

Thelma Fisher

15

Vaughan's Quartets

Prepared for all Occasions of Worship where
Special Songs are used.

Male Quartets, Solos, Duets and
Chorus Songs.

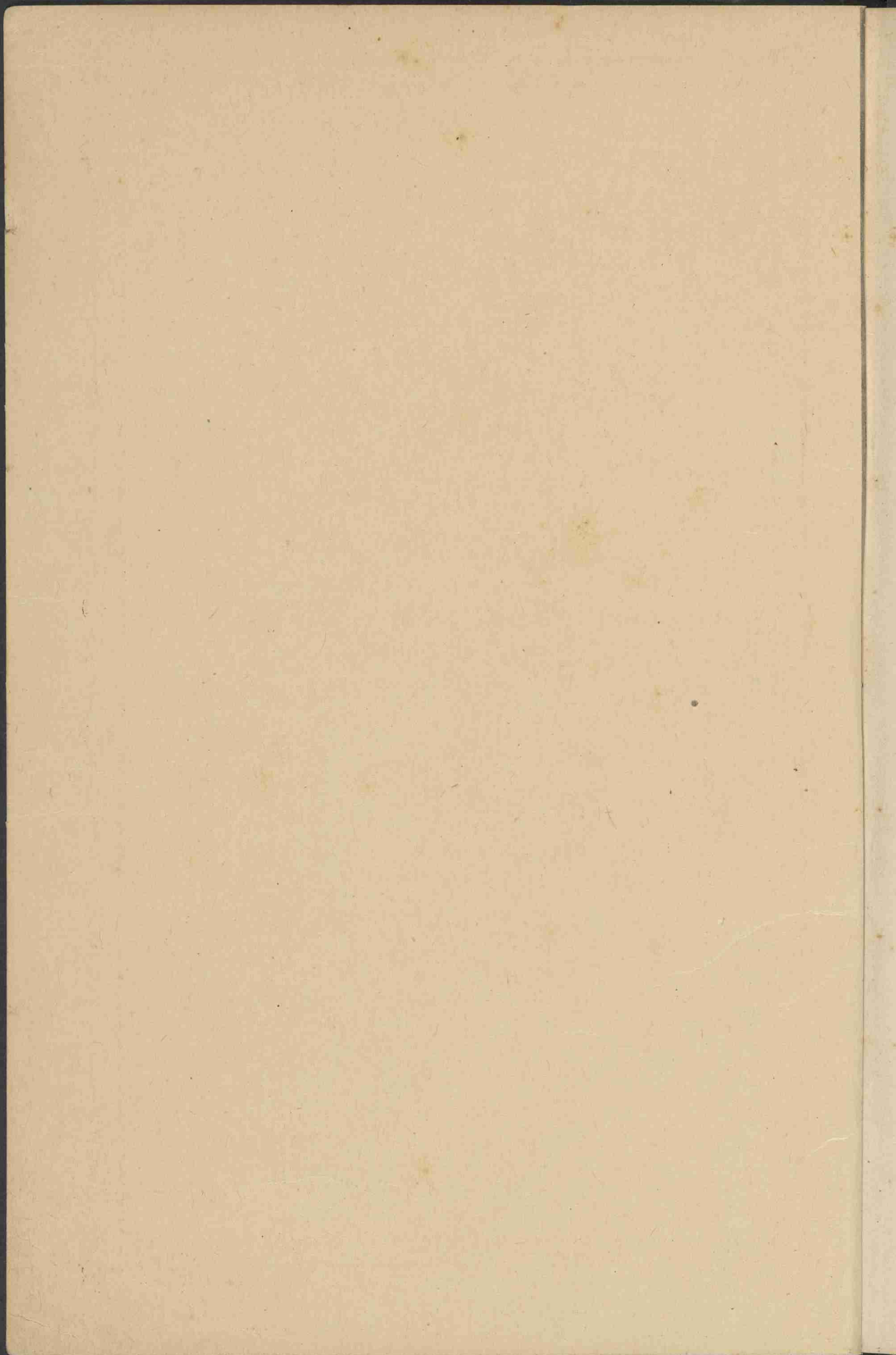
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

JOHN B. VAUGHAN

ATHENS, GA.

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30 Cents a Copy, \$3.00 a Dozen,



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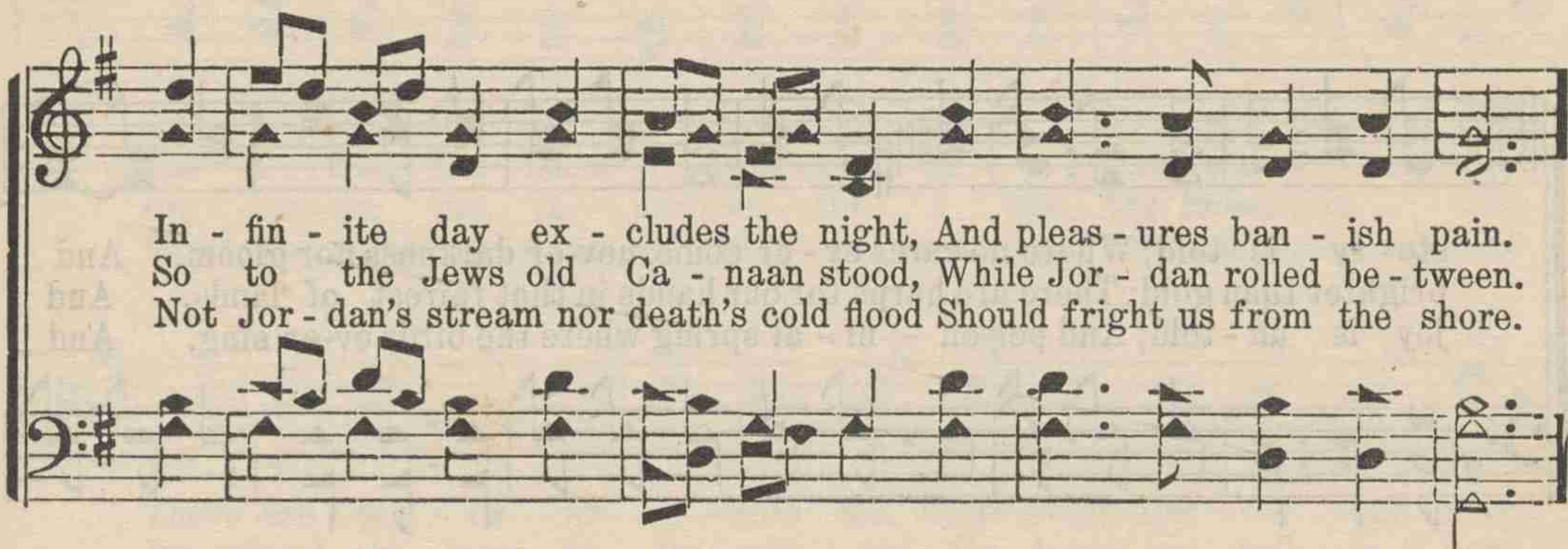
No. 1.

Bound for that Land.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign,
 2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green,
 3. Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



In-fin-ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
 Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS.



I am bound for that land, I am
 Bound for that land, bound for that land,



bound for that land, On Jor-dan's stormy
 Bright Ca-naan land, that bright Ca-naan land.



banks I stand, And view the promised land, I am bound for that land.
 I am bound for that land.

No. 2.

That Beautiful Land.

F. A. E. WHITE.

MARK M. JONRS.



1. I have heard of a land on a far a-way strand, In the Bi-ble the
2. There are ev - er-green trees that bend low to the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land at the father's right hand, There are mansions whose



sto-ry is told; Where no cares ev - er come, nev-er darkness nor gloom, And
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands in that fairest of lands, And
joy is un - told; And per-en - ni - al spring where the birds ev-er sing, And



CHORUS.



noth-ing shall ev - er grow old. In that beau-ti - ful land, on the far a - way



strand, No storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets we are



told are paved with pure gold, And the sun it shall nev - er go down.



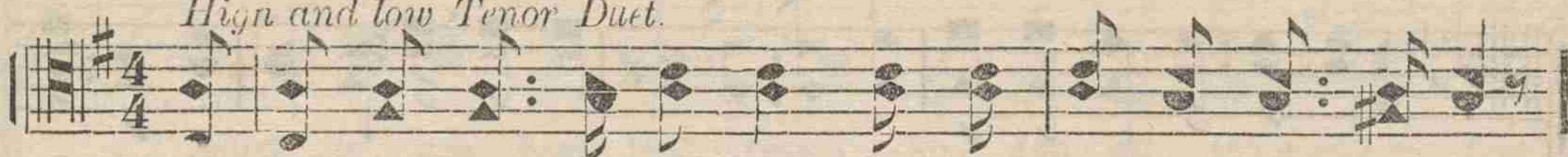
No. 3

Climbing Up the Mountain.

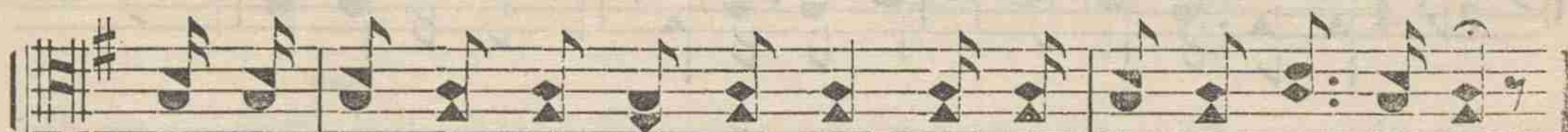
J. B. V.

Arr by. J. B. VAUGHAN.

High and low Tenor Duet.



1. I'm climb-ing up the moun-tain and the way is rough and steep,
2. I've long been on this jour-ney, 'tis the on-ly way I know,
3. There's some who call me sil-ly for climb-ing ev-er-y day,
4. When I am on the moun-tain far a-bove the sins be-low,



And I have to be so care-ful where I place my slip-'ry feet,
For I feel His bless-ed pres-ence an-y-where that I may go,
Dis-cour-age me, no nev-er, for I like the moun-tain way,
Where the nights are dark and drear-y and the winds tem-pest-ous blow,



There are per-ils on be-fore me, there's dan-ger on each side,
I've plac'd my trust in Je-sus and He leads me safe-ly on,
By faith I view old Jor-dan that is flow-ing, oh, so grand,
To have this blest as-sur-rance far ex-ceeds all wealth to me,

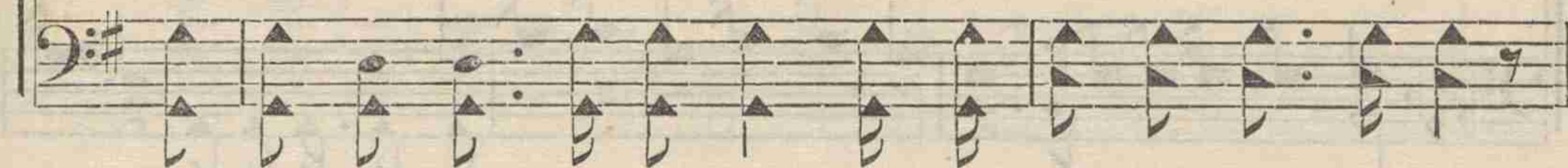


I'm close be-hind my Lead-er for He is my on-ly guide.
For 'tis grace that leads me safe thus far and grace will lead me home.
Be-cause I'm on the moun-tain I can see the prom-ised land.
For I know I'm near-er heav-en and in heav-en soon I'll be.

CHORUS.



I'm climb-ing up the moun-tain and I have not far to go,



I shall soon reach glo-ry's sum-mit there to dwell for ev-er-more.



No. 4.

Out On the Ocean.

JEFF. D. CLARK.

C. E. SMITH.



1. Out on the o-c-ean, we're drifting to-day, Of - ten our bark seem lost in the
2. Oft-en the storms seem so dark and so drear, Then we for-get that Je-sus is
3. Life is an o-c-ean, we drift ev - 'ry day, Oft-en we meet, then part on the



spray, But with our Cap-tain, we'll stem ev - 'ry tide, Nearing the port, we can
near, If we'll re-mem-ber and look we may see, One at the helm who can
way, Ships that are an-chored will sail by and by, Sail till they reach heaven's



CHORUS.



see yon-der side. Out on the o - cean, drift-ing a-way,
calm Gal - i - lee.
port in the sky. Out on the o-c-ean,..... We are



Out on the ocean, drift-ing a - way, Calm and the tempest,
drift - - ing a - way, 'Mid the calm and the



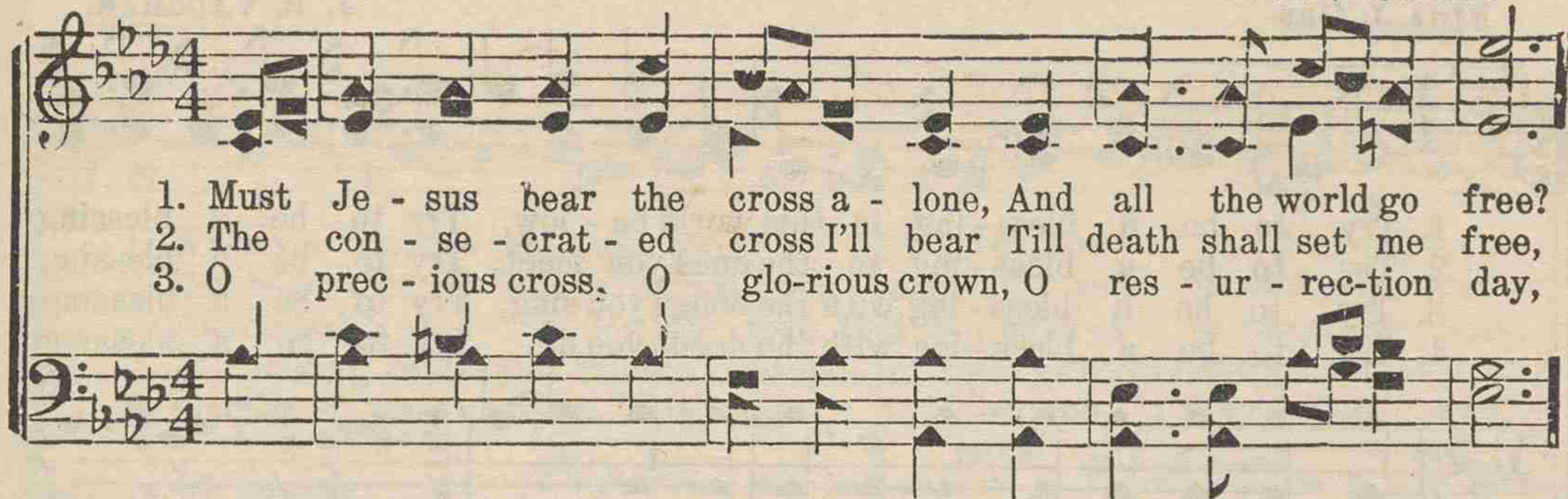
calm and the tempest, We are sail - - ing to - day, out far a - way.
temp-est..... Sail-ing a - way to - day.



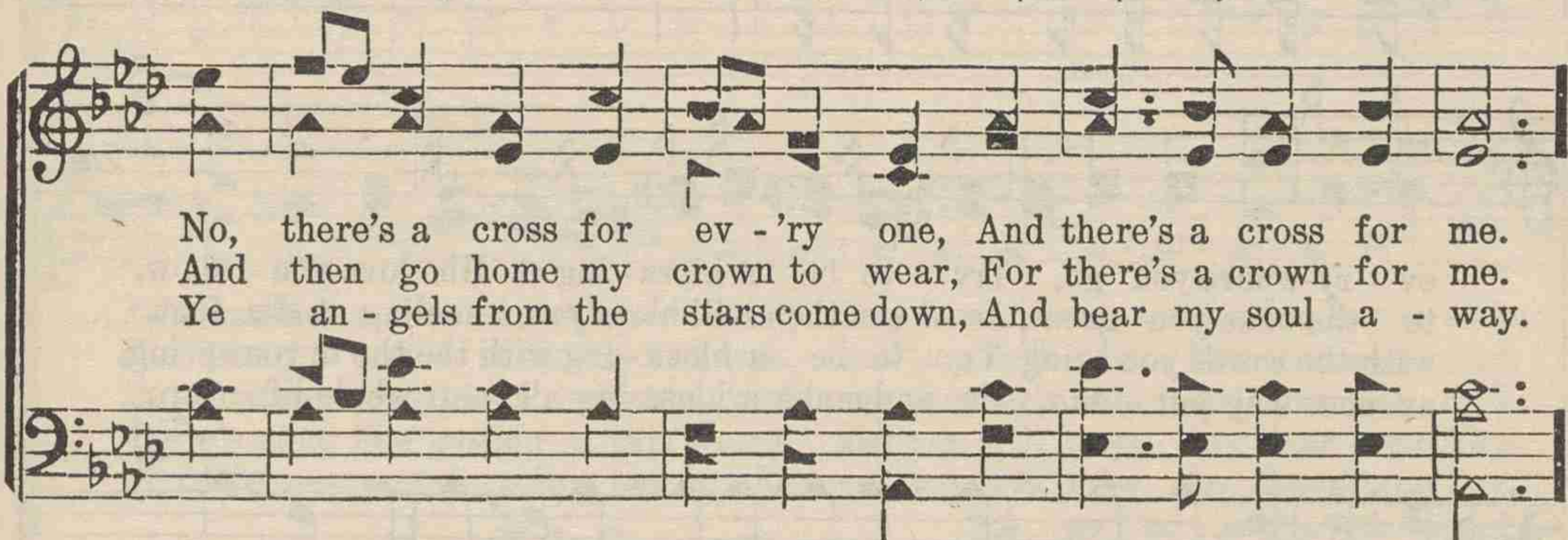
No. 5.

By the Cross.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
 3. O prec - ious cross, O glo - rious crown, O res - ur - rec - tion day,



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

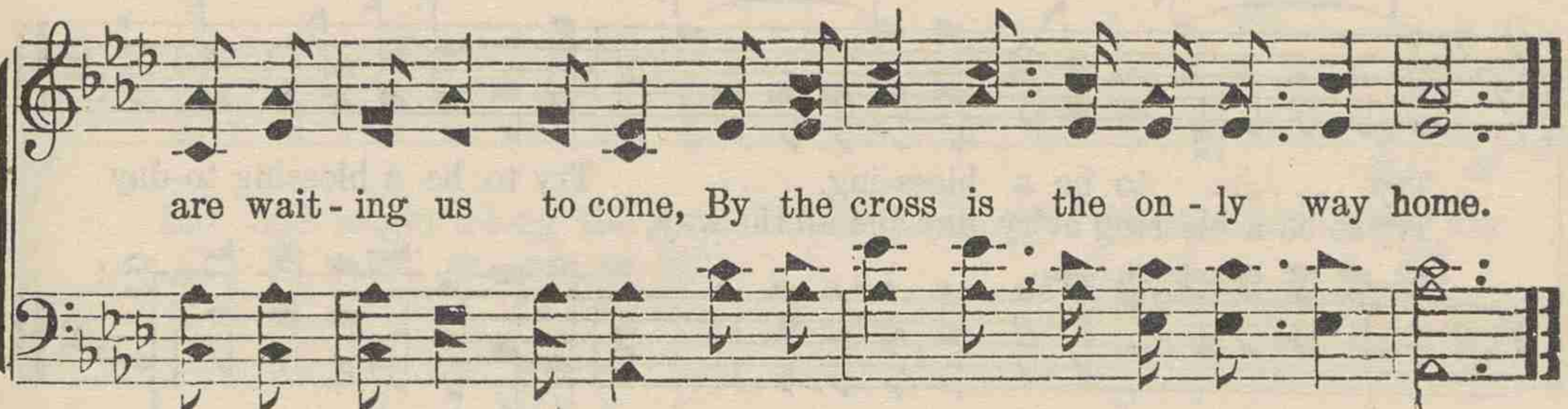
CHORUS.



By the cross is the on - ly way home, By the
 sweet home,



cross is the on - ly way home, Many pil-grims have gone, they
 sweet home,



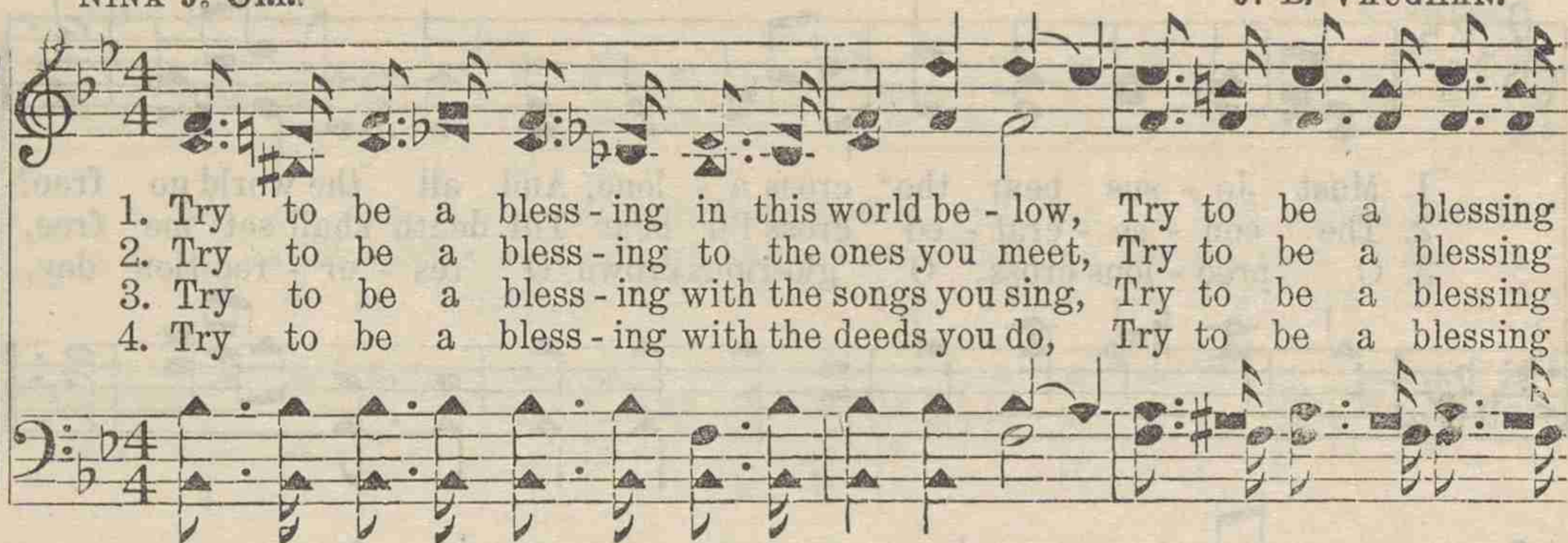
are wait - ing us to come, By the cross is the on - ly way home.

No. 6.

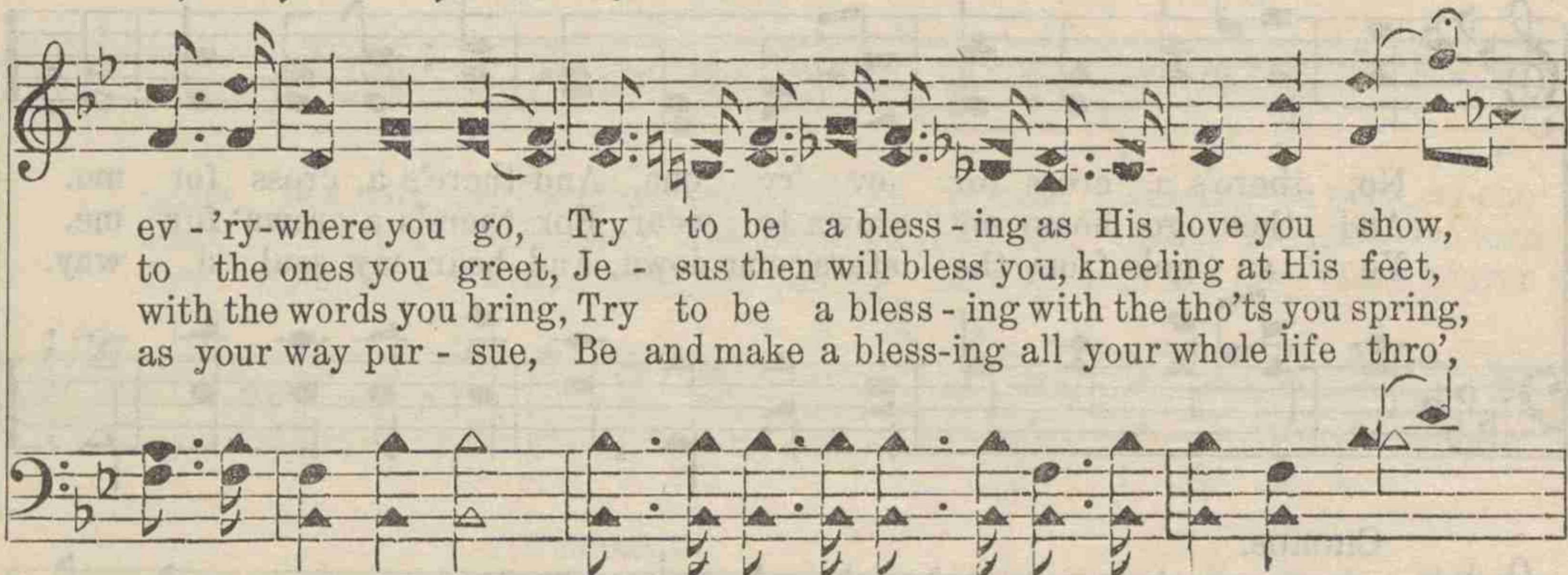
Try to Be a Blessing.

