VAUGHAN'S
SELECTED SONGS

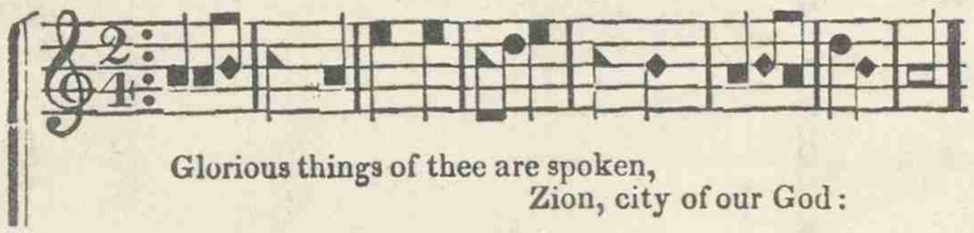
FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, REVIVAL MEETINGS
SINGING-SCHOOLS AND
DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES

PUBLISHED BY
J. B. VAUGHAN,
ATHENS, GA.

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V465.2

Twenty-Five Cents Per Copy; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents Per Dozen, Prepaid



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Zion, city of our God:

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Hymn
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DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?

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

1. In that coun - try be - yond some - where, They're wait - ing and watch - ing
2. All things read - y and we must go, We'll leave all our troub - les
3. What a meet - ing o - ver there With harp in our hands and

o - ver there, Oh, come on, broth - er, and go with me, And rest through e-
here be - low, We'll soon shout glo - ry on yon - der side, Be - youd Jor - da n's
crown to wear, We'll sing for - ev - er when we get home, Through fields of E-

D. S. *Then come on, broth - er, we're on our way, To that bright e-*

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

ter - ni - ty.
roll - ing tide. Oh, don't you want to go? Oh, don't you want to go?
lys - ium roam.

ter - nal day.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

G. P. MORRIS. May be used as Soprano and Tenor Duet. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un - bid-den start; With falt'r-ing lips and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma - ny gen - er - a - tions past Here is our fami - ly tree, My moth - er's hands this Bible clasped, She
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these records bear, Who round the hearth-stone used to close Aft - er the eve-ning pray'r. And speak of what these pa-ges said, In tones my heart would thrill; Tho' they are with the si - lent dead, Here
3. Thou tru - est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con - stan-cy I've tried; Where all were false I found thee true My coun - sel -lor and guide. The mines of earth no treas-ures give That could this vol - ume buy; In learn - ing me the way to live, It

dy - ing, gave it me, My mother's hands this Bible clasped, She dy-ing gave it me.
are they liv - ing still, Tho' they are with the silent dead, Here are they living still.
taught me how to die, In learning me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

Rit

THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

Arr. from D. M. CASEY. D. E. DORCH.

1. There's a dark tur-bid stream, flowing o'er the path of all, And its wa-ters are deep and wide;
2. O'er its dark foaming waves from the bright celestial shore, Angel bands in their beauty glide;
3. Ma - ny forms we have loved that are from our homes removed, Walked by faith thro' the mystic tide;
4. And I know that some day to this riv-er we must come, And must cross o'er its wa-ters wide;

But by faith I can see there's a bea-con light for me Just down at the riv - er side.
They will bear us a - way to the realms of end-less day, To the light on the oth - er side.
They have passed o'er the stream out of darkness in - to gleam, In - to light on the sun - ny side.
Hap-py then we will be if approaching we can see A light at the riv - er side.

D. S. *There my Sav-iour will stand, glad-ly hold-ing in His hand A light at the riv - er for me.*

CHORUS.

There's a light, there's a light, There's a light at the riv-er I can see;
at the river, at the river,

IN THAT MORNING.

RICHARD F. PAYNE, Jr. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We all must soon cross o'er the tide, And we'll all meet at home in that morning; We soon will rest on yon-der side, And we'll all meet at home in that morning.
2. The way our bless-ed Sav-iour trod, And we'll all meet at home in that morning; The on-ly way that leads to God, And we'll all meet at home in that morning.
3. Our friends and loved ones call us on, And we'll all meet at home in that morning; Our friends who've long be-fore us gone, And we'll all meet at home in that morning.
4. We'll bear the cross, we'll wear the crown, And we'll all meet at home in that morning; Till night is o'er and day is come, And we'll all meet at home in that morning.

CHORUS.

In that morn-ing, in that morning, And we'll all meet at home in that morning; In that morning, in that morning, And we'll all meet at home in that morning.

THE BEAUTIFUL STORY.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There are an - gels in glo - ry re - peat - ing the sto - ry, Should we not re-peat it be - low?
2. While the an - gels are sing - ing our songs we are bringing To join in their con - cert of praise;
3. We will sing of the Sav - iour who loves us for - ev - er, And tell of his won - der-ful love;

Fine.

'Tis a beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, Whose wa - ters of life ev - er flow.
Oh, the beau - ti - ful sing - ing, our hap - py hearts bringing, How sweet is the an - them we raise.
We will sing of the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Which flows by the pal - ace a - bove.

D.S. Then we'll join in the cho - rus the an - gels sing o'er us, The beau - ti - ful an - gels a - bove,

CHORUS. *D.S*

Oh, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of love;

BEAUTIFUL LIGHT, ROLL ON.

J. L. VAUGHAN. G. E. LEONARD.

1. In the dim and dis - tant fu - ture shines a grand re - ful-gent light, And its rays are roll - ing
2. When this wea - ry life is end - ed, and my pil - grim-age is o'er, I will an - chor in the
3. Bless-ed light, in all thy beau - ty, draws me near - er day by day, As the pol - ar star of

on - ward, soon 't will scat - ter dis - mal night, It has led the teem - ing mil - lions of the
har - bor on the bright E - ly - sian shore; There the light will grow in brightness while e -
glo - ry, shin - ing all a - long the way; When I cross the tur - bid wa - ters of the

a - ges pass'd and gone; Still it's shin - ing, shin - ing brighter, and will guide me safe - ly home
ter - nal a - ges roll, I will give Thee all the glo - ry, Thou Re-deem - er of my soul.
dark and mys - tic stream, I will wake up then in glo - ry, where Thy daz - zling beau-ties gleam.

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CHORUS.

Rolling on, yes, rolling on. shine on, Beautiful, beautiful light,

TENOR SOLO.

Bless-ed

BASS SOLO.

Roll-ing on, . . . yes, roll-ing on, ... beau-ti-ful light, . . that shines so bright, ...

Blessed

Bless-ed star, yes, beau-ti- ful beautiful, beautiful star, be my on - ly, be my on - ly Beacon light.

star, . . . yes, beauti- ful gold - en, be my on - - ly Bea - con light, ...

Blessed star, yes, beauti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beauti - ful star, be my on - ly, be my on - ly Beacon light.

star, . . . beau-ti - ful gold - en, be my on - - - ly Bea-con light. . . . . .

Roll-ing on, yes, beauti-ful light, roll on, roll on, be my on - ly, be my on - ly Beacon light.

JESUS, TAKE MY HAND.

T. M. L. T. M. LOCKE.

1. Je - sus, take me by the hand, Lead me safe to Beu - lah - land;
2. Lead me, Sav - iour, or I fall, Hea me when I hum - bly call;
3. When I walk near by Thy side, All is well, Thou art my guide,

Where the ma - ny loved ones wait, Stand - ing near the pearl - y gate.
I am weak, but Thou art strong, Rest me 'neath Thy might - y arm.
I am hap - py in Thy love, Shi - ning from Thy courts a - bove.

Sweet - ly trust - ing Thee to - day, Lead and guide me all the way.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Take my hand, take my hand, Je - sus, take me by the hand;

D. S.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

F. L. EILAND. Music and Chorus by F. M. FERRELL.

1. Thro' the deep shades (thro' the deep shades) of anguish and woe (anguish and woe), On by Thy spir-(on by Thy spir-) it,
2. O, to tell oth- (O, to tell oth-) ers, now of Thy ways, (now of Thy ways), Is the great theme (is the great theme), and
3. O, that their eyes (O, that their eyes), Thy glory shall see (glory shall see), Is the great bur- (is the great bur-) den
4. Sweet is this hope (sweet is this hope), of heaven to me (heaven to me), And, my dear Lord (and my dear Lord), 'tis

safe-ly I go (safe-ly I go); Trust-ing Thy grace (trusting Thy grace), by day and by night (by day and by night,)
joy of my days (joy of my days); Un - to lost sin- (un - to lost sin-) ners oft would I cry (yes, oft would I cry),
rest-ing on me (rest-ing on me); I would cease not (I would cease not), un-til it is told (un - til it is told),
on - ly in Thee (only in Thee); Thro' Thy great pow'r (Thro' Thy great pow'r), with all of my might (with all of my might),

D. S.—And I will work (and I will work,) with all of my might (all of my might,)

Fine. CHORUS.

Drives away dark- (drives away dark-) ness, bringeth me light (bringeth me light).
That they Thy love (that they Thy love) no long-er pass by (long-er pass by). On-ly one word,.....dear
Till I have wand- (till I have wand-) 'rers bro't to Thy fold (bro't to Thy fold).
I'll persuade men (I'll persuade men), from darkness to light (darkness to light). On-ly one word, dear

Leading some soul (leading some soul,) from darkness to light (darkness to light.)

