"Whoso Offereth Praise Glorifieth Me."

Sacred Melodies

EDITED BY

J. H. HALL

PUBLISHED BY

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DAYTON, VIRGINIA

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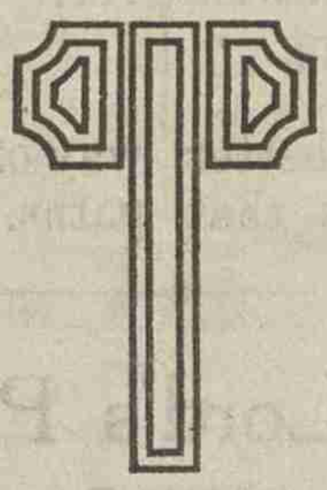
SACRED MELODIES

A

BOOK OF GOSPEL SONGS FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS OF CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

EDITED BY

J. H. HALL



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Hymns 1913 Sacr
27
HIAN. 2

Opening Service.

Leader.—A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

Response.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Leader.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Response.—For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Leader.—Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

Response.—For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

Leader.—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Response.—He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

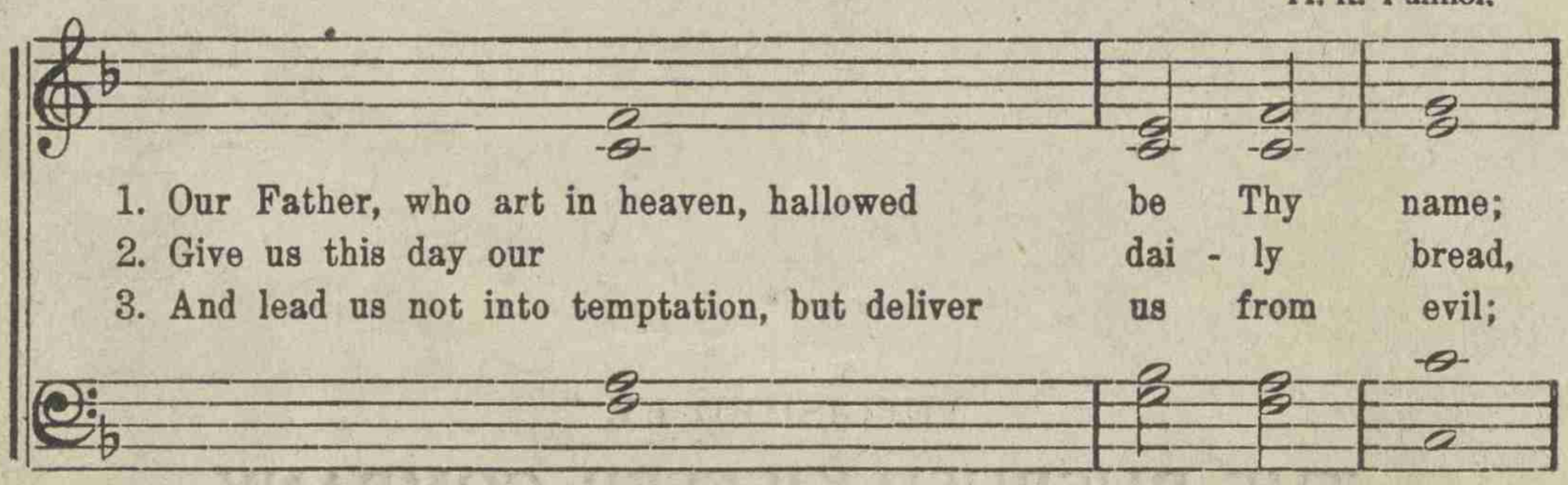
Leader.—A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

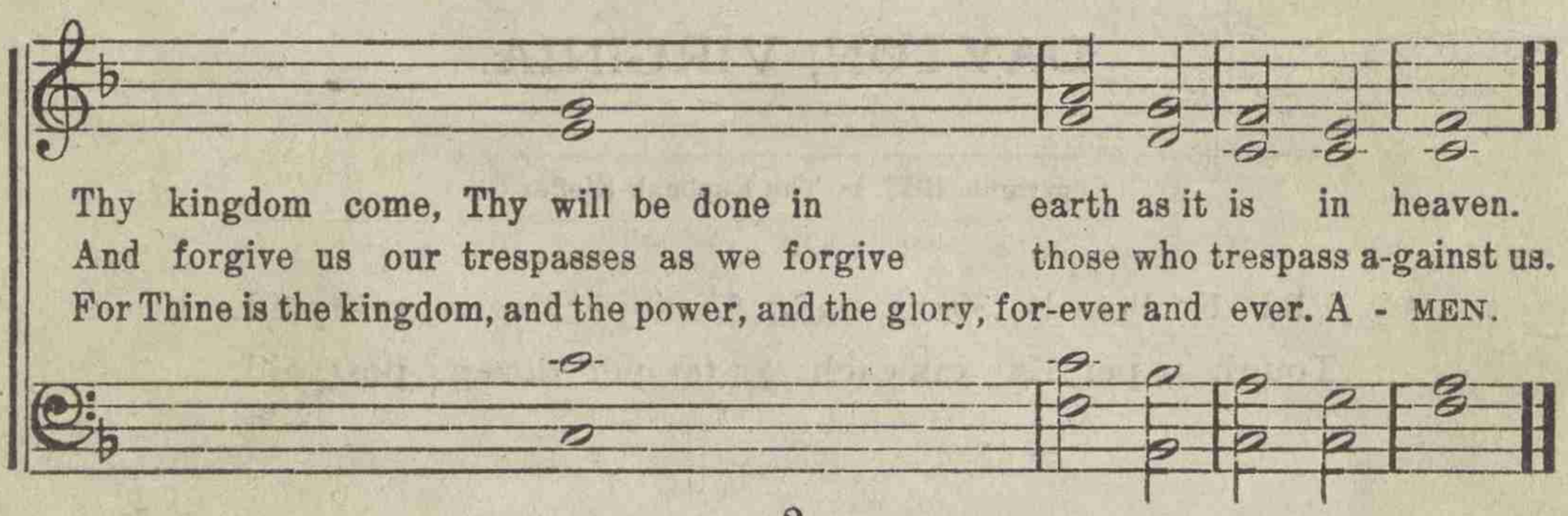
Response.—A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

All.—I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

The Lord's Prayer.

CHANT. H. R. Palmer.





Sacred Melodies

*"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making **MELODY** in your heart to the Lord."—Ep. 5: 19.*

No. 1. Whisper it to Jesus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. H. Hall.

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No. 2. Hallelujah, I'll be There.

Rev. B. F. Campbell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On that morn-ing bright and fair, When we reach that heav'n-ly shore,
2. What a joy - ful time 'twill be When we meet in sweet ac - cord,
3. O the bless - ed, bless - ed thought, Sin shall nev - er en - ter there;
4. Let us still re - ech - o "come," Send the word to near and far;

We shall see our Sav - ior there, We shall praise Him ev - er - more.
Our en - rap-tured souls set free In the serv-ice of the Lord.
By His precious blood we're bought, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear.
Je - sus waits to lead you home, He will be your guid - ing star.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, I'll be there, In the land . . . . . where all is fair; Where our voices we shall raise

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, I'll be there, In the land where all is fair, In the land where all is fair;

In eternal songs of praise, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I'll be there. (I'll be there.)

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No. 3. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

Ada Blenkhorn. J. Howard Entwisle.

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No. 4. There is Joy in Doing Good.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.

1. There is joy in do - ing good, great re-ward for ev - 'ry deed,
2. There is joy in do - ing good, 'tis the on - ly way of peace,
3 There is joy in do - ing good, do - ing good the live-long day,

Just to speak a kind - ly word, or to help some one in need;
For the path-way brighter grows, and its pleas-ures nev - er cease,
Fill - ing ev - 'ry hour with love, for the er - ring ones a - stray,

Just to soothe an ach - ing heart, just to light - en oth - ers' care,
For the hap - py hearts we meet, and the smiles that cheer our way
Noth-ing good that we can do, noth - ing kind that we can say,

Brings a har-vest-ing of joy, scat - ters sun-shine ev - 'ry-where.
Make in life the bit-ter sweet, turn the dark-ness in - to day.
E'er is lost, but comes again, comes with blessings day by day.

CHORUS.

There is joy . . . . . in do - ing good,
There is joy in do - ing good, in do - ing good,

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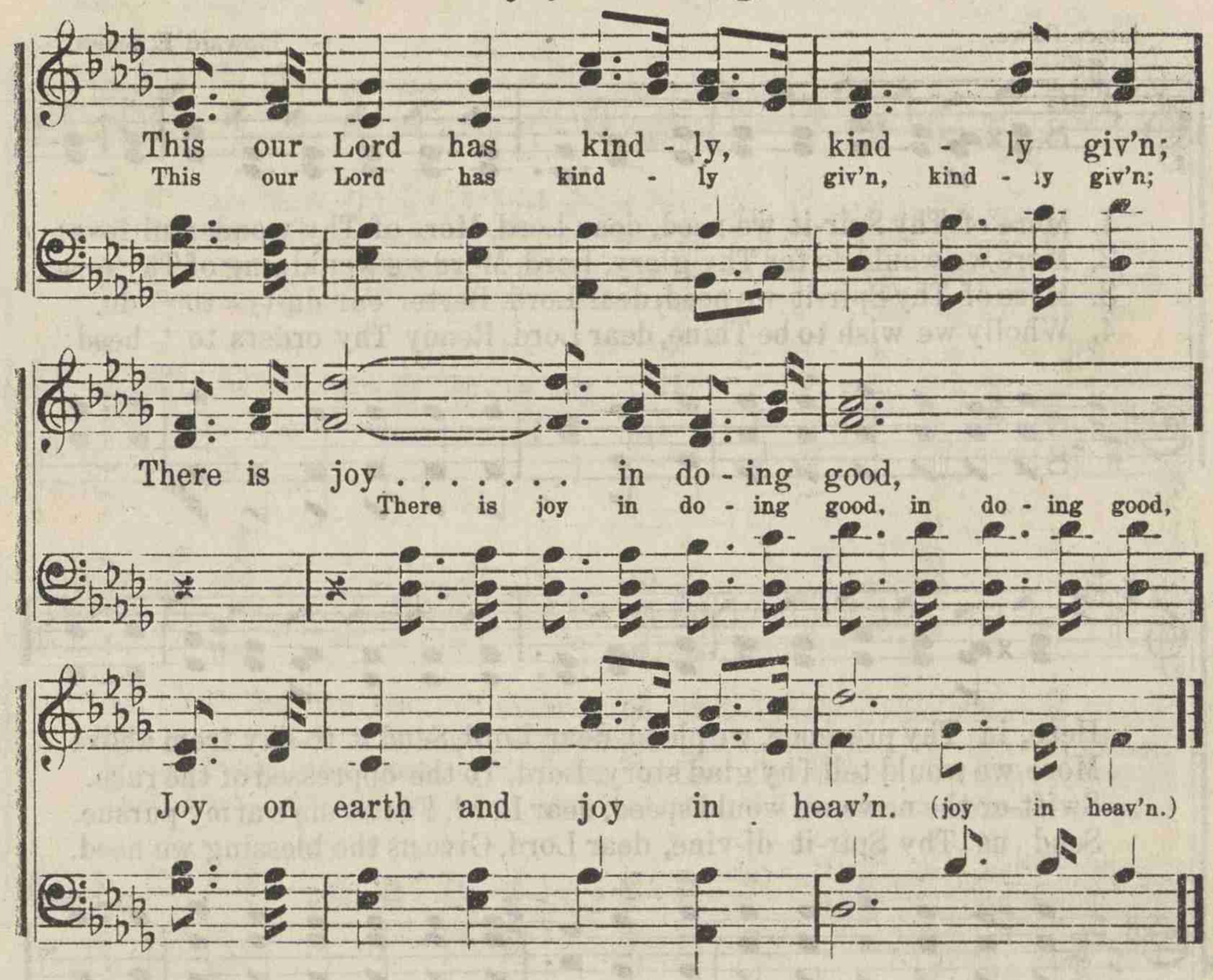
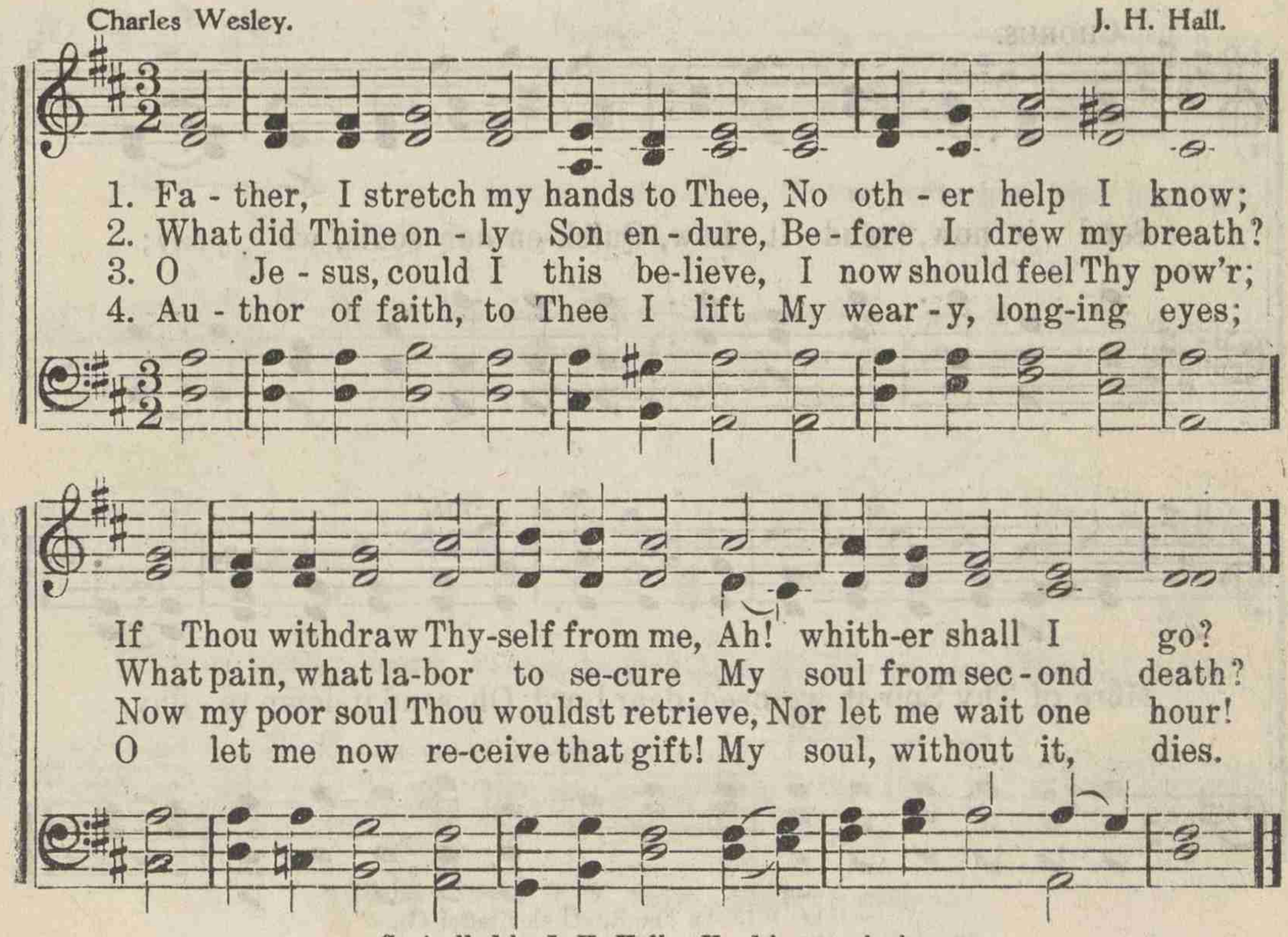
There is Joy in Doing Good.



No. 5. Ellisville.

Charles Wesley. J. H. Hall.



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No. 6. Send It Down To-day.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. More of Thy Spir-it we need, dear Lord, More of Thy wonderful love;
2. More we would do for Thy glory, Lord, More we would sing of Thy grace,
3. More of Thy Spir-it we need, dear Lord, Better our du-ty to do,
4. Wholly we wish to be Thine, dear Lord, Ready Thy orders to heed;

Here, in Thy presence, we plead, dear Lord, Send it to-day from above.
More we would tell Thy glad story, Lord, To the oppressed of the race.
Swift-er the news we would speed, dear Lord, Faster sin's army pursue.
Send us Thy Spir-it di-vine, dear Lord, Give us the blessing we need.

CHORUS.

Send it now, send it now, Quick-en our souls, we pray;

rit.

More of Thy Spir-it we need, dear Lord: Oh, send it down to - day.

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No. 7. I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J Crosby. W. H. Doane.

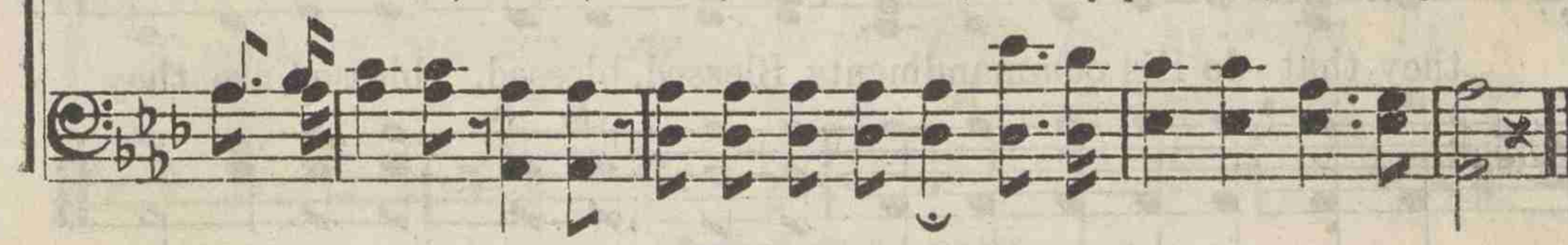
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know, Till I cross the nar-row sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



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No. 8. Blessed are They That Do.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2: 13.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Hear the words our Sav - ior hath spo - ken, Words of life, un-
2. All in vain we hear His commandments, All in vain His
3. They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin, from

fail - ing and true; Care-less one, prayerless one, hear and re-mem - ber,
prom-is - es too; Hear-ing them, fearing them, never can save us,
sor - row and strife, Sanc-ti - fied, glo - ri - fied, now and for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
Bless-ed, O bless-ed, are they that do. Bless-ed are they that
They may have right to the tree of life.

do His commandments, Blessed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are

they that do His commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they

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No. 9. The Reaping By and By.

Jennie Wilson. Reece H. Barton.

1. What kind of seed are we sow - ing On the fields that near us lie? What kind of grain will be grow - ing For our
2. If tares are found, we shall sor - row O'er the harm that we have done; No com - fort then can we bor - row, When to
3. Tri - um - phant shouts will be ring - ing If we gath - er gold - en grain, And come to Je - sus with sing - ing That His
4. May our sow - ing here win the glad - ness Of the Lord's ap- prov - ing smile, And not re-proach-es and sad - ness, At the

CHORUS.

reap - ing by and by?
reap we have be - gun.
bless - ing we may gain.
reap - ing af - ter - while.

Oh, the reap - ing by and by! . . . .

Oh, the reap - ing by and by!

Oh, the reap - ing by and by! . . . . . What kind of
Oh, the reap - ing by and by!

seed are we sow - ing For our reap - ing by and by?

No. 10. The Way the Lord Provides.

E. E. Hewitt. J. H. Hall.

1. O, 'tis won - der-ful, won - der - ful, The way the Lord pro-vides!
2. O, 'tis won - der-ful, won - der - ful, How the Lord pro-vides!
3. O, 'tis won - der-ful, won - der - ful, How the Lord pro-vides!

When we hum - bly fol - low, As His Spir - it guides;
When His pre - cious prom - ise In the heart a - bides;
Trust - ing in Him whol - ly, Trust - ing none be - sides;

Man - na in the des - ert, Wa - ter from the rock;
Com - ing close to Je - sus By the way of prayer;
For the Fa - ther's house - hold, Bread e - nough to spare,

On the win - try hill - side, Pas - ture for His flock.
On His might - y shoul - ders, Cast - ing all your care.
And be - yond the riv - er, Man - sions bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Faith and hope re - new - ing, Sing, what-e'er be - tides;

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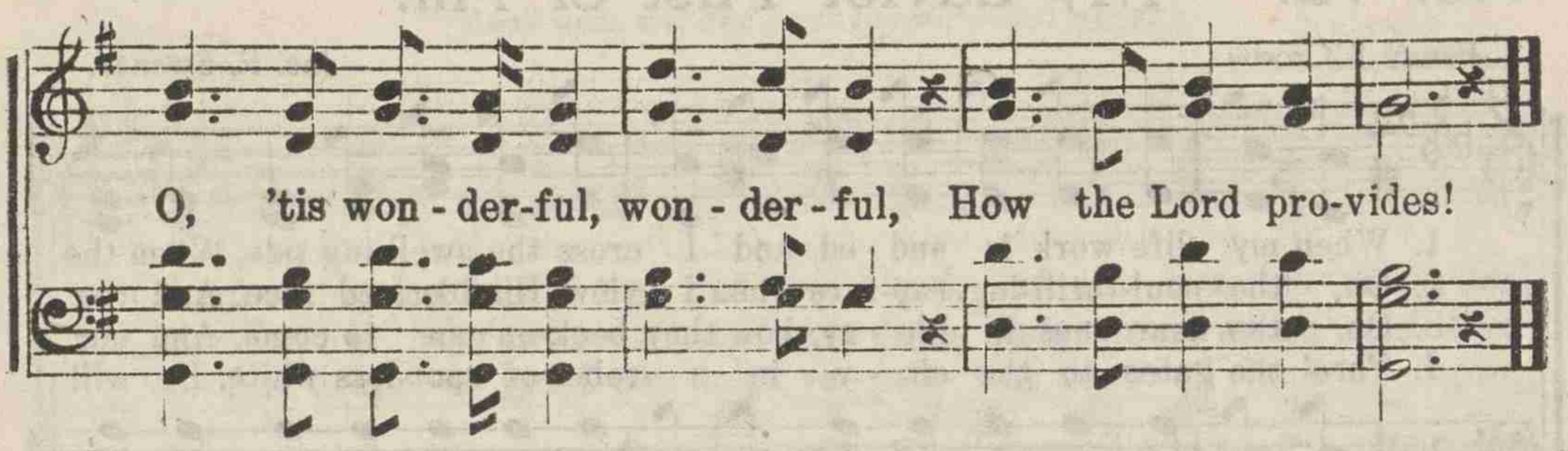
The Way the Lord Provides.



No. 11. Our Loved One Sleeps.

In Memory of Miss Jennie Eyler.

Geo. P. Hott. J. W. Parkham.

J. W. Parkham, owner.

No. 12. My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light, But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know.... Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know.... Him I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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No. 13. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

I. Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'T is all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith

rolled a - way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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No. 14. He Rolls the Sea Away.

"The Lord caused the sea to go back."—Exodus 14: 21.

Emma Pitt. D. B. Towner.

1. In an-cient days, when Is-rael's host In dark-est bond-age lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-ta-tions held their sway,
3. Tho' doubts and fears ob-scure my path, With Je-sus I will stay,
4. Dear Sav-ior, when in my last hour, I near the realms of day,

The mighty pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a-way.
The Lord spoke peace, and pardon gave, He rolled the sea a-way.
He'll keep me near His lov-ing heart, And roll the sea a-way.
Thy presence then shall pi-lot me, And roll the sea a-way.

CHORUS.

He rolls the sea a-way, He rolls the sea a-way, With

Je-sus ev-er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a-way.

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No. 15. For Me.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Heav-en - ly doors were opened That all the world might see One lay a-
2. Free - ly He left its por-tals, Low-ly on earth to be, Sharing our
3. Bear-ing the scorn in patience, Crossing a storm-y sea, Praying in
4. Tho' on the cross He suffered, Great is the joy we see, Knowing that

CHORUS.

side its glo - ry, For you and me.
ev - 'ry sor-row, For you and me. For you, for me,
som-bre stillness, For you and me.
He is liv - ing For you and me. For you, for me,

For you and me, Je - sus left His home in heav'n For
For you and me,
you and me; For you, for me, For you and
For you, for me, For you
me, Life im - mor - tal He has giv'n To you and me.
and me,

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No. 16. He Will Keep You.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. C. C. Cunningham.

1. He will keep you safe from the tempt-er's snare, He will keep (He will keep)
2. He will hold you fast in His own right hand, He will keep (He will keep)
3. He will shel-ter give in the time of storm, And a near (And a near)

you by His pow'r; (by His pow'r;) Wield the sword of truth and the arm of prayer,
you by His pow'r; (by His pow'r;) He will stay each foe at His own com-mand,
re-treat provide; (will provide;) Where the soul is safe from the tempter's harm,

CHORUS.

He will keep (He will keep) you ev-'ry hour. He will keep you by His
He'll be with (He'll be with) you ev-'ry hour.
And in peace (And in peace) may e'er a-bide. He will keep you safe by His

pow'r, Keep you safe ev-'ry hour; He will keep you safe,
pow'r, His pow'r, He will keep you safe ev-'ry hour, ev-'ry hour;

He will keep you safe, He will keep..... you by His pow'r.
He will keep you by His pow'r, by His pow'r.

C. C. Cunningham, owner.

No. 17. When Our Work is Ended.

Allen McIntosh. N. S. Widders.

1. When our work on earth is end - ed, And our tri - als all are o'er,
2. Je - sus said when here a-mong us,—He would "go prepare a place";
3. Will you come to - day and join us—Go with us to that bright land,
4. We will stand a - mong the an-gels, And with loved ones gone be-fore,

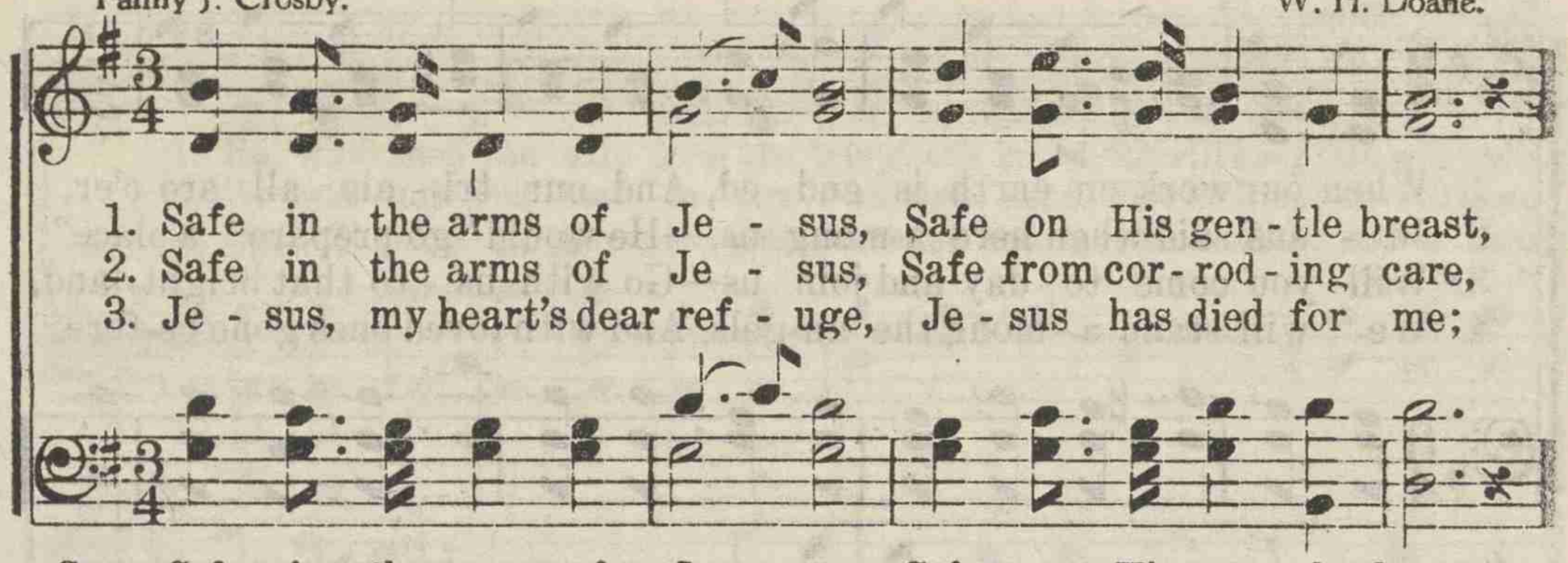
Then our voi - ces will be blend-ed, When we reach the oth - er shore.
And if we will on - ly trust Him, We may share His wondrous grace.
Where the Sav - ior bids us wel-come And ex - tends a beck'ning hand?
We will sing the songs of Zi - on, And shall rest for - ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

When our work . . . . on earth is end-ed, ... Christ will
When our work on earth is end - ed, work is end - ed,
greet . . . us on that shore, With our loved . . ones sing for-
Christ will greet us on that shore, bliss-ful shore, With our loved ones sing for-
ev - er, ... We shall rest . . . for-ev - er - more.
ev - er, sing for - ev - er, We shall rest for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

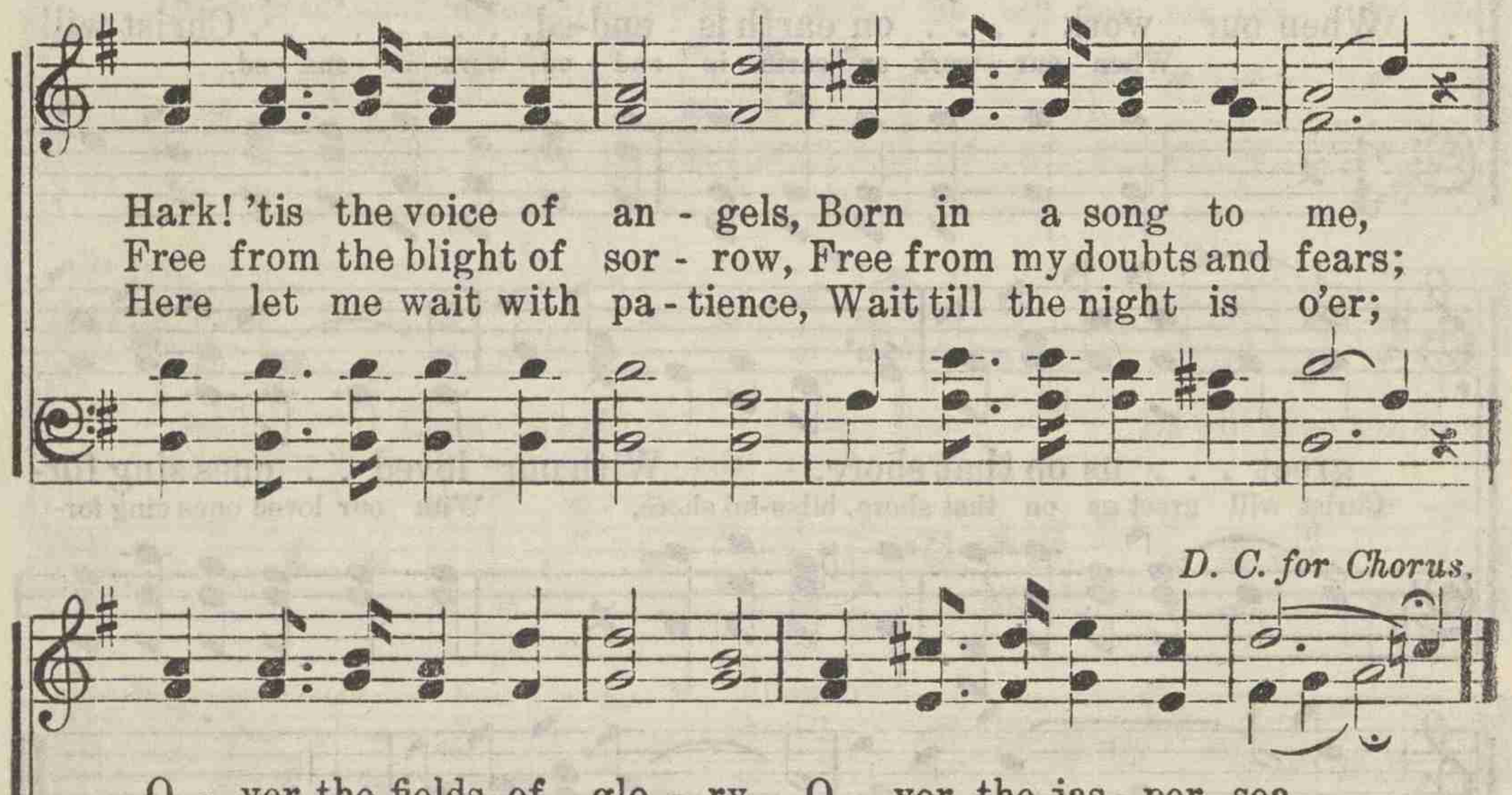
No. 18. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

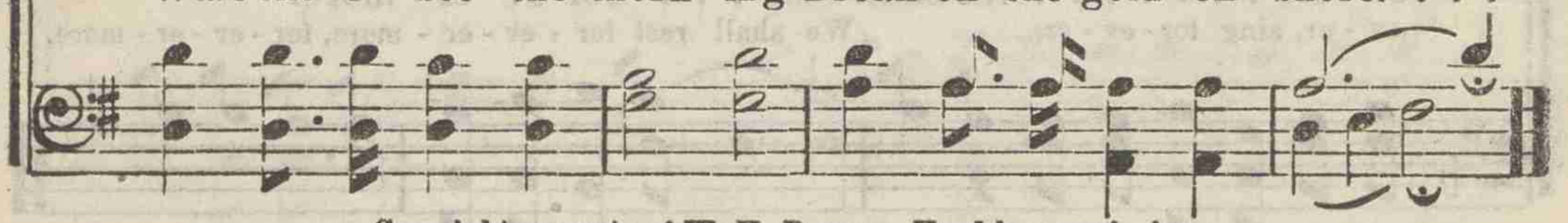
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



CHO.–*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

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





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No. 19. Some of These Days.

Anon. J. H. Hall.

