

Pearls of Praise



A COLLECTION OF NEW HYMNS AND TUNES
FOR

⌘ Sunday-School ⌘

AND

SONG & SERVICE

BY

G. W. LYON & J. L. MOORE.



PUBLISHED BY

VAUGHAN & Co J. L. MOORE,

Atlanta, Ga.

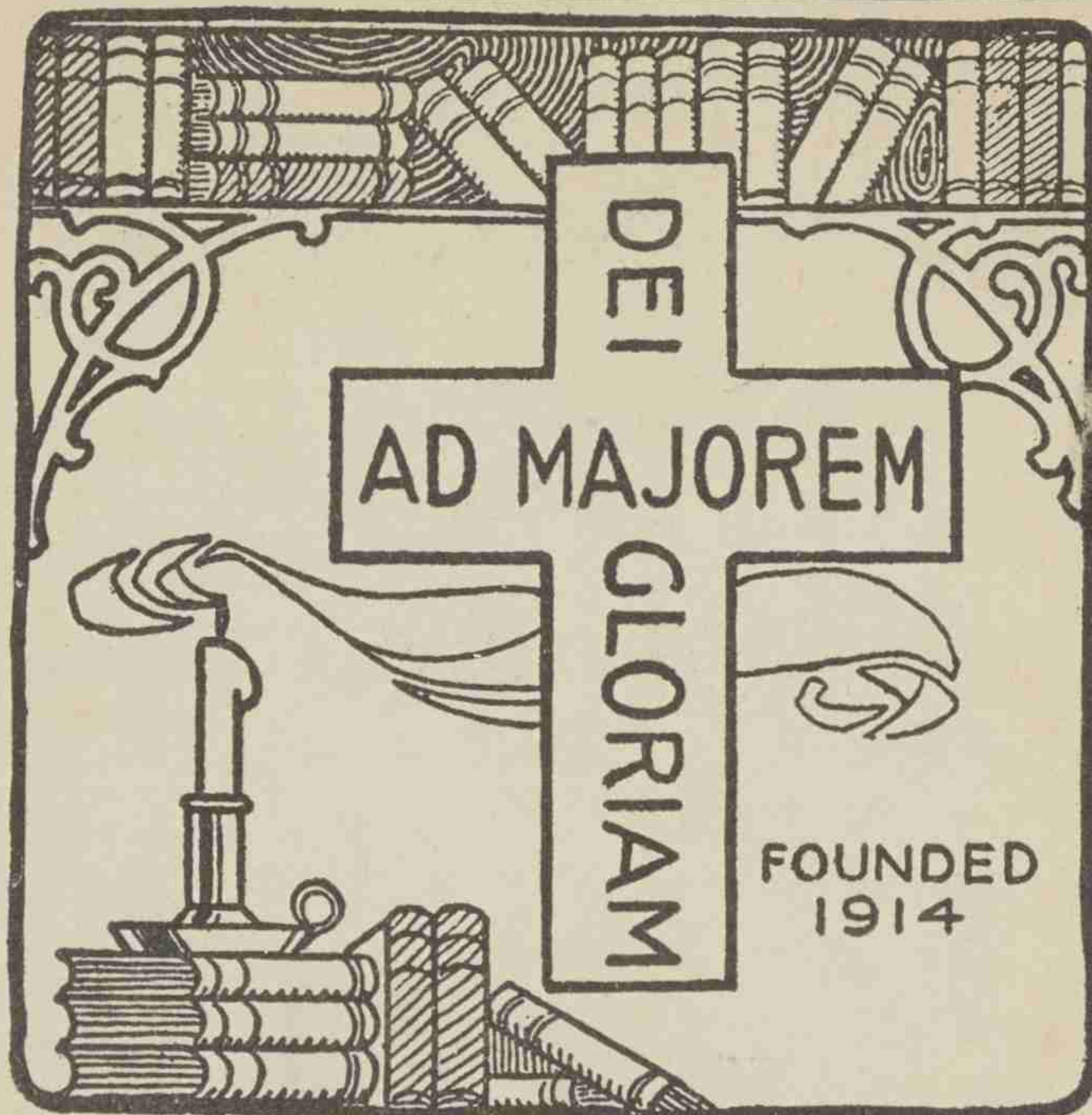
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Pear

PREFACE.



A THOROUGH examination of "PEARLS OF PRAISE" will fully demonstrate that it contains more practical songs for Sunday School work than any collection of its size.

There are songs suitable for almost every phase of Sunday School work; such as Christmas, Temperance, Children's Day, etc.

Nothing of a fruitless design has been admitted, neither have we sought for strange effects, nor abstruse matter, flowing melody and simple harmony have been the chief aim of the authors.

Our former works being issued in the Round Notation, and having many calls for books published in the Character Notation, we deem it our duty to supply the demand.

Trusting that this little volume will be helpful in gathering sheaves for the store-house of God, we dedicate it to the Master's cause.

G. W. LYON,
Atlanta, Ga.



J. L. MOORE,
Bethlehem, Ga.

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PEARLS OF PRAISE.

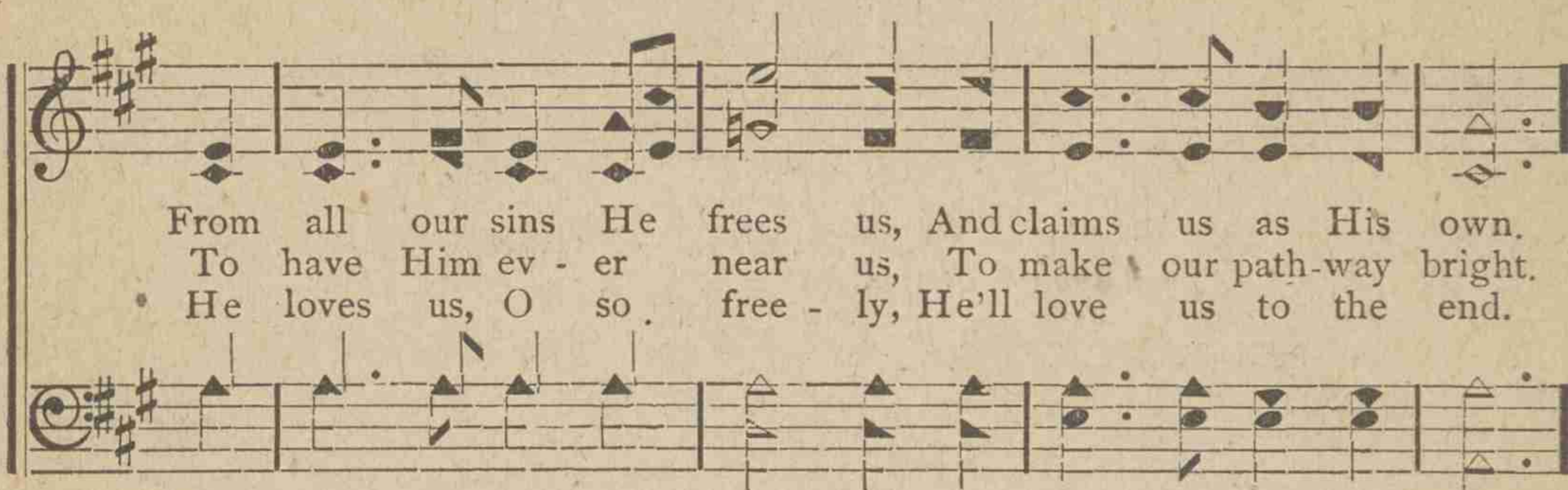
No. 1. HOW SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

C. E. POLLOCK.

T. W. DENNINGTON.



1. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, God's well be - lov - ed Son,
2. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, In dark-ness as in light;
3. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, The dy - ing sin - ner's Friend;

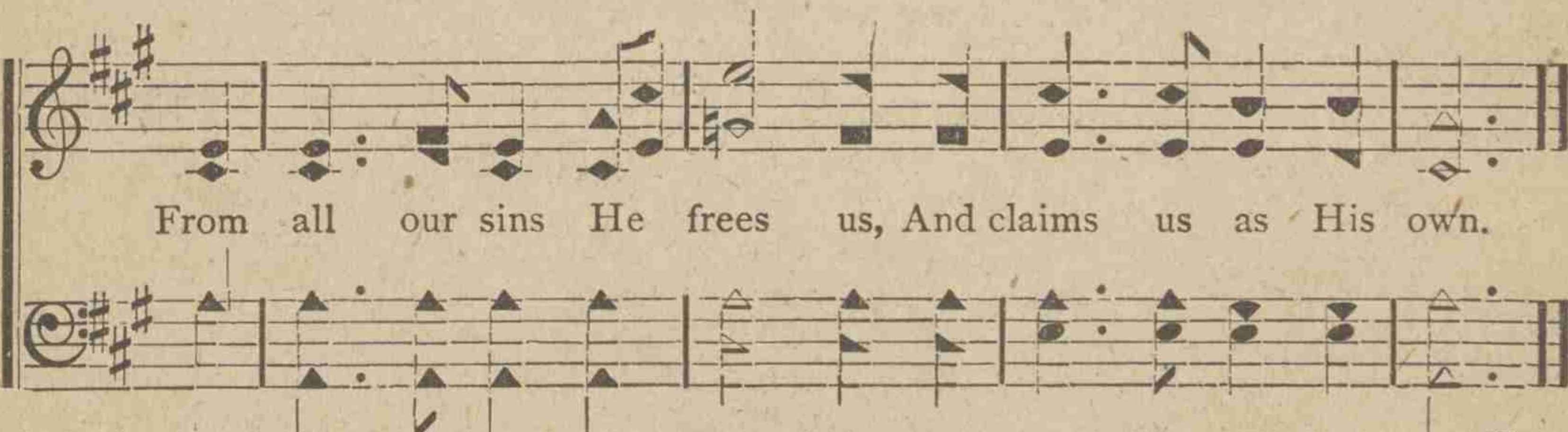


From all our sins He frees us, And claims us as His own.
To have Him ev - er near us, To make our path-way bright.
He loves us, O so free - ly, He'll love us to the end.

CHORUS.



How sweet to trust in Je - sus, God's well be - lov - ed Son,

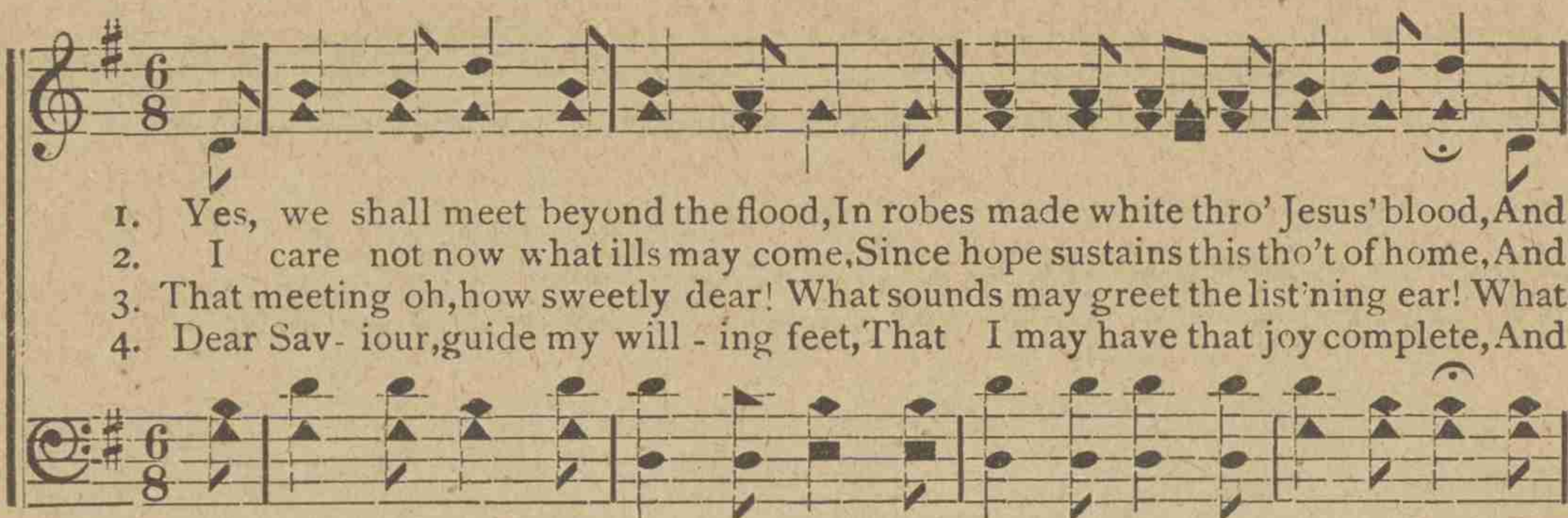


From all our sins He frees us, And claims us as His own.

