# HEAVENLY ECHOES

## No. 8

John B. Vaughan

FOR

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS**
**SINGING SCHOOLS**
**& SOCIAL GATHERINGS**

PUBLISHED BY

**J. B. VAUGHAN**

ATHENS, GA.

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# HEAVENLY ECHOES

## No. 8

Compiled and Edited

by

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN

and

AUSTIN HAZELWOOD

PRICE:

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ATHENS, GA.

Mrs Ethel mae Chapman
Mrs Ethel mae Chapman
8-23-94
847-

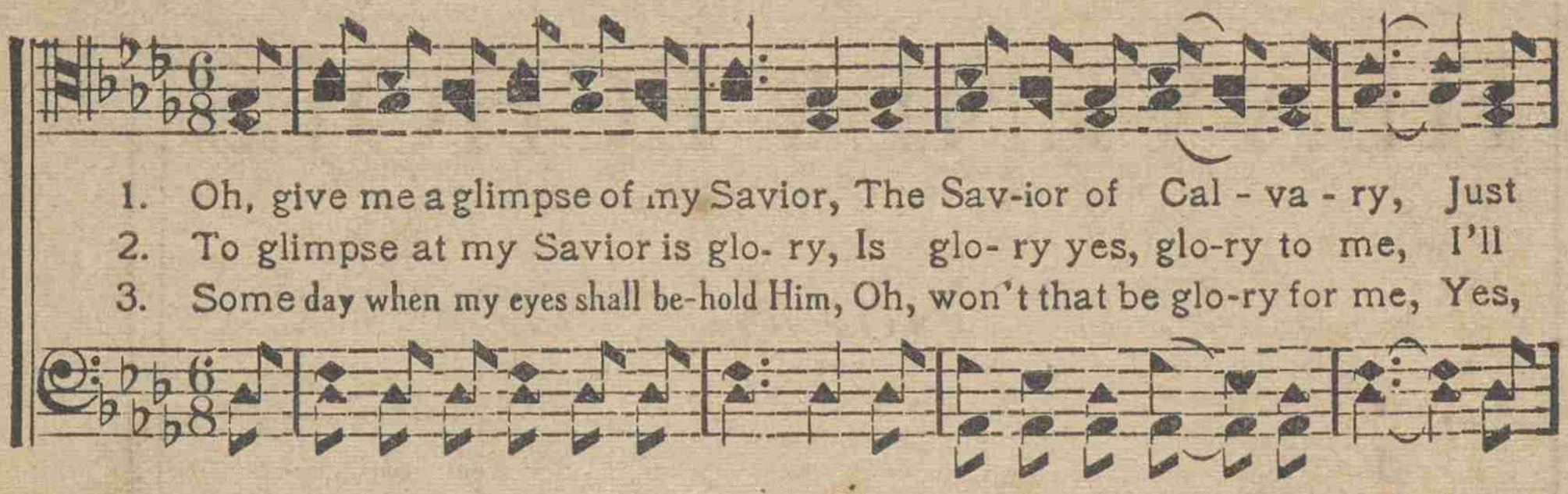
No.

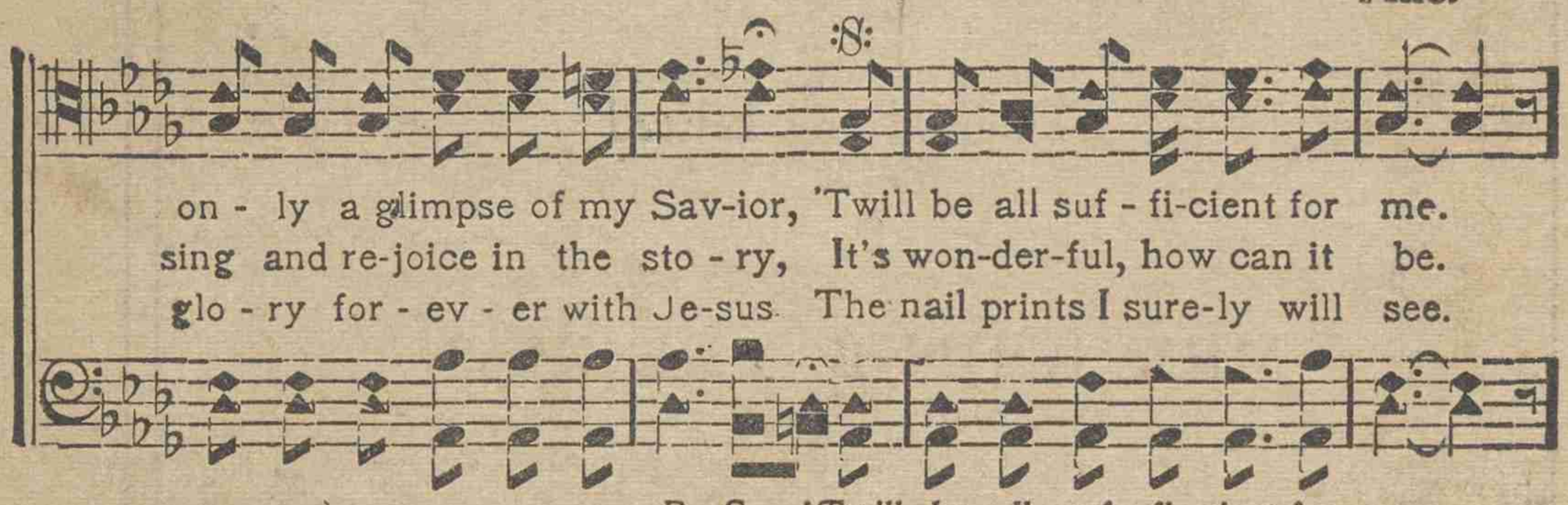
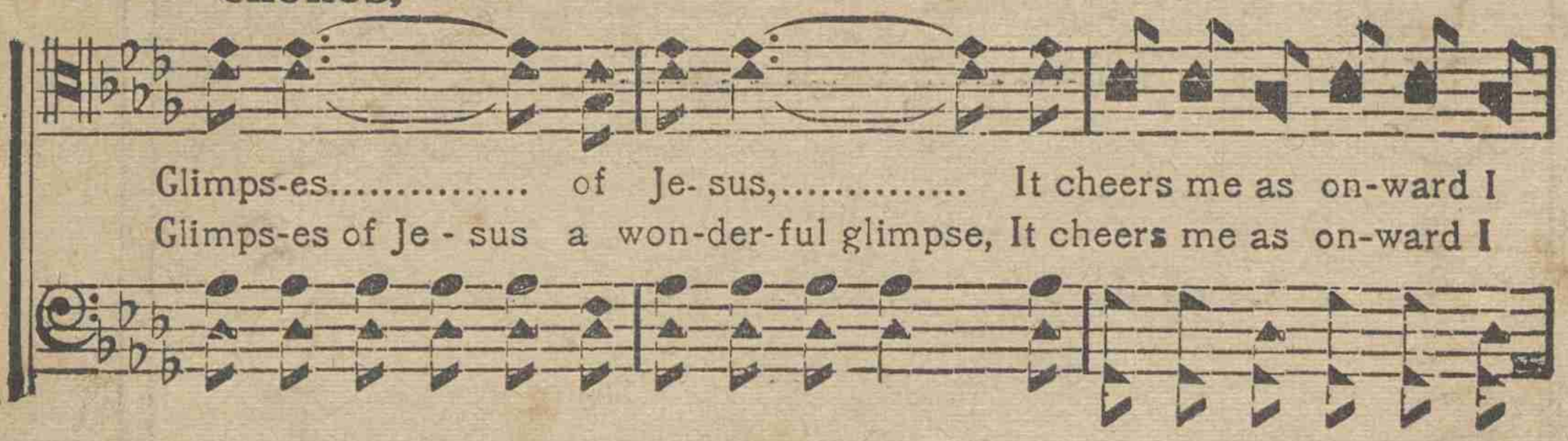
# Glimpse of Jesus.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

*Quartet.*




**Fine.**

**CHORUS;**

D. S.

J, B, Vaughan, Owner.

# No. 1. Heav'nly Echoes.

*(Written for Heav'nly Echoes.)*

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**Grady C. Morris.** **Austin Hazelwood.**

1. Tid - ing glad to-day we bring, "Heav'nly Echoes" now we sing Pealing out the
2. "Haev'nly Echoes" sweet and clear, Bringing words of hope and cheer, Ringing out a-
3. Oft, my heart is filled with praise, As I 'tward the heavens gaze, And it seems I

gos-pel message from the heav'nly courts a-bove; Lis - ten to the "Joyful sound"
cross the val-ley from the mountain's sunny dale: Joy to all the world be-low,
al-most see the angels gathered round the throne: How it makes my soul re-joice,

Ring - ing all the world around, Leading sin-ners to re - pent - ance and pro-
That they may the Savior know, And be filled with sweet as-sur-ance of His
"Seems I hear an an-gel's voice" And I know 'tis "Heav'nly Echoes" of my

*D. S.*—Call - ing us to come and dwell with them in

FINE CHORUS. *D. S.*

claiming Jesus' love. "Heav'nly Echoes" "Heav'nly Echoes".
care a-mid the gale. true and glad, cheer the wea-ry lone and sad
loved one all at home. "Heav'nly Ecohes", "Heav'nly Echoes",
from above, ringing out the Savior's love,

peace for-ev-er-more.

'Tis the voic - es of the an - gels o - ver on the oth - er shore;

# No. 2. I'm All For Jesus.

Copyright, 1924, by The John B. Vaughan, Music Co., in "Heavenly Echoes, No. 8.

**James Rowe.** **John B. Vaughan.**

1. I'm work - ing dai - ly in the har - vest field, And from my Lord I
2. Be - cause He keeps me when the foes as - sails, And leads me in the
3. Be - cause He prom - is - es a crown of life To all the faith - ful
4. As - sured of meet-ing Him in realms a-bove, When I no lon - ger

would not stray; And, while I'm help - ing Him to save the yield, I'm
nar - row way; With love that cheers me and that nev - er fails, I'm
in the fray; And, since He's all for me a - mid the strife. I'm
here may stay; With rapt - ure prais - ing His e - ter - nal love, I'm

CHORUS.

all for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I'm all for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, I'm

all for Je - sus, let come what may; I trust and love Him, there's

none a - bove Him, I'm all for Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

# 3. You Can Shine Where You Are.

James Rowe. Homer F. Morris.

1 Not up - on some hill-top do you have to live, That your light may send its golden
2. In the val-ley you may spend your earthly days, On your life may sorrow leave its
3. There are man-y grop-ing in the darkness still, Man-y who from you are nev-er

beams a - far, If you burn it stead - i - ly, Oth-er lives your light will see,
deep - est scar, Yet if you but burn your light, God will guide its rays a-right,
ver - y far, So crave not a high - er place, Give it out, the light of day

REERAIN.

You can brightly shine for Jesus where you are. You can shine, shine,
Shine for Je-sus your Re-deem-er,

shine where you are, You can shine, shine, shine like a star, Oh, you
Shine as brighty as the morning,

do not have to be, In some land beyond the sea, You can shine, shine where you are.
brightly,

Homer F. Morris owner Atlanta, Ga.

# No. 4. They'll Welcome Me Home.

Mrs. John B, Vaughan. owner.

J. B. V. arr. by J. B Vaughan.

*Not too fast.*

1. Oh, what a re - un - ion in glo - ry, When all the re -
2 Yes, won't that be won - der - ful glo - ry, To lay down the
3. And there are our friends and com - pan - ions. Thery're wait - ing for

deemed ones get home; They're crowd-ing the gates of fair Zi - on, And
cross for the crown, And join in the song of re dem - tion, His
you and for me; They'll meet us and greet us in, glo - ry We'll

CHORUS.

bid-ding the wan - der - ers come.
paris - es thro' a - ges re sound. They'll welcome me when I get home,
rest 'neath the ev - er - green tree.

They'll wel - come me when I get home; They're crowd - ing the

gates of fair Zi - on, To wel - come me when I get home.

# No. 5. My Journey Home.

Jennie Wilson. J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Oh, I have a precious Friend, who will guide me to the end, Trusting
2. In what-ev-er path I go, 'mid these changing scenes be-low, Trusting
3. Well I know He cares for me, and from fear my soul is free, Trusting

Je-sus, I am on my journey home, In His care I can confide, whatso-
Je-sus, I am on my journey home, Tho' I walk 'mid shadows dim, still in
Je-sus, I am on my journey home, Soon I'll see His blessed face, and ex-

FINE.

ev-er may betide, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home.
faith I follow Him, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home.
tol His boundless grace, Trusting Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home.

D. S.—*Trusting Je-sus, I am on my jour-ney home.*

CHORUS.

Oh, hap-py home, ..... my heav'nly home, Somewhere beyond its
Oh, hap-py home, my heav'nly home,

gates, sweet rapture waits, Oh, happy home, ..... my heav'nly home,
Oh, happy home, sweet heav'nly home, my heav'nly home.

D. S.

# No. 6. Everybody Needs the Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. Tell and sing the sto - ry more and more from day to day, Point - ing
   For so hard the bat - tle and so thorn - y is the way! (*Omit....*)
2. Lean-ing on His prom-ise, praise Him ev - 'ry-where you go, Make Him
   For so great life's bur-den and so might - y is the foe! (*Omit...*)
3. Till we en - ter heav - en to be with Him ev - er-more Till we
   Let us send the ti - dings o - ver ev - 'ry sea and shore; (*Omit....*)

way - ward souls to Him a - bove; Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.
known, the precious Ho - ly Dove, Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.
stand a-round the throne above, Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the Saviour's love.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs the love of Je - sus, ..... Ev - 'ry-bod - y
the precious love of Je - sus,
needs our Friend above; Sweet-ly tell the sto - ry of His
they need our Friend above;
grace and glo - ry, Ev - 'ry-bod - y needs His precious love .... .....
and of His glo-ry, His precious love.

# No. 7. Glorious Light.

F. L. Eiland. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Oh, a glo-rious light is dawning, (light is dawning,) That I see, (that I see,) that I
2. It is glowing, Je-sus showing, (Je-sus showing,) Love to me, (love to me,) love to
3. O'er life's sorrow's scenes and troubles, (scenes and troubles,) I can go, (I can go, I can
4. If with-in its ho - ly bor-ders, (ho-ly borders,) I shall stay, (I shall stay) I shall

see, (that I see,) And it bring-eth heav'nly beau-ty, (heav'nly beau-ty,) Un - to
me, (love to me,) Ceasing nev - er, last-ing ev - er, (last-ing ev - er,) That I
go, (I can go,) It doth ev - er, safe-ly guide me, (safe-ly guide me,) This I
stay, (I shall stay,) Ne'er a-gain my feet shall stumble, (feet shall stumble,) On my

REFRAIN.

me, (un - to me,) un - to me. There's a light, there's a light,
see, (that I see,) that I see.
know, (this I know,) this I know.
way, (on my way,) on my way. There's a light, there's a light

That I see, that I see, And it shines,
That I see, that I see, And it shines,

and it shines, O - ver me, o - ver me
and it shines o - ver me,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

# No. 8. Strike Your Harp.

Irene Durfee. Homer F. Morris.

1. Strike your harp, O child of heav-en, Sing your great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. Strike your harp, O child of heav-en, With the mel - o - dy of love;
3. Strike your harp, O child of heav-en, Bless Je - ho - vah, ev - 'ry soul;

He for you has made a - tone - ment, And His bless-ing crowns your days.
The redeemed of all the a - ges This glad song will sing a - bove.
For His ben - e - fits, His goodness, Sing His praise while a - ges roll.

REFRAIN.

Strike your harp to - day, Sing a joy - ful lay, To your
Strike, O strike your harp to - day and To your great Re-

great Re - deem - er sing;..... Praise the Son of God,
deem - er ev - er sing, O, sing for - ev - er, For the shed-ding

for His precious blood, Praise your Sav - ior, Lord and King.
of His blood, for-ev-er, praise your precious Savior Lord and King.

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# No. 9. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor'rs so few, And the promise a bountiful yield?
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And now having found it I'll labor and wait, For whol-ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown, Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

Chorus.

Work - ing for the crown,
Work-ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,

Work - ing for the crown,
Work-ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,

Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,

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By permission.

# No. 10. Sing On.

In memory of my husband.

MRS. J. B. VAUGHAN. *

J. L. MOORE.

*Very slow.*

1. Sing on sweet voice, thy ech-o still we hear, Sing on dear one thy mem-o-
2. Could we but know the joy that waits us there, Our crosses here would not seem
3. Sing on sweet voice, thy ech-o cheers our soul, Sing on the burdens from our

ry most dear, God called thee from a world of sin and care, To join His
hard to bear, The glor-ous light of that e - ter - nal day, Shall ban-ish
hearts shall roll, Sing on dear one, for soon we'll join you there, The joys of

REFRAIN.

saints in glo-ry o-ver there. Sing on, sing on, oh, precious one sing on,
sor-row from our hearts away.
heaven then with you to share. Sing on oh, precious one,

God called thee home to sing a-mid the throng, Soon we will join
Soon we'll join you greet you,

in that sweet land of song, Sing on, sing on oh, precious one sing on.

Owned by Mrs. J. B. Vaughan.

# No. 11. There is Rest for the Soul.

ADDIE PANNELL BRYANT. A. N. DAVIS.

1. Just be - yond this life of sin, In a cit - y fair, There is
2. There are beau - ties yet un - told, In that glo - ry land, There is
3. Yes, for - ev - er we'll be free, No more toil or strife, There is

rest for the soul, I am go - ing there to dwell in a
With the ran - somed host of God we'll for -
sweet rest When we en - ter there a - bove sweet e -

CHORUS.

man - sion there, Blessed rest..... for the soul. Sweet rest for
ev - er stand
ter - nal life, sweet rest Sweet rest

you, sweet rest for me; In that sin - less sum - mer land
for you, sweet rest

we shall all clasp hands, Blessed rest ..... for the soul.
Sweet rest

A. N. Davis, owner.

# No. 12. Beautiful Home Somewhere.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. Oft - en I've heard of heav - en, won- der-ful country some-where,
2. Oft - en we sing the sto - ry, beau - ti- ful sto- ry so sweet,
3. Oft - en I dream of glo - ry, vis - ions so love-ly and fair,

Beau - ti - ful sto - ry of glo - ry, land of de-light so fair;
Oft - en we hear of its glo - ry—where the redeem'd ones meet,
I am so hap - py in Je - sus, long-ing to be up there:

E - den, sweet home up yon - der, Je - sus has gone to pre -
Wait - ing till Je - sus calls me, then I shall rest with the
Bless - ed Re-deem - er's com - ing, then I shall go to that

pare us a home, Sweet home, I shall soon be there.
good and the blest, My glo - ry will be com - plete.
beau - ti - ful shore, For - ev - er at home some - where.

CHORUS.

Home o - ver yon - der, Beau - ti - ful home some- where,.....
Home o - ver yonder some-where, Won-der-ful home my beau-ti-ful home,

Oh,..... ..... beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
Beau- ti - ful, won-der-ful, beau-ti - ful home,

home,..... Some day I shall reach my sweet home.....
beau- ti - ful home, sweet home.

J. B. VAUGHAN, owner.

No. 13.

# The Gospel Way.

Ada Powell. J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER. J. B. Vaughan.

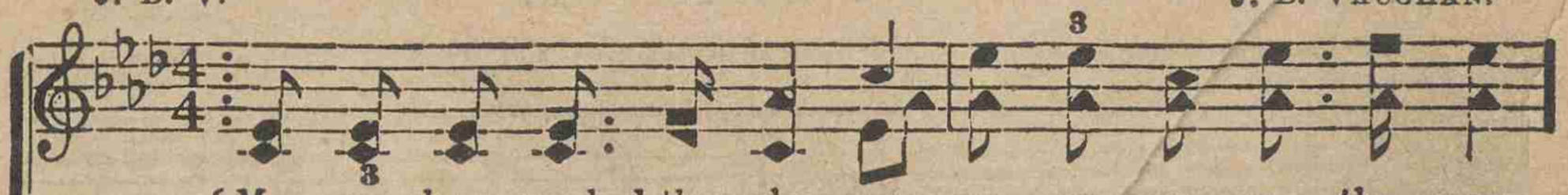
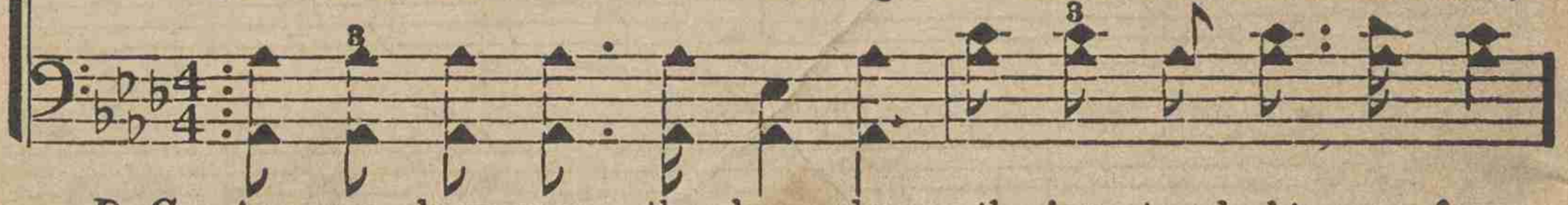
1. 'Tis the way in which our fa - thers went, With their songs of
2. 'Tis the way of all I love the best, And it leads at
3. 'Tis the way that saved my heart from sin, And I praise the

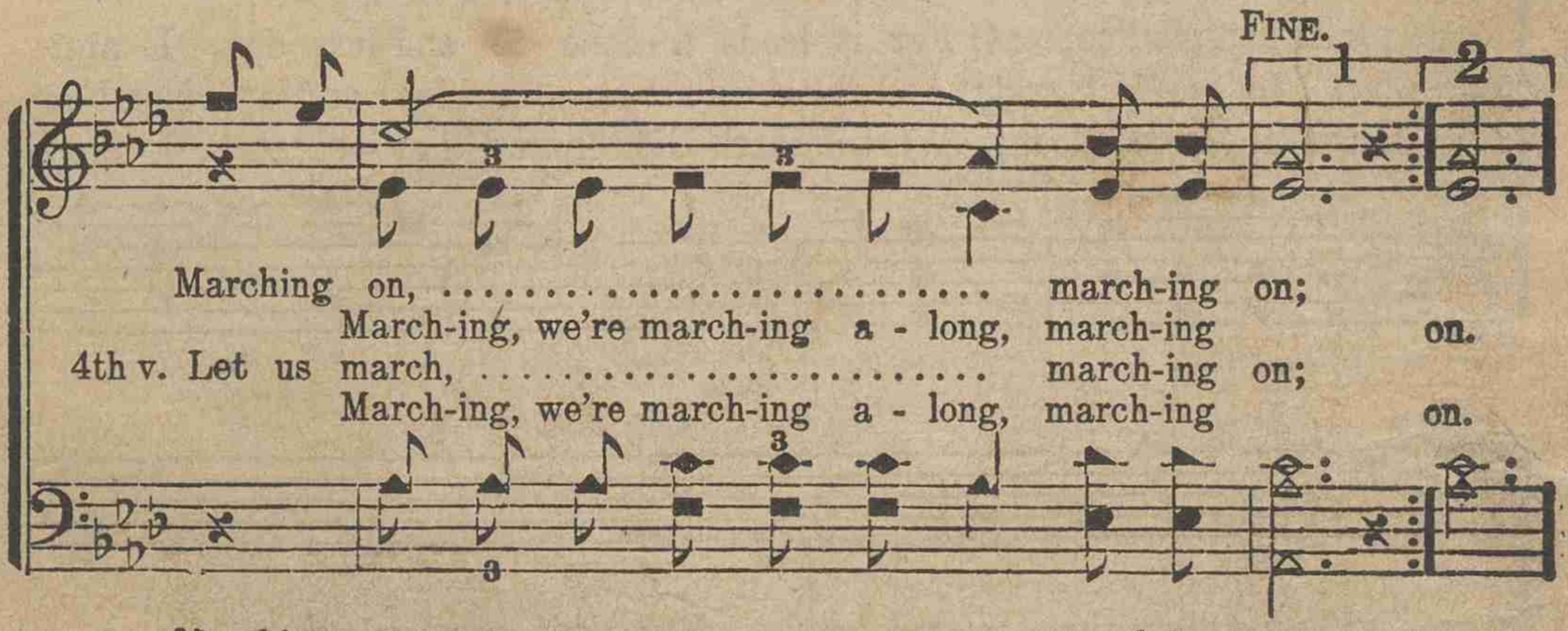
praise and glad content; For it leads a - lone to end-less day, I am
last to per-fect rest; And the skies are ev - er blue as May, Since I'm
Lord I en-tered in; When I reach His throne I'll ev - er stay, I am

CHORUS.

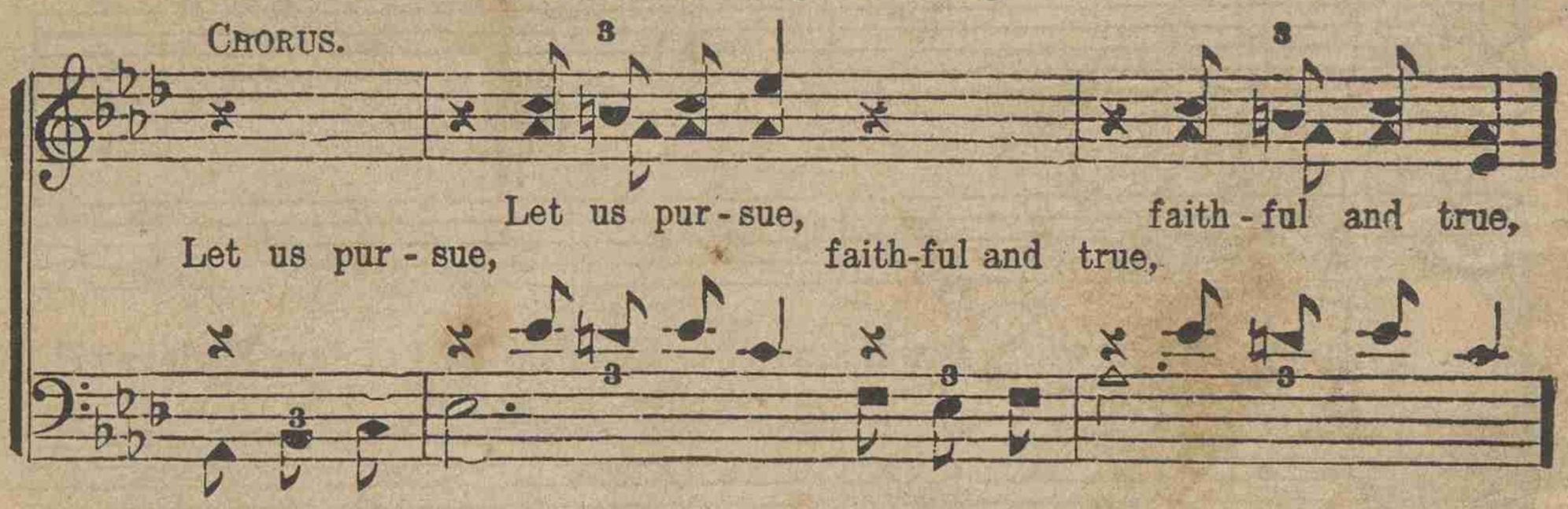
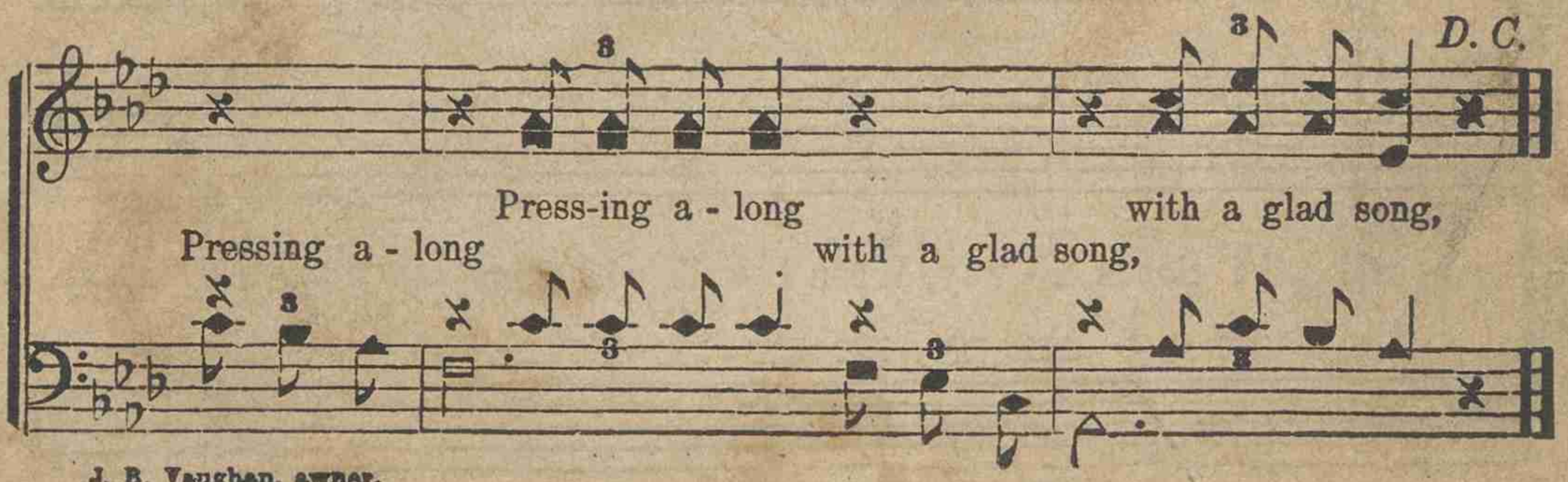
walk-ing in the gos - pel way. For the gos - pel way is a
hap-py, hap-py way, I will trav-el to the home- land of day; His love will
roll the clouds a - way, When I walk with Him the gos - pel way.

# No. 14. Go Marching On.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Ma - ny have reached the glo - ry, ma - ny are on the way,
   All who will join our ar - my, en - ter with-out de - lay,
2. Hap - py as we go on - ward, near - ing the port di - vine,
   Oft - en in vis - ions we be - hold the bright, sun - ny clime,
3. When we get home to glo - ry, hap - py for ev - er - more,
   Ma - ny are wait - ing yon - der, crowd-ing the hap - py shore,
4. Moth-ers are o - ver yon - der, fa - thers are wait - ing there,
   Sis - ters and broth - ers wait - ing in that sweet home some-where,

*D. C.*—As we draw near the bor - der, noth - ing to doubt or fear,




Marching on, ..... march-ing on;
March-ing, we're march-ing a - long, march-ing on.
4th v. Let us march, ..... march-ing on;
March-ing, we're march-ing a - long, march-ing on.

Marching on, ..... march-ing on.
March-ing, we're march-ing a - long.

Let us pur - sue, faith - ful and true,
Let us pur - sue, faith-ful and true,

Press-ing a - long with a glad song,
Pressing a - long with a glad song,

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

# No. 15. Your Mother Always Cares For You.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

MISS ADA POWELL. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto. Rather slow.*

1. Your moth-er is your friend, And will be to the end, And if her hopes and dreams would just come true,
2. But not for wealth nor gold, Her love for you is told; Suc - cess may hide her face when you pur - sue;
3. So give her ten - der care, Your pleasures free - ly share, Tho' all the world be false she will be true;
4. Don't wound that ten-der heart, Don't cause the tears to start; And don't neg- lect her for your friendships new;

No woe would touch your life, No
But if in joy or pain, In
Then cause her no re - gret, And
Tho' she be old and gray, Ca-

bit - ter- ness nor strife, You know your mother al-ways cares for you.....
sun-shine or in rain, You know your mother al-ways cares for you.....
watch lest you for - get, You know your mother al-ways cares for you.....
ress her ev - 'ry day, You know your mother al-ways cares for you.....

CHORUS

{ You know her heart beats true, Thro' shade and sunshine, too, There's not a day she
{ She grieves when you are sad, Re - joic - es when you're glad, (*Omit*.....)

does not think of you; You know your mother al-ways cares for you.....

# No. 16. Lonesome.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. The days and nights are sometimes drear-y and the clouds hang low, My path-way oft ob-struct-ed by the foe, And 'tis then I have a long-ing
2. Sometimes the storms are rag-ing and I al-most lose my way, 'Tis then I oft-en hear that sweet voice say, Lonesome child, why be dis-heart-ed?
3. What will it be to be with Je-sus, that dear Friend of mine, No gloom-y days nor wea-ry nights to pine, But with Him at last for-ev-er,
4. To be for-ev-er free from sor-row on that hap-py shore, To meet with loved ones, there to part no more, We will sing and praise the Saviour

that comes o'er me more and more, I am lonesome bless-ed Je-sus to see.
look and see the light of day, Soon the Sav-iour wlll be call-ing for you.
in that hap-py home some time, Nev-er lonesome in that heav-en-ly clime.
till He calls us, then we'll go, We'll be hap-py, home for-ev-er up there.

REFRAIN.

Lonesome, lonesome, lonesome ev-'ry day; But when He whispers I can
Lonesome, very lonesome, I am lonesome ev'ry passing day,
always hear the Saviour say, Come on, child, you'll find me on the way.

# No. 17. Anchored in Love.

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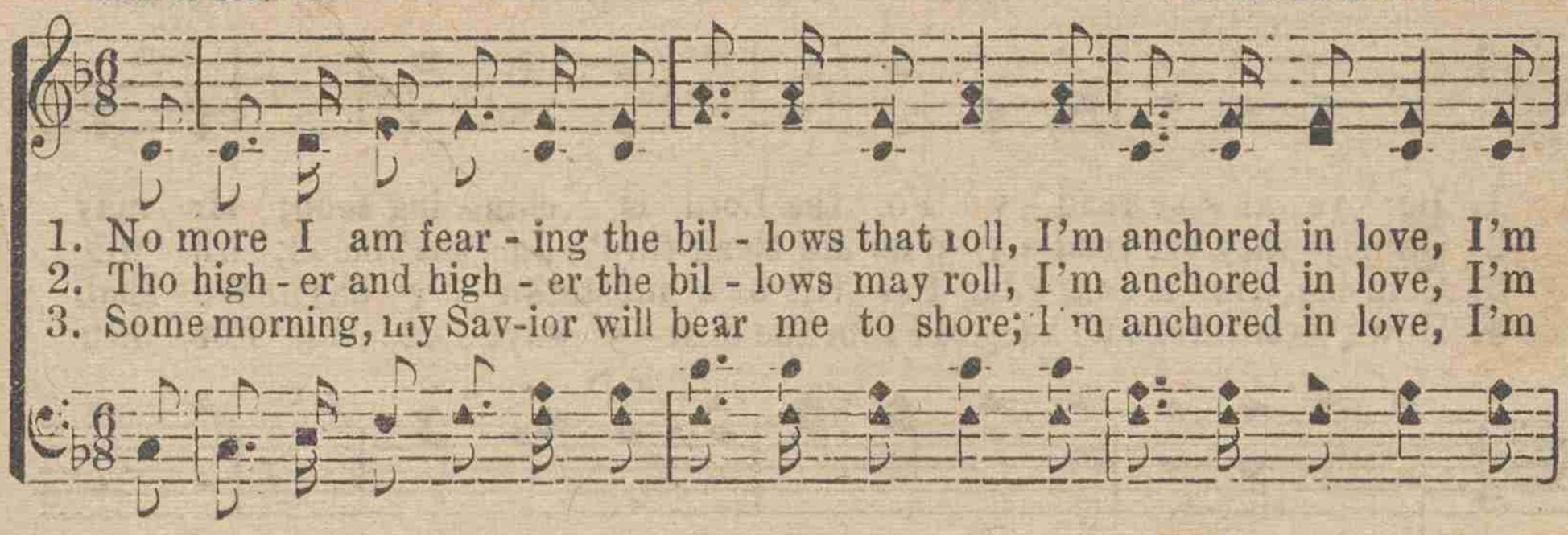
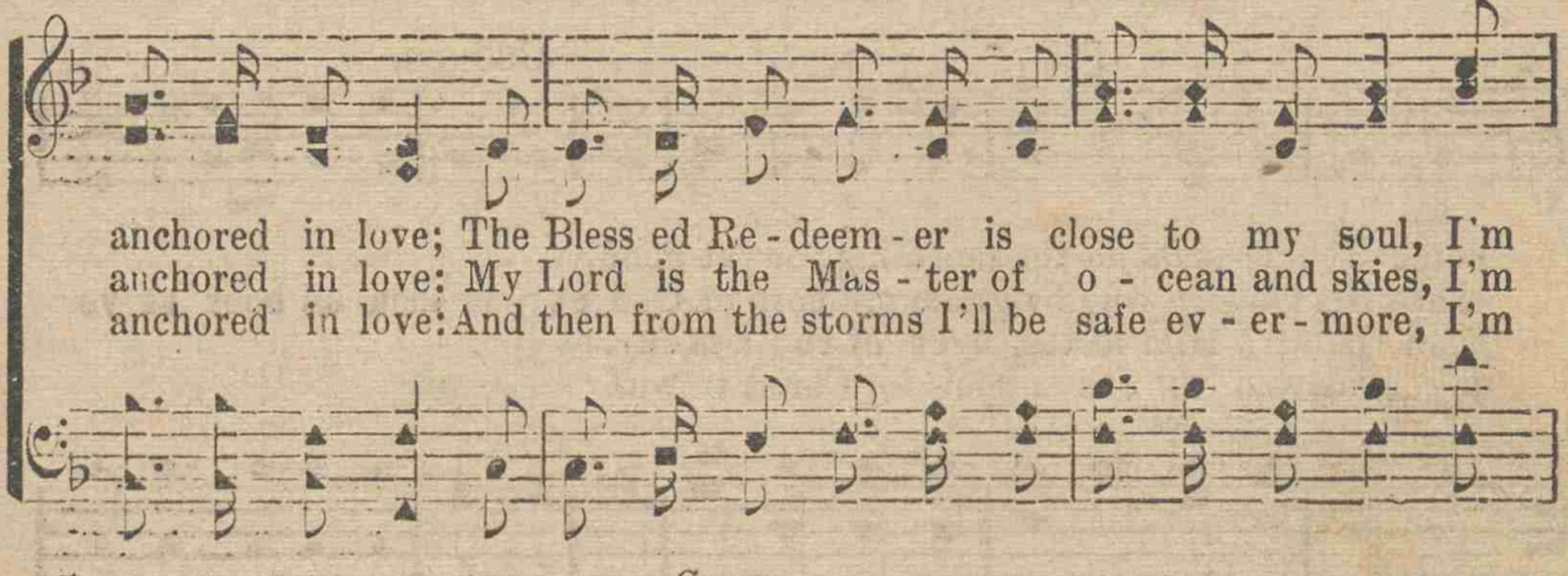
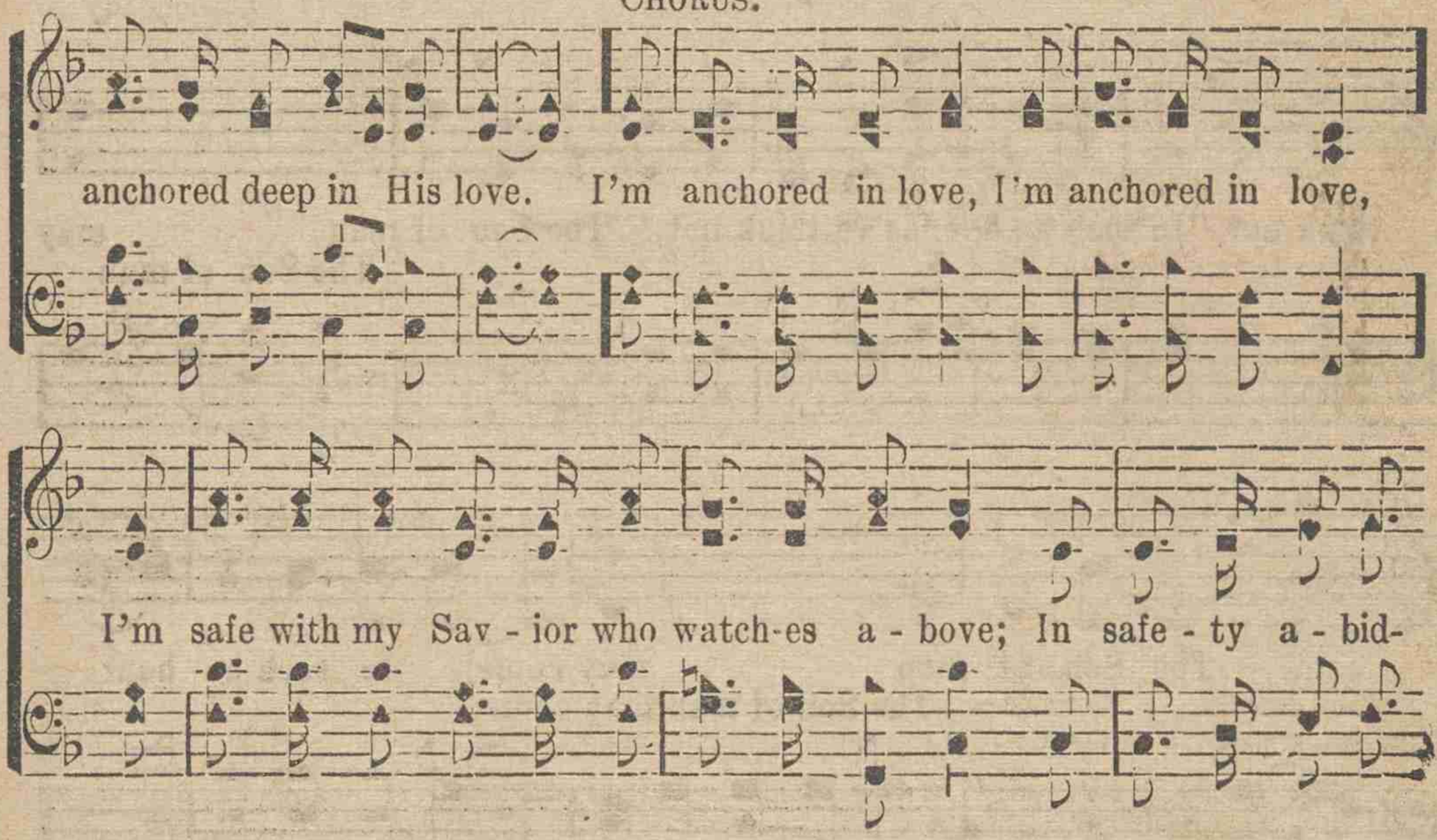
**James Rowe.** **Austin Hazelwood.**




CHORUS.

# No 18. Be Ye Also Ready.

**Mrs. C. D. Martin.** Copyright, 1924, by J. M. Henson, **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be ye al - so read - y For the Lord is com - ing soon; He may
2. On - ly they are read - y Who are clean thro' Je - sus' blood; All will
3. Com-ing, He is com - ing For His own most an - y day; We shall
4. How this truth should keep us From the dust - y ways of sin; For with

CHORUS.

come at mid-night, in the morn-ing, or at noon.
share His glo - ry who by grace are born of God. For in such an hour as ye
soon be with Him in the light of end-less day.
joy constrain us oth-er souls for Christ to win.

think not, "In such an hour as ye think not," The Son of man may

The Son of man

come, The Son of man may come, In such an hour

The Son of man may come,

as ye think not, The Son of may may come.

The Son of man may come.

# No. 19. More and More to Me.

Copyright, 1924, in "Heavenly Echoes," No 8,. Austin Hazelwood, owner,

**James Rowe.** **Austin Hazelwood.**

1. For my Sav-ior's glo - ry, I re - peat the sto - ry Of the love that made me free; And what-e'er betides me, since His dear hand guides me, He is
2. When the foe as - sails me, Je - sus nev - er fails me, But by grace still keeps me free; All the way to glo - ry, this will be my sto - ry, He is
3. When the storm is sweeping, I am in His keep-ing And un-harmed shall al - ways be; In His Pres-ence rest-ing, of His love at - test - ing, He is
4. Yon - der He will meet me, with a sweet smile greet me, His dear face I then shall see; In that home su - per - nal, this my joy e - ter - nal, He is

CHORUS

more and more to me. He is more and more to me.

yes, more to me,

For my Sav - ior dear is He; With His love in-

my Sav - ior dear is He;

fold - ing and His arms up - hold - ing, He is more and more to me.

# No. 20. War-Fare For Peace.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner.

J. M. H. J. M. Henson.

1. Armed for the fight God's soldiers stand, Facing the ranks of sin; Hark to their
2. Je - sus leads on the mighty throng And quick at His command They strike to
3. Be - hold! the hosts of e - vil flee When Christ, our leader calls; His sol-diers

chant of vic - to - ry-"We're in the fight to win. All round the world their
gain the day for Him, Bound to pos-sess the land. But the strongholds of
press to vic - to - ry, And sin's dark banner falls. Glad shouts of tri - umph

D. S.—Sin rules a might - y

war-cry rings, Nev-er, thank God, to cease Till ev - 'ry foe lays down its arms,
Sa - tan fall—His captives gain re-lease As this great ar - my marches on,
rend the air Whose sound shall nev-er cease Till they have brought the whole wide world.

host to-day, But O, its pow'r must cease; When Christ leads on, to win, at last,

REFRAIN.

FINE.

And o'er the world is peace.
To win the world for peace. Sol-diers of love and peace, Fighting for the whole
Be-neath the flag of peace.

The whole wide world for peace,

D. S.

wide world; Marching to vic - to - ry With God's white flag unfurled.

# No. 21. I Will Trade the Old Cross For a Crown.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. Henson, owner. J. M. Henson.

1. I shall not bear the cross thro' yon cit - y When the bur-dens of life
2. Tho' the cross of-ten-times has been heav-y And oft, for - tune on me
3. Oft, my bark has been tossed on life's bil-lows And each wave tried my ves-
4. Ev-'ry cross that I bear for my Sav-ior Will at last, when He calls

are laid down, When I knock on the por - tals of heav - en I will trade the old
seems to frown But how hap-py I'll be o - ver yon-der When I trade the old
sel to drown But no storm-cloud can harm me for - ev - er When I trade the old
be laid down And my sor-rows will all be for-got-ten When I trade the old

REFRAIN.

cross for a crown. Yes, I'll trade the old cross for a crown When the
for a crown

bur-dens of life are laid down; When the pearl gates for me shall swing
are laid down;

o - pen..... I will trade the old cross for a crown.
shall swing o-pen, for a crown.

# No. 22. Forgive and Forget.

W. C. Poole — Homer F. Morris.

1. For-give and for - get, is the mes-sage of love—The Spir - it of Je - sus who came from a-bove—And this is the spir - it His pres-ence to prove, For-
2. For-give and for - get, if you want the sweet peace That comes from the Savior—will dai - ly increase—To grow thro' the a - ges and nev - er to cease, For-
3. For-give and for - get, is the bless-ed old way To come to the Sav-ior when ev - er we pray—For-give as for-giv'n, He has taught us to say—For-

REFRAIN.

give and for-get—for-give and for - get. For-give and for-get, for-give and for-get Is the way to a bless-ing it nev - er failed yet—As you would have par-don from all you have met Ask je - sus to help you—for-give and for-get.

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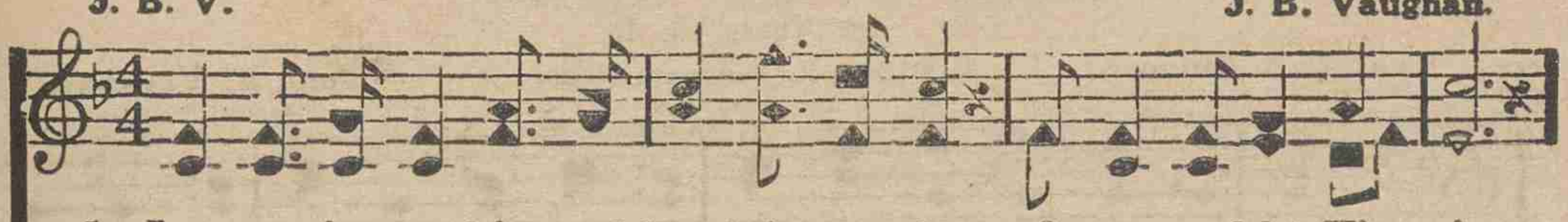
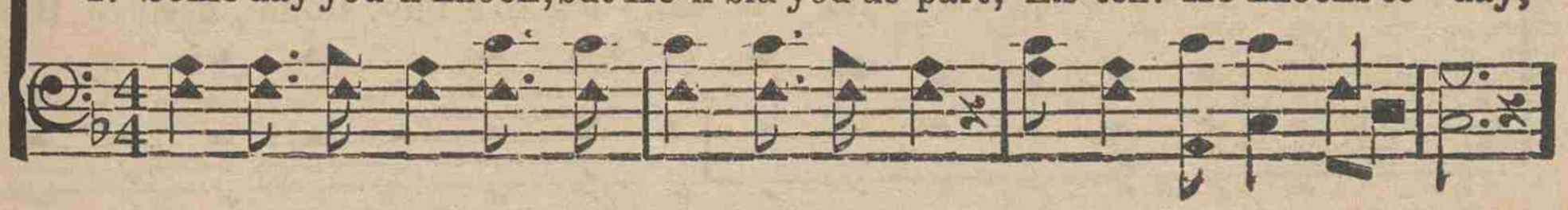
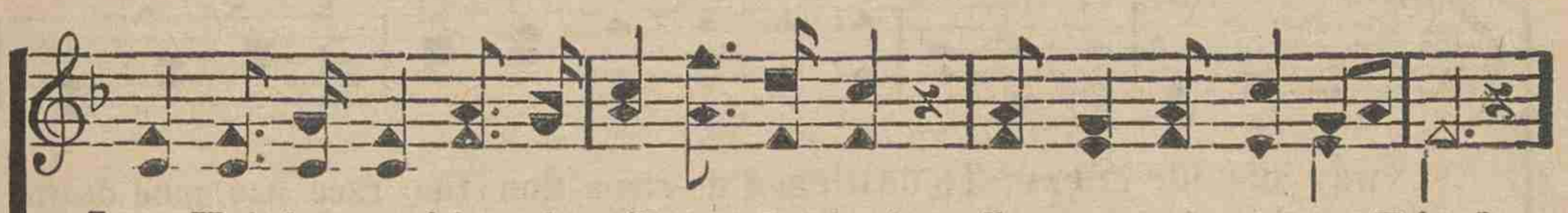
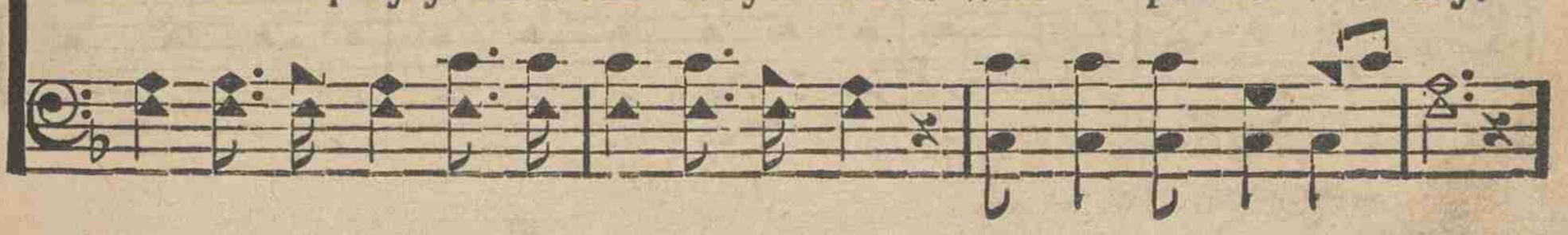
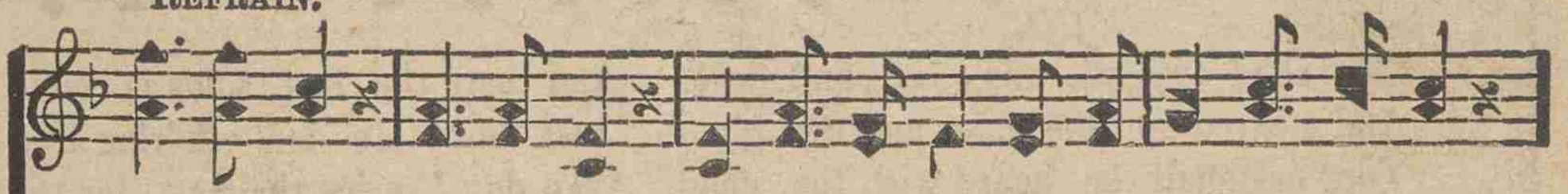
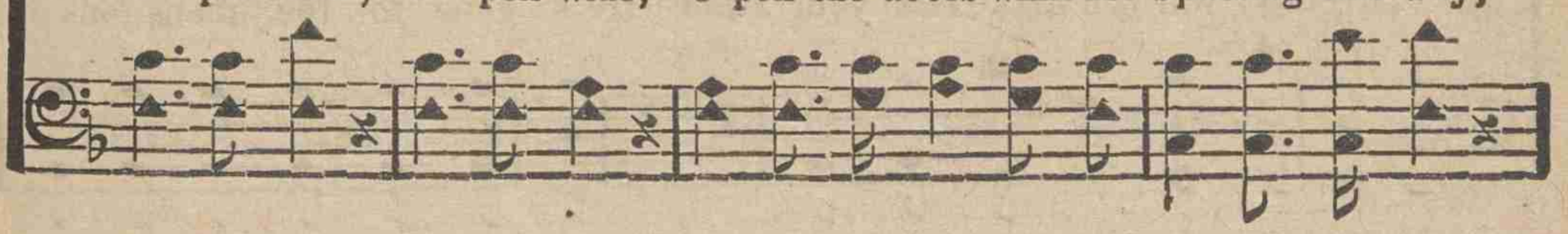
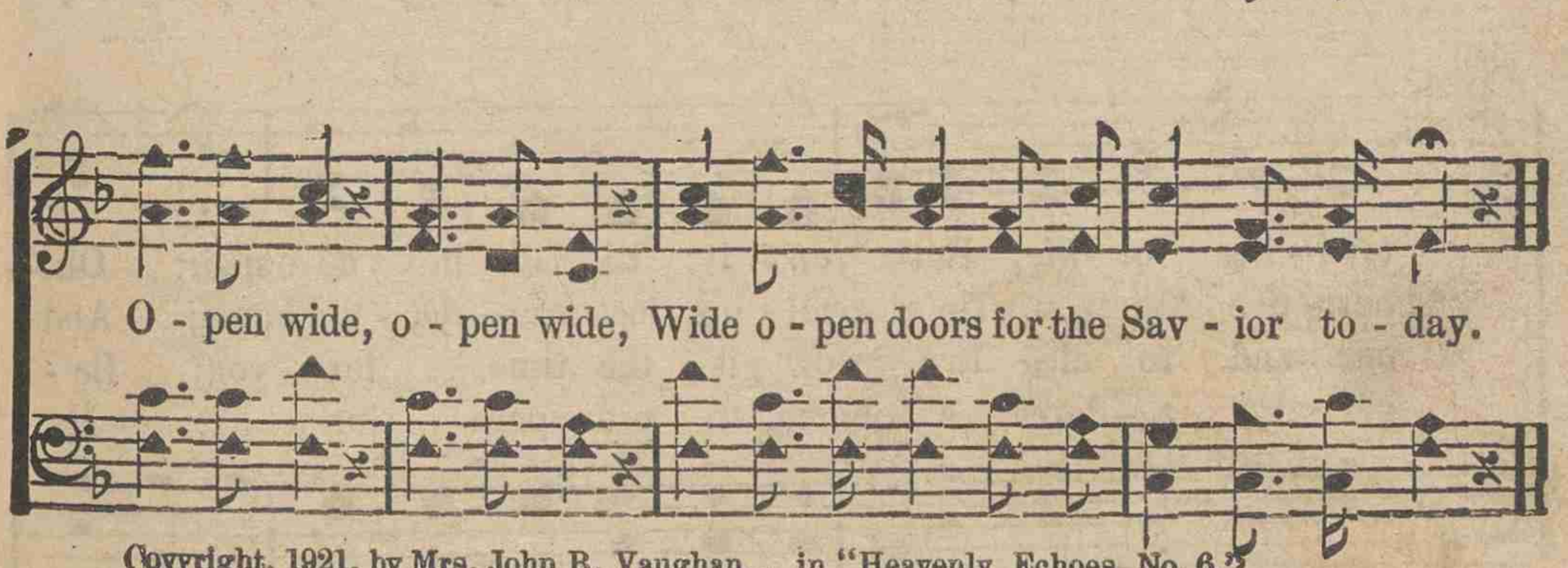
# No. 23. Open Wide the Door.

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

1. Je - sus is stand-ing and knock-ing to - day, O - pen and let Him in;
2. Je - sus is wait-ing, been wait - ing so long, Will you not let Him in;
3. Some day you'll call, but He'll knock nev-er-more, Dan-ger do not de - lay;
4. Some day you'll knock, but He'll bid you de-part, Lis-ten! He knocks to - day;

Long He's been waiting, oh, will you de - lay? Je - sus your tru-est Friend.
Je - sus with patience your moments pro-long, O - pen and let Him in,
List! how He ten - der-ly knocks at your door, Wide o - pen doors to - day;
Sin - ner I pray you don't har-den your heart. Wide o - pen doors to - day.

REFRAIN.

O - pen wide, o - pen wide, O-pen the doors while He's passing this way;

O - pen wide, o - pen wide, Wide o - pen doors for the Sav - ior to - day.



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# No. 24. Quench Not the Spirit.

1st. Thess. 5: 19.

**Rev. A. A. Duncan.** Mrs. John B. Vaughan, owner. **John B. Vaughan.**

1. In sin and in - i - qui - ty all are un-done, And none the blest way of life known; To death and de-struc-tion the race has gone down,
2. 'Twas Je-sus who left the bright mansions a - bove, To lift the lost soul from its doom, He bore its trans-gres-sions and paid the whole debt,
3. Wait not till the sun has gone down in the night, "When none can e'er work''it is said, And with the lost throng that neg - lect - ed the light,
4. Oh, sin - ner the Sav - ior is call - ing to - day, Come, heed to His dear lov - ing voice, And shun the broad way that has led you a - stray,—

'Mid shad-ows of mis - 'ry and woe; And there the lost souls is con-
And cleared up the mist and the gloom. Just how He is off-'ring free
Your cry shall be heard with the dead. "To-day," cries the Sav - ior to
To - day, will you make Him your choice He's gone to the mans-ions of

tend - ing for life, But on - ly to fall in de - spair; Oh,
par - don to you, He's call - ing lost wan - der - ers home; And
one and to all— Just now is the time for you; Be -
glo - ry a - bove, A home to pre - pare for all; Its

# Quench Not the Spirit.

cease your vain do - ing and down with your strife, And list to my
Sa - tan the ran - som can nev - er un - do The work is e -
lieve in His mer - cy and at His feet fall, For this is the
por - tals stand o - pen dear lost one to you, Oh, list to His

CHORUS. *f*

sto - ry so fair. Come sin - - - ner to Je - - -
ter - nal - ly done.
work you must do.
mer - ci - ful call. Come sin - ner to Je - sus and taste of His

*ff* *m*

sus And taste..... ..... of His love,..... ..... And
love, And taste of His won - der - ful, won der - ful love, And

*p* *pp*

dwell ..... with my Sav - - ior In that sweet home a-bove.
dwell with my Sav - ior who died to Save us,

This song appeared first in Mr. Vaughan's Song Books many years ago. Reproduced by Mrs. Vaughan, for No. 8 at the request of many old friends.

# No. 25. His Glory Lights the Way.

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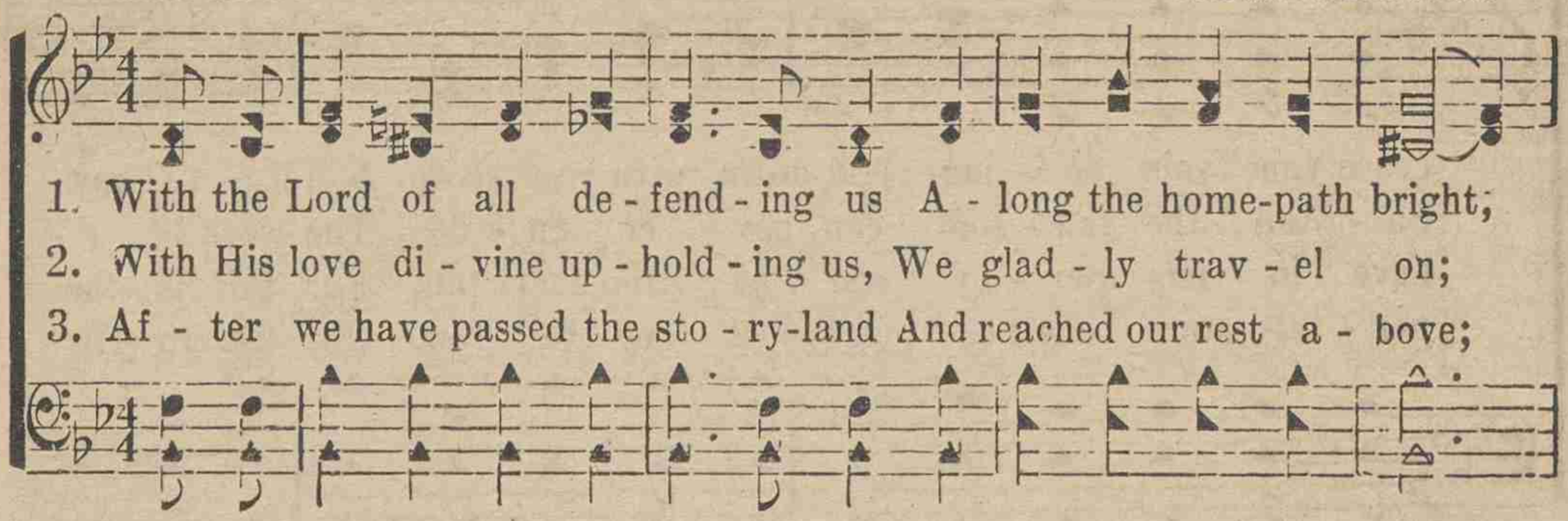
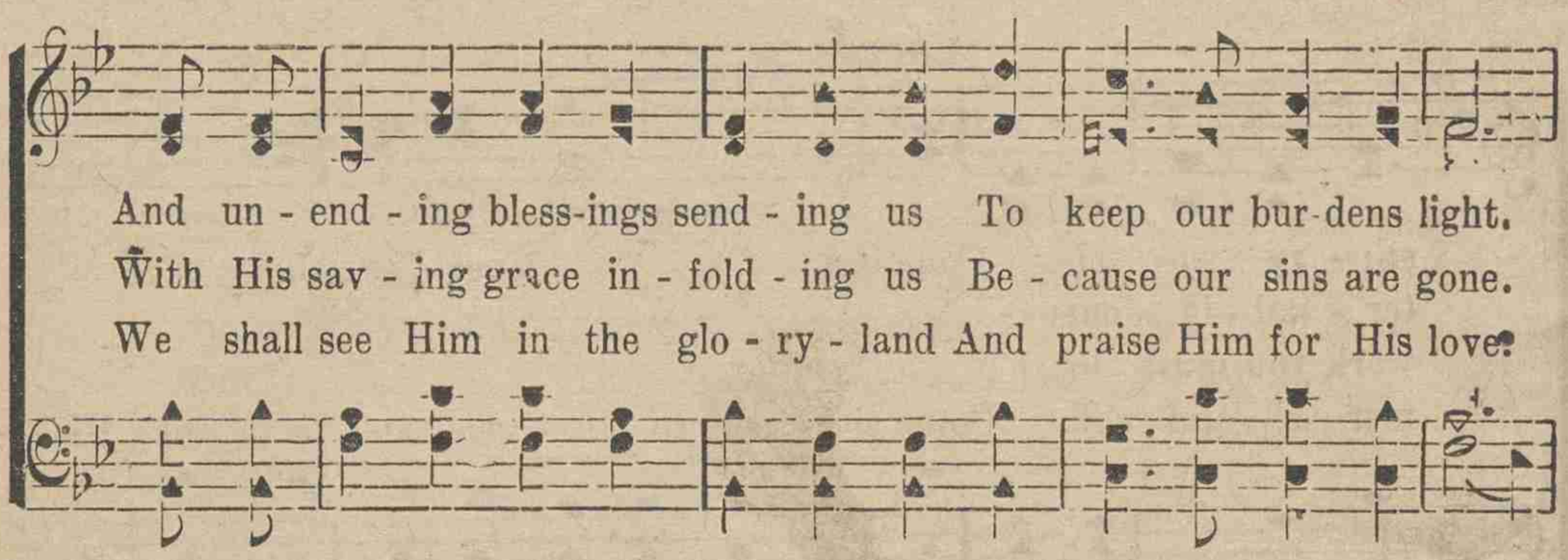
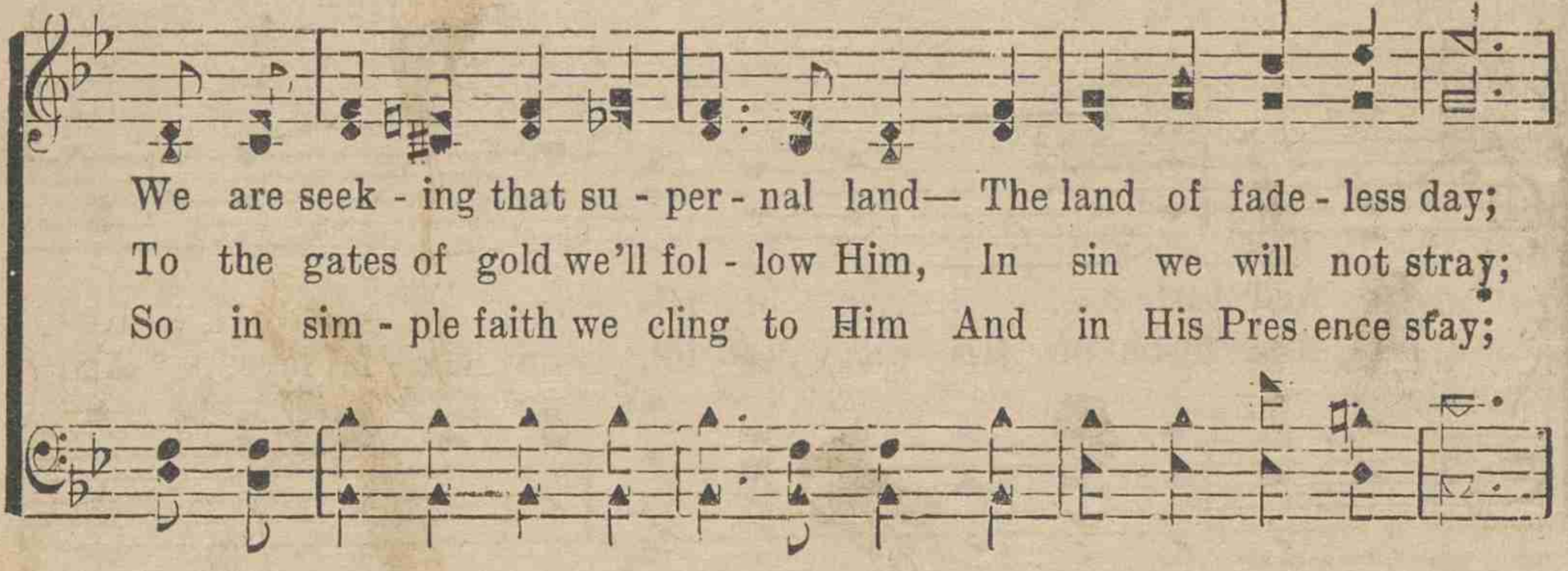
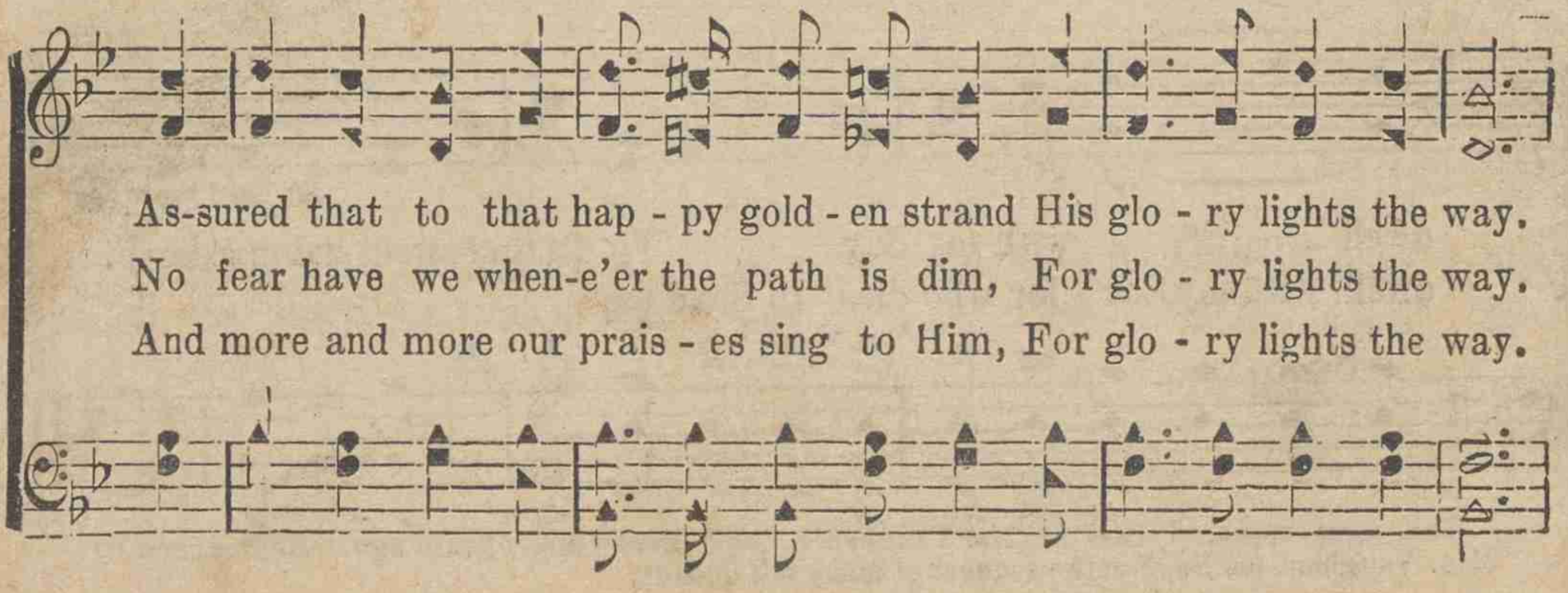
**James Rowe.** **Austin Hazelwood.**



# His Glory Lights the Way.

REFRAIN

March on ye saved by grace, To love's true re - deem - ing grace,

prom - ise cling - ing; To yon - der hap - py place, e - ter - nal place,

The Mas - ter's prais - es sing - ing. His glo - ry lights the way, From Him we shall not roam; And some de - bless-ed homeward way,

light - ful, hap - py, bless - ed day, We'll all be safe at home.