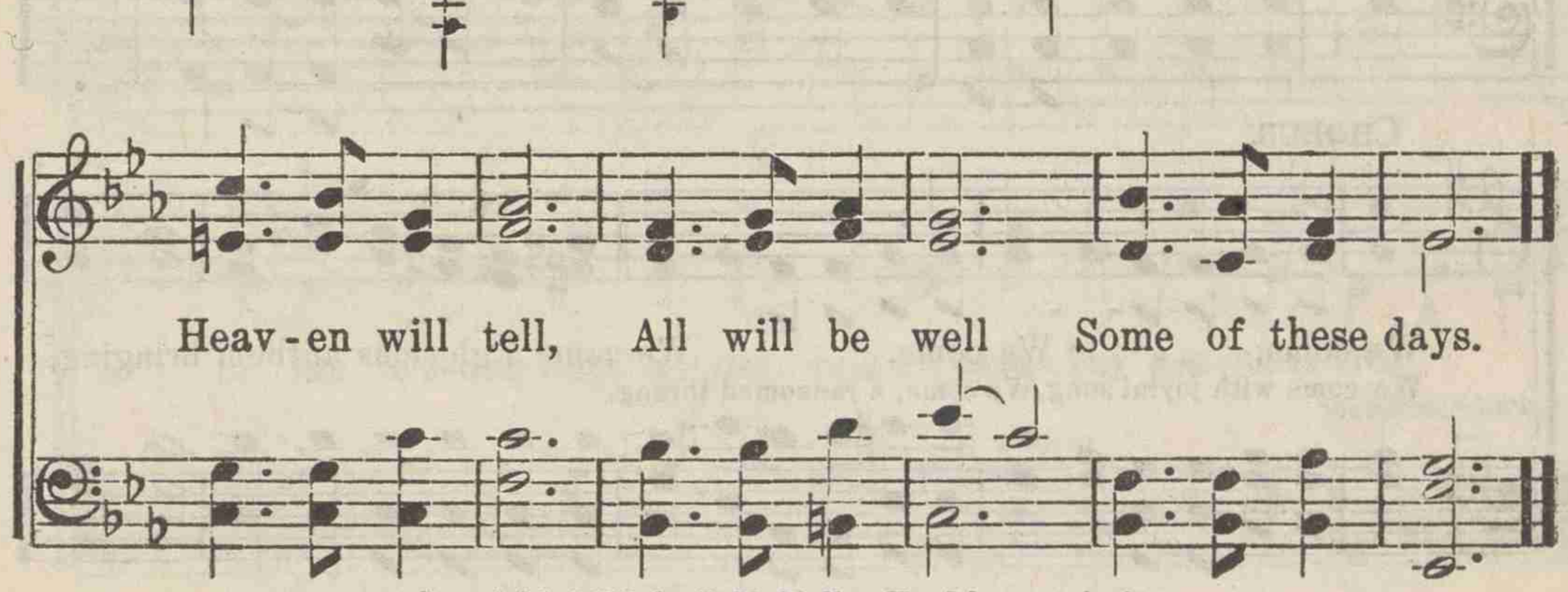
DUET.

1. Some of these days the skies will be brighter, Some of these days the
2. Some of these days, in des-erts upspringing, Fountains will flash while
3. Some of these days we'll bear with our sorrow, Faith in the fu - ture—

bur - den be lighter; Hearts will be hap - pier, Souls will be whiter,
joy-bells are ringing—Thro' all the world the sweetest birds singing,
light we will borrow; There will be joy, a gold - en to-mor-row,

CHORUS.

Some of these days, Some of these days. Some of these days



Heav - en will tell, All will be well Some of these days.

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No. 20. We Come To-day.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. Hott.

1. We come to - day from our hap - py homes, From a - far o'er hill and plain;
2. We come to - day with a chil - dren throng, And join in loud ac - claim;
3. We come to - day, and we part a - gain, But the song shall still roll on,

Where the for-ests tow'r, or the riv - er roams, Bringing praise to Je-sus' name.
With hap-py heart, and with sweetest song, Bringing praise to Je-sus' name.
For the praise of Christ and the love of men, Till the work of life is done.

We come to - day from our hap - py homes, With one har-mo - nious song;
We come to - day with the children's song, All praise to Him be giv'n,
Then we'll sing a - gain at the gates of heav'n, When loved ones greet us home

And ev-'ry voice sings in gladsome tones, Let the an - them roll a - long.
Who lov - ing said in the days long gone: "Of such is the kingdom of heav'n."
With palm and crown un-to each one giv'n, Oh, ran - somed ones, we come.

CHORUS.

We come, We come, We come a glorious anthem bringing,
We come with joyful song, We come, a ransomed throng,

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We Come To-day.

No. 21. A Perfect Friend.

James Rowe. McDuffie Baker.

No. 22. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How, my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mercy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv-eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing . . . . . of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

blood . . . . . He purchased me; . . . . . On the

He pur - chased me, He pur - chased me, He pur-chased me;

blood He pur - chased me, With His blood He pur - chased me; On the

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My Redeemer.

No. 23. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

By permission.

No. 24. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. *"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.* Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus,
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal- va - tion,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you,

A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no oth - er way but His way.
And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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No. 25. Let it Fall on Me.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. As on the day of Pen - te - cost, The Spir - it came like fire,
2. The Ho - ly Spir - it came as wind And breathed upon each soul,
3. It was a ver - y gra-cious hour When, in the up - per room

And sat in flame up - on them all, So meet my soul's de - sire;
And pu - ri - ty and pow - er came, And man - y were made whole.
The Ho - ly Spir - it fell on all, Their e - vil to consume;

Spir - it of burn-ing, come, O come And bring me lib - er - ty!
So let the breath of pow - er blow Up - on my heart to - day
So un - to me re - veal Thy - self With - in my trust-ing heart,

FINE.

The cleansing and transforming pow'r, O, let it fall on me!
And cleanse me from unrighteousness, And take all sin a - way.
And give to me Thy ho - li - ness, And love di - vine im - part.

D. S.—*I can - not rest till pure with - in, And sanc - ti - fied to Thee.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O, let it fall on me, (on me,) O, let it fall on me, (on me,)

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No. 26. Work for the Master.

Jennie Wilson. E. R. Johnson.

1. Work for the Master with pleas-ure, Serving in faith and in love;
2. Wa - ges e - ter - nal are giv - en Un - to all those who are true,
3. Work in the beau-ti - ful morn-ing, Work in the ra - di - ant noon,
4. Work till the darkness is fall - ing, And the dear Master's kind voice

Seek for a share of the treas - ure Safe in the home a - bove.
When the bright vi-sions of heav - en Break on their raptured view.
And when the e - ven-ing's warn-ing Tells that the night comes soon.
You from earth's la-bor is call - ing Home where the blest re-joice.

CHORUS.

Work . . . . . for the Mas - - ter
Work for the heav - en - ly Mas - ter be - low,

While . . . . here you stay; . . . . . Work . . . . for the
Faith - ful - ly work for Him while here you stay; Work for the Mas - ter till

Mas - - ter, Rich - ly will He re - pay. (re - pay.)
to Him you go,

No. 27. In His Love I'll Abide.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. W. French.

1. From the storms of life let me hide my soul, Where no ills can
2. In a shel-tered place with my Sav - ior near, Ev - 'ry want so
3. Till my Sav - ior come, and I'm called to go, When I cross the

ev - er be - tide; In the safe re-treat of my Sav-ior's love, Let my
kind - ly supplied; Ev-'ry joy complete that my heart holds dear, Let my
nar - row di - vide, In the se - cret place of my Fa-ther's love, Let my

CHORUS.

soul for - ev - er a - bide. In His love I'll a - bide,
soul for - ev - er a - bide.
soul for - ev - er a - bide. In His love, I'll a - bide,

Sweet com-pan-ion-ship I shall share; In His love
I shall share; In His love

I'll con-fide, Till I rest at home o - ver there.
I'll con - fide, o - ver there.

No. 28. Resting in Jesus.

F. R. Havergal. J. H. Hall.

1. Rest - ing on the faith - ful - ness of Christ our Lord; Rest - ing on the full-ness of His own sure word; Resting in His love and 'neath His shelt'ring wing;
2. Rest - ing in the fort - ress while the foe is nigh; Rest - ing in the life-boat while the waves roll high; Rest-ing in His chariot for the swift, glad race;
3. Rest - ing in the pas-tures and be - neath the Rock; Rest - ing by the wa-ters where He leads His flock; Resting while we lis-ten at His glo - rious feet;
4. Rest - ing and be - liev - ing, let us on - ward press; Rest - ing in Him- self, the Lord our Righteousness; Resting and re-joic-ing let His saved ones sing,

CHORUS.

Prais-es now to Him we'll sing.
Rest-ing in His bound-less grace.
Oh, the bless-ed rest com - plete.
Glo - ry be to Christ our King.

Rest - ing 'neath the shel - ter
Rest-ing 'neath the shel - ter.

of His wing, And His praise for-ev - er we will sing;
shel - ter of His wing, And His praise for - ev - er, ev - er we will sing;

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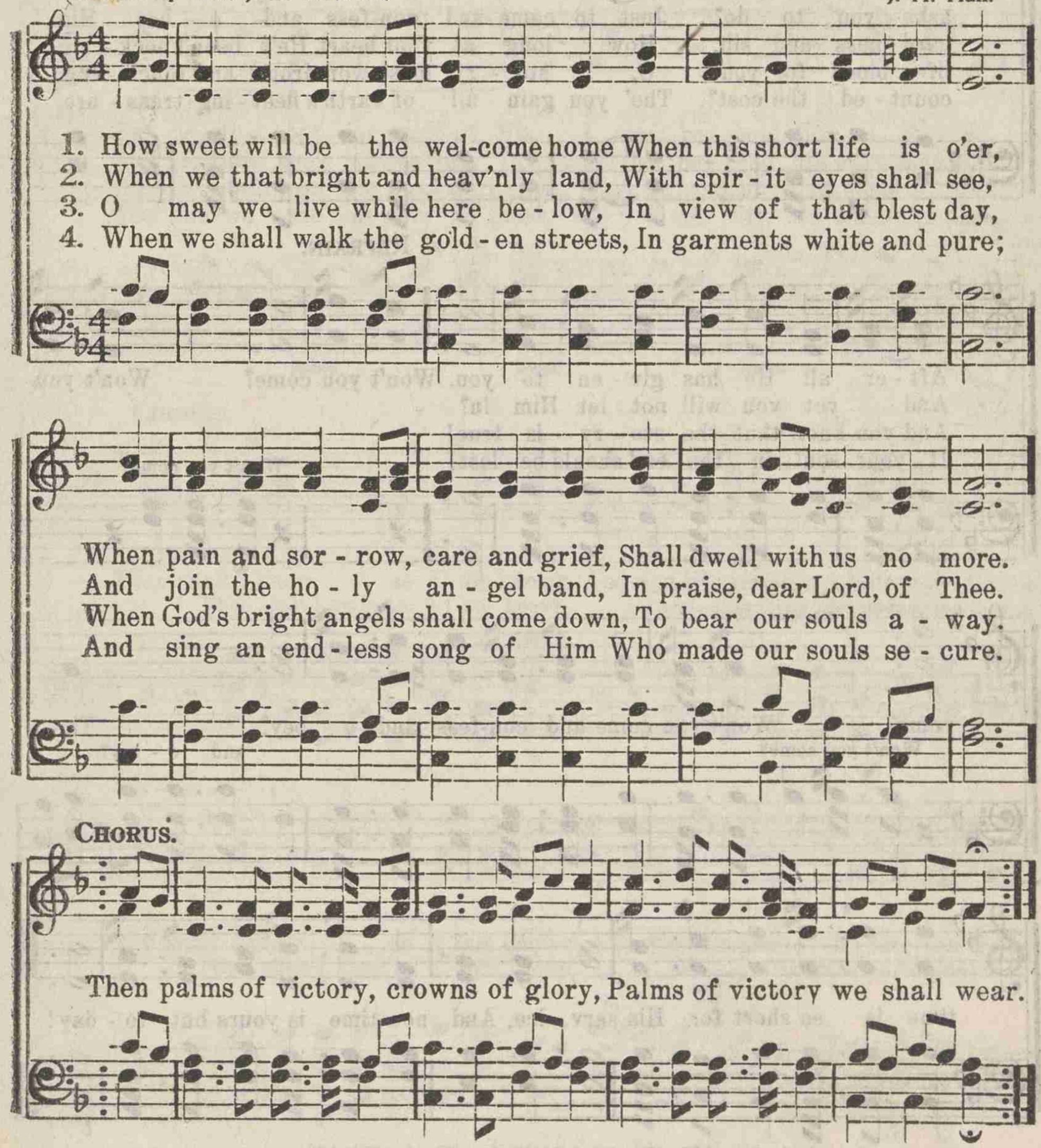
Resting in Jesus.

No. 29. Crown After Cross.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Chorus by Rev. J. B. Matthias. J. H. Hall.



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No. 30. Won't You Come?

Mattie M. Boteler. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - ior, How lit - tle He asks you to do? Just to come and con-fess and o - bey Him,
2. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - ior, How He grieves o'er your hard - ness and sin, How long at your heart He's been knock - ing,
3. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - ior, How He poured out His life - blood for you? O, sto - ry most won-drous and touch - ing,
4. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - ior, Let me ask, have you count - ed the cost? Tho' you gain all of earth's fleet - ing treas - ure,

REFRAIN.

Aft - er all He has giv - en to you. Won't you come? Won't you come?
And yet you will not let Him in?
And you know that the sto - ry is true!
If your soul in the end should be lost!

Won't you come?

Won't you come and con-fess and o - bey? The time is so short for His serv - ice, And no time is yours but to - day!

Won't you come?

and o - bey?

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No. 31. Then Shall I Know.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis now in part I know His grace; I catch sweet glimpses of His face;
2. 'Tis now in part I know His love; Bright sunbeams shine from skies above;
3. 'Tis now in part I un - der-stand The lead-ings of my Father's hand;
4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet To rest by faith at His dear feet:

But in that bet - ter world of His, I shall be - hold Him as He is.
But glo - ries more ex-ceed-ing far, Shall rise be - yond life's eve-ning star.
But I shall own His ways were right, When welcomed to His home of light.
Tho' now we see as thro' a glass, The veil will lift, the shad-ows pass.

CHORUS.

Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise before the throne;
Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise be-fore the throne;
Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise before the throne.
Then shall I know as I am known, And sing His praise be-fore the throne.

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No. 32. Follow in the Steps of the Savior.

Jennie Wilson. C. W. Wright.

1. If you seek that bliss-ful home Far be-yond the star - ry dome,
2. What - so - ev - er may be - tide, Un - to sin ne'er turn a- side,
3. If you long a crown to wear, And ce - les - tial joy to share,
4. If with an - gels you would sing, Where tri-um-phant prais-es ring,

While 'mid scenes of earth you roam,
With His foot-prints for a guide,
Where will come no pain nor care,
In the pres-ence of the King,

CHORUS.

Fol-low in the steps of the Sav - ior. Fol-low in the steps of the Sav - ior!
Fol - low in the steps of the Sav - ior! In the strait and nar-row way
Lead-ing to the realms of day, Fol - low in the steps of the Sav - ior.

C. W. Wright, owner.

No. 33. Praise the Lord, Oh, my Soul!

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. S. Gladson.

1. The boun - ti - ful Fa - ther, the Giv - er of all, Good gifts to the chil - dren of men, Is wor-thy, thrice worthy, of hon - or and pow'r;
2. He giv - eth to all in un - lim - it - ed way, Earth's treasures and heav - en - ly store; He fill - eth one's life, and is near day by day,
3. In love most di-vine He hath o - pened a way, To res - cue the sin - ner for-giv'n; He calls to the way-worn and wear-y to come,

CHORUS.

So tell it a-gain and a - gain. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Oh, my soul, Praise the Lord, Oh, my soul, In heav - en - ly an-thems pro-claim; Praise the Lord, Oh, my soul, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, All praise to His wonderful name. Oh, my soul, Oh, my soul,

He prom-is - es joy ev - er-more.
And rest, ev - er-more, safe in heav'n.

No. 34. Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. Doane. J. B. Herbert.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float (let it float) Sky-ward and
2. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands (hea-then lands) Shall see from
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls (sin-sick souls), That sink and
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high (wide and high), Sea-ward and

sea-ward, high and wide (high and wide); The sun that lights its shin-ing
far the glo-rious sight (glo-rious sight), And na-tions, crowding to be
per-ish in the strife (in the strife), Shall touch in faith its ra-diant
sky-ward let it shine (let it shine); Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it

folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light. O fling out the ban-ner!
hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign.

CHORUS.

Fling out the ban-ner! Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
float, Let it float high and wide;
Our glo-ry on-ly in the cross, Our on-ly hope the Cru-ci-fied!

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No. 35. There's a Promise from the Lord.

"And this is the promise....eternal life."—1 John 2: 25.

Fanny J Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. There's a prom - ise from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis re-
2. Oh, my heart is full of song, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am
3. Oh, His won-drous grace to me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Shall my
4. To the pal - ace gates on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! He will

cord - ed in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah! That the faith-ful He'll re-ward.
sing - ing all day long, Hal - le - lu - jah! In my weakness I am strong,
theme for-ev - er be, Hal - le - lu - jah! With His blood He made me free,
guide me with His eye, Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see Him by and by,

Hal - le - lu - jah! And that prom - ise I be - lieve, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! For my strength is in the Lord, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I am hap - py in His love, Praise His name.
Hal - le - lu - jah! And in glo - ry at His feet, Praise His name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am trusting in the Lord, Praise His name.

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No. 36. Always the Same.

James Rowe. Geo. W. Sides.

1. What a com - pan - ion is Je - sus, Know - ing how deep was my
2. Loved ones may slight me or wound me, Friends may grow cold and de-
3. Troub-le I have and mis - for - tune, Oft - en no blue is a-
4. Ten - der and pa - tient and lov - ing, Now, as when mine He be-

shame! Close to my soul He a - bid - eth, Lov - ing me
part, Je - sus my Sav - ior will nev - er Have an - y
bove; Change-less a - bid - eth His friend - ship, Al - ways the
came; Al - ways the same sweet com - pan - ion, Lov - ing me

CHORUS.

al - ways the same.
change in His heart. Al - ways the same, al - ways the same,
same is His love.
al - ways the same.

Nev - er He chang - es, bless His dear name; What - ev - er be-

tide, His sweet love will a - bide, Al - ways, al-ways the same.

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No. 37. Christ is Leading Me.

James Rowe. E. Clyde Roads.

1. Christ is leading me, Up-ward speeding me, Keeping courage in my
2. Pathways brightening, Burdens light-en-ing, Je - sus walks with me a-
3. I'll a - bide in Him, Safe - ly hide in Him, Till I see Him on His

trust-ing soul; Com-fort lending me And de-fend-ing me, Ev - er
long the way; Al - ways near to me, Sweet-ly dear to me, He will
throne a - bove; There, with glo-ri - ous Saints vic-to - ri - ous I shall

CHORUS.

keeping me unstained and whole. Praise Him, won-der-ful Sav - ior,
guide me to the land of day.
praise Him for His changeless love. Praise Him, praise Him,

I am al-ways hap - py in His love; Praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him,

glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, Some bright morning we shall meet a - bove.

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No. 38. Hurry and Tell Him.

"By prayer and supplication....let your requests be known unto God."—Phil. 4: 6.

Rev. B. E. Warren. J. H. Hall.

1. "Ask and it shall be giv - en you," brother, I am the Lord who
2. Hur - ry and tell Him; why do you tar - ry? O-pen your heart while
3. Hur - ry and tell what tongue cannot ut - ter; Groaning and sigh-ing,
4. Hur - ry and tell Him ev - 'ry af - flic - tion, Tell Him each pain and
5. Hur - ry and tell Him doubts that are thronging, Ask Him for grace to

car - eth for all; Come with your heart all broken and bleed-ing;
Je - sus is near; Bring Him the bur - dens heav-y to car - ry,
load - ed with care; Bruis-ed and weak with doubting you fal - ter;
sor - row of heart; Here is the word: "All pow-er is giv - en,
joy and en - dure Life's varied scenes with all that's surrounding;

CHORUS.

Come, He will hear and answer your call.
Tell Him with courage,—nothing to fear. Hur-ry and tell Him,
Tell Him—He waits your burdens to bear.
Lo! I am with you," never to part. Hur-ry and tell Him, my
Stand on His promise—*test-ed* and sure.

broth-er and sis - ter; Je - sus; so ten - der, lov-ing and
broth - er and sis - ter; Je - sus, so ten - der, so lov - ing, yes,

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Hurry and Tell Him.

No. 39. More Love to Thee.

"Lovest thou me?"—John 21: 16.

E. P. Prentiss. T. E. Perkins.

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No. 40. The Invitation.

H. U. Onderdonk. J. W. Jomp.

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, "Sin - ner, come!"
2. Let him that hear - eth say To all a - bout him, "Come;"
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh, let him free - ly come!
4. Lo! Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares, "I quick - ly come:"

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come."
Let him that thirsts for right-eous-ness To Christ, the Fountain, come.
And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
Lord, e - ven so; we wait Thy hour; O blest Re-deem - er, come.

CHORUS.

O, come to Je - sus now, O, come, be - fore Him bow;
O, come O, come,

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all His children, "Come."

No. 41. The Glorious News.

Arr. and written by
E. E. Hewitt.

R. G. Arbogast.

1. Won't you come and seek sal-va - tion? Je - sus now is pass-ing by;
2. Bless - ed message! Life for - ev - er Je - sus will to you im - part;
3. Earth, with her ten thousand voi-ces, Can-not tell such news as this;
4. He is coming soon from Glo - ry; Precious is the tho't to me;

Pre-cious is the in - vi - ta - tion; Won't you come while He is nigh?
Trusting Him, who'll leave you never, Peace will dwell within your heart.
Ev - 'ry contrite soul re - joic - es; By His grace is end-less bliss.
Won't you help us tell the sto - ry, Till His bless-ed face we see?

CHORUS.

Glo - rious news we bring From the heav'n - ly King,
Je - sus now is pass - ing by; Call, and He will hear and
save you; Glo - ry be to God on high! (to God on high!)

No. 42. Upon the Cross.

C. B. W.

Rev. C. B. Widmyer.

1. Up - on the cross . . . . . My Sav - ior died, ...
2. Up - on the cross . . . . . He said, 'tis done, ...
3. Up - on the cross . . . . . they pierced His side, ...
4. Up - on the cross . . . . . the debt was paid, ...

1. Up - on the cross my Sav - ior died.

Up - on the cross . . . . . was cru - ci - fied; . . . . . .
The bat-tle's fought, ... the vic-try's won; . . . . . .
The fountain then . . . . . was o - pened wide; . . . . . .
He shed His blood, ... now I am saved; . . . . . .

Up - on the cross was cru - ci - fied;

Up - on the cross . . . . . He died for me, ...
He conquered death, ... hell and the grave, ...
To save from sin . . . . . and sanc - ti - fy, ...
His love so great . . . . . has won my heart, ...

Up - on the cross He died for me,

Up - on the cross . . . . . He set me free. . . . . .
And rose vic - to - - ri - ous to save. . . . . .
To keep us and . . . . . to glo - ri - fy . . . . . .
And now I choose . . . . . the bet - ter part. . . . . .

Up - on the cross He set me free.

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Upon the Cross.

CHORUS.

O wondrous cross . . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ...

O won - drous cross of Cal - va - ry,

On which the Sav - - - ior died for me; . . . . . .

The Sav - ior died, He died for me;

He bore the cross, ... de-spised the shame, ...

He bore the cross, de-spised the shame,

Now we are saved . . . . . thro' Je - sus' name. . . .

Now we are saved

No. 43. Was it in Vain?

Geo. P. Hott. E. C. Miner.

1. Was it in vain..... that Je - sus came,..... And bore in grief..... our guilt and shame;..... An ad - vo - cate..... with God to be,..... To in - ter - cede..... for you and me?.....
2. Was it in vain..... His tears were shed,..... And cru - el thorns..... have pierced His head?..... Was it in vain..... to save the lost,..... He paid the price..... at fear - ful cost?.....
3. 'Twas not in vain,..... lest you and I,..... The Sav-ior's love..... at last de - ny; .....And count the blood..... He shed in vain,..... And cru - ci - fy..... our Lord a - gain.....

1. Was it in vain that Je - sus came,
And bore in grief our guilt and shame;
An ad - vo - cate with God to be,
To in - ter - cede for you and me?

CHORUS.

Was it in vain..... that Je - sus died?..... He on the

Was it in vain that Je - sus died?

Was it in Vain?

cross..... was cru - ci - fied;..... He gave His life..... for you and

He on the cross was cru-ci - fied, was cru-ci-fied; He gave His life

me,..... Was it in vain,..... oh, can it be?.....

for you and me, Was it in vain, oh, can it be, oh, can it be?

No. 44. I'll be There.

Arr.

Allegretto.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
   He whom I fix my hopes upon, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
2. His track I see, and I'll pursue, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
   The nar-row way, till Him I view, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
3. This is the way I long have sought, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;
   And mourned because I found it not, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there;

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

I'll be there, I'll be there,

No. 45. Though I Walk Through the Valley.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.

1. Thou art with me all the wear - y way, my Sav - ior, There's no mo - ment I'm a - lone; For the loss of fleet-ing joy and world-ly
2. I will fear no e - vil while my Sav-ior's with me, There is naught my soul can harm; For His rod and staff in tri - al ev - er
3. While the Sav - ior is my Shepherd, all the val - ley Shall be full of heav'n-ly light; For the sun-shine of His ev - er cheer-ing

CHORUS.

pleas - ure, Doth Thy pres - ence well a - tone.
com - fort, E - ven death gives no a - larm. Tho' I walk thro' the
pres - ence, Drives a - way the gloom of night.

val-ley of the shad - ow, There is noth - ing I shall
shad - ow, of the shad - ow,
fear;
I shall fear;
For the pres-ence of my Shep-herd ev - er

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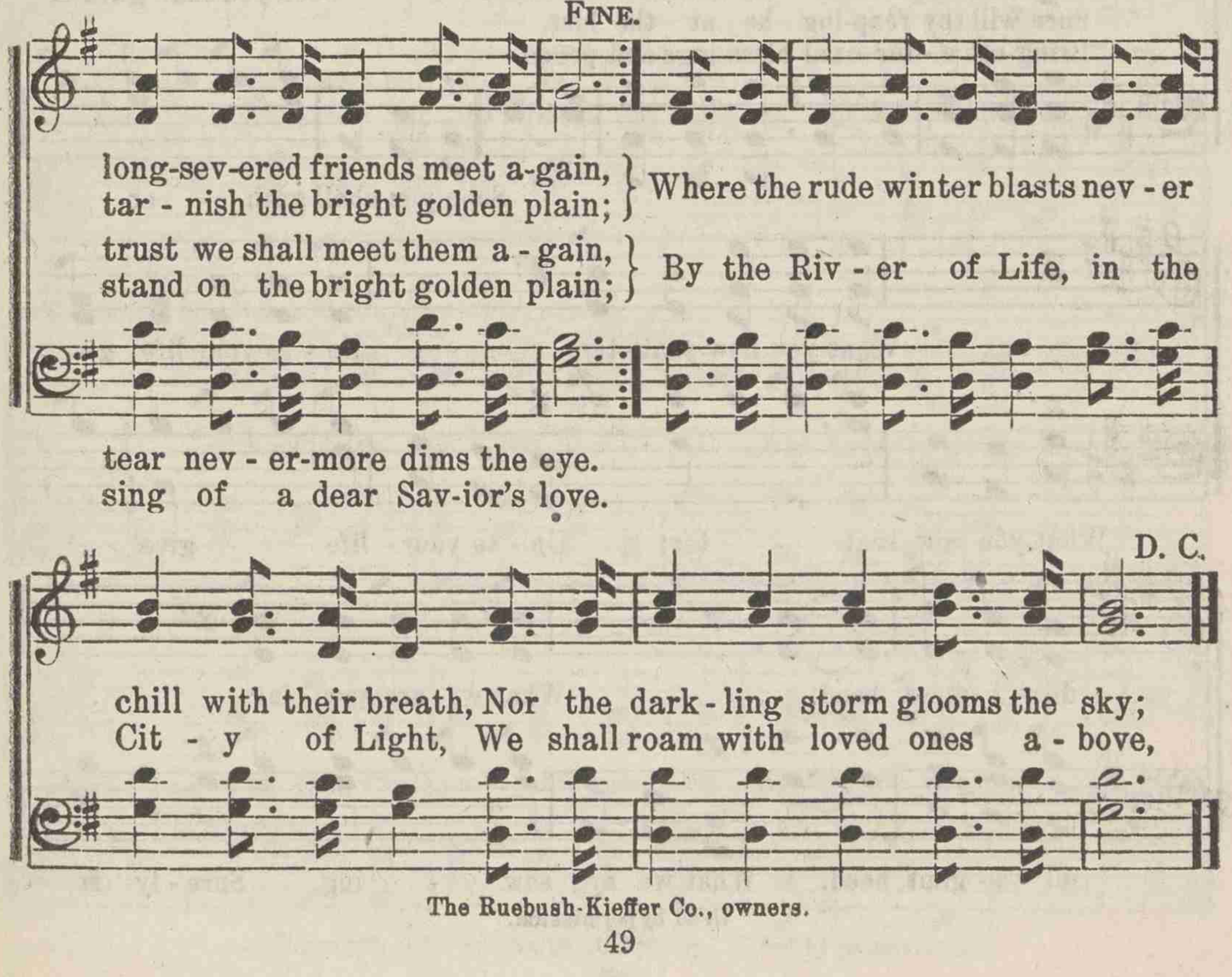
Though I Walk Through the Valley.

No. 46. The Golden Plain.

A. S. Kieffer. J. F. Simpson.

FINE.



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No. 47. We Reap as We Sow.

C. W. Naylor. A. L. Byers.

1. If we should scat - ter tares in the fal - low, How shall we hope that they shall not grow? We can - not gath - er wheat for the gar - ner,
2. Should we be sow - ing bri - ers and this-tles, Where would the grain and flow - ers find room? If we are sow - ing ha - tred and mal - ice,
3. As is the sow - ing, so is the reap - ing, Sin - ner, the seed you care-less - ly cast Bring-eth a har - vest, bit - ter with an - guish,
4. Gen - tle - ness, kind-ness, pu - ri - ty, true-ness, Yield a rich fruit - age, nev - er to cease; Sow - ing in meek-ness un - to the Spir - it

CHORUS.

If on - ly use - less weeds we shall sow.
We can-not pluck af - fec-tion's sweet bloom.
Sure will thy reap-ing be at the last.
Bring-eth e - ter - nal bless-ings and peace.

Soon you shall gath-er

Soon you shall gath - er

What you now scat - ter; Un - to your life give

What you now scat - ter; Un - to your life give

dil - i - gent heed: What we are sow - ing

dil - i - gent heed: What we are sow - ing Sure - ly is

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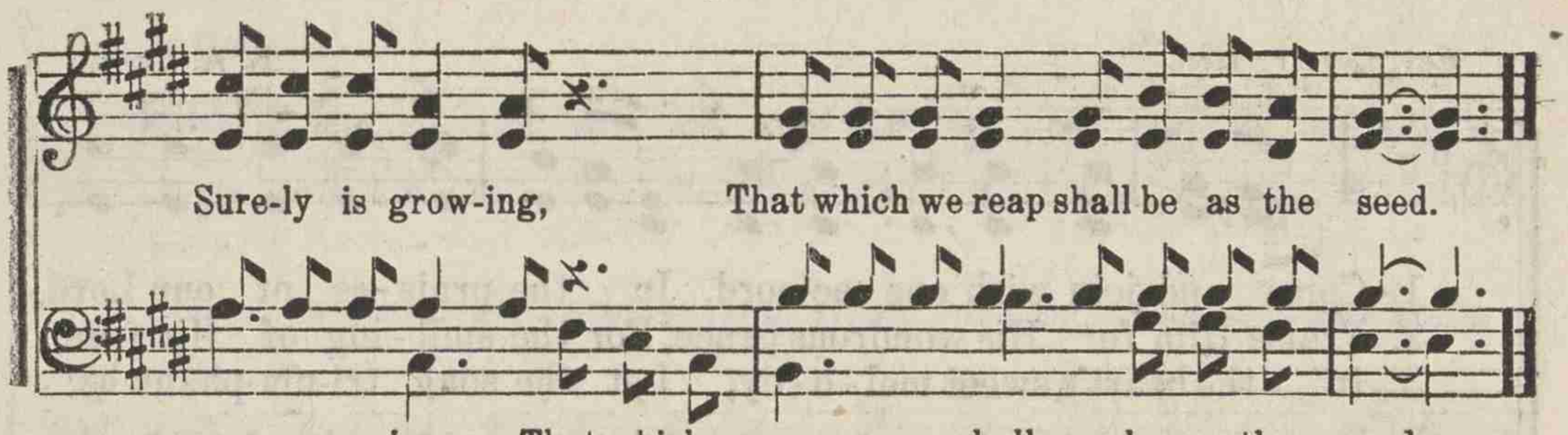
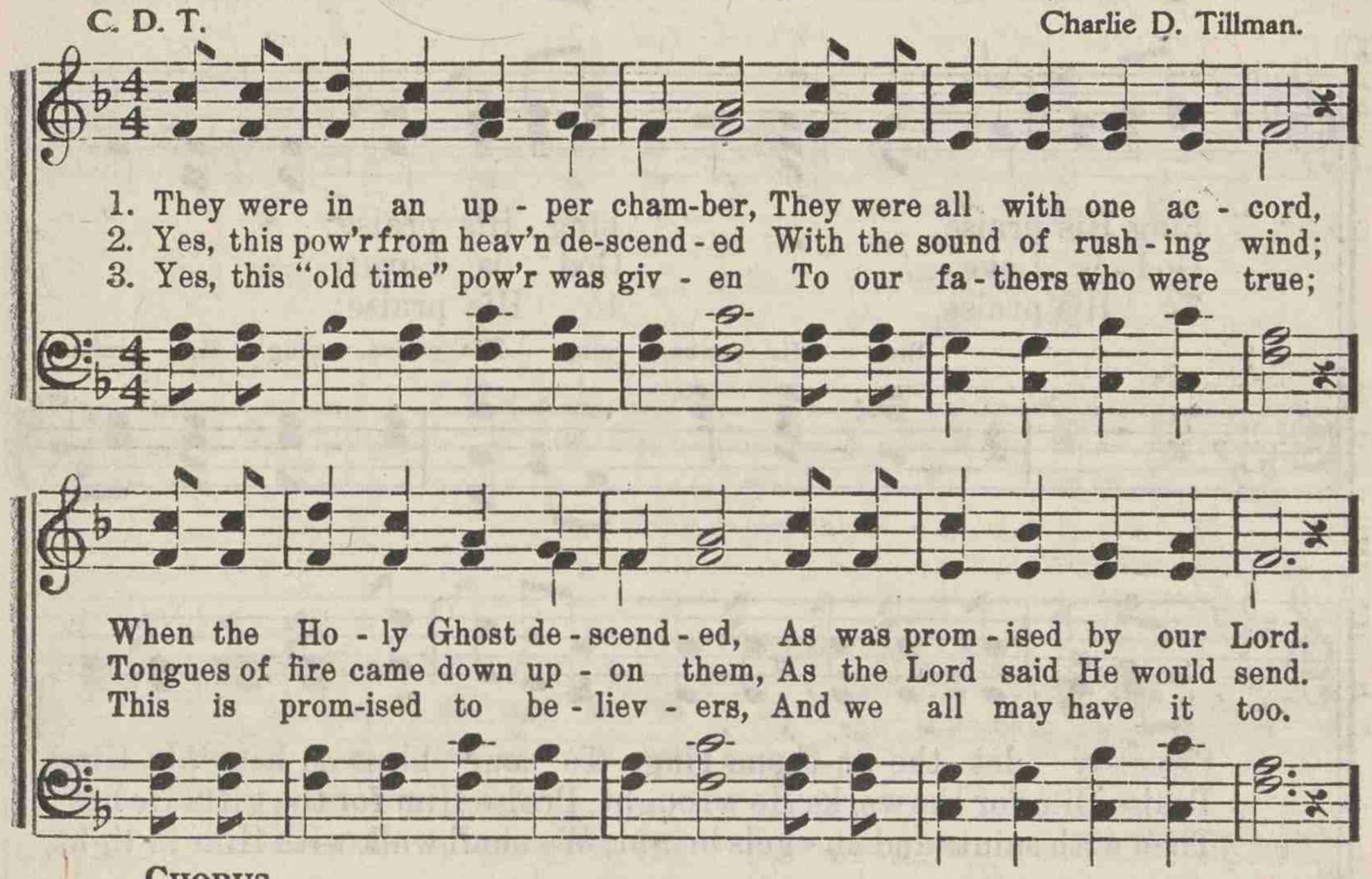
We Reap as We Sow.



