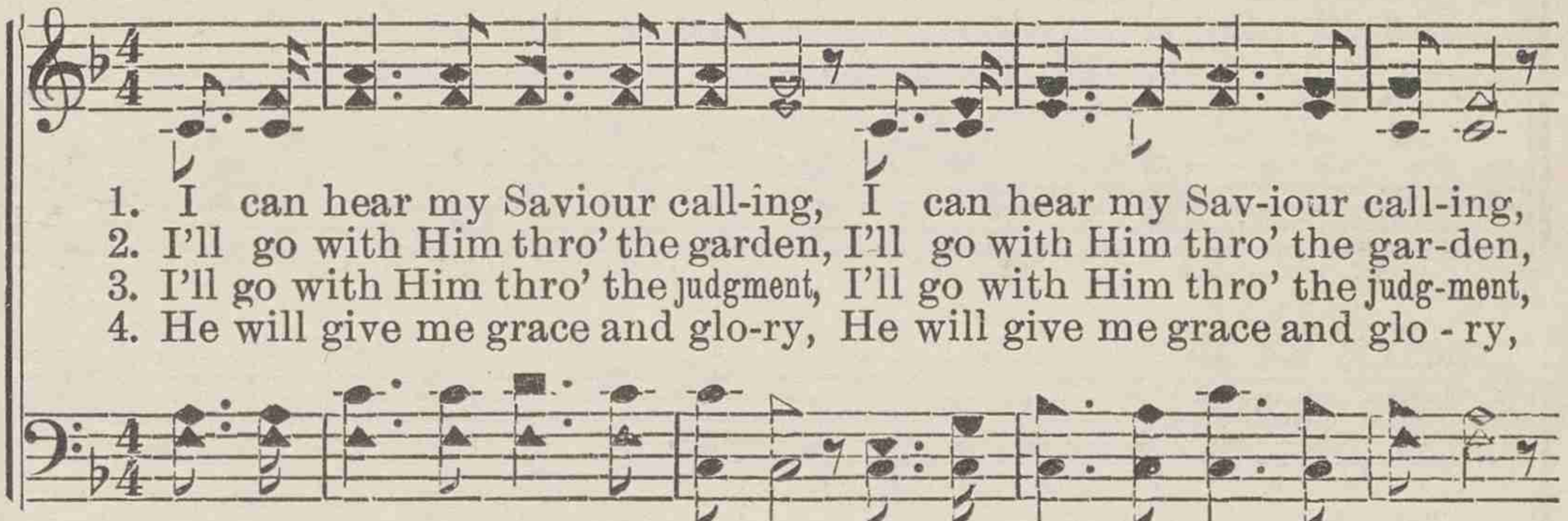
strand, As we clasp each other's hand, When we all..... shall gather
tears, Disappointments, doubts and fears,
be, In that home from sin made free,
breast, He who saved my soul from death, When we all shall gather,

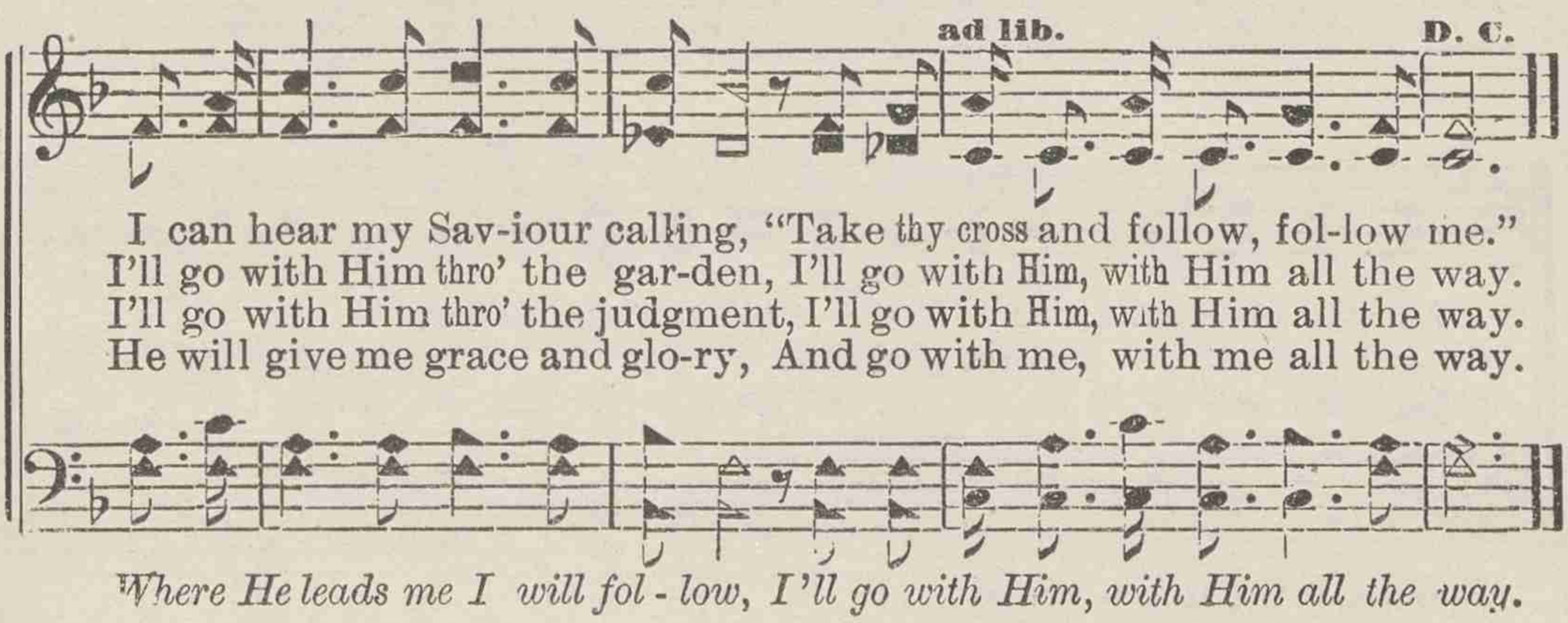
CHORUS.

there!..... When we all..... shall gather there..... In that
gath-er there! When we all gath-er there,

Will M. Ramsey, owner. Used by per.

No. 118. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

Arr.





No. 119.

TELL IT TO ALL.

G. H. R. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Je - sus is the Sav - iour, He's our blessed King, Tell it to all,
2. Lead those lost in darkness to the sav-ing Light,
3. There's a home in glo - ry wait - ing for the soul, Tell it to all,

tell it to all;..... Of His love and mer - cy let us sweet-ly sing,
Tell them of the cit - y where there is no night,
yes, tell it to all; We may live with Je - sus while the a - ges roll,

Tell it to all,..... tell it to all.
Tell it to all, yes, tell it to all.

REFRAIN.

Tell it to all, tell it to all,
Tell it to all, tell it to all,

Tell the glad news..... to na-tions a - far,
Tell the glad news to na-tions a - far,

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Tell it to all, tell it to all,
Tell it to all, tell it to all,

Show to the world..... that beau-ti-ful Star.
Show to the world that beau-ti-ful Star.

No. 120. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shall be.
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 121. WE'LL BE SINGING GLORY.