D. S.

Saviour, from Thee,.....Brightens the hope..... f hea-ven for me,.....
Saviour from Thee, Brightens the hope of heaven for me, hea-ven for me.

WITH JESUS ON BOARD.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. We're rounding the cape, the cape of Good Hope, Un-furl ev-'ry sail, and strengthen each rope, We're
2. Our trust is in Him, who's a - ble to save, He rides on the clouds, He walks on the wave; The
3. The ban - ner of love is float-ing o'er head, Our chart is the Book that nev - er mis - led; All

bounding a - way a - cross the white foam, And soon we shall be with Je - sus at home.
word that speak "peace" on wild Gal-i - lee, Will pi - lot us still on life's toss - ing sea.
praise to His grace we'll sing ev - er - more, We'll make a good voy - age to E - den's bright shore.

CHORUS.

A - way! . . . . . a - way! . . . . . Tho'
A - way! a - way! with Je - sus on board, The world o - bey the voice of the Lord,

tempests may blow, tho' breakers may roar, We'll soon be at home on the beau - ti - ful shore.

WHEN ALL THE SINGERS GET HOME.

J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

1. My brother, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto - ry, Soon the day of re - un - ion will come;
2. No mor-tal hath e'er conceived of its beau - ty, That a-waits the redeemed ones at home;
3. Keep working and sing, press onward my brother, Till the Saviour shall bid you to come;

Then, oh, what a won - der - ful sing-ing in glo - ry, When all redeemed singers get home.
Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du - ty, For soon our Re-deem - er will come.
How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth - er, When all redeemed singers get home.

CHORUS.

Then, oh, what a won-der - ful, won-der - ful sing-ing, When all redeemed singers get home;

Re- un-ion, re - un - ion, thro' a - ges still ring-ing, When all redeemed singers get home.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I am wait - ing for thee, my Re - deem - er and King; With the crown in full view I thy prais- es would sing.
2. I am wait - ing for thee as the days dis - appear: I am long - ing, my Sav - iour, thy glad voice to hear;
3. I am wait - ing for thee, for the dawn draweth nigh That shall ush - er the morn of the sweet by-and-by;

Firm- ly hold - ing the faith which to me thou hast giv'n; I am wait - ing, O Lord, for a message from heav'n.
I am hop - ing to en - ter that bright home a-bove, And en - joy the rich treasures of in - fi - nite love.
As I jour - ney a-long to the home of the blest, I am sing - ing the songs of the pil-grims at rest.

CHORUS.

I am wait - ing for thee, yes, I'm wait - ing for thee, At thy call I would has - ten a - way!

I AM WAITING FOR THEE. Concluded.

I am wait-ing for thee, yes, I'm wait-ing for thee, Till the dawn of the long prom-is'd day.

CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light aft-er dark-ness, Gain aft-er loss, Strength aft-er wea-ri-ness, Crown aft-er cross.
2. Sheaves aft-er sow-ing, Sun aft-er rain, Light aft-er mys-ter-y, Peace aft-er pain.
3. Near aft-er dis-tant, Gleam aft-er gloom, Love aft-er lone-li-ness, Life aft-er tomb.

Sweet aft-er bit-ter, Song aft-er fears, Home aft-er wan-der-ing, Praise aft-er tears.
Joy aft-er sor-row, Calm aft-er blast, Rest aft-er wea-ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.
Now comes the weep-ing, Then the glad reap-ing; Now comes the la-bor hard, Then the re-ward.

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HAVE MERCY ON ME.

J. R. VAUGHAN. Thou son of David have mercy on us.—Mark 10: 48. J. T. CAMP.
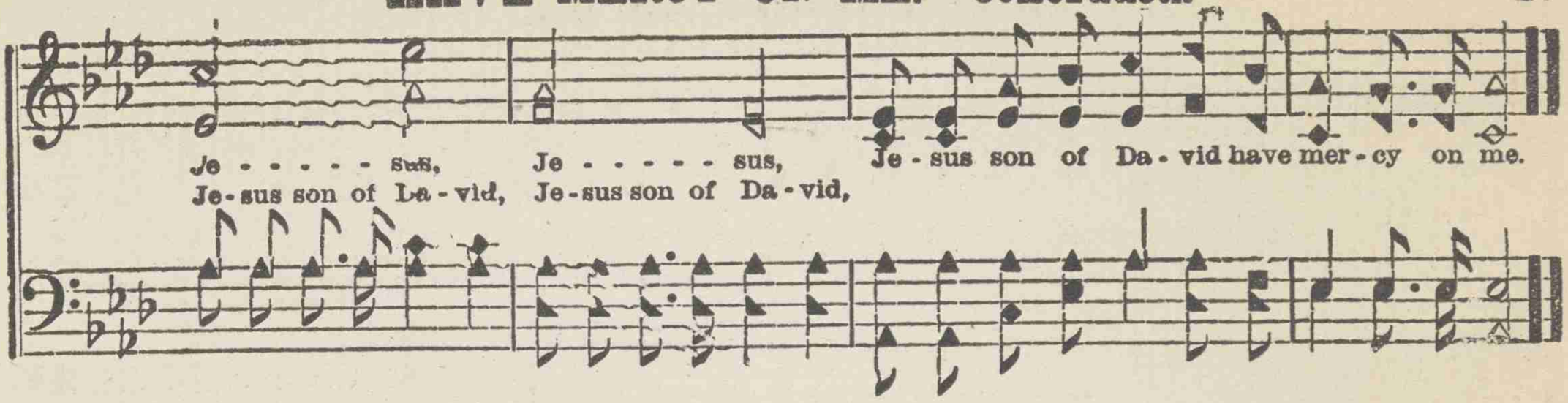
1. As the Re-deem-er, journ-ed to Je-rus'lem, Ma-ny did throng him his dear face to see,
2. Some would rebuke him, "trou-ble not the Mas-ter," Yet still he cries Lord have mer-cy on me,
3. Sin-ners in darkness you may come to Je-sus, If you will on-ly be-lieve grace is free,

There cried a blind man sit-ting by the way-side, "Thou son of Da-vid have mer-cy on me."
I do be-lieve that thou art Christ the Sav-iour, Je-sus my Sav-iour from sin set free.
If you will pray like poor Bar-ti-me-us, "Thou son of Da-vid have mer-cy on me."

CHORUS.

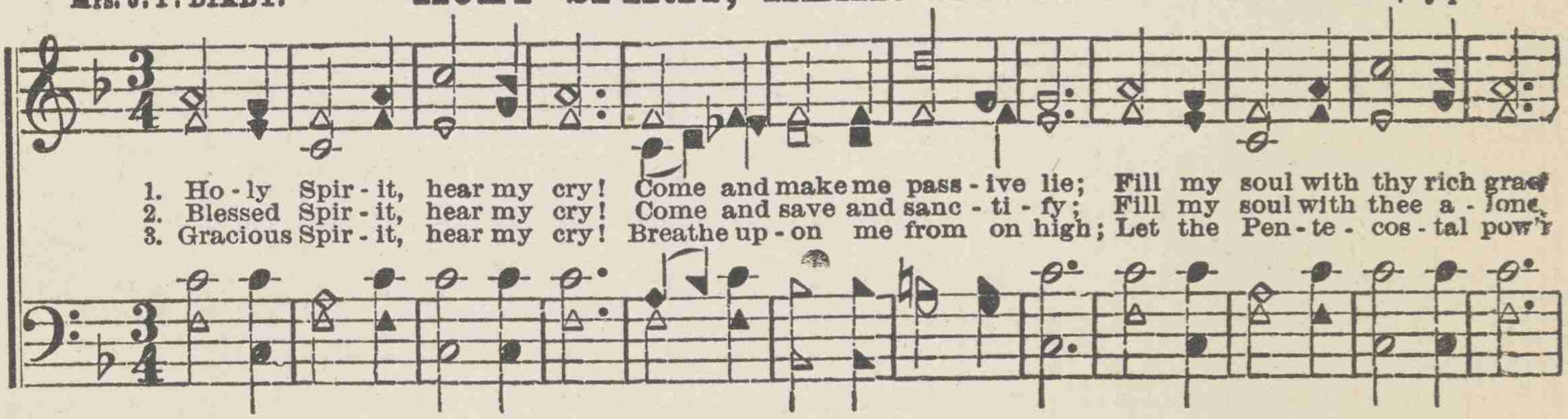
Sin - - - - ner, Sin - - - - ner, Sin-ner cry to Je-sus have mer-cy on me,
Sin-ner cry to Je-sus, Sin-ner cry to Je-sus,