# No. 26. O To Be Like Jesus.

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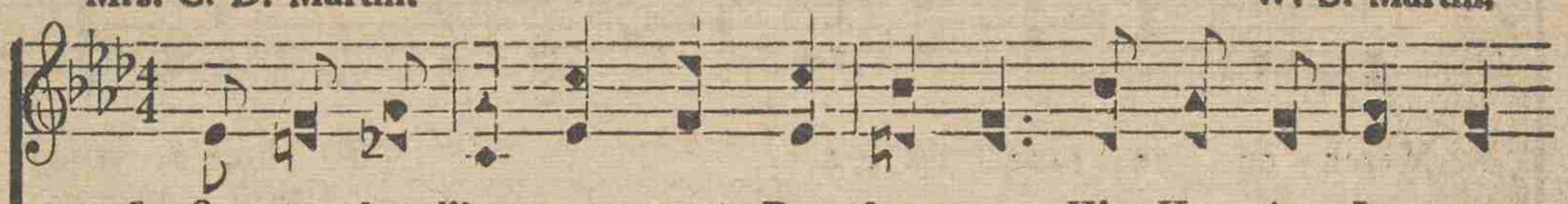
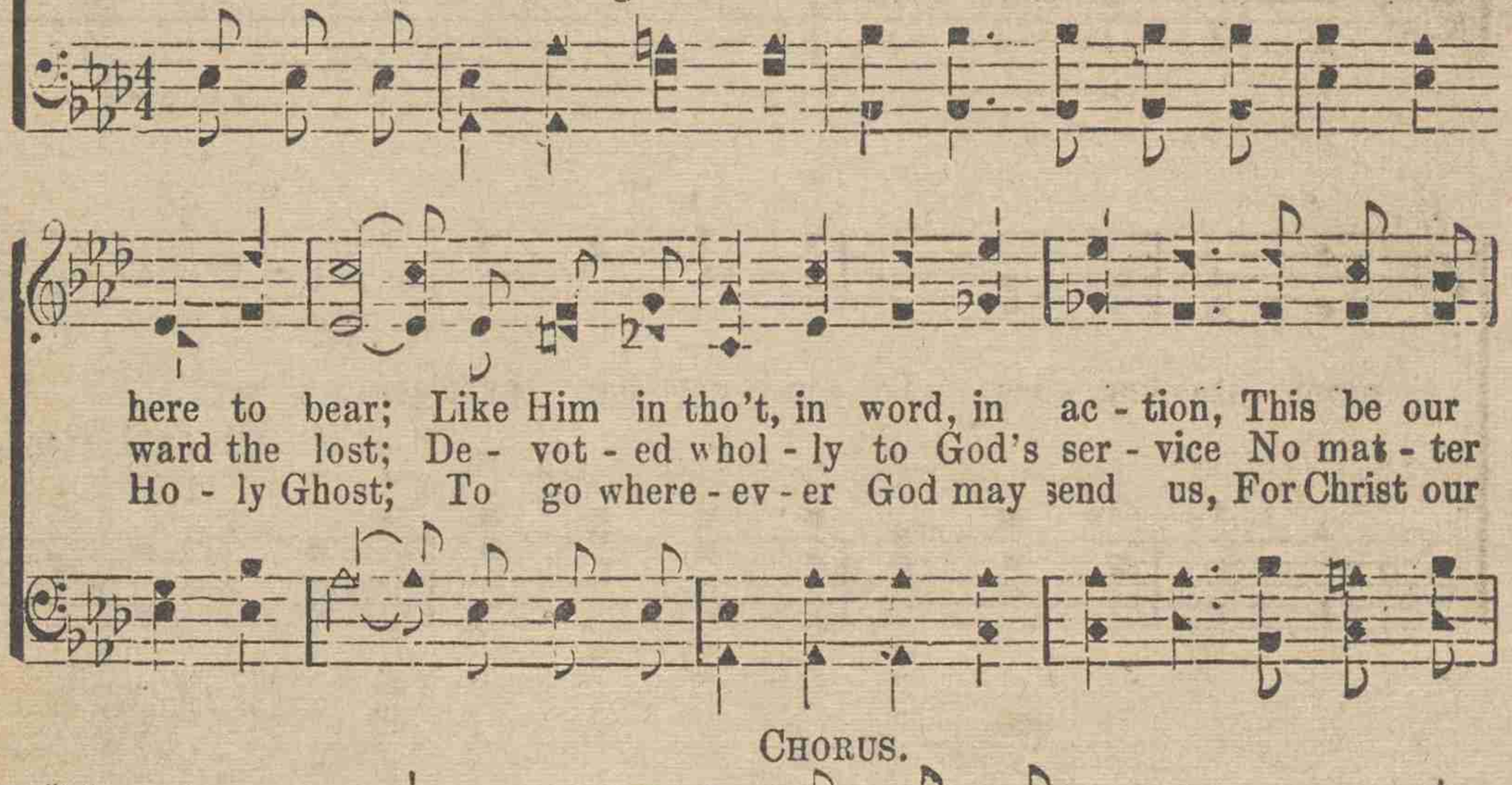
**Mrs. C. D. Martin.** **W. S. Martin.**

1. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, His Ho - ly Im - age here to bear; Like Him in tho't, in word, in ac - tion, This be our
2. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, Com - pas - sion - ate to- ward the lost; De - vot - ed whol - ly to God's ser - vice No mat - ter
3. O to be like our great Re - deem - er, An - oint - ed with the Ho - ly Ghost; To go where - ev - er God may send us, For Christ our



CHORUS.



long - ing and our prayer.
what may be the cost. To be like Je - sus Christ our
Lord to win the lost.

Sav - ior, To whol - ly live for God each hour, A heart made free from ev - 'ry sin-stain, Filled with God's al - might - y pow'r.

# No. 27. WEAR A CROWN.

ISAAC WATTS. English. ARR.

1. { Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2. { Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
   { While oth - ers fought to win the prize, 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. { Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
   { I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's

o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

*Fine.*

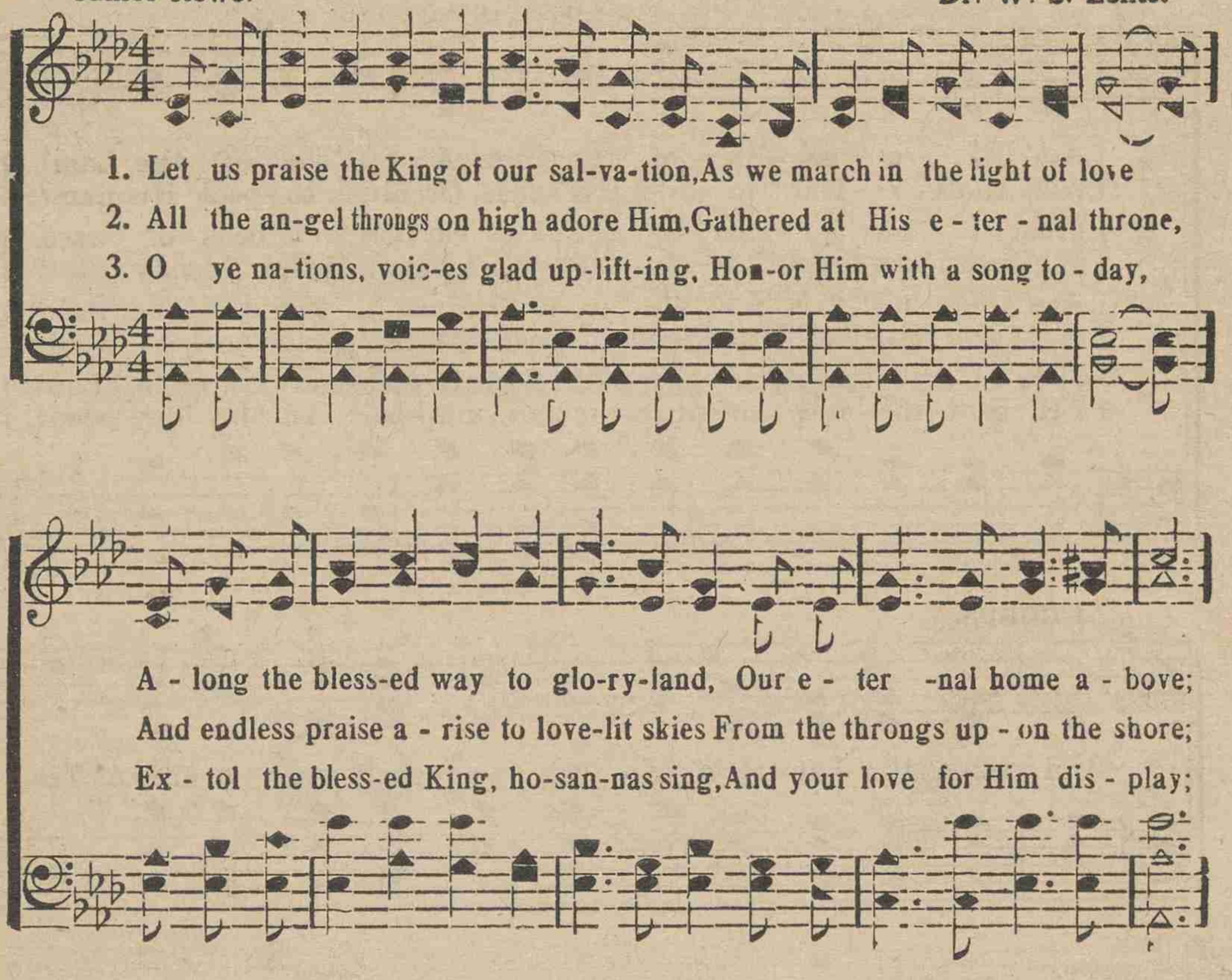
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.

Wear a crown, wear a crown,

*D. S.*

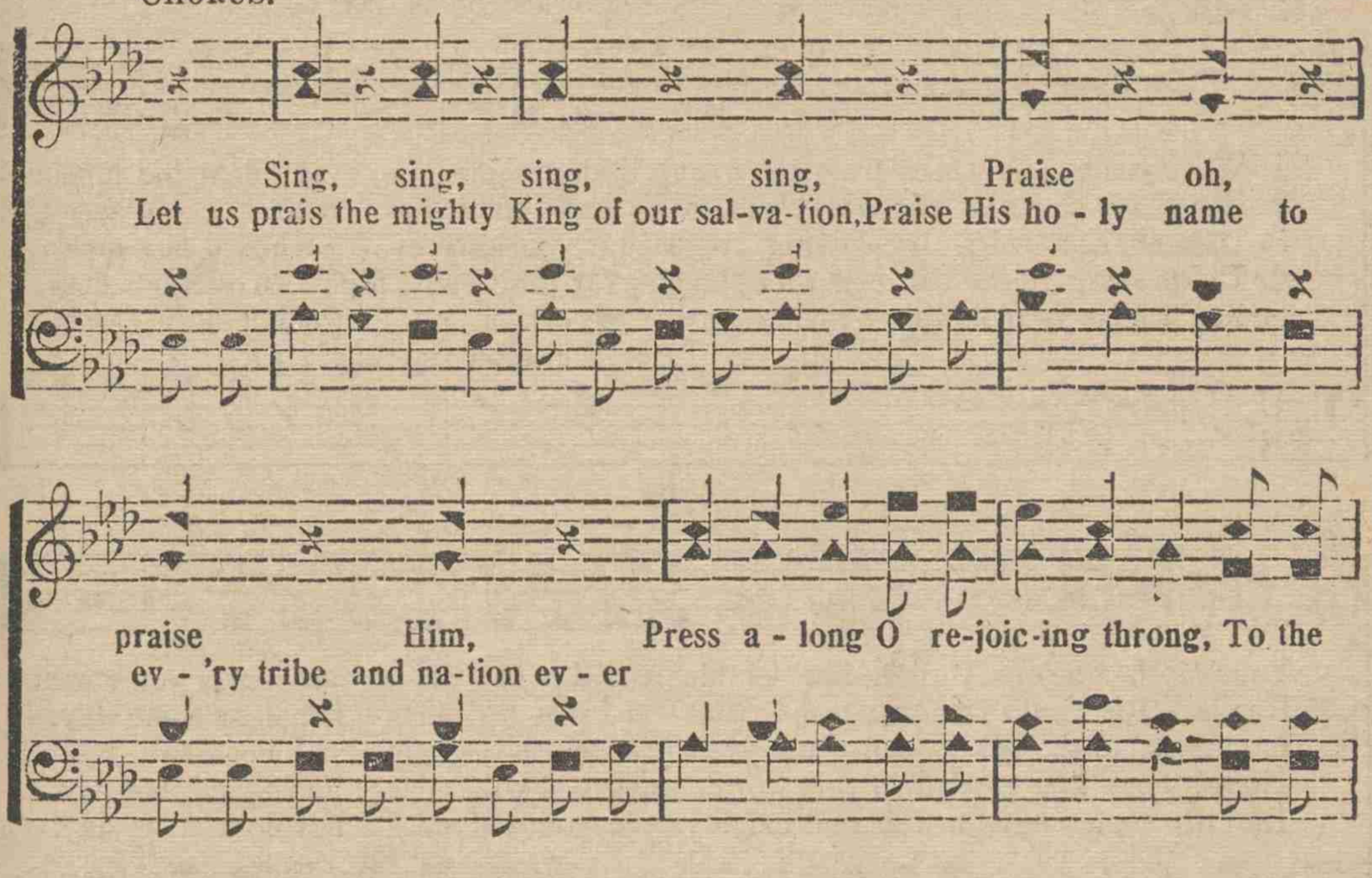
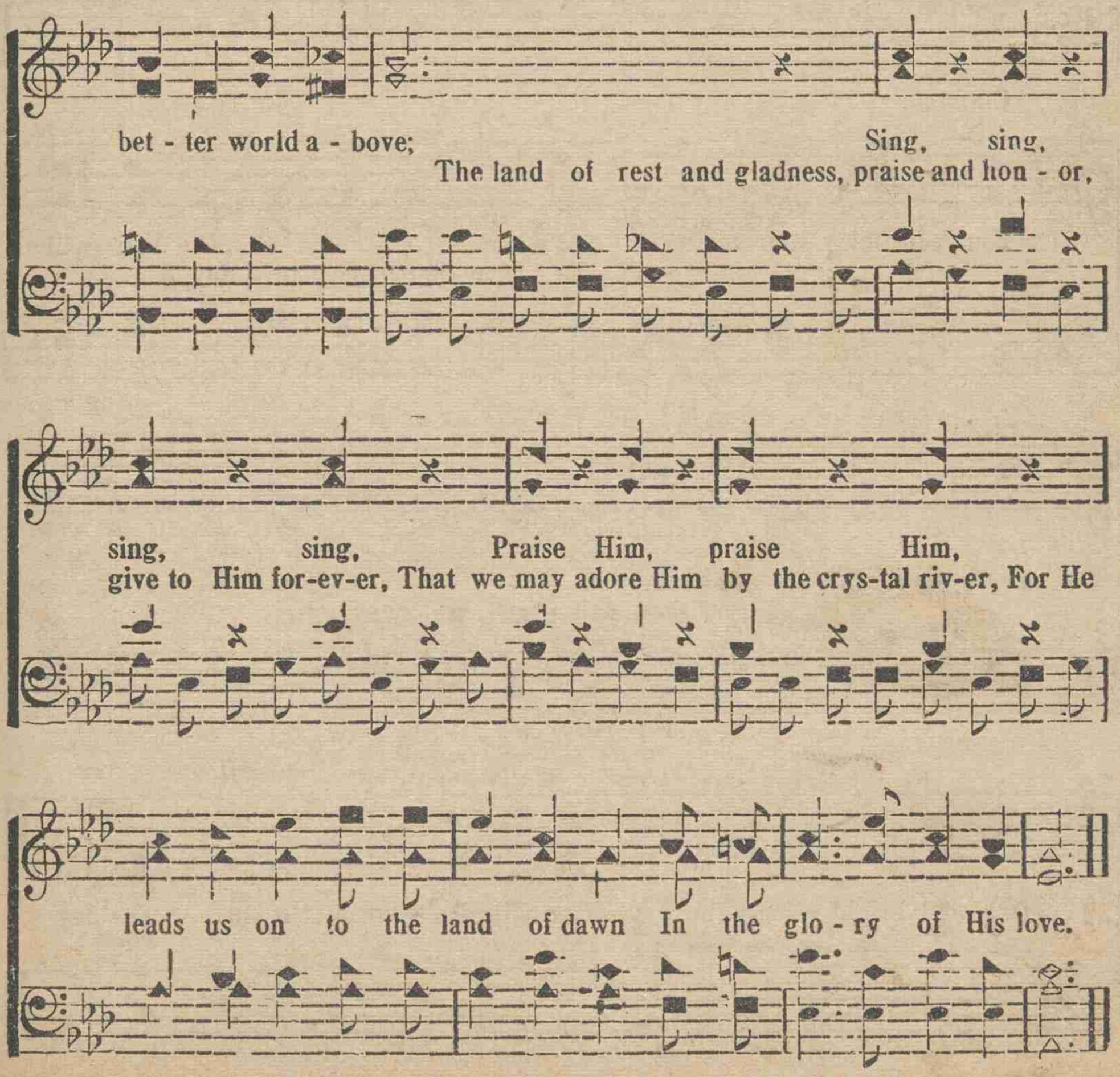
# No. 28. Praise the King of Our Salvation.

James Rowe. Dr. W. S. Lents.




Dr. W. S. Lents, owner., LaFayette, Ga.

# Praise the King of Our Salvation.

CHORUS.

# No. 29. You Will Miss Your Mother Some Day.

ADA POWELL. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET.

1. When you are ab - sent from the group that gathers in the dear old home,
2. Her heart o'er all the world will seek and follow you where'er you stray,
3. Then cherish ev - 'ry lov-ing tone that you have ev - er heard her speak
4. The passing years will bring a change, for their swift flight we can-not stay,
5. You'll miss your mother's loving care so oft-en on your lone-ly way,

Your mother ne'er forgets her child, tho' far in dis - tant lands you roam.
Her love for you is strong and true, and you will miss her dear some day.
In your temp-ta - tions and your griefs your mother's help and coun-sel seek.
There's none like mother in this world, and you will miss her dear some day.
Tho' life seems now so fair and bright, yet you will miss her dear some day.

CHORUS.

You will miss your moth - er some day, You will
Re - mem - ber this to - day,

miss your moth - er some day, Tho' all seems so
She soon will pass a - way.

fair and bright a-long the way, You will miss your dear mother some day.

*rit.*

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

# No. 30. Love Did it All.

Copyright, 1924, in "Heavenly Echoes," No. 8. Austin Hazelwood, owner.

James Rowe. Austin Hazelwood.

1. I was lost and sad, now I'm free and glad, For the Lord has
2. Not a friend had I, who would lin - ger nigh, For I was so
3. I was sink - ing fast, but am safe at last, Sin no more shall
4. When I take my place, with the saved by grace, Just be - yond the

heard my call; With my sins all gone, I am press - ing on,
prone to fall: But the Sav - ior came, glo - ry to His name. Love di-
me en-thrall; I'm the Sav-ior's now tho' I know not how,
Jas - per wall; I shall glad - ly tell, while His praise I swell.

CHORUS.

vine,..... has done it all. Love di - vine..... has done it
Lova di-vine Love di-vine
all, (has done it all,) Je-sus heard (Je - sus heard) my dy - ing call; Once I
loved to roam, now I'm facing home, Love divine..... has done it all.
Love di-vine

# No. 31. God's Unchanging Love.

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J. M. H. J. M. Henson.

1. Oh, the peace that I feel, it is true it is real, Giv - en by my Re-
2. This sweet peace that is mine is a bless-ing di - vine, And it comes from the
3. Such a peace that He gives in the heart ev - er lives, It re - veal- eth the
4. Then let all be as naught but that Christ freely taught, Turn your eyes to the

deem - er a - bove; And each day that goes by on my Lord I re - ly,
store-house a-bove; But what else could it be that it com - fort - ing me?
light from a - bove; And each day let us try as the mo-ments go by,
home-land a - bove; O - pen wide now your heart and from Him ne'er de - part,

REFRAIN.

For I'm kept by His un chang-ing love. God's..... un - chang - ing
It is sure - ly God's un-chang-ing love,
To get more of His un-chang-ing love.
Learn each day of His un-chang ing love. It was God's un - chang - ing

love, Brought the King..... from heav-en a - bove; Fall - en
love, won-der-ful love, Brought the King

man to re-deem by the soul cleansing stream, It is God's ..... un-chang ing love.
It is God's un-chang-ing love.

# No. 32. Heaven's the Home for Me.

E. M. Bartlett. J. M. Henson, owner. J. M. Henson.

1. There are homes that are beau-ti-ful here on the earth, They are homes that are
2. All the homes on this earth will not last ev-er-more, They will burn in the
3. In that home, there are beauties that can-not be told, 'Tis a home that is
4. There no sick-ness and dy-ing, no sor-row and pain Can a - bide in that
5. Yes, I want to go there, those bright mansions to share And be numbered up

love - ly to see; But I have a home in the re-gions a-bove, And
judgment to be; That home up in heav - en no one can destroy, And
wond'rous to see; Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold, And
home o'er the sea; No heartaches or troub-le can en-ter that place, And
there with the free; Where all of God's peo - ple will live ev-er-more, Yes,

REFRAIN.

heav-en's the home for me. O, heav-en's the home for me, (for me,) Its
heaven's the home for me.

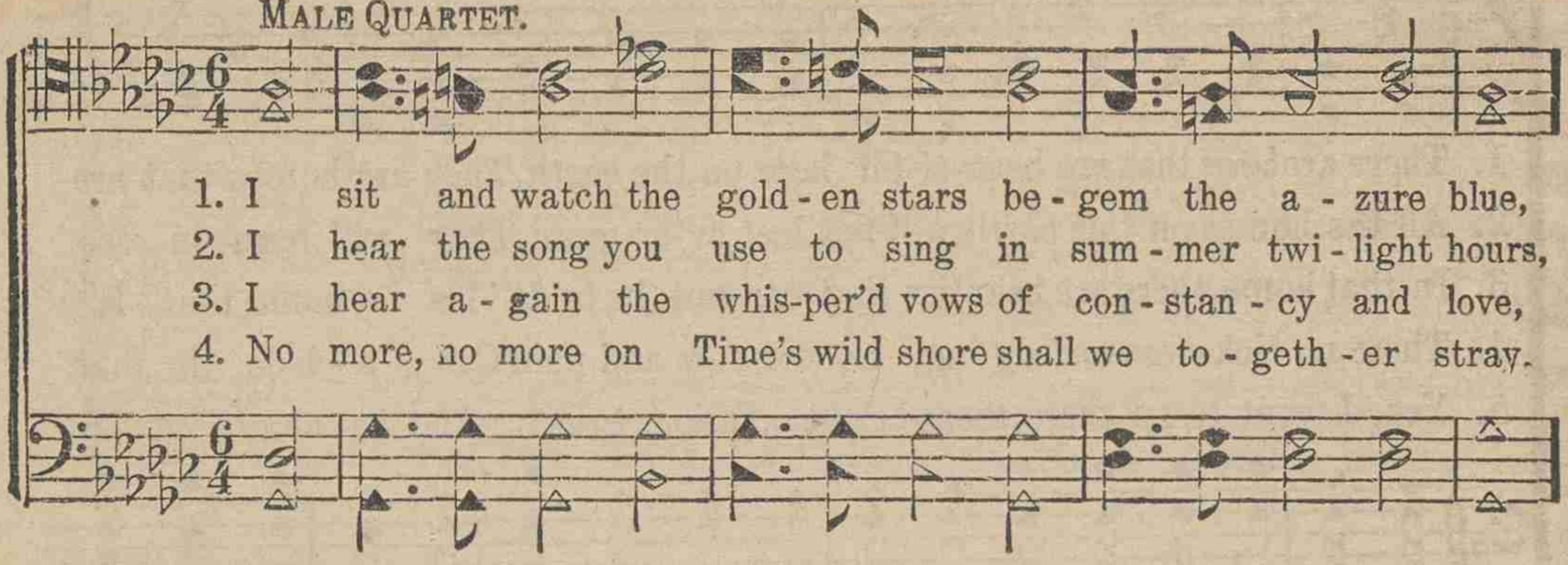
beauties I'm long-ing to see; When life here is o'er I'll en-ter that home, Yes,

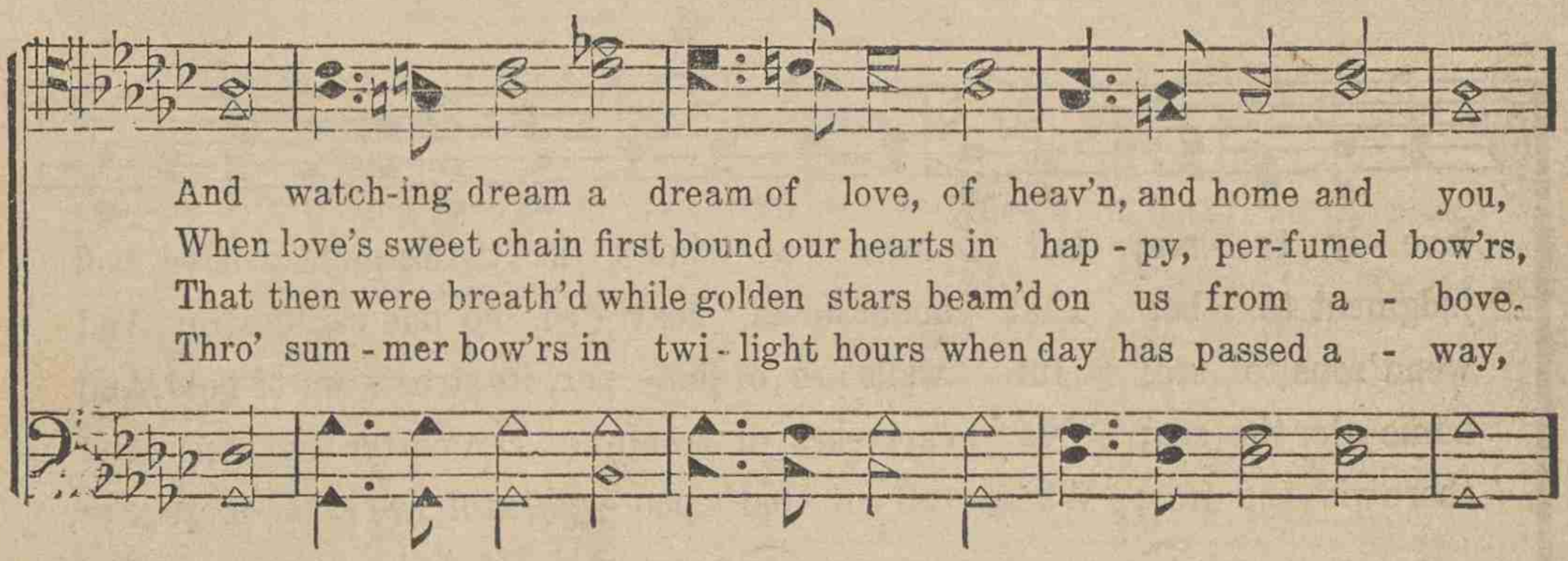
# No. 33 Olden Memories.

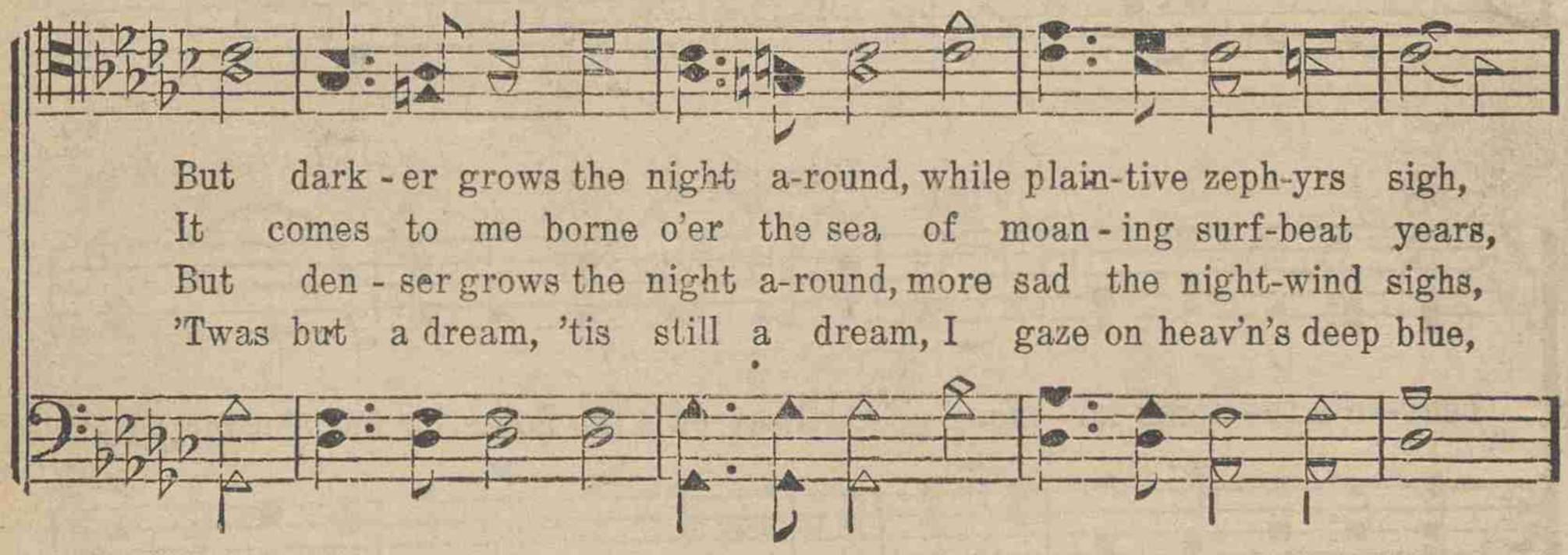
A. S. K. Quartet arr. by J. B. V. A. S. KIEFFER.

MALE QUARTET.

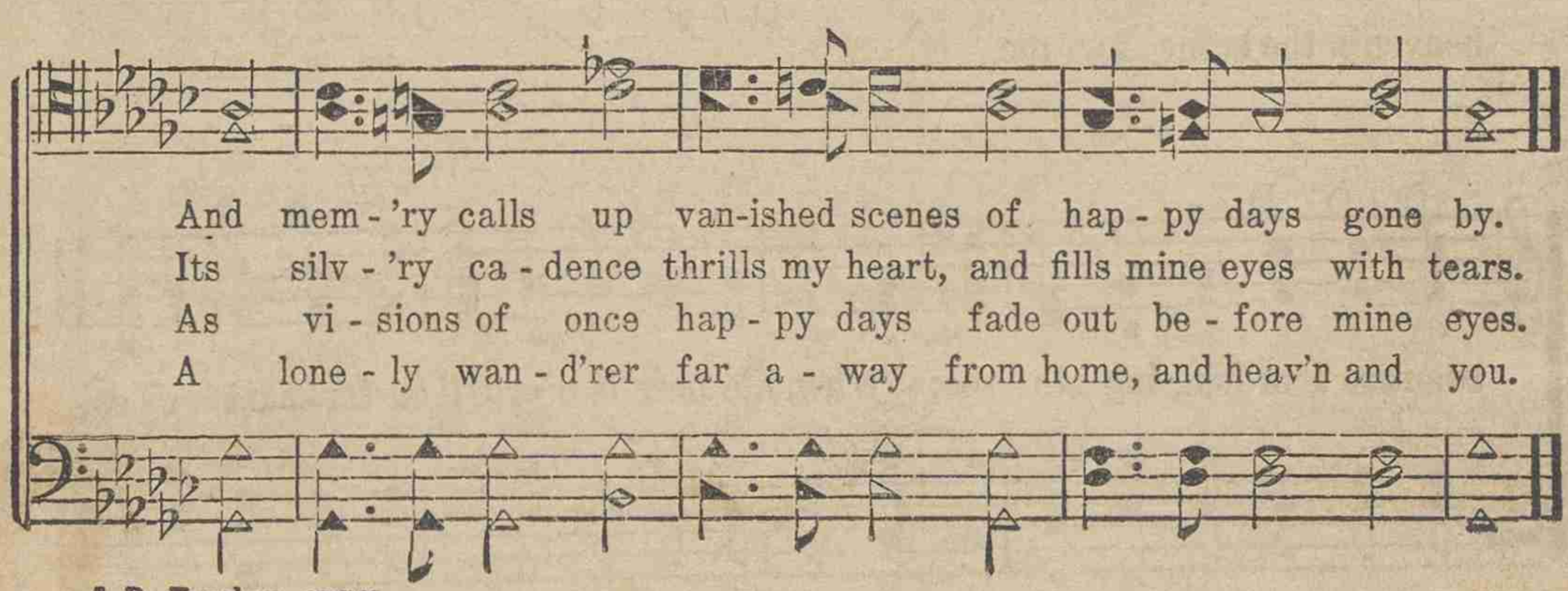
1. I sit and watch the gold - en stars be - gem the a - zure blue,
2. I hear the song you use to sing in sum - mer twi - light hours,
3. I hear a - gain the whis-per'd vows of con - stan - cy and love,
4. No more, no more on Time's wild shore shall we to - geth - er stray.



And watch-ing dream a dream of love, of heav'n, and home and you,
When love's sweet chain first bound our hearts in hap - py, per-fumed bow'rs,
That then were breath'd while golden stars beam'd on us from a - bove.
Thro' sum - mer bow'rs in twi - light hours when day has passed a - way,

But dark - er grows the night a-round, while plain-tive zeph-yrs sigh,
It comes to me borne o'er the sea of moan - ing surf-beat years,
But den - ser grows the night a-round, more sad the night-wind sighs,
'Twas but a dream, 'tis still a dream, I gaze on heav'n's deep blue,



And mem - 'ry calls up van-ished scenes of hap - py days gone by.
Its silv - 'ry ca - dence thrills my heart, and fills mine eyes with tears.
As vi - sions of once hap - py days fade out be - fore mine eyes.
A lone - ly wan - d'rer far a - way from home, and heav'n and you.



# No. 34. Just Over There.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." H. F. Morris, owner.

J. M. Henson. Christopher C. Stafford.

1. There is a home just o - ver there, Where there is known no sign of care;
2. We journey on to-ward the goal. The bless-ed home-land of the soul;
3. 'Twill not be long un - til we see, The Friend who died to make us free;

No dark-ness comes to hide the sun, There all our joys will be as one.
Each evening finds us nearer home, Where we shall nev - er sigh nor roam.
Then 'twill be joy be-yond compare, To rest at home "Just o-ver there".

CHORUS.

Just o-ver there..... in that sweet home,..... No one ere
Yes, just o-ver there that hap-py home,

cares..... to sigh or roam;..... ... The King of light ..... the day makes
No one ever cares, to sigh or roam; There the King of light,

fair,..... In that sweet home..... "Just over there.".....
the day makes fair, In that happy home "Just o-ver there."

## 35. Go Forth to Harvest.

J. M. Henson. Walter C. Mitchell.

1. Ho! reap - ers, see the har - vest is ripe on ev - 'ry hand, The call comes now for ser - vice in ev - 'ry fer - tile land; The Mas-ter of the har-vest a rich re-ward will pay, So go ye forth and la - bor till comes the crowning day.
2. Go in the ear - ly morn - ing with cy - cle keen and strong. Reap all the day for Je - sus, His prais-es loud pro-long; O, faint not by the wayside, but glean for Him each day, And at the close of reap-ing, come high-er He will say.
3. Re - ly on Him for cour - age and strength to still reap on, His love will safe-ly keep you till comes the gold-en dawn; When all the sheaves are gathered re- joic-ing we shall go To meet the har-vest Master made whiter than the snow.

REFRAIN.

Go forth to har - vest, and reap the gold-en grain,
Go forth gold - en grain,
Go forth and la - bor, you shall not go in vain;
Go forth

Henson & Mitchell, owners. 1902.

## Go Forth to Harvest

The har - vest Mas - ter will give a rich re - ward,
bless - ed har-vest re-ward,
Go forth..... and la - bor for Christ the har - vest Lord.
Go forth

## No 36. Who'll Send the News?

O. R. O. R. Barrows.

1. An-gels are wait - ing to bear the news Up to the courts a - bove;
2. Je - sus is read - y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wea-ry ones, and rest."
3. Oh, what an an-them will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!

Of some poor wand'rer now com-ing home, Seek-ing a Fa-ther's love.
Noth-ing is want-ing: there's room for all, Now be for - ev - er blest.
E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a - bove?

D. S.-O - ver the wand'rer re - turn - ing home, Seek-ing a Fa-ther's love.

FINE.

REFRAIN. D. S.

There will be joy in heav'n There will be joy a-bove.
There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a-bove, will be joy a-bove,

Used by the permission of the author.

# 37. Look how This World has Made a Change.

Arr. by J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER. Arr. by J. B. Vaughan.

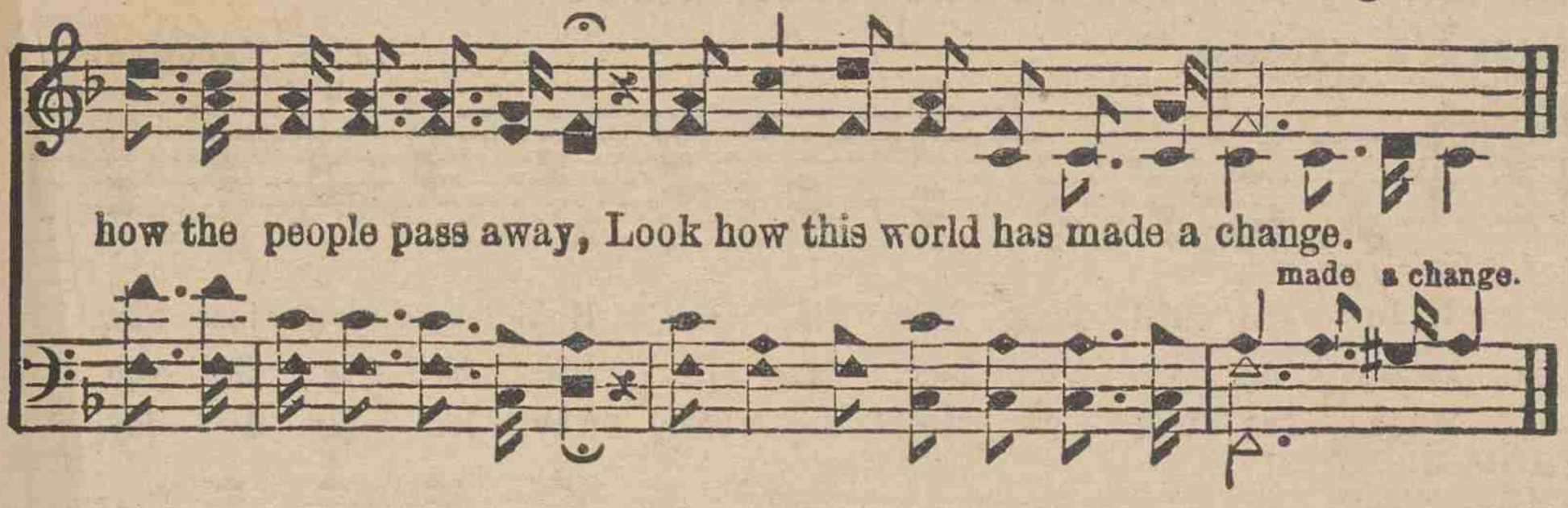
1. We see our friends are weeping, with their bad-ges on their door, We see their home in moaning, for their lov'd ones come no more; You can say just what you please, death rides on ev-'ry breeze, Look how this world has
2. Our friends are pass-ing o-ver to some far dis-tant shore, We seek them and we call them, but they an-swer us no more; The throbbing hearts today, to-mor-row pass a-way, Look how this world has
3. Dear sin-ner, oh, get read-y, you must meet your God on high, For death is all a-round you and it will not pass you by, Death knocks at ev-'ry door, no mat-ter where you go, Look how this world has

CHORUS.

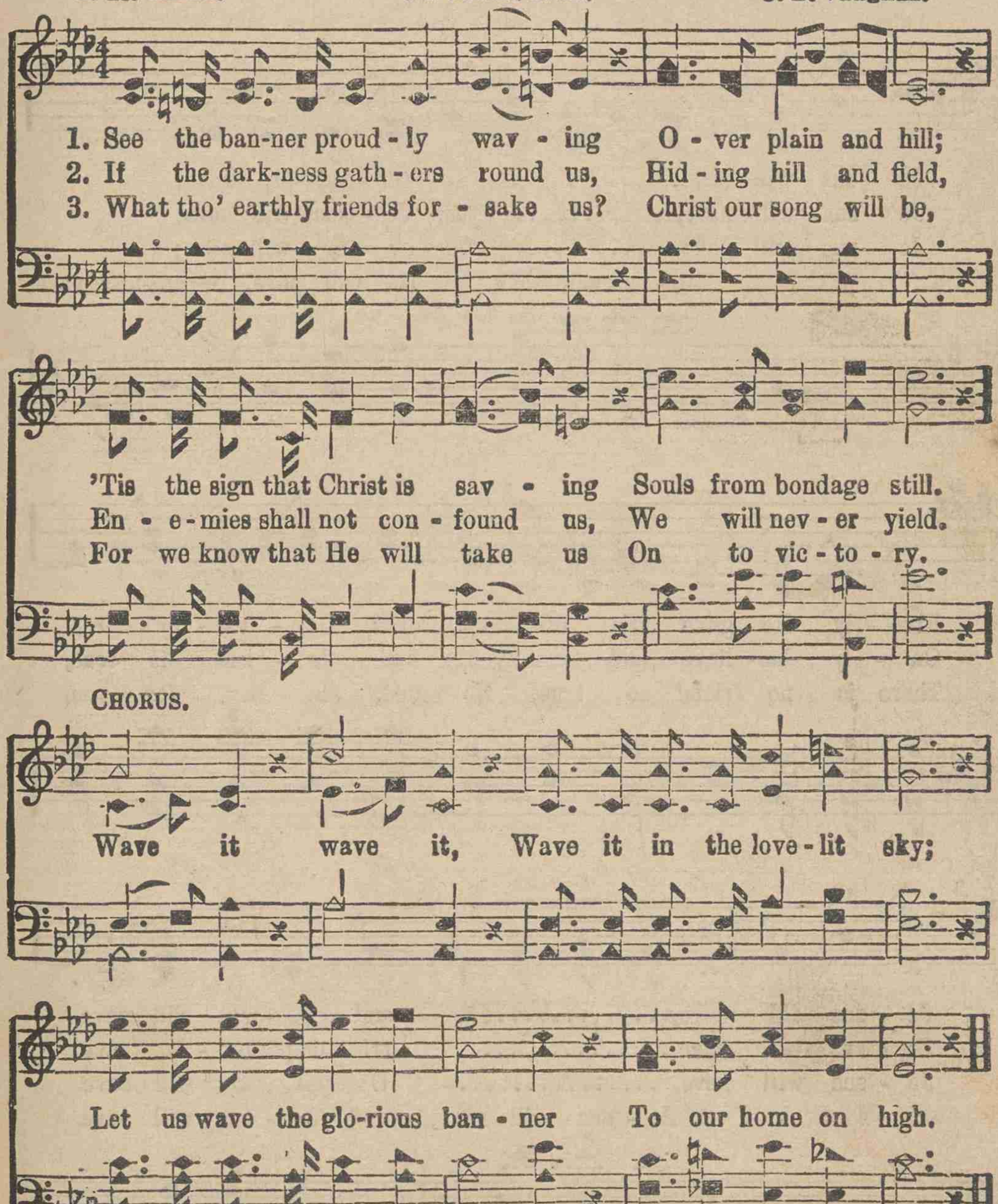
made a change. Just look how this world has made a change, Just look how this world has made a change; You can see ev-'ry day,

made a change, made a change, made a change;

## Look, how This World has Made a Change.




## No. 38. The Glorious Banner.

C. M. Smith. J. B. VAUGHAN, OWNER, J. B. Vaughan.

# No. 39. Jesus Will Save.

MRS. J. B. VAUGHAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus will save from sin, yes, He'll save you just now,
2. Lov - ing - ly Je - sus gave His life free - ly for you,
3. Je - sus will save to - day, then why lon - ger de - lay,

Je - sus will save,..... ..... e - ter - nal - ly save;
Je - sus will save,..... yes, Je - sus will save;
Je - sus will save,..... ..... for - ev - er will save;
Je - sus will save, He will save, e-tern-al-ly save;

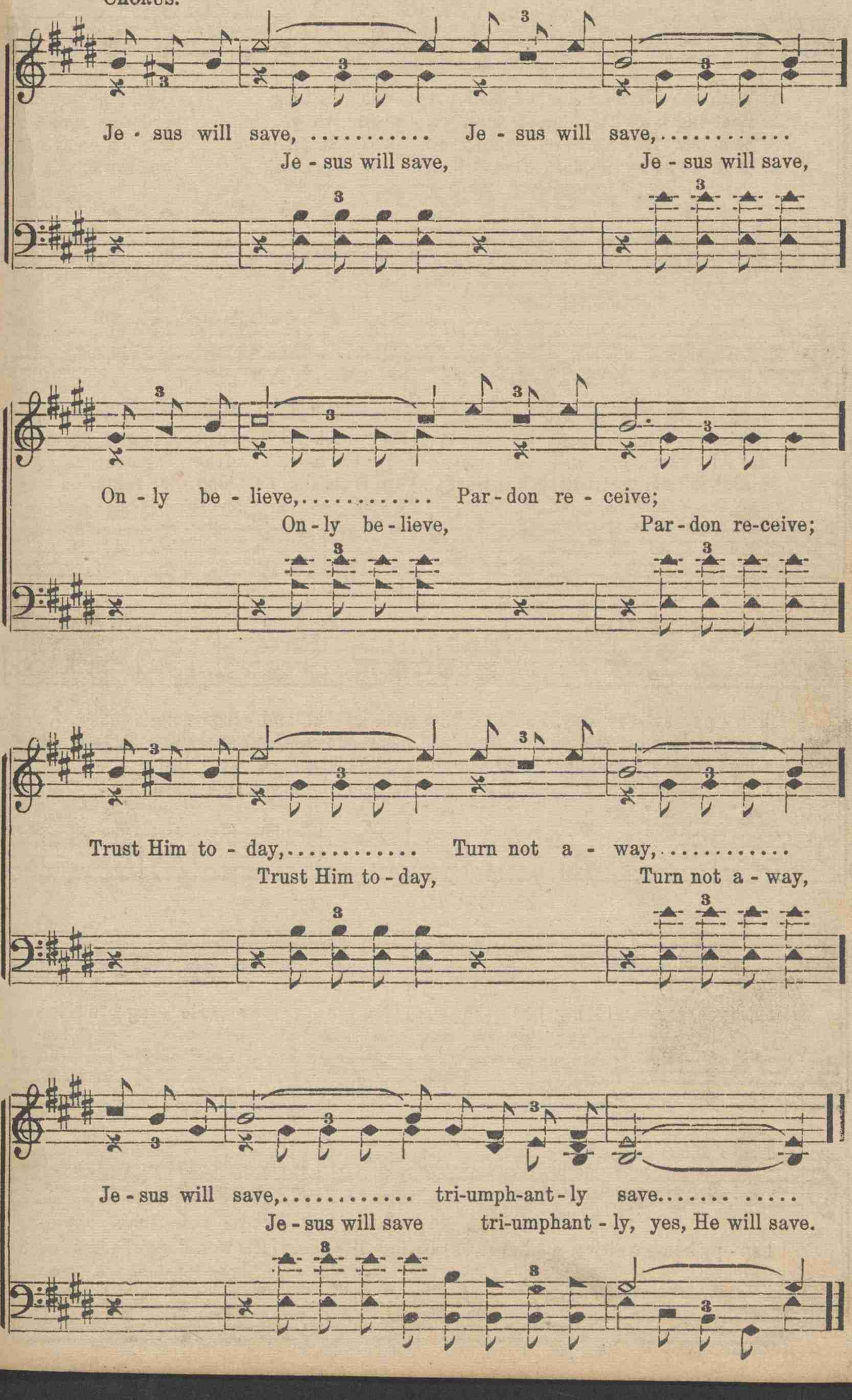
Free - ly He gave His life on dark Cal - va - ry's brow,
On - ly be - lieve and trust, you'll find Je - sus is true,
There is no friend so true, He died, sin - ner, for you,

Je - sus did save,..... and Je - sus will save.
Je - sus will save,..... tri - umph-ant - ly save.
Je - sus will save,..... O yes, He will save.
Je - sus will save, Je - sus will save.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

# Jesus Will Save. Concluded.

CHORUS.



# No. 40. Bound For Glory With the King.

James Rowe. L. B. Register.

1. With the bless-ed Son of God press - ing a-long, . . . Go - ing to the
2. Beat-ing back the foes of God, on - ward we go, And our love for
3. Soon our tri - als here be - low all will be past, . Soon a - way our
4. Soul a - stray in dark-ness still, fol - low the Lord, . . . Join the throng and

land of light, pleas-ure and song; Sure that Je - sus knows the way, we are
Christ our King free-ly we show; He will keep us till the end, prove to
dai - ly cares all will be cast; For the morn is draw - ing near, an - gel
march with Him, trusting His word; Turn from sin, no long - er roam, on - ly

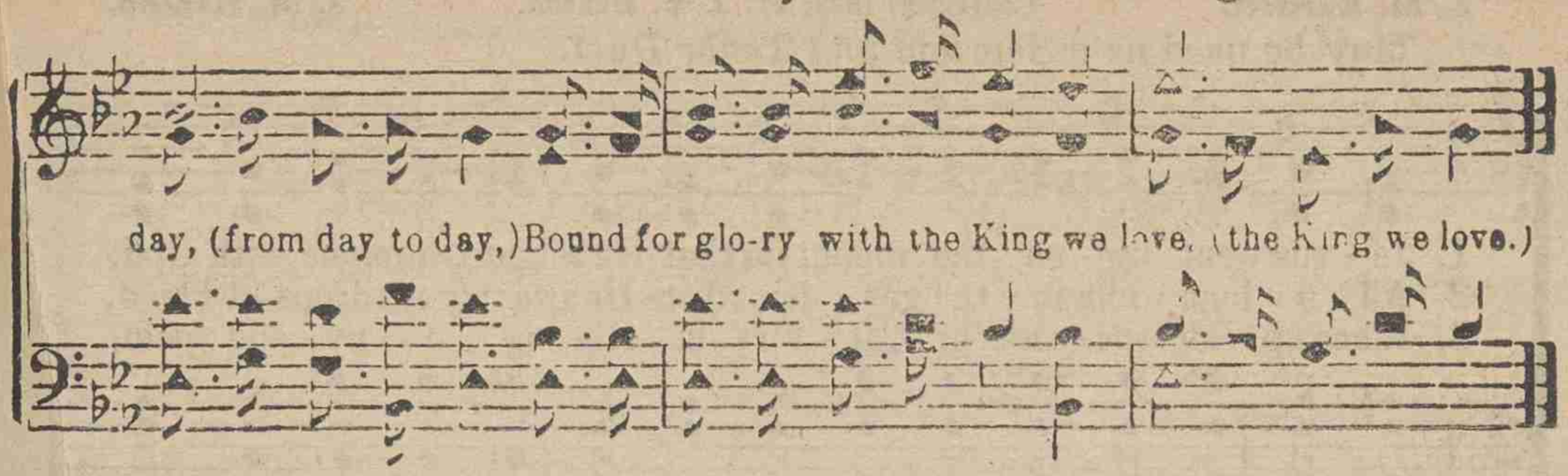
REFRAIN.

hap - py ev - 'ry day, Praising Him with an un-end - ing song.
be our tru-est friend, For His blood has made us white as snow. Trav-el - ing
songs we soon shall hear, And shall look up-on His face at last.
Christ can lead you home, And be-stow on you the great re - ward.

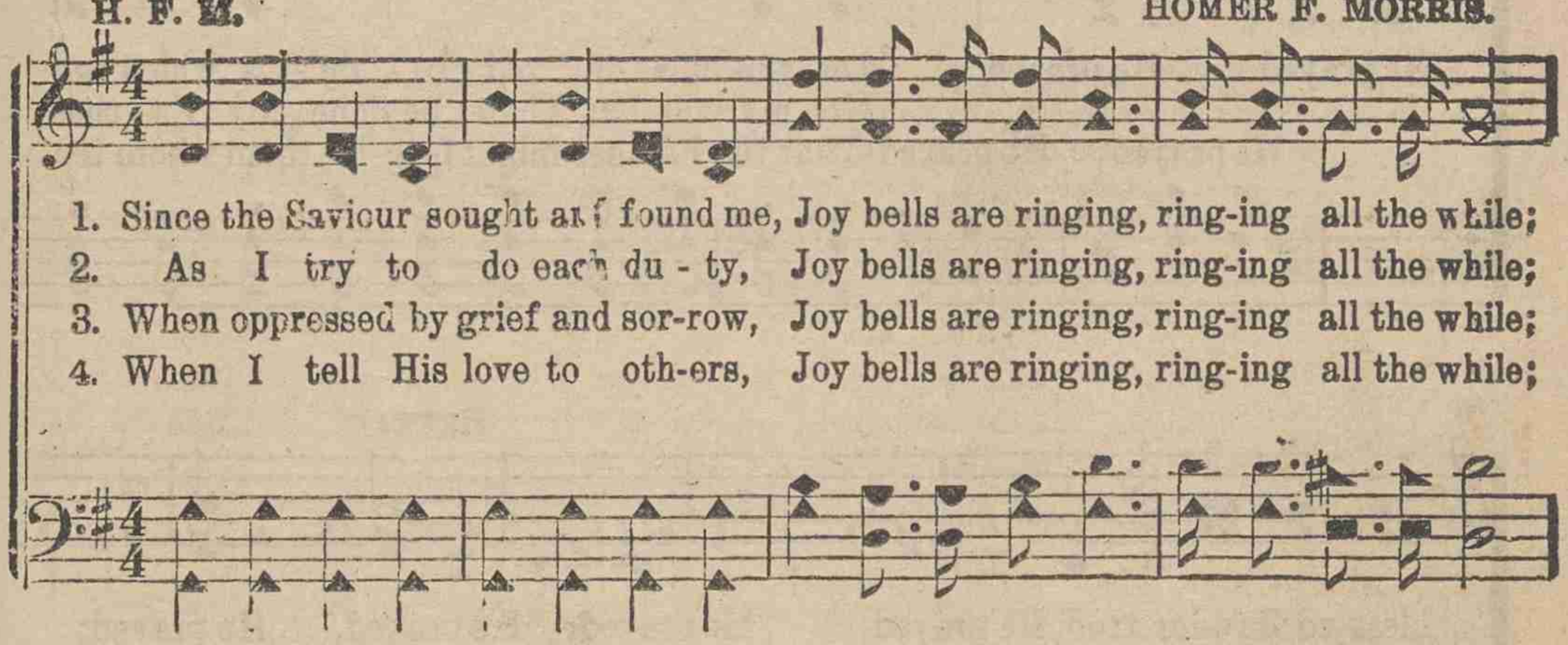
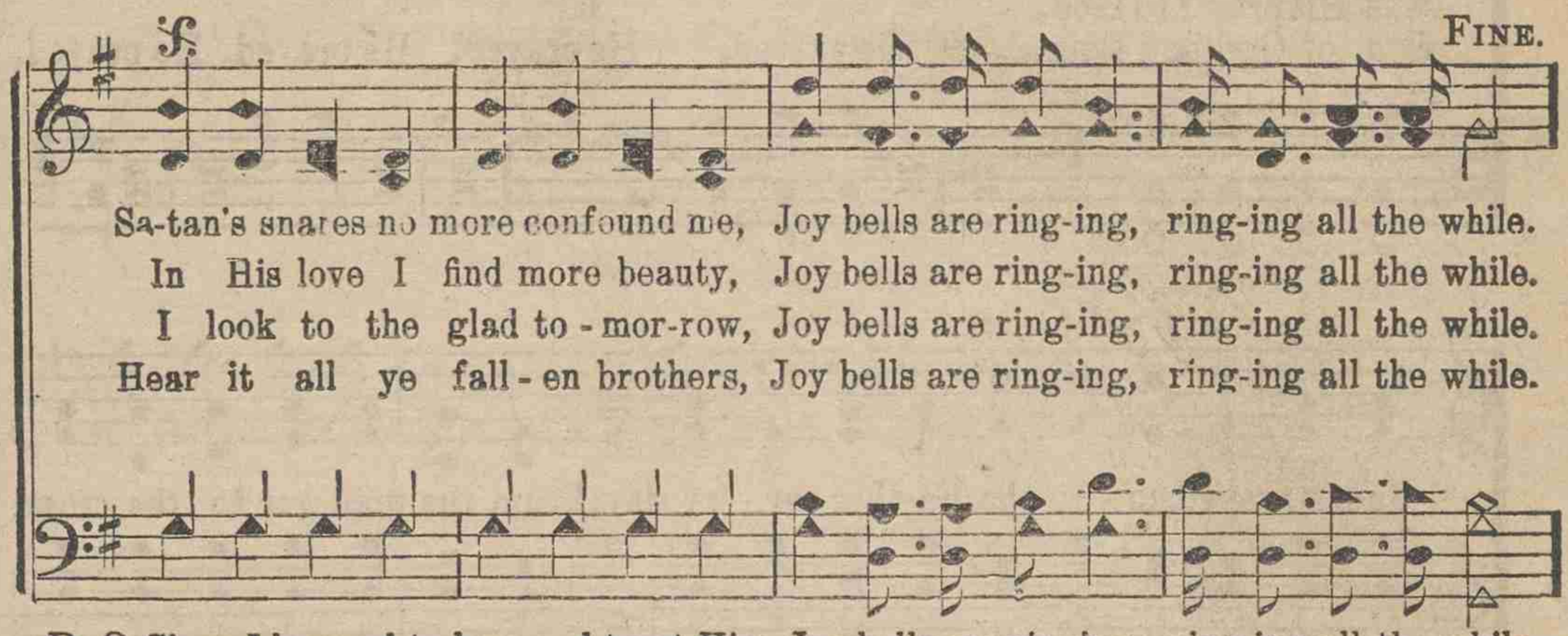
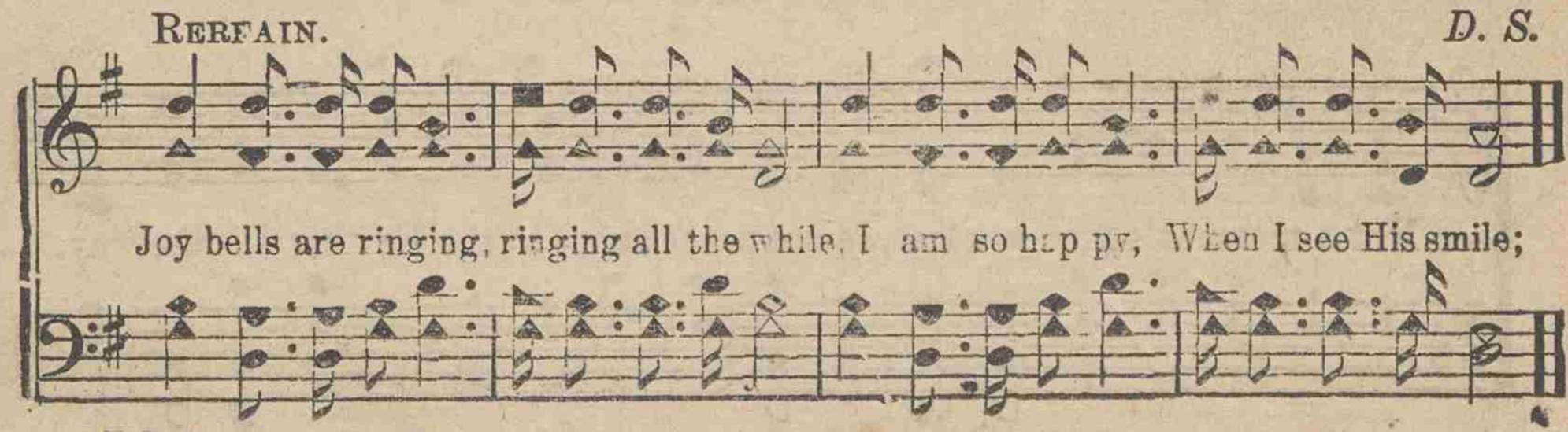
on, (yes, trav - el - ing on) the way, (the glo - ry way,) Go - ing to the

hap - py home waiting a - bove; Prais-ing His name (His won-der-ful name) each

# Bound For Glory With the King.



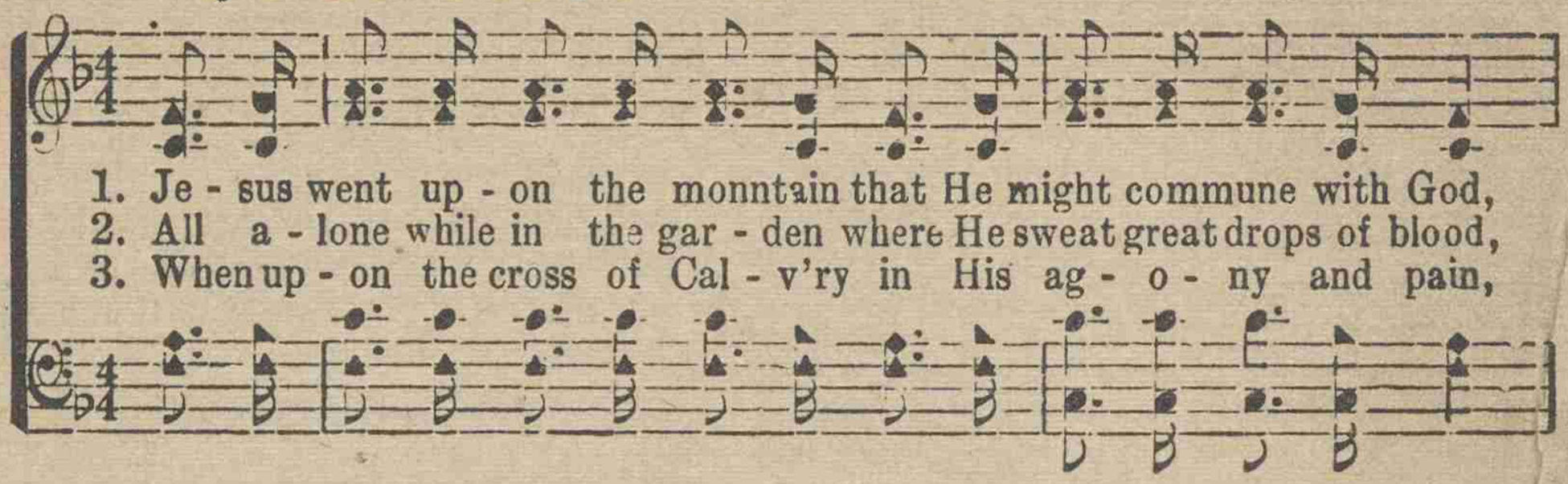
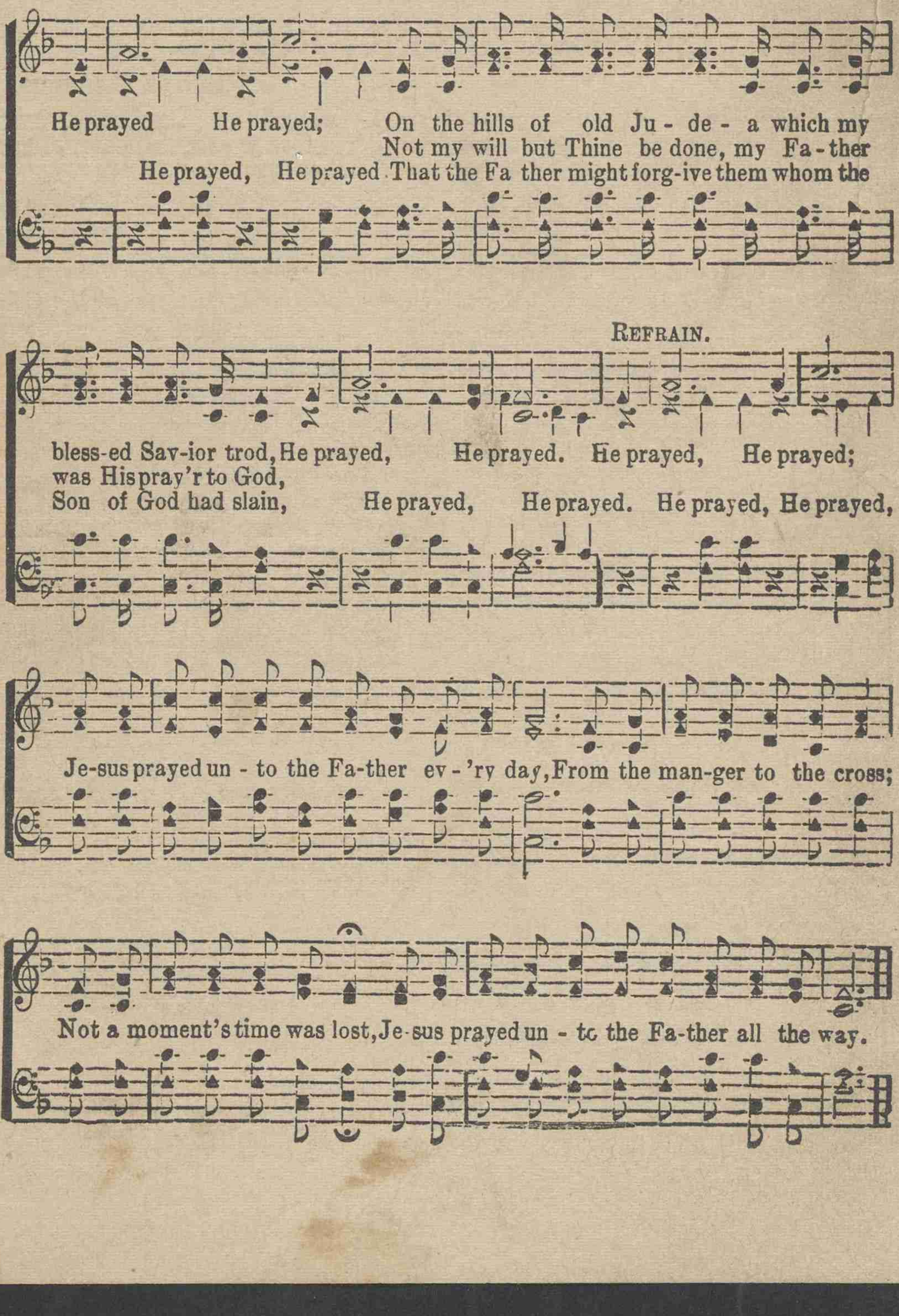

## No. 41. JOY BELLS ARE RINGING.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

*D. S.* Since I learned to love and trust Him, Joy bells are ringing, ring-ing all the while.