N. E. C. N. E. CANNON.

1. When our earthly toils are end-ed, And to heav-en we've as-cend-ed
2. O the bliss of life im-mor-tal, When we reach that heav'nly portal,
3. At the feet of Christ our Saviour, We will lay our ev-'ry treasure,

Vic-t'ry thro' the Saviour's blood we shall proclaim; Saved forever be our
And behold the Christ who healed the blind and lame; Round the throne of God
Heaven with its richest blessings there to claim; When the crowns of life are

sto - ry, While the end-less a - ges roll, We'll be sing-ing glo - ry,
u - nited, Clad in garments white as snow, We'll be sing-ing glo - ry,
giv - en To the faith-ful and the true, We'll be sing-ing glo - ry,

CHORUS.

glo - ry to His name. We'll be sing - - - ing glo - ry,
sing-ing, singing, singing

glo - ry to His name, We'll be sing - - ing glo - ry, glo - ry
sing-ing, singing, singing

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WE'LL BE SINGING GLORY. Concluded.

to His name, With our harps and voices blending, In a chorus never

ending, We'll be singing glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
glo - ry to His name.

No. 122. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hast blest me, it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
an-gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 123 Through the Beautiful Gate.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Those who are wash'd in the cleans - ing tide, Flow - ing for
2. Gain - ing the vic - to - ry o - ver wrong, Rest - ing at
3. Filled with a rap - ture on earth un - known, See - ing their
4. Pass - ing from earth and its shad - ows drear In - to the

sin - ners from Je - sus' side, Safe - ly shall dwell with the glo - ri -
last with the white-rob'd throng, Faithful ones join in the heav'n-ly
Sav - iour up - on his throne, Man-y will come and his pow - er
light of their Lord so dear, Saved ones his sweet "Welcome home" will

REFRAIN.

fied, En-ter-ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate. En-ter-ing
song, En-ter - ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.
own, En-ter - ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.
hear, En-ter - ing in through the beau-ti - ful gate.

in (En-ter-ing in) thro' the beau-ti - ful gate (thro' the beau-ti-ful gate), En-ter-ing

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Through the Beautiful Gate.

in(En - ter-ing in)thro'the beauti-ful gate(thro'the beau-ti - ful gate);Shall we be there(Shall we be there) in that cit - y so fair(in that cit - y so fair),En-ter-ing in (En-ter - ing in) thro' the beau - ti - ful gate(thro' the beau-ti - ful gate)?

No. 124 Laban.

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard,Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. O watch, and fight, and pray;The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down; Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

No. 125 Are You Drifting?

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Are you drift-ing with the current? As it gent - ly flows a-long,
2. Are you drift-ing with the current? Set-ting from the golden strand,
3. Are you drift-ing with the current? Flowing gent - ly but a - way

Or re - sist - ing all al-lurements To a line of conduct wrong?
Or ex - ert - ing ev - 'ry pow - er E - vil forc - es to with-stand?
From the har - bor of sal - va - tion To the breakers of dis-may?

Spread your sails and catch the breezes Set-ting t'ward the Beulah land,
Seek and catch the precious breathings Of the Spir - it of the Lord,
Lift a cry for help to Je - sus, Stronger than the swiftest tide,

And di - rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Master's right command.
And for pi - lot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board.
And in - to the peaceful har-bor You will sure - ly, safe - ly glide.

CHORUS.

Are you drift - - - ing with the cur - - rent?
Are you drift-ing with the current? Flow-ing gent - ly, but a - way,

