

# WORTHINGTON ECHOES



No. 5

John B. Vaughan

— FOR —  
**SUNDAY SCHOOLS  
SINGING SCHOOLS  
& SOCIAL GATHERINGS**

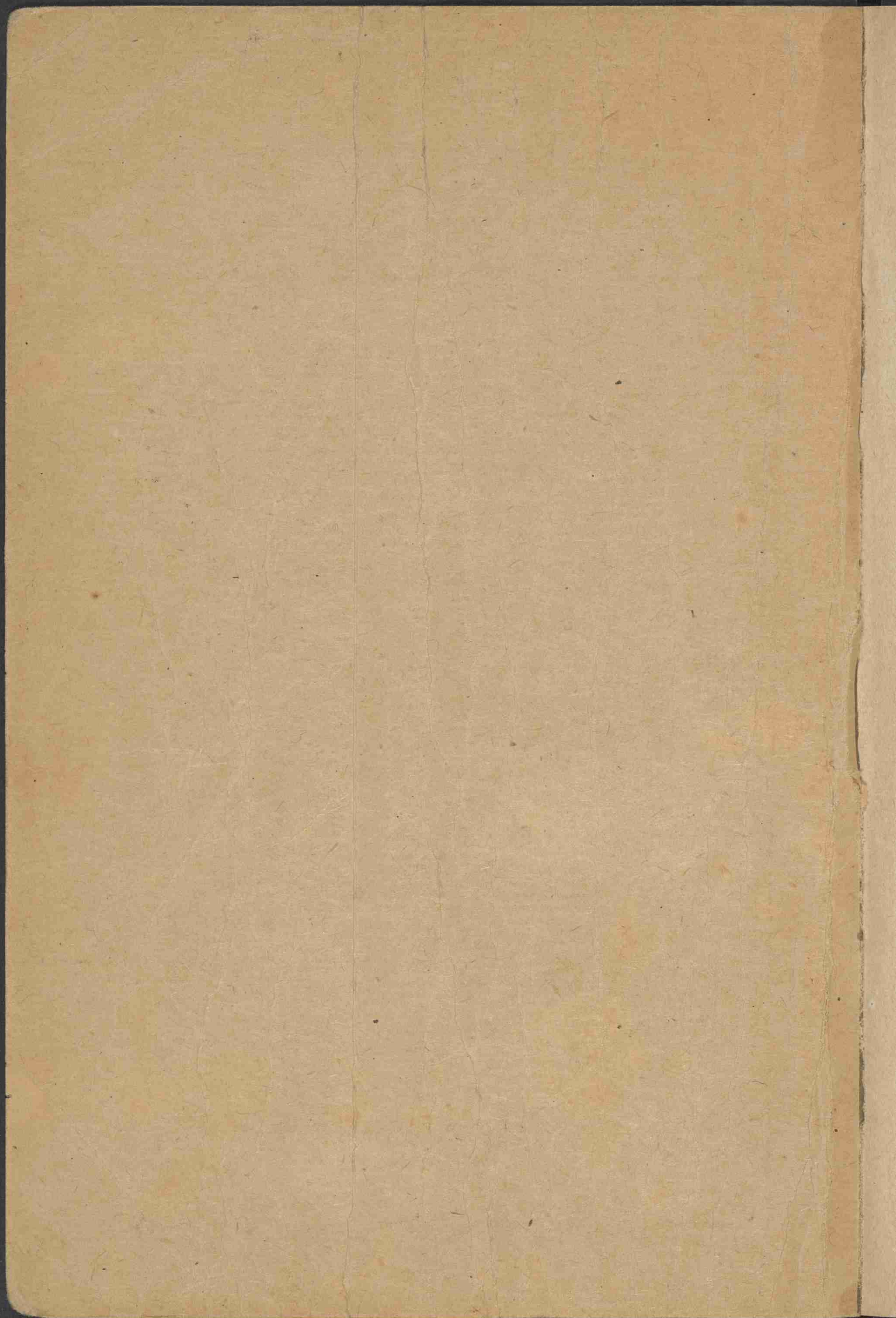
PUBLISHED BY

**J. B. VAUGHAN**

ATHENS, GA.

50 CENTS PER COPY \$3.00 PER DOZEN







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(just me)

# HEAVENLY ECHOES

No. 5

Compiled and Edited

by

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

Ca - 1920

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PRICE :

30 Cents the copy, \$3.00 per dozen, post-paid.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN B. VAUGHAN MUSIC CO.

ATHENS, GA.



## P R E F A C E

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In sending "Heavenly Echoes No. 5" forth on its mission, we wish to make grateful acknowledgement of the valuable advice and assistance rendered by numbers of the music loving people, evangelistic singers, writers and publishers.

You will note that the songs that simply please and entertain, have been left out, and only soulful songs have been selected for this book.

You will note also that a number of Mr. Vaughan's own compositions that have never been published before appear in this book, and we hope to give you a new supply of these as the public demands them.

We ask that you carefully examine every song in the book, and judge for your self as to their usefullness, and if you like the book, and can do so, we ask that you give us your earnest support, of which we now stand in need.

Respectfully,

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN

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John B. Vaughan Music Company,

ATHENS, GA.



# No. 1

# Let It Shine.

Emma B. VanDeusen

John B. Vaughan



1. When the love of Je - sus lights your sad heart with - in,
2. When the joy of Je - sus makes of each breath a song, Thro' your face let it
3. Prove the truth to ev - 'ry one, of Christ's bless-ed grace,



Show the world that Je - sus' blood does re - deem from all  
shine, let it shine, It will help some oth - er, who, in the dark plods a -  
Doubt-ing Thom-as sees it writ - ten then on your



## REFRAIN.



sin,  
long, Thro' your face let it shine, let it shine. Thro' your face let it shine, let it  
face,



shine, (let it shine,) Shout a - loud "It is mine, it is mine," 'Tis for you, 'tis for



me, By His grace, giv - en free, Oh the dear love of Christ, It is mine.






# No. 2


# Shout The Tidings.

Emma B. VanDeusen

John B. Vaughan



1. Shout the ti-dings of the mes-sage, Je - sus Christ brings now to you;  
 2. Clos - er than your heart-beat's measure, Near-er than the air you breathe;  
 3. For each one's the mes-sage giv - en, For each one the ti - dings roll;




In your heart His kingdom's found-ed, Christ of God, His words are true.  
 Christ's deer king-dom is with - in you, Love-blooms round your life you wreath.  
 Christ with-in you for sal - va - toin, Christ with-in re - deems your soul.



## REFRAIN.



Shout the mes - sage of the Lord, From the ris - ing to the  
 Shout the bless-ed ti-dings the earth a - round,




set - ting of the sun, Till each gath-'ring crowd; Pro-  
 to the set - ting of the sun,




claim a - loud, The glo - rious work is done.

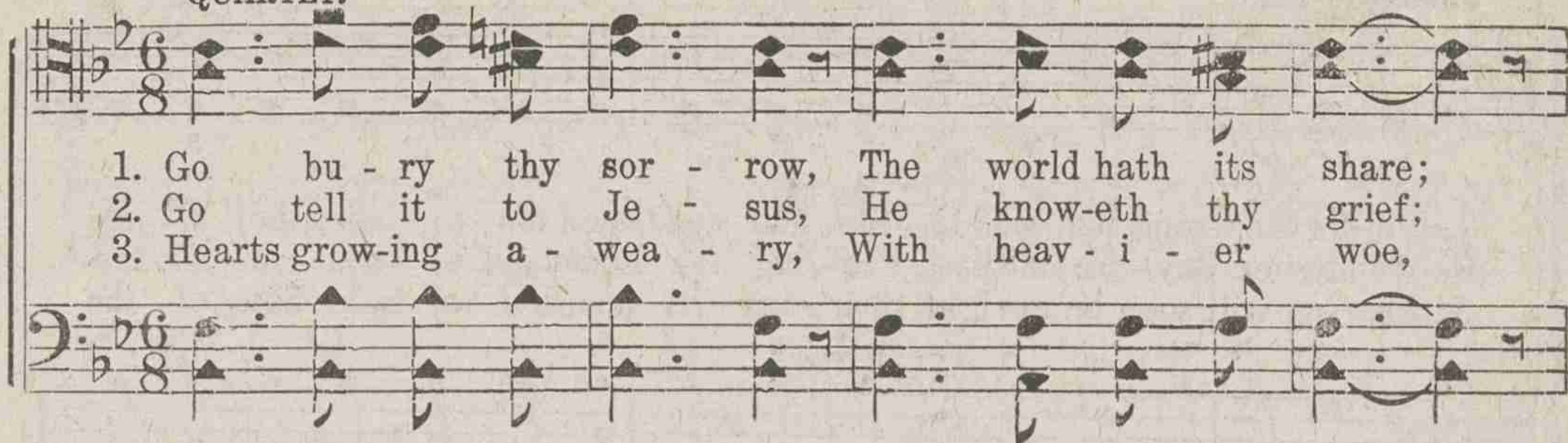




# No. 3 Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

QUARTET.



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



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



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



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



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



# No. 4

# Under the Right Flag at Last.

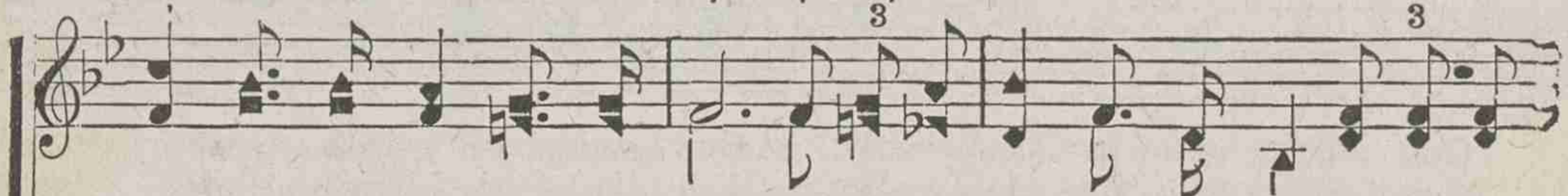
J. M. Henson, owner.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HENSON.



1. Un - der the wrong flag was I, Sin had condemned me to die, But a re-
2. Wandering days are all past, Fac - ing the homeland at last Uu - der the
3. Heav - en will soon be in sight, Shar - ing its mansions of light, Song of the



deem - er has tak - en my place; Un - der the right flag to - day, Singing with  
flag that for - ev - er will wave; Homeward I go with a song, One of the  
an - gels will come by and by; Soon I shall rest with the Lord, Hav - ing the



joy all the way, On - ward I go in the light of His grace.  
con - quer - ing throng, Fight - ing for Him who is a - ble to save.  
prom - ised re - ward, Soon with the throng I shall praise Him on high.



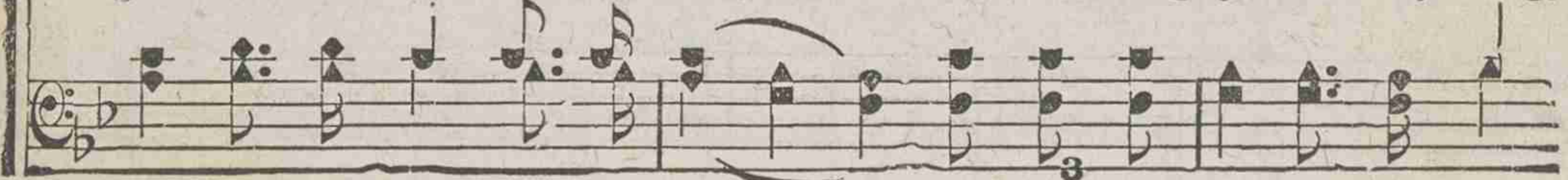
## REFRAIN.



Un - der the right flag at last, marching home, Nev - er a -  
marching home,



gain with the foe I shall roam,..... Fol - low - ing Je - sus my King.





## Under the Right Flag at Last.



car - ols of glad-ness I sing, Un - der the right flag at last, marching home.

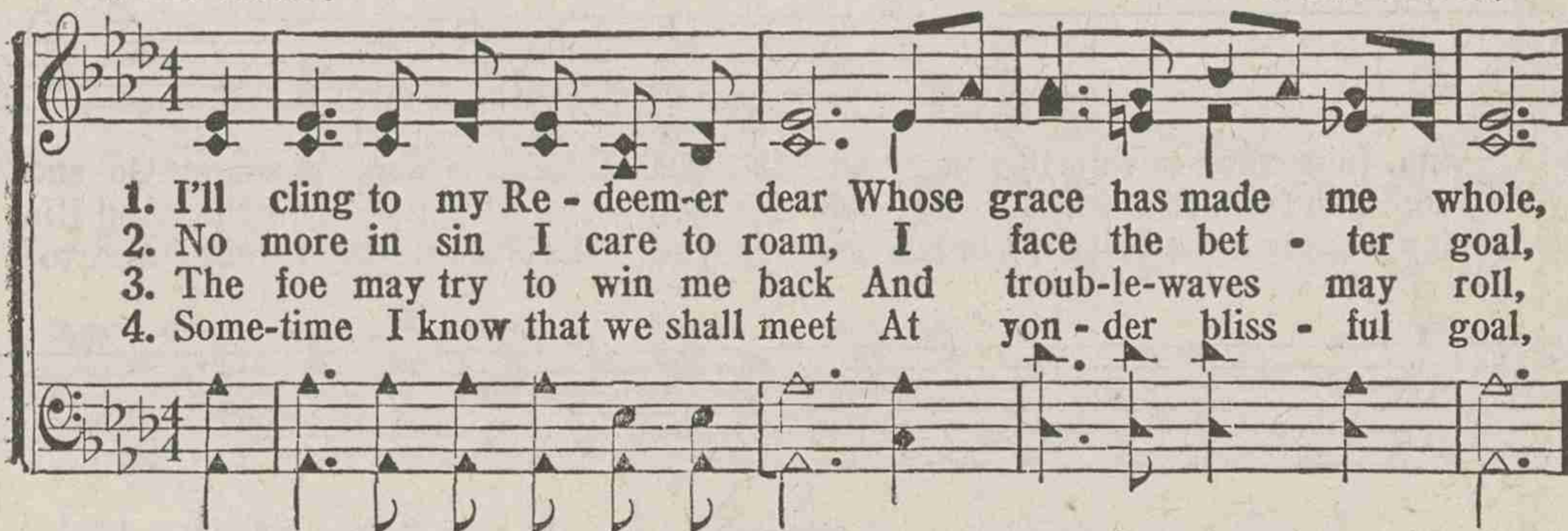
No. 5

He Satisfies.

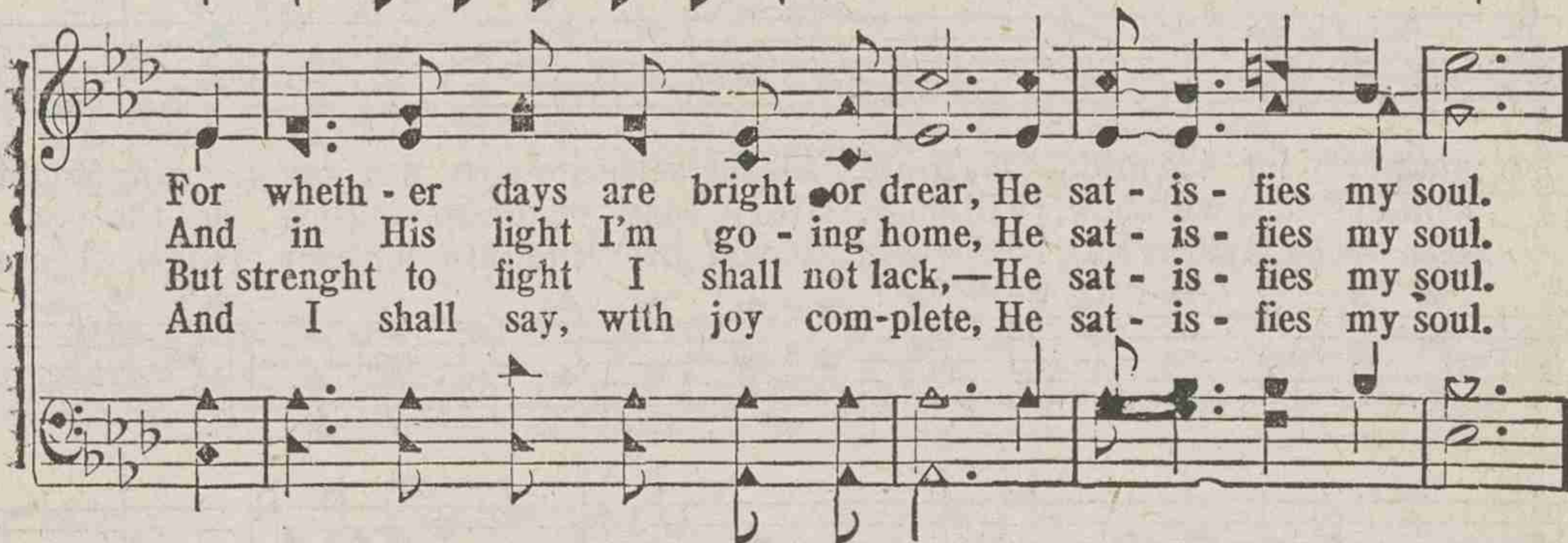
J. M. Henson, owner.

JAMES ROWE,

J. M. HENSON,



1. I'll cling to my Re - deem-er dear Whose grace has made me whole,  
 2. No more in sin I care to roam, I face the bet - ter goal,  
 3. The foe may try to win me back And troub-le-waves may roll,  
 4. Some-time I know that we shall meet At yon - der bliss - ful goal,

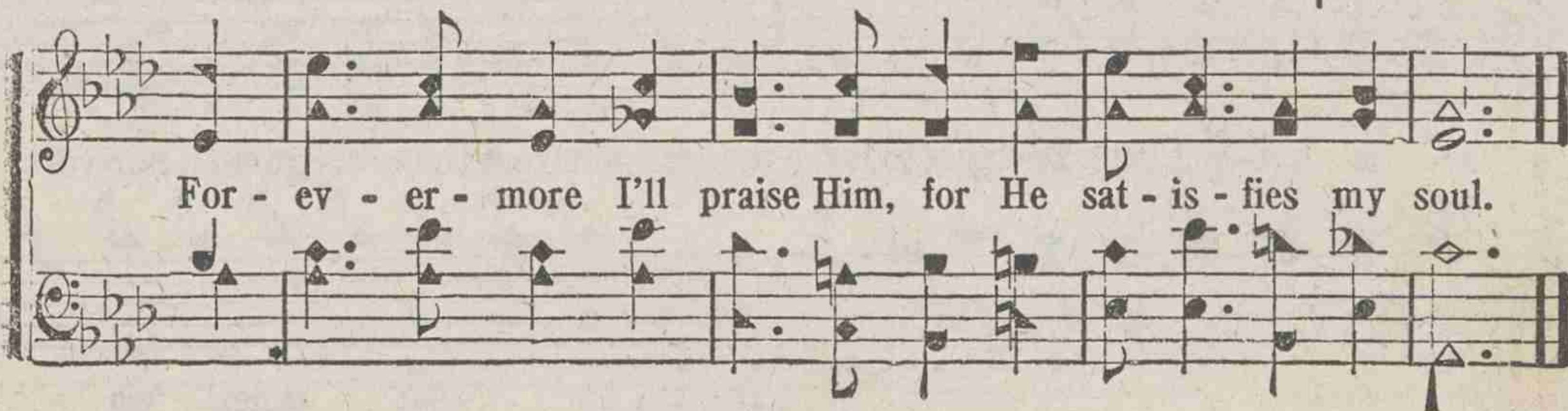


For wheth - er days are bright or drear, He sat - is - fies my soul.  
 And in His light I'm go - ing home, He sat - is - fies my soul.  
 But strenght to fight I shall not lack,—He sat - is - fies my soul.  
 And I shall say, with joy com-plete, He sat - is - fies my soul.

REFRAIN.



He sat - is - fies, He sat - is - fies, And will while a-ges roll;  
 sat - is - fies, sat - is - fies, And will while a - ges roll;



For - ev - er - more I'll praise Him, for He sat - is - fies my soul.



# No. 6.

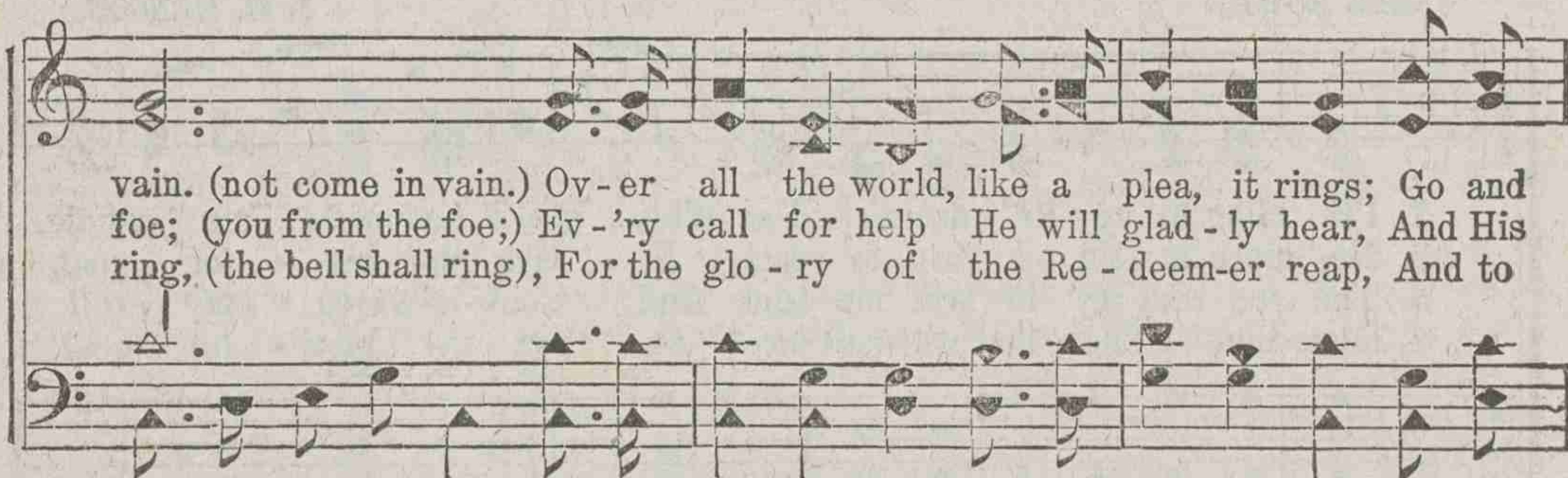
# Now Is the Harvest Time.

JAMES ROWE.

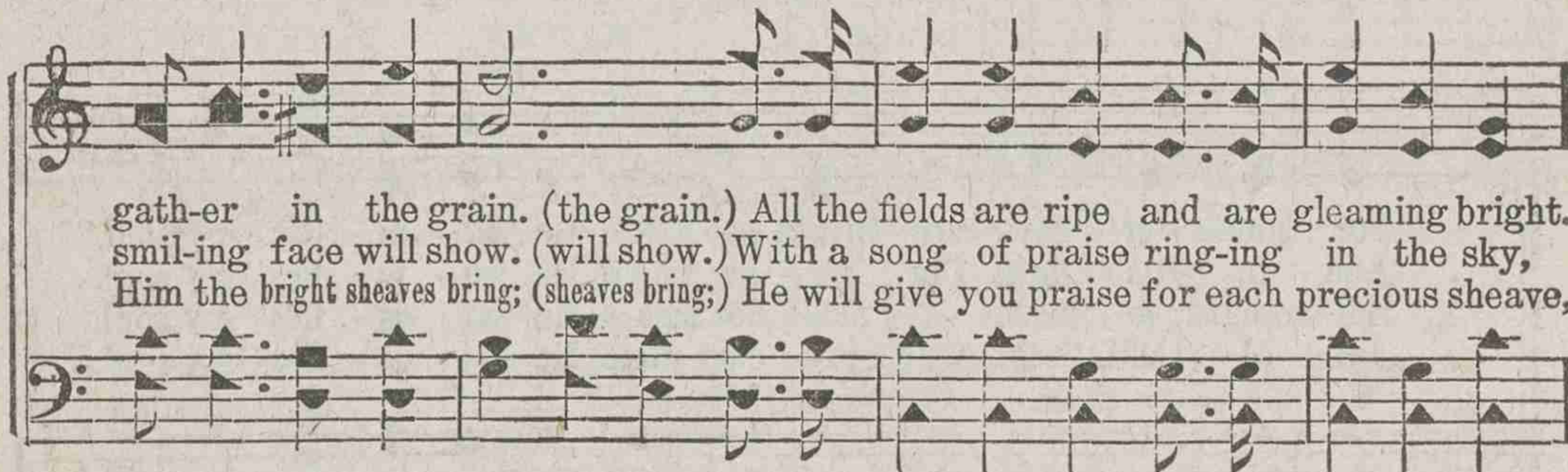
WILL M. RAMSEY.



1. Hark! an or - der comes from the King of kings, And it must not come in  
 2. You will find Him there giving strength and cheer, There to shield you from the  
 3. Till the shad-ows fall and a - round you creep, And the sun - set bell shall



vain. (not come in vain.) Ov - er all the world, like a plea, it rings; Go and  
 foe; (you from the foe;) Ev - 'ry call for help He will glad - ly hear, And His  
 ring, (the bell shall ring), For the glo - ry of the Re - deem - er reap, And to



gath - er in the grain. (the grain.) All the fields are ripe and are gleaming bright.  
 smil - ing face will show. (will show.) With a song of praise ring - ing in the sky,  
 Him the bright sheaves bring; (sheaves bring;) He will give you praise for each precious sheave,



So, ye true, no more de - lay; (delay;) Do not let us wait for to-morrow's light,  
 Your Re-deem - er to o - bey, (o-bey,) Speed a-way to reap for the by and by,—  
 That to Him you bear a - way. (away.) So a-way, that you may the crown receive;

## CHORUS.



It is har - vest time to  
 It is har-vest time to-day. (today.) It is har-vest time, 'tis gold-en har-vest  
 It is har - vest time, 'tis



# Now Is the Harvest Time. Concluded.

day, Faithful reap - ers speed a - way; From the

time to - day, Faithful reapers, faithful reapers speed so swiftly now a-way, From the

harvest time today, so  
fields of sin bring the har-vest in, For the fi - nal

fields, the fields of sin go bring the gold-en har-vest in, For the fi - nal, for the

har - vest day. Swift-ly speed the hours a -

fi - nal, for the fi - nal har-vest day, Swiftly speed the passing hours, the passing

way, Win the life - crown while you may;

gold-en hours away, Win the life-crown, blessed life-crown while you may; Close to

gold-en hours away, while you may,

Je - sus keeping, gladly do the reaping; It is harvest time to - day.  
'tis harvest time today.

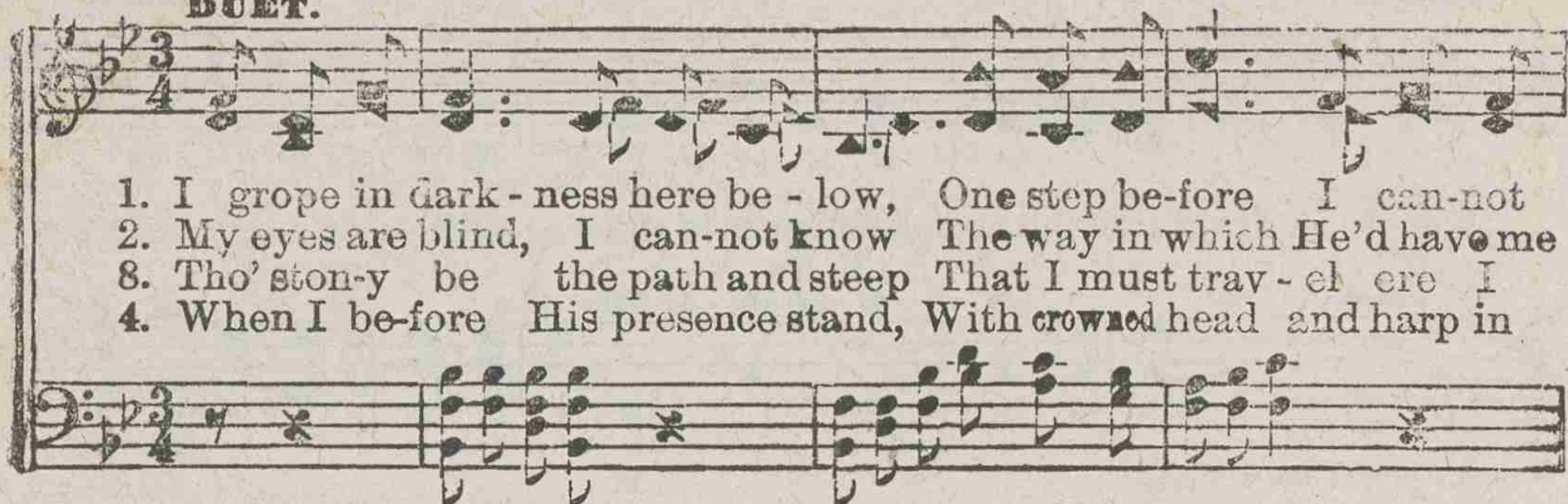


# No. 7

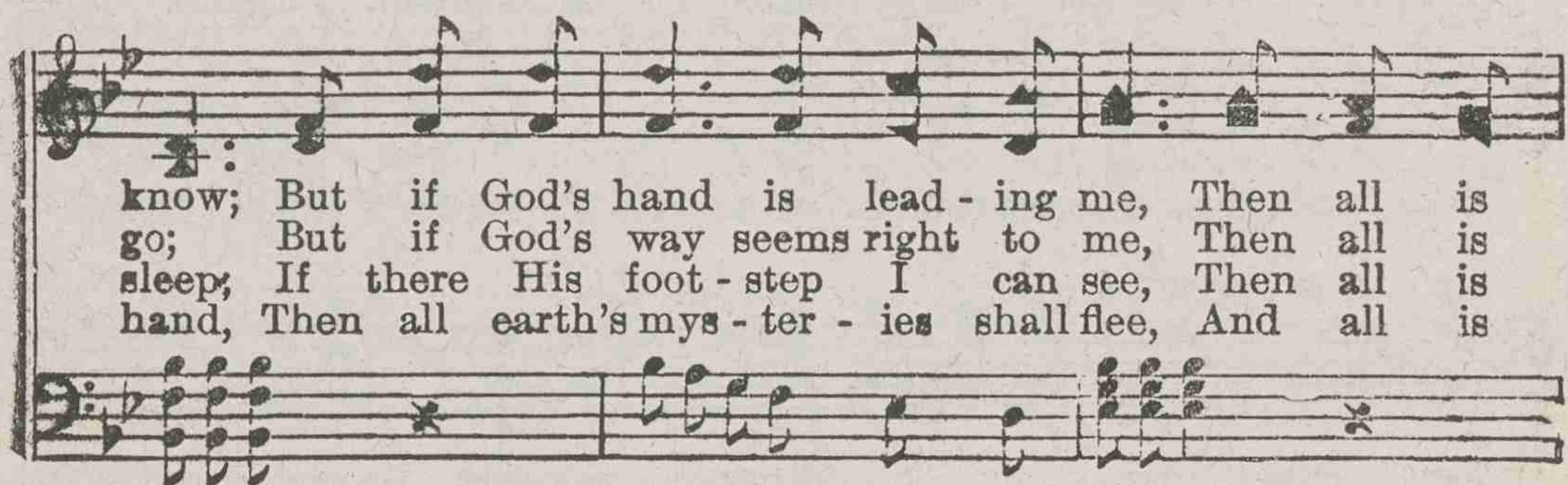
# All Is Well.

Mrs. J. S. Kirk.  
DUET.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

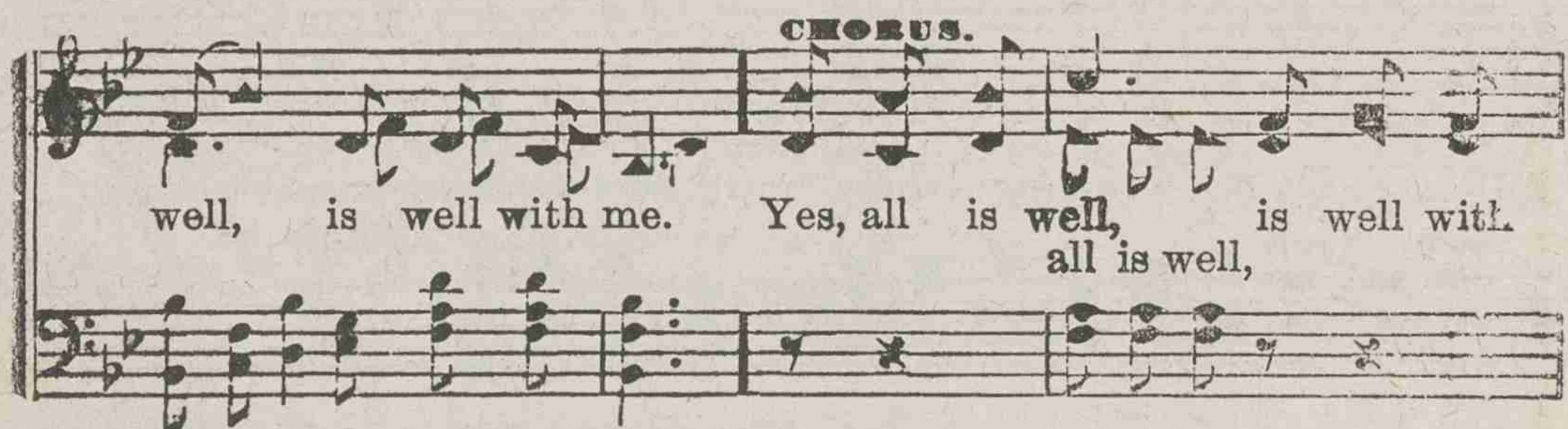


1. I grope in dark - ness here be - low, One step be - fore I can - not  
2. My eyes are blind, I can - not know The way in which He'd have me  
8. Tho' ston - y be the path and steep That I must trav - el ere I  
4. When I be - fore His presence stand, With crown - ed head and harp in



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

CHORUS.



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



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



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

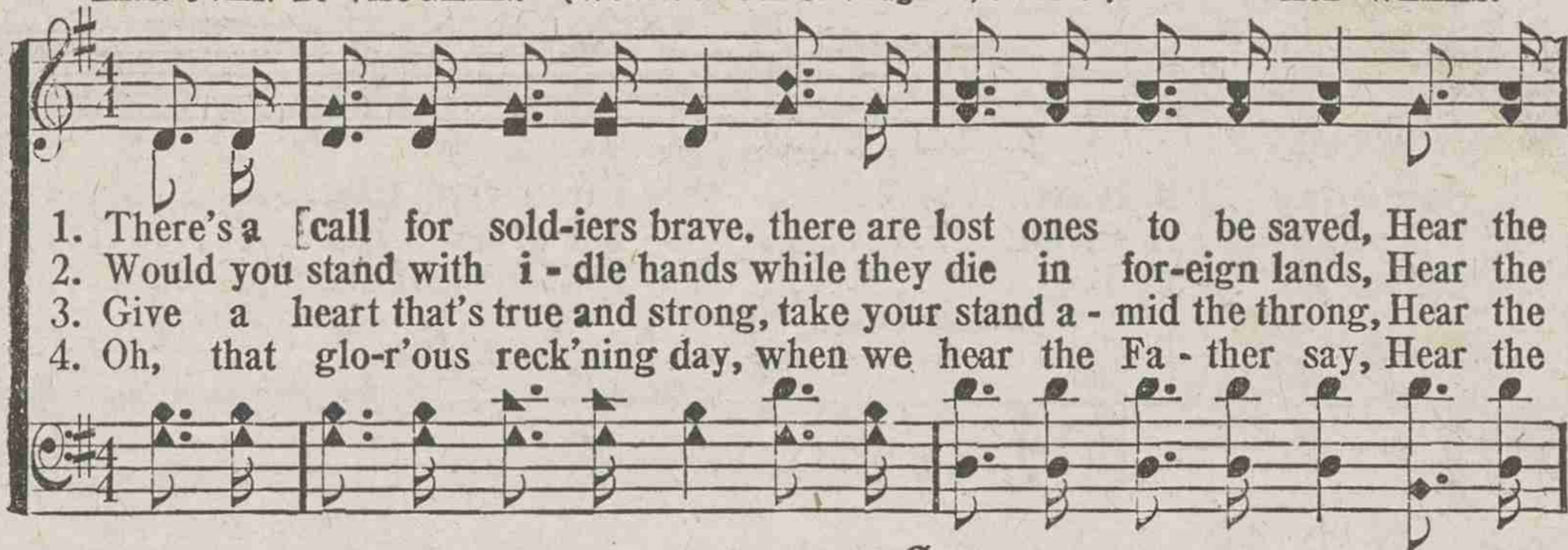


# No. 8.

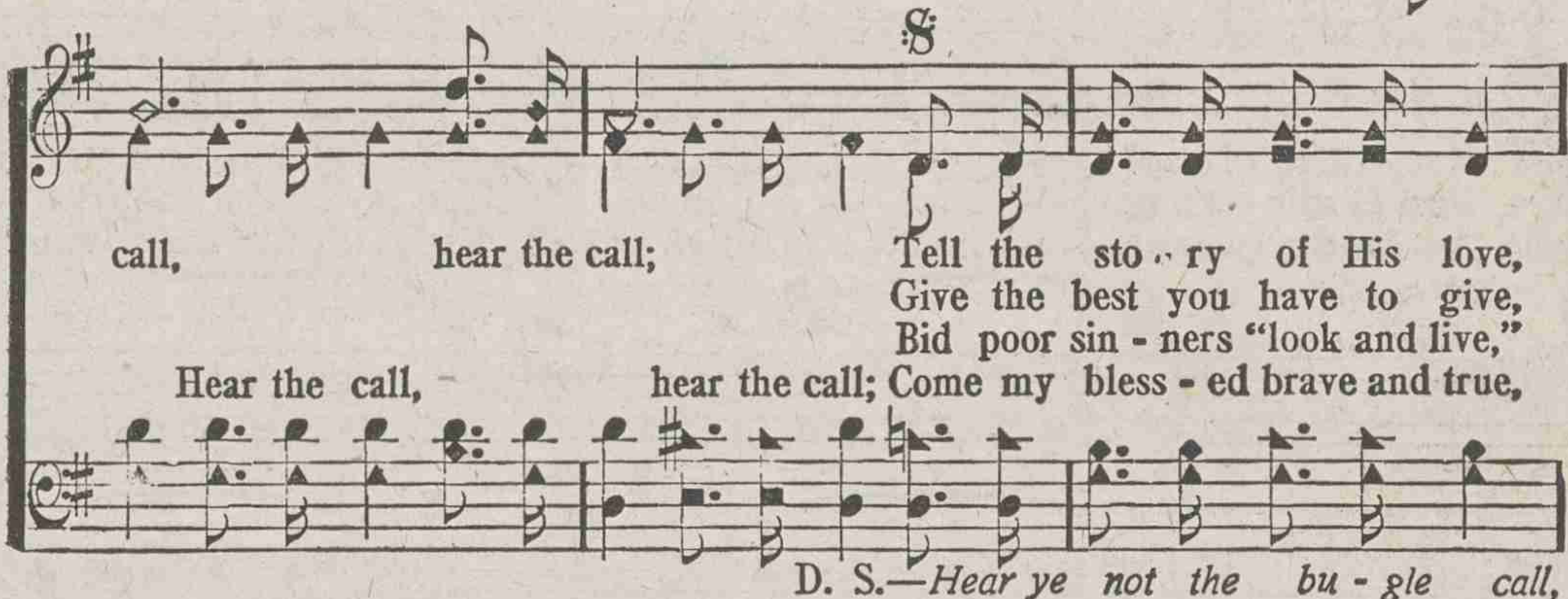
# Hear The Call.

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN. (Weams and Mrs. Vaughan, owners )

McD WEAMS.



1. There's a [call for sold-iers brave, there are lost ones to be saved, Hear the  
 2. Would you stand with i - dle hands while they die in for-eign lands, Hear the  
 3. Give a heart that's true and strong, take your stand a - mid the throng, Hear the  
 4. Oh, that glo-r'ous reck'ning day, when we hear the Fa - ther say, Hear the



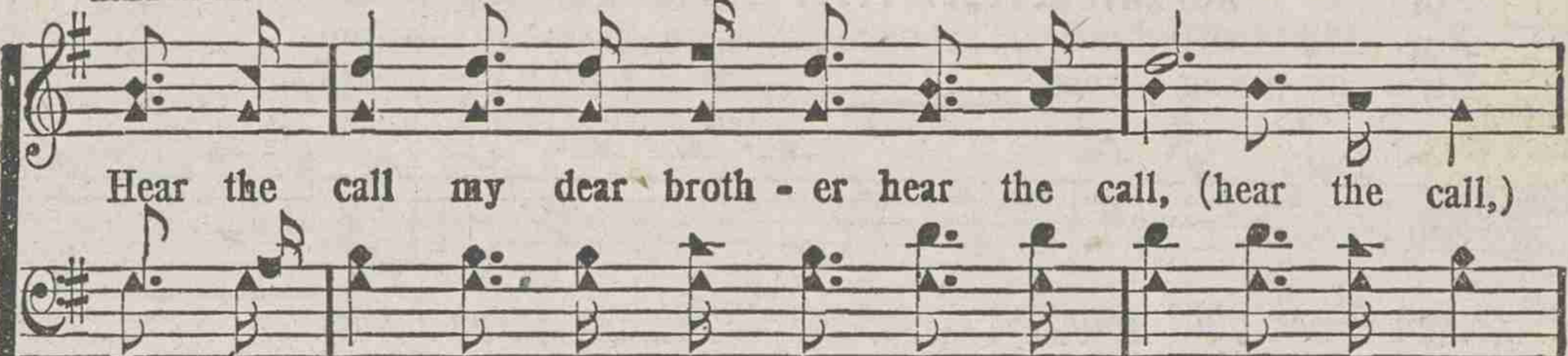
call, hear the call; Tell the sto - ry of His love,  
 Give the best you have to give,  
 Bid poor sin - ners "look and live,"  
 Hear the call, hear the call; Come my bless - ed brave and true,  
 D. S.—Hear ye not the bu - gle call, FINE.



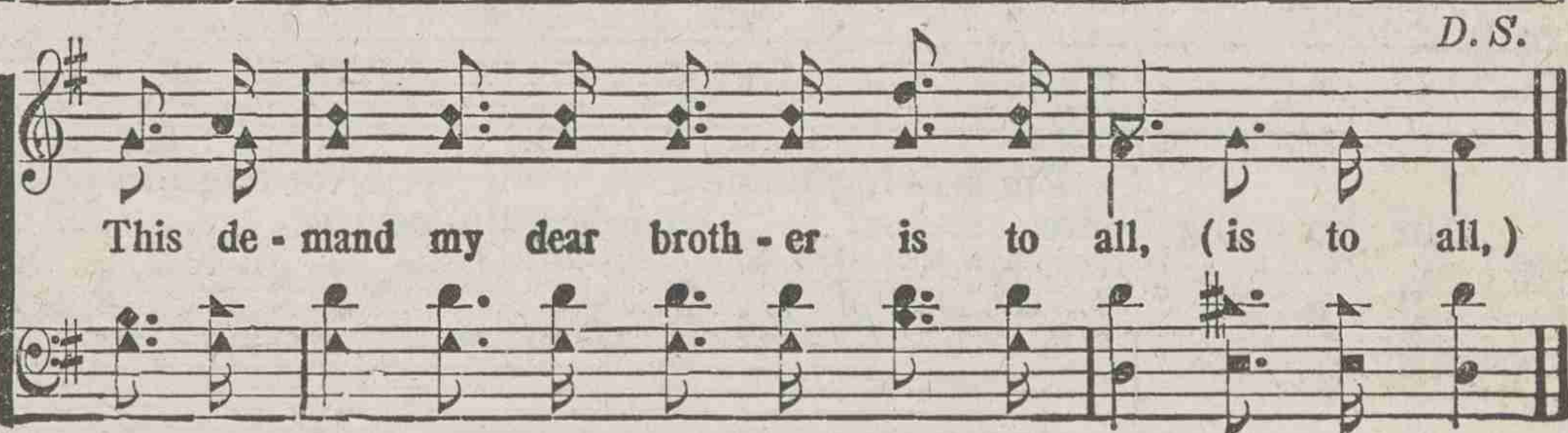
how He reigns in heav'n above, Hear the Master sweetly call, hear the call,  
 do and dare for Je - sus live, Hear the Master sweetly call, hear the call.  
 bid the strong ones, more to give, Hear the Master sweetly call, hear the call,  
 there a-waits a crown for you. Heay the Master sweetly call, hear the call, (hear the call.)

soon the bravest there must fall, But will answer one and all, hear the call. (hear the call.)

## REFRAIN



Hear the call my dear broth - er hear the call, (hear the call,)



This de - mand my dear broth - er is to all, (is to all,)



# No. 9.

# I'm Going Home.

ADDIE PANNELL.

FOREST L. DEATON.

1. Some day I'll leave..... this earth - ly life,.....  
 2. I know I'm saved..... e - ter - nal - ly,.....  
 3. Come, go with me,..... to that bright clime,.....

So full of tri - als, care and strife, (of care and strife,)  
 For God's own par - don set me free, (yes, set me free.)  
 A land where all..... things are di - vine, (things are divine.)

No more on earth..... in sin to roam,.....  
 And now I'll nev - er be a - lone,.....  
 A - cross death's riv - er's shin - ing foam,.....

D. S.—I hear a voice..... that bids me come,.....

FINE.

For I am saved..... and go - ing home.....  
 For He will lead..... me safe - ly home.....  
 This lov - ing Christ..... will lead me home.....

And some glad day..... I'm go - ing home.....

CHORUS.

I'm go - ing home to reign in peace,  
 I'm go - ing home..... to reign in peace,.....



# I'm Going Home. Concluded.

D. S.

Where joy and glad - - - ness nev - er cease,  
Where joy and glad - - - ness nev - er cease.....

## No. 10. He Meant It For You.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZ. LWOOD.

1. To fin - ish the work of sal - va - tion be - gun, The Fa - ther sent down His  
2. He went in the gar - den a - lone there to pray, Tho' bit - ter the cup it would  
3. He toiled up the hill - side of Cal - va - ry steep, Heart - broken and wor - ry His  
4. He sound - ed the depths of the dark - est unknown, Then rose from the grave and as -

well be - loved Son; It meant full re - demp - tion by ag - o - ny won, It  
not pass a - way; It meant He must tra - vel the Cal - va - ry way, It  
pledge He must keep; It meant that the wa - ters of cleansing flowed deep, It  
cend - ed His throne; It meant life e - ter - nal and bright for His own, It

D. S.—meant all His child - ren His bless - ing might know, It  
FINE. REFRAIN.

meant full re - demp - tion for you.  
meant He must suf - fer for you. (for you.) The Sav - iour was sent a rich  
meant there is cleans - ing for you.  
meant life e - ter - nal for you.

meant His rich bless - ing for you. (for you.)

D. S.

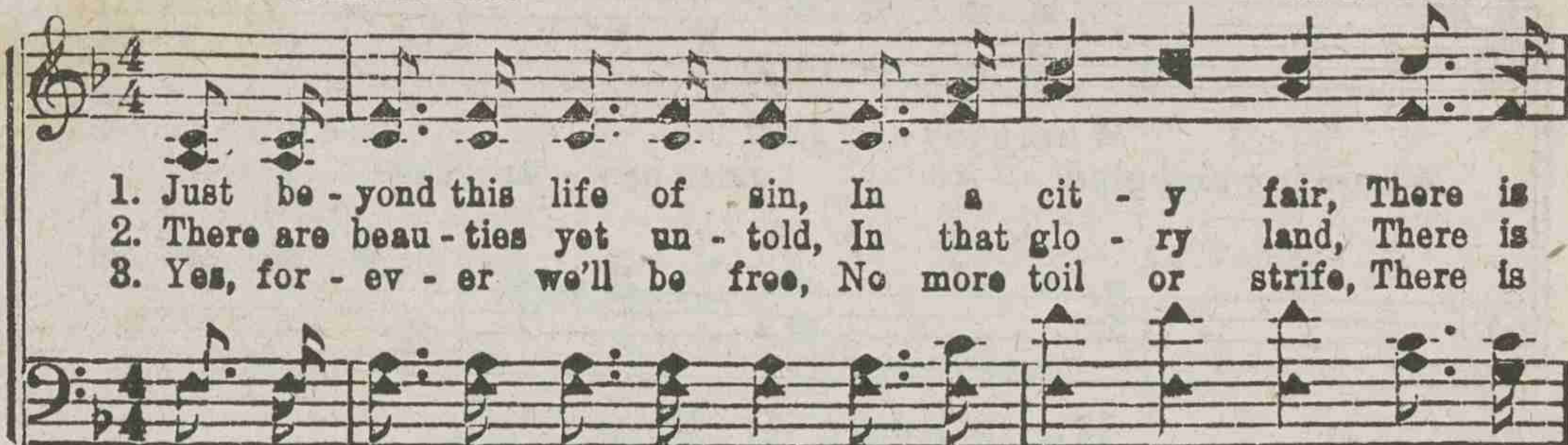
gift to be - stow, His blood is a foun - tain and heal - ing its flow, It



# No. 11. There is Rest for the Soul.

ADDIE PANNELL BRYANT.

A. N. DAVIS.



1. Just be - yond this life of sin, In a cit - y fair, There is  
2. There are beau - ties yet un - told, In that glo - ry land, There is  
3. Yes, for - ev - er we'll be free, No more toil or strife, There is



rest for the soul, I am go - ing there to dwell in a  
sweet rest With the ran - somed host of God we'll for -  
When we en - ter there a - bove sweet e -



CHORUS.  
man - sion there, Blessed rest..... for the soul. Sweet rest for  
ev - er stand  
ter - nal life, sweet rest Sweet rest



you, sweet rest for me; In that sin - less sum - mer land  
for you, sweet rest



we shall all clasp hands, Blessed rest ..... for the soul.  
Sweet rest

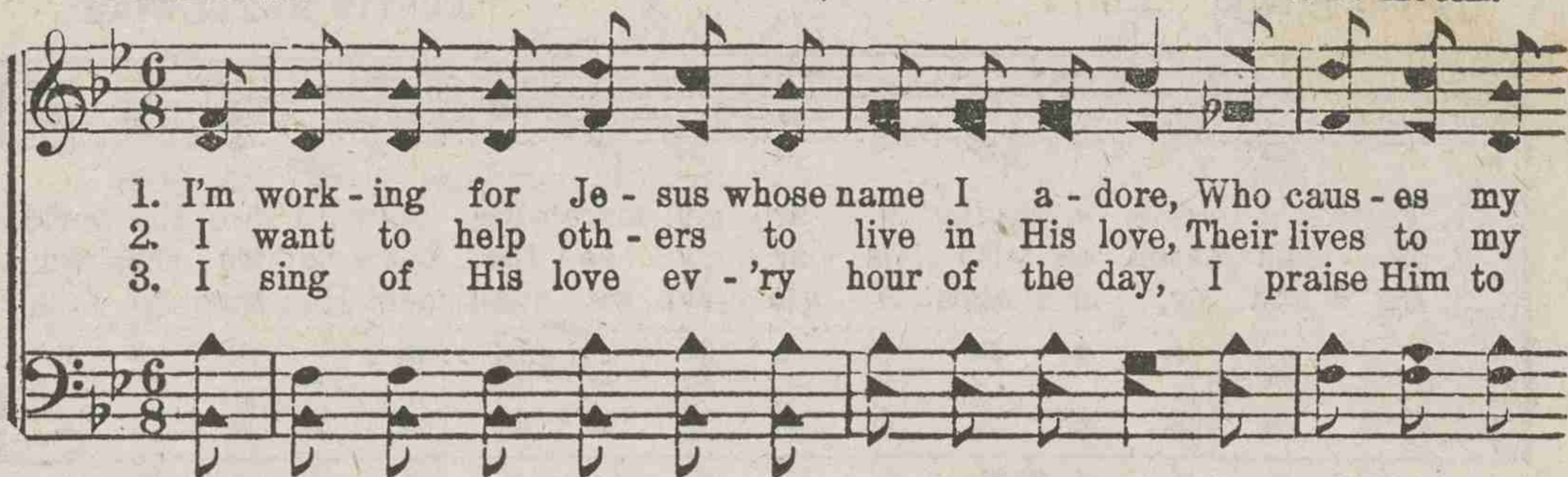


# No. 12. HIS GLORY WILL EVER BE MINE.

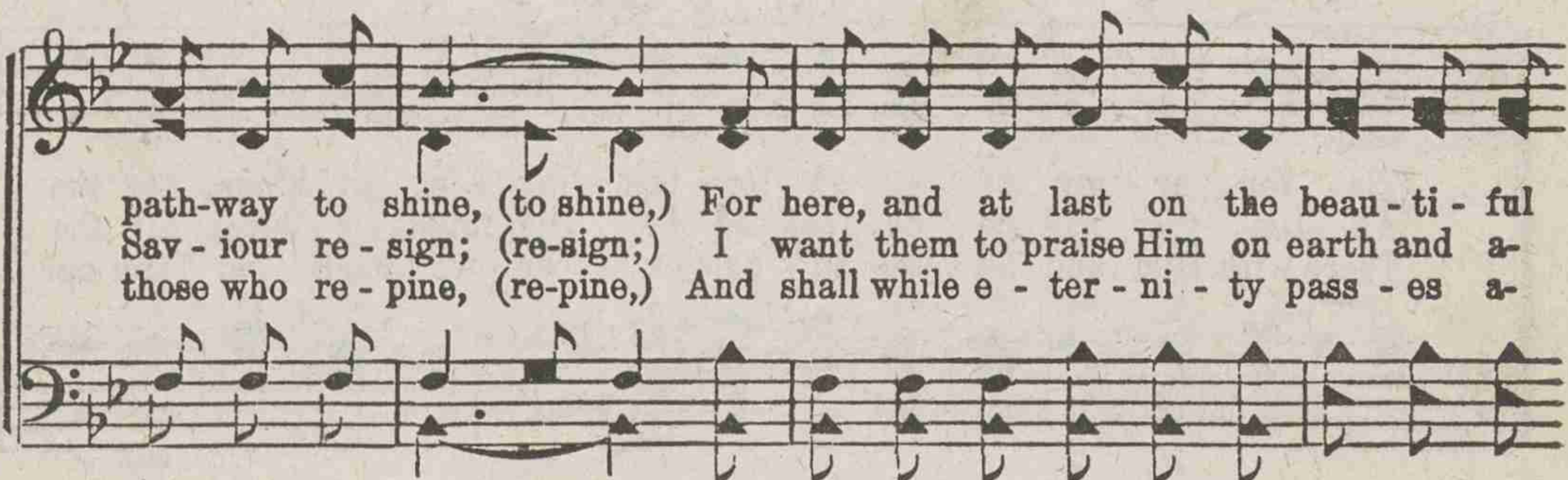
JAMES ROWE.