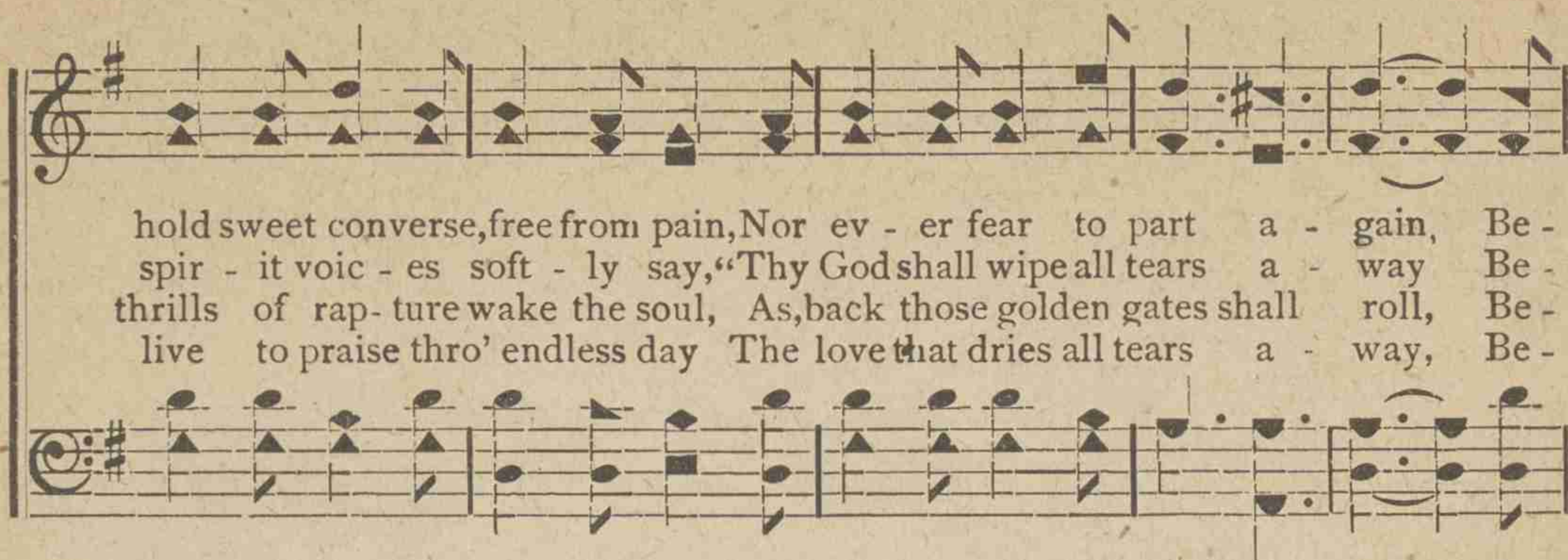
No. 2. BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

A. E. CHILDS.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

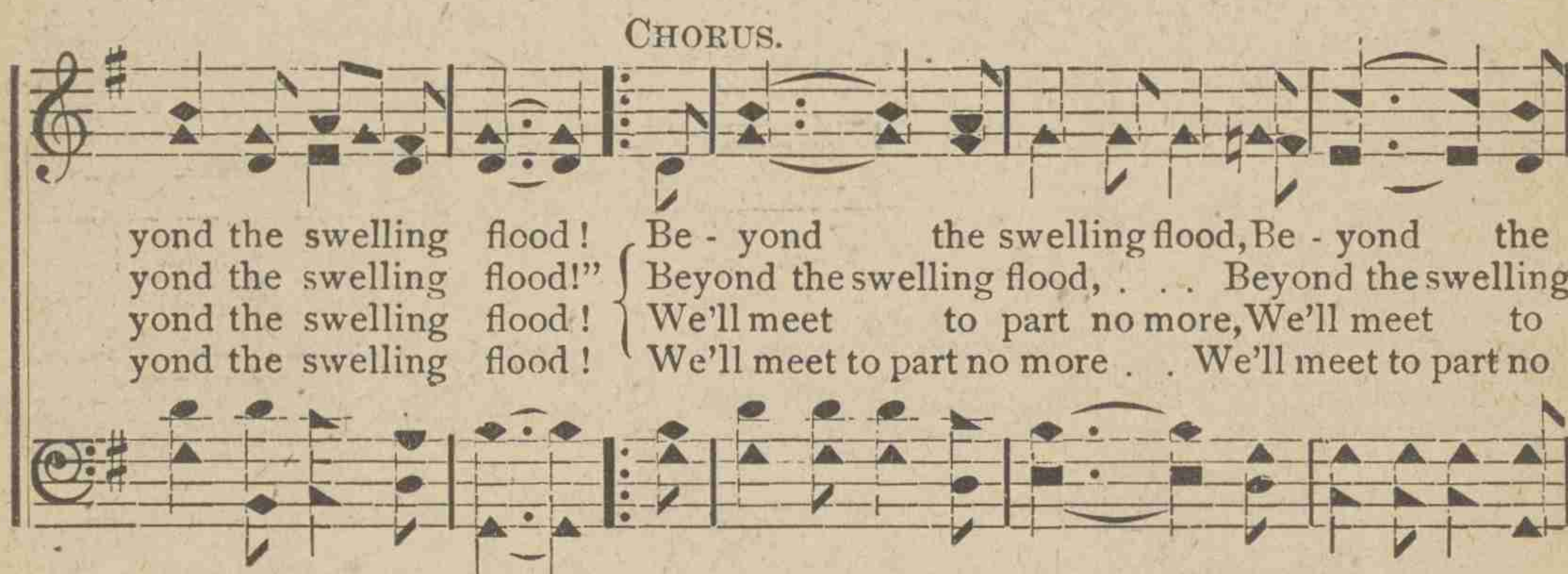


1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood, And
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home, And
 3. That meeting oh, how sweetly dear! What sounds may greet the list'ning ear! What
 4. Dear Sav- iour, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that joy complete, And

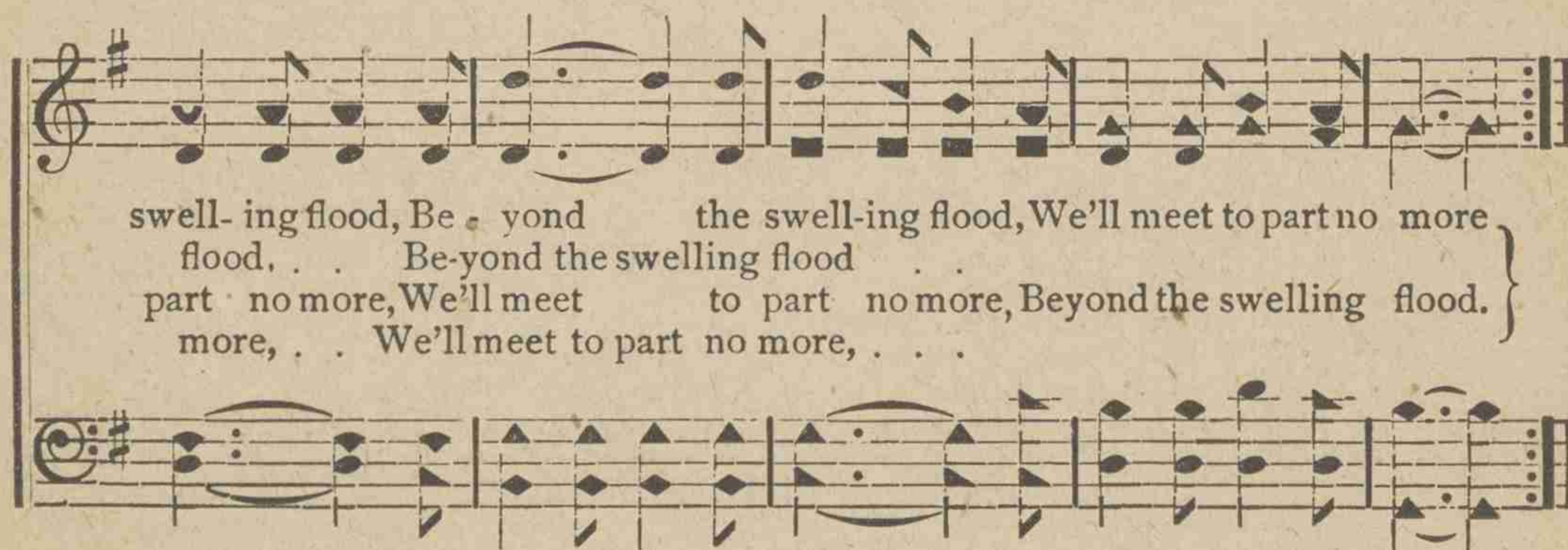


hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be -
 spir - it voic - es soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way Be -
 thrills of rap- ture wake the soul, As, back those golden gates shall roll, Be -
 live to praise thro' endless day The love that dries all tears a - way, Be -

CHORUS.



yond the swelling flood! Be - yond the swelling flood, Be - yond the
 yond the swelling flood!" Beyond the swelling flood, . . . Beyond the swelling
 yond the swelling flood! We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to
 yond the swelling flood! We'll meet to part no more . . . We'll meet to part no



swell- ing flood, Be - yond the swell- ing flood, We'll meet to part no more
 flood, . . . Be- yond the swelling flood
 part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Beyond the swelling flood.
 more, . . . We'll meet to part no more, . . .

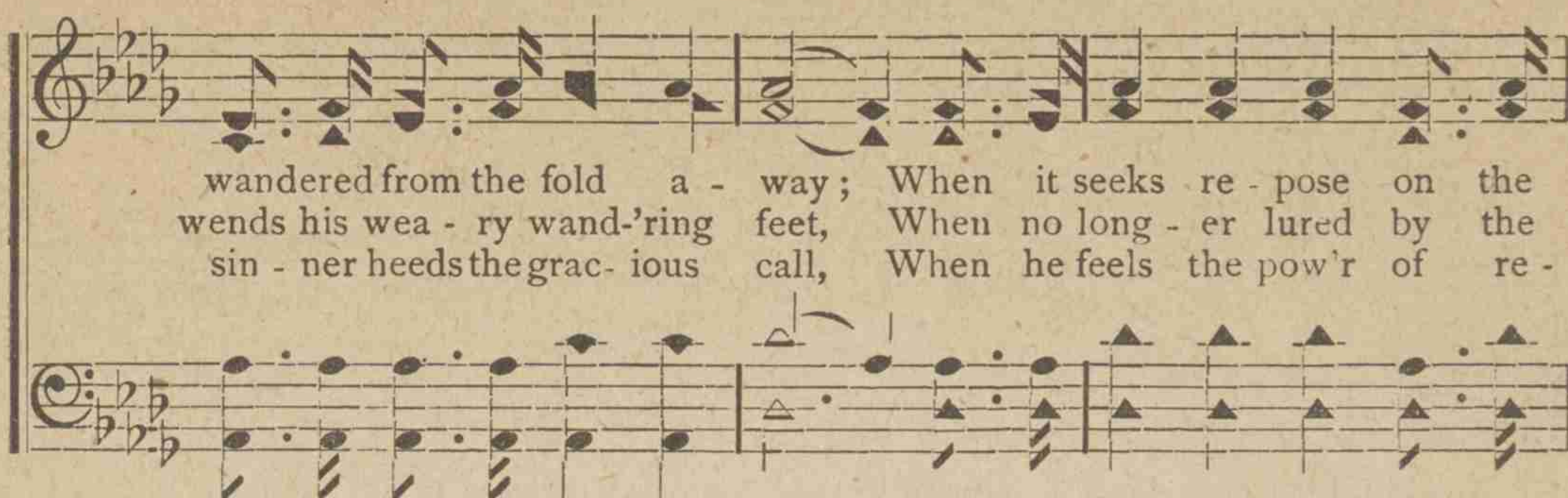
No. 3. THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN.

F. M. D.

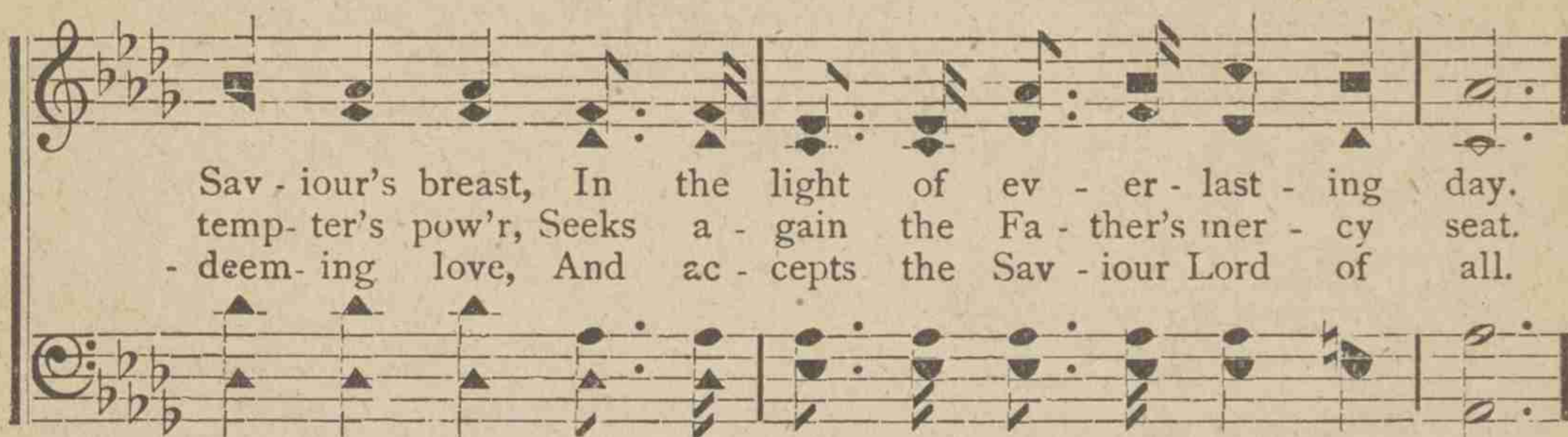
F. M. DAVIS.



1. There is joy in heav'n when a soul re - turns That has
 2. There is joy in heav'n when the prod - i - gal, Homeward
 3. There is joy in heav'n when the lost is found, When the

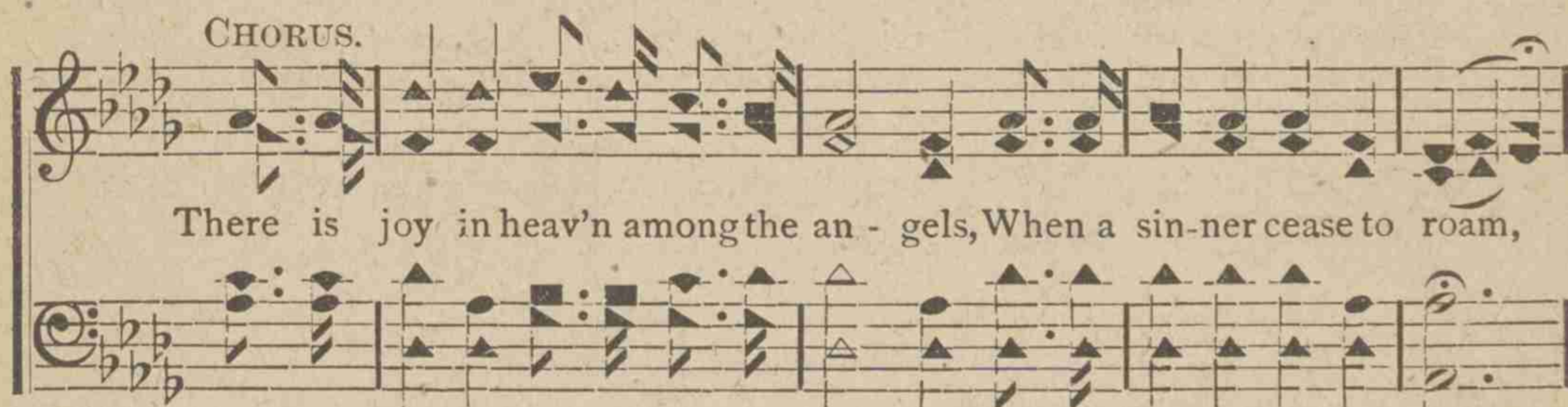


wandered from the fold a - way ; When it seeks re - pose on the
 wends his wea - ry wand'-ring feet, When no long - er lured by the
 sin - ner heeds the grac - ious call, When he feels the pow'r of re -

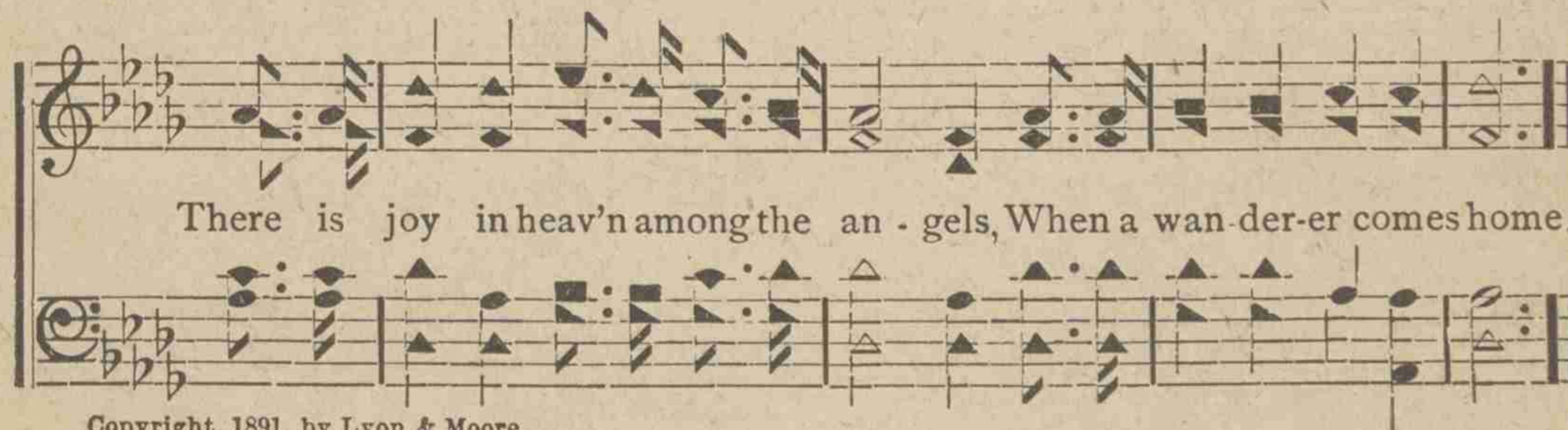


Sav - iour's breast, In the light of ev - er - last - ing day.
 temp - ter's pow'r, Seeks a - gain the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat.
 - deem - ing love, And ac - cepts the Sav - iour Lord of all.