H. F. Morris, owner. 1914

# No. 42. He Prayed.

E. M. Barnett. Copyright, 1923, by J. M. Henson. J. M. Henson.

*May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.*



# No. 43. The Home-Land.

**Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.** J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**

1. Far be-yond the flee cy clouds is my homeland, (is my home-land,) That fair
2. Of-ten while I'm waiting here I grow homesick, (I grow homesick,) And I
3. Ev - 'ry one is hap-py there in the homeland, (in the home-land,) For the
4. Of - ten here I see this earth clothed in beauty, (clothed in beauty,) Flow'rs and

coun try nev - er seen by mor-tal eyes; I am on - ly pass-ing thro' on a
won-der why the Mas-ter waits so long; For I long to hear the harps of the
peo - ple in that coun-try nev - er die; Nev-er sickness there or pain, neith-er
blos-soms are a-round me as I roam: But it nev-er can compare with my

jour-ney, (on a jour-ney,) And my home is far a - bove the star - ry skies.
an - gels, (of the an-gels,) And I long to hear the saints break forth in song.
sor-row, (neither sorrow,) For the Father's hand will dry my weep-ing eye.
homeland, (with my homeland,) Farewell earth, at ev'n-ing I am go - ing home.

D. S.—Soon on pin - ions I will rise and soar to thee.

REFRAIN.

O the home-land, beau-ti-ful home-land, Fade-less land of pure de-light;

Where the an-gels walk in white, O the home-land, beau-ti-ful home-land,

# No. 44. My Trust is In God.

**Thos. R. Sweatmon.** W. C. Tinsley and J. M. Henson, owners. **W. C. Tinsley.**

1. My trust is in God, I be - lieve in His Word His com-mandrments I'll
2. Tho' world-ly ar - ray would lead me a - way From the things that are
3. Oh dust of the sod, my trust is in God, For no oth - er can
4. When con-flicts a - rise and dark - ens the skies That sur-round me on

ev - er o - bey; He still - eth my grief and gives me re - lief, And
ho - ly and true; But I look a - bove for heav - en - ly love To
help me a - long; His Spir - it is n ar to com - fort and cheer And
ev - er - y hand; I'll put my whole trust in God who is just, And

REFRAIN.

lead - eth my spir - it each day. My trust,..... my trust,.....
give me a life that is new.
keep me se-cure from the wrong.
on His great prom - is - es stand. Sa-cred trust, my on - ly trust,

Is anchored in Je - sus a - lone;..... He's com-ing some day
Christ a - lone;

to bear me a - way To in - fi - nite realms of His own..... .....
own, His own.

# No. 45. How Can You Live Without Jesus.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Homer F. Morris.

1. You may live without treasures of priceless worth, You may live with - out
2. You may love the ex-cite-ment of earth-ly gain, The vain pleasures you
3. You are on - ly a sin-ner who needs the blood Of the Sav - ior to

own - ing a foot of earth. You may live tho' ob-scure is your hu - man
love will soon crave a - gain, And your life may be free from all mor - al
fit you to live with God; Why O why not re-ceive Him as Sav - ior

REFRAIN.

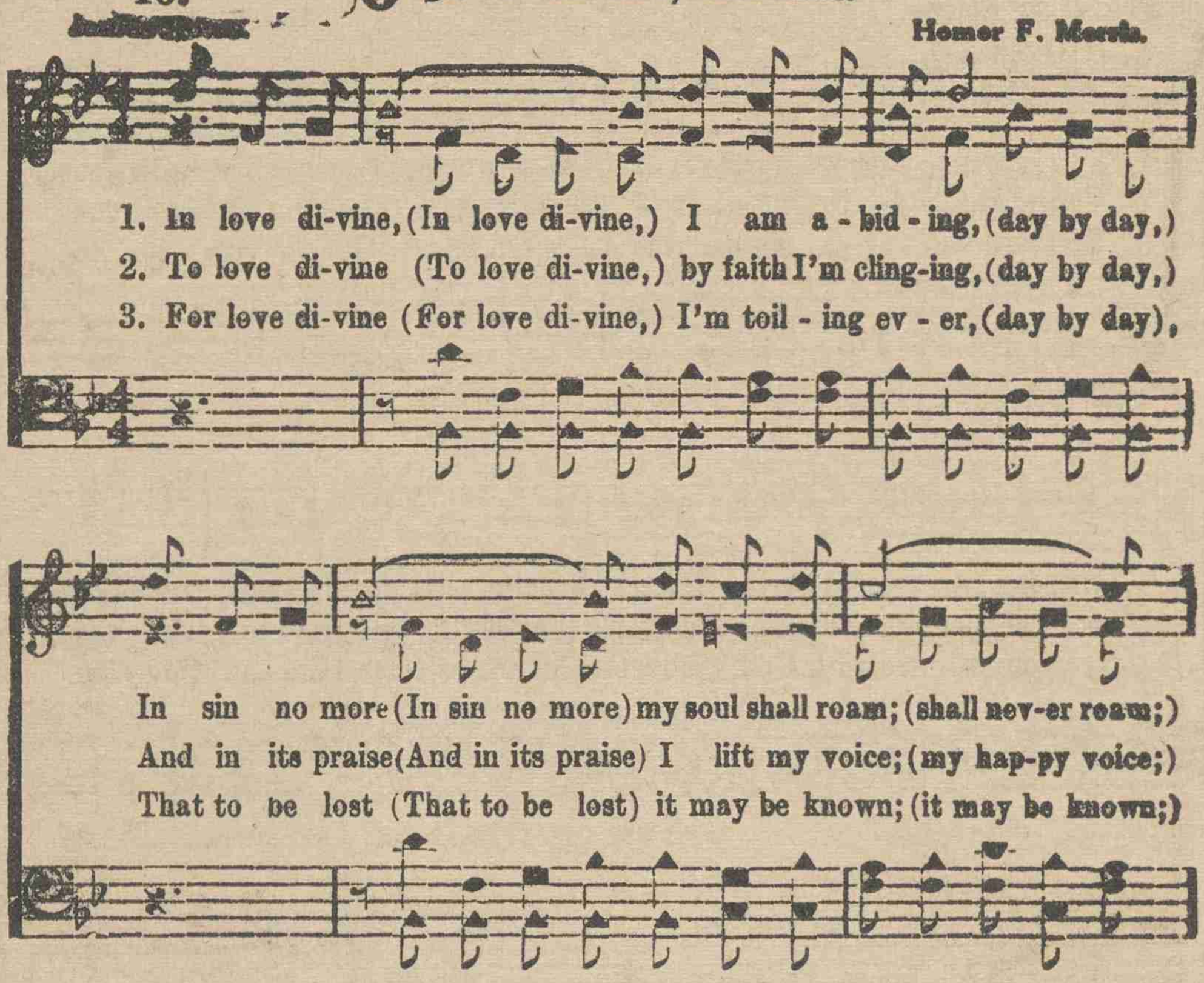
birth, But how can you live with-out Je - sus.
stain, But how can you live with-out Je - sus. How can you live with - out
Lord, Then live ev - 'ry moment with Je - sus.

Je sus, God's Son, What will you do when life's race you have run, "Wandering
stars" with no bright cen-tral sun Are all who go on with-out Je - sus.

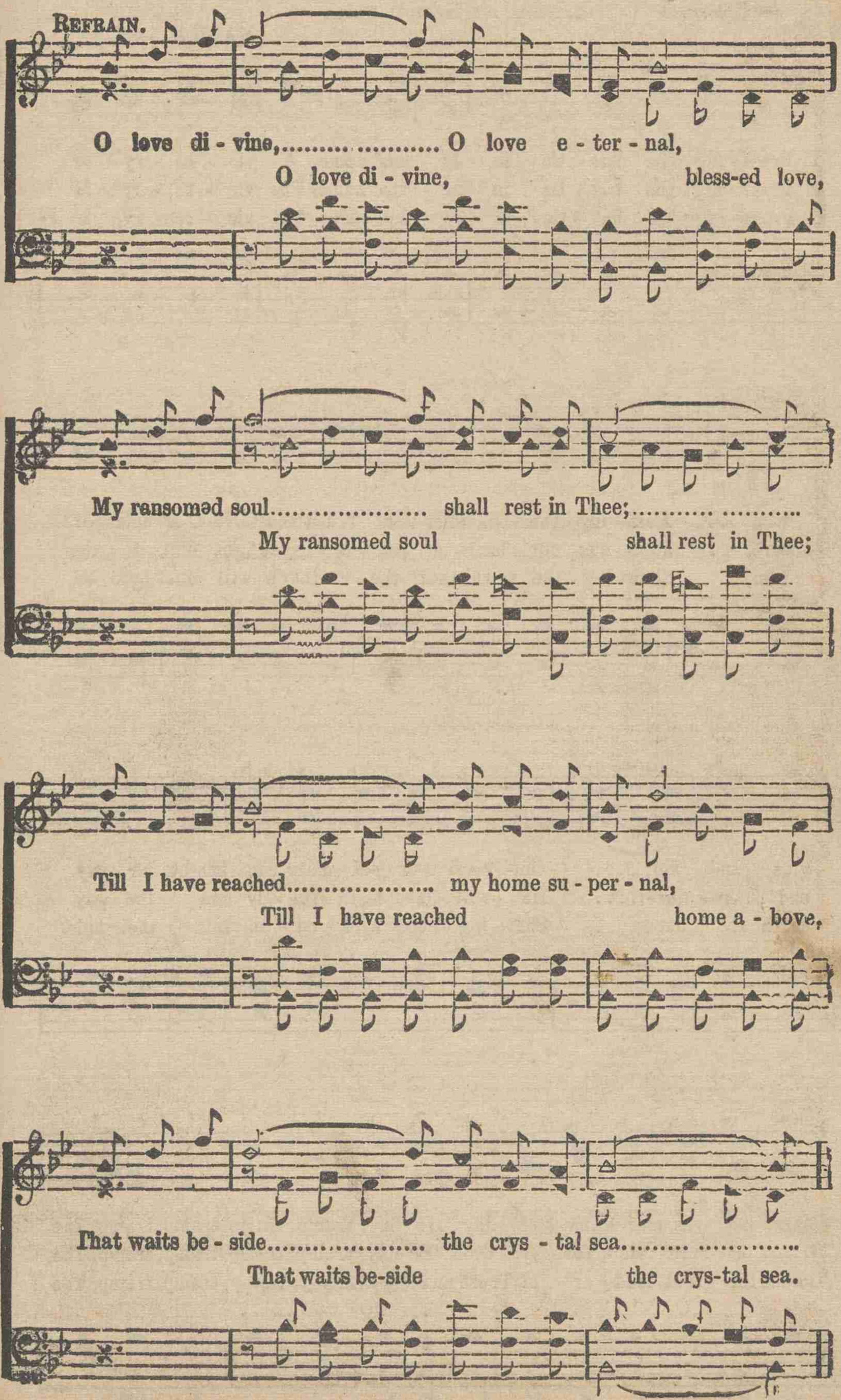
Copyright, 1922. in "Special Songs, No. 2." H. F. Morris, owner.

## 46. O Love Divine, Eternal!

Homer F. Morris.



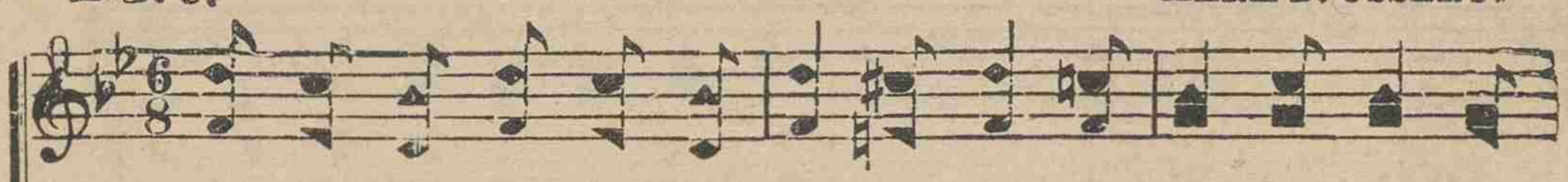
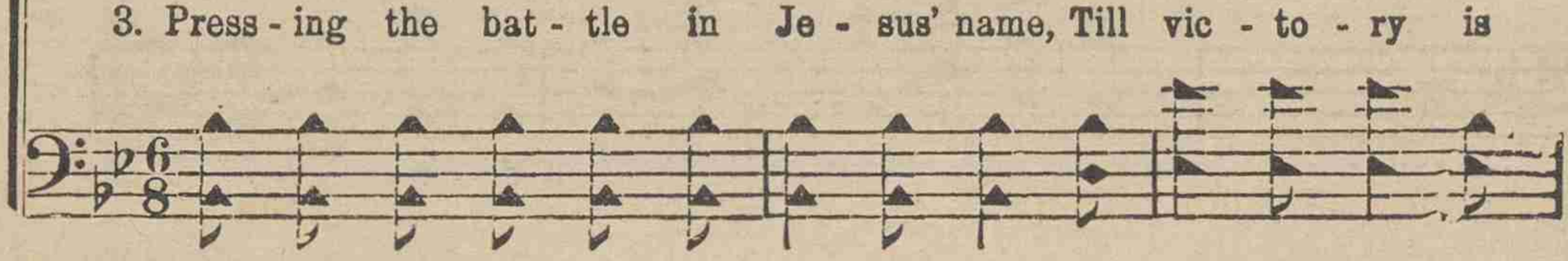

Copyright, 1922, in "Crowning Hymns, No. 2." H. F. Morris, owner.

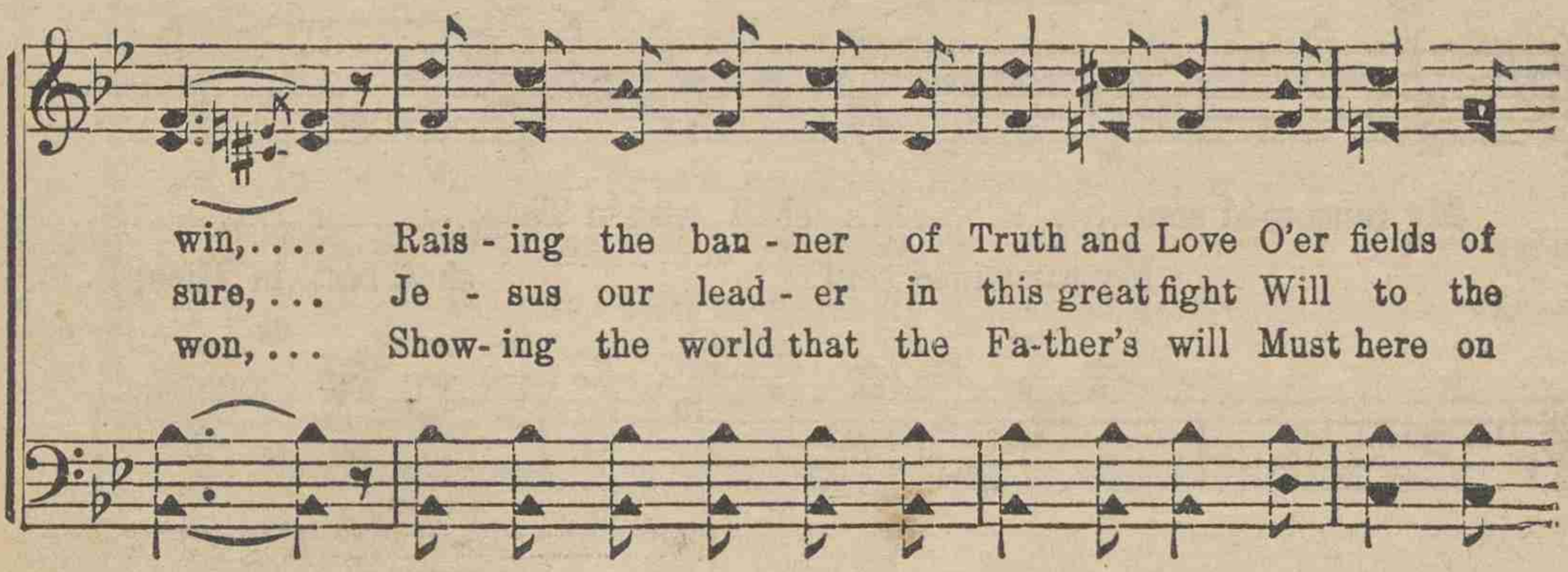
# O Love Divine, Eternal!

47.

# The Victory to Win.

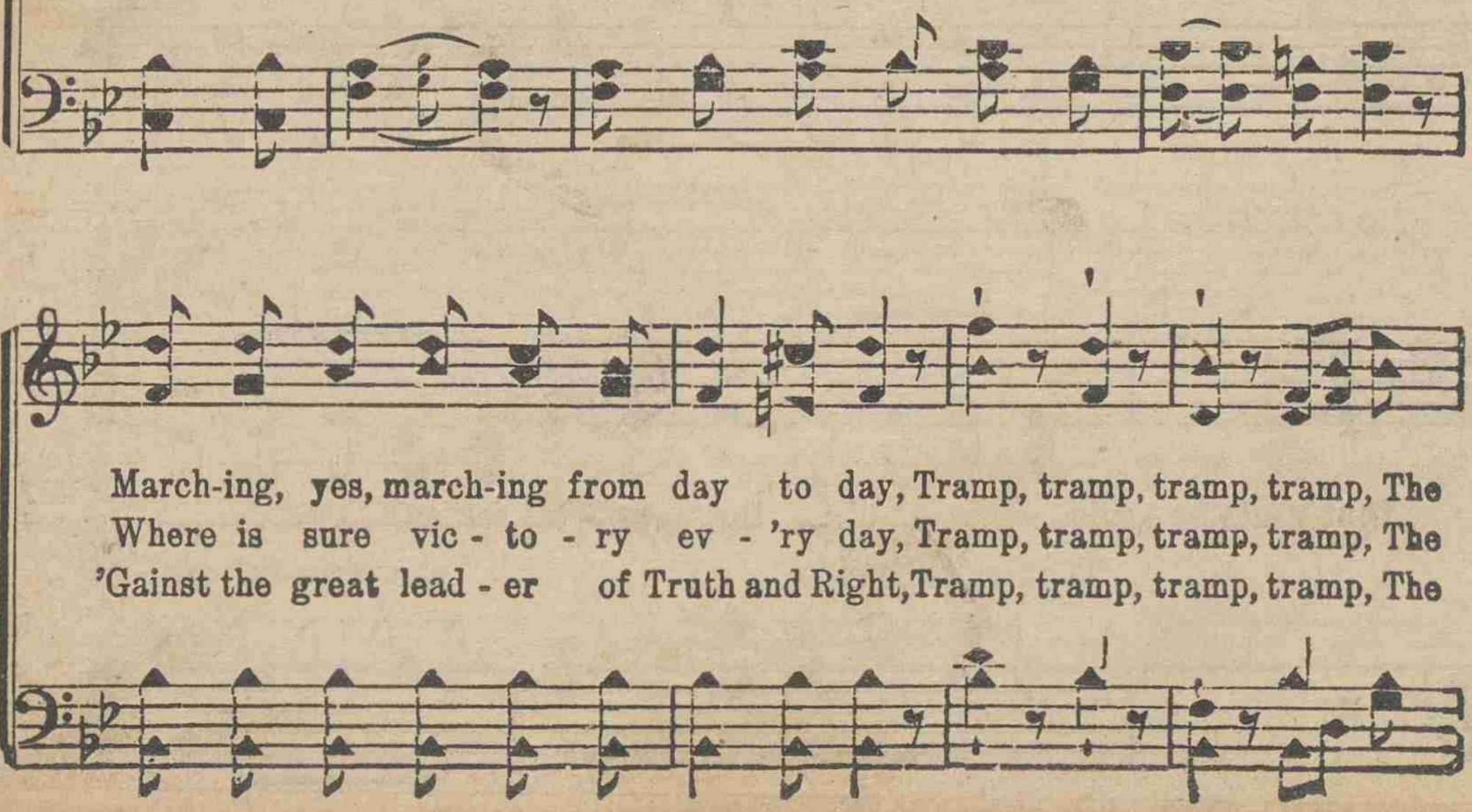
Copyright, 1913, by M. D. Ussery.

M. D. U.

MARK D. USSERY.

1. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, A vic - to - ry to
2. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, The vic - to - ry is
3. Press - ing the bat - tle in Je - sus' name, Till vic - to - ry is

win,.... Rais - ing the ban - ner of Truth and Love O'er fields of
sure,... Je - sus our lead - er in this great fight Will to the
won,... Show- ing the world that the Fa-ther's will Must here on



vice and sin;..... On - ward our sol - diers in bright ar - ray,
end en - dure;.... He will lead faith - ful - ly in the way
earth be done;.... Show- ing the wick - ed in vain is their fight



March-ing, yes, march-ing from day to day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The
Where is sure vic - to - ry ev - 'ry day, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The
'Gainst the great lead - er of Truth and Right, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, The

# The Victory to Win. Concluded.

CHORUS.

vic - to - ry to win. (to win.) Tramp, tramp,
vic - to - ry to win. (to win.)
vic - to - ry to win. (to win.) Press-ing the bat - tle in

tramp, tramp, The vic - to - ry to win; ..... Tramp,
Je - sus' name, to win; Rais - ing the

tramp, tramp, tramp, O'er fields of vice and sin;....
ban - ner of Truth and Love,

On - ward, our sol - diers, in bright ar - ray, Marching, yes, marching from

day to day; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, the vic - to - ry to win.....
to win.

# No. 48. O Why Not To-night?

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine
2. The mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to

eyes a-gainst the light, Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart,
long de - lud - ed sight, This is the time, O then be wise,
thus His love re-quite, Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will,
Him their souls u - nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done,

CHORUS.

Be saved, O to - night. O why not to -
O why not to - night?

night? O why not to - night? Wilt
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night?

thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall. Used by per.

## No. 49. HAPPY FOREVER AT HOME.

THOS. R. SWEATMON. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. When I get to heav- en and I join the an - gel band, I'll be
2. When the song of Mos - es and the Lamb the ransomed sing, I'll be
3. When the Sav - iour com-eth, and He says to me "Well done," I'll be

hap - py for - ev - er at home, I will rest from my la-bors in that
hap - py for - ev - er at home, There I'll spend countless a - ges, singing
hap - py for - ev - er at home, When I see that bright mansion, of the

bright and ho - ly land, I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at home.
glo - ry to our King, I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at home.
home in heav - en won, I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at home.

FINE.

D. S.—*I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at home.*

CHORUS.

I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at home, I'll be hap - py for - ev - er at
at home,

home, When my work on earth is done, and a fade-less crown is won,
at home,

D. S.

J. B. Vaughan, owner. Used by per.

## No. 50. Jesus Leads to Victory.

**James Rowe.** C. C, Stafford, owner., Oneonta, Ala. **Christopher C. Stafford,**

1. March on, ye le - gions of the Lord, And trust His guid-ing hand; And try to win the great re-ward While in this pil-grim land. March on, re-
2. The stand-ard of the cross un-furled Is wav - ing in the light; It shall be seen by all the world. This flag of truth and right. March on, your
3. Not al - ways here our souls shall roam, For rest and glo - ry wait; We soon shall see the lights of home, And en - ter at the gate. With an - gels

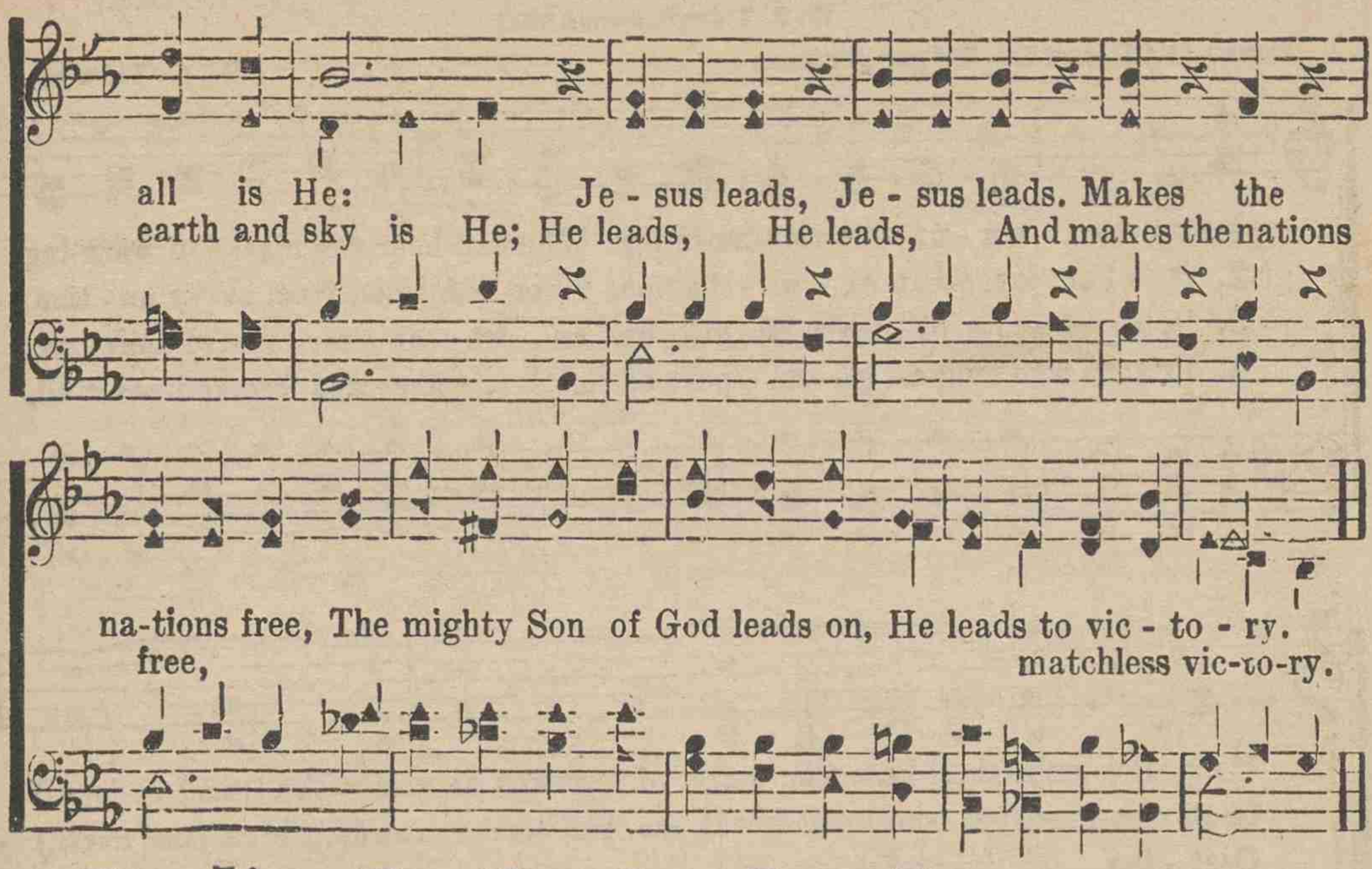
ly - ing on His grace And brave and faith-ful be, His foes shall flee be-
hap - py voic - es raise In per - fect har - mo - ny, And give Him glo - ry
on the bet - ter shore His chil-dren we shall be, His name to wor - ship

REFRAIN.

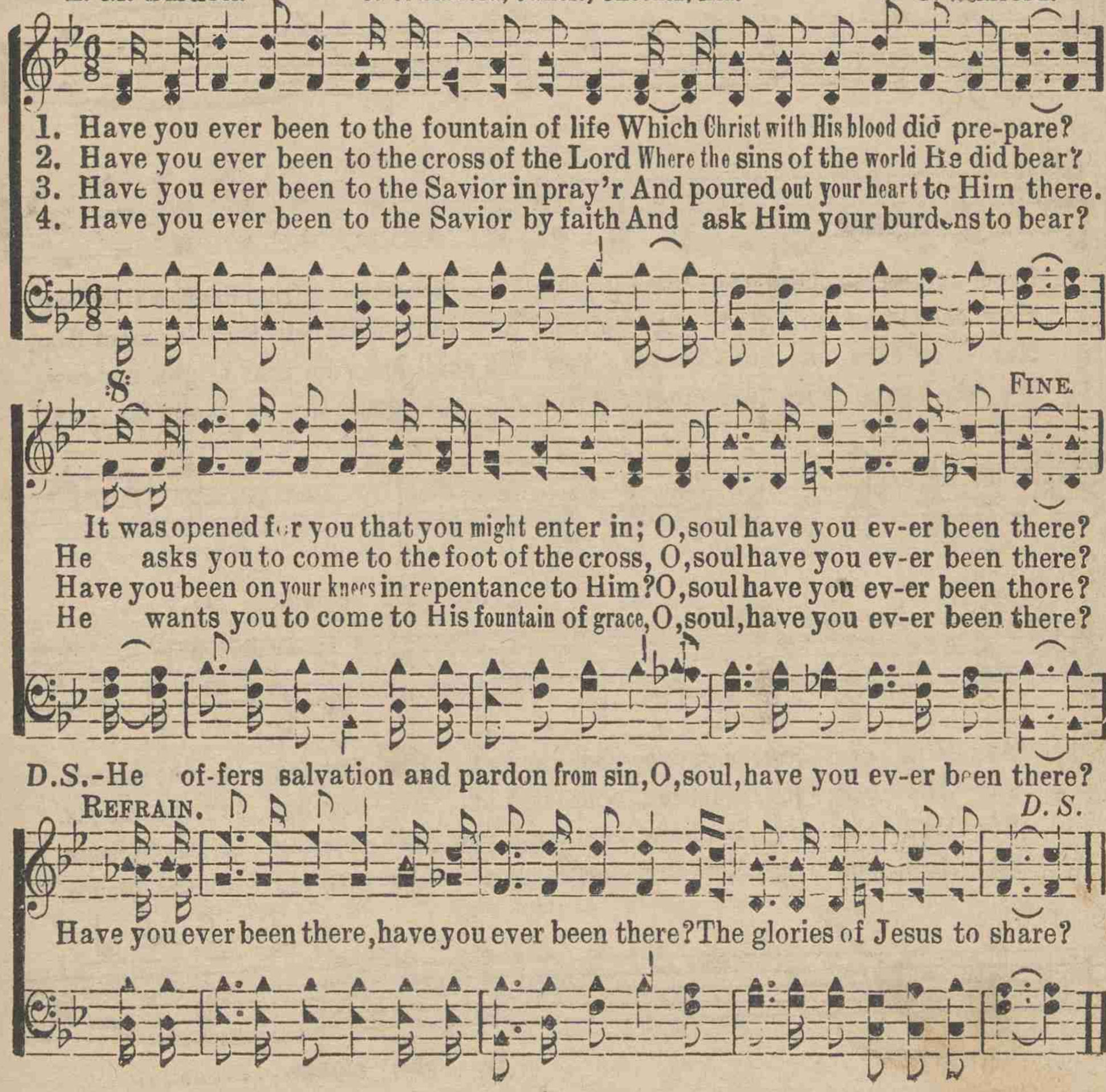
fore His face. He leads to vic - to - ry. Je-sus leads yes, He leads
all your days, He leads to vic - to - ry.
and a - dore, He leads to vic - to - ry. Our Lord leads on, He

on to vic - to - ry; The ti - dings tell, His prais-es swell, For Lord of
leads to vic - to - ry,

## Jesus Leads to Victory.




## No. 51. Have You Ever Been There.

E. M. Bartlett. C. C. Stafford, owner., Oneonta, Ala. C. C. Stafford.

# No. 52. He is Coming in the Clouds

W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1921

James Wells and Dr. Edgar Jackson — W. S. Tidwell

1. On the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing We shall hear the clar - ion warn-ing,
2. O what joy, what ex - ul - ta-tion, When redeemed from ev-'ry na - tion,
3. Robes of white will there be giv - en, As we en - ter in - to heav - en,
4. Friends who long a - go de - part-ed Left us lone and bro-ken-heart-ed,

Hear the call (shall hear the call) of trump - et loud; (the trump-et loud;)
Shall com-pose (yes, shall com-pose) the ran-somed crowds; (the ran-somed crowds;)
Cast - ing off (yes, cast-ing off) the som-ber shrouds; (all somber shrouds;)
As we went (yes, as we went) in sor - row bowed; (in sor-row bowed;)

From the tombs there shall come leaping Those a-wakened from death's sleep-ing,
How each one will glad - ly greet Him, How each heart will thrill to meet Him,
Nev - er care or nev - er sor - row We shall know on that bright mor-row,
We shall greet with fond em-brac - es, As we gaze in - to their fac - es,

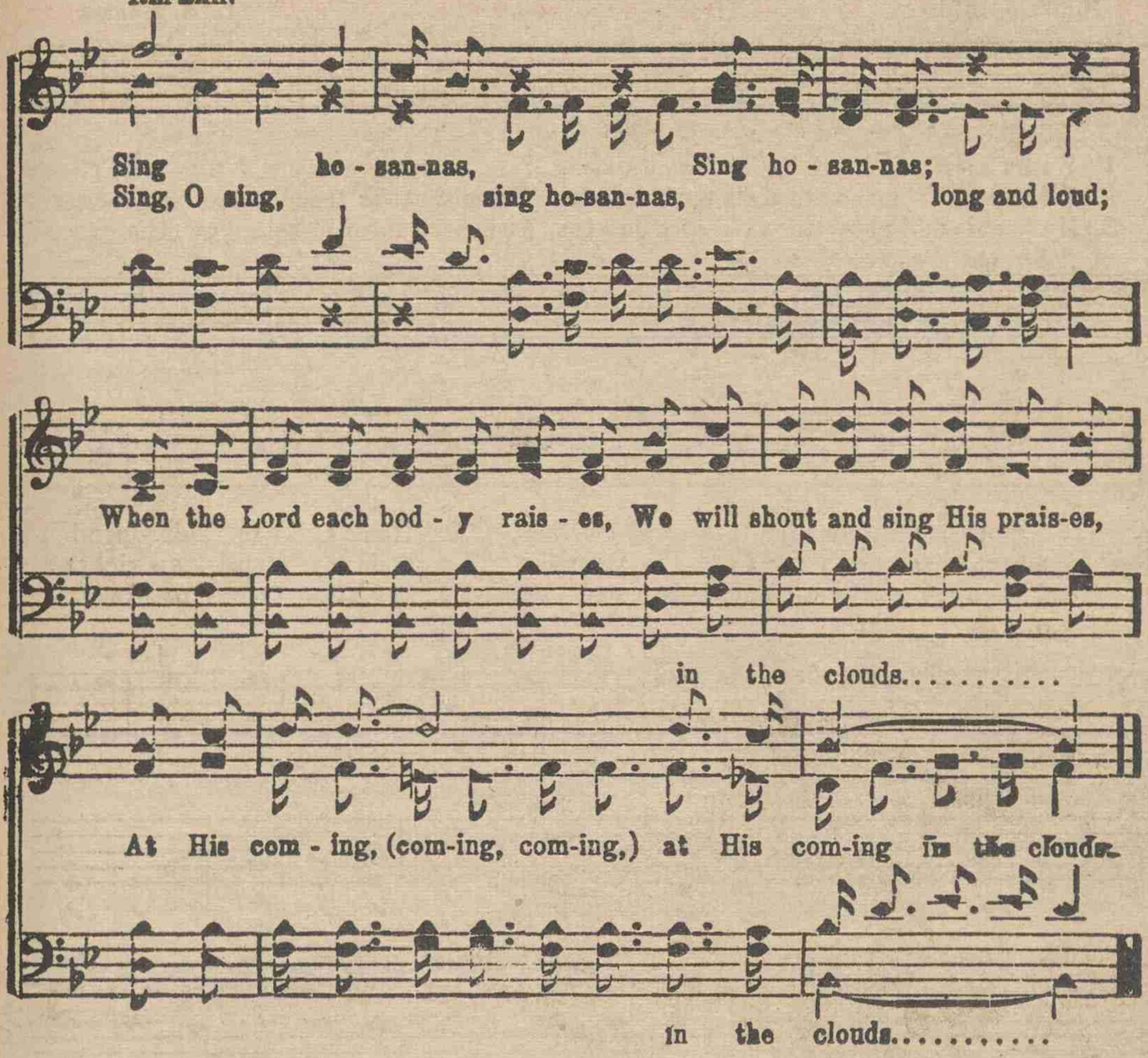
At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.
At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.
For He's com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) yes, He's com-ing in the clouds.
At His com - ing, (com-ing, com-ing,) at His com-ing in the clouds.

in the clouds.....

in the clouds.....

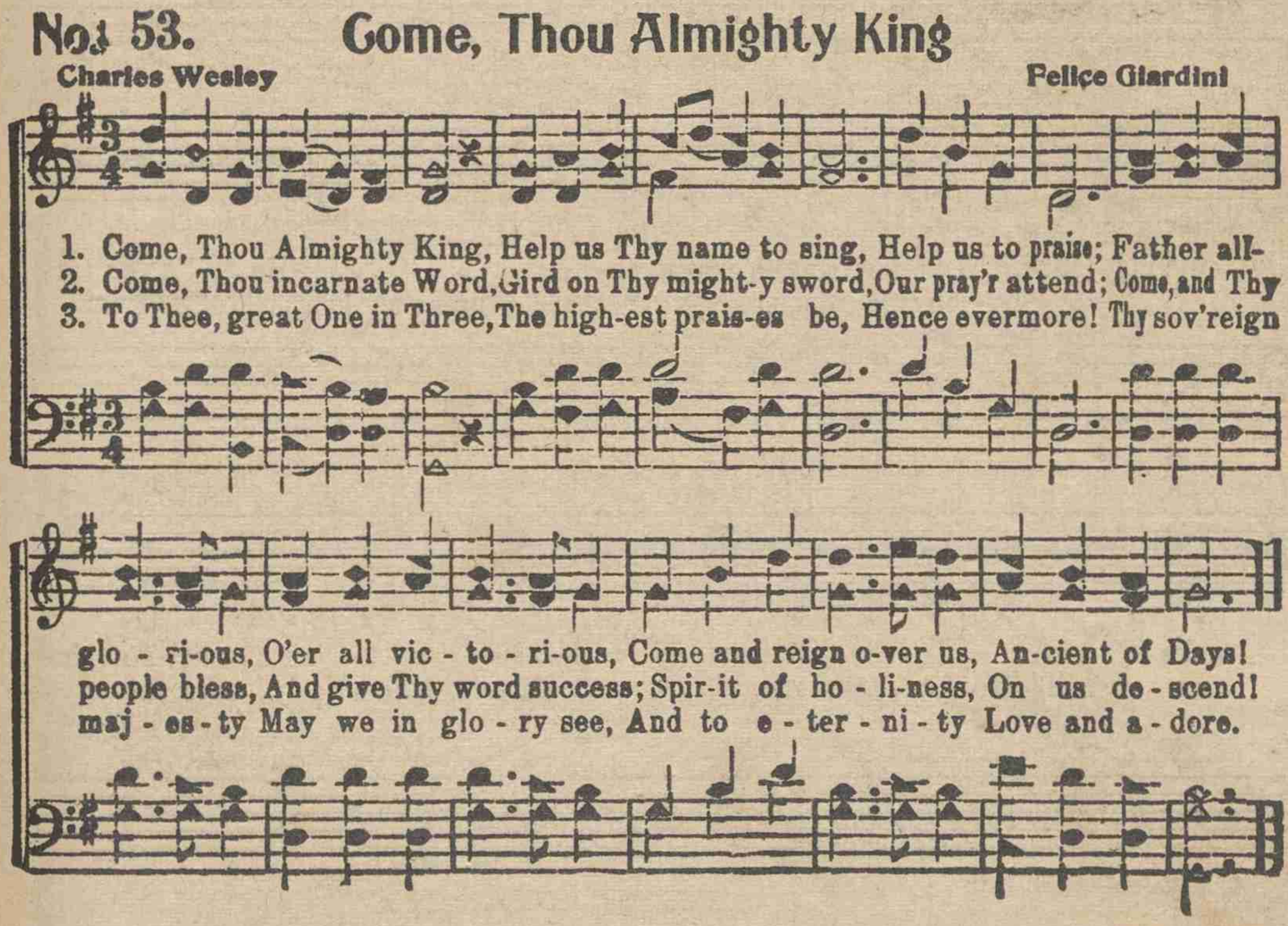
## He is Coming in the Clouds

REFRAIN




## No. 53. Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley — Felice Giardini



# No. 54. WALKING HOME WITH JESUS

N. W. Allphin. L. B. Harris

1 With Christ, my Lord. I'm dai-ly walk-ing, Yes, with my soul's e - ter - nal Friend;
2. What does it mean to walk with Je - sus? 'Tis more than trav-'ling as by sight.
3. My soul de-lights to walk with Je - sus, And share the full-ness of His grace

To guide me safe - ly thro' my jour-ney, On Him I can de - pend.
It means that in my Lord I'm trust-ing, To guide my steps a - right.
And when my earth - ly course is end - ed, I'll see Him face to face.

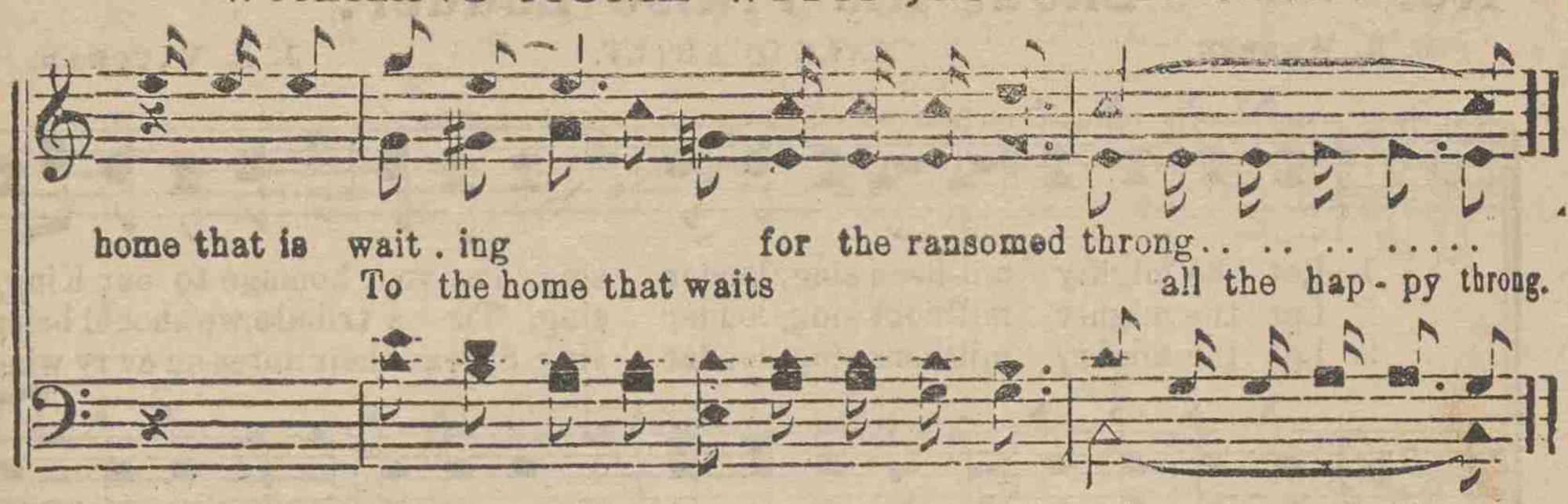
CHORUS.

He goes be - fore me, And watch-es o'er me, As
Je - sus goes be - fore me, And He watch-es o'er me,

on my jour-ney, (on my way) I press a - long: ..... .... He will ne'er for-
as up - on my jour-ney here I press a - long;

sake me, But safe-ly will take me To the
nev - er will He for - sake me, sure-ly, will safe-ly take me

L. B. Harris, owner 1923

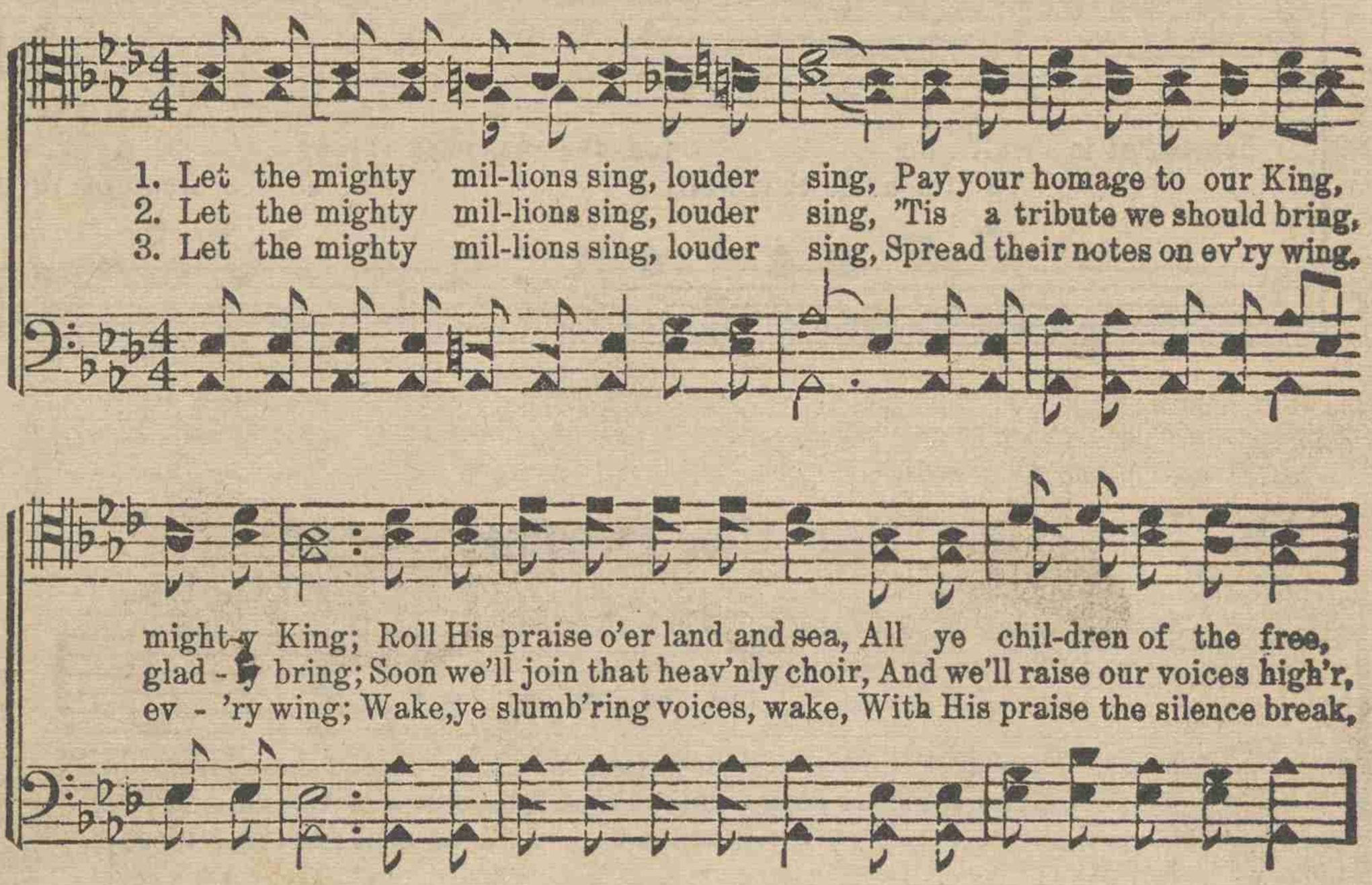


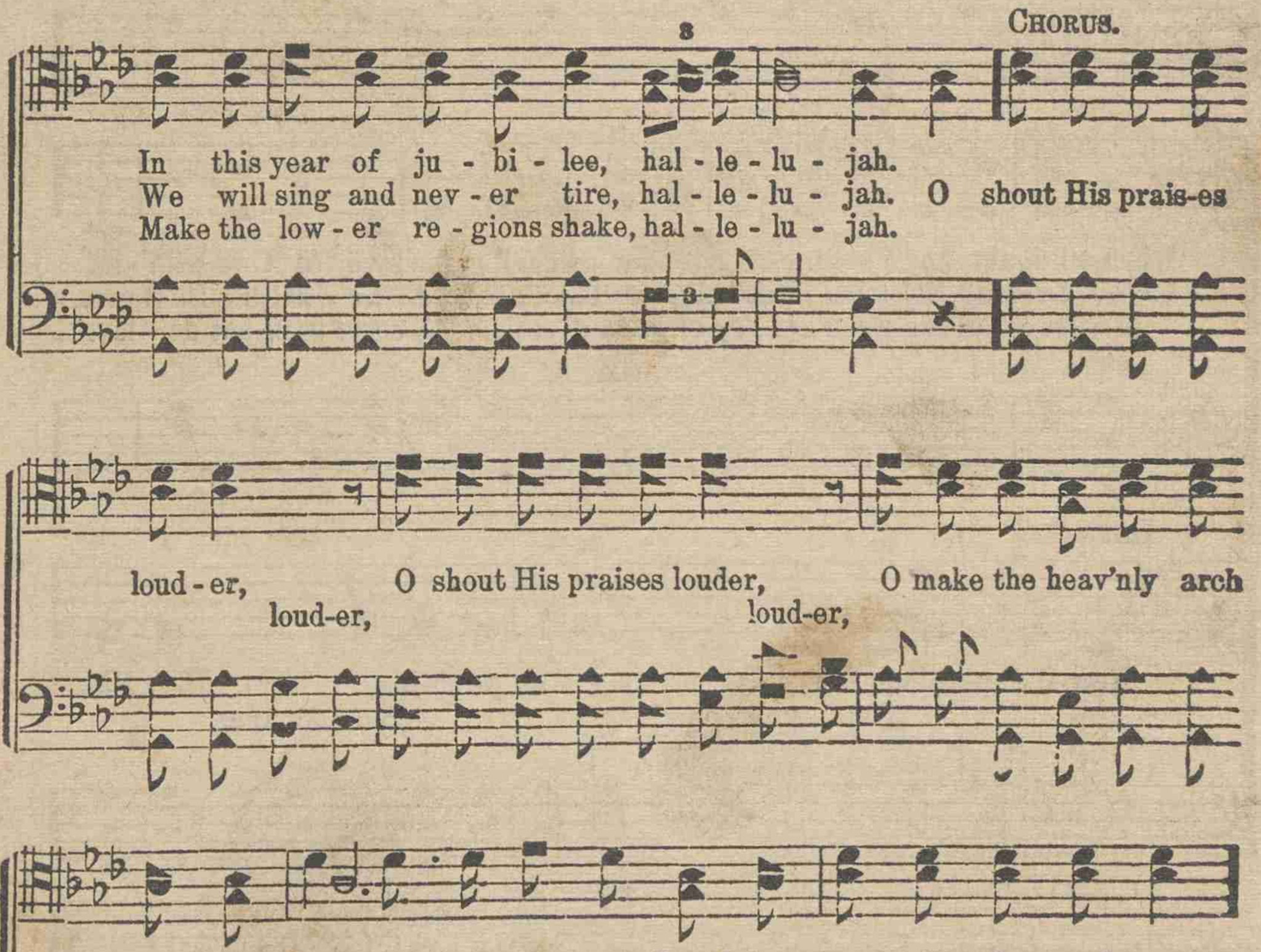

## No. 55. Hear Him Pleading.

J. P. L. J. P. Lane, by per.

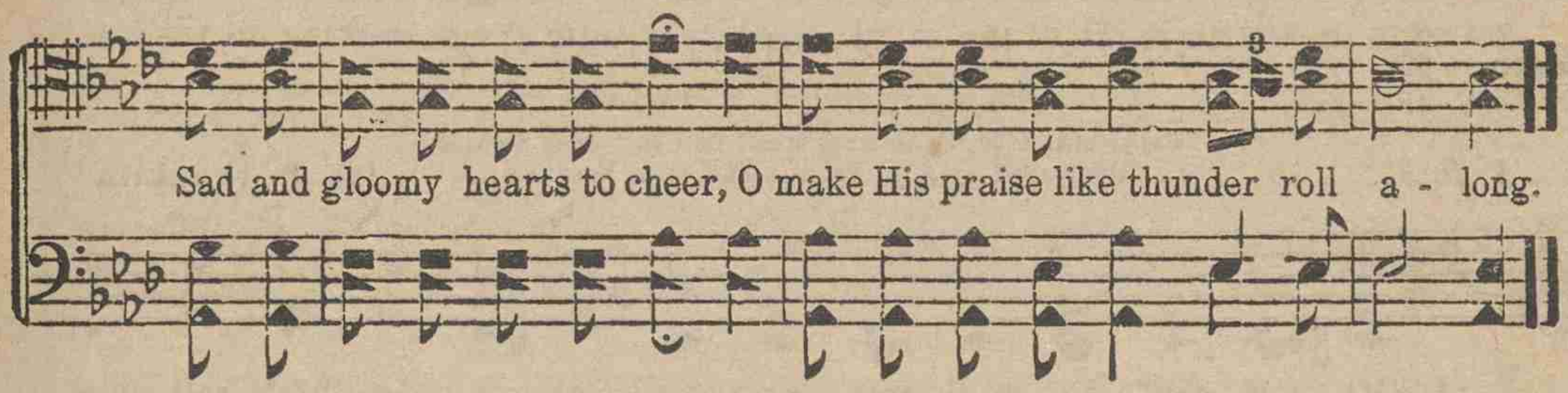
# No. 56. Shout His Praise Louder.

B. E. WARREN. MALE QUARTET. J. B. VAUGHAN.

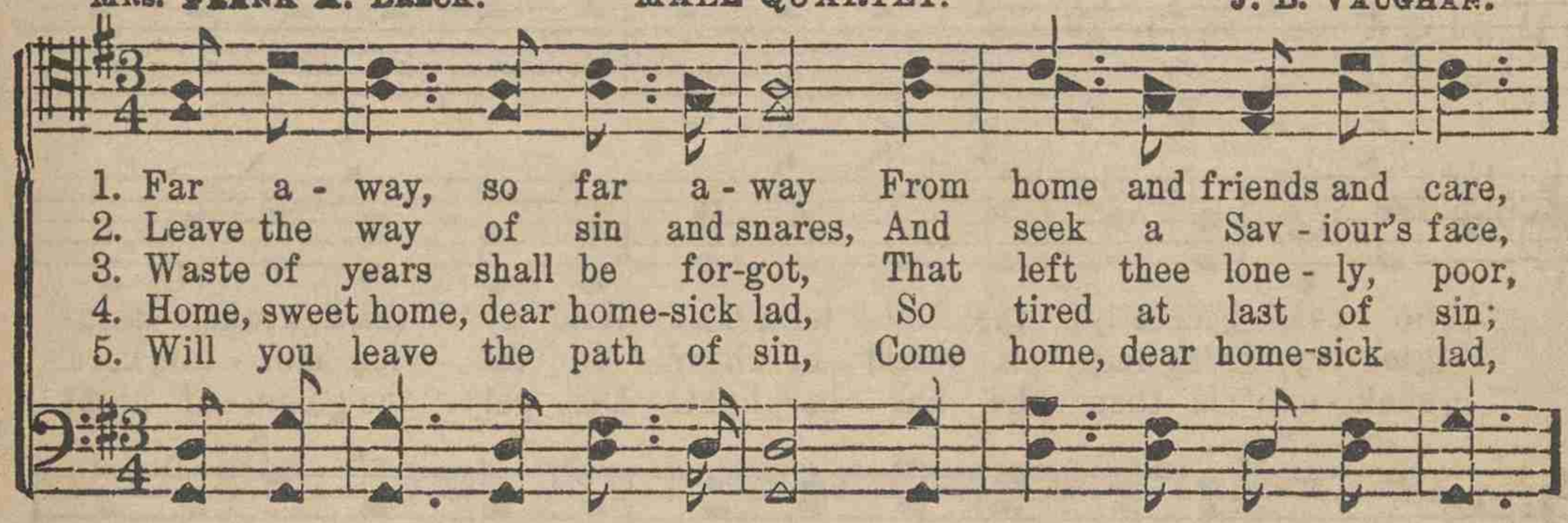
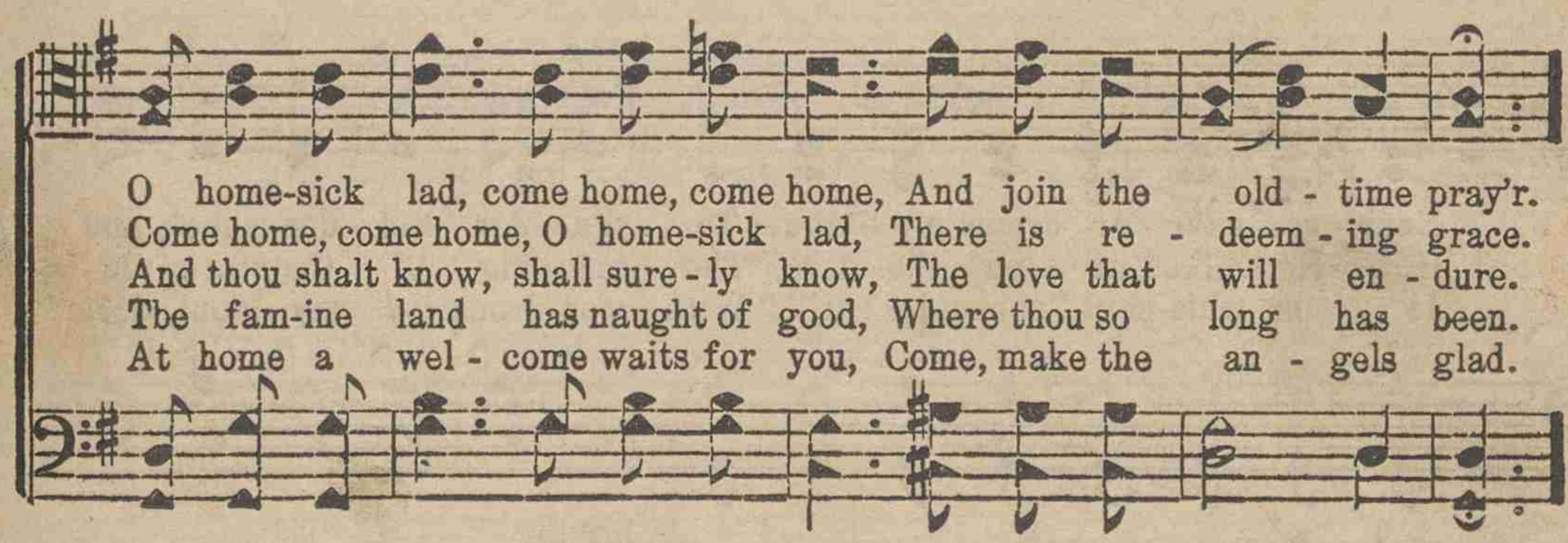
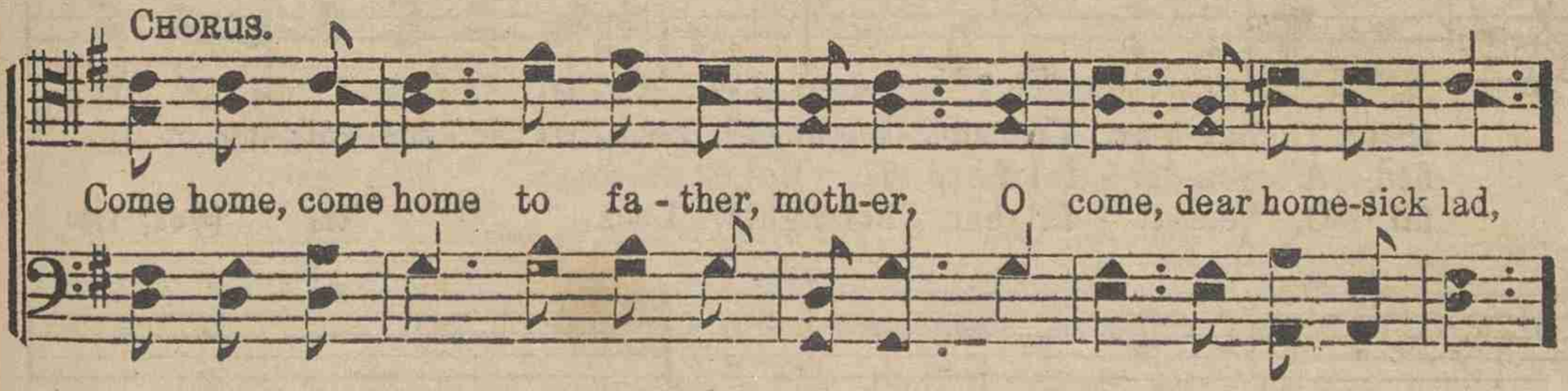
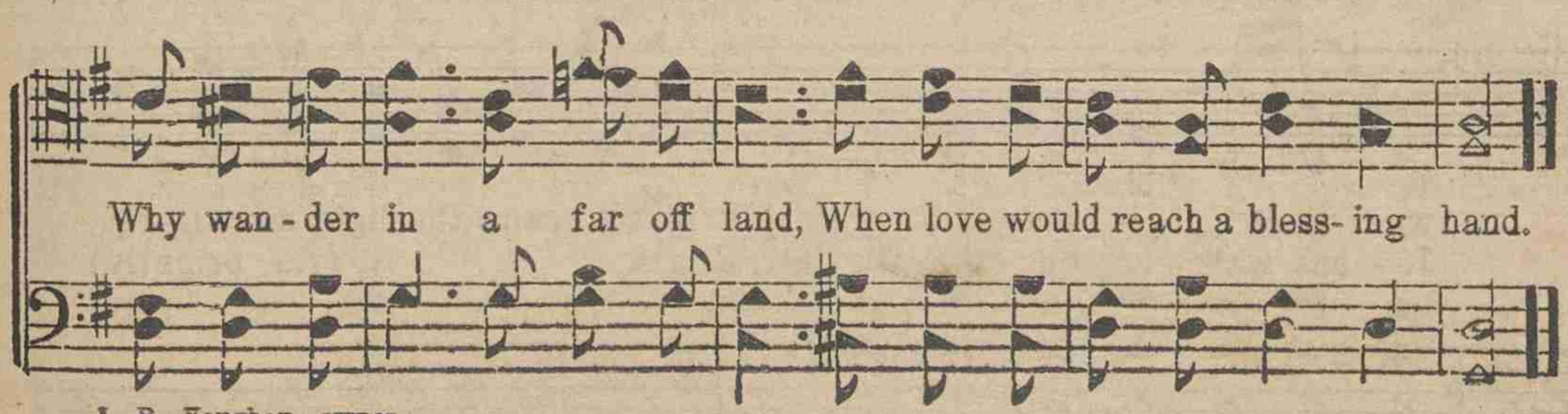


## Shout His Praise Louder. Concluded.




## No. 57. O Homesick Lad.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. MALE QUARTET. J. B. VAUGHAN.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

# No. 58. Beautiful Harbor Lights.

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."—Matt. 14-25.

(To my friend, J. E. Thomas.)

Copyright, 1922, by Quartet Music Co., in "Song Service."
Controlled by J. E. Thomas and J. B. Franklin.

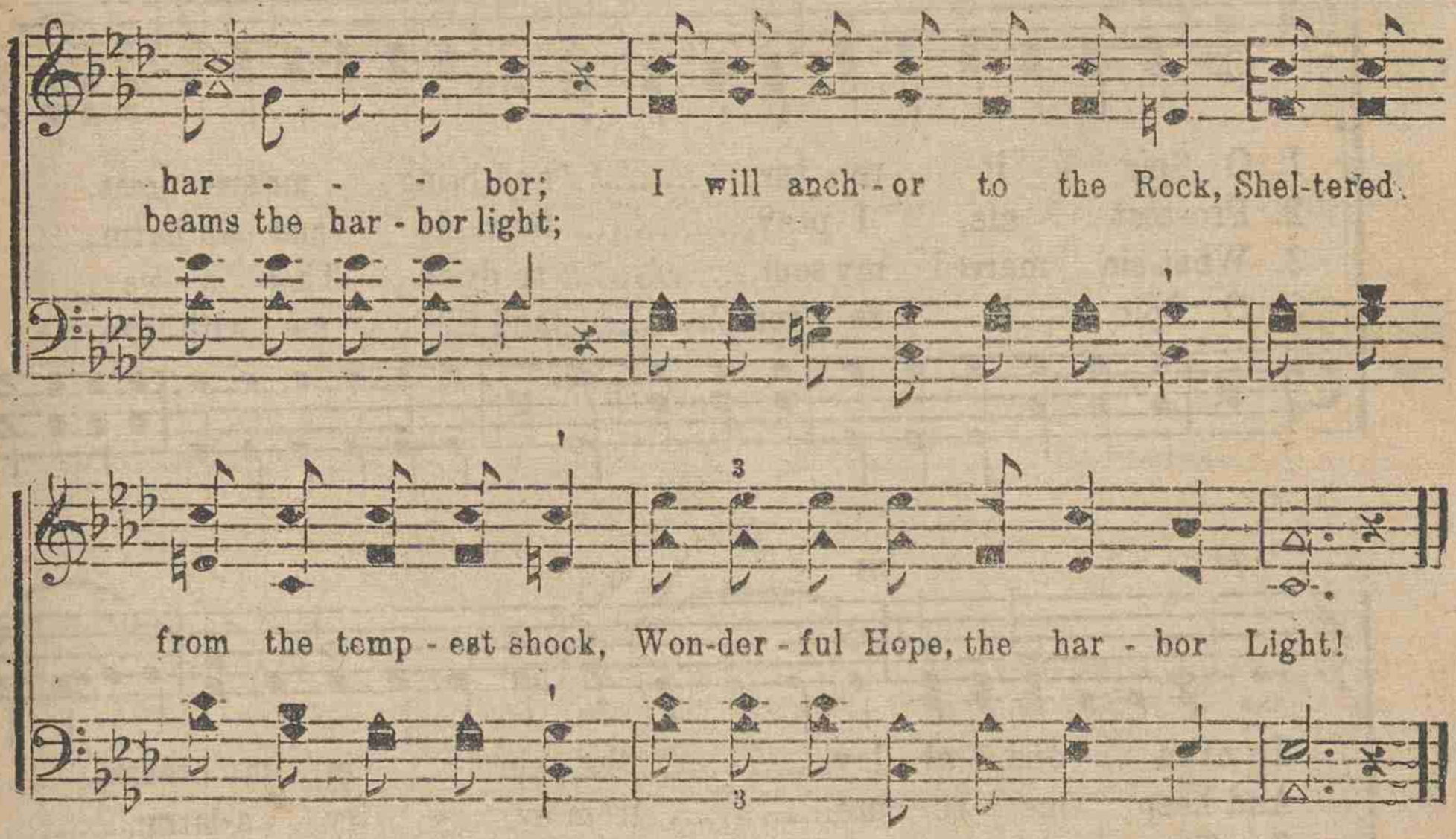
J. B. F. Jas. B. Franklin.

1. Oft my soul's in wild com - mo - tion, Out up - on life's roll - ing o - cean, Fierce-ly the bil - lows dash! Wild - ly the lightnings flash!
2. O'er and o'er I've read the sto - ry, How that Je - sus came from glo - ry, Bring-ing a world of cheer To fal - len mor - tals here.
3. Oft my soul doth seem for - sak - en, And my faith in Je - sus shak - en, 'Tis then the har - bor lights Dis - pel the gloom - of night.

