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GOSPEL GLORY

—BY—

A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosely, H. M. Eagle, B. B. Beall, K. C. Robinson and W. J. Morris.

—WITH—

R. Edwin Perry, W. S. Tidwell, J. R. Baxter, Jr., J. P. Denton, J. W. Askew, H. J. Turner, B. F. Clark, Wm. M. Golden, G. B. Williams, Geo. W. Anderson, J. M. Henson, W. T. Taylor, G. W. Malone, J. M. Edwards, H. C. Collins, L. L. Wynn, Jas. Franklin, P. B. Shaw, B. K. Knight and H. M. Ely, Associate Authors,

—AND WITH

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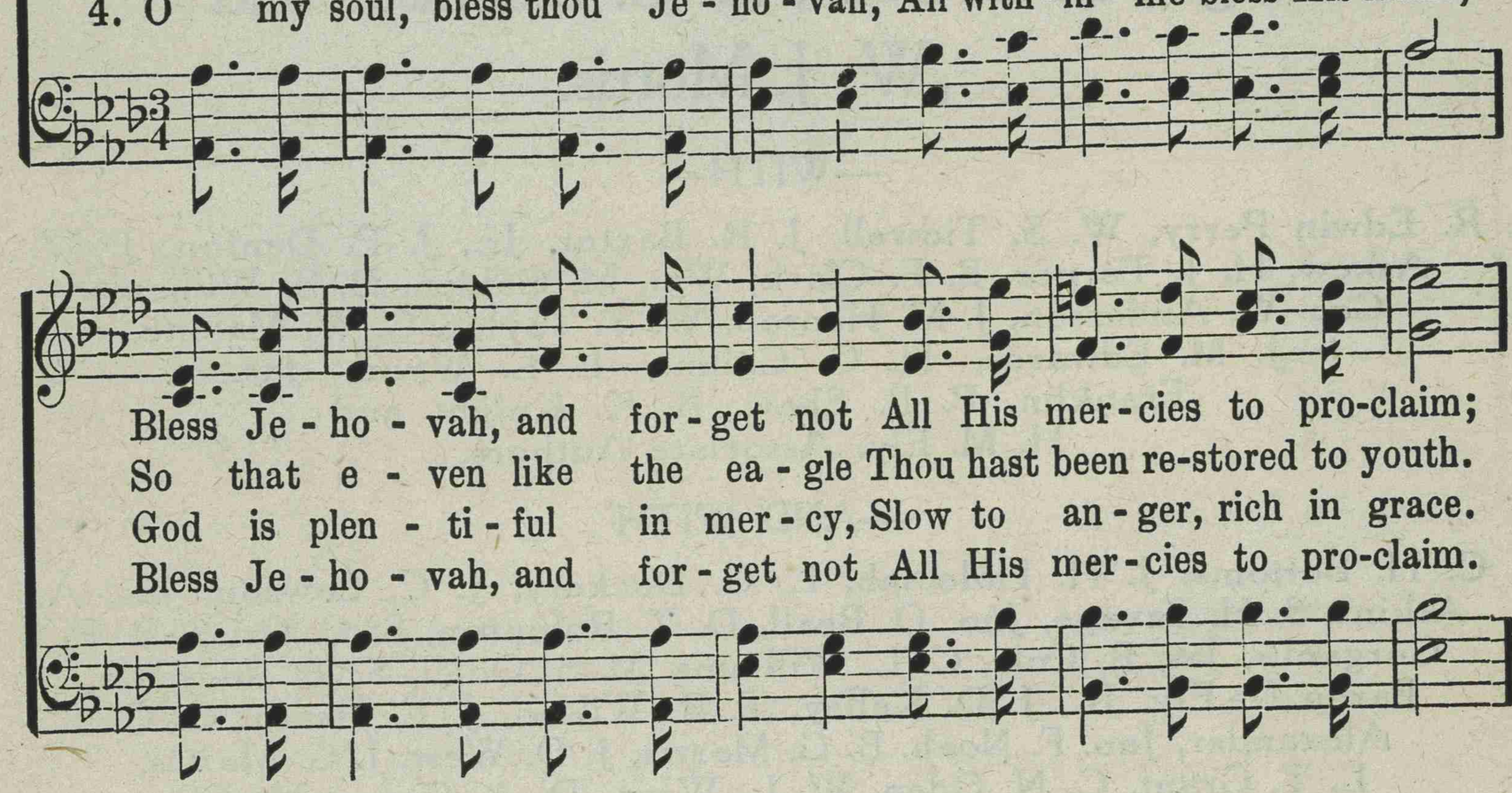
Preface.

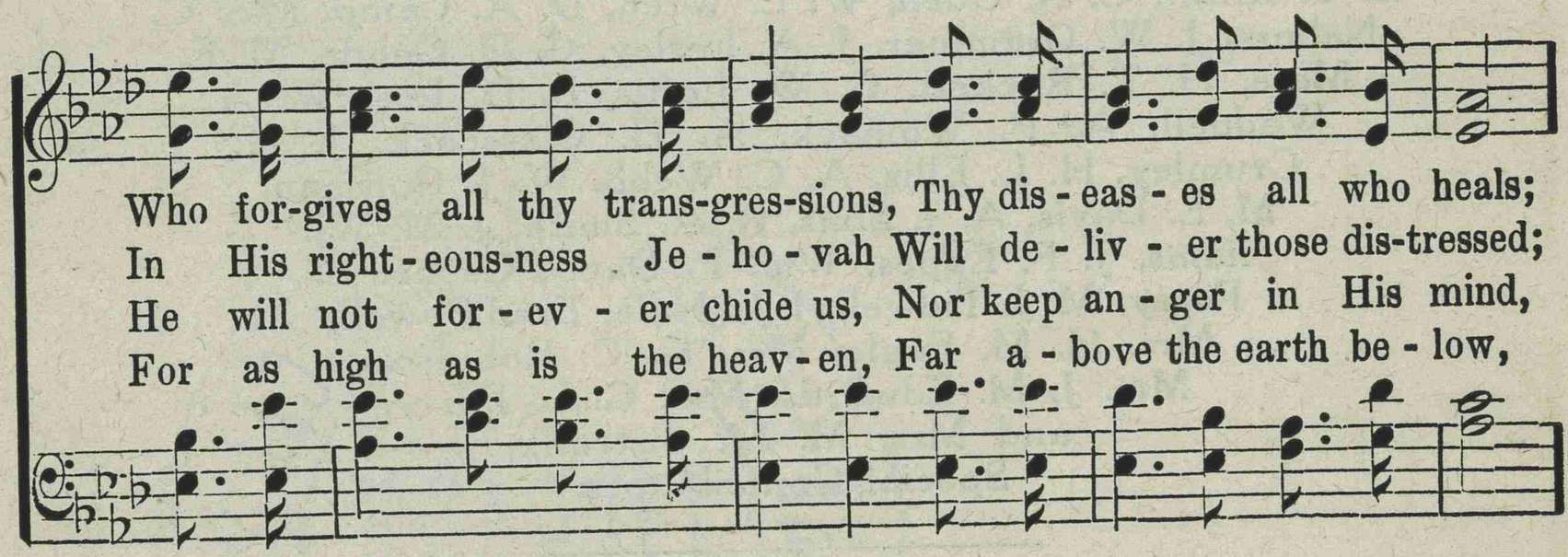
O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. **A. J. Showalter.**

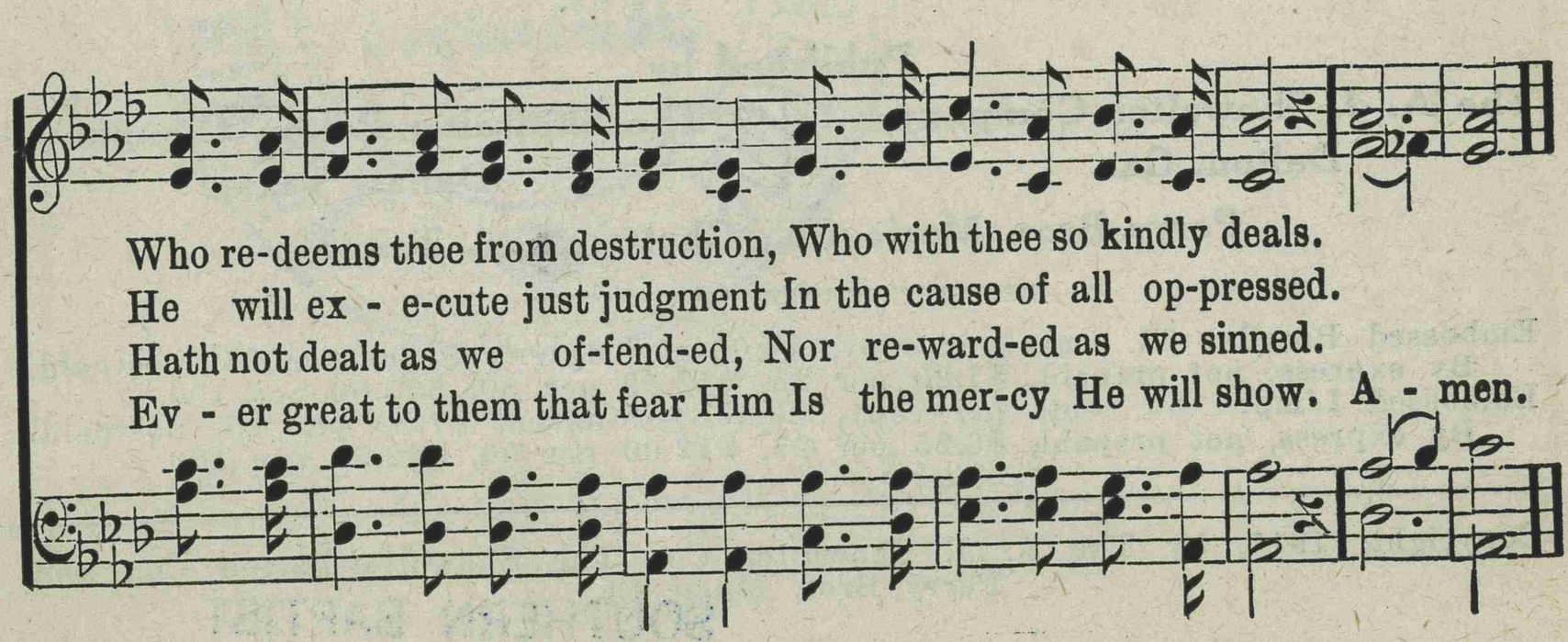
1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. Who with ten - der mer-cies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,
3. He made known His ways to Mo - ses, And His acts to Is-rael's race;
4. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;



Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro-claim;
So that e - ven like the ea - gle Thou hast been re-stored to youth.
God is plen - ti - ful in mer - cy, Slow to an - ger, rich in grace.
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro-claim.



Who for-gives all thy trans-gres-sions, Thy dis - eas - es all who heals;
In His right - eous-ness Je - ho - vah Will de - liv - er those dis-tressed;
He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind,
For as high as is the heav - en, Far a - bove the earth be - low,



Who re-deems thee from destruction, Who with thee so kindly deals.
He will ex - e-cute just judgment In the cause of all op-pressed.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Ev - er great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will show. A - men.

No. 1. Onward and Upward.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. "On-ward and up-ward" is our mot - to to - day, Armored and gird - ed
2. Christ is the Lead-er in whose foot-steps we tread, O - ver the des - ert
3. Soon we shall see Him in His pal - ace of light, Rest with the an - gels

by the Lord for the fray, March - ing to - geth - er in the heav-en-ly
drear His love-light to spread, Win - ning the life-crown that is wait-ing a-
al - ways hap - py and bright, While all e - ter - ni - ty is tak - ing its

REFRAIN.

way, Sing - ing, "Glo - ry to God!"
head, Sing - ing, "Glo - ry to God!" 'Tis the song that we sing as we
flight, Sing - ing, "Glo - ry to God!"

march with the King, In paths which the saved of all a - ges have trod. Till
faith end in sight we all will march in the light, Sing-ing "Glo - ry to God!"

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No. 2. There is Peace in My Soul.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1914 **J. D. Patton.**

1. There is peace in my soul, a sweet, a-bid-ing peace, And the days as they pass glow with sunshine bright, For the Sav - ior has borne my bur-dens all a-way, And He leads me in the light. There is peace, peace,
2. There is peace in my soul, a peace no tongue can tell, And with rapt-ure and glad-ness my be-ing thrills, For the Lord has come in with wondrous sav-ing grace, And His love my spir - it fills.
3. There is peace in my soul, a peace beyond compare That the world neither gives nor can take a-way, For a peace deep-er far than is the bound-less sea, And I'm hap - py all the day. There is peace with-in my soul, there is peace with-in my soul, God's a-bid-ing peace, God's re-fresh-ing peace; There is peace with - in my soul, There is peace, peace, peace within my soul, 'Tis God's wondrous, per-fect peace.

REFRAIN.

peace with-in my soul, there is peace within my soul,

No. 3. Patient Toiler in Life's Vineyard.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1913. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Pa-tient toil-er in life's vineyard, Lift your heart and sing, For a bright re-
2. "He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bearing pre-cious seed, Doubtless shall re-
3. Do your best and nev-er mur-mur, Leave results with God; He who gives new

ward a-wait-eth From your Lord and King; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er doubt Him,
turn re-joic-ing;" These dear words we plead; Upward look with faith and gladness,
life and ver-dure To the sleep-ing sod, Shall adorn with fruit the branches—

Keep your courage true, Just as sure as God hath promised, There's a crown for you.
Keep your courage true, Just as sure as God hath promised, There's a crown for you.
Keep your courage true, Just as sure as God hath promised, There's a crown for you.

REFRAIN.

Fruit you yet shall view, Keep your cour - age true;
Fruit you yet shall view, shall sure-ly view; Keep your cour-age true, yes, keep it true;

Pa-tient toil - er in life's vine-yard, There's a crown for you.

No. 4. Our Master's Cause Must Win.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. J. D. Patton.

1. Press on, press on, ye le - gions of the Lord, All faith-ful souls the
2. Press on and keep His stand-ard in the sky, Let clear - ly ring the
3. The Son of God is strong-er than His foes, In maj - es - ty to
4. The gates of light are near - er ev - 'ry day, Our crowns are at the

Mas-ter will re-ward; From Him who leads the foe shall flee, For
gos - pel bat - tle cry; No harm will come, for love di - vine Will
vic - to - ry He goes; Be true, and though the fight be long, We
end - ing of the way; Be faith - ful till the fight is won, Then

REFRAIN.

Je - sus leads to vic - to - ry.
shield us on the bat - tle - line. Fight on, fight on, our
all shall sing the tri - umph - song.
we shall hear the Lord's "Well done."

Master's cause must win, The Son of God shall tri-umph o - ver sin; Still

fol - low Him and faith - ful be, For Je - sus leads to vic - to - ry.

No. 5. What a Meeting That Will Be.

James Rowe. MRS. M. M. SISTRUNK, OWNER, 1914. **Mrs. M. M. Sistrunk.**

1. When our sto - ry has been told, and we reach the gates of gold, What a
2. When we meet the an - gel band on the ev - er-last-ing strand, What a
3. When we gath - er to be crowned where delight and joy a-bound, What a

meet-ing that will be! When we see the smil-ing face of the King who saves by grace,
meet-ing that will be! When we meet the friends we love gathered near the throne above,
meet-ing that will be! When we see His glo - ry bright in that home of pure de-light,

REFRAIN.

What a meet-ing that will be! What a meet - ing that will be,
What a meet - ing that will be,

There be - side..... the crys - tal sea! When our tri - als all are o'er,
There be - side the crys - tal sea!

And we sing on yon - der shore, What a meet - ing that will be!
that will be!

No. 6. If You Keep Your Heart Singing.

James Rowe.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

H. M. Eagle.

1. You will have a help - er near and no foe will give you fear, If you
2. Bur - dens will be light to bear and the path-way al-ways fair, If you
3. You will nev - er wan-der far from the bless - ed Morn-ing Star, If you

keep your heart singing all the while; You will sure-ly win the fray, and re-
keep your heart singing all the while; Love will o-ver-flow your soul, bright will
keep your heart singing all the while; You will sure-ly have the crown when you

joice on Crowning day, If you keep your heart singing all the while.
ev - er be the goal, If you keep your heart singing all the while. If you keep your
lay your ar-mor down, If you keep your heart singing all the while.

FINE REFRAIN.

D.S.—*If you keep your heart singing all the while.*

heart singing all the while, ... If you al-ways wear a sun-ny, hap-py
sing-ing, sing-ing all the while, sun-ny,

D. S.

smile; ..... You will find the joys of life, be a win - ner in the strife,
wear a sun-ny smile;

No. 7. Bound For Glory Land.

A. J. Showalter. A. J SHOWALTER AND J. DAVID WEST, OWNERS. 1914, **J. David West.**

1. We're pilgrims bound for the "Glo-ry- land" For that home of peace and love,
2. Our loved ones gone to that, "Golden shore," To the home pre-pared on high,
3. We'll watch and pray while 'tis called to-day, Do the will of Je - sus here,

Where count-less num-bers a-dor-ing stand, Ev-er safe in Heav'n a - bove.
Are now with Christ to go out no more, And we'll join them by and by.
And then at last we'll go home to stay With our loved ones held so dear.

REFRAIN.

We're on our way..... to Ca - naan bright,..... To that fair
We're on our way to Ca-naan bright,

land ..... of love and light,..... And there we'll join.....
To that fair land of love and light, And there we'll join

the ransomed throng..... And sing re - demp - tion's "glo-ry song."
the ransomed throng And sing redemption's "glo-ry - song."

No. 8. Let the People Sing.

F. C. P. F. CLARK PERRY, OWNER, 1914. F. Clark Perry.

1. Now in the great Re-deem-er's name, Let the peo-ple sing,
2. For way-ward souls His life He gave,
3. Come to the cleans-ing fount of love,
4. Some day our Sav-iour we shall see, Let the peo-ple sing,

let the peo-ple sing; His sav-ing pow-er now pro-claim,
In help-ing Him the lost to save,
En-joy the bless-ings from a-bove,
let the peo-ple sing; With Him for-ev-er we will be,

REFRAIN.

Let all the peo-ple sing. Our voi - - ces for Je - - sus
Let the peo-ple sing, let the peo-ple sing,

In song we will raise, . . . And tell of His
Voi-ces sweet-ly raise, voi-ces sweet-ly raise, Of His good-ness tell,

good - - ness; Let all the peo-ple sing His praise.
let ho-san-nas swell;

No. 9. Singing of Christ and His Love.

Affectionately dedicated to my harmony class, Mont Brook, Fla.

James Rowe. D. T. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1914. **D. T. Robinson.**

1. I'm sing - ing of good-ness e - ter - nal, I'm sing - ing of
2. His love is my heart o - ver - flow - ing, It keeps me so
3. Some morn - ing, where an - gels a - dore Him, Where noth - ing my

mer - cy di - vine, While seek - ing the home-land su - per - nal, Where
hap - py and free! And so, ev - 'ry step that I'm go - ing, I
soul will an - noy, With dear ones low bend - ing be - fore Him, I'll

REFRAIN.

one love - ly pal - ace is mine.
sing of His good-ness to me.
praise Him with in - fi - nite joy.

I'm sing - ing and sing - ing and

sing - ing Of Christ and His won - der-ful love; Thus to Him I will

sing, till the homebells shall ring, And I sing of His love a - bove.

No. 10. It Is Brighter Every Day.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. OWNED BY J. D. PATTON. 1915. **J. D. Patton.**

1. O, the path-way of the just is as the sun-light, Shin-ing more and more un - to the per - fect day, And the far - ther on we jour-ney
2. We are nev - er left to wan-der in the dark-ness, There is al-ways light up - on the Chris-tian's way; It is mar - vel - lous, His grace and
3. Why should Christians ev-er yield to fear and doubt-ing? Why lose heart and cour - age, and for - get to pray? God has promised us such great and

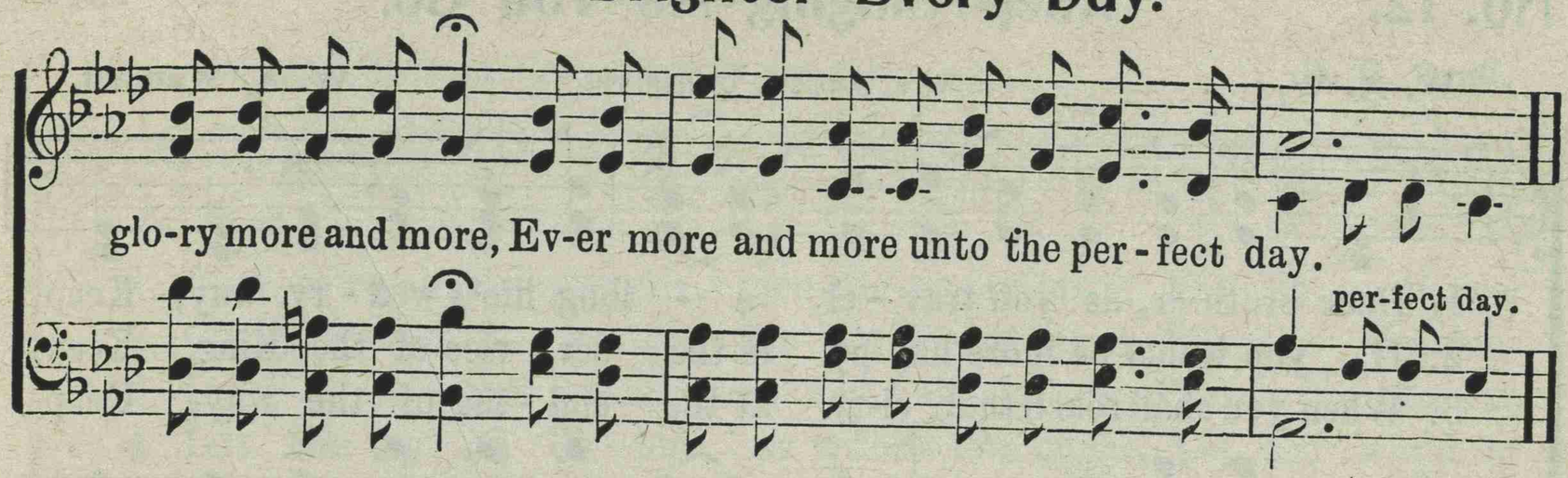
toward the homeland Heav-en's glo - ry shines the brighter o'er the way!
lov - ing-kind - ness, For the sky is grow - ing brighter ev - 'ry day.
won-drous an-swers, And will make the path-way brighter ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.

It is bright-er..... ev-'ry day,..... It is bright-er.....
It is bright-er ev - 'ry day, yes, ev'ry day. It is bright-er

all the way, And the path-way on be - fore shines with
all the way, yes, all the way,

It Is Brighter Every Day.



No. 11. The Lord Has Been Good.

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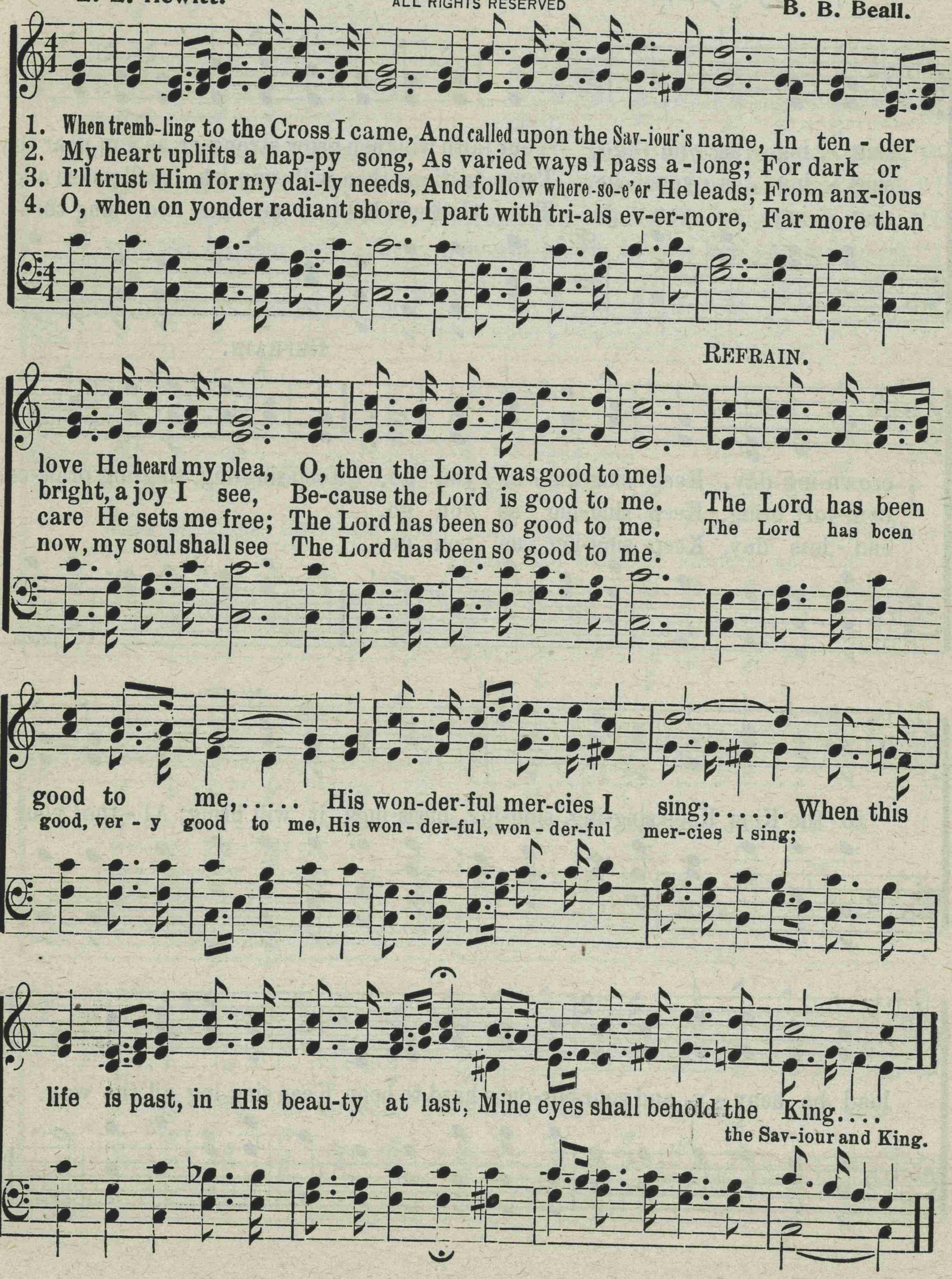


No. 12. Keep Singing As You Go.

W. A. W. W. A. WADDELL, OWNER, 1915. W. A. Waddell.

1. Dear broth-er, as you trav - el a - long life's wea - ry way, Keep
2. If you would be more hap-py in the ser - vice of the King, Keep
3. When you shall reach that ci-ty at the end - ing of the way, Keep

sing - ing as you go, Your faith will then grow strong-er as you near the
sing - ing as you go, Temp-ta-tions then will van-ish, 'twill peace and
sing - ing as you go, Then God will bid you en - ter to sing thro'

REFRAIN.

crown-ing day, Keep sing-ing as you go. Keep sing-ing, sing-ing prais-es
com-fort bring, Keep sing-ing as you go.
end - less day, Keep sing-ing as you go.

to the King, Keep sing-ing, sing-ing, bless-ings it will bring; Al - tho' your

load be heav - y and your bur-dens hard to bear, Keep sing-ing all the way.

No. 13. Lift Him Up.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1903. BY B. B. BEALL. **B. B. Beall.**

1. How to reach the mas-ses, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. Oh, the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sa-viour
3. Don't ex - alt the preacher, don't ex - alt the pew, Preach the gos - pel
4. Lift him up by liv - ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in

Je - sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will
up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, "I'll
simple, full and free, Prove Him and you will find that promise is true, "I'll
you the Saviour see, Then men will gladly fol-low him who once taught, "I'll

REFRAIN.

draw all men un - to me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
Lift the pre-cious Sav-iour up, Lift the
up..... Still He speaks from e - ter - ni - ty, "And I, if
pre-cious Sav - iour up,
I be lift - ed up from the earth, will draw all men un - to me."

No. 14.

Make Jesus Yours.

James Rowe.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918.

A. J. Showalter.

1. I've heard the plea . . . of love di - vine, . . . And I am
2. My heart has proved . . . that pleas-ure vain . . . In sor-row
3. The world will be . . . your friend as long . . . As for-tune
4. Give heed just now . . . to mer-cy's strains, . . "Get right with

1. I've heard the plea of love di-vine,

His, . . . and He is mine; . . . His voice has reached . . .
ends . . . and leaves a stain; . . . But pleas-ure which . . .
fills . . . your heart with song; . . . But Je - sus' love . . .
God" . . . while time re - mains: . . . His bound-less love . . .

And I am His, and He is mine; His voice has reached

my sin - ful breast, . . . And now with - in His love I rest.
my God pro - vides . . . Up - lifts my soul and there a - bides.
doth still re - main . . . . In sor - row, pov - er - ty, or pain.
sweet peace as - sures, ... O way-ward soul, make Je - sus yours.

my sin - ful breast,

REFRAIN.

Make Je - sus yours, . . . be friends to - day; . . . For-ev - er

Make Je - sus yours, be friends, be friends to-day;

leave . . . the down-ward way; . . . While mer-cy pleads, . . .

For - ev - er leave, O leave the downward way; While mercy pleads,

Make Jesus Yours.

While love im - plores, . . . O wayward soul, make Je - sus yours. . . . .
While love, while love implores, O way - ward soul, make Je - sus yours, O make Him yours.

No. 15. The Same Forever.

Lizzie DeArmond. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. God's love is the same for - ev - er, And ne'er will our sky grow dim,
2. God's love is the same for - ev - er, A foun-tain of match-less grace,
3. God's love is the same for - ev - er, A glo - ri - ous, end - less whole,

Nor clouds gather 'round our path - way, If on - ly we trust in Him.
That shines from the heart e - ter - nal, To bright-en the dark - est place.
A heav - en - ly spring of glad - ness, A - wak-ing to life the soul.

REFRAIN.

For-ev - er the same, O praise to His name! God's love is forever the same; By

night and by day, thro' life all the way, God's love is for-ev-er, for-ev-er the same.

No. 16. He'll Wipe All Tears Away.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. R. BAXTER, JR., FT. PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

1. As day by day I jour-ney, I'm wear-y oft and worn; But to my
2. Tho' man-y dis-ap-point-ments Around my path may fall, I'll call them
3. Look up, ye heav-y-heart-ed, Look up and trust your King; His dear ones

heart a message On wings of love is borne: It tells me there is coming A
"His appointments," For He is rul-ing all. He notes the smallest sparrow, He
are protected Beneath His shelt'ring wing. Tho' dark the clouds may gather, He'll

bright and hap-py day, When God, my heav'nly Father, Will wipe all tears a-way.
hears His children pray; And by and by, in mercy, He'll wipe all tears a-way.
send the sun's glad ray, And in His word He tells us He'll wipe all tears a-way.

REFRAIN.

He'll wipe all tears a-way, . . He'll wipe all tears a-way; . Our kind and
He will wipe all tears a-way, Yes, He will wipe all tears a-way;

lov-ing Father Will wipe all tears a-way: . He'll wipe all tears a-way, . He'll
Will wipe all tears a-way: He will wipe all tears a-way, Yes,

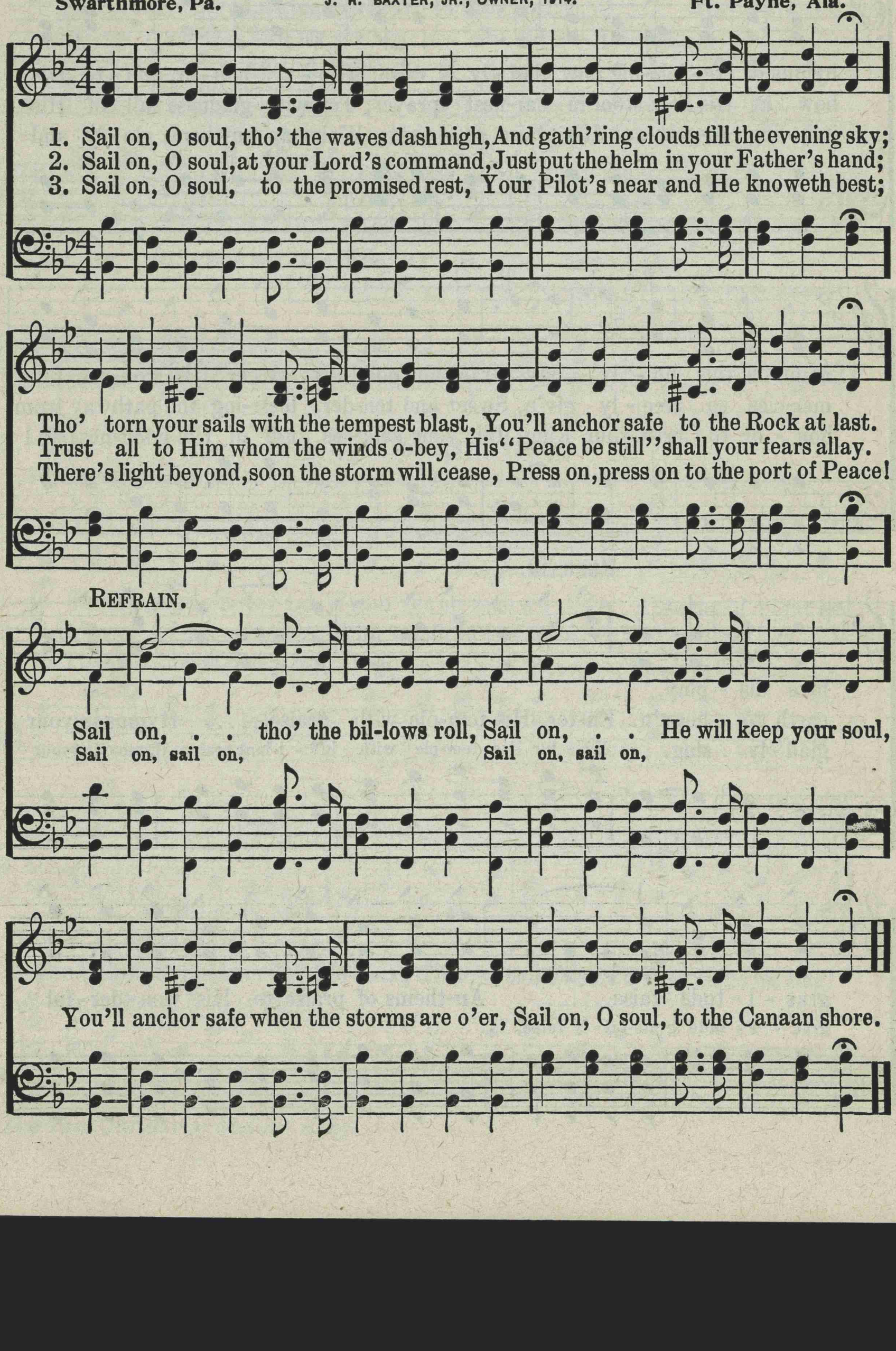
He'll Wipe All Tears Away.

No. 17. Sail On.

Lizzie DeArmond,
Swarthmore, Pa.

J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER, 1914.

J. R. Baxter, Jr.,
Ft. Payne, Ala.



No. 18. Lift Your Voices.

Birdie Bell. A J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. 1914. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Come, ye peo-ple, worship the Lord with a song of praise, Lift your voic-es,
2. Come, ye peo-ple, un-to His courts in your joy re - pair, Seek His tem-ple,
3. Come, ye peo-ple, en-ter His courts with thanksgiving sweet, Hearts and voic-es

hymns of re - joic-ing now glad - ly raise; Glo - ry, hon - or, un - to His
bow at His foot-stool in ear-nest prayer; Tell with gladness all of His
join - ing to-geth-er, His praise re - peat; Wake an an-them, glo - ry and

name on this ho - ly day, Grace and good-ness ev - er His won-der - ful
mer-cies so free - ly giv'n, Sweet and ten-der, bless-ing the pathway from
hon - or to Christ your King, Lift your voic - es, tell of His good-ness and

REFRAIN.

love dis - play.
earth to heav'n. En-ter His tem-ple with praise,..... Hymns in your
glad - ly sing. En - ter His tem-ple with jub - i-lant praise, Hymns in your

grat - i - tude raise,..... An-thems of praise to His won - der - ful
grat - i - tude grate-ful - ly raise,

Lift Your Voices.

name all His ten - der love pro - claim;..... Sing to the Lord and re-
for - ev - er pro-claim; Sing to the Lord and with
joice,..... Lift-ing the heart and the voice,..... Glo - ry and
glad-ness re - joice, Lift - ing the heart and the jub - i - lant voice,
hon - or to Je - sus the King, O re - joice and sing.....
and ev - er - more sing.

No. 19. We Worship Thee.

Francis R. Havergal. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. O Sav-ior, precious Sav-ior, Whom yet un-seen we love; O name of might and
2. O Bring-er of sal - va-tion, Who wondrously hast wro't, Thy-self the rev - e-
3. In Thee all fulness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di-vine; The glo - ry that ex-

D. S.—*We praise Thee and con-*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

fa - vor, All other names a-bove.
la-tion Of love beyond our tho't. We worship Thee, we bless Thee! To Thee alone we sing!
cell-eth, O Son of God, is Thine.

fess Thee, Our Savior and our King.

No. 20. Pressing On The Way.

James Rowe. J. L. HEATH, OWNER, 1915 J. L. Heath.

1. I am press-ing on the way, With a hap - py song to-day, For I'm
2. He will keep me free from sin, Till the glo - ry-crown I win, And I
3. In His love I now re-joice, Giv-ing praise with heart and voice, And will

go - ing to the home a - bove; I am marching in the light, Fully gird-ed
know that He my hand will hold; He will shield me in the strife, Ev'ry day and
trust Him till no more I roam; He will keep me at His side, Till I reach the

for the fight, And I'm sing-ing of re-deem-ing love. I am pressing
hour of life, Till I meet Him at the gates of gold.
portals wide, Where He'll sweet-ly whisper "Welcome Home." I am pressing on the way,

Refrain.

on the way, With a hap - py song to-
I am pressing on the way, With a hap - py, with a hap-py song to-

day; Ev - er sing- ing of the love of my precious Friend a-bove,
day, song to - day;

Pressing On the Way.

I am pressing (ev - er press-ing) on the way. (the heav - en - ly way.)

No. 21. He Is a Wonderful Friend.

James Rowe. H. J. TURNER, HALEYVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1915. H. J. Turner.

1. I'm go-ing a-long with my Sav-ior to-day, Ex - toll - ing His love ev-'ry
2. He tells me each day of the won-ders a-bove, And fills me with gladness and
3. In mansions of glo-ry some day we shall meet, And there I shall rest in His

step of the way, And nev-er from Jesus my soul cares to stray, For He is a
mar-vel-ous love, O safe is my soul 'neath the wings of the Dove, For He is a
presence so sweet, And all thro' the a - ges my prais-es re - peat, For He is a

D. S.-*For He is a*

Refrain.

FINE.

won-der - ful Friend. O He is a won-der-ful Friend, On Him all the
wonderful Friend, On Him all the

won-der - ful Friend.

D. S.

while I de-pend; His love is my song as I trav - el a - long,
while I de - pend, I de-pend;

No. 22. There's a Kingdom of Gladness and Glory.

Ada Powell.
Good as a Solo.

OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE. GA., 1915.

B. B. Beall.

1. There's a king-dom of glo-ry we'll en-ter some day, There'll be nev - er a
2. There's a king-dom of glo-ry, how sweet it will be When we know all its
3. There's a king-dom of glo-ry, and fair - er it seems, Than the gold-en bright

shad-ow to rest on the way; There'll be nev - er a heart-ache, and
joys, and its beau - ty we see; When we take on the like-ness of
fan-cies that tint - ed our dreams; When we en - ter that king-dom, the

nev - er a sigh, In the eyes of our loved ones no tears of good - by.
Him we a-dore, Thro' e - ter - ni-ty's years on that beau - ti - ful shore.
home of the blest, In the arms of the Sav - ior for - ev - er we'll rest.

REFRAIN.

There's a king - dom of glad-ness and glo - ry,..... For the
of glad-ness and glo - ry,

saved and redeemed by His blood;..... In this king-dom of gladness and
soul-cleansing blood;
of

There's a Kingdom of Gladness and Glory.

No. 23. Missionary Hymn.

OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA., 1915.
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Rev. W. C. Martin. B. B. Beall.

No. 24. Father of All.

The Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field.—Gen. 2: 4, 5.

G. E. L. Cotton. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY MRS. LAVINIA WRIGHT.

Cho. arr. by J. M. W. BY PER. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. We thank Thee, Lord..... for this fair earth..... The glitt'ring
2. Thine are the flow'rs..... that clothe the ground,..... The trees that
3. Yet teach us still..... how far more fair,..... More glorious

1. We thank Thee. Lord for this fair earth

sky,..... the sil-ver sea;..... For all their beau - -
wave.... their arms a - bove,..... The hills that gird.....
Fa - ther, in Thy sight,..... Is one pure deed,.....

the glitt'ring sky, the sil-ver sea: For all their beau-

ty, all their worth,..... Their light and glo - ry come from Thee.
our dwellings round,..... As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
one ho-ly pray'r,..... One heart that owns Thy Spir-it's might.

ty, all their worth,

REFRAIN.

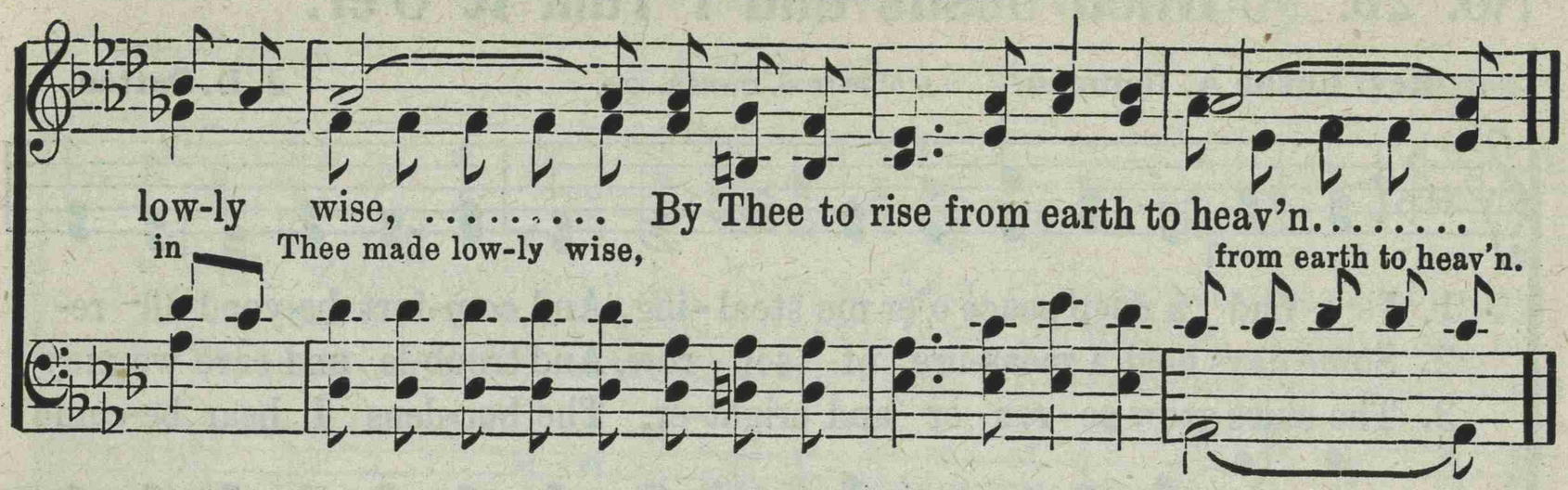
O while we gaze..... with thought-ful eyes..... On all the

O while we gaze. we gaze with thoughtful eyes

gifts..... Thy love has giv'n,..... Help us in Thee..... made

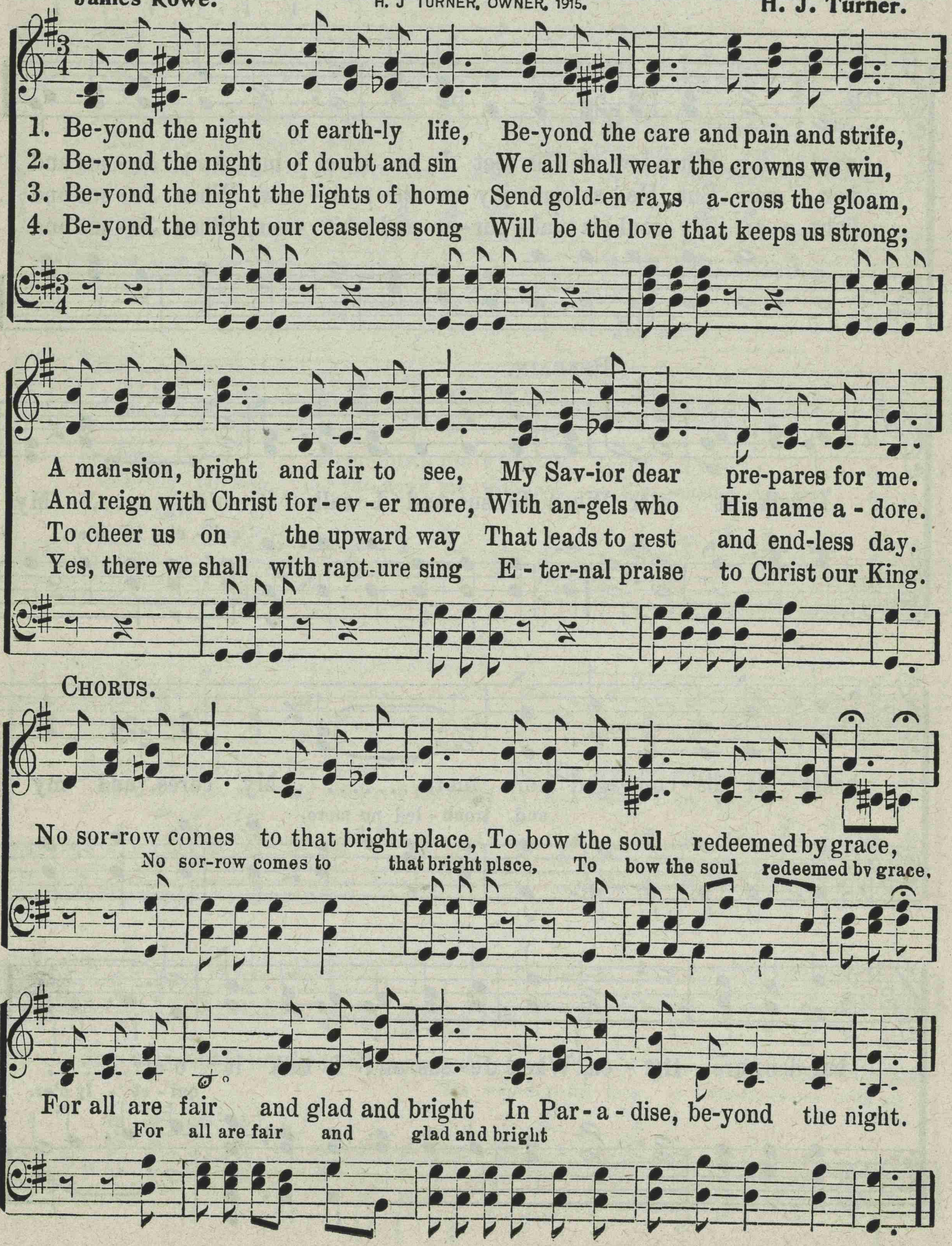
On all the gifts, the gifts Thy love has giv'n, Help us in Thee,

Father of All.



No. 25. Beyond the Night.

James Rowe. H. J TURNER, OWNER, 1915. H. J. Turner.



CHORUS.

No. 26. When Jesus and I Talk It O'er.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. PATTON, OWNER. 1914. J. D. Patton.

1. I find a deep peace o'er me steal - ing, And com-fort be-yond all re-
2. Some days hold a meas-ure of sor - row, And troub-le and care we may
3. The skies grow se - ren - er and bright-er, The bur-dens I bear be-come

veal - ing, When low at His feet I am kneel - ing And Je - sus and
bor - row, But He as-sures joy on the mor - row, When Je - sus and
light - er, My soul is made pur - er and whit - er, When Je - sus and

REFRAIN.

I talk it o'er. When Je - sus and I talk it o'er,..... My
qui - et - ly o'er,

heart is dis - cour-aged no more,..... My cares and my
and troub - led no more,

bur-dens are lift - ed, When Je - sus and I talk it o'er.....
qui - et - ly o'er.

No. 27. His Love Overflows Me With Joy.

James Rowe. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1914. W. T. Taylor.

1. I'm always so hap-py in Jesus my King, From morning till night happy
2. No bur-den can bend me while Jesus is near, No tempest a-larm me, no
3. Some day, over there in that heavenly place, With loved ones and friends, in the

prais-es I sing, For all the way home to His pres-ence I cling; His
foe give me fear; For if I but whis-per, my voice He will hear, His
light of His face, His praise I shall sing, by His mar-vel-ous grace; His

REFRAIN.

love . . . o-ver-flows me with joy. His love . . . o-ver-
won-der-ful love o-ver-flows me with joy. His won-der-ful love o-ver-

flows me with joy, My heart . . in His praise I em-ploy; To Him I am
flows me with joy, My voice and my heart in His praise I em-ploy;

sing-ing, with heart-bells all ringing, His love . . o-ver-flows me with joy.
His won-der-ful love o-ver-flows me with joy.

No. 28. Christ Has Come to Me.

Lizzie DeArmond. J. P. DENTON, FORT PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1915. **J. P. Denton.**

1. I was wea - ry with the bur-den Of my mis - er - y and sin,
2. O, the con-scious-ness of e - vil Like the black-ness of the night,
3. Bowed in sor-row and con - tri - tion, As I called up - on His name,

I had wounded Him who loved me, Who could give me peace with - in;
Fold-ing in my guil - ty spir - it From the heav'nly life and light;
Through the shadows dim and drear - y Swift a ho - ly pres-ence came;

Well I knew his gen - tle pa-tience, But no par-don could there be,
Then my stub-born heart was bro - ken When I thought of Calv'ry's tree,
I could feel His touch of heal - ing, From my sins He set me free;

For the stub-born pride that grieved Him, When the Christ had come to me.
And the love that I re - ject - ed, When the Christ had come to me.
Life was glo - ri - fied for - ev - er, When the Christ had come to me.

Refrain.

Je-sus Christ has come to me, Come to me, yes e - ven me,
Je sus Christ . . . has come to me, ... Come to me, . . . yes, e - ven me, . . .

Christ Has Come to Me.

No. 29. Souls Will Be Satisfied There.

James Rowe. J. P. DENTON, FORT PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1915. J. P. Denton.

No. 30. Word of God Divinely Sweet.

Lizzie DeArmond.

M. H. ELY, OWNER, 1914.

M. H. Ely.

1. O word of God..... di - vine - ly sweet, (di - vine - ly sweet)
2. Lord grant us grace ..... to un - der - stand (to un - der-stand)
3. O Word of God..... di - vine - ly sweet, (di - vine - ly sweet)

Our Guide a - long life's way, (a - long life's way,) Each hal-lowed
Thy pre-cepts good and wise, (so good and wise,) And may each
Where precious truths are stored, (for us are stored,) Whose ho - ly

FINE.

page..... doth light unfold, (doth light unfold,) That turns our night to day.
prom - ise Thou hast giv'n (that Thou hast giv'n) Be sa - cred in our eyes.
thoughts.... our souls renew, (our souls renew,) And heav'n-ly peace af - ford.

D.S.—*God (O word of God) divinely sweet, (divinely sweet,) That tells a Sav-ior's love.*

REFRAIN.

O bless-ed Word,..... O ho - ly Word,..... Our Guide to
O bless-ed Word, O ho - ly Word,

heav'n,..... to heav'n a - bove;..... O Word of
Our Guide to heav'n, to heav'n a - bove; to heav'n a - bove;

D. S.

No. 31. My Mission On Earth.

K. C. R. K. C. ROBINSON. BESSEMER, ALA., OWNER, 1914. K. C. Robinson.

1. My mis-sion on earth is to tell of His love, To car-ry the mes-sage that came from a-bove, To help wea-ry broth-ers their burdens to bear, And point those in sorrow to glo-ry up there.
2. My mis-sion down here is to car-ry His word, On plains and on val-leys to let it be heard; I tell of His mer-cy, I sing of His grace, That many may know of that heav-en-ly place. My mis-sion is
3. My mis-sion while here is to grow and be strong To spread the glad ti-dings to old and to young; And when I have end-ed my mis-sion of love A home will be mine in the cit-y a-bove. My mis-sion on earth is to

REFRAIN.

love,..... And sweet-ly of Je-sus to sing;..... My mis-sion is love,..... To tell of my Sav-ior and King...

tell of His love, to sing; My mis-sion on earth is to tell of His love, my King.

No. 32.

Crossing the Bar.

Alfred Tennyson.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And

may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea.

2. But such a tide as moving seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home.

3. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, Aft - er that the dark! And

Crossing the Bar.

may there be no sad-ness of fare-well When I em - bark.

4. For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I

rit. .....

hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crossed the bar. A-MEN.

No. 33. Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring-Gould. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may we 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.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

No. 34.

Heaven Is Ever Nearer.

James Rowe.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Home-bells are ring-ing O - ver land, o - ver sea, Hope and peace and courage
2. An - gels are yonder, Pure and bright, free from care; Life is sweeter, hearts are
3. Dark-ness shall vanish, Morn shall come with a smile; Rapture all thy ills shall

bring-ing, Pil-grim, to thee. Troub-le and sor-row, pain and strife will be gone,-
fond - er, Just o - ver there. There not a bur-den Thou shalt bear, nev-er roam;
ban - ish Aft - er a while. Waiting to meet thee Are the friends who have gone,-

REFRAIN.

Heav - en may be thine to-mor-row: On, pilgrim, on. On - - ward, pilgrim,
There thy soul shall find its guerdon: Home, pilgrim, home.
There the Lamb of God shall greet thee: On, pilgrim, on.

Onward, pilgrim, onward,

on - - ward, Soon..... will dawn the day;
Onward, pilgrim, on-ward, Soon will dawn the day, Soon will dawn the day;

Home..... is ev-er near - er: Trusting Jesus, watch and pray.
Home is ev-er near-er: Home is ev-er near-er:

No. 35. Safe With My Friend.

James Rowe. Max C. Nabors.

1. I am safe with the Friend who has rescued my soul, And now is bending
2. He has prom-ised to guide me to heav-en, my home, And I will trust Him
3. By and by I shall see Him where an-gels a-bide, On heaven's fair and

close a-bove; He will keep me, I know, when the trouble waves roll; I am
all the while; And am sure that no e - vil will cause me to roam From the
hap-py shore, And, with those who have safely crossed o-ver the tide, I shall

REFRAIN.

safe in His glo-ri-ous love....
light of His wonderful smile...
sing of His love more and more.

Safe in His love, heav-en-ly love,
Safe . . . . . in His love,

Close to the Dove, Heav-en - ly Dove, I am hap-py to-day as I
Close . . . . . to the Dove, ...

go on my way, For I'm safe..... in His glo - ri - ous love.
Safe in His love.

No. 36. Love Clears the Way.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Still march a - long, re - joic - ing throng, Be tri - als what they may;
2. Let foes as - sail, they all shall fail To turn our souls from Him,
3. The gates of light will greet our sight, Some morn-ing, by and by;
4. We soon shall stand a - mid the grand Tri - um-phant throng a - bove,

The love of Je - sus keeps us strong, And clears the home - ward way.
Whose love now helps us to pre - vail, Whose light is nev - er dim.
And we shall see the an - gels bright, And "man-sions in the sky."
And let our voi - ces glad ex - pand In praise of Je - sus' love.

REFRAIN.

Love clears the way (this great high-way) That lead-eth home, (that lead - eth home,)
Love clears this great high-way That lead - eth to our home,

And shines as day..... Be - yond the tomb;.... .....
As bright noon-day, Be - yond the tomb;

Ex - tol His name (His ho - ly name) Still more each day, (each pass - ing day,)
Ex - tol His ho - ly name Still more each pass - ing day,

Love Clears the Way.

No. 37. Sheltered in Thee.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.

No. 38.

Go Ye Forth.

Mabel J. Rosemon.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

H. M. Eagle.

1. Go ye forth in - to the har - vest field, Oh, heed the stir-ring call;
2. Be ye not of those who i - dly stand, Thy la - bor nev - er shirk;
3. When the gold-en sheaves are gathered in, And sinks to rest the sun;

Ere the world its har - vest rich will yield, The Lord must use us all.
Toil - ing on with will - ing heart and hand In this most ho - ly work.
Oh what joy is ours if we shall win Those bless-ed words "well done."

REFRAIN.

Go ye forth in - to the har-vest field, Rich reward of gold-en sheaves 'twill yield,
Go ye to the har - vest field, A rich re-ward 'twill sure - ly yield

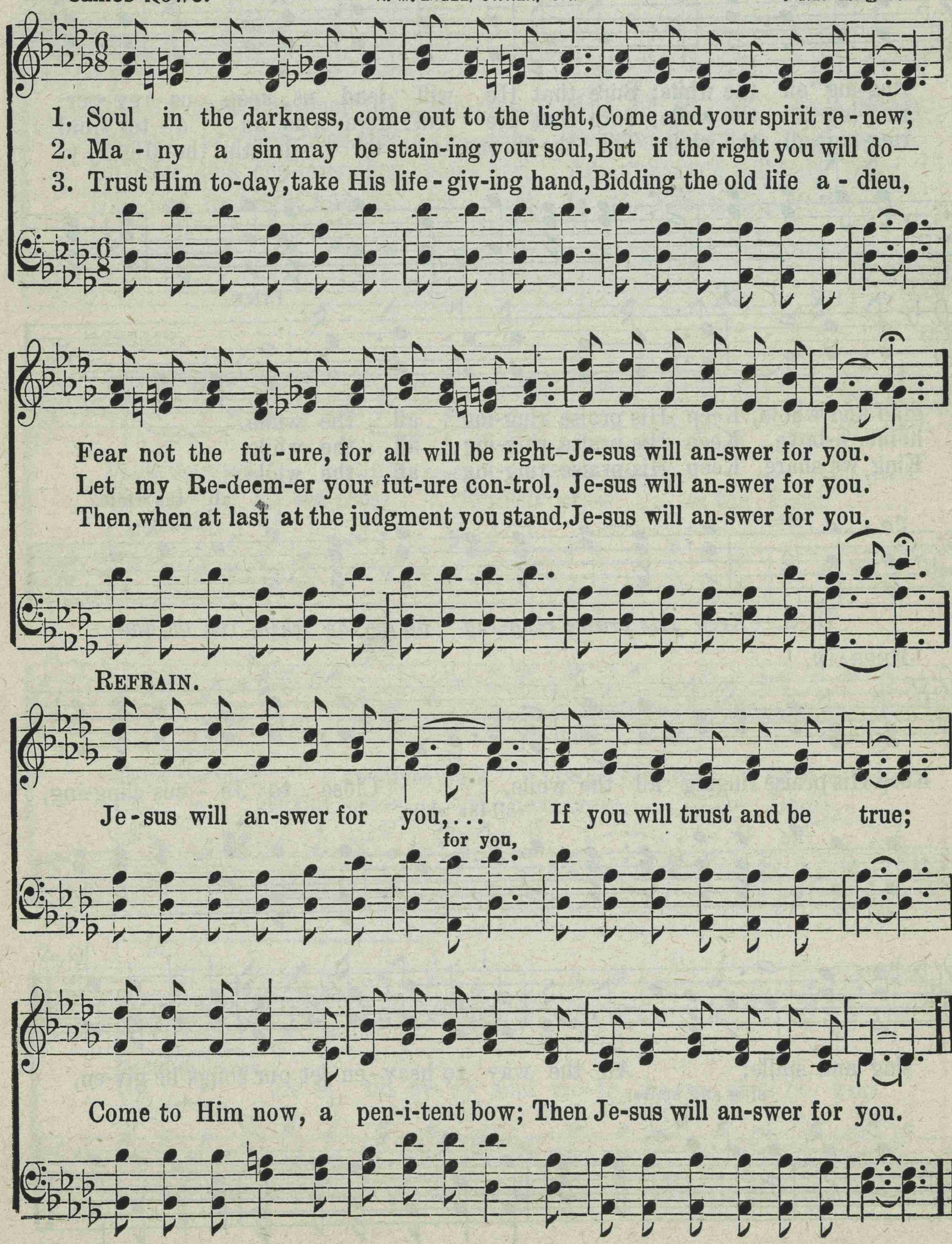
But the Lord needs willing hearts and true, And the Lord hath need of you;
me and you;

Work in ear - ly morn or heat of noon, For the harvest pass-es all too soon,
Go forth to work at morn and noon, The

Go Ye Forth.

No. 39. Jesus Will Answer for You.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, OWNER, 1914. H. M. Eagle.



No. 40. Keep His Praise Ringing.

James Rowe.

G. W. LOFTIS, OWNER, 1915.

G. W. Loftis.

1. As we trav - el on-ward with the Sav - ior of the soul, Keep His praise
2. He has paid our ran-som and will keep us by His love, Keep His praise
3. Till with all the an - gels we in-crease His glo - ry there, Keep His praise

ring-ing all the while; Sure that He will lead us, keep us ev - er
ring-ing all the while; Sure that He will give us an e - ter - nal
ring-ing all the while; Till the throne e - ter - nal with the Might - y

glad and whole, Keep His praise ring-ing all the while.
home a-bove, Keep His praise ring-ing all the while.
King we share, Keep His praise ring-ing all the while.

all the while.

D. S.—*Keep His praise ring-ing all the while.* (*all the while.*)

REFRAIN.

Keep His praise ringing all the while, Close to Je - sus cling-ing,

all the while,

sing and smile; All the way to heav - en let our songs be giv-en,

sing and smile;

No. 41 Uplift the Cross.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Up-lift the ban-ner of Je - sus, Hold forth the cross of the Lord;
2. You need no weap-on of war - fare, On - ly the cross of our Lord;
3. Up-lift the cross of our Sav - ior, This the command of our King;
4. In the Lord's cross there is pow - er, O - ver all e - vil and sin;

Till He shall con-quer all peo-ples, And be by all a - dored.
This will ac - com-plish God's pur - pose Bet - ter than flam - ing sword.
Un - der this con-quer - ing ban - ner, All of earth's mill-ions bring.
Un - der its bright folds go for - ward, In the Lord's strength to win.

REFRAIN.

Up-lift the cross, up-lift the cross, Till it shall wave o - ver the world;
Up - lift the cross,.... the dear cross.... of the Lord;.....

1

Up-lift the cross, up-lift the cross, On ev-'ry breeze be it un-furled;
Up - lift the cross.... the dear cross,... of our Lord;....

2

Up-lift the cross,
Up - lift it till ev-'ry soul un - to Je-sus shall be won.

No. 42 Gently Lead Me.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

H. M. Eagle.

1. Gen - tly lead me, lest I stray, (lest I stray,)
2. Lead me when the way is steep, (way is steep,)
3. When the evening shad-ows fall, (shadows fall,)
4. When I see death's shad-ow pale, (shad-ow pale.)

O my Sav-iour, day by day; (day by day;) Safe - ly lead till life is past, (all is past.) Till I reach Thy
Thro' the torrent wild and deep; (wild and deep;) Guide me to the wa-ters still, (wa-ters still.) Trust-ing Thee, I
Let me hear Thee sweet-ly call; (sweetly call;) Night or day I know Thy voice, (know Thy voice,) And I fol - low
Lead me, Saviour, thro' the vale, (thro' the vale,) Till Thy glo-ry I be-hold, (I be-hold.) When I reach the

REFRAIN.

fold at last. (fold at last.)
fear no ill. (fear no ill.)
and re-joice. (and re-joice.)
heav'nly fold. (heav'nly fold.)

Lead.... me, O my Sav - - iour,
Lead and guide me, O my Sav-iour, bless-ed Saviour,

Lead..... me gen-tly on;
Lead, O lead me gen - tly on, gen - tly on;

Lead.... me, O my
Lead me, guide me, O my

Shep - - herd, Lead me till the day is gone.
Shepherd, lead and guide me the day is gone.

No. 43. Christ Our Burden-Bearer.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1915. J. D. Patton.

1. Je - sus is a Friend e - ter - nal, Keep-ing all the path-way fair;
2. Thro' the mid-night of our sor - row He will be our con-stant Friend;
3. At the dawning of the morn-ing, Gathered at His feet a - bove,

Till we reach the land su - per - nal Ev - 'ry tri - al He will share.
Cheer and com-fort we may bor - row Till we reach the journey's end.
With His glo - ry us a - dorn - ing, How we all shall praise His love!

REFRAIN.

He's the Help - - - er of the soul, ... Praise Him
Help - er, pre - cious Help - er, lov - ing Help - er of the soul,
while . . . the a - ges roll; . . He's the Burden-bear-er true, help-ing
Praise Him while unnumbered a-ges, a - ges roll;
me and helping you; He's the precious Burden-bear-er of the soul. . . .
the wear-y soul.

No. 44. The Call to Battle.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. T. B. Mosley.

1. O hear the call to bat - tle ring-ing; Ye Christian soldiers, fall in line,
2. The lov-ing Je - sus will up-hold us, De-fend and shield us ev - er - more;

For man-y foes, a-round us springing, De-fy the mighty King di - vine.
His love and mer - cy will en - fold us, Un-til this earthly strife is o'er.

Put on the ar-mor of sal - va-tion And speed a - way, with cour-age strong,
So, giv-ing out the grand old sto - ry To all who do not know His love,

To fight for God and home and nation, For right must tri-umph o - ver wrong.
Press on and on to end-less glo - ry With Christ the King of kings a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Renew the fight and keep it ra-ging, Be true to God's e - ter-nal Son, (dear Son,)
O re - new the righteous fight, Still be true to God's dear Son,

The Call to Battle.

With courage strong His foes engaging, Till all the world for Him be won. (be won.)
Keep on fight-ing for the right, Till the race for Him be won.

Renew the fight, the war-cry rais-ing, And keep the flag of truth un-furled,

Till ev-'ry na-tion shall be prais-ing The mighty Sav-iour of the world.

No. 45. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Henry W. Baker. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.

1. The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev-er; I
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth, And
3. Per-verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And
4. And so thro' all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er; Good

noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er.
where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
on His shoulder gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, bro't me.
Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for-ev-er. A-MEN.

No. 46. Sweet Reunion By and By.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1914. T. B. Mosley.

1. In this world of man - y chang - es shad - ows fall; (shad - ows fall;)
2. Je - sus Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, con-quered death; (conquered death;)
3. Tears are fall - ing, hearts are break-ing ev - 'ry day, (ev - 'ry day,)
4. Lift your eyes, ye sad and wear - y, look a - bove; (look a - bove;)

Pain and sick - ness, death and sor - row, come to all; (come to all;)
In His word, to those who love Him, thus He saith; (thus He saith;)
But the rain - bow of His prom - ise lights the way; (lights the way;)
Let your lips re - peat the sto - ry of His love; (of His love;)

But there is a home that's changeless, bright and fair, (bright and fair,)
"I a place for you, My cho - sen, will pre-pare;" (will pre-pare;")
All the lone - li - ness and an - guish we can bear, (we can bear,)
Let your fa - ces smiles of glad - ness sweet - ly wear, (sweet-ly wear,)

We shall meet our saint - ed loved ones o - ver there. (o - ver there.)
Yes, we'll meet our saint - ed loved ones o - ver there. (o - ver there.)
For we'll meet our saint - ed loved ones o - ver there. (o - ver there.)
For we'll meet our saint - ed loved ones o - ver there. (o - ver there.)

REFRAIN.

Pre-cious ones . . . are safe-ly gath-ered In a home of light and
Pre - cious ones are gath-ered, safe-ly gath-ered,

Sweet Reunion By and By.

No. 47. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master
3. A noble band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came, Twelve valiant saints, their
4. A no-ble ar - my, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Savior's

streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with pardon on his tongue In
hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The
throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed; They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n, Thro'

um-phant o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in His train.
midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
lion's gory main; They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train?
per - il, toil, and pain, O God, to us may grace be giv'n To follow in th ir train.

No. 48 Press On, Ye Legions of the King.

James Rowe.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Press on, ye le - gions of the King of kings, And read - y be to dare and do, For in the sky the call to bat - tle rings, Press on,
2. Tho' much is won, there still is much to win; His love is still to some un-known; Still fierce - ly fight the might - y hordes of sin, To
3. Spread far the light, make known the message sweet, And keep the flag of truth un - furled, Till ev - 'ry race shall sing, and stars re - peat: "His

REFRAIN.

on with cour - age true. Press on, for souls in bond-age need you, Pro - claim the love of Him who freed you; Press on,
keep Him from His own."
love hath won the world."

Press on, press bold - ly on, for souls in bond-age need you, Pro - claim, as on you go, the love of Him who freed you; Press on, press brave - ly on, the Might - y One will

Press On, Ye Legions of the King.

lead you To vic - - to - ry.
Might - y One will lead you To vic - to - ry, yes, He will lead to vic - to - ry.
vic - to - ry.

No. 49. Jesus Can Satisfy.

W. C. Martin. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. All earth - ly springs will soon be dry, Who drinks but there will sure-ly die,
2. Up - on the Bread of life I feed, And this is all my soul can need;
3. In grief I sit at Je - sus' feet, And He pro-vides me com-fort sweet;
4. In win-ter's cold or summer's heat, My Saviour's bleesings are com-plete;

And earth-ly joys will soon de - part; Just Christ can sat - is - fy the heart.
He feeds me with a plenteous hand And makes this world a promised land.
He soft - ly whis-pers to my soul And makes my wounded spir - it whole.
Let pleas-ure come or joys de - part, He al - ways sat - is - fies the heart.

REFRAIN.

There's One a - lone can sat - is - fy, One Foun-tain that is nev - er dry,
One ho - ly joy that can - not die,—'T is Je - sus that can sat - is - fy.

No. 50. Take the World for Jesus.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1914. J. D. Patton.

FULL CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

1. Press a - long, ye legions, with the standard unfurled, In the gold - en
2. Ev - 'ry shore and o-cean, ev - 'ry na - tion and race, Let us take for

D. C.–*Press a - long, ye le-gions, With the standard unfurled, In the gold - en*

light of love: Let us fol - low, fighting, till we con-quer the world, For the
Christ our King: Let us tell the sto - ry of His won-der - ful grace, Till the

light of love: Let us fol - low, fighting, till we con-quer the world, For our

FINE. *Andantino.*

glo - ri - ous Sav-iour a - bove. He has free - ly died to give us lib-er - ty
world hap-py prais-es shall sing. He will lead us thro' the wil-der-ness of sin

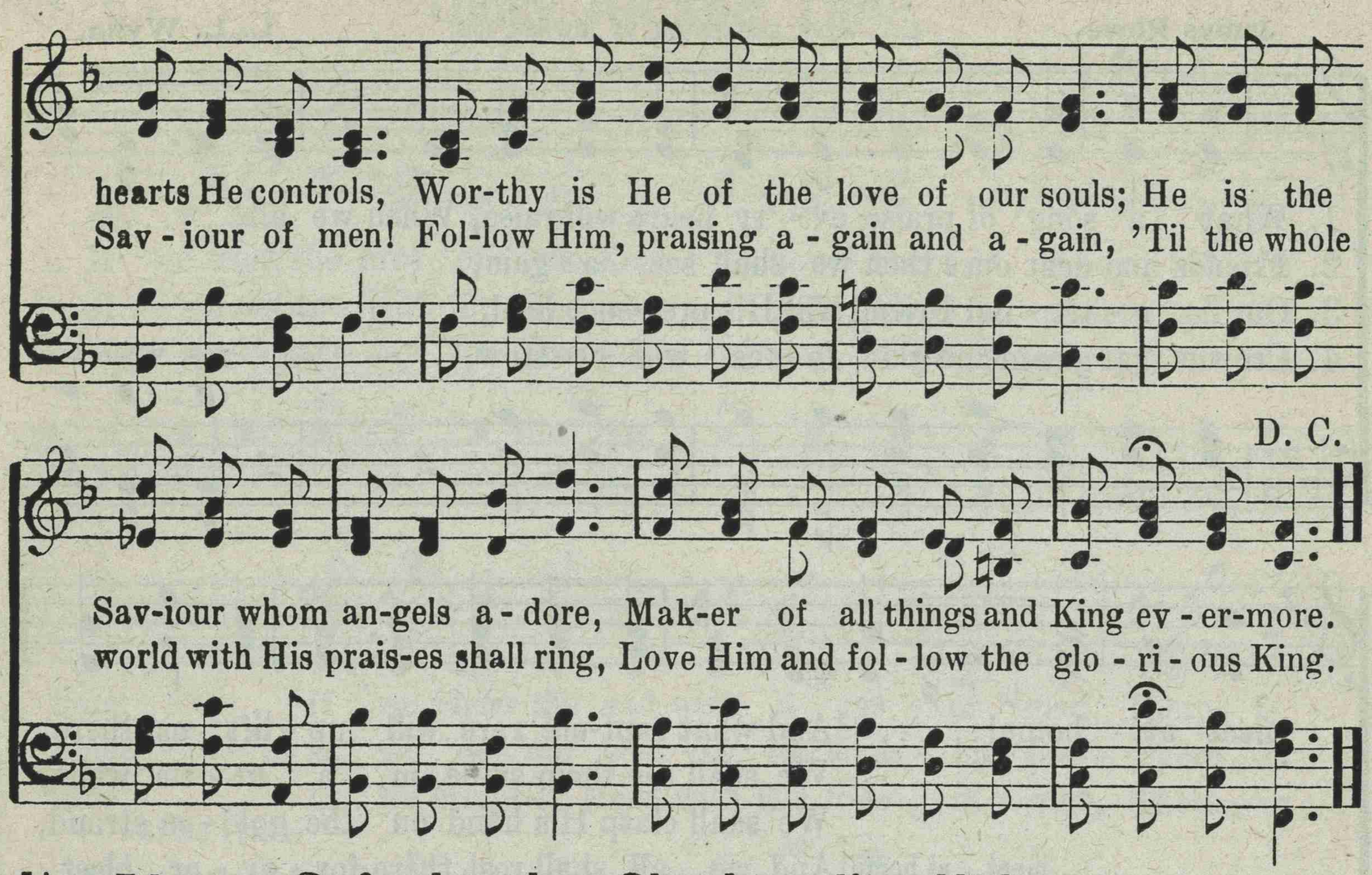
glo - ri - ous Saviour a - bove.

From the chains of sin and death! On the cross of shame He hung for you and
By the touch of His dear hand; And at last with Him we all shall en-ter

SEMI-CHORUS.