CHORUS.



There is joy in heav'n among the an - gels, When a sin - ner cease to roam,

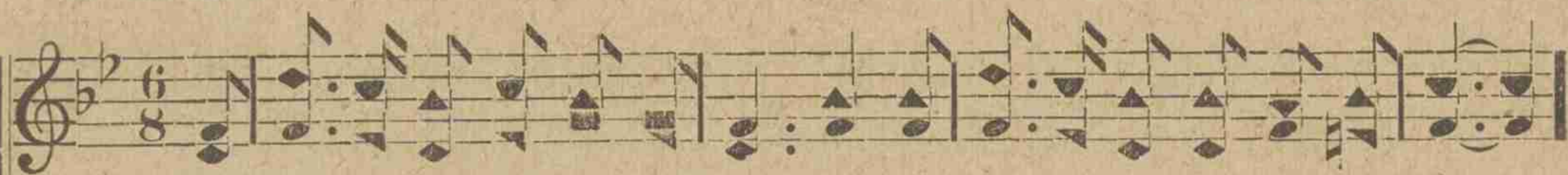


There is joy in heav'n among the an - gels, When a wan - der - er comes home.

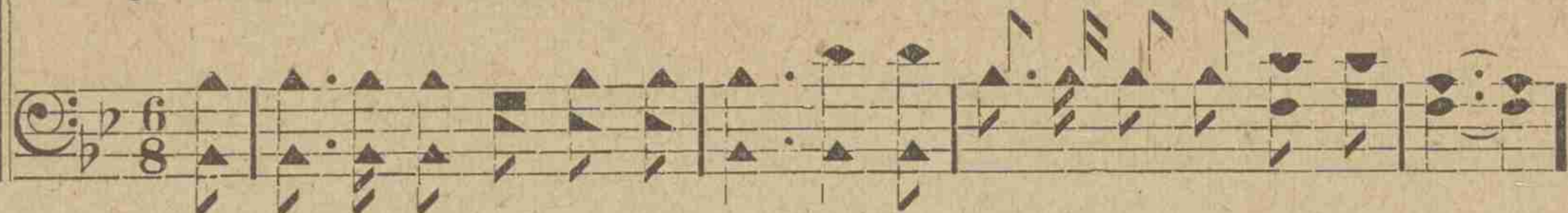
No. 4. MAKE ROOM FOR THE SAVIOUR.

J. L. M.

J. L. Moore.



1. Oh sin-ner, make room for the Saviour, Your heart is all crowded with sin ;
2. Oh sin-ner, make room for the Saviour, Why turn a deaf ear to His call ?
3. Oh sin-ner, make room for the Saviour, There's danger in longer de - lay—



He stands at the door and is plead-ing, Make room and let Him come in.
On Gol-gotha's hill He re-deem'd you He died as a ran som from all.
Thy heart that is crowded with dark-ness, May shine as the brightness of day.



CHORUS.



Make room for the Sav - iour, Make room for the Sav - iour, He



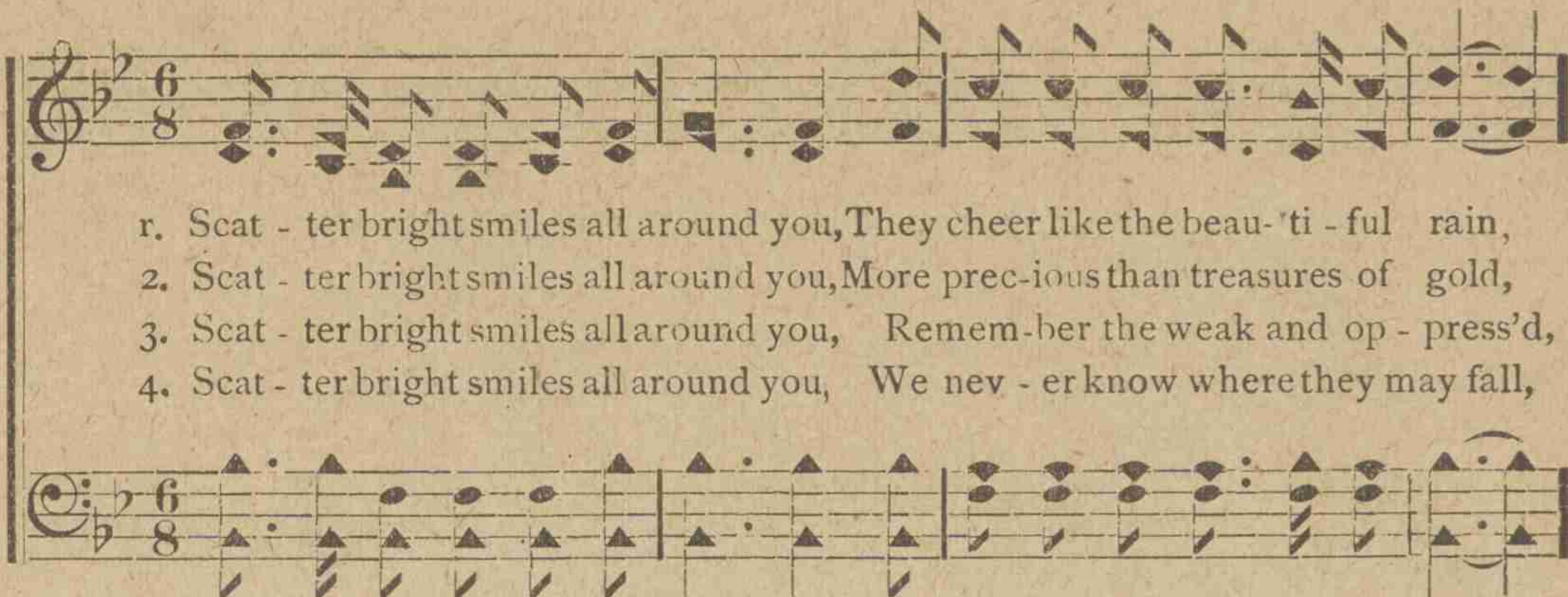
stands at the door and is plead - ing, Make room and let Him come in.



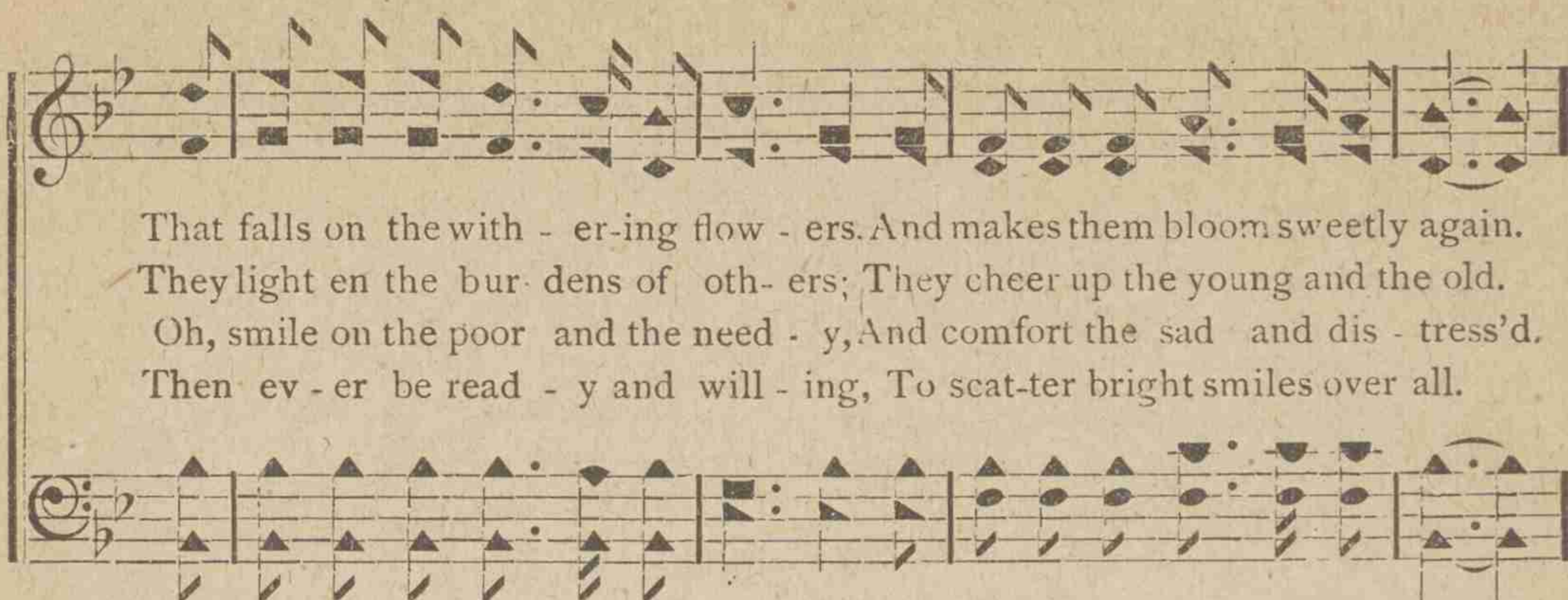
No. 5. SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.



1. Scat - ter bright smiles all around you, They cheer like the beau - ti - ful rain,
 2. Scat - ter bright smiles all around you, More prec - ious than treasures of gold,
 3. Scat - ter bright smiles all around you, Remem - ber the weak and op - press'd,
 4. Scat - ter bright smiles all around you, We nev - er know where they may fall,



That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers. And makes them bloom sweetly again.
 They light en the bur - dens of oth - ers; They cheer up the young and the old.
 Oh, smile on the poor and the need - y, And comfort the sad and dis - tress'd.
 Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To scat - ter bright smiles over all.

CHORUS.



Then scat - ter bright smiles they will never be lost, Re - mem - ber your mission be -

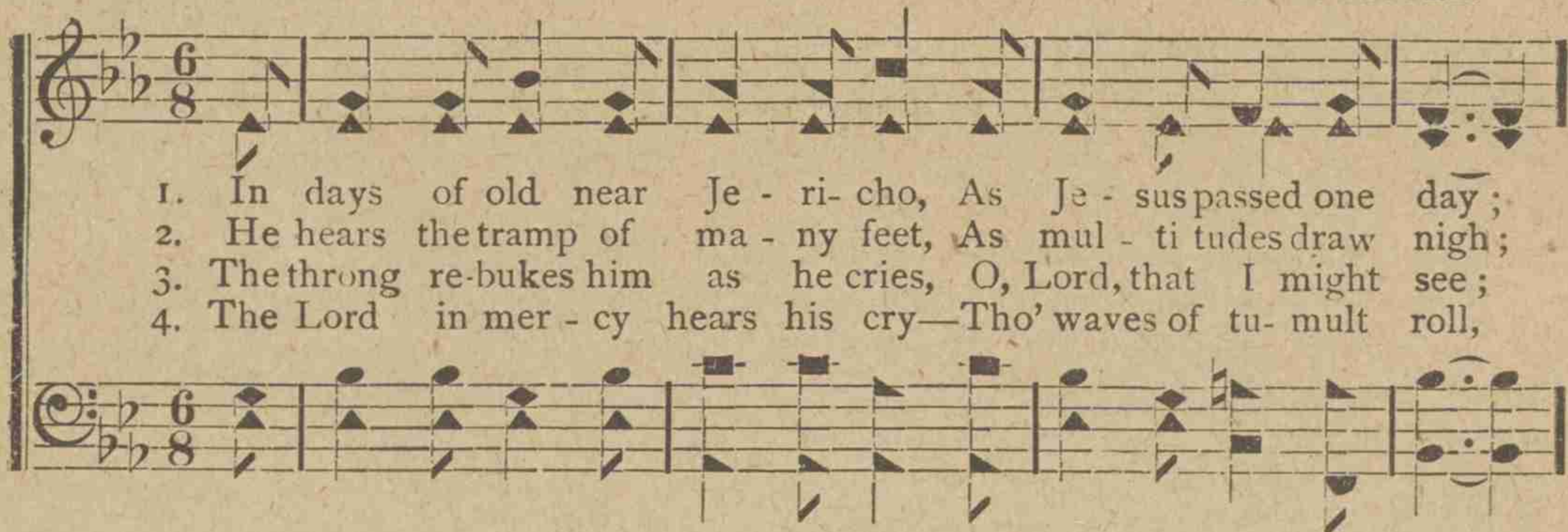


- low, Scatter bright smiles, scatter bright smiles, Wherever wherever you go.