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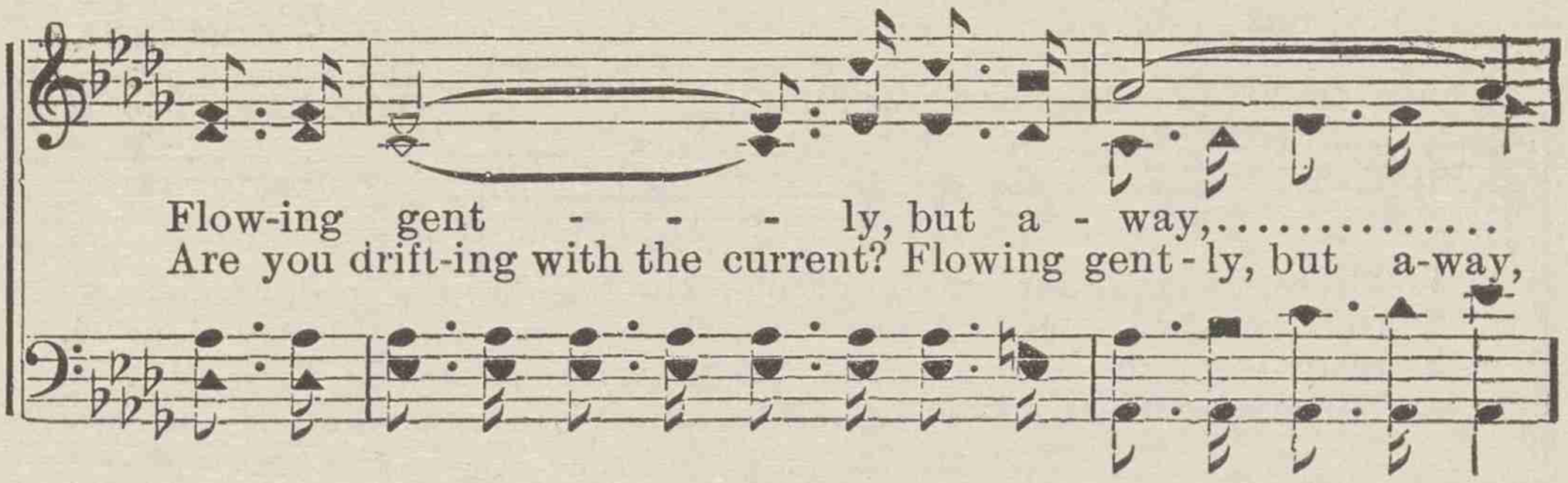
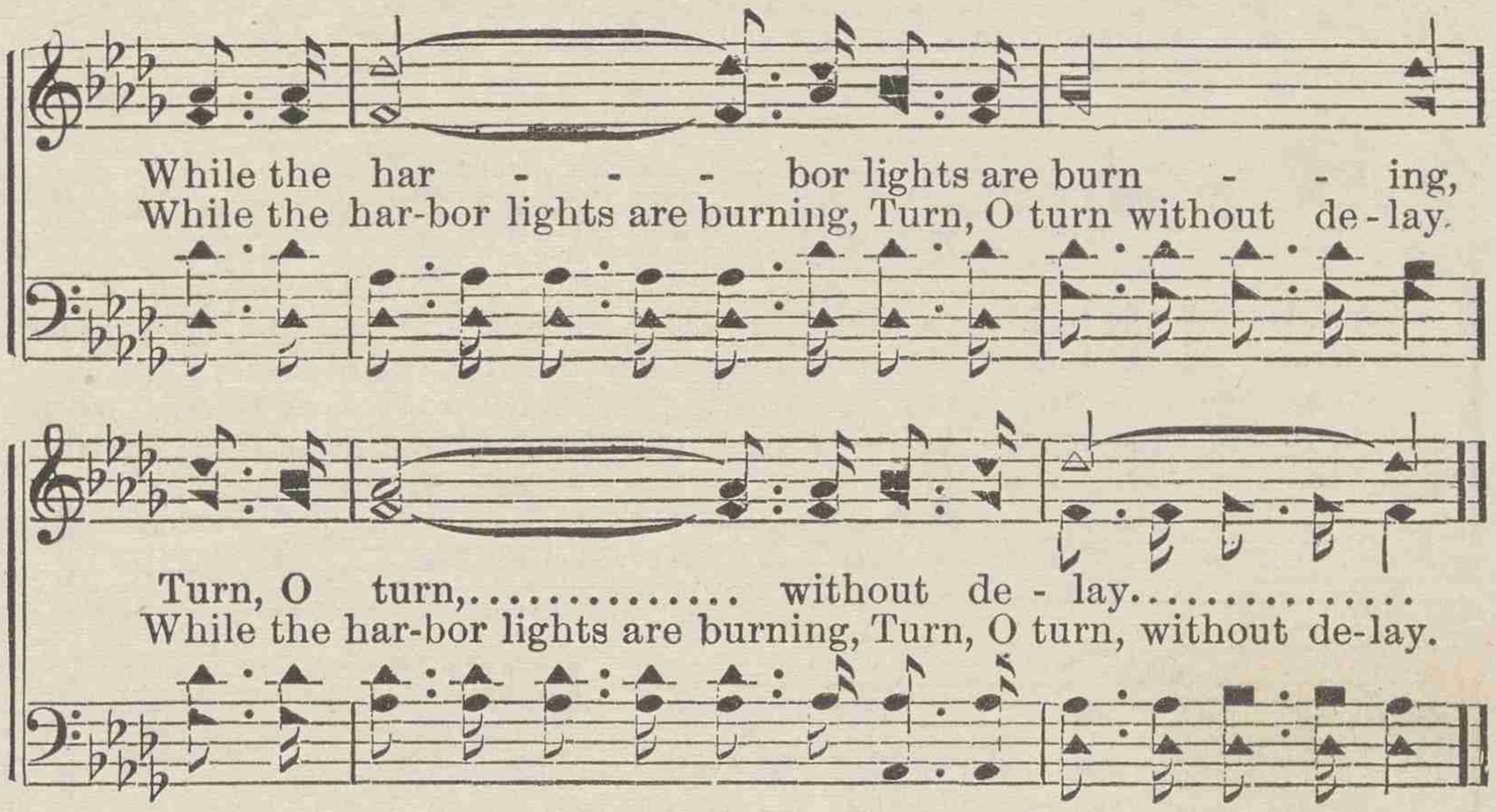
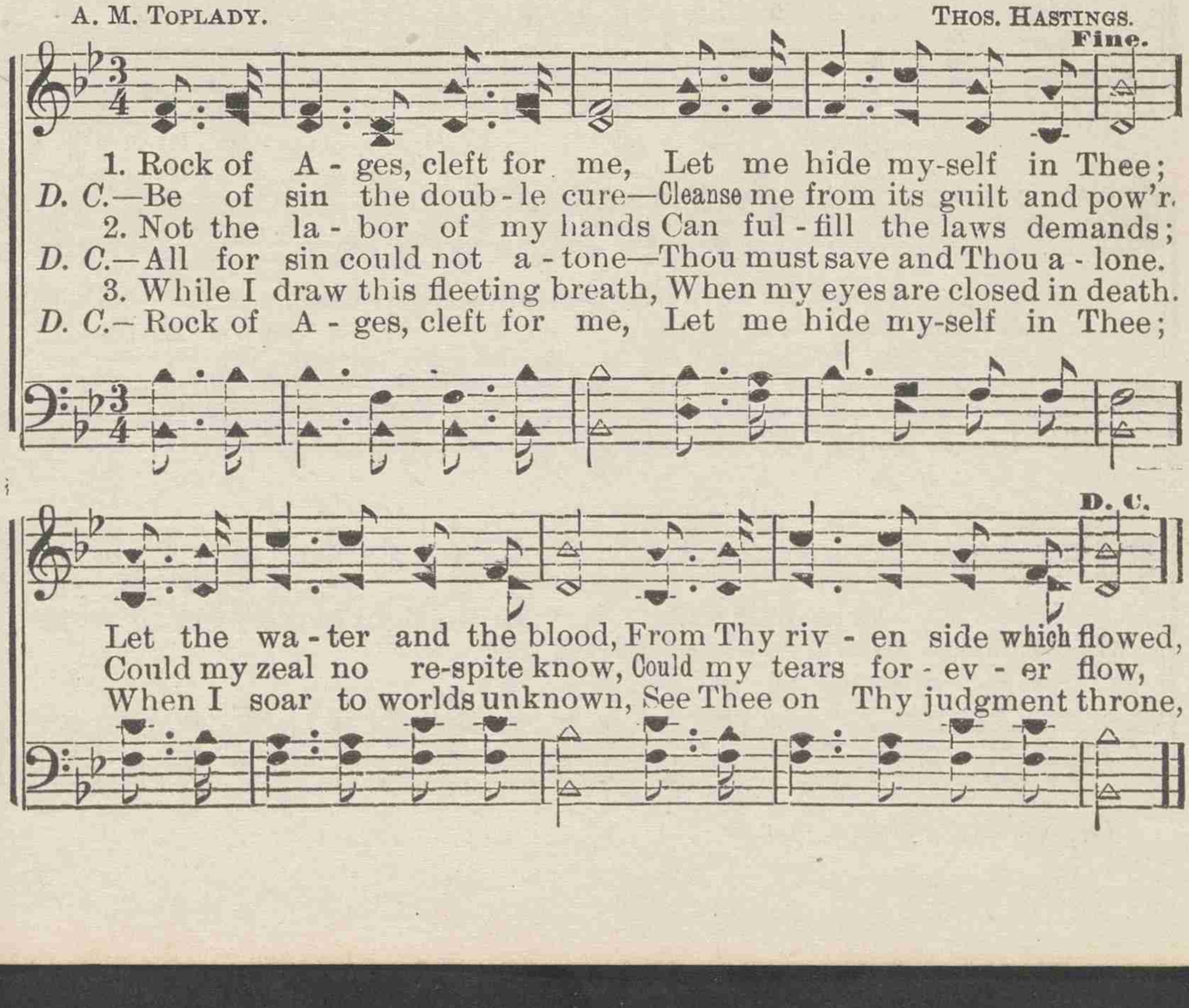
Are You Drifting? Concluded.



No. 126 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 127. SEND THE LIGHT.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

Anon. In "Foreign Mission Journal." Arr. Chorus and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. There are lands far a - way o'er the sea, Where in dark-ness lost
2. In the dark - ness of er - ror they grope, And the Sav - iour in
3. Bear - ing light is a part we may do, Hold-ing high that it
4. Those who lead souls to light all di-vine, Those who tell of God's

souls seek the light, And the call is to you and to me, Who are
whom we a - bide, Can-not cheer with the bright ray of hope, Till we
may reach a - far, And the soft rays of truth may a - new Shine on
won-der - ful love, As the bright stars for-ev - er shall shine In that

REFRAIN.

walk - ing the "path shin - ing bright." Send the light o'er the
teach them to walk by His side.
earth from the bright morn-ing star.
beau - ti - ful land far a - bove. Send the light

sea, In the dark heathen lands let it shine; Till the
o'er the sea, let it shine;

whole world shall walk, In the light of the gospel di-vine.
whole world shall walk, Till the whole world shall walk,

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No. 128. THE SWEET BY AND BY.