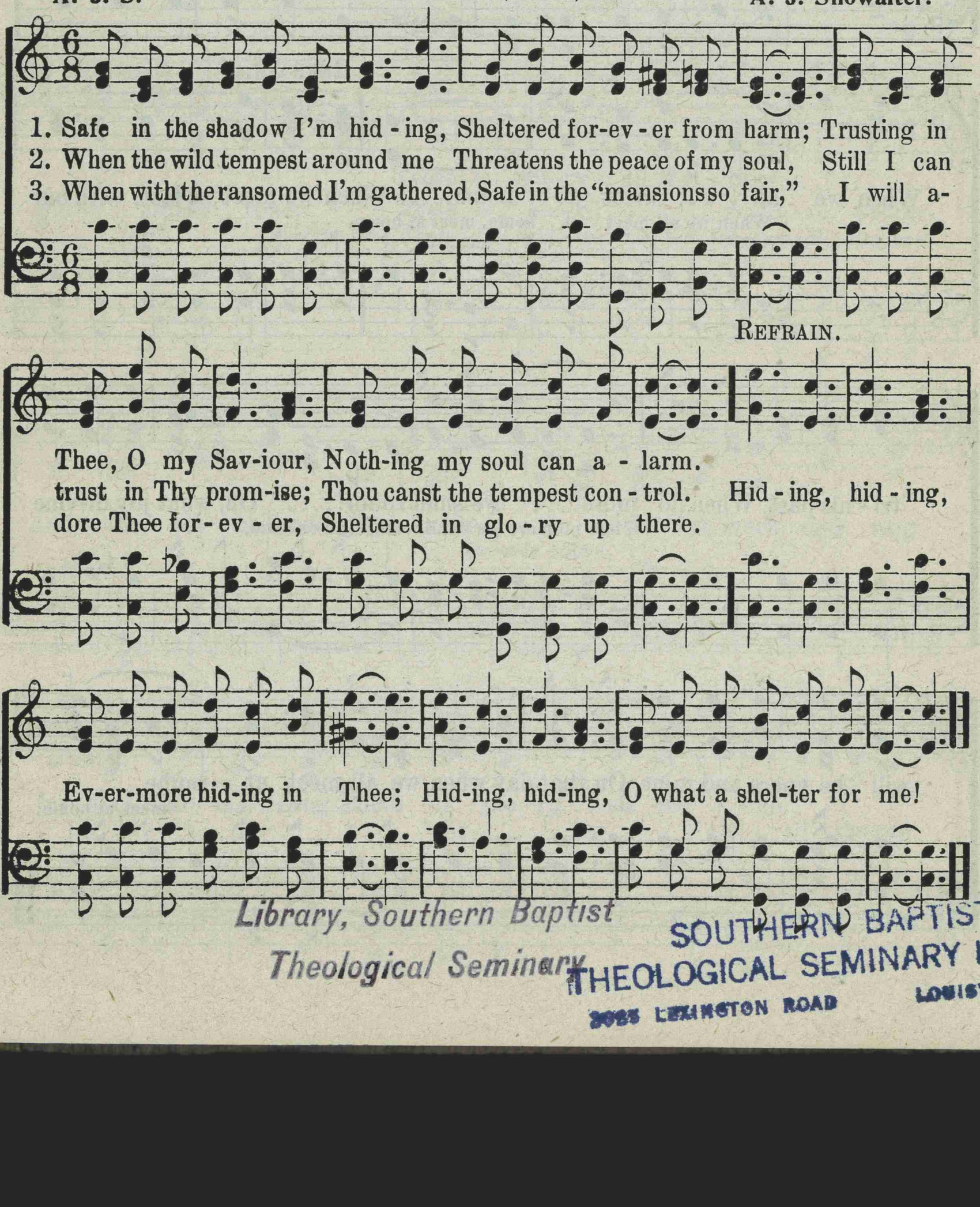
me, Plead-ed then with His fast - dy - ing breath. Worthy is He of the
in Thro' the gate of the heav-en - ly land. He is the mar-vel-ous

Take the World for Jesus.



No. 51. Safe In the Shadow I'm Hiding.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.



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No. 52. When We All Meet At Home.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, EGGLESTON, VA , OWNER, 1915. L. L. Wynn.

1. What a song of praise ev - 'ry heart will raise, When we all.....
2. Friends and dear ones then we shall see a - gain,
3. Our e - ter - nal Friend will His pres-ence lend,
4. Crowns that gleam and glow Je - sus will be - stow, yes, when we

meet at home!..... And what rapt-ure rare will up - lift us there,
We shall see them smile in a lit - tle while,
We shall clasp His hand on the gold - en strand,
meet at home! And we all shall rest there for - ev - er blest,

REFRAIN.

When we all..... meet at home..... When we meet at last, with our
When we all meet at home, meet at home.

tri - als past, When no more.... we shall roam!.... Oh, what joy di-vine
When no more we shall roam, sigh or roam,

will be yours and mine, On that day when we all meet at home.....
meet at home.

No. 53. Glory All the Time.

James Rowe. J. C LAWSON, OWNER, 1915. J. C. Lawson.

1. If we trust the love of the King a - bove, There is glo-ry all the time;
2. If we spread the light in the vales of night, There is glo-ry all the time;
3. If we spend each day for the glo - ry way, There is glo-ry all the time;

If we cheer the sad with a car - ol glad, There is glo-ry all the time;
If we do our best for the souls op - prest, There is glo-ry all the time;
If we bright-ly shine with His love di - vine, There is glo-ry all the time;

REFRAIN.

There is glo-ry all the time,.....
glo-ry all the time. There is glo - ry, glo - ry all the time,
all the time. There is glo - ry all the time, yes, all the time,

And the joy - bells sweet-ly chime,..... If we work and sing
sweet-ly chime,
glo - ry,

for our lov - ing King There is glo - ry all the time.
all the time.

No. 54.

I Know He Will.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. T. B. Mosley.

1. I know my Sav-ior dear will keep me Un - til I meet Him on that day,
2. To save my soul He came from heaven, And wore the thorns up - on His brow;
3. I know that I could meet no oth - er Whose love could do so much for me,

When storms of life no more shall sweep me, And shadows will have passed a - way.
His pre-cious life for me was giv - en, And sure-ly I can trust Him now!
For He is clo - ser than a moth-er—My hope, my joy, my life is He!

I know that He will nev - er leave me, Un - til the gates of gold I view;
He gives me com-fort for my sor - row, And tells me of my home a - bove;
When I am safe be-yond the riv - er, With Him in yon - der hap - py place,

I know that He will nev - er grieve me, Be-cause my love for Him is true.
And so, un - til we meet to - mor-row, I'll rest up - on His arms of love.
I'll praise His ho - ly name for - ev - er, With all the sin-ners saved by grace.

REFRAIN.

O, He will keep me, I know He will, ... And dai - ly
He will sure-ly keep me, O, I know He will,
He will keep me, Yes, He will,

I Know He Will.

give me bless-ings new; . . . So I will love Him thro' good or
dai - ly give me man - y bless-ings new; So I'll love and trust Him
bless - ings new; So I'll love thro'

ill, ... Because His love for me is true. (is sweet and true.)
thro' both good and ill, For His love is true.
good and ill,

No. 55. We Praise Thy Name.

A. J. Showalter. A. J. SHOWALTER AND T. B. MOSLEY, OWNERS, 1914. T. B. Mosley.

1. We praise Thy name, O Thou Mak - er of all, Thou who dost
2. Thy Son, our Sav - ior, is wor - thy all praise; He is our
3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it we now would a - dore, For by His

reign o - ver land and sea; Thy pow'r al-might - y up-
Proph - et, our Priest, our King: Make us like Him in our
pow'r we are bro't to Thee; O may He guide us to

holds lest we fall, And we a - dore Thy great Maj - es - ty.
works and our ways,— To His great name we this trib - ute bring.
truth ev - er - more Till safe in glo - ry Thy face we see.

No. 56. The Harvest Master's Call.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. J. D. Patton.

1. Reap-ers, list, the Harvest Mas-ter calls for you, Fields are white and waiting,
2. O - ver shore and o-cean rings the clear call still From the Harvest Master,
3. Hast-en for the precious moments speed a-way, Soon the night of death will

there is work to do; Shall He call in vain? Won't you reap the grain? This is
let us do His will; See, the fields are white, in the golden light! Haste a-
end life's lit - tle day; La - bor for the King, sheaves to Him to bring, Show your

work for faithful souls to do. While the sun is shin-ing in the cloud-less
way, your promise to ful - fill. Let us all remember how He bled and
love for Je-sus while you may. He will la-bor with us, that we may not

sky, Lest the gloomy shadows gather far and nigh; Reapers, reapers,
died, What He bore so free-ly, all our past to hide! Reapers, reapers,
roam, Give us cheer and comfort in the evening gloam; Reapers, reapers,

REFRAIN.

May the Master now on us re - ly?
Shall the help He needs now be denied? Reap-ers, get read-y, heed the call,
Let us have some sheaves to car-ry home.

The Harvest Master's Call.

Answer the Master, one and all; Let us speed away, Work for Christ to-day, Linger not till gloomy shadows fall; No one will la - bor there in vain, All that are true the crown will gain; Reapers! reapers! Let us gath-er in the gold-en grain.

No. 57. Hosanna to the Living God.

Bp. R. Heber. Johann Sebastian Bach.

1. Ho - san-na to the Liv-ing Lord! Ho - san-na to th'Incarnate Word! To Christ, Cre-
2. "Ho-san-na," Lord, Thine an-gels cry; "Ho - san-na" Lord, Thy saints reply; A-bove, be-
3. O Sav-iour, with pro-tect-ing care Re-turn to this Thy house of pray'r, As-sem-bled
4. But chiefest, in our cleansed breast, E - ter-nal, bid Thy Spir-it rest; And make our
5. So, in that last and dread-ful day, When earth and heav'n shall melt away, Thy flock, re-

a-tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let Heav'n, ho-san-na sing: Ho-san-na in the high - est.
neath us, and around, The dead and living swell the sound: Ho-san-na in the high - est.
in Thy sa-cred home, Where we Thy parting promise claim: Ho-san-na in the high - est.
se - cret soul to be A tem-ple, pure, and wor-thy Thee: Ho-san-na in the high - est.
deem'd from sin-ful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise a-gain: Ho-san-na in the high - est.

No. 58. Christ Upholds Me.

James Rowe. D. A. CAMP, OWNER, 1915. D. A. Camp.

1. I'm hold-ing fast to Christ my friend, And thus shall cling till tri-als end;
2. He holds my hand and leads me straight To Heav-en and His pal-ace gate,
3. On that fair shore I soon shall rest With Him, who all my days has blessed;

He will not let me go a - stray, For He up - holds me all the way.
Where I shall see Him in the throng Of saints who sing an end - less song.
And there my soul shall serve, and sing The prais-es of my friend and King.

REFRAIN.

Yes, all the way, by night and day,
Yes, all the way . . . by night and day, ...

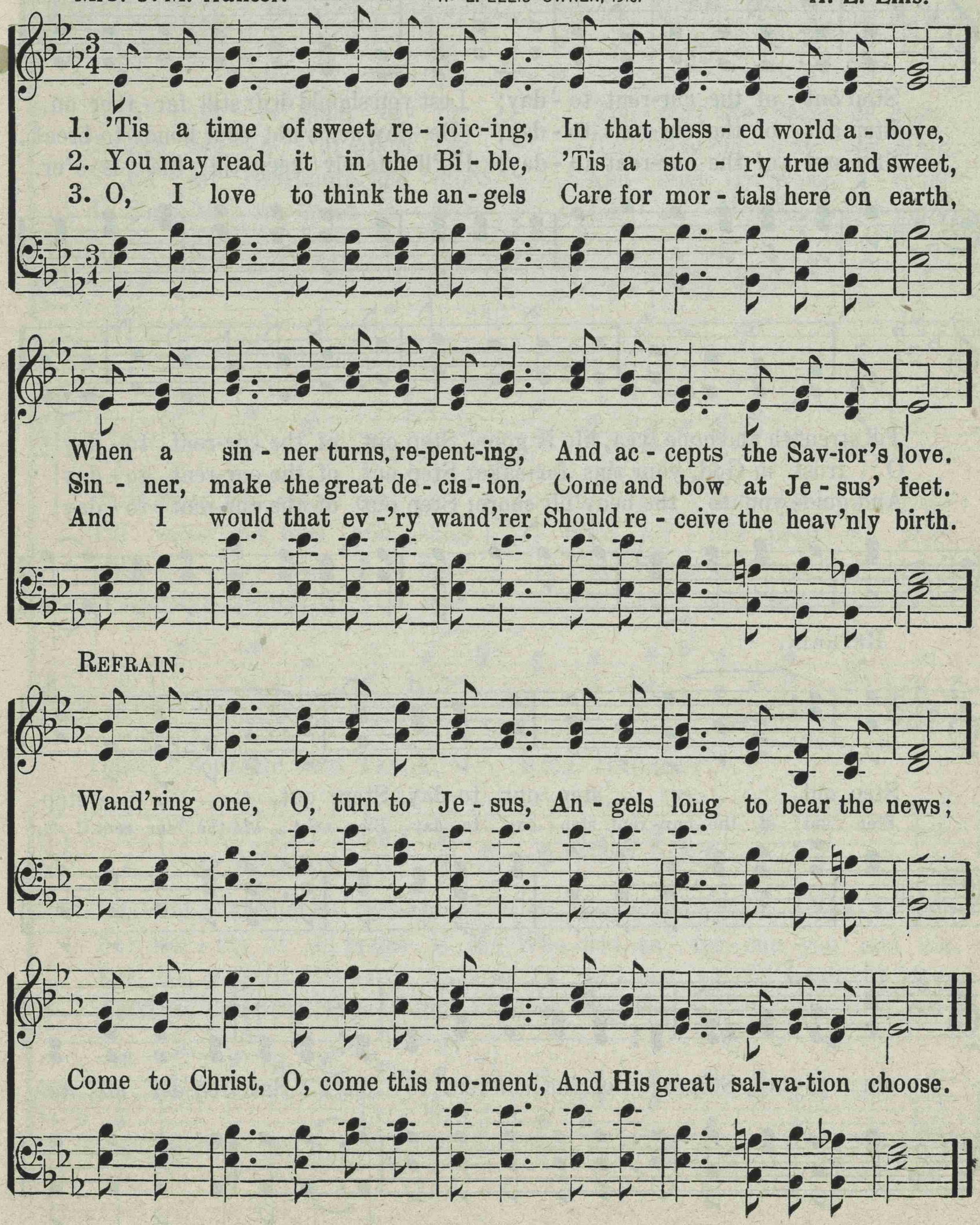
He is my guide, my joy, my stay;
He is my guide. . . . . my joy, my stay,

I'll cling to Him, ... let come what may, ...
I'll cling to Him, let come what may.

Christ Upholds Me

No. 59. When Angels Rejoice.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. H. L. ELLIS OWNER, 1915. H. L. Ellis.



No. 60. Step Out of the Current.

Katharyn Bacon. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. O wand'rer on the sea of life, Where sin and dan-gers e'er are rife,
2. No lon-ger think that all is well, For Christ a-lone sin's pow'r can quell,
3. Accept Him now, the Lord of love, Who bids you look in faith a-bove,

Step out of the cur-rent to-day; Lest you should drift still far-ther on,
Step out of the cur-rent to-day; De-lay helps not your bonds to break,
Step out of the cur-rent to-day; He'll safe-ly keep till life is o'er,

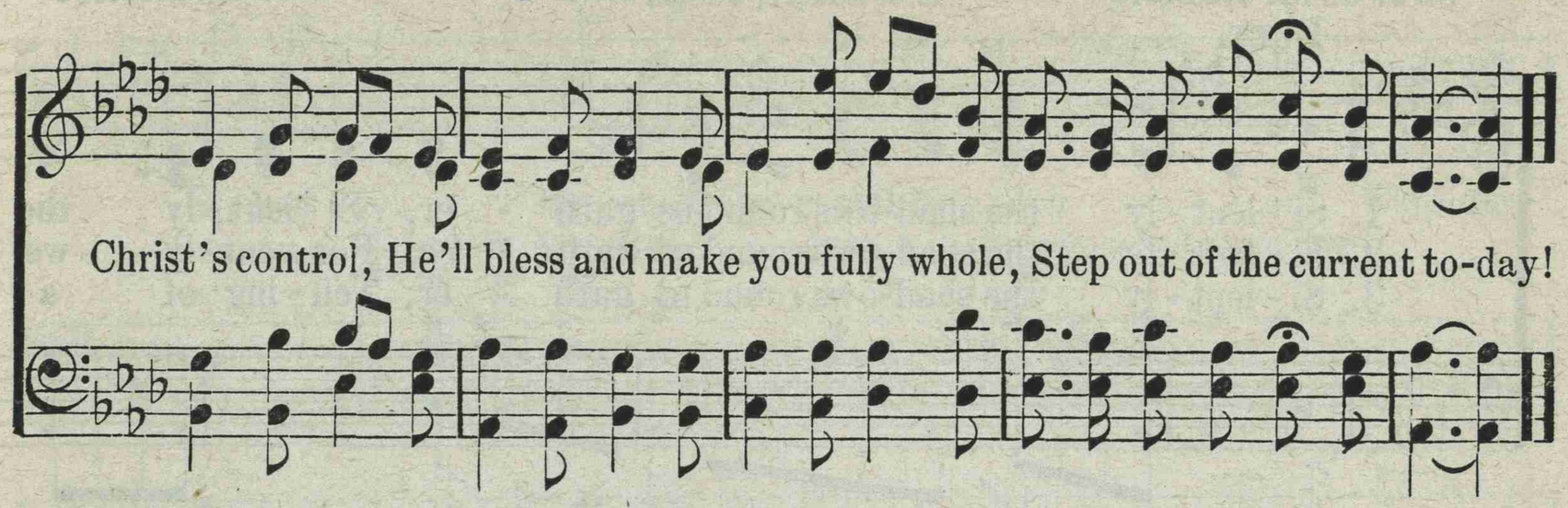
Till strength and hope, yea, life is gone, Step out of the cur-rent to-day!
O trust in God, your sins for-sake; Step out of the cur-rent to-day!
And guide you to the heav'nly shore; Step out of the cur-rent to-day!

REFRAIN.

Step out, . . . step out to-day, Step out, . . . step
Step out of the cur-rent, step out to-day, Step out of the cur-rent,

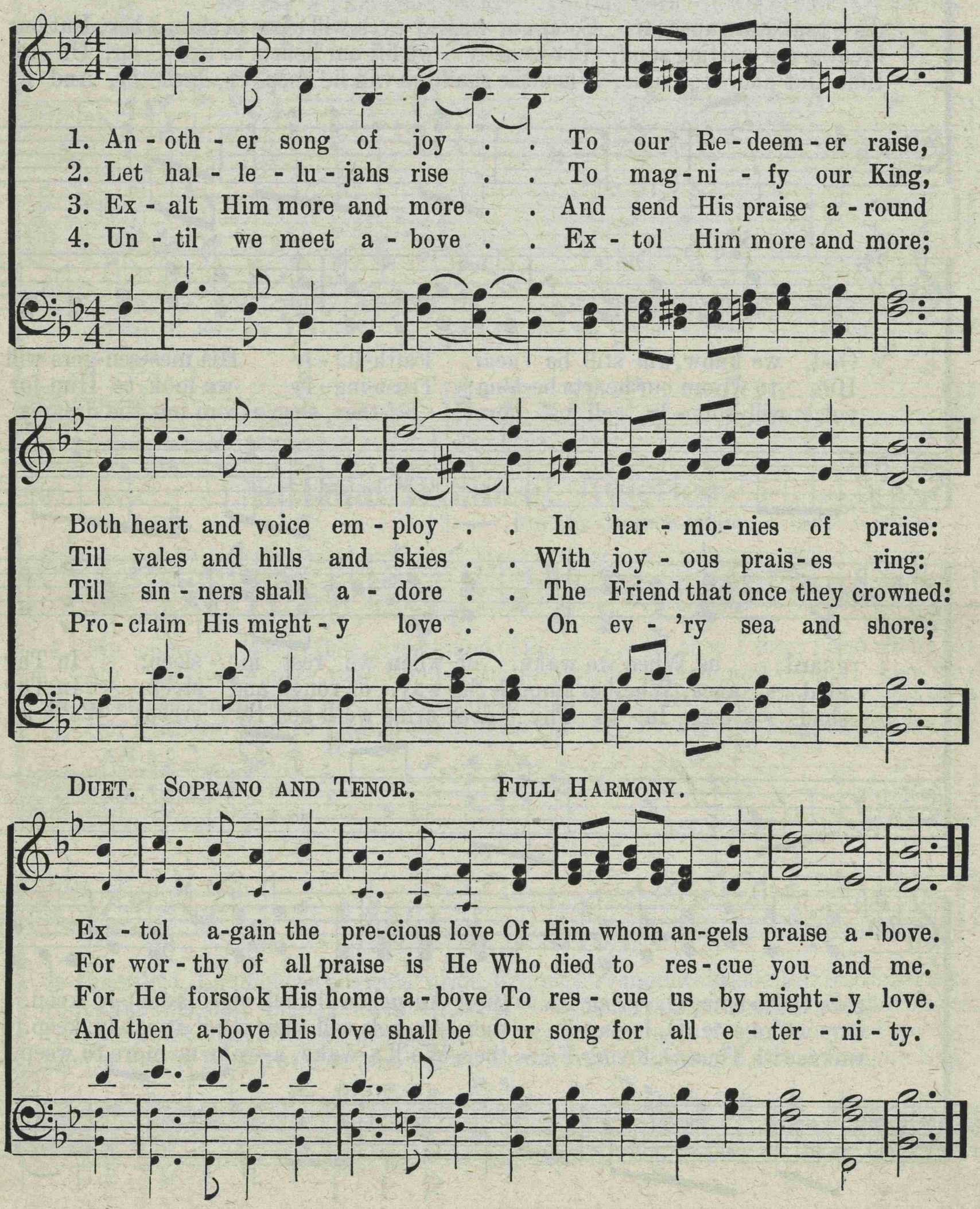
out to-day, Step out of the cur-rent to-day; Sur-ren-der all to

Step Out of the Current.



No. 61. Let Hallelujahs Rise.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1914. T. B. Mosley.



No. 62. Evening Song.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1914. **T. B. Mosley.**

DUET.

1. Si - lent - ly the shad-ows round us gath - er, Si - lent - ly the dis - tant stars ap-pear, Soon our wear-y eyes will close in slum - ber, But our God, we know, will still be near. Faith-ful - ly His mes-sen-gers will guard us, When we wake, or when we rest in sleep; In Thy
2. Si - lent - ly the shad-ows round us gath - er, Fer-vent-ly we breathe our parting song, Fer-vent-ly we lift our hearts to heav - en, Un - to Him to whom our hearts be-long; Trust-ing - ly we look to Him for guid - ance, Whether smooth the way, or rough and steep, In Thy
3. Si - lent - ly the shad-ows round us gath - er, Tell - ing of a time that's sure to come, When the shadows will lie deep - er, dark - er, And a voice will soft - ly call us home; Fa-ther, then from out the drear-y shad - ows, In - to Thy dear arms we'll gen-tly creep; We'll a-

care we're safe, O, loving Fa - ther, An-gels will their vig-il sweet-ly keep.
care we're safe, O, loving Fa - ther, An-gels will their vig-il sweet-ly keep.
wake, with Thee, O, loving Fa - ther, We'll a-wake, a-wake no more to weep.

Evening Song.

CHORUS.

Si - lent - ly the shad-ows round us gath -- - er, Ten - der-
Si - lent - ly the shad - ows, shad-ows round us gath - er,

ly we say a kind good-night; In Thy care we're safe, O, lov-ing
Ten-der - ly we say a kind good-night; In Thy care we're safe, we're

Fa - - ther, Keep us till we reach the home of light. . .
safe, O, lov - ing Fa - ther, Keep us till we reach the light. . .

No. 63. National Hymn of America.

S. F. Smith. A. J. Showalter.
On the German Rhine, August 6, 1895.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive 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 Fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 64. We Are Traveling Home to God

G. B. W.

G. B. WILLIAMS, EMPIRE, GA., OWNER, 1900.

G. B. Williams.

1. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our Sav-iour trod,
2. To His bless - ed hand we'll cling, And sal - va-tion's sto - ry sing,
3. 'Tis so sweet to trav - el here, For there's naught for us to fear,
4. Come, dear broth-er, join our band, As we march to Canaan's land,

Trav-el - ing on, ... trav-el-ing on;
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on;

We shall nev - er lose the way If we on - ly watch and pray,
We will try some souls to win From the drear - y fields of sin,
Soon we'll reach our home on high, Nev - er - more a - gain to die,
Je - sus is our Cap - tain true, He will lead us safe - ly thro',

Trav-el-ing on, ... yes, trav-el-ing on. . . . . .
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, yes, traveling on, we're traveling on.

REFRAIN.

Trav-el-ing on, on, on, trav-el-ing on and on,
Trav-el - ing, trav - el - ing on, trav - el - ing, trav-el - ing on,

We Are Traveling Home to God.

1 2 3

In the way our Saviour trod;..... We are trav'ling home to God.....

we're trav-el-ing on, home to God.

3

No. 65. Beautiful Beyond Compare.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO. R. L. Hamil.

1. There are mansions blest, there is rest, sweet rest, And love that shall be nev - er cold;
2. No more sin or strife, ev - er-last-ing life, Bright crowns that are sparkling with gold,
3. We shall dear ones greet, hear their voic-es sweet A - bid - ing in that up - per fold;
4. Je - sus is the way, heed His call to-day; O come with a faith strong and bold!

There are jeweled walls, not a shadow falls, But half has not yet been told. (been told.)
Not a fear we'll know, not a tear shall flow, But half has not yet been told. (been told.)
O the fadeless joy! O the glad employ! But half has not yet been told. (been told.)
Heaven's wealth He'll give, if for Him you live, But half has not yet been told. (been told.)

Refrain.

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, Beau-ti - ful be-yond com-pare;
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful, Beau - ti - ful be - yond, be - yond compare;

Hap-py home, hap-py home, Dear friends, let us meet up there.
Hap - py home, hap-py home, up there.

No. 66. In the Soul Land.

James Rowe. C. L. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1915. C. L. Williams.

1. Noth-ing ev - er will an-noy, per - fect peace we shall en-joy, In the
2. Ma - ny friends are wait-ing there, all so pure and all so fair, In the
3. Let us fol-low Christ our Lord till we have the great re-ward In the

soul..... land a - bove;..... Night will nev - er dim the
soul..... land a - bove;..... At the gates we soon shall
soul..... land a - bove;..... Let us praise Him till the

in the soul land a - bove;

sky, in that hap - py by and by, In the soul..... land a-
meet and our joys will be com-plete In the soul..... land a-
day shows the end - ing of the way In the soul..... land a-

in the soul

REFRAIN.

bove..... In the soul..... land a - bove,..... We shall
land a-bove. In the soul land a - bove,

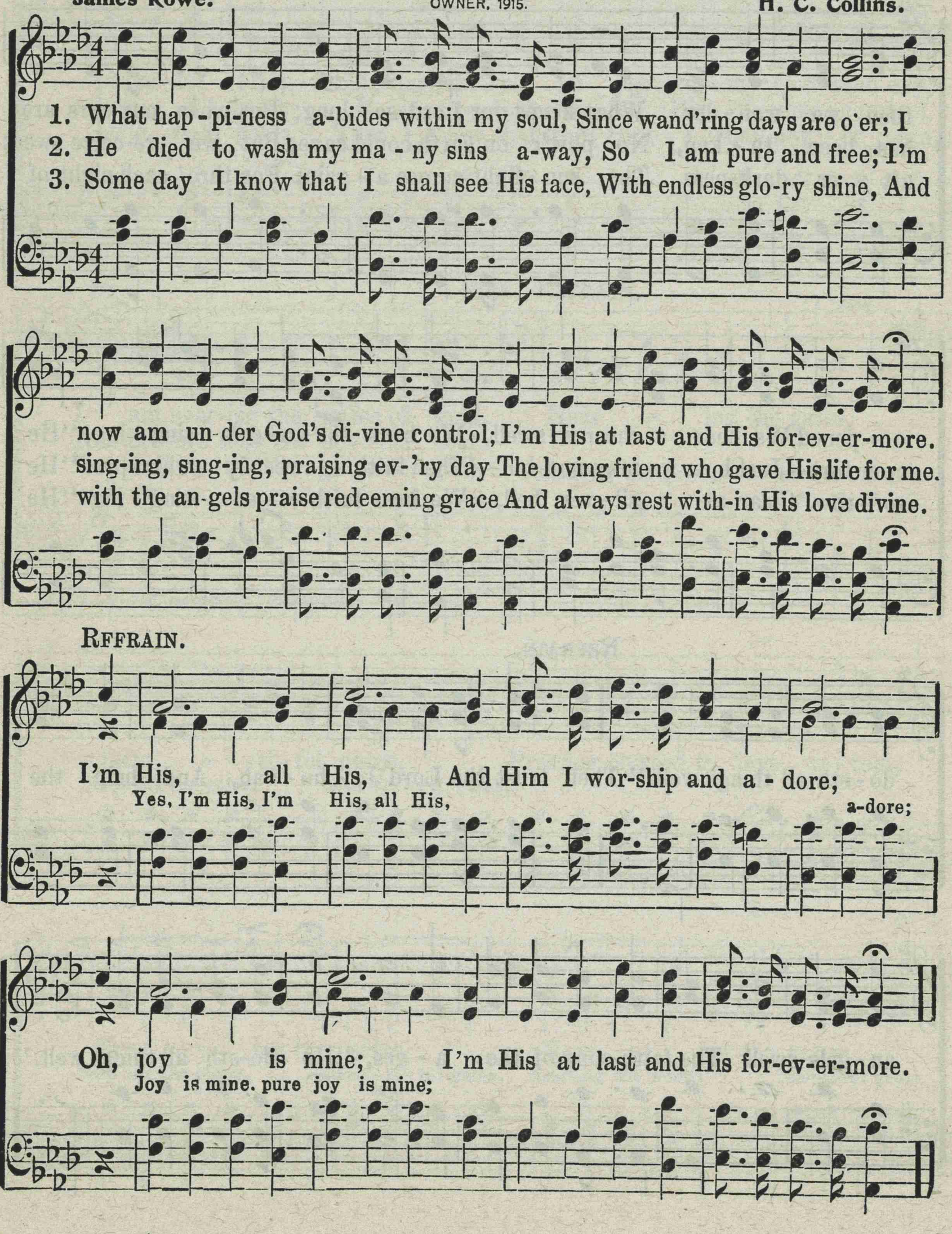
all..... share His love;..... We shall all be glad and fair thro' the
We shall all share His love, share His love;

In the Soul Land.

No. 67. What Happiness Is Mine.

H. C. COLLINS. ROCKFORD, ALA., OWNER, 1915.

James Rowe. H. C. Collins.



No. 68. He Doeth All Things Well.

OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA., 1915.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **B. B. Beall.**

Andantino.

1. How oft - en we grow wea - ry With fight-ing 'gainst the wrong, How oft - en
2. How oft - en we stand weep-ing Be - fore an o - pen grave; A loved one
3. So, al-ways past the shad-ows, The storm-cloud or the rain, We find that

Andante. *Allegretto.*

then we won - der What keeps our Lord so long; But when our ears are
has been ta - ken, No pow'r on earth could save; But we re-ceive sweet
aft - er dark-ness The sun - light comes a - gain; For thro' each night of

o - pened We hear a cho-rus swell, We hear the an - gels sing - ing, "He
com-fort—Just how we may not tell—When faith so sweet-ly whis - pers "He
sor - row, Clear as a sil - ver bell, We hear faith ev - er sing - ing "He

REFRAIN.

do - eth all things well." Then trust the Lord Je - ho - vah, And help the
an - gels swell The faith-song of the a - ges, "He do-eth all things well."

No. 69. Nearing the Gates.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, OWNER, 1914. H. M. Eagle.

1. I am press-ing a-long in the love-lit way, With the rest of the peace-ful fold; Sing-ing car-ols of joy to my God each day,
2. O the per-fect de-light that up-lifts my soul When His whis-pers of love I hear; It is rap-ture to feel His di-vine con-trol
3. What-so-ev-er may come, all the jour-ney home, My Re-deem-er my hand shall hold; Then I know that from Him I shall nev-er roam,

FINE. REFRAIN.

I am near-ing the gates of gold. Near - ing the gates, . .
And be sure that He hov-ers near.
But shall en-ter the gates of gold.

Near-ing the gates, beau-ti-ful gates,

D. S.–*I am nearing the gates of gold.*

Beau - ti-ful gates, . . Pressing onward to joys un-told;

Near-ing the gates, beau-ti-ful gates,

D. S.

Near - ing the gates Near - ing the gates, . .

Near-ing the gates, beau-ti-ful gates, Near-ing the gates, beau-ti-ful gates,

No. 70. Holy Spirit Have Dominion.

W. C. Martin and B. F. C. B. F. CLARK OWNER 1915. **B. F. Clark.**

Tenor Solo.

1. Gra-cious-ly a-bide in me, O Ho-ly Spir-it, Make my con-trite heart Thy
2. Com-fort-er of chris-tians, blessed Com-fort-er, Live the no-ble, Christ-like

dwell-ing place, And Thy soft-ly whis-pered mes-sage I would hear it,
life in me, Speak in ev-'ry tri - al, cheer my fee - ble spir - it,

QUARTET.

And by heeding show Thy grace. Fill my mouth with words of help-ful-ness and
Till I'm rest-ing safe with Thee.

heal-ing, Make me bold—my spir-it meek, Help me live a life, this in - ner

Tenor Solo.

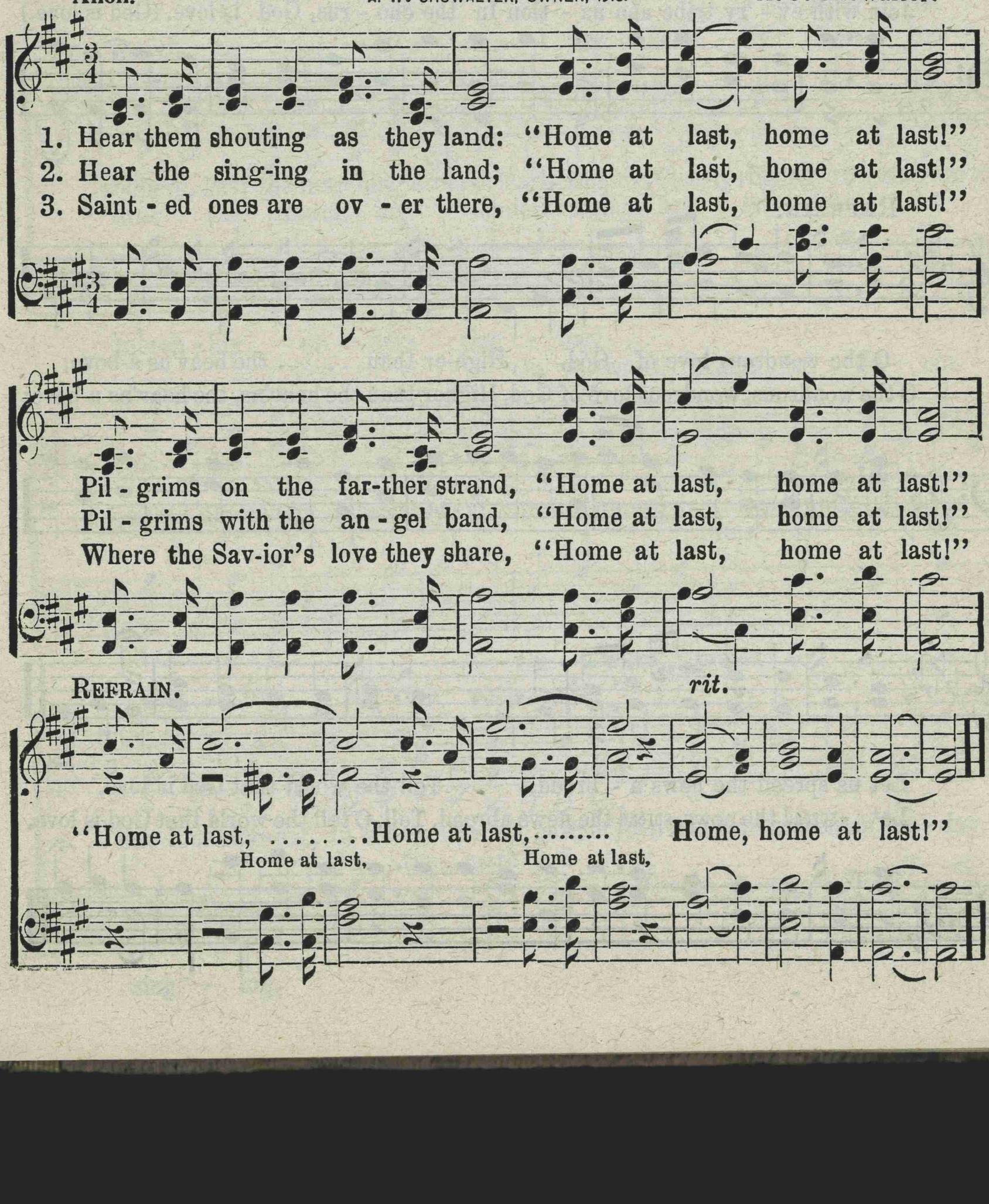
light re-veal-ing, Give me wisdom when I speak, In my heart, O Ho-ly

Holy Spirit, Have Dominion.

Full Chorus.

No. 71. Home At Last.

Anon. A. W. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1915. A. J. Showalter.



No. 72. God Is Love.

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MISS MIRIAM E. OATMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. God is love, O speed the ti-dings O'er the land and o'er the sea, (the sea,)
2. God is love, O tell the sin-ner, Lost, despairing, wounded, sore, (wounded, sore,)
3. God is love, O tell the sto - ry, Till the ransomed hosts above (hosts above)

Let each soul that's sad and lone - ly In God's love now hap-py be. (hap- py be.)
That He wait- eth to en - fold him In His arms of love once more. (once more.)
Join with ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion In the cho - rus, God is love. (God is love.)

REFRAIN.

O the wondrous love of God, High-er than..... the heav'ns a-bove;
O the wondrous, wondrous love of God, Higher than the heav'ns, the heav'ns a-bove;

Let us spread the news a - broad, Tell the world that God is love.
Let us spread the news, spread the news abroad, Tell, O tell the world that God is love.

No. 73. Marching Orders.

Rev. J. Van Tassel. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Onward, soldiers, is the order clear Coming from the great Commander near;
2. Onward, soldiers, with the story sweet, O'er and o'er the blessed news repeat,
3. By and by, where angels now extol Him whose love will keep each trusting soul,

REFRAIN.

Hear the march - ing or - ders ring - ing, Clear - ly from the soldiers, hear the marching orders clearly ringing, Clearly ringing, ringing from the hear the march - ing or-ders ringing, Clear - ly from the march - ing or - ders ring - ing,

He will lead us, so there's naught to fear; Soldiers, on to glory.
Leading lost ones to the Saviour's feet; Soldiers, on to glory. Onward, onward,
Hal - le - lu-jahs in His praise will roll; Soldiers, on to glory.

Hear the march - ing or - ders ring - ing, Clear - ly from the On - ward, praise to Je - sus great Commander, march a-way; Onward, onward, praises, happy praises to the prais - es to the On - ward, praise to Je - sus sing - ing, In the path of Sav-iour sing-ing, In the everlasting path of love and light march on to - day. In the path of sing - ing,

No. 74. He Will Grown Me At Last.

James Rowe. A. J. SIMS AND J. M. HENSON, OWNERS, 1915. **A. J. Sims.**

1. If I trust in the Lord I shall win the re-ward, That will come when all
2. If I sing of His love till I meet Him a-bove, If on Him ev-'ry
3. If with courage I guide wayward souls to His side, If I help them to
4. If I trust in the grace that is lift-ing the race, If to Christ to the

tri-als are past; If I fol-low my King vic-t'ry true He will bring And will
bur-den I cast, Keep-ing Je-sus in sight, till my faith ends in light, He will
bur-y their past, He will bless me, I know, in His vine-yard be-low, And will
end I hold fast, When the shadows have flown, near His beau-ti-ful throne, He will

REFRAIN.

crown me with glo-ry at last. The crown..... will be mine.....
Crown will be mine, crown will be mine,
When tri - als are past;..... With Christ..... I shall
Tri-als are past, when all tri-als are past; Christ I shall shine,
shine,..... He will crown..... me at last.....
Christ I shall shine, crown me at last, He will crown me at last.
He will crown me, will crown me at last.....

No. 75. My Precious Saviour.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1915 **J. D. Patton.**

1. Some One cheers me on my way, Keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day;
2. Some One whis - pers to my soul When the tempt-er would con - trol;
3. Some One keeps me at His side, Is my Shield, my Light, my Guide;

'Tis Je - sus my Sav - iour; He is Life and joy to me,
'Tis Je - sus my Sav - iour; He has free - ly paid my debt,
'Tis Je - sus my Sav - iour; So, till face to face a - bove,

And for - ev - er He will be My Sav - iour and my Friend.
And I nev - er can for - get My Sav - iour and my Friend.
I shall serve and praise and love My Sav - iour and my Friend.

REFRAIN.

I shall love Him and shall cling to Him for-ev - er, My Sav-iour a - bove;
for - ev - er-more, and Friend a-bove;

And I hope to tell and sing beyond the riv - er The sto - ry of His love.
riv - er bright,

No. 76. Will You Meet Me Some Morning?

James Rowe.
Suggested by S. H. S.

SAMUEL H. SAVAGE, OWNER, 1915.

Samuel H. Savage

1. When care and toil.... and strife are o'er,.. And all the saved.. meet on the shore,...
2. When burdens cease... to bend us low,... And from this vale.... we're called to go,....
3. When I have reached my palace bright, When faith shall end... in perfect sight,...
4. When near the throne.. I stand and sing... The prais-es of..... my heav'nly King,..

A-mid the saints.... and angels fair,.... Some morn-ing will..... you meet me
If I the robe..... and crown shall wear,.... Some morn-ing will..... you meet me
And joy is mine.... beyond compare,... O will you meet..... me o - ver
Be-hold His face,.... His glo-ry share,.... Some morn-ing will..... you meet me

REFRAIN.

there?... O will you meet..... me in that home,..... When here on
O meet me there! O will you meet me that hap-py home,

earth..... we cease to roam?..... When I have reached.... that homeland
When here on earth we cease to roam? When I have reached

fair,..... O will you meet ..... me o - ver there?.....
that homeland fair, O will you meet me o - ver there? O meet me there!

No. 77. What Will You Do Without Jesus?

Lizzie DeArmond. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1915. **K. C. Robinson.**

1. When thro' earth's trials and sor-rows you go, Dai-ly sur-round-ed by
2. Ma - ny a troub-le your soul will dis-may, Tempest and storm-cloud o'er-
3. In that great day when God's mercy you need, When all in vain for His

ma - ny a foe, No one a com-fort-ing word to be-stow,
shad-ow the way, Friends you have trust-ed your faith will be-tray,
par-don you plead, Who with the Lord will for you in-ter-cede?

REFRAIN.

What will you do with-out Je - sus? What will you do, O what will you

do, No lov-ing Sav-ior to plead there for you, What will you

do, O what will you do, What will you do with-out Je-sus.

No. 78. I Shall Sing Sweeter Praises To My King.

Respectfully inscribed to my Class at Corryton, Tenn.

J. A. A.

J. A. ATKINS, OWNER, 1915.

J. A. Atkins.

1. When this life of sin and strife shall have passed a - way, I shall sing sweet-er prais-es to my King; When shall break the gold-en morn of the
2. When the pris - on bars shall break and my soul shall rise, I shall sing sweet-er prais-es to my King; As He bears me to my pal - ace in
3. When I join the hap - py throng at the gates of gold, I shall sing sweet-er prais-es to my King; When that bright e - ter-nal cit - y I

bet - ter day, I shall sing sweet-er prais - es to my King.....
Par - a - dise, I shall sing sweet-er prais - es to my King.....
shall be - hold, I shall sing sweet-er prais - es to my King.....
to my King.

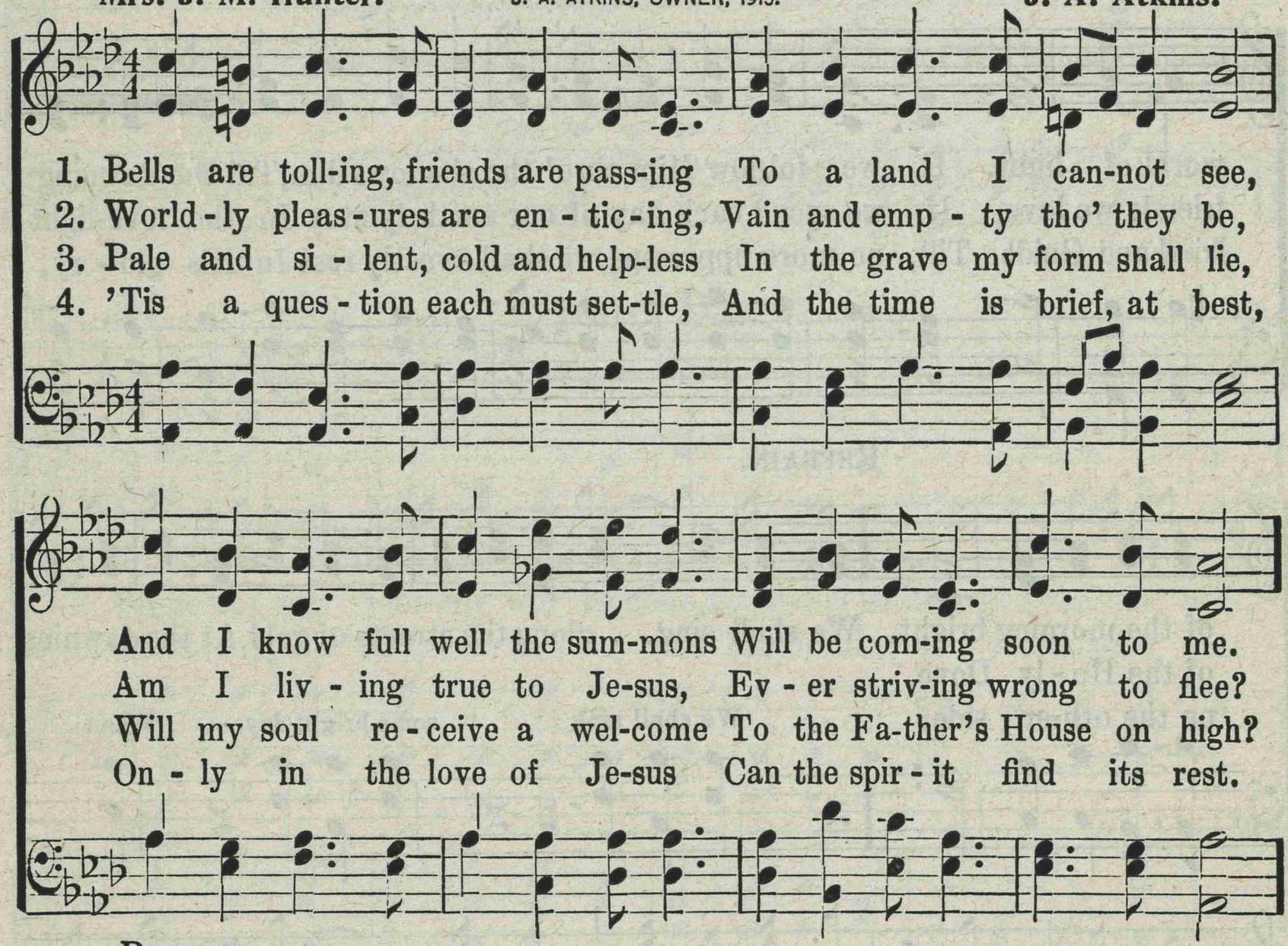
REFRAIN.

Sweet - er prais - es, no-bler prais-es I shall sing, When I gaze up-on the beau - ty of my King! With the an-gels on that ev - er - last-ing

I Shall Sing Praises To My King.

No. 79. Am I Ready For the Call?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. A. ATKINS, OWNER, 1915. J. A. Atkins.



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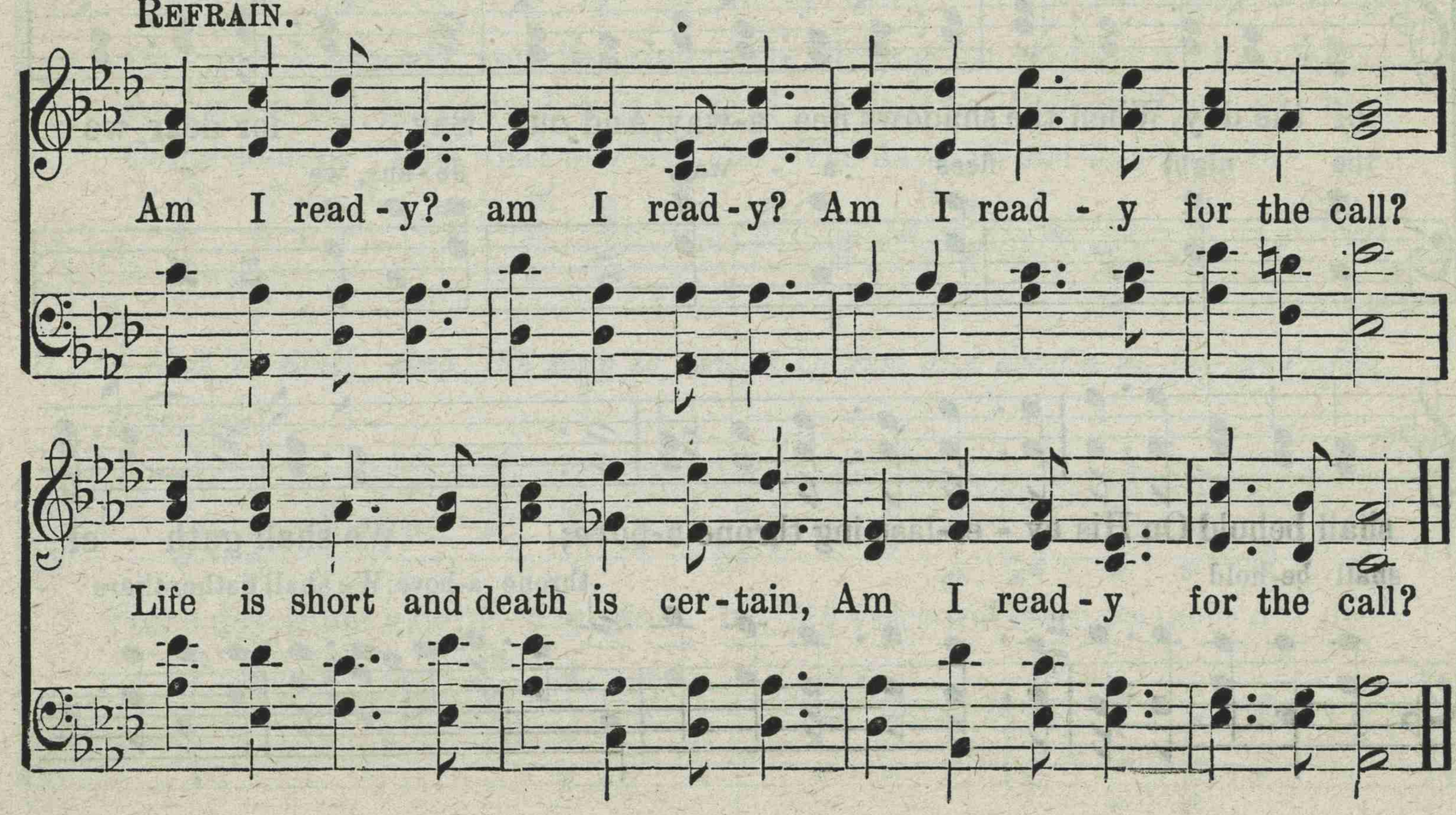


No. 80. Till the Dawning of the Morning.

James Rowe.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

H. M. Eagle.

1. We shall sing God's praise on the gold-en ways Of that cit - y in the
2. In the mansions grand of that hap - py land We shall gath - er with the
3. Let us press a - long with a hap - py song, Ev - er fol - low - ing our

world of light, If we fol-low Him thro' the shadows dim, Till the dawning
friends we love, If we spend each day of our earth-ly stay In the love-light
Friend and Guide, Till, no more oppressed, we shall sweetly rest In His glo - ry,

REFRAIN.

of the morning bright. We shall sing... along the streets of gold, At the dawning
of the Ho - ly Dove.
on the oth-er side.

We shall sing some bright day, When

of the day, When the shadows flee a-way, And our Sav - ior dear we

the night flees a - way, Je - sus, we

shall behold On His ev - er-last-ing throne a-bove; We shall gath - er

shall be-hold throne a-bove; We shall gather there

Till the Dawning of the Morning.

by the crys-tal sea With the hap-py angels there, Wearing garments bright and fair,
by the sea, Gath - er there, bright and fair,

And with Him.... for-ev-er we shall be, Al-ways sing-ing of His boundless love.
And with Him we shall be,

No. 81. Some Day.

E. E. Rexford. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re - peat,
2. Some day my jour-ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav-en won,
3. Some day, I say, con-tent to wait The op'ning of the Jas-per gate;

FINE.

Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God wills some day.
And when the long rough way is trod I shall be - hold the face of God.
Come soon or late, that day will be The dawn of end-less rest to me.

D.S.—And I shall sing the song so sweet Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Some day, some hap-py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o - dy,

No. 82. Honor His Name.

James Rowe. W. S. TIDWELL, OWNER, 1915. W. S. Tidwell.

1. Always loving truth and right, freely spreading gos-pel light, Praise the King more and more;
2. To the ending of the road leading to the soul's a-bode. Keeping faithful night and day, singing all along the way,
3. All who lead up-on His love shall be crowned by Him a-bove, Sending out the tidings grand o-ver ev - 'ry sin-ful land,
4. Till He bids us en-ter where there will nev - er be a care, All who wage a no - ble strife shall enjoy e - ter - nal life,

Praise the King more and more; Till be-fore His throne we raise hal - le lu - jahs in His praise

RFERAIN.

Praise the King more and more. Honor His name,
Praise the King more and more. Hon-or His glo - ri - ous name
glo - ri - ous name, Sweet-ly praise
Hon - or His mar - vel - ous name, Sweet - ly praise
and a - dore; All the way home, Je-sus pro-
and a - dore; Joy - ous - ly, all the way home,

Honor His Name.

No. 83.

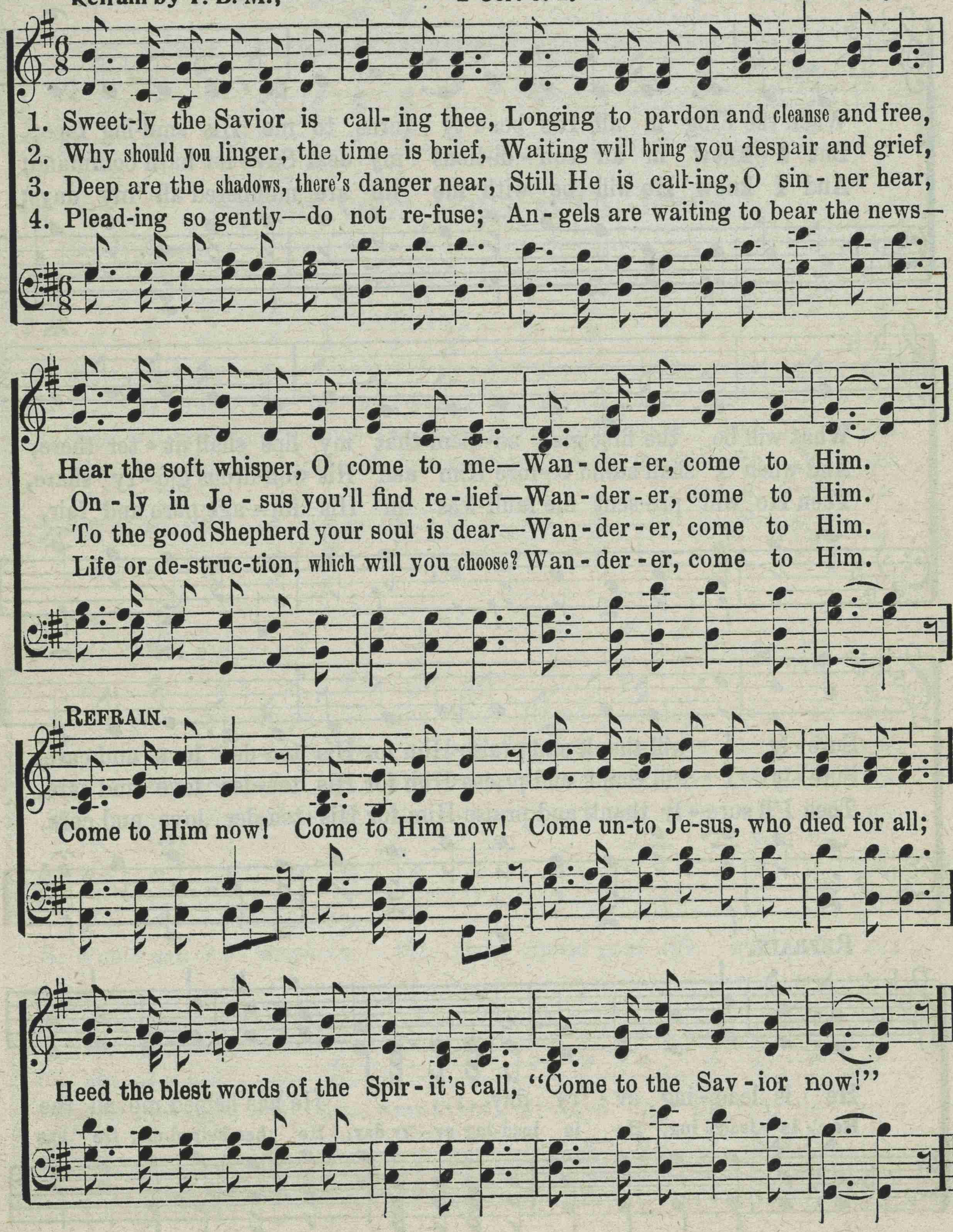
Come to Jesus Now.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.
Refrain by T. B. M.,

T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1915.

2 Cor. 6: 2.

T. B. Mosley.



No. 84. His Tender Care.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. **J. D. Patton.**

1. When at last I'm safe in heav-en, thro' the rich - es of His grace,
2. I have passed thro' ma-ny shad-ows, I have felt af-flic-tion's hand,
3. Look-ing back I trace His guid-ance o - ver life's un-cer-tain ways,

When the King in all His beau-ty turns to me His smil-ing face;
But I know in all con - di-tions my dear Sav - ior hath command;
And I know He will be with me till are numbered all my days;

What will be the first glad an-them that my lips shall ut - ter there,
And when I shall stand be-fore Him and His won-drous glo - ry share,
Then He will pre-sent me fault-less in His im - age pure and fair,

Sure - ly I will thank and praise Him for His ten-der love and care.
Sure - ly I will thank and praise Him for His ten-der love and care.
Then I'll sure - ly thank and praise Him for His ten-der love and care.

REFRAIN.

He is lead - ing ev - 'ry day,..... He has helped me all the
He is lead - ing, He is lead-ing ev - 'ry day, He has helped me, He has

His Tender Care.

way,..... When I see His face in glo-ry And a crown of beau-ty
helped me all the way,

wear, Sure-ly I will thank and praise Him for His ten-der love and care.

No. 85. Spend your Days with Jesus.

James Rowe. J. P. DENTON, FT. PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1913. J. P. Denton.

1. If to heav - en you would go, Spend your days with Je - sus;
2. Hap - py would you be and strong? Spend your days with Je - sus;
3. Would you meet your friends a - bove? Spend your days with Je - sus.
4. If you wish to wear the crown, Spend your days with Je - sus.

FINE.

Would you tri - umph o'er the foe? Spend your days with Je - sus.
Would you al - ways have a song? Spend your days with Je - sus.
Ev - er trust - ing in His love, Spend your days with Je - sus.
Till you lay life's bur - den down Spend your days with Je - sus.

D.S. - *Would you tri - umph in the end, Spend your life with Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Spend your days with Christ, your Friend, Al-ways on His help de - pend;

No. 86. Resting On the Promise of the Lord.

James Rowe. J. M. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1915. J. M. Williams.

1. With the hap-py host of Zi-on I am press-ing on my way, For by grace divine my soul has been restored; Peace and gladness overflow me, I am
2. All the vales are glad with mu-sic, for we sing as on we go, We are sure that we will win the true reward; All a-bout the Friend who guides us We are
3. We are sure that we will en-ter that e-ter-nal home a-bove, Where our prais-es will for-ev-er be out-poured; Tell-ing all the world of Je-sus And His

hap-py ev-'ry day, For I'm rest-ing on the prom-ise of the Lord.
let-ting peo-ple know And are rest-ing on the prom-ise of the Lord.
soul-up-lift-ing love, We are rest-ing on the prom-ise of His word.

REFRAIN.

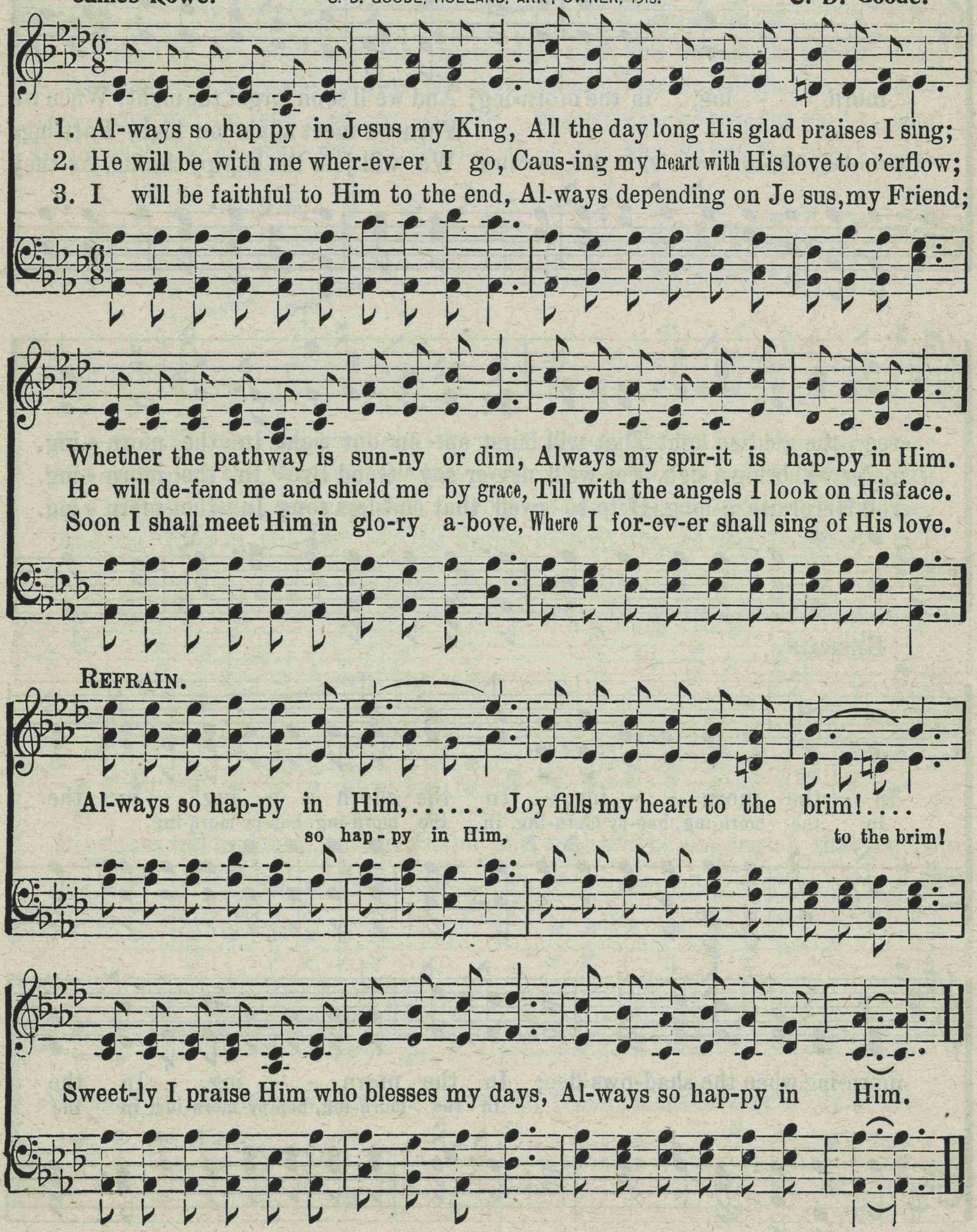
"I will guide..... thee with mine eye," ..... On this prom - -
I will guide thee, ever guide thee, safely guide thee with mine eye, On this sweet as-sur-ing

- - ise I re-ly;..... I am trust - - ing in the
prom-ise I will ev-er-more re-ly; I am trust-ing, sweet-ly trust-ing, in the

Resting On the Promise of the Lord.

No. 87. Always So Happy.

James Rowe. C. D. GOODE, HOLLAND, ARK., OWNER, 1915. C. D. Goode.



No. 88. In the Morning.

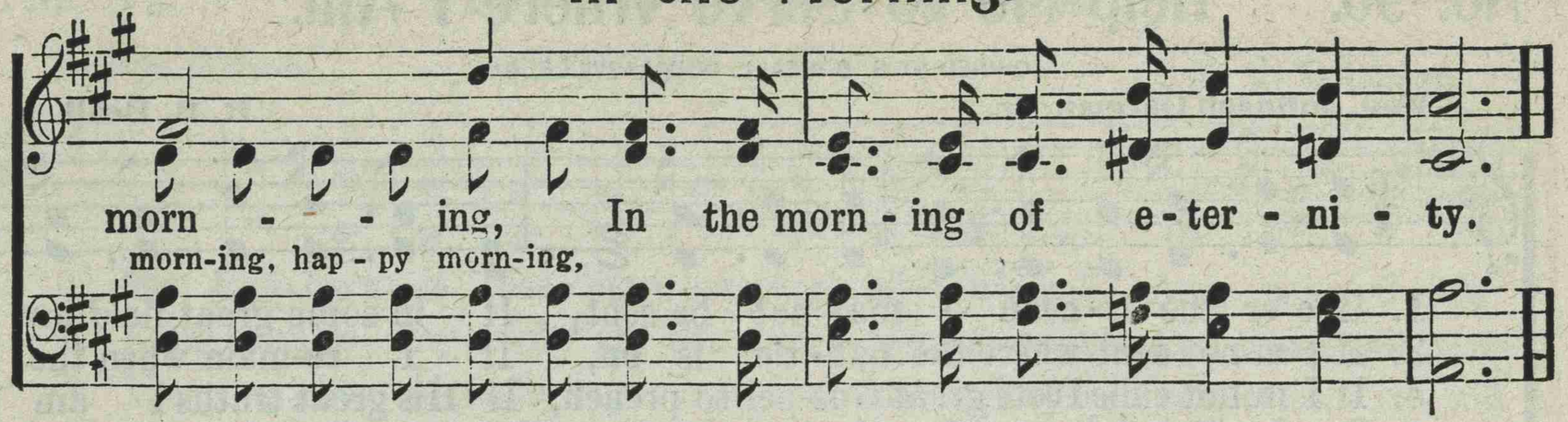
Johnson Oatman, Jr. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1915. **Mrs. K. C. Robinson.**

1. We will leave this earthly road, Lay a-side each heav-y load, In the morn - - ing, in the morn-ing; And we'll soon forget the night, When we see the gold-en light That will burst up - on our sight In the morn - ing.
2. O the man - y friends we'll meet, O the loved ones we will greet, When we meet again on high, Part-ings ne'er will bring a sigh, For we'll nev-er say "Good Bye" In the morn - ing.
3. We will see our Sav-ior's face, Praise Him for His sav-ing grace, In the morn-ing, hap-py morn-ing, in the morning: We will join the hap-py throng, As they roll His praise a-long, Help to swell that end-less song In the morn - ing.

REFRAIN.

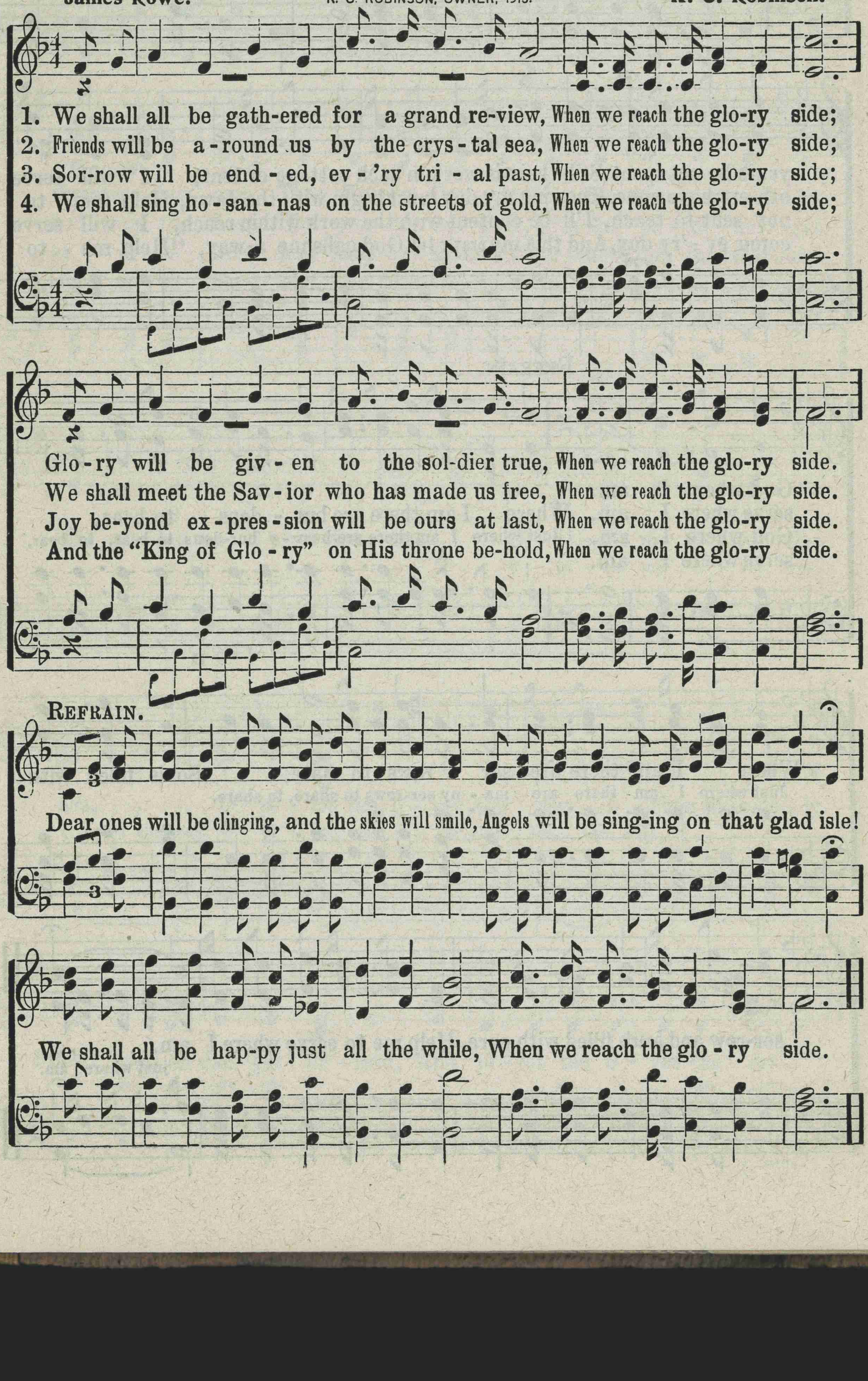
In the morn - - ing, In the morn - - ing, In the morn-ing when the shad-ows flee; In the morn - - ing, In the morn-ing, hap-py morn-ing, In the morn-ing, hap-py morn-ing, In the morn-ing, hap-py morn-ing, In the morn-ing, hap-py morn-ing,

In the Morning.



No. 89. When We Reach the Glory Side.

James Rowe. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1915. K. C. Robinson.



No. 90. Help Me to Serve Where I Am.

OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. B. Beall.

1. If o'er the o-cean I may not be sent, If in some great field my
2. If I'm not sent where the bat-tle is on, If I re-main when the
3. If I'm not called God's great Gos-pel to preach, If His great truths I am
4. So I will watch, as I la-bor and pray, Watch for the du-ties that

years be not spent, Still there is work in each cottage or tent, I will serve
oth-ers have gone, Knowing my day must begin with the dawn, Help me to
not sent to teach, I'll be content with the work within reach, I will serve
come ev-'ry day, And this my pray'r till God calls me a-way, "Help me to

REFRAIN.

God where I am.
serve where I am. Where I am there are bur-dens to bear,
God where I am. Just where I am there are heav-y bur-dens to bear, to bear,
serve where I am.

Where I am there are sor-rows to share, Souls filled with
Just where I am there are ma-ny sor-rows to share, to share,

sor-row and hearts filled with care, Help me to serve where I am.....
just where I am.

No. 91. Pilot Me Over the Sea.

Jennie Wilson. PROPERTY OF K. C. ROBINSON. 1911. K. C. Robinson.

1. My frail bark is toss-ing where dark bil-lows roll, And per-il is
2. Bring calm to my soul in the dark-ness of night, And make all fore-
3. The har-bor of safe-ty be-fore my bark lies, From storms it will
4. Till an-chor I cast on e-ter-ni-ty's shore, Dear Sav-iour, keep

threat-en-ing me; Thou Ho-ly One, who can the tem-pest con-trol,
bod-ings to flee; To yon-der fair port, with its ra-di-ant light,
ev-er be free; And shad-ows shall nev-er-more dim the clear skies,
close un-to me; And I will re-joice in Thy love ev-er-more,

REFRAIN.

O pi-lot me o-ver the sea. O pi-lot me o-ver the
O pi-lot me o-ver, yes,
sea, ... O pi-lot me o-ver the sea; . . . Thou heav-en-ly
o-ver the sea, O pi-lot me o-ver the sea, the sea;
Friend, from all dan-ger de-fend, And pi-lot me o-ver the sea.

No. 92. We Know His Mighty Love Will Keep Us.

James Rowe. J. W. ASKEW, SENOIA, GA. OWNER. 1915. J. W. Askew.

1. We are marching on and on With the Fath-er's might-y Son, Sweet-ly sing-ing when the storm is sweep - ing, For with such a Savior near, There is noth-ing that we fear; We are al - ways safe in His dear keep - ing.
2. True to Him we will re - main That the life-crown we may gain, When the bat - tle here shall end for - ev - er; And with Him we all shall be, Through the glad e - ter - ni - ty, In that hap - py land be-yond the riv - er.
3. Near-er day by day we are To the shin - ing gates a - jar, Where our dear ones wait-ing now will greet us; There our dear Redeemer, too, With a smile of wel-come true, And a hand out-stretched in love, will meet us.