J. L. Moore, owner.

J. L. MOORE.



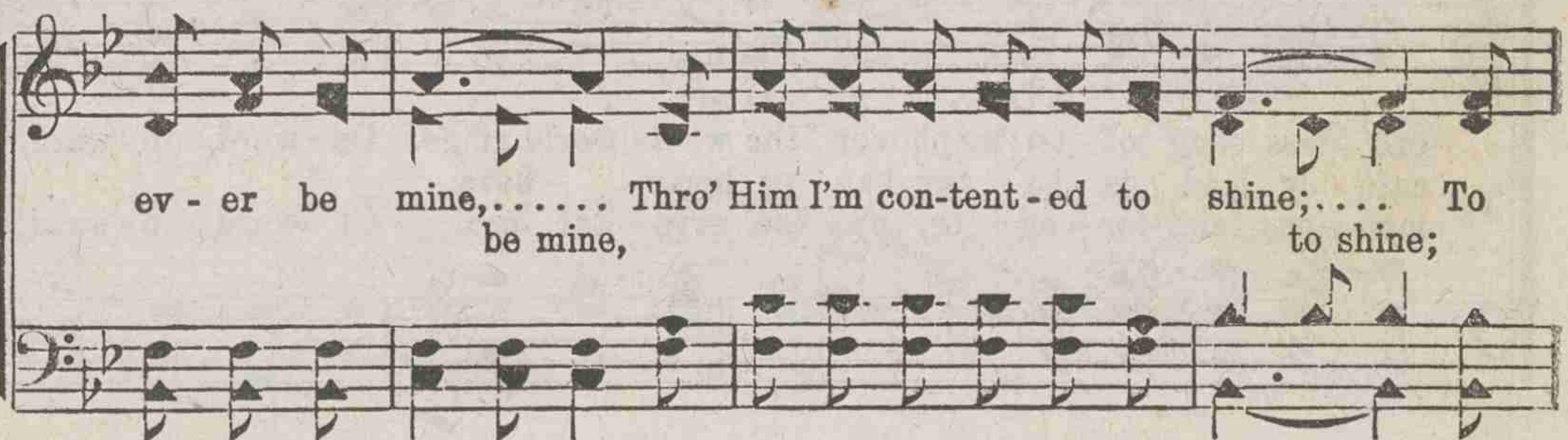
1. I'm work - ing for Je - sus whose name I a - dore, Who caus - es my  
 2. I want to help oth - ers to live in His love, Their lives to my  
 3. I sing of His love ev - 'ry hour of the day, I praise Him to



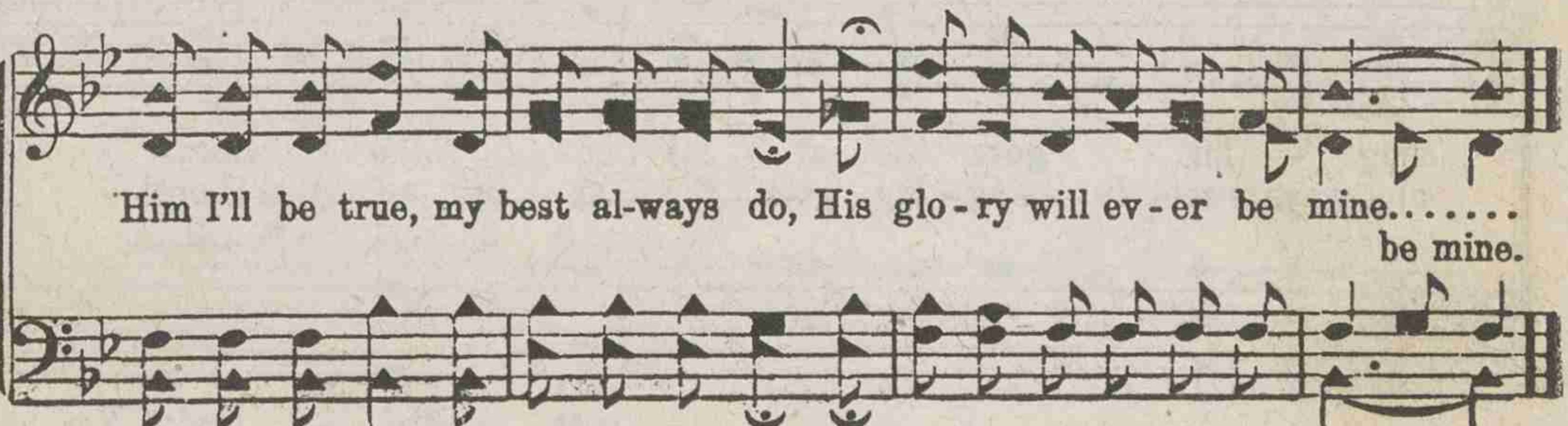
path-way to shine, (to shine,) For here, and at last on the beau - ti - ful  
 Sav - iour re - sign; (re-sign;) I want them to praise Him on earth and a -  
 those who re - pine, (re-pine,) And shall while e - ter - ni - ty pass - es a -



CHORUS.  
 shore, His glo - ry will ev - er be mine. (be mine.)  
 bove; His glo - ry will al - ways be mine. (be mine.) His glo - ry will  
 way; His glo - ry will al - ways be mine. (be mine.)



ev - er be mine,..... Thro' Him I'm con - tent - ed to shine;.... To  
 be mine, to shine;



Him I'll be true, my best al - ways do, His glo - ry will ev - er be mine.....  
 be mine.



# No. 13 The Army of the King of Kings.

JAMES ROWE.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. There's a ver - y might - y ar - my march - ing on - ward thro' the world,  
2. Je - sus march - es with His ar - my, so the bat - tle we shall win,  
3. By and by, in realms of glo - ry, we shall meet Him face to face,



'Tis the ar - my of the ev - er - last - ing King of kings; For the  
All His foes will be de - feat - ed by His might - y love; All the  
There with Him and all the an - gels ev - er we shall be; Then our



glo - ry of the gos - pel shines the flag of love un - furled, While an  
way, His grace up - holds us, keeps us free from doubt and sin, And will  
hap - py souls will praise Him for His soul - re - deem - ing love, In our



CHORUS.



end - less song of tri - umph o'er the whole world rings. On - ward, up - ward,  
safe - ly lead us to our hap - py home - bove.  
man - sions fair. for - ev - er, by the crys - tal sea. On - ward, up - ward,



sing - ing, goes the ar - my of the Lord!  
al - ways sweet - ly sing - ing, goes the ar - my of the Lord!



host of God; Yes,



# The Army of the King of Kings. Concluded.

Keep-ing prais-es ring-ing in the sky, His foes we all de-  
the sky,

His foes de-

fy, as-sured that by and by We all shall have the great re-  
de - fy,

fy,

ward in heav-en; On-ward, up - ward ev - er, with the King that  
ev - er marching

we a - dore, Marching, sing-ing ev - er in the light, All  
a-dore, a-dore, the light,

we a - dore, Keep Gos - pel

faith - ful in the fight, And prais-ing Je - sus more and more.....  
the fight,

in the fight,



# Far Away.

Copyright, 1918, by The Trio Music Co., in "Victory."

Curtis J. Williams.

M. D. McWhorter.



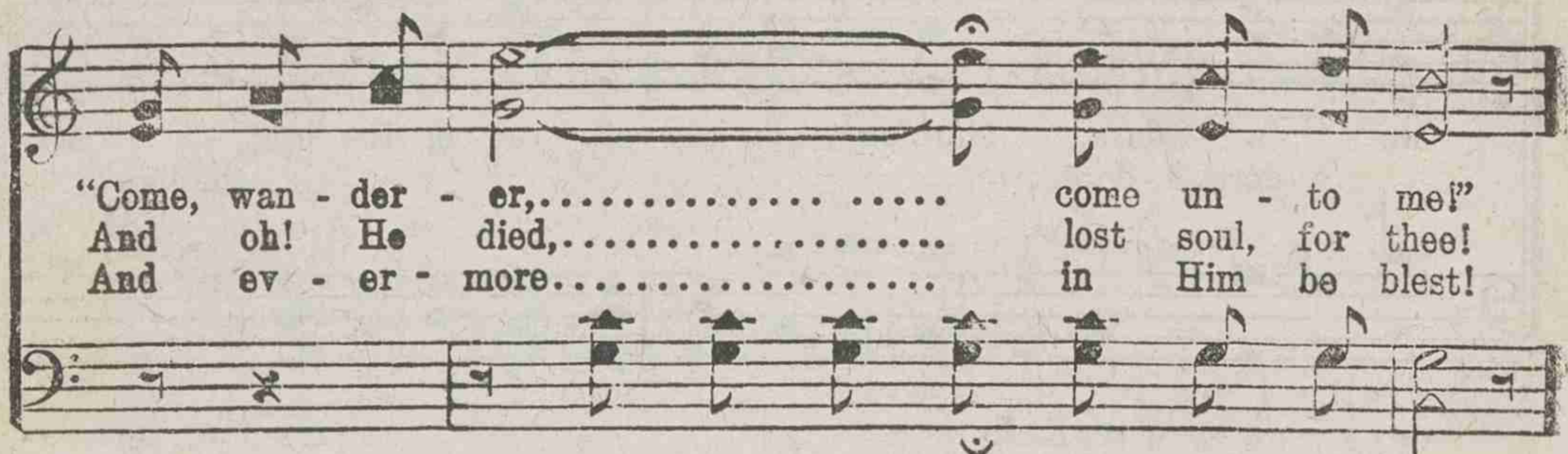
1. Tho' far a - way..... thy soul has strayed.....  
 2. So far a - way..... from home and God.....  
 3. Come with thy load..... of sin and care;.....



From God and all..... His prof-fered aid.....  
 Too long sin's path..... thy feet have trod;.....  
 Let Je - sus all..... thy bur-dens share;.....

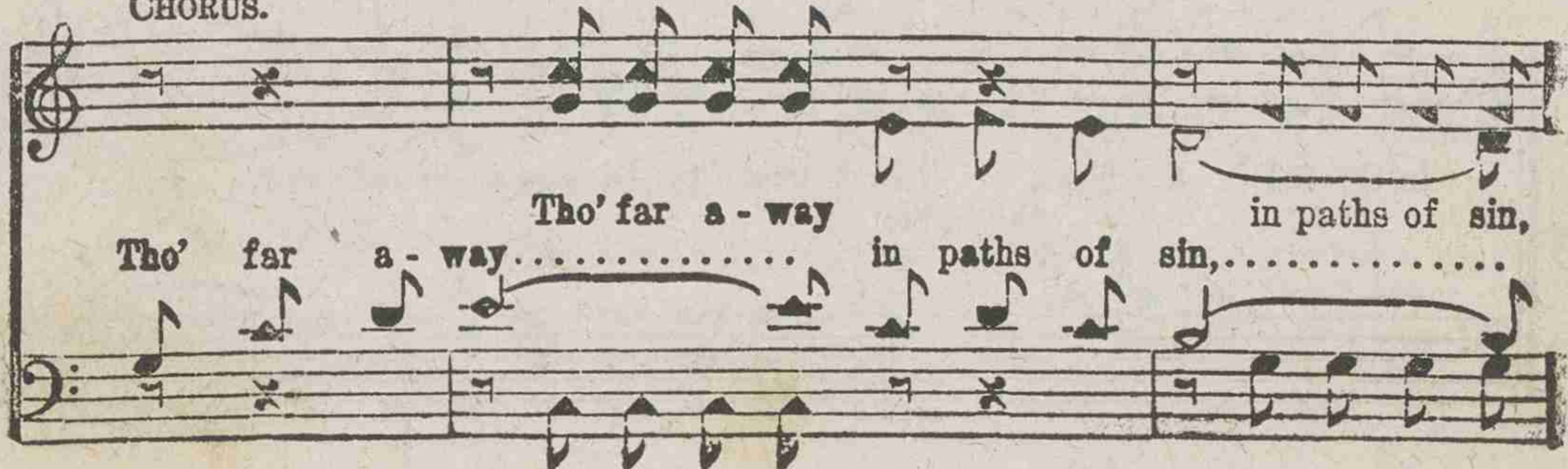


He still in love..... is call - ing thee;.....  
 The Sav - iour says:..... "my love is free,".....  
 O come and find..... a per - fect rest,.....



"Come, wan - der - er,..... come un - to me!"  
 And oh! He died,..... lost soul, for thee!  
 And ev - er - more..... in Him be blest!

## CHORUS.



Tho' far a - way..... in paths of sin,.....  
 Tho' far a - way..... in paths of sin,.....



# Far Away.

Christ loves and seeks thy soul to win;.....  
 Christ loves and seeks..... thy soul to win;

In all thy need..... oh! come to - day.....  
 In all thy need..... oh! come to - day.....

And let Him wash thy sins a - way! .....  
 And let Him wash..... thy sins a - way!

15

## Peace! Perfect Peace!

B. H. Bickersteth.

(Pax Tecum 10s.)

G. T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?  
 2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties press'd?  
 3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.  
 To do the will of Je - sus, — this is rest.  
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.



# No. 16.

# Forth to the Harvest Field.

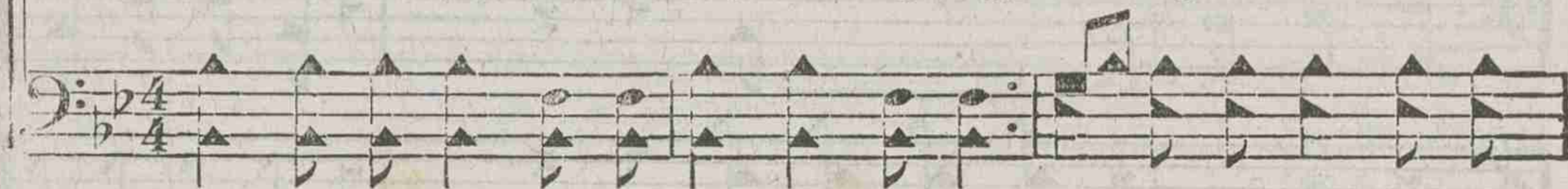
A. T.

Copyright, 1919, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. Forth to the field, lo, the grain is read - y, Ripe for the sheaf when the
2. Rich - ly the Lord will re - ward His reap - ers, Stars in their crown will out -
3. O - ver the field hear the reap - ers sing - ing, Toil - ing in love thru the



reap - ers come; Forth to the field in the ear - ly morn - ing, Gath - er the  
shine the sun; Men, faith - ful men, for the work is need - ed, Haste to the  
morn - ing fair; When eve has come they will come re - joic - ing, Bring - ing the



## CHORUS.



sheaves for the Harvest Home. Forth..... to the field,.....  
field till the work is done.

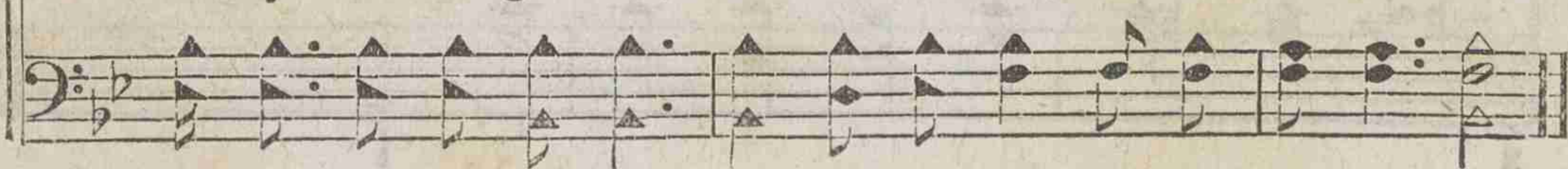
sheaves they have gathered there. Forth, go forth, the harvest field,



Forth..... to the harv - est field; Ripe is the grain and  
Forth, go forth, there waiting



read - y for the gar - ner, Forth to the field, to the harv - est field.





# No. 17

# Looking For Me.

In memory of my wife Mattie Vernon,, died Oct. 23rd. 1918.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,—they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.—Rev. 14: 13.

J. H. V.

J. H. VERNON.

*Slow with expression.*



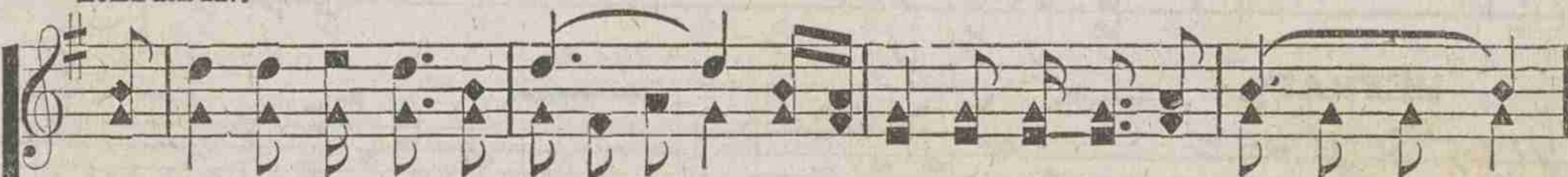
1. My feet are wea - ry, the path is drear-y, Some one is look-ing for me;
2. No more re - pin - ing, the lovelight's shining, Some one is look-ing for me;
3. Sweet peace they're sharing, be-yond comparing, Some one is look-ing for me;
4. To Je - sus cling-ing, this sto - ry singing, Some one is look-ing for me;



The cross seems lighter, as hope grows brighter, Some one is look-ing for me.  
My days of sor-row, will end to-mor-row, Some one is look-ing for me.  
They wait my coming, when thro' life's roaming, Some one is look-ing for me.  
He saves com-plete ly, Je - sus so sweet ly, Some one is look-ing for me.



## REFRAIN.



Some one is look-ing for me,..... Some one is look-ing for me,.....  
and waiting for me, and wait-ing for me,



Up yon-der in glo-ry, they're singing the story, Some one is looking for me.....  
and waiting for me.






# No 18

J. M. H.


# Satisfied at Last.

J. M. Henson. owner.

J. M. HENSON.



1. I wandered long..... in search of gain,..... I bore much  
 2. No joy I found,..... no sure re - lief,..... But dis-con-  
 3. I'm glad I heard..... His lov - ing plea,..... So glad that



sor - row care and pain; But now to Christ.....  
 tent - ment toil and grief; Till Je - sus hid.....  
 He..... has par-doned me; My bur - dens all.....



I'm hold-ing fast,..... And I am sat - is - fied at last.  
 my wretched past,..... Now I am sat - is - fied at last.  
 on Him I've cast,..... And I am sat - is - fied at last.



**REFRAIN.**  
 I'm sat-is-fied,..... yes, bless His name,..... To res-cue me,.....  
 I'm sat-is-fied,..... yes, bless His name,..... To rescue me



the Sav-ior came:..... My wand'ring's are o'er,..... my doubting's all  
 the Sevier came; My wand'rings are o'er,



## Satisfied at Last.

past,..... And I am sat - is - fied at last.  
my doubting all past, And I am sat - is - fied at last.

No. 19

## Seeking the Harbor.

J. M. Henson, owner,

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HENSON.

1. Seeking the har-bor, sail-ing a - long, Fear-ing no tempest, shielded from wrong;  
2. Wrecks are around us lashed by the gale, Trusting our Pi-lot, we shall pre - vail;  
3. Sweetly we'll trust His won-der-ful grace Till we have reached that heav-en-ly place;

Christ is our Pi - lot o - ver the foam, Soon we shall reach the harbor of home.  
Foes may as - sail us, bil-lows may roll, Je - sus will take us safe to the goal.  
How we shall love Him, praise and a - dore, When we have reached that beau-ti-ful shore.

### REFRAIN.

Seek-ing the har-bor, sing-ing of love, Soon we shall sing in mansions a bove;

Christ is our Pi - lot o - ver the foam, Soon we shall anchor, soon be at home.



GEO. W. WINNINGHAM.

VIRGIL O. STAMPS.

Alto prominent.



1. Oft - en I've heard how the Lord from the sky, Came in His glory for sin - ners to  
 2. Oft - en I've read how He stood by the sea, Heal - ing the stricken in sweet Gal - i -  
 3. O - ver and o - ver the sto - ry's been told, Hope of my soul, it will nev - er grow



die; And as the years with their burdens roll by, Sweeter the sto - ry grows.  
 lee, Since He has prom - ised a man - sion to me, Sweeter the sto - ry grows.  
 old: Till we in glo - ry the Sav - iour be - hold, Sweeter the sto - ry grows.



## CHORUS.



Sweet - - er it grows..... bless - ed sto - - ry so  
 Sweet - er it grows, sweet - er it grows, sto - ry so sweet, bless - ed



sweet..... Sweet - er and sweet - er it grows;..... Af - -  
 sto - ry so sweet, yes, it grows; Af - ter the years,



ter the years... and the joys..... and the tears,.....  
 af - ter the years, Af - ter the years and the joys and the tears,





# SWEETER THE STORY GROWS. Concluded.

Sweeter and sweeter the sto - ry grows, Sweeter and sweet-er it grows.....  
still sweeter it grows.

No. 21.

## 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 sick-ness, in health; In pov - er - ty's  
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! I, I am thy  
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-ereign, 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  
vare, 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 de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be."  
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right-eous, om-nip - o - tent hand."  
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bo - som be borne."  
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake."

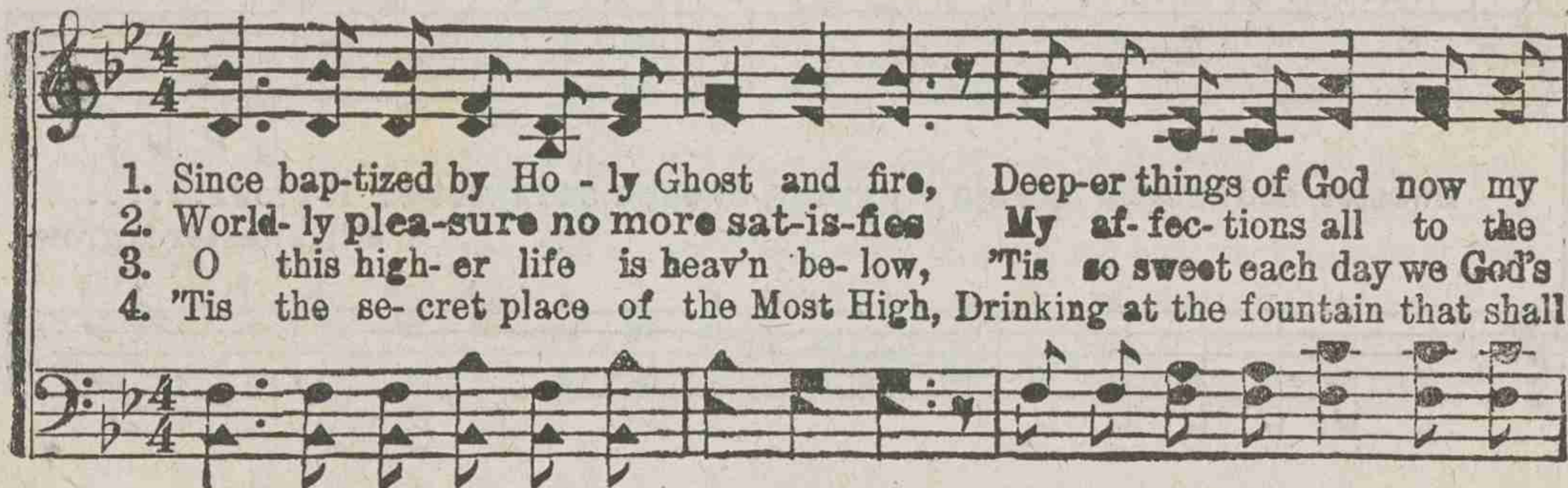


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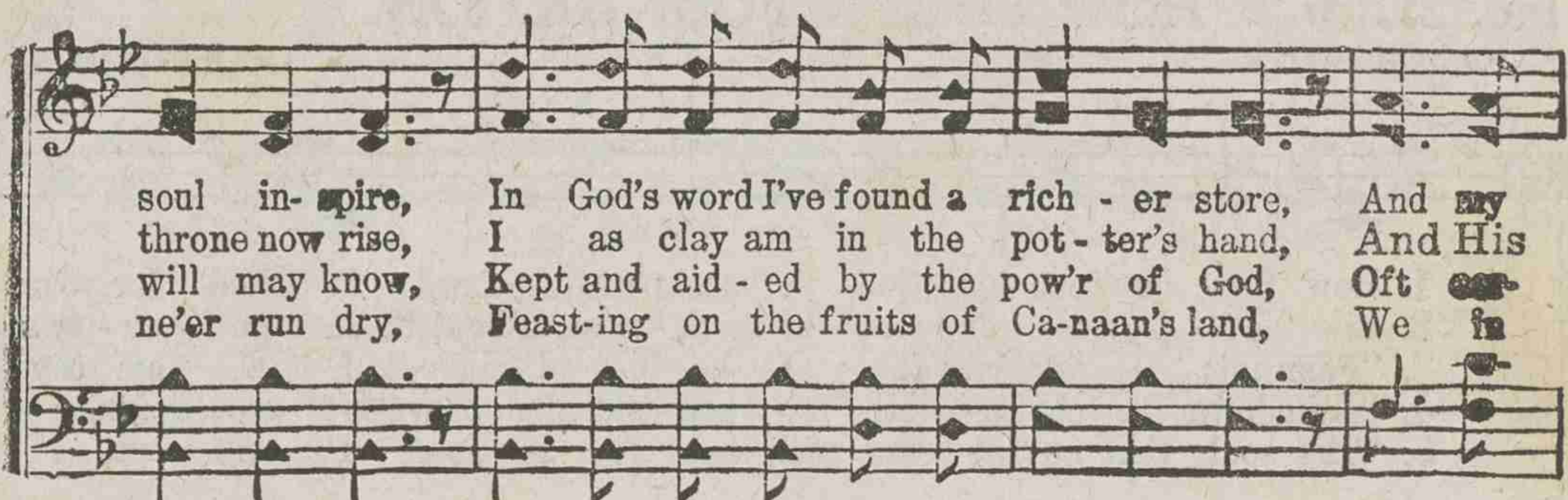
# More of God's Blessings.

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

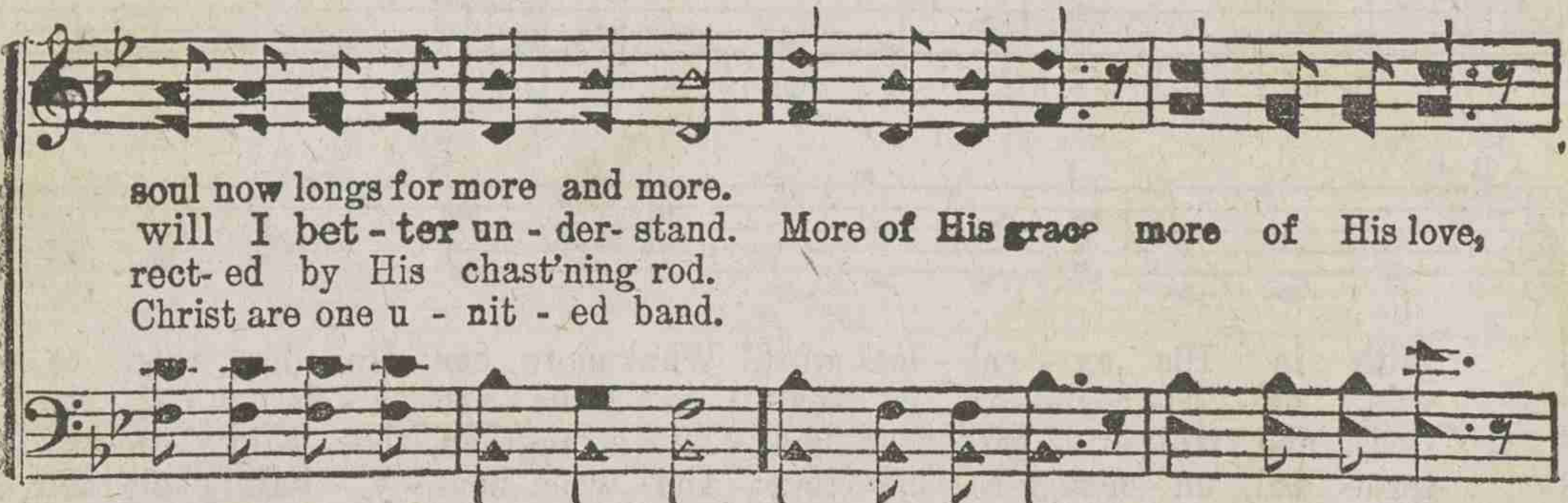


1. Since bap-tized by Ho - ly Ghost and fire, Deep-er things of God now my  
 2. World-ly plea-sure no more sat-is-fies My af-fec-tions all to the  
 3. O this high-er life is heav'n be-low, 'Tis so sweet each day we God's  
 4. 'Tis the se-cret place of the Most High, Drinking at the fountain that shall

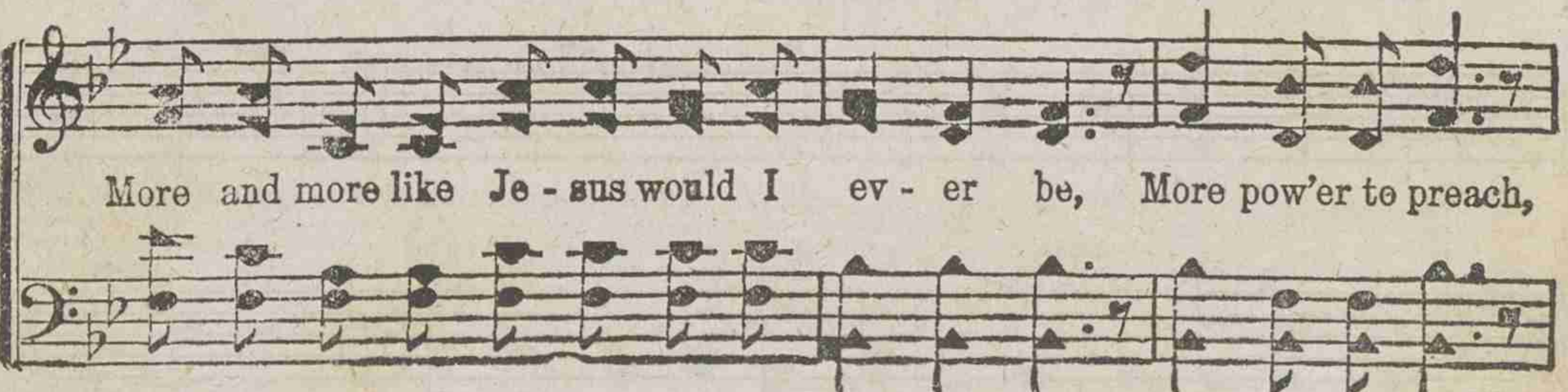


soul in-spire, In God's word I've found a rich - er store, And my  
 throne now rise, I as clay am in the pot-ter's hand, And His  
 will may know, Kept and aid-ed by the pow'r of God, Oft ~~can~~  
 ne'er run dry, Feast-ing on the fruits of Ca-naan's land, We in

## CHORUS.



soul now longs for more and more.  
 will I bet-ter un-der-stand. More of His grace more of His love,  
 rect-ed by His chast'ning rod.  
 Christ are one u - nit - ed band.



More and more like Je - sus would I ev - er be, More pow'er to preach,



wis - dom to teach, As I jour-ney homeward to e - ter - ni - ty.



# No. 23. Mother, I Am Coming Home.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

DUET. *Rather slow.*



1. One day, be-neath a sum-mer sky, Be-fore my moth-er's last good-by,  
2. I'm go-ing to my home so fair, O prom-ise you will meet me there,  
3. The years have passed a roll-ing flood, Since that dear one was called to God,  
4. I know sometime, by heav-en's grace, I'll meet my moth-er face to face,



She drew me to her side to say, Dear child, I'm go-ing far a-way.  
I took my moth-er's toil-worn hand And said, I'll meet you in that land.  
I'd give this world her face to see, And by her side I long to be.  
I know her pray'rs and boundless love Will lead me to my home a-bove.

CHORUS.



Yes, moth-er, dear, I'm com-ing home, From thy dear side no more I'll roam,

DUET.



How sweet 'twill be, what joy for me, When I am home, safe home with thee.

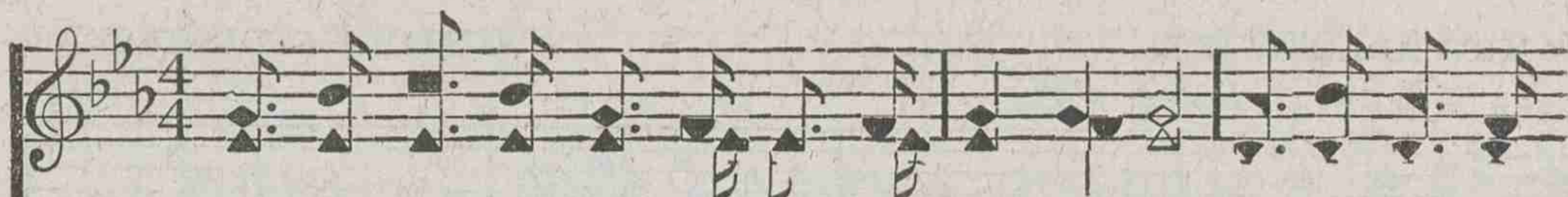


# No. 24 He Is The King Of Kings.



A. R. W.

A. R. Walton, Owner.


A. R. Walton.



1. I will praise the Sav - ior who hath died for me, Who so free - ly  
 2. Ev - 'ry bur - den He is read - y now to bear, Ev - 'ry tri - al  
 3. I will fol - low where He lead - eth ev - 'ry day, Tho' the path be  
 4. When at last I reach that bless - ed home on high, And I feel my

gave His life on cal - va - ry; Died to set my cap - tive soul from  
 with me He will glad - ly share; Shield and keep me from the temp - ter's  
 dark and rug - ged He's my stay; He will lead at last to that e -  
 Sav - ior's pres - ence ev - er nigh; I will shout re - demp - tions sto - ry





bond - age free,  
 e - vil snare,  
 ter - nal day, He is the King of Kings.  
 thro' the sky, the King of Kings.



## REFRAIN.



Glo - - - ry, glo - - - ry, Glo - ry to the King of Kings;  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, the King of Kings;





# He Is The King Of Kings.

Glo - - - ry, glo - - - ry, Praise e-ter - nal we will sing;  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er sing;

Glo - - - ry, glo - - - ry, Let the glad ho - san - nahs ring.  
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, ev - er ring.

No. 25

## Grace Is Free.

A. R. W.

Copyright 1919. By A. R. Walton.

A. R. Walton.

1. Since my Sav-ior died for me, Grace is free, grace is free; And I'm hap-py  
2. Now I'm walk-ing in the light, Grace is free, grace is free; Je - sus leads me  
3. Now old Sa - tan must re-treat, Grace is free, grace is free; He can ne'er our  
4. Sin-ner come to Christ to day, Grace is free, grace is free; Walk with-in the

REFRAIN.

as can be, Since grace is free.  
in the fight, Since grace is free. Oh, there's joy with-in my soul, Since my  
Lord de-feat, Since grace is free.  
heav-'nly way, Since grace is free.

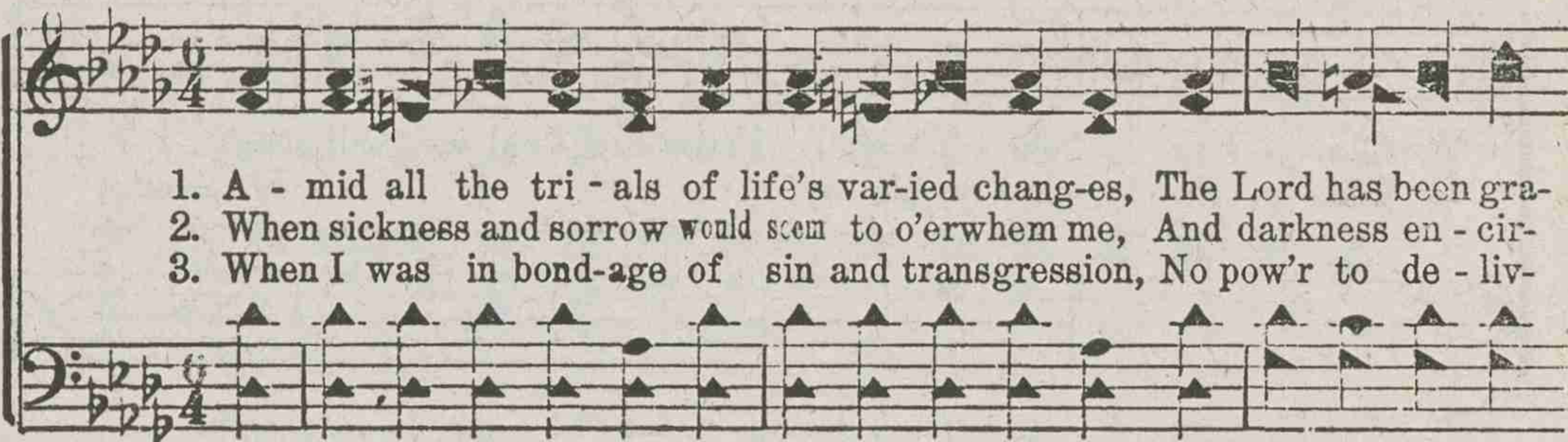
Sav-ior made me whole, And I'm hap-py as can be, Since grace is free.




# No. 26. God Has Been Good to Me.

W. M. R.

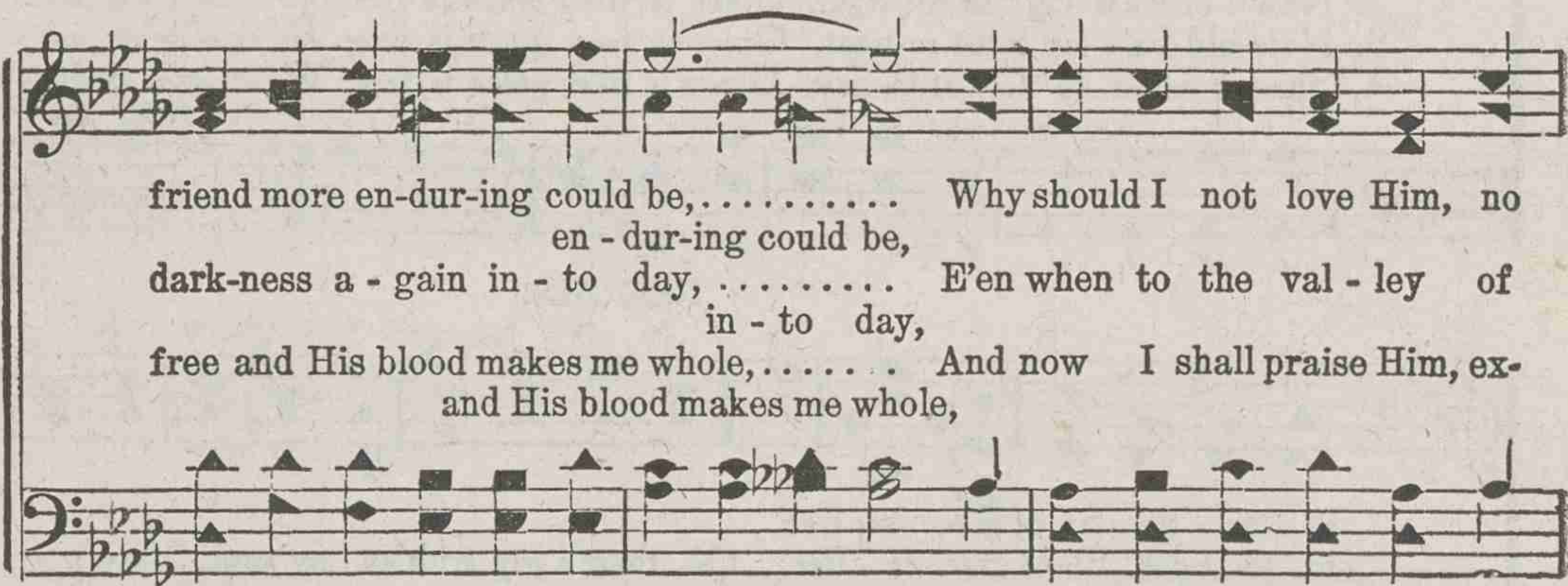
WILL M. RAMSEY.



1. A - mid all the tri - als of life's var - ied chang - es, The Lord has been gra -  
 2. When sickness and sorrow would seem to o'erwhem me, And darkness en - cir -  
 3. When I was in bond - age of sin and transgression, No pow'r to de - liv -



cious to me, . . . . . His love has sustained me, His mer - cy entwined me, No  
 so gracious to me,  
 cled my way, . . . . . His arm was ex - tend - ed in mer - cy to lift me From  
 ed - cir - cled my way,  
 er my soul, . . . . . He came to my res - cue, the bondage was brok - en, I'm  
 de - liv - er my' soul,




friend more en - dur - ing could be, . . . . . Why should I not love Him, no  
 en - dur - ing could be,  
 dark - ness a - gain in - to day, . . . . . E'en when to the val - ley of  
 in - to day,  
 free and His blood makes me whole, . . . . . And now I shall praise Him, ex -  
 and His blood makes me whole,




oth - er a - bove Him, His mer - cy is bound - less and free, . . . . .  
 is boundless and free,  
 death He had brought me Where no ray of light I could see, . . . . .  
 I could see,  
 alt Him, and crown Him, Of Him all my sing - ing shall be, . . . . .  
 my singing shall be,




# God Has Been Good to Me. Concluded.




I want now to serve Him, and nev-er to grieve Him, For God has been good to  
He nev-er for-sook me, nor once o-ver-looked me, The Lord has been good to  
His name I would her-ald throughout ev-'ry na-tion, For God has been good to




## CHORUS.




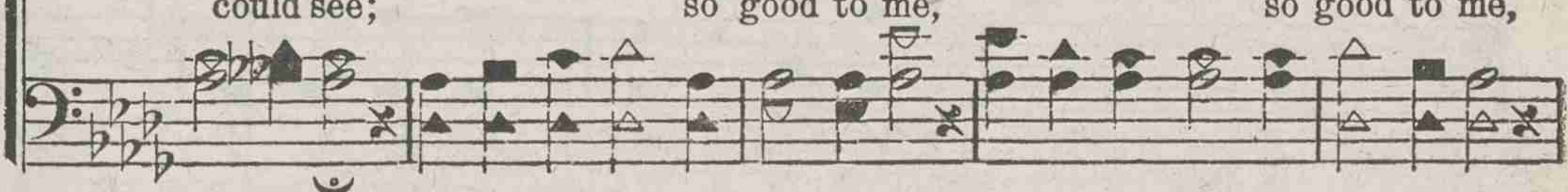
me,..... God has been good to me,..... God has been good to me,.....  
to me. so good to me, so good to me,




Thro' all my sorrows, sore tri-als and heartaches, His dear guiding hand I could



see:..... God has been good to me,..... God has been good to me,.....  
could see; so good to me, so good to me,



I would for evermore trust and obey Him, For God has been good to me.....  
to me.





# No. 27. More And More To Me.

Mrs. N. J. Payne. Cho. by Mrs. J. B. V.

John B. Vaughan.



1. Day by day O bless - ed Je - sus, Thou art more and more to me;  
 2. Pre-cious Je - sus I am wait - ing, For the day when Thou shalt call;  
 3. But while wait-ing for Thy com-ing, If my path must thorn - y be;  
 4. Then when all this life is o - ver, And earth's sor-rows all are past;





And I long to know Thee bet - ter, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 For the wea - ry way-worn pil-grim, Je - sus Thou my life my all.  
 Thou will cheer me, and sus-tain me, By Thy grace so full and free.  
 O the joy when Thou shall take me, To Thy self in heav'n at last.





## REFRAIN.




More... and more to me,.... Je - sus my friend.... e - ven I'll cling;  
 More to me,....

Thou... art light and life,.... In Thee I'll trust,.... Thy praise I'll sing;  
 Thou art life,....

More... and more to me... is my dear Savior, More... and more to me each day.  
 More to me;



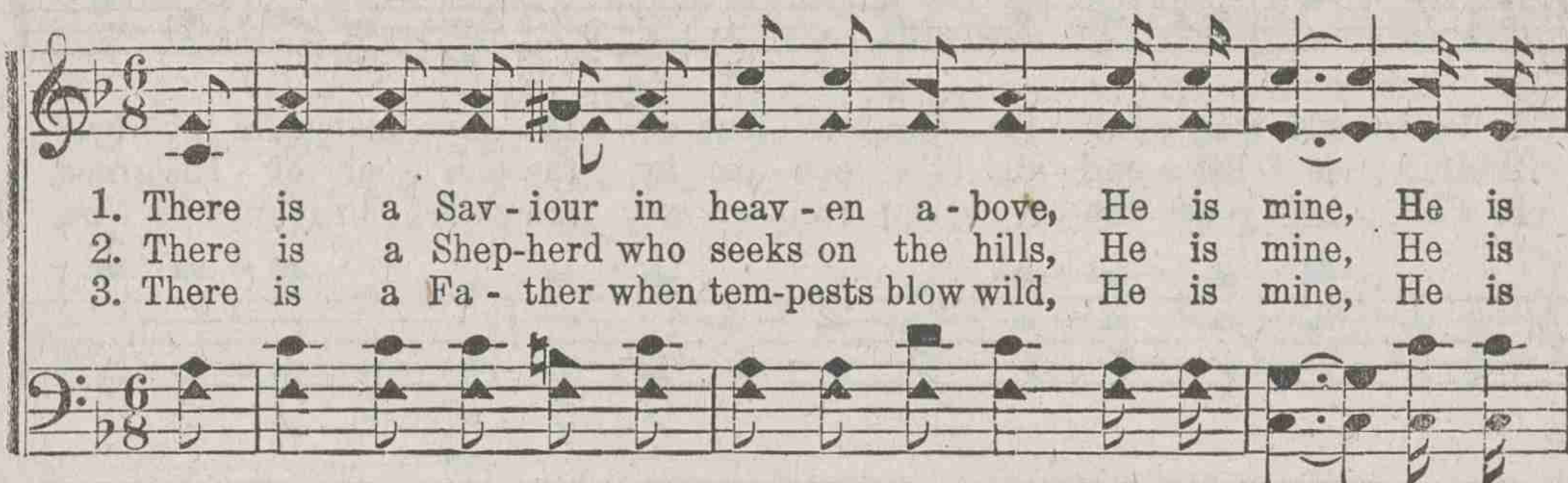


# No. 28.

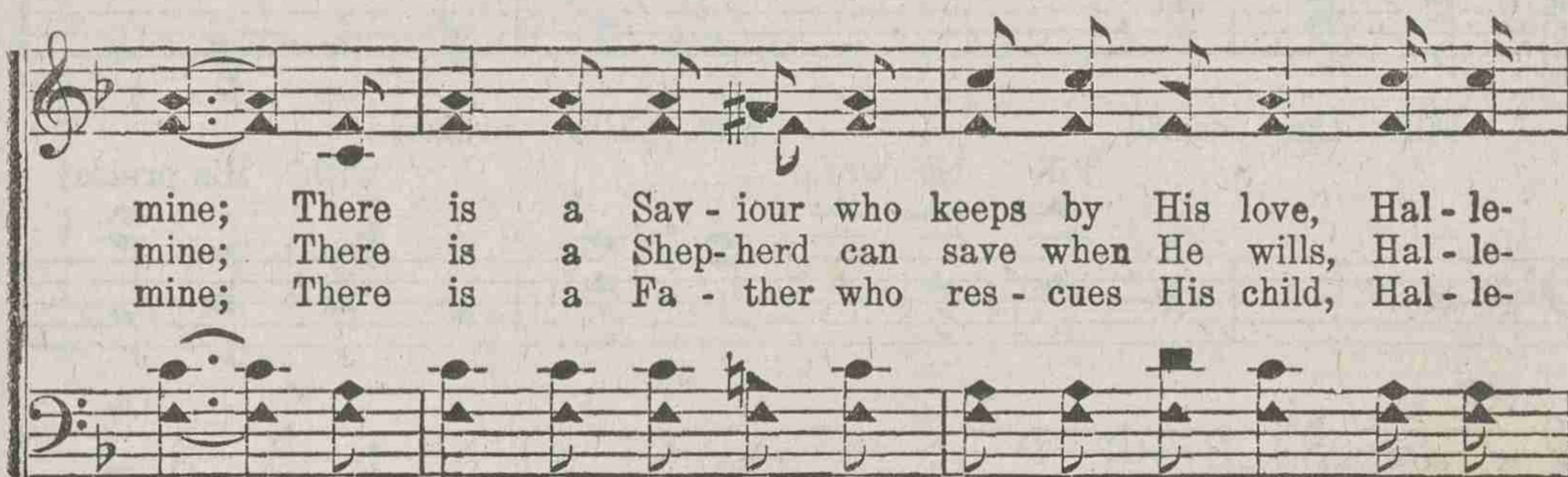
# He Is Mine.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. There is a Sav-iour in heav-en a-bove, He is mine, He is  
 2. There is a Shep-herd who seeks on the hills, He is mine, He is  
 3. There is a Fa-ther when tem-pests blow wild, He is mine, He is



mine; There is a Sav-iour who keeps by His love, Hal-le-  
 mine; There is a Shep-herd can save when He wills, Hal-le-  
 mine; There is a Fa-ther who res-cues His child, Hal-le-

## CHORUS.



lu-jah! this Sav-iour is mine.  
 lu-jah! this Shep-herd is mine. Sav-iour and Shep-herd and  
 lu-jah! this Fa-ther is mine.



Fa-ther is He, He is mine, He is mine; He keeps a place in His



king-dom for me, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! He's mine.



# No. 29 Fill the World With His Praise.

JAMES ROWE.

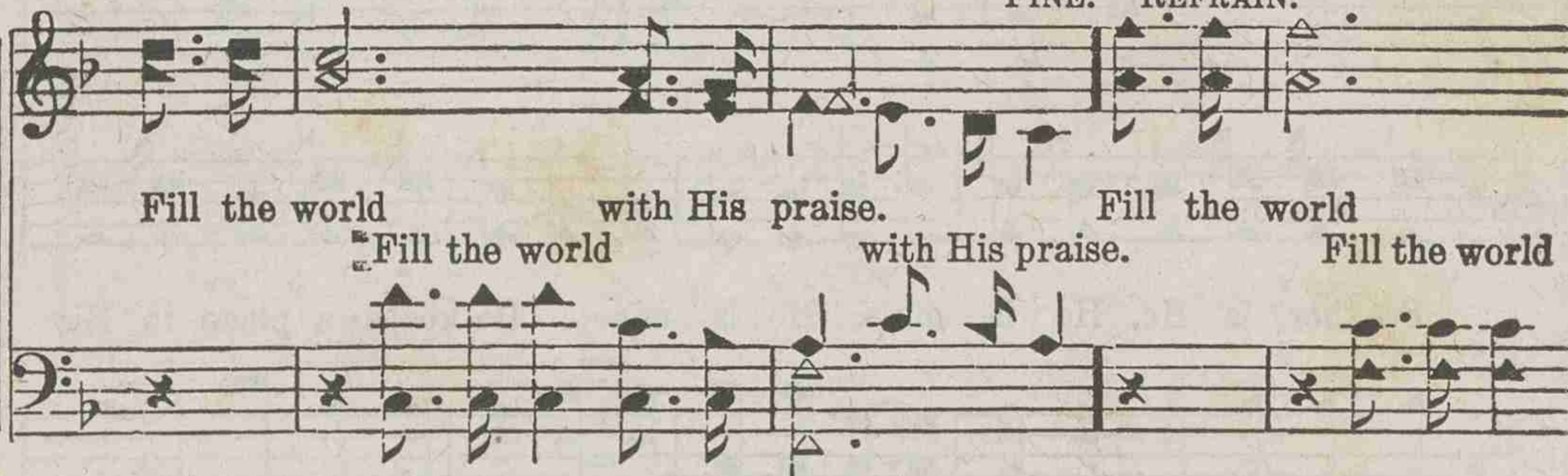
S. A. GANUS.