No. 48. Old Time Power.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 2: 4.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman.



CHORUS.

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No. 49. Praise the Lord.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. B. A. Evans.

1. Come and join with one ac-cord, In the prais-es of our Lord,
2. Praise Him for His wondrous grace, For the smil-ing of His face,
3. In the heart's sweet mel-o-dy, Let the song tri-um-phant be,

Sing His praise, sing His praise;
God is Love, God is Love;
To His praise, to His praise;
Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise;

Sweet-ly let the an-thems ring, To our bless-ed heav'nly King,
Praise Him for the works He wrought, Praise Him for the gifts He bro't,
Then with saints and an-gels bright, We shall walk with Him in light,

Sing His praise, sing His praise.
From a-bove, from a-bove.
Glo-rious praise, glo-rious praise.
Sing His praise, sing His praise, sing His praise.

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Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

No. 50. Higher Ground.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;

A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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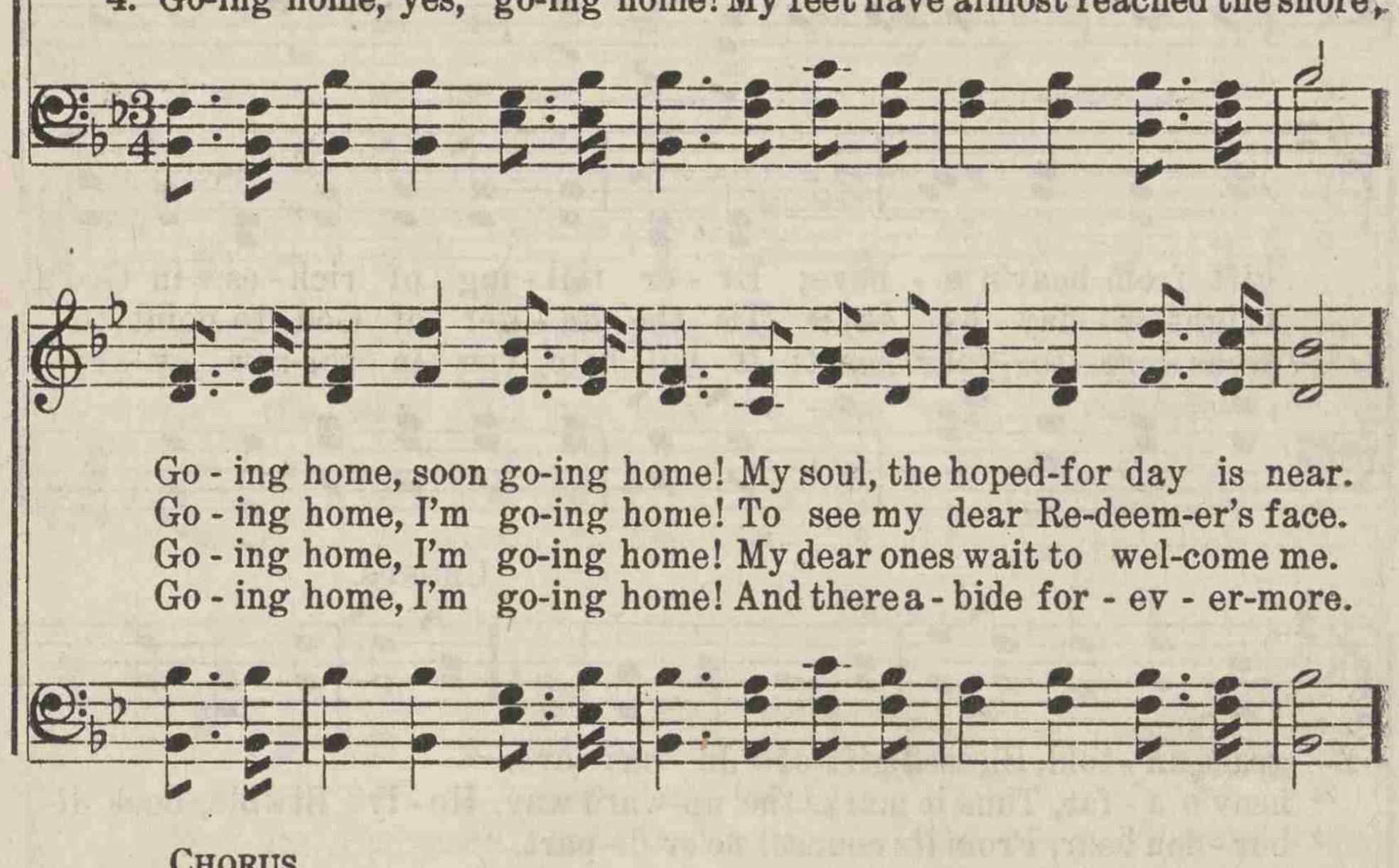
No. 51. Going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

Wm. Stevenson. J. H. Hall.

1. Go-ing home, yes, go-ing home! Sweet words of comfort and of cheer;
2. Go-ing home, yes, go-ing home! The chief of sin-ners saved by grace;
3. Go-ing home, yes, go-ing home! The pearl-y gates by faith I see;
4. Go-ing home, yes, go-ing home! My feet have almost reached the shore;



Go - ing home, soon go-ing home! My soul, the hoped-for day is near.
Go - ing home, I'm go-ing home! To see my dear Re-deem-er's face.
Go - ing home, I'm go-ing home! My dear ones wait to wel-come me.
Go - ing home, I'm go-ing home! And there a - bide for - ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Go - ing home, sweet going home, To the mansions bright and fair;

Go - ing home, sweet go-ing home! I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 52. Holy Bible.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. W. H. Bazemore, Jr.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, more precious than our shin - ing gold, Bless-ed gift from heav'n a - bove; Ev - er tell - ing of rich - es in God's treas - ure to your heart;
2. Bless - ed light, ev - er shin-ing on the pil-grim's road, Glow-ing bright-er day by day; 'Tis the fin - ger of God to point to grace un - told, Blessed gift of Je - sus' love.
3. It will com - fort when wear-y, and re - lieve de - spair, Take the heav'n a - far, Thus it marks the up-ward way. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di-bur - den bear, From its counsel ne'er de-part.

CHORUS.

vine (book di - vine), Precious treasure, thou art ev - er mine; Ho - ly Bi - ble, book divine(book divine),Precious treasure, thou art ev-er mine.

W. H. Bazemore, Jr., owner.

No. 53. Let the Praise Waves Roll.

W. H. Ruebush. C. R. Scottin.

1. Lift your voice in song, roll the praise waves on, To the King who
2. Car - ol forth for joy songs with-out al - loy, Pure as dew that
3. Let your songs of praise swell in sweet-est lays, Guiding oth - ers

reigns a - bove Let your note of cheer ech - o sweet and clear,
cheers each flow'r, Helping souls in need, healing hearts that bleed,
on the way, Till they join the song with the ran-somed throng,

CHORUS.

Tell - ing of a Sav - ior's love.
Mak-ing glad each pass - ing hour. Let the bless - ed praise waves
In the land of end - less day.

roll, Let the blessed praise waves roll; Fill the
let them roll, let them roll;

earth with song, send the news a-long, Let the bless-ed praise waves roll.

C. R. Scottin, owner.

No. 54. Throw the Gospel Line!

Jno. R. Clements. W. S. Martin.

1. Precious souls are sink - ing in the sea of sin, Throw the line!
2. By the foam-ing break-ers tho' your boat is tossed,
3. Tho' the night be dark, and tho' the tem-pest wild,

Throw the line!

Throw the line! Heart and hand u - nit - ed,
Should you i - dly lin - ger,
Throw the gos - pel line! He who strug - gles yon - der

love will draw them in, Throw the line! Throw the line!
some one may be lost,
is your Fa-ther's child,

Throw the line! Throw the gos - pel line!

In the name of Christ who died to save, Who His life a ran-som free-ly gave,
In the strength that meets each hour of need, With a love that knows no selfish greed,
Greedy death rides on the midnight gale; Trusting God to help, you cannot fail;

Who a - rose vic - to-rious o'er the grave, Throw the line! Throw the line!
You may do a soul a kind - ly deed,
Tho' your hands grow cold, your cheeks turn pale,

Throw the line!

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Throw the Gospel Line.

CHORUS.

Throw the precious gospel line! Throw the saving gos-pel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line!

Throw the pre-cious gospel line! Throw the pre-cious gospel line!

On the might-y arm of God re - ly, Throw the line! Throw the line!
throw the line!

No. 55. Glendale.

Horatius Bonar. Wyatt Minshall.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where
4. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a
5. Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy

those that rest, A-sleep with-in the tomb, A - sleep with - in the tomb.
suns are not, A far se-ren - er clime, A far se - ren - er clime.
tempests cease, And surges swell no more, And sur - ges swell no more.
few more tears, And we shall weep no more, And we shall weep no more.
pre-cious blood And take my sins a - way, And take my sins a - way.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 56. March Steadily On.

Jennie Wilson. P. W. Arbogast.

1. March-ing a-long, sol-diers, has-ten a-way, Fear not the foe drawn in bat-tle ar-ray; You are the sol-diers of heav-en's great King,
2. While you are marching a-way to the field, Pray for the cour-age that nev-er will yield, Then when you brave-ly en-gage in the fight,
3. March-ing a-long, comrades, keep in your sight Cal-va-ry's beau-ti-ful ban-ner of light, Sing-ing the praise of your Lead-er's great love,

CHORUS.

Who will sure vic-to-ry un-to you bring. March stead-i-ly on in the
O-ver-come wrong by the pow-er of right.
Which will re-ward all the faith-ful a-bove. March-ing on-ward

King's ho-ly name, March stead-i-ly on till the tri-umph you claim;
in His name, March-ing on-ward, tri-umph claim;

March, forward march, bravely on, conquer sin, Then you will crowns bright and glo-ri-ous win.

No. 57. In the City of Light.

Jennie Wilson. E. E. Jeffrey.

1. Fol - low on where the Sav - ior is guid-ing, All the way in His
2. There redemption's grand anthem is ring-ing, As all na-tions their
3. There's a won-der - ful ra - di - ance beaming Where the pearl-y white

good-ness con - fid - ing, Till with Him you are safe - ly a - bid - ing
glad tributes bringing, Praise to Je - sus are grate-ful - ly sing - ing
por - tals are gleaming, And the glo - ry e - ter - nal is streaming

CHORUS.

In the beau-ti - ful cit - y of light.
In the beau-ti - ful cit - y of light. Just o - ver the shad-ow - y
In the beau-ti - ful cit - y of light.

riv - er Is a home where the night fall-eth nev - er; There the

blest with the Lord dwell for-ev-er In the beau-ti - ful cit - y of light.

No. 58. Whiter Than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psalm 51: 7.

E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed be the Foun-tain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn - y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Griev-ous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can - not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Foun-tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je - sus, to that Foun-tain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

REFRAIN.

Whit - - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - - er
Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,

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Whiter Than Snow.

than the snow;..... Wash me in the blood of the
whit - er than the snow;

rit.

Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

No. 59. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a - larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas - sions fierce with-in; Once was a - fraid to meet an an - gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D. S.—*cause He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

pre - cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love him, I love him, Be-
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.

purchased my sal-va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

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No. 60. Is it Far?

K. S. Knowles Shaw.

1. Is it far to the land of rest? Where the wear - y feet shall nev-er,
2. Is it far to that peace-ful shore? Where the ach-ing heart shall sorrow
3. Is it far to the plains of light? To that cit - y with its jas-per
4. It is near - er to - day than before; And our path is grow-ing brighter

nev - er roam, To the man-sions of the pure and the blest; Where we
not a - gain, Where the friends who meet shall part nev - er - more; But with
walls a - glow, Where the glo - ry of the Lord is the light; To that
day by day; We shall soon reach that heav - en - ly shore; Let us

CHORUS.

all shall meet at home. Is it far? Is it far?
Christ for - ev - er reign.
home, say, will you go?
sing, and watch, and pray. Is it far to that beau - ti - ful home of the blest?

Will you tell me, brother pilgrim, is it far? To that man-sion of the
is it far?

blest, where the wear-y are at rest, O say, broth-er pil-grim, is it far?

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No. 61. My Savior's Cross.

(QUARTETTE.)

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. In the cross of Christ my Sav - ior Shall my glo - ry
2. At His cross my heart o'er - flow-ing, With a per - fect
3. At His cross a light is beaming, From that ra - diant

ev - er be; Thro' e - ter - nal years and a - ges
peace di - vine, Hears the lov - ing words of prom-ise:
sun - ny clime Where re - joic - ing I shall praise Him

CHORUS.

It will tell His love to me. At His cross my faith is
"I re - deem thee, thou art mine."
Far be - yond the vale of time.

At His cross,

rest - ing, Calm - ly rest - ing day by day;..... While re-
Calm - ly rest - ing day by day, day by day,

fresh-ing dews of mer - cy Crown my life..... and cheer my way.
life, my life

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No. 62. Passing Away.

J. S. R. J. S. Rushing.

1. Days are now passing and soon I must go, Go - ing to Je - sus where
2. Years have grown long, and my life full of care, Toil - ing and trust - ing in
3. Life is so sweet in His fel - low - ship here, Liv - ing and work-ing in

wear - y ones rest; Soon I shall be where no sor-rows I'll know, Go - ing to
His pre-cious word; Soon I shall meet the dear loved ones up there, Walking, and
tru - est ac - cord; I shall re-joice if my Sav - ior ap - pear, With the re-

CHORUS.

Je - sus to live with the blest.
talk - ing, with Je - sus the Lord. Pass-ing a - way to be liv - ing with God,
deemed ones approved by their Lord.

Go - ing to Je - sus where wear-y ones rest, Pass-ing a - way to be

liv - ing with God, Go - ing to Je - sus to live with the blest.

J. S. Rushing, owner.

No. 63. We Have a Father in Heaven.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. (*Inscribed to "Orphan Homes."*) J. B. Pennington.

Not too fast.

1. What tho' our par-ents have left us to-day? With their dear children no
2. Fa - ther and moth-er have gone to that shore, With the bright angels to
3. When we are play-ing or when we're a - sleep, Wheth-er we're smil-ing or
4. So we will trust in that dear lov - ing Friend, Learning each mo-ment on

lon - ger could stay? Yet there is One who is with us al - way,—
dwell ev - er - more, But we keep sing - ing these words o'er and o'er,
wheth-er we weep, Still our dear Fa - ther His chil-dren will keep:
Him to de - pend; And we'll re - mem-ber, un - til life shall end,

CHORUS.

We have a Fa - ther in heav - en.
"We have a Fa - ther in heav - en." We have a Fa - ther in
We have a Fa - ther in heav - en.
We have a Fa - ther in heav - en.

heav - en, We have a Fa - ther in heav - en; What tho' our
par-ents have gone from our side? We have a Fa - ther in heav - en.

No. 64. Victory O'er the Grave.

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.

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Victory O'er the Grave.

No. 65. My Fatherland.

Ezek. 47: 12.

Arr.

No. 66. Our Heavenly Home.

Laura E. Newell. S. S. McGregor.

1. There is a land be-yond the sky, A sun - ny land of per-fect day,
2. There we with Christ shall ever reign, And there with saints before the throne,
3. There E-den's flowers, vernal, bright, For - ev-er shed their perfume rare,
4. The Spir-it and the Bride say "Come!" For all a-thirst life's waters flow;

And we may reach it by and by, Where ev - 'ry tear is wiped a-way.
We'll meet where comes no care nor pain, Where Christ shall claim us as His own.
Where nev - er cometh storm or night, And the redeemed are singing there.
Then on-ward to our heav'nly home—E-ter - nal joy and peace to know.

CHORUS.

Our heav'n - ly home . . . be - yond . . . the sky, . . .
Our heav'n - ly home be - yond the sky, Our heav'n - ly home be - yond the sky,

We'll dwell . . . for - ev - er there . . . on high. . . .
We'll dwell for - ev - er there on high, We'll dwell for - ev - er there on high.

No. 67. Saved by the Blood.

Jennie Wilson. O. G. Arbogast.

1. Saved by the blood of Je - sus, I am from sin set free,
2. Once I in dark-ness wan - dered, Turn - ing a - way from light,
3. Once I was heav - y - la - den, Bear - ing my guilt and shame;
4. Saved by the blood, I jour - ney On in sal - va-tion's way,

And I'll ex - tol His mer - cy Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But, oh, what gleams of glo - ry Now are re-vealed to sight!
Now I have bless-ed free - dom, Giv - en thro' Je - sus' name.
Seek-ing the home in heav - en Where I shall dwell for aye.

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood of Je - sus, Saved by the cleansing tide,

Glad - ly I sing His prais - es Since I am pu - ri - fied.

No. 68. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3: 5.

W. G. Irvin. J. H. Fillmore.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting; worn and wear-y With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop - ing when the warfare's o - ver To re - ceive a crown of life.
Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss a - bove.
Lis-t'ning for the hap-py welcome Of my Sav - ior call - ing me.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - ing, on - ly waiting,
I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing on - ly wait - ing

Till this wear - - y life is o'er;
Till this wear - y, wear - y, wear - y— Till this wear - y life is o'er,

On - ly wait - - - ing for my welcome,
On - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing for my wel - come, for my wel-come,

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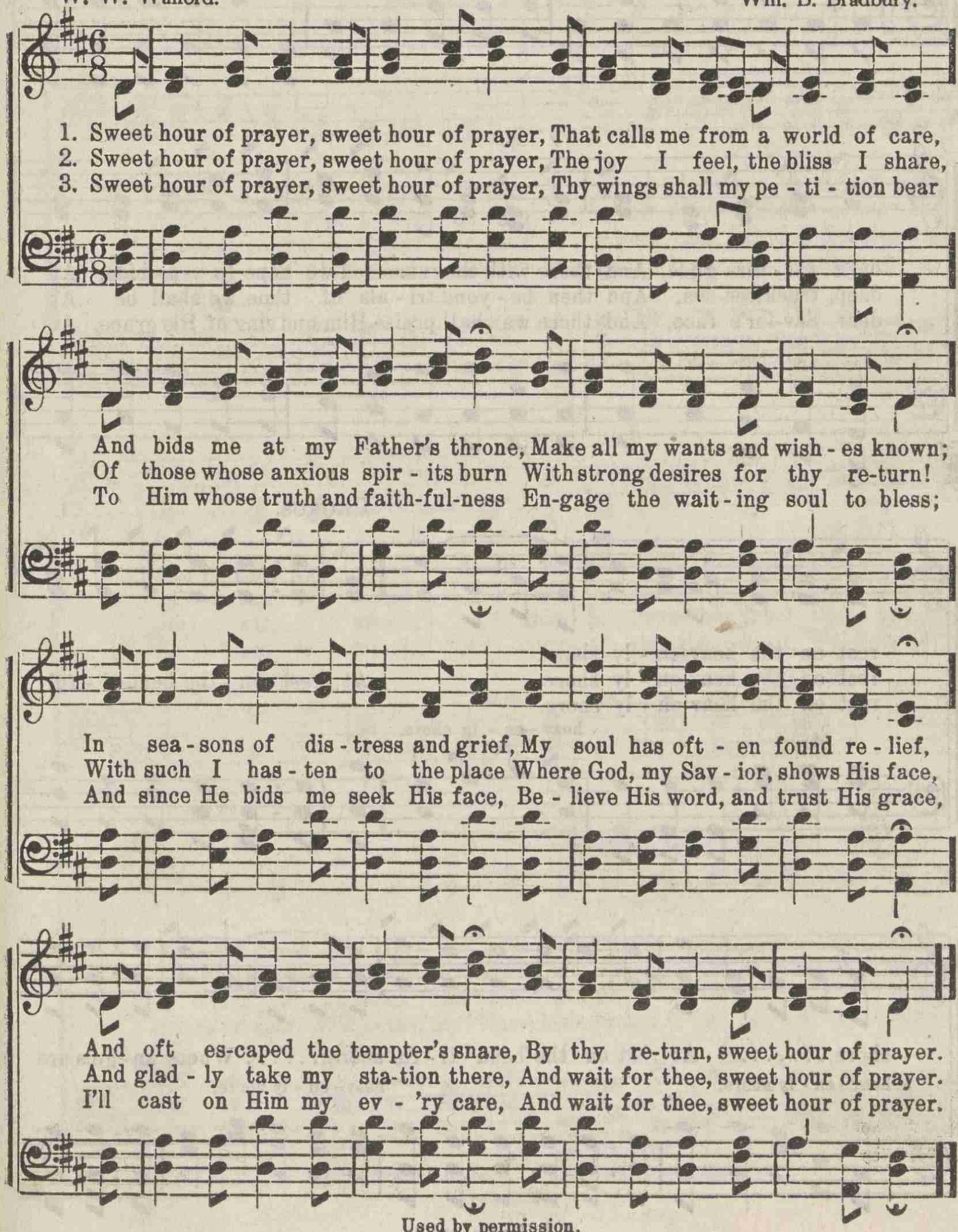
Only Waiting.

No. 69. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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No. 70. Rest on the Heavenly Shore.

Jennie Wilson. J. C. Moore.

1. A home-land of beau-ty lies o - ver the tide Where chill-y and si - lent the
2. That home-land is read - y for you and for me, When we shall pass o-ver death's
3. Oh, sweet is the joy of that won-der-ful place, Whose light ev-er shines from the

dark wa - ters glide, And there with the ransomed we hope to a - bide, At
deep, trackless sea, And then be - yond tri - als of time we shall be At
dear Sav-ior's face, And there we shall praise Him and sing of His grace, At

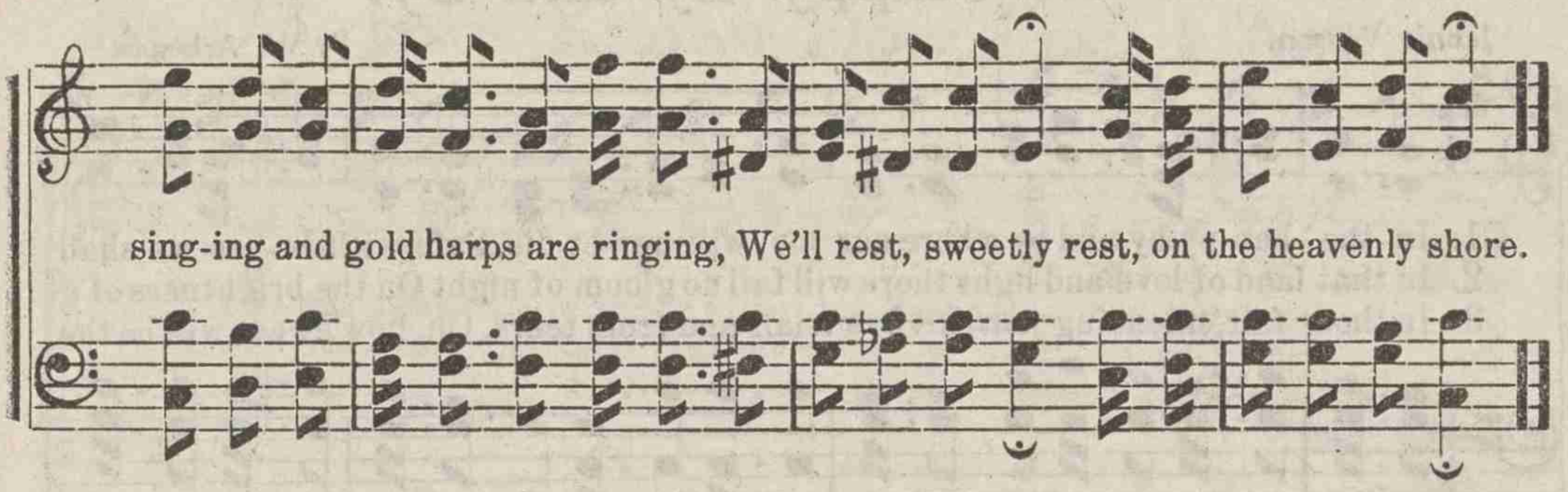
CHORUS.

rest on the heav-en - ly shore.
rest on the heav-en - ly shore.
rest on the heav-en - ly shore.

At rest on the beau-ti - ful
heav - en - ly shore.

shore,..... At rest on the beau - ti - ful shore;..... Where an - gels are
heav - en - ly shore, heav - en - ly shore;

Rest on the Heavenly Shore.



No. 71. Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

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No. 72. In the Happy By and By.

Jennie Wilson. P. W. Arbogast.

1. In the hap-py by and by where our joy will nev-er die, Safe with Je - sus we shall
2. In that land of love and light there will fall no gloom of night On the brightness of e-
3. In those fair, unending years, free from trials and from tears, Oh, how sweet will be the

find a home; And by life's refreshing stream, where the crystal waters gleam, With re-
ter - nal day; And when we shall sweetly rest with the spirits of the blest, Ev-'ry
praise we sing; Then we'll know as we are known, as we stand before the throne, In the

CHORUS.

deemed ones we shall gladly roam. In the hap - py by and by.
sor - row will be passed a-way.
pres - ence of our Sav-ior King.

Glad by and by, glad by and by,

In the hap - py by and by, We shall see.....

Be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky, Then we shall see

our Savior's face, And ex - tol the wonders of His grace.
our Sav-ior's face, of His grace.

No. 73. Jesus Knows How Frail I Am.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. C. C. Cunningham.

1. Je - sus knows the strength of my bur-dened life, Just how much.....
2. Je - sus counts the steps that my wear - y feet, On life's rug - -
3. All the rug - ged way to the great white throne, He has marked.....

Just how much

my heart can bear; And He knows the weight of this world-ly strife, Of my
ged road must take; And He holds me up lest I faint or fall, He will
with lov - ing care; And He kind - ly waits for our safe re - turn, To the

CHORUS.

soul..... He will take care.
ne'er ..... my soul for - sake. Je - sus knows..... how frail I
man - sion o - ver there.

Of my soul Je - sus knows

am, That my strength may not last me thro' the day; Jesus knows...

Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows

how frail I am, So He walks be-side me all the way.

Je-sus knows, all the way.

C. C. Cunningham, owner.

No. 74. The Land where they Never Grow Old.

(Dedicated to the Rev. R. F. Y. Pierce, D. D., New York City.)

Philip Roberts. Benjamin F. Butts.

1. When we tread the dark shades of the vale of the years, Our
2. One by one the sweet blos-soms that gladdened the day 'Neath
3. Tho' the shad-ows grow dark as the riv - er we near, With

steps slow and wear-y, our eyes dimmed with tears, A - bove the dark
rime of life's win-ter have wilt-ed a-way; So we dream of the
deep wa - ters surging "no e - vil we'll fear," For Je - sus our

hill - tops a vi-sion appears, Of a land where they never grow old.
flow'rs that are blooming for aye In the land where they never grow old.
boat safe-ly o - ver will steer To the land where they never grow old.

CHORUS.

Nev - er grow old, nev - er grow old, Safe in the Har - bor thro'

a - ges un - told; Storms beat-ing nev - er, an-chored for-

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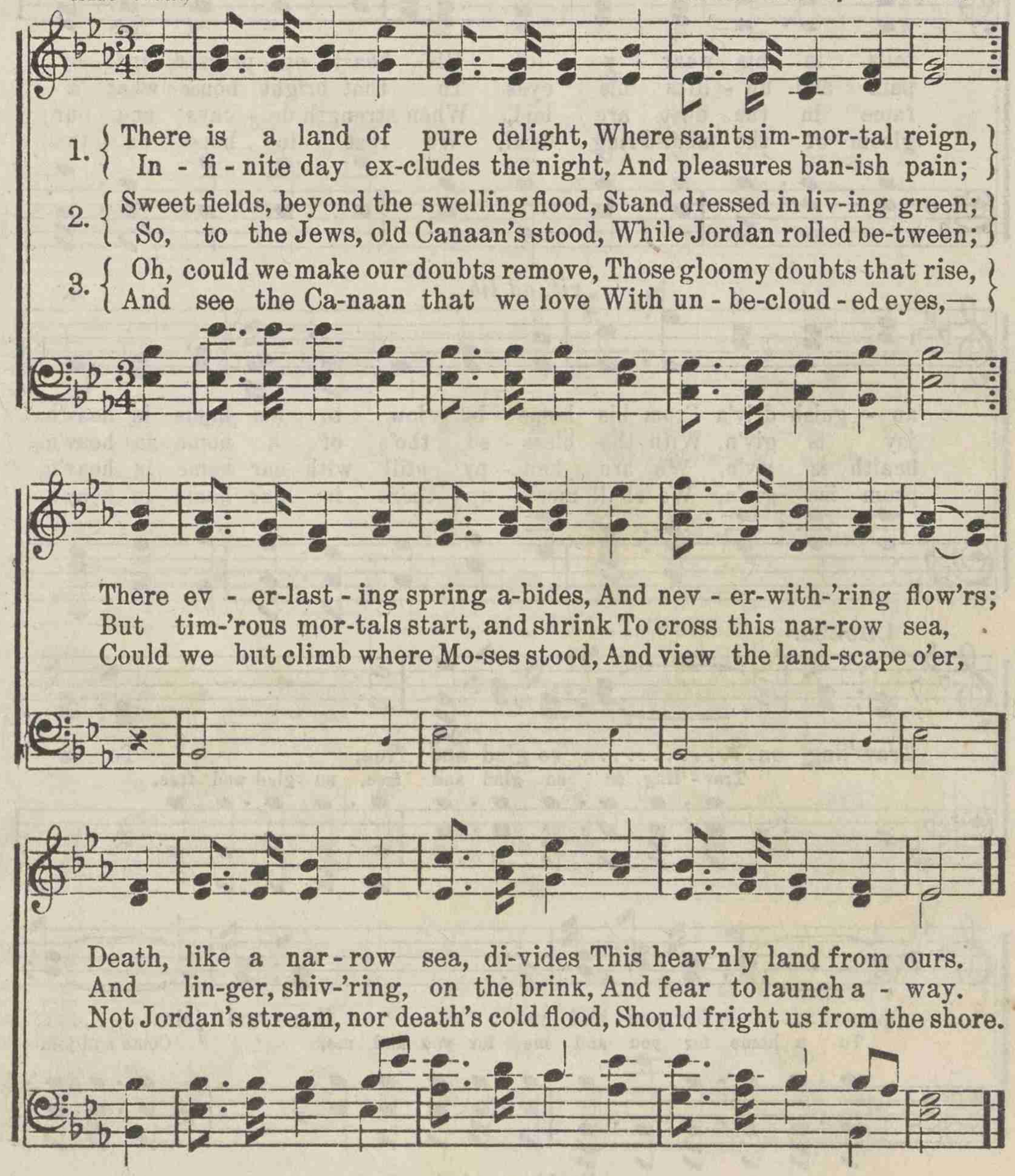
The Land Where They Never Grow Old.

No. 75. Land of Promise.

Isaac Watts. Arr. from Rink by G. F. Root.



No. 76. A Home in Heaven.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." T. C. O'Kane.

Joyful.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joy - ful tho't, As the poor man
2. A home in heav'n! as the suf - f'rer lies On his bed of
3. A home in heav'n! when our treas - ures fade, And our wealth and
4. A home in heav'n! when our friends have fled To the cheer - ful

toils in his wear - y lot, His heart op - pressed, and by
pain and up - lifts his eyes To that bright home what a
fame in the dust are laid, When strength de - cays and our
gloom of the moul-d'ring dead, We rest in hope on the

rit. ad lib.

an - guish driv'n From his home be - low to his home in heav'n.
joy is giv'n, With the bless - ed tho't of a home in heav'n.
health is riv'n, We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n.
prom - ise giv'n, We shall meet up there in our home in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Trav-'ling on..... so glad and free, To a
Trav - 'ling on so glad and free, so glad and free,

home..... for you and me, Come and join.....
To a home for you and me, for you and me, Come and join

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A Home in Heaven.

No. 77. Revive Us Again.

Dr W. P. Mackay. English Melody.

Good-Morning in Glory.

No. 79. Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus!

Geo. Duffield, Jr. G J Webb.

No. 78. Good-Morning in Glory.

E. E. Hewitt. J. H. Hall.

1. The shad-ows of eve-ning will fall, by and by; The last, ling'ring sun-beam will fade from the sky; How blest, in the gloam-ing, to
2. Then let us not sor-row as those with no hope; With life's man-y tri - als, we're a - ble to cope; If look - ing to Je - sus, our
3. We'll faith-ful-ly serve Him till comes e - ven - fall, Un - til for His serv-ants, the Mas - ter shall call; Fare-well to the troub-les that

whisper "good-night," 'Twill soon be good-morning, in mansions of light.
bright Morning Star, We catch the glad vi - sion of splen-dors a - far.
vis - it us here; Good-morning in glo - ry, "When He shall ap-pear."