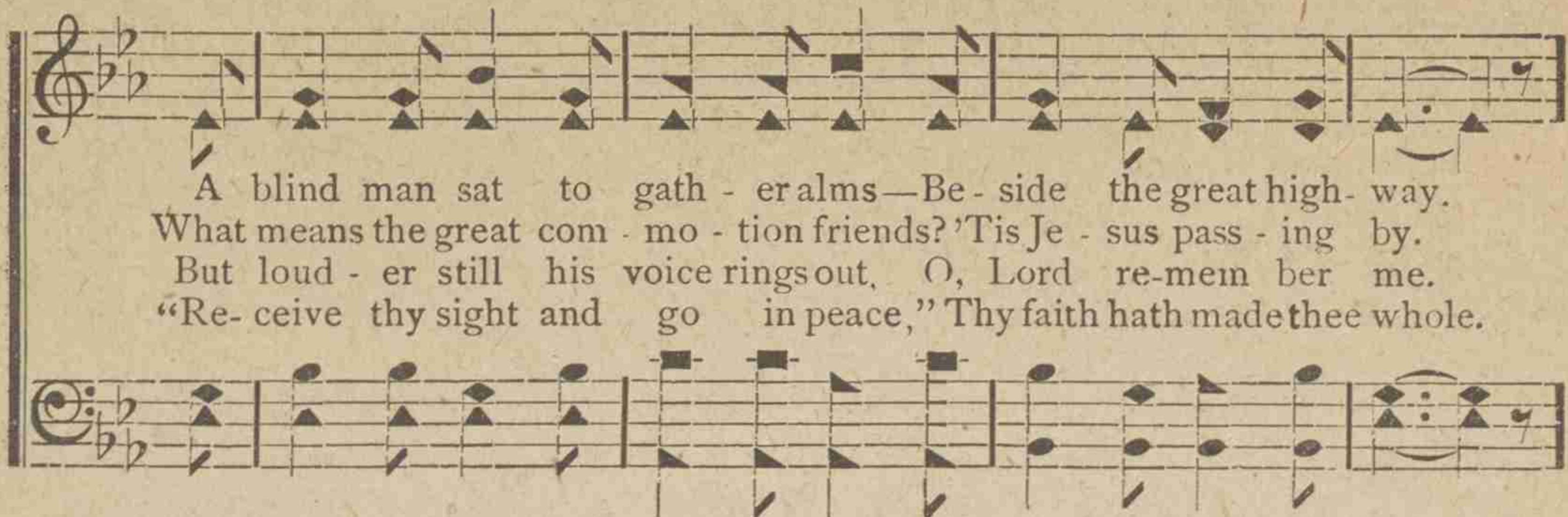
No. 6. JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY.

F. M. DAVIS.

J. L. MOORE.

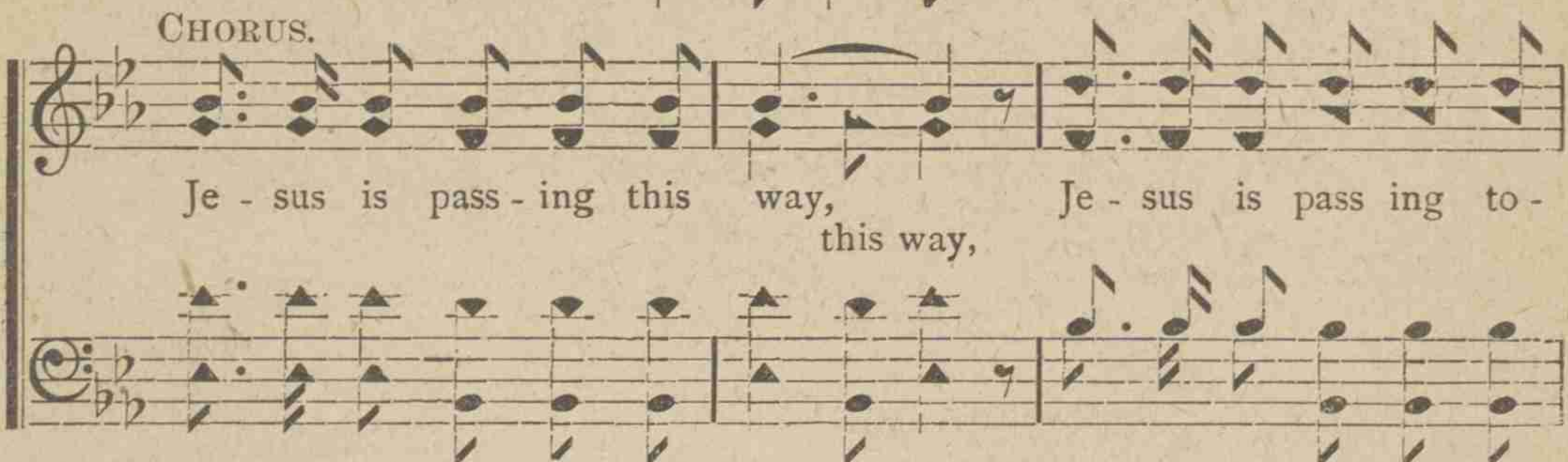


1. In days of old near Je - ri - cho, As Je - sus passed one day;
 2. He hears the tramp of ma - ny feet, As mul - ti tudes draw nigh;
 3. The throng re-bukes him as he cries, O, Lord, that I might see;
 4. The Lord in mer - cy hears his cry—Tho' waves of tu - mult roll,



A blind man sat to gath - er alms—Be - side the great high - way.
 What means the great com - mo - tion friends? 'Tis Je - sus pass - ing by.
 But loud - er still his voice rings out, O, Lord re - mem - ber me.
 "Re - ceive thy sight and go in peace," Thy faith hath made thee whole.

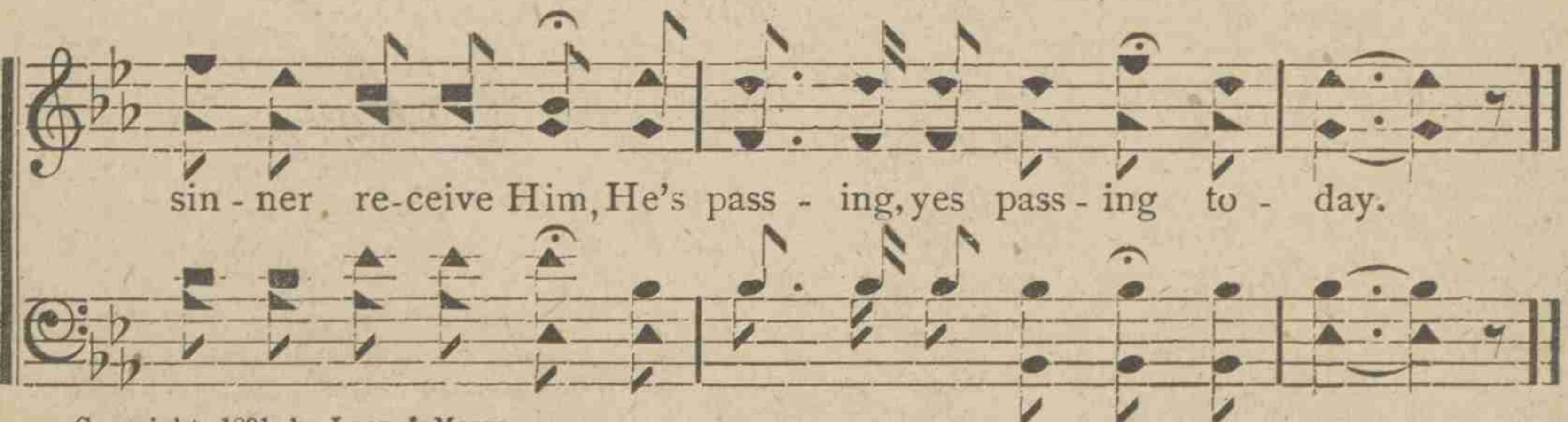
CHORUS.



Je - sus is pass - ing this way, Je - sus is pass ing to -
 this way,



day, Pass - ing to day, O sin - ner believe Him, Pass ing to - day, O
 to-day,



sin - ner re - ceive Him, He's pass - ing, yes pass - ing to - day.

No. 7.

PEACE, BE STILL.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. Loud-ly roar'd the winds, and fear-ful was the gale, Dash-ing up the waves a -
2. Then how quickly ceas'd that fear-ful, raging storm, How sub-dued and still those
3. When the storms of life so wild-ly round us beat, And a yawn-ing gulf seems



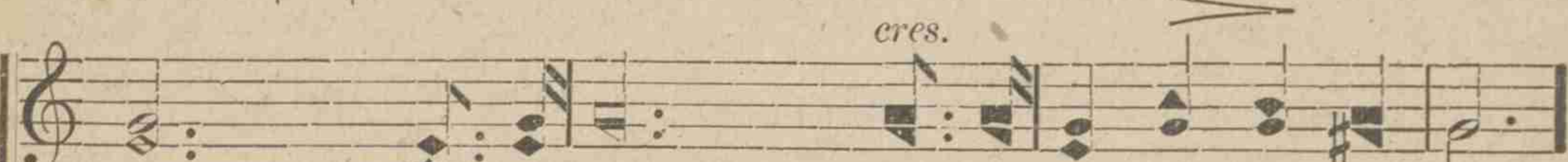
- cross the ship so frail; See that trembling crew, and hear their piteous wail, Beg-ging
fretful waves become; O'er the an-gry sea there reigns a death-like calm, And no
opening at our feet, Oh how precious then those words of Christ so sweet, As to



ad lib *Tempo.*



Christ their lives to save: "Master, save, or we die!" Hear the gentle re-ply, "Peace, be
more the sail-ors cry: "Master, save, or we die!" While the gentle re-ply, "Peace, be
Him we pleading cry: "Master, save, or we die!" Yes, the gen-tle re-ply, "Peace, be



still!" "Peace, be still!"
still!" "Peace, be still!"
still!" "Peace, be still!"

Thus our Sav-iour calm'd the storm,
Fills them all with si-lent awe,
Soon will calm our trem-bling fears,



"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"

dim. e rit.



"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"
"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"

Thus our Saviour calm'd the storm.
Fills them all with si-lent awe.
Soon will calm our trembling fears.



"Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"

No. 8.

TURN YE TO JESUS.

IDA L. REED.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Oh, sinner, the har-vest is pass ing, The summer is gliding a - way,
2. The Lord of the har-vest is wait-ing, To bless and to gath-er you in,
3. Oh, sinner, the har-vest is pass-ing, The summer will shortly be o'er,



Soon all of earth's sheaves will be garnered, Oh, turn ye to Je - sus to - day.
 The arms of His love there to shel-ter, Your soul from the blightings of sin.
 Come now to the ranks of the bless-ed, For Je - sus may call you no more.



CHORUS.



Turn ye to Je - sus, oh, turn ye to-day, Why will ye ling - er, oh,



why will ye die? Oh, turn, turn ye to-day, Turn ye to Je-sus to - day.



No. 9.

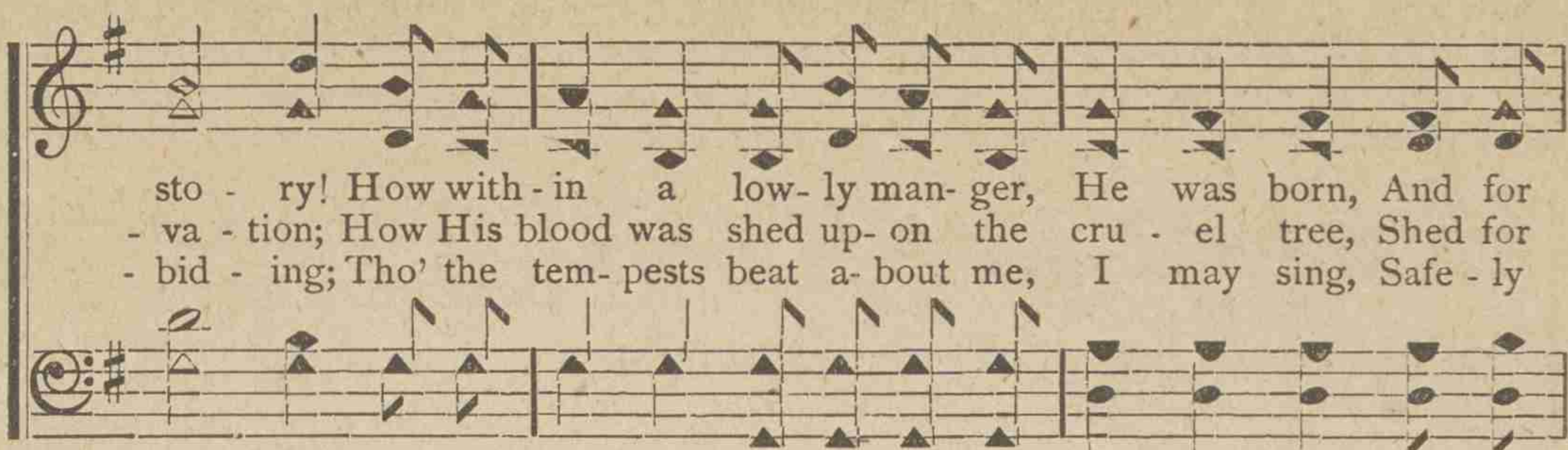
SAFE IN JESUS.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

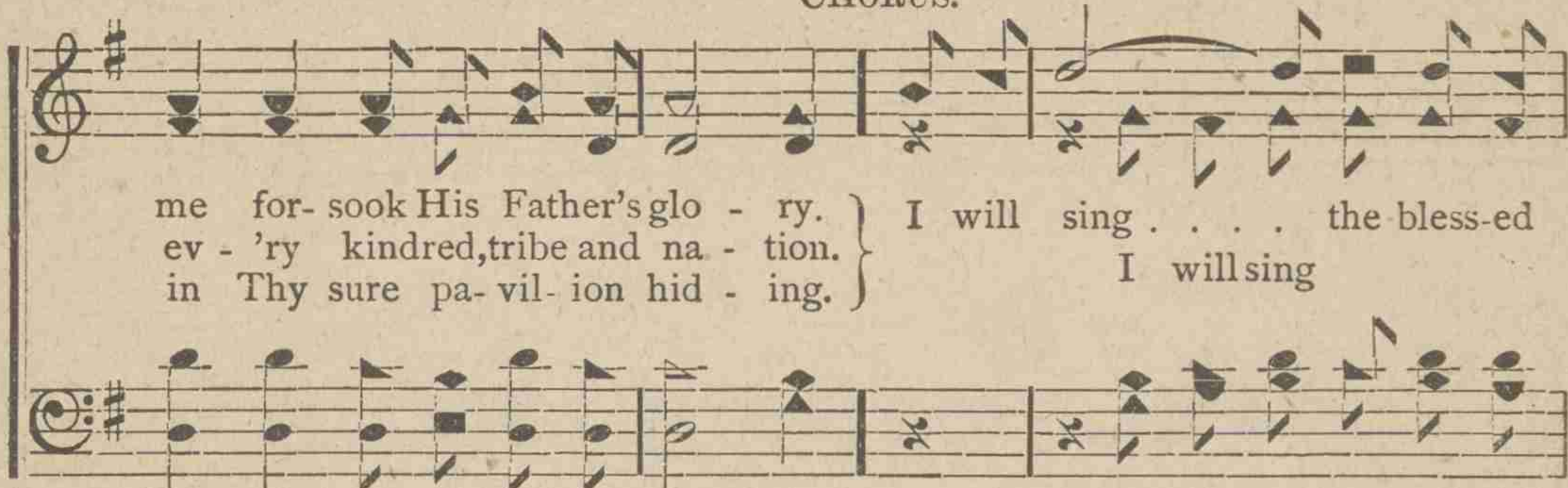


1. I will sing of Je-sus and His love for me, For O, I love the bless-ed
 2. I will tell the wonders of His love di-vine, Speak forth His mes-sage of sal-
 3. Bless-ed Lamb of God which taketh sin a-way, My soul is in Thy love a-



sto - ry! How with - in a low-ly man-ger, He was born, And for
 - va - tion; How His blood was shed up-on the cru - el tree, Shed for
 - bid - ing; Tho' the tem-pests beat a-bout me, I may sing, Safe - ly

CHORUS.



me for-sook His Father's glo - ry. } I will sing . . . the bless-ed
 ev - 'ry kindred, tribe and na - tion. } I will sing
 in Thy sure pa-vil-ion hid - ing.



sto - ry, I will tell His love, His majes-ty and glo - ry, In His
 sto - ry o'er and o'er,



shad - ow, I am hid - ing With-in His safe pavil-ion hid-ing.
 In His shadow I am hid-ing safe-ly now,

No. 10. HELP US TO WATCH AND PRAY.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN, by per.



