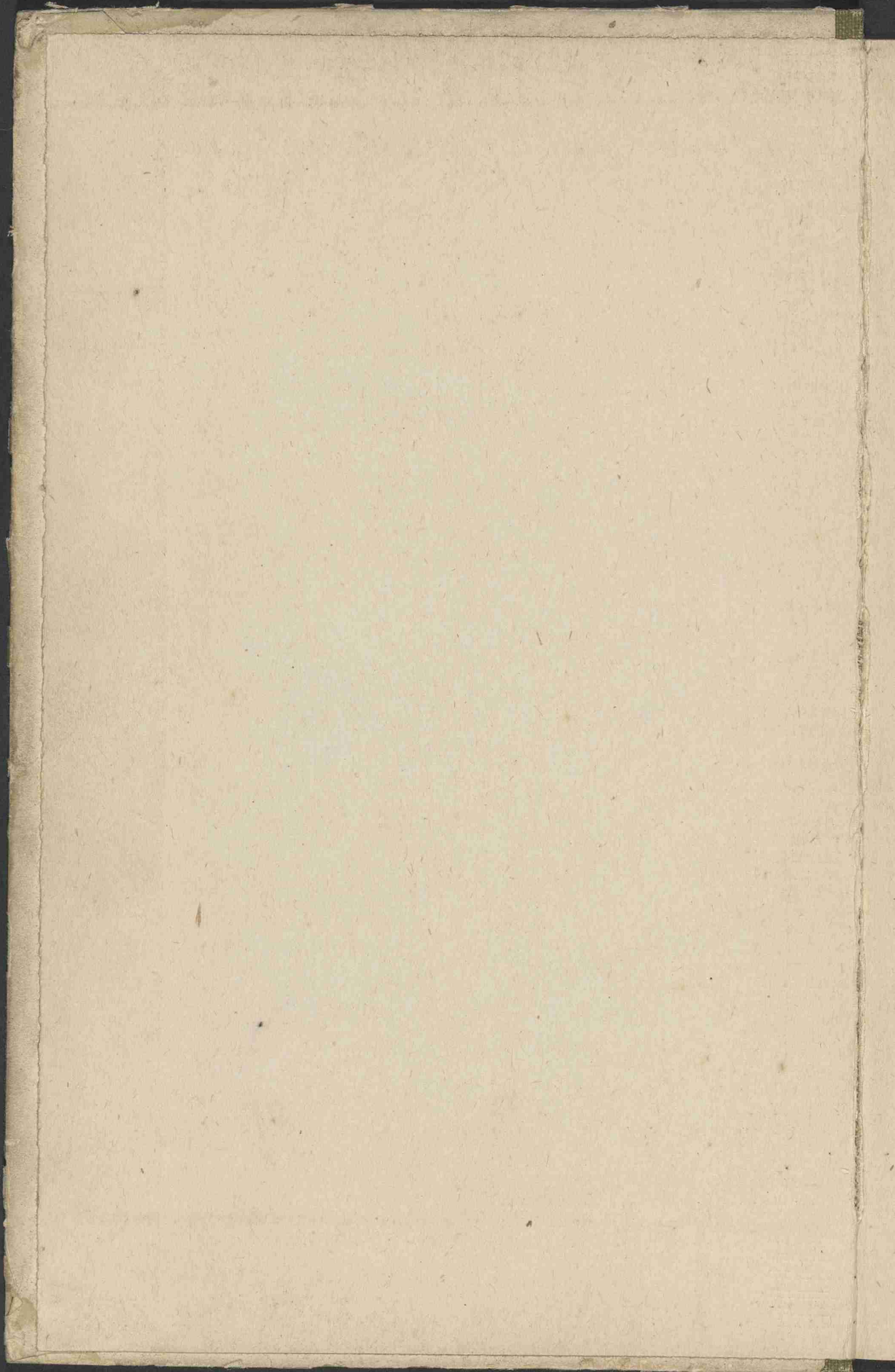
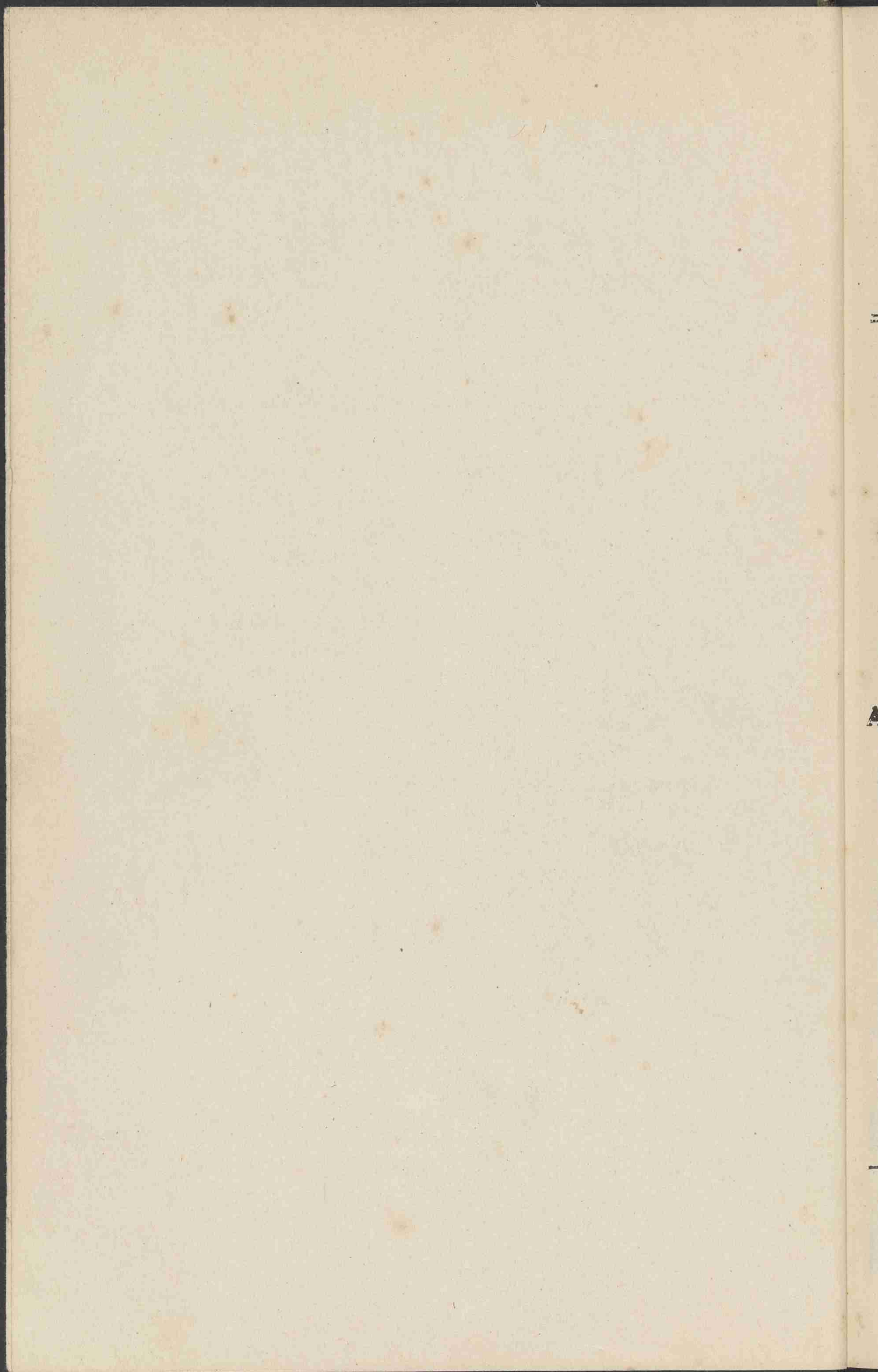


The Sunny South Quartet Book

Shaped Notes



SP-000801 #200



The Sunny South Quartet Book

*A new, large and varied collection of
sacred and secular selections for
men's voices.*

BY

A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley, H. M. Eagle,
K. C. Robinson, W. J. Morris, Joel W. Guin,
John O. Beall, D. T. Robinson, Wm. M. Golden.

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No. 1.

Glory Over Yonder.

A. J. S.

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Here we are but pilgrims, oft - en worn and wea - ry, Here our path is
 2. Here life's tempests often gath - er dark - ly o'er us, And the sun of
 3. Here our homes are transient and our heart-strings brok-en, Sev-er'd from the




dim, and stray-ing feet are sore; But we'll rest beyond death's val - ley dark and
 hope seems hid for ev - er - more; But the bless-ed Mas-ter trod the way be-
 dear ones who have gone be - fore; But in that fair land where farewells ne'er are



REFRAIN.



drear y, 'Twill be glo - ry o - ver on the oth - er shore.
 for us, And He'll guide us safe - ly to the oth - er shore. 'Twill be glo - ry
 spe - ken, We shall dwell with Christ and loved ones ev-er-more.




o - ver yon-der, 'twill be glo - ry o - ver yon-der, 'Twill be glo - - ry
 'Twill be glo - ry




ev - er-more; 'Twill be glo - ry o - ver on the oth - er shore.
 ev - er-more, for ev-er-more;

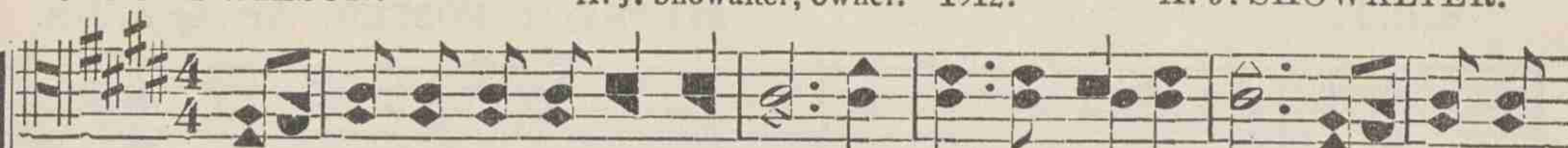


No. 2. Some Day We'll Gather Home.

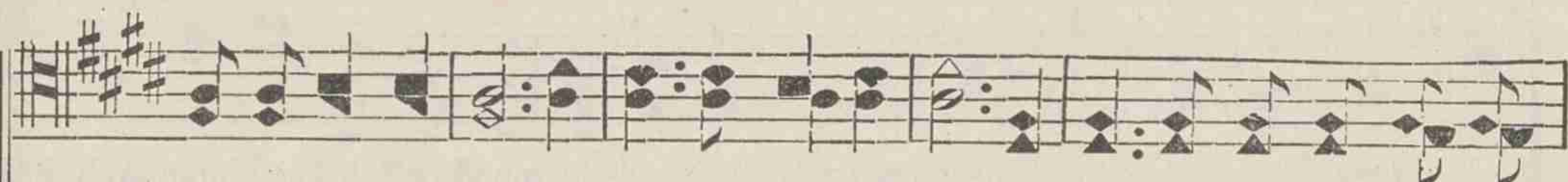
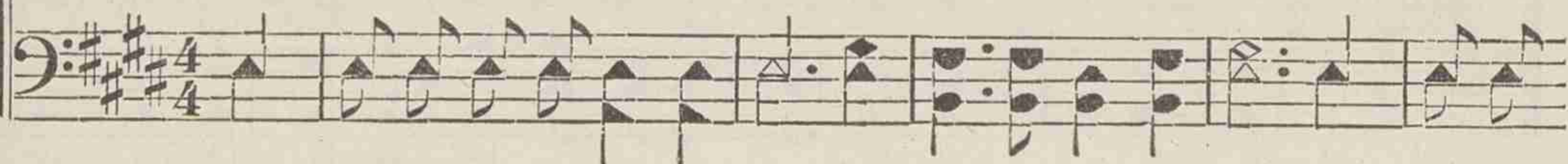
JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. With all our earthly toil-ing done, Some day we'll gather home; With battles
2. No more to speak the parting word, Some day we'll gather home; Where sad fare-
3. From all our tri-als to be free, Some day we'll gather home; To live thro'-



fought and vict'ry won, Some day we'll gather home, Be-yond the still and mur-ky
wells are nev-er heard, Some day we'll gather home; O bliss un-told, when loved ones
out e - ter - ni - ty, Some day we'll gather home, The name of Je - sus to ex-



tide, Which by the shore of time doth glide, With Je-sus ev - er to a - bide, Some
meet And wor-ship at the Master's feet, To share that rapture pure and sweet, Some
tol, While hap - py a - ges onward roll, Because His blood has made us whole, Some



D. S.—While joining in their glad new song, Some

FINE. REFRAIN.



day we'll gather home. Some day we'll gather home, Some day we'll gather home, To



day we'll gather home.



min-gle with the ransomed throng, And know the joy for which we long,



No. 3.

My Old Kentucky Home.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter.

S. C. F.

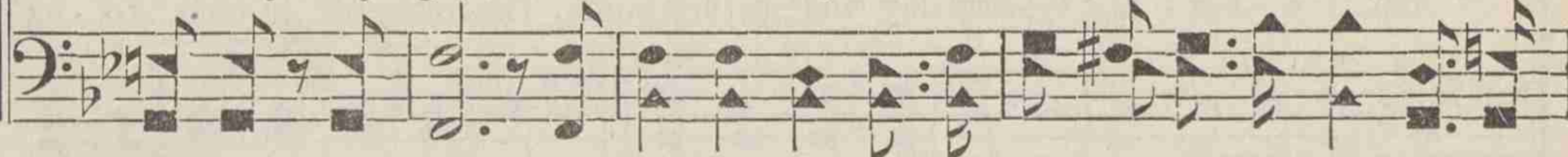
STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. J. S.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home,— 'Tis sum-mer, the
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where-ev - er the



dark - ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the
dark - ey may go; A few more days and the troub-le all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day. The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in
beach by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the
field where the su-gar - canes grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry



floor; All mer-ry, all hap - py and bright; By'm-by hard times comes a-
heart; With sor-row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
load,—No mat-ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we



REFRAIN.



knocking at the door, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night! Weep no more, my
tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!



My Old Kentucky Home.

la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Kentuck - y home, far a - way.

The musical score for 'My Old Kentucky Home' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes.

No. 4. When the Heart is Young.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Second tenor prominent.

1. O mer - ry goes the time, When the heart is young; There is naught too
 2. But wea - ry go the feet When the heart is old; Time com - eth
 3. O sparkling are the skies, When the heart is young; There is bliss in

hard to climb, When the heart is young; A spir - it of de - light Scat - ters
 not so sweet, When the heart is old; From all that smiled and shone, There is
 beauty's eyes, When the heart is young; The gold - en break of day Bringeth

ros - es in its flight, And there's magic in the night, When the heart is young.
 something lost and gone, And our friends are few or none, When the heart is old.
 gladness in its ray, And ev - 'ry month is May, When the heart is young.

The musical score for 'When the Heart is Young' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system includes three verses of lyrics. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system concludes the song.

Sing second verse slower.

No. 5. Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

Words and melody by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

m BASS SOLO. *Vocal accompaniment, with banjo imitation.*

- | | | | | |
|-----------|----------------------------|--------|-------|-------|
| 1. 'Round | de meadows am a ring | - in', | Dark | - ies |
| 2. When | de autumn leaves were fall | - in', | When | de |
| 3. Mas | - sɜ make de darkies love | him, | Ca'se | he |

[illegible]

1st Ten. Ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, etc.

2d Ten. Pang, pang, pang, pang, pang, pang, etc.

2d Bass. Pong, pong, pong, pong, pong, pong, etc.

p

Pong, pong, pong, pong, pong,

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with 'x' or 'y'.

mourn - ful song, While de mock - in' bird am sing' - in',
days were cold, Hard to hear ole Mas - sa call - in',
was so kind, Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

pong,

A single line of musical notation for the bass part of the song. It begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation is presented on a five-line staff.

Hap-py as de day am long..... Where de i - vy am a
Cause he was so weak and old..... Now de or-ange trees am
'Mournin' ca'se he leave dem be - hind..... Can not work be - fore to-

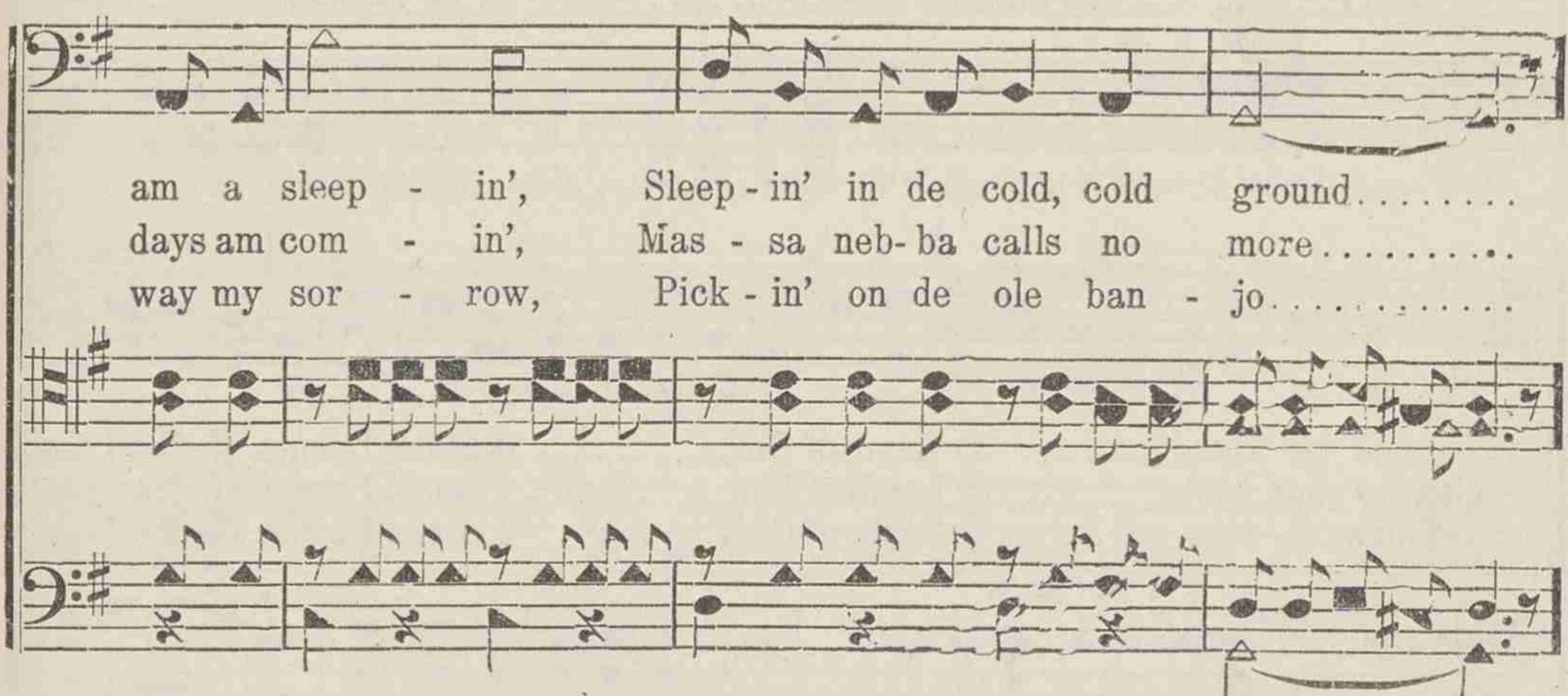
The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There is a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) in the middle of the system, followed by a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics 'The Bird Song' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.



creep - in', O'er de grass - sy mound, Dare old Mas - sa
bloom - in', On de san - dy shore, Now de sum - mer
mor - row, Ca'se de tear - drops flow, Try to drive a -



am a sleep - in', Sleep - in' in de cold, cold ground.....
days am com - in', Mas - sa neb - ba calls no more.....
way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de ole ban - jo.....

f CHORUS. *m*



Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound:

Rit.



All de dark - ies am a weep - in, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

No. 3.

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Just as I am,..... with-out one plea,..... But that Thy
 2. Just as I am,..... and wait-ing not..... To rid my
 3. Just as I am,..... Thy love unknown,..... Has broken

blood..... was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st..... me
 soul..... of one dark blot,..... To Thee, whose blood..... can
 all..... the bar-ries down,..... Now to be Thine,..... yea,

come to Thee..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come. (To Thee I come.)
 cleanse each spot,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come. (To Thee I come.)
 Thine a-lone,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come. (To Thee I come.)

REFRAIN.

I come to Thee, Lord, hear my plea,
 I come to Thee,..... Lord, hear my plea;..... And make my

And make my heart a home for Thee; I come to Thee,
 heart..... a home for Thee;..... I come to Thee,..... Lord,

Just As I Am.



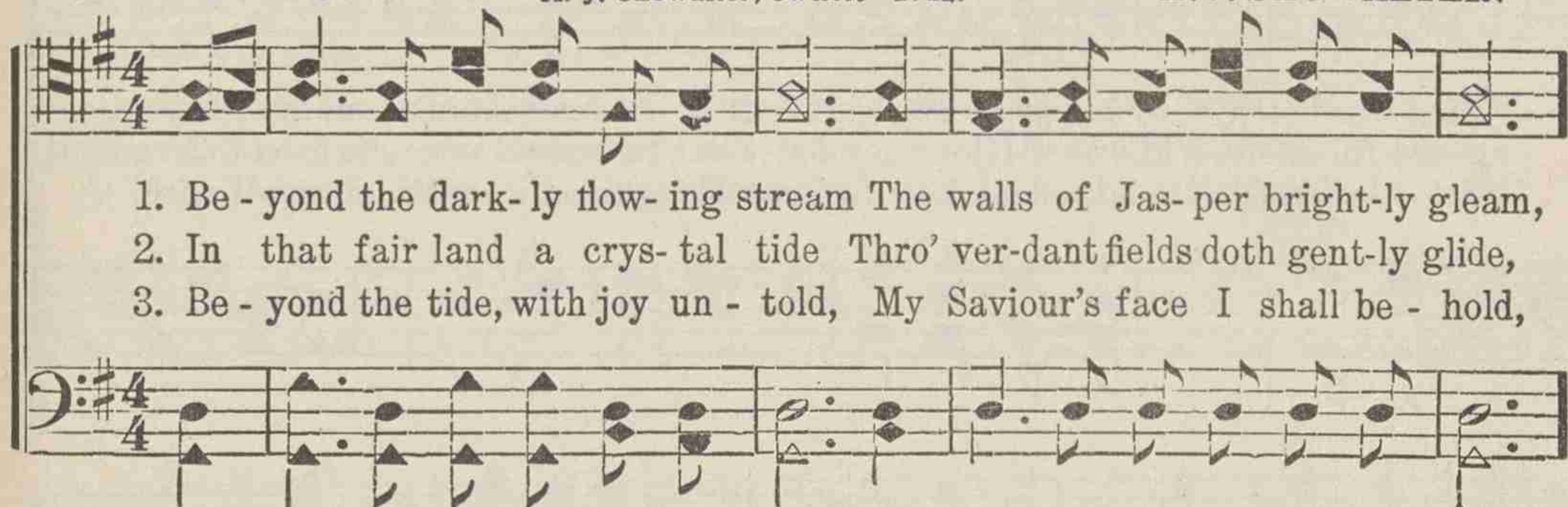
Lord, hear my plea, And make me as I ought to be. (I ought to be.)
 hear my plea, And make me as I ought to be

No. 7. Beyond the Darkly Flowing Stream.

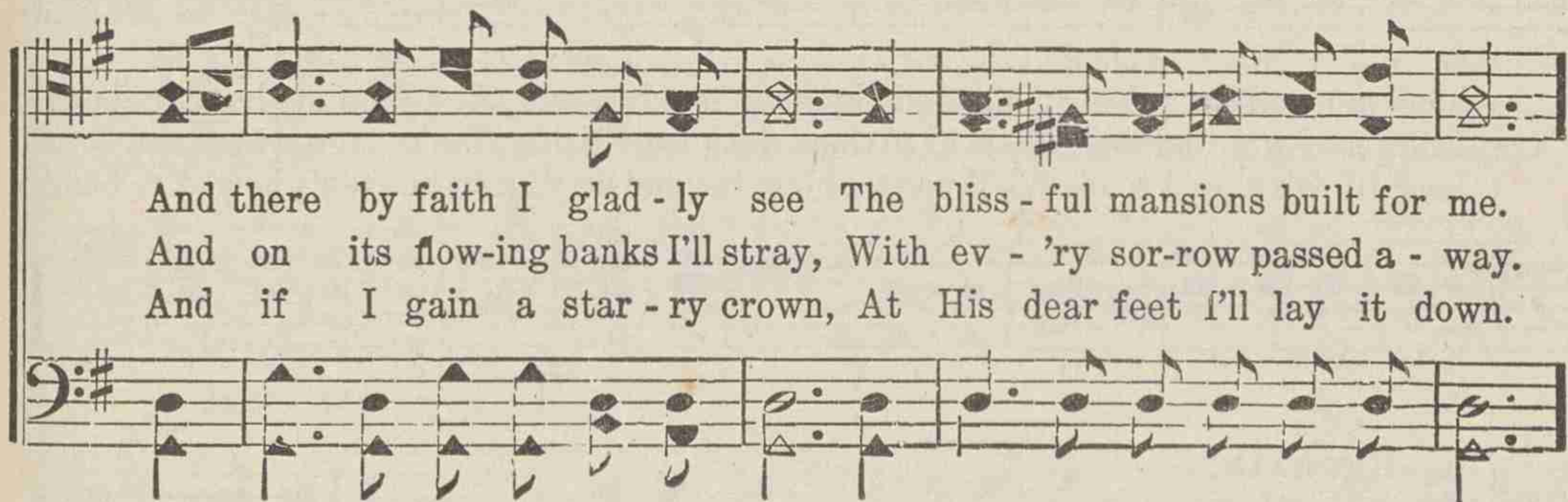
JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

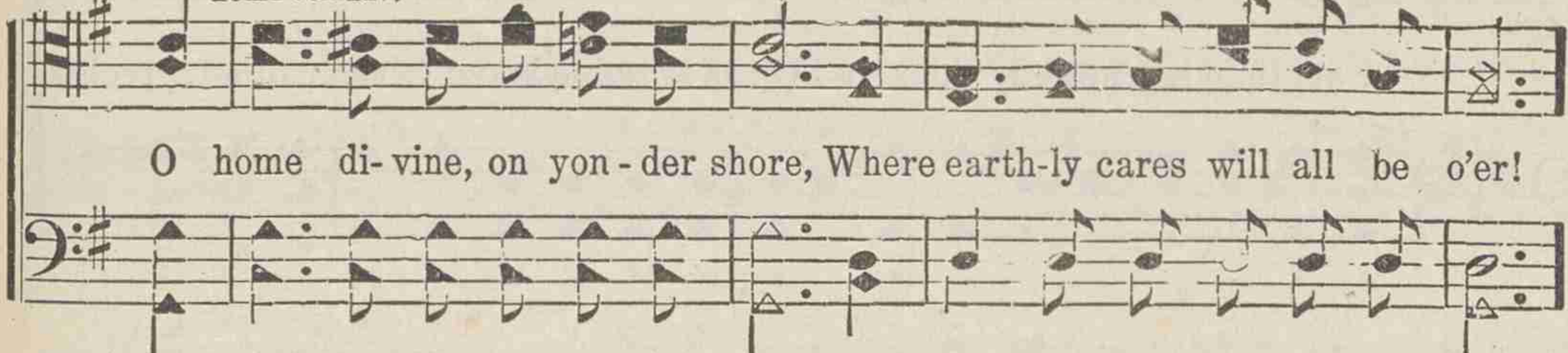


1. Be - yond the dark - ly flow - ing stream The walls of Jas - per bright - ly gleam,
 2. In that fair land a crys - tal tide Thro' ver - dant fields doth gent - ly glide,
 3. Be - yond the tide, with joy un - told, My Saviour's face I shall be - hold,

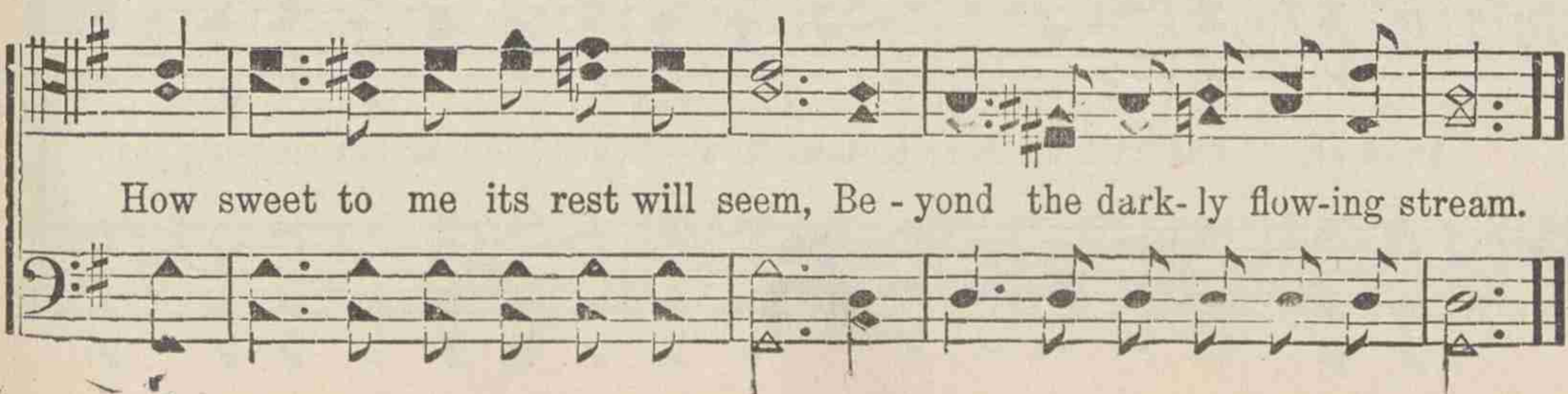


And there by faith I glad - ly see The bliss - ful mansions built for me.
 And on its flow - ing banks I'll stray, With ev - 'ry sor - row passed a - way.
 And if I gain a star - ry crown, At His dear feet I'll lay it down.