1. Praise and mag - ni - fy the Sav - iour as the days and years go by,
2. He is lift - ing all the peo - ple by the pow - er of His grace,
3. Till be - yond the si - lent riv - er we are called to reign with Him,



D. S.—Till we sing to Him a - bove, and with the an - gels praise His love,  
FINE. REFRAIN.





# No. 30. Not Far From The Kingdom.

Mrs. John B. Vaughan.

Austin Hazelwood, Owner.

Austin Hazelwood.

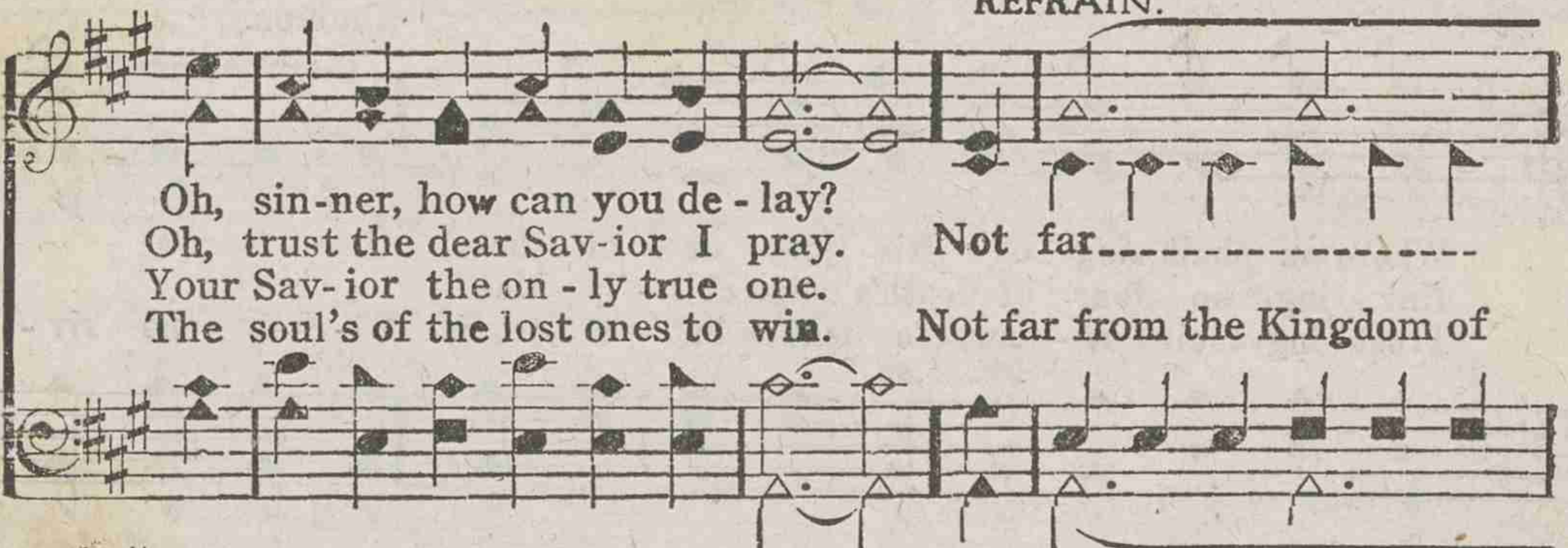


1. Not far from the Kingdom of heav-en art thou, You plan to  
 2. Not far from the Kingdom of heav-en's bright land, You wait and  
 3. Not far from the Kingdom of heav-en, dear soul, Your friends in-  
 4. Not far from the Kingdom of heav-en, Be true, Oh, give your

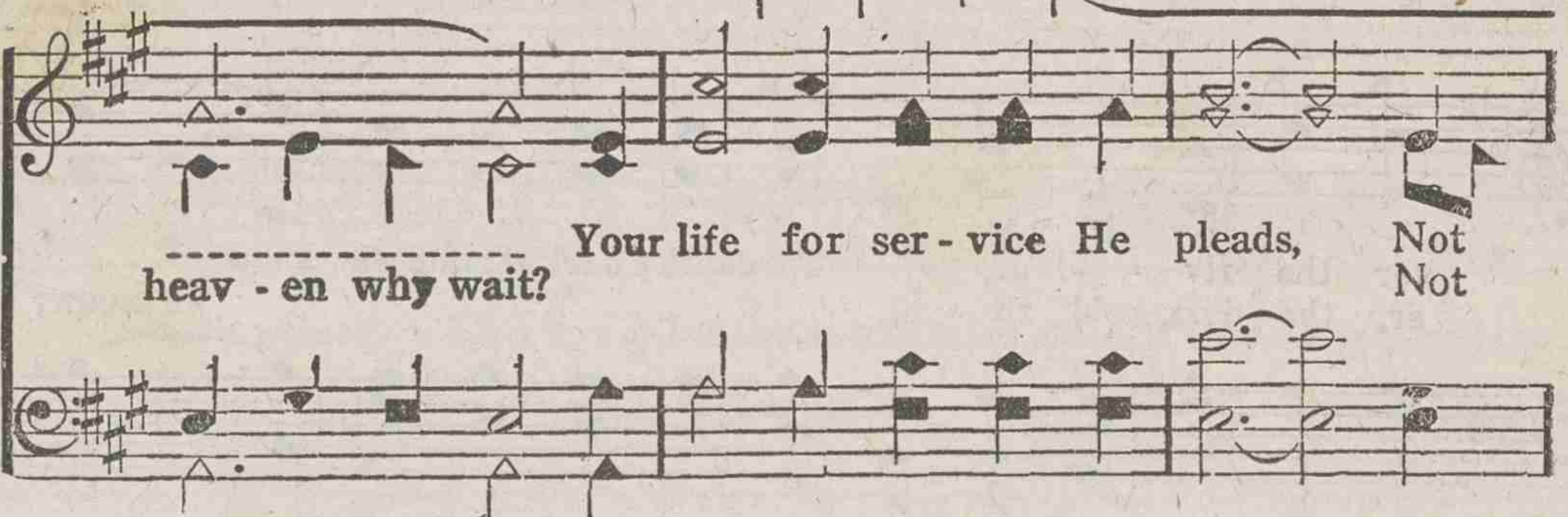


en - ter some day; Not far from the Kingdom of heaven, and how,  
 fal - ter to - day; Not far from the Kingdom of heaven, you stand,  
 treat you to come; Not far from the Kingdom of heaven, be- hold,  
 life now to Him; And en- ter the field now, there's work you can do,

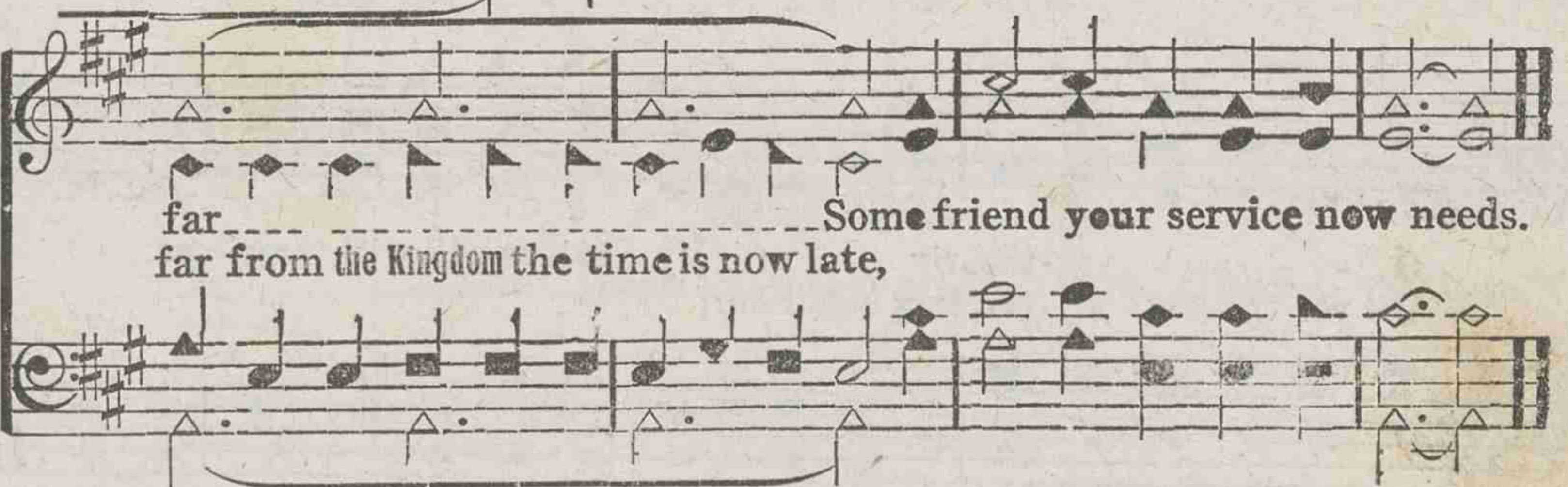
## REFRAIN.



Oh, sin-ner, how can you de - lay?  
 Oh, trust the dear Sav-ior I pray. Not far.....  
 Your Sav-ior the on - ly true one.  
 The soul's of the lost ones to win. Not far from the Kingdom of



heav - en why wait? Your life for ser - vice He pleads, Not  
 Not



far..... Some friend your service now needs.  
 far from the Kingdom the time is now late,



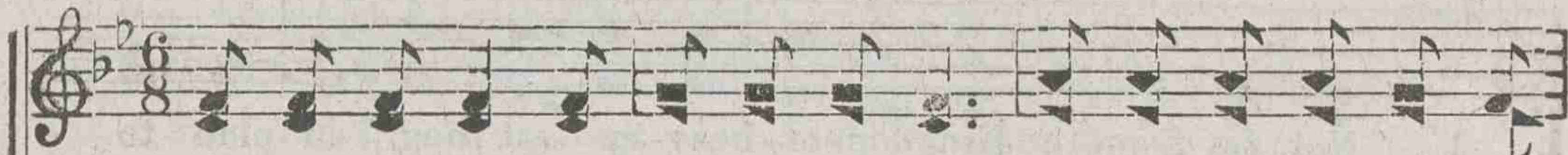
# No. 31.

# Over the River.



W. O. McK.

W. O. McKinney, owner, Anderson, S. C.


W. O. McKinney.




1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Loved ones are watch - ing and  
 2. O - ver the riv - er, will you be there? Kin - dred and loved ones this  
 3. O - ver the riv - er, what a great day, Hap - py with Je - sus for -



wait - ing for me; Wait - ing to greet me on that bright shore,  
 glo - ry to share; Safe in His arms we'll ev - er a - bide,  
 ev - er to stay; Ma - ny are cross - ing death's chil - ly stream,




CHORUS.



Where we shall sing of His love ev - er - more. O - - - -  
 Hav - ing no fear of death's cold, chil - ly tide.  
 Trust - ing their Sav - iour, for death's but a dream. O - ver the riv -

ver the riv - - er, 'Tis death's dark stream we know;.....  
 er, the dark cold riv - er, we know;




O - - - - ver the riv - er, My Saviour will with me go.  
 O - ver the riv - er, the dark cold river,






## Hear the Singing.


Copyright, 1919, by The Trio Music Co., in "Carols of Peace."

B. B. Edmiston.

M. D. McWhorter.

*Slowly.*



1. Wea-ry pilgrims as you trav-el on the way, Leading upward to the  
 2. Let the Sav-iour fill your be-ing with His love, Conquer sor-row by the  
 3. Saint-ed mill-ions, safe in glo-ry, joy - f'ly sing, Mak-ing heaven's arch-es



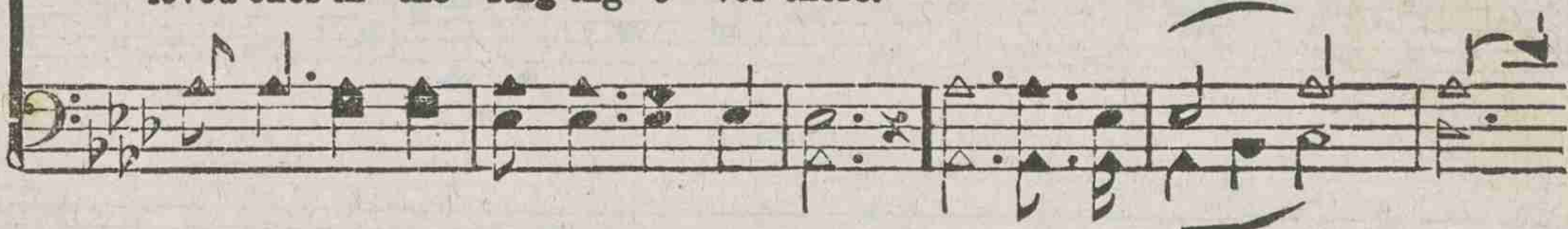

land of end-less day, Nev-er fal-ter 'neath the bur-den that you bear; Looking  
 glad-ness from a - bove; Keep your courage, earth's vain longings cause despair, Pressing  
 with sweet mu-sic ring; Lift your vision far be - yond all earth-ly care, Join the




## CHORUS.




heav'nward, hear the singing o - ver there.  
 on-ward, hear the sing-ing o - ver there. O hear the sin - ing  
 loved ones in the sing-ing o - ver there.




o - ver there, Look a-way from earth's temptation, toil and care; Some-times the

cross..... is hard to bear, But there's gladness in the singing o - ver there.



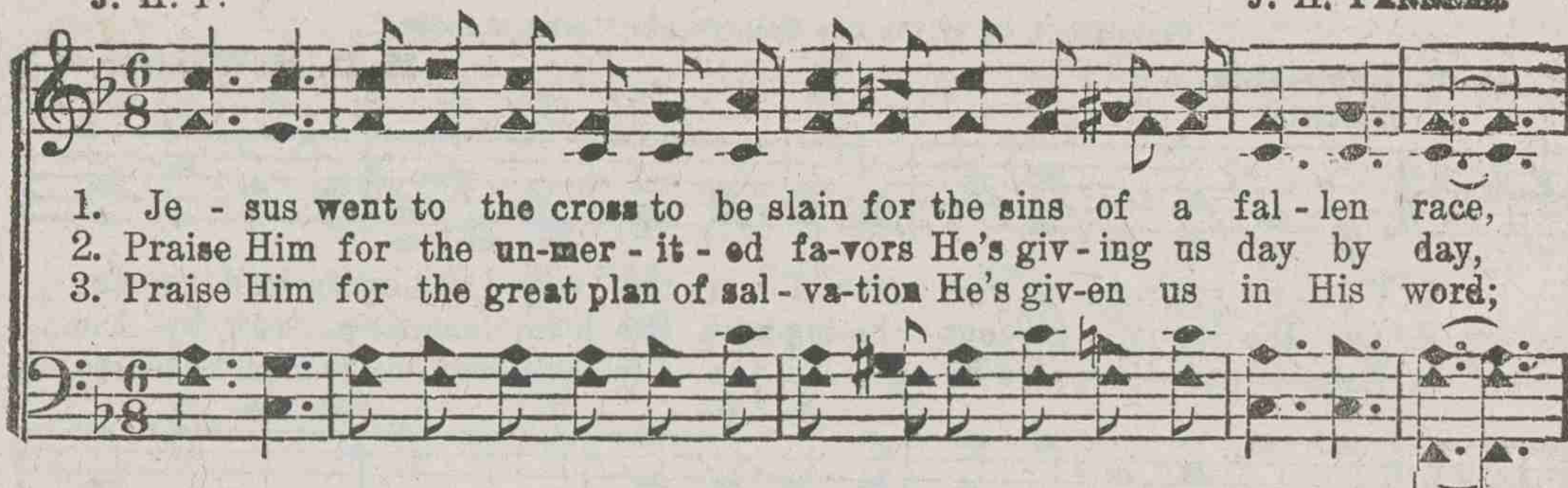


# No. 33

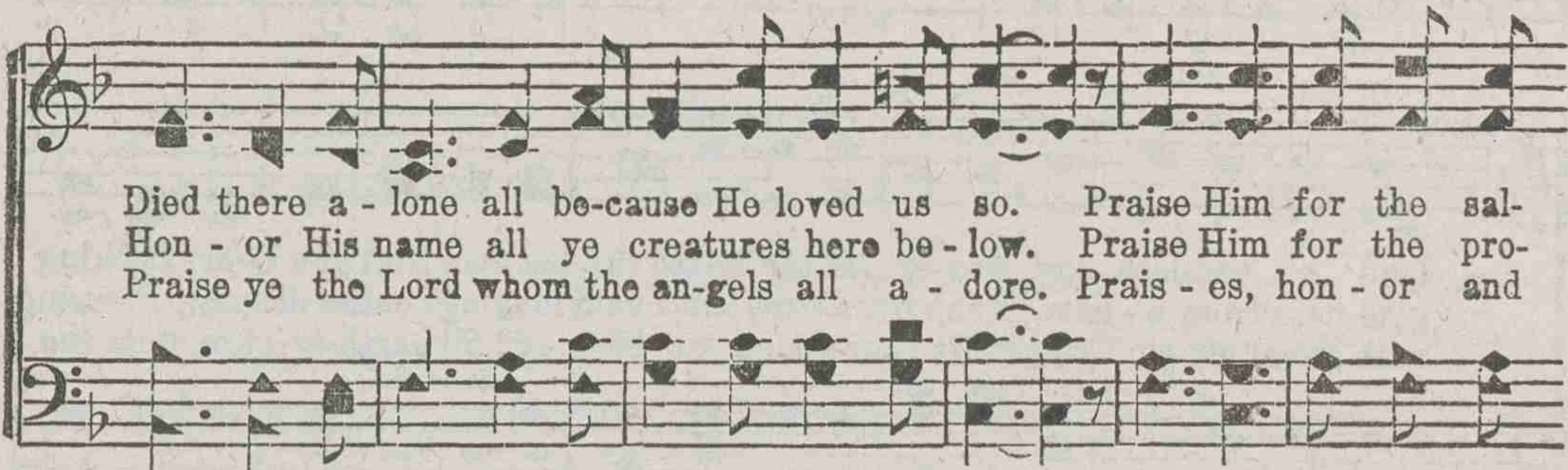
# Praise Him Forever.

J. H. P.

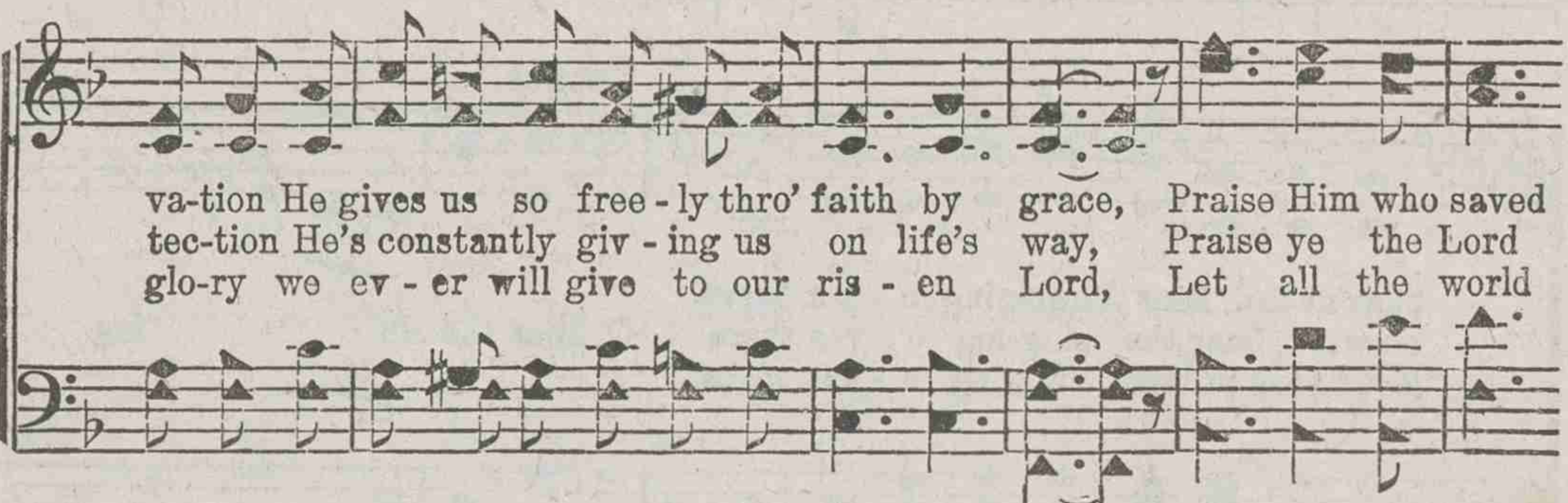
J. H. PANNELL



1. Je - sus went to the cross to be slain for the sins of a fal - len race,  
 2. Praise Him for the un - mer - it - ed fa - vors He's giv - ing us day by day,  
 3. Praise Him for the great plan of sal - va - tion He's giv - en us in His word;

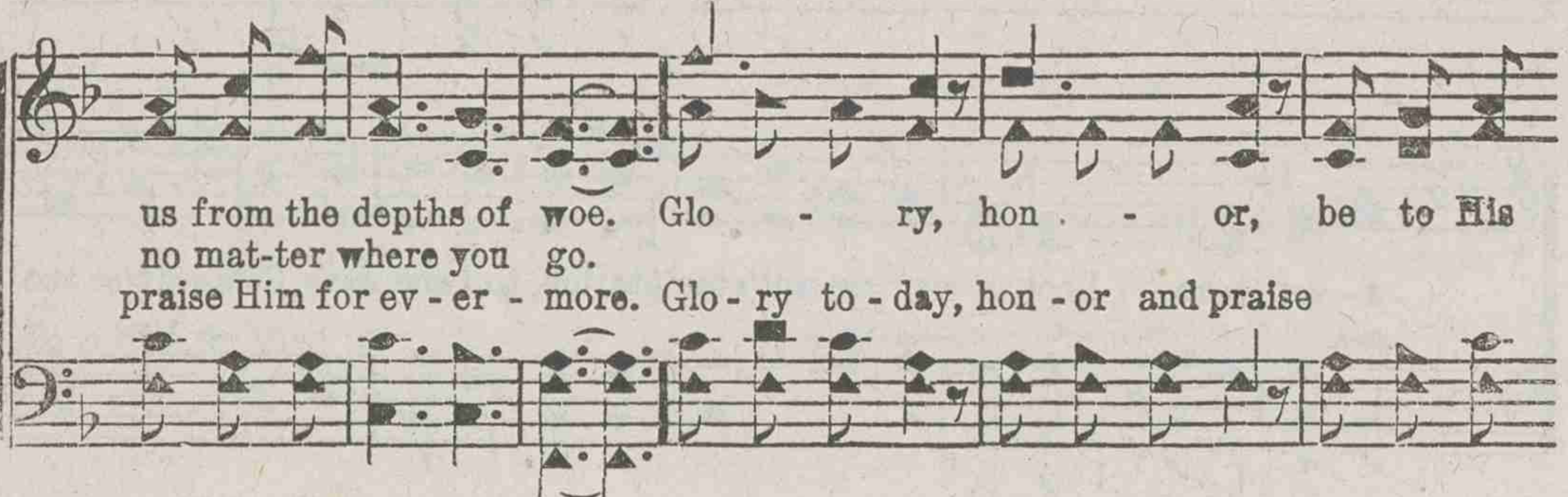


Died there a - lone all be - cause He loved us so. Praise Him for the sal -  
 Hon - or His name all ye creatures here be - low. Praise Him for the pro -  
 Praise ye the Lord whom the an - gels all a - dore. Prais - es, hon - or and



va - tion He gives us so free - ly thro' faith by grace, Praise Him who saved  
 tec - tion He's constantly giv - ing us on life's way, Praise ye the Lord  
 glo - ry we ev - er will give to our ris - en Lord, Let all the world

## CHORUS.



us from the depths of woe. Glo - ry, hon - or, be to His  
 no mat - ter where you go.  
 praise Him for ev - er - more. Glo - ry to - day, hon - or and praise



ho - ly name, Praise Him, crown Him, Who is to - day the same;  
 Prais - es we sing un - to our King,



## Praise Him Forever. Concluded.

Love Him, praise Him, He whom the an - gels a - dore;  
Love Him each day, crown Him with praise,

Praise Him, the bless-ed re-deem - er, Oh, praise Him for ev - er - more.

### No. 34

### Land of Light.

J. V. MANASCO.

J. T. LANE.

1. There is a land of light a - bove, Where all is joy and peace and love,  
2. That land a - bove is al-ways bright, Our Saviour there will be the light,  
3. Make read - y for that com-ing day, When from this world you're called a-way,

FINE.

Oh! how I long to reach that home, Where sin and sor-row nev - er come.  
Oh! soon we'll reach that land of day, There ev - er - more with Him to stay.  
To be with Him where comes no night, In that blest land where all is light.

And then go home in peace and love, To that sweet land of light a - bove.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sweet home a - bove, Oh! Land of Light, Let's al-ways strive to do the right,

J. T. Lane, owner.

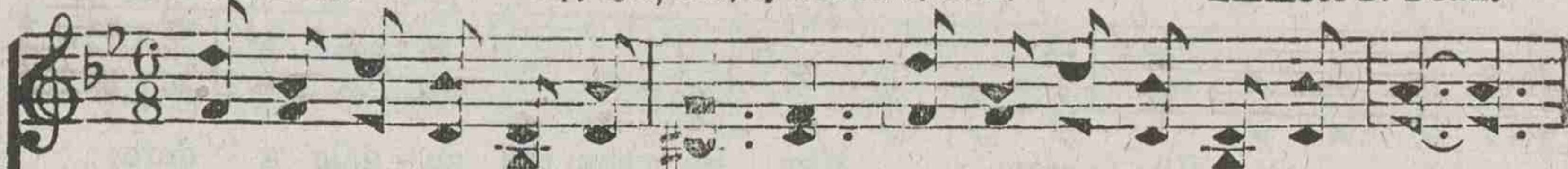


## Just When He Needs Me.

Ada Blenkhorn.

Copyright, 1919, by Emmett S. Dean.

Emmett S. Dean.



1. Just when He needs me to help Him, I will be true to my Lord;
2. Just when He needs me to car - ry Some word of comfort and cheer,
3. Just when He needs me to res - cue Some one sin's dark wave has tossed,
4. Just when He needs me in bat - tle, With Him the vic - t'ry to win;



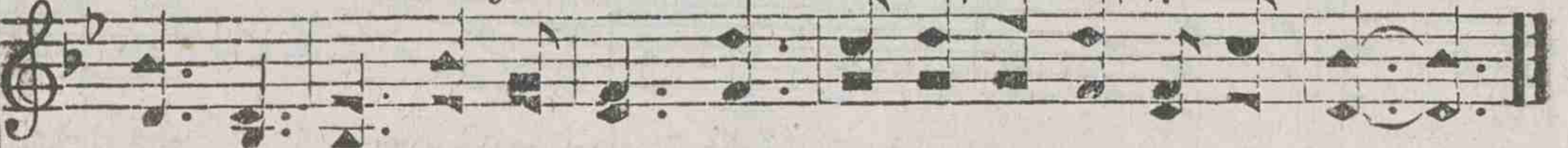
I will say "yes," when He calls me, Glad-ly o - bey - ing His Word.  
 Tell - ing the bur - dened and lone - ly, Je - sus to help them is near.  
 I will be there in the life - boat, Sav - ing that soul ere 'tis lost.  
 I will go for - ward with Je - sus, Fighting the le - gions of sin.

CHORUS. *Solo or unison.**Harmony.*

Just when He needs me, Just when He needs me, Needs me to help Him

*Solo or unison.*

In some great conflict be - low; Just when He needs me, Just when He

*Harmony.*

needs me, needs me for serv - ice, Forward with Je - sus I'll go.





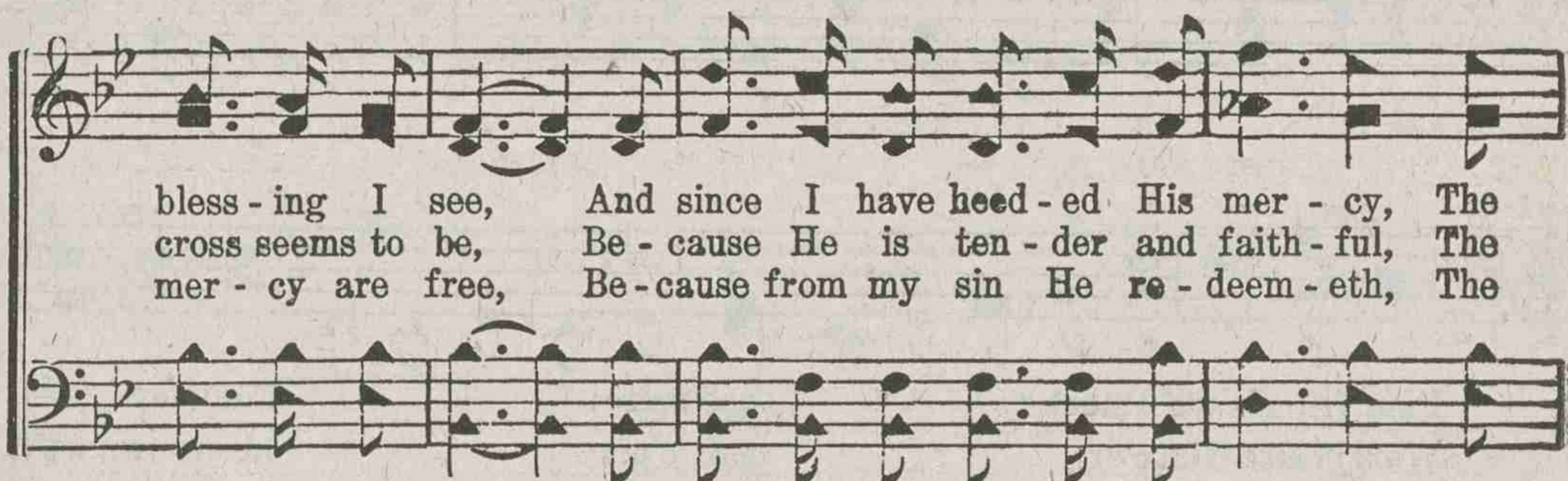
# No. 36. The Saviour Is Precious to Me.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. I've giv - en my heart to the Sav - iour, And dai - ly His  
 2. He knows all my cares and my sor - rows, How heav - y my  
 3. So bound - less the love that He of - fers, His grace and His



bless - ing I see, And since I have heed - ed His mer - cy, The  
 cross seems to be, Be - cause He is ten - der and faith - ful, The  
 mer - cy are free, Be - cause from my sin He re - deem - eth, The

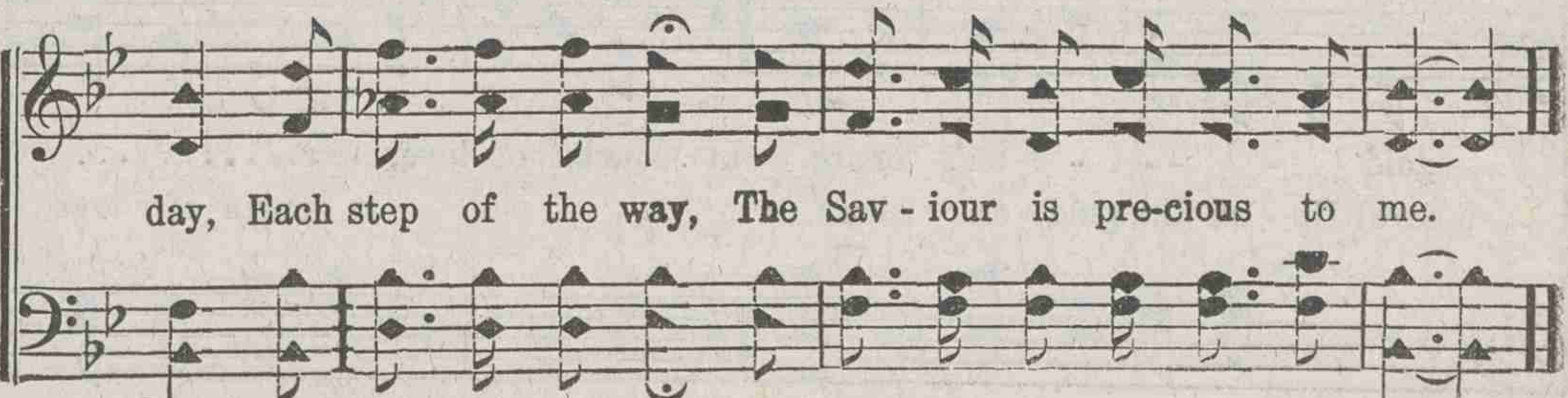
## CHORUS.



Sav - iour is pre - cious to me.... So pre - cious, so  
 Sav - iour is pre - cious to me....  
 Sav - iour is pre - cious to me.... So pre - cious is Je - sus, He's



pre - cious, The Sav - iour is pre - cious to me; Each hour of the  
 pre - cious to me,



day, Each step of the way, The Sav - iour is pre - cious to me.



## Upon the Golden Shore.

Geo. W. Winningham.

Copyright, 1919, by Emmett S. Dean.

Emmett S. Dean.



1. In gold - en halls,..... with jas - per walls,.....

2. In worlds un-known,..... be - side His throne,.....

3. Tho' saved by grace,..... we'll see the face,.....

1. In gold - en halls, with jas - per walls,



Dear friends we'll meet

once more;

For - ev - er

We'll praise Him o'er

and o'er;

A crown we'll

Of Him who's gone

be - fore;

We'll shout and

dear friends we'll meet

we'll meet once more;



blest,.....

in peace we'll rest,.....

Up - on the

wear,.....

in mansions fair,.....

Up - on the

sing,.....

and Crown Him King,.....

Up - on the

For - ev - er blest,

in peace we'll rest,



## CHORUS.



gold - - - en shore. In courts of love,.....

(shore) Up - on the gold - en shore.

In courts of love,





# Upon the Golden Shore.

in worlds a-bove,..... We'll live for-ev - er  
in worlds a-bove, We'll live for - ev - er

more;..... No dy - ing there,..... in mansions  
for - ev - er more; no dy - ing there,

fair,..... Up - on the gold - en shore.  
in man-sions fair, (shore) Up - on the gold - en shore.

38

# Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;  
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.



## Singing His Praise.

Copyright, 1919, by The Trio Music Co., in "Carols of Peace."

B. B. Edmiston.

M. D. McWhorter.



1. I was in bond-age and knew not the Lord, Grop-ing my way in the  
 2. Sing-ing His prais-es, I'm hap-py to-day, Bur-dens and grief dis-ap-  
 3. Spreading the ti-dings of won-der-ful love, On the dear wings of sweet



night, 'Till the sweet prom-is-es in His dear word Brought me to  
 pear; Sun-light of love drives the shadows a-way, O-ver me  
 song, Speed-ing the mess-age from heav-en a-bove, Cheer-ing the



glo-r'ous light; Shackles were broken, my soul was made free, Visions of  
 skies are clear; Sor-rows for-got-ten, I press close to Him, Sending love's  
 wea-ry throng; Je-sus, my Sav-iour, will lead all His own, To the bright




heaven drew near; Je-sus is walking with me, Gone is all my fear.  
 message a-long, Bright'ning the pathway grown dim, Praising Christ in song.  
 heav-en-ly goal, Where we shall sing by the throne, While the ages roll.







# Singing His Praise.


## CHORUS.



Sing - - ing His praise,..... I am free.....  
Sing-ing, yes, sing - ing the praise of the Lord, I am free, I am free



from all care, Tell - - ing re - demp - - tion's sweet  
from all care, Tell - ing, I'm tell - ing, with glad-ness, redemption's sweet



sto - ry ev - 'ry - where;..... Press - - - ing a-  
Press-ing a - long, I am



long..... to the heav - - en - ly shore,  
press - ing a - long to the beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly shore,



Where, with the saints, I shall praise Him for ev - er - more.





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



J. B. V.

To my class at Jacksonville, Texas.


J. E. VAUGHAN.



1. We must shed the parting tear, And our hearts are sad and drear, But we'll  
2. Blessed hope our beacon light, That will shine away the night, And will  
3. We will nev-er say good-by, In that home beyond the sky; Will you

meet a-gain some day, by and by; Let us look beyond the gloom, Where trans-  
guide us safely home, by and by; Never more to say farewell, But with  
meet me o-ver there, by and by; There no parting words are said, There no





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




## CHORUS.



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

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



Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.



# I WILL MEET YOU. Concluded.

I will meet..... you in the morn - - ing,  
I will meet you in that morning, I'll be watching o - ver there,

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

No. 41.

## ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free.  
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,  
3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,  
4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di-vine;

A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!  
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within!  
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of thine.

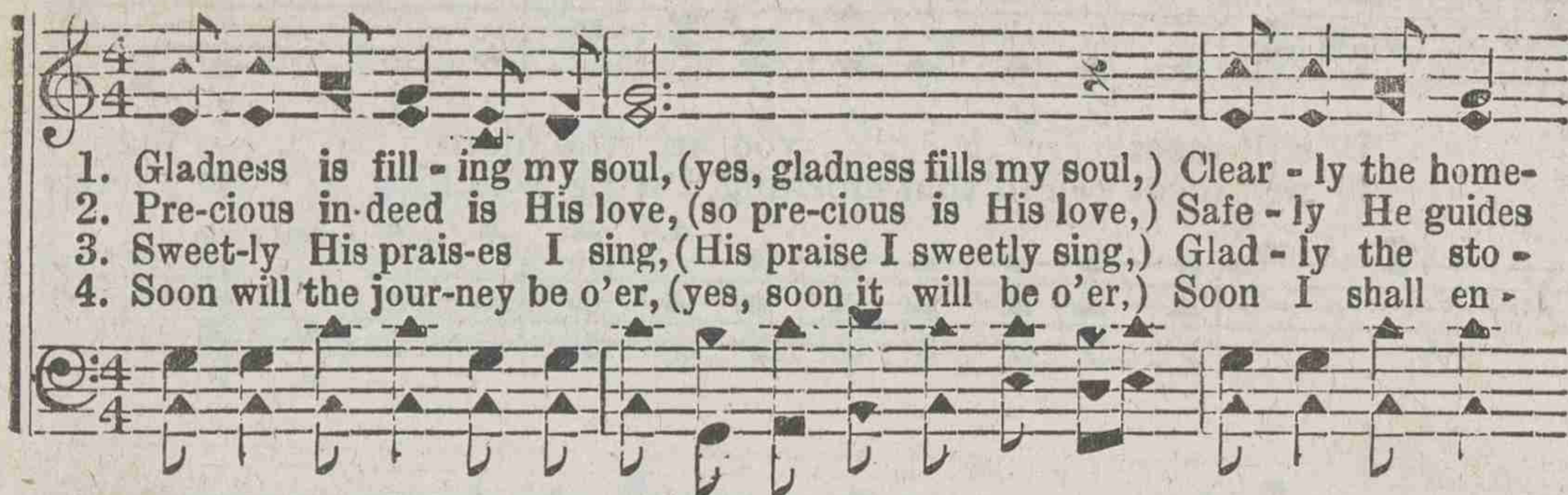


# No. 42 Jesus Has Pardoned Me.

JAMES ROWE.

W. S. Lents, owner, Chatsworth, Ga.

W. S. LENTS.



1. Gladness is fill - ing my soul, (yes, gladness fills my soul,) Clear - ly the home -  
 2. Pre - cious in - deed is His love, (so pre - cious is His love,) Safe - ly He guides  
 3. Sweet - ly His prais - es I sing, (His praise I sweetly sing,) Glad - ly the sto -  
 4. Soon will the jour - ney be o'er, (yes, soon it will be o'er,) Soon I shall en -



path I see; (the homeward path I see;) Fearless I am and whole, (so free and whole,)  
 me a - long; (He safe - ly guides along;) Soon we shall meet a - bove, (at home a - bove,)  
 ry I tell; (the sto - ry glad - ly tell,) Close to His side I cling, (I fond - ly cling,)  
 ter the gate; (the blessed pearly gate;) Rest on the gold - en shore, (the gold - en shore,)

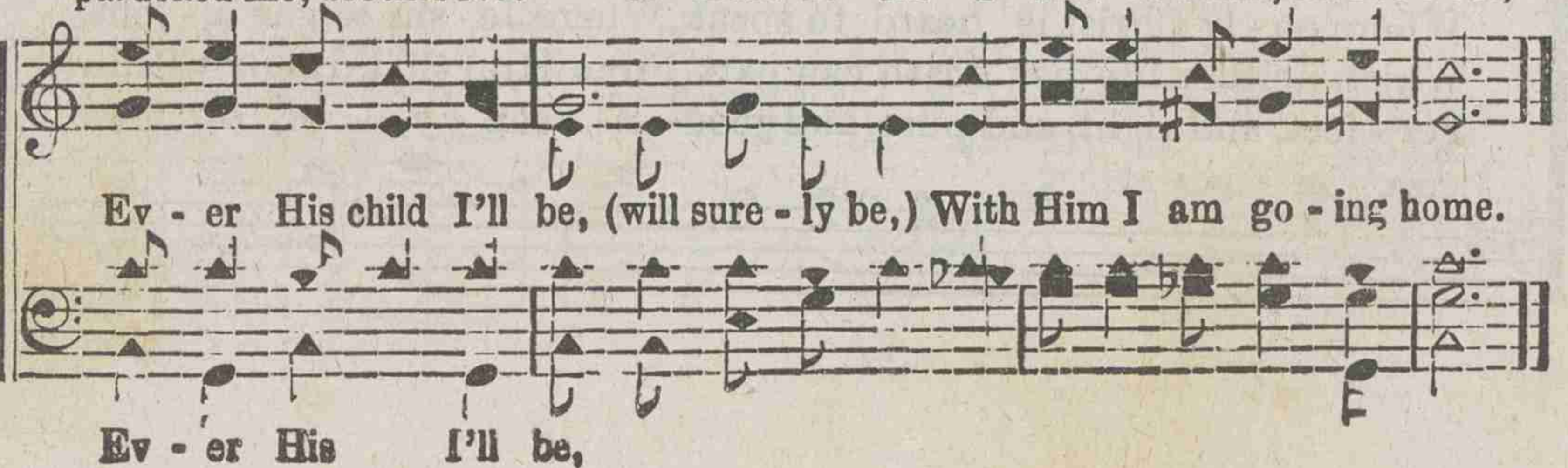
## REFRAIN.



For Je - sus Has par - doned me. Je - sus has par - doned  
 In yon - der bright land of song.  
 Con - tent - ed with Him to dwell.  
 With dear ones and friends that wait. He has sure - ly



me (yes, me,) Nev - er a - gain in sin I wish to roam,  
 pardoned me, brother Nev - er more in sin I wish to roam, from Je - sus,



Ev - er His child I'll be, (will sure - ly be,) With Him I am go - ing home.  
 Ev - er His I'll be,



## No. 43.

## THE RIFTED ROCK.

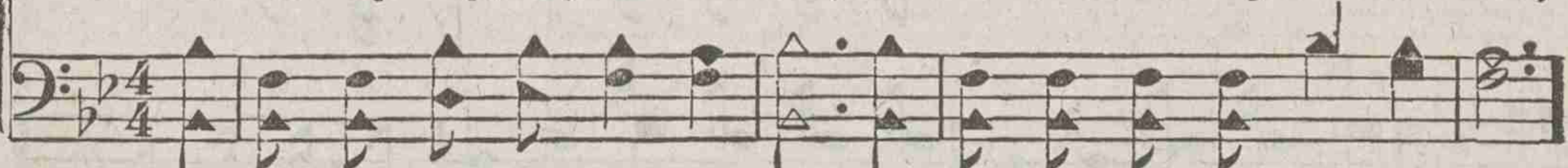
This song poem was written on top of one of the high mountains near Anniston, Ala. Jan. 12, 1916, leaning against a great rock that had been shattered by the storms for ages past. The slits and holes served as a refuge for small animals and birds to shield them from the enemy. Representing the Rock Christ Jesus, our refuge, who was rifted on the cross for us.

REV. THOMAS E. ROBERTS.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. I'm clinging to the rift-ed Rock That on the cross was rent for me;
2. The Rock was rift-ed on the cross, The rugged cross of Cal-va-ry;
3. Oh, rift-ed Rock, for a-ges past A Sav-iour to our fall-en race;
4. A-mid the scenes of earth-ly life, Oh, rift-ed Rock, be Thou my stay;
5. Be Thou my stay, oh, rift-ed Rock, And let me hide my-self in Thee;



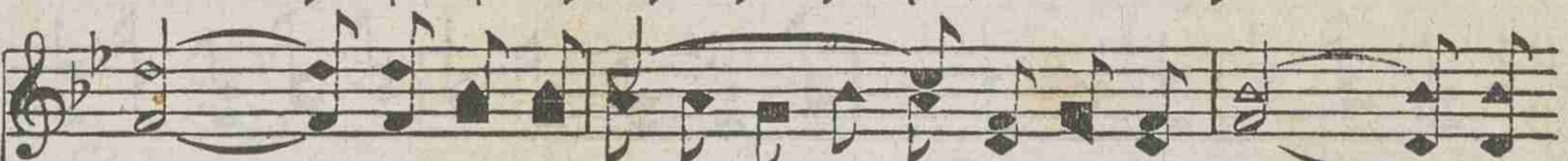
When doomed to die He took my place, Redeemed my soul on Cal-va-ry.  
His hands and feet, and spear print side, Were rifted there for you and me.  
To shield it from the storm and blast. In Thee to find a hid-ing place.  
Guide Thou my feet from sin and strife, Make plain my path, light up the way.  
Oh, let me hide be-hind Thy cross, Till earth and time shall set me free.



## CHORUS.



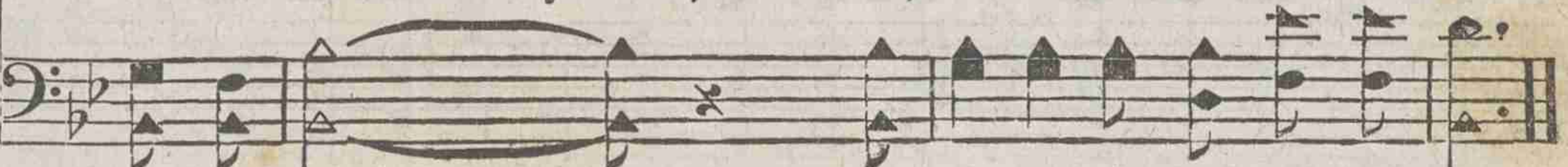
Oh, rift-ed Rock,.... be Thou my stay,..... A-mid the  
Oh, rift-ed Rock, be Thou my stay, A-



storms.... be o-ver me;..... Beneath Thy cross.... and  
mid the storms be o-ver me; Beneath Thy cross



in Thy blood,..... Oh, let me hide..... my-self in Thee.  
and in Thy blood, Oh, let me hide






# No. 44


# Labor For The King.

JAMES ROWE.  
*Allegro.*

C. B. DUNAWAY.

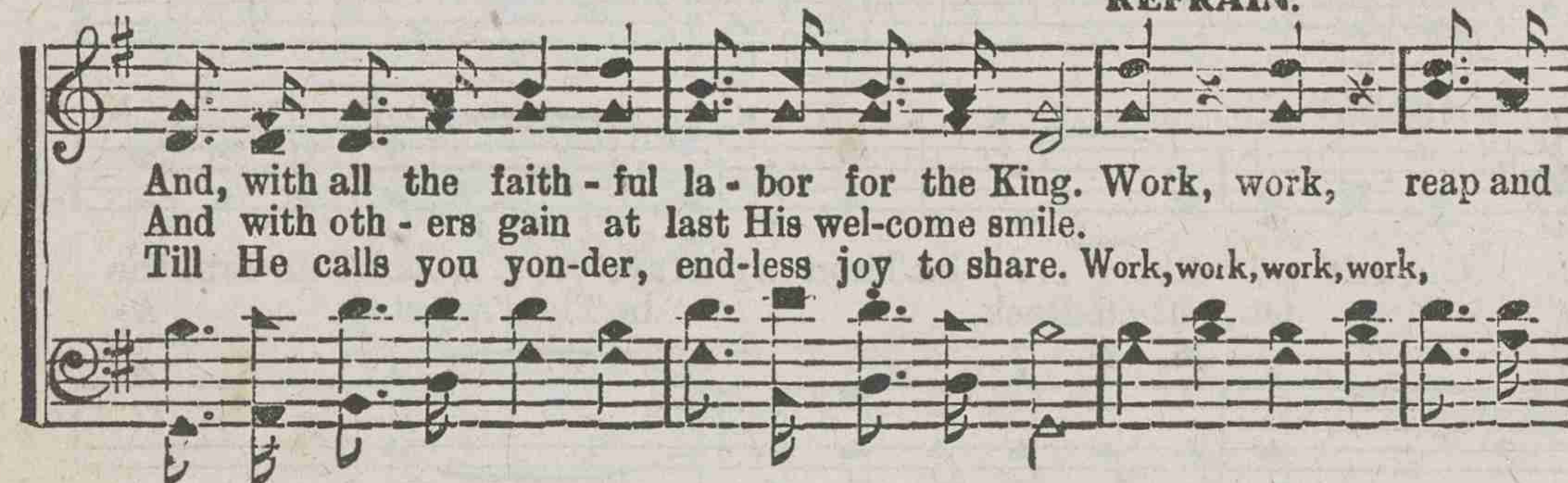


1. Would you have a car - ol in your soul each day That in time of tri-  
2. Would you grow in grace and hol - i - ness be - low And a bless - ing be  
3. Would you meet your dear ones on the oth - er side And a - bid for - ev -

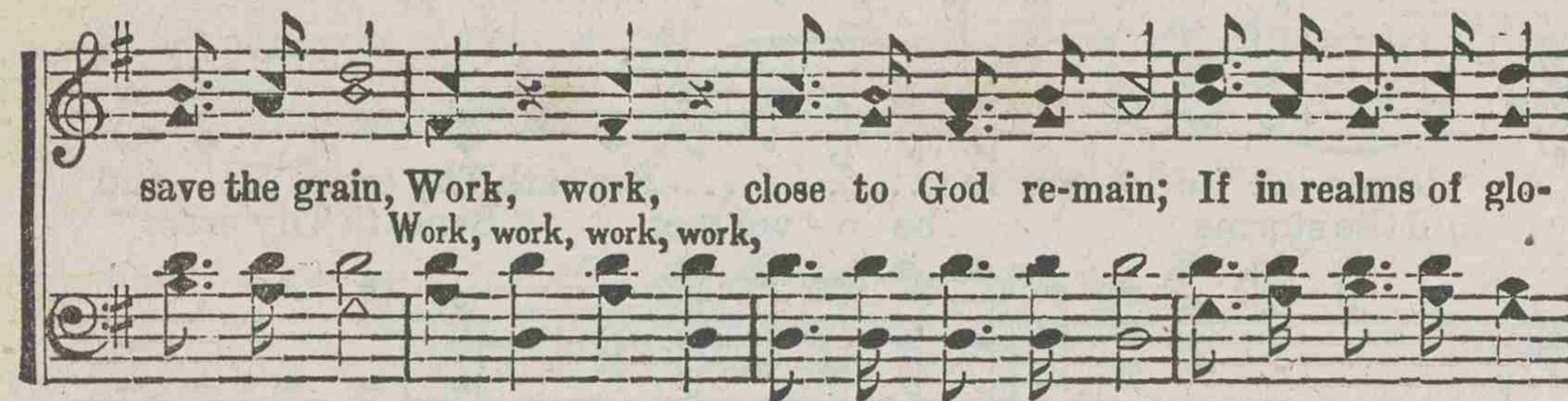


al you could sweet-ly sing, To the plains and val-leys glad-ly speed a-way  
to oth - ers all the while, Spread the bless-ed message, love for Him to show,  
er in their presence there, La - bor on with Je - sus and be sat - is - fied

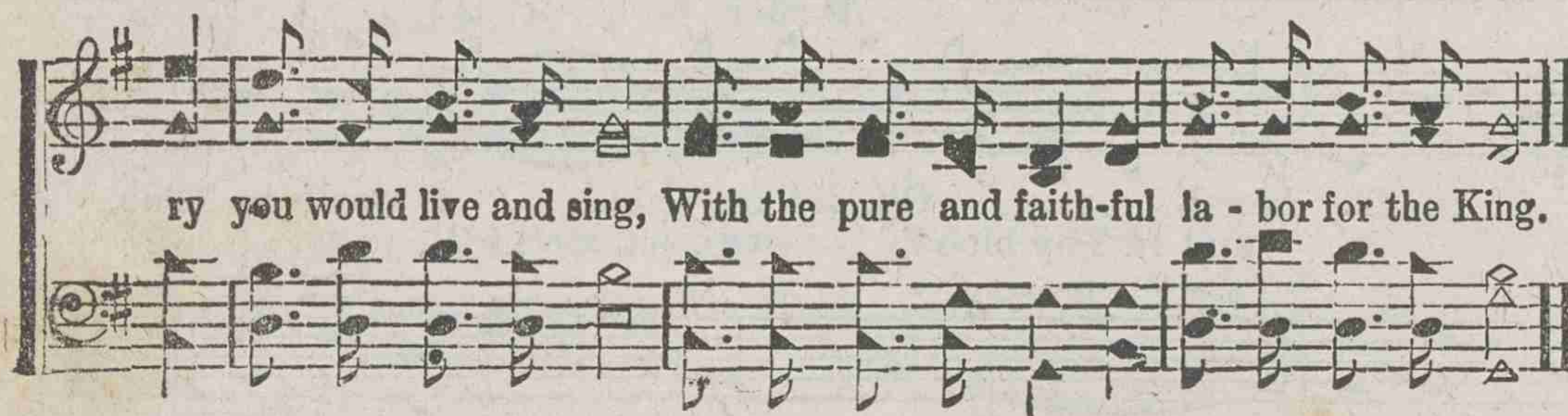
## REFRAIN.