HAVE MERCY ON ME. Concluded.
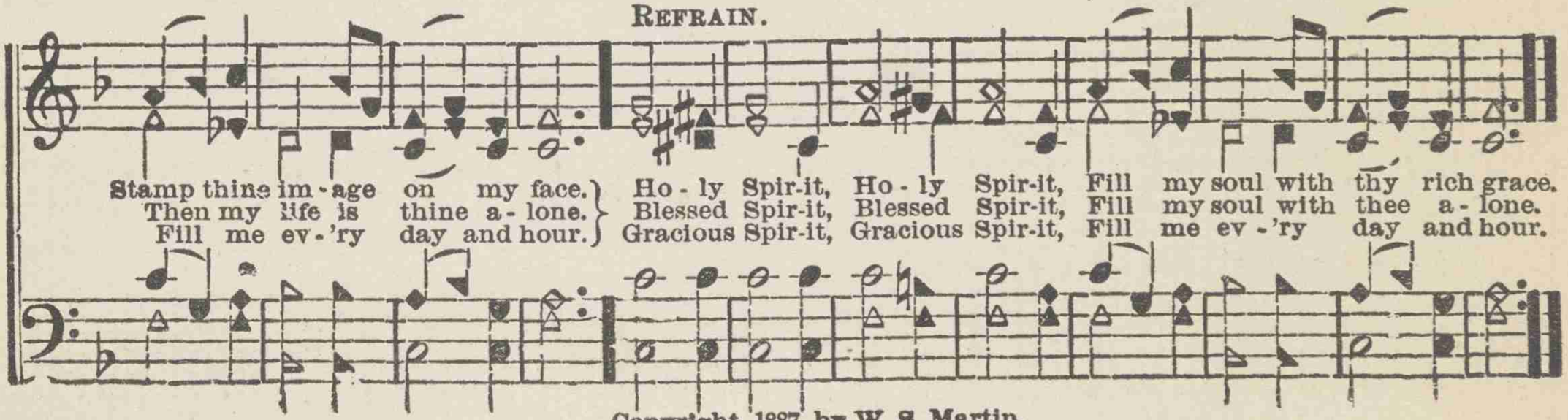


HOLY SPIRIT, HEAR MY CRY!

Mrs. J. P. BIXBY. W. S. MARTIN, by per.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1887, by W. S. Martin.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

J. C. BUSHEY.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be- low,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je- sus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here be- low,
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands They with the ransom'd sing; All praise to him who wash'd us white,

CHORUS.

Shall wear the crown a - bove. My home, sweet home, My beau- ti - ful home a -
Shall there be clad in white.
Our Sav- iour, God, and King. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful

- bove; My home,..... sweet home,..... My beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
home a - bove; My home, beau- ti - ful home of joy and love,

WAITING FOR ME.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in heav - en can be, If
2. How sad - ly I'll feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav - en can be, If
3. O Lord I be - seech thee for wis - dom and grace, In win - ning lost souls un - to thee, That

FINE.

no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait - ing and watching for me.
no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
ma - ny may be at that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re - joic - ing to me.

D.S.—Ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Yes, wait - - ing and watch-ing for me, Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me, May
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me; May

CALLING FROM YONDER SHORE.

T. M. L.
SOLO. Tenderly.

T. M. LOCKE.

1. Sad death has come in-to our home, And snatched our little one a-way; Her spir-it with the loved ones
2. I'm sure my dar-ling is at rest, In that su - per-nal land of love; At home with Je-sus and the
3. He voice I hear where'er I go, Still pleading "papa, come this way;" Her beck'ning hands on yonder

roam, In yonder realms of endless day. That mortal face I'll see no more, By lov-ing hands were borne a-
blest, She joins with saints in realms above. But how I miss her none can tell, I care not lon-ger here to
shore, Bids me to come without delay. Her sweet immortal face I'll see, Where death and parting ne'er can

CHORUS.

way; Her sweet, sad voice beyond the shore, Is pleading "papa, come this way." Papa, come this way,
stay; Ere long I'll go and with her dwell, She's pleading "papa, come this way."
come, And then so hap-py I shall be, Thro' fields of bliss with her I'll roam. Pa-pa, come, oh, come this way,

Pa-pa, come this way, I hear a voice from yon bright shore, still whisp'ring "papa, come this way."

GLORY OVER THERE.

Words arranged by I. N. McHOSE. Music by O. L. MOORE.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where we shall be gathered by and by; In - fin - ite day excludes the night,
2. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and by; It hath no need of sun to rise,
3. There rests no shadow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and by; And those long part-ed meet a - gain,
4. O - ver in that se - rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and by; There we will meet and live with God,

CHORUS.

Where we shall be gath - ered by and by, (o - ver there.) O - ver there, (by and by,) O - ver there, (by and by,) O won't that be glo - ry by and by, (O - ver there;) O - ver there, (by and by,) O - ver there, (by and by,) O won't that be glo - ry by and by. (o - ver there.)

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I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

JOHN MASON. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I've found the pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my peace, He died for me, For me He gave His blood;
3. Christ Je - sus is my all in all, My com - fort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy.
And as my won - drous sac - ri - fice, Of - fered Him - self to God.
My life be - low, and He shall be My joy and crown a - bove.

SEMI-CHORUS.

I've been re - deemed, . . . I've been re - deemed, . . . I've been re - deemed, . . .
I've been re-deemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,

I've been re - deemed, ... I've been re - deemed, . . . I've been re - deemed, . . .
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,

FINE. FULL CHORUS.

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Been re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, . .
Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,

1 2 D.S.

Been re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb; . . . That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
Been re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb.

LAMPS TRIMMED AND BURNING.

E. R. LATTA. D. W. CRIST.

1. Let your lamps be trimmed and burning, Lest your feet may go a - stray! If you are the Lord's dis- ci - ple, Un - to
2. Let your lamps be trimmed and burning, Let there be of oil no lack! Be not like the fool - ish vir-gins, From the
3. Let your lamps be trimmed and burning, Burning for e - ter - ni - ty! Read-y for the Lord's ap-pear-ing, When-so-
4. Let your lamps be trimmed and burning, For the midnight draw-eth near; When the Bridegroom quickly com-eth, And we

CHORUS.

sinners show the way! We'll go out with joy to meet Him, We'll go out with joy to greet Him, At the
entrance driv- en back!
ev - er it may be!
all His voice shall hear!

midnight hour; If our lamps are trimmed and burning, When He com-eth, When He com-eth At the midnight hour!

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I AM WITH THEE.

E. W. CHAPMAN. J. T. CAMP.

1. Wea - ry trav'ler in the des - ert, Sore oppress'd with toil and heat; Comes to thee the precious
2. Toss'd up - on life's rag-ing bil - low, 'Mid the seething, foam - y crest; List the kind-ly voice of
3. Lone - ly mourner by the cask - et, Of some lov'd ones gone be - fore; Sweet - ly now His voice is

prom - ise, Set to tones of mu - sic sweet.
Je - sus, I will give thee peace and rest.
say - ing, I am with thee, weep no more.

CHORUS.

I am with thee, I am with thee,

Trust in me thy present Friend; I am with thee, I am with thee, E - ven to thy journey's end.

MY SAVIOUR WILL TAKE ME HOME.

T. M. L. T. M. LOCKE.

1. When I am called by death to go, My Sav- iour will take me home; From this dark world of
2. How sweet the tho't that comes to me, My Sav- iour will take me home; That with our lov'd ones
3. There we will meet to part no more, My Sav- iour will take me home; In that bright land on
4. To that bright world I long to go, My Sav- iour will take me home; There all heav'n's fulness

CHORUS.

sin and woe, My Sav - iour will take me home.
we shall be, My Sav - iour will take me home.
Ca- naan's shore, My Sav - iour will take me home.
I shall know, My Sav - iour will take me home.

My Sav- iour will take me home, My Sav- iour will take me home, My Sav- iour will take me home,

In that bright land a crown I'll wear, My Sav- iour will take me home.

MY SINS ARE ALL PARDONED.

T. M. L. T. M. LOCKE.

1. I laid my sins up - on the Lord, My sins are all pardoned I know; For
2. Tho' bil - lows come and doubts as - sail, My sins are all pardoned I know; That
3. To me He'll give a home at last, My sins are all pardoned I know; At
4. And then I'll sing that new made song, My sins are all pardoned I know; With

D. S.—*Oh,*
Fine.

me He shed His own dear blood, My sins are all pardoned I know.
mes - sage, oh, how sweet, He said, My sins are all pardoned I know.
home a-mong the good and blest, My sins are all pardoned I know.
loved ones in that heav'n - ly throng, My sins are all pardoned I know.

glo - ry, Je - sus saves me now My sins are all pardoned I know.