REFRAIN.



O home di - vine, on yon - der shore, Where earth - ly cares will all be o'er!



How sweet to me its rest will seem, Be - yond the dark - ly flow - ing stream.

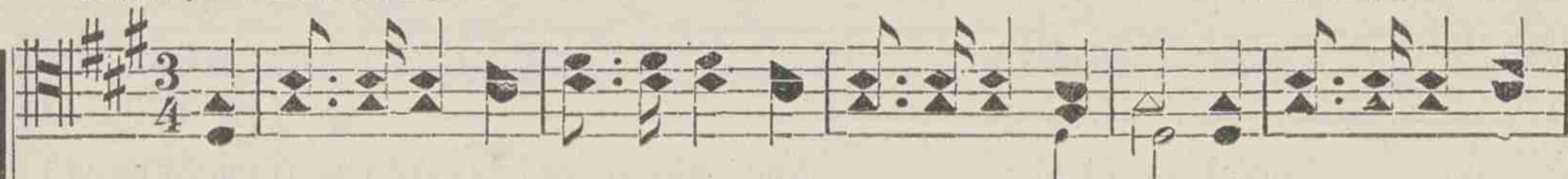
No. 8.

Thinking of Mother.

T. B. Mosley, owner. 1912.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. I'm thinking now of oth - er days, When I was but a child, Oft-times my fan-cy
2. Those days can come to me no more, Dear mother now is gone, She dwells on Canaan's
3. For one sweet touch of mother's hand, O what would I not give! She taught me of the



back-ward strays, By happy scenes beguiled; I sit once more at moth-er's knee, I
peace-ful shore, While here I jour-ney on; But those sweet words she used to sing Still
Bet - ter Land, She showed me how to live; She guided me with coun-sel wise, A



hear her mellow voice, In some old hymn it reaches me, And bids my heart rejoice.
bring me light and cheer; My soul to them doth fondly cling, They're sacred now and dear.
long life's rugged road; We'll meet at last beyond the skies, In heaven's bright a-bode.



REFRAIN.



I am thinking, sweetly thinking of joys I used to know, When mother, precious



moth-er, was with me here be-low, How I loved to hear her sing-ing in



Thinking of Mother.



No. 9.

Thy Dying Saviour.

K. C. Robinson, owner. 1912.

KITTIE DEASON.

K. C. ROBINSON.

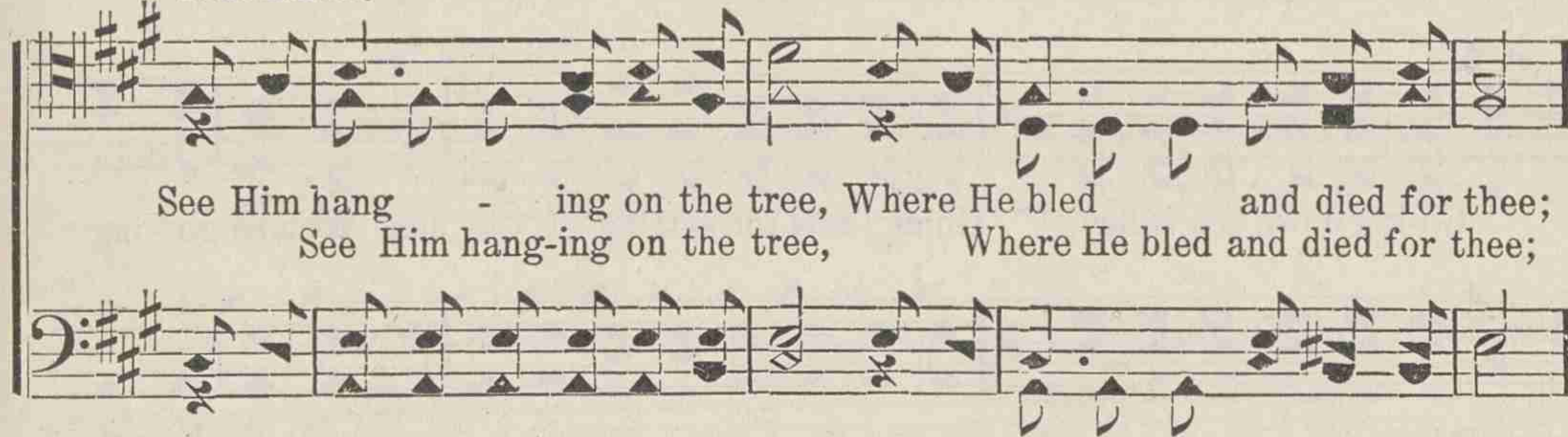


1. See the Sav - iour on the tree, Dy - ing there, dear soul, for thee;
2. See the pre - cious crim - son tide, From His hands and pierc - ed side;
3. Hear, O hear His anguished cry, By the Fa - ther left to die;

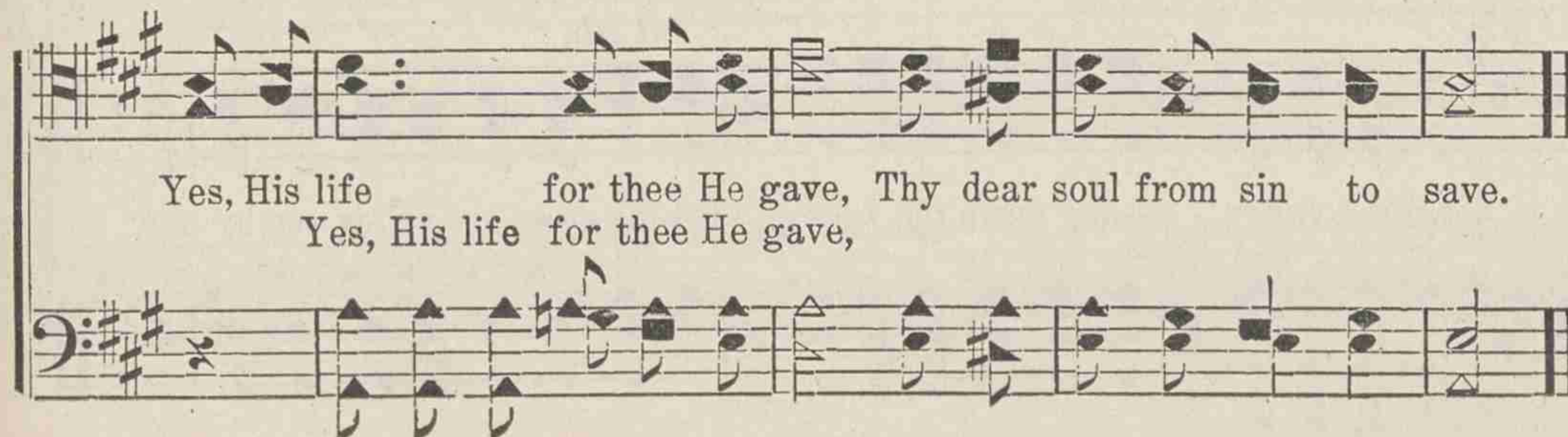


There ful - fill - ing heav - en's plan To save lost and fal - len man.
Yes, His blood He free - ly gave, Thy dear soul to cleanse and save.
'Twas for thee He suf - fered there, That thou might'st His glo - ry share.

REFRAIN.



See Him hang - ing on the tree, Where He bled and died for thee;
See Him hang - ing on the tree, Where He bled and died for thee;



Yes, His life for thee He gave, Thy dear soul from sin to save.
Yes, His life for thee He gave,

No. 10. We are Going Down the Valley.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

Used by per. of J. H. Fillmore.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Moderato.



1. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, With our fac - es t'ward the
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, When the la - bors of the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley, one by one, And, my broth - er, you and



set - ting of the sun; Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows, Where the
wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of life for - ev - er past, We shall
I must go a - lone; But a ten - der hand will guide us, lest we fall, Christ is



REFRAIN. *Repeat pp after last verse.*



stream of death in si - lence onward flows.
stand up - on the riv - er brink at last. We are go - ing down the val - ley,
go - ing down the val - ley with us all.



Go - ing down the valley, Going t'ward the setting of the sun; We are go - ing



ad lib.

rit.



down the valley, Go - ing down the valley, Go - ing down the valley one by one.



No. 11.

Bonnie.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

Arr. by A. J. S.



1. My Bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie lies o - ver the
lies
2. O blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
yes,
3. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown o - ver the
yes,



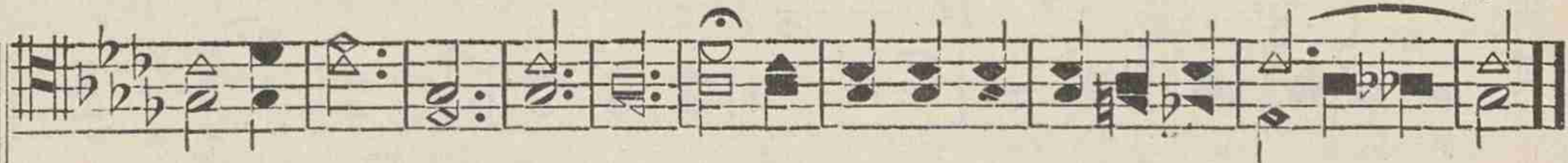
- sea; My bon-nie lies o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my
o - ver the sea;
sea; O blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my
o - ver the sea;
sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, And bro't back my
o - ver the sea;



REFRAIN.



- Bon-nie to me Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to
my bon-nie to me.

*After last verse repeat pp.*

- me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
my Bon-nie to me.

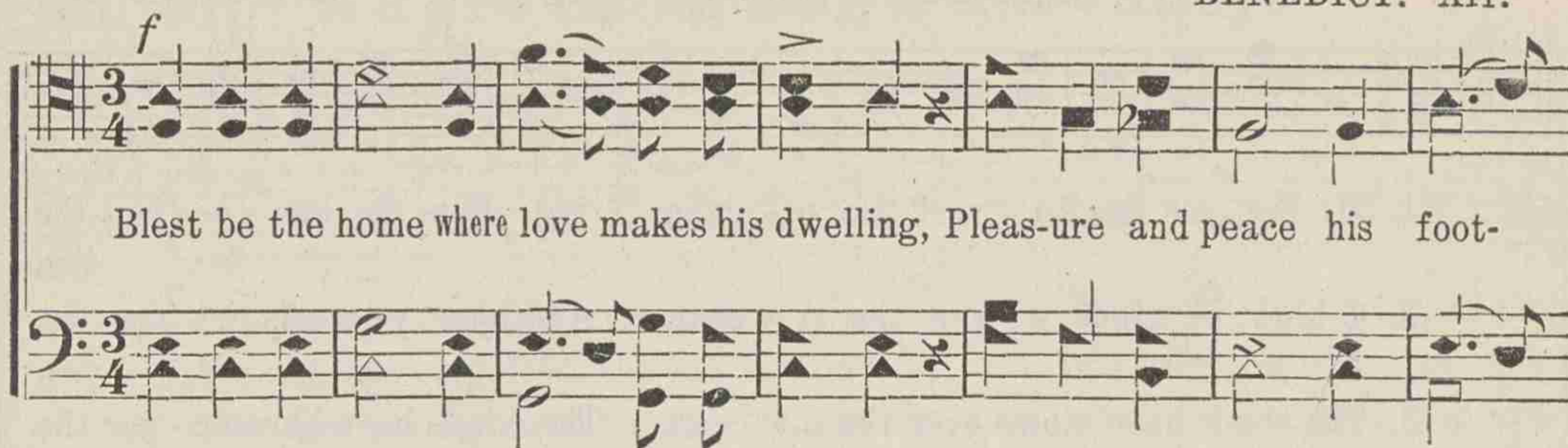


No. 12.

Blest Be the Home.

BENEDICT. Arr.

f



Blest be the home where love makes his dwelling, Pleas-ure and peace his foot-



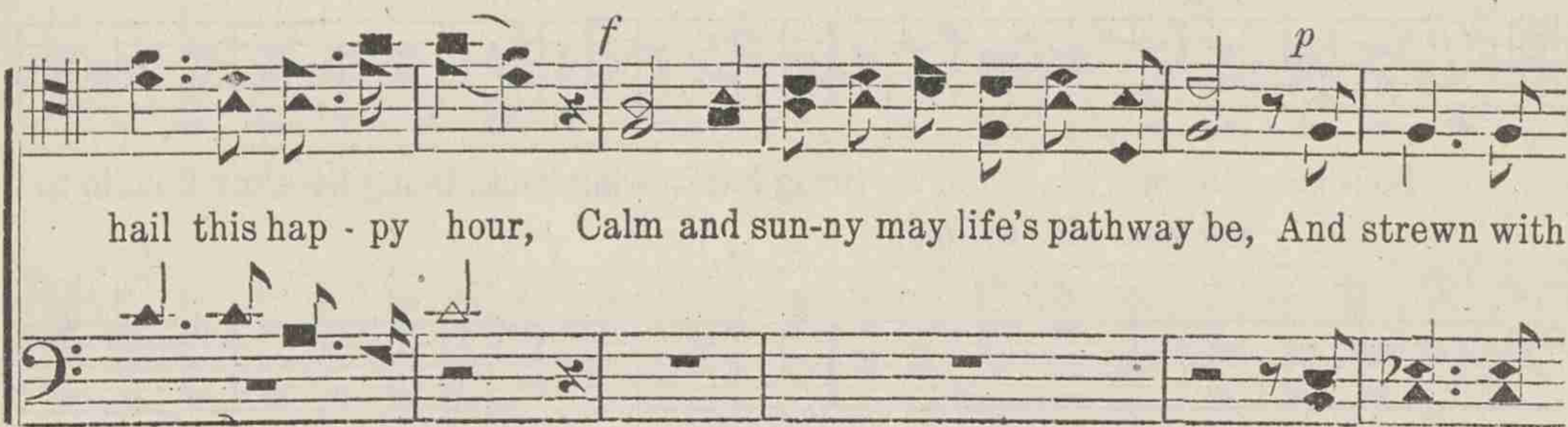
steps in-vite; O with what joy each bo-som is swell-ing, When two in one

f



tie thus fond-ly u-nite. Friendship's off'ring now we bring to thee, We

f *p*



hail this hap-py hour, Calm and sun-ny may life's pathway be, And strewn with

ff *pp*



ma-ny a flow'r. Hail! Hail! Hail! Blest be the home where love makes his

Blest Be the Home.

Cres.



dwelling, Pleasure and peace crown this happy, happy hour.
hap - py hour. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

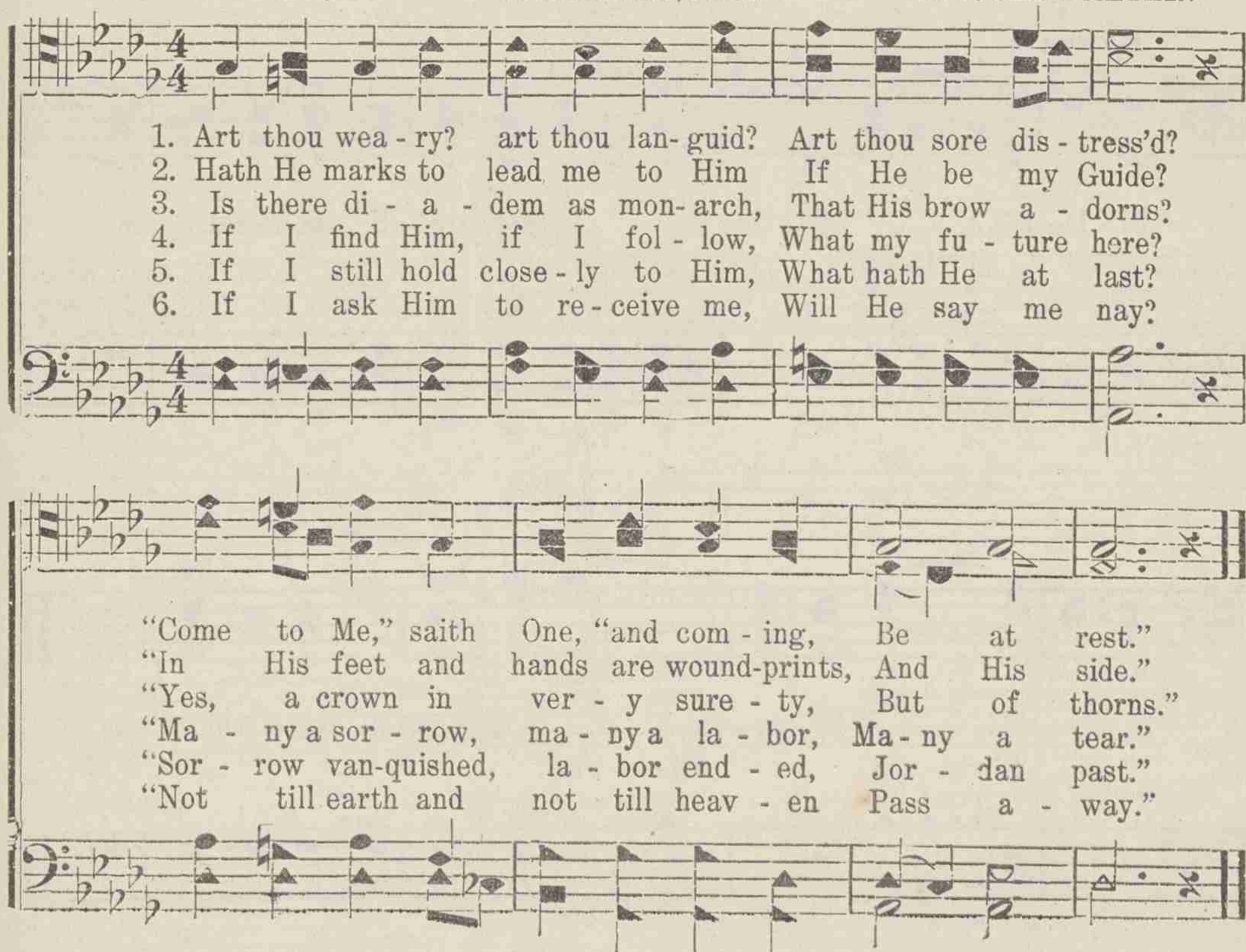
No. 13.

Art Thou Weary?

REV. J. M. NEALE, Tr.

A. J. Showalter, owner.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Art thou wea - ry? art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What my fu - ture here?
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
"Ma - ny a sor - row, ma - ny a la - bor, Ma - ny a tear."
"Sor - row van-quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan past."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."

No. 14.

Ellorie.

H. M. Eagle, owner. 1912.

JAMES ROWE.

H. M. EAGLE.



1. All my heart I give to you, El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie,
2. You are sunshine to my heart,
3. Soon will dawn our wedding day, El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie,



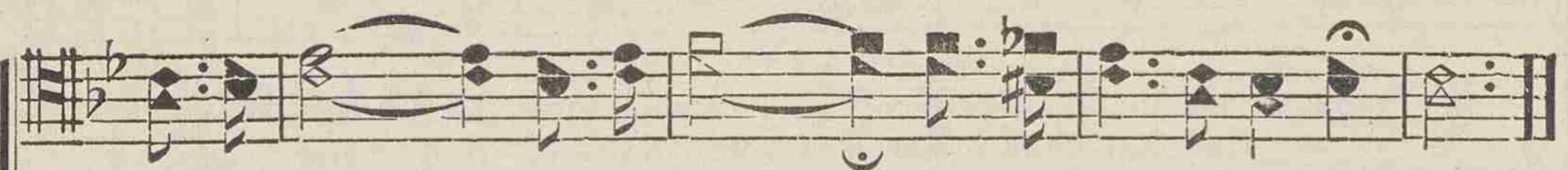
You will al - ways find me true, El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie
 If you sigh my tear-drops start,
 You will soon be mine for aye, El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie.



REFRAIN.



El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie, You are all the world to me;
 El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie,



El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie, You are all the world to me.
 El - lo - rie, El - lo - rie,



No. 15.

Happy Welcome.

J. W. G.

J. W. Guin, owner. 1912.

JOEL W. GUIN.



1. We come, dear friends, to greet you, A wel-come now we bring; So
2. Let all your sor-rows leave you, Be-reave-ment and vain care; With



Cres.

REFRAIN. Allegro.



glad we are to meet you, A cheer-ful song we sing. Hap-py, hap-py
all that might deceive you; Then come, a welcome share.



wel-come, wel-come, one and all, "Let your hearts be cheer-ful,"
yes, wel-come all,



Slowly.

A tempo.



is our earn-est call; Let your sor-rows van-ish, Make your fac-es
Make your



Rit.



bright, For a hap-py welcome we bring you to-night.
fac-es bright, we bring,



No. 16.

Bonny Eloise.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

C. W. ELLIOTT.

J. R. THOMAS. Arr. by A. J. S.



1. O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gent - ly glides On its
2. O sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sun - ny years, That be-
3. O sweet are the mo - ments when dream - ing I roam Thro' my



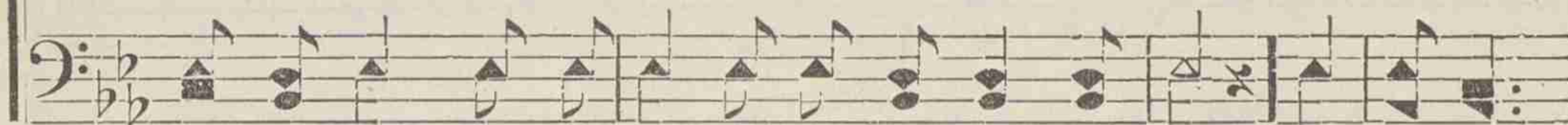
clear winding way to the sea; And dear - er than all stor-ied streams on
span-gle the gay val - ley o'er; And dear - er the friends seen thro' mem-o-
loved haunts, now mossy and gray; And dear - er than all is my childhood's



REFRAIN.



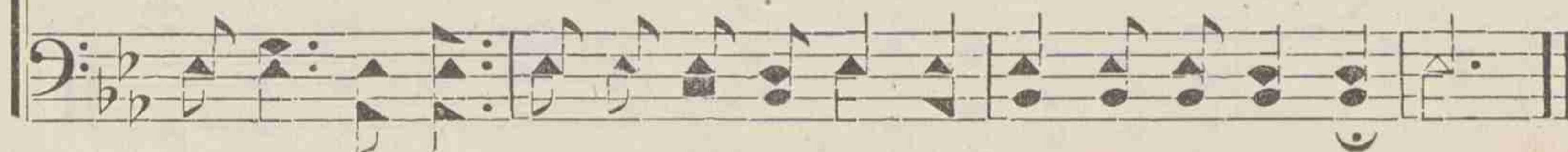
earth be - sides Is this bright rolling riv - er to me.
rie's fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore. But sweeter,
hal-low'd home, That is crumbling now slow-ly a - way.



dear - er, yes, dear - er far than these, Who charm where others all fail, Is



blue-eyed, bon-nie, bon-nie E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mo - hawk Vale.

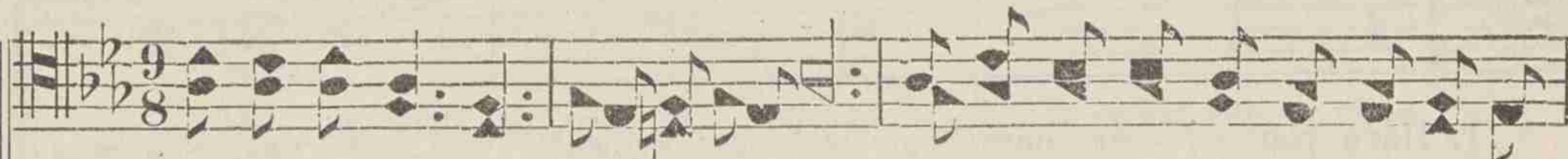


No. 17.

Serenade.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. J. S.



1. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, wake un - to me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for
2. Beau-ti-ful dreamer, out on the sea Mermaids are chanting the wild lo-re-



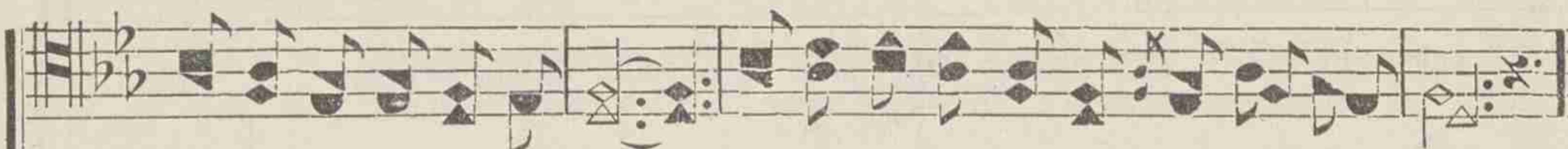
thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight have
lie; O - ver the stream-let va - pors are borne, Waiting to fade at the



all passed a - way! Beauti-ful dreamer, queen of my song, List while I woo
bright com-ing morn. Beauti-ful dreamer, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn



thee with soft mel-o - dy; Gone are the cares of life's bus - y throng, Beautiful
on the streamlet and sea; Then will all clouds of sor - row de - part, Beautiful



dreamer, a-wake un - to me! Beauti-ful dreamer, a - wake un - to me!

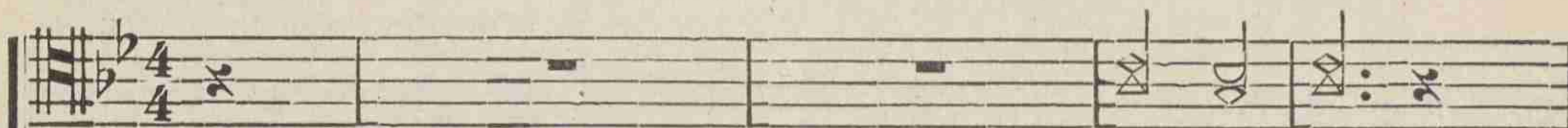


No. 18. The Pretty Widow Brown.

JAMES ROWE.

H. M. Eagle. owner. 1912.

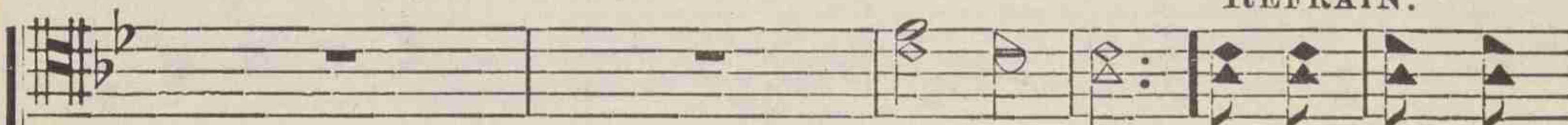
H. M. EAGLE.