S. F. BENNET. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

REFRAIN.

pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by,
sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
blessings that hal-low our days. In the sweet by and by,

We shall meet on that beautiful shore, In the sweet by and by, by and by

By and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.
by and by,

No. 129. SEEK TO GLORIFY HIS NAME.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Tell to all the wondrous sto - ry Of the Sav-iour and His love, How He left His throne of glo - ry, In the realms of light a - bove; Tell of mer - cy
2. To the bless-ings of sal - va-tion Glad-ly wit - ness day by day, And with lov - ing ad - o - ra-tion, Christ's commands with joy o-bey; Let your serv-ice,
3. Where the saintly throngs are dwelling, In the cit - y, pure, di - vine, With ma - jes - tic an-thems swelling, While un-fad-ing splendors shine; Sing glad praise to

free, a-bound-ing, Which believing souls may claim, And with praise of Christ re - free - ly giv - en, True o - be - di-ence pro-claim, And both here and when in
Him who frees us, From our load of sin and blame, Look-ing on the face of

CHORUS.

sounding, Seek to glo - ri - fy His name. Seek to glo - - - - ri -
heav-en, Seek to glo - ri - fy His name.
Je - sus, Seek to glo - ri - fy His name. Seek to glo - ri - fy His name,

fy His name, Seek to glo - - - - ri - fy His
glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name,

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SEEK TO GLORIFY HIS NAME. Concluded.

name ; ..... Tell-ing all ..... the world of Je-sus .....
Glo - ri - fy His name : Telling all the world, all the world of Jesus,

Seek to glo - - - - - ri - fy His name.
Seek to glo - ri - fy His bless - ed name, His ho - ly name.

No. 130. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name ! Let an - gels pros-trate fall ; Bring
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall ! Hail
3. Sin-ners! whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, Go,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall ; We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring
Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all, Hail
spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all, Go,
Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all, To
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all, We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord... of all.
Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord... of all.
spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord... of all.
Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord... of all.
join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord... of all.

No. 131. SWEET GALILEE.

J. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

Not too fast.

1. In spir - it I stand by the beau - ti - ful sea, Gal - i - lee,
2. In won - der I gazed on the vis - ion so grand.
3. How fond - ly I cher - ish each tho't of the sea, sweet Gal-i - lee,

Gal - i - lee; The whis - per - ing tide seemed to say un - to me "Gal - i -
Gal - i - lee; The form of my Sav - iour seemed near me to stand, Gal - i -
Gal - i - lee; A mes-sage seemed borne on each rip - ple to me, Gal - i -

lee, Gal - i - lee;" It told me of Je - sus who long, long a - go,
In rev-'rence I knelt on the glit - ter-ing sand,
sweet Gal-l - lee; Tho' tempests of sin o'er life's o - cean may roll,

Came and walked on its wa - ters, and calm did be - stow, Stilled the tempest and
Where the Mas - ter once stood with that murmuring band, And I thought of the
Cast - ing shad - ows of gloom o'er the poor trembling soul, Christ can calm wind and

saved those a - drift on the sea, Gal - i - lee, Gal - i - lee.
won - ders He wrought by the sea,
wave on the wild, dash-ing sea, sweet Gal - i - lee,

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No. 132. 'TWILL BE GLORY FOREVER.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. D. BURLESON.

1. When we reach our fair home in that beau - ti - ful land, Which our Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare, When a - gain with our loved ones of earth we shall stand,
2. What tho' o - ver the path-way our tired feet have trod; Are the footprints of sor - row and care, When we en - ter those por - tals for - ev - er to rest,
3. Nei - ther dark-ness, nor dy - ing, nor sor - row, nor sighs, Will a - gain fill our hearts with de-spair; But when God will in love wipe all tears from our eyes,
4. Soon the Sav - iour will send for His chil - dren to come, And re - side in that cit - y so fair, Then when we shall all meet in that beau - ti - ful land,

REFRAIN.

'Twill be glo - ry for - ev - er up there. 'Twill be glo - ry, my broth-er, up there when we stand With our Saviour and King in that beau - ti - ful land; When we look on His face, sing the song "Saved by Grace," 'Twill be glo-ry for-ev - er up there.

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No. 133. COME UNTO ME.

GRACE MAYNARD. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. Hear the blessed voice of the loving Saviour calling, "Come un - to me;"
2. Prod-i-gal, He calls, will you heed the in-vi-ta-tion?
3. "I will give you rest," is the promise He has given, "Come unto me, come to me;"

Pa-tient-ly He waits and His gentle tones are falling, "Come un- to me."
All the world may come, and accept this great salvation,
Hear His pleading voice now and make a start for heaven, "Come unto me, come to me."

CHORUS.

"Come un - to me," He's gen- tly plead - ing, Why then longer will you wait?
"Come un - to me," He's plead - ing, Lov - ing - ly He's call - ing, why lon - ger wait?
soft, the tones are fall - ing, "Come un - to me."
"Come un - to me, come to me, come to me."

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No. 134 On Heaven's Bright Shore.

J. D. V. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Our dear ones are torn from our ten - der em-brace, On earth we shall see them no
2. O what a glad time when we meet them a - gain, And hear their sweet voices once
3. And there by life's riv - er we'll rest 'neath the trees, And tell all our wan-der- ings
4. Yes, moth - er will clasp a dear boy to her breast, And know that he's safe ev-er -

more, But, if we are read - y when com - eth the call, We'll
more, Our hearts will be filled with pure joy and de - light On
o'er; No part - ings will come, nor no tears ev - er flow, We'll
more; How pre - cious and sweet when our loved ones we meet At

REFRAIN.

meet them on heav-en's bright shore. We'll meet them on heaven's bright shore, When
heaven's bright, beau-ti - ful shore!
meet them on heav-en's bright shore.
home on that ra - di - ant shore!

bright shore,

life and its la - bors are o'er; . . . We'll know as we're known
its la - bors are o'er;

in that beau - ti - ful home, We'll meet them on heaven's bright shore.
bright shore.