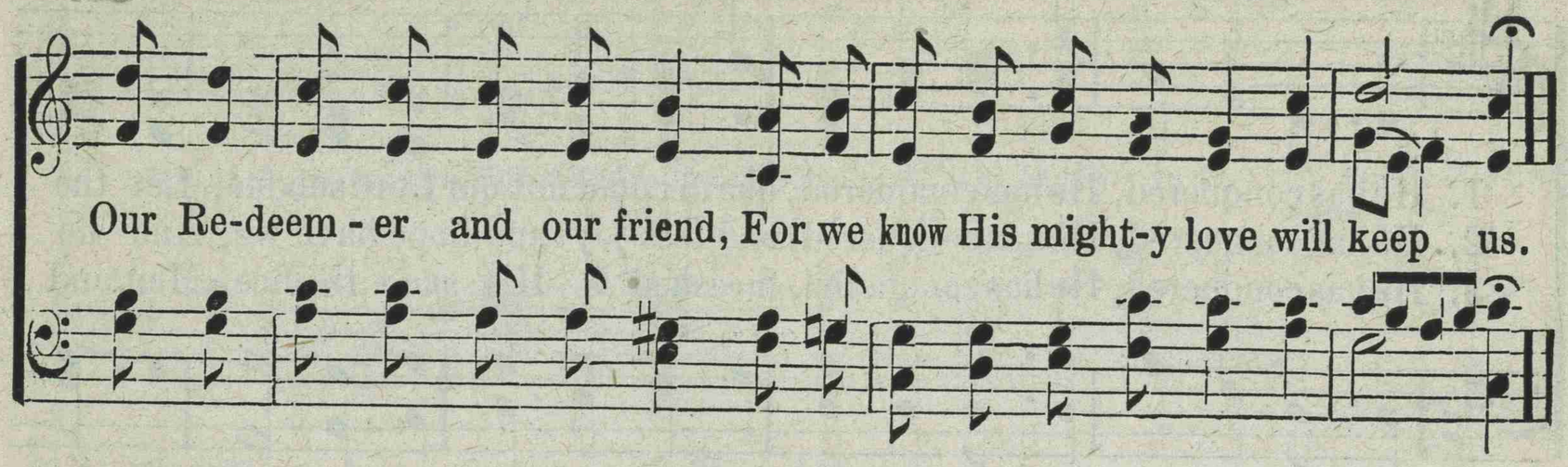
REFRAIN.

Oh, we know His might-y love will keep us, Till the storms of life shall cease to sweep us, We will fol-low to the end.

keep us, safe - ly keep us.

sweep us. wild-ly sweep us,

We Know His Mighty Love Will Keep Us.



No. 93. He Never Lets Go.

Lizzie DeArmond. S. H. RAGSDALE. OWNER. 1915. **S. H. Ragsdale.**

No. 94. He Has Conquered!

Katharyn Bacon. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. He has conquered, He has conquered, death could not our Lord subdue, Let the glad ex - ult-ant message loud - ly ring! Death is vanquished, darkness ended,
2. He has conquered, He has conquered, end-less joy and hope have we, And no lon - ger fear death's terrors and the grave; Thro' His glorious res - ur-rec - tion
3. He has conquered, He has conquered, fin-ished is His sac - ri - fice, Men and an-gels bright His love and pow'r a - dore; He has conquered, hal - le - lu - jah!

and the time of mourning thro'; He for aye shall live and reign our glo-rious King!
vic-tors mighty we may be, For He died and rose the whole wide world to save.
and be-yond the star-ry skies He in might and glo - ry reigns for - ev - er - more!

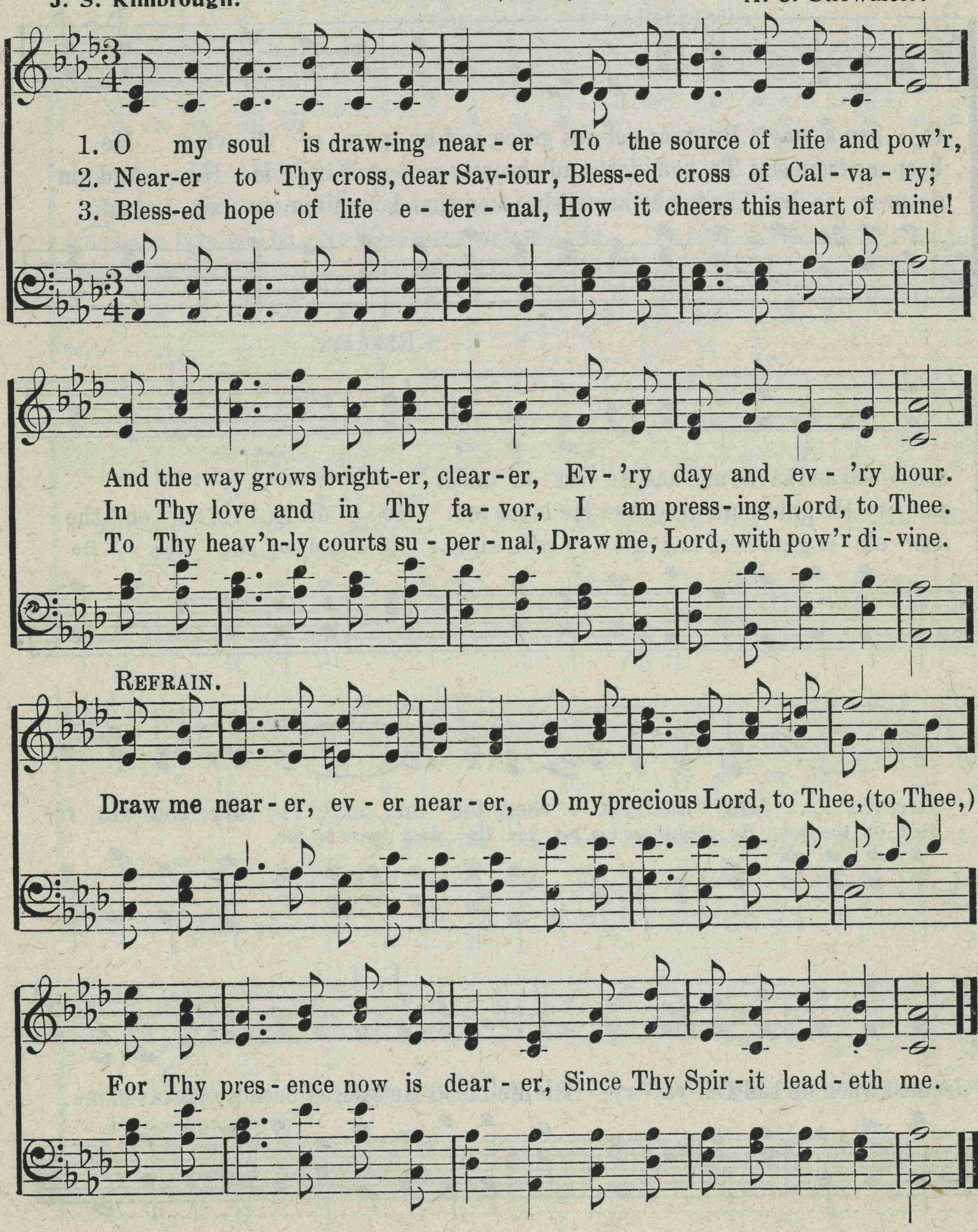
REFRAIN.

He has conquered, He has conquered, let your soul to joy a-wake, And the news of end-less vic-to - ry pro - claim; Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ is ris - en,

He Has Conquered!

No. 95. Exaltation.

J. S. Kimbrough. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.



No. 96. He Died On the Tree.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. OWNED BY J. D. PATTON, 1915. **J. D. Patton.**

1. My soul is a fount-ain of glad-ness to-day, The sins of my life are all ta - ken a-way; By mar-vel-ous grace and by pow - er di - vine He
2. Yes, Je-sus is mine, and a-bid-eth with-in To shel-ter my soul and to keep me from sin; To com-fort and cheer ev-er pres-ent is He, And in
3. He died on the tree in a-tone-ment for me; He shed His own blood my Re- deem-er to be; The bonds are all bro-ken that bound me to sin, And

REFRAIN.

ransomed and saved me, and Je - sus is mine.
safe - ty He guides me be-cause He loves me. He died ..... on the tree,..... He died..... there for me,..... My soul He re-
now all is glad-ness and glo - ry with - in. He died on the tree, He died on the tree, He died there for me, yes, He died there for me,
deemed when on sad Cal-va - ry; His life-blood He offered because He loved me.

No. 97. O Reapers, Haste Away.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1915.

Rev. R. Van Tassel. H. M. Eagle.

1. Come reapers true, there's work to do, The Mas-ter calls to - day; The fields are white, the day is bright, Oh reapers, haste a - way.
2. With song be-gin to work and win, That sheaves we all may bear To Him at last when toil is past, His glo - ry bright to share.
3. This earth-ly day will pass a-way, Ere some to work be - gin, And then their plea too late will be,—No life-crown they will win.
4. O - bey the call ere shad-ows fall, Go la-bor while you may, That God's own Son may say "Well done," On heaven's harvest day.

REFRAIN.

A - way, a - way,..
A - way, a-way, a - way to-day,
with car - ols gay,.... For we must do our du - ty true, the
a - way, a - way with car - ols gay,
shin-ing crown to gain;.... The har - vest Lord.... will give
to gain; The har - vest Lord, the har - vest Lord will sure - ly
re - ward, A - way, a-way for God to-day And gath-er in the grain.
give the true re-ward,

No. 98. The Blissful Home.

Rev. Lewis W. Dockery. L. G DOCKERY OWNER. 1915, L. G. Dockery.

1. There is a home of beau - ty bright Where an-gels all are clad in white;
2. No grief is in that home a-bove, But all is glad-ness, peace and love:
3. When we have reached that shin - ing strand, And joined the hap - py an - gel band,
4. O, praise the Lord it wont be long, Be-fore we join that hap-py throng;

This home was made for you and me, By Him who died on Cal - va - ry.
Our Sa-vior's face and glo - ry bright, Will be our ev - er - last - ing light.
Our voic - es in His praise will soar, And ring and swell for - ev - er more.
Then Je - sus we shall all be-hold, And wear the crown of shin - ing gold.

REFRAIN.

O, that home, bliss-ful home, Where from God nev - er
O, that home, hap-py home, O that home, bliss-ful home,

more we shall roam, O, what joy, O, what
O, what joy, heav'n-ly joy,

bliss we shall share, When we reach that hap - py home o - ver there. (o - ver there.)

No. 99. In the Harvest Field.

James Rowe. T. R. WILSON, EMMET ARK., OWNER. 1915. T. R. Wilson.

1. In the light of Je - sus, I am in the field, Help-ing Him to gath-er
2. While the day-light lin-gers, On the hill and plain, Ere shall beat the tempest
3. When the morn shall glad-den All the earth and sky, Christ my friend will call me

In the prec-ious yield; Work-ing for His glo - ry, Till the shad-ows flee,
And de-stroy-ing rain, Hav - ing my Re-deem-er For a con-stant shield,
To my home on high; Then by be - ing faith-ful, Man - y sheaves most fair

REFRAIN.

Work-ing for the lifecrown, That He holds for me. Work - ing
Sure of end-less glo - ry, I the sick - le wield.
I shall lay be-fore Him, when I meet Him there. Work-ing, ev - er work - ing

in the har-vest field, Bring - ing in the precious yield; Working
Bring-ing, ev - er bring-ing

for the King, golden sheaves to bring, Working in the har-vest field.
the harvest field.

No. 100. My Saviour Leads.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1914. T. B. Mosley.

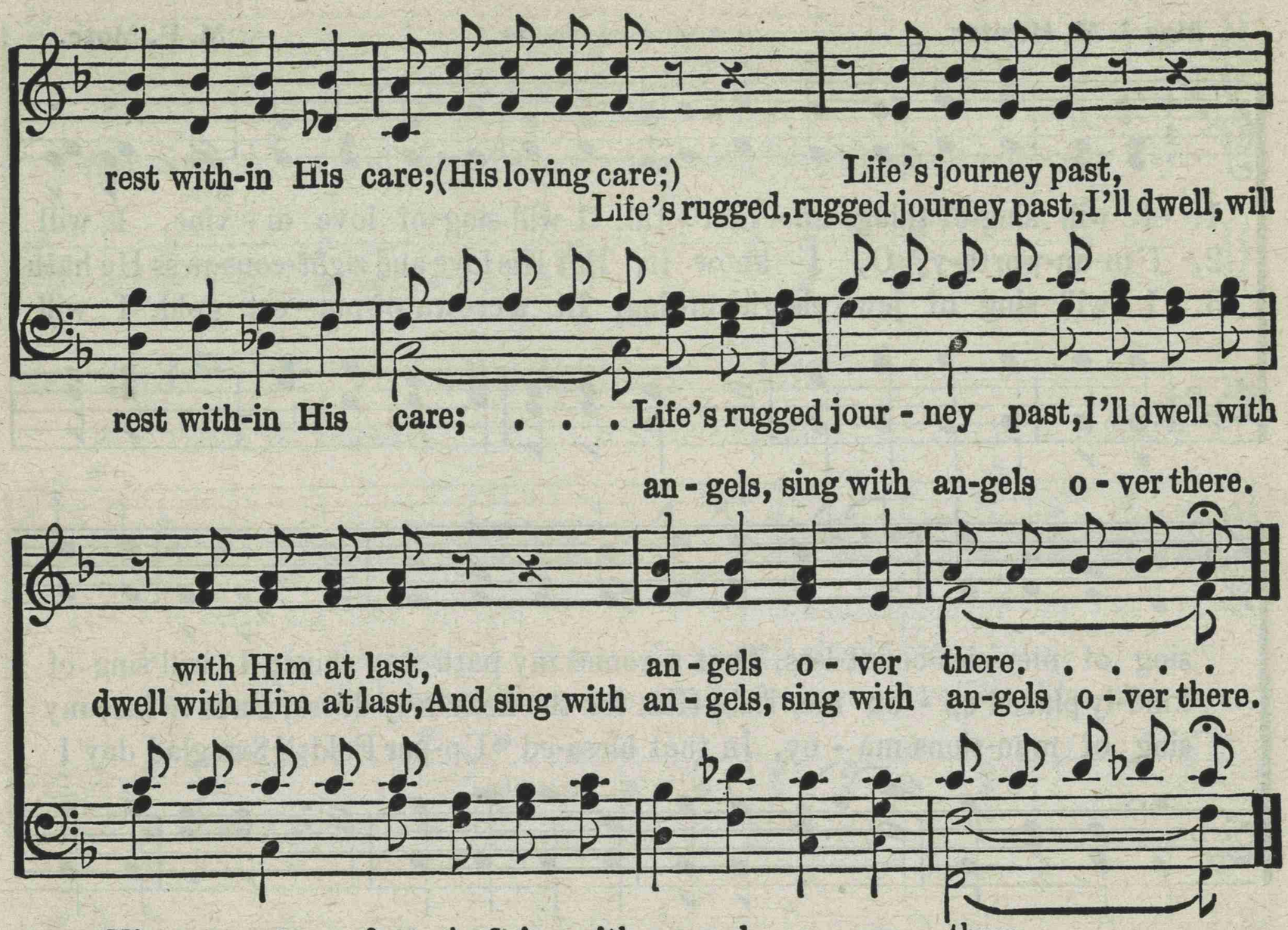
1. My Sav-iour leads, . . . and I am glad, . . . For well He knows . . . the way: . . . . His voice I hear, . . .
2. My Sav-iour leads, . . . I could not go . . . . Life's wear-y way . . . . a - lone; . . . . When storms be - tide, . . .
3. My Sav-iour leads, . . . the cares of life . . . Are in His wise . . . . con - trol; . . . . And wheth-er rough, . . .
4. My Sav-iour leads, . . . He holds a crown . . . And bids me win . . . . the prize; . . . . With cheer-ful song, . . .

in tones of cheer, . . He is my help . . . each day. . . . .
in Him I hide, . . Con-tent to be . . . . His own. . . . .
or smooth the path, . . I know He loves . . . my soul. . . . .
I'll press a - long, . . To joys be-yond . . . the skies. . . . .

REFRAIN.

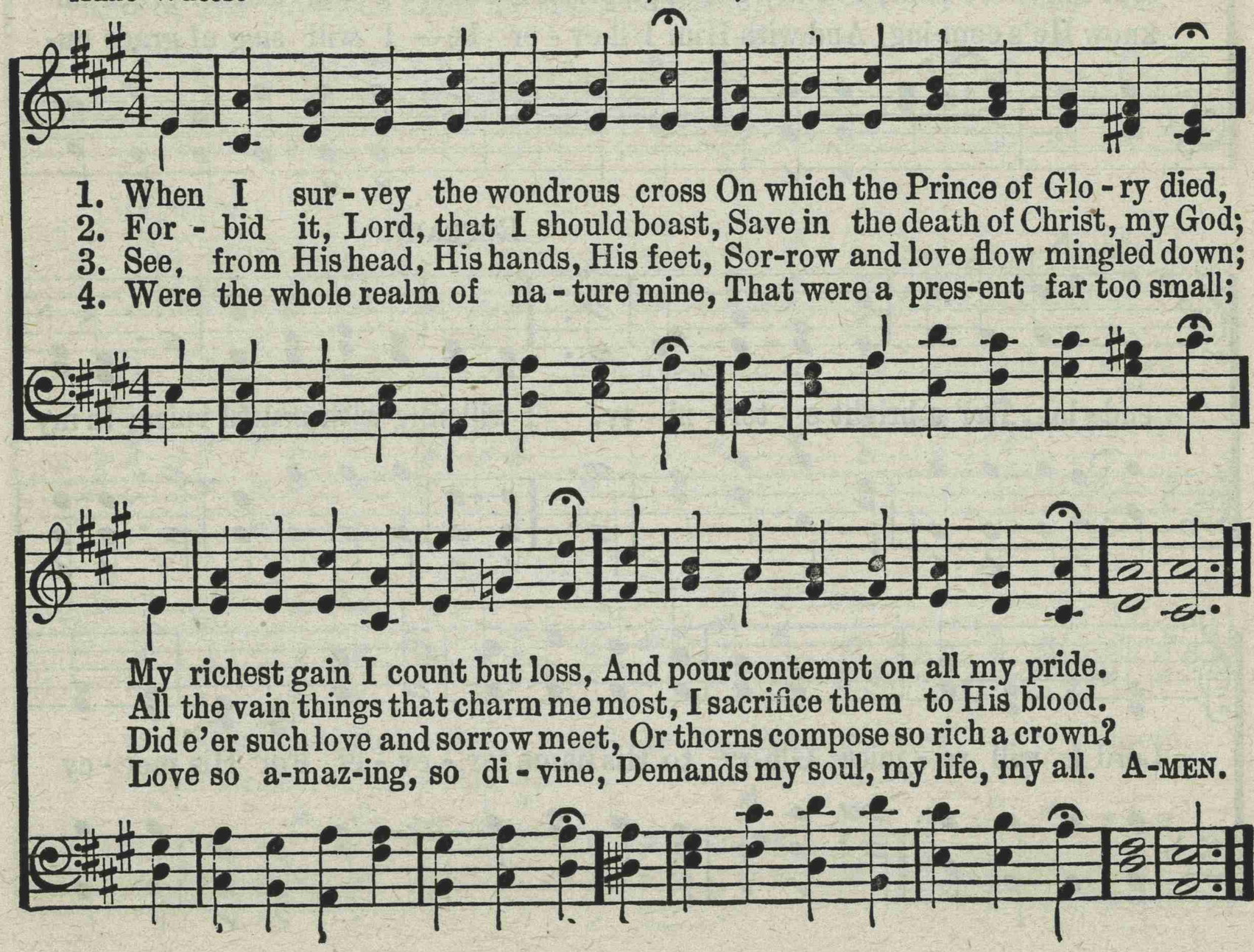
My Sav-iour leads, He knows my needs,
My loving Saviour safely leads, He knows, He knows my deepest needs, I'll sweetly
My loving Sav - iour leads, He knows my deep - est needs, I'll sweetly

My Saviour Leads.



No. 101. The Wondrous Gross. L. M.

Isaac Watts. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.



No, 102. I Will Sing of Things Immortal.

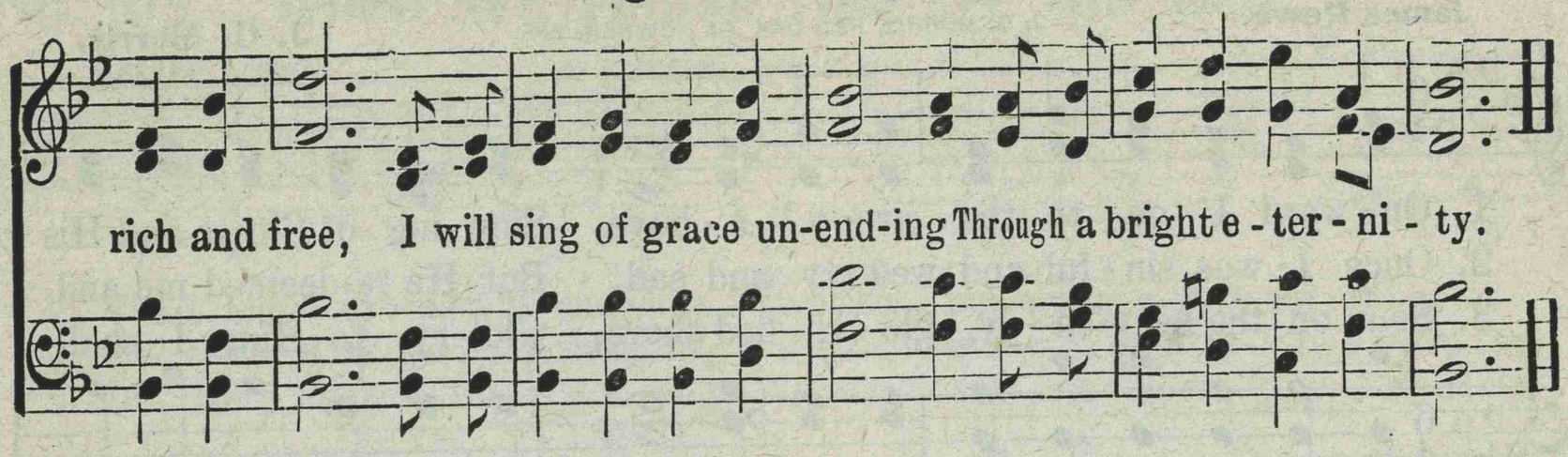
Mas J. M. Hunter. M. F. MOTE, OWNER. 1915. **M. F. Mote.**

1. I will sing of things im - mor - tal, I will sing of love di - vine, I will sing of mer-cies count-less, That a-round my path-way shine; I will sing of full sal - va - tion, God hath o-pened up for me, I will sing of grace un-
2. I'm un-worth-y, O, I know it, But His love and right-eous-ness He hath kind-ly placed up - on me, Praise Him for the heav'n-ly dress; Face to face my soul can meet Him, For my great high priest is He; I will sing of grace un-
3. I will sing of jew - els gleam - ing, In a crown of pur - est gold, I will sing of man-sions ma - ny, In that bless-ed "Up-per Fold;" Some glad day I know He's com-ing, And with Him I'll ev - er be— I will sing of grace un-

REFRAIN.

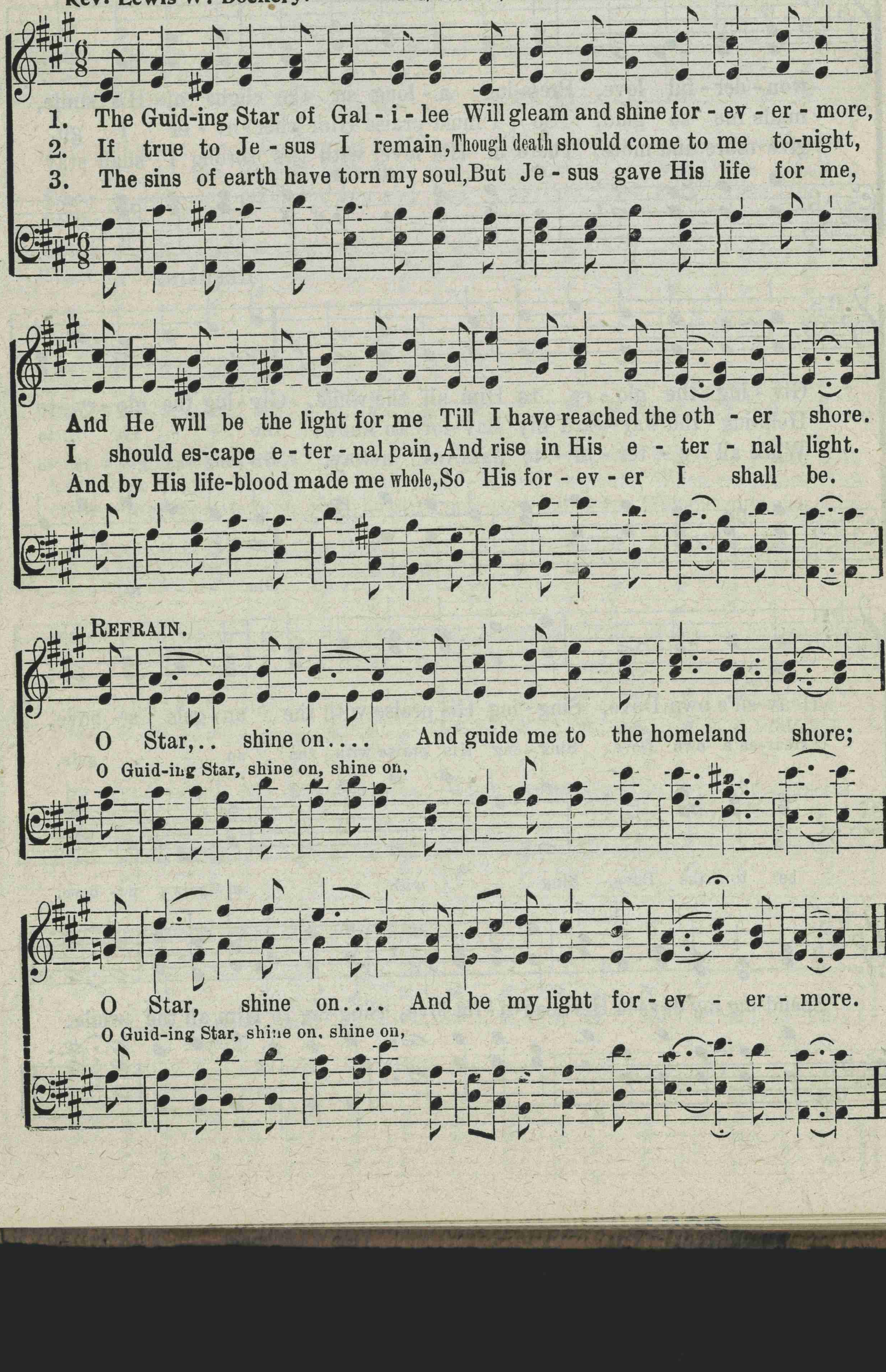
end - ing, Thro' a bright e - ter - ni - ty. I will sing with grateful voice, In my Lord I will re - joice; Glo-ry to His name for - ev - er, For His mer - cy

I Will Sing of Things Immortal.



No. 103. The Guiding Star.

Rev. Lewis W. Dockery. L. G, DOCKERY, OWNER. 1915. L. G. Dockery.



No. 104. Giving the Glory to Jesus.

James Rowe. J. G. MORRIS, RED OAK, GA., OWNER, 1915. **J. G. Morris.**

1. On-ward I go to the cit-y a-bove, Sing-ing of Christ and His won-der-ful love, Press-ing a-long in the light of His smile,
2. Once I was sin-ful and wea-ry and sad, But He re-deemed me and made me so glad; So I must praise Him wher-ev-er I go,
3. Soon on the heav-en-ly, glo-ri-fied shore, Glo-ry to Him I shall give more and more; There in His love, with the throng I shall stay

REFRAIN.

Giv-ing the glo-ry to Him all the while. Giv-ing the glo-ry to
Help-ing the way-ward my Sav-ior to know. Glo - - ry to
While all e-ter-ni-ty pass-es a-way. Giv-ing the glo-ry to
Glo - - ry
Heav-en's own Dove, Sing-ing His praise with the an-gels a-bove,
Je - - sus,
Heav-en's own Dove, Sing-ing His praise with the an - - gels,
be to the Dove, Sing with an-gels a-bove,
Spend-ing my days in His beau-ti-ful love, Sing-ing to Him all the while.

No. 105. When We Praise Him By the Sea.

James Rowe. W. T TAYLOR. OWNER 1915. **W. T. Taylor.**

1. What hos - an - as will as-cend, To the sin-ner's on-ly friend, What a
2. We shall walk the gold-en shore, With the friends now gone be-fore, Joined for-
3. In the midst of those who sing, We shall see our lov-ing king, And He'll

time of great re- joic - ing it will be, (for you and me,) How our
ev - er all so hap-py, pure and free, (so pure and free,) We shall
have a lov - ing smile for you and me, (for you and me,) Then the

D. S.—*Oh, what*

eyes will gleam and glow, How our hearts will o-ver-flow, When we praise Him
hear their voic-es sweet, In the prais - es we re-peat, When we praise Him
crowns that we have won, He'll be-stow and say "well done." When we praise Him

bliss will thrill each soul, As the great hos-an-nas roll, When we praise Him

FINE REFRAIN.

by the crys-tal sea. (the crystal sea.) When we praise Him by the crys-tal

by the crys-tal sea. (the crys-tal sea.)

D. S.

sea ..... When we praise the Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

the crys - tal sea Cal - va - ry;

No. 106. Which Will it Be?

James Rowe. W. S. TIDWELL, OWNER, 1913. W. S. Tidwell.

1. When the work of life is end - ed and the judg-ment-day ap-pears,
2. When the na - tions all are gath-ered in the pres-ence of the King,
3. If your soul is now in bon-dage, ask the Lord to set you free,

When you stand be-fore the Mas - ter to ac - count for all the years;
On that day of days, my broth-er, will you sigh or will you sing?
Do not wait an - oth - er mo-ment—op - por - tun - i - ty may flee;

When the right-eous Judge shall call you and your rec - ord-leaves un - roll,
Will the light of hope be shin-ing like a ra-diant morn - ing star?
Oh, it lies with you, my broth-er, it is yours a - lone to say

Will you trem-ble with the sin-ners or will rap-ture thrill your soul?
Or will deep re-morse as - sail you, when you stand be - fore the bar?
Wheth-er joy, or woe, shall meet you on the aw - ful judg-ment-day.

REFRAIN.

Which will it be? Rapt - ure or
Which, O which, tell me, tell me, which will it be? which 'twill be, 'Twill be

Which, O which. broth - er, which will it be? Tell me which 'twill be.

Which Will It Be?

No. 107. Come to the Saviour Now.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11: 28. (Come Now.)

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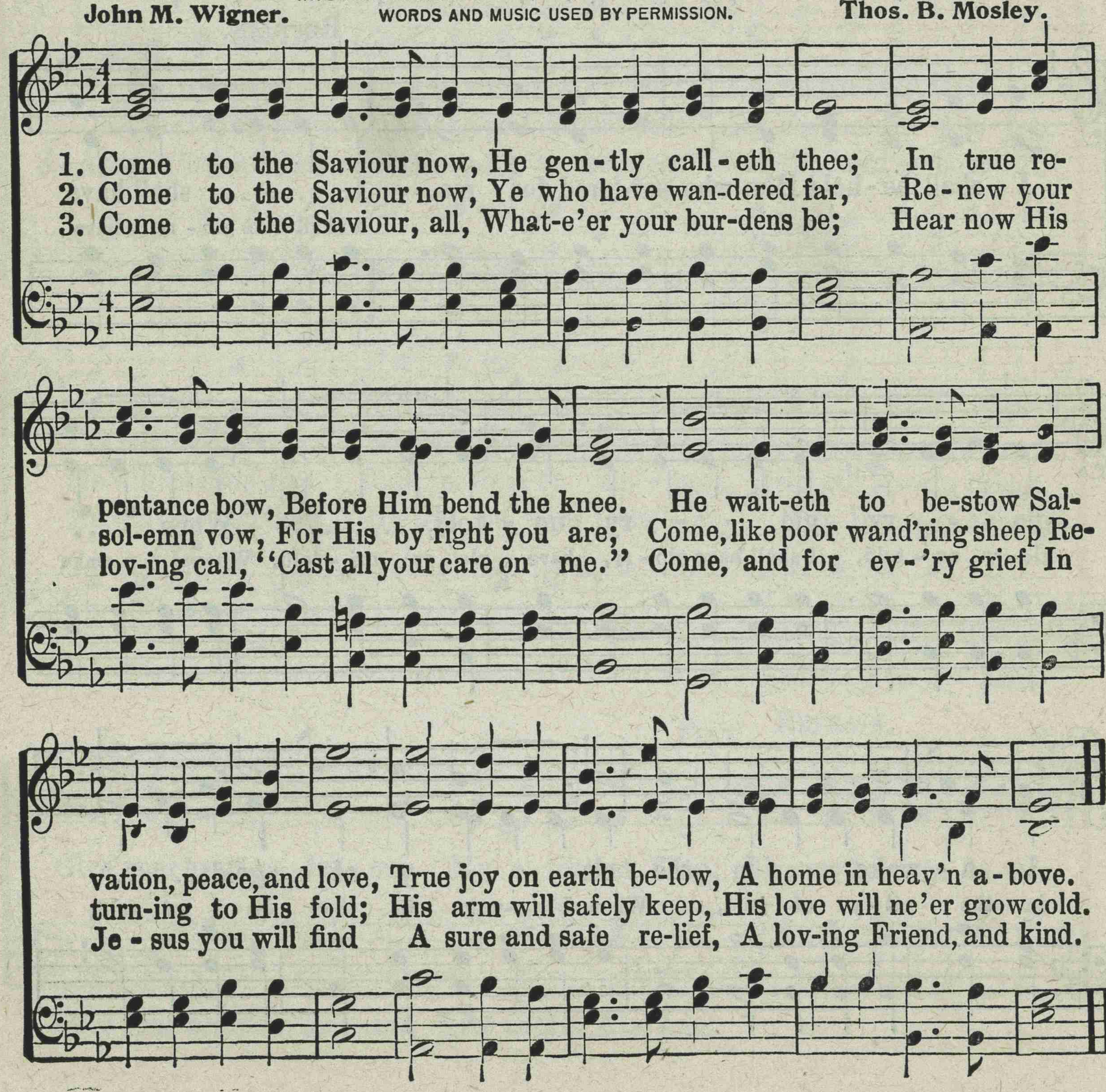
WORDS AND MUSIC USED BY PERMISSION.

John M. Wigner. **Thos. B. Mosley.**



No. 108 I Shall Have Glory.

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. J. D. Patton.

1. Aft - er my sor-rows and troubles and cares, Aft - er my long-ings and
2. When He has called me a-way from the strife, And I have en - tered the
3. In that bright cit - y of pal - ac - es grand, Min-gle with friends on the

aft - er my prayers, In His sweet pres - ence for - ev - er to be,
king-dom of life, There where the an - gels re - joice by the sea,
beau - ti - ful strand, Fair as the morn - ing, en - rapt-ured and free,

REFRAIN.

I shall be - hold Him who suf-fered for me. I. ..... shall have
I shall have glo - ry, have

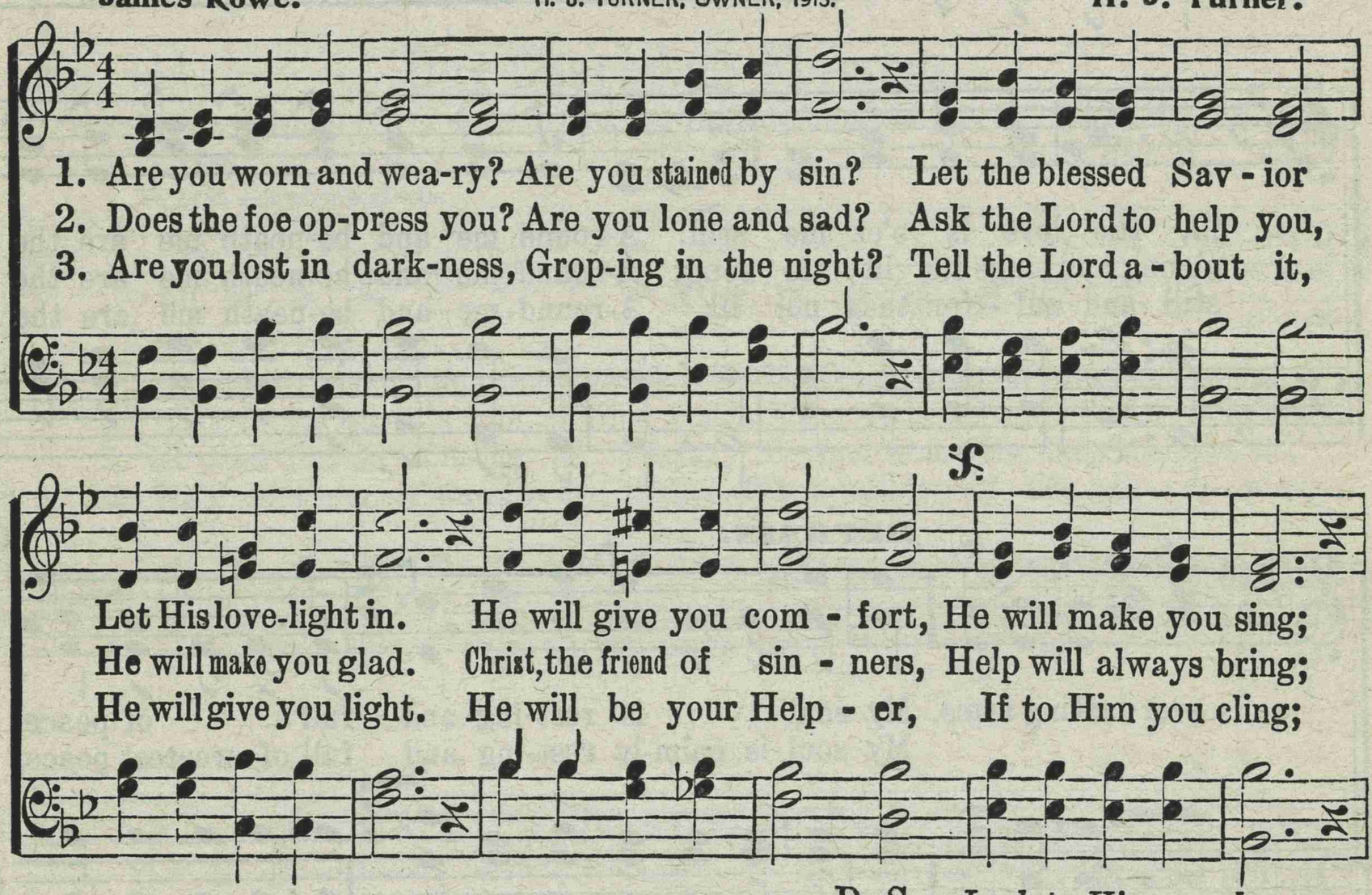
glo - ry, glo - - ry un - told,..... When.....
glo - ry un - told, I shall have glo - ry, have glo - ry un - told, When I a-wake

I a - wake in the cit - - y of gold;.....
in the cit - y of gold, When I a-wake in the cit - y of gold;

I Shall Have Glory.

No. 109. Give Your Heart to Jesus.

James Rowe. H. J. TURNER, OWNER, 1913. **H. J. Turner.**



No. 110. Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. In Christ, my bless-ed hid - ing, place, I am se - cure - ly shelt-ered;
2. While hid in Christ what cares my soul for rag - ing storm or tem-pest,
3. The tempt-er oft - en comes to me in all his sub - tle cun-ning,

Pro - tect - ed is my soul from all a - larms; I have no fear of
I am be-yond the reach of all that harms; My faith a - bid - eth
And tempts me with his soul - al - lur - ing charms; I hold to Je - sus

ill, His love is o'er me still, A-round me and be-neath me are the
strong and sings its lit - tle song; A-round me and he-neath me are the
still and suf - fer then no ill, A-round me and be-neath me are the

REFRAIN.

ever-lasting arms. My soul is rest-ing and full of peace,
My soul is calm-ly rest-ing and full of sweetest peace,

And hid in Christ I fear no rude a - larms, (no rude a-larms,)

Copyright, 1905, by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

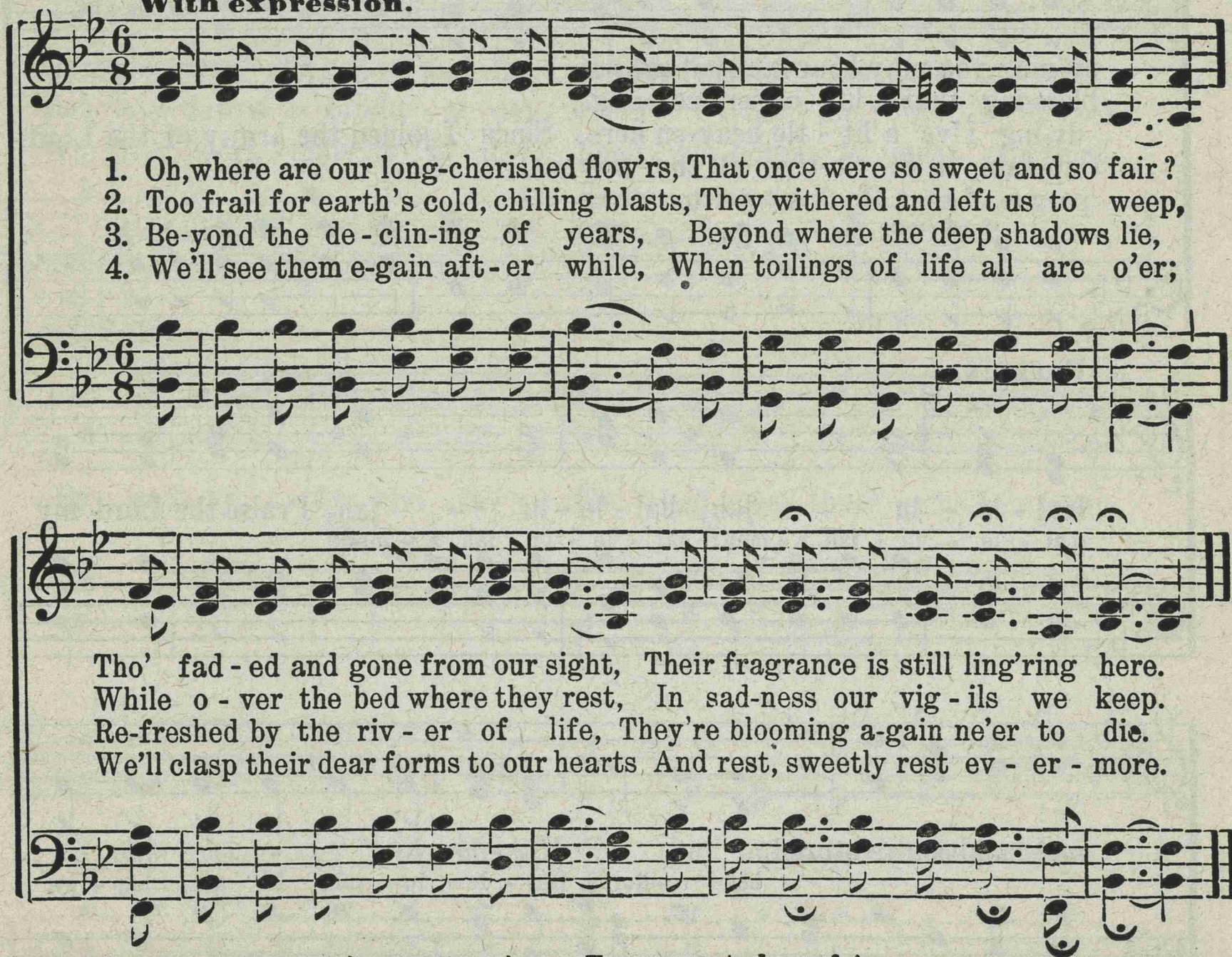
Enfolded In the Everlasting Arms. Concluded.

No. 111. Our Cherished Flowers.

(Lovingly inscribed to the memory of our darling Pauline.—B. B. B. and Mano E. B.)

G. W. LYON. B. B. BEALL. 1905.

With expression.



* Good as a Quartet for men's voices. Transpose to key of A.

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No. 112. Since I Joined the Army of the Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN VA,

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. I'm as hap - py as a sun-beam or a bird up - on the wing,
2. Tho' I used to live for pleas-ure now I live for bet-ter things,
3. Now no more the tho't of dy - ing fills my soul with guilt-y fear,
4. Now I fol-low my Com-mand-er to the bat - tle ev - 'ry day,
5. I've a pros-pect o - ver yon-der of a mansion, robe, and crown,

Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord; From the morn-ing till the
Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord; For I've tast-ed of the
Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord; For tho' liv-ing or tho'
Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord; And with Je - sus as my
Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord; For my name up - on the

ev'ning you may hear me shout and sing,
bless-ing that a life of service brings,
dy-ing I've a lit - tle heav-en here,
Cap-tain it is vic-t'ry all the way,
pa-ges of that Book is written down,

Since I joined the arm-y of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

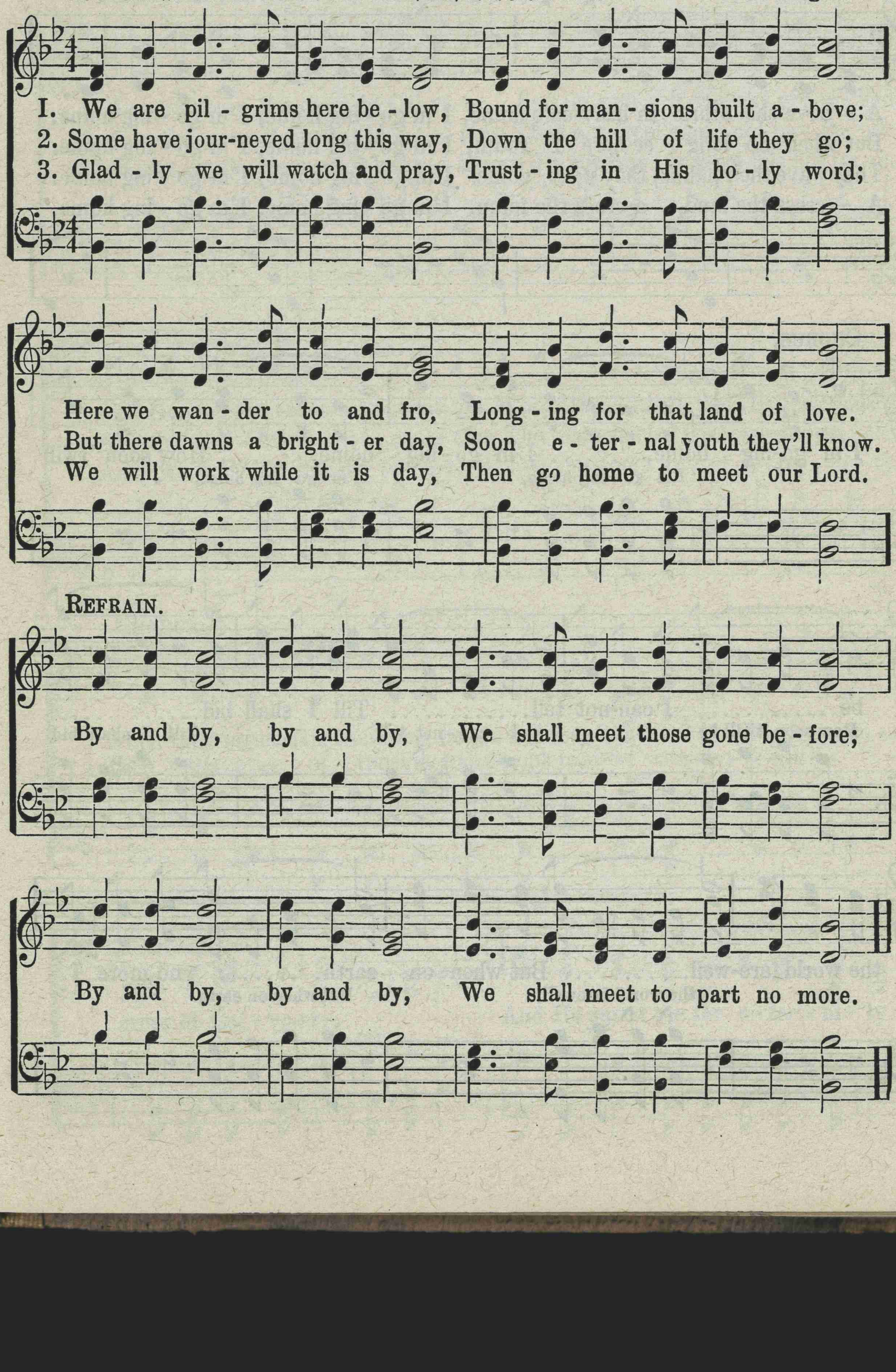
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord my
Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men! hal - le - lu - jah, a - men!

soul has been re-stored, Hal - le - lu - jah,
been re-stored, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am hap - py,

Since I Joined the Army of the Lord.

No. 113. We Are Pilgrims Here Below.

A. J. Showalter. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. B. K. Knight.



No. 114. I'm Going Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY J. O. BEALL.
USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman. Jr. John O. Beall.

1. I'm going home, how sweet the tho't That when my task on earth is wrought,
2. I'm going home, full ma - ny years I've walked this vale of grief and tears,
3. I'm going home, by faith I see The friends who wait to welcome me,
4. I'm going home, vain world good-by, To my e - ter - nal home on high,

A - bove the stars in heav-en's dome, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home.
But when no long - er here I roam, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home.
They wave their palms, they beckon "come," I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home.
A - cross the land, a-cross the foam, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home,..... I'm go - ing home,..... How soon 'twill
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home,

be..... I can-not tell..... Till I shall bid..... .....
How soon 'twill be I can - not tell Till I shall bid

the world fare-well,..... But when on earth..... no more I
the world farewell, But when on earth

I'm Going Home.

rit.

roam,..... I'm go-ing home..... I'm go-ing home.....
no more I roam, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home.

No. 115. Ransomed for Eternity.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JNO. O. BEALL.
USED BY PER.

Rev. W. C. Martin. John O. Beall.

1. Je - sus bore His cross to Cal-va-ry, And up - on it He was cru-ci - fied,
2. For the price of sin was blood so pure That a mortal could not pay the price,
3. With a depth of love earth had not known Je- sus free - ly gave His life for me,

And He paid the ransom price for me When He meekly bowed His head and died.
And the Son of God a-lone could cure The dis-ease by His own sac - ri - fice.
And it was suf-fi-cient to a-tone For my guilt to all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

{ When they nailed His trembling hands and feet (hands and feet) To the cru - el
{ Then the price of ransom was complete, (was complete,) [*Omit.*]

cross of Cal - va - ry, And He saved me for e - ter - ni - ty.
Cal - va - ry,

No. 116. Onward, Gospel Legions.

Lizzie DeArmond. K. C. Robinson, Bessemer, Ala., owner, 1915. **K. C. Robinson.**

1. On-ward, gos-pel le-gions In the up-ward way, Mak-ing drear-y re - gions
2. Foes can harm us nev - er,Though the way be dim, If our souls are ev - er
3. By and by, in heav - en,Near the throne a-bove,Life-crowns will be giv-en

Bright-er day by day. Keep the standard fly - ing In the love - lit sky,
Keep - ing close to Him. Giv - ing out the sto - ry To the lone and sad,
By the King of love; There through countless a - ges, Sweet-ly we shall raise,

On the Lord re - ly-ing ; Vic - to-ry is nigh. On - ward, up - ward,
Onward march to glory, Mak-ing others glad.
With the saints and sages,Mel - o dies of praise. Onward,upward,smiling,singing

REFRAIN.

On - ward, up - ward,

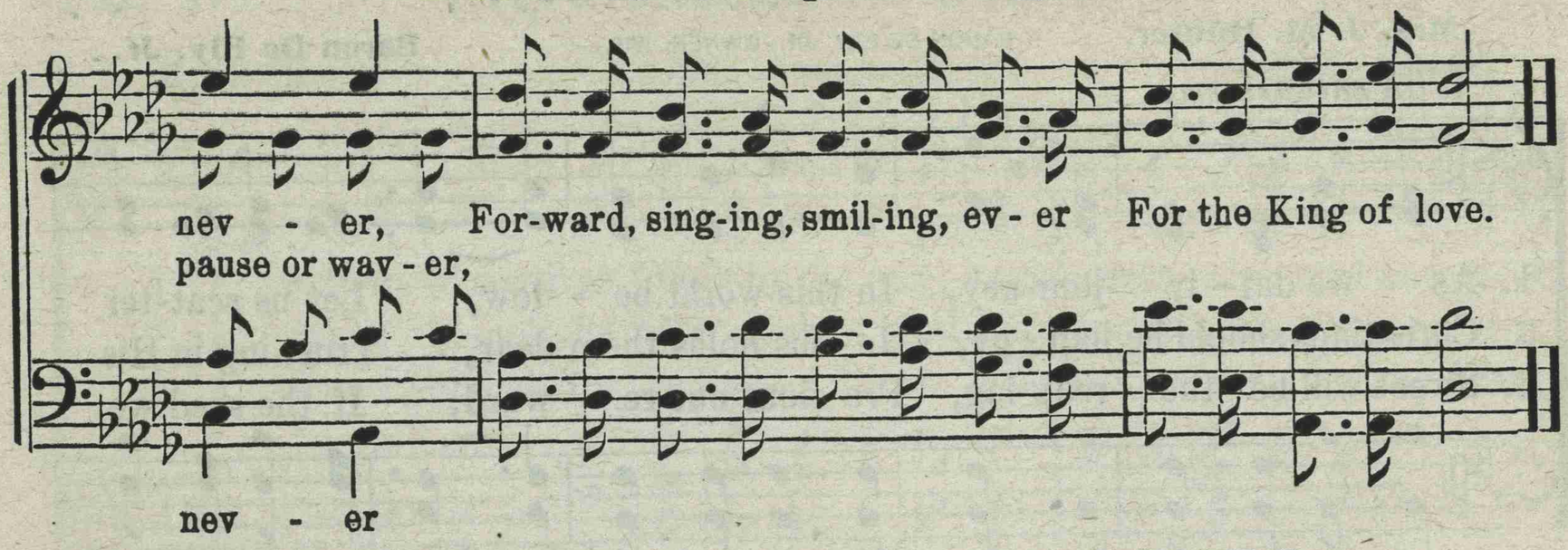
smil - ing, sing - ing, Wayward souls to Je - sus bring-ing,
ban - ners to the breez-es fling-ing,

smil - ing, sing - ing,

Win-ning crowns above; On - ward, ev - er, paus - ing
Onward, gos-pel le-gions,nev-er fear the foe or

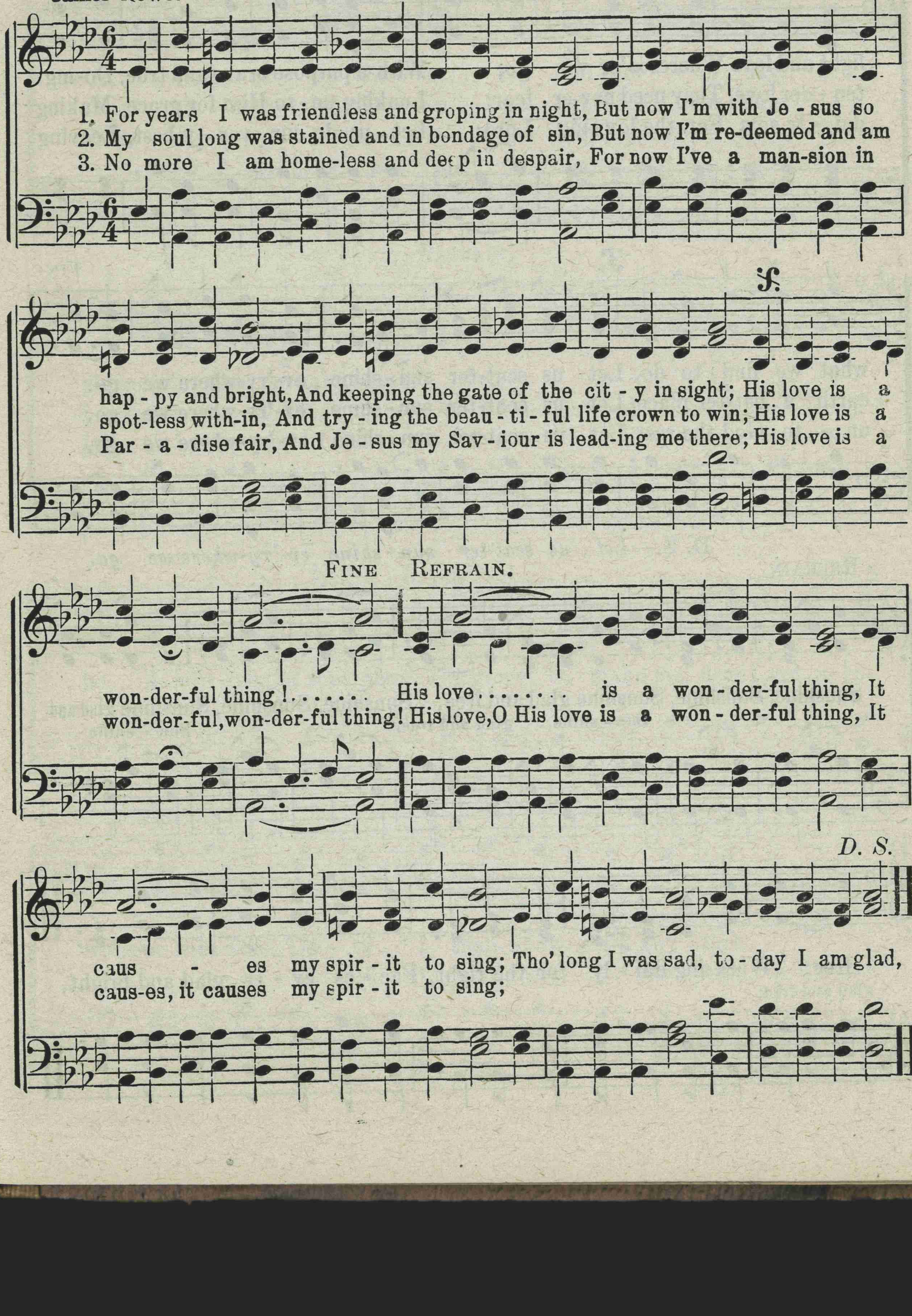
O legions, On - ward ev - er, paus - ing

Onward, Gospel Legions.



No. 117. His Love Is a Wonderful Thing.

James Rowe. K. C. Robinson, owner, 1915. K. C. Robinson.



No. 118. As We Daily Journey.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. BARON DE ELY, JR,. OWNER, 1915. **Baron De Ely, Jr.**

With enthusiasm.

1. As we dai - ly jour-ney, In this world be - low, Let us scat-ter
2. Chris-tians should be hap - py, Je - sus holds them dear, Trust-ing in His
3. Sweet will be the reap-ing, Pre-cious our re - ward, If the seed we

light and love Wheresoe'er we go; With a purpose brave and true, Do-ing
ten - der love, They need nev-er fear; Looking un - to Him for grace, Making
dai - ly sow For the lov - ing Lord; Let us do our ver - y best, Leaving

what we find to do, Let us scat-ter sun - shine ev-'ry-where we go.
earth a bet-ter place, Let us scat-ter sun - shine ev-'ry-where we go.
un - to God the rest, Let us scat-ter sun - shine ev-'ry-where we go.

D. S.—*Let us scat-ter sun - shine ev-'ry-where we go.*

REFRAIN.

Sunshine, Sunshine, Sunshine glad and free, Sunshine, Sunshine, Sunshine glad and
Sun - shine glad and free, Sun - shine
free; Work-ing dai - ly for the right, Fac - es ev - er glad and bright,
glad and free;

No. 119 A Winner of Souls.

E. E. Hewitt. B. J. MORRIS, OWNER, 1915. **B. J. Morris.**

1. A winner of souls as I walk by the way, As strangers or friends I may meet;
2. A winner of souls–be it life's highest aim! No other with this can com-pare;
3. A winner of souls for the Sav-ior I love, A seek-er of gems for my King;

A work - er for Je - sus to find ev' - ry day, A
To wit - ness for Je - sus, to hon - or His name, Is
Then hap - py my song in the man - sions a - bove, When

REFRAIN.

gladness in Him, pure and sweet.
joy that no an - gel may share. A win-ner of souls, blessed Lord, would I
jew - els to Je - sus I bring.

be, A win - ner of souls thro' Thy grace; O, make me, dear Lord, a co-

work-er with Thee, Un - til I shall look on Thy face.
Un - til I shall look, I shall look on Thy face.

No. 120. Do the Best You Can.

A. J. S. A J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.

1. Be - hold the har-vest now is white, The gold-en grain is gleaming bright,
2. Tho' storms may oft a - round you beat, And sore temptations you may meet,
3. What du-ty bids you, dare and do; Look up to God, be brave and true,

Go reap to - day, ere comes the night, And do the best you can.
With cour-age strong fear not de - feat, But do the best you can.
Thro' Him each day your strength re - new, And do the best you can.

REFRAIN.

Do the best you can ev - 'ry day, Toil for Je - sus
Do the best, the best you can ev - 'ry day, Toil, yes
Do the best you can each day, Toil for
now while you may, Gird on your might, and
toil for Je - sus now while you may,
Je - sus while you may,
Strike for the right, And do the best you can ev - 'ry day.

No. 121. Workers Together.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. Property of J. D. Patton. 1911. J. D. PATTON.

1. Work-ers to-geth-er with Je - sus our Lord, Work in it - self is a glo - rious re - ward; Glad - ly we fol - low the voice that is heard,
2. Work-ers to-geth-er in fel - low-ship sweet, Close to each oth - er our Mas - ter we meet; Blest be the tie that is last - ing and true—
3. Work-ers to-geth-er till serv - ice be - low Ends in the glo - ry where- un - to we go; Help us, Lord Je - sus, to see eye to eye,

REFRAIN.

Loy - al and true to the call of His word. Workers to-geth-er, to-geth - er with Him; O, for a faith that will nev- er grow dim; Glo - ri - ous vis - ion! Our Lead-er we see: Make us, O Mas - ter, co- workers with Thee.
Workers to-geth - er, his bid - ding we do. Faith that will nev - er grow dim;
Till we be- hold Thee in beau - ty on high. Work - ers to-

No. 122. Sweeter and Brighter.

J. F. E. JAMES F EPPES, OWNER, 1915. James F. Eppes.

1. If you are a shin-ing christian, cleansed from ev-'ry stain, You are working
2. Ma-ny find it hard to fol-low at the Lord's command, And complain, when
3. On the shin-ing way to Heav-en, vic-t'ry you will win, If you keep your
4. Sinner, give your heart to Je-sus and be good and true, There is hap-pi-

for the Savior, souls for Him to gain, Dai-ly, hour-ly you are trying more of
Je-sus calls them for the right to stand; But if you're a shining christian faithful
eyes on Jesus, shunning doubt and sin; When in troub-le He'll de-liv-er, when in
ness in liv-ing, there is glo-ry, too; Try to be a shining christian, fol-low

Him to know, And the way is growing brighter, as a-long with Him you go.
you will be, Al-ways read-y for the bat-tle, when the threat'ning foe you see.
need, sup-ply, And in ev-'ry kind of trouble you will al-ways feel Him nigh.
all the way, Then the pathway will grow brighter and your soul will sing each day.

REFRAIN.

It is bright - - er ev-'ry day, 'Twill be
It is bright-er, bright-er, It is bright-er ev-'ry day, 'Twill be
It is bright-er, it is bright-er, It is bright-er ev-'ry day,

bright - - er all the way, Sim-ply trust..... and
brighter all the way, 'Twill be bright-er all the way, Sim-ply trust, sim-ply trust and

Sweeter and Brighter.

watch and pray, If you are a shining christian On the homeward way.
watch and pray, watch and pray,

No. 123. Get More of His Fullness To-day.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY B. B. BEALL. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. There's blessing abundant in Je-sus our Lord, For all who believe and o-bey;
2. Per-haps He is fill-ing your cup to the brim; O, let heaven's sweetness run o'er!
3. More patience, more courage in do-ing His will, More faithfulness, kindness and love;
4. Oh, give Him the glo-ry for all He has done, Then, steadfastly press on your way;

Oh, come where the treas-ures of mer-cy are stored; Get more of His fullness to-day.
Give oth-ers the joy you're receiving from Him, And then ask the Savior for more.
All full-ness in Je-sus—remember it still, And plead for His pow'r from a-bove.
More seed must be planted, more vic-to-ries won; Get more of His fullness to-day.

REFRAIN.

More, more, more and more, To faith He will nev-er say, nay!
More and more, nev-er, nev-er say, nay!

More, more, more and more! Get more of His full-ness to-day.
More and more,

No. 124. When Shadows Shall Flee.

James Rowe. M. S. ODELL, OWNER, 1915. M. S. Odell.

1. Some morn, when the mist has been banished, Some dawn, when the shadows shall flee,
2. How sweet just to pict-ure, at e - ven, The streets which my dear ones have trod,
3. There nev-er a temp-est sweeps o'er them, Nor sor-row nor sigh-ing is there;
4. Some day when no long-er the sto - ry On earth I shall car - ol or tell,

With loved ones and friends who have van-ished A-gain, by His grace, I shall be.
And think of the joys that are giv - en To all in the cit - y of God!
E - ter - ni - ty stretch-es be-fore them With-out the least shad-ow of care!
My loved ones will meet me in Glo - ry, Then all will for - ev - er be well.

REFRAIN.

I know they are waiting o - ver there, Waiting there beside the sea;
o-ver there, cry-stal sea;

With fac-es as bright as the morning fair, They are waiting, waiting for me.
for me,

No. 125. A Friend Of Mine.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Geo. W. Anderson, owner, 1915. **Geo. W. Anderson.**

1. There is One..... who journeys with me,(journeys with me,)And He makes.... my
2. Once I walked... with-in the shadows,(in the shadows,)My poor heart... for
3. I am way - ward, weak and sin-ful,(weak and sinful,)And my feet.... to
4. Life and strength.. from Him I'm drawing,(ever drawing,)I'm the branch.. He

path-way bright;(my pathway bright;) I am glad .... to tell of Je-sus,(tell of Je sus,)
love did pine,(for love did pine,)Then He changed.... my gloom to gladness,(joy and gladness,)
wrong inclined,(to wrong inclined,)Pa-tient-ly.....He shields and guides me,(shields and guides me,)
is the vine,(He is the vine,)Naught from me .... His love can sev - er,(ne'er can sev-er,)

D.S.—*Sweet and ten - der, strong and faith-ful, ...*
strong and faithful,

FINE. REFRAIN.

For He is..... a friend of mine..... I will tell..... you of this
For He is a friend of mine.(a friend of mine.) I will tell you of this

You may share.... this Friend divine.....
this Friend divine.

D. S.

Friend,..... One whose love..... will nev - er end,.....
Friend,this precious Friend, One whose love will nev - er end, will nev - er end,

No. 126. He Keeps Me Under His Wings.

James Rowe. A. H. GLASSCOCK, OWNER, 1915. **A. H. Glasscock.**

1. I am march-ing with the Lord, go ing home to my re-ward, And my
2. My Re - deem - er dear will be, al-ways, ev-'ry-thing to me, For the
3. I am sure that we shall meet and that joy will be com-plete, Where an-

mind is fixed up-on e - ter - nal things; I shall reach that hap-py place where we
vic - to - ry of life to me He brings; I shall wear a crown at last, when my
end-less song of praise to Je - sus rings; There with Him my home shall be through the

all shall see His face, For He keeps me in the shad-ow of His wings.
tri - als all are past, For He keeps me in the shad-ow of His wings.
glad e - ter - ni - ty, For He keeps me in the shad-ow of His wings.

REFRAIN.

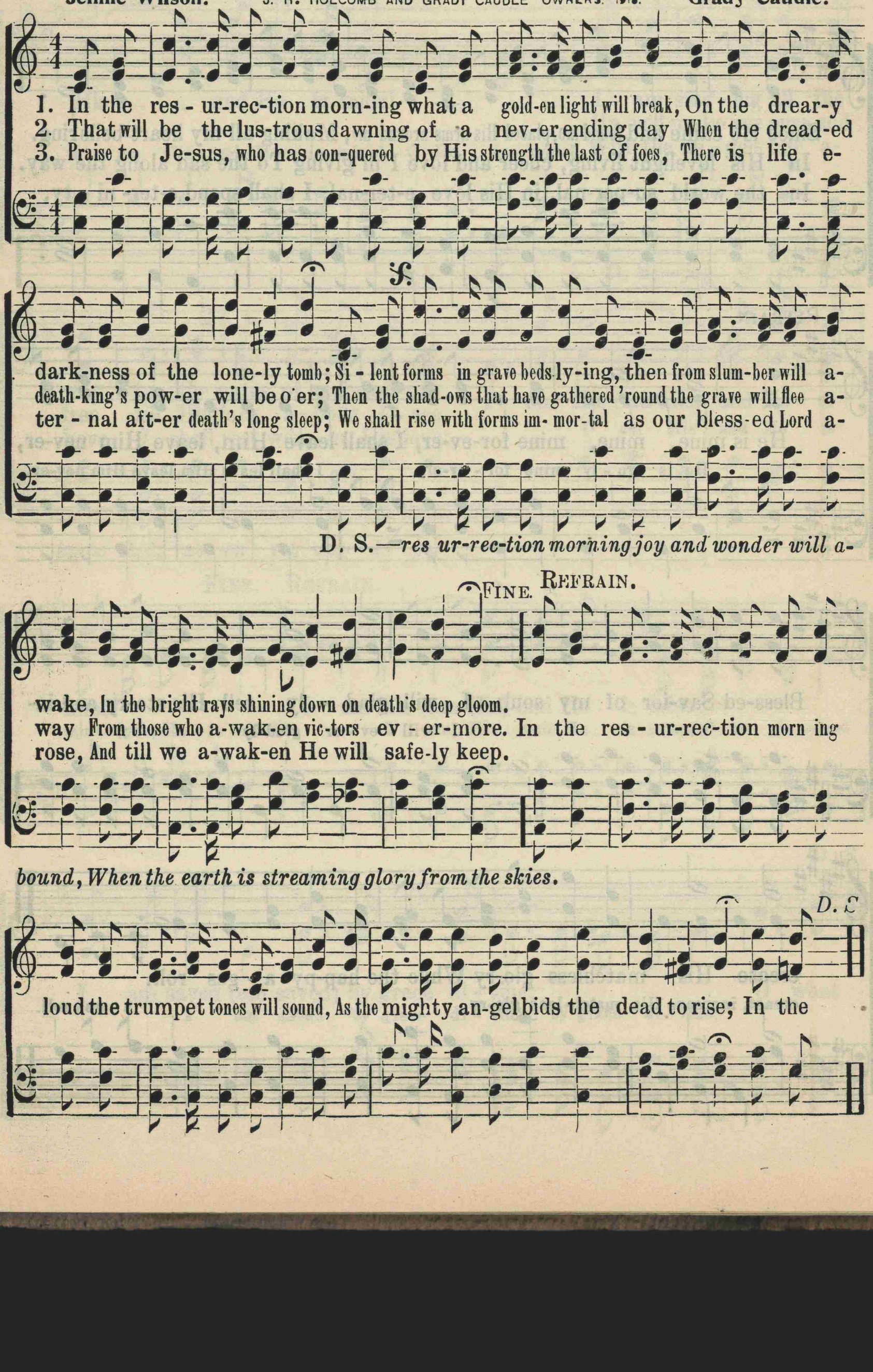
All the way,..... by night and day, ... His praise my soul.....
All the way by night and day, by night and day, His praise my soul

with rapt-ure sings;..... And I shall reach..... the Ho - ly
with rapture sings, with rapture sings, And I shall reach the Ho - ly

He Keeps Me Under His Wings.

No. 127. The Resurrection Morning.

Jennie Wilson. J. H. HOLCOMB AND GRADY CAUDLE OWNERS. 1915. **Grady Caudle.**



No. 128. He is Mine Forever.

James Rowe. J. C. LAWSON, OWNER, 1915, J. C. Lawson.

1. I've been true to duty, growing in the beauty Of my Savior, friend, and King,
2. In His cause delighting, I am bravely fighting For my Master ev'ry day;
3. There is none above Him, and I dearly love Him For what He has done for me;

Since He came and found me, placed His arms around me, Making all my heart-bells ring.
In His lovelight living, cheer and love I'm giving To the sad along the way.
In the world su-per-nal, in His love e-ter-nal, I shall spend e-ter- ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

He is mine, mine, mine for-ev-er, I shall leave Him, leave Him nev-er,
He is tru - ly mine for - ev-er, I shall leave Him, leave Him nev-er,
Bless-ed Sav-ior of my soul; I will glad - ly tell His sto-ry and in-
I will ev - er glad-ly
crease His matchless glo-ry While the hap-py a - ges roll.
crease, increase His match-less glo-ry a - ges roll.

No. 129. I Am His and He Is Mine.

James Rowe. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1914. W. T. Taylor.

1. O what joy it is to know that, as on my way I go,
2. He has banished all my sin and His spir - it dwells within, I am
3. Thro' the a - ges I shall sing to my Sav-iour and my King,

His . . and He is mine! I am sing - ing all the way to the gates of end - less day,

I am His and He is mine! O He is mine! With the an - gels fair a - free till His face a - bove I see,

bove I shall rest with - in His love:

know that, as on my way I go,

D. S.—*joy it is to*

FINE. REFRAIN.

I am His (am His) and He is mine!

I am His and He is mine, O He is mine!

mine! (yes, He is mine!)

D. S.

I am saved (am saved) by grace di - vine; O what

I am saved by grace di - vine, by grace di - vine;

No. 130. A Glory Side to the Cloud.

(Inscribed to all my pupils.—B. B. B.)

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MISS E. E. HEWITT. B. B. BEALL.

1. There's a glo-ry side to the cloud we fear, For the Lord Himself, tho' unseen, is near,
2. There's a glo-ry side; O how fair and bright, And its golden gleams cheer the gloomy night
3. There's a glo-ry side, and it brighter grows As our faith and hope on His word repose;

To the trusting soul will His grace ap-pear; There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.
When the Ho - ly Dove comes with sav-ing might, There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.
And the God of love "present help" be-stows, There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.

REFRAIN.

Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con - fide In the Lord who stand - - eth by;
Yes, a glo - ry side; let our hearts con-fide In the Lord who standeth by, who standeth by;

Yes, a glo-ry side; when our faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky.
Yes, a glo-ry side; when our faith is tried, We will look be-yond the sky,

we will look beyond the sky.

We will look, we will look beyond the sky.

No. 131. Be Friends For Christ.

L. L. Wynn. WYNN & LESLEY, OWNERS, 1915. J. A. Lesley.

Andante.

1. There is a Friend, a precious Friend, On whom each day I can de - pend,
2. Christ is my Friend, His love I know, And so my love for Him I show,
3. I try to let the need - y see That I their Friend would like to be;
4. Oh, sin-ner, trust this Friend to-day, That friends be yours a - long the way;

And, O, He pleads with us that we, While we are here, true friends may be.
By help - ing oth - ers on the road That leads us to the true a - bode.
I try to tell the sto - ry sweet And friend-ship show to all I meet.
With Christ be - side you all the while, True friends up-on your life would smile.

CHORUS.

Be friends for Christ..... a - long the way,..... Show love for oth - - - ers day by day;..... Speak helpful words..... .. of love and cheer;..... Be friends for Christ..... while you are here.....

Be friends for Christ a - long the way,
Show love for oth - ers day by day, yes, day by day;
Speak help-ful words
of love and cheer;
Be friends for Christ
while you are here.

rit.