1. Have you ev - er heard of wid - ow Brown?— Yes, O yes; She was
2. There are men who gave her dia - mond rings,— Yes, O yes; There are
3. She was ver - y sweet and ver - y kind,— Yes, O yes; She has
4. You are poor - er, now, but wis - er men,— Yes, O yes; Don't you



REFRAIN.



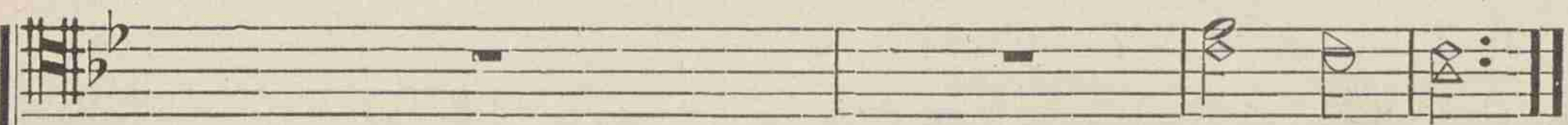
quite the fair - est girl in town,— Yes, O yes.
 men who tho't that she wore wings,— Yes, O yes. We are ver - y
 left some bro - ken hearts be - hind,— Yes, O yes.
 hope she will not come a - gain,— Yes, O yes.



well ac - quaint-ed with the pret - ty wid - ow Brown; We have seen her



smile of sun - shine and her aw - ful an - gry frown; Did you



ask her for her heart? Did she turn you down?— Yes, O yes.



To make this song effective the parts should be acted; "yes, O yes," should be sung with heads lifted and eyes turned up, hands folded across breast. While singing first two lines of refrain, singers should sadly shake their heads.

No. 19. Hear What Happened to Bill.

JAMES ROWE.

H. M. Eagle, owner. 1912.

H. M. EAGLE.

1. Do you wish to hear a sto - ry true? Hear what happened to Bill;
 2. On his jour-ney home he lost his hat,—Hear what happened to Bill;
 3. Bil - ly went to bed a much-wet man,—Hear what happened to Bill;
 4. "Give me back my mon-ey, love," he cried,—Hear what happened to Bill;

'Twas a week a - go, on Fri - day, too,—Hear what hap-pened to Bill:
 He ac-cused his wife of steal-ing that,—Hear what hap-pened to Bill:
 Then to search his pants his wife be-gan,—Hear what hap-pened to Bill:
 Look-ing strong and stern, his wife re-plied:—Hear what hap-pened to Bill:

Bil - ly went to town and filled His tank; Not one drop did he spill;
 Then his wif - ey threw some wa - ter cold, Giv - ing Bil - ly a chill;
 In the morn-ing when poor Bill a - woke, There his pan-ties were still;
 "Did you ev - er hear the like of that? I won't swallow that pill!"

Two and twen-ty pints of ale he drank—That's what happened to Bill.
 Then she got of him a stran-gle hold—That's what happened to Bill.
 Fif - ty dol-lars gone, the bank was broke—That's what happened to Bill.
 You may find your mon-ey in your hat"—That's what happened to Bill.

No. 20.

Annie Laurie.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

3

1. Max-welton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly falls the
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her neck is like the
 3. Like dew on dai-sies ly-ing, Is the fall of her fai-ry

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bonnie, Where ear - - ly falls the
 2. Her brow is like the snowdrift, Her neck is like the
 3. Like dew on dai - sies ly-ing, Is the fall of her fai - ry

3

dew;..... 'Twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her promise
 swan;..... Her face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone
 feet;..... Like winds in sum - mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

dew;..... 'Twas there that An - nie Laurie Gave me her promise
 swan;..... Her face it is the fairest That e'er the sun shone
 feet;..... Like winds in sum - mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and

true, her promise true, Gave me her prom - ise true,..... And
 on, the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on,..... And
 sweet, is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet,..... And

true,..... Gave me, gave me her promise true,
 on,..... That e'er, that e'er the sun shone on,
 sweet,..... Her voice, her voice is low and sweet,

ne'er for-get will I,..... And for bon - nie An-nie
 dark blue is her eye,..... And for bon - nie An-nie
 ne'er for-get will I,..... That for bon - nie An-nie

And ne'er, and ne'er for - get will I,
 And dark, and dark blue is her eye,
 And ne'er, and ne'er for - get will I,

Annie Laurie.

Musical score for 'Annie Laurie' in 2/4 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Lau - rie, I'd lay me down, I'd lay me down and die. I'd lay me down and die.

No. 21. Come With Sweet Flowers.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

CLAUDE ELMER WILLIS,

J. D. PATTON.

Musical score for 'Come With Sweet Flowers' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. Come with sweet flowers of June-time, Scat - ter them o - ver the dead; 2. Come while the beau-ti-ful sum - mer Glad - dens the world with its bloom; 3. Tho' they have gone from our num-ber, Still we their names will re - vere; 4. Oft - en we'll come with af - fec - tion, While fu-ture years may roll by,

Musical score for 'Come With Sweet Flowers' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Where our loved comrades are sleep-ing, Ten - der - ly deck each low bed. Twine from its flow - er - y treas - ures Gar-lands to lay on each tomb. While we no more view their fac - es, Hold-ing their mem-o - ry dear. Strew - ing fair flowr's o'er the couch - es Where our loved comrades now lie.

REFRAIN.

Musical score for 'Come With Sweet Flowers' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Come with sweet flow-ers of June-time, Strew them with kind, lov-ing hand;

Musical score for 'Come With Sweet Flowers' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble clef and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Fond - ly re - member the broth - ers Gone to the great si - lent land.

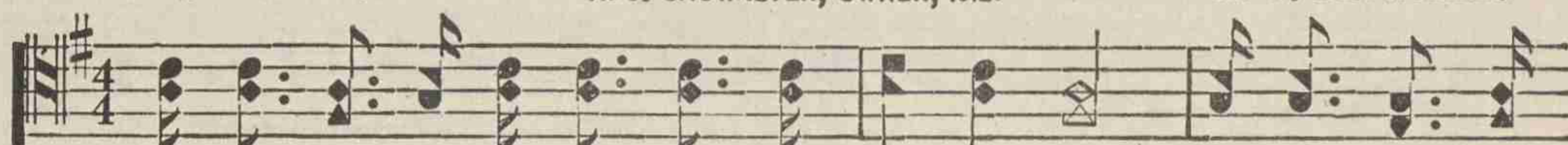
No. 22.

Crossing O'er the River.

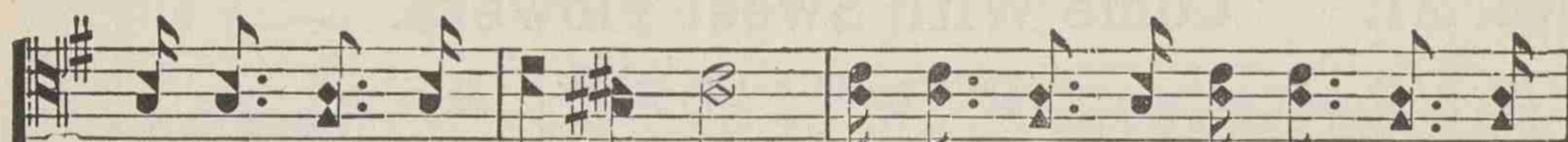
Jno. W. Huff.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.



1. Cross-ing o'er the riv - er with the set-ting sun, Leav-ing earth - ly
 2. Cross-ing o'er the riv - er to the bet-ter life, Pass-ing mor - tal
 3. Cross-ing o'er the riv - er to the oth-er shore, Thinking of the
 4. Cross-ing o'er the riv - er to e - ter - ni - ty, Ev - er - more with

mansions, cross-ing one by one, Cross-ing out for-ev-er from these
 vis-ions, leav-ing pain and strife, Ev - er - more to sev-er from all
 loved ones who have gone be-fore, Read-y for the meeting on the
 loved ones and our Lord to be; Cross-ing o'er the riv-er to those



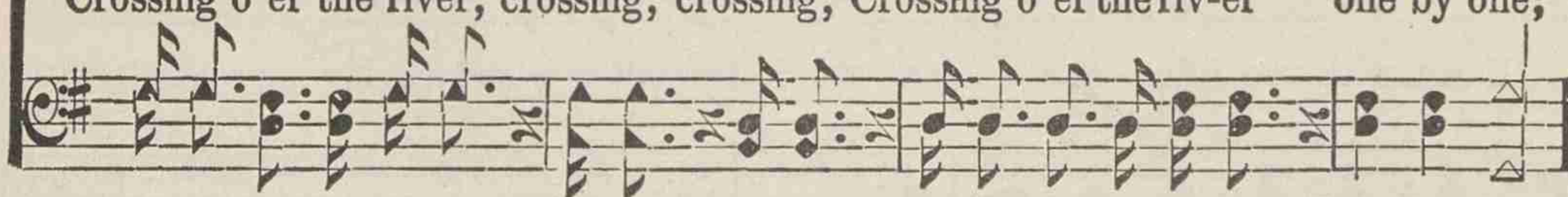

mor-tal dales, Cross-ing o'er the riv - er to e - ter - nal vales.
 earth-ly care, Cross-ing o'er the riv - er to the man-sions fair.
 gold-en strand, Hap - py in the greet-ing of the an - gel band.
 man-sions blest, Cross-ing o'er the riv - er, go - ing home to rest.



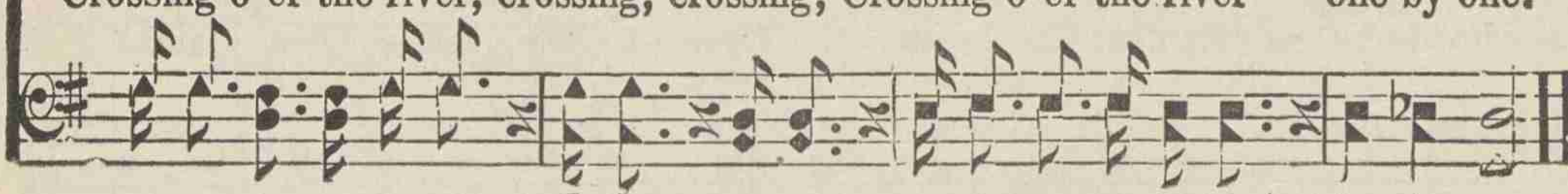
REFRAIN.



Crossing o'er the river, crossing, crossing, Crossing o'er the riv-er one by one;


Slow and soft.....


Crossing o'er the river, crossing, crossing, Crossing o'er the river one by one.



No. 23.

Christ Has Satisfied.

D. T. Robinson, owner. 1912.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN and
JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

D. T. ROBINSON.



1. My soul in vain sought rest and peace, Thro' all earth's pathways wide,
2. No more with - out a guide or chart I drift up - on life's tide,
3. My Sav - iour He, my dear - est friend, My hope, my rest, my guide,
4. No mat - ter where my lot is cast, My needs are all sup - plied;
5. And when I reach that cit - y fair, Whose gates are o - pen wide,



But now at last it's rest is found,—For Christ has sat - is - fied.
For I am an - chored to the Rock,—And Christ has sat - is - fied.
Yes, all I need in Him I find,—For Christ has sat - is - fied.
No good thing does my Lord with - hold,—For Christ has sat - is - fied.
I'll sing the same old sto - ry there,—That Christ has sat - is - fied.



REFRAIN.



His peace is in my soul to - day, His Spir - it doth a - bide;



My heart is filled with joy and peace, For Christ has sat - is - fied.



No. 24. How They Crucified My Lord.

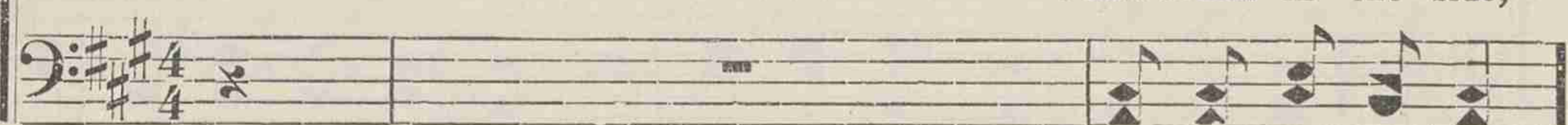
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Jubilee Song. Arr. by A. J. S.



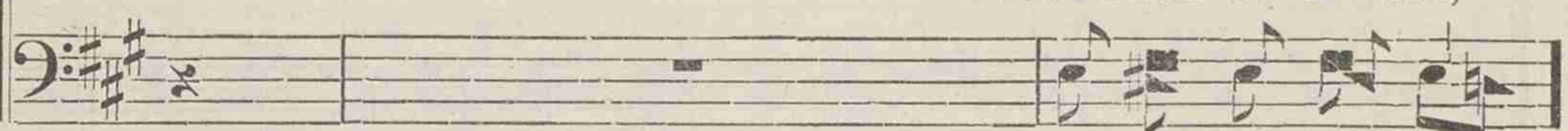
1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
 2. When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
 3. When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree,
 4. When I think how they pierc'd Him in the side,

Cru - ci - fied my Lord,
 Crown'd Him with the thorns,
 Nail'd Him to the tree,
 Pierc'd Him in the side,

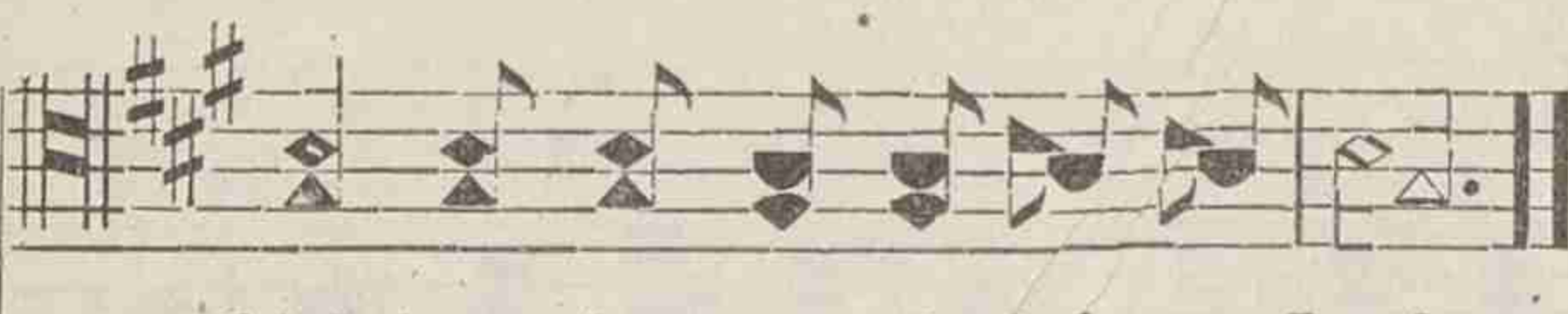



When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord,
 When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns,
 When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree,
 When I think how they pierc'd Him in the side,

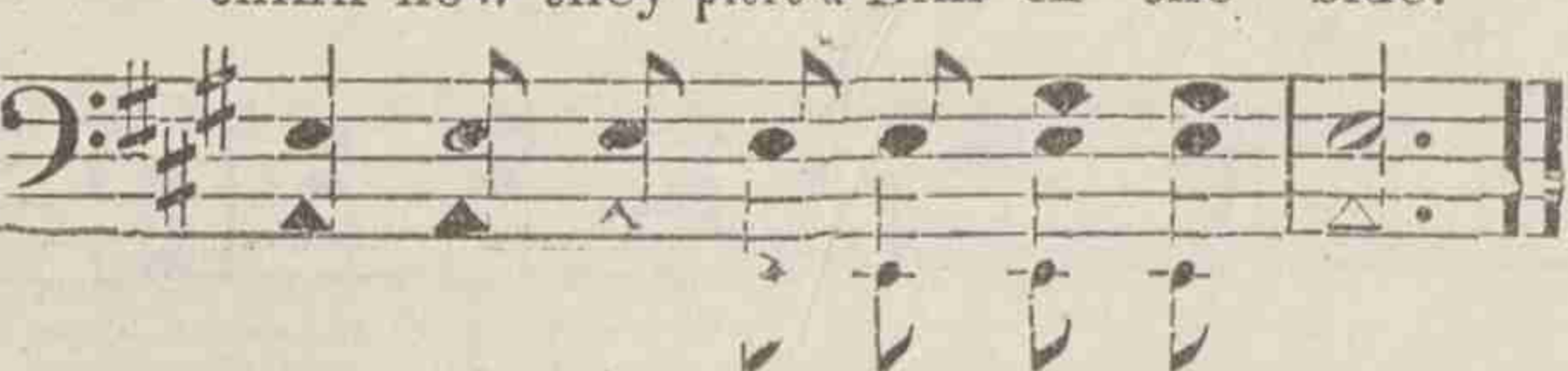
Cru - ci - fied my Lord,
 Crown'd Him with the thorns,
 Nail'd Him to the tree,
 Pierc'd Him in the side,




O sometimes it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, When I
 O sometimes it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, When I
 O sometimes it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, When I
 O sometimes it caus - es me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, When I

think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
 think how they crown'd Him with the thorns.
 think how they nail'd Him to the tree.
 think how they pierc'd Him in the side.



- 5 When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
- 6 When I think how He bore it all for me.
- 7 When I think how the stone was rolled away.
- 8 When I think how He rose up from the grave.
- 9 When I think how He justifies His child.
- 10 When I think how He intercedes for me.

No. 25.

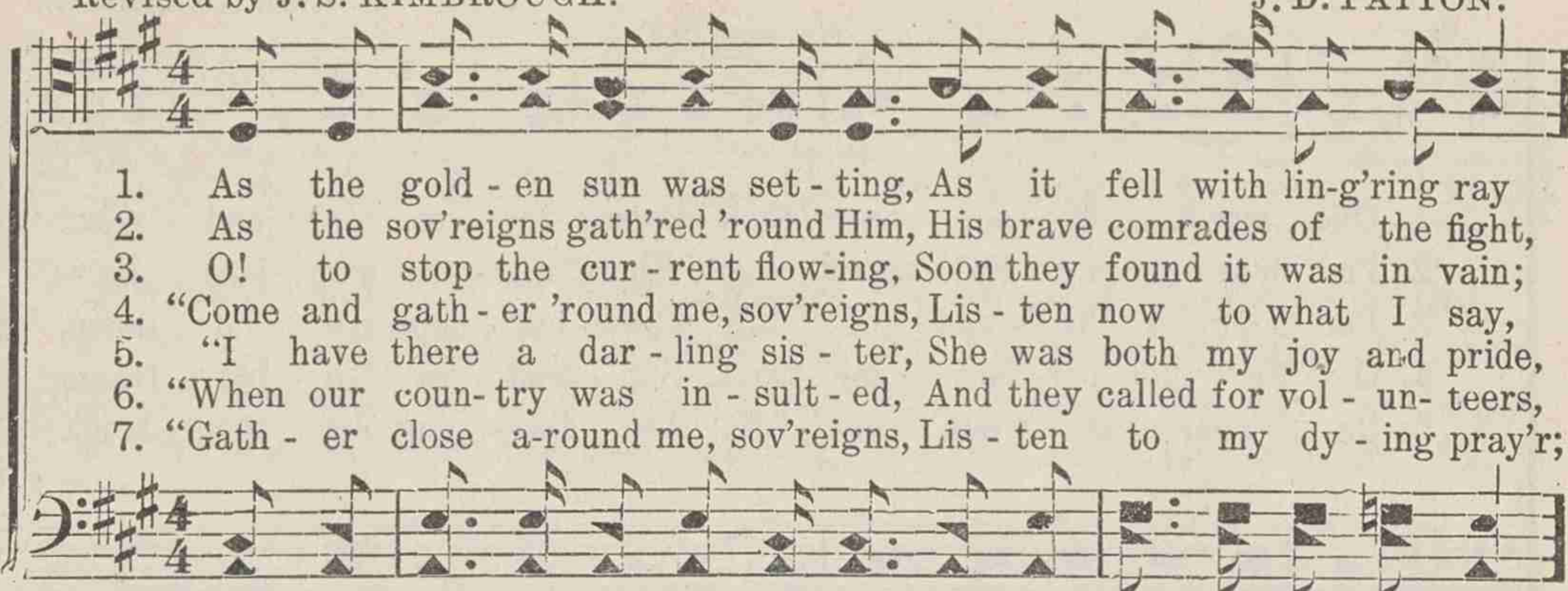
The Dying Woodman.

Sovereign Visitor.

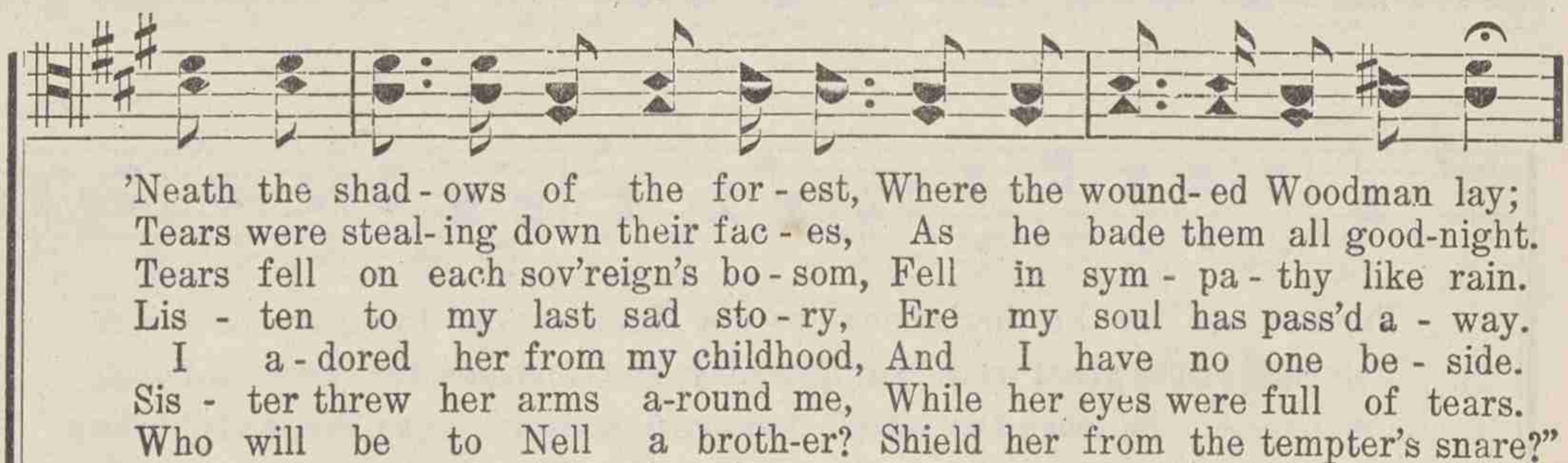
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Revised by J. S. KIMBROUGH.

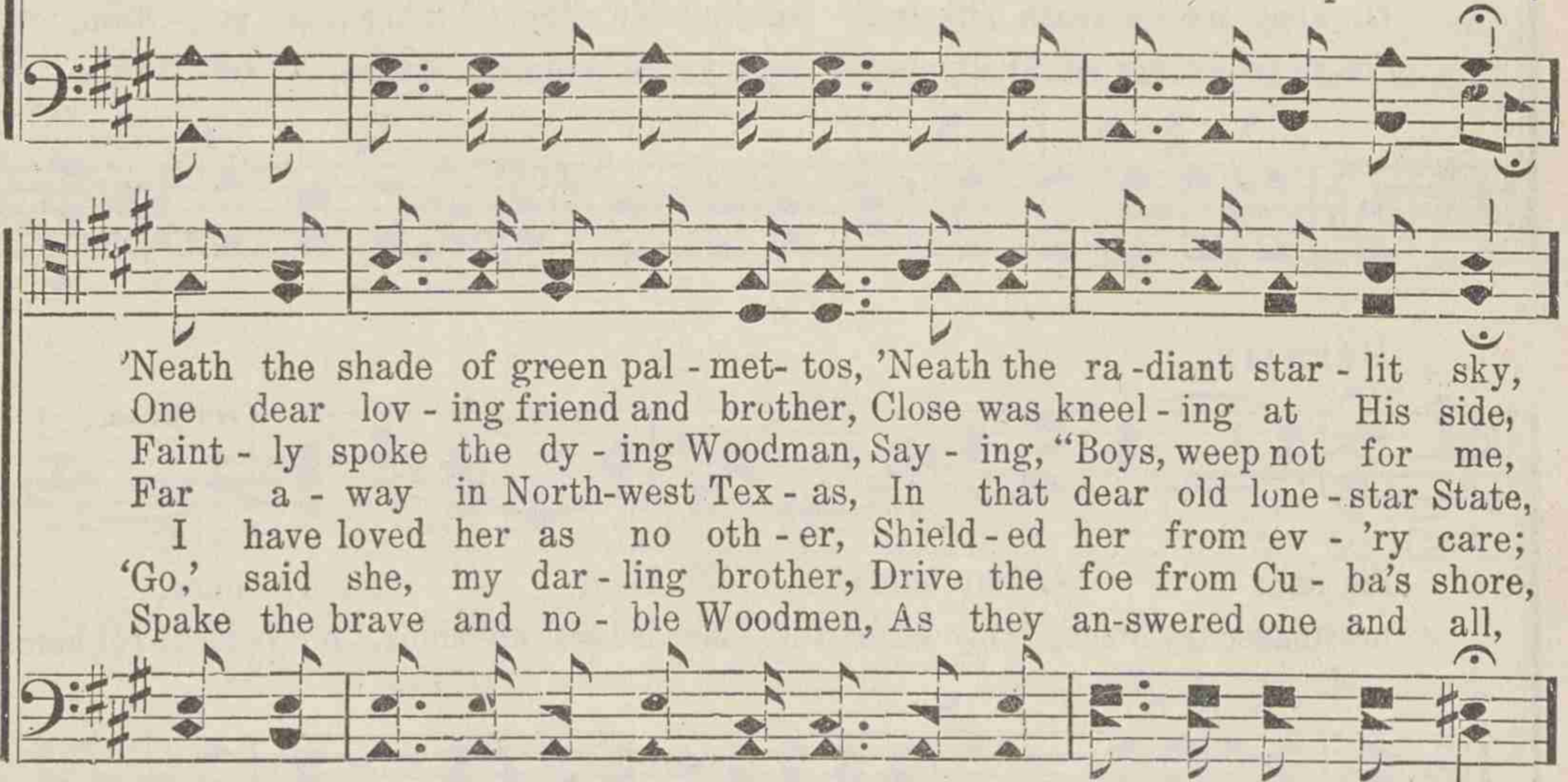
J. D. PATTON.