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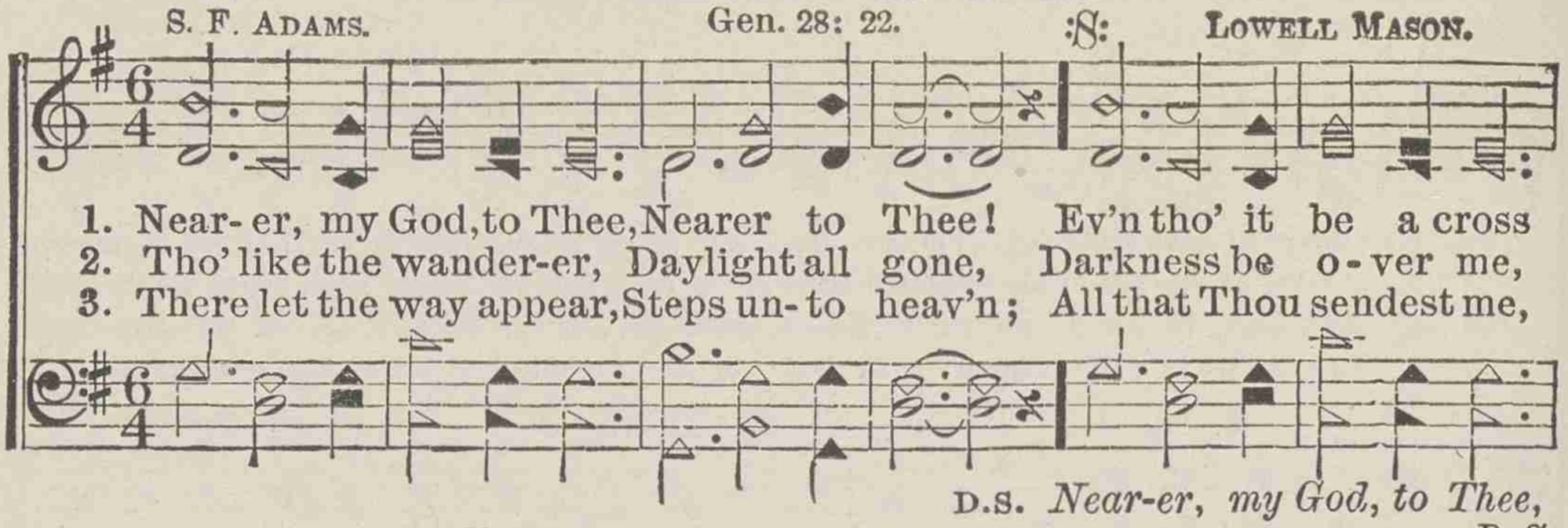
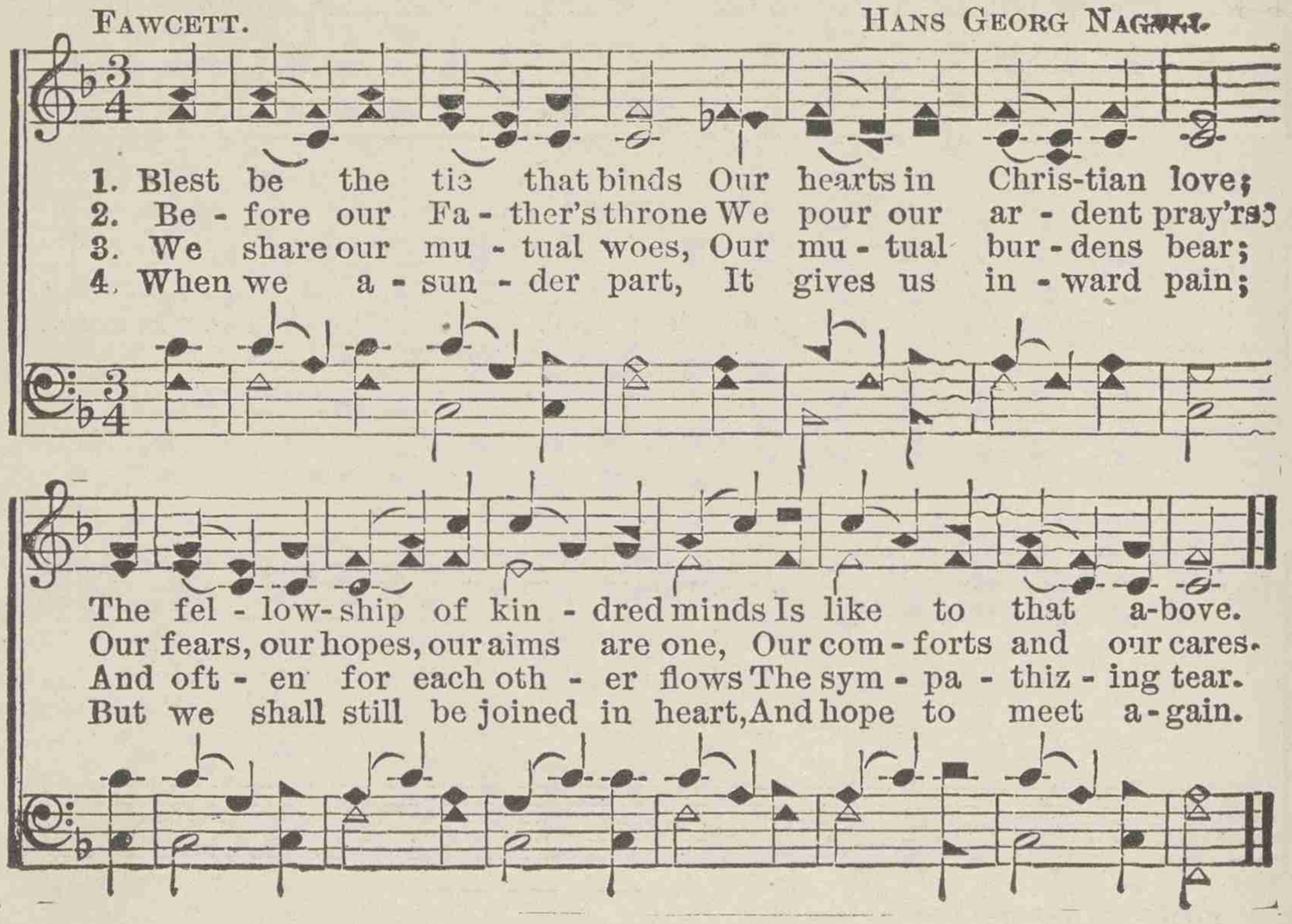
No. 135. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

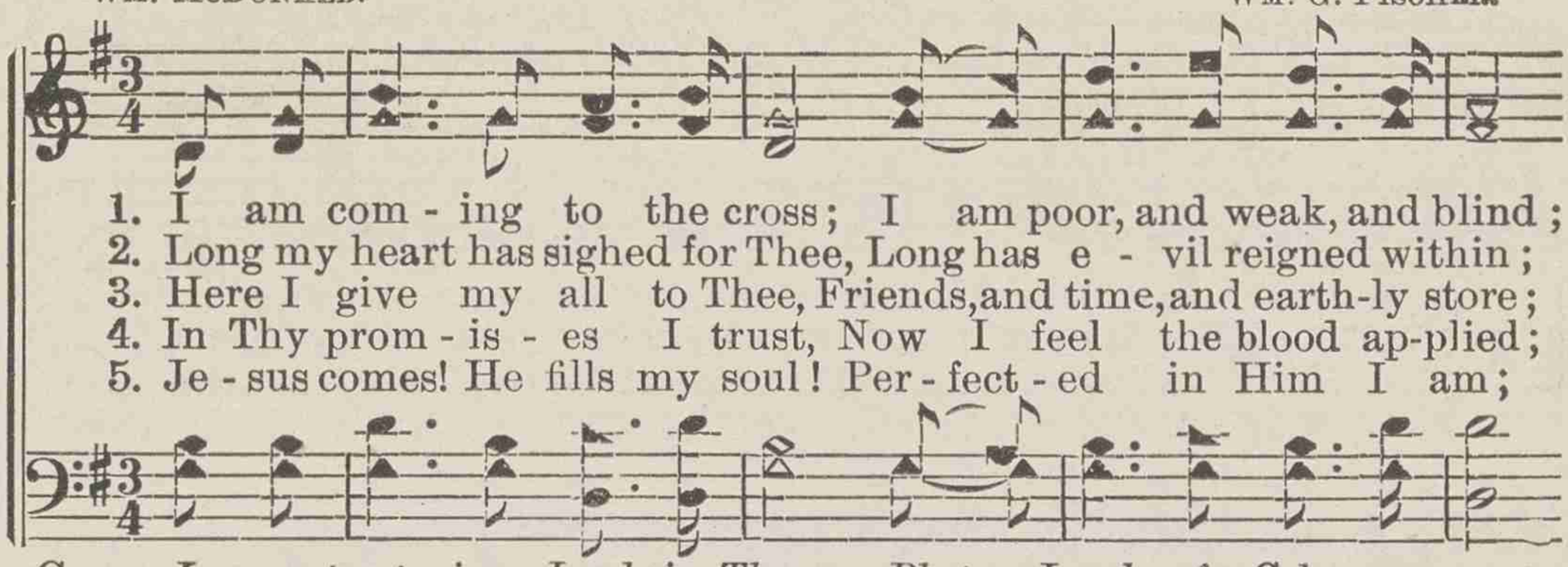
S. F. ADAMS. Gen. 28: 22. LOWELL MASON.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 136. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