CHORUS. **D.S.**
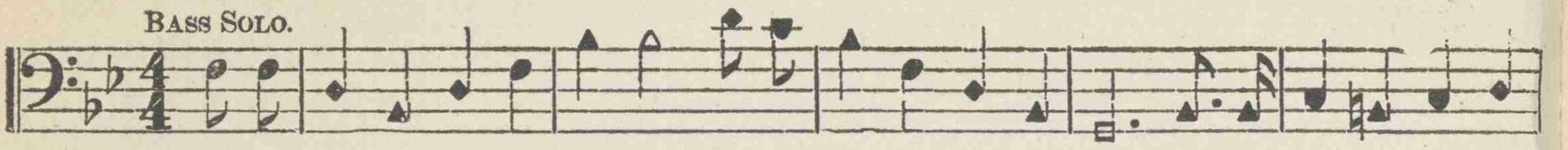
My sins are all pardoned I know, I know, My sins are all pardoned I know, I know;

1898, by J. B. Vaughan.
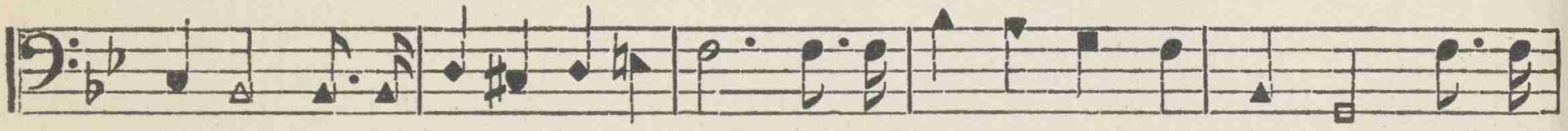
WHEN THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO LOWER.

W. C. HAFLEY. J. B. VAUGHAN.
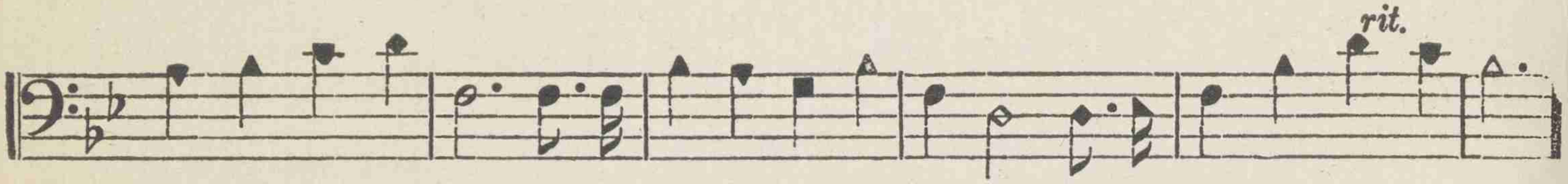
BASS SOLO.



1. When the bil - lows roll the high - est, When they rock the might - y deep, Trust to Je - sus for He
2. When life's tri - als all are o - ver, And our earth - ly course is run, We'll be - hold a gold - en
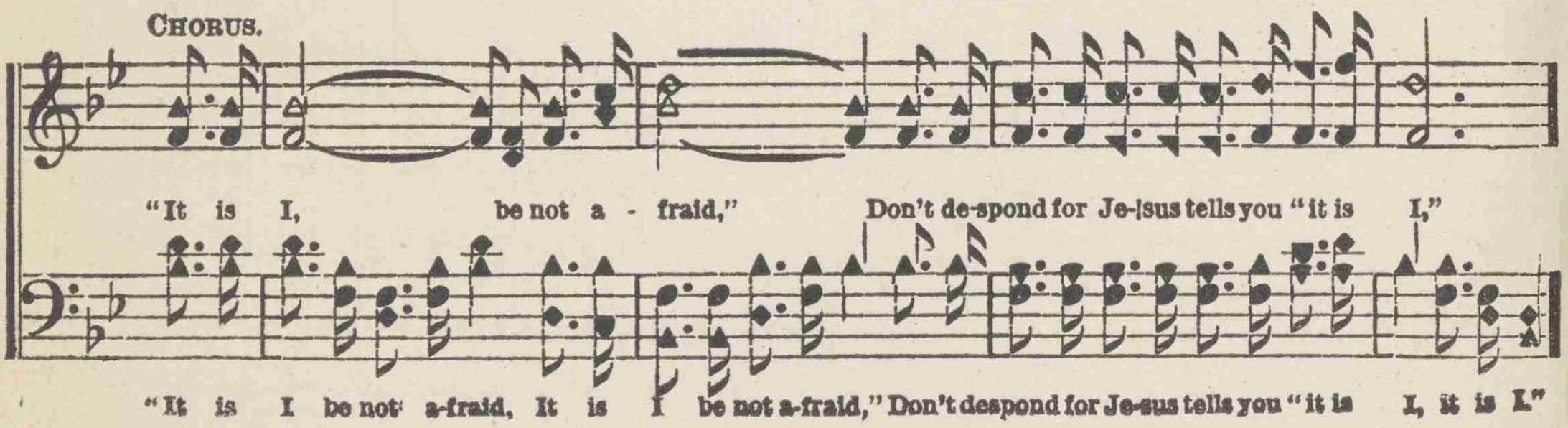


tells you, That He will you safe - ly keep. When the clouds be - gin to low - er And ob -
ha - lo, In the set - ting of the sun. Yea, when death has open'd the por - tals, Of the



- scure the pleas - ant sky, Don't de - spond for Je - sus tells you, To be cheer - ful "it is I."
grave and we must die, Then be look - ing for the Sav - iour, For He's com - ing by and by.
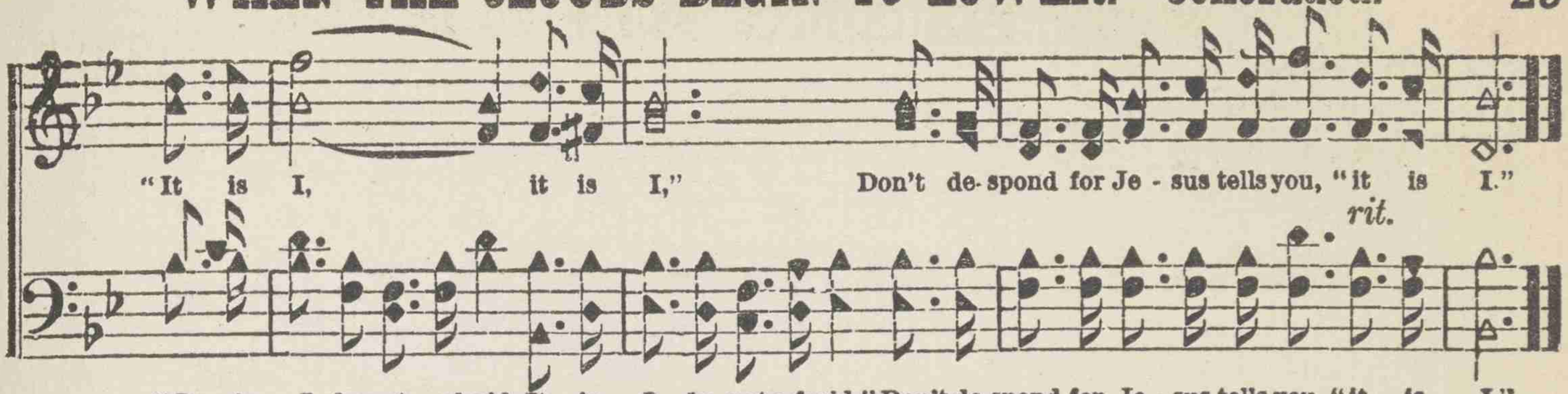
CHORUS.



"It is I, be not a - fraid," Don't de - spond for Je - sus tells you "it is I,"

"It is I be not a - fraid, It is I be not a - fraid," Don't despond for Je - sus tells you "it is I, it is I."
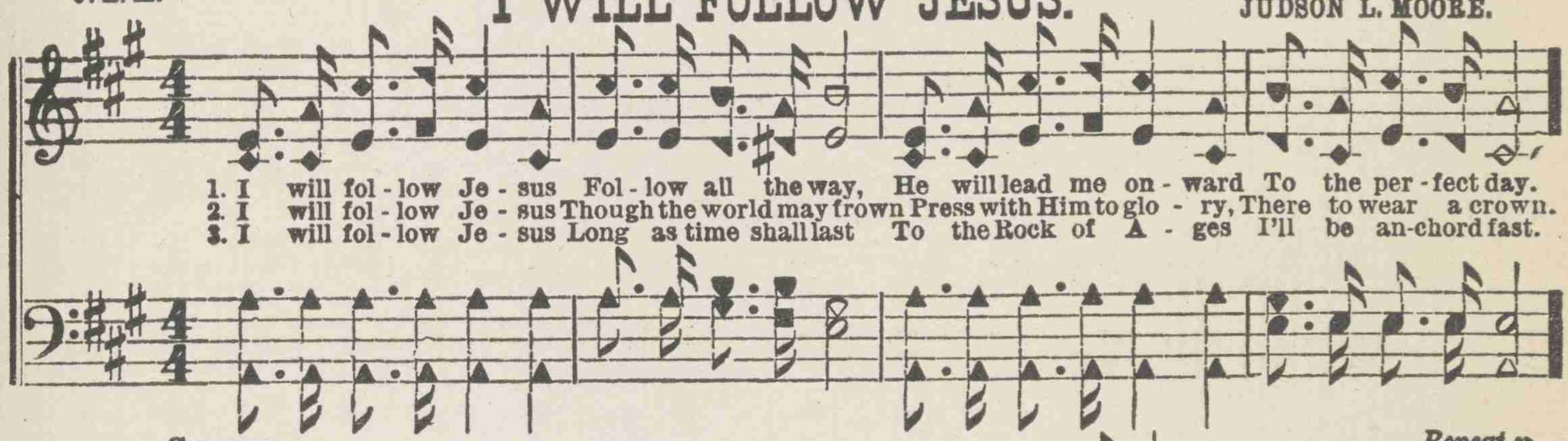
WHEN THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO LOWER. Concluded.