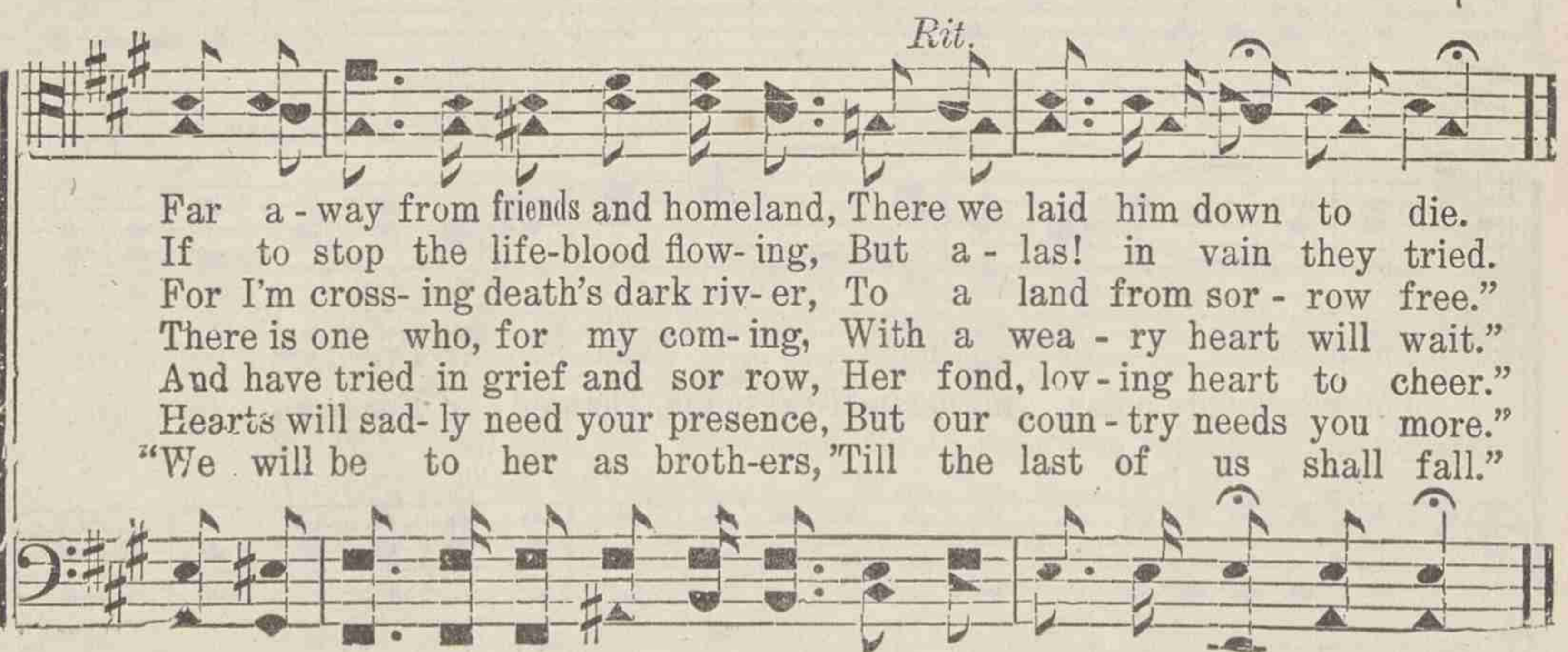
1. As the gold - en sun was set - ting, As it fell with lin - g'ring ray
 2. As the sov'reigns gath'ed 'round Him, His brave comrades of the fight,
 3. O! to stop the cur - rent flow - ing, Soon they found it was in vain;
 4. "Come and gath - er 'round me, sov'reigns, Lis - ten now to what I say,
 5. "I have there a dar - ling sis - ter, She was both my joy and pride,
 6. "When our coun - try was in - sult - ed, And they called for vol - un - teers,
 7. "Gath - er close a - round me, sov'reigns, Lis - ten to my dy - ing pray'r;



'Neath the shad - ows of the for - est, Where the wound - ed Woodman lay;
 Tears were steal - ing down their fac - es, As he bade them all good - night.
 Tears fell on each sov'reign's bo - som, Fell in sym - pa - thy like rain.
 Lis - ten to my last sad sto - ry, Ere my soul has pass'd a - way.
 I a - dored her from my childhood, And I have no one be - side.
 Sis - ter threw her arms a - round me, While her eyes were full of tears.
 Who will be to Nell a broth - er? Shield her from the tempter's snare?"



'Neath the shade of green pal - met - tos, 'Neath the ra - diant star - lit sky,
 One dear lov - ing friend and brother, Close was kneel - ing at His side,
 Faint - ly spoke the dy - ing Woodman, Say - ing, "Boys, weep not for me,
 Far a - way in North - west Tex - as, In that dear old lone - star State,
 I have loved her as no oth - er, Shield - ed her from ev - 'ry care;
 'Go,' said she, my dar - ling brother, Drive the foe from Cu - ba's shore,
 Spake the brave and no - ble Woodmen, As they an - swered one and all,



Rit.
 Far a - way from friends and homeland, There we laid him down to die.
 If to stop the life - blood flow - ing, But a - las! in vain they tried.
 For I'm cross - ing death's dark riv - er, To a land from sor - row free."
 There is one who, for my com - ing, With a wea - ry heart will wait."
 And have tried in grief and sor row, Her fond, lov - ing heart to cheer."
 Hearts will sad - ly need your presence, But our coun - try needs you more."
 "We will be to her as broth - ers, 'Till the last of us shall fall."

No. 26.

Nearer My Home.

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

CAREY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. I'm near - er my Fa - ther's house Where ma - ny man - sions be,
3. I'm near - er the bound of life Where bur - dens are laid down,
4. O Fa - ther, per - fect my trust, Sup - port my fee - ble frame;
5. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink;



I'm near - er my Fa - ther's house to - day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
 I'm near - er the great white throne to - day, Yes, near - er the crys - tal sea.
 I'm near - er to leave the cross to - day, And near - er to wear the crown.
 O keep me be - neath Thy care to - day, My trem - bling hope sus - tain.
 I'm near - er my heav'n - ly home to - day, Per - haps, than now I think.



REFRAIN.



I'm near - er my home, Near - er my home,
 I'm nearer my home, my beautiful home, Nearer my home, my beau - ti - ful home,



After last verse repeat pp.



I'm near - er my home, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
 I'm nearer my home, my beau - ti - ful home, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.



No. 27. When the Moon Shall Turn to Blood.

K. C. Robinson owner. 1912.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

K. C. ROBINSON.



1. When the stars are all rolled back-ward To re - veal the throne of God,
2. You have long heard Je - sus knock - ing, And that Friend you have withstood,
3. You may now be in life's springtime, Like a bright and ten - der bud,
4. Thro' His ser - vant God gave warn - ing Ere He sent to earth His flood,



Then the sun will turn to dark - ness, And the moon will turn to blood.
But what will you do, poor sin - ner, When the moon shall turn to blood?
But you'll have to face the judg - ment When the moon shall turn to blood?
And He calls to - day, "Be read - y, When the moon shall turn to blood."



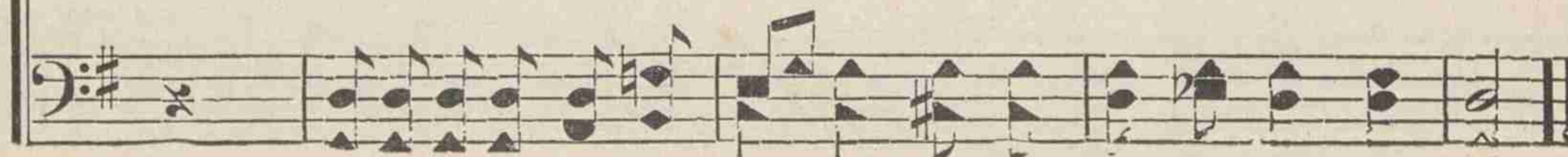
REFRAIN.



Will your soul from home be driv - en, Like a ship up - on the flood?
Will your soul from home be driv - en, Like a ship up - on the flood?



Or will you set sail for heav - en When the moon shall turn to blood?
Or will you set sail for heav - en When the moon shall turn to blood?



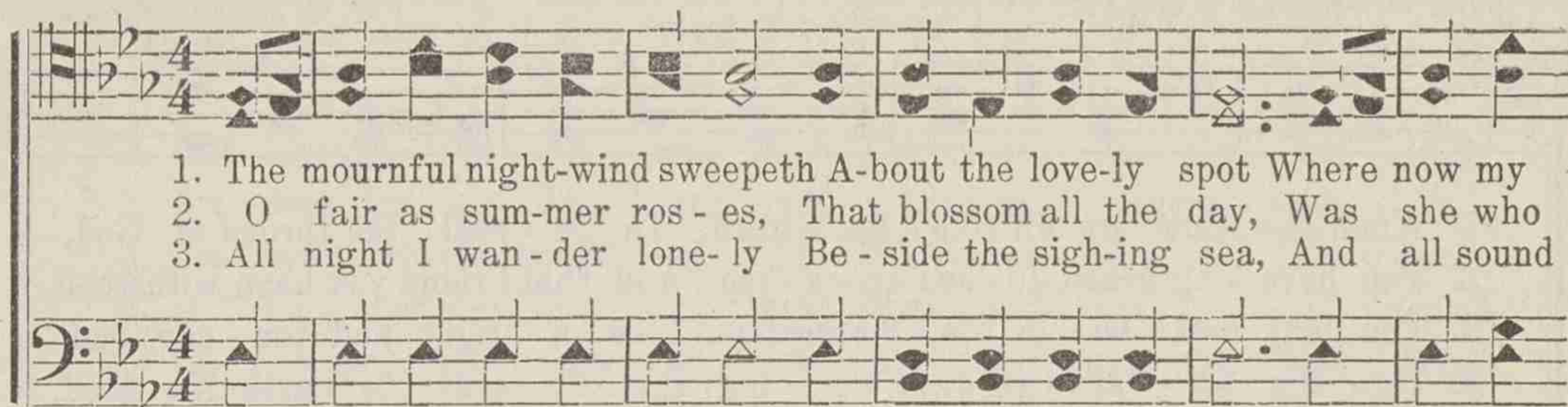
No. 28.

The Willow Tree.

ANON.

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

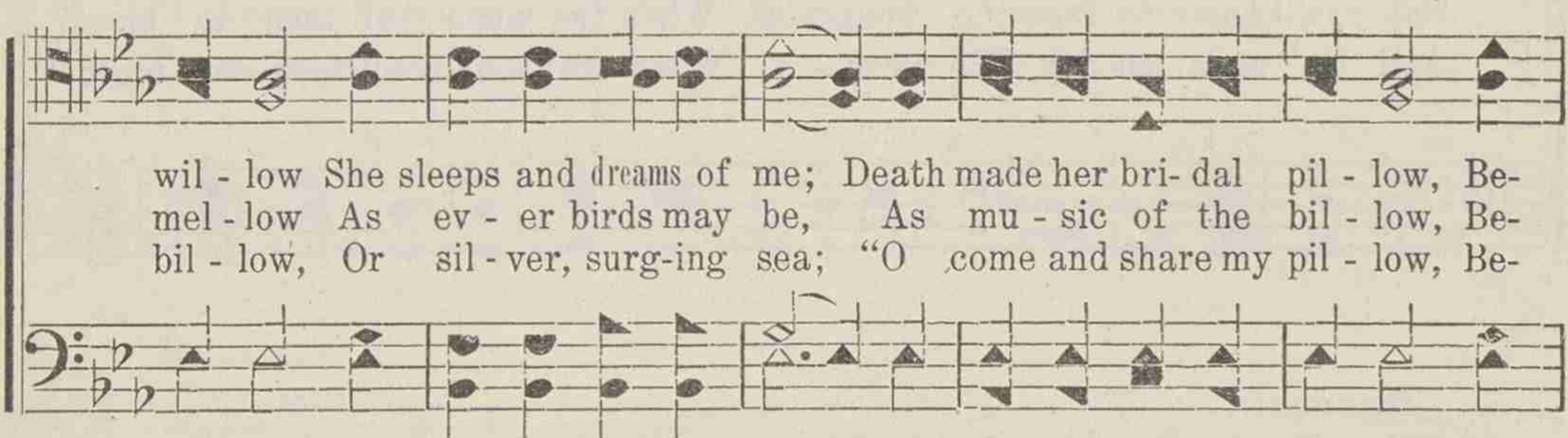
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The mournful night-wind sweepeth A-bout the love-ly spot Where now my
 2. O fair as sum-mer ros-es, That blossom all the day, Was she who
 3. All night I wan-der lone-ly Be-side the sigh-ing sea, And all sound



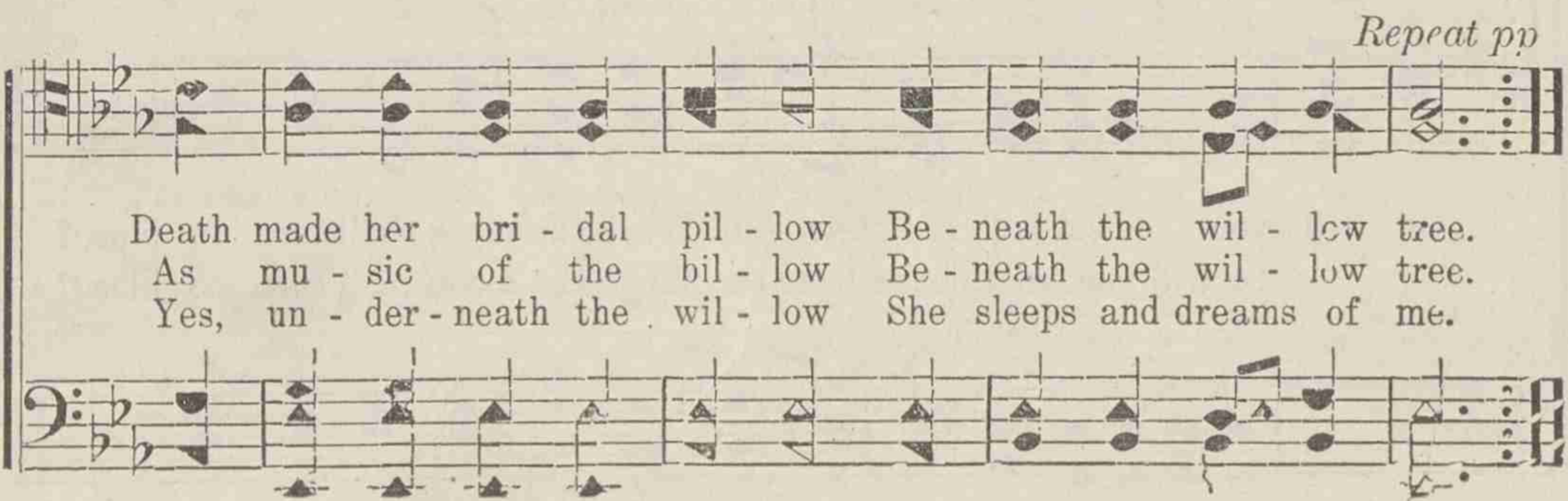
Ma-ry sleep-eth, By all but me for-got; Yes, un-der-neath the
 here re-pos-es The long, long sum-mer day; O sweet the voice, and
 seem-eth on-ly An an-gel call-ing me, From wind-y, wail-ing



wil-low She sleeps and dreams of me; Death made her bri-dal pil-low, Be-
 mel-low As ev-er birds may be, As mu-sic of the bil-low, Be-
 bil-low, Or sil-ver, surg-ing sea; "O come and share my pil-low, Be-



neath the willow tree. Wil-low tree, wil-low tree,
 neath the willow tree. Wil-low tree, wil-low tree,
 neath the willow tree." Wil-low tree, wil-low tree,
 Wil-low tree, wil-low tree,



Death made her bri-dal pil-low Be-neath the wil-low tree.
 As mu-sic of the bil-low Be-neath the wil-low tree.
 Yes, un-der-neath the wil-low She sleeps and dreams of me.

No. 29.

Awake the Song.

EMMA PITT.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

W. R. PHILLIPS.



1. A - wake the song of wel - come! Let hap - py voic - es ring, We
2. Then join our songs of greet - ing! And hope we may ful - fill The
3. A - wake the song of wel - come! And join our heart and hand, Let



REFRAIN.



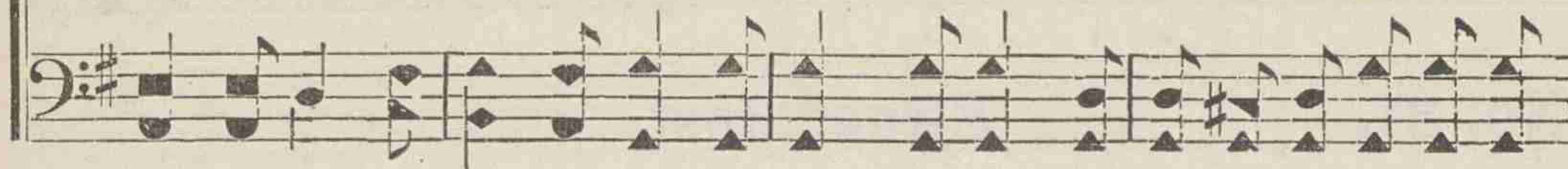
greet our friends with pleasure, With earn - est ef - forts sing.
tasks we say, the work we do, With zealous strength and will. A - wake the song of
ev - 'ry heart make mu - sic, A hap - py, joy - ful band.



greet - ing, Now tra la la la, Tra la la la la, We'll cher - ish mem - 'ry



of the past, To make life hap - py while it last, Tra la la la la la



la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la...
Tra la la la.



No. 30. Learn a Lesson From the Blossoms.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

Copyright, 1906, by K. C. Robinson.

K. C. ROBINSON.



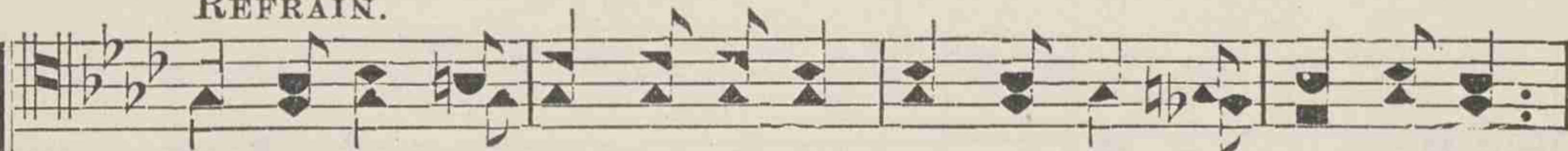
1. Bring to-day the love-ly lil-ies, See their fac-es pure and bright,
2. As the flow-ers from their slumber, At the call of spring re-joice,
3. O the glo-ry, O the beau-ty, When the dead, in Christ, shall rise,



Lo! they speak of Christ the Sav-iour, Ris-en Lord of life and light.
So shall God's be-liev-ing children Glad-ly hear His quick-'ning voice.
And, u-nit-ed soul and bod-y, Live be-yond the star-lit skies.



REFRAIN.



Learn a les-son from the blossoms, Lo! they tell of Je-sus' love!



Look-ing up they point to heav-en, Where He reigns in joy..... a-bove.



No. 31.

Sweet Rest.

JENNIE WILSON.

K. C. Robinson, owner. 1912.

K. C. ROBINSON.

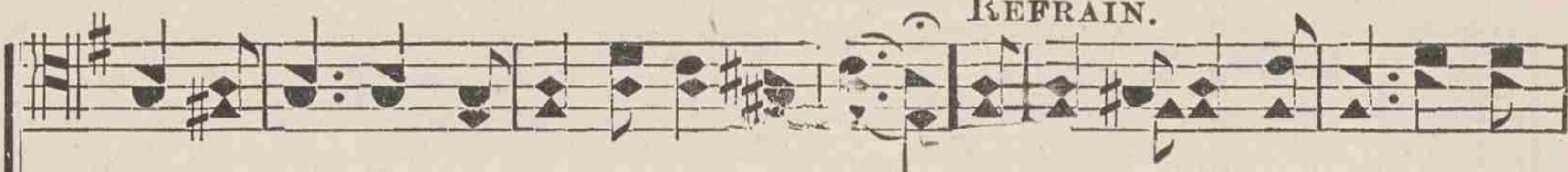


1. Be-yond all earth-ly toil-ing, Be-yond all anx-ious care, Sweet rest a-
2. Be-yond all pain and sor-row, Sweet rest will come ere long, And bring the
3. Be-yond these days of con-flict Will songs of tri-umph ring, When those who



Sweet Rest.

REFRAIN.



waits the wea - ry, In mansions o - ver there.
ho - ly rap - ture, Shared by the saintly throng. Sweet rest, the rest of heav - en, A -
served Him tru - ly, Be-hold their Saviour King.



waits each faithful one, Who, working for Master, His will on earth has done.



No. 32.

Is There One For Me?

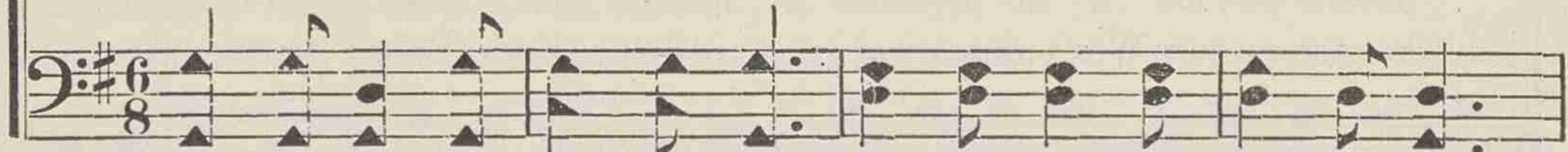
ANON.

Copyright, 1904 D. Patton.

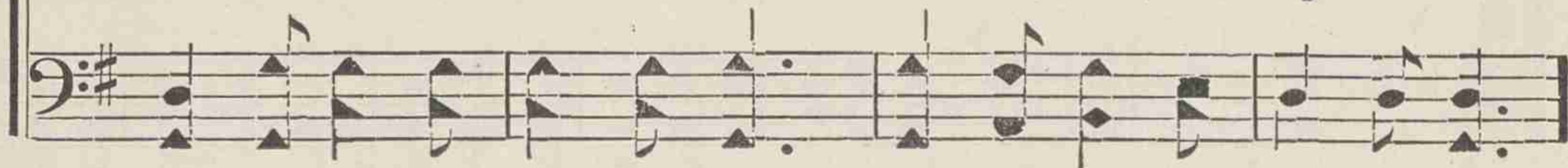
J. D. PATTON.



1. Man - sions are pre - pared a - bove, By the gra - cious God of love;
2. Crowns that daz - zle hu - man eyes, Wait for those who reach the skies;
3. Robes of spot - less white are giv'n By the glo - rious King of heav'n;
4. Harps of joy - ful sound a - bove, Swell the praise of Je - sus' love;



Ma - ny will those man - sions see,— Is there one pre - par'd for me?
Ma - ny there those crowns will see,— Is there one pre - par'd for me?
All can have them, they are free,— Is there one pre - par'd for me?
O how sweet their strains will be,— Is there, Lord, a harp for me?



REFRAIN.

D. S.



Is there one for me?..... Is there one for me?.....
for me? for me?

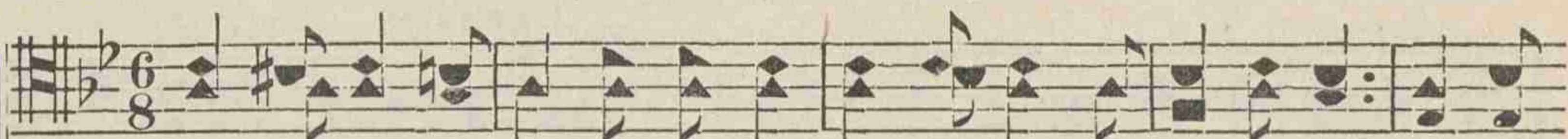


No. 33. I Shall Then Be Satisfied.

JENNIE WILSON.

John O. Beall, owner. 1912.

JOHN O. BEALL.



1. There will be a gold - en dawning, When all gloom shall pass a-way, In the
2. With the toil of earth-life end - ed, I shall gen - tly fall a - sleep, And no
3. I shall bear His bless - ed im - age When I look up - on His face, In the



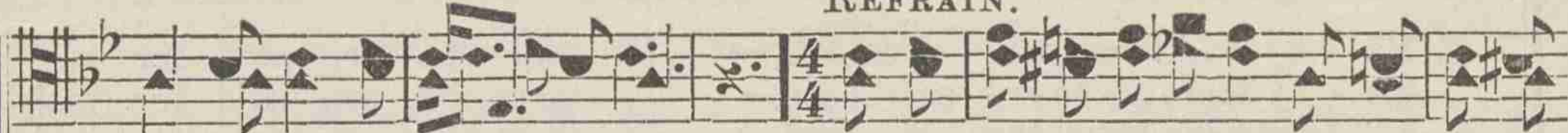
ev - er growing brightness Of the fair, e - ter - nal day. Tho' I now am
hu-man voice can reach me In that slumber calm and deep. But I'll hear my
light up - on whose lus - ter Shadows nev - er leave a trace. O how sweet will



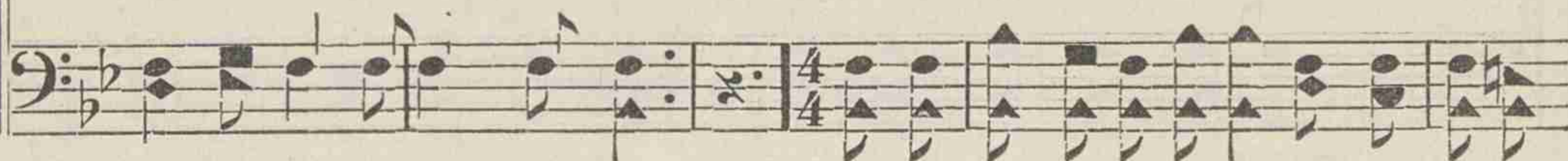
oft - en wea-ry, And fond hopes may seem denied, Waking in my Saviour's likeness,
Saviour call me In His presence to a-bide, And a-wak-ing in His likeness,
be the rapture When all tears of grief are dried, Waking in my Saviour's likeness,



REFRAIN.



I shall then be sat - is - fied. I shall then be sat-is-fied, I shall then be



sat - is - fied, In the glad celestial morning I shall then be sat - is - fied.



No. 34.

My Old Cottage Home.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

R. A. GLENN.

R. A. G.

Arr. for Men's Voices by A. J. S.

Second Tenor prominent.



1. I am think-ing to-night of my old cottage home, That stands on the
2. Ma-ny years have gone by since in pray'r there I knelt, With dear ones a-
3. One by one they have gone from the old cot-tage home, On earth I shall



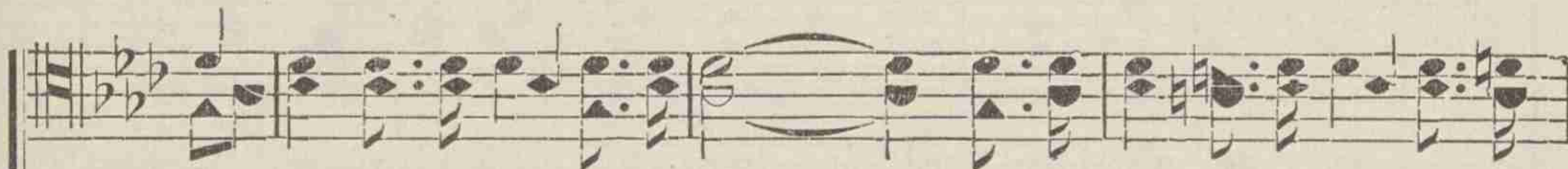
brow of the hill; Where in life's ear-ly morn-ing I once loved to roam, But
round the old hearth; But my moth-er's sweet pray'rs in my heart still are felt; I'll
see them no more, But with them I shall meet 'round the beau-ti-ful throne; Where



REFRAIN.



now all is qui-et and still. O my old..... cottage home,.....
treas-ure them up while on earth.
part-ing will come nev-er-more. O my old cot-tage home,



That stands on the brow of the hill,..... Where in life's ear-ly morning I
of the hill,



once loved to roam, But now all is qui-et and still. still. (hush'd and still.)



No. 35.

Old Folks at Home.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

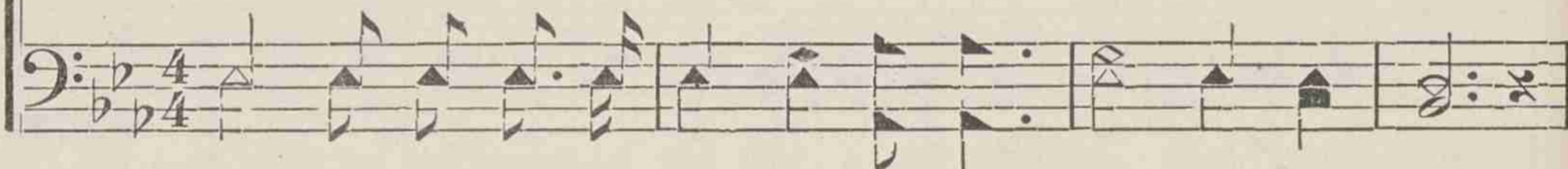
S. C. F.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr. for Men's Voices by A. J. S.

Second Tenor prominent.



1. { Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. { All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan - der'd, When I was young,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All 'round de comb?



Dere's where my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's where de old folks stay; {
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }
Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung; {
O take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die. }
Still sad - ly to my mem' - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove; {
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming Down in my good old home? }



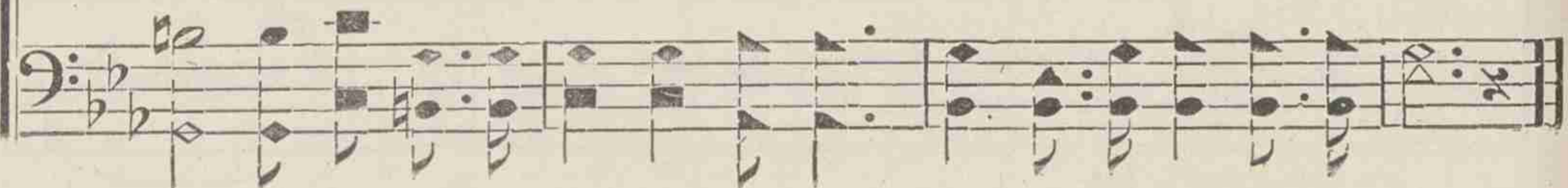
REFRAIN.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry where I roam,



O dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.