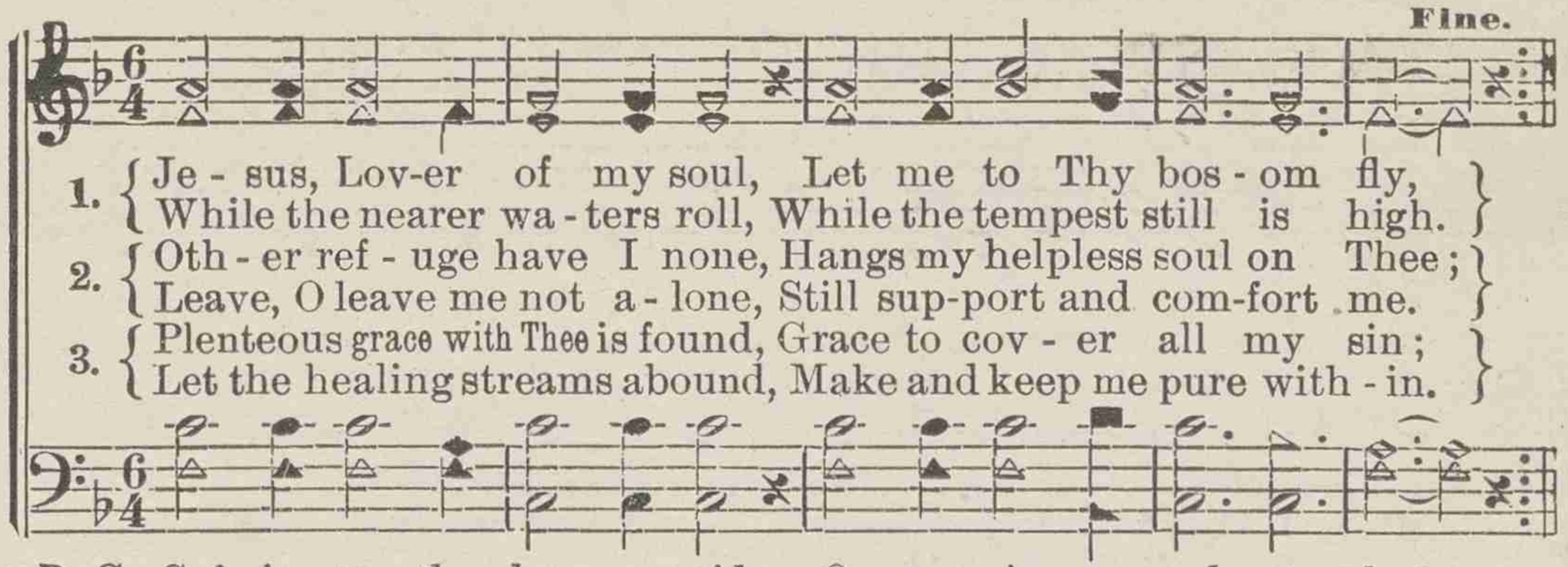
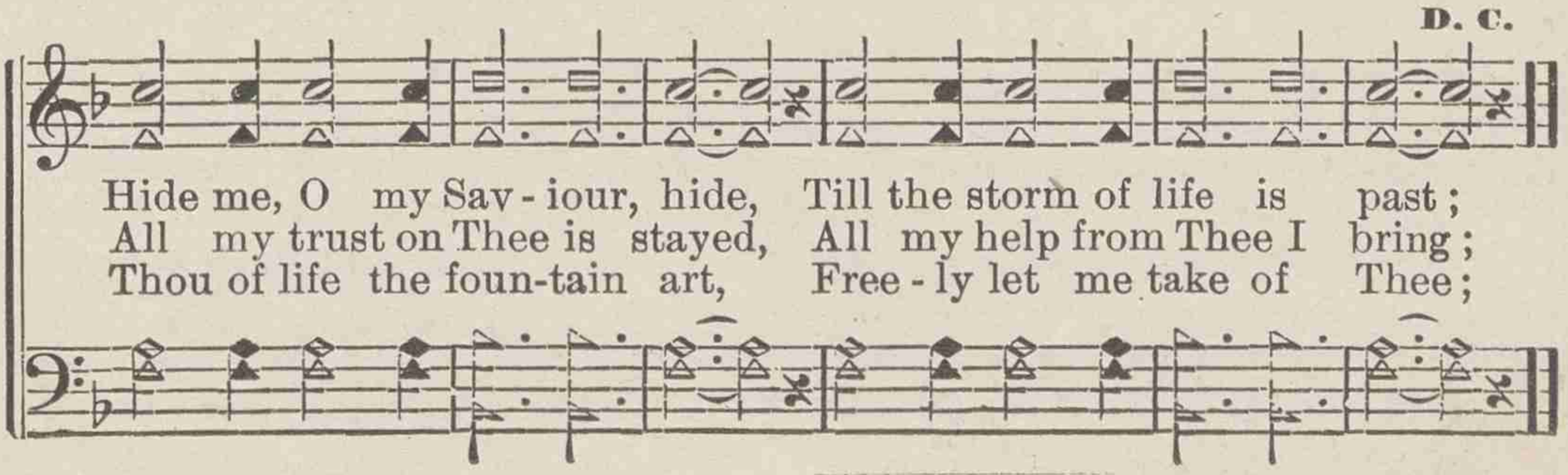
FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAGELI.

No. 137. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.



No. 138. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

D. C.

No. 139. WONDERFUL LOVE.