J. L. M.
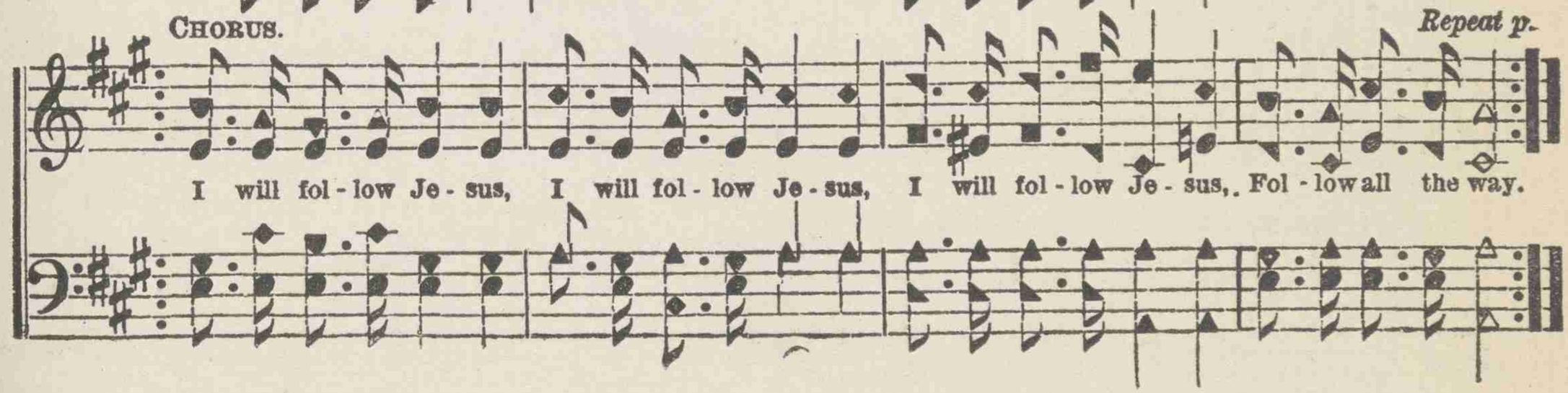
I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

JUDSON L. MOORE.



CHORUS.

Repeat p.



HOW PRECIOUS THE THOUGHT.

M. M. ROCHESTER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. How pre - cious the thought, When our life's work is o'er, And the
2. How pre - cious the thought, Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a
3. How pre - cious the thought, He has prom - ised to save, Ev - 'ry

Sav - iour shall call us to rest; We safe - ly will cross, To that
cloud ev - er dark - en our way; His glo - ry we'll see, In our
soul that be - lieves on His name; O, won - der - ous love, What a

bright hap - py shore, Where no sor - row can ev - er mo - lest.
home in the skies, If His word we will trust and o - bey.
ran - som He gave, That He bears all our sor - row and shame.

CHORUS.

How pre - - - cious the thought, When life's work is o'er,
Pre - cious the thought pre - cious the thought, life's work is o'er,

work is o'er, How pre - - - cious the thought,
life's work is o'er, pre - cious the thought,

thought, When we reach the oth - er shore.
pre - cious the thought, reach the oth - er shore.

J. R. VAUGHAN.

MY HOME BEYOND THE SEA.

S. F. COFFIN.

1. Though the bil - lows round me roll, Soon my soul will reach the goal, Where my Sav- iour has for me,
2. While I ride the rugged waves, Noth-ing fear for Je - sus saves, Some sweet day my boat will be,
3. Let the white capped breakers foam, He can calm the fierce-ly storm, He will lead the way for me,
4. When my voy - age here is o'er, And I reach the oth - er shore, Then while rolls e - ter- ni - ty,

D. C.—Ma - ny loved ones wait for me,

FINE.

D.C.

A sweet home beyond the sea.
Anchored safe beyond the sea.
To my home beyond the sea.
I will sing beyond the sea.

When at home be- yond the sea, Oh how sweet then it will be,

me, At my home beyond the sea.

THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

1 What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

CHORUS.—I had rather be the last of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King.
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.—CHO.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldings love so well?
Because it is the way to death,
The open road to hell.

4 But why keep they the narrow road
That rugged thorny maze,
Why thats the way their leader trod
They love and keep his ways.

I've Been Washed in the Blood.

ANSWER TO "ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD."

W. T. DALE. D. R. DORTCH, by per.

1. I am just from Je - sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je - sus at my side, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
3. I am work - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Fine.

By the blood of Je - sus I have been made whole, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I am sweet - ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I am trust - ing in the prom-ise of His word, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Cho.—And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I've been washed, I've been washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb;
in the blood, in the blood, of the Lamb.

4 I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
How His coming will each faithful heart rejoice,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Yes, I'm watching daily for the coming of the Lord.
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
He will come according to His faithful word,
I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

TO REST IN PARADISE.

WM. H. HAMMACK. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Life's fleet - ing days are pass - ing by, And we are drift-ing on; Ere long we 'll join our
2. The ebb - ing tide is flow - ing fast, The zeph - yrs gen - tly sigh, And whis-pers of my
3. By faith I see be - yond the tide, Where ma - ny dear ones wait, And there the blest and
4. Tho' tur - bid wa - ters dash and beat, And an - gry white-caps rise, The ev - er - last - ing

CHORUS.

friends on high, In that sweet heav'nly home. To rest in Par - a - dise, . . To
home at last — The vic - t'ry draw-eth nigh.
glo - ri - fied Will meet me at the gate.
hand be-neath Will guide to Par - a - dise.

To rest, yes, rest in Par - a - dise, To

rest in Par - a - dise; . . In that sweet home where lov'd ones roam, To rest in Par - a - dise.
sweet rest;

rest in Par - a - dise, . . .

I KNOW I LOVE THEE.

1. I know I love Thee, blessed Lord, I love Thee more than tongue can tell; O take my heart and make it
2. Teach me to do Thy ho - ly will, And keep me ev - er in the way; That leads to that bright land a -
3. I know I love Thee, blessed Lord, May I Thy love to all pro - claim; That they may live at peace with

CHORUS.

thine, And in it then for - ev - er dwell.
bove, Up to the pearl-y gates of day.
Thee, At home on that ely- si - an plain.

Bless me Lord, Bless me now, I want to love Thee more and more; O take my heart and make it Thine,
Bless me Lord, Bless me now, make it Thine,

Till I reach that hap - py gold - en shore,
golden shore.

SHIVERING IN THE COLD.

K. SHAW. "The drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty."—Prov. 23, 21. J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression. Tenderly.

1. Far back in my childhood, I re - mem - ber to - day, I was hap-py and be-
2. I re - mem - ber the maiden, and my heart bleeds to tell, How I loved her, her de-
3. I re-mem-ber, too, my children, how they climbed up-on my knees, As I kissed my lit - tle
4. Oh, can I break this bondage, this aw-ful chain in twain, Can I es-cape these

Organ accompaniment.

lov - ed, ere I wan - dered a - way; I was taught by my mother, who
vo - tion,—but on this I can not dwell; We were wed—our path was pleasant, and the
darl - ing, in the day when I was free; But I squandered all my for-tune, I'm
shackles, can I be free a - gain? Oh, help me friends of temp'rance, my

sleeps 'neath the stone, And car - ressed by my fa-ther, but I wander here a - lone.
sun of for-tune shone, But a - las! I took to drinking and I wander here a - lone.
now without a home, I know its all from drinking, I'm a wand'rer here a - lone.
bondage is un - told, While I wan-der lone and friendless, I am shiv'ring in the cold.

CHORUS.

I'm a - lone,..... all a - lone,.....
I'm a - lone, all a - lone, I'm a - lone in the world,

And I feel I'm grow - ing old; Yet I wan - der, oh, how

lone - ly, I am shiv - 'ring in the cold.
* yes, I'm shiv - 'ring in the cold.

* (Yes, I'm shiv'ring in the cold) are intended for alto and tenor in approaching the close.

I KNOW THAT UP IN HEAVEN.

W. C. HAFLEY.

DUET.

1. De-cember's winds are howl-ing, In the mountains, on the lea; And murk-y clouds are glid - ing, O'er
2. I know that up in heav-en, There lives an all - wise God; And that His hands have guid-ed, My
3. I know that this same win-ter, Though long has been its blast, Its chill-ing frosts and snow-drifts, Will

moor-land from the sea, They reach a-cross the heav-ens, And hide its star - ry light; But
feet wher-e'er they trod; I know it just as sure - ly, As day suc-ceeds the night, That
have an end at last; I know it most as - sured-ly, That spring will come a - gain, With

CHORUS.

feel - ings of deep pleas-ure, Come o'er my soul to - night. I know, I know that tho' in sor-row, I
if I hold out faith-ful, He'll keep my soul a - right.
lil - ies and its dais-ies, Its A - pril show'rs of rain.

know, If I reap from morn till eve, I

oft the spir - it grieve; If I reap the gold - en har-vest, And reap from morn till ev'- I

know I'll come, And bring the gold - en sheaves.

know that in the ev'ning, I'll a golden crown receive; I know I'll come rejoicing, And bringing in the sheaves.