1. Out from Thy boun-ti-ful hand, O God, Floweth our blessings each day,
2. Teach us, O, Father, to ask of Thee, Such as Thou promise to give,
3. Teach us, dear Saviour, to trust in Thee, Help us on Thee to re - ly,



Boun-ti - ful Giv - er of life and all, Help us to watch and pray.
Knowing that if we but ask in faith, E - ter - nal life Thou'lt give.
Knowing that if we re-ject Thy call, We must for-ev - er die.



CHORUS.

Help us to watch and pray, . . . Help us to watch and pray. . .



O, help us, help us to pray, O, help us to watch and pray,



Help us to watch and pray. . .



Boun-ti - ful Giv-er of life and all, Help us to watch, watch and pray.
to watch and pray.



No. 11. SPREAD WIDE THE TEMP'RANCE WAVE.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.



1. O Lord, stretch forth Thy might-y hand, Spread wide the temp'rance wave ;
 2. Help us to close the fa - tal door, That swal-lows man-hood up ;
 3. Re- move in-temp'rance from our land, And set Thy peo - ple free,




And let it reach poor dy - ing man, Whom Je - sus came to save.
 Oh burst the ru - by tint - ed bowl, Make dark the glit - t'ring cup.
 O Lord, thro' Thy al- might - y pow'r, Give peace and lib - er - ty.



CHORUS.



Spread wide the temp'rance wave, Spread wide the temp'rance wave,
 Spread wide, spread wide Spread wide, spread wide




And let it reach poor dy - ing man, Whom Je - sus came to save.



No. 12. THE STORY WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

NEVA P. PRENTICE.

C. E. LESLIE.



1. The half has nev-er been told Of Je - sus and His love;
 2. Down from His mansions a - bove, The spot-less Lamb of light,
 3. The lov - ing Saviour hath borne The ill cre - a - tion shares,

D. C.—The half has nev-er been told Of Je - sus and His love;



The sto-ry will nev-er grow old, Of Je - sus and His love;
 So ho-ly, on pinions of love, In robes so pure and white—
 That all of God's children might find The path to Him in prayer;

The sto-ry will nev-er grow old, Of Je - sus and His love;



He came, a child to live with us, To bear our earthly pain,
 He gave to us the fount of life, A grac-ious gift to give,
 He gave to us re-deem-ing love, His songs of faith en - dure,



To teach the way-ward how to live And know that death is gain.
 He taught the end - ing of all strife; Said "Look to Me and live."
 And we shall sing these songs a bove, On Zi - on's hap-py shore.

No. 13.

REDEEMED.

T. W. D.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. "Re-joice with me, for I am free," I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb;
 2. "O hap-py day," since I can say, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb;
 3. "Je - sus my all," I've heard Thy call, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb;

The crim-son tide flow'd from His side, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 My hope and joy, naught can destroy, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 O joy di vine, Since Thou art mine, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS. Redeemed, redeemed,

Redeemed, redeemed, I am saved thro' the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeemed, redeemed,

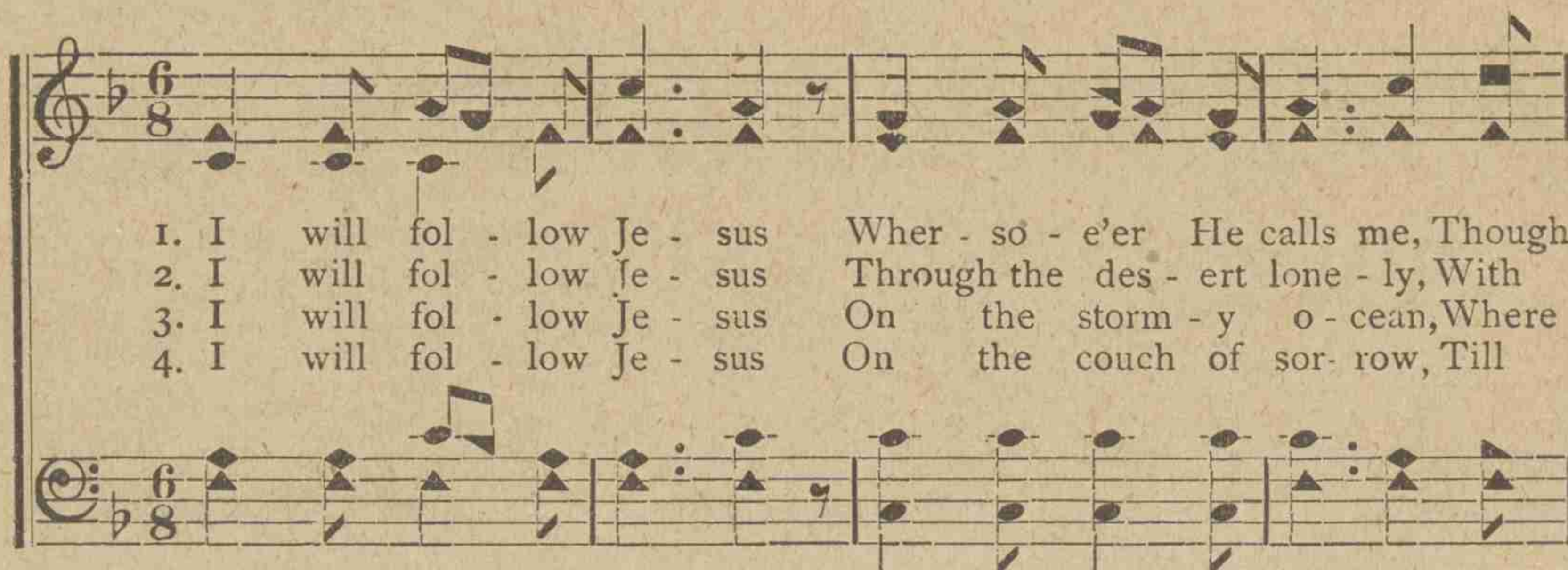
Redeemed, redeemed,

Christ died for me and I am free, I am sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb.

No. 14. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.



1. I will fol - low Je - sus Wher - so - e'er He calls me, Though
 2. I will fol - low Je - sus Through the des - ert lone - ly, With
 3. I will fol - low Je - sus On the storm - y o - cean, Where
 4. I will fol - low Je - sus On the couch of sor - row, Till



rough and steep the path may be, I'll fol - low an - y - where.
 Him on ston - y pil - low sleep—I'll fol - low an - y - where.
 bil - lows foam and break - ers roar—I'll fol - low an - y - where.
 an - gels come and take me home, To share His glo - ries there.

CHORUS.



I'll fol - low Je - sus a - ny-where, a - ny-where, a - ny-where;



I'll fol - low Him where'er He calls, I'll fol - low a - ny - where.

No. 15. THE HEAVENLY MESSAGE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



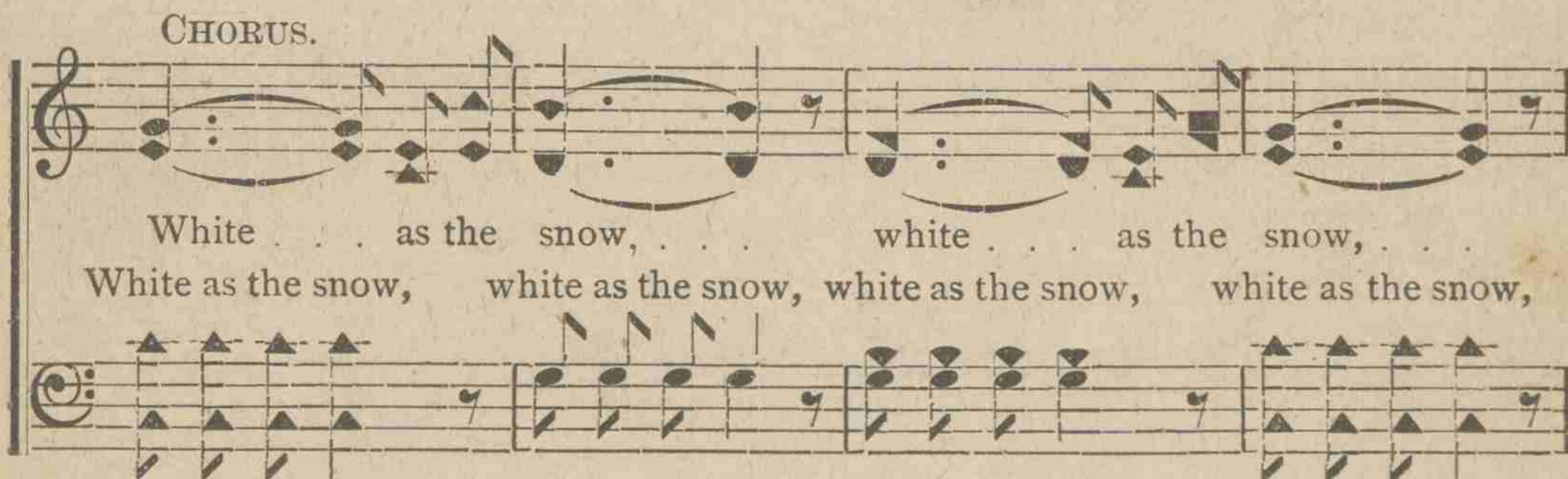
1. List the heav en - ly mes - sage, That comes to this world be - low;
2. Free - ly floweth the fount - ain, That cleanseth the stain of sin;
3. Oh, that won - der - ful fount - ain, That flows from the throne a - bove;



Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Yet they shall be white as snow.
"Who-so - ev - er is wel - come, The vil - est may en - ter in.
Bring - ing life and sal - va - tion, Thro' in - fi - nite mer - cy, love.

D. S.—Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Yet they shall be white as snow.

CHORUS.



White . . . as the snow, . . . white . . . as the snow, . . .
White as the snow, white as the snow, white as the snow, white as the snow,



Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Yet they shall be white as snow.

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No. 16. THRUST IN YOUR SICKLE.

J. L. M.

JUD. L. MOORE.

Allegro.



1. Oh, look to the field, the har - vest is read - y, A-rouse from thy
2. The dew is now gone, the day is ad-vanc-ing, The songs of the



slum - bers, the day is at hand; The sun - light of heav - en is
reap - ers are sound - ing a-broad; Go forth broth - er, la - bor, the



fall - ing up - on thee, Go, thrust in your sick - le and reap what you can.
night com - eth on - ward, Be reap - ing and fill - ing the store-house of God.



CHORUS.



Go thrust in your sick-le
Go thrust in your sick-le and reap what you can, Go thrust in your



THRUST IN YOUR SICKLE. Concluded.

sick - le and reap what you can, Go, thrust in your
sick - le and reap what you can, Go, thrust in your sick - le and

sick - le
reap what you can, Go thrust in your sick - le and reap what you can.

No. 17.

LITTLE FEET.

FOR INFANT CLASS.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Lit - tle feet may wan - der, From the nar - row way ;
2. Lit - tle hands may han - dle, Ma - ny things un - clean ;
3. May we do our du - ty, As an in - fant band,

Lead us heav - 'nly Fa - ther On from day to day.
Help us keep them ev - er From the stain of sin.
March - ing on - ward, up - ward, To the heav - 'nly land.

No. 18. THE HAPPY DAY IS COMING.

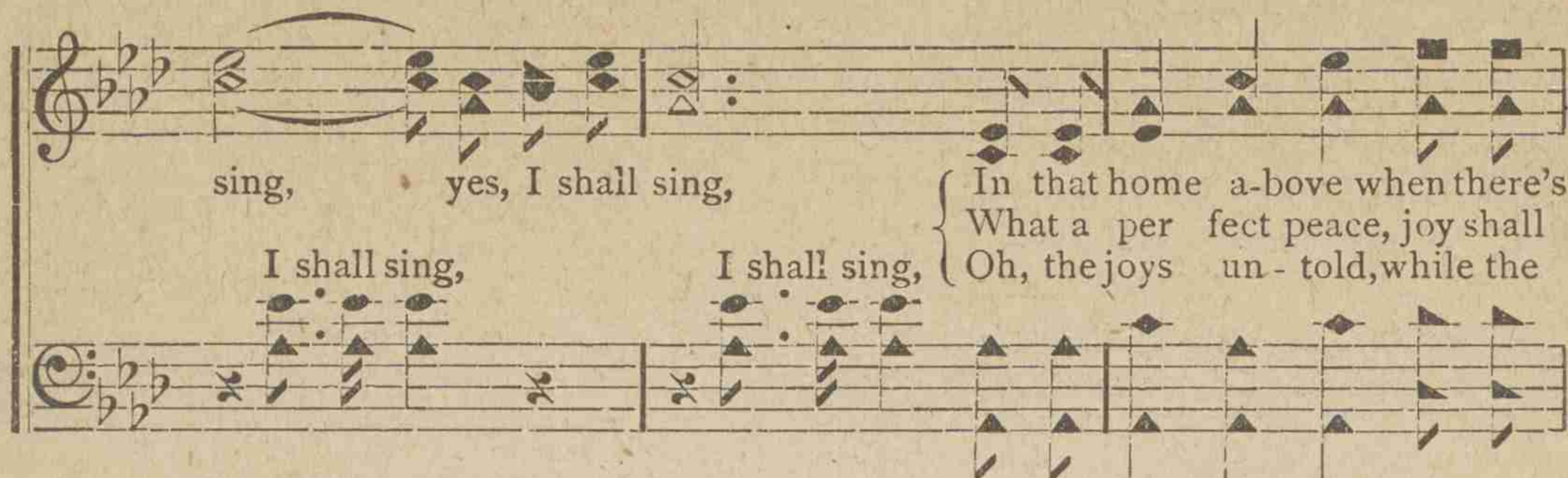
J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Lively.