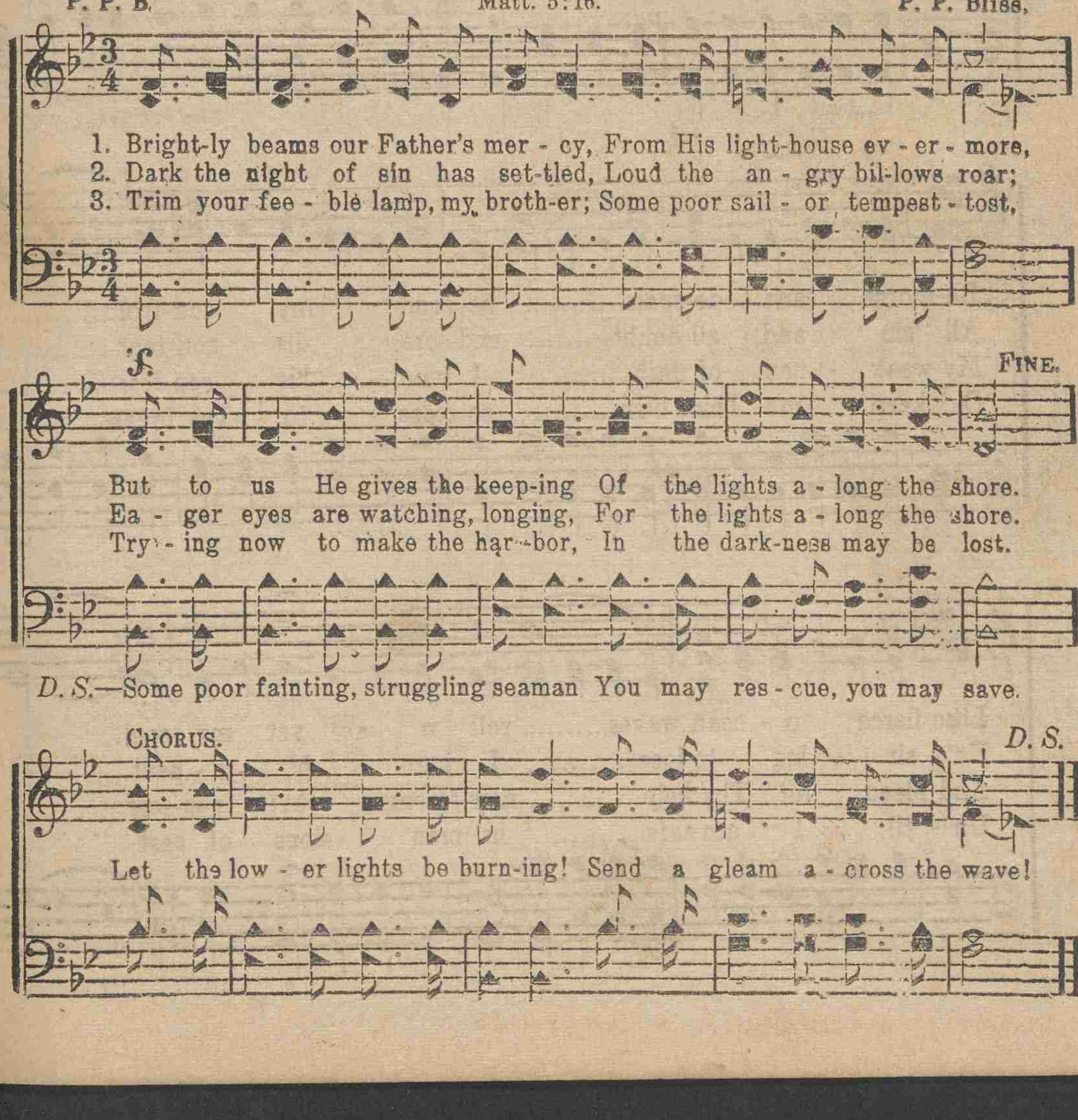
Near - er, near - er draws my barque, To yon - der hid - den shoals and rocks, O, Sav-iour, I'm sink - ing down! Look, 'tis Je - sus walk-ing on the wa - - - - ter, Brightly beams the light a-cross the
How He walked up - on the tide, The rag - ing of the storm de- fied, A won-der - ful Lord is He!
Je - sus whis-pers "peace, be still," With won-drous joy my soul doth fill, O, beau-ti - ful har - bor lights. Look, 'tis (yes, 'tis) Je - sus walk - ing on the wa - ter, Bright - - - ly, (yes, brightly)

*CHORUS.

*The small repeating notes may be used in chorus by Alto voice.

## Beautiful Harbor Lights. Concluded.

## No. 59. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. Matt. 5:16. P. P. Bliss.



# No. 60. O Spirit, Return.

**Rev. Thomas R Sweatmon.** Charlie D, Tillman, owner. **J. W. Askew.**

1. O Spir - it re - turn..... and bring me sweet rest, .....
2. Pro-tect me, I pray,..... from sin and all harm,.....
3. What sin marred my soul,..... to drive Thee a - way,.....
S. O Spir - it re - turn..... and fill me with love,.....

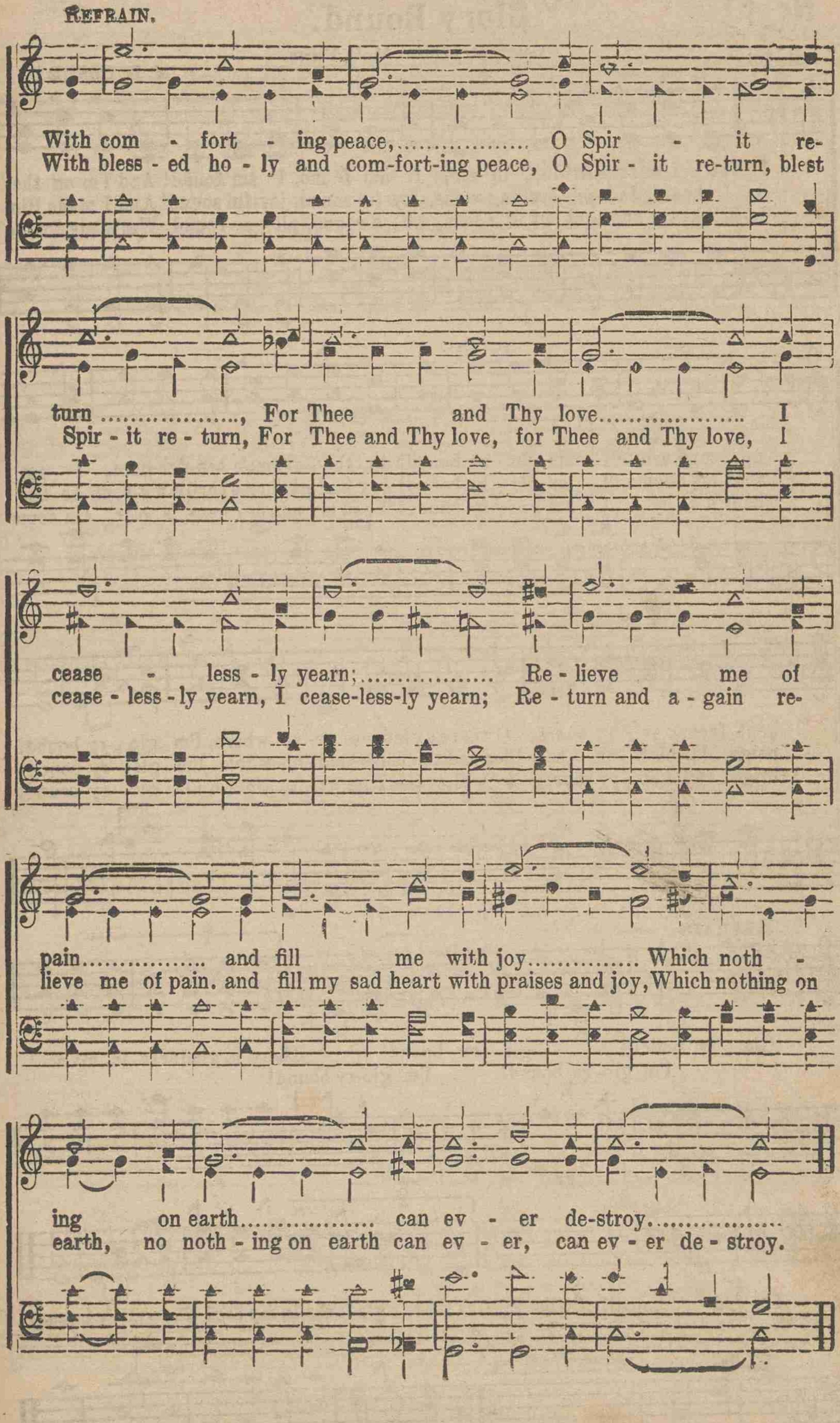
*p* *m* *f*

To calm and al - lay..... the pain in my breast;.....
And keep me se - cure..... from ev - 'ry a-larm:.....
For Thy quick re-turn,..... dear Sav - ior, I pray;..... ..
And lead me, at last..... to heav - en a-bove;.....

Re-morse and de-spair ..... be-yond my con-trol.....
All sin and all doubt..... and sore dis - con-tent .....
My weak - ness of flesh..... I hum - bly con-fess;.... .....
O keep me Thine own..... so close to Thy breast;.. .....

Like fierce o - cean waves..... roll o - ver my soul.
De - sir - ing to lose,..... I hum - bly re - pent.
And plead for Thy help..... new strength to pos-sess.
Un - til I am safe... ..... in man - sions of rest

# O Spirit, Return.

REFRAIN.

# No 61

# Glory Bound.

Copyright, 1913, by M. D. Ussery.

M. D. U.

M. D. USSERY

1. Tho' I once was lost in sin, I am found, I am found! And I'm on the
2. I heard Je-sus' lov-ing voice, Joy-ful sound, joy-ful sound! And I made Him
3. Bright the sunlight of His love, All a-round, all a-round, Wafts my soul to

up-ward way, I am glo-ry bound! In the Saviour's ten-der care, I am
then my choice, I am glo-ry bound! Joy and gladness thrills my soul, As His
heav'n a-bove, I am glo-ry bound! When my journey here is o'er, On some

kept from ev-'ry snare; O there's gladness ev-'ry-where, I'm glo-ry bound!
name I here ex-tol, Bless-ed tho't! He made me whole, I'm glo-ry bound!
bright and hap-py shore, I will praise Him ev-er-more, I'm glo-ry bound!

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry bound! glo-ry bound! There is gladness in my soul,
I'm glo-ry bound! I'm glo-ry bound!

I'm glo-ry bound! (halleujah!) O there's gladness in my soul, I'm glo-ry bound!

# No. 62. What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY. (From the Welsh.) Arr. by A. R. WALTON.

1. O list - en to our wondrous sto-ry! Counted once a-mong the lost,
2. No an-gel could our place have tak-en, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale proceedeth, Stir-ing heart and tongues-flame!
4. Will you sur- ren- der to this Sav-ior—To His scep-tre hum-bly bow?

Yet one came down from heaven's glo-ry, Sav-ing us at aw- ful cost!
The loved One, on the cross for- sak- en, Was one of the God-head three!
As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Jesus is His name!
You, too, shall come to know His fa-vor, He will save you, save you now!

REFRAIN:

Who saved us from e- ter- nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in- ter - ced - ing.
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, in heav-en in- ter - ced - ing.

Property of A. R. Walton, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 63.

# HE WILL BE WITH ME.

James Rowe.

Virgil O. Stamps.

1. Who - so - ev - er may be be - fore me In the wea - ri-some gos - pel way; Whether black - ness or blue be o'er me, While
2. Ma - ny tri - als I shall be bear - ing, Ere I come to the pear - ly gate, But the Sav - iour for me is car - ing, Till
3. Soon will end all my earth - ly sto - ry, Soon my tri - als will all be past, Then a - bove I shall share His glo - ry, And

work-ing for Him each day; I shall still be in His dear keep-
mine are the joys that wait; I am sure He will nev - er leave
look on His face at last. So I rest in His bless - ed keep-

ing, In His love will my spir - it be; So I'll still car - ry
me, And from sin He will keep me free; So I fear not what
ing, And I trust where I can - not see, And shall trust till I

on the reap - ing, For my Sav - iour will be with me.
things may grieve me, For my Sav - iour will be with me.
end the reap - ing, For my Sav - iour will be with me.

Virgil O. Stamps, owner, 1928.

# HE WILL BE WITH ME. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Alto prominent.*

He will be with my soul ev - 'ry hour of the
He will be near, near to my soul each min - ute and hour and

day,..... He will keep me His own ev - 'ry
all of the day, Oh, He will keep, keep me His own each

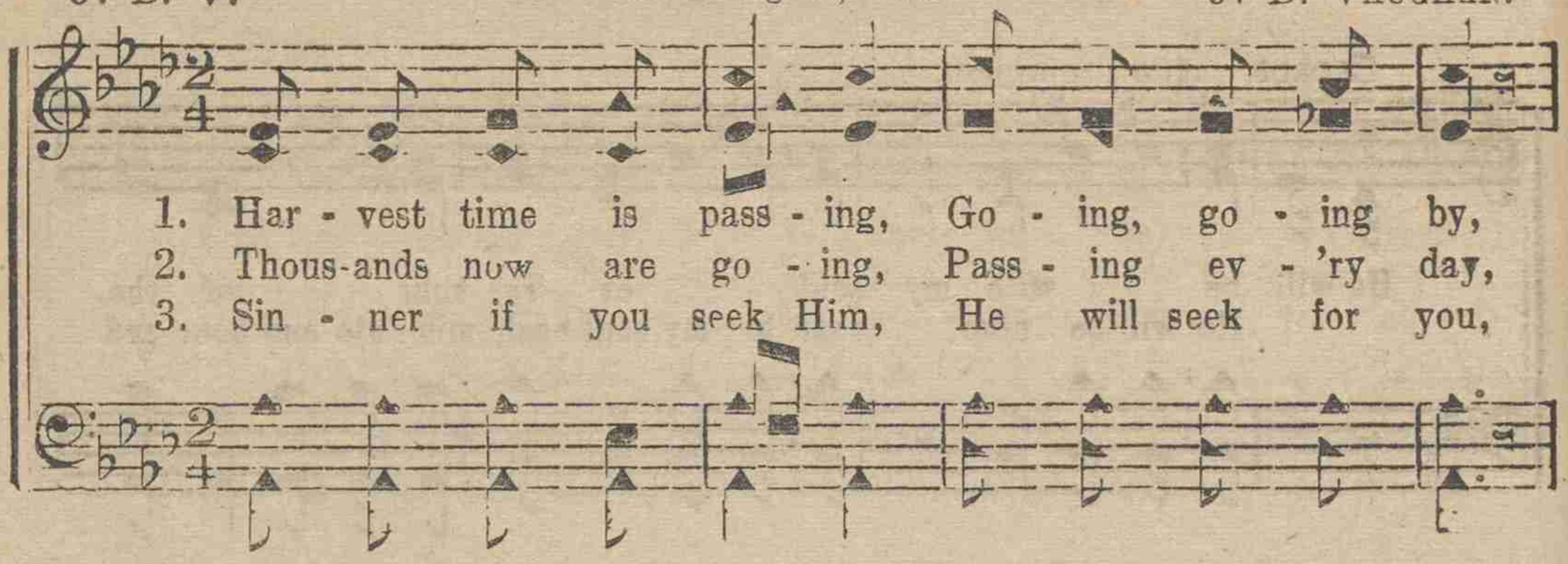
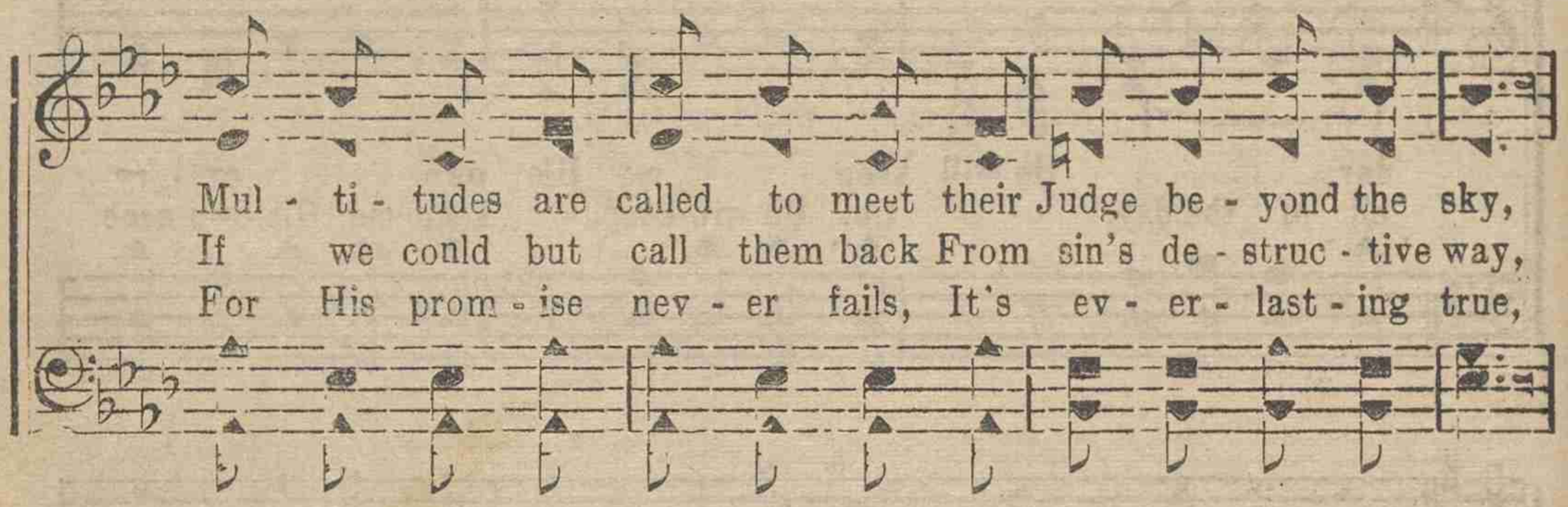
step of the way;..... 'Till at heav - - en's bright
step of the way, each step of the way; 'Till at the gate,

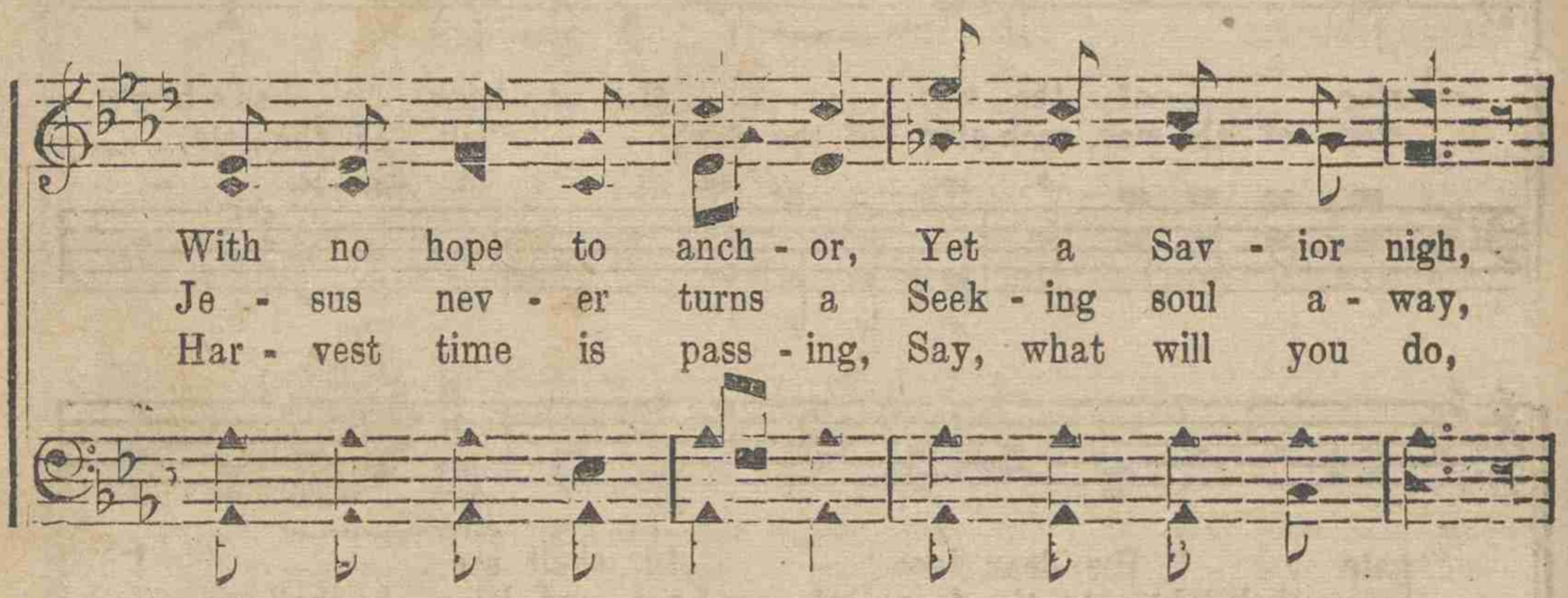
gate His dear face I shall see,..... I
heav-en's bright gate the face of my Lord and King I shall see,

know my Re-deem - - er will be with me.
Sure-ly I know Je - sus, my Friend, will ev-er be walk-ing with me.

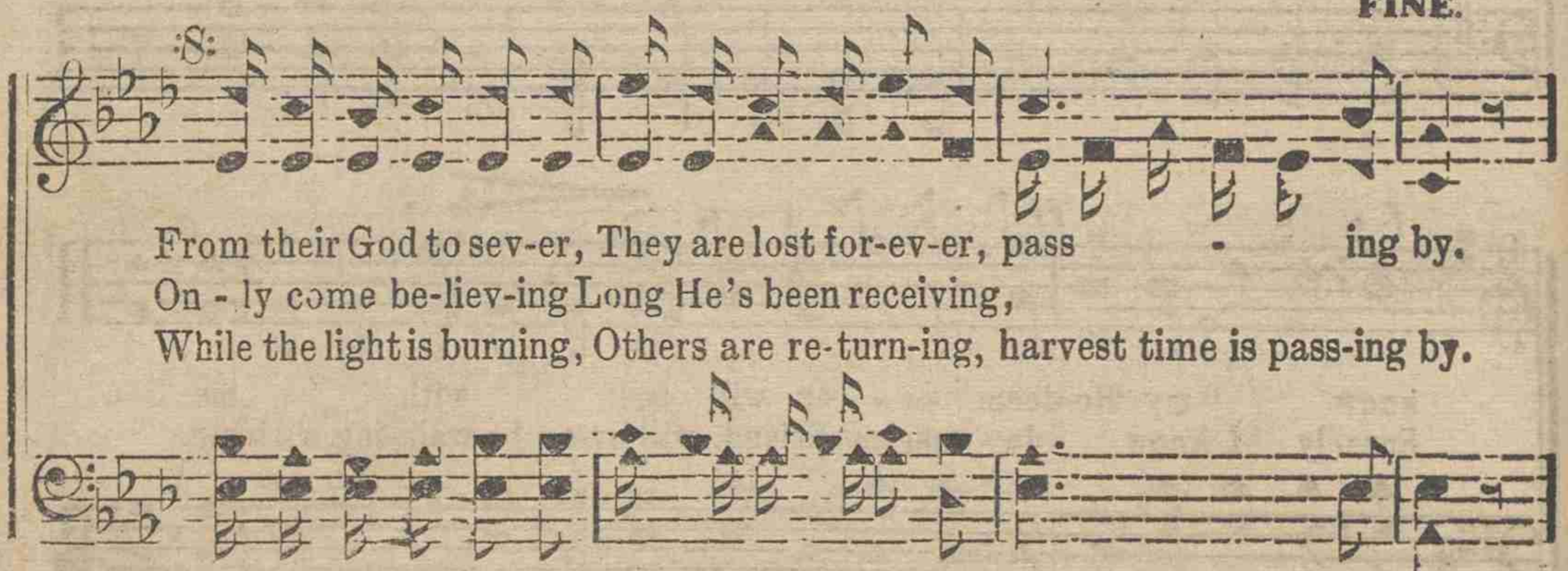
# No. 64. Passing By.

J. B. V. J. B. Vaughan, owner. J. B. VAUGHAN.






FINE.




D. S.—*Mer-cy still is flow ing, While the days are going pass - ing by.*

# Passing By. Concluded

**REFRAIN**

Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, Harvest time is

Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

pass-ing by, Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

Pass-ing by, pass - ing by,

Can you hear the mourn ful cry, Pass-ing by,

from o - ver yon - der, pass-ing by,

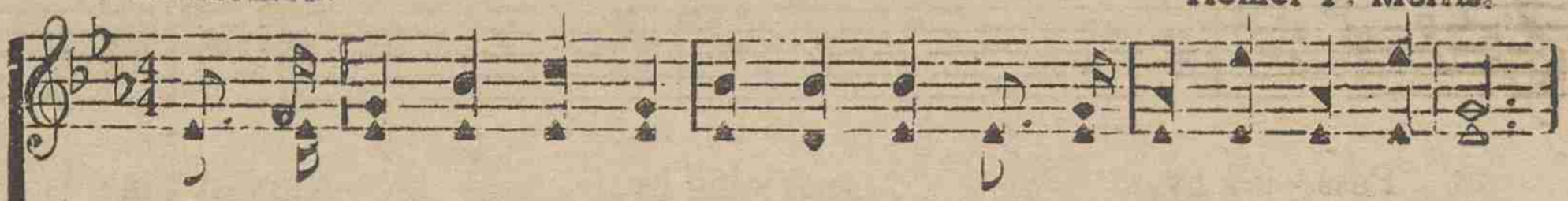
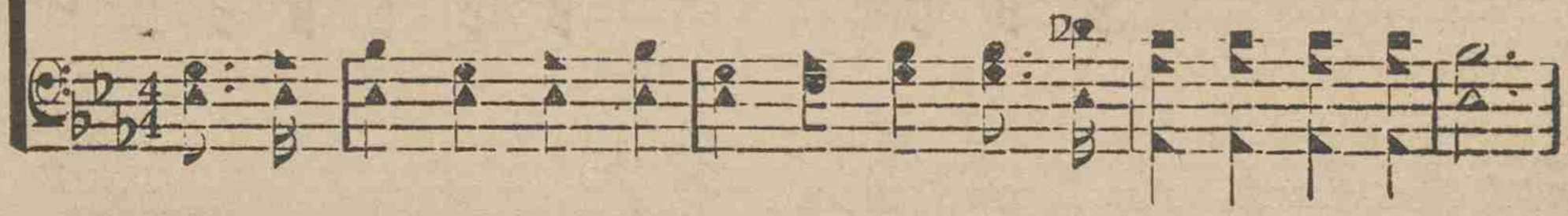
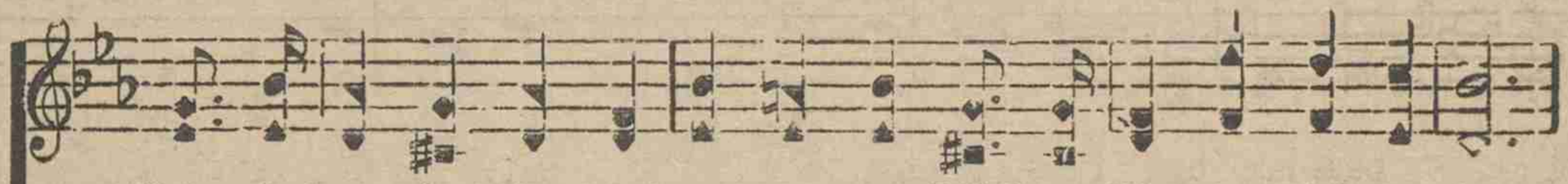
D. S.

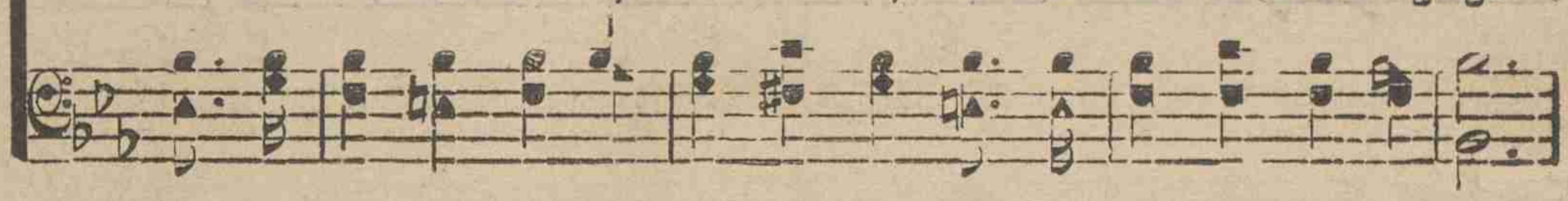
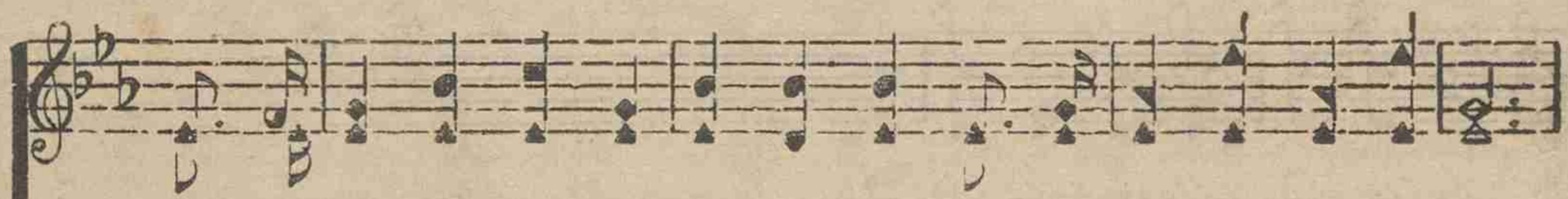
pass - ing by, Har - vest time is pass - ing by,

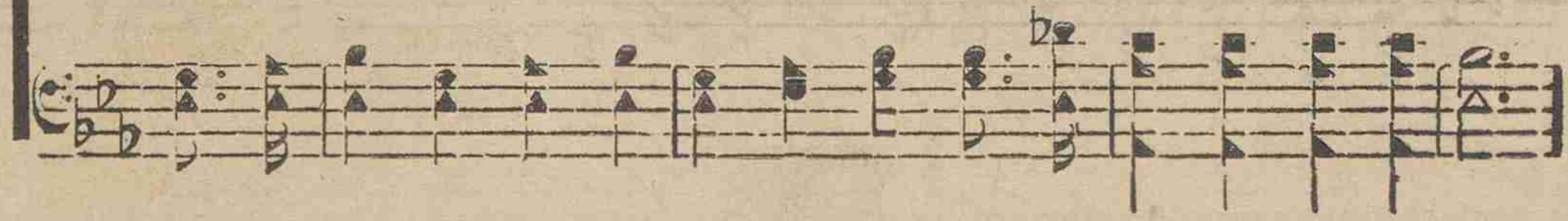
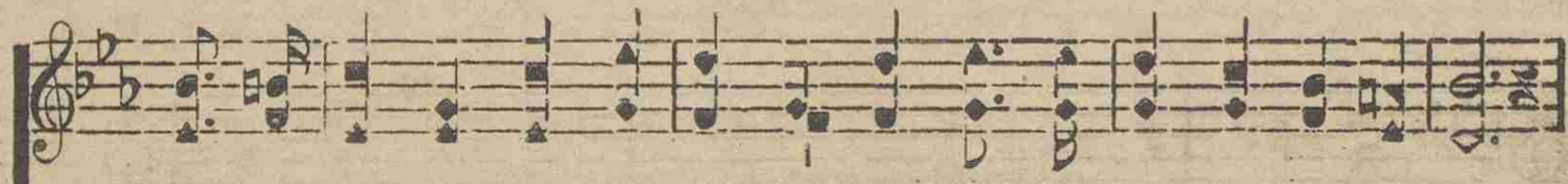
pass - ing by,

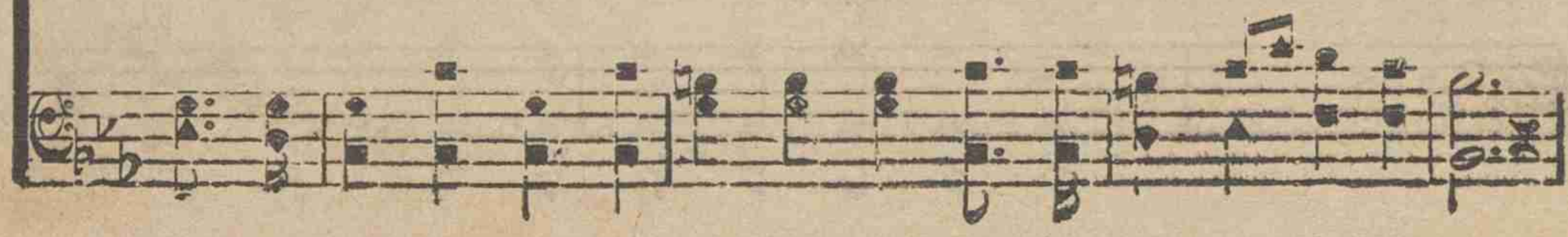
# No. 65. Marching In the Gospel Light.

Copyright, 1924, in: "Special Songs, No. 3." Morris and Henson, owners.

J. M. Henson. Homer F. Morris.

1. In the gos - pel light we march a-long, Stand-ing firm for Christ our King;
2. All the way our faith grows stronger still And with cour-age we go on;
3. It is joy to know that He is near And will keep us by His might;

Dai - ly keep - ing in our hearts a song, While to Him by faith we cling.
Al - ways do - ing well our Mas-ter's will, We are fac-ing heav-en's dawn.
Give us words of com-fort, love and cheer, Till shall come the morn-ing light.



Still re - main - ing true to His command. Brave-ly fac - ing ev - 'ry foe;
We will nev - er fal - ter or de - spair, As we make our way a - long;
True to Him we ev - er mean to stay And from Him shall nev-er roam;

Ev - er trust - ing in His guid-ing hand, Glad - ly on for Him we go.
He will lead us to the cit - y fair, To the land of end-less song.
And when dawns the great e - ter - nal day, We shall rest with Him at home.



# Marching In the Gospel Light.

REFRAIN.

We are march ing in the light, And we are

March-ing in the gos - pel light, We're brave-ly stand-ing

stand-ing for the right, As on we go, our faith we show; In the

for the right,

Lead - er that we love; We are march-ing in the

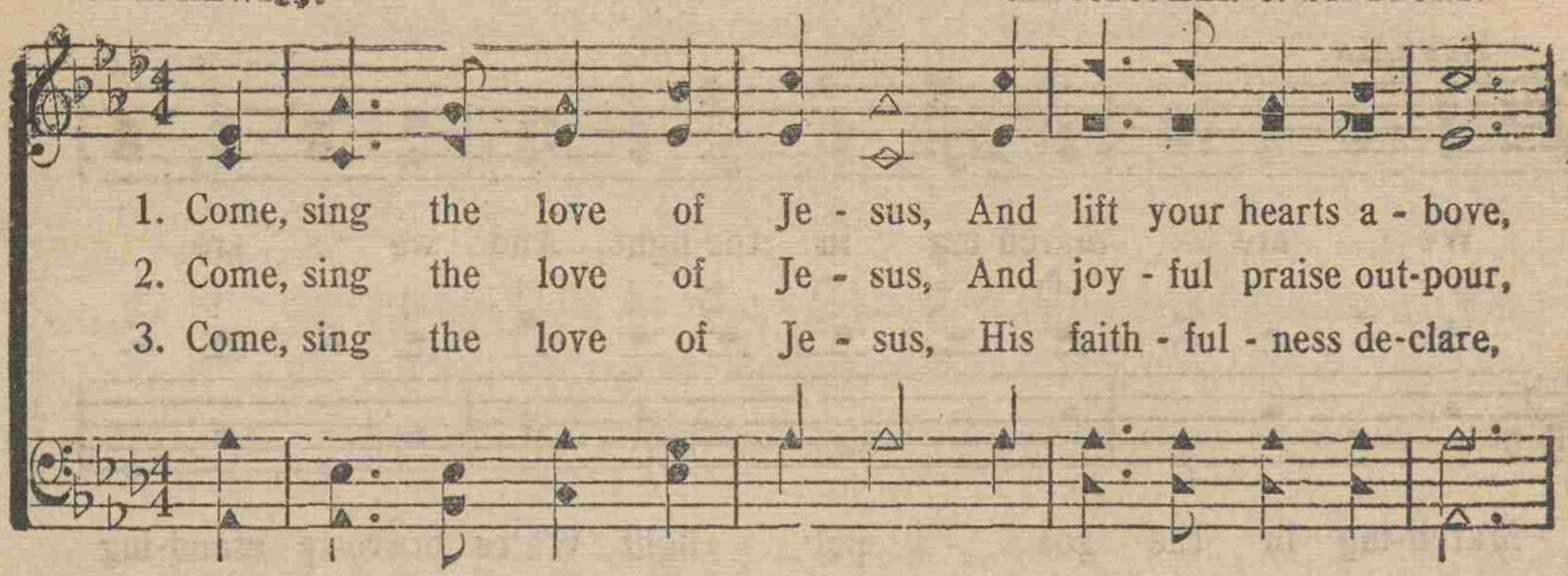
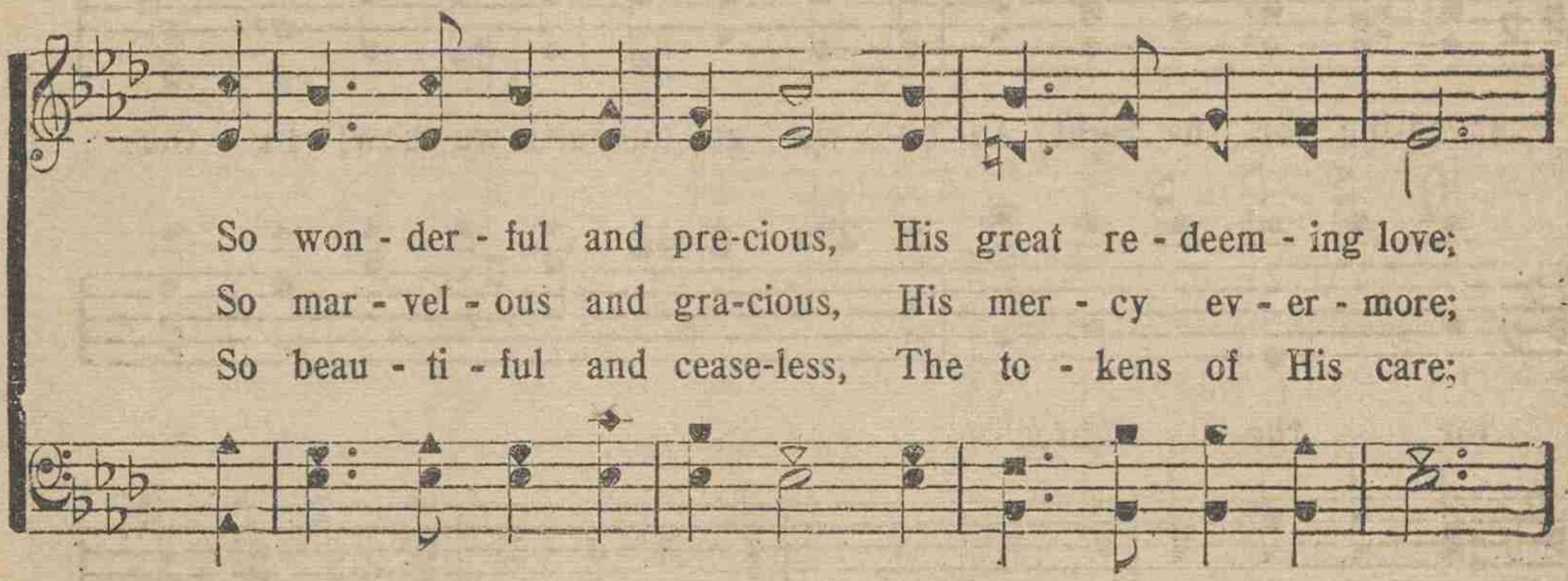
love; O we are march-ing in the gos - pel

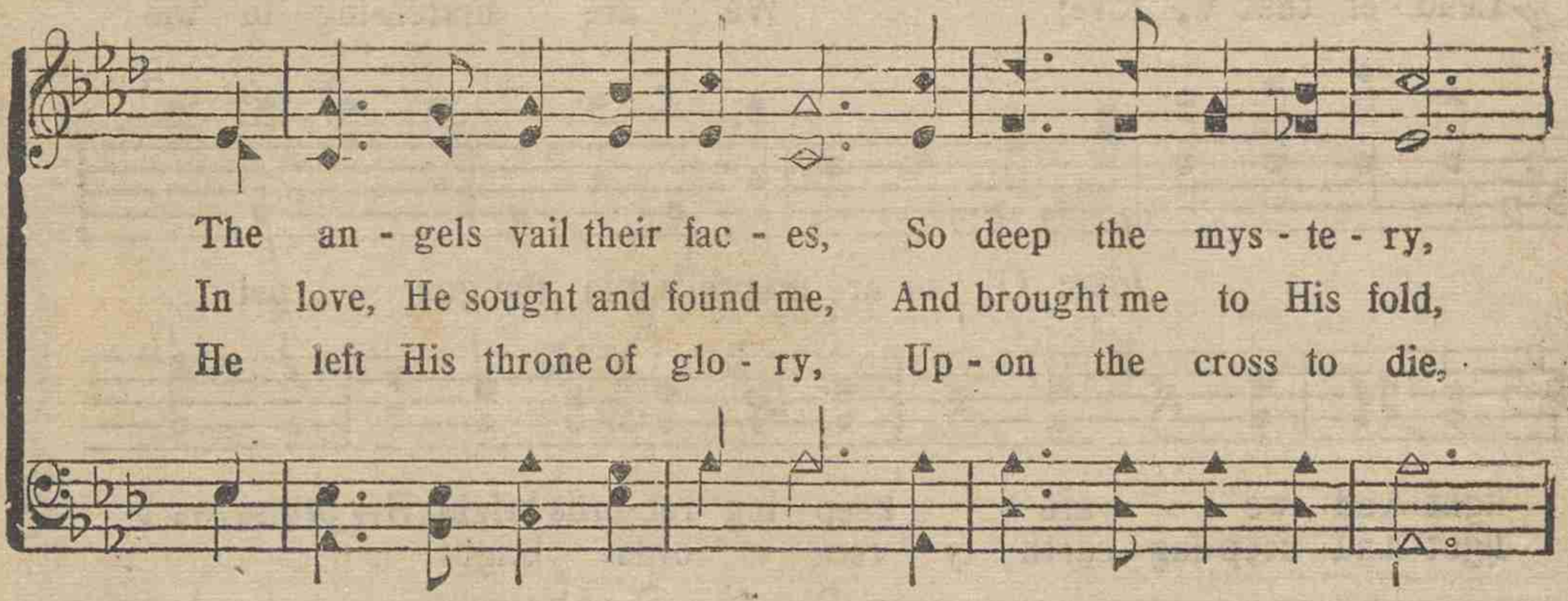
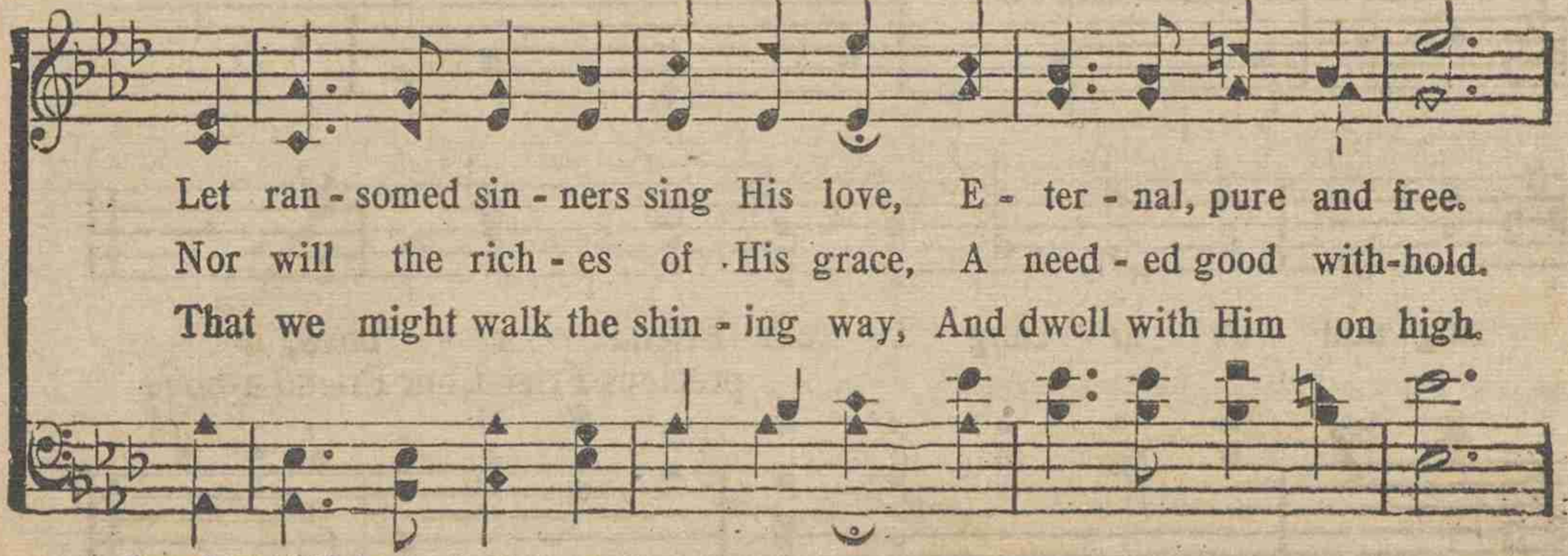
light And we are keep - ing rec-ords bright, His praise we'll
light And keep-ing earth - ly rec - ords bright,

sing and ev - er cling To our Friend a - bove.
precious Friend, our Friend a-bove

pre-cious Friend a-bove..

## No. 66. What Wondrous Love.

E. HEWITT. CHRISTOPHER C. STAFFORD.



Copyright 1913 by C. C Stafford, Oneonta, Ala.

# What Wondrous Love

REFRAIN.

Je - sus gave His life for me What wondrous
On the cross of Cal - va - ry,

love shown on the cross for me;
love Je - sus shown on the cross for me;

Yes for sin - ners Je - sus died, What wondrous
Heav-en's door He o-pened wide,

love, Praise Him for - ev - er, praise His precious name,
love praise Him, Praise Him for - ev - er, praise His precious name, A - men.

# No 67. We Shall Rise.

Owned by R. E. Winsett, Chattanooga, Tenn.

J. M. H. & V. R. E. W. J. M. HENSON.

1. When we've told our earth-ly sto - ry And the Lord come in His glo - ry,
2. We will wake then from our slumber And be one of that great number,
3. Bless - ed tho't we'll see our mothers, Fa-thers sis - ters and our brothers,
4. Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing, Yes, twill be a joy - ful greeting,

We shall rise,..... tri - um - phant - ly rise;
We shall rise, tri-um-phant-ly rise;

When from cold deep graves He takes us, And to glo - ries new a - wakes us,
Then we'll see the saints and sag - es And the King of all the a - ges,
Then we'll live with Christ for - ev- er, Just a - cross the crys - tal riv - er,
We'll be car-ried home to glo -ry, Where we'll sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry,

D. S.—*Go to meet the Sav-ior, And be hap - py there for - ev - er.*

FINE

We shall rise,..... tri - um - phant - ly rise.
We shall rise, tri - um - phant - ly rise, joy - ful - ly rise.

REFRAIN.

We shall rise, we shall rise,
We shall rise, we shall rise,

## We Shall Rise.

D. S.

On that great tri - um - phant morn - ing we shall rise; We shall

## No. 68. Longing For Thee.

F. C. — F. Clayton and J. A. Hooker, owners, F. Clayton.

I. Sav - ior I've wander'd far out in the cold, Longing for Thee, longing for Thee;
2. Long - ing to be in Thy bless-ed employ, Longing for Thee, longing for Thee;
3. Till I am called to the cit - y a-bove, Longing for Thee, longing for Thee;

Take me I pray Thee, as one of Thy fold. Sav-ior, I'm long-ing for Thee.
Let me now taste of Thy won-der-ful joy, Sav-ior, I'm long-ing for Thee.
Sweet - ly I'll trust in Thy won-der-ful love, Sav-ior, I'm long-ing for Thee.

REFRAIN.

Long - ing for Thee, long-ing for Thee, Long-ing Thy beau-ty to see;

Help me each day, faith - ful to stay, Sav-ior, I'm long-ing for Thee.

No. 69. # I'm Going That Way.

James Rowe. L. B. Register, Graceville, Fla., owner, 1920. L. B. Register.

1, I've heard of a land of joy and peace and wonderful light, (and wonderful light,)
2. The glo-ri-ous news I tell and sing, as onward I go, (as on-ward I go,)
3. I know I shall meet Him at the gate, when trials are past, (when trials are past,)

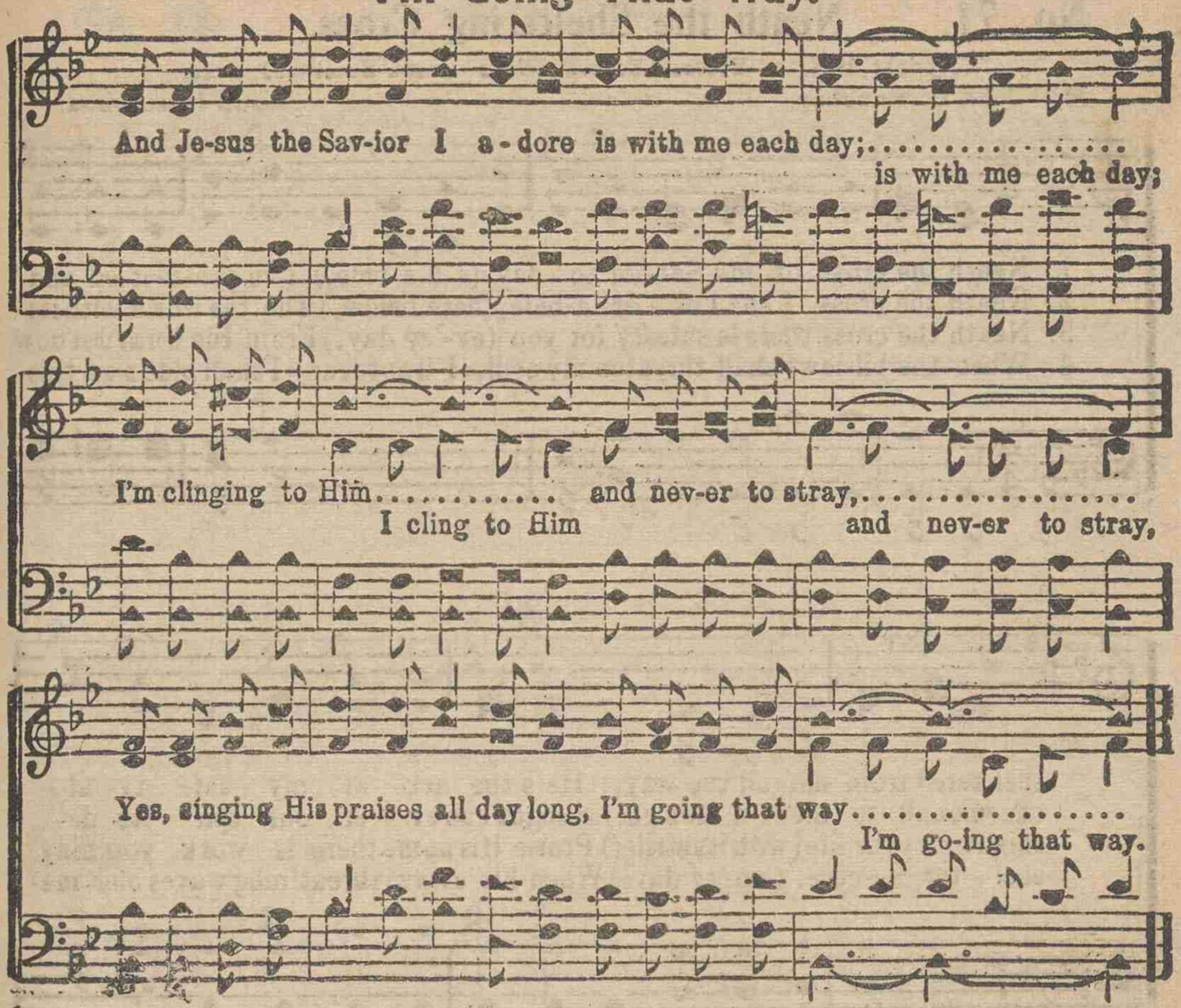
A beau-ti-ful place of mansions fair and skies ever bright, (and skies ever bright,)
That those who are still a-stray in sin my Savior may know; (my Saviour may know;)
I know I shall meet Him face to face in glo - ry at last; (in glo - ry at last;)

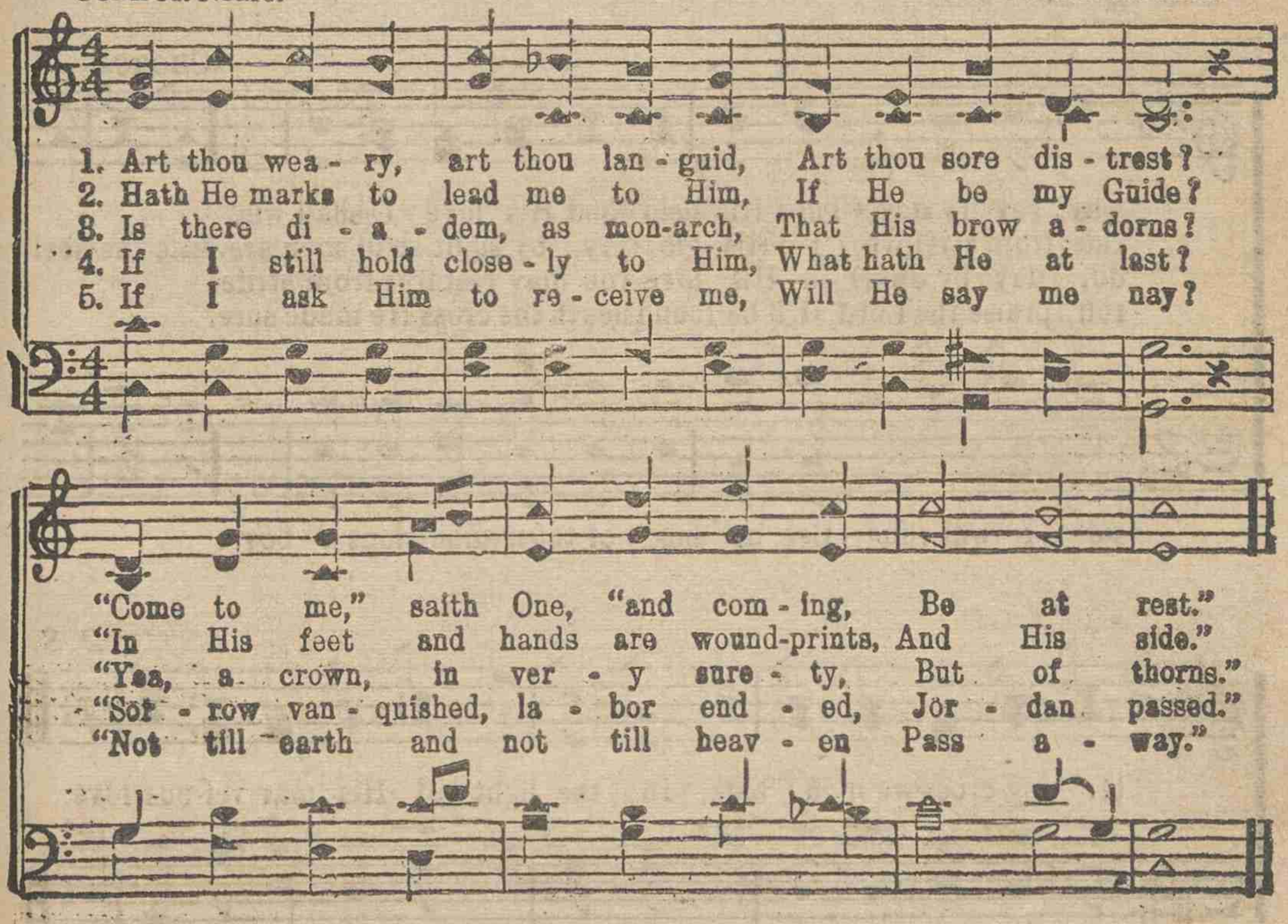
Where all who be-lieve the Savior dear, for-ev-er shall stay, (for - ev-er shall stay,)
I want them to sing His praise above, some beautiful day, (some beauti-ful day,)
And oh, I believe that when we meet "well done" He will say, ("well done" He will say,)

And hav - ing been saved by grace di - vine, I'm go - ing that way.
For glo - ry to Him who died for me, I'm go - ing that way.
For trust-ing His soul - re - deem - ing love, I'm go - ing that way.

REFRAIN.

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

## I'm Going That Way.

## No. 70. Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1920. A. J. Showalter.

# No. 71. Neath the Sheltering Cross.

Copyright, 1924, in "Heavenly Echoes," No. 8 Austin Hazelwood, owner.

**Mrs. John B. Vaughan.** **Austin Hazelwood.**

1. Neath the cross of my Sav-ior to - day, (I'll a-bide,) I'm pro-tect-ed and
2. Neath the cross I shall ev - er a-bide, (here below,) Tho' the world with its
3. Neath the cross there is safe-ty for you (ev-'ry day,) From the storms that now
4. When the bil-lows shall threaten my soul, (I'll not fear,) I shall hide neath this

shel-tered from sin; (all the way;) He's the ark of my safe ty al -
charms call to me (I'll not go,) Naught can ev - er our spir - its de-
threat-en your life (with its strife;) Praise His name there is work you may
shel - ter se-cure, (ev-'ry day;) When life's storms threat'ning waves o'er me

*D. S.* — Neath the shel - ter - ing cross near His

CHORUS.

way, (ev-'ry day,) Thru His help and His love I shall win.
ride (from His love,) I His glo - ry by sight shall soon see. Neath the shel-
do, (day by day,) In His love you may rest free from strife.
roll, (praise the Lord,) I'll be found neath the cross He made sure.

side (I will cling,) Let us sing of those man-sions a - bove.

ter - ing cross we'll a - bide, In the light of His mar-vel-ous love.

*D. S.*

# No. 72. After.

J. M Henson, owner.

JAMES ROWE. J. M HENSON

1. Af- ter our earthly troubles have vanished, Af-ter in sin no lon ger we roam,
2. Af- ter our sighs have end-ed in sing ing, Af-ter our blessed mansions we see,
3. Af- ter our crosses, crowns we'll be wearing, Close to the throne of Jesus on high,

Af-ter the clouds and shadows have vanished, We shall be safe with Je sus at home.
Af-ter we've heard His glo-ry bells ringing, Safe on the shore with Him we shall be.
There will our souls His glo-ry be shar-ing, While the e-ter-nal morning goes by.

CHORUS.

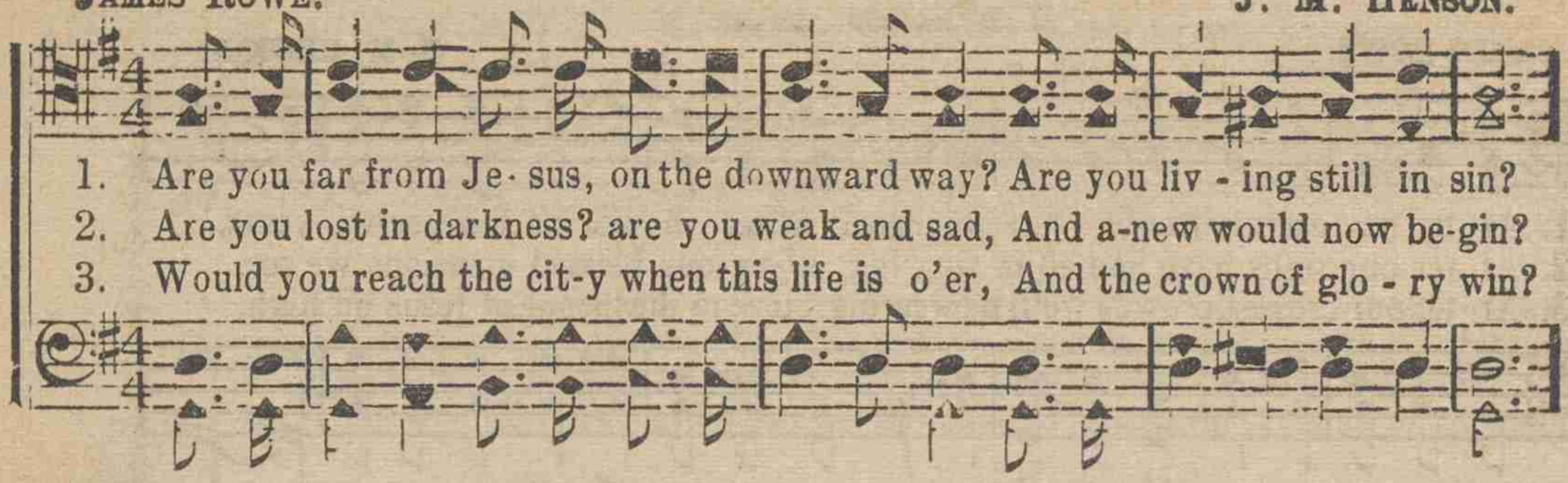
Safe at home with our Re - deem - er, Prais-ing Him
Safe at home with our Re - deem - er,

un - der heaven's fair dome; Af - ter the night shall turn in - to
Af ter the night shall

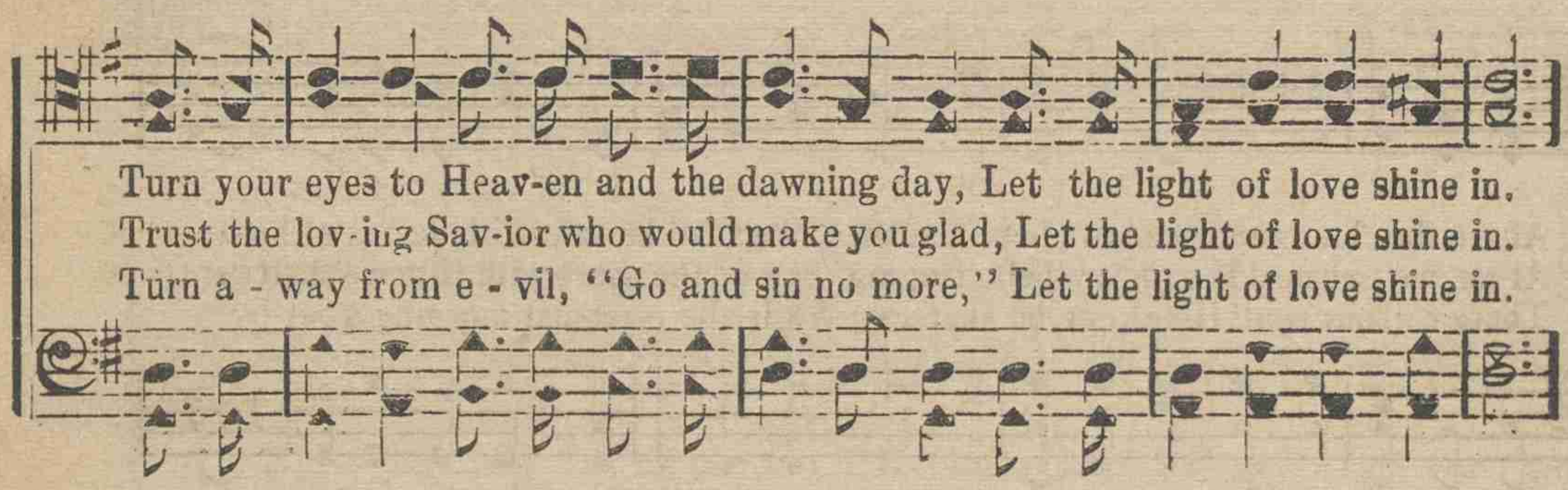
morn - ing, We shall be safe with Je - sus at home.
turn in - to morning, We shall be safe with Je - sus at home.

# No. 73. Let The Light Shine In.

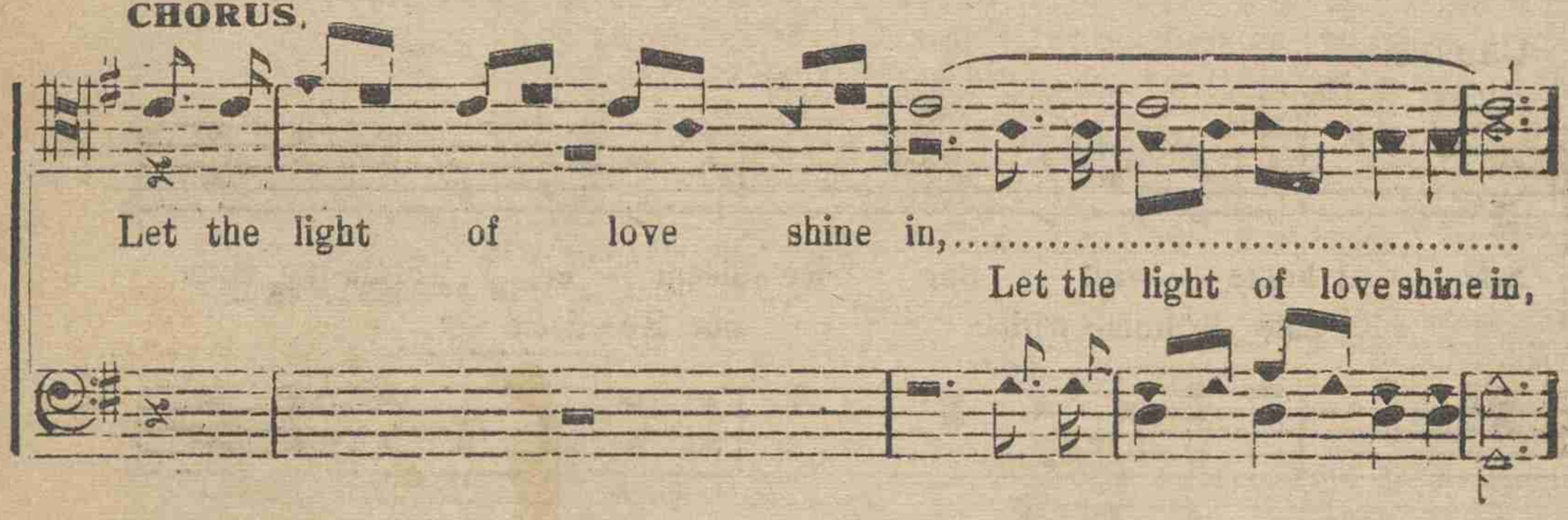
JAMES ROWE. J. M. HENSON.



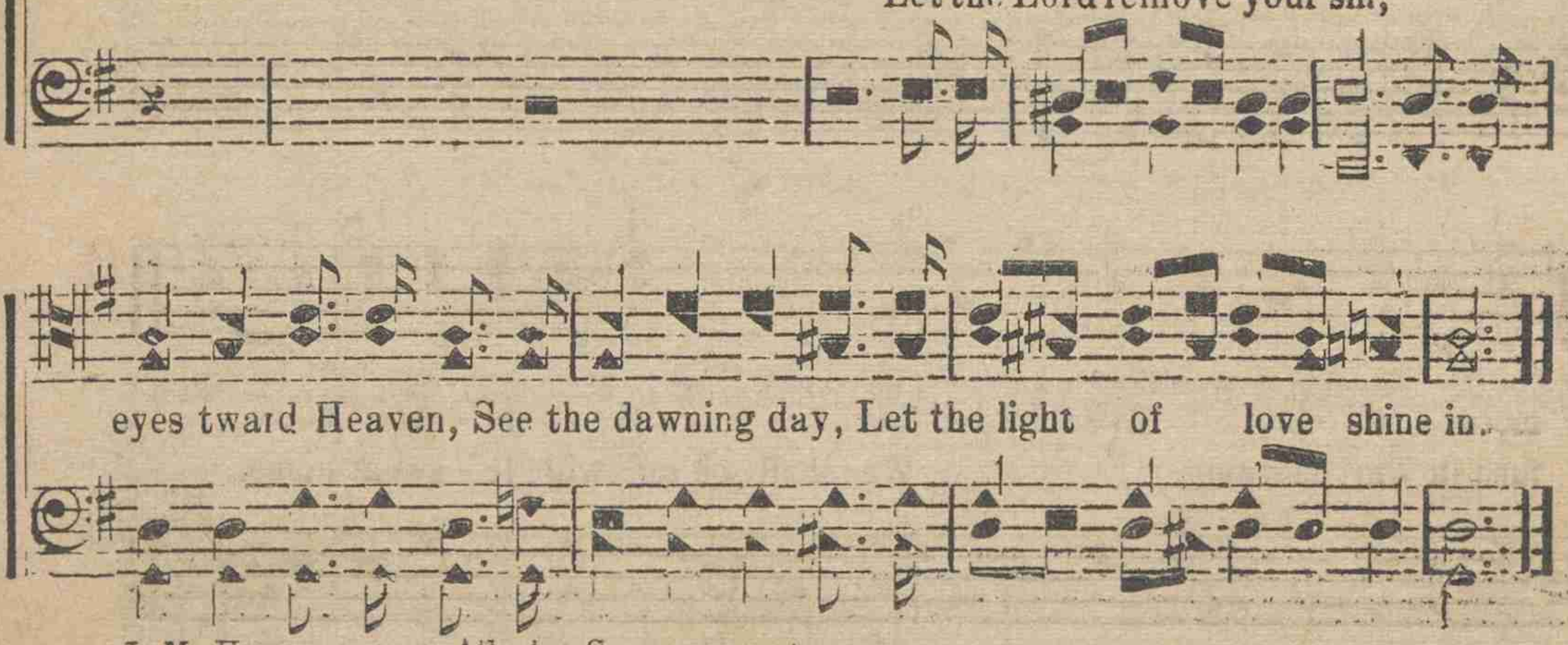
1. Are you far from Je· sus, on the downward way? Are you liv - ing still in sin?
2. Are you lost in darkness? are you weak and sad, And a-new would now be-gin?
3. Would you reach the cit-y when this life is o'er, And the crown of glo - ry win?