And, with all the faith - ful la - bor for the King. Work, work, reap and  
And with oth - ers gain at last His wel-come smile.  
Till He calls you yon-der, end-less joy to share. Work, work, work, work,



save the grain, Work, work, close to God re-main; If in realms of glo-  
Work, work, work, work,



ry you would live and sing, With the pure and faith-ful la - bor for the King.



# No. 45. Love Stands the Test.

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

H. B.

HERBERT BUFFUM.



1. Love stands the test in ev - 'ry try - ing hour, The fur-nace fires can
2. Long years a - go when Je-sus walked with men, He taught His love un-
3. Love stood the test when our first par - ents fell, And in-ter-vened to
4. O! how shall this poor fee - ble tongue of mine, Por-tray the height and



nev - er hurt it's pow'r; Al - tho' the gift be small, love gives it's best,  
to the peo - ple then; Love stood the test when e'en un - to the grave,  
save from death and hell; Tho' doomed thro' sin we were with guilt op-prest,  
depth of love di - vine; Some day I'll an - chor safe in Je-sus' breast,



## REFRAIN.



In ev - 'ry time of need love stands the test.  
Christ gave His life a fal - len race to save. Love stands the test in  
God's wrath was hid-den, and love stood the test.  
And tell all heav-en how love stood the test.



ev - 'ry try-ing hour, The furnace fires can nev-er hurt it's pow'r; Love stands the



test e'en tho' it bear the rod, Love still is love be-cause this love is God!





## No. 40

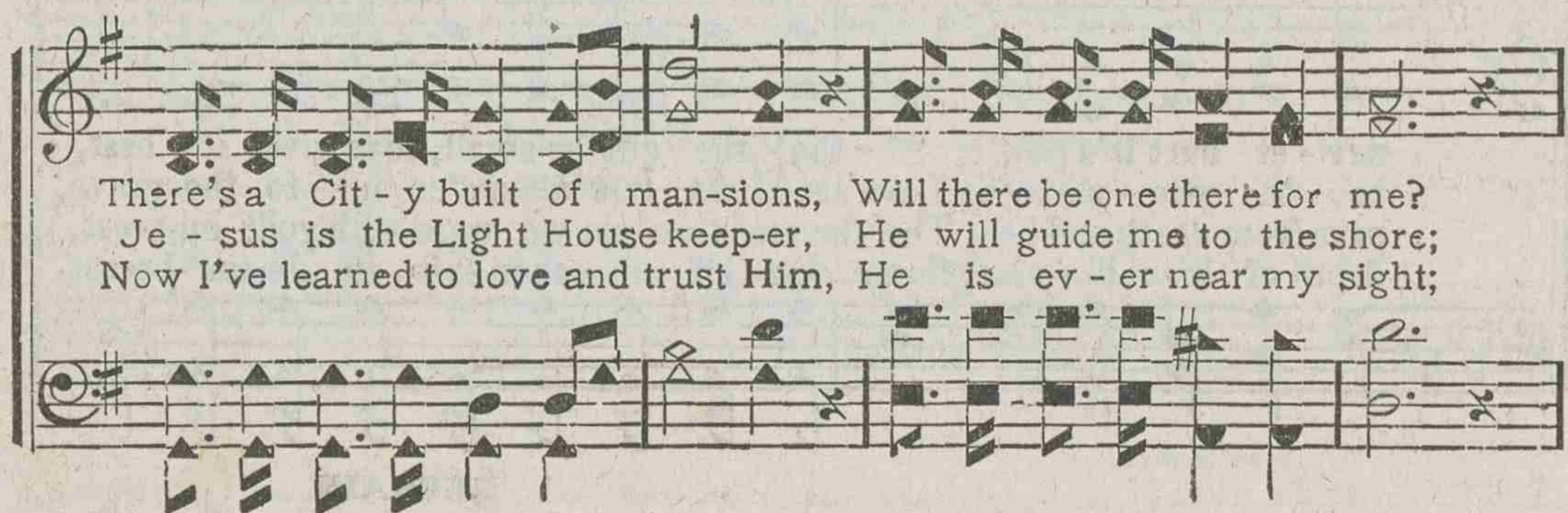
## Just Beyond The River.

WORTH F. NEWTON.

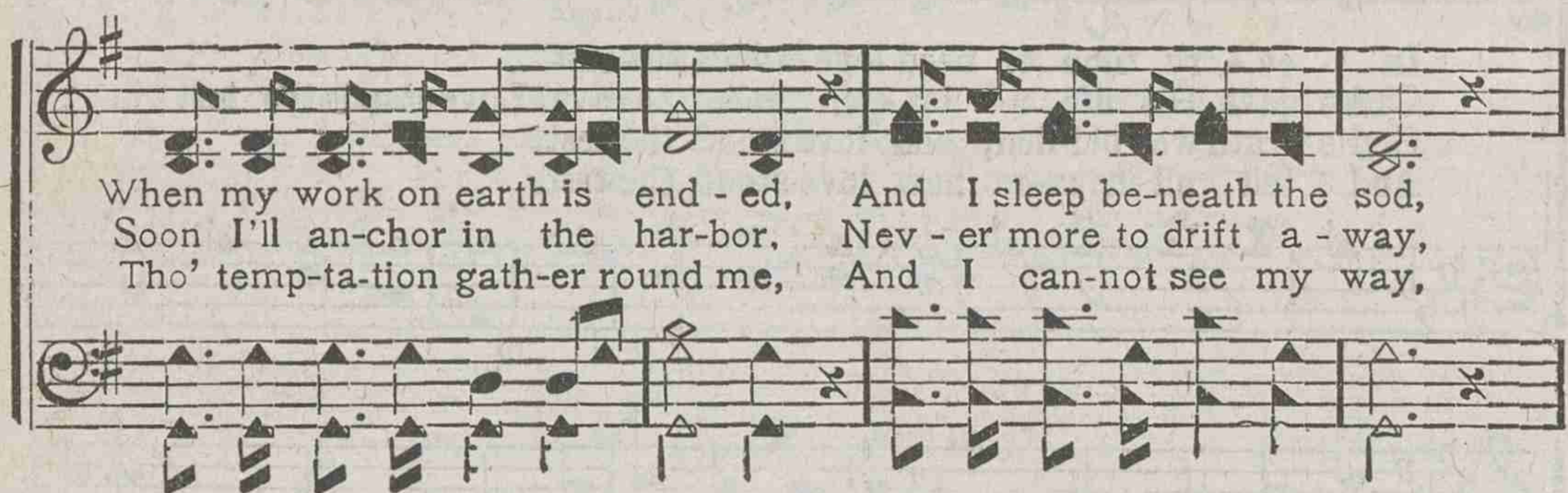
J. B. VAUGHAN,



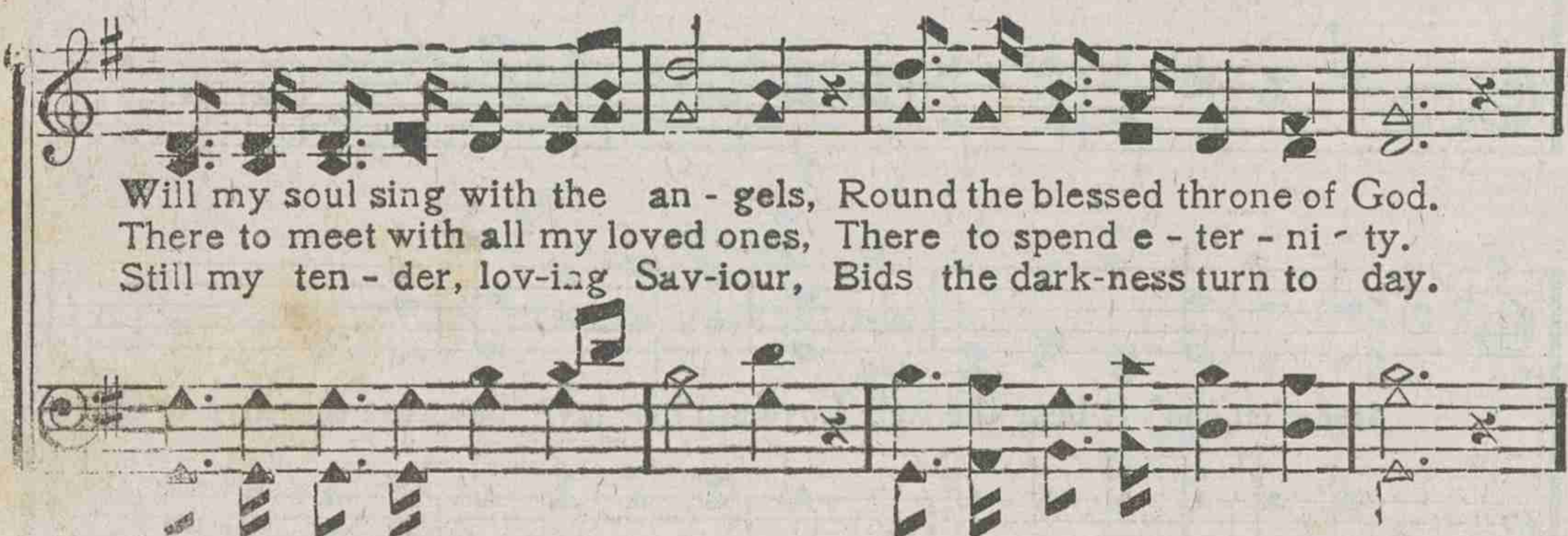
1. Just be-yond the Jor-dan riv-er,    There be-side the Crys-tal Sea,  
 2. O'ft I see the temp-est rag-ing,    Then with strength I'll pull the oar,  
 3. I was wan-d'ring in the darkness,    'Till my Saviour showed me light,



There's a Cit-y built of man-sions, Will there be one there for me?  
 Je-sus is the Light House keep-er, He will guide me to the shore;  
 Now I've learned to love and trust Him, He is ev-er near my sight;



When my work on earth is end-ed,    And I sleep be-neath the sod,  
 Soon I'll an-chor in the har-bor,    Nev-er more to drift a-way,  
 Tho' temp-tation gath-er round me,    And I can-not see my way,




Will my soul sing with the an-gels, Round the blessed throne of God.  
 There to meet with all my loved ones, There to spend e-ter-ni-ty.  
 Still my ten-der, lov-ing Sav-iour, Bids the dark-ness turn to day.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.




## Just Beyond the River. Concluded.

### CHORUS




Bess-ed Je-sus gent-ly guide me, O'er life's o-cean dark and wide,




Bless-ed Je-sus gent-ly guide me, Safe-ly to the oth - er side;



When my work on earth is end - ed, And I sleep be-neath the sod,



Will my soul sing with the an-gels, Round the bless-ed throne of God.





# No. 47.

# He Saves Indeed.

JAMES ROWE.

J. H. STANLEY.



1. Christ is a won - der - ful Sav - iour, Hear - ing the wan - der - er's plea,
2. In - to the night I had wandered, Wounded and stained was my soul;
3. Safe - ly and gent - ly He guides me On in the storm - beat - en way,
4. Soon where His won - der - ful sto - ry An - gels and martyrs re - peat



And in His love I found fa - vor, For He has saved ev - en me.  
 Life's precious hours I had squandered, But, by His grace, now I'm whole.  
 Shar - ing what - ev - er be - tides me, Keeping me hap - py each day.  
 I shall a - bide in His glo - ry, Sing - ing with rapture com - plete.



## CHORUS.



He saves ..... yes, in - deed; ..... He fills ..... ev' - ry  
 Saves, oh, He saves, Saves, yes, in - deed, fills ev' - ry need,



need; ..... Long fet - tered and sad, ..... I'm  
 fills ev' - ry need; fet - tered and sad, fet - tered and sad,



free ..... now and glad, ..... In life ..... and in  
 Free now and glad, free now and glad, life and in death,





## He Saves Indeed. Concluded.

death..... my friend ..... He will be;..... For  
life and in death, true He will be, true He will be,

bless..... His dear name,..... He saves..... ev-en me.  
bless His dear name, bless His dear name, saves oh, He saves ev-en me.

## No. 48. Stand Up For Jesus. 7, 6.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1 2 FINE.

1. { Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye sold-iers of the cross;  
Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It [Omit . . . . .] must not suf-fer loss;
2. { Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call o - bey;  
Forth to the might-y con-flict In [Omit . . . . .] this His glorious day;
3. { Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of bat-tle, The [Omit . . . . .] next the vic-tor's song

D. C.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And [Omit . . . . .] Christ is Lord in-deed.  
Your courage rise with danger, And [Omit . . . . .] strength to strength oppose.  
He with the King of glo-ry Shall [Omit . . . . .] reign e-ter-nal-ly.

D. C.

From vic - tr'y un - to vic - tr'y His ar - my shall He lead,  
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un-num - bered foes;  
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



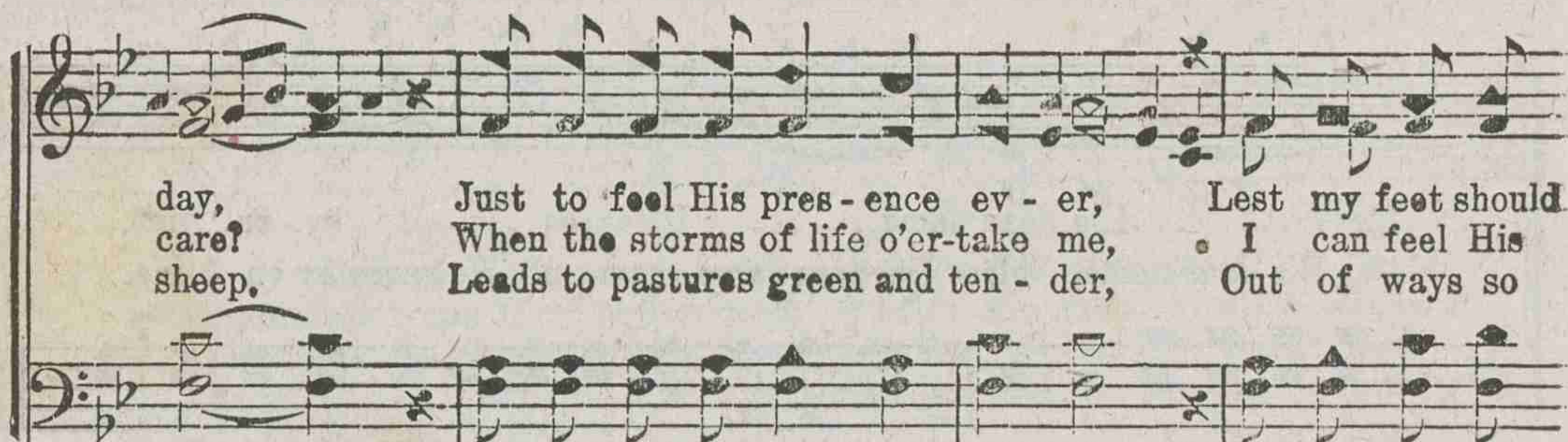
## Just a Closer Walk With Jesus.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, I am need - ing ev - 'ry  
 2. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, Now I need His ten - der  
 3. Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus, He the Shep - herd of the



day,  
 care?  
 sheep.

Just to feel His pres - ence ev - er,  
 When the storms of life o'er - take me,  
 Leads to pastures green and ten - der,

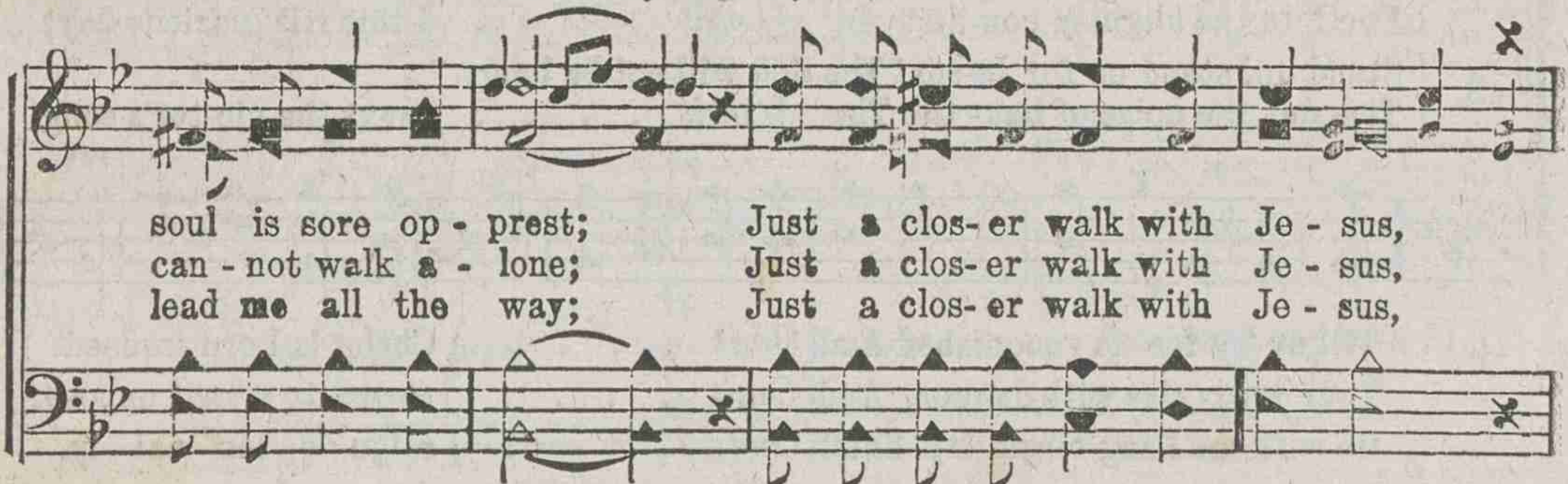
Lest my feet should  
 I can feel His  
 Out of ways so



go a - stray.  
 pres - ence near.  
 rough and steep.

Just to feel Him close be - side me,  
 Where He leads me I must fol - low,  
 As I trav - el on to glo - ry,

When my  
 For I  
 He will



soul is sore op - prest;  
 can - not walk a - lone;  
 lead me all the way;

Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus,  
 Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus,  
 Just a clos - er walk with Je - sus,

## CHORUS.



Brings to me a per - fect rest.  
 Will for all my sin a - tone.  
 Fills my soul with joy each day,

Just a clos - er walk with



# Just a Closer Walk With Jesus. Concluded.

Je - sus,.... Lead me, Sav-iour, lest I stray;..... Let me  
clos-er walk with Jesus, lest I stray;

feel Thy presence ev - er, And go with me, Saviour, all the way.....  
all the way.

No. 50

## I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.

Copyright, 1872, by Rebt. Lowry.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der  
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions  
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly  
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich  
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

### REFRAIN.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
loose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
and a - bid, Or life is vain. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;  
prom - is - es In me ful - fill.  
Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I ' come to Thee.



J. H. S.

J. H. STANLEY.



1. I was lost in sin when I heard Him say, By the blood,.....

2. Oh, the hap-py day when He cleansed my soul,

3. I am saved by grace, Je-sus did it all,

4. I am walk-ing now in the bless-ed way,

By the blood,



the pre-cious blood,

You shall see the light of e - ter - nal day,  
How I felt the pow'r when He made me whole,

He will save all who on His name doth call,

the precious blood of the Lamb, All my night is turned in - to per - fect day,



## CHORUS.



By the blood,..... the precious blood.

Blessed tho't!... my soul is

By the blood,

of the Lamb.

Blessed tho't! my soul is



saved

By the blood,..... the pre-cious blood!

I will

saved by the blood, By the cleansing blood, precious cleansing blood!



tell ... it to the world,

Christ has saved... me by the blood.

I will tell it to the world here below, Christ has saved my soul by the blood (of the Lamb).





# No. 52.

# Yonder City of Gold.

May be transposed to A.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

SOLO OR DUET. *Rather slow.*



1. Some-time we will reach yon - der cit - y of gold, Pre-pared as the home
2. Some-time we will reach yon - der cit - y of love, For-get - ting our toil
3. Some-time we will reach yon - der cit - y of light, It rests at the end



of the blest; With won - der and glad-ness our eyes shall be - hold This  
and our tears, When en - ter - ing man-sions of glo - ry a - bove, To  
of the road; Some-time we will en - ter when pass-eth the night, This



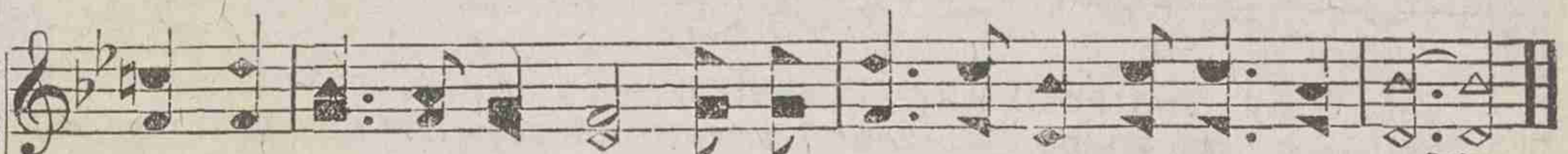
## CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful cit - y of rest.  
live through e - ter-ni - ty's years. Cit - y of gold, Cit - y of gold,  
beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.



Beau - ti - ful cit - y with treas-ures un - told; Some-time we will en-



ter when pass-eth the night, Yon-der beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.





# No. 53.

# I Shall Live Again.

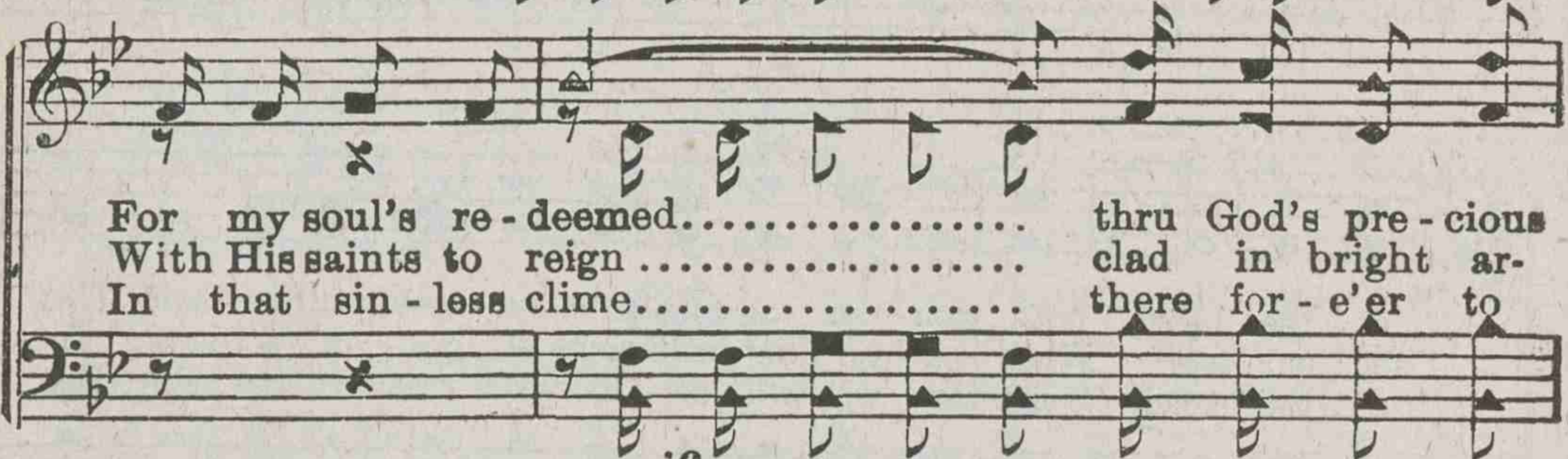
"If a man die shall he live again?"—JOB 14: 14.

MRS. DEL. MAYHAL.

A. L. FUNDERBURK.



1. I shall live a - gain..... in that home a - bove,.....  
 2. He will come to earth..... in that Fin - al day,.....  
 3. 'Twill be joy I know ..... reigning with my King,.....

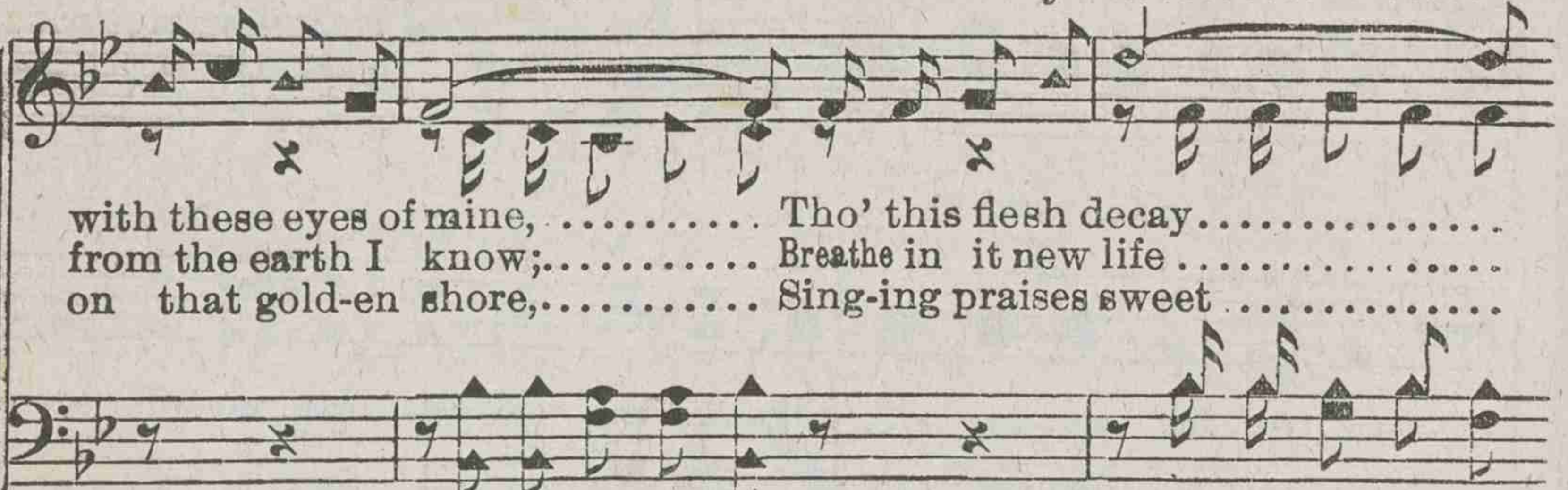


For my soul's re - deemed..... thru God's pre - cious  
 With His saints to reign ..... clad in bright ar -  
 In that sin - less clime..... there for - e'er to



love, (nev - er fail - ing love) I shall see my Lord.....  
 ray, (clad in white ar - ray) He will call this dust .....  
 sing, (there for - e'er to sing); While the a - ges roll.....

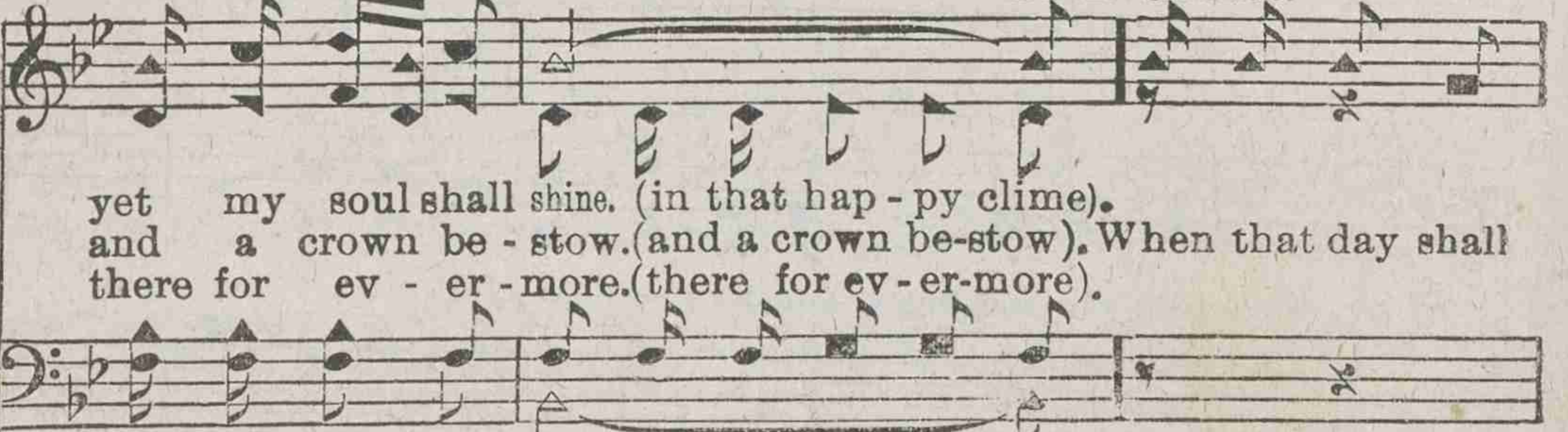
D. S.—Then I'll live a - gain.....



with these eyes of mine, ..... Tho' this flesh decay.....  
 from the earth I know; ..... Breathe in it new life .....  
 on that gold - en shore, ..... Sing - ing praises sweet .....

in those realms above..... with my Lord and King.....

FINE. CHORUS.



yet my soul shall shine. (in that hap - py clime).  
 and a crown be - stow. (and a crown be - stow). When that day shall  
 there for ev - er - more. (there for ev - er - more).

in that home a - bove, (in that home a - bove).



## I Shall Live Again. Concluded.

dawn..... and my Lord I see ..... Com - ing  
when that day shall dawn and my Lord I see

for the ones ..... who have trust-ed Him.....  
com - ing for the ones who have trusted Him.

*D. S.*

## No. 54. Heavenly Rest.

REV. J. T. L.

REV. J. T. LANE.

1. Sweet rest a-waits us on that shore, In that bright home above, Where we shall  
2. Then we shall be with loved ones gone, We, too, shall share that rest; We shall be  
3. Then we shall rest for ev - er-more, And all its joys shall share, We'll see Him

rest for ev - er-more, And dwell in peace and love.  
hap - py in that home With all the good and blest. Heav-en - ly rest, that  
who our sor-rows bore And dwell with Him up there.

*D. S.*—We, too, some day shall share.

heav-en - ly rest a-waits us on the shore, Heav-en-ly rest, that heav-en-ly rest

J. T. Lane, owner.



## No. 55

## Gifts Of God.

J. B. Vaughan.

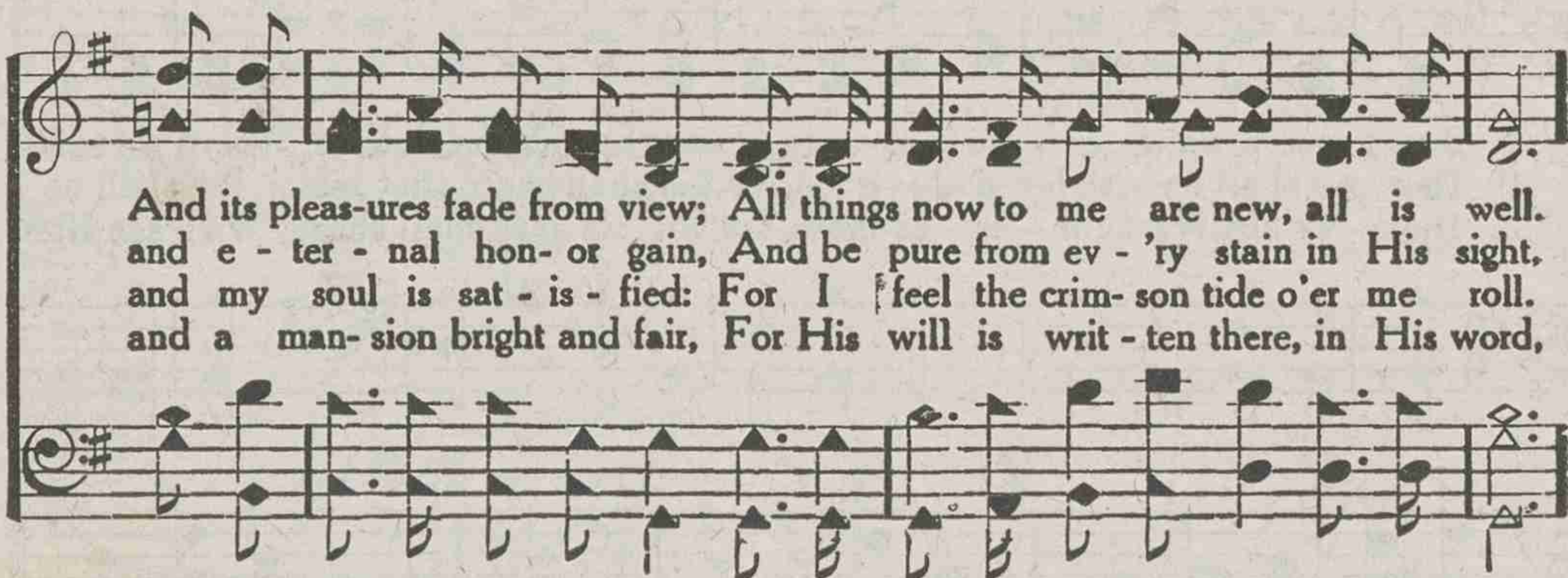
J. B. Vaughan.



1. I am walk-ing in the light and my path is shin-ing bright, Where there  
 2. I have glo-ry for a prize and a crown be-yond the skies; When from  
 3. I have an-gel food to eat and no hon-ey is so sweet, It is  
 4. I have gar-ments wro't with gold and their val-ue is un-told, They have



is no more of night I now dwell; This vain world I bid a - dieu,  
 earth we shall a - rise pure and white; I shall then with Je - sus reign,  
 most de - lic - ious meat to the soul; On His prom - ise I a - bide,  
 nei - ther moth or moul, bless the Lord; I have jew - els rich and rare;



And its pleas-ures fade from view; All things now to me are new, all is well.  
 and e - ter - nal hon - or gain, And be pure from ev - 'ry stain in His sight,  
 and my soul is sat - is - fied: For I feel the crim-son tide o'er me roll.  
 and a man-sion bright and fair, For His will is writ - ten there, in His word,

## REFRAIN.



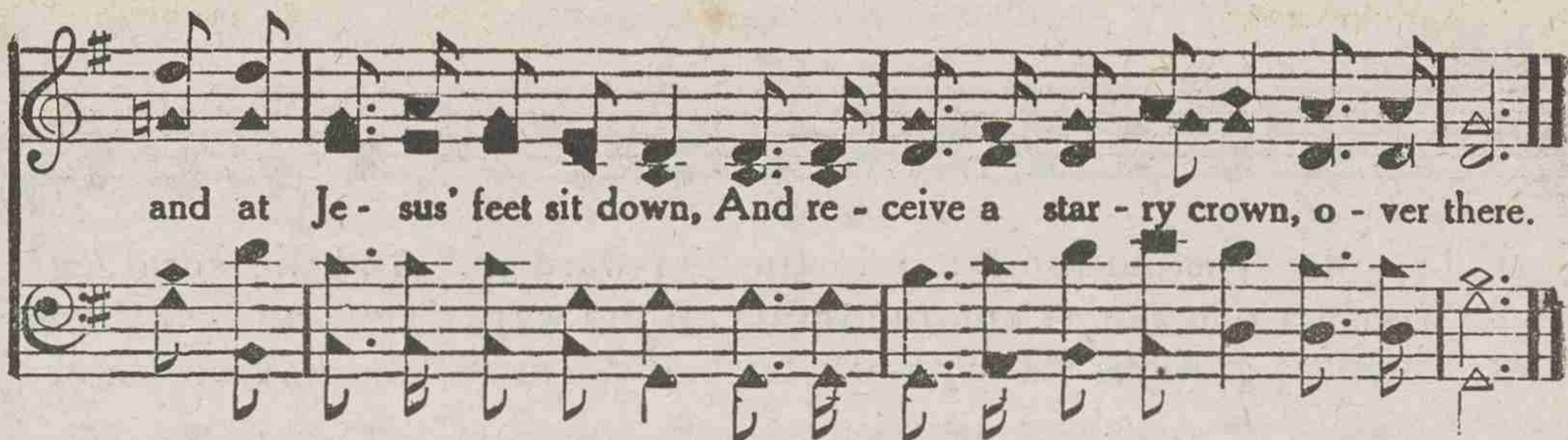
Je - sus saves day by day, sweet - ly keeps all the way, All my



bur - dens He bears, ev - 'ry care; Soon I'll lay my ar - mour down,



# Gifts Of God.



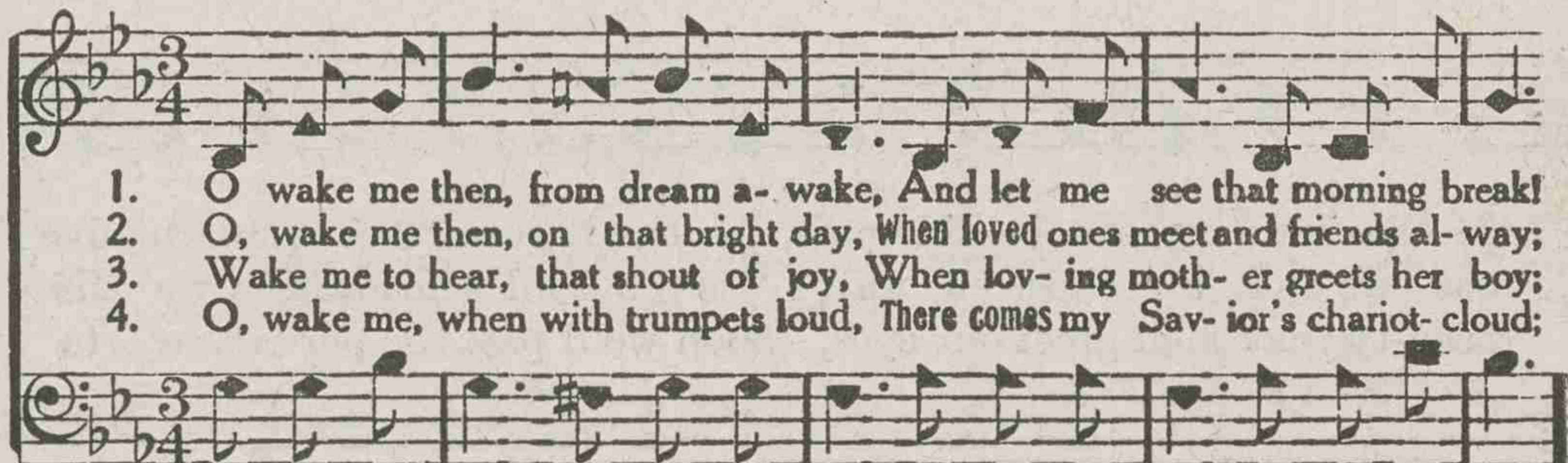
and at Je - sus' feet sit down, And re - ceive a star - ry crown, o - ver there.

No. 56

## Awake! My Soul.

W. I Verner.

John B. Vaughan.

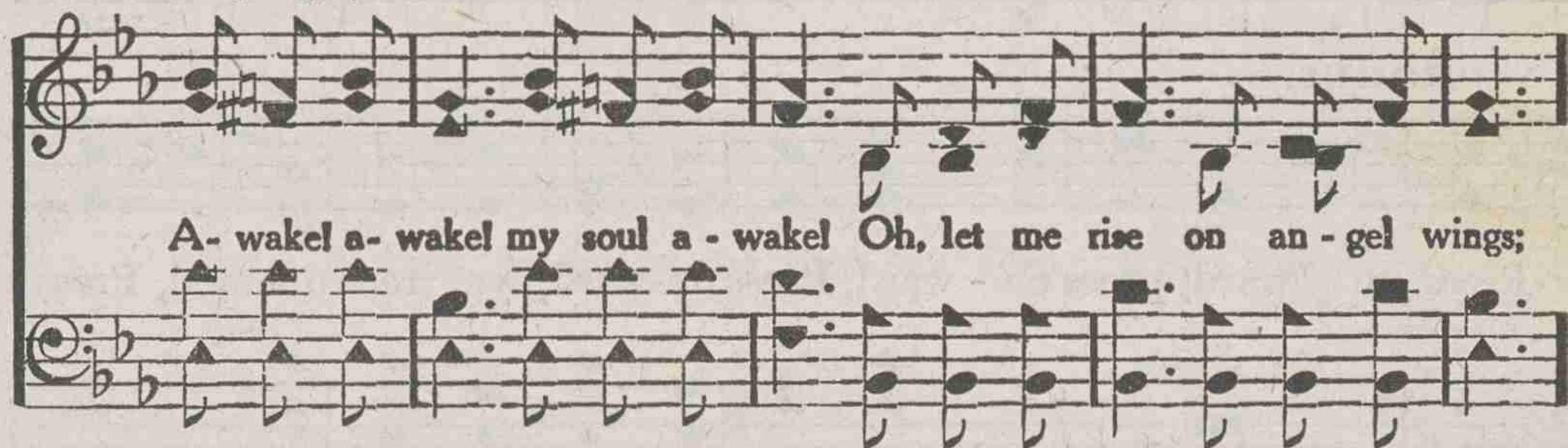


1. O wake me then, from dream a - wake, And let me see that morning break!
2. O, wake me then, on that bright day, When loved ones meet and friends al - way;
3. Wake me to hear, that shout of joy, When lov - ing moth - er greets her boy;
4. O, wake me, when with trumpets loud, There comes my Sav - ior's chariot - cloud;



When Christ is throned and love is King, A - rise my soul on an - gel wings.  
 When sep - e - ra - ted hearts so long, Shall al - most burst with bliss - ful song,  
 When ev - 'ry eye, as he ap - pears, Shall stream a fount of joy - ous tears  
 And glo - ry sun on sun shall shine, Down Zi - on's new Cap - i - to - line.

### REFRAIN.



A - waker a - waker my soul a - waker Oh, let me rise on an - gel wings;



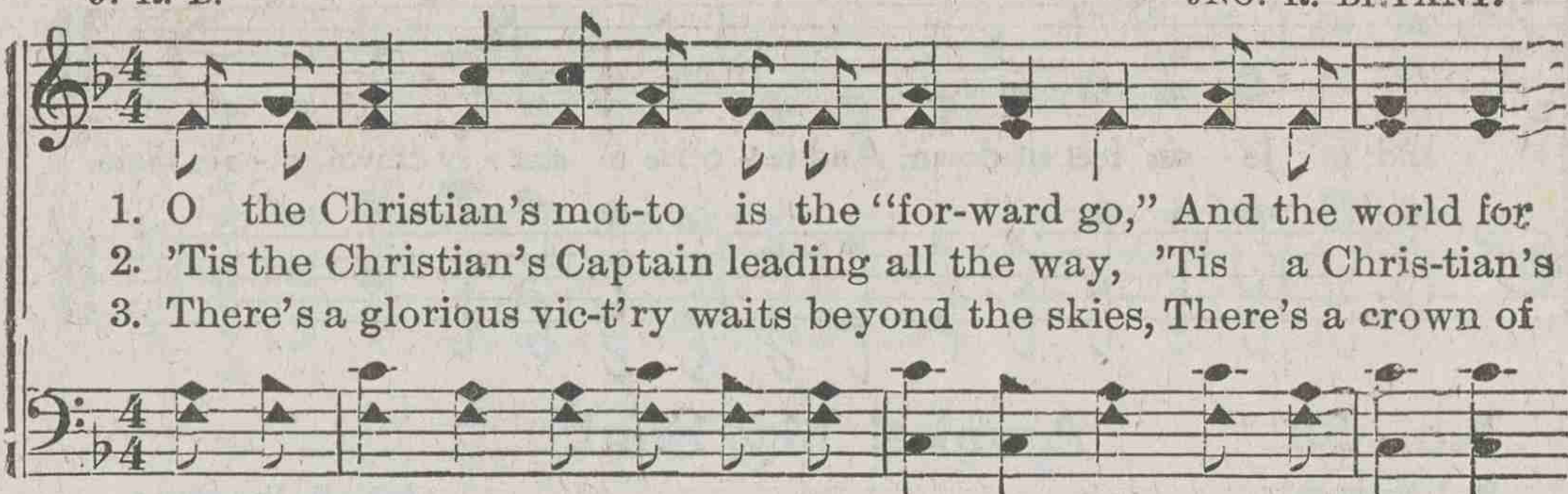
A - rise my hap - py soul and sing, My Lord is throned and love is King.



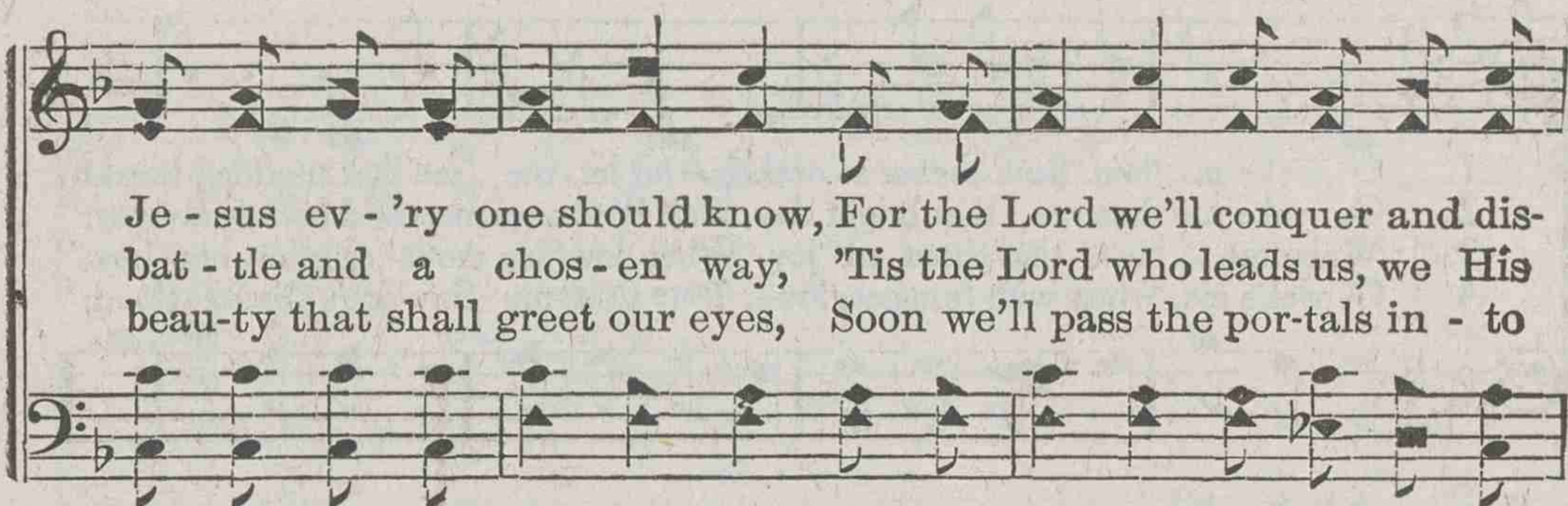
# No. 57. Press Onward, Ye Redeemed.

J. R. B.

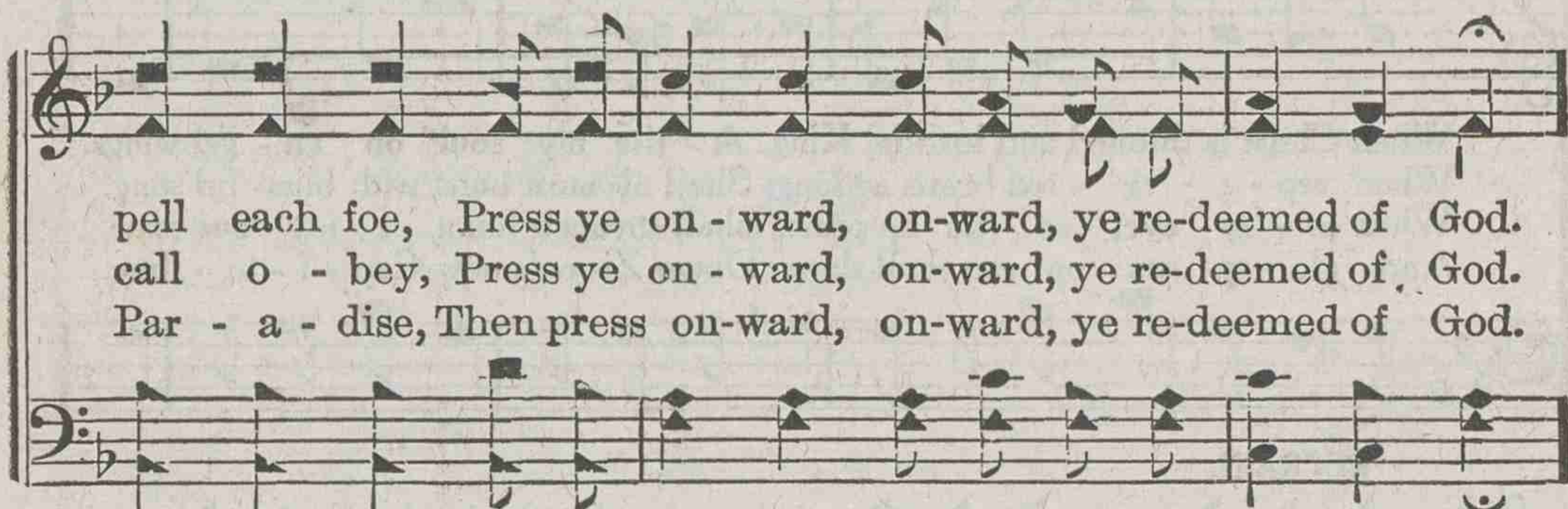
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. O the Christian's mot-to is the "for-ward go," And the world for  
2. 'Tis the Christian's Captain leading all the way, 'Tis a Christian's  
3. There's a glorious vic-t'ry waits beyond the skies, There's a crown of

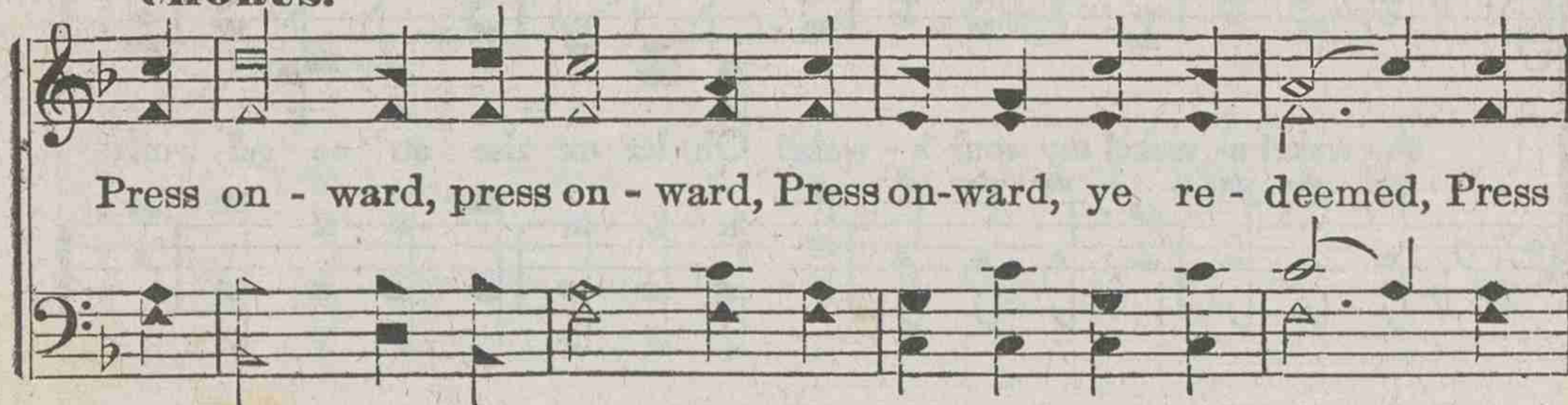


Je - sus ev - 'ry one should know, For the Lord we'll conquer and dis-  
bat - tle and a chos - en way, 'Tis the Lord who leads us, we His  
beau - ty that shall greet our eyes, Soon we'll pass the por - tals in - to



pell each foe, Press ye on - ward, on-ward, ye re-deemed of God.  
call o - bey, Press ye on - ward, on-ward, ye re-deemed of God.  
Par - a - dise, Then press on-ward, on-ward, ye re-deemed of God.

## CHORUS.



Press on - ward, press on - ward, Press on-ward, ye re - deemed, Press



onward, press on-ward, Ye redeemed thro' Jesus, press ye onward now.



Two-part song for Mother's Day.

I. L.

J. L. Moore, owner.

IRA LONG.