No. 36.

A Twilight Dream.

H. P. BAYNE.

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

Sacred Words by JAMES EDMESTON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Twi - light shad-ows fall a-round me, And I feel death's deepest pain,
 2. Sweetheart, once I know you loved me, But the years have glid-ed by,



Sacred { 1. Sav-iour, breathe an ev'n-ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
 Words. { 2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can not hide from Thee;



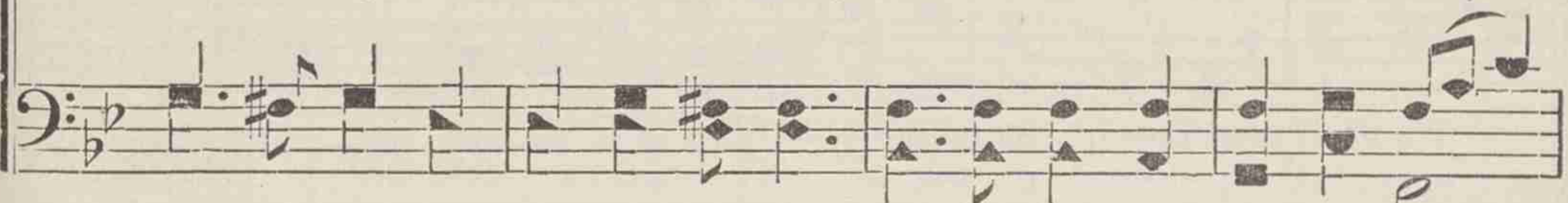
While thou breathest life's best blessings, And I dream of thee a - gain.
 And the clouds have gath-er'd o'er us, Crush - ing out the sum-mer sky.



Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Thou art He, who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.



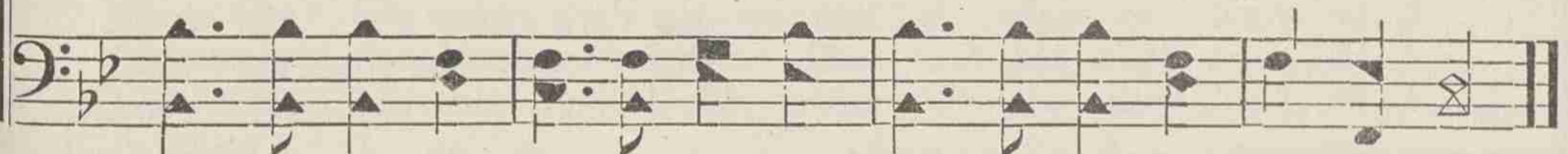
Cold - ly doth the night-wind quiv-er, And thy face I can not see,
 But a day of fair - er sunshine, Com-eth aft - er life is o'er,



Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,



But I wish thee light for-ev - er, Tho' the shad-ows fall on me.
 And I stand here, in the twi-light, Dreaming of the gold-en shore.



An - gel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom.

No. 37. Thou Hast Gone to Yonder City.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

H. M. Eagle, owner. 1912.

H. M. EAGLE.

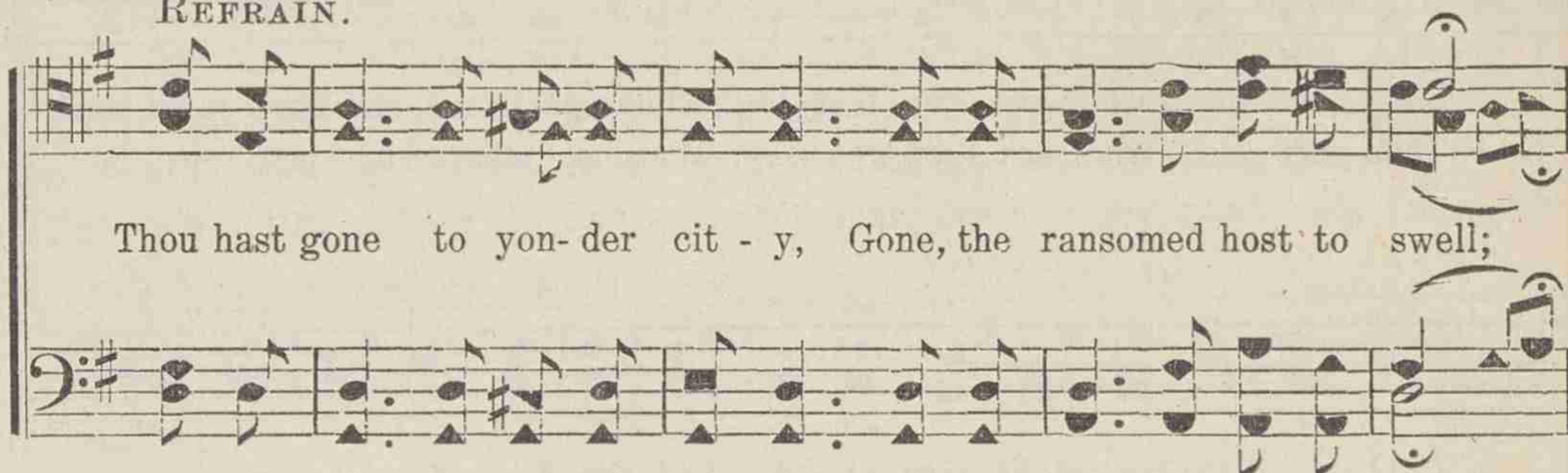


1. Thou hast gone to yon - der cit - y, Where no mor - tal feet have trod;
 2. Thou hast gone to yon - der cit - y, Where no tears shall dim the eye;
 3. Thou hast gone to yon - der cit - y, All thine earth - ly race is run;
 4. Thou hast gone to yon - der cit - y, Gone, e - ter - nal joys to share;



Thou hast gone to be with Je - sus, In the cit - y of our God.
 Where the friends once re - u - nit - ed, Nev - er - more will say good-bye.
 And al - tho' our hearts are bleed - ing, Still we say, "God's will be done."
 But sometime at heav - en's por - tal, Look for us,—we'll meet thee there.

REFRAIN.



Thou hast gone to yon - der cit - y, Gone, the ransomed host to swell;



We shall meet thee in the morning,—Un-til then, we say fare-well! Fare-well!

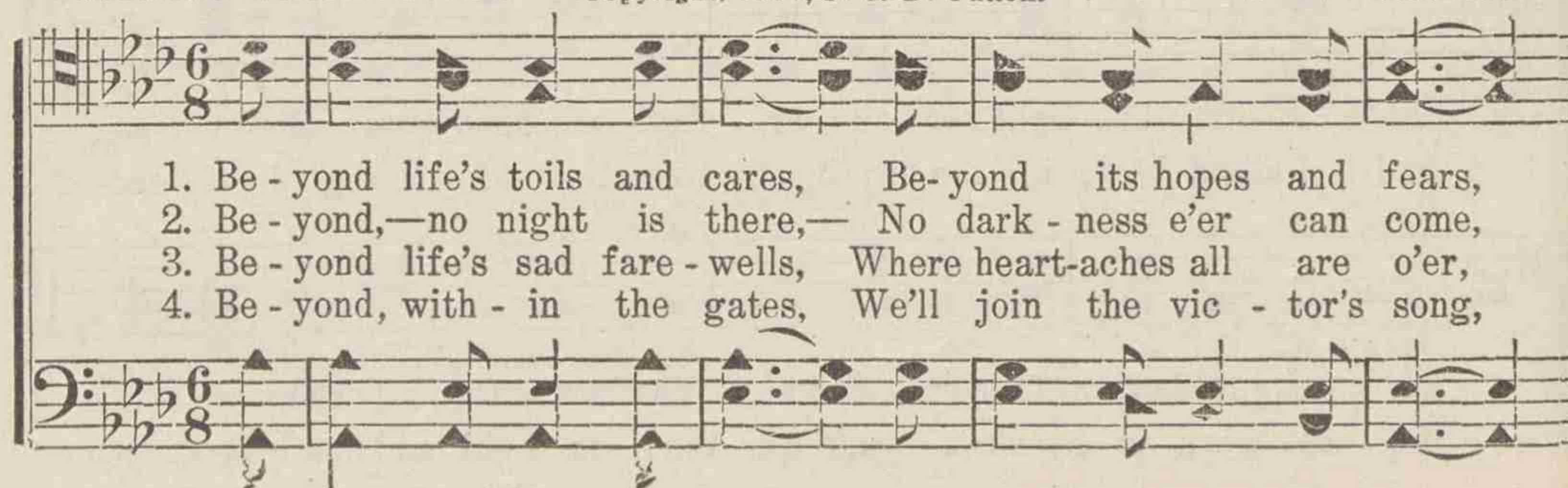
No. 38.

Beyond.

MOLLIE WENTWORTH.

Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

W. T. TURNER.



1. Be - yond life's toils and cares, Be - yond its hopes and fears,
 2. Be - yond,—no night is there,— No dark - ness e'er can come,
 3. Be - yond life's sad fare - wells, Where heart-aches all are o'er,
 4. Be - yond, with - in the gates, We'll join the vic - tor's song,

Beyond.

There is a cloud-less life, Un-dimm'd by sor-row's tears.
 For Christ, the Lamb of God, Shines ev - er in that home.
 We'll meet our loved at home, And part,—no, nev - er - more!
 And sing His prais - es great While a - ges roll a - long.

REFRAIN.

Be - yond the shore..... of death's dark sea..... A
 of death's dark sea
 Be - yond the shore of death's dark sea.....
 of death's dark sea

home..... is a wait-ing For you and me,
 beau-ti-ful home is a - wait-ing For you and for me, for you and me.
 for you and for me.
 For you..... and for me.....

No. 39. Stars of the Summer Night.

I. B. WOODBURY.

p Dolce.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
 3. Wind of the sum - mer night, Where yon-der woodbine creeps, Fold, fold thy
 4. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her her lov - er keeps Watch while in

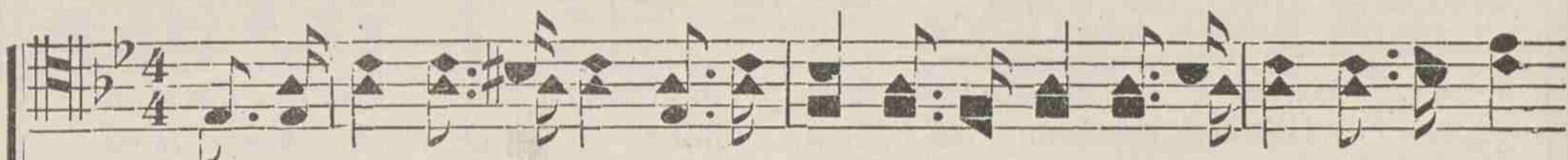
gold-en light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She . . . sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She . . . sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
 pin-ions light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She . . . sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
 slumbers light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She . . . sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

No. 40. The Friends of My Childhood.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

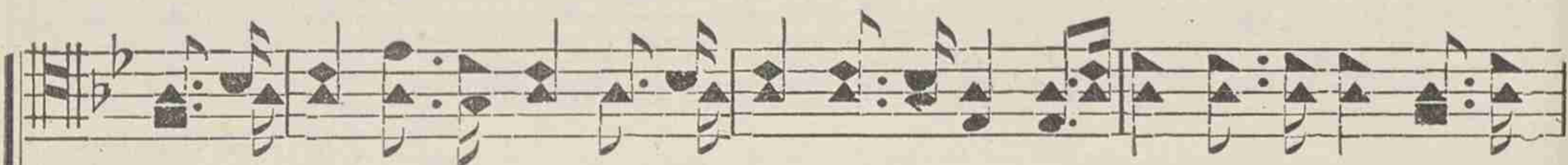
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O the pic-tures I drew up - on mem - o - ry's page, They were bright with the hopes
2. O the songs I have heard, when, with step light and free, I have wandered at will
3. Yes, a warm, ros - y flush thro' the valleys shall run, When the hill-tops are kiss'd



that have fad-ed with age; But the fac-es of friends are as fair there to-day
with the bird and the bee; When my feet beat the time to the voice of the rill,
by the bright morning sun, And the light of the dawn shall re-main in the sky,



As the smiles which they gave me while watching my play. I ne'er shall forget them, they
When it sang in its joy down the side of the hill; I ne'er shall forget them, they
Tho' the day be o'er-cast, and it's sunshine should die. The brightness of childhood, I

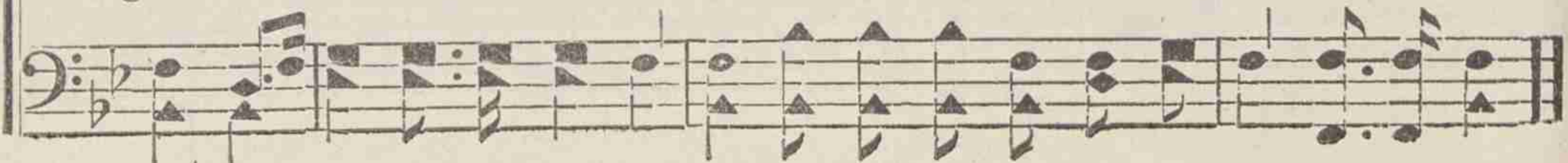


smile on me now, The friends of my childhood my life shall endow; They smile on me
still lin-ger near, The songs of my childhood, so sweet to my ear; So sweet to my
ne'er can for-get, It's soft, rud - dy glow, it a-bides with me yet; I ne'er can for-



Rit.

now, they smile on me now, The friends of my childhood, O they smile on me now!
ear, so sweet to my ear, The songs of my childhood, O how sweet to my ear!
get, I ne'er can for-get, The brightness of childhood, it a-bides with me yet!



No. 41. Are You Drifting Away?

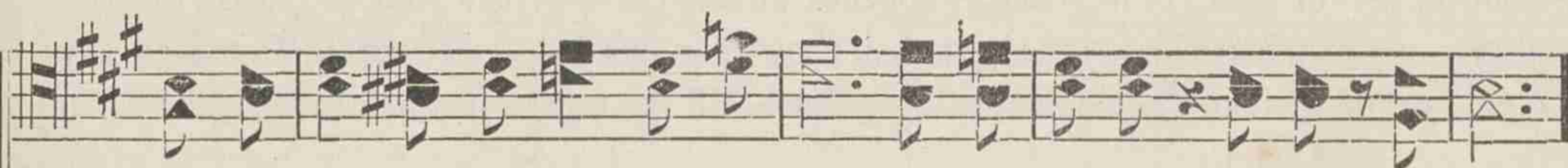
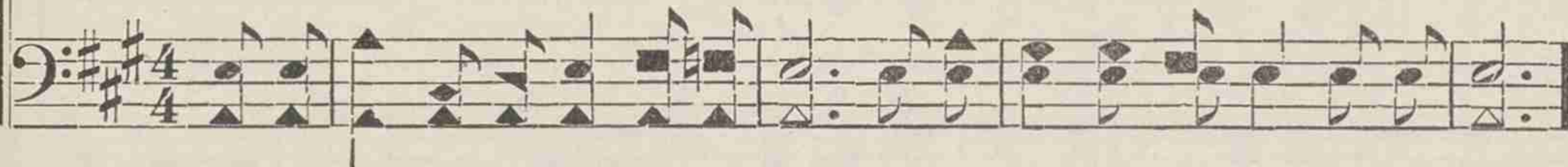
K. C. Robinson, owner. 1912.

W. C. MARTIN.

K. C. ROBINSON.



1. Are you drifting a-way from the Lord? Are you los-ing your love for His word?
2. Are you drifting, still drift-ing a-broad, Far a-way from the peo - ple of God?
3. Are you drift - ing a-way with the tide? Is the Sav-iour who loves you de-nied?
4. Are you drift - ing a-way from His love? From your hope in the heaven a - bove?



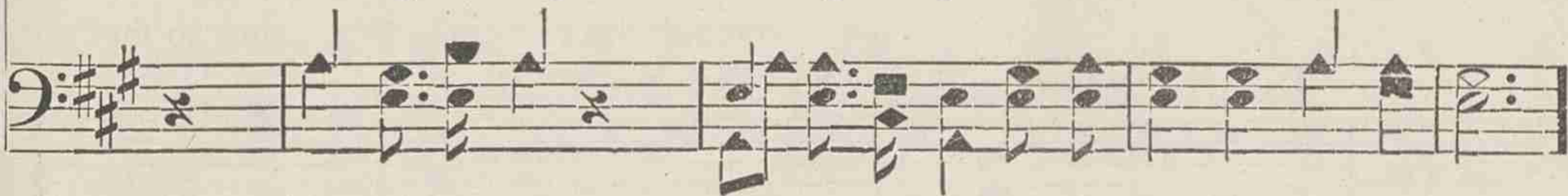
Are you ev - er for - get-ting to pray? Are you drifting, drifting a - way?
In - to by-ways of sin do you stray? Are you drifting, drifting a - way?
Can you ev - er the Mas-ter be- tray? Are you drifting, drifting a - way?
Cast the an - chor of faith while you may, Are you drifting, drifting a - way?



REFRAIN.



Are you drift - ing a - way? Are you drift-ing day by day?
Are you drift - ing, drifting a - way?
Drift-ing a - way? drift-ing a-way?



Cast your an - chor while you may,—Are you drift-ing, drift-ing a - way?



No. 42.

The Song of the Surf.

J. C. JOHNSON.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The sound of the surf as it swings to the shore, So cool on the beach with its
2. O waves, roll-ing in from the far distant deep, Where winds hold their courts, where the
3. How plainly the course of our plan - et is seen, And sails cross the line of deep



smooth, lev-el floor, It lulls and it soothes all the cares of the soul, So swift on the
glad wa-ters leap, What ship hast thou rock'd? and what isles hast thou past, To mingle thy-
blue or of green, Then down, sail-ing down, till the masts disappear, And glide to the



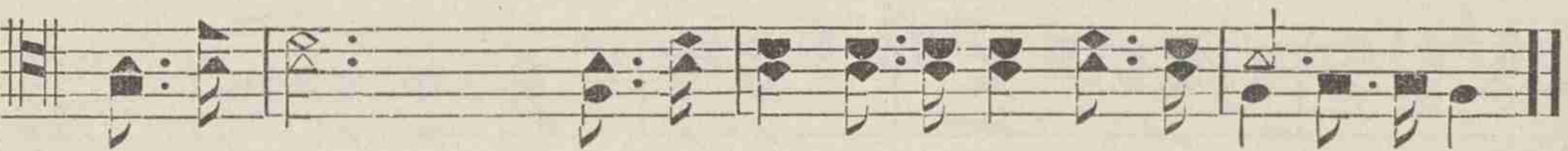
REFRAIN.



sea, and so ceaseless its roll. Friendly sea, sing to me!
self in my dreams at the last?
shores of a far hem-is-phere. Friendly sea, sing to me! Friendly sea, sing to me!



Lull thy song all the long summer day! Friendly sea,
summer day! Friendly sea, sing to me!



sing to me! Lull my soul with thy great har - mo - ny!
Friendly sea, sing to me! har-mo-ny!



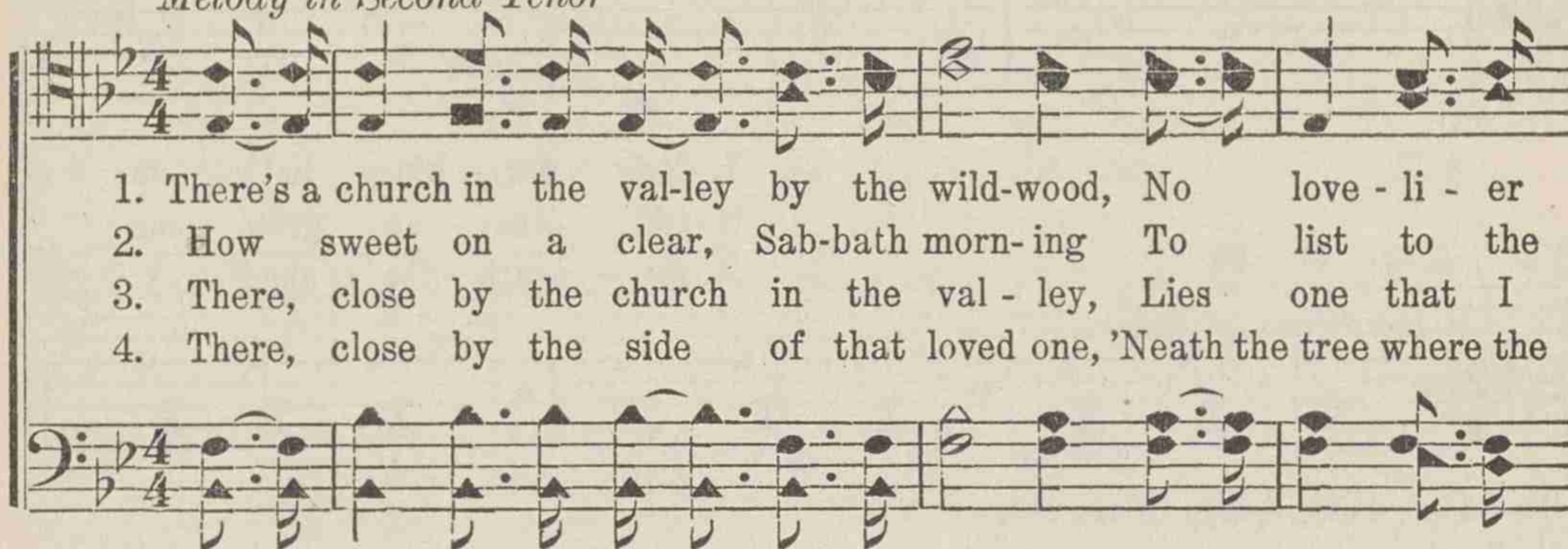
No. 43. The Church In the Wildwood.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

W. S. P

DR. WM. S. PITTS. Arr. by A. J. S.

Melody in Second Tenor



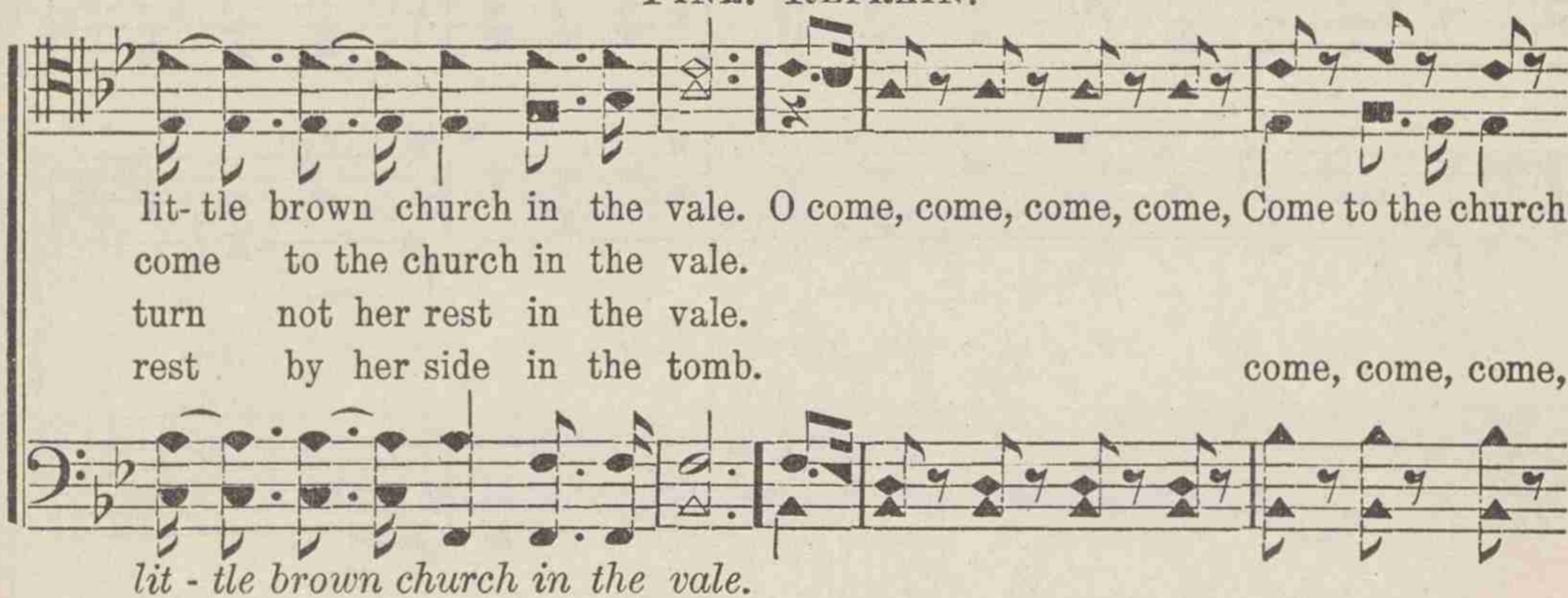
1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love - li - er
 2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
 3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
 4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, O
 love so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil - low: Dis -
 wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE. REFRAIN.



lit-tle brown church in the vale. O come, come, come, come, Come to the church
 come to the church in the vale.
 turn not her rest in the vale.
 rest by her side in the tomb. come, come, come,
 lit - tle brown church in the vale.



in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale; No
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

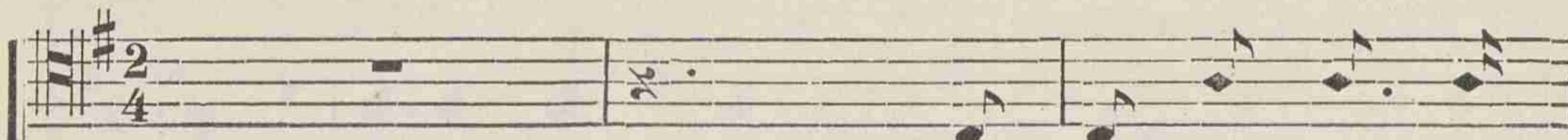
No. 44.

Dearest May.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

FRANCIS LYNCH.

L. H. V. CROSBY. Arr. by A. J. S.



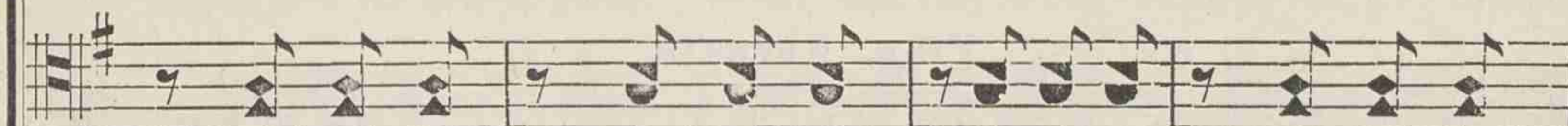
1. Now dar - kies list - en
2. Old Mas - sa give me
3. Be - neath the shad - y



1st Tenor.—Ping, ping, ping, etc.
2d Tenor.—Pang, pang, pang, etc.
1st Bass.—Pong, pong, pong, etc.



to me, A sto - ry I'll re - late: It happened in the
hol'-day, I wish he'd give me more, I thank him ver - y
oak-tree We sat for ma - ny hours, As hap - py as the



val - ley, In the old Car' - li - na State, A - way down in the
kind - ly, As I shov'd my boat from shore, Then gen - tly down the
humming-birds That flew a - mong the flow'rs. O there is the



Dearest May.

meadow, Where I use to mow the hay, I
 riv - er, With a heart so light and free, To the
 spot, And May, she looks so neat, Her

al-ways work'd the hard - er When I thought of love - ly May.
 cot-tage of my dear-est May That I longed so much to see.
 eyes they spark-le like the stars, Her lips are red and sweet.

REFRAIN. *Melody in 2nd Tenor. Let Solo Voice sing with 2nd Tenor.*

O May, dear - est May, You're love - ly as the day, Your

eyes so bright, they shine at night, When the moon am gone a - way.

Repeat pp.

No. 45. Get You Ready For the Coming of the Call.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.



1. E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing near-er, broth-er, Get you read - y
 2. O do not stay a - way from Je - sus lon - ger, Get you read - y
 3. The Saviour's precious blood for you was giv-en, Get you read - y
 4. O bless-ed is the hope of life e - ter - nal, Get you read - y




for the com-ing of the call; The Lord en - treats you: "From me
 for the com-ing of the call; Act on the faith you have and
 for the com-ing of the call; And He will lead you home at
 for the com-ing of the call; In that fair land, that E - den




go no far - ther," Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
 'twill grow stron-ger, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
 last to heav - en, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
 bright and ver - nal, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.