Turn your eyes to Heav-en and the dawning day, Let the light of love shine in.
Trust the lov-ing Sav-ior who would make you glad, Let the light of love shine in.
Turn a - way from e - vil, "Go and sin no more," Let the light of love shine in.

**CHORUS.**

Let the light of love shine in,.....
Let the light of love shine in,



Let the Lord re - move your sin,..... Turn your
Let the Lord remove your sin,

eyes twaid Heaven, See the dawning day, Let the light of love shine in.

J. M, Henson, owner Atlanta, Ga.

# No. 74. The Bells of Time.

Mrs. C. P. Mullin. A. R. Walton.

1. The old bells of time are clang-ing to-day, In tones of good cheer or in
2. The old bells of time are clang-ing to-day, Their ech - o is fall - ing on
3. The old bells of time are clang-ing to-day, O soul lost in sin with-out

tones of de - spair; O, soul you must lis - ten, the ques-tion must face When
hearts far and near; How sol-emn they sound when we qui - et - ly think, When
Je - sus be - ware; Now set - tle the ques-tion, while time bells shall ring, When

CHORUS.

life ends, e - ter - ni - ty where? The old bells of time.....
The old bells of time are clanging to - day.

are clang-ing to-day,..... ..
They ring thro' the night and the day;
yes, clanging to-day.

O, have you a hope in God's on-ly Son? A hope that a - bid-eth for aye?

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# No. 75. Everybody will be Happy Over There.

E. M. B. E. M. Bartlett.

1. There's a hap - py land of prom-ise o - ver in the great be-yond Where the
2. Moth-ers, fa-thers, sis - ters, brothers will be sing-ing'round the throne In that
3. We will bear no - bod - y pray-ing and no mourn-ing in that land For no
4. There we'll meet the One who saved us and who kept us by His grace And who

saved of earth shall soon the glo-ry share;Where the souls of men shall en - ter and live
land where no one ev - er knows a care And the christians of all a - ges will join
bur-dens there will be for us to bear; All the peo - ple will be sing-ing"Glo-ry,
brought us to that land so bright and fair; We will praise His name for-ev-er as we

on for - ev - er - more, Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there.
in the tri-umph song, Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there.
glo - ry to the Lamb,Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there.
look up - on His face, Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py,
Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there, o - ver there,

Copyright, 1921, by E. M. Bart[illegible]

## Everybody Will Be Happy Over There.

will be hap - py o - ver there. We will shout and
We will shout and sing His prais-es thro'the

sing His praise; Ev - 'ry - bod - y will be hap - py o - ver there.
nev - er end-ing a - ges,

## No. 76. I'll Meet My Brother.

In memory of my dear brother who departed this life, Feb. 6, 1920.

F. C. F. Clayton, owner. F. Clayton.

1. Just be - yond the riv - er Jor - dan, My dear broth - er waits for me;
2. Oft I want to meet my broth - er And with him to ev - er stay;
3. Now he's with the lov - ing Sav - ior In that hap - py home on high;

FINE

He is sing-ing, sweet-ly sing ing Hap - py songs so g'ad and free.
Where we'll be with friends and loved ones, In that hap - py home for aye.
And I'll be with him for - ev - er. Up in heav - en by and by

D.S.—And some day I'll go to meet Him Where we nev - er - mroe shall roam.

REFRAIN. D. S.

He is rest - ing o - ver yon - der With the Sav - ior safe at home;

# No. 77. A Child At Mother's Knee.

MISS ADA POWELL. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

DUET. *Andante con expressivo.*

1. I'd like to wan - der back a - gain to days of long a - go,
2. I'd like to wan - der back to child-hood joys up - on the farm,
3. I'd like to be a child a - gain with - in the walls of home,
4. I'd like to kneel be - side my bed and to my Fa - ther pray,

To sit with - in the cir - cle there and watch the fire - light glow
And feel that I was safe a - gain from ev - 'ry pass - ing harm,
And live in peace and hap - pi - ness, nor wish to stray or roam,
And trust to Him my wish - es in the old- time child- ish way,

Up - on fa - mil - iar fac - es of the ones I used to know;
Se - cure a - gainst all fol - lies and temp - ta- tion's lur - ing charm,
For tho' I climb o'er mountains grand or sail the o - cean's foam,
For He is still my Fa- ther, and I hear Him gen - tly say,

I'd like to list - en to their foot-steps pass - ing to and fro.
And rest a - gain with - in the shel - ter of my moth - er's arm.
I'll nev - er find, in all this world, my moth - er or my home.
That He will ev - er guide and guard His child by night and day.

Property of Austin Hazelwood.

## A Child At Mother's Knee. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'd like to be..... a-gain at moth-er's knee, I'd like to
a lit-tle child

hear..... her words of sym-pa-thy, I'd like to feel.....
List-en to her words of lov-ing her lov-ing arms

*Rit.*

her arms en-cir-cle me, I'd like to be a child at moth-er's knee,
a-gain

## No. 78. Blessed Be the Name.

CHARLES WESLEY, Alt. Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
The glories of my God and King! Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be, etc.
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be, etc.

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be, etc.

# No. 79. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

(From a sermon by Rev. J. F. Haley, July, 1909.)

J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY.

1. Care- less soul, why will you lin - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God?
2. Why so tho't - less are you stand-ing While the fleet - ing years go by?
3. Hear you not the earn - est plead-ings Of your friends that wish you well?
4. If you spurn the in - vi - ta - tion Till the Spir - it shall de - part,

Hear you not the in - vi - ta - tion? O pre - pare to meet thy God.
And your life is spent in fol - ly? O pre - pare to meet thy God.
And per - haps be - fore to-mor - row You'll be called to meet your God.
Then you'll see your sad con - di - tion, Un-pre- pared to meet thy God.

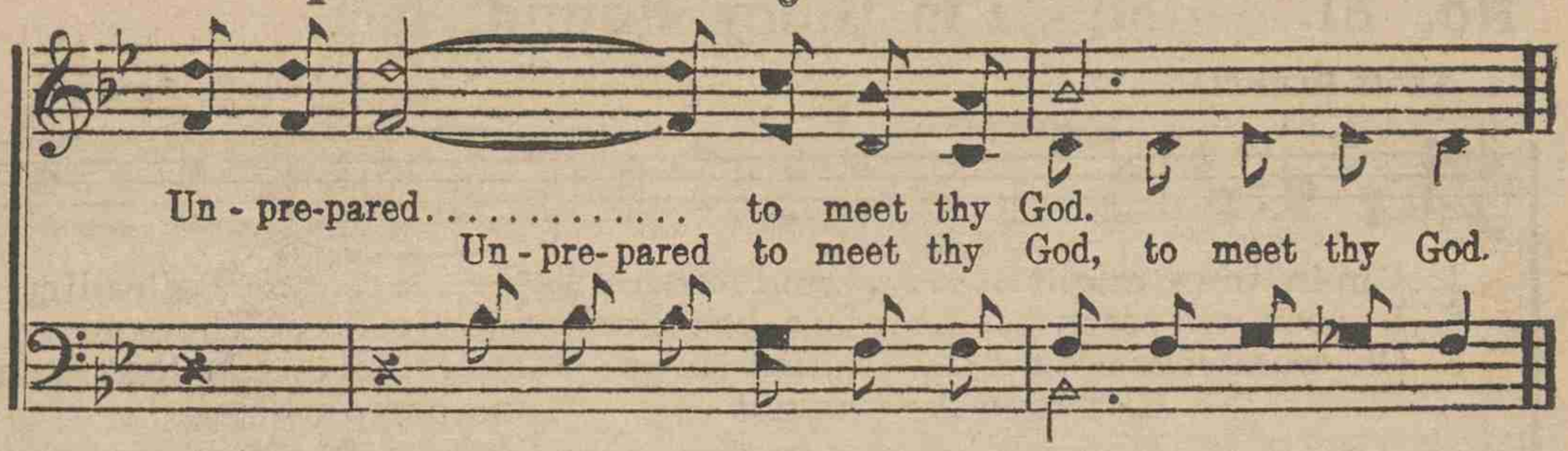
CHORUS.

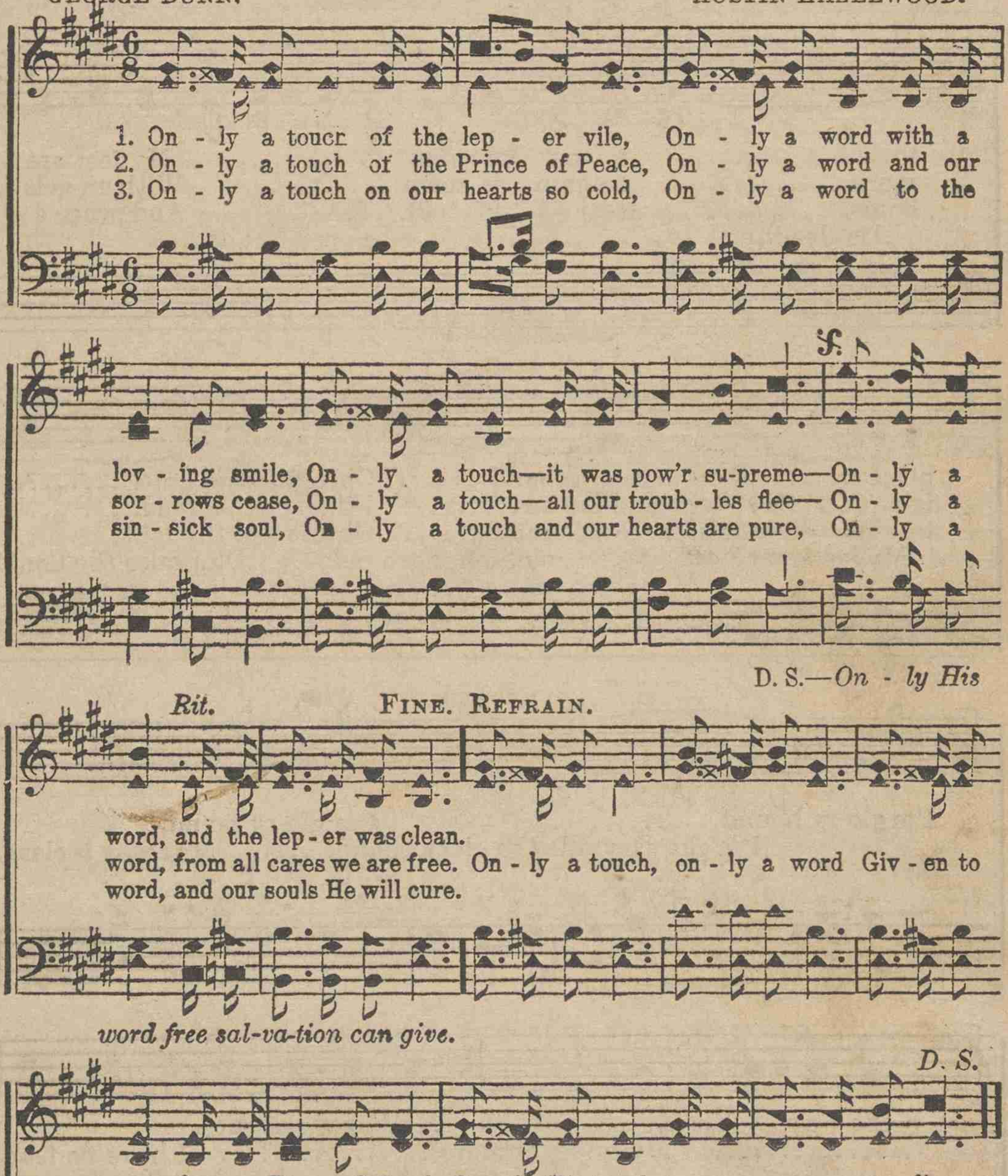
Careless soul,..... O heed the warning,.....
Careless soul, O care- less soul, O heed the warning, heed the warn-ing,

For your life..... will soon be gone;
For your life will soon be gone, O yes, your life will soon be gone;

O how sad..... to face the judgment.....
O how sad to face the judgment, O how sad to face the judgment

J. H. Stanley, owner. By per.

## Prepare to Meet Thy God. Concluded.

## No. 80. Only a Touch and a Word.

GEORGE DUNN. AUSTIN HAZELWOOD.

Austin Hazelwood, owner.

# No. 81. I'm Glory Bound.

ADDIE PANNELL. WM. H. FABER.

1. I'm in the straight..... and narrow way,..... 'Tis leading
2. I soon will reach..... a brighter home..... There never -
3. Oh, wondrous beau - - ties to be - hold,..... In that sweet

1. I'm in the straight and narrow way,

to..... a per - fect day..... My feet are
more..... a - gain to roam..... With an-gels
home..... are joys un - told..... And peace e -

'Tis lead-ing to a per-fect day.

placed..... on high-er ground..... Oh, praise the Lord!.....
fair..... to wear a crown..... I'll reach that land.....
ter - - - nal there is found..... Oh, blessed thought.....

My feet are placed on higher ground Oh, praise the Lord!

REFRAIN.

I'm glo-ry bound..... I'm glo-ry bound,
I'm glory bound. I'm glory bound,..... the way is clear,

the way is clear, My hopes are sure,
..... My hopes are sure,..... I have no fear,

J. H. Stanley, owner Saltillo, Miss.

## I'm Glory Bound. Concluded.

I have no fear, A per-fect peace at last I've found.
..... A perfect peace..... at last I've found.....

I'll reach my home,..... I'm glo - ry bound .....
I'll reach my home, I'm glo - ry bound.

## No. 82. "Gratitude."

J. F. CARTER. ISA. 53: 5, 12. A. N. DAVIS.

1. Once, like a sheep, a - far I wandered, Long did walk in mine own way;
2. His blood a - toned for my transgression, On the cross He died for me;
3. My life shall be in serv - ice giv - en, All to Him with - out re - serve;

But Je - sus came for me a Sav - iour, And my sin - debt He did pay.
To Him I yield my heart's possession, Since from sin He makes me free.
In ev - 'ry task that He shall give me, It shall be my joy to serve.

D.S.–*I will serve Him, I'll ev - er serve Him As long as I shall live.*

CHORUS.

Oh, I love Him I dear - ly love Him, My life to Him I give;

FINE. D. S.

By permission.

# No. 83. Onward, in the Lord Rejoicing

James Rowe — H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1922 — H. M. Eagle

1. On - ward, with a song of ju - bi - la - tion, Wav - ing high the ban - ner of sal - va - tion, Giv - ing light to ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, With the One Most High. (Most High.) Faith in Christ, your might-y Lead er, show-ing, Sure that you to glo - ry-land are go - ing, Loy - al be, that He may be be-stow - ing Glo - ry, by and by.
2. Ma - ny for the gos - pel light are pin - ing, Tho' to dark - ness still they are in - clin - ing, On their souls then let the light be shin - ing, For the Mas - ter dear. (so dear.) Count-less bless - ings love di - vine is send - ing, Guard-ing, keep - ing, shield-ing and de-fend- ing, An - gel bands our spir- its are at- tend - ing On the jour - ney here.
3. Nev - er mind the storms that gath-er o'er us, End - less life and joy are wait - ing for us, Soon we all shall join the heav'n-ly cho - rus In the world a - bove. (a - bove.) To the bless - ed promise sweet-ly cling-ing, On - ward go, His prais-es ev - er sing - ing, E - ven now the welcome bells are ring-ing In the home we love.

# Onward, in the Lord Rejoicing

REFRAIN

On, on, in the Lord re - joic - ing, Sing, sing,
On - ward, in the Lord re - joic - ing, Sing - ing, sweet- est

sweet-est prais - es voic-ing; Christ is near to you, He'll give cheer to you
prais - es voic-ing;

Till you cease to roam. On, on, with the bless - ed
Till on earth you cease to roam. Go on- ward, up-ward, with the

sto - ry, On, on, sure of rest and glo - ry; Friends gone
sto - ry, Sure of end - less rest and glo - ry;

on be - fore, dear ones on the shore, Wait for you at home.

## No. 84. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the sky, And Je - sus my Sav-
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor-
3. We shall meet in that beauti - ful land on high, And be with the bright

iour is there; He has gone to prepare me a home on high, O I
row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky, O I
and the fair, Where the wa-ters of life sweet-ly mur-mur by, O I

CHORUS.

long, O I long to be there. In that beau - ti - ful
In that beau-ti - ful land, in that
land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, we shall
beau-ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall meet,
meet, we shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti - ful land.
shall meet, shall meet,

# 85 Love Waves are Rolling Over Me

James Rowe — R. H. Cornelius, owner — R. H. Cornelius

1. In the cleansing Fount I am sing-ing "Glo-ry to the Lamb!" And the
2. I was lost in doubt and sin and had man - y stains with-in, Now the
3. I be - long to Je - sus now and His light is on my brow, For the

love-waves are roll-ing o - ver me; All my sins are washed a-way, 'tis in-
love-waves are roll-ing o - ver me, I had lived for self a - lone, now my
love-waves are roll-ing o - ver me; I shall see His b'ess-ed face, in a

deed a hap-py day, For the love-waves are roll-ing o-ver me.
self-ish-ness has flown, And
ho - ly hap-py place, For rolling, rolling o-ver me.

D.S.-"Glo-ry to the Lamb" And the love-wave are roll-ing o-ver me.

REFRAIN

Yes, the love-waves are rolling o-ver me, They are roll-ing
roll-ing, roll-ing o - ver me, They are roll-ing
o - ver me,
rolling, rolling, They are rolling o-ver me;
In the cleansing Fount I am, singing

## No. 86. Safe in The Lord.

James Rowe. Emory S. Peek.

1. Hap - py the song I am sing-ing to - day, As I press on to re - ward,
2. Won-der-ful things He is do - ing for me, Since He came in - to my soul;
3. Sweet-ly I'm tell - ing the sto - ry of love, Ev - er I'm spreading the light,
4. Soon I shall sing on the heav-en-ly shore, Praising His glo ri ous grace,

Je - sus my bur - den has tak - en a - way, Je - sus my soul has re-stored.
Dai - ly He keeps me so joy - ous and free Un-der His bless ed con - trol.
Lay-ing up treas-ures of glo - ry a - bove, Knowing that faith ends in sight.
Soon with the saved I the King shall a-dore, Soon I shall look on His face.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

Gone are my sins, gone are my sins, He hath
Gone..... are my sins,... ..... ..... .. Je - sus rolled them all a -

rolled them a - way, Hap - py am I, hap - py am I
way..... Hap - - py am I,..... ..... . . sing-ing

sing - ing His praise day af - ter day; Press-ing a long
praise ..... ..... ev - 'ry day,.. .. ..... Press ing a -

Emory S. Peek, owner.

## Safe in The Lord.

press-ing a-long to the land of re-ward, Glo-ry to God,
long..... to the land of true re - ward,..... Glo - ry to

glo - ry to God, I am safe..... in the Lord.....
God,..... .. I am safe ev - er safe in the Lord. in the Lord.

## No. 87. A Song of Praise.

J. M. Henson. McD. Weams.

1. Praise the Lord with grate-ful song, For now to Him doth praise be - long;
2. He is good and great and strong, He fills our hearts with end - less song;
3. Firm - ly shall His works all stand, For He hath made the sea and land;

Tell of all His works and ways' Now give to Him your heart's best praise.
For His good-ness and His love, Oh, praise the God who reigns a - bove.
And will keep His [own [by love, Till safe with Him in heav'n a - bove.

McD. Weame, owner., Rome. Ga. 1920.

# No. 88. The New Camp Ground.

D. S. WARNER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We have met to - day on the new camp-ground, And our hap - py
2. We have met to - day on the new camp-ground, And our shouts of
3. We have met to - day on the new camp-ground, Oh, the fel - low-

hearts each day o'er-flow, With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks.
joy and glo - ry ring, There's a might - y stir as the Lord comes down,
ship and love so sweet, As the pure in heart all to - geth - er flow,

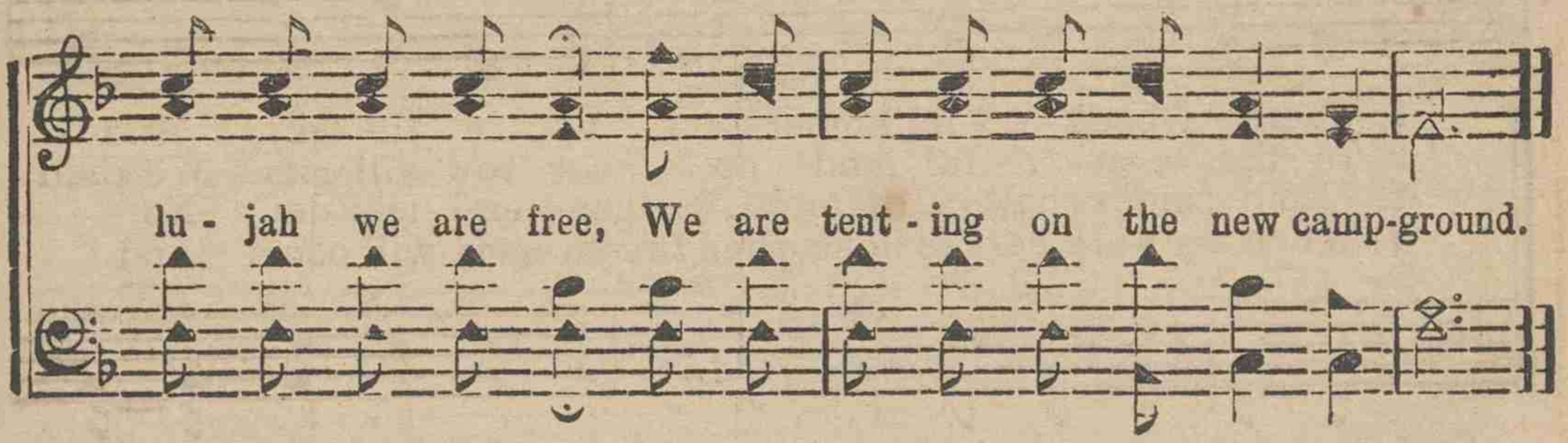
REFRAIN

We are sing - ing as we on - ward go.
And we gath-er 'round our Sav - ior King. We will make His prais-es sound,
In the bonds of peace and love com-plete.

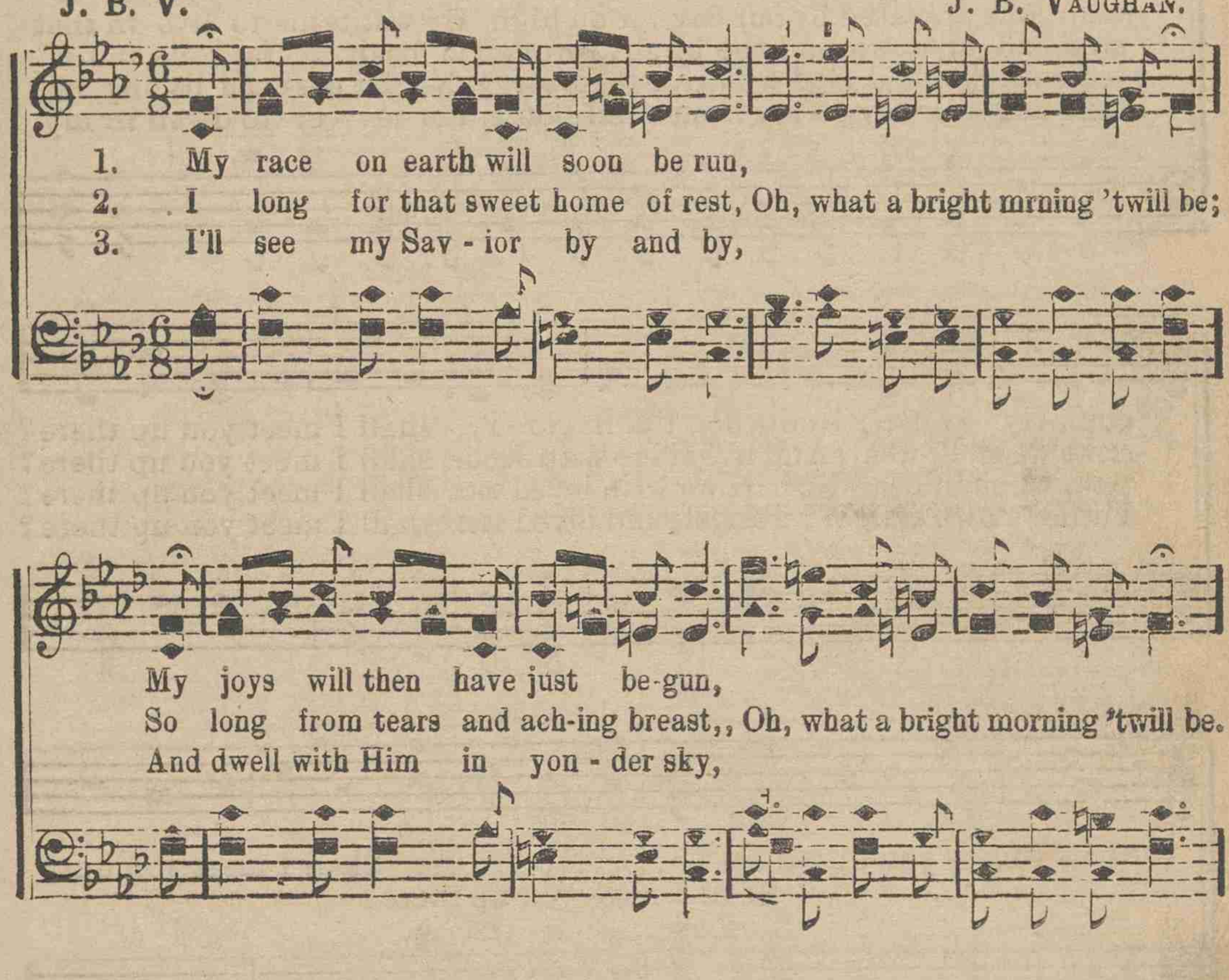
Since the jew - el we have found, We will sing,
we will sing,

we will sing,
we will sing,
We will strike the hap - py key, Hal - le -

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

## The New Camp Ground. Concinded.

## No. 89. What A Bright Morning 'Twill Be.

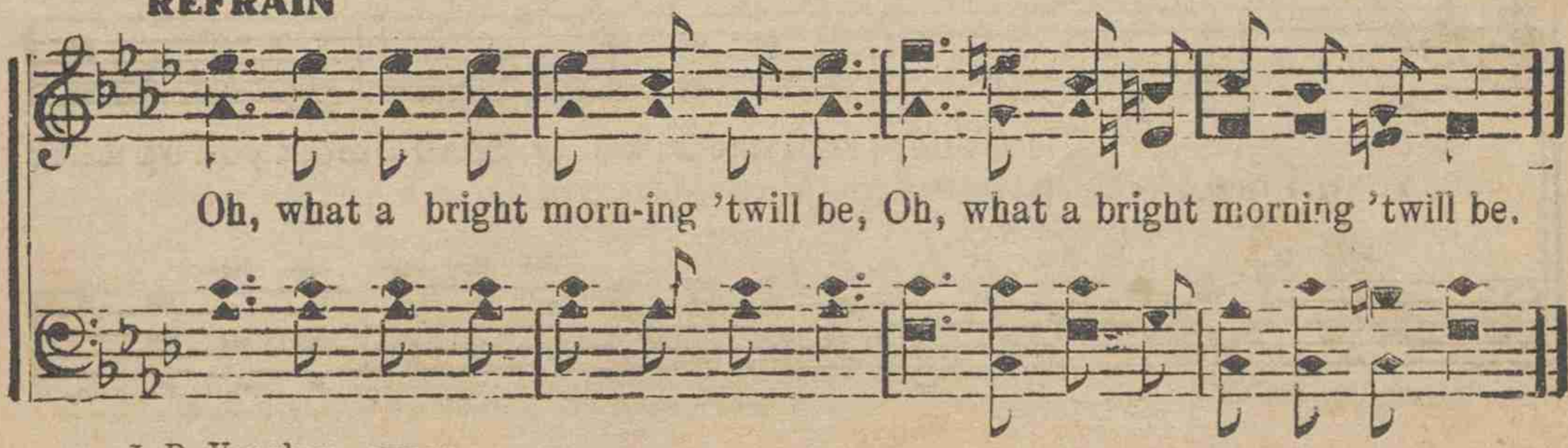
J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.







REFRAIN




J. B. Vaughan, owner.

## No 90. Shall I Meet You Up There?

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far up in the sky, And
2. In that beau - ti - ful land no sor - row will come, We shall
3. No night shall be there, it is one end - less day, No
4. When my work here is done, then the an - gels will come And

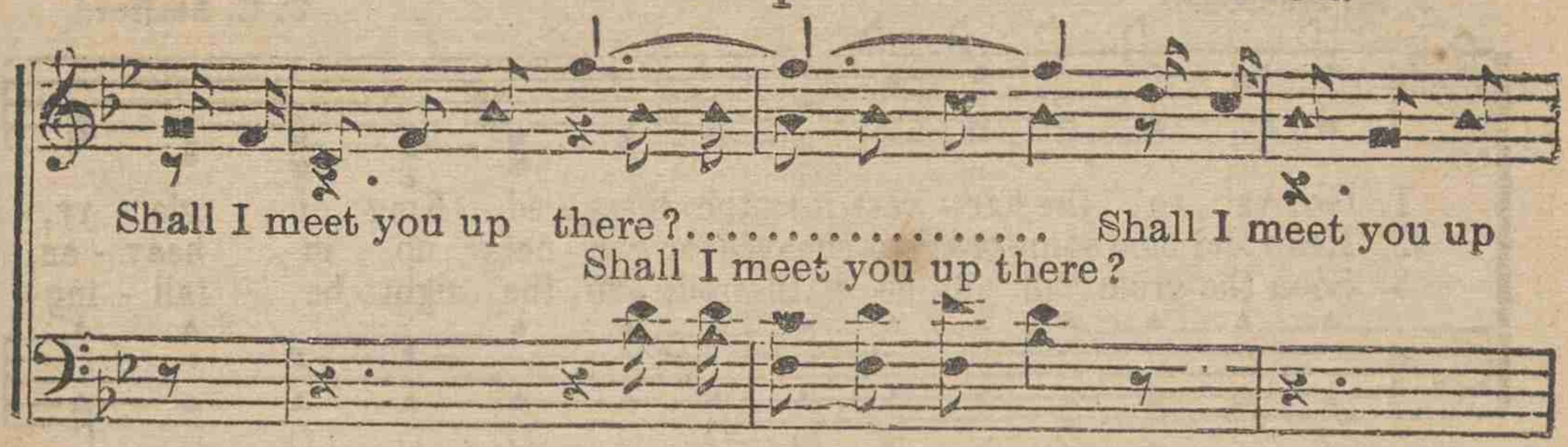
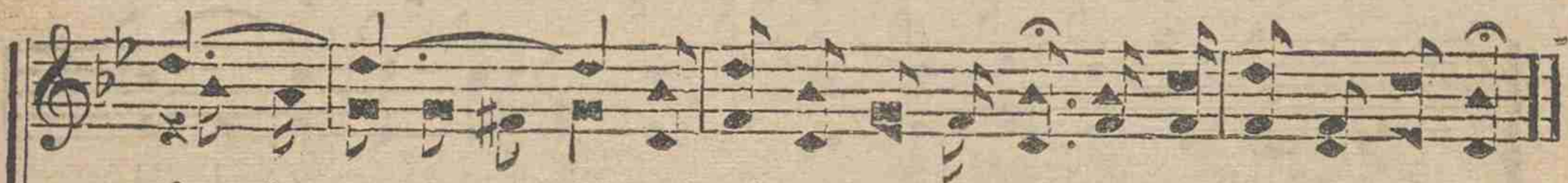
mansions prepared by our Sav-ior on high, He wants me to live in that
sing hallelujah around the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful robe and a
tears will be shed, God will wipe them away; No sickness and dy-ing, no
take me a - way to my beau-ti-ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my

coun-try so fair, And when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there?
crown we shall wear, And live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
pain we shall bear, No parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
Father's own care, With angels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

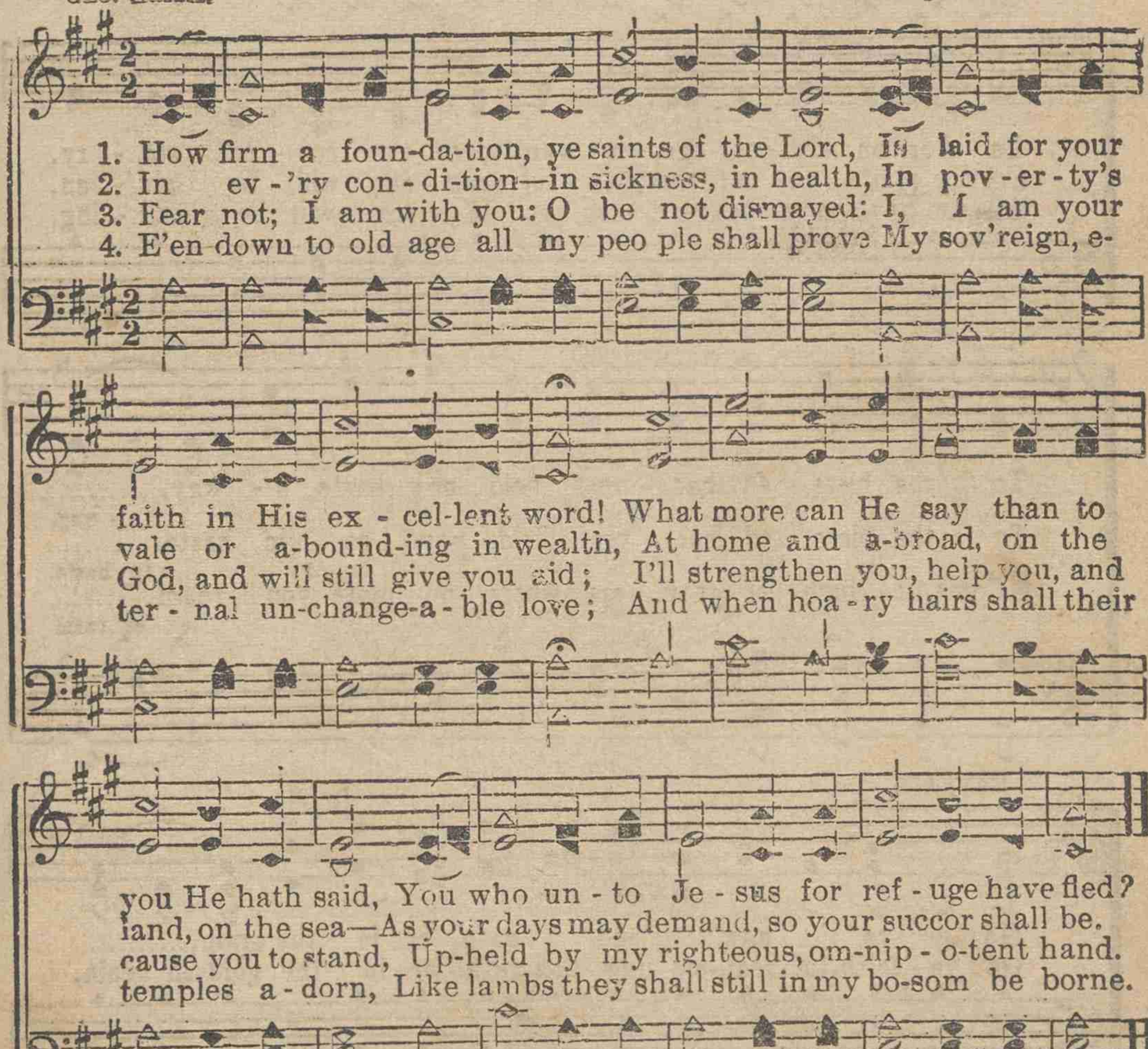
REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there?..... Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

there?.....Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

## Shall I Meet You Up There? Concluded.

## No. 91. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.



# No. 92. Go Ye To the Harvest.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." H. F. Morris, owner.

J. M. Henson. C. C. Stafford.

1. Go, ye, to the har - vest for the bless - ed King of glo - ry,
2. Reap and bind some precious sheaves for gar - ners up in heav - en,
3. Soon the grain will all be gath-ered, and the night be fall - ing

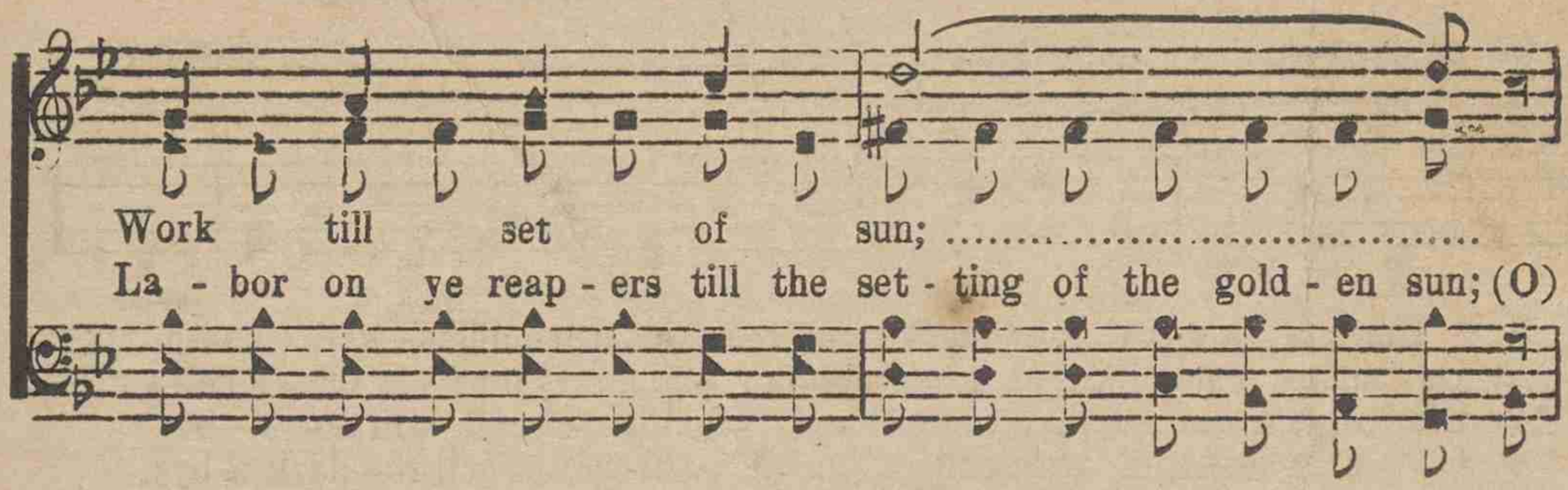
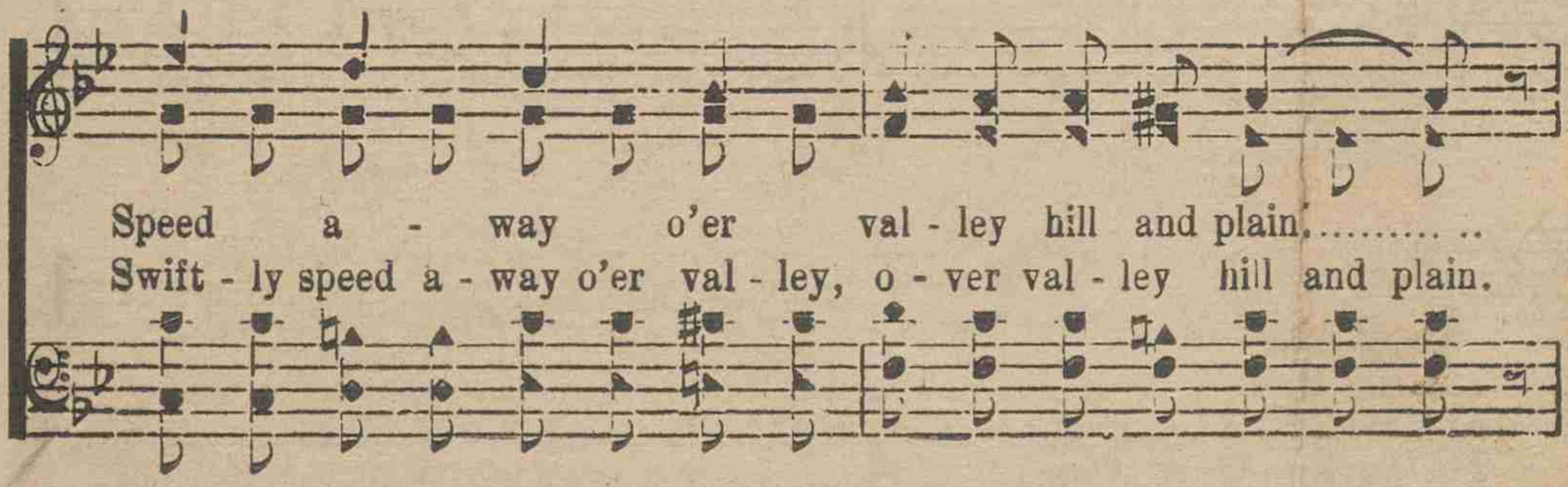
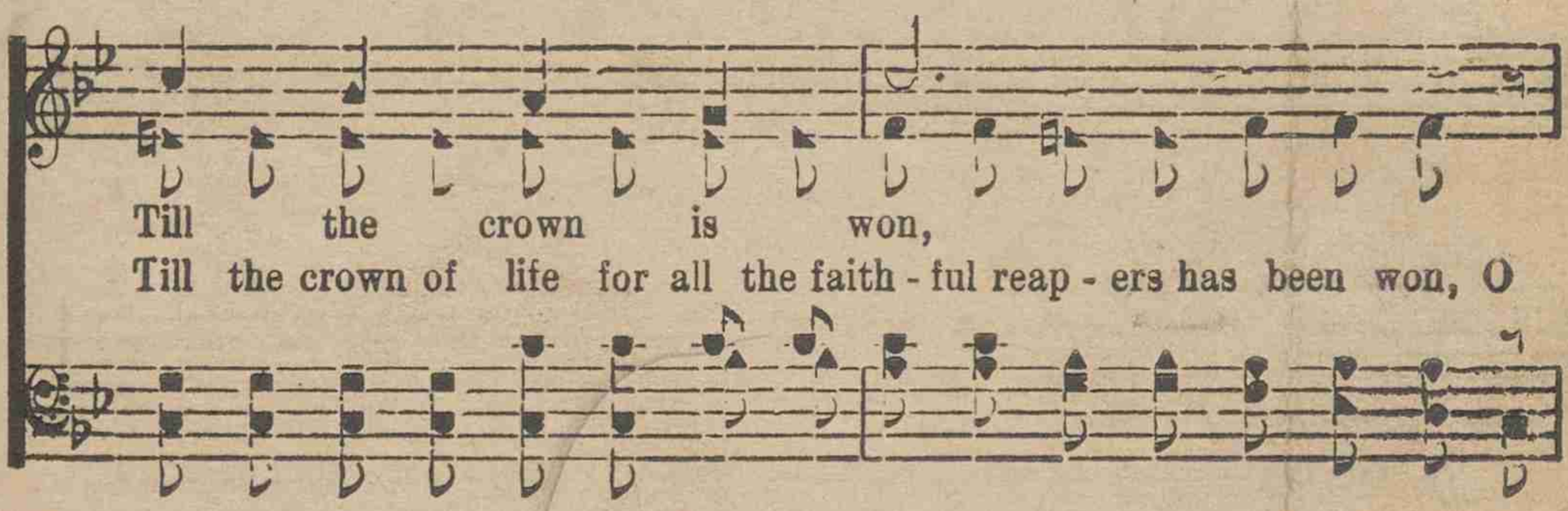
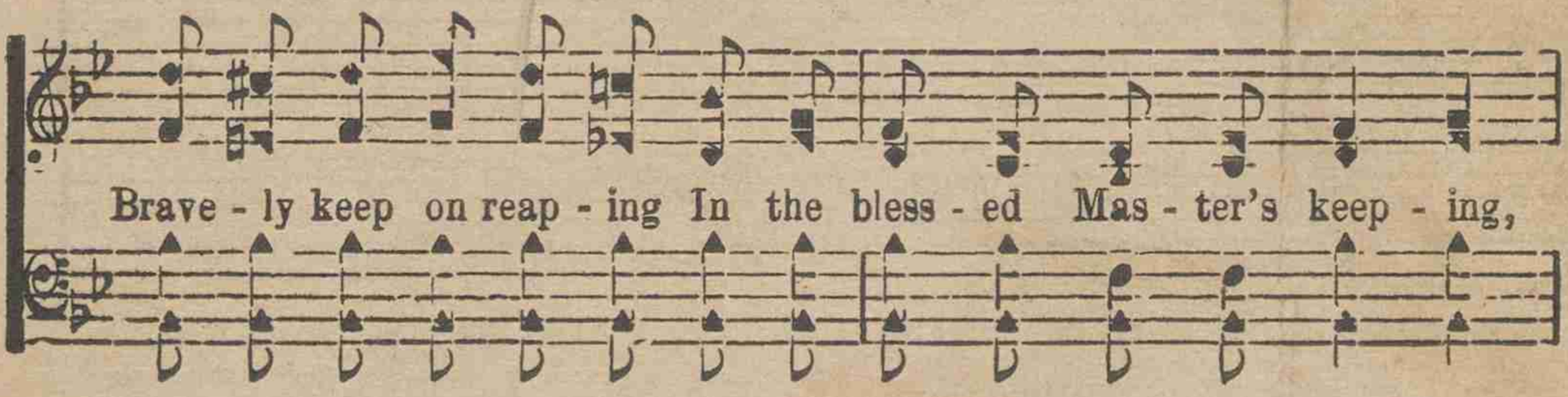
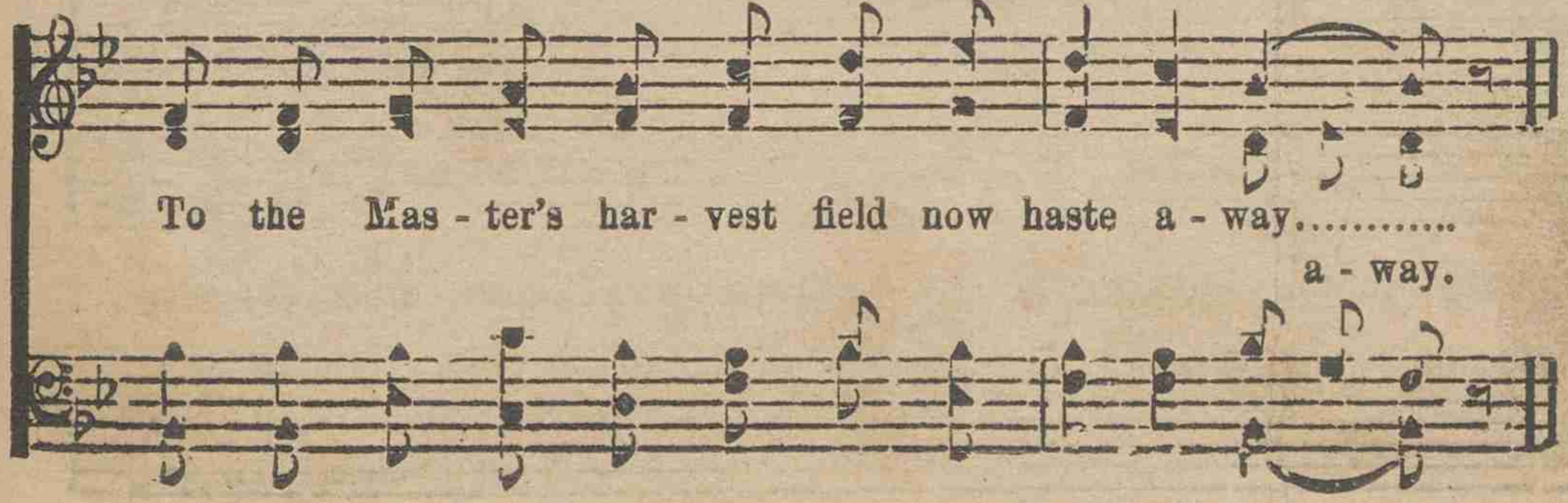
Loy - al reap - ers He is need - ing in the field to-day;.....
to - day;
Gold - en grain is bend - ing low, and soon may go to waste;.....
to waste;
Then the bless - ed har-vest King will bid us wel-come home,.....
to our home;

La - bor on with cour-age, on - ward speed the gos - pel sto - ry,
Crowns of life to all the faith - ful reap - ers will be giv - en,
All who have some sheaves to car - ry Je - sus will be call - ing,

To the bless - ed har - vest field now haste a - way,.....
a - way.
To the bless - ed har - vest fields now go in haste. .....
in haste.
"Come up high - er reap - ers where no more you'll roam." .....
ev - er roam,

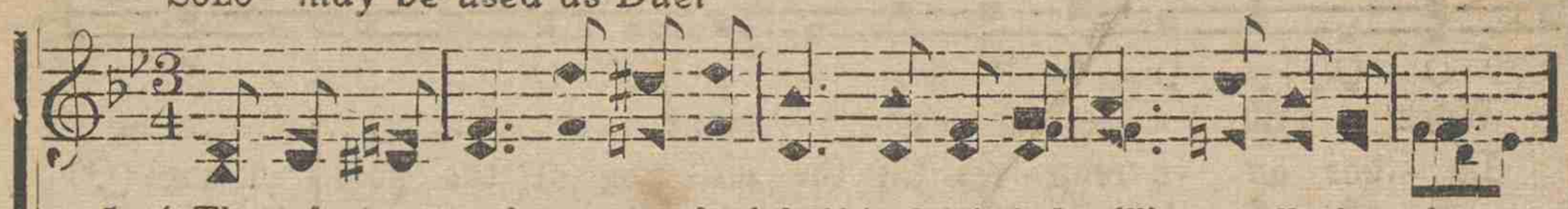
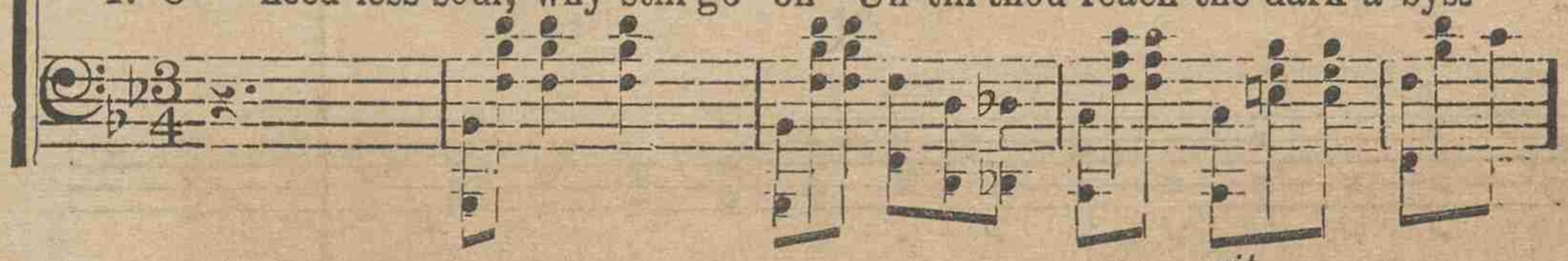
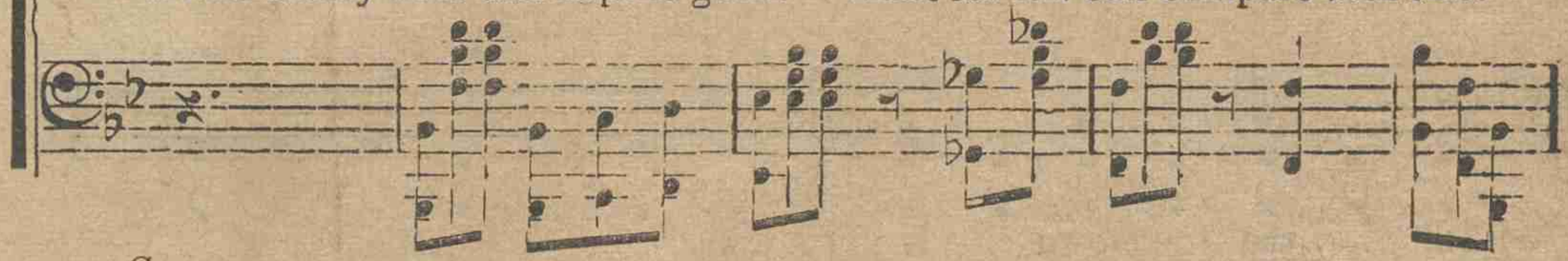
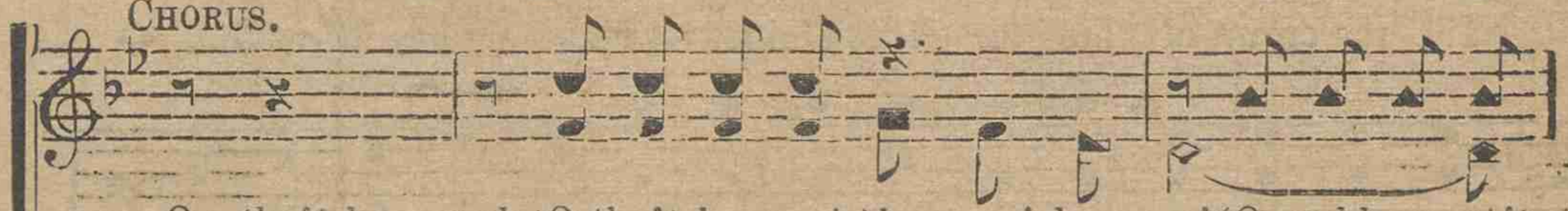
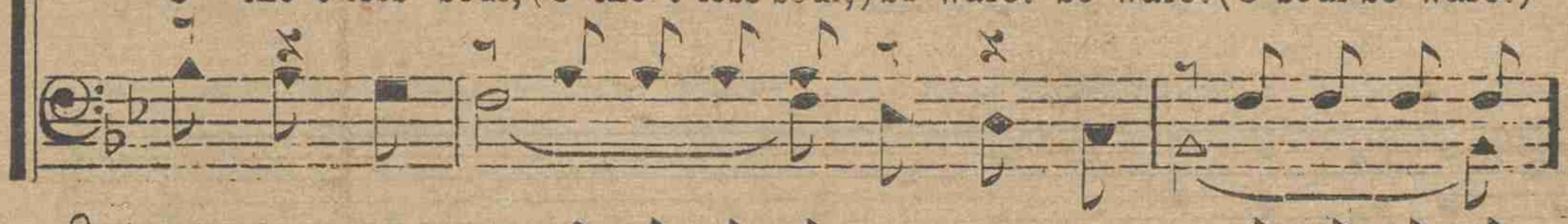
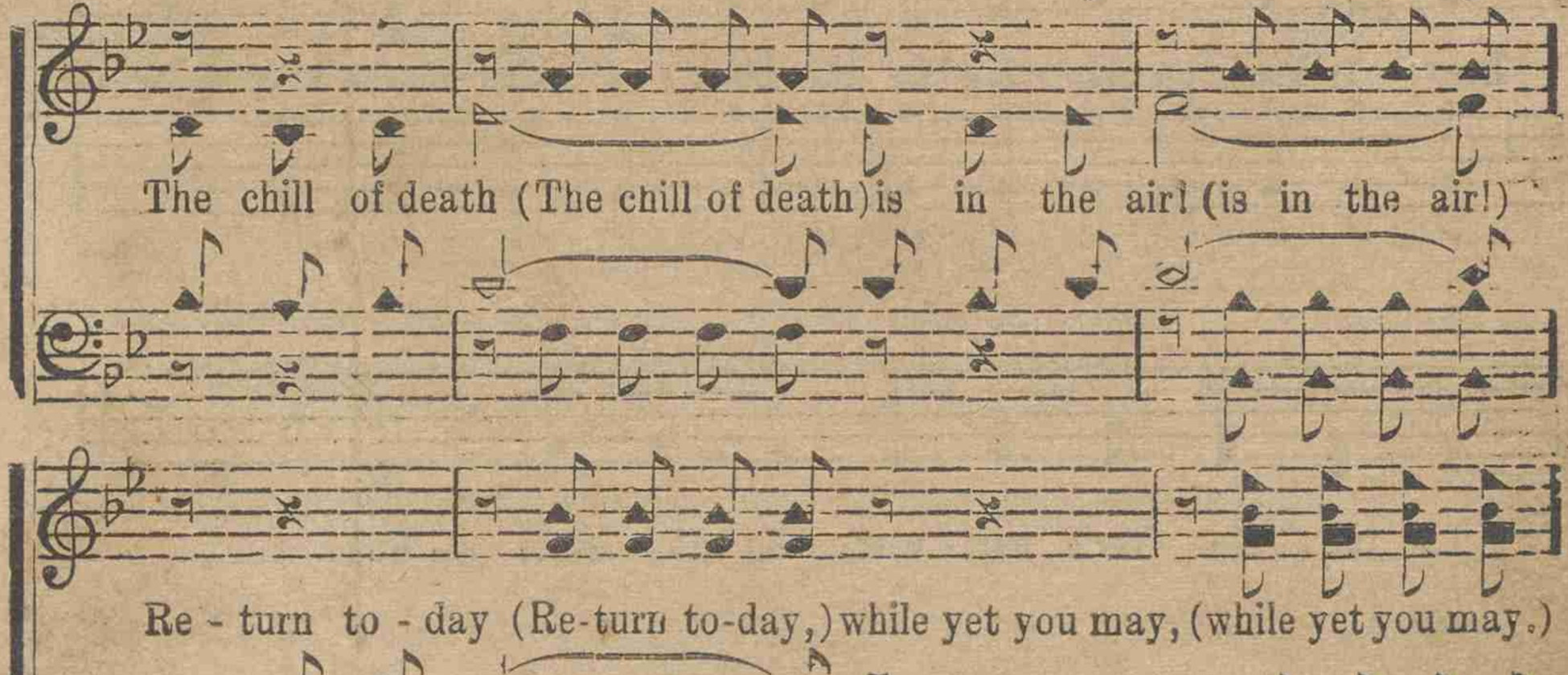
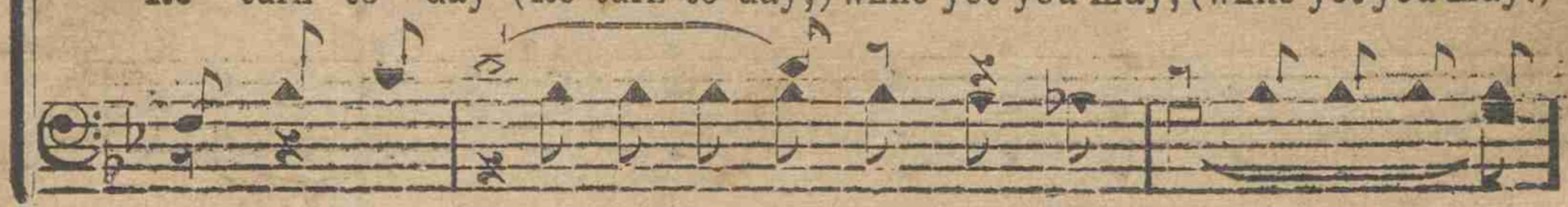
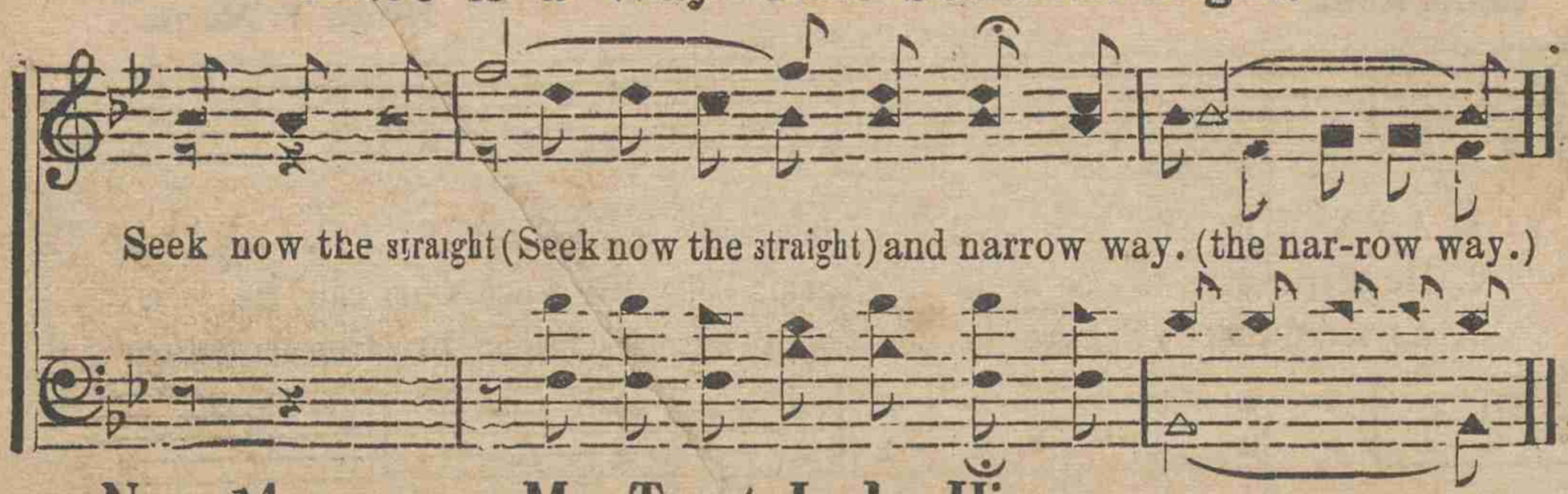
REFRAIN.

Go ye now and gath - er in the grain,.....
Go ye faith-ful reap-ers now and gath - er in the gold-en grain,

# Go Ye Forth to Harvest.

# No. 93. There is a Way That Seemeth Right.

PROV, 14: 14.

T. O. Chisholm. C. C. Stafford and J. M. Henson, owners C. C. Stafford.

SOLO—*may be used as Duet*

1. "There is a way that seemeth right" And blinded millions walk there-in
2. On eith - er hand bright flowers bloom, And merry mus - ic fills the air;
2. Tho' of-ten warned, they will not heed, The gos-pel call, will not o - bey;
4. O heed-less soul, why still go on Un-till thou reach the dark a-byss

The end there - of is end-less night, The night of death that follows sin.
And men, un - mind - ful of their doom, Go laughing downward to de spair.
Tho' love en-treat and mer - cy plead, With hardened hearts, they go their way.
Where mercy flees and hope is gone? — What fol-low can compare with this?

CHORUS.

O tho't-less soul, (O tho't-less soul,) be-ware! be-ware! (O soul be-ware!)

The chill of death (The chill of death) is in the air! (is in the air!)

Re - turn to - day (Re-turn to-day,) while yet you may, (while yet you may.)

## There is a Way That Seemeth Right.

## No. 94. My Trust Is In Him.

**Mrs. Clint Shelton.** C. C. Stafford, owner. **C. C. Stafford.**

# No. 95. A Friend to Be Trusted

James Kowe — Homer F. Morris.

1. A Friend to be trust - ed is heav-en's own King, His love is the
2. He keeps us se - cure in the arms of His grace, Our call He is
3. As-sured that we have a most won - der - ful Friend, By Him should our

same day by day; He helps me to la - bor, to smile and to sing,
read - y to heed; He brightens the night with the light of His face,
lives be con-trolled; We'll fol - low His steps till the jour-ney shall end,

REFRAIN.

And bright-ens each step of the way.
And gives us the bless-ing we need. A friend to be trust - ed at
Be - yond the bright por - tals of gold.

all times, A Friend ev - 'ry oth - er a - bove; To - day and to-mor-row

in joy and in sor - row, A Friend that we all should love.

Property of H. F. Morris.

NO 96.

# Speed Away.

Property of G. L. Cantrell and J. M. Henson.

JAMES ROWE. G. L. CANTRELL.

1. There are souls a - stray in val-leys deep and drear, Speed a - way,
2. Je - sus loves them still, so an-swer now His call,
3. That the lost may know that Je- sus saves from sin,
4. That the crown at last your faith- ful soul may wear, Speed a - way,

speed a - way; Of the love of God let all the sin- ners hear,
Bear-ing words of life and com-fort sweet to all,
Do your best to bring some wayward sin - ner in,
speed a- way; That the Saviour's glo - ry ev - er you may share,

FINE. REFRAIN.

Speed a - way, speed a - way. Bear-ing ti - dings of
Speed a- way, speed a- way.
love look - ing a- bove, Go to these souls far a-
Con-stant-ly
stray; Let them hear of that friend, on whose love they may depend,
far a-stray;

D. S.

# No. 97. My Lord Will Care For Me.

James Rowe. S. E. Arnold, owner. 1928. S. E. Arnold.

1. O pre-cious tho't for - ev - er mine! Tho' tempt-ed I shall be;
2. The storms of life my path may hide Till but a step I see;
3. Great burdens I may have to bear, But strengthened I shall be;
4. When all the cares of life are past, Safe home my soul will be:

I need not wor - ry nor re - pine, For Je-sus cares for me.
But pure and brave I shall a - bide, For Je sus cares for me.
And have a Friend each ill to share, For Je-sus cares for me.
And I shall rest with Him at last, For Je-sus cares for me.

REFRAIN..

He cares for me ..... by day and night, And I His face shall see; ..... Un - til my faith ..... ..... shall end in sight, My Lord will care for me.

He cares for me by day and night,
His face shall see; Un-til my faith
shall end in sight,
will care for me.

# No. 98. Labor Brings Reward.

E. M. Bartlett. J. M. Henson, owner. J. M. Henson.

1. Work-ers in the fie'd for Je - sus, go - ing ev - 'ry day, Tell - ing oth - ers
2. When you're worn and weary and the cross is hard to bear, Don't for - get that
3. He re-wards the faith-ful for the ser-vice that they do, Ev - 'ry deed of
4. There are man - y du - ties that the Sav-ior gives His own, But He nev - er

of His bless-ed Word; Knowing when this life is o - ver you'll receive your pay.
Je - sus is your Lord; He will keep the rec-ord and will al-ways treat you fair.
mer - cy He re-cords; Go and use your tal ents as the Lord commandeth you,
makes the work too hard; When the work is fin-ished He will then be-stow a crown,

FINE. REFRAIN.

La - bor for the Mas-ter brings re-ward. La - bor for the Mas-ter brings re-

D.S.-La-bor for the Mas-ter brings re-ward.

ward, So be up and do - ing for the Lord;
brings re-ward, for the Lord;

Each true ef - fort He will crown, When the sun of life goes down,

D. S.

# No. 799. Answer the Call of the Bugle!

JENNIE WILSON. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Sol-diers, hear the bu - gle call - ing to the field of strife?
2. Ral - ly in the serv - ice of the ho - ly King of kings,
3. In the might-y ar - my that confronts the ranks of sin,

Where a bat-tle must be fought to win a no-bler life; O the vic-t'ry
Free - ly to the weary world He joy and blessing brings; Help to ush-er
Do a loyal soldier's part, and Christ's approval win; List - en for His

D. S.—*With sal-va-tion's*

Fine.

you may gain with honor will be rife, An-swer the call of the bu - gle!
in the time when earth with gladness sings, An-swer the call of the bu - gle!
or -ders ringing o'er the battle's din, An-swer the call of the bu - gle!

*gleam-ing banner ev - er kept in view, An - swer the call of the bu - gle!*

CHORUS.

O hark! O hark! the summons sounds for you;
O hark! O hark!

D. S.

March on! march on! as sol - diers brave and true,
March on! march on!

H. F. Morris, owner.

# No. 100. There's a Smile and a Welcome at Home.

**Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.** J. M. Henson, owner. **J. M. Henson.**

1. "Good-bye son", said a dar - ling old moth-er And re - mem - ber wher-
2. Soul a - far from the home-land of heav-en That fair coun try a-
3. There will be a great sup - per up yon-der, To which you are in-

ev - er you roam; That for you—should the world turn a - gainst you,
bove yon fair dome. When at last all the earth-ties are riv - en,
vit - ed to come; They will give you a seat at the ban - quet

REFRAIN.

There's a smile and a wel-come at home.
There's a smile and a wel-come at home. "Yes, there's always a place at the
And a smile and a wel-come at home.

ta - ble, So re-mem-ber wher - ev - er you roam; When to cope with the
When at last all the
They will give you a

world you're not a - ble, There's a smile and a wel - come at home.
earth - ties are riv - en There's a smile and a wel - come at home.
seat at the ban-quet And a smile and a wel - come at home.