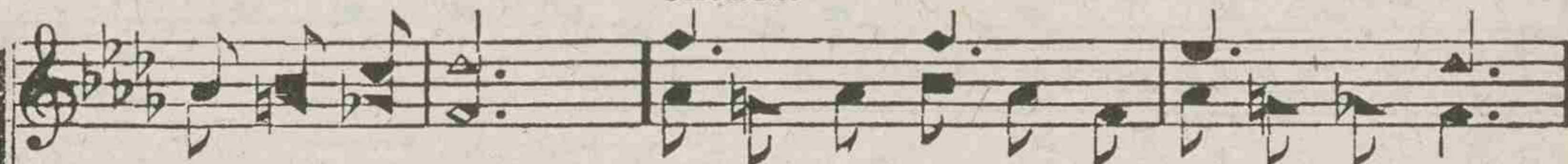
1. Moth-er, dear moth-er, we're hap-py to-day, And our de-vo-tion be-  
 2. Moth-er, dear moth-er, we're hap-py to-day, That thou hast kissed all our  
 3. Moth-er, dear moth-er, we love thee so well, There is no language our



fore thee do pay; For thou hast loved us so ten-der and true. And will e'er  
 teardrops a-way, That on thy breast thou hast lulled us to rest, Aft-er the  
 ar-dor can tell; Al-ways in life or in death we'll a-dore, Hon-or and



## CHORUS.



love us for aye. Moth - er, moth - er,  
 storms of the day.  
 love thee e'er more. Moth-er, dear moth-er, we love thee so well,



There is no lan-guage our ar-dor can tell; Moth - er,  
 Al-ways in



er, moth - er, Hon-or and love thee e'er more,  
 life or in death we'll a-dore,





## Was It For Me?

QUARTET.

Copyright, 1917, by The Trio Music Co., in "The Guiding Star."

B. B. Edmiston.

Emmett S. Dean.

*Con espressione.*

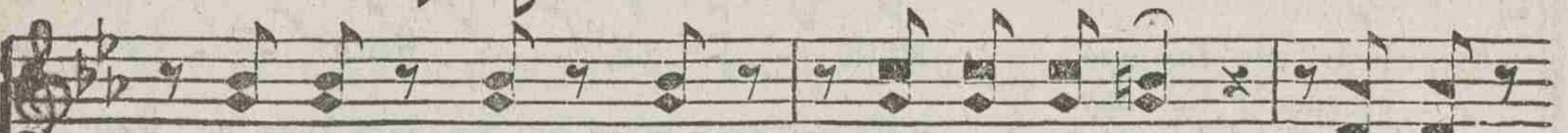
1. Was it for me the Sav-iour came  
 2. "Was it for crimes that I have done,"  
 3. Was it for me that He a-rose,

1. Was it.....for me the Sav-iour came.....And  
 2. "Was it.....for crimes that I have done,".....He  
 3. Was it.....for me that He a-rose,.....Sub-



And bore the cross, the cross of shame?  
 He meek - ly wore the thorn - y crown?  
 Sub - du - ing death, the last of foes?

bore.....the cross, the cross of shame?.....Did  
 meek - - ly wore the thorn - y crown,.....And  
 du - ing death, the last of foes;.....Has



Did He for - sake the throne a - bove To show  
 And bore the spear - thrust in His side? Was it  
 Has He, from sin, my soul set free That I  
 He.....for-sake the throne a - bove.....To show.....for  
 bore.....the spear-thrust in His side,.....Was it.....for  
 He,.....from sin, my soul set free.....That I.....might



## CHORUS.

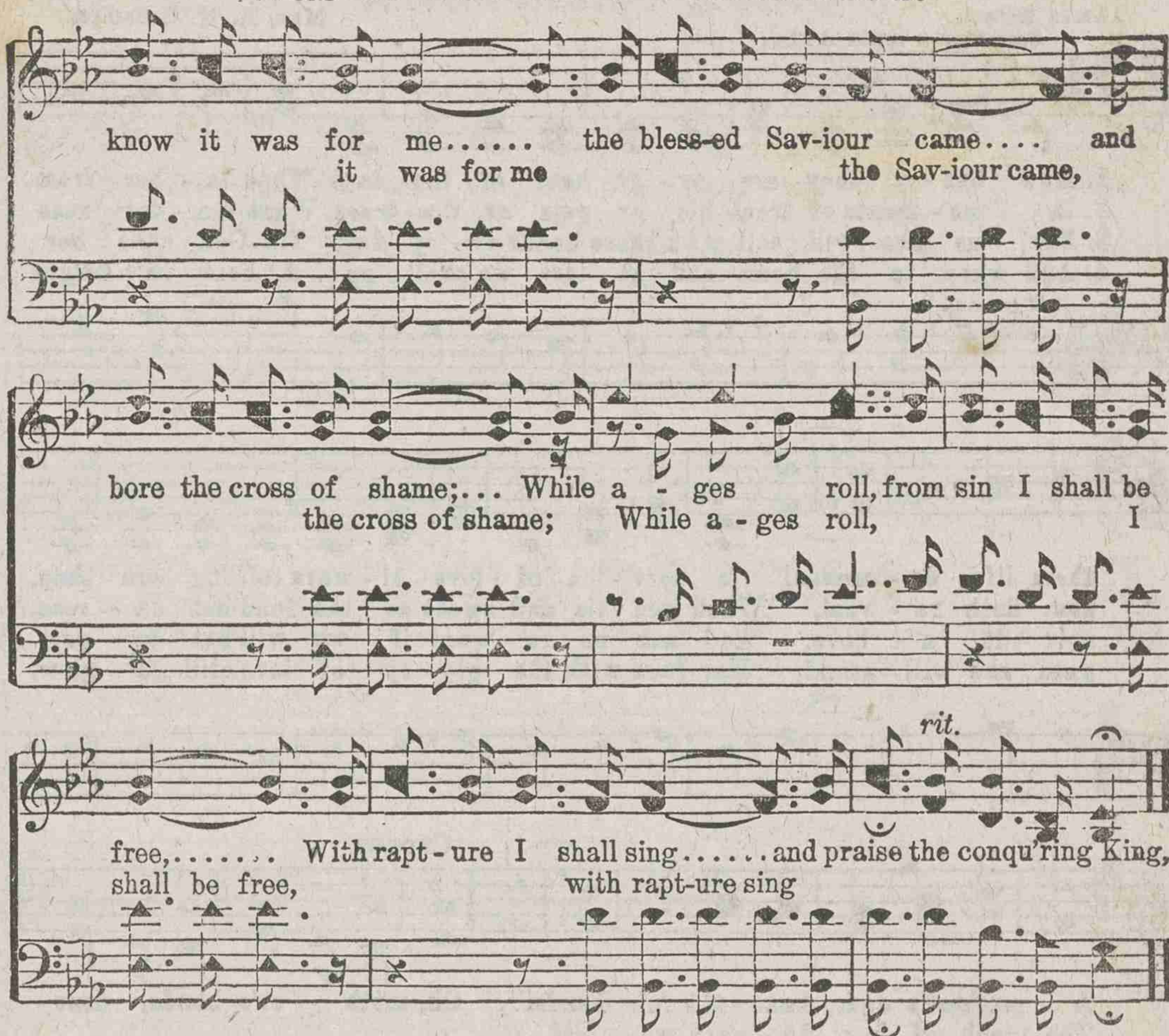


for me such won-drous love? Re-joice, my soul, I  
 for me my Sav-iour died?  
 might live e - ter - nal - ly?  
 me such wondrous love?  
 me the Sav-iour died?  
 live e - ter - nal - ly? Re-joice, my soul, I





## Was It For Me? Concluded.



know it was for me..... the bless-ed Sav-iour came.... and  
it was for me the Sav-iour came,

bore the cross of shame;... While a - ges roll, from sin I shall be  
the cross of shame; While a - ges roll, I

free,..... With rapt-ure I shall sing.....and praise the conqu'ring King,  
shall be free, with rapt-ure sing

*rit.*

## No. 60

## Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;  
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;  
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour may we hear Thy call,


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."  
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures: "Christian, love Me more than these."  
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Save and love Thee best of all. A - men.



JAMES ROWE.



MRS. R. N. GRISHAM.

Soprano and Alto.




1. How bus - y they are ev - 'ry hour of the day! What la - bor from  
 2. In mo - ments of trou - ble or pain or dis - tress, What ten - der - ness  
 3. For us she will toil with those hands ev - 'ry day, Till God calls her  
 4. And when to the home-land at last we shall go, At heav - en's bright

Tenor.

them life de - mands! In serv - ice of love al - ways toil - ing are they,  
 she doth re - veal, When gen - tle and sweet as the fond - est ca - ress,  
 spir - it a - bove, And ask no re - ward if we will but re - pay,  
 gate she will stand, Her face with the gle - ry of love still a - glow,



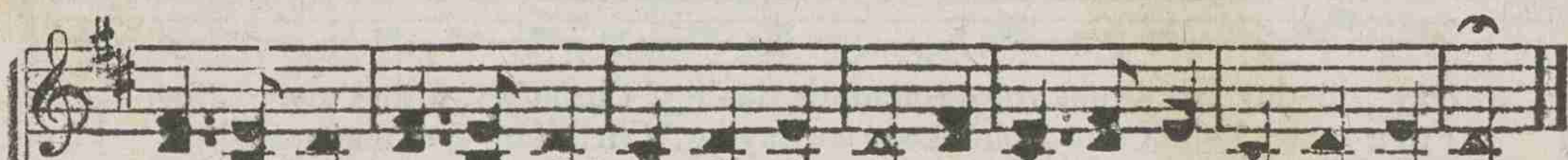
CHORUS.



A moth - er's dear, beau - ti - ful hands. Oh, moth - er's hands, dear  
 The touch of her fin - gers we feel.  
 By show - ing we prize her sweet love.  
 Out - reach - ing to us a dear hand. Oh, mother's dear hands, faithful




moth - er's hands, So well they do God's ma - ny com - mands; For  
 moth - er's dear hands, So well they are do - ing

oth - ers each day, oh, so bus - y are they, Those labor - worn, beau - ti - ful hands.



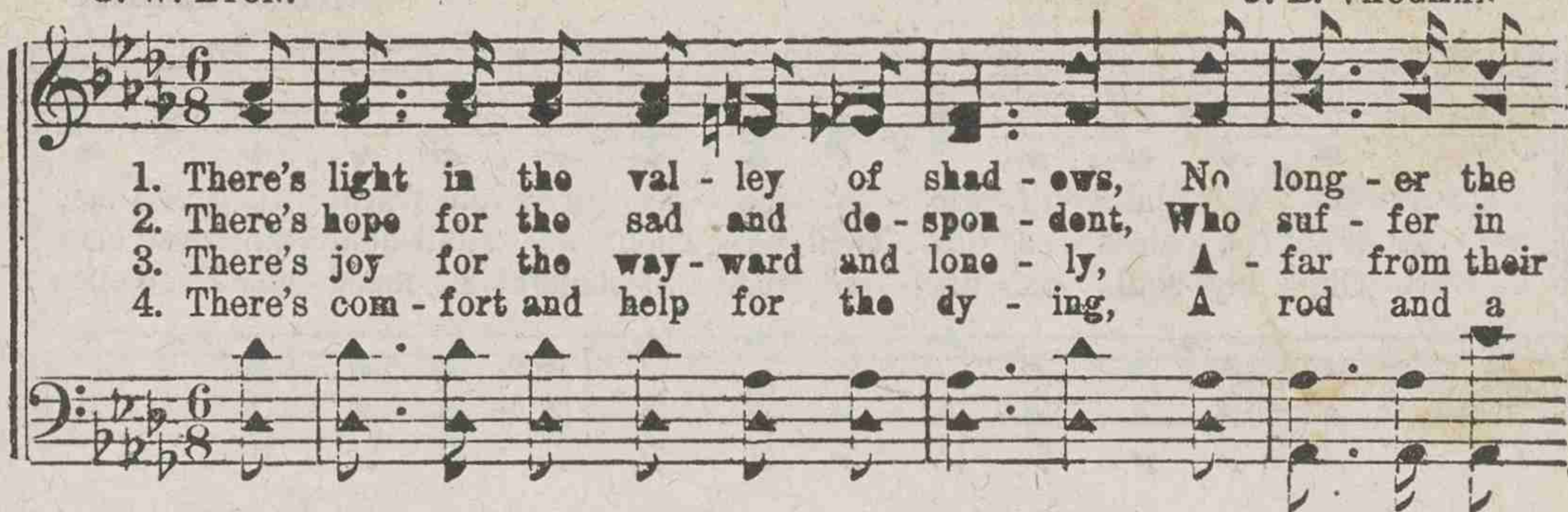


## No. 62.

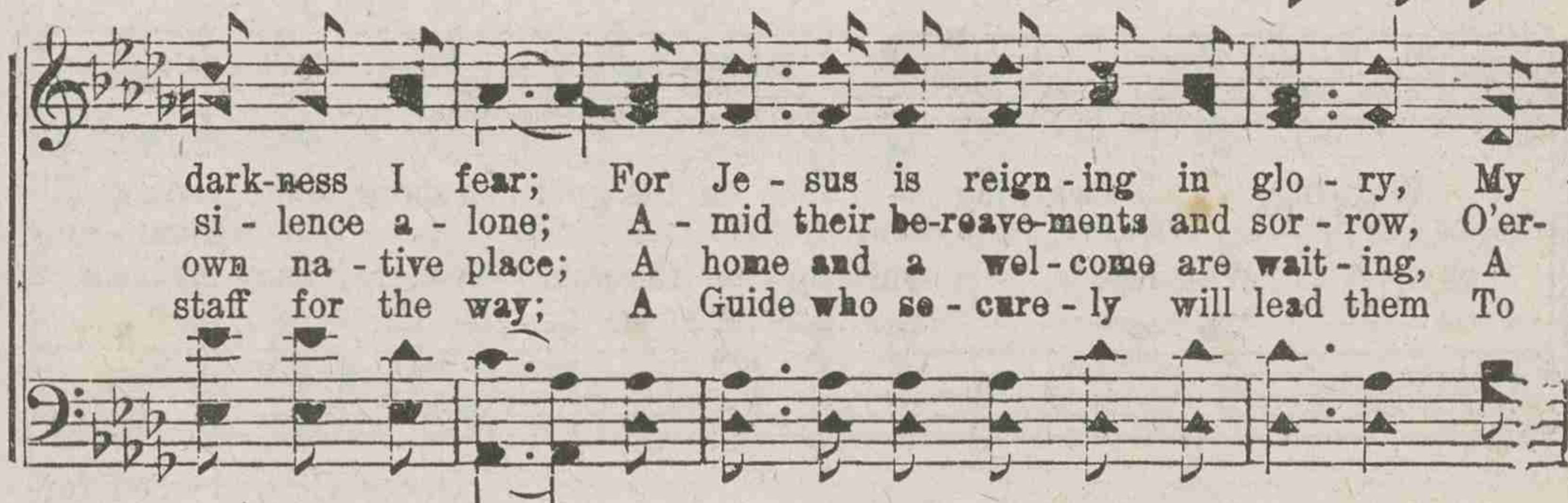
## WHISPERING HOPE.

G. W. LYON.

J. B. VAUGHAN

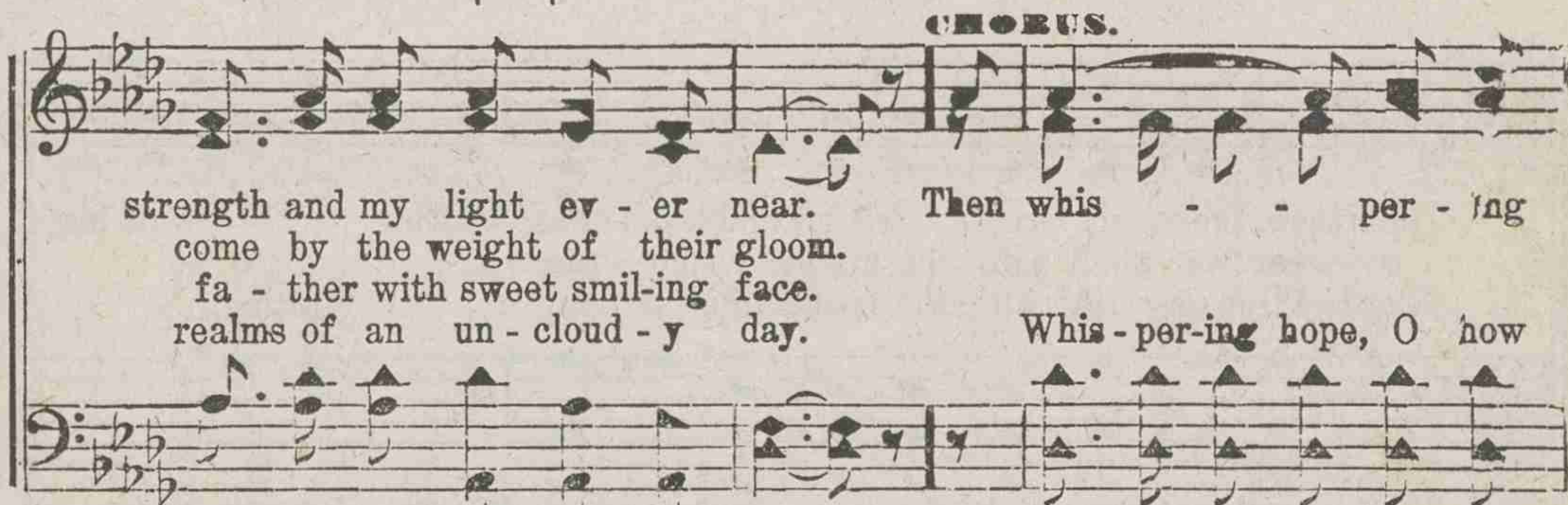


1. There's light in the val - ley of shad - ows, No long - er the  
 2. There's hope for the sad and de - spon - dent, Who suf - fer in  
 3. There's joy for the way - ward and lone - ly, A - far from their  
 4. There's com - fort and help for the dy - ing, A rod and a

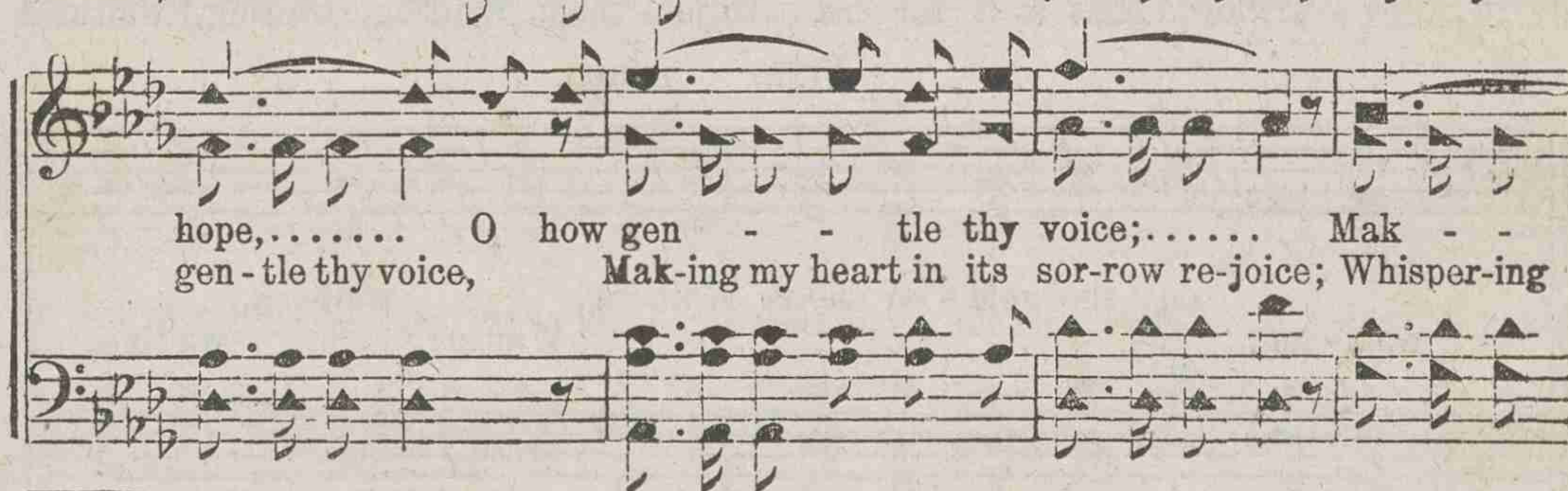


dark-ness I fear; For Je - sus is reign - ing in glo - ry, My  
 si - lence a - lone; A - mid their be - reave - ments and sor - row, O'er -  
 own na - tive place; A home and a wel - come are wait - ing, A  
 staff for the way; A Guide who se - cure - ly will lead them To

CHORUS.



strength and my light ev - er near. Then whis - per - ing  
 come by the weight of their gloom.  
 fa - ther with sweet smil - ing face.  
 realms of an un - cloud - y day. Whis - per - ing hope, O how



hope,..... O how gen - tle thy voice;..... Mak -  
 gen - tle thy voice, Mak - ing my heart in its sor - row re - joice; Whisper - ing



- ing my heart ..... In its sor - row re - joice.....  
 hope, O how gen - tle thy voice, Mak - ing my heart in its sorrows re - joice.



# No. 63. Waiting On The Golden Shore.

W. M. R.

WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. On the plains of glo - ry ma - ny loved ones wait to greet me,  
 2. What a bless - ed day 'twill be when we shall join our loved ones  
 3. Oh, my soul ex - ult - ant sings at thought of meet - ing loved ones

Wait-ing, wait-ing on the gold - en shore; Some sweet day I'll  
 All our sor - rows  
 Wait-ing, wait-ing on the gold - en shore; There my bless-ed  
 D. S.—Glo - ri - fied for-

join them there, my precious friends and loved ones, Waiting, wait-ing,  
 o - ver we shall join the might - y cho - rus,  
 Lord I'll meet with all the hosts of heav - en, Waiting,  
 ev - er, loved ones wait for me to join them, Waiting, (waiting,) waiting,

FINE. CHORUS.

wait - ing, on the gold - en shore. Wait-ing, wait-ing,  
 Waiting, waiting,

Loved ones gone be-fore; Waiting, waiting, on the gold - en shore;  
 Waiting, waiting,  
 D. S.




## No. 64

## Waiting and Watching



GEORGE DUNN.

Property of Will A. Aders.

WILL A. ADERS.




1. I have read in the word Of my Sav-iour and Lord, That He's com-ing to  
 2. Tho' His steps may be light, Like a thief in the night, Tho' He comes in the  
 3. Tho' my Lord might de-lay, I will earn-est-ly pray, That with patience I'll



earth a - gain; That when He shall come, He will car-ry me home,  
 twi - light dim; He has told me to pray And be read-y each day,  
 wait to the end; When my work here is done, Then for me He will come,




REFRAIN.



If I'm wait-ing and watch-ing for Him.  
 And be wait-ing and watch-ing for Him. I'll be wait-ing for Him, I'll be  
 If I'm wait-ing and watch-ing for Him.

watching for Him, I'll be wait-ing and watch-ing for Him, If He comes in the night,




Or the bright morning light, I'll be wait-ing and watch-ing for Him.





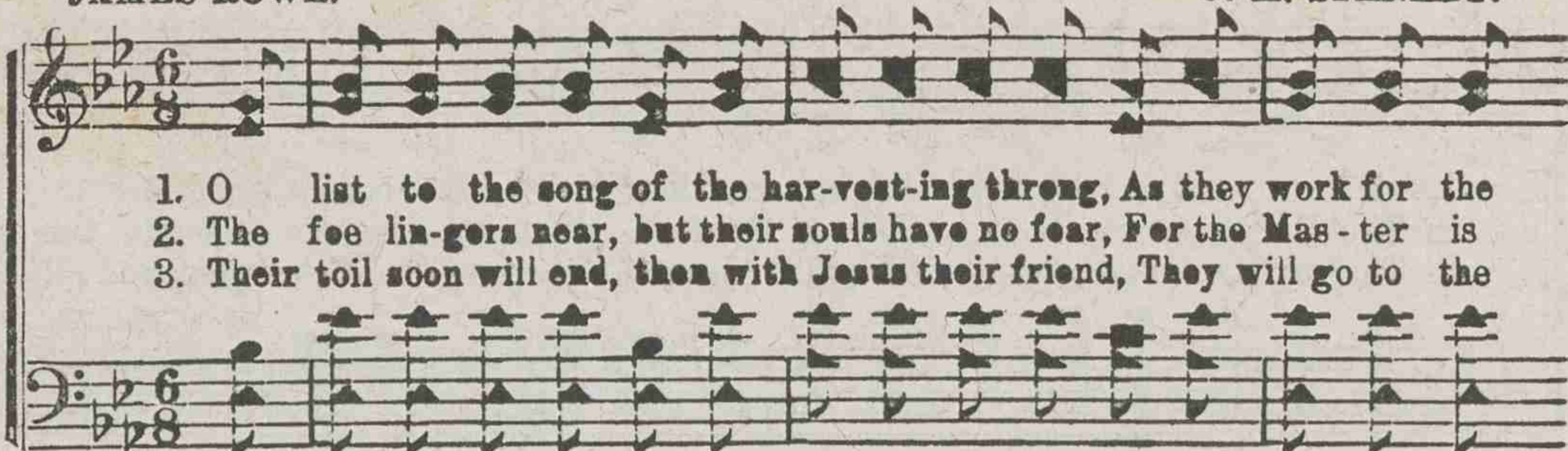
# No. 65.

# The Song of the Reapers.

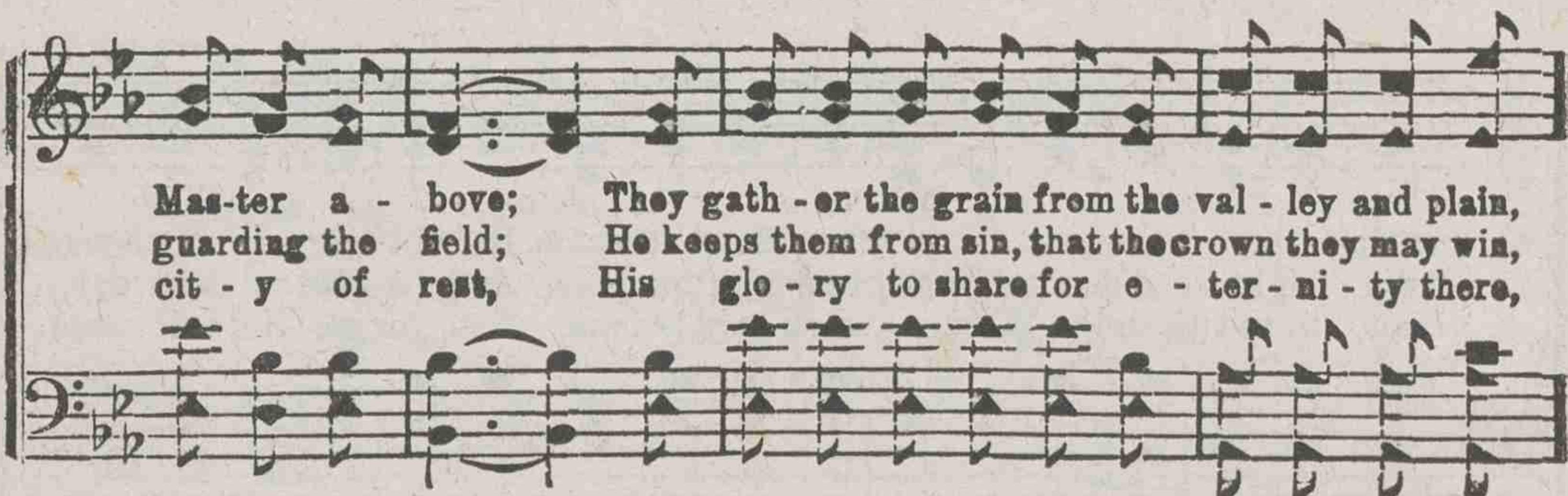
JAMES ROWE.

J. H. Stanley, owner, Saltillo, Mex.

J. H. STANLEY.



1. O list to the song of the har-vest-ing throng, As they work for the  
 2. The fee lin-gers near, but their souls have no fear, For the Mas-ter is  
 3. Their toil soon will end, then with Jesus their friend, They will go to the



Mas-ter a - bove; They gath - er the grain from the val - ley and plain,  
 guarding the field; He keeps them from sin, that the crown they may win,  
 cit - y of rest, His glo - ry to share for e - ter - ni - ty there,


## CHORUS..



While they sing of His won - der-ful love. Sweet-ly they sing,  
 And His love is a won - der-ful shield.  
 And to sing of His love with the blest. They sing..... of His



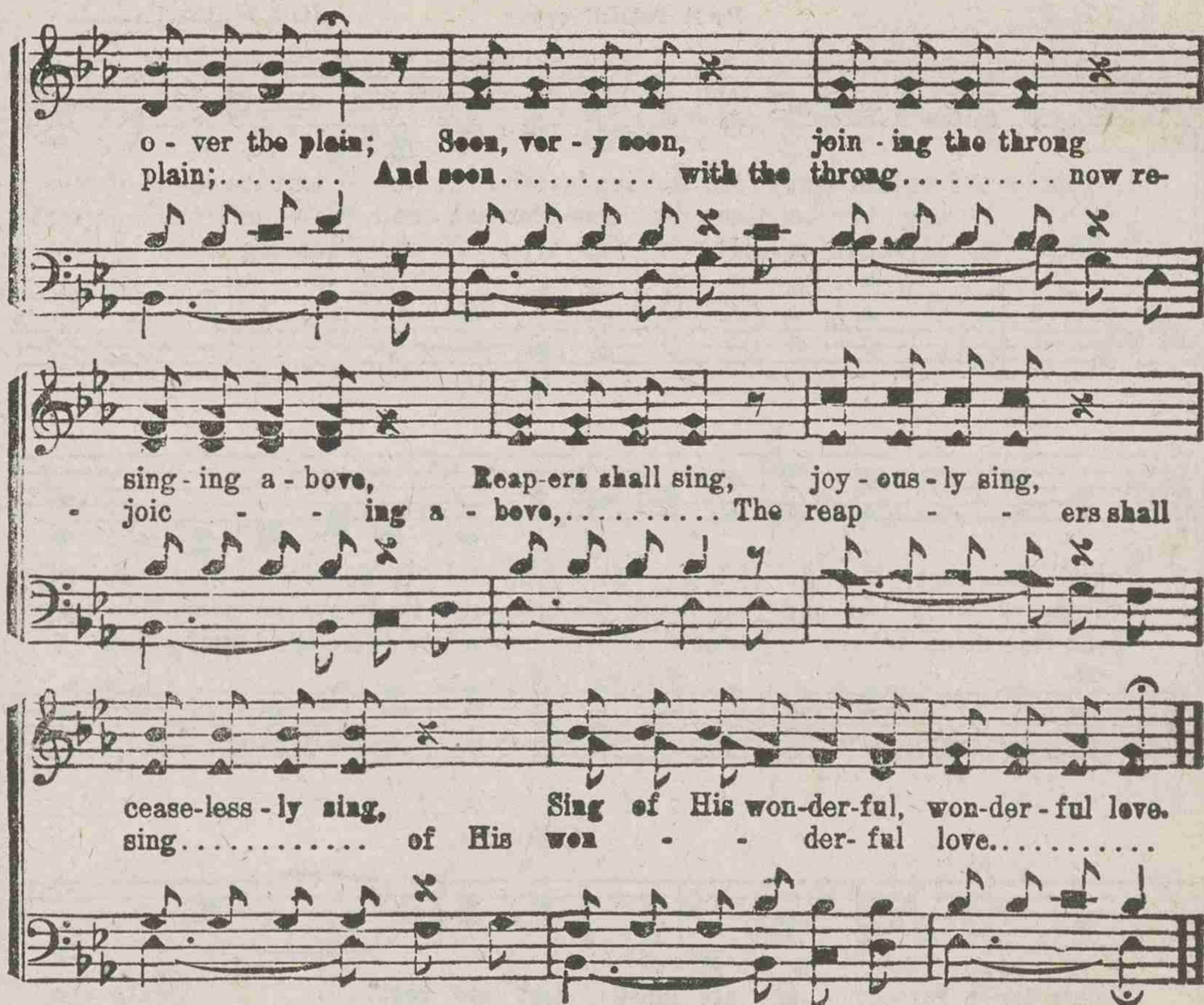
sing of His love while in the field gath'r-ing the grain,  
 love..... while they gath - er the grain,.....



Prais-es are heard, prais - es are heard o - ver the vale,  
 His prais - es are heard..... o - ver val - ley and



## The Song of the Reapers. Concluded.

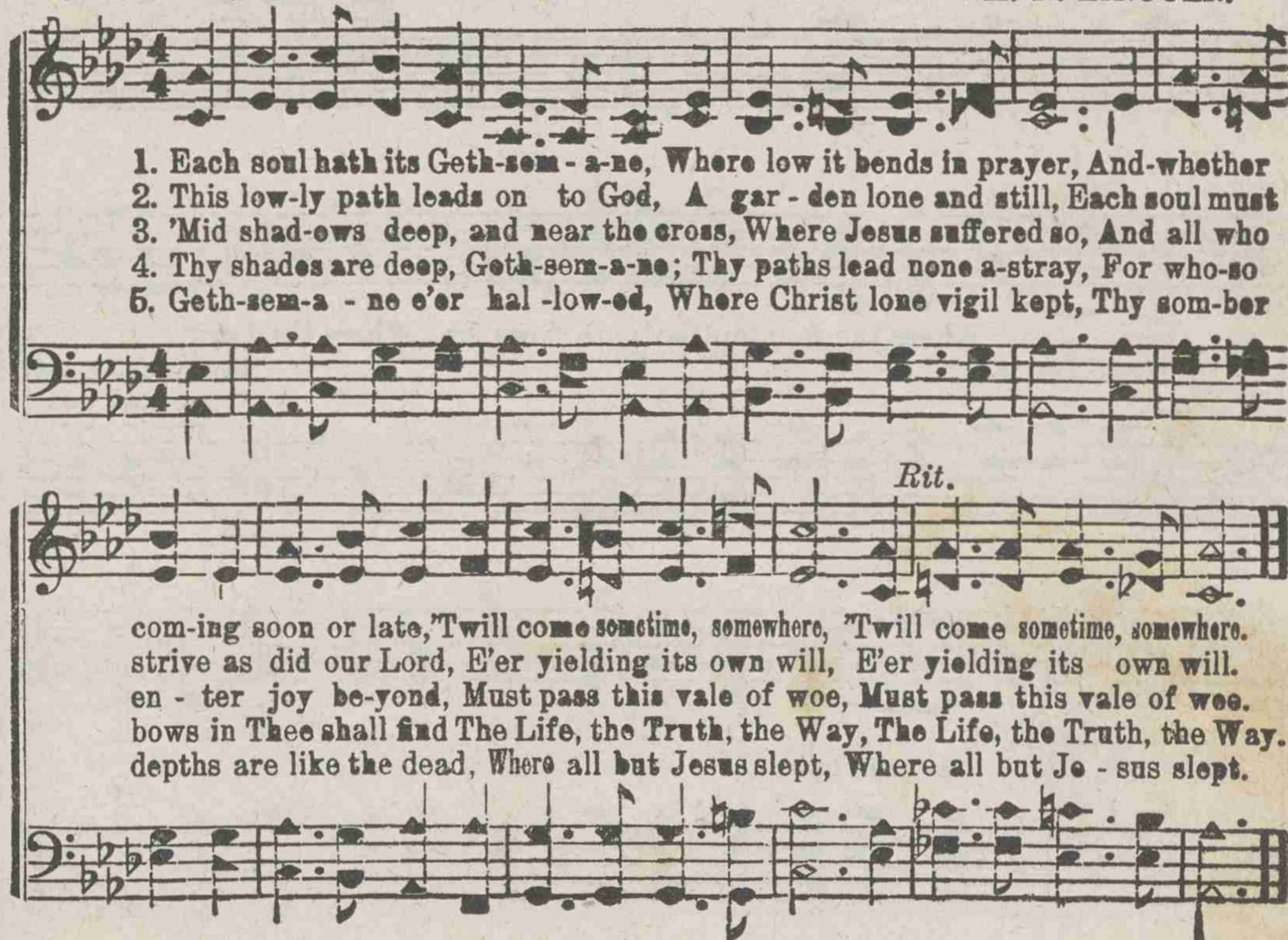


o - ver the plain; Seen, ver - y seen, join - ing the throng  
 plain;..... And seen..... with the throng..... now re-  
 sing - ing a - bove, Reap-ers shall sing, joy - ous - ly sing,  
 - joic - - ing a - bove,..... The reap - - ers shall  
 cease-less - ly sing, Sing of His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.  
 sing..... of His won - - der-ful love.....

## No. 66. The Soul's Gethsemane.

MRS. LOU S. BEDFORD.

H. W. LINCOLN.



1. Each soul hath its Geth-sem-a-ne, Where low it bends in prayer, And-whether  
 2. This low-ly path leads on to God, A gar-den lone and still, Each soul must  
 3. 'Mid shad-ows deep, and near the cross, Where Jesus suffered so, And all who  
 4. Thy shades are deep, Geth-sem-a-ne; Thy paths lead none a-stray, For who-so  
 5. Geth-sem-a - ne e'er hal-low-ed, Where Christ lone vigil kept, Thy som-ber

*Rit.*

com-ing soon or late, 'Twill come sometime, somewhere, 'Twill come sometime, somewhere.  
 strive as did our Lord, E'er yielding its own will, E'er yielding its own will.  
 en - ter joy be-yond, Must pass this vale of woe, Must pass this vale of woe.  
 bows in Thee shall find The Life, the Truth, the Way, The Life, the Truth, the Way.  
 depths are like the dead, Where all but Jesus slept, Where all but Je - sus slept.

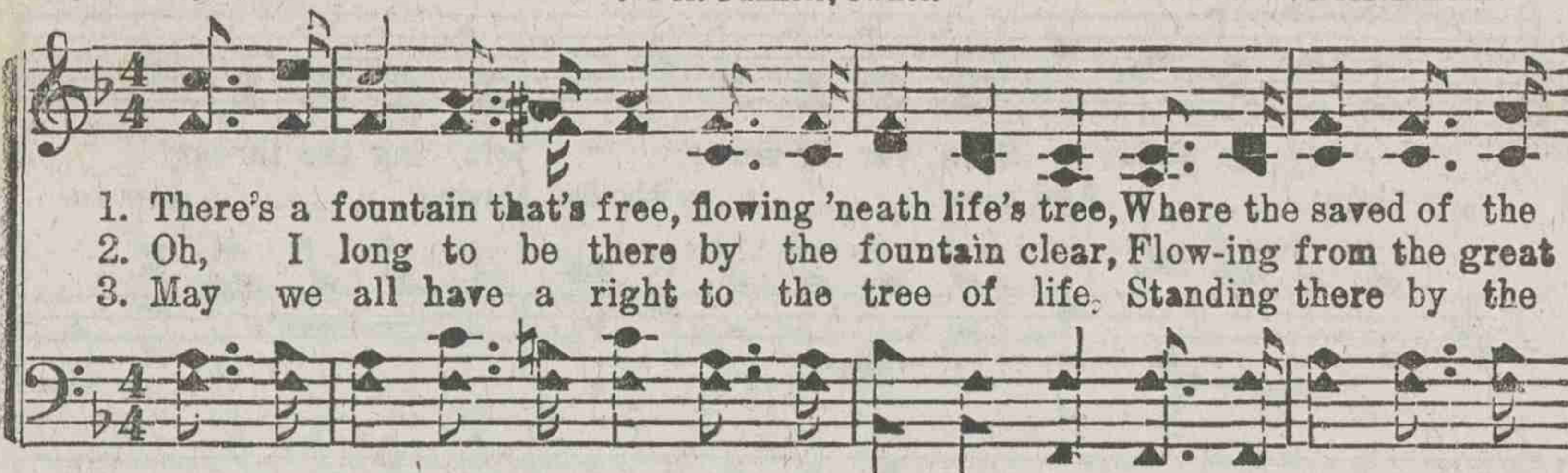


# No. 67. Let Me Rest By the Fountain.

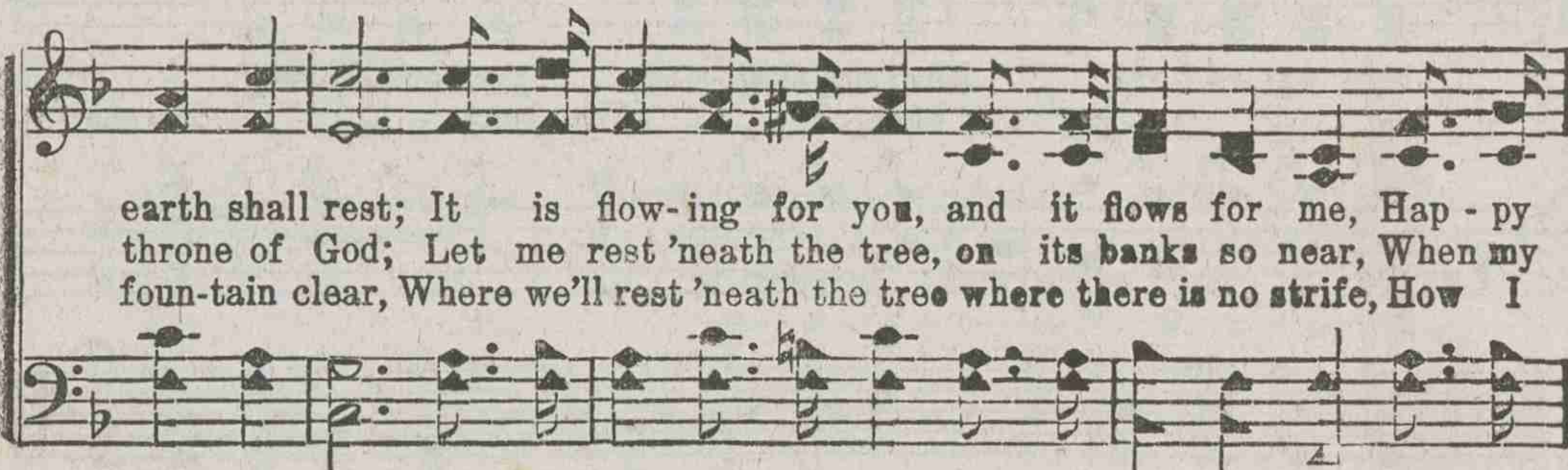
JOE H. P.

Joe H. Pannell, owner.

JOE H. PANNELL.



1. There's a fountain that's free, flowing 'neath life's tree, Where the saved of the  
2. Oh, I long to be there by the fountain clear, Flow-ing from the great  
3. May we all have a right to the tree of life, Standing there by the



earth shall rest; It is flow-ing for you, and it flows for me, Hap - py  
throne of God; Let me rest 'neath the tree, on its banks so near, When my  
foun-tain clear, Where we'll rest 'neath the tree where there is no strife, How I

## CHORUS.



souls there for - ev - er are blest. Let me rest..... 'neath the  
jour - ney be - low I have trod.  
long, how I long to be there. Let me rest,



tree,..... Where the fountain so pure flows by, Where the Lord.....  
'neath the tree, Where the Lord



is the light,..... And the souls of the saved nev - er die.  
is the light,



# No. 68.

# Tell of His Love.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus the King; Tell of His love,
2. Will you not hold up a light that will glow? Tell of His love,
3. You have a mes - sage to give to the world; Tell of His love,



tell of His love; Ma - ny will treas - ure the song that you sing,  
tell of His love; Some one is wait - ing re - demp - tion to know,  
tell of His love; Now let His ban - ner of light be un - furled,



## REFRAIN.



Tell of the love of Je - sus. Tell of His love,



tell of His love, Tell of the love of Je - sus, Ma - ny will



treas - ure the song that you sing, Tell of the love of Je - sus.





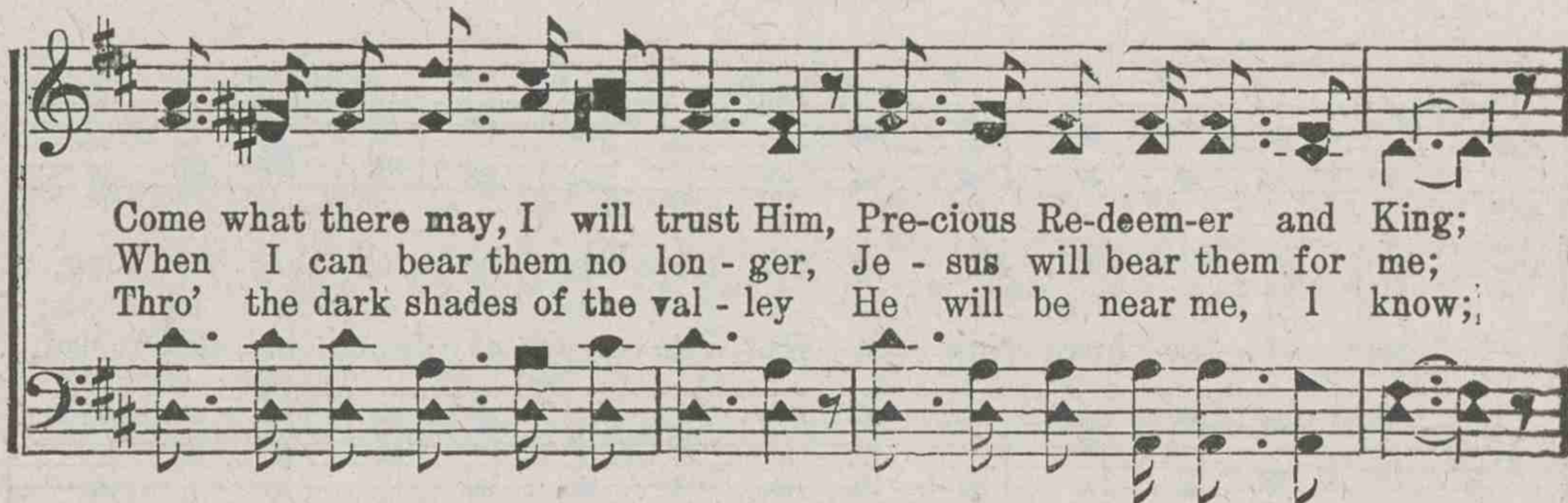
# No. 69 I Will Say Yes to My Lord.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. I will say yes to the fu-ture, Welcome to what He may bring,  
2. I will say yes to the bur-dens, Welcome, tho' heav-y they be,  
3. I will say yes to my Sav-iour, When He shall call me to go,



Come what there may, I will trust Him, Pre-cious Re-deem-er and King;  
When I can bear them no lon-ger, Je-sus will bear them for me;  
Thro' the dark shades of the val-ley He will be near me, I know;



Je-sus will al-ways be with me, Je-sus has giv-en His word,  
Won-der-ful, pre-cious Re-deem-er, Pre-cious to me is His word,  
Leav-ing my all with my Sav-iour, Trust-ing a-lone in His word,



I will say yes to my Sav-iour, I will say yes to my Lord.  
Tho' He shall slay me I'll trust Him, I will say yes to my Lord.  
Then when my Sav-iour shall call me, I will say yes to my Lord.

## REFRAIN.



Yes, yes, I will say yes, I will say yes to my Lord;



# I Will Say Yes to My Lord. Concluded.

Yes, yes, I will say yes, I will say yes to my Lord. (my Lord.)

## No. 70 Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W.  
*Spirited.*

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Until the night draws
2. Thrust in your shapened sickle, And gath-er in the grain; The night is fast ap-
3. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait un-til the
4. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of

round you, And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, wait-ing For  
proaching, And soon will come a - gain. The Mas - ter calls for reap-ers, And  
di - al Points to the noon be - low; And come with the strong sinew, Nor  
knowledge That human hearts should know - be faith-ful to thy mis - sion, In

reapers more to come? The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye i - dle dumb?  
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?  
faint in heat or cold; And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.  
serv-ice of thy Lord; And then a golden chap-let Shall be thy just re - ward.

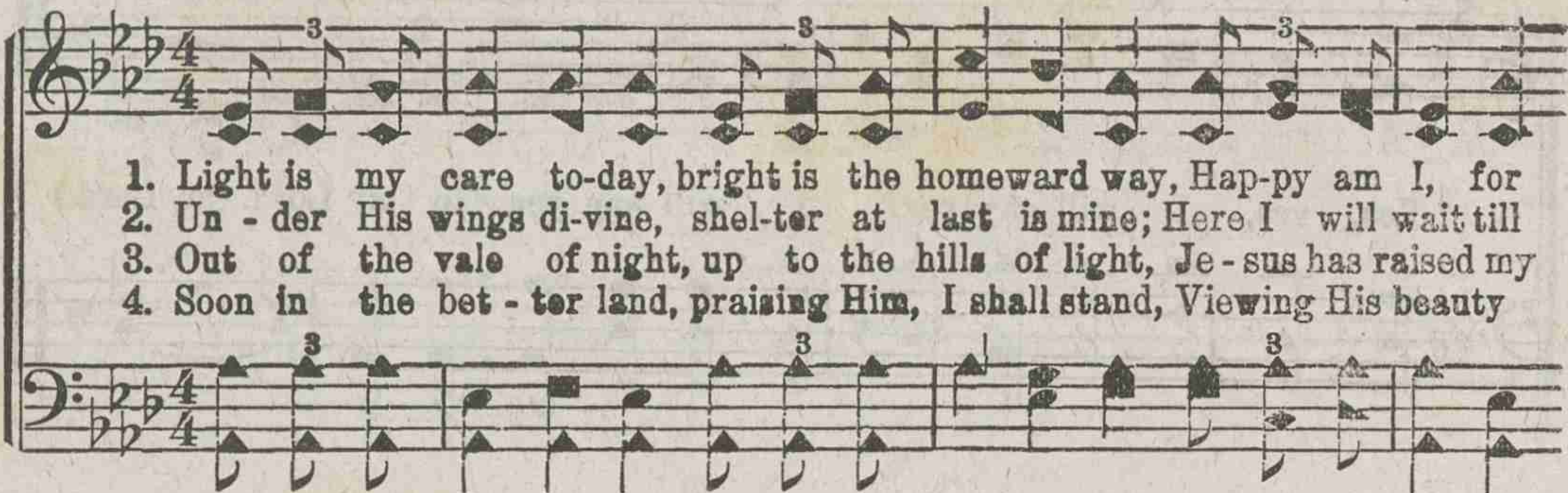


# No. 71

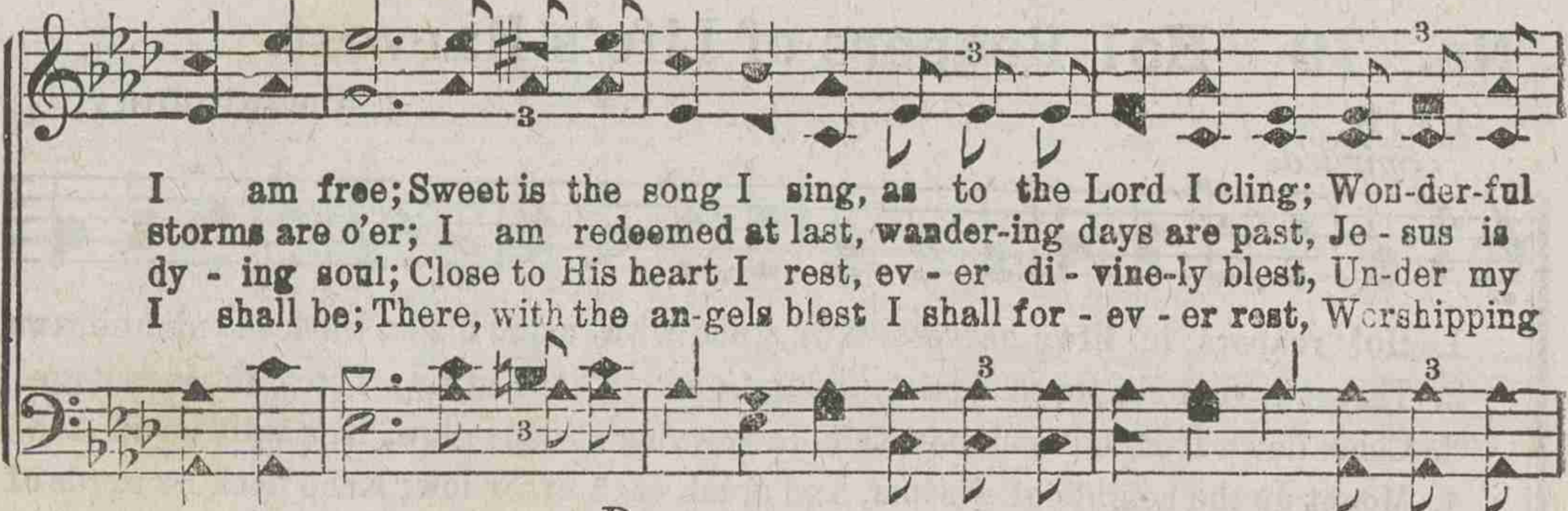
# Love Has Lifted My Soul.

JAMES ROWE.

W. A. McDONALD.



1. Light is my care to-day, bright is the homeward way, Hap-py am I, for  
 2. Un - der His wings di-vine, shel-ter at last is mine; Here I will wait till  
 3. Out of the vale of night, up to the hills of light, Je - sus has raised my  
 4. Soon in the bet - ter land, praising Him, I shall stand, Viewing His beauty



I am free; Sweet is the song I sing, as to the Lord I cling; Won-der-ful  
 storms are o'er; I am redeemed at last, wander-ing days are past, Je - sus is  
 dy - ing soul; Close to His heart I rest, ev - er di - vine-ly blest, Un-der my  
 I shall be; There, with the an-gels blest I shall for - ev - er rest, Worshipping

## REFRAIN.



love has lift-ed me. Glo-ry to God, Freedom is mine, Homeward I  
 mine for ev - er - more.  
 Sav-iour's dear con-trol.  
 Him who lift - ed me. Praise the Lord, Joy is mine,



go, hap - py and whole; Nev-er a - gain I shall re -  
 On I go, glad and whole, Nev - er-more

## FINE.



pine; Won-der-ful love..... has lift-ed my soul.  
 I'll re - pine; Love di-vine has lift-ed my soul. (dy-ing soul.)