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

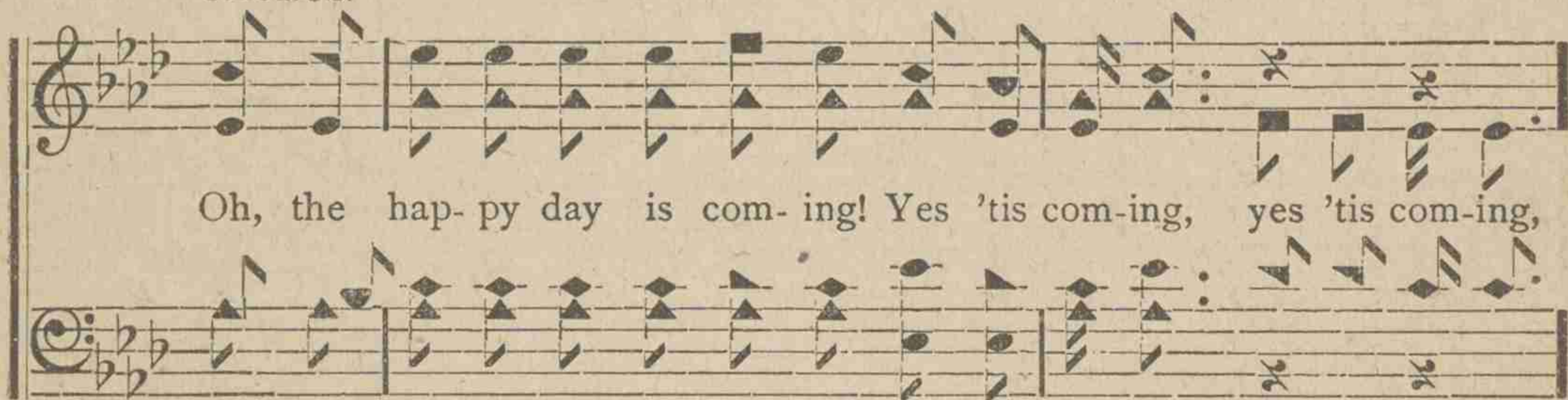


sing, yes, I shall sing, In that home a - bove when there's
 I shall sing, I shall sing, What a per fect peace, joy shall
 Oh, the joys un - told, while the



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

CHORUS.



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



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

No. 19. ENTER NOW THE NARROW GATE.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate."—MATT. 7: 14.

G. W. LYON.

Moderato.



1. Sin-ner, seek the nar-row gate, En-ter, ere it be too late, And the
 2. Tho' you mournful - ly exclaim, "Lord, we have professed Thy name, And have
 3. Vain, a - las! will be thy plea, Work-er of in - iq - ui - ty; Thou hast




day of mer - cy gone for - ev - er - more; Ma - ny ask to en - ter there,
 ate with Thee, and heard Thy ho - ly word; "From His mer - cy seat He'll rise,
 failed to en - ter in the nar - row way; O how sad will be Thy lot,



D. S.,—Man - y ask to en - ter there,

FINE.



When too late to of - fer pray'r; Soon the summer and the harvest will be o'er.
 And shall say with flashing eyes, "Thou art banished from the presence of the Lord."
 When He says, "I know you not," "Go, depart to realms of night without de - lay.



When too late to of - fer pray'r; Soon the summer and the harvest will be o'er.

CHORUS.



En - ter now the nar - row gate, En - ter ere it be too late,




And the day of mer - cy gone for - ev - er more;



D. S.

No. 20.

LOVING SAVIOUR.

FANNY CHURCH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Sav - iour, lead us gent - ly, kind - ly, In the up - ward winding way,
 2. We are young, and much temp - ta - tion May en - snare our child - ish feet,
 3. May our hearts to Thee be giv - en, As we seek to do Thy will;




Lest we wan - der dark - ly, blind - ly Lest our feet should go a - stray.
 But in Thee, our soul's sal - va - tion, Find a ref - uge sure and sweet,
 Lead our foot - steps up to heav - en, Let us rest on Zi - on's hill.



CHORUS.



Lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren as they pray,
 Lov - ing Sav - iour, From the foes that we must meet,
 Lov - ing Sav - iour, We will trust Thy mer - cy still,




Lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren as they pray.
 Lov - ing Sav - iour, From the foes that we must meet.
 Lov - ing Sav - iour, We will trust Thy mer - cy still.

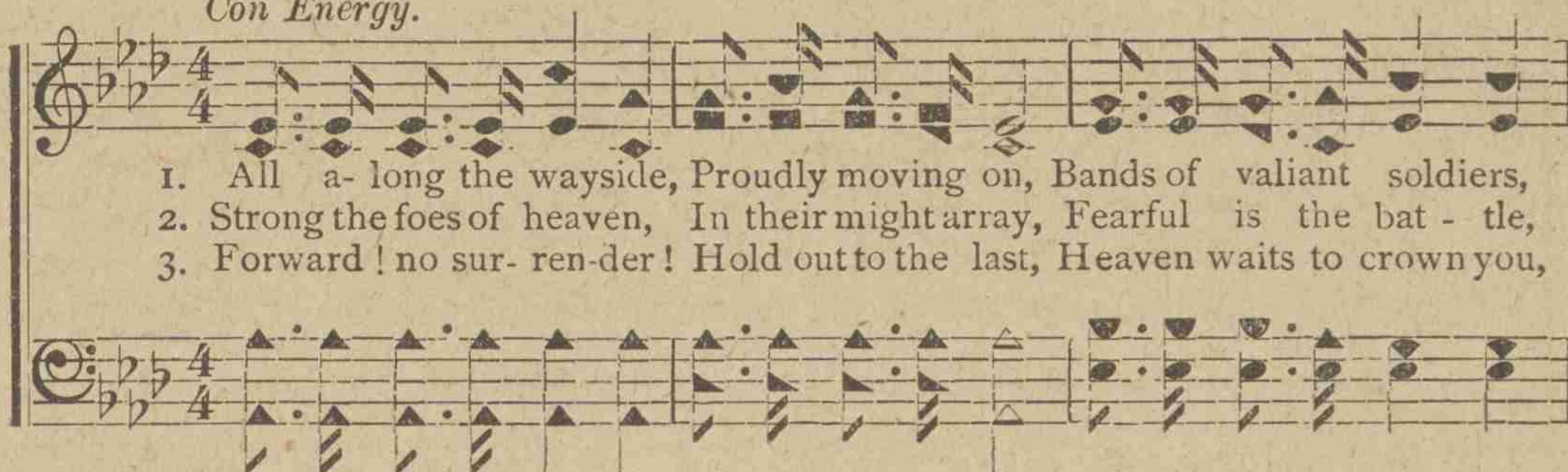


No. 21. SEE THE WAVING BANNERS.

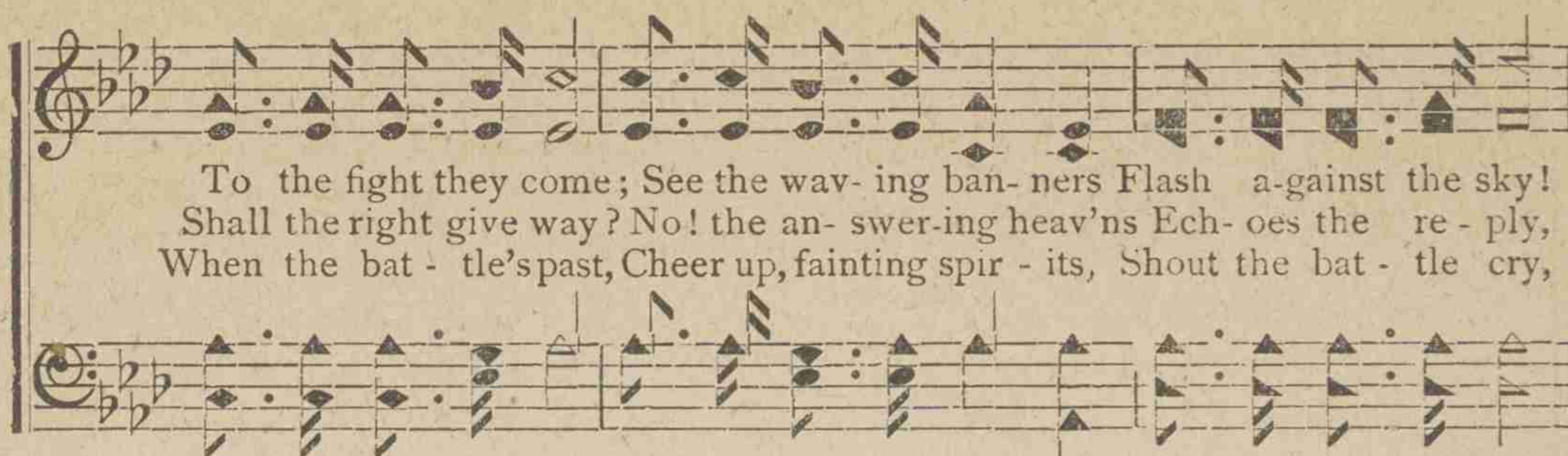
F. M. DAVIS.

J. L. MOORE.

Con Energy.



1. All a-long the wayside, Proudly moving on, Bands of valiant soldiers,
 2. Strong the foes of heaven, In their might array, Fearful is the bat-tle,
 3. Forward! no sur-ren-der! Hold out to the last, Heaven waits to crown you,



To the fight they come; See the wav-ing ban-ners Flash a-against the sky!
 Shall the right give way? No! the an-swer-ing heav'n's Ech-oes the re-ply,
 When the bat-tle's past, Cheer up, fainting spir-its, Shout the bat-tle cry,

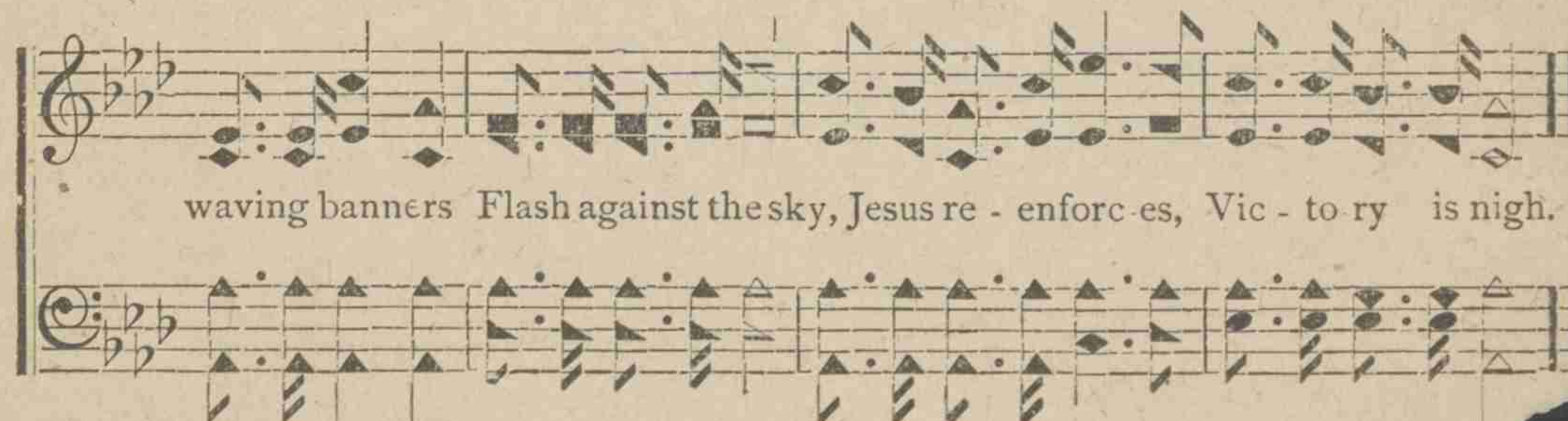
CHORUS.



Je-sus re-en-forc-es, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
 Je-sus re-en-forc-es, Vic-to-ry is nigh. } Vic-to-ry, yes vic-to-ry,
 Je-sus re-en-forc-es, Vic-to-ry is nigh.



vic-to-ry is nigh, Je-sus re-en-forc-es, vic-to-ry is nigh, See the

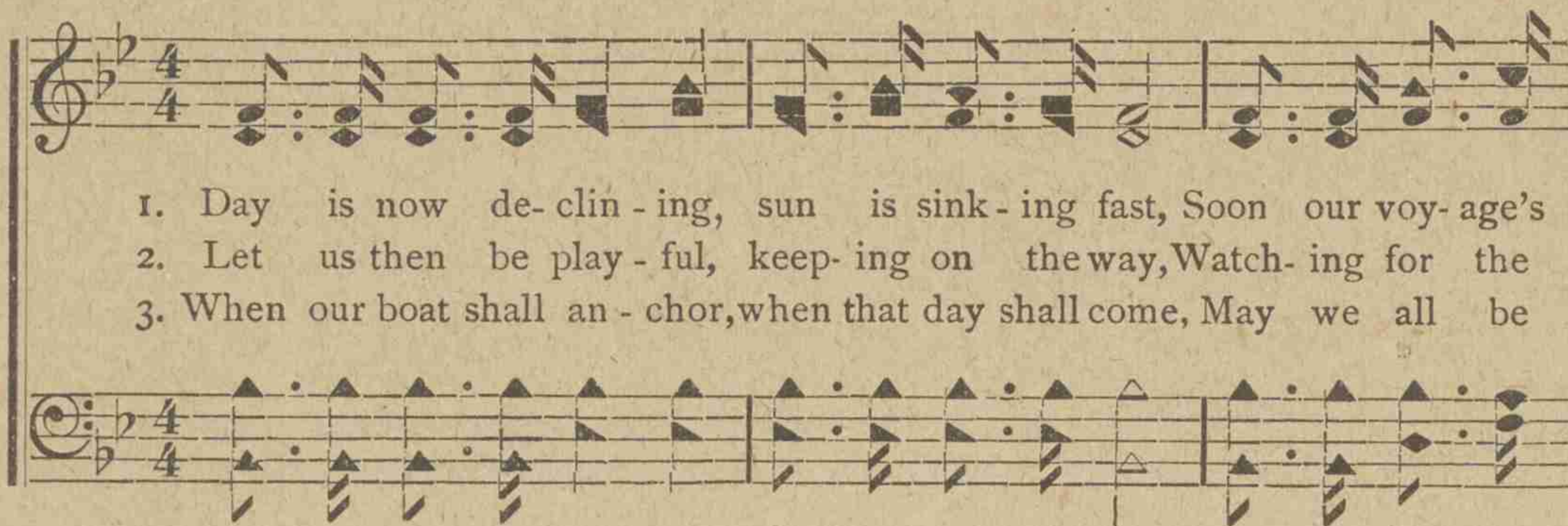


waving banners Flash against the sky, Jesus re-enforc-es, Vic-to-ry is nigh.

