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Songs and Hymns

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New Orleans, La.

Songs and Hymns

—BY—

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

—WITH—

G. N. Cox, W. P. Ganus, H. J. Turner, J. M. Edwards, J. P. Denton, B. F. Clark, J. R. Baxter, Jr., Jno. O. Beall, Joel W. Guin, G. B. Williams, Rev. W. T. Turner, B. F. Roe, J. S. Wheeler, J. A. Merritt, James Franklin, L. L. Wynn, W. T. Taylor, B. J. Clements, G. W. Malone, B. K. Knight, J. H. Holcomb, R. Edwin Perry, J. M. Henson, W. S. Tidwell, J. W. Askew and Wm. M. Golden,
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—AND WITH—

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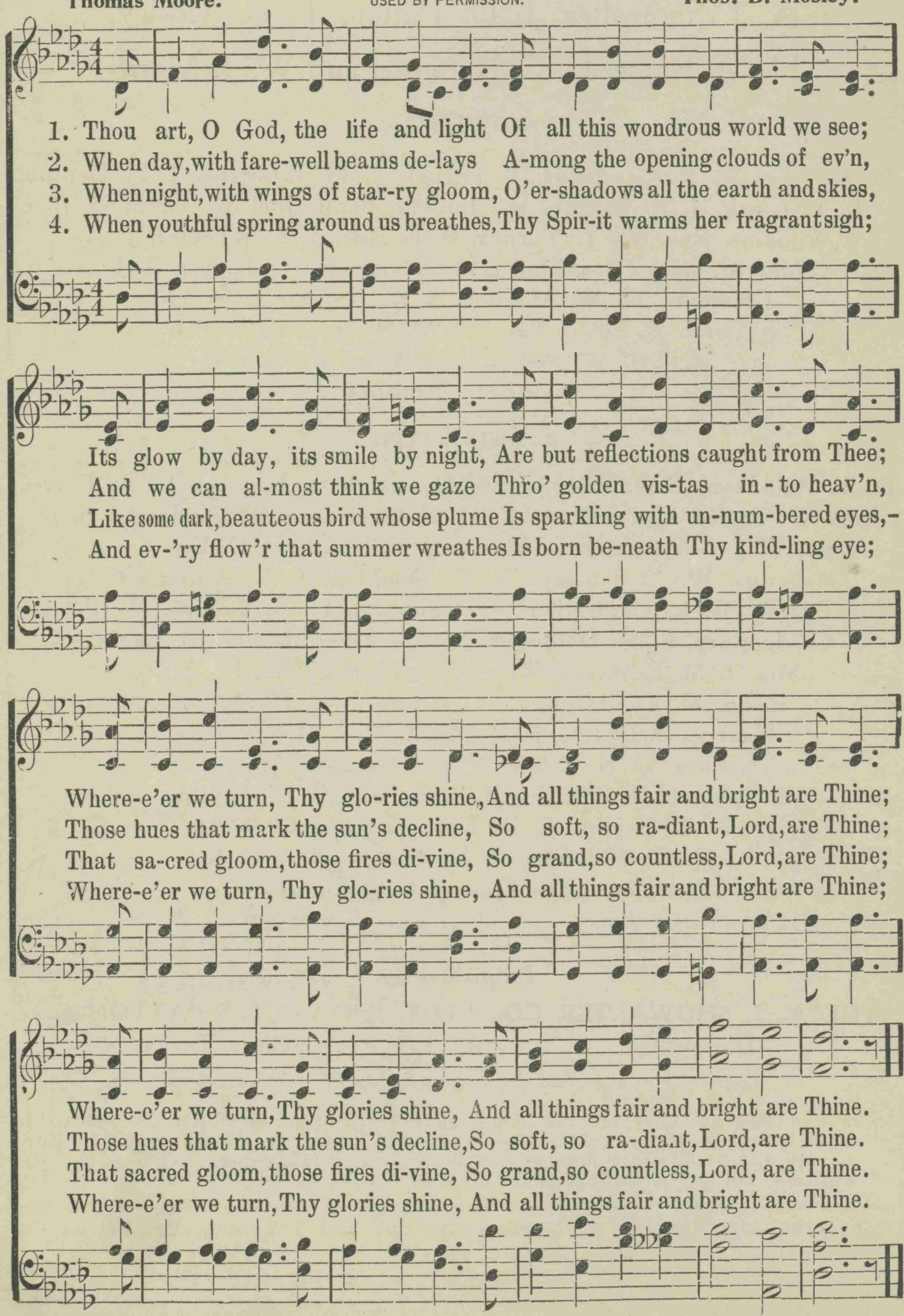
Preface.

Life and Light.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, for all things come of thee.—1st Chronicles 29: 11, 14.

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Thomas Moore. **Thos. B. Mosley.**



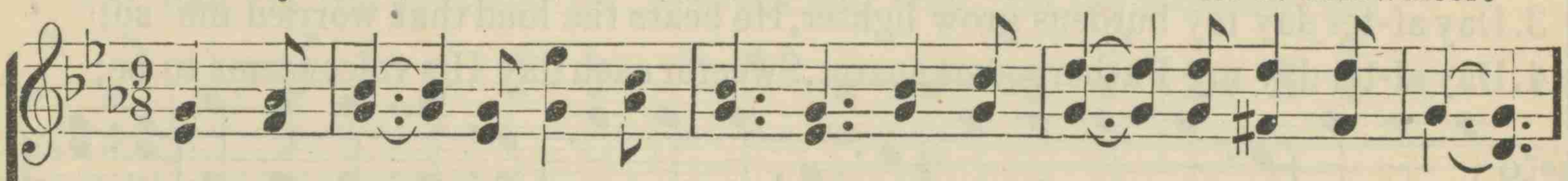
Songs and Hymns.

No. 1. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

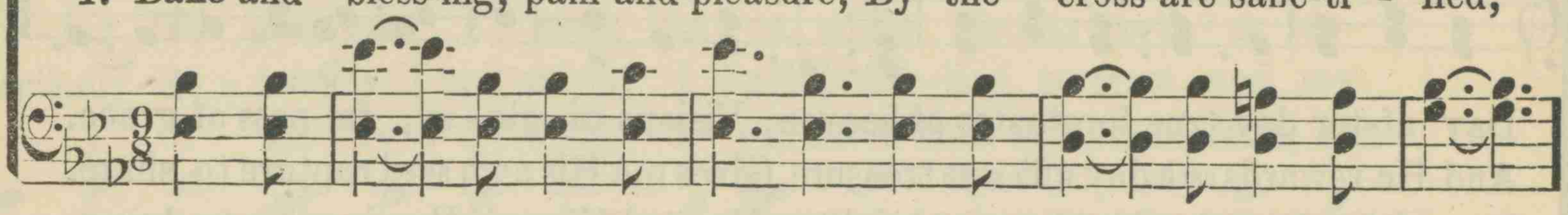
John Bowring.
Refrain by A. J. S.

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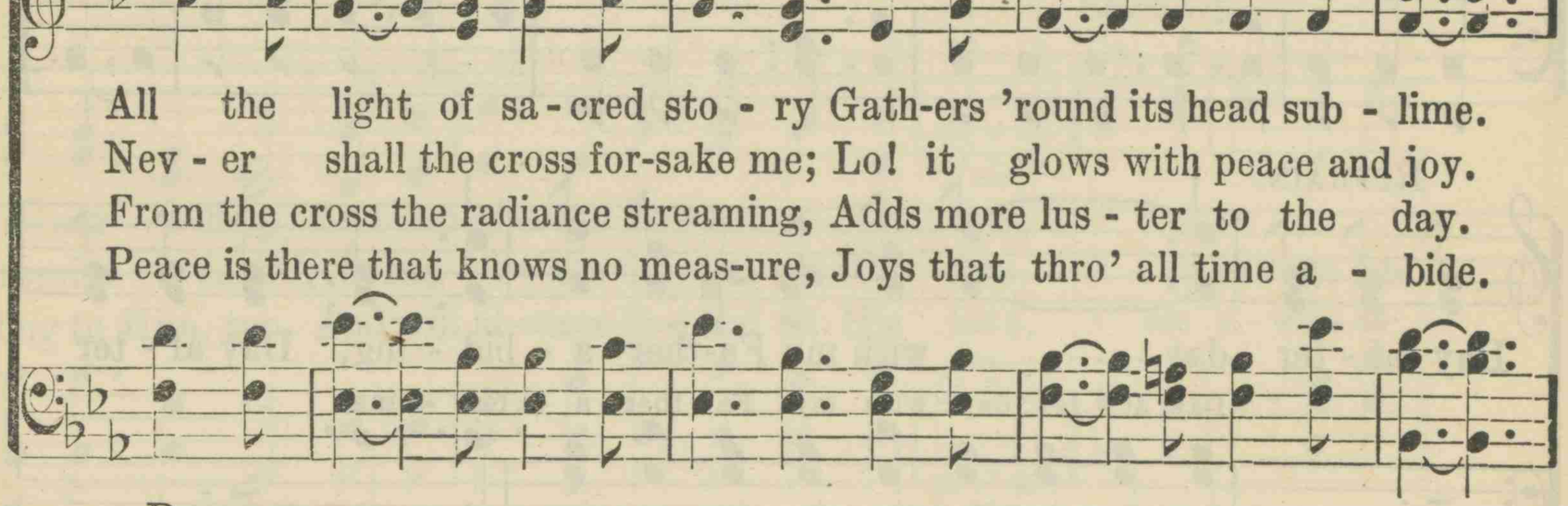
A. J. Showalter.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied;



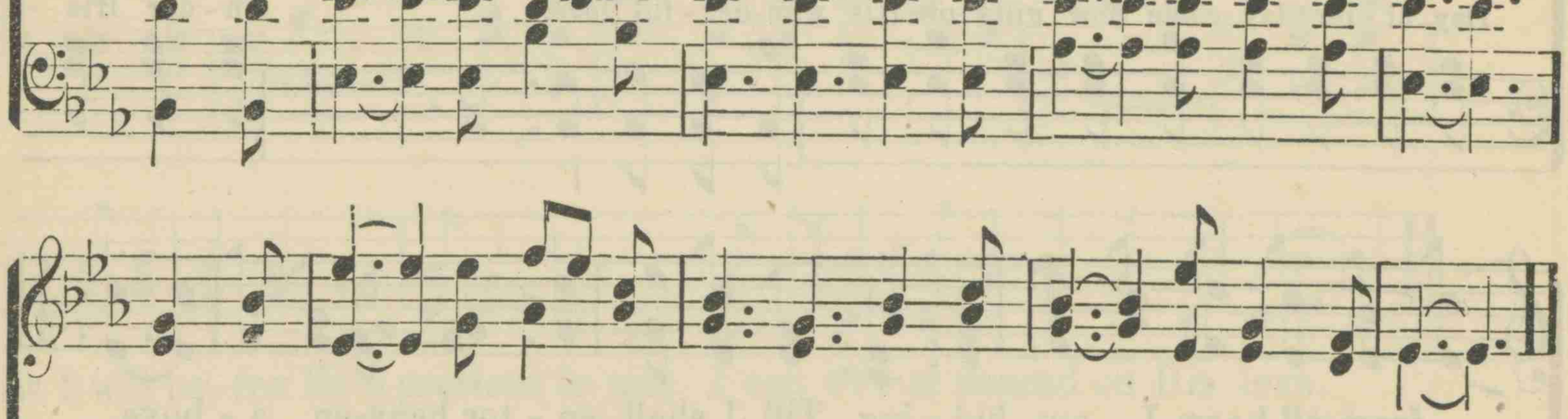
All the light of sa-cred sto - ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



REFRAIN.



O the cross of Calv'ry's mountain, Cross of Christ, my on - ly plea;



Let me glo - ry in the fount-ain O-pened on that cross for me.



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No. 2. Day After Day.

Rev. W. C. Martin. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Day af-ter day new blessings are giv-en, All to my Fa-ther's hand I can trace;
2. Day af-ter day I serve Him with pleasure, This is a love-lined yoke that I wear;
3. Day af-ter day my burdens grow lighter, He bears the load that worried me so;
4. Day af-ter day my Father seems nearer, Sweeter each day His voice seems to be;

Day af-ter day true foretastes of heaven, Visions of glo-ry, ful-ness of grace.
And He rewards each day with some treasure, Gives me His own sweet rapture to share.
Day af-ter day the skies become brighter, More of Himself He gives me to know.
Day af-ter day His truth becomes clearer, Ev-er the Word grows dearer to me.

REFRAIN.

Day af-ter day..... with my Fa-ther a-bid-ing, Day af-ter day..... come new gifts of His love;..... Un-der His wings.....
Day af-ter day with my Fa-ther a-bid-ing,
Day af-ter day come new gifts of His won-der-ful love;
Un-der His

.... from all harm I am hid-ing, Till I shall en-ter heav-en a-bove.
wings from all harm I am hid-ing,

No. 3. I Can Always Depend On His Love.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1913. T. B. Mosley.

1. I am press-ing a-long with my glo - ri-ous King, And with heart o-ver-
2. I have noth-ing to fear from the foe on the field, For the Lord is my
3. I will live in His light and be zeal-ous and true, Till the streets of the

flow - ing His prais - es I sing; As a child to its moth - er to
strength, my de - fend - er and shield; I have prom - ised to trust, and my
cit - y of glo - ry I view; I will serve Him and praise Him, and

REFRAIN.

Je - sus I cling, And can al-ways de-pend on His love.
promise is sealed; I can al-ways de-pend on His love. I can always de-
cling to Him, too, And will al-ways de-pend on His love. I can al - ways de-

pend on His love;.... He will lead me to heav-en a - bove; Ev - er
pend on His won-der-ful love; He will lead me to heav-en, to heav-en a - bove;

His I will be, for He's precious to me, I can ev - er depend on His love.
His love.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

No. 5. I Love Him as I Love no Other.

(Good as a Solo.)

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

1. There's a friend who is dear-est of all friends to me, And the name of this
2. He was sent to the world to re-deem and to save, And the name of this
3. He has purchased sal-va-tion for all of the race, And the name of this
4. He's a friend far more dear than a broth-er can be, And the name of this

dear friend is Je-sus; Great-er rea-son for lov-ing Him dai-ly I see,
dear friend is Je-sus; For the ran-som of sin-ners His own life He gave,
dear friend is Je-sus; Ev'ry soul may have peace and forgiveness thro' grace,
dear friend is Je-sus; And I love Him with all the af-fec-tion in me,

REFRAIN.

The name of this dear friend is Je-sus. You will find Him the ver-y best friend,.....
You will find Him, will find Him the ver-y best friend,

For He loves you with love warm and true,..... If you fol-low His
For He loves you, He loves you with love warm and true;

footsteps till life's toil shall end, In heaven you'll reign with Him, too.....
In heav-en you'll reign with Him, reign with Him, too.

No. 6. How You Will Love Him.

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

1. When thro' your trust-ing soul tides of sal - va - tion roll, That will be joy to you, peace and contentment true; Sor-row will pass a - way, you will a-dore and pray, And you will love Him too, and you will love Him too.
2. Bend-ing at Je - sus' feet, seek-ing for - give-ness sweet, HowHe will love you then, Savior of fal-len men, When He re-mits your sin, and His sweet peace comes in, How you will love Him then, how you will love Him then.
3. When you know Je - sus well, what hu-man words can tell All of the joy you feel, all of the peace so real? When He fills all your soul, takes of your life con - trol, He will His love re - veal, He will His love re - veal.

REFRAIN.

How you will love Him, wondrously love Him,
How you will love the dear Lord, won-drous-ly love the dear Lord,
Ev-er-more saved..... by mar-vel-ous grace!.....
Ev - er-more saved by His grace! Ev - er-more saved by His mar-vel-ous grace!

How You Will Love Him!

How you will love Him, ten-der-ly love Him,
How you will love the dear Lord, ten-der - ly love the dear Lord,

Ev - er-more saved, glo-rious - ly saved, saved by His grace!.....
won - der - ful grace!

No. 7. With Tearful Eyes.

Charlotte Elliott. (FUNERAL SONG.) **A. J. Showalter.**

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a-round, Life seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'n-ly whisper, "Come to me!"
2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may flee; O to the wea - ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
3. "Come for all else must fail and die, Earth is no rest - ing place for thee; To heav'n di - rect thy weep-ing eye, I am thy por-tion, Come to me!"
4. O voice of mer - cy, voice of love! In con - flict, grief and ag - o - ny, Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove, And gen - tly whis-per, "Come to me!"

No. 8. I'm Glad He Died for Me.

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

1. My heart has thrilled with gladness Each moment of the day, Since Christ re-
2. A - long the way I'm press-ing With Him whose child I am, My heart's best
3. Thus I shall give my sto - ry To souls a - long the way, And mag-ni-

moved my sadness And took my sins a-way. To Him my soul is cling-ing, Un-
love ex-press-ing In service for the Lamb. With heart-bells sweetly ringing, As
fy the glo - ry Of Je - sus ev-'ry day; And when we meet in heaven Still

spotted, strong and free, And singing, sing-ing: I'm glad He died for me.
glad as I can be, I'm singing, sing-ing; I'm glad He died for me.
sing-ing I shall be— Still singing, sing-ing: I'm glad He died for me.

CHORUS.

I'm glad (I'm glad) that Je - sus died, That He (for me) was cru - ci - fied,

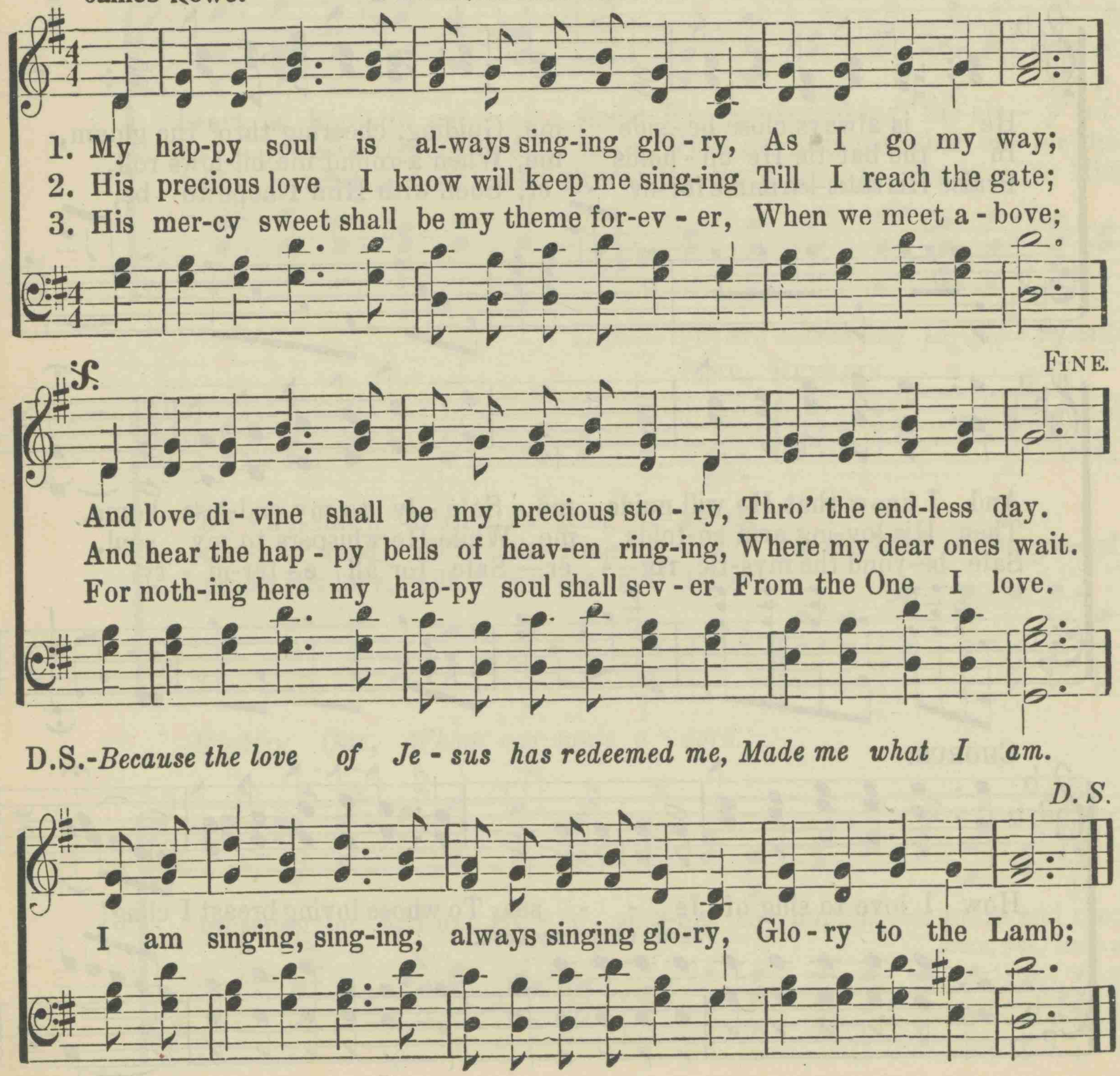
That I His child might be, His child might be;
That I His child might be, His child might be;

I'm Glad He Died for Me.



No. 9. Always Singing Glory.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, HOCHMAN, VA., OWNER, 1913. L. L. Wynn.



No. 10. How I Love to Sing of Jesus.

James Rowe. M. C. EIDSON, OWNER, 1913. M. C. Eidson.

1. How I love to sing the prais - es Of my precious Friend a-bove,
2. When some heav-y tri-al bends me, What a Com-fort-er is He!
3. How I love to sing of Je - sus Who has died the world to save,

Who from sin and bondage rais - es All who trust re-deem-ing love!....
Strength and courage true He lends me, Light by which my soul may see.....
Who from bonds of e - vil frees us, Who His all for sin-ners gave! ..

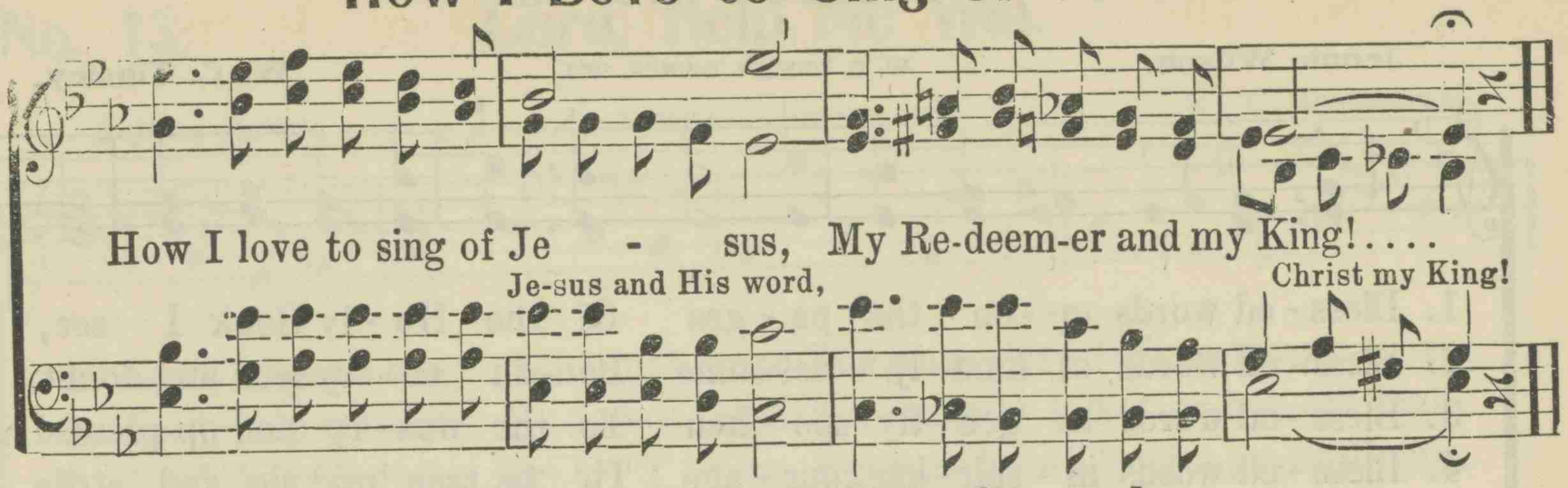
He is always close be - side me, Guiding, cheering thro' the gloam,
In the bat-tle He up - holds me, When a-round me bil-lows roll,
Praise His match-less name for-ev - er, Soon with Him I hope to be,

And I know that He will guide me Safe - ly to my end-less home.
Then His lov-ing arm en-folds me, While He whispers to my soul.
Safe be-yond the mys-tic riv - er— Safe for all e - ter-ni - ty.

CHORUS.

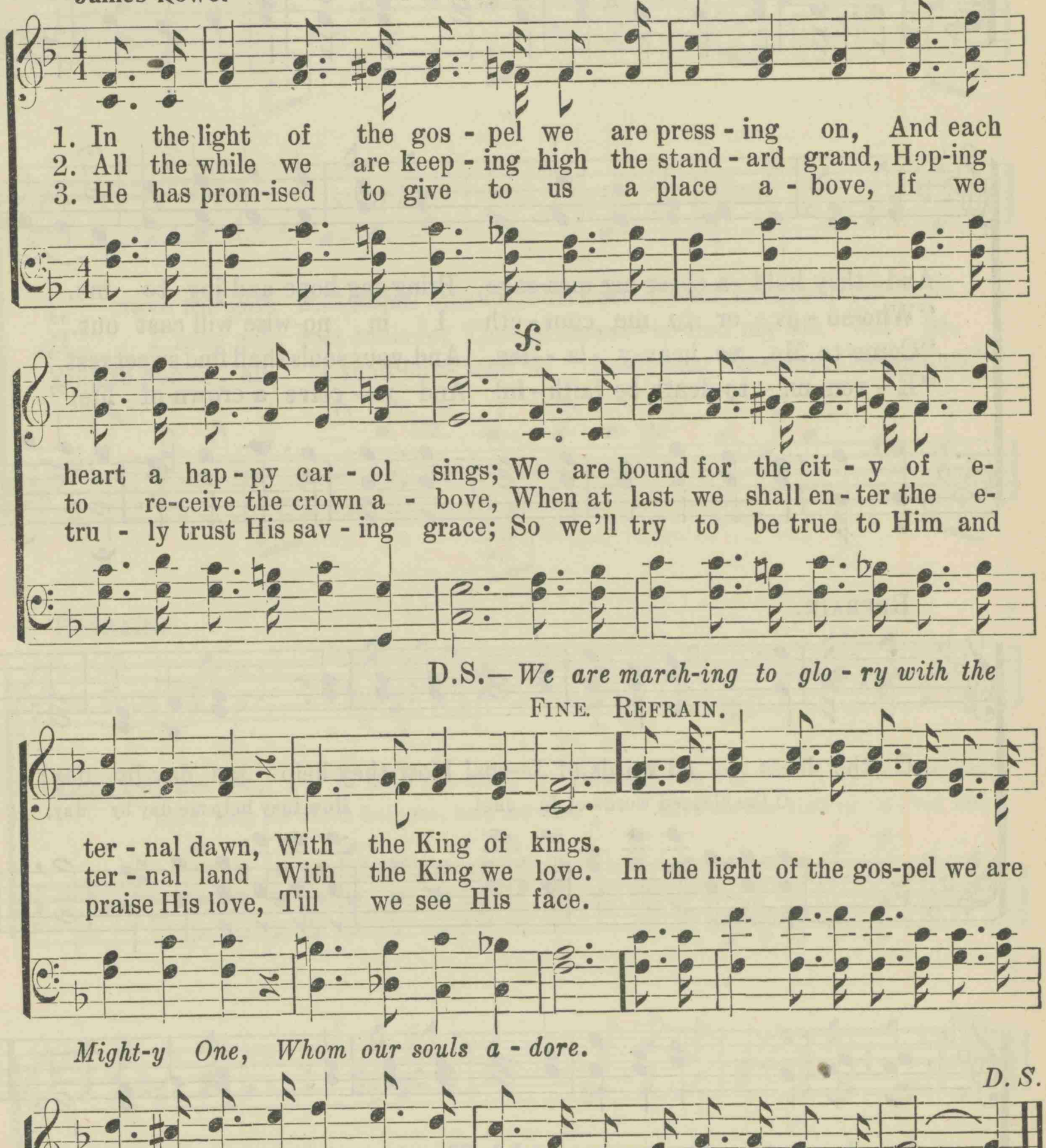
How I love to sing of Je - - sus, To whose loving breast I cling!
Jesus Christ my Lord,

How I Love to Sing of Jesus.



No. 11. The Light of the Gospel.

James Rowe. G. W MALONE, OWNER, 1913. G. W. Malone.



No. 12. Blessed Words.

Jennie Wilson. W. C. TINSLEY, OWNER, 1913, **W. C. Tinsley.**

1. Bless - ed words up - on the pa - ges Of the Ho - ly Book I see,
2. Bless - ed words of kind - ly wel-come Ban-ish ev - 'ry fear and doubt,
3. Bless - ed words so gen - tly spo - ken To the wea - ry and op-pressed,
4. Bless - ed words in - spir - ing cour - age To be true 'mid sin and strife,

And they hold a cheer-ing mes-sage, Bring-ing hope and joy to me.
"Who-so - ev - er to me com - eth I in no-wise will cast out."
"Come to Me, ye heav-y la - den, And your souls shall find sweet rest."
"E - ven un - to death be faith - ful And re - ceive a crown of life."

REFRAIN.

O the bless - ed words of Je-sus! How they help me day by day;
O the blessed words of Je - sus! How they help me day by day;

As I meet the cares and trials That be - set my earth-ly way.
As I meet the cares and tri - als That be-set my earth-ly way.

No. 13. Lord, Help Me Win.

James Rowe. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. K. C. Robinson,

1. Lord, help me win, I do not crave The gems o'er which so ma-ny rave.
2. Lord, help me win, I do not sigh For earth-ly fame or hon-ors high.
3. Lord, help me win, for O I pine For praise from Thee, for praise di-vine.

I crave the gem that shines with-in, When nights are dark, Lord, help me win.
If I may gain lost souls for Thee, More sat-is-fied my life will be.
Wealth, hon-or, all I shall have won If I may hear Thee say: "Well done."

REFRAIN.

Lord, help me win, O help me win, Give me the vic - t'ry o - ver sin;
Lord, help me win. O help me, help me win, Give me the vic-t'ry o - ver sin;

O Thou, my light, give me this fight, My one de-sire: Lord, help me win.
O Thou, my light, give me, give me this fight,

No. 14. Come, Join in Our Song.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Come, come, join in our mu - sic - al notes of thank-ful song, We are
2. Come, come, join in our fes - ti - val songs with heart and voice, In the
3. Come, come, turn for a while from the world to praise your King, Join with
4. Come, come, soar from the bur-dens of life on wings of song, Sing that

filled with glad-ness, bear the strain a - long; Sing, sing, sing with us joy-ous-ly,
Lord Je - ho - vah let us now re-joice; Shout, shout, tell of the won-der-ful
saints and an - gels as of Him they sing; Tell, tell, how from the portals of
right shall sure - ly tri-umph o-ver wrong; Shout, shout, glory and hon-or and

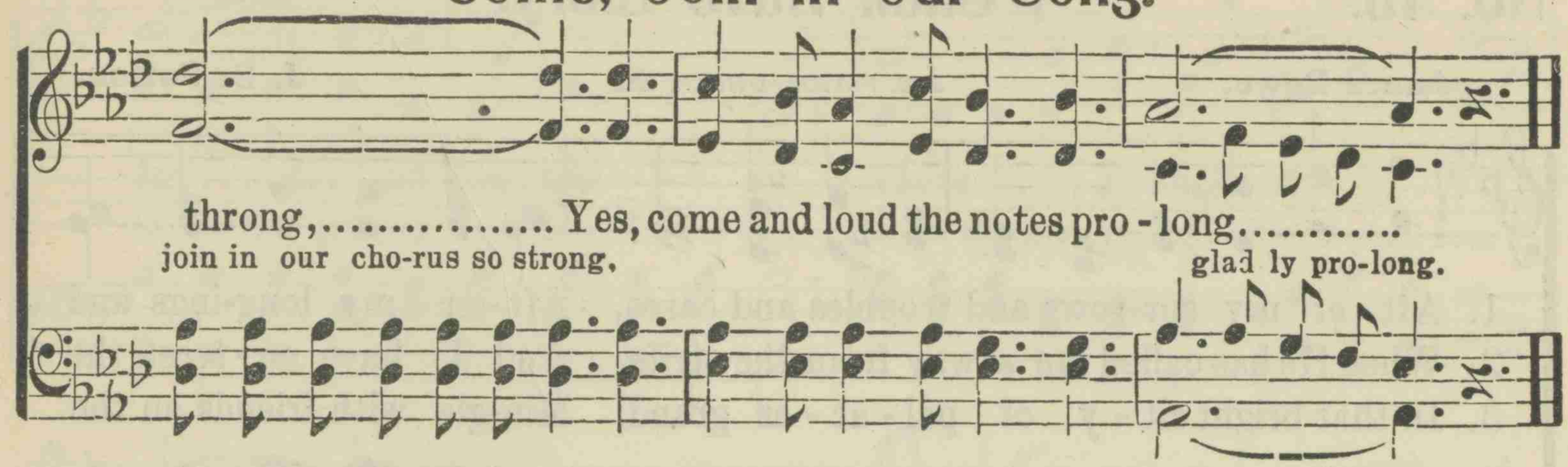
min - gle in our lay, Sing-ing keeps us hap - py all the day.
things that He hath done, Giv - ing us re-demp-tion thro' His Son.
glo - ry once He came, Came to die for sin-ners, bless His name!
praise to Christ our King, Of our Lord and Mas-ter ev - er sing.

REFRAIN.

Come ..... and join our throng, ... Sing..... our
Come and join our throng, Come ye and join in our song, Sing our thankful song,

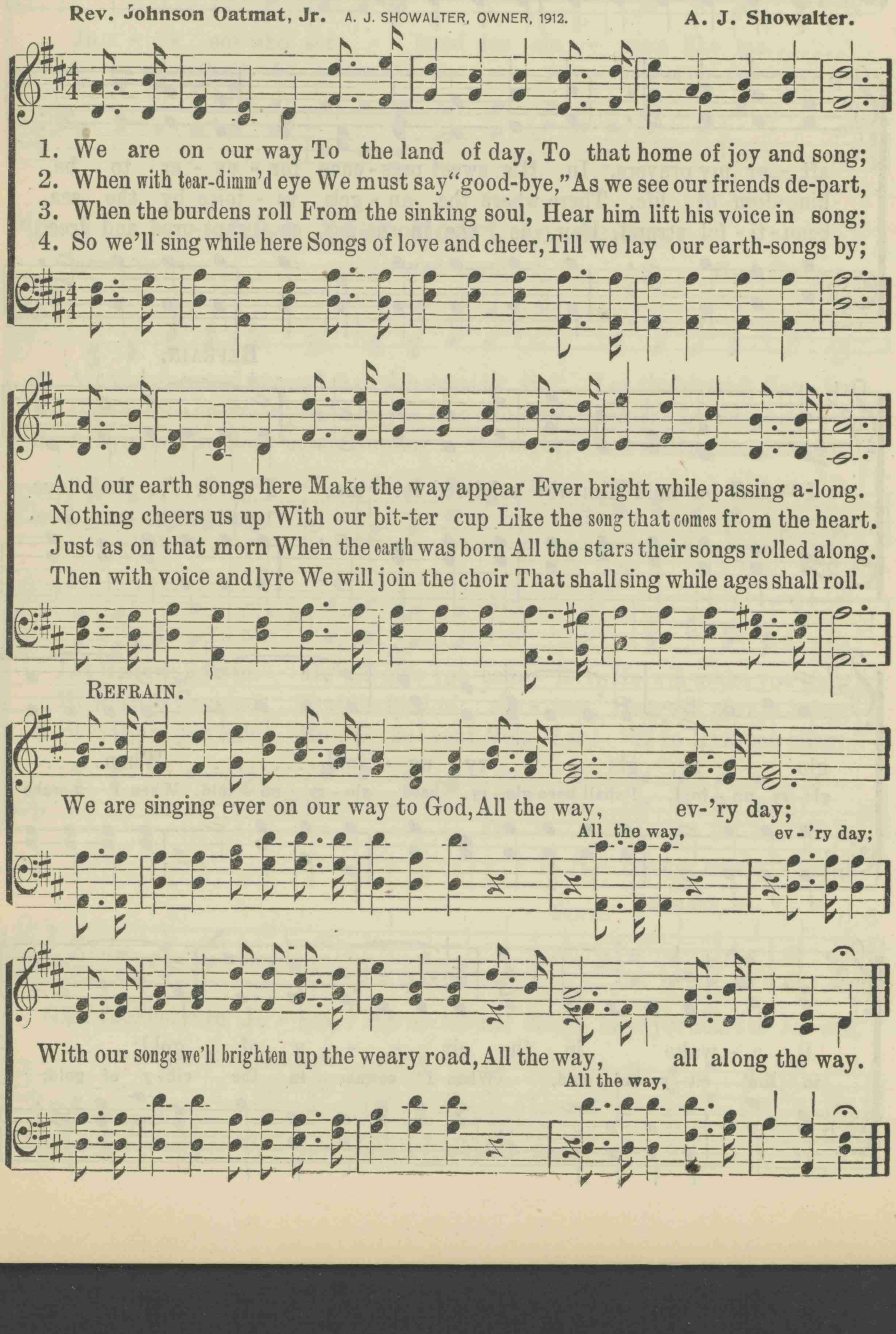
thankful song, (our glo - ri - ous song.) Come..... and join our
right shall pre-vail o - ver wrong, Come and join our throng,

Come, Join in Our Song.



No. 15. We are Singing Ever.

Rev. Johnson Oatmat, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 16. I Shall Have Glory.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

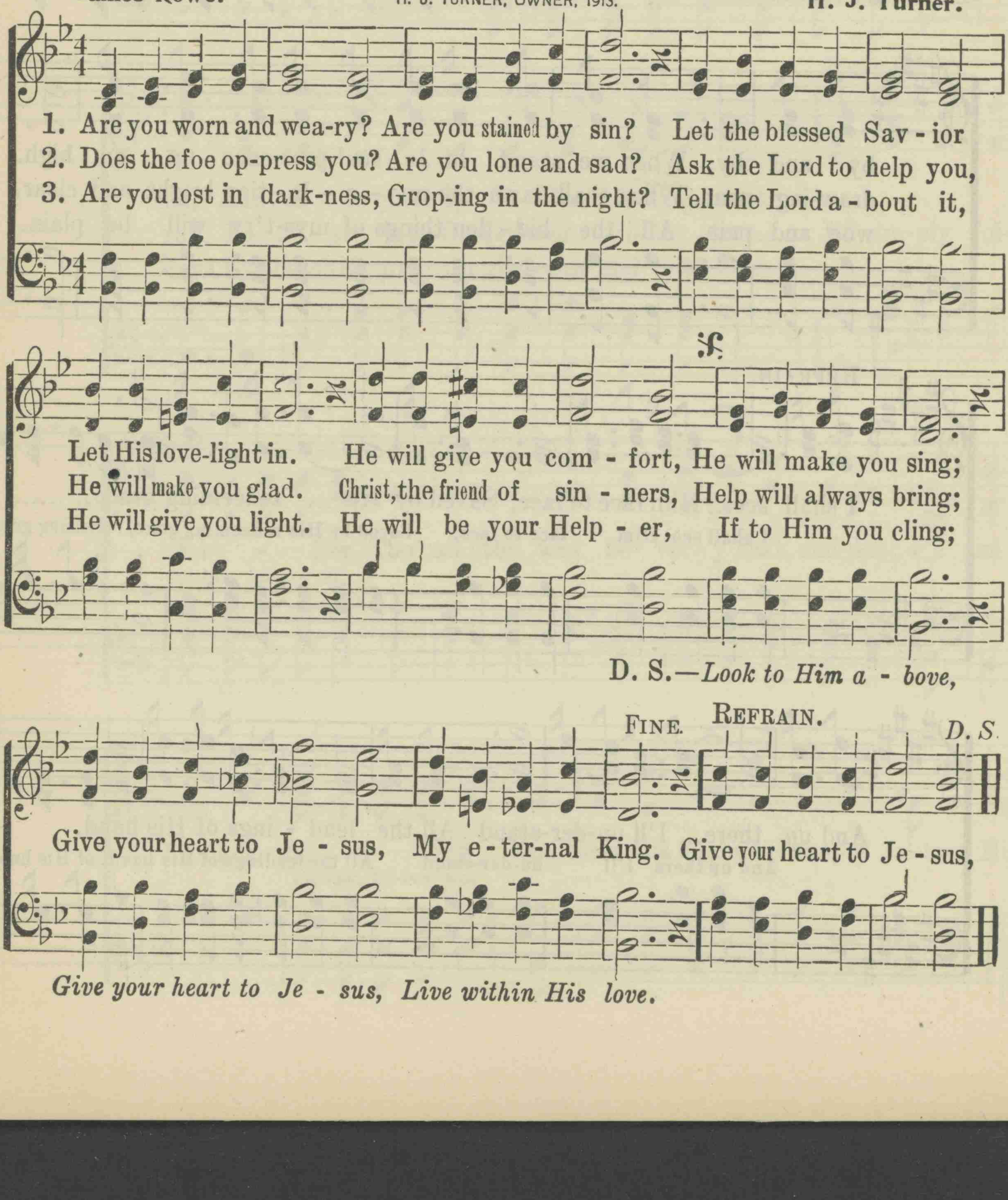
I Shall Have Glory.





No. 17. Give Your Heart to Jesus.

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



No. 18. Up There I'll Understand.

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

1. I am oft-en filled with mar-vel and sur-prise O'er the tear-drops that are fill-ing hu-man eyes, But the sor-row will have van-ished by and by, When we stand in Je-sus' pres-ence up on high.
2. There are mys-ter-ies I can-not un-der-stand, And I won-der wheth-er God these things has planned; I re-mem-ber that a day is draw-ing near, When shall dawn the rev-e-la-tion bright and clear.
3. There are lead-ings of the Lord's al-might-y hand I could nev-er com-pre-hend or un-der-stand; But in heav-en, where there is no woe and pain, All the hid-den things of mys-t'ry will be plain.

REFRAIN.

I shall see... Him face to face, Saved by His.... redeeming grace,.....
I shall see Him face to face, Saved by His redeeming grace, redeeming grace,

And up there... I'll un-der-stand All the lead-ings of His hand.
And up there I'll un-der-stand All the leadings of His hand, of His hand.

No. 19. I'll Simply Follow.

James Rowe. W. J. MORRIS, OWNER. 1913. W. J. Morris.

1. It mat-ters not where Je-sus may have need of me, I'll al-ways fol-low Him with will-ing feet; His lov - ing faithful ser-vant I will try to be, And ev - er glad - ly do His bid-ding sweet.
2. He left His home in glo - ry just to save my soul, And now my best for Him I'll try to do; The storms may beat upon me and the waves may roll, To Je - sus my Re-deem-er I'll be true. I'll sim-ply fol-low,
3. I'll fol-low Him to heav-en, there to sing His praise, With all the hap-py ransomed throng above; For He has been a bless-ing all my earth-ly days, By flood-ing me with glad-ness and with love.

REFRAIN.

fol - low, Tho' all the way be ver - y dark and dim; I'll sim - ply fol-low, fol-low on,

fol - low, fol - low, Yes, bless His name, I'll simply fol-low Him.
fol-low, fol-low on,

No. 20. My Friend Divine.

Birdie Bell. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 19'2. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. I find in Christ a Friend di-vine, A Help-er ev-er near, When rough the path and sad my heart He whispers words of cheer; Tho' dark the road which
2. I find in Christ a Friend that's true When earthly friends may fail, My Strength and Shield when dangers press, And hosts of sin as-sail; Tho' I am weak, yet
3. I find in Christ a Friend that loves Thro'out the pass-ing days, And while this earth-ly life may last My voice shall sing His praise; Some day I'll see Him

I must tread, He paints a rain-bow bright A-cross the clouds which hang a-bove He fills my heart with light.
He is strong, Pro-tect-ing me from harm, And in the time of deep-est need I lean up-on His arm. A Friend that's true, a Friend divine, Whose love will
face to face, My Sav-ior and my Friend, With-in the Cit-y of the Blest Where joys will never end.

REFRAIN.

nev-er end, No oth-er can with Him compare, The Christ who is my Friend.

No. 21. Wonderful Jesus.

James Rowe. J. P. DENTON, OWNER. 1913. J. P. Denton.

1. Won-der-ful Je - sus! glo - ri - ous friend! He will be with me
2. Won-der-ful Je sus! show-ing the way In - to the bless - ed
3. Won-der-ful Je - sus! all thro' the night He will en - fold me,

un - to the end, Cheer - ing, up - hold - ing, keep - ing me strong,
king-dom of day; Guid - ing my foot-steps, hold - ing con - trol,
giv - ing me light; Then when the morn - ing breaks on the shore,

REFRAIN.

Fear-less and loy - al, shield-ing from wrong.
Mak - ing me hap - py, keep - ing me whole. Won - der - ful Je - sus!
This He will whis - per, "Mine ev - er - more."

mar-vel-ous King! Ev - er His praise my spir - it shall sing, When I be-

hold His glo - ri-fied face, How I shall praise His won-der-ful grace!

No. 22. Christ is Risen.

He is risen.—Matt. 28: 6.

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Archer T. Gurney. Thos. B. Mosley.

1. Christ is ris-en, Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is
2. See, the chains of death are broken; Earth be-low and heav'n a-bove, Joy in
3. Glorious angels, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of all the skies; Heav'n, with

ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia, swell the strain! For our gain He
each a - maz - ing to-ken, Of His ris - ing, Lord of love; He for - ev - er-
joy and ho - ly long-ing, For the Word in-car-nate, cries, "Christ is ris - en!

suf - fered loss, By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross, But our
more shall reign By the Father's side, Till He comes to earth a-gain, Comes to
earth re-joice! Gleam, ye star-ry train! All cre - a-tion find a voice! He o'er

REFRAIN.

God is He.
claim His bride. Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in
all shall reign."

Accel.

twain; Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!

No. 23. Victory is Waiting.

James Rowe. G. W. MALONE. OWNER, 1913. G. W. Malone.

1. Press a - long with Je - sus, in the light of love, On Je - ho-vah's ev - er-
2. Nev - er be dis-cour-aged by the hordes of sin, Keep the grand old standard
3. There are homes prepared in yonder world of light, And to them our souls are

last - ing Son re - ly; Keep your hearts and minds upon the things a - bove,
in the smil-ing sky; If we trust our Cap-tain we are sure to win,
ev - er draw-ing nigh; So be true to Je - sus and with cour-age fight,

REFRAIN.

Vic - to - ry is com-ing by and by! There is vic - to-ry, pre-cious
vic - to - ry! At the end - ing of the way it waits; Let us fol-low
it waits;
Je - sus and on Him re - ly, Vic - to - ry is wait-ing at the gates.

No. 24. Lo! The Mighty Army of the Lord.

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

1. Lo! the might-y ar-my of the Lord Is march-ing forth to war,
2. You can do a serv-ice for your King Who leads a-gainst the foe,
3. Lo! He calls for brave and faith-ful souls to push the fight a-long,

And the roy-al ban-ner of the cross Is wav-ing on be-fore,
If you fol-low on in bat-tle line Where His fair ban-ners go;
And be-neath the ban-ner of the cross To strike at sin and wrong;

And the Cap-tain of the loy-al host Has ear-nest work to do,
He has need of con-se-crat-ed men To push the con-flict through,
There is work for men of ho-ly faith, And men of cour-age true,

D.S.–*God is call-ing for the stalworth men Who dare His will to do,*

FINE.

And He calls, and He calls, Our Je-ho-vah calls for you.

And He calls, and He calls,
And He calls, And He calls, Our Je-ho-vah calls for you.
and He calls, and He calls,

REFRAIN.

Onward, sol-diers of the cross, With your Lead-er forward go,
Onward, sol-diers of the cross, And with your Lead-er for-ward go,

Lo! the Mighty Army of the Lord.

D. S.

For-ward go, for-ward go, As He leads a-gainst the foe.

For-ward go, yes, for-ward go, Where Je - sus leads a - gainst ev-'ry foe,

No. 25. Jesus Abides Within.

Rev. W. C. Martin. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Won-der-ful love of my Sav - ior di - vine, I am un-wor-thy but
2. Earth has no gift like the Sav - ior be-stows, Earth has no peace like the
3. Nev - er a tri - al but He gives me grace, Nev - er a cloud can His

Je - sus is mine; He has redeemed me from death and from sin, Now He a-
child of God knows; Earth has no pleasure but time will de-stroy,—He brings un-
beau-ty ef-face; Nev - er a loss but some treasure is giv'n, Thus in my

REFRAIN.

bides with-in.
end - ing joy. Je - sus a-bides within, Sweet - ly abides with-
heart is heav'n. Je-sus, yes, Jesus a - bides with-in, Sweetly, yes, sweetly abides with-

in; He has redeemed me from death and from sin, Now He a-bides with-in.

No. 26. While the Precious Moments Fly.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. C. L. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1913. **C. L. Williams.**

1. Gen - tle words and kind - ly deeds Are as wondrous, liv - ing seeds
2. Ere our pul - ses death shall still, We've a miss - ion to ful - fill,
3. In the Lord's ap - prov-ing smile, There is joy and peace worth while,

That shall bring a gold - en har-vest by and by; Hearts are bleed-ing,
Sit not down, nor i - dly wait, nor vain - ly sigh; Thro' the rich - es
All our ef - forts He be-holds with lov - ing eye; And a bright re-

D. S.—*When our la - bor*

lives are sad, You may help and make them glad, Work for Je - sus
of His grace, Make the world a bet - ter place, Work for Je - sus
ward is sure Un - to all who shall en-dure, Work for Je - sus

here is o'er, Sweet the rest on Heav-en's shore, Work for Je - sus

REFRAIN.

while the pre cious mo-ments fly. Work for Je-sus, heed His call, Ere the

while the pre-cious mo-ments fly.

D. S.

shades of night shall fall, Gather jew-els for the home be-yond the sky;

No. 27. That Beautiful City.

G. N. C. G. N. COX, OWNER, 1913. G. N. Cox.

1. I am think-ing to-night of that cit - y of light And that beau-ti - ful
2. I have loved ones who wait at the beau - ti - ful gate Of this cit - y su-
3. All to Christ I will give, that with Him I may live In this beau-ti - ful

pal - ace of mine, Where, when warfare is done and the crown has been won, I shall
per-nal, su-preme; As the morn they are fair and the crowns that they wear Thro' the
cit - y a-bove, There with angels re-joice and, with heart and with voice, Ev-er

live with my Sav-ior di - vine.

REFRAIN.

day ev - er - last-ing will gleam. 'Tis a beau - ti-ful cit - y, a won-der-ful
sing of His won-der-ful love.

place, Where there nev-er is sor-row or care,..... And one glo - ri - ous
Where there nev - er is, nev - er is sor-row or care,

morn-ing, by marvelous grace, I shall meet my Re-deem-er there.....
meet Him there.

No. 28. Trust in God and Do the Right.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. **K. C. Robinson.**

Not too fast.

1. All things for our good are work-ing, If we tru - ly love the Lord;
2. Life's a school of pre - pa - ra - tion, We must learn its les - sons well;
3. Ev - 'ry heart must have its troub-le, And its bit - ter-ness and woe;

He has prom-ised grace suf - fi-cient, Strength and light He will af-ford.
Else we nev - er can be fit - ted With the ran-somed ones to dwell.
But the Chris-tian can be cheer-ful, And a lov - ing spir - it show.

Nev - er fear the clouds and shad-ows, Nev - er doubt His ten - der love;
What is best He sure - ly sends us, Nev - er doubt His ten - der love;
Smil-ing bright-ly, sing - ing sweet-ly, Nev - er doubt His ten - der love;

D.S.-*Nev-er fear the clouds and shad-ows, Nev - er doubt His ten - der love;*

FINE.

Just keep press - ing brave-ly on-ward, To the "Father's House" a-bove.

Just keep press-ing brave-ly on-ward, To the "Fa-ther's Home" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Trust in God (O trust in God,) and do the right,

Trust in God, trust God. and do the right,

Trust in God and Do the Right.

D. S.

Let your face..... be glad and bright;
Let your face be glad and bright, be glad and bright;

No. 29. No One Can Answer for You.

B. D. E., Jr.

B. D. ELY, JR , OWNER, 1913.

Baron D. Ely, Jr.

1. What will you say on that won-der-ful day? No one can an-swer for you;
2. Are you now read-y for Je-sus to come? No one can an-swer for you;
3. Will you be read-y the Sav-ior to meet? No one can meet Him for you;

Will you be read-y when Christ comes your way? No one can an-swer for you.
Are you prepared to in-her-it that home? No one can an-swer for you.
Will you be read-y His com-ing to greet? No one can greet Him for you.

CHORUS.

No one can an-swer for you, No one can then take your place; Then what will you say? or what will you pay For some one to an-swer for you?

No. 30. On the Happy Golden Shore.

Robt, H. Montgomery. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. **J. D. Patton.**

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore We will meet to part no more, Oh, what
2. Oh what strains of mu - sic ring In the pal - ace of our King When the
3. We will praise Him here be - low As we ev - er on-ward go, We will
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, We will praise the Great I Am In a

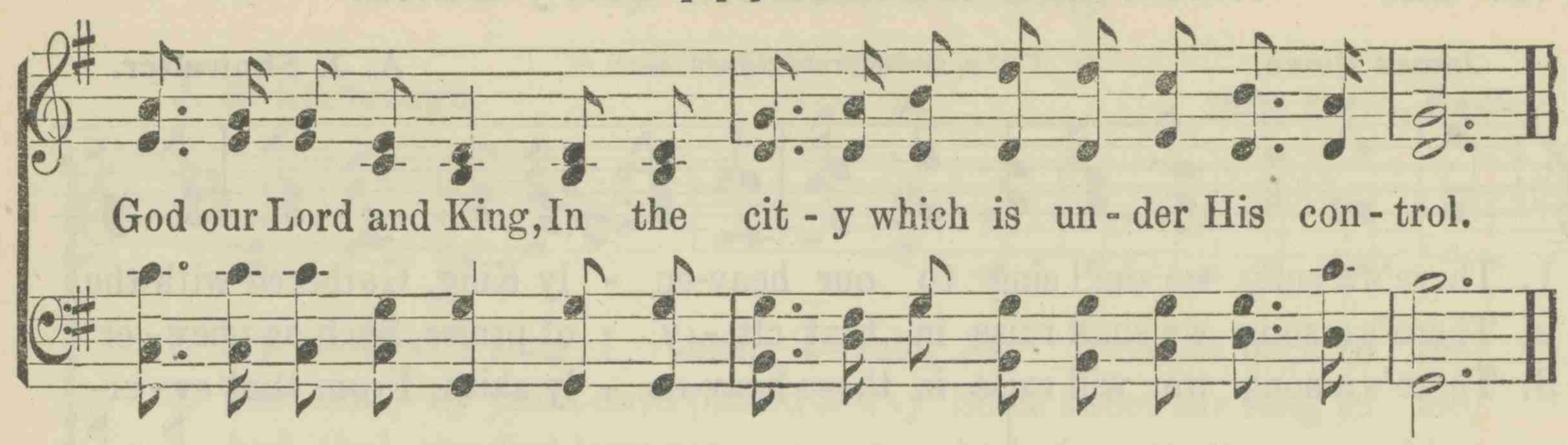
joy a-waits the faith-ful o - ver there. We will shout and we will sing, We will
saints shall stand rejoicing 'round the throne. Oh 'twill be a hap-py time When up-
spend our earth-ly days in faith-ful - ness. Then in yon-der man-sions bright Where 'tis
world that's free from ev-'ry sin and pain, With the sainted hosts we'll be Thro'-out

make God's prais-es ring When we reach that bliss-ful cit - y free from care.
on the shore sublime God will crown and wel-come all the faith-ful home.
day and nev - er night We will dwell e - ter - nal - ly with all the blest.
one e - ter - ni - ty, All u - nit - ed nev - er more to part a - gain.

REFRAIN.

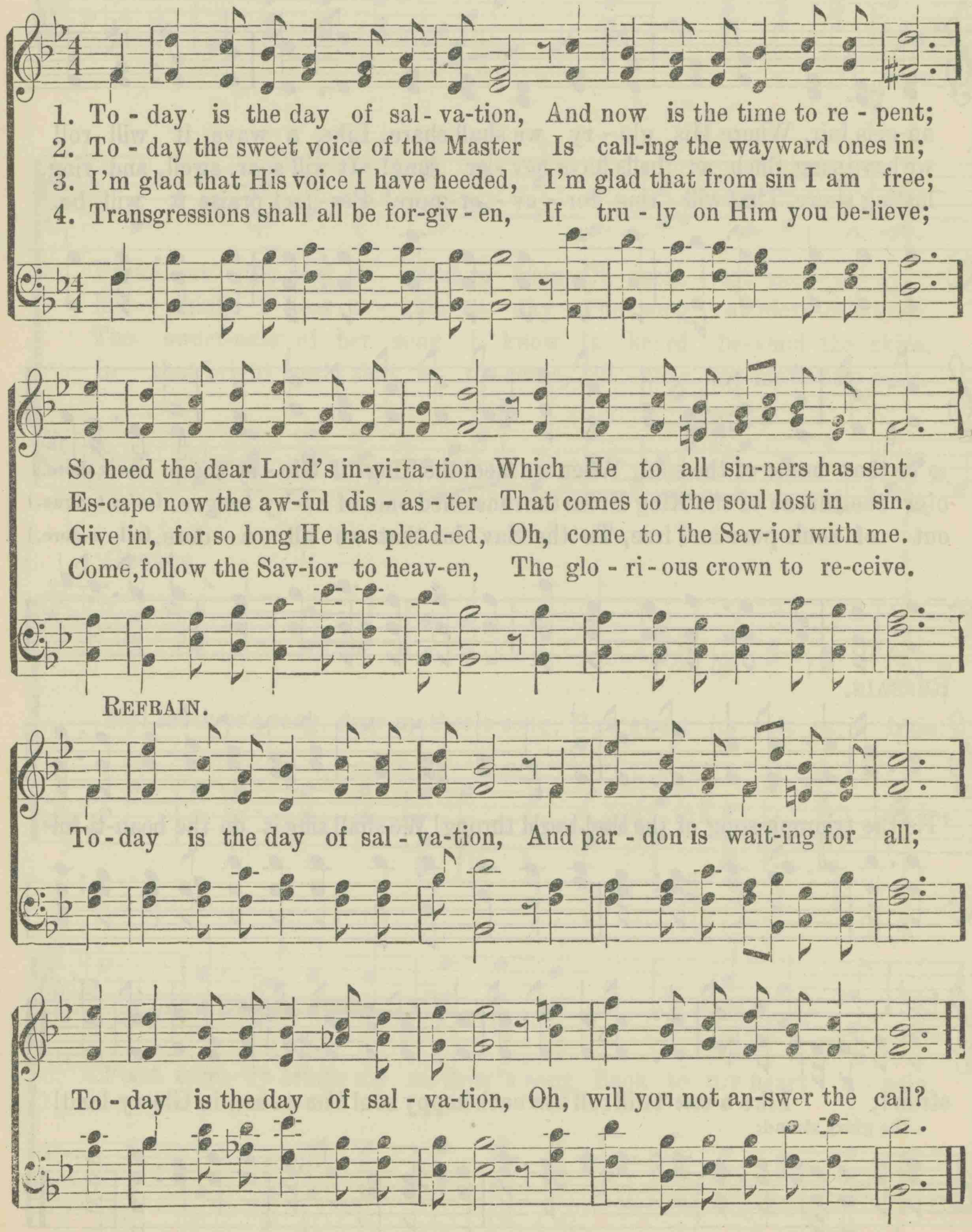
In the sweet bye and bye We will wave our ban - ner high As we
walk up-on the shining streets of gold; We will make the wel-kin ring Un-to

On the Happy Golden Shore.



No. 31. The Day of Salvation.

K. C. Robinson. J. W. GUIN, OWNER. 1913. **J. W. Guin.**



No. 32. When We Gather in Glory-Land.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912 A. J. Showalter.

1. There's a song we shall sing to our heav-en - ly King, Gathered with the
2. There's a song we shall raise in that clt - y of praise, Such as nev - er
3. There's a song we will raise in those heav-en - ly skies, From that ev - er-

an-gels fair, Where His glo - ry we shall share. Like a wave it will roll
we have sung, Such as bells have nev - er rung! It will soar, swell, and ring,
lasting shore, That will ring for - ev - er-more! Per - fect praise it will be,

o'er that home of the soul, When we meet the King of Glo - ry there. (o-ver there.)
o'er the throne of the King From the ransomed ones of ev-'ry tongue. (ev'ry tongue.)
out of souls pure and free, To the Sav - ior that we all a - dore. (all a-dore.)

REFRAIN.

'Tis the triumph-song of the blood-bought throng! We shall sing it on the beau-ti-ful

strand; Like a wave 'twill roll from each happy soul When we meet in Glo-ry-land!
the glory strand;

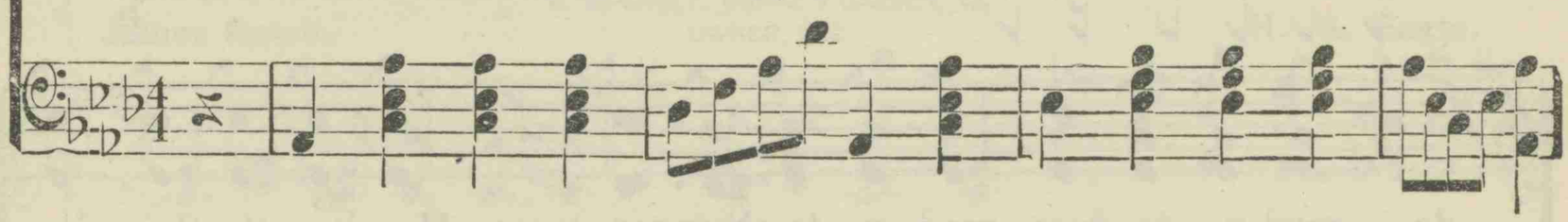
No. 33. My Mother's Song.

H. M. EAGLE, EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1912.

J. S. Kimbrough. **Mrs. H. M. Eagle.**

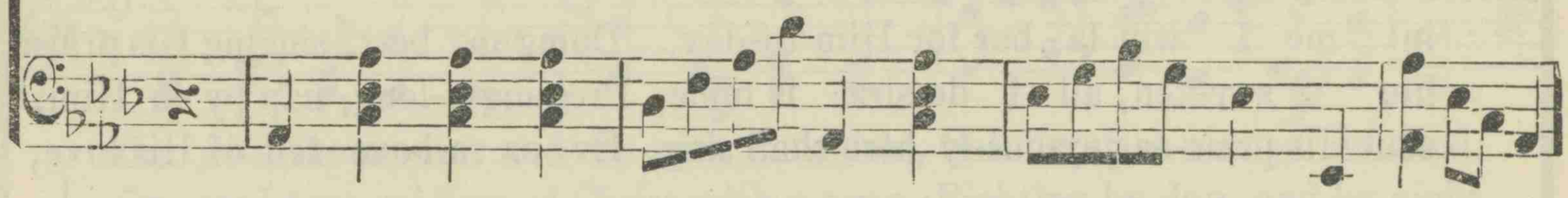


1. My moth-er's song I hear a-gain, As it comes back to me,
2. Tho' ma - ny years have passed a-way Since sweet she sang to me,
3. And tho' she died long years a - go, And in the grave-yard lies,
4. And when my race on earth is run, And I shall join the throng





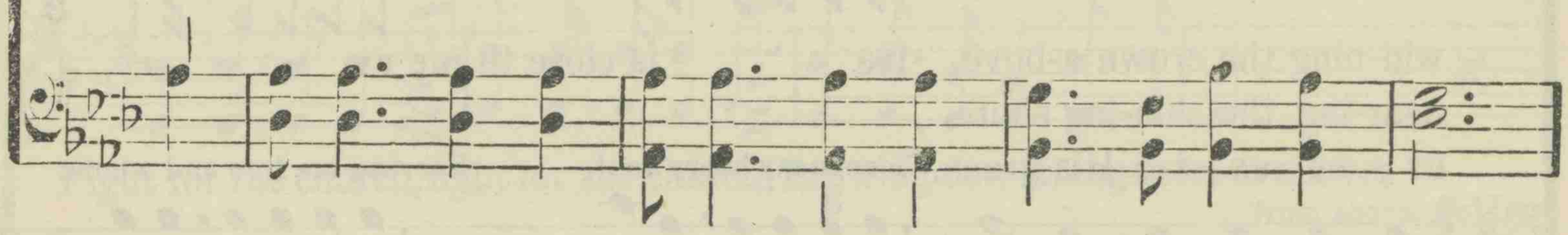
From out the past a sweet re-frain Of soft - est mel - o - dy.
Me thinks I hear a - gain to - day The song at moth-er's knee.
The sweet-ness of her song I know Is heard be-yond the skies.
In that bright world that is to come, I'll hear my moth-er's song.



CHORUS.



My moth-er's song, dear mother's song, How sweet its soft re - frain;





Fond mem-'ry brings my moth-er's song Back to my heart a - gain.



No. 34. Heeding the Voice.

H, M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. Heeding the voice of Je - sus call-ing, glad-ly I speed a-way, Read-y to
2. Troubles and cares can nev-er bend me, holding the hand di-vine, Sing-ing I
3. Glo - ry and hon - or be to Je-sus, heaven's e - ter - nal King! Glo - ri - ous

do, read-y to dare, read - y to show my love; Hav-ing the Spir - it
go, do - ing His will, mak-ing His mer - cy known; All that I need my
Friend, Comforter true, Sav - ior of all the race; Dai - ly my hap - py

in me I will la - bor for Him to-day, Doing my best, singing His praise,
life to sweeten, all I de-sire is mine, Pressing a-long, hap-py in Him,
soul His prais-es joy-ous-ly here shall sing, Ev - er a-bove tell of His love,

REFRAIN.

win-ning the crown a-bove. He is close to me ev - - er,
near-ing the shin-ing shore.
ev - er ex - tol His grace. Close to my happy soul, Keeping me free and whole,

Crown - ing ev-'ry en-deav - - or, I shall stray from Him
Crowning each effort true, Bless-ing whate'er I do; Nev-er my feet shall stray,

Heeding the Voice.

nev - er, Ever my soul shall praise the Friend who suffer'd and died for me.
Out of the love-lit way,

No. 35. Fight for the Church.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.
OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. Sol-diers of Je-sus, a-way to the field, Fight for the church in her need;
2. Ar-mies of e - vil are press-ing a-long, Showing their hatred for right;
3. Je-sus shall tri-umph, His glo-ry shall shine O - ver the lands of the world;
4. Fight for the church, till her en-e-mies flee, Je - sus His sol-diers will lead;

On with the ar-mor and up with the shield, Sol-diers are needed in-deed.
On-ward, true soldiers of Christ, with a song, Fighting by day and by night.
Nothing can stand against pow-er di-vine, Onward with banners un-furled.
Vic-tors e - ter-nal, at length ye shall be, Fight for the church in her need.

REFRAIN.

Fight for the church, fight for the church, Drawing new strength from above;
from above; Soldiers

Fight for the church, fight for the church, Show-ing to Je - sus your love.

No. 36. We're a Happy Pilgrim Band.

J. W. A. J. W. ASKEW, OWNER 1913. J. W. Askew.

1. We're a hap - py pil-grim band On the way to glo - ry-land, Marching
2. We will gain new heights each day, If we la-bor, watch and pray,
3. From the path we will not stray, For our Sav-ior leads the way,
4. His commands we will o - bey, Wor-ship Je-sus while 'tis day, March-ing

on,..... we're marching on;..... Soon we'll reach that
By and by we'll
Tho' the jour-ney
on, yes, marching on, we're marching on, yes, march-ing on; Trust-ing in His

shining shore, Dwell with Christ for ev-er-more, We are marching, marching on.
reach the gate Where our loved ones for us wait, We are marching, marching on.
may be long We can cheer it with a song, We are marching, marching on.
ho - ly word, We'll go home to meet our Lord, We are marching, marching on.

REFRAIN.

Marching on, we're marching on,..... To that land .....
Marching on, we're marching on,

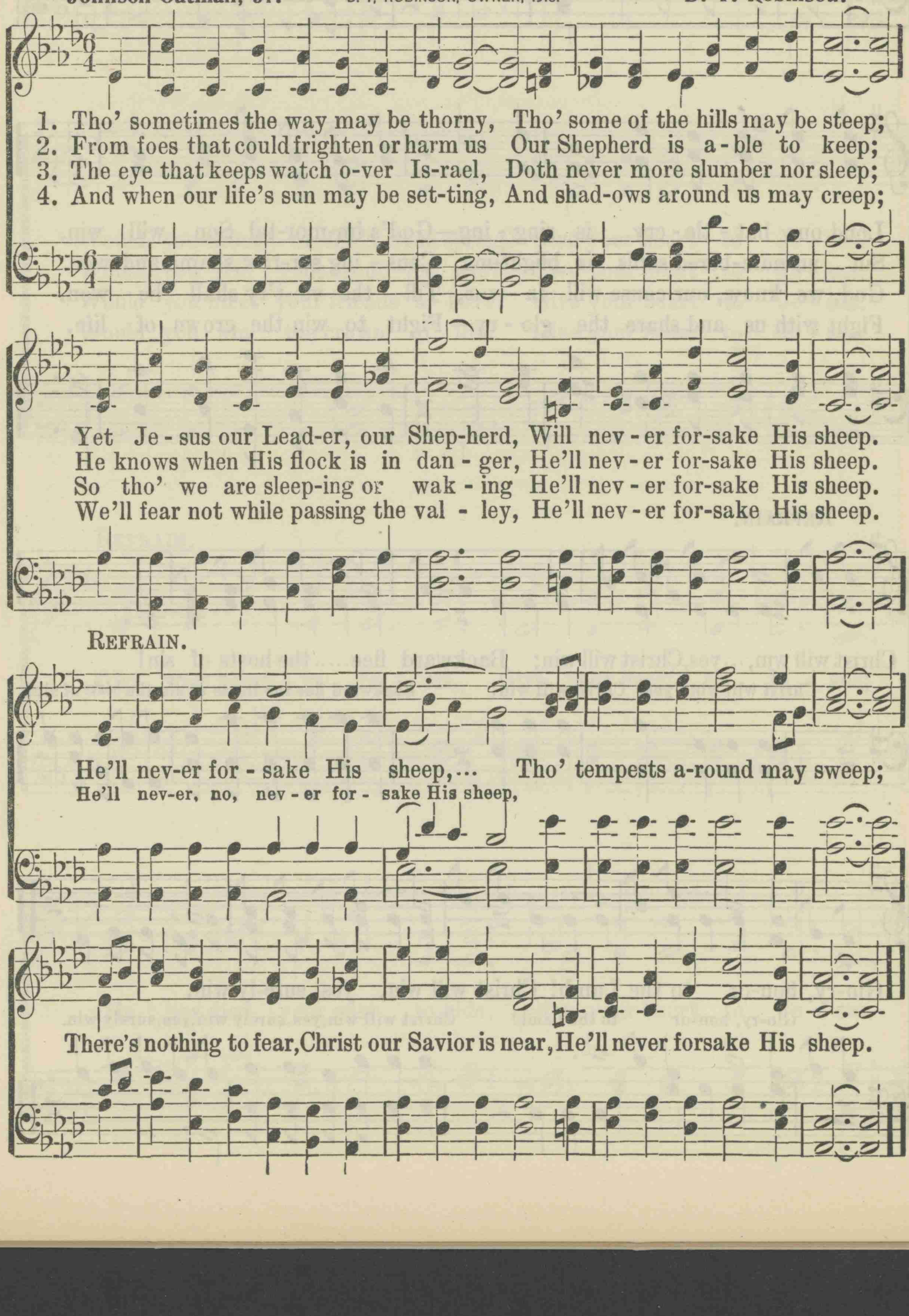
so bright and fair, Where all the saved of earth have
so bright and fair. Where all the saved

We're a Happy Pilgrim Band.



No. 37. He'll Never Forsake His Sheep.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. D. T, ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. **D. T. Robinsou.**



No. 38. Christ Will Win.

James Rowe. B. F. ROE. OWNER, 1913. B. F. Roe.

1. Hope with - in our souls is spring-ing, As we face the hordes of sin;
2. For our homes and dear ones fight-ing, Naught of fear our souls will know;
3. None will fal-ter, none will wa - ver, Till the reign of sin be done;
4. Come and join us, young and hoar - y, Join us in the ho - ly strife;

Loud our bat - tle - cry is ring - ing—God's im-mor-tal Son will win.
Sin un-num-bered souls is blight-ing, Caus - ing sor-row, shame and woe.
God, we know, our cause will fa - vor, Till the vic-t'ry shall be won.
Fight with us and share the glo - ry—Fight to win the crown of life.

REFRAIN.

Christ will win, ... yes, Christ will win; Backward flee ..... the hosts of sin!
Christ will win, yes, Christ will win; Backward flee the hosts of sin, the hosts of sin!

Glo-ry, hon-or to the Lamb! Christ will win, yes, sure-ly win.
Glo-ry, hon-or to the Lamb! Christ will win, yes, surely win, yes, surely win.

No. 39. Give Your Heart to Jesus.

H. M. EAGLE. BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.,
OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Would you have a song to sing? Give your heart to Je - sus;
2. Would you gain a faith - ful friend? Give your heart to Je - sus;
3. Would you o - ver - flow with love? Give your heart to Je - sus;
4. Would you tri - umph in the strife? Give your heart to Je - sus;

Would you drink of life's true spring? Give your heart to Je - sus.
Would you see your troub - les end? Give your heart to Je - sus.
Would you meet your friends a - bove? Give your heart to Je - sus.
Would you win the crown of life? Give your heart to Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Give your heart to Je - sus, Give your heart to Je - sus;

He has died your past to hide, Give your heart to Je - sus.

No. 40. Inside the Gates of Home.

Respectfully inscribed to my friends and earnest pupils of Williston, Fla.

James Rowe. D. T. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1912. **D. T. Robinson.**

1. In-side the gates of home, sweet home, No heart is sad, none cares to roam;
2. In-side the gates the an-gels bright A-bide with Christ who is the light;
3. There tears will all be washed a - way, And joy will crown the end-less day;
4. Oh, comrades, trust re-deem-ing love, That we may meet our King a-bove;

There life is bright and sweet and fair, And joy su-preme is dwell-ing there.
And there the glad e - ter - nal throng Sing all the while the glad new song.
There glo-ry-crowns we all shall wear And min-gle with the pure and fair.
And, gathered round His throne, a-dore Our bless-ed Lord for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

In - side the gates,..... .. the pearl-y gates,..... .... Pure rap-ture
In-side the gates, the pearl-y gates, Pure rap-ture

the faith - ful waits,
for..... the faith - ful waits;..... My soul no
for, pure rap - ture for the faith - ful waits; . . . . . .

for the faith - ful waits, pure rap - ture for the faith - ful waits;

more..... will sigh or roam,..... In-side the gates of home, sweet home.
My soul no more will sigh or roam, will never roam,

No. 41 Uplift the Cross.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

1

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

2

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

No. 42. Walking the Heavenly Way.