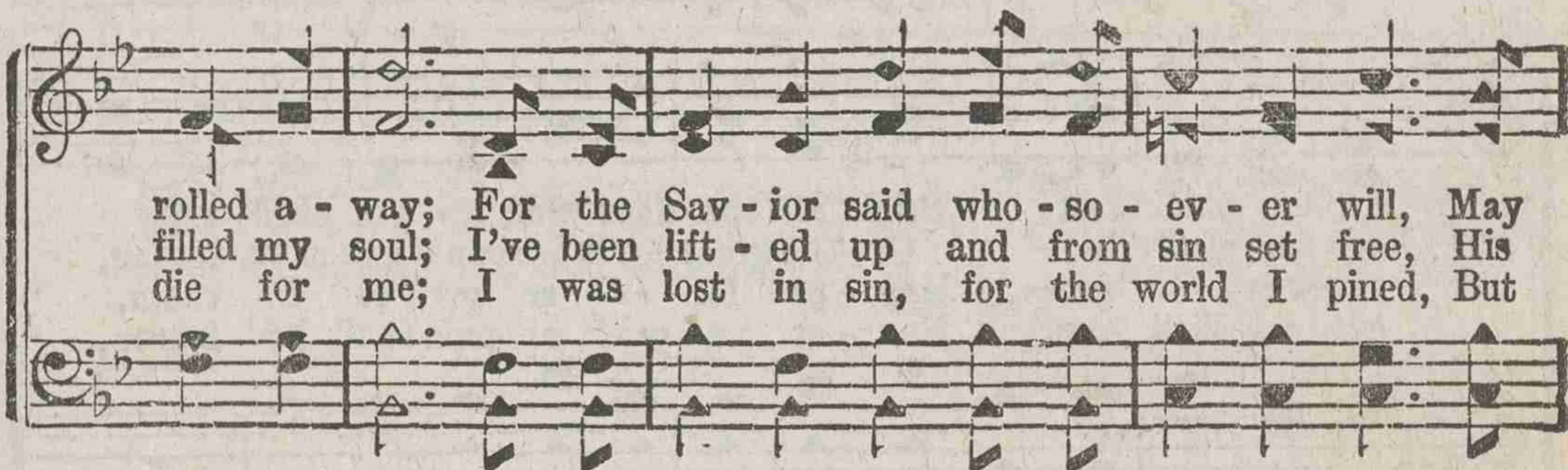
## Whosoever Meaneth Me.

J. E. M.

J. EDWIN McCONNELL.

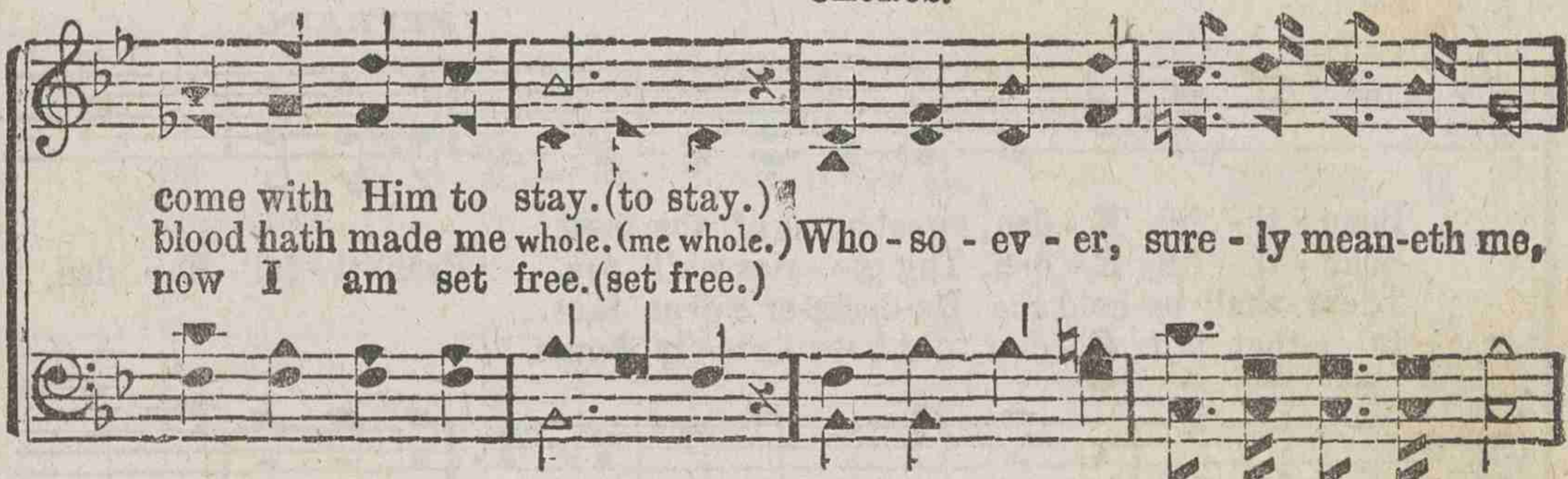


1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been  
 2. All my hopes have been raised, Oh His name be praised, His glo - ry has  
 3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

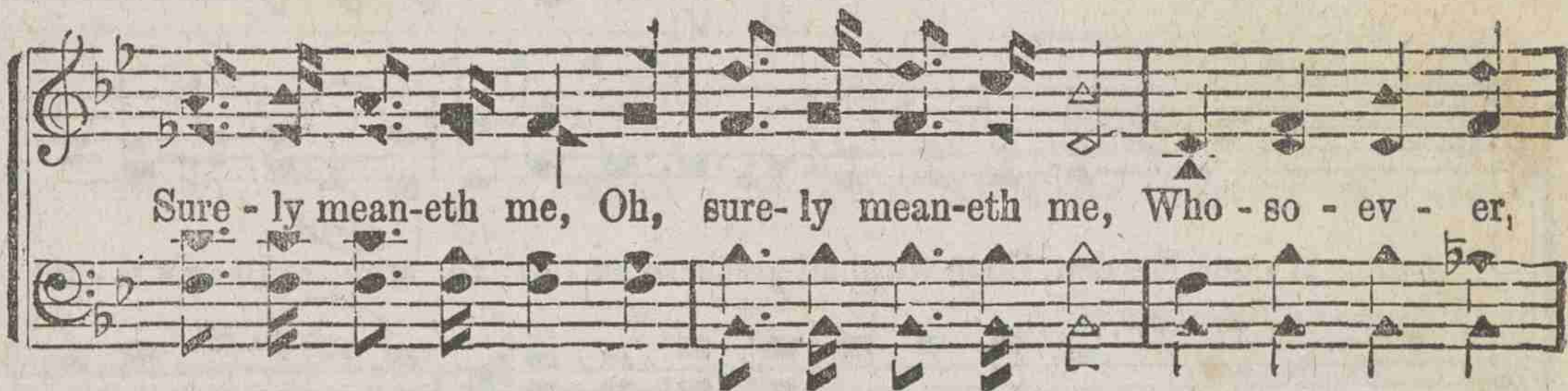


rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said who - so - ev - er will, May  
 filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His  
 die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

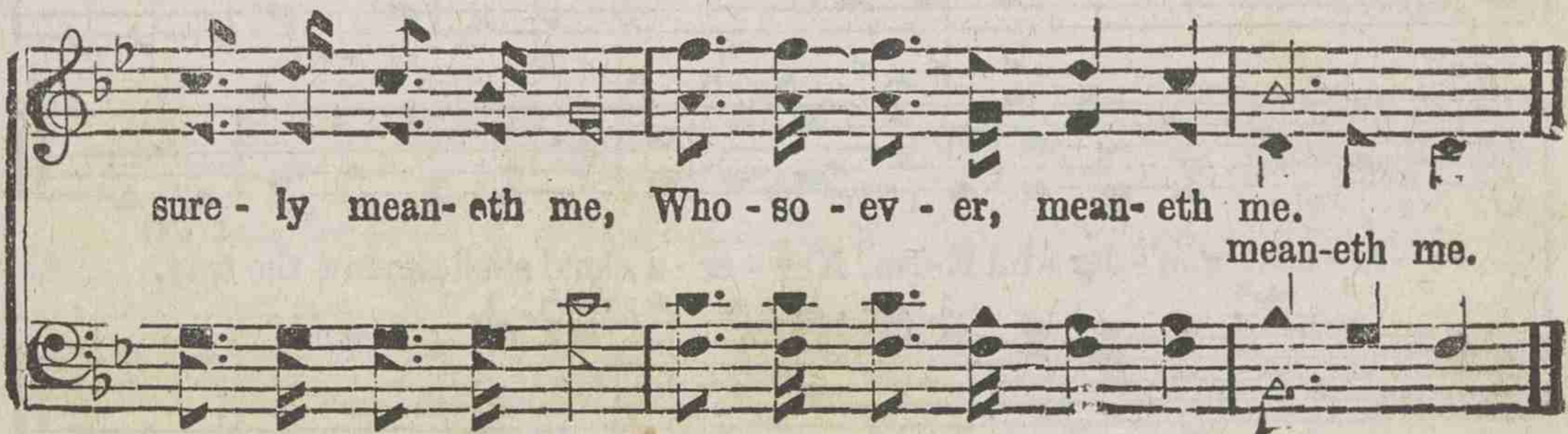
## CHORUS.



come with Him to stay. (to stay.)  
 blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) Who - so - ev - er, sure - ly mean - eth me,  
 now I am set free. (set free.)



Sure - ly mean - eth me, Oh, sure - ly mean - eth me, Who - so - ev - er,



sure - ly mean - eth me, Who - so - ev - er, mean - eth me.  
 mean - eth me.



# No. 73.

# Beautiful Eden.

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

W. J. MOORE. ARR. R. E. W.

J. L. HALE.



1. Beau - ti - ful E - den home of the soul, Home where the wea - ry  
 2. Beau - ti - ful E - den land of sweet song, Home where the righteous  
 3. Beau - ti - ful E - den, heav - en - ly home, Where redeemed sin - ners  
 4. Beau - ti - ful E - den, home of the blest, Where all the wea - ry



ev - er shall rest, Bright all the days while a - ges shall roll,  
 ev - er shall be, O, the great joy where an - gels shall throng,  
 saved by His grace, Hap - py for - ev - er nev - er to roam,  
 ev - er shall rest Nev - er a grief or pain shall be known,

## REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful E - den, sweet home of the blest.  
 Beau - ti - ful E - den, Thy glo - ries we'll see. Beau - ti - ful E - den,  
 There shall be - hold the Re - deem - er's dear face.  
 In that fair E - den our heav - en - ly home.



glo - ri - ous E - den, Soon we shall go there ev - er to stay, Beau - ti - ful



E - den, won - der - ful E - den, Nev - er a cloud shall shadow the way.



# No. 74.

# Send The Power.

JAMES ROWE.

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

J. M. HENSON.

1. Why do man - y still live in doubt and sin? In the midst of
2. We must get more pow - er of sav - ing grace, That our best for
3. Oh, the old time strength may be ours to day, If for Him our

light and love; We have lost the pow - er their hearts to win, And must  
Him be done; We must let our hearts be His dwelling place, E'er this  
lives we spend; We shall win the lost in the old time way, If on

## REFRAIN.

get it from a - bove. Send it down, Send it  
bless - ing can be won.  
Je - sus we de - pend. O Lord,

down, to - day, Send the pow - er from a - bove; That we

all may be great - er work - ers here, In the vine - yard of Thy love.

"But tarry in the City of Jerusalem until you be endued with power from on high, — Luke 24-49."



# No. 75.

# I Know He Is Mine.

Copyright, 1918, by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn., in "His Voice in Song"  
 JAMES ROWE. R. E. WINSETT.



1. I'm safe in the love of my Sav - ior di - vine And all the way home will His
2. I'm tell - ing the sto - ry of love as I go, For ev - 'ry one sure - ly my
3. Some day I shall see Him on heaven's glad shore And there with the angels, ex -



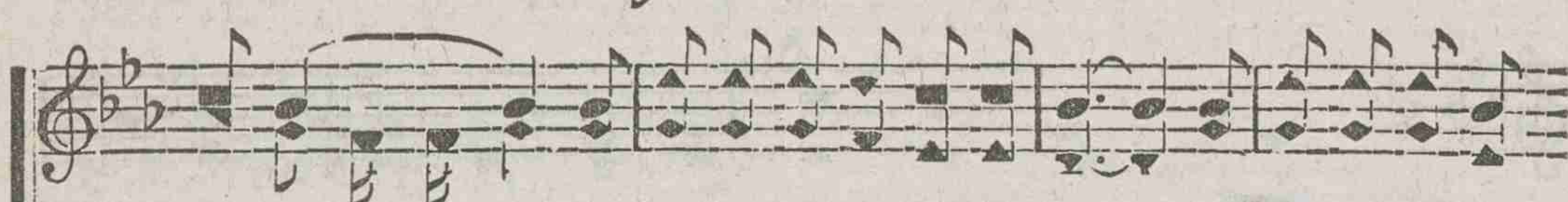
bles - ings be mine; I know He will keep me at peace in His love, That  
 Sav - ior should know; And so I am mak - ing Him known to the sad, The  
 alt and a - dore; And all thro' the a - ges with Him I shall shine, As -



## REFRAIN



I may be - hold Him in heav - en a - bove.  
 wea - ry and burdened, that they may be glad. I know He is mine, hal - le -  
 sured that for - ev - er His love will be mine.



lu - jah! My all to His love I re - sign; He suffered and died  
 praise the Lord,



my transgressions to hide, I know, oh, I know He is mine.  
 I know, I know,





# No. 76

# The Soul's Awakening.

Written after viewing J. B. Vaughan's birthplace near Bowman, Ga., August 1917.

N. A. W.

Arr. by N. A. WHITE.



1. There's a place grown so dear since my childhood Where with splendor the sun shin-eth bright;
2. 'Tis a lone cottage down in the Southland Where the birds sweetly sang ev - 'ry day;
3. There the oaks with whose shade so refreshing Shed their beauty and rest o'er the scene;
4. Off' I've sat on the old steps and pondered What will be in that great world be-yond;
5. O, how pleasant this earthly communion Mingle-ing with our friends here be-low;
6. Bet - ter then than a lone earthly dwelling A - mid sun-ny and sweet scented bow'rs;



Where there bloweth the gent'lest of zeph-yrs Where in wonder my eyes saw the light.  
Where we gathered at night with the loved ones And where mother so oft knelt to pray.  
And in moments oft sad and dis-tress-ing, Filled my heart with sweet mem'ries se-rene.  
Will we meet all our loved ones in heav-en, And will earth's broken ties be more fond  
But how hap-py up there the re-un-ion, When the good Shepherd calls us to go.  
It will be grand-er far than the tell-ing, A bright mansion up there will be ours.



*D. S. In that place that our Savior hath giv - en, Where bright mansions will nev-er de-cay.*

## REFRAIN.



Oh, come, come, come, come, Seek last-ing home up in  
Come, come, come, come,



heav - en, Whose gran - deur shall not pass a-way  
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.





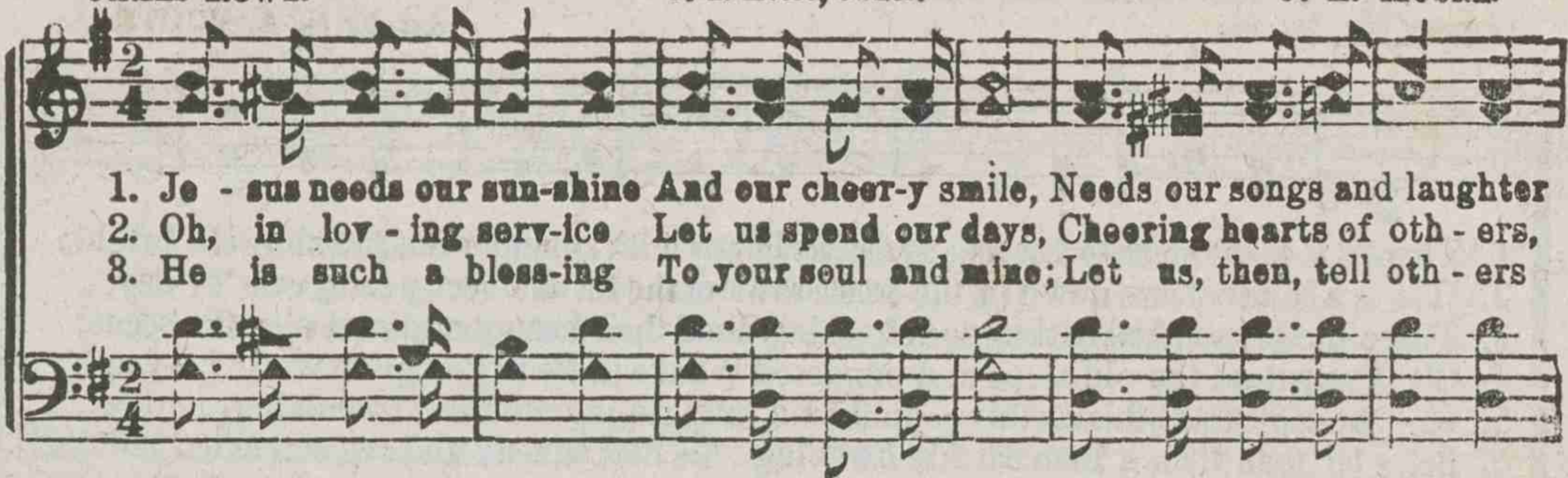
# No. 77

# JESUS NEEDS OUR SUNSHINE.

JAMES ROWE.

J. L. Moore, owner.

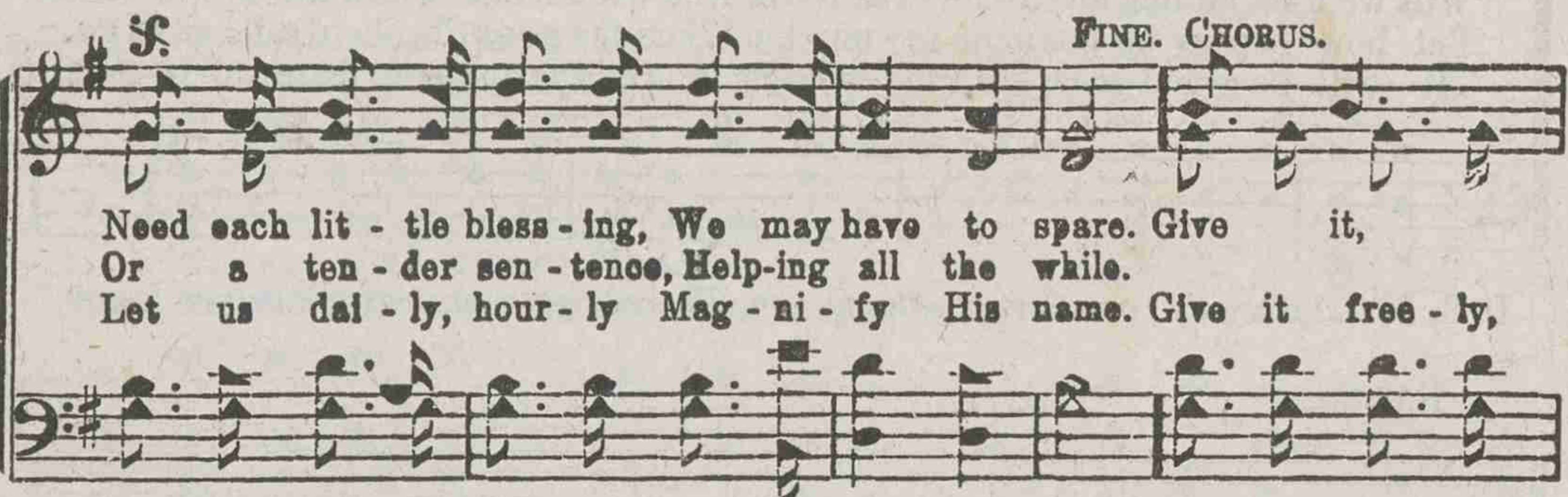
J. L. MOORE.



1. Je - sus needs our sun-shine And our cheer-y smile, Needs our songs and laughter  
2. Oh, in lov - ing serv-ice Let us spend our days, Cheering hearts of oth - ers,  
3. He is such a bless-ing To your soul and mine; Let us, then, tell oth - ers



Dai - ly, all the while, For the hearts of trou - ble, Gloom, distress and care,  
Mak - ing bright-er ways; Giv - ing out the gos - pel In a song or smile,  
Of His love di - vine, O'er and o'er His mer - cy Let our lives pro-claim;



Need each lit - tle bless - ing, We may have to spare. Give it,  
Or a ten - der sen - tence, Help-ing all the while.  
Let us dai - ly, hour - ly Mag - ni - fy His name. Give it free - ly,

D. S.-Let us all be bless - ings In the home-ward way.



give it Free - ly all the while, Sun - shine, laugh - ter,  
give it free - ly, Je - sus needs our sun-shine, laughter,



Hap - py song and smile; Each is sure - ly need - ed, By the world to - day;



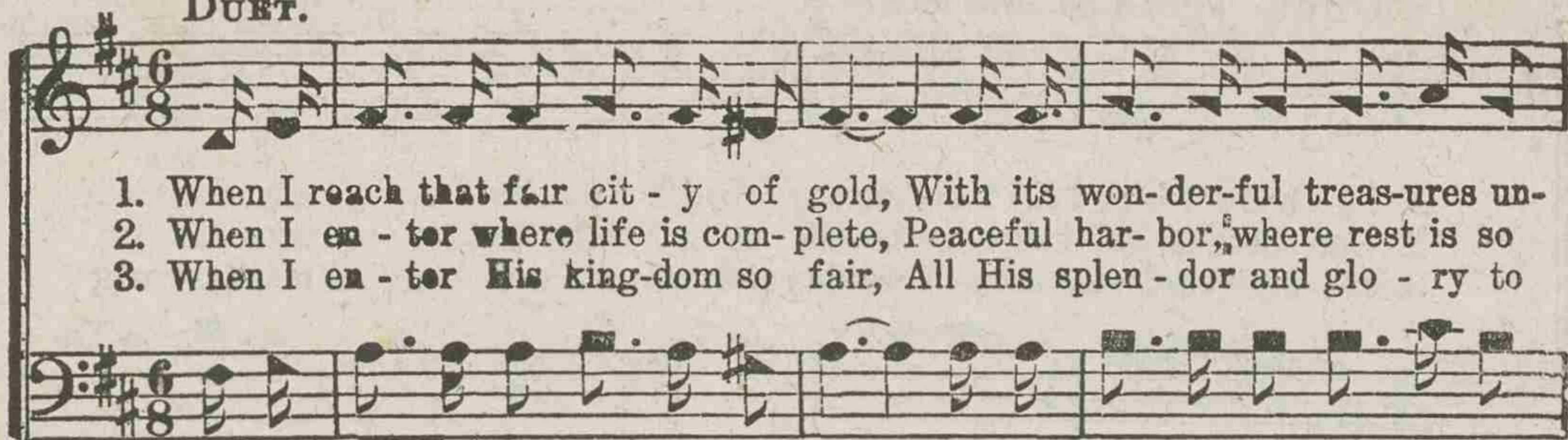
# No. 78

# While the Ages Roll On.

MISS ADA POWELL.  
DUET.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

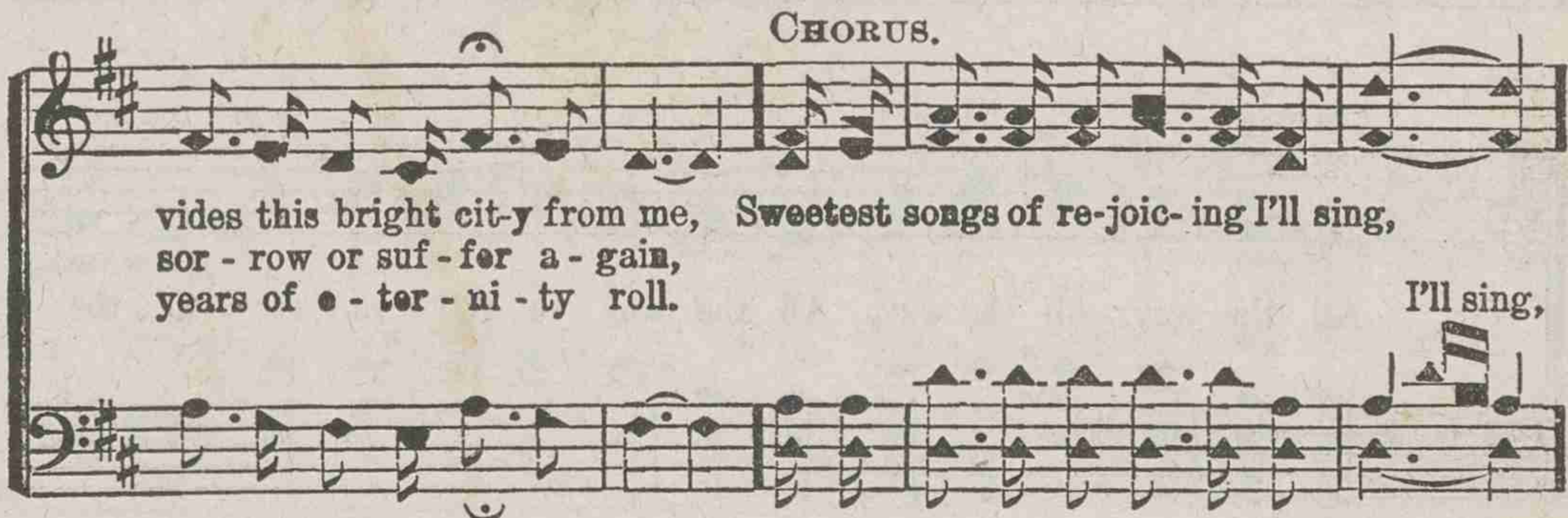


1. When I reach that fair cit - y of gold, With its won - der - ful treas - ures un -  
2. When I en - ter where life is com - plete, Peaceful har - bor, where rest is so  
3. When I en - ter His king - dom so fair, All His splen - dor and glo - ry to



told; When some day I pass o - ver the sea, That di -  
sweet; Done with weep - ing, and free from all pain, Nev - er  
share; Pre - cious joy that will rest in my soul, While the

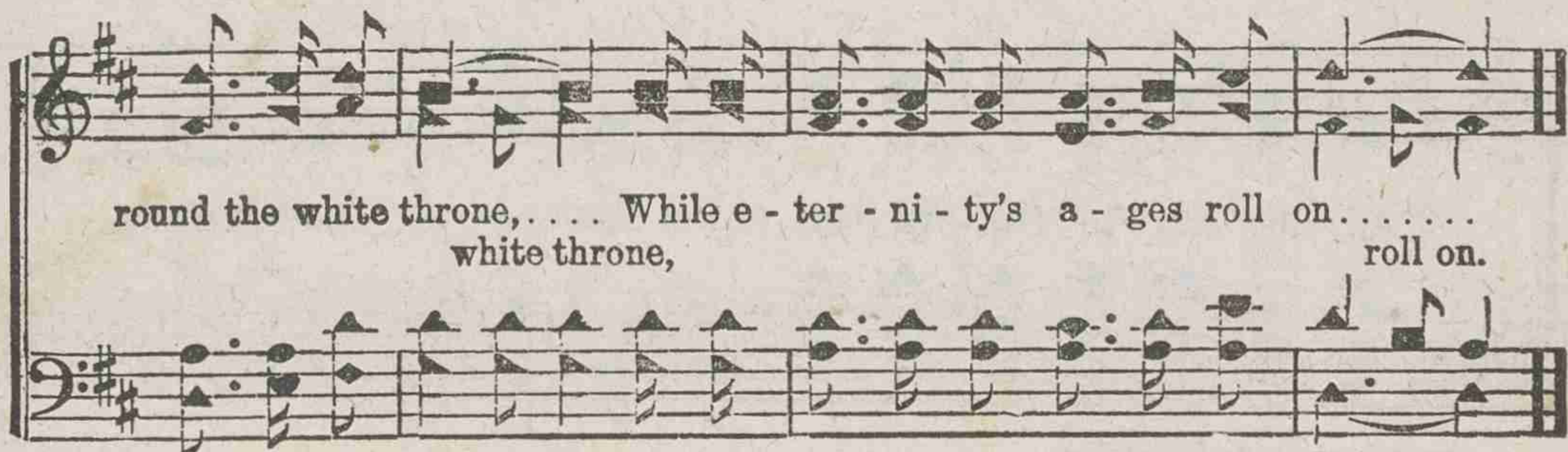
CHORUS.



vides this bright cit - y from me, Sweetest songs of re - joic - ing I'll sing,  
sor - row or suf - fer a - gain,  
years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. I'll sing,



At the feet of my Sav - iour and King, . . . . Songs of glo - ry a -  
and King,



round the white throne, . . . . While e - ter - ni - ty's a - ges roll on . . . . .  
white throne, roll on.



# No. 79

# All the Way to Calvary.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

DUET. *Very slow and tenderly.*



1. He has fol-lowed all the wea - ry road, Trod its ston - y way for me;  
 2. One there is who keeps me in His care, Safe - ly to e - ter - ni - ty;  
 3. If my heart were stone, I would repent, — It was done for me, for me;



He has carried, too, my heav - y load, All the way to Cal - va - ry.  
 Since He went a will-ing cap-tive there, All the way to Cal - va - ry.  
 O the sweet and ten-der love that went All the way to Cal - va - ry.


CHORUS.



All the way, all the way, All the way to Cal - va - ry; O the



sweet and ten-der love that went for me, All the way, all the way,



All the way to Cal - va - ry, All the way to Cal - va - ry.



## It's a Wonderful Thing.

James Rowe.

Geo. W. Sebren, owner.


Geo. W. Sebren.



1. There's a song in my soul, for I'm hap-py and whole, By the temp-ter no  
 2. Death no lon-ger I fear, for a Sav-iour is near, And the flag that o'er  
 3. Life e - ter - nal is mine, by the prom-ise di-vine, Peace has come from the





lon-ger de - praved; I am fac - ing the gate of the Mas-ter's es - tate;—  
 millions has waved, Waves a - bove me to - day in the heav - en - ly way;—  
 tem-pest that raved; Nev - er more I shall roam from the path that leads home;—




## CHORUS.



It's a won-der-ful thing to be saved. It's a won-der-ful thing to be saved,

It's a mar-vel-ous thing to be saved; Glo-ry be to the Lamb,




His for-ev - er I am; It's a won - der - ful thing to be saved.





# No. 81. WHEN THE GATES OF GLORY OPEN.

JAMES ROWE

R. N. GRISHAM.



1. Oh, the hap - pi - ness di - vine that will reach your heart and mine, When the
2. We shall see the an - gels fair smil - ing hap - py wel - come there,
3. And the soul's e - ter - nal Friend will a wel - come glad ex - tend,



gates.... of glo - ry o - pen by and by! Such ho - san - nas we shall  
All our loved ones we shall  
When the gates of glo - ry o - pen by and by! Then with Him su - preme - ly



sing that ce - les - tial skies will ring, When the gates..... of glo - ry  
see reach - ing out for you and me,  
blest, we shall en - ter in - to rest, When the gates of glo - ry



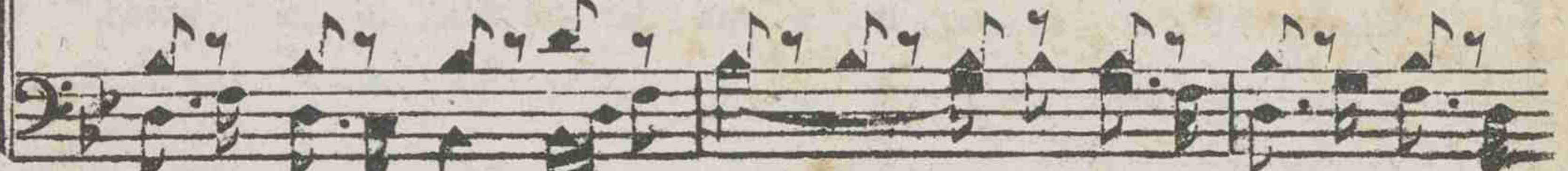
## CHORUS.



o - pen by and by. When the gates of  
When the gates..... of glo - ry

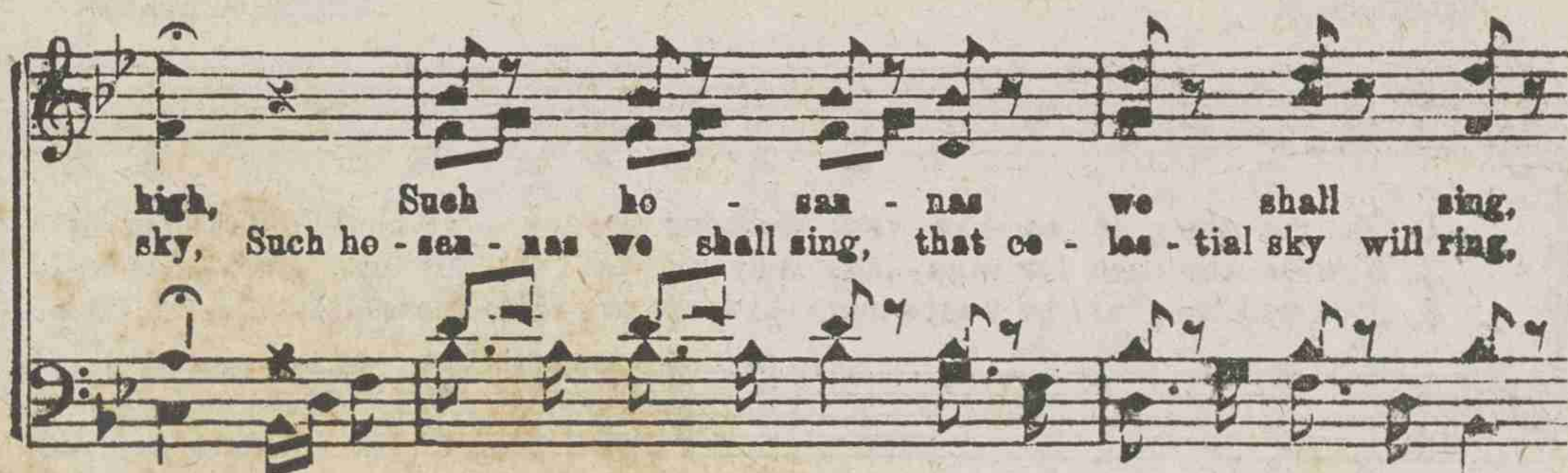


glo - ry o - pen, When we reach that home on  
o - pen by and by, When we reach..... that he - ly cit - y in the





# WHEN THE GATES OF GLORY OPEN. Concluded.



high, Such ho - sea - nas we shall sing,  
sky, Such ho - sea - nas we shall sing, that ce - les - tial sky will ring.



When the gates..... of glo - ry o - pen by and by.  
When the gates

## No. 82. DRIPPING FROM THE CROSS.

L. B. L.

L. B. LEISTER.



1. Guilt-y nail-pierced ho - ly vein—Jesus bore the loss; There was blood with holy pain
2. Je - sus, Thou hast loved us so, Tho' we be so gross; Saved us by the liv - ing flow
3. Sick and faint my soul did seem, Poisoned by sin's dross; But relief came by the stream.
4. Tho't-less that for sin I owe, Counted not my loss; Grateful now to view the flow
5. Worldly pleasures once my dream, Tempted by their gloss; Till I saw the scar-let stream
6. Dead my soul to all life's good, E-vil did en-gross; But I rose baptized by blood



D. S.—Keep my heart fixed on Thy woe,

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



Dripping from the cross. All because He loved us so, He sustained the crimson flow;

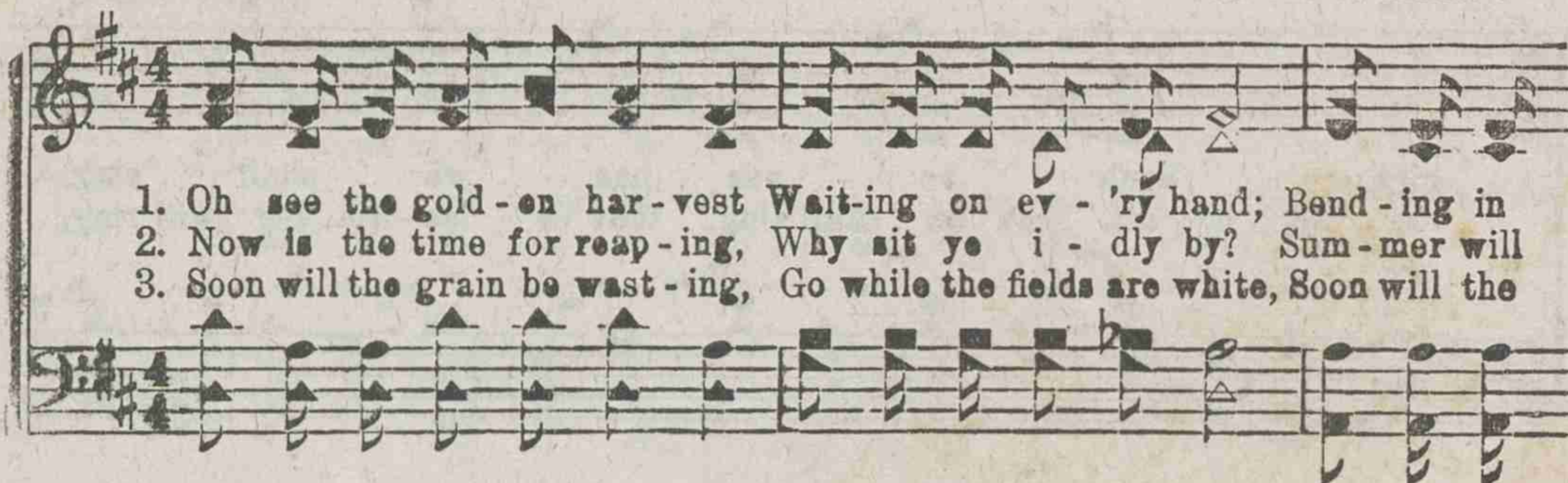


Dripping from the cross.

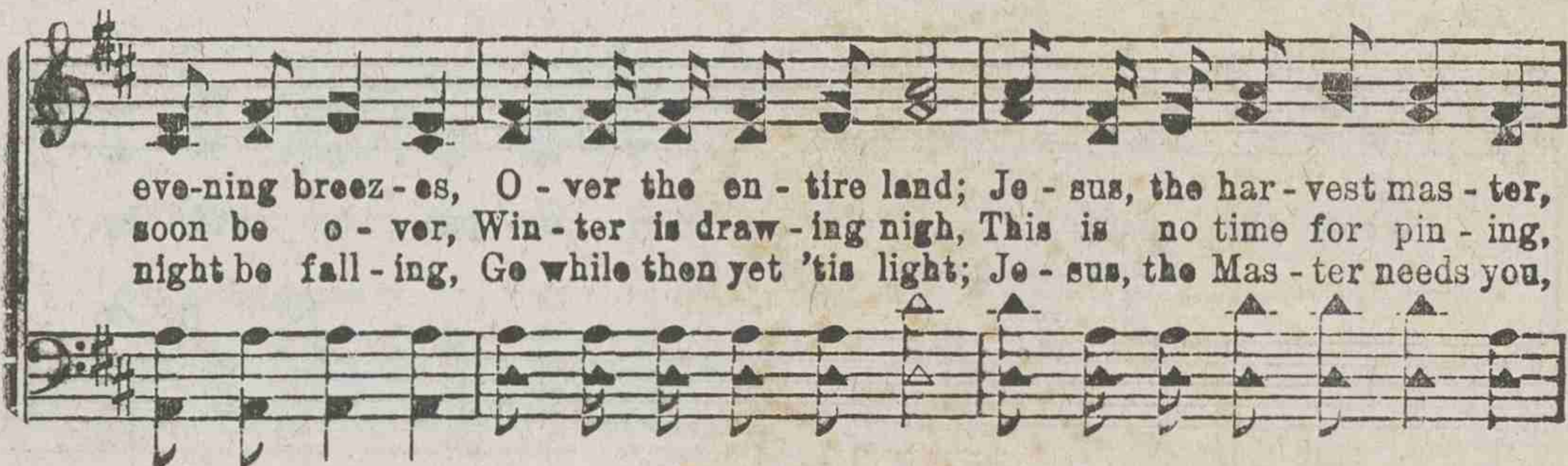


VIRGIL O. S.

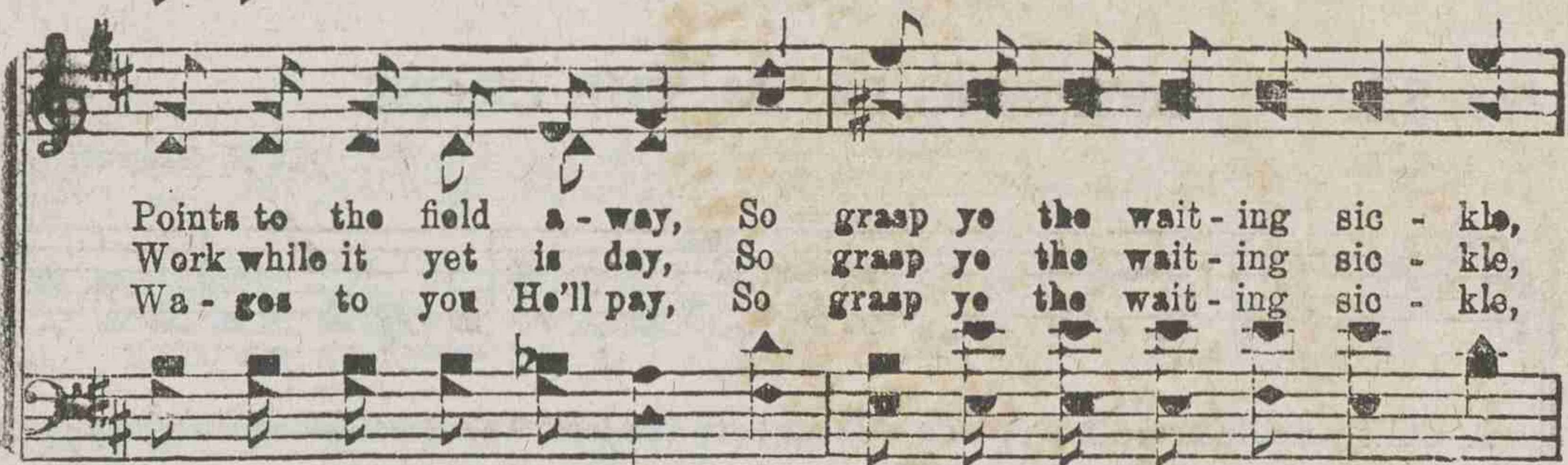
VIRGIL O. STAMPS.



1. Oh see the gold - en har - vest Wait - ing on ev - 'ry hand; Bend - ing in  
 2. Now is the time for reap - ing, Why sit ye i - dly by? Sum - mer will  
 3. Soon will the grain be wast - ing, Go while the fields are white, Soon will the



eve - ning breez - es, O - ver the en - tire land; Je - sus, the har - vest mas - ter,  
 soon be o - ver, Win - ter is draw - ing night, This is no time for pin - ing,  
 night be fall - ing, Go while then yet 'tis light; Je - sus, the Mas - ter needs you,



Points to the field a - way, So grasp ye the wait - ing sic - kle,  
 Work while it yet is day, So grasp ye the wait - ing sic - kle,  
 Wa - ges to you He'll pay, So grasp ye the wait - ing sic - kle,

## CHORUS.



Haste a - way. Go to the har - vest field, oh,  
 Haste to the field a - way, oh reap - ers. Go..... in - to the



go to the har - vest field, Go gath - er the precious yield, the  
 field ..... and gath - er in ..... the pre cious



# REAPERS, HASTE AWAY. Concluded.



precious yield, Go work while it yet 'tis day, Go forth to the fields a-way,  
yield,.... Go work..... while yet 'tis day,.....



Go la - bor for Christ while yet you may,.....  
Go la - - - bor while you may, for the Mas-ter calls you, go with



Go with your sic-kle shin - ing, go with it shin-ing bright, Oh,  
sic - - - kle shin-ing bright,..... Oh, do your



do all the good you can, 'twill soon be night, A glorious reward 'll pay, yea,  
best..... 'twill soon be night.... A rich..... reward He'll

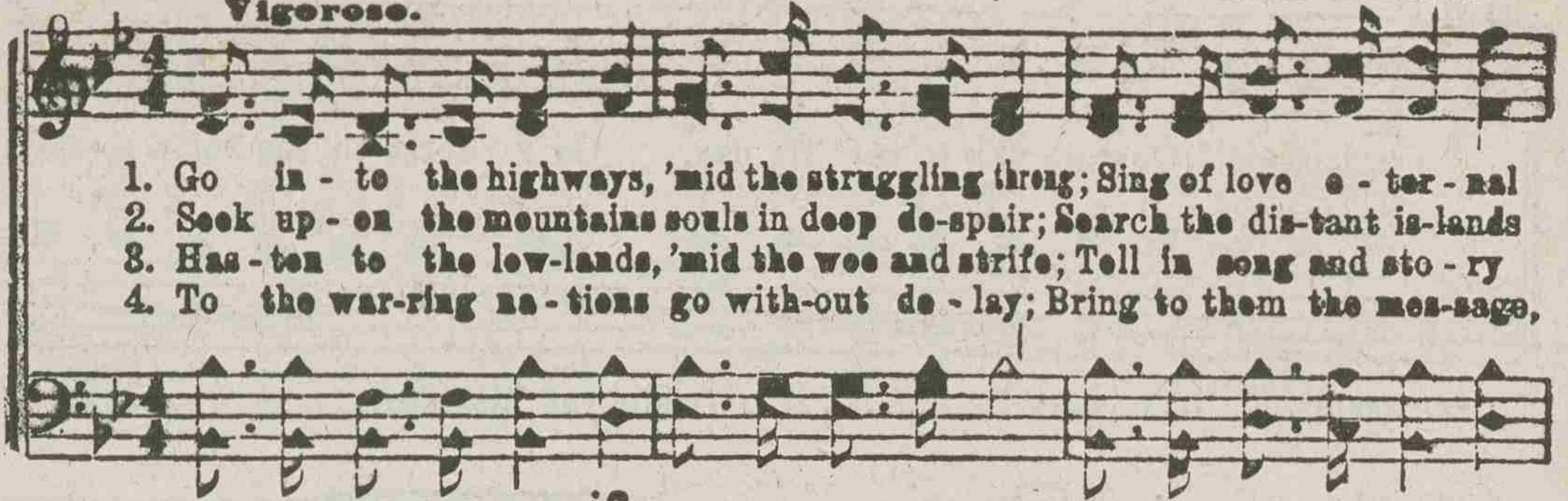


Christ, the dear Lord, will-pay, Haste to the fields a-way, go work for the Lord today.  
pay,..... Go work..... for Him to-day.....

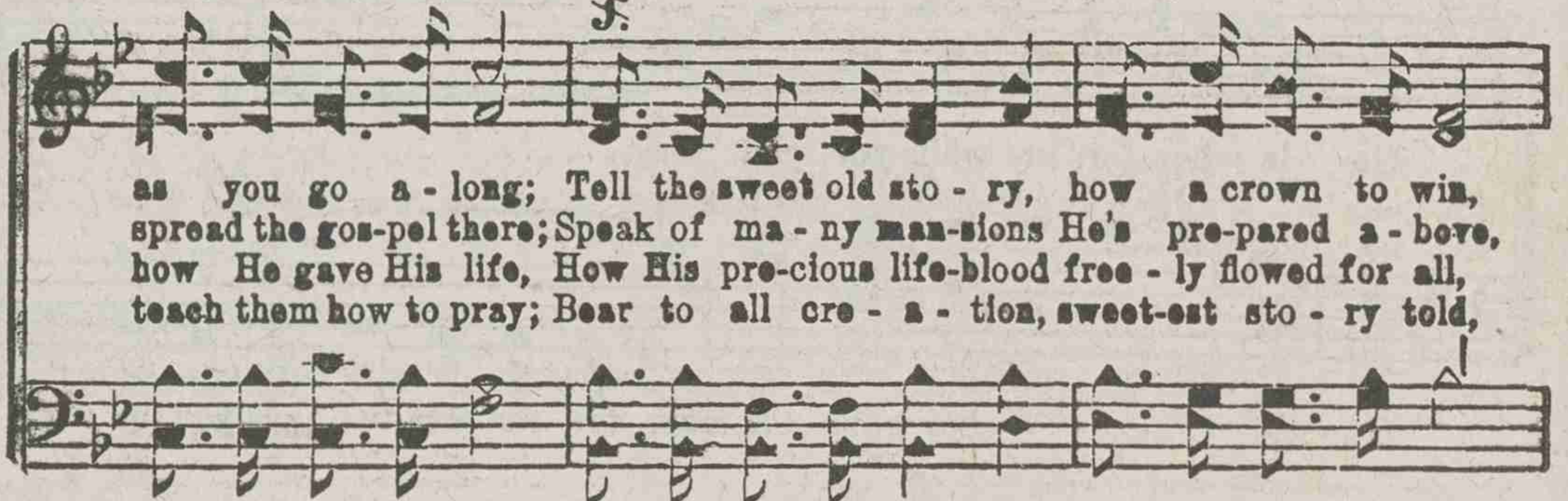


GEO. W. WINNINGHAM. Written in Rainsville Normal, 1918.  
Vigorese.

A. M. DeBERRY.



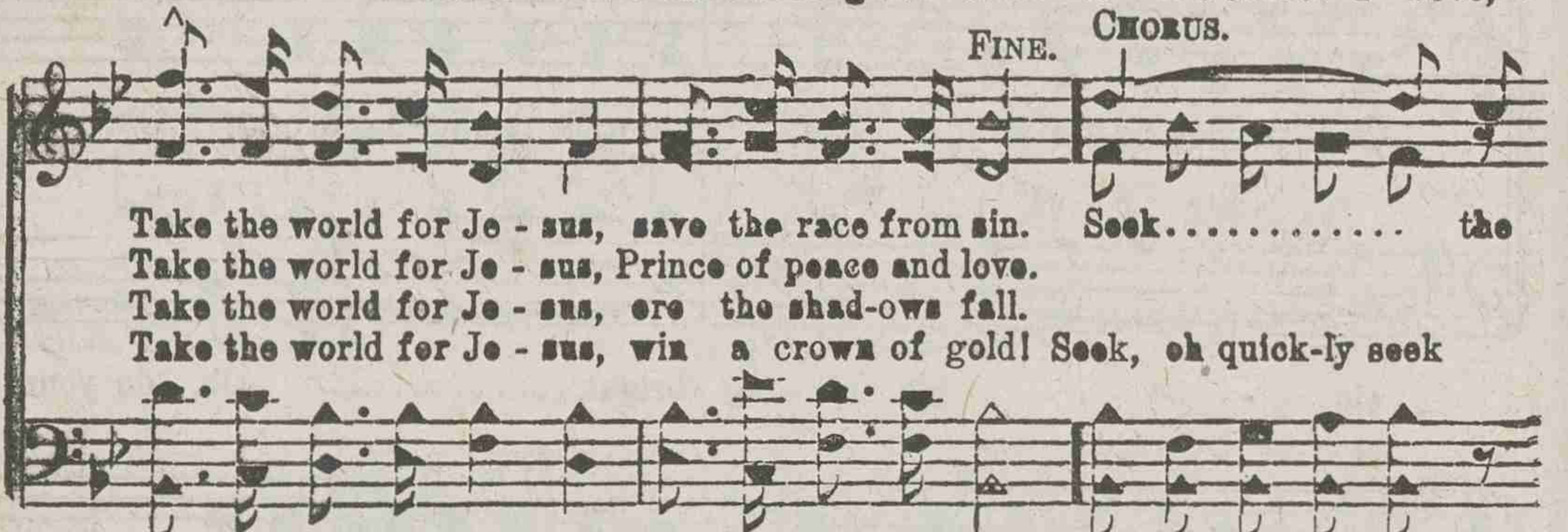
1. Go in - to the highways, 'mid the struggling throng; Sing of love e - ter - nal
2. Seek up - on the mountains souls in deep de - spair; Search the dis - tant is - lands
3. Has - ten to the low - lands, 'mid the wee and strife; Tell in song and sto - ry
4. To the war - ring na - tions go with - out de - lay; Bring to them the mes - sage,



as you go a - long; Tell the sweet old sto - ry, how a crown to win,  
spread the gos - pel there; Speak of ma - ny man - sions He's pre - pared a - bove,  
how He gave His life, How His pre - cious life - blood free - ly flowed for all,  
teach them how to pray; Bear to all cre - a - tion, sweet - est sto - ry told,

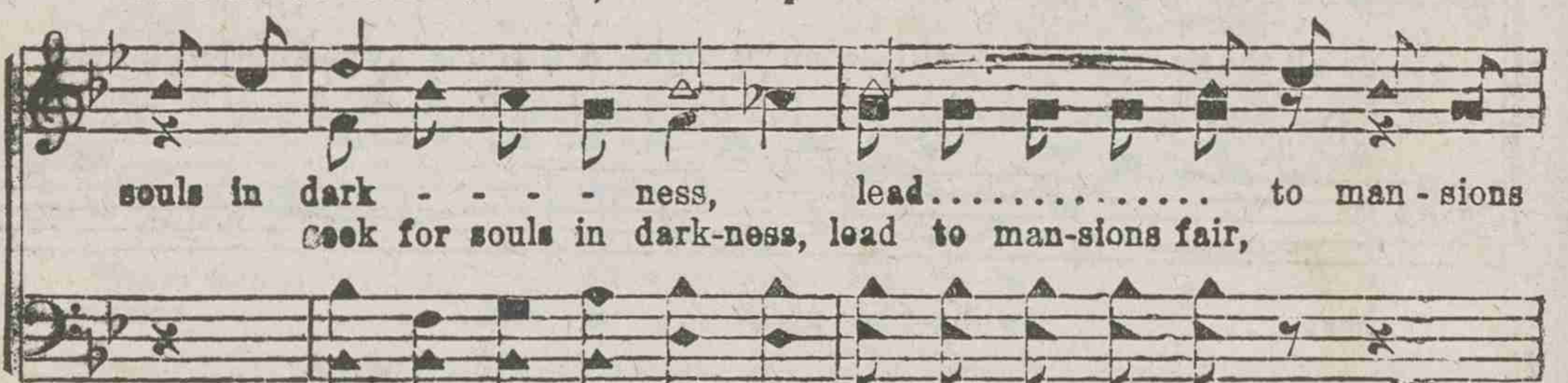
*D. S.*—Point the war - ring na - tions to His courts a - bove,

*FINE.* CHORUS.