NINA J. ORR.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

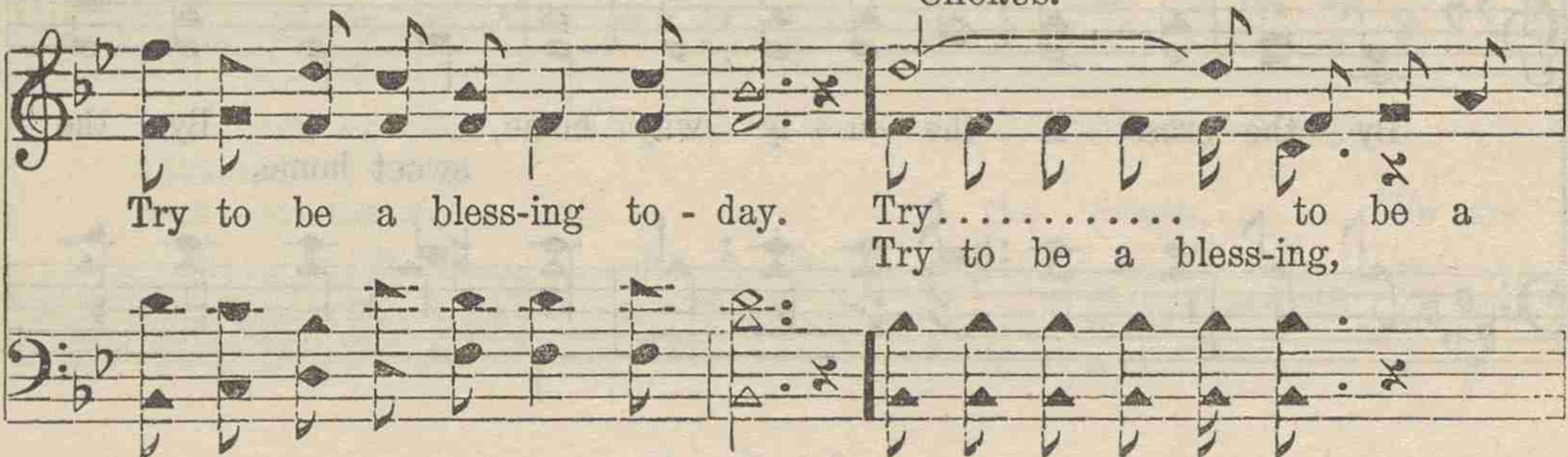


1. Try to be a bless-ing in this world be-low, Try to be a blessing
 2. Try to be a bless-ing to the ones you meet, Try to be a blessing
 3. Try to be a bless-ing with the songs you sing, Try to be a blessing
 4. Try to be a bless-ing with the deeds you do, Try to be a blessing



ev-'ry-where you go, Try to be a bless-ing as His love you show,
 to the ones you greet, Je-sus then will bless you, kneeling at His feet,
 with the words you bring, Try to be a bless-ing with the tho'ts you spring,
 as your way pur-sue, Be and make a bless-ing all your whole life thro',

CHORUS.



Try to be a bless-ing to-day. Try..... to be a
 Try to be a bless-ing,



bless-ing,..... try..... to be a bless-ing.....
 Try to be a blessing, Try to be a blessing, blessing ev'ry day,

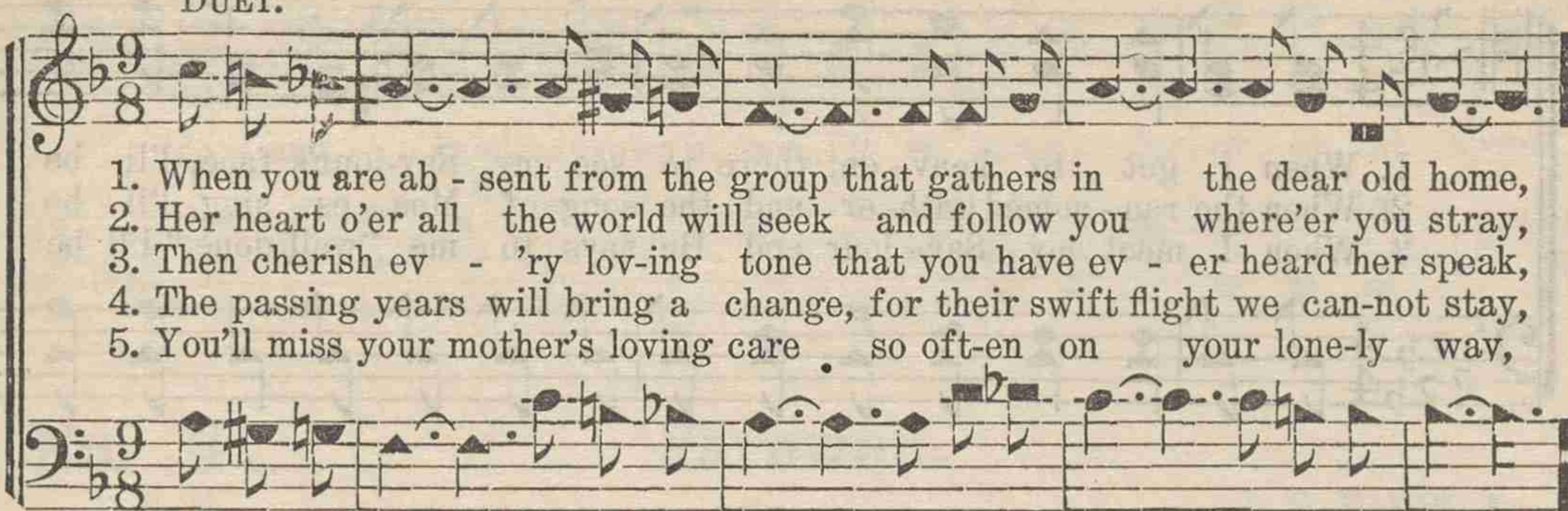


Try..... to be a bless-ing,..... Try to be a blessing to-day
 Try to be a blessing ev'ry day and all the way,

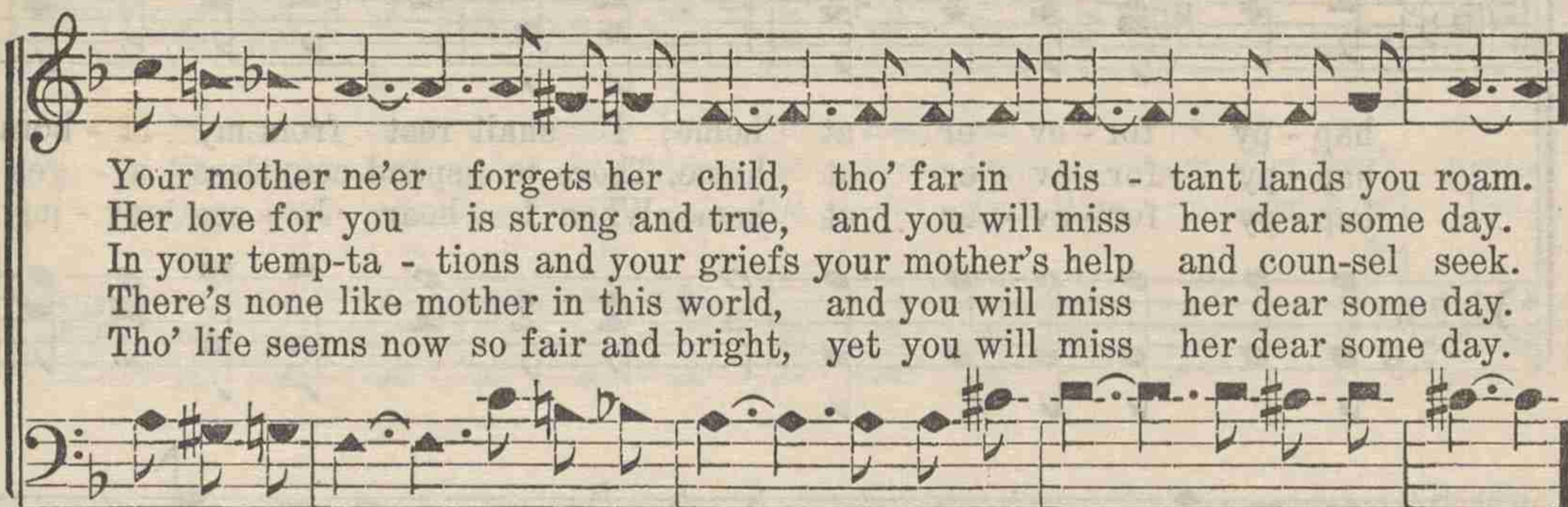
No. 7 You Will Miss Your Mother Some Day.

ADA F. WELLS.
DUET.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



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.

rit.



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

No. 8, Happy Forever At Home.

T. R. SWEATMAN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. When I get to heav-en, there to see my Sav-iour's face, I'll be
2. When the ran-somed gath-er and the song of Mos-es sing, I'll be
3. When I meet my Sav-iour and He says to me "well done," I'll be



hap-py for-ev-er at home; I shall rest from my la-bors,
 hap-py for-ev-er at home, There to spend countless a-ges
 hap-py for-ev-er at home, When I hear Je-sus say-ing



sing-ing glo-ry, saved by grace, I'll be hap-py for-ev-er at home.
 sing-ing glo-ry to our King, I'll be hap-py for-ev-er at home.
 "en-ter in, your work is done," I'll be hap-py for-ev-er at home.



CHORUS.



I'll be hap-py for-er-er at home, I'll be
 I'll be hap-py when I reach my blessed home, hap-py home, All will



hap-py for-ev-er at home, When my work on earth is
 be e-ter-nal glo-ry in that home, blessed home,



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

Happy Forever At Home. Concluded.

done and a fadeless crown is won, I'll be hap-py for-ev-er at home.

No. 9.

Farewell.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. In sweet com-mu-nion here be-low, In u-ni-ty we dwell,
2. We meet and join in song of love, And sing our Sav-iour's praise,
3. Our pil-grim-age will soon be o'er, And then no more good-bys,

We soon shall meet on yon-der shore, And nev-er say fare-well.
When we u-nite at home a-bove We'll join the heav'nly lays.
We'll meet with loved ones gone be-fore, Be-yond the az-ure skies.

CHORUS.

Good-by,.... fare-well,.... We'll meet a-gain some day, Good-
Fare-well, good-by, fare-well,

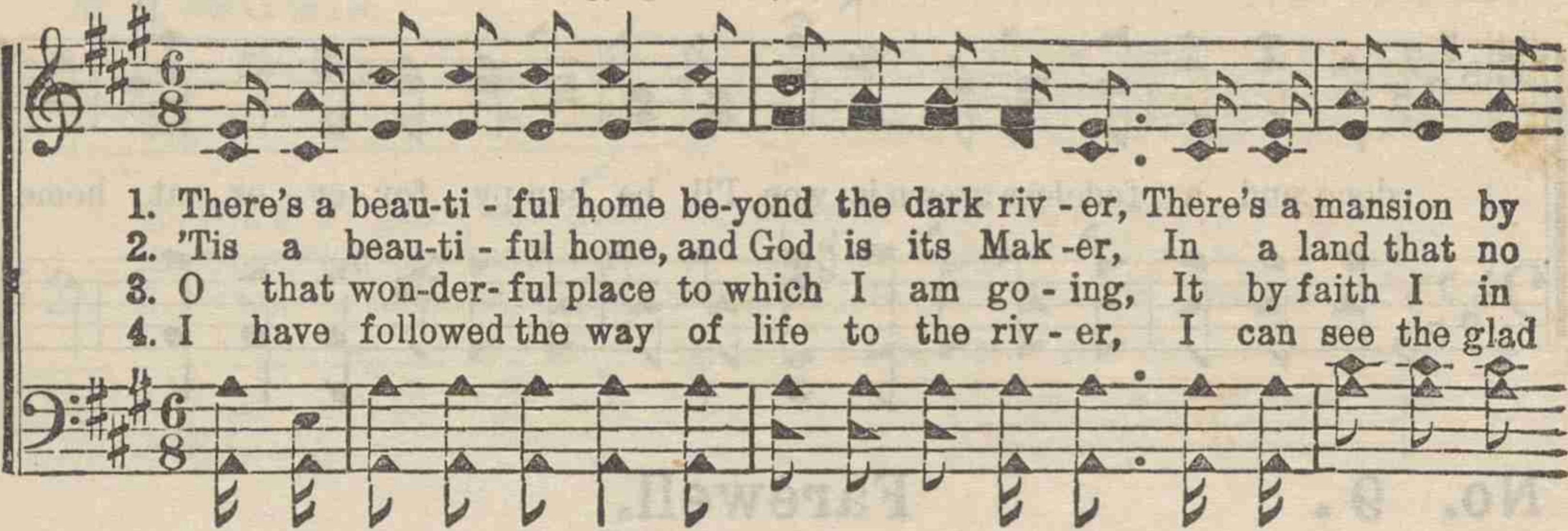
by,.... fare-well,.... We'll meet a-gain some day.....
Fare-well, good-by, good-by, fare-well.

No. 10. Home On the Banks of the River.

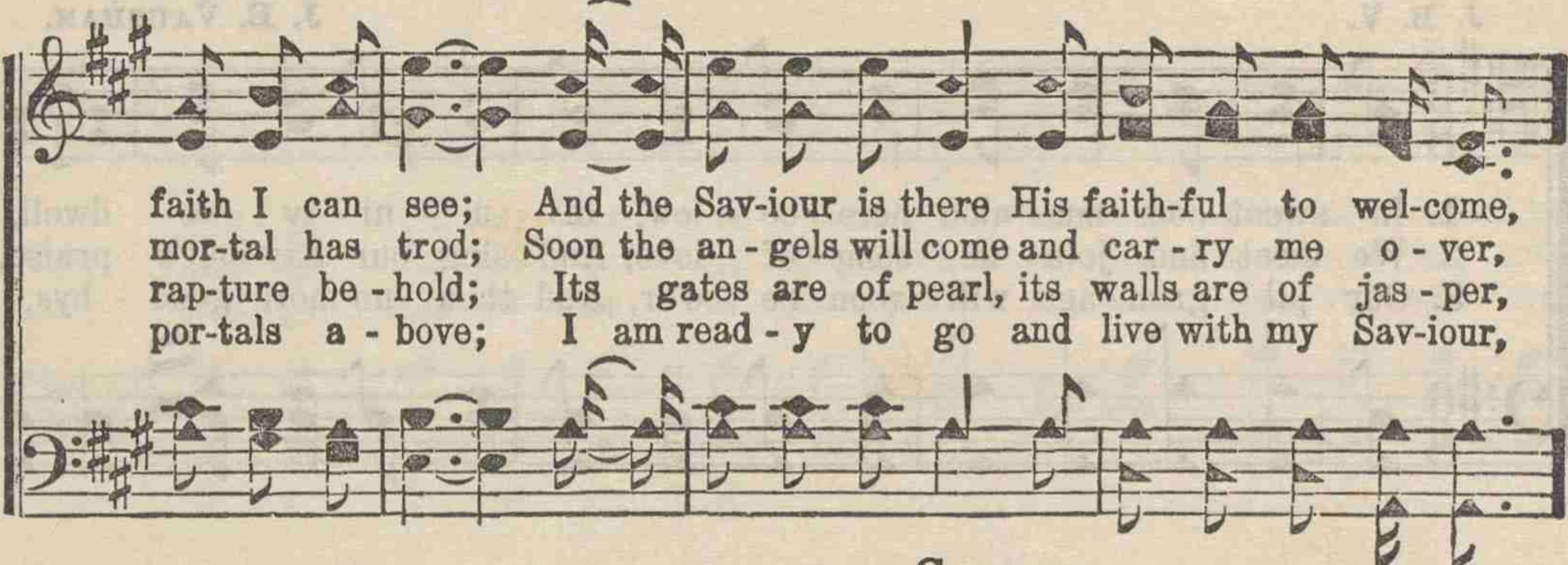
A. T.

Copyright, 1913, by Austin Taylor.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.



1. There's a beau-ti - ful home be-yond the dark riv - er, There's a mansion by
 2. 'Tis a beau-ti - ful home, and God is its Mak - er, In a land that no
 3. O that won-der-ful place to which I am go - ing, It by faith I in
 4. I have followed the way of life to the riv - er, I can see the glad

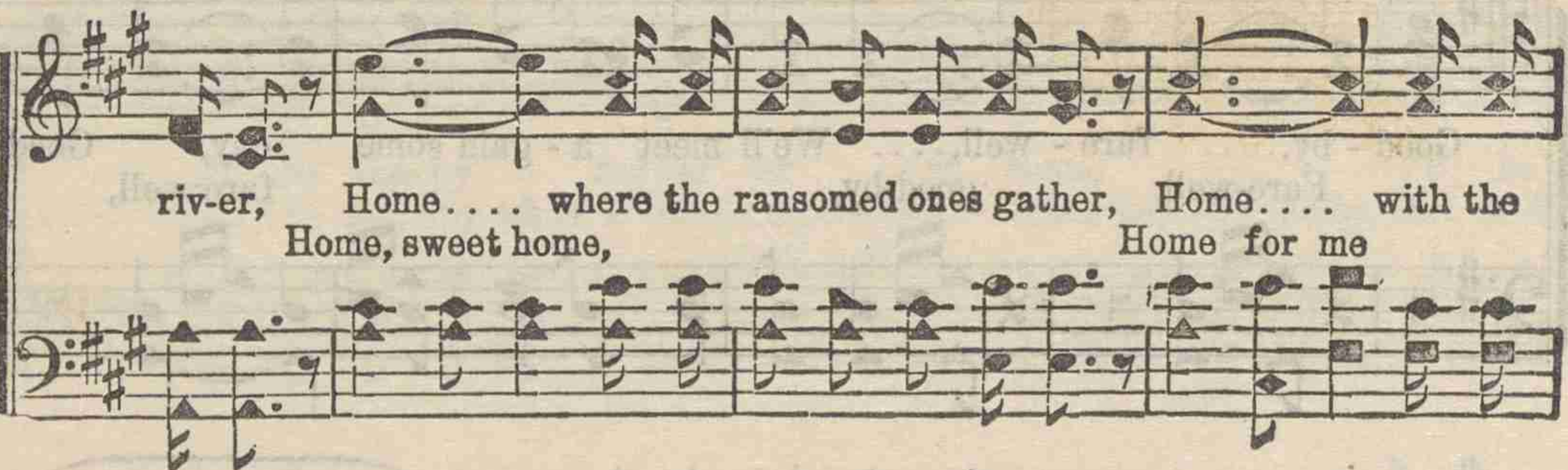


faith I can see; And the Sav-iour is there His faith-ful to wel-come,
 mor-tal has trod; Soon the an-gels will come and car-ry me o-ver,
 rap-ture be-hold; Its gates are of pearl, its walls are of jas-per,
 por-tals a-bove; I am read-y to go and live with my Sav-iour,

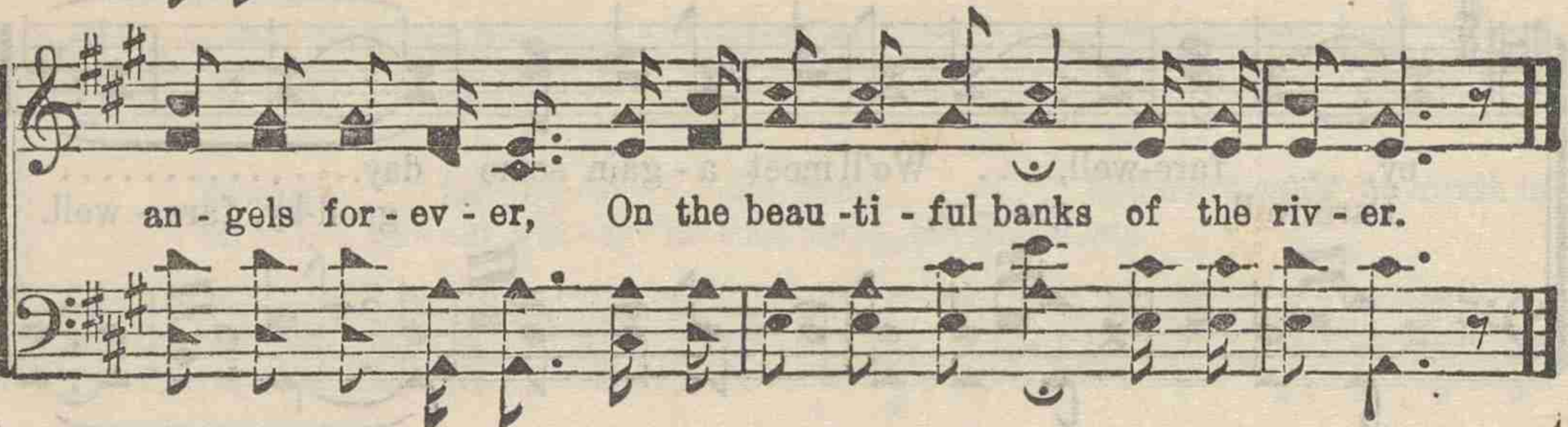
CHORUS.



There's a beau - ti - ful home for me.
 To that beau - ti - ful home of God. Home.... on the banks of the
 And its beau - ti - ful streets are gold.
 In the beau - ti - ful home of love. Home, yes, home,



riv-er, Home.... where the ransomed ones gather, Home.... with the
 Home, sweet home, Home for me



an - gels for - ev - er, On the beau - ti - ful banks of the riv - er.

No. 11.

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.

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 12. There Is a Land of Which I Dream.

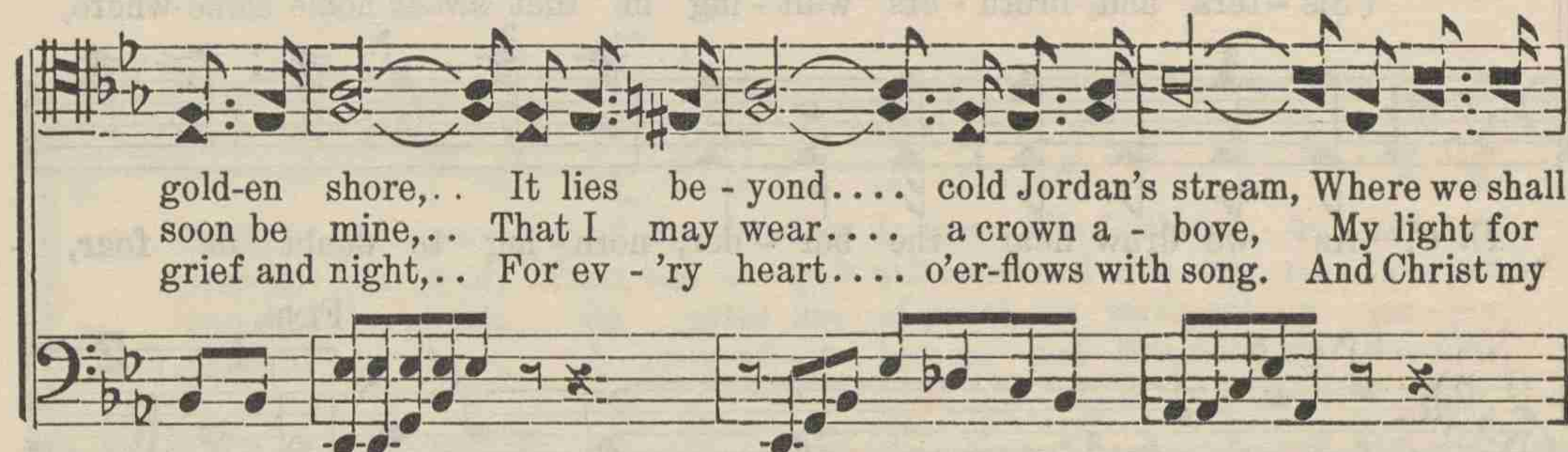
J. M. H.

DUET, MALE VOICES.