H. C. WHITENER, OWNER, 1913.

H. C. W. Arr. by A. J. S. H. C. Whitener.

1. I was once a slave to Sa-tan, and no peace of mind could know, Clouds ob-
2. I could shout and sing for-ev-er since I've found sweet peace within, Since my
3. When this earth-ly life is end-ed, and I lay my ar-mor down, Go-ing

scured my ev-'ry day; But I've found in Christ my freedom and in Him I
night has turned to day; I have giv'n my life to Je-sus, He has cleansed me
home with Christ to stay, He will wel-come me to glo-ry, give to me a

REFRAIN.

on-ward go, Walk-ing in the Heav'nly way.
from all sin, And I'm on the Heav'nly way. Walk-ing in..... the
harp and crown, For that ev-er-last-ing day.

Walking the Heav'nly way,

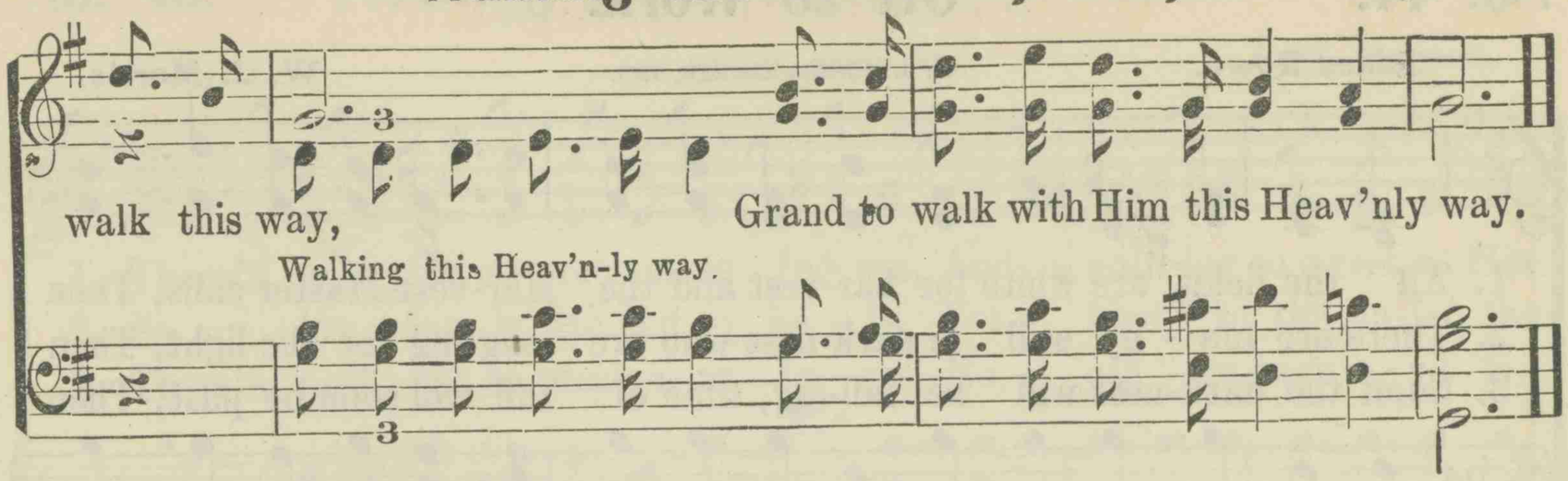
Heav'n-ly way, Walk-ing here..... I

Walk-ing it ev-'ry day, Walk-ing the Heav'n-ly way,

can-not stray; O 'tis grand..... to

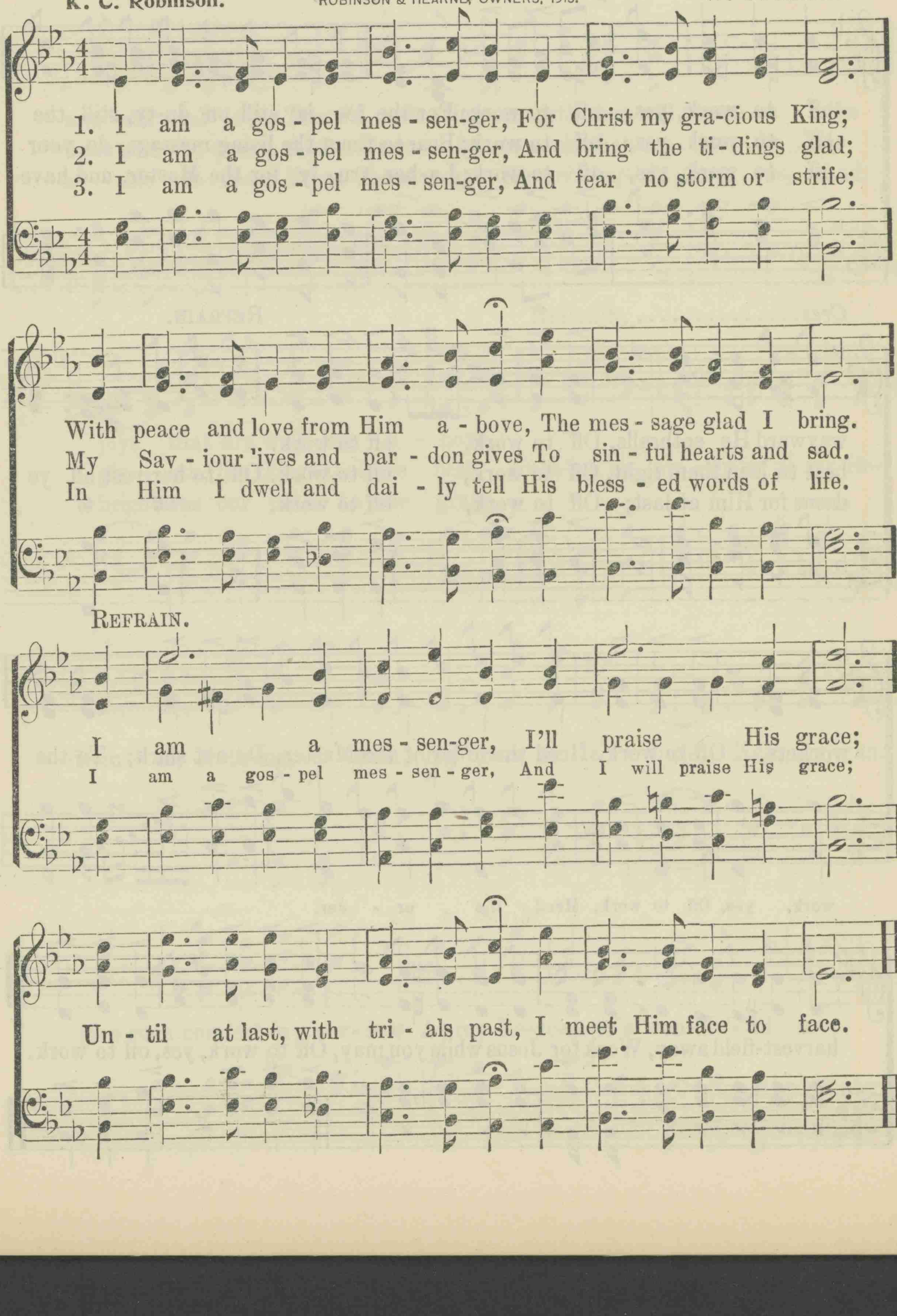
nev-er can go a-stray; O 'tis so no-ble and grand,

Walking the Heavenly Way.



No. 43. A Gospel Messenger.

K. C. Robinson. ROBINSON & HEARNE, OWNERS, 1913. W. O. Hearne.



No. 44. Off to Work.

James Rowe. W. J. MORRIS, OWNER, 1913. W. J. Morris.

1. All the fields are white for har-vest and the Har-vest-Master calls, Then
2. There are ma - ny still in dark-ness who are long-ing for the light, Then
3. Soon the dark-ness will be fall-ing, time of toil will soon be past, Then

off to work, yes, off to work; For the foe is still on du-ty, still the
off to work, yes, off to work; Bear to them the living message, do your
off to work, yes, off to work; La-bor tru - ly for the Master, and have

Cres.....

REFRAIN.

wayward He enthralls, Off to work, off to work.
best to lead them right, Off to work, off to work. Off to har-vest all ye
sheaves for Him at last; Off to work, off to work. Off to

workers, Off to work, Heed the order of the Master, Do not shirk; To the

work, yes, Off to work, Heed the or - der,

harvest-field away, Work for Jesus while you may, Off to work, yes, off to work.

No. 45. Nothing So Precious As Jesus.

J. M. H. J. M. HENSON, OWNER, 1913. J. M. Henson.

1. There's noth-ing so precious as Je-sus, And noth-ing so sweet as His
2. So lov-ing is He and so ho-ly, Yet kind to the sin-ful, the
3. There's noth-ing so precious as Je-sus, No oth-er from e-vil is

won-der-ful love; There's noth-ing on earth that will please us Like
weak and op-prest; And free-ly to souls that are low-ly He
a-ble to save; From bond-age He lov-ing-ly frees us, And

REFRAIN.

joys that are wait-ing a-bove.
giv-eth the things that are best. Noth-ing so pre-cious as my Re-
bright-ens our path to the grave.

deem-er, Noth-ing, O noth-ing here or a-bove; Noth-ing can

give such comfort in sor-row As my Re-deem-er's won-der-ful love.

No. 46. Precious is Jesus.

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

1. Pre-cious is He, my Lord and King, Precious the hand to which I cling,
2. Whether in sun-shine or in rain, Whether in com-fort or in pain,
3. What tho' the days are sometimes drear, If we but pray the Lord will hear,

Precious the One whose praise I sing, Pre-cious is He! For He is
None will en-treat His help in vain, Pre-cious is He! He is a
He to His own is al-ways near, Pre-cious is He! Lov-ing, and

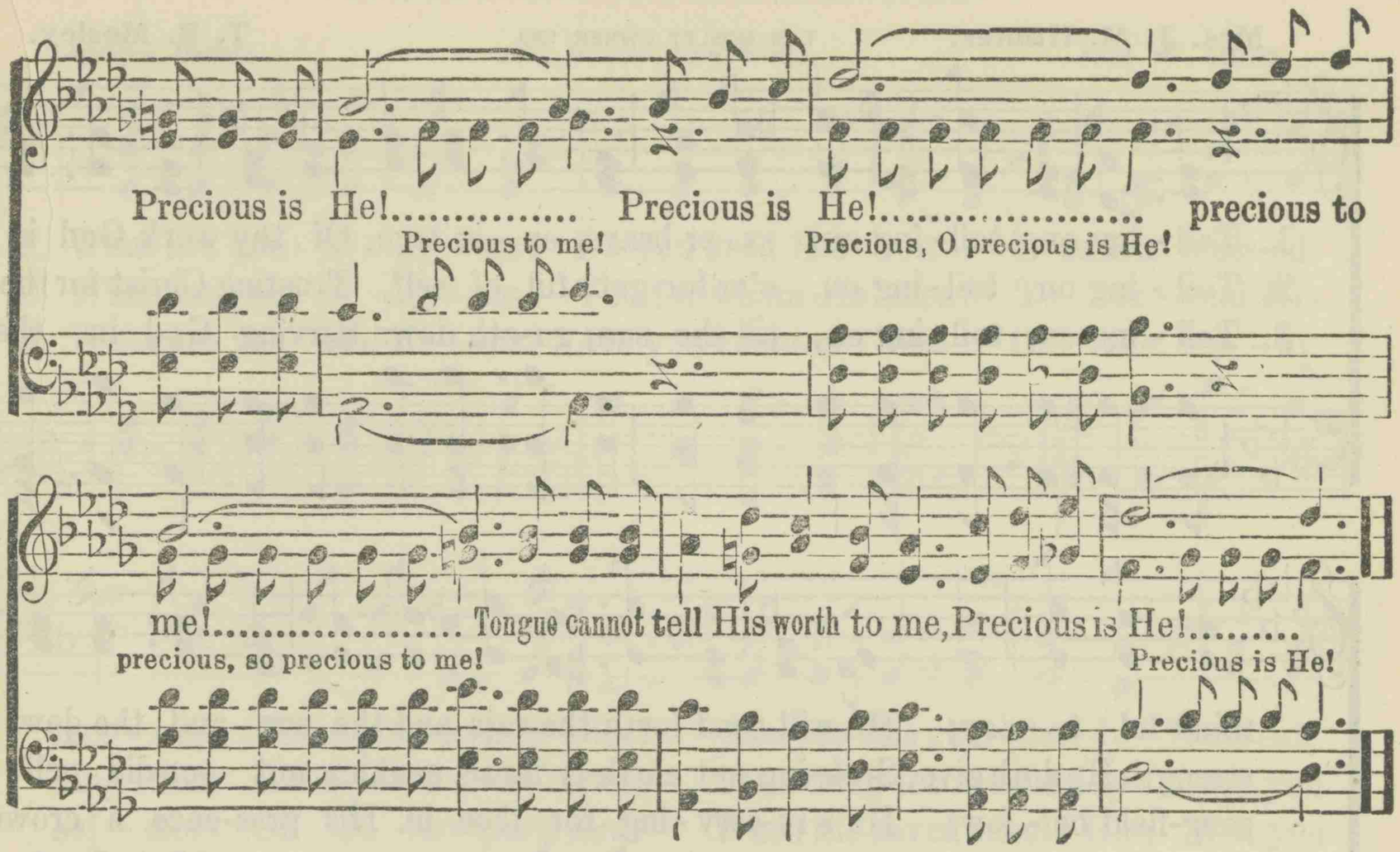
with me all day long, Fill-ing my heart and lips with song; He in my
help-er ev-er near, Driv-ing a-way each doubt and fear, Giving us
kind, and good is He; Who could more tender, pa-tient be? He is a

REFRAIN.

weakness makes me strong, Precious is He!
light, and hope, and cheer, Precious is He! Precious is He!.....
precious friend to me, Precious is He! Precious, O precious is He!

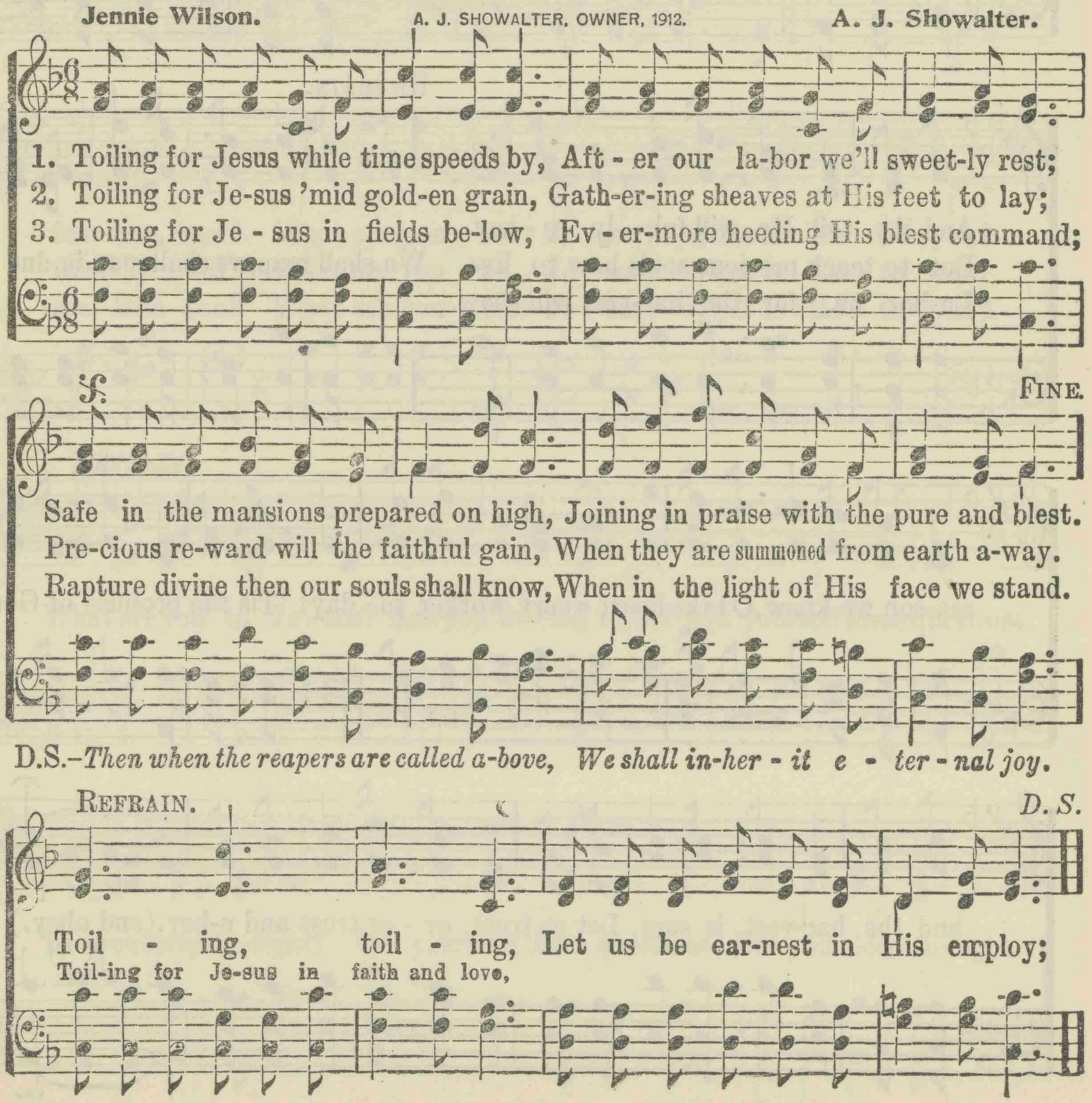
pre-cious is He!..... He is the best of friends to me,
pre-cious, so pre-cious to me!

Precious is Jesus.



No. 47. Toiling for Jesus.

Jennie Wilson. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 48. In Due Season.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1913. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, ev - er brave, ev - er true, Of thy work God is
2. Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, e'er for-get - ful of self, Trusting Christ for the
3. Toil - ing on, toil - ing on, till the sun go-eth down, Serving God in the

mind-ful to - day; He will send forth the rain and the sun and the dew,
strength He doth give; Seek-ing not earth-ly fame, seeking not sor-did pelf,
song-field be - low; He's re-serv - ing for thee in His pres-ence a crown:

REFRAIN.

And thy toil He will ful - ly re - pay.
But to teach precious souls how to live. We shall reap, we shall reap in due
La-bor on, for the har-vest will show.

sea-son we know, O take heart weary worker to - day! 'Tis the promise of God

and the har-vest is sure, Let us trust, ev - er trust and o-bey. (and obey.)

No. 49. What Are You to Jesus?

James Rowe. JOEL W. GUIN, OWNER. 1913. **Joel W. Guin.**

1. What are you to Je - sus? Do you heed His voice? Does His bless-ed
2. What are you to Je - sus-- You for whom He died? To ex - tend His
3. What are you to Je - sus? Are you counted one Of the loy - al

mes - sage Make your soul re-joice? Are you His com-plete-ly—Earn-est,
king - dom Have you tru - ly tried? Something for Him dai-ly Do you
sol - diers Of Je - ho-vah's Son? When the saved behold Him Will you

fear-less, true? What are you to Je - sus? What is He to you?
free - ly do? What are you to Je - sus? What is He to you?
see Him too? What are you too Je - sus? What is He to you?

REFRAIN.

What are you to Je - sus? Are you liv - ing right? Ask yourself these questions,

Ere you sleep to-night; Ask your-self these questions, Ere you sleep to-night.

No. 50. Marching On the Glory Way.

James Rowe. J. S. WHEELER, OWNER, 1913. J. S. Wheeler.

1. Marching with the King we dear-ly love, Go-ing to our home of light a - bove,
2. Sure that He is hid-ing all our past, Sure that He will crown our souls at last,
3. How our souls will praise Him o-ver there, Mingled with the hap-py an - gels fair!

Spreading gospel gladness day by day, We are marching in the glo-ry way.
We are trust-ing in His sav - ing love, Hoping to behold our Friend a-bove.
In His ho-ly pres-ence we shall be, Praising Him for all e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Marching in the glo-ry way,..... Wait-ing for the better day,.....
March - - ing a-long the way to glory, Tell - - ing the beau-ti-ful old sto-ry,
March - ing on the way to glo-ry, Tell - ing all the way the sto-ry,
Always nearing home, sweet home,.... Where our souls will never roam;....
Al - ways our home, sweet home we're nearing, Where we shall never, never wander,
Home sweet home we're al - ways near-ing, Where our souls shall nev - er wan-der,
Fighting for our King each day,..... Winning glory in the fray,..... With
Nei - - ther our time nor talents squander, We..... all are winning endless glory,
Time nor tal-ents ev - er squan-der, Win - ning glo - ry, joy and glo - ry,

Marching In the Glory Way.

Ac.....cell.....er.....an.....do.

all our heart-bells ring-ing, hap-py prais-es sing-ing, March-ing in the glo'- ry - way.

No. 51. Love Divine.

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

1. What keeps me hap - py all the while? Love di - vine, love di - vine!
2. What made my heav - y bur - den light? Love di - vine, love di - vine!
3. What makes me o - ver-flow with love? Love di - vine, love di - vine!
4. What shall I praise on heav-en's shore? Love di - vine, love di - vine!

What makes the day so bright-ly smile? Love di - vine, love di - vine.
What leads me safe - ly thro' the night? Love di - vine, love di - vine.
What is the theme of saints a - bove? Love di - vine, love di - vine.
My theme will be, for - ev - er - more, Love di - vine, love di - vine.

REFRAIN.

'Tis love di - vine, my Sav-ior's love, That pre-cious Friend who reigns a-bove;

For-ev - er - more this soul of mine Shall sweet-ly sing of love di - vine.

Library, Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary

No. 52. Laughter and Song.

Affectionately inscribed to my wife, Mrs. Eleanor Gillen Showalter.

Rev. R. W. Mecklin. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1913. **A. J. Showalter.**

Especially good as a Quartet and Chorus.

1. It is true we are hun-gry and na - ked and worn, For our bondage was hard and our state was forlorn; But we feel deep within us the pulse of the free,
2. It is true we are far, far a - way from our home, And the years may be lengthened, as wea -ry we roam; But we see the glad lights in the mansions above,
3. It is true we shed tears, and are wounded with grief, And the heart may be wrung ere we get full re-lief; But a spir-it of transport is bounding within,

REFRAIN.

And we know we are heirs to a sweet lib-er-ty.
And we hear the tuned voices of gladness and love. So we o-pen our lips as we journey along, And the echoes are filled with our laughter and song; Yes, we o-pen our lips as we jour-ney a-long, And the echoes are filled with our laughter and song.
And the tide of e - la-tion rolls o - ver our pain.

No. 53. Come Over and Help Us.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. C. L. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1913. **C. L. Williams.**

1. A - cross the wide o-cean, with heart-felt e - mo-tion, The na-tions are call - ing for light; Their need is so press - ing, O, haste with the
2. How plain is the teach-ing that we should be reach-ing The peo-ple our Lord came to save! Thy bid - ding ful - fill - ing, dear Lord make us
3. They're thirsting and sighing, they're starving and dy - ing, While we have "e- nough and to spare"--Can we then be giv - en an en-trance to
4. The kingdom's ad - vanc-ing, but are we en - hanc-ing Its pro-gress as fast as we can? If not let's be wak - ing, and brave ef - fort

REFRAIN.

bless-ing And res - cue their souls from the night.
will-ing To speed the good news o'er the wave. Come o - ver and
Heav-en Un - less we lead oth - ers up there? Come o - ver and help us, come
mak-ing To aid in sal - va-tion's great plan.

help us, Come o - ver and help us, they cry! Then give of your
o - ver and help us,

substance, your time and your la-bor, And snatch them from sin ere they die.

No. 54. As One Whom His Mother Comforts.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. B. F. CLARK, OWNER, 1913. **B. F. Clark.**

1. In life's bit - ter dis - ap - point-ments, 'Mid its tri - als and its woe,
2. Moth-er-love how sweet, how pre - cious Un - to ev-'ry hu-man heart,
3. When this fee - ble frame is fail - ing And my sleeping time is near,

I can look with-in my Bi - ble, And there learn the way to go;
Yet from e'en the best of moth - ers We, on earth, are called to part;
Still I need not shrink nor fal - ter, Here's my promise sweet and dear,

I can claim from God the prom - ise, Ev - er ten - der, ev - er new,
When the shades are thick a - round you, And your friends are all too few,
I shall hear Him gen-tly whis - per, As I bid the world a - dieu,

rit. *p*

"As one whom his moth-er com - forts, I, the Lord, will com-fort you."

REFRAIN.

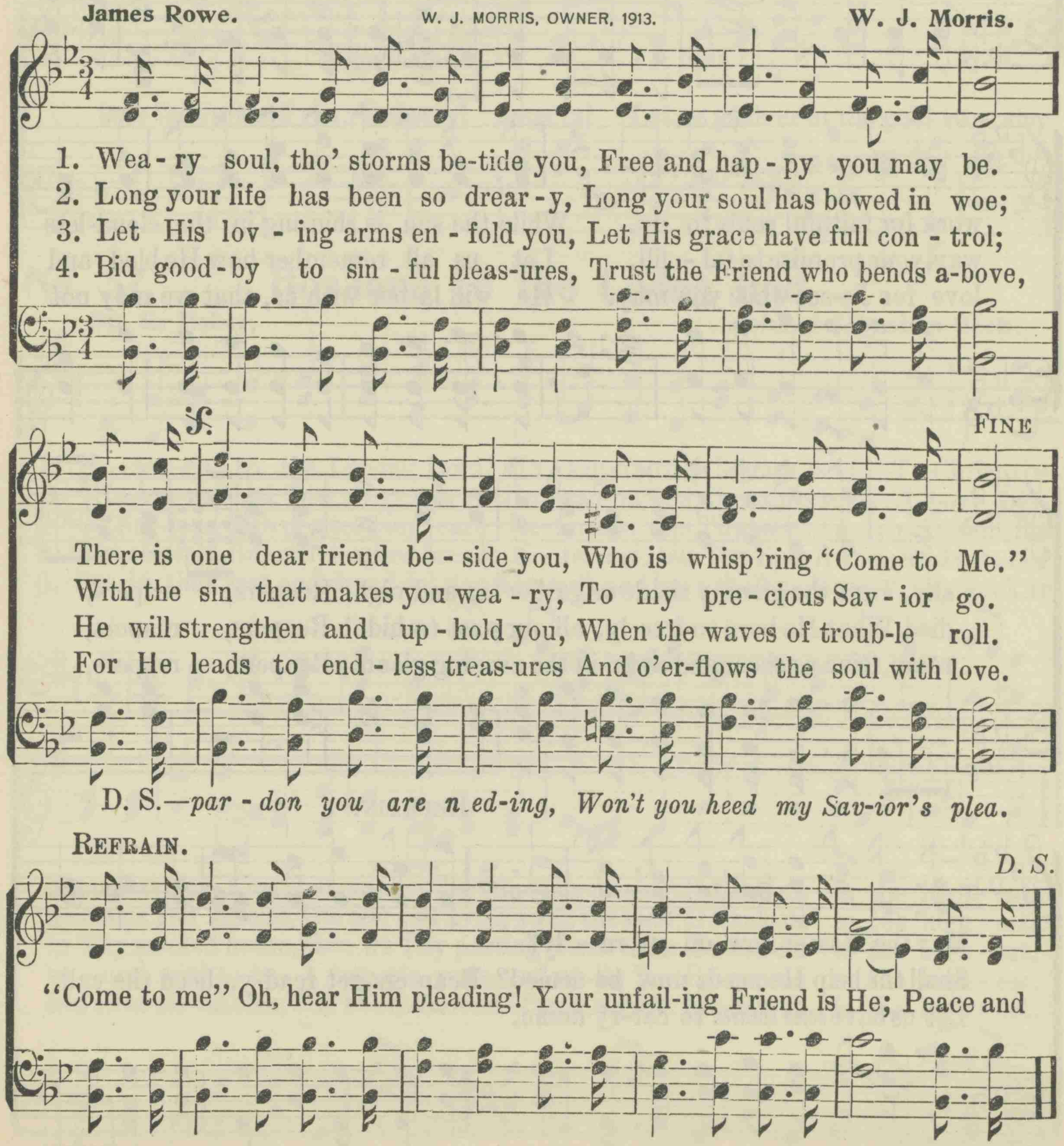
I will com - fort you, I will com - fort you;
I, the Lord, will com-fort you, I, the Lord, will com-fort you:

As One Whom His Mother Comforts.



No. 55. Won't You Heed my Savior's Plea?

James Rowe. W. J. MORRIS, OWNER, 1913. W. J. Morris.



Refrain.

No. 56. The Harvest Master's Call.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

The Harvest Master's Call.

Answer the Master, one and all; Let us speed away, Work for Christ to-day, Linger

not till gloomy shadows fall; No one will la - bor there in vain, All that are

true the crown will gain; Reapers! reapers! Let us gath-er in the gold-en grain.

No. 57. Hosanna to the Living God.

Bp. R. Heber. Johann Sebastian Bach.

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

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

No. 58. Go Forth to the Field.

Dedicated to my Aug. and Sept. 1912 schools at Lisbon, Flat Creek, and Inman, Ga.

Jennie Wilson. J. W. ASKEW, OWNER, 1913. **J. W. Askew.**

1. Go forth to the field while the Mas - ter is call-ing For those who will
2. Go forth to the field, the kind Mas - ter o-bey-ing, Ac-cept - ing the
3. Go forth to the field, and when la - bor is end-ed, Bear beau - ti - ful

work as the day hast-ens on; When shadows of twi-light a-round you are
task that He gives un - to you; Go thrust in your sick - le, no long - er de-
sheaves to the cit - y a-bove; There rapture di-vine with sweet rest will be

fall-ing, The sea - son of la - bor for Him will be gone.
lay-ing, And earn the re-ward of a har - vest - er true. Go forth
blended, And Je-sus will speak words of welcome and love. Go forth to the field,

to the field, Where the ripe grain is gleam - ing,
forth to the field, Where the ripe grain is gleaming, ripe grain is gleam-ing,

1

And gath - er bright sheaves for the gar - ner on high;
And gather bright sheaves, gather bright sheaves for the garner on high, for the gar - ner on high;

REFRAIN.

Go Forth to the Field.

2

And faith - ful-ly reap, As the mo-ments pass by.....

And faith-ful-ly reap, and faithfully reap, As the moments, golden moments pass by, pass by.

No. 59. Lift Up Thine Eyes.

J. G. M. J. G. MORRIS, OWNER, 1913. J. G. Morris.

1. Lift up thine eyes, O weep-ing one, To joys be-yond the tomb,
2. Lift up thine eyes, 'twill soon be o'er, Soon we shall cross the tide,
3. Lift up thine eyes to Cal-va-ry, Be-hold Him cru-ci-fied,

Where we shall rest when life is done, Free from this world of gloom.
And be with lov'd ones ev-er-more, And with the Lord a-bide.
O, sin-ful soul, it was for thee He groaned and bled and died.

REFRAIN.

Lift up thine eyes, Soon we shall cross death's sea,

Lift up thine eyes,

With friends and lov'd ones there to dwell, Through-out e-ter-ni-ty.

rit.

No. 60. Tell Mother I am Coming.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, HOCHMAN, VA., OWNER, 1913. L. L. Wynn.

1. When heav-en you reach ..... to rest ev - er - more,.....
2. When en - ters your soul..... that glo - ri - fied home,.....
3. Some day when you stand..... with tri - als all o'er,.....

With dear ones and friends..... and Him you a - dore;.....
To sor-row no more..... and nev - er to roam;.....
Pure-heart-ed and free,..... ..... on heav-en's glad shore;.....

With ev - er a song..... of glad-ness to spare,.....
The glo - ry of God ..... for - ev - er to share,.....
Where all the re - deemed ..... the glo - ry-crown wear,.....

D.S.—*Her Sav - ior di - vine..... is mine, tru - ly mine,* .....

FINE.

Tell moth-er that I..... am coming up there. (I'm coming up there.)

Tell moth-er that I..... am coming up there. (I'm coming up there.)

REFRAIN.

I'm com-ing up there,..... her pleasures to share,.....

I'm coming np there, her pleasures to share.

Tell Mother I Am Coming.

D. S.

In man-sions of light..... And pal - ac - es fair,.....
In mansions of light And pal - ac - es fair, and pal-ac - es fair,

No. 61. Glory and Joy All the Way.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, HOCKMANN, VA., OWNER, 1913. L. L. Wynn.

1. I am hap-py, dear Lord, and am pressing a-long In the light of Thy
2. I will fol-low Thy steps till the cit - y I see And will praise Thee with
3. I shall look on Thy face in that beau-ti - ful land, I shall sing with the

f.

glo - ri - ous love; There is peace in my soul and my heart has a song,
car - ols of joy; In Thy serv-ice of love, strong and true I will be,
an - gels a - bove; I shall dwell with the saints on the glo - ri-ous strand,

D. S.—*In the light of Thy love, bless-ed Mas-ter a-bove,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

As I trav - el to heav-en a - bove.
Time and tal - ents for Thee I em - ploy. There is glo-ry and joy all the
And for - ev - er re-joice in Thy love.

There is glo - ry and joy all the way.

D. S.

way,..... I am sing - ing to Thee ev - 'ry day;.....
all the way, ev - 'ry day;

No. 62. Follow the Glory-Way.

James Rowe. B, J. CLEMENTS, NORTHPORT, ALA., OWNER, 1913. B. J. Clements.

1. On-ward with Christ to glo-ry, Keep-ing His standard high, Tell-ing the match-less sto - ry, Fill - ing with song the sky; Keep-ing His ban-ner
2. Keeping the war-cry ring-ing, On - ward, O ransomed throng, Praise to Je- ho - vah sing-ing, Ev - er be brave and strong; Loved ones in Glo - ry
3. Soon will the strife be o - ver, Soon will the crown be won, Then with our bless - ed Sav - ior, God's ev - er-last - ing Son, We shall a - bide in

o'er us, We shall be free from sin, Glo - ry is wait-ing for us,
call us, Waiting for us are they, Let-ting no sin en-thrall us,
Glo - ry, View-ing His matchless face, Sing-ing the sweet old sto - ry,

REFRAIN.

Vic-t'ry our souls will win.
Fol-low the glo-ry-way. Singing His praise, march on and on, ...Keeping your
With the redeemed by grace. Singing praise, marching on,

eyes ..... up-on the dawn, Praising His love..... in anthems grand,
With your eyes on the dawn, Boundless love, anthems grand,

Follow the Glory-Way.

Follow the King to Glo - ry - land; Onward, marching in His light,
King to Glo - ry - land; Fol-low Him to glo-ry. On-ward go,

Soon we shall see..... the morning bright, Je-sus will keep.... us by His grace Till we be - hold Him face to face.
in His light, Soon will dawn morn-ing bright, He will keep by His grace Till we see face to face.

No. 63. Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. A. J. S.

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent—Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
2. Go, la-bor on; 'tis not for naught, Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
3. Go, la-bor on; e-nough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex-ile home;

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Mas-ter prais-es—what are men?
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer; No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-groom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

No. 64. Work and Sing.

James Rowe. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1913. J. M. Edwards.

1. In the vine-yard of the Mas-ter, ev - er win-ning souls for Him,
2. Fast the day of life is speed-ing, soon the drear - y night will come,
3. In His love the King will keep us, till our tri - als all are past,

Work and sing, work and sing; Tho' by en - e - mies sur-
Work and sing, work and sing; Let us la - bor till He
Work and sing, work and sing; In the bright e - ter - nal
will-ing heart.

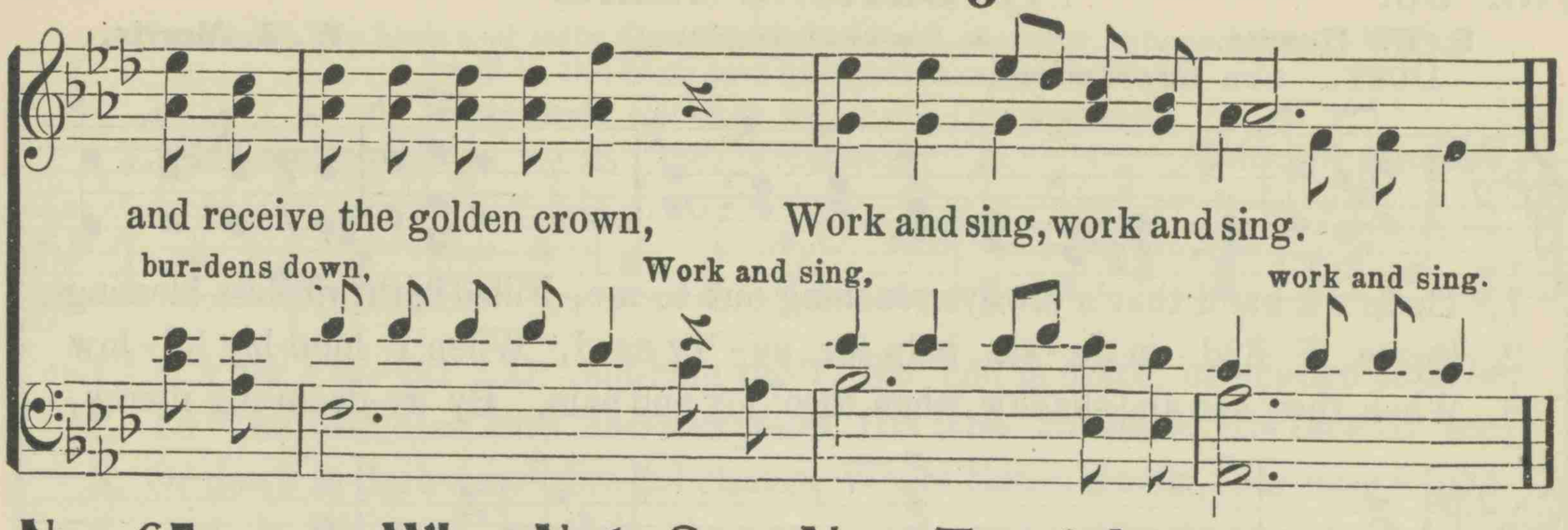
round-ed, tho' the sky and path be dim, Work and sing, work and
calls us, and have sheaves to car-ry home, Work and sing, work and
cit - y He will crown us all at last, Work and sing, work and
will-ing hearts,

REFRAIN.

sing. Work and sing, all the while, Work and
work and sing. Work and sing, all the while,

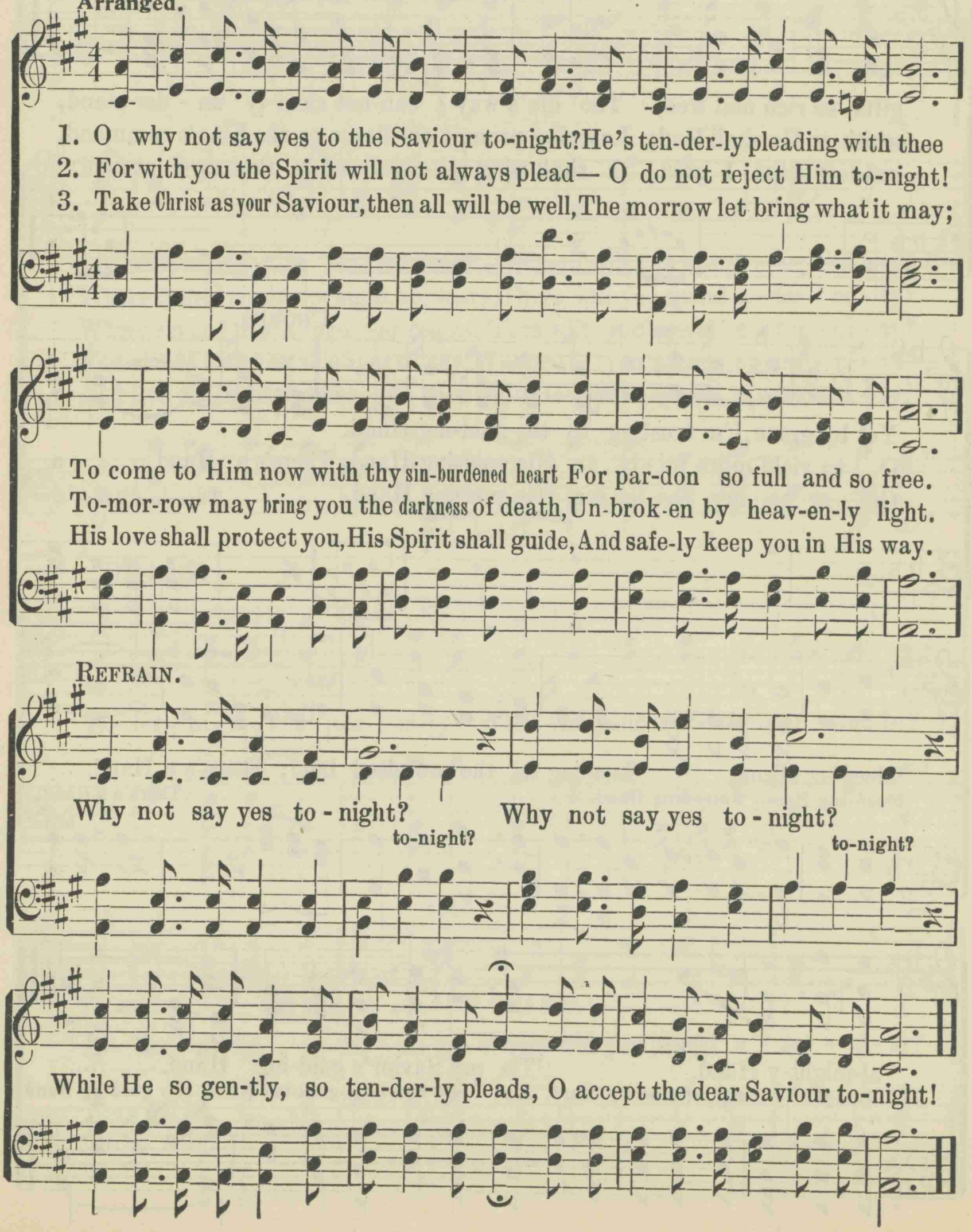
sing, for the King, Till we lay our bur-dens down
Work and sing. for the King, Till we lay . . . . . our

Work and Sing.



No. 65. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks. W. J. MORRIS. OWNER, 1913. **W. J. Morris.**
Arranged.



No. 66. My Savior's Hand.

E. E. Hewitt. W. J. MORRIS. OWNER, 1913. **W. J. Morris.**

DUET. *Con Expressione.*

1. There's a hand that's always reaching out to me, Filled with priceless blessings,
2. Peace I find in Je - sus, help for ev - 'ry need, When I hum-bly fol - low
3. When, thro' sun and shadow, when, thro' joy and pain, By re-deem-ing mercy,

gifts so rich and free; Tho' life's way I can-not clear-ly un - der-stand,
whith-er He shall lead; Learning prompt obedience to the King's command,
end-less bliss I gain, I shall sing en-rap-tured in that ra-diant land,

CHORUS.

Yet by grace, I'm trusting to the guid-ing Hand.
O to yield more ful - ly to His guid-ing Hand. There's a Hand,..... a
Glo - ry to my Sav-ior for His guid-ing Hand. There's a Hand, a

bleeding Hand, Leading to the promised land; There's a Hand, ...
bleed-ing Hand, a bleeding Hand, There's a Hand,

al-might-y Hand, 'Tis my Savior's guid-ing Hand.....
al-might - y hand, al-might-y hand, 'Tis my Sav-ior's guid-ing Hand, His guiding Hand.

No. 67. Eternity.

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place.—Isaiah 27: 15.

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J. Madison Wright. USED BY PERMISSION. **Thos. B. Mosley.**

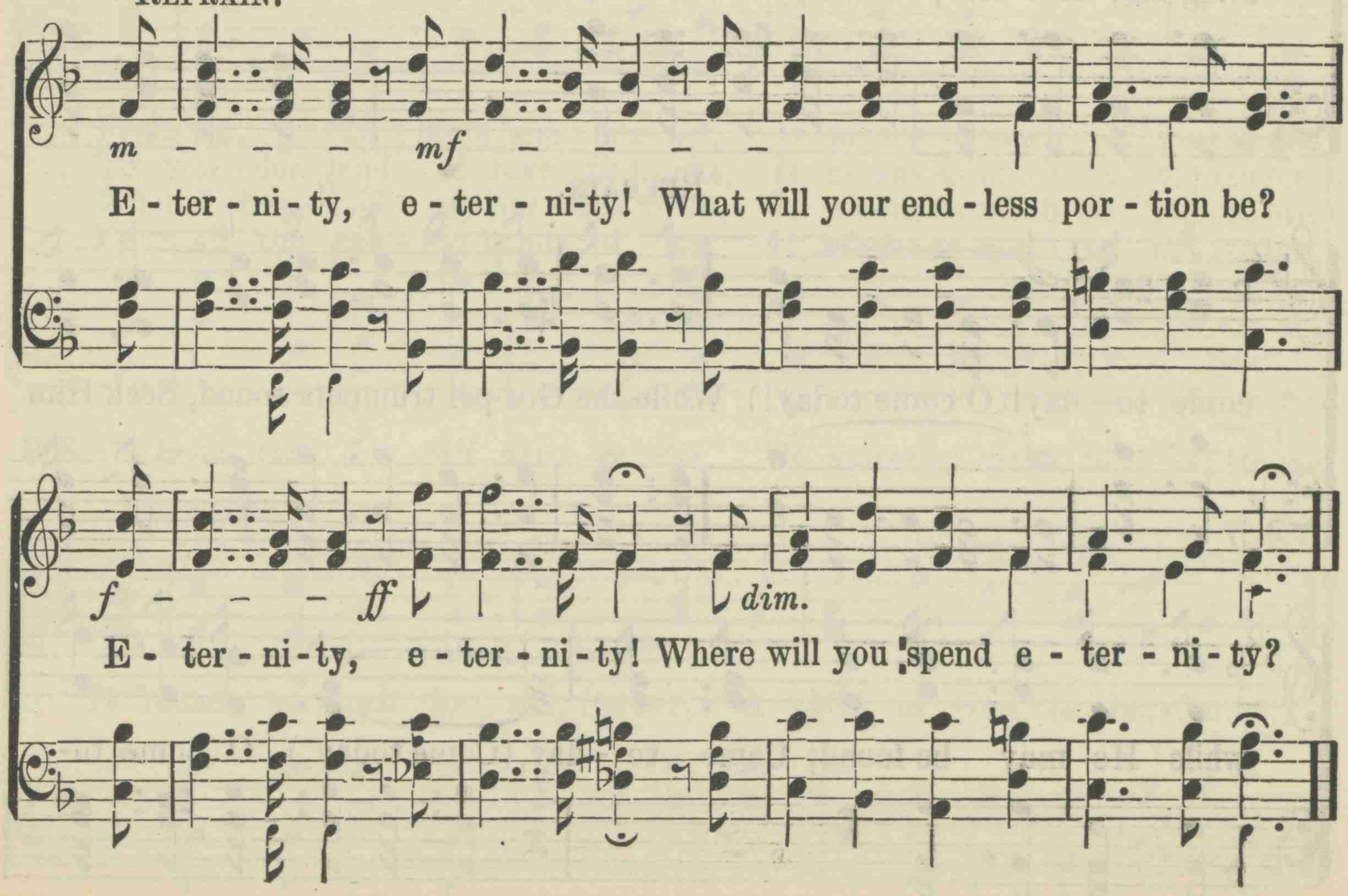


1. E - ter - ni - ty! O sol-emn tho't, No end is there, or change shall be;
2. To be with God thro' end-less years, His bliss to share, His face to see;
3. Or down in dark-ness' dire-ful chains, Where Satan dwells, your en-e - my;
4. God in His love re-veals the way, The joys to win, the woes to flee;
5. O sin-ner, hear the gos - pel now, Be - lieve, o - bey, from sin be free;



Ah! with what joy or fear is fraught—Where will you spend e-ter - ni - ty?
Where comes no sin, nor sighs, nor tears, There will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Where sin and death for-ev-er reigns, Thus will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
And pleads with you this hour to say, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
And live as Christ ordains, and thou With God shall spend e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.



No. 68. While the Gospel Trumpets Sound.

E. E. Hewitt. J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER, 1913. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

1. While the Gos - pel bells are ring-ing, While the Gos - pel trump-ets sound,
2. Come, for long the Lord hath sought you, In the ful - ness of His grace,
3. Come, while o - pen is the foun-tain, Might-y is the crim - son flow,
4. While the Gos - pel bells are ring-ing, While the Gos - pel trump-ets sound,

Come to - day,..... O come to - day! All your sins to Je - sus
With His pre-cious blood He
Gush-ing forth from Calv'ry's
Come to-day, O come to - day! Heart and life to Je - sus

bring-ing, Seek Him while He may be found; Come to - day,..... O
bought you, Turn, and seek the Fa-ther's face;
moun-tain, Lo, it clean-seth white as snow;
bring-ing, Let His peace in you a-bound; Come to-day, O

REFRAIN.

come to - day! (O come today!) While the Gos-pel trumpets sound, Seek Him

while He may be found; Come to - day, (Come today,) O come to-

While the Gospel Trumpets Sound.

day! (O come today!) While the bells of prom-ise ring, Seek the mer - cy

of the King; Come to - day, (Come to-day,) O come to-day! (O come to-day!)

No. 69. It Means so Much to Me.

James Rowe. E. R. MARSH, OWNER, 1913. E. R. Marsh.

1. To know that Christ has paid my debt, That grace will keep me free
2. To feel pre-pared to take my flight A - cross the si - lent sea
3. To know that I shall wear the crown And with the ran-somed be,
4. One pre - cious life for Him to win, To see one soul set free

FINE.

From sin, un - til life's sun has set, It means so much to me. (to me.)
To yon - der land of love and light, It means so much to me. (to me.)
When I have laid my bur - den down, It means so much to me. (to me.)
From all the gall - ing bonds of sin, It means so much to me. (to me.)

D.S.-*To know that I will nev - er die, It means so much to me. (to me)*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

It means so much to me, (to me,) A child of God to be; (to be;)

No. 70. He Died for Sinners Like Me.

James Rowe. R. EDWIN PERY. OWNER, 1913. **Crittenden Webb.**

1. I am hap - py to-day, as I go on my way, For I
2. He will keep me from sin that the crown I may win, And be
3. By and by I shall sing to my glo - ri - ous King, In that

know that from sin I am free; Je - sus came from a-bove and, with
with me for - ev - er a - bove; He will shield and de-fend e - ven
land of per-pet - u - al day; I shall sing of His love with the

won - der - ful love, Free - ly died just for sin - ners like me.
un - to the end All who rest in the arms of His love.
an - gels a - bove, While e - ter - ni - ty pass - es a - way.

REFRAIN.

Praise His name, precious name, Thro' His love I am hap-py and free;
Praise His name, precious name,
Jesus came and in love Freely died just for sinners like me.
From a-bove and in love e-ven me.

No. 71. Saving Grace Has Made Me Free.

James Rowe. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1913. R. Edwin Perry.

1. Hap-py bells are ring-ing in my soul to-day; To my Sav-ior
2. Gone my sin and sor-row! I no more re-pine; What I need I
3. Christ is bend-ing o'er me as I press a-long, Tell-ing love's glad

cling-ing, car-ing not to stray, This is what I'm sing-ing, as I
bor-row from my Friend di-vine; Bright will be the mor-row for this
sto-ry to the world-ly throng; I am bound for glo-ry—for the

REFRAIN.

go my way: Sav-ing grace has made me free!
soul of mine:—Sav-ing grace has made me free! O the joy that fills my
land of song! Sav-ing grace has made me free! O the joy that fills my

soul! O what bliss has come to me! This is what I'm
ran-somed soul! to me!

singing: Christ has made me whole— Sav-ing grace has made me free!

No. 72. We are Marching On.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

Anon. A. J. Showalter.

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
2. In the Sun-day School our ar-my we pre-pare, As we ral-ly 'round our
3. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glowing crown be-

D. S.—*sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where*

bat - tle for the right; We will praise His name, rejoic-ing in His might, And we'll
blessed standard there; And the Savior's cross we ear - ly learn to bear, While we
yond the glowing skies; To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll

liv - ing wa-ters flow; Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and

FINE. REFRAIN.

work till Je-sus comes. Then a-wake, then a-wake, Hap-py
Then a - wake, then a - wake,

work till Je-sus comes.

song, hap - py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy,
Hap-py song, hap - py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy,

D. S.

As we glad-ly march a - long; We are marching on-ward,
march a-long;

No. 73. There Will be Glory Then.

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

1. If we are true to our King to the end, When 'neath our burdens no long-er we bend, And on the wings of His love we ascend, There will be
2. When with our dear ones and an - gels we sing Close to the throne of our glo - ri - ous King, Mak-ing the val-leys of Par - a-dise ring, There will be
3. Af - ter a - way all the shad-ows have rolled, Af - ter the gates of the cit - y un - fold, And in His beau-ty our King we be-hold, There will be

REFRAIN.

glo - ry for you and for me. Glo - ry for you, Glo-ry for you, glo-ry for
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry un-told then there will be, ...
me, glory, Glo-ry un - told then there will be, will be, Af-ter the strife,
in the cit - y of life, There will be glo - ry for you and for me.

No. 74. Sing, My Brother.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1913. **Mrs. J. M. Edwards.**

1. As you trav - el day by day, (day by day.)
2. What tho' heav - - y is the load, (is the load.) Sing, O,
3. If some storm.... should 'round you sweep, ('round you sweep,)
4. When your time..... has come to die, (come to die,)

Sing,... my brother, sing; Would you drive.. dull care a - way, (care a - way,)
sing a song, my brother, sing; Noth-ing bright - ens up the road, (up the road,)
It will do.... no good to weep, (good to weep.)
When toward heav'n you up-ward fly, (up-ward fly,)

Sing..... a hap - py song.
Sing, O sing a song, hap - py song.
Sing a song, a hap - py song.

REFRAIN.

Sing, my broth-er,.. sing, my broth-er,.. As you
Sing, my broth - er, sing, O sing, yes, sing a hap - py song, my broth-er,

pass a - long; Would you make.... the world seem
As you pass a - long, pass a - long; Would you make the world seem

Sing, My Brother.

bright-er, 3 Sing..... a hap-py song.

brighter, world seems brighter. Sing, O sing a song, a hap-py song. (hap-py song.)

No. 75. I Sing Because He Loves Me.

W. C. Martin. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. K. C. Robinson.

1. I sing with joy be-cause I know My Sav-ior's ten-der love for me,
2. I sing be-cause He keeps my soul From day to day in per-fect peace;
3. He makes me strong to do the right, Sup-plies my need what-e'er it be;

And ev - 'ry day His mer-cies show How won-der - ful His love can be.
He made my wounded spir - it whole, And so my song shall nev - er cease.
And so my heart is al-ways light, Be - cause my Sav - ior cares for me.

REFRAIN.

I sing, ... He loves me, Be-cause He died for me;

I sing be - cause He loves me,

I sing, ... He loves me, He saves and sets me free.

I sing be - cause He loves me,

No. 76. We Will Gather Golden Sheaves.

Jennie Wilson. J. H. HOLCOMB, GUINN, ALA., OWNER, 1913. J. H. Holcomb.

1. In His har-vest-field at the Lord's command, We will gath - er
2. From the fruit-ful yield on the plains of earth, We will gath-er
3. For the gar-ners wait-ing be - yond the sky,
4. O 'tis sweet to serve in the Lord's em-ploy, As we gath - er

golden sheaves; Where the ripe grain waits for the reap-er's hand, We will
As a lov-ing trib-ute of price-less worth, We will
golden sheaves; Till we leave this world for the home on high, We will
golden sheaves; And 'twill be a source of en-dur-ing joy That we've

D. S.—*We will*

FINE. REFRAIN.

gath - er gold-en sheaves..... We will gath - - er
We will gath-er gold-en sheaves, gold-en sheaves. Gath-er the golden sheaves,
gath - er gold-en sheaves.

golden sheaves,..... We will gath - - er gold-en
gath-er the beau-ti-ful sheaves, Gath-er the gold-en sheaves,

D. S.

sheaves;..... Till the night shall fall, for the Lord of all,
gath-er the beautiful sheaves;

No. 77. Reaping All the While.

James Rowe. JAMES FRANKLIN, THORSBY, ALA., OWNER, 1913. James Franklin.

1. Toil-ing for the Mas - ter in the field of life, Reap-ing ev -'ry day,
2. Heeding not the pleasures that would make us roam, Reap-ing ev -'ry day,
3. Pleasing our Re-deem - er, hap - py in His love, Reap-ing ev -'ry day,

reap-ing all the while; Find-ing joy and glo - ry in this earthly strife,
reap-ing all the while; Gath-er - ing the sheaves for heav-en's har-vest home,
reap-ing all the while; Working for the life-crown that a-waits a-bove,

REFRAIN.

Reap-ing ev - 'ry day, reap - ing all the while. Reap-ing ev - 'ry day,

reap-ing all the while, Cheer-ing wea-ry hearts, help-ing souls to smile;

Gathering the grain life's golden crown to gain, We are reaping all the while.

No. 78. Give the Glory to the Lord.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1913. W. T. Taylor.

1. To ad-vance our Master's kingdom Let it be our chief de-light, Show-ing
2. Paul may plant, A-pol-los wa-ter, The in-crease must come from God, And with-
3. Speak not of your crosses, brother, Nev-er mur-mur, nor complain, Tell of

forth His ten-der mer-cy, Point-ing out the way of right; Tell the sto-ry,
out His lov-ing fa-vor, Dull and dead would be the sod; What a priv-i-
Him who bro't sal-va-tion, How He suf-fered for our gain; O, be faith-ful

sing the g'o-ry Of our pure and ho-ly Lord, Sing the glo-ry, tell the
lege and hon-or To be deemed for service mete, What a joy to lay our
to His bid-ding, Brave and cheerful, kind and true; And as sure as God hath

REFRAIN.

sto-ry, Un-to Him the praise ac-cord.
trophies Down at King Immauel's feet! Tell the sto - - ry o'er and
promised There's a bright reward for you. Tell the sto-ry, bless-ed sto-ry o'er and

o'er, Sing the glo - - ry more and more;
o'er, o'er and o'er, Sing the glo-ry, wondrous glo-ry, more and more, more and more;

Give the Glory to the Lord.

Of our-selves we can do noth-ing, Un - to Him the praise ac-cord; He it is who helps and blesses, Give the glo - ry to the Lord.

Give the glo - ry, all the glo-ry to the Lord.

No. 79. Word of God.

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William W. How. **Thos. B. Mosley.**

1. O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wisdom from on high; O Truth unchang'd, un-changing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the radiance That from the
2. The Church from her dear Master Receiv'd the gift di-vine; And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden cas-ket Where gems of
3. It float-eth like a ban - ner Before God's host unfurled; It shin-eth like a bea-con A-bove the darkling world. It is the chart and compass That o'er life's
4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav-ior, A lamp of pur-est gold, To bear be-fore the hal-lowed page, A lamp un - to our footsteps, Shines on from age to age.
truth are stored; It is the heav'n drawn pic-ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
surging sea, 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands, Still guides, O Christ to Thee.
path to trace, Till, clouds and darkness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

No. 80. Gather Them into the Fold.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. G. N. COX, OWNER, 1913. G. N. Cox.

1. Seek out the err - ing ones, tell them of Je - sus; Sad - ly they
2. Hard tho' their hearts may be, kind-ness can melt them; Love Je - sus
3. Tell them of pre-cious blood poured out for sin - ners, Tell them the
4. O what a bless-ed time, O what a greet - ing, When we shall

wan - der in dark-ness and cold; (in darkness and cold;) Dan-gers are
gives them that words nev - er told; (that words nev-er told;) You are His
sto - ry that can - not grow old; (that cannot grow old;) Je - sus will
meet them in man-sions of gold; (in mansions of gold;) Work now with

threat'ning them, death calls them down-ward, Gath-er, O gath - er them
mes - sen - ger, make known His mer - cy, Gath-er, O gath - er them
give you strength, His word shall guide you, Gath-er, O gath - er them
cour - age true, faint not, my broth - er, Gath-er, O gath - er them

REFRAIN.

in - to the fold ... . Seek out the err - ing ones,
yes, in - to the fold. Seek out the err-ing ones,

speak to them kind - ly, Je-sus hath died for them, bring them to
speak to them kind-ly, Je-sus hath died for them,

Gather Them Into the Fold.

Him;..... Seek out the err-ing ones, speak to them
bring them.yes,bring them to Him;

kind-ly, Je-sus has died for them, bring them to Him..... .. ..
yes,bring them to Him.

No. 81. The Coming King.

Anon. G. N COX, OWNER, 1913. G. N. Cox.

1. The com-ing King is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore:
2. The signs that show His coming near Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace;
4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a-ges thro';

But now the right-eous ones a-lone He comes to gath-er home.
And soon we'll hail the glo-rious dawn Of heav'n's e-ter-nal morn.
Un-til the Sav-ior comes a-gain, To ban-ish death and sin.
This mor-tal shall im-mor-tal be And time e-ter-ni-ty.

REFRAIN.

He is the Sav-ior, He is your Friend; O-pen your heart's door And let Him in.

No. 82. Going To Glory.

James Rowe. W. A. WADDELL, OWNER, 1913. **W. A. Waddell.**

1. We are press-ing on to Glo - ry In the path that Je-sus trod,
2. Oft the day is wild and drear - y, But our hearts are free from fear;
3. Day by day the foe as - sails us, But we nev - er, nev-er yield,
4. We will fol - low Him to Glo - ry Where our friends and dear ones wait;

Sing-ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, Giv - ing prais - es to our God.
Oft our souls are worn and wea - ry, But the Lord is al - ways near.
For our Sav - iour nev - er fails us, He is al - ways near to shield.
We will tell the glad old sto - ry, Till we meet them at the gate.

REFRAIN.

March-ing home - - ward, March - ing home - - ward,
We are march - ing home to glo - ry In the shin - ing path of God,
In the shin - ing path of glo - ry; Marching home - - ward,
We are march-ing home to glo - ry,
Marching home - - ward, Giv - ing out love's glad old sto - ry.
In the path our Sav - iour trod,

No. 83. There is One Who Loves and Cares.

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

1. There is One who loves and cares for you, With a love most ten-der,
2. There is One who knows the pil-grim way, Who will walk be-side you
3. There is One who knows each doubt and fear, One who sees each sor-row
4. There is One, the dear-est Friend of all, Who will love what-ev-er

warm and true, One whose lov-ing fa-vor you have known, He will not
ev-'ry day, And be true and faith-ful to His own, And will not
and each tear, One who hears each sigh and pain-ful moan, He will not
may be-fall, And when earth-ly friendships all are flown, He will not

REFRAIN.

leave you to jour-ney a-lone. He will be near His loved and His own,
Make un-to you His sweet pres-ence known, He will walk be-side you,
man-na will provide you, And will nev-er leave you to journey a-lone.

No. 84. His Tender Care.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

His Tender Care.

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

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

No. 85. Spend your Days with Jesus.

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

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

FINE.

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

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

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

No. 86. Praise the All-Glorious King.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE AND J. M. HENSON, OWNERS. 1913. J. M. Henson.

1. Sing a-gain an anthem of gladness to Christ the Lord, Praise a-gain His mar-vel-ous goodness in true ac - cord; Safe - ly He His children has led to the Promised Land, Make the hills and val-leys resound with an done for the fall - en race; Praise, O praise for - ev - er and ev - er His sin all our earth-ly days, O that all the nations would sing the Re-

2. Might-y is our glo - ri-ous Sav-ior, the King of kings, O'er our souls He ev - er is spreading His shel-t'ring wings; Might-y things our Sav-ior has

3. Let our voic-es join with the voic-es of saints a - bove, Praise to-day His mar-vel-ous mer-cy and changeless love; He will shield and keep us from

REFRAIN.

an-them grand.
boundless grace.
deemer's praise.

Praise..... the all-glo - rious King, Praise..... to the
Praise the all-glo - ri - ous, glo - rious King, Praise to the Mighty One,

Might-y One sing! Sing till the name of the Sav-ior of men makes the
sing, O sing!

Praise the All-Glorious King.

whole world ring; Car - - - ol His praise with joy, Song..... aft-er
Car - ol His praise with joy, with joy, Song aft - er song out-

song outpour, O in His praise hearts and voices employ for - ev - er - more!
pour, out-pour,

No. 87. The Love That Ransomed Me.

JAS. B. COLE, OWNER, 1913.
WORDS USED BY PER. OF A. J. S.

James Rowe. Jas. B. Cole.

1. Un - der sin - ful con-dem - na - tion, Lost to all e - ter - ni - ty!
2. Shall I, to my soul's un - do - ing, Slight the love so full and free?
3. From the path-ways of temp - ta - tion I would ev - er, ev - er flee,
4. In the shin - ing courts of glo - ry Ev - er-more I long to be;

FINE.

Won - der - ful for con - tem - pla - tion Is the love that ransomed me.
Or, by faith His steps pur - su - ing, Own the love that ransomed me?
That I may ob - tain sal - va - tion, Thro' the love that ransomed me.
There to tell the glad-some sto - ry Of the love that ransomed me.

D.S.—*Nev - er sound-ing line can meas-ure Such a love as ransomed me!*

REFRIAN. D. S.

Rich - er than all earth-ly treas-ure, Dear - er than all earth-ly pleas-ure,

No. 88. When the Shadows Pass.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN. VA., OWNER, 1913. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. We shall shout for joy, sin no more will an-noy, When the shad - -
2. We shall hear glad strains float-ing o-ver the plains, When the shad - -
3. We shall see the face of the King of the race, When the shad - -
4. Oh, a sweet new song we shall sing with the throng, When the shad - -

When the shad-

ows pass a - way;..... We shall reach the shore and be
ows pass a - way;..... Loved ones, pure and fair, we shall
ows pass a - way;..... We shall glow and shine with His
ows pass a - way;..... With the pure and bless'd we for-
ows pass a - way, pass a - way;

free ev-er-more, When the shad - - ows pass a - way.....
meet over there, When the shad - - ows pass a - way.....
glo - ry di-vine When the shad - - ows pass a - way.....
ev - er shall rest When the shad - - ows pass a - way.....

When the shad-ows pass a - way, pass a - way.

REFRAIN.

When the shad - ows pass a - way,..... At the dawn - -

When the shad-ows pass a - way, pass a-way, At the dawn-

ing of the day,..... Hearts will beat..... with joy com-

ing of the day, of the day, Hearts will beat with joy com-

When the Shadows Pass.

plete..... When the shad - ows pass a - way. .....

plete, joy com-plete, When the shad-ows pass a - way, pass a - way.

No. 89. Hear the Sweet Voice.

W. C. Martin. GEO W. ANDERSON, OWNER, 1913. **Geo. W. Anderson.**

1. Sweet-er than bells at close of day, There is a voice that calls to say:
2. Still He is call-ing, can you stay Long-er from His dear side a - way?
3. Sweet as an an-gel's harp it falls, Melt-ing the heart to which it calls;
4. An - gels are watching from a-bove, God is ob-serv-ing you with love;

"Come un-to Me and I'll for - give, Come un-to Me and you shall live."
Grieve not the lov-ing Lord a - way, Come to Him now with-out de - lay.
Tell-ing of hope for you, and grace, Bid-ding you look up - on His face.
Still does the Sav-ior's love so true Sound in the voice that calls to you.

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice that calls to you, Calls with a love so deep and true;

rit.

Calls with a ten-der heart-felt plea; "Come un-to Me, come un - to Me."

No. 90. Jesus Will be With Me.

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

1. Je - sus will be with me as I tread the nar - row way, With me all the way, all the wea - ry way; He will keep my feet from wand'ring
2. He has promised me to nev - er leave His child a - lone, Leave His child a - lone, leave His child a - lone; But to watch be-side me and to
3. Why should I not love Him for His kind and ten - der care, For His ten - der care, for His ten-der care? For He leads me safe - ly and my
4. I have His sweet prom-ise to be with me to the end, With me to the end, with me to the end; So I place my hand in His and

from the path a - stray, From the roy - al path a - stray.
make His pres-ence known, And to make His pres - ence known.
bur - dens helps to bear, And my bur - dens helps to bear.
fol - low this dear friend, Dai - ly fol - low Christ my friend.

REFRAIN.

Along the way,.. a-long the way, He will guide, He will cheer;
A-long the toil-some way, the wea-ry way, He will guide and He will cheer;

Along the way, the heav'nly way, Christ my Helper will be near.
A-long the narrow way, the heav'nly way, ev - er near.

No. 91. I Will Lean On My Friend.

James Rowe. J. M. HENSON & C H. DELLINGER OWNERS, 1913. **C. H. Dellinger.**

1. When a bur-den bends my soul, Or a shad-ow dims the goal, I will
2. When my en - e - mies as-sail, When my strength and courage fail, And I
3. Al - ways faith-ful I shall be, If my Sav-ior walks with me, He will

trust my Friend a - bove; He will guide me on and on Till my troub-les
fear that I shall fall, To my Sav-ior I will go, He will shield and
keep the home-path bright; By His soul-up - lift-ing grace I shall meet Him

REFRAIN.

all have gone, He will keep me by His love.
guide I know, And will keep me true thro' all. I will lean.... on my
face to face, Just be-yond the gate of light. I will lean

Friend,.... And will trust..... to the end, ... What I
on my Friend, And will trust to the end, ev - er trust to the end,

need..... He will send;.... He will keep me by His love.....
What I need He will send; by His love.

No. 92. My Theme is Grace.

James Rowe. D. T. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913, **D. T. Robinson.**

1. My theme is grace, for grace di - vine Has saved from death
2. My soul was far from God and home, For I was prone
3. I'm go-ing home to sing His praise, My voice a - mid

this soul of mine; And I will sing glad songs in praise
in sin to roam; Now heav-en's way I glad - ly trace,
the throng to raise; To love Him, serve Him and a - dore,

REFRAIN.

Of sav - ing grace thro' all my days.
For Christ has saved me by His grace. My theme is grace,.....
With all the saved, for - ev - er - more.

My theme is grace,

the grace that saves,..... His grace whose stan - - dard

the grace that saves, His grace whose stan - dard

o'er me waves!..... In life, in death,..... my song shall

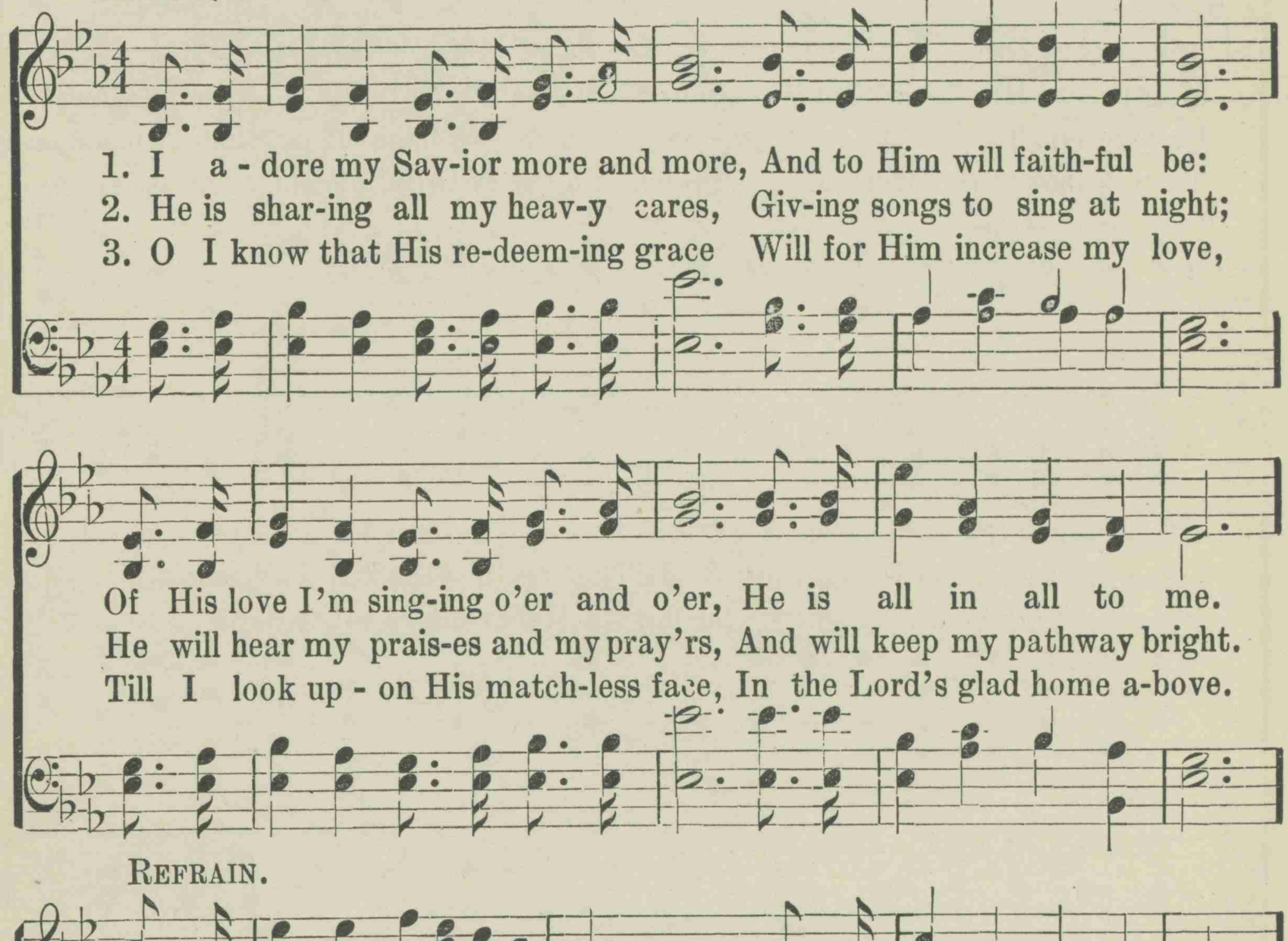
o'er me waves, o'er me waves! In life, in death,

My Theme is Grace.



No. 93. All in All to Me.

James Rowe. J. P. DENTON, OWNER, 1913. J. P. Denton.



No. 94. Our King Leads to Victory.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1913. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. On-ward soldiers, with the sto-ry, Of the soul's e-ter-nal Friend;
2. Keep sal-va-tion's ban - ner wav-ing Ev-er proud-ly in His name;
3. By and by, when we reach heav-en, We shall meet Him face to face;

Mag-ni - fy His love and glo-ry Till this earth-ly life shall end; (shall end;)
Be assured that Christ is sav-ing Precious souls from sin and shame; (from shame;)
Then the life-crown will be giv-en To the faith-ful of the race; (the race;)

Till we reach the home su - per-nal Loy-al soldiers let us be; [all be]
Spread His light a-cross the low-lands, That the lost the way may see; [may see;]
Then thro' all the day e - ter-nal In His presence we shall be; [shall be;]

On-ward with sing-ing, Je - sus is bring-ing Vic - to - ry.
Glo - rious vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

March..... on-ward with the sto - ry, March a-
On-ward sol-diers, on - ward with the sto - - - - - ry,
On - ward sol - diers, on - ward with the sto - ry,

Our King Leads to Victory.

long,..... In the path of glo - ry; Loy - al
Fol - low Christ the Sav - ior on to glo - - - ry;

Fol - low Christ the Sav - ior in the path of glo - ry;

sol-diers we will be;..... To.....
will be; Sure - ly un - to glo - ry Je - sus

Loy - al sol - diers let us be, Un - to glo - ry

glo-ry Je-sus speeds us, pass a - long.....
speeds..... us, Trust His love and pow - er, for so
Je - sus sure - ly speeds us, pass a - long.....