No. 132. Go Forward In His Might.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. P. DENTON, FT. PAYNE, LA., OWNER, 1914. **J. P. Denton.**

1. That man is bless-ed who fear-eth the Lord, And walk-eth in His way; To
2. Re-mem-ber ev-er His ho-ly command, The King su-preme is He; He
3. Go tell the na-tions His won-der-ful love, Send forth His truth di-vine, Go

him there com-eth a pre-cious re-ward, And life in realms of day. O serve Je-
guides His chil-dren with mer-ci-ful hand, He rules e-ter-nal-ly; His light and
gath-er treas-ures for gar-ners a-bove,—This work is thine and mine. His ho-ly

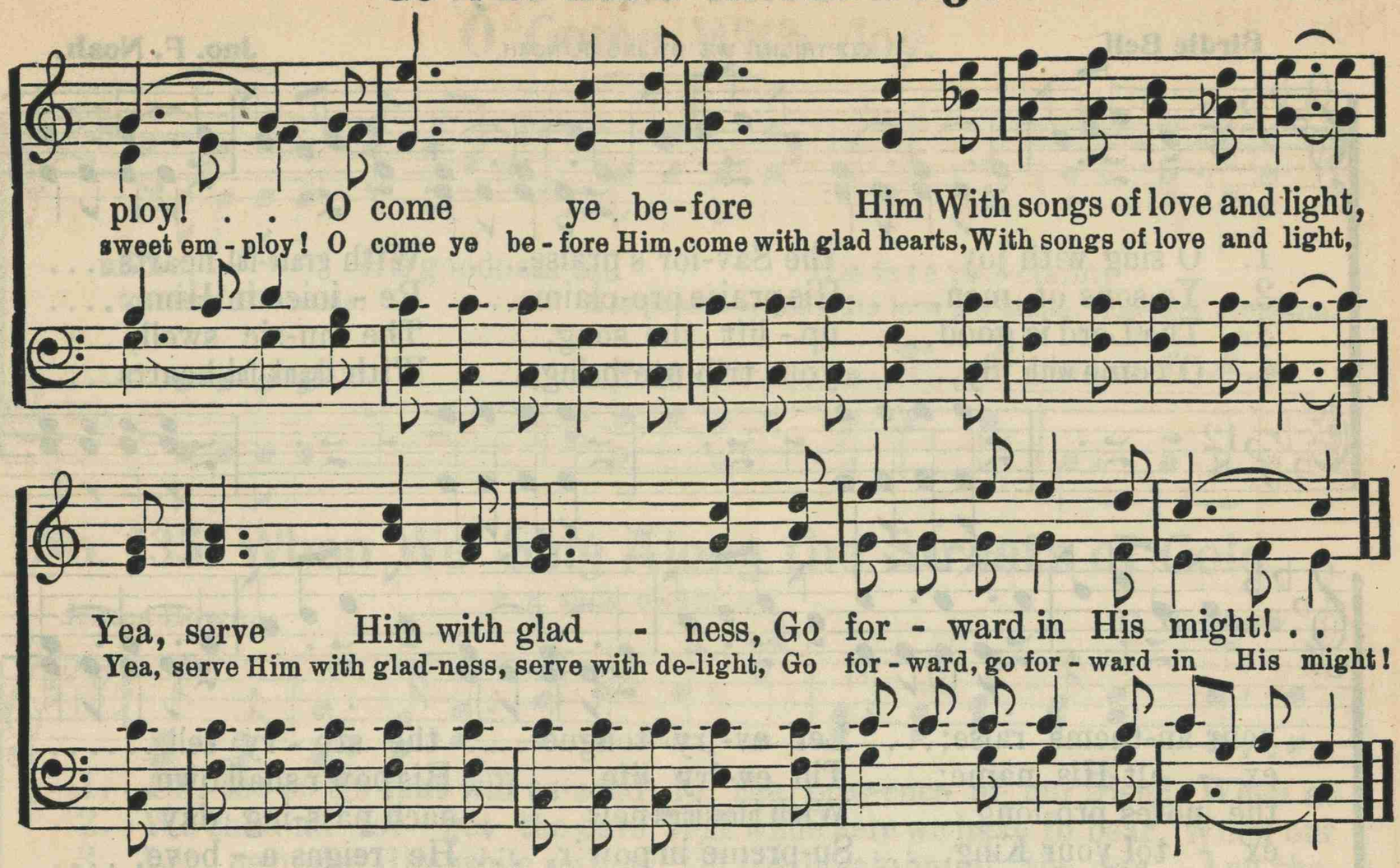
ho-vah, ex-alt His name, O praise Him now with delight; Yea, be ye clothed in His
glo-ry for-ev-er shine, And all His dealings are right; Yea, be ye clothed in His
kingdom we must advance, Be val-iant souls in the fight; Yea, be ye clothed in His

REFRAIN.

right-eous-ness, Go forward in His might. O sing to Je-ho-vah, O
right-eous-ness, Go forward in His might.
right-eous-ness, Go forward in His might. O sing to Je-ho-vah, sing a new song,

wor-ship Him with joy! O sing to Je-ho-vah, His praise is sweet em-
O sing to Je-ho-vah, sing a glad song, His praise is sweet, is

Go Forward In His Might.



No. 133. May We Ever Be Happy.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. M. C. NABORS, OWNER, 1914. **Max C. Nabors.**

No. 134. O Come With Joy.

Birdie Bell.

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY JNO. F. NOAH.

Jno. F. Noah.

1. O sing with joy..... the Sav-ior's praise,.... With grate-ful hearts....
2. Ye sons of men, ... His praise pro-claim,.... Re - joice in Him, ...
3. The Lord is good, ... up - lift the song, ... The mu-sic swell, ...
4. O come with joy,. .... your trib-ute bring,.... With thank-ful hearts....

your an-thems raise;.... Let ev-'ry tongue .... the sto - ry tell,.....
ex - alt His name;.... Till ev-'ry life ..... His pow'r shall own, ...
the notes pro-long, ... With blessings new, ... each pass-ing day, ...
ex - tol your King,.... Su-preme in pow'r, ... He reigns a - bove, ...

Let ev - 'ry voice ..... the cho-rus swell. (the cho - rus swell.)
And ev - 'ry heart ..... shall be His throne. (shall be His throne.)
He crowns with joy..... your earth-ly way. (your earth-ly way.)
De - clare His might,..... pro - claim His love. (pro-claim His love.)

REFRAIN.

O come with joy,..... ex-alt your King,.... With hap-py voice .....

O come with jey, ex-alt your Ming, with hap-py voice,

His prais-es sing;..... Let hearts u - nite..... to bless His

His prais-es sing, His prais-es sing; Let hearts u-nite

O Come With Joy.

No. 135. When We Sing Along the Streets of Gold.

P. B. SHAW, OWNER. 1915.

No. 136. "Angels of Jesus."

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1914. J. D. Patton.

1. Sure of the grace of Christ our Friend su-per - nal, On - ward we go, with eyes on things a - bove, Sing - ing of home, of rest and
2. Love is our theme and love our dai - ly sto - ry, For all our hearts our ho - ly Friend has won; All in ac - cord, we la - bor
3. Soon, with the throng now bow-ing down be - fore Him, A - round His throne, our hap - py souls will be; There we shall sing His prais-es

joy e - ter - nal, Tell - ing of mer-cy and re - deem - ing love.
for His glo - ry, And shall ex - tol His love till life be done.
and a - dore Him, With souls en - rap-tured thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

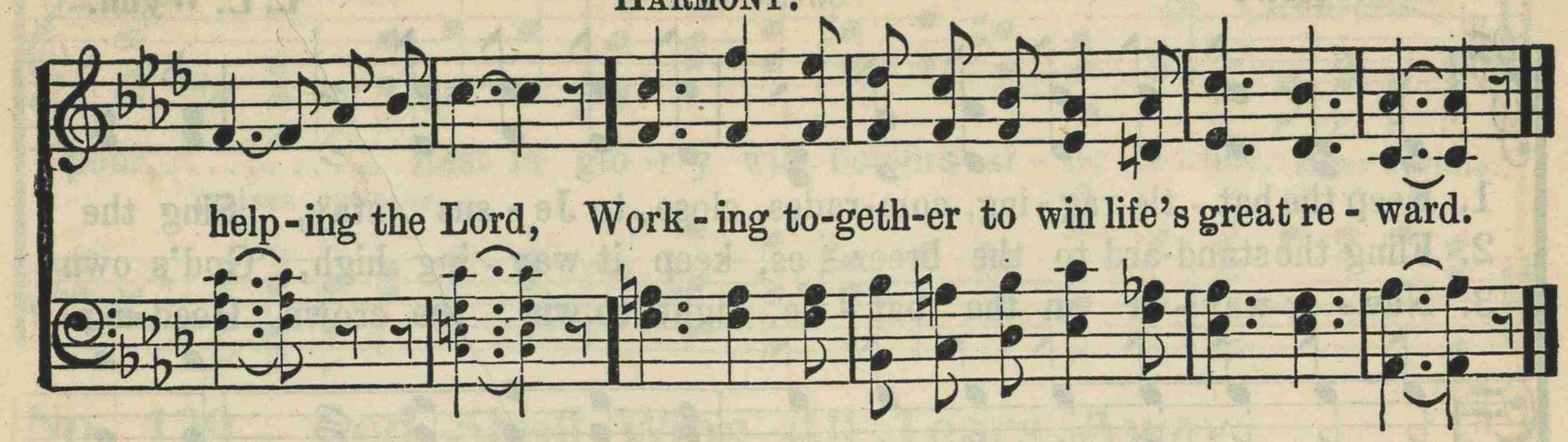
REFRAIN. MEN'S VOICES.

An - gels of Je - sus, work - ing for love; Point - ing the lost to the throne of grace a - bove; . . An - gels of Je - sus,

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

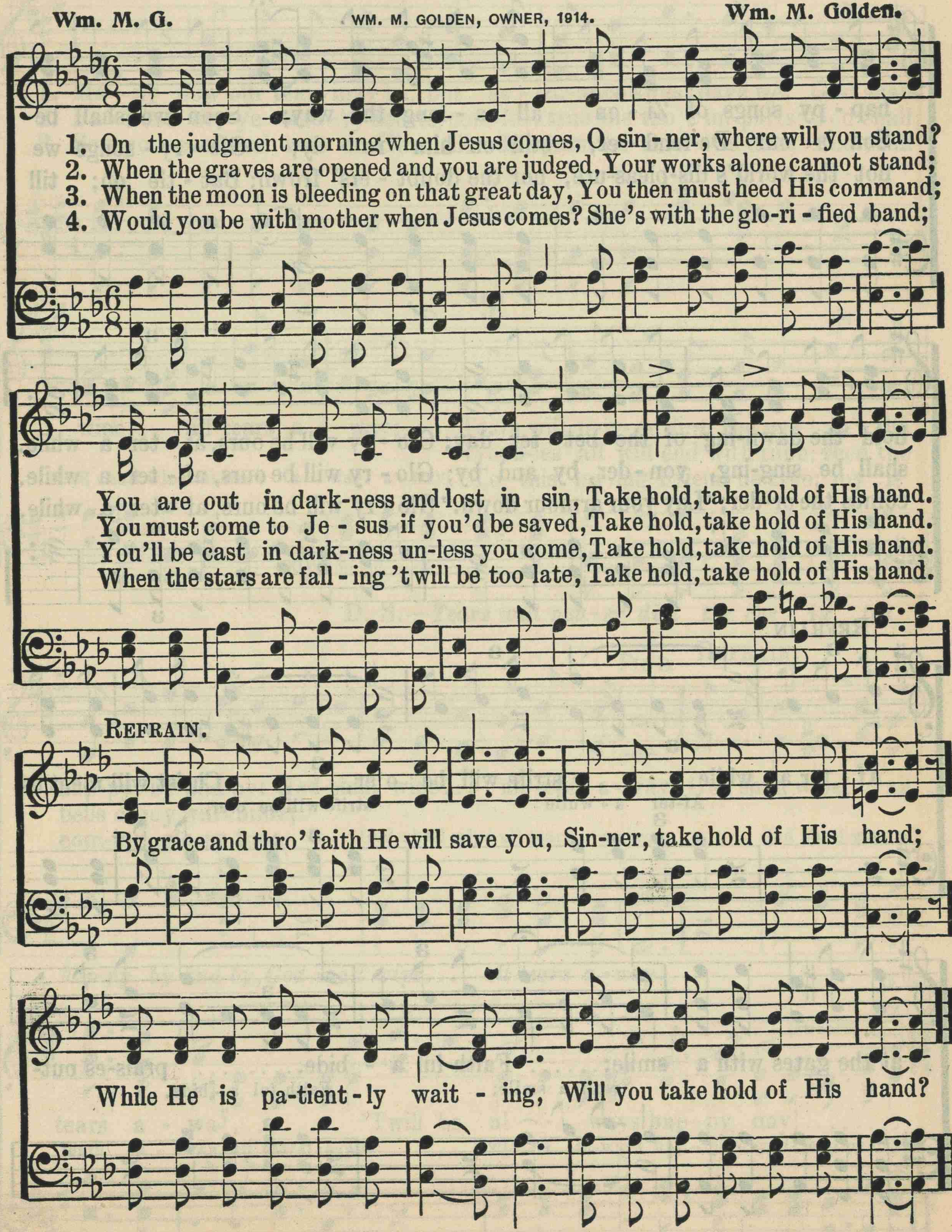
"Angels of Jesus."

HARMONY.



No. 137. Take Hold of His Hand.

Wm. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER, 1914. Wm. M. Golden.



No. 138. After A While

James Rowe

L. L. WYNN. EGGLESTON, VA., OWNER, 1915.

L. L. Wynn.

1. Keep the bat - tle rag - ing, com-rades, close to Je - sus stay, Sing the
2. Fling the stand-ard to the breez - es, keep it wav - ing high, God's own
3. Nev - er wav - er in the bat - tle, fight to win the crown, Heed-ing

hap - py songs of Zi - on all a - long the way; Soon we shall be-
Son is our De-fend - er, still on him re - ly; Glo - ry - songs we
not the world's dis-pleas-ure, nor the doubt - ers' frown; Bat - tle on; till

hold the dawn-ing of the bet - ter day; Glo - ry will be ours, af - ter a while.
shall be sing-ing, yon - der, by and by; Glo - ry will be ours, af - ter a while.
comes the or-der; "Lay your armour down." Glo - ry will be ours, af - ter a while.

REFRAIN

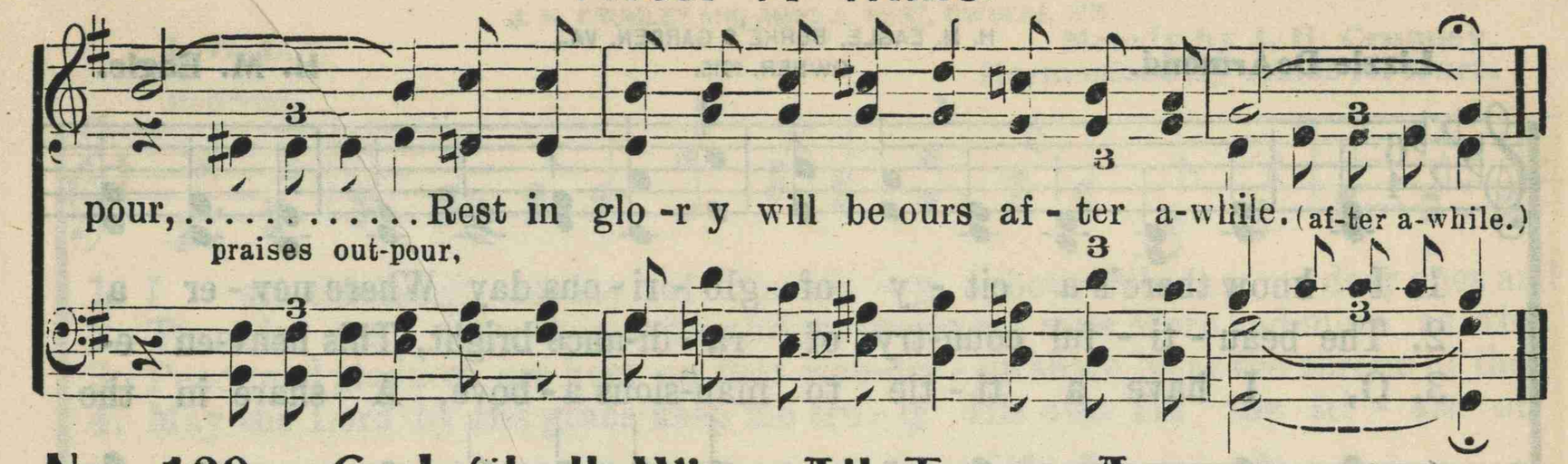
Af - ter a - while..... strife will be o'er,..... Christ will meet us

Af-ter a - while strife will be o'er,

at the gates with a smile;..... Faith-ful a - bide,..... prais-es out-

with a smile; Faith-ful a - bide,

After A While.



No. 139. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

James Rowe. JAMES B. COLE, OWNER, 1915. James B. Cole.

No. 140. Heaven Is Mine.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1915.

Lizzie DeArmond. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. I know there's a cit - y of glo - ri - ous day Where nev - er a
2. The beau - ti - ful coun-try of ra - di-ance bright, This heav-en e-
3. O, I have a ti - tle to man-sions a - bove, A share in the

shad-ow doth fall, (doth fall,) Mel - o - di-ous voic - es ring out thro' each
ter - nal I'll see, (I'll see,) This par - a - dise ho - ly where God is the
rich - es di - vine, (di - vine,) This ' grace ev-er-last - ing and won-der - ful

REFRAIN.

way, And Je - sus is King o - ver all.
light, My Sav-ior has purchased for me. Heav - en is mine,
love, I know that this heav-en is mine. Oh, heav - en is

heav-en is mine, Bright with its mansions so fair; . . . . . .
mine, par - a - dise, its man-sions so fair;

Heav-en is mine, O tho't di-vine, Je-sus my Sav-ior is there.
Yes, heav-en is mine, al-ways for

No. 141. We Shall Meet Again.

J. H. CRUMLEY AND AMOS A. HURT, OWNERS, 1915.

J. H. C.

Melody by J. H. Crumley.
Harmonized by Amos A. Hurt.

Moderato.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that cit - y a-bove Where some dear ones and
2. There is one o-ver there whose bright presence I miss More and more as the
3. Peace and gladness are hers on that won-der - ful shore, Near the throne of the
4. May the Lord by His grace keep me tru - ly His own Till the tri - als of

friends watch and wait; And 'tis sweet to be-lieve that the Sav - ior I love
years pass a - way; But I know she is safe in that king-dom of bliss
Heav - en - ly Dove, And I know that with an-gels of light ev - er-more
earth - life be past, That a - mong the redeemed, near the glo - ri - fied throne,

REFRAIN.

Will u - nite us a-gain at the gate.
And a - gain I shall meet her some day.
She will sing of God's in - fi - nite love.
I may stand with my dear ones at last.

We shall meet at the

We shall meet

gate Of the cit - y on high; If I cling to my

meet at the gate Of the cit - y, the cit - y on high;

Friend till the jour-ney shall end, We shall meet at the gate by and by.

by and by.

No. 142. The Love of Christ.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

A. C. WEBB, OWNER, 1914.

A. C. Webb.

1. O the love of Christ is sur-pass-ing sweet, 'T is so deep, . .
2. It was love that led Him to die for me On the cross . .
3. 'T was His precious love moved this heart of mine, To for-sake . .

so rich and free!
of Cal-va-ry,
a life of sin,

In its depths sal-va-tion is made com-plete,
And the same sweet love now is keep-ing me,
And to yield my-self to His grace di-vine,

And it reach - - - es e-ven me. (yes, e-ven me.)
And each mo - - - ment cleans-es me. (yes, e-ven me.)
And a Chris - - - tian life be-gin. (new life be-gin.)

REFRAIN.

It was love, pre-cious love, Love more

It was love, pre-cious love,

bound-less and deep than the sea, It was His sweet love, His a-

than the sea,

The Love of Christ.

No. 143. I Love the Old Bible.

Rev. W. C. Martin. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914. H. M. Eagle.

No. 144. Heed the Master, Reapers.

James Rowe. H. C. COLLINS, ROCKFORD, ALA., OWNER, 1915. H. C. Collins.

1. Stand no long-er i - dle, heed the harvest master's call: Fields are ripe for har-vest, there is work for one and all; Oh, be true to Je - sus and with
2. While the sun is shin - ing, in the ear - ly hours of day, An - swer ye the Mas - ter and with cour-age speed a - way; La - bor for His glo - ry in the
3. Je - sus will re-ward you when the har-vest-time is o'er, Gold - en glow - ing life-crowns shall be yours for-ev - er-more. In the world ce - les - tial, in the

FINE.

sick - les speed a-way, Gold-en sheaves to gath-er for the hap-py har-vest day.
gold - en har-vest field Till His barns shall shelter all the rich and precious yield.
home of saints a-bove, You shall live for-ev - er in His great and matchless love.

D. S.—*Speed a-way with Him to-day And gath-er in the grain.*

REFRAIN.

Heed the Mas - ter, list - en to His voice, Gath - er in
Heed the harvest Mas-ter, reap-ers, Gath - er. reap-ers, gath - er

D. S.

the har-vest and re-joice; Reapers, do not let the har-vest Master call in vain,
in the

No. 145. Thy Father's House.

Ray Palmer. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. **A J. Showalter.**

Alto and Tenor Duet.

1. Thy Father's house!—thine own bright home! And thou hast there a place for me!
2. I see its domes resplendent glow, Where beams of God's own glo-ry fall;
3. I know that Thou who on the tree Didst deign our mor-tal guilt to bear,
4. Thy love will there ar-ray my soul In Thine own robe of spot-less hue,

Tho' yet an ex - ile here I roam, That distant home by faith I see.
And trees of life im-mor-tal grow, Whose fruits o'er-hang the sapphire wall.
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with Thee, And wait-est to re-ceive me there!
And I shall gaze, while a-ges roll, On Thee, with raptures ev - er new!

QUARTET.

O wel - come day! glad day! when Thou my feet my feet
Shalt bring the shin - ing thresh-old o'er; A Fa-ther's warm His warm
em-brace to meet, to meet, And dwell at home for ev - er - more.

No. 146. A Land of Beauty.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. W. S. TIDWELL, OWNER, 1914. W. S. Tidwell.

1. There's a land . . of fade-less beau-ty, (fadeless beau-ty,) Where the
2. There's a land . . of changeless glo - ry, (changeless glo - ry,) Where my
3. There's a land . . of cloud-less splendor, (cloudless splendor,) Where is
4. There's a land, . . we call it heav-en, (call it heav-en,) Where the

friends I loved have gone, (I loved have gone,) Where in all . . . the
Sav - iour has His throne; (His glorious throne;) Where in all . . . the
heard no moan or sigh: (no moan or sigh;) Joy and glad - ness
wear - y find sweet rest, (a per - fect rest,) Where I'll spend . . the

long for - ev - er (long for - ev - er) We shall know . as we are known.
fu - ture a - ges, (fu - ture a - ges,) I will make his goodness known.
dwell for - ev - er, (dwell for - ev - er,) In God's pal - a - ces on high.
years e - ter - nal, (years e - ter - nal,) With the pu - ri - fied and blest.

REFRAIN.

Land of light . . . and land of beau - ty, . . How I
Land of light and love and land of fade - less beau - ty,

long . . . . thy courts to see!
How I long thy courts to see!

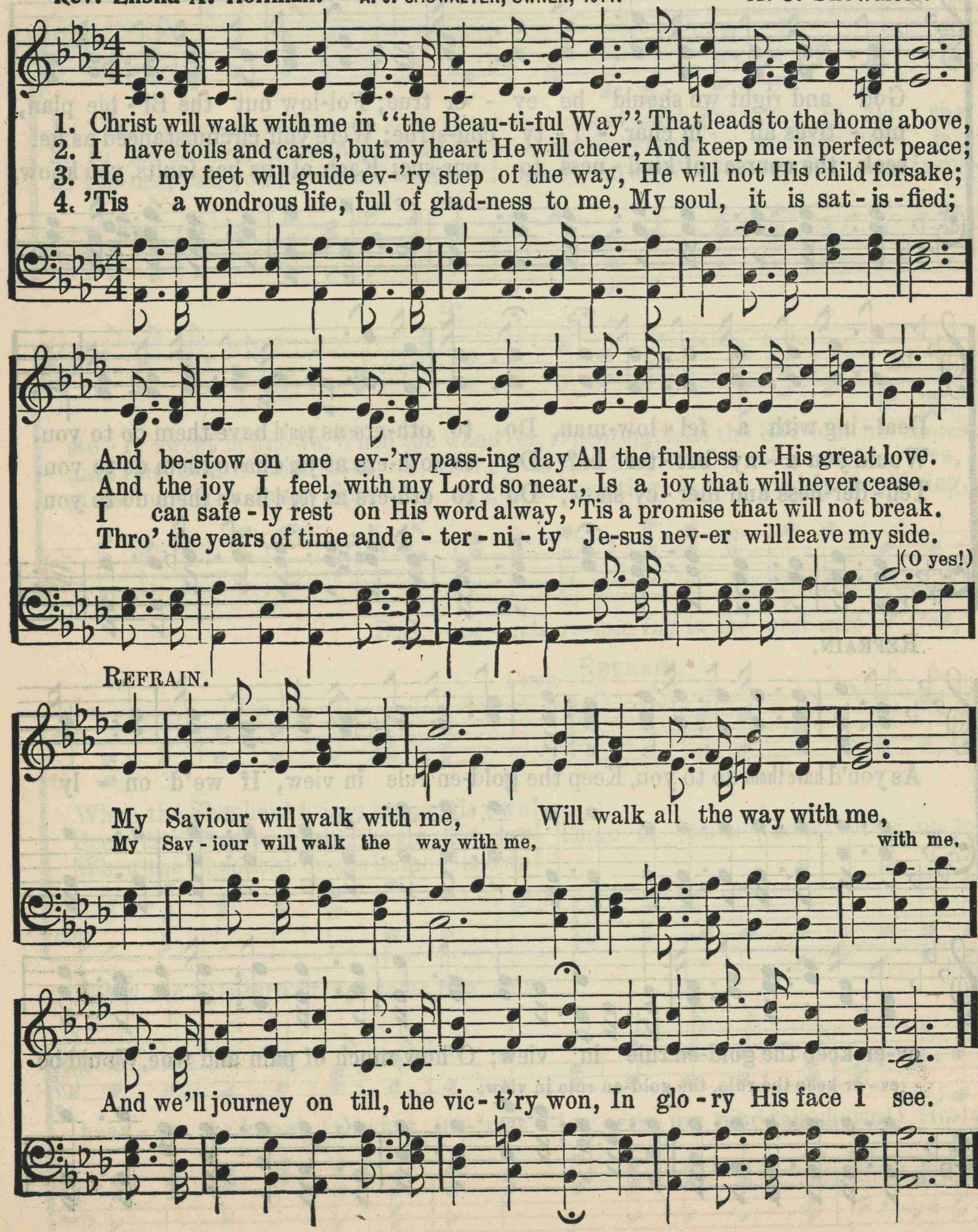
By and by . . . . I'll cross thy
By and by I'll cross thy

How I long thy fair and gold-en courts to see!

A Land of Beauty.

No. 147. Christ Will Walk With Me.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. A. J. Showalter.



No. 148. The Golden Rule.

Mrs J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY. OWNER. 1915. T. B. Mosley.

1. In life's stern and bus-y school, Let us mind the gold-en rule, Un - to
2. Stand with-in your brother's place, Note the tri - als he must face, Then his
3. Let not from your tongue be heard A - ny harsh or an - gry word, Ev - er

God and right we should be ev - er true; Fol-low out the Bi - ble plan,
mo - tives all in char - i - ty con-strue; Were you circumstanced as he,
seek the course of kind - ness to pur-sue; Each of us has faults, you know,

Deal - ing with a fel - low-man, Do to oth-ers as you'd have them do to you.
Would you a - ny bet - ter be? Do to oth-ers as you'd have them do to you.
Ten - der-ness and mer - cy show, Do to oth-ers as you'd have them do to you.

REFRAIN.

As you'd have them do to you, Keep the gold-en rule in view, If we'd on - ly

ev-er keep the gold-en rule in view; O how much of pain and woe, Would be

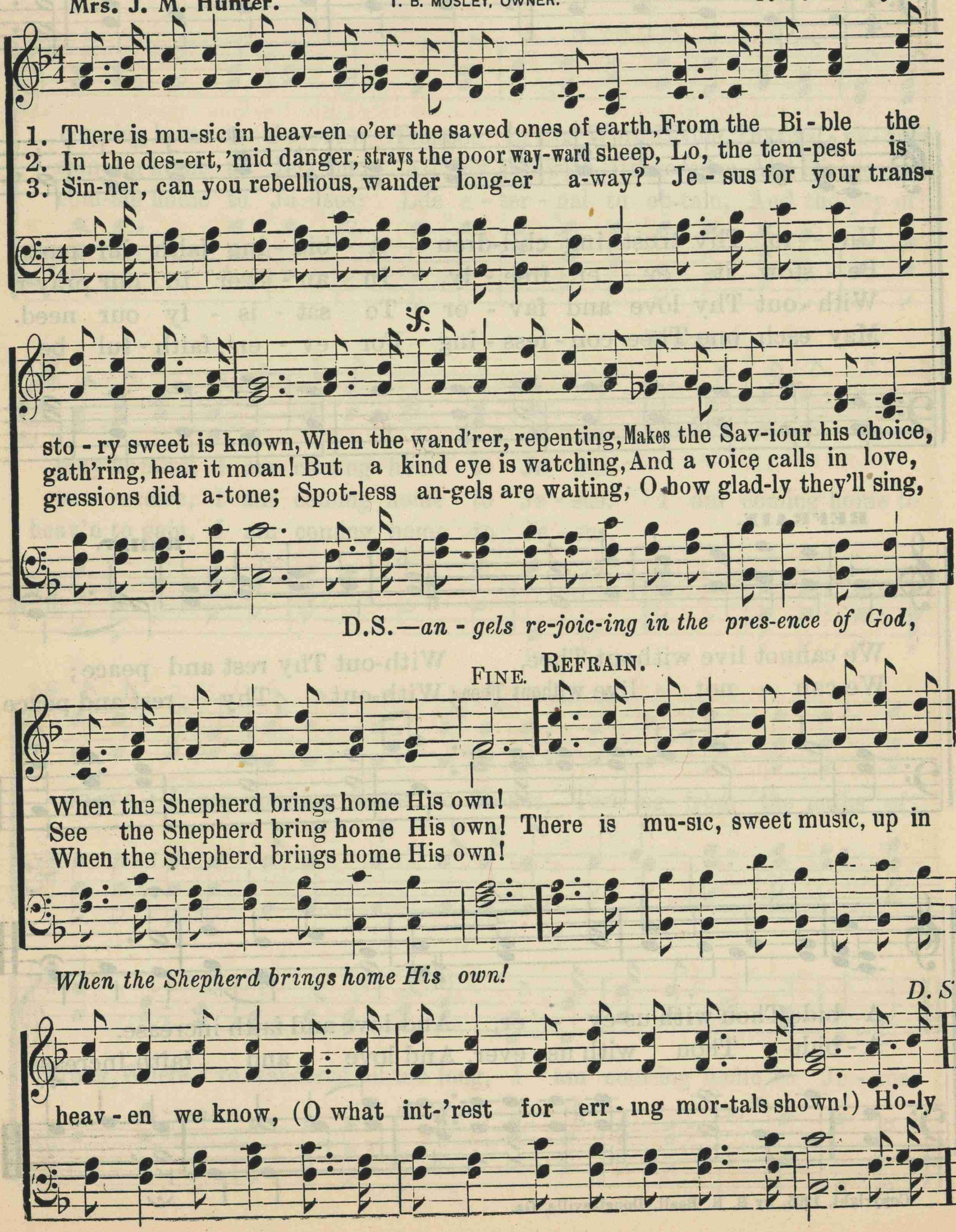
ev - er keep the rule, the gold-en rule in view;

The Golden Rule.

No. 149. Music in Heaven.

Luke 15: 6, 7.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER. T. B. Mosley.



No. 150. We Cannot Live Without Thee.

(Inscribed to my friend, W. T. Bagwell, Villa Rica, Ga.—B. B. B.)

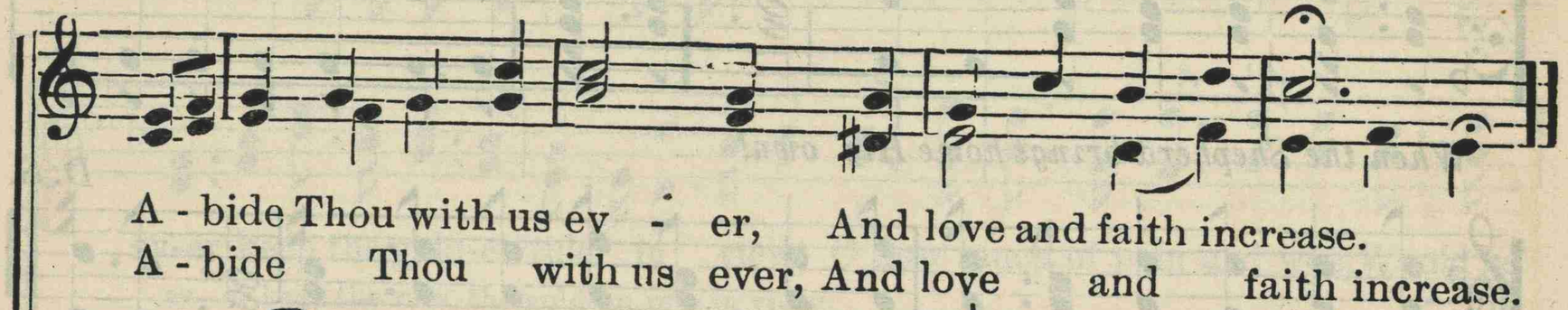
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. Grant us Thy peace, O Fa - ther! And still each rest - less heart;
2. Grant us Thy love, O Fa - ther! We need its shelt'ring care;
3. Grant us new joy, O Fa - ther! Life would be poor in - deed
4. Grant us more grace, O Fa - ther! Make us more true to thee;

Un - to Thy trust - ing chil-dren A - bid - ing faith im - part.
Be - stow it ev - er free - ly, In an - swer to our pray'r.
With - out Thy love and fav - or To sat - is - fy our need.
May each one Thee con - fess - ing For - ev - er faith - ful be.

REFRAIN.

We cannot live without Thee, With-out Thy rest and peace;
We can - not live without Thee; With-out Thy rest and peace;



A - bide Thou with us ev - er, And love and faith increase.
A - bide Thou with us ever, And love and faith increase.

Copyright, 1905, by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

No. 151. Am Coming Home to Jesus.

Jennie Wilson. J. W. ASKEW, SENOIA, GA,. OWNER. 1915. **J. W. Askew.**

1. Wea-ry of the ways of sin, Seek-ing peace my heart with - in, I am
2. Yearning to be pure and whole, Seek-ing par - don for my soul, I am
3. To be guid - ed as He wills, While His peace my spir - it fills, I am

com-ing home to Je - sus; Trusting in the Word Divine, That sal - va - tion
com-ing home to Je - sus; All my guilt with Him to leave, And His cleansing
com-ing home to Je - sus; Life e - ter - nal to ob-tain, And the joy of

REFRAIN.

may be mine, I am coming home to Je - sus.
to receive, I am coming home to Je - sus. I am coming home to
heav'n to gain, I am coming home to Je - sus.

Je-sus, I am com-ing home to Je-sus, Turn-ing from the paths of

wrong, Where I've wandered all too long, I am com-ing home to Je - sus.

No. 152. Do Your Duty.

James Rowe. OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA., 1914. **B. B. Beall.**

1. Sol-diers on the fir - ing line with Heaven's might-y King, Keep the
2. Je - sus is the Lead - er that the world has need-ed long, Dark-ness,
3. Help the great Redeemer, keep the gos - pel flag un-furled, Till the

1. Heav - en's might - y King,

bat - tle rag-ing while you may; (while you may;) Fight for God and glo - ry,
sin and doubt, He sweeps a-way; (sweeps a-way;) Peace He gives for troub - le
foe shall flee in sore dis - may; (sore dis-may;) Till the lov - ing Sav - ior

till the vic-t'ry song you sing, Sol-diers, do your du - ty ev - 'ry
and for wea - ri-ness a song; Sol-diers, do your du - ty ev - 'ry
shall have conquered all the world, Sol-diers, do your du - ty ev - 'ry

vic - t'ry song you sing,

REFRAIN.

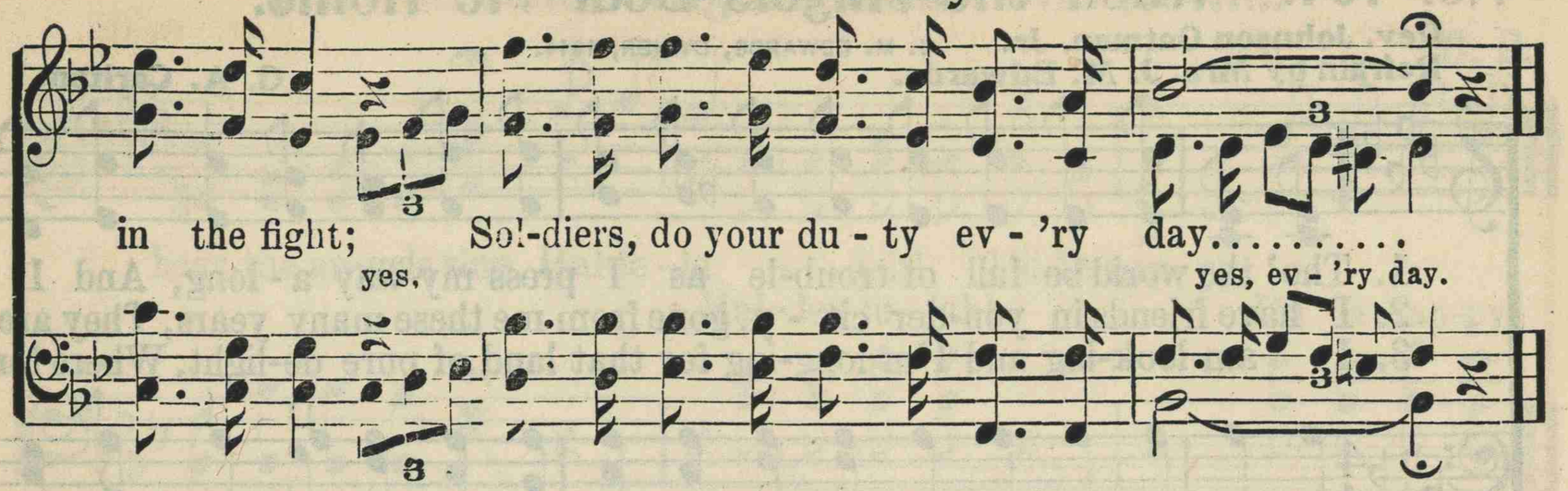
day. ev - 'ry day. Do your du - ty, do your du-ty, Ea-ger be and

Sold - iers, do your du - ty,

faith - ful in the fray; . . . . Fight for God and right, glo - ry

in the fray; and,

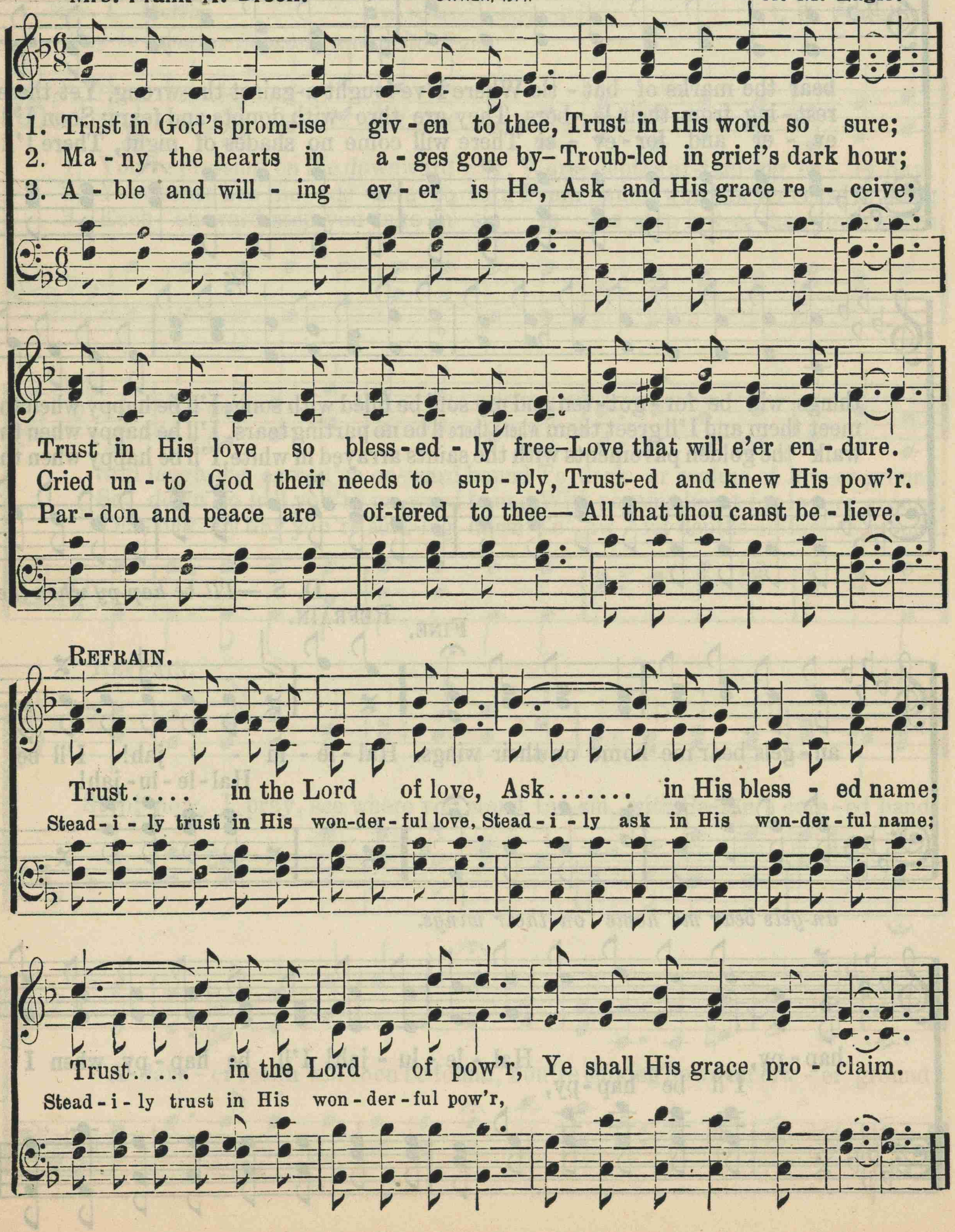
Do Your Duty.



No. 153. Trust in God's Promise.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. H. M. Eagle.



No. 154. When the Angels Bear Me Home.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1914. **G. A. Carlton.**
Refrain by Mrs. J. M. Edwards.

1. Tho' the world be full of troub-le as I press my way a-long, And I
2. I have friends in yon-der cit-y, gone from me these many years, They are
3. I am look-ing and I'm long-ing for that land of pure de-light, Where for-

bear the marks of bat-tle Where I've fought a-gainst the wrong, Yet these
rest-ing from their la-bors, They are thro' with doubts and fears; Soon I'll
ev-er and for-ev-er There will come no shades of night, There I'll

things will be for-got-ten and my soul be filled with song, I'll be happy when the
meet them and I'll greet them where there'll be no parting tears, I'll be happy when the
walk the golden pavements with the saints arrayed in white, I'll be happy when the

D. S.—*I'll be hap-py when the*

FINE. REFRAIN.

an-gels bear me home on their wings. Hal-le-lu - - jah! I'll be
Hal-le-lu-jah!

an-gels bear me home on their wings.

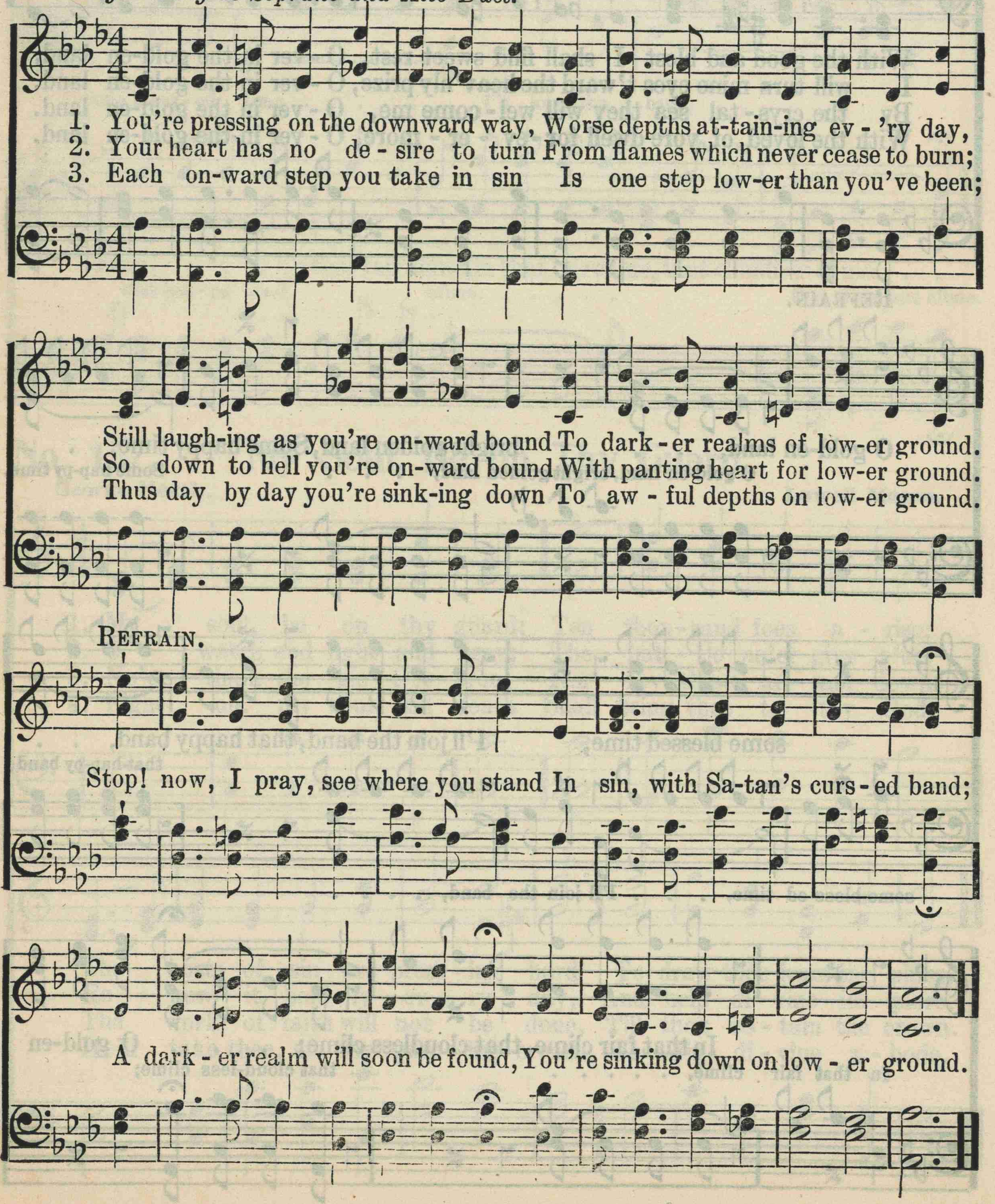
hap-py, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be hap-py when I
I'll be hap-py,

When the Angels Bear Me Home.

No. 155. Lower Ground.

Rev. L. McHan. I. H. POWELL, OWNER, 1914. **I. H. Powell.**

May be sung as Soprano and Alto Duet.



No. 156. Golden Land.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. In that home a - bove, hap - py home of love, O - ver in the gold-en land,
2. To that land of light, to those mansions bright, O - ver in the gold-en land,
3. At the pearl - y gate man - y loved ones wait, O - ver in the gold-en land;
4. Songs of praise I'll sing to my Lord and King, O - ver in the gold-en land;

With the good and blest I shall find sweet rest, O - ver in the gold-en land.
I will turn mine eyes t'ward the heav'nly prize, O - ver in the gold-en land.
By the crys - tal sea they will wel - come me, O - ver in the gold-en land.
With the loved of yore dwell for - ev - er - more, O - ver in the gold-en land.

REFRAIN.

O gold-en land, . . bright golden land, Some happy time, . . .
O gold-en land, bright golden land, . . . Some hap-py time,

some blessed time, I'll join the band, that happy band, . .
that hap-py band,

some bless-ed time, . . . I'll join the band, ...

In that fair clime, that cloudless clime; . . . O gold-en
In that fair . clime, ... that cloud-less clime;

Golden Land.

land, . . . bright golden land, Some happy time, . . .

O gold - en land, bright gold-en land, ... Some hap - py time,

some blessed time, some blessed time, I'll join the band, I'll join the band, that happy

some bless - ed time . . . . . I'll join the band, ...

rit.

band, . . . In that fair clime, in that fair clime, that cloudless clime. . .

that hap - py band, clime, ... that cloudless clime.

No. 157. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down:
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 158. When Dawns the Day.

James Rowe. H C. COLLINS AND J. D. KELLEY, OWNERS, 1915. J. D. Kelley.

1. When dawns for me..... the bet-ter day, (the bet - ter day,) To Christ my
2. When dawns the day..... my eyes will see (my eyes will see) The palace
3. When dawns the day..... the friends I miss (the friends I miss) Will greet me
4. When dawns the day..... my soul will sing (my soul will sing) A sweet-er

Friend.. I shall a-way, (I shall a-way,) And He will meet (And He will meet)
He..... pre-pares for me; (pre-pares for me) My home up - on (my home up-on)
with..... a wel-come kiss, (a wel-come kiss,) And I shall hold (And I shall hold)
song...,. to Christ my King, (to Christ my King,) Among the saints (Among the saints)

D. S.—*And there with Him,* (*and there with Him,*)

me at the gate (the gold - en gate) Where ma-ny friends..... and
the gold - en strand (the gold - en strand) When angels lift..... the
their hands once more, (their hands once more) And partings then..... will
and an - gels fair (and an - gels fair) That will be my..... com-

whom I a - dore (*whom I a - dore*) *I shall a - bide* (*I shall a-bide*) *for-*

FINE. REFRAIN.

dear ones wait. (and dear ones wait.) When dawns the day, (when dawns the day,) the day sub-
cho - rus grand. (the cho - rus grand.)
all be o'er. (will all be o'er.)
pan - ions there. (com-pan-ions there.) When dawns the day, the day sub-

er - er - more. (*for - ev - er-more.*)

When Dawns the Day.

No. 159. Dear Lord, I Come To Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J MORRIS, OWNER, 1915. W. J. Morris.

No. 160. He Leads Me There.

James Rowe. R. A. SMITH OWNER, 1915, R. A. Smith.

1. I shall have.... a home in glo - ry, Where the hap - py an-gels
2. Some de - light - ful cloud-less morn-ing, I shall see..... the King of
3. There be-side..... the crys-tal riv - er, I shall wor - ship and a-

sing; (so sweetly sing;) There my soul.... shall tell the sto - ry, Of the
grace; (the King of grace;) With a crown.... my brow a - dorn - ing, I shall
dore; (my King a-dore;) There my sonl..... shall rest for - ev - er, And ex-

REFRAIN.

love..... of Christ my King. (my heav'nly King.) I shall have a home su-
look..... up - on His face. (His shin-ing face.)
tol..... Him ev-er-more. (for-ev-er-more.) I shall have . . . a home su-

per - nal, In a king-dom always fair, bright and fair, For the
per - nal, In a king - dom al - ways fair, ... For the love . . .

love of the e - ter - nal, Safe - ly, gen-tly leads me there.....
. . . of the e - ter - nal, Safe - ly, gen - tly leads me there. leads me there.

No. 161. Say So.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTQN.

Miriam E. Arnold. J. D. Patton.

1. Have you found in Christ a Friend and Saviour? Does He walk be - side you all the way, Cheering you with fel-low-ship most precious?
2. Have you found His grace was all - suf - fi-cient, When for you earth's sky was drear and gray? In each tri - al did His arm up-hold you?
3. Who will be Thy wit - ness-es, dear Mas-ter, If we shall re - fuse to speak for Thee? Touch our lips with love, O bless - ed Je - sus,

REFRAIN.

O then say so, tell it out to - day. Tell to oth - ers how the Lord hath saved you, How He took your burdens all a'- way; If from sin the Saviour hath redeemed you, Say so, say so, tell His love to-day.

Tell the sto - ry of His grace to - day.
And may ma-ny more Thy beauty see. Tell to oth - ers, tell them
How He took, He took

No. 162. Mansions In Heaven.

Words and Music controlled by T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Oft we read a - bout the man-sions, By our lov - ing Lord pre-pared,
2. Here we bear our dis - ap-point-ments, Oft - en tri - als fierce must come,
3. Pil-grim, do not grow de - spond - ent, "Droop not, faint not by the way,"

He is com - ing to re - ceive us, In His word He hath de-clared;
But we know they'll soon be o - ver, And we'll rest at home, sweet home;
Let this sweet re- mem-brance cheer thee, Soon will come the crown-ing day;

O the rap - ture, O the beau - ty, Which shall there our spir - its greet,
Je - sus Christ the way hath o - pened, We have but to trust His grace,
All the faith - ful shall as - sem - ble Round the throne of glo - ry bright,

O the glo - ry of the cit - y, By His good-ness made complete.
'Till we reach the pearl - y por - tals, And be - hold Him face to face.
And there'll be no pain nor sor - row In that home of love and light.

REFRAIN.

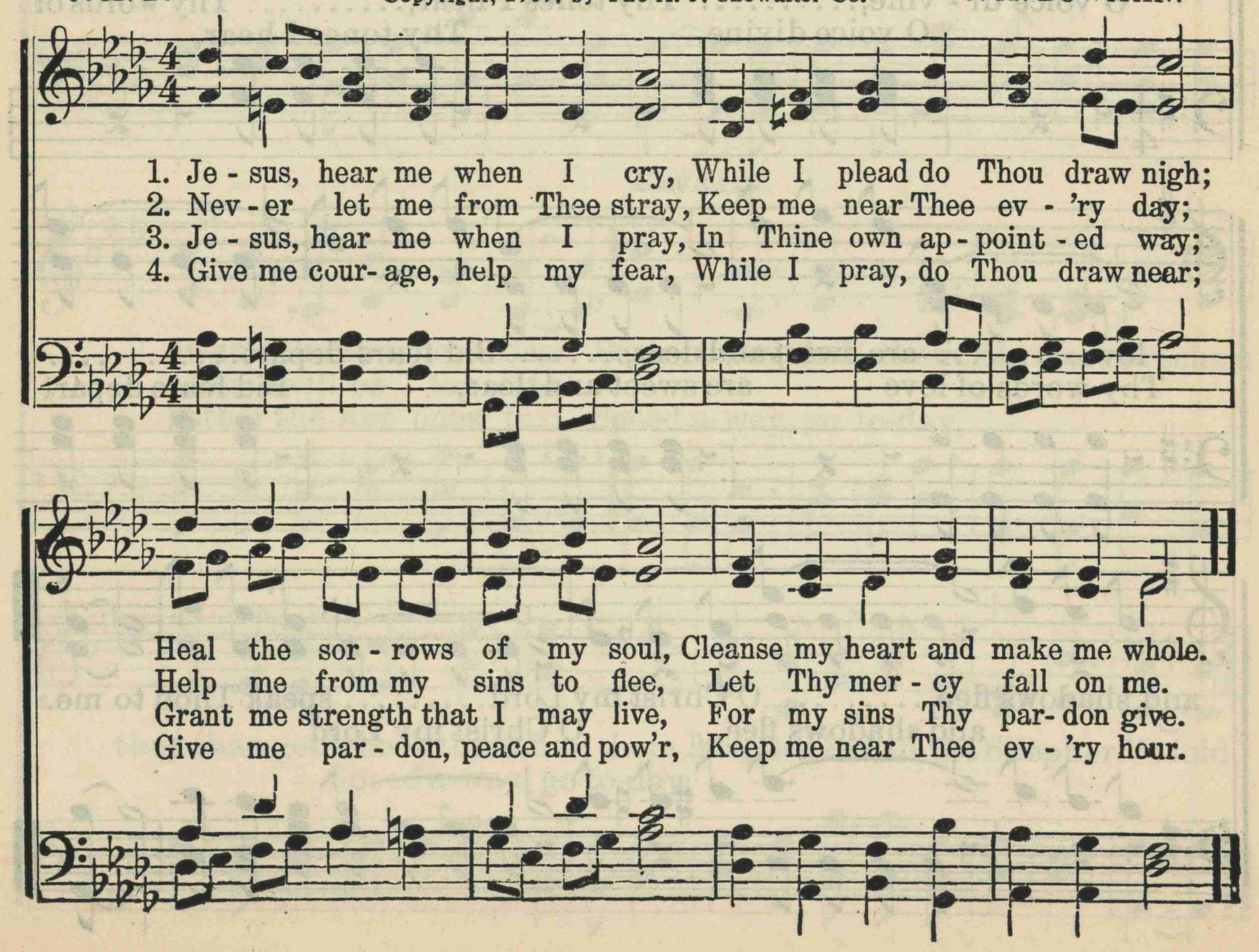
O the glo-ry,..... O the rap- ture,..... See- ing Him
O the glo- ry ev - er-more! O the rap- ture we a - dore! See-ing Christ our

O the glo - ry, O the rap - ture, glo - ry Him

Mansions in Heaven.

No. 163. My Petition.

J. M. B. Copyright, 1909, by The A. J. Showalter Co. J. M. BOWMAN.



No. 164. The Voice of Christ.

Birdie Bell. M. E. Davis, owner, 1915. **Ector Davis.**

1. I heard a voice within my breast, "Come un-to me, I'll give you rest."
2. I heard a voice, 'twas strangely sweet, To Christ I turned my wayward feet;
3. I hear a voice that soft-ly calls, Up-on my ear it sweet-ly falls;
4. I hear a voice, 'tis full of love, It points my soul to joys a-bove;

'Twas Christ my Lord who spoke to me, He of-fered peace and par-don free.
I found Him in a joy di-vine, For I am His and He is mine.
It whis-pers hope and speaks of cheer, O blessed tho't that Christ is near.
Each sigh is hushed, each doubt must flee, For Christ my Lord speaks peace to me.

REFRAIN.

O voice di-vine,..... Thy tones I hear,..... Thy words of
O voice divine, Thy tones I hear,
love..... are sweet and dear,..... Bid fears depart.....
Thy words of love are sweet and dear, Bid fears depart
and shadows flee,..... O Christ my Lord..... speak Thou to me.
and shadows flee, O Christ my Lord

No. 165. Seek Them For Jesus.

W. J. Moore. J. L. Hale, owner, 1915. J. L. Hale.

1. How ma - ny lambs are straying a - far from home to-day? Up-on the rug - ged mountain a - lone and sad are they. They have no kind pro-
2. How ma - ny lambs now suffer, how man-y are a - fraid? Yet no one gives them warning and no one gives them aid. They roam in ways for-
3. So ma - ny lambs are dy - ing who call to you and me, But be - ing weak or self - ish, we an-swer not their plea. Now let us do our

tec - tion, the foe is al-ways near; So has-ten out to find them for
bid - den and face an aw - ful fate; So haste a-way to find them, for
du - ty, the Shepherd's praise to win; A - way to seek, to find them, to

REFRAIN.

Je-sus the Shepherd dear. Seek them, find them, Far more precious
soon it will be too late.
gather the lost ones in. Speed a-way, go to-day,

they than gold; Seek them, find them, Bring them back to the Shepherd's fold.
Speed a-way, go to-day.

No. 166. But This I Know.

James Rowe. J. W. ASKEW. SENOIA. GA., OWNER, 1915. J. W. Askew.

1. I know not when ..... the day will be ..... On which my
2. I know not when ..... the shad-ows dim ..... Will pass a-
3. I know not when ..... the gates of light ..... Will thrill my
4. I know not when ..... be - side the sea ..... With those who

Lord ..... will come for me, ... To take me to ..... the land of
way, ... re-veal-ing Him, ... A - mid a great, ... re-joic-ing
soul ..... and charm my sight, ... As I ap-proach ..... them with the
love ..... me I shall be ..... Up - lift-ing heart ..... and soul in

song, ... But this I know: ..... it won't be long. .....
throng, ... But this I know: ..... it won't be long. .....
throng, ... But this I know: ..... it won't be long. .....
song, ... But this I know: ..... it won't be long. .....

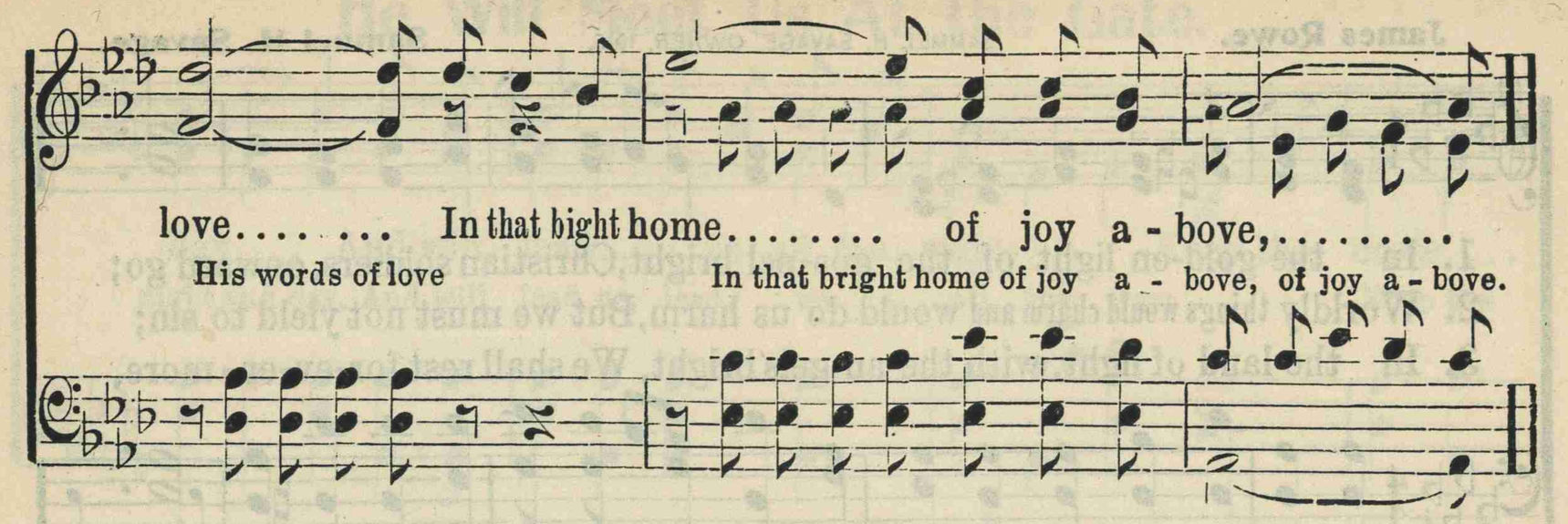
But this I know: it won't be long, it won't be long.

REFRAIN.

His smil-ing face ..... I soon shall see, ... And take the
His smil-ing face I soon shall see,

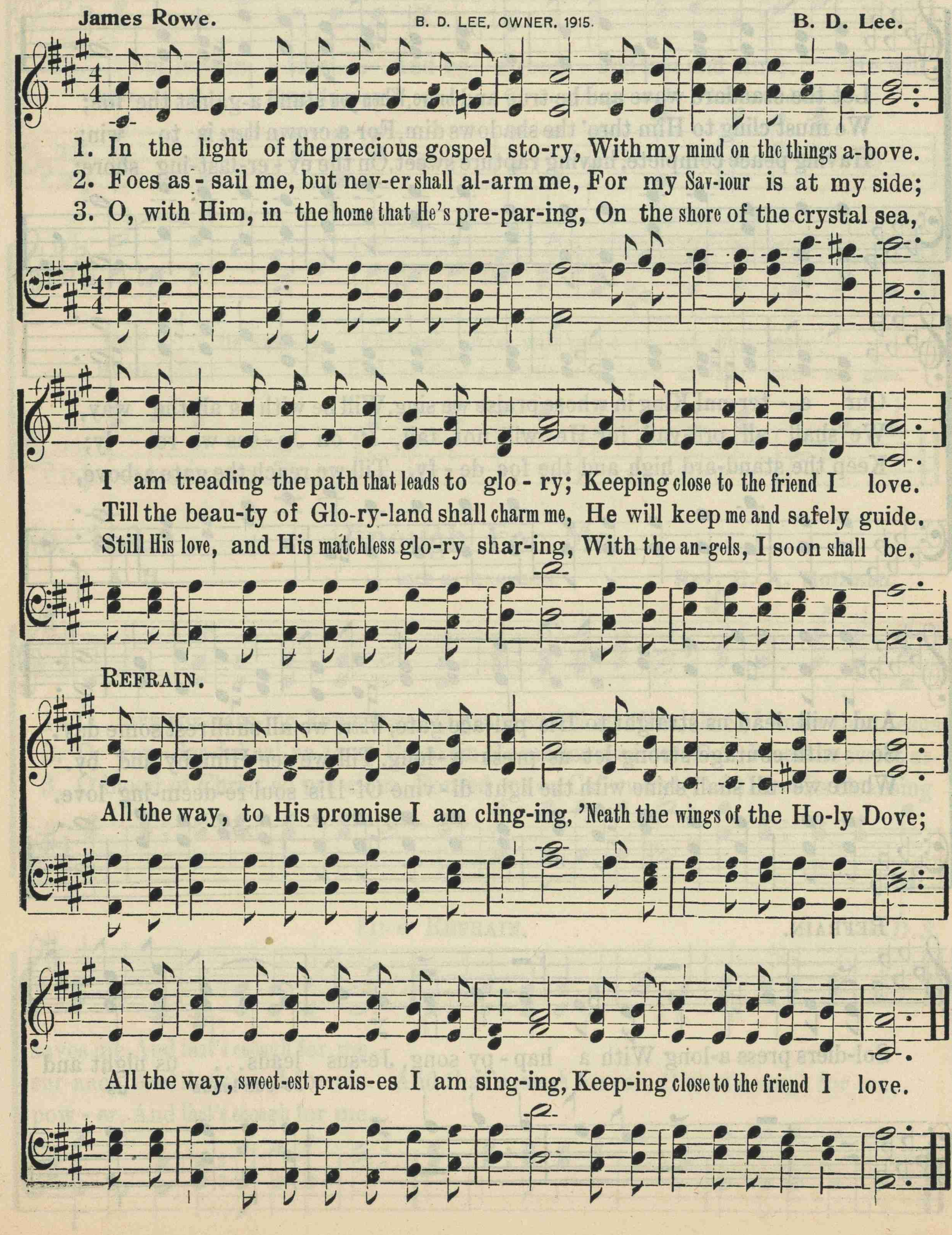
hand ..... out-stretched to me; ..... And I shall hear ..... His words of
And take the hand outstretched to me, outstretched to me; And I shall hear

But This I Know.



No. 167. Close to the Friend I Love.

James Rowe. B. D. LEE, OWNER. 1915. B. D. Lee.



No. 168. He Will Meet Us At the Gate.

James Rowe. SAMMEL H. SAVAGE, OWNER, 1915. **Samuel H. Savage.**

1. In the gold-en light of the gos-pel bright, Christian soldiers, onward go;
2. Worldly things would charm and would do us harm, But we must not yield to sin;
3. In the land of light, with the an-gels bright, We shall rest for-ev-er-more,

Let the standard wave and be true and brave, When you stand a-gainst the foe;
We must cling to Him thro' the shadows dim, For a crown there is to win;
Having peace complete, having rapture sweet, On the ev-er-last-ing shore;

Our e-ter-nal King in whose praise we sing, Will be with us all the way,
We shall all pre-vail, for He will not fail, If on Je-sus we re-ly;
Keep the stand-ard high and the foe de-fy, Till we reach the gate a-bove,

And will lead us straight to His pal-ace gate, Where we all shall rest some day.
So with courage strong let us press a-long, Till we see Him, by and by.
Where we all shall shine with the light di-vine Of His soul re-deem-ing love.

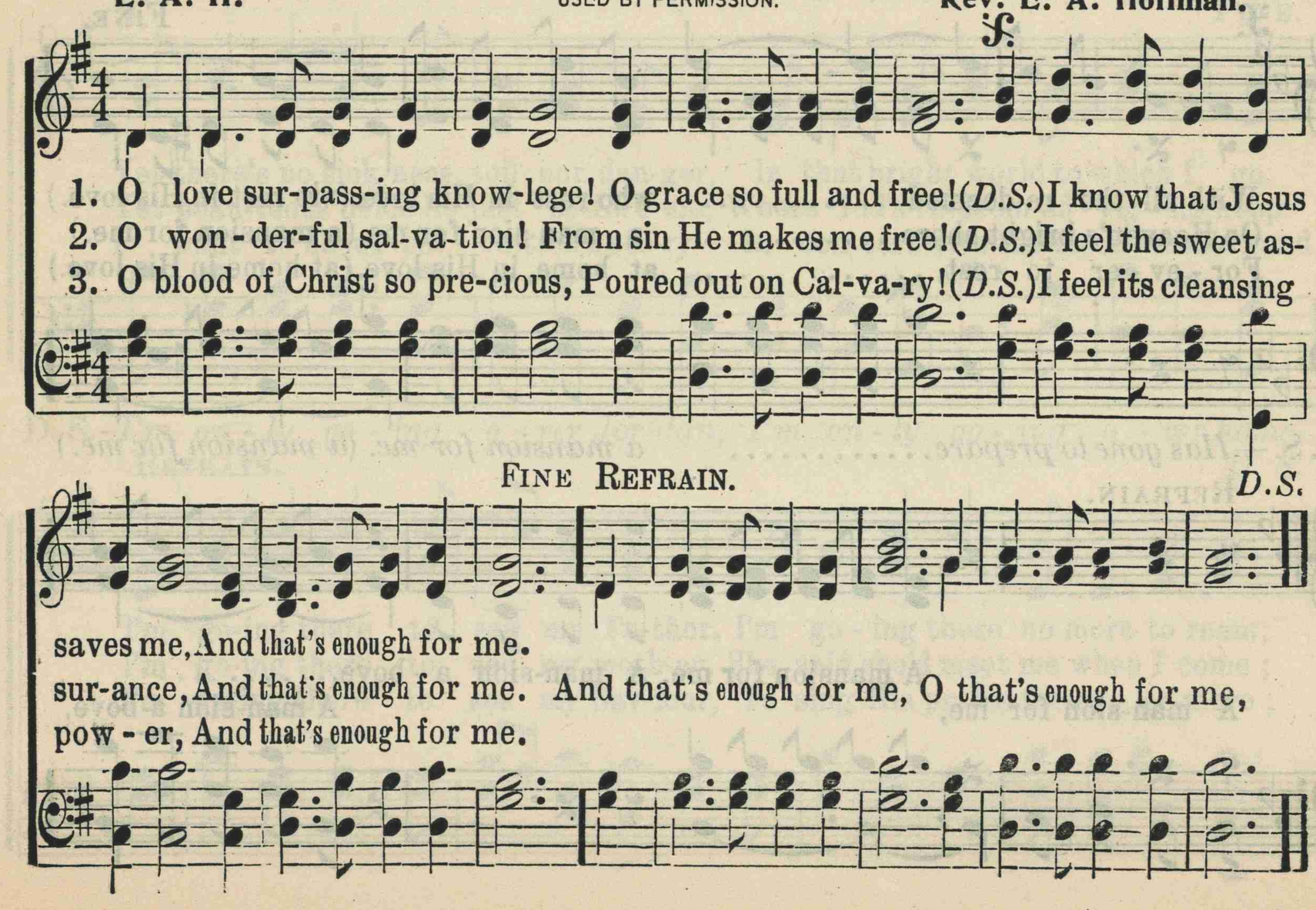
REFRAIN.

Sol-diers press a-long With a hap-py song, Je-sus leads... us night and
Je-sus leads us

He Will Meet Us At the Gate.

No. 169. Enough For Me.

E. A. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



No. 170. A Mansion For Me.

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

Geo. W. A. Geo. W. Anderson, owner, 1915. Geo. W. Anderson.

1. My Sav-iour has gone..... be-fore to pre-pare.....
2. If it were not so..... I should have been told.....
3. He's coming a-gain..... to gath-er His own,.....

A man-sion for me,..... that I may be there;(that I may be there;)
By Him who has kept..... me safe in the fold;(yes, safe in the fold;)
And take them to share..... His glo-ri-fied throne,(His glorified throne.)

He wants me to dwell..... for-ev-er a-bove.....
So when I get home..... I know I shall see.....
And car-ol His praise..... with an-gels a-bove.....

FINE.

With all the re-deemed..... who rest in His love.(who rest in His love.)
On Heaven's bright shore,..... a man-sion for me.(a mansion for me.)
For-ev-er to rest,..... at home, in His love.(at home in His love.)

D. S.—*Has gone to prepare..... a mansion for me.* (*a mansion for me.*)

REFRAIN.

A mansion for me, A man-sion a-bove,.....
A man-sion for me, A man-sion a-bove,

A Mansion For Me.

Where I shall a - bide..... With those that I love;
Where I shall a-bide with those that I love;

D. S.

Yes, bless His dear name, I'm certain that He.....
Yes, bless His dear name! I'm cer-tain that He

No. 171. A Poor Wayfaring Stranger.

Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

J. D. Patton.

1. I am a poor way-far-ing stranger, While journeying thro' this world of woe,
2. I know dark clouds will gather aound me, I know my way is rough and steep,
3. I want to wear a crown of glo-ry, When I get home to that good land,

Yet there's no sick-ness, toil nor dan-ger, In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beau-teous fields lie just be-fore me, Where God's re-deem-ed vig - ils keep.
I want to shout sal - va-tion's sto-ry In con cert with the blood-wash'd band.

D. S.–*I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver Jor-dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.*

REFRAIN.

I'm go-ing there to see my Fa-ther, I'm go - ing there no more to roam;
I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er, She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm go-ing there to see my Sav-iour, To sing His praise for-ev - er-more;

No. 172. Hope Divine.

Jennie Wilson. A. P. WAMMACK. OWNER. 1915. Albert P. Wammack.

1. Hope di - vine is in my heart, for I know I have a part In the won-der-ful sal-va-tion our Re - deem-er came to bring; As I jour - ney on my way to the land more fair than day Of the rest and rap-ture waiting for me there I glad-ly sing.

2. See - ing beau-ty nev-er told I shall walk the streets of gold, When the faith with which I fol-low Je - sus has been changed to sight; And in-side the jas-per walls, where no shad-ow ev-er falls, I shall dwell with Him re-joic-ing, 'mid fair scenes which naught can blight. When my serv - - ice here is done,..... and the crown..... of life is

3. O how pre-cious and how blest is the hope by me pos-sessed, As up- on my Sav-ior's prom-ise with-out fear I now re - ly; For he knows my ev -'ry need, and my foot-steps He will lead Here on earth and where pure fountains free-ly flow be-yond the sky. When my work on earth is end - ed, when my serv - ice here is done, and the crown, e - ter - nal crown of life is

REFRAIN.