J. M. HENSON.



1. There is a land.... of which I dream,... I'm go - ing to.... its
 2. That land of rest.... I dear - ly love,.... And there a home.. will
 3. That bless - ed land.... for which I long,.... Is free from pain.. and

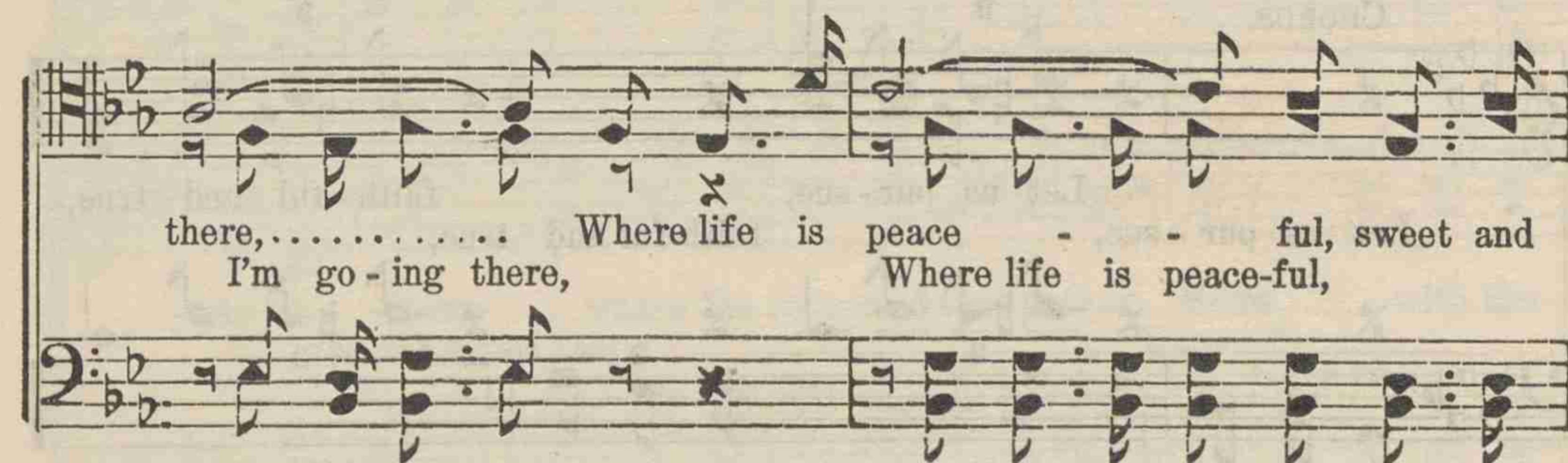


gold-en shore,.. It lies be - yond.... cold Jordan's stream, Where we shall
 soon be mine,.. That I may wear.... a crown a - bove, My light for
 grief and night,.. For ev - 'ry heart.... o'er-flows with song. And Christ my

QUARTET.



meet.... to part no more..... I'm go - ing there,..... I'm go - ing
 Christ... will al-ways shine.....
 Sav - iour is the light..... I'm go - ing there,

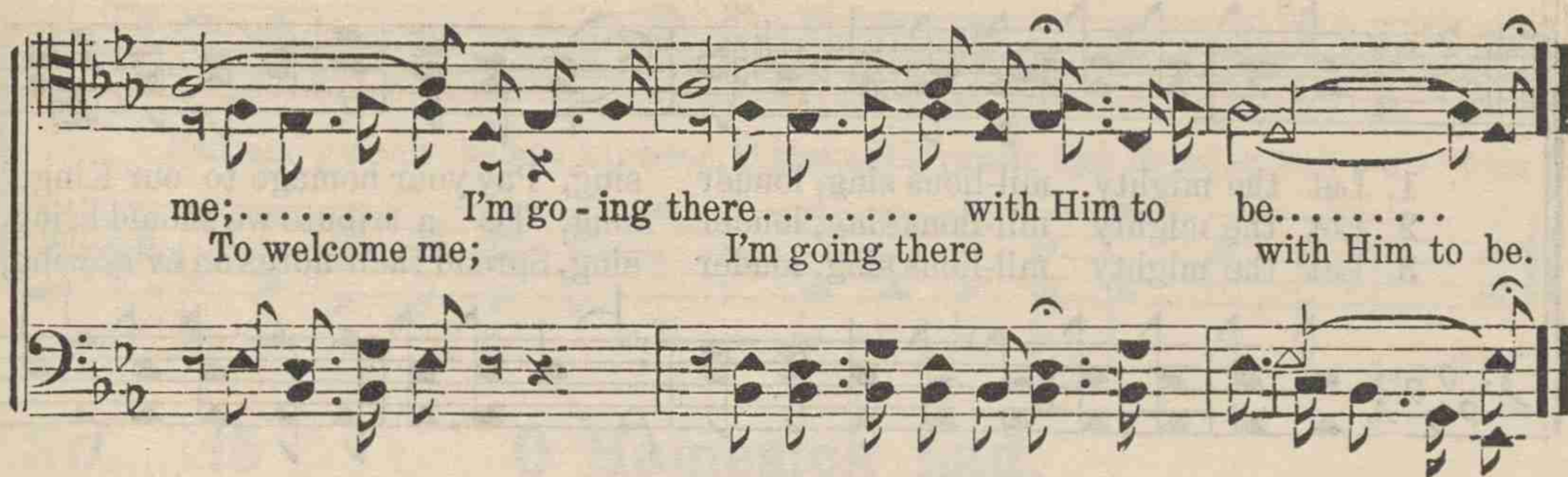


there,..... Where life is peace - - - ful, sweet and
 I'm go - ing there, Where life is peace-ful,



fair,..... My Sav - iour waits..... to wel - come
 so bright and fair, My Sav - iour waits

There Is a Land, etc. Concluded.



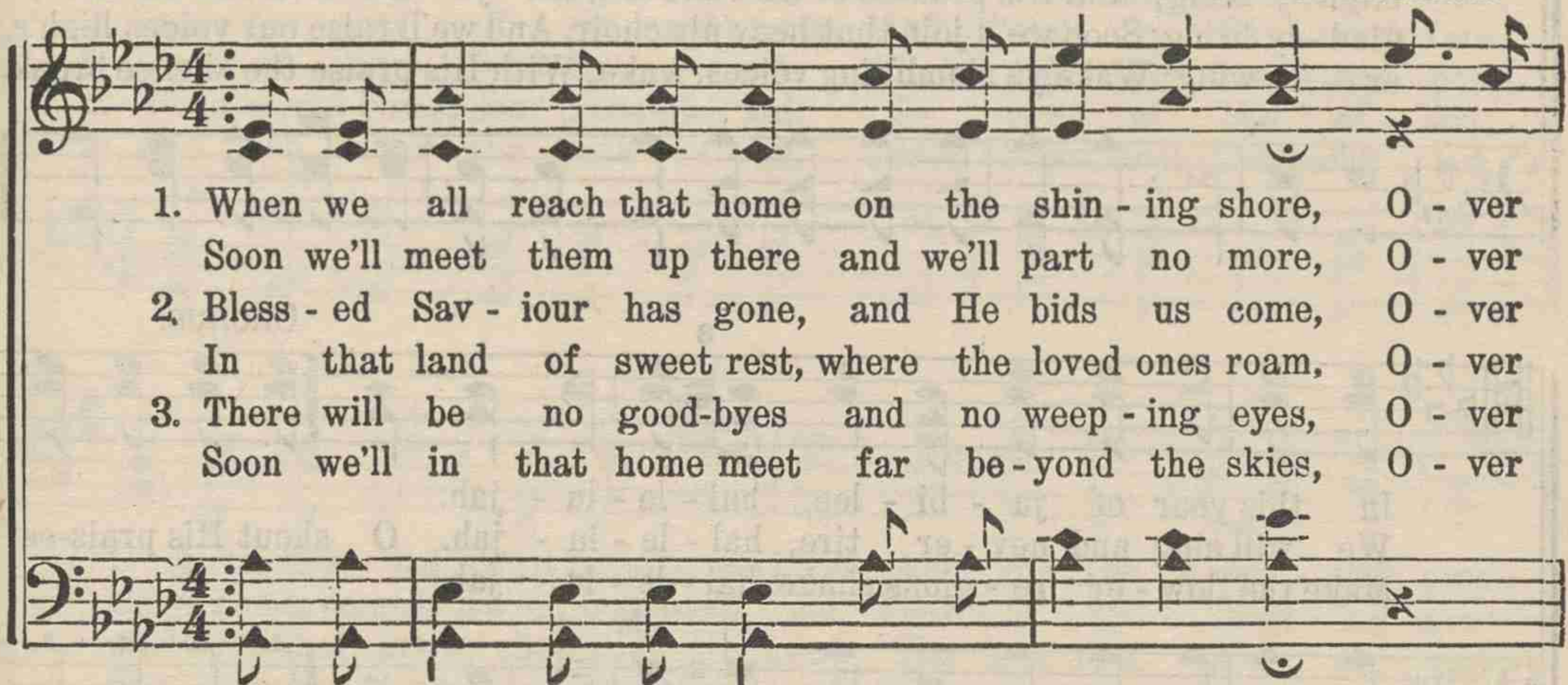
me;..... I'm go - ing there..... with Him to be.....
To welcome me; I'm going there with Him to be.

No. 13

MEETING OVER THERE.

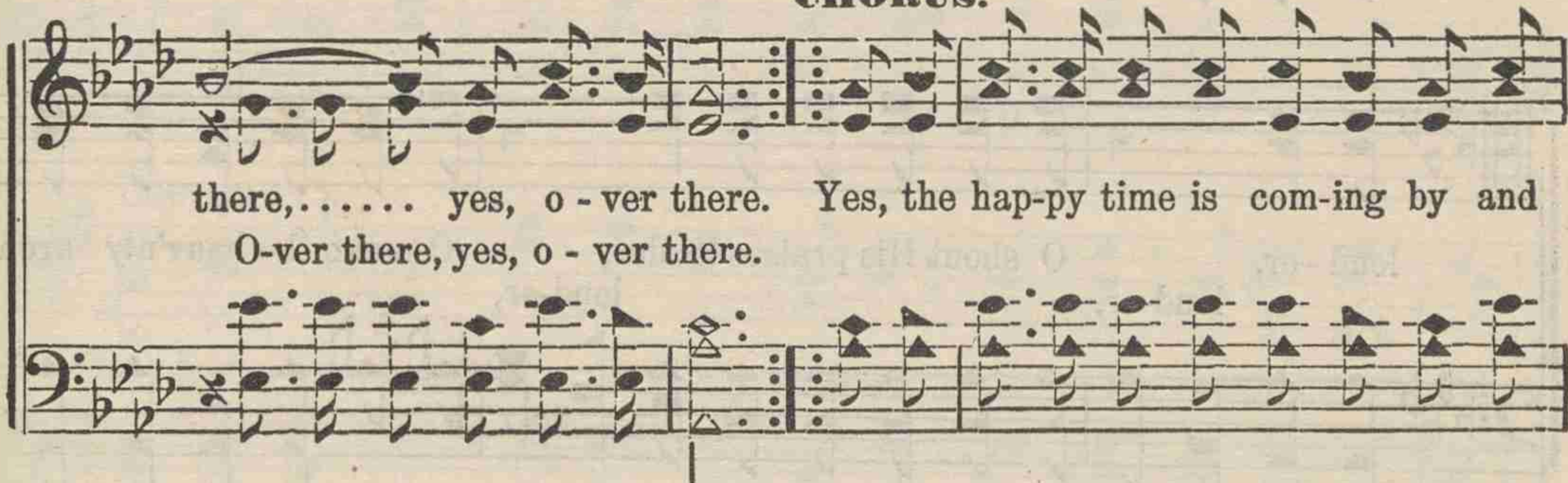
D. M. K.

D. M. KING.



1. When we all reach that home on the shin - ing shore, O - ver
Soon we'll meet them up there and we'll part no more, O - ver
2. Bless - ed Sav - iour has gone, and He bids us come, O - ver
In that land of sweet rest, where the loved ones roam, O - ver
3. There will be no good-byes and no weep - ing eyes, O - ver
Soon we'll in that home meet far be - yond the skies, O - ver

CHORUS.



there,..... yes, o - ver there. Yes, the hap - py time is com - ing by and
O - ver there, yes, o - ver there.



by, by and by, O - ver there,.... yes, o - ver there, yes, o - ver there.
O - ver there, yes, o - ver there,

No. 14.

Shout His Praise Louder.

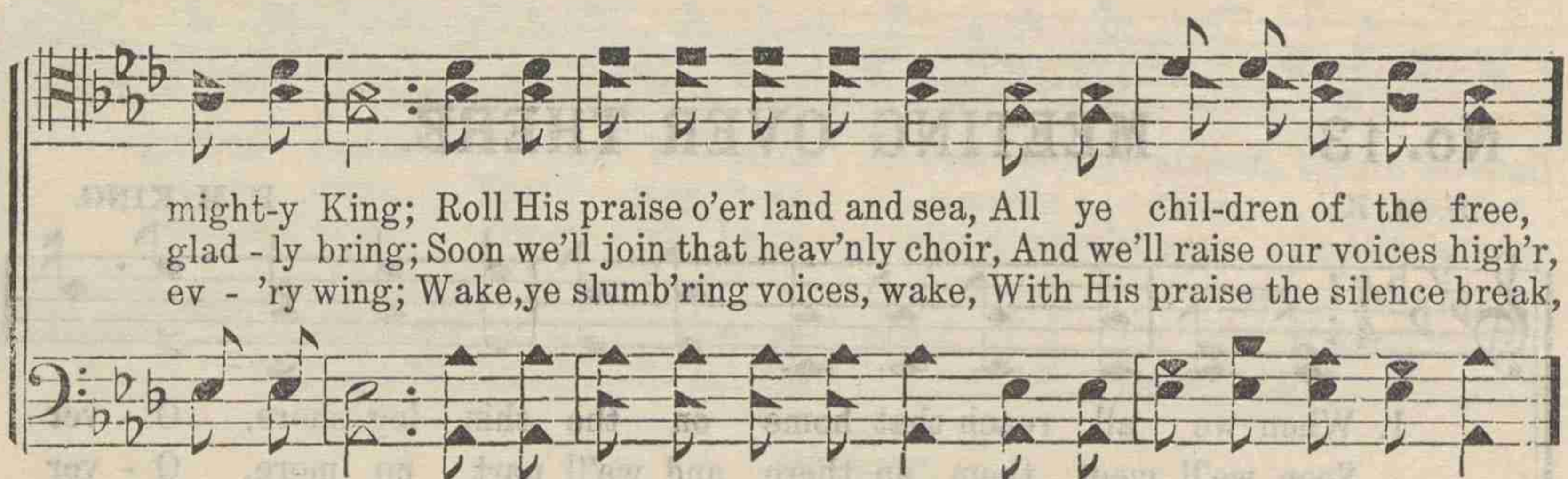
B. E. WARREN.

MALE QUARTET.


J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Let the mighty mil-lions sing, louder sing, Pay your homage to our King,
 2. Let the mighty mil-lions sing, louder sing, 'Tis a tribute we should bring,
 3. Let the mighty mil-lions sing, louder sing, Spread their notes on ev'ry wing,



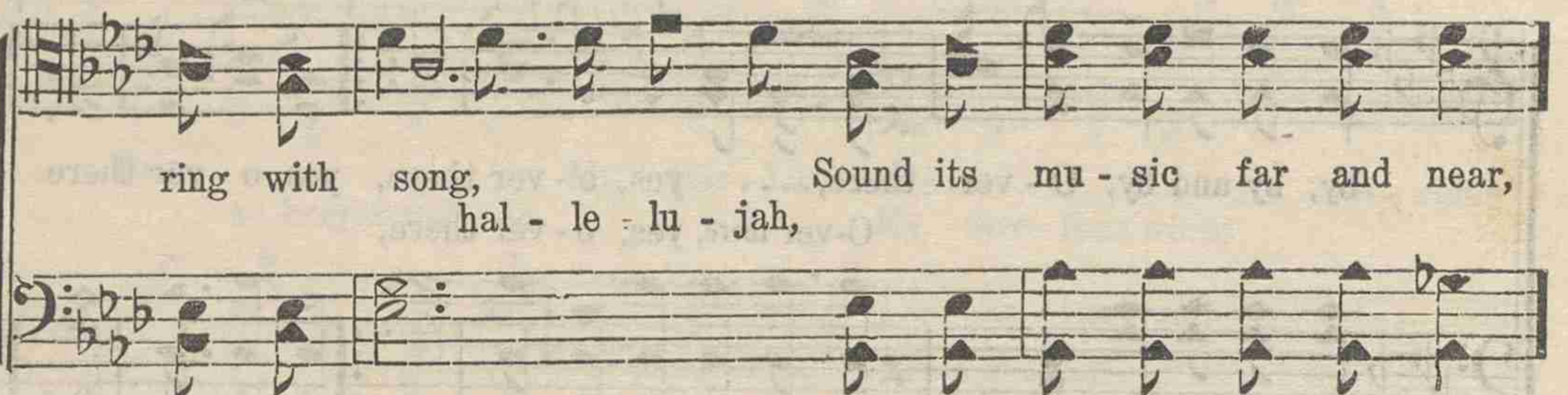
might-y King; Roll His praise o'er land and sea, All ye chil-dren of the free,
 glad-ly bring; Soon we'll join that heav'nly choir, And we'll raise our voices high'r,
 ev - 'ry wing; Wake, ye slumb'ring voices, wake, With His praise the silence break,



CHORUS.
 In this year of ju - bi - lee, hal - le - lu - jah.
 We will sing and nev - er tire, hal - le - lu - jah. O shout His prais-es
 Make the low - er re - gions shake, hal - le - lu - jah.



loud - er, O shout His praises louder, O make the heav'nly arch
 loud-er, loud-er,



ring with song, Sound its mu - sic far and near,
 hal - le - lu - jah,

Shout His Praise Louder. Concluded.

Sad and gloomy hearts to cheer, O make His praise like thunder roll a - long.

No. 115

O Homesick Lad.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

MALE QUARTET.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Far a - way, so far a - way From home and friends and care,
 2. Leave the way of sin and snares, And seek a Sav - iour's face,
 3. Waste of years shall be for-got, That left thee lone - ly, poor,
 4. Home, sweet home, dear home-sick lad, So tired at last of sin;
 5. Will you leave the path of sin, Come home, dear home-sick lad,

O home-sick lad, come home, come home, And join the old - time pray'r.
 Come home, come home, O home-sick lad, There is re - deem - ing grace.
 And thou shalt know, shall sure - ly know, The love that will en - dure.
 The fam - ine land has naught of good, Where thou so long has been.
 At home a wel - come waits for you, Come, make the an - gels glad.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home to fa - ther, moth - er, O come, dear home-sick lad,

Why wan - der in a far off land, When love would reach a bless - ing hand.

J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 16.

Leaning on His Arm.

To my dear friend and teacher, Prof. J. B. Vaughan.

F. M. F.

F. M. FERRELL.



1. My hair is gray,..... my eyes are dim,.....
2. He promised me..... a crown of life,.....
3. 'Twill on - ly be a lit - tle while,.....
4. My toil - ing days and sin - ful ways.....

1. My hair is gray, my eyes are dim,



But Je - sus leads the way; 'Twill al - ways pay.....
 If I would do His will. When I am free.....
 Un - til my jour - ney's o'er, Then I shall see.....
 Will all be left be - hind. I find it pays.....
 Je - sus leads the way; 'Twill al - ways pay



to fol - low Him,..... And all His words o - bey
 from toil and strife,..... I'll cling to Je - sus still.....
 my Sav - iour smile..... On Canaan's peace - ful shore.....
 to sing His praise Of peace and love di - vine.....
 to fol - low Him, All His blessed words o - bey.



CHORUS.



I'm lean - ing on my Sav - iour's
 I'm lean - ing on..... my Sav - iour's arm,.....



arm, And standing on His prom - is - es;.... I have no fear.....
 I have no fear



Leaning on His Arm. Concluded.

of a - ny harm,..... While leaning on His arm.....
a - ny harm, lean-ing on His arm, on His arm.

17 J. B. V.

UP THERE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My home, bless-ed man-sion where lov'd ones are wait-ing, Oh! when shall I
2. Oh! glo - ry, sing glo - ry, and tell the sweet sto - ry,—I long with my
3. They're waiting and watching, they're beck'ning me o-ver, My harp is now

hear their sweet song! Oh! it will be glo-rious when I shall cross o - ver,
Saviour to be; I'll love Him, I'll serve Him, I'll praise Him forev - er,
wait-ing for me; I want to go home to my dear ones up yon - der,

CHORUS.

And sing with the great white throng. } Up there, Up
My Sav-iour who died for me. }
And sing thro' e - ter - ni - ty. } Up there, up there, they're,

there,..... They're waiting for me up there, there.
wait-ing for me, They're waiting for me up there, up there.

No. 18. The Way of Love.

JAMES ROWE.

DUET. MALE VOICES.

J. M. HENSON.



1. The way of love is heaven's way, And growing bright-er ev-'ry day;
2. No storm can hide, no shadow dim The shin-ing path that leads to Him
3. O way of love, reflect His light, Till morn shall end the long-drawn night,



It leads to glo - ry's golden gate, Where many friends and dear ones wait.
And His e - ter - nal throne on high, Where we shall see Him by and by.
And we be-hold with joy-lit eyes The peaceful plains of Par - a - dise.



QUARTET.



The way of love, the way of love!
The way of love, the way of love!



How bright it shines a - mid the gloom,
How bright it shines a - mid the gloom,



It leads to rest and peace a - bove,
It leads to rest and peace a - bove, and peace a-bove,



The Way of Love. Concluded.

rit.

It leads us to our "home, sweet home," (sweet home).
 It leads us to our home, sweet home, our "home, sweet home."

No. 19

Beyond the River.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

QUARTET.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, by and by, by and by,
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, by and by, by and by,
 3. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, by and by, by and by,

And the dark - ness shall be o - ver, by and by, by and by.
 We shall sing re-demp-tion's sto-ry, by and by, by and by.
 Strike glad hands and part, no, nev - er, by and by, by and by.

With the toil - some jour-ney done, and the glo - rious bat-tle won,
 And the strains for ev - er - more shall re - sound in sweetness o'er
 Songs of peace on that bright shore, prais - ing Je - sus ev - er - more,

We shall shine forth as the sun, by and by, by and by.
 Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, by and by, by and by.
 In that glo - ry - land on high, by and by, by and by.


No. 20. There's No Other Way.

JAMES ROWE.


J. M. HENSON.



1. The way to heav-en starts from Cal - va - ry; There's no oth - er
 2. The way to tri - umph is through love di - vine; There's no oth - er
 3. Our help must come a - lone from God's dear Son; There's no oth - er


way, no oth - er way. Through Je - sus on - ly may the soul be free;
 way, no oth - er way. Through Him a - lone the soul may rise and shine;
 way, no oth - er way. Through Him a - lone e - ter - nal life is won



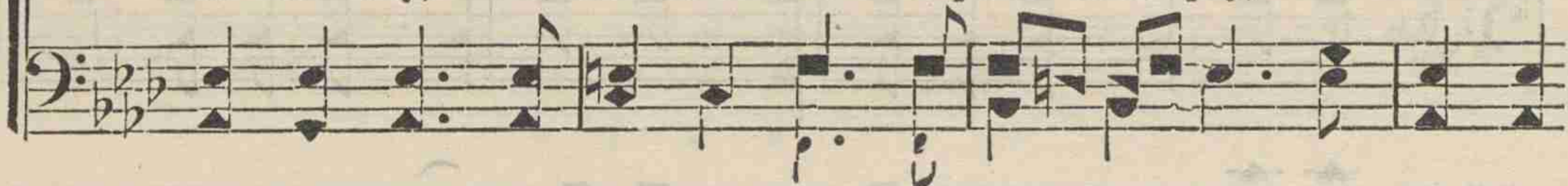
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There's no oth - er, no oth - er way. There's no oth - er way, no

oth - er way, For no one else the price could pay, To be for-




giv - en and en - ter heaven, There's no oth - er, no oth - er way.



J. B. Vaughan, owner.

No. 21.

Sin Is to Blame.

J. H. V.

J. H. VERNON.



1. See yon - der man in the pris - on he dwells, Sin is to blame,
 2. Ma - ny dear chil - dren are cry - ing for bread, Sin is to blame,
 3. Heart-broken moth - ers all sad and a - lone, Sin is to blame,
 4. Thousands re - fuse to ac - cept His free grace, Sin is to blame,



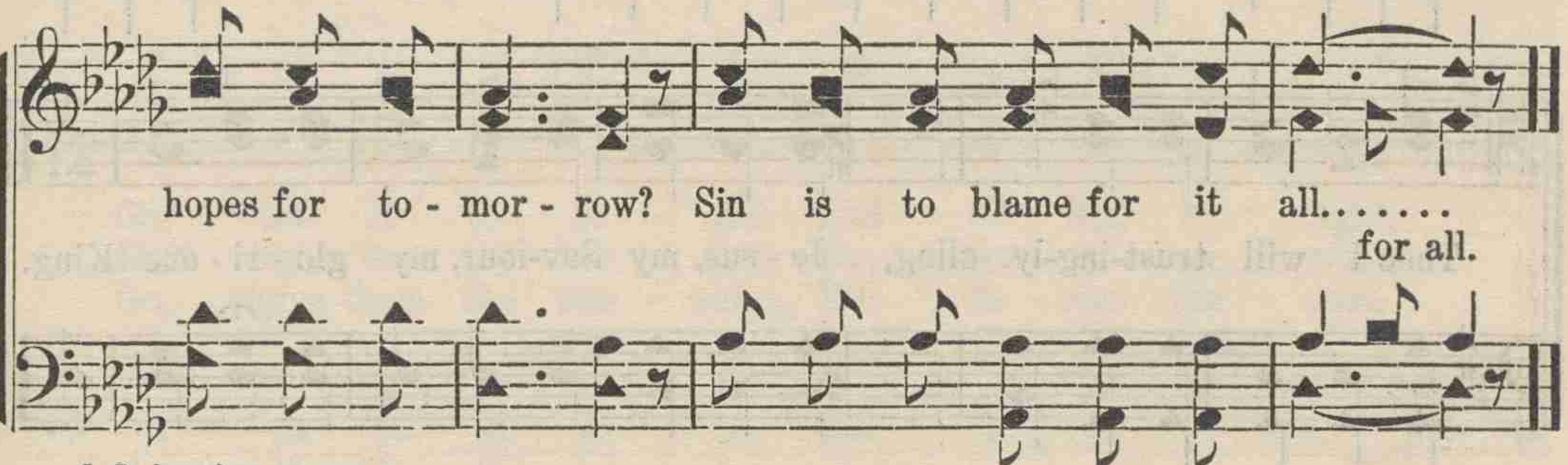
sin is to blame, List to the sto - ry he plain-tive - ly tells,
 sin is to blame, Fath-er's a drunk-ard and moth-er is dead,
 sin is to blame, Help - less and need - y no place to call home,
 sin is to blame, All who re - ject Him have cho - sen their place,



CHORUS.
 Sin is to blame for all..... Sin is to blame for all



sor - row, Sin is to blame, sin is to blame, Have you no



hopes for to - mor - row? Sin is to blame for it all.....
 for all.