His saving compassion was touched, That down from His glory above,
He came with salvation to man, What wonderful, wonderful love!—F. L. E.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. O may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, Thy gen-tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bel-lious foes?
No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov-'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stub-born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
Wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,

That brought..... Him from heaven a-bove,
Brought Him from heaven above beautiful heaven above,

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
Ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

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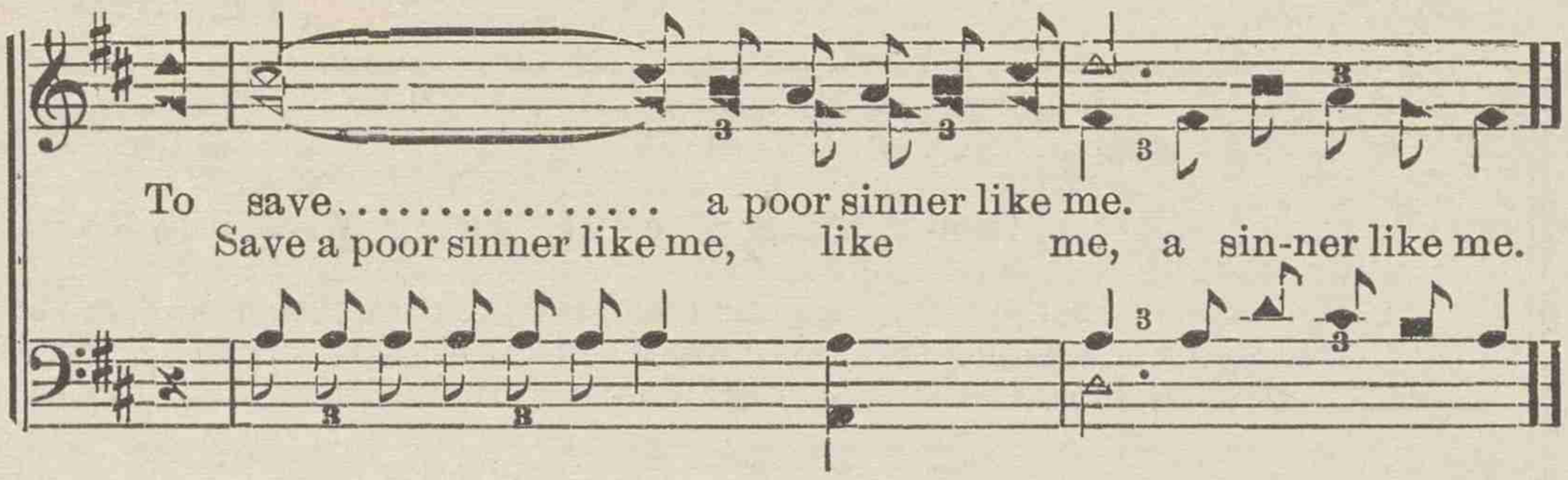
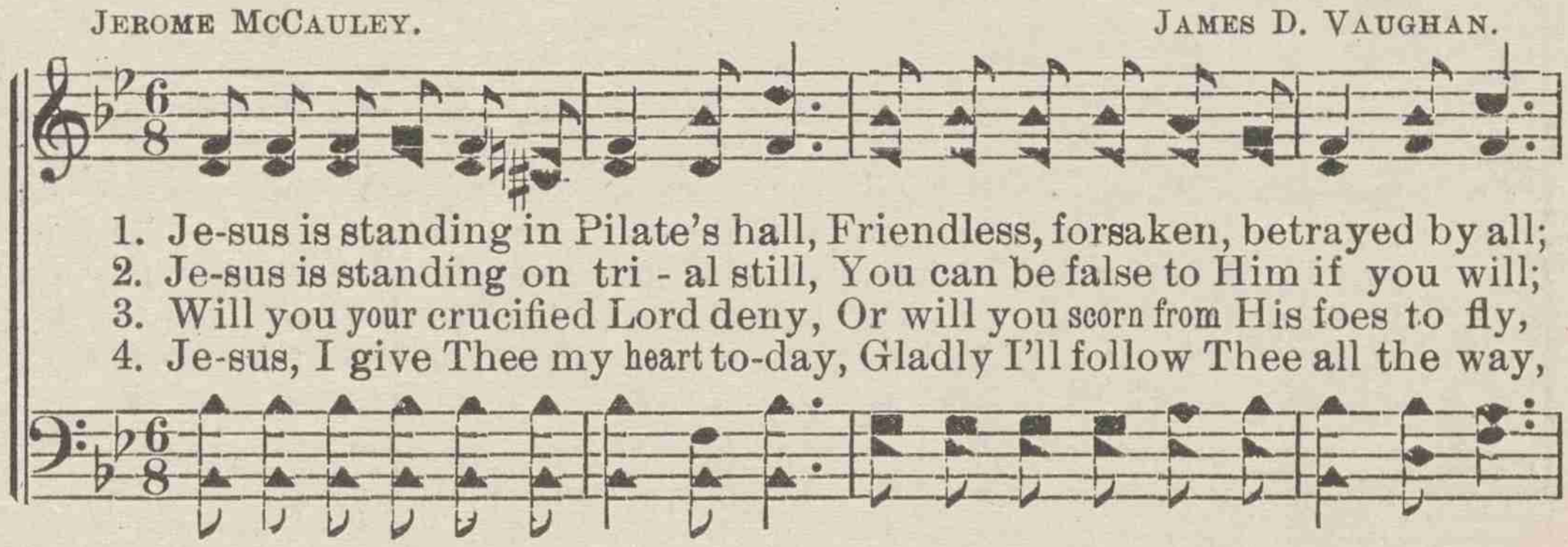
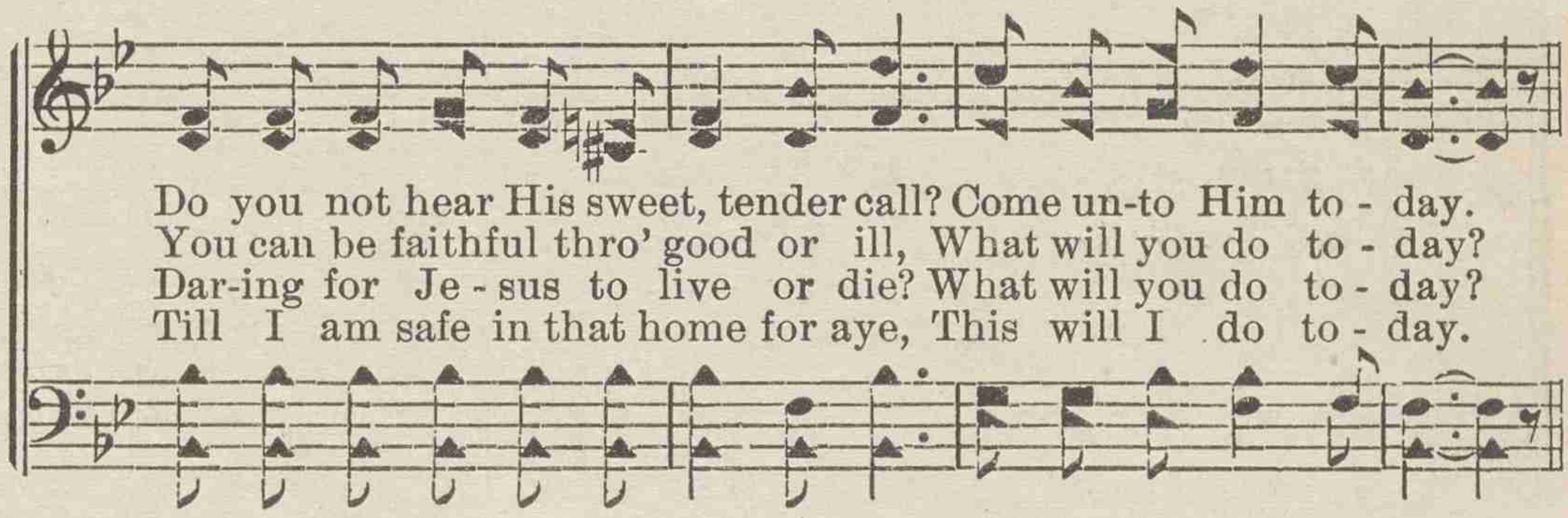
WONDERFUL LOVE. Concluded.