Je - sus sure - ly speeds us,

Faith - ful - ly He leads us on to vic - to - ry.

No. 95. Gloria Patri.

A. J. S.

Glory be to the } to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
Father, and }
As it was in the be- }
ginning, is now, and } [*Omit*.....]ever shall be, World without end, Amen.

No. 96. The Resurrection Morning.

Jennie Wilson. J. W. ASKEW. OWNER, 1913. **J. W. Askew.**

1. In the res - ur-rec-tion morning, at the liv-ing God's command, Mul-ti-
2. In the like-ness of the Sav-ior when He left His rock-y tomb, At the
3. May we be ac-count-ed wor-thy to be numbered with the just, When the

tudes will leave their grave-beds in the sea and on the land; Some will wake to
sound-ing of the trumpet we shall leave the grave's deep gloom; O the splendor
voice of pow'r shall call us from our couch-es in the dust; May we meet the

con-dem-na-tion, some to end-less joy will rise, And in tri-umph meet the
of the vis ion that to sight will then un-fold, When the Lord with shin-ing
Lord with rapture when the dark-ness flees a-way, In His pres-ence glad - ly

REFRAIN.

Sav-ior and the ar-mies of the skies.
an - gels in the air shall we be-hold. In the res - ur-rec-tion
dwelling all the bright e - ter - nal day. In the res-ur-rec-tion morning when the

morn - ing, O the glo - ry that will shine, When the
dead in Christ shall rise, O the glo - ry that will shine, that will shine, When the

The Resurrection Morning.

night .... of death is ban - ished, by the dawn of light di-vine.
night of death is banished, when the night o death is banished,

No. 97. O Land of Rest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. J. L. HEATH, OWNER, 1913. J. L. Heath.

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'n-ly home.

REFRAIN.

O home, sweet home, Hap-py home so fair on high;..
O home, sweet home,

O home, sweet home, I shall reach it by and by.
O home, sweet home, by and by.

No. 98. Forever With the Savior.

Jennie Wilson. J. H. HOLCOMB, OWNER. 1913. J. H. Holcomb.

1. For - ev - er with the Sav-ior! O the rapt-ure a - wait - ing our free
2. For - ev - er with the Sav-ior! When the con-flict and all the tri - als
3. For - ev - er with the Sav-ior! What a vis-ion of beau - ty hid from

spir - its by and by, When we are called a-way from earth-ly dwellings To
of this world are o'er, With Him a-bid - ing thro' the hap - py a-ges, The
mor-tals we shall see, When Je-sus leads us by the liv - ing fountains, In

REFRAIN.

mansions built for us be - yond the sky.
griefs of time will come to us no more. For - ev - er with the Sav - ior,
all the brightness of e - ter - ni - ty.

in His glo-ry, With those by Him redeemed from sin to share! We'll sing the

praise of His a-bound-ing mer-cy, When thro' His grace unfading crowns we wear.

No. 99. "Love Divine."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.
Melody in First Bass.

B. F. CLARK, OWNER, 1913.

B. F. Clark.

1. "Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing," In this heart of mine a - bide, And a -
2. Earth is drear, for sin hath blighted All its flowers sweet and fair, But the
3. "Love di-vine, all love ex - cell-ing," Shine on ev-'ry need - y soul, Let them,

mid earth's sharp temp-ta-tions Let no ill my soul be - tide; Ev - er keep me,
bless-ed love of Je-sus Maketh sun-shine ev-'ry-where: Let me have His
in thy glad ef - ful-gence, Be made clean and pure and whole; Help me to ex-

pre-cious Savior, Let my life re-flect thy light, Till I reach the golden cit-y,
blest ex-am-ple Ev - er-more with-in my sight, Till I reach the golden cit-y,
tend the message And re-vere the true and right, Till I reach the golden cit-y,

D. S.—*And receive me to that cit-y,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

No more, no more night.
Where there falleth no more night. "Love divine" O wondrous love, Leading to the

Where there falleth no more night.

D. S.

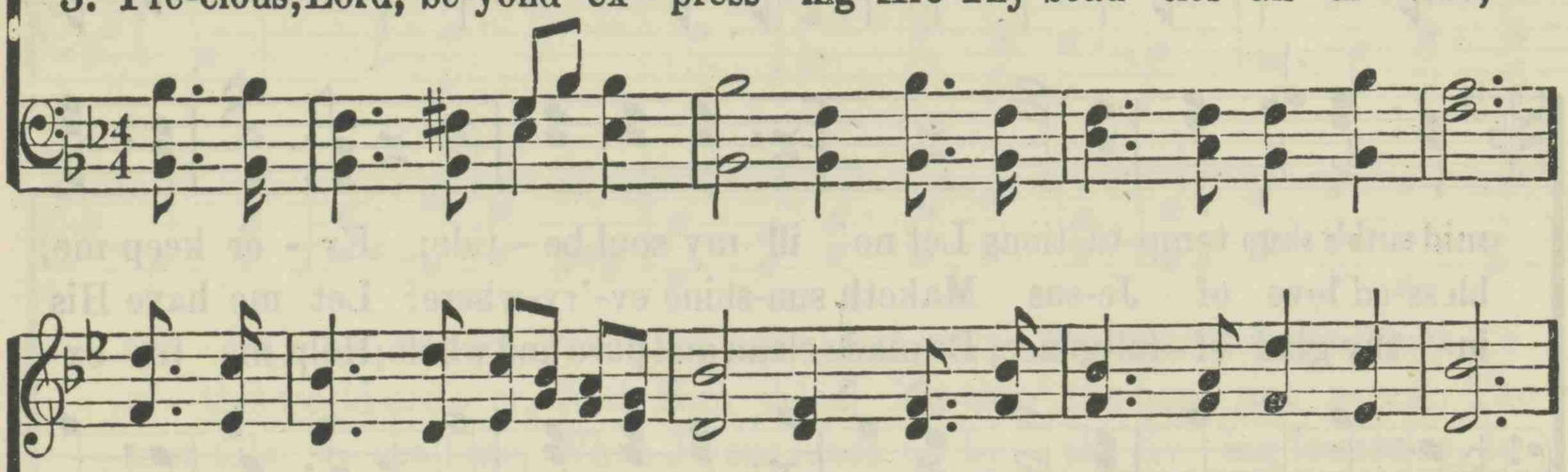
throne a-bove, Keep me till the conflict's o'er, Clothe me then in spotless white,

No. 100. Precious Name.

Anon. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.



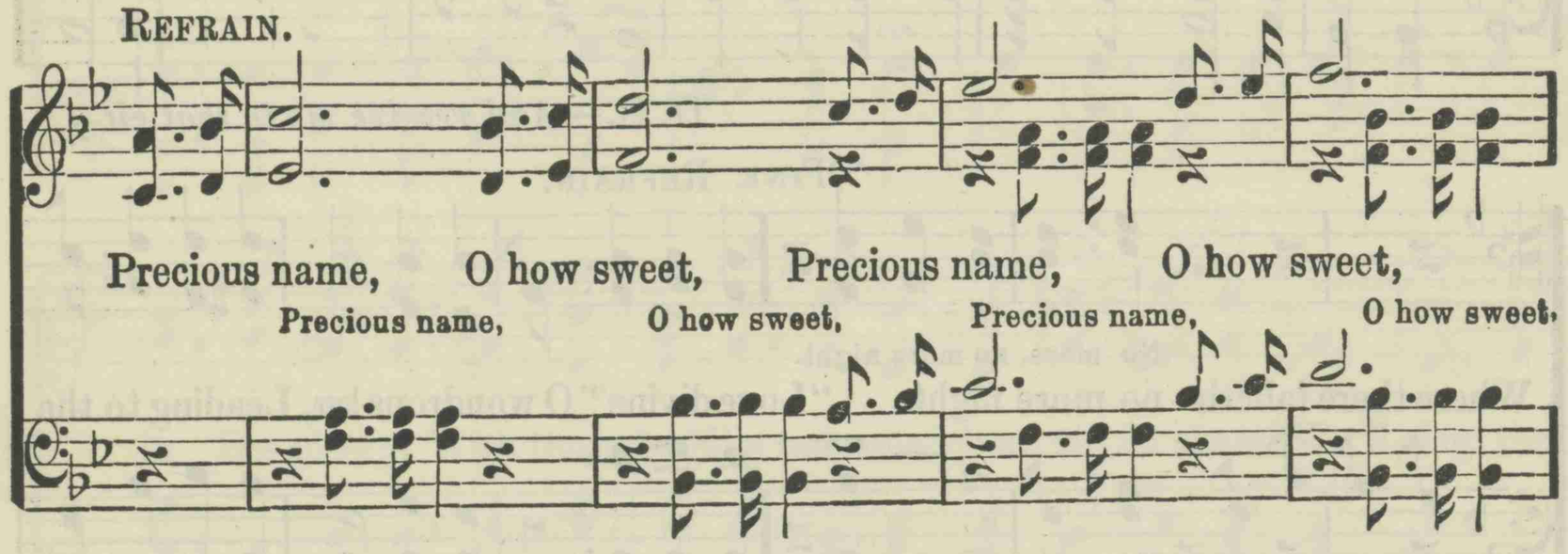
1. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth un-fold?
2. Pre-cious is the Me - di - a - tor, By the Fa - ther raised on high,
3. Pre-cious, when to Cal - v'ry groan-ing, He sus-tained the curs - ed tree;
4. Pre-cious, when in death vic - to-rious, He the hosts of hell o'er-throws;
5. Pre-cious, Lord, be-yond ex - press - ing Are Thy beau - ties all di - vine;



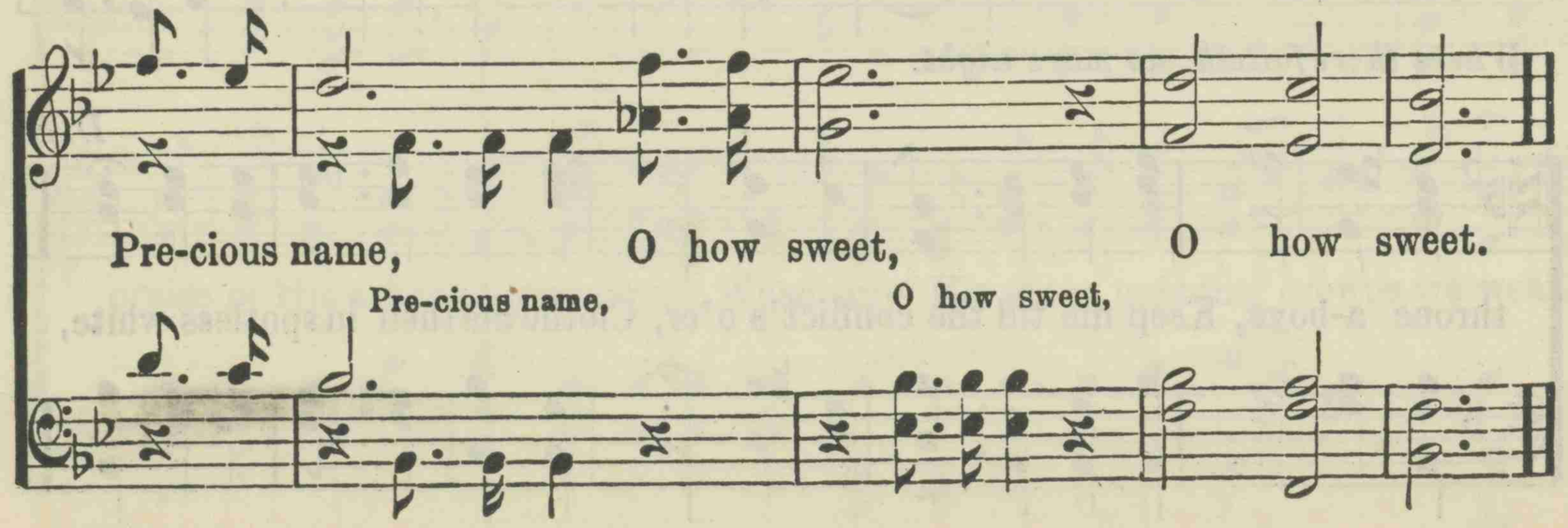
Far be - yond an - gel - ic prais - es, Sweet-ly sung to harps of gold.
Pre-cious, when He took our na - ture, Laid His aw - ful glo - ry by.
Pre-cious, when His death a - ton - ing, Made an end of sin for me.
In His res - ur - rec - tion glo - rious, Vic-tor crown'd o'er all His foes.
Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r, and bless-ing, Be hence-forth for - ev - er Thine.



REFRAIN.



Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet,
Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet.



Pre-cious name, O how sweet, O how sweet.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet,

No. 101. The Sinner's Refuge.

J: S. Kimbrough. B. F. ROE, OWNER, 1913. B. F. Roe.

1. In the morn-ing of life ere the shad-ows ap-pear, Or the light fades from out the western sky; From the toil and the strife, from the doubt and the fear, To the ha-ven of rest swift-ly fly. (swift-ly fly.)
2. In the cit-y of God, in the home of the soul, There with Christ we shall dwell with all the blest; We shall taste joys un-told, we shall en-ter the goal, And with Je-sus be ev-er at rest. (be at rest.)
3. Mer-cy's voice sweet-ly calls, she is plead-ing to-day, Sin-ner, come to the Sav-iour while you may; Hear the sound as it falls, and its plead-ings o-bey, Come to Je-sus, no long-er de-lay. (don't de-lay.)

REFRAIN.

The day.... is fad-ing fast, And the night is com-ing on;
The day is fading fast, And the night is com-ing on; com-ing on;

To the cit-y of love, to those mansions a-bove, O haste a-way.
O haste ye, O haste a-way.

No. 102. Gather the Sheaves.

James Rowe. B. J. CLEMENTS, NORTHPORT, ALA., OWNER, 1913. B. J. Clements.

1. Reap-ers, a-way to the harvest field, With heart-bells joy-ous-ly ring-ing;
2. Reap-ers, a-way with a song of cheer, The foe shall in-jure you nev-er;
3. Reap-ers, a-way with re-joic-ing hearts, Give out the beau-ti-ful sto-ry;

La-bor for Je-sus, the sick-le wield, His prais-es joy-ous-ly sing-ing.
Je-sus, to shield you, will lin-ger near, And He will keep you for-ev-er.
Je-sus to all of the true imparts The crown of gladness and glo-ry.

Gath-er the sheaves ere the shad-ows fall, Let work for Je-sus be done;
Gath-er the grain by the morning light, The hours are speeding a-way;
Soon you shall look on His matchless face, On heav-en's beau-ti-ful shore;

On-ly by those who an-swer the call Will life's gold-en crown be won.
Quick-ly will come the shad-ows of night, Oh, la-bor for Christ to-day.
There, with the throng who trusted His grace, To praise Him for-ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Reap-ers, hast-en a-way, To Je-sus the King be true;
Hast-en, ye reap-ers, a-way, a-way, To Je-sus the King be true, be true;

Gather the Sheaves.

He is call-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly call-ing you,.....
Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied, calls to - day, He ten-der - ly calls to you, yes, you.

Sing - ing car-ols of praise, Now joy-ous-ly speed a - way,.....
Singing, all sing-ing a song of praise, a - way,

Haste ye, gather the sheaves for heaven's glad harvest day.....
Haste ye, O haste ye to gath - er sheaves for heav-en's glad, gold-en har-vest day.

No. 103. Flood my Soul with Love.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. R. YOUNG. **B. R. Young.**

Slow and with feeling.

1. Dear Saviour, while I'm pleading Before Thy throne above, Thou knowest what I'm need-ing, O flood my soul with love.
2. Like mighty winds descending, Or gen-tle as a dove, Lord, suit Thy-self in send-ing, But flood my soul with love.
3. May waves of love descending, Like billows o'er me roll; Lord, hear my pray'r as-cending, And flood with love my soul.
4. To oth-ers Thou hast given This blessing from above, Now send a wave from heav-en To flood my soul with love.

D. S.—*Dear Sav-ior, I im-plore Thee, O flood my soul with love.*

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Now let the waves sweep o'er me,
Be-neath, a-round, a - bove;

No. 104. Just to Go Home to Jesus.

Miss Claire Sumn er. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. **J. D. Patton.**

1. Just to go home when the Mas-ter calls, When earthly toil is o'er;—
2. Just to be kneel-ing be - fore my King, Free from all sin and pain;
3. Just to be safe with my loved ones there, Safe in that home on high;

Sink-ing to sleep as the twi-light falls, Wa-king on heav'n's fair shore.
Sing-ing the song that the an - gels sing— Nev-er to weep a - gain.
Dwelling with them in those man-sions fair, Nev-er to say good - bye.

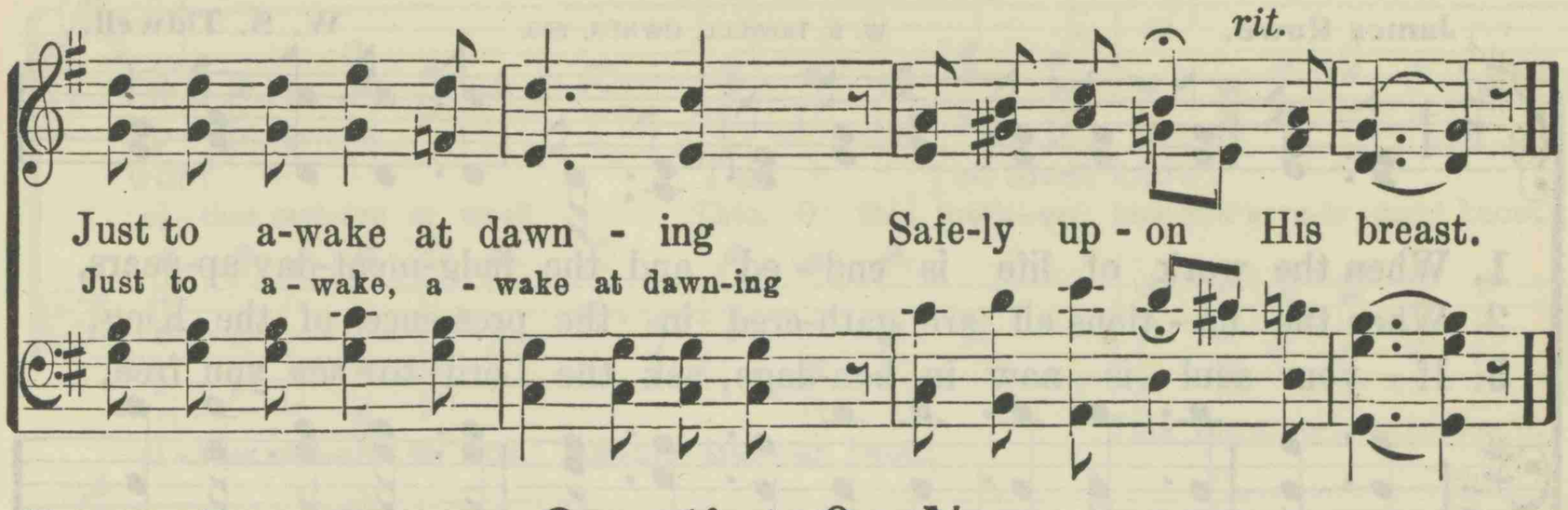
Just to be there when the morn doth break Bright o'er the throne of grace;
Just to be walk-ing the streets of gold Where an-gel feet have trod;
Just to be sing-ing the glad new song, Hap-py for - ev - er - more;

Then when mine eyes from death's sleep awake, Gaz-ing on God's own face.
Just to be safe in my Shep-herd's fold, Just to be home with God.
Join - ing at last all the ransomed throng, Safe on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

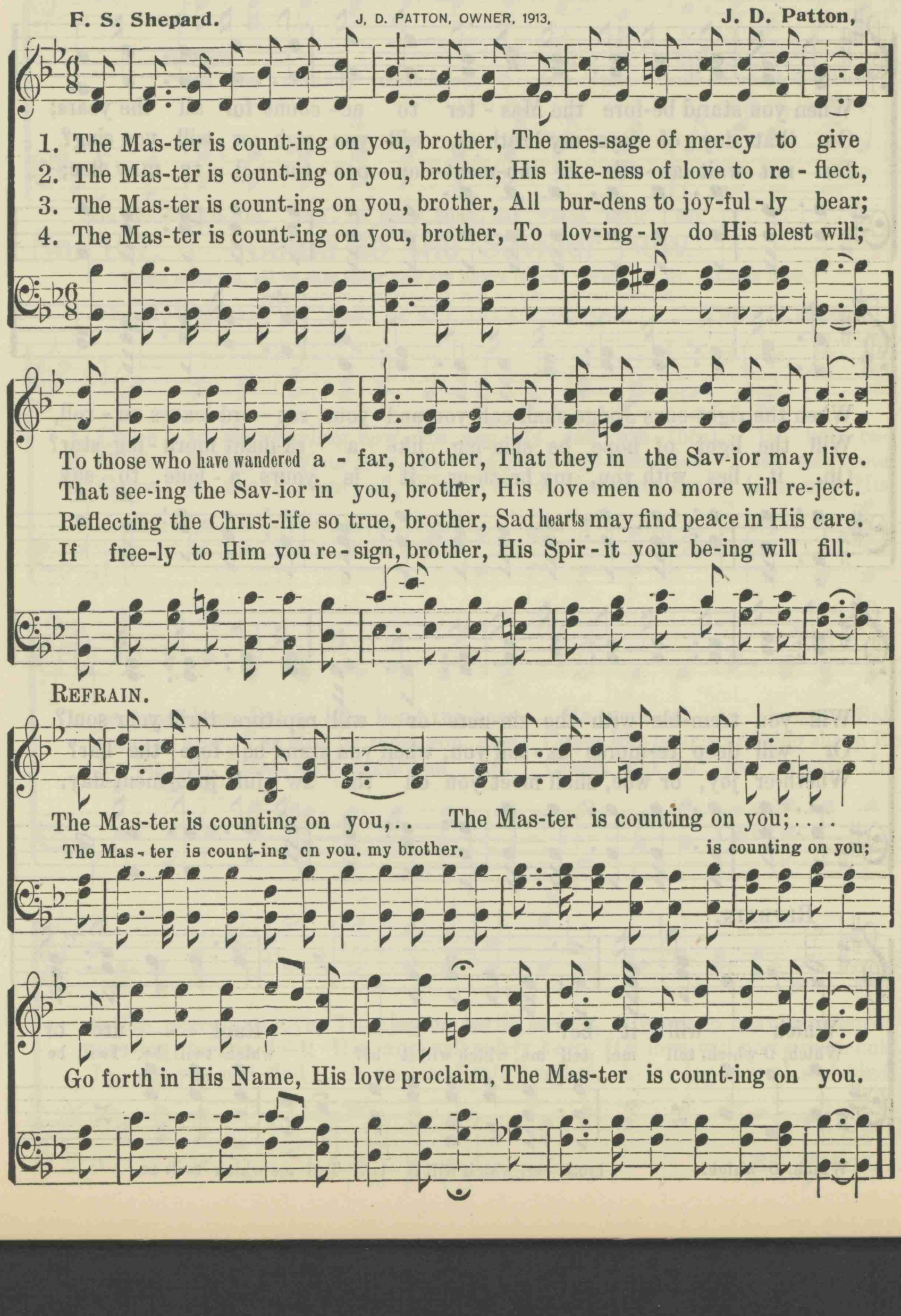
Just to go home to Je - sus, Just in His arms to rest;.....
Just to go home, go home to Je - sus, to rest;

Just to Go Home to Jesus.



No. 105. Counting On You.

F. S. Shepard. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. J. D. Patton,



No. 106. Which Will it Be?

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

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

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

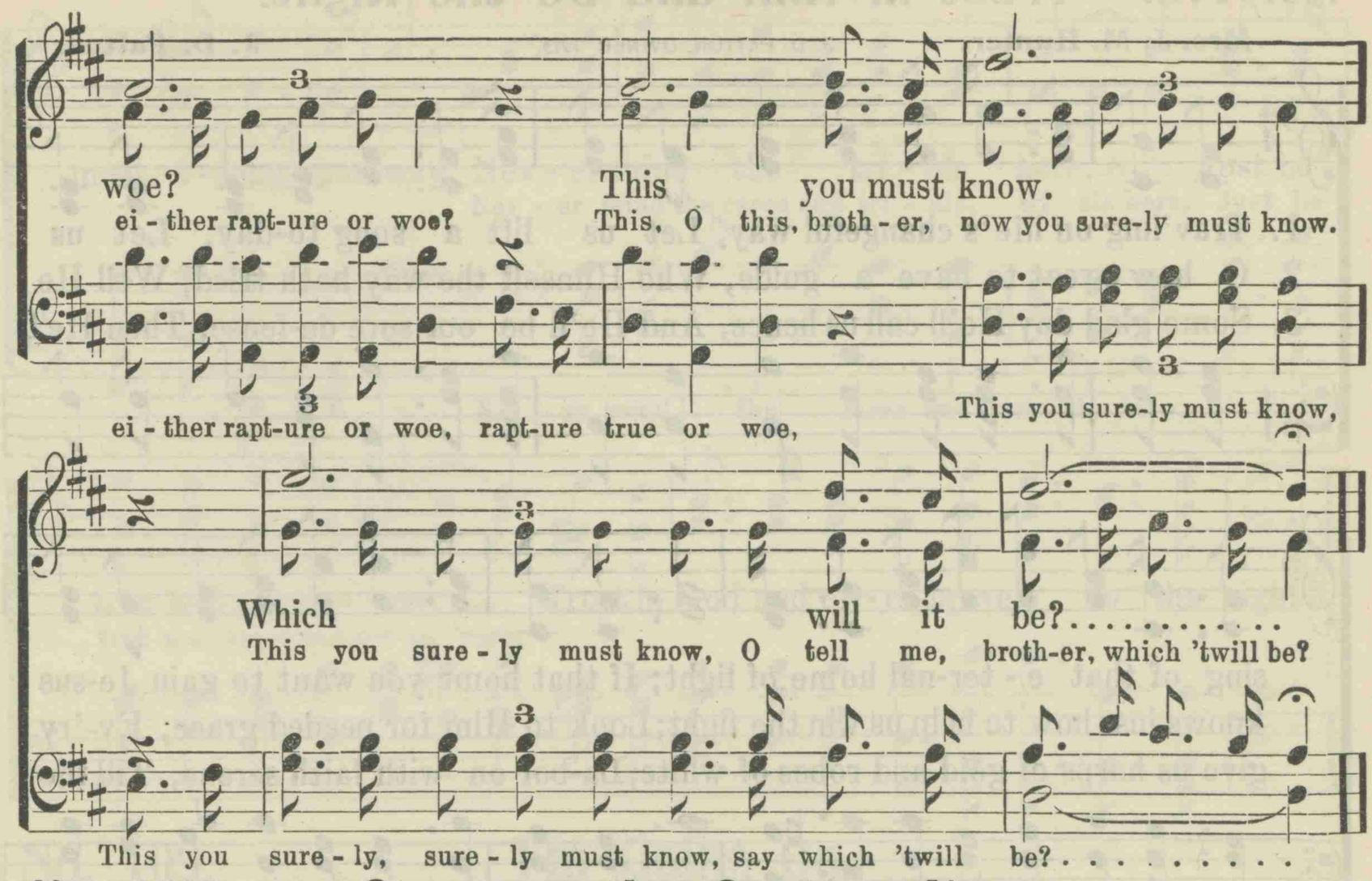
When the right-eous Judge shall call you and your rec - ord-leaves un - roll,
Will the light of hope be shin-ing like a ra-diant morn - ing star?
Oh, it lies with you, my broth-er, it is yours a - lone to say

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

REFRAIN.

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

Which Will It Be?

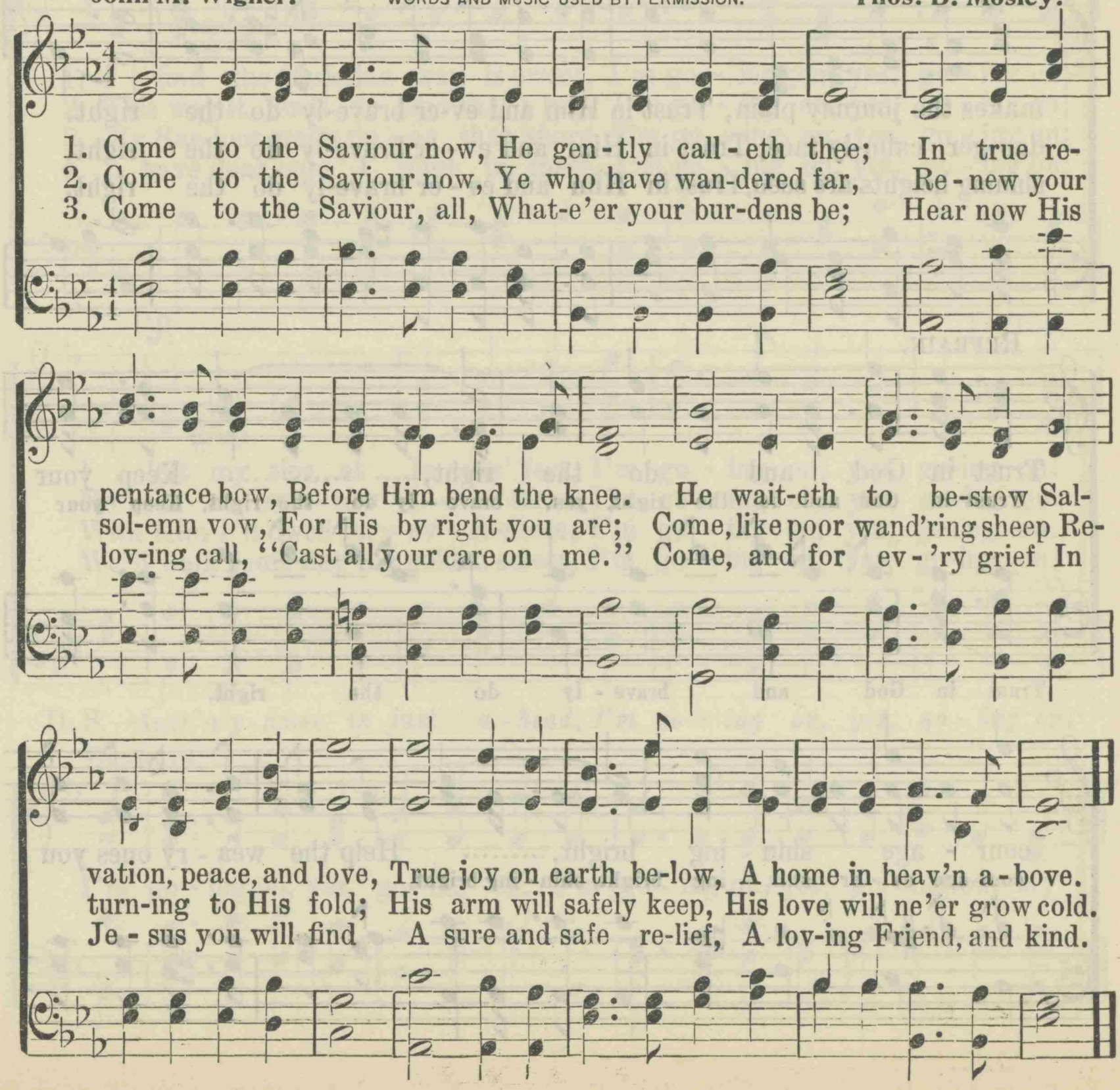


No. 107. Come to the Saviour Now.

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

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



NO. 108. Trust in Him and Do the Right.

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

1. Trav'ling on life's changeful way, Let us lift a song to-day, Let us
2. O how sweet to have a guide, Who Himself the way hath tried, Well He
3. Some glad day He'll call us hence, And He'll be our sure de-fense, Then He'll

sing of that e - ter-nal home of light; If that home you want to gain Je-sus
knows just how to help us win the fight; Look to Him for needed grace, Ev-'ry
give us harps of gold and robes of white; La-bor on with faith serene, Till the

makes the journey plain, Trust in Him and ev-er brave-ly do the right.
dan-ger calm-ly face, Trust in Him and ev - er brave-ly do the right.
shining heights are seen, Trust in Him and ev - er brave-ly do the right.

REFRAIN.

Trust in God and do the right,..... .... Keep your
Trust in God and do the right, yes, brave - ly do the right, Keep your

Trust in God and brave - ly do the right,

cour - age shin - ing bright,..... Help the wea - ry ones you
cour-age ev - er shin - ing bright, shin - ing bright,

Trust in Him and Do the Right.

meet a-long your way, Nev-er mind the tri-als here,..... Just be
Nev-er mind the cares and tri-als, tri-als here, Just be
Nev-er mind the cares and tri-als here,
true and per-se-vere;..... Trust in God and ev-er bravely do the right.
true and brave and per-se-vere;

No. 109. I'm Going On.

Rev. W. F. Allen. JOHN O. BEALL, OWNER, 1913. John O. Beall.

1. I find the Christian way is sweet, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on;
2. This way it leads to land that's fair, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on;
3. My Sav-iour waits up-on that shore, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on;
4. I have dear ones I want to meet, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on;

f. FINE.

I left my sins at Je-sus' feet, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on.
No sin or sor-row o-ver there, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on.
With Him I'll dwell for-ev-er-more, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on.
We'll walk some day the golden street, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on.

D. S.—*heav'nly home is just a-head, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on.*

REFRAIN.

I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on, I'm go-ing on, yes, go-ing on; My

No. 110. There is Rest, Sweet Rest.

James Rowe. W. C. CULPEPPER, OWNER, 1913. W. C. Culpepper.

1. Tho' the jour - ney be long and our hearts lose their song, Let us
2. Let us trust, let us cling to our glo - ri - ous King, Who is
3. When, by won - der - ful grace, we have en-tered that place Where the

fol - low our Friend day by day; For we know that for all who have
a - ble our souls to up-hold; He will cheer us a - long, keep us
an - gels ex - tol and a - dore; We shall rest at His feet, and with

REFRAIN.

heed - ed the call, There is rest at the end of the way.
sin-less and strong, Till the gates of the cit-y un-fold. There is rest,
voic-es all sweet, Car-ol praises to Him ev-er-more. Yes, there is rest.

sweet rest, In the home - land blest; Where the
a glo-ri - ous rest, Rest in the home-land won-drous-ly blest;

an - gels are There is rest, sweet rest. . . . . .
There where the hap-py an-gels all are, There is rest, perfect rest.

No. 111. There's Always a Song.

James Rowe. A. P. WAMMACK, OWNER, 1913. A. P. Wammack.

1. There's al - ways a song in this heart of mine, A car - ol to Je - sus my Lord; I sing it with glad-ness a - long the line, While work - ing for heav - en's re - ward.
2. The tem - pest may sweep and the bil - lows roll, My song I shall still sweet-ly sing; For noth - ing can take from my hap - py soul My song to my heav - en - ly King. There is al - ways a song in my
3. A pal - ace is wait - ing for me a - bove, Where an - gels my Fa - ther a - dore; And there some sweet day in the light of love, My soul a new song will out - pour.

REFRAIN.

heart,..... And O, it will nev - er de - part;.. I'm a child of a king and O, I must sing, There's always a song in my heart.

in my heart,

No. 112. If You Would Win.

James Rowe. CALVIN A. BARFIELD, OWNER, 1913. Calvin A. Barfield.

1. In this world where fleeting pleasures try to win you day by day, Where al-
2. O, so ma-ny think so lit - tle of the sa-cred day of rest, That they
3. Earthly pleasures are but shadows, when compared to those that wait For the

lur - ing are the gau - dy snares of sin; Where so ma-ny try to
try to lead the faith - ful ones a-stray; But be deaf to all their
faith - ful in that hap - py world a-bove; Keep your eyes up-on the

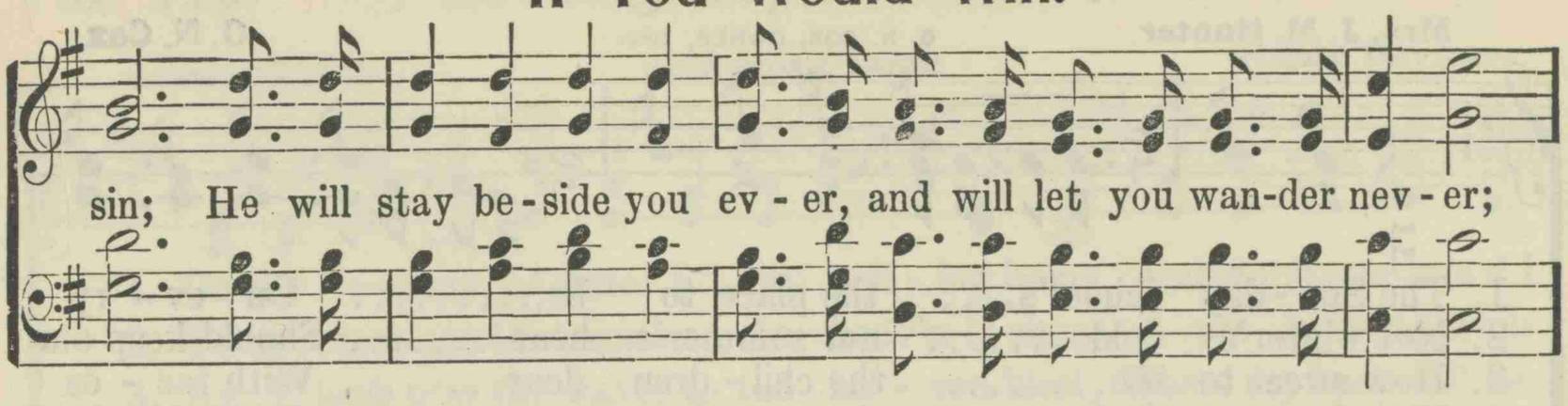
take you from the on - ly up-ward way, You must keep..... your eyes on
plead-ing, for the Sav - ior do your best, Then your soul..... will nev - er
Sav - ior till you reach the gold - en gate, Then your soul..... will ev - er

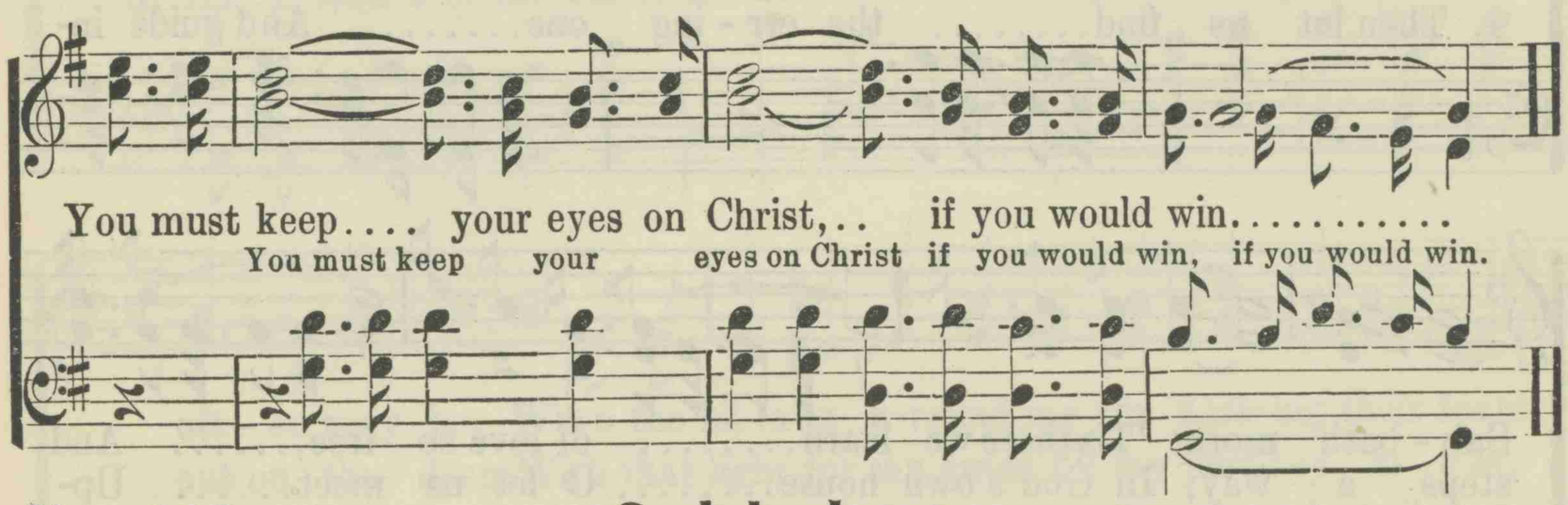
REFRAIN.

Christ, if you would win. (if you would win.)
leave... the shin-ing way. (the shining way.) You must keep..... your eyes on
praise.. Him for His love. (for His love.) You must keep your

Christ, if you would win, For His grace ..... a-lone can save....your soul from
eyes on Christ if you would win, For His grace a - lone can save your soul from

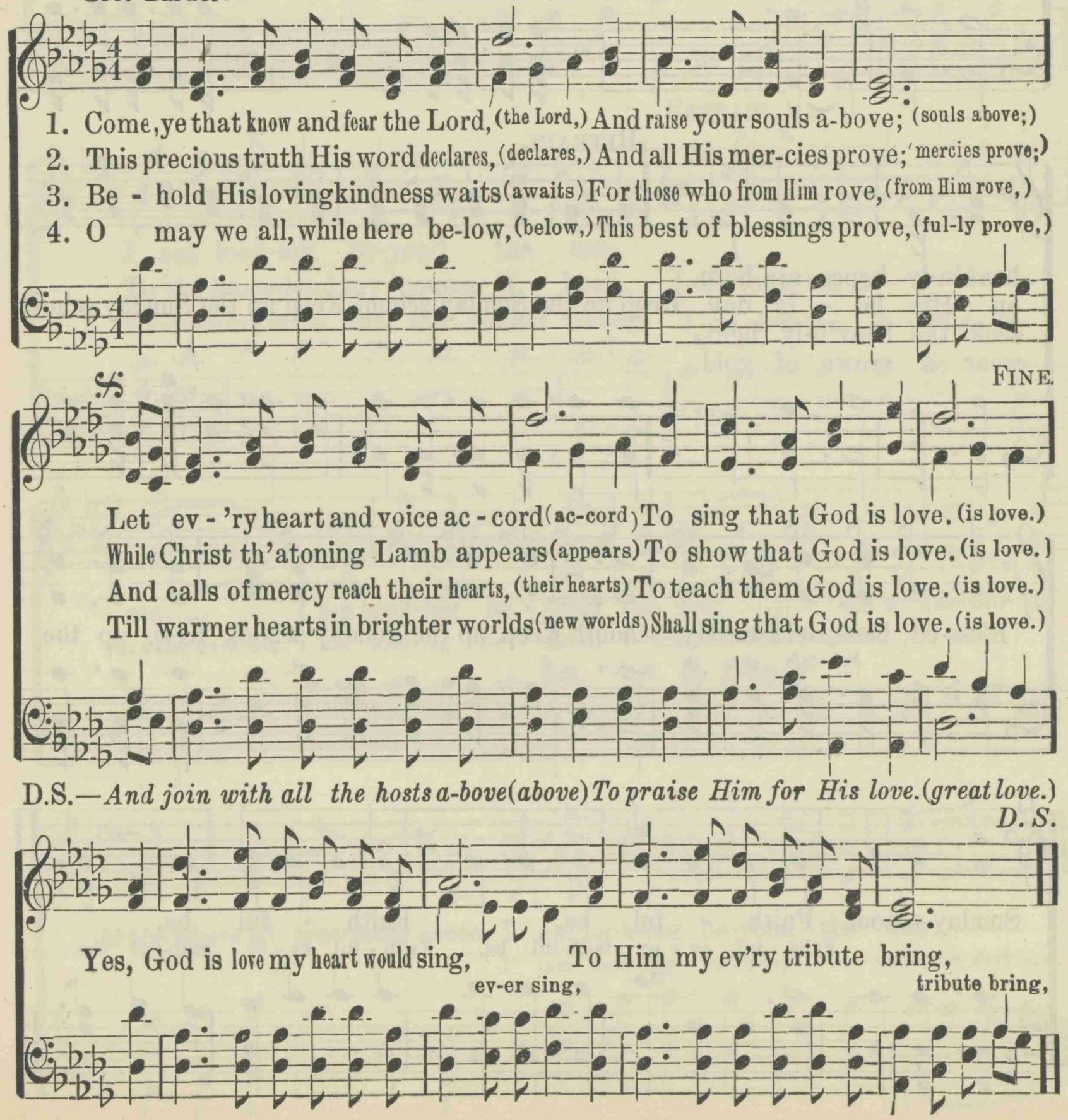
If You Would Win.





No. 113. God Is Love.

Geo. Barder. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1913. R. Edwin Perry.



No. 114. Keep Up the Sunday School.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. G. N. COX, OWNER, 1912. G. N. Cox.

1. The Sun - day school's.... the place to be,..... On ev - 'ry
2. Not winter's cold..... nor summer's heat..... Should keep our
3. How sweet to see..... the chil - dren dear..... With fac - es
4. Then let us find..... the err - ing one..... And guide in-

Sab - bath morn: 'Tis there we learn..... of love so free,..... And
steps a way; In God's own house..... O let us meet..... Up-
glad and bright, As-sem-bled with..... their parents here,..... To
to the fold, And when our work..... on earth is done..... We'll

REFRAIN.

heav'n-ly hopes are born.
on His ho - ly day. Keep up the Sunday school, Keep up the Sunday school,
seek the heav'n-ly light.
wear a crown of gold.

Bless-ed, bless - ed Sun-day school! Keep up the Sunday-school, Keep up the

Sunday-school, Faith - ful be, Faith - ful be.....
Faith - ful, ev - er faith-ful be, Faith - ful, ev - er faith-ful be.

No. 115. Looking Beyond the Sea.

Jennie Wilson. HARDY RAYMER, OWNER. Hardy Raymer.

1. On the o - cean of time I am sail - ing home, And tho' storm-toss'd I
2. To the mansions that shine on the heav'n-ly shore, I am look-ing while
3. As I look o'er the waves to the ha - ven blest, Where my bark will be

oft - en may be, When the bil-lows a-round me are dash-ing their foam,
out on the deep; With that light for my guide till my jour-ney is o'er,
anchored ere long, I am hap - py in know-ing that there I shall rest,

REFRAIN.

I am look-ing be-yond the sea.
To the home-land my course I keep. I am look-ing be - yond the
Ev-er-more with the ran - somed throng. I am look-ing be - yond, be-

sea,..... ... I am look-ing be - yond the sea; ..... To a har-bor of
yond the dark sea, I am look-ing be - yond, be-yond the dark sea;

peace where all tem-pests cease, I am look-ing be-yond the sea.....
I am look-ing be - yond, be - yond the dark sea.

No. 116. Follow Where the Master Leads.

Birdie Bell. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Turn from e - vil, choose the path of right, Jour - ney on - ward,
2. Foes may threat-en, per - ils oft a - larm, Fear no dan - ger,
3. Brave and loy - al, what - so - e'er be - tide, Naught can harm thee,
4. Shad-ows lengthen, soon will end the day, Glad - ly fol - low,

seek its mount-ain height, Je - sus points thee up - ward to the light,
Je - sus keeps from harm, Al-ways trust Him, might - y is His arm,
Je - sus is thy Guide, Doubts will van-ish, peace and hope a - bide,
Je - sus leads the way, Ev - er faith - ful, all His words o - bey,

REFRAIN.

Fol - low where He leads. Fol - low on..... in du - ty's way,
Fol - low on in du - ty's way,

From the right..... no long - er stray, Trust the
From the right no long - er stray, no long - er stray,

Lord,... His word o - bey, Fol-low where the Mas-ter leads.
Trust the Lord, His word o - bey, Fol - low where the Mas - ter leads, safe-ly leads.

No. 117. Gathering Home on the Heavenly Shore.

Jennie Wilson. J. M, EDWARDS, OWNER, 1913. **J. M. Edwards.**

1. Drift-ing a - way o'er the mys - ti-cal tide, Cross-ing the riv - er which
2. Pass-ing from time to e - ter - ni-ty's light, Dwelling where scenes will for-
3. On - ly a while are they lost to us here, Faith speaks a mes-sage of

deep shadows hide; Friends that we cherish are leav-ing our side, Gath-er - ing
ev - er be bright; Glo-ries un - told are re-vealed to their sight, Gath-er - ing
com-fort and cheer; Soon we shall meet those our hearts hold so dear, Gath-er - ing

REFRAIN.

home on the heav-en-ly shore. Gath - er-ing home ..... on the
Gath-er-ing home, gath-er-ing home, on the
heav - en - ly shore,..... Dear..... ..... ones find
beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav-en - ly shore, Dear ones find rest with the
rest..... on that beau - - ti - ful shore.....
hap - py and blest on that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful heav - en - ly shore.

No. 118. A Corner for Each.

James Rowe. JAMES FRANKLIN, THORSBY, ALA., OWNER, 1913. **James Frnnklin.**

1. There are cor - ners, you know, That are drear all the while, And to
2. There are cor - ners where care Has sunk deep in a heart, And we
3. There are cor - ners that need Bless-ed light from a - bove, And to

them we should go With a song or a smile; E - ven chil-dren should
ought to be there, Cour-age new to im - part; Lit-tle work-ers may
them we should speed, With the mes-sage of love; Ev-'ry day we should

be Where there's something to do; There's a cor - ner for me, and a
see Ma - ny er-rands to do; There's a cor - ner for me, and a
be Ver - y use - ful aud true; There's a cor - ner for me, and a

REFRAIN.

cor - ner for you. There's a cor - ner for me,.....
There's a cor-ner for me,

And a cor - ner for you,..... Where our
And a cor - ner for you,

A Corner for Each.

1 2

can-dles may burn, If we wish to be true; If we wish to be true.

No. 119. Love Is the Thing.

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

1. Soul in the darkness and bondage of sin, Love is the thing you need;
2. If you are burdened by troub-le and woe, Love is the thing you need;
3. Yield to the Sav-ior and trust Him to-day, Love is the thing you need;

Let the bright light of the gos - pel shine in, Love is the thing you need.
Je-sus with gladness your soul would o'er-flow, Love is the thing you need.
If you would sing and re - joice all the way, Love is the thing you need.

REFRAIN.

Love is the thing, love is the thing, Love is the thing in - deed;

If you are wea-ry and sin-stained and dreary, Love is the thing you need.

No. 120. Some Day We'll Enter Heaven's Gate.

Rev. W. F. Allen. JOHN O. BEALL. OWNER, 1913. John O. Beall.

1. Some day we'll en - ter heaven's gate, Where Je-sus and our loved ones wait;
2. With friends and loved ones we shall be Thro'-out a blest e - ter - ni - ty;
3. Dear friends on earth who turn a-way, O think of that e - ter - nal day;
4. The time is pass - ing swift-ly by, Too late, at last may be your cry;

Yes, en - ter that blest world a-bove, Where all is peace and joy and love.
But best of all, we'll see the face Of Him who saved us by His grace.
And come to Christ, sal-va-tion take That you may en - ter heav-en's gate.
O come to Christ to - day we pray, For He is pass-ing now this way.

REFRAIN.

O 'twill be joy when we shall meet Our Sav-ior there, and loved ones greet;

rit.

And when we stand up-on that shore, We'll praise our Lord for-ev-er-more.

for - ev - er, ev - er-more.

No. 121. There's a Bright and Beautiful Home.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1913. J. M. Edwards.

1. There's a bright and bless - ed home on high, Where the Lord o - ver
2. In that home no tears will ev - er come, There the cross we will
3. O - ver there sweet mu - sic ev - er rolls, As the saints and the

all has His throne; (has His throne;) And that home so beau-ti - ful and fair,
car - ry no more; (nev-er more;) Nev - er grief, nor suf-f'ring o - ver there,
angels praise their King; (praise their King;) I will help to swell the mel - o - dy,

REFRAIN.

Is prepared by our Christ for His own.
We will ne'er say good-by on that shore. O that home o-ver
As my song of re-demp-tion I sing. O that home, beau- ti - ful home o - ver

there, That our Lord has prepared in the sky; O that
there, o - ver there, in the sky; O that

home o - ver there, Will be mine in the sweet by and by.
home, beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, o - ver there,

No. 122. With Banners Unfurled.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912, A. J. Showalter,

1. With ban-ners unfurled and with armor bright, We an-swer the roll-call to-
2. We all have en-list-ed as vol-un-teers, And nev-er a du-ty will
3. If loy-al and true to our King we stand, Tho' foul be the weather or

day; With cour-age to dare and to do the right, We gal-lant-ly
shun; We've cast to the winds all our doubts and fears, We'll fight till the
fair, A place He will give us at His right hand, His glo-ry for-

REFRAIN.

march to the fray.
vic-t'ry is won. Where the bat-tle is rag-ing we'd be,.....
ev-er to share. is rag-ing we'd be,

"Ev-'ry sol-dier a he-ro" say we;..... Tho' our foes may be strong,
"a he-ro" say we;

And the fight may be long, Yet a glo-ri-ous vic-t'ry 'twill be.....
a vic-t'ry 'twill be.

No. 123. At Death's Jordan We Must Part.

B. F. C. B. F. CLARK. OWNER, 1913. B. F. Clark.

1. Chris-tian, liv-ing no-bly here, Talk with God each day; Call-ing Him to take the helm, Steer-ing all the way; Put-ting all your trust in Him,
2. Chris-tian, in his nar-row home, On his couch of clay, Jor-dan past with its dark foam, Res - ur-rec - tion day; Meet-ing with the Sav-iour there,
3. Countless numbers chant the lays Of the Three in One; Living throng un- numbered days, Bat - tles all are won; An-them aft - er an - them, see

Hold - en by His hand, O the rapture, e-ven here, Why not join this band?
O what joy 'twill be, Yearning of His heart, no care-Im - mor-tal-i - ty.
Cher - u-bims a - rise, In that cit-y shall there be No more sad "good-byes."

CHORUS.

At Death's Jordan we must part, To meet, to meet at home, sweet home; At Death's Jordan we must part, To meet, to meet at home, sweet home; We'll meet at home.

meet at home, bliss unknown, sweet home.

No. 124. I'm Going On.

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

1. I'm go - ing on (I'm go - ing on) the homeward way, (the homeward way,)
2. He saved my soul, (He saved my soul) He made me free, (He made me free,)
3. He lift - ed me (He lift - ed me) from sin and shame, (from sin and shame)

And Christ is with (And Christ is with) me ev - 'ry day; (yes, ev - 'ry day;)
And His my heart (And His my heart) shall ev - er be; (shall ev - er be;)
And that is why (And that is why) I praise His name, (I praise His name,)

f.

From morn till night (From morn till night) with joy I sing (with joy I sing)
My ran-somed soul (My ran somed soul) shall sing His praise (shall sing His praise)
And by and by, (And by and by) with saints a-bove, (with saints a-bove,)

D.S.-*With joy I sing (With joy I sing) to Christ my King, (to Christ my King,)*

FINE.

Glad car - ols to (Glad car-ols to) my gra-cious King. (my gracious King.)
To oth - ers all (To oth-ers all) my earth - ly days. (my earthly days.)
With rapt-ure I (With rapt-ure I) shall praise His love. (shall praise His love.)

And in His light (And in His light) I'm go - ing on, (I'm go - ing on.)

REFRAIN.

I'm go - ing on, ... I'm go - ing on, ...

I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on,

I'm Going On.

D. S.

My heart is light, ... my sin is gone; .....
My heart is light, for - ev - er gone;

No. 125. My Mother's Song.

In memory of my dear mother, whose singing in my childoood days has been an inspiration all my lije.

J. S. Kimbrough. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1913. **W. T. Taylor.**

1. My mother's song is heard no more, Its mel - o - dy is hushed and still;
2. Long weary years have passed a-way, Since in my child-hood's hap-py home
3. She sleeps beneath the si - lent clod, A - mid the friends who loved her best;
4. My race on earth is near-ly run, The jour-ney here will not be long;

No long-er as in days of yore Does that sweet voice my be-ing thrill.
I heard the voice that day by day, My mother's dearest love made known.
And in the Par - a - dise of God Her soul has found its long-sought rest.
And when my work be-low is done I'll hear a - gain my mother's song.

REFRAIN.

Oh, mother's song, dear mother's song, Its echoes sweet come back to me;
Tho' si-lent it has been so long, Fond mem'ry, moth-er, sings of thee.

No. 126. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

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WORDS USED BY PERMISSION.

Miss Kate Hankey. **Thos. B. Mosley.**

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
That won-der - ful re-demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
That this world's emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en For I for - get so soon,
Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul,

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing Has passed a - way at noon.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry: Christ Je - sus makes thee whole.

REFRAIN.

Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Of un-seen things a-bove; Tell me the old, old

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

1 2

sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love; sto - ry, Of Je-sus and His love.

No. 127. There'll Be no Weeping Up Yonder.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. C. LAWSON, OWNER, 1913. J. C. Lawson.

1. When we are wea - ry with weep-ing, This tho't our bo-som oft cheers;
2. Tho' we in sor-row are bend - ing O'er one who si - lent may lie;
3. When cares of life press up - on us, This tho't can ban-ish each sigh;
4. So in this tho't we'll find com-fort, Till we life's bur-dens lay by;

There'll be no weep-ing up yon - der, No grief, no sor-row, no tears.
There'll be no weep-ing up yon - der, No friend will bid us good-bye.
There'll be no weep-ing up yon - der, In man-sions build-ed on high.
There'll be no weep-ing up yon - der, In that fair cit - y on high.

REFRAIN.

There'll be no weep-ing up yon - der, No grief, no sor-row, they say;

No tears will blind us in heav - en, For God will wipe them a - way.

No. 128. Peace.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. F. BURTON, OWNER, 1913. W. F. Burton.

1. I'm re - joic-ing in the peace That shall nev-er, nev-er cease, It is
2. Ma - ny tri - als meet us here, Oft - en falls the burn-ing tear, We must
3. O, that ev-'ry heart might know Peace our Sav-ior can be-stow, Peace that

granted me from Christ, the Lord of light; He a - lone this peace can give,
walk by faith, we can-not walk by sight; Serv-ing Je - sus is the way,
cheers the darkest day with heav'nly light; Peace that's full and free to all

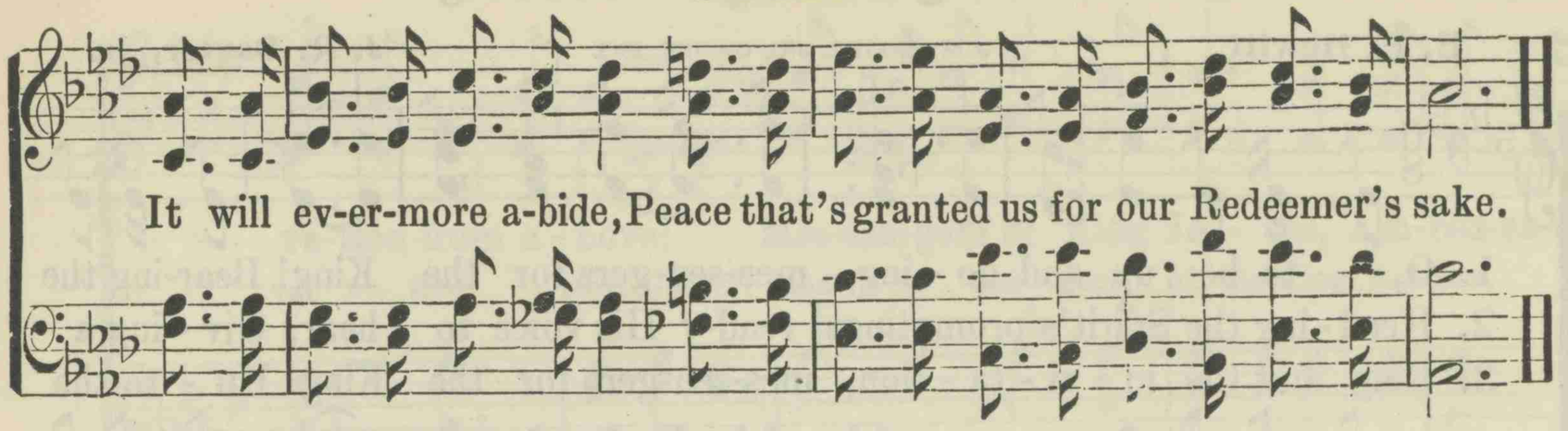
And He makes it sweet to live, On - ly let us trust in Him and
To have com-fort ev - 'ry day, On - ly let us trust in Him and
Who o - bey the lov - ing call, On - ly let us trust in Him and

REFRAIN.

do the right. Peace your heart will surely fill If you yield to Je-sus' will,

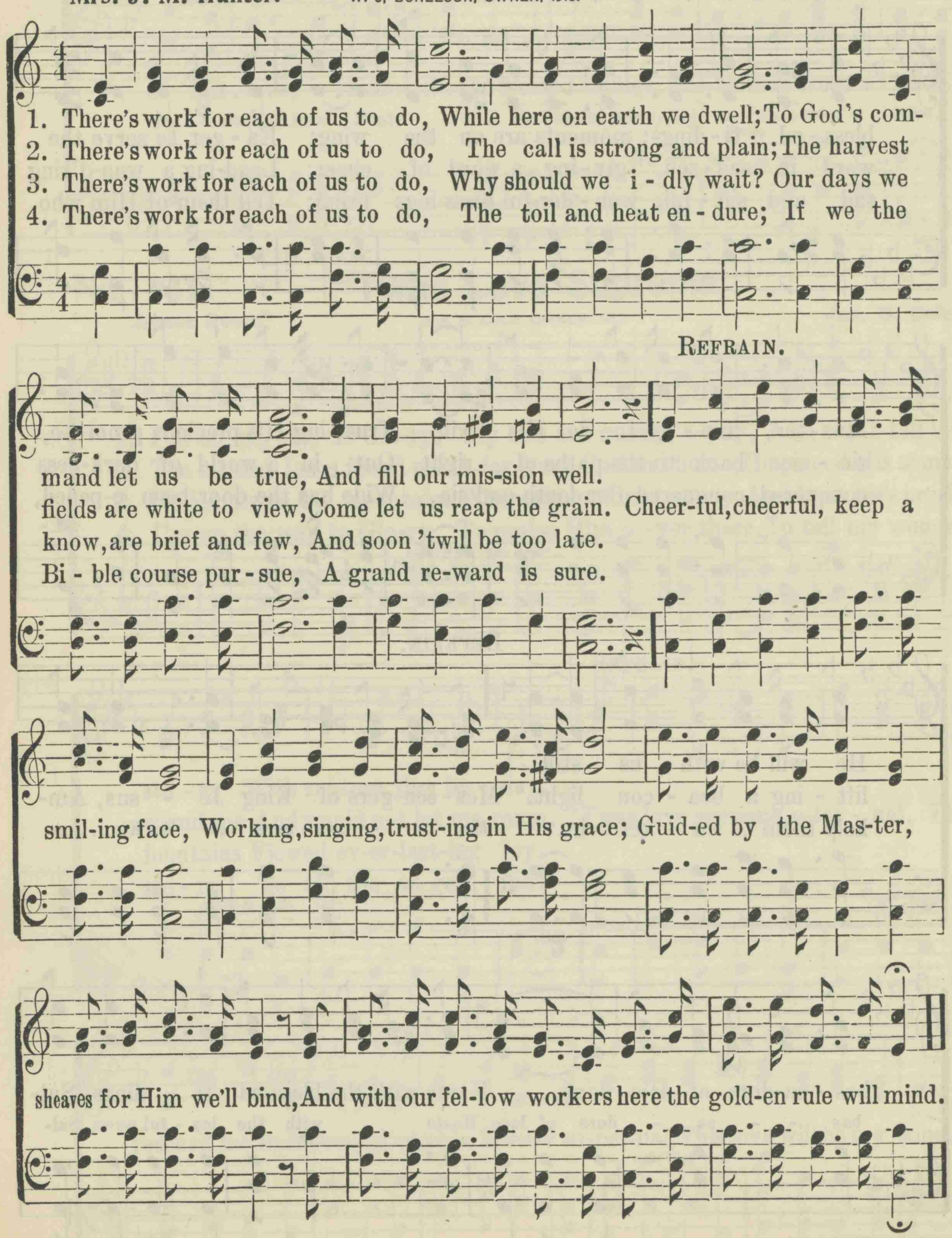
Peace that earth can nev-er give and nev-er take: It is worth all else be-side,

Peace.



No. 129. There's Work for All.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. J. BURLESON, OWNER, 1913. **W. J. Burleson.**



No. 130. Messengers for the King.

E. E. Hewitt. J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER, 1913. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. O, to be up and do - ing, mes-sen-gers for the King! Bear-ing the bless - ed ti - dings; moments are on the wing; Ea - ger to serve the Mas - ter, hap - py to do His will, Trust-ing His precious prom-ise, sin - ner back to the paths of right, Out in a world of dark-ness conquered, conquered o'er death and sin, Wide has the door been o-pened,

2. Heed - ing the Spirit's promptings, read-y His voice to hear, Giv - ing a "word in sea - son," giv - ing a word of cheer; Lead-ing a wan-d'ring sad and sin - ful, won - der-ful bless-ings bring; Tell them of Him who lift - ing a bea - con light. Mes - sen-gers of King Je - sus, Am- help them to en - ter in. Mes - - sen - gers of the King, Am-

3. Ring out the in - vi - ta - tion, mes-sen-gers for the King! Un - to the

REFRAIN.

He will be with us still.
bas - sa-dors of His love,.... Haste with the bless-ed ti - dings, Sal-
bas - - sa - dors of love, Haste with the joy - ful news, Sal-

Messengers for the King.

va-tion from a - bove: Mes-sen-gers of King Je - sus, Am-bas-sa-dors
va - tion from a-bove: Mes - sen - gers of the King, Am-bas -

of His love, Haste with the blessed tidings, Sal-va-tion from a - bove.
sa - dors of love, Haste with the joy-ful news, Sal - va - tion from a - bove.

No. 131. 'Twas Love Supreme.

James Rowe. JAS. B. COLE, OWNER. 1913. Jas. B. Cole.

1. I'm on my way to Glo-ry, My sins are washed a-way, And, oh, I tell love's sto - ry With rapture, day by day.
2. The blessed Jesus found me A-far from God and home; He placed His arms a- round me And would not let me roam. 'Twas love supreme, e-ter - nal, That
3. He led me to the mountains Where sin could not annoy, And from love's precious fountains Flowed ev-er-last-ing joy.
4. I'm on the way to Glo-ry, To praise Him o - ver there, To tell my wondrous sto - ry To all the an-gels fair.

REFRAIN.

rescued me from wrong; And soon in worlds su-per-nal, This love will be my song.

No. 132. In the Evening Take Me Home.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Life's brief day is al-most o-ver, shadows round me long-er grow, And ere long the si-lent night shall sure-ly come; At the thought my pulses quicken
2. I have had my joys and sorrows, smiles and tears have mingled here, As they must while on the shores of time we roam; But to scenes of bliss un-end-ing,
3. O how ma-ny friends and kindred wait to give me welcome there! They are gathered safe 'neath heaven's shelt'ring dome; Thro' His grace I soon shall join them
4. With a thrill of ex - ul - ta - tion to that "summer-land of song", Faith looks out a-cross the Jor-dan's chill-y foam; Near-er, near-er sounds the mu - sic

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

In the Evening Take Me Home.



No. 133. There Stands a Rock.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

A. J. Showalter.

No. 134. Are We Ready for the Boatman?

Jennie Wilson. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER. 1913. J. M. Edwards.

1. One by one, we see our dear ones Fer - ried o-ver death's dim
2. Are we faithful to the Mas - - ter, Who as-signs a task to
3. When we cross the dusk-y wa - - ters, Earth-ly toil-ing will be
4. Read-y for the boat-man's com - - ing, May we meet him soon or

1. One by one we see our loved ones Fer - ried,
2. Are we faith-ful to the Mas - ter, Who as-
3. When we cross the dusk-y wa - ters, Earth - ly
4. Read - y for the boat-man's com-ing, We may

sea, And e'er long the si-lent boat - - man
all? Knowing we have served Him tru - - ly,
o'er, And the duties found neg-lect - - ed,
late, And be car-ried to that coun - - try

fer ried o - ver death's dim sea, And e'er long the si - lent boat - man
signs, as-signs a task for all? Know - ing we have served him tru - ly.
toil - ing, toil-ing will be o'er, And the du-ties fouud neg-lect - ed,
meet him, meet him soon or late, And be car - ried to that coun - try

REFRAIN.

May re-turn for you or me.
Could we an-swer to His call?
Must be left for-ev - er - more.
Where e - ter-nal joys a - wait.

Are we read-y
Are we read - y for the boat-man,

May re - - turn for you or me.
Could we an-swer to His call?
Must be left for - ev - er - more.
Where e - - ter - nal joys a - wait.

1

for the boat-man, Who will bear us far a-
Are we read - y for the boat - man, Who will,

Are We Ready for the Boatman?

2

way, Should He come for us to-day?

who will bear us far a-way, Should He come for us to-day?

No. 135. Where Heaven is I Want to Go.

Jasper L. Morrow, PINK W. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1913. Pink W. Taylor.

1. Be-yond the star-ry span-gled skies, Be-yond the vales of mists and tears;
2. Just o-ver in that wondrous clime, There sweetest flowers al-ways bloom,
3. Be-yond, where radiant beauty shines, Be-yond, where sorrow's never known;
4. O to that place I want to go! There all my treasure's stored a-way;

Be-yond, where pleasure nev-er dies, But lasts thro'-out all ceaseless years.
In God's e-ter-nal light sub-lime, And yield their sweet and rare perfume.
Be-yond, where God's rich love enshrines Those wait-ing loved ones of our own.
Where heav'nly angels come and go, Where light is one e-ter-nal day.

REFRAIN.

Come, broth-er, march a-long with me To-ward that bright and golden shore;

And let us all its beauties see, And share its glo-ries ev-er-more.

No. 136. At Home With the Blest. (For Funerals.)

In memory of my father, Elias B. Guin.

Jennie Wilson.
Andante.

J. W. GUIN, OWNER, 1913.

J. W. Guin.

1. In the heav-en - ly mansions at home with the blest, Where no sor-row will come, ev - er-more sweet-ly rest; With the bur-dens of earth-life now all laid a - side, Thou hast gone with the an - gels on high to a - bide.
2. Thro' the years that are filled with un-end-ing de-light, Thou wilt gaze on fair scenes nev-er dark-ened by night, And re - joic - ing as one of the pu - ri-fied throng, Thou wilt join in the strains of their rapt-ur-ous song.
3. Oh, what glad-ness is thine in that glo - ri-ous place, Where the ransomed can look on their Saviour's dear face, While ex - toll - ing the won - der - ful mer-cy and love, That pre-pared them a place in the man-sions a - bove.

REFRAIN.

At home with the blest in the cit - y of God, Thou art dwell-ing, with time's wea-ry path-way all trod; Far be - yond all the tri - als that

At Home With the Blest.

here came to thee, Sweet-ly rest in the land that from trouble is free.

No. 137. Speed it On.

James Rowe. C. A. BARFIELD, WHITESBURG, GA., OWNER, 1913. Calvin A. Barfield.

1. Give the mes-sage to the sad, Speed it on, speed it on;
2. Souls are wait-ing for the news, Speed it on, speed it on;
3. Let its notes of cheer be heard, Speed it on, speed it on;
4. Let it cheer the lost and lone, Speed it on, speed it on;

Speed it on, speed it on;

Let it make the troub-led glad, Speed, O speed it on.
Help the lost the Lord to choose, Speed, O speed it on.
Spread the ev - er - last - ing Word, Speed, O speed it on.
Make the liv - ing mes - sage known, Speed, O speed it on.

REFRAIN.

Speed it o - ver ev - 'ry land, Make it heard, the mes-sage grand;

'Tis the blessed Lord's command, Speed it on, ...speed it on.....

Speed it on, O speed it on.

No. 138.

God's Grace.

JAMES ROWE. K. C. Robinson, owner. 1913. K. C. ROBINSON.

1. Grace is a won-der-ful, mar-vel-ous thing, Caus-ing so ma-ny to joy-ous-ly sing, Giv-ing us cour-age to con-quer our foes,
2. What would the world be to-day with-out grace? Think of the things it has done for the race! Think of the com-fort-ing hope it im-parts,
3. Let us ex-tol the Re-deem-er of men, Car-ol His prais-es a-gain and a-gain; Hon-or Him ev-er, ye saved of the race,

REFRAIN.

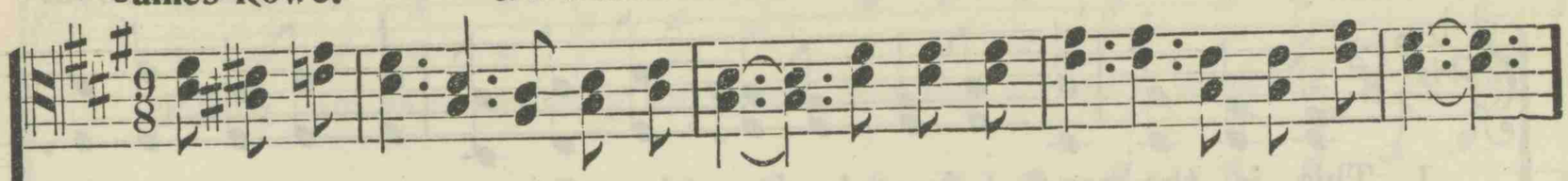
Caus-ing the des-ert to bloom as a rose. Grace, grace,
Think of the bless-ings it gives to our hearts.
Hon-or the giv-er of soul-sav-ing grace. Won-der-ful grace,

won-der-ful grace, Bless-ing and lift-ing the fall-en race; Grace ev-er

glo-ri-ous, grace all-vic-to-ri-ous, Won-der-ful soul-sav-ing grace.

No. 139. Over The River.

James Rowe. J. M HENSON, SUGAR VALLEY, GA., OWNER, 1913. J. M Henson.



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



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



REFRAIN



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



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

No. 140. Wonderful Love.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF J. M. HENSON AND G. L. CANTRELL, 1913. G. L. Cantrell.

1. This is the song I love to sing, As I go onward with my King;
2. Won-der-ful bless-ings come to me Dai-ly from Him who made me free,
3. Ev - er I'll cling to this dear Friend, Follow Him tru - ly to the end;

Won-der-ful love, ... Won-der-ful love; .....
Won-der-ful, wonderful love, Won-der-ful, wonderful love;

Sweet-ly I'll sing it all the way, Praising my Sav - ior ev-'ry day,
He is be - side me all the while, Cheer-ing my soul with word and smile,
He is my song from morn till night, Pleasure and joy and peace and light,

Won-der-ful love, ... Won-der-ful love. .....
Won-der-ful, wonderful love, won-der-ful love.

REFRAIN.

All the way home I'll sing my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior to the throng,
I will sing my song, Praise Him to the throng,

Wonderful Love.

Till I am safe a-mong the saved, Sing-ing a - bove; (sing-ing a-bove;)

Je - sus is ev - 'ry-thing to me, Ev - er His lov - ing child I'll be,
ev - 'ry-thing to me, ev - er His I'll be,

Sweet-ly for - ev - er I will sing, Won-der-ful love.....
ev - er I will sing, Won-der-ful love. (won-der-ful love.)

No. 141. More Like Thee.