# No. 101. My Savior's Hand.

Copyright, 1923 in "Special Songs, No. 8." H. F. Morris, owner.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Homer F. Morris.

1. A - down thro' the world I am go - ing, But one step a - head
2. My Sav - ior is Lord of cre - a - tion, He made both the land
3. How of - ten when tri - als op-press me And troub - le my lot
4. Some day I shall meet my Re - deem - er, Some day His dear face

I can see; I suf - fer no dread, for safe - ly I'm led By the
and the sea; I lean on His arm, I'm saved from all harm By the
seems to be; The storms dis-ap-pear, the skies are made clear By the
I shall see; With joy - ful ac-claim, I'll praise His great name, For the

REFRAIN.

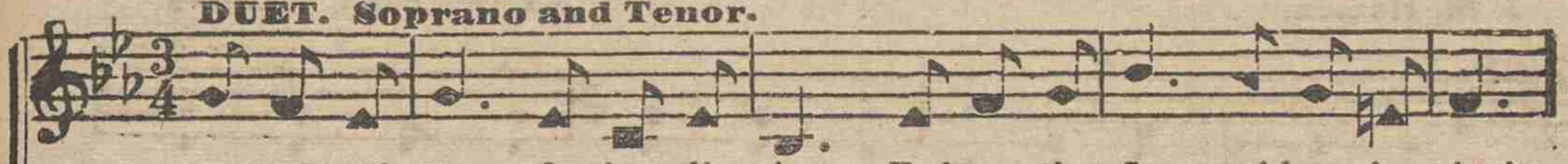
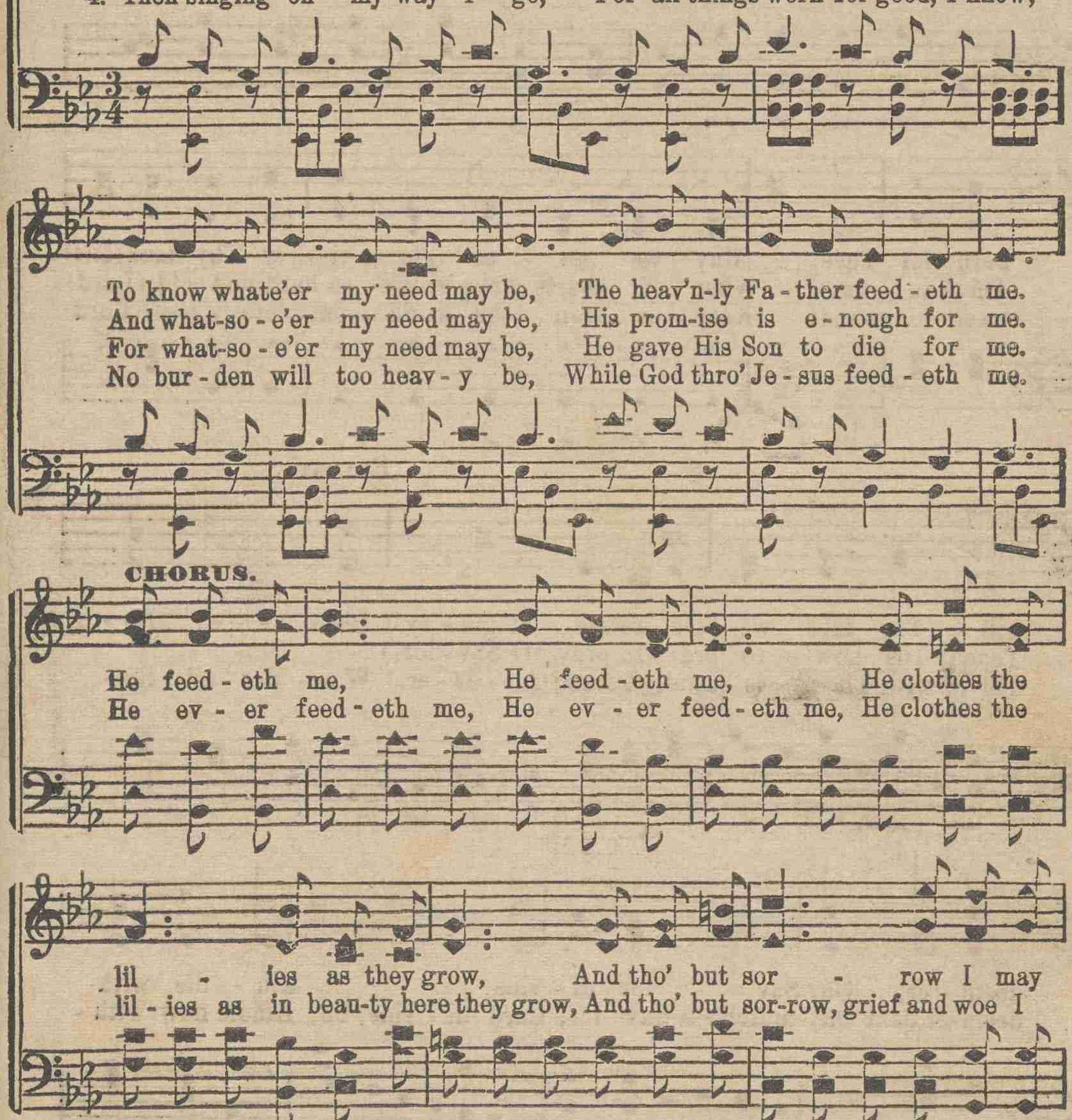
hand that was wounded for me. The hand of my Sav - ior is lead-ing me

on, How safe in such lead - ing 'til heav - en is won; I sing, for I

must, I sing for I trust The hand that was wound - ed for me.

# No. 102. He Feedeth Me.

B. F. M. SOURS. HOMER F. MORRIS.

**DUET. Soprano and Tenor.**

1. He feed - eth me, O joy di - vine, To know that Je - sus' love is mine!
2. I need so much, but all His store Is pledged to me; I want no more;
3. I know that what He says is mine, And I can trust the love di - vine;
4. Then singing on my way I go, For all things work for good, I know;

To know whate'er my need may be, The heav'n-ly Fa - ther feed - eth me.
And what-so - e'er my need may be, His prom-ise is e - nough for me.
For what-so - e'er my need may be, He gave His Son to die for me.
No bur - den will too heav - y be, While God thro' Je - sus feed - eth me.

**CHORUS.**



He feed - eth me, He feed - eth me, He clothes the lil - ies as they grow, And tho' but sor - row I may know,
He ev - er feed - eth me, He ev - er feed - eth me, He clothes the lil - ies as in beau-ty here they grow, And tho' but sor-row, grief and woe I here may know,

rit.

Yet through it all He cares for me.
Yet through it all He cares, He cares for me (for me).

By per. of H. F. Morris

# No. 103. Make Us Lights Divine.

Copyright, 1924. in: "Special Songs, No. 3." H. F. Morris, owner.

J. M. Henson. Christopher C. Stafford.

1. Kin - dle in our hearts dear Lord a flame, That will dai - ly
2. Nev - er let us wan - der from Thy fold, Make us whol - ly
3. Giv - ing up our all we fol - low Thee, For it is Thy

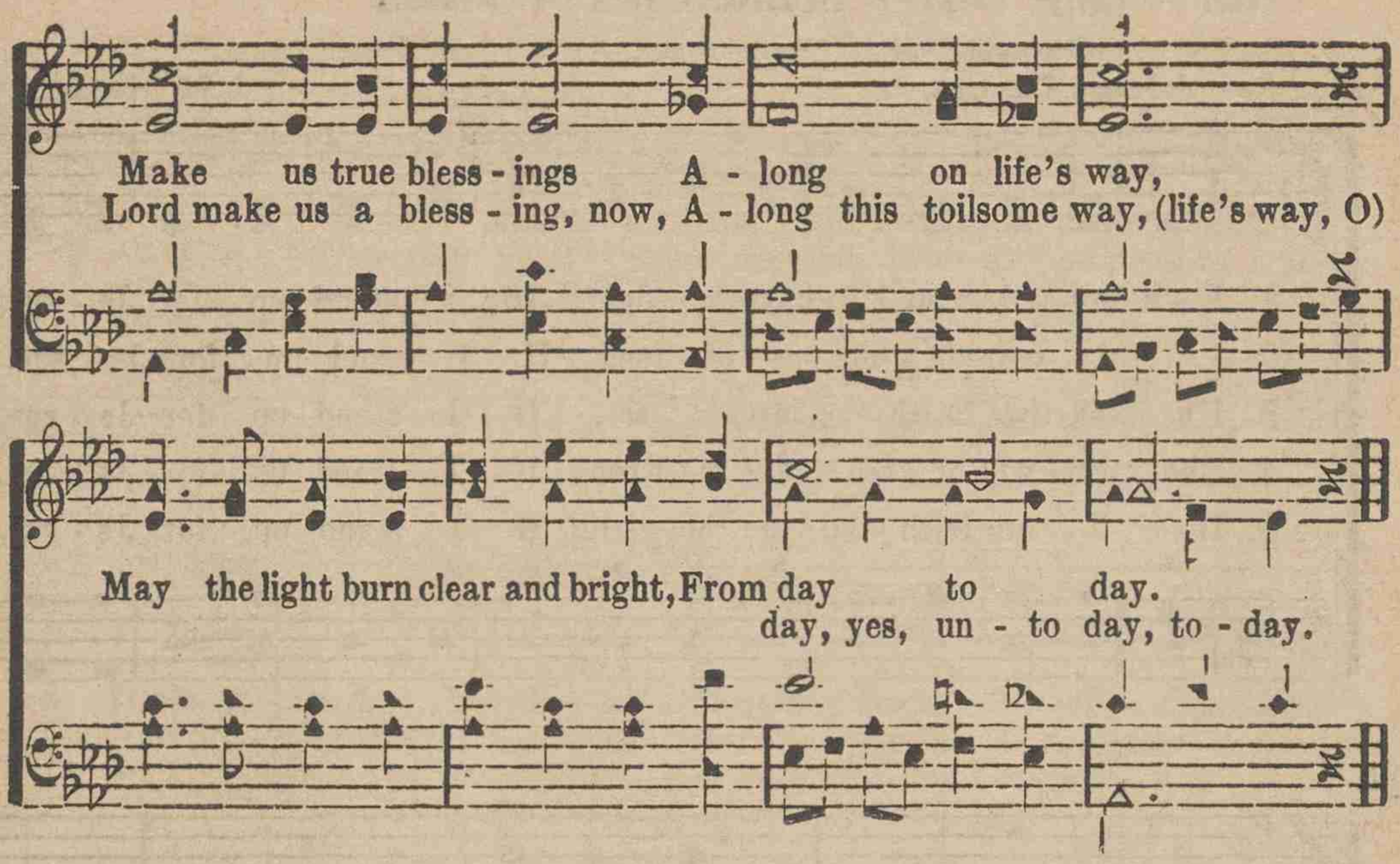
burn for Thee; May we ev - er glo - ri - fy Thy name, (Lord)
Thiue to - day When our hearts have grown so hard and cold, (Lord)
blest command; Keep us from the world com-plete-ly free, (Lord)

REFRAIN.

Till Thy face we see, we see (in glo - ry.) Bless - ed Re -
Teach us how to prav, to pray (O Sav - ior.)
Till with Thee we stand, we stand (for - ev - er.) Won - der - ful Re -

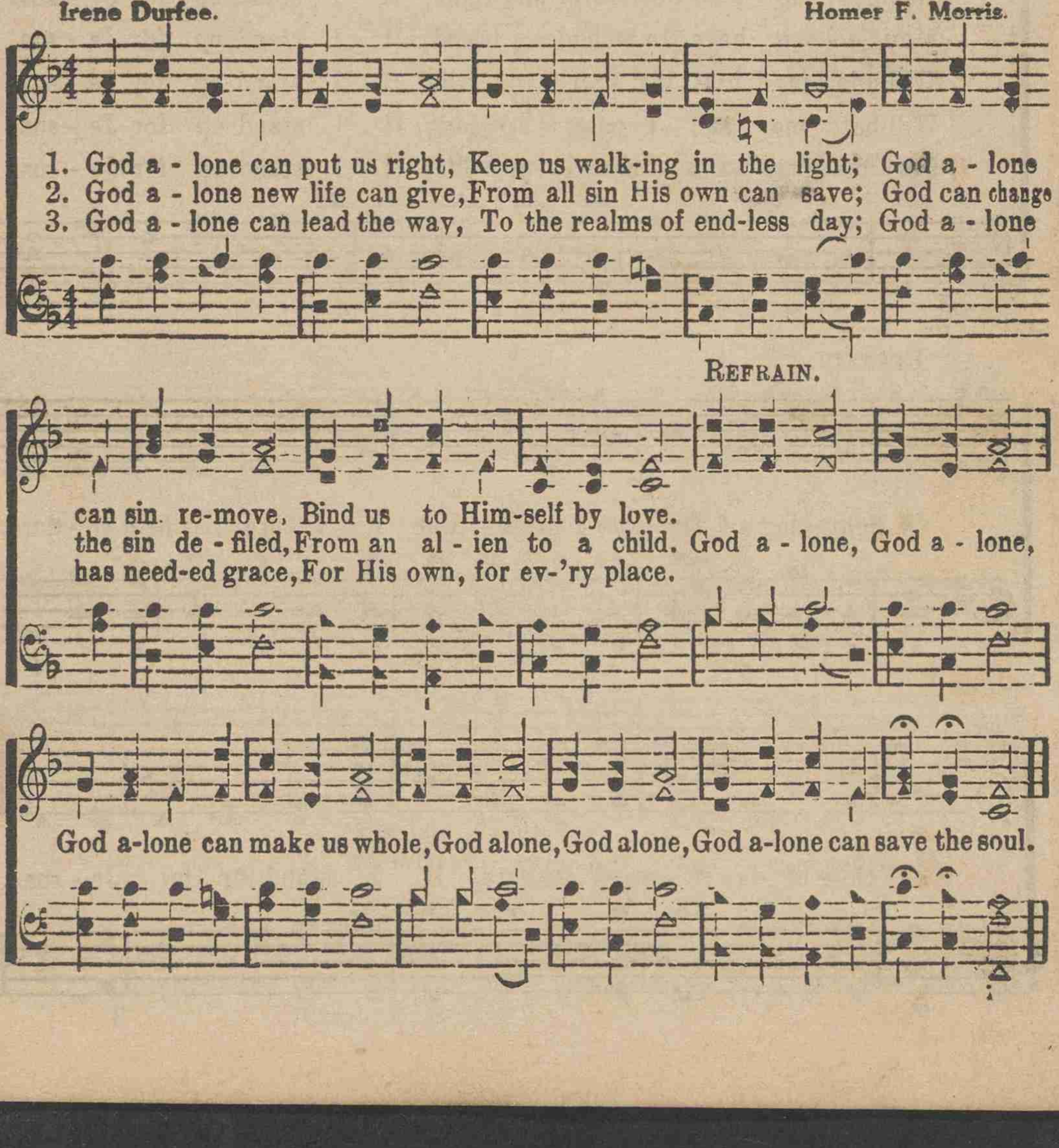
deem - er, Oh, Sav - ior di - vine, Kin - dle with-
deem-er dear Oh, matchless Sav - ior, Lord di - vine, oh, Kindle now with -

in us, A light that will shine;
in our hearts, A light that ev - er - more will shine; (O bless - ed)

## Make Us Lights Divine.

## No. 104. God Alone.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." H. F. Morris, owner.

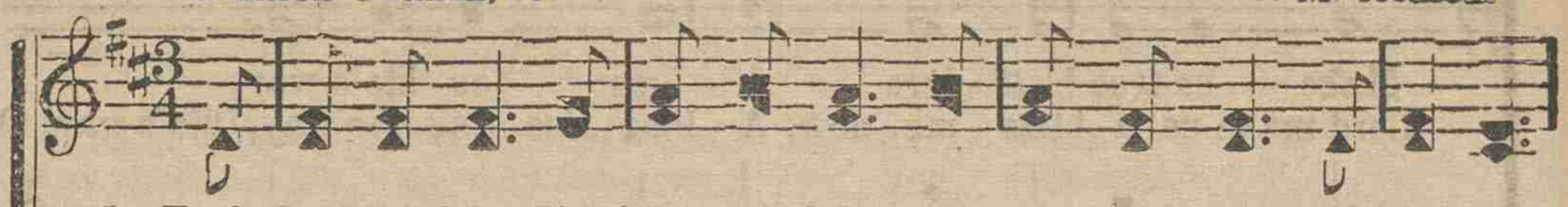
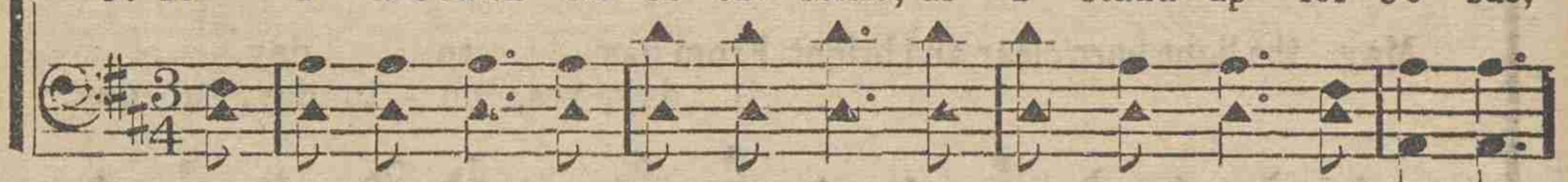
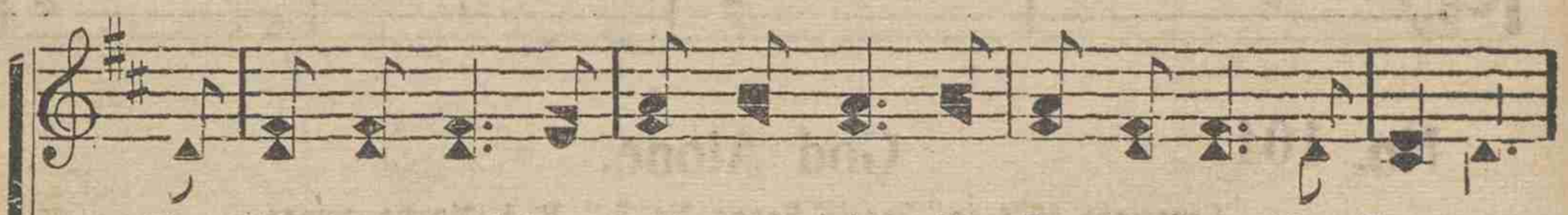
Irene Durfee. Homer F. Morris.

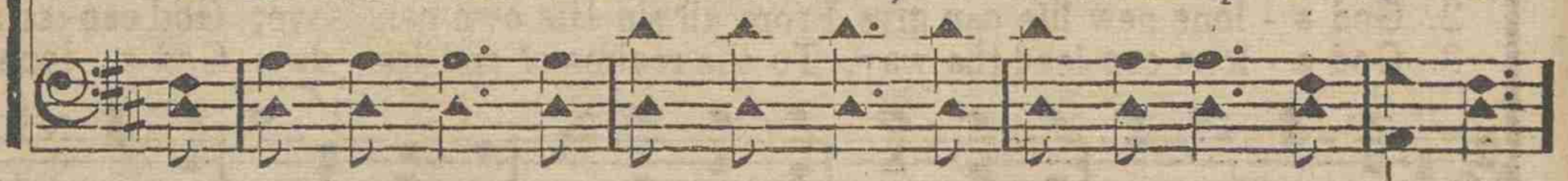
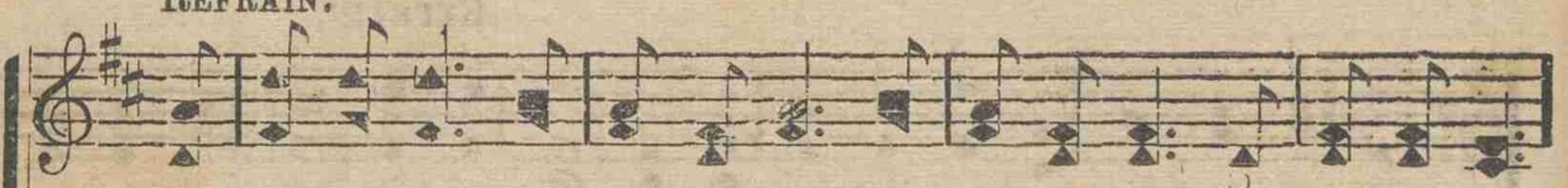


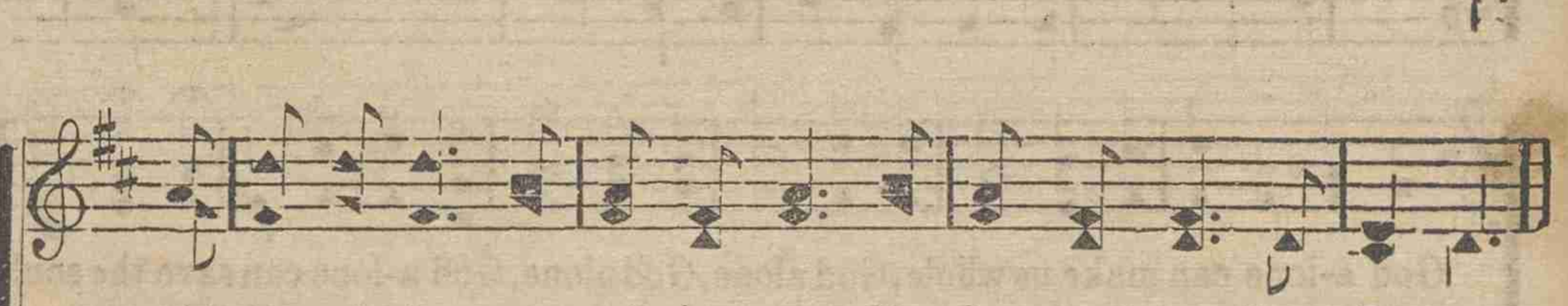

REFRAIN.

# No. 105. If I Stand Up For Jesus.

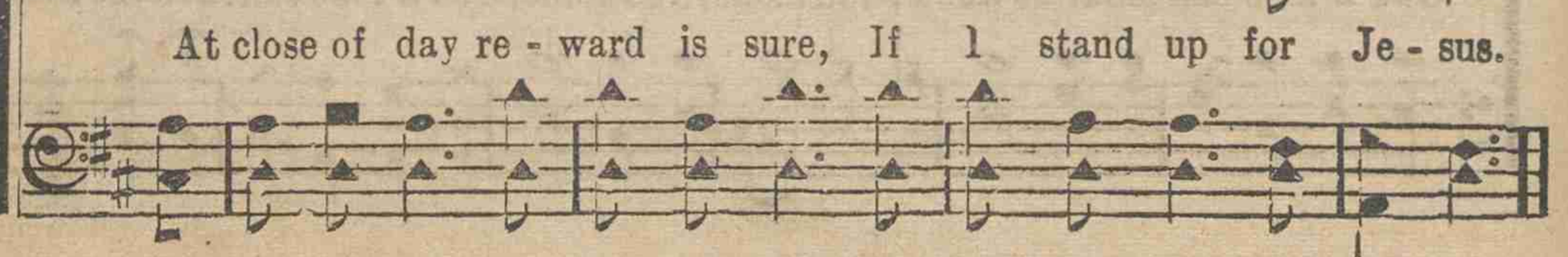
Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. M. Henson.

1. Each day and hour I'll have to fight, If I stand up for Je - sus;
2. I of - ten will some one of - fend If I stand up for Je - sus;
3. I'll seek that broth - er lost in sin, If I stand up for Je - sus;
4. The world will of - ten judge me wrong, If I stand up for Je - sus;
5. If I am faith - ful in the strife, If I stand up for Je - sus,



Have to con - tend for truth and right, If I stand up for Je - sus.
May e - ven have to wound a friend, If I stand up for Je - sus.
Will do my best his soul to win, If I stand up for Je - sus.
Will hate me as I pass a - long, If I stand up for Je - sus.
For me there waits a crown of life, If I stand up for Je - sus

REFRAIN.

Of fight - ing all the way I'm sure, But if I thro' His help en - dure;



At close of day re - ward is sure, If I stand up for Je - sus.



# No. 106. WHAT IS HE WORTH TO YOUR SOUL?

James Rowe. W. B. Walbert and Adger M. Pace.

Very slow.

1. Je - sus the Lord laid His glo - ry a - side, Sin-ners to save and make whole,
2. All that was His for the sin - ner He gave, Point-ed the path to the goal;
3. All that He saves He will keep till the end, Un - der His bless-ed con - trol;
4. All who will trust Him in sun-shine and gloam, Shall, when they reach the bright goal,

Free - ly He died our trans-gres-sions to hide, What is He worth to your soul?
Sin would de - prave, but the Sav - ior would save. What is He worth to you,
Men may de - pend on this won - der - ful Friend. What is He worth to you,
Ceas - ing to roam, be for - ev - er at home. What is He worth to you,

CHORUS.

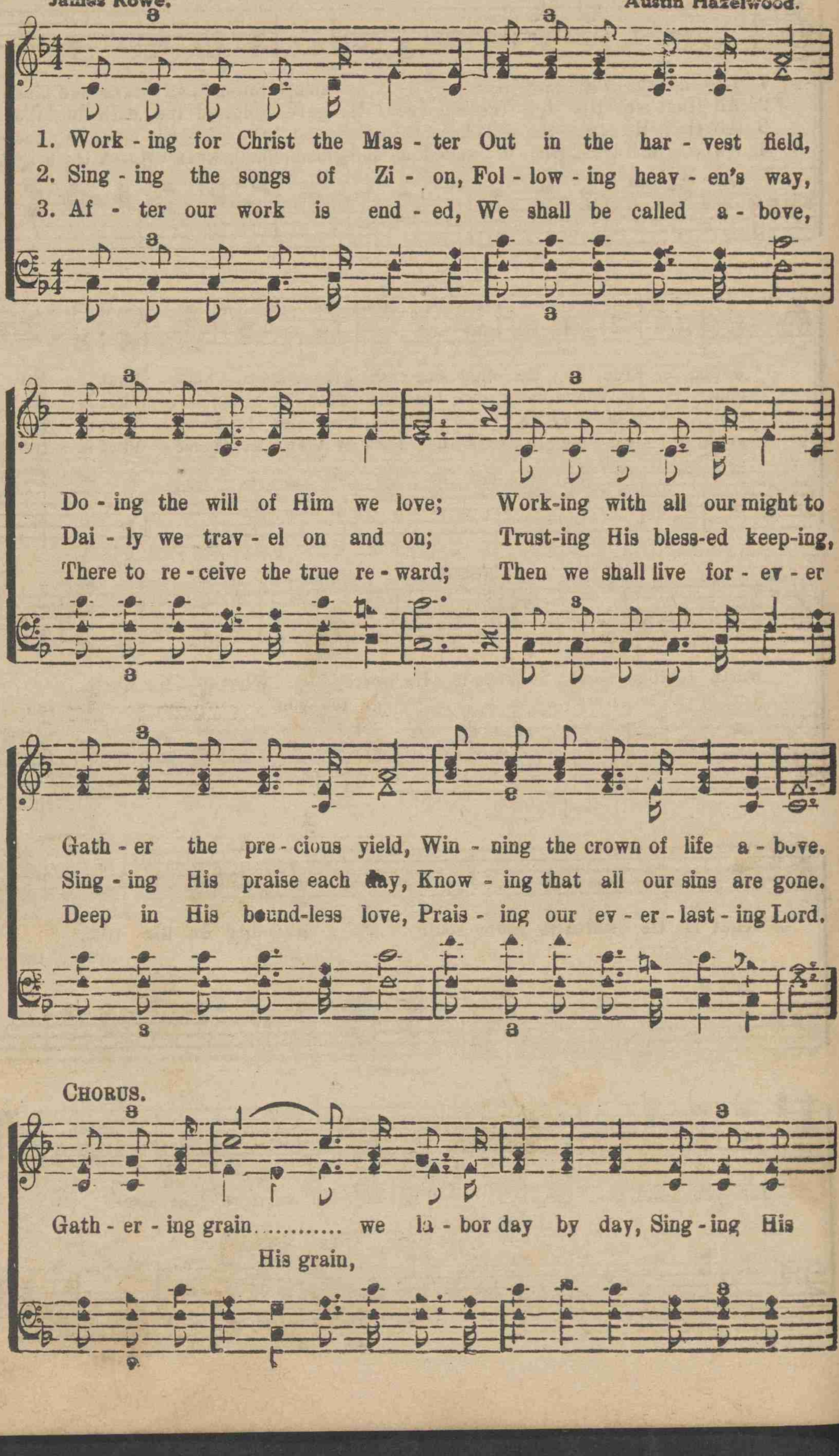
What is He worth, . . . What is He worth . . . What is He worth to you? . . . . He died on the tree, . . . . . for you and for me, . . . . . What is He worth to your soul?

Property of Walbert and Pace, 1922

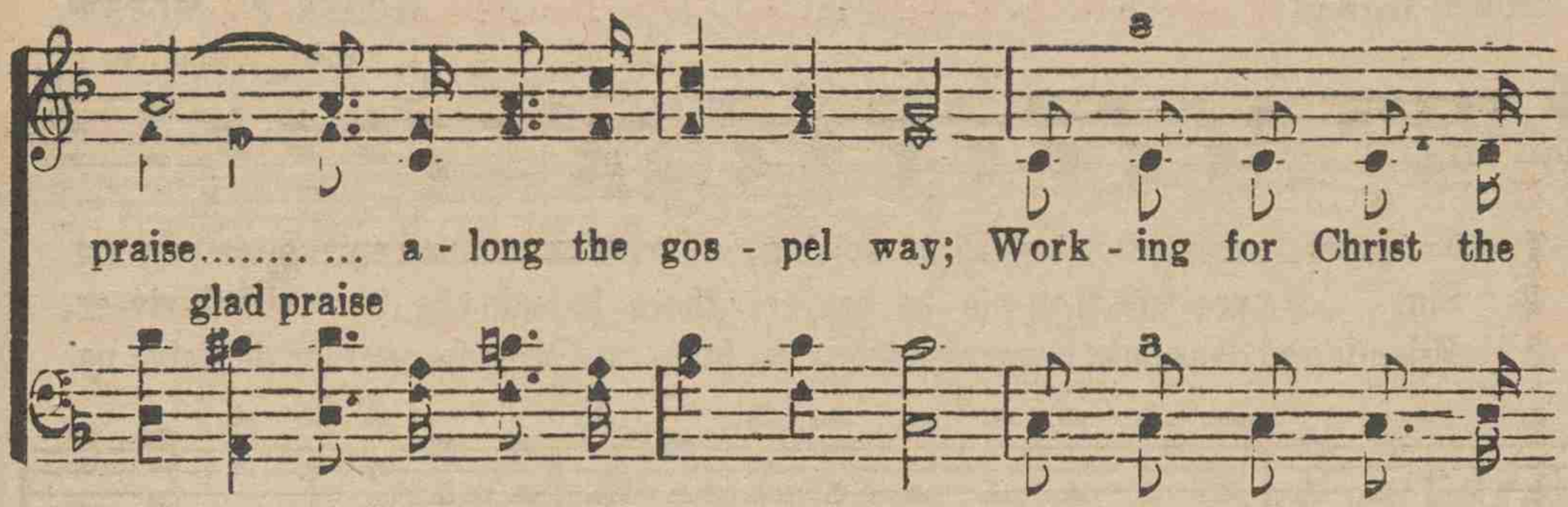
# No. 107. Gathering Grain.

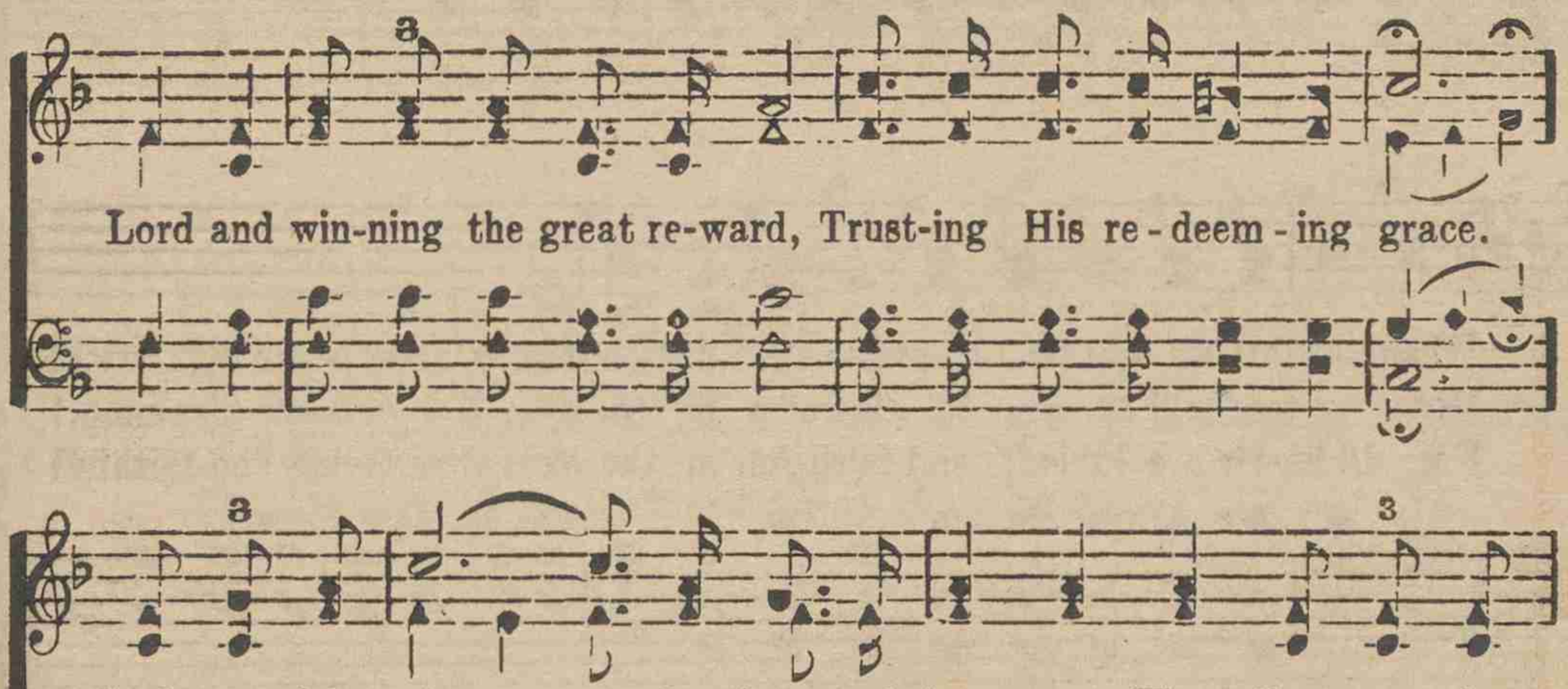
Copyright, 1924, in "Heavenly Echoes", No. 8. Austin Hazelwood, owner.

James Rowe. Austin Hazelwood.



# Gathering Grain.



# No 108. Some Wonderful Morning.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Sweet-er praises we shall be voicing, all with hearts and spirits re-joic-ing
2. Sin or care will trou-ble us nev-er, there be-side the beau-ti-ful riv-er,
3. Friends and dear ones never will leave us, nev - er fret us, nev-er de-ceive us,

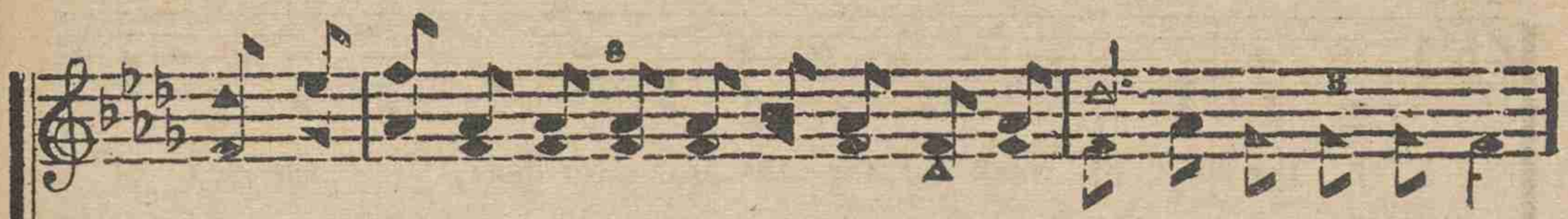
When at last we gather, to praise the Lord on high, (for-ev-er on high, with)
Not a tear will ev - er, be gleaming in the eye, (for-ev-er be gleaming,)
For all hearts are loving, and faith-ful, in the sky; (yes loving and faithful)

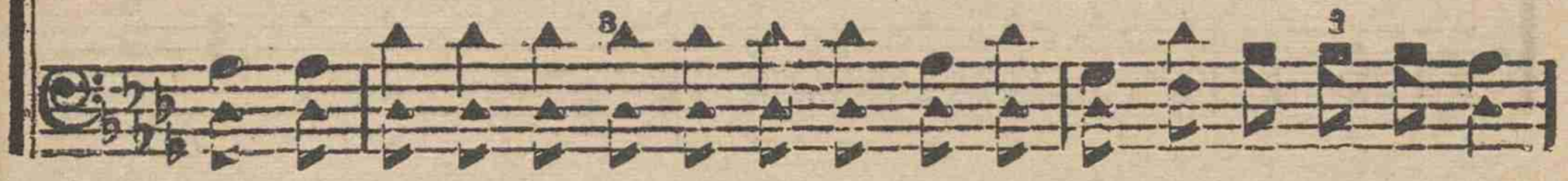
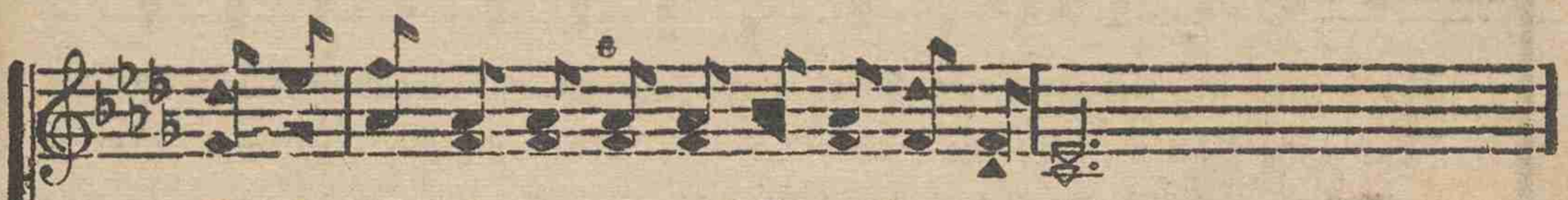
Rap-ture o - ver us will be steal-ing, ev - 'ry heart-bell ring-ing and
Not a storm will ev - er sweep o'er us, when we've joined that glo-ri-fied
There the Lord of glo - ry will meet us with a ten-der welcome will

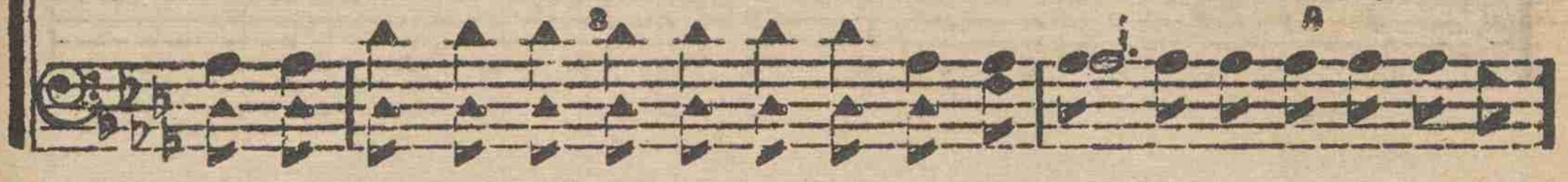
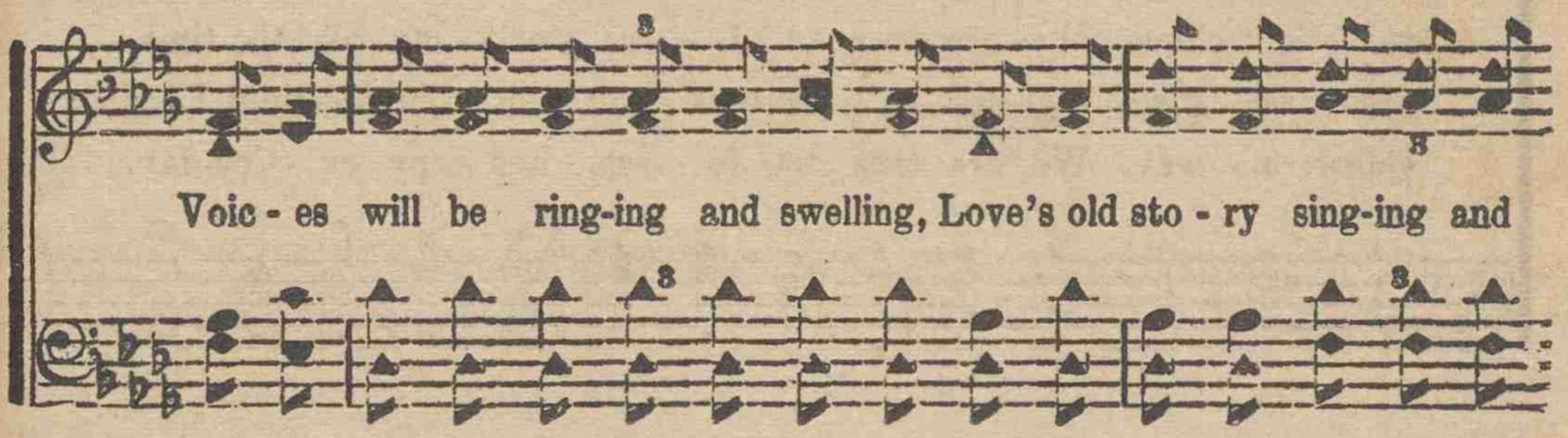
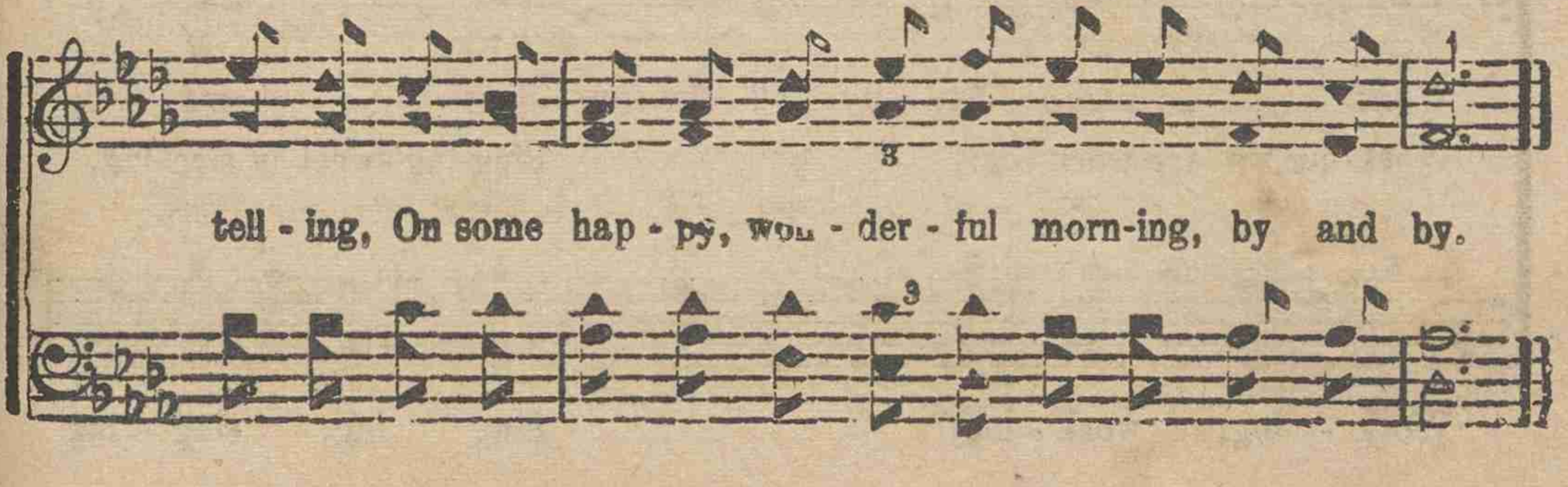
peal - ing, On some hap - py, won - der - ful morn-ing, by and by.
cho - rus, On some hap - py, won - der - ful morn-ing, by and by,
greet us. On some hay - py, won - der - ful morn-ing, by and by.

Property of H. F. Morris. Atlanta. Ga.

# Some Wonderful Morning. Concluded.

**REFRAIN.**

Oh, that hap-py, won-der-ful morn-ing, by and by,

that won-der-ful day.

Oh, that time of rap-ture and glo- ry draw-ing nigh,

Oh, rapture and glory,

Voic - es will be ring-ing and swelling, Love's old sto - ry sing-ing and

tell - ing, On some hap - py, won - der - ful morn-ing, by and by.

# No. 109. Happy in His Service.

Copyright, 1924, in "Heavenly Echoes". No. 8. Austin Hazelwood, owner.

**James Rowe.** **Austin Hazelwood.**

1. O the joy of work-ing for the Mas - ter dear, O the joy of
2. O the joy of know-ing that our sins are gone, O the joy of
3. O the joy of know ing we shall see His face, With the saints and

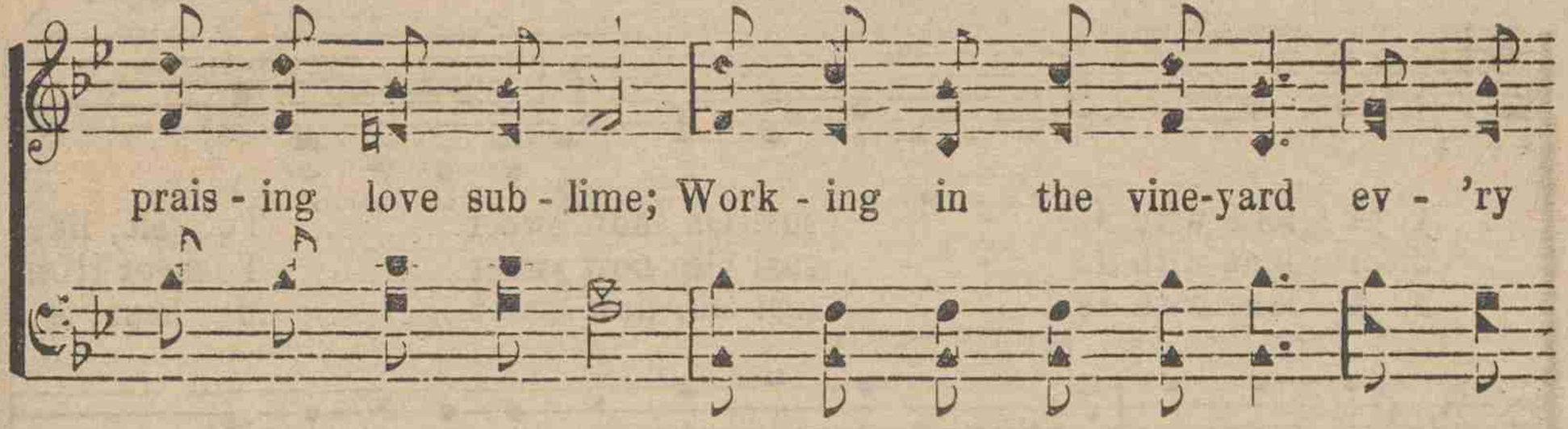
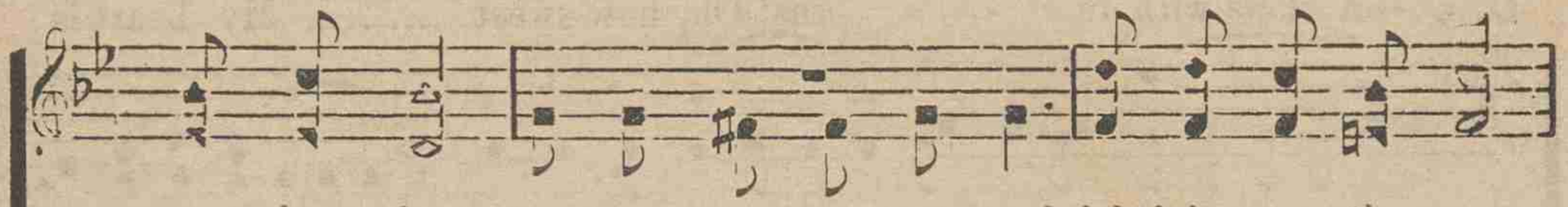
liv - ing in His ser - vice here! Lay - ing up our treas-ures in the
hav - ing Him to lead us on! Ev - er near - ing glo - ry and the
an - gels in His dwell-iug place! Watching, work-ing, wait-ing to be

sun-bright clime, We are close to Je - sus, work - iug all the time.
great re - ward, We are ev - er work - ing for our pre-cious Lord.
called a - way. We are true to Je - sus, hap - py ev - 'ry day.

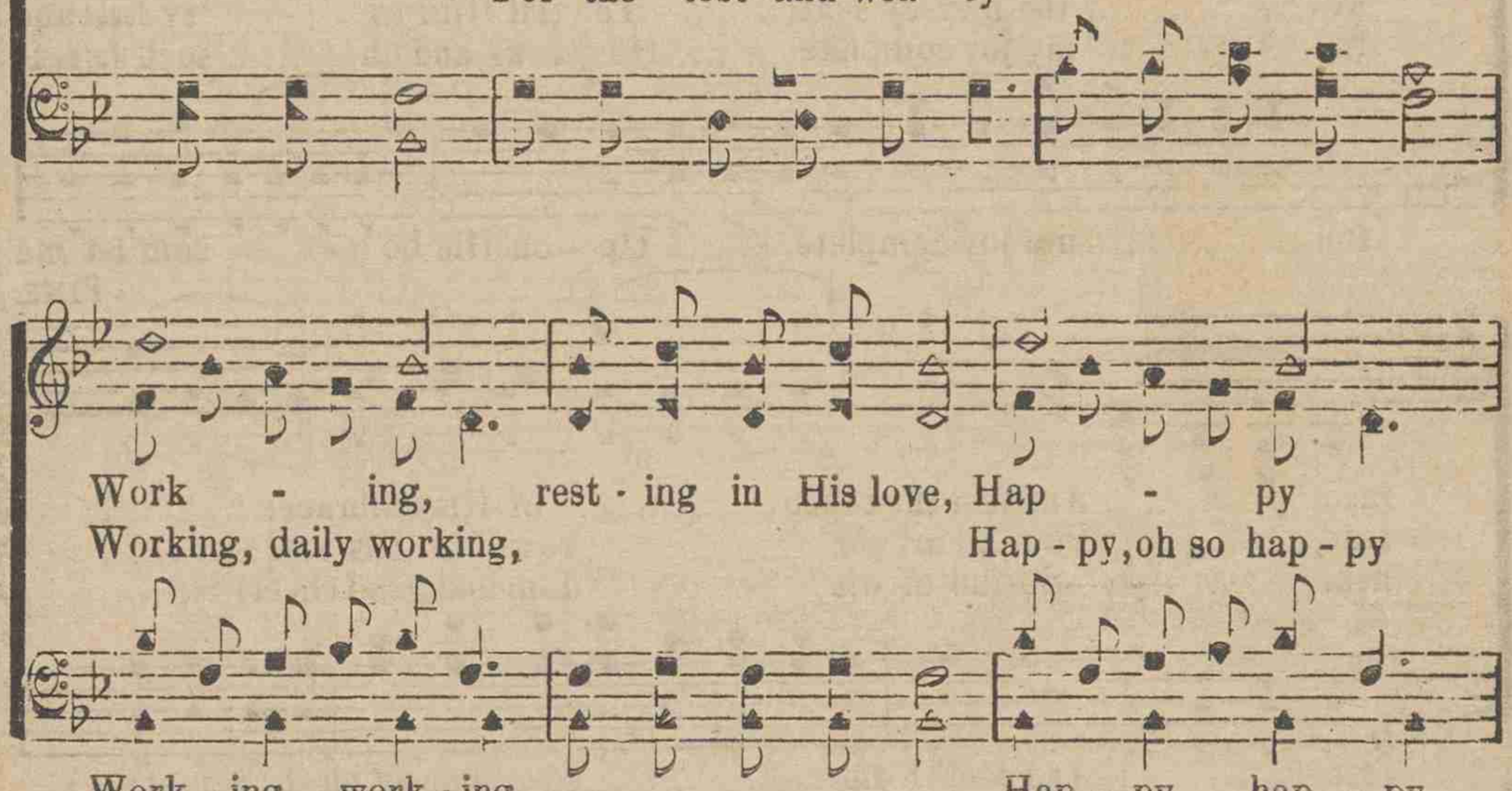
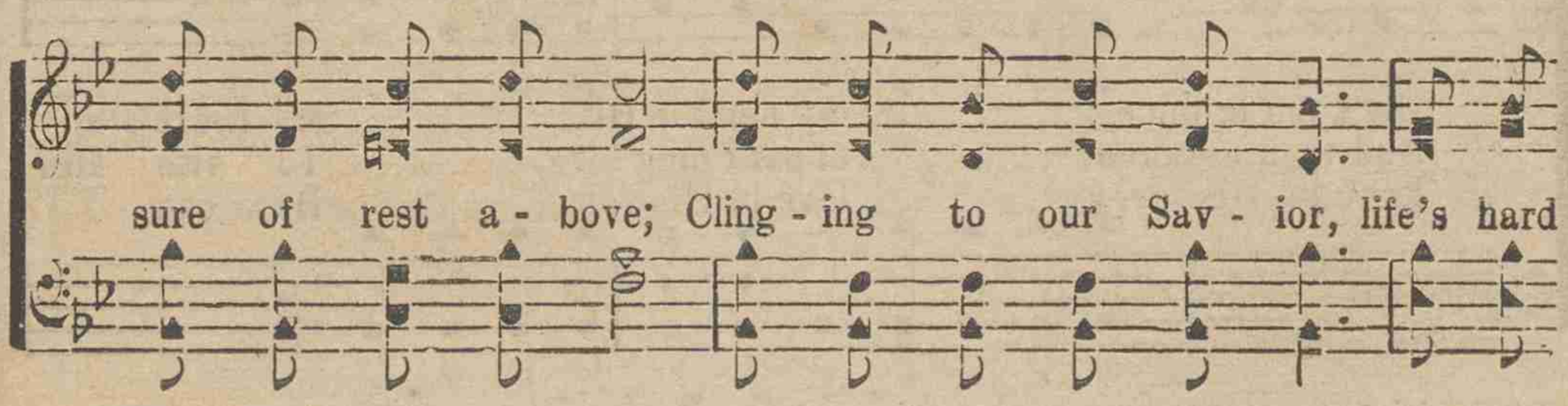
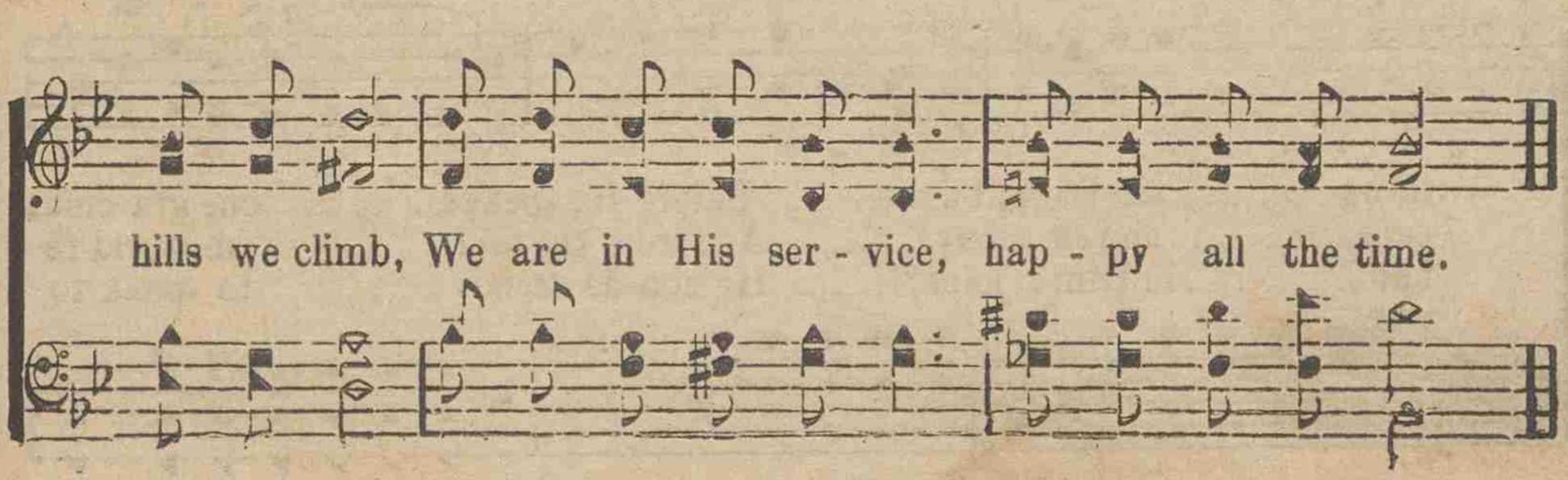
CHORUS.

Work - ing, hap - py all the time. Sing - ing
Work-ing, we are work ing, Sing-ing sweet-ly sing-ing,
Work - ing, work - ing, Sing - ing, sing - ing

# Happy in His Service.



For the lost and wea - ry



# No. 10. Alone With Jesus.

**Peter Stryker, D. D.** Mrs. John B, Vaughan, owner. **W. O. McKinney**

1. A - lone with Je - - sus! Oh, how sweet... ..... To sit, like
2. A - lone with Je - - sus! Oh, how sweet ..... To meet Him
3. A - lone with Je - - sus! Oh, how sweet..... ... My heart is

*D. C.*—A - lone with Je - - sus! Oh, how sweet..... My heart is

Ma - - ry at His feet. ..... To look in - to..... His loving
at..... the mer-cy seat!..... To tell Him ev - 'ry doubt and
full,..... my joy complete..... He speaks, and oh,..... such wurds I

full,..... my joy complete..... Up - on His bo - - som let me

FINE.

face; ..... .. And feel the touch..... of His embrace!.....
fear,..... ..... Pour a'l my sor - rows in His ear!.....
hear,..... So full of wis - - dom and good cheer! .....

rest,..... And feel I am..... su-preme-ly blest, (home at rest.)

His hand in mine,..... my hand in His.. ..... My heart o'er-
And then, as-sured..... of pard'ning love,..... To rise all
Love in His eye,..... love in His voice,..... How can I

flows ..... with heav'nly bliss..... Before He speaks... ..... one gra-cious
care..... .... and sin a bove,..... And from the fool - ish world re-
but ..... in Him rejoice?..... He con-de-scends . ..... .. to speak to

## Alone With Jesus.

*D. C. Chorus.*

word,..... ..... I look, and know..... He is my Lord.....
tire,..... Rest-ing on Him,..... my soul's de-sire.....
me,..... And says, "Dear one,..... I died for thee."

## No. 111. We'll Meet Some Day.

**Mrs. Clint Shelton.** Mrs. John B. Vaughan, owner. **Mrs. John B. Vaughan.**

1. In that fair home where all is light, I know we'll meet some day;
2. No care nor tri - als we shall know, But joy will reign su-preme;
3. When in that peace-ful place of rest, I know that we shall meet;
4. Why should we ev - er dread to hear, The gen - tle call come home;

From that e - ter - nal cit - y bright Our souls will nev - er stray.
And tran-quil peace will sweet - ly flow, As one e - ter - nal stream.
And glad - ly with the saved and blest, We'll walk the shin - ing street.
For noth - ing we shall have to fear. He'll guide us o'er the foam.

CHORUS.

Oh, yes, we'll meet some day (glad day) In that fair home to stay;

And with the blest we all shall rest, When we shall meet some day.
some glad sweet day.

# No. 112. Lord Use Me

C. D. L. — Chas. D. Lewis, owner. — Chas. D. Lewis.

1. There is much that must be done to sub - due the e - vil one,
2. There are souls that must be won They were bought by Thy dear Son,
3. In the great white harvest field, Some one must the sic - kle wield,
4. Un - til I am called a - way From this earth-ly house of clay;

Lord use me; Fight-ing on the bat - tle field Un - til
'Twill not do to let them go, Heed-less
Grain is ripe on ev - 'ry hand, Lo, the
Lord use me, Un - til I shall reach my home And my

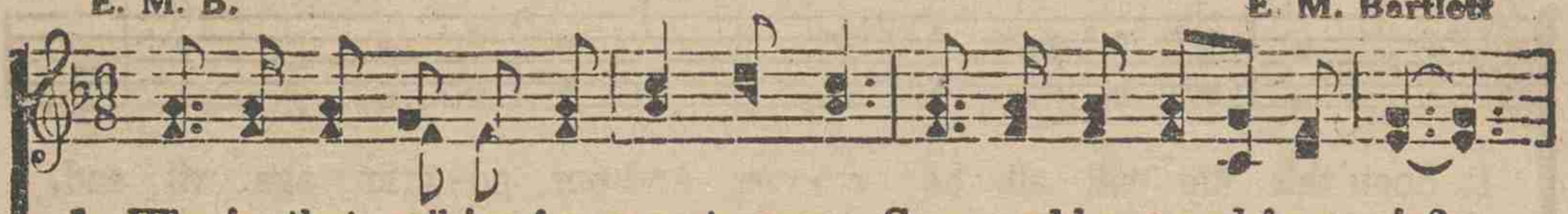
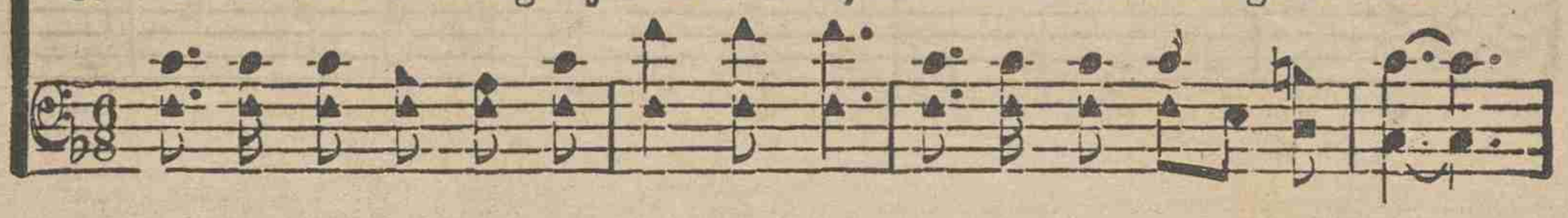
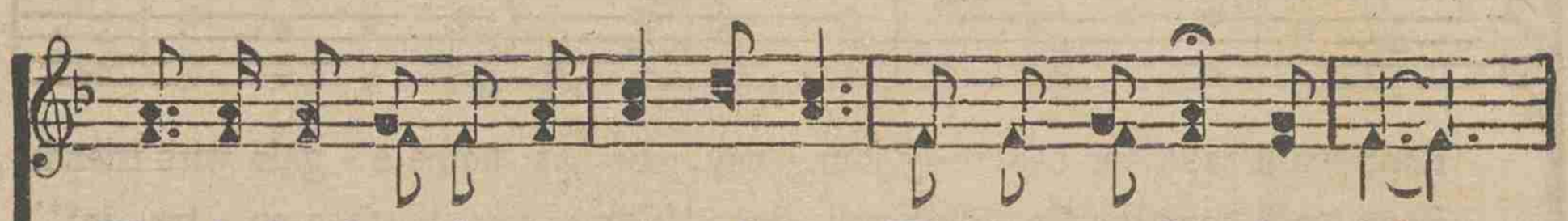
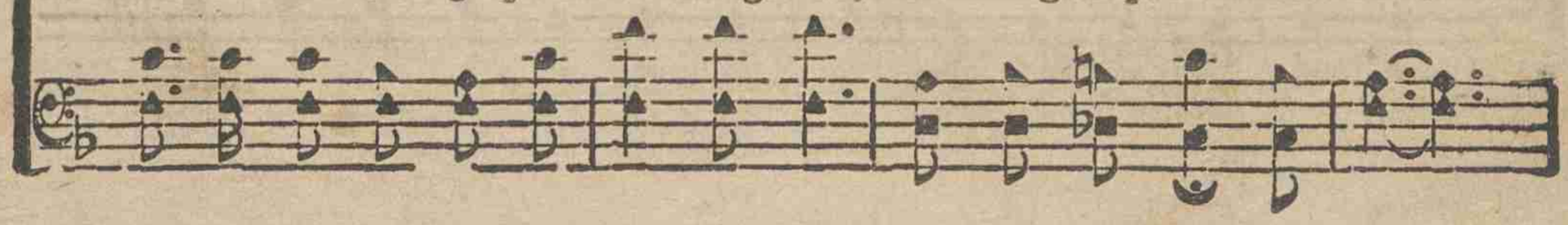
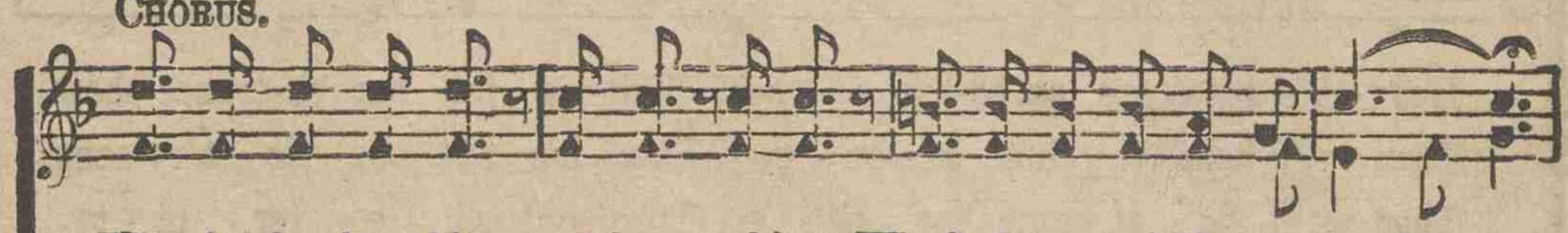
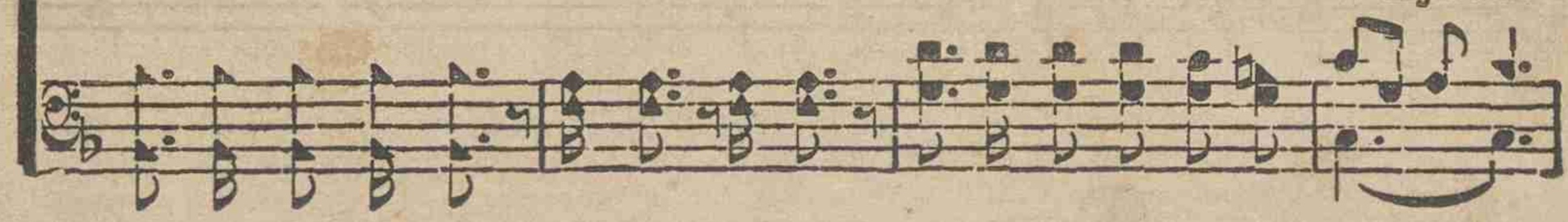
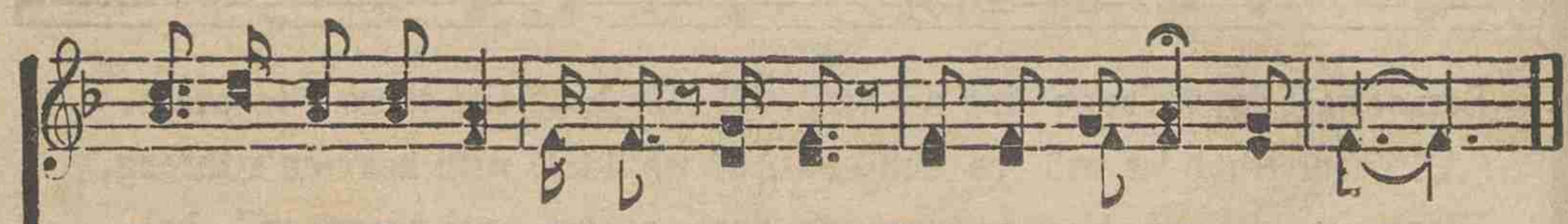
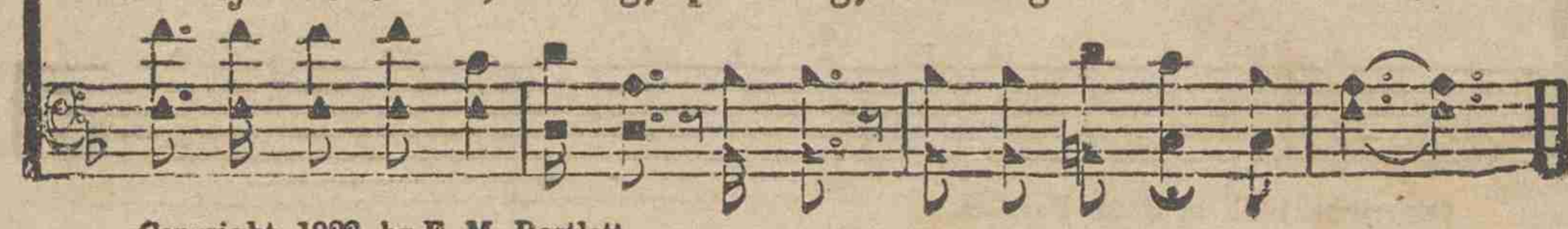
REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry foe shall yield, Lord use me. Dear Lord use
in - to end - less woe.
har - vest is at hand.
feet shall cease to roam, Lord use me, use me. use me,

me, use me to - day; An-y-where Tho
use me, use me to - day, yes, ev - 'ry day;

send - eth me A sol - dier brave I'll be, Dear Lord use me.
Dear Lord use me.