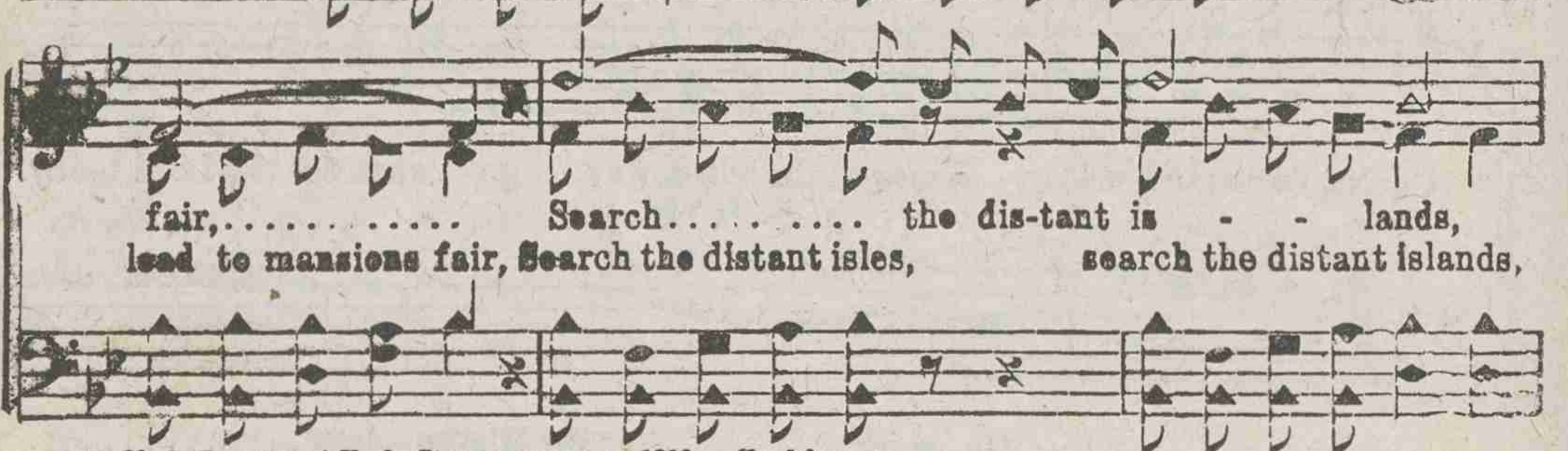


Take the world for Je - sus, save the race from sin. Seek..... the  
Take the world for Je - sus, Prince of peace and love.  
Take the world for Je - sus, ere the shad - ows fall.  
Take the world for Je - sus, win a crown of gold! Seek, oh quick - ly seek

Take the world for Je - sus, Prince of peace and love.



souls in dark - - - - - ness, lead..... to man - sions  
seek for souls in dark - ness, lead to man - sions fair,



fair,..... Search..... the dis - tant is - - - lands,  
lead to mansions fair, Search the distant isles, search the distant islands,



# TAKE THE WORLD FOR JESUS. Concluded.

*D. S.*

Take ..... the gos - pel there.....  
 Take the gos - pel there, take the gos - pel there.

No. 85

## 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 pi - ty from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;  
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 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 wand'rer a Sav - iour has died,

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





1. When the world is dark and drear-y, And no bright spot shows;  
 2. Tho' the mists and clouds sur-round you, And you're tem - pest-tossed;  
 3. Tho' your life is filled with sor-row, Oft-en care op-pressed;  
 1. And no bright spot shows;





When it sure-ly seems the vic-t'ry Will be won by foes. When the  
 When your life's frail bark is driv-en Un-til all seems lost. Let the  
 Can't you trust it to the Sav-iour? For the Lord knows best. Won't you  
 Will be won by foes.





bat-tle you are los-ing To the hordes of sin, O, then do not  
 Sav-iour be your an-chor, Thro' the tem - pest's din, Put your faith and  
 cease your hopeless sigh-ing, And a pray'r be-gin? Take your bur-den  
 To the hordes of sin,



CHORUS.



grow dis-cour-aged, For the right will al-ways win. For the  
 trust in Je-sus, For the right will al-ways win.  
 to the Sav-iour, And the right will al-ways win. For the right will al-ways




right will al-ways win, It will tri-umph o-ver sin,  
 win,..... It will tri-umph o-ver sin,.....





# RIGHT WILL WIN. Concluded.

O ye wea-ry and op-pressed,.... Pray the right may win,  
O ye wea-ry and op-pressed, Pray the right may win,  
For the right will al-ways win, It will triumph o-ver  
triumph o-ver sin, Lay your burdens on the Sav-iour's breast, the right will win.

No. 87

AMERICA.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our  
fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-beve.  
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.




MISS ADA POWELL.


AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.




1. Once I was lost, and with heart all de - filed, Sin up - on sin like a  
 2. I am so glad that the fount flows for me, Glad that I'm saved and made  
 3. O He is call - ing and wait - ing for you, Will you not come to the



moun - tain was piled, Now thro' sal - va - tion the Fa - ther's dear child,  
 hap - py and free, Now and for - ev - er my sto - ry shall be,  
 Sav - iour so true? Make up your mind to be - gin life a - new,





## CHORUS.




Washed in the blood of the cross.... Washed in the blood of the

cross..... Washed in the blood of the cross;..... Made pure and clean,  
 the cross, the cross;

free from all sin, Washed in the blood of the cross.....  
 the cross.



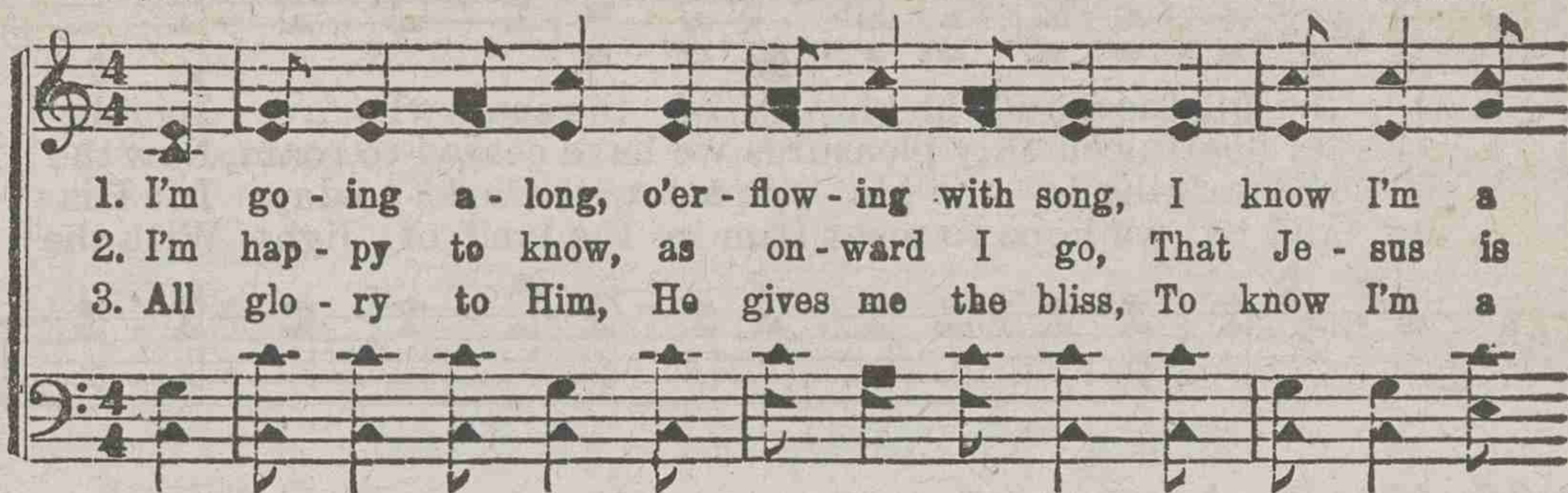


# No. 89. I Know I'm a Child of His.


J. H. Stanley owner, Saltillo, Miss.

J. E. B.

J. E. BRYANT.



1. I'm go - ing a - long, o'er - flow - ing with song, I know I'm a  
2. I'm hap - py to know, as on - ward I go, That Je - sus is  
3. All glo - ry to Him, He gives me the bliss, To know I'm a



child of His; (child of His;) I'll tell of His love on earth and a - bove,  
mine for aye; (mine for aye;) When lone - ly and sad, His love makes me glad,  
child of His; (child of His;) An heir of our God, a joint heir with Christ,

## CHORUS.



I know I'm a child of His. I know I'm a child of



His, (a child of His,) An heir to that beau - ti - ful home, The



heav - en - ly dove is lead - ing a - bove, I know I'm a child of His.




# No. 90



# THERE IS VICT'RY IN GRACE.

JAMES ROWE

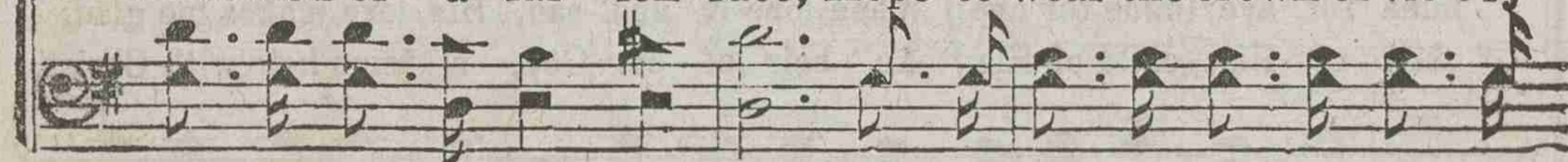

JAMES D. VAUGHAN




1. O the gladness and the glo - ry of the souls who live In the  
 2. Af - ter fleeting earthly pleasures we have ceased to roam, Now the  
 3. We are walking in the glo - ry-path with Christ to-day, In His  
 4. By and by we hope to meet Him in the land of light, With the

brightness of the Sav-iour's face! He is ev - er bending o'er us,  
 bright-er, bet - ter way we trace With a Friend who never fails us,  
 heart we all have found a place, And with joy we tell His sto - ry  
 ran-somed of a fal - len race, Hope to wear the crown of vic-t'ry

bles-sings new to give?—There is vic-t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.  
 who will guide us home. There is vic-t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.  
 to the souls a-stray;—There is vic-t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.  
 in His presence bright;—There is vic-t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.



## CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, bless His name! He will lead us  
 O praise the Lord, His ho - ly name!




to that hap-py place; There is peace, there is  
 that happy place; sweet heav'nly peace,





# THERE IS VICT'RY IN GRACE. Concluded.

joy, There is vic-t'ry in re-deem-ing grace.  
a-bound-ing jay, re-deem-ing grace.

## No. 91 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,  
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;  
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

D. C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

FIN.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest:  
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.  
Firm on the Rock of a - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels Borne in a song to me,  
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears,  
Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er,

D. C. for refrain.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.  
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the gold - en shore,

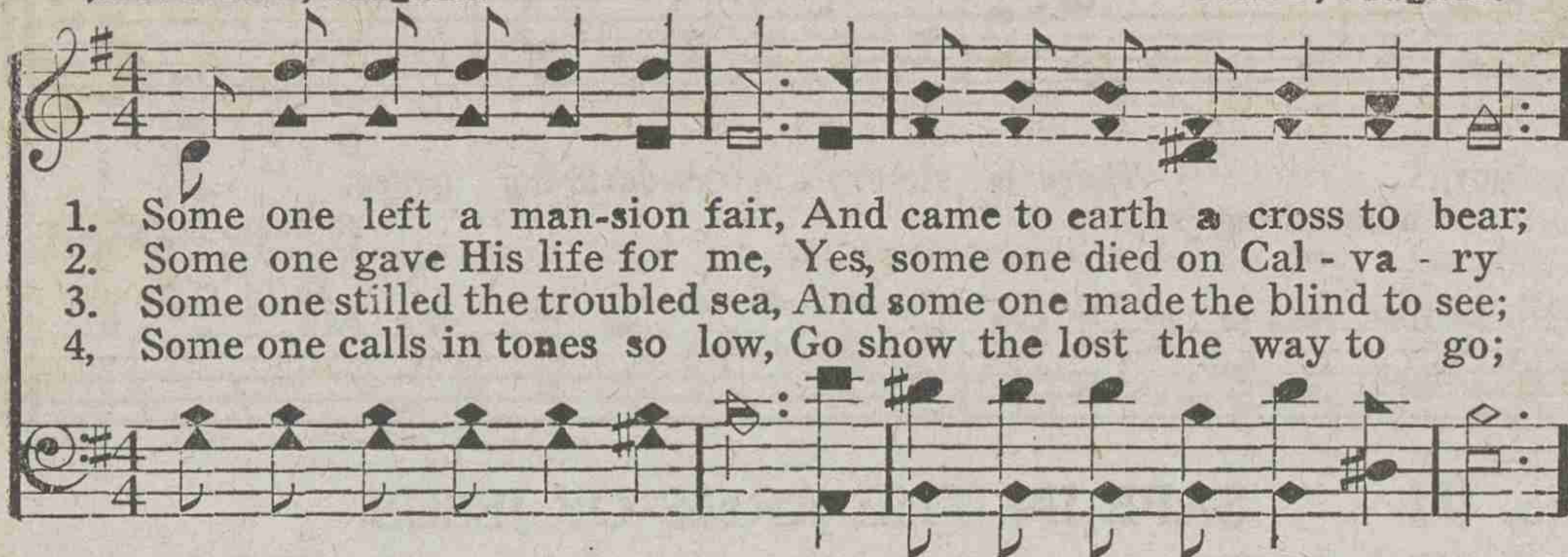


## No. 92

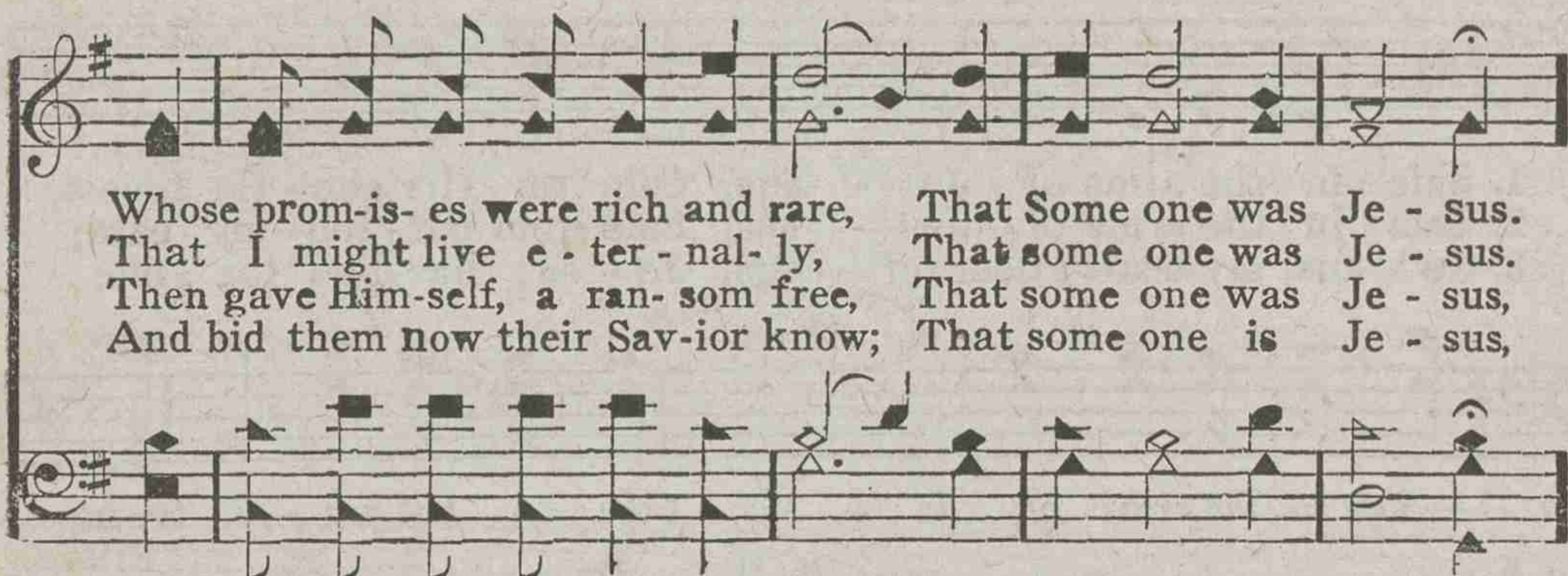
## 'Twas Jesus.

Mrs. John B. Vaughan.

John B. Vaughan.



1. Some one left a man-sion fair, And came to earth a cross to bear;  
 2. Some one gave His life for me, Yes, some one died on Cal - va - ry  
 3. Some one stilled the troubled sea, And some one made the blind to see;  
 4. Some one calls in tones so low, Go show the lost the way to go;



Whose prom-is-es were rich and rare, That Some one was Je - sus.  
 That I might live e - ter - nal - ly, That some one was Je - sus.  
 Then gave Him-self, a ran-som free, That some one was Je - sus,  
 And bid them now their Sav-ior know; That some one is Je - sus,

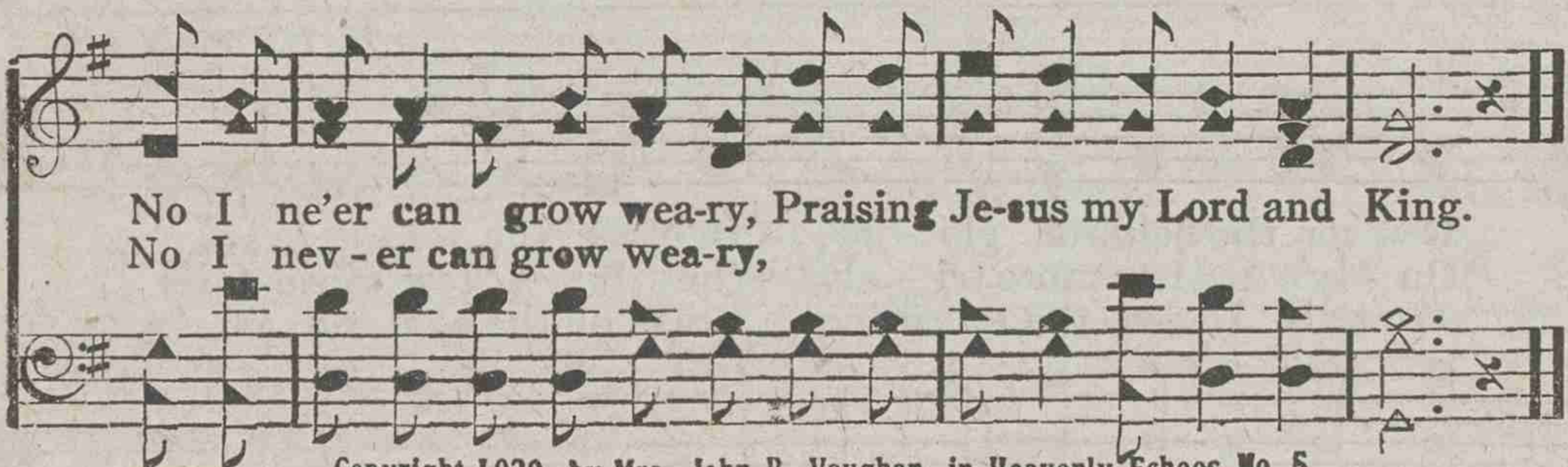
## REFRAIN,



That some one bless-ed Je-sus, Sav-ior and my King, And His  
 That some one blessed Je-sus. Sav - ior and my King,



prais-es I'll shout and sing; I shall nev-er, grow wea-ry,  
 shout and sing, I shall nev-er, nev - er wea-ry,




No I ne'er can grow wea-ry, Praising Je-sus my Lord and King.  
 No I nev - er can grow wea-ry,

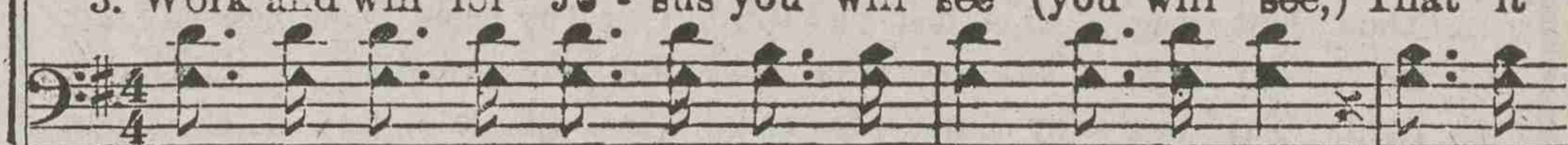


CHAS. W. VAUGHAN.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Win - ning for the Sav - iour ev - 'ry day (ev - 'ry day,) Find - ing  
 2. La - bor for the Mas - ter smile and sing (smile and sing,) You may  
 3. Work and win for Je - sus you will see (you will see,) That it




those who in the darkness stray (the darkness stray,) Pointing them to  
 win some life for Christ your King (for Christ your King,) Heav - en will re -  
 pays to serve Him full and free (yes, full and free,) Happy then through -





Him who leads the way (leads the way;) Winning brings re - ward.  
 joice, with prais - es ring (prais - es ring;) Winning brings re - ward.  
 out e - ter - ni - ty (eter - ni - ty;) Winning brings re - ward.




## CHORUS.



Win - ning brings reward, Win - ning for the Lord;  
 brings re - ward, for the Lord;

Man - y souls from sin, you may help to win, Winning brings re - ward.






# No. 94

# Great is Our King.


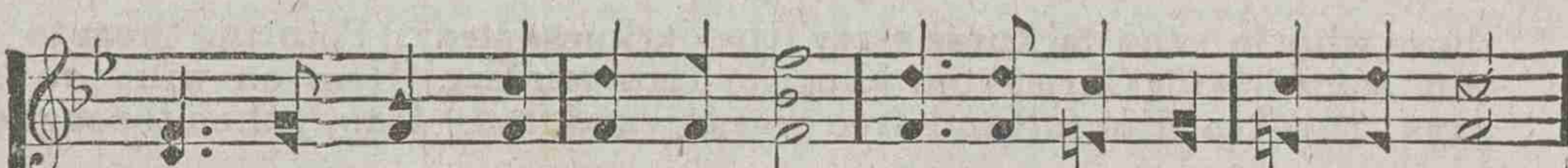
"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

PSALM 138.

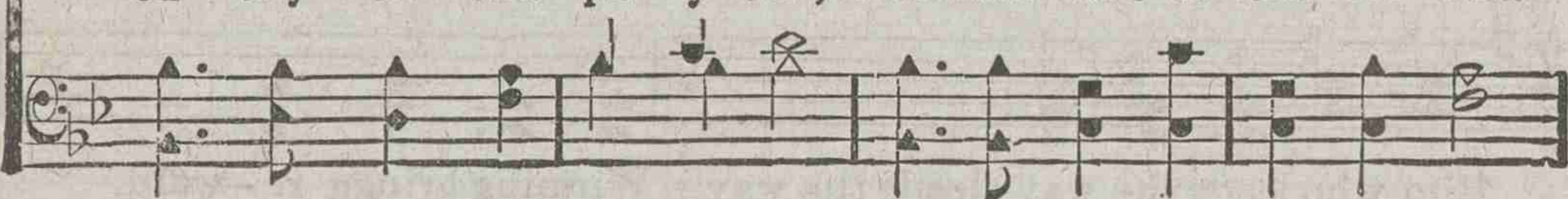
McD WEAMS.




1. With my heart I'll praise Thy name, To the world Thy praise pro-claim;  
 2. Thou hast mag - ni - fied Thy word, O'er Thy name Thou bless-ed Lord;  
 3. He tho' high re - spects the low, But the proud far off doth know;  
 4. Lord, Thy mer - cy nev - er ends, Thro' all a - ges it ex - tends;


Wor - ship in Thy ho - ly place, Praise Thee for Thy truth and grace.  
 Thou didst an - swer when I cried, And my soul with strength supplied.  
 Tho' great troub - le round me roll, Thou wilt yet re - vive my soul.  
 On Thy ser - vant pit - y take, Thine hand-work do not for - sake.



## REFRAIN.



Kings of the earth shall give Thee all praise, When they learn from Thee Thy ways;  
 Kings of earth shall give Thee praise,..... When they learn from Thee Thy ways;




*rit.*  
 In Je-ho-vah's ways shall sing,..... Great is our Lord and King.  
 In Jehovah's ways shall sing,.....





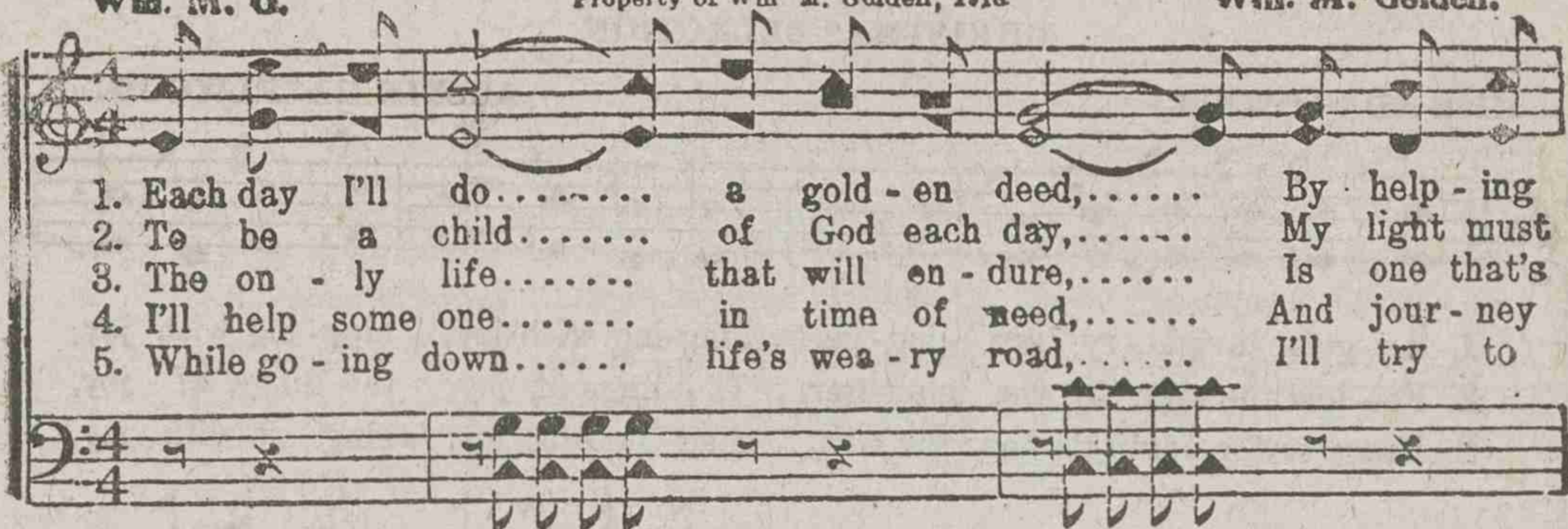
No. 35

# A Beautiful Life.

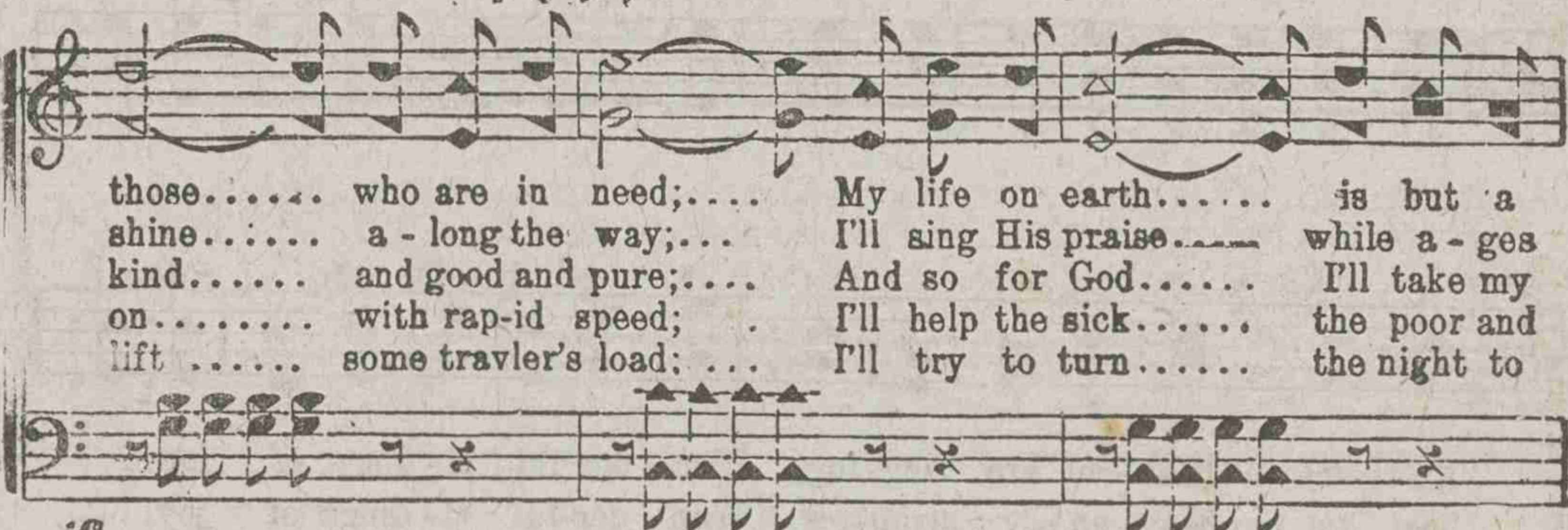
Wm. M. G.

Property of Wm. M. Golden, 1918

Wm. M. Golden.



1. Each day I'll do..... a gold - en deed,..... By help - ing  
 2. To be a child..... of God each day,..... My light must  
 3. The on - ly life..... that will en - dure,..... Is one that's  
 4. I'll help some one..... in time of need,..... And jour - ney  
 5. While go - ing down..... life's wea - ry road,..... I'll try to

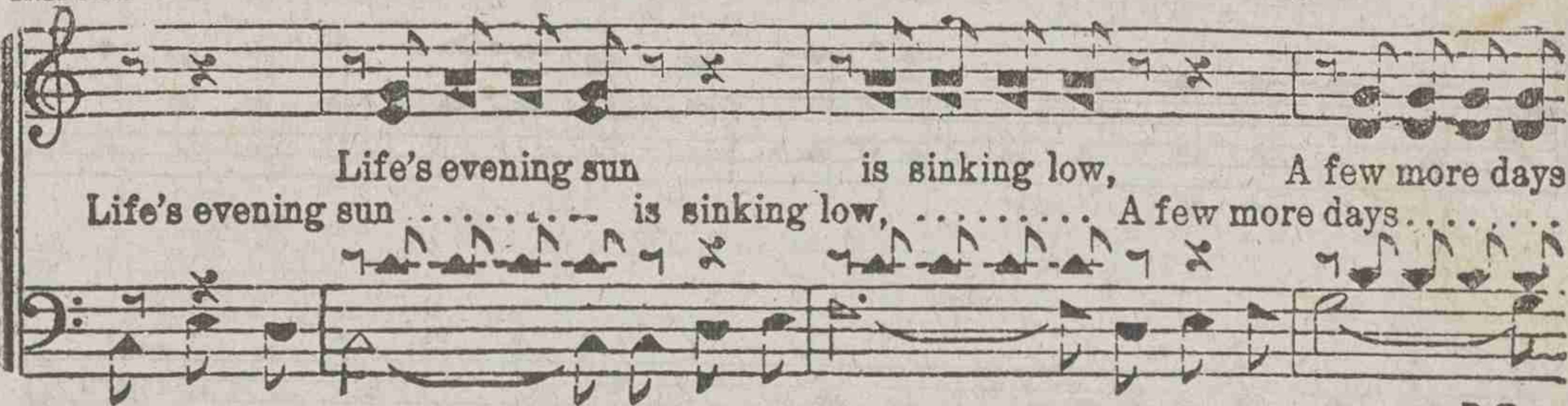


those..... who are in need;.... My life on earth..... is but a  
 shine..... a - long the way;.... I'll sing His praise..... while a - ges  
 kind..... and good and pure;.... And so for God..... I'll take my  
 on..... with rap - id speed;.... I'll help the sick..... the poor and  
 lift ..... some travler's load; .... I'll try to turn..... the night to

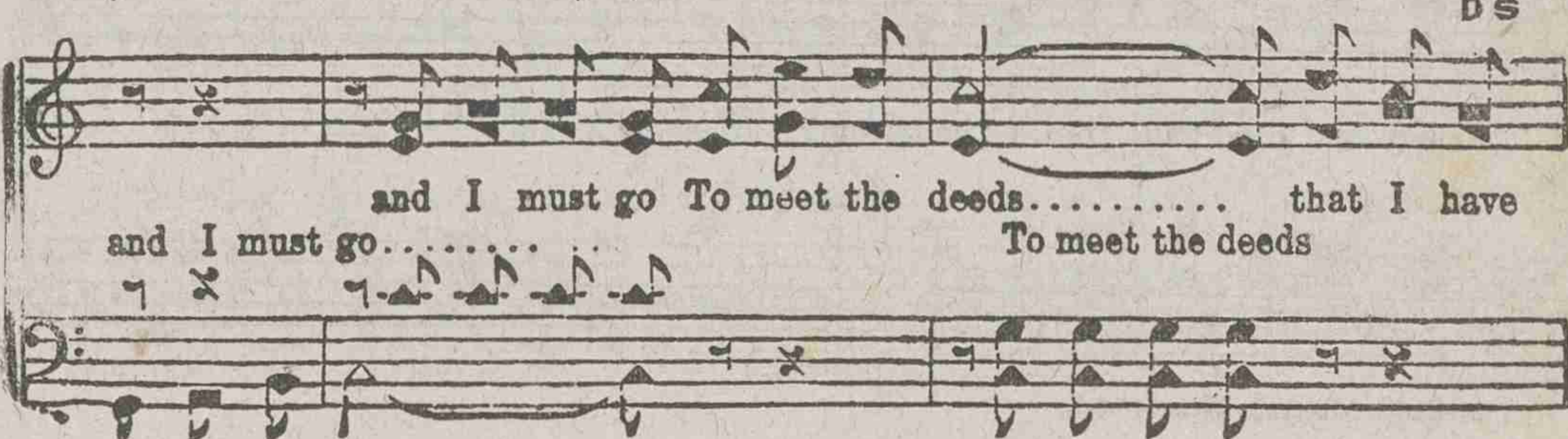


span,..... And so I'll do..... the best I can. (the best I can.)  
 roll, ..... And strive to help..... some troubled soul. (some troubled soul.)  
 stand,..... Each day I'll lend ..... a help - ing hand. (a help - ing hand.)  
 weak,..... And words of kind ness to them speak. (kind words I'll speak.)  
 day, ..... Make flow - ers bloom..... a - long the way. (the lone - ly way.)

**E. S.** lone,..... Where there will be..... no set - ting sun.  
**REFRAIN**, that I have done, Where there will be no setting sun.



Life's evening sun is sinking low, A few more days  
 Life's evening sun ..... is sinking low, ..... A few more days.....



and I must go To meet the deeds..... that I have  
 and I must go..... To meet the deeds

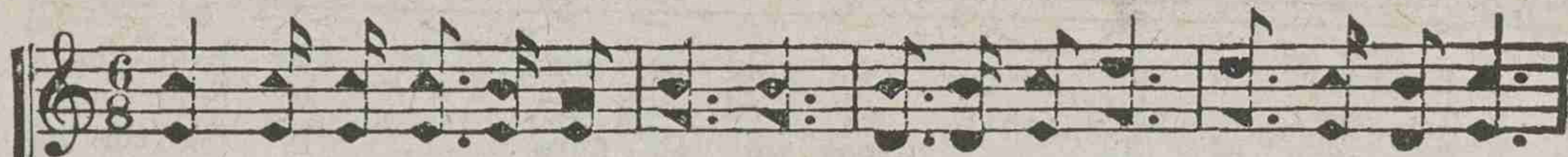


# No. 96. Wonderful Tidings of Joy.

CHRISTMAS SELECTION.

MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. An-gels in glo-ry are sing-ing, Sing-ing with joy, sing-ing with joy,
2. Fol-low the star to the man-ger, Ti-dings of joy, ti-dings of joy,
3. Peace to the earth He has giv-en, Sing it with joy, sing it with joy,



An-thems in heav-en are ring-ing, Won-der-ful ti-dings of joy....  
See! 'tis the heav-en-ly stran-ger, Won-der-ful ti-dings of joy....  
Join with the an-gels of heav-en, Won-der-ful ti-dings of joy....



CHORUS.



O-ver the earth there is ring-ing, Ti-dings of joy, ti-dings of joy;



Peace and good will He is bring-ing, Won-der-ful ti-dings of joy....





# No. 97

# He Will Keep My Soul.

JAMES ROWE.

W. S. Lents, owner. 1919.

W. S. LENTS.



1. By the way of the cross I am trav-el-ing home, I am seeking the bless-ed
2. Ev'-ry step of the way He is hold-ing my hand, Sweetly tell ing His love to
3. What-so-ev-er may come at my side He will be, Always cheering my soul a-



goal; And the pleasures of e - vil will not cause me to roam, For, glo - ry to me; So I know I shall see Him on the beau-ti-ful strand, And rest in His long; Till the dawn of the morning when His face I shall see, And hear His sweet



## REFRAIN.



Je-sus, He will keep my soul. Je-sus will keep me by His love,  
lovelight by the crys-tal sea.  
welcome to the land of song.

His precious love



Keep me, and guide me to the bless-ed goal; Oh, I know I shall  
He will



praise Him with the an-gels a-bove, For, glo-ry to Je-sus, He will keep my soul.



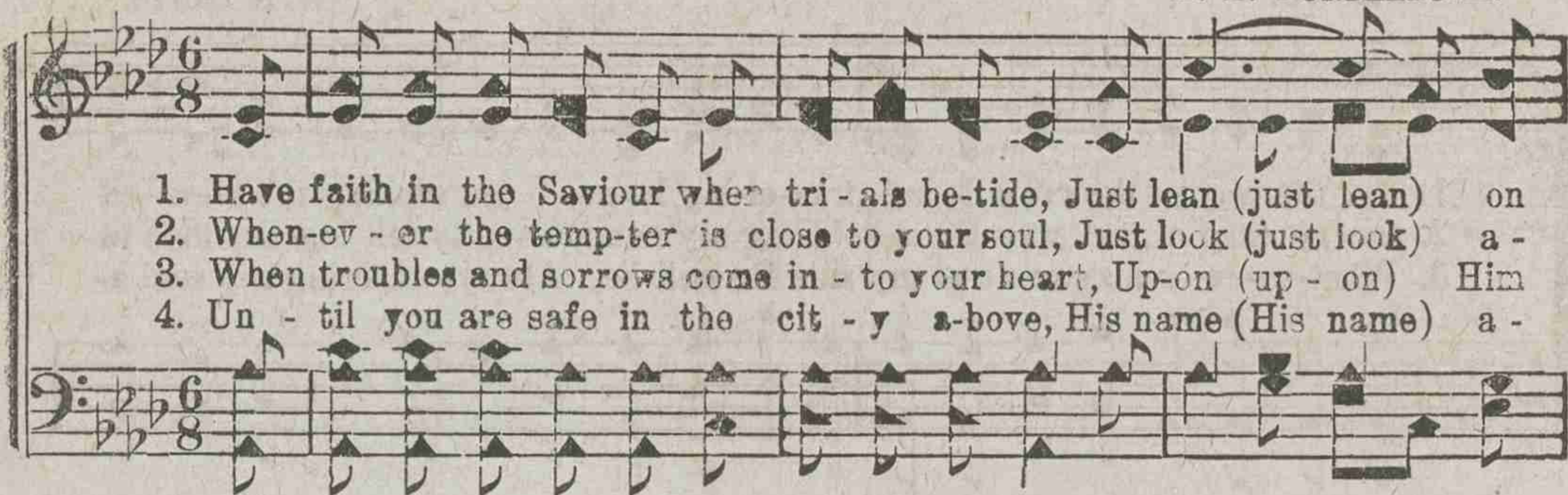


# No. 98.

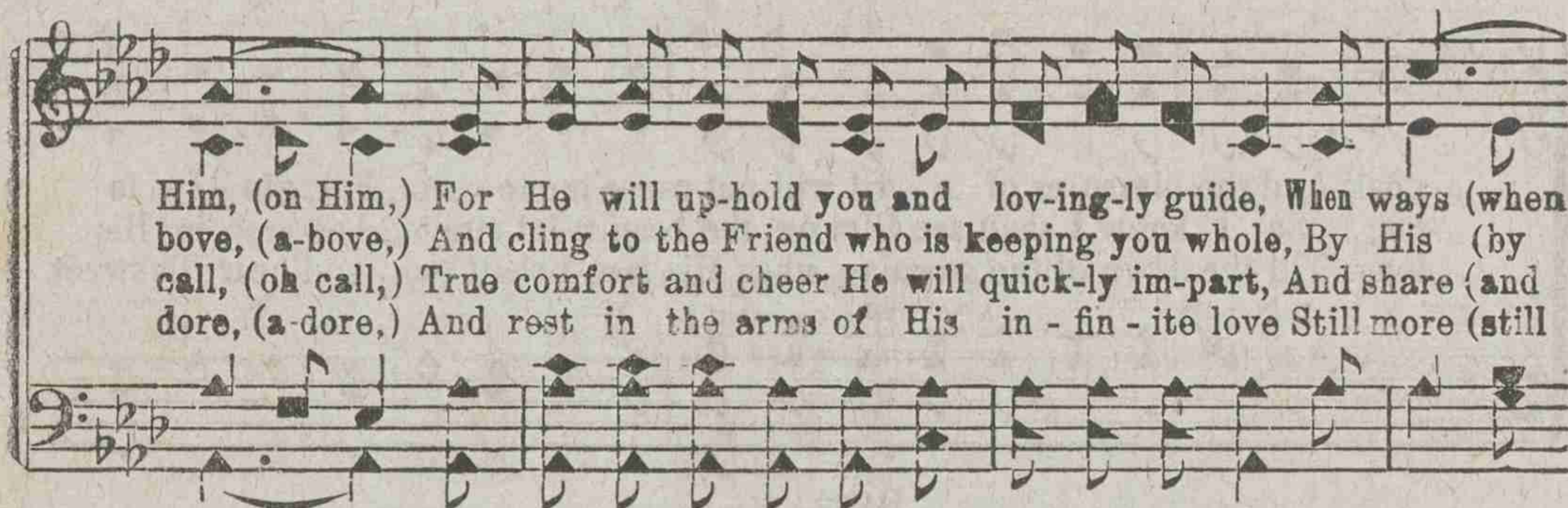
# He'll Give the Reward.

JAMES ROWE.

A. L. FUNDERBURK.



1. Have faith in the Saviour when tri - als be-tide, Just lean (just lean) on  
 2. When-ev - er the temp-ter is close to your soul, Just look (just look) a -  
 3. When troubles and sorrows come in - to your heart, Up-on (up - on) Him  
 4. Un - til you are safe in the cit - y a-bove, His name (His name) a -



Him, (on Him,) For He will up-hold you and lov-ing-ly guide, When ways (when  
 bove, (a-bove,) And cling to the Friend who is keeping you whole, By His (by  
 call, (oh call,) True comfort and cheer He will quick-ly im-part, And share (and  
 dore, (a-dore,) And rest in the arms of His in - fin - ite love Still more (still

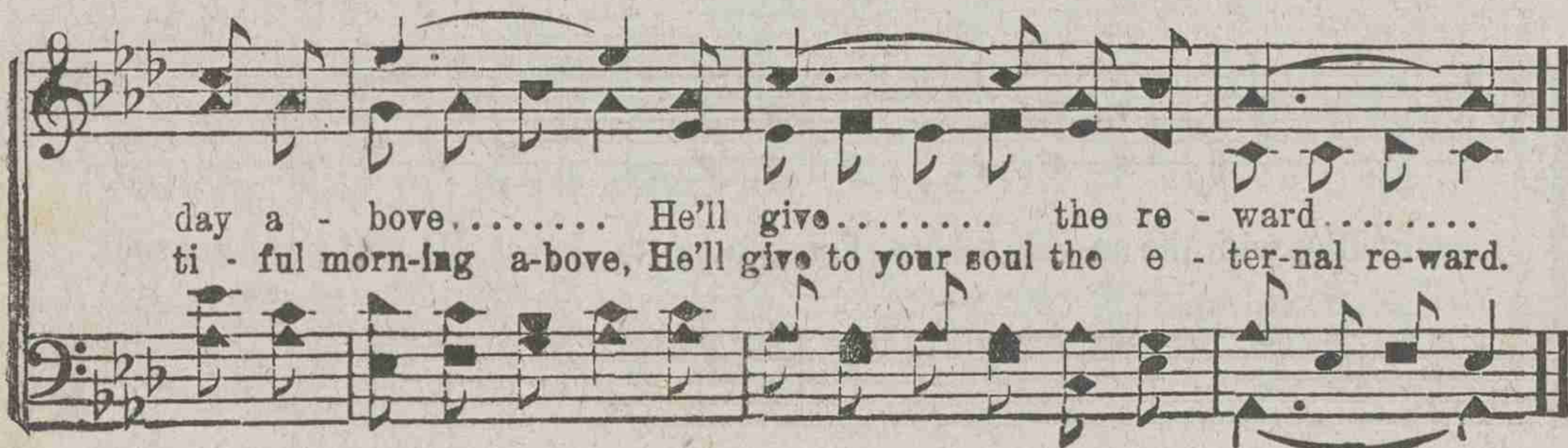
## CHORUS.



ways) are dim. (are dim.) Just lean..... on His love,.....  
 His) great love. (great love.)  
 share) them all. (them all.)  
 more) and more. (and more.) Just lean on His love, on His in - fin - ite love;



Be true..... to the Lord,..... And some.....  
 Be true, oh, be true to the cru - ci - fied Lord, And sure-ly some beau-



day a - bove..... He'll give..... the re - ward.....  
 ti - ful morn-ing a-bove, He'll give to your soul the e - ter-nal re-ward.



No. 99

# Is There Room For Me?

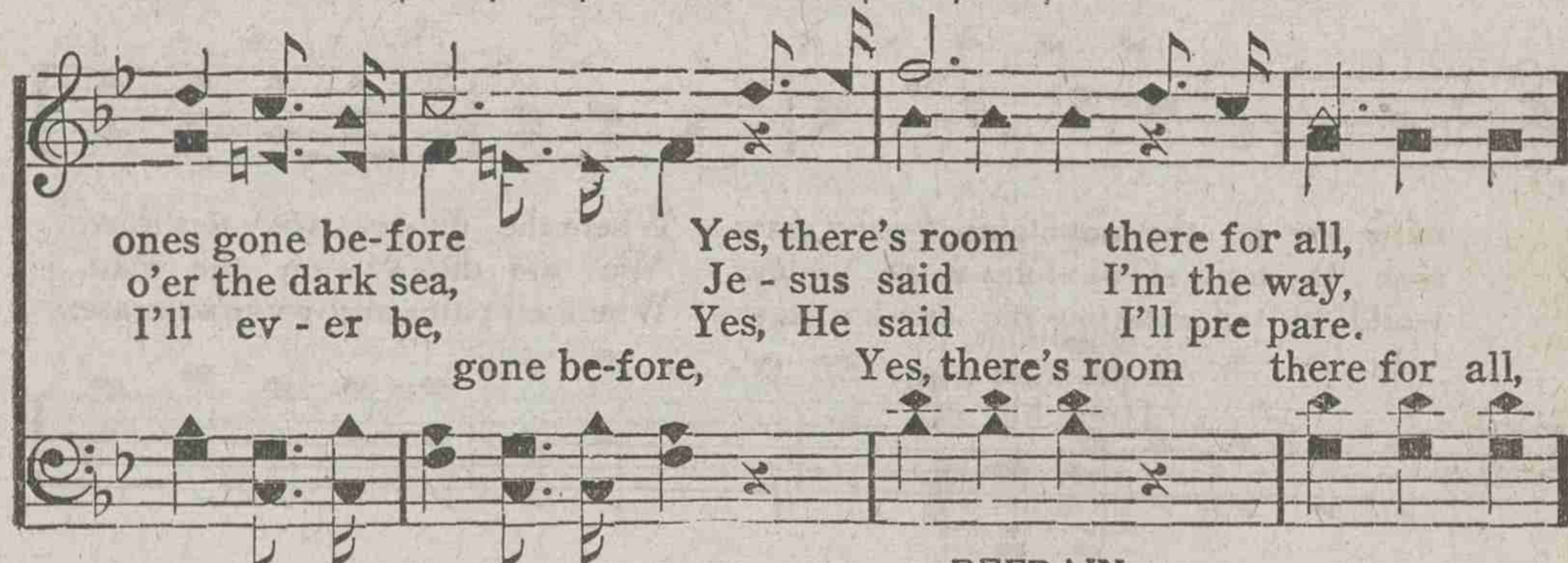
W. O. McK.

W. O. McKinney, Owner.

W. O. McKinney.

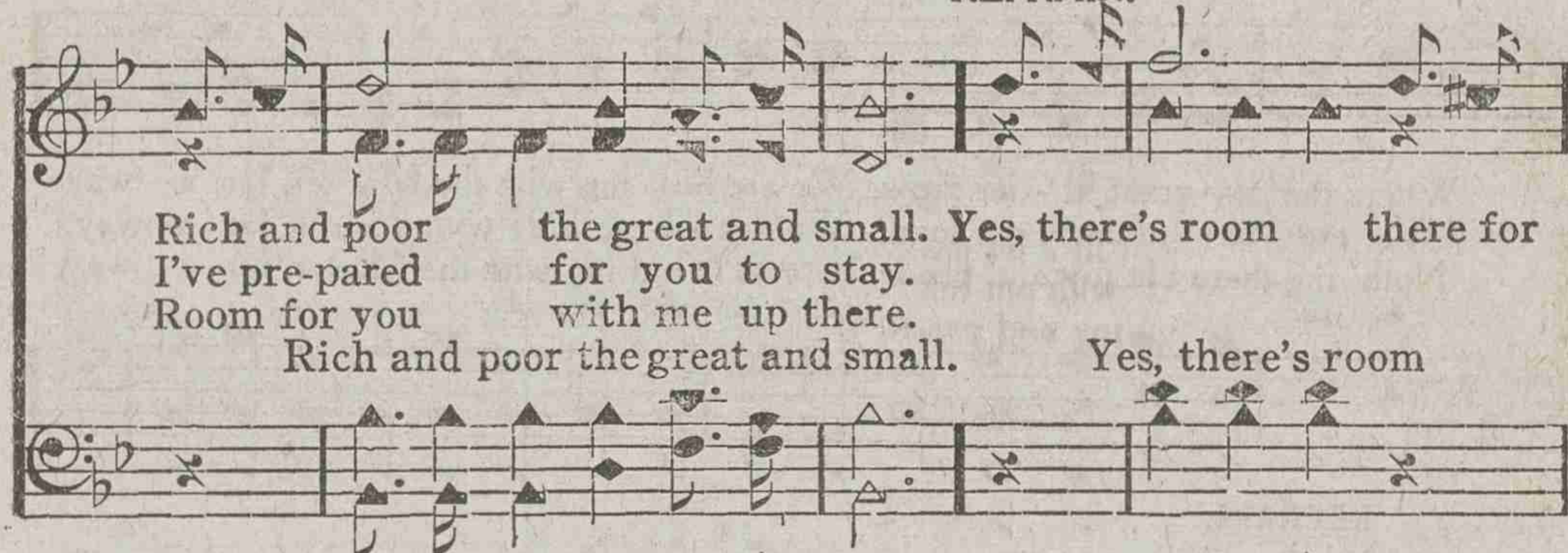


1. Is there room on that shore, With our loved  
 2. Can there be room for me, In that land  
 3. Can there be room for me; Where with saints  
 1. Is tere room on that shore, With our loved



ones gone be-fore Yes, there's room there for all,  
 o'er the dark sea, Je - sus said I'm the way,  
 I'll ev - er be, Yes, He said I'll pre pare.  
 gone be-fore, Yes, there's room there for all,

## REFRAIN.



Rich and poor the great and small. Yes, there's room there for  
 I've pre-pared for you to stay.  
 Room for you with me up there.  
 Rich and poor the great and small. Yes, there's room



all, In that great re-demp-tion hall, Je - sus on  
 there for all, In that great re-dem-tion hall, Je - sus on



Calv'ry's tree, Made the room for you and me.  
 Calv'ry's tree, Made the room for you and me, ycs me.