J. A. MERRITT, OWNER. 1911.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. A. Merritt.

1. Make me, Saviour, O, I pray, More like Thee, more like Thee. Make and keep me ev'ry
2. Make me, in temptation's hour More like Thee, more like Thee; Trusting in God's word for
3. Make me, wheresoe'er I move, More like Thee, more like Thee May I e'er a blessing
4. Make me, when in grief or pain More like Thee, more like Thee; Tho' my tears may fall like
5. Make me, when I come to die, More like Thee, more like Thee; This will be my last earth's

D. S.—*In Thy life of pu-ri-*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

day, More and more like Thee.
pow'r, More and more like Thee.
prove More and more like Thee. More like Thee, more like Thee, Saviour, I would ev-er be,
rain, More and more like Thee.
cry, More and more like Thee.

ty, More and more like Thee.

No. 142. When the Saints Gather Home.

Jennie Wilson.

P. P. CHRISTIAN, OWNER, 1913.

P. P. Christian.

1. In the glo - ri-ous day when the saints gath-er home, O how sweet-ly their prais-es will ring, As from tri-als and sorrows of earth-life they come To the
2. When the saints gather home with their la-bors all o'er, O how rich - ly will toil be re-paid By the treas-ures di-vine, that en-dure ev - er-more, And by
3. When the saints gather home in the beau-ti - ful land, O will you and will I have a place With the faithful ones found in the pu - ri-fied band, Who their

REFRAIN.

pres-ence of Je - sus their King.
di - a-dems nev-er to fade. In that glo-ri-ous day when the saints gath-er
Sav - ior be-hold face to face?

home, O how blest it will be to be there; . . . . . Thro' the streets of the
to be there;

heav-en - ly Cit - y to roam, And the joy of the ransomed to share. . . . . .
the ransomed to share.

No. 143. We're Sailing Home.

Jennie Wilson. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. **Mrs. K. C. Robinson.**

1. A-cross the waves of life's great deep, We're sailing home, we're sailing home;
2. To feel no more the win-ter's cold, We're sailing home, we're sailing home;
3. To reach a fair, bright summerland We're sailing home, we're sailing home;
4. To dwell with Christ who is our guide, We're sailing home, we're sailing home;

Tho' storm-winds o'er the bil-lows sweep, We're swift-ly sail - ing home.
To gain a port of joy un-told, We're swift-ly sail - ing home.
Our barks to moor on heav-en's strand, We're swift-ly sail - ing home.
To sing His praise be - yond the tide, We're glad - ly sail - ing home.

REFRAIN.

We're sail-ing home,..... we're sailing home,..... Be-yond the
We're sail-ing home, we're sail-ing home,
sea's white-toss - ing foam, To sweet-ly rest,..... A - mong the
To sweet - ly rest
blest,..... We're swift-ly sail - - ing, sail-ing home.....
A-mong the blest, We're swift-ly sail-ing, we're sailing home.

No. 144. Away To Work.

Respectfully inscribed to all earnest students of music.—**M. C. N,**

James Rowe. MAX C. NOBARS, OWNER, 1913. **Max. C. Nobars.**

1. A - way to work, ... o - bey the call, ...
2. A - way to work, ... the sun is high, ...
3. A - way to work, ... for soon the light .....
4. A - way to work, ... that you may bring .....

The har - vest Lord ..... hath work for all; .....
The pre - cious day ..... is pass - ing by; .....
Will flee be - fore ..... the form of night; .....
Some sheaves at last, ... to Christ the King; .....

A - way to work, ... that you may gain .....
Let Je - sus call ..... no more in vain, ...
O, speed a - way ..... and true re - main .....
And there with Him ..... the true shall reign .....

FINE.

The crown of life, ... bring in the grain. (bring in the grain.)
The fields are white, ... bring in the grain. (bring in the grain.)
At work for Him, ... bring in the grain. (bring in the grain.)
For - ev - er - more ..... bring in the grain. (bring in the grain.)

D.S.—*A-way to work,(a - way to work,)bring in the grain.(bring in the grain.)*

REFRAIN.

A-way to work, ... O reapers true, ... Be faithful still, ...

Away to work, O reap-ers true, Be faithful still,

Away to Work.

D. S.

your duty do, ... The shining crown you may ob-tain.
Your duty do, The shining crown you may ob-tain.

No. 145. The Sweetest Name.

Daniel Gilbert. B. P. GURGANUS, OWNER. 1913. **B. P. Gurganus.**

1. We love Thy name, O Sav-ior dear, No oth - er name is half so sweet;
2. We love Thy name, our Lord and King, Because Thy love has made us free;
3. We love Thy name because we know That Thou wilt nev-er let us roam;

Its mu-sic cheers our spir - its here, And helps us tri-als hard to meet.
And giv - en songs of joy to sing When troubles come or foes we see.
That Thou wilt guard us here be - low, And safe - ly guide us to our home.

REFRAIN.

O bless-ed name, O pre-cious name Of Him whose mer-cy frees us,
O wondrous name, O match-less name! The sweet-est name is Je - sus.

No. 146. When my Burden of Sin Rolled Away.

Jennie Wilson. J. H. HOLCOMB, OWNER, 1913. **J. H. Holcomb.**

1. O what freedom came to my wea-ry soul, When my burden of sin rolled a-
2. How I love my Lord since that happy hour When my burden of sin rolled a-
3. I'm re-joic-ing now in my Savior's love, Since my burden of sin rolled a-

way; It was sweet to yield to my Lord's con-trol, When my
way; It was then I felt His re-deem-ing pow'r, When my
way; rolled a-way: And I'm press-ing on to the home a-bove, Since my

bur-den of sin rolled a-way. At the cross I kneeled with guilt-fetters bound,
bur-den of sin rolled a-way. Thro' His grace di-vine I was rich-ly blest,
bur-den of sin rolled a-way. I will ev-er praise the unfathomed grace,

And de-liv'rance there thro' faith I found, While a glo-ry-light seemed to
Then with conflict o'er I obtained sweet rest, And no more I felt by my
That for me on high has prepared a place, Where I shall be-hold my Re-

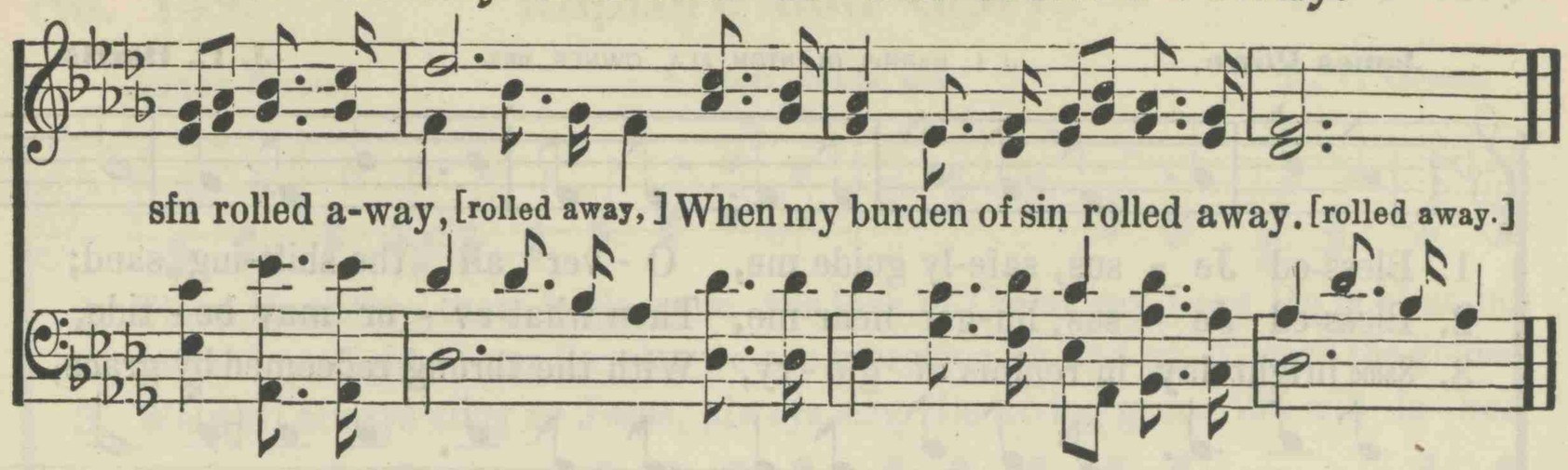
D. S.—*Je-sus spoke to me and my*

REFRAIN.

shine around, When my bur-den of sin rolled a-way.
load oppress'd, When my bur-den of sin rolled a-way. When my bur-den of
deemer's face, When my bur-den of sin rolled a-way.

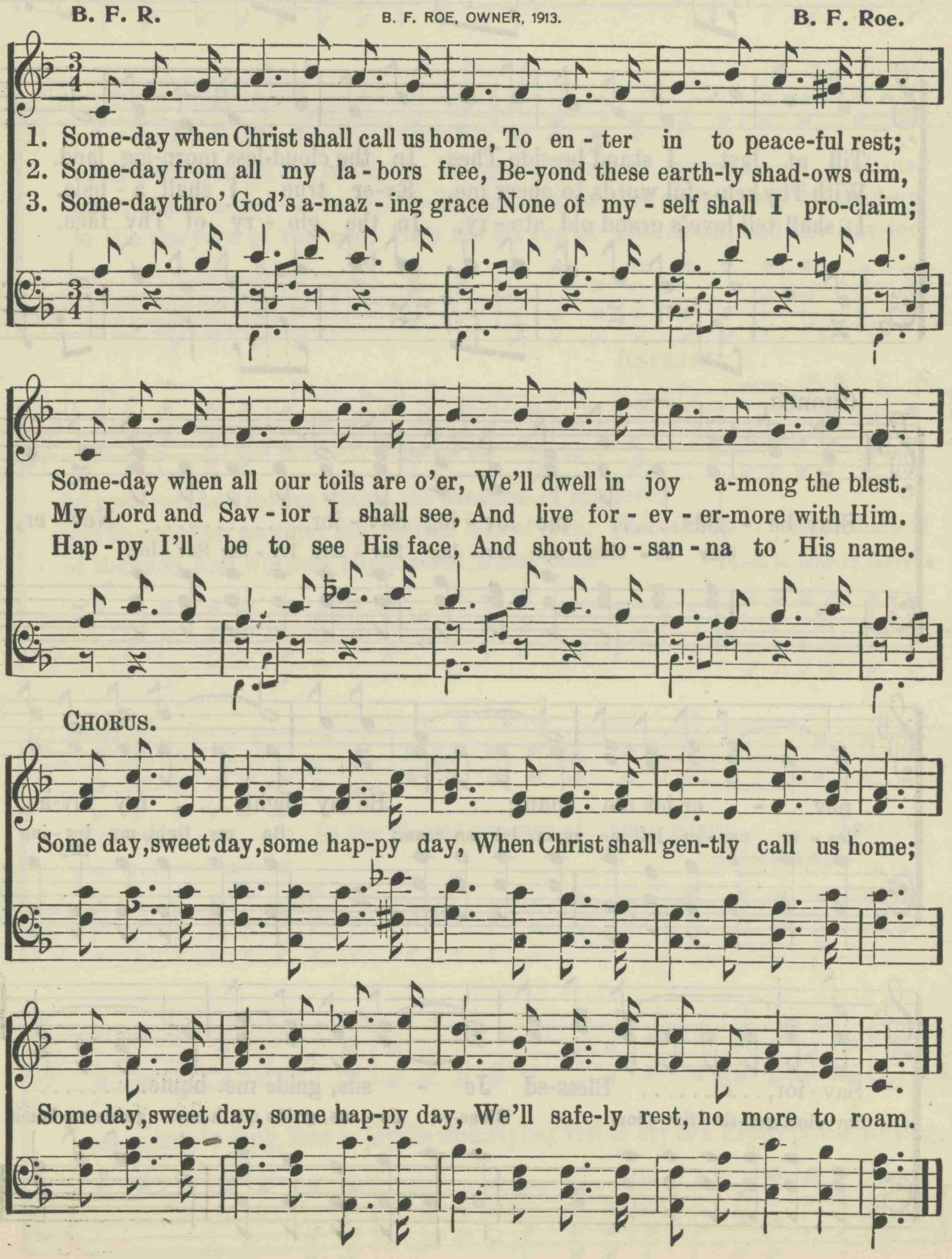
soul set free, When my bur-den of sin rolled a-way.

When my Burden of Sin Rolled Away.



No. 147. Some Day, Sweet Day.

B. F. R. B. F. ROE, OWNER, 1913. B. F. Roe.



No. 148. Guide Me Home.

James Rowe. J. L. HARRIS, CLANTON, ALA., OWNER, 1913. **J. L. Harris.**

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, safe-ly guide me, O - ver all the shift-ing sand;
2. Bless-ed Je - sus, lin-ger near me, Then what-ev - er may be - tide,
3. Some bright day, in realms of glo - ry, With the throng redeemed by grace,

Till at last I stand be-side Thee In the cloud-less morn-ing land.
With Thy help - ful words to cheer me, Ev-er true I shall a - bide.
I shall tell love's grand old sto - ry, In the glo - ry of Thy face.

CHORUS.

Stay be - side..... me lov - ing Sav - ior,..... Nev - er,
Stay be - side me lov - ing Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior,

nev - er let me roam;..... Be my light,..... my lov-ing
Nev - er, nev - er let me roam, let me roam; Be my light, my lov - ing

Sav - ior,..... Bless-ed Je - sus, guide me home.....
Sav - ior, gen-tle Sav - ior, Bless-ed Je - sus, guide me home, guide me home.

No. 149. Rapture and Glory.

James Rowe. L. T. GRANT, OWNER, 1913. L. T. Grant.

1. There is rapture, there is glo-ry in the love of Christ my Lord, He is bless-ing all His children all the while; By His grace so free-ly giv-en an - y soul may be restored, And rejoice within the sunshine of His love.

2. In the love-light of our Sav-ior we are marching on and on, T'ward the golden gates of par-a-dise a - bove; Ev-'ry trouble, ev -'ry sorrow, ev-'ry shad-ow will be gone When we enter that eternal home of love. There is rap - ture, there is

3. We will always cling to Jesus, always sing His saving grace, We will la - bor in His vineyard to the end; He's the lift - er of the fall-en, and the Sav-ior of the race, And will ever be our dearest, truest Friend.

REFRAIN.

There is rapture, there is glo - ry..... In the blessed ser-vice of the King;..... There is glo - ry. there is glo - ry There is rapture, there is glo - ry. there is glo - ry precious King;

sunshine, there is song, There is joy the whole day long, That is why such happy praise we sing.

No. 150. I Can Never Forget.

James Rowe. J. M. HENSON, SUGAR VALLEY, GA., OWNER, 1913. **J. M. Henson.**

1. I can nev - er for - get what my Sav-ior has done For a sin - ner so way-ward as I;..... All the love of my soul He com-plete-ly has won—
2. I can nev - er for - get how He suf-fered for me, That the thorn-crown so meek - ly He bore;... Of His won - der-ful love all my car - ols shall be,
3. I can nev - er for - get that in heav-en a - bove He pre - par - eth a man-sion for me,..... That my soul ev - er more may a - bide in His love

REFRAIN.

I shall love Him while a - ges go by.
I will praise Him with joy ev - er - more. I can nev-er for - get so much
And re-joice when the shadows shall flee.

love,..... And I hope to be with Him a - bove;..... Seme sweet day by His
so much love, be with Him a - bove;

grace we shall meet face to face; I can nev-er for-get so much love.....
rit.
so much love.

No. 151. O Paradise.

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

F. W. Faber. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. **A. J. Showalter.**

Andante con espress.

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

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

REFRAIN. *m* *f*

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

ff

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

ff *rit.*

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

No. 152. Some Beautiful Day.

Respectfully inscribed to my friends and harmony pupils.

James Rowe. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1913. **R. Edwin Perry.**

1. This soul-en-tranc-ing tho't is al-ways mine, And will a-bide till life is
2. When all the shadows shall have flown a-way, En-rapt-ured then my soul will
3. A-mid the hap-py an-gels o-ver there, And all the throng in that glad

o'er; The Friend who saves me by His grace di-vine I shall meet on heav-en's
be, For, at the gold-en dawn-ing of the day, I shall meet the Friend who
place, My soul will thrill with bliss beyond compare, I shall meet my Sav-ior

REFRAIN.

hap-py shore.
died for me. We shall meet, some beau-ti-ful day,.....
face to face. We shall meet in heav-en, some beau-ti-ful day, some hap-py day,

O-ver there on the gold-en shore,..... And, while a - - ges
the gold-en shore, And while all the a-ges shall

van-ish a-way,..... I shall laud His love for-ev-er-more.....
van-ish a-way, shall flee a-way, for-ev-er-more.

No. 153. In the Fear of the Lord.

Julia H. Johnston. B. J. MORRIS, OWNER, 1913. **B. J. Morris.**

1. Go forth to your work in the fear of the Lord, Be faith-ful and
2. To each one his work has the Mas-ter as-signed, And you, by His
3. No pleas-ures of earth with His work can com-pare, You la-bor for
4. 'Tis on-ly the faith-ful who hear the "Well done," By these will the

true, and a-wait the re-ward; Be read-y to serve where He
grace, will your own por-tion find; Look up to re-ceive what He
Christ, and His glo-ry will share; To hear His "Well done" in that
crown and the king-dom be won; The task may be small, but He

D. S.—*A-bide in your place in the*

show-eth the way, For sweet it will be at the close of the day.
waits to be-stow, And, lo, He is with you wher-ev-er you go.
great com-ing day, Will all of your toil and your cross-es re-pay.
asks for your best, And, look-ing to Je-sus, your work will be blest.

fear of the Lord, The faith-ful and true will re-ceive the re-ward.

REFRAIN.

The har-vest is great, and the la-bor-
The har-vest is great and the lab-'rers so few, Yes, the har-vest is great

ers so few, There's work in the field that you on-ly can do;
and the lab-'rers so few,

No. 154. He has Always Been my Friend.

Jaues Rowe. T. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1913. T. T. Taylor.

1. How I love to cling and sing to my ev - er-last-ing King, He has
2. E - ven when I lived in sin Je - sus tried my soul to win, He has
3. Not one sor-row, not one care, He a - lone will let me bear, He has
4. I am go-ing home to praise Him Whose love has blessed my days, He has

al - ways been my friend; ..... He is with me day by day
Praise and bless His ho-ly name,
When the night seems dark and long,
He has al-ways been my friend, tru-est friend; In that hap-py, peace-tul place

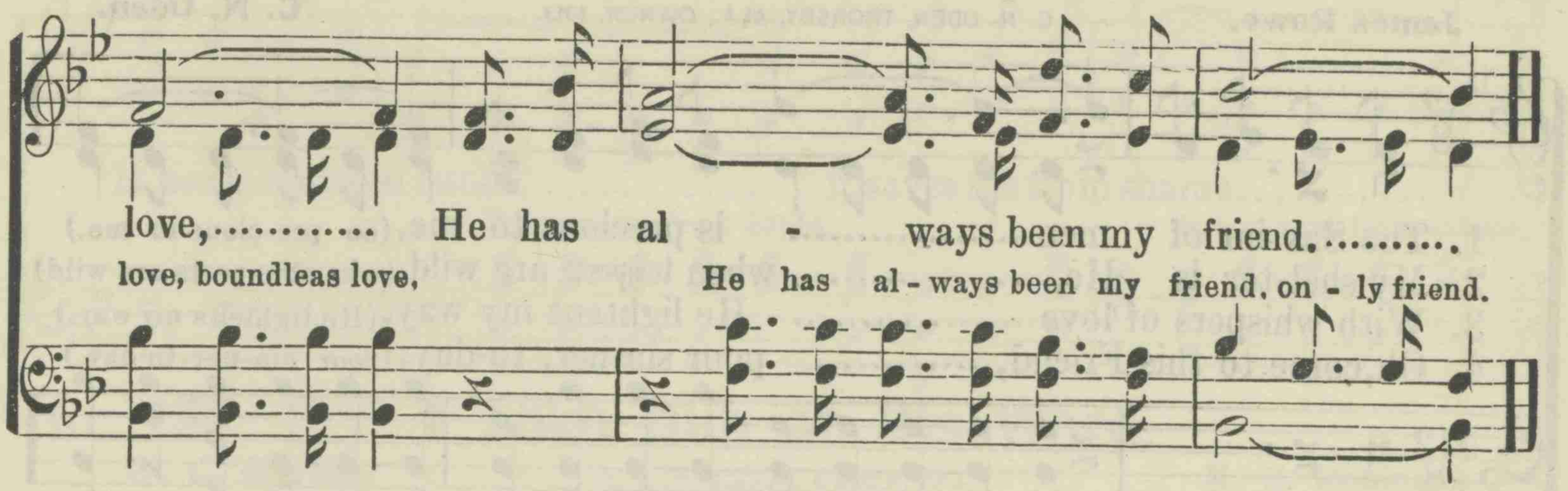
giv - ing bless-ing all the way, He has al - ways been my friend.
from His home for me He came,
He's my com-fort and my song,
I shall look up-on His face, He has always been my friend, been my friend.

REFRAIN.

O my soul, ... send praise a - bove, ... End-less
O my soul, send praise a - bove, praise a - bove,

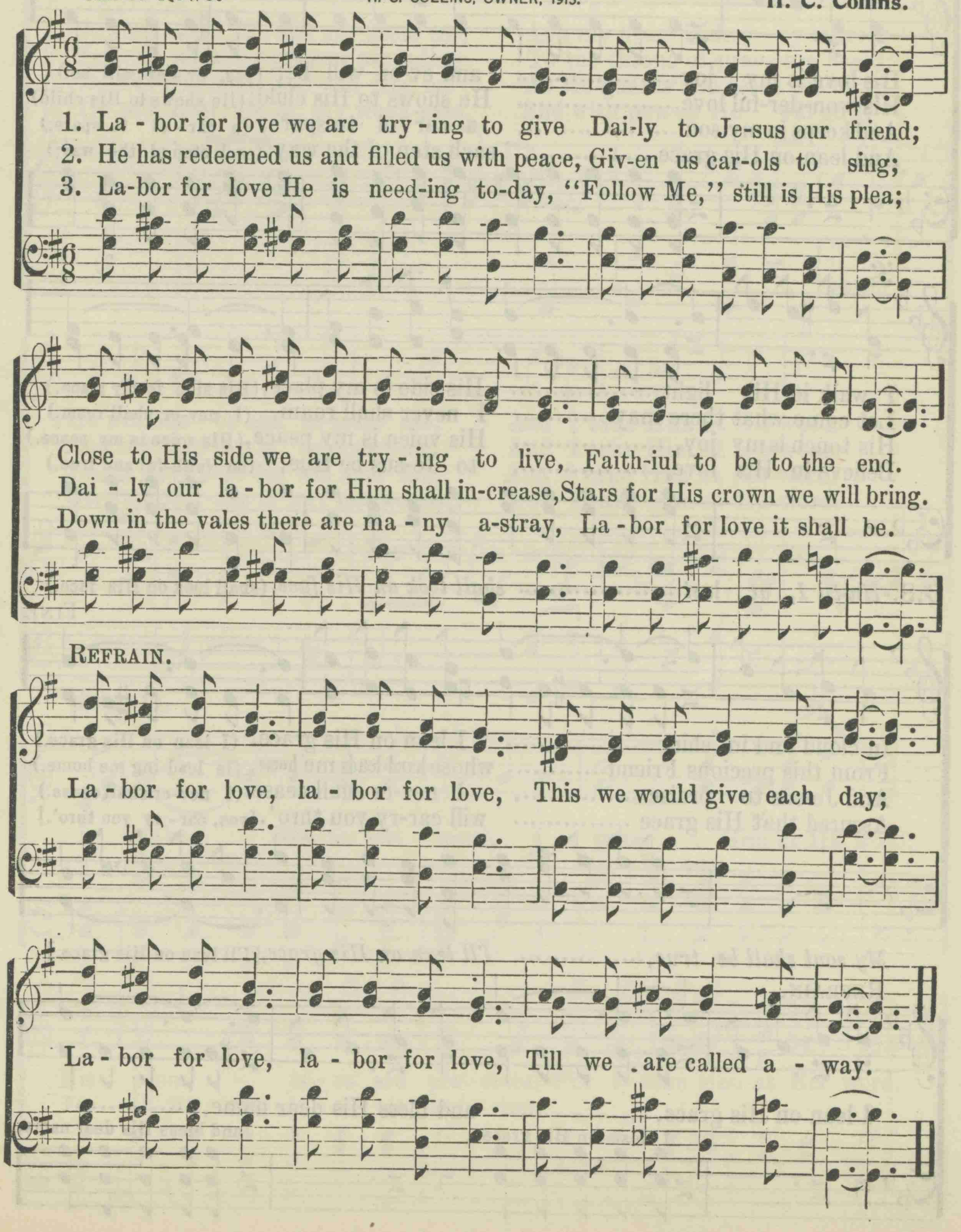
praise..... to Je - sus send; ....., Changeless is ..... His boundless
End-less praise to Je - sus send, prais-es send; Change-less is His boundless

He has Always Been my Friend.



No. 155. Labor for Love.

James Rowe. H. C. COLLINS, OWNER, 1913. H. C. Collins.



No. 156. I Lean On His Grace.

James Rowe. C. N. ODEN, THORSBY, ALA., OWNER, 1913. C. N. Oden.

1. The Sav-ior of men..... is precious to me, (so pre-cious to me.)
2. My shel-ter is He,..... when tempests are wild, (when tempests are wild)
3. With whispers of love..... He lightens my way, (He lightens my way,)
4. Oh, come to this Friend,..... poor sin-ner, to-day, (poor sin-ner, to-day.)

His love is my joy..... and ev-er will be; (yes, ev - er will be;)
His won-der-ful love..... He shows to His child; (He shows to His child)
And keeps in my soul..... a car - ol to spare; (a car - ol to spare;)
And lean on His grace..... each step of the way; (each step of the way;)

I walk in His light..... His side is my place, (His side is my place,)
Let come what there may..... I never shall roam, (I nev-er shall roam,)
His touch is my joy,..... His voice is my peace, (His voice is my peace,)
Believe in His love,..... to Je-sus be true, (be faith-ful and true,)

D.S.-*Un-til I, at last..... shall look on His face,* (shall look on His face,)

FINE.

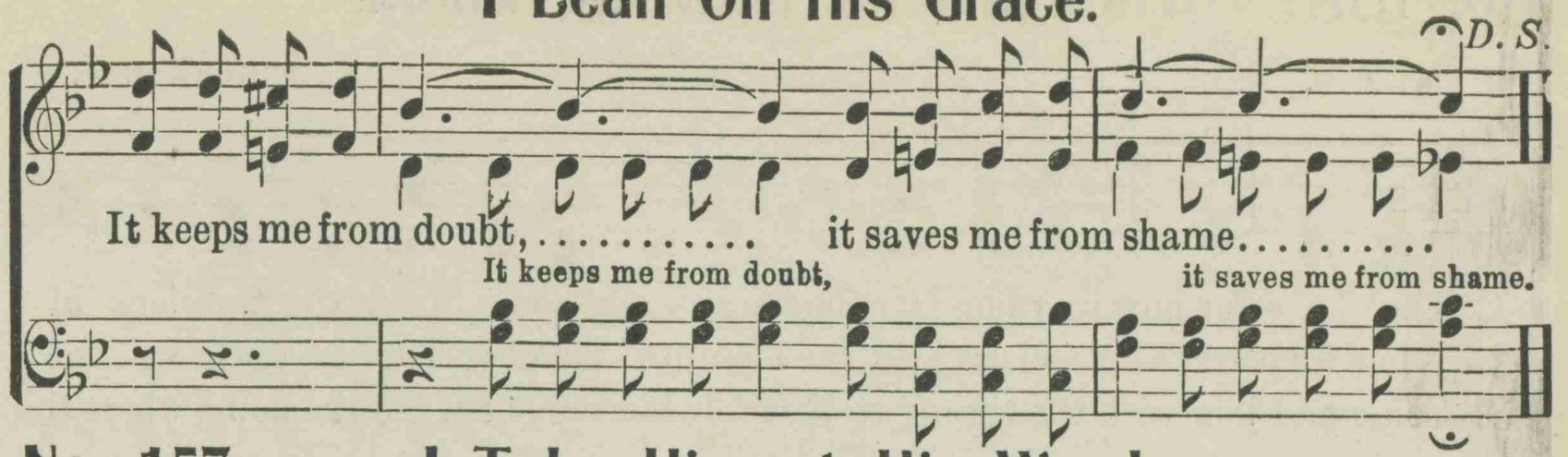
In cloud and in shine..... I lean on His grace. (I lean on His grace.)
From this precious Friend..... whose hand leads me home. (is lead-ing me home.)
And Je-sus to praise..... I nev-er shall cease. (I nev-er shall cease.)
Assured that His grace ..... will car-ry you thro'. [yes, car - ry you thro'.]

My soul shall be true,..... ..... I'll lean on His grace, [I'll lean on His grace.]

REFRAIN.

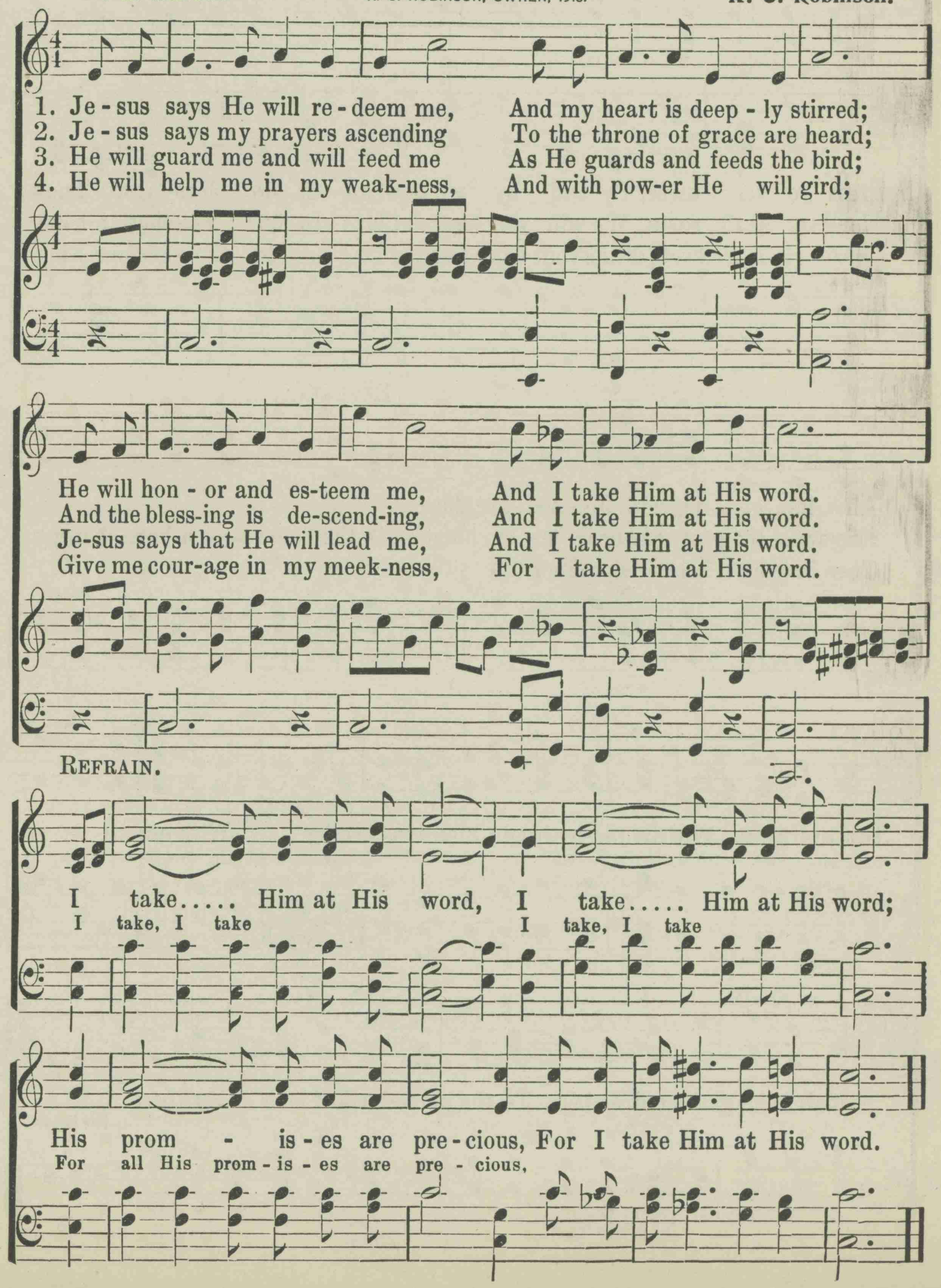
I lean on His grace,..... ..... and bless His dear name,.....
I lean on His grace, and bless His dear name,

I Lean On His Grace.



No. 157. I Take Him at His Word.

W. C. Martin. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1913. **K. C. Robinson.**



1. Je - sus says He will re - deem me, And my heart is deep - ly stirred;
2. Je - sus says my prayers ascending To the throne of grace are heard;
3. He will guard me and will feed me As He guards and feeds the bird;
4. He will help me in my weak-ness, And with pow-er He will gird;

He will hon - or and es-teem me, And I take Him at His word.
And the bless-ing is de-scend-ing, And I take Him at His word.
Je-sus says that He will lead me, And I take Him at His word.
Give me cour-age in my meek-ness, For I take Him at His word.

REFRAIN.

I take..... Him at His word, I take..... Him at His word;
I take, I take I take, I take

His prom - is - es are pre - cious, For I take Him at His word.
For all His prom - is - es are pre - cious,

No. 158. 'Though Afar Now We Roam.'

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER. OWNER. 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Tho' a - far now we roam from our heav-en-ly home, From the mansions of
2. While we work, watch and pray till the close of the day, Till on earth we no
3. Come and join with the throng to that fair land of song, To the home where the

rest o-ver there, By and by we shall go all its pleas-ures to know,
long-er shall roam, We will sing songs of love to our Fa-ther a-bove,
glo - ri-fied dwell; Tune your voice now to sing un-to Je - sus our King,

REFRAIN.

All its glo - ries with Je - sus to share.
Sing sweet songs of our heav-en - ly home. O the home-land a-bove, hap-py
Then in heav'n help His prais-es to swell.

home-land of love, With its ma-ny bright mansions so fair; With our tri-als all
mansions fair;

past we'll be gath-ered at last To the home-land of love o-ver there.
o-ver there.

No. 159. Seeking Rest.

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H. Bonar. Thos. B. Mosley.

1. When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the
2. When the stran-ger asks a home All His toils to end, When the
3. When the child with lov-ing heart, Youth or maid-en fair, When the

heav-y la-den cast All their load on Thee; When the troub-led,
hun-gry crav-eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail-or
a-ged, trust-ing still, Seek Thy face in prayer; When the wid-ow

seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life,
on the wave Bows the fer-vent knee; When the sol-dier on the field
weeps to Thee, Sad and lone and low; When the or-phan brings to Thee

REFRAIN. *Slow. Ad lib.*

At Thy feet shall fall,
Lifts his heart to Thee, Hear then, in love, O Lord, the
All his or-phan woe,

cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing place on high.

No. 160. Singing On the Way.

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

1. Deep in my heart is a song of praise to-day; I go re-joic-ing a-
2. Up from my heart comes a song of vic-to-ry For all that Je-sus hath
3. Down in my heart is a song of hope and trust, Sing un-to Je-sus my

long the nar-row way; Good-ness and mer-cy have followed me a-long,
wrought of good in me; He has been with me as com-fort-er and guide,
ransom'd spir-it must; He has redeemed me to be His lov'd, His own,

REFRAIN.

And I am sing-ing a glad and hap-py song.
And in His love I am more than sat-is-fied. Sing-ing, singing on my
In joy and song I will make His kind-ness known. Singing, glad-ly

pilgrim way, Sing-ing, sing-ing all the happy day, Thrilled with a sense
Singing, glad-ly

of the love of Christ to me, Life is one sweet song of peace and vic-to-ry.

No. 161. Keep In the Love of God.

John 15: 10.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1913. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Won-der-ful is the love, Sent from the Lord a-bove, Keep in the love of
2. When all the way is bright, When all is dark as night, Keep in the love of
3. If you would gath-er in Sheavos from the fields of sin, Keep in the love of
4. If you at last would land Safe on the gold-en strand, Keep in the love of

God, won-der-ful love; Would you His fa - vor know, Would yon have heav'n be-low?
God, won-der-ful love; Would you be led a-right, Ev - er in paths of light?
God, won-der-ful love; Would you a bless-ing be, Hap-py and light and free?
God, won-der-ful love; If you would join that throng, Sing-ing redemption's song,

REFRAIN.

f. FINE.

Keep in the love of God, won-der-ful love. Keep in the love,.....

Keep in the love,

D.S.-*Keep in the love of God, won-der-ful love.*

Keep in the love,..... Keep in the love of God, won-der-ful love;

Keep in the love,

Keep in the love,..... Keep in the love..... *D. S.*

Keep in the love,

Keep in the love,

No. 162. I Shall See My Savior's Face.

Jennie Wilson. B. D. LEE, OWNER, 1913. **B. D. Lee.**

1. When the an-gels call my spir - it to the bright, e-ter-nal home, Where I
2. Now by faith I jour-ney on-ward to that hap-py, fair a-bode, Fear-ing
3. I shall see my bless-ed Sav-ior seated on His great white throne, When be-

hope a-mong the blest to find a place; Dwelling in the light of heav-en
not how-ev - er dark the way may be; For I know that joy a-waits me
fore Him with the pu-ri - fied I stand, And in joy-ous hal - le - lu-jahs

where no shadows ev-er come, I shall look with rapture on my Savior's face.
at the end-ing of my road, When my Sav-ior's face in glo-ry I shall see.
I will make His mer-cy known, Singing with glad multitudes from ev'ry land.

REFRAIN

I shall see..... ..... my Sav - ior's face,..... And re-
I shall see my Sav-ior's face, yes, I shall see my Sav-ior's face,

joice for - ev - er in un-bound-ed grace; By and by..... be-
By and by be-yond the sky, yes,

I Shall See My Savior's Face.

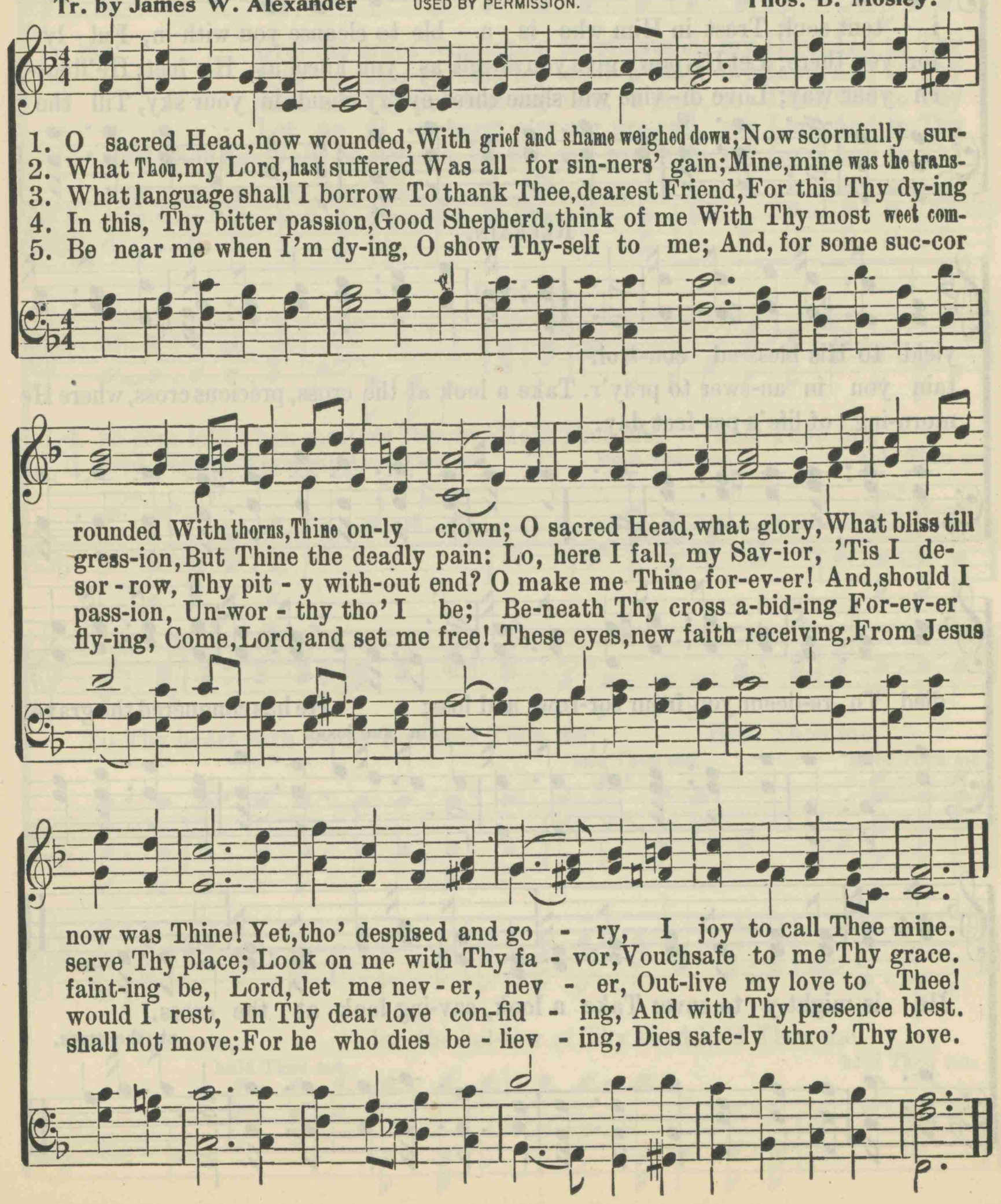


No. 163. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

They crucified him.—Matt. 27: 35.

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Tr. by James W. Alexander — Thos. B. Mosley.



No. 164. Take A Look at the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER, 1912. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Take a look at the cross when the burden of sin Press-es hard on your pen-
2. Take a look at the cross when temptation you meet; Think of Him who endured
3. Take a look at the cross when the storms, passing by, Throw the shadows that dark-

i - tent soul; Trust in Him who is a - ble to cleanse you with-in, Ful - ly
for you there; Let His pow'r give you strength as you kneel at His feet; He'll sus-
en your way; Love di - vine will shine thro' ev-'ry cloud in your sky, Till the

yield to His bless-ed con-trol.
tain you in an-swer to pray'r. Take a look at the cross, precious cross, where He
morn-ing of life's per-fect day.

REFRAIN.

died To re-deem you from sor-row and loss; He has conquered the grave;
sin and loss:

He is might-y to save; Take a look, sav-ing look at the cross.
at the cross.

No. 165. Hold Thou Me.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. B. J. CLEMENTS, OWNER, 1913. B. B. Skelton.

1. In the hol-low of Thy might-y hand, Hold Thou me, Hold Thou
2. I am weak and faint but Thou art strong,
3. Should I meet with storms along the way,
4. When the cares of life my soul as - sail,
5. Lest Thy child should wander far a-stray, Hold Thou me,

me; Give me grace temptation to withstand, my Lord, And to Thy
And in safe-ty lead my soul a-long, my Lord, And to Thy
Give me Thy pro-tect-ing care, I pray, my Lord, And to Thy
Let no ill or harm o'er me pre-vail, my Lord, And to Thy
hold Thou me; Walk be-side me in the nar-row way, my Lord, And to Thy

REFRAIN.

1-4. bo-som fold Thou me. (fold Thou me) Hold Thou me, hold Thou me,
5. love enfold Thou me. (fold Thou me. Hold Thou me, hold Thou me,

To Thy heart with tender love fold Thou me; Hold Thou me,
fold Thou me; Hold Thou me.

hold Thou me, In the hol-low of Thy hand hold Thou me.
hold Thou me. hold Thou me.

No. 166. Jesus Knows.

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

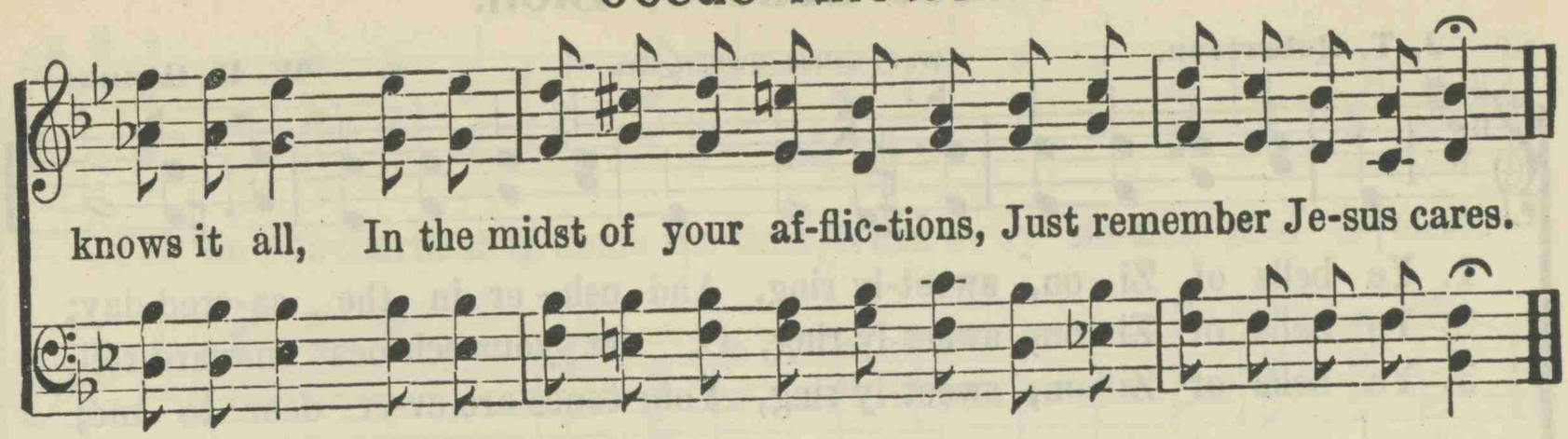
1. When the way is dark be-fore you, and you do not see the path, When the clouds seem heavy-weighted, om - i-nous with coming wrath, When a - lone you seem to wander, and in dread and fear you cry, Do not question heaven's kindness, there is One who knoweth why.

2. Je - sus knows your ev - 'ry sor-row, ev - 'ry bur-den on your soul, And He sees the tides of e - vil that ath-wart your pathway roll; From His throne of light and glo-ry, in the land be-yond the sky, He is looking down upon you, and He understands the why. He knows, Jesus knows it all, All your sorrow, and your sadness, And your bur-den Je - sus shares; He knows, Je-sus

3. Thro' these days of fear and struggle He is ver - y, ver - y near, And His strong arm will up-hold you in the midst of doubt and fear; Be of trust-ing heart and spir-it, and up - on the Lord re - ly, Do not question heaven's kindness, for the dear Lord knoweth why.

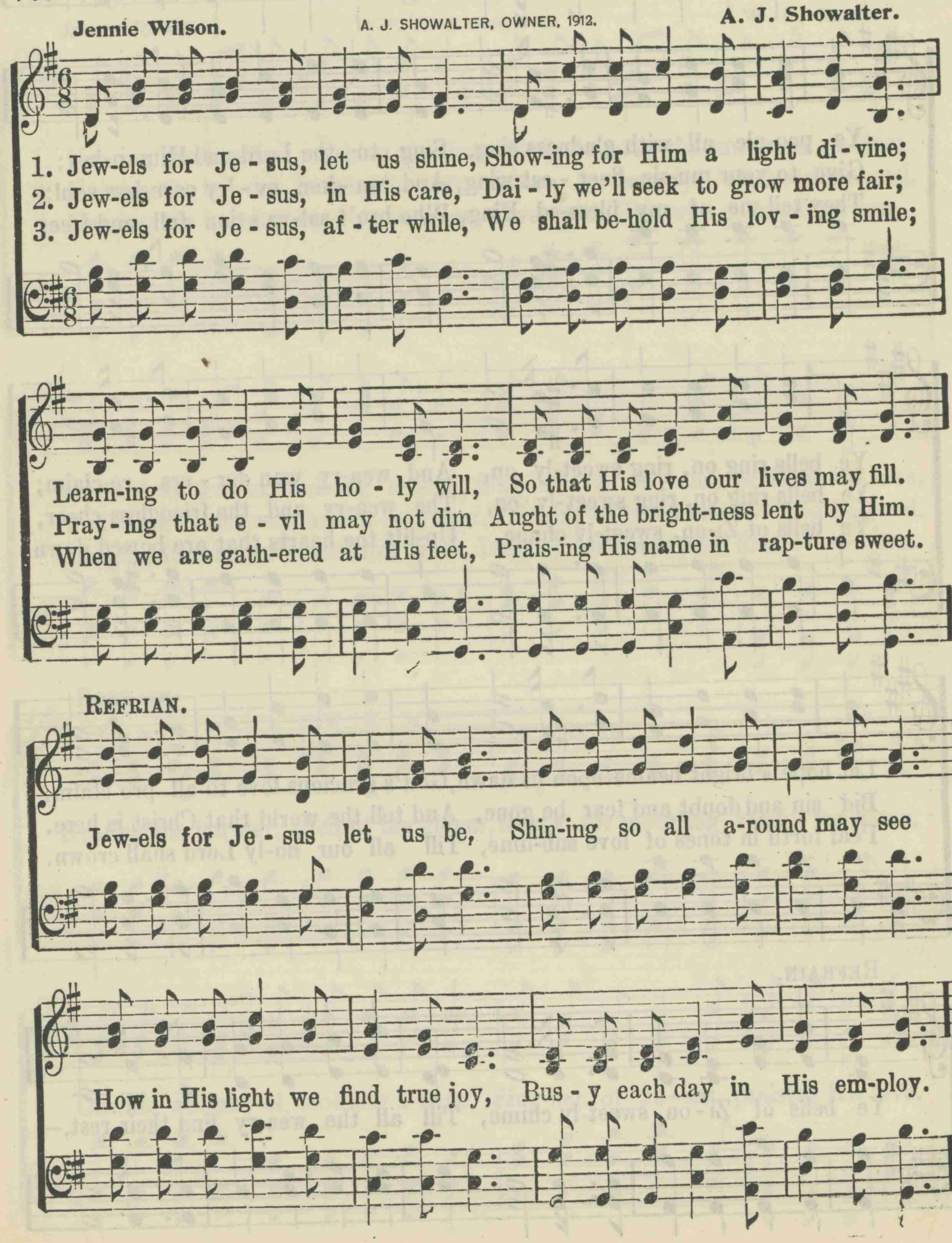
REFRAIN.

Jesus Knows.



No. 167. Jewels for Jesus.

Jennie Wilson. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.



No. 168. Sweet Bells of Zion.

J. T. Robertson. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1913. W. P. Ganus.

1. Ye bells of Zi - on, sweet-ly ring, And ush - er in the sa-cred day;
2. Ye bells of Zi - on, sweet-ly ring, O, let your ech-oes on-ward roll,
3. Ye bells of Zi - on, sweet-ly ring, Your tones are ev-er dear to me;

Ye peo-ple all with gladness sing, Sing to the Lord and Him o-bey;
Give to your mu-sic fleet - est wing, And wa - ken ev - 'ry care-less soul;
They tell me of my bless-ed King, Who bro't sal-va - tion full and free;

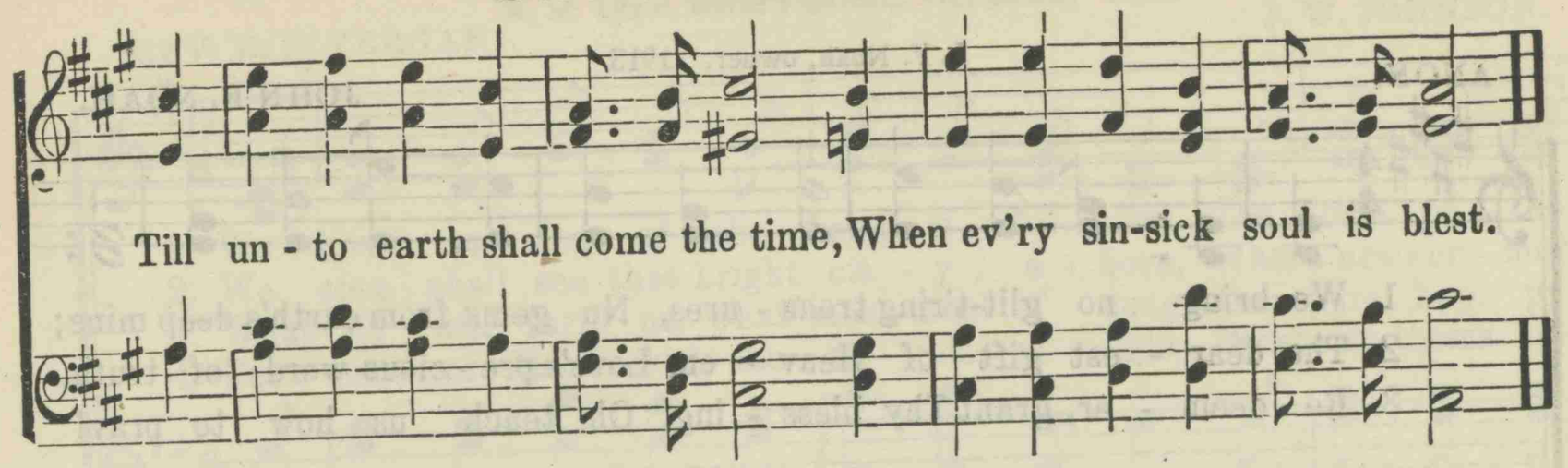
Ye bells ring on, ring sweet-ly on, And wea-ry wan der - ers re-claim;
Ye bells ring on, ring sweet-ly on, The wea-ry and the friendless cheer,
Ye bells of Zi-on, sweet-ly chime, Up-lift the hearts that are bowed down,

Let hope's bright beams upon us dawn, God's gracious love to all pro-claim.
Bid sin and doubt and fear be gone, And tell the world that Christ is here.
Peal forth in tones of love sub-lime, Till all our ho-ly Lord shall crown.

REFRAIN.

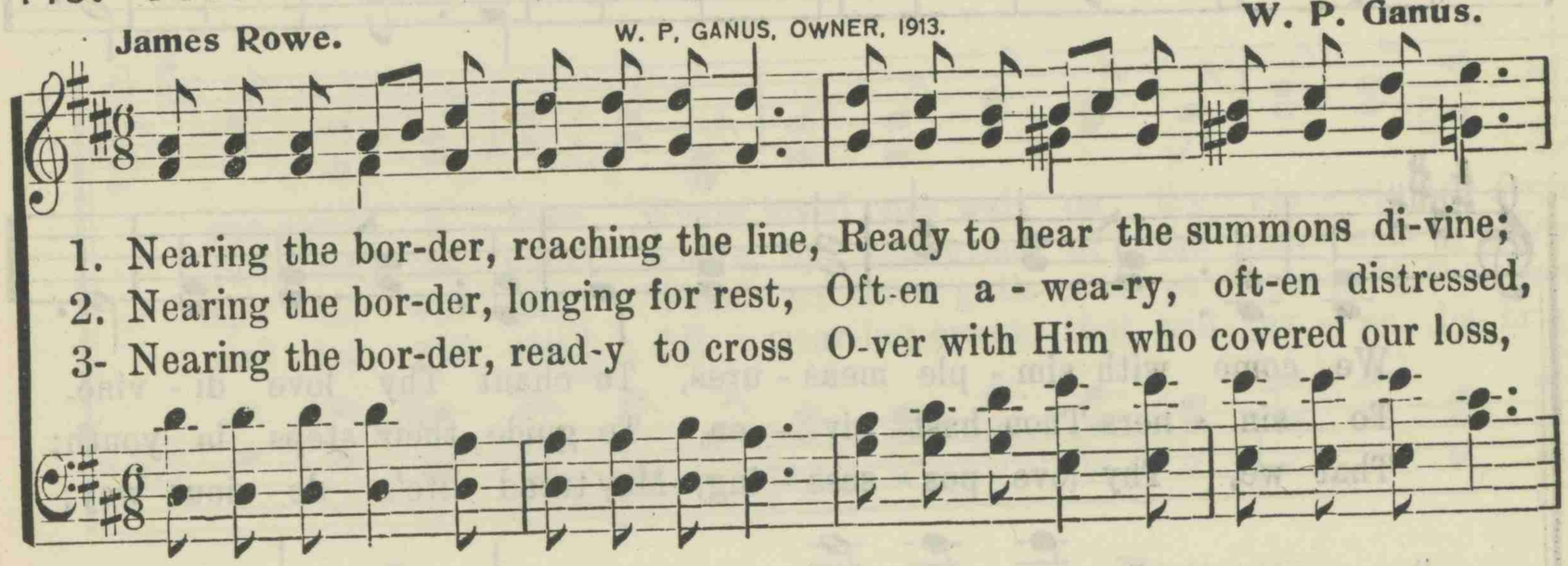
Ye bells of Zi - on, sweet-ly chime, Till all the wea-ry find their rest,—

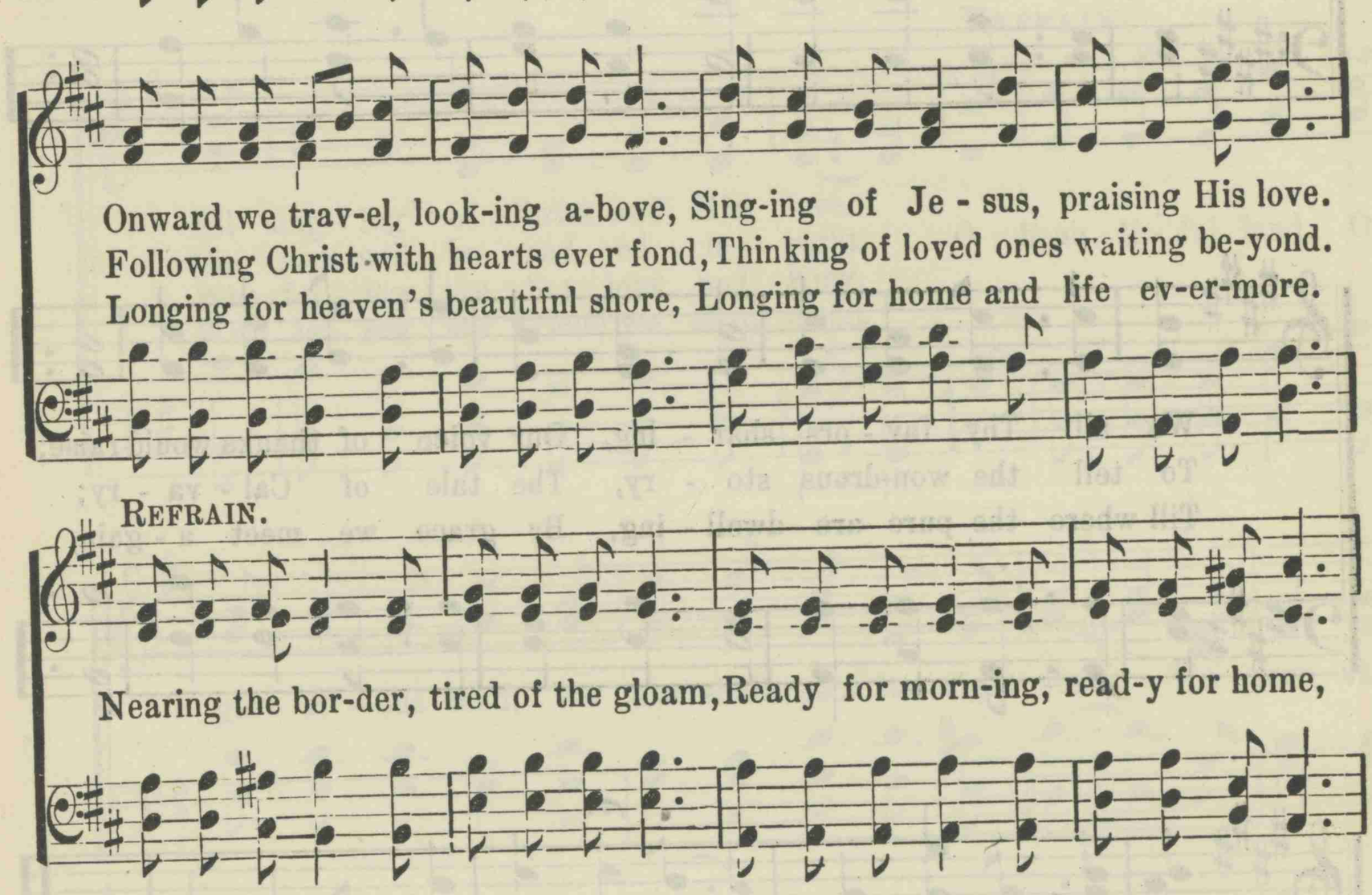
Sweet Bells of Zion.

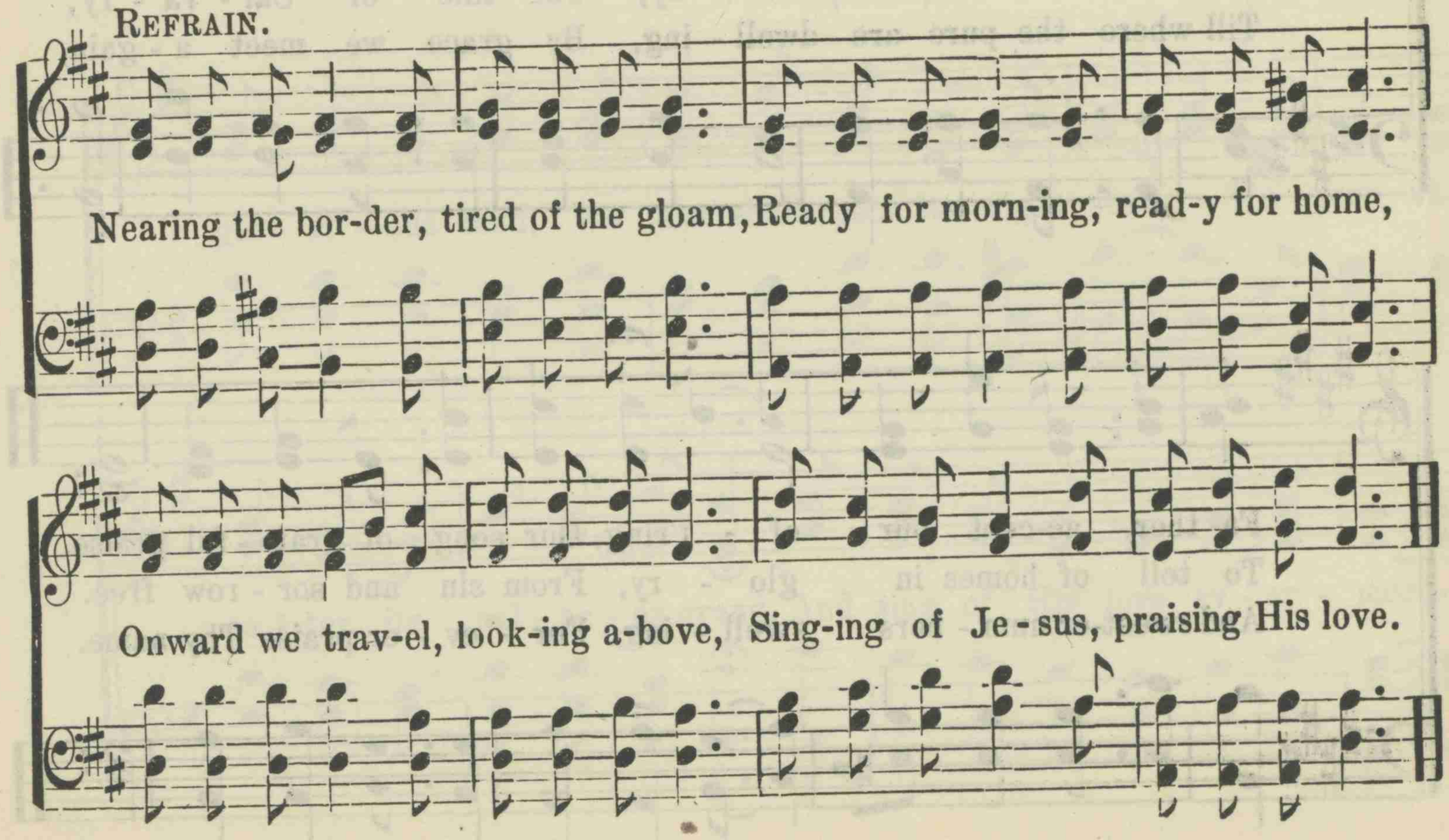


No. 169. Nearing the Border.

James Rowe. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1913. W. P. Ganus.







No. 170. The Gift of Heaven.

J. F. Noah, owner. 1913.

ANON. JOHN F. NOAH.

1. We bring no glit-t'ring treas - ures, No gems from earth's deep mine;
2. The dear - est gift of Heav - en, Love's pre - cious word of truth,
3. Re - deem - er, grant Thy bless - ing, Oh, teach us how to pray!

We come with sim - ple meas - ures, To chant Thy love di - vine.
To sin - ners Thou hast giv - en, To guide their steps in youth;
That we, Thy love pos - sess - ing, May tread life's de - vious way;

We all Thy fav - ors shar - ing, Our voice of thanks would raise;
To tell the won-drous sto - ry, The tale of Cal - va - ry;
Till where the pure are dwell - ing, By grace we meet a - gain,

Fa- ther, ac-cept our of - f'ring, Our song of grate - ful praise.
To tell of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.
And sweet-er num - bers swell - ing, For - ev - er praise Thy name.

No. 171. The Beautiful Land.

H. M Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. 1913.

REV. R. F. YERGAN. J. W. JOHNSON.

1. We love to sing of the beau - ti - ful land, The home of the
2. We soon shall see that bright cit - y a - bove, Where nev - er - more
3. What joy will thrill us, what meas-ures of song Our pure, hap - py
4. For - ev - er there, with the an - gels of light, Where an-thems un-

ran-somed a - bove, Where loved ones wait on the glo - ri - fied strand,
fall - eth the night; Where, by the grace of the heav - en - ly Dove,
spir - its will sing; When we have gath-ered at home with the throng
end - ing will swell, All wear-ing crowns that will ev - er be bright,

REFRAIN.

All sing - ing of Christ and His love.
Our faith will be end - ed in sight.
Who fol - low the Sav - iour and King.
With Je - sus our Friend we shall dwell.

O beau - ti - ful land, O

glo - ri - ous land, We soon shall reach its bright shore; We soon shall

en - ter its pal - ac - es grand, And sing of His love ev - er - more.

No. 172. Won't You Come Home?

James Rowe.

J. H. TAYLOR, OWNER. 1913.

J. H. Taylor.

1. O wan - der - er, Je - sus still ten - der - ly pleads; He knows ev - 'ry weak - ness, your soul's ma - ny needs; Why still in the val - leys of sin do you roam, Still slight - ing His mer - cy? O, won't you come home?
2. The temp - ter has robbed you of peace and of song, The shad - ow of death may be fall - ing ere long; See, bright - ly the home-lights now shine thro' the gloom; For you they are shin-ing, O, won't you come home?
3. The pleas-ures of earth are but mar - ring your soul, And push - ing you on t'ward a ter - ri - ble goal; While Je - sus is ten - der - ly whis - per-ing "Come," And wait - ing to save you, O, won't you come home?

REFRAIN.

{ O, won't you come home? (O come home) O, won't you come home? (O come home;) From sin turn a-
{ Still bend-ing a-bove, (just a-bove,) He of-fers His love. (saving love)

1

2

way and no far-ther roam; O, sin-burdened wan-der-er, won't you come home?

No. 173. Will You Be A Stranger?

I never knew you, depart from me.—Matt. 7: 23.

J. S. Booker. J. A ATKINS, OWNER, 1913. J. A. Atkins.

Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. Will you be a lone - ly stran-ger When you're called from earth a-way?
2. When in death the Sav - ior calls you, O what will your judgment be?
3. Sin - ner, turn to Christ the Sav - ior, For your soul He waits to save;

None to shield your soul from dan - ger In the hour of dark dis - may?
Will He say "I nev - er knew you, O de - part, de - part from me?"
Learn to do His will and fa - vor, Then a Friend in-deed you'll have.

CHORUS.

Will you be..... a lone - ly stran - ger To the
Will you be a lone - ly stran-ger, lone - ly stran-ger

bless - ed Sav-ior's face? Wand'ring out ..... in night and
To the bless - ed Sav - ior's face, glorious face? Wand'ring out in night and

dan - ger, Know-ing not ..... His won-drous grace?
dan-ger, night and danger, Knowing not His wondrous grace, His wondrous grace?

No. 174, He Will Make it Plain at Last.

James Rowe. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1913. W. P. Ganus.

1. Some days our souls are weak and worn, Some days by grief our hearts are torn,
2. Some days the foe seems al-ways near, And ev-'ry step is wild and drear,
3. Some days tho' sky and path are bright, And dear com-pan - ions in our sight,

We ask our-selves why this is so; But nev - er know, we nev - er know.
Our hearts with sor - row o - ver-flow; We won-der why, but nev - er know.
No rest we find, no joy we know; We won-der why, but nev - er know.

REFRAIN.

But some bright day..... on yon - der shore,.....
But some bright day on yon - der shore, on yon-der shore,

When grief and care..... ..... and pain are o'er,.....
When grief and care and pain are o'er, and pain are o'er,

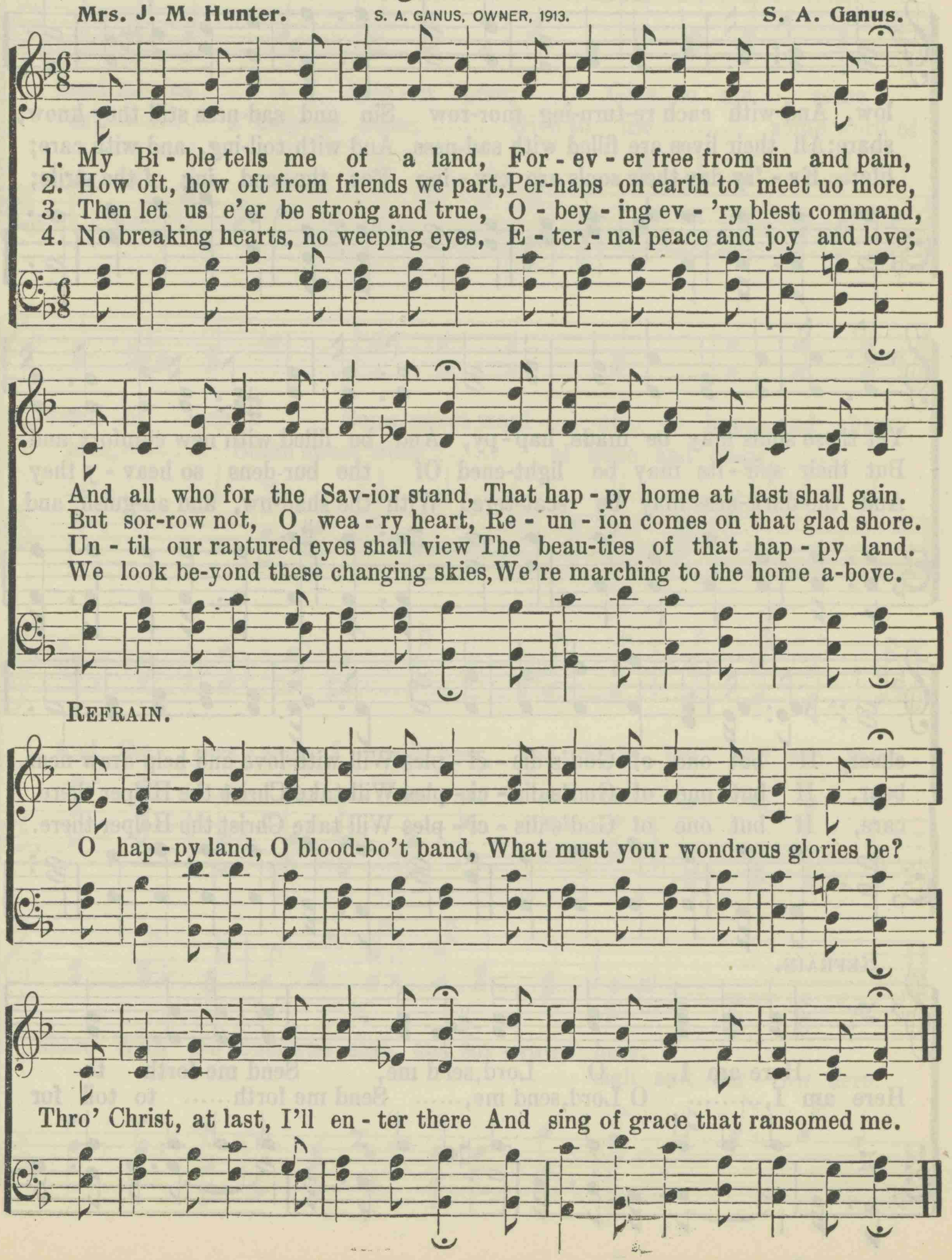
This Friend on whom..... our sins are cast,.....
This Friend on whom our sins are cast, our sins are cast,

He Will Make It Plain at Last.



No, 175. Thoughts of Home.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. S. A. GANUS, OWNER, 1913. S. A. Ganus.



No. 176. Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

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

1. There are souls bowed down in sor-row, In this dark world of woe here be-
2. There are some who know no glad-ness, And but lit - tle of com-fort they
3. There are ma - ny who are sigh - ing For a hap - pi - er por - tion in

low, And with each re-turn-ing mor-row Sin and sad-ness still they know;
share; All their lives are filled with sad-ness, And with toil-ing, and with care;
life; Ev - 'ry day their souls are cry - ing For the end - ing of the strife;

Yet these souls may be made hap - py, And be filled with new comfort and
But their spir - its may be light-ened Of the bur-dens so heav - y they
And the dark-ness may be scat-tered With the shad-ow, and an-guish, and

cheer, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will with love and help draw near.
bear, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will take Christ the Helper there.
care, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will take Christ the Helper there.

REFRAIN.

Here am I, O Lord, send me, Send me forth to
Here am I,..... O Lord, send me,..... Send me forth..... to toil for

Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

toil for Thee! To the homes of want and care,
Thee! To the homes ..... of want and care, ... Send me

Send me as a help - er there; Give to me some
as ..... a help - er there; ..... Give to me ..... some word of

word of love, Some sweet word of hope and cheer,
love, ... Some sweet word ..... of hope and cheer, ...

And the mes - sage I will bear, And life's joy and sun - shine

share With the souls who sigh and sor - row here.
sigh and sor - row here.

No. 177. Sing to the King.

James Rowe. G. B. WILLIAMS, EMPIRE, GA., OWNER, 1913. G. B. Williams.

1. Sing to - day to Je-sus the King who redeems by His grace, Sing to Him whose mer-cy is sav-ing the hu-man race; Praise His Name in anthems of glad-ness and heart-felt praise, More and more ex - tol the Re-deem-er who
2. Sing to - day to Je - sus who conquers the hosts of all sin, Sing to Him whose pow-er will help us the crown to win; Sing with joy from hearts that de- light in His ho - ly name, Praise the King who died to re-deem us from
3. Great is He and wor-thy of all that our hearts can e'er give; He has shown His peo-ple the way to be free and live; He will keep us free from all sin till this life is o'er, And, at last, with glo - ry will crown us for-

REFRAIN.

crowns our days.
end - less shame. Sing to the won-der-ful, won-der - ful King, Make the whole
ev - er-more. Sing to the won-der - ful King, Make

un - i - verse, un - i - verse ring.....
the whole un - i - verse ring. Make the whole un - i-verse, un - i-verse ring.