Hope Divine.

won,..... Face to face.... ..... I shall be - hold.....

won, of life is won, Face to face, yes, face to face I shall be - hold Him, shall be-

Him, While the a - - ges on-ward roll..... ....

hold Him, While the a - ges, while the a - ges on - ward roll, yes, on-ward roll.

No. 173. Help Me, Lord.

W. J. C. W J. COFFMAN, OWNER, 1915. W. J. Coffman.

1. Help me, Lord, to walk be-side Thee And to o-ver-come all sin; Let Thy Ho-ly
2. When the foe my faith would lower, Blessed Savior, be Thou near, Give me courage
3. Help me to re - peat the sto - ry Of Thy love a-long the way; Help me to in-

REFRAIN.

Spir-it guide me, Till the vic - to - ry I win.

hope and power, Keep a-way all doubt and fear. Help me, Lord, true to be, Till my

crease Thy glo-ry Till the dawning of the day.

tri - als all are past; Then Thy face I shall see, In the soul's true home at last.

No. 174. Christ Redeems.

James Rowe. JAMES FRANKLIN, THORSBY, ALA., OWNER. 1915. James Franklin.

1. O sing a-loud with heart and voice, Christ re-deems, yes, re-deems; Come cap-tive
2. Re-peat the mu-sic of His name, Christ re-deems, yes, redeems; Make known His
3. His pre-cious blood a-vails for all, Christ re-deems, yes, redeems; He an-swers

souls, be glad, re-joice, Christ re-deems, yes re-deems; From Him the blind re-
ev - er- last-ing fame, Christ re-deems, yes re-deems; He saves and lifts the
ev - 'ry earn-est call, Christ re-deems, yes re-deems; He breaks the chains of

ceive their sight; He floods the world with love and light And con-quers all the
fall - en race, By mer-cy sweet and match-less grace, And fits us for our
doubt and sin, And helps the soul the crown to win; Oh, let His Ho - ly

REFRAIN

hosts of night, Christ . . re - deems. He giv-eth peace
dwell-ing place;
Spir - it in; Christ re-deems, yes Christ re-deems.

Christ, yes, Christ re - doems . . . He giv - eth peace . . . . . .

And per-fect joy Which noth-ing ev - er

And per - fect joy . . . . . Which noth-ing ev - - - er

Christ Redeems.

can de-stroy, O let His praise our hearts em-ploy; Christ re - deems.
Christ, yes, Christ redeems, redeems.

No. 175. I Will Come To Thee.

Jennie Wilson. H. T. ROCKETT, OWNER, 1915 **H. T. Rockett.**

1. I will come to Thee dear Je - sus, Mak-ing this (mak-ing this) my plea,
2. Thou hast free - ly of-fered par - don If we will (if we will) be - lieve:
3. Pre-cious Sav - ior I will trust Thee, Now and ev- (er, and ev-) er - more,

Thou hast promised grace to sin-ners, Show that grace (show that grace) to me.
Let me find Thy great sal - va - tion And its joy (and its joy) re - ceive.
And with ransomed ones in heav - en I'll Thy name (I'll Thy name) a dore.

REFRAIN.

Sav - ior, bless me, Sav - ior, bless me While I hum - bly pray;
While I hum - bly, I hum - bly pray;

In Thy wondrous love and mer - cy Take my guilt a - way.
Take my guilt, take my guilt a - way.

No. 176. A Song of Thanksgiving.

Birdie Bell. WM. P. DAVIS, OWNER, 1915. **Wm. P. Davis.**

1. I have learned a song of rapt-ure, and it cheers me on my way; 'Tis a
2. O this song is sweet and ten-der, and the mu - sic of the strain Fills my
3. I have found in Him sal - va-tion, and e - ter - nal life is mine, He has

hymn of glad thanks-giv-ing to my King; For the gifts of love and mer - cy
heart with heav'nly joy and peace to - day; For my King is kind and lov - ing,
prom-ised me a home with Him at last; In the Land be-yond the shad-ows

which He sends from day to day, And my grateful praise to Him I'll ev - er sing.
and my soul He will sus-tain, And He guides my footsteps all along the way.
I shall see my King di-vine, And shall praise Him for the blessings of the past.

REFRAIN.

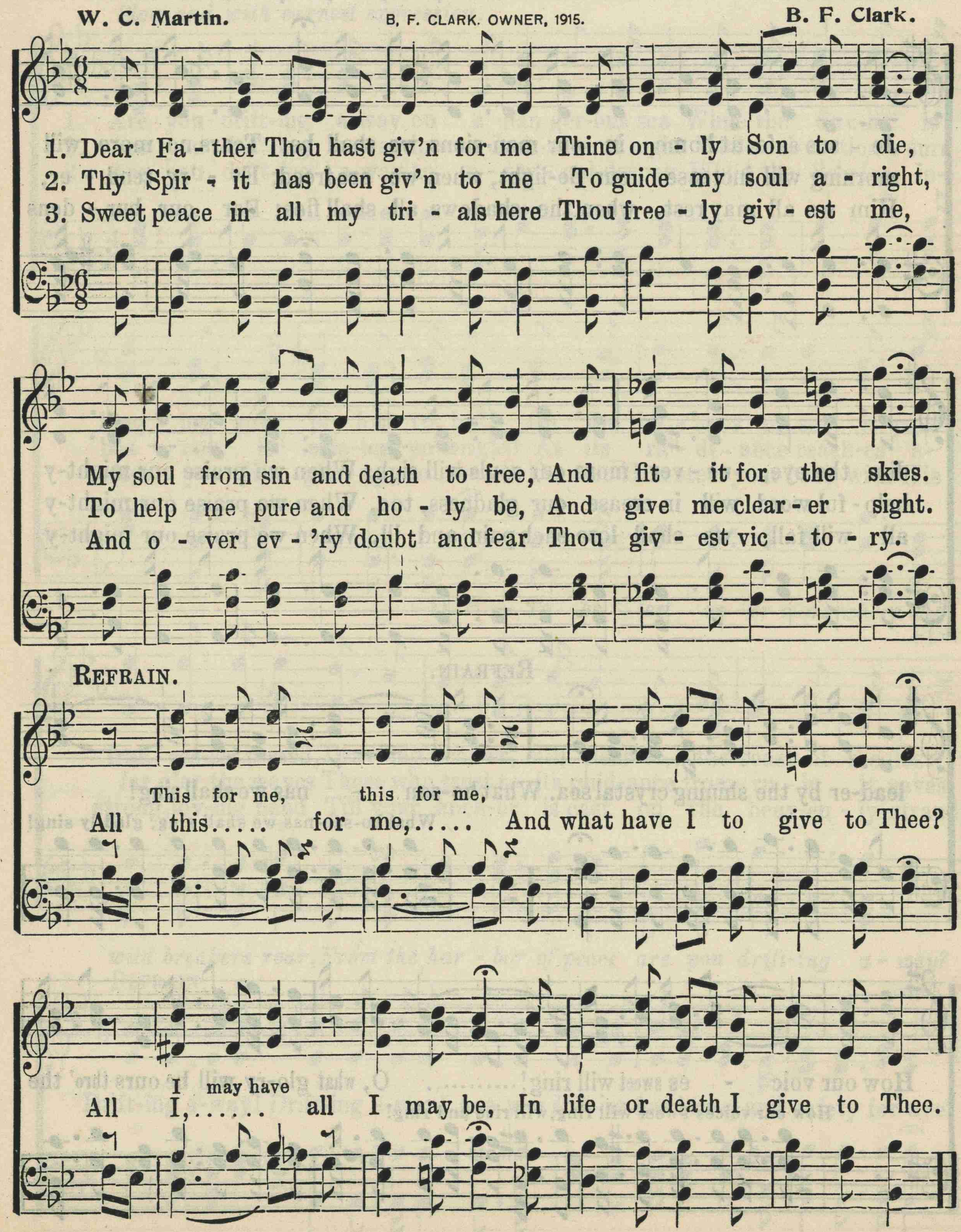
I will sing with glad thanks-giv-ing to the name of Christ my King, I will

praise Him for His goodness day by day; He has filled my heart with rapture,

A Song of Thanksgiving.

No. 177. My Consecration.

W. C. Martin. B. F. CLARK. OWNER, 1915. B. F. Clark.



No. 178. What Hosannas We Shall Sing.

James Rowe.

Not too fast.

L. T. GRANT, OWNER, 1915.

L. T. Grant

1. We shall all have per-fect joy, in the gold-en by and by, For with
2. Ev - 'ry no - ble deed we do, as our jour-ney we pur - sue, On that
3. Let us do His Ho - ly will, each command of His ful - fill, That with

Je - sus safe at home in our man-sions we shall be; Tears no more will
morning will increase our de-light, when we are freed; Ev - 'ry tend - er,
Him we all may rest, when the shadows all shall flee; For our bur - dens

dim the eye, ne - ver more our souls will sigh, When we praise our might-y
help - ful word will in-crease our gladness, too, When we praise our might-y
all will fall, we shall lose each pain and ill, When we praise our might-y

REFRAIN.

lead-er by the shining crystal sea. What ho-san - nas we shall sing!

What ho-san-nas we shall sing, glad-ly sing!

How our voic - es sweet will ring!..... O, what glo-ry will be ours thro' the

How our voices sweet will ring, will rise and ring!

What Hosannas We Shall Sing.

No. 179. Are You Drifting Away?

Jennie Wilson. A. J SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**

Slow and with earnest expression.

1. Are you drift-ing a-way on a dan-ger-ous sea While the Sav-ior is long - ing your pi - lot to be? On the bil - lows of sin is your
2. Are you drift-ing a-way in - to dark-ness of night While sal-va-tion's sure bea - con is shin-ing so bright? As its ra - di - ance reach-es a-
3. Are you drift-ing a-way to e - ter - nal despair While the Sav-ior in- vites you His glo - ry to share? O let Him steer your bark with His

D. S.— *To be lost ev - er-more where the*

FINE.

frail ves-sel tossed, Draw-ing near-er, still near-er, the coast of the lost?
far o'er the waves Those who trust to its guid-ance from ru - in it saves.
strong, lov-ing hand Till your anch-or is cast on the heav-en - ly strand.

wild breakers roar, From the har - bor of peace are you drift-ing a - way?

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Drift-ing a-way! Drift-ing a-way! Are you drift-ing from heav-en and safety for aye?

No. 180. Traveling On.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1912. T. B. Mosley.

1. Trav-el-ing on with the Lord, Pressing a-long to re-ward,
2. Trav-el-ing on all the while, Help-ing the sad ones to smile,
3. Trav-el-ing home-ward each day, Prais-ing our King all the way,

Sing-ing the hap-py songs of Zi-on all the way; Mak-ing Him
Keeping the stand-ard in the light of love un-furled; Speeding the
Trust-ing the soul-re-deem-ing pow-er of His grace; Spending our

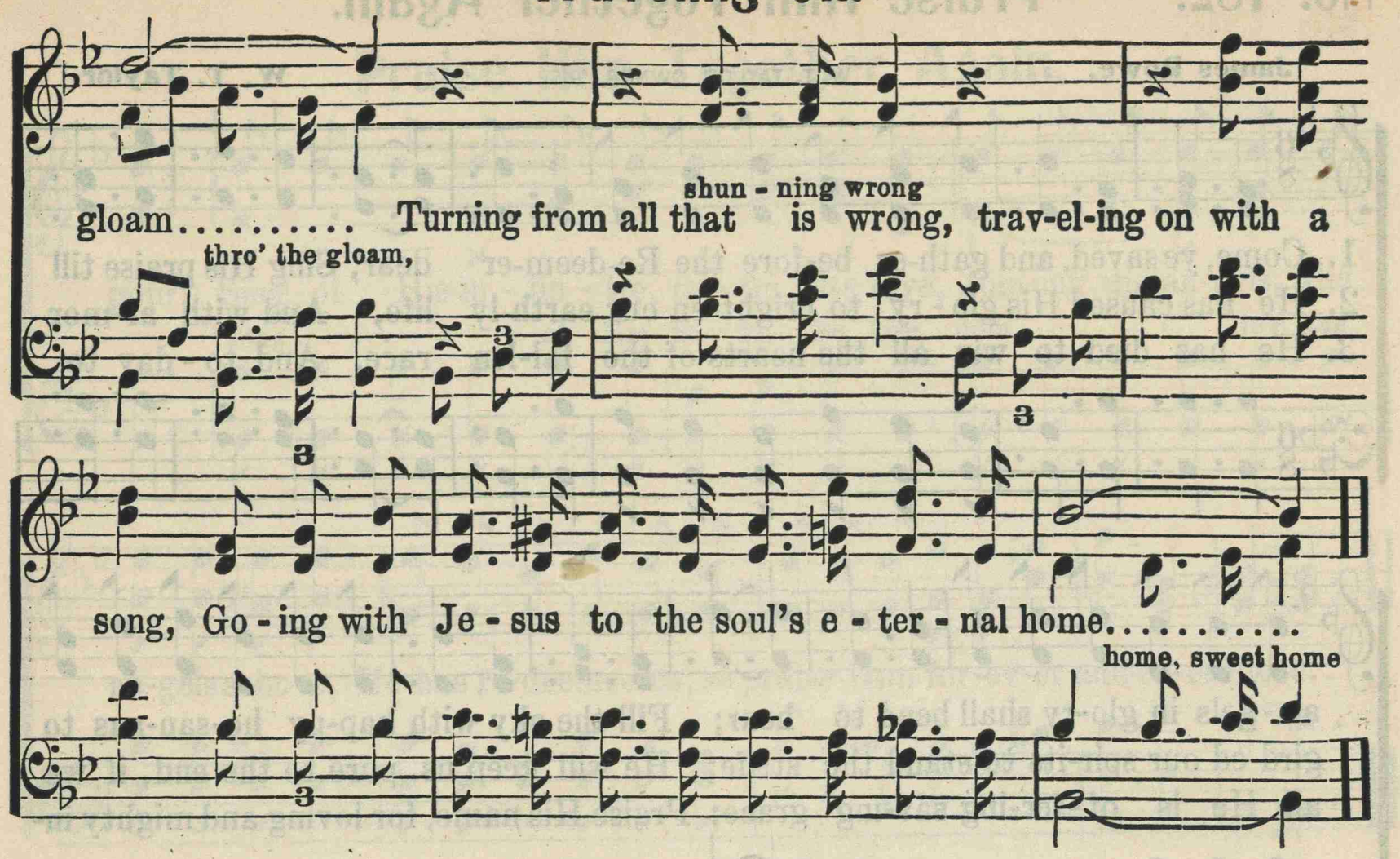
known to the throng, Hap-py and sin-less and strong, Trav-el-ing
bright gos-pel light Ov-er the low-lands of night, Giv-ing the
days in His love, Seek-ing the coun-try a-bove, Go-ing to

REFRAIN.

on-ward with the Sav-ior ev-'ry day. In His light,
mes-sage of sal-va-tion to the world. Trav-el-ing on, in His light, trav-el-ing
Glo-ry land to meet Him face to face.

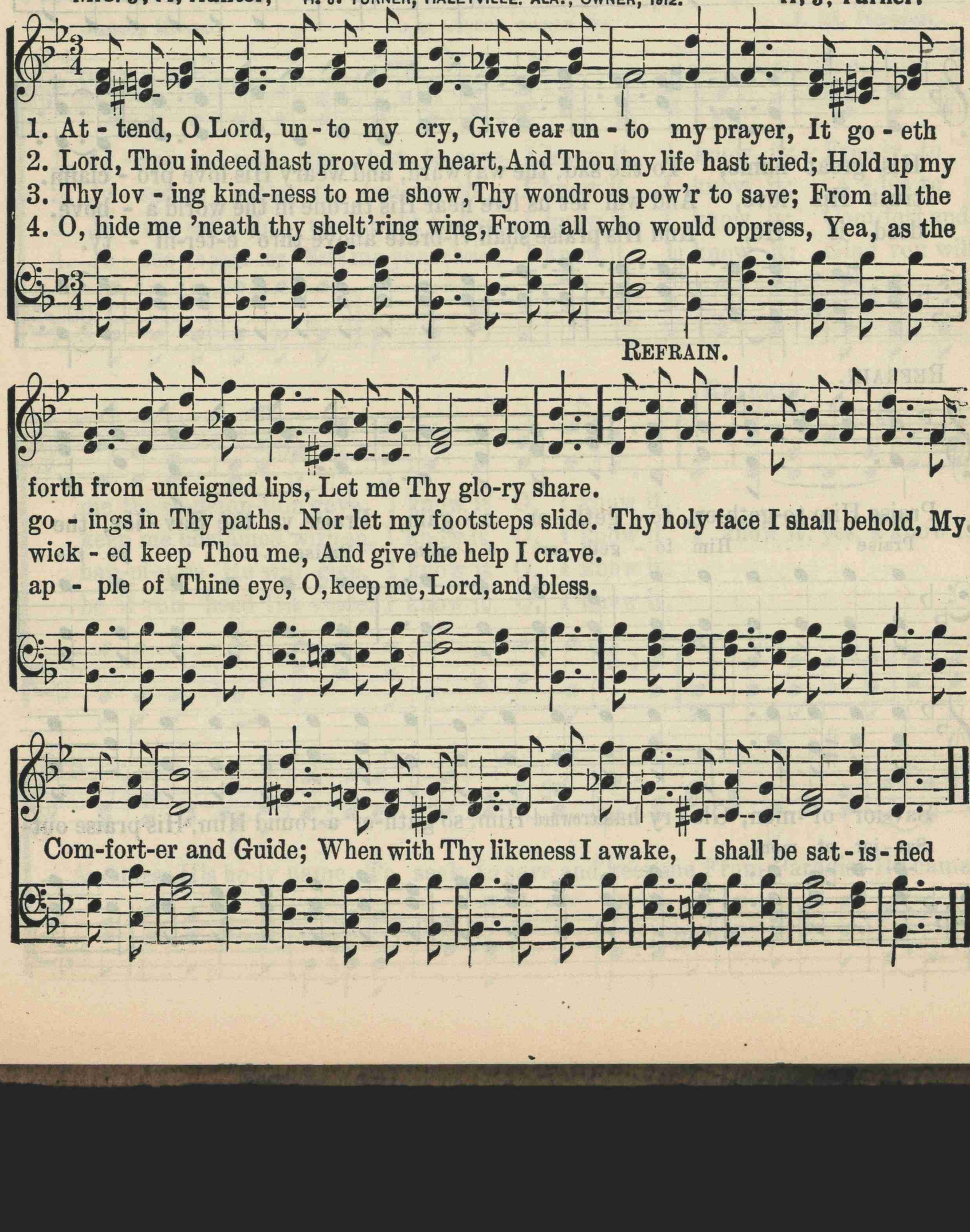
in His might, See-ing the lights of heav-en shin-ing thro' the
on, in His might,

Traveling On.



No. 181. On Thee I Call.

Mrs. J, M, Hunter, H. J. TURNER, HALEYVILLE. ALA., OWNER, 1912. H, J, Turner.



No. 182. Praise Him Together Again.

James Rowe. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1915. W. T. Taylor.

1. Come, ye saved, and gath-er be-fore the Re-deem-er dear, Sing His praise till
2. He has caused His glo - ry to bright-en our earth-ly life, And with ar-mor
3. He has died to win all the hearts of the fal-len race, And to - day to

an - gels in glo-ry shall bend to hear; Fill the sky with hap-py ho-san-nas to
gird-ed our spir-its to stand the strife; He will keep us pure to the end, if we
all He is of - fer-ing sav-ing grace; Praise His name, for loving and mighty in-

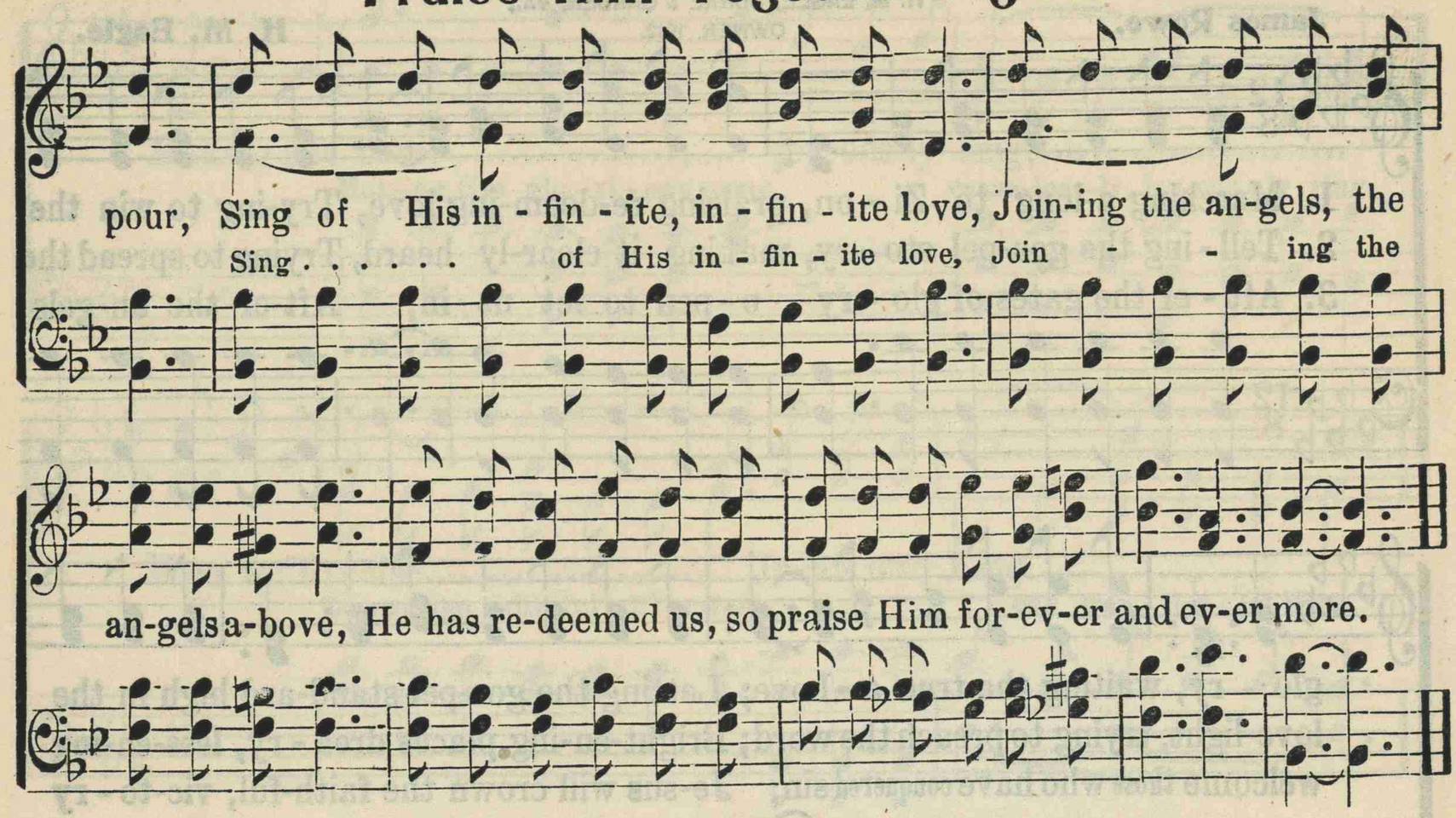
His great name, To the sad, the wayward, and weary His love pro - claim.
trust His love, And will let us live near His throne in the world a - bove.
deed is He, And His praise shall vi-brate above thro' e-ter-ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Praise Him to-geth-er, to - geth - er a - gain, Praise ye the Sav - ior, the
Praise . . Him to - geth - er a - gain, Praise . . . . ye the

Sav-ior of men, Glo - ry has crowned Him, so gath-er a-round Him, His praise out-
Sav - ior of men,

Praise Him Together Again.



No. 183 I Know It.

James Rowe. J. M. HENSON. OWNER. 1915 **J. M. Henson.**

No. 184. He Is Our Theme.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1912. H. M. Eagle.

1. Marching a-long to Zi - on, praising re-deem-ing love, Try-ing to win the glo - ry, waiting the true a - bove; Letting the gos-pel stand-ard high in the sun - light gleam, Close-ly we fol - low Je - sus Who is our hap- py theme.

2. Tell - ing the gos-pel sto - ry, making it clear-ly heard, Trying to spread the love-light, trying to preach the word; Bright-en-ing places drea - ry, less-en-ing sin and care, Close-ly we fol - low Je - sus, glo - ry with Him to share.

3. Aft - er the gates of glo - ry o - pen to let us in, Aft-er the an-gels welcome those who have conquered sin; Je-sus will crown the faith-ful, vic-to - ry crowns will gleam, Then thro' the day e - ter - nal Je - sus will be our theme.

REFRAIN.

He is our theme,..... He is our song,.....
Je - sus is ev - er our theme, ev - er our hap - pi - est song,
Comfort and joy,..... all the day long;.....
Je - sus is com-fort and joy, help-ing us all the day long;

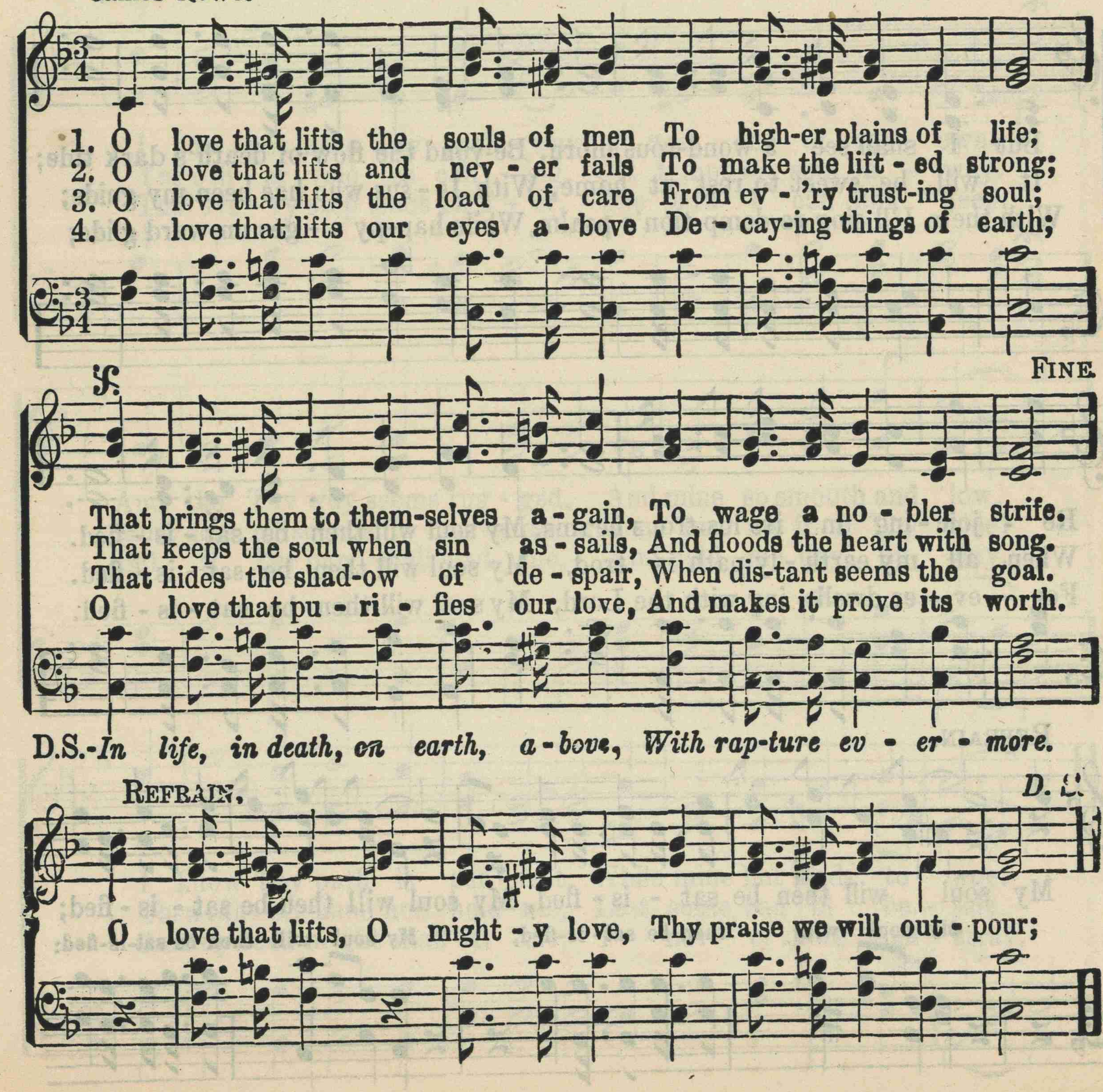
He is Our Theme.

No. 185. O Love That Lifts.

James Rowe.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.
OWNER, 1912.

H. M. Eagle.



No. 186. My Soul, Will Then Be Satisfied.

Jennie Wilson COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON. J. D. Patton.

1. Some-time the dusk will soft-ly fall Up - on my fleet - ing day of life;
2. No more the cares and griefs of time Their burd-ens on my heart will lay;
3. The glo - ries of our Fa-ther's house Will then my rap-tured vis-ion greet,

Fa - mil - iar scenes will fade from view, And past will be all pain and strife;
With sin my con - flict will be done, Tempt - a - tions all will pass a - way;
And 'mong the ho-ly ran-somed throng, Are ma-ny lov'd ones I shall meet;

But I shall see a wond-rous morn, Be-yond the flow of death's dark tide;
It will be sweet to rest at home, With Je - sus who has been my guide;
With them I'll sing re-demp-tion's psalm, While hap-py a - ges on-ward glide;

Re - joic - ing in its lus-trous beams, My soul will then be sat - is - fied.
When all my earth - ly path is trod, My soul will then be sat - is - fied.
For - ev - er dwell - ing with the Lord, My soul will then be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

My soul will then be sat - is - fied, My soul will then be sat - is - fied;
My soul will then be sat - is-fied, My soul will then be sat-is-fied:

My Soul Will Then Be Satisfied.

When heav-en's light dawns on my sight, My soul will then be sat - is - fied.

No. 187. Take my Hand.

L. M. Waterman. COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY BARON D. ELY, JR. **Baron D. Ely, Jr.**

1. O take my hand and lead me, I fal - ter when a - lone;
2. O take my hand and hold me, From Thee I dare not stray;
3. O take my hand and lift me, The way seems now so steep;

I do not keep Thy path - way, I seek one of my own.
Yet oth - er voic - es call - ing, Oft tempt my soul a - way.
Tho' eve - ry step leads high - er, The path I can not keep.

And tho' Thy way seems rug - ged, And mine so smooth and low,
Must not all sounds de - ceive me, That lure me from Thy side?
But if Thy hand shall lead me, And hold me day by day,

I know Thy path is per - fect, While mine but leads to woe.
Then take my hand and hold me, Lest some sad ill be - tide.
And up each height shall lift me, I nev - er more shall stray.

No. 188. It Was For Sinners Jesus Died.

Mrs. G. M. Harrington. OWNED BY B. B. BEALL DOUGLASVILLE GA. **B. B. Beall.**

1. The wear - y bon-dage of my sin (of my sin) Hath all been loosed, since
2. In hope - less sor-row long I pined, (long I pined) When hope a - rose the
3. How could I long- er then de-spair? (then de-spair?) This tho't—tho' foes may

I de - scried (since I de - scried) By faith that I was num-bered
tempt-er cried, (the tempt-er cried,) "Thou art a sin -ner!" then to
dare de - ride—(may dare de - ride—) Re - leas - es from all doubt and

FINE.

in (num-bered in) The host for which the Sav-ior died. (for which He died.)
mind (then to mind) Came this sweet tho't, "For such He died." (For such He died.)
care, (doubt and care,) "It was for sin - ners Jes - us died." (Yes, Jesus died.)

D. S.—*was for sin - nersJ es - us died.* (*for us He died.*)

REFRAIN.

Oh! sin-ner, heed the say-ing true, (the saying true,) Its glad-some truth doth still a-

D. S.

bide, (doth still a -bide.) And holdeth hope for me—for you, (for me—for you,) It

No. 189. I Will Never Turn Back.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A, J. SHOWALTER AND J. H. HOLCOMB, OWNERS, 1915. **J. H. Holcomb.**

1. I've en - list-ed thro' love, For the Mas-ter a-bove, I will nev - er turn back to the world; I will cling to the cross, Earthly things are but dross; I will
2. Sin and fol - ly be-seech, Pleas-ure calls un-to each, But I'll nev-er turn back to the world; I have giv-en my vow, Je-sus Christ has me now, I will
2. There is peace, there is joy In the Sav-ior's em-ploy, I will nev - er turn back to the world; My dear Lord sat-is-fies, And his love nev-er dies; I will

REFRAIN.

nev - er turn back to the world.
nev - er turn back to the world. I will nev-er turn back, I will
nev - er turn back to the world.
nev - er turn back, I will nev - er turn back to the world; I've en-
list-ed for life, Long or short be the strife, I will nev-er turn back to the world.

No. 190. Bear the Light.

Birdie Bell. W. S TIDWELL, OWNER, 1915. **W. S. Tidwell.**

1. Where the darkness gathers, Where the shadows dwell, Bear the light! Bear the
2. Where the shades are deepest, Let it brightly shine, Bear the light! Bear the
3. Sin has cast its shad-ow, But this work is thine, Bear the light! Bear the

light! Till its rays of glo - ry all the gloom dis- pel, Bear the
light! To the homes of sor-row, where the souls re-pine, Bear the
light! Tell Sal - va - tion's sto-ry, Full of love di - vine, Bear the

REFRAIN.

light! Bear the light! Bear the light, O
Bear the light! Bear the gos - pel light!

Bear the light, ... O bear the
bear the gospel light! Send its rays where lives are sad and drear,

gos - pel light, Send its rays . . . . . where lives are drear, ... Bear the
Bear the light where souls a - bide in night, Let it flash with

light . . . where souls a - bide in night, Let it flash with ra - diance

Bear the Light.

Refrain. O let it bright-ly shine,

radiance bright and clear. Bear the light, . . . O let it shine, so brightly shine, Send its

Bear the light, O let it bright-ly shine,

rays . . . . . a - far and near, ... Bear the light . . . . . that

Send its rays a-far and near, Bear the light

tells of life di - vine, Fill the world . . . . . with hope and cheer.

that tells of life di-vine, Fill the world with hope, with hope and cheer.

No. 191. Blest Be The Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 192. This is My Mission, to Shine.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From mo-ment to mo-ment my God will sup - ply me With grace (di-vine,)
2. My heart should be dai - ly a - noint - ed from heav-en With love (di - vine,)
3. The storehouse of heav - en is full to o'er-flow-ing With peace (di-vine,)

di - vine;.... No bless-ing I need will kind heav - en de - ny me, If with grace di-vine;
di - vine;.... The grace that I pray for will free - ly be giv - en, If with love di-vine;
di - vine;.... And free - ly His pow - er the Lord is be - stow-ing, When with peace di-vine;

REFRAIN.

need - ed to make my light shine. This is my mis - sion, to clear - ly to shine,

shine,.... Each mo-ment for Je - sus with light di-vine; To shine be - fore to shine,

men with clearness and then, My Lord will have fruit from this life of mine.

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No. 193. O Promise Dear

Birdie Bell. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1915. **R. Edwin Perry**

1. There's a prom-ise dear which is full of cheer, And it brings a joy each day,
2. I will trust this friend and on Him de-pend, For His word can nev-er fail;
3. Tho' the way be long, I will lift my song As the rug-ged path I tread,
4. With a trust complete in this promise sweet, I shall lean up-on His arm;

For my heav'n-ly Guide ev - er walks be-side As I tread the homeward way.
He is al-ways near and I have no fear, In His strength I shall pre-vail.
For His love is sweet and He leads my feet To the joys which lie a - head.
As the road shall wend to the journey's end, He will keep my soul from harm.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed word!..... O prom-ise dear!..... Word di-
Bless - ed word so full of cheer, O prom - ise dear that Christ is near! Word di-

vine ..... I love to hear; Christ has said,..... "Be of good
vine thy ac-cents sweet I love to hear; Christ, my bless-ed Lord, has said, "Be of good

cheer!..... I am with..... you all thy days."
cheer and nev - er fear! I am with you, O my child, thro' all thy days, thro' all thy days."

No. 194. Are You Reaping?

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1914. J. D. Patton.

1. Are you reap-ing gold-en grain, Try-ing, day by day, to gain That e-
2. When this earth-light fades a - way, When has end-ed life's brief day, And the
3. O be faith - ful to the King, That to Him your soul may bring Precious

ter - nal crown which nothing will decay? With your hearts in true accord, Are you
time of la - bor is for - ev-er o'er, Will you have bright sheaves to bear To the
sheaves of gold-en grain when life is past; La-bor dai - ly in His love, That the

work-ing for the Lord? Are you reap-ing for the bless-ed Har-vest Day?
Mas - ter o - ver there? Will you hear His sweet "Well done" on yonder shore?
crown be yours a - bove, That His smile may bid you welcome home at last.

REFRAIN.

Are you reap - ing? Are you reap - ing? Are you working for the
Are you reap-ing gold-en grain, Are you reap - ing gold-en grain?

Mas-ter while you may? . . . Drear-y night is com-ing fast, time of
while you may?

Are You Reaping?

toil will soon be past, Are you reaping for the blessed Harvest Day?

Har-vest Day?

No. 195. In His Hands.

J. C. L. J. C. LAWSON, OWNER, 1914. J. C. Lawson.

1. I'm go - ing thro' this des - ert drear, In sad - ness now I roam;
2. What-ev - er meets me on the way, My Sav - iour will be near,
3. I sim - ply trust and lean on Him Thro' sor-row's drear-y night,
4. Some day, when sight and heart-aches end, In yon - der hap - py place,

But Christ, the One true Friend, is near, And I am go - ing home.
And He will keep my foes a - way, And give me light and cheer.
As - sured that, tho' the path be dim, He leads to gates of light.
Where an - gels praise my faith - ful Friend, I'll meet Him face to face.

REFRAIN.

I'm in His hands, He's at my side, I'm lean - ing on His love,

And He, I know, will safe-ly guide To Glo - ry - land a - bove.

No. 196. Tell it Out With Joy,

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY B. B. BEALL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. **B. B. Beall.**

1. If the Lord has blest your soul, Tell it out, tell it out; If the
2. If you know His sav-ing pow'r, Tell it out, tell it out; Grace suf-
3. If you're rest-ing in His care, Tell it out, tell it out; Let your

shad-ows backward roll, Tell it out with joy; If He put your sins a-way,
fi - cient for each hour, Tell it out with joy; How He helped you in the fight,
friends the gladness share, Tell it out with joy; Joy to speak your Sav-iour's name,

Turned your darkness in - to day, Some good word for Je - sus say, Tell it
Lit a star for ev -'ry night, Bro't a - gain the morning light, Tell it
Spread a-broad His worthy fame, His re - deem-ing love proclaim, Tell it

D.S.– *hap - py news to hear; Let your songs be glad and clear, Tell it*

REFRAIN.

FINE

out with joy. Tell it out, tell it out! Je - sus died for you; Tell it

out with joy.

D.S.

out, tell it out, If your love is true; Others need the word of cheer, Need the

No. 197. The Celestial City.

Miriam E. Oatman. COPYRIGHT, 1905, H. M. EAGLE. **H W. Eagle.**

1. There's a cit - y ce-les - tial that li - eth Past the earth, with its sorrow and care;
2. Je - sus Christ is the light of that cit - y, Which He went for His own to pre-pare;
3. All the hosts of the blood washed and spot-less, In His glo-ry and maj-es-ty share;
4. Je-sus Christ who hath died to re-deem me, That Thy kingdom of love I might share;

There the souls of the blood-washed are gathered, And I long, O, I long to be there.
In His brightness the saints are re - joic-ing, And I long, O, I long to be there.
Dwell-ing now in the cit - y ce - les - tial, And I long, O, I long to be there.
Haste the day of my summons I pray Thee, For I long, O, I long to be there.

Refrain.

O that land of de - light, O that
O that land, bless - ed land of de - light, love - ly and bright, O that

home bright and fair; There the Lord ev-er
home of the blest, bright and fair; There the Lord in His glo - ry and
bright and fair;

reigns, And I long to be there.
love ev - er reigns, 'Tis the ha - ven of rest and I long to be there.
And I long, yes, I long to be there.

No. 198. Gathering Home.

Copyright, 1899, by A. J. Showalter.

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

1. One by one our friends are go- ing on be - fore, Go - ing on be - fore,
2. One by one they gath - er on the gold- en shore, Gath- er on the shore,
3. One by one they see the bless - ed Saviour's face, See Him face to face,
4. One by one they join to sing the glad new song, Sing the glad, new song,

go - ing on be - fore, Up to mansions that are ev - er bright and fair, O
gath- er on the shore, Where they nev-er-more shall know a grief or care, O
see Him face to face, And for ev - er- more His glo - ry they will share, O
sing the glad new song; Robes of righteousness they ev-er-more shall wear, O

REFRAIN.

say, shall we meet them up there? Gath'ring home - - ward
meet up there? Gath'ring homeward one by one,

one by one, ... When their work . . . . . on earth is
Gath'ring homeward one by one, When their work on earth is done, When their

done, ... To those man - - - sions bright and
work on earth is done, To those mansions bright and fair, To those

Gathering Home. Concluded.

fair,..... O say, shall we meet them up there?
man-sions bright and fair,

No. 199. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor- row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms receive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet!.... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 200. The Years Have Been Coming.

Respectfully dedicated to dissipated fathers and brothers of the world.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosley. T. B. MOSLEY.

DUET.

1. The years have been coming and go-ing, And bro't us but sorrow and pain,
2. The days of the past were the best days, The days when you so loved us all,
3. The home of our in-no-cent child-hood Has not been our home for long years;

For you have been wandering, fa - ther, And drinking a-gain and a- gain;
Be - fore the vile tempter had sought you, And hastened you on to your fall;
We think of it on - ly with sigh - ing, We think of it on - ly with tears;

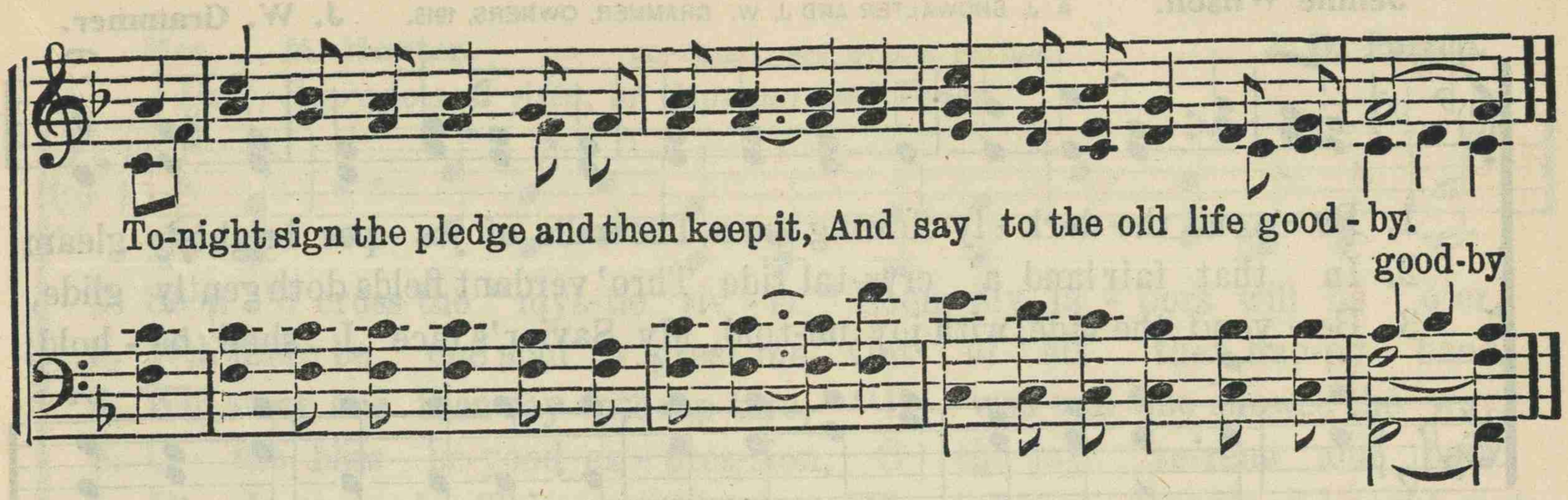
Thank God, all the years have not left us, A few are yet lin-ger-ing nigh;
We've longed for their speedy re-turn - ing, And trust they have now come nigh;
We long to go back to its shel - ter, As erst in the days gone by;

To - night sign the pledge, my dear fa-ther, And say to the old life good-by.

CHORUS.

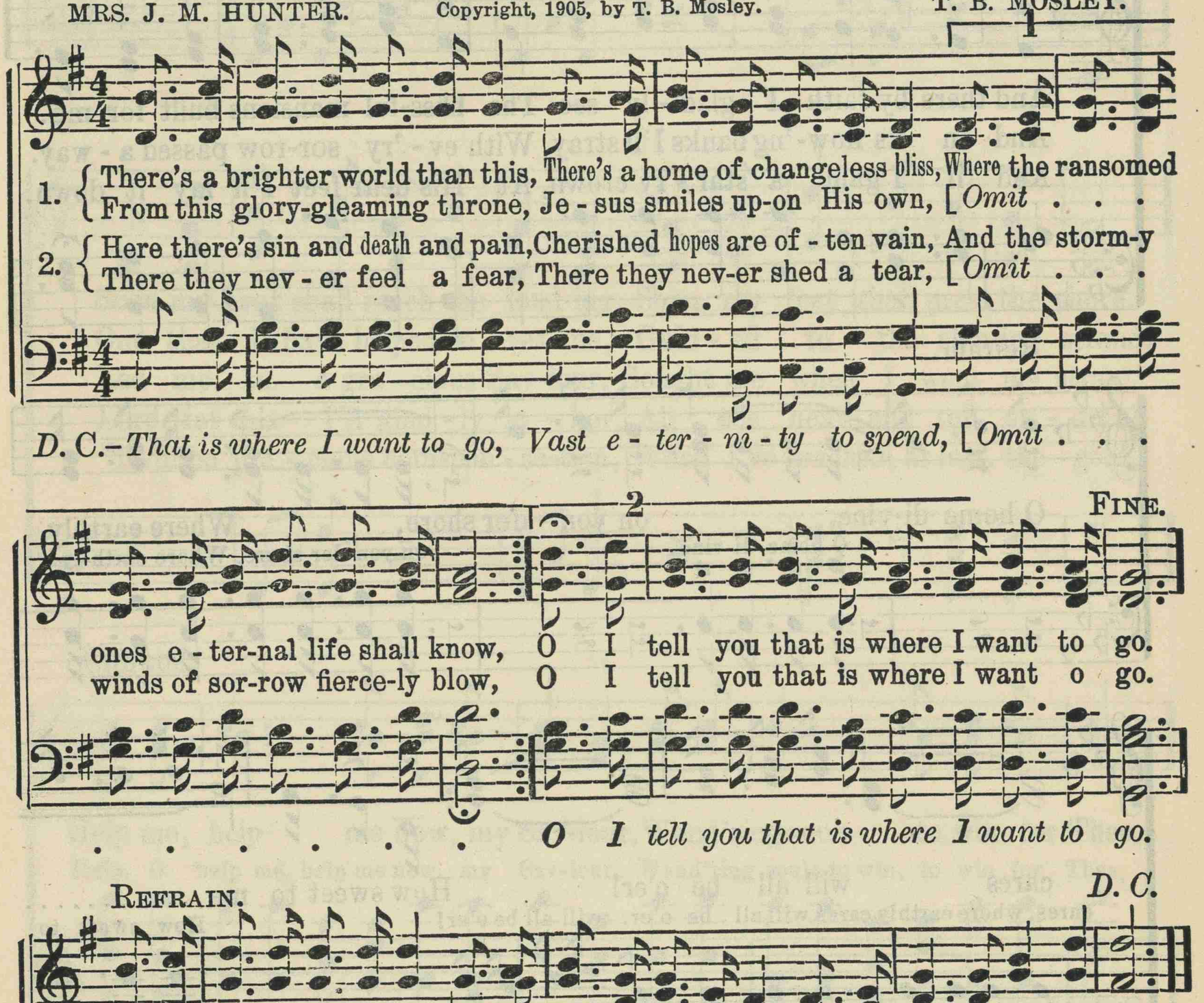
O say to the old life good-by, And bet-ter days will then draw nigh,
the old life good-by,

The Years Have Been Coming.



No. 201. That is Where I Want to Go.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. Copyright, 1905, by T. B. Mosley. T. B. MOSLEY.



3 I have loved ones over there,
Forms so dear and faces fair,
And they walk with Christ in robes as white as snow;
They'll be looking out for me,
And I long their smiles to see,
O I tell you that is where I mean to go.

4 Only through the Saviour's grace
Can we reach that holy place,
For His righteousness on us He must bestow;
All who love and serve Him here
Shall receive a welcome there,—
O my brother, tell me. don't you want to go?

No. 202. Beyond the Darkly Flowing Stream.

Jennie Wilson. A. J. SHOWALTER AND J. W. GRAMMER, OWNERS, 1915. **J. W. Grammer.**

1. Be - yond the dark - ly flowing stream, The walls of jas - per bright-ly gleam,
2. In that fair land a crys-tal tide Thro' verdant fields doth gently glide,
3. Be - yond the tide, with joy un-told, My Savior's face I shall be - hold;

And there by faith I glad - ly see The bliss-ful mansions built for me.
And on its flow-'ng banks I'll stray, With ev - 'ry sor-row passed a - way.
And if I gain a star - ry crown, At His dear feet I'll lay it down.

Refrain.

O home di-vine, on yon - der shore, Where earthly cares will all be o'er!
O home di-vine, on yon-der shore, Where earth-ly cares, where earthly cares will all be o'er, will all be o'er!

How sweet to me..... its rest will seem,
How sweet to me. Its rest will seem.

rit.

Be-yond the dark-ly flow-ing stream.

No. 203. Will There Be One Soul to Greet Me?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT. 1902, BY J. D. PATTON. **J. D. Patton.**

Duet, Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Tenor.

1. Soon I'll cross the "mys-tic riv - er," Soon my la - bors will be o'er,
2. Will there be one soul to greet me, Out of all that hap-py band,
3. Will some one then say with rap-ture, "It was you who showed the way,
4. O the bliss be-yond ex - pres-sion, O the joy se-rene and pure!
5. If I may, for Thine own kingdom, Win but one dear blood-bought soul,

Soon my boat shall reach the land-ing, Soon my feet shall press the shore.
One that I have helped to res-cue, Guid - ed to the shin-ing strand.
Led me to a gra - cious Sav-iour, Sought me when I went a - stray?"
Lord, for this I'll glad - ly la - bor, All the heat and toil en - dure!
'Twill be pre - cious com-pen - sa-tion, When I've reached, at last, the goal.

CHORUS.

Help me, help me now, my Sav-iour, Wand'ring souls to win for Thee,
Help, O help me, help me now, my Sav-iour, Wand'ring souls to win, to win for Thee,

Souls to shine in Heav'nly man-sions, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty!
Souls to shine, to shine in Heav'nly man-sions,

rit

No. 204. Sing to Me of Heaven.

Ada Powell. B. B. BEALL. OWNER. 1914. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. **B. B. Beall.**

1. Sing to me of heav-en, sing that song of peace, From the toils that bind me
2. Sing to me of heav-en, as I walk a - lone, Dream-ing of the com-rades
3. Sing to me of heav-en, ten-der - ly and low, Till the shad-ows o'er me

it will bring re-lease; Burdens will be lift - ed that are press-ing so, Show-ers
that so long have gone; In a fair- er re-gion,'mong the an-gel throng, They are
rise and swift - ly go; When my heart is weary, when the day is long, Sing to

Refrain.

of great bless-ing o'er my heart will flow. Sing to me of
hap - py as they sing that old, sweet song.
me of heav-en, sing that old, sweet song.

Sing to me of

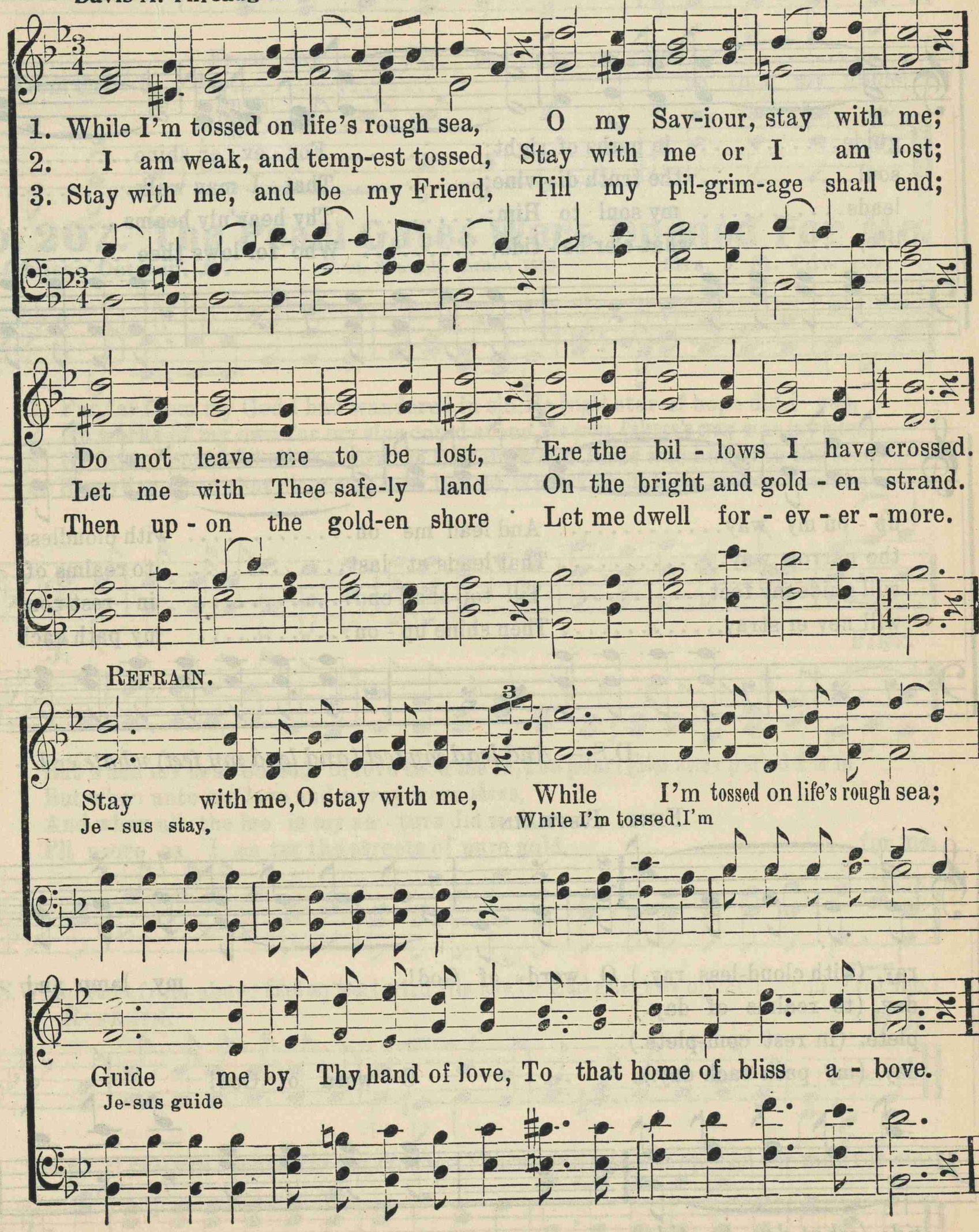
heav-en, let me fond - ly dream Of its gold - en glo - ry, of its
heav-en, let me fond-ly dream Of its gold - en glo - ry,

pearl - y gleam; Sing to me when shadows of the eve - ning fall,
of its pearl-y gleam; Sing to me when shadows of the eve-ning fall,

Sing to Me of Heaven.

No. 205. Saviour, Stay With Me.

Davis A. Threadgill. CORYRIGHT, 1901, BY J. D. PATTON, **J. D. Patton.**



No. 206. My Lamp and Light.

Birdie Bell. S. C. Crisp, owner, 1915. **S. C. Crisp.**

1. O word of God!..... my lamp and light!..... Be Thou my
2. O word of God!..... in beau-ty shine..... And teach my
3. O word of God!..... no shadows dim..... Thy light which
4. O word of God!..... be thou my guide.....Throughout my

guide..... in paths of right;..... For - ev - er shine.....
soul..... the truth di - vine;..... That I may walk.....
leads..... my soul to Him;..... Thy heav'nly beams.....
life,..... what-e'er be - tide;..... Who fol-lows thee .....

up - on my way..... And lead me on..... with cloudless
the narrow way..... That leads at last..... to realms of
will guide my feet..... Till toil shall end..... in rest com -
will nev er stray,..... Then shine up - on..... my path each

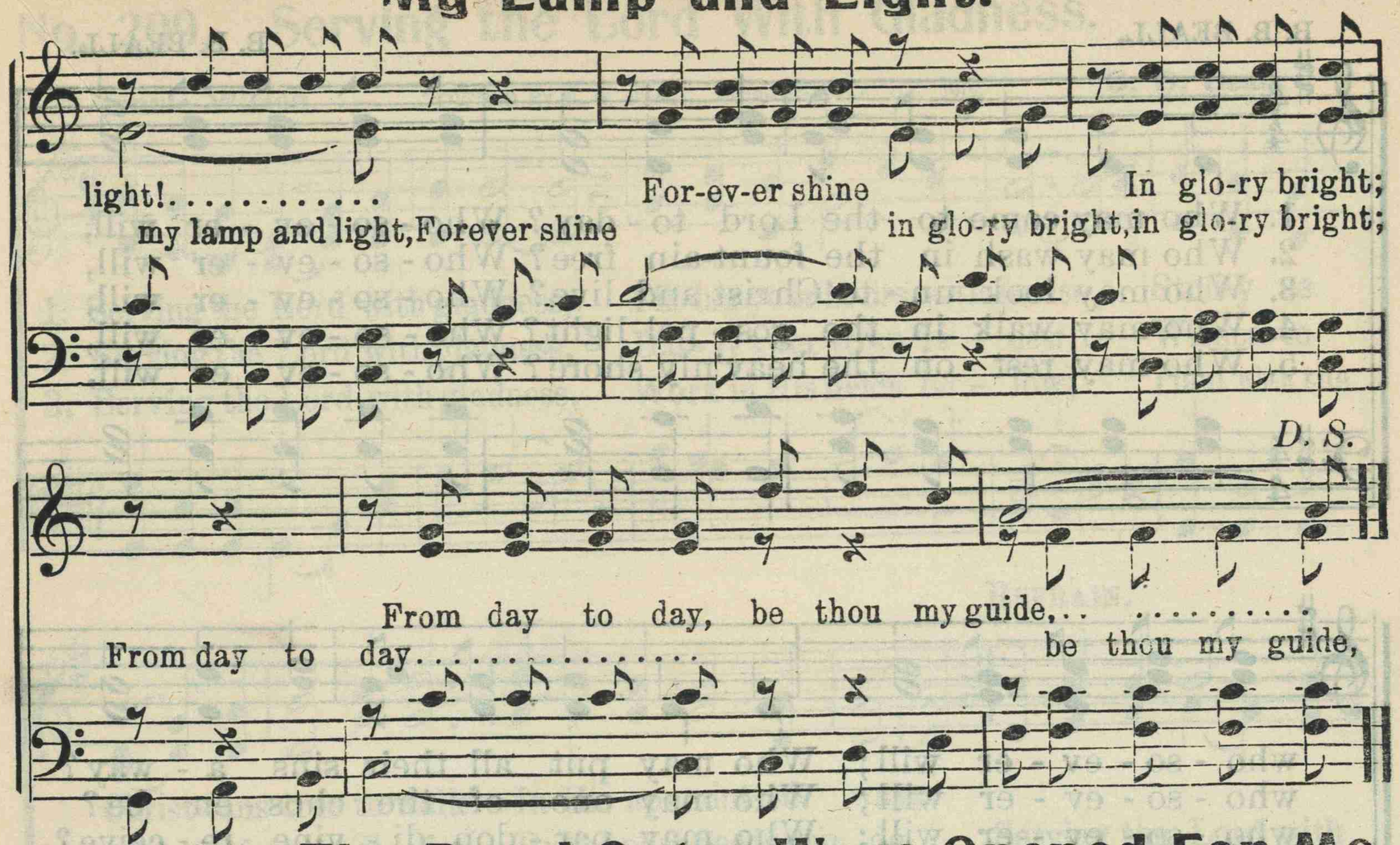
D.S.—*And lead my feet (and lead my feet) whate'er b -*

FINE. REFRAIN.

ray. (with cloud-less ray.) O word of God!..... my lamp an!
day. (to realms of day.)
plete. (in rest com-plete.)
day. (my path each day.) O word of God!

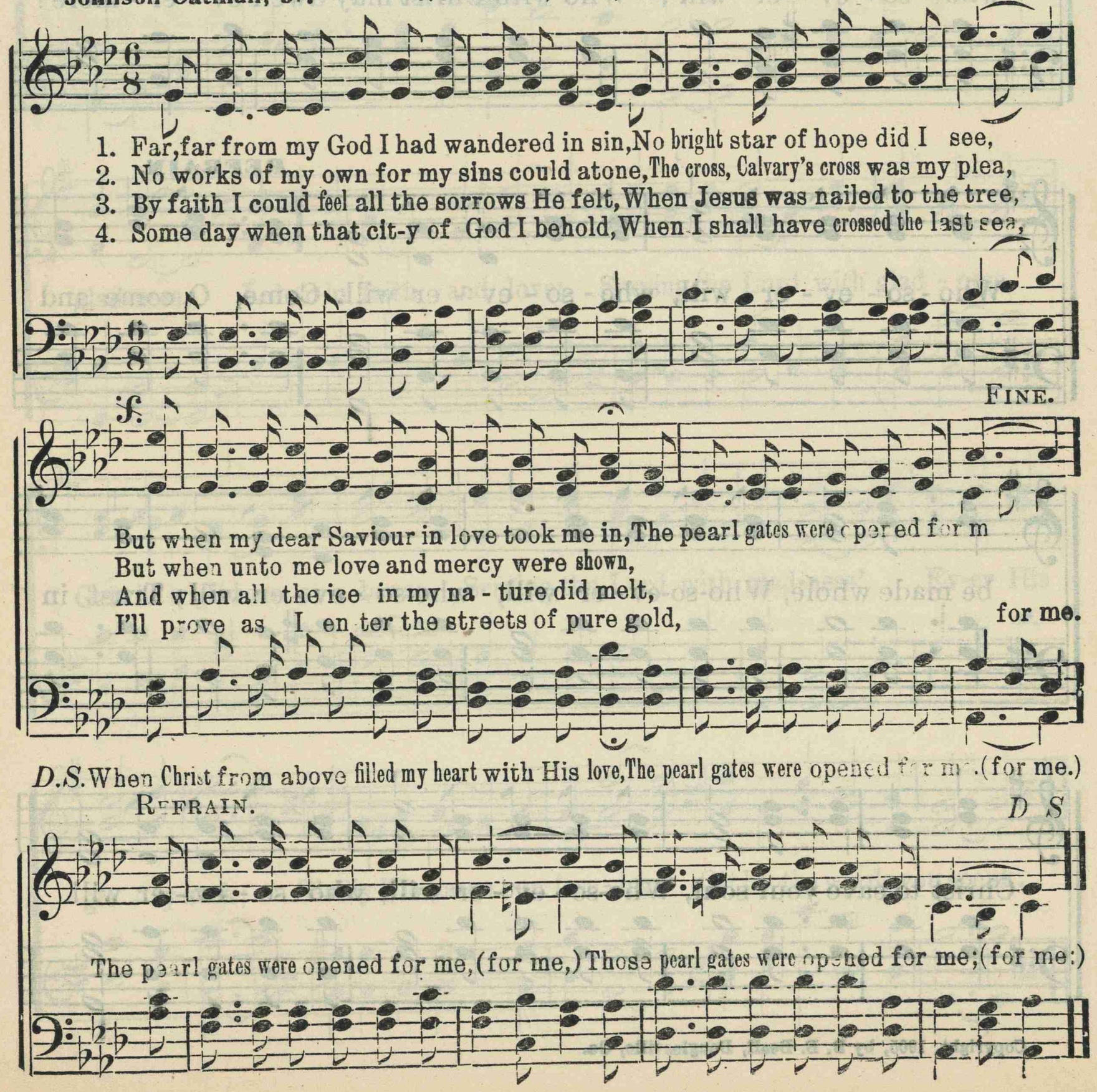
tide (what e'er be - tide.)

My Lamp and Light.



No. 207. The Pearl Gates Were Opened For Me.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. Edwards, owner, 1915. **Mrs. J. M. Edw rds.**



No. 208. Whosoever Will.

B. B. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.

1. Who may come to the Lord to-day? Who-so-ev-er will,
2. Who may wash in the fount-ain free? Who-so-ev-er will,
3. Who may look un-to Christ and live? Who-so-ev-er will,
4. Who may walk in the gos-pel light? Who-so-ev-er will,
5. Who may rest on the heav'nly shore? Who-so-ev-er will,

who-so-ev-er will; Who may put all their sins a-way?
who-so-ev-er will; Who may one of the chos-en be?
who-so-ev-er will; Who may par-don di-vine re-ceive?
who-so-ev-er will; Who may bat-tle for truth and right?
who-so-ev-er will; Who with Christ may dwell ev-er-more?

REFRAIN.

Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will. Come, O come and

be made whole, Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will; Trust in

Christ to save your soul, Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will.

Copyright, 1905, by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

No. 209. Serving the Lord With Gladness.

Jennie Wilson. OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA., 1915. B. B. Beall.

1. Serving the Lord with gladness, Fill-ing your hours with praise, Stud-y as
2. Serving the Lord with gladness, Dai - ly your vows re - new; Witness to
3. Serving the Lord with gladness, Work in His fields be - low; Then when the

REFRAIN.

Christ-ians true to walk In His ap-point-ed ways.
others of grace di - vine By the pure deeds you do. Serving the Lord with
time of toil is o'er Rapture e - ter - nal know.

glad-ness, Labor in faith and love; Serving the Lord with glad - ness,

Gain His bright home a - bove; Serving the Lord with glad-ness' Ev-er His

glo - ry seek; Gladly His name con-fess - ing, Oft by the words you speak.

No. 210. Divine Guidance.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. 32:8.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY J. D PATTON. **J. D. Patton.**

1. To my soul with soothing cadence, Comes a whis-per sweet and clear,
2. 'Mid life's ma - ny cares and bur-dens, Oft sin - wea-ry and op-prest,
3. Thro' the years al - read - y van-ished I can trace His guidance blest,
4. He will safe - ly guide me homeward, To the coun-try that I seek,

Float-ing down from God, the Fa-ther, Bring-ing light and peace and cheer.
But I seek my Father's counsel, And up - on His prom-ise rest.
And I need not fear the fu-ture, For His way is al-ways best.
Till I feel its balm - y breez-es, These dear words He'll sweetly speak.

Refrain.

"I will guide.... thee, I will teach thee,.. In the way.....which thou shalt go,..... I will teach..... thee, I will guide thee."

I will guide thee, I will teach thee, I will teach thee,
In the way which thou shalt go, which thou shalt go, I will teach thee,
I will guide thee, I will guide thee,"

Pre-cious prom-ise, sweet to know.
to know,

No. 211 I Will Look Unto The Hilis.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT. 1907, BY H. M. EAGLE. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. When the clouds hang heavy o'er my way, (o'er my way,) And when dark-ness veils the skies,
2. When the waves of troub-le round me roll, (round me roll,) And when grief my bosom fills,
3. If the world shall tempt me to do wrong, (to do wrong,) I will turn from all its ills,
4. So un - til I reach my home on high, (home on high,) And my soul with rap-ture thrills,

As for help un - to the Lord I pray, (ev-er pray,) To the hills I lift mine eyes.
Then for help and suc-cor for my soul, (for my soul,) I will look un-to the hills.
And I know my spir-it will grow strong, (will grow strong,) As I look un-to the hills.
While I tread this path-way to the sky, (to the sky,) I will look un-to the hills.

REFRAIN.

I will look..... un-to the hills, To the hills,.....
I will look un - to the hills, un - to the hills, To the hills,

God's ho - ly hills, I will look..... un - to the
God's ho - ly hills, the ho - ly hills, I will look un - to the

hills, From whence com - - eth all my help.
hills, un-to the hills. From whence com - eth all my help, all my help.

No. 212. Dreaming of the Homeland.

Birdie Bell. W. L. WREN, OWNER. ?915. **W. L. Wren.**

1. I am dreaming of the Home-land where my loved ones wait for me, Tho' the
2. There are mansions for the faithful in that Land be-yond the tide, And no
3. As I jour-ney to the Home-land, there are sorrows in the way, And the

beau-ties of that country are un-seen, (un - seen,) Yet my King is reign - ing
grief shall vex my spir-it o - ver there, (up there,) But with joys that are e-
path my feet must travel may seem long, (seem long,) But the toil-ing will be

yon-der and His beau-ty I shall see, When He lifts the veil which hangs between.
ter - nal ev-'ry heart is sat - is-fied, For its glo-ries are be-yond compare.
o-ver on some bright and golden day, And my voice shall join the heav'nly song.

Refrain.

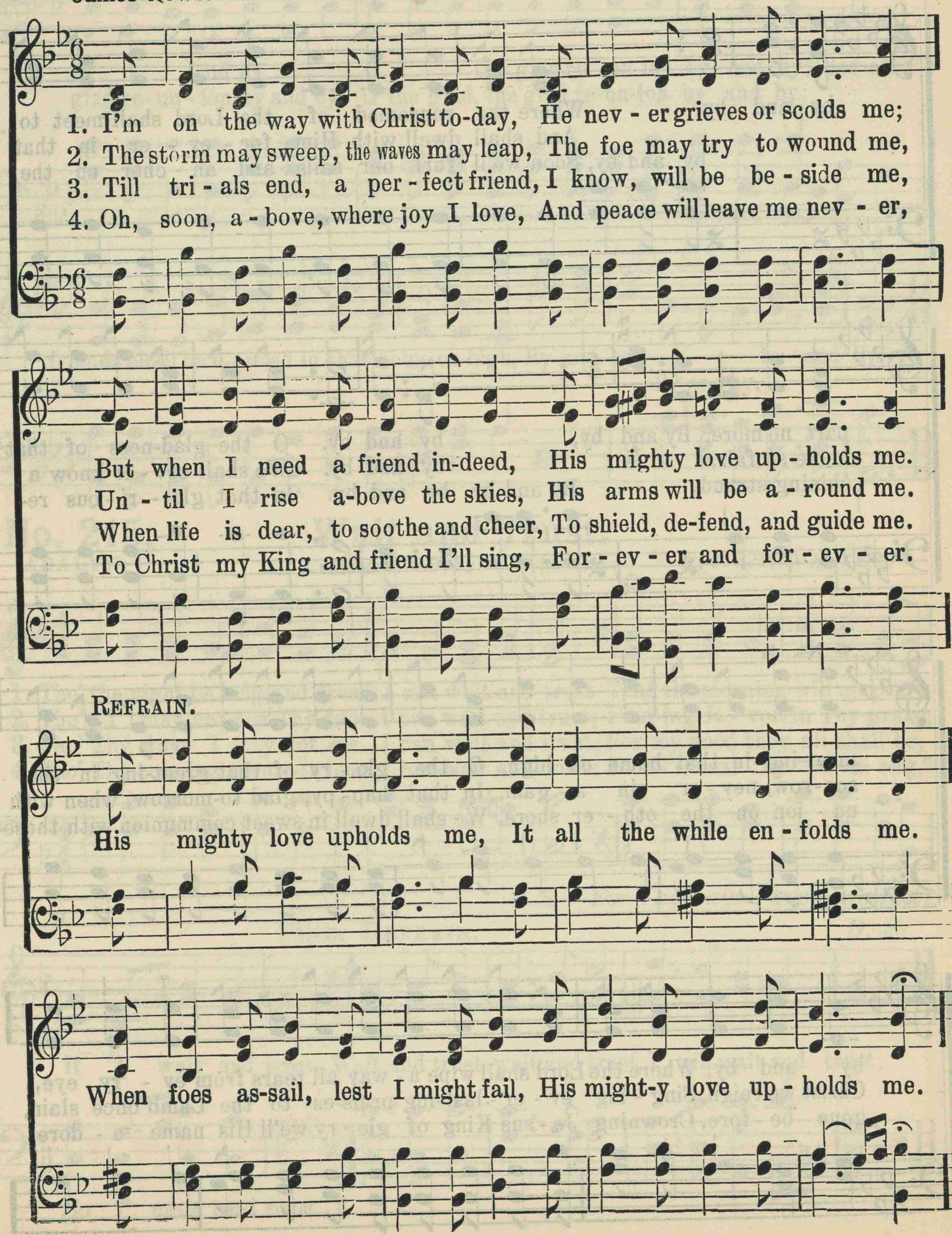
Land be-yond,..... my bless-ed Home-land! 'Tis the
I am dream-ing of the Home-land, I am dream-ing of the Home-land,

coun-try where my loved ones wait for me,..... I am dream-ing of the
Yes, wait for me,

Dreaming of the Homeland.

No. 213. His Mighty Love Upholds Me.

James Rowe. OWNED BY B. B. BEALL, DOUGLASVILLE, GA., **B. B. Beall.**



No. 214. Glad Reunion on the Other Shore.

Copyright, 1906, by A. J. Showalter.