No. 22. WE'RE DRIFTING ONWARD.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

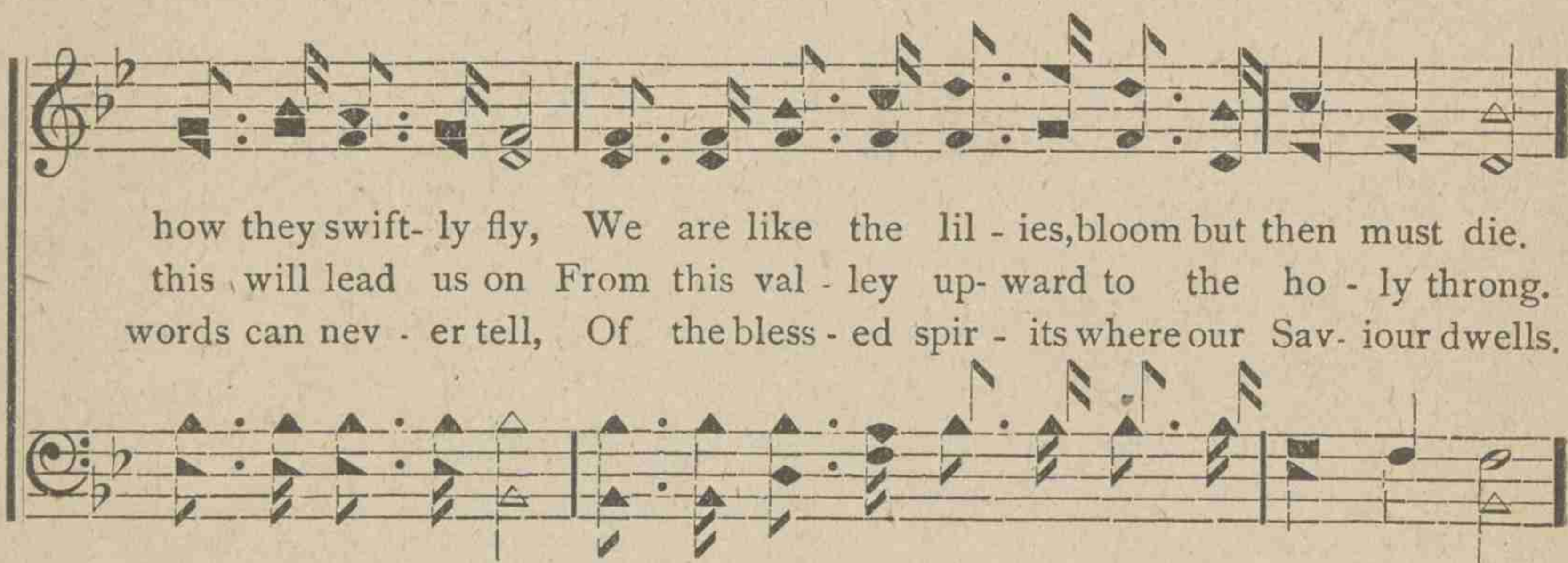
J. L. MOORE.



1. Day is now de-clin-ing, sun is sink-ing fast, Soon our voy-age's
 2. Let us then be play-ful, keep-ing on the way, Watch-ing for the
 3. When our boat shall an-chor, when that day shall come, May we all be



o-ver, life will then be past, Watch the gold-en mo-ments
 dawn-ing of that hap-py day; Watch-ing, wait-ing, pray-ing,
 gath-ered in yon heav-'nly home, That will be a meet-ing



how they swift-ly fly, We are like the lil-ies, bloom but then must die.
 this will lead us on From this val-ley up-ward to the ho-ly throng.
 words can nev-er tell, Of the bless-ed spir-its where our Sav-iour dwells.

CHORUS.



We are drift-ing on - - - - ward,
 We are drift-ing on-ward, we are drift-ing on-ward,

WE'RE DRIFTING ONWARD. Concluded.

Float - - ing with the tide Soon our boat will
We are floating, we are floating, Onward with the tide; Soon our boat will anchor,

rit.
an - - chor, On the oth- er side.
Soon our boat will an-chor, On the oth- er, on the oth- er side, oth- er side.

No. 23.

GIVE ME JESUS.

G. W. LYON.

1. Gra-cious Lord, in - cline Thine ear! My pe - ti - tion deign to hear!
2. Lord de - ny me what Thou wilt, On - ly cleanse me of my guilt:
3. Thou hast prom - ised to for - give All who on Thy son be-lieve,

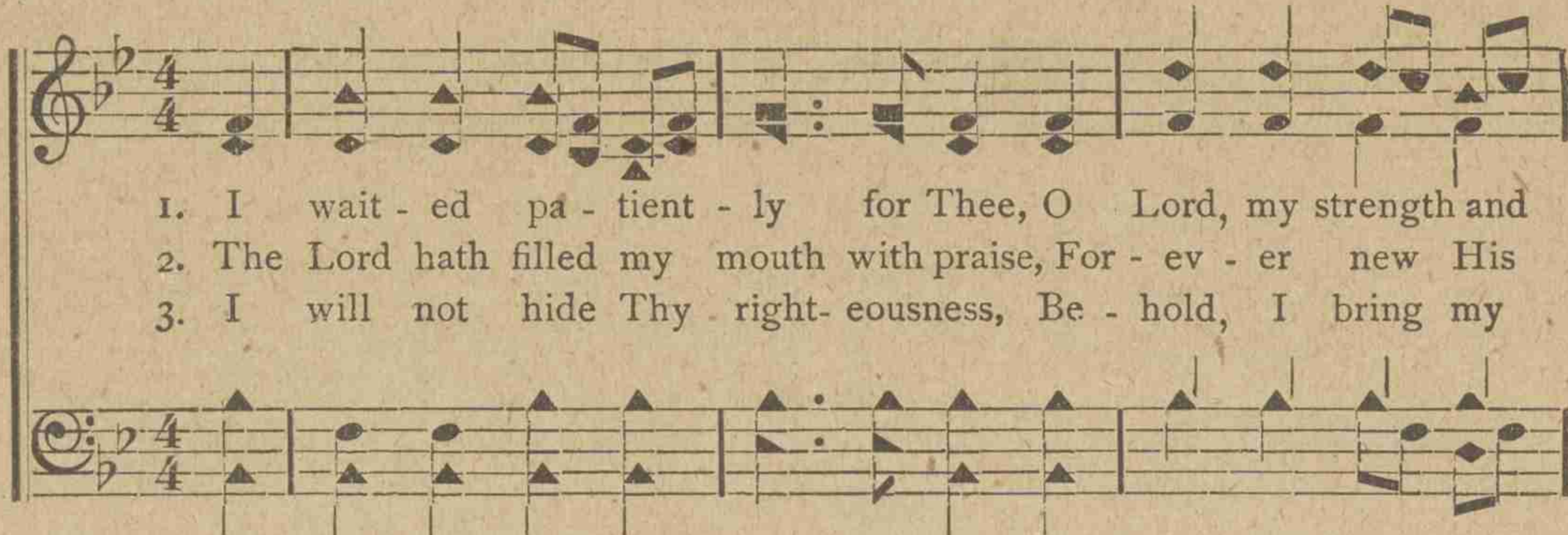
rit.
Hear my nev - er ceas - ing cry; Give me Je - sus, or I die.
Hum-bly at Thy feet I lie, Give me Je - sus, or I die.
Lord, I know Thou canst not lie, Give me Je - sus, or I die.

No. 24.

I WAITED FOR THEE.

Mrs. A. H. BEERY.

J. R. BRYANT.



1. I wait - ed pa - tient - ly for Thee, O Lord, my strength and
 2. The Lord hath filled my mouth with praise, For - ev - er new His
 3. I will not hide Thy right - eousness, Be - hold, I bring my



hid - ing place; Thy hand hath raised me from the deep, Un-
 mer - cies shine; Let all the earth be wit - ness now, And
 sac - ri - fice; To keep Thy law is my de - light, And

CHORUS.



to the vis - ion of Thy face.
 trust His gra - cious acts di - vine. } Oh! praise Je - ho - vah,
 laud Thy name be - yond the skies.



Might - y one! My soul re - peat the wond'rous strain, Let

I WAITED FOR THEE. Concluded.

earth bring forth her homage now, And an-gels join the glad re - frain.

No. 25.

IT IS JESUS.

Anon.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Tho' thy way be dark and wea-ry, Doubts and fears thy steps at - tend;
 2. Is thy heart by sin pol-lut - ed, Sink-ing down in end - less woe?
 3. Does thy conscience oft condemn thee? Is there anguish in thy breast?
 4. Are you long-ing for that country, Where the wear-y are at rest?

F. FINE.

There is One who waits to cheer thee, One who is the sinner's friend.
 There is One whose blood will make it, Whit-er than the driv en snow.
 There is One, sweet peace can give thee, He can give thee perfect rest.
 There is One whose death has purchased Thee a home a - mong the blest.

D.S.—Come, oh, come obtain His fa - vor, And be rec - on - ciled to God.

CHORUS. D.S.

It is Je - sus thy dead Sav-iour, He who bought thee with His blood,

No. 26.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas time! From ev-'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime.
2. Be-hold how shin - eth from a - far That bless - ed light, the Guid - ing Star,
3. Chime out glad bells and voic - es sing! Let Christmas car - ols loud - ly ring,



Let mel - o - dies of gladness ring Un - to the low - ly new-born King.
That leads to where in slum - ber lies The Prince Immor - tal of the skies.
For lo! thy Lord, thy Lord has come, Let all the earth pre - pare Him room.



O Christ - mas time, glad Christmas time; From ev'ry stee - ple rings the chime,



Of mer - ry bells, while voic - es sing All glo - ry to the King.



No. 27.

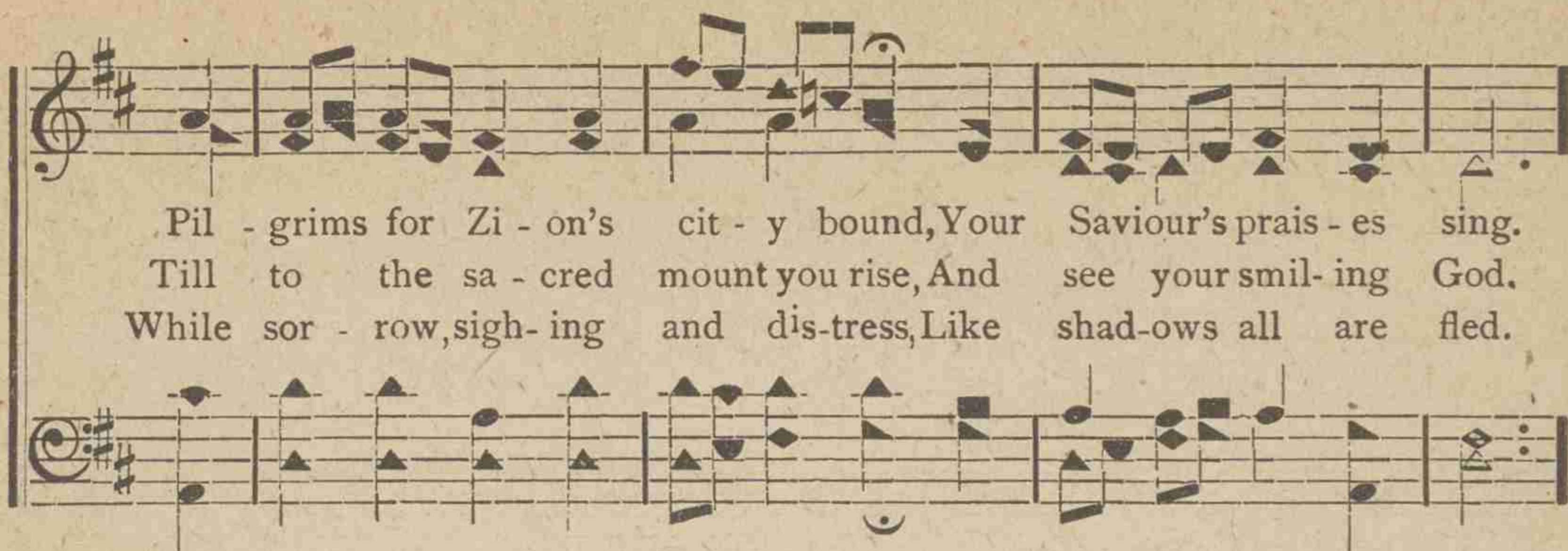
SING, O SING.

Words arr.

Rev. S. J. OSLIN.