Sing to the King.

Praise Him with glad new songs, Praise to the Sav - ior to
Praise Him, we'll praise Him with wonderful songs, Praise Him to
whom praise be - longs,..... Praise Him a-
Loud we'll ever sing praise to this wonderful King; Praise
gain and a - gain and a - gain, Prais-es we'll sing to this won-dər-ful
Him a - gain and a - gain,
King,..... ..... Let-ting our voi - ces soar,
Ev-er sing praise to this wonderful King,
Sing of His mer-cy and good-ness and pow-er for - ev - er - more.

No. 178. Glorious Praises.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Sing-ing ho-san-nas to our im-mor-tal King, Mak-ing the val-leys with hap-py prais-es ring, In the light we press a-long,
2. Wav-ing the stand-ard wher-ev-er sin is known, Work-ing and fight-ing, that foes be o-ver-thrown, Draw-ing cour-age from a-bove,
3. Hon-or and glo-ry for-ev-er His shall be, E-vil shall van-ish and na-tions shall be free, Joy-ous prais-es shall in-crease,

helping Right to conquer Wrong, Helping wea-ry souls to smile and shine;
stand-ing on the Rock we love—Close to Him whose heart to us is shown!
flowing vales and plains with peace, Ringing o-ver ev-'ry land and sea;

Blood-bought and par-doned, all white as snow with-in, Go-ing to
Glo-ry to Je-sus will ev-er be our aim, Ev-er His
"Je-sus is Vic-tor!" shall thrill the ran-som'd race, Na-tions shall

Glo-ry with Him who saves from sin; O'er and o'er the sto-ry sweet
good-ness His chil-dren will pro-claim; He hath died that we may live,
wor-ship the glo-ry of His face; Thro' the a-ges we will bring

Glorious Praises.

to the way-ward we re-peat, Sure that we the crown of life shall win.
hence to Him our all we give, Sing-ing glad ho-san-nas to His name.
glo-ry, hon-or to our King Who is sav-ing all the world by grace.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ri-ous King, won-der-ful King, Dai-ly to
Praise Him again, praise Him a-gain, Je-sus who

Glo-ri-ous, glo-ri-ous King, wonderful, won-der-ful King,
Praise Him, yes, praise Him a-gain, praise Him, yes, praise Him again,

Him praises we sing; He is the Sav-ior of the race,
saves perishing men! He is the One that we adore,

Ev-er His praises we sing, glo-ri-ous praises we sing,
Jesus who wondrously saves fall-en and per-ish-ing men,

1

Winning the hearts of men by grace, Glorious praise for Him ev-er shall ring! (ever shall ring!

[*Omit* .....

2

He is our King forevermore! Praise Him again, our great glorious King! (glorious King!)

No. 179. Visions of Glory.

James Rowe. G. B. WILLIAMS, EMPIRE, GA., OWNER, 1913. **G. B. Williams.**

1. Having placed our hope in Je-sus, We are in the homeward way, And we
2. O the rapt-ure that will thrill us When we meet Him face to face, When we

go wher-e'er He leads us Till the dawn-ing of the day.... We are
stand a-mong the an-gels In that ho - ly, hap-py place!.. We shall

marching out of the shadows deep, Of this drear-y earth-ly place, To the
praise Him there in that cit - y fair, As we walk the streets of gold, And for-

home prepared in glo - ry For the faith-ful of the race. He will lead us straight
ev - er-more the beauties Of the cit - y will un - fold. On the golden strand

to the gold - en gate, In the light of love di - vine; We shall nev - er stray
all the saved shall stand, And a won-drous an-them raise To the King of love

Visions of Glory.

from the love-lit way Where His glories ev - er shine; We are sure that
who will reign a-bove Thro' un-num-bered happy days. We shall see Him

we shall triumph thro' His love, Sure that we shall all receive the crown, If to
there in all His maj-es - ty, On the ev-er-last-ing throne above, And re-

Him we cling and His prais-es sing Till we lay our bur-dens down. He will
joice that we heard His ten-der plea, When He of-fered us His love. O the

lead us on and on Till we reach that happy shore, Where with friends and dear ones
glo - ry that will come When their earthly life is o'er, When the faithful ones are

who have gone, We shall rest in His love ev - er - more.....
safe at home, To a - bide in His love ev - er - more.....

for - ev - er, ev-er-more.

No. 180. The Guide Post.

Wm. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER, 1912. Wm. M. Golden.

1. Up-on your way..... the Guide post stands, .. Go on, dear friends, ... go
2. He paid the debt..... that set us free, ... Go on, dear friends, ... go
3. Un-til you close..... your eyes in death, ... Go on, dear friends, ... go
4. The Guide post stands..... to light the way, ... Go on, dear friends, ... go

on; (dear friends, go on:) The prints of nails..... are in His hands, ... Go on, dear
on; (dear friends, go on;) He'll come for you, ... He'll come for me, ... Go on, dear
on; (dear friends, go on;) And serve the Lord, ... While you have breath, ... Go on, dear
on; (dear friends, go on;) And follow Him, ... Who leads the way, ... Go on, dear

REFRAIN.

friends, go on. The Guide post stands, both night and day,
The Guide post stands.....both night and day,.....

In-vit-ing you to come His way; He shed His blood
In-vit-ing you..... to come His way;..... He shed His blood.....

on Cal-va-ry, Redeeming you, redeeming me. (redeeming me.)
on Cal-va-ry,..... Redeeming you,..... redeeming me.....

No. 181. I'm Trusting Jesus Now.

James Rowe. H. I. ROBBINS, OWNER, 1913. H. L. Robbins.

1. For years the path of sin I trod, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now;
2. I risked my soul for pleasures wrong, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now;
3. I wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now;
4. I'm go - ing home to see His face, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now;

I used to slight and grieve my God, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now.
Re-deem-ing grace is now my song, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now.
I've lost my bur - den and my fears, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now.
With an-gels I shall praise His grace, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now.

REFRAIN.

I'm trust-ing Je - sus now, O yes, His light is on my brow;

One hap - py day He came my way, I'm trust-ing Je - sus now.

No. 182. How Beautiful to Live for God.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. B. R. YOUNG, OWNER, 1913. B. R. Young.

1. How beau - ti - ful to live for God, And spread his ho-ly word a-broad! To
2. Then let us work with song and smile, And do the things well worth the while; Bright
3. Look for-ward to a sure re-ward-- A rec-om-pense from Christ, the Lord, Thy

speak the message all should know With-in · this busy world be-low! So ma - ny
trophies must for Christ be won, Ere comes the setting of the sun; No time for
la - bor all, He will requite, On earth, or in the land of light; E - ter - nal

souls with pain are filled, So many hearts despair hath chilled, Love's fire to warm, hope's
doubt, no room for fear, O, help re-press the rising tear! Let all u-nite in
fruitage shall appear, From seed that we have scattered here, And "bread up-on the

REFRAIN.

light to cheer Would bring the joy of Heaven near.
God's great plan, For lift - ing up poor, fal-len man. O beau-ti-ful work! O
wa - ters" cast, Re-turn with precious joy at last.

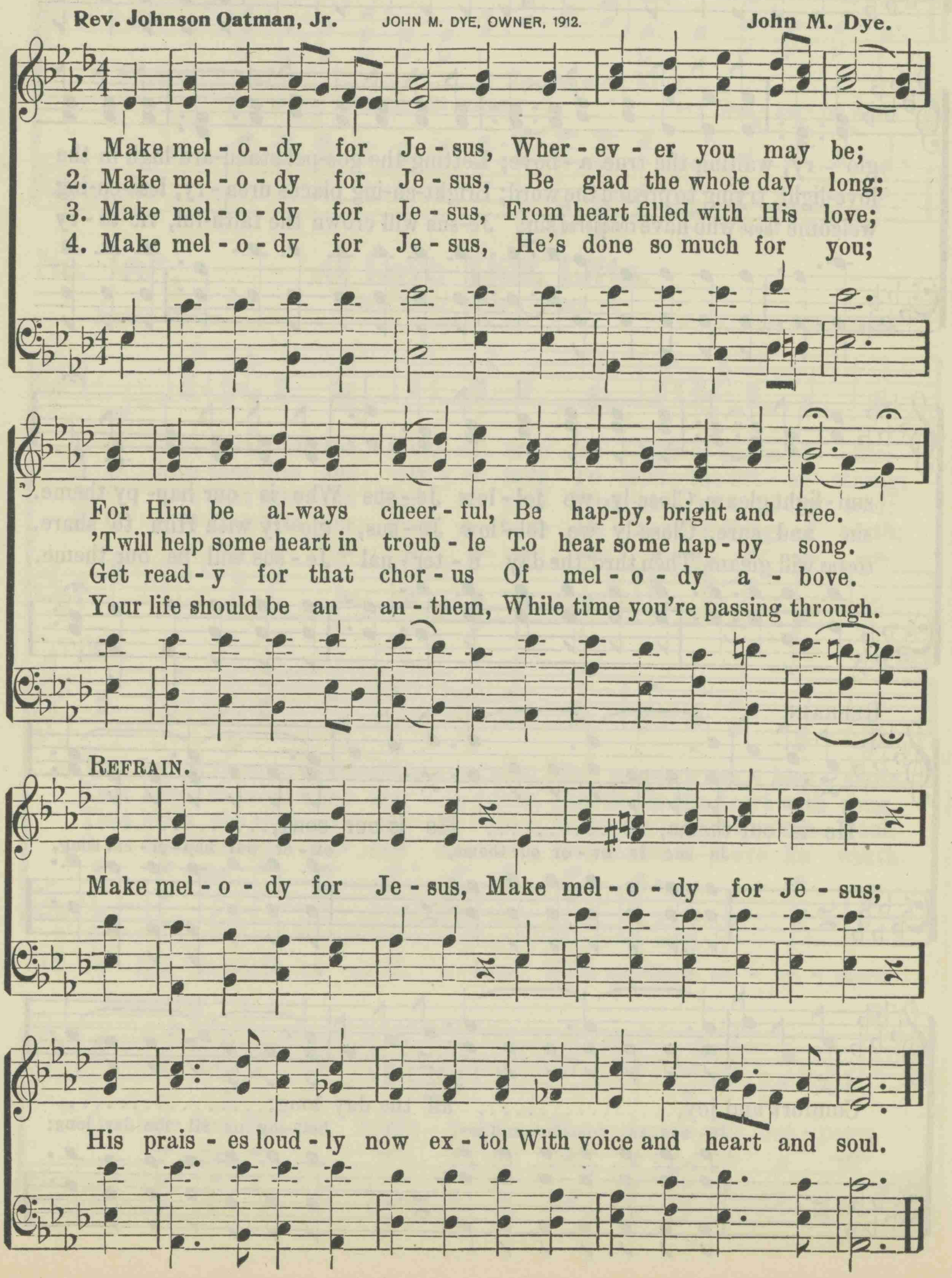
beau-ti-ful work! O mis-sion di-vine, 'tis yours and 'tis mine; He calls us to-

How Beautiful to Live for God.



No. 183. Make Melody for Jesus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN M. DYE, OWNER, 1912. John M. Dye.



No. 184. He Is Our Theme.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. Marching a-long to Zi - on, praising re-deem-ing love, Try-ing to win the
2. Tell - ing the gos-pel sto - ry, making it clear-ly heard, Trying to spread the
3. Aft - er the gates of glo - ry o - pen to let us in, Aft-er the an-gels

glo - ry, waiting the true a - bove; Letting the gos-pel stand-ard high in the
love-light, trying to preach the word; Bright-en-ing places drea - ry, less-en-ing
welcome those who have conquered sin; Je-sus will crown the faith-ful, vic-to - ry

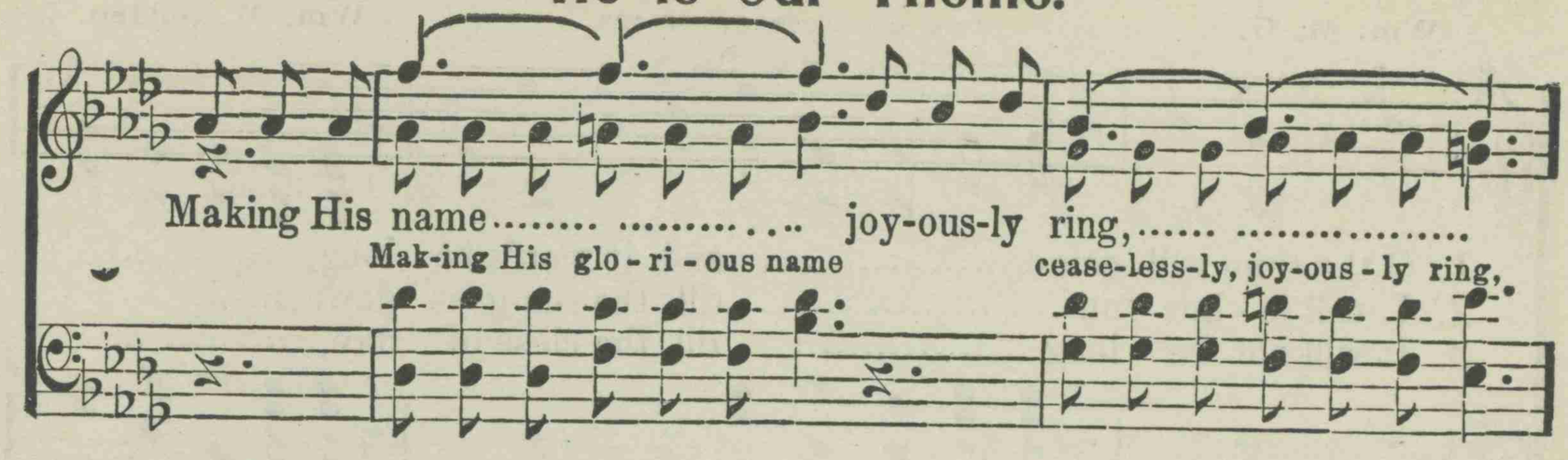
sun - light gleam, Close-ly we fol - low Je - sus Who is our hap- py theme.
sin and care, Close-ly we fol - low Je - sus, glo - ry with Him to share.
crowns will gleam, Then thro' the day e - ter - nal Je - sus will be our theme.

REFRAIN.

He is our theme,..... He is our song,.....
Je - sus is ev - er our theme, ev - er our hap - pi - est song,

Comfort and joy,..... all the day long;.....
Je - sus is com-fort and joy, help-ing us all the day long;

He is Our Theme.

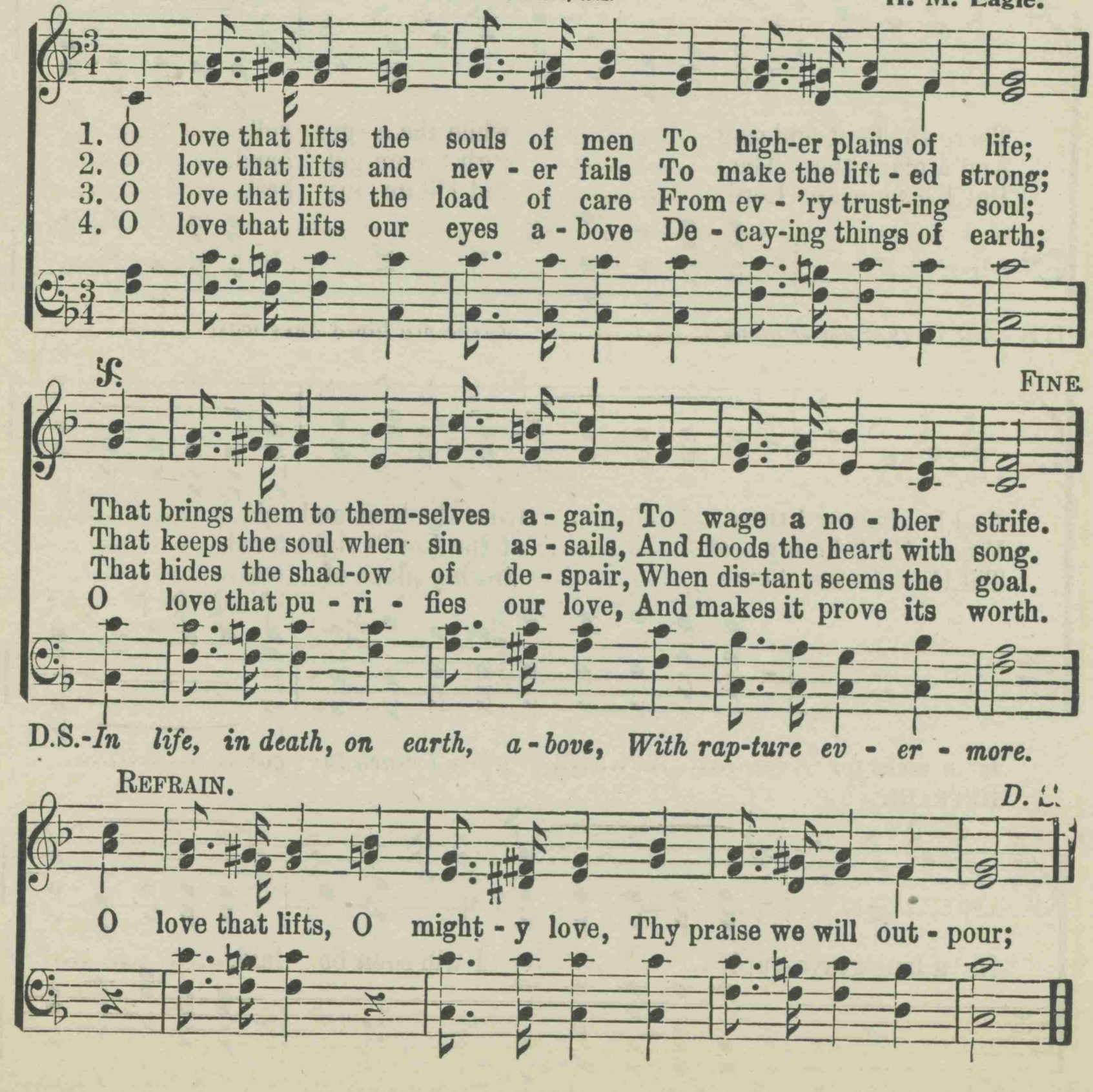




No. 185. O Love That Lifts.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. **H. M. Eagle.**



No. 186. It Will Not Be Long.

Wm. M. G. WM. M GOLDEN, OWNER, 1913. Wm. M. Golden.

1. O the time will come,..... and it won't be long,.....
2. I will la - bor on .... till the sun goes down,.....
3. It will not be long ..... till the close of day,.....

When I'll leave this world,..... for the land of song;.....
For a-wait-ing me ..... is a robe and crown;.....
Soon my life will end, ... and I'll pass a - way; .....

f.

There to shout and sing..... while the a - ges roll,.....
And a place there'll be .... with the an-gel band,.....
But I'll serve the Lord..... and I'll do my best,.....

D.S.-*But in that sweet home ..... where my loved ones wait.....*

FINE.

And be sheltered there..... ..... from the heat and cold.....
Where I'll take my seat..... at the Lord's right hand.....
Till He calls me home ..... to my place of rest..... .....

Is a place for me..... when I reach the gate.....

REFRAIN.

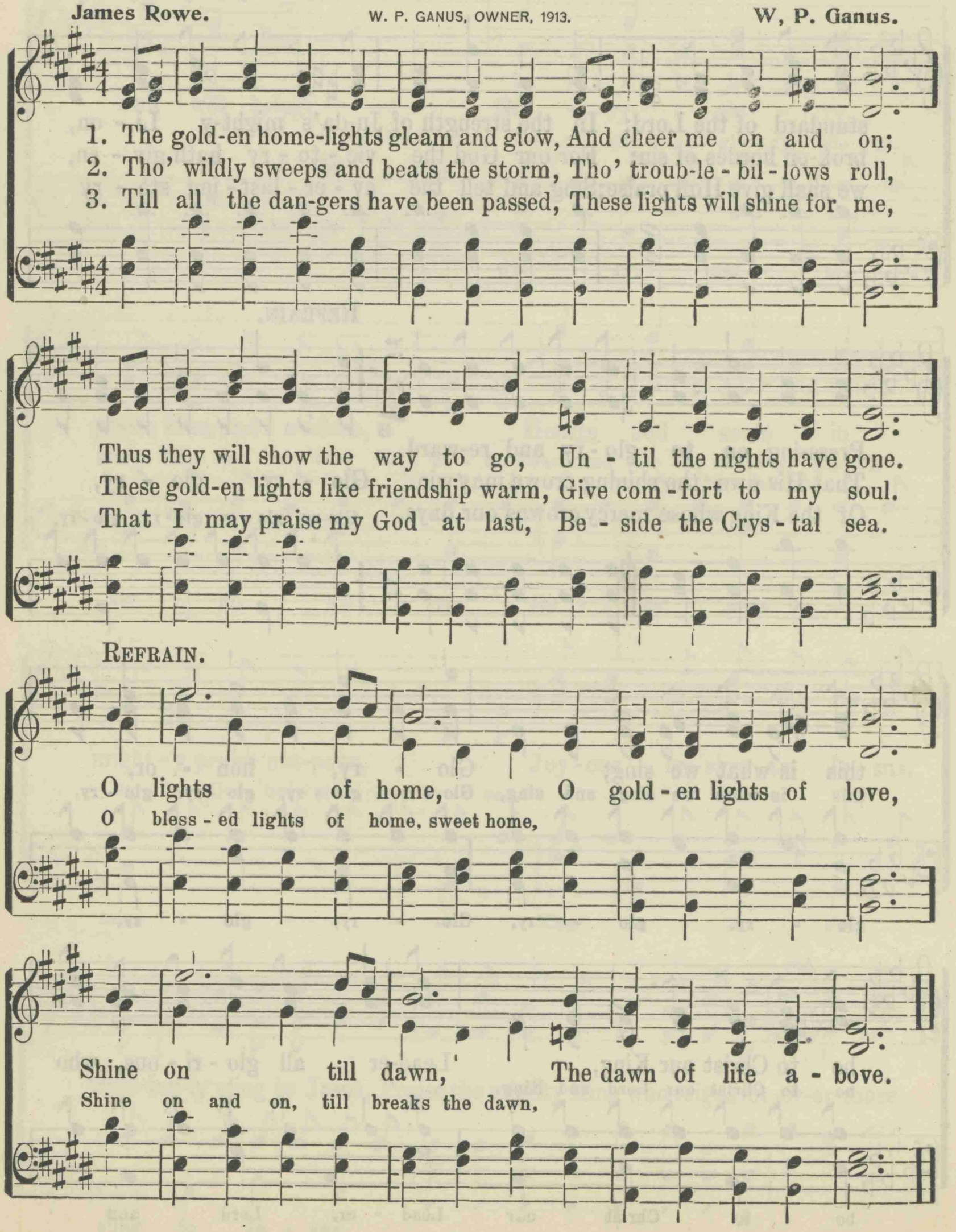
In a lone grave-yard..... ..... I will soon be laid,.....

It Will Not Be Long.



No. 187. The Golden Home-Lights.

James Rowe. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1913. W, P. Ganus.



No. 188. The Victors' Glory-Song.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA.
OWNER, 1912.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. On-ward march the faith-ful hosts of Zi - on, Keep-ing high the
2. By His grace our souls have tru - ly striv - en, Backward pressed the
3. By and by, in yon - der land of glo - ry, With the an - gels

standard of the Lord; In the strength of Ju-da's might-y Li - on,
brok-en hordes of sin; For our God the vic - to - ry hath giv - en,
we shall give Him praise; Sing and tell the ev - er - last - ing sto - ry

REFRAIN.

Press-ing on to glo - ry and re-ward.
That His own the shining crown may win. Glo - ry, glo - ry,
Of the King whose mercy crowns our days. Glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

this is what we sing; Glo - ry, hon - or,
this is what we sing, and sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

be to Christ our King, Lead-er all glo - ri - ous, who
be to Christ our Lord and King,

be to Christ our Lead - er, Lord and

The Victor's Glory-Song.



No. 189. The Shepherd is Looking for You.

James Rowe. W. P. GANUS, OWNER. A. F. Ganus.

1. O wandering sheep on the mountains away, A dangerous path you pursue;
2. Out there in the shadows your enemies wait To give to you trouble un-told;
3. He loves you and grieves o'er your wandering soul, So much He has suffered for you;

A voice from the fold sweetly calls you today, The Shepherd is looking for you.
Turn back to the Shepherd who stands at the gate To welcome you in - to the fold.
Come back to the fold and His tender control, Come back to His love and be true.

REFRAIN.

He's looking for you, He's looking for you, Come back to the fold and be true;
The dark night is falling and loved ones are calling, The Shepherd is looking for you.

No. 190. Precious Indeed.

James Rowe. S. A. GANUS. OWNER. 1913. Mrs. S. A. Ganus.

1. Precious in-deed is my Sav-ior to me, Deep in my heart He re-mains;
2. All the way home He is cheering my soul, Giv-ing me car-ols to sing;
3. Soon I shall look on His glo-ri - ous face, Yon-der, on heaven's glad shore;

Precious Indeed.

D. S.

More of His goodness each moment I see, More of my heart He ob - tains.
Sweet-er each day is His pre-cious con-trol, Deep-er my love for my King.
Sing, with the saints, of His won-der-ful grace, Rest in His love ev-er - more.

D.S.—*Close to my side He will ev - er a-bide, Je - sus is pre-cious in - deed.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Pre-cious in-deed, precious indeed, Freely my Saviour supplies ev'ry need;

No. 191. Let Us Work.

James Rowe. L. G. DOCKERY & W. P. GANUS, OWNERS, 1913. L. G. Dockery.

1. If the crown of glo - ry you would wear a - bove, Live and work for Je-sus,
2. In the drear-y by-ways souls are weak and lone; In the bus - y highways,
3. Would you be a vic - tor you must bravely fight, Keep the standard fly-ing

Fine.

In the light of love. Tell of grace re-deem-ing, Sing of mer-cy sweet,
Much despair is known. Praise the Friend un-fail-ing, Sing sal - va-tion free;
Ev-'ry day and night. On - ly those who bat-tle In the light of love

D.S.—*In the light of love,*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

To the sad and way-ward, Ev-'ry time you meet.
For the Lord a faith-ful, Fearless worker be. Live and work for Je-sus,
Will re-ceive the life-crown From the King a - bove.

If the crown of glo - ry You would wear a-bove.

No. 192. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

A. J. SHOWALTER. OWNER.

A. J. Showalter.

Allegretto.

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi-lee! Hark the song!
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song Ha rk the song!

Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi - lee! Hark the song ..... of ju - bi-
Hark the song! Hark the song Hark the song

lee! Loud as might-y thunders roar, Or the full - ness of the sea,
Hark the song! thunders roar, Or the full - ness of the sea,

Allegro.

When it breaks up-on the shore. See Je-ho-vah's banners furl'd, (Sheath'd His sword, He speaks, 'tis done;)
When it breaks up-on the shore., He shall reign from pole to pole, (With supreme, unbounded sway;)

Now the kingdoms of this world (Are the kingdoms of His Son,) Are the king-doms of His Son;
He shall reign, when like a scroll (Yonder heav'ns have passed away,) Yonder heav'ns have passed a - way.

Hark the song..... of ju - bi - lee! Loud as might - y thun-ders roar,
Hark the song Hark the song! Loud as mighty thunders roar,

HarK! the Song of Jubilee.

Allegro.

Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Or the full-ness of the sea, Hal - le - lu-

Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.

jah! Hark the song! Hark the song!

No. 193. Praise to the Triune God.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the Cre-a - tor of all things, Sing, ye mor-tals! sing of His wondrous love;
2. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the Redeemer all - glo-rious, Sing, ye ransomed! sing of His pow'r to save;
3. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the blest Spirit E - ter - nal, Sing, ye toil-ers! sing of His pow'r di - vine;

Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our Sav-ior, He's giv-en, That He might His love for His chil-dren prove!
Praise Him! praise Him! o - ver all e - vil vic-to-rious, Death is vanquish'd, conquer'd art thou, O grave!
Praise Him! praise Him! wooing to re-gions su - per-nal, On the sa - cred page as a light doth shine!

Hail Him! hail Him! hail Him Je - ho-vah, E - ter - nal! God, the Father! thron'd in the heav'ns a - bove;
Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him the King of Sal - va-tion! Fount of cleansing! in its cool wa - ters lave;
Bless Him! bless Him! bless Him for be - ing so gra-cious! Ho - ly Spir - it! Spir - it of love be - nign!

Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him for all of His mer-cy, Mag-ni - fy His won-der-ful gift of love!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him for all of His goodness, Mag-ni - fy His won-der-ful pow'r to save!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him for all of His fa-vor, Mag-ni - fy His won-der-ful pow'r di - vine!

No. 194. That Golden Morning.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1911. T. B. Mosley.

1. I'm sweet-ly dream-ing of a gold - en morn-ing, Blest time when dis-ap-point-ments shall all end,
2. The sleep-ing saints with shouts of joy shall wak - en, Tri-umph-ant voic - es on the air will blend,
3. That promised time no man nor an - gel knoweth; Our strength for Je - sus glad-ly now we'll spend,

And sin and sigh-ing flee a - way for - ev - - er, God's own to Him shall then as - cend.
The ruth-less hand of death no more can reach us, God's own to Him shall then as - cend.
And for His com-ing lov-ing hearts be yearn - ing, God's own to Him shall then as - cend.

REFRAIN.

When we shall reach those o-pen por - tals, those por-tals fair,
When we shall reach, shall reach those o - pen por - tals, those o - pen por - tals,
When we shall reach, when we shall reach, those por - tals fair,

O glo-ry bright, O gold-en day, When that dear home we en - ter,
O hal - le - lu - jah! our Lord we'll see,
O glo - ry bright, O joy su-preme, our Lord we'll see

To dwell with Him, set free from pain and care;..... Sweet mu - sic ring - ing,
ring-ing, ring-ing, yes,
from pain and care; ring - ing,

All voic-es sing - ing, We'll give Him glo - ry for - ev - er - more.....
sing-ing, sing-ing, And we'll give Him glo - ry, all the glo - ry ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more.
sing - ing, And we'll give Him glo - ry, yes, for - ev - er - more.....

No. 195. Off to War.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, OWNER, 1912. H. M. Eagle.

1. Off to war, O might-y host of Zi-on, Proud-ly wave the standard on the way; Sin's vast hoards are
2. Steadfast be, assured that God is for you, Fight to win, on sav-ing grace re-ly; Hosts un-seen are
3. Off to war, for Christ the foe en-gag-es, Fight till sin shall lay his weapons down; Forward press—the

REFRAIN

fa - cing Ju-dah's Li - on; Right and wrong must fight a - gain to - day.
ev - er watch-ing o'er you; Vic - t'ry songs shall thrill you by and by. Off to war, O
Light of all the a - ges Lights the path that lead-eth to the crown. March a - way to war, O

Off to war, O

fear-less host of Zi - on; Youth-ful hearts and hoar - y, Press a - long to glo - ry,
Youth - ful hearts and hoar - y, Press a - long to glo - ry,

hosts of Zi - on, Young and hoar - y, On to glo - ry,

Off to war, for Ju-dah's mighty Li - on Fac - es all the hosts of sin;.....
March a-way to war, for might-y hosts of sin; ye

Speed a - way, for Ju - dah's Li - on

Speed a - way to show your love for Je - sus; Drive the foe be-fore you, God is bend-ing
Sol-diers, speed a - way to Drive the foe be - fore you: God is

Sol - diers, show your love for Je - sus; God is for you, fight - ing

o'er you; Faith - ful be and fight with dauntless courage, Life's e-ter-nal crown to win.
bend-ing o'er you; Ev - er faith-ful be, and fight with daunt-less cour-age,

for you; Sol - diers fight with daunt - less cour-age,

No. 196. Keep Up the Fight.

James Rowe.

T. B. MOSLEY, OWNER, 1911.

T. B. Mosley.

March style.

1. Comrades, press along with Je-sus, in the gos-pel light, Winning endless praise and glory in the ho - ly fight; If we let His Ho - ly Spir-it al-ways dwell with-in, We shall sure - ly win the vic-t'ry in the
2. Keep the gos-pel standard waving in the love-lit sky, On the matchless love of Jesus more and more re- ly; He will strengthen us and cheer us when the foe is near; With His arm of love a-round us, there is
3. Soon the bat-tle will be ended and the life-crown won, And our mighty King will greet us with a sweet "well done;" Then, with martyrs, saints and sages in the world a-bove, We shall sweetly praise for-ev - er His re-

REFRAIN.

On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, fight with sin. Comrades, on! on! fight for the right; Comrades, on! on! naught to fear. deem-ing love.

On to battle, on to battle,

On to bat - tle, on! on! on! Com-rades, on to keep up the fight; Fighting for glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry Of a might-y and e-ter-nal King a-

might - y King a-

bat - tle, on!

bove;..... Comrades, on! on! glad car-ols raise; Comrades, on! on!
bove, King a bove; On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle, On to bat-tle, on to bat-tle,

On to bat - tle, on! on! on! Com-rades, on to sing in His praise; Angels are singing, "Vict'ry" is ringing! For He's winning the world by love!....

bat - tle, on!

No. 197. Marching Onward With the King.

James Rowe. J. M. DYE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA. OWNER, 1912. John M. Dye.

1. Fac - ing the foe, we are march-ing to glo - ry, Read - y at all times to fear - less - ly stand;
2. Sing - ing of love that com-plete-ly has won us, Prais-ing our Lead-er's all - glo - ri - ous grace;
3. Trust-ing His love, we will fol - low Him ev - er, Ev - er be read - y to do and to dare;

Tell - ing and sing-ing the beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Bravely we stand for the truth and the right.
Priz - ing the bless-ings He show-ers up - on us, On-ward we go in the light of His face.
Sure that He crowneth each faith-ful en-deav-or, Sure that our souls in His glo - ry will share.

We're marching

REFRAIN.

Forward march, our voic - es sweetly ringing; Forward march, His prais-es we are sing-ing; we are

cres.

Hold-ing high the ban-ner of the cross. March a-long, march a-long with the King;

We are marching onward

For-ward march, the Mas - ter now is call-ing, For-ward march, His tones are gen - tly fall-ing,

f

Bid - ding us in His serv - ice to en-roll, March-ing on - ward with the King.
March a - long, march a - long with the King.

No. 198. Joy Among the Angels.

Jennie Wilson. J. M. EDWARDS. OWNER, 1912. **J. M. Edwards.**

1. There is joy among the angels, and their praise more sweetly rings When a sinner has repented and from evil turned away; As some swift celestial herald up from earth the message brings, Louder grow the halle-
2. There is joy among the angels, clad in robes of spotless white, When they know the blood of Jesus has ef- faced the stains of sin; That the guilty and defiled one now is righteous in His sight, And the crown of life e-
3. There is joy among the angels in the blissful home on high, When they know some child of sin and sorrow has been born again; Oh, may you and I a-wak-en mu-sic sweet beyond the sky, As for-give-ness of all

REFRAIN.

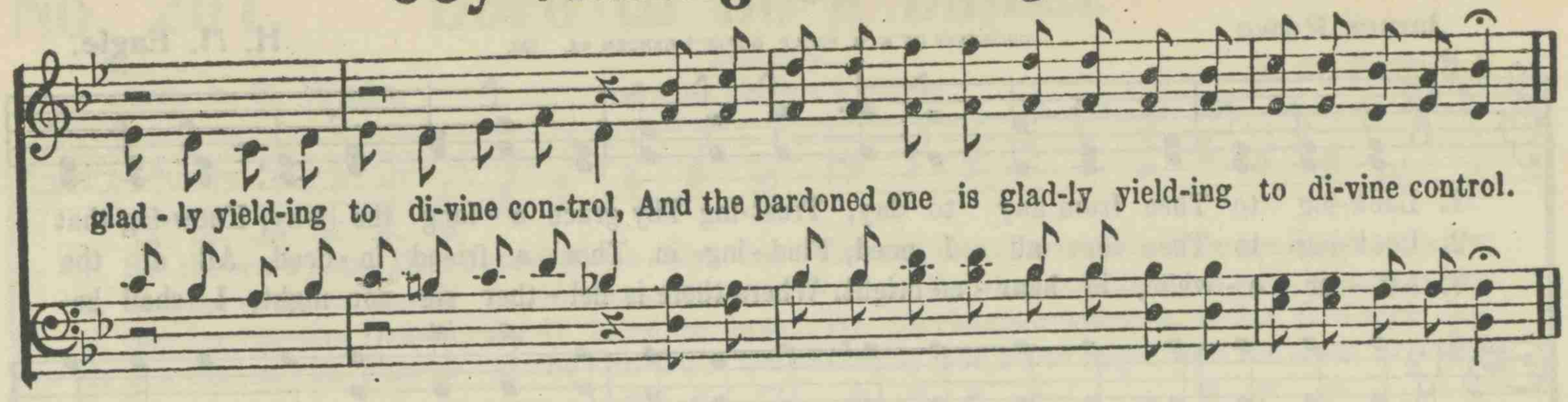
lu - jahs sounding thro' the realms of day.
ter - nal with the pu - ri-fied may win. Joy, joy, joy a-mong the angels, with the an-gels,
er - rors we thro' mer-cy shall ob-tain. There is joy . . . . . a-mong the an-gels. . . . As they

As they stand before the throne, the great white throne; When salvation's light has broken on some weary troubled
stand . . . . be-fore the throne.

soul, When salvation's light has brok-en on some wea-ry troubled soul; Joy, joy, joy a-mong the
There is joy . . . . . a-mong the

an-gels, with the angels, When the Savior's grace is known, His grace is known, And the pardoned one is
an - gels . . . . When the Sav - ior's grace is known,

Joy Among the Angels.

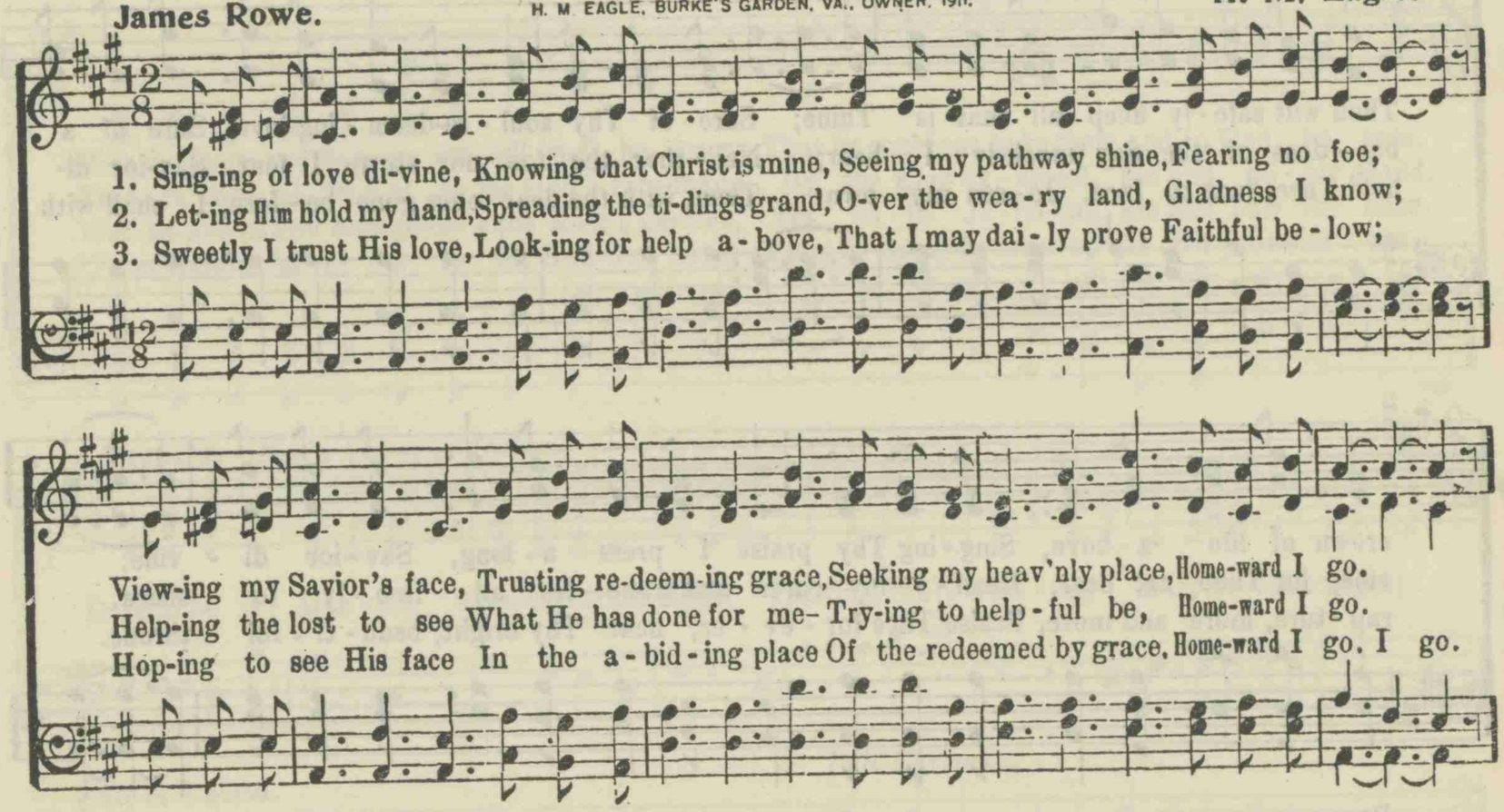


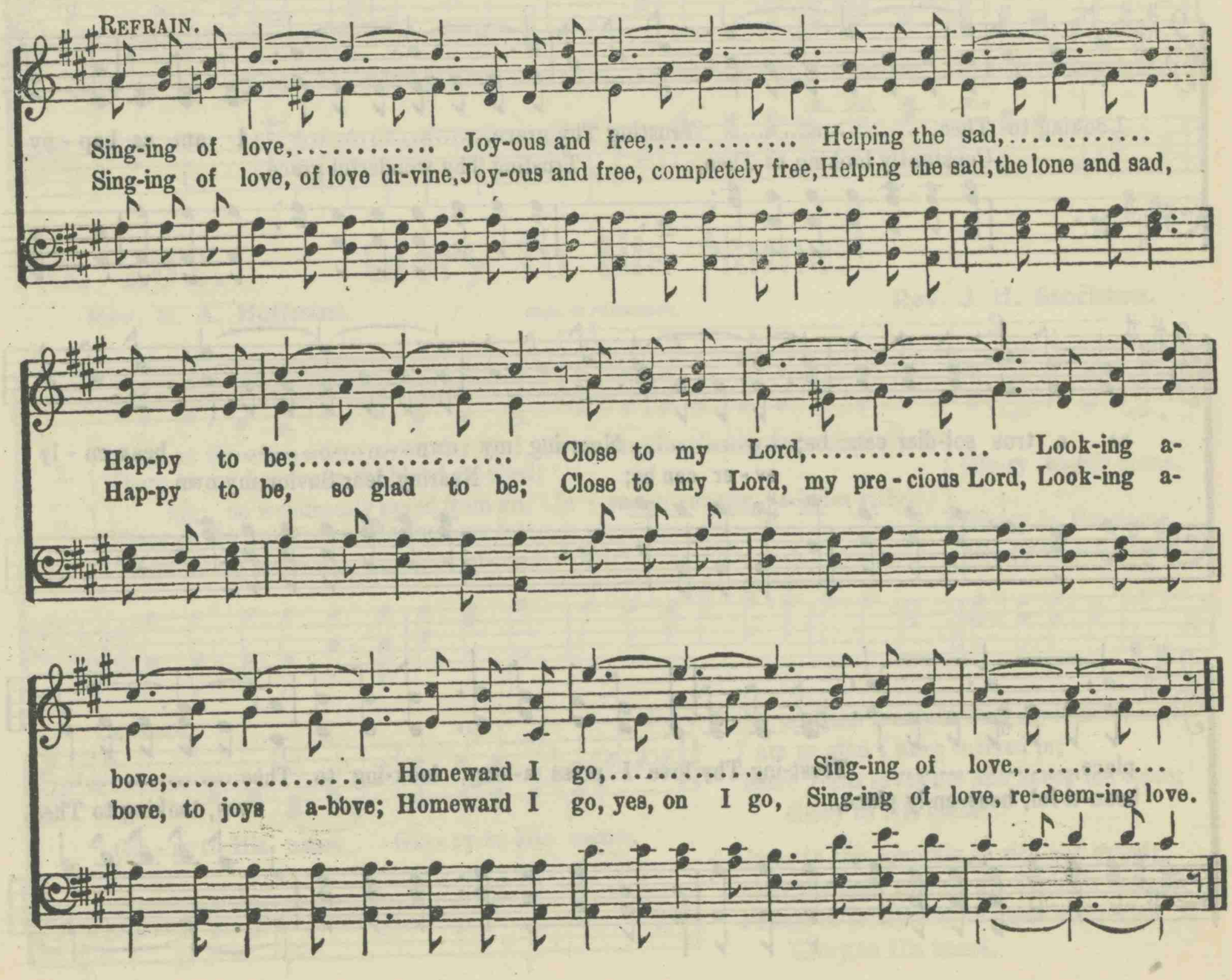
No. 199. Singing of Love.

James Rowe.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1911.

H. M. Eagle.





No. 200. Looking to Thee.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

PROPERTY OF H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA. 1911.

1. Look-ing to Thee from day to day, Trust-ing Thy grace a-long the way, Know-ing that
2. Look-ing to Thee for all I need, Find-ing in Thee a friend in-deed, All of the
3. Aft-er a-while, in heav-en bright, Where there is nei-ther sin nor night, I shall be-

Thou wilt safe-ly keep all that is Thine; Sure of Thy soul-re-deem-ing love, Sure of a
bur-dens of the day meek-ly I bear; Nei-ther the foe nor storm I fear, Sav-ior di-
hold Thee, face to face, Je-sus my own; Then, with the dear ones gone be-fore, I shall with

crown of life a-bove, Sing-ing Thy praise I press a-long, Sav-ior di-vine.
vine, for Thou art near, Read-y my cares and troub-les all free-ly to share.
rap-ture, more and more, Praise Thee for-ev-er, near Thy bright, beau-ti-ful throne.

REFRAIN.

Looking to Thee,..... Trusting Thy grace,..... I am as hap-py
Constantly looking to Thee, Trusting Thy wonderful grace,

as a true sol-dier can be;..... Near-ing my own..... heav-en-ly
ev-er can be; Nearing, dear Savior, my own

place,..... Trust-ing Thy love I press a-long, look-ing to Thee.....
beau-ti-ful, heav-en-ly place, yes, looking to Thee.

No. 201. Dare to Be a Daniel.

Dan. 1: 6.

Mrs. A. B. Wade.

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J. D. Patton.

1. See the brave young Daniel passing no - bly by Wine and meat pro-vid-ed from the King's sup - ply;
2. See the cap-tive Dan-iel in his beau - ty rare; None of Babylon's children can with him com-pare;
3. See the cap-tive Dan-iel, calm-ly kneel to pray, By his chamber win-dow, to his God each day;
4. See the no - ble Dan-iel in the li - on's den, Saved by God's own angel from the plots of men;

Rich they were and dain-ty, yet full well he knew That he could not take them and to God be true.
True in time of tri - al to his God's com-mand, By the King ex - alt-ed, see him no - bly stand.
Well he knows how changeless is the King's de-cree, Yet un - to Je - ho-vah, see him bow the knee.
'Twas because he ev - er to his God was true; 'Twas be-cause he trust-ed in His prom-ise too.

REFRAIN. *Men's Voices in Unison.*

Dare to be a Dan - iel, standing for the right, Trusting, ful-ly trust - ing in Je-ho-vah's might;

All in Unison. *Full Harmony.*

Dare to be a Dan - iel, stand-ing for the right, Trust-ing, ful - ly trust-ing in Jehovah's might.

No. 202. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glo-ry to His name.
   { There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; }
2. { I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-bides with-in, } Glo-ry to His name.
   { There at the cross where He took me in; } Glo-ry to His name.

D.C.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied,

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in today and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 203. Wear a Smile.

Birdie Bell.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1910.

A. J. Showalter.

1. As you walk a-long life's way, Wear a smile, wear a smile! Whether bright or dark the day,
2. Oth - ers bear a great-er load, Oth-ers tread a rough-er road,
3. Waste no time in sad re-gret, Wear a smile, wear a smile! Joys are wait-ing for you yet,

Wear a smile, wear a smile! Tho' the path is sometimes rough, And you oft - en meet rebuff, There are
frowns and tears enough, Wear a smile, wear a smile! Wear a smile.
hearts that would re-pine, Wear a smile, Wear a smile..... when things go
when things go wrong, And the griefs a-round you throng, around you throng,
Dark-est days will not be long If you wear a smile.

Like a sunbeam let it shine, With a light and grace di-vine, Cheering
Wear a smile, God has prom-ised to be near, And His children should not fear, Let your
face be full of cheer,

REFRAIN.

wrong, And the griefs..... a-round you throng, Dark-est
days..... will not be long If you wear a smile, a sun-ny smile.

No. 204. Be a Blessing.

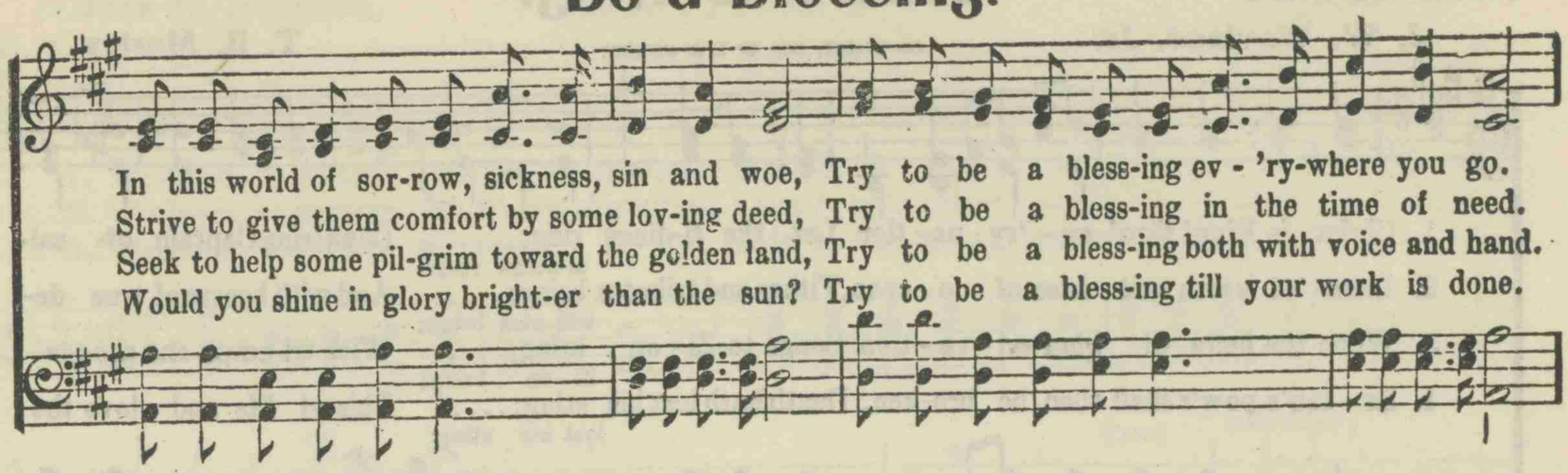
Johnson Oatman, Jr.

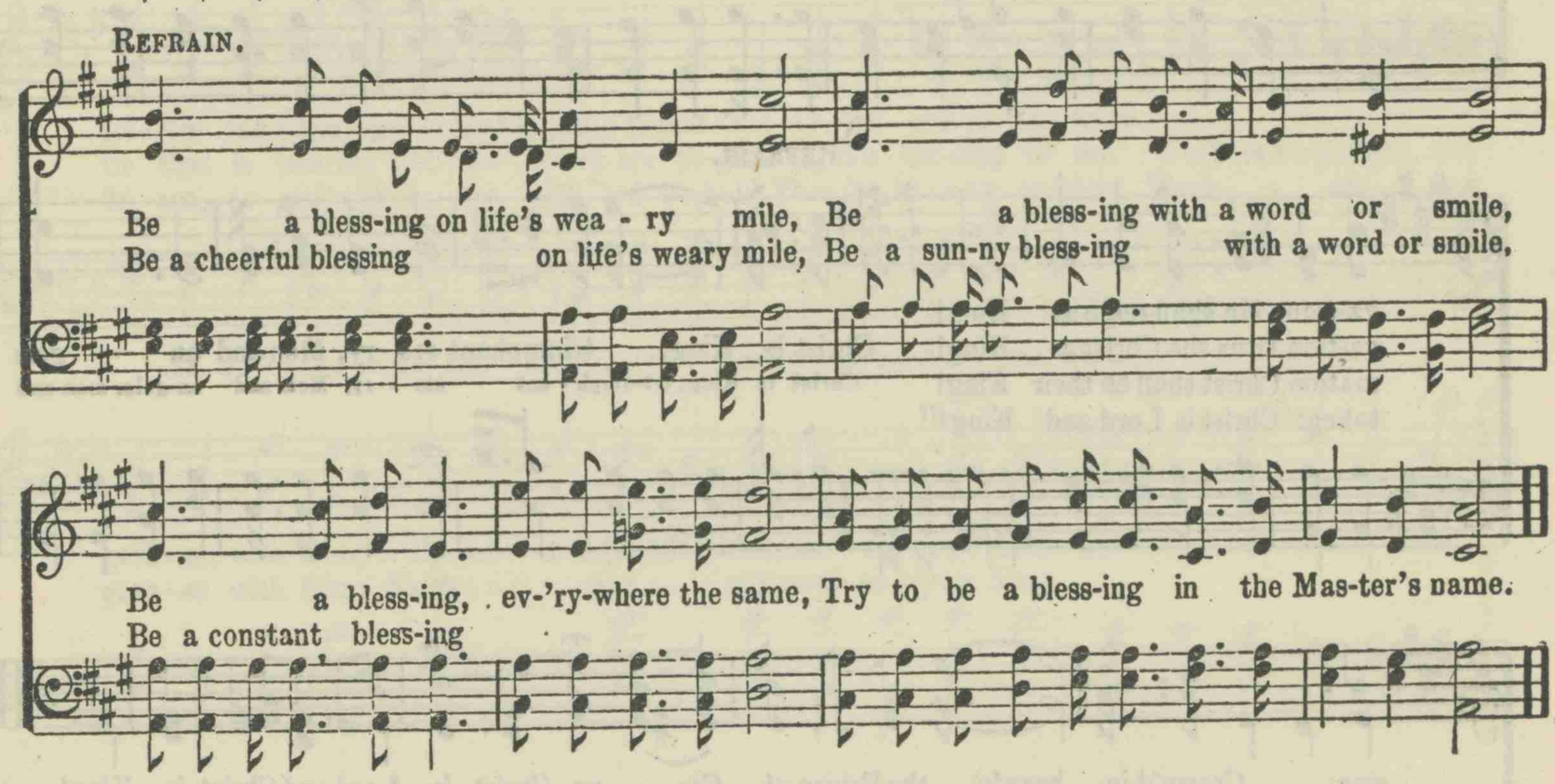
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A. J. Showalter,

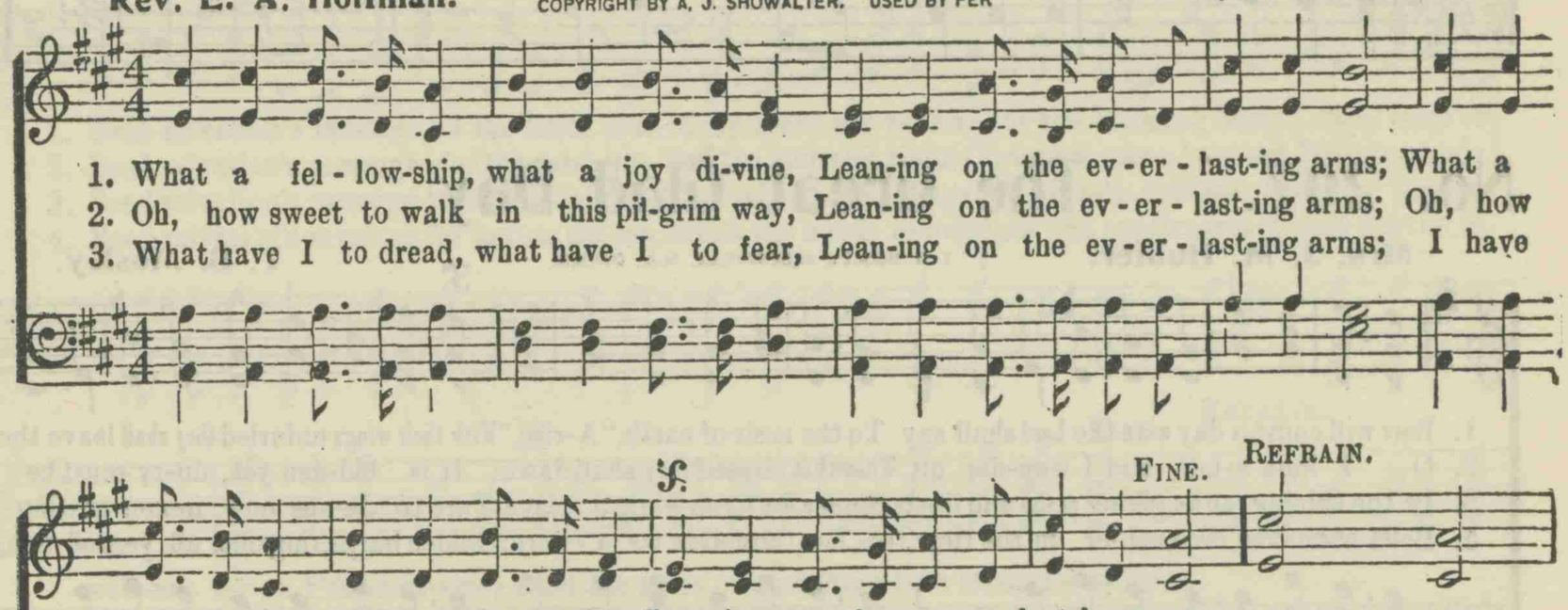
1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heaven's light, Shedding forth its beau-ty o-ver scenes of night?
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel mes-sage that will make them glad;
3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake May sweet chords of music in some bo-som wake;
4. If you fol-low Je-sus all a-long life's way You will help to bright-en ev-'ry hour and day;

Be a Blessing.





No. 205. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.



No. 206. Christ Is King.

J. W. Wayland, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY T. B. MOSLEY.

T. B. Mosley.

1. Christ is King! thro' ev - 'ry na - tion Let the ti-dings ring;..... Conq'ring Captain of- sal-
2. Lands of earth and isles of o - cean, Tithes and tributes bring;..... And with hearts of true de-
3. When the heirs of glad sal - va - tion Songs to Zi - on bring,..... With tri-umph-ant proc-la-
4. Sa - tan's pow'r shall then be bro-ken, Death hath lost his sting;..... This of life and love the

ti-dings ring;
trib-utes bring;
Zi - on bring;
lost his sting;

REFRAIN.

va-tion, He shall reign as King!
vo-tion, Crown the Christ as King!
mation, Christ shall be their King!
token: "Christ is Lord and King!"

Christ is King,.. triumphant sto - ry, Men and an - gels
Christ is King, tri-umph - ant sto - ry, Men and an-gels, men and

sing; Crown'd in heav'n.. the Prince of Glo - ry, Christ is Lord and Christ is King!
angels sing; Crown'd in heav'n the Prince of Glo - ry.

No. 207. The Great Glad Day.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

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

T. B. Mosley.

1. There will come a day when the Lord shall say To the saints of earth, "A-rise," With their wings unfurled they shall leave the
2. O I look a-loft and I won-der oft When that blessed day shall dawn; It is hid-den yet, du-ty must be
3. In the shining ranks, giving praise and thanks, Sinner, don't you want a place? Turn to Je-sus now, in con-tri-tion
4. Bells of heaven, chime, ush-er in the time, Come, Thou, Christ, whom we a - dore; Golden harps, ring out, all ye saved men,

D.S.—*O the joy our souls shall in heaven*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

world For their mansion in the skies.
met, So in faith I'm pressing on.
bow, He'll prepare you thro' His grace.
shout Glo-ry, glo-ry ev - er - more.

O that great glad day, In His bright array, We shall then behold the King!..
be-hold the King!

know, In that good and great glad day!

No. 208. Workers Together.

Julia H. Johnston. PROPERTY OF J. D. PATTON, 1911. J. D. Patton.

1. Work-ers to-geth-er with Je - sus our Lord, Work in it - self is a glorious re-ward; Gladly we
2. Work-ers to-geth-er in fel-low-ship sweet, Close to each oth-er our Master we meet; Blest be the
3. Work-ers to-geth-er till serv-ice be - low Ends in the glo-ry where-un-to we go; Help us, Lord

f. FINE. REFRAIN.

fol - low the voice that is heard, Loy - al and true to the call of His word.
tie that is last-ing and true—Work-ers to-geth-er, His bid-ding to do. Workers to-geth-er, to-
Je - sus, to see eye to eye, Till we be-hold Thee in beau-ty on high. Work - ers to-

D. S.—*Lead-er we see: Make us O Mas-ter, co-work-ers with Thee.*

D. S.

geth - er with Him; O, for a faith that will nev - er grow dim; Glo - ri - ous vis-ion! Our
geth - er with Him; Faith that will nev - er grow dim;

No, 209. Send Salvation's Message,

Birdie Bell. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J D. PATTON. J. D. Patton.

1. Send salvation's message to the lands afar, Many there are watching for the Morning Star; Lonely hearts are
2. Send salvation's message o'er the ocean's wave, Tell the sad and sinful Christ has come to save; They who grope in
3. Send salvation's message to each distant clime, Bless-ed are the tidings full of truth sublime; Freedom for the
4. Send salvation's message far across the sea, Break the bonds asunder, set the captive free; Lands that lie in

f. FINE. REFRAIN.

wait-ing for a Friend di-vine, Send the news of gladness where those souls repine.
darkness need the guid-ing light, May its rays ce-les-tial cheer their dreary night. Message of salvation!
sin - ner bound in e-vil's chains, King of earth and heaven, Christ in glo-ry reigns.
shadows hail the morning bright, Nations long in dark-ness seek the gos-pel light.

D. S.—*Je-sus reigns in glo-ry, He a - lone can save.*

D. S.

send it far and near! Story of redemption, full of hope and cheer; Send the welcome tidings over land and wave,

No. 210. Triumphant Praises.

Rev. W. C. Martin. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. 1911. A. J. Showalter.

1. He reigns up-on a throne a-bove, And rules His might-y realm by love, And joy-ful-ly His peo-ple
2. O, hear the notes of loud ac-claim, Sweet praises to our Savior's name; Hark to the loud triumphant
3. He conquered sin, and on-ly He Has conquer'd death for you and me,—Let men and angels prostrate

REFRAIN.

sing Tri-umph-ant prais-es to the King. Tri-umph-ant prais-es shall a-rise Till
chords Which laud Him as the Lord of lords.
fall, And crown our Sav-ior Lord of all. Tri-umph-ant prais-es shall a-rise Till

mel-o-dy shall fill the skies; Tri-um-phant praises we will sing.....To Jesus, our triumphant King.
mel-o-dy shall fill the skies; Triumphant prais-es we will sing

No. 211. O Thou that Hearest Prayer.

Burton Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. A. J. Showalter.

1. O Thou that hear-est prayer! At-tend our hum-ble cry; And let Thy ser-vants share Thy
2. If earth-ly par-ents hear Their children when they cry; If they with love sin-cere, Their
3. Our heav'nly Fa-ther Thou, We chil-dren of Thy grace, O let Thy pres-ence now De-
4. O send Thy Spir-it down On all the na-tions, Lord, With great suc-cess to crown The

REFRAIN.

blessing from on high.
children's wants supply. We plead Thy prom-ise now, O Lord, The promise of Thy
scend and fill the place. We plead Thy promise now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord,
teaching of Thy word.

word; De-scend up-on us from a-bove, And fill us with Thy love.
De-scend up-on us from Thy heav'nly courts above,

No. 212. I Shall Be Satisfied Then.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1907 BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

DUET.

1. Some day I shall wak-en in glo - ry, Some day my Re-deem-er I'll see;
2. His face I shall look on with won - der, The face of the Sav-ior of men;
3. His prom - ise is "lo, I am with thee," His child He will nev-er for - sake;

O won - der-ful, won-der - ful sto - ry, Like Him I shall ev-er - more be!
No more shall sin part us a - sun - der, O I shall be sat-is - fied then.
But I.... shall be sat - is - fied on - ly When I in His like-ness a - wake.

CHORUS.

O I..... shall be sat-is - fied then,..... Yes, I..... shall be sat-is - fied then,.....
O I, yes, I shall be sat-is - fied, sat-is-fied then, Yes, I, O I shall be sat-is - fied, sat-is-fied then.

When Je - sus I see, like Him ev - er be, O I.... shall be sat - is - fied then.....
O I:... shall be sat - is - fied, sat-is-fied then.

No. 213. All Will Be Well.

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.

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A. J. Showalter.

1. Thro' the love of God, our Sav-ior, All will be well; Free and changeless is His fa-vor, All, all is well;
2. Tho' we pass thro' trib-u-la-tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion, All, all is well;
3. We expect a bright to-mor-row; All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sorrow, All, all is well;

Precious is the blood that sealed us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us, Strong the hand outstretched to shield us, All must be well.
Hap-py, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruitful, if in Christ confiding, Holy, thro' the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.
On our Father's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus ev-'ry need supplying, Or in liv-ing, or in dy-ing, All must be well.

No. 214. It is Love.

James Rowe. R. Edwin Perry.

PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO.

1. There is something in my soul which keeps the shadows all a-way; It is love..... my Savior's love! Some-thing light-ens ev - 'ry bur-den, gives me glad-ness day by day, It is
2. When the tempter tries to win me something keeps me true and strong; Some-thing makes my life a bless-ing to the need - y in the throng;
3. When mis - for-tune o-ver-takes me something calms my troubled breast; Some-thing draws my soul to heaven, that sweet land of peace and rest;
4. Soul a-stray and bowed in sorrow, something waits for you to-day; my Savior's love! It would give you peace and comfort, make your burden roll a - way;

REFRAIN.

It is love, love,..... my Sav-ior's love..... O the pre - cious love of
It is love, my Savior's love. O the boundless, precious love of

Je - sus, How it thrills..... my ransomed soul!..... More and more..... I'll sing its prais-es While the hap - py a - ges roll.....
Jesus, love of Jesus, How it thrills my happy soul, my ransomed soul! More and more with joy sing its prais-es While the hap-py a - ges roll, for-ev - er roll.

No. 215. Fully Surrendered.

Jennie Wilson. Llewallyn Farris.

L. A. FARRIS, OWNER, 1911.

1. Ful - ly sur-ren-dered, my Sav - ior, to Thee, O, may Thy spir - it dwell rich - ly in me;
2. Ful - ly sur-ren-dered to Thy ho - ly will, Sav - ior, I'll trust Thee thro' good and thro' ill;
3. Ful - ly sur-ren-dered, Thy bid - ding I'll do, Help me in serv - ice each day to be true;
4. Ful - ly sur-ren-dered, Thy glo - ry I seek, Grant need-ed pow-er, for I am but weak;

Fully Surrendered.

Plain - ly to oth - ers Thy grace I would show; Prov - ing Thy wit - ness wher - ev - er I go.
Glad - ly I'll fol - low wher - e'er Thou dost guide, While in Thy good-ness my heart doth con - fide.
In - to Thy king-dom, dear Lord, I would win Pre - cious souls now in the bond-age of sin.
Sav - ior, now take me for aye as Thine own, And I Thy won - der - ful love will make known.

REFRAIN.

Ful - ly sur - ren-dered, be - fore Thee I bow, Claim me as Thine and Thine on - ly just now;
Ful - ly sur - ren-dered thro' all com - ing days, Sav - ior, my life shall re - dound to Thy praise.

No. 216. When the Day Shall Break.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. H. M. EAGLE AND J. B. HAMMOND, OWNERS, 1912. J. B. Hammond.

1. When the day shall break by and by, (by and by,) When the long, long night is o'er, On the wings of light we will
2. On the hill, tho' we be asleep, (fast a-sleep,) When the trump sounds we'll a - wake; No more pain, no more shall we
3. Here we have our dark nights of woe, (nights of woe,) Have our nights of deep de - spair; But no night up there shall we
4. In that land the Lamb is the light, (is the light) There no cold night wind e'er chills, For we'll ne'er see darkness, or

REFRAIN.

fly (we will fly) To that hap-py gold-en shore.
weep, (shall we weep,) When the gold-en day shall break. O what joy..... by and by,..... When the night of
know, (shall we know,) When the day breaks bright and fair. O what joy, by and by,
night, (no more night,) When the day breaks o'er the hills.

death is past;..... We will shout,.... we will sing,..... When the day shall break at last....
ev - er past; We will shout, we will sing, at last.

No. 217. I'm Saved By the Blood.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One, And kept by the pow-er of God's bless-ed Son;
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One, The work of sal - va-tion by Je - sus was done;
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One, The Sav - ior will fin - ish the work He's be - gun;

All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can run, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
My sins are all par-doned, my peace is now won, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fa-ther's own Son, Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!

FINE.

D.S.—*All glo - ry to Je - sus, my fears are all gone, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!*

REFRAIN.

Saved ..... by the blood..... of the Cru - ci - fied One!.....
Glo - ry, I'm saved! saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

Kept..... by the pow - er of God's..... bless-ed Son!.....
Glo - ry, I'm kept! kept by the pow'r, Kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son!

D. S.

No. 218. We Worship Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. O Sav-ior, precious Sav-ior, Whom yet unseen we love; O name of might and favor, All other names above.
2. O Bringer of sal-va-tion, Who wondrously hast wro't, Thy-self the revelation Of love beyond our tho't.
3. In Thee all fullness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r divine; The glory that ex-cell-eth, O Son of God, is Thine.

We worship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee alone we sing! We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Savior and our King.

No. 219. Lord of the Sea.

Rev. W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. I know not the sea in whose wa-ters I sail, What per-ils may lie there for me: Dear Master, come
2. When tempests a-rise and the bil-lows are high; Ah, then will I look to their Lord; For Thou wilt re-
3. Thou knowest the har-bor I seek, and the rest; Thou knowest the paths of the sea; I know Thou wilt

REFRAIN.

in-to my bark small and frail, For Thou art the Lord of the sea.
buke with a glance of Thine eye, And still their wild rage with a word, Lord of the sea, pilot Thou me O-ver life's
guide me in ways that are best, And trust my bark wholly with Thee.

bil-low-y sea..... Till I shall cast an-chor at last, And rest in the harbor with Thee.....
bil-low-y sea;
with Thee.

No. 220. Like a River, Glorious.

Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY A. J SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

1. Like a riv-er, glo-rious, Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic - to - rious In its bright in-crease;
2. Hid-den in the hol - low Of His bless-ed hand, Never foe can fol - low, Nev-er trait-or stand;
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri - al Fall-eth from a - bove, Traced up-on our di - al By the Sun of Love.

Perfect, yet it flow-eth Full-er ev-'ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way!
Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir-it there.
We may trust Him ful-ly, All for us to do; They who trust Him wholly Find Him whol-ly true.

REFRAIN.

Stayed up-on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are fully blest; Find-ing as He prom-ised, Perfect peace and rest.

No. 221. Get Right With God.

Miriam E. Arnold.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON.

J. D. Patton.

1. "Get right with God," dear sin - ner, Come seek Him while you may; In love the Spir - it plead-eth, Then
2. "Get right with God," dear sin - ner, He made the way so plain: O shall the Savior's suff'rings For
3. "Get right with God," dear sin - ner, The moments swift-ly fly; Time, like a dream, doth van-ish, E-

grieve Him not a-way; So ten-der - ly He whispers: "My Son, give Me Thy heart," O will you still re-
you be all in vain? While on the cross ex-tend-ed, For me, dear soul, for you, Now Hear Him pray: "For-
ter - ni - ty draws nigh; O sin-ner, would you spend it With Je - sus up in heav'n? Then come in pray'r be-

REFRAIN.

ject Him? Must He from you de-part? O list-en! God so loved you—His on - ly Son He gave To
give them, They know not what they do."
liev-ing, And have your sins for-giv'n.
purchase your redemption That rug-ged path He trod, Then,

die up-on Mount Cal-va - ry your soul from death to save; To
come, ac-cept His
mer-cy, Just now, "Get right with God."

No. 222. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE. D. C.

guilt-y stains: Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 223. I Knew He Could.

James Rowe. J. D. WEST, OWNER, 1911. J. David West.

1. I had wandered far a - way, And was lost in the depths of night, But I trust-ed Christ one
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry chain, He has strengthened my soul with love, And is help-ing me to
3. He has won me by His love, And will shield me and shel-ter me, Till my soul is safe a-

REFRAIN.

day, And He led me to the light. (true light.)
gain Life's e - ter-nal crown a-bove. (a-bove.) I knew He could,..... I knew He would,.....
bove, His for all e - ter-ni - ty. (to be.) I knew He could, I knew He would,

Be-cause for me..... .. the cross He bore;..... Now all my days.....
Be-cause for me the cross He bore; Now all my days

I'll sing His praise,..... And trust and love ..... Him more and more.....
I'll sing His praise, And trust and love yes, more and more.

No. 224. You'll Reap as you Have Sown.

Fred H. Vines. Arr. by Mrs. J. M. Hunter. C. W. RILEY, OWNER, 1911. C. W. Riley.

1. Dear brother, as you journey Along your earthly way, The seeds of good or evil You're sowing ev'ry day.
2. Dear brother, pray consider What kind of seed you sow, For soon there'll be a harvest Of gladness or of woe.
3. O let us freely scatter The seeds of truth and love, And bright will be the fruitage In that fair land above.

REFRAIN.

Take heed, take heed, O brother, dear, 'Tis not for time alone, But in the life that's coming You'll reap as you have sown.

No. 225. The Light of the World is Jesus.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a ra-diance beam-ing so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lus-trous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be the path and long be the way,

Dis - pell - ing the gloom and dark-ness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can ob-scure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those man-sions "fair - er than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

The light of the world, The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines on the
The light of the world, light of the world, It shines on the way,
way, Turns night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!
shines on the way, Turns night in-to day, night in - to day,

No. 226. Savior, in Thy Mercy Hear Us.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Sav-ior, in Thy mercy hear us, Bless us while we pray; Have compassion on Thy children, Turn us not a - way;
2. We confess our sins and coldness, We have gone a-stray; But in mercy hear our pleading, Turn our night to day;
3. When at last we reach that haven, Whence none e'er re-turn, May the tender words Thou speak-est Make our hearts to burn;

Speak to us along life's journey, Fill our hearts with love; May Thy Ho-ly Spir-it guide us To our home a-bove.
Help us do the humblest du-ty With a purpose strong, Trusting in Thy love to cheer us All the way a - long.
May we hear the welcome plaudit, "Faithful ones, well done!" May these be the words that greet us, When our course is run.

No. 227. I Shall Put My Glory On.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. O the years of earth are fly - ing fast, And the clouds will soon be gone, And the tri - als here will soon be past, And I'll put my glo - ry on.
2. There's a crown laid up on high for me, And a throne a-waits me there, And a pal - ace just be-yond the sea, In a land of beau-ty rare. When the night is gone and the day shall dawn, I shall nev - er night, In the bless-ed Fa - ther-land.
3. There's a robe of white and jew-els bright, And a scep-ter for my hand; There is God's pure light, and

REFRAIN.

put my glo - ry on; Yes, my crown of light and my robe of white And my jew - els I shall don.