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

1. There will be a glad re - un - ion on the oth -er shore, By and by,
2. We shall see our blessed Saviour when we gath-er there,
3. Ev - 'ry day we're drawing nearer to that hap- py land; By and by,

by and by, Where the ransomed of the Lord shall meet to
And shall dwell with Him for - ev - er in that
by and by, Soon we'll furl our sails and an - chor on the

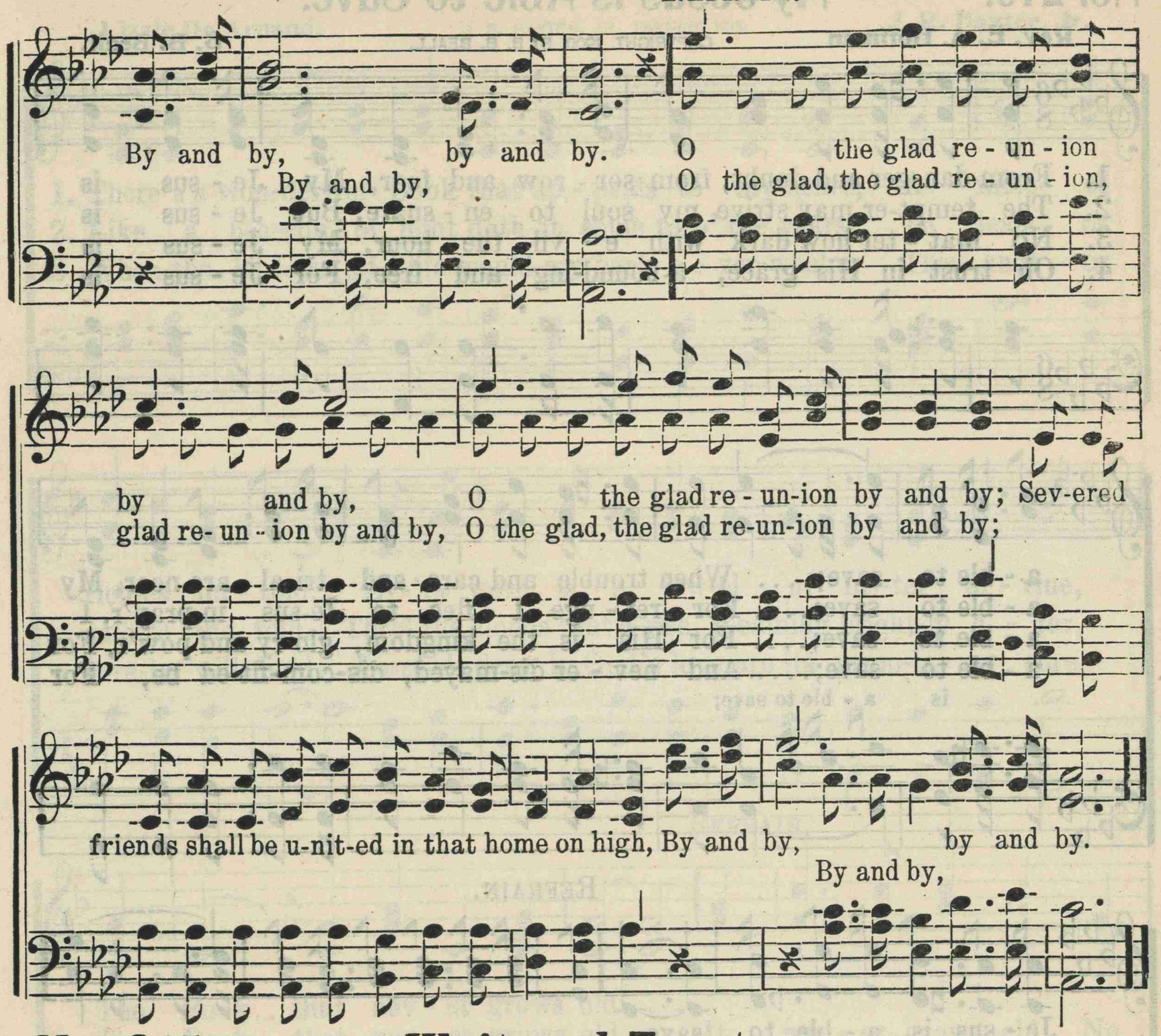
part no more, By and by, by and by. O the glad-ness of that
home so fair, by and by. We shall nev - er know a
shining strand, By and by, by and by. In that glo - ri - ous re-

meet-ing in that home on high, O the glo - ry of that greet-ing in the
sor - row, nev - er sin a - gain, In that hap - py, glad to-morrow, when with
un - ion on the oth - er shore, We shall dwell in sweet communion with those

by and by, Where the Lord shall wipe a - way all tears from ev - 'ry eye,
Christ we reign, Sing - ing ev - er - last-ing prais-es to the Lamb once slain,
gone be - fore, Crowning Je - sus King of glo - ry we'll His name a - dore,

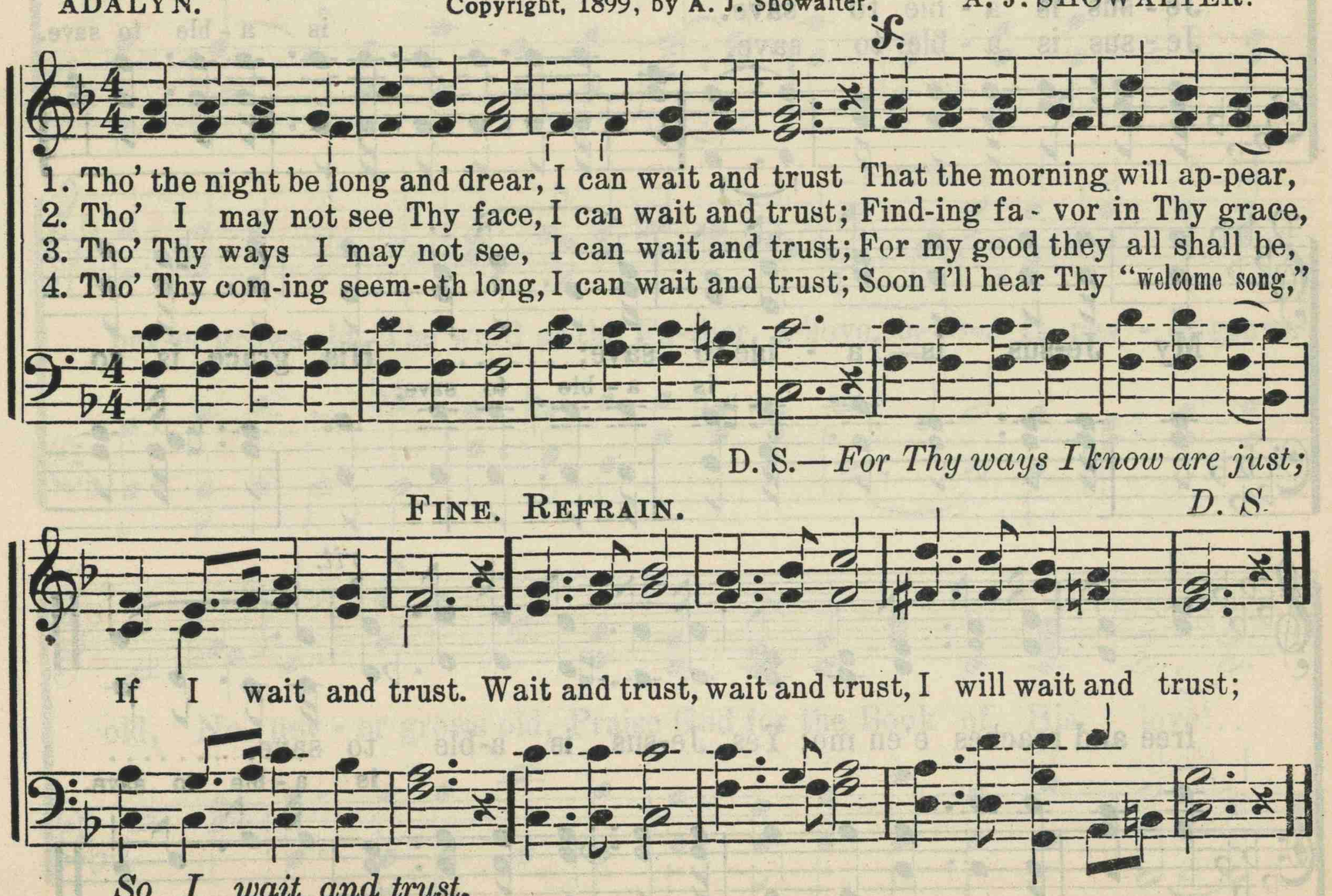
Glad Reunion on the Other Shore.

REFRAIN.



No. 215. Wait and Trust.

ADALYN. Copyright, 1899, by A. J. Showalter. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 216. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman COPYRIGHT. 1900. BY B. B. BEALL. B. B. Beall.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor - row and fear, My Je - sus is
2. The tempt-er may strive my soul to en - snare, But Je - sus is
3. No mat - ter how dark with e - vil the hour, My Je - sus is
4. Oh trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je - sus is

a - ble to save;.... When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
a - ble to save;.... For ref - uge I flee to Je-sus in pray'r, I
a - ble to save;.... For His is the kingdom, glo-ry and pow'r, For
a - ble to save;.... And nev - er dis-mayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
is a - ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is a - ble to save.
know He is a - ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save,.....
Je - sus is a - ble to save.
Je - sus is a - ble to save.
is a - ble to save,

My Je-sus is a - ble to save;..... His grace is so
is a - ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save.....
is a - ble to save.

No. 217. The Book That Never Grows Old.

Lizzie De Arnand. J R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER. 1915. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

1. There's a won-der-ful Book that ap - peals to my heart, A mine of
2. Like a bea-con of light doth it shine thro' the years, To lead us
3. When the bil-lows of life would my bark o - ver-whelm, This anch - or

rich-es un - told, Ev-'ry word is a jew-el of lus-ter di - vine,
safe to the fold, Thro' the clouds that a-rise, gleaming bright-ly a - far,
sure-ly will hold, Ground-ed deep in God's love are its prom-is - es sure,

REFRAIN.

The Book.. that nev - er grows old...
The Book.. that nev - er grows old... It nev - er grows old, No
The Book.. that nev - er grows old...

nev-er grows old, The word of the Fa-ther a-bove, (a-bove,) It nev - er grows

old, No nev - er grows old, Praise God for the Book of His love!..

No. 218. You Have Heard the Call.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. B. P. GURGANUS, OWNER, 1915 B. P. Gurganus.

1. You have heard the call of mer-cy, You have heard the call of love,
2. Loft - y heights and sac-red pleas-ures Call you from the ways of sin,
3. Friends are plead-ing, friends are praying, But they can - not save your soul;
4. Life for Je - sus brings a glad-ness That the world can nev - er give;

Wand-'rer come, O come to Je - sus, Turn your heart to things a-bove.
God is wait - ing to be gracious, Seek the fold and en - ter in.
You must make the grand de - cis - ion, You must yield to God's con-trol.
He a - lone can cleanse and save us, Teach-ing us the way to live.

REFRAIN.

You have heard the call once more, You have heard it oft be - fore,
Sin - ner, ne'er a - gain re - fuse it, O, ac - cept the Lord of love,
He will grant you full - est par-don, He will guide your steps a - bove.

No. 219. Victory in His Name.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON. R. Edwin Perry, owner, 1915. R. EDWIN PERRY.

1. Press on to vic-t'ry in His name, Tho' the foe oft may assail;(oft may assail;)
2. 'Tis vic - to - ry we seek to -day, In His name doing our part;(doing our part;)
3. In Je-sus' name we'll vict'ry win, On its fair summit to stand;(summit to stand;)
4. In Je-sus' name there's vic-to-ry, Soldier brave, never despair;(never despair;)

REFRAIN.

With gladsome voice blest truth proclaim, Strong in faith you'll pre - vail. Vic - to-
Our glo - rious ban-ner we'll dis-play, Till His love crowns each heart.
Pro - claim His conquest o - ver sin To the lost of our land.
Fight bold - ly on till lib - er - ty With the true you shall share. Vic - to-

ry in His name, See the foe
ry, shout vic-to - ry in the Saviour's blessed name, See the foe, oh! see the foe

dis - ap-pear! Her-ald it forth, spreading His
now in ter - ror dis - ap-pear! Herald, oh, her-ald it forth,

fame, Vic - to - ry now is near!
spreading His glorious fame, Vic - to - ry just now is near! (just now is near!)

No. 220. Never Ashamed.

R. Edwin Perry, owner. 1915.

JAMES ROWE. MRS. G. L. PERRY.

1. Nev- er ashamed am I faith in my Lord to show, Nev - er a-
2. Nev- er ashamed am I sin-ners to Him to lead, Nev - er a-
3. Nev- er a - fraid am I bat- tles to fight and win, Help-ing the

shamed to give glo - ry and praise;.... He has redeemed my soul,
shamed to have treasures a - bove;..... He is my dear - est Friend,
Friend who fought no - bly for me;..... I will be true to Him,

made it as white as snow, Wil - ling-ly died to make hap- py my days....
fill - ing my soul's great need, So I will al-ways sing praise to His love....
fac - ing the host of sin, Till in the land of love Je - sus I see.....

REFRAIN.

Nev-er ashamed,..... nev-er a-shamed;.....
Nev-er, no, nev-er ashamed, nev-er, oh, nev-er ashamed;

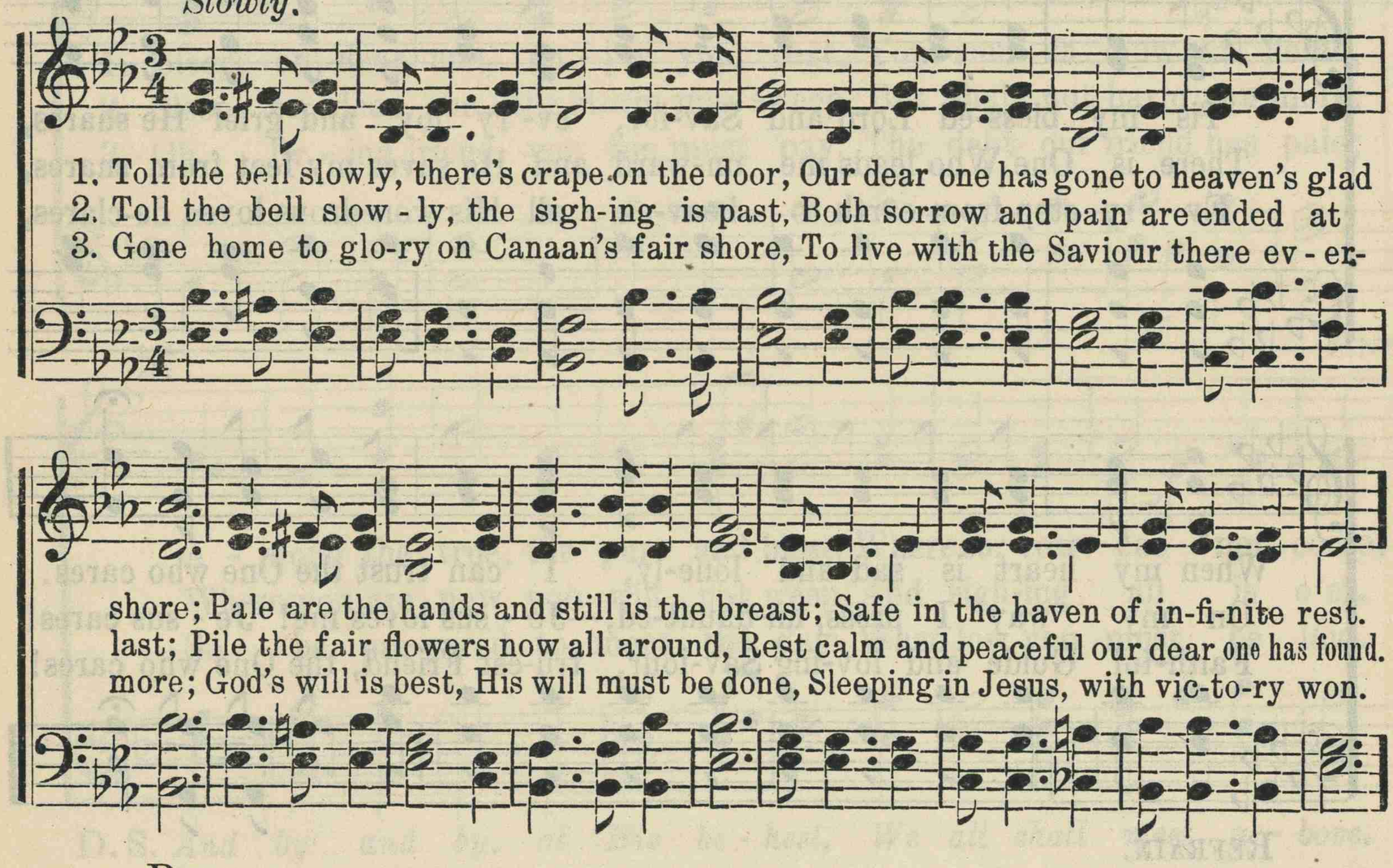
Loy - al to Him..... here I will be;.....
Loy - al to Je - sus my King here I will be; (will be;)

Never Ashamed.

No. 221. Toll the Bell Slowly.

(FUNERAL SONG.)

WM. M. G. Wm. M. Golden, owner. 1915. WM. M. GOLDEN.



No. 222. The One Who Cares.

Birdie Bell. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1915. **Garnett L. Perry**

1. Life may bring me grief or glad-ness, peace is mine, what-e'er be-tide,
2. I must tread the road be-fore me, tho' it winds o'er rock - y steep,
3. When I end this earth-ly jour-ney, I shall reach the Land of Rest,

I have found a Friend that's faith-ful and my soul is sat - is - fied;
Tho' the jour-ney may be toil-some and the tem-pests o'er me sweep;
I shall join the song of rap-ture in the Cit - y of the Blest;—

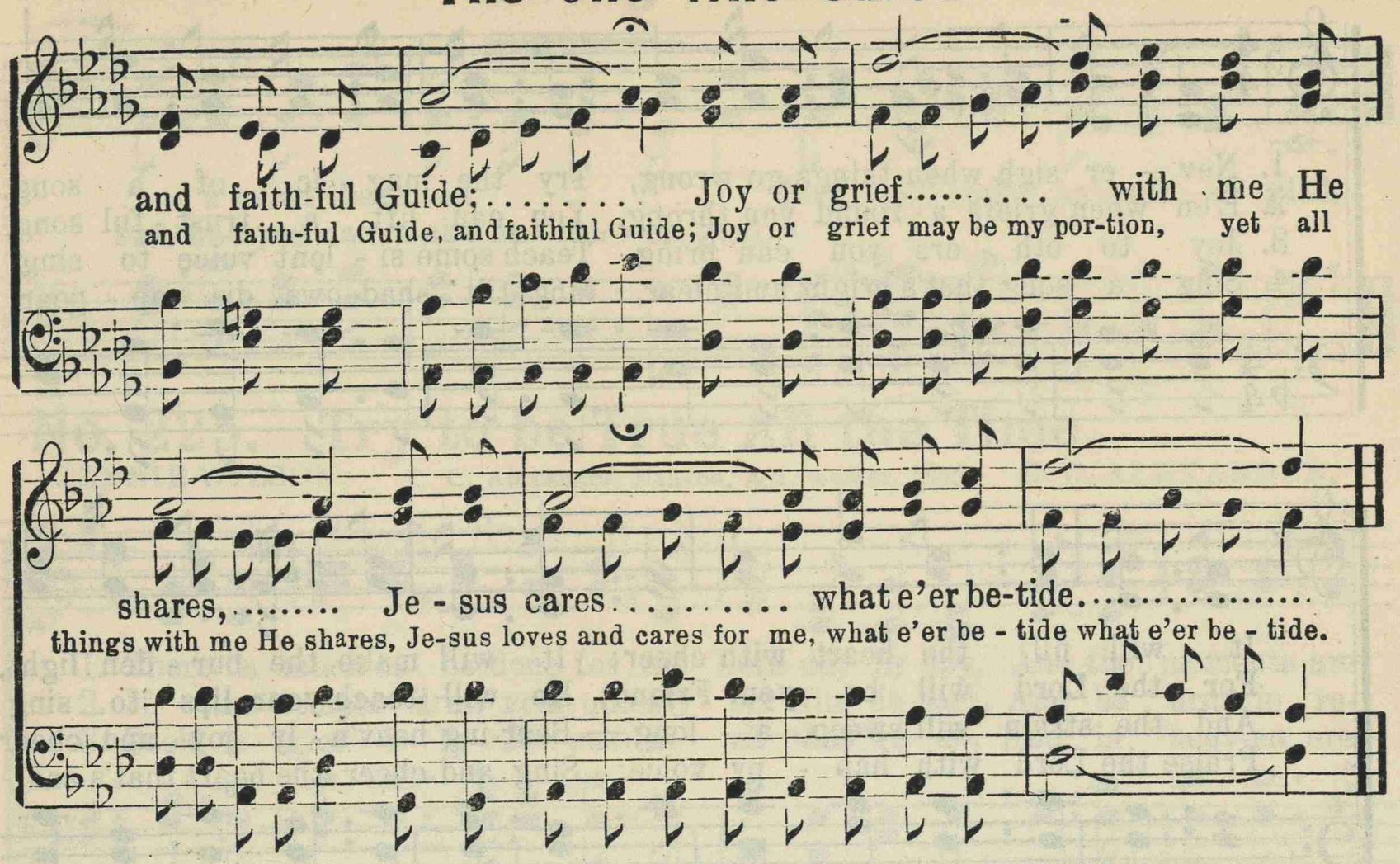
'Tis my bless-ed Lord and Sav-ior, ev-'ry joy and grief He shares,
There is One Who leads me on-ward and He saves my feet from snares,
Ev - 'ry step from earth to heav-en all His won-drous love de-clares,

When my heart is sad and lone-ly, I can trust the One who cares.
On my way I press, un-daunt-ed,—Je - sus loves me! Je - sus cares!
Faith-ful Guide and lov-ing Sav-iour, tru-est Friend, the One who cares!

REFRAIN.

Yes, He cares,..... my Sav-iour cares,..... Lov-ing Friend.....
Yes, He cares, my Saviour cares, and I can trust Him for He cares, Lov-ing Friend

The One Who Cares.

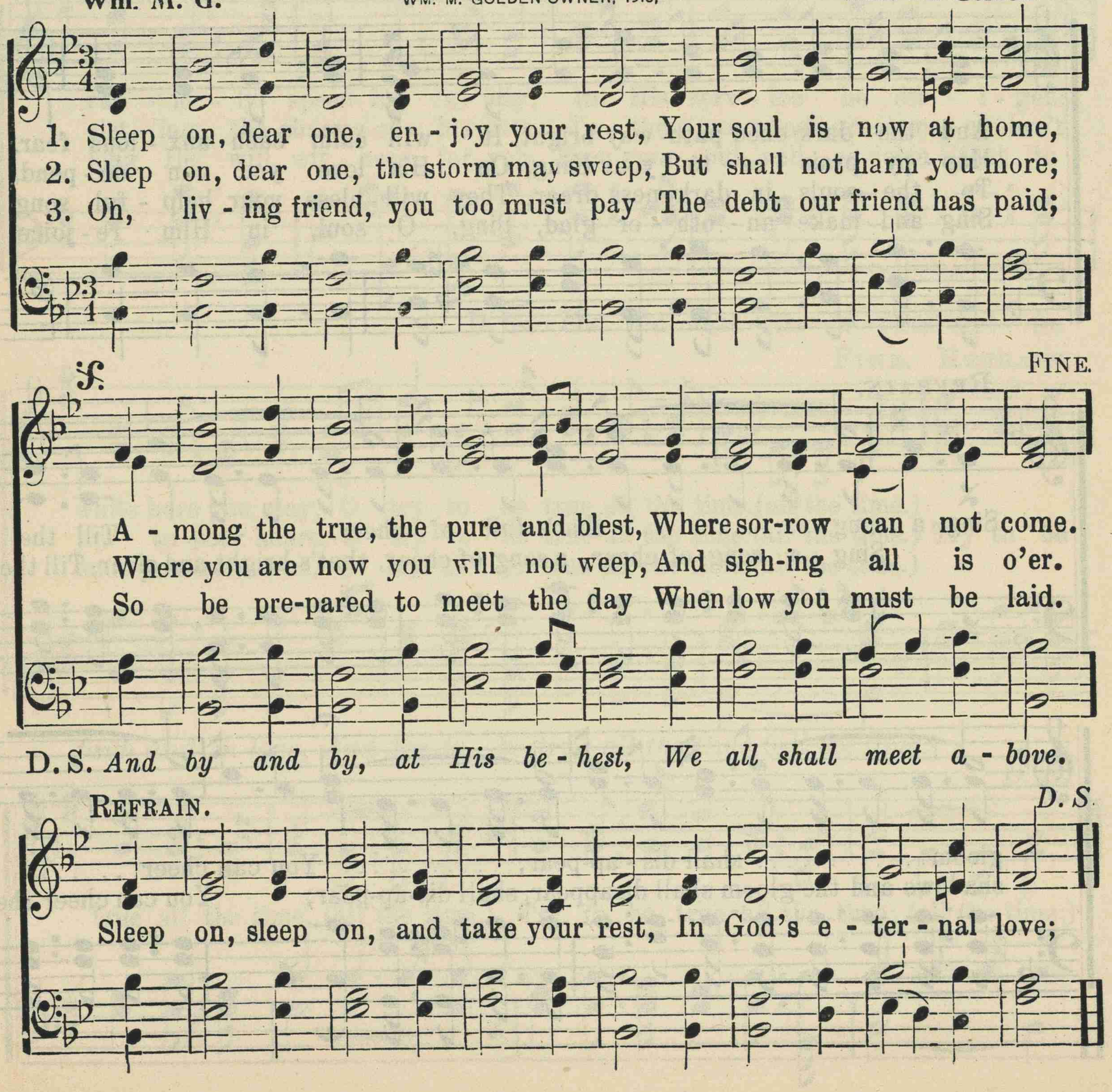


No. 223. Sleep On. (Funeral Song.)

Wm. M. G.

WM. M. GOLDEN OWNER, 1915.

Wm. M. Golden.



No. 224. A Song of Cheer.

BIRDIE BELL. C. N. Oden, owner. C. N. ODEN.

1. Nev - er sigh when things go wrong, Try the mag - ic of a song,
2. E'en when griefs a - round you throng, You cau lift a trust - ful song,
3. Joy to oth - ers you can bring, Teach some si - lent voice to sing,
4. Sing a song that's bright and clear, Sing till shad - ows dis - ap - pear,

It will fill the heart with cheer; It will make the bur - den light,
For the Lord will be your Friend; He will teach your lips to sing
And the strain will sweep a - long,— Bear-ing heav'n - ly joy and cheer
Praise the Lord with hap - py voice; Sing and cheer the heart that's sad,

And the dark-ened path- way bright, It will calm each anx - ious fear.
Hap - py prais - es to your King, On His love you can de - pend.
To the souls in dark - ness drear, They will bless your help - ful song.
Sing and make an - oth - er glad, Sing, O soul, in Him re - joice.

REFRAIN.

Sing a song..... that's full of cheer,..... Till the
Sing a song of cheer, a song of cheer, that's bright and clear, Till the

gloom..... shall dis - ap-pear;..... You can cheer.....
shadows and the gloom shall disappear, shall dis-ap-pear; You can cheer the

A Song of Cheer.

No. 225. Try to be True All the Time.

JENNIE WILSON. C. C. Alexander, Nauvoo, Ala., owner, 1915. C. C. ALEXANDER.

No. 226. Singing of Love.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN. VA., OWNER, 1911. H. M. Eagle.

1. Sing-ing of love di - vine, Knowing that Christ is mine, Seeing my path-way shine,
2. Let-ting Him hold my hand, Spreading the tidings grand, O-ver the wea-ry land,
3. Sweet-ly I trust His love, Looking for help a-bove, That I may dai-ly prove

Fear - ing no foe; View-ing my Sav-ior's face, Trust-ing re-deem-ing grace,
Glad - ness I know; Help-ing the lost to see What he has done for me,
Faith - ful be - low; Hop-ing to see His face In the a - bid - ing place

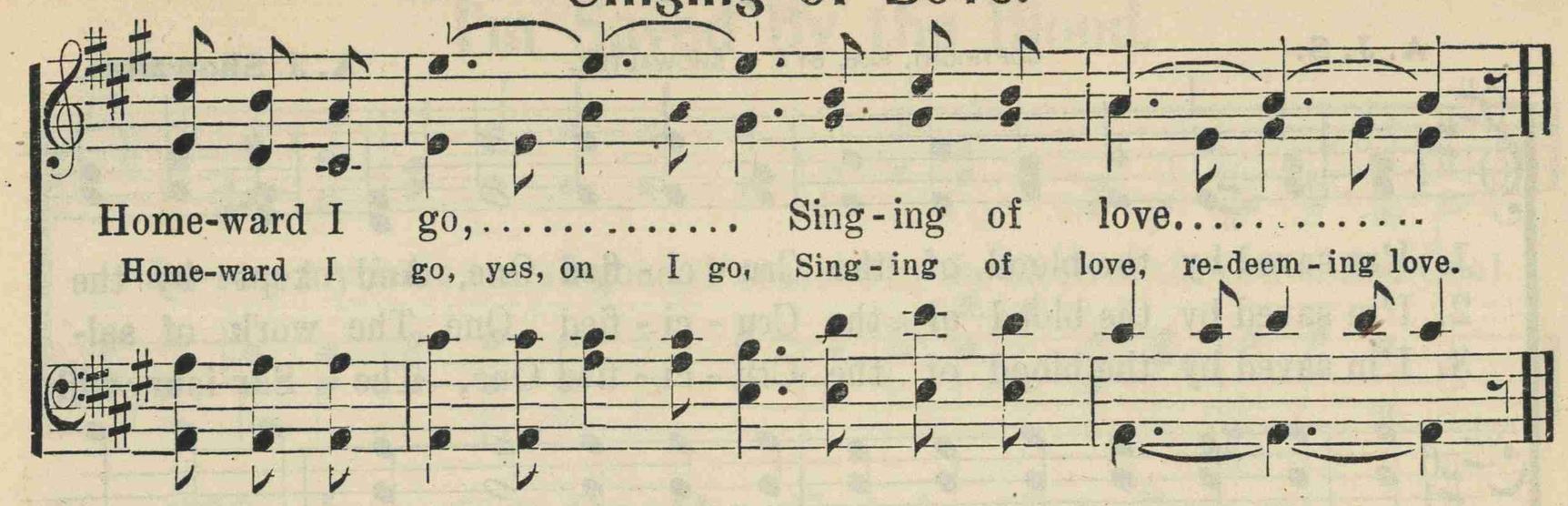
REFRAIN.

Seek-ing my heav'nly place, Home-ward I go. Sing-ing of love.....
Try-ing to help-ful be, Home-ward I go.
Of the redeemed by grace, Home-ward I go, I go. Sing-ing of love, of love di-vine,

Joy-ous and free ..... Help-ing the sad..... Hap - py to
Joy-ous and free, completely free, Help-ing the sad, the lone and sad, Hap - py to

be;.....Close to my Lord,.....Look-ing a - bove;.....
be, so glad to be; Close to my Lord, my precious Lord, Look-ing a - bove, to joys a-bove;

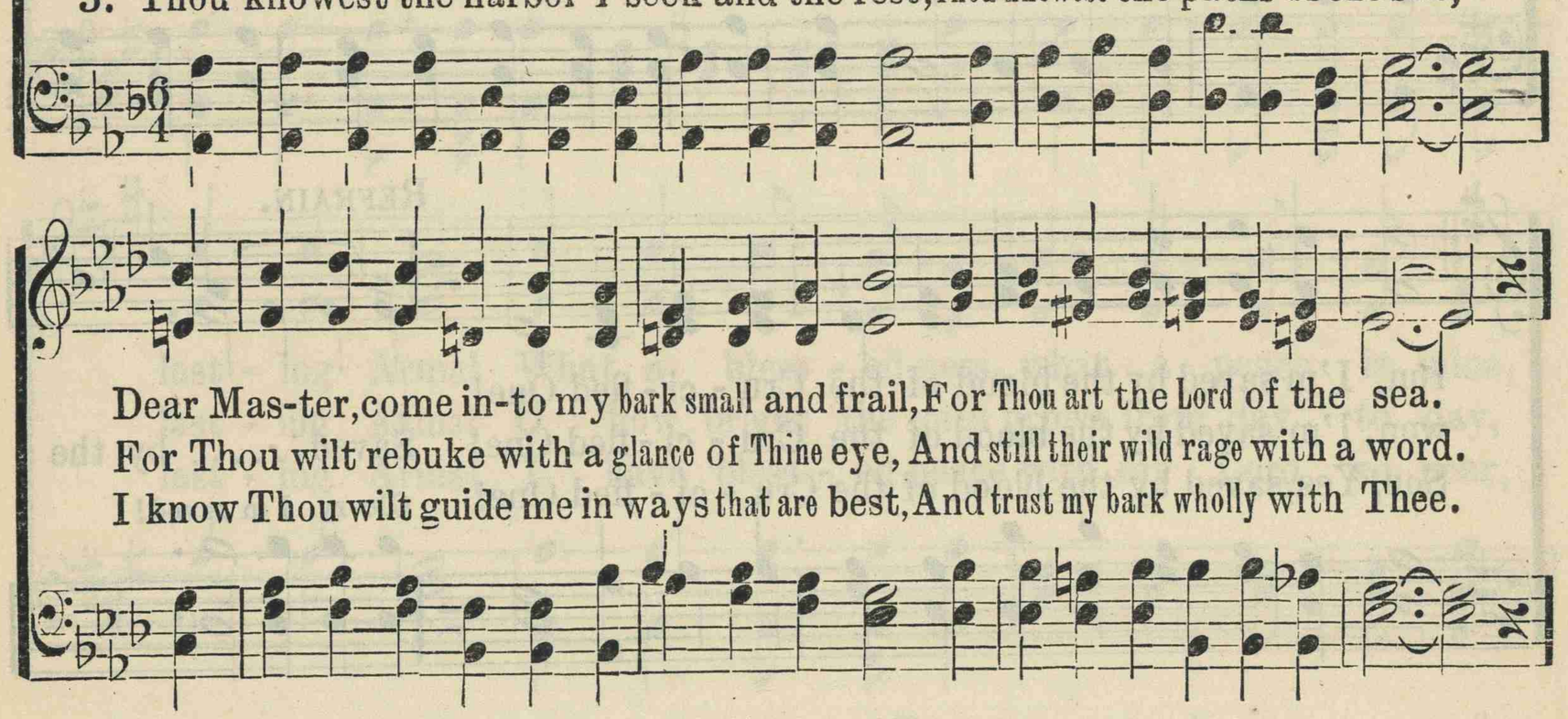
Singing of Love.



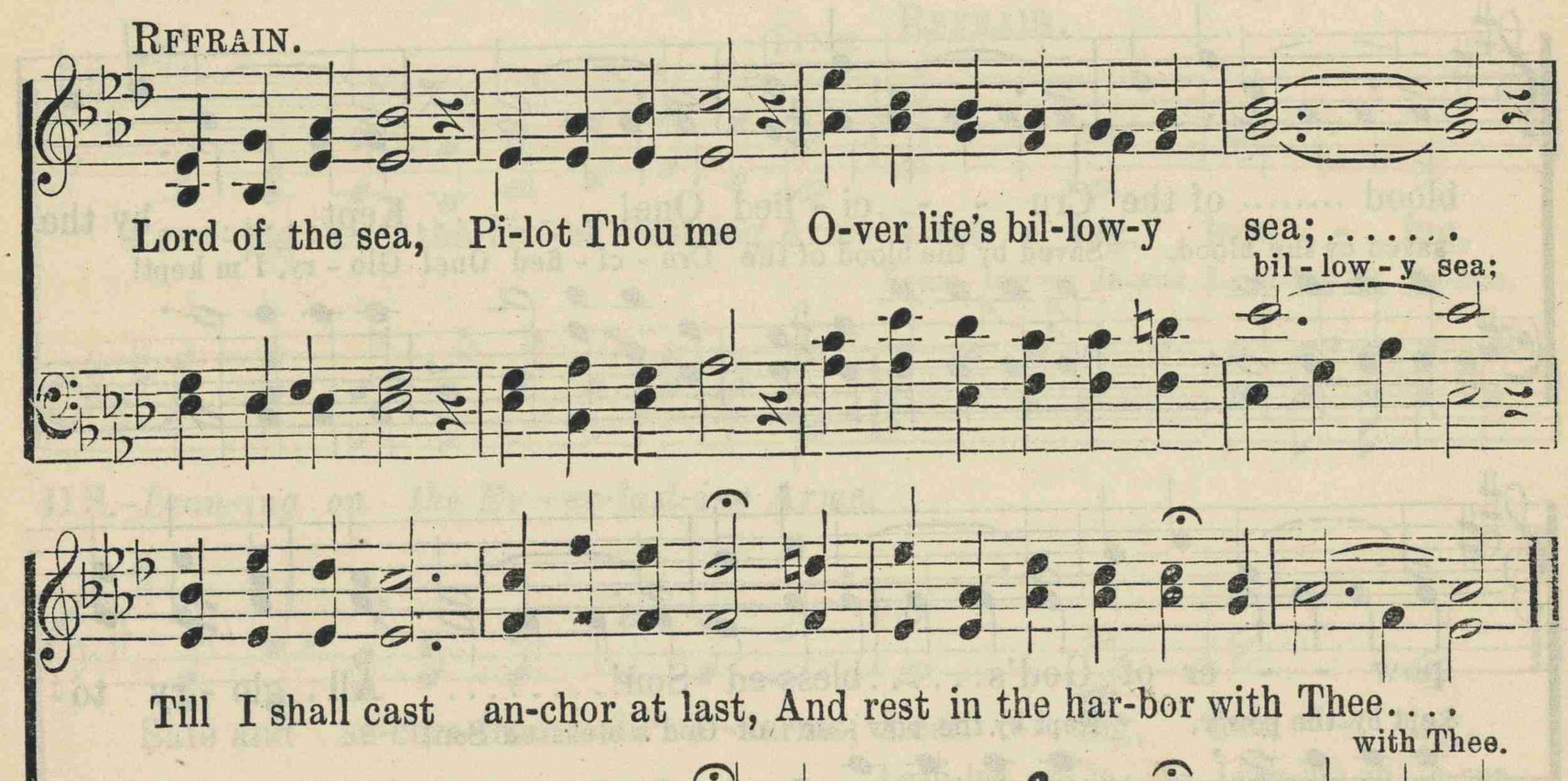
No. 227. Lord of the Sea.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. I know not the sea in whose wa-ters I sail, What per-ils may lie there for me:
2. When tempests arise and the billows are high, Ah, then will I look to the Lord;
3. Thou knowest the harbor I seek and the rest; Thou knowest the paths of the sea;



Dear Mas-ter, come in-to my bark small and frail, For Thou art the Lord of the sea.
For Thou wilt rebuke with a glance of Thine eye, And still their wild rage with a word.
I know Thou wilt guide me in ways that are best, And trust my bark wholly with Thee.



REFFRAIN.

Lord of the sea, Pi-lot Thou me O-ver life's bil-low-y sea;.....
bil - low - y sea;

Till I shall cast an-chor at last, And rest in the har-bor with Thee....
with Thee.

No. 228. I'm Saved By the Blood.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1906. BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, And kept by the pow-er of God's bless-ed Son; All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can run, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The work of sal- va - tion by Je - sus was done; My sins are all pardoned, my peace is now won, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The Sav-iour will fin - ish the work He's be-gun; I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fath-er's own Son, Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

REFRAIN.

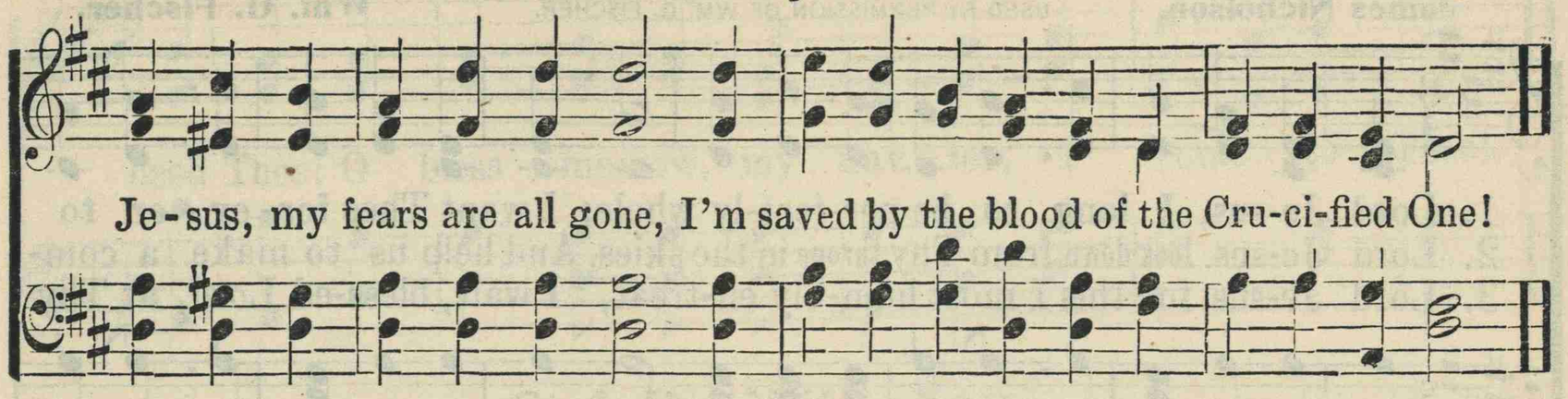
Saved..... by the blood ..... of the Cru - - ci - fied One!..... Kept..... by the pow - - er of God's..... bless-ed Son!..... All glo - ry to

Saved..... by the Glo-ry, I'm saved!

saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Glo - ry, I'm kept!

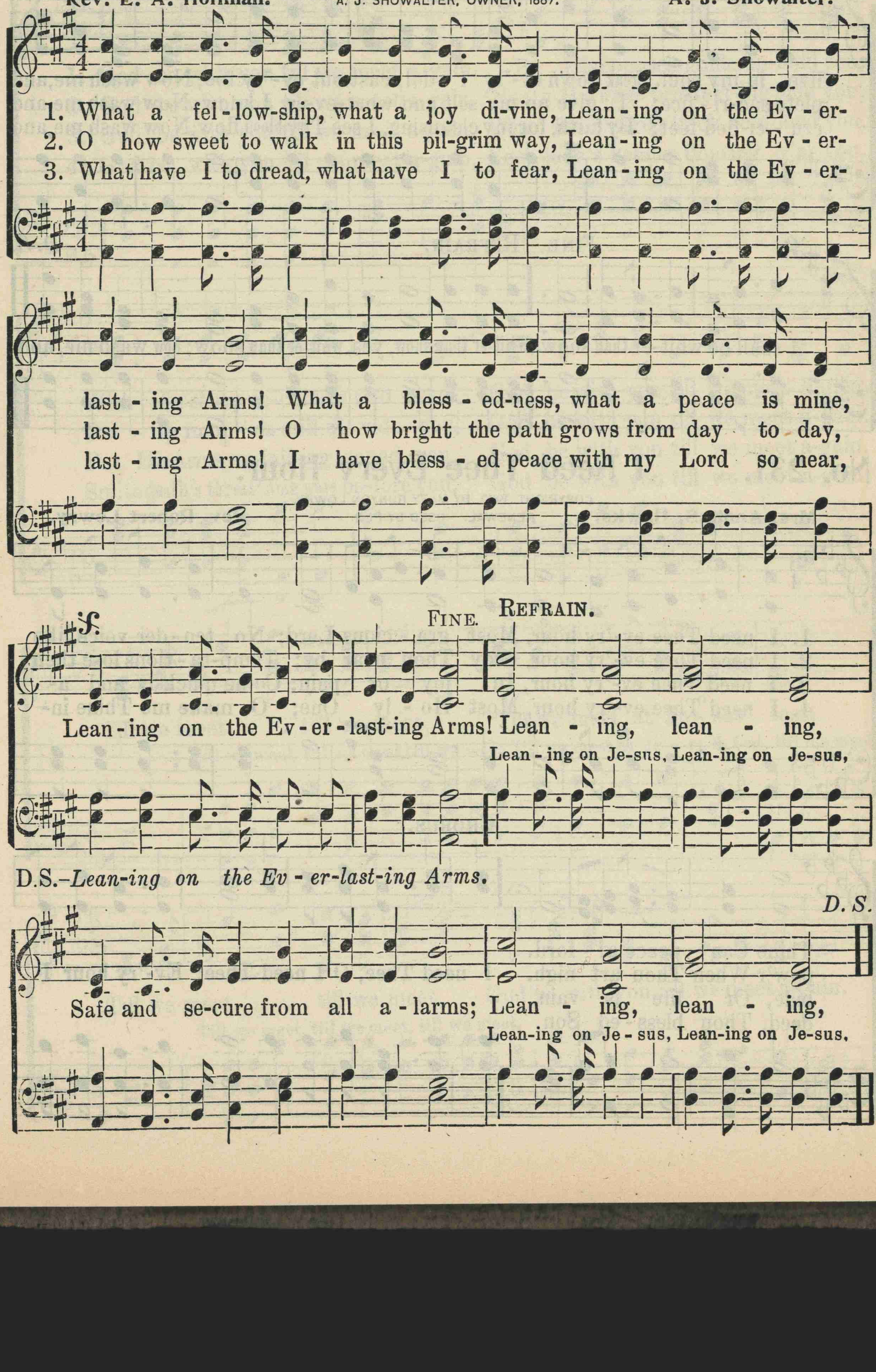
kept by the pow'r, Kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son!

I'm Saved By the Blood.



No. 229. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1887. A. J. Showalter.



No. 230. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help us to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and

FINE REFRAIN. D. S.

I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and

No. 231. I Need Thee Every Hour.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. RENEWAL. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I

I Need Thee Every Hour.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 232. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di- vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain;

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till me meet,

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Children's Songs.

No. 233. I'll Be a Sunbeam For Jesus.

Grace Gorman. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

No. 234. Sunshine.

Adaline Hohf Beery. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1889. **A. J. Showalter.**

Sunshine.

FINE.

Let your heart brim o'er with mu - sic, Like the song-sters of the sky.
Shun the faint-est breath of e - vil, Leave no deed of love un-done.
Gath-er lambs in - to His king-dom, And He'll bless you all the way.

D. S.—*Be a jew - el bright and pre-cious, Be a bless-ing ev - 'ry - where.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Be a mer - ry beam of sun - shine, Be a lil - y pure and fair;

No. 235. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com-eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom, All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem - er, Are the

jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own;
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morning, His
jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

REFRAIN.

bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

No. 236. Shining Sunbeams.

Lizzie DeArmond. F. CLARK PERRY, OWNER, 1914. F. Clark Perry.

1. Shining sunbeams falling down, Fill the world with light, Making ev'ry dreary place
2. Shining sunbeams paint the flow'rs, Tint the sky with blue, Wake the birds to happy song,
3. Lit-tle sunbeams we may be, O-ver life's long way, Just by pleasant things we do,

Beau-ti-ful and bright; Driv-ing dark-ness far a-way, Bringing joy and mirth,
Beaming clear and true; Weaving gold-en fair-y screens Where the shadows fall,
Lov-ing words we say; Ev-'ry one can take a part In the joy and cheer,

REFRAIN.

Blessings follow in their train, Where they touch the earth. Loving smiles, like golden sunbeams,
Point-ing to the God a-bove, Life and light of all.
Scat-ter sun-shine as they go, For the Saviour dear. Lov-ing smiles, like

Fill the way with light; Kindly deeds and tho'ts for others Make the world so bright.
sunbeams, Fill the way with light; Kind-ly deeds for oth-ers

* Parts ad lib.

No. 237. Just Like You and Me.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914. H. M. Eagle.

1. Je-sus was a lit-tle child, Just like you and me; Laughed and played and
2. Je-sus loved His mother too, Just like you and me; Did His best her
3. Je-sus al-ways hat-ed sin, Just like you and me; Je-sus learned to

Just Like You and Me.

REFRAIN.

sang and smiled, Just like you and me.
will to do, Just like you and me. Just like you, just like me, Once a lit - tle
fight and win, Just like you and me.

boy was He; He loved to play the hours a - way, Just like you and me.

No. 238. Little Soldiers.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914. H. M. Eagle.

1. Learn-ing how to fight, Keep - ing Christ in sight, We are sing - ing,
2. Je - sus is our Guide, He is at our side; He de - fends us,
3. If we con-quer sin, Keep - ing pure with - in, Win - ning glo - ry
4. In a hap - py place, With the saved by grace, Car - ols rais - ing,

REFRAIN.

joy - bells ring - ing, March-ing in the light.
cour - age lends us, True we shall a - bide. Train - ing, learn - ing
with His sto - ry, Life-crowns we shall win.
Je - sus prais-ing, We shall see His face. Train-ing, train-ing, we are train-ing,

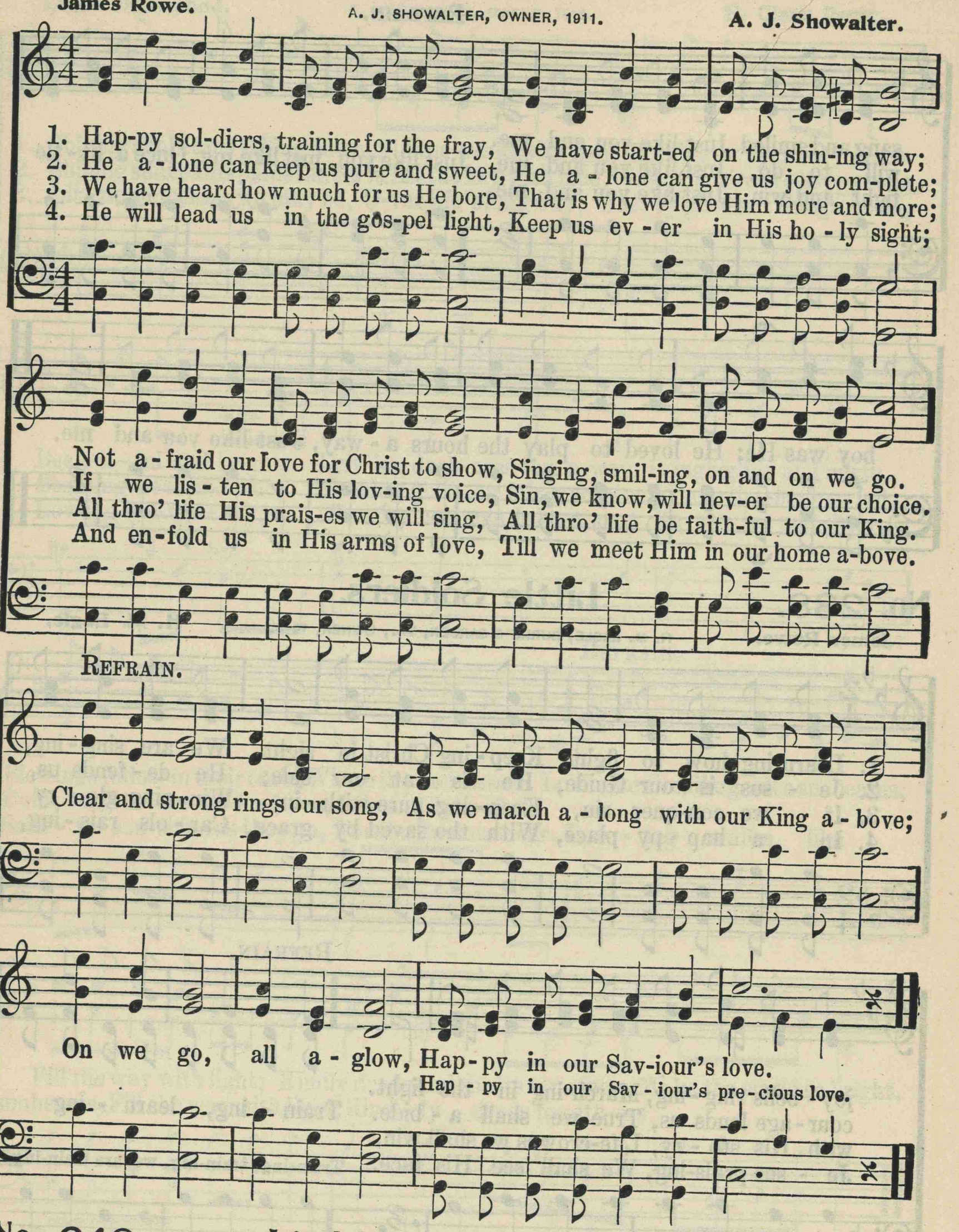
God's dear will to do; Sing - ing, cling - ing, Lit - tle sol-diers true.
Sing-ing, sing-ing, we are sing - ing,

No. 239. Happy Soldiers.

James Rowe.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1911.

A. J. Showalter.



No. 240. Little Rays of Light.

Mijj Eworr.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

Mrs. H. M. Eagle.

Little Rays of Light.

FINE.

Send - ing love-light near and far, For the bless - ed Morn - ing Star.
Which He sends us from a - bove, Beams of kind-ness, beams of love.
Then, where an - gels Him a - dore, We shall shine for - ev - er more.

D. S.—*Ev - er pure and ev - er bright, Shin - ing for the Morn - ing Star.*

D. S.

REFRAIN.

Rays of light, rays of light, Rays of gos - pel light we are;

No. 241. Little Servants.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914. **Albert C. Fisher.**

1. Mas-ter, we will work for Thee, In the days of youth; Lit - tle serv-ants
2. Al - ways hold our hands in Thine, Guide our lit - tle feet; Keep us by Thy
3. Give us strength for all our needs, Faith that conquers wrong; Keep us in the
4. Mas-ter, we will work for Thee, All our earth-ly days; Then, thro' all e-

REFRAIN.

we will be, Mak-ing known the truth.
grace di - vine, Al-ways pure and sweet.
path that leads To the land of song.
ter - ni - ty, Sweet-ly sing Thy praise.

D - u - t - i - f - u - l,

B - r - a - v - e, B - u - s - y, All the while, Mas-ter, we will be.

No. 242. Jesus, Hear Thy Little Child.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1889. E. C. Greenlee.

1. Sav - iour, bless a lit - tle child; Teach my heart the way to Thee;
2. I am young, but Thou hast said All who will may come to Thee;
3. Je - sus, help me; I am weak; Let me put my trust in Thee;
4. I would nev - er go a - stray, Nev - er turn a - side from Thee;

REFRAIN.

Make it gen - tle, good and mild; Lov-ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Feed my soul with liv - ing Bread; Lov-ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Teach me how and what to speak; Lov-ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Keep me in the heav'nly way; Lov-ing Sav-iour, care for me.

Saviour, lov-ing Sav - iour, Keep my feet al-way; Lis-ten now, dear Saviour, Hear me when I pray.

No. 243. Little Ones Like Me.

Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought, In the pla-ces where He taught, Unto Him their
3. Did the Sav-iour say them nay? No, He kind-ly bid them stay; Suffered none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him and

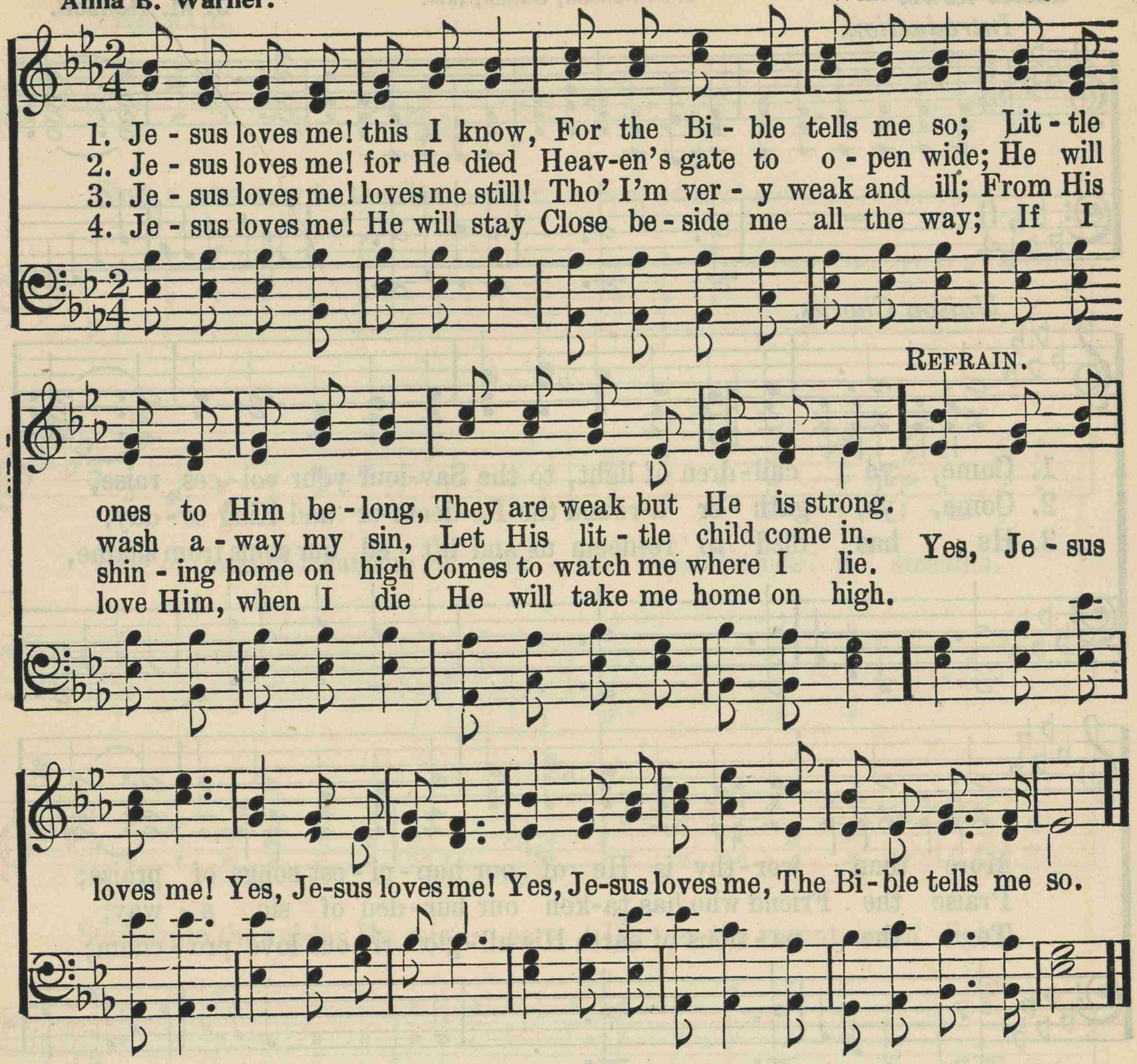
FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me.
chil-dren bro't, Lit-tle ones like me.
turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;

No. 244. Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 245. Precious Words.

H. A. Lewis.

Recitation.—2. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Recitation.—3. "Those that come unto Me I will in no way cast out."

No. 246. Sing a New Song to the Saviour.

James Rowe. J. M. HENSON, OWNER, 1914. **J. M. Henson.**

Introduction.

Unison Chorus.

1. Come, ye chil-dren of light, to the Sav-iour your voi-ces raise,
2. Come, ye, gath-er a-round the Re-deem-er and King to-day,
3. He has died to re-deem us and lift-ed our souls from shame,

More than wor-thy is He of our hap-pi-est songs of praise;
Praise the Friend who has ta-ken our bur-den of sin a-way;
To the na-tions of earth His all-glo-ri-ous love pro-claim;

He is our Saviour, the King most high, He is the Rul-er of earth and sky;
Sing of His love with a glad, new song, Praise Him as long as the day is long,
Sing of His mer-cy to all the race, Sing of His won-der-ful sav-ing grace,

Dear-ly He loves us and ev-er is bless-ing our earth-ly days.
Praise Him with voi-ces and hearts all ac-cord-ed, and joy dis-play.
Sing, O ye ransomed, give joy-ous ho-san-nas to Je-sus' name.

Sing a New Song to the Saviour.

REFRAIN.

Sing a new song to the Sav - iour, Sing of the love that re-deems,..

Sing of the soul-cleansing riv - er— Still from His side it streams.

Souls from the val-ley He rais - es Up to the mountains of light;..

Sing to the Saviour new prais - es, Car-ol His name with de-light:..

Praise Him, sing a new song to the Lord to - day....

No. 247. Sweet is Thy Presence.

T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER,
ALBERTVILLE, ALA., 1915.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.
Duet, Alto and Tenor.

T. B. Mosley.

1. Sweet is Thy presence, O Je - sus, my King, Sweet is Thy presence to-day; . . . .
2. Sweet is Thy presence, O Je - sus, my King, Yea, Thou hast made me to know . .
3. Sweet is Thy presence, O Je - sus, my King, What must it be o - ver there . . .
4. Sweet is Thy presence, O Je - sus, my King, Now I will trust and o - bey; . . . .

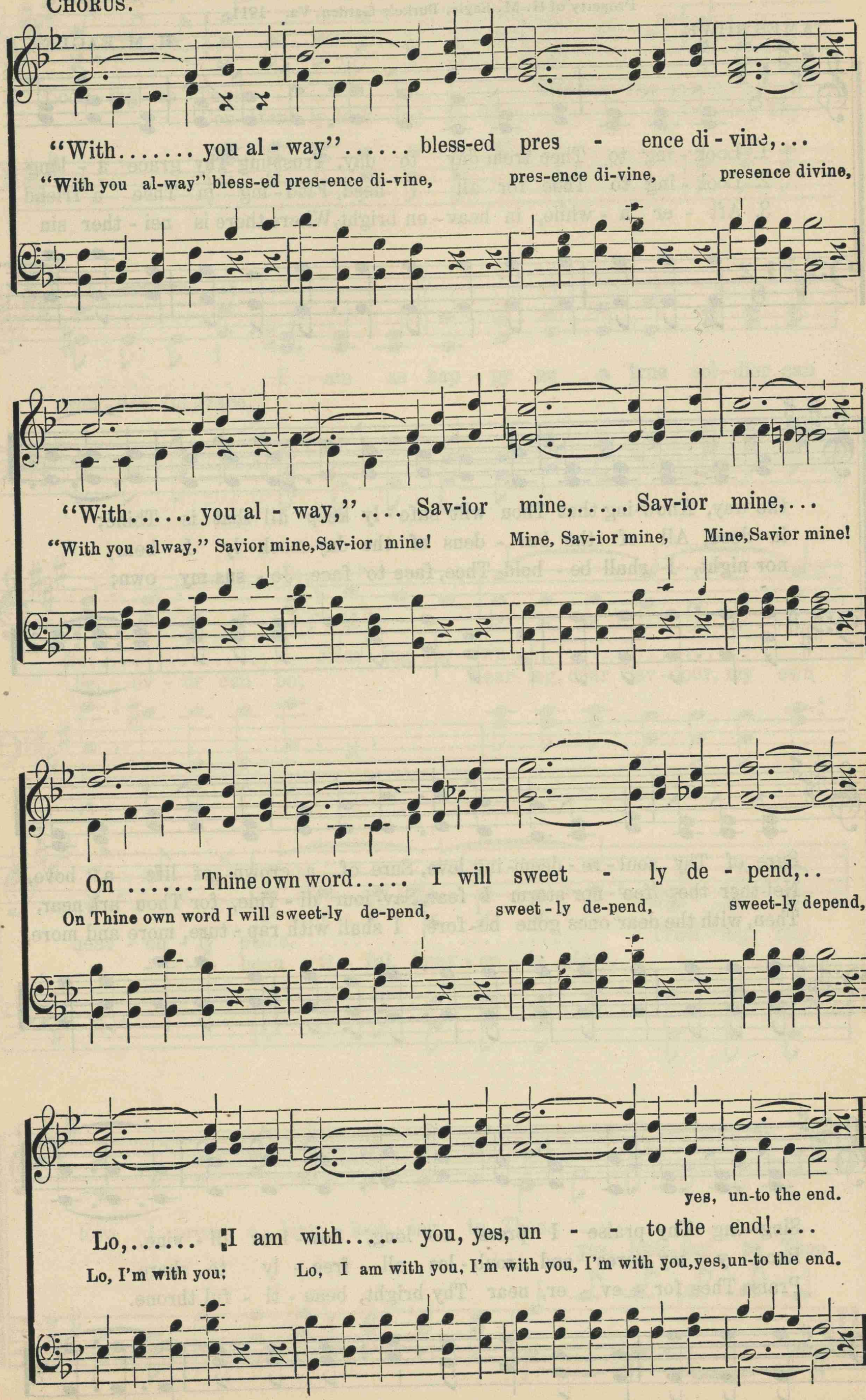
Un - to Thy promise I lov - ing - ly cling, Lo! I am with you al - way; . . .
Safe - ly I'm sheltered by Thy lov-ing wing, E'en tho' the tempest may blow; . .
Where the bright anthems ex-ult-ant-ly ring Free-ly Thy glo-ry to share? . .
Grate-ful-ly, glad-ly Thy prais-es I sing, Yea, Thou art with me al - way; . . . .

Tho' I be wea-ry and rug-ged the road, Ev - er Thine arm will up-hold, . .
"Closer than breathing," dear Sav-ior, art Thou, Nev-er Thy love groweth cold, . .
There "in Thy presence is full-ness of joy," Boundless and sweet evermore: . . .
Pres-ent and past are the some in Thy sight, Clear-ly the fut-ure is known,

Thy grace suf-fi-cient will lighten my load, Dai - ly Thy purpose un-fold. . . .
Ten-der-ly fill-ing my heart e - ven now, Giv-ing me gladness un - told. . . .
Rapture of raptures—O bless-ed em-ploy, Ev - er to serve and a - dore! . .
E-ven the darkness Thou turnest to light Precious Redeemer, my own! . . .

Sweet is Thy Presence.

CHORUS.



No. 248. Looking to Thee.

Property of H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va. 1911.

JAMES ROWE. H. M. EAGLE.

1. Look - ing to Thee from day to day, Trust-ing Thy grace a - long
2. Look - ing to Thee for all I need, Find - ing in Thee a friend
3. Aft - er a - while, in heav - en bright, Where there is nei - ther sin

the way, Know-ing that Thou wilt safe - ly keep all that is Thine;
in - deed, All of the bur - dens of the day meek - ly I bear;
nor night, I shall be - hold Thee, face to face, Je - sus my own;

Sure of Thy soul - re - deem - ing love, Sure of a crown of life a - bove,
Nei-ther the foe nor storm I fear, Sav - iour di - vine, for Thou art near,
Then, with the dear ones gone be - fore, I shall with rap - ture, more and more,

Sing - ing Thy praise I press a - long, Sav - iour di - vine.
Read - y my cares and troub - les all free - ly to share.
Praise Thee for - ev - er, near Thy bright, beau - ti - ful throne.

Looking to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Look - ing to Thee,..... Trusting Thy grace,.....
Con- stant- ly look - ing to Thee, Trusting Thy

..... I am as hap - py as a true sol - dier can
won - der- ful grace,

be;..... Near - ing my own.....
be, ev - er can be; Near - ing, dear Sav - iour, my own

heav - en - ly place,..... Trust - ing Thy
beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly place,

love I press a - long, look - ing to Thee.....
yes, look- ing to Thee.

No. 249. I Need Thee, Lord.

Mrs. J. W. Askew. J. W. ASKEW, OWNER, 1912. J. W. Askew.

1. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... As I pur-
2. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... That I no
3. I need Thee, Lord,..... from day to day,..... Be ver - y

sue..... the nar-row way; ..... While trav'ling thro'.....
more..... may go a - stray;..... O lead me home.....
near..... to me, I pray;..... O close-ly clasp.....

this wea-ry land,..... Up-hold me by..... Thy guid-ing
that I may see..... Thy glo-ry thro'..... e-ter - ni-
my hand in Thine..... And safe-ly guide..... each step of

hand..... I need Thee, Lord,..... when I am sad.....
ty..... I need Thee, to..... re - sist the wrong,.....
mine..... I need Thee, Lord,..... to take me home.....

To cheer my soul..... and make me glad;..... O show to
Thy grace di - vine..... will make me strong,..... And I will
To dwell be - yond..... the star - ry dome;..... With Thee at

I Need Thee, Lord.

me..... Thy smil-ing face,..... Then bright will seem.....
praise..... Thee for the love..... That helps me gain.....
last..... On that bright shore..... I'll sing Thy praise.....

REFRAIN.

the dark-est place.....
the rest above.....
for-ev-er-more.....

I need Thee, Lord,
I need Thee, Lord,..... close by my

close by my side,
side,..... That I in peace..... may e'er a-

bide;..... O grant to me..... Thy lov-ing care.....
bide, may e'er a-bide; O grant to me Thy lov-ing care

Un-til ce-les-tial joys I share.....
Un-til ce-les-tial joys, ce-les-tial joys I share.

No. 250. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER.

A. J. Showalter.

Allegretto.

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song! of ju-bi-lee!
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi-lee!
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song

Hark the song..... of ju - bi - lee! Loud as might-y thun-ders
Hark the song Hark the song!

roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up-
thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea,

Allegro.

on the shore. See Jehovah's banners furl'd, (Sheath'd His sword, He speaks 'tis done;)
on the shore. He shall reign from pole to pole, (With supreme, unbounded sway;)

Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

Now the kingdoms of this world, (Are the kingdoms of His Son,) Are the kingdoms
He shall reign, when like a scroll, (Yonder heav'ns have passed away,) Yonder heav'ns have

1 2 *A tempo.*

of His Son; Hark the song..... of ju-bi-lee! Loud as
passed a - way; Hark the song Hark the song!

might - y thun-ders roar, Or the full - ness of the
Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the full-ness

Allegro.

sea, When it breaks upon the shore. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!
of the sea, Hal-le - lu - jah! Hark the song!

Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.
Hark the song!

No. 251. Marching Orders.

James Rowe. J. M. HENSON, OWNER, 1914. J. M. Henson.

1. Clear - ly comes the or - der of the might - y King of kings,
2. E - vil grows de - fi - ant and its pow - er plain - ly shows,
3. Speed a - way to glo - ry, help Je - ho - vah's Son to win,

O'er the hills and val - leys like a trump-et call it rings; Cour-age new and
Hence the call is ring - ing, for His need the Captain knows; To the front, my
From the low-lands dreary bring the wear - y cap-tives in; Fight with faith and

glad - ness to the faith - ful heart it brings: Sol-diers, speed a - way.
com-rades, sin and er - rors to op - pose: Sol-diers, speed a - way.
cour - age, ev - er shouting "Down with sin:" Sol-diers, speed a - way.

REFRAIN.

Off to bat - tle for the Sav - iour of the race,
Off to bat - tle for the Sav - iour of the race, the race,
Off to bat - tle for the Sav - iour,
Spread the ti - dings of His soul re - deem-ing grace,
Spread the ti - dings of His soul re - deem-ing grace, His grace,
Spread the ti - dings of His grace, Yes,

Marching Orders.

Tell the liv - ing sto - ry Of His life and glo-ry,—Down with things that

tell the sto - ry of His glo - ry,

Off to bat - tle, with His

in - jure and de-base.(and de - base.) Off to bat - tle, with His

Off to bat - tle,

stand-ard bright un-furled, With the name of Christ let

stand-ard bright un-furled, un-furled, With the name of Christ let

wave His stand - ard, With the name of

hearts be all im-pearled; Fight and nev - er wa - ver, Be His sol - diers

impearled;

Christ let hearts be all im - pearled, yes, Be His

ev - er, Till the Sav - iour reigns o'er all the world.(the whole wide world.)

sol - diers,

No. 252. Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. There are souls bowed down in sor-row, In this dark world of woe here be-low, And with each re-turn-ing mor-row Sin and sad-ness still they know;
2. There are some who know no glad-ness, And but lit-tle of com-fort they share; All their lives are filled with sad-ness, And with toil-ing, and with care;
3. There are ma-ny who are sigh-ing For a hap-pi-er por-tion in life; Ev-'ry day their souls are cry-ing For the end-ing of the strife;

Yet these souls may be made hap-py, And be filled with new comfort and cheer, If but one of God's dis-ci-ples Will with love and help draw near.
But their spir-its may be light-ened Of the bur-dens so heav-y they bear, If but one of God's dis-ci-ples Will take Christ the Helper there.
And the dark-ness may be scat-tered With the shad-ow, and an-guish, and care, If but one of God's dis-ci-ples Will take Christ the Helper there.

REFRAIN.

Here am I, O Lord, send me, Send me forth to
Here am I,..... O Lord, send me,..... Send me forth..... to toil for

Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

toil for Thee! To the homes of want and care,
Thee! To the homes..... of want and care,..... Send me

Send me as a help-er there; Give to me some
as ..... a help-er there;..... Give to me..... some word of

word of love, Some sweet word of hope and cheer,
love,..... Some sweet word ..... of hope and cheer,.....

And the mes-sage I will bear, And life's joy and sun-shine

share With the souls who sigh and sor-row here.
sigh and sor-row here.

No. 253. Off To War.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA. H. M. Eagle.

1. Off to war, O might-y host of Zi - on, Proud-ly wave the stand-ard
2. Stead-fast be, as-sured that God is for you, Fight to win, on sav - ing
3. Off to war, for Christ the foe en-gag - es, Fight till sin shall lay his

on the way; Sin's vast hoards are facing Judah's Lion; Right and wrong must
grace re-ly; Hosts un-seen are ever watching o'er you; Vic - t'ry songs shall
weapons down; Forward press—the Light of all the a-ges Lights the path that

REFRAIN.

fight a - gain to-day.
thrill you by and by. Off to war, O fear-less host of Zi - on;
lead - eth to the crown. March a-way to war, O

Off to war, O - hosts of Zi - on,

Youth-ful hearts and hoar - y, Press a - long to glo - ry,
Youth - ful hearts and hoar - y, Press a - - long to glo - ry,

Young and hoar - - y, On to glo - ry.

Off To War.

Off to war for Ju-dah's mighty Li - on Fac - es all the hosts of
March a - way to war, for
Speed a - way, for Ju - dah's Li - on
sin;
Speed a - way to show your love for
might-y hosts of sin; ye Soldiers, speed a-way to
Sol - diers, show your love for
Je - sus; Drive the foe be - fore you, God is bend-ing o'er you;
Drive the foe be-fore you; God is bend-ing o'er you;
Je - sus; God is for you, fight - ing for you;
Faith-ful be and fight with dauntless courage, Life's eternal crown to win.
Ev - er faithful be, and fight with dauntless courage,
Sol - diers fight with daunt - less cour - age;

No. 254. The War-Call of the Age.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come, young men, strong men, take up arms, To-day the foe en-gage,
2. The Lord's re-ward you now may win—The gold-en crown of life,
3. O young men, strong men, haste a-way, The liv-ing mes-sage bear;

For the air is filled with wild a-larms,—'T is the war-call of the age.
Haste a-way to face the hosts of sin, And be fear-less in the strife.
Make the bless-ed Sav-iour known to-day, Take the ti-dings ev-'ry-where.

O new men, true men, march a-way, With Je-sus in the lead,
The na-tions are a-wake at last, The curse of sin they see;
O new men, true men, fall in line, Fight hard and ne'er give o'er,

And be no-ble sol-diers in the fray, Help to fill the world's great need.
They are send-ing far the bu-gle blast, And are long-ing to be free.
Till the whole world loves the King di-vine, And till sun shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

March on, true throng, with a glad new song, Take the field . . for Christ to-
On, true throng, with glad new song, Take the field for

The War-Call of the Age.

day, . . . Faith-ful sol - - diers, march a - way; . . .
Christ to - day, O faith - ful sol - diers, march a - way;

Fight to win, . . con - quer sin, . . Seek-ing glo - ry in the
Fight to win, con-quer sin, Seek-ing glo - ry in the

fray. Je - sus leads . . . you, speed a-long; . . . . He is
ho - ly fray, for Je - sus leads you, speed a - long; O

strong - - er than the strong; . . . And if you tru - ly
He is strong - er than the strong; And if you tru - ly

fight with all your might, You shall sing the vic - t'ry song. . . . .
fight with all your might, You shall sing the vic - tr'y song, the vic-t'ry song.

No. 255. Joy Among the Angels.

Jennie Wilson. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1912. J. M. Edwards.

1. There is joy a-mong the angels, and their praise more sweetly rings When a
2. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, clad in robes of spotless white, When they
3. There is joy a-mong the an-gels in the bliss-ful home on high, When they

sin-ner has re-pent-ed and from e-vil turned a-way; As some swift ce-
know the blood of Je-sus has ef-faced the stains of sin; That the guilt-y
know some child of sin and sor-row has been born a-gain; Oh, may you and

les-tial her-ald up from earth the message brings, Louder grow the hal-le-
and de-filed one now is right-eous in His sight, And the crown of life e-
I a-wak-en mu-sic sweet beyond the sky, As for-give-ness of all

lujahs sounding thro' the realms of day.
ter-nal with the pu-ri-fied may win.
er-rors we thro' mer-cy shall ob-tain.