# No. 100

Emma B. VanDeusen

# Hiding Away.

John B. Vaughan



1. We are hid-ing with our Je-sus, Where the nois-y crowd is still, Where the
2. We are wea-ry with the strug-gle, We are heart-sick with the strife, We would
3. Just a time of sweet com-mun-ion, With our Je-sus, Sav-ior Friend, Where the



mists are on the moun-tains, pearl-y gray;  
seek the qui-et pas-tures while 'tis day;  
world-ly toil and trou-ble can-not stay;

Where the qui-et wa-ters flow,  
We are dus-ty on the road,  
Where all pains and sor-rows cease;



Where the fra-grant lil-ies grow, We are hid-ing with the Mas-ter, far a-way.  
We are tir-ed with our load, We but ask to hide with Je-sus, far a-way.  
Noth-ing there but joy and peace, There we're hid-ing with the Master, far a-way,



## REFRAIN.



Hid-ing a-way!

Hid-ing a-way,

Where the

Hid-ing a-way,

Hid-ing a-way,



mists are on the moun-tains, pearl-y gray,  
pearly gray,

Where the noi-sy crowd is still,





## Hiding Away.

We find peace, if we will, We are hid-ing with the Mas-ter, far a - way.

## No. 101 Do All to the Glory Of God.

Emma B. VanDeusen

John B. Vaughan

1. You oft are in doubt which way to decide, And ask as the mat-ter you view,  
2. Con-sid-er the Lord, and live by His word, Seek first ye the Kingdom of God,  
3. You're one with the Lord the Glo-ri-fied One, His glo-ry your own, safe as-sures,

"Shall this glo-ry be for God or for me? O which is the best way to do?  
Then all of these things, o-be-di-ence brings, As gifts from the King we ap-plaud.  
Let 'all that you do, His glo-ry shine thro', The glo-ry of God, too, is yours.

### REFRAIN.

Do all to the glo-ry of God! Do all to the glo-ry of God!

At du-ty's demand, For God take your stand, Do all to the glo-ry of God,



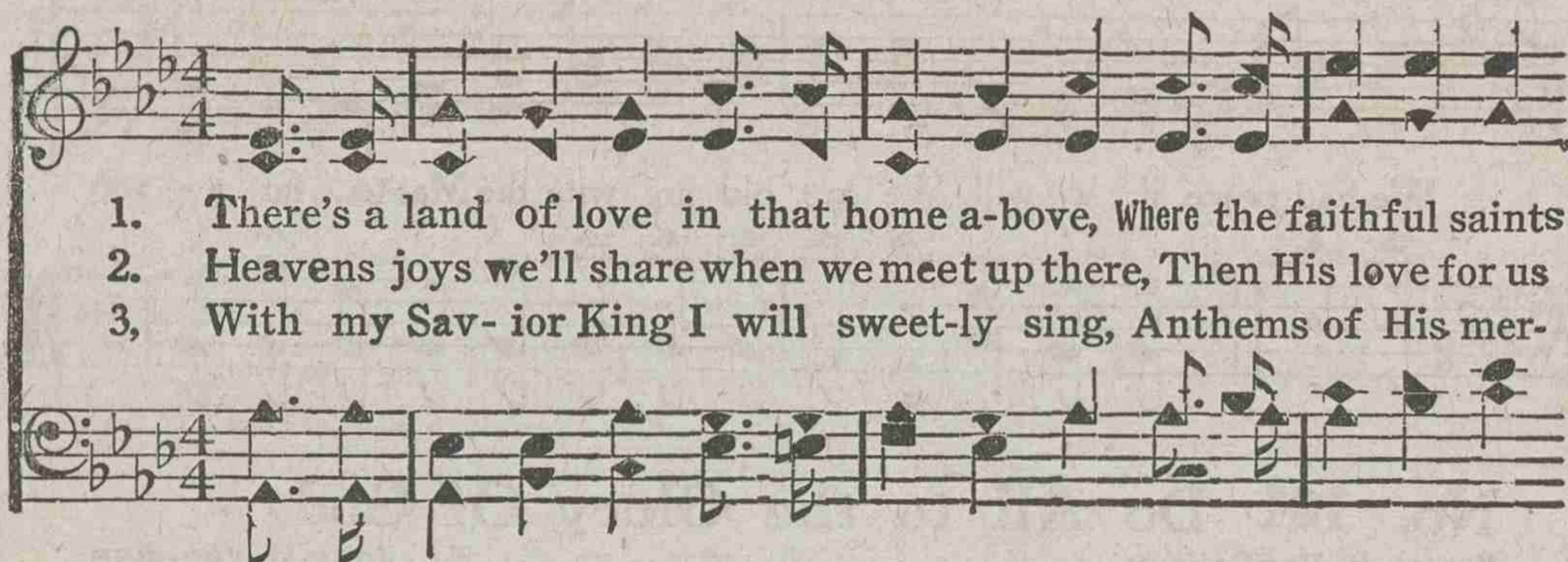
## No. 102

## The Land Of Love.

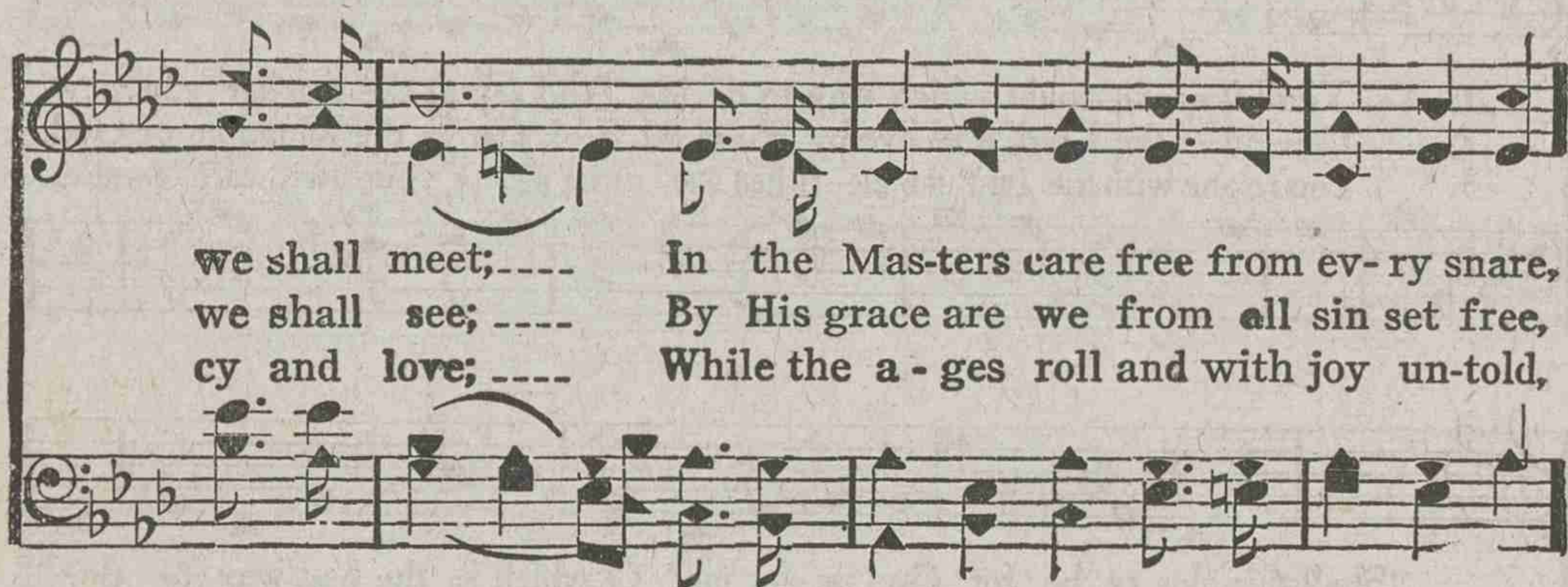
A. R. W.

A. R. Walton. Owner.

A. R. Walton,

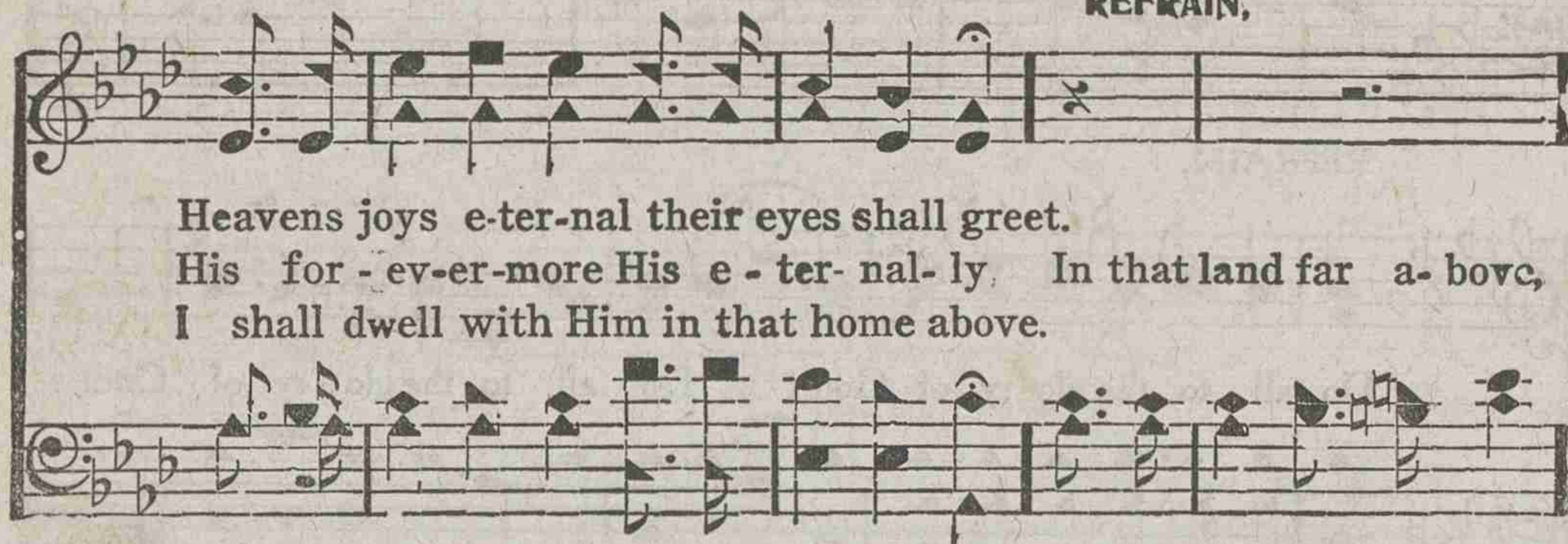


1. There's a land of love in that home a-bove, Where the faithful saints  
 2. Heavens joys we'll share when we meet up there, Then His love for us  
 3. With my Sav-ior King I will sweet-ly sing, Anthems of His mer-



we shall meet; ---- In the Mas-ters care free from ev-ry snare,  
 we shall see; ---- By His grace are we from all sin set free,  
 cy and love; ---- While the a - ges roll and with joy un-told,

## REFRAIN,



Heavens joys e-ter-nal their eyes shall greet.  
 His for - ev-er-more His e - ter - nal - ly, In that land far a - bove,  
 I shall dwell with Him in that home above.



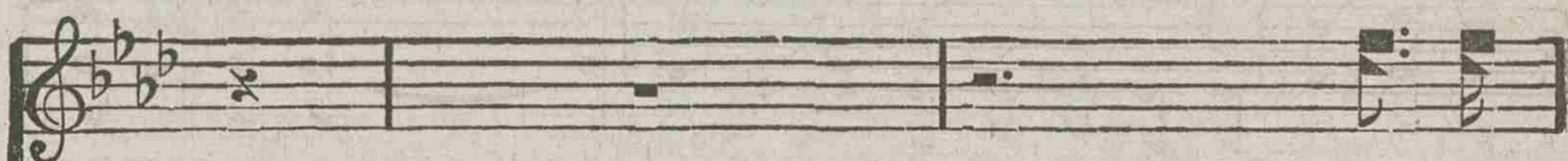
There is peace, joy and love, And there com-eth no night, But in





## The Land Of Love.



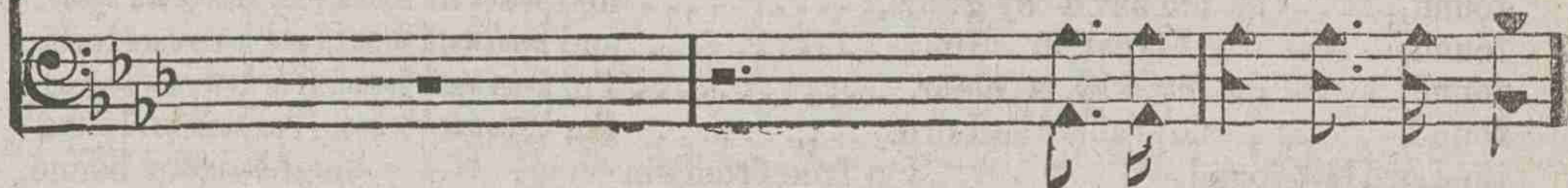
heav-ens own light. Je- sus reigns King of Kings for - ev - er- more;



Hal - le - lu - jah all glo - ry and praise ev - er be, Un - to



Je-sus who died and hath set all men free, Hal- le - lu - jah we sing,



Un - to Je - sus our King, who hath giv- en us lib - er - ty.





# No. 103

# I'm Homeward Bound.

REV. THOS. E. ROBERTS.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



1. Once I was lost..... in sin and shame,..... And bore a black.....
2. I gave up sin..... that blights the soul,..... Down at the cross.....
3. My soul was full..... of peace and love,..... That comes from home.....
4. His blessed name..... is sweet to me..... For at the cross.....
5. When call'd from earth..... to worlds on high,..... Redeem'd from death .....

1. Once I was lost in sin and shame. And bore a black



and tar-nish'd name,..... But since my soul..... the Lord hath  
He made me whole..... I saw the light..... the lost was  
and God a - bove,..... I'm hap - py since..... the Lord I've  
He set me free,..... There's light and life..... where He is  
my soul shall fly:..... To praise the name..... of Whom I  
and tarnish'd name, But since my soul



found,..... I'm free from sin . . . . . and homeward bound, (and homeward bound,)  
found,..... I'm sav'd by grace,..... and homeward bound, (and homeward bound.)  
found,..... I trust in Him..... and homeward bound, (and homeward bound.)  
found,..... My way is clear,..... I'm homeward bound, (I'm homeward bound.)  
found, ..... O praise the Lord,..... I'm homeward bound, (I'm homeward bound.)  
the Lord hath found, I'm free from sin and homeward bound.



## CHORUS.



I'm homeward bound, yes, homeward bound, O praise the Lord,.....  
I'm homeward bound, ..... yes, homeward bound,..... O praise the Lord,





# I'm Homeward Bound. Concluded.

I'm homeward bound . . . . . A brighter way  
 I'm homeward bound; A brighter way my soul has found,  
 my soul has found, O praise the Lord . . . . . I'm homeward bound, . . . . .  
 O praise the Lord I'm homeward bound.

## No. 104

## Little Buds of Love.

JAMES ROWE.

E. J. BRYANT.

1. Lit - tle buds of love are we, Growing for the King, Let-ting lit - tle  
 2. Je - sus bids us grow in grace, So we try each day, Making bright some  
 3. He will keep us pure and sweet Till we see Him there, Where each blossom

### CHORUS.

play-mates see That to Him we cling.  
 drear - y place, Where no sunbeams play. Buds of love, buds of love, Growing for our  
 is complete, In His gar-den fair.  
 King a - bove, Al - ways clinging, smiling, sing-ing, Lit - tle buds of love.



Arr. by J. B. Vaughan.



1. Death shall not de-stroy my com - fort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;
2. See the hap - py spir - its wait - ing, On the banks be - yond the stream;
3. Smil - ing an - gels now sur - round me, Troops re - splen - dent fill the skies;



Down He'll send some heav'nly con - voy, To con-voy my spir - it home;  
 Sweet re - pos - es still re - peat - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus is the theme;  
 Glo - ry shin - ing all a - round me, While my tow'ring spir - it flies:



Jor-dan's streams shall ne'er o'er flow me, While my Savior's by my side;  
 See, they whis-per, hark, they call me, "Sis-ter spir - it come a - way;"  
 Je - sus clad in daz-zling splen-dor, Now he thinks ap-pears in view;

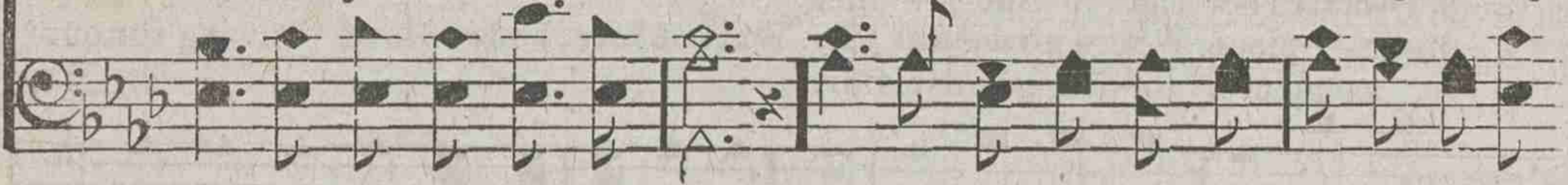


## REFRAIN.



I shall cross the swell-ing tide.  
 Lo! I come, ye realms of day.  
 Look to Je-sus, serve Him too.

Soon with an-gels I'll be march-  
 March-ing,  
 Marching, marching,



ing, Bright the glo - ry on my brow;  
 march-ing,

Who will share

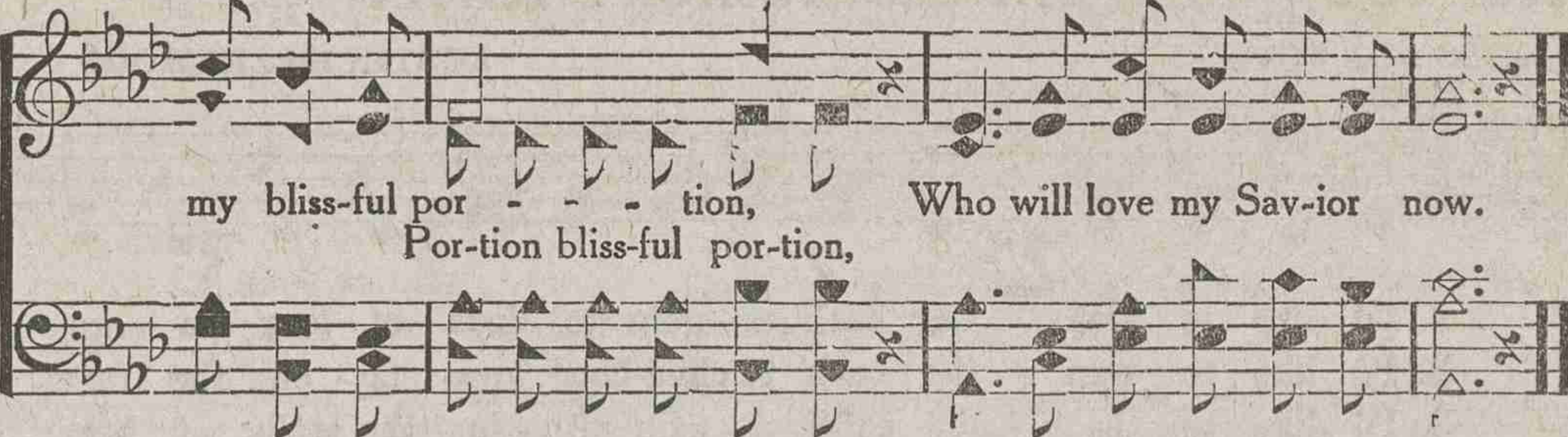


march-ing on,

Bless-ed glo - ry on my brow,



## Abiding Faith.




my bliss-ful por - - - tion, Who will love my Sav-ior now.  
Por-tion bliss-ful por-tion,

No. 107



## Thou Knowest Lord.

Jane Borthwick.



J. B. Vaughan.





1. Thou knowest, Lord the wea-ri - ness and sor-row, Of the sad heart that comes
2. Thou knowest all the past; how long and blind-ly, On the dark mountains the
3. Therefore we come, Thy gen-tle call o - bey - ing, And lay our sins and sor-


to Thee for rest; Cares of to day, and bur-dens of to-mor - row, Bless-  
lost wand'rer strayed; How the good Shepherd followed, and how kind-ly, He  
rows at Thy feet; On e - ver - last - ing strength our weakness staying, Clothed

ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fessed; We come be - fore Thee at Thy  
bore it home, up - on His shoulders laid; Gently He healed the bleed-ing  
in Thy robe of right-eous-ness com-plete; Then ris - ing and re - fresh-ing,

gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet; Thou know - est Lord.  
wounds and soothed, And bro't back life, and hope and strength a - gain.  
leave the throne, Then fol-low on to know as we are known.





# No. 108 A Child At Mother's Knee.


MISS ADA POWELL.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.



DUET. *Andante con espressivo.*




1. I'd like to wan - der back a - gain to days of long a - go,  
2. I'd like to wan - der back to child-hood joys up - on the farm,  
3. I'd like to be a child a - gain with - in the walls of home,  
4. I'd like to kneel be - side my bed and to my Fa - ther pray,




To sit with - in the cir - cle there and watch the fire - light glow  
And feel that I was safe a - gain from ev - 'ry pass - ing harm,  
And live in peace and hap - pi - ness, nor wish to stray or roam,  
And trust to Him my wish - es in the old - time child - ish way,



Up - on fa - mil - iar fac - es of the ones I used to know;  
Se - cure a - gainst all fol - lies and temp - ta - tion's lur - ing charm,  
For tho' I climb o'er mountains grand or sail the o - cean's foam,  
For He is still my Fa - ther, and I hear Him gen - tly say,



I'd like to list - en to their foot-steps pass - ing to and fro.  
And rest a - gain with - in the shel - ter of my moth - er's arm.  
I'll nev - er find, in all this world, my moth - er or my home.  
That He will ov - er guide and guard His child by night and day.





# A Child At Mother's Knee. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'd like to be..... a - gain at moth - er's knee, I'd like to  
a lit - tle child

hear..... her words of sym - pa - thy, I'd like to feel.....  
List - en to her words of lov - ing her lov - ing arms

her arms en - cir - cle me, I'd like to be a child at moth - er's knee.  
a - gain

*Rit.*

## No. 109 They are Singing Home, Sweet Home.

AUSTIN H.

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

1. From this earth my friends have left me, Here I wander all a - lone,  
2. From this earth my friends have left me, From this world they all have fled,  
3. From this earth my friends have left me, See the pilgrims as they roam,  
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour do Thou guide me, In the fu - ture as the past

If I fol - low Christ my Saviour, Then I'll en - ter home, sweet home.  
For we'll meet on earth, no, nev - er, They are with the saint - ed dead.  
While they march a - long to - geth - er, They are sing - ing home, sweet home.  
When from earth our souls have vanished, Then we'll sing sweet home at last.



# No. 110

# I Shall Reach Home.

JAMES ROWE.

A. N. DAVIS.



1. On - ward I trav - el with Je - sus, my King, Sing - ing a -  
 2. Noth - ing can harm me while Je - sus is near, Prone I may  
 3. Close to my soul He will stay all the while; Help - ing me  
 4. Yes, to a - dore Him for - ev - er a - bove, Ev - er with



long the way, Hav - ing as - sur - ance that if I but cling,  
 be to stray; But He will ban - ish my doubt and my fear;  
 thru the fray; Cheer - ing my soul with His won - der - ful smile,  
 Him to stay, Prais - ing His won - der - ful, glo - ri - ous love,

## CHORUS.



I shall reach home some day. I shall reach home some day,



shad - ows shall pass a - way; (a - way;) If I but cling to my



Sav - iour and King, I shall reach home some day. (some day.)




# No. 111

# Savior Lead Me On.



W. O. McK.

W. O. McKinney, Owner.


W. O. McKinney.




1. Je - sus, Sav-ior may I live? Con - se - cra - ted to Thy will;  
 2. Lead me gent-ly tho' I roam, Lead me Sav-ior near-er home;  
 3. Je - sus Sav-ior may I live? Un - to Thee my-self to give;

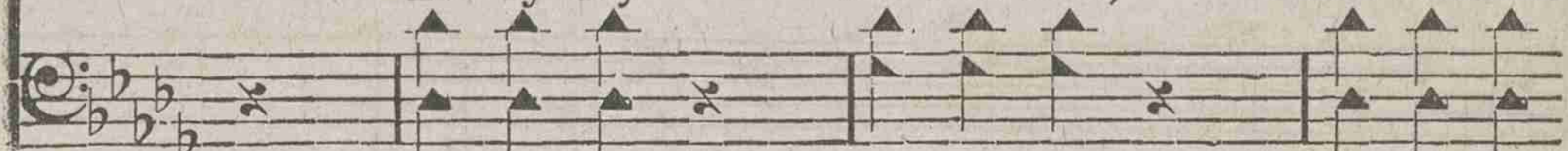
Nev - er let me go a - stray, Keep me ev - er in Thy way.  
 As the way looks rough and steep, Je - sus lead me as Thy sheep.  
 Al- ways trust- ing in Thy grace; Till I reach that heav'nly place.



## REFRAIN,



Ev - ry day. and each hour, Guide Thou me,  
 Ev - 'ry day and each hour, Guide Thou me




by Thy pow'r; Lead me on o'er life's  
 by Thy pow'r, Lead me on




way, Guide me to that per- fect day,  
 o'er life's way. Guide me to that per. fect day, that day.





JAMES HOWE

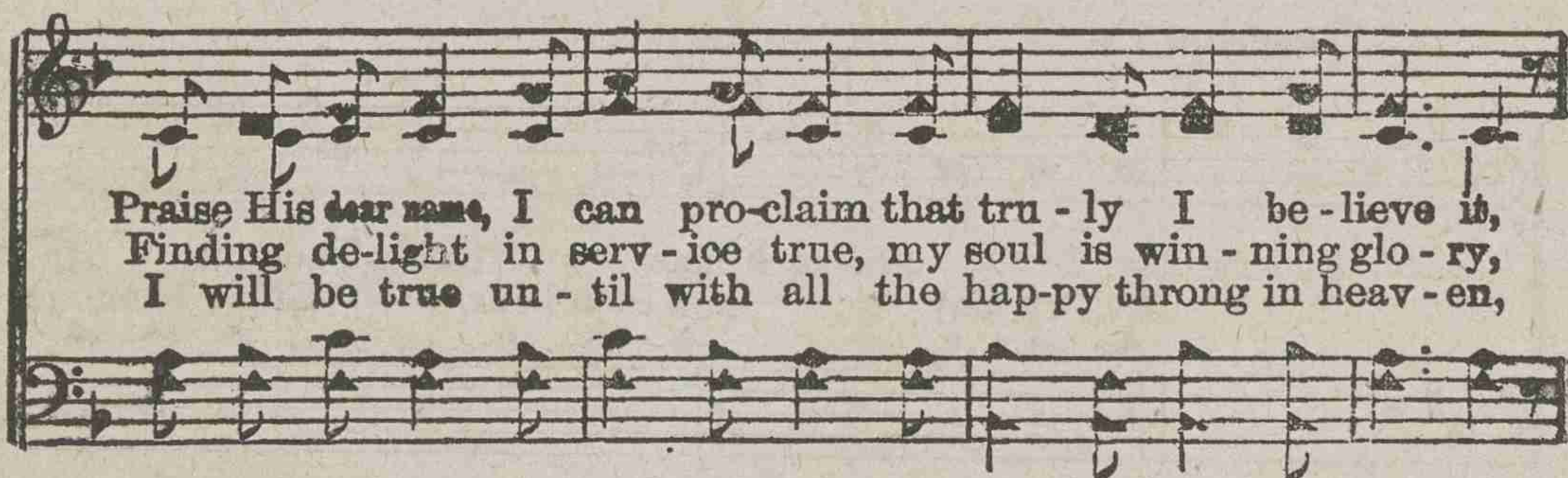
J. E. THOMAS



1. I am so glad sal - va - tion's free to all who will re - ceive it,  
 2. I am so glad that I can tell to wayward souls the sto - ry,  
 3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,

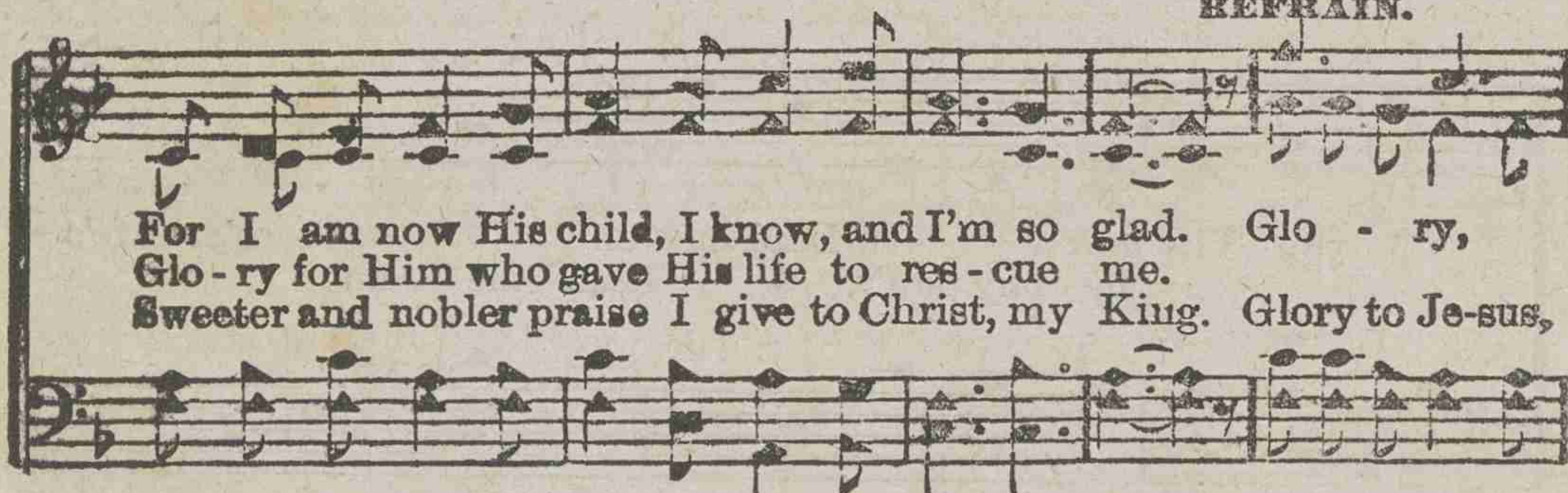


Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;  
 Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;  
 Glad that at ev - en - tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;

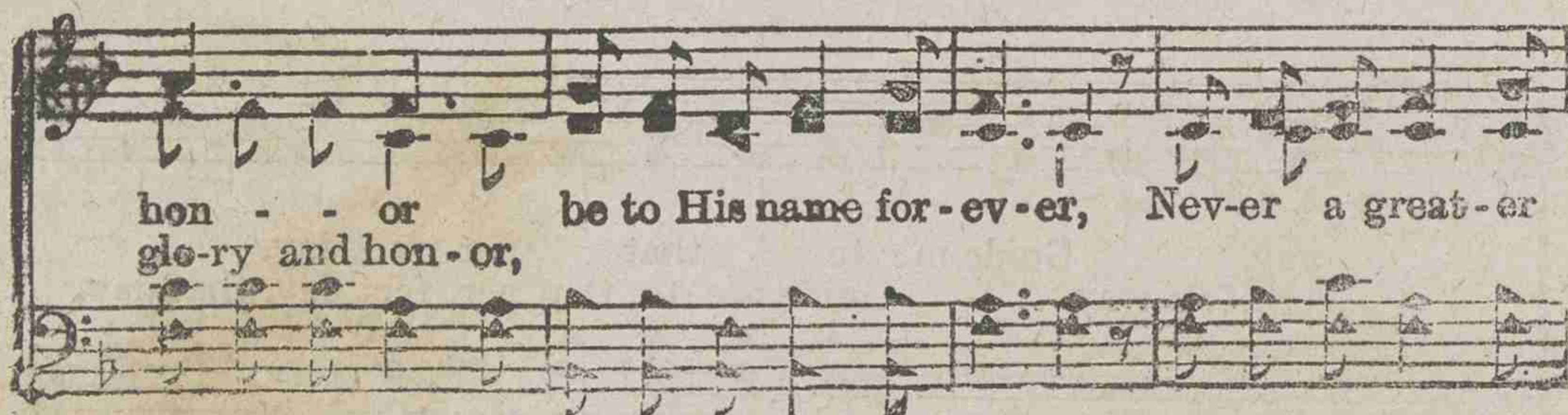


Praise His dear name, I can pro - claim that tru - ly I be - lieve it,  
 Finding de - light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,  
 I will be true un - til with all the hap - py throng in heav - en,

## REFRAIN.



For I am now His child, I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry,  
 Glo - ry for Him who gave His life to res - cue me.  
 Sweeter and nobler praise I give to Christ, my King. Glory to Je - sus,



hon - - or be to His name for - ev - er, Nev - er a great - er  
 glo - ry and hon - or,



## I Am So Glad. Concluded.

Friend the sin-ful race has had;.... Love Him, praise Him;  
Love Him and serve Him, love Him and praise Him;

Jesus, the matchless Saviour; He has redeemed this soul of mine, And I'm so glad.

No. 113

## There Is a Fountain.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there have I, as vile as he,  
3. Then dying Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed Church of God  
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme.  
5. And when this feeble, falt'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then in a nobler, sweeter song,

Fine. D. S.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,	Lose all their guilty stains.	Lose all their guilty stains.
Washed all my sins away, Washed all my sins away,	Washed all my sins away.	Washed all my sins away.
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,	Be saved to sin no more.	Be saved to sin no more.
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,	And shall be till I die.	And shall be till I die.
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,	I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.	I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

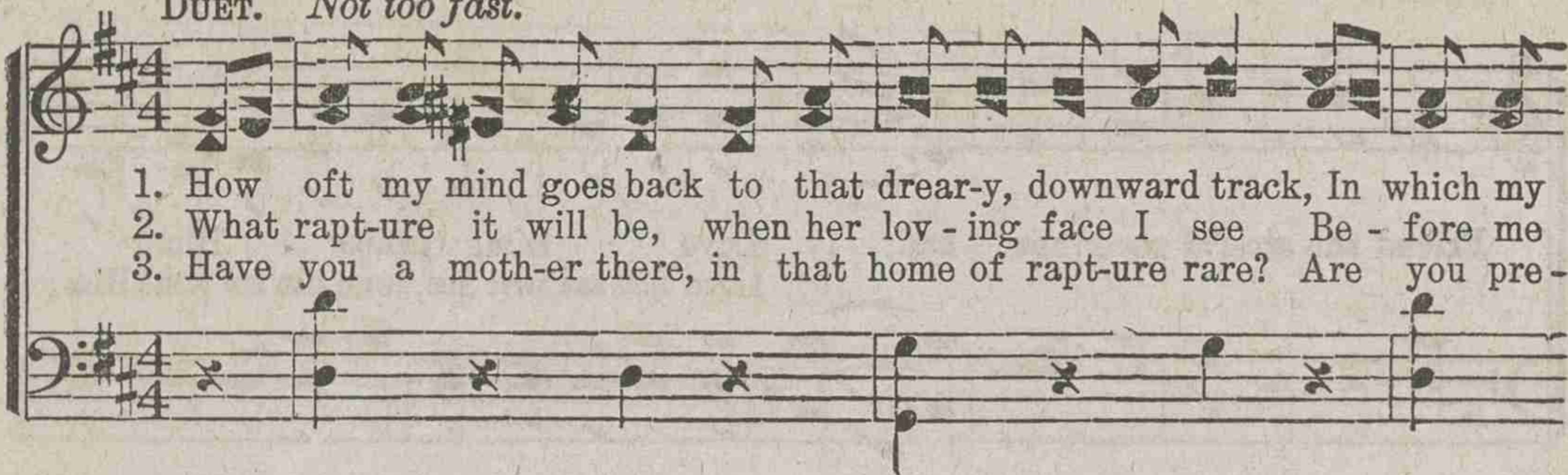


# No. 114 I WONDER IF MOTHER KNOWS.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HENSON.

DUET. *Not too fast.*



1. How oft my mind goes back to that drear-y, downward track, In which my  
 2. What rapt-ure it will be, when her lov-ing face I see Be-fore me  
 3. Have you a moth-er there, in that home of rapt-ure rare? Are you pre-



wayward soul was prone to stray! How oft I hear the plea which my  
 at the gold-en gate a-bove, And how her eyes will shine in the  
 pared to meet her at the gate? If still you are a-stray, far from

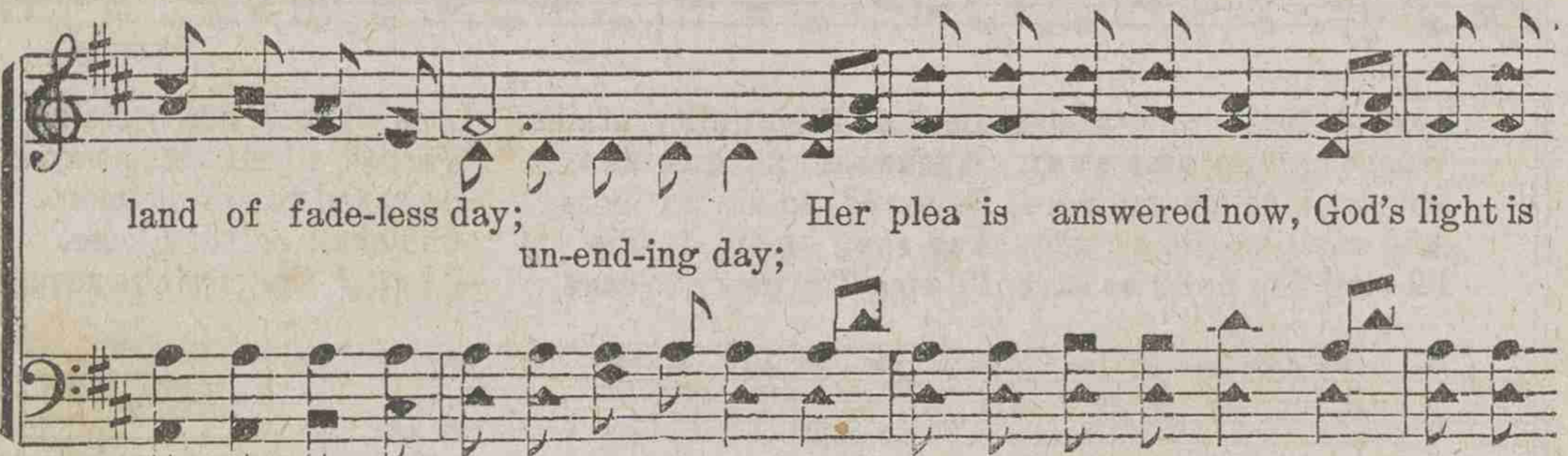


moth-er made for me! I won-der if she knows I'm on the way.  
 glo-ry-light di-vine, While greeting me with ten-der words of love.  
 home and God to-day, Give Christ your heart before it is too late.

CHORUS.



I won-der if she knows I'm on the way, To meet her in the  
 the homeward way,



land of fade-less day; Her plea is answered now, God's light is  
 un-end-ing day;



# I WONDER IF MOTHER KNOWS. Concluded.

on my brow, I won - der if she knows I'm on the way.  
the homeward way.

No. 115

## REDEEMED AT LAST.

JAMES ROWE.

J. M. HENSON.

1. Songs of joy my soul is sing - ing, I'm redeemed at last!  
2. Work - ing, prais - ing, bound for heav - en, I'm redeemed at last!  
3. Sin - ner, hear my won - drous sto - ry, I'm redeemed at last!  
4. Won't you love Him and be sing - ing, "I'm redeemed at last?"

To my pre - cious Sav - iour cling - ing, I'm redeemed at last.  
Christ for me His all has giv - en,  
On the road to rest and glo - ry,  
Won't you send the ti - dings wing - ing, redeemed at last.

### REFRAIN.

I'm redeemed at last! Tri - als all are past;  
I'm redeemed at last! Tri - als all are past;

Him for - ev - er I'll proclaim, I'm redeemed at last.  
I'll proclaim, redeemed at last.



## No. 116

## That Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White.

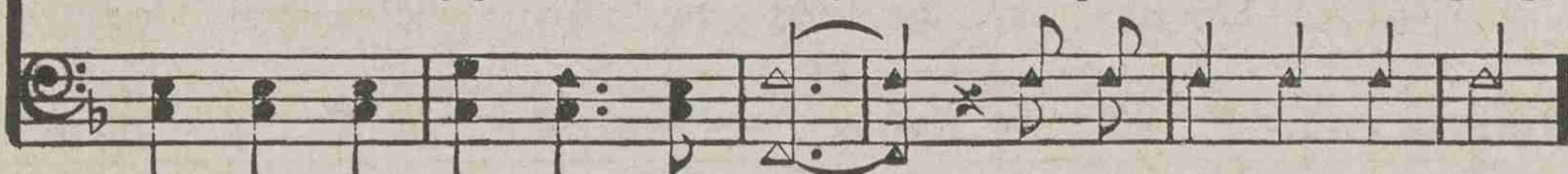
Mark M. Jones.



1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand, In the  
 2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low to the breeze, And their  
 3. There's a home in that land At the Fa-ther's right hand, There are



Bi - ble the sto - ry is told; Where no cares ev - er come,  
 fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands  
 man-sions whose joy is un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring,



Nev - er dark-ness nor gloom, And nothing shall ev - er grow old.  
 In that fair - est of lands, And nothing shall ev - er grow old.  
 Where the birds ev - er sing, And nothing shall ev - er grow old.



## CHORUS.



In that beau - ti - ful land On the far a-way strand, No



storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets we are told, Are





# The Beautiful Land. Concluded.

paved with pure gold, And the sun it will nev - er go down.

No. 117

So Happy In Him.

James Rowe.

Vida Hardee.

1. Close is my soul to the Saviour I love, See-ing His glo - ri - ous smile,  
2. Dear - er to me is His love ev - 'ry day, Sweeter His praises I sing,  
3. Soon I shall en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate, Look on His glo - ri - fied face,  
4. Praise Him for - ev - er, His love is my song, Per - fect en - joy - ment be - low,

Lay-ing up treasures in heav-en a - bove, Happy I am all the while.  
As I go on in the heav-en - ly way, With my Redeemer and King.  
Soon with the dear ones who pa-tient-ly wait, Sing of His won-der-ful grace.  
And when I sing with the heav-en - ly throng Rapture indeed I shall know.

CHORUS.

Hap-py in Him, hap-py in Him, Seek-ing the beau-ti - ful isle;

Hap-py in Him, hap-py in Him, Hap-py in Him all the while.



# No.118 There's Glory on the Winning Side.

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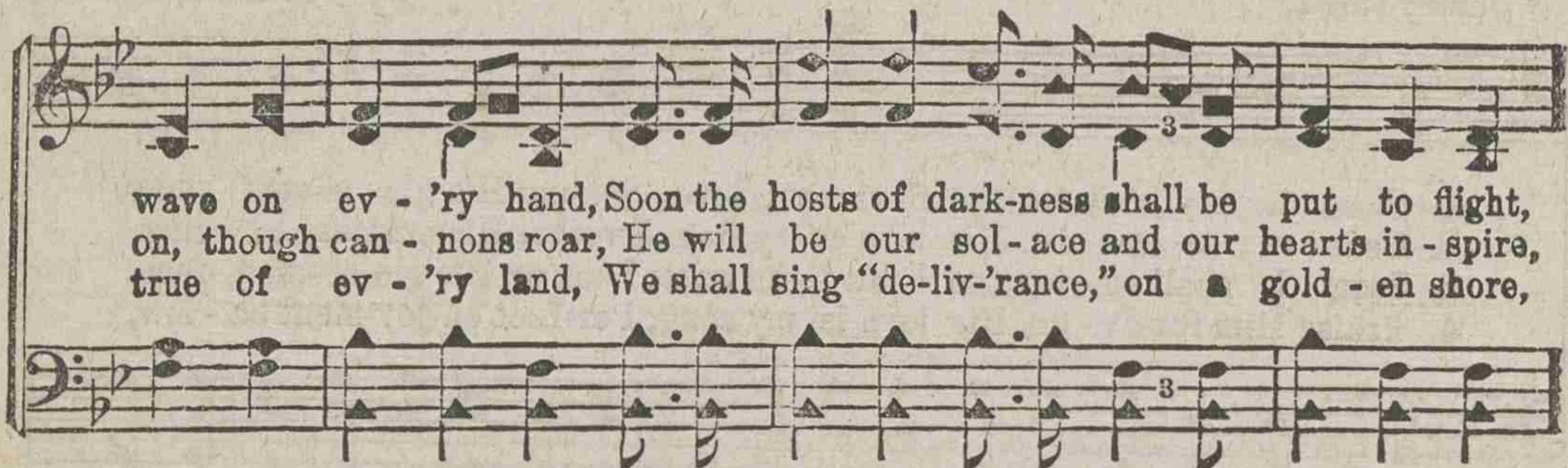
M. D. U.

MARK D. USSERY.


*With vigor.*



1. There's a might-y ar - my marching thru the land, See the ban - ners  
2. Christ, our peer - less lead - er, goes in love be - fore, He will lead us  
3. Af - ter while vic - to - rious we shall sure - ly stand, With the good and



wave on ev - 'ry hand, Soon the hosts of dark-ness shall be put to flight,  
on, though can - nons roar, He will be our sol - ace and our hearts in - spire,  
true of ev - 'ry land, We shall sing "de-liv'-rance," on a gold - en shore,



And a right-eous reign pur - sue; Hear the call that's ring-ing o'er this  
Till the fight with sin is thru; Press we on with courage, naught can  
Ev - er - more sweet peace pur - sue; While the end - less years roll on - for -



broad do - main, Who will help the vic - to - ry to gain? Hast-en now, en -  
give a - larm, He will keep us safe from ev - 'ry harm, Be you now en -  
ev - er on, We shall dwell 'mid scenes of love and song, - Hasten now, en -




list you on the win-ning side, There is glo - ry there for you.  
list - ed on the win-ning side, There is glo - ry there for you.  
list you on the win-ning side. There is glo - ry there for you. (for you).


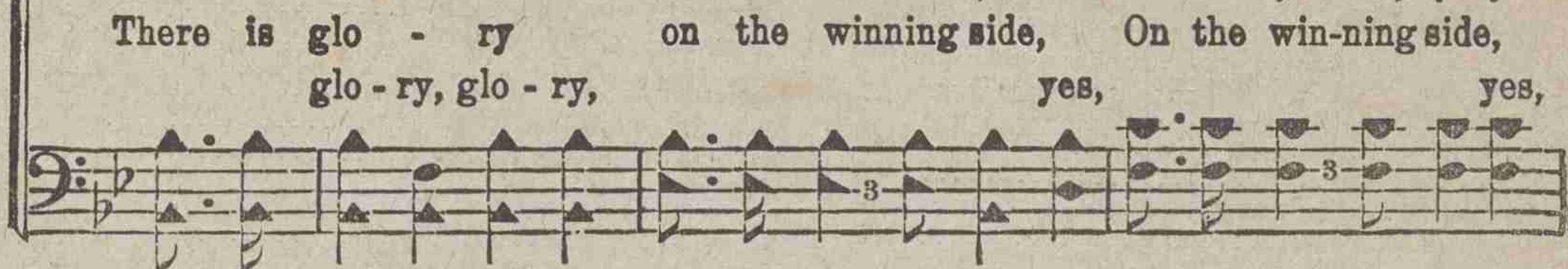


# There's Glory on the Winning Side. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



There is glo - ry on the winning side, On the win-ning side,  
glo - ry, glo - ry, yes, yes,




On the winning side, There is glo - ry on the win-ning side;  
glo - ry, glo - ry,



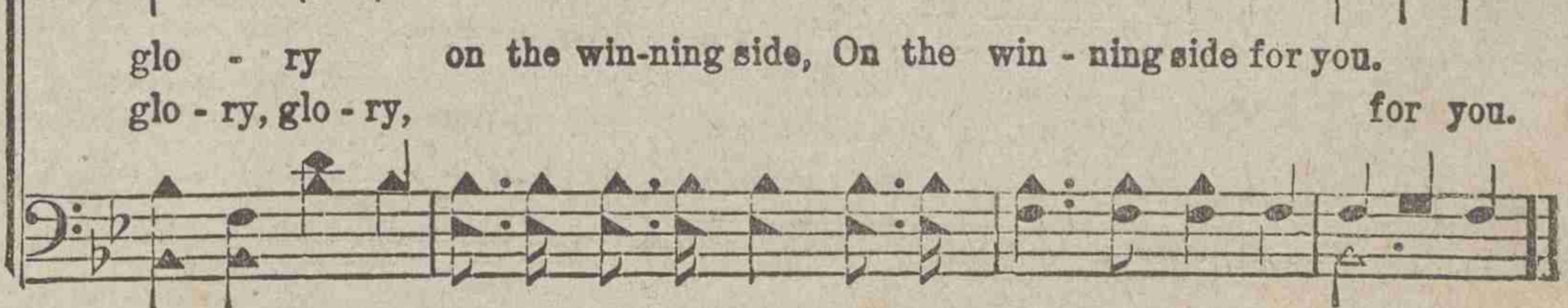
When the fight with sin is thru; There is glo - ry on the  
is thru, glo - ry, glo - ry,



winning side, On the win-ning side, On the winning side, There is  
yes, yes,



glo - ry on the win-ning side, On the win - ning side for you.  
glo - ry, glo - ry, for you.

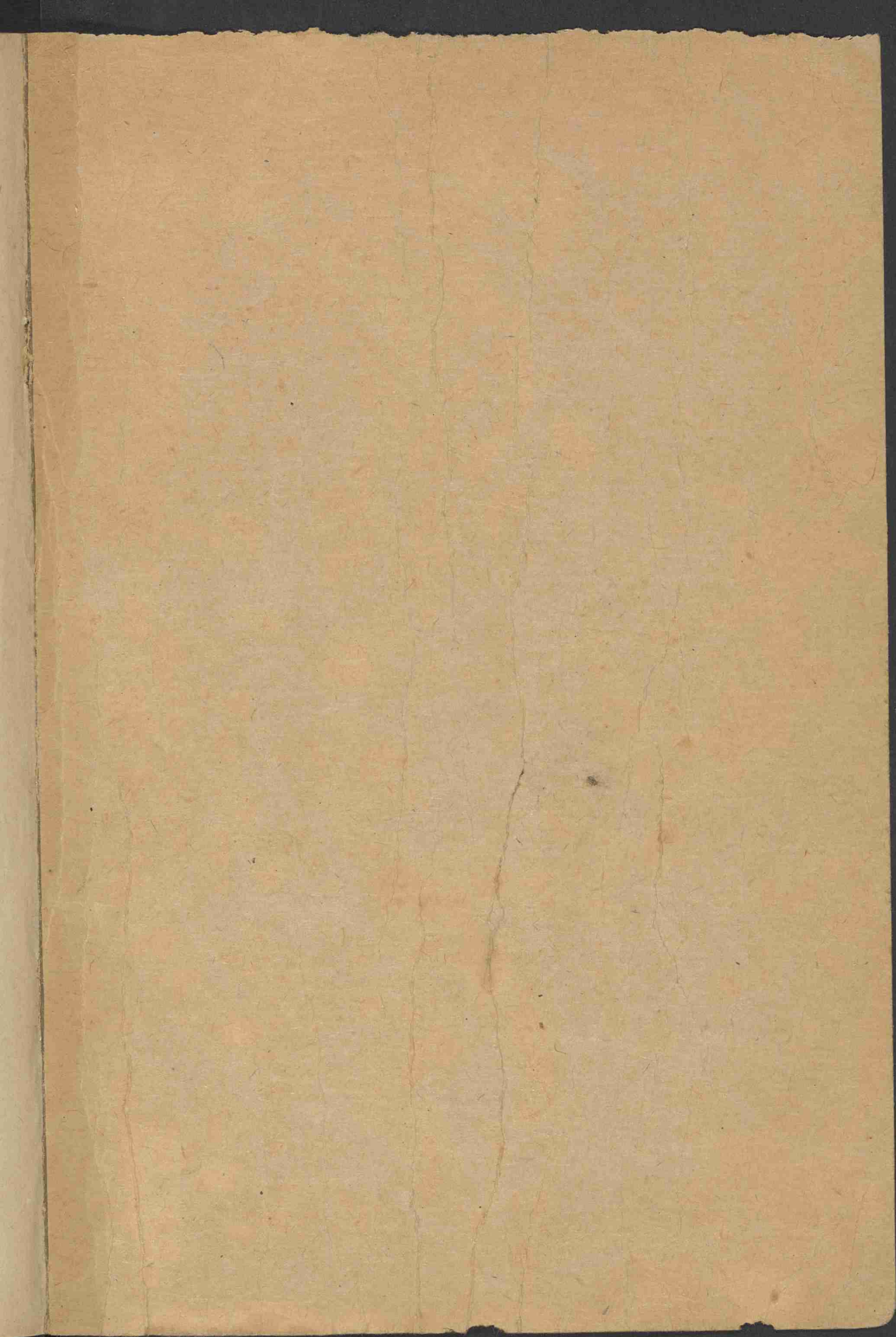




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"Stamp"