No. 228. In the Judgment Day.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. We all must stand in the judgment day, At the bar of e - ter - ni-ty; When earth-ly scenes have all passed a-way, How solemn that hour will be.
2. Up - on your soul in the judgment time Will transgression's dark blot remain, Or will you lose ev - 'ry taint of crime, And the cleansing of Calv'ry gain? In the judgment day, ... in the judgment day, ...
3. Re-pent, and trust in the Ho - ly One, Who a - lone can re-deem from sin, Then when your life in this world is done You will heavenly rapture win. In the judgment day, in the judgment day,

REFRAIN.

O what will your rec-ord show? Will the Savior's blood take your guilt a-way, And leave you as white as snow?

No. 229. When the Redeemed are Gathering In.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

PROPERTY OF W. H. DUTTON, COMANCHE, TEXAS, 1911

W. H. Dutton.

1. I am think-ing of the rap-ture in our bless-ed home on high, When the re-deem'd..... are
2. There will be a great pro-ces-sion o-ver on the streets of gold,
3. Saints will sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry with their voic-es clear and strong
4. Then the Sav-ior will give or-ders to pre-pare the banquet board, When the redeem'd are

gath-er-ing in; How we'll raise the heav'nly an-them in that cit-y in the sky,
O, what mu-sic, O, what sing-ing o'er the cit-y will be rolled,
Then the an-gels all will list-en, for they cannot join that song,
gath-er-ing in; (are gathering in;) And we'll hear His in-vi-ta-tion, "Come, ye bless-ed of the Lord,"

REFRAIN.

When the re-deemed..... are gath-er-ing in. (are gath-er-ing in.) When the redeem'd (When the redeem'd) are
When the redeem'd are gathering in. How we will shout, (How we will shout), and

gath-er-ing in, (are gath-er-ing in,) Wash'd like the snow..... and free from all
how we will sing, (and how we will sing,) (*Omit*) Wash'd like the snow

sin; When the re-deem'd..... are gath-er-ing in.
and free from all sin; When the redeem'd are gath-er-ing in, (are gath-er-ing in.)

No. 230. Pilot Me Over the Sea.

Jennie Wilson.

K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1911.

K. C. Robinson.

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

Pilot Me Over the Sea.

FINE.

Thou Ho - ly One, who can the tem-pest con - trol, O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea.
To yon - der fair port, with its ra - di - ant light, O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea.
And shad-ows shall nev - er-more dim the clear skies, O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea.
And I will re - joice in Thy love ev - er - more, O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea.

D.S.–*Thou heav-en - ly Friend, from all dan - ger de - fend, And pi - lot me o - ver the sea.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea,..... ..... O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea;..... ...
O, pi - lot me o - ver, yes, o - ver the sea, O, pi - lot me o - ver the sea, the sea;

No. 231. Lift Your Hearts to Him.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. S. H. Savage.

J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1911.

1. Come, O, come to-day with notes of sweet re-joic-ing; Come, O, come to-day with praises to the King;
2. Raise ye up His ban-ner, tell abroad His goodness, Thro' all lands and kingdoms give His message wing;
3. Wor-ship now before Him with a thank-ful spir-it, Come in - to His courts and cheerful off'rings bring;

Bless-ed be His name for He is our Re-deem-er, Lift your hearts to Him and songs of gladness sing.
In His love He came and bro't us free sal-va-tion, Lift your hearts to Him and songs of gladness sing.
Let the peo-ple know that He is our De-liv-'rer, Lift your hearts to Him and songs of gladness sing.

REFRAIN.

We .... will praise the Lord, Sing..... with sweet ac-claim!.....
We will praise the Lord, praise the Lord, We will sing with sweet acclaim, yes, sing with sweet acclaim!

Come,..... with great re-joic - ing, Laud..... His ho - ly name.
Come, with great re-joic-ing, yes, O, come with great re-joic-ing, Laud His holy name, O, laud His ho-ly name!

Laud His great and ho-ly name!

No. 232. Closer, Closer.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. I am hap-py close be-side my Sav-ior, 'Tis my joy to look up on His face;
2. I am con-se-crat-ed to His serv-ice; I am kept from sin by grace di-vine;
3. O the joy of walk-ing with my Sav-ior, O the bliss of know-ing He is near,
4. Je-sus, like a ten-der shep-herd, leads me Dai-ly in-to past-ures of His love,

May He sweet-ly draw me ev-er clos-er, By His love and His a-maz-ing grace.
I'm so hap-py in His ho-ly pres-ence, Earth-ly gain and pleas-ures I re-sign.
Sor-rows van-ish and the clouds are scat-tered, And I share in heav-en's rapt-ures here.
Yet I know the best is still be-fore me, In the gar-dens of the Lord a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Clos-er, (Je-sus draws me,) clos-er, (clos-er to Him,) Love and grace are sweet-ly draw-ing me;
Clos-er, (ev-er clos-er,) clos-er, (to my Sav-ior,) Clos-er still to Je-sus would I be.

No. 233. Walking In the King's Highway.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. We're bound for glo-ry-land on high, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; We'll reach its man-sions by and by,
2. This is the way our fa-thers trod, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; The way that leads to heav'n and God,
3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; In des-ert lands shall burst a spring,
4. No un-clean thing may pass this road, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; But burdened souls may here un-load,
5. No li-ons here, nor raging beasts, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; But ransomed souls as kings and priests
6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walk-ing in the King's high-way; From doubt and fear we've found release,

D.S.—*And life is grand and glo-ri-ous,*

FINE REFRAIN. D. S.

Walking in the King's high-way. Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walk-ing, Yes, walking in His way, Walking, Yes, walking in His way;

Walking in the King's highway.

No. 234. There Will be Light at the River.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Af-ter the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's solemn shore, There will be light at the riv-er
2. There will be lights for the spir-its Who thro' deep shadows have come—Fadeless light shining glad welcome
3. There will be light for the wea-ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed—Ra-di-ant light as they en-ter
4. There will be light for the faithful, What-e'er the way they have trod—Glo-ri-ous light sent to guide them

REFRAIN.

While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Out from the windows of home. There..... will be light at the riv-er, There..... will be
Peace that for-ev-er shall last. There will be light, blessed light at the riv-er, There will be light, blessed
Safe to the cit-y of God.

light at the riv-er, There ..... will be light at the riv-er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er...
light at the riv-er, There will be light, blessed light at the riv-er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er, pass o'er.

No. 235. Glose To the Savior.

Adalyn. COPYRIGHT 1899, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Close to the Sav-ior, Near to the cross, Counting earth's treasures Noth-ing but dross;
2. Close to the Sav-ior, Serv-ing Him still, Learn-ing His pleas-ure, Do-ing His will;
3. Close to the Sav-ior, E'en to the last, Till all life's sor-rows Safe-ly are past;

FINE.

Leav-ing its fol-lies Glad-ly to be Clos-er, dear Sav-ior, Clos-er to Thee.
Earn-est-ly striv-ing Ev-er to be Clos-er, dear Sav-ior, Clos-er to Thee.
And when the sum-mons Com-eth for me, Draw me, my Sav-ior, Clos-er to Thee.

D.S.—*Here and in heav-en Let me a-bide, Now and for-ev-er, Close by Thy side.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Clos-er to Thee, yes, Clos-er to Thee, Draw me, my Sav-ior, Clos-er to Thee!

No. 236. Eternal Fruitage.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. PROPERTY OF T. B. MOSLEY, 1911. T. B. Mosley.

1. 'Tis a priv-i-lege most pre-cious, Je-sus of-fers un-to you, In this world of sin and suf-f'ring,
2. Ere the day-light shall be wan-ing, Ere the night of death ar-rive, We may great results ac-com-plish,
3. Both "the ear-ly rain and lat-ter," Our dear Lord agrees to send, And He says, "Lo, I am with you,

Some en-dur-ing work to do; Things of time and sense must vanish, But in realms of beau-ty there,
That shall ev-er-more sur-vive; Toil-ing for our dear Re-deem-er, Trust-ing in His grace a-lone,
With you e-ven to the end." "Let us, then, be up and do-ing, With a heart for an-y fate,

REFRAIN.

Seeds of good we here are sow-ing Shall e-ter-nal fruit-age bear.
Here and in the blest here-aft-er, We shall reap the good we've sown. What we do for Christ will live,... will live,
Still a-chiev-ing, still pur-su-ing, Learn to la-bor and to wait."

And e-ter-nal fruit-age give;..... La-bor then with faith and courage, "In due sea-son" we shall
fruit-age give;

reap,..... And with an-gels, o-ver yon-der, "Har-vest Home" we'll gladly keep.....
shall reap. glad-ly keep.

No. 237. As a Christian Are You Growing?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY T. B. MOSLEY T. B. Mosley.

1. As a Chris-tian are you grow-ing ev-'ry pass-ing hour, Put-ting on new strength and vig-or
2. We are saved for bless-ed serv-ice, ex-er-cise each day, Do-ing deeds of lov-ing kind-ness
3. Make the Word your pray'rful study, in His courts be found, And in all His Spir-it teach-es

As a Christian Are You Growing?

by the Spir - it's pow'r? We are here to be ad-vanc-ing, 'Tis the Sav - ior's will, For-ward,
all a - long your way, Height and wis-dom ev - er gain-ing, 'Tis our Sav - ior's will, For-ward,
let your soul a - bound, Win new trophies for His kingdom, 'Tis the Sav - ior's will, For-ward,

D. S.—*In His*

FINE. REFRAIN.

up-ward, dai - ly growing, let us not stand still. Let us not stand still, neither backward go; In His

grace and in His knowledge dai-ly let us grow.

D. S.

grace and in His knowledge dai-ly let us grow; Let us not stand still, neith-er back-ward go,

No. 238. Gently Lead Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA. H. M. Eagle.

1. Gen - tly lead me, lest I stray,(lest I stray,) O my Sav-ior, day by day;(day by day;) Safe - ly lead till
2. Lead me when the way is steep,(way is steep,) Thro' the torrent wild and deep;(wild and deep;) Guide me to the
3. When the evening shadows fall,(shadows fall,) Let me hear Thee sweetly call;(sweetly call;) Night or day I
4. When I see death's shadow pale,(shadow pale,) Lead me, Savior, thro' the vale;(thro' the vale;) Till Thy glo-ry

FINE. REFRAIN.

life is past,(all is past,) Till I reach Thy fold at last.(Thy fold at last.)
waters still, (waters still,) Trusting Thee, I fear no ill. (I fear no ill.) Lead..... me, O my Sav -
know Thy voice,(know Thy voice;) And I fol-low and rejoice.(yes, I'll rejoice.) Lead and guide me, O my Savior, blessed
I be - hold,(I behold,) When I reach the heav'nly fold.(the hear'nly fold.)

D.S.—*Lead me till the day is gone.(the day is gone.)*

D. S

ior, Lead..... me gen-tly on; Lead..... me, O my Shep - herd,
Sav-ior, Lead, O lead me gen-tly on, gen-tly on: Lead me, guide me, O my Shepherd, lead and guide me,

No. 239. Jesus is Leading.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. On-ward we march to war with mel - o - dy and song, E - vil as - sail - ing, (to-day,) sure of pre-
2. For-ward we go to con-quer for the truth and right, Grace to attend us, (to-day,) God to de-
3. Strong in the Lord are we, and ea - ger for the fray; Sweet is our pleas-ure, (to-day,) sweet beyond

vail-ing; (al-way;) Je-sus commands us in the war against the wrong, And we go on to vic - to - ry.
fend us; (al-way;) Nev-er a fear have we, for ho - li - ness is might, And we are sure of vic-to - ry.
measure; (alway;) Great is the joy of serv-ing Je - sus day by day, And there is joy in vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is lead - ing on against the foe; Je - sus is lead - ing, and we trust Him so;
Je - sus leads us on against the foe; Je - sus leads us, and we trust Him so;

Go-ing be - fore us, gra-cious-ly o'er us, He will de-fend us and His pow'r be-
He goes before us, His grace is o'er us,

stow; Sing - ing and pray-ing, glad-ly o - bey - ing, On-ward to vic-to - ry we go.
Sing - ing and pray-ing we go, glad-ly o - bey - ing, we know

No. 240. The Lord my Shepherd Is.

A. J. Showalter.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want beside?
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
3. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in His own right way, For His most holy name.
4. While He affords His aid, I can not yield to fear: Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 241, O Make Me Wise.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Lord, make me wise that I may speak To wea-ry hearts of Thy great love; O make me wise that I may
2. Lord, make me wise that I may show Thy balm to ev - 'ry breaking heart; O make me wise that I may
3. Lord, make me wise to ev - er stand Up - on the rock of Cal - va - ry; O make me wise to reach a
4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure Word, Its sav-ing grace to clear-ly know; And fill me with Thy full-ness,

seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a - bove.
know The gos-pel sto - ry I im - part. Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
hand To those who sink in life's dark sea. Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise,
Lord, Un - til my heart shall o - ver - flow.

CHORUS.

To serv-ice loft - - - y as the skies;..... My ea - ger soul.....
To serv-ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies; My ea - ger soul

for wis-dom cries;..... O make me wise,..... O make me wise.....
for wis-dom cries, for wisdom cries; O make me wise, O make me wise, O make me wise.

rit.

No. 242. Draw Me, My Savior.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY A. J SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Draw me, my Sav-ior, clos - er to Thee, Near Thy dear side would my soul ev - er be; In Thy blest foot-steps
2. Tho' so un-wor-thy, noth-ing to bring, On - ly to Thee and Thy cross would I cling; Sin and its fol - lies
3. Near-er, still near-er, let me a-bide; Un - der Thy shel-ter-ing wing let me hide, Finding a ref - uge

make me to go, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.
I would re-sign, O, let me now and for - ev - er be Thine, O, let me now and for - ev - er be Thine.
from ev-'ry blast, Till safe in glo - ry I'm with Thee at last, Till safe in glo - ry I'm with Thee at last.

No. 243. I Need Thee. Precious Jəsus.

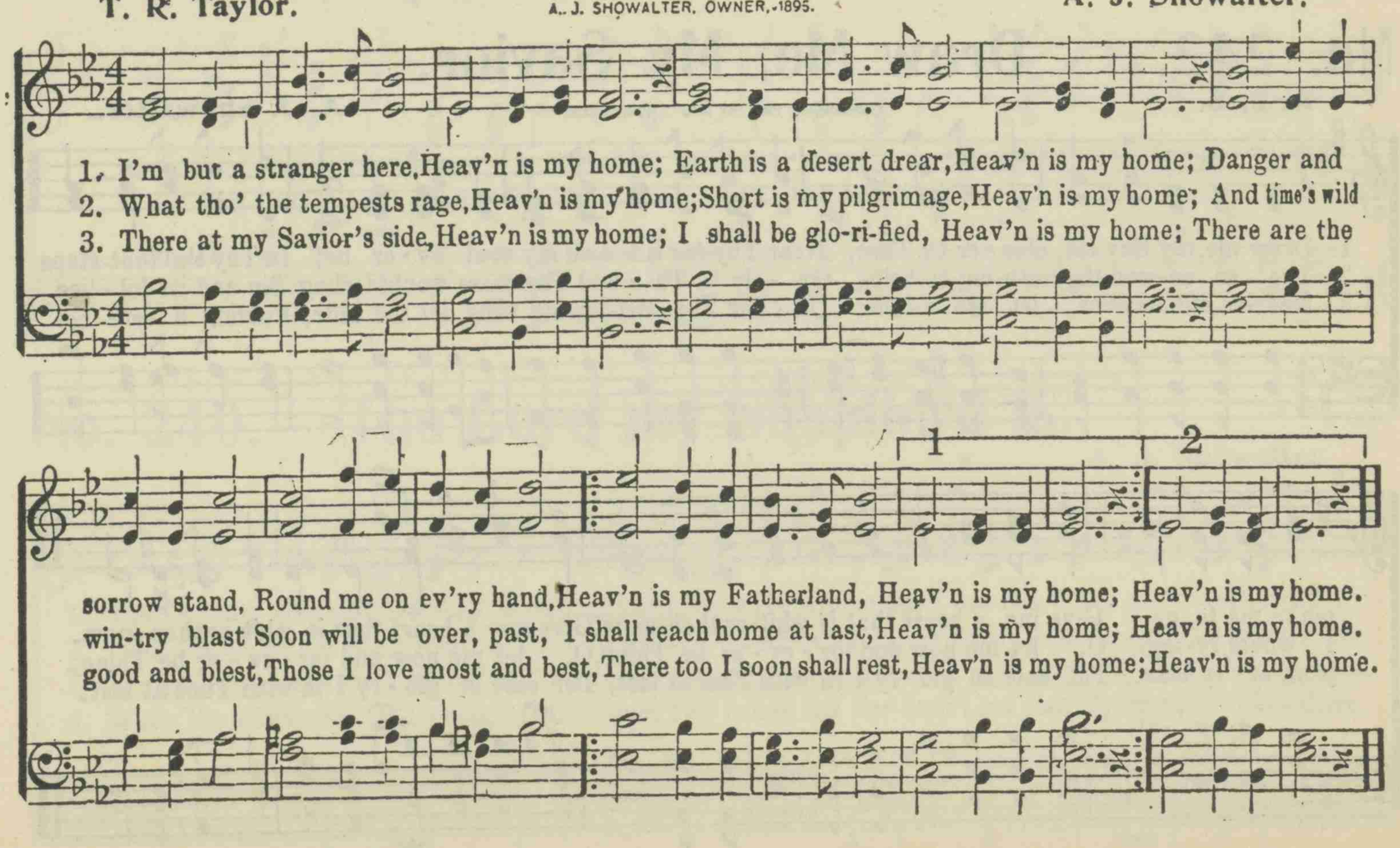
Frederick Whitfield. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. 1899. A. J. Showalter.





No. 244. Heaven Is My Home.

T. R. Taylor. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1895. A. J. Showalter.



No. 245. Standing By the Cross.

Allen-Shirley.
Ref. by A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend, Life, and health and peace possessing,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev-er view-ing, Mer-cy poured in streams of blood; Precious drops my soul be-dew-ing,
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this station, Low be-fore the cross to lie, While I see di-vine com-pas-sion,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv - en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze, And my tho'ts are all of heav-en,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee, Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion,



REFRAIN.



From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye. Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Standing by the cross of
And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
And, unvailed, Thy glo-ries see.



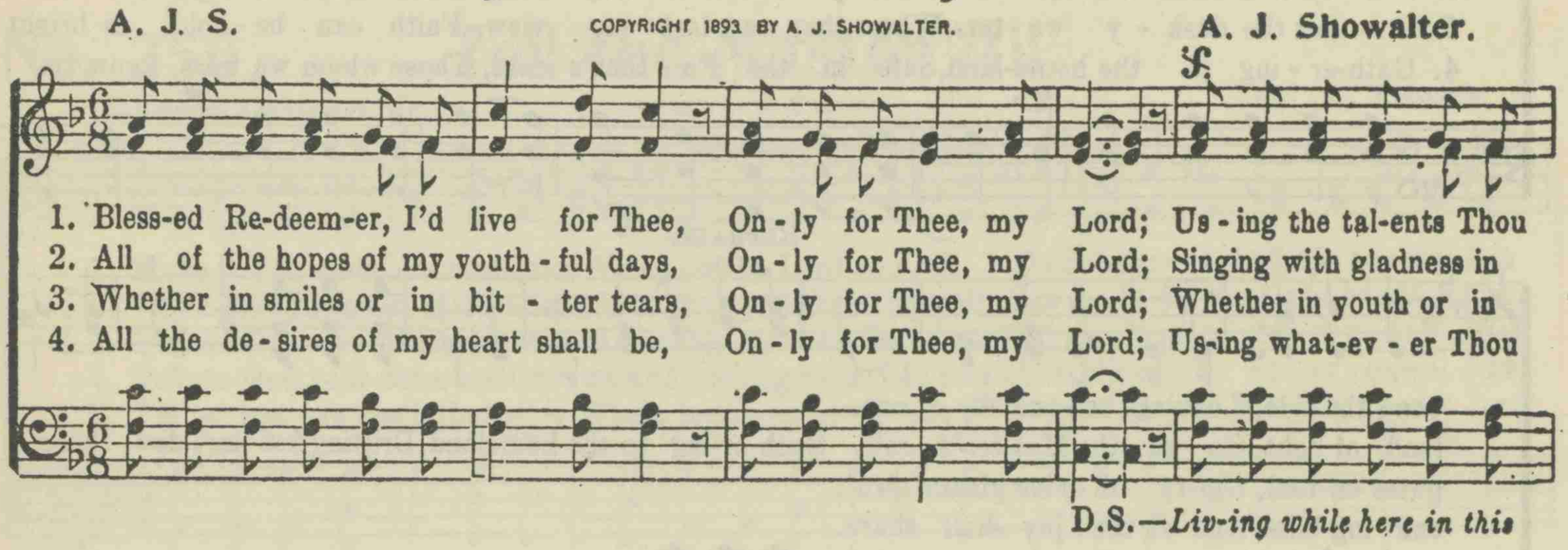
Cal - va - ry; Look-ing up to Christ, trust - ing in His love, Hop - ing in His mer - cy full and free.

No. 246. Only for Thee, My Lord.

A. J. S.

COPYRIGHT 1893 BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.



1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, I'd live for Thee, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Us - ing the tal-ents Thou
2. All of the hopes of my youth - ful days, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Singing with gladness in
3. Whether in smiles or in bit - ter tears, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Whether in youth or in
4. All the de - sires of my heart shall be, On - ly for Thee, my Lord; Us-ing what-ev - er Thou

D.S.—*Liv-ing while here in this*



FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

gav - est me, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.
joy - ful lays, On - ly for Thee, my Lord. On-ly for Thee, my Lord, On - ly for Thee, my Lord;
rip - er years, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.
giv - est me, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.

pil-grim-age, On - ly for Thee, my Lord.

No. 247. Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER, 1911. **A. J. Showalter.**

DUET.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings with-in, and fears with-out,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind, Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve,

QUARTET.

O Lamb of God, I come!.. Just as I am..... Just as I am,..... O Lamb of
Just as I am, Just as I am, O Lamb of
God, I come;..... Just as I am, Just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come!..
God, I come, I come; I come!

No. 248. Gathering to the Homeland.

Funeral Song.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Gath-er - ing to the home-land, Af - ter their work is done, Friends at our side pass be-
2. Sad - ly fare-wells are spo - ken, Swift-ly the tear - drops fall, When they from sight to the
3. O - ver the dusk - y wa - ters, Where they were lost to view, Faith can be - hold, as bright
4. Gath-er - ing to the home-land, Safe in the Fa - ther's care, Those whom we miss know un-

REFRAIN.

yond the tide, Leaving us one by one.
land of light, Go at the Mas-ter's call. Gath-er-ing to the homeland, Drifting from time's dim shore,
gates un-fold, Glo-ry di - vine gleam thro'.
end - ing bliss. And we their joy shall share.

Safe with the blest, where the wea-ry find rest, Hap-py for-ev - er - more, Hap-py for-ev - er - more.

No. 249. The Land of the Lost,

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908. BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

Mournfully.

1. We read of a land where the shad-ows a-bide, Where wail-ing is heard and where sorrows be-tide;
2. The land of the lost is the place of all woe, Where sin-ners un-par-doned are de-stined to go;
3. O dark is the land where the sin-ners shall dwell, Where no heart is hap-py, and no soul is well,

Where pray'rs for the soul in dis-tress are de-nied, In the land, O the land of the lost!
Where no ray of hope shall a heart ev-er know, O the land, the dark land of the lost!
Where Sa-tan is king, and his king-dom is hell— O the land, the dread land of the lost!

REFRAIN. *Joyfully.*

But see, there's a cross that ap-pears to the view, And One dy-ing there as a Sav-ior for you;

Entreatingly.

His prom-ise to save those who trust Him is true! O go not, ... to the land of the lost.
O go not, O go not

No. 250. Tell the Master All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF W. T. TURNER. W. T. Turner.

1. Make a full, complete confession When on the Lord you call, Do not car-ry half the bur-den, But
2. Not a-lone the great temptations That may your heart ap-pall, But the lit-tle cares and troubles, Just
3. For the One who guards creation And notes the sparrow's fall, Will give heed to your pe-ti-tions, Just
4. Tell to God your cares and sorrows, And nothing count too small, For His ear is ev-er o-pen, Just
5. Till at last you reach that cit-y Where teardrops never fall, When you pray to Him in se-cret Just

D. S.—*Make to Him a full con-fess-ion, Just*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

tell the Mas-ter all. All, all, what-ev-er your burdens may be, Wheth-er great or small,

tell the Mas-ter all.

No. 251. Say So.

Miriam E. Arnold. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. D. PATTON. **J. D. Patton.**

1. Have you found in Christ a Friend and Sav - iour? Does He walk be - side you all the way,
2. Have you found His grace was all - suf - fi - cient, When for you earth's sky was drear and gray?
3. Who will be Thy wit - ness - es, dear Mas - ter, If we shall re - fuse to speak for Thee!

Cheer-ing you with fel - low-ship most pre-cious? O then say so, tell it out to - day.
In each tri - al did His arm up-hold you? Tell the sto - ry of His grace to - day.
Touch our lips with love, O bless - ed Je - sus, And may man - y more Thy beau-ty see.

REFRAIN.

Tell to oth - ers how the Lord hath saved you, How He took your bur-dens all a - way;
Tell to oth - ers, tell them How He took, He took

If from sin the Sav - iour hath redeemed you, Say so, say so, tell His love to - day.

No. 252. Help Some One Along.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY B. F. CLARK. **B. F. Clark.**

1. Help some one a - long as you pass on your way, For some-bod-y near you needs help-ing to - day;
2. Help some one a - long who is trembling with fear, And whis-per a mes-sage of hope and of cheer.
3. Help some one a - long and it brings help to you, For God will the strength of His servant re - new.

Some hearts are so wear - y with sor - row and care, O, cheer them and help them their burdens to bear.
Help some one a - long who is doubt-ing God's love, And He will re-ward you in heav - en a - bove.
The do - ing of good makes the Christian more strong To do for him-self, so help some one a - long.

Help Some One Along.

REFRAIN.

Help some one a - long, help some one a - long; Help car - ry the load, give cheer with a song;

Since God, then, has made you so joy - ous and strong, Help some one a - long, help some one a - long.

No. 253. When the Pilgrims Reach Home.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1911. A. J. Showalter.

1. There's a glad time com - ing that e - ter - nal morn-ing, When the pil - grims reach home;
2. Wrongs will all be right - ed, part - ed friends u - nit - ed, When the pil - grims reach home;
3. There will be no sor - row on that gold - en mor-row, When the pil - grims reach home;
4. We shall tell love's sto - ry on the streets of glo - ry, When the pil - grims reach home;

Skies will smile a - bove us, ev - 'ry soul will love us, When the pil - grims all reach home.
We shall rest for - ev - er, and be part - ed nev - er, When the pil - grims all reach home.
We shall all be sing - ing, ev - 'ry heart-bell ring - ing, When the pil - grims all reach home.
Our e - ter - nal Sav - iour we shall praise for - ev - er, When the pil - grims all reach home.

REFRAIN.

Press a - long, ... ye wear - y comrades, ... Soon our souls . . . . will cease to roam;

Press a - long, still brave-ly press a - long, ye wear - y comrades, Soon o'er earth's wild des - ert we shall all cease to roam;

Loving friends will greet us, Christ Himself will meet us, When the pil-grims all reach home.

No. 254. In the Gospel Way.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. Christ is dear to me, Al-ways near to me, Safe-ly keep-ing me from day to day; Nev-er chid-ing me,
2. How He cares for me, What He bears for me, How He strengthens me to stand the fray! Grace up-hold-ing me,
3. I will cling to Him, Trust Him, sing to Him, Till I meet Him on that bet-ter day; With the du-ti-ful,

REFRAIN.

Al-ways guid-ing me, In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way. Up - ward home - ward,
Love en-fold-ing me, O how pleas-ant is the gos-pel way!
Sin-less, beau-ti-ful, At the end-ing of the gos-pel way. Up-ward with Je-sus, home-ward with Je-sus,

Christ is lead-ing and I shall not stray; March - ing, sing - ing, In the glo-ry of the gos-pel way.
March-ing with Je-sus, sing-ing of Je-sus,

No. 255. Look, Ye Saints!

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. J. Showalter.

Maestoso.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of Sor-rows" now; From the fight re-
2. Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown Him: Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings: In the seat of
3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-iour's claim; Saints and an-gels
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud, tri-um-phant chords! Je-sus takes the

turned vic-to-rious. Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-
pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav-en rings: Crown Him, crown Him; Crown the
crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name: Crown Him, crown Him; Spread a-
high-est sta-tion: O what joy the sight af-fords! Crown Him, crown Him; "King of

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

come the Vic-tor's brow; Crown Him, crown Him; Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.
Sav-iour "King of kings;" Crown Him, crown Him; Crown the Sav-iour "King of kings."
broad the Vic-tor's fame; Crown Him, crown Him; Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame.
kings, and Lord of lords;" Crown Him, crown Him; "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;

No. 256. When Earth's Labors are O'er.

A. J. Showalter. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. B. K. Knight.

1. When earth's la-bors are o'er and I rest on the shore Of that land where no storms ev-er beat, I shall
2. There no shad-ows can fall and no death e'er ap-pall, For the Lord is the light and the life; By His
3. I shall join in the psalm to the glo - ri-fied Lamb, For sal-va - tion so full and so free; All my

FINE. REFRAIN.

see, face to face, Him who saved me by grace, And the saints of all a-ges shall greet. O the joy . . . . I shall
glory so bright shall be banished the night, And the peace which He gives ends all strife.
fears will be past, I'll be safe home at last, Evermore with the Lord there to be.

O the joy I shall know, O the joy I shall know, O the joy I shall know . . . When the face of my Sav-iour I see; When He welcomes me home 'neath His fair palace dome, glad-ly see:

D. S.—*O how sweet will His words be to me!* D. S.

No. 257. The Call For Volunteers.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. D. PATTON. W. R. Parsons.

1. The King calls now for ev - 'ry - one, Whose heart is brave and true, For there's a bat - tle
2. Put on the ar - mor of the Lord, And His com-mand o - bey; And bare the sword of
3. The war is on, but none shall fall Who fight by His com-mand; His shel-t'ring care is
4. The dust of bat - tle clears a - way, And tri-umph crowns the fight; The roy - al ar - my

REFRAIN.

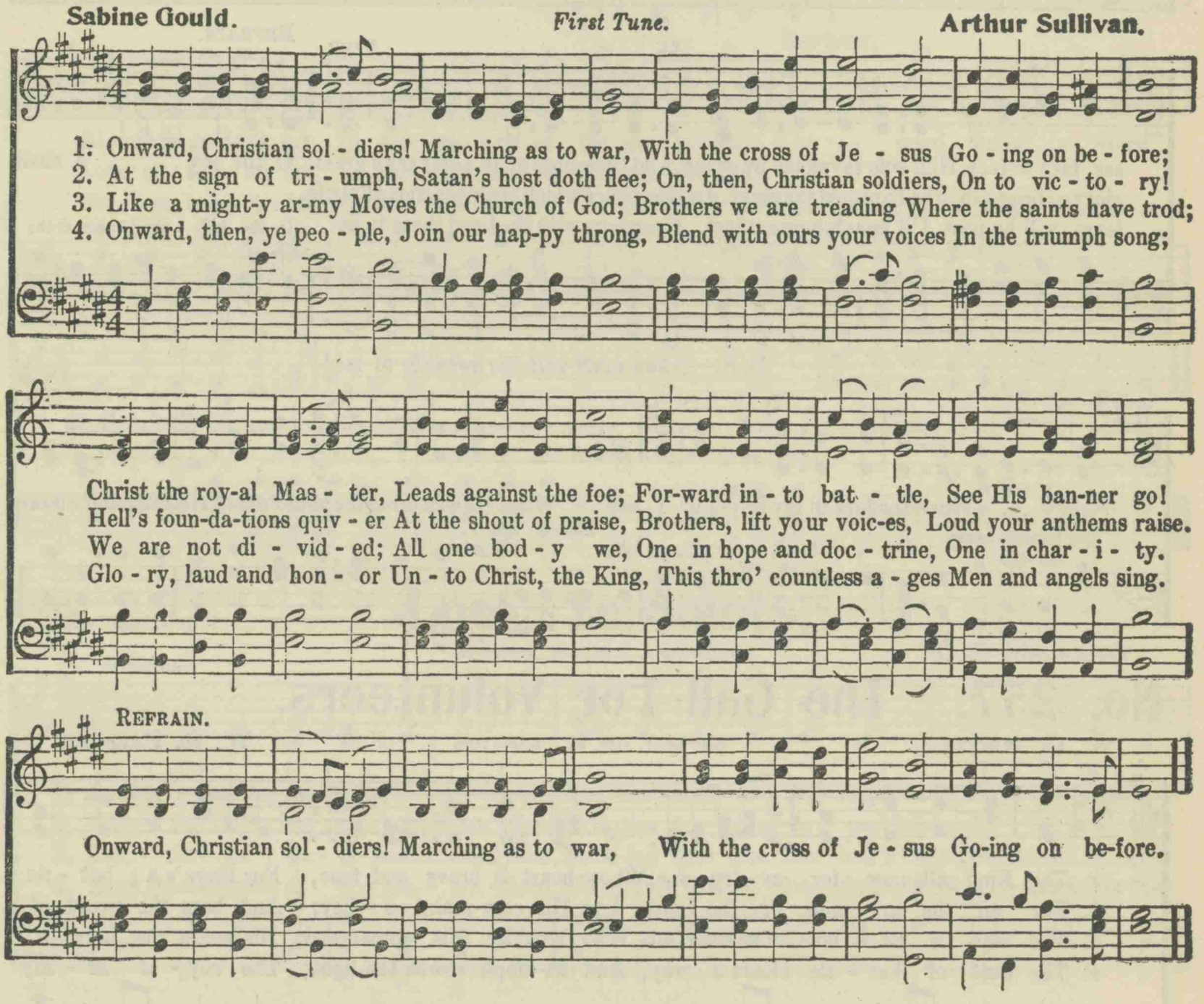
to be won; O hear Him call - ing you. The trump-et sounds, the call rings clear For
His great word,—He calls you to the fray.
o - ver all; We shall pos - sess the land.
wins the day For God and for the right.

vol - un-teers to fight; The war is on, the vic - t'ry near, For God and for the right.

Devotional Hymns.

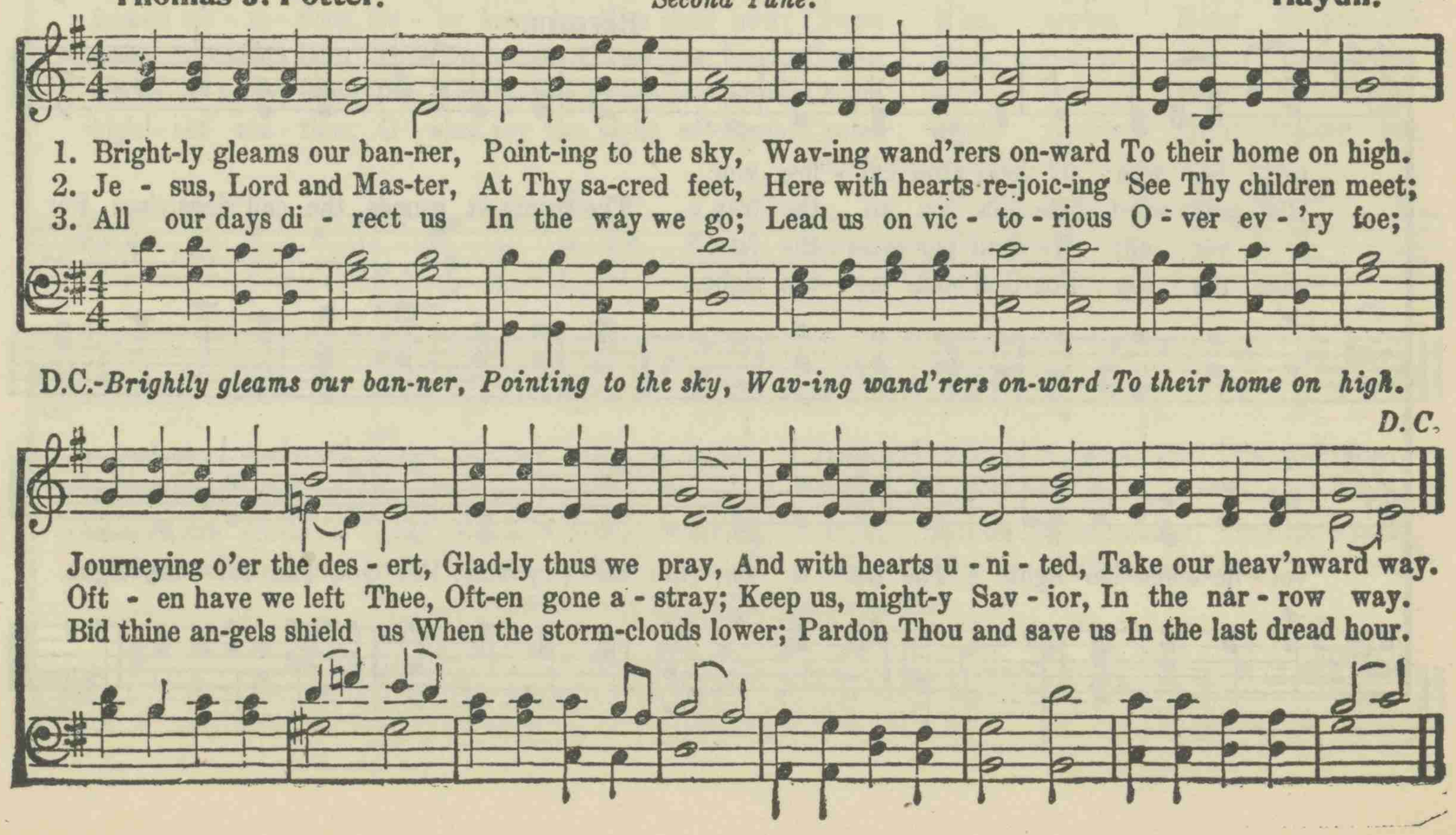
No. 258. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* **Arthur Sullivan.**



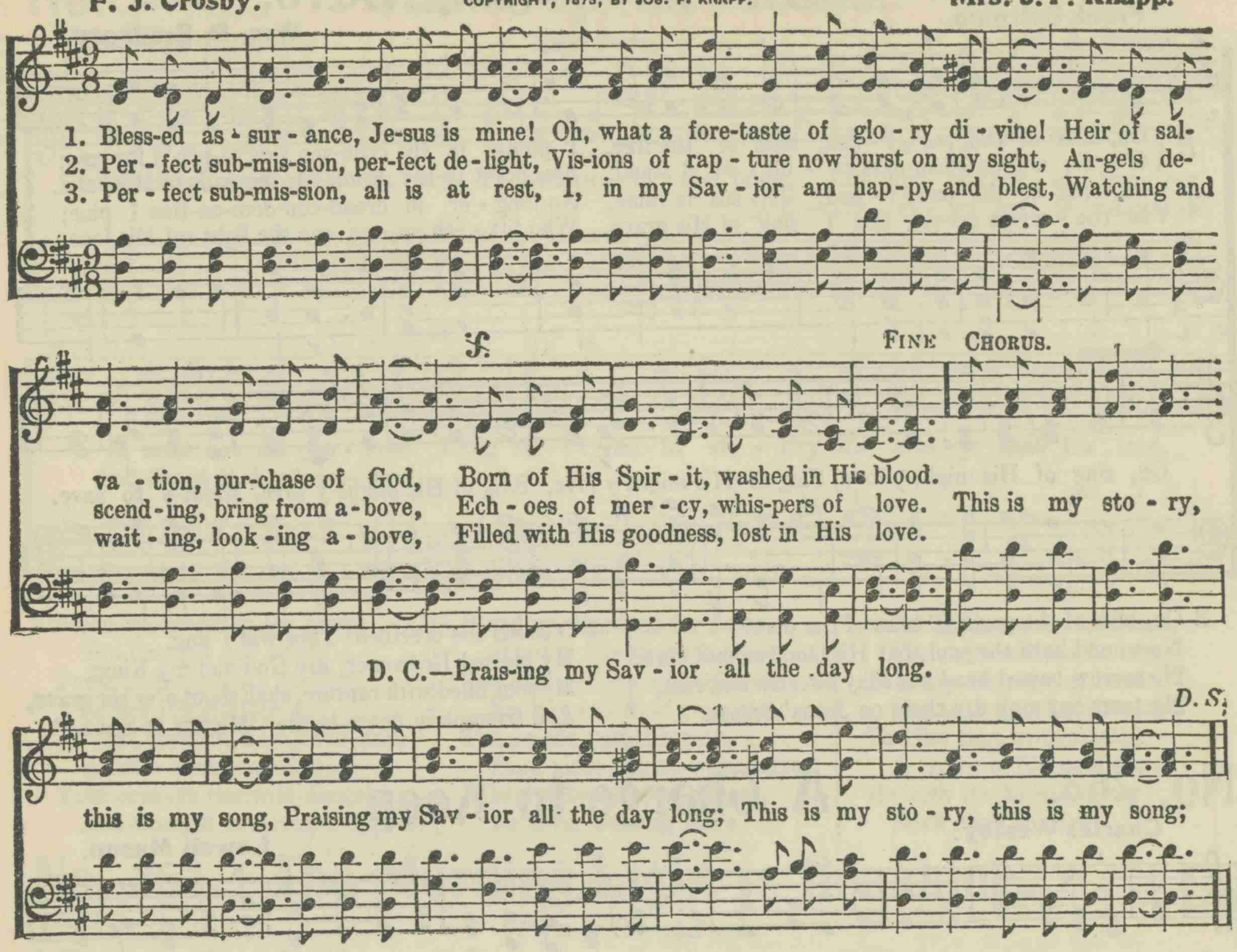
No. 259. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* **Haydn.**



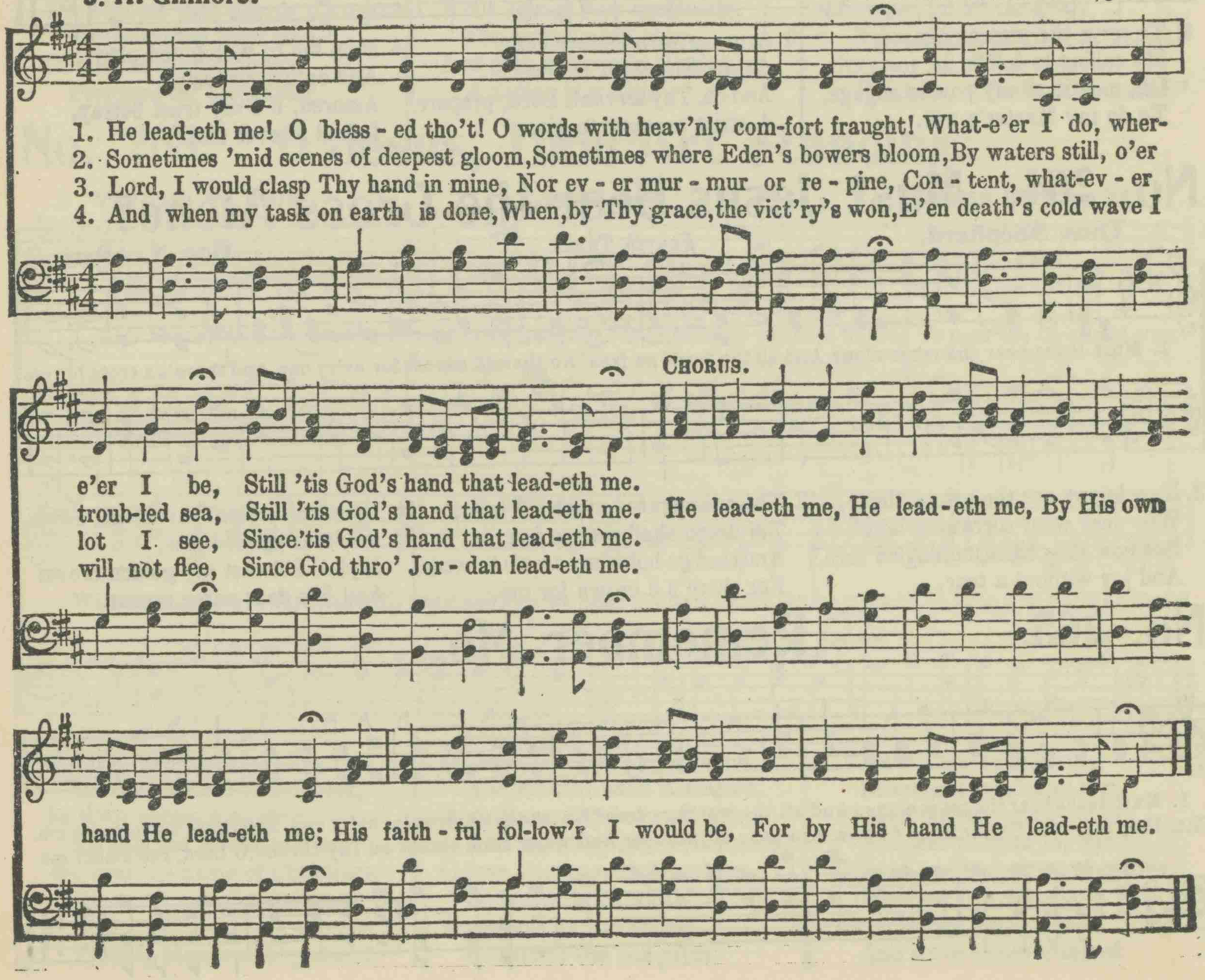
No. 260. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 291. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 262. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
   { O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
   { In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

rit.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 263. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev - er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 264. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

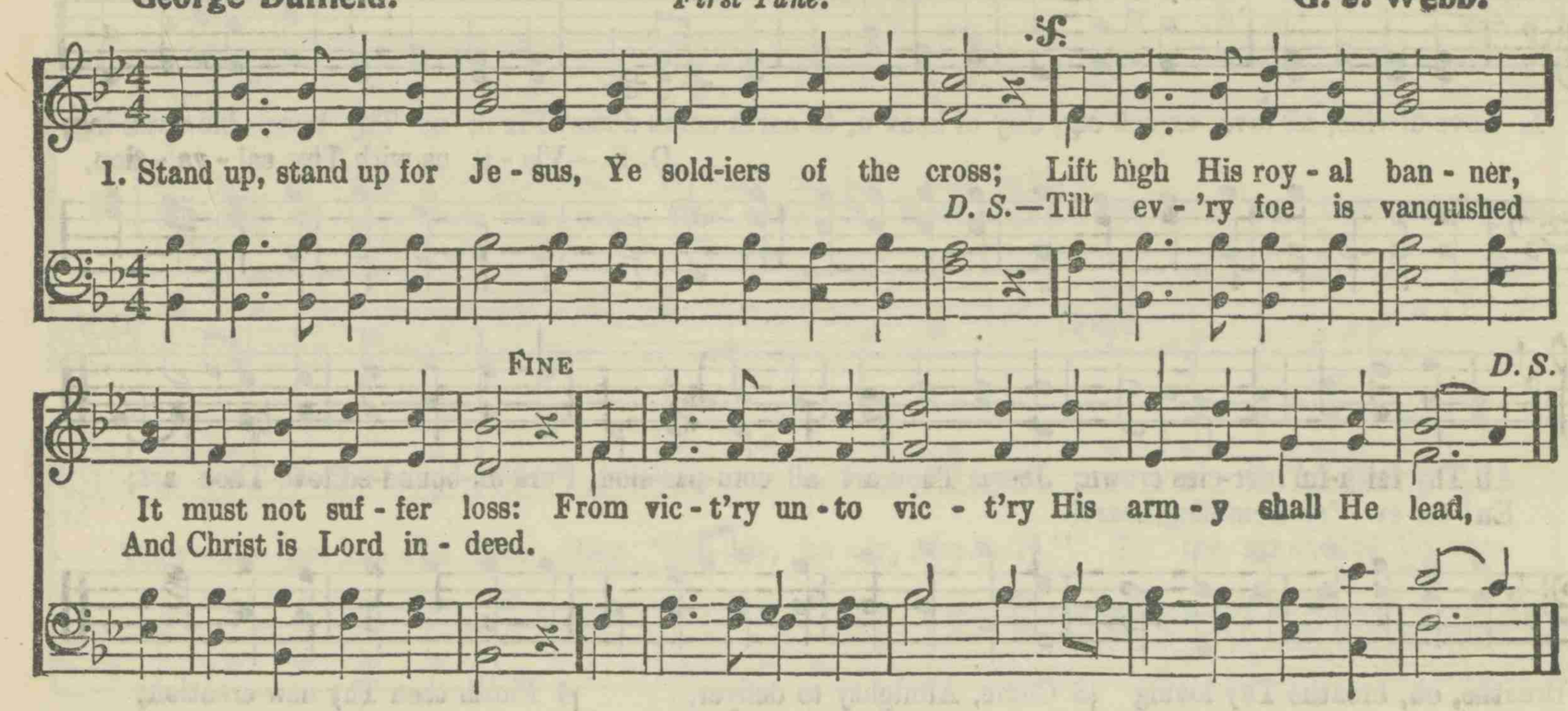
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down.
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 265. Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 266. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 267. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

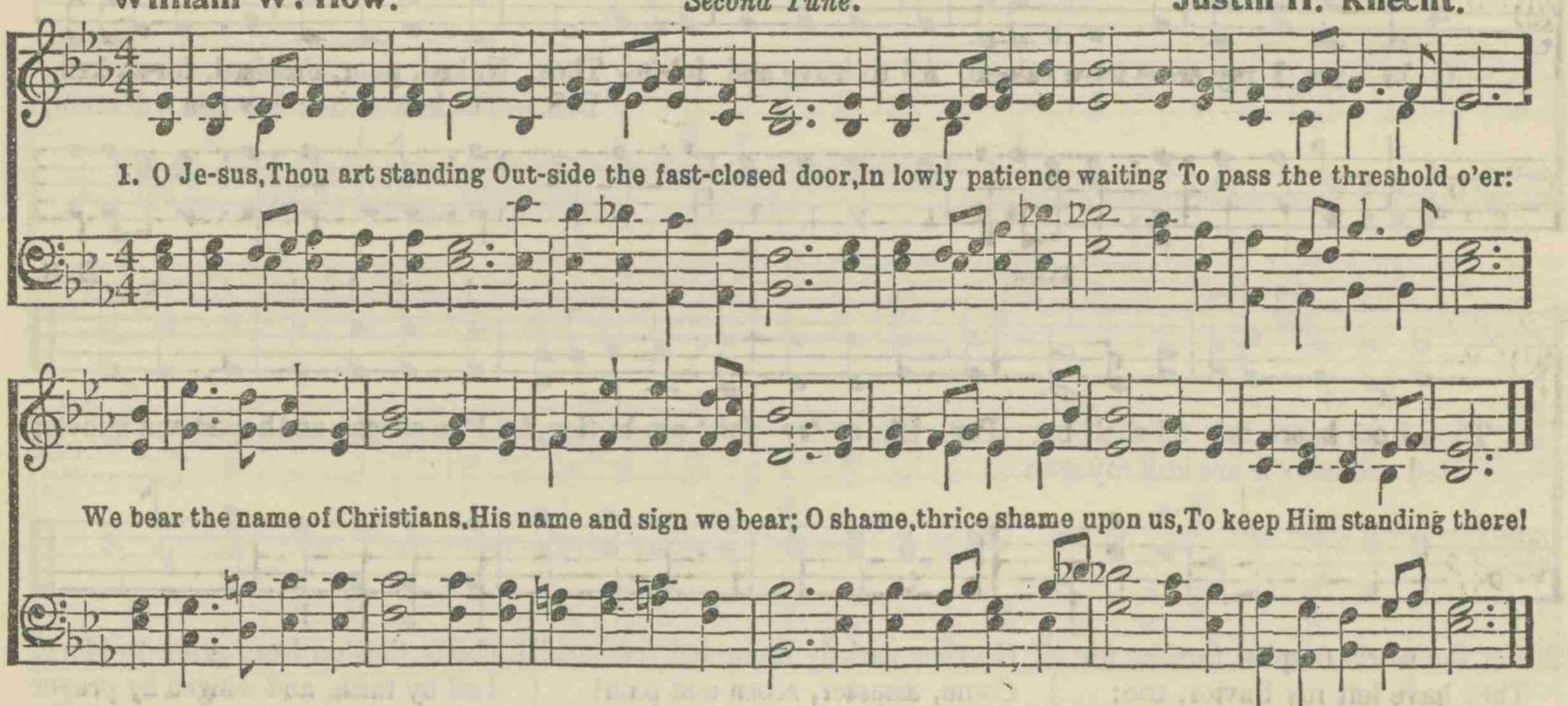
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 268. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



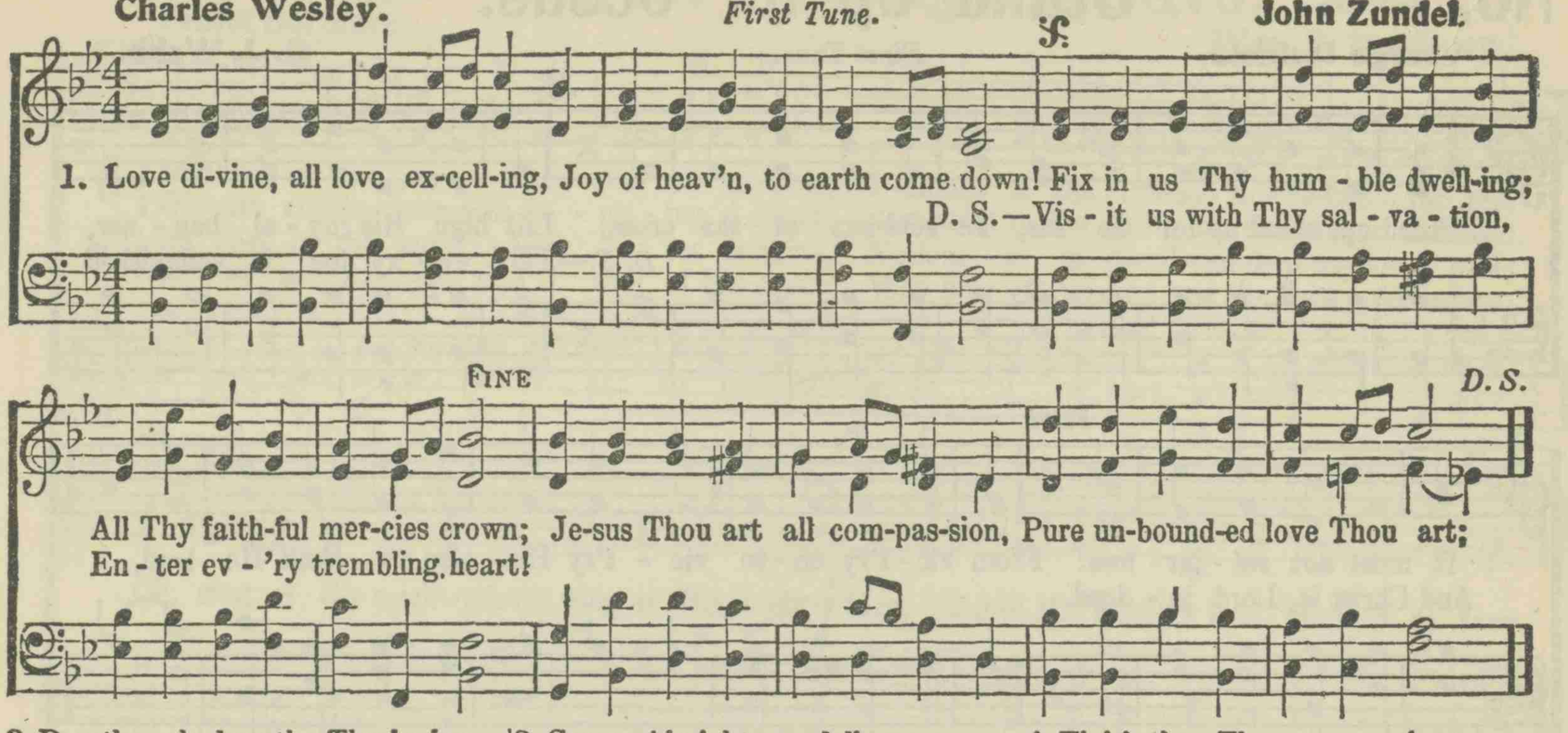
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 269. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 270. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

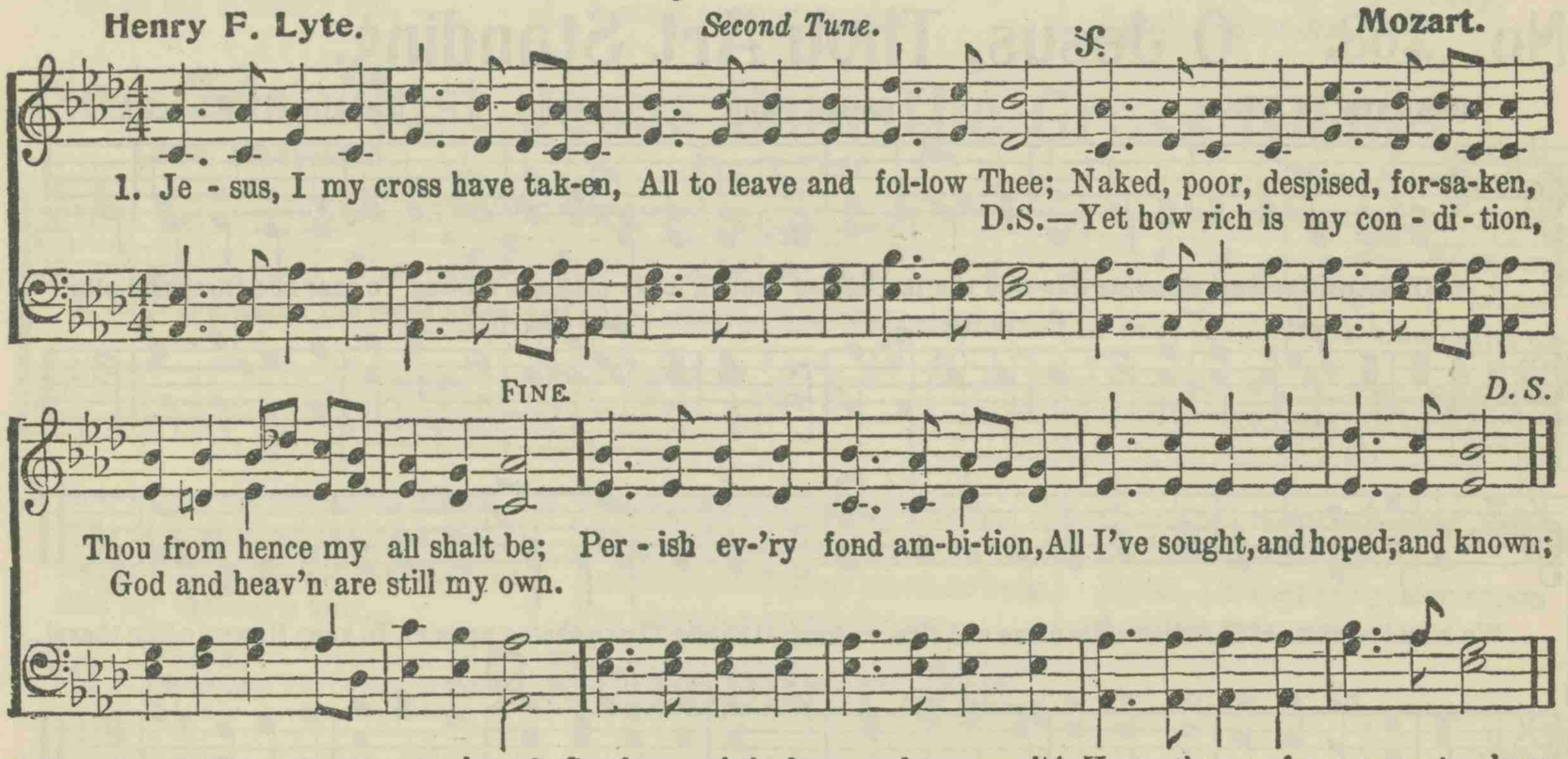
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 271. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



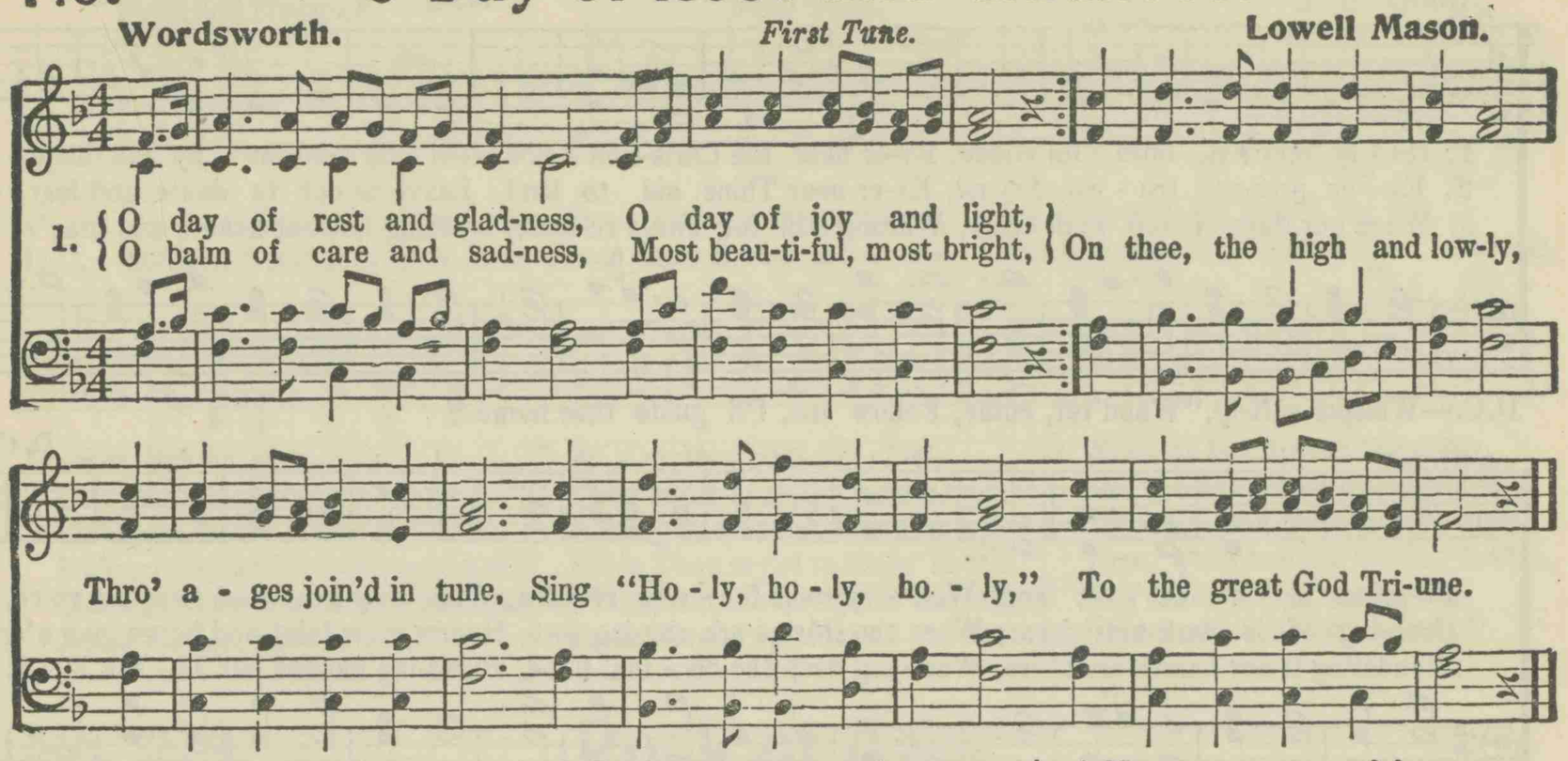
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earhtly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 272. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 273. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

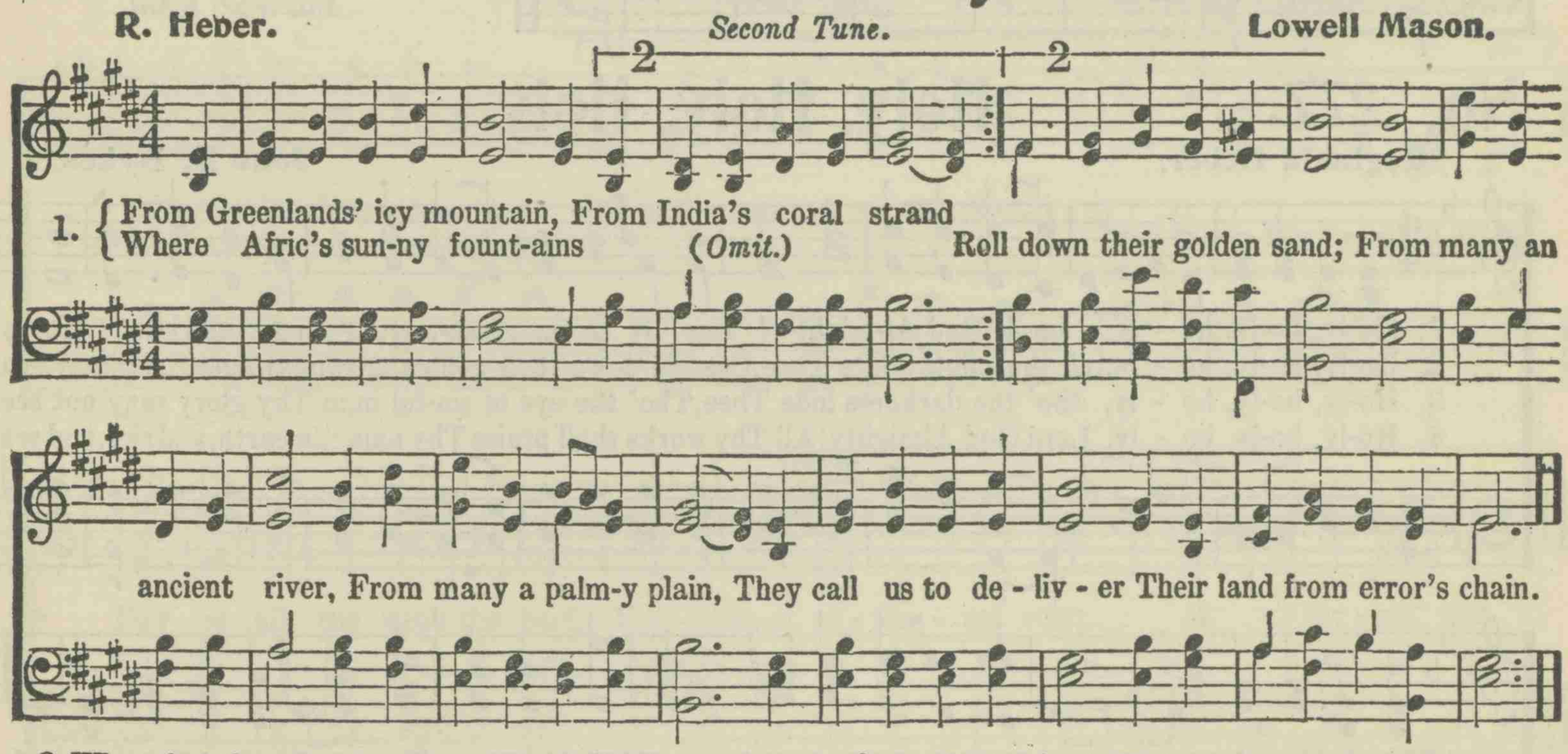
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 274. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



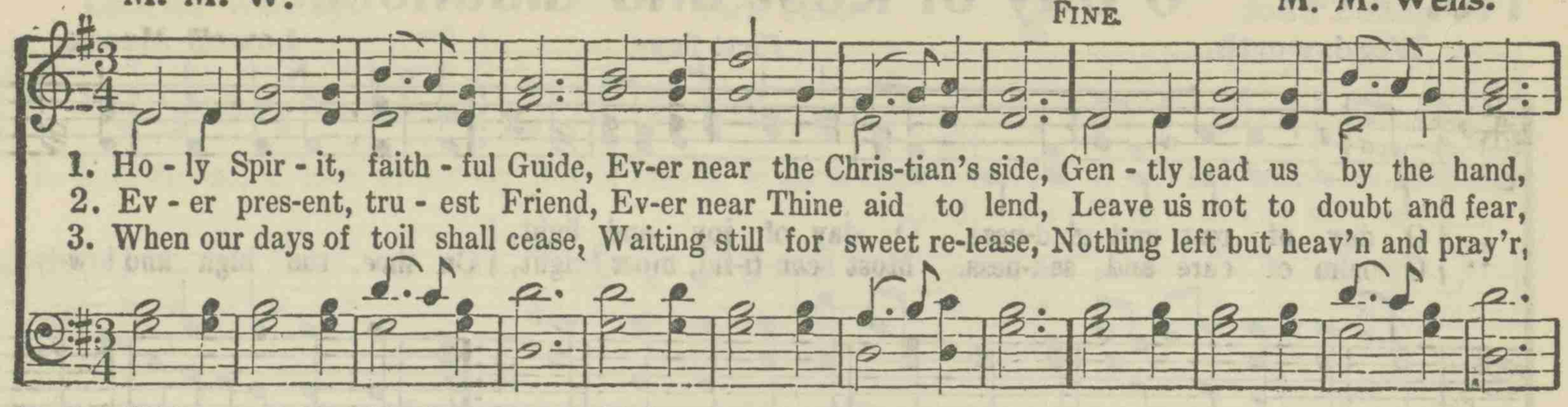
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

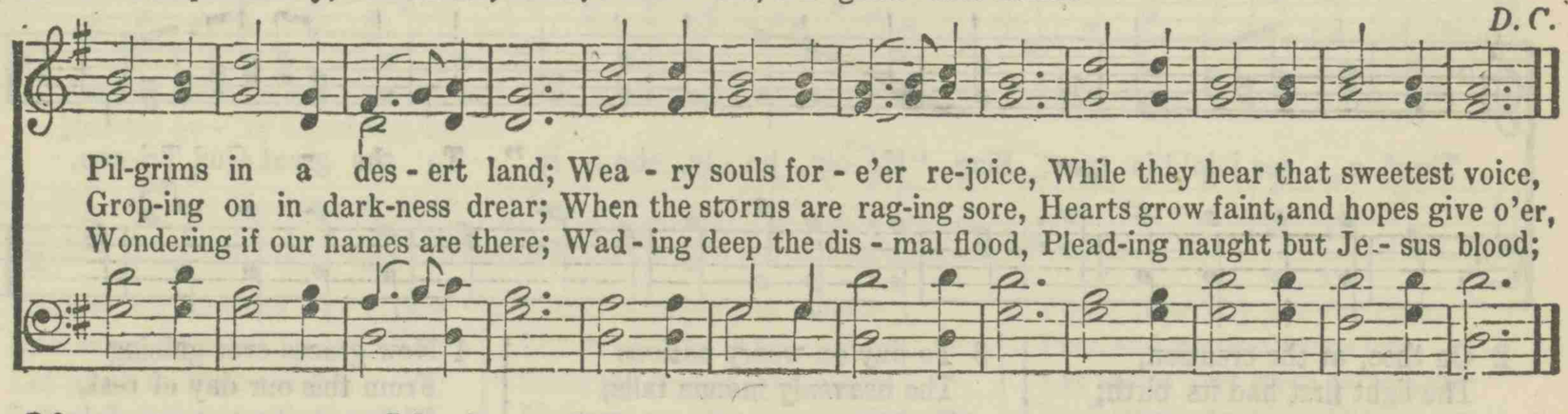
No. 275. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.



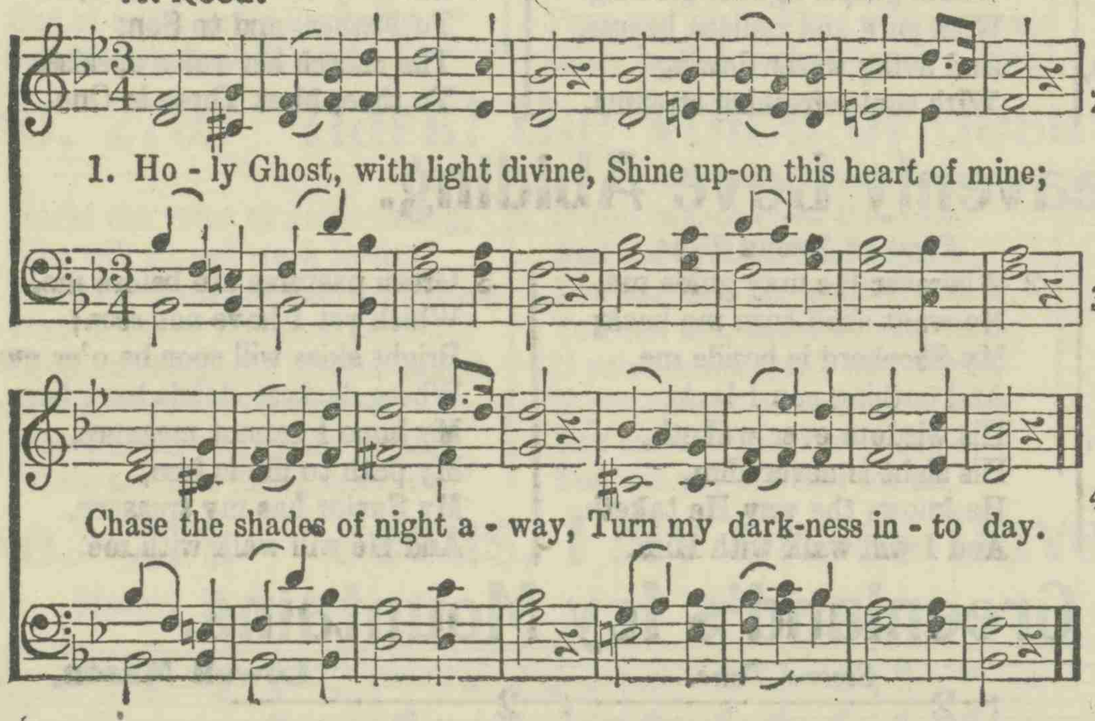
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.