REFRAIN.

Joy, joy, joy a-mong the
There is joy . . . . . a-mong the

angels, with the angels, As they stand before the throne, the great white throne,
an-gels, . . . As they stand . . . . be-fore the throne,

Joy Among the Angels.

When sal-va-tion's light has brok-en on some wea-ry troub-led soul, When sal-

vation's light has broken on some weary troubled soul; Joy, joy, joy a-

There is joy, ... a-

mong the an-gels, with the an-gels, When the Saviour's grace is

mong the an-gels . . . . . When the Sav - - iour's grace is

known, His grace is known, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-

known,

vine con-trol, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-vine control.

No. 256. Loyal to the Lamb.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. Je - sus left His home in heav - en, Left His throne and His glo-ry a - bove;
2. What would be my life without Him? 'T would be loveless and joy-less, I know;
3. Won't you let Him be your Sav-iour? Won't you lean on His promise to - day?

E - ven life was free - ly giv - en That the lost might know His love.
I can nev - er, nev - er doubt Him, For so much to Him I owe.
You would not re - gret it ev - er, But would sing a - long the way.

I was one of those who need-ed Such a Sav-iour as He proved to be;
He is walk-ing now be - side me And is whis-per-ing love to my soul;
Come beneath the ban-ner roy - al Of the Cap-tain whose soldier I am;

So I cried and Je - sus heed - ed, And to - day I'm glad and free.
Thus 't will be, what-e'er be - tide me, Till I reach the hap - py goal.
He will keep you strong and loy - al,—Ev - er loy - al to the Lamb.

REFRAIN. *p*

He has made me what I am, He has made me

f

He has made . . me what I

Loyal to the Lamb.

what I am, Now I'm loy - al to the Lamb,

am, Now I'm loy - - al to the Lamb, In His

In His vine - yard all the while, Work-ing with a

vine - - yard all the while, Work-ing with . . a sun - ny

sun - ny smile. He is with me all day long,

smile. He is with . . me all day long, And will

And will ev - er be my song; Al - ways loy - al

ev - - er be my song; Al - ways loy - al I will

I will be, He is ev - - 'ry-thing to me. . . . .
He is ev - 'ry-thing to me. . . . .

be, He is ev - - 'ry-thing, is ev - 'ry-thing to me.

No. 257. Victory Will Be Ours at Last.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Marching to the land of love and light, Help-ing men to live and sing;
2. Keep-ing all the while His flag un-furled, Making drear-y pla-ces bright;
3. With our eyes up-on the shin-ing goal, Strong our faith and deep our love,

Find-ing in His serv-ice true de-light, We are work-ing for the King.
Spreading gos-pel sun-shine o'er the world, With the glo-ry-cross in sight.
We will work for Him who loves each soul, Till we praise His name a-bove.

Smil-ing, sing-ing day by day, Love-light flinging o'er the way, Sure that, by the
With His sto-ry giv-ing light, In His glo-ry, shining bright, Sure that, by the
Glory, gleaming, o'er and o'er, Radiance streaming more and more, Sure that, when our

REFRAIN.

grace that hides our past, Vict'ry will be ours at last. Scat-ter-ing sunshine and
grace that keeps us free, Victors true we all shall be.
work on earth is past, We shall see His face at last. On we go,

glad-ness, Les-sen-ing sor-row and sad-
Scat-ter-ing sunshine and gladness, On we go, Les-sen-ing sor-row and

Victory Will Be Ours at Last.

ness, All . . . to the Ho-ly One cling - - ing,
sad-ness, All, yes, all, All to the Ho-ly One cling-ing,

Par - doned, and hap-py and sing - - - - ing,
Pardoned, yes, Par-doned, and hap-py and sing-ing,

All . . . in His love-light re-joice - - - ing,
All, yes, all, All in His love-light re-joic-ing,

Prais - es un-ceas-ing-ly voic - - - ing,
Prais-es glad, Prais-es un-ceas-ing-ly voic-ing,

Sure that, by the grace that hides our past, Vic-t'ry will be ours at last.
Sure that, by the grace that keeps us free, Vic-tors true we all shall be.
Sure that, when our work on earth is past, We shall see His face at last.

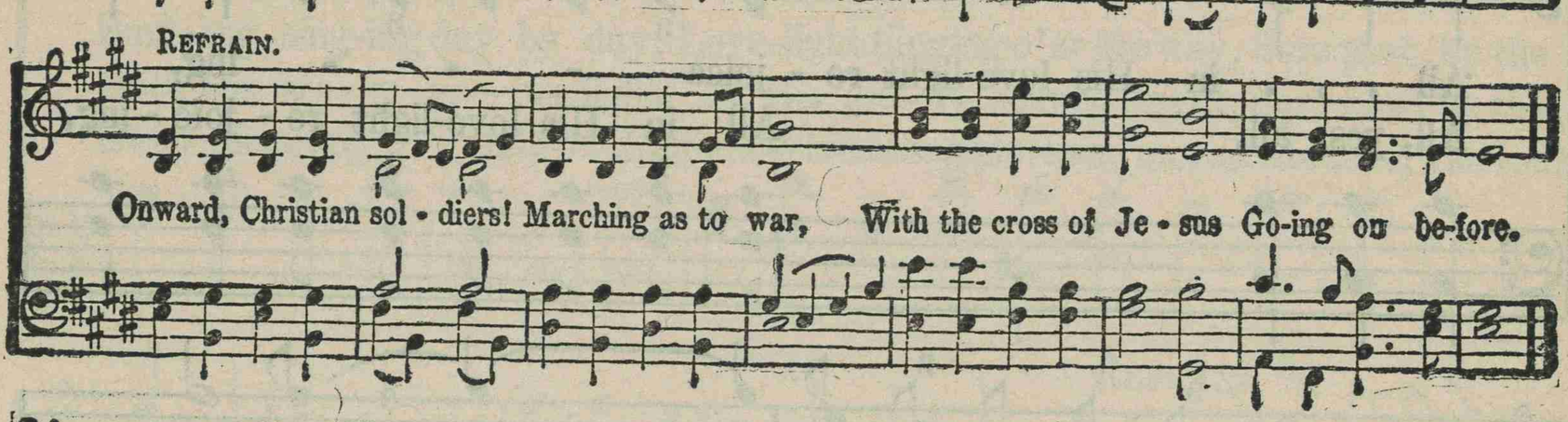
Devotional Hymns.

No. 258. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

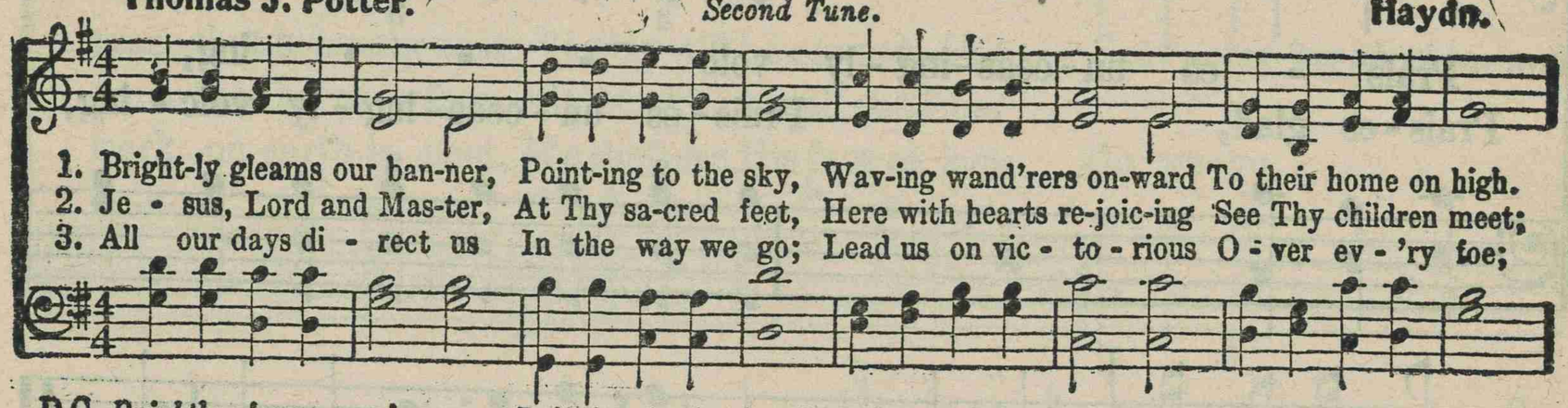


REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

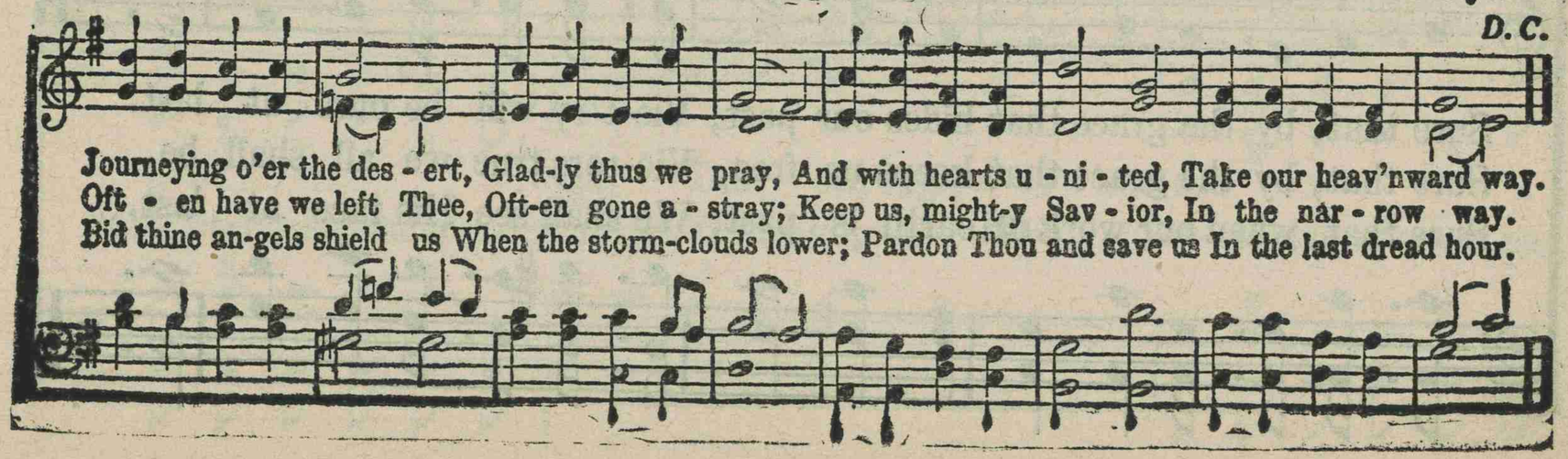
No. 259. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* Haydn.



1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*



D.C.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

No. 260. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 291. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 262. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
   { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
   { In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

CHORUS.

rit.

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 263. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev - er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

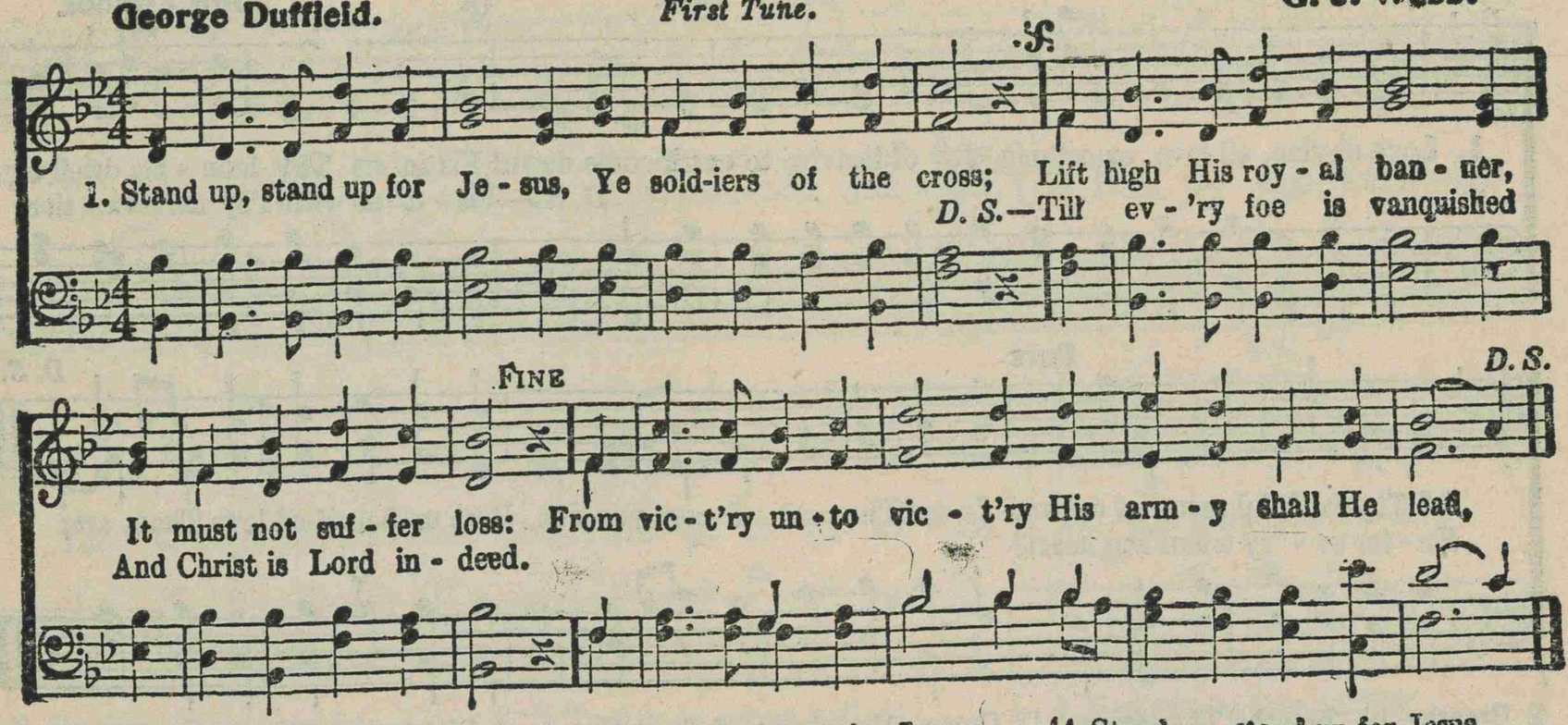
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 265. Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 266. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 267. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

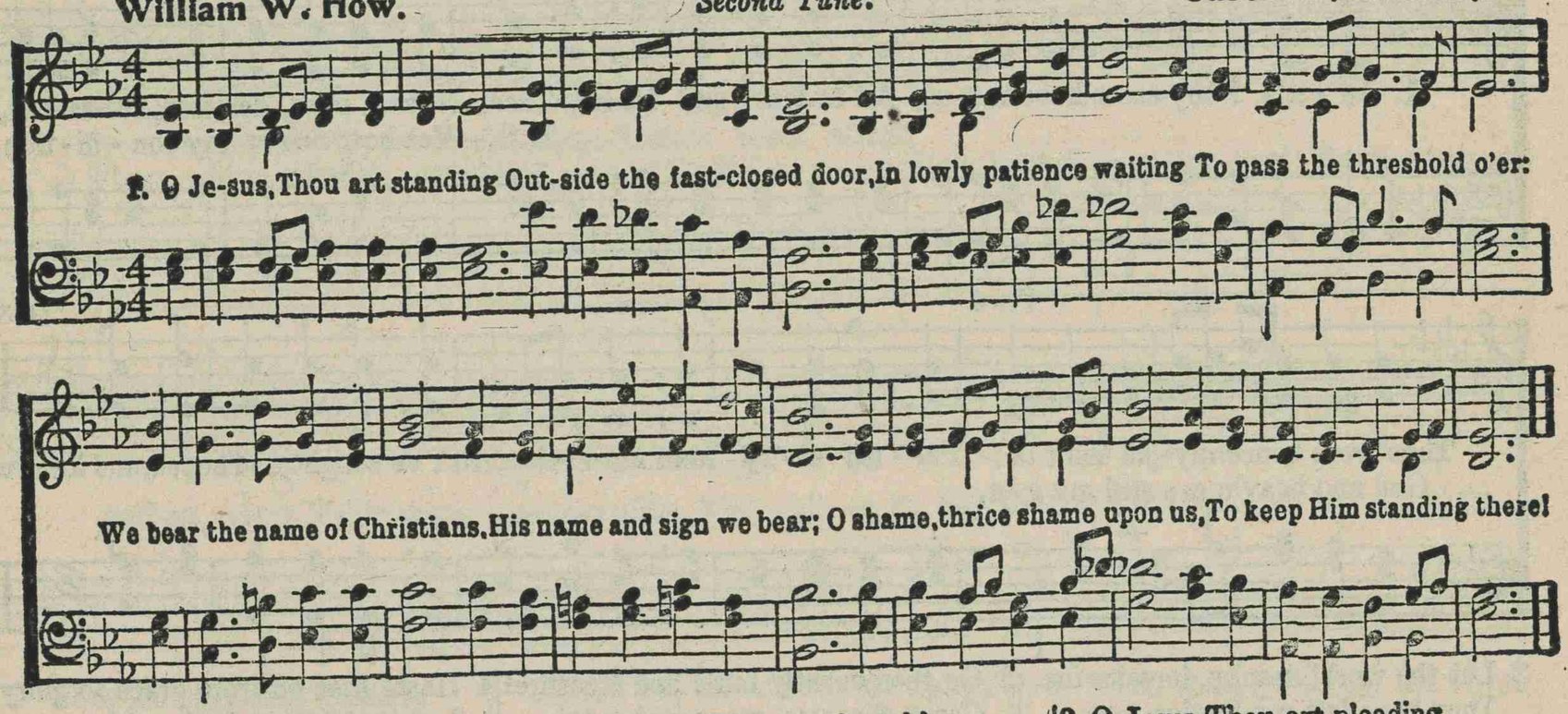
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 268. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



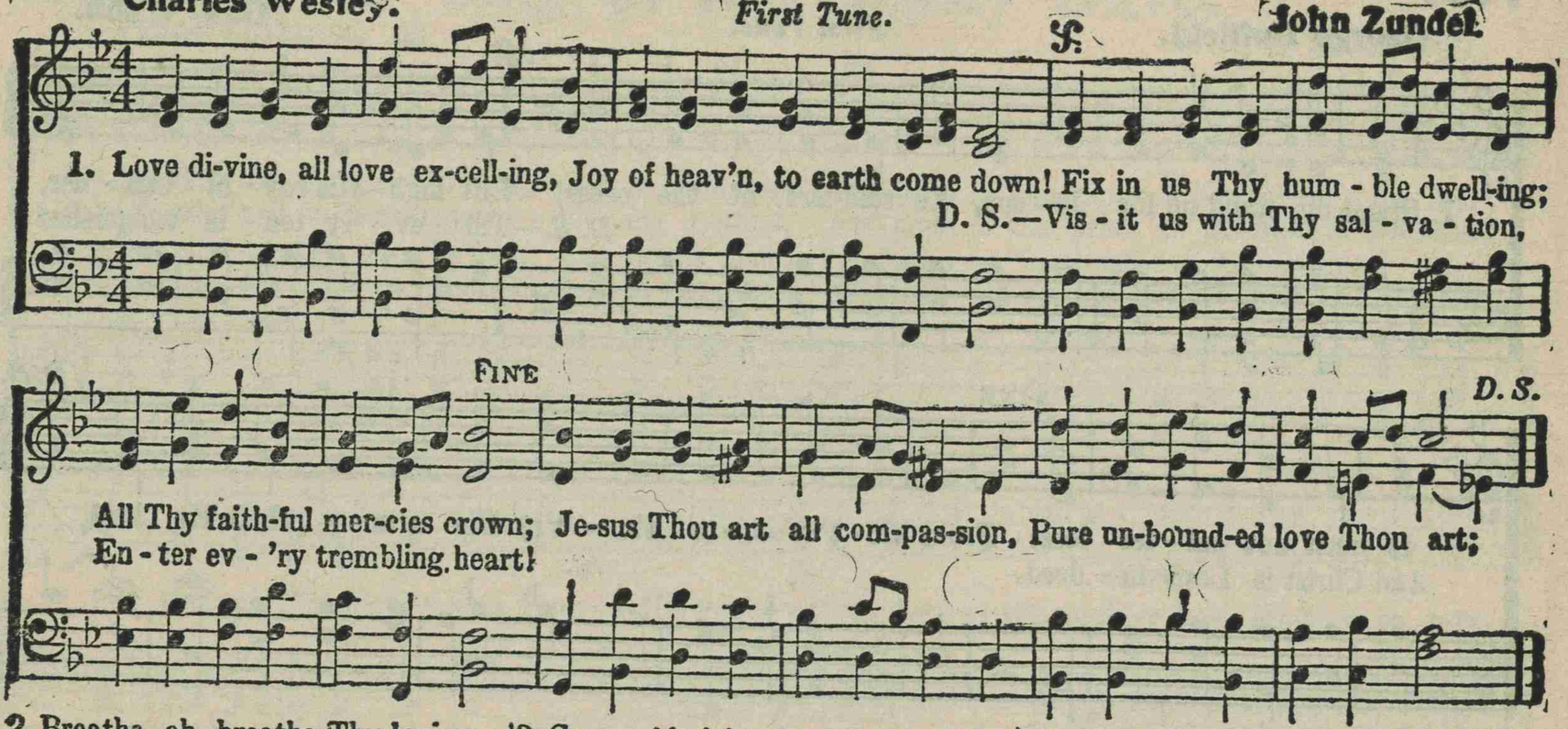
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle;
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 269. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 270. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

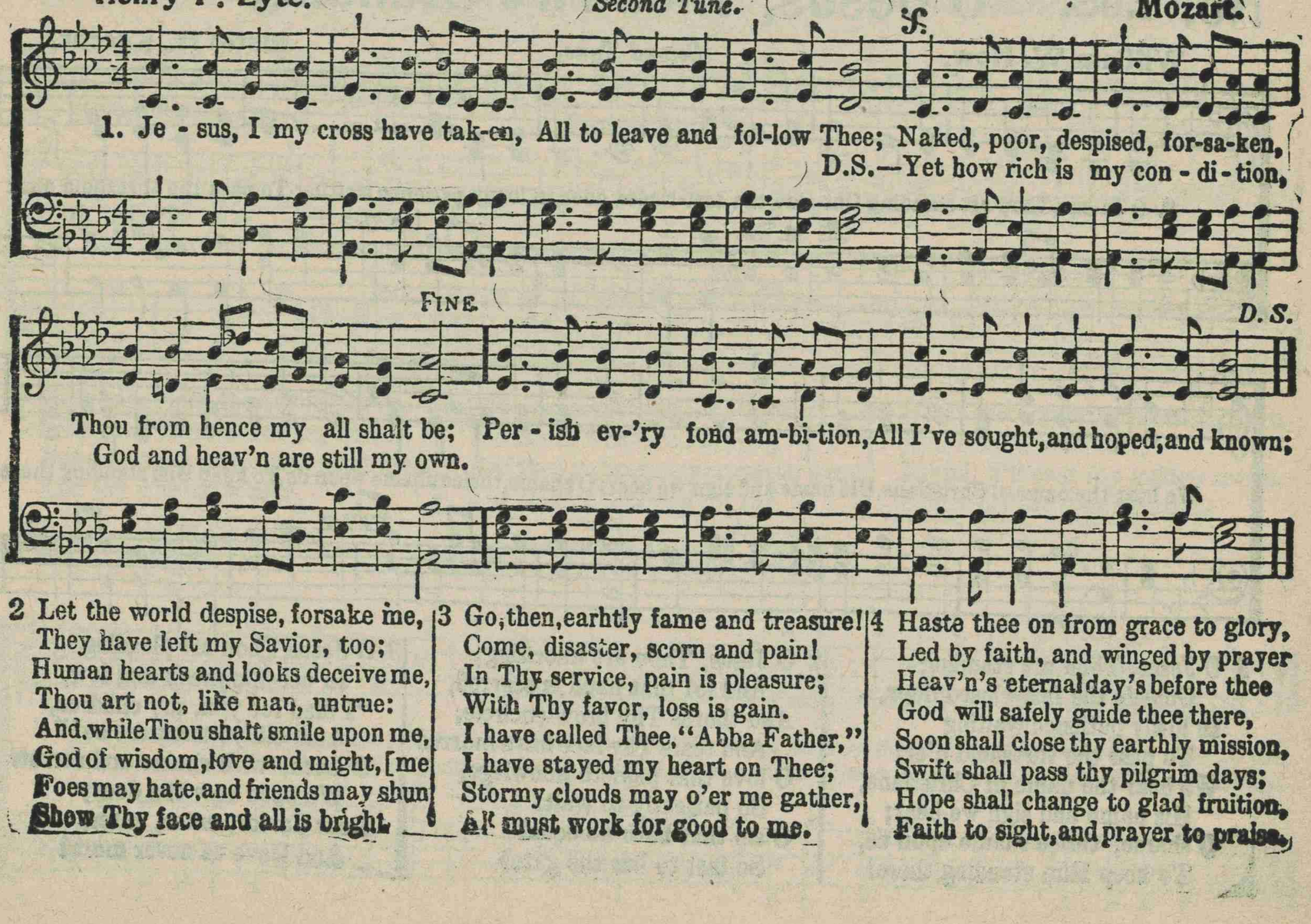
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 271. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



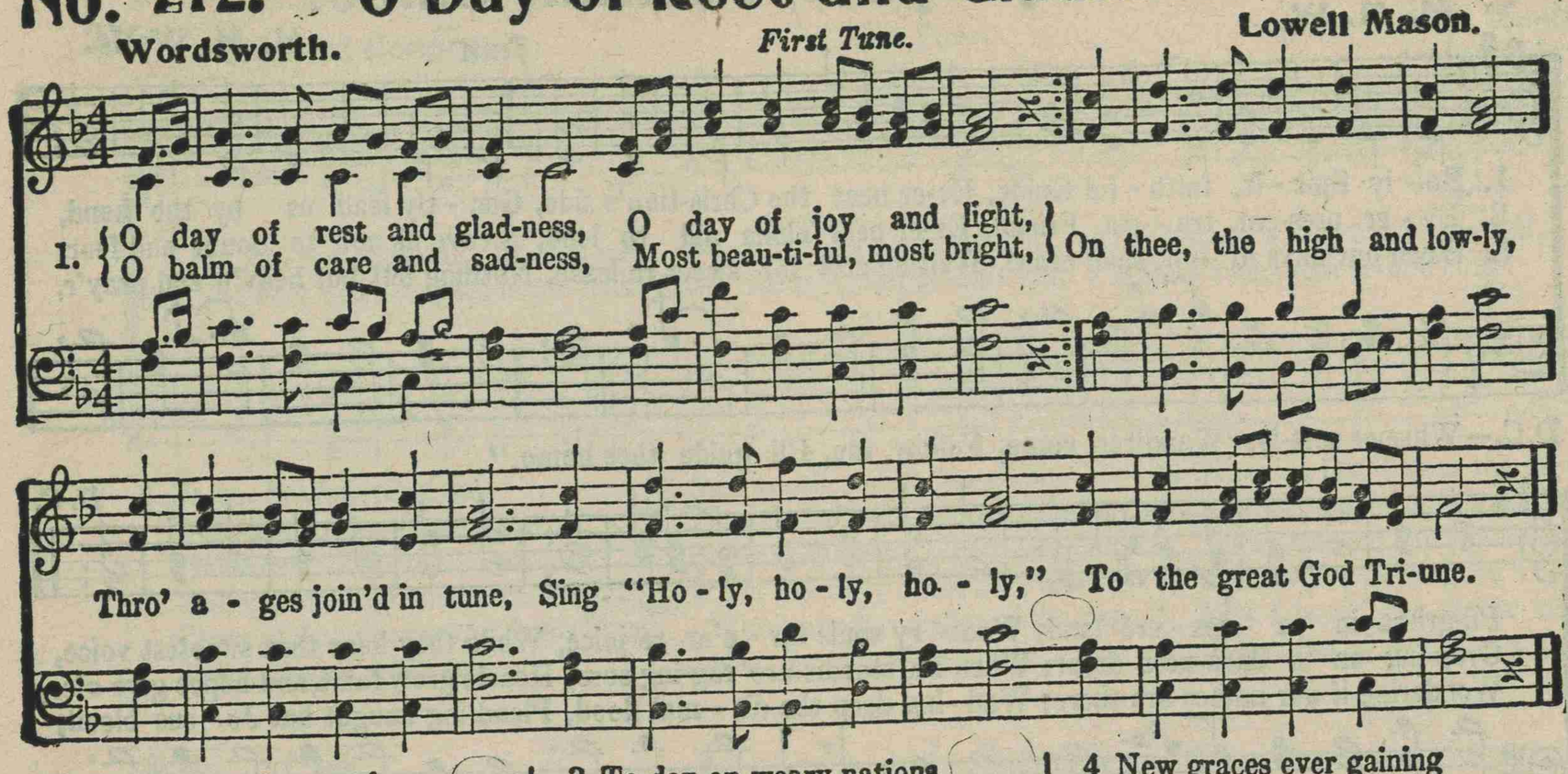
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms of doubt may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 272. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 273. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

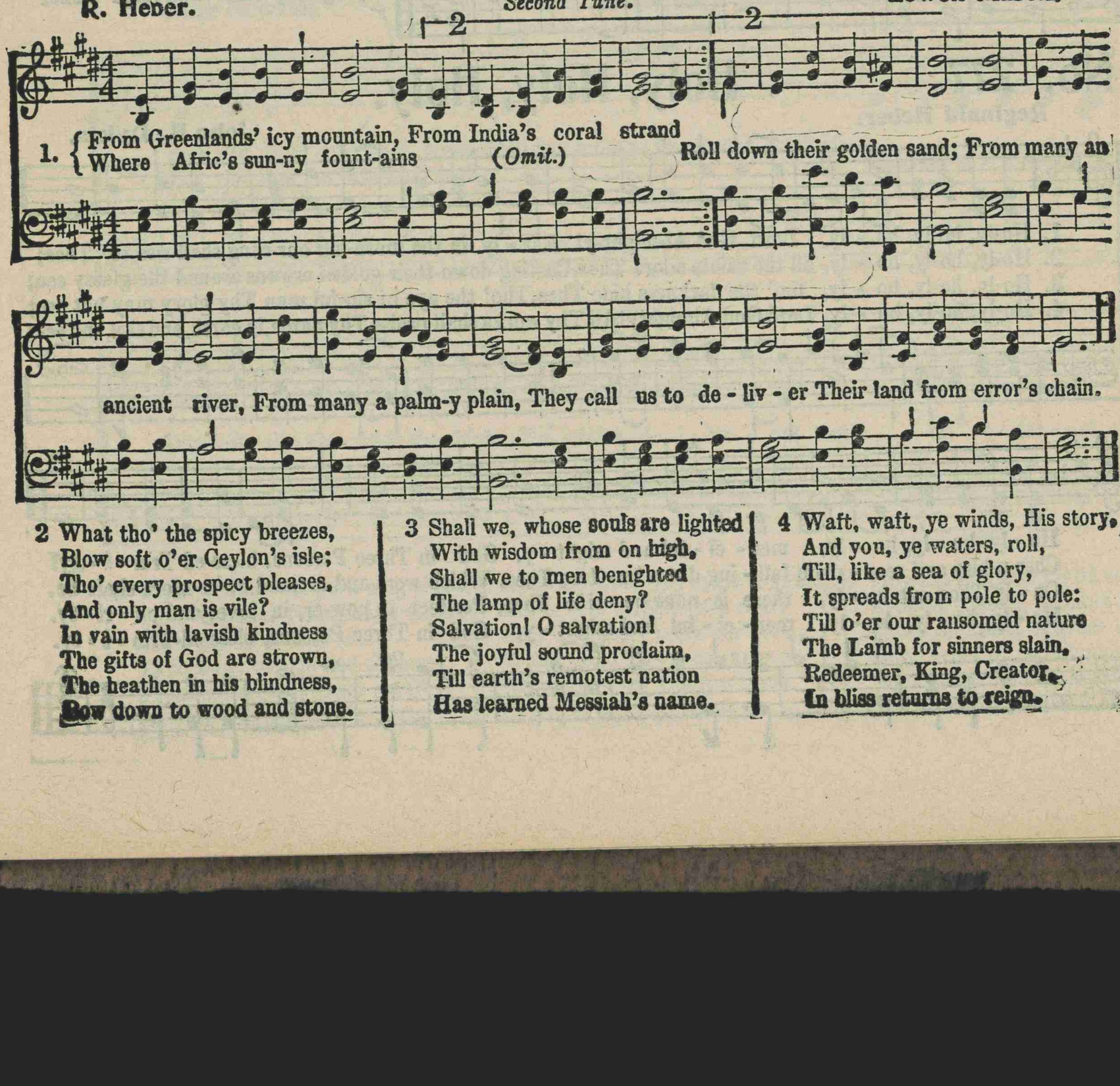
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 274. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 275. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 276. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 277. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

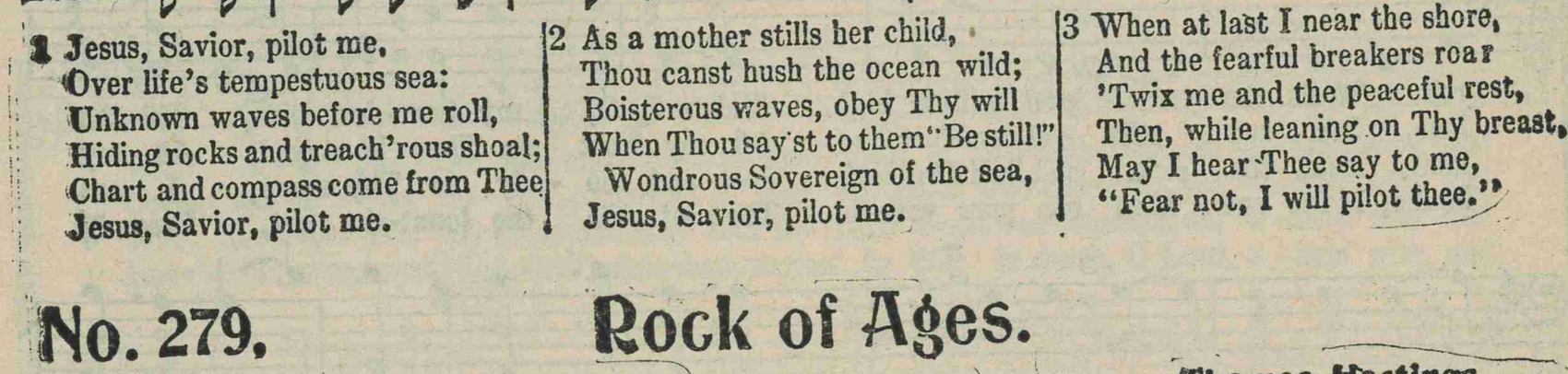
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

D.C.

No. 278. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll, / Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.



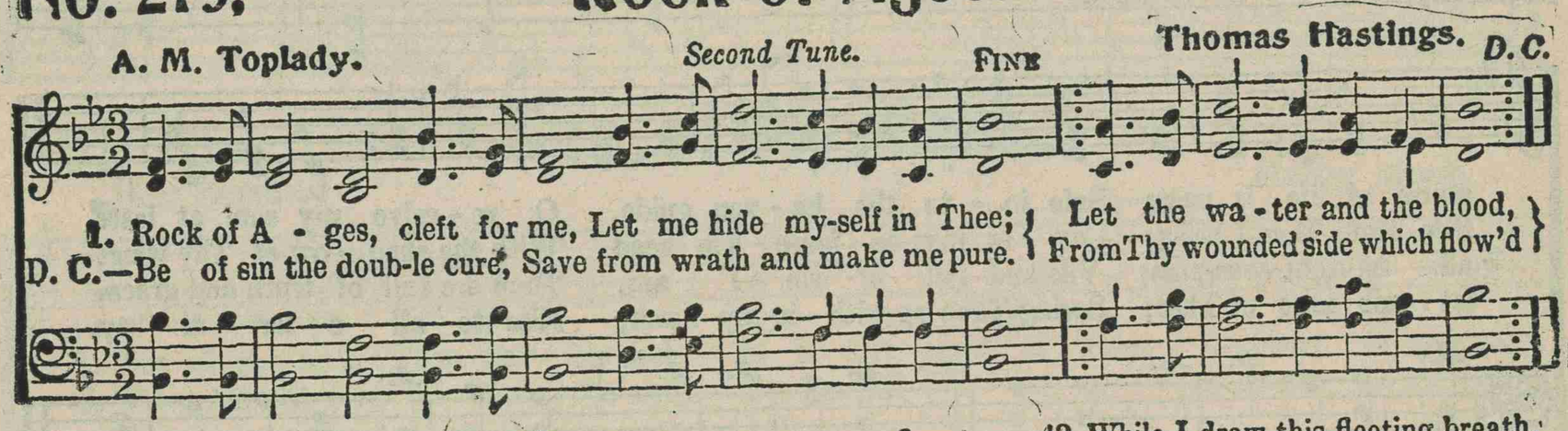
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 279. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, / From Thy wounded side which flow'd }
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

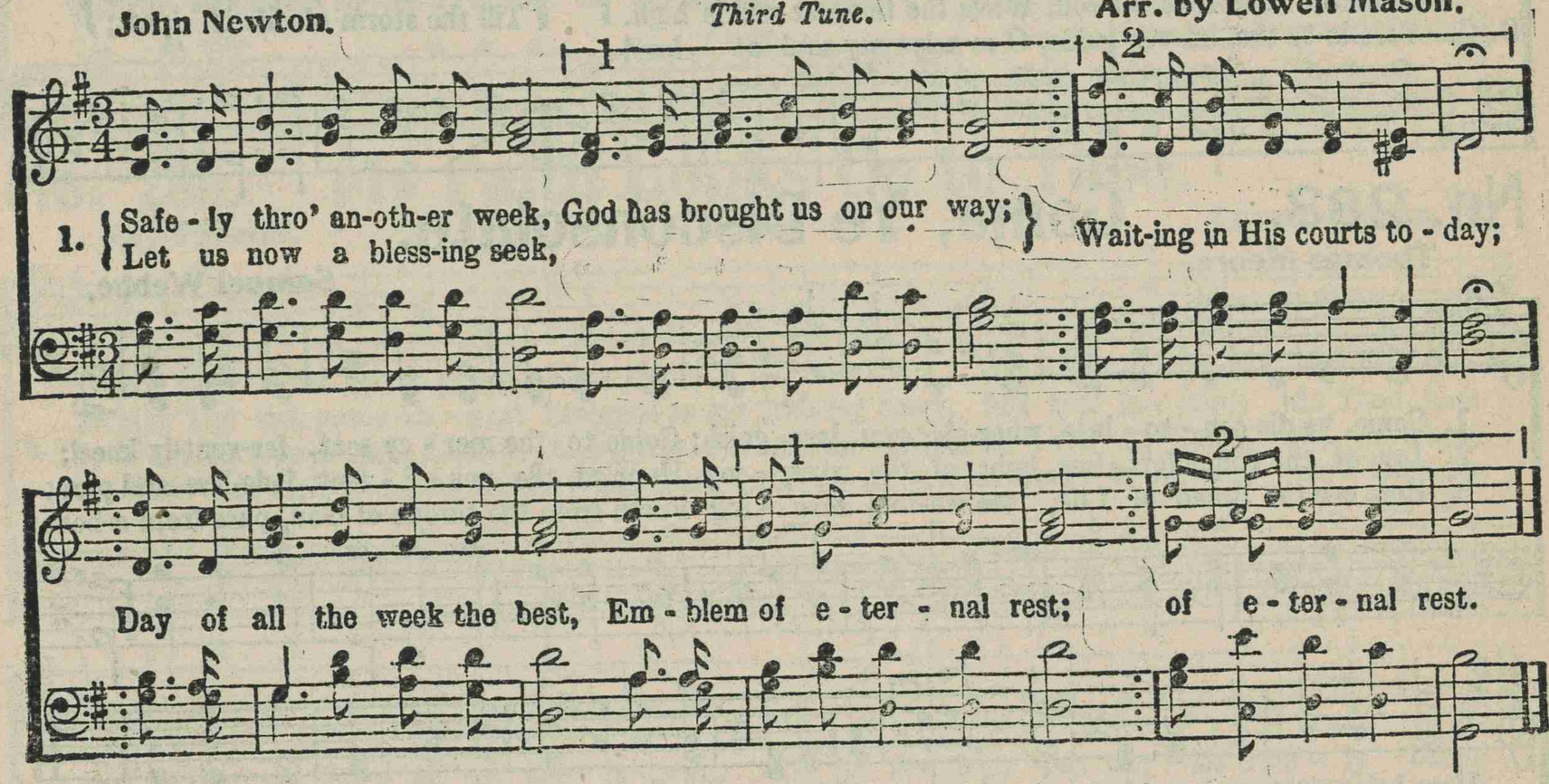
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 280. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; / Let us now a bless-ing seek, } Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 281. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a- bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 282. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 283. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 284. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 285. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 286. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

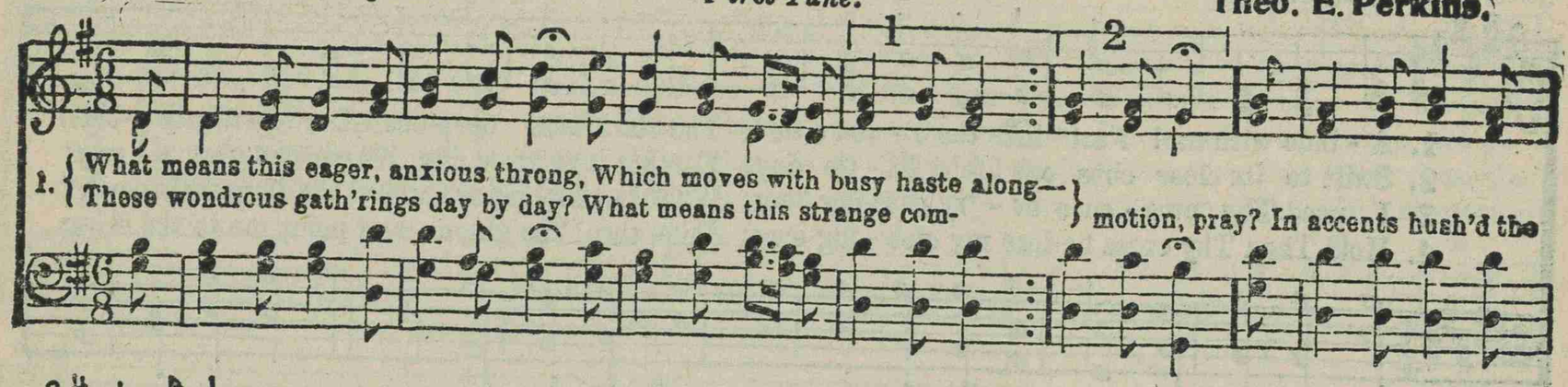
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 287. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



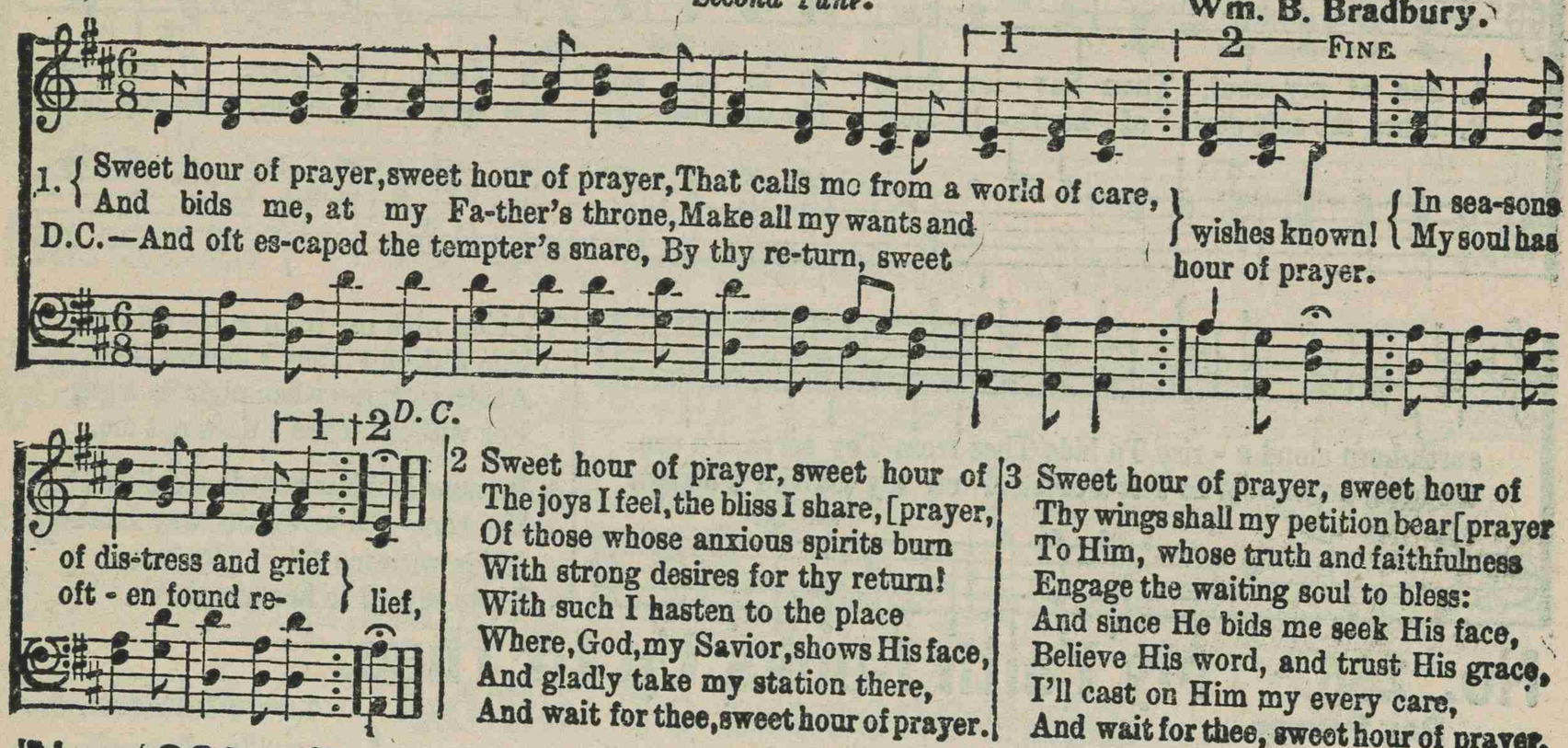
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 288. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

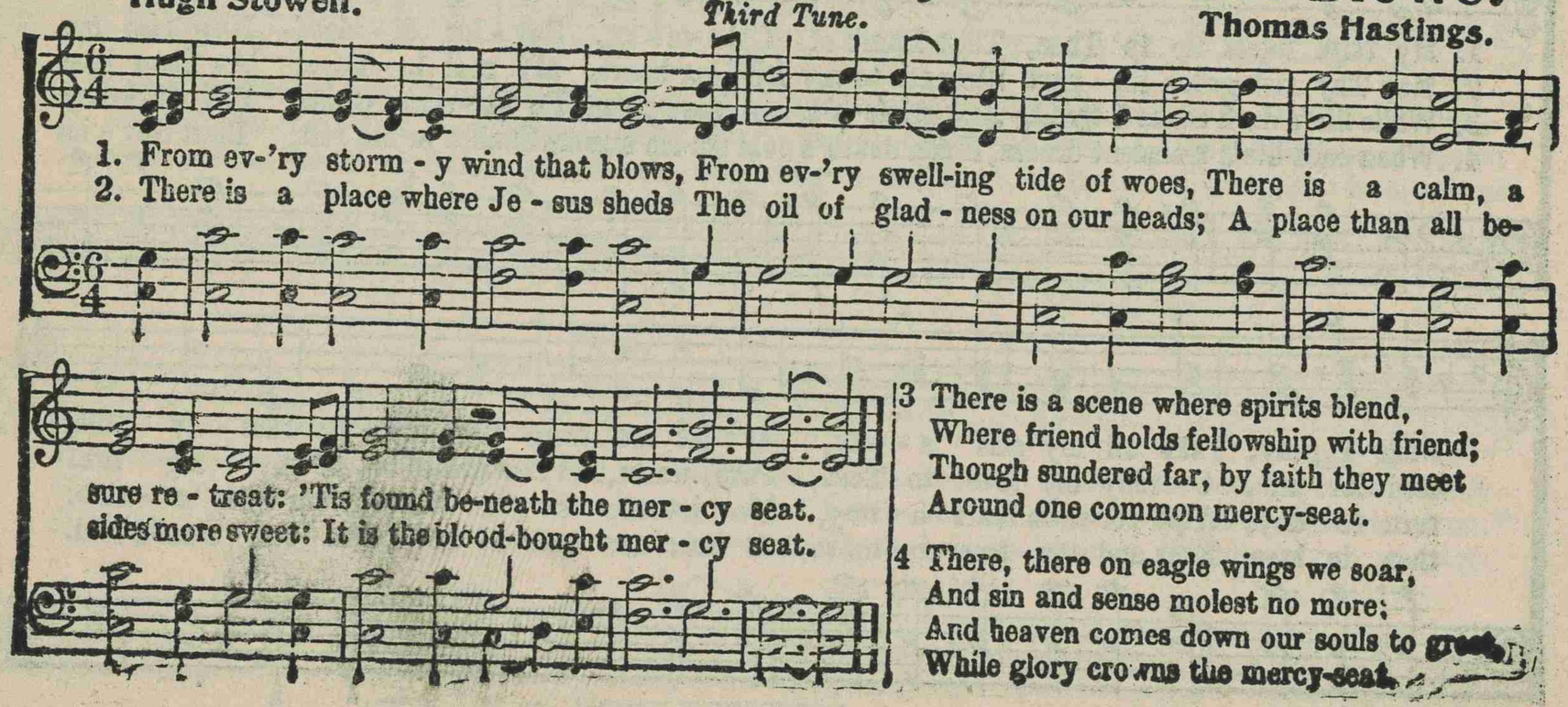


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 289. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 290. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 291. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance.
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 292. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

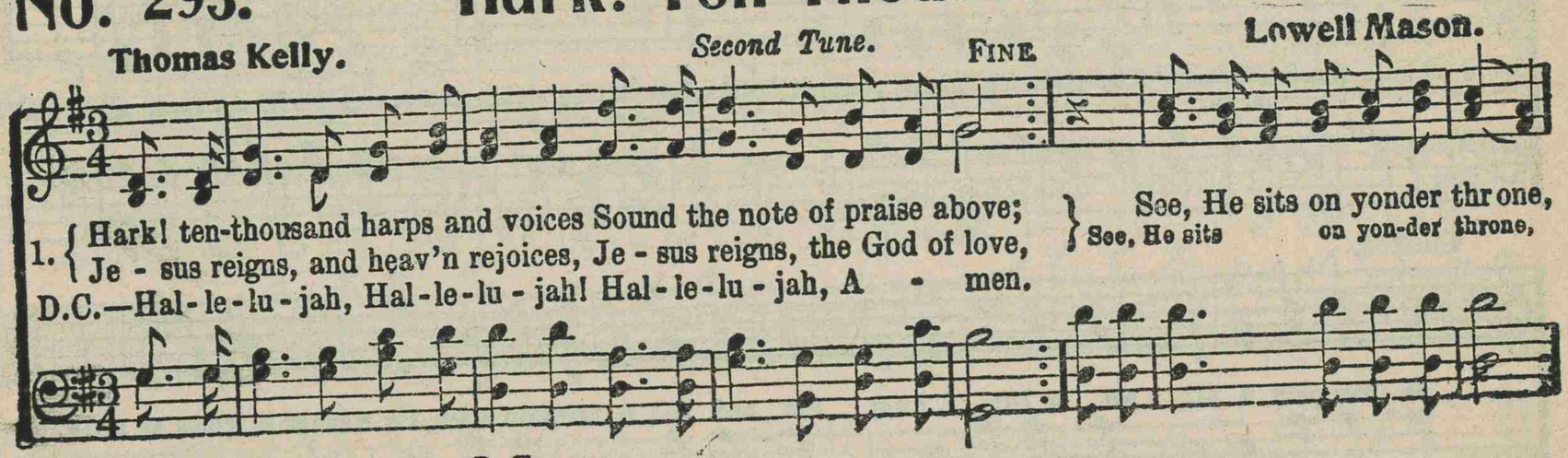
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 293. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



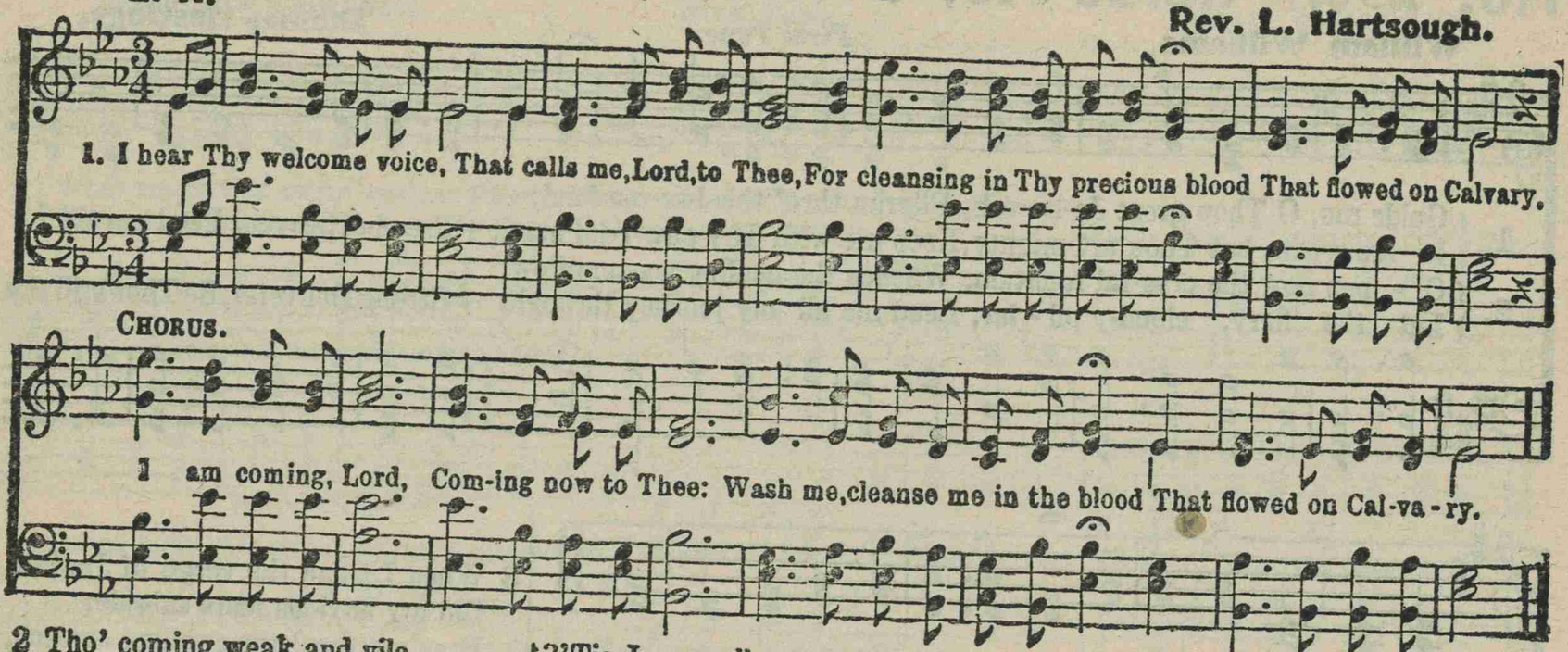
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 294. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

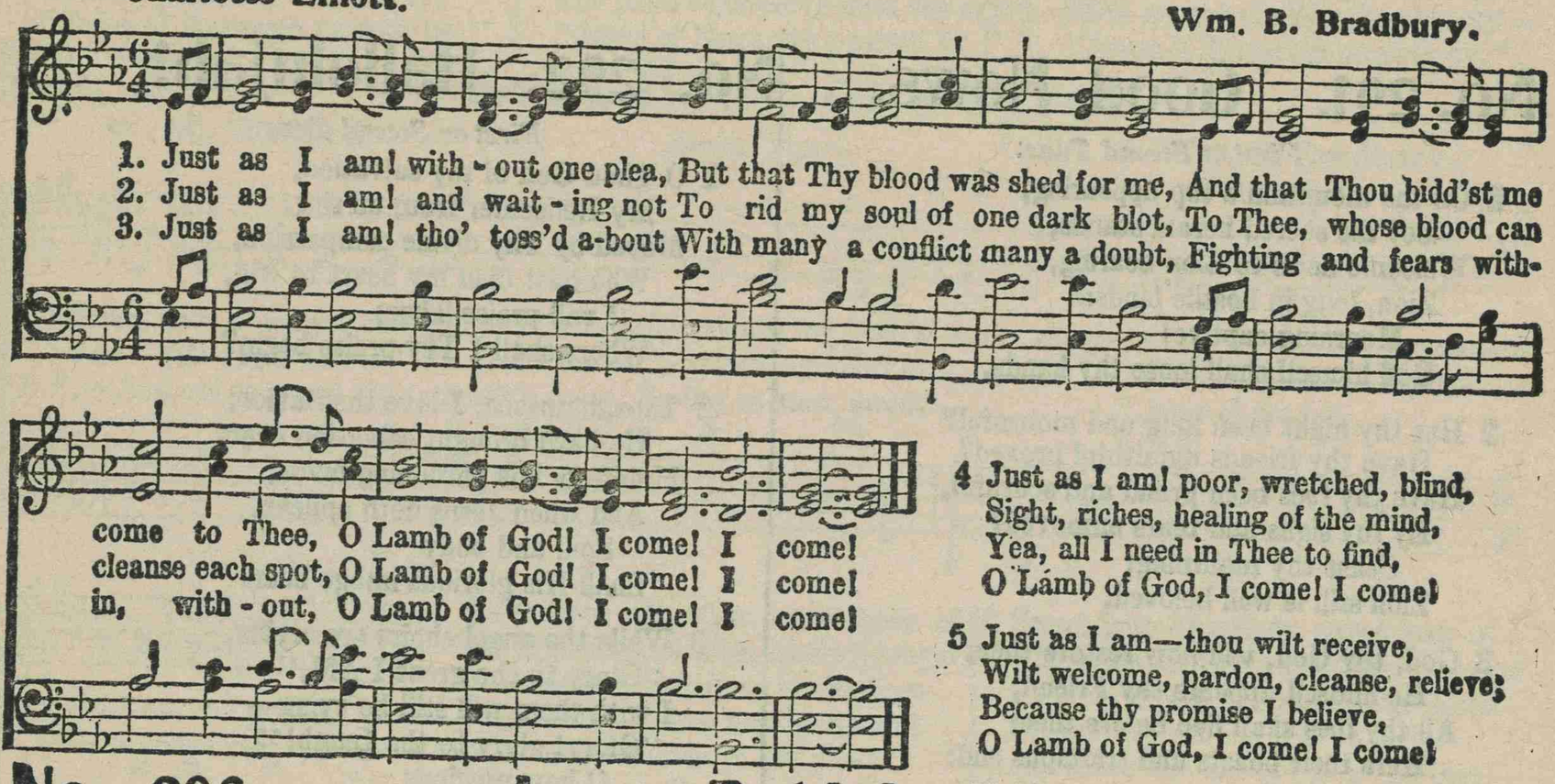
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 295. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



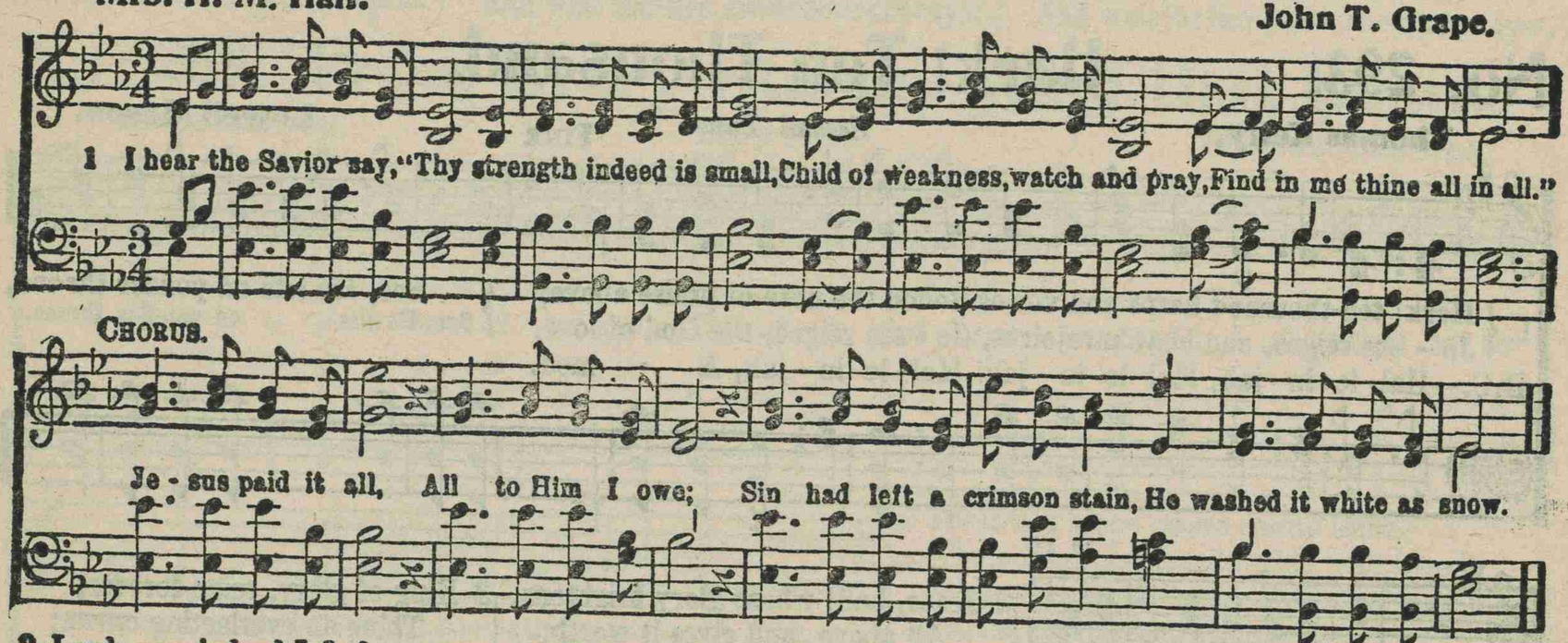
4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 296. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 297. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 298. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 299. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

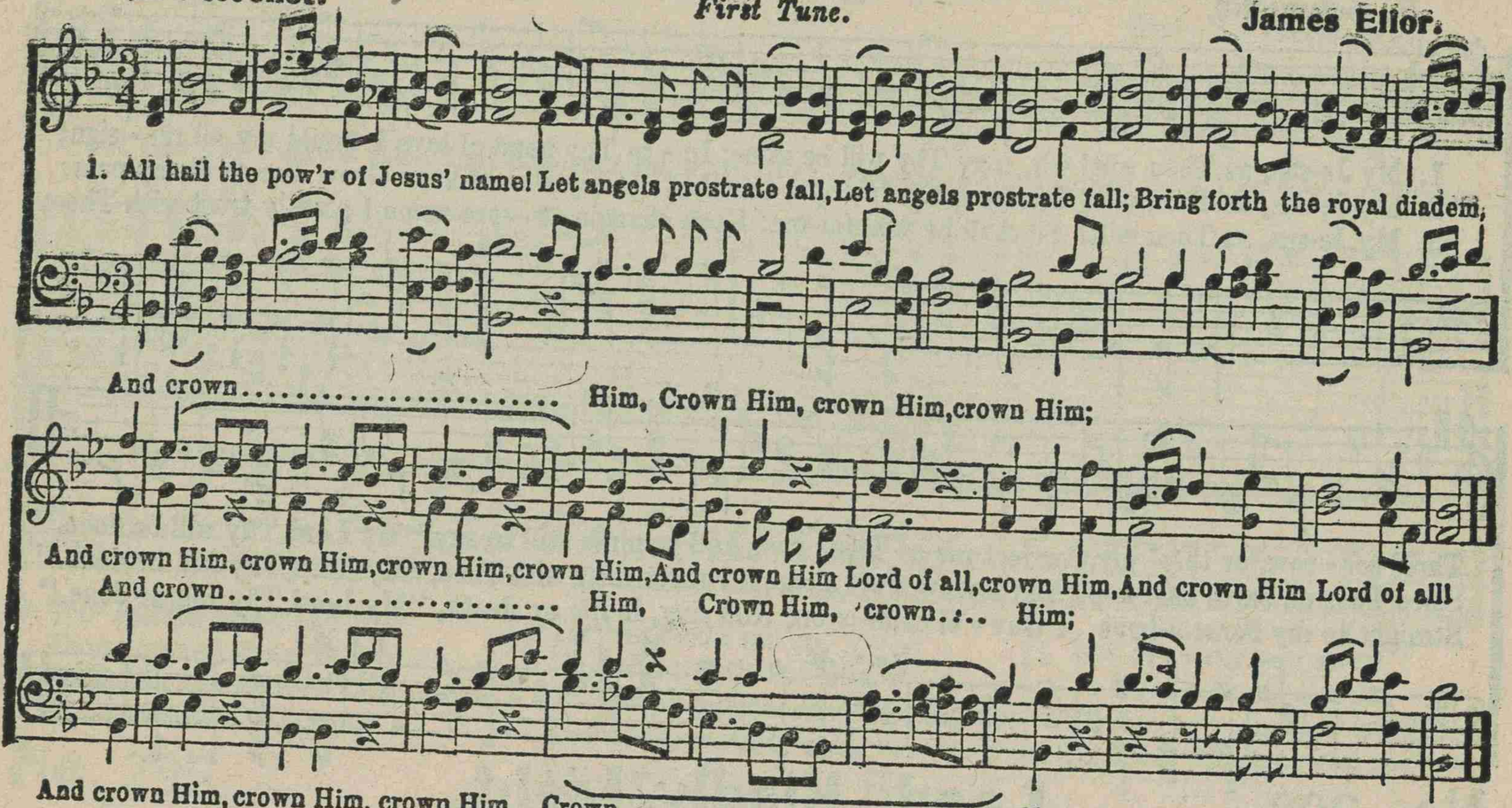
Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No, 300. All Hail the Power of Jesus Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



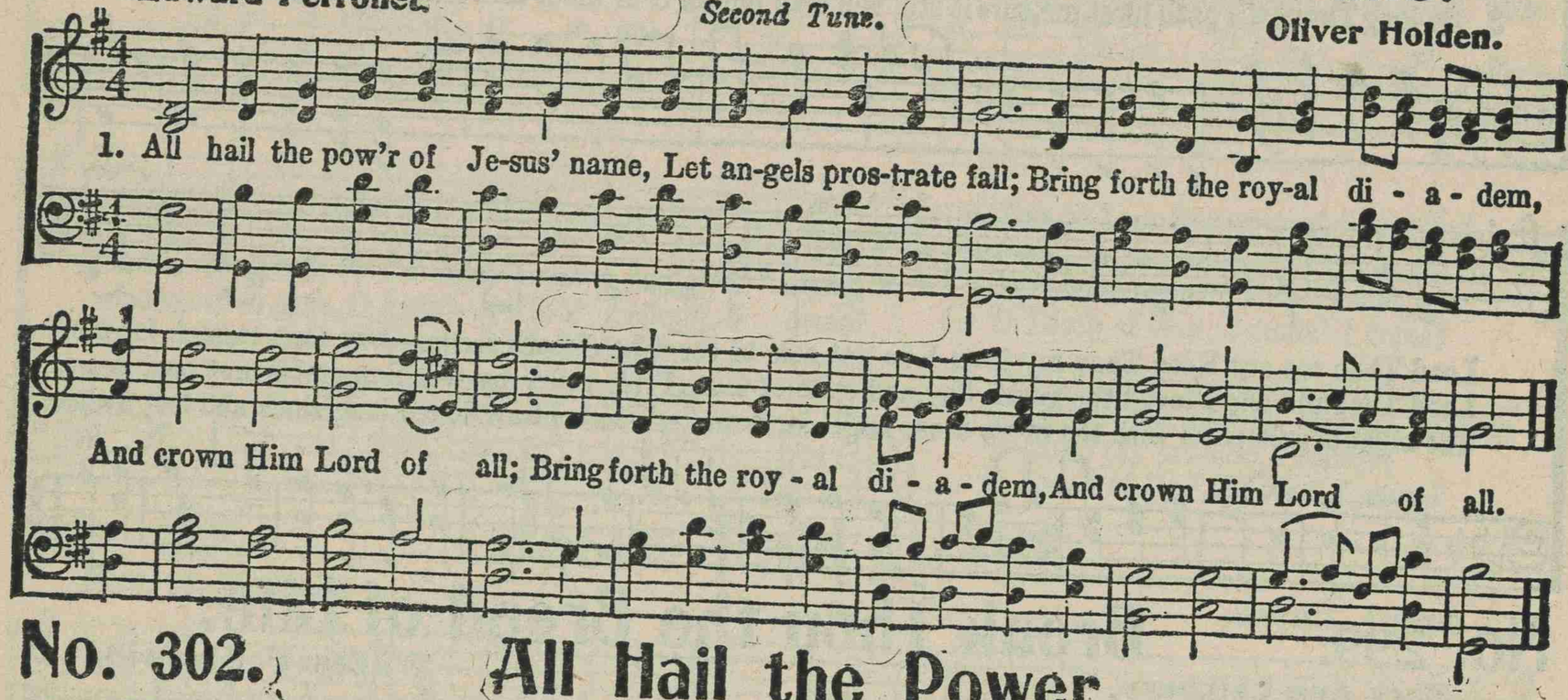
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

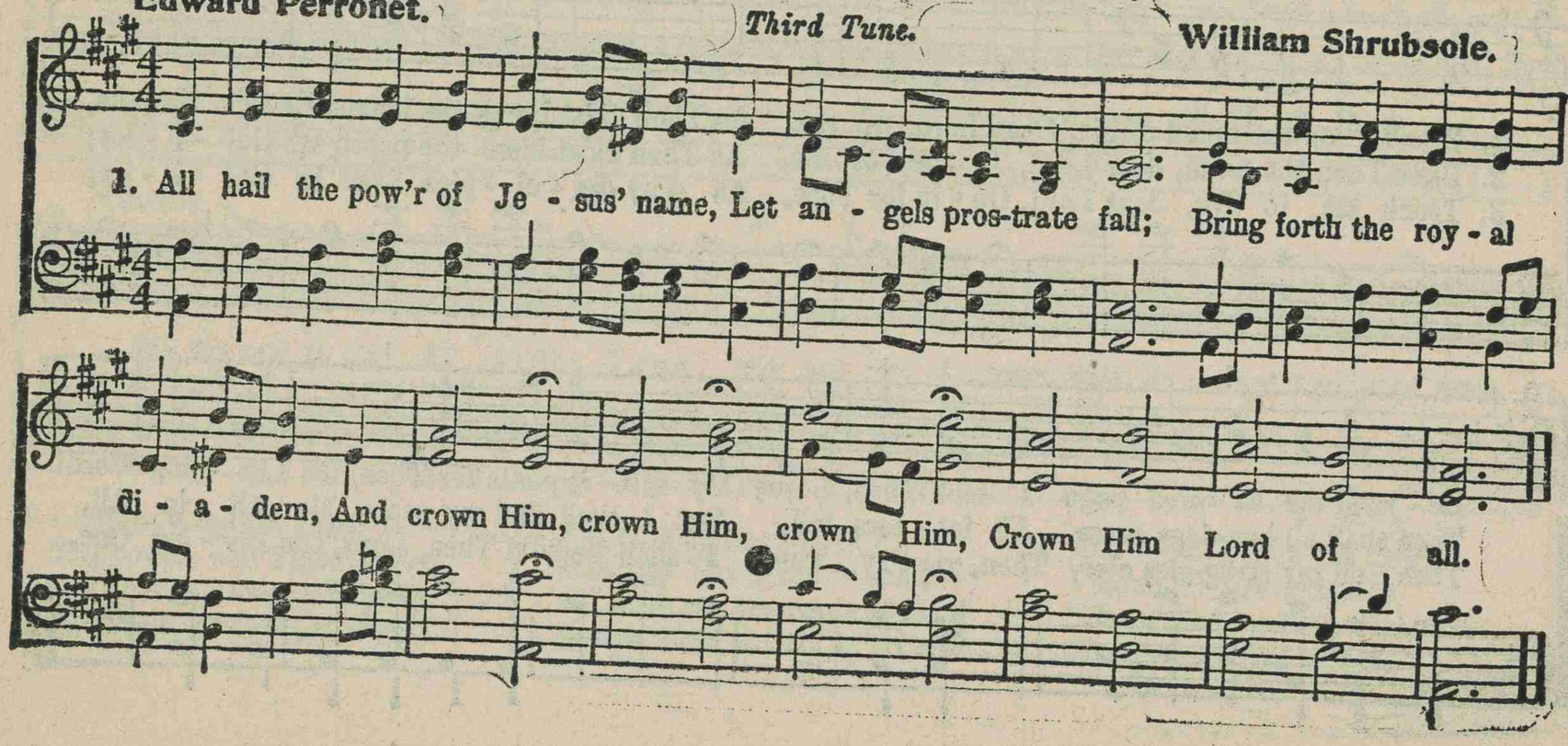
No. 301. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



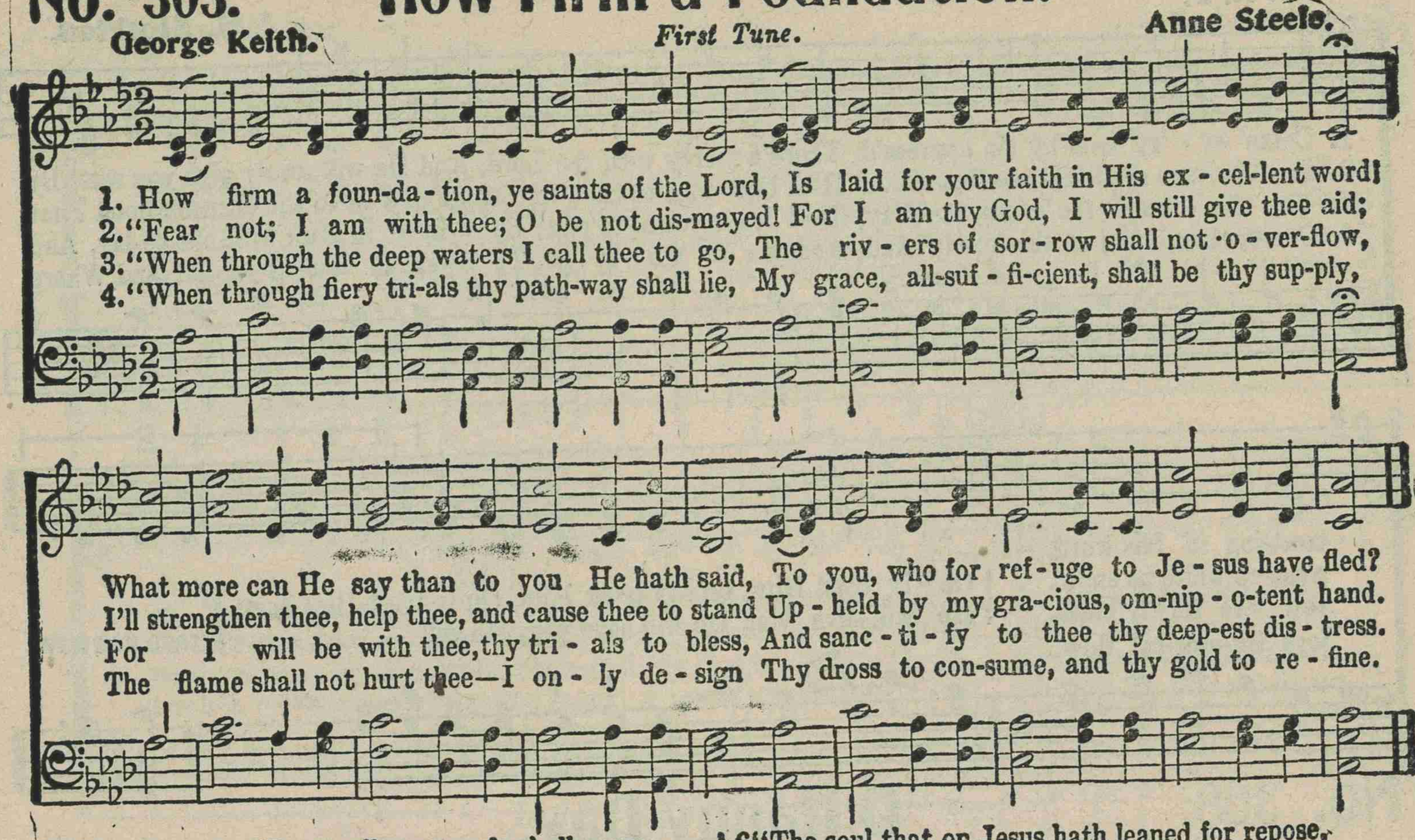
No. 302. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



No. 303. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 304. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 305. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

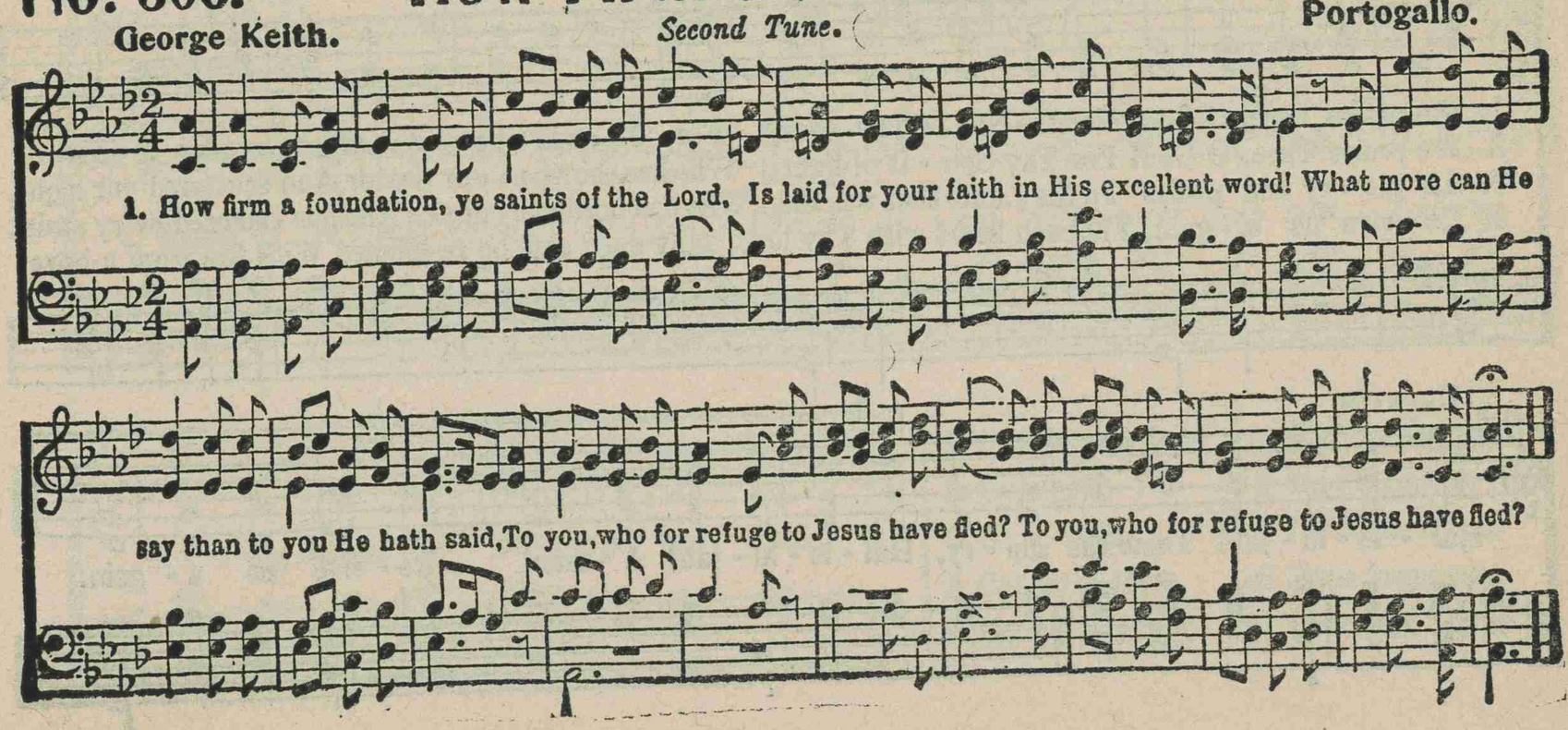
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 306. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 307. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 308. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

Hap-py day, hap-py day, Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 309. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

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

No. 310. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,..... I bid fare-well to
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,..... Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor-row fall,..... May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,..... And not a wave of

D.S.