J. B. V.

THERE'LL BE ROOM ENOUGH.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. There'll be room e - nough in heav-en, There'll be room e - nough for me, If I bear the cross of
2. There'll be room e - nough in heav-en, In those mansions bright and fair, Which the might-y King of
3. There'll be room e - nough in heav-en, With the ransomed gone be - fore, If we keep the nar - row

D.S.—If I bear the cross of

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Je-sus, And a faith-ful fol-l'wer be.
glo-ry Has gone thith - er to pre - pare.
pathway, Ent'ring in thro' Christ the door.

} There'll be room enough in heaven, There'll be room enough for me.

Je-sus, And a faith-ful fol-l'wer be.

THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD. Jeremiah 8: 20. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The sum - mer is end - ed, oh God! And the har - vest for - ev - er
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Through the spring and the sum - mer
3. Full oft - en His "still" gen - tle voice, Has en - cour - aged my way - ward

past, While heed - less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au - tum's bright sun Have
heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like

now I am done at last; With the best of "in - ten - tions" my
rip - ened full ma - ny sheaves; All the while with vain dream - ings my
"Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my

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THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT. Concluded.

path I have paved, But the har - vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
way I have paved, Till the sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
proud heart has braved, The sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.

CHORUS.

I..... am not saved,..... I..... am not saved, ...
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

The har - - vest is end - - ed, And I am not saved.
har - vest is end - ed, the har-vest is end - ed,

rit.

4 I thought "there is time enough yet!"
And the way was so strangely bright;
I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set,
I woke and beheld 'twas night!
All the claims of the gospel alas! I had waived
Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

5 I stretch out my weak helpless hand
Far, far toward the jasper sea,
And pray one glimpse of that radiant land—
Where loving friends wait for me;
Whose kind faithful warnings, I often have braved
But the harvest is ended and I am not saved.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. F. L. EILAND.

1. Sow - ing in the morn-ing, sow - ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow - ing in the noon-tide
2. Sow - ing in the sun-shine, sow - ing in the shad-ows, Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor
3. Go, then, e - ven weep-ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Thro' the loss sustained our
4. We in tears may sow them, but with joy we'll greet them, When the pre-cious fruit we

and the dew - y eve, Wait - ing for the har - vest and the time of reap - ing,
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,
find a - mong the leaves, Gath - 'ring in the har - vest, to the Mas - ter's King-dom,

CHORUS.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring - - - ing in the
Bringing the golden sheaves, the

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sheaves, Bring - - - - - - ing in the
beau - ti - ful gold - en sheaves, Bring - ing the beau - ti - ful sheaves,

sheaves, Com - - - - - ing from the
Sow-ers and reap-ers and gleaners are all, Coming and bringing them in,

har - - - - vest,
In from the har-vest the toil - ers are com-ing and

Bringing the beau - ti - ful sheaves.
bringing the beau - ti - ful sheaves.

OVER THE RIVER.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a verdure sublime, Valleys of beauty in
2. O - ver the riv - er time nev- er grows old, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold, There is a cit - y with
3. O - ver the riv - er our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a heavenly peace; When we get there what a

CHORUS.

splen-dor do shine, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
streets of pure gold, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
hap - py re- lease, Beau- ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

O - - - ver the riv - er,
O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

O - - - ver the riv - er, O - - - ver the riv - er, The beautiful fields are all green.
O-ver the beau- ti- ful riv - er, O-ver the beauti- ful riv - er

WHAT A GRAND GATH'RING.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHA..

1. Waiting and watching, my Saviour, for Thee, What a grand gath'ring of lov'd ones 'twill be; Precious Redeemer, I
2. Many have gone to that beau-ti-ful land, What a grand gath'ring on Canaan's bright strand; Dark are the shadows, but
3. Fathers and mothers and kindred up there, What a grand singing when we shall appear, Let us be working, yet

CHORUS.

long to be-hold, Je-sus, the sto-ry of old. What . . . a grand gath - 'ring,
soon we shall see What a bright morning 'twill be.
read-y to go Home, on that beau-ti-ful shore. What a grand gath'ring in-deed it will be,

What . . a re-un - ion, Oh, . . . what a meet - ing, At home on that ev-er-green shore.
What a re-un-ion, how sweet it will be, What a grand meeting, oh when shall it be,

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

SOLO.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
   He, whom I fix my hopes up - on.
2. His track I see, and I'll pur - sue,
   The nar - row way, till him I view.
3. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went.
   The road that leads from ban - ish - ment.

Keep in the mid - dle of the road

CHORUS.

Broth - er, keep in the mid - dle of the road, Broth - er keep in the

mid - dle of the road, Don't turn to the left, don't turn to the right.

Keep in the mid - dle of the road, Broth - er, keep in the

mid - dle of the road, Broth - er keep in the mid - dle of the road,

Don't turn to the left, don't turn to the right, But keep in the mid - dle of the road.

4 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not,

5 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither souls I am the way.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.

7 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"Behold the way to God."

I WILL MEET YOU IN THE MORNING.

J. B. V.

To my class at Jacksonville, Texas.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. We must shed the part - ing tear, And our hearts are sad and drear, But we'll meet a - gain some day, by and by; Let us look beyond the gloom, Where trans-
2. Bless - ed hope our bea - con light, That will shine a - way the night, And will guide us safe - ly home, by and by; Nev - er more to say fare-well, But with
3. We will nev - er say good - by, In that home be - yond the sky; Will you meet me o - ver there, by and by? There no part-ing words are said, There no

plant - ed ros - es bloom, There we'll meet to part, no, nev - er, by and by.
loved ones we shall dwell, Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing, by and by.
fare - well tears are shed, Will you meet me, will you meet me, by and by.

CHORUS.

I will meet . . . . you in that morn - ing, I'll be
I will meet you, yes, I'll meet you, I will meet you o - ver there, I'll be

wait - - - - ing for you there, I will meet . . you
wait-ing, I'll be watch-ing, I will meet you over there, I will meet you in that morning,

in the morn - ing, I'll be wait - - ing for you there.
I'll be watching over there, I will meet you, I'll be waiting o - ver there, yes, o - ver there.

THE WELCOME HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, wel-come home, When this short life is o'er;
2. When we that bright and heav'nly and, heav'n-ly land, With spir - it eyes shall see,
3. Lord, grant my frail and wayward bark, way-ward bark, May an - chor safe and fast,

CHORUS.

When pain and sor- row, grief and care, grief and care, Shall dwell with us no more.
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord, of Thee.
Be - side the shin- ing gates of pearl, gates of pearl, Where I may rest at last.

} Wel-come

home, Sweet welcome home, Hap - py home, my heav'nly home;
Welcome home, yes, welcome home, sweet home, Happy home, my heav'nly home, sweet home;

How sweet will be the wel- come home, wel-come home, The Chris - tian's wel - come home.

ONE THERE IS.

J. T. HALL.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend: His is love be-yond a brother's,
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to save us,
3. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft- en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a - las! for - get too oft - en

D.S.—Once he died for your redemption,

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
Rec- on- ciled in him to God.
What a friend we have a-bove.

Sin-ner, can you shun the Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms?

Now he calls you by his charms.

SINGING ROUND THE THRONE.

ISAAC WATTS. Music and Chorus by T. M. LOCKE.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
2. There ev - er - last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-withering flowers: Death, like a nar-row sea, di- vides This heav'nly land from ours. I'm go - ing to spend e - ter - ni - ty, Singing round the throne,
3. Sweet fields beyond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing round the throne, Yes, singing round the throne, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

Yes,

Leaving the home of a friend whom, my companion and me in other days had visited, looking back upon the house, (The cross) and thence to the sun, (The crown) just peeping up from behind the Eastern hills in all of its brilliancy and splendor, this title was suggested. Carlton, Tex., Sept. 10th, 1895.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Look a - way from the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown, From your cares wear - y one look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no sor - row can come, And where
2. Tho' the bur - dens of life may be heav - y to bear, And your cross - es and tri- als se - vere; There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is beck - on - ing come, And no
3. 'Mid the con - flicts, the bat - tles, the struggles and strife, Brave - ly on - ward your jour- ney pur - sue; Look a - way from the cross to the gli - ter - ing crown, That's a-

CHORUS.

pleas - ures will nev - er de - cay. Look a - way,..... look a - way,.....
heart-aches and sigh-ings are there. Wea - y one look a- way from the cross to the crown
wait - ing in heav - en for you.

1

From the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown,

2

From the cross to the glit - ter-ing crown.

glit-ter - ing crown,

By per F. L. Eiland. From "Song Feast."

DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

F. M. F.

F. M. FERRELL.

1. There's a fount of love that's ev-er flow-ing free, From the Sav-iour just beyond the jas - per sea;
   Yes 'tis sweet to love and trust him ev-'ry day, Since I'm walking in the straight (*Omit . . . .*)
2. Keep the ban-ner of the Lord still waving high, So that ev - 'ry one can see it pass-ing by;
   With the Saviour's motto plain-ly writ-ten there, 'Tis the train on which you ride (*Omit . . . .*)
3. Bless-ed fountain flowing free for you and me, Flowing 'neath the shades of life's green sylvan tree;
   Broth-er, 'tis a fountain o - pen at your door, Will you come and drink and live (*Omit . . . .*)

Duet and Semi-chorus.

and nar-row way. { Will you come and get on board the gos-pel train, That will take you to the
and pay no fare. { Where with loved ones we will sing the glad re - frain, That we find re-cord - ed
for ev - er-more?

FULL CHORUS.

fount-ain of the Lord; } thy bless - ed word. I am drinking at the fountain,
in (*Omit . . . . . .*) }

yes, I'm

Drinking at the fountain (I am) Drinking at the fountain of the Lord. ain of the Lord.

EVENING MEDITATION.

B. E. W. JER. 6: 4. B. E. WARREN.

Soft with expression.

1. See the shades of eve'ning gath - er, When the set - ting sun is low; Round us
2. In the hour of med - i - ta - tion, Where our kind-red spir - its blend; Shut a-
3. Oh, the dead, the lost and dy - ing! Oh, the wea - ry and the sad! Brok - en
4. Oh, the tears of bit - ter sor - row! Oh, the shrouded hearts of care! Let us
5. Ho - ly, sa - cred mem'rys fall - ing, Like the rain-drops in the sun, Glit - 'ring,
6. Rays of hope like stars that clus-ter 'Round those sun-lit worlds on high, Light our

CHORUS.

clouds of darkness hov - er, In this lone-ly world be - low. Let the shades of evening
way from earth's commotion,— Hop-ing, praying for its end.
hearts be-reft are sigh - ing, Je - sus, Saviour, make them glad.
hope by these to bor - row Nev - er end - ing bliss o'er-there.
cheer-ing, loudly call - ing; For our race is near - ly run.
path and point us yon - der To our home beyond the sky. Let the shades of

gath - er (round me,) Thoughts of heav'n like angels hov - er (round me,) Till I
eve - ning gath - er hov-er round me,

Rit.

pass in - to the har - bor, (safe - ly,) Of my heav'nly home at last, (my home at last.)
har - bor safe - ly,

By per. of the B. Warren, Springfield, O.

THE MEETING IN THE AIR.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Have you heard of the ap point - ment for a meet - ing in the air?
2. You have heard on earth swee sing - ing, but no sing - ing such as here;
3. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing this great meet - ing will take place;

Some of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion are ex-pect - ed to be there,
You have heard vic - to - rious shout - ing, but no shouts so loud and clear;
And the King whose name is Je - sus, will per-fect His won - drous grace;

In the gar - ments of sal - va - tion, young and old will be ar-rayed,
For they all are made im - mor - tal, who a - round the Sav - iour stand;
He will bid His Ho - ly an - gels go and gath - er all His own;

D. S. *Yes, we've had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have prom - ised to be there,*

Fine.

Made from heav - en's roy - al pat - terns, and the robes will nev - er fade.
They have left the gloom - y por - tals for the prom - ised bet - ter land.
And in them, His roy - al chari-ots, they will mount up to the throne.

And with burn - ing hearts are wait - ing for the meet - ing in the air.

CHORUS.

We are wait - - - - - ing for the meet - ing in the air,

We are wait - ing for the meet - ing, for the meet - ing in the air.

D. S.

We are wait - - - - - ing for the meet - ing in the air.

We are wait - ing for the meet - ing, for the meet - ing in the air.

PRAISE AND MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

M. M. ROCHESTER. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Let the earth now re - joice— And with glad heart and voice Praise our
2. Let the mount - ain and hill— Thus His pleas - ure ful - fill, And all
3. All the an - gels u - nite— In our song of de - light, Praise the

gra - cious Re - deem - er and King; Who thro' mer - cy and love, From the
crea - tures of earth 'neath the sky, Sing a - loud to His name, And His
great, ev - er - last - ing, "I am!" Tune your harps all a - new, Give the

Fa - ther a - bove— Did sal - va - tion to sin - ners..... bring.
good - ness pro - claim, Lift the cho - rus of praise up on high.
praise that is due— Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Praise and mag - ni - fy His name, yes, mag - ni - fy His name, Praise and mag - ni - fy His yes,

Praise, yes praise and mag - ni - fy His name, Praise Him, praise Him,

name, mag - ni - fy His name, Praise and mag - ni - fy His name, yes, mag - ni - fy His name,

mag - ni - fy His name, Praise, give thanks and mag - ni - fy His name,

Bless and praise His ho - ly name. praise His ho - ly name.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Miss STELLA ADAMS. NOAH M. MORGAN.

1. Com-mun-ion with God, . . . how sweet to the soul, . . . It lifts us a-
2. Com-mun-ion with God, . . . how blessed the thought, . . . It shuts out the
3. His bless-ings I claim, . . . in Him I con - fide, . . . In con-fi-dence

Communion with God, how sweet to the soul,
Communion with God, how blessed the thought,
His blessings I claim, in Him I con-fide,

bove . . . sore anguish and fears; . . . And bids us to look . . . where all is de-
world . . . with all of its care; . . . I lean on His breast . . . so free from all
I . . . . . my wishes make known; . . . I'll trust Him through life, . . . whatever be-

It lifts us a-bove sore anguish and fears; And bids us to look
It shuts out the world with all of its care; I lean on His breast
In confidence I my wishes make known, I'll trust Him through life,

light, . . . Where joy and sweet peace . . . and glad-ness ap-pears. . . .
harm, . . . Oh, bless-ed re - treat, . . . I've noth-ing to fear. . . .
tide, ... Un - til I shall reach . . . my heav - en - ly home. . . .

where all is de-light, Where joy and sweet peace and gladness ap-pears.
so free from all harm, Oh, blessed re-treat, I've noth-ing to fear.
what-ev - er be - tide, Un - til I shall reach my heav-en-ly home.

CHORUS.

Com-mun-ion with Thee, Thou great I am,
Com-munion with Thee, ... Thou great I am, ...

Com-mun-ion with Thee, Thou cru - ci - fied Lamb,
Com-mun-ion with Thee, Thou cru - ci - fied Lamb, ...

Com-mun-ion with Thee, Who reigns a - bove,
Commun-ion with Thee, ... Who reigns a - bove, ...

Com-mun-ion with Thee, Our Fa - ther of love.
Commun-ion with Thee, ... Our Fa - ther of love. . . . .

HOME

Affectionately dedicated to my wife, Mrs. C. F. Penn.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

Words arr. Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.

Slow.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er are pal - a - ces grand, And mansions so love - ly and fair,
2. Tho' storm-clouds and tempests a - while must a - bide, And tri - als and cross - es must come,
3. A few wea - ry jour - neys a few bus - y days, 'Mid tears and temp-ta - tions and pray'r,
4. For ev - er will dwell in those mansions on high, And bask in the glo - ry of God,

They're fashioned and made by our Saviour's own hand, And He is a - wait-ing us there.
The mansions are read - y, the por - tals are wide, And Je - sus is beck'ning us home.
Our pray'rs will be turned to ho - san - nas of praise As Je - sus shall wel-come us there.
Re - memb'ring this life as a short brok-en sigh, For - get - ting the thorns we have trod.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, beautiful home, Beautiful home a-bove; Home, home, wonderful home, Home of our Father's love.
Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home,

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WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life they say: Ev-'ry ac-tion word or deed Is re-cord-ed there each day.
2. Still that hand goes writing on, Making pages dark or fair; Let us ponder well, dear friend's, What for us is written there.
3. Time is ebbing fast a-way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we, trustingly, go hence That a crown of life is won?

What shall then our re-cord be? Let us stop and think, I pray! What shall then our record be In the coming judgment ay.

CHORUS.

In the coming judgment day, in the coming judgment day, What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day?

THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Mrs. EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jasper sea; When we cross that golden riv - er.
2. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor-row e'er can come; 'Tis a - cross yon golden riv - er,
3. We shall see our precious Sav-iour, When he comes his own to claim; Oh, we'll bask in Je- sus' fa - vor,

CHORUS.

With the dear ones we shall be.
Je - sus has a glo - rious home.
Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lamb.

Oh, the sweet, ... the bright for - ev - - - - - er, Just be - yond . . . . . the Jas - per sea;
Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er, Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea;

From "HARVEST BELLS," by per.

When we cross . . . . . that gold - en riv - - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
When we cross that golden riv - er, When we cross that golden riv - er,

ALL BEAUTIFUL.

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

1. Beau - ti - ful coun - try, land so bright, Beau - ti - ful home al - most in sight,
2. Beau - ti - ful day is coming ere long, Beau - ti - ful all the ransomed throng,
3. Beau - ti - ful loved ones gone be - fore, Beau - ti - ful an - gels o - pen the door;

Beau - ti - ful songs with gold - en rhyme, Beau - ti - ful home, oh, will it be mine?
Beau - ti - ful sto - ry nev-er grows old, Beau - ti - ful pleas - ures yet un - told.
Beau - ti - ful fruits am - brosial to share, Beau - ti - ful palms of vic - t'ry wear.