No. 276. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



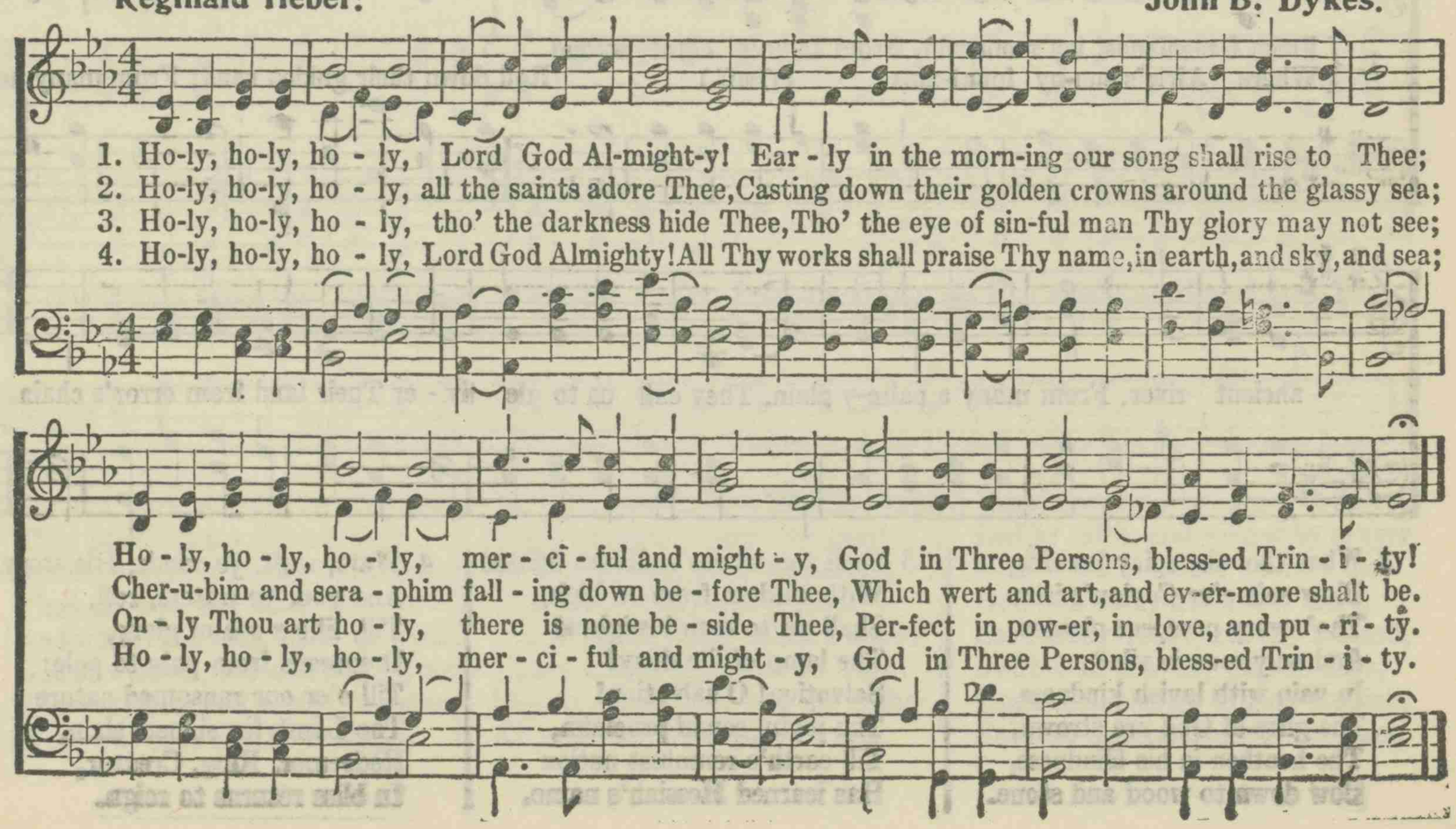
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 277. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.



No. 278. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 279. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

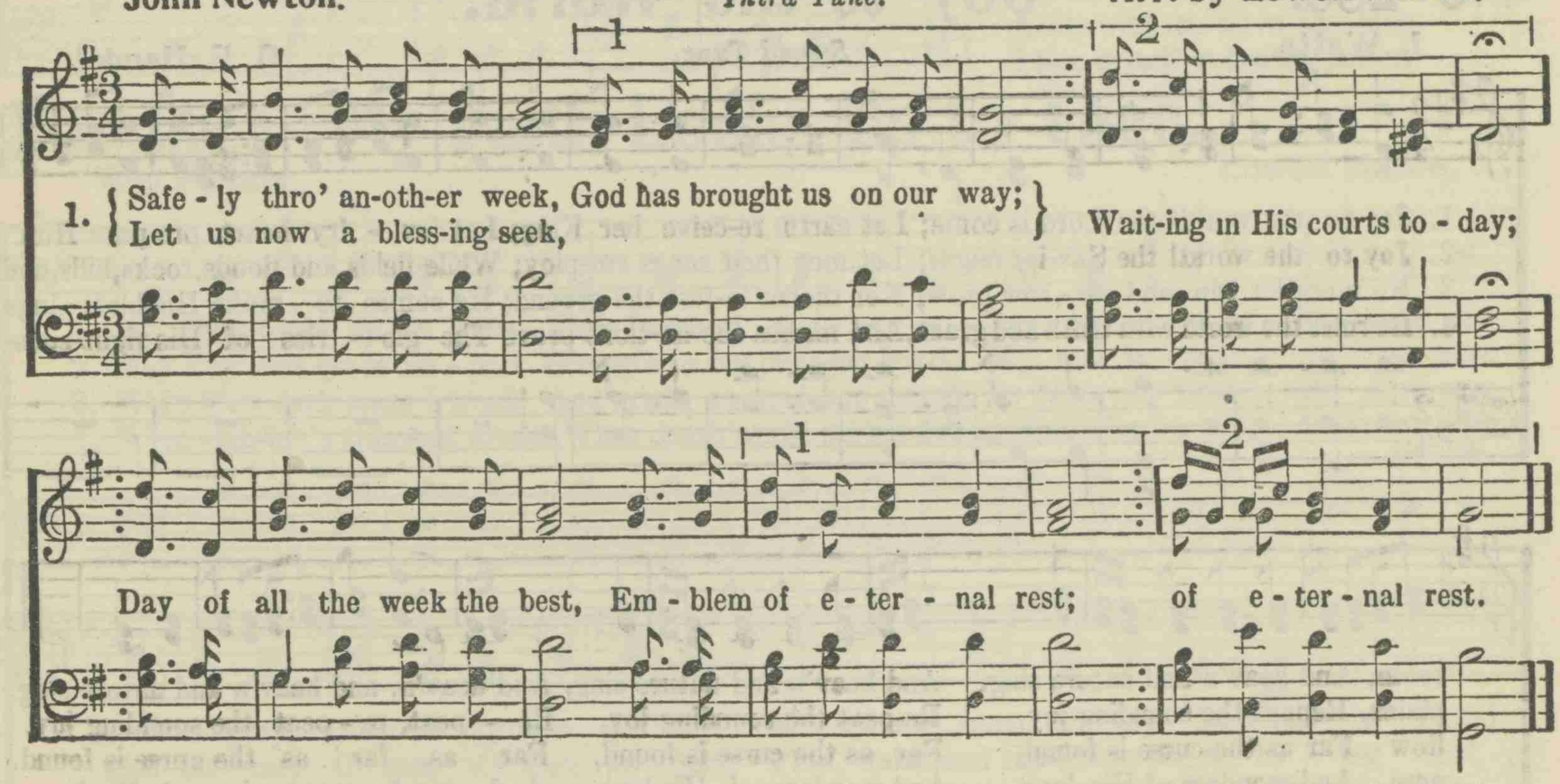
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 280. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



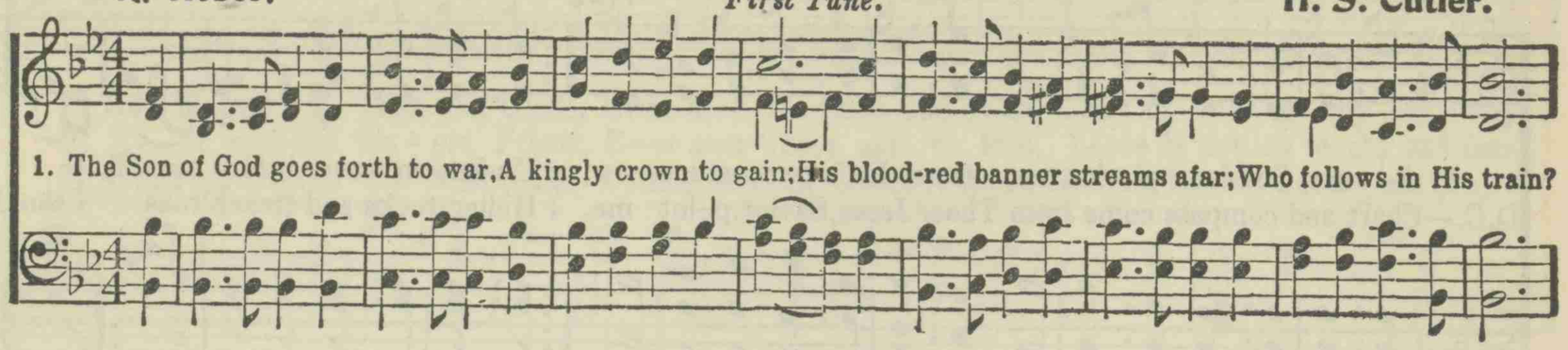
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 281. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 282. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

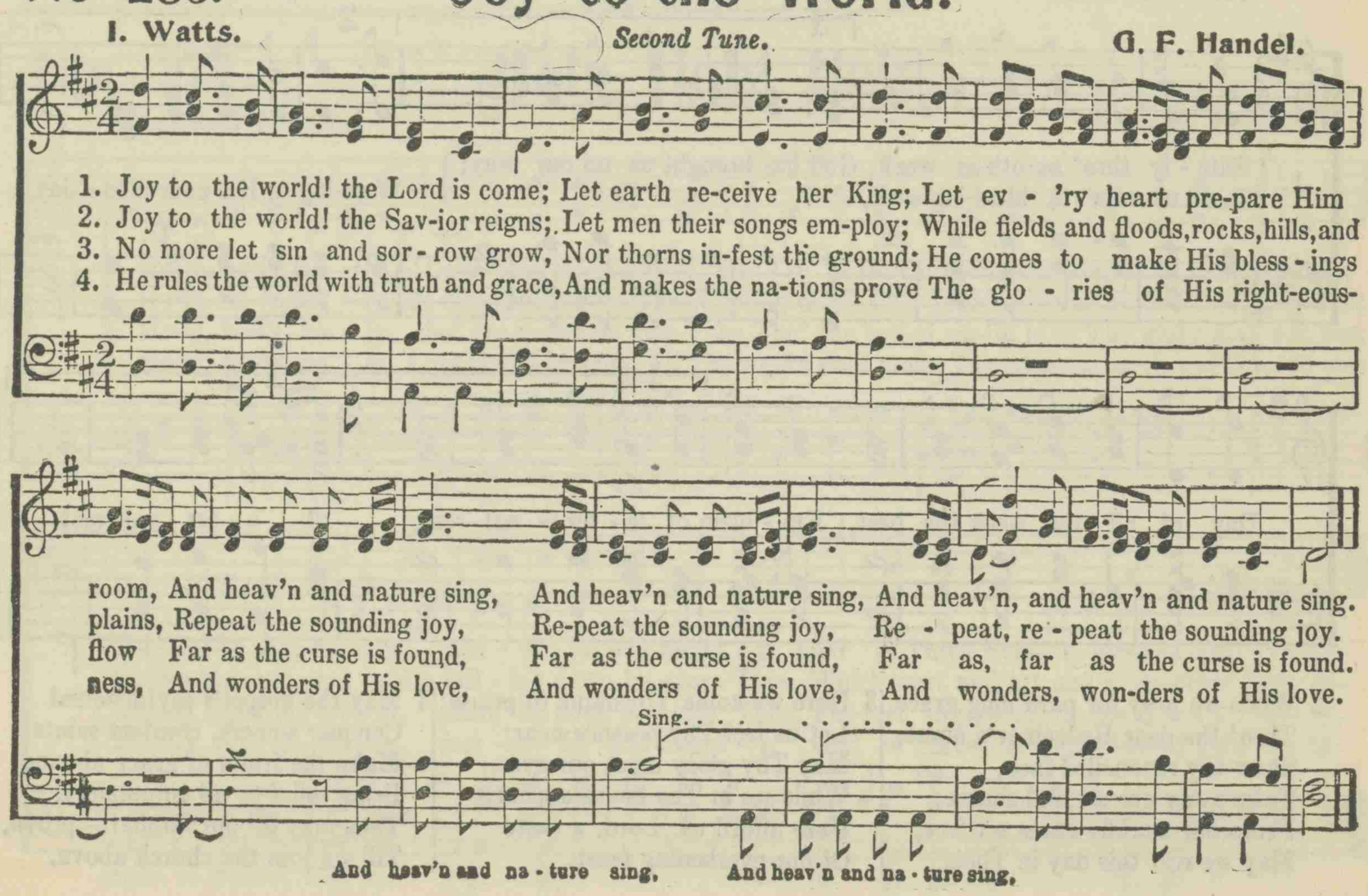
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The tree-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

No 283. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 284. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 285. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 286. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

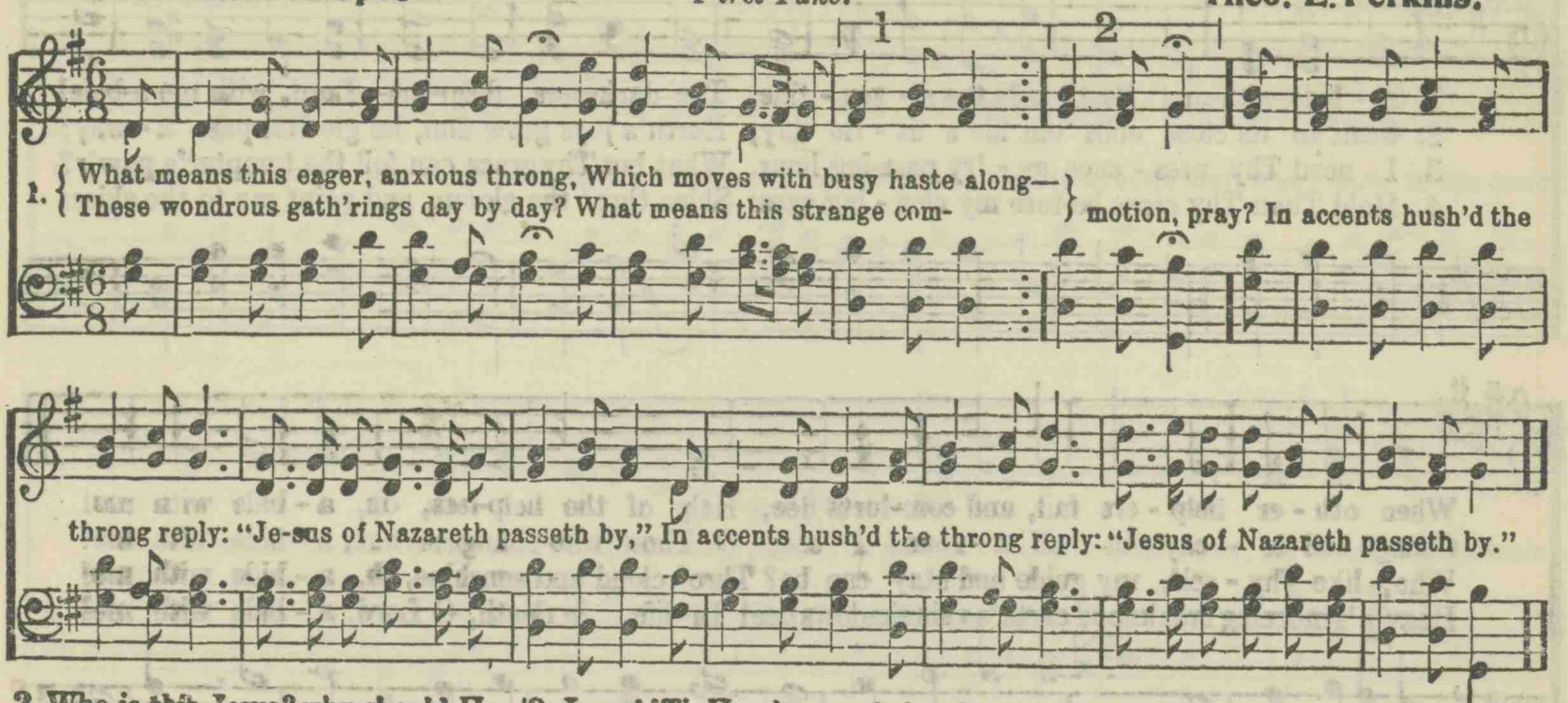
Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 287. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* **Theo. E. Perkins.**



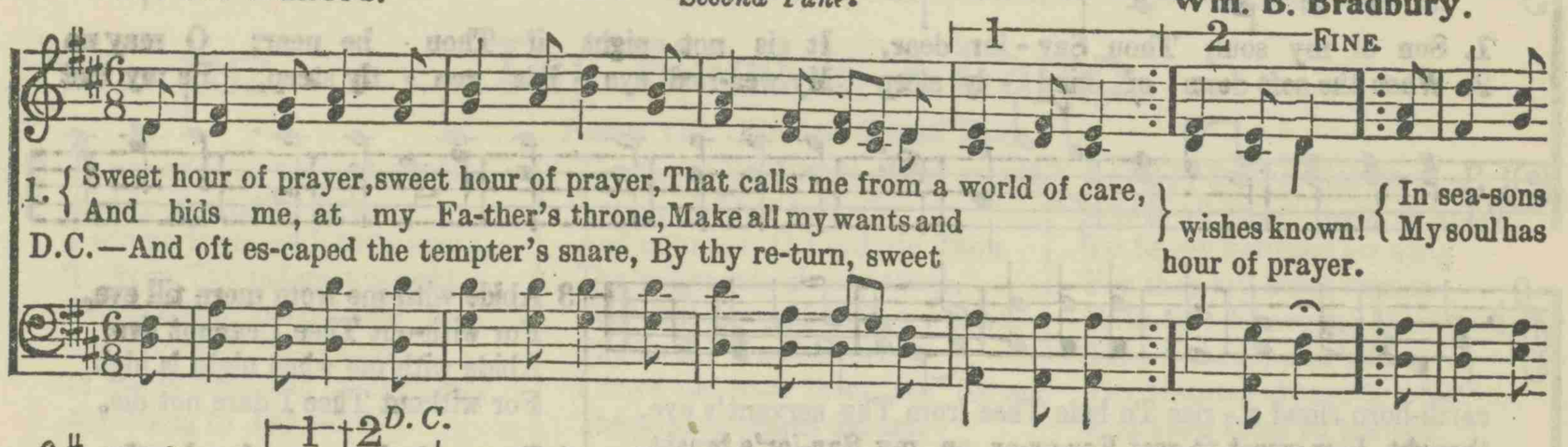
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 288. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

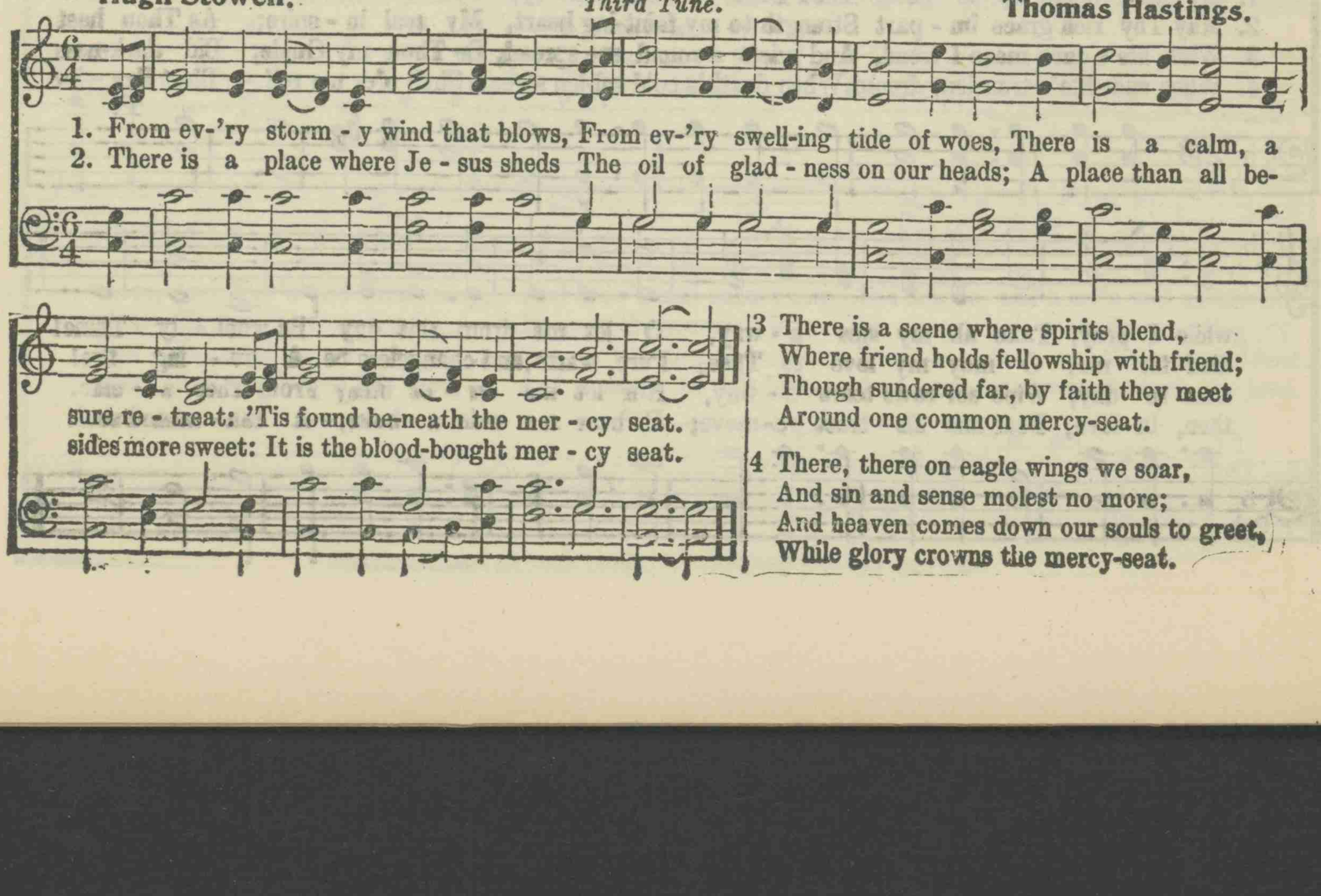


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 289. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* **Thomas Hastings.**



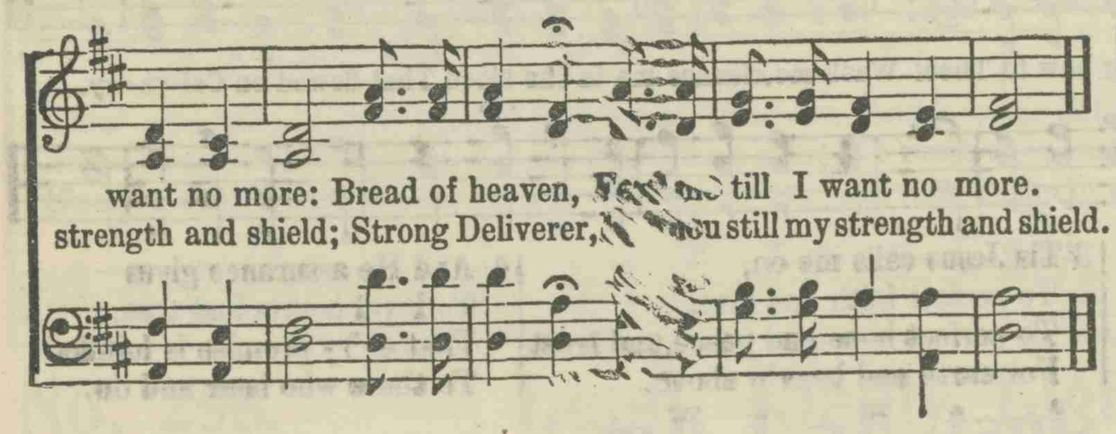
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 290. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 291. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 292. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

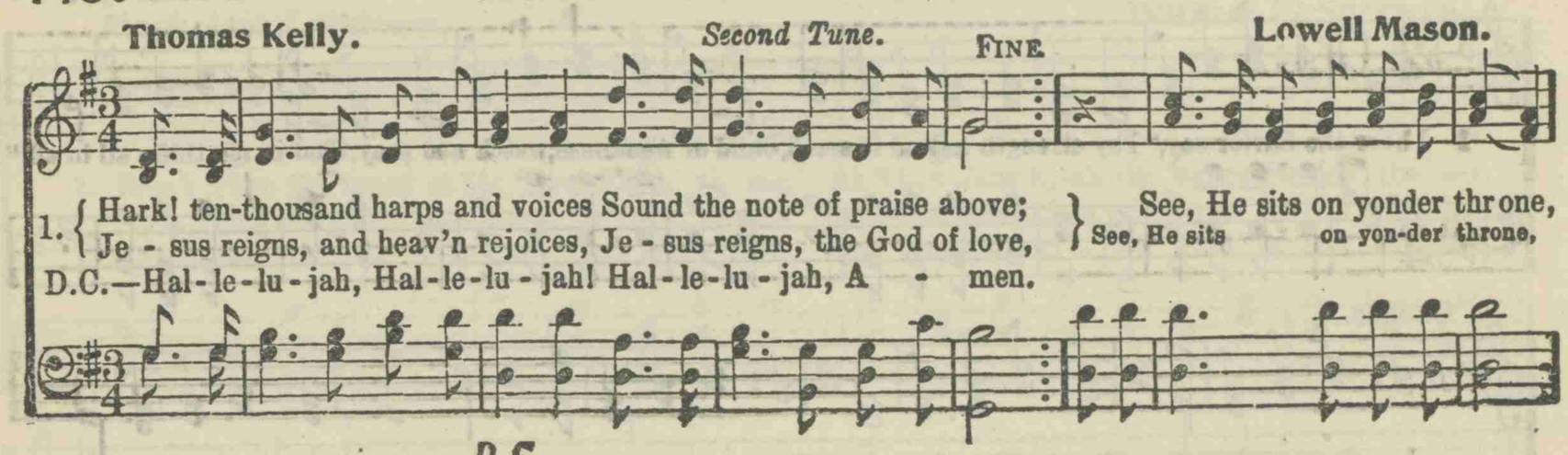
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 293. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.





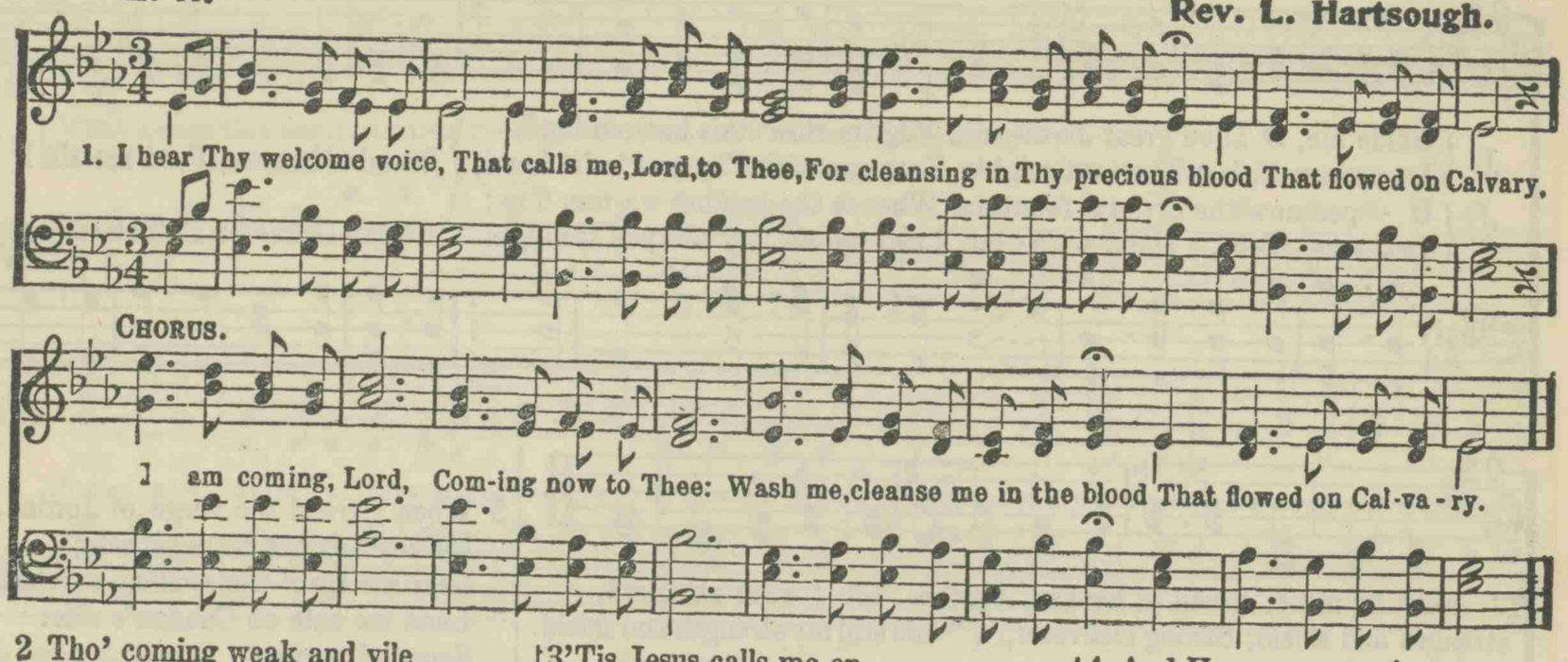
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 294. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

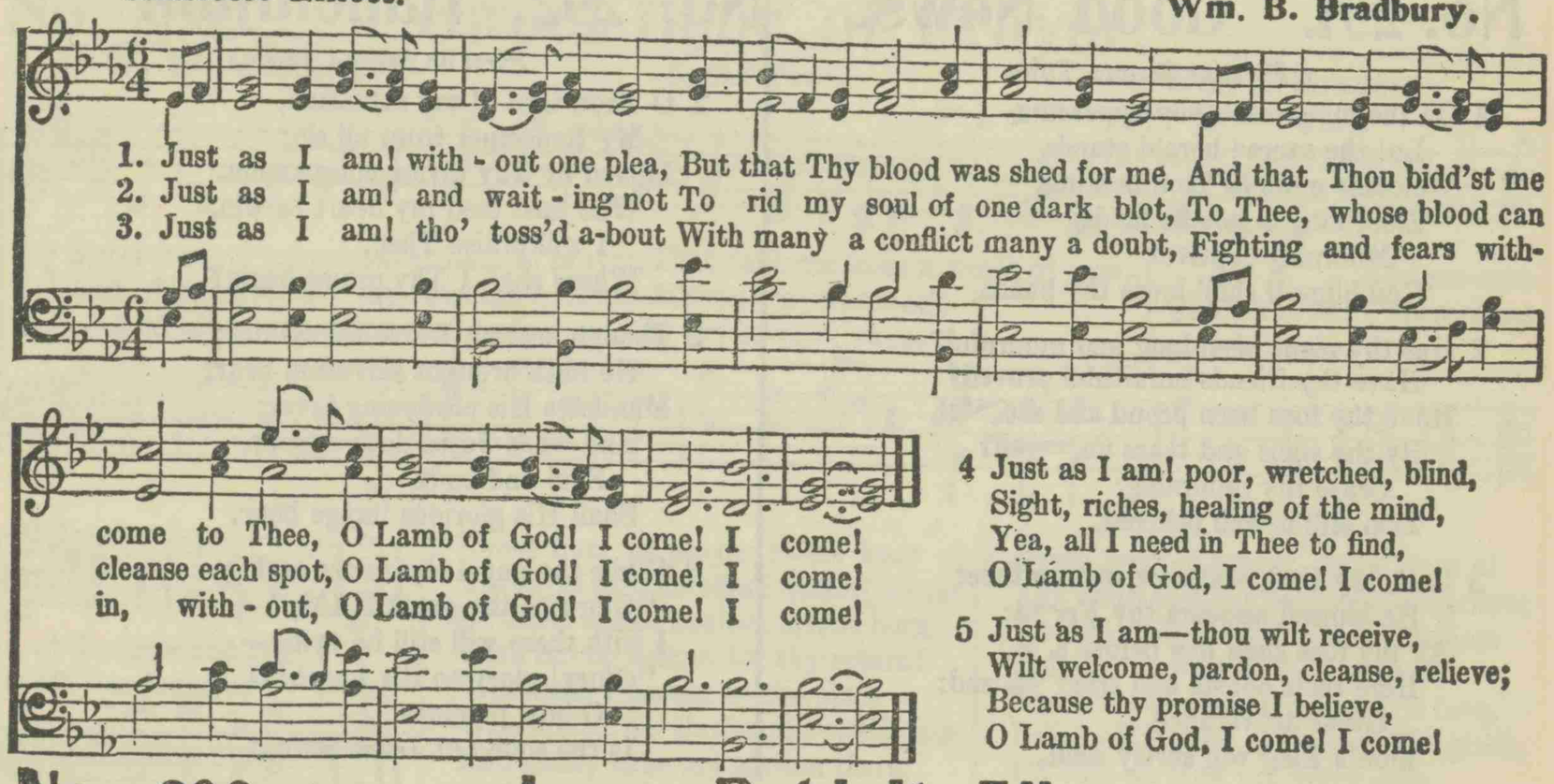
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 295. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



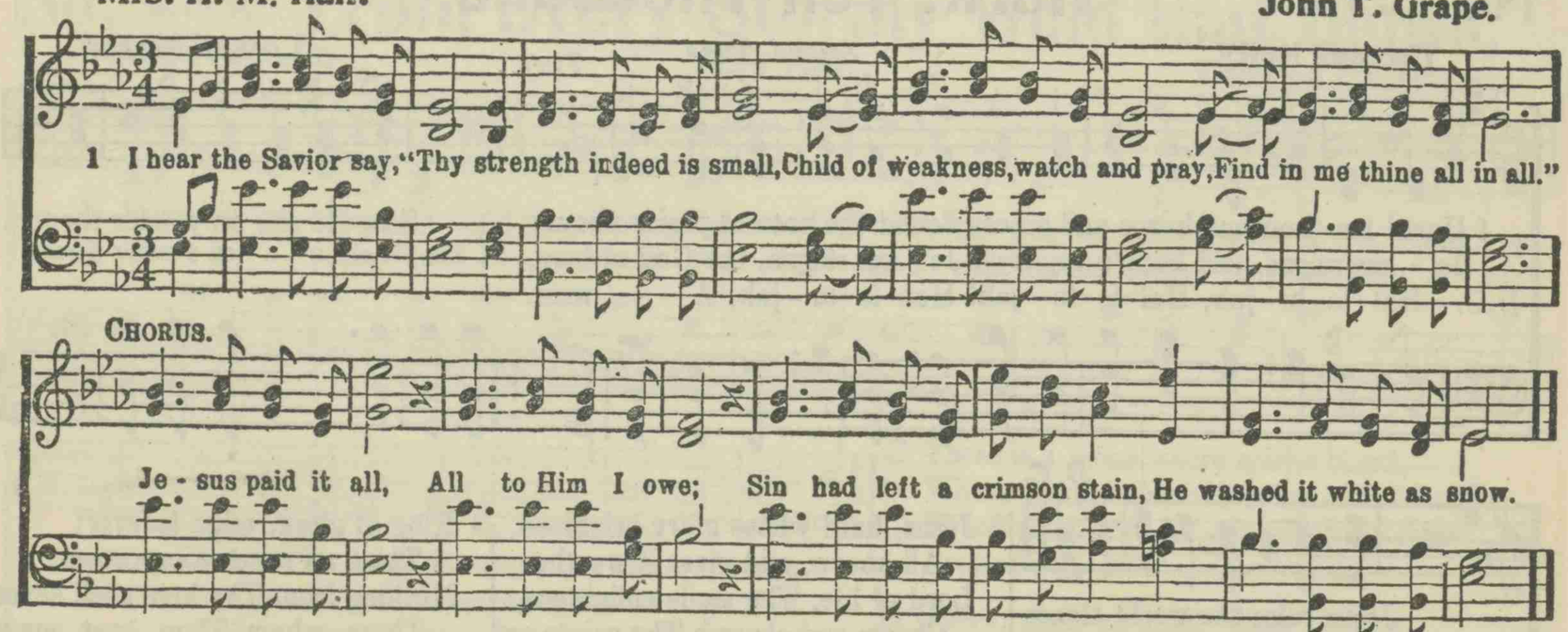
4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 296. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 297. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 298. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 299. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

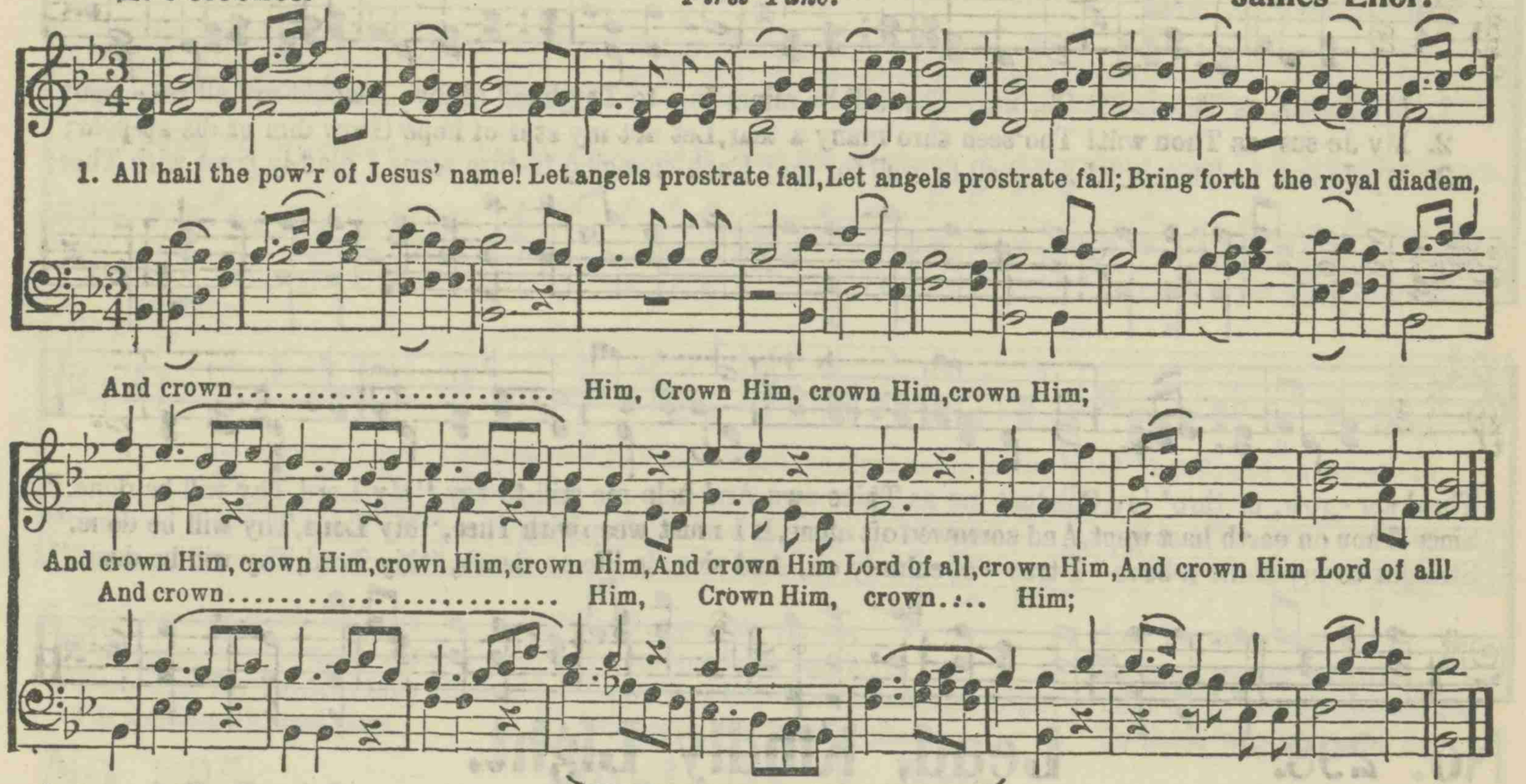
Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No, 300. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.



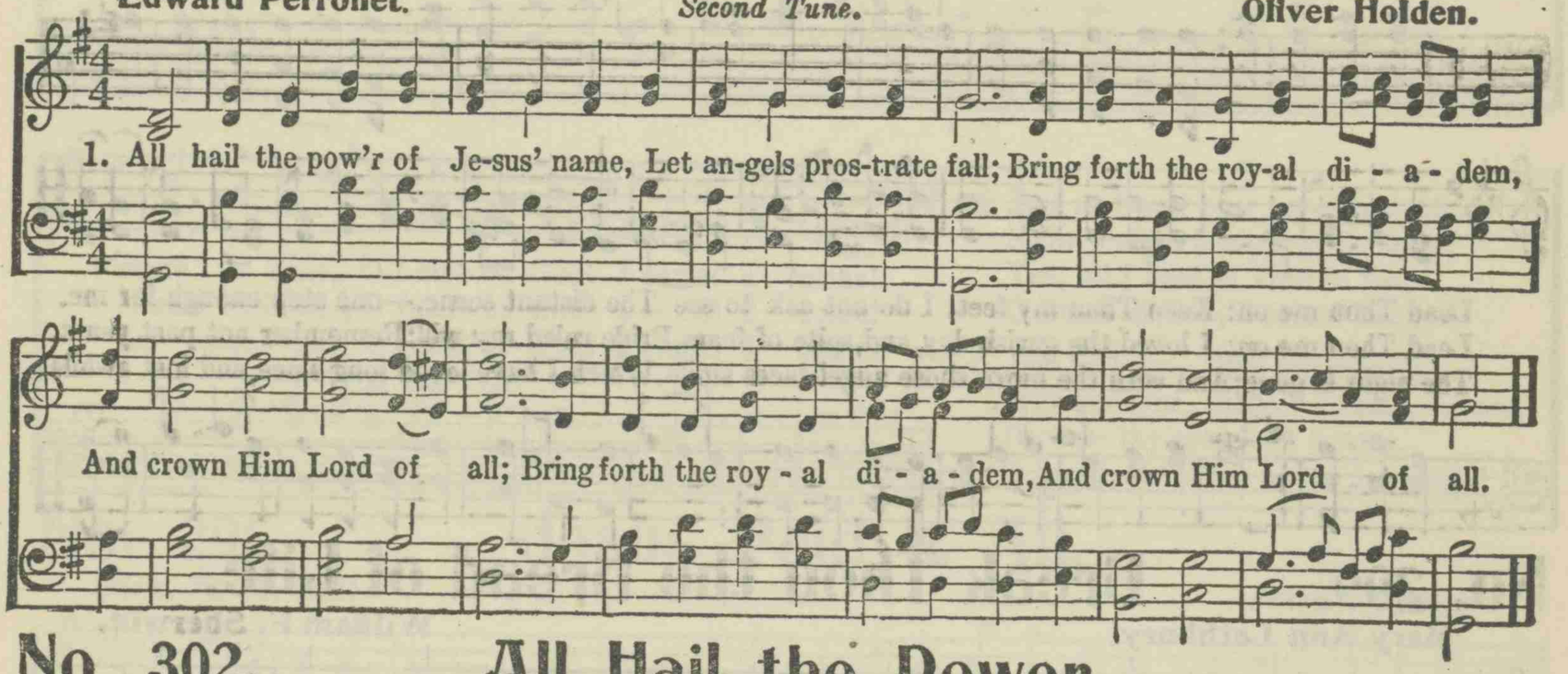
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

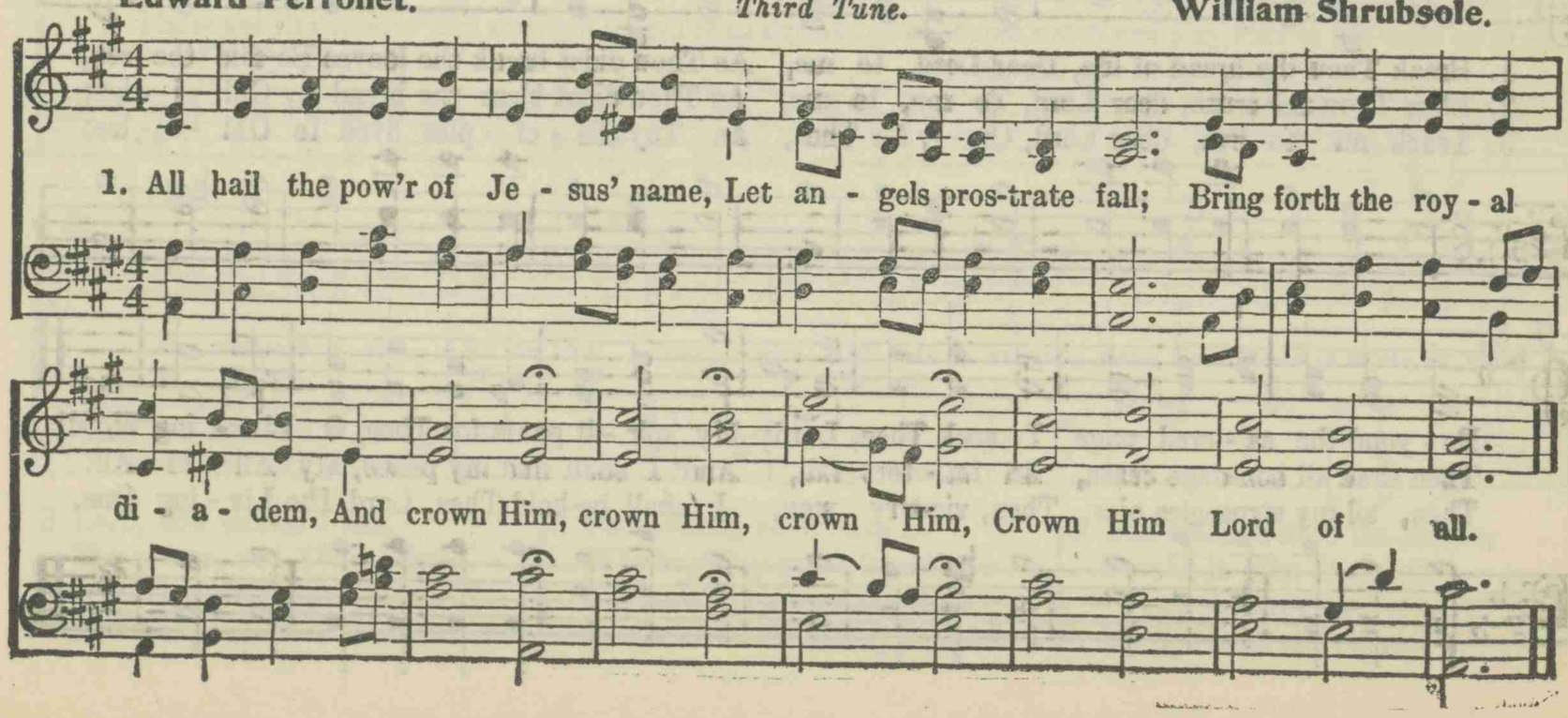
No. 301. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.



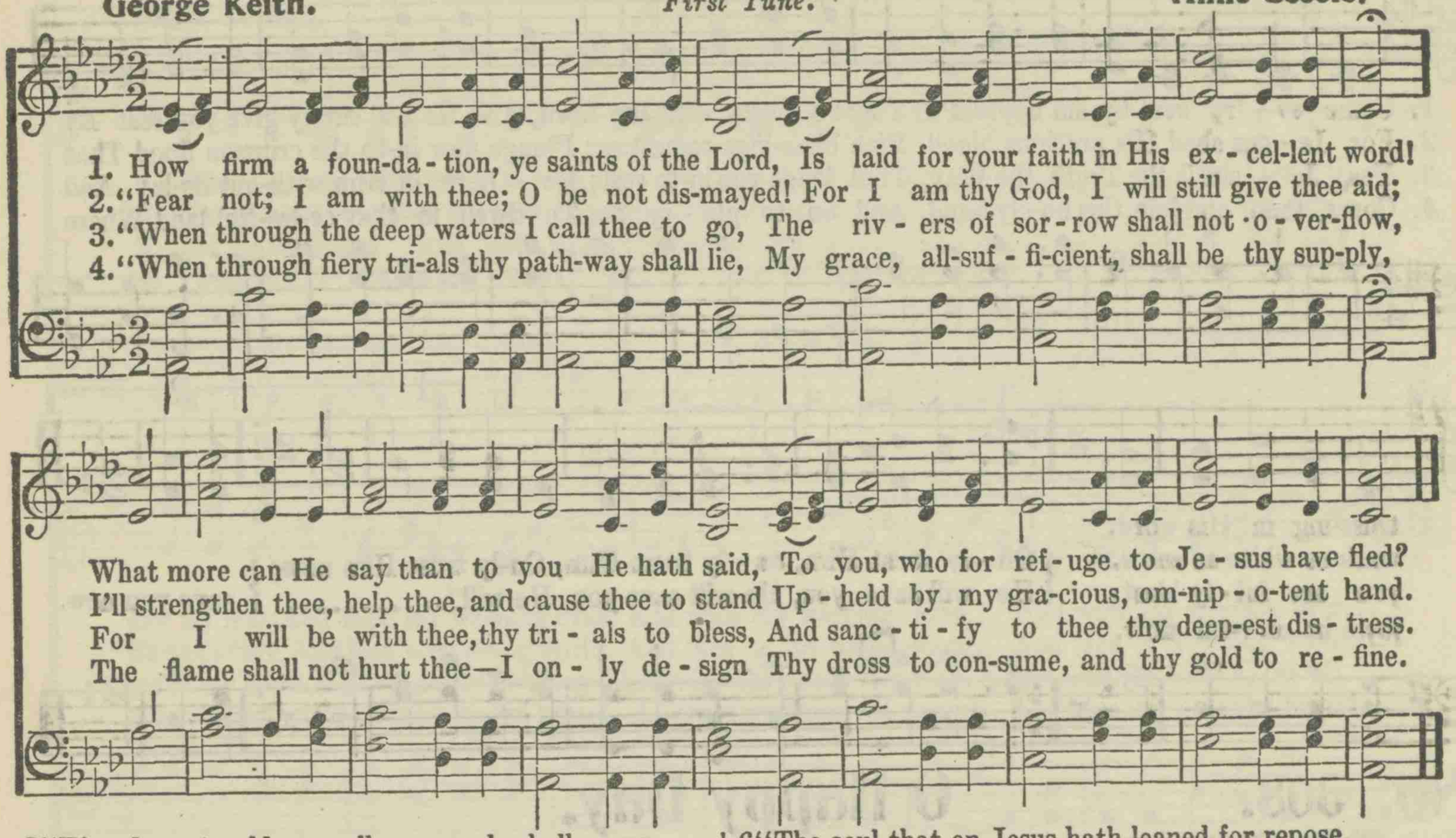
No. 302. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.



No. 303. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 304. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 305. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

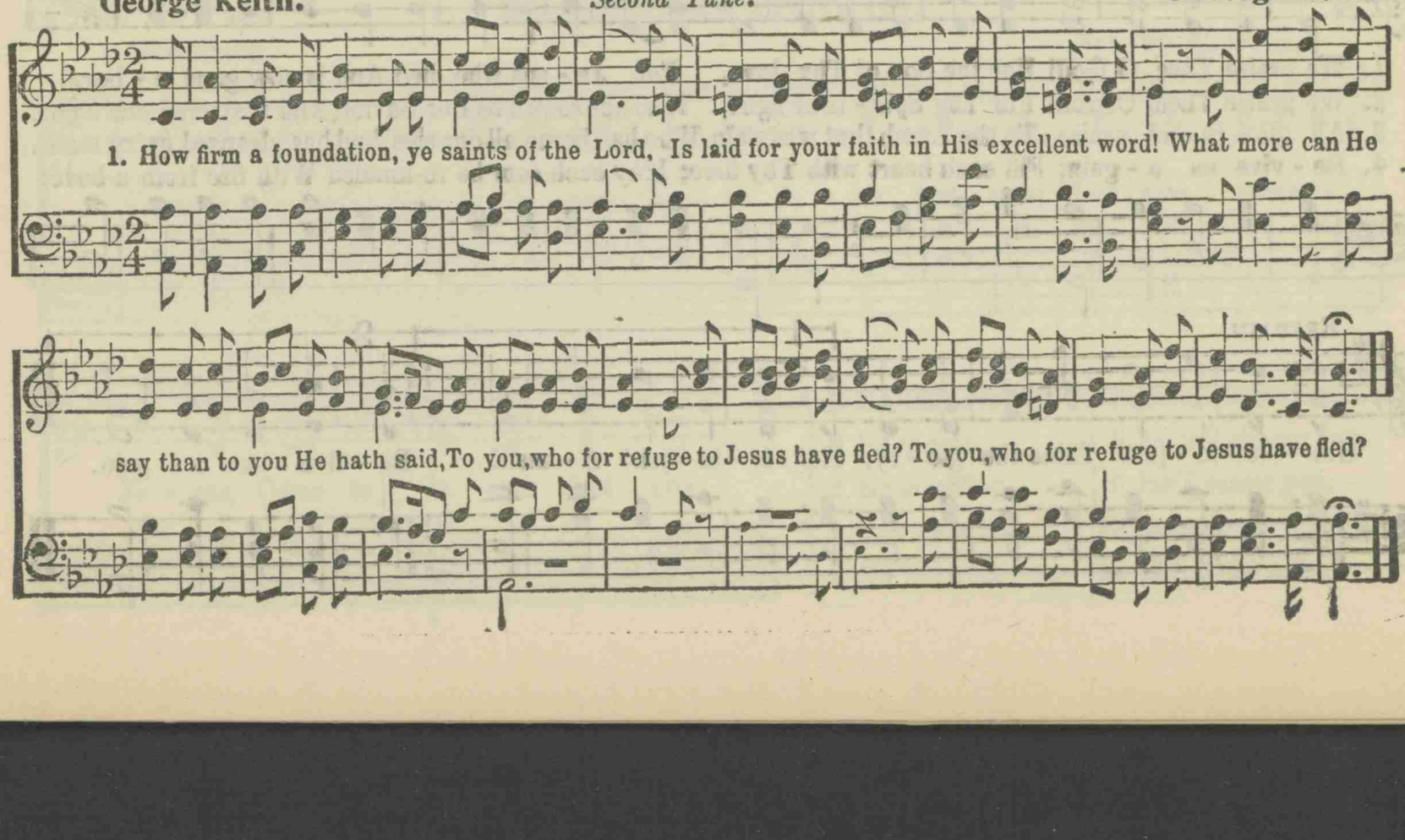
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 306. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 307. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; / He will save you, He will save you, He will..... } save you now.

No. 308. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 309. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 310. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,..... I bid fare-well to
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,.... Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come And storms of sor-row fall,..... May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,..... And not a wave of

ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping eyes,.. And wipe my weeping eyes,...
Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world. And face a frowning world,..And face a frowning world...
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. My God, my heav'n, my all,.. My God, my heav'n, my all...
troub-le roll A-cross my peaceful breast. A - cross my peaceful breast,. A - cross my peaceful breast,..

FINE D.S.

No. 311. Holy Manna.

Baptist Harmony. Arr. by A. J. S.

FINE. REFRAIN.

1. { Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God. / Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the Word? } All is vain un-
2. { Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners 'round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe; / Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go? }

D. C.—*Breth - ren, pray that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a - round.*

D. C.

less the Spir-it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3 Sisters, will you join and help us
While we struggle hard with sin;
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new.

No. 312. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

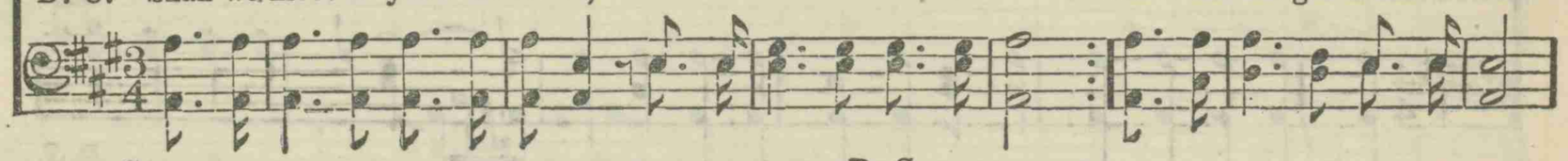
No. 313. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; / Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? / Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?



CHORUS. D. C.



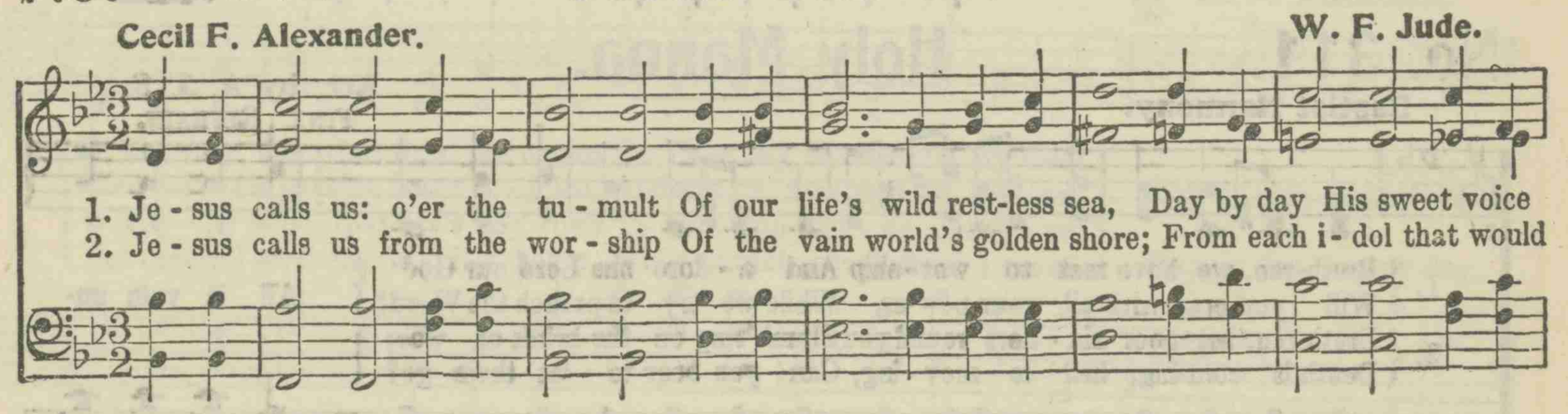
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

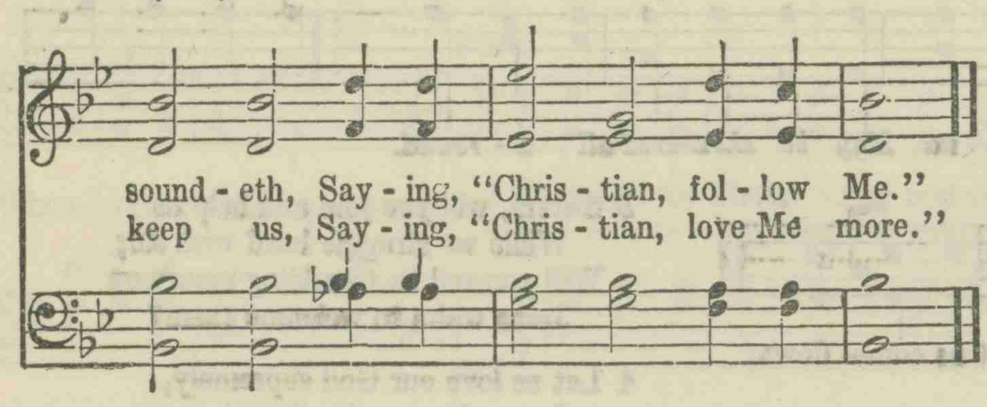
4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 314. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would



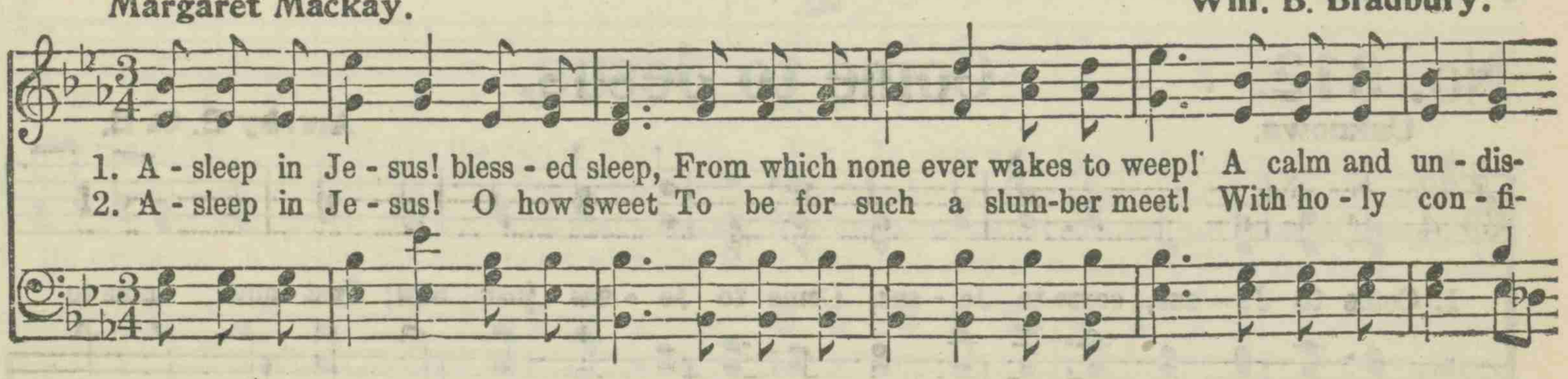
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

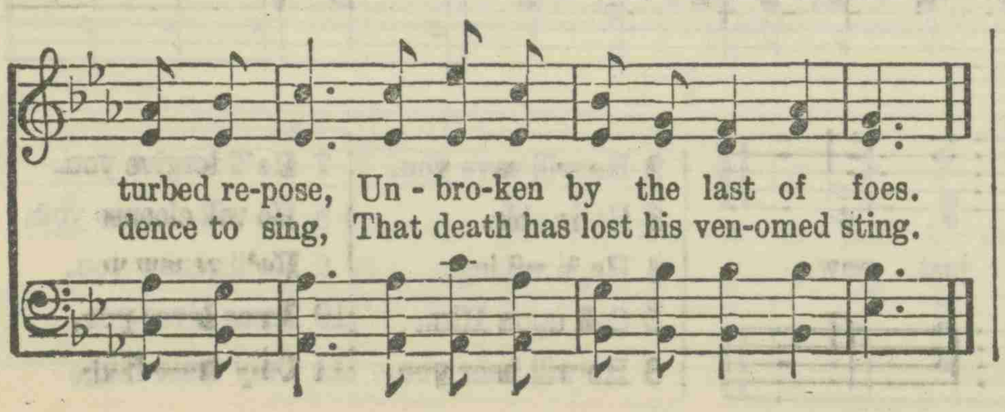
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 315. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-



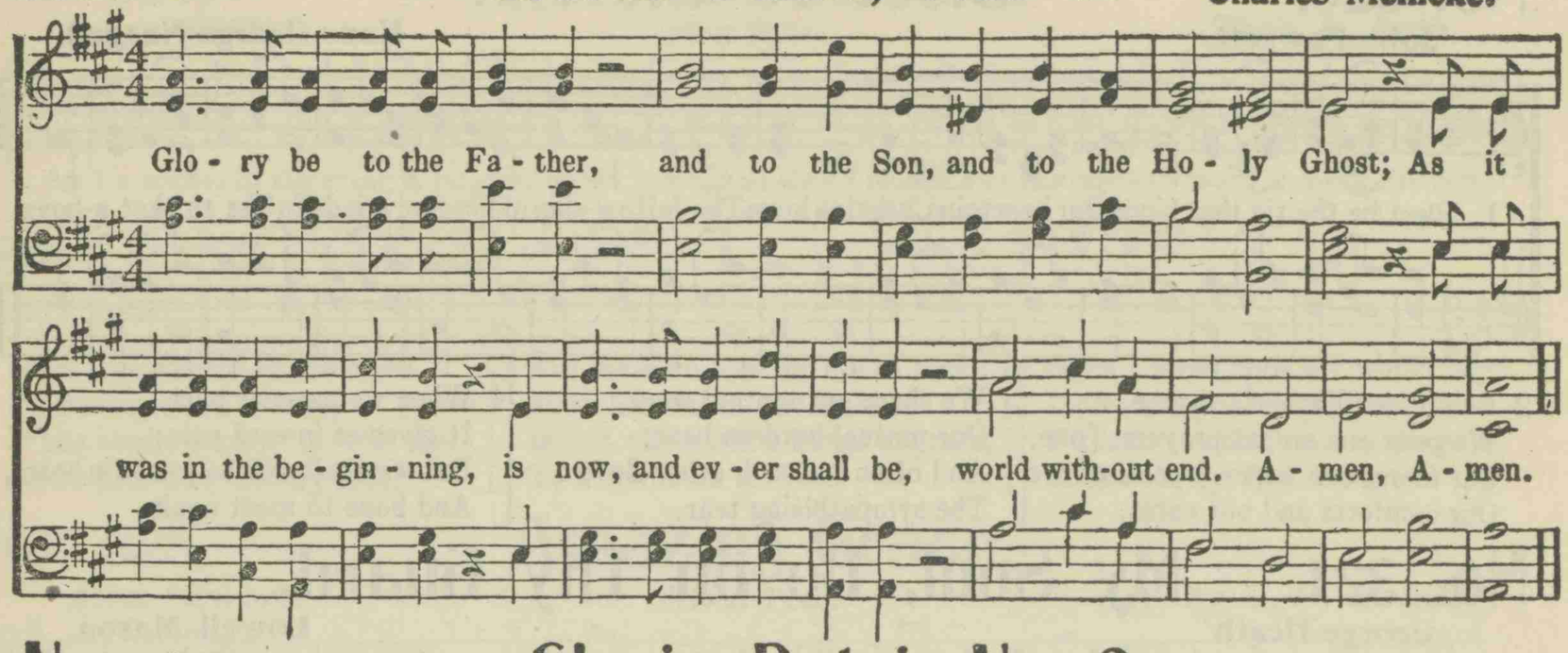
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

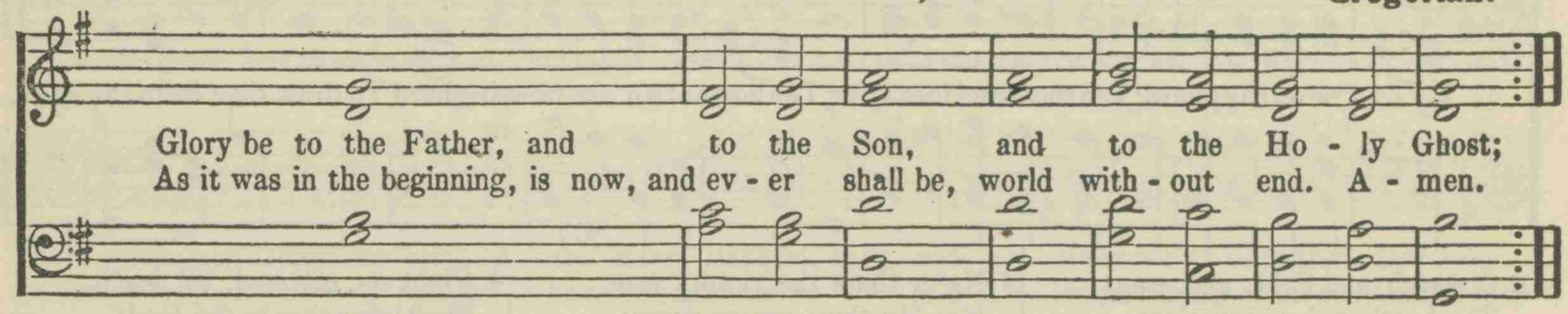
No. 316. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 317. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

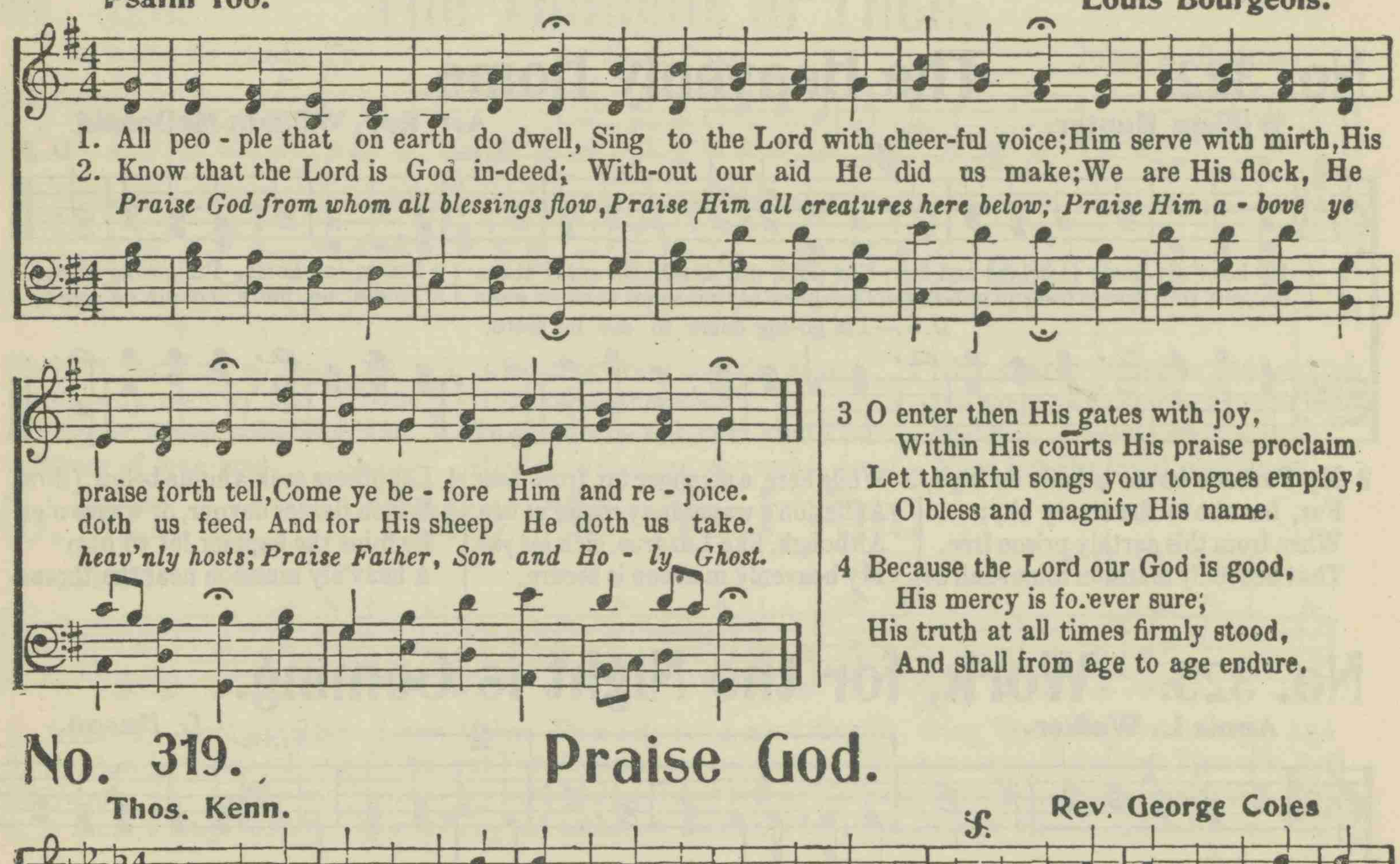
Gregorian.