FINE

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes,.. And wipe my weeping eyes,..
Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world. And face a frowning world,..And face a frowning world,..
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. My God, my heav'n, my all,.. My God, my heav'n, my all...
.troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A - cross my peaceful breast,.. A - cross my peaceful breast,..

No. 311. Holy Manna.

Baptist Harmony. Arr. by A. J. S.

FINE. REFRAIN.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship And a - dore the Lord our God.
   Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the Word?
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?

All is vain un-

D. C.—*Breth - ren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a - round.*

D.C.

less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3 Sisters, will you join and help us
While we struggle hard with sin;
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.

No. 312. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

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

No. 313. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION

Elihu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
   Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

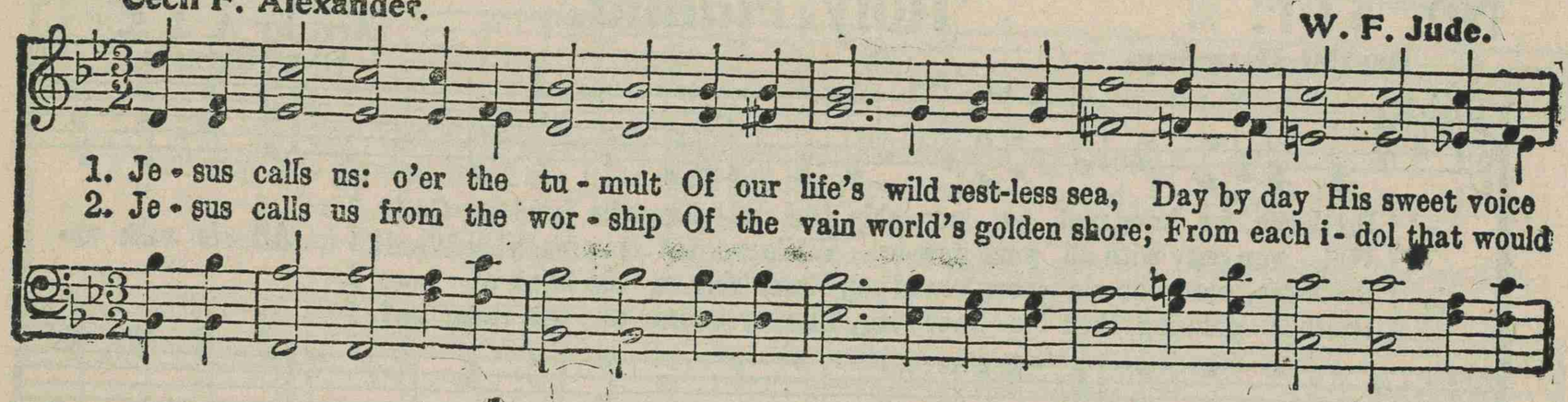
3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 314. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would

sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

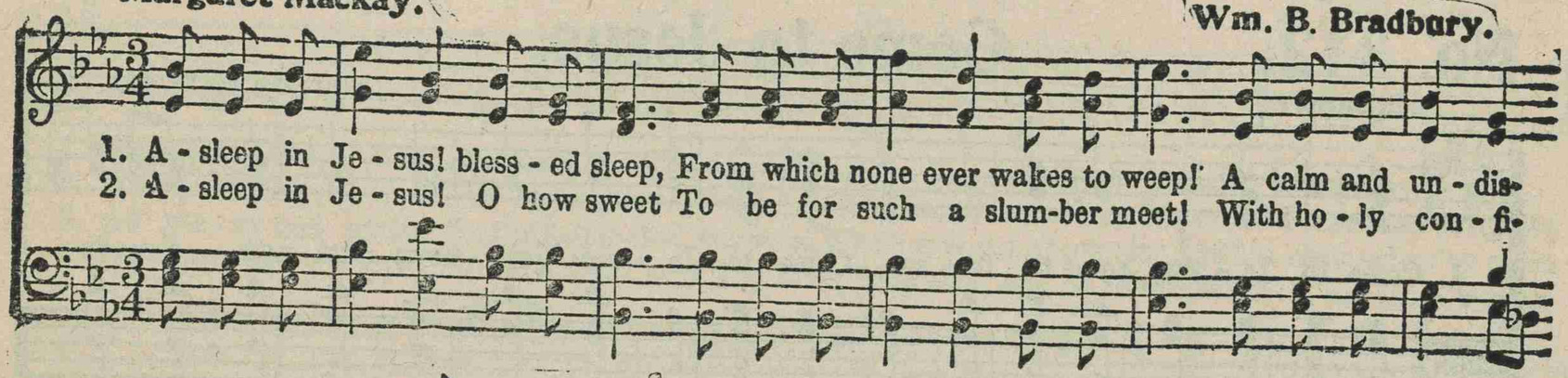
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

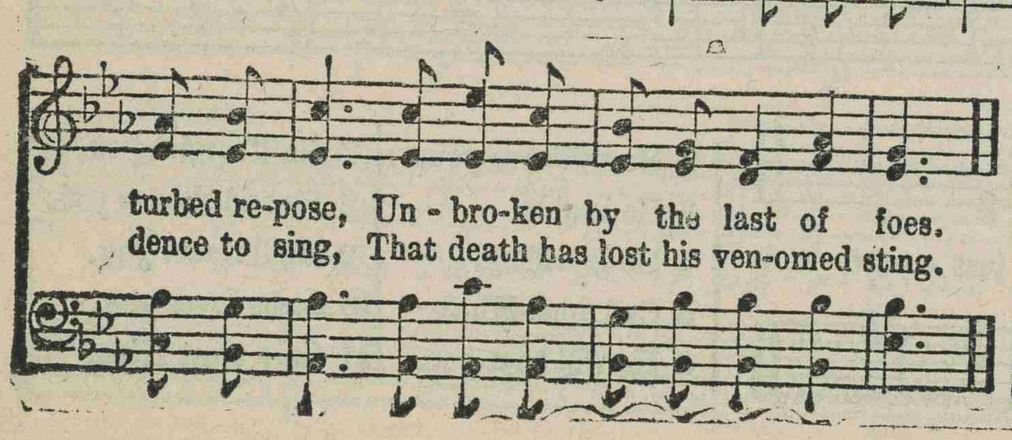
No. 315. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-



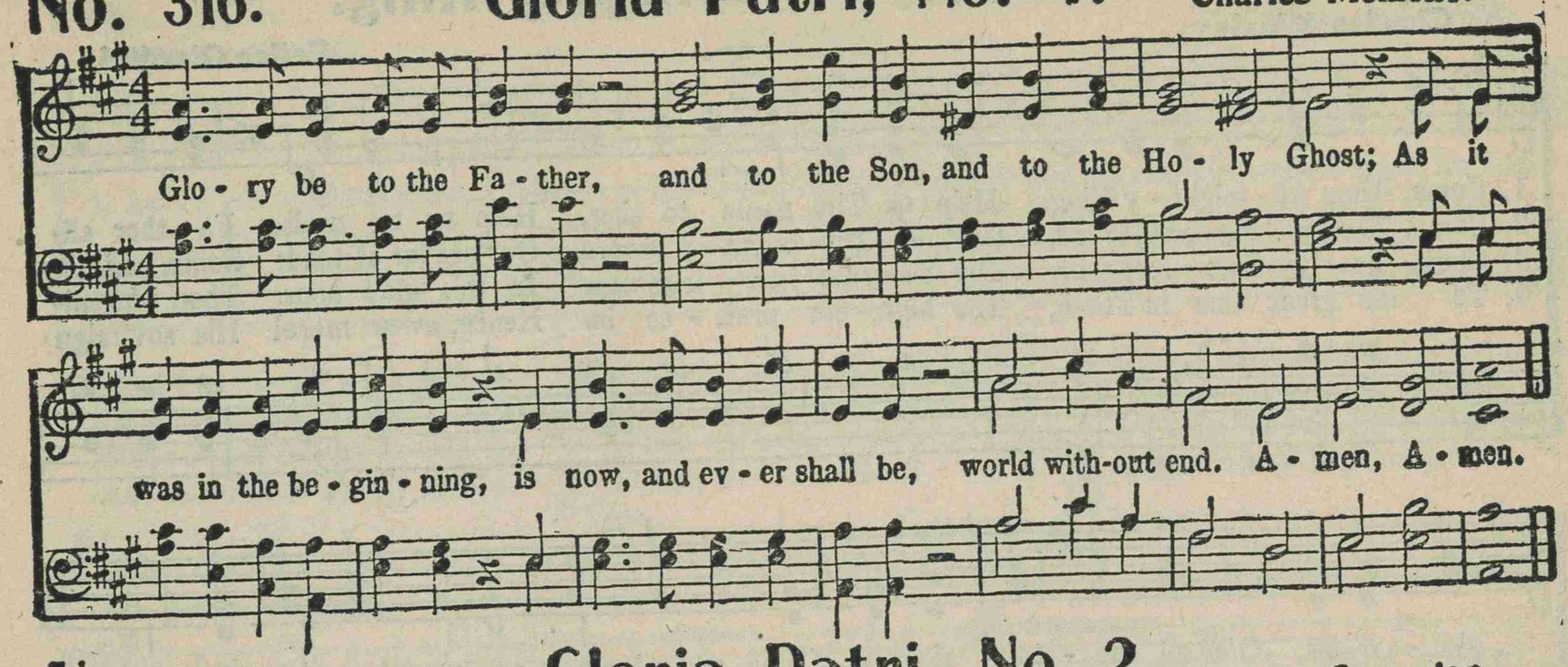
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

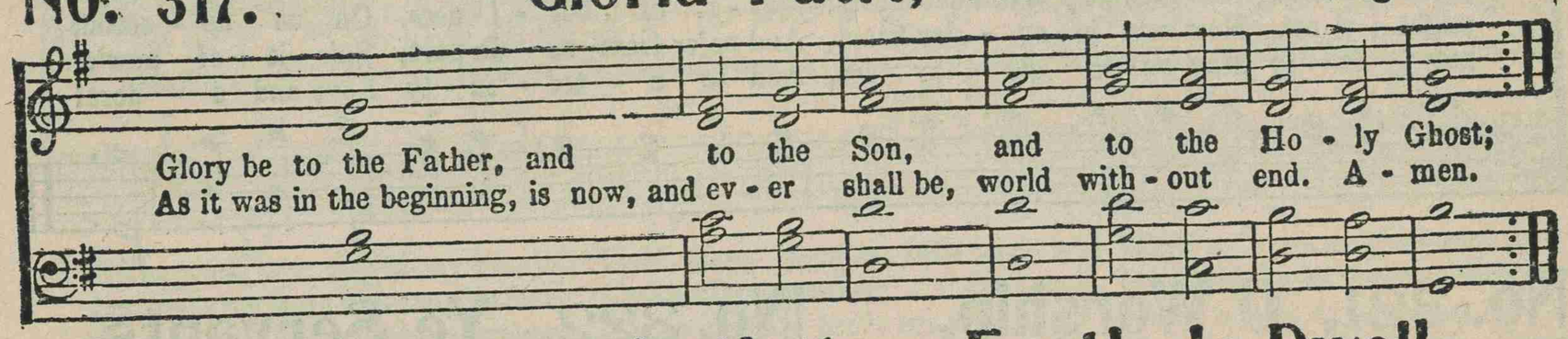
No. 316. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 317. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

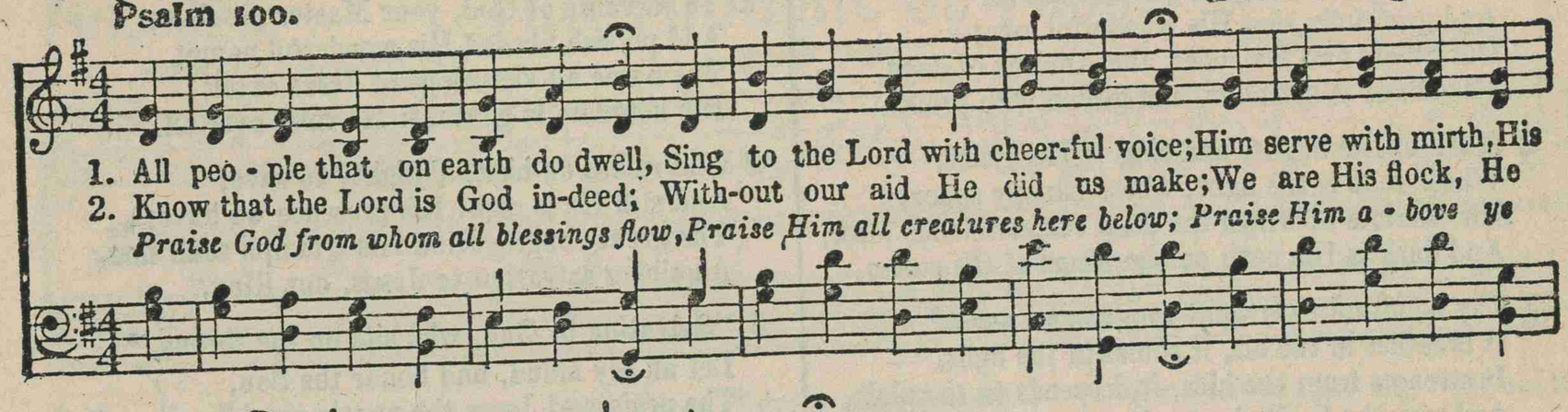
Gregorian.

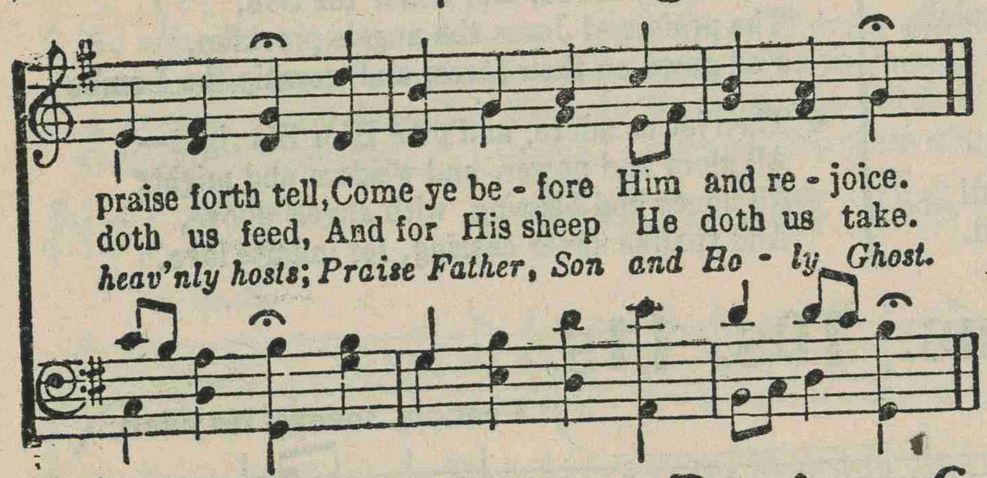


No. 318. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Louis Bourgeois.

Psalm 100.





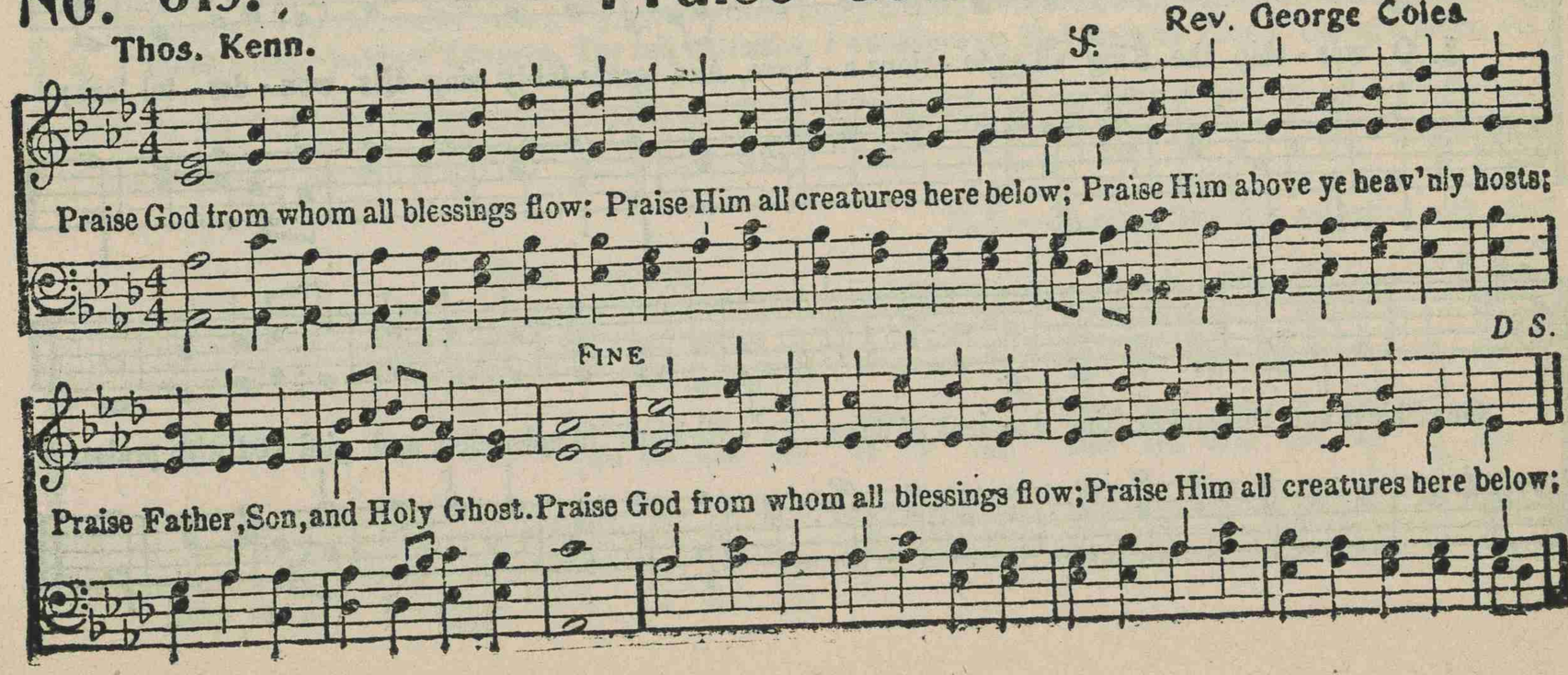
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 319. Praise God.

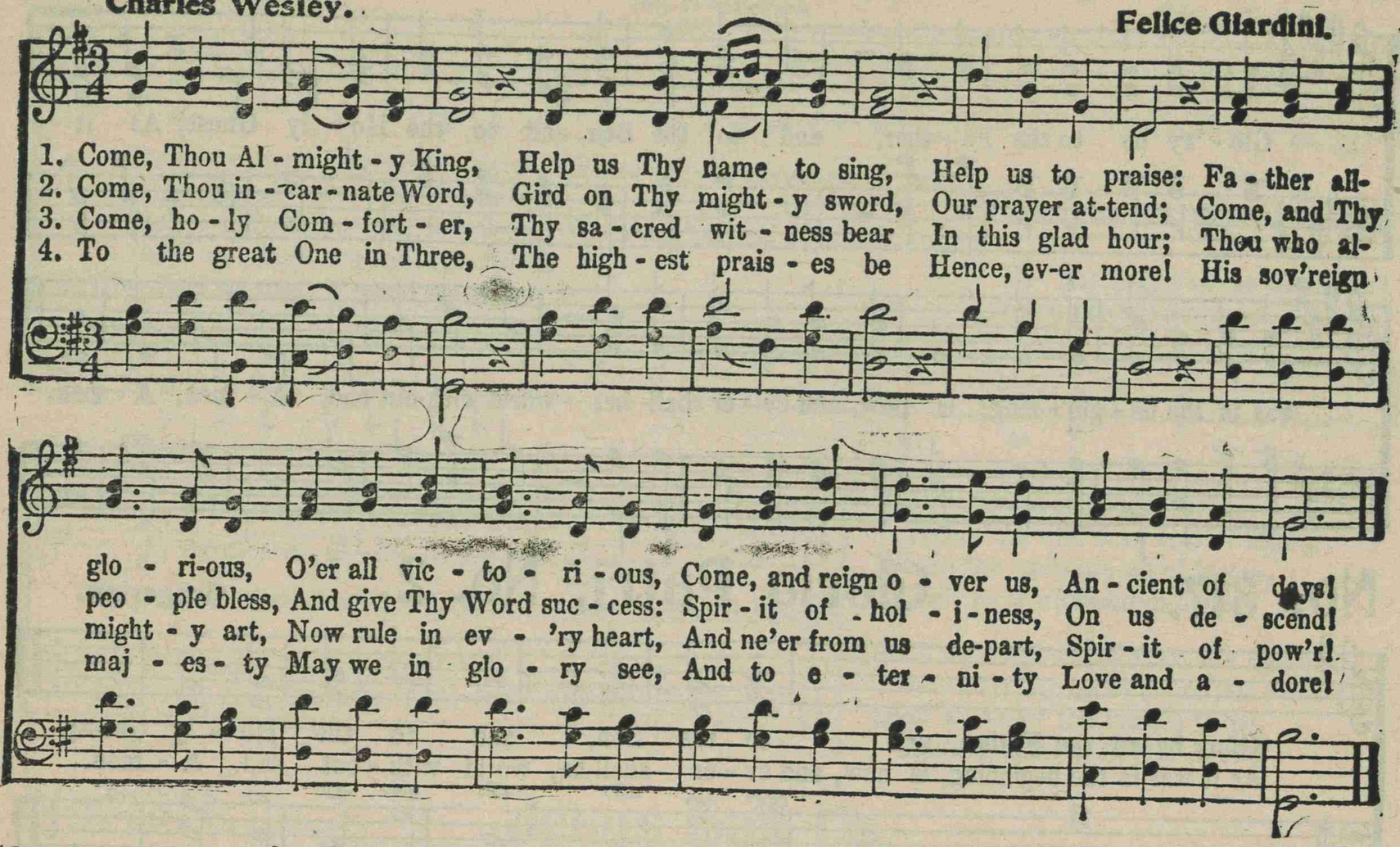
Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles



No. 320. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 321. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 322. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

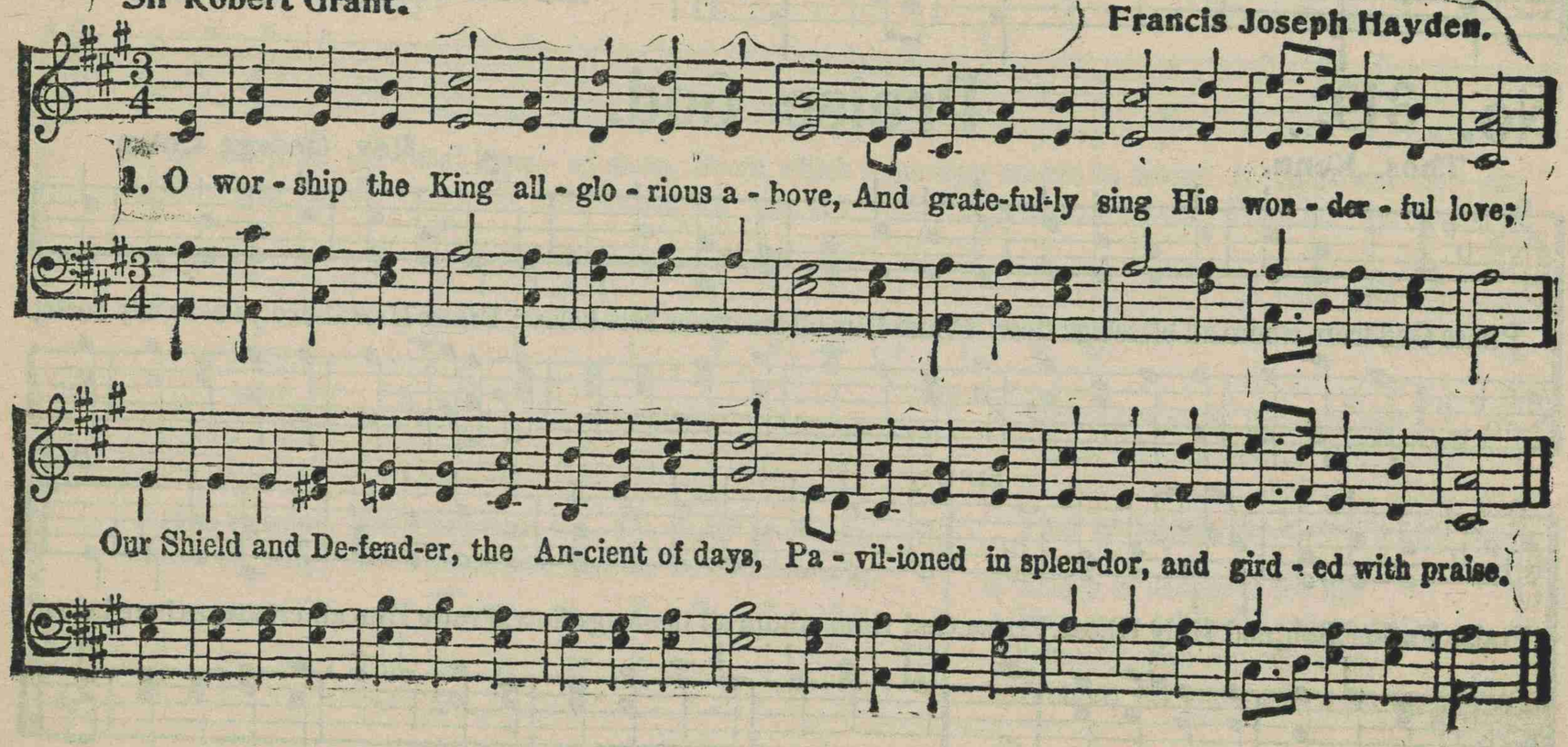
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 323. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 324. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 325. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there tent hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 326. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.

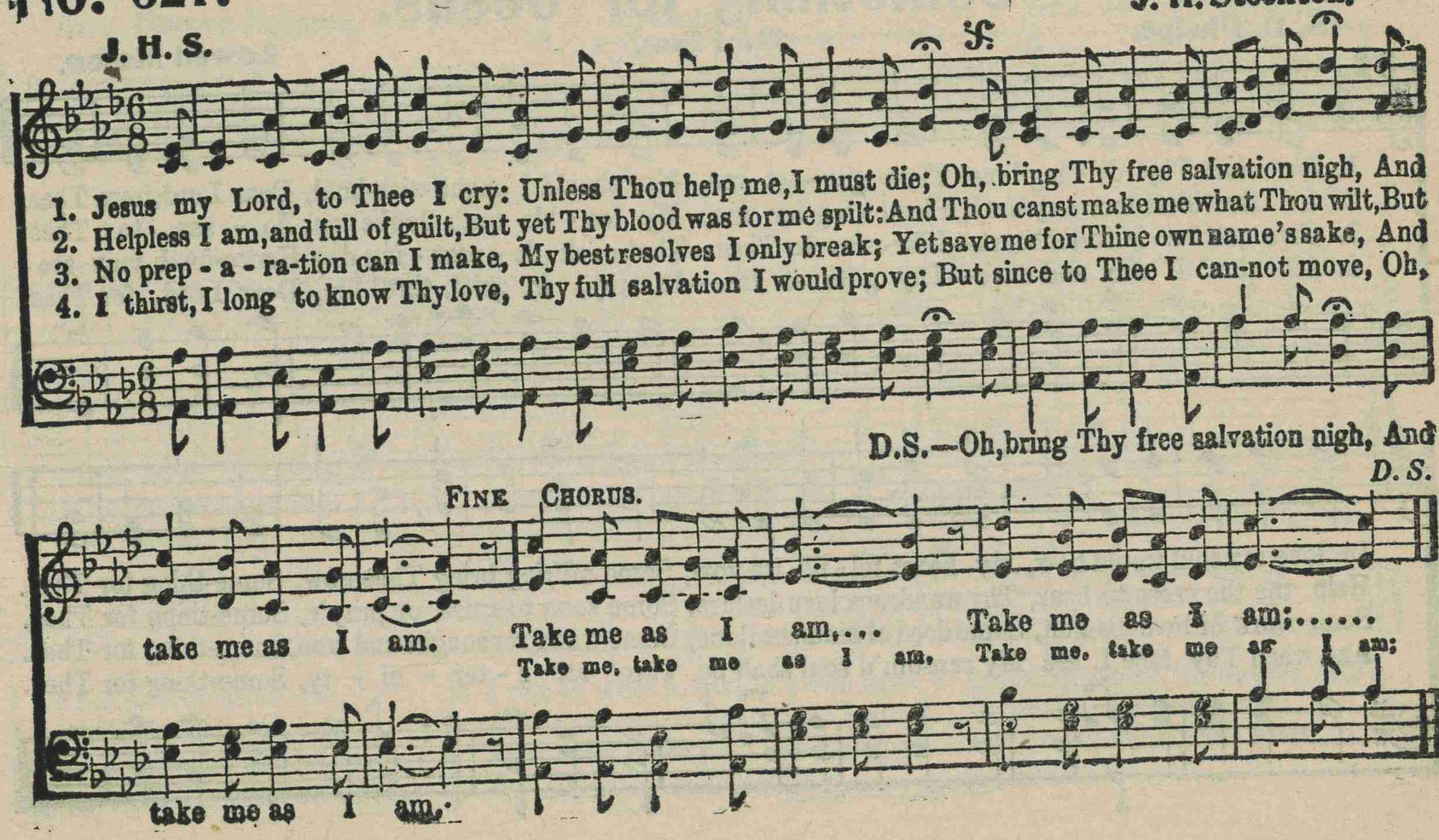
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 327. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 328. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

No. 329. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*

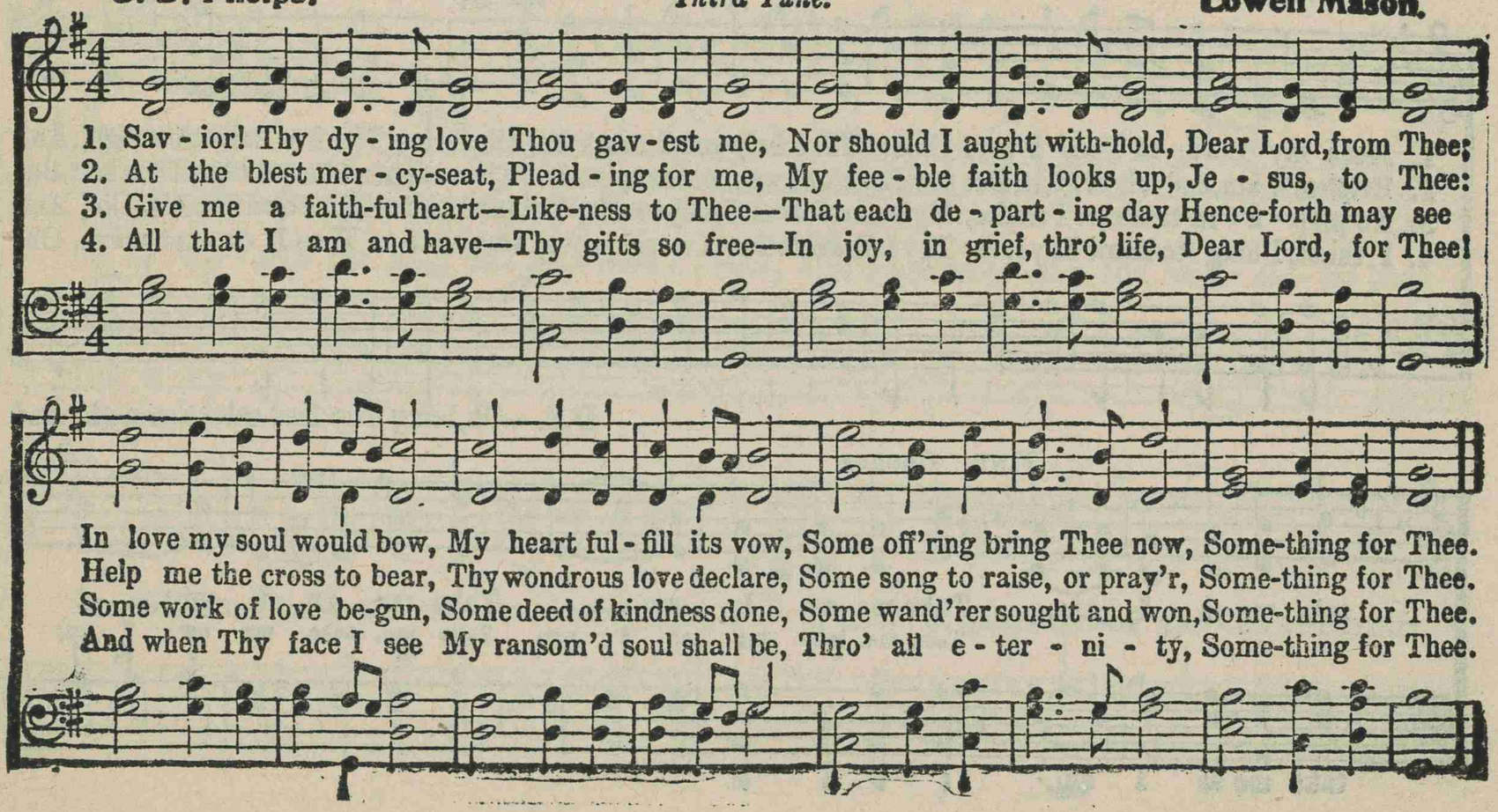
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

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

No. 330. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.



No. 331. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, / Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, / Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 332. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

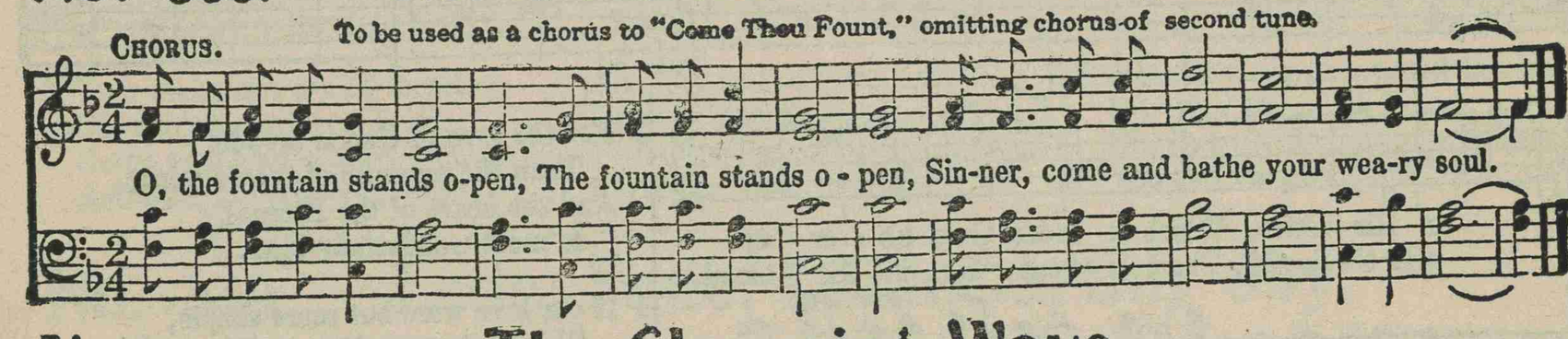
Geo. Robinson. Second Tune. J. J. Rousseau.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, / Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! / I love Je-sus, yes I } do!

D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

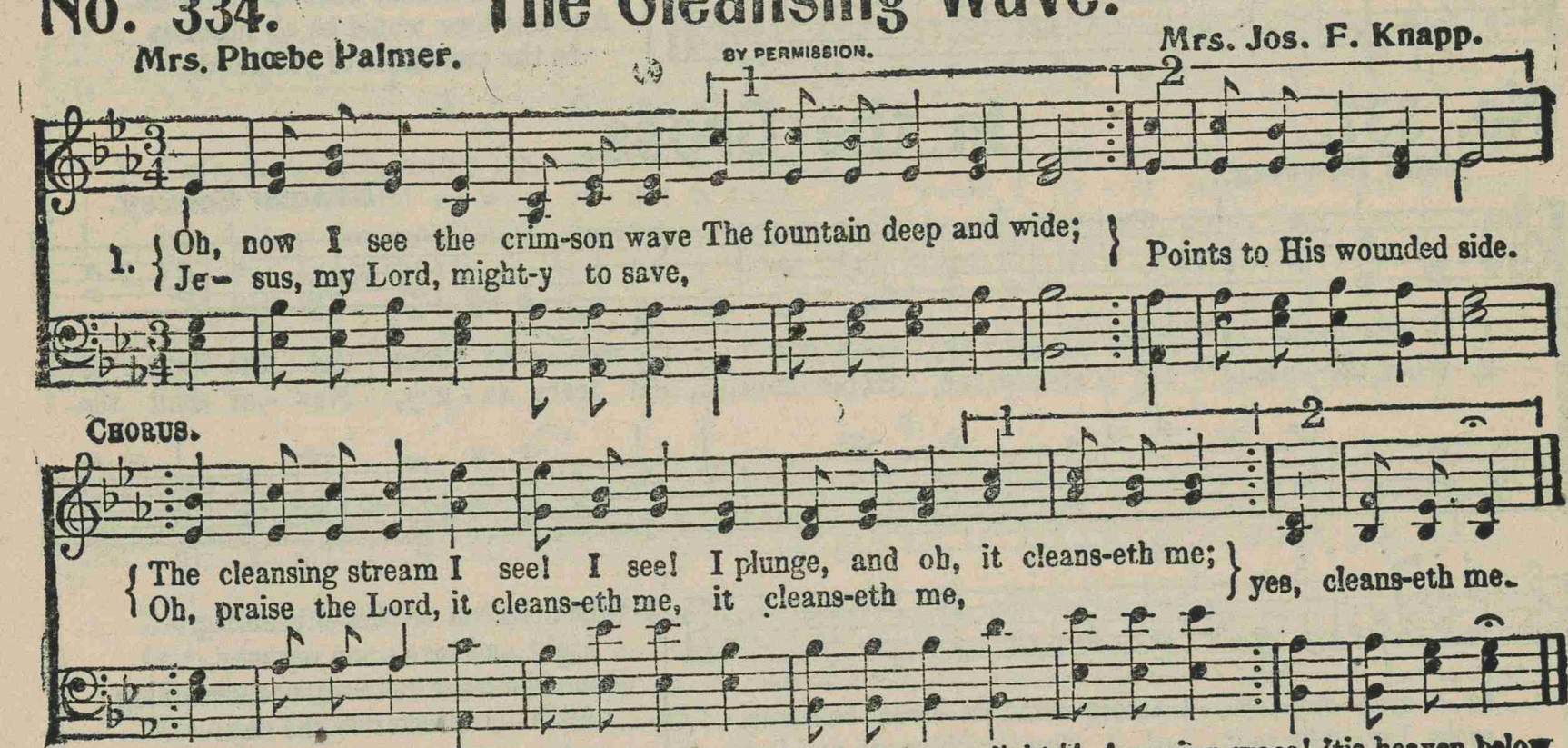
No. 333. The Fountain Stands Open.

To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 334. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



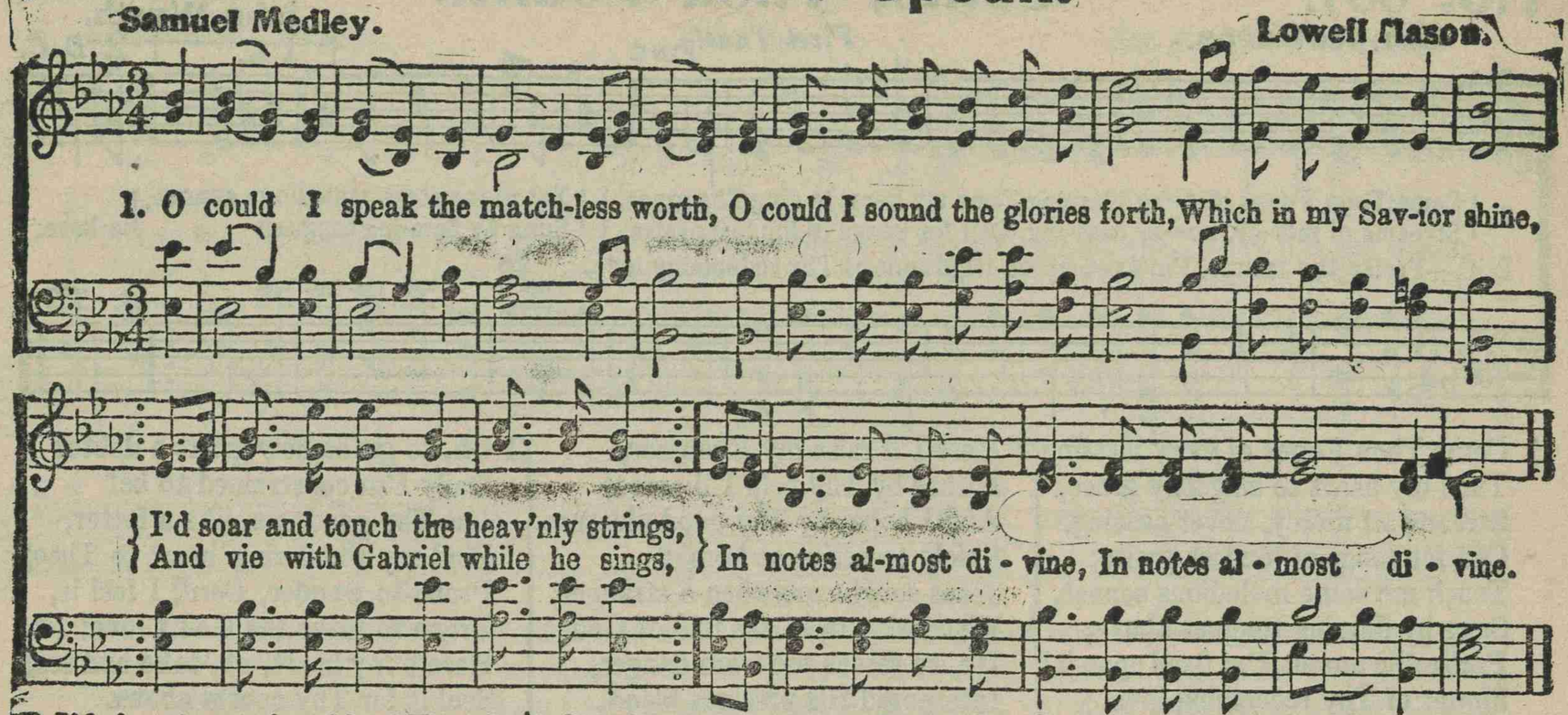
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 335. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



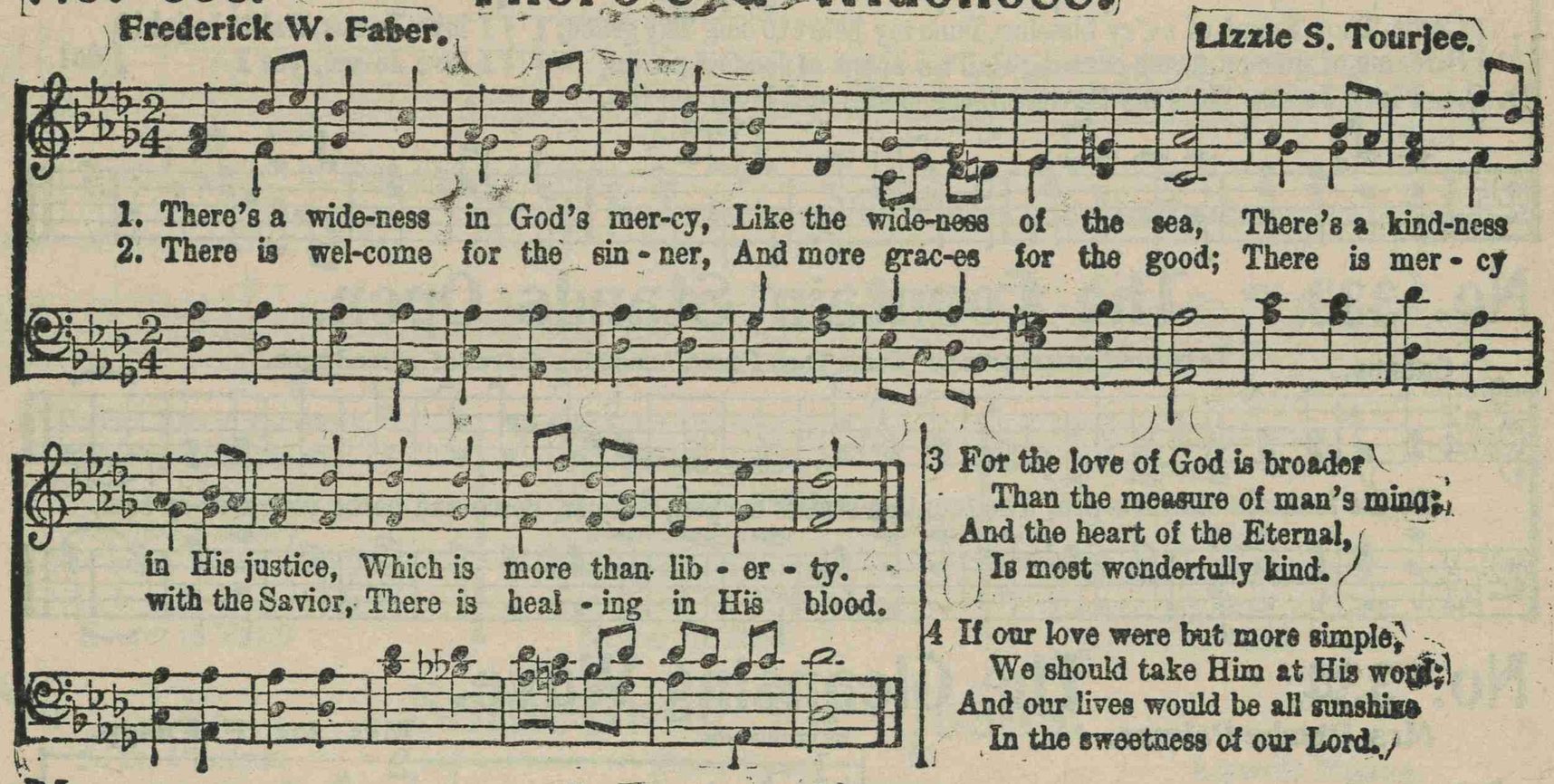
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 336. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

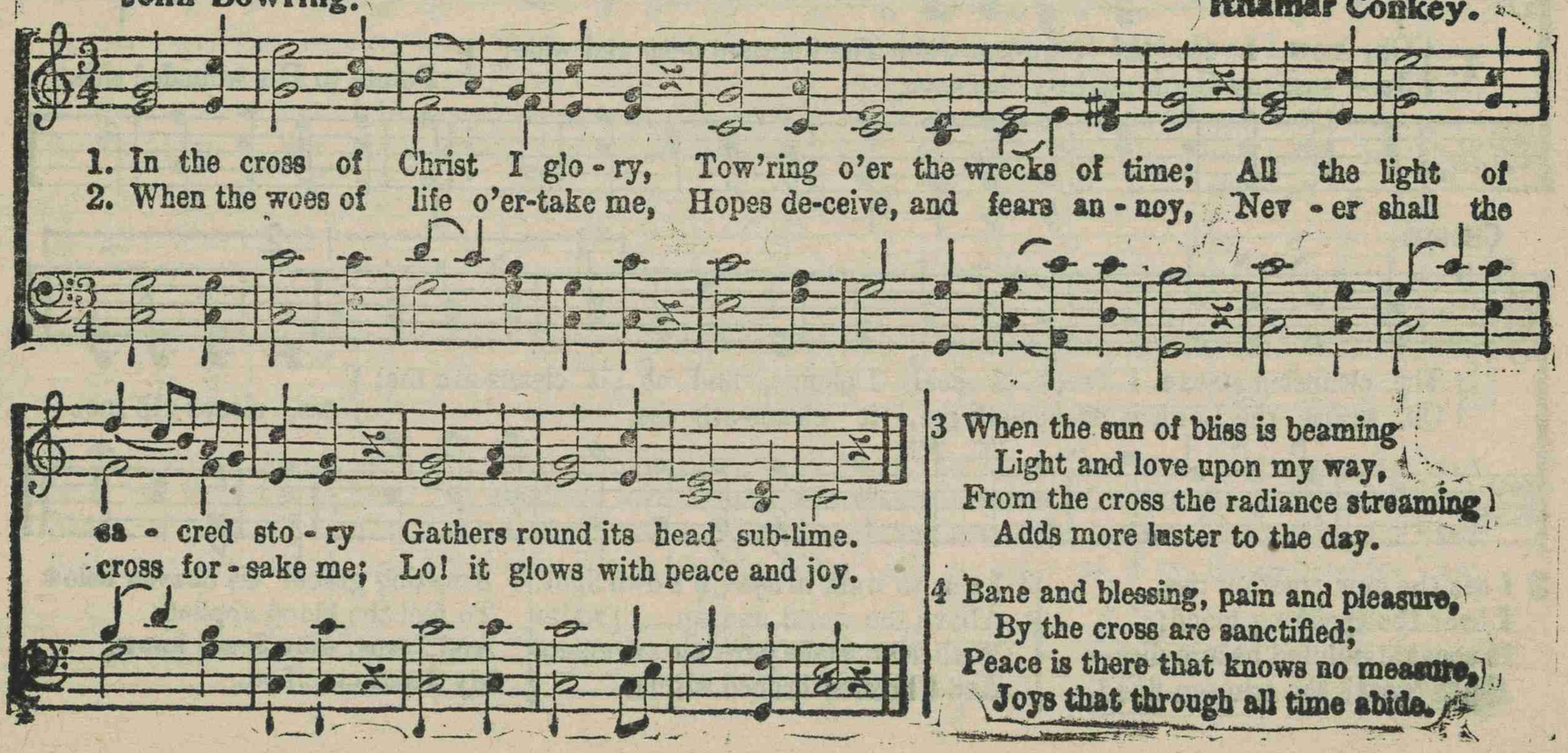


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 337. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 338. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 339. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

f. FINE REFRAIN. *D. S.*

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
   { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }

D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 340. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

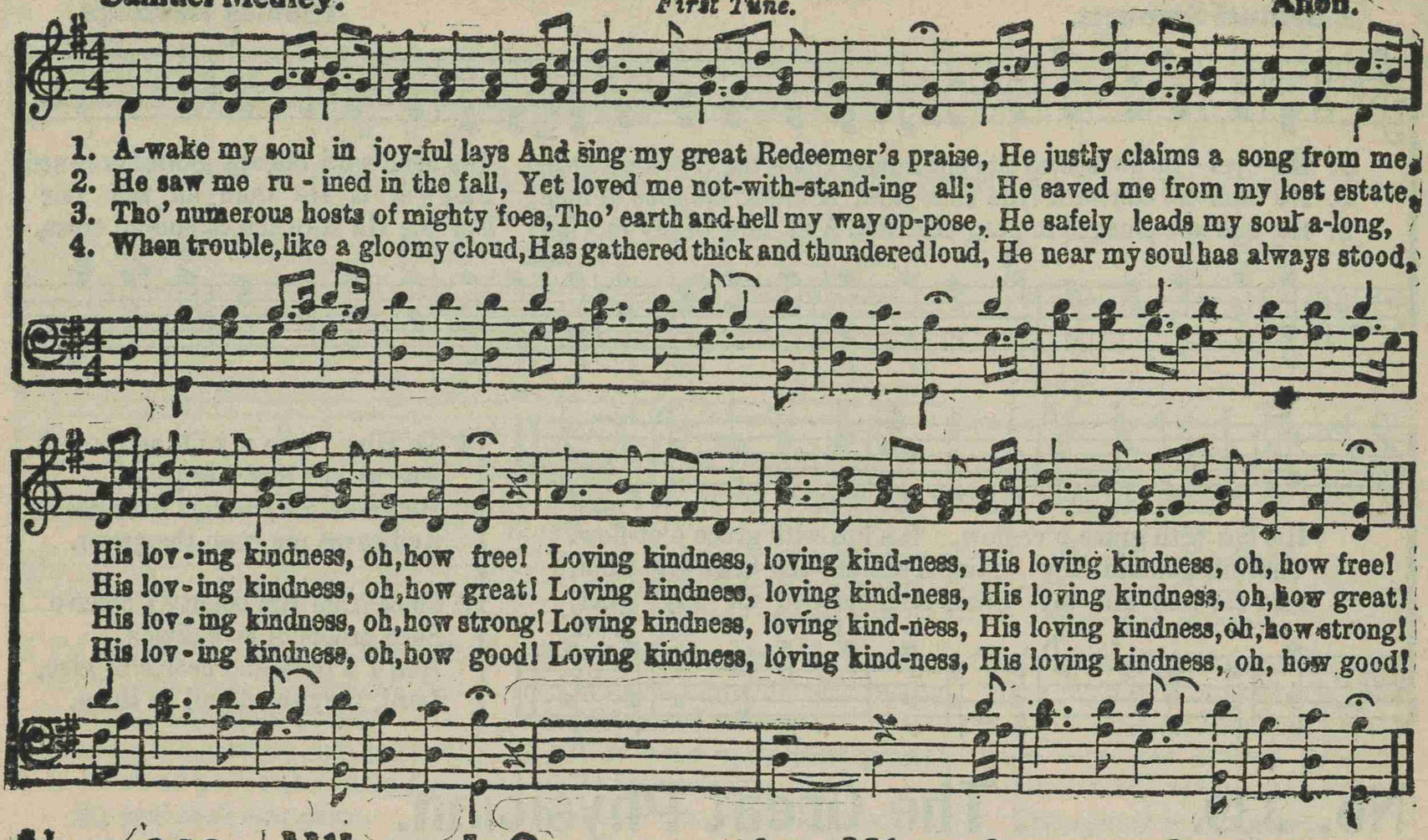
Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

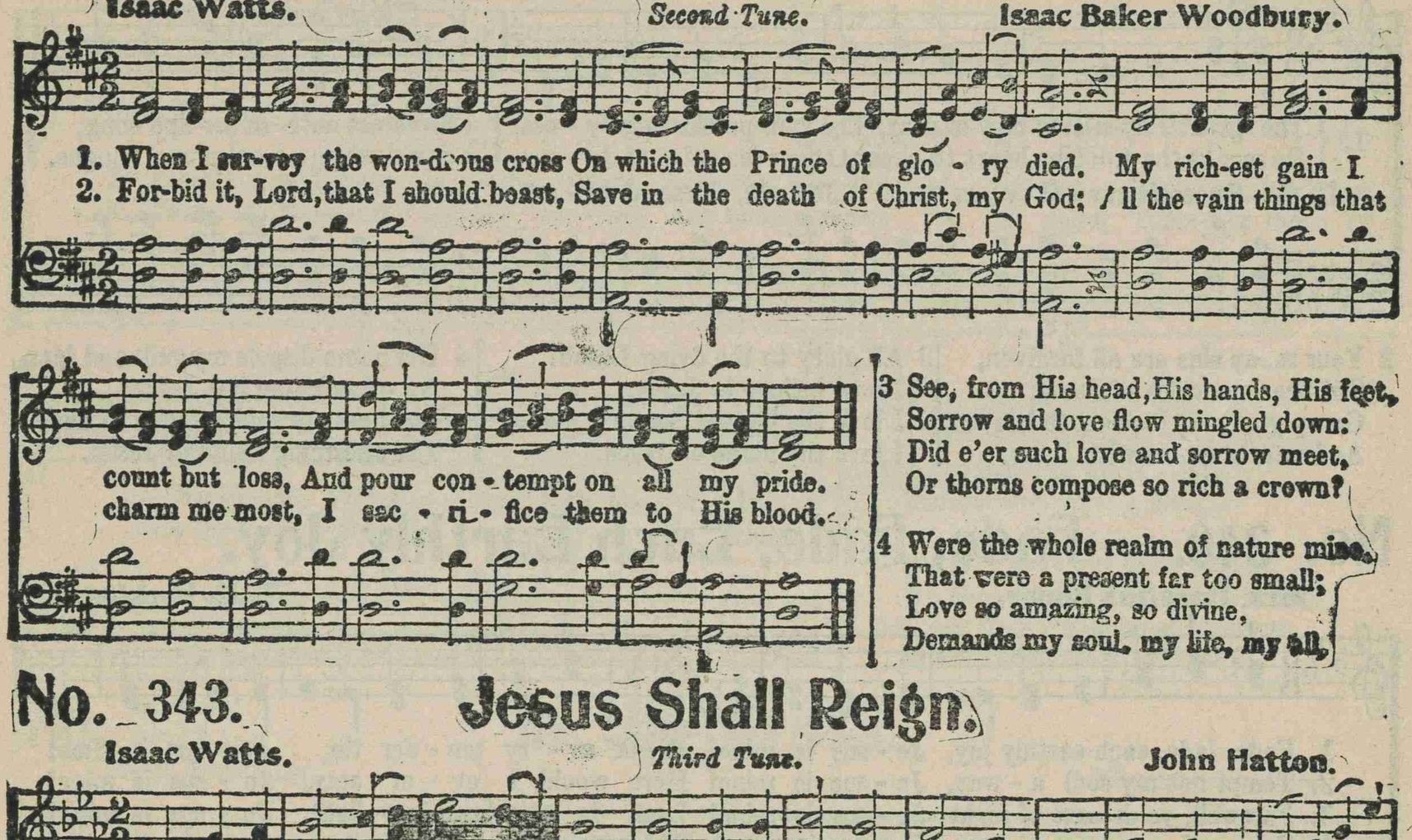
No. 341. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.



No. 342. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

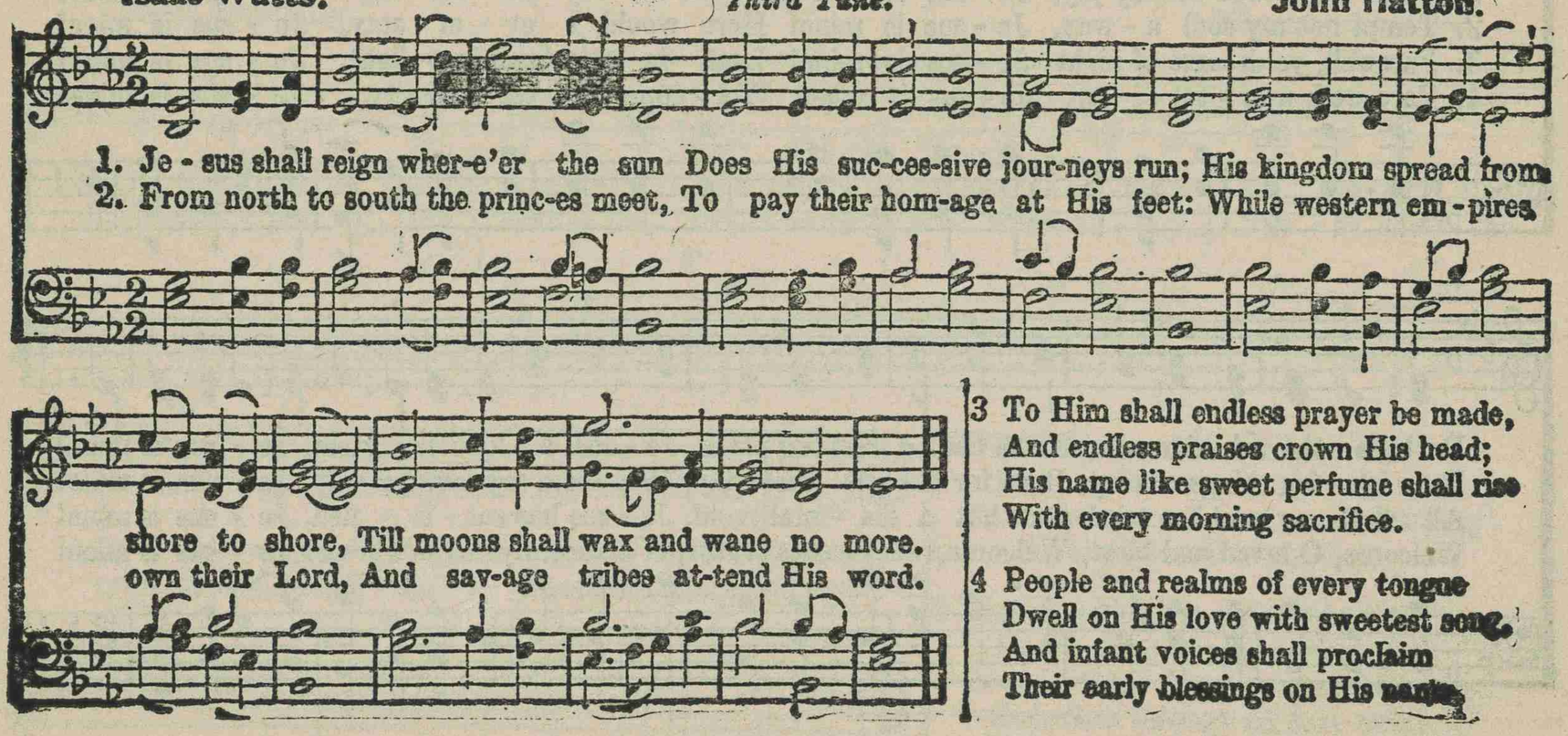


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 343. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.



3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 344. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. **William G. Fischer.**

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 345. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 346. Keep Up the Fight.

James Rowe. *March style.* T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1911. T. B. Mosley.

1. Comrades, press along with Je-sus, in the gos-pel light, Winning endless praise and glory in the ho - ly fight; If we let His Ho - ly Spir-it al-ways dwell with-in, We shall sure - ly win the vic-t'ry in the
2. Keep the gos-pel standard waving in the love-lit sky, On the matchless love of Jesus more and more re- ly; He will strengthen us and cheer us when the foe is near; With His arm of love a-round us, there is
3. Soon the bat-tle will be ended and the life-crown won, And our mighty King will greet us with a sweet "well done;" Then, with martyrs, saints and sages in the world a-bove, We shall sweetly praise for-ev - er His re-

REFRAIN.

On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, keep up the fight; Fighting for glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry Of a might-y and e-ter-nal King a- bove; Comrades, on! on! fight with sin. Comrades, on! on! fight for the right; Comrades, on! on! naught to fear. On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, On to battle, on to battle, deem-ing love. On to bat - tle, on! on! on! Com-rades, on to bat - tle, on! on! on! Com-rades, on to might - y King a- bat - tle, on! bove; Comrades, on! on! glad car-ols raise; Comrades, on! on! bove, King a bove; On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, On to bat - tle, on! on! on! Com-rades, on to sing in His praise; Angels are singing, "Vict'ry" is ringing! For He's winning the world by love!.... bat - tle, on!

No. 347. In the Gospel Way.

James Kowe. A. J. Showalter.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

1. Christ is dear to me, Al-ways near to me, Safe-ly keep-ing me from day to day; Nev-er chid-ing me,
2. How He cares for me, What He bears for me, How He strengthens me to stand the fray! Grace up-hold-ing me,
3. I will cling to Him, Trust Him, sing to Him, Till I meet Him on that bet-ter day; With the du-ti-ful,

REFRAIN.

Al-ways guid-ing me, In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way. Up-ward home-ward,
Love en-fold-ing me, O how pleas-ant is the gos-pel way!
Sin-less, beau-ti-ful, At the end-ing of the gos-pel way.

Up-ward with Je-sus, home-ward with Je-sus,
Christ is lead-ing and I shall not stray; March-ing, sing-ing, In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way.
March-ing with Je-sus, sing-ing of Je-sus,

No. 348. Look, Ye Saints!

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

Maestoso.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of Sor-rows" now; From the fight re-
2. Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings: In the seat of
3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-iour's claim; Saints and an-gels
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud, tri-um-phant chords! Je-sus takes the

turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-
pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav-en rings: Crown Him, crown Him; Crown the
crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name: Crown Him, crown Him; Spread a-
high-est sta-tion: O what joy the sight af-fords! Crown Him, crown Him; "King of

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

come the Vic-tor's brow; Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.
Sav-iour "King of kings;" Crown Him, crown Him; Crown the Sav-iour "King of kings."
broad the Vic-tor's fame; Crown Him, crown Him; Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame.
kings, and Lord of lords;" Crown Him, crown Him; "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

No. 349. Till I Reach Home.

James Rowe. Property of T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., 1915. T. B. Mosley.

1. I'm bound for heaven with the Saviour dear Who walks (who walks) beside me;
2. I've nev-er had so true a friend be-fore, So I (O I) am cling-ing;
3. Be-yond the shin-ing gates of pearl a-bove, Bent low (bent low) before Him,

His Ho-ly Spir-it will be al-ways near To cheer (to cheer) and guide me.
His praise for-ev-er shall my soul out-pour, With joy (with joy) I'm singing.
Soon, with the mul-ti-tude redeemed by love, I shall (I shall) a-dore Him.

REFRAIN.

O I am so hap-py, He sought me and found me, His
O I'm so hap-py, He sought and found me,

arms are around me, I shall not roam. { I'm bound for heaven with my
His arms are 'round me, { And He will keep me by His

1 2

Friend a-bove; He's mine (all mine) for-ev-er; }
pre-cious love, [*Omit.* . . .] } Till I (till I) reach home.

No. 350. Come Home.

Jennie Wilson. A. J. Showalter and C. H. Bottoms, owners, 1915 C. H. Bottoms.

1. O come while the Saviour is ten-der-ly call-ing, Turn now from your sin a-way, Ere darkness e-ter-nal around you is fall-ing, Seek
2. Ac-cept-ing the mer-ci-ful Lord's in-vi-ta-tion, Come freely to share His grace, To you He now of-fers the joy of sal-va-tion, O
3. Come home to the light that is shining from heaven, Whose glo-ry no shadows dim, In faith come to Je-sus, be blest and for-giv-en, For

CHORUS.

par-don while yet you may. O wan-der-ing one, come
let Him your guilt ef-face. wan-der-ing
ev-er be happy with Him.

home,..... O wan-der-ing one.... come home,..... In
one, come home, wan-der-ing one, come home,

dan-ger no more to roam, O wandering one, come home.....
come home.

No. 351. A Song of Praise.

Birdie Bell.

M. J. Tidwell, owner, 1915.

M. J. Tidwell.

1. Sing a song of praise..... to the Saviour's name,.....
2. Sing a song of praise..... for His mer-cies free,.....
3. Sing a song of praise,..... in the Lord re - joice,.....

All His goodness tell..... and His love pro - claim;.....
For the words di - vine..... which He speaks to thee,.....
With a thank-ful heart..... and a hap - py voice;.....

With a grate - ful heart..... wake a hap - py lay,.....
For the gifts of love..... which His hand be-stows,.....
For He leads thee on..... to the jour-ney's end,.....

D.S.—*Lift thy voice in song,..... tell His mer - cies o'er,.....*

FINE.

For the blessings sweet..... which are thine each day. (which are thine each day.)
And the peace and calm..... which thy spirit knows. (which thy spirit knows.)
In His goodness trust,..... on His love depend. (on His love depend.)

For His boundless love..... praise Him evermore. (*praise Him evermore.*)

REFRAIN.

Sing a song of praise to the Saviour's name,
Sing a song of praise ..... to the Saviour's name,.....

A Song of Praise.

D. S.

With a grateful heart all His love proclaim;.....
With a grateful heart ..... all His love proclaim;

No. 352. Are You Looking Forward Gladly?

Jennie Wilson. J. M. Edwards, owner, 1915. Fred Powell.

1. Are you look-ing for-ward glad-ly To the home be-yond the tide,
2. Are you look-ing for-ward glad-ly To the meet-ing with the blest,
3. Are you look-ing for-ward glad-ly To the sing-ing of that song
4. Are you look-ing for-ward glad-ly To the meet-ing face to face

Where the ransomed with their Saviour Thro' all a - ges shall a - bide?
When with earth-ly con-flicts o - ver Comes a nev - er end-ing rest?
In which blends the hal-le - lu-jahs Of the countless white-robed throng?
With the dear, but un-seen Sav-iour, Who redeemed you thro' His grace?

REFRAIN.

Are you looking forward gladly To the beauty and the light,
glorious light,
Seen through bright domains of heaven, Where will come no gloomy night?
no gloomy night?

No. 353. Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Property of C. H. Bottoms, Jonesboro, Ga.

F. W. Faber. (To my friend, Mr. T. B. Mosley.) C. H. Bottoms. (1914.)

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and o-cean's wave beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more,
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing "Come weary souls, for Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the gospel leads us home,
3. Far, far a - way, like bells of evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meek-ly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn our weary steps to Thee,

Chorus. *Con animato.*

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of life when sin shall be no more.
An - gels, angels of Jes-us, an - gels of the gos-pel leads us home.
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels turn o'er wear - y steps to Thee.

Angels, an - gels, angels of

1

- gels of light, sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night;
- - gels of light, singing to welcome, to welcome the pilgrims of the night;

Je - sus, an - gels sing-ing

Hark, Hark, My Soul!

2

light singing to wel-come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.
light sing - ing to wel-come
an - gels sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

No. 354. Glory and Honor.

To every lover of good church music.

Property of C. H. B ttoms. **Melody of the 16th century.**

Harmonized by C. H. Bottoms, 1909.

Horatius Bonar.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to
2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each
3. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal, Thus the choirs of

God the Son, Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it,
spot and stain, Glo - ry be to Him who bought us,
an - gels sing, Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion,

Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One. Hal - le - lu - jah,
Made us kings with Him to reign. Hal - le - lu - jah,
Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings. Hal - le - lu - jah,

hal - le - lu - jah, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb that once was slain.
hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry to the King of kings.

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