CHORUS.

Good-morning in glo - ry! the heav-en - ly song Will burst forth in rap-ture from heav-en's bright throng; No sor - row, no sigh-ing, no

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No. 80. Jesus Rescued Me.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. B. Cunningham.

1. By His out-stretched pierc-ed hands, On the sac - ri - fi - cial tree;....
2. By His suf - f'ring nail-torn feet, On the cross... of Cal-va - ry;.....
3. By His wound - ed bleeding side, By His heart - felt ag - o - ny;.....

1. By His out - stretched pierc-ed hands, On the sac - ri - fi - cial tree;

By His ten - der look of love, Je-sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.
By His roy - al life complete, Je-sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.
By His love di - vine in death, Je-sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.

By His ten - der look of love, Je - sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.

CHORUS.

By the cru - el crown of thorns, By the lone.... Geth-sem-a - ne,

By the cru - el crown of thorns, By the lone Geth - sem - a-ne,

By the blood-stained wondrous cross, Je-sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.

By the blood - stained wondrous cross, Je - sus, Sav - ior, rescued me.

No. 81. Sing a Song of Joy.

G. W. L. Geo. W. Lassiter.

Unison.

1. Sing a song of joy for Je - sus, Sing to Him a song of praise;
2. Praise Him when the heart is wear-y, Praise Him when the shadows fall;
3. Sing a sweeter song for Je - sus, Sing in win-ter drear, or May;
4. Sing to Him a song of glad-ness, Breathe a ten-der song of love;

Help to make the world grow bright - er, Raise your voice in joy - ful lays.
It will make the sad heart light - er, Scat-ter sun-shine o - ver all.
Sing, that all the world may know Him, Sing for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Sing, that when this life is end - ed, We may join the choir a - bove.

CHORUS.

Sing a song of joy for Je - sus, Praise Him till the soul's a-glow;

Sing a song of joy for Je - sus, Praise Him till the soul's a - glow;

Sing on till the world grows brighter, Praise Him ev-'ry-where you go.

Sing on till the world grows brighter, Praise Him ev - 'ry-where you go.

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No. 82. Sound the Battle-Cry.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the bat - tle-cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar-mor on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we

CHORUS.

cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly round the
wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.

ban-ner, Read-y, stead - y, pass the word a-long; Onward, forward,

shout a - loud Ho - san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might - y throng.

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No. 83. Who'll Send the News?

O. R. B. O. R. Barrows.

1. An - gels are wait-ing to bear the news Up to the
2. Je - sus is read - y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wear - y
3. Oh, what an an - them will an - gels sing! How throb their

courts a - bove, Of some poor wand'rer now com - ing home,
ones, and rest." Noth - ing is want-ing; there's room for all:
hearts with love! E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing,

CHORUS.

Seek - ing a Fa-ther's love. There will be joy in heav'n,
Now be for-ev - er blest.
Who'll send the news a - bove? There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n,

There will be joy a - bove, O - ver the
There will be joy a - bove will be joy a - bove,

wan-d'rer re - turn - ing home, Seek - ing a Fa - ther's love.

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No. 84. Love-Beams.

T. J. B. T. J. Brooks.

1. When Je - sus comes . . . . to reign for aye, ...
2. The prom - ise is, ... if we be - lieve, ...
3. O bless - ed tho't . . . . . that fills my soul, ...

1. When Je - sus comes to reign for aye,

With all the saints . . . . in bright ar - ray, ...
E - ter - nal life—. . . . . no more to grieve; . . . . .
When o'er me death's . . . . dark bil-lows roll, ...

With all the saints in bright ar - ray,

O! hap - py day, ... won't that be grand . . . . .
And by His grace, ... be - yond the shore, ...
The Sav-ior's hand . . . . . will clasp in mine . . . . .

O! hap - py day, won't that be grand

When welcomed to . . . . . the glo - ry strand! . . . . .
To dwell with Him . . . . . for - ev - er - more. . . . . .
And lead me to . . . . . the ho - ly shrine. . . . . .

When wel-comed to the glo - ry strand, the glo - ry strand!

T. J. Brooks, owner.

Love-Beams.

CHORUS.

Yes, earth-ly pleas - - ures are but few, ...

Yes, earth - ly pleas - ures are but few, yes, are but few,

But heav'nly glo - - ries are in view; . . . . .

But heav'n - ly glo - ries are in view, yes, are in view;

O! let Thy love - - beams on me shine, ...

O! let Thy love - - beams on me shine,

Christ Je-sus, Sav - ior, Lord di - vine. . . . . .

Christ Je - sus, Sav - ior, Lord di - vine, our Lord di - vine.

No. 85. What Shall the Harvest Be?

Mrs. Emily S. Oakley. P. P. Bliss.

Andantino.

1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the
2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the
3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the
4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the

seed in the noon - day glare, Sow - ing the seed in the
seed on the rocks to die, Sow - ing the seed where the
seed of a mad-dened brain, Sow - ing the seed of a
seed while the tear - drops start, Sow - ing in hope till the

fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night; Oh,
thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil; Oh,
tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame—Ah,
reap - ers come, Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home; Oh,

what shall the har - vest be? Oh, what shall the har-vest be?
what shall the har - vest be? Oh, what shall the har-vest be?
sure will the har - vest be, Ah, sure will the har-vest be.
what shall the har - vest be? Oh, what shall the har-vest be?

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What Shall the Harvest Be?

CHORUS.

No. 86. While the Days are Going By.

DUET AND CHORUS.

George Cooper. J. H. Hall.

Soprano and Tenor.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by,

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;

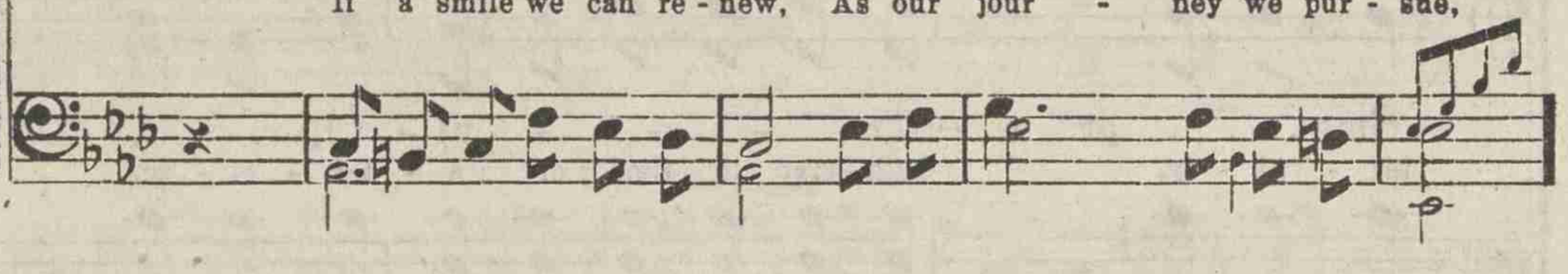
There are wear - y souls who per - ish, While the days are go-ing by.
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go-ing by.
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;

There are wear - y souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by.

Alto and Bass.

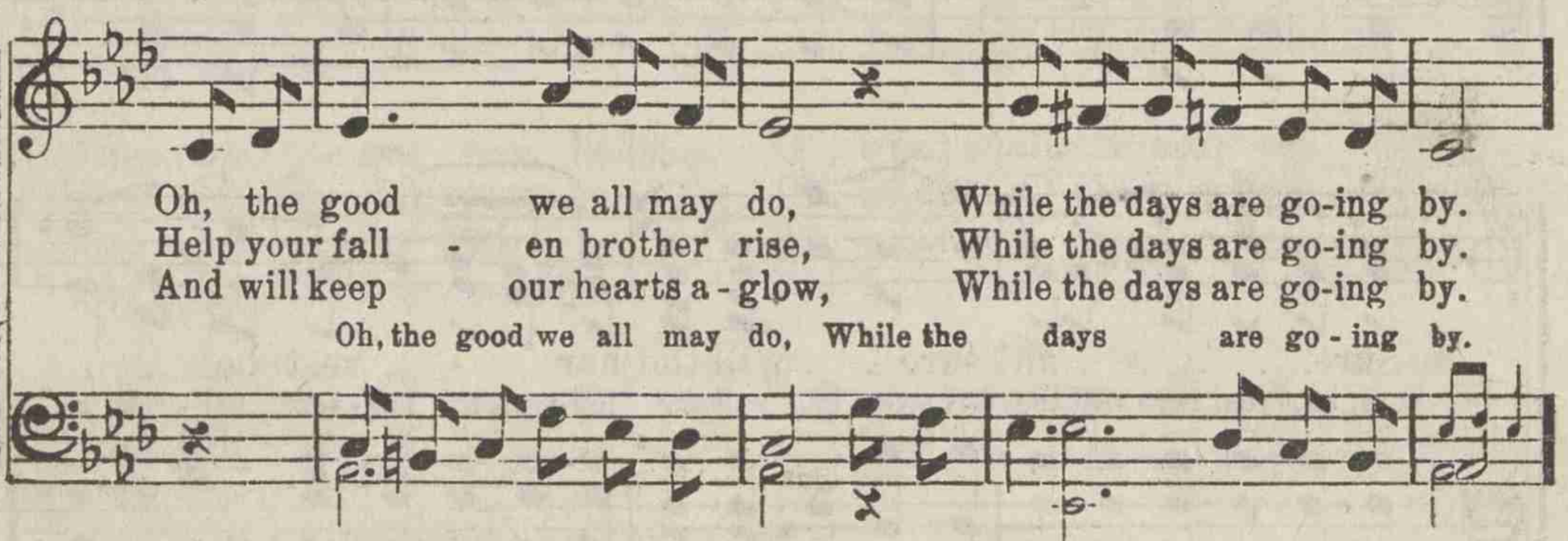
If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pur-sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,



Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
Help your fall - en brother rise, While the days are go-ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go-ing by.

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.



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While the Days are Going By.

CHORUS.

Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go-ing by, yes, go-ing by,
Go-ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, yes, go - ing by,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.

No. 87. I Love Jesus.

Arr.

FINE.

1. When the world my heart is rend - ing, With its heav - iest storm of care,
   My glad tho'ts to God as - cend - ing, Find a ref - uge from de - spair.
2. There's a hand of mer - cy near me, Tho' the waves of troub - le roar;
   There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the toils of life are o'er.
3. Oh, to rest in peace for - ev - er, Joined with hap - py souls a - bove,
   Where no foe my heart can sev - er From the Sav - ior whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sus - tain me, Till life's pil - grim-age is past;
   Tears may vex and troub-le pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

D. S.—*Je - sus; He's my Sav - ior: Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.*

CHORUS. D. S.

I love Je - sus, Hal-le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love

No. 88. The Feast of Love.

Third stanza by J. H. H. G. R. Street.

1. Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
2. Pain-ful days, and months, and years, Gloomy doubts, distracting fears, In this
3. Let us praise the Lord a - bove, For His good-ness and His love, Oh, His

cape from ev - 'ry snare? Trust in God. Hu - man strength is weak and vain,
dark-some vale of tears, We may see; But the Lord will lead us on,
pre - cious name a - dore Ev - er - more; Then our voi - ces glad - ly raise,

Let not sin its pow'r re-gain, Hum-bly ask and help ob - tain, From thy God.
He will nev - er leave His own, Till we reach His shin-ing throne, Safe-ly there.
Ev - er sing His worthy praise, Yes, we'll praise Him all our days, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo - ry
we'll be there, we'll be there,

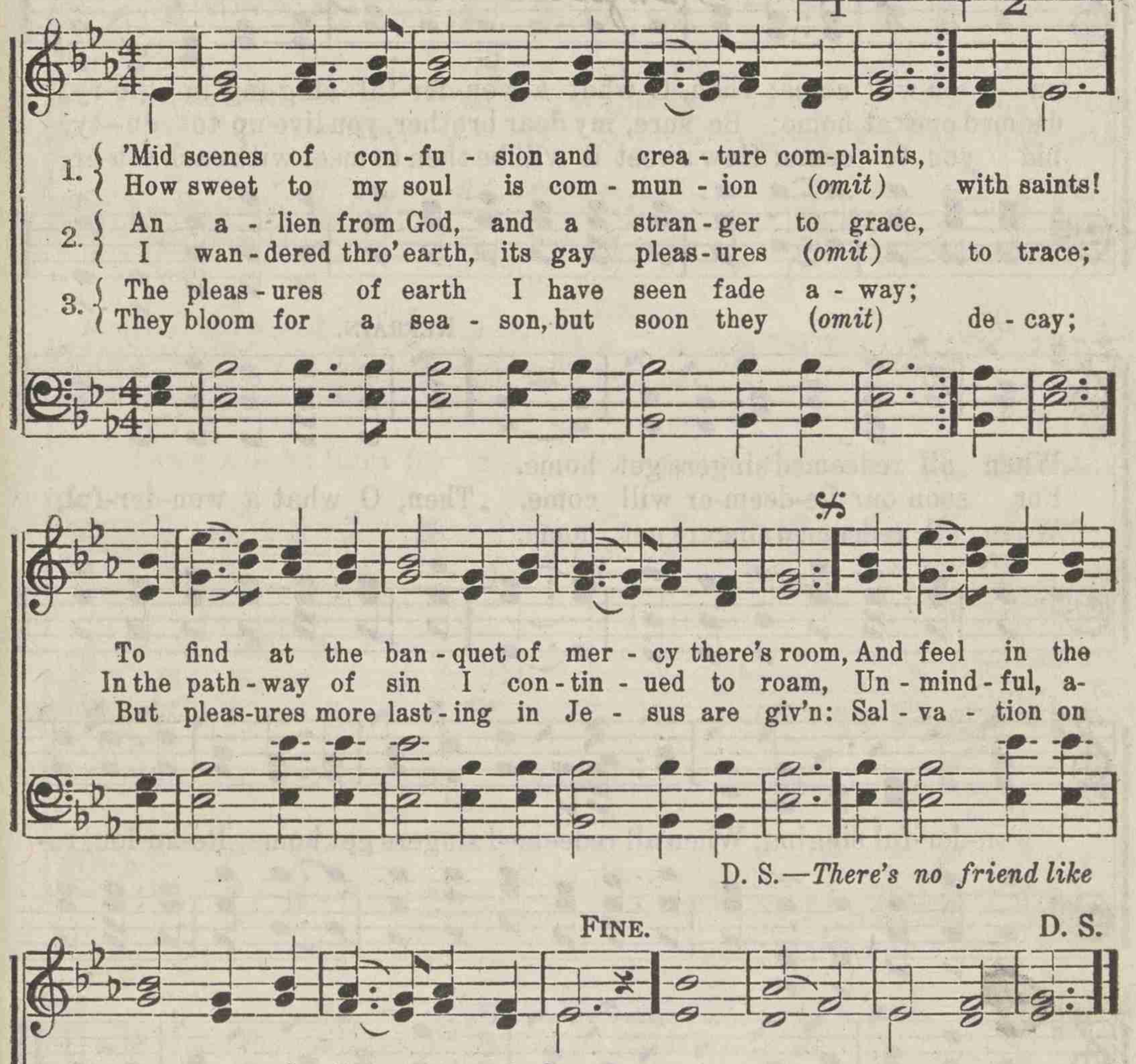
calls us, we'll be there, To en - joy that feast of love, That the
we'll be there,

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

The Feast of Love.

No. 89. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.



No. 90. When all the Singers Get Home.

J. B. V. J. B. Vaughan.

1. My broth-er, a-wake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re-
2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of the beauty That a-waits the re-
3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Sav-ior shall

un - ion will come; Then, O what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du-ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth-er,

REFRAIN.

When all redeemed singers get home.
For soon our Re-deem-er will come. Then, O what a won-der-ful,
When all redeemed singers get home.

won-der-ful singing, When all redeemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-

un - ion, thro' a - ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.

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No. 91. Light in the Valley for Me.

E. R. Latta. H. B. Mathis.

1. When to the earth I am bid-ding a-dieu, And in the dis-tance the
2. Je - sus, who suffered and died for my sake, Then will my stay and my
3. Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

mes - sen - ger see, 'Twill not be dark-ness my soul go - eth thro',
com-fort - er be: Heav-en's bright dawn on my vi - sion shall break,
set - ting me free, Glo - ry is break-ing and heav-en has birth,

CHORUS.

There will be light for me. There will be light for me, (for me,)

There will be light for me; (for me;) When thro' the val-ley of

death I shall go, There will be light for me. (for me.)

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 92. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

1. Thou my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or worldly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be:
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Lead me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a-
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad-ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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No. 93. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31:17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.

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No. 94. The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

Edgar Page. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Some-times when hearts are wear-y, The road seems hard and drear-y, Then
2. Then cheer your walk with singing, Joy to the faint heart bringing, And
3. Life is no time for cry - ing, Nor o - ver troub-le sigh-ing, But
4. The love of Christ is dear - er, The light is beam-ing clear-er, The

make the road all cheer-y With the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky.....
let your voice be ring-ing With the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky.....
while the days are fly - ing Join the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky.....
time is drawing near - er To the hal-le-lu-jah chorus of the sky.....
cho-rus of the sky!

CHORUS.

O the hal - le - lu - jah cho-rus of the sky! We can
O the cho - rus of the sky!

join the hap-py an-them if we try; For just a-cross the line,
join the an-them if we try;

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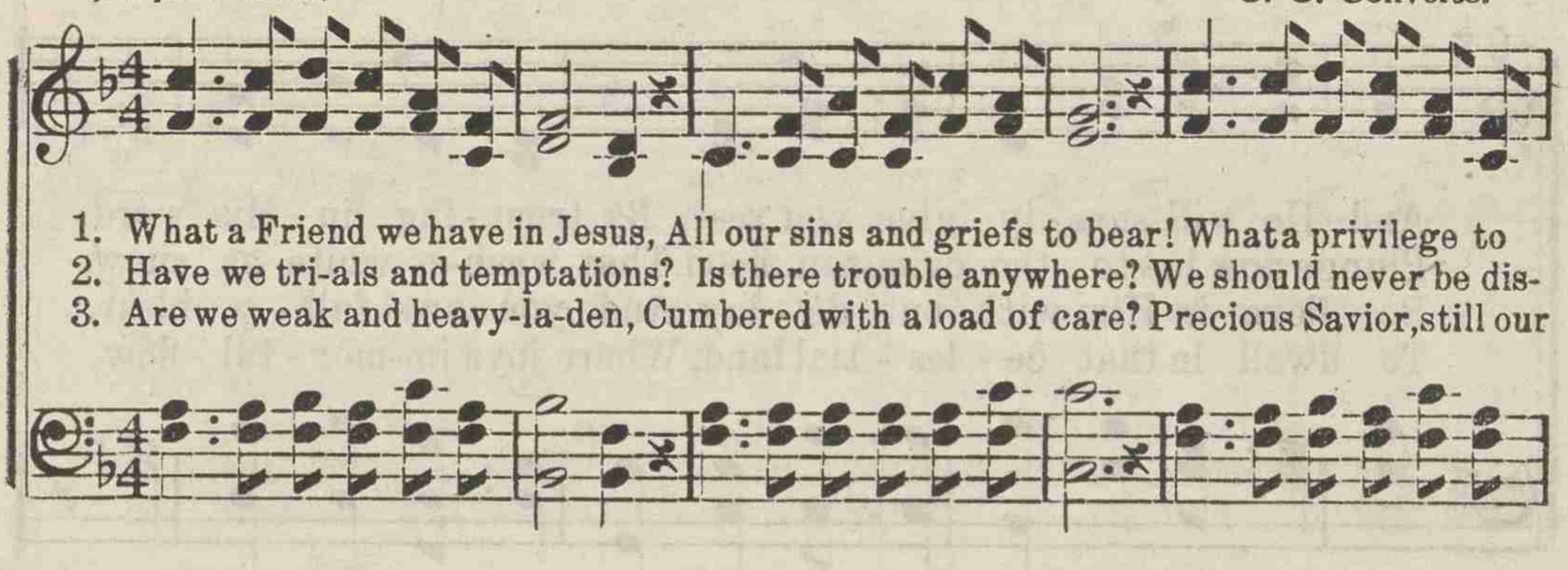
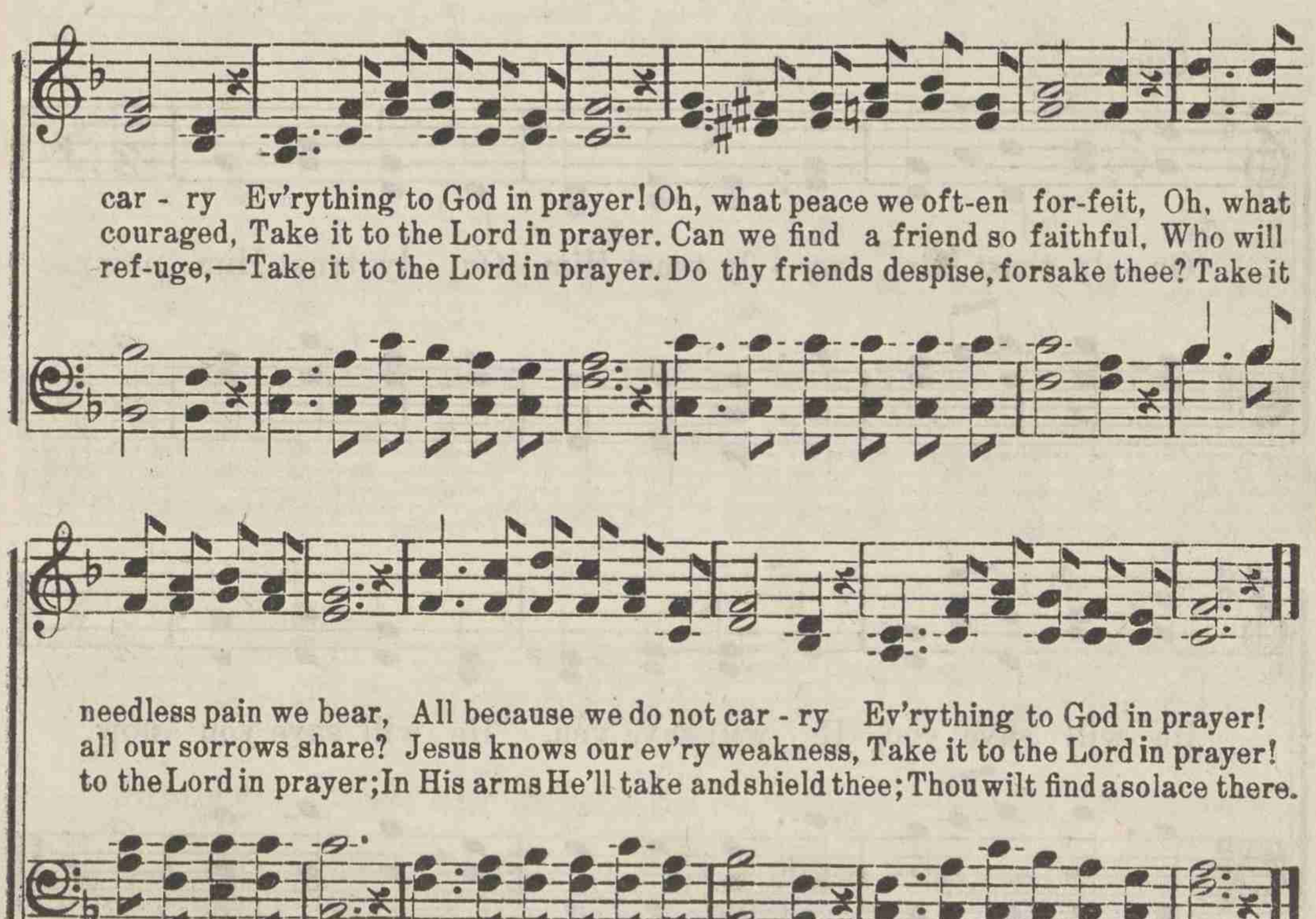
The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky.

No. 95. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.





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No. 96. Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

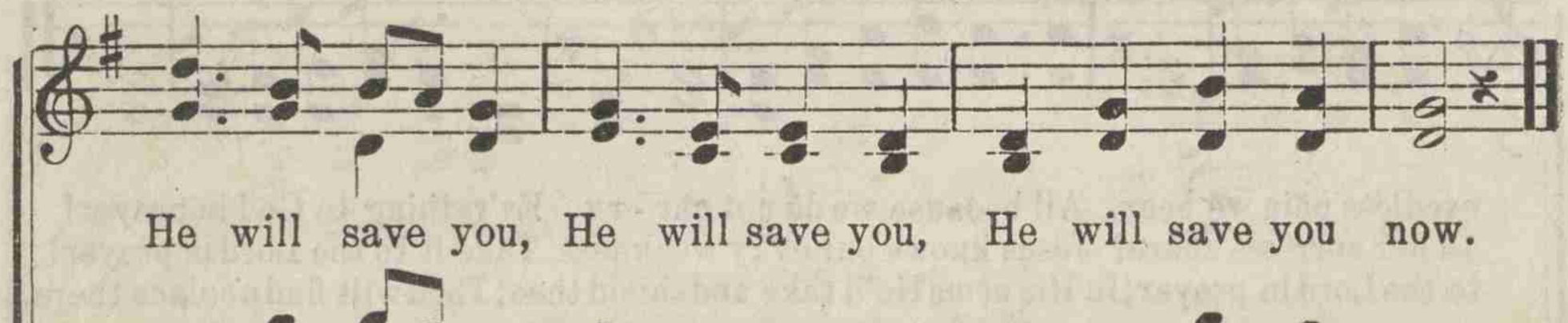
Rev. J. H. S. —*Matt. 11: 29.* Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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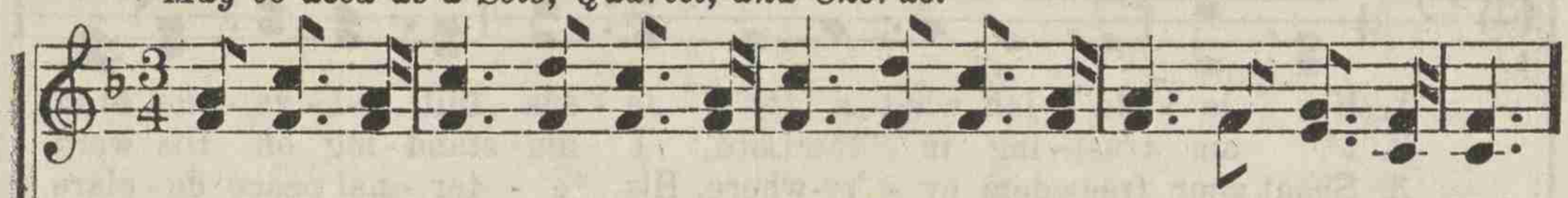
No. 97. The Road to Heaven.

Arr. by H. Arr. by J. H. Hall.

May be used as a Solo, Quartet, and Chorus.



1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails were laid;
2. Re - pent-ance is the sta - tion, then, Where pas-sen-gers are ta - ken in;
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gi-neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear;
4. God's love the fire, His truth the steam Which drives the en - gine and the train:
5. Come, then, poor sinner, now's the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line;
6. And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow;

From earth to heav'n the line ex - tends To life e - ter - nal where it ends.
No fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is Him - self the way.
Thro' tun - nels dark and drear - y here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.
All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a - bide.
If you re - pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.
So ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name.

QUARTET.

All get a-board the Gos - pel train, We'll run it thro' in Je - sus' name.

FULL CHORUS.

We're go - ing home, We're go-ing home, We're go-ing home To die no more.

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No. 98. Victory.

B. E. W. Rev. B. E. Warren.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, what a tho't! Je - sus full sal - va - tion bro't,
2. I am trust - ing in the Lord, I am stand - ing on His word,
3. Shout your free - dom ev - 'ry-where, His e - ter - nal peace de - clare,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleet - ing life is o'er,

Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry!

Let the pow'rs of sin as - sail,
I have peace and joy with-in,
Let us sing it here be - low,
Sing it here, ye ransomed throng,

Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry!

Heav-en's grace can nev-er fail, Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry!
Since my life is free from sin,
In the face of ev - 'ry foe,
Start the ev - er - last-ing song;

Vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry,..... yes, vic-to - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am

Vic - to - ry, yes, vic - to - ry!

free! Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-

Glo - ry, glo - ry,

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Victory.

No. 99. There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. Western Melody.

No. 100. The Savior Calls You Home.

Jennie Wilson. J. B. Biggerstaff.

1. The lov - ing Sav-ior calls you home, O heed His gen-tle voice to - day;
2. The Lord is long-ing now to lead You out of darkness in - to light.
3. To - day o - bey the gra-cious call Of Him who suf-fered on the cross;
4. Come home, and angels will re-joice A-round the throne of God a - bove;

No more in sin - ful pathways roam, But come to Him without de-lay.
And knowing all your strife and need, To peace and joy His tones in-vite.
Be - fore e - ter - nal shadows fall Let Je - sus save your soul from loss.
O let sal-va-tion be your choice, And ev - er praise redeeming love.

CHORUS.

The Sav-ior calls, the Sav - ior calls, The loving Sav-ior calls you home;

The Sav - ior calls, the Sav-ior calls, The lov-ing Sav - ior calls you home.

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No. 101. How Good He Is.

James Rowe. N. B. Fairchild.

1. When thorns a-cross my way I see, And clouds ob-scure a - bove,
2. When troub-les fill me with un-rest, Or sor-row swells my heart,
3. When weakness comes, when courage dies, When foes a-stray would lead,
4. How sweet it is His child to be, To know that soon a - bove,

My pre-cious Sav-ior comes to me, And cheers me with His love.
He holds me to His lov - ing breast Till all my ills de - part.
He bends a - bove me and sup-plies What - ev - er help I need.
My soul, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Will rest with-in His love!

CHORUS.

How good He is, how good He is, This Friend all friends a-bove!

a - bove!

Oh, praise my soul, while a - ges roll, Thy dear Re-deem-er's love.

His love.

No. 102. Sacred Stream.*

Arr. J. H. Hall.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters, And might - y crim - son tide,
2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor - rows, Ex - tin-guish ev - 'ry grief,
3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole:

Blest foun - tain of sal - va - tion, From Je - sus' pierc - ed side;—
And blot-ting out trans-gres - sions, Brings to the soul re - lief.
Lo! thou hast healed the sick - ness, Which wastened in my soul.

CHORUS.

Flow on, flow on, O sa-cred stream, flow on;
Flow on, flow on, flow on;

Flow on, flow on, O sa - cred stream, flow on.
Flow on, flow on, flow on.

*This is the author's first published song, and first appeared in Mr. Kieffer's "Zion Songster," 1885.—H.

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No. 103. I Have a Friend So Precious.

I. M. Isaiah Mornington.

1. "I have a Friend so precious," He's ev - 'ry - thing to me;
2. In strains of sweet-est mu - sic In words of loud - est praise,
3. My soul shall swell the cho - rus Of His re - deem-ing love,

His love's so true and ten - der, His sav - ing grace so free.
I'll sing the love of Je - sus Thro' all life's pass-ing days.
When I shall meet my Sav - ior In realms of bliss a - bove.

CHORUS.

His love . . . and grace, . . Has made me what I am; . .
Re - deem - ing love and sav - ing grace, Has made me what I am, I am;

Free grace . . He gives, . . All glo-ry to the Lamb. .
Free grace, free grace He gives to me, All glo - ry to the Lamb, the Lamb.

No. 104. Sleeping in God's Acre on the Hill.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. H. Hall.

1. Are we bowed to-day in sor-row as we see a va-cant chair?
2. Once they faced life's storm-y tem-pest, once they had their share of woe,
3. Let us try to do our du-ty till the clos-ing of life's day;

See a place that no one else on earth can fill? Do we
Now they know just what is meant by "Peace be still:" Far re-
Let us strive each hour to do God's ho-ly will; For 'twill

miss them at the fire-side, those who used to gath-er there? They are
moved from strife of bat-tle, safe from storm-y winds that blow, They are
be but lit-tle lon-ger till our friends of us shall say, "They are

CHORUS.

sleep-ing in God's a-cre on the hill. On the hill-side, like a
sleep-ing in God's a-cre on the hill.
sleep-ing in God's a-cre on the hill."

On the hill-side,

bird with-in its nest, On the hill-side, O, how sweet-ly now they

On the hill-side,

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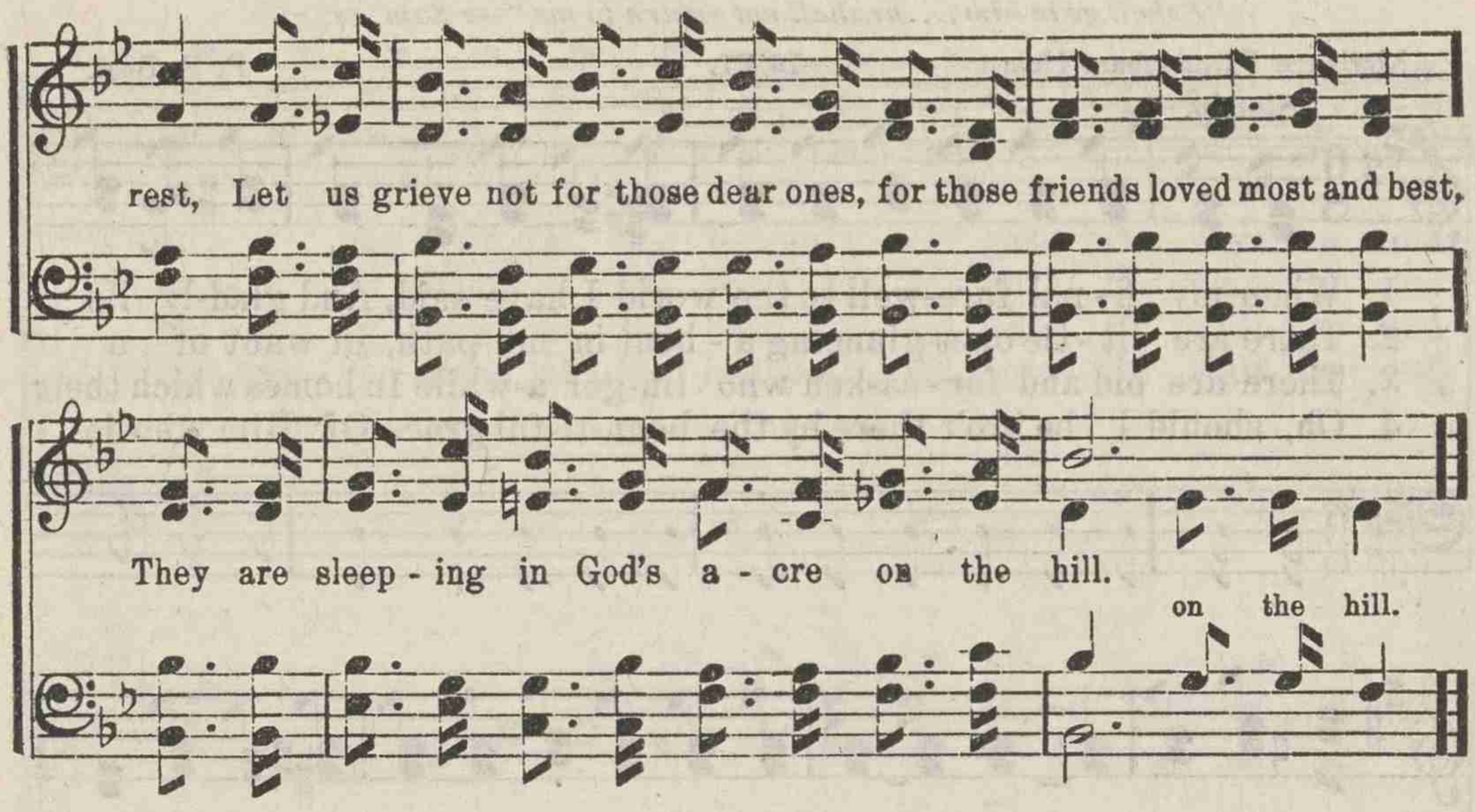
Sleeping in God's Acre On the Hill.