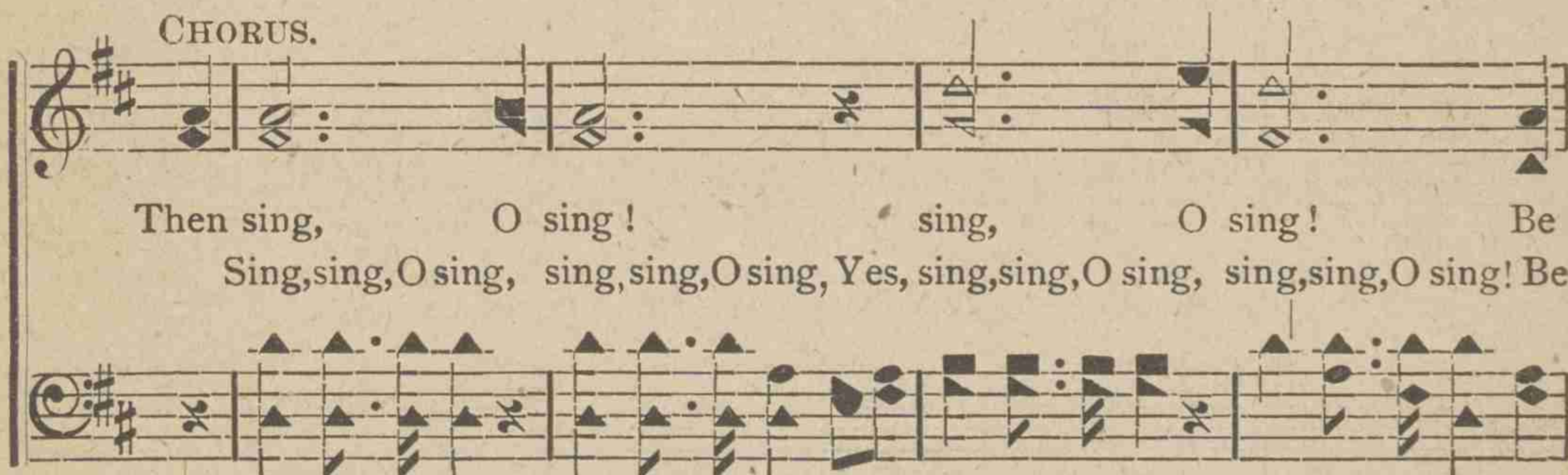


1. Sing, O ye ran-somed of the Lord, Be joy-ful in your King;
 2. A hand di-vine will lead you on, A long life's rug-ged road;
 3. There gar-lands of im-mor-tal joys, Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;

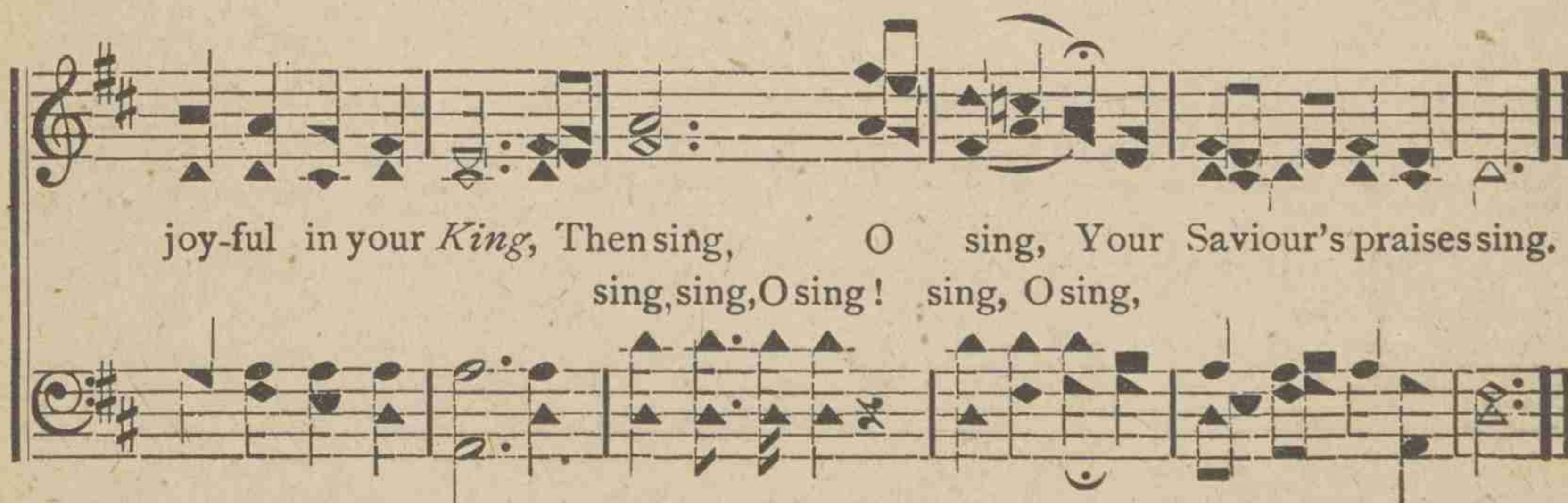


Pil-grims for Zi-on's cit-y bound, Your Saviour's prais-es sing.
 Till to the sa-cred mount you rise, And see your smil-ing God.
 While sor-row, sigh-ing and dis-tress, Like shad-ows all are fled.

CHORUS.



Then sing, O sing! sing, O sing! Be
 Sing, sing, O sing, sing, sing, O sing, Yes, sing, sing, O sing, sing, sing, O sing! Be



joy-ful in your King, Then sing, O sing, Your Saviour's prais-essing.
 sing, sing, O sing! sing, O sing,

No. 28.

ONE DAY NEARER

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Jour-ney-ing onward with the Lord, E'er toward the highlands of the blest;
2. Jour-ney-ing down the narrow way, In companionship with Christ our King;
3. Jour-ney-ing on from day to day, Drawing near-er to the set of sun,



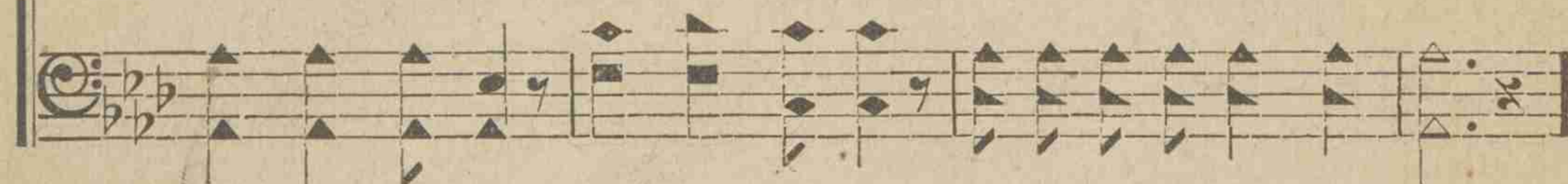
Night-ly we pitch our mov-ing tents, One day near-er to the land of rest.
 Glad-ly we fol-low where He leads, While triumphant songs we loud-ly sing.
 Soon in the twilight shadows gray, We shall know our earthly journey's done.



CHORUS.



One day near-er, one day near-er, Nearer to the land of rest;



Night-ly we pitch our mov-ing tents, One day near-er to the land of rest.

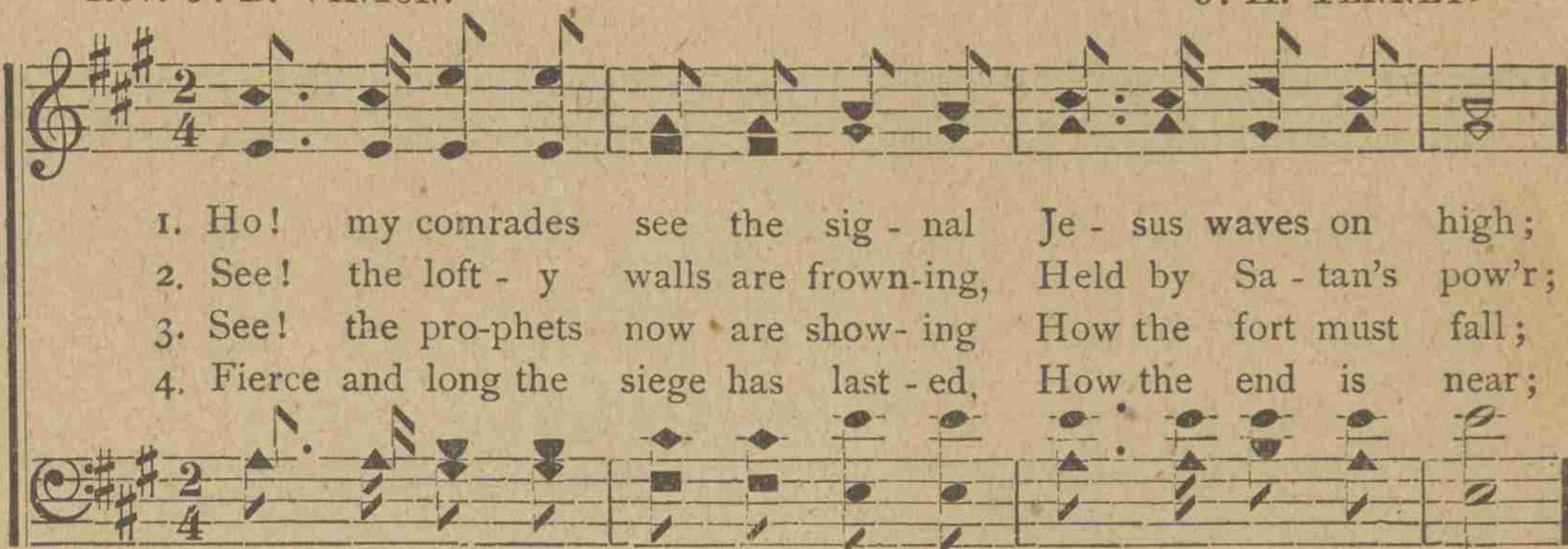


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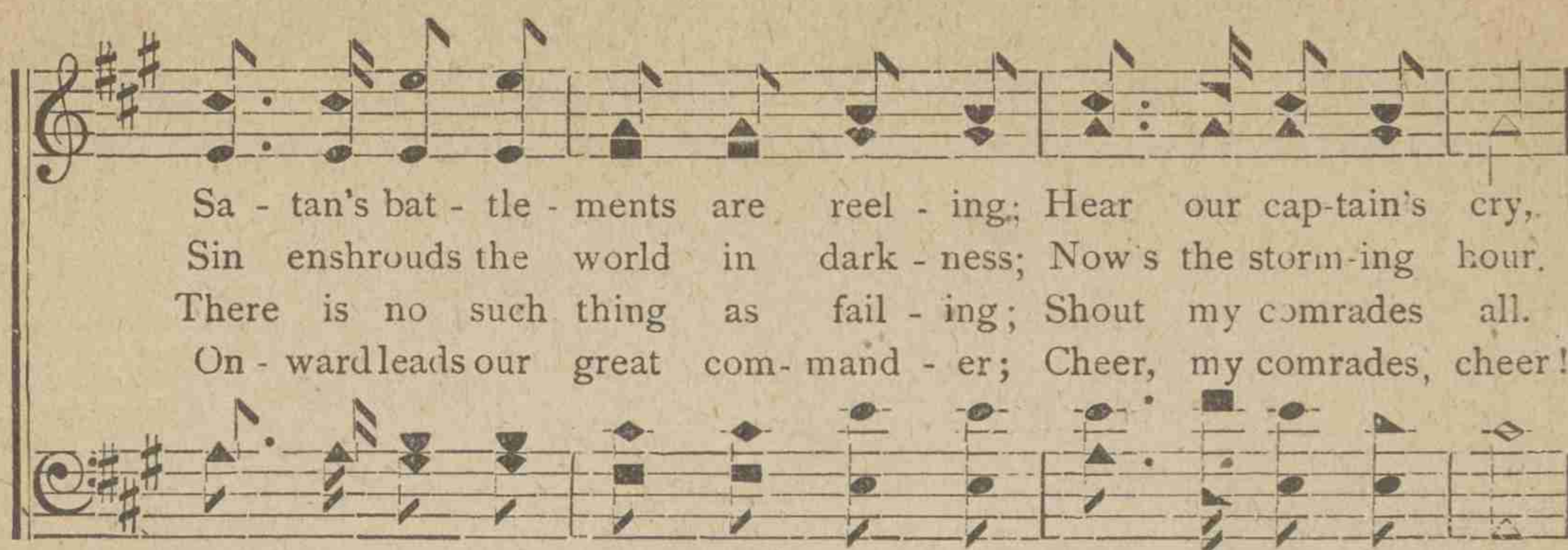
STORM THE FORT.

Rev. J. B. VINTON.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Ho! my comrades see the sig - nal Je - sus waves on high;
 2. See! the loft - y walls are frown - ing, Held by Sa - tan's pow'r;
 3. See! the pro - phets now are show - ing How the fort must fall;
 4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, How the end is near;



Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments are reel - ing; Hear our cap - tain's cry,
 Sin enshrouds the world in dark - ness; Now's the storm - ing hour.
 There is no such thing as fail - ing; Shout my comrades all.
 On - ward leads our great com - mand - er; Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

CHORUS.



"Storm the fort! for I am lead - ing! I have shown you how!"



Shout the an - swer back to heav - en, "We are read - y now!"

No. 30.

FOLLOW ME.

And He saith unto them, Follow me.—MATT. 4: 19.

L. M. J.

J. L. M.



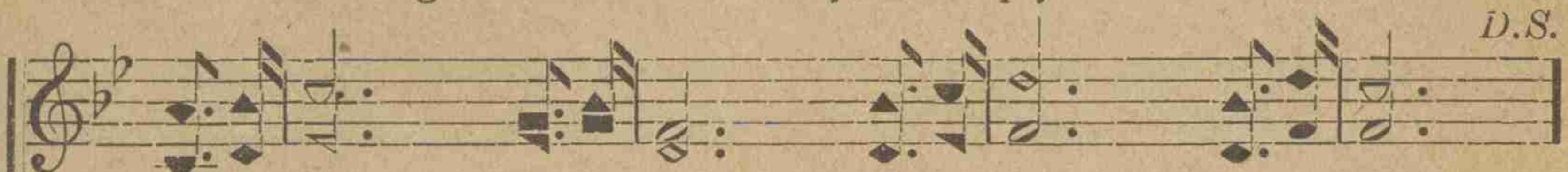
1. When Je - sus walk'd in Gal - i - lee, A - long the shore of that deep sea,
2. The fish - er - men obey'd His voice, And leaving all made Christ their choice,
3. The same sweet voice can still be heard, Proclaiming loud "I am the Lord;"
4. "Come fol - low me," oh sin - ner, come, I have for thee a happy home,



His lov - ing voice was heard to say, Take up your nets and "fol - low me."
 They fol - low'd on for ma - ny days, O'er rugged paths and broad highways.
 I came to save a world from sin, I tast - ed death for ev - 'ry man.
 I bore the cross for you, I died, On Calv'ry's mount, the debt was paid.



D.S. — His lov - ing voice was heard to say, Take up your nets and "fol - low me."



Follow me, fol - low me, Fol low me, fol - low me,
 Follow me, follow me, Follow me, follow me,



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INDEX.

	No.		No.
Beyond the Swelling Flood	2	Peace Be Still	7
Christmas Time	26	Redeemed	13
Enter the Narrow Gate	19	Safe in Jesus	9
Follow Me	30	Scatter Bright Smiles	5
Give me Jesus	23	See the Waving Banners	21
Help us to Watch and Pray	10	Sing O Sing	27
How Sweet to Trust in Jesus	1	Spread Wide the Temp'rance Wave	11
I Waited for Thee	24	Storm the Fort	29
I Will Follow Jesus	14	The Happy Day is Coming	18
It is Jesus	25	The Heavenly Message	15
Jesus is Passing this Way	6	There is Joy in Heaven	3
Little Feet	17	The Story will Never Grow Old	12
Loving Saviour	20	Thrust in Your Sickle	16
Make Room for the Saviour	4	Turn Ye to Jesus	8
One Day Nearer	28	We're are Drifting Onward	22

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