REFRAIN.



Get you read - - y, get you read - - y, Get you
 Get you read - y, get you read - y,




read - y for the coming of the call; Get you read - - y,
 Get you read - y,



Get You Ready For the Coming of the Call.

After last verse repeat pp

rit.

Get you read - y, Get you ready for the coming of the call.
Get you read - y,

No. 46.

Rest In Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY K. C. ROBINSON AND P. B. HUGHES. USED BY PER.

P. B. Hughes.

K. C. Robinson.

Andantino.

1. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, Free from all life's toil and care;
2. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, When we're weary worn and sad;
3. Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, He, my Friend, my All in All;

Nothing then can e'er be-guile me, O how sweet it will be there!
He so ten-der-ly will lead us, And will make our hearts so glad.
I with joy will glad-ly fol-low, Where-so-e'er His voice may call.

REFRAIN.

Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, When our la-bors all are o'er;

rit.

Rest-ing in the arms of Je - sus, Safe with Him for ev - er - more.

No. 47.

Waking.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.
Solo and Quartet.

Copyright, 1903, by J. D. Patton.

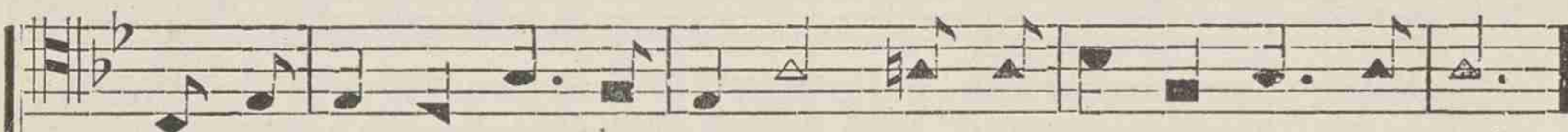
EDWIN MOORE.



SOLO.



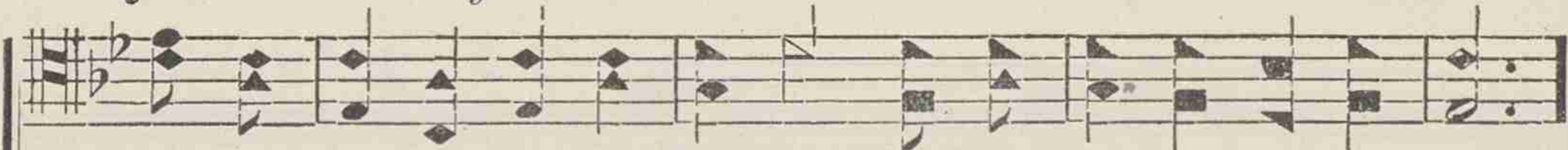
1. When life's bus - y day is o - ver, And we calm - ly fall a - sleep,
2. Wak - ing up in bright - est man - sions, Bend - ing o'er us His dear face,
3. Wak - ing un - to heav'n - ly mu - sic, O to hear the glad "New Song,"



- Sweet, O sweet will be the wak - ing, Un - to those whom God doth keep.
O we dream not half the gran - deurs He's pro - vid - ed by His grace.
O to sing in joy - ful meas - ure, With the hap - py blood - wash'd throng.



QUARTET. *Melody in Second Tenor.*



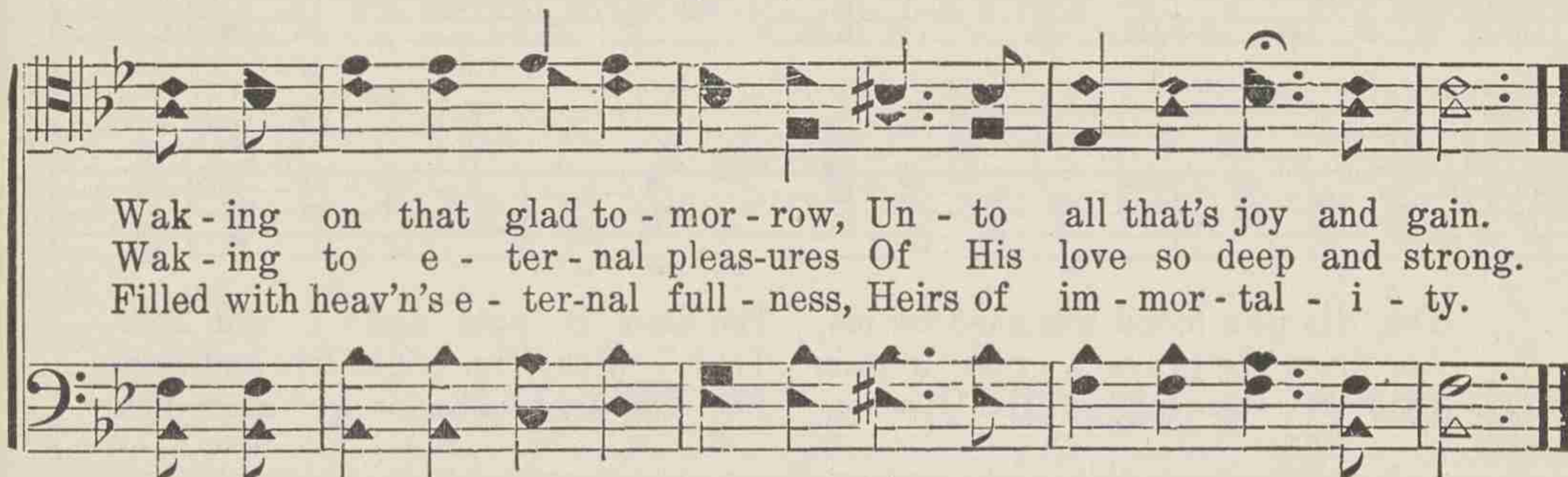
1. Wak - ing un - to no more sor - row, Wak - ing un - to no more pain,
2. Wak - ing, there to find the treas - ures We have loved and cherished long,
3. Bless - ed wak - ing with His like - ness, Ful - ly sat - is - fied to be;



Waking.



Wak - ing on that glad to - mor - row, Un - to all that's joy and gain,
 Wak - ing to e - ter - nal pleas - ures Of His love so deep and strong,
 Filled with heav'n's e - ter - nal full - ness, Heirs of im - mor - tal - i - ty,



Wak - ing on that glad to - mor - row, Un - to all that's joy and gain.
 Wak - ing to e - ter - nal pleas - ures Of His love so deep and strong.
 Filled with heav'n's e - ter - nal full - ness, Heirs of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

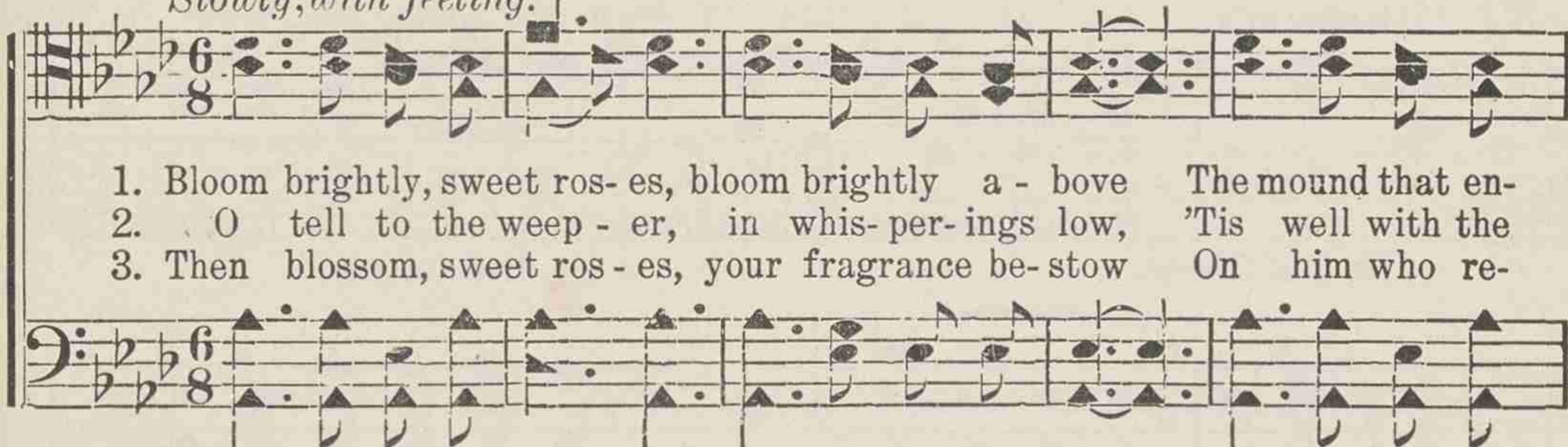
No. 48. Bloom Brightly, Sweet Roses.

C. L. SHAW.

Used by permission.

E. B. FOWLER.

Slowly, with feeling.



1. Bloom brightly, sweet ros - es, bloom brightly a - bove The mound that en -
 2. O tell to the weep - er, in whis - per - ings low, 'Tis well with the
 3. Then blossom, sweet ros - es, your fragrance be - stow On him who re -



clos - es the form that we love; Dif - fuse o'er His bo - som
 sleep - er, who's rest - ing be - low; O tell us the spir - it
 pos - es in si - lence be - low; Thy lan - guage, un - spok - en,

Rit.



the sweetest per - fume, From each glowing blos - som that smiles o'er His tomb.
 of Him that we love Has gone to in - her - it the king - dom a - bove.
 is more to my heart Than an - y love - to - ken that friends could im - part.

No. 49.

Christ Died for Me.

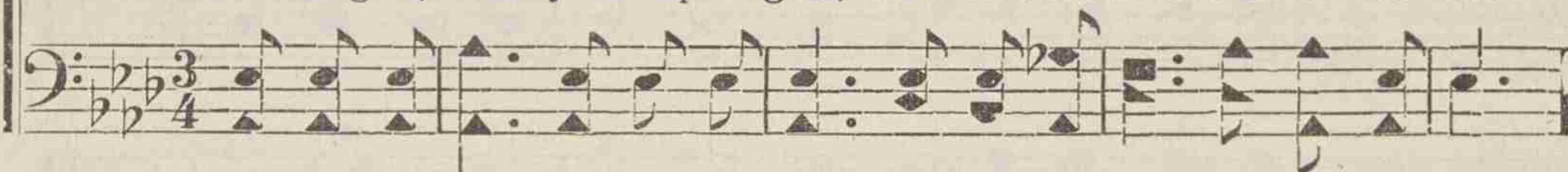
Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Used by per.

HARRIET E. JONKS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Christ died for me, O precious tho't, Up - on the cross my par-don bought;
2. Christ died for me, the news I'll spread, For me, was number'd with the dead,
3. Ye an-gels, strike your harps of gold, Thro' heaven's courts let it be told



Yes, His own blood was shed for me, The debt is paid and I am free.
And from the grave a - rose a - gain That I with Him might live and reign.
That Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, For sin - ners lost, for e - ven me.



REFRAIN.



He died for me, He died for me,..... O praise His
He died for me,..... He died for me,



name, He set me free..... I'll sing this song.....
He set me free. I'll sing this song



while a - ges roll,..... "Christ Je - sus died to save my soul."
while a - ges roll,



No. 50. My Happy Childhood Home.

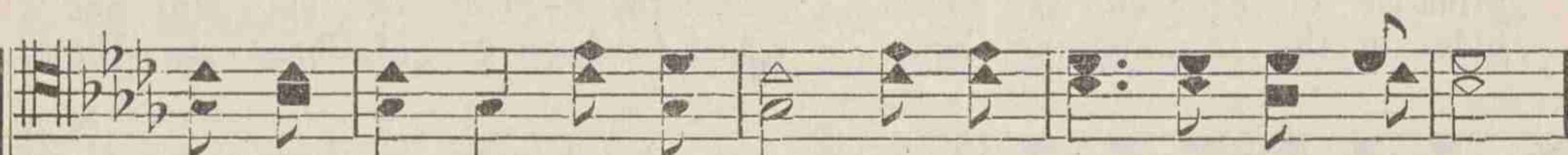
Copyright, 1904, by J. D. Patton.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

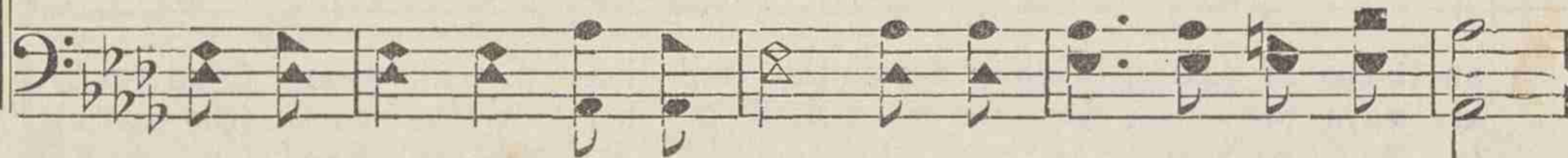
J. T. ABSTON.



1. In my dreams a - gain I see Forms and fac - es dear to me,
2. Moth - er's lov - ing, ten - der voice, How it made my heart re - joice!
3. Long I've wandered from the place, Yet I see her smil - ing face;
4. In my sleep - ing moments, too, Vis - ions of a Fa - ther true;



Who, in years long past and gone, Loved me in my child-hood's home.
Tho' I roam o'er land and sea, Sweet - er grows its tones to me.
Dear to me her mem - 'ry still, In the cot - tage on the hill.
Of a faith - ful friend and kind, Flit a - cross my dream - ing mind.



REFRAIN.



O my child - hood's hap - py home, How I long once more to
O my childhood's hap - py home, How I long once more to



Rit.



roam. O - ver val - ley, hill and plain Of that dear old home a - gain.
roam, to roam,



No. 51.

Happy Morning.

W. B. BLAKE.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O the dawn of that morn o'er the hills of the East, When the
 2. 'Tis an an - chor of hope, 'tis a star - beam at night, 'Tis a
 3. Yes, the King shall ap - pear, and the vir - gin of peace Shall a -




King of the earth shall ap - pear! Not in sor-row's low cry, but in
 prom-ise of heav-en - ly birth, That the le-gions of sin will not
 bide in the fair, smil-ing land; And the beau-ty of Christ to His



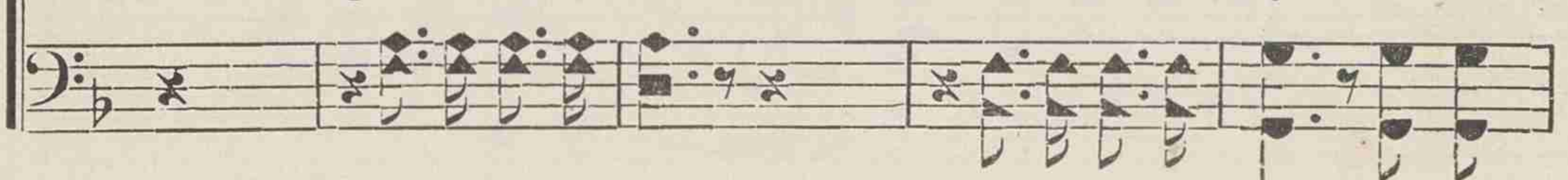

an-thems of praise, Brightly dawns the mil - len - ni - al year. (glad year.)
 al - ways pre - vail, But the meek shall in - her - it the earth. (the earth.)
 Is - rael re-vealed As the lil - ies of E - den ex - pand. (ex - pand.)



REFRAIN.



Hap - py morn, bless - ed day, When the
 Bright and hap-py morn, ev - er blessed day,




Saviour shall come to earth a - gain; Hap - py morn, blessed
 Bright and happy morn,



Happy Morning.

day,..... When the saints with the Sav-iour shall reign. (shall reign.)
ev - er bless-ed day,

No. 52.

Waiting.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Somewhere in the dis-tant E - den Of the world that is to be,
2. In the dark I think I hear her Call - ing from that world on high,
3. "Just a lit - tle lon - ger, dear one, For the night is al - most gone;

She is wait-ing, my be-loved one, She Is wait - ing there for me.
And I an - swer, "I am com - ing, Yes, I'm com - ing by and by."
In the East I see the glow-ing Of my life's e - ter - nal dawn."

REFRAIN.

Wait - ing, wait - ing lov - ing - ly, Wait-ing, wait - ing there for me,

Ten - der - ly wait - ing, call - ing, Wait - ing there for me.

No. 53.

Juanita.

A. J. Showalter, owner of arr. 1912.

Arr. by A. J. S.

mf Andante.



1. Soft o'er the foun-tain Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far
2. When in thy dream-ing Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And

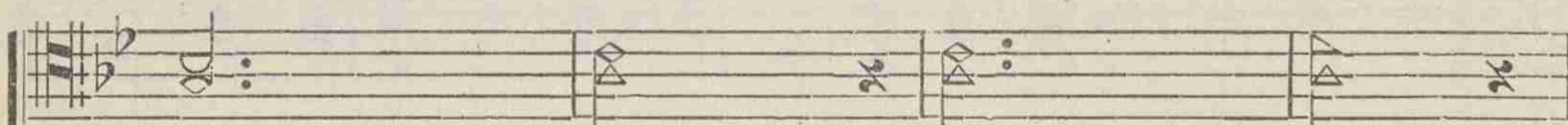


Hum.....

o'er the mountain Breaks the day too soon! In the dark eyes splendor,
day-light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re - lent-ing,



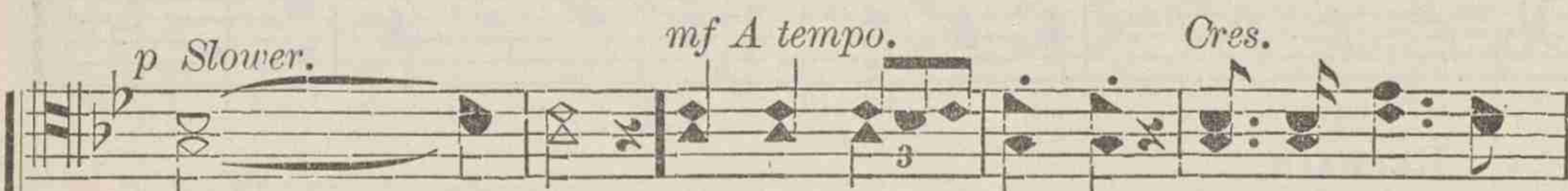
Hum.....



Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten - der,
For thy ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent-ing,



.....



Speak their fond fare-well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger



.....



we shall part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!



No. 54.

The Sailor's Home Song.

D. T. Robinson, owner. 1912.

Anon.

D. T. ROBINSON.



1. Tho' far from na - tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll - ing sea,
2. When stars pale out the east - ern sky, And dew - drops melt a - way,
3. When moon-light sil - vers o'er the plain, And all is hush'd to peace,



Yet still I love my na - tive home, The brave land of the free.
When o'er the hills the sun mounts high, Bright ru - ler of the day,
When si - lence reigns o'er all the main, And still is ev - 'ry breeze,



Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the rest - less sea,
When shad - ows long shine in the west, And stretch a - cross the lea,
When clouds rise dark, and lightnings flash And show the threat'ning lea,



Yet, still by day and thro' the night, I think of home and thee.
When beast and bird have sunk to rest, Then think, O think of me!
And o'er the surg - es thun - ders crash, Then think, O think of me!



No. 55.

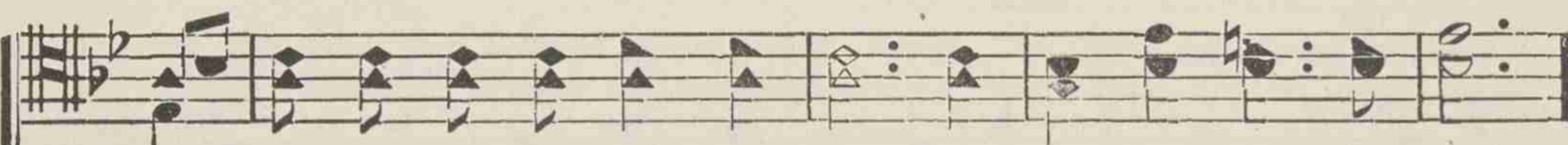
Our School-Boy Days.

ANON.

J. MOORING YORK.



1. I'm think-ing of the old - en time,—The sweet long time a - go,—
2. Though ma - ny years have pass'd since then, And we are men to - day,
3. What fun we used to have when boys, While on the way to school,
4. Oft we would gath-er wild-wood flow'rs Which grew a - long the way,



When we were boys to - geth - er, Ray, With Har - ry, Tim and Joe.
 I'll ne'er for - get what boys we've been, The gay - est of the gay.
 How we did waste our time with toys, And thus we'd play the fool.
 And give them to the pret - ty girls Who came to school that day.



REFRAIN.

O I nev - - - er will for - get,



Nev - er will for - get, nev - er will for - get,
 I nev - - - er will for - get,



Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will for - get,

O I nev - - - er will for - get,

No, I



Nev - er will for - get, nev - er will for - get,
 No, I nev - - - er will for - get, I



Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will for - get,

Our School-Boy Days.

nev - - er will for-get,



Nev-er will forget, nev-er will forget
nev - - er will for-get The sweet long time a - go.



Nev-er, never, nev-er will forget

No. 56. Why Should I Fear?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

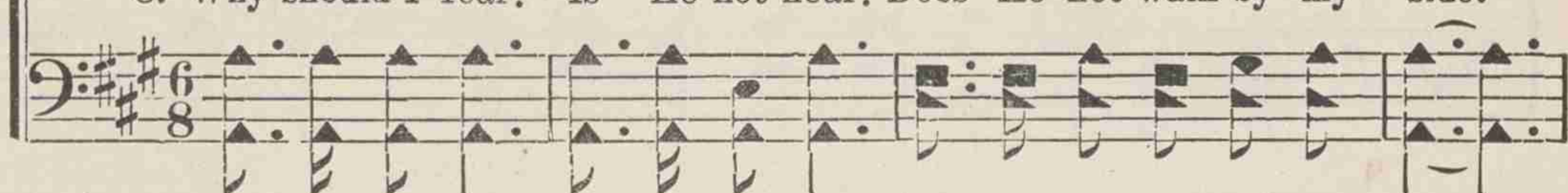
Copyright, 1909, by T. B. Mosley.

Second Tenor prominent.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Will He not care for His own?
2. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Why should my heart feel a - larm?
3. Why should I fear? Is He not near? Does He not walk by my side?




Has not my Lord giv - en His word, Nev - er to leave me a - lone?
My faith is sure, my hope se - cure, Rest - ing on His might-y arm.
Tho' all is dim, if I love Him, For me the Lord will pro - vide.



REFRAIN.



I will not fear, for my Lord is too near, Ev - er to leave me a - lone;




So I have rest, and I am blest, Sure He will care for His own.



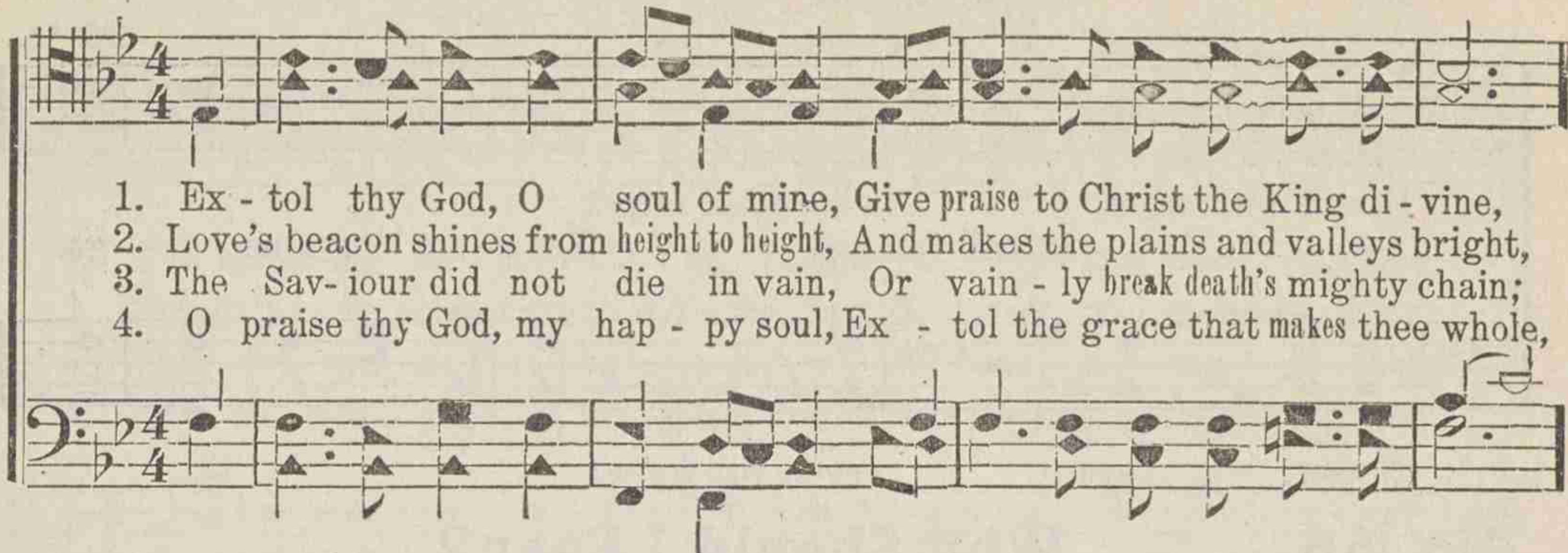
No. 57.

His Grace Will Win.

JAMES ROWE.

J. D. Patton, owner. 1912.

J. D. PATTON.

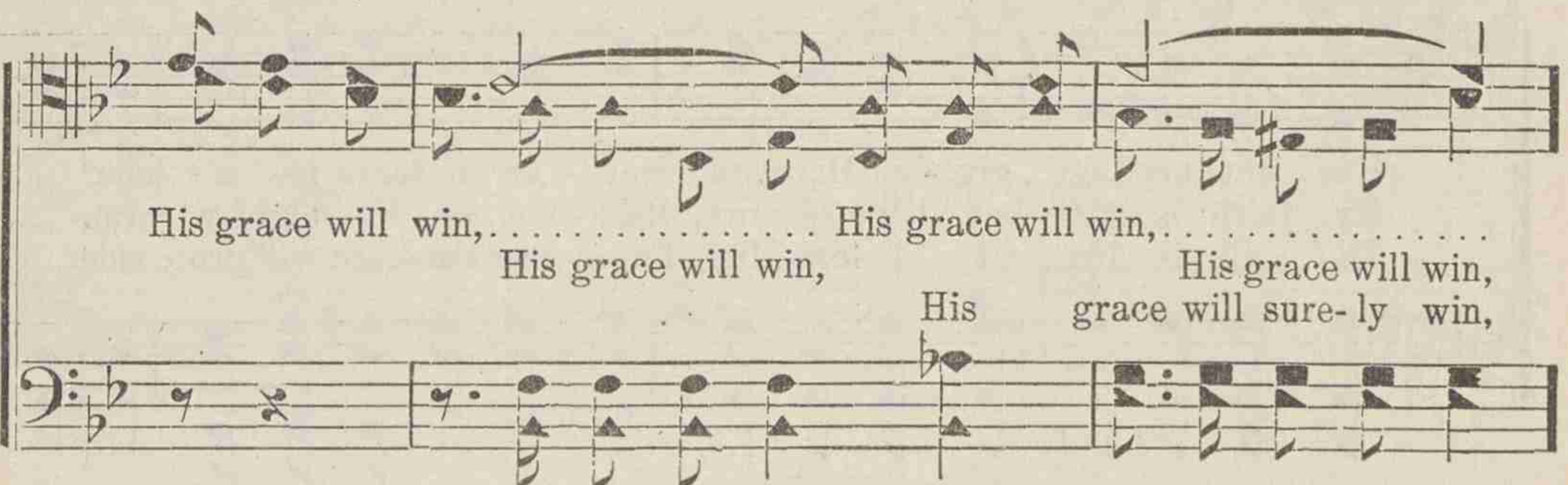


1. Ex - tol thy God, O soul of mine, Give praise to Christ the King di - vine,
 2. Love's beacon shines from height to height, And makes the plains and valleys bright,
 3. The Sav- iour did not die in vain, Or vain - ly break death's mighty chain;
 4. O praise thy God, my hap - py soul, Ex - tol the grace that makes thee whole,

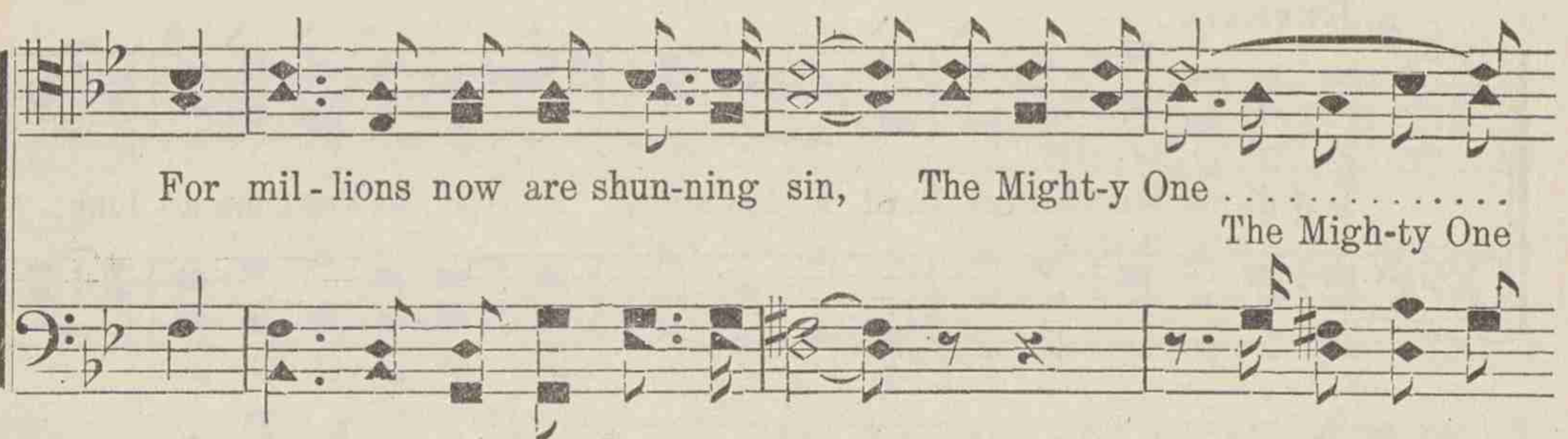


For joy un-speak - a - ble is thine,—His grace will win.
 Soon ev - 'ry race will seek the light,
 His heart's de - sire He yet will gain,
 The hu - man race will reach its goal, His grace, His grace will win.