No. 105. Delay Not.

Thomas Hastings. J. H. Hall.

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No. 106. Waiting and Watching for Me.

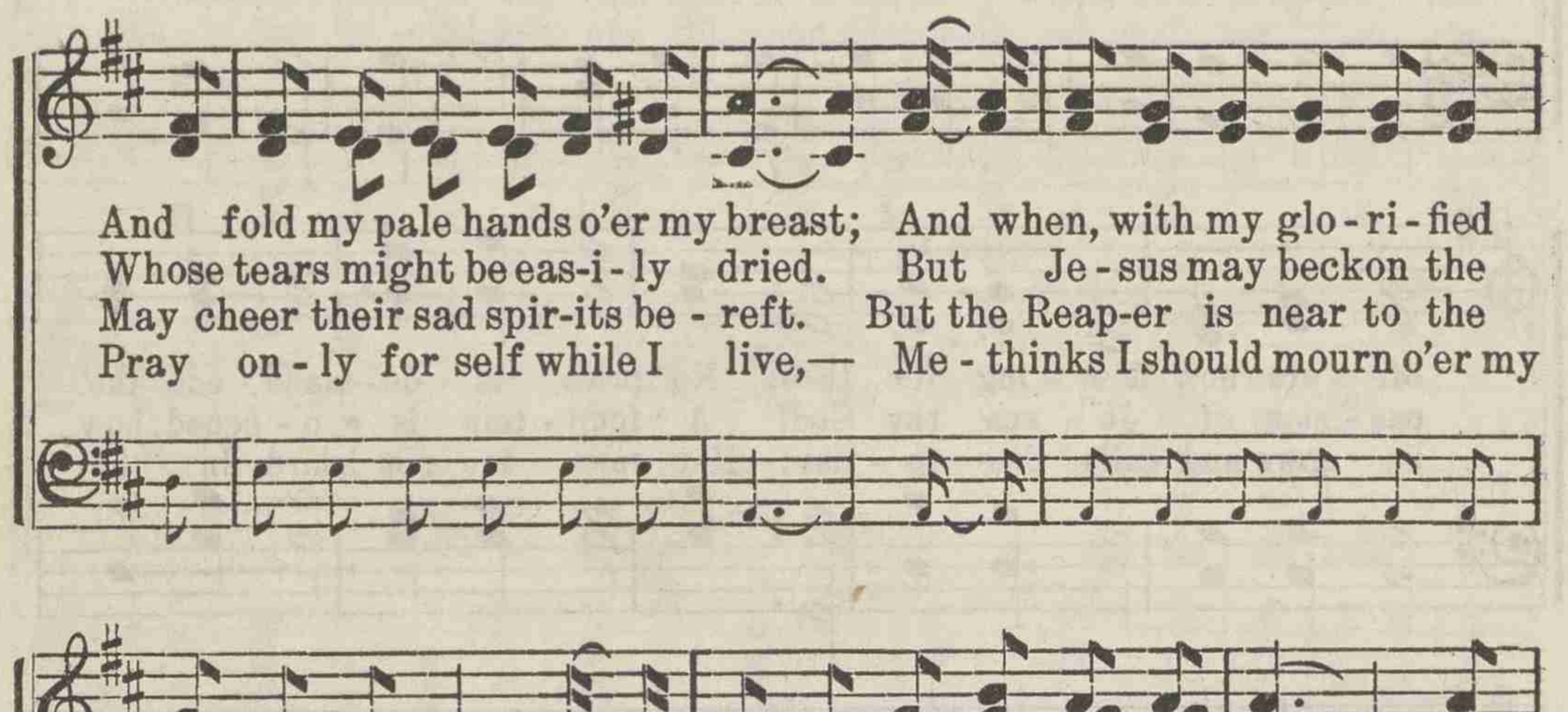
"I shall go to him.... he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

Marianne Farmingham Hearn. DUET. P. P. Bliss.

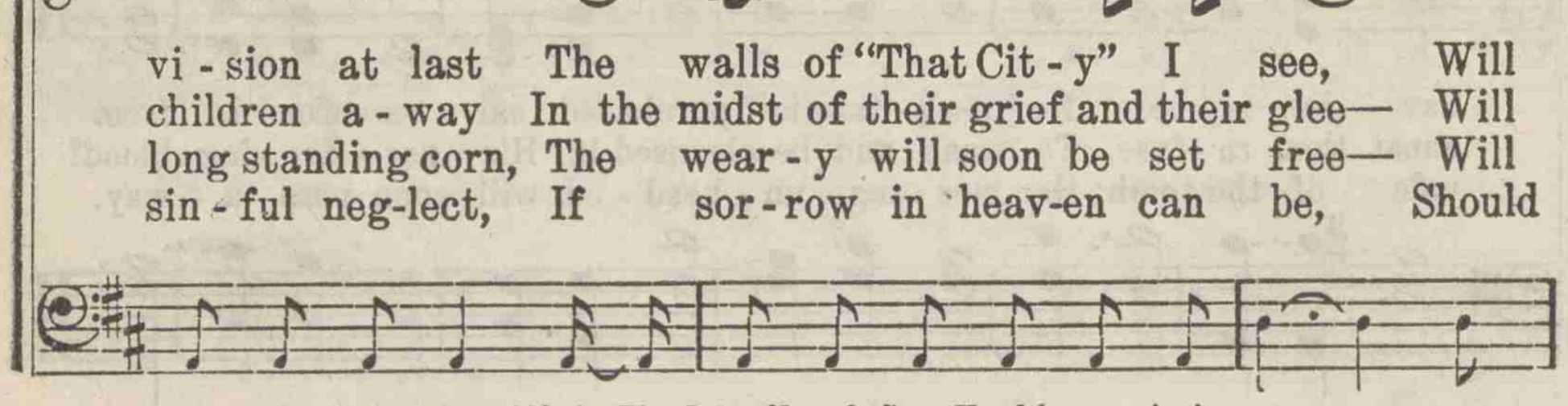
Slowly.

1. When my fi-nal fare-well to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie
2. There are lit-tle ones glancing a-bout in my path, In want of a
3. There are old and for-sa-ken who lin-ger a-while In homes which their
4. Oh, should I be bro't there by the boun-ti-ful grace Of Him who de-

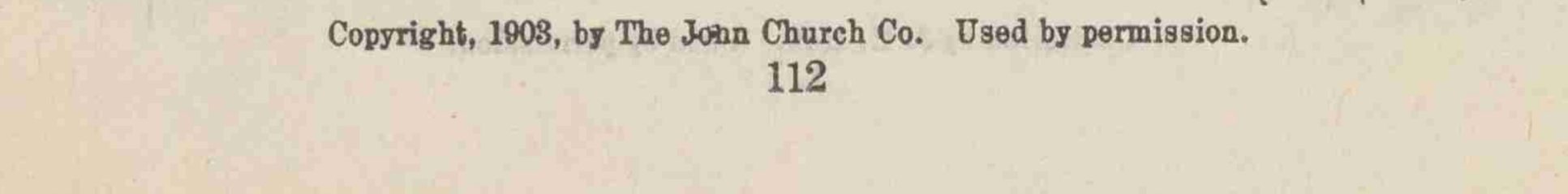
down to my rest; When soft-ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
friend and a guide; There are dear lit-tle eyes looking up in-to mine,
dear-est have left; And a few gen-tle words or an ac-tion of love
lights to for-give, Tho' I bless not the wear-y a-bout in my path,



And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo-ri-fied
Whose tears might be eas-i-ly dried. But Je-sus may beckon the
May cheer their sad spir-its be-reft. But the Reap-er is near to the
Pray on-ly for self while I live,— Me-thinks I should mourn o'er my



vi-sion at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I see, Will
children a-way In the midst of their grief and their glee— Will
long standing corn, The wear-y will soon be set free— Will
sin-ful neg-lect, If sor-row in heav-en can be, Should



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Waiting and Watching for Me.

an - y one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and
an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and
an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and
no one I love, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait-ing and

watching for me? Will an - y one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate,
watching for me? Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate,
watching for me? Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate,
watching for me! Should no one I love, at the beau - ti - ful gate,

CHORUS.

Be wait-ing and watching for me?
Be wait-ing and watching for me? Be waiting and
Be wait-ing and watching for me?
Be wait-ing and watching for me!

Be wait - ing

repeat pp.

watching, Be wait-ing and watching for me?

and watch - ing.

No. 107. There is Nothing Too Good to be True.

G. P. H. (Effective as a Solo.) Rev. Geo. P. Hott.

1. When we think of earth's tri - als and cares, And the tears that our eye - lids be - dew, And are told they're in heav-en un-known, It
2. When we think how as sin - ners we're lost, And a - wait fear - ful pun - ish-ment due, And are told of His won - der - ful cross, It
3. When we think of the suff'rings of death, And the grave ev - er wait-ing in view, But are told how Christ conquered them all, It
4. When we think of our loved ones of yore, How death gathered from me and from you, But are told that we'll meet them once more, It

rit. – – – – CHORUS. *meditatively.*

seems just to good to be true. But is it too good to be true? Oh,

feelingly. *thoughtfully.*

is it too good to be true? When we think of the won-der-ful

to be true?

confidently. *rit.* – – – – –

love of our Lord, There is nothing too good to be true. to be true.

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No. 108. Bear the Torch of the Lord.

(MISSIONARY.)

Wm. H. Gardner. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are lands so full of dark-ness, They know not of the Light
2. Who will go to tell the sto - ry To lands a - cross the sea?
3. Who will wear the crown of glo - ry That God will give to him?

That for all the world is shin - ing To make each pathway bright.
Who will bear the bless - ed ti - dings, And set the cap-tives free?
Who will has - ten to the hea - then, To save them from their sin?

CHORUS.

Bear the torch of the Lord thro' the dark-ness, Let the
thro' the dark-ness,
light of God shine in; . . . . Tell them all of our dear, loving
Let the light of God shine in;
Sav - ior, Who has come to re-deem them from sin.
lov - ing Sav - ior,

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No. 109. Walking in the Light.

W. J Henry D. O. Teasley.

1. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God? Are your
2. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God, Fear - ing
3. Are you walk - ing in the light, in the light of God, Tho' the

sins..... all washed a - way? Have you had the blood ap-plied?
not..... what men may say? Do you glo - ry in the cross,
storms..... a-round you roll? Is your high-way ev - er bright,

Sins all washed a-way, washed a - way?
Fear - ing not a word men may say?
Storms around you roll, mad - ly roll?

are you whol-ly sanc - ti-fied? Are you full - - y saved to - day?....
counting all the world but dross, Walking in..... the nar-row way?....
while around you all is night? Does His grace..... preserve your soul?...

Full - y saved to-day, saved to - day?
Walk-ing in the way, nar - row way?
Does His sav-ing grace keep your soul?

CHORUS.

Are you walk - - - ing in the light? Are you
Walk - ing in the light, in the bless - ed gos - pel light?

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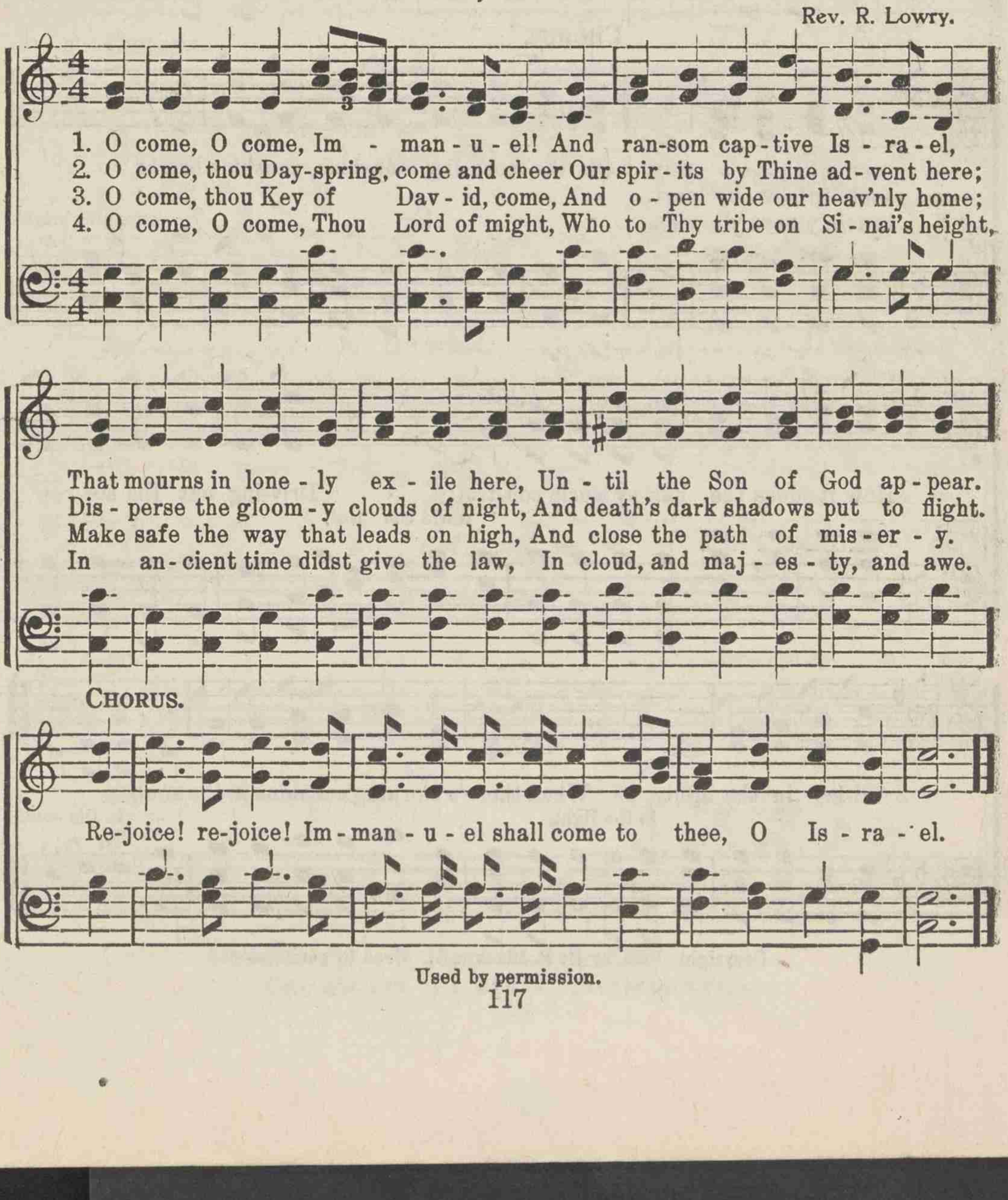
Walking in the Light.

No. 110. O Come, Immanuel.

Rev. R. Lowry.



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No. 111. Morning Sunshine.

Geo. P. Hott. H. P. Blackwell.

1. Keep the morn-ing sun-shine in the soul, Let the life be ev - er bright as
2. Let the morn-ing sun-shine en - ter in, Fill - ing ev - 'ry cham-ber of the
3. O - pen ev - 'ry win-dow of the soul, Let the bless - ed morn-ing sun-light

day; When the clouds, so threat'ning, 'round you roll, On - ly trust, they
heart, Driv - ing out all mal - ice, strife and sin, Light-ing up the
shine Bright-ly in - to ev - 'ry dark-ened room; O - pen to the

CHORUS.

soon will pass a - way. Oh, the morn-ing sunshine, sunshine bright,
soul in ev - 'ry part.
heav'nly rays di - vine.

sunshine bright.

How it does the hap-py world con-trol; Driv-ing out the sor-row,

world con - trol;

fill-ing in the light, When there's morning sunshine in the soul.

in the light, in the soul.

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No. 112. Joy to the World.

"The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9:6.

Rev. Isaac Watts. J. H. Hall.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world, the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
The glo - ries of His righteousness, And won - ders of His love.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, the Lord is come, Peace on earth, good-
Hal - le-lu - jah, Peace on earth,

Joy..... to the world, Joy,..... the Lord is

will to men; Joy, joy, joy, the Lord is come,
Hal - le - lu - jah,

come; Joy..... to the world,

Let earth re - ceive her King. (re - ceive her King.)

Let earth..... re - ceive her King.

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No. 113. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our
2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance Yield-ing hence-
3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav - ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great

lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stan-dard ex-
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.
lov - ing o - bed-ience, Free-ly and joy-ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to-rious, Free-ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watchword! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
Peal si - lence Song

spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
re - joic - ing and free; Peal

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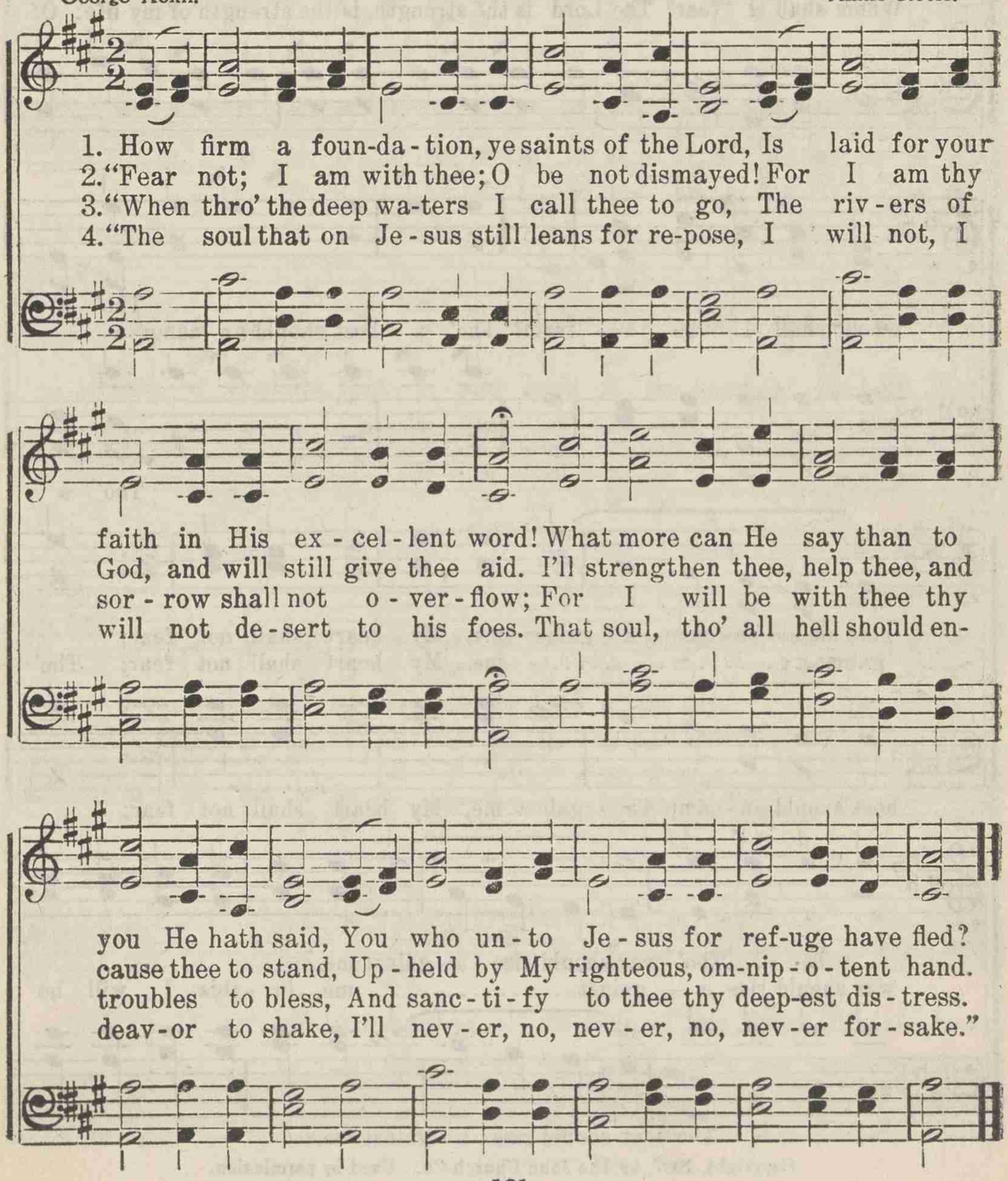
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

No. 114. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Annie Steele.



No. 115. The Lord is My Light.

(ANTHEM.) Geo. F. Root.

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal - va - tion:

Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life: Of

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should en - camp a-

Tho' a-

host should en - camp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear;

gainst..... me, My heart shall not fear; Tho'

host should en - camp a - gainst me, My heart shall not fear;

Tho' war should rise a - gainst me,

war should rise a - gainst..... me, in this I will be

Tho' war should rise a - gainst me,

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The Lord is My Light.

con - fi - dent, One thing I have de - sired of the Lord, That I will seek

That I may

aft - er, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the

dwell in the house of the Lord, That

house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That

I may dwell in the house of the

I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, All the

Lord,

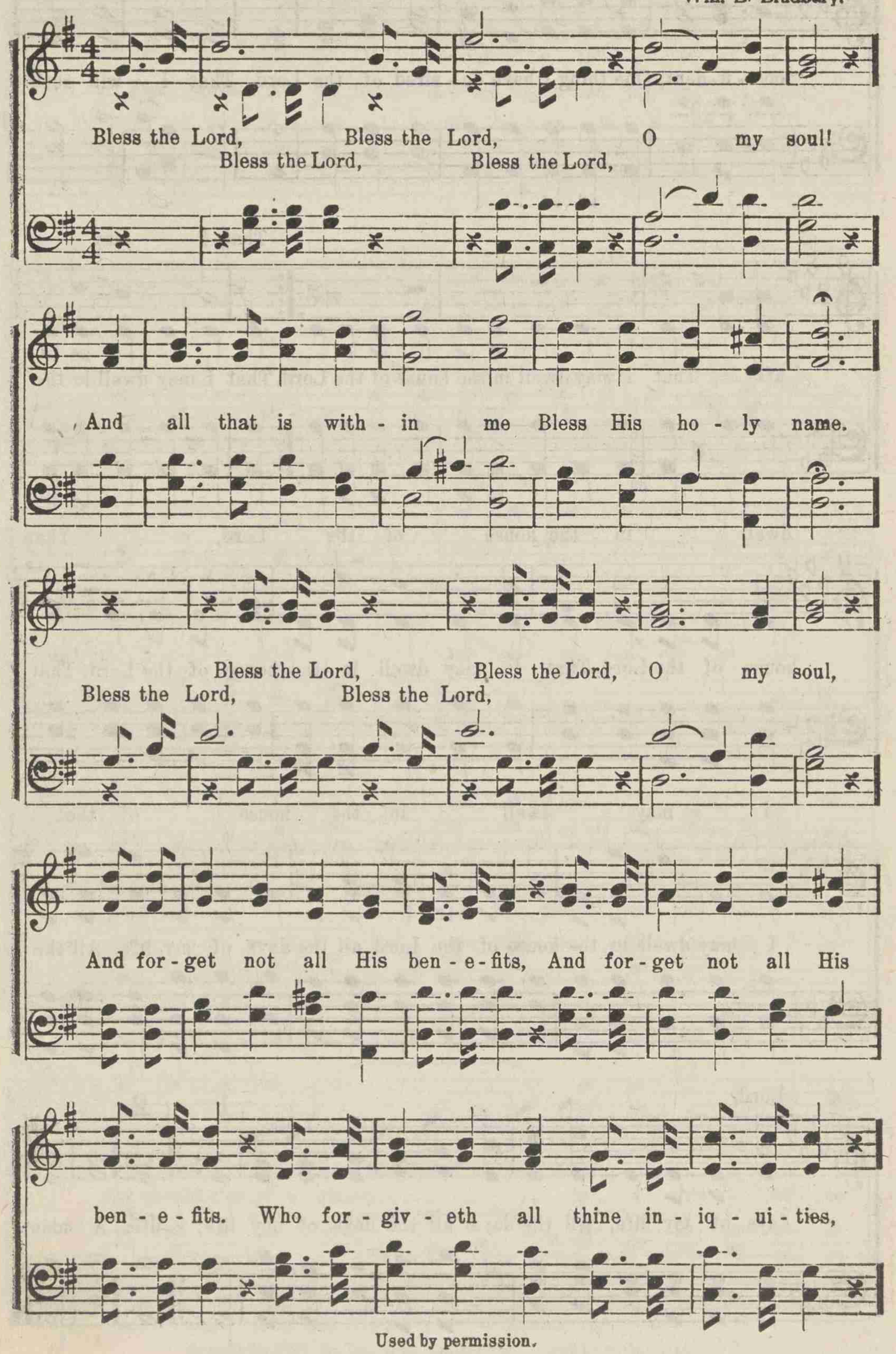
1 2

days of my life, All the days, all the days of my life; life. A - men.

No. 116. Bless the Lord, O my Soul!

(ANTHEM.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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Bless the Lord, O my Soul!

Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing-

kind - ness, and ten - der mer - cies, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing-

kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies. Who re - deem - eth thy

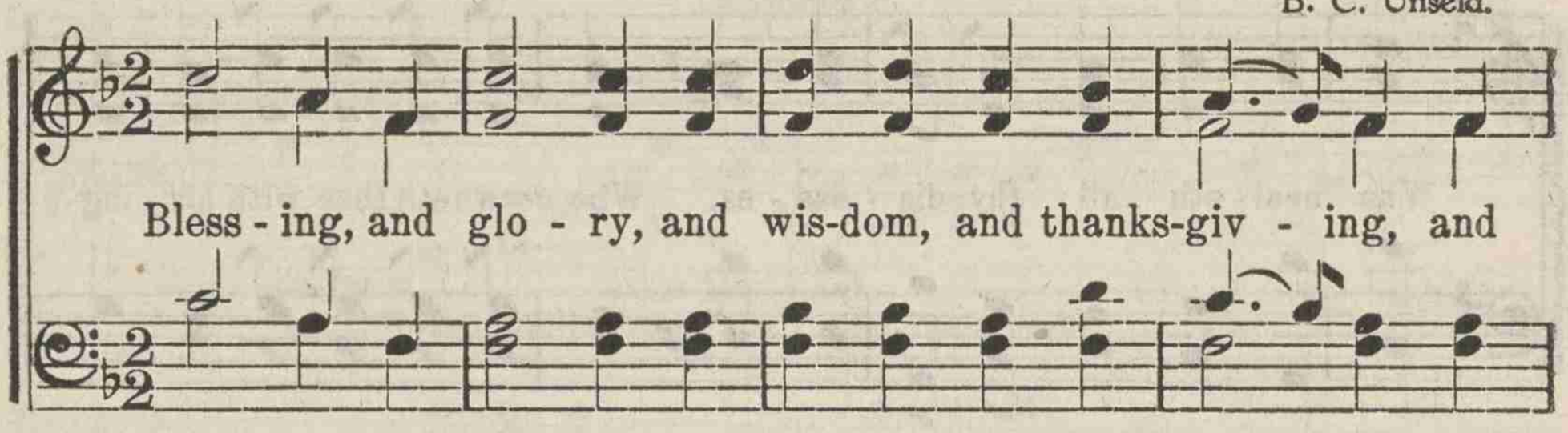
life from de - struc - tion, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing - kind - ness,

Who crowneth thee with lov - ing - kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies.

No. 117. Blessing and Glory.

(ANTHEM.)

B. C. Unseld.



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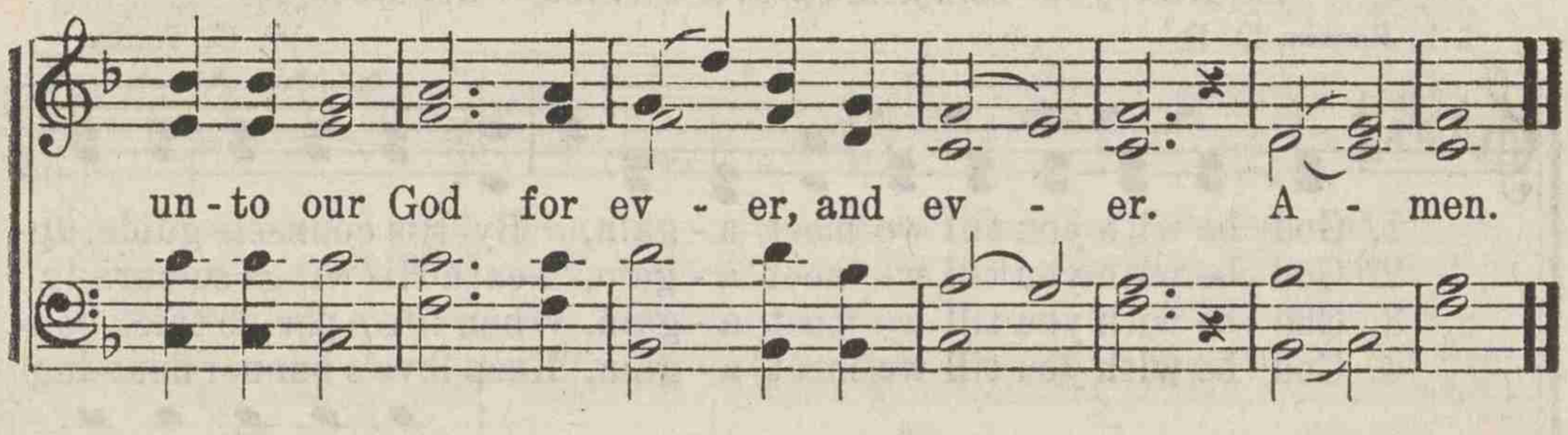
Blessing and Glory.



No. 118. Pray for the Peace.

(ANTHEM.)

Slow, and with dignity. Hubert P. Main.