No. 318. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



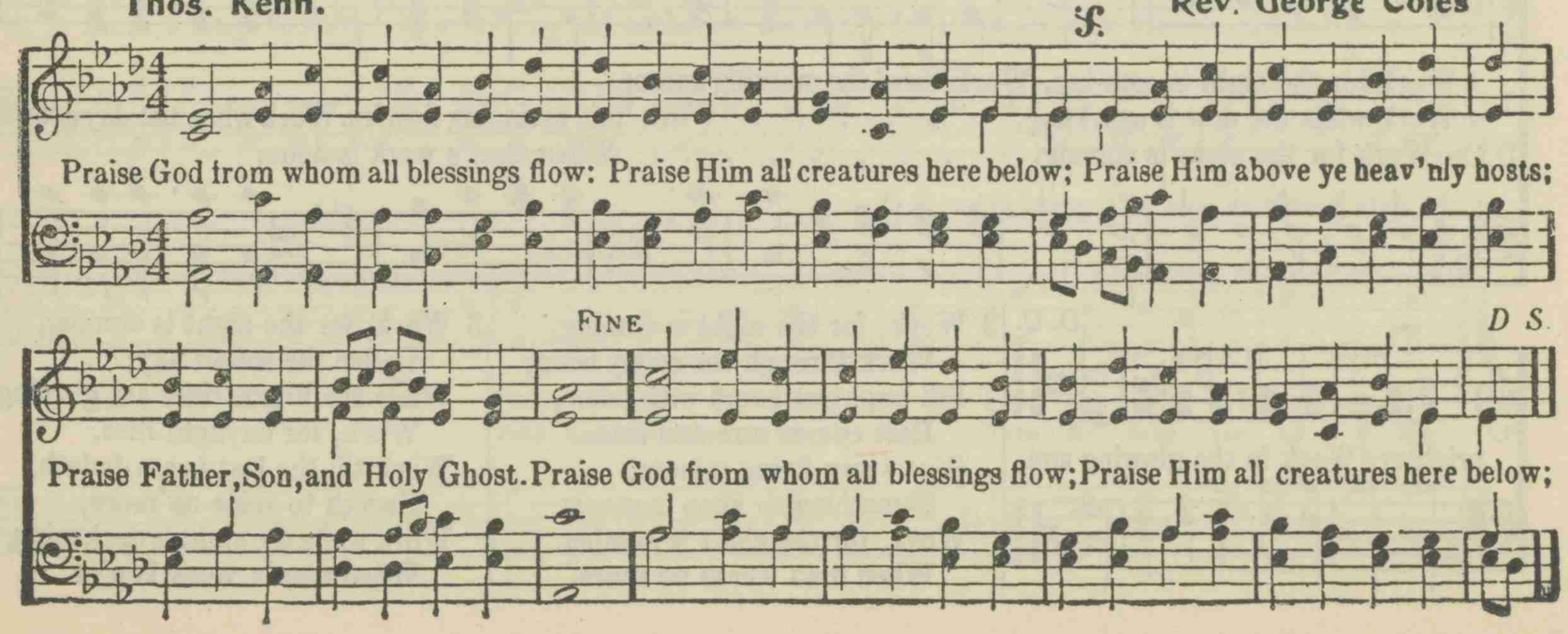
3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is fo.ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 319. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles



No. 320. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



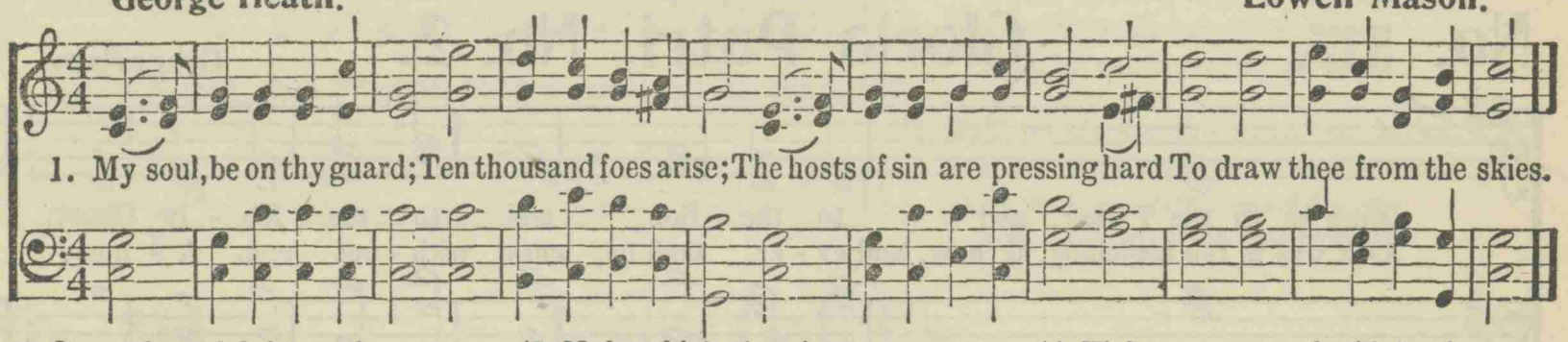
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 321. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



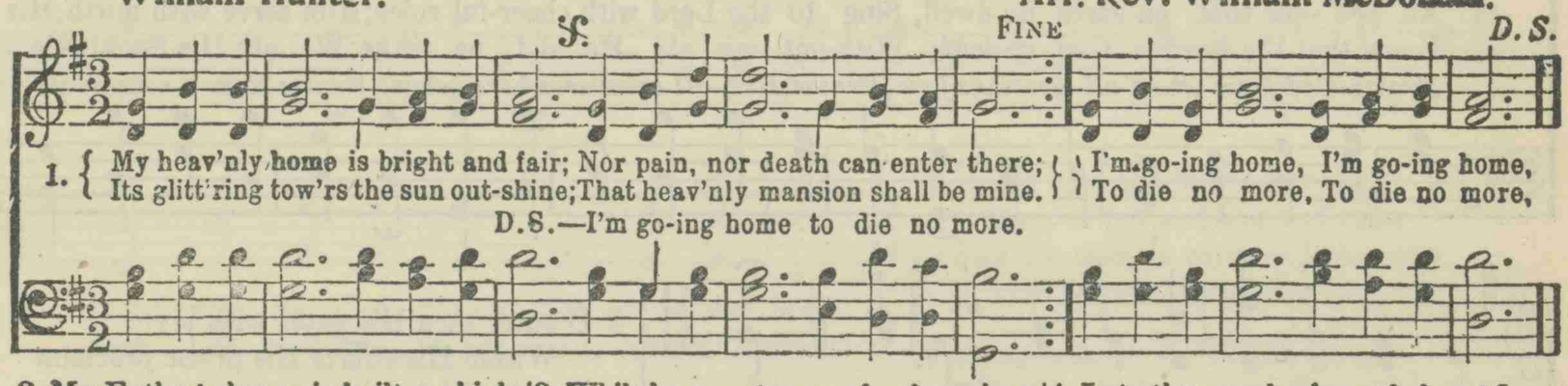
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 322. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



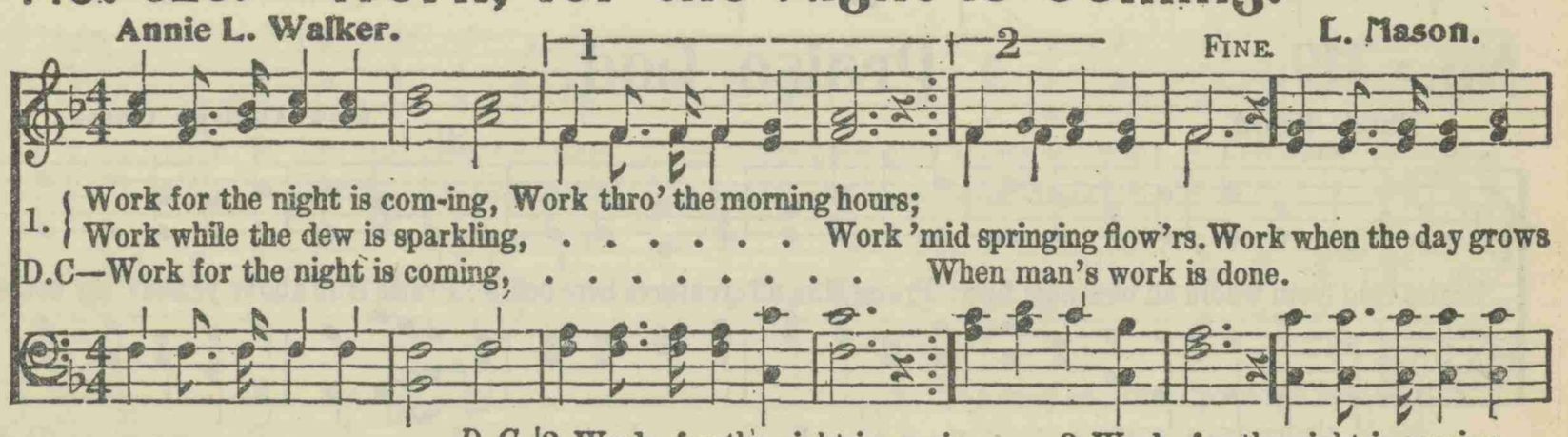
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be

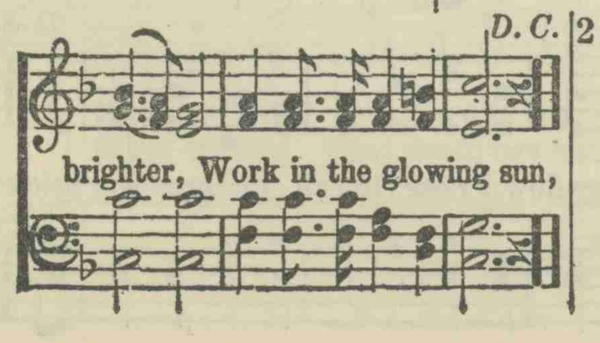
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 323. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



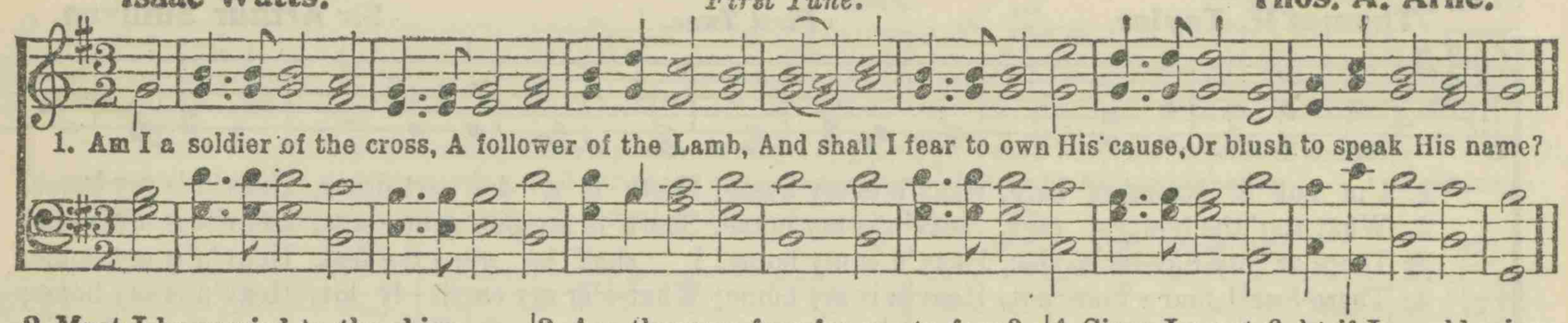


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 324. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



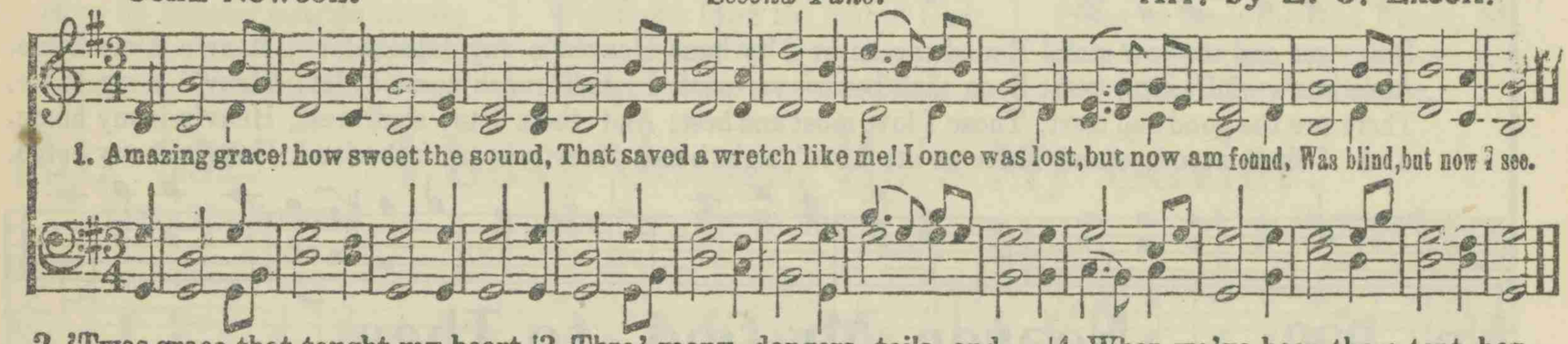
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 325. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



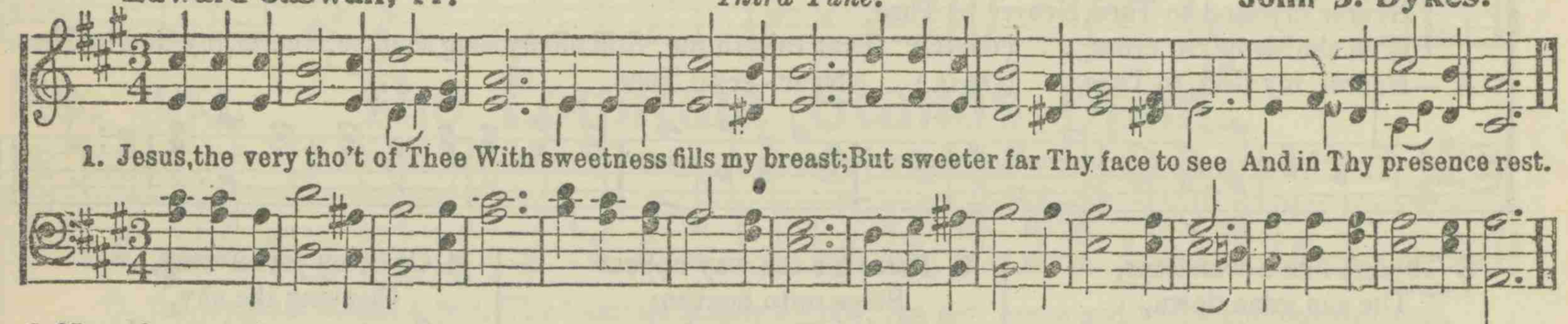
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten thou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 326. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



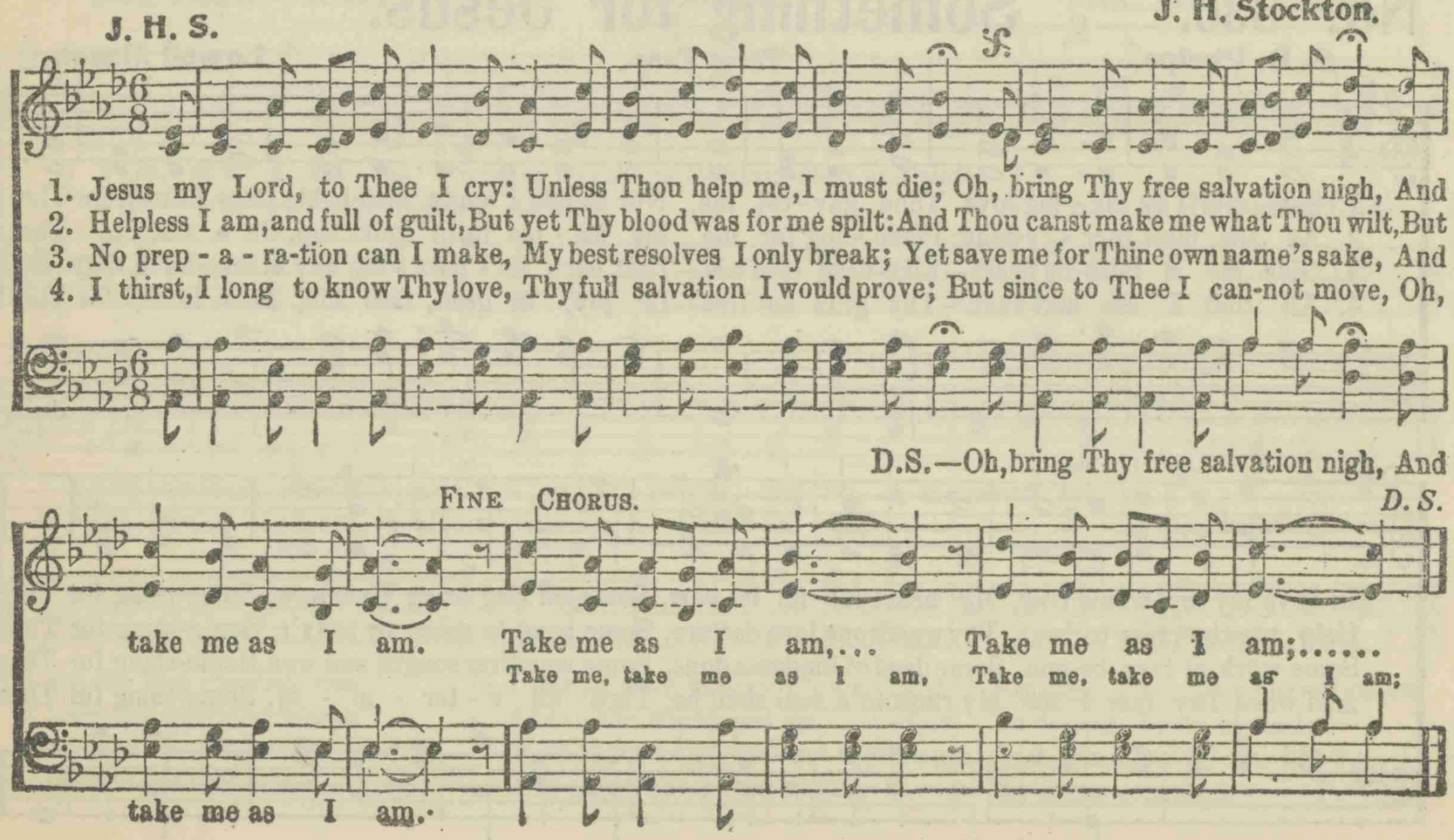
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 327. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 328. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* **Sir Arthur Sullivan.**

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 329. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 330. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* **Lowell Mason.**

1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 331. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE John Wyth. 1 2 D. C.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 332. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

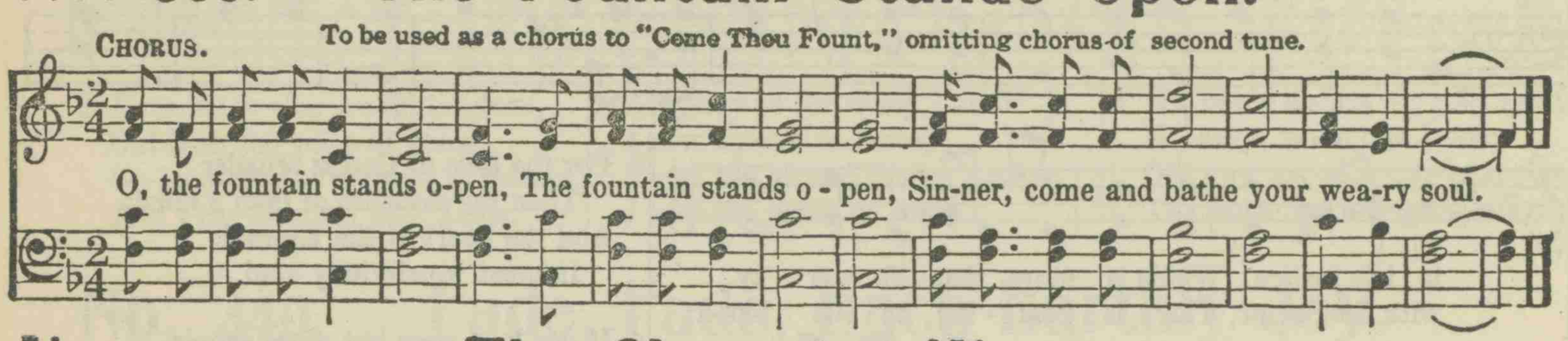
Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS. 1 2 D. C.



No. 333. The Fountain Stands Open.

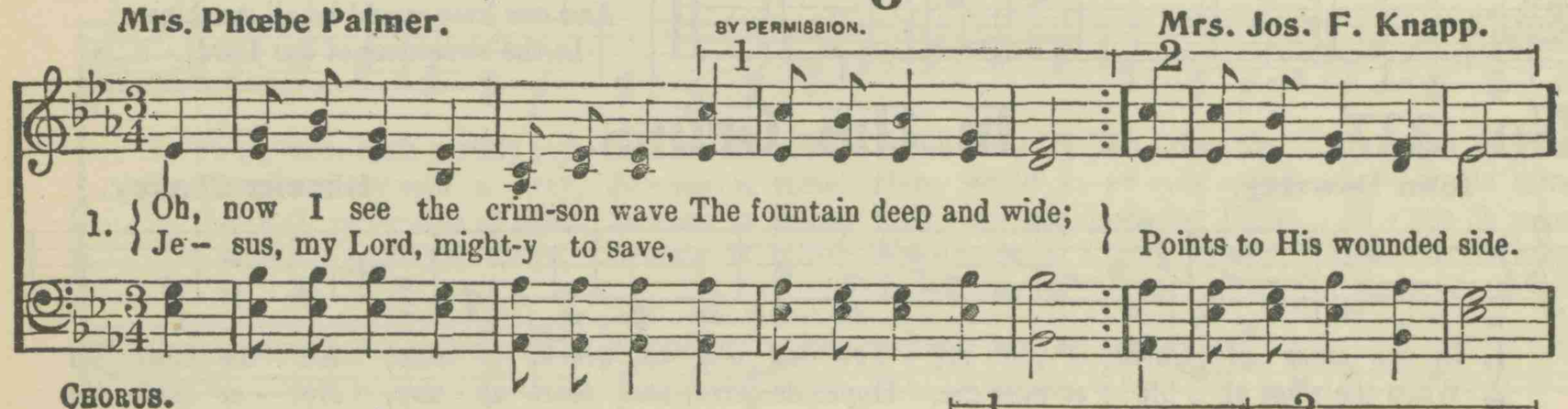
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



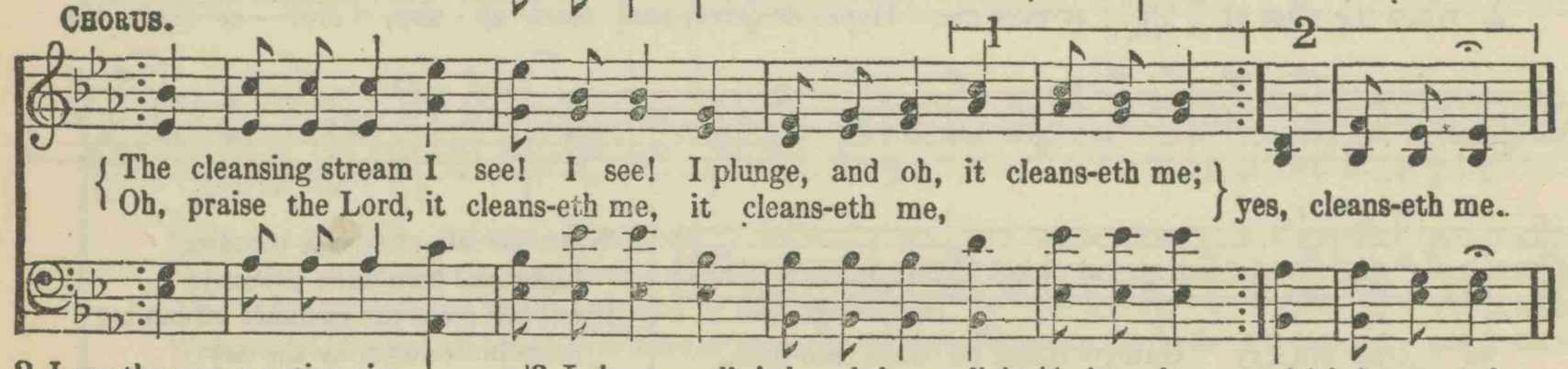
No. 334. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1 2



CHORUS. 1 2



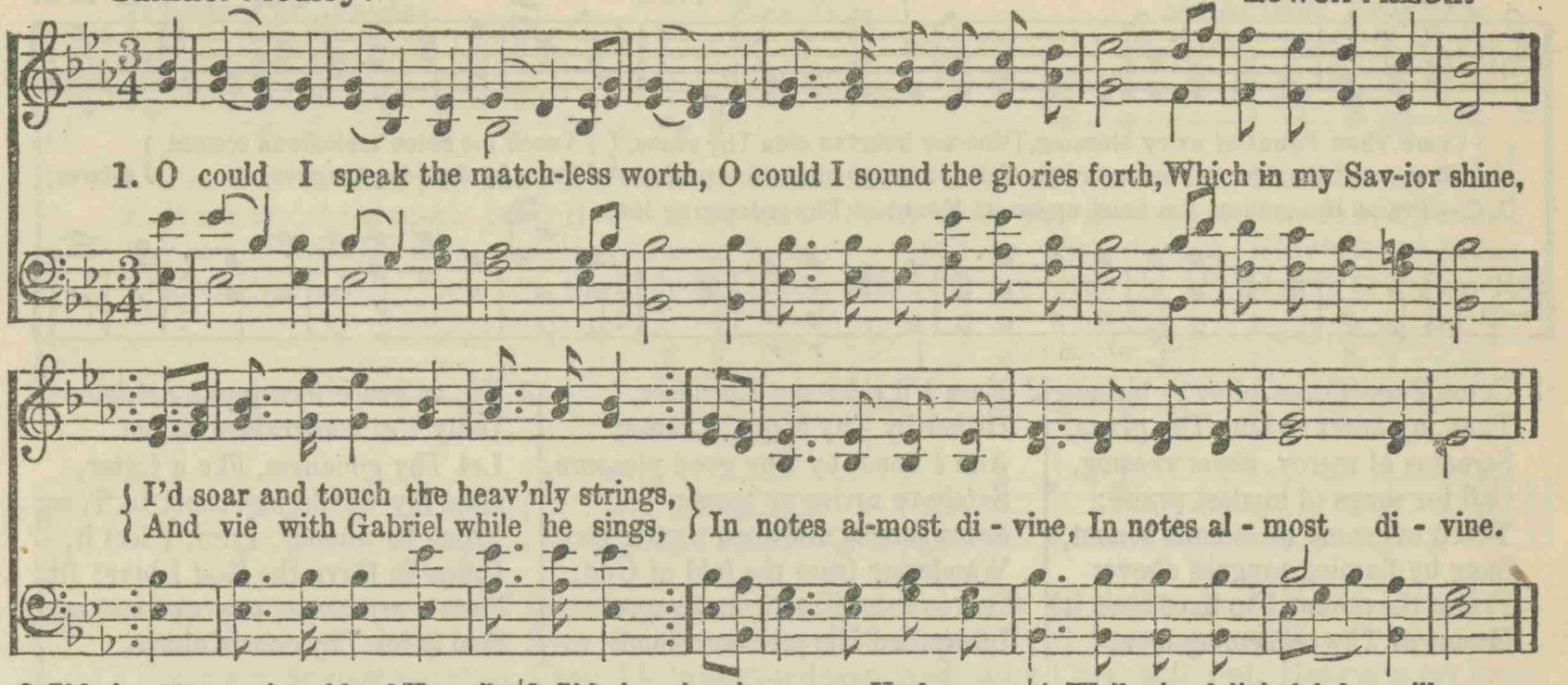
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 335. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.



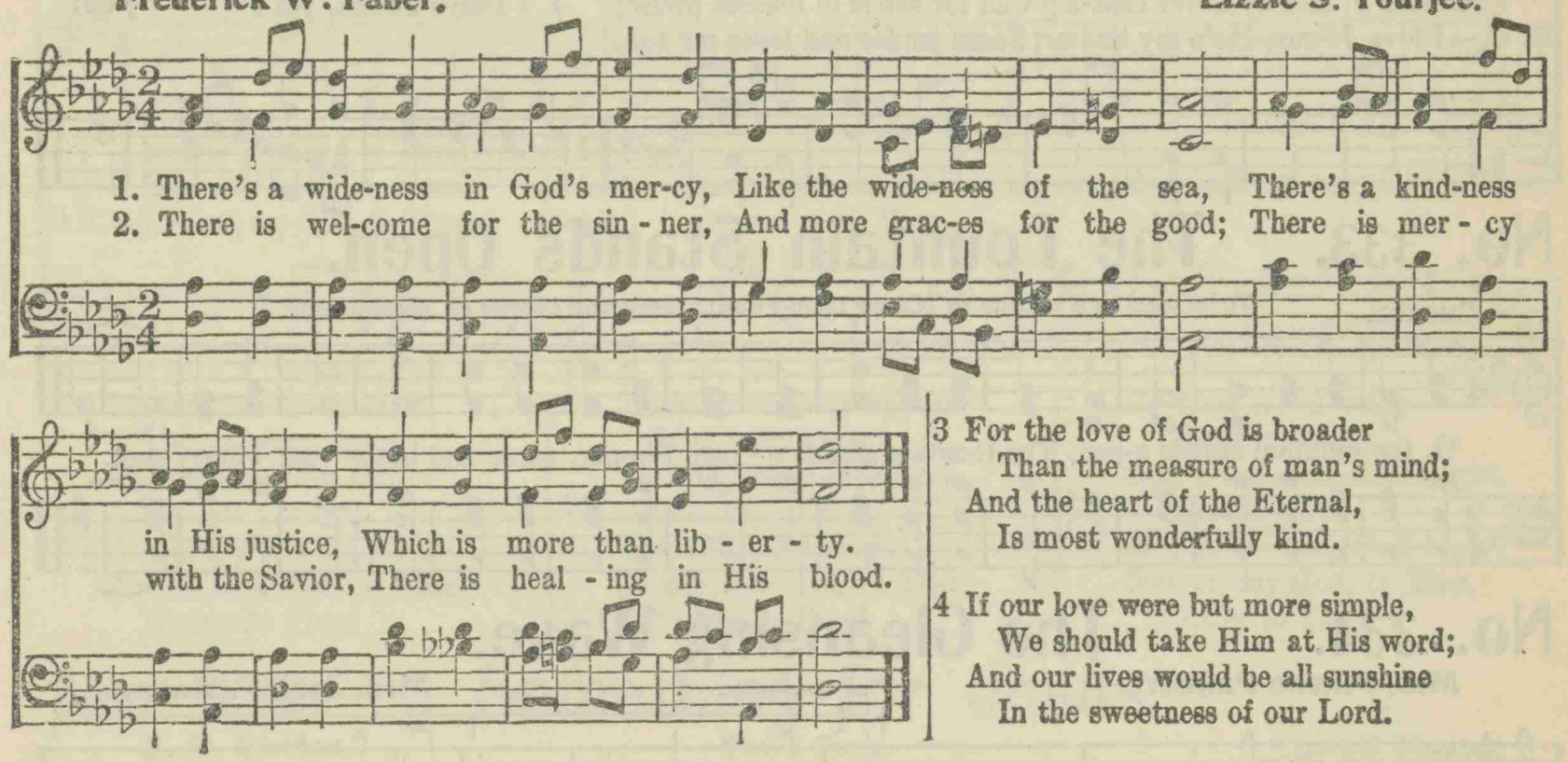
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 336. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

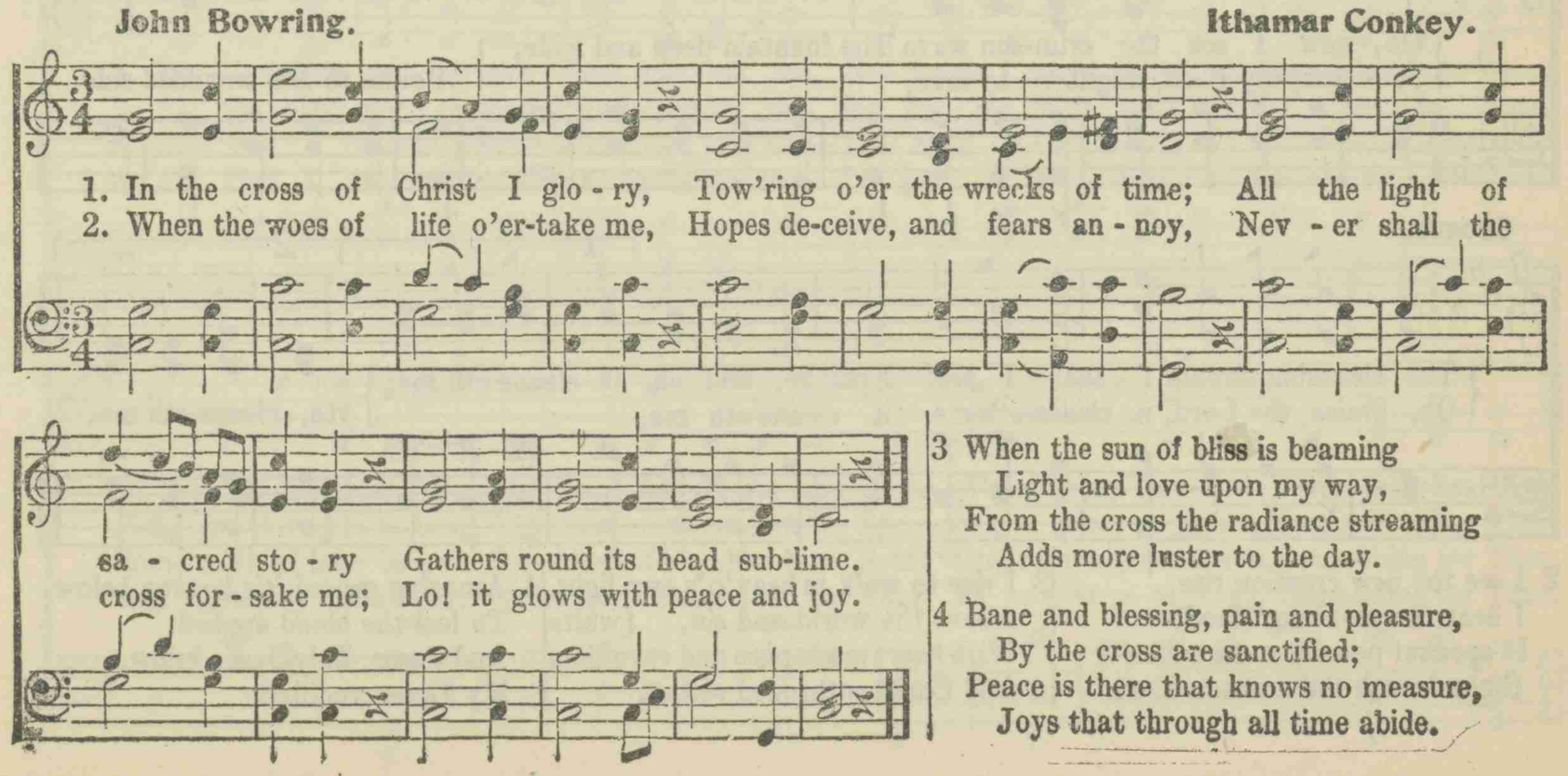


3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 337. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

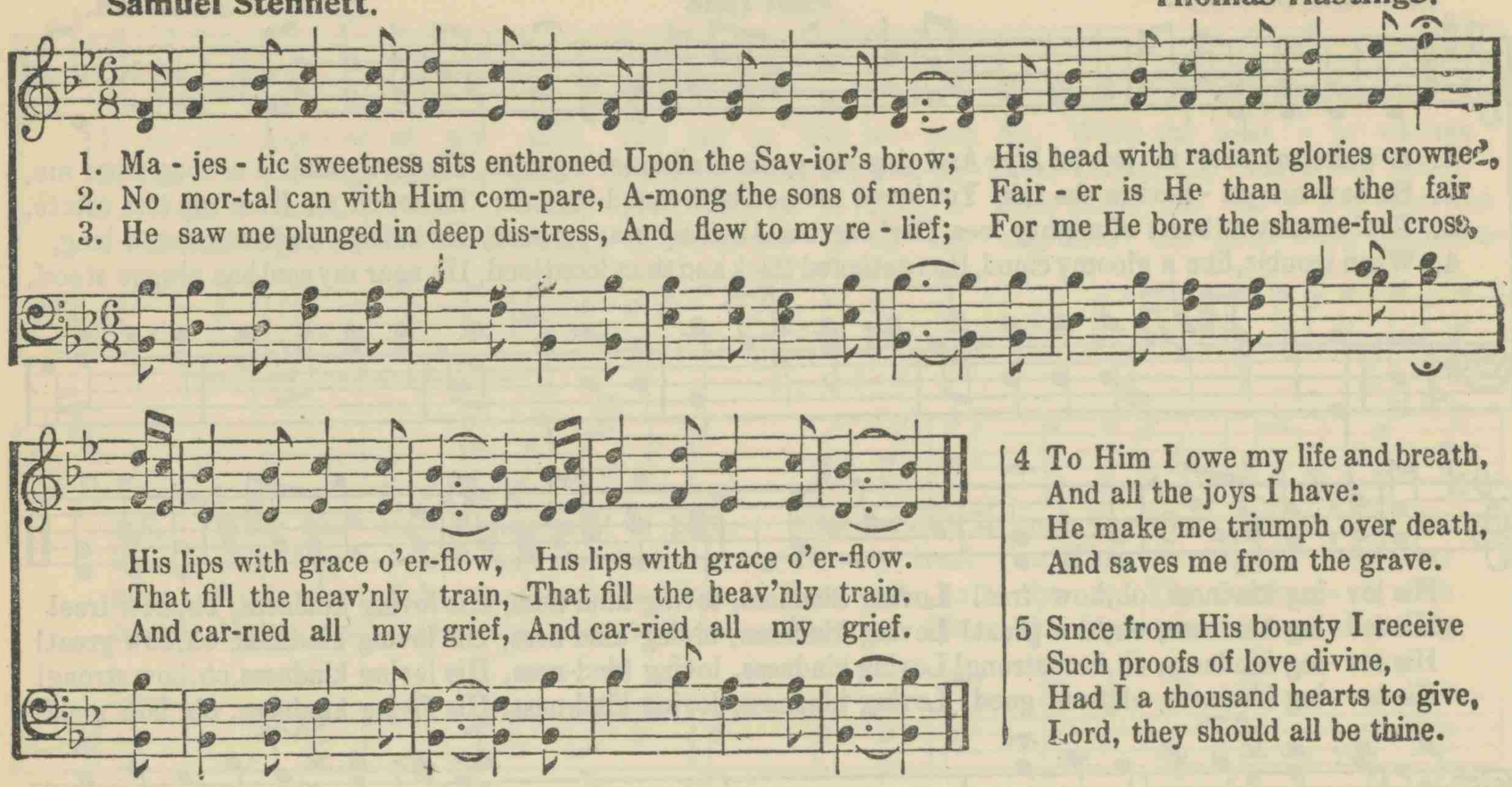


3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 338. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

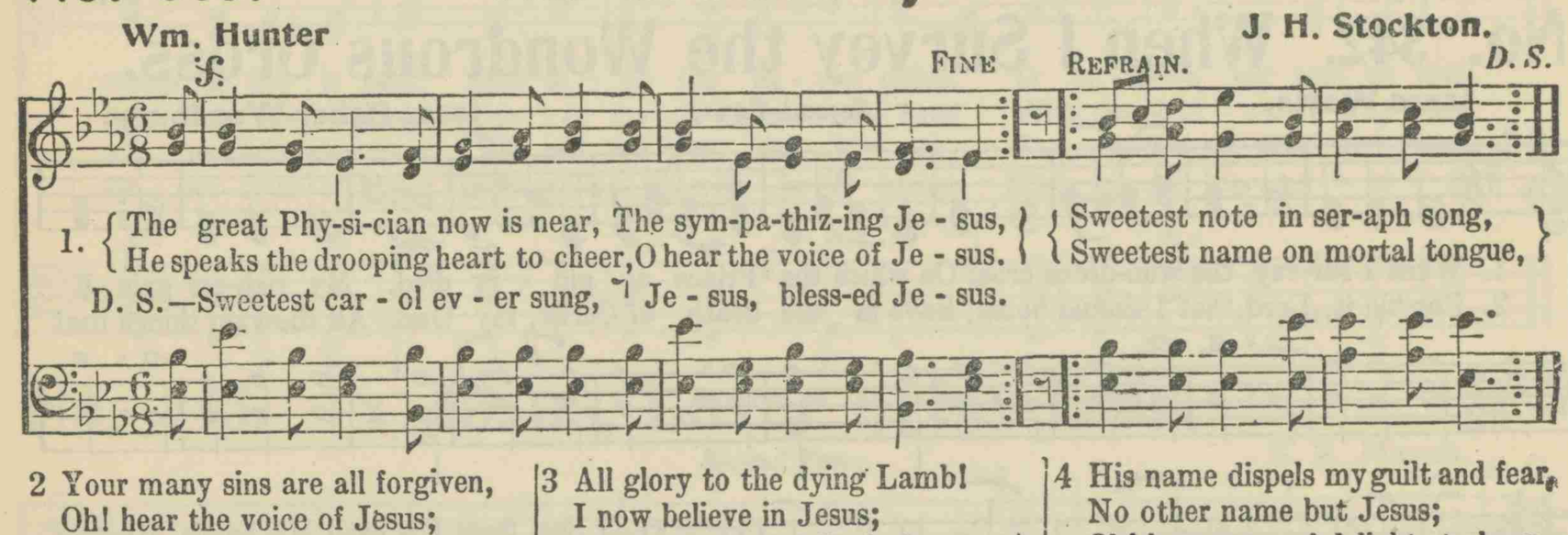


4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 339. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.



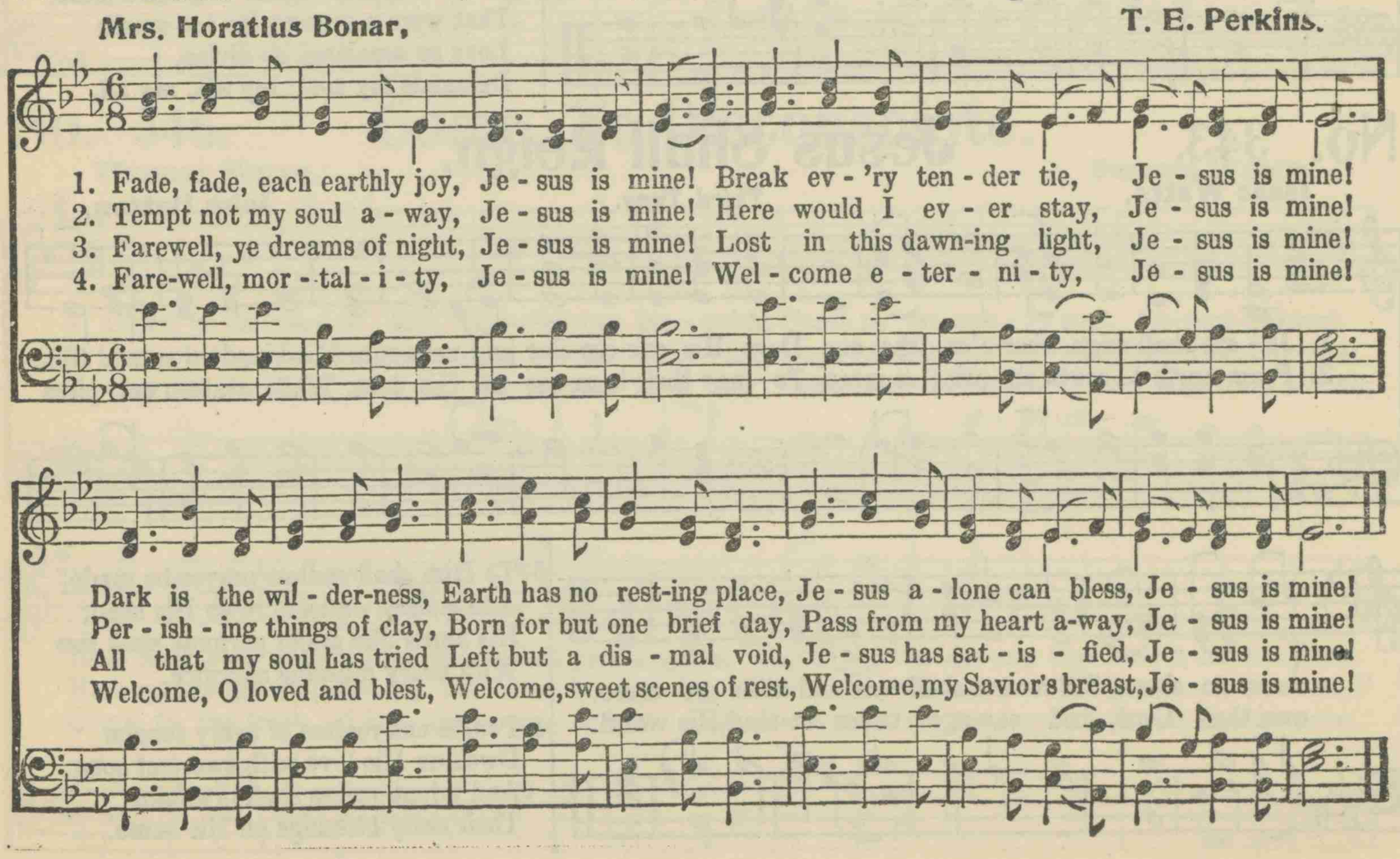
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

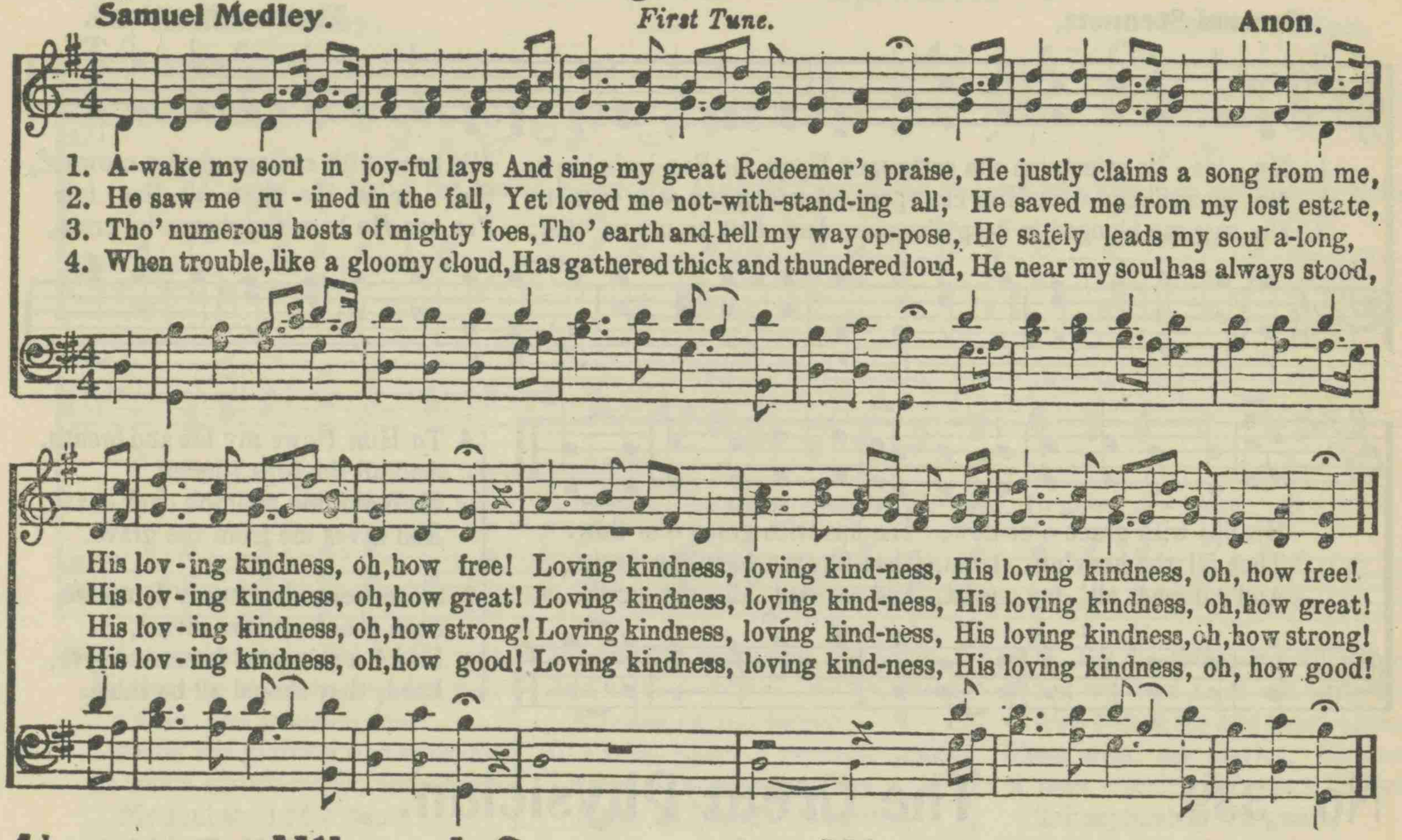
No. 340. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.



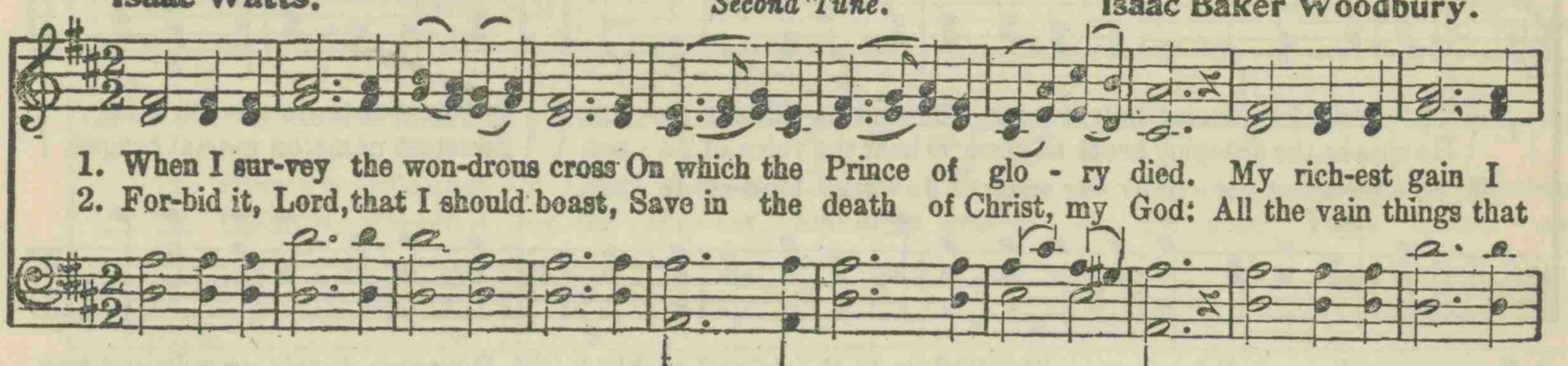
No. 341. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.



No. 342. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

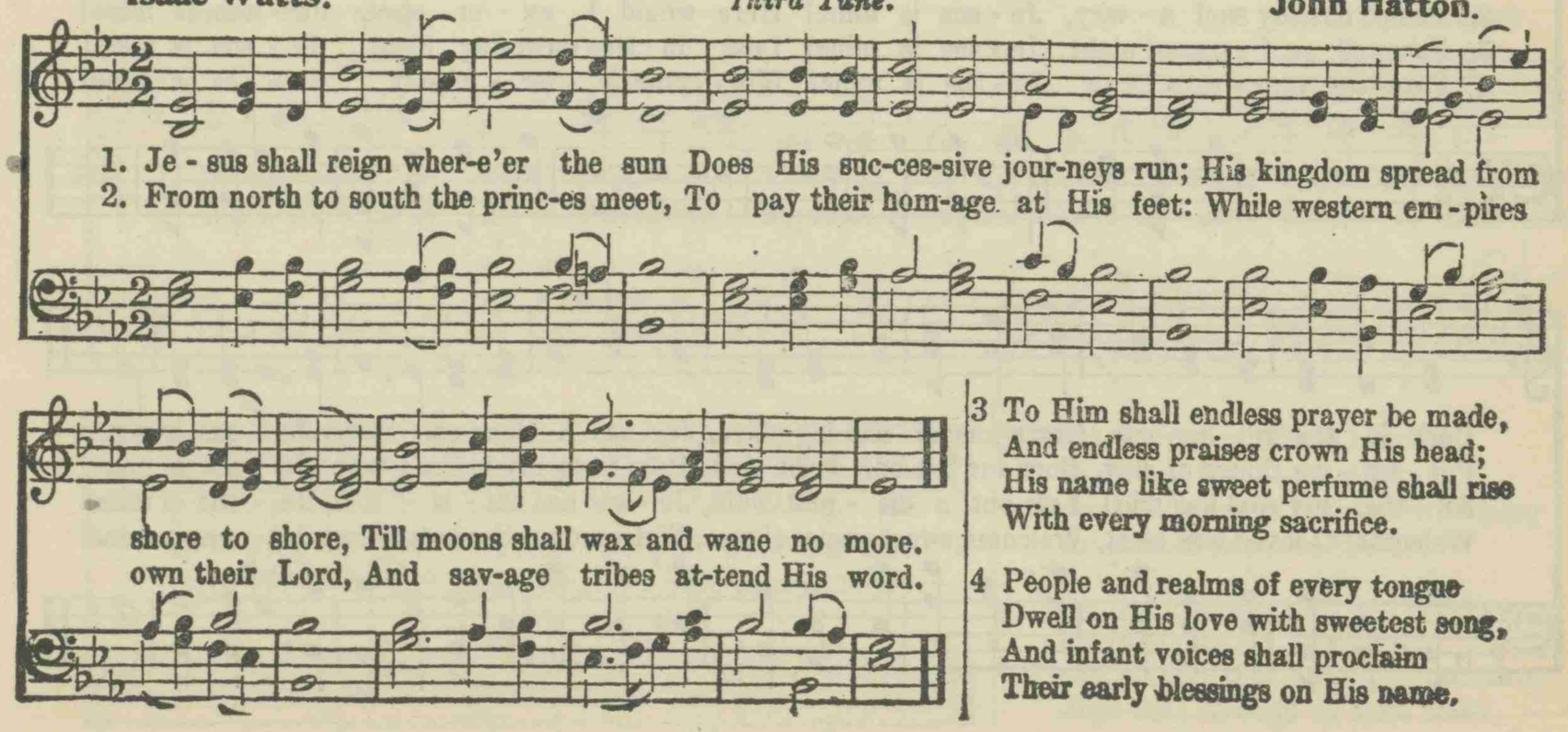


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 343. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.



3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 344. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 345. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 346. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

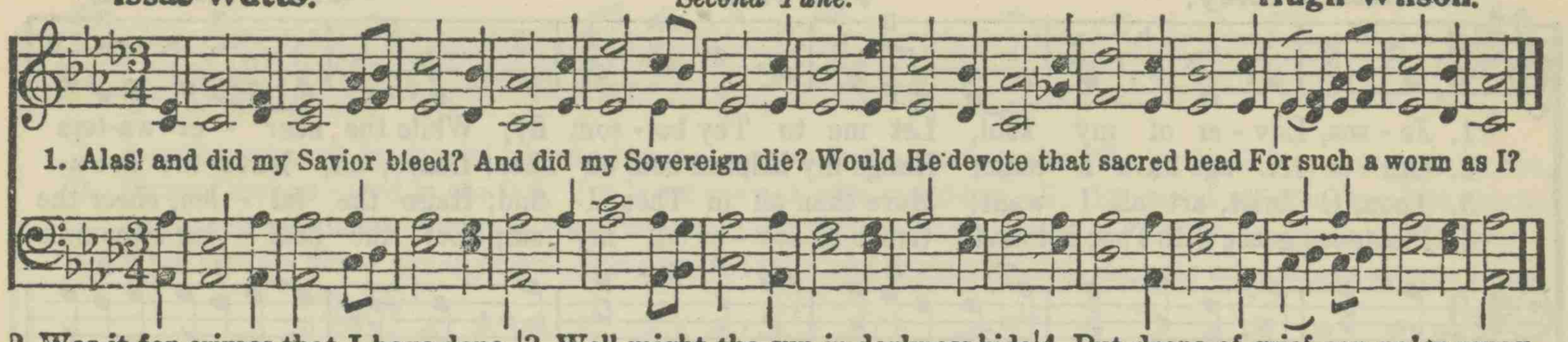
Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 347. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 348. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 349. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



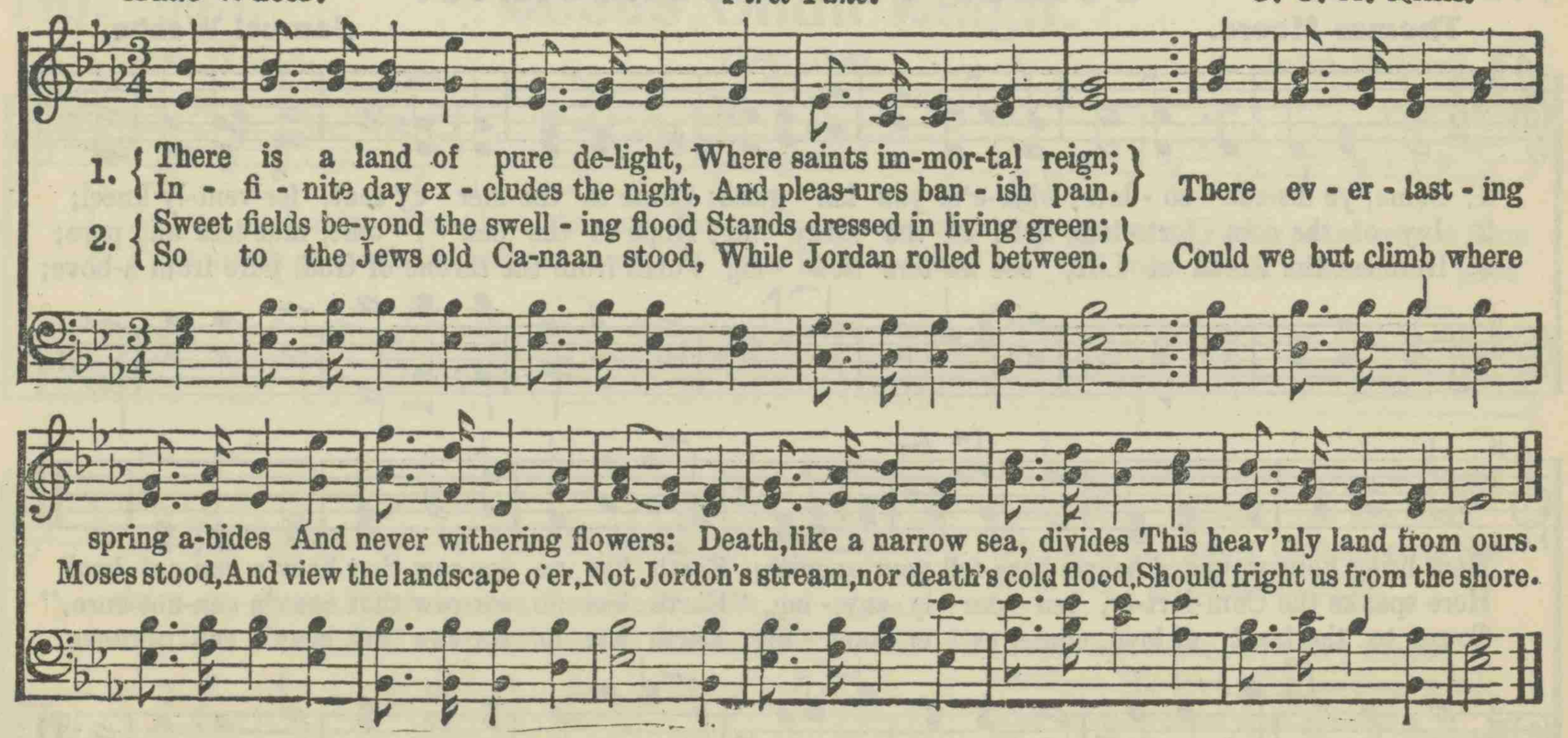
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

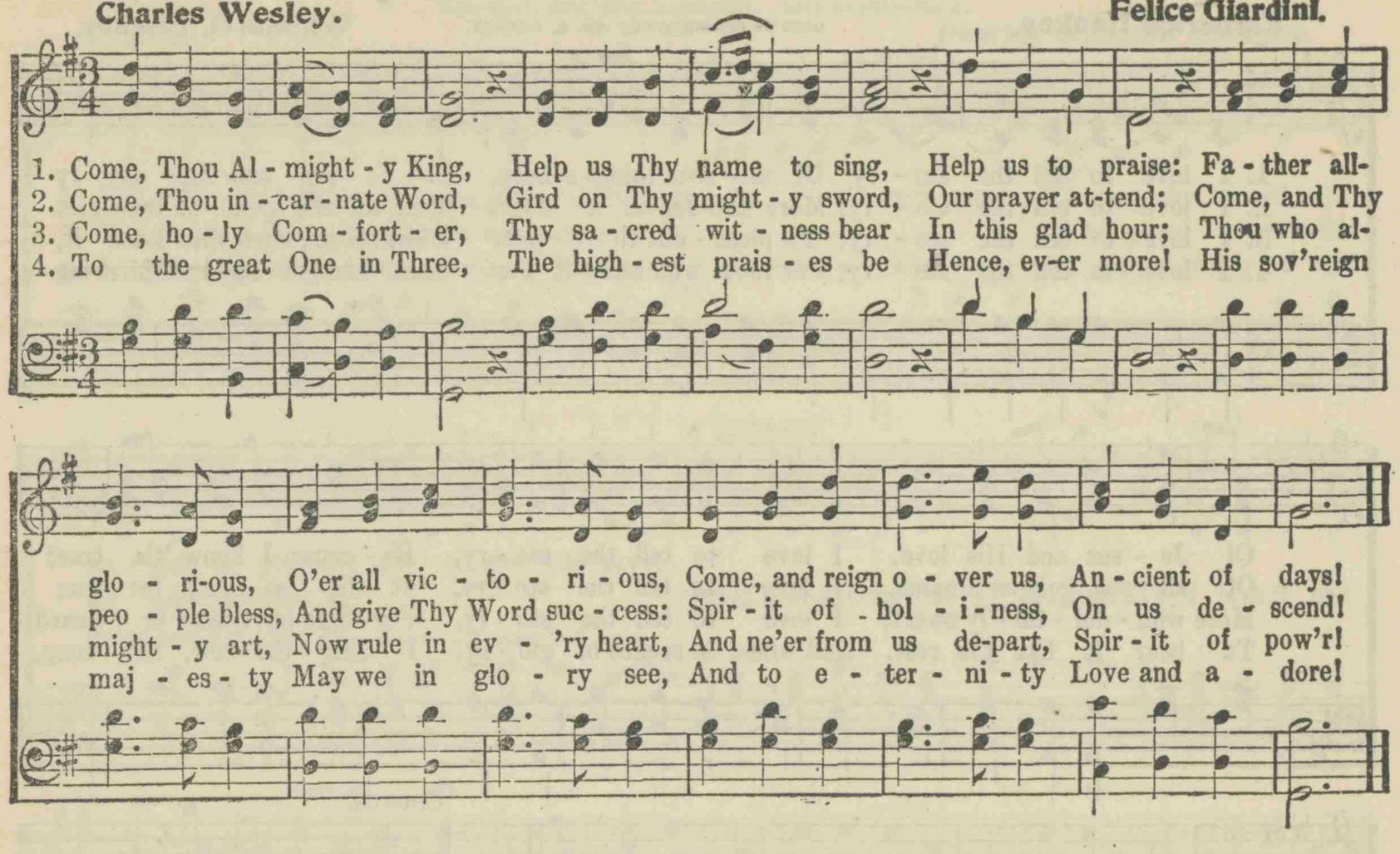
No. 350. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 351. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 352. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 353. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

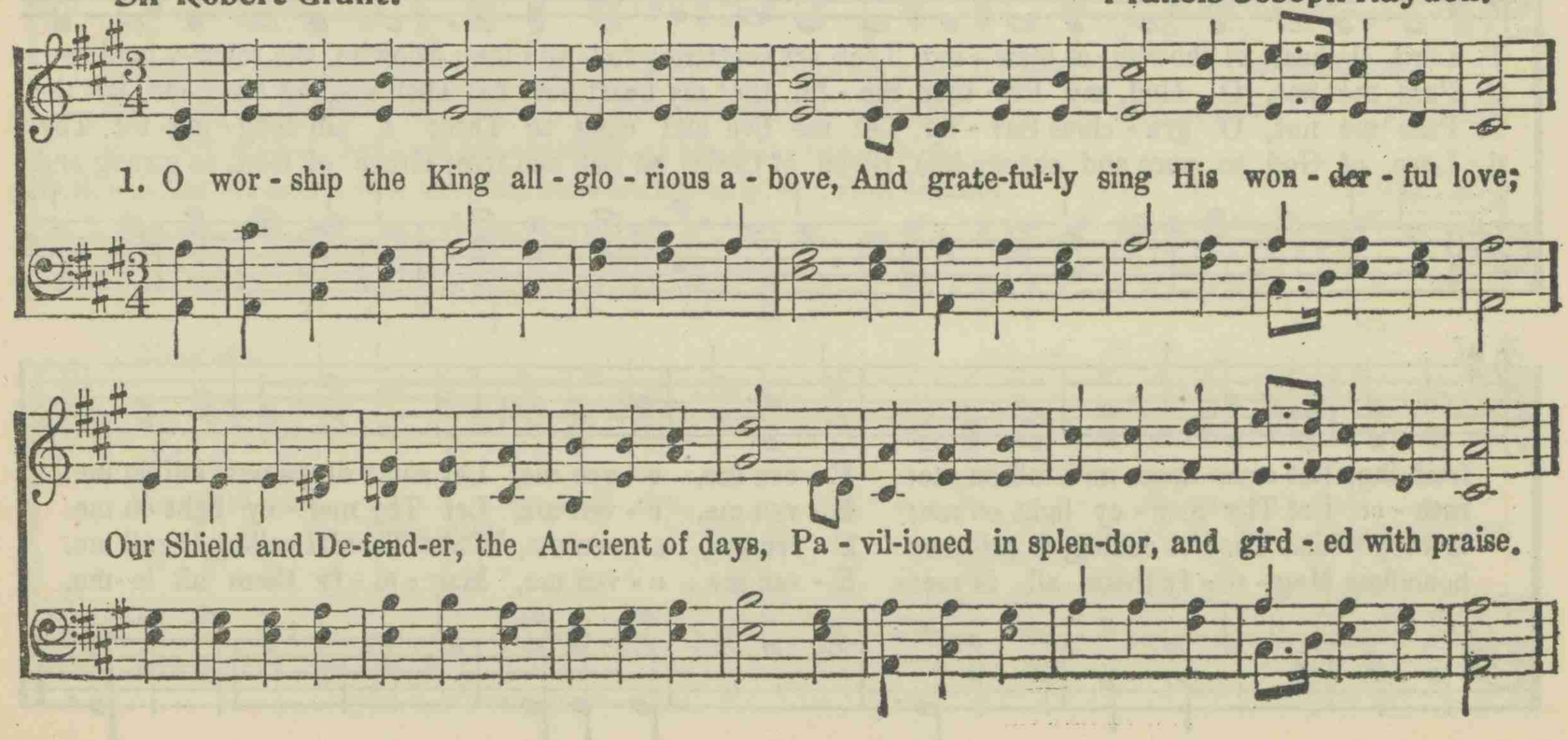
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

No. 354. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 355. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 356. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 357. Soul-Saving Grace.

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P. J. S. Pearley Johnson Sprague.

1. The Bi - ble tells me this won-der - ful sto - ry, Je - sus will save; 'Tis sung by beau-ti - ful
2. There's joy in heav-en when sin-ners re-ceive it, It brings sal - va - tion to
3. I love to think of this soul-sav - ing sto - ry, Je-sus will save, will save; To read and sing of His

an - gels in glo - ry, Je - sus will save.
all who be - lieve it,
grace and His glo - ry, Je-sus will save, will save.

REFRAIN. *accel.*

That soul-sav-ing sto - ry, old, yet new, I love it and
tell it be-cause it is true; 'Tis sung by beau-ti - ful an - gels in glo - ry, Je - sus will save.
Je-sus will save, will save.

No. 358. In the Resurrection Morning.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912. A. J. Showalter.

1. In the res - ur - rec-tion morning, at the com - ing of the King, We shall rise, we shall rise;
2. We will tell the wondrous sto - ry to the lone - ly and the sad,
3. Now by faith we can dis - cov - er that we'll wake to weep no more, hal - le-lu - jah!

All the sleeping saints shall waken, and shall mount on upward wing, We shall rise, we shall rise.
We will com-fort one an - oth - er, let this message make us glad, hal-le-lu-jah! we shall rise.
We will glad-ly hail each oth - er when we reach the other shore,

FINE.

D.S.—*In the res-ur-rec-tion morning, when the trump of God shall sound,*

REFRAIN. D. S.

We shall rise, we shall rise, Hal - le - lu - - jah! we shall rise; . . . .
Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall rise, we shall rise;

INDEX.

	No.
Abide With Me	234
A Charge to Keep	263
A Corner for Each	118
A Gospel Messenger	43
Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed	347
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	301
All in All to Me	93
All People that on Earth	318
Always Singing Glory	9
Amazing Grace	325
Am I A Soldier of the Cross	324
Are We Ready for the Boatman	134
As A Christian Are You Growing	237
Asleep in Jesus	315
As One Whom His Mother Comforts	54
At Death's Door We Must Part	123
At Home With the Blest	136
Away to Work	144
Be a Blessing	204
Blessed Assurance	260
Blessed Words	12
Blest Be the Tie	320
Break Thou the Bread of Life	299
Brightly Gleams Our Banner	259
Christ is King	206
Christ is Risen	22
Christ Will Win	38
Closer, Closer	232
Close to the Savior	235
Come Join in Our Song	14
Come Over and Help Us	53
Come, Thou Almighty King	351
Come, Thou Fount	331
Come to Jesus	312
Come to the Savior Now	107
Come, Ye Disconsolate	346
Counting On You	105
Dare to Be a Daniel	201
Day After Day	2
Delay Not	305
Draw Me, My Savior	242
Eternal Fruitage	236
Eternity	67
Even Me, Even Me	356
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy	340
Fight For The Church	35
Flood My Soul With Love	103
Follow the Glory-Way	62
Follow Where the Master Leads	116
Forever With the Savior	98
From Every Stormy Wind	289
From Greenland's Icy Mountains	274
Fully Surrendered	215
Gathering Home on the Heavenly Shore	117
Gathering to the Home-Land	248
Gather Them Into the Fold	80
Gather the Sheaves	102
Gently Lead Me	238
Get Right With God	221
Give the Glory to the Lord	78
Give Your Heart to Jesus (Turner)	17
Give Your Heart to Jesus (Eagle)	39
Gloria Patri (in B flat)	95
Gloria Patri (in A)	316
Gloria Patri (in G)	317
Glorious Praises	178
Glory and Joy All the Way	61
Glory to His Name	202
God Is Love	113
God's Grace	138
Go Forth to the Field	58
Going to Glory	82
Go, Labor On	63
Good News	291
Gospel Messenger	43
Guide Me Home	148
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah	290
Hallelujah!	292
Hark! Ten Thousand.	293
Hark! the Song of Jubilee	192
Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling	270
Hear the Sweet Voice	89
Heaven is My Home (Showalter)	244
Heaven is My Home (Sullivan)	328
He Died For Sinners Like Me	70
Heeding the Voice	34
He Has Always Been My Friend	154
He Is Our Theme	184
He Leadeth Me	261
He'll Never Forsake His Sheep	37
Help Some One Along	252
Here Am I, Lord, Send Me	176
He Will Make It Plain at Last	174
His Tender Care	84
Hold Thou Me	165
Holy Ghost, With Love Divine	276
Holy, Holy, Holy	277
Holy Manna	311
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide	275
Hosanna to the Living God	57
How Beautiful to Live for God	182
How Firm a Foundation	303
How I Love to Sing of Jesus	10
How You Will Love Him	6

INDEX.

	No.
I Am Coming, Lord	294
I Can Always Depend On His Love.	3
I Can Never Forget	150
If You Would Win	112
I Knew He Could	223
I Lean On His Grace	156
I'll Simply Follow	19
I Love His As I Love No Other	5
I Love Jesus, He's My Savior	332
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord	349
I Love to Tell the Story	355
I'm Glad He Died For Me	8
I'm Going On (Beall)	109
I'm Going On (Denton)	124
I'm Saved By the Blood	218
I'm Trusting Jesus Now	181
In Due Season	48
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus	243
In Heavenly Love Abiding	273
Inside the Gates of Home	40
In the Cross	337
In the Cross of Christ I Glory	1
In the Evening Take Me Home	132
In the Fear of the Lord	153
In the Gospel Way	254
In the Judgment	228
In the Resurrection Morning	358
I Shall Have Glory	16
I Shall Put My Glory On	227
I Shall See My Savior's Face	162
I Sing Because He Loves Me	75
I Take Him at His Word	157
It Is Love	214
It Means So Much to Me	69
I Wiil Lean On My Friend	91
Jesus Abides Within	25
Jesus Calls Us	314
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken	271
Jesus is Leading	239
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	345
Jesus Knows	166
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By	287
Jesus Paid It All	296
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me	278
Jesus Shall Reign	343
Jesus Will Be With Me	90
Jewels For Jesus	167
Joy Among the Angels	198
Joy To the World	283
Just As I Am (new tune)	247
Just As I Am (old tune)	295
Just to Go Home to Jesus	104
Keep in the Love of God	161
Keep Up the Fight	196
Keep Up the Sunday School	114
Labor For Love	155
Laughter and Song	52
Lead, Kindly Light	298
Leaning On the Everlasting Arms	205
Lift Up Thine Eyes	59
Lift Your Hearts to Him	231
Like a River Glorious	220
Looking Beyond the Sea	115
Looking To Thee	200
Look, Ye Saints	255
Lord Help Me Win	13
Lord of the Sea	219
Lo! the Mighty Army of the Lord	24
Love Divine (Zundel)	269
Love Divine (Turner)	51
Love Divine (Clark)	99
Love Is the Thing	119
Loving Kindness	341
Lyons	354
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned	338
Make Melody for Jesus	183
Marching On the Glory-Way	50
Marching Onward With the King	197
Messengers to the King	130
More Like Thee	141
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone	263
My Faith Looks Up to Thee	286
My Friend Divine	20
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt	297
My Mother's Song (Mrs. Eagle)	33
My Mother's Song (Taylor)	125
My Savior's Hand	66
My Shepherd	304
My Soul, Be On Thy Guard	321
My Theme Is Grace	92
Nearer, My God, to Thee	329
Nearing the Border	169
No One Can Aswer for You	29
Nothing So Precious As Jesus	45
O Could I Speak	335
O Day of Rest and Gladness	272
Off to War	195
Off to Work	44
O Happy Day	308
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing	268
O Land of Rest	97
O Love That Lifts	185
O Make Me Wise	241
Only For Thee, My Lord	246
Only Trust Him	307
On the Happy Golden Shore	30
Onward Christian Soldiers	258
O Paradise	151
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded	163
O Sing of His Mighty Love	262
O Thou That Hearest Prayer	211
Our King Leads to Victory	94
Our Master's Cause Must Win	4
Over the River	139
O Worship	352

INDEX.

	No.
Peace	128
Pilot Me Over the Sea	230
Praise God	319
Praise the All-Glorious King	86
Praise to the Triune God	193
Precious is Jesus	46
Precious Name	100
Rapture and Glory	149
Reaping All the Way	77
Remember Me	265
Revive Us Again	309
Rock of Ages	279
Safely Through Another Week	280
Saving Grace Has Made Me Free	71
Savior, in Thy Mercy Hear Us	226
Say So	251
Seeking Rest	159
Send Salvation's Message	197
Shall We Meet	313
Singing of Love	199
Singing On the Way	160
Sing, My Brother	74
Sing to the King	177
Some Beautiful Day	152
Some Day, Sweet Day	147
Some Day We'll Enter Heaven's Gate	120
Soul-Saving Grace	357
Sunshine For Jesus	330
Speed It On	137
Spend Your Days With Jesus	85
Standing By the Cross	245
Stand Up For Jesus	266
Sun of My Soul	285
Sweet Hour of Prayer	288
Take a Look At the Cross	164
Take Me As I Am	327
Tell Me the Old, Old Story	126
Tell Mother I Am Coming	60
Tell the Master All	250
That Beautiful City	27
That Golden Morning	194
The Beautiful Land	171
The Call for Volunteers	257
The Cleansing Wave	334
The Coming King	81
The Day of Salvation	31
The Fountain Stands Open	333
The Gift of Heaven	170
The Great Glad Day	207
The Great Physician	339
The Guide Post	180
The Harvest Master's Call	56
The Heavenly Home	322
The Land of the Lost	249
The Light of the World is Jesus	225
The Lord My Shepherd Is	240
The Love that Ransomed Me	87
The Morning Light is Breaking	267
The Resurrection Morning	96
The Sinner's Refuge	101
The Son of God Goes Forth to War	281
The Sweetest Name	145
The Thought of Thee	326
The Victor's Glory Song	188
There Is A Fountain	222
There Is A Land of Pure Delight	350
There Is One Who Loves and Cares	83
There is Rest, Sweet Rest	110
There Stands A Rock	133
There Will Be Glory Then	73
There Will Be Light at the River	244
There'll Be No Weeping Up Yonder	127
There's a Bright and Beautiful Home	121
There's Always A Song	111
There's A Wideness	336
There's Work For All	129
Though Afar Now We Roam	158
Thoughts of Home	175
Thy Word Is A Lamp	282
Toiling for Jesus	47
Triumphant Praises	210
Trust In God and Do the Right	28
Trust in Him and Do the Right	108
'Twas Love Supreme	131
Uplift The Cross	41
Up There I'll Understand	18
Victory is Waiting	23
Visions of Glory	179
Walking in the King's Highway	233
Walking the Heavenly Way	42
Walk in the Light	348
Wear a Smile	203
We Are Marching On	72
We Are Singing Ever	15
We're A Happy Pilgrim Band	36
We're Sailing Home	143
We Will Gather Golden Sheaves	76
We Worship Thee	218
What Are You To Jesus	49
When Earth's Labors Are O'er	256
When I Can Read My Title Clear	310
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross	342
When My Burden of Sin Rolled Away	146
When the Day Shall Break	216
When the Pilgrims Reach Home	253
When the Redeemed Are Gathering In	229
When the Saints Gather Home	142
When the Shadows Pass	88
When We Gather in Glory-Land	32
Where Heaven Is I Want to Go	135
Which Will It Be	106
While the Gospel Trumpet Sounds	68
While the Precious Moments Fly	26
Why Not Say Yes Tonight	65
Will You Be A Stranger	173
With Banners Unfurled	122
With Tearful Eyes	7
Wonderful Jesus	21
Wonderful Love	140
Won't You Come Home	172
Won't You Heed My Savior's Plea	55
Word of God	79
Work and Sing	64
Work, For the Night is Coming	323
Workers Together	208
Ye Servants	353
You'll Reap As You Have Sown	224