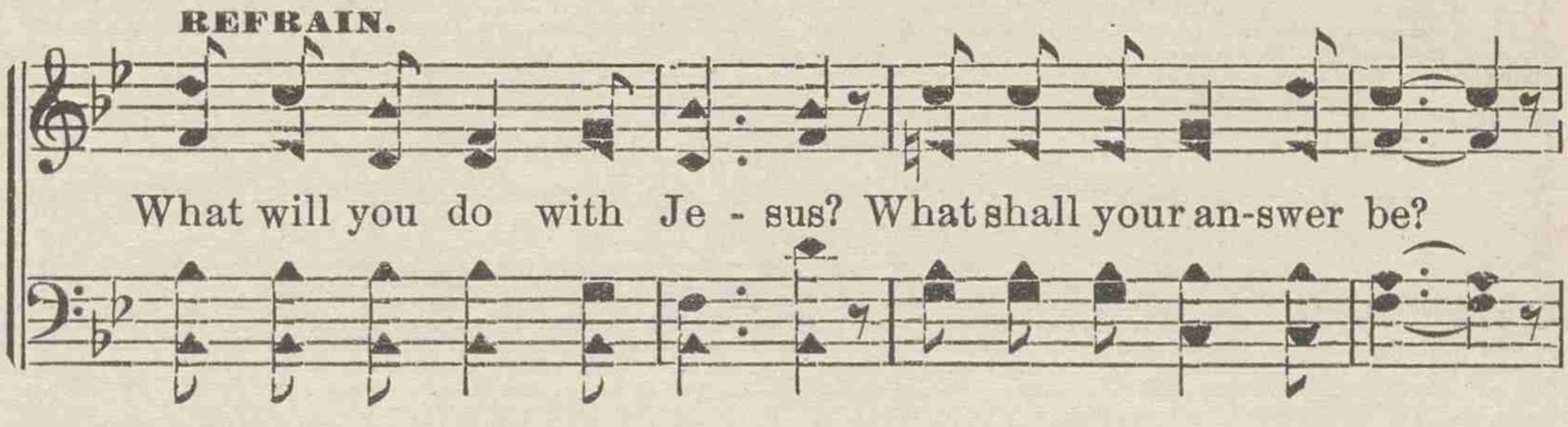


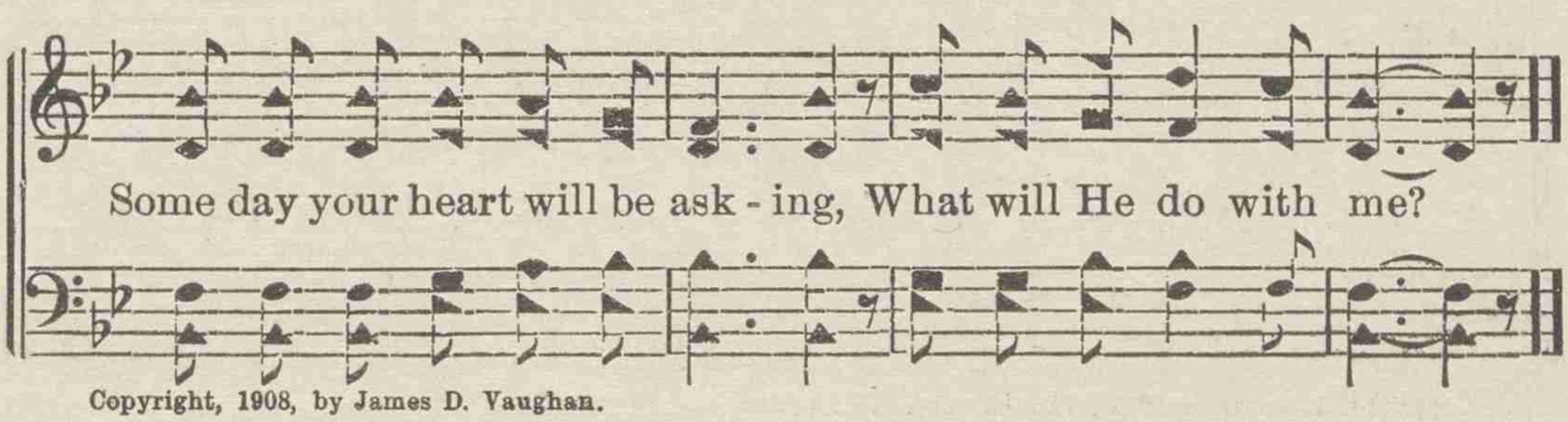
No. 140. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

JEROME MCCAULEY. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.









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No. 141. In Sight of Home.

L. C. T. L. C. TAYLOR.

1. In sight of that beau-ti-ful home o-ver yon-der, Where none but the
2. By faith I can see the bright cit-y a-bove me, My heav-en-ly
3. The walls of that cit-y are built of bright jas-per, The streets are all
4. The an-gels are sing-ing the prais-es of Je-sus, As glad-ly they
5. I soon shall be cross-ing the turb-u-lent riv-er, But Je-sus in

pure can e'er go; Where all the redeemed ones are gathered to praise Him,
man-sion so fair; Where Christ in-ter-ced-eth with God for poor sin-ners,
paved with pure gold; And there I shall meet my Re-deem-er so gracious,
kneel at His feet; O who does not long that bright ha-ven to en-ter,
safe-ty will guide; At home with my Sav-iour I'll soon be for-ev-er,

CHORUS.

At home on that beau-ti-ful shore.
And bids all for heav-en pre-pare. In sight..... of my
Mine eyes soon His glo-ry be-hold.
And join in their prais-es so sweet.
'Mong an-gels to live at His side. In sight of my beau-ti-ful

beau-ti-ful home, In sight..... of my beau-ti-ful home; I see the light
beau-ti-ful home, In sight of my beauti-ful,

shin-ing just o-ver the riv-er, In heav-en, my beau-ti-ful home.

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No. 142. WHISPERING PEACE.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. F. M. FERRELL.

1. O - ver life's storm-y sea, Bringing sweet peace to me, Com-eth a
2. Tempest and darkness here, Bringing no doubt nor fear, Un - to the
3. Pilgrim on time's wild shore, E - ven till life is o'er, Praise Him whose

mes - sage from a - bove; Beau-ti - ful spir - its bright, Come from the
soul on Je - sus stayed; Out of the tem - pest wild, Ris - eth the
love can nev - er cease; He is your Priest and King, He will sal -

land of light, Fill-ing my soul with heav'nly love. Whispering peace,
accents mild, Whispering "Peace, be not a-fraid."
va-tion bring, Fill all the world with peace, sweet peace.

CHORUS.

sweet peace,

heavenly peace, Whispering peace, o-ver life's sea; Whispering
sweet peace, sweet peace,

peace, angels of light, Whispering peace ev-en to me.
sweet peace, to me, sweet peace

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas. Used by per.

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