## No. 113. Who is That?

E. M. B. E. M. Bartlett

1. Who is that call-ing for me to come, Come and be saved from sin?
2. Who is that fol-low - ing af - ter me, Troub'ling my sleep at night?
3. Who is that seek-ing my soul to save, Save from the bondage of sin?

Who is that knocking at my heart's door, Wanting to be let in?
Who is that ask-ing for my poor heart, Say-ing "Come in-to the light?"
Who is that drawing by love's strong cord, Break-ing my heart with - in?

CHORUS.

Who is that knocking, call-ing, seeking, Who is that troub'ling my soul?.....
my soul?

Sure-ly 'tis Je-sus, ask-ing, plead-ing, Want-ing to make me whole.

Copyright, 1922, by E, M, Bartlett.

## No. 114. Just a Little While.

E. M. B. E. M. Bartlett.

1. Soon this life will all be o - ver And our pil - grim - age wil end,
2. Soon we'll see the light of morn-ing, Then the new day will be - gin,
3. Soon we'll meet a - gain our loved ones And we'll take them by the hand,

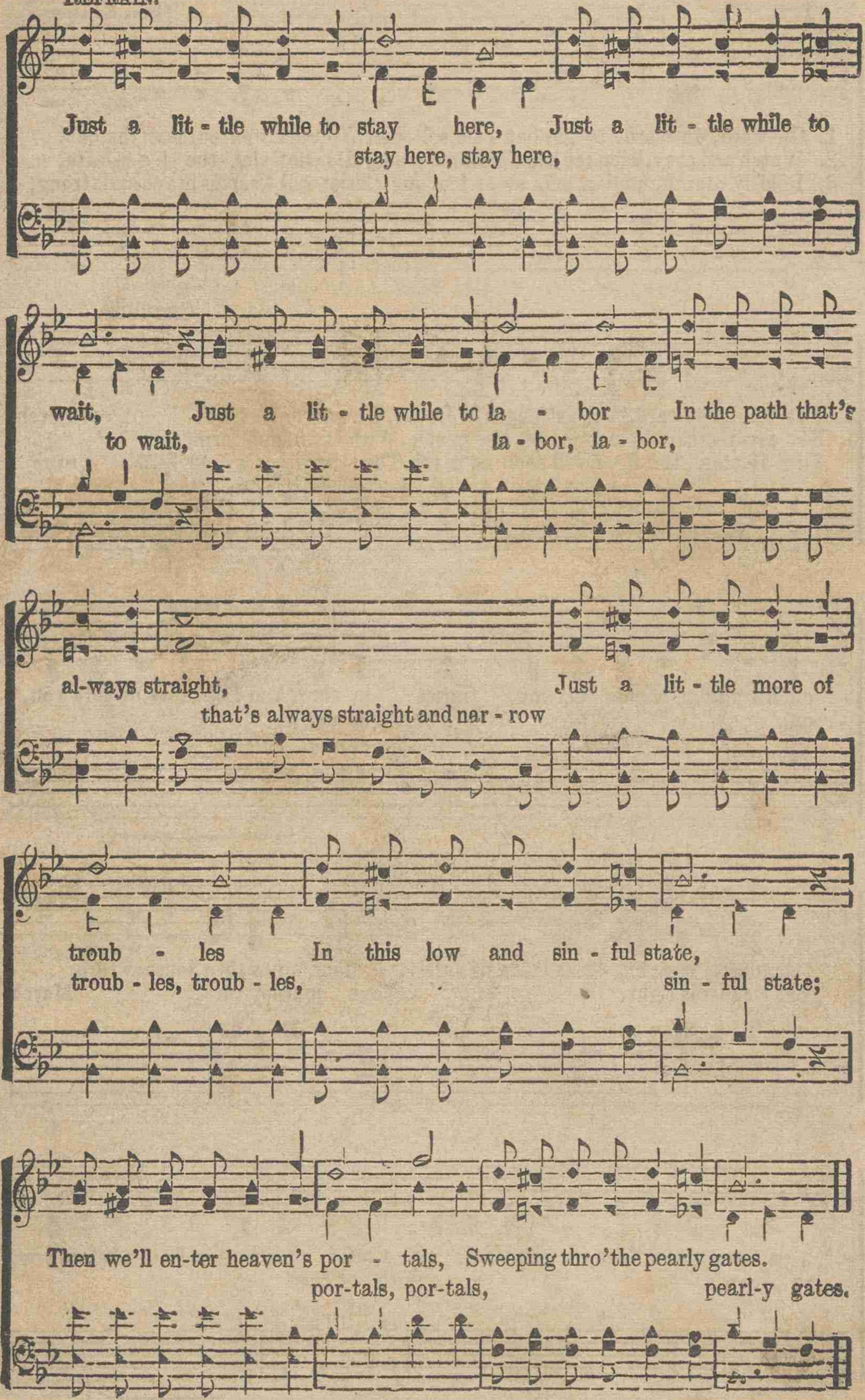
Soon we'll take our heav'n-ly jour - ney, Be at home a - gain with friends;
Soon we'll hear the Fa - ther call - ing, "Come, my chil-dren en - ter in;"
Soon we'll press them to our bos - om O - ver in the promised land;

Heav-en's gates are stand-ing o - pen, Wait-ing for our en-trance there,
Then we'll hear a choir of an - gels, Sing - ing out the vic - t'ry song,
Then we'll be at home for - ev - er, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty,

Some sweet day we're go - ing o - ver, All the beau-ties there to share.
All our troub-les will be end - ed And we'll live with heav-en's throng.
What a bless-ed, bless-ed morn-ing That e - ter - nal morn will be!

Copyright, 1921, by E. M. Bartlett.

# Just a Little While.

REFRAIN.

# No. 115. Soldiers of Jesus.

Copyright 1924 in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner.

T. B. Thos. Benton.

1. On-ward, on-ward, to the bat - tle sol - dier, You are wanted, hear the call;
2. Watch and pray, keep faith in Christ our leader, Do not let the foe a-larm;
3. Bold-ly march, no dan.gers ev-er fear-ing, Christ will keep us brave and strong;

CHORUS.

For-ward, for-ward, in the strength of Je-sus, We can nev-er fall. on march
He pro-tects and cares for all His people, With His mighty arm.
Firm-ly stand the fight will soon be o-ver, Then the victor's song. March on, march

on, Keep your banner wav-ing, Christ in view, And His cross be-fore you,
on, With Christ in view,

cause is right, Jesus leads us safely, jour - ney thru, journey thru;
Your cause is right, Your journey thru, March

on march on, Keep the banner waving Christ in view, And His cross before you,
on march on, With Christ

## Soldiers of Jesus.

ev - er on, Till we ban - ish Sa - tan from our land.
On ev - er on, Sa - tan from our land.

## No. 116. He Will Send the Blessing.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner.

**J. M. Henson.** **Thos. Benton.**

1. Here we of - ten sigh and we won - der why That our joy has
2. He will be a light in the dark - est night, And will drive all
3. If we reach the throne and to God are known, We must mean just

flown a - way; But a bless - ing true He will send to
gloom a - way; He will send good cheer when the days are
what we say; Then if we are true and our du - ty

D. S.—He will do His part by each trust - ing

REFRAIN.

you If in faith to Him you pray.
drear, And will an - swer when we pray. He will send a
do, He will an - swer when we pray.

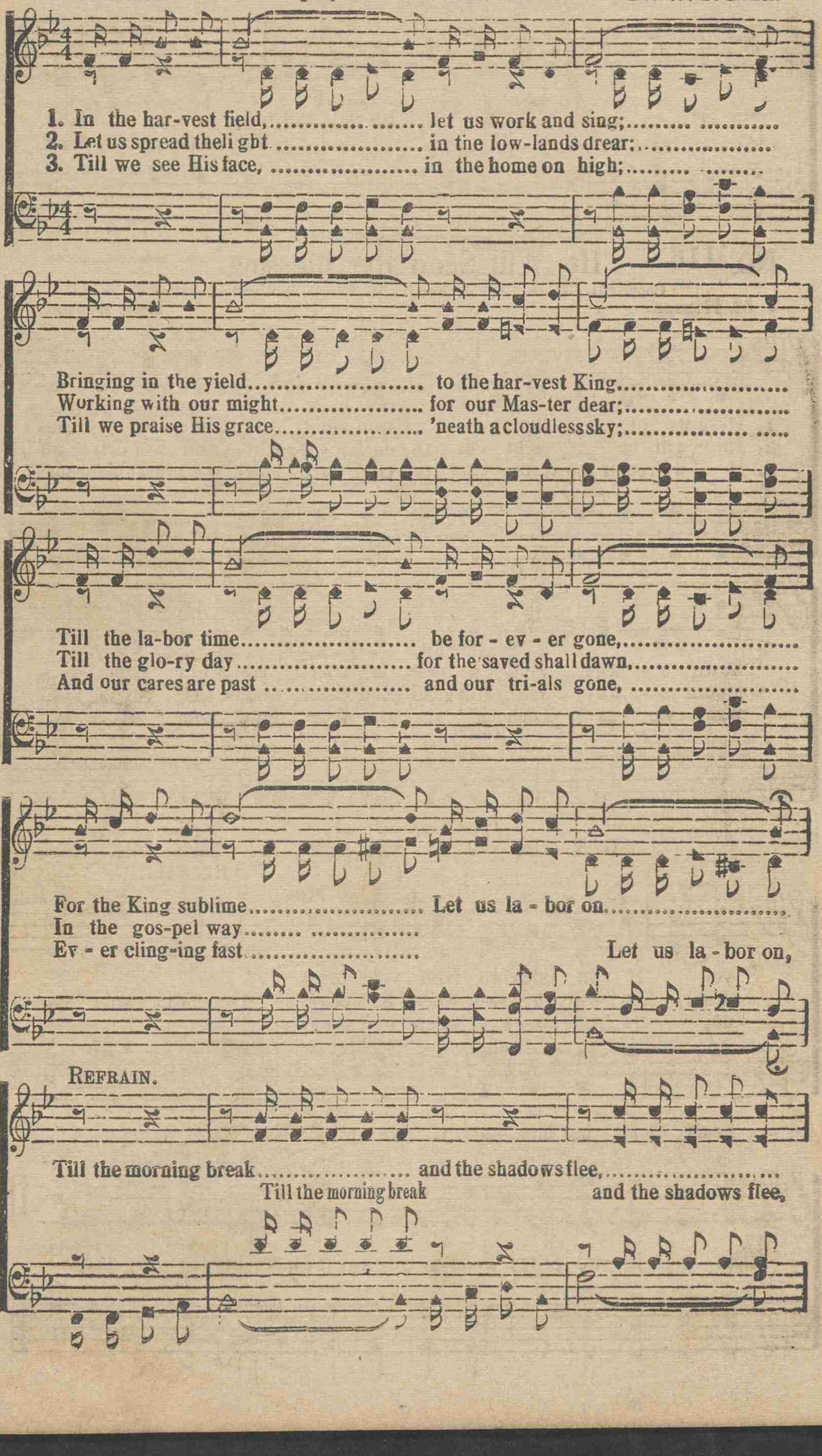
heart, Send - ing bless-ings if we pray.

D. S.

bless - ing if we pray, Send a true sweet bless - ing ev - 'ry day;

# No. 117. Till the Morning Breaks.

James Rowe. Property of Dr. W. S. Lents, 1923. Dr. W. S. Lents.



## Till the Morning Breaks.

Till our soul's awake by the crys-tal sea,
Till our souls a-wake..... by the crys-tal sea,.....

Let us watch and pray ..... ..... let us work and sing,.....
Let us watch and pray, let us work and sing,

In the har-vest field..... for the harvest King.....
In the harvest field, for the harvest King, for the harvest King.

## No. 118. Lord With Me Abide.

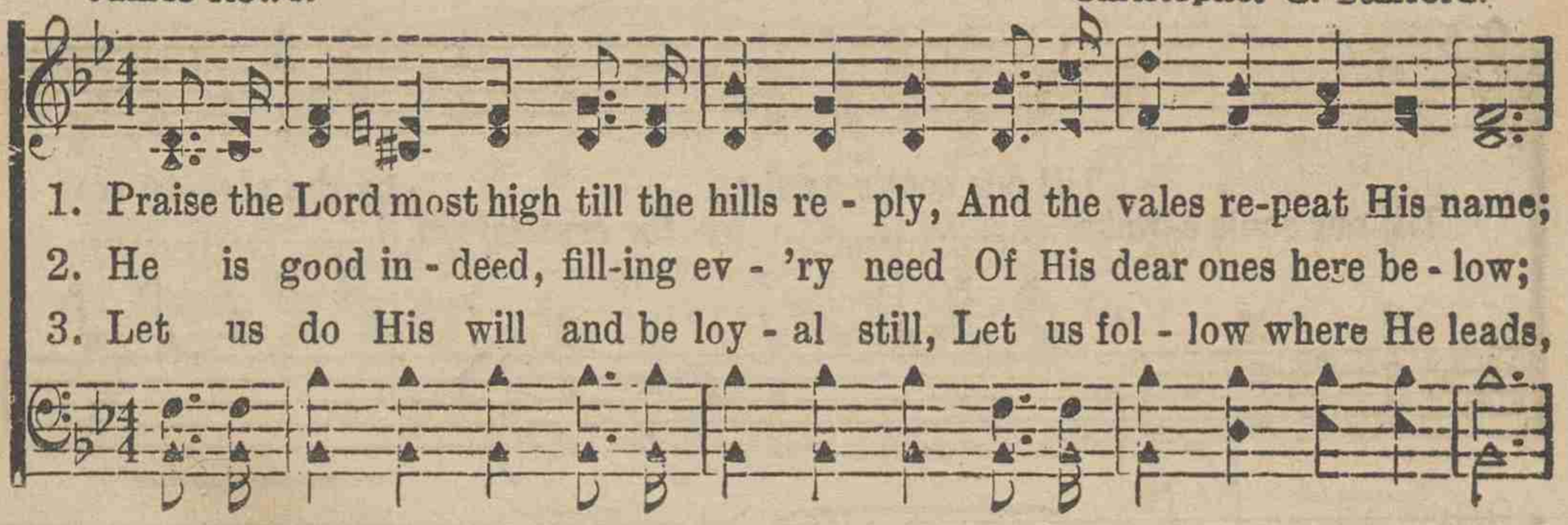
Joe H. P. Joe H. Pannell, owner. Joe H. Pannell.

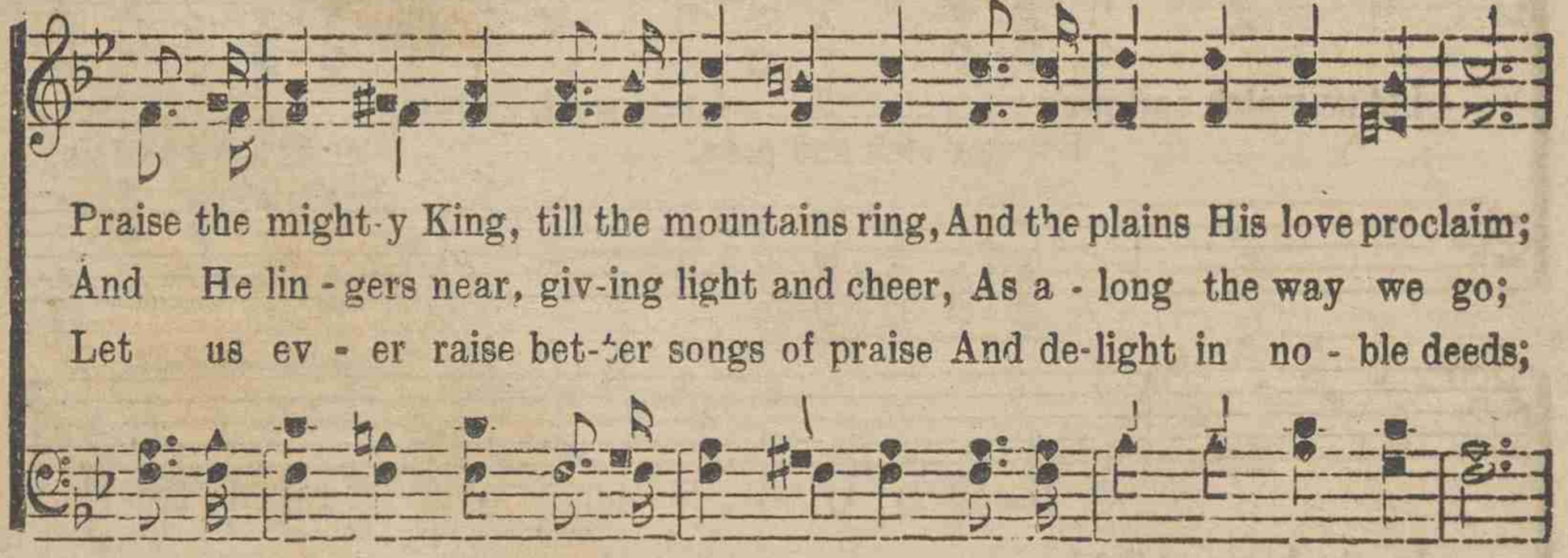
1. In - to Thy courts we come, O, Lord to Thee we pray;
2. We bow be - fore Thy throne And ask Thy guid - ing hand;
3. Lord, Thou a - lone can save A world of dy - ing souls;
4. O, help me live each day, Still clos - er to Thy side;

Thou art the source of bless - ings—Help us Lord to - day.
To lead us ev - er on - ward To that heav'n - ly land.
If they re - pent and trust Thee, Thou wilt make them whole.
That I may serve Thee ev - er—Lord with me a - bide.

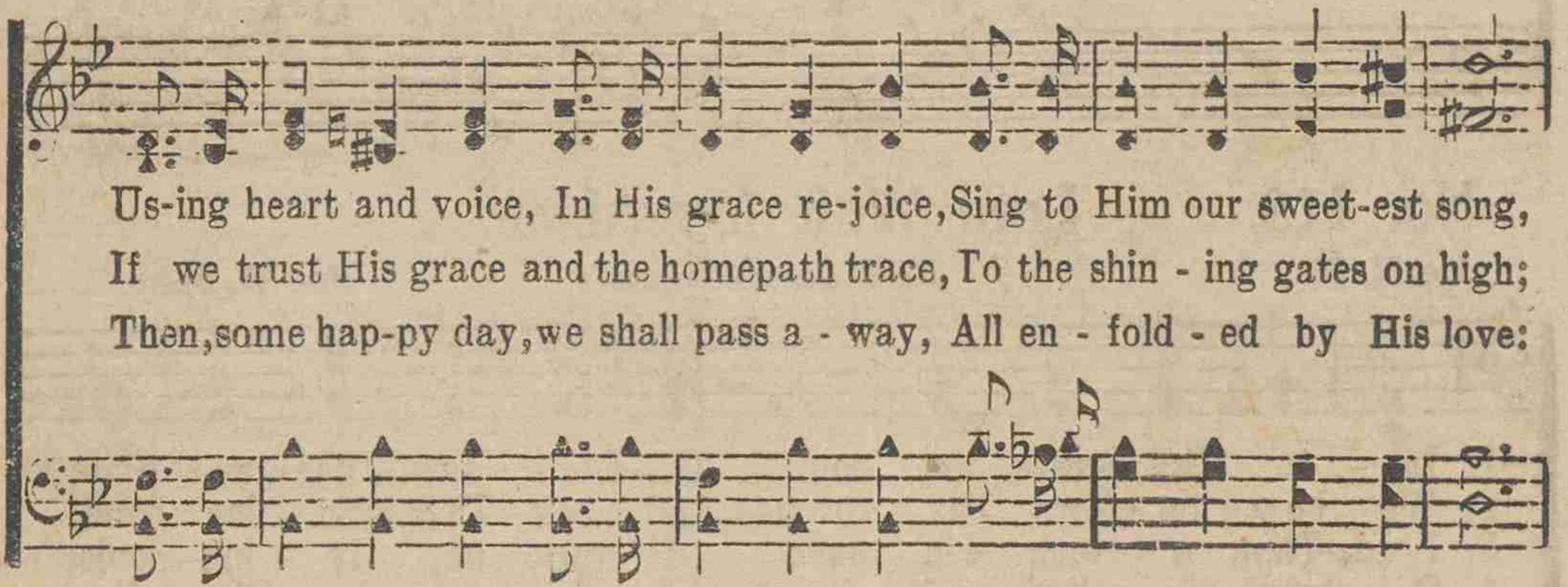
# No. 119. Praise the Lord Most High.

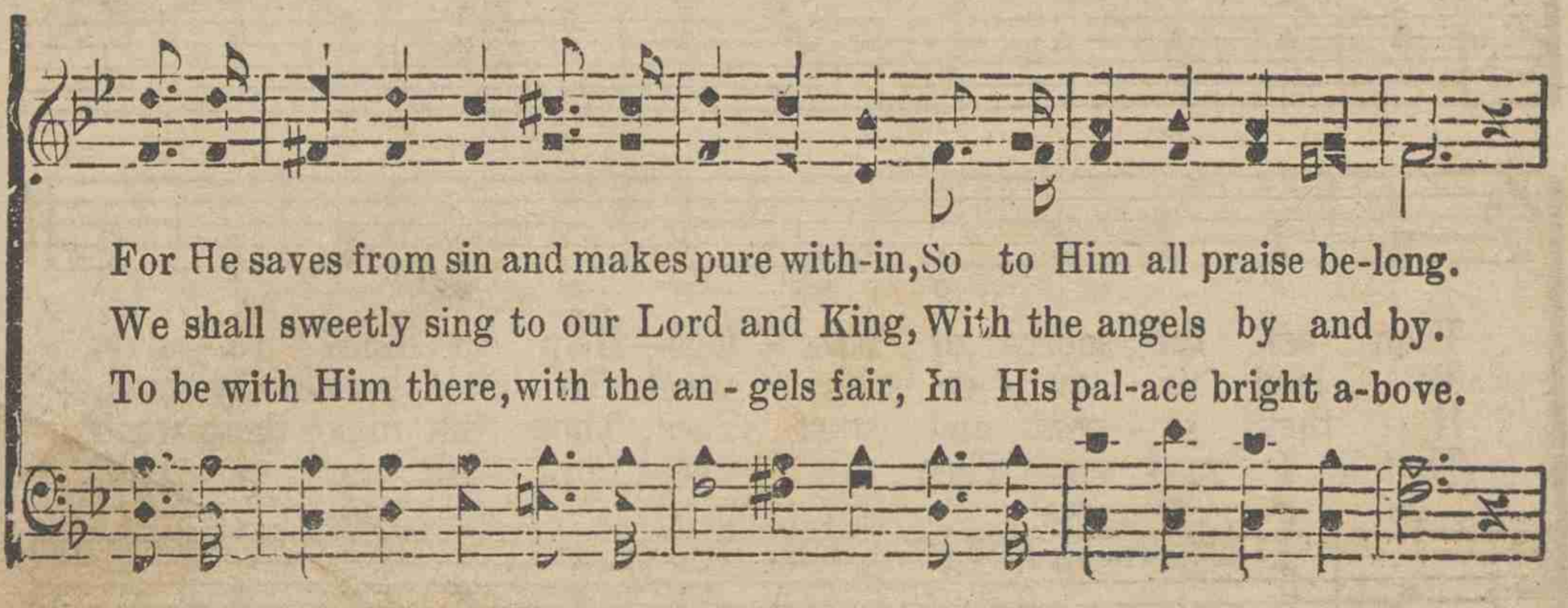
Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 8." H. F. Morris, owner.

James Rowe. Christopher C. Stafford.

1. Praise the Lord most high till the hills re - ply, And the vales re-peat His name;
2. He is good in - deed, fill-ing ev - 'ry need Of His dear ones here be - low;
3. Let us do His will and be loy - al still, Let us fol - low where He leads,



Praise the might-y King, till the mountains ring, And the plains His love proclaim;
And He lin - gers near, giv-ing light and cheer, As a - long the way we go;
Let us ev - er raise bet-ter songs of praise And de-light in no - ble deeds;



Us-ing heart and voice, In His grace re-joice, Sing to Him our sweet-est song,
If we trust His grace and the homepath trace, To the shin - ing gates on high;
Then, some hap-py day, we shall pass a - way, All en - fold - ed by His love:

For He saves from sin and makes pure with-in, So to Him all praise be-long.
We shall sweetly sing to our Lord and King, With the angels by and by.
To be with Him there, with the an - gels fair, In His pal-ace bright a-bove.

# Praise the Lord Most High.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, ev - er - more, Hum-bly bow and a -
Praise the might-y Lord of hosts,

dore; Spread His name all a-round, where the
O, a-dore Him And spread His great and Ho-ly name

lost are found; Praise the Lord, joy - ful
and O, praise Him, Praise the great and might-y Lord,

be, for His grace makes us free; Praise the Lord in song,
ev - er free;

O, ye pil - grim throng Praise Him for e - ter - ni - ty.
Praise Him thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty.

# No. 120. The Land I Hold Today.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs," No. 3. A. R. Walton, owner.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Andante. A. R. Walton.

1. Look-ing down life's rug-ged moun-tain, At my man - y doubts and fears;
2. How un - err - ing was the lead - ing Of the Com - fort - er di - vine;
3. I am find - ing grace and glo - ry, Dai - ly vic - to - ry is mine;

Look - ing at my wea - ry wand'rings At my fail - ures thro' the years!
Not a mo-ment did He fail me, All the fail - ure has been mine.
I have ceased from war for - ev - er, Now I have the peace di - vine.

Look - ing at the dis-ap-point-ments I have found a - long the way;
Hin-dered ev - er by the t mp-ter, E - ven when I tried to pray;
Ev - er look-ing un - to Je - sus, Not at lives now in my way;

I will praise my great Re - deem - er For the land I hold to - day.
But I'm prais-ing God for - ev - er For the land I hold to - day.
I will praise the Lord for - ev - er For the land I hold to - day.

REFRAIN. *Allegro.*

For the land I hold to - day Has been pur-chased by my Lord;

## The Land I Hold Today.

And the ti - tle - deed I have Is my faith in His true word.

In this land all things are new, Old things all have passed a - way;

*rit.*

I will praise the gra-cious Lord For the land He holds for me.

## No. 121. Passing Away.

J. A. Watson. Arr. by R. E. W.

1. { And must I be to judg-ment bro't And an - swer in that day; / For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't And ev - 'ry word I say? }
2. { Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short-ly be made known, / And I re - ceive my just de - sert, For all that I have done, }
3. { How care - ful then, ought I to be, With what re - lig - ious fear; / Who such a strict ac-count must give, For my be - hav - ior here! }

{ We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way; / We are pass - ing a - way, To that great judg - ment day. }

# No. 122. Praise the Mighty Jehovah.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs, No. 3." J. M. Henson, owner,

James Rowe. J. M. Henson.

*Introduction.*

1. Praise the might - y Re - deem - er who died for you and me,
2. Praise the might - y Re - deem - er and hon - or His great name,
3. He is wor - thy of praise and of ser - vice and of love,

Sing a - gain of the mer-cy and grace that make us free;
For He suf-fered to save us from end - less death and shame;
For our homes He pre-pares in His Fa - ther's house a - bove;

Free - ly ren - der to Je - sus our sweet-est, glad - est songs,
Make Him know to the way-ward who still are far a - stray;
Some bright day we shall praise Him on heav-en's bliss - ful shore

For to Him all the praise of the blood-bought heart be-longs.
Praise, oh, praise the Re-deem-er with glad-ness ev - 'ry day.
And re - joice in His won - der - ful Pres-ence ev - er - more.

# Praise the Mighty Jehovah.

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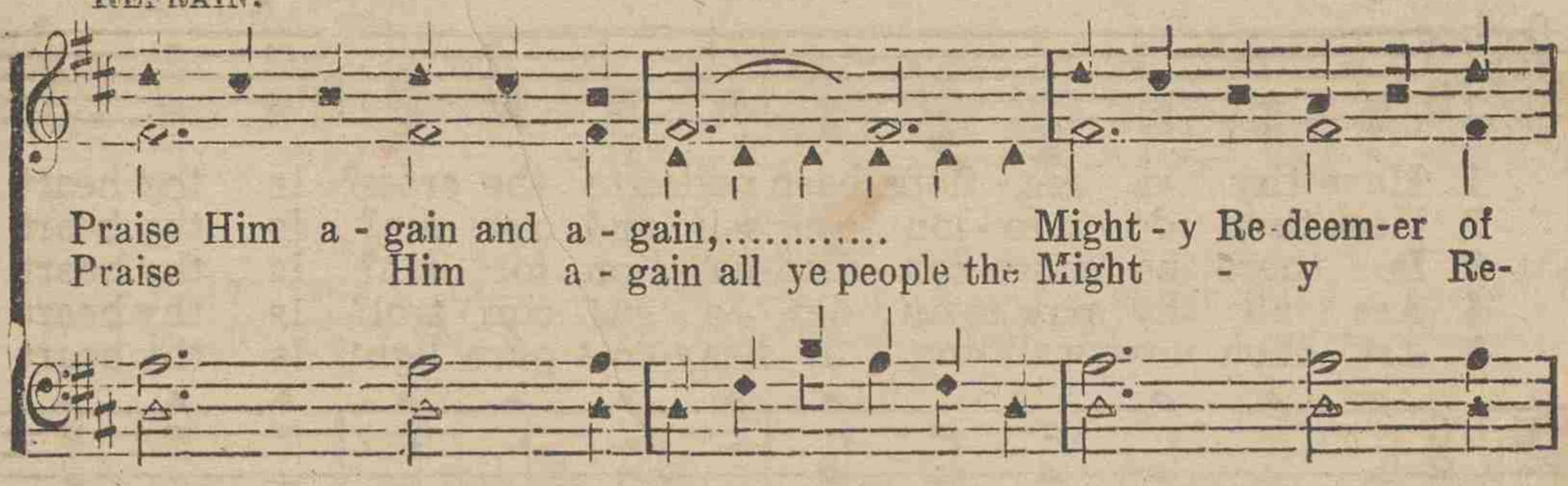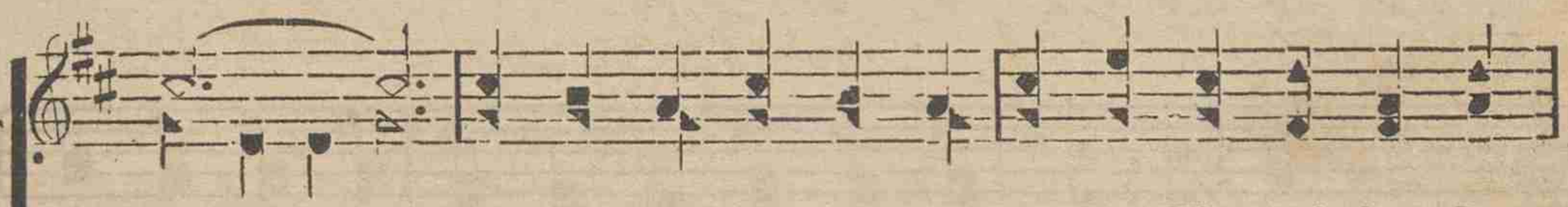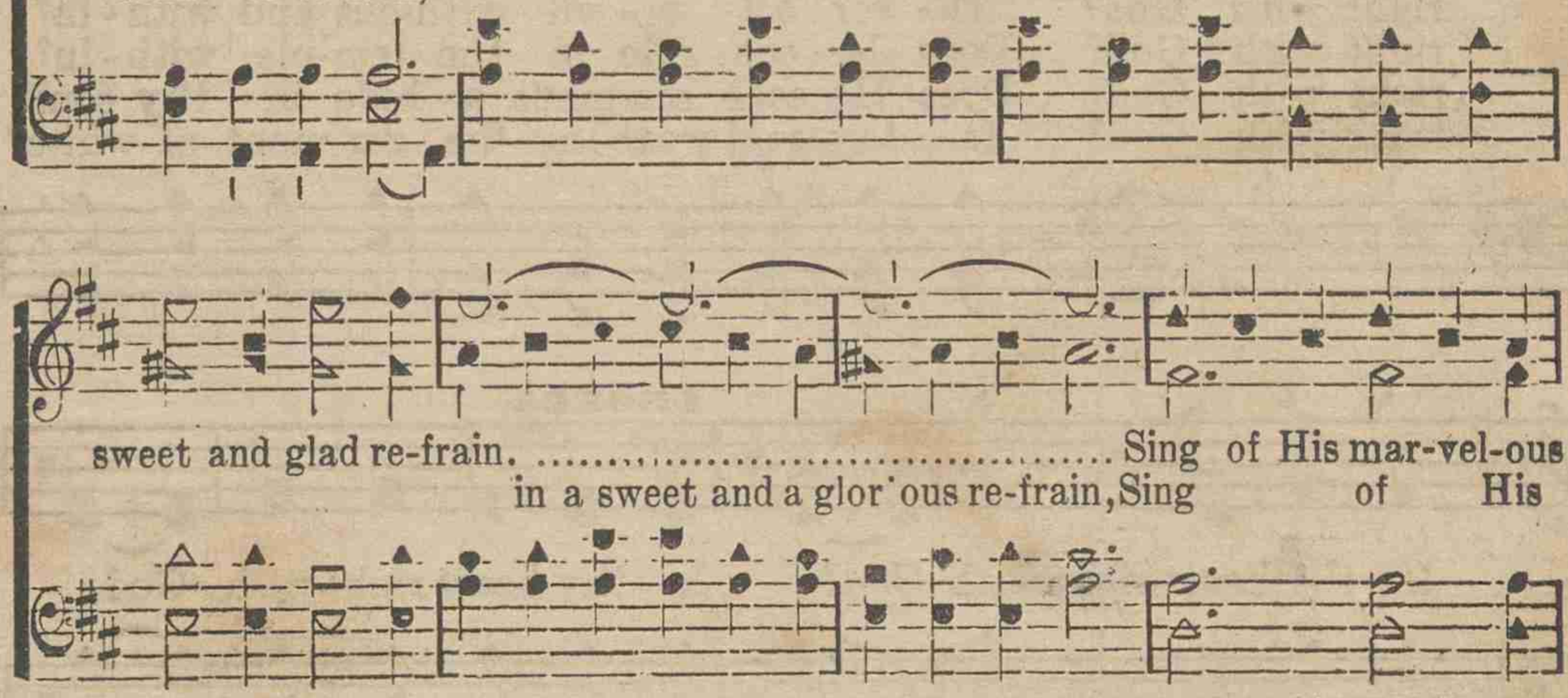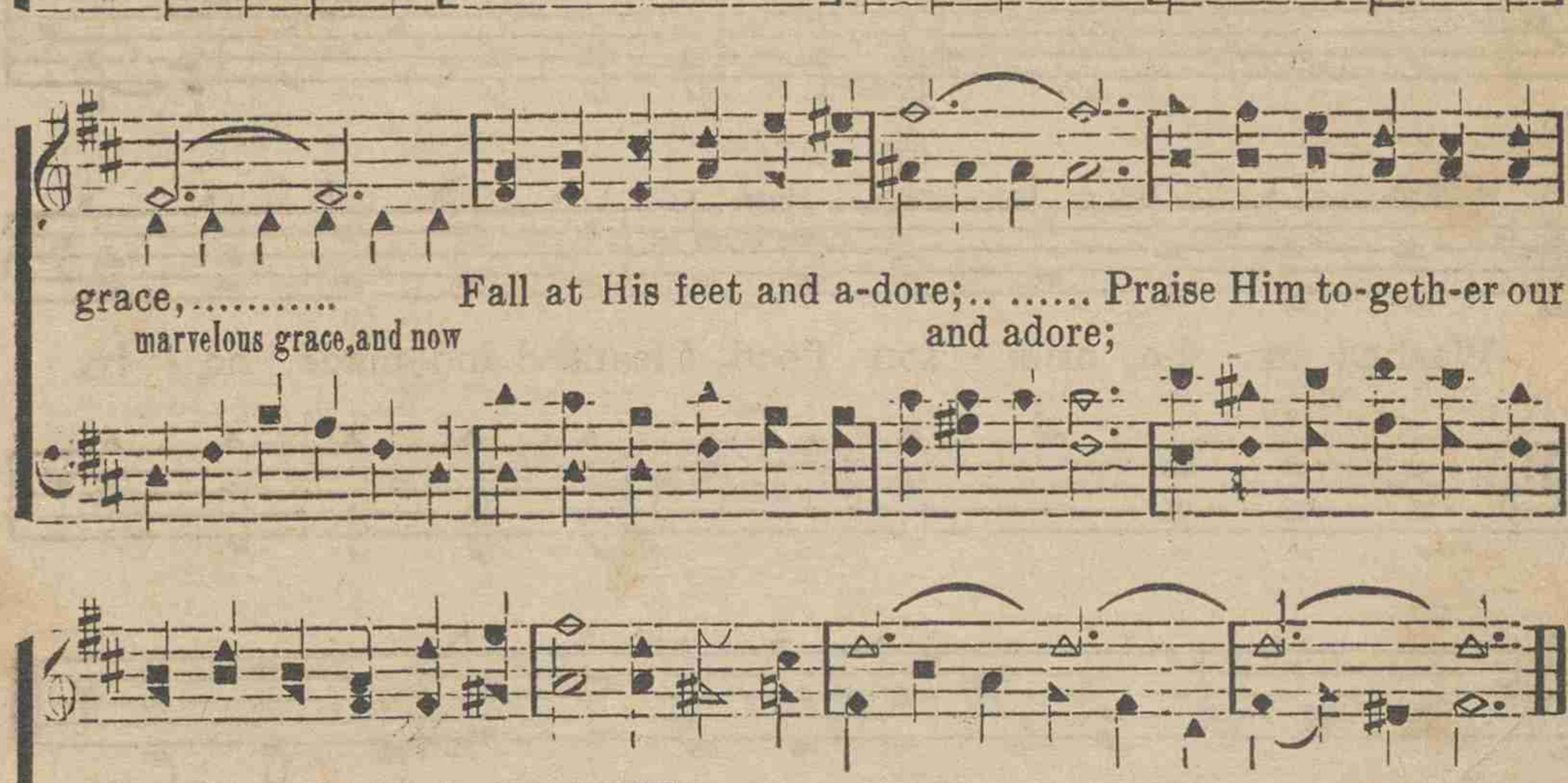

# No 123. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af - fec - tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart
3. Is there no more con - dem-na - tion for sin? Is thy heart
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart

right with God? Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss?
right with God? O - ver all e - vil with-out and with - in?
right with God? Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with - in?
right with God? Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul?
right with God? Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God? Is thy heart right with God,

Washed in the crim - son flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly,

hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God (of God)?

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# No. 124. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Copyright, 1924, in "Special Songs," No. 8. A. R. Walton, owner.

Sabine Baring-Gould. A. R. Walton.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri umph Satan s host doth flee On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic es

:8:

Go - ing on be-fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod: We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

D. S.--Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe,

FINE CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, His ban-ner go!
Broth-ers, lift your voices, Loud our anthems raise! On - ward, sol - diers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an gels sing. Onward, Christian sol diers,

For-ward in - to bat - tle see His ban-ner go.

D. S.

March to war, With our Lead - er Go - ing on be-fore.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

# No. 125. Jesus ... All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de- ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth- er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold- en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, Keeping His cross with- in my sight;
Beau- ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

*f* *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun- shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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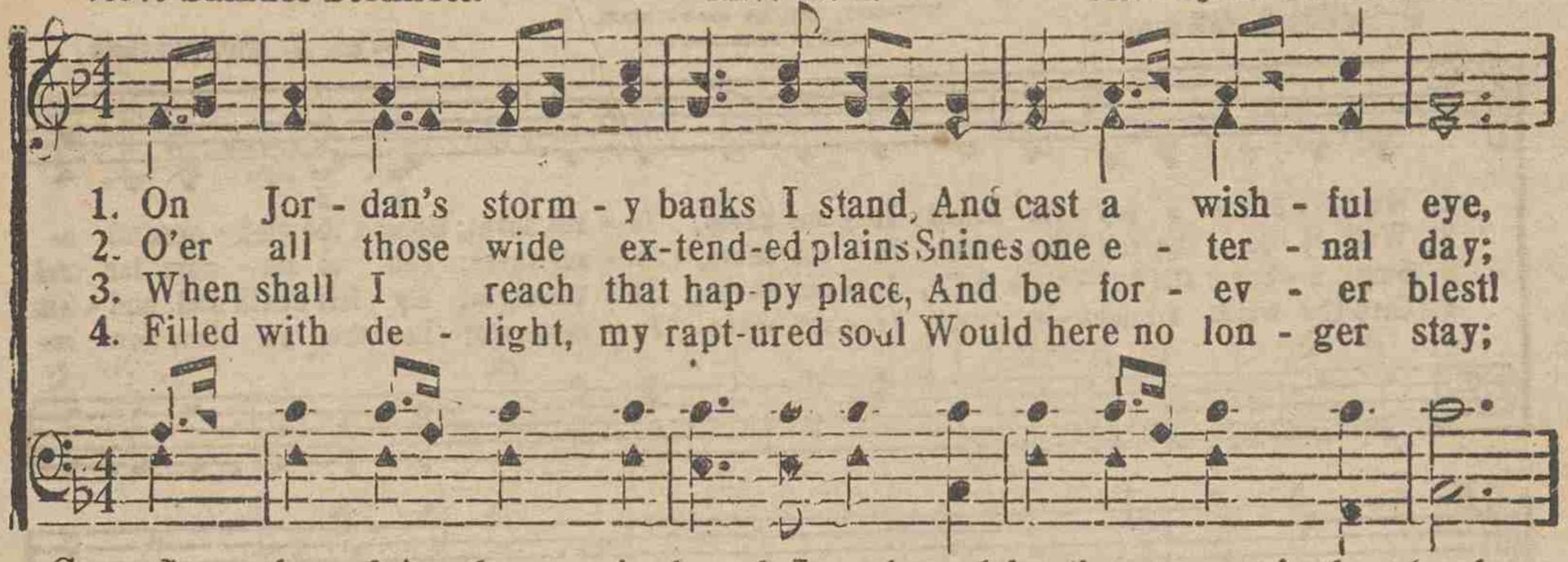
## No. 126. I am Bound for the Promised Land.

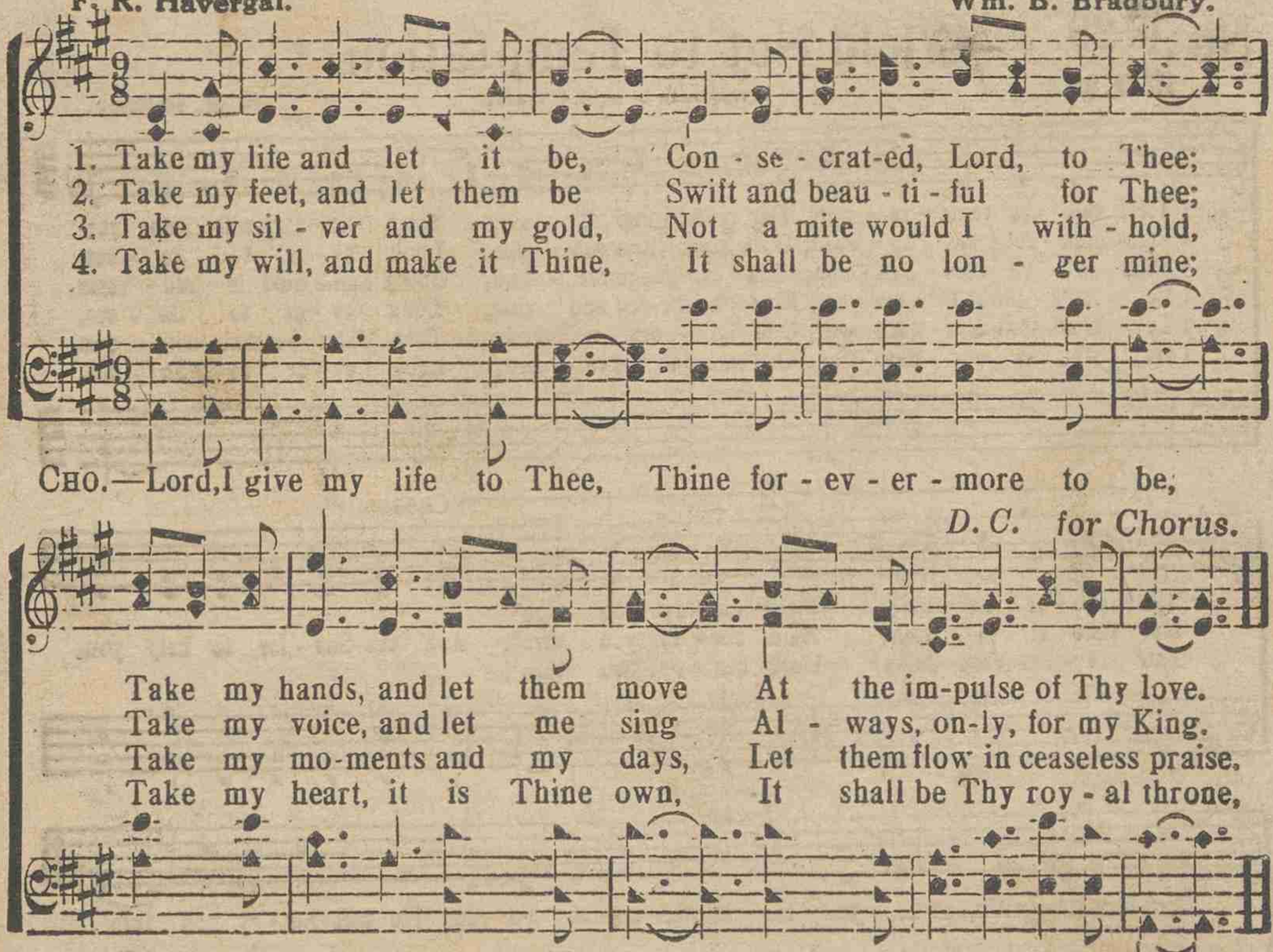
"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."

**Rev. Samuel Stennett.** REV. 21: 2. **Arr. by E. M. Parnum.**




## No. 127. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

**F. R. Havergal.** **Wm. B. Bradbury.**



## No. 128. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

## No. 129. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
   { Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. { Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - rence,
   { Be tho't - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. { To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro faith we shall con - quer,
   { He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

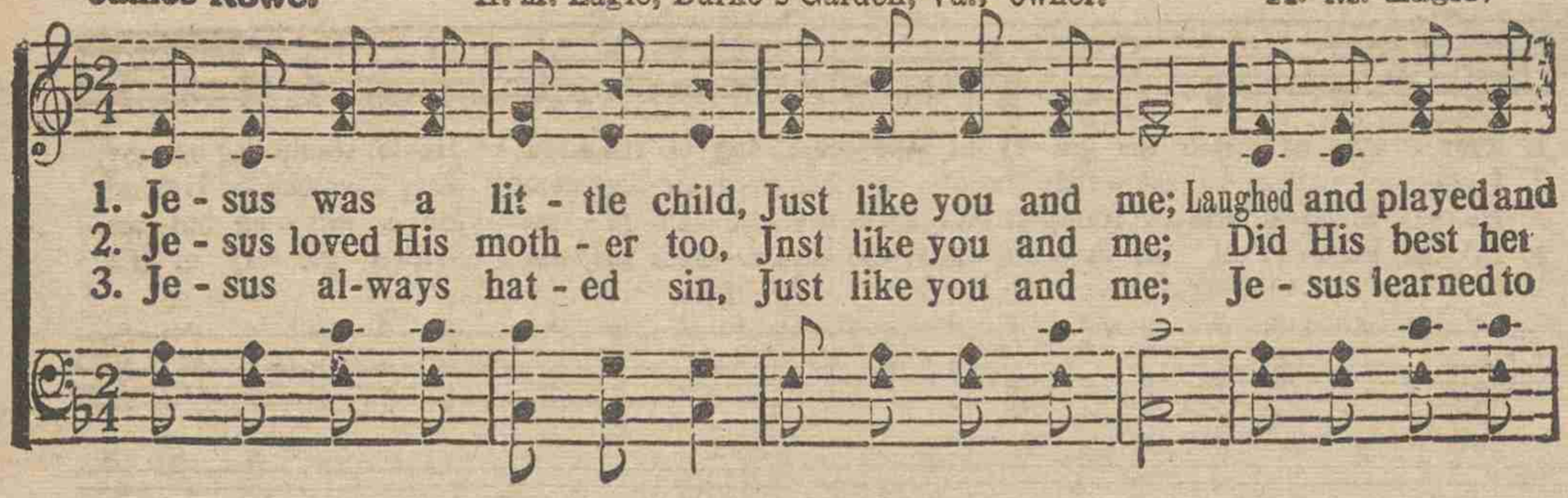
1 2 CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you.
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

## No. 130. Just Like You and Me.

**James Rowe.** H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. **H. M. Eagle.**



1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Just like you and me; Laughed and played and
2. Je - sus loved His moth - er too, Just like you and me; Did His best het
3. Je - sus al-ways hat - ed sin, Just like you and me; Je - sus learned to

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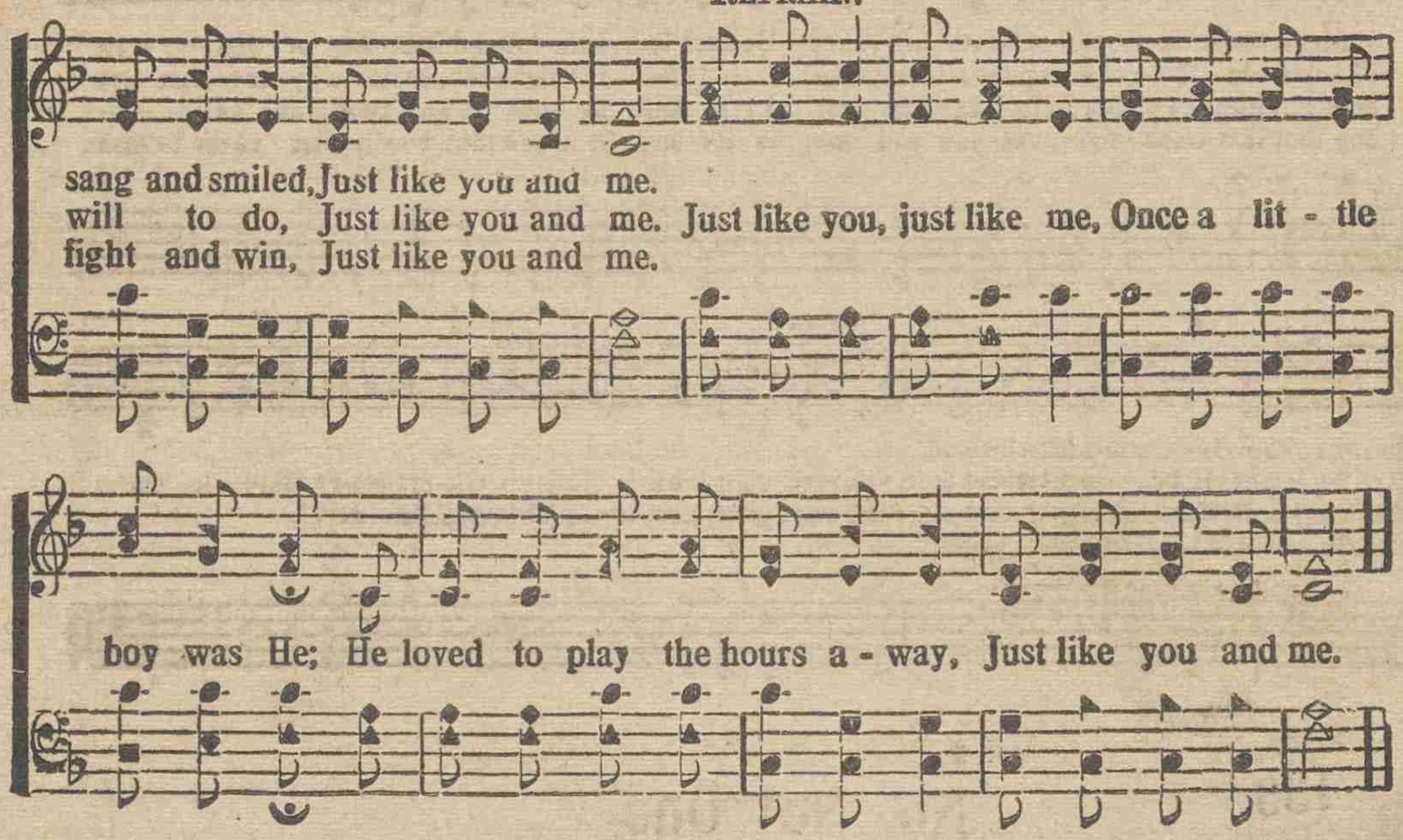
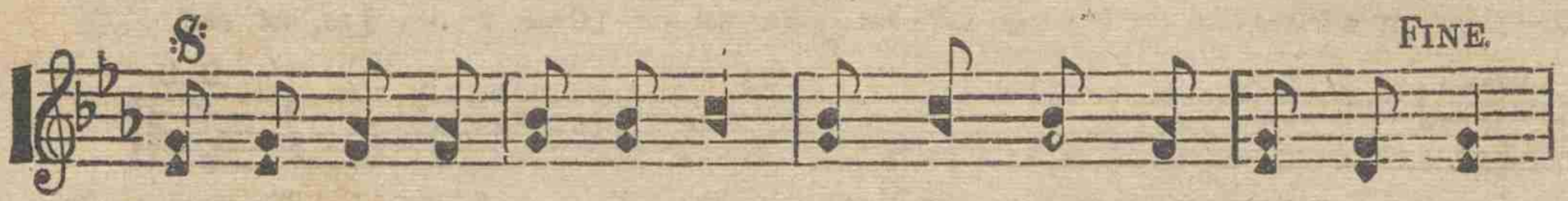

sang and smiled, Just like you and me.
will to do, Just like you and me. Just like you, just like me, Once a lit - tle
fight and win, Just like you and me.

boy was He; He loved to play the hours a - way, Just like you and me.

## No. 131. Little Rays of Light.

**Mijj Eworr.** H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. We are lit - tle rays of light, Lit - tle bea - cons in the night.
2. He is help - ing us to shine, By His pre-cious beams di - vine,
3. We will shine for Him each day, Till He whis-pers, "Come a - way;"

Send - ing love-light near and far, For the bless - ed Morn - ing Star.
Which He sends us from a - bove, Beams of kind - ness, beams of love.
Then, where an - gels Him a - dore, We shall shine for - ev - er - more.

D. S.-*Ev-er pure and ev - er bright, Shin - ing for the Morn-ing Star.*

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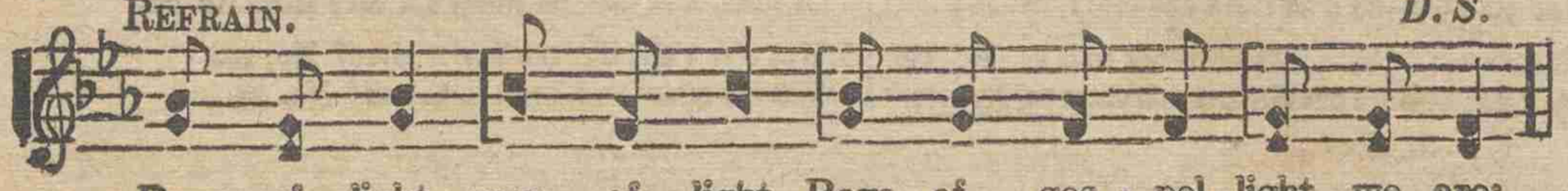

Rays of light, rays of light, Rays of gos - pel light we are:

# 132. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

FINE. CHORUS.

# No. 133. No, Not One.

J. [illegible] Inman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with feeling.*

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
   { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!

D. C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!* [*Omit . . .*] *no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

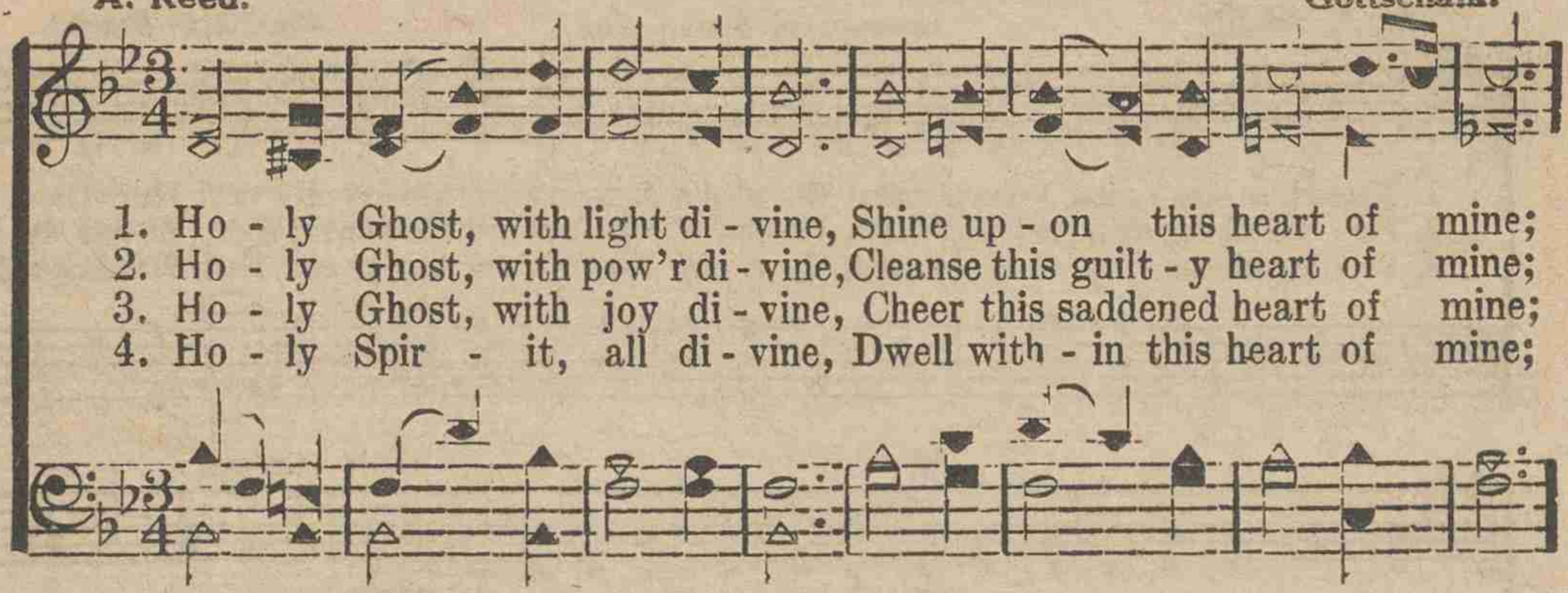
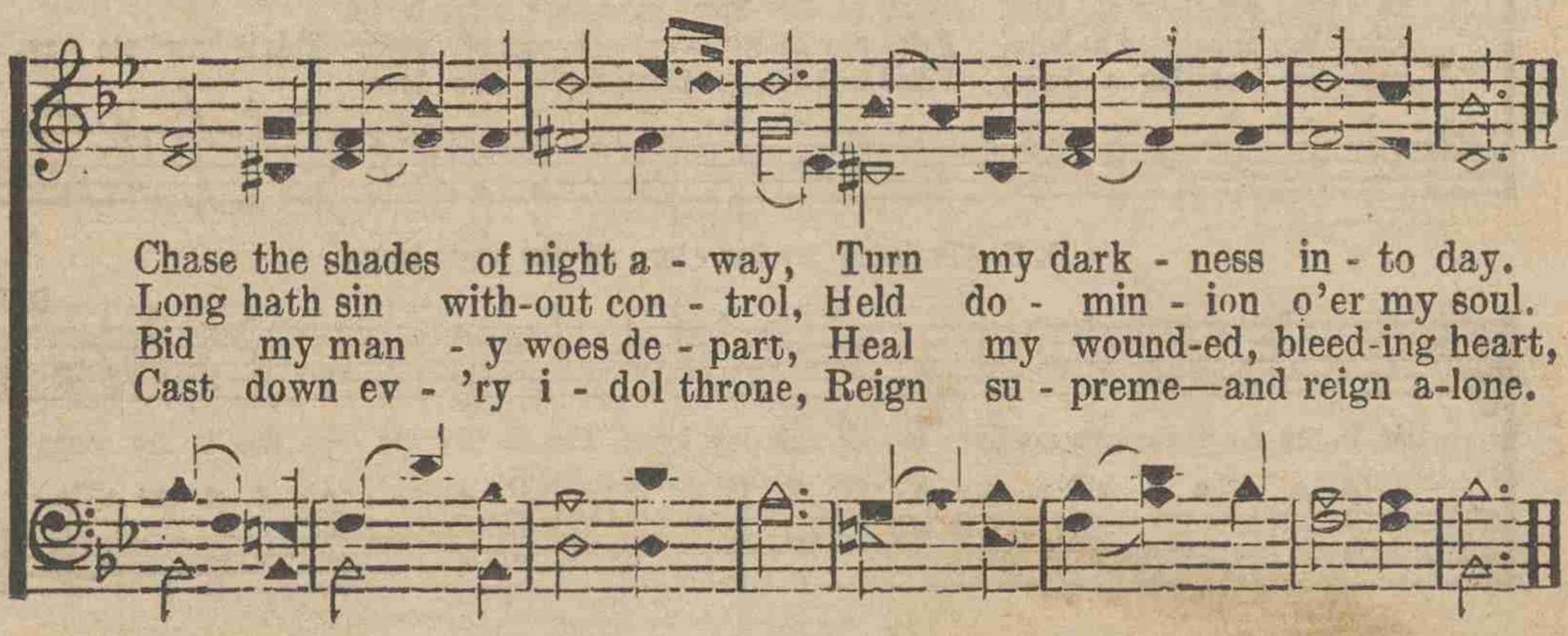
3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

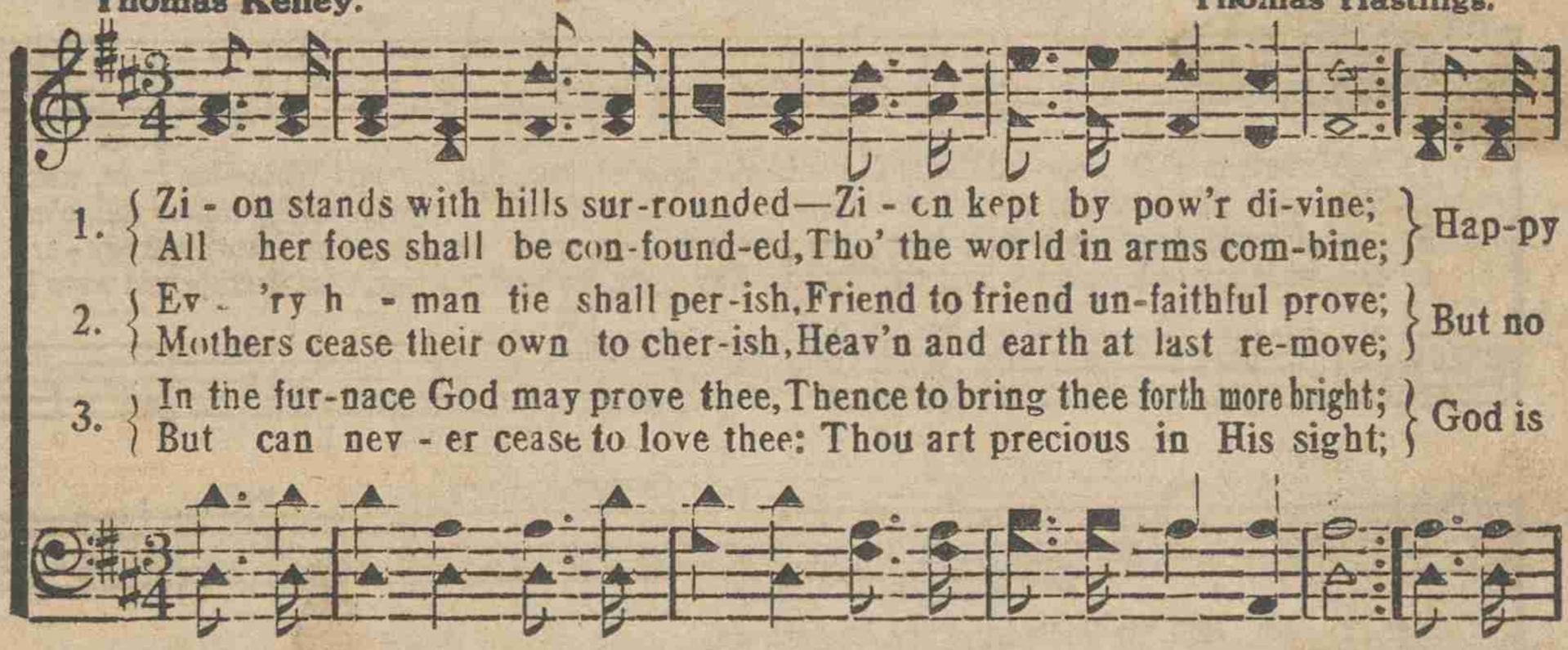
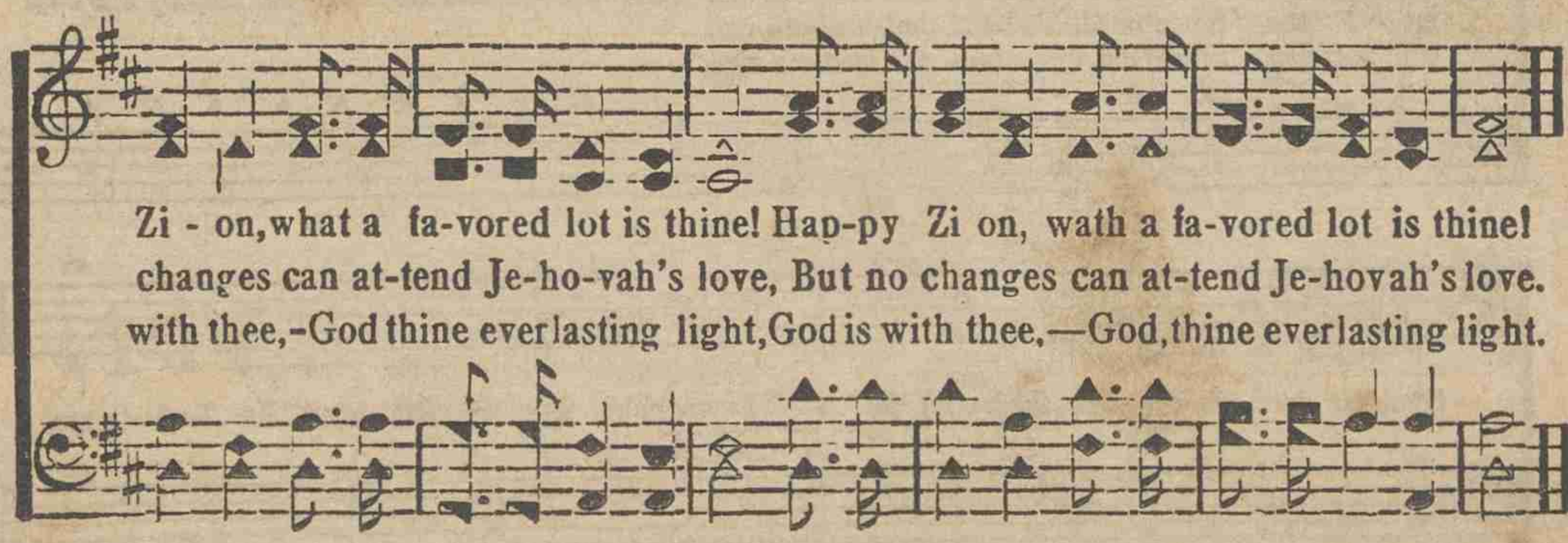
## No. 134. Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



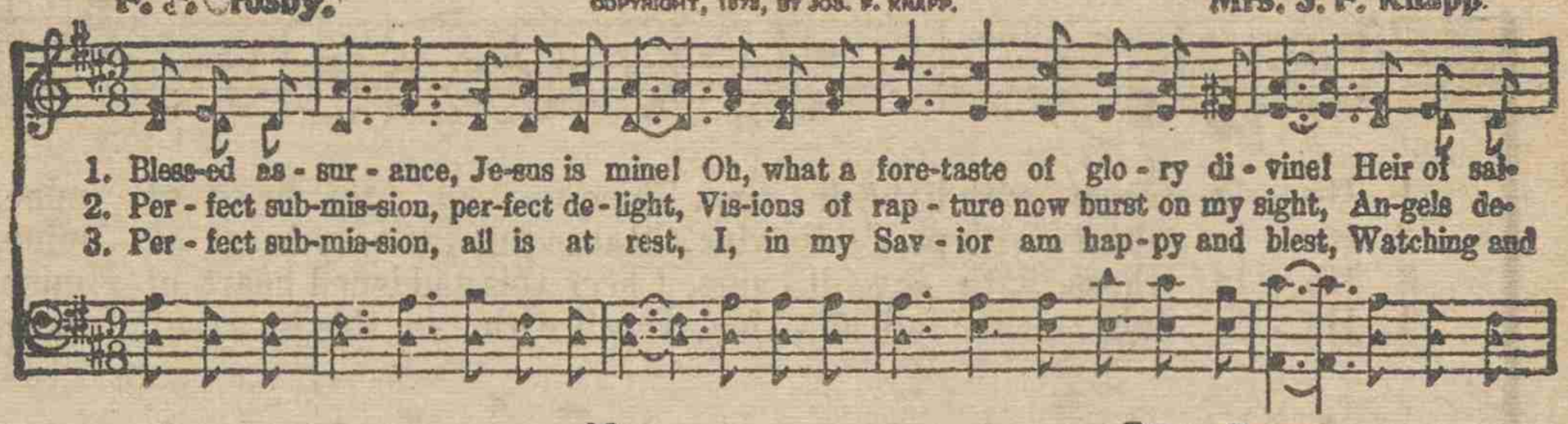
## No. 135. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelley. Thomas Hastings.