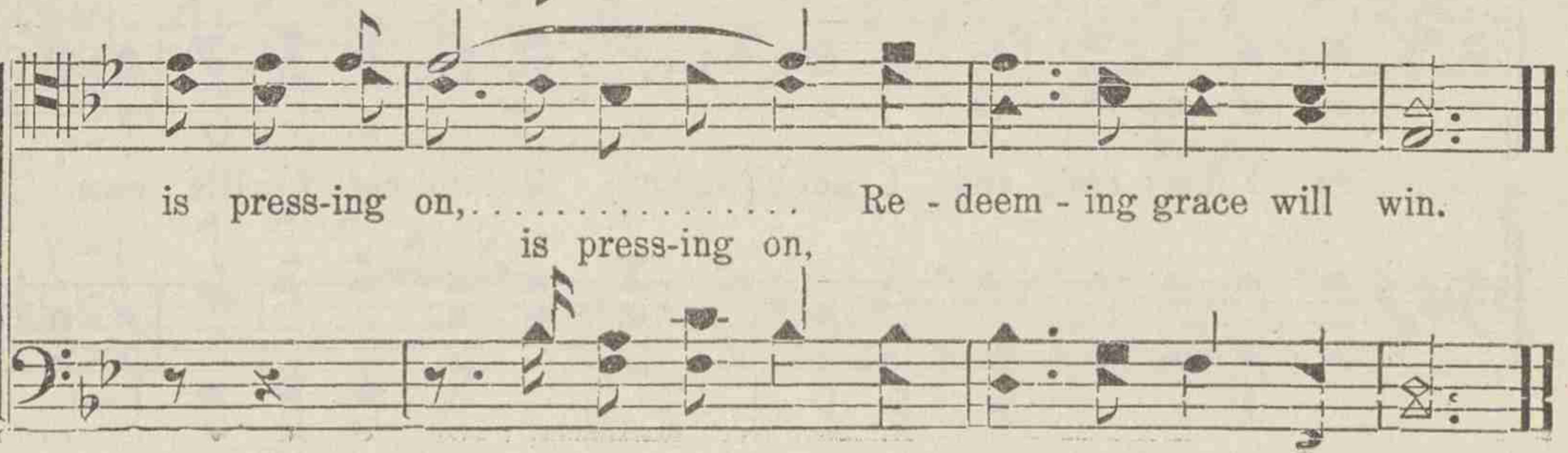
REFRAIN.



His grace will win,..... His grace will win,.....
 His grace will win, His grace will sure-ly win,



For mil - lions now are shun-ning sin, The Might-y One
 The Might-ty One



is press-ing on,..... Re - deem - ing grace will win.
 is press-ing on,

No. 58.

A Welcome To Spring.

Joel W. Guin, owner. 1912.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

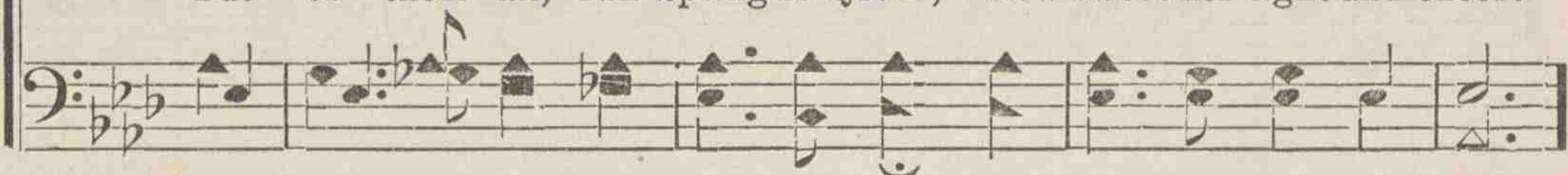
JOEL W. GUIN.



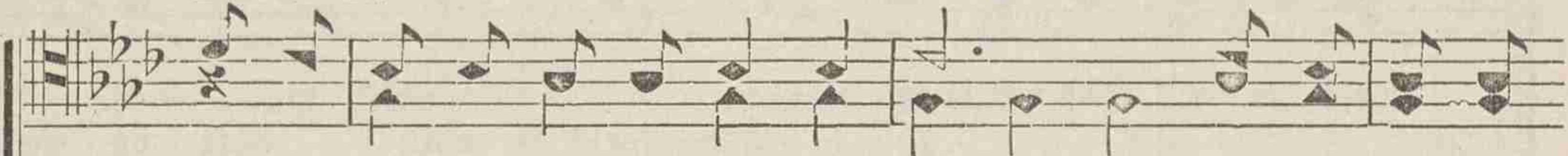
1. A - gain the win-some Spring is here, And wel - come is her face,
2. The trees, arrayed in love - ly green, Stretch out their grate-ful arms,
3. Old Win - ter has his sports so gay, And Sum-mer's bright and dear,



She now as-cends her shin-ing throne, And reigns with re - gal grace.
 All things in ga - la dress are seen, Spring hath a mil - lion charms.
 But of them all, fair Spring is Queen,—How sweet her light and cheer!



REFRAIN.



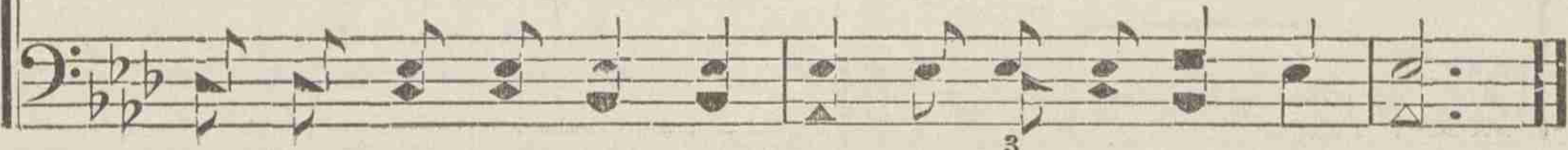
Wel-come, wel-come, wel-come, gen - tle Spring! Welcome, welcome,
 Wel - come, wel - come, gen - tle Spring!



let the cho - rus ring! Back have come the songsters, back have come the flow'rs,



Won-drous chang - es Spring can make in this old world of ours!

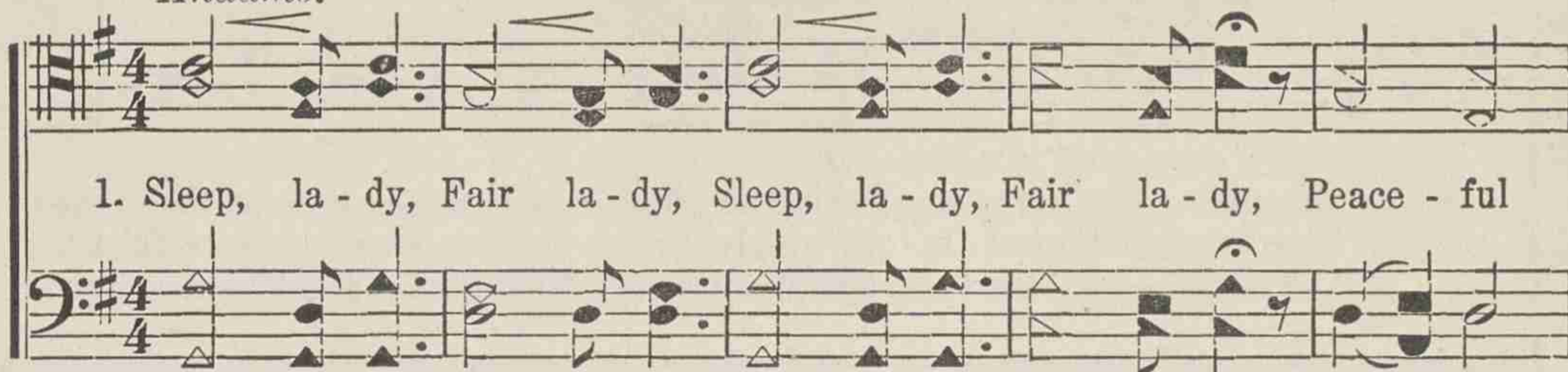


No. 59.

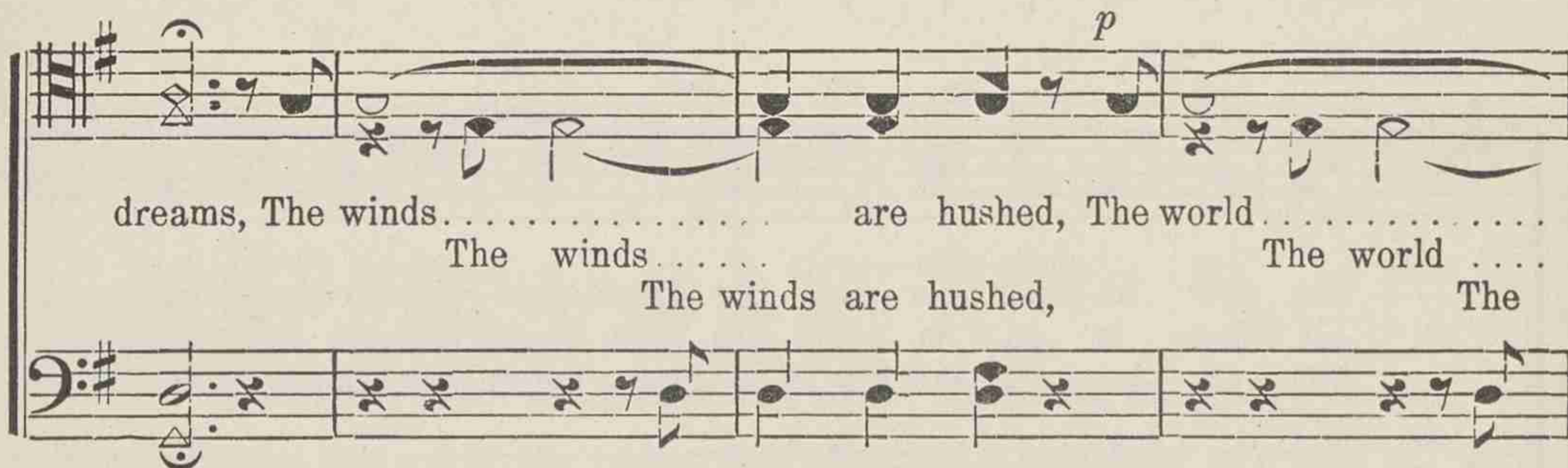
The Serenade.

Arranged.

Andante.



1. Sleep, la - dy, Fair la - dy, Sleep, la - dy, Fair la - dy, Peace - ful



dreams, The winds..... are hushed, The world.....
The winds..... The world
The winds are hushed, The



world is still, The winds are hushed; Soft mu - sic
The world is still; Soft mu - sic



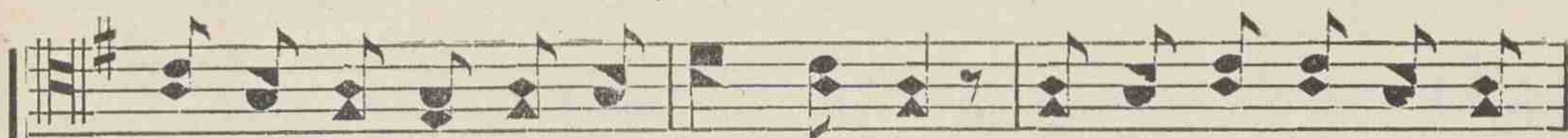
floats on per - fumed air; Ah! hear it
on per - fumed air;

Allegro. First time p, second time j.



swell.....
hear it swell. { La - dy, fair la - dy, un-close thine eyes,
Now we are sing - ing at beau - ty's bow'r,

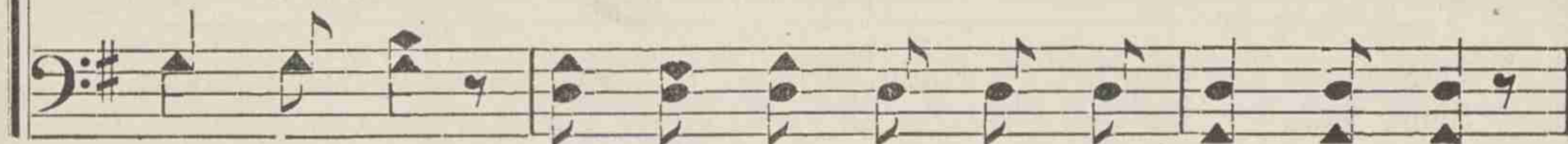
The Serenade.



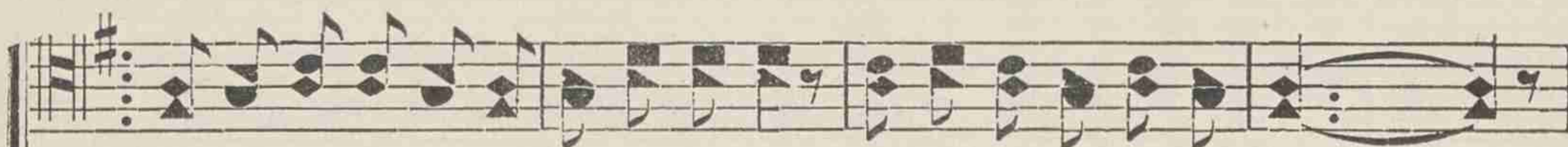
List to the cho - rus we sing to thee; We must a - way ere the
Fair as the theme must the num - bers be, While we are chanting of



moon a - rise, Mer - ri - ly sing we in har - mo - ny.
beau - ty's pow'r, Loud ring our voic - es, and mer - ri - ly.



Mer - ri - ly sing, Mer - ri - ly sing }
Mer - ri - ly sing, Mer - ri - ly sing.



Tra la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la
Tra la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la
Tra la, la, la.



Tra la, la, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la
Tra la, la, la, tra la, la, la, Tra la, la, la.



No. 60.

There Comes a Time.

JAMES ROWE.
Obligato.

Property of T. B. M. 1912.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. There comes a time of pain and sor-row, When earth and sky may both be drear,
2. There comes a time when we shall wan-der A - lone in low-lands of de-spair,



3. We know not what now lies be-fore us A - long the nar-row, rug-ged way,



When peace and comfort we would bor-row, But not one earth-friend may be near.
Some heav-y bur-den bend-ing un - der, Which Christ a-lone can help to bear.



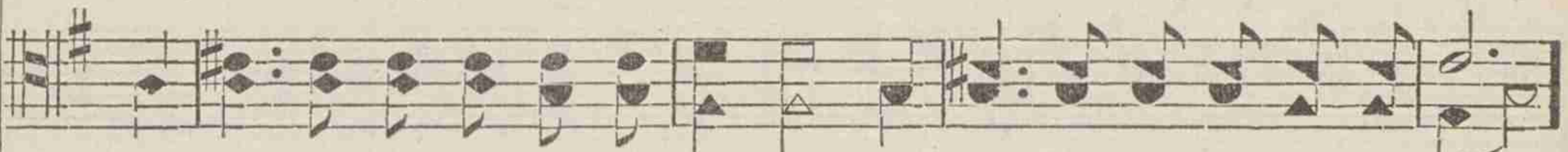
Then let us trust who bendeth o'er us, And keep in touch with Him each day.



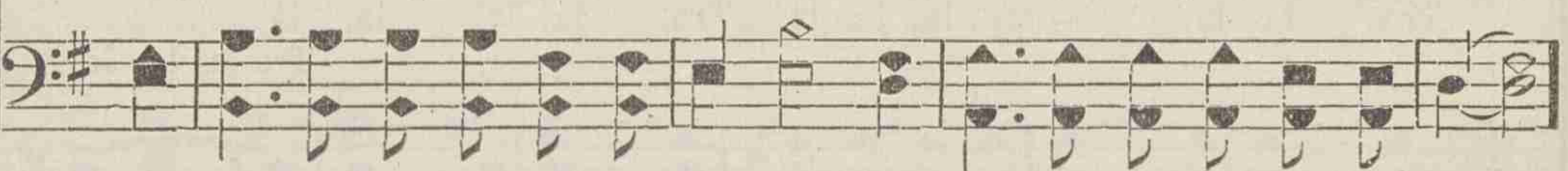
REFRAIN.



Then, let us keep in touch with Je-sus, Whose love no change will ev-er know,



Then, let us keep in touch with Je-sus, Whose love no change will ev-er know,



That friend who from all trouble frees us, To whose dear arms we all may go.



That friend who from all trouble frees us, To whose dear arms we all may go.



No. 61. How I Love Old Alabama.

Music owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.
Words by per. of P. B. HUGHES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. How I love old Al - a - bam - a, she's my hope, my joy, my pride, Ne'er will
2. Fertile fields and waving mead-ows, loft-y trees and sparkling rills, Sweet-est
3. Brave her sons and true her daughters, of their mother just-ly proud, Sweet her



float "Old Glo - ry" o'er a state more grand; We de-light to sing her prais-es,
flow - ers hid - ing in se-questered nooks; O her breez-es are ca - ress-es,
songs that float up-on the balm-y air; Wake we now the heart-y cho - rus,



sound her virtues far and wide, She's a gem up - on the bo-som of our land.
and the pulse with gladness thrills, As the eye up - on her ma - ny beau-ties looks
sing it clear and strong and loud; Al - a - bam - a is the fair-est of the fair.



REFRAIN.



Al - a-bam-a, Al - a-bam-a, Queen of states, without a peer, To her chil-dren



ev - er dear, Al-a-bam-a, Al-a-bam-a, Al - a - bam - a, thee I love.



No. 62.

Love's Old, Sweet Song.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

C. C. BINGHAM.

J. L. MOLLOY, Arr. by A. J. S.

Melody in Second Tenor.

[illegible]

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

- mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for ev - er - more; Footsteps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

- Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when

[illegible]

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff is a five-line system. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicated by a sharp sign on the first line. The notation includes various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, as well as rests. There are also some unusual markings, such as a large 'X' or 'Z' shape in the middle of the staff. The paper is aged and slightly discolored.

- fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shadow's fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

A single line of musical notation for the bass part of the song. It begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. The notes are: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, G75, A75, B75, C76, D76, E76, F#76, G76, A76, B76, C77, D77, E77, F#77, G77, A77, B77, C78, D78, E78, F#78, G78, A78, B78, C79, D79, E79, F#79, G79, A79, B79, C80, D80, E80, F#80, G80, A80, B80, C81, D81, E81, F#81, G81, A81, B81, C82, D82, E82, F#82, G82, A82, B82, C83, D83, E83, F#83, G83, A83, B83, C84, D84, E84, F#84, G84, A84, B84, C85, D85, E85, F#85, G85, A85, B85, C86, D86, E86, F#86, G86, A86, B86, C87, D87, E87, F#87, G87, A87, B87, C88, D88, E88, F#88, G88, A88, B88, C89, D89, E89, F#89, G89, A89, B89, C90, D90, E90, F#90, G90, A90, B90, C91, D91, E91, F#91, G91, A91, B91, C92, D92, E92, F#92, G92, A92, B92, C93, D93, E93, F#93, G93, A93, B93, C94, D94, E94, F#94, G94, A94, B94, C95, D95, E95, F#95, G95, A95, B95, C96, D96, E96, F#96, G96, A96, B96, C97, D97, E97, F#97, G97, A97, B97, C98, D98, E98, F#98, G98, A98, B98, C99, D99, E99, F#99, G99, A99, B99, C100, D100, E100, F#100, G100, A100, B100, C101, D101, E101, F#101, G101, A101, B101, C102, D102, E102, F#102, G102, A102, B102, C103, D103, E103, F#103, G103, A103, B103, C104, D104, E104, F#104, G104, A104, B104, C105, D105, E105, F#105, G105, A105, B105, C106, D106, E106, F#106, G106, A106, B106, C107, D107, E107, F#107, G107, A107, B107, C108, D108, E108, F#108, G108, A108, B108, C109, D109, E109, F#109, G109, A109, B109, C110, D110, E110, F#110, G110, A110, B110, C111, D111, E111, F#111, G111, A111, B111, C112, D112, E112, F#112, G112, A112, B112, C113, D113, E113, F#113, G113, A113, B113, C114, D114, E114, F#114, G114, A114, B114, C115, D115, E115, F#115, G115, A115, B115, C116, D116, E116, F#116, G116, A116, B116, C117, D117, E117, F#117, G117, A117, B117, C118, D118, E118, F#118, G118, A118, B118, C119, D119, E119, F#119, G119, A119, B119, C120, D120, E120, F#120, G120, A120, B120, C121, D121, E121, F#121, G121, A121, B121, C122, D122, E122, F#122, G122, A122, B122, C123, D123, E123, F#123, G123, A123, B123, C124, D124, E124, F#124, G124, A124, B124, C125, D125, E125, F#125, G125, A125, B125, C126, D126, E126, F#126, G126, A126, B126, C127, D127, E127, F#127, G127, A127, B127, C128, D128, E128, F#128, G128, A128, B128, C129, D129, E129, F#129, G129, A129, B129, C130, D130, E130, F#130, G130, A130, B130, C131, D131, E131, F#131, G131, A131, B131, C132, D132, E132, F#132, G132, A132, B132, C133, D133, E133, F#133, G133, A133, B133, C134, D134, E134, F#134, G134, A

p REFRAIN.

p REFRAIN.

- Just a song at twi- light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring

Love's Old, Sweet Song.

f

shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry, sad the day and

Rit.

long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, comes love's old, sweet song.

No. 63. God Speed the Right.

Unknown.

A. J. Showalter, owner.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending, God speed the right! In a no-ble

2. Be that pray'r a-gain re-peat-ed, God speed the right! Ne'er despairing,

3. Patient, firm and per-se-ver-ing, God speed the right! Ne'er th'event or

4. Still their onward course pur-su-ing, God speed the right! Ev-'ry foe at

cause ex-tend-ing, God speed the right! Be the zeal in heav'n record-ed,

tho' de-feat-ed, God speed the right! Like the good and great in sto-ry,

dan-ger fear-ing, God speed the right! Pains, nor toils, nor tri-als heed-ing,

length sub-du-ing, God speed the right! Truth thy cause, what-e'er delay it,

With suc-cess on earth re-ward-ed; God speed the right, God speed the right!

If they fail, they fail with glo-ry; God speed the right, God speed the right!

And in heav'n's own time succeeding; God speed the right, God speed the right!

There's no pow'r on earth can stay it; God speed the right, God speed the right!

No. 34.

Our Childhood Home.

JAMES ROWE.

Property of T. B. Mosley. 1912.

T. B. MOSLEY.



1. Though thro' many scenes of beauty we may wander, Whether life we prize or
 2. We may see it not from youth till we are hoar - y, We may rise to high-est
 3. When our hearts grow sad and all around seems dreary, When of toil and care and




time and talents squander, Tho' disease and death all tender home-ties sunder,
 plains of wealth and glo-ry, But the brightest, fairest page of life's long story
 strife our souls are wea-ry, How we long to see once more those fac-es cheery,




REFRAIN.
 We shall not for-get our hap-py childhood home. (dear home.)
 Will be still the days we spent in childhood's home. (dear home.) O the hap-py, hap-py
 That we loved to meet in childhood's happy home. (dear home.)




home of childhood, It will nev-er, nev-er be for-got! (ne'er forgot!) O the




hap-py, hap-py home of childhood, It will ev-er be the dear-est spot.....
 dear - est, dear-est spot!



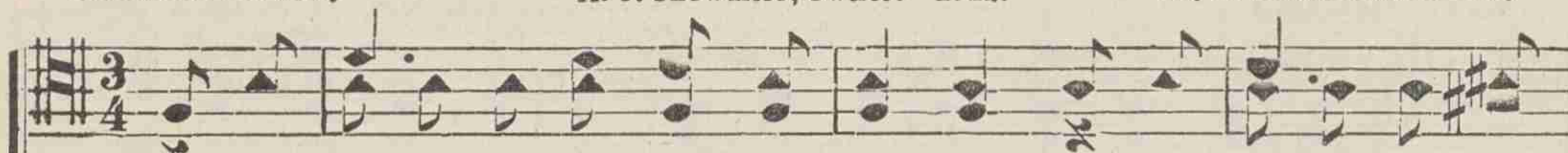
No. 65.

The Friend of Sinners.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



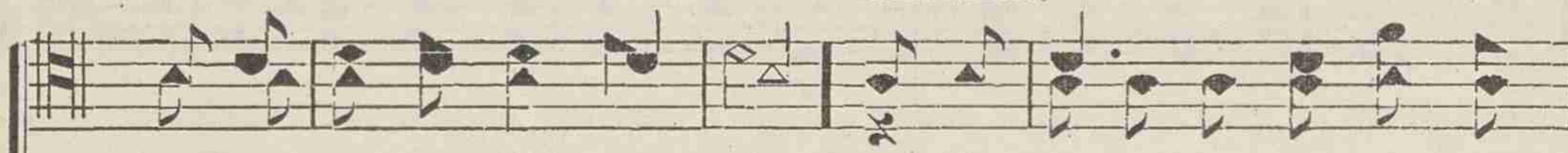
1. Je - sus is the Friend of sin - ners, Would you learn His
2. Do you know the Friend of sin - ners? All His mer - cies
3. Would you know the Friend of sin - ners? O His heart is
4. When you know the Friend of sin - ners, You will find Him



cleans - ing pow'r? He has of - fered peace and par - don,
 you may claim, For the love of Christ is bound - less,
 true and kind! And His gift of free sal - va - tion
 just the same, He who seeks this bless - ed Sav - iour



REFRAIN.



Come to Him this ver - y hour. Je - sus is the Friend of
 Lift - ing souls from guilt and shame.
 Ev - 'ry need - y soul may find.
 Proves the won - ders of His name. Je - sus is the Friend of



sin - ners, Kind and faith - ful to the end, All may
 sin - ners, Kind and faith - ful to the end,



prove Him true and lov - ing; Do you know the sin - ner's Friend?
 All may prove Him true and lov - ing;



No. 66.

Flitting Away.

Arr. owned by A. J. Showalter. 1912.