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No. 119. God be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans 16: 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be

REFRAIN.

with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, . . . till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, ...
till we meet; Till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet,

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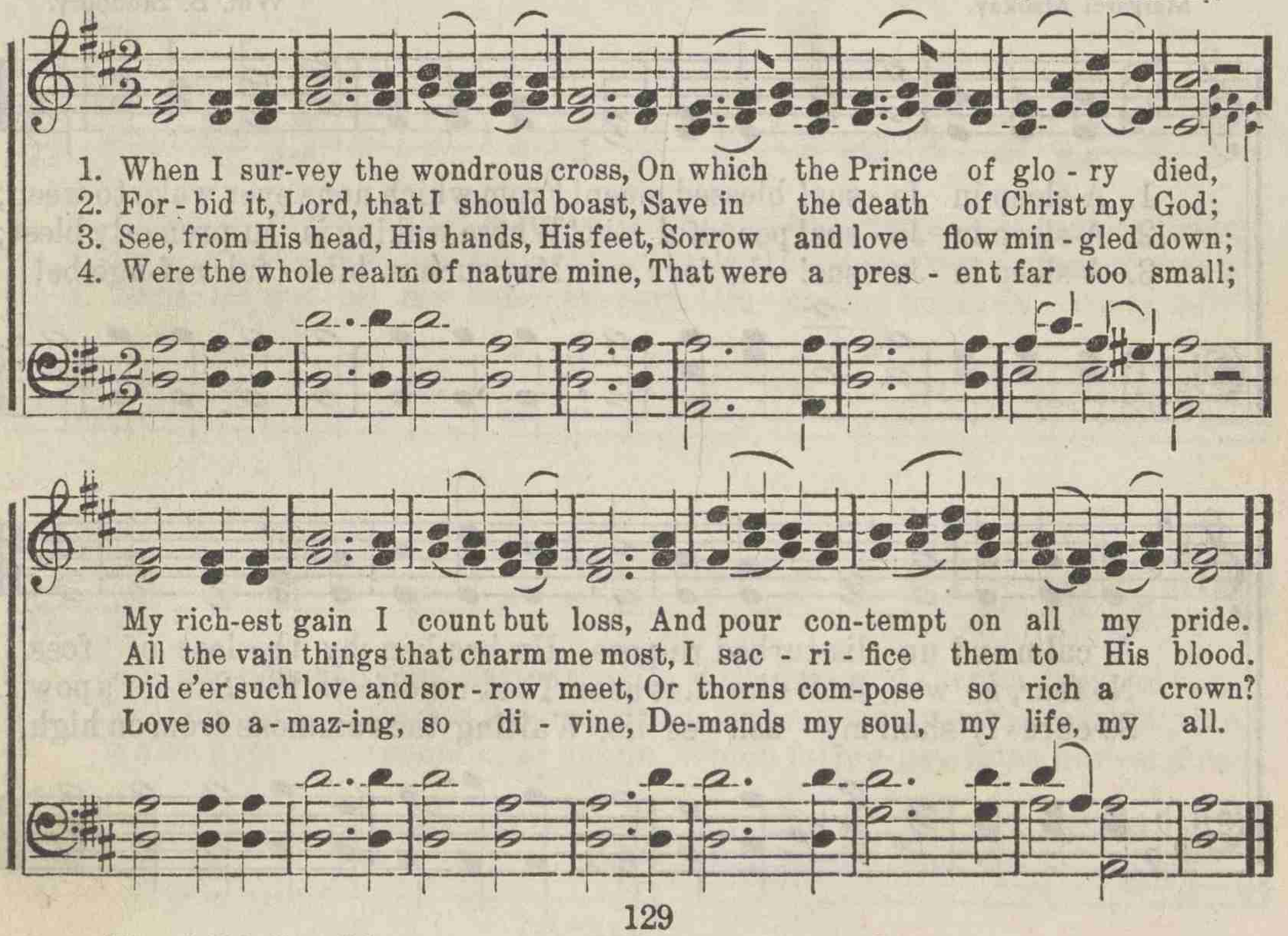
No. 120. Woodworth.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

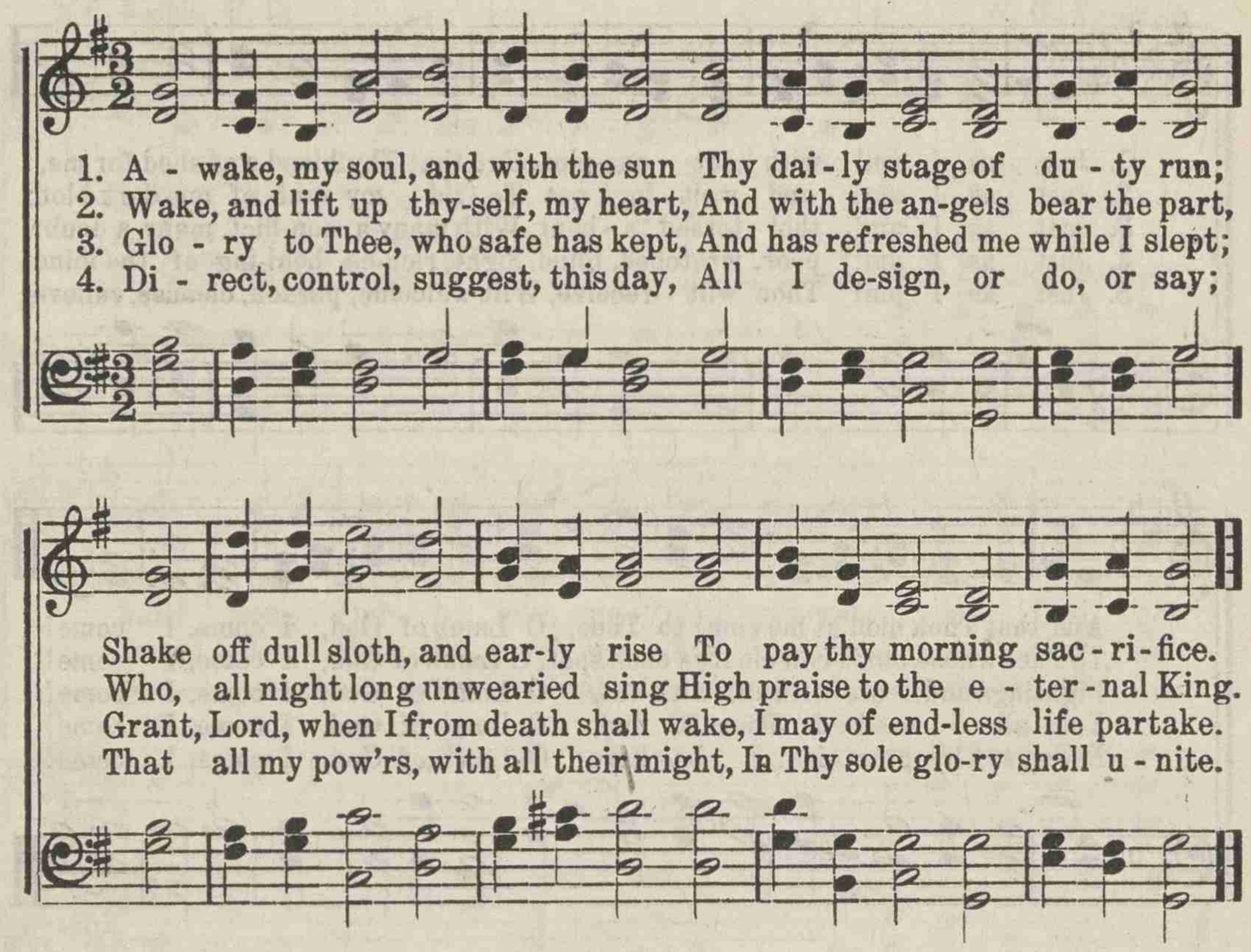
No. 121. Olivet.

Isaac Watts. I. B. Woodbury.



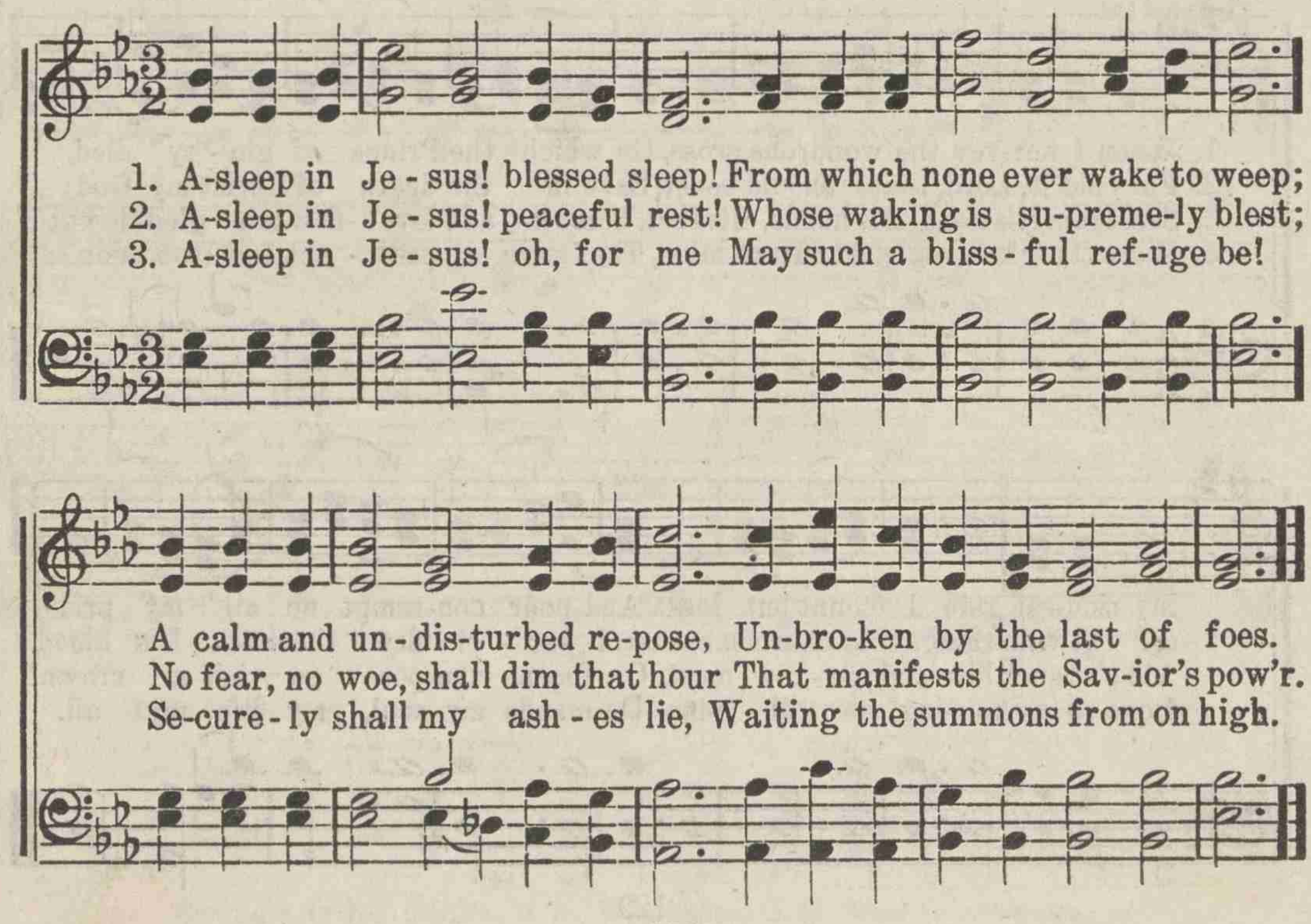
No. 122. Rockingham.

Thomas Ken. Dr. Lowell Mason.



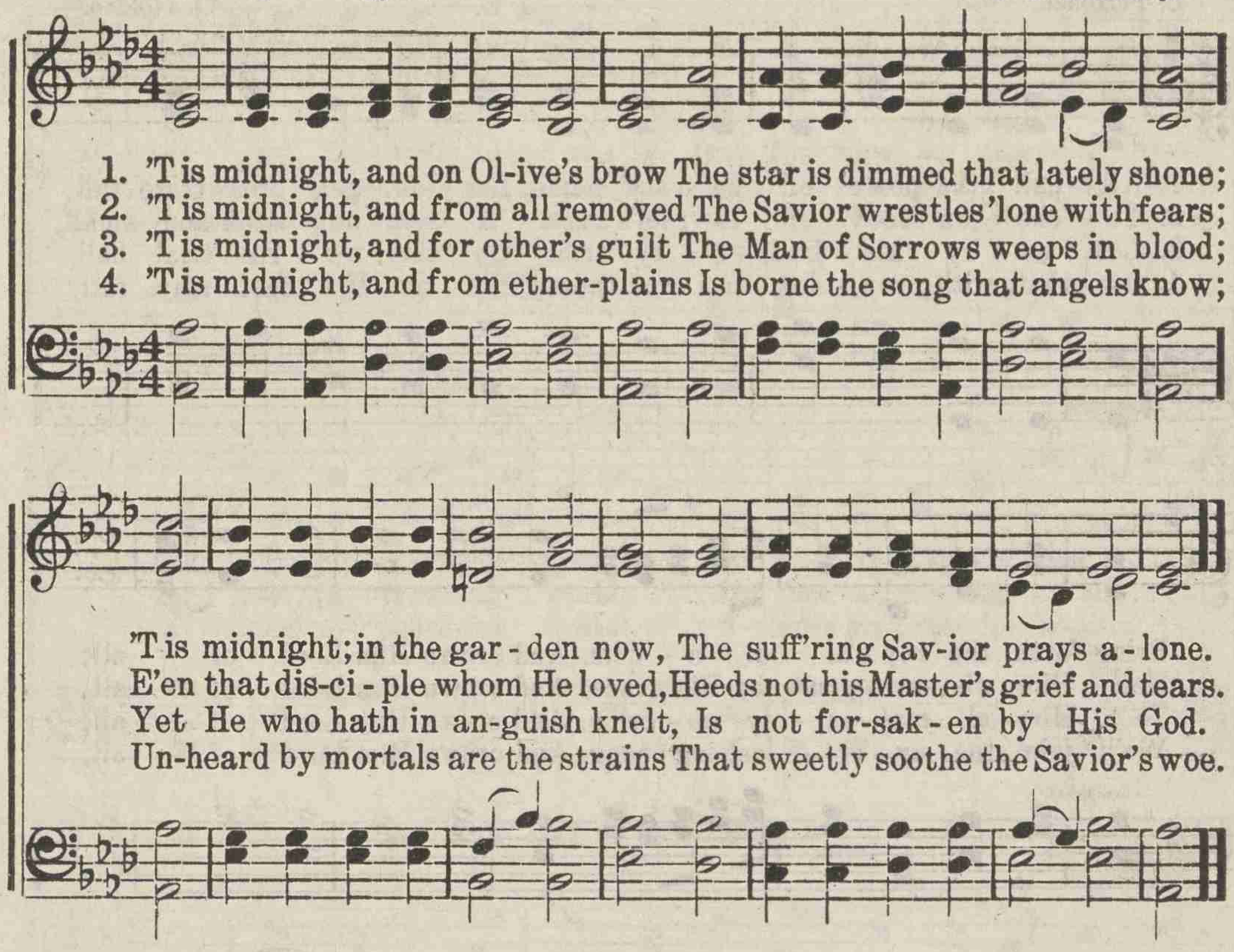
No. 123. Rest.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



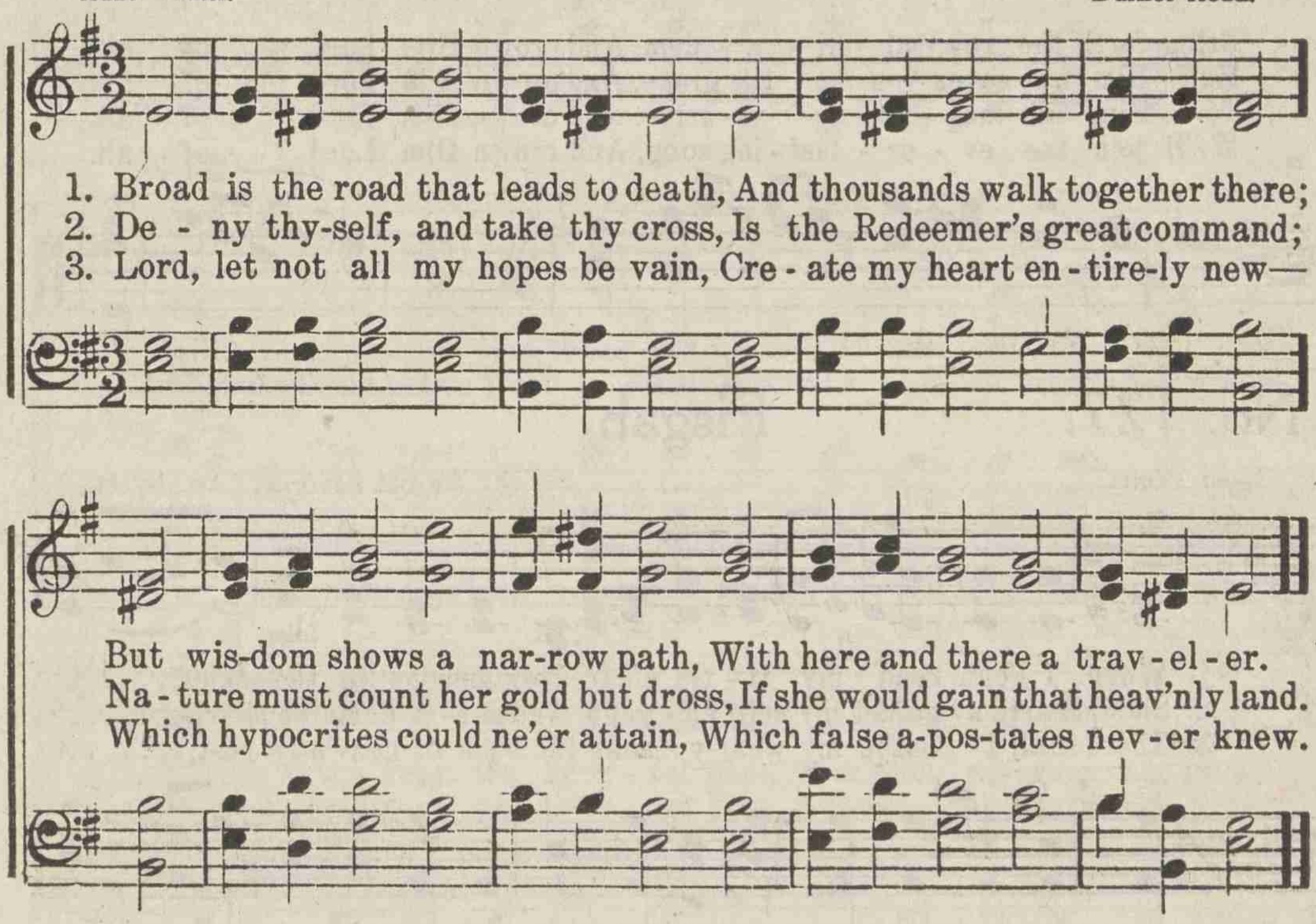
No. 124. Olive's Brow.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



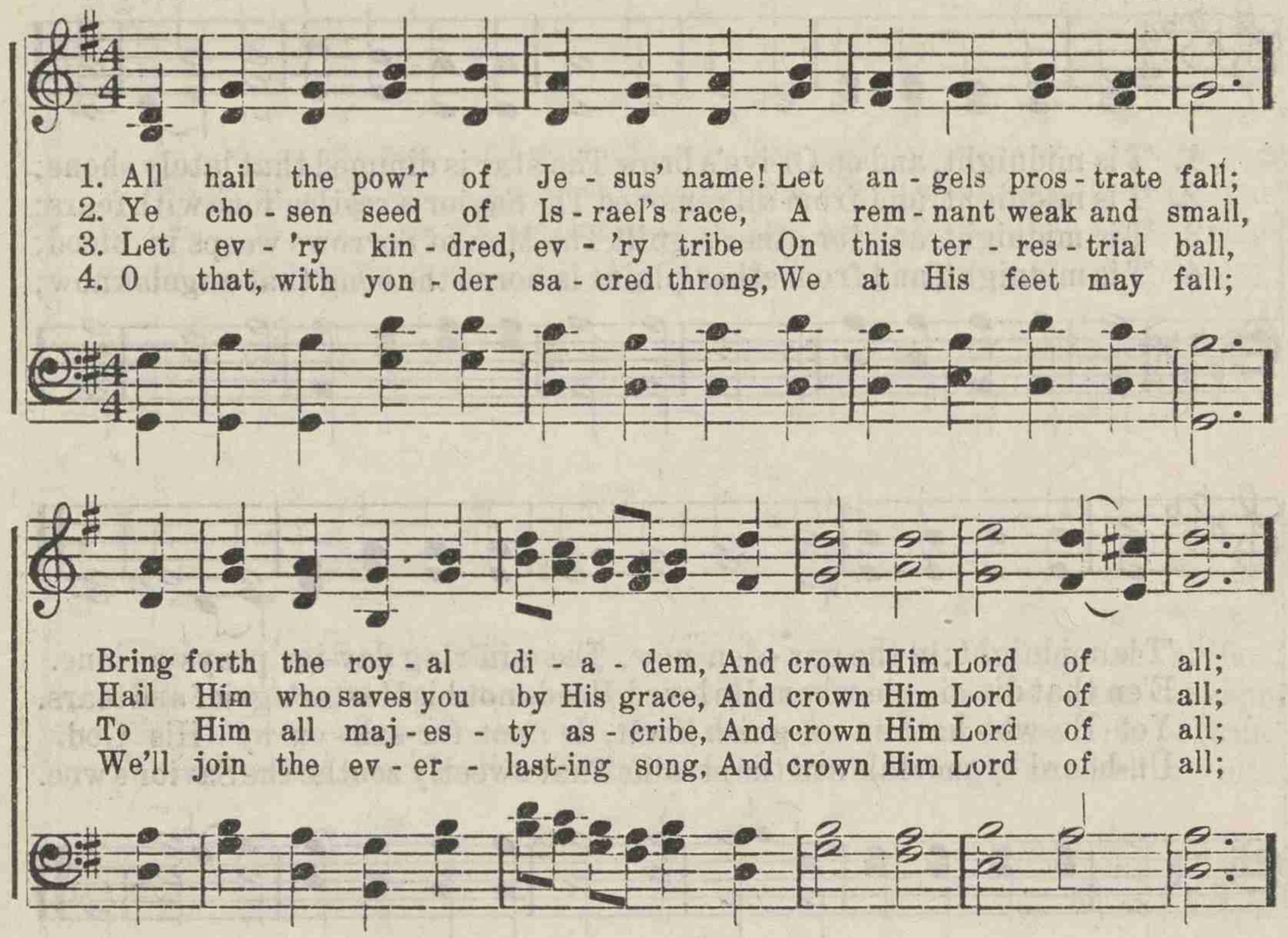
No. 125. Windham.

Isaac Watts. Daniel Read.



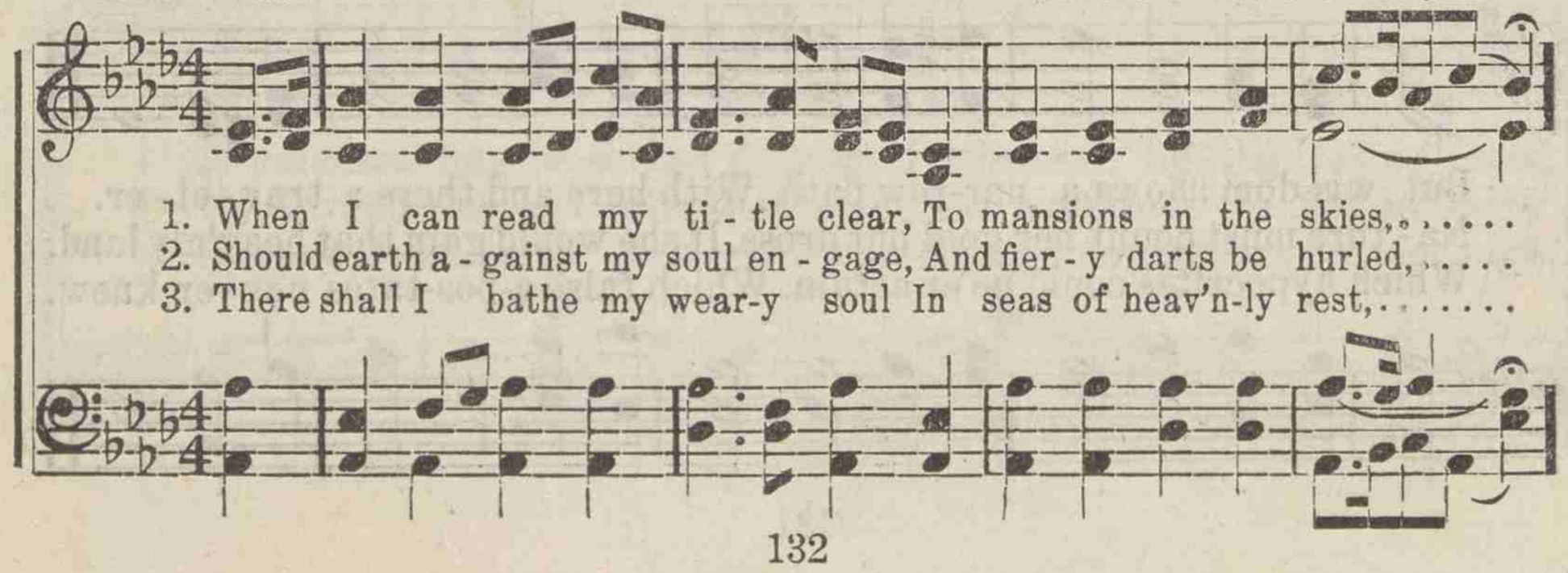
No. 126. Coronation.

E. Perronet. O. Holden.



No. 127. Pisgah.

Isaac Watts. An old Favorite. Arr. by H.



Pisgah.

FINE.

D. S.—I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
D. S.—Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
D. S.—And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

D. S.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes,.....And wipe my weep-ing eyes;.....
And face a frowning world,.....And face a frown-ing world;.....
A - cross my peace-ful breast,.... A - cross my peace-ful breast;.....

No. 128. Fair Haven.

Sutton. *Slow.* Scotch Air.

1. Hail! sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glow - ing hearts in one;
2. No lin-g'ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meet - ing knows;

FINE.

Hail! sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
The friend-ship beams from ev - 'ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows.

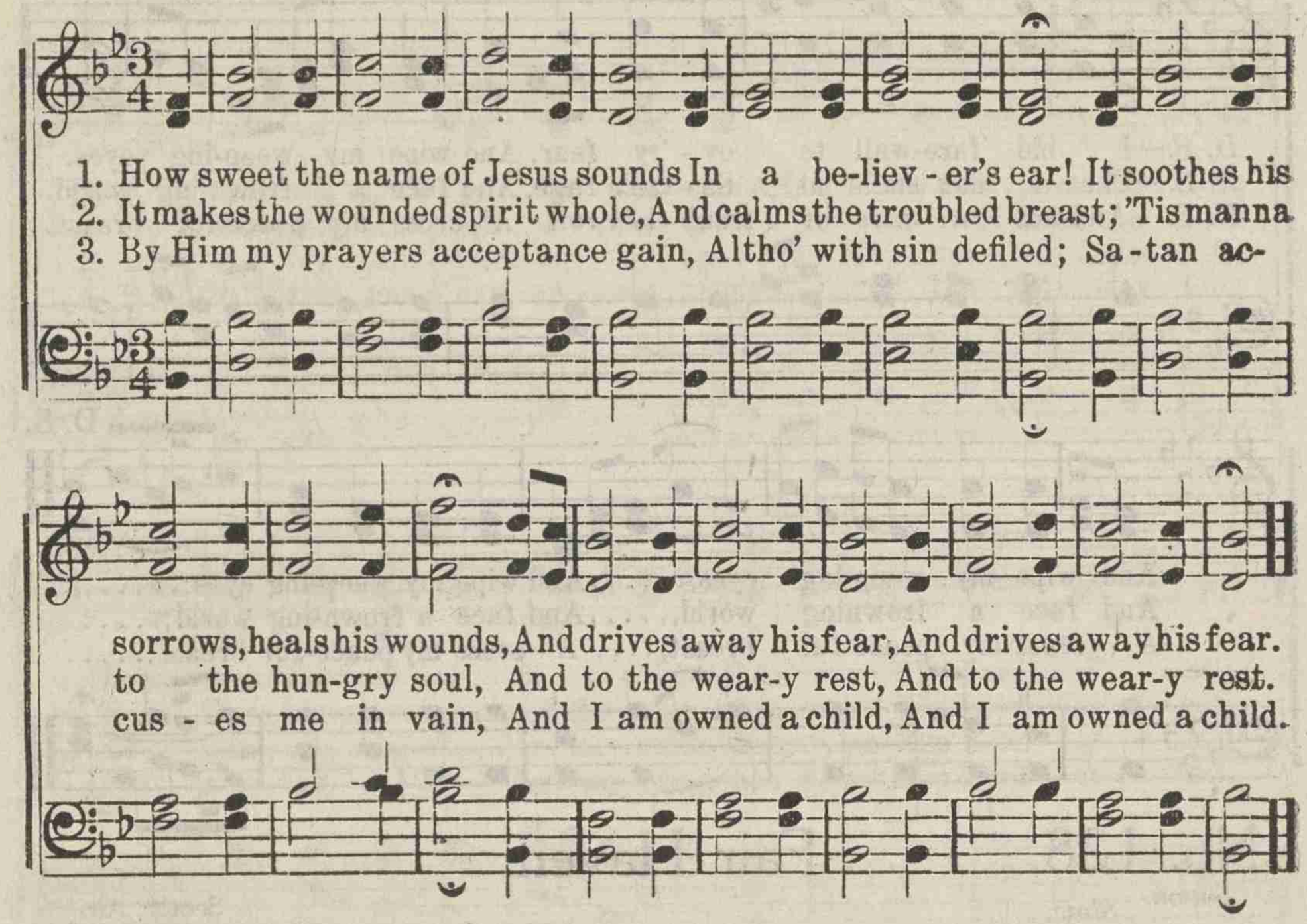
D. S.—*The hope when days and years have passed, We all shall meet in heav'n.*

D. S.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;

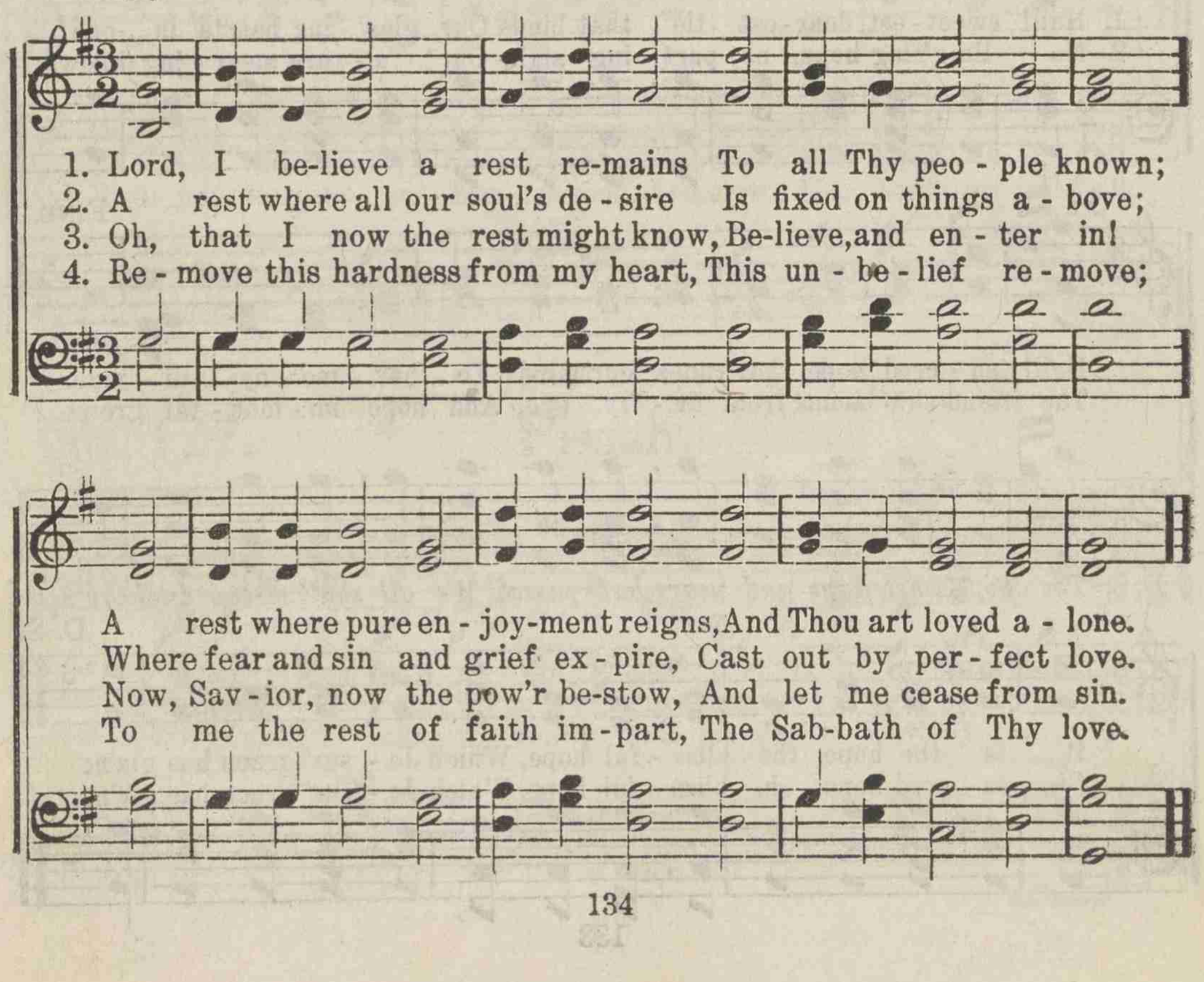
No. 129. Ortonville.

John Newton. Dr. Thomas Hastings.



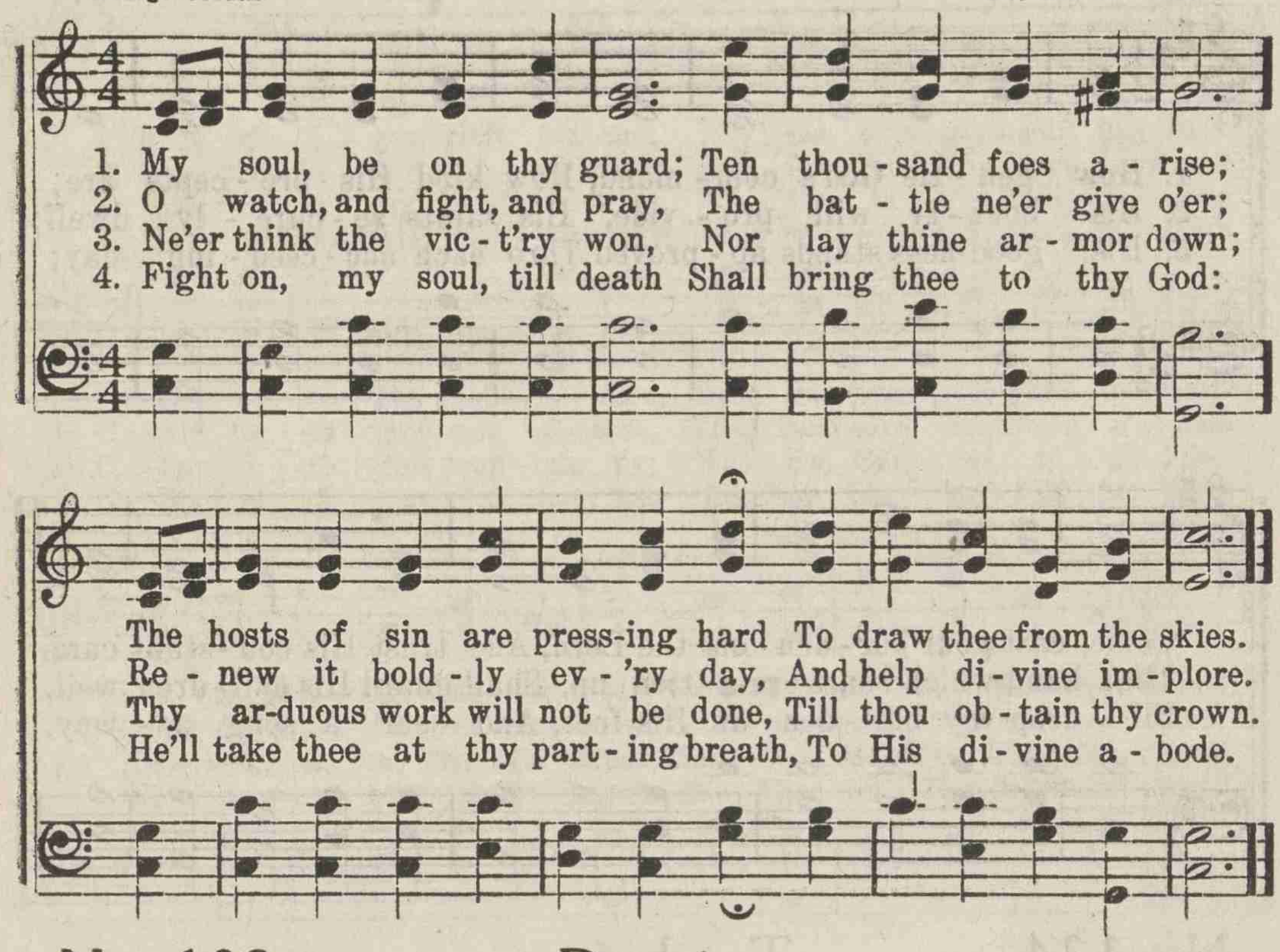
No. 130. Marlow.