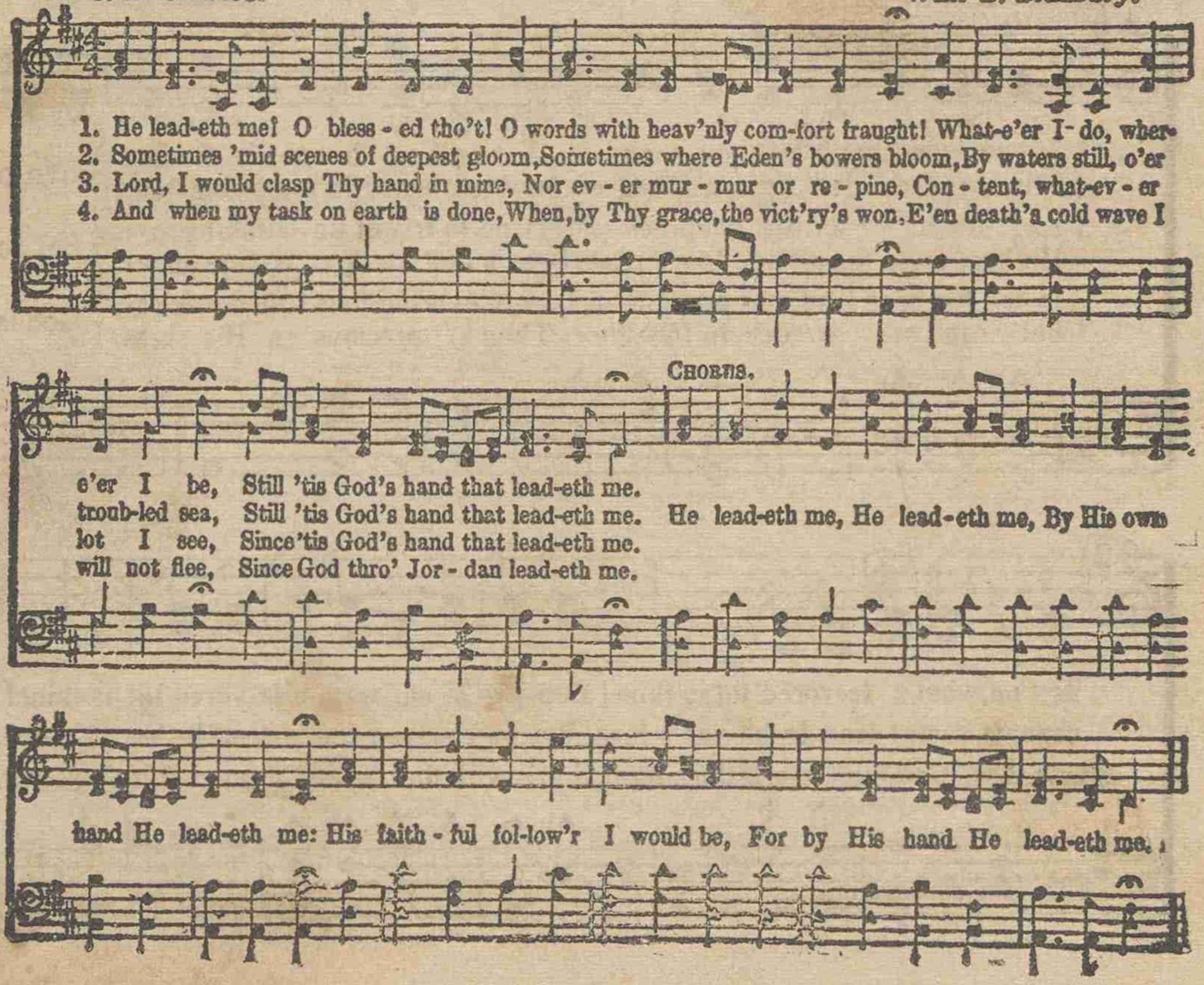
## No. 136. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

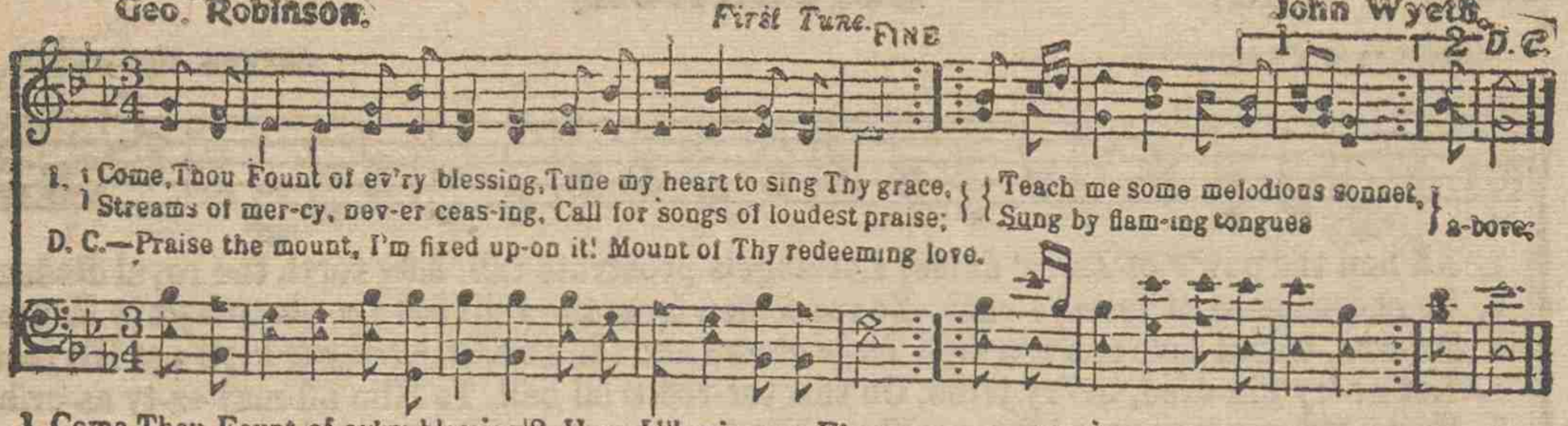



## No. 137. He Leadeth Me.

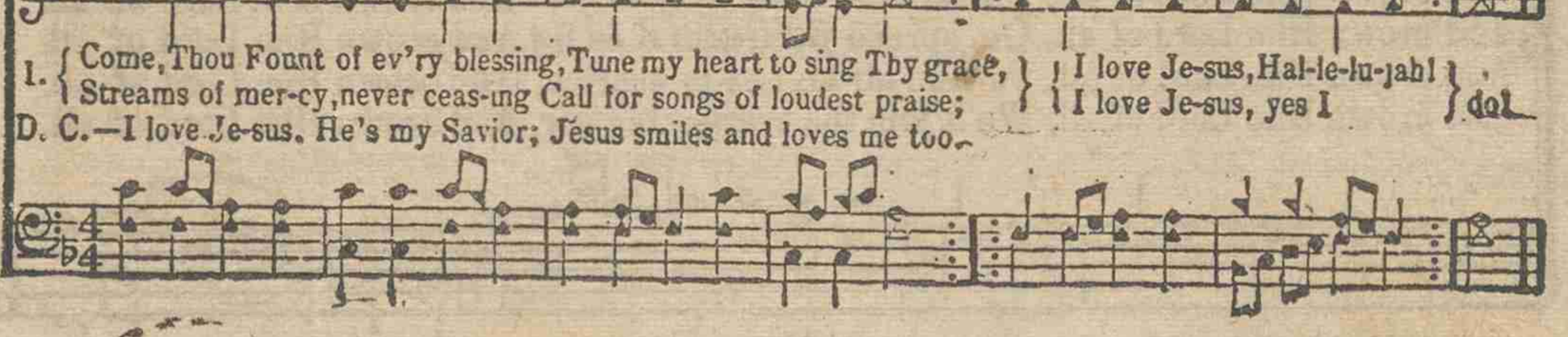
J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



## No. 138. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. First Tune. John Wyeth.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
   { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## No. 139. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. Second Tune. J. J. Rousseau.

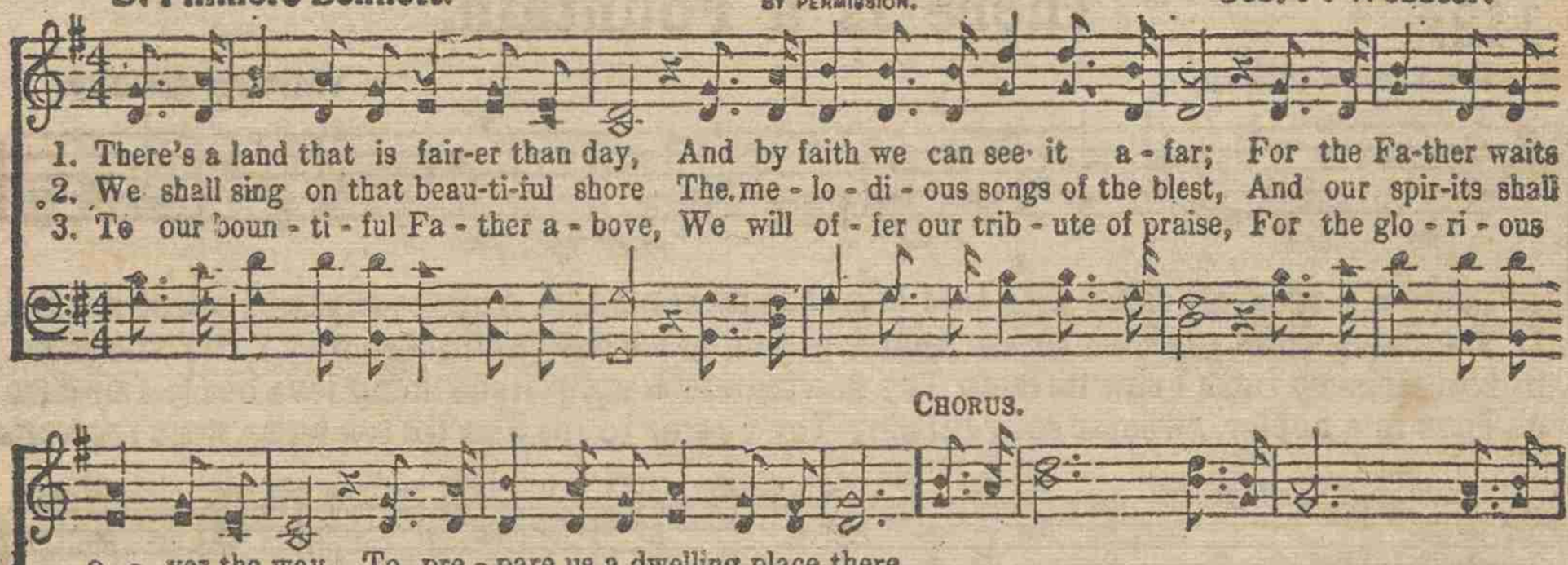



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
   { Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, yes I } dol

D. C.—I love Je-sus. He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

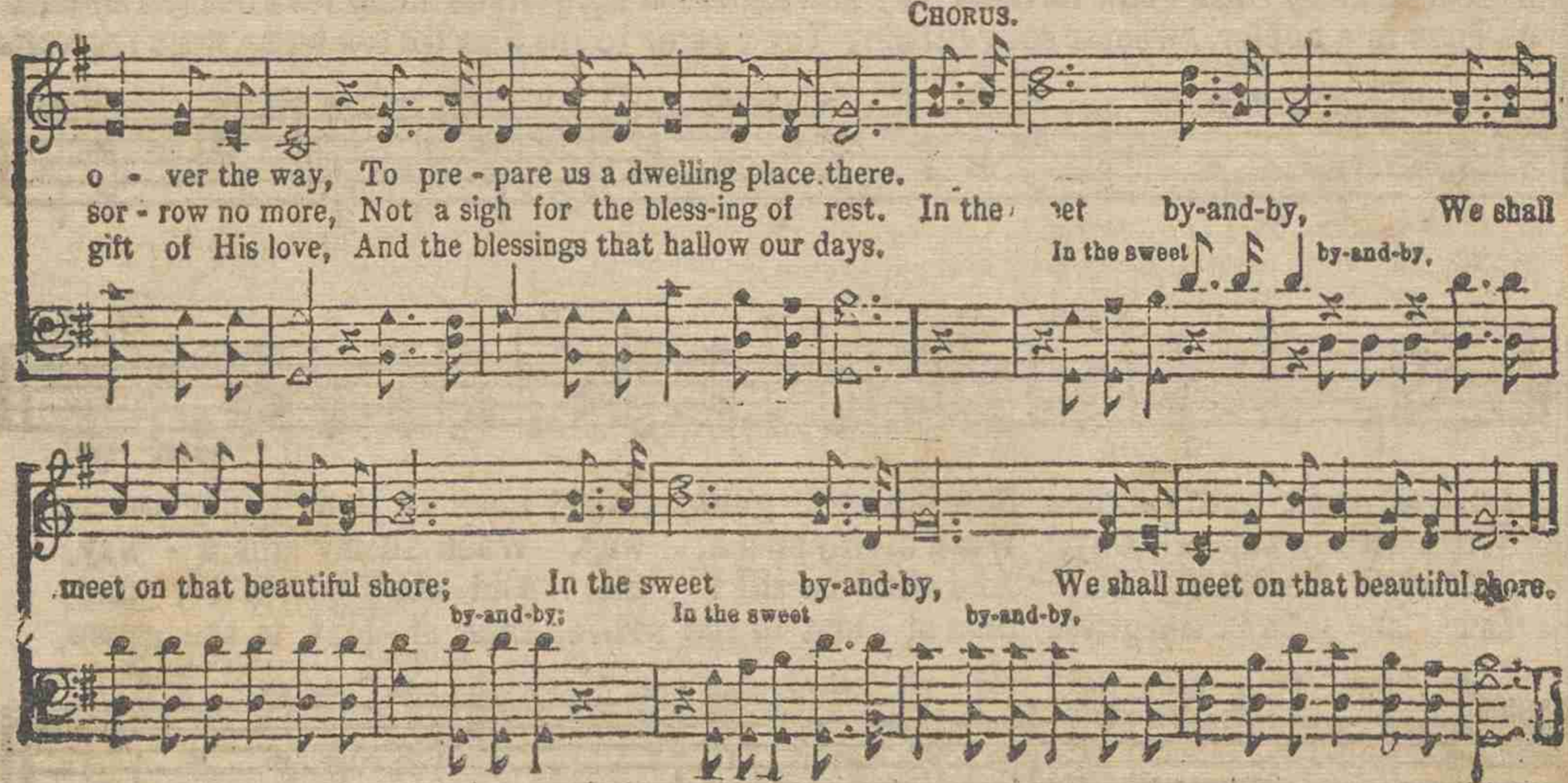
## No. 140. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.



1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.



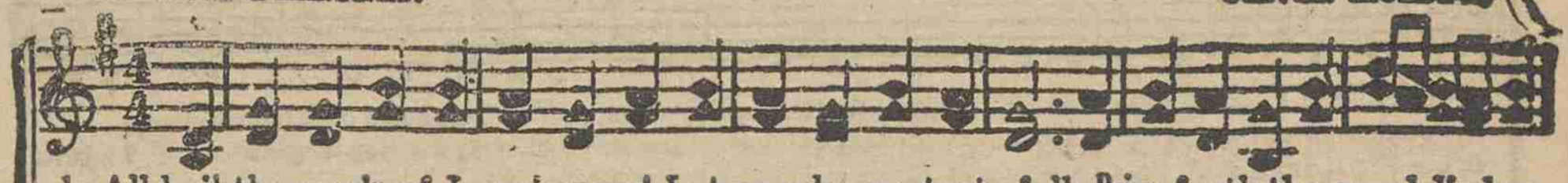
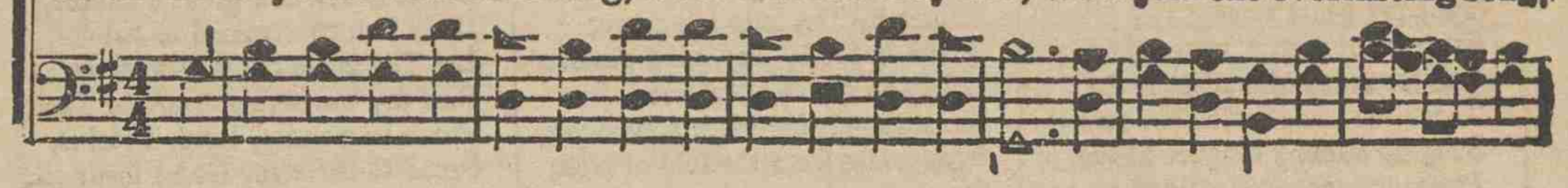
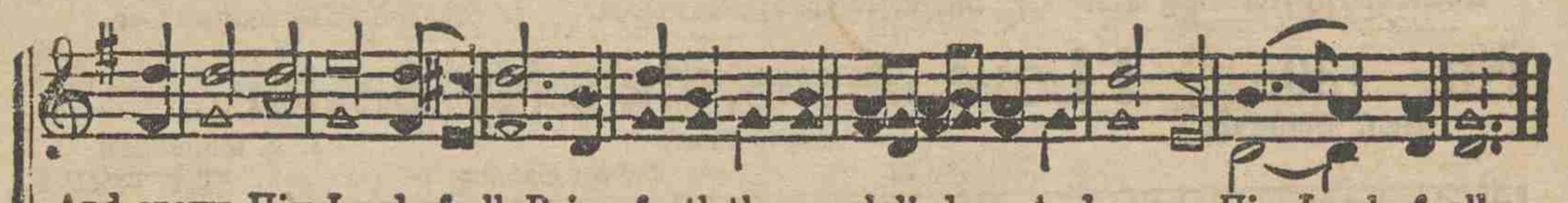
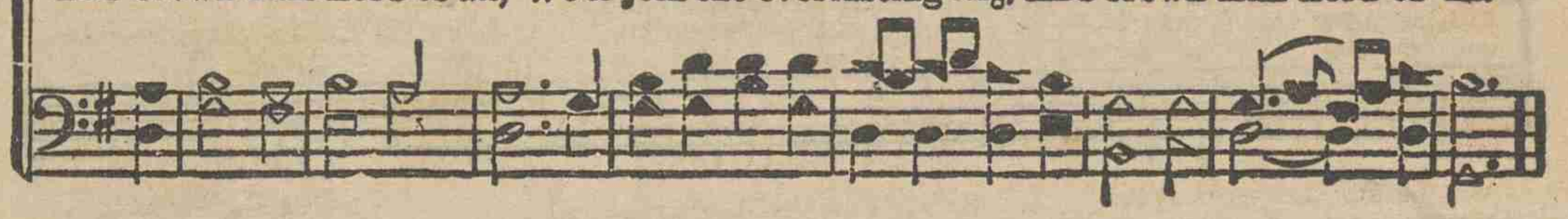
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

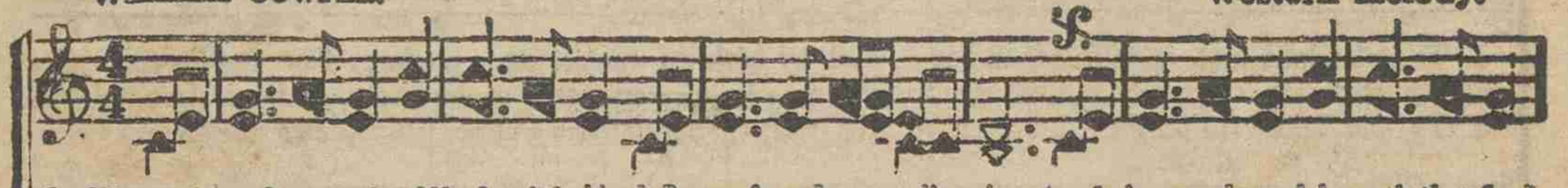
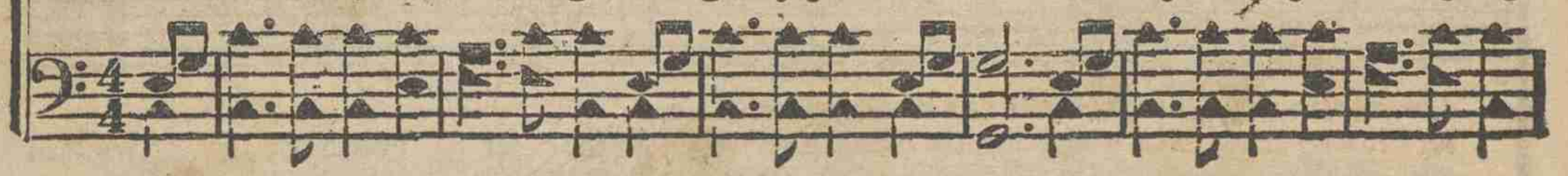
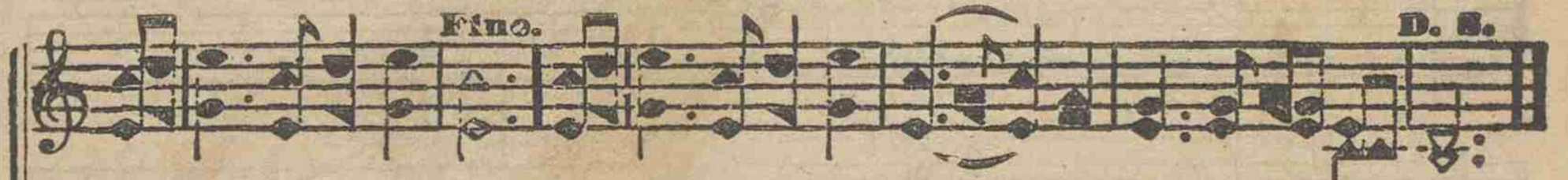
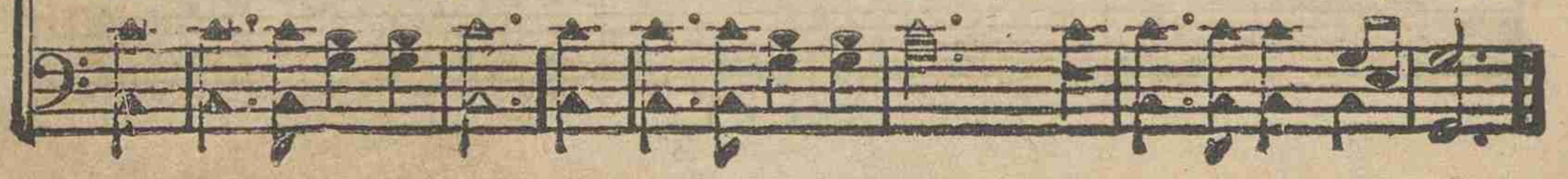
In the sweet by-and-by,

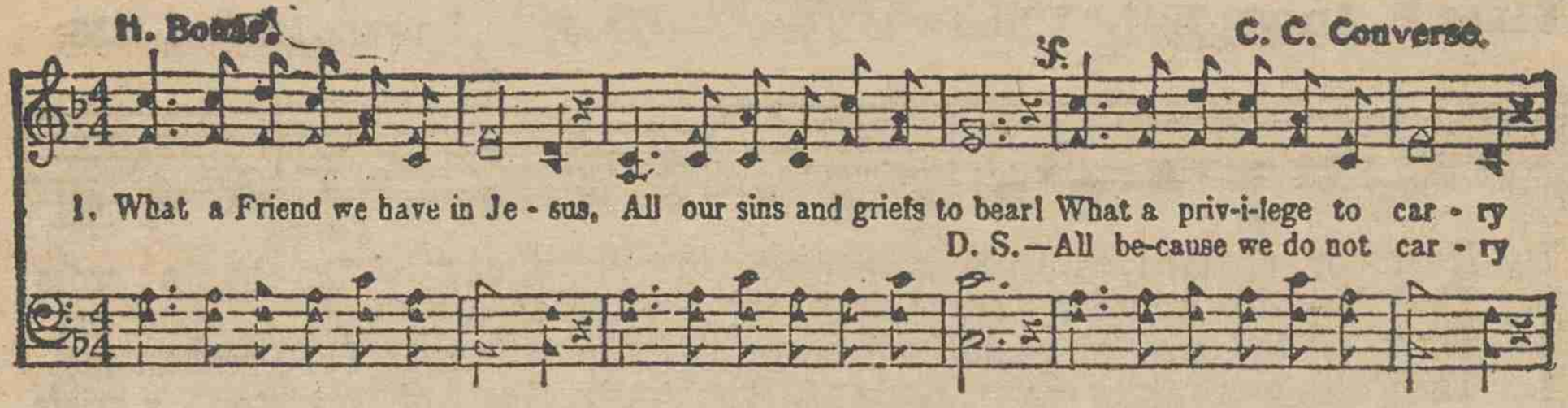
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

## NO. 141. Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall! Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe
5. Oh! that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## 142. There Is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy pow'er to save, When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

## No 143. What a Friend.

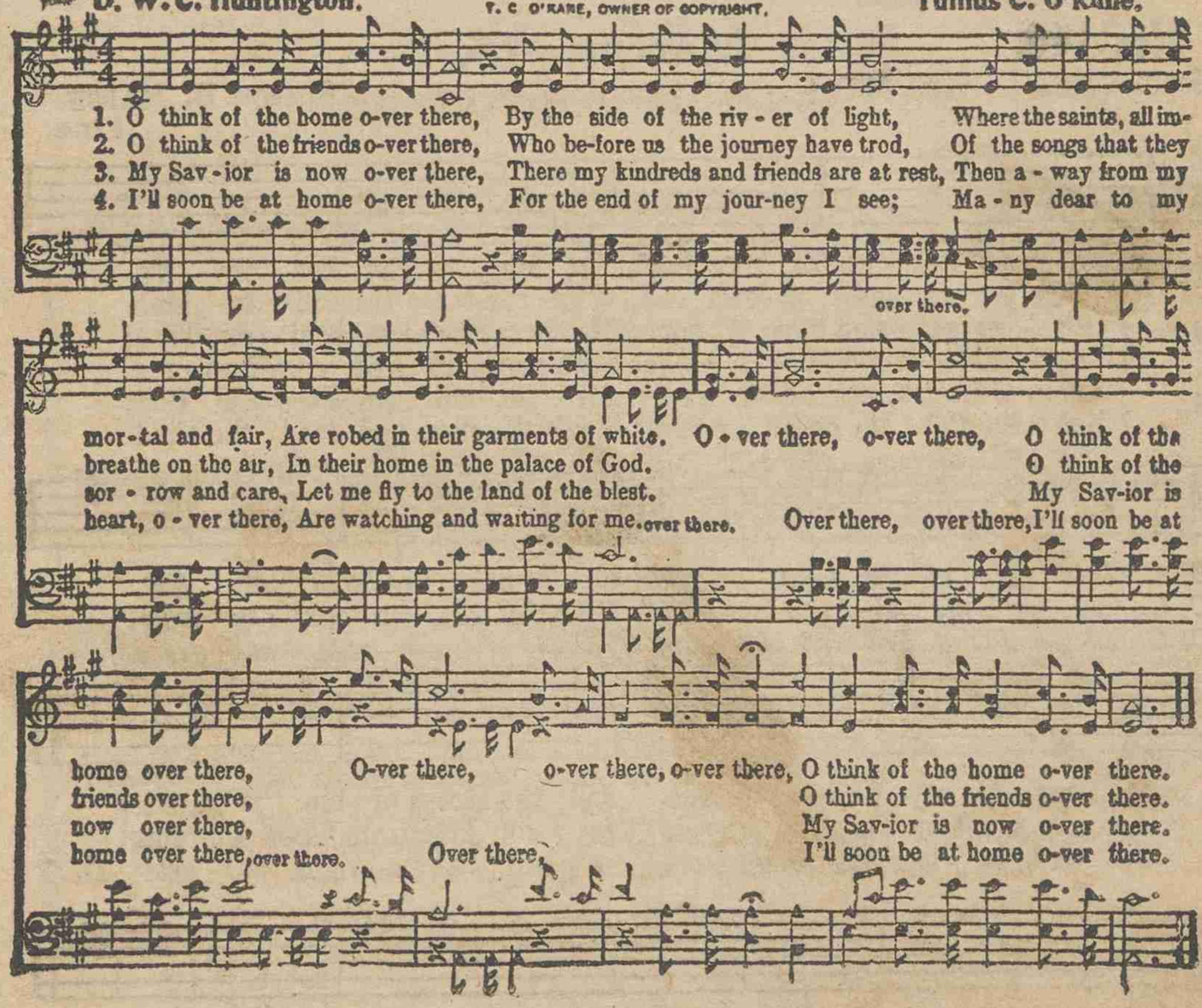
H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

## No. 144. The Home Over There.

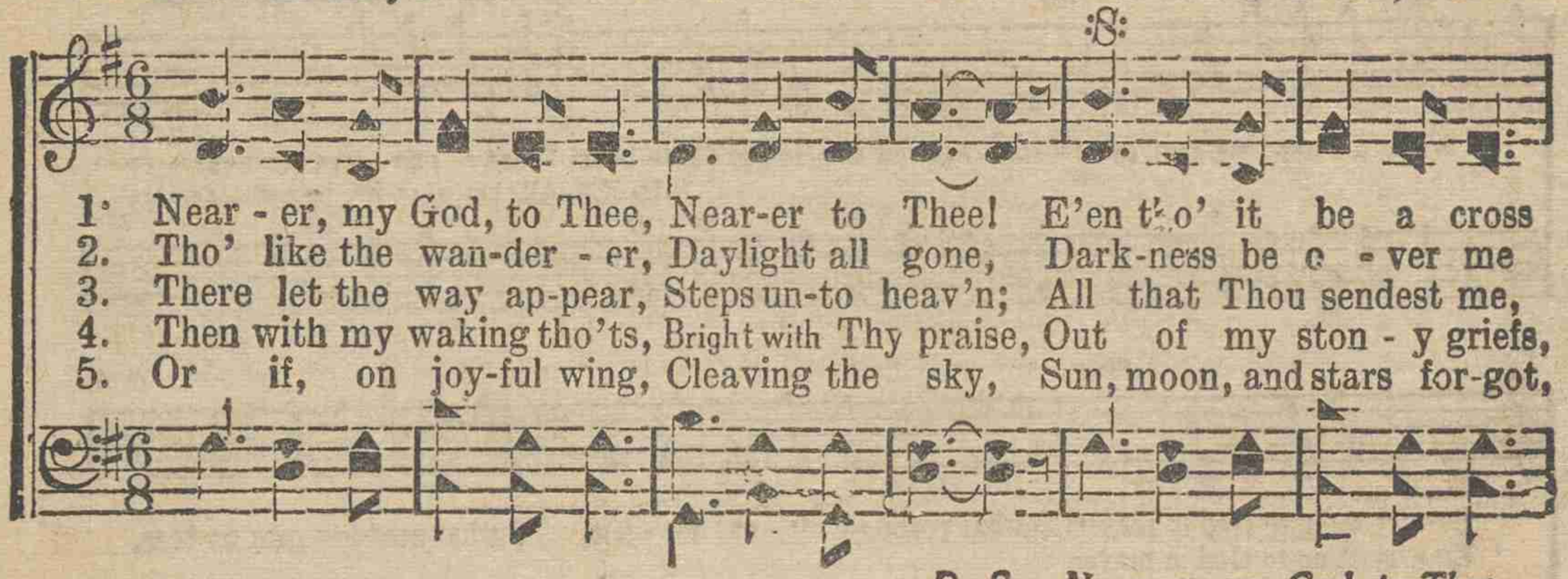
D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



## No. 145. Nearer, My God To Thee. 6s & 4s.

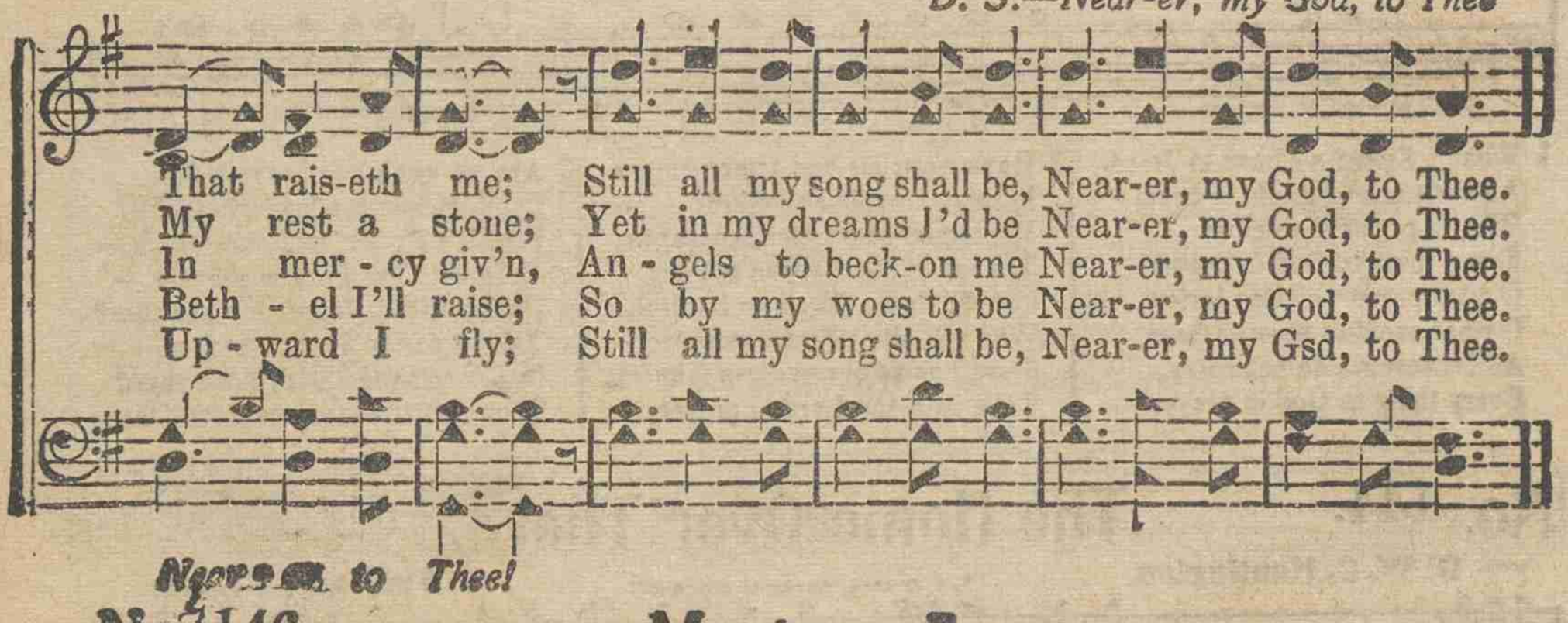
(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4:8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en t'ho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, Daylight all gone, Dark-ness be o - ver me
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

*D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee*

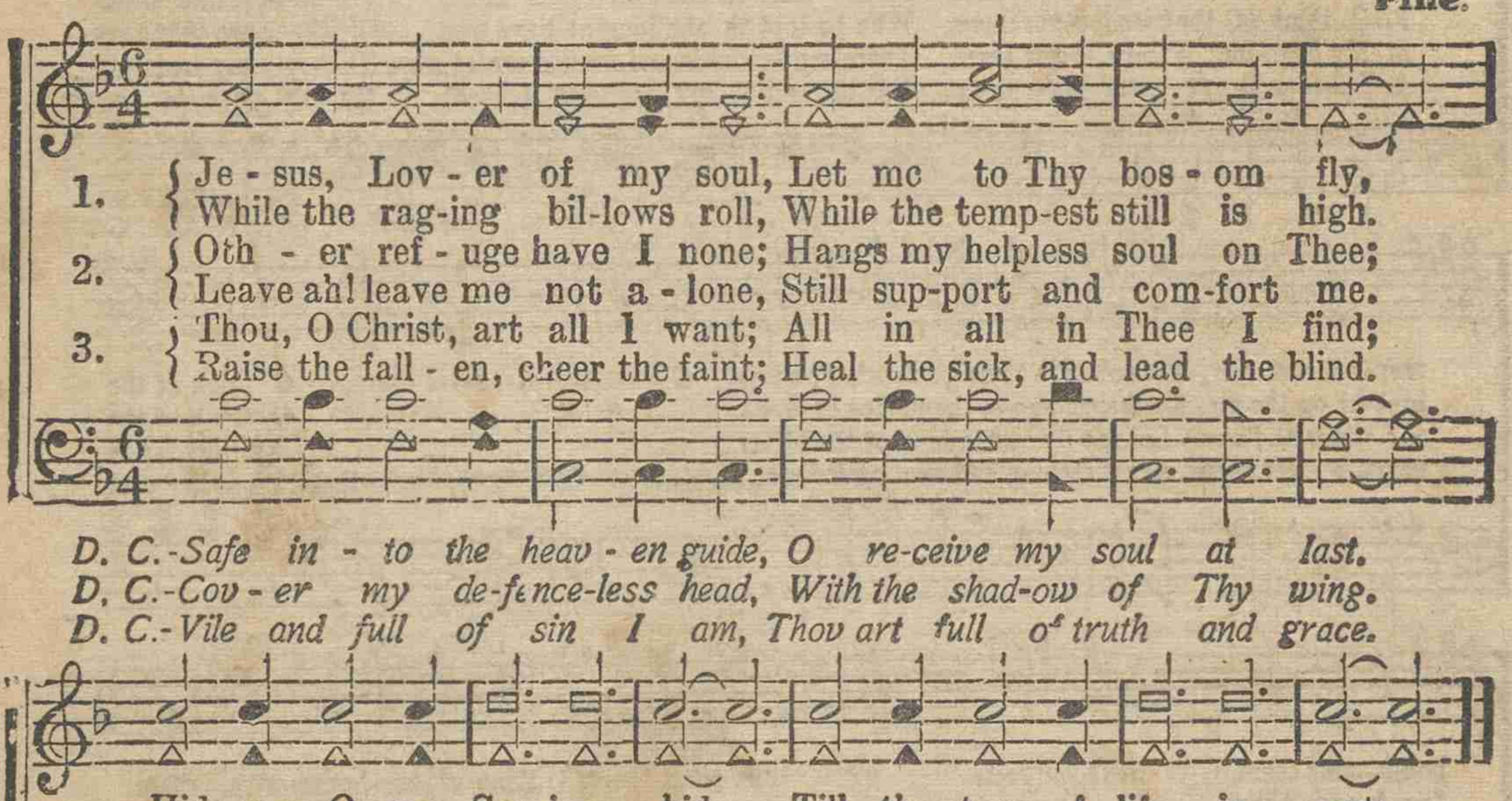


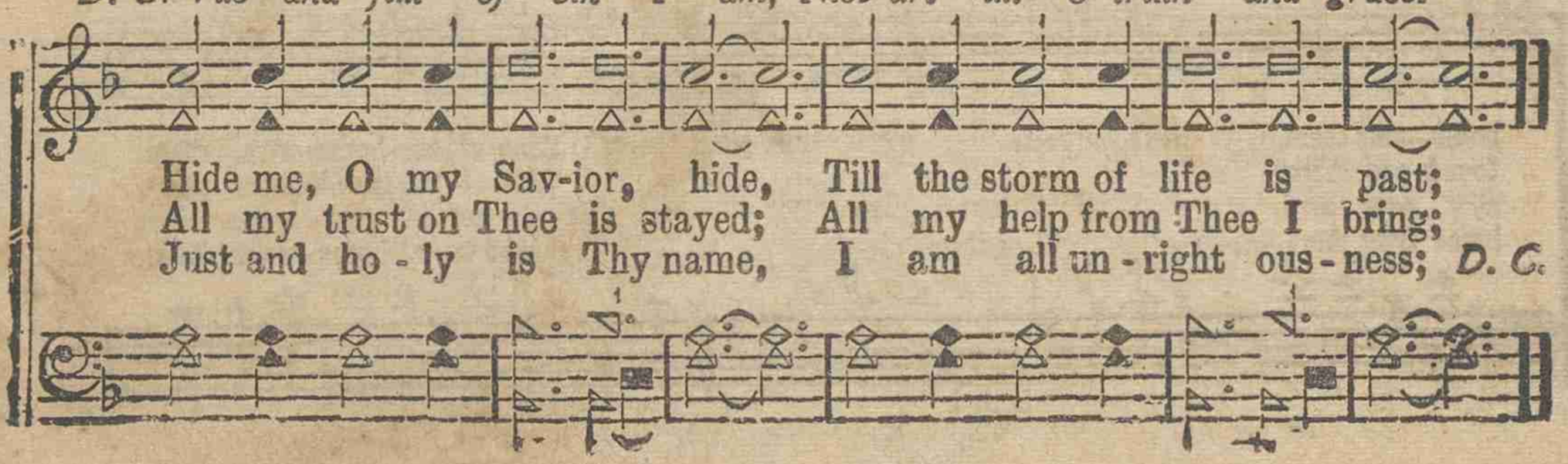
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee.
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee.
In mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee.
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee.
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my Gsd, to Thee.

*Near-er to Thee!*

## No. 146. Martyn. 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. SIMEON B. MARSH.

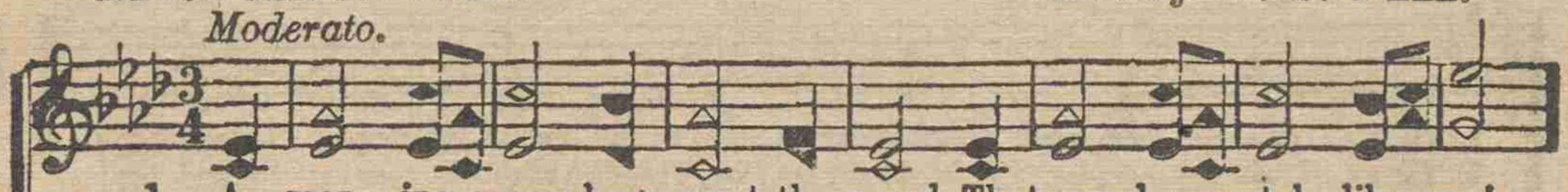
Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { While the rag-ing bil-lows roll, While the temp-est still is high.
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
   { Leave ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in Thee I find;
   { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint; Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

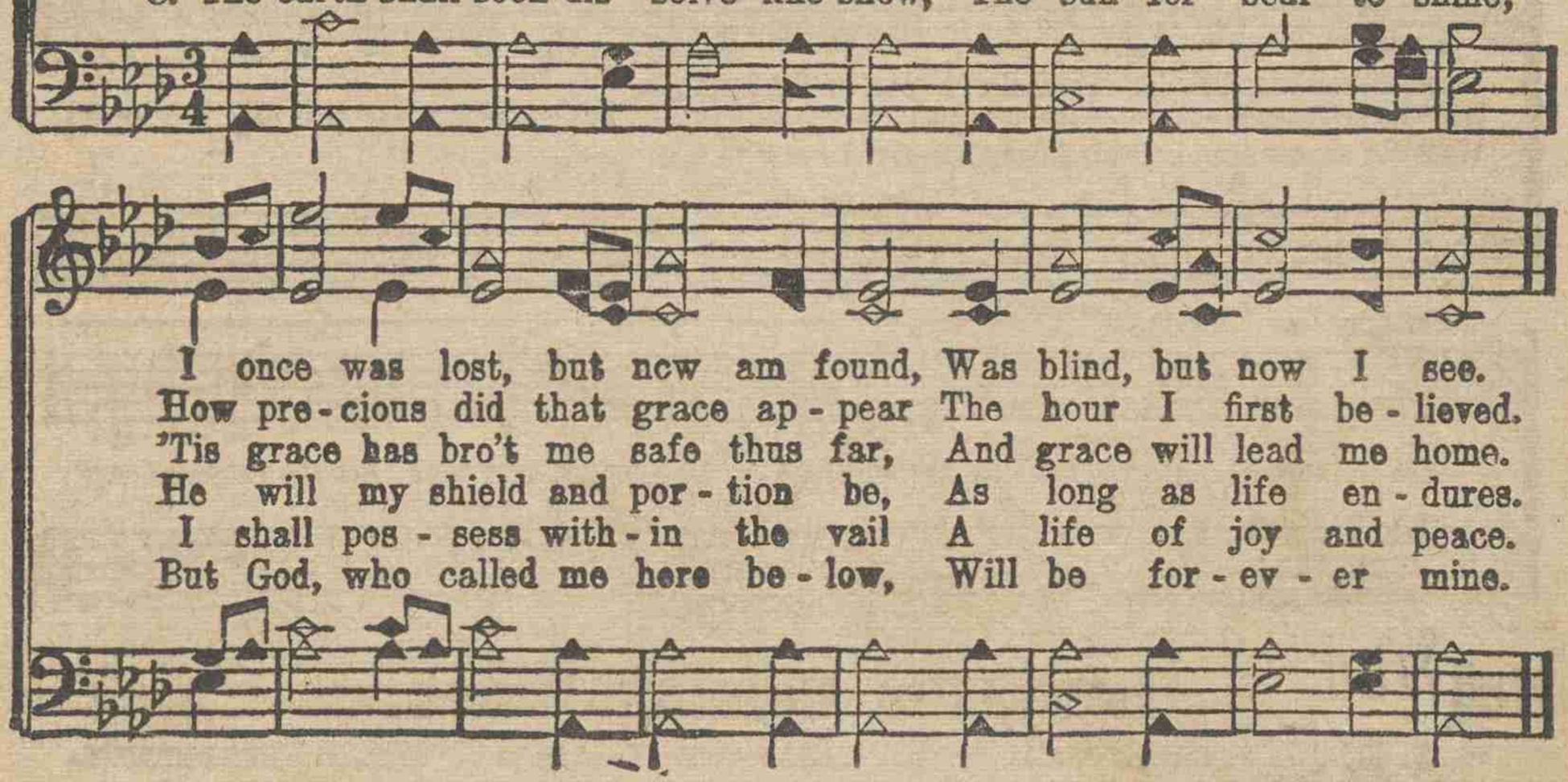
*D. C.-Safe in - to the heav - en guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.*
*D. C.-Cov - er my de-fence-less head, With the shad-ow of Thy wing.*
*D. C.-Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*

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

## No. 147. *Amazing Grace.*

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2: 5.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

*Moderato.*

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease;
6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



I once was lost, but new am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail A life of joy and peace.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

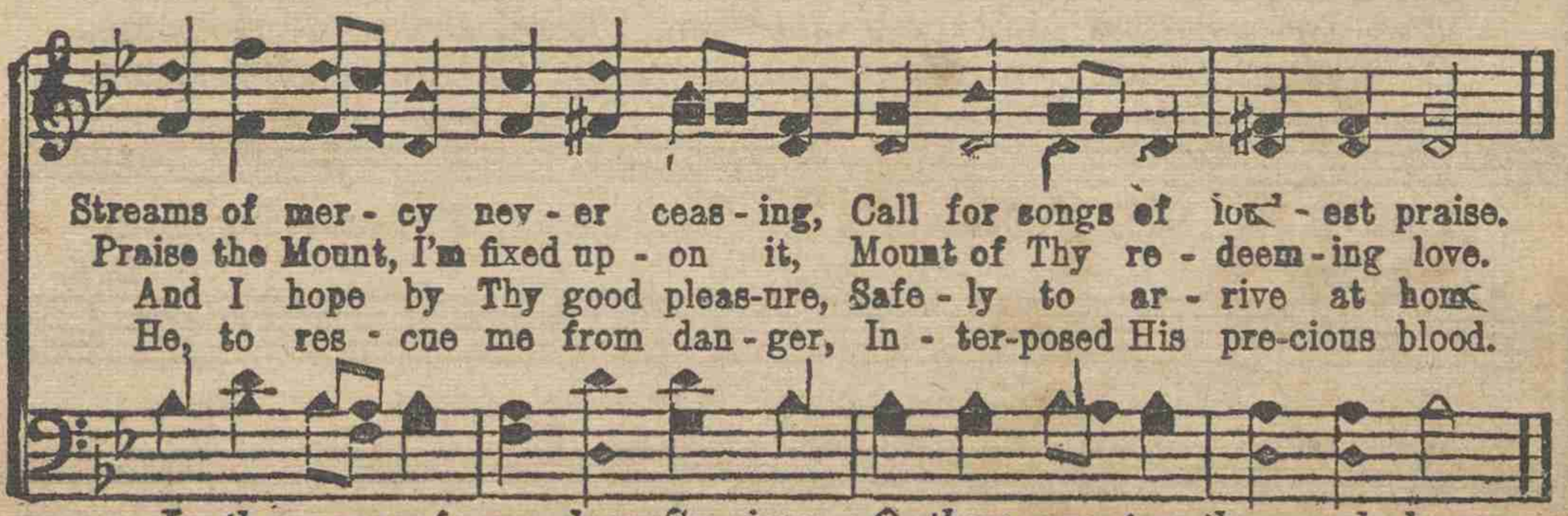
## No. 148. *I Will Arise.*

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

REV. R. ROBINSON. Arranged.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
3. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

CHO.—*I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*



Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Praise the Mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
And I hope by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

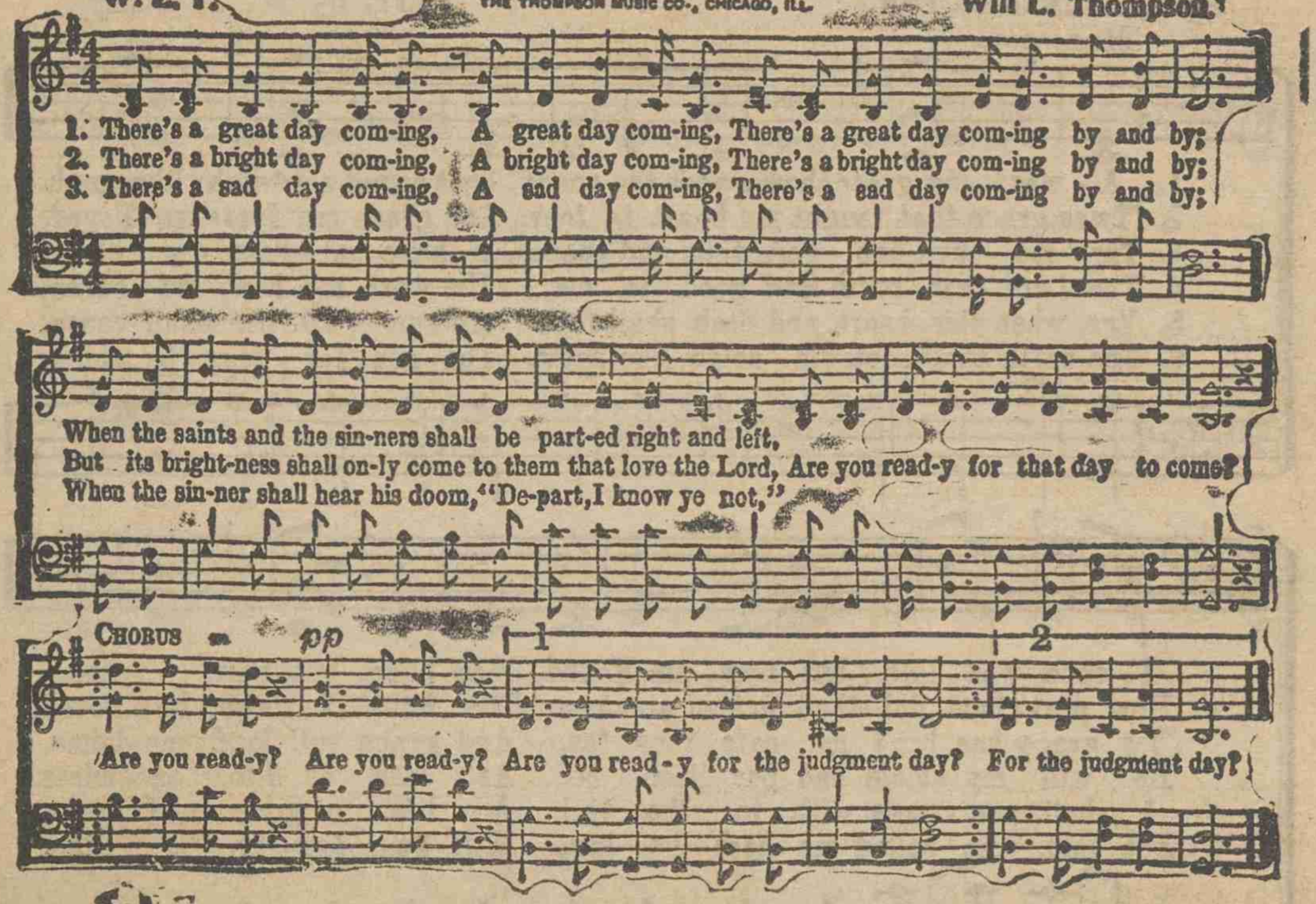
*In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thousand charms.*

## No. 149. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

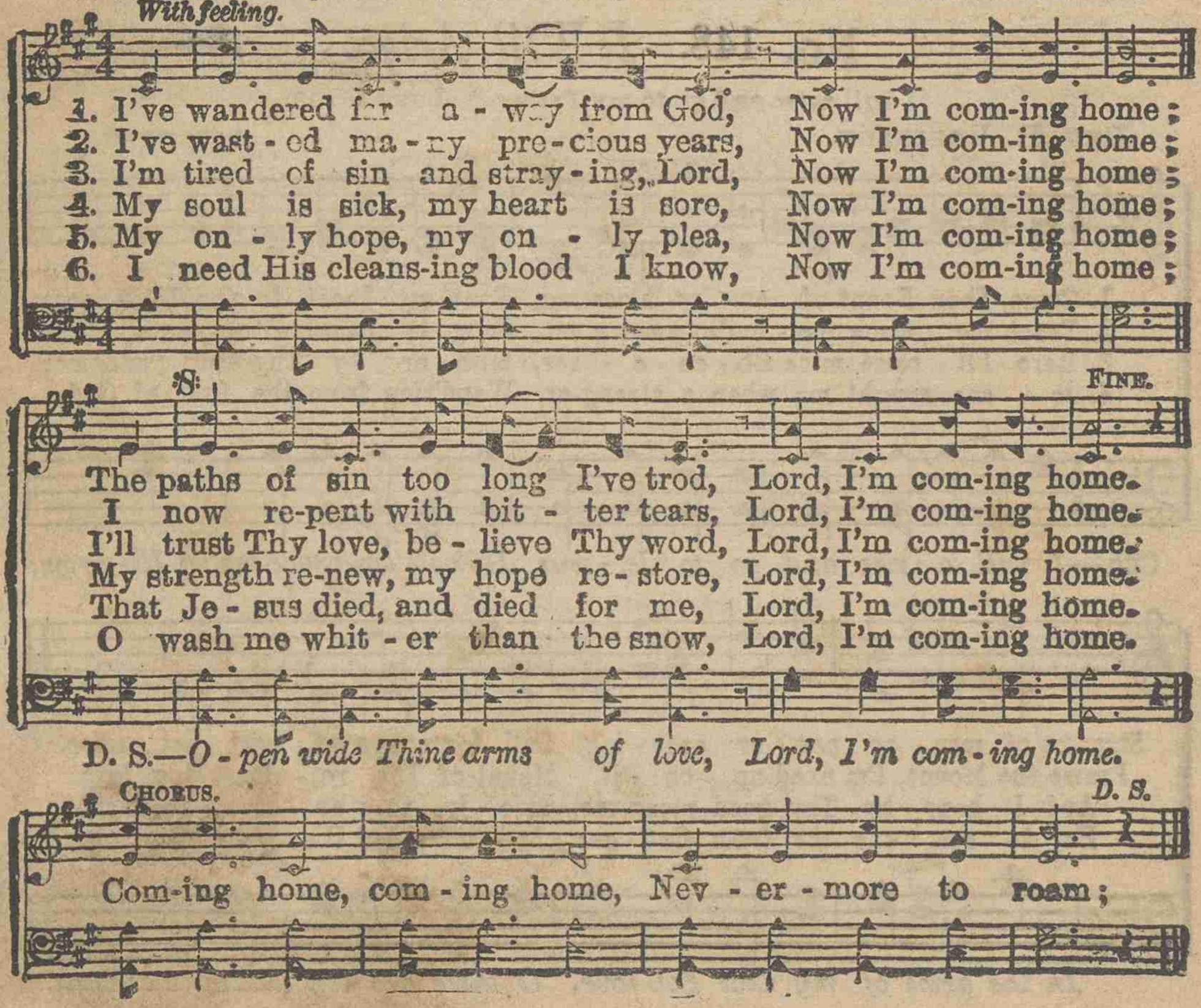
USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.

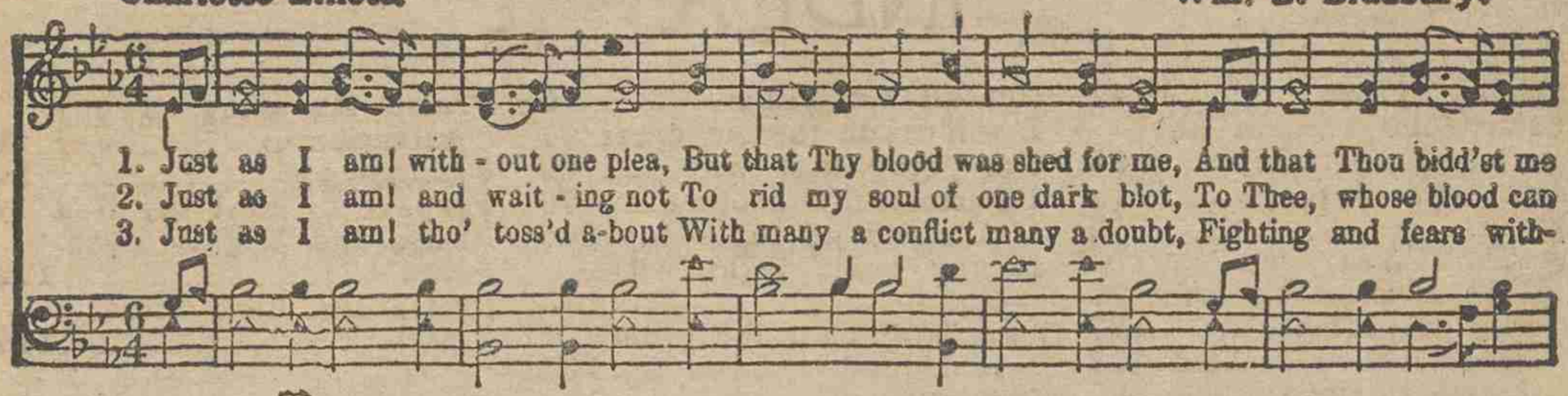
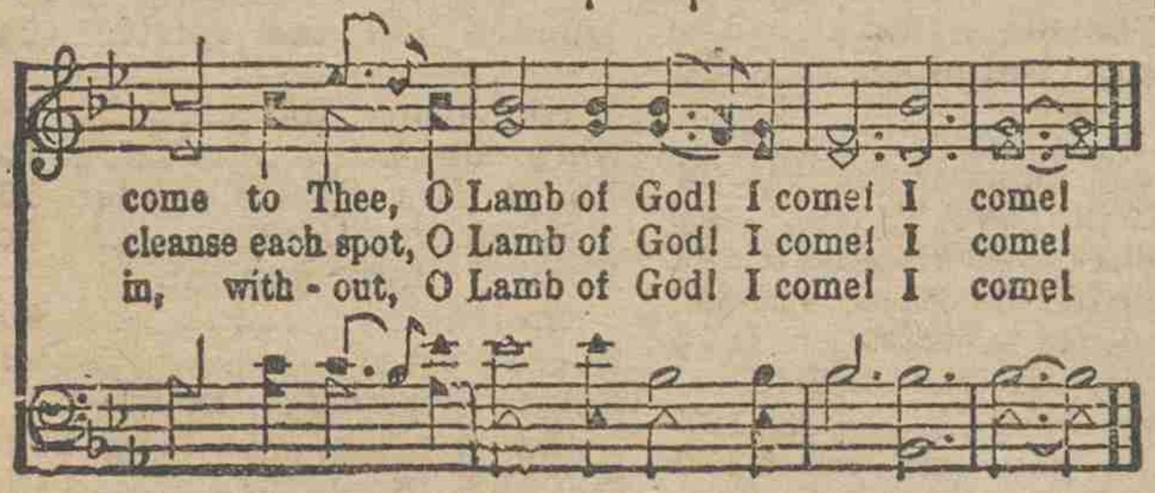



## No. 150. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

## No. 151. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

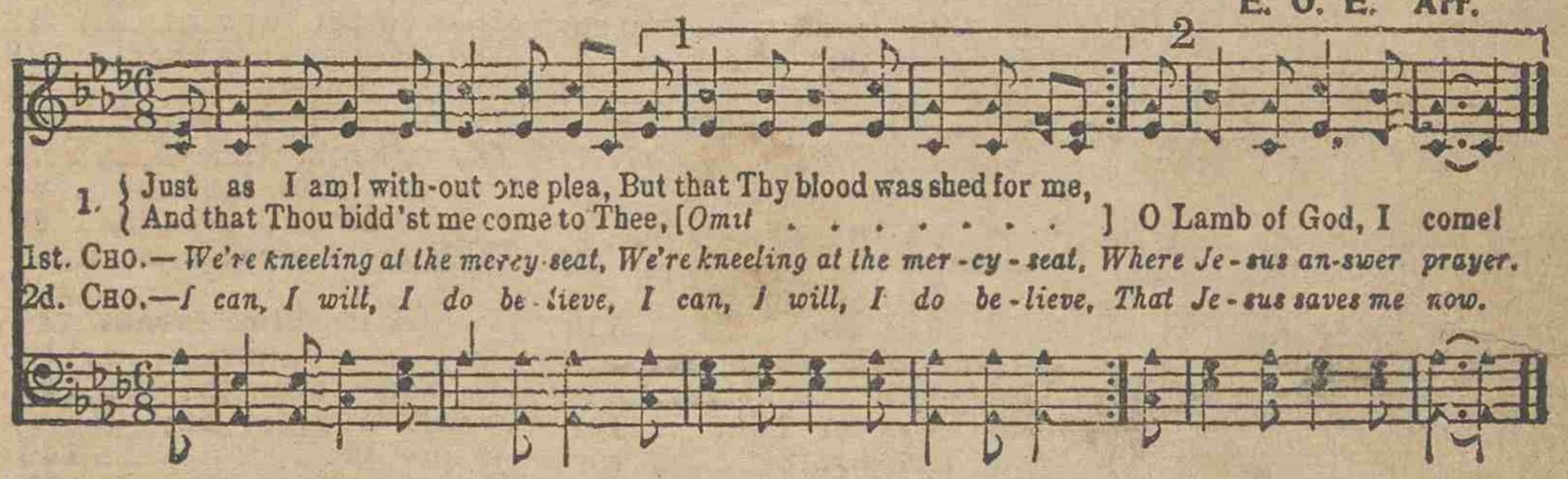


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

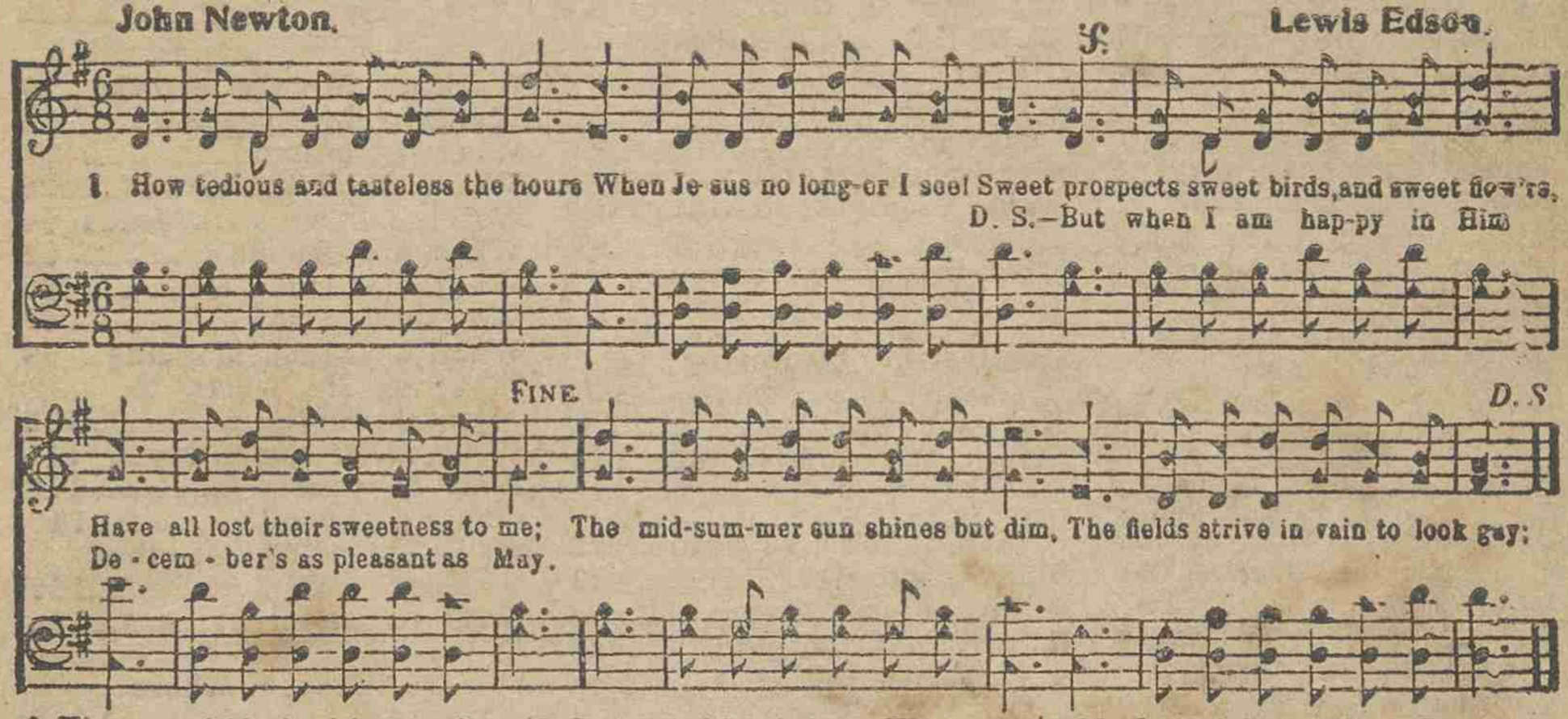
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## No. 152. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.




## No. 153. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.

2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Ethel M. Chapman.

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