W. C. BRYANT.

C. C. CLINE. Arr. by A. J. S.



1. As shad-ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
2. And while the years, an end-less host, Come pressing swift-ly on,
3. Yet doth the star of Bethl'hem shed A lus-ter pure and sweet,
4. O Fa-ther! may that ho-ly star Grow ev-'ry year more bright,



So in Thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er-a-tions pass.
The brightest names that earth can boast Just glis-ten and are gone.
And still it leads as once it led To the Mes-si-ah's feet.
And send its glo-rious beams a-far, To fill the world with light.



REFRAIN.



- 1-2. Flit-ting, flit-ting, Flit-ting like shad-ows a-way;
- 1-2. Flit-ting a-way, flit-ting a-way,
- 3-4. Brighter, brighter, Brighter the ho-ly star shines;
- 3-4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines,



Rit.



Flit-ting, flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like shad-ows a-way.
Flit-ting a-way,
Brighter, bright-er it shines, Brighter the ho-ly star shines.
Brighter it shines,



No. 67.

I Shall Be Satisfied.

A. J. Showalter, owner. 1912.

DR. H. BONAR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. When I a - wake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose
 2. When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my
 3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me




dawn - ing night ne'er re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day ev - er
 arms the long, long re - moved, And find how faith - ful Thou then hast
 died, with eye no more dim, And praise Him with heav'n's deep swell - ing



REFRAIN.



burns, I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be
 proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied. I, yes, I shall be




sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I a -
 sat - is - fied, I, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied,




wake in Thy like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.



No. 68. The Word Divine I Love.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

W. J. Morris, owner. 1912.

W. J. MORRIS.



1. The wondrous Word Di-vine I love, 'Tis pre-cious to my soul; It led me
2. With-in this Ho-ly Word I read Rich prom-is-es of grace; My Sav-iour
3. This pre-cious Book His love re-veals, Who lives to in-ter-cede; His ten-der



REFRAIN.



to my Lord a-bove, Who cleansed and made me whole. O it tells..... me
bends to hear me plead, And shows His smil-ing face.
heart my sor-row feels, And He sup-plies my need. O it tells me



how He shed His blood for me, On the cross, the rugged cross of Cal - va - ry,
how He shed His blood for me, On the cross, the rugged cross of Cal - va - ry,



Rall.

And that I..... from sin, and death, and sorrow free, May live e-ter-nal-ly.
And that I from sin, and death, and sorrow free, May live e-ter-nal-ly.



No. 69. Even Me, Even Me.

W. J. Morris, owner. 1912.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

W. J. MORRIS.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;



Even Me, Even Me.



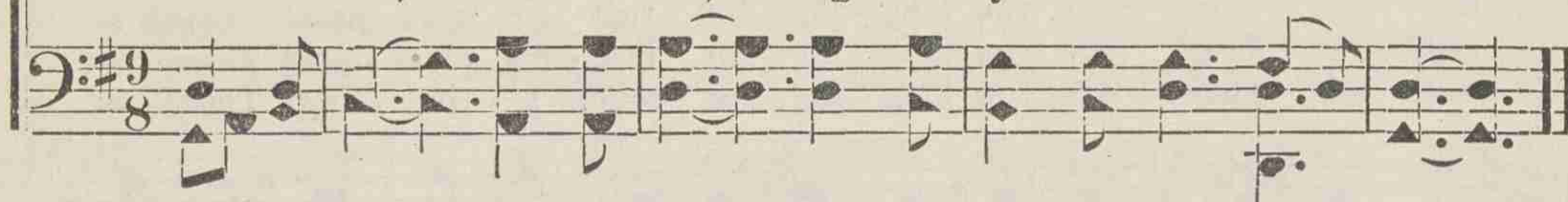
Show'rs the thirst - y land re-fresh - ing, Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me;
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Whil'st Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



REFRAIN.



E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Whil'st Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



No. 70. The Soldier's Farewell.

KINKEL.

Andante.

Cres.



1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er more can I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee;
3. I think of thee with long-ing; Think thou when tears are thronging,



Dim.



And then what-e'er be-falls thee, I go where du - ty calls me.
With spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.
That with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft when dy-ing:

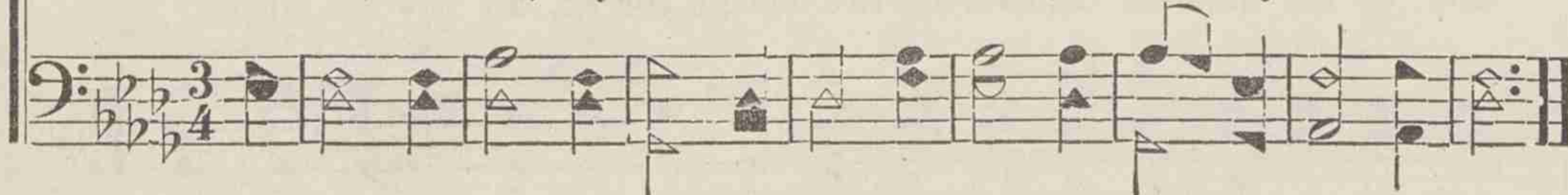


p Cantabile.

Rit. pp



Fare-well, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.



No. 71. Enough For All Over There.

Respectfully inscribed to the Male Quartet Cyrene Institute, Cyrene, Ga.—John O. B.

John O. Beall, owner. 1912.

JAMES ROWE.

JOHN O. BEALL.



1. Are you wea - ry of care and sad - ness? O - ver yon - der each
2. Are you wea - ry of grief's full meas - ure? O - ver yon - der there's
3. Are you wea - ry of cease - less chid - ing? O - ver yon - der no



day is fair. Are you long - ing for rest or glad - ness? There's e -
none to bear. Are you look - ing for last - ing pleas - ure? There's e -
souls de - spair. Are you look - ing for peace a - bid - ing? There's e -



REFRAIN.



nough for us all o - ver there. There's e - nough for us all in



glo - ry, Ev - 'ry heart will have joy to spare. Then be true to the



end, on the Sav-iour depend; There's enough for us all o - ver there.



No. 72. The Showalter-Patton Quartet.

JAMES ROWE.

The Showalter-Patton Quartet, owners. 1912.

K. C. ROBINSON.



1. A band of true work-ers, we stand for the right, En-joy-ment we
2. Our mu-sic is al-ways the la-test and best, Our song-books are
3. We aim to do good; so, wher-ev-er we go, Our love for our
4. The Sun-day-school ar-my we hope to in-crease, Ex-tend the Lord's



give, spreading mu-sic-al light; All true to our du-ty, we strive with our
a-ble to stand ev-'ry test, And oft-en the Mas-ter has won-drous-ly
Mas-ter we fear-less-ly show; Wher-ev-er we sing we are wel-come, we
king-dom till e-vil shall cease, And has-ten the dawn of per-pet-u-al



REFRAIN.



might; The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-tet.
bless'd The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-tet.
know; The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-tet.
peace; The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-tet.

The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-



tet (Quartet), Will sing till the sun has set, To win the re-



ward—the "well done" of the Lord; The Sho-wal-ter-Pat-ton Quar-tet..



No. 72.

The Airship Man.

Joel W. Guin, owner. 1912.

JAMES ROWE.

JOEL W. GUIN.



1. O - ver our heads his ship he flies, Mak - ing his
 2. O - ver the plains and hills he goes, View - ing the
 3. Won-drous - ly brave in - deed is he, Mak - ing a



way thro' the sum - mer skies; How it de - lights our hearts and
 moun - tains in re - pose, Nev - er a sign of fear he
 way for you and me; Soon in the air we all may



eyes! Hur - rah..... for the air - ship man.
 shows;
 be; Hur - rah, hur - rah

REFRAIN. *Repeat ff.*



{ Hur - rah, hur - rah for the air - ship man! }
 { Hur - rah, hur - rah for the air - ship man! } So fear - less is he, So



hap - py and free; Hur - rah, hur - rah for the air - ship man.

No. 74. We, Like Flowers, Will Fade Away.

WM. M. G.

Property of Wm. M. Golden. 1912.

WM. M. GOLDEN.



1. We, like flow-ers, will soon fade a - way, And will sleep in our cold beds of
2. Down the val - ley of death fast we glide, We are drift-ing a - long with the
3. When my ship nev - er more rides the wave, Will you let flow-ers bloom on my



clay; Tho' our jour - ney on earth seem in vain, Yet if faith - ful to
tide; See our ships as they're sail-ing a - way, For that sweet land of
grave? Meet me, friends, in that land o - ver - there, In that sweet land of



REFRAIN.



God, we shall all meet a - gain.
love, to our home far a - way. We shall meet a - gain in the by and
love, in that home bright and fair.



by, Where the flow-ers bloom as of May; As we jour-ney on let us



watch and pray, Let us work for the Lord till He calls us a - way.



No. 75. Farewell, But Not Forever.

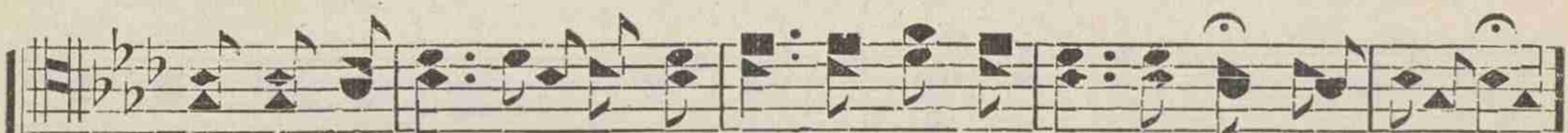
JOHNSON OATMAN.

Copyright, 1907, by R. L. Ferguson.

R. L. FERGUSON.



1. The hands of time are mov-ing fast, They'll backward turn for us, O nev-er;
2. While life shall last we'll ne'er forget The hap-py hours we've spent to-geth-er;
3. To meet each oth - er in the sky Is what we all will now en-deav-or;
4. When we have reached that golden land This word so sad will be heard nev-er;



The time to part has come at last, Farewell, farewell, but not for - ev - er.
We'll bet-ter be for hav-ing met, We'll say farewell, but not for - ev - er.
There we will dwell while a - ges fly, So now farewell, but not for - ev - er.
We'll nev-er give the parting hand, Nor say farewell up there for - ev - er.



REFRAIN.



Farewell, dear friends, we now must part, These ties so dear we now must sev - er;



Tho' hearts are wrung and tear-drops start, We'll say farewell, but not for - ev - er.



No. 76.

A Song of Hope.

"I will hope continually."

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. D. Patton, owner, 1912.

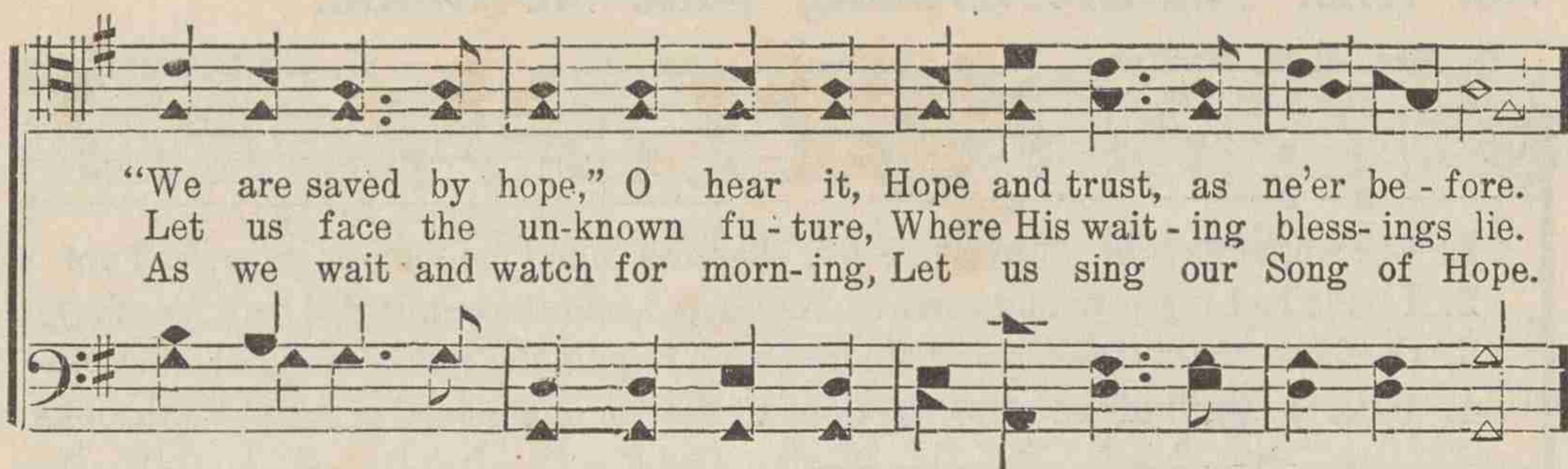
J. D. PATTON.



1. I will hope in God, my Sav-iour, I will praise Him more and more;
2. He is wor - thy to be trust-ed, And with hope's ex - pect - ant eye,
3. In the night, while shadows dark - en, And a - far from home we grope,



A Song of Hope.



"We are saved by hope," O hear it, Hope and trust, as ne'er be - fore.
 Let us face the un-known fu - ture, Where His wait - ing bless - ings lie.
 As we wait and watch for morn - ing, Let us sing our Song of Hope.

REFRAIN.



May the God of hope now fill us With all joy, and love, and peace,



And from fear's un - hap - py bondage, Grant our souls a glad re - lease.



No. 77.

Remember Me.

WM. M. G.

Property of Wm. M. Golden. 1912.

WM. M. GOLDEN.



1. Lord, whe I come to die, Thy face O let me see; Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing
 2. When oth-er help-ers fail, With Thee O let me be; When I shall walk this earth no
 3. Should friends forsake me here, And loved ones turn away, Lord, guide my ves-sel safe-ly



D. S.—Yes, while I live and when I

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



groans, O Lord, re-mem-ber me!
 more, O Lord, re-mem-ber me! O Lord, re-mem-ber me! O Lord, re-mem-ber me!
 home, Where I can live for aye!



die, O Lord, re-mem-ber me!

No. 132. In the Evening Take Me Home.

© Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

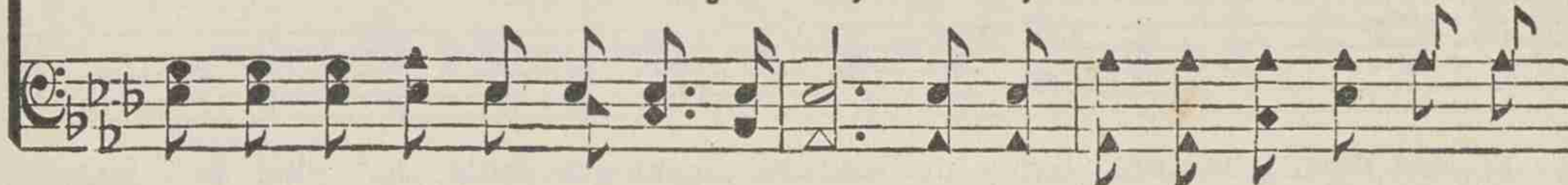
A. J. Showalter.



1. Life's brief day is al-most o-ver, shadows round me long-er grow, And ere
2. I have had my joys and sorrows, smiles and tears have mingled here, As they
3. O how ma-ny friends and kindred wait to give me welcome there! They are
4. With a thrill of ex-ul-ta-tion to that "summer-land of song", Faith looks



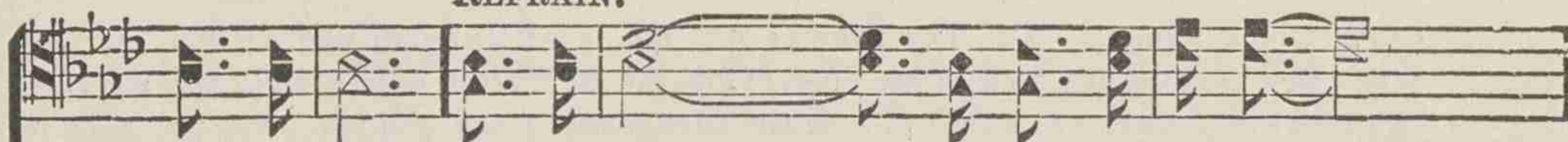
long the si-lent night shall sure-ly come; At the thought my pulses quicken
must while on the shores of time we roam; But to scenes of bliss un-end-ing,
gathered safe 'neath heaven's shelt'ring dome; Thro' His grace I soon shall join them
out a-cross the Jor-dan's chill-y foam; Near-er, near-er sounds the mu-sic



and I whis-per soft and low,—“Fa-ther, when the ev-'ning fall-eth,
now I'm draw-ing ver-y near,—Fa-ther, when the ev-'ning com-eth,
and a crown of vic-t'ry wear,—Fa-ther, when the ev-'ning com-eth,
of the shin-ing an-gel throng,—Fa-ther, when the ev-'ning com-eth,



REFRAIN.



take me home. Take me home, dear heav'nly Fa-ther,
Take me home, take me home, dear heav'n-ly Fa-ther, take me home,



Take me home, O take me home; I am wea-ry, let me
Take me home, take me home, dear heav'nly Father, take me home;



In the Evening Take Me Home.

rest On Thy faith-ful, lov-ing breast, In the ev-'ning, take me home.

No. 133.

There Stands a Rock.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.

1. There stands a Rock on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sub-lime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo-ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft-y height, Il-lumed with heav'n's un-cloud-ed light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with-in the cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of a - ges cling.
Swings wide its gates be-neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

REFRAIN.

{ Some build their hopes on the ev - er drift-ing sand, } Mine's on a Rock
{ Some on their fame or their treas-ure or their land; }

that for-ev-er-more shall stand—Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges." A-men.

James Rowe.

J. M. HENSON, SUGAR VALLEY, GA., OWNER, 1913.

J. M. Henson.



1. O - ver the riv - er dear ones a - wait Pa-tient-ly at the beau-ti-ful gate,
2. O - ver the riv - er rest will be mine, Rest with my gracious Savior di - vine,
3. There with my dear ones I shall re-main, Praising the King who ever will reign,
4. Soon will the morn be dawning for me, Hill-tops of glo-ry then I shall see,



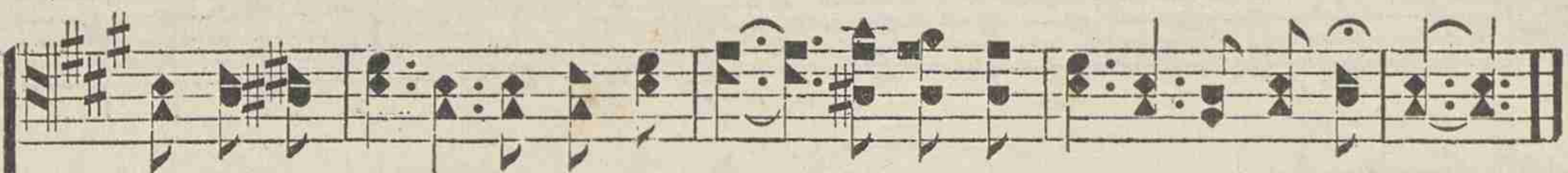
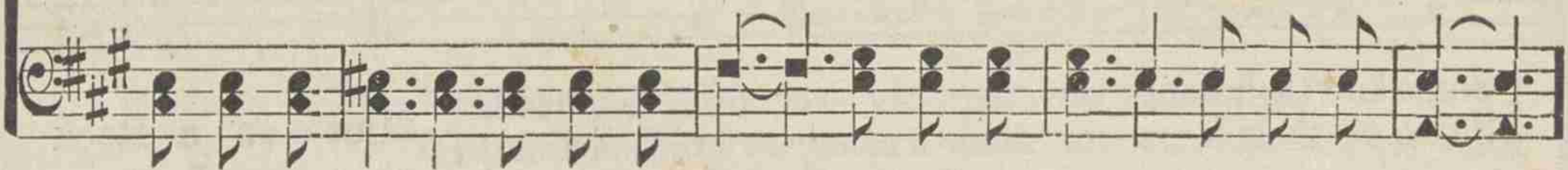
Looking this way o'erflowing with love, Read-y to bid me welcome a - bove.
 Nev-er the night will sad-den me there, Nev-er will come a grief or a care.
 Praising with saints on heave's glad shore, Je-sus whom millions love and a - dore.
 Then I shall see the dear ones that wait Now at the bright and beautiful gate.



REFRAIN



O-ver the riv-er wait-ing are they, Pa-tient-ly waiting, looking this way,



Soon will the morning banish the gloom, Then will my dear ones welcome me home.



No. 151.

O Paradise.

To my pupils and co-workers, Profs. J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley and H. M. Eagle.

F. W. Faber.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.

Andante con espress.



1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here:



Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
Who would not be at rest, and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
O joy to be where Je - sus is! To feel, to see Him near.



REFRAIN. *m*



Where loy - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
Where loy - al hearts, where loy - al hearts and true,



All rap - ture through and through In God's most ho - ly sight;

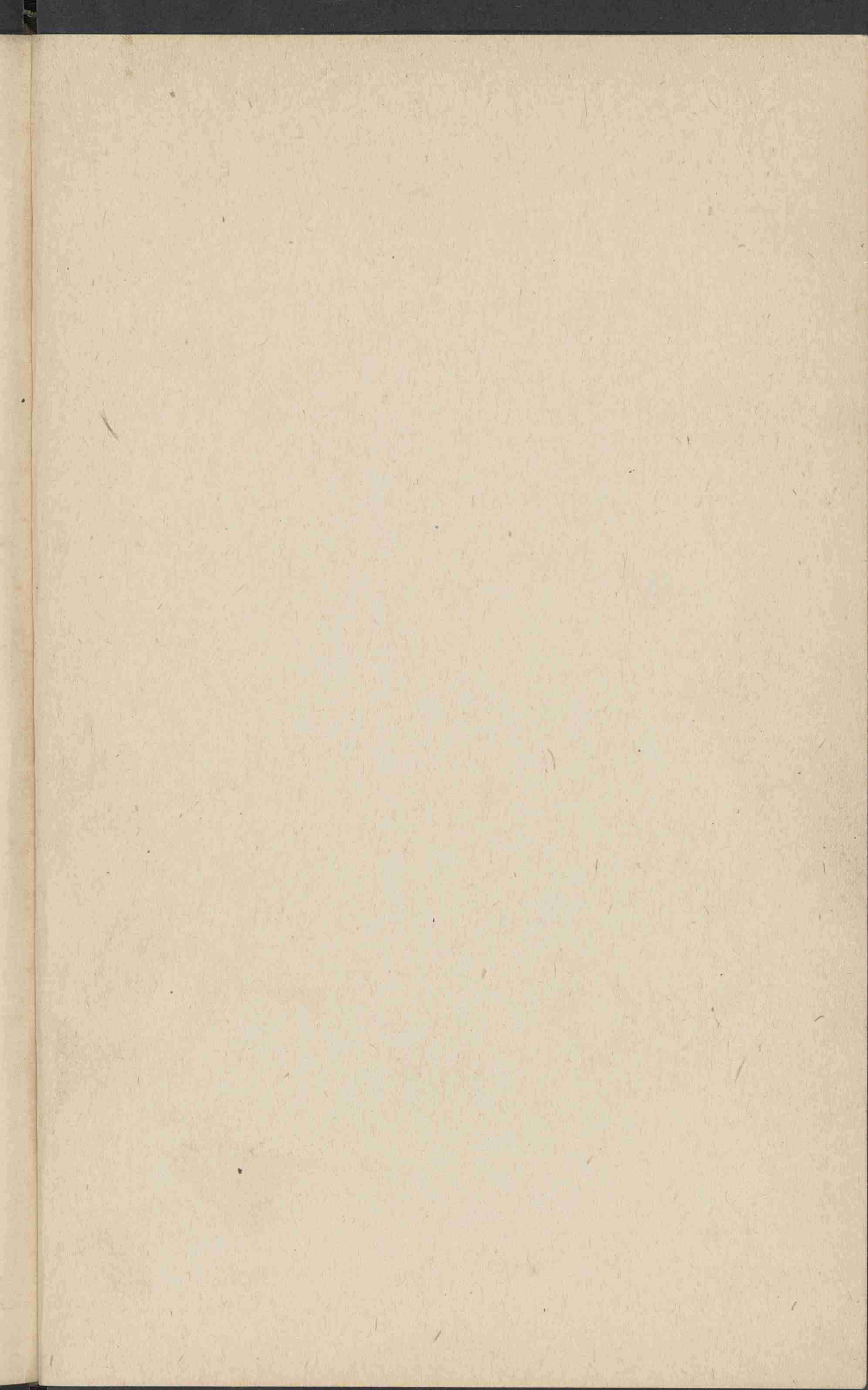


All rap - ture thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

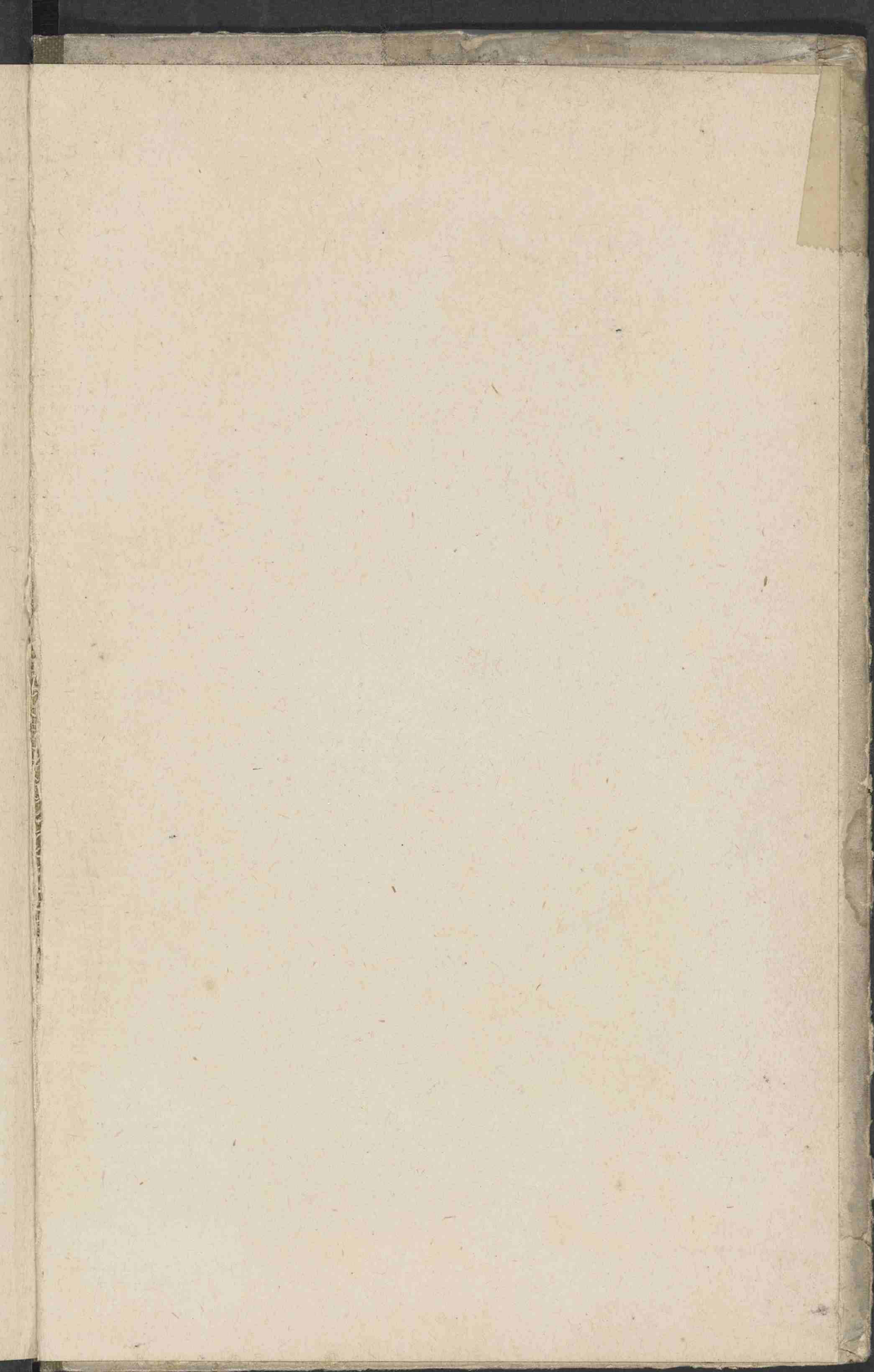


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