Wesley. Rev. John Chetham.



No. 131. Laban.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.

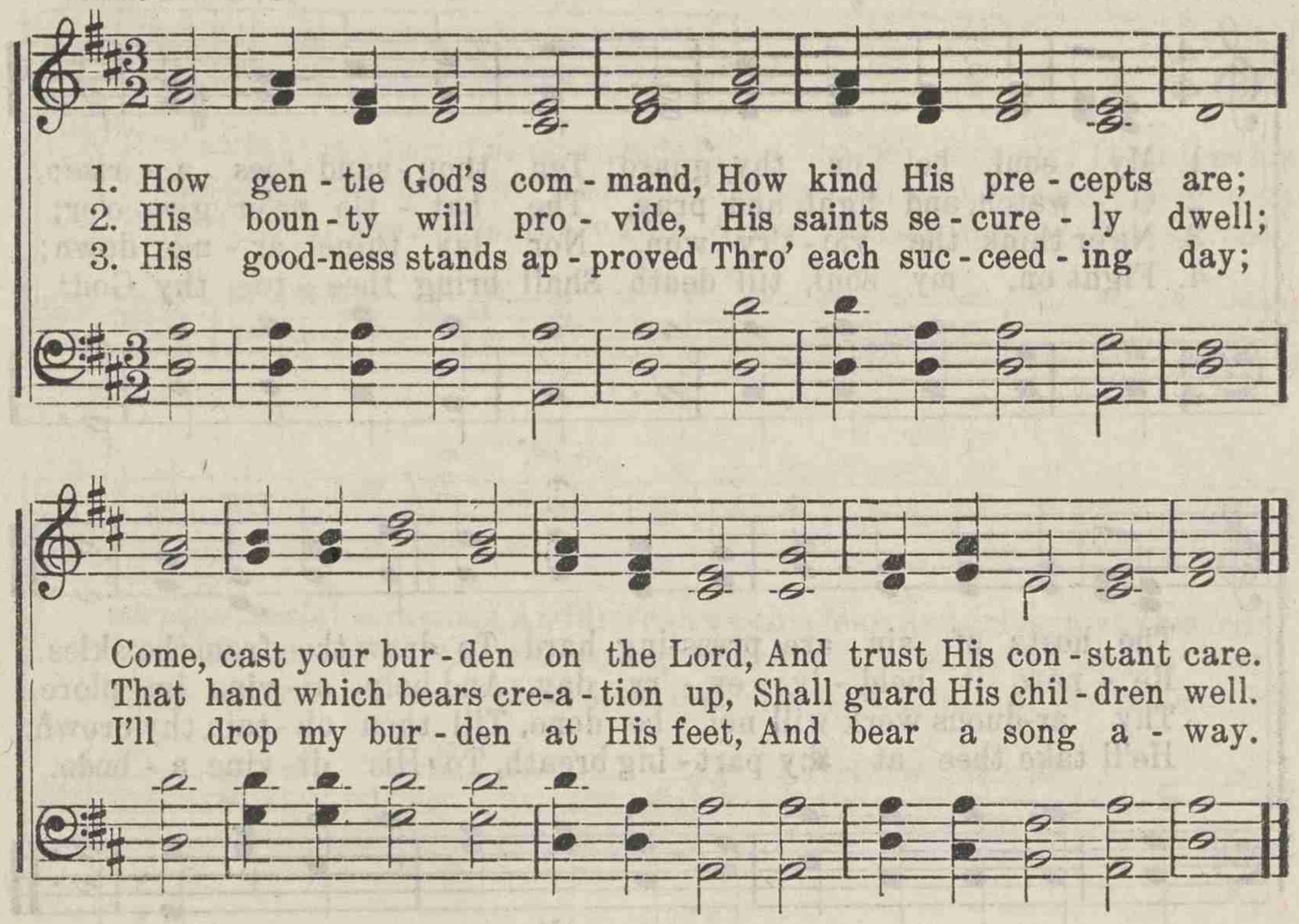


No. 132. Dennis.

Rev. John Fawcett. H. G. Nageli.

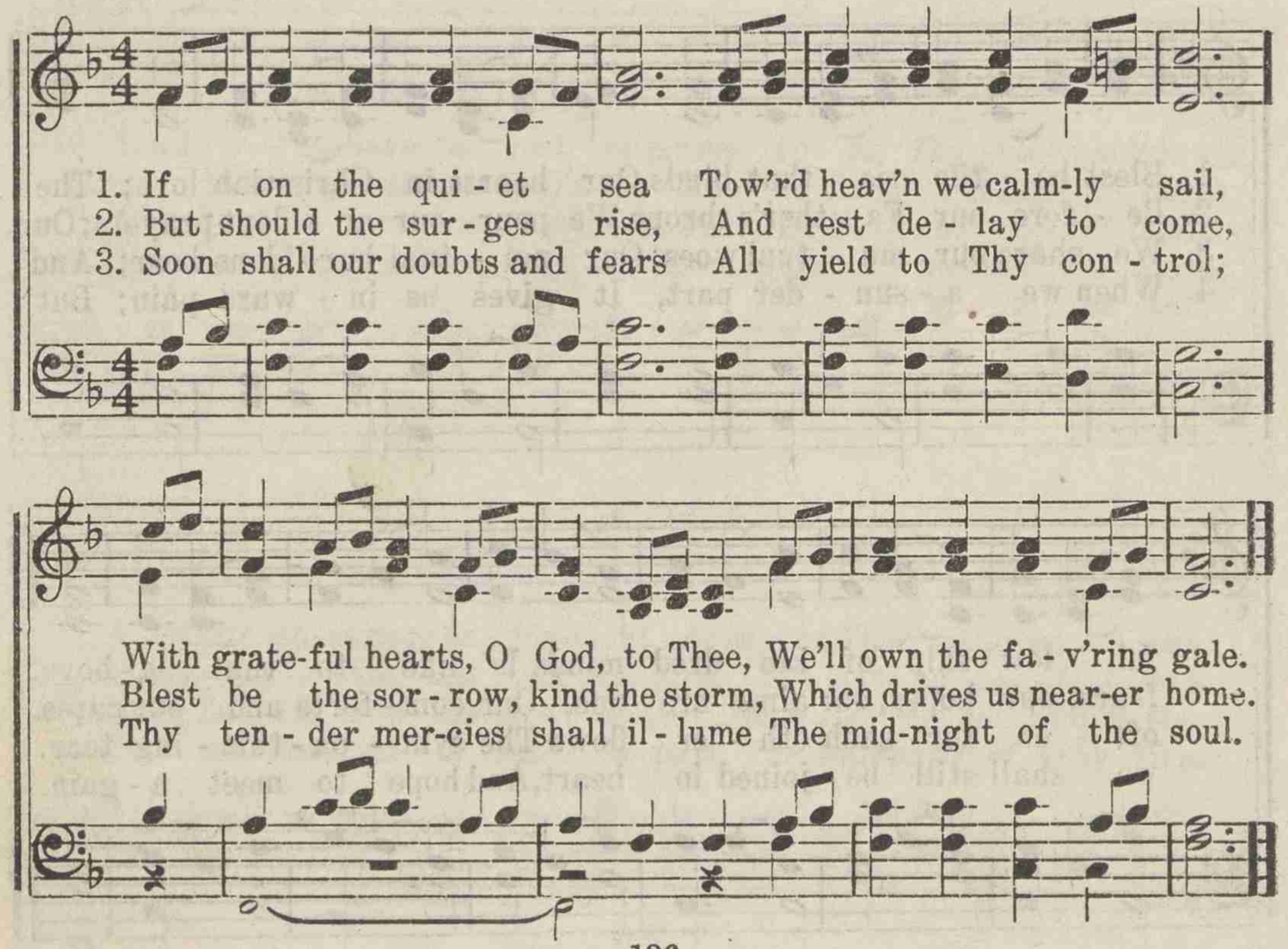
No. 133. Lottie.

Philip Doddridge. W. B. Bradbury.



No. 134. Tenderness.

A. M. Toplady. Edward Hamilton.



No. 135. Toplady.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

No. 136. Last Hope.

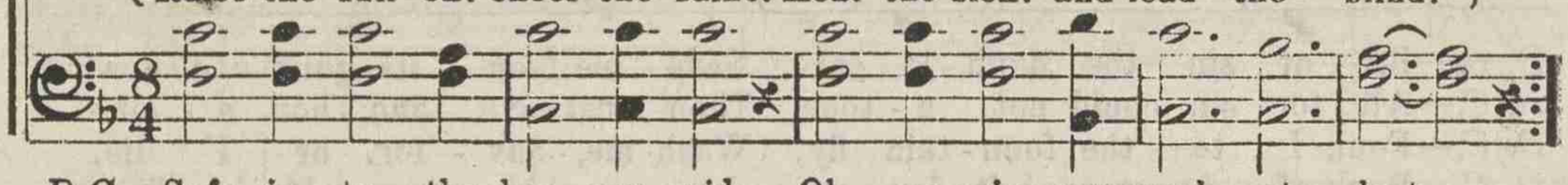
S. F. Smith. Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk.

No. 137. Martyn.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
   Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
   Raise the fall - en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!



D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D. C.

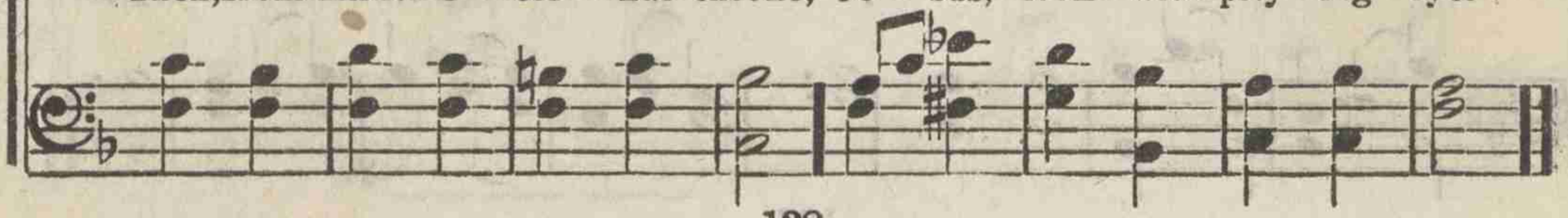
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust in Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous - ness;

No. 138. Seymour.

Rev. Geo. W. Doane. C. M. von Weber.

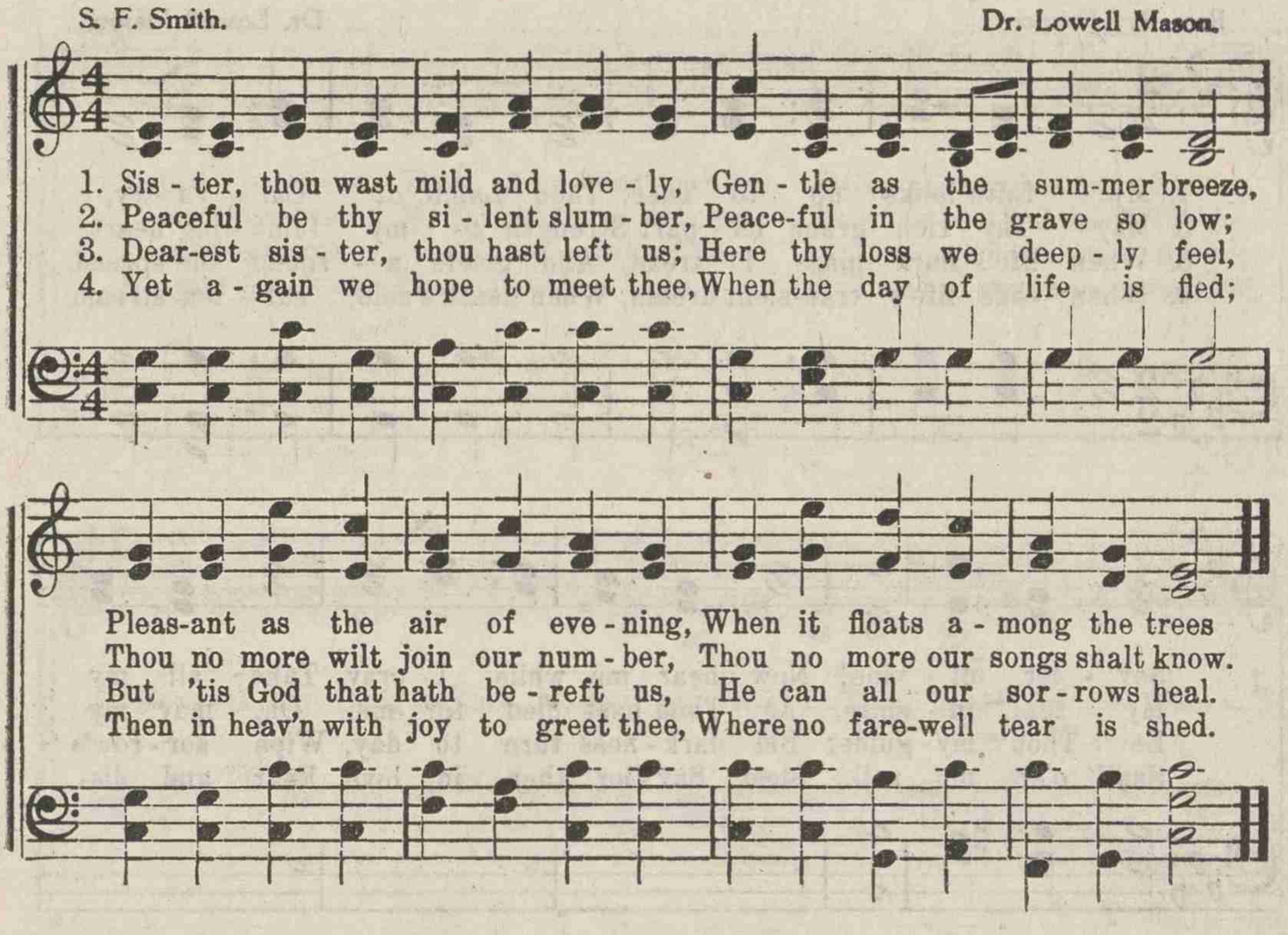
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.



No. 139. Mount Vernon.

S. F. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 140. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

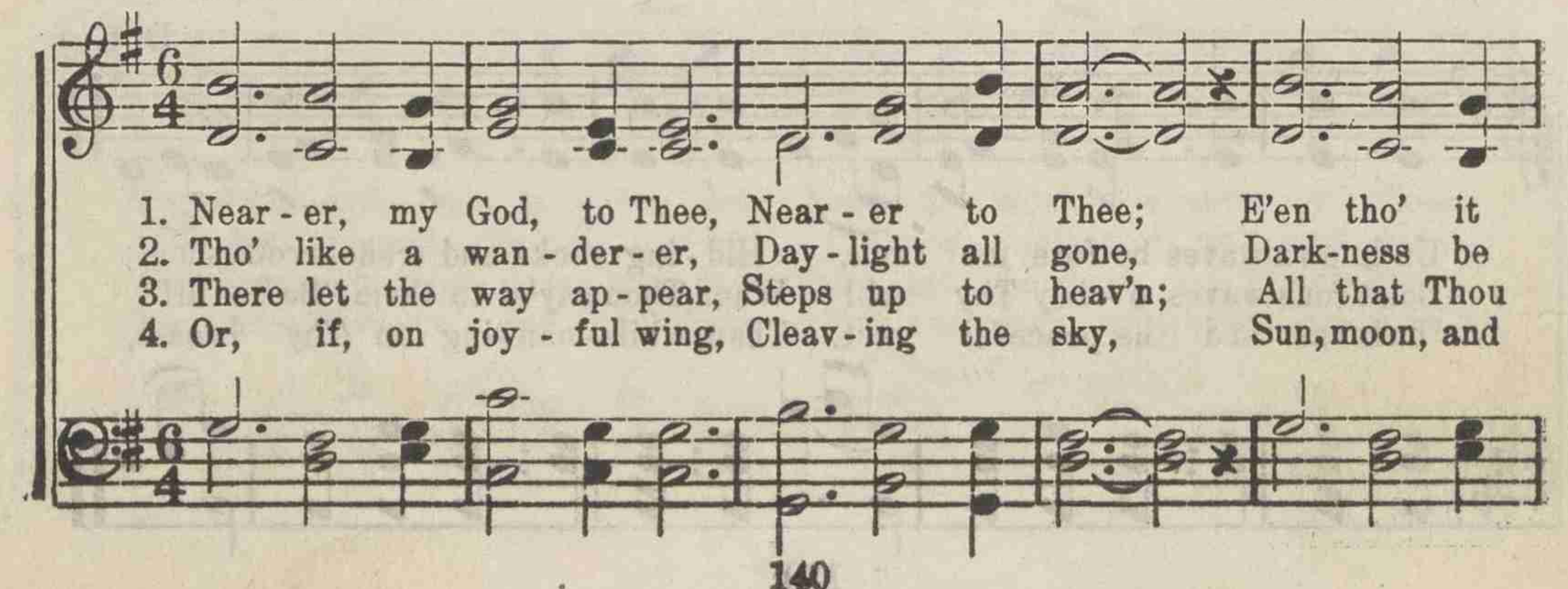
E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.

No. 141. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Rev. Ray Palmer. Dr. Lowell Mason.

No. 142. Bethany.

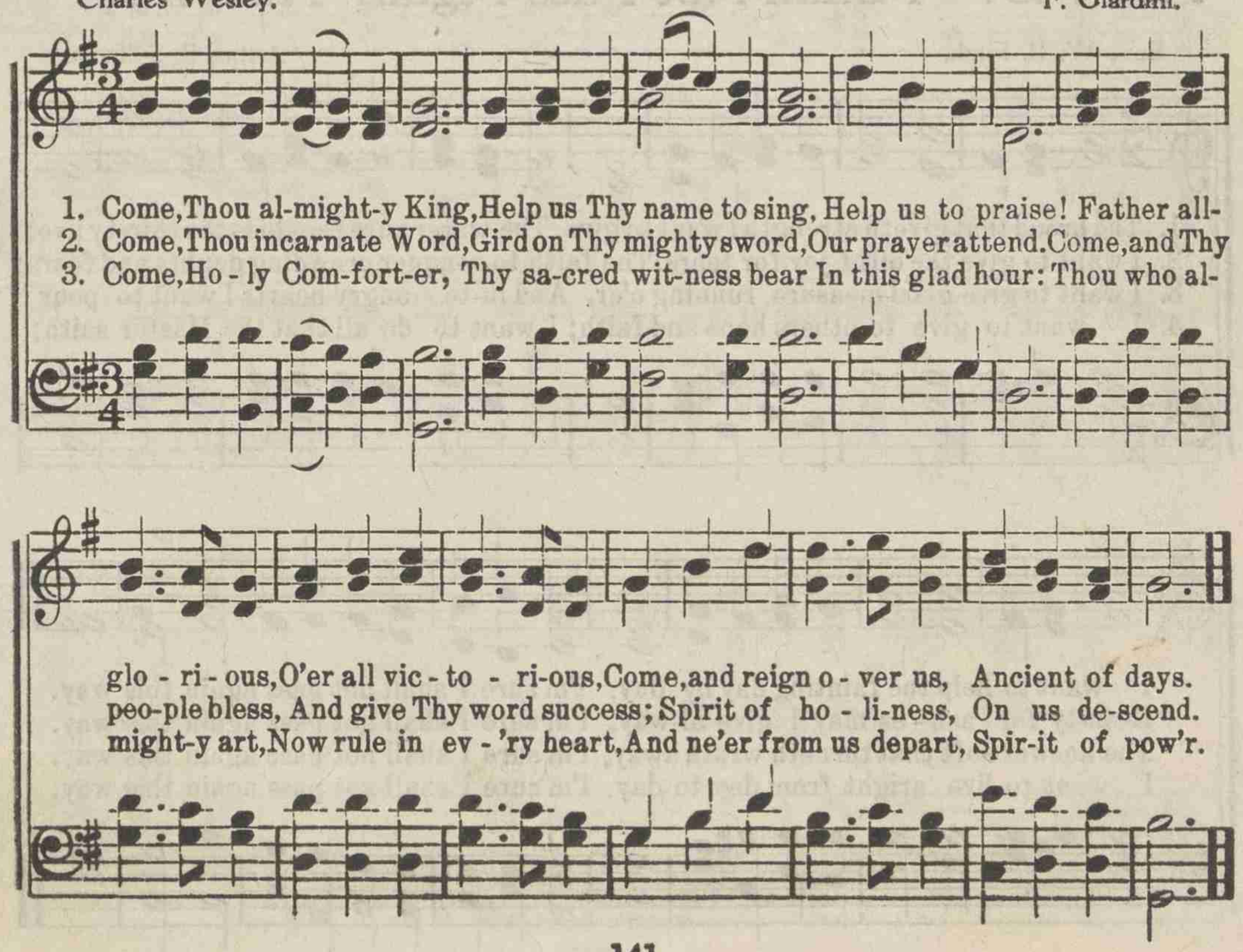
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.



Bethany.

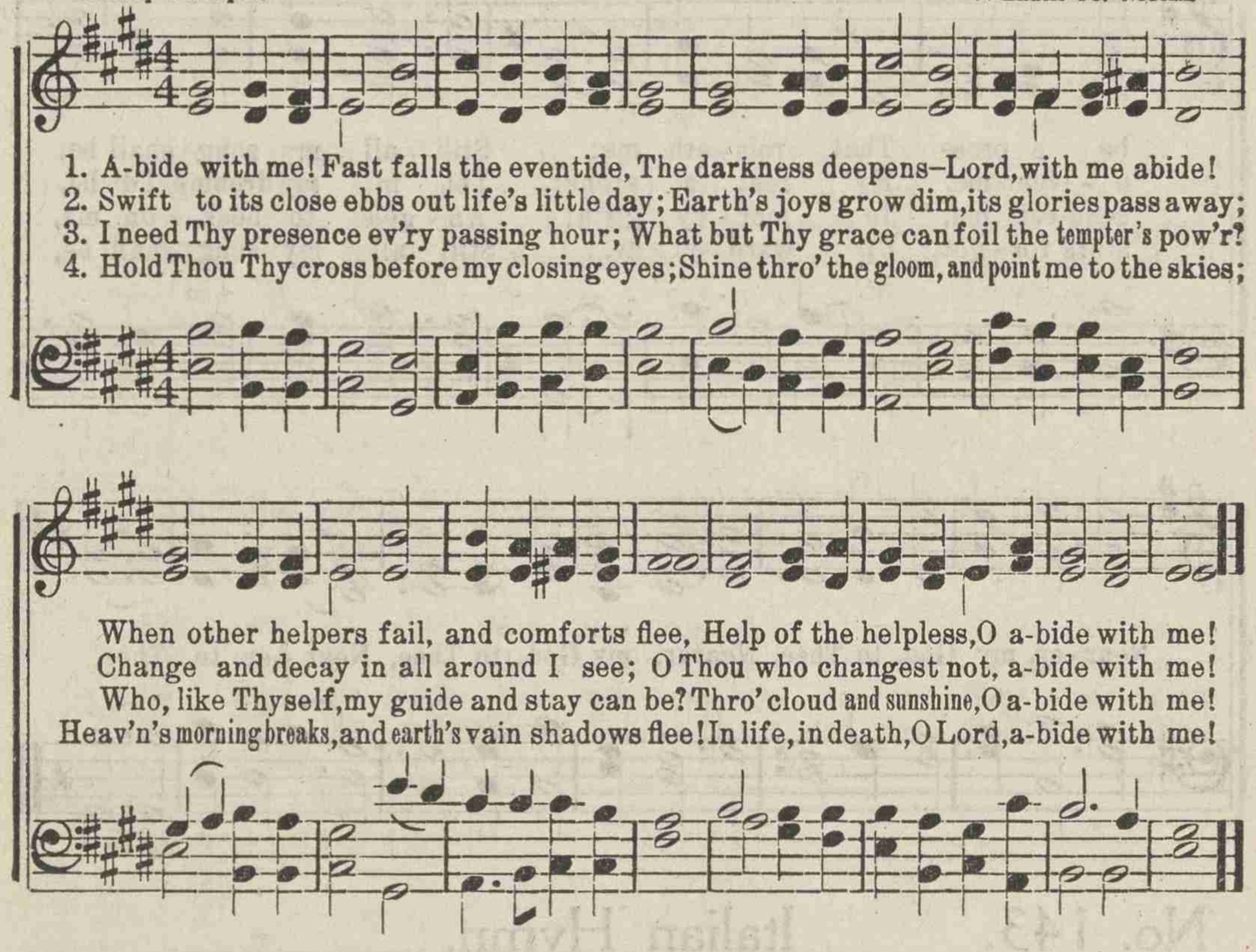
No. 143. Italian Hymn.

Charles Wesley. F. Giardini.



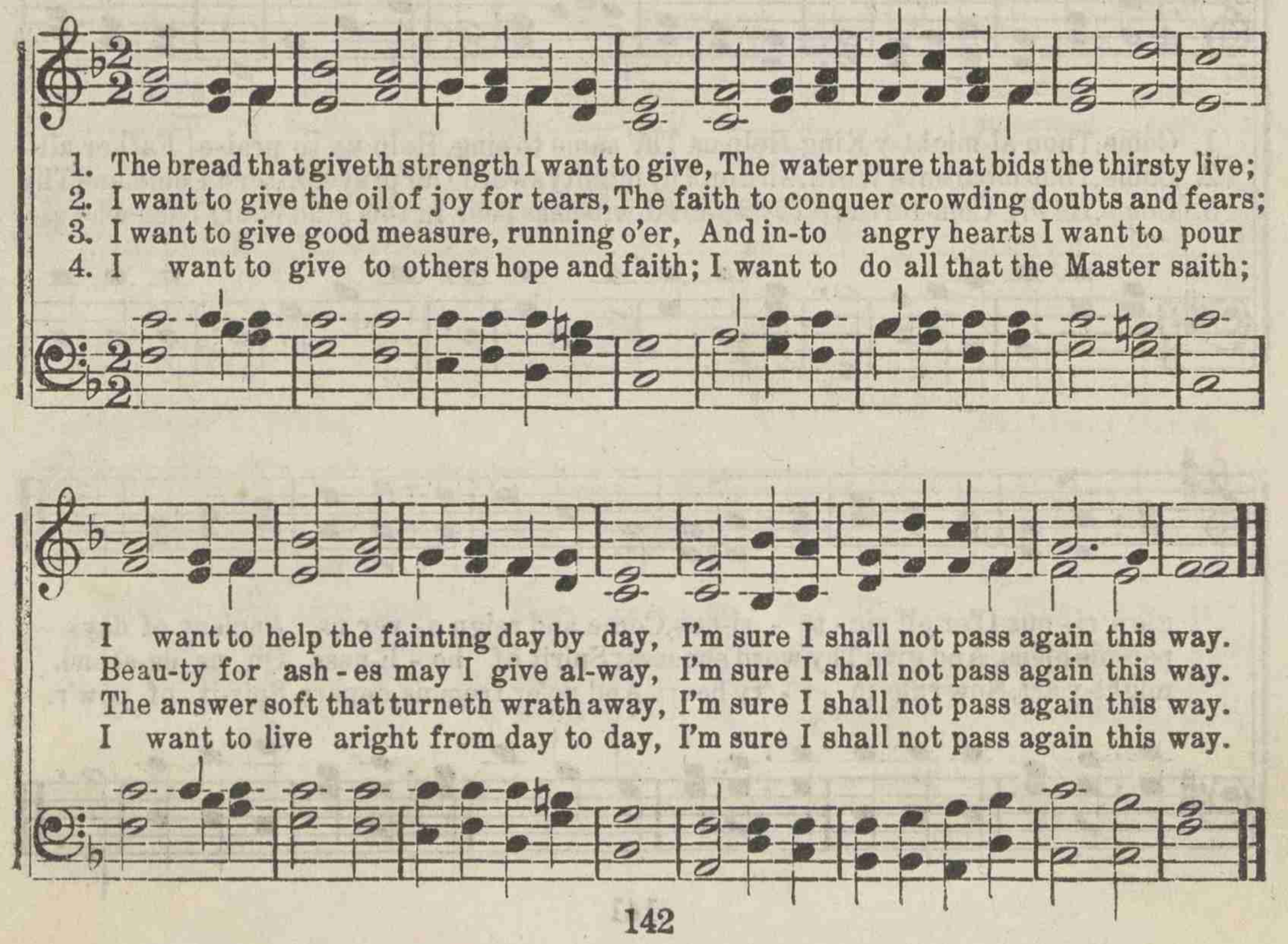
No. 144. Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte. William H. Monk.



No. 145. I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

Rev. W. R. Fitch. Arthur S. Sullivan.



Children's Songs.

No. 146. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

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No. 147. Carols of Joy.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.

1. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful - ly sing - ing, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly bring - ing,
2. Joy - ful - ly, joy-ful - ly ring - ing, Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly sing - ing,
3. Hope-ful - ly, hope-ful - ly tell - ing, Peace-ful - ly, peace-ful-ly dwell - ing,

Hearts full of praise, ev - er we raise Glad - ly our voi - ces in song;
Voi - ces of love lift - ed a - bove, Ev - er u - nit - ed in praise;
Nev - er a dearth, days full of mirth, Heart full of ten - der-est love;

Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly well - ing, Car - ol - ing, car - ol - ing, tell - ing,
Faith-ful-ly, faith-ful - ly vow - ing, Lov - ing - ly, lov - ing - ly bow - ing,
Ev - er on Je - sus re - clin - ing, Nev - er in sor-row re - pin - ing,

Tell - ing His love, look-ing a - bove Where all our treasures be - long.
Un - to His will, all to ful - fil; Nev - er our trust He be - trays.
Soon we shall be, o - ver the sea, Ring-ing the joy-bells a - bove.

CHORUS.

Let the voice ring, cheer-ful-ly sing, Sing to the Sav-ior sweet praise;

Let the voice ring, cheer-ful-ly sing, sweet praise;

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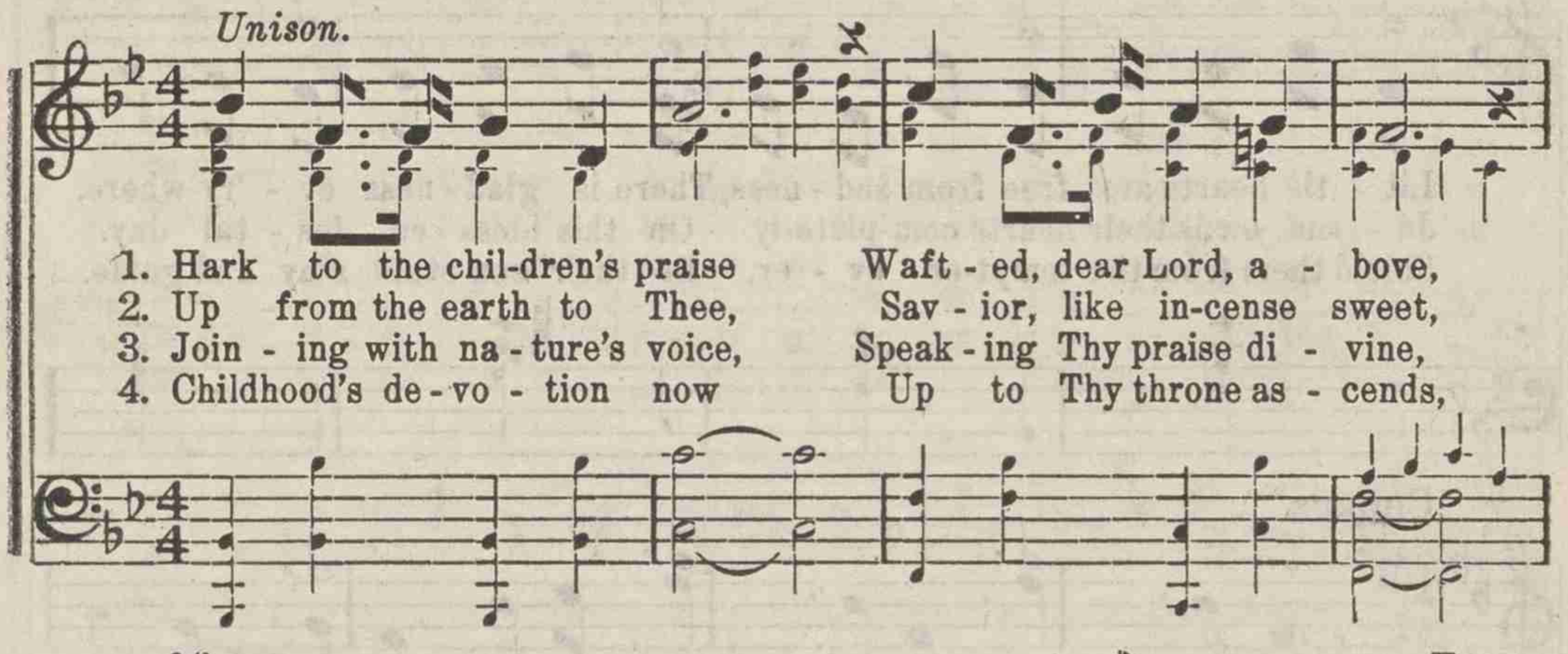
No. 148. Hark to the Children's Praise.

Jennie Wilson. J. H. Hall.

Unison.



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No. 149. Children's Day.

James Rowe. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Hear the children's song of glad-ness Speed-ing thro' the fra-grant air;
2. Eyes a-glow and smil-ing sweet-ly, What a hap-py band are they;
3. Sav-ior, let them wan-der nev-er From the shel-ter of Thy side;

Lit-tle hearts are free from sad-ness, There is glad-ness ev-'ry-where.
Je-sus owns their hearts com-plete-ly On this bless-ed fes-tal day.
Shield them from the tempt-er ev-er, Be their con-stant stay and guide.

CHORUS.