No. 22.

Sweet Is Thy Love.

JAMES ROWE

J. M. HENSON.



1. Sweet is Thy love, O my heav-en - ly King, Al-ways Thy praise I with
2. Tell - ing the sto - ry I tra - vel a - long, Prais-ing Thy mer - cy and
3. Keep me Thine own till all sor-rows be past, Till I be - hold Thee in



gladness will sing, Al-ways on Thee I will tru - ly re - ly, Sure that my
love to the throng; Thus I will praise Thee, my Saviour di - vine, Till with the
heav-en at last, Till with Thy glo - ri - fied lov - ers a - bove, I shall a -



REFRAIN.



bless-ed Re - deem-er is nigh. Sweet is Thy love,..... Sweet is Thy
an - gels in glo - ry I shine. Sweet is Thy love,
bide in Thy in - fi - nite love.



love, Saviour, I'll praise Thee on earth and a - bove;..... Ev-er to
Sweet is Thy love,



Thee I will trust-ing-ly cling, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, my glo - ri - ous King.




Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

QUARTET.



1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief;
 3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry, With heav - i - er woe,




Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care;
 Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;
 Now drop 'mid the dark - ness— Go com - fort them, go;




Go think of it calm - ly, When cur - tained by night,
 Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on the way;
 Go bu - ry thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest;




Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right;
 He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray;
 Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest;




Go tell it to Je - sus And all will be right.
 He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 Go, give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.



No. 24.

Too Late!

Dedicated to all away from God.

M. A. ROCHESTER.
QUARTET.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! the sands of life are fall - ing;
2. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! and Je - sus oft in - vit - ed;
3. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! I hear the groans and sigh - ing,
4. Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! My soul from death is shrink - ing;



Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! I hear the an - gels call - ing;
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! and yet His grace I slight - ed,
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! the soul is al - ways dy - ing;
Lost! lost! for - ev - er lost! in dark - ness I am sink - ing;



Too late! O soul to seek for grace, The Sav-iour hides His smil - ing face,
For when His love to me was told, "Tis time," I said, "when I grow old,
In out - er dark-ness I will roam, A poor, lost soul with-out a home,
I'm drift - ing far - ther from the shore, The things I loved I'll see no more,



My soul can find no resting place, Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
To Je - sus then I'll give my soul," Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
For all e - ter - ni - ty to come, Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
O soul, thy day of grace is o'er; Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!



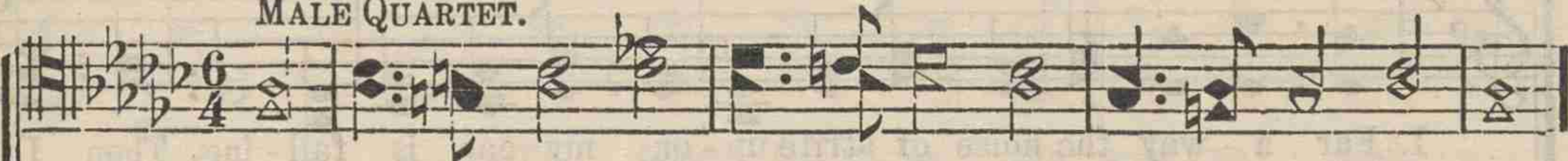
No. 25.

Olden Memories.

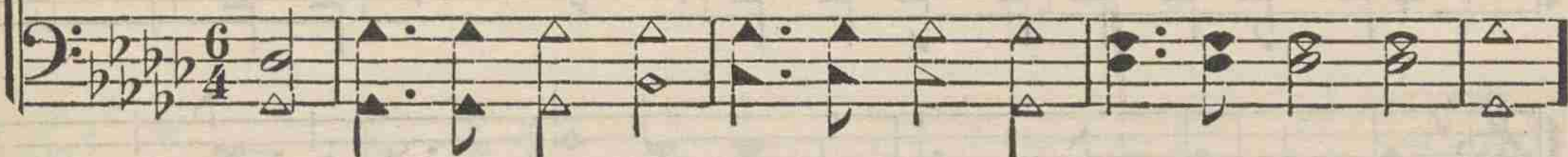
A. S. K.

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-stant-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,



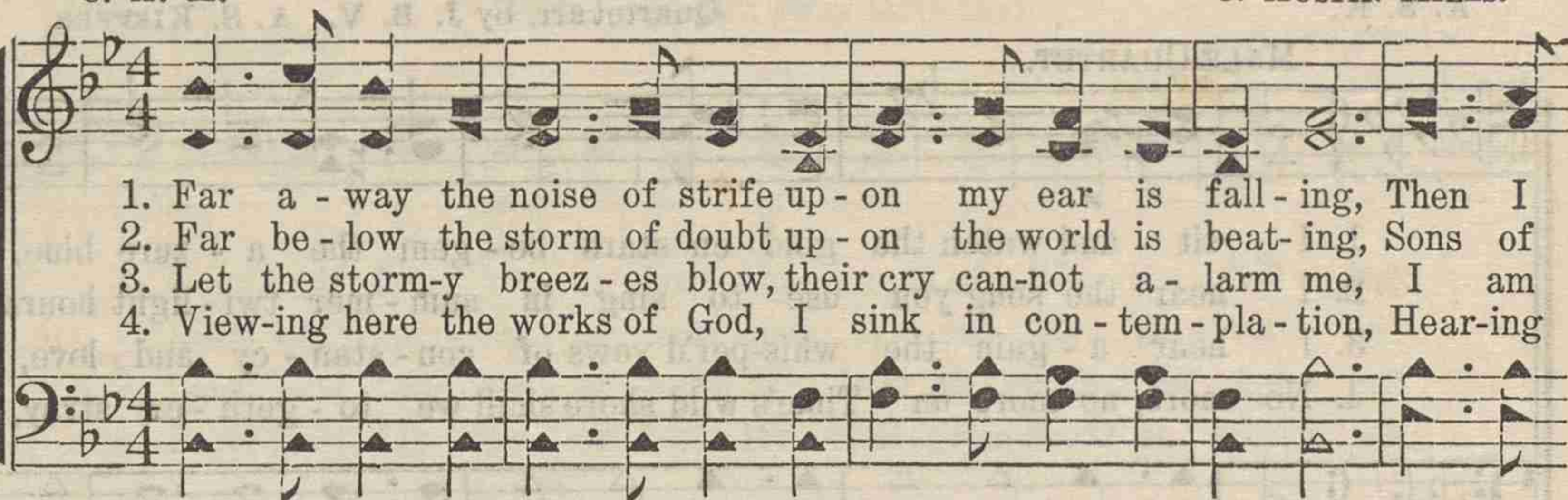
And mem-'ry calls up van-ished scenes of hap-py days gone by.
Its silv-'ry ca-dence thrills my heart, and fills mine eyes with tears.
As vi-sions of once hap-py days fade out be-fore mine eyes.
A lone-ly wan-d'rer far a-way from home, and heav'n and you



No. 26. Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of
 3. Let the storm-y breez - es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am
 4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con - tem - pla - tion, Hear-ing

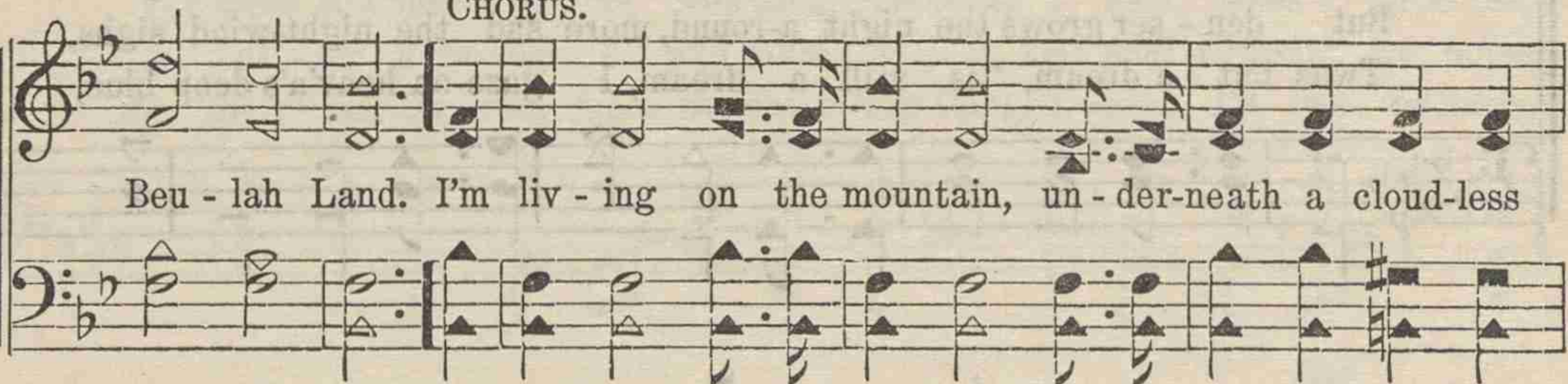


know the sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and
 men in bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand; Safe am I with -
 safe - ly shel-tered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is
 now His bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the



things of earth in vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from
 in the cas - tle of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth - ing there can reach me—'tis
 always shining, here there's naught can harm me; I am safe for-ev - er in
 Spir - it, here I learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in

CHORUS.



Beu - lah Land. I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der-neath a cloud-less



sky, I'm drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run
 Praise God!

Let first tenor sing alto and second tenor take soprano, and this song will make an excellent male quartet.

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Dwelling In Beulah Land. Concluded.

dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the man - na from a

boun - ti - ful sup - ply For I am dwell - ing in Beu - lah Land.

No. 27.

No Night In Heaven.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. No night in heav - en, no gloom - y days, Songs ev - er -
 2. No tears in heav - en, no sor - row there, Crowns ev - er -
 3. No part - ing yon - der, no sad fare - well, Home - land of

CHORUS.

last - ing, will be His praise.
 last - ing, re - deemed ones wear. No night in heav - en, one hap - py
 heav - en, I long to dwell.

day, Peace like a riv - er, flows on for aye.

No. 28 When I Am Gone.

C. E. S.

C. E. SMITH.

Duet.



1. When all the cares of life are o'er, When I am gone, when I am gone,
2. Oh, will He say to you well done, When you are gone, when you are gone,
4. By faith 'yond mansions I can view, Be-yond somewhere, just o - ver there,



When I get home on yon-der shore, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Or will you in sin's pathway roam, And lose all hope of that sweet home?
Ere long I'll bid you all a - dieu. When I am gone, when I am gone.



Chorus



When I am gone to yon-der home, No more to wan - der here a - lone,



I'll be with Je - sus 'round the throne, When I am gone, when I am gone.



C. E. Smith, Owner.

My Prayer.

JAS. C. MOORE.

J. C. M.

1. O God, to Thee..... I hum - bly pray,..... While here I
 2. O God, show me..... the nar - row way,..... Help me to
 3. Let me Thy hum - - ble serv - ant be,..... I ask, O

roam..... be Thou my stay,..... O make my life.....
 tread..... it day by day,..... Give me Thy grace.....
 Lord,..... this pray'r of Thee,..... Touch Thou my lips,.....

D. S.—Thou'lt clothe me in.....

in full ac - cord,..... To Thine own will..... and Thy blest
 and near a - bide,..... Take Thou a - way..... all self - ish
 my heart in - spire,..... Make me a - live..... with sa - cred

Thy righteousness,..... And take my life..... and make it

FINE. CHORUS.

Word..... I can - not tell
 pride.....
 fire..... I can - not tell..... how much I

blest.....

D. S.

owe,..... But now by faith..... this much I know,.....

No. 30

Who Will Go?

EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Perishing souls that in darkness are dying, Ne'er of salvation have heard,
2. Down in the valley of deep degradation, Near by the brink of despair,
3. If we give not of our talent and treasure, Fanning the love-light to flame,



Who will with Jesus' commandment complying, Take them a comforting word;
Hopeless and crushed by their own condemnation, Many are perishing there;
Scattering blessings with unstinted measure, How can we trust in His name?



Tell, that for them in His grace ever pleading, With the dear Father above,
Who will go lift up the fallen and fearful, Strengthening hearts that are weak,
If we are lacking in daring and doing, How can we hope for re - ward?



Picture the Christ for their sins interceding, Proffering pardon and love.
Soothing the woes of the sad-eyed and tearful, Teaching redemption to seek.
Pleasures and purposeless pathways pursuing, What can we say to our Lord?



CHORUS.



Who will go, who will go? Hear the Redeemer's sad moan?
Who will go? who will go?



Who Will Go? Concluded.

How can you tarry while these my children Die in darkness a - lone.

No. 31

A Prayer.

Respectfully subscribed to the Bacacas and Philatheas.

EULALIA MEWBOURN.

GRACE M. CAPPS.

1. Hear us, Fa - ther, as we pray In the name of Christ to-day,
2. Teach us, Lord, Thy way to know, Guide us as thro' life we go,
3. Use us, Lord, for Thee each day, Fill our lives with work, we pray;

Send a bless-ing un - to all While up - on Thy name we call.
Fill us with Thy spir-it true, May we love Thy will to do.
May we tell those lost in sin Of Thy death for sin - ful men

Keep us, Fa-ther, day by day, Pur - i - fy our hearts, we pray,
Je - sus, stay Thou ev - er near, For we count Thy presence dear,
Help us when our faith grows weak Stay our ev - er wandering feet,

Help us look to Thee for pow'r, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.
"Leave, ah leave us not a - lone," Keep us ev - er near Thy throne.
May we each one live for Thee Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 32.

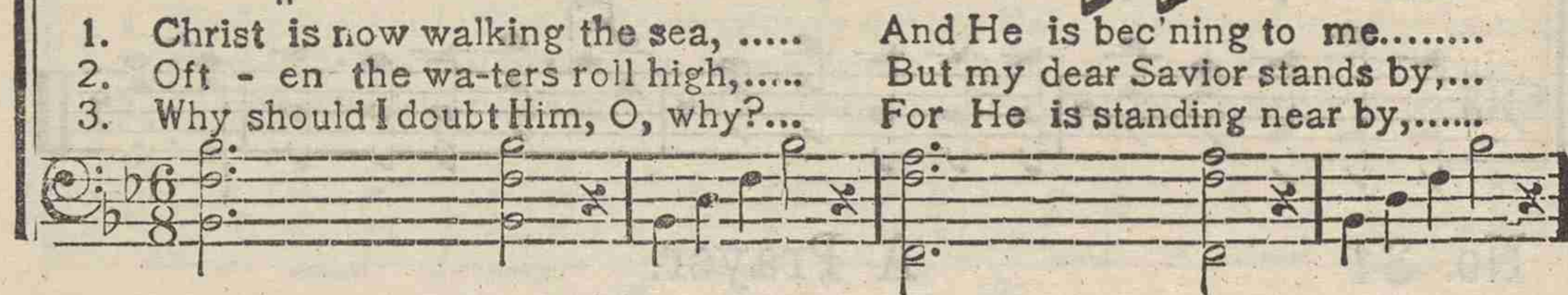

Walking By Faith.

J. B. V.

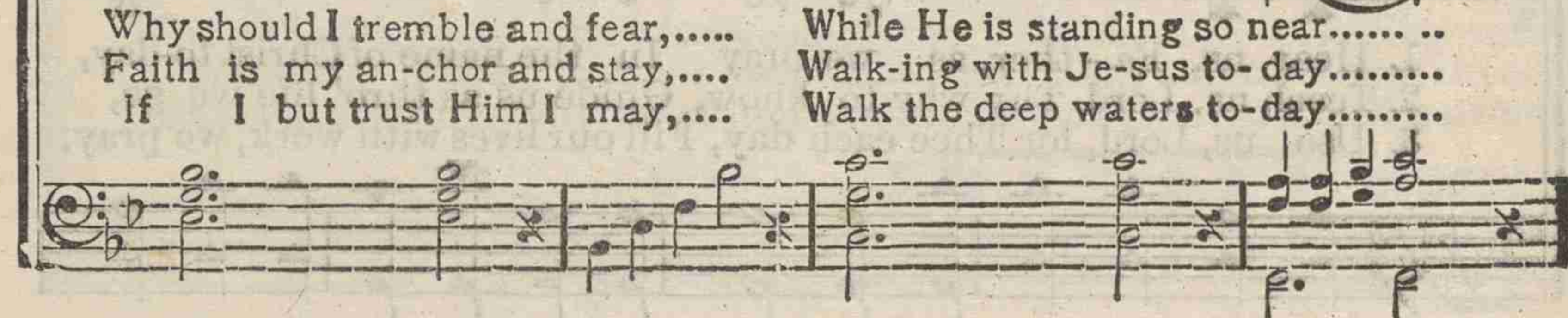
J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Christ is now walking the sea, And He is be'ning to me.....
 2. Oft - en the wa-ters roll high,..... But my dear Savior stands by,...
 3. Why should I doubt Him, O, why?... For He is standing near by,.....

Why should I tremble and fear,..... While He is standing so near.....
 Faith is my an-chor and stay,..... Walk-ing with Je-sus to-day.....
 If I but trust Him I may,..... Walk the deep waters to-day.....



CHORUS



Je - sus is walk-ing the sea,..... Je - sus is com-
 Je - sus is walk-ing, He's walk-ing the sea, Je - sus is com-




ing to me,..... If I but trust Him I
 ing. He's com-ing to me, If I but trust Him, yes,




may,..... Walk the deep wa-ters to - day ..
 trust and o - bey, Walk the deep wa-ters, deep wa-ters to-day.



J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No 33.

HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

Male Quartet.



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



Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pity, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.



CHORUS.



O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus,
Wonderful love for a sinner like me, Jesus who suffered and died on the tree.



O how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me.
How could He love such a sinner like me, It's wonderful, how could it be?



No. 34

Be Kind To The Lost.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENS.

Male Quartette.



1. Be kind to the lost and the help-less, To those who are deep down in
2. Be kind to the lost and the help-less, For lit-tle of love they have
3. Be kind to the lost and the help-less, If you have the spir-it di-
4. Be kind to the lost and the help-less, Like Je-sus, the friend of the



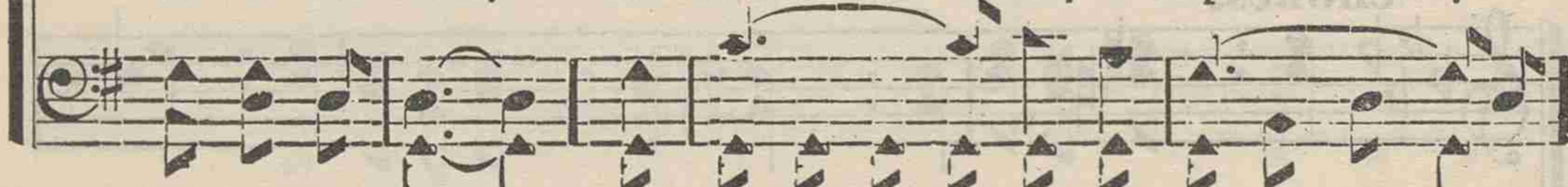
sin, It may be that you by your kind-ness, Their souls to the
known, The world of-ten cru-el and heartless, Has lit-tle of
vine, Go reach them your hand and entreat them, No lon-ger in
lost, Who purchased the price of their ran-som, From sin, at such



CHORUS.



Sav-ior may win. Be kind..... to the lost... .. ones
ten-der-ness shown,
sin to re-pine,
in-fi-nite cost, Be kind to the fal-len, O help them to rise,



O do..... not de-spise,..... Go tell them of Je-
Don't leave them to per-ish but point to the skies, Go tell.....
Don't leave them to per-ish but go,



Don't leave them but point to the skies, Go tell them of Je-



them of Je-sus, The one who can help them to rise.
sus the Sav-ior,

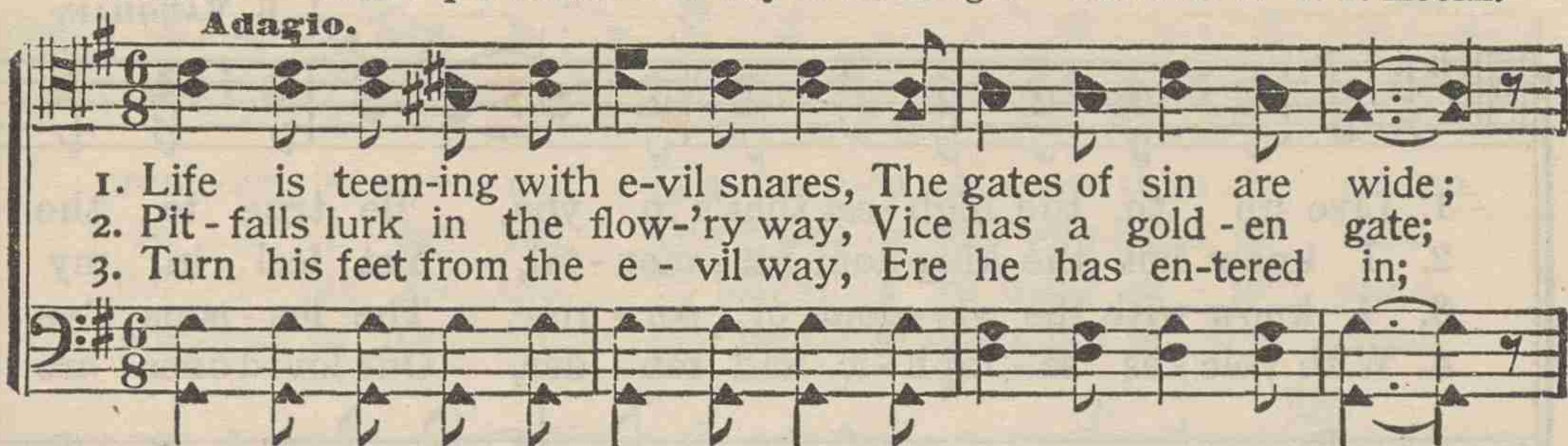


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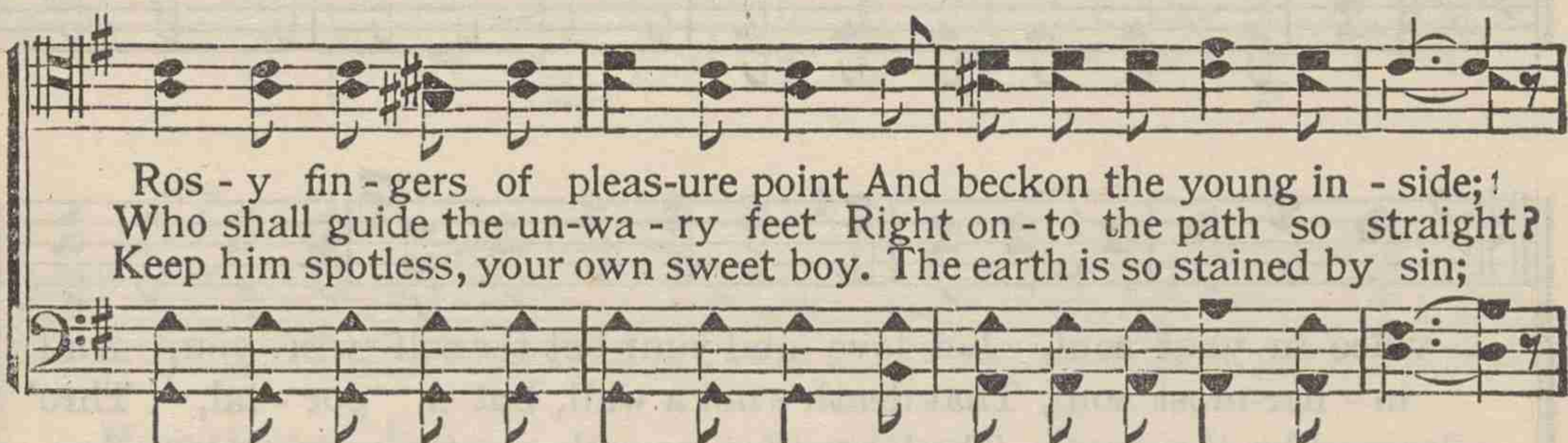
WHERE IS YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT?

Selected. "Train up a child in the way he should go."—PROV. 22: 6. J. L. MOORE.

Adagio.



1. Life is teem-ing with e-vil snares, The gates of sin are wide;
2. Pit-falls lurk in the flow-'ry way, Vice has a gold-en gate;
3. Turn his feet from the e-vil way, Ere he has en-tered in;



Ros-y fin-gers of pleas-ure point And beckon the young in-side;
Who shall guide the un-wa-ry feet Right on-to the path so straight?
Keep him spotless, your own sweet boy. The earth is so stained by sin;



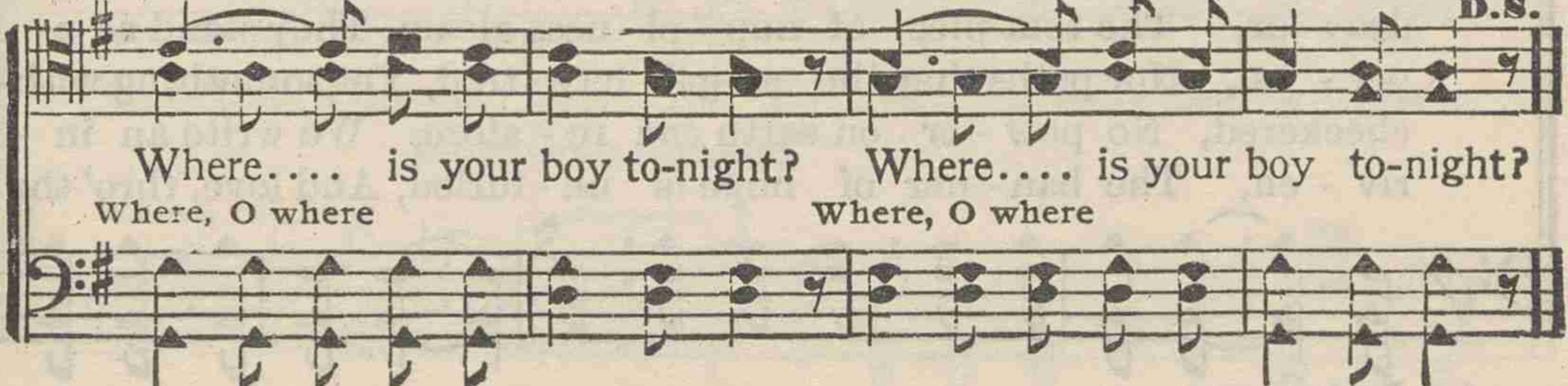
Needs are ma-ny, and du-ties stern, Crowd on the path so bright;
Pa-tient work-er, with will-ing hand, Toil-ing with heart so light;
Ere he has learned to do the wrong, Teach him to love the right;



Fa-ther, bur-ied in bus-'ness cares, Where is your boy to-night?
Wear-ied mother, with ten-der love, Where is your boy to-night?
Watch! ere watching be whol-ly vain, Where is your boy to-night?

Fa-ther, bur-ied in bus-'ness cares, Where is your boy to-night?
Wear-ied mother, with ten-der love, Where is your boy to-night?
Watch! ere watching be whol-ly vain, Where is your boy to-night?

REFRAIN.




Where.... is your boy to-night? Where.... is your boy to-night?
Where, O where Where, O where


No. 36. HEAVEN IS MORE THAN A DREAM.

(MALE QUARTET.)


J. B. VAUGHAN.





1. Live up to the high-est that's in you, Be true to the
2. I know not the king-dom im-mor-tal, Yet feel in my
3. I know with the wis-dom of sor-row, The les-sons I've
4. With voic-es se-raph-ic and ten-der, Our loved ones are




voice in your soul, Let love and your bet-ter self win you, And
in-ner-most soul, That death's not a wall, but a por-tal, Thro'
learned by the way, The fruits that we gath-er to-mor-row Are
call-ing a-far, With light that is gold-en in splen-dor, Truth



fol-low them on to the goal. A-far in the path of en-
which lies an in-fi-nite goal. I know not the glo-ry su-
grown from the seeds of to-day. Life's page we have blotted and
shines like a mys-tic-al star. The veil of the si-lence is



deav-or, The tem-ples of hap-pi-ness gleam, They stand as a
per-nal, Nor paths that the an-gels have trod, Yet something with-
checked, No pow-er on earth can re-store, We write an in-
riv-en, The ban-ner of hope is un-furled, And love, thro' the




HEAVEN IS MORE THAN A DREAM. Concluded.





prom - ise for - ev - er, That heav - en is more than a dream.
in is e - ter - nal, And grows in the sun - light of God.
del - i - ble rec - ord, To blight or to bless ev - er - more.
por - tals of heav - en Il - lum - ines the night of the world.




CHORUS.



More than a dream,..... More than a dream,..... Is
More than a dream, More than a dream,



heav - en beyond the dark stream ; More than a dream,.....
More than a dream,



More than a dream,..... Yes, heaven is more than a dream.
More than a dream,



No. 37.

Sweet Heavenly Home.

J. B. V.

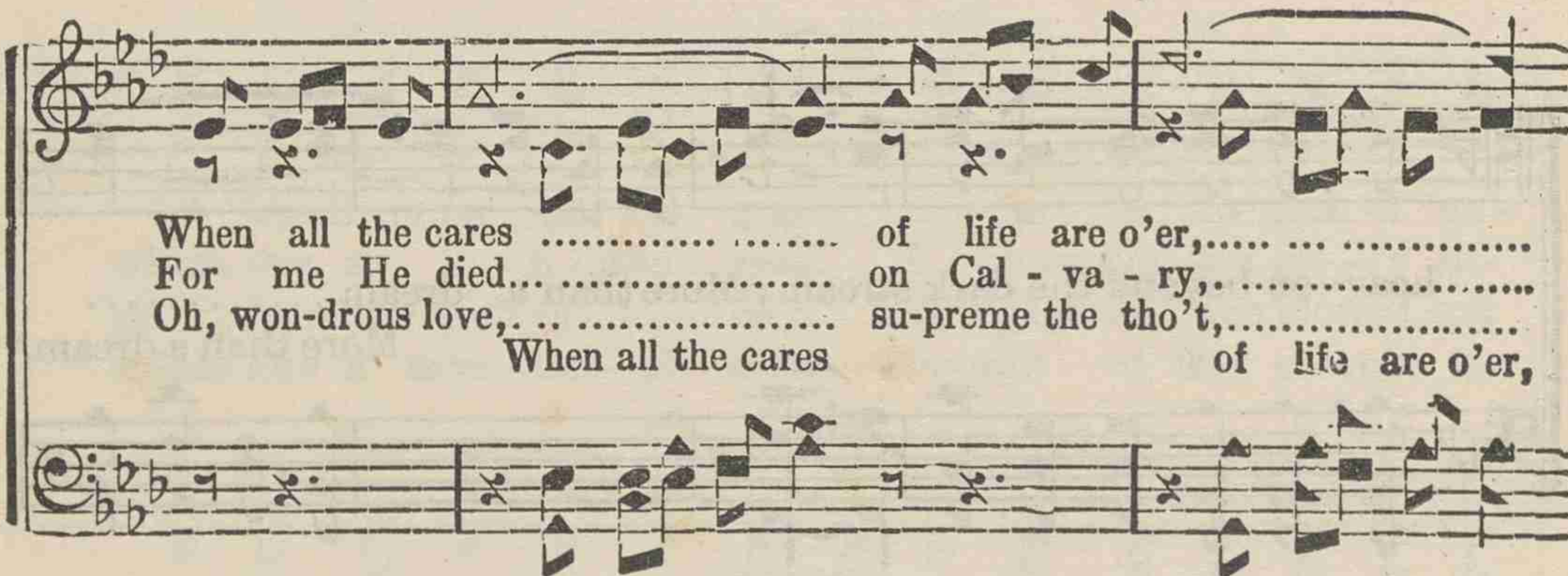
J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Some day I'll see..... my Sav-ior's face,.....
 2. 'Tis pre-cious, Oh, such wondrous love,
 3. Look up, strive on, He'll come a-gain,
 Some day I'll see my Savior's face.



I'll swift - ly fly..... to His em-brace,.....
 That Je - sus left..... His home a - bove,.....
 Some day with Him we'll sweet-ly reign,.....
 I'll, swift - ly fly to His em-brace.



When all the cares of life are o'er,.....
 For me He died... on Cal - va - ry,.....
 Oh, won-drous love, .. su-preme the tho't,.....
 When all the cares of life are o'er,



I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er more.....
 I'll praise Him thro'..... e - ter - ni - ty,.....
 The price-less gift..... the Sav-ior brought.....
 I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er more.

Sweet Heavenly Home Concluded.

CHORUS.



My heav-en-ly home, My beautiful home,
My heavenly home,..... Sweet heav-en-ly home,.....



My home sweet home, My heavenly home,
My beau-ti-ful home,..... My home sweet home,.....



Sweet home at last, I long to be there,
Sweet home at last,..... It's glo-ries to share,.....



A robe and crown He'll give us there,.....
A robe and crown..... He'll give us there, at home some where.

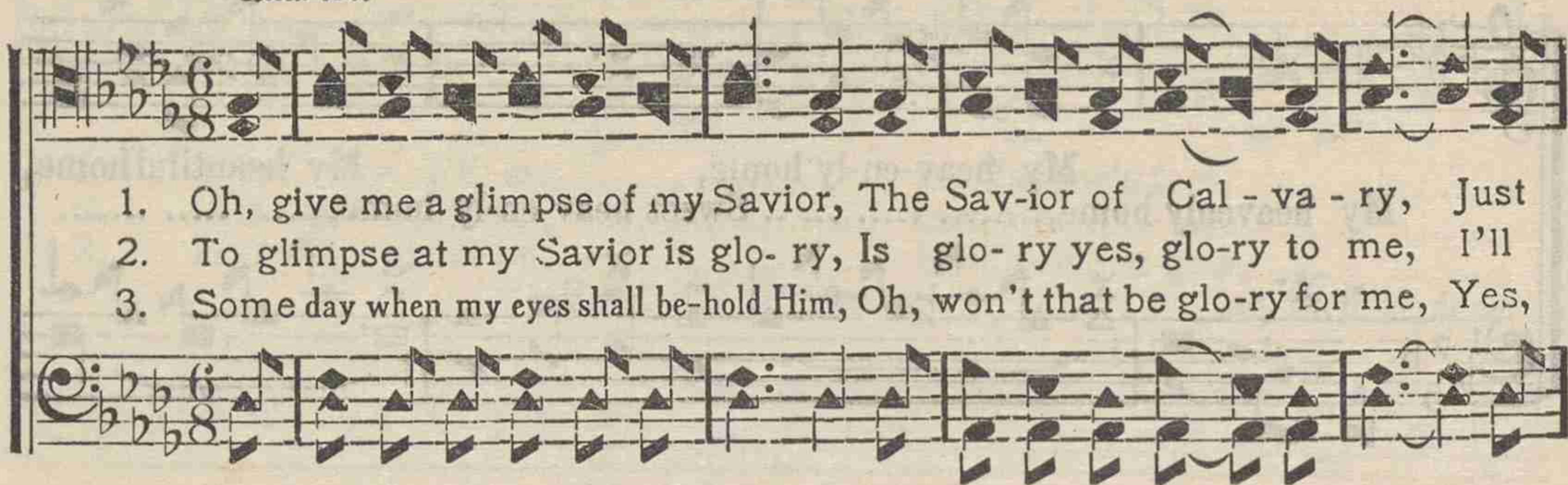
No. 38.

Glimpse of Jesus.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Quartet.



1. Oh, give me a glimpse of my Savior, The Sav-ior of Cal - va - ry, Just
 2. To glimpse at my Savior is glo- ry, Is glo- ry yes, glo-ry to me, I'll
 3. Some day when my eyes shall be-hold Him, Oh, won't that be glo-ry for me, Yes,

Fine.



on - ly a glimpse of my Sav-ior, 'Twill be all suf - fi-cient for me.
 sing and re-joice in the sto - ry, It's won-der-ful, how can it be.
 glo - ry for - ev - er with Je-sus, The nail prints I sure-ly will see.

D. S.—'Twill be all suf - fi - cient for me.

CHORUS;



Glimps-es..... of Je-sus,..... It cheers me as on-ward I
 Glimps-es of Je - sus a won-der-ful glimpse, It cheers me as on-ward I

D. S.



go,..... Glimps-es of Je - sus on Cal - va - ry's tree.
 go, (as I go,)

J, B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 39.

Glory Bound.

M. D. U.

Copyright, 1913, by M. D. Ussery.

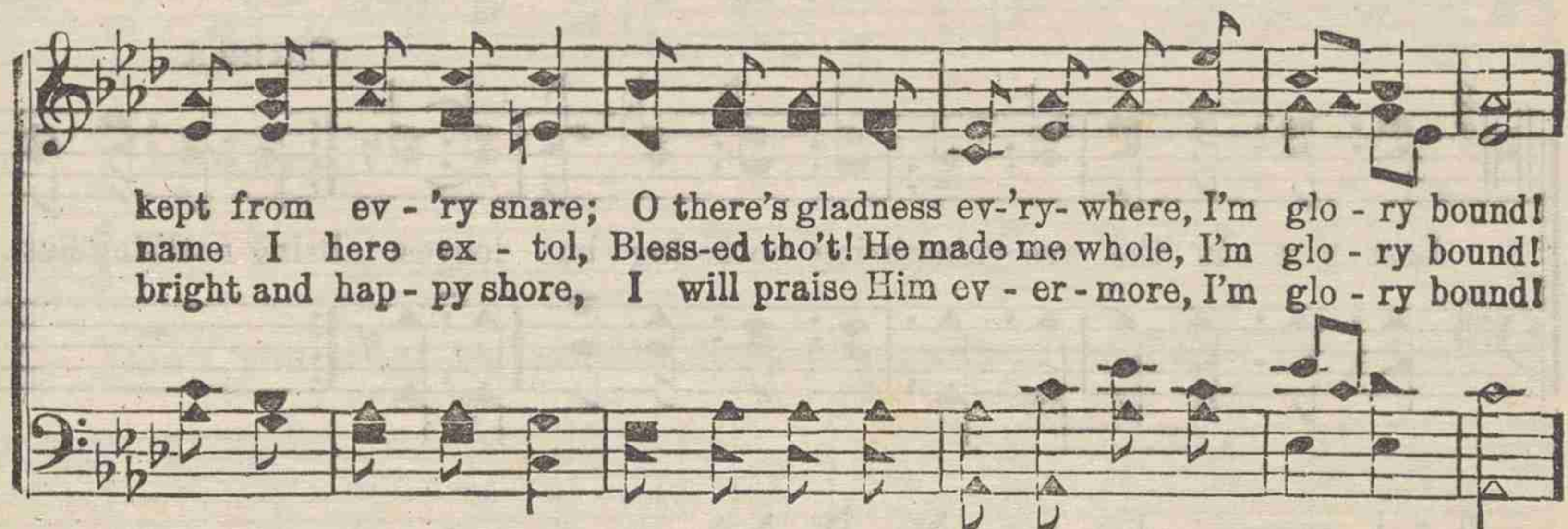
M. D. USSERY.



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

No. 40.

Nothing But Leaves.

JAS. C. M.

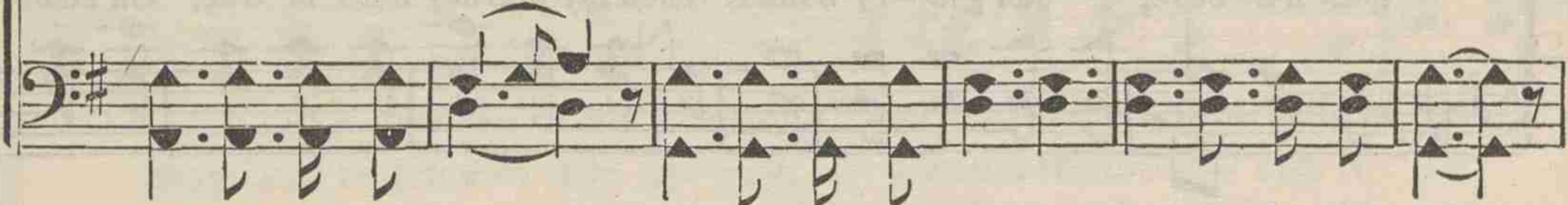
JAS. C. MOORE.



1. While fields are now read-y, While reapers are few, While Je - sus is call-ing,
2. Go, pray for the way-ward, Go car - ry the news, Go, tell of the Mas-ter,
3. Go, en - ter the by-ways, Go, gath-er them in, Do serv - ice for Je - sus,



Find something to do ;..... Go, en - ter the vine-yard, Go, gath-er the sheaves,
Go, seek for the lost ;.... While fields are now read-y, Go, gath-er the sheaves,
While life will per-mit ;..... Tell sin - ners that Je-sus Their souls will re-ceive,



CHORUS.



Lest you in the eve - ning bring noth - ing but leaves. Bring noth - ing but



leaves..... Bring noth - ing but leaves;..... { While fields are now
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves; { Lest you in the



read - y, } Go, gath - er the sheaves;
eve-ning, } [Omit] Bring noth - ing but leaves.




No. 41. DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?

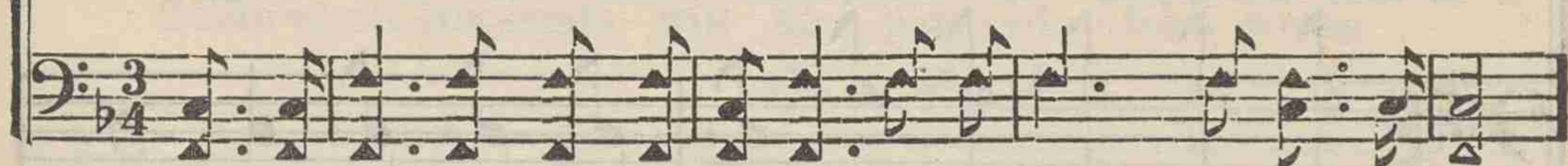
J. B. V.

Male Quartet.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. There's a grand ce - les-tial coun-try, Full of joys di - vine - ly fair,
2. In that land of matchless beauty Gleams a star of heavenly birth,
3. Do not wait nor lon - ger tar - ry, Join the on - ward marching band,



Where our Saviour's gracious presence Spreads sweet peace o'er all things there.
And it shines a-long the path-way Of the wea - ry ones of earth.
Ma - ny great and rich pos-ses-sions Wait for you in Canaan's land.



CHORUS.



Don't you want to go? Oh, don't you want to go? Don't you want to



go to heav - en, In that home so bright and fair? Oh, meet me



there; Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

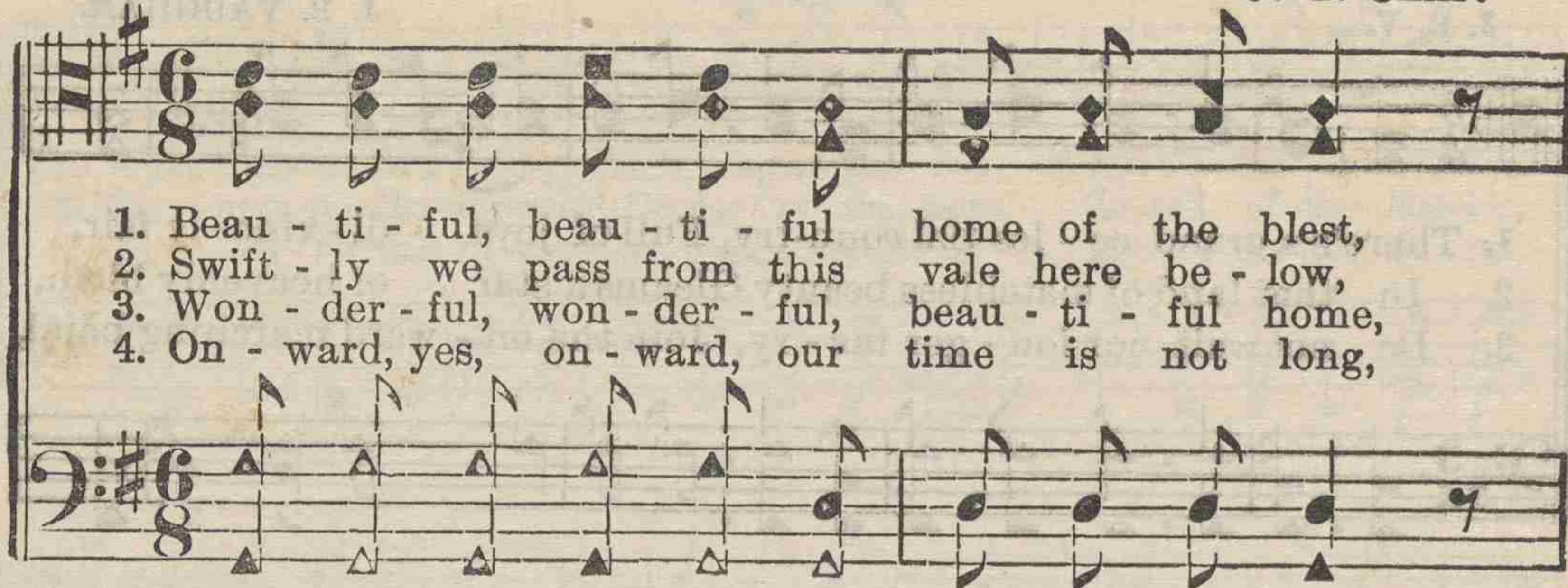


No. 42.

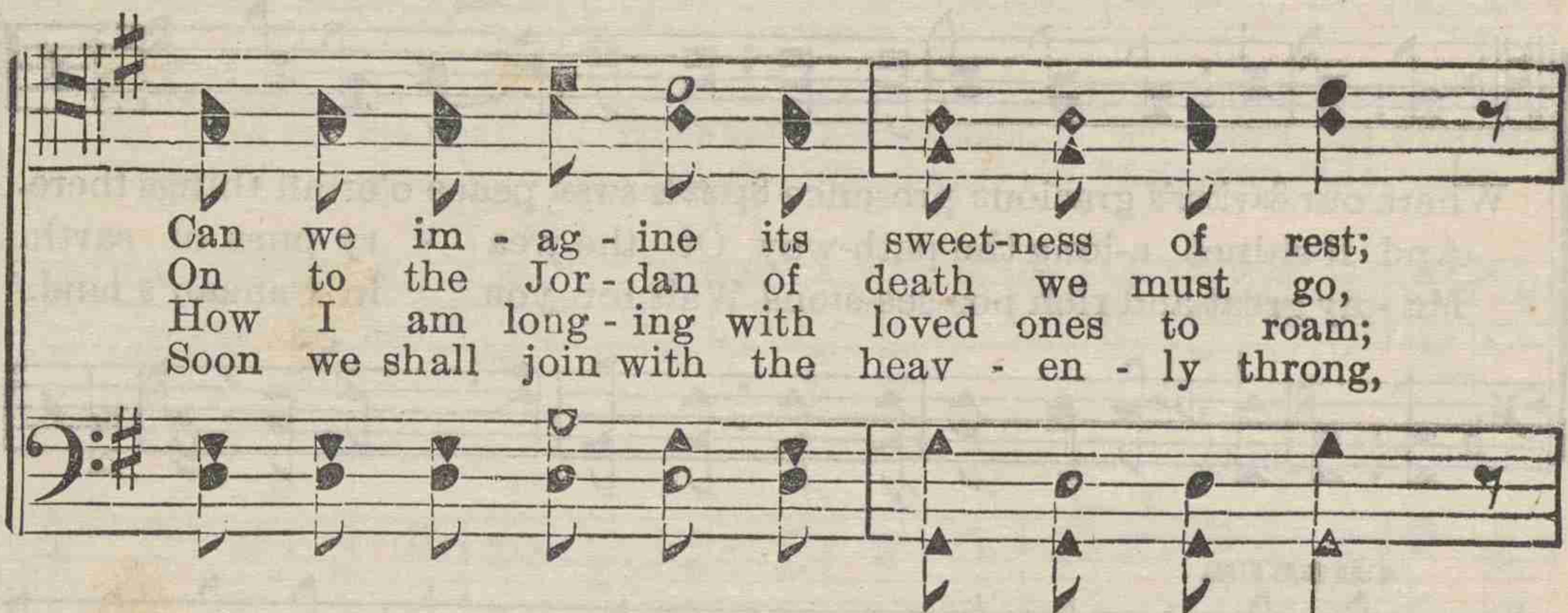
Wonderful Home.

EULALIA.

J. T. CAMP.



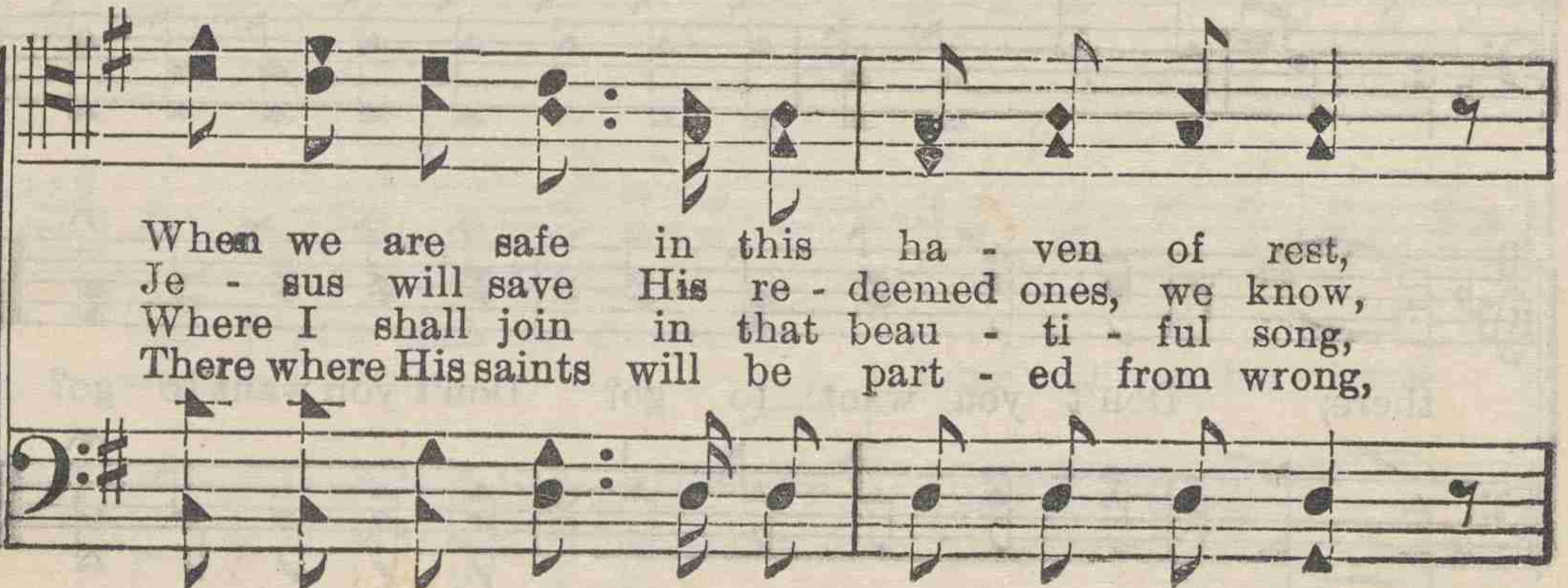
1. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home of the blest,
 2. Swift - ly we pass from this vale here be - low,
 3. Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, beau - ti - ful home,
 4. On - ward, yes, on - ward, our time is not long,



Can we im - ag - ine its sweet-ness of rest;
 On to the Jor - dan of death we must go,
 How I am long - ing with loved ones to roam;
 Soon we shall join with the heav - en - ly throng,



Noth - ing will ev - er our pleas - ures mo - lest,
 How will it be with His friend and His foe,
 Je - sus will wel - come me in - to that throng,
 There a - mid an - gels we'll sing a new song,



When we are safe in this ha - ven of rest,
 Je - sus will save His re - deemed ones, we know,
 Where I shall join in that beau - ti - ful song,
 There where His saints will be part - ed from wrong,

Wonderful Home, Concluded.



When we are safe in this ha - ven of rest.
Je - sus will save His re-deemed ones, we know.
Where I shall join in that beau - ti - ful song.
There where His saints will be part - ed from wrong.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful home, sweet home, beau - ti - ful home, ...
Won - der - ful home, Wonderful



..... sweet home, Ma - ny are wait - ing for me at home,
home,



Loved ones are wait - ing, yes, wait - ing at home.

No. 43. My Old Cottage Home.


R. A. GLENN.

J. H. STANLEY, by per.


Not too fast but with expression.



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


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




REFRAIN.



But now all is qui - et and still! O my old cot-tage
 I'll treas-ure them up while on earth!
 Where partings will come never-more! Old cottage home, O my

home, Standing down by the hill, Where in
 old cottage home, Down by the hill, standing down by the hill,




life's early morning I once loved to roam, But now all is quiet and still!



IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.

(This song was written at the suggestion of my friend and brother, W. E. Mick, of Indianapolis, a servant of Christ for many years, and to whom it is affectionately dedicated by the author.)

F. C. H

FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is
 2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be
 3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may

joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His Words;
 true whate'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a - bide;
 come to beck - on us home, Our precious Redeemer each toil will re - pay;

CHORUS.

It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it

pays ev'ry day, It pays ev'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to
 ev'ry step of the way;

glory may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

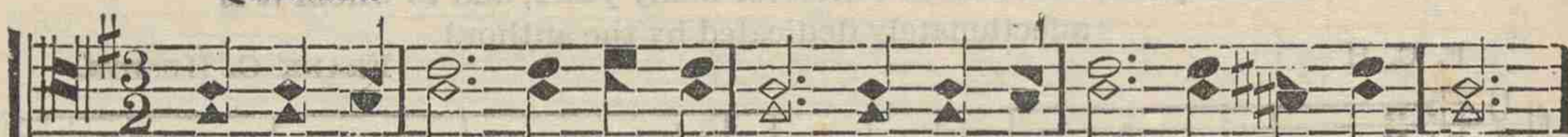
No. 45.

I Am Alone.

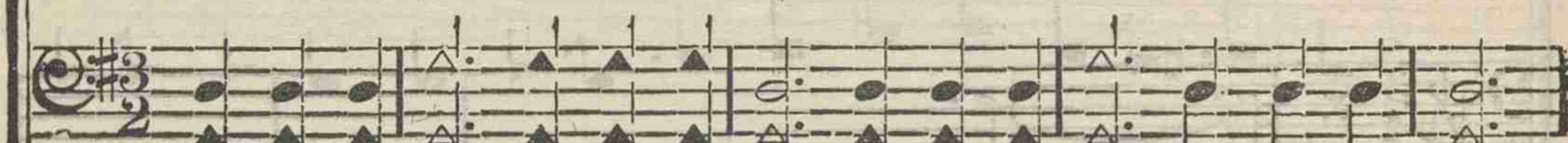
J. T. CAMP.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Quartet.



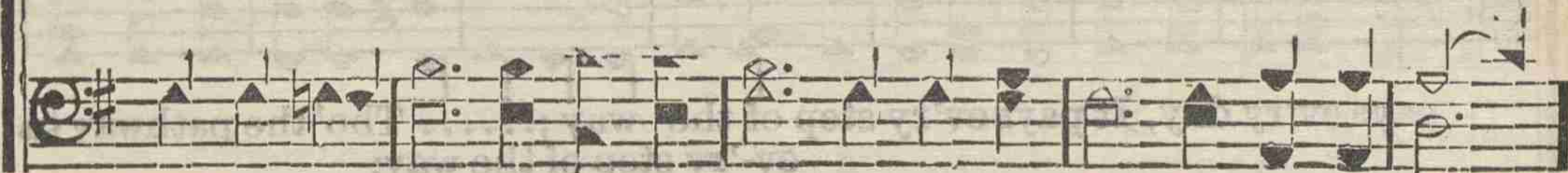
1. I miss my friends of long a - go, From me they part-ed one by one.
2. I miss them from this mortal life, I miss their ten-der-ness and love,
3. I miss them, but we'll meet a-gain, I'll join my friends on yon-der shore,
4. Yes, we shall meet in that fair land, Where cares and heart-aches nev-er come,



They've left this world of grief and woe, And I'm a - lone, yea, all a - lone.
They've left these scenes of toil and strife, For heav'n a - bove, for heav'n a - bove.
With Je - sus we'll for - ev - er reign, And part no more, we'll part no more.
Oh, won't that be a hap - py band, In that sweet home, in that sweet home.



I am a - lone, yes, all a - lone, In this sad world of sin and pain;



I am a - lone, yes, all a - lone, But by and by, we'll meet at home.



J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 46

He Won My Heart.

JAMES ROWE.

(Property of Carl Schoggins, Eden Ala.)

CARL SCHOGGINS.

* Mixed Quartet. Slowly and Feelingly.



1. I was on the downward way, I was lone-ly, worn and sad;
2. How the world has changed for me, Since He wiped a-way my tears;
3. I will trust the Friend I love, 'Till I reach the bet-ter shore;
4. Sav-ior, let me grow and shine, Prais-ing Thee with joy-ous breath;



But the Sav-ior came one day, Told His love and made me glad.
Made my soul so pure and free, Cov-ered all my wast-ed years!
Then be-fore His throne a-bove, Sing of Him for-ev-er-more.
For I know that I am Thine, Thine in life and Thine in death.



CHORUS.



He won my heart (He won my heart) that happy day, (that hap-py day,) For all my



sins (For all my sins) He washed away, (He washed away) And glad or sad (And glad or sad)



my life may be (my life may be,) I'm His for all e-ter-ni-ty. (e-ter-ni-ty.)



* May be used as a male quartet, by letting first Tenor take Alto, second Tenor, Tenor first Bass, Soprano, and second Bass, Bass.

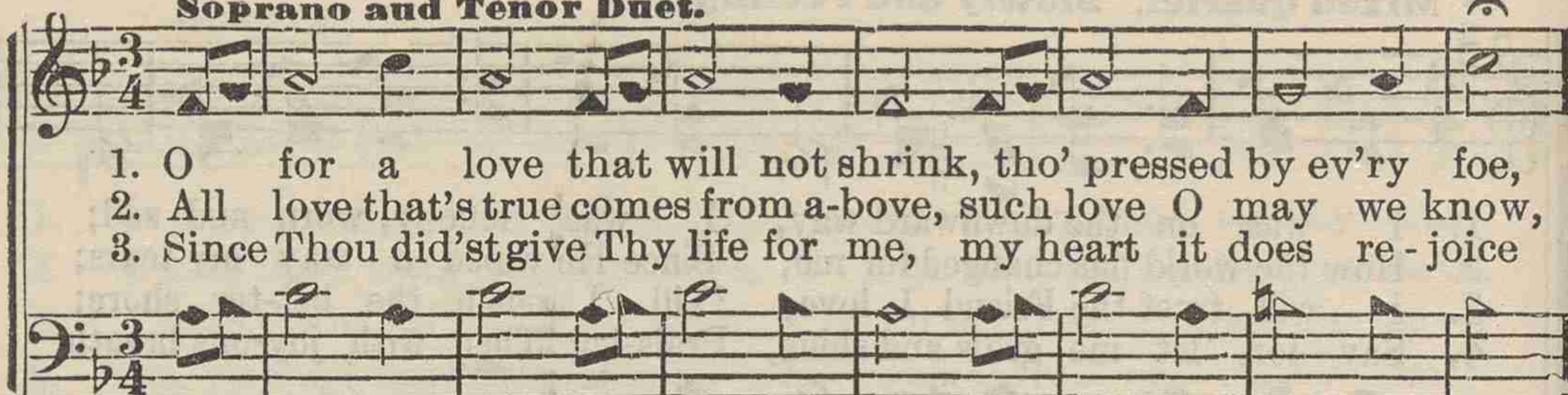
No. 47.

HIS LOVE FOR ME.

W. O. McK.

W. O. McKINNEY.

Soprano and Tenor Duet.



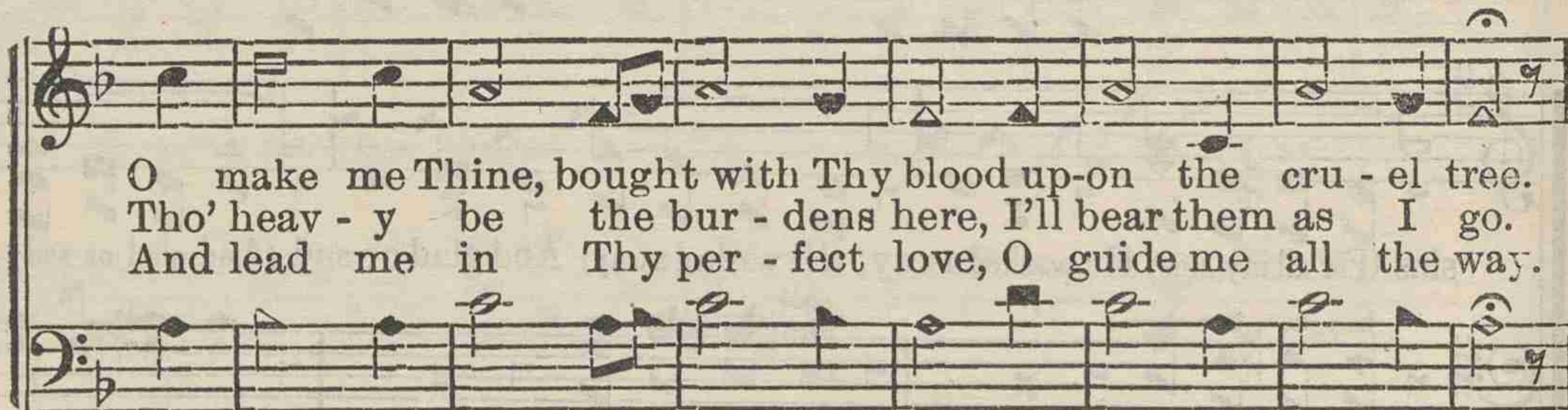
1. O for a love that will not shrink, tho' pressed by ev'ry foe,
 2. All love that's true comes from a-bove, such love O may we know,
 3. Since Thou did'st give Thy life for me, my heart it does re-joice



That will not mur - mur or complain, as thro' this world we go;
 Tho' oft dis - cour - aged we must fight, and con-quer ev - 'ry foe;
 To know that Thou loved e - ven me when on the cru - el cross;



Lord, give this love to me just now, and take my heart to Thee,
 Lord, give this love to me just now, and make my heart to know,
 O may I ne'er re-ject such love, yea, keep me ev - 'ry day,



O make me Thine, bought with Thy blood up-on the cru - el tree.
 Tho' heav - y be the bur - dens here, I'll bear them as I go.
 And lead me in Thy per - fect love, O guide me all the way.

CHORUS.



It's love... it's love,..... it's wonderful, won-der-ful love,
 It's love, it's wonderful, wonderful love, it's wonderful, wonderful love,

HIS LOVE FOR ME. Concluded,

It's love,..... it's love,.... it's born in the heaven a - bove.
Coming down from above, it's wonderful love,

No. 48.

REMEMBER ME.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Male Quartet.

1. When storms a-round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walking on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press-es, When dark despair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Re - mem-ber me, O might - y One! Re - mem - ber me;

Re-mem-ber me, re - mem - ber me, O might - y One!

No. 49 HOME-LAND OF HEAVEN.

To Prof. S. J. Perry, Dalton, Ga, (E. B. F.)

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

ELBERT B. FOWLE.

Andantino con espress.



1. Oh, the home of the soul, in my dreaming, With its wide o - pen
2. In that won - der - ful val - ley of E - den, Far a - way where the
3. Oh, we sing of the home-land of heav-en, And we call it the
4. Land of Beu - lah fair cit - y of prom-ise, How I long all thy



por - tals I see, And a glimpse of its jewell'd walls gleaming Is some-
beau - ti - ful dwell, There are an - gel - ic harp - strings a - quiv - er While sweet
"Home of the Soul." And we sigh for its beau - ti - ful val - leys, Where fair
joys to be - hold! I can dream of thy beauty and grandeur, But by



REFRAIN.

times half revealed un - to me.
an - thems of love ev - er swell. Oh, that fair, hap - py home - land of
riv - ers of peace ev - er roll.
tongue it can nev - er be told.



heav-en, With its wide - o - pen por - tals I see, How I long for the



HOME-LAND OF HEAVEN. Concluded.



summons to en - ter, And at home with my Sav - iour to be!

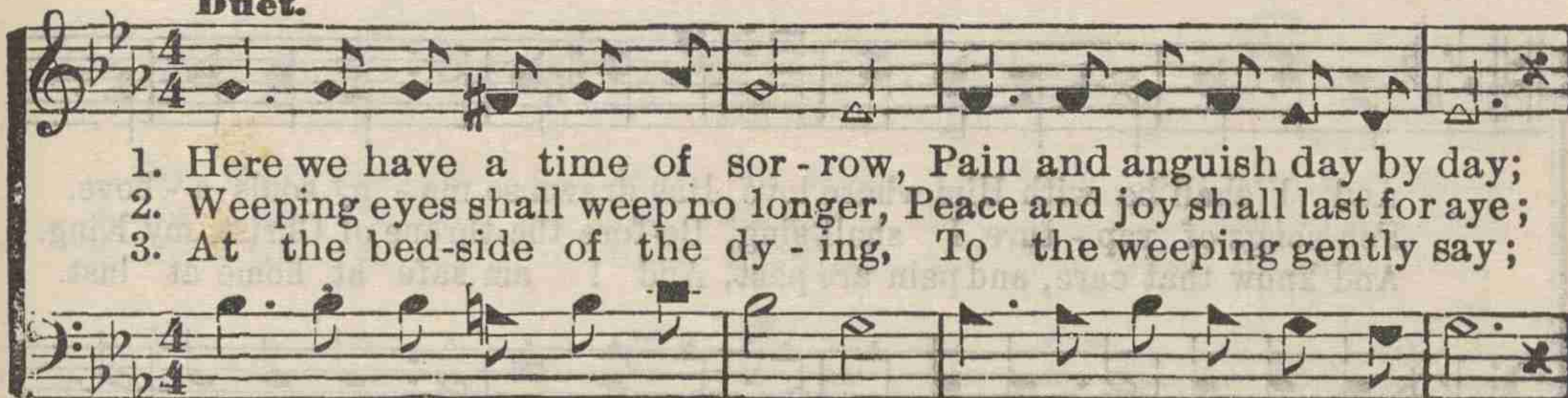
No. 50 GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

Rev. 21: 4.

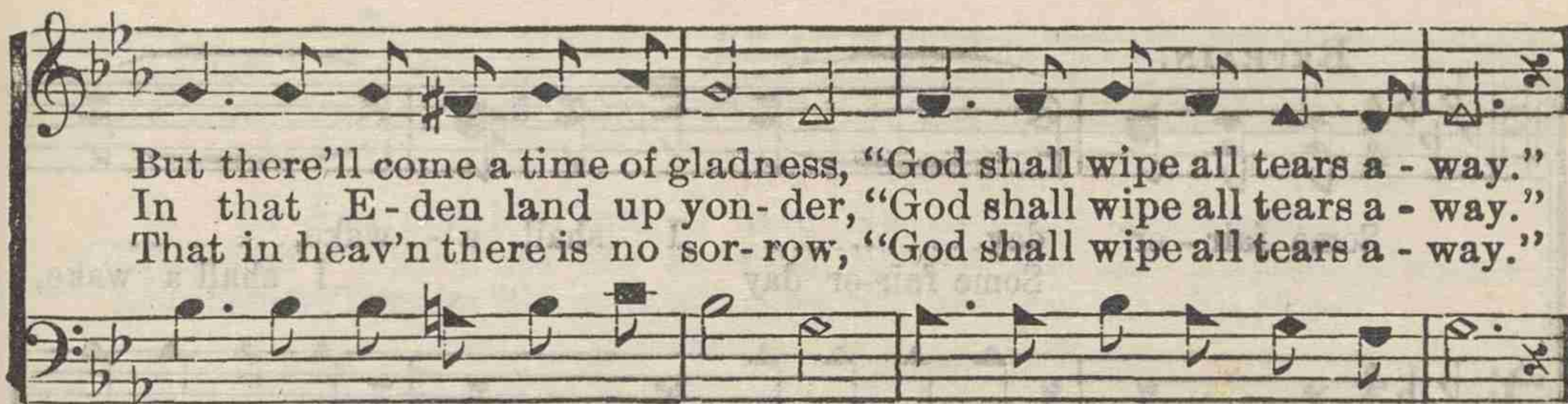
J. D. V.

JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

Duet.



1. Here we have a time of sor - row, Pain and anguish day by day;
2. Weeping eyes shall weep no longer, Peace and joy shall last for aye;
3. At the bed-side of the dy - ing, To the weeping gently say;



But there'll come a time of gladness, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."
In that E - den land up yon - der, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."
That in heav'n there is no sor - row, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."

CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, how sweet the promise, As we pass a-long life's way;



That in heav'n there'll be no sorrow, "God shall wipe all tears a - way."

Owned and controlled by Jas. D. Vaughan.

No. 51

Some Fairer Day.

"And there shall be no night there, and we shall reign for ever and ever."—Rev. 22: 5.

JAMES ROWE.

Property of Marvin Spivey, Adrian, Ga. 1914.

MARVIN SPIVEY,



1. Some fair-er day, some bet-ter time, My soul will reach, the hills sub-lime,
2. Some fair-er day my tears will dry! And I shall lose, my heart's deep sigh,
3. Some fair-er day, by sav-ing grace, I shall be - hold Him face to face,



And I shall be with Him whose love Has drawn so ma - ny souls a - bove.
For songs of rap - ture I shall sing, Be-fore the throne of Christ, my King.
And know that care, and pain are past, And I am safe at home at last.



REFRAIN.



Some fair - er day..... I shall a - wake,.....
Some fair-er day I shall a - wake,



When o'er my soul..... no storm will break,.....
When o'er my soul no storm will break,



For I shall be..... on yon - der shore,.....
For I shall be on yon - der shore,



Some Fairer Day. Concluded.

Rit.

To reign with Him..... for - ev - er - more.....
To reign with Him for - ev - er - more, (for - ev - er-more.)

No. 52 No One Can Take His Place.

M. S.

Property of Marvin Spivey, Adrian, Ga. 1914.

MARVIN SPIVEY.

1. My Sav - iour is so dear to me, I long to see His face,
2. He had to die on Cal - va - ry, To show re - deem - ing grace,
3. He'll call us up to heav - en's shore, And judge this hu - man race,

In vis - ions now His form I see, No one can take His place.
His crim - son blood has set me free, No one can take His place. (His place.)
And there we'll praise Him more and more, No one can take His place.

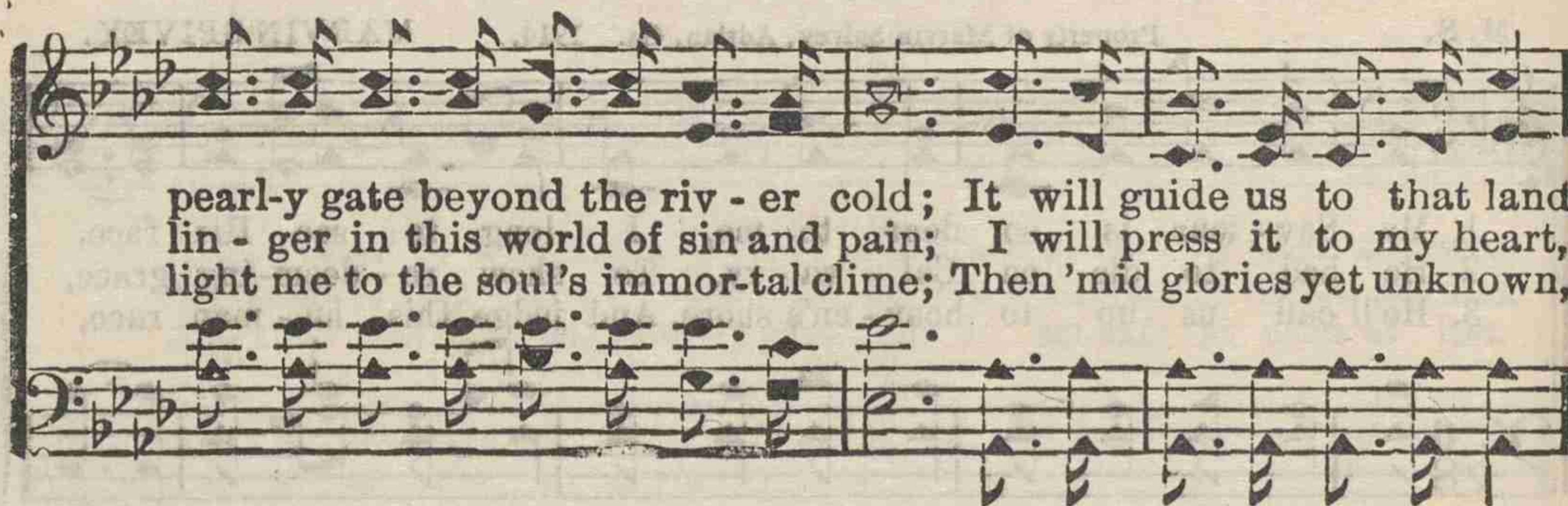
REFRAIN.

No one..... can take His place, He's heav'n's High Priest and King;.....
No one and King;

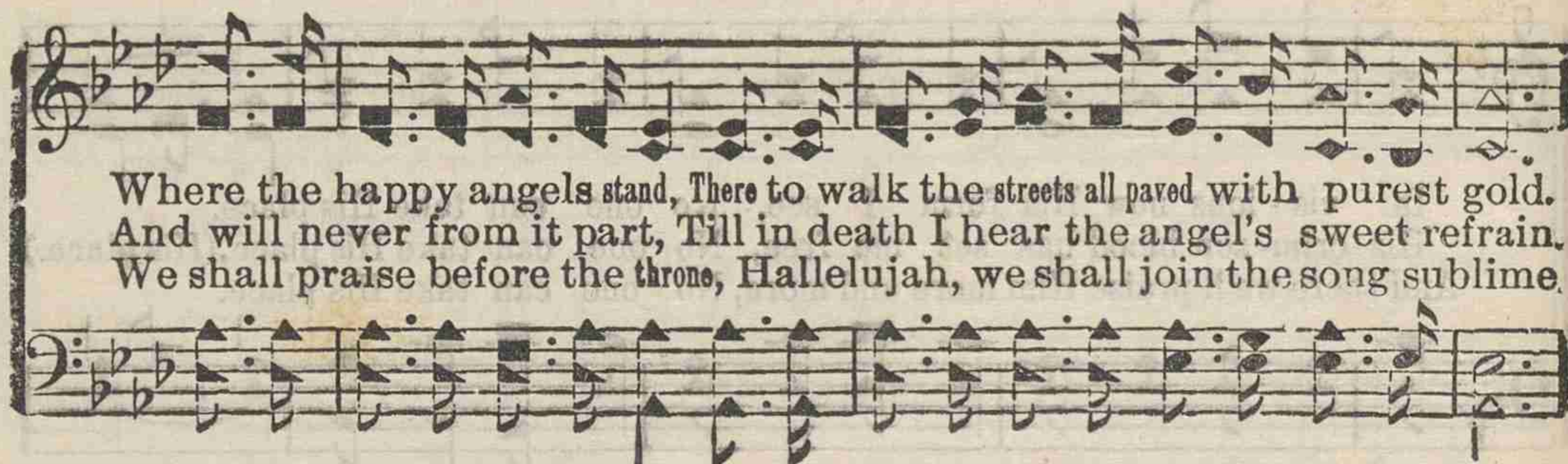
I long.... to see His face, Of Him I'll ev - er sing.....
I long I'll sing.



1. Precious Bi-ble, book of love, It will lead us home a-bove, To the
 2. Precious Book, to me so dear, It will comfort, soothe and cheer, While I
 3. "'Tis a lamp un-to my feet," With its promises so sweet, It will



pearl-y gate beyond the riv - er cold; It will guide us to that land
 lin - ger in this world of sin and pain; I will press it to my heart,
 light me to the soul's immor-tal clime; Then 'mid glories yet unknown,

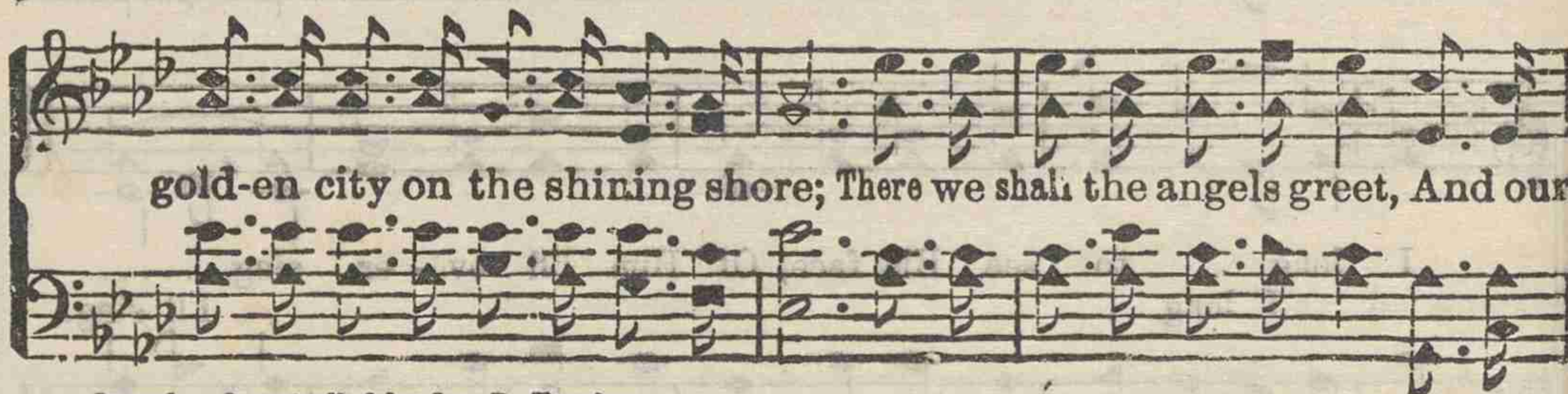


Where the happy angels stand, There to walk the streets all paved with purest gold.
 And will never from it part, Till in death I hear the angel's sweet refrain.
 We shall praise before the throne, Hallelujah, we shall join the song sublime.

CHORUS.



Precious Bi-ble, book of love, It will lead us home a-bove To the



gold-en city on the shining shore; There we shall the angels greet, And our

PRECIOUS BIBLE. Concluded.



loved and lost shall meet, Glory, glory, we shall rest for evermore.
for evermore.

No. 54. BLOOM BRIGHTLY, SWEET ROSES.

C. L. SHAW.

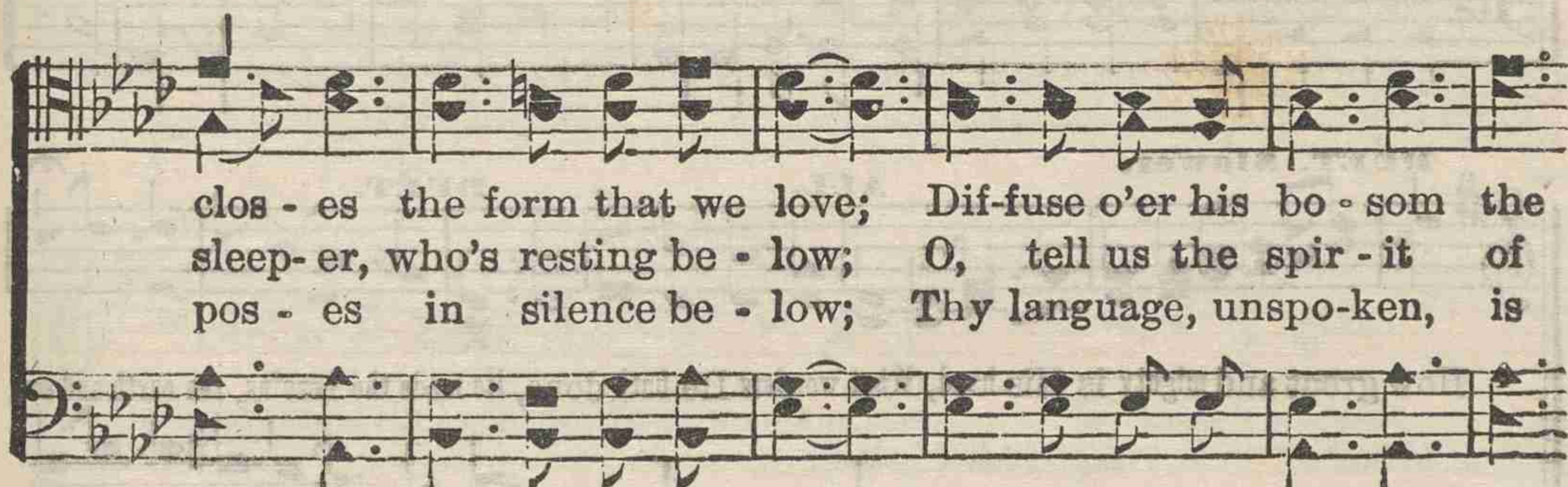
memory of my father.—C. L. S.

E. B. FOWLER.

Slowly, with feeling.



1. Bloom brightly, sweet roses, bloom brightly a-bove The mound that en-
2. O, tell to the weep-er, in whisperings low, 'Tis well with the
3. Then blossom, sweet ros-es, your fragrance bestow On Him who re-



clos-es the form that we love; Dif-fuse o'er his bo-som the
sleep-er, who's resting be-low; O, tell us the spir-it of
pos-es in silence be-low; Thy language, unspo-ken, is



sweetest perfume, From each glowing blossom that smiles o'er his tomb.
him that we love, Has gone to in-her-it the kingdom a-bove.
more to my heart Than a-ny love token that friends could impart.

No. 55. Sing Praises to God Most High.

J. M. PIERCE.

ELBERT B. FOWLER.

Allegro.

1. Sing praises to God Most High, Sing praises to God Most High; Sing praises to
Most High, Most High,

God, to God Most High, The Universal Lord, Sing praises to God, To
Sing praises to God, Sing praises to God, To

God Most High, Sing praises to God, to God Most High, The Sov'reign King of kings!
God Most High, to God Most High,

DUET. Slower. **ALL.** **DUET.**
How great and mighty is His hand, What wonders He hath done, He made the heav'ns, the earth and sea,

Andantino con espress.
And all that is therein. His power and grace are just the same; To Him we now sing praise,
sing praise,

Sing Praises to God Most High. Concluded.

cres. *ff* **Allegro.**

His pow'r and grace are just the same; To Him we now sing praise, Sing praise to God Most High,
Most High,

Sing praises to God Most High, Sing praises to God, to God, Most High, The U-ni-ver-sal
Most High,

Moderato.

Lord, His on - ly Son, He gave our souls from sin to save, His only Son He gave

rit. **Joyfully.**

Our souls from sin to save. We now sing praise, We now sing praise,
To God Most High, To God Most High,

cres. **Faster cres.** *m* *p*

We now sing praise to God Most High, We now sing praise, We now sing praise to God Most High. Amen, Amen.

No. 56. A LITTLE INTERVIEW WITH JESUS.

Very respectfully inscribed to my friend, Prof. J. B. Vaughan.—B. B. B.

(MALE VOICES.)

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. B. BEALL.



1. When you up - on life's journey Are fainting 'neath the load, When dreary is your
2. If you have met with sorrow, For you there is re - lief, The Sav-iour too has
3. If you've been sore-ly tempted, And wandered from the way, Still mercy's door is
4. And when at last, my brother, The time has come to die, When your life's sun is



path-way, When wea - ry is your road, There's nothing that will help you, There's
sorrowed, He un - der - stands your grief, There's nothing that can com - fort, Or
o - pen To all who go a - stray; If you would be for - giv - en, And
set - ting, The night of death is nigh, There's nothing that can help you To



noth - ing that can cheer you, Like a lit - tle in - ter - view with Je - sus.
give you con - so - la - tion, Like a lit - tle in - ter - view with Je - sus.
find the road to heav - en, Like a lit - tle in - ter - view with Je - sus.
cross the riv - er shout - ing, Like a lit - tle in - ter - view with Je - sus.



D. S.—Like a lit - tle in - ter - view with Je - sus.



Yes, a lit - tle in - ter - view When the world is left with - out,



Soon re - moves the heav - y bur - den, Drives a - way each fear and doubt,



A LITTLE INTERVIEW WITH JESUS. Concluded.

D. S.

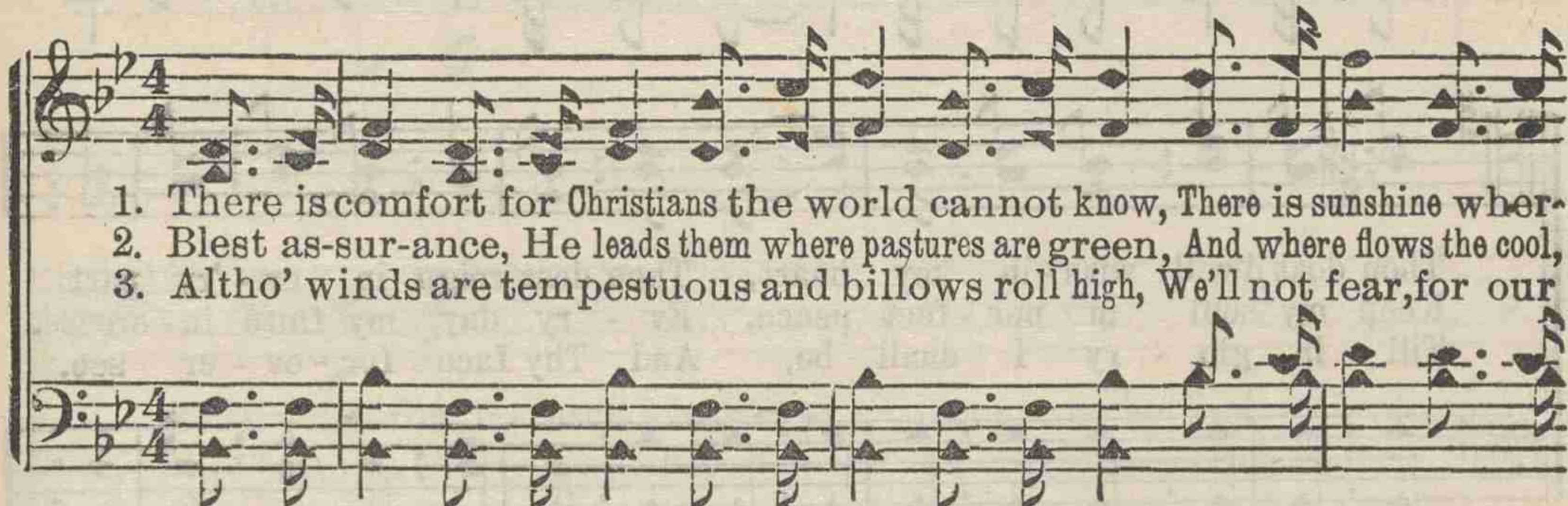


There is naught your load can lighten, There is naught your path can brighten,

No. 57. THE CHRISTIAN COMFORT.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. There is comfort for Christians the world cannot know, There is sunshine wher-
2. Blest as-sur-ance, He leads them where pastures are green, And where flows the cool,
3. Altho' winds are tempestuous and billows roll high, We'll not fear, for our



ev - er they go; For His grace is suf - fi - cient, what more can they need?
liv - ing stream; He has promised to bless them in do - ing His will,
Sav-iour is nigh; We are sail - ing se-rene - ly on life's storm-y sea,

D. S.—O, we have a foun-da - tion that noth - ing can shake,

Fine. CHORUS.



They will fol-low wher-ev-er He leads.
And His word He will sure-ly ful - fill. We are trav-'ling to glo - ry, with
Ev - er trusting, our Saviour, in Thee.

He has promised to nev - er for-sake.

D. S.



Je - sus, our Guide, We will trust Him what-e'er may be - tide;

J. B. Vaughan, owner,

No. 58. Blessed Jesus, Thou Art Mine.

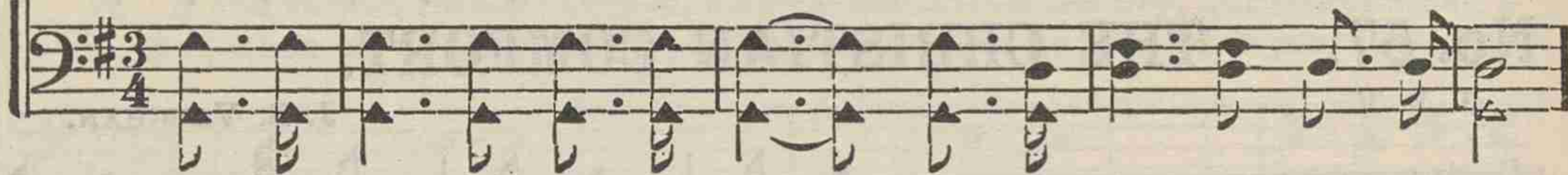
(MALE QUARTET.)

Arr. by G. W. B.

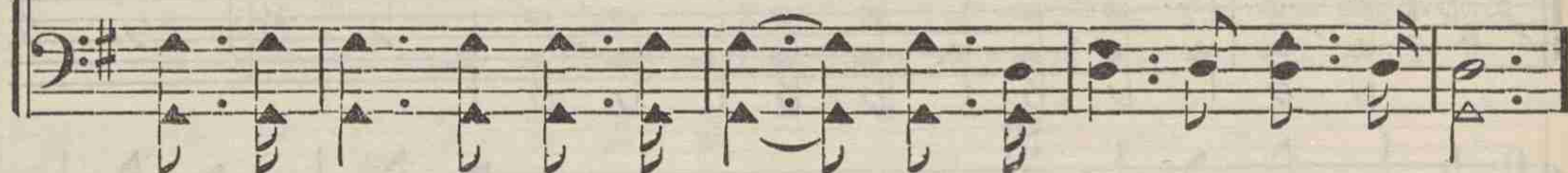
G. W. BREWINGTON.



1. Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly Thine;
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, day by day Keep me in the nar - row way;
3. Bless - ed Je - sus, Heav'nly Guest, May I lean up - on Thy breast,



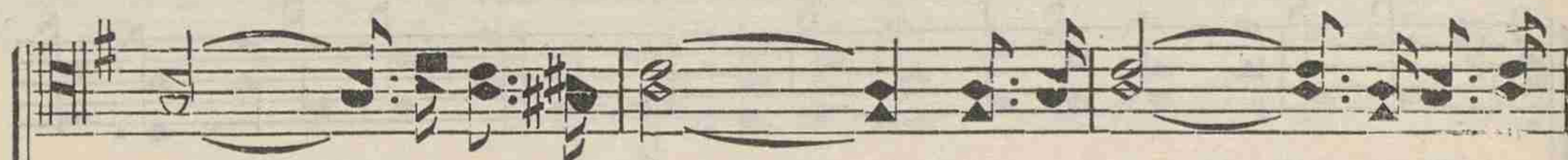
Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Thou dost reign in ev - 'ry part.
Keep my soul in per - fect peace, Ev - 'ry day my faith in - crease.
Till in glo - ry I shall be, And Thy face for - ev - er see.



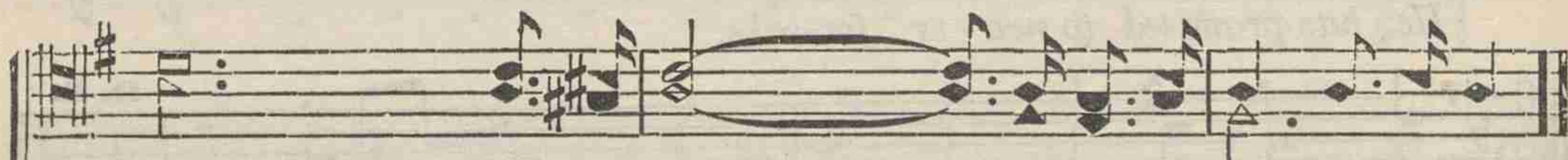
CHORUS.



Bless - ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, keep me white, Keep me
Bless - ed Je - sus,



walk - ing in the light;..... All I have..... is whol - ly
Keep me walking in the light; All I have



Thine, Bless - ed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.
whol - ly Thine, Jesus, Thou art mine, yes, Thou art mine.



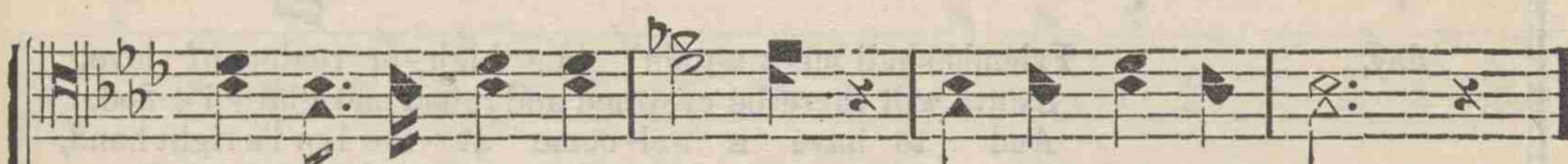
No. 59. Work for the Night Is Coming.

Male Quartet.

ARR. BY J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon,
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies,



Work when the day grows bright-er, Work 'mid springing flow'rs,
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon,
While the bright tints are glow-ing, Work for day-light flies,



Work when the days grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun,
Give ev - ry fly-ing min-ute, Some-thing to keep in store,
Work 'till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more,



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark-ning, When man's work is o'er.



J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. In the gold-en cit - y—in the home a-bove, In that crown-ing
 2. At the great tri-bu - nal, where the soul is tried,
 3. O to be prepared and a - ble there to stand,
 4. If we've served the Master, true and faithful been, In that crowning, crowning

day, Friends shall meet a-gain in high-er realms of love,
 Saints will there be crowned and robed and glor - i - fied,
 And to have a wel-come at the Lord's right hand,
 day, crowning day; We shall have a robe and crown of jew - els then,

CHORUS.

In that crowning day. In that crowning, crowning
 In that crowning, crowning day, crowning day.

day; In that crowning, crowning day; There the saints shall wear a
 crowning day;

crown of jew - els rare, In that crown-ing day.
 In that crown-ing, crowning day, crowning day.

No. 61.

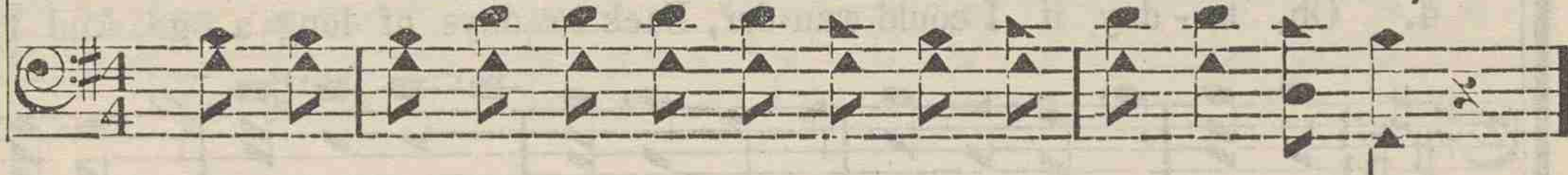
Out Shine The Sun.

J. B. V,

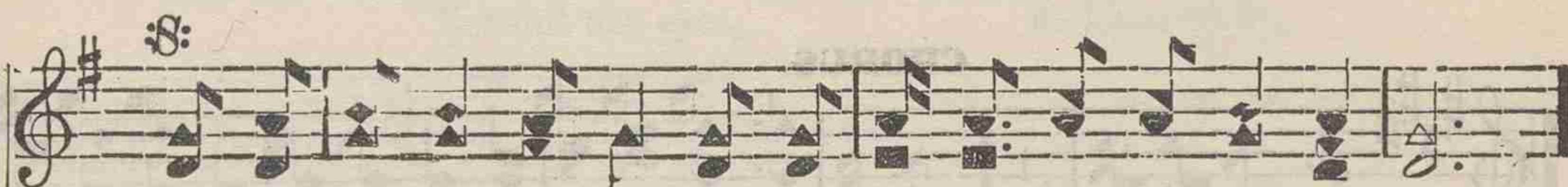
ARR. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. If you'll give your heart to Je - sus, You will out shine the sun,
2. If you win a soul for Je - sus, You will out shine the sun,
3. I will meet you in the cit - y, We will out shine the sun,
4. We will walk and talk with Je - sus And we'll out shine the sun,



Out shine the sun, Out shine the sun, If you'll give your heart to Je - sus,
 Out shine the sun, Out shine the sun, If you win a soul for Je - sus,
 Out shine the sun, Out shine the sun, I will meet you in the cit - y,
 Out shine the sun, Out shine the sun, We will walk and talk with Je - sus,



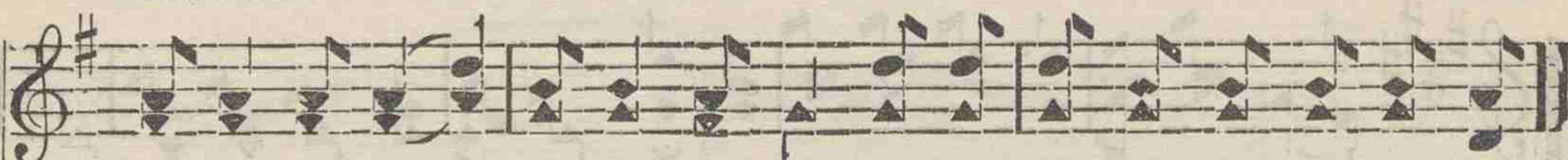
You will out shine the sun. And be hap - py when you see Him come.
 You will out shine the sun, And be hap - py when you see Him come.
 We will out shine the sun, Oh, be read - y for He soon will come.
 And we'll out shine the sun, Oh, be read - y, we shall see Him come.



D. S. And we'll out shine the sun, And be hap - py when we see Him come.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Out shine the sun, Out shine the sun, We will walk and talk with Je - sus,

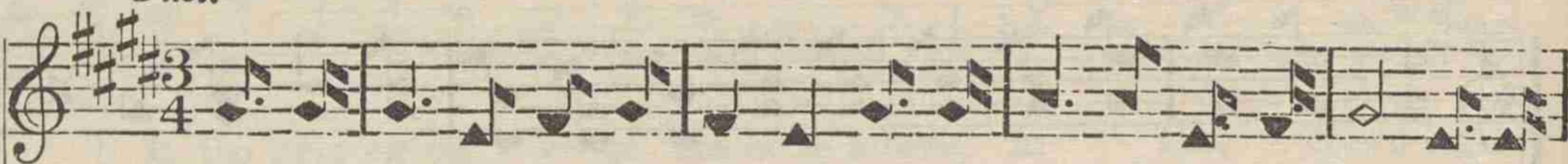


No. 62.

My Mother.

C. E. S.
Duet.

C. E. SMITH.



1. Lis - ten to my sweet old sto - ry, As I sing it soft and low, Of the
2. Once I had a lov - ing moth - er, She was al - ways kind and true, But she's
3. Oh, so well do I re - mem - ber, When she taught me how to pray, Look - ing
4. Oh, to - day if I could wan - der, Back to days of long a - go, And to



one who use to love me, In the days of long a - go, In the
gone to rest with Je - sus, For be - yond the a - zure blue, Far be -
up - ward to the Fa - ther, In my hap - py childhood day, In my
rest be - neath the shel - ter, Of my mother's arms once more, Of my



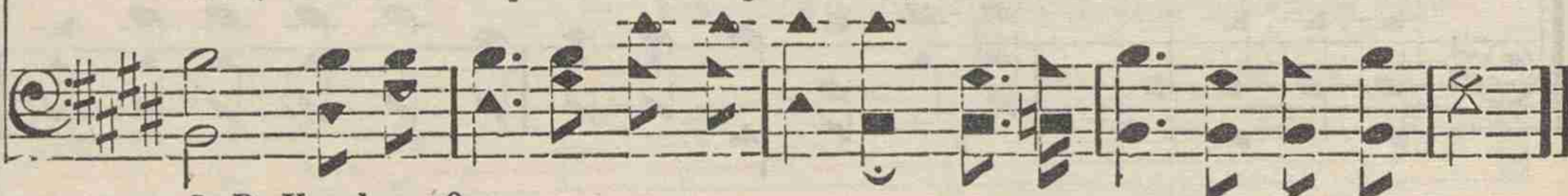
CHORUS.



days of long a - go.
yond the azure blue. There's no one, no friend like mother, Always patient, kind and
hap - py childhood day,
mother's arms once more.



true, And some day I'll meet my mother, And her face once more I'll view.



J. B. Vaughan, Owner.

No. 63

The Two Ways.

W. P. S.

W. P. STEVENSON.



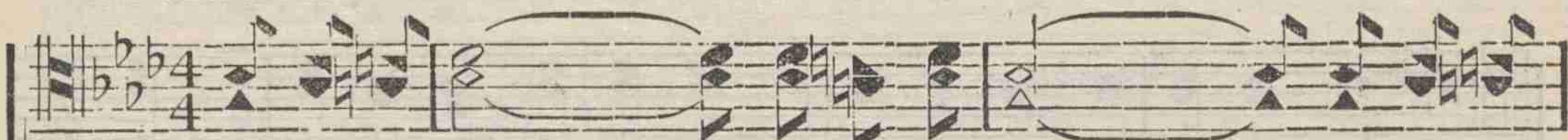
1. There is a way that leads to life, There is a - way that leads to death;
2. The up-ward way it leads to life, The down-ward way will lead to death;
3. Then why not take the way to God, It may be your last day to plod;



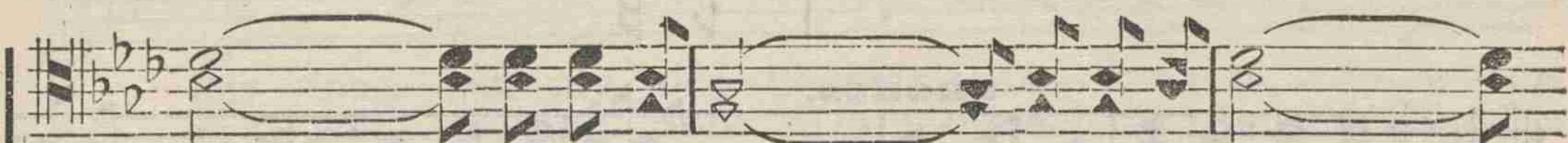
Lord help us on the way to Thee, That leads to life e - ter - nal - ly.
Then come my broth-er, come to-day, And let us walk the up ward way.
The Sav-ior pleads come go the way, That leade to one e - ter - nal day.



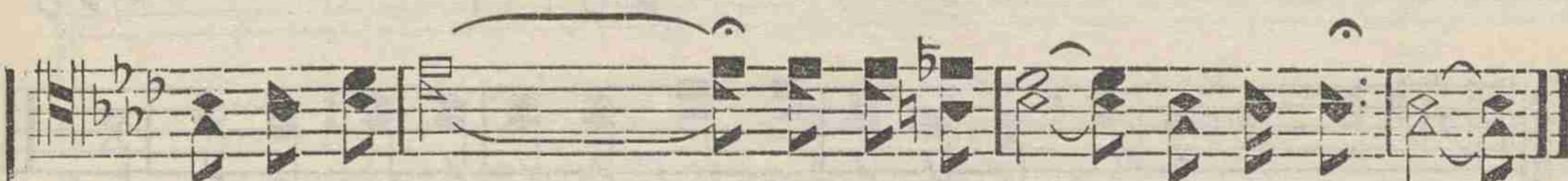
CHORUS.



Let not our eyes..... so blind- ed be,..... That when we
Let not our eyes, so blind-ed be,



choose..... we can-not see, That if the way...
That when we choose, we can-not see, That if the way



leads not to Thee,..... It leads to death e - ter - nal - ly.
leads not to Thee,



No. 64. JUST A LITTLE WORD OF LOVE.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

Male Quartet.

J. T. CAMP,
J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. To the err - ing gen - tly whisper, Just a lit - tle word of love; Min - gle
2. Mur - mur to the ones who sor - row, Just a lit - tle word of love; Wait not
3. Ma - ny hearts are sad - ly pin - ing For a lit - tle word of love; Will you



with the tranquil vesper, Just a lit - tle word of love. All the way will brighter
for some bright to-morrow, Speak a lit - tle word of love. What will charm each care a -
mal - ice all re - sign - ing, Speak a lit - tle word of love? Happy from the ear - ly



grow, As the mo - ments come and go, If in kind - ness you be - stow Just a
way, Turning dark - ness in - to day? List! the an - gels answ'ring, say: "Just a
dawn Till the day - light all is gone, Ev - er marching brave - ly on, Speak a



CHORUS.



lit - tle word of love." There are lives that you can brighten With a lit - tle word of
There are lives that you can brighten With a little word of



love; Tell the way - ward ones of Je - sus, Speak a lit - tle word of love.



HEAR MY PRAYER.

(MALE QUARTET.)

MRS. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

J. T. CAMP.



1. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble pray'r, Sav - iour,
 2. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, bless - ed Hope di - vine, Sav - iour,
 3. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, give me faith, I pray, Sav - iour,



Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble pray'r, Guide Thou my wan - d'ring
 Sav - iour, bless - ed Hope di - vine, Teach me Thy bless - ed
 Sav - iour, give me faith, I pray, May I Thy love to



feet I pray, In Thy right way from day to day. Sav - iour,
 way to know, Guide me as thro' this life I go. Sav - iour,
 oth - ers show, As - sist them in Thy grace to grow. Sav - iour,



Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble pray'r, Keep Thou me, keep Thou me,
 Sav - iour, bless - ed Hope di - vine, Shield Thou me, shield Thou me,
 Sav - iour, give me faith, I pray, Lead Thou me, lead Thou me,



From all sin and sorrow free, Keep Thou me, keep Thou me, dear Lord.
 Keep me ev - er close to Thee, Shield Thou me, shield Thou me, dear Lord.
 I would ev - er near Thee be, Lead Thou me, lead Thou me, dear Lord.



No I'll Be No Stranger There.

J. H. ALCON.

Owned by A. B. Sebren.

A. B. SEBREN



1. I'm in the way (I'm in the way,) the nar-row way (the nar-row way,)
 2. The Lord will call (the Lord will call) both great and small (both great and small,)
 3. My path is bright (My path is bright) my bur-dens light (my bur-dens light,)
 4. The Savior stands (My Savior stands) with outstretched hands (with outstretched hands)



To mansions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair) With friends I'll
 To mansions bright (To mansions bright) and fair (so bright and fair) To heav'n a-
 I have a home (I have a home) up there (a home up there;) I'll sing His
 He's calling me (He's calling me) up there (calling up there;) His voice I



be (With friends I'll be) so glad and free (so glad and free,) I'll be no
 bove (To heav'n above) where all is love (where all is love,) I'll be no
 praise (I'll sing His praise) thro' countless days (thro' countless days) I'll be no
 hear (His voice I hear, I have no fear (I have no fear,) I'll be no

Chorus.



stran - ger there..... I'll be no stran-ger
 I'll be no stranger there, no stranger there.



there I'll be no stran-ger there, When all the saved come from their grave, I'll

I'll Be No Stranger There. Concluded.

be no stranger there; I'll be no stranger there, I'll be no stranger
o-ver there,

there, When all the saved come from their grave, I'll be no stranger there.
o-ver there.

No. 67 Sleeping 'Neath The Snow.

A. L. W.

(J. B. Vaughan, Owner)

A. L. WALKER.

1. Covered with snow 'neath the man-tle of white, Sweet-ly my dar-ling is
2. Covered with snow till the springtime has come, Sweet frag-rant ros-es will
3. There she will sleep 'neath the snow covered mound, Till that glad day when the

D. S., Sweetly she sleeps where the

sleep - ing to-night, Sleeping so calm while the winter winds blow, She sleeps in a
bloom o'er her tomb, Safe and ser-ene while the winter winds blow, She sleeps in a
trumpet shall soond, Then she will wake from her slumbers be-low, And be re - u

win-ter winds blow, Calm-ly she rests 'neath the man-tle of white, My dar-ling she

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

grave that is covered with snow. Sleep - ing 'neath the gen-tle snow,
grave that is covered with snow.
ni - ted to live ev - er-more. Sleeping, sleeping,

sleeps, she is sleep-ing to-night.

No. 58.

He Lifted Me Up.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. Out from the depths.... of mi - ry clay,.....
2. Up from the sad - - dark house of sin,.....
3. Out where the streams..... of cleans-ing flow,.....

1. Out from the depths of mi - ry clay,
2. Up from the sad - - dark house of sin,
3. Out where the streams of cleansing flow,



In - to the heights..... of per - fect day,.....
 Trou-bled at heart..... by fears with - in,.....
 Up from the sin - - and snares be - low,.....

In - to the heights of per-fect day,
 Troubled at heart by fears with-in,
 Up from the sin - - and snares be-low,



Set-ting my feet..... in God's own way,..... O,
 Seek-ing my sin - - sick soul to win,.... O,
 Won-der-ful thought..... for me to know,..... O,

Set-ting my feet in God's own way,
 Seeking my sin - - sick soul to win,
 Wonderful thought for me to know,



joy that my Lordshould think of me.....
 O. joy that my Lord should think of me,....



J. B. Vaughan, Owner,

He Lifted Me Up. Concluded.

CHORUS:



He lift - ed me up..... from sin and shame,.....
He lift - ed me up from sin and shame



When in - to my life..... the Sav - ior came,..... He
When in - to my life the Sav - ior came,



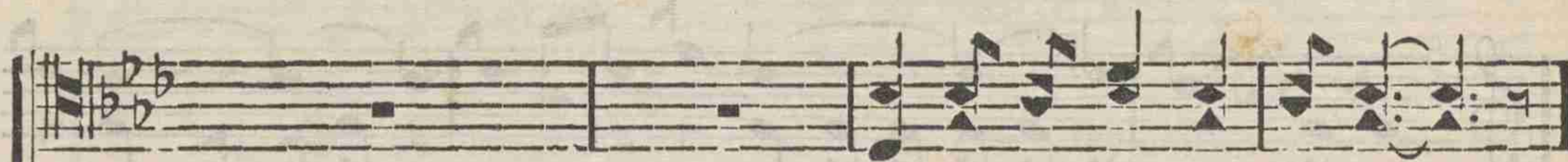
lift - ed me up His child to be,..... O,
He lift - ed me up His child to be,



joy that my Lord..... should think of me.....
O, joy that my Lord should think of me.....



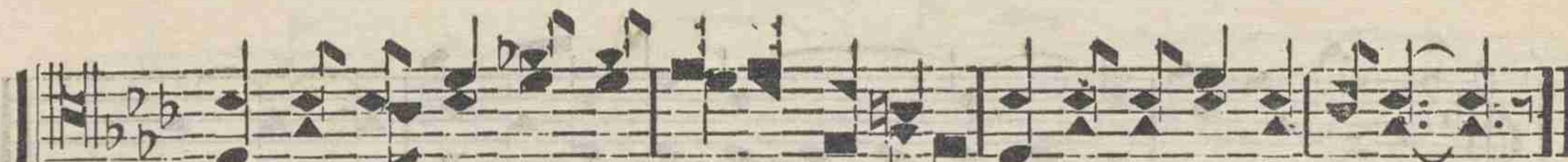
1. When Jesus walked down here be-low, He was the friend of sin - ners,
2. Je - sus has pow'r to save from sin, He is the friend of sin - ners,
3. You may have wan-dered far a - way, He is the friend of sin - ners;
4. Come un - to Him your sins con-fess, He is the friend of sin - ners;
5. Your bur-dened soul He will re-leive, He is the friend of sin - ners;



Help-ing them out of all their woes, He was a friend of sin - uers.
 No mat-ter what your life has been, He is the friend of sin - ners.
 Hast - en, re-turn, no lon-ger stray, He is the friend of sin - ners.
 He will re-leive your hearts dis-tress, He is the friend of sin - ners.
 Give up your sin, on Him be-leive, He is the friend of sin - ners.

**CHORUS,**

He is the friend of sinners He is the friend of sinners,
 of sin-ners, of sin-ners,



Come sin-sick soul He will make thee whole, For He is the friend of sin-ners.



No. 70

Nearer, Yet Nearer.

A. S. KIEFFER.

J. T. CAMP.



1. Near - er, yet near - er, my God to Thee, Dear - er, yet
 2. Pur - er, yet pur - er, I long to be, Sur - er, yet
 3. High - er, yet high - er, out of the night, Near - er, yet




dear - er, Thou art to me, Still hop - ing, pray - ing,
 sur - er, I'd be of Thee, Still hop - ing, trust - ing,
 near - er, the throne of white, Still ris - ing high - er




ev - er to be, Near - er, yet near - er, my God to
 ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, near - er to
 in - to the light, Near - er, yet near - er the throne of




Thee, Near - er, yet near - er, my God to Thee.
 Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, near - er to Thee.
 white, Near - er, yet near - er, the throne of white.

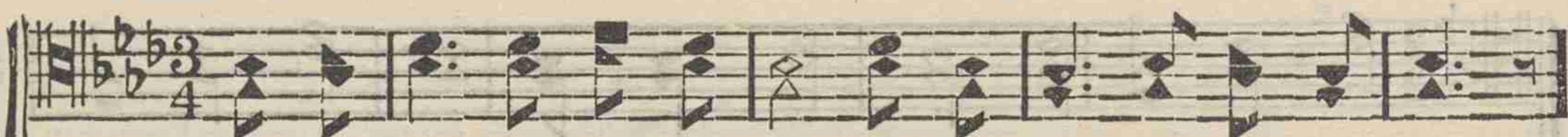


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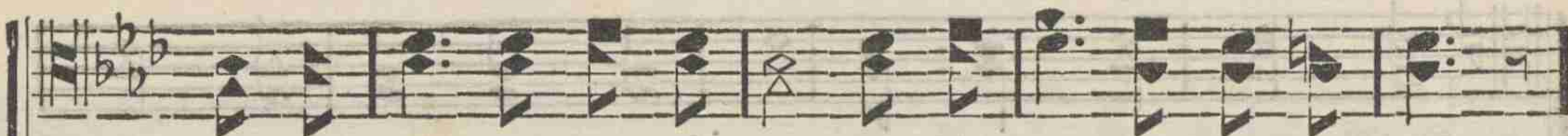
Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

JOHN COLUMBUS LENDERMAN.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ters and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd;
These for sin could not a-tone, Thou must save and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne;



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure,
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to the cross I cling,
Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

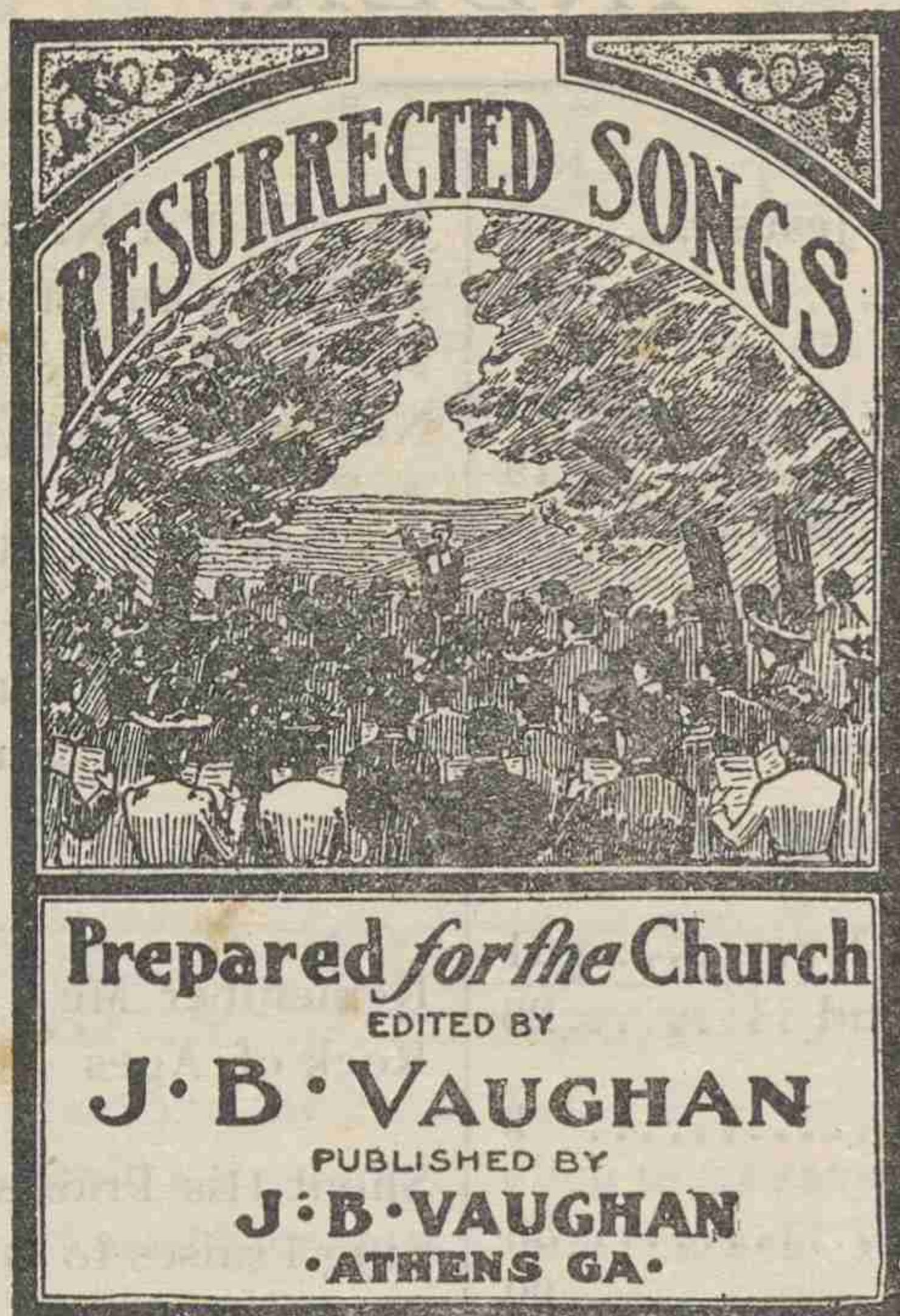


Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to the cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



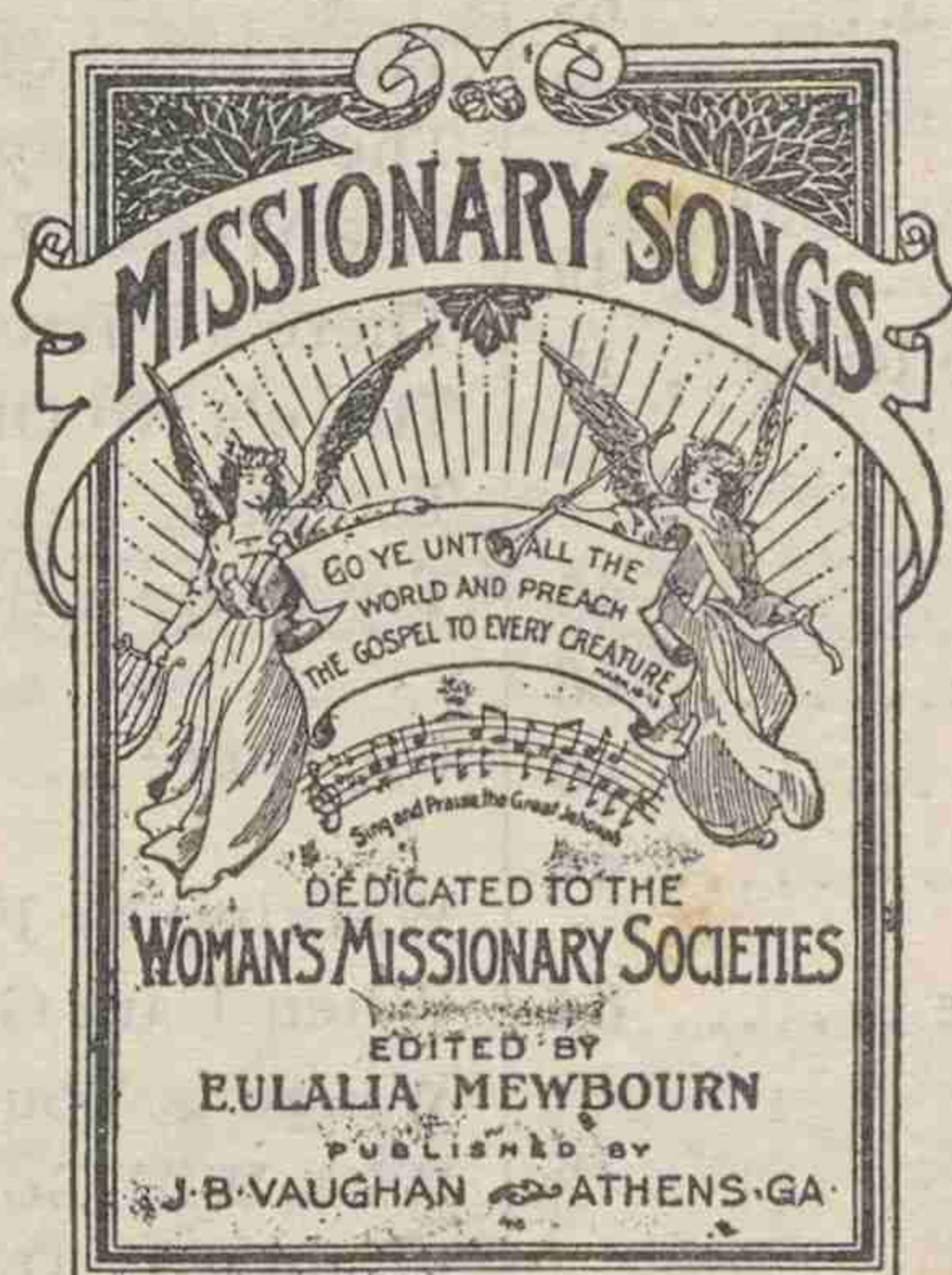
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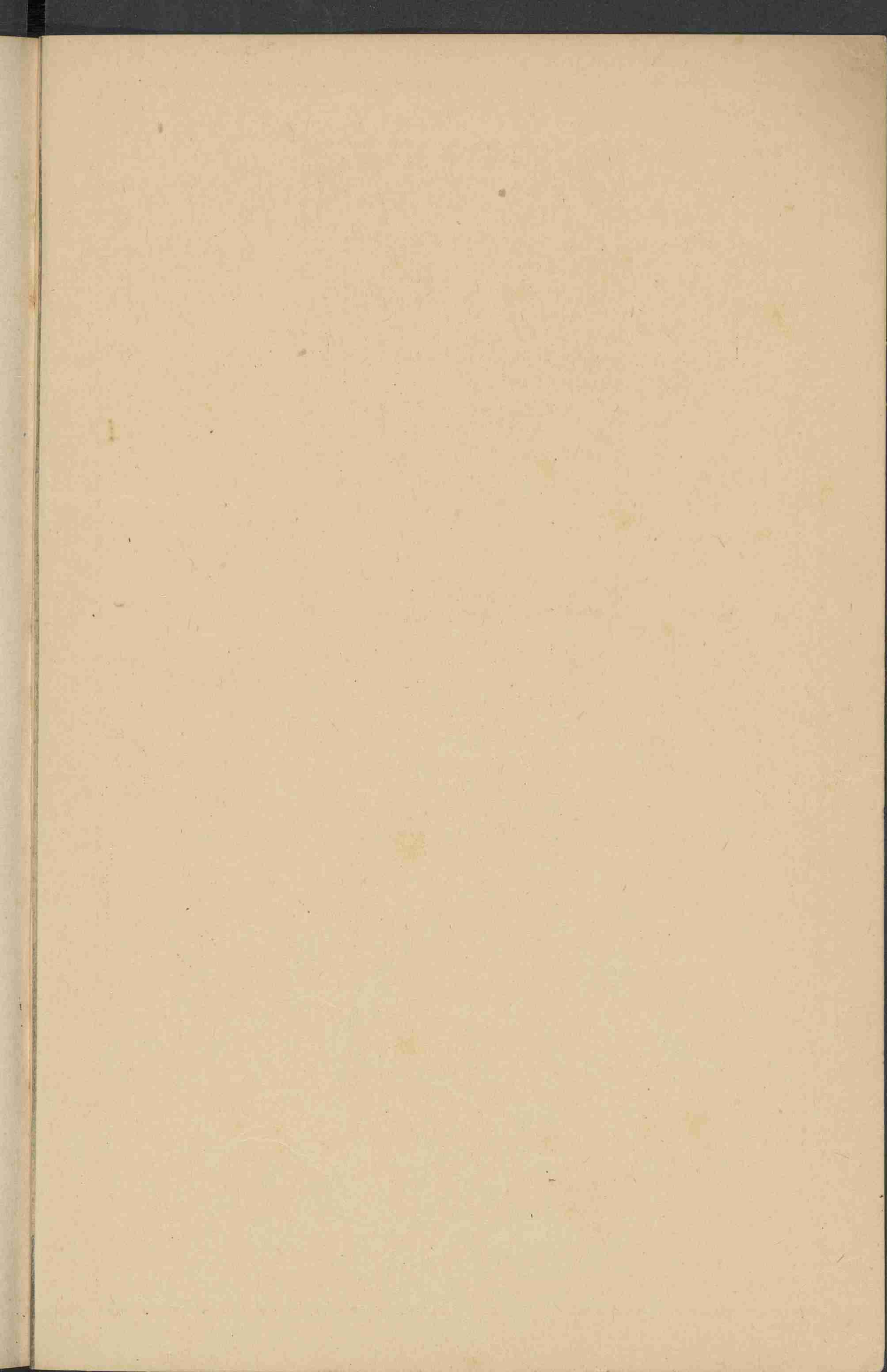
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