MIGHTY ROCK OF AGES.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Might-y Rock of A - ges, When the tempest rag - es, And my bark is tossed up - on the
2. Thro' the dark-ness drear - y, Keep-ing watch a - wea - ry, Oft I gaze a - cross a surg-ing
3. When the winds are shriek-ing, And my frail bark creak - ing, I will bend my oars to Thee for

sea (up - on the sea;) Far a - bove the o - cean And its wild com - mo - tion,
wave (a surg - ing wave) Poised up - on the bil - low, Peace - ful is my pil - low,
aid (to Thee for aid;) O'er the wa - ters fear - less, Safe I glide, and tear - less,

CHORUS.

Stands Thy form, a bea - con light to me. (a light to me.) Rock of A - - - - ges,
For I see Thine arm outstretched to save. (outstretched to save.)
For I hear, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid." (be not afraid.) Rock of A - ges,

ev - er be My re - treat . . . while on Life's sea;
ev - er be, ev - er be, My re - treat while on Life's sea, on Life's sea;

Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

When death's bil - lows o'er me roll, Be the ref - - uge of my soul.
When death's billows o'er me roll, o'er me roll, Be the ref-uge of my soul, of my soul.

WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

CHORUS.

1. Children of the heavenly King, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
   As we journey let us sing, We are walking in the beautiful light of [*Omit.* God.
2. We are trav'ling home to God, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
   In the way our fathers trod, We are walking in the beautiful light of [*Omit.* God.
3. Lord, o - be - diently we'll go, We are walking in the beautiful light of God;
   Glad - ly leaving all be-low, We are walking in the beautiful light of [*Omit.* God.

We are walk - ing in the light, We are walk - - - ing in the light, We are walk - - - ing in the light,
Walking in the light, Beau-ti - ful light of God, Walking in the light, Beau-ti - ful light of God;
walk - - - ing in the light, We are walking in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
Walking in the light, Beautiful light of God,

68 J. T. CAMP.

JESUS IS CALLING.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing hear Him to - day Death may o'er-take thee do not de - lay;
2. Long thou hast wan - dered, far thou hast strayed From thy Re-deem - er, spurn-ing His aid;
3. O what it cost Him thee to re - lieve, Wav - er no long - er, trust Him, be - lieve;

Rest He will give thee, calm all thy fears, Soothe all thy sor - rows, dry all thy tears.
Je - sus can save thee from ev - 'ry sin, Come with-out doubt-ing, en - ter with - in.
Je - sus is call - ing, hark! hear Him say, I am the Light, the Truth and the Way.

D.S.—Tar - ry no long - er. stay not a - way, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing to - day.

CHORUS.

Tar - ry no long - er, stay not a - way, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing to - day;

FINE.

D.S.

A. F. M. "God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—I. John 1 : 5. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheerful be, Let the blessed sunlight in; Would you bid the darkness flee,
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sunlight in; Would you fill your heart with praise,
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sunlight in; Would you joy and strength impart,
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sunlight in; Would you bring the world to God,

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in. Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in, sunlight in,

Let the blessed sunlight

Repeat Chorus Softly.

in! Would you nev-er wea - ry, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

sunlight in!

Copyright, 1897, by A. F. Myers. Toledo, O.

CLOSER, MY CHILD, TO THEE.

B. E. W. (Jas. 4:8.) B. E. WARREN.

1. When I get wea - ry with toils of the day, Off in the se - cret I kneel and pray,
2. When in the hour of great - est trial, When I am meet-ing with self - de - nial,
3. When all a - round in this cold dark land, Noth-ing en - cour - a - ges me to stand,
4. When in af - flic-tion I suf - fer long, Je - sus comes bring-ing this love - ly song:
5. When dis-ap-point-ments are press-ing me sore, Then I can hear him say, o'er and o'er,

There I can hear my Lord sweet - ly say "Come clos - er, my child, to me."
As I look to Him he says with a smile, "Come clos - er, my child, to me."
Je - sus says, hold-ing me by the hand, "Come clos - er, my child, to me."
"Trust in my grace and you shall be strong, Come clos - er, my child, to me."
"It will be bright-er on that hap - py shore, Come clos - er, my child, to me."

REFRAIN.

Clos - er, my child, to me, Clos - er, my child, to me, Clos - er, my child, to me; Come clos - er,..... Come clos - er,..... Come clos - er, Come clos - er, Clos - er, my child, to me.

Rit. - - - - - - - - -

Copyright, 1900, by B. E. W., Springfield, O.

IS IT FAR?

1. Is it far to that beautiful home Where the loved ones long before have gone? Oh, my brother, will you with me
2. Is it far to that beautiful home Where the angels sing around the throne? 'Tis a tho't that cheers me on my
3. Is it far to that beautiful home? I am wea - ry waiting here a - lone; I shall soon cross Jordan's rolling

CHORUS.

go Where we'll meet our friends to part no more.
way That there is a bright e - ternal day.
tide, And with Je - sus ev - er safe a - bide.

Is it far to that beauti-ful riv - er? Tell me, is it far? Is it far

far? Is it far where we'll sing and shout for - ev - er, Tell me brother, is it far? Is it far,

is it far?

GO BURY THY SORROW.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

QUARTET.

1. Go bu - ry thy sorrow, The world hath its share; Go bu-ry it deeply, Go hide it with
2. Go tell it to Je-sus, He knoweth thy grief; Go tell it to Je-sus, He'll send thee re-
3. Hearts growing a - wea-ry, With heav- i - er woe, Now drop 'mid the darkness—Go comfort them,

care; Go think of it calm-ly, When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus,
lief; Go gath-er the sunshine He sheds on the way; He'll light-en thy burden,
go; Go bu - ry thy sor-row. Let oth-ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine,

And all will be right; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
Go, wea-ry one, pray; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, wea-ry one, pray.
Tell Je - sus the rest; Go, give them the sunshine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME O'ER THE SEA.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far a - way, far a - way, My Re-deem - er is wait - ing for me;
2. In that home far a-way, far a - way, far a - way, What a peace and sweet rest there for me;
3. There's a beau - ti - ful home far a - way, far a - way, And its streets of pure gold I shall see;

FINE.

Where the loved ones have gone, And are rest - ing at home, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.
I shall drink from the stream, Whose pure waters doth gleam, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.
Where the loved and the blest Ev - er-more there shall rest, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.

D.S.—Oh, how sweet it will be, Bless - ed Sav- iour with thee, In that beau - ti - ful home o'er the sea.

CHORUS.

D.S.

My home beau-ti-ful home; Bless - ed Je - sus pre-pared there for me;
My home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

CITY OF GOLD.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its glo-ries can nev - er be told;
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith-ful with rap-ture be-hold;
3. In that cit - y of light where the sun nev - er sets, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow old;
4. Go and teach ye all na-tions the Saviour commands, Who-so - ev - er will may come we are told,
5. Go - ing forth in His name all our needs are supplied, In this life we re-ceive hundred fold,

f. *Fine.*

There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev-er fade,
There the righteous for - ev - er shall shine like the stars,
There, no sor-row, no sick-ness, no death ev-er comes,
And be saved by His grace, share with us in His love,
With re-joic-ing we'll come, bringing sheaves for the Lord,
} In that beau-ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.

D.S.—*Where the eyes of the faithful their Saviour be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.*

CHORUS. **D.S.**

Where the sun nev - er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade;
Where the sun nev-er sets, And the leaves nev-er fade;

'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Redeemer has gone to prepare, (in the sky,) Blessed mansions of rest by and by, (by and by,) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ran-somed and the best, For it all will be glo-ry by and by. (over there.)
2. I've no treasures to bind me below, (here below,) In this land full of sorrow and woe, (here below,) All my treasures are a-bove in that land of peace and love, Soon I'll go and shall rest for ev-er-more. (evermore.)
3. I shall sing home at last by and by, (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the lyre, (heavn'ly lyre,) Then my song shall ev-er be, home at rest be-yond the sea, It will all soon be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.)

CHORUS.

How I long for that rest in the home of the blest,
How I long for rest with the good and blest, in that home of rest, with the good and blest,

'Twill be sweet, when we meet, Oh, it will be glo-ry by and by.
Oh, it will be sweet, For we soon shall meet, by and by.

SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

To my dear friend and co-worker, Prof. F. M. Ferrell. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There 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

man-sions pre-pared by our Sav - iour on high, He wants me to live in that
sing hal - le - lu - jah a - round the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful robe and a
tears will be shed, God will wipe them a - way; No sick - ness 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 Je - sus, shall I meet you up there?
pain we shall bear, No part - ing with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
Fa - ther's own care, With an - gels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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BEAUTIFUL LAND ABOVE.

J. B. VAUGHAN. G. B. STREET.

1. Far be-yond these sigh - ing and chill - y winds, We know there's a land of love,
2. In that land a - bove, where we all shall meet, And sing of a Sav - iour's love,
3. What a peace - ful rest with the loved and blest, In un - ion of joy and love;

And we know ere long we shall meet our friends In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
We will sing his praise in me - lo - dious lays, In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
Oh, I long to meet, and my friends to greet, In that beau - ti - ful land a