Chil-dren's day, Chil-dren's day, Beau-ti-ful and bright,
Time of glo-ry, Song and sto-ry, Cheer and love and light;
Flow-ers fair, ev-'ry-where, Smil-ing skies a-bove;

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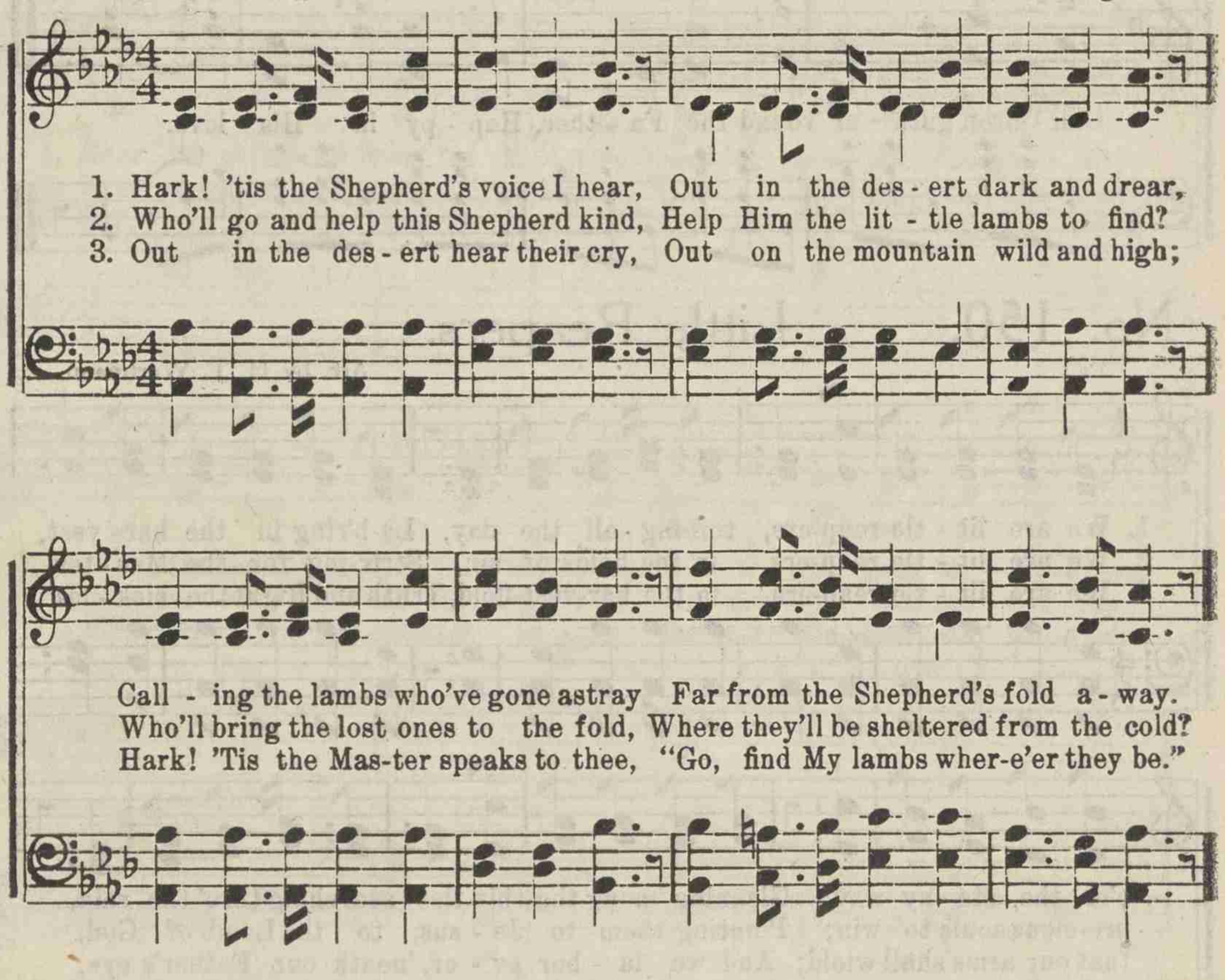
No. 150. Little Reapers.

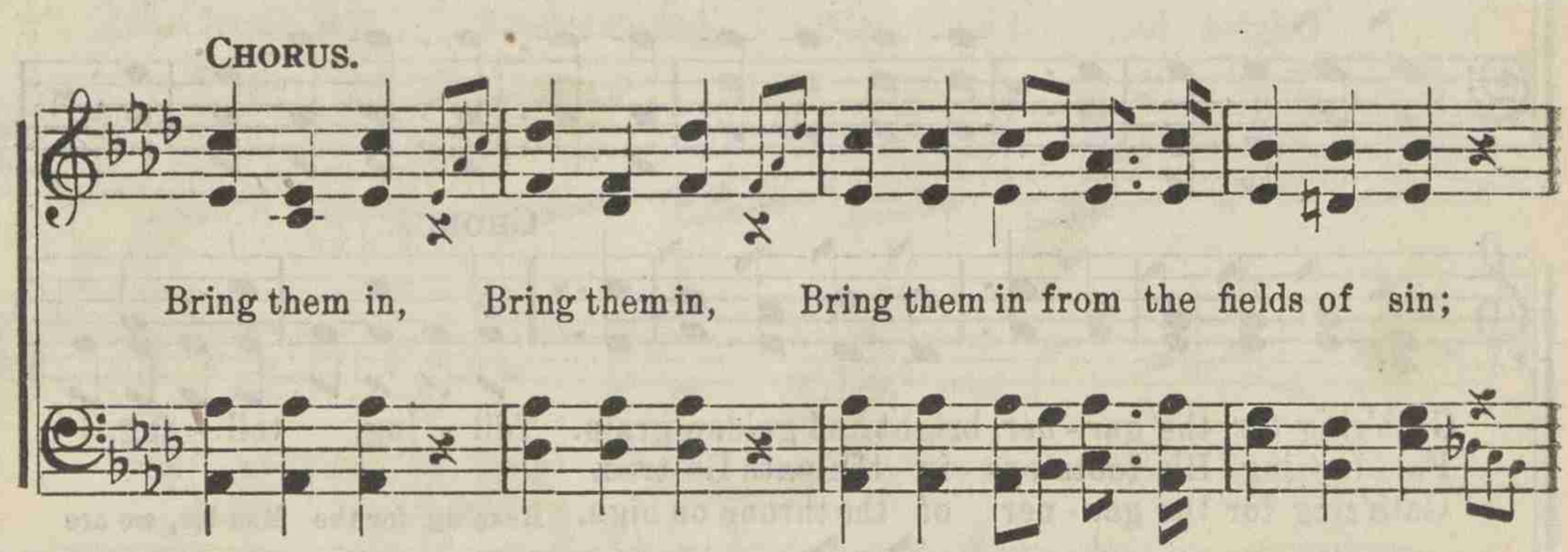
Arr. by H. T. Wartmann.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 151. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.





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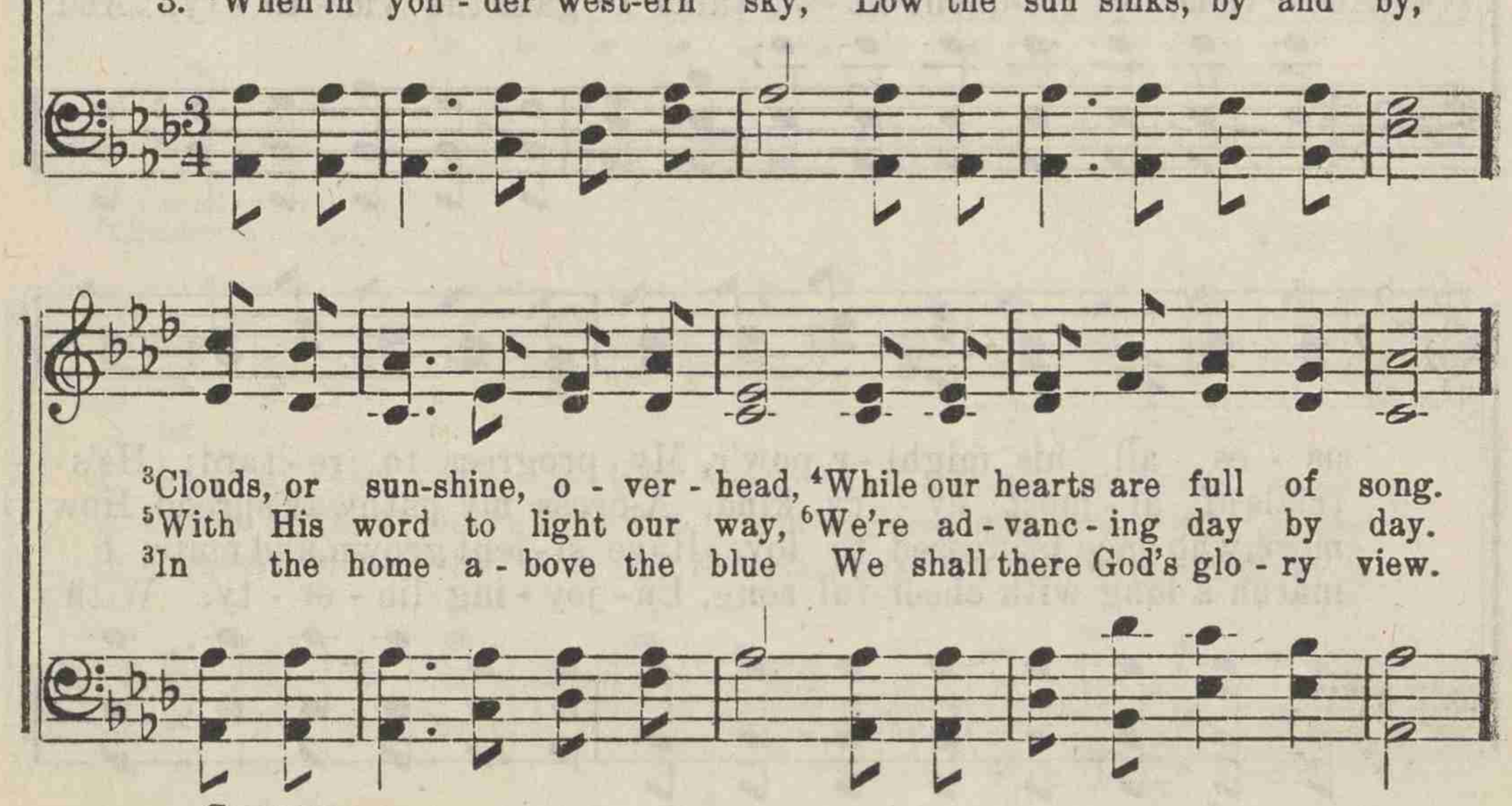
No. 152. Day by Day.

(MOTION SONG.)

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.

1. [1]Day by day, with nois-less tread, [2]Time is bear - ing us a - long,
2. [3]Je - sus bids us look to Him, When the way grows strangely dim;
3. [9]When in yon - der west-ern sky, Low the sun sinks, by and by,



[3]Clouds, or sun-shine, o - ver - head, [4]While our hearts are full of song.
[5]With His word to light our way, [6]We're ad - vanc - ing day by day.
[3]In the home a - bove the blue We shall there God's glo - ry view.

CHORUS.

[5]On God's prom - is - es we stand, [6]Marching at the King's command,
On God's prom-is - es we stand, Marching at the King's com-mand,

[7]Building for the years in store, [8]When these hands may toil no more.
Building for the years in store, When these hands may toil no more.

MOTIONS:—1. Let the right hand sweep backward. 2. Extend both hands forward. 3. Look up. 4. Lay left hand over the heart. 5. Point to the Bible lying on the desk. 6. One step forward by all, as if marching. 7. Lay one hand upon the other while singing the entire line. 8. Extend both hands, and look at them thoughtfully. 9. Point toward the west with the left hand.

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No. 153. A Little Talk with Jesus.

Arr. Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1. While fight-ing for my Sav - ior here, The tempter tries me hard: He
2. Tho' dark the night,and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to per - se-cute, And
4. And thus, by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry, And

us - es all his might - y pow'r, My progress to re - tard; He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind, A-cross my pathway spread, How
more,who once professed to love, Have si - lent grown,and mute, I
march a-long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty. With

up to ev-'ry move, And yet thro' all I prove A lit-tle talk with
soon I conquer all, As to the Lord I call: A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief: A lit-tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D. S.—*trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

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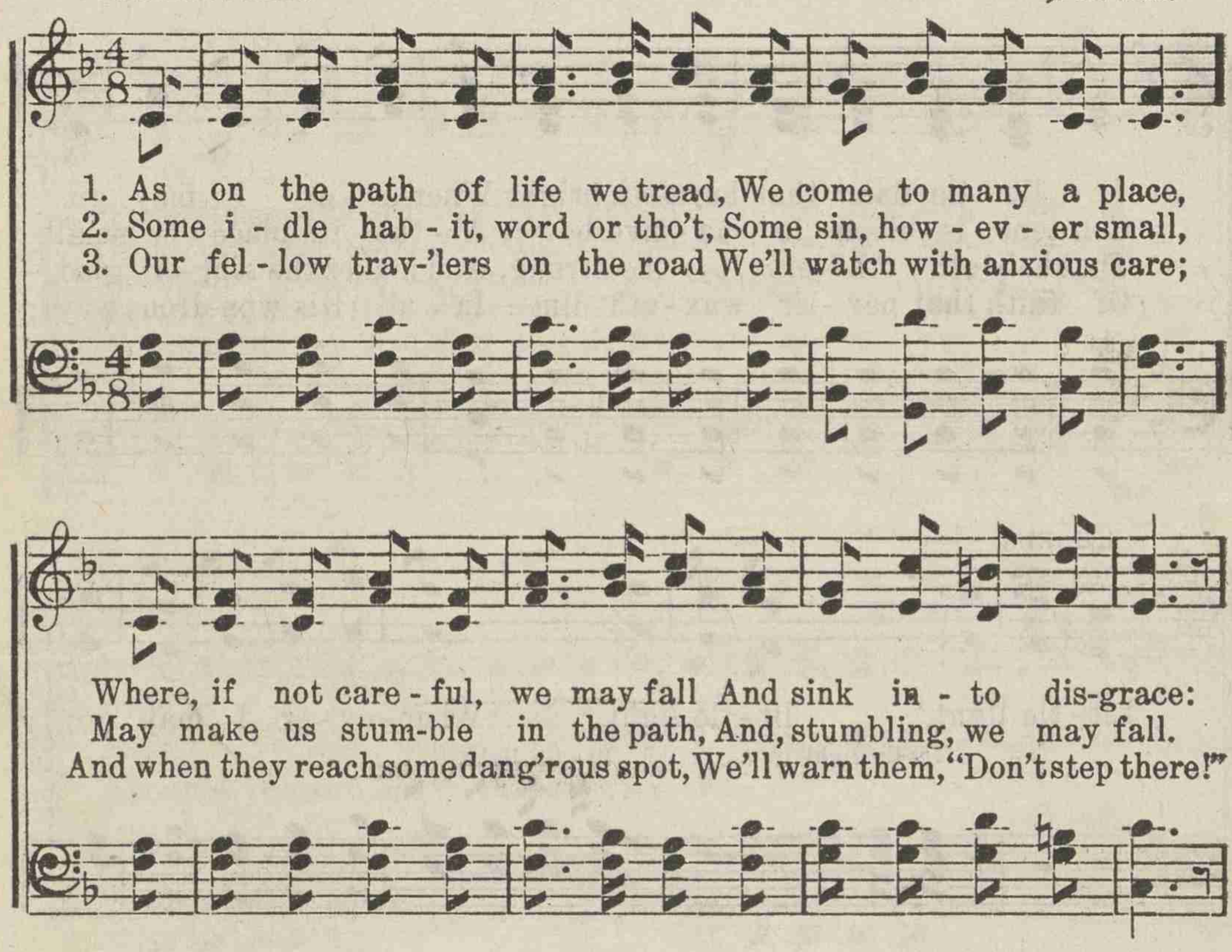
A Little Talk with Jesus.

No. 154. Don't Step There!

Words taken from the "Children's Friend."

J. H. Hall.



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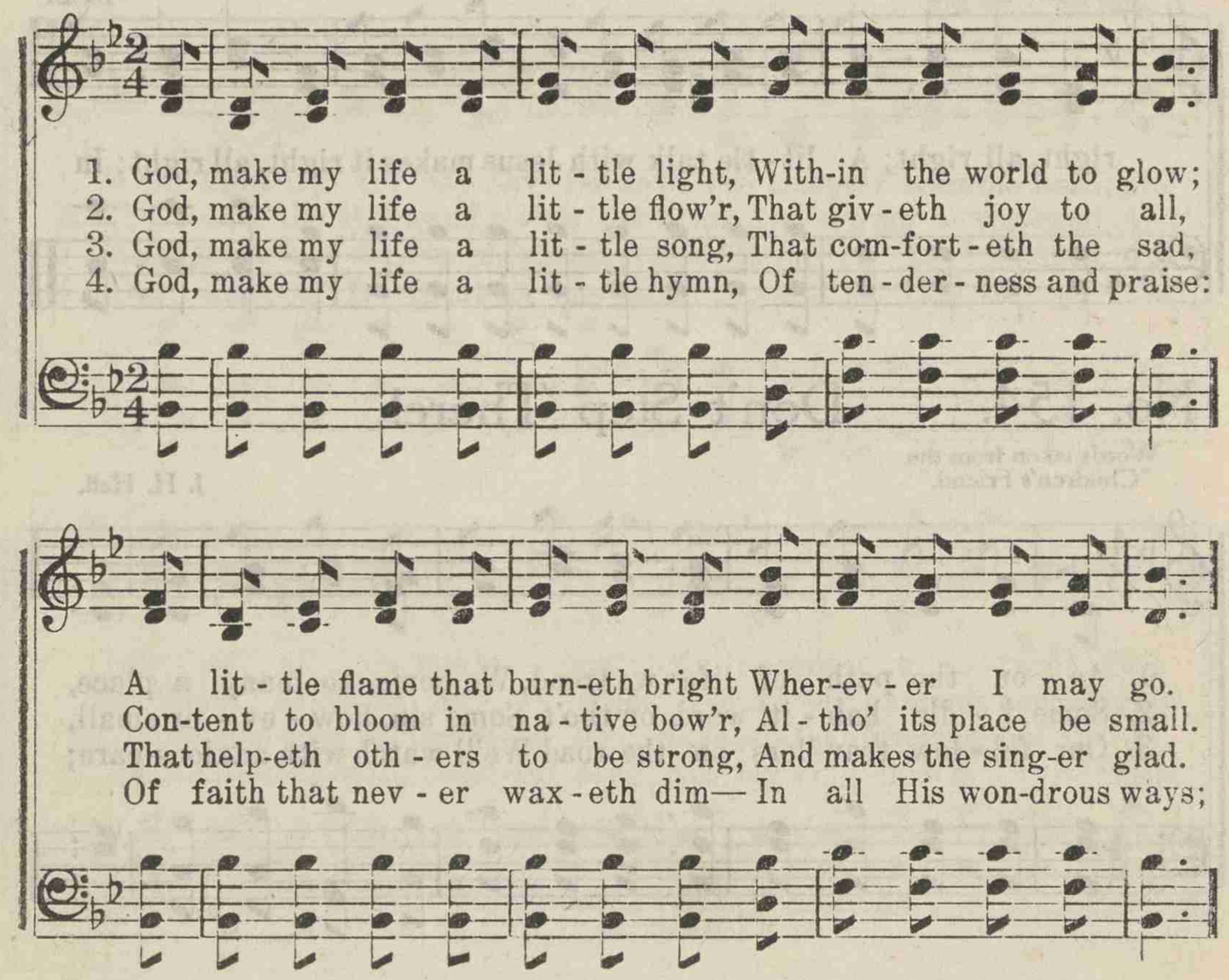
No. 155. A Little Light.

C. E. Pollock.



From "Melodies of Praise." Used by permission.

No. 156. Praise Him, Little Children.

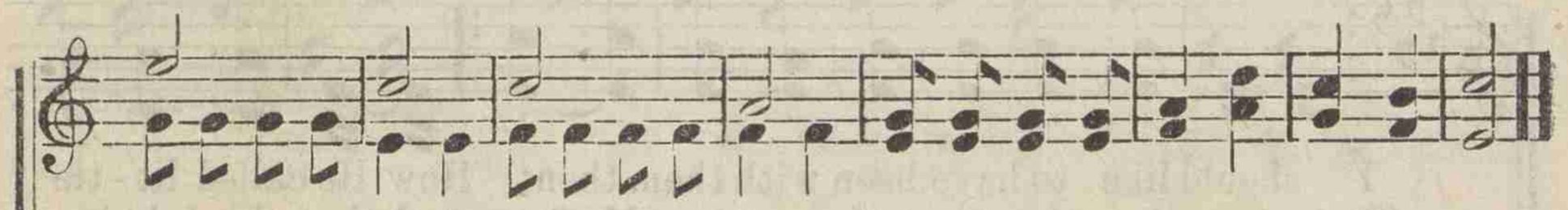
Arr. with chorus by J. H. H. J. H. Hall.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
4. Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;
5. Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love.

CHORUS.

Praise Him, Praise Him, Little children, praise Him for His love;
Praise Him, ever praise Him, Praise Him, ever praise Him,



Praise Him, Praise Him, Little children, praise Him King above.
Praise Him, ever praise Him, Praise Him, ever praise Him,

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No. 157. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. J. C. Englebrecht.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare, For

Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as
arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest - ly
all that are washed and for-giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

REFRAIN.

I should like to have been with them then; How He called lit - tle
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me;" And that I might have
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove: And if I now
"For of such is the king-dom of heav'n;" And man - y dear

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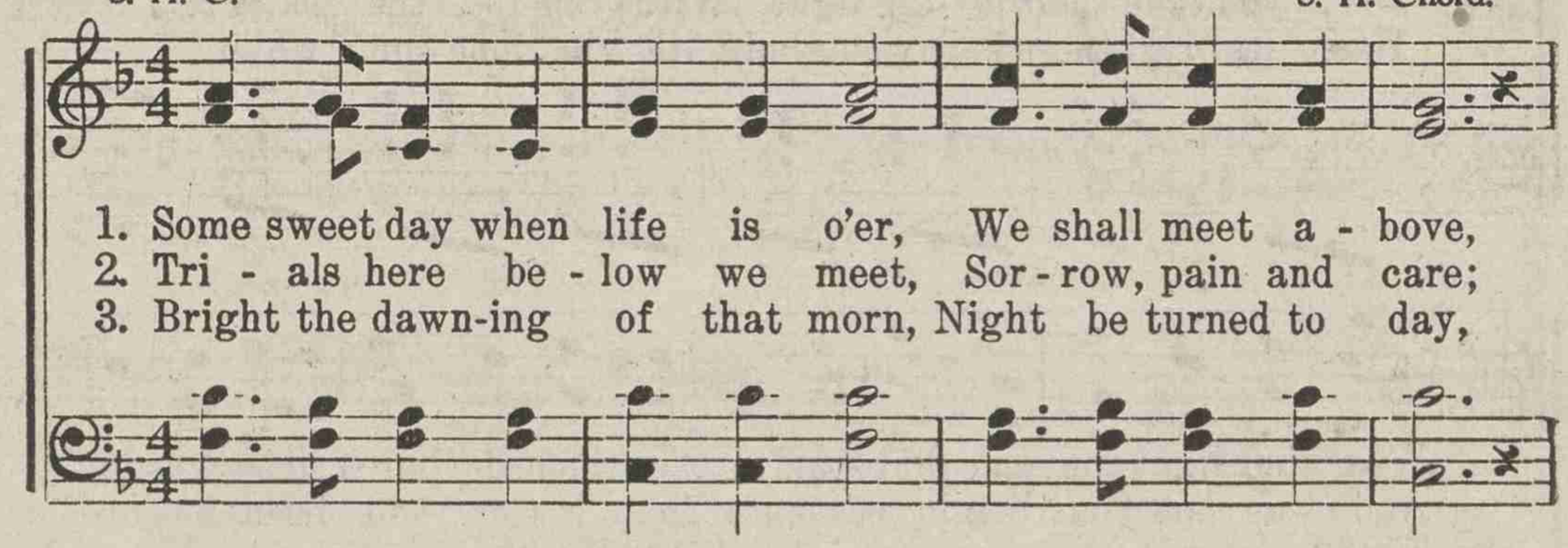
The Sweet Story of Old.

children as Lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to Me."
ear - nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
chil-dren are gath - er-ing there, "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

No. 158. Some Sweet Day.

S. H. C. S. H. Chord.



1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove,
2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care;
3. Bright the dawn-ing of that morn, Night be turned to day,

We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.
In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.
Part - ed friends no fare-wells known, Tears be wiped a - way.

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh, that happy time will be, Some sweet day.

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No. 159. Shining Little Stars.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. J. H. Hall.

1. Pret - ty shin-ing lit - tle star, Bright-er than a gem, . .
2. Pret - ty shin-ing lit - tle star, Did you see His eyes? . .
3. Pret - ty shin-ing lit - tle star, Did you see His smile? .

Are you that same star that shone O - ver Beth - le - hem? . .
Did you take their lov-ing light With you to the skies? . .
Has its brightness kept you glad All this lone-some while, . .

Was your light the one that staid O'er the bed where Christ was laid.
And was then your brightness more Than it e'er had been be-fore?
That you guid-ed men one night To His birthplace by your light?

CHORUS.

Pret - ty, pret-ty shin-ing star, Hap - py you must be, . . .

If the star you tru - ly are That did my Sav - ior see!

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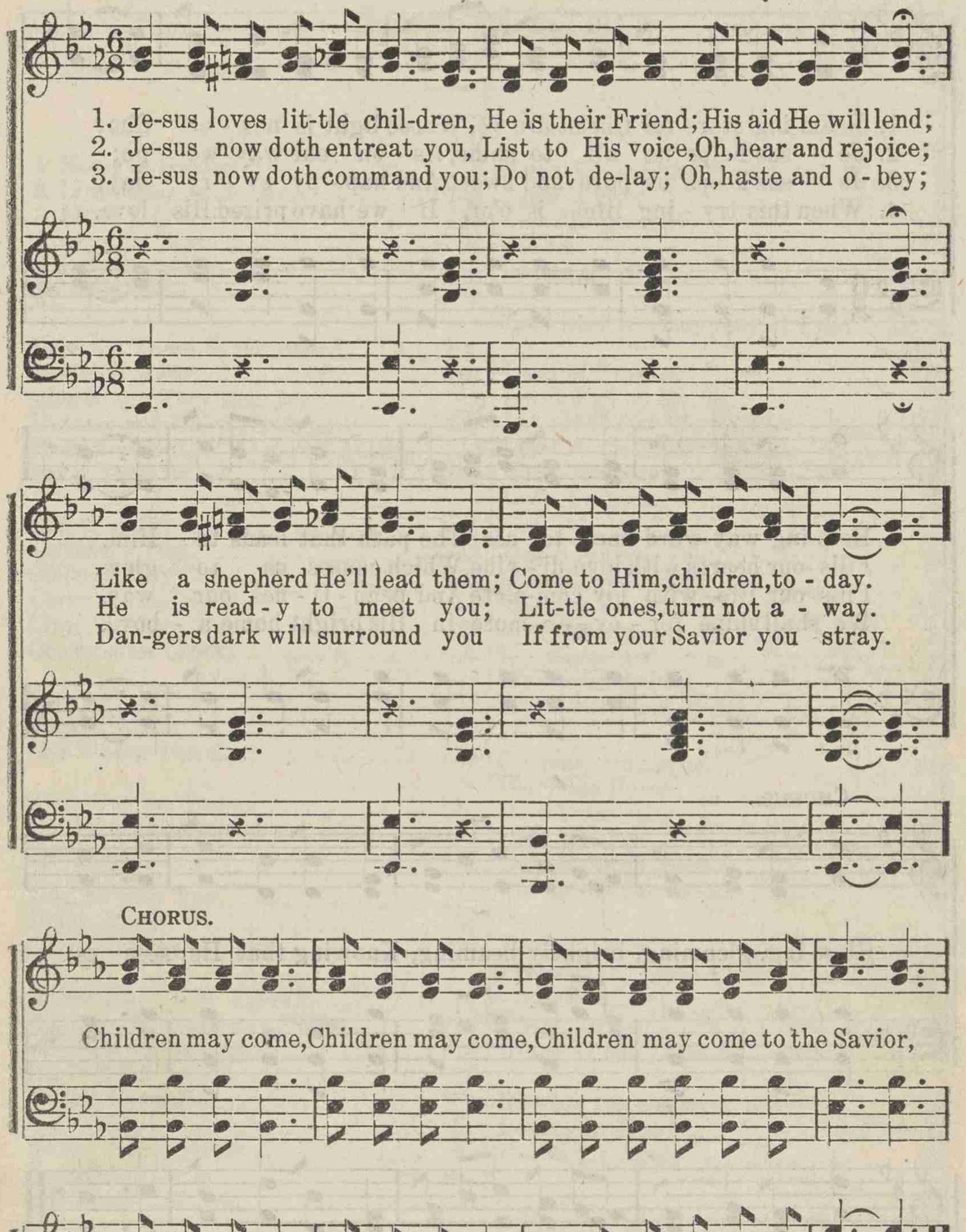
No. 160. Children May Come.

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.



From "Palmer's Sabbath School Songs." Used by permission.

No. 161. Beaming Stars.

James Rowe. J. H. Hall.

1. Beam-ing stars for Christ are we, Whose light is nev - er dim;
2. Je - sus helps us all to shine, As on our way we go;
3. Je - sus keeps us pure and sweet And hap - py ev - 'ry day,
4. When this try - ing life is o'er, If we have prized His love,

Help-ing way-ward ones to see The path that leads to Him.
Fills our hearts with love di - vine, Which causes us to glow.
Fills our life with joy com-plete And beau - ti - fies our way.
We shall shine for - ev - er - more In His bright home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Glow-ing, gleaming, brightly beaming, Knowing that He sees us;

All a-round us radiance streaming, Beaming stars for Je - sus.

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INDEX.

Sacred Melodies.

	NO.
A Home in Heaven	76
A Little Talk with Jesus	153
A Little Light	155
Always the Same	36
A Perfect Friend	21
At the Cross	13
Bear the Torch of the Lord	108
Beaming Stars	161
Blessed are They that Do	8
Blessing and Glory (Anthem)	117
Bless the Lord, O My Soul! (Anthem)	116
Bring Them In	151
Carols of Joy	147
Children's Day	149
Children May Come	160
Christ is Leading Me	37
Close to Thee	92
Crown after Cross	29
Day by Day	152
Delay Not	105
Don't Step There	154
Fling Out the Banner	34
Follow in the Steps of the Savior	32
For Me	15
God Be with You	119
Going Home	51
Good-Morning in Glory	78
Hallelujah, I'll be There	2
Hark to the Children's Praise	148
He Rolls the Sea Away	14
He Will Keep You	16
Higher Ground	50
Holy Bible	52
Home, Sweet Home	89
How Good He Is	101
Hurry and Tell Him	38
I Am Thine, O Lord	7
I Have a Friend so Precious	103
I Love Him	59
I Love Jesus	87
I'll Be There	44
In His Love I'll Abide	27
In the Happy By and By	72
In the City of Light	57
Is It Far	60
Jesus Knows How Frail I Am	73
Jesus is Mine	71
Jesus Rescued Me	80
Jewels	146
Joy to the World	112
Keep on the Sunny Side of Life	3
Land of Promise	75
Let it Fall on Me	25
Let the Praise Waves Roll	53
Light in the Valley for Me	91
Little Reapers	150
Love Beams	84
March Steadily On	56
More Love to Thee	39
Morning Sunshine	111
My Fatherland	65
My Redeemer	22
My Savior's Cross	61
My Savior First of All	12
O Come, Immanuel	110
Old Time Power	48
Only Trust Him	96
Only Waiting	68
Our Heavenly Home	66
Our Loved One Sleeps	11
Passing Away	62
Praise Him, Little Children	156
Praise the Lord	49
Praise the Lord, Oh, My Soul	33
Pray For the Peace (Anthem)	118
Rest On the Heavenly Shore	70
Resting in Jesus	28
Revive Us Again	77
Sacred Stream	102
Safe in the Arms of Jesus	18
Saved by the Blood	67
Send it Down To-day	6
Shining Little Star	159
Sing a Song of Joy	81
Sleeping in God's Acre on the Hill	104
Some of These Days	19
Some Sweet Day	158
Sound the Battle-Cry	82
Sweet Hour of Prayer	69

INDEX.

	NO.
The Feast of Love	88
The Glorious News	41
The Golden Plain	46
The Great Physician	23
The Hallelujah Chorus of the Sky	94
The Invitation	40
The Land Where They Never Grow Old	74
The Lord is My Light (Anthem)	115
The Reaping By and By	9
The Road to Heaven	97
The Savior Calls You Home	100
The Sweet Story of Old	157
The Way the Lord Provides	10
Then I Shall Know	31
There is Joy in Doing Good	4
There is Nothing Too Good to Be True	107
There's a Promise From the Lord	35
Though I Walk Through the Valley	45
Throw the Gospel Line	54
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted	113
Upon the Cross	42
Victory	98
Victory O'er the Grave	64
Waiting and Watching for Me	106
Walking in the Light	109
Was It in Vain?	43
We Come To-day	20
We Have a Father in Heaven	63
We Reap as We Sow	47
We'll Work Till Jesus Comes	93
What a Friend We Have in Jesus	95
What Shall the Harvest Be?	85
When All the Singers Get Home	90
When Our Work is Ended	17
While the Days are Going By	86
Whiter Than Snow	58
Whisper It to Jesus	1
Who'll Send the News?	83
Why Do You Wait?	24
Won't You Come?	30
Work for the Master	26

First Lines of Standard Hymns.

		NO.
Abide with me	10s	144
A few more years	S. M	55
All hail the power	C. M	126
Asleep in Jesus	L. M	123
Awake, my soul	L. M	122
Blest be the tie	S. M	132
Broad is the road	L. M	125
Come, Thou almighty	6s, 4s	143
Father, I stretch my	C. M	5
Hail! sweetest, dearest	C. M	128
How firm a foundation	11s	114
How gentle God's	S. M	133
How sweet the name	C. M	129
If on the quiet	S. M	134
I shall not pass	10s	145
Jesus, Lover of	7s	137
Jesus, Savior, pilot	7s	140
Just as I am	L. M	120
Lord, I believe a	C. M	130
My faith looks up	6s, 4s	141
My soul, be on thy	S. M	131
Nearer, my God, to	6s, 4s	142
Rock of Ages, cleft	7s	135
Sister, thou wast mild	8s, 7s	139
Softly fades the	7s	136
Softly now the	7s	138
Stand up! stand up	7s, 6s	79
There is a fountain	C. M	99
'T is midnight, and on	L. M	124
When I can read my	C. M	127
When I survey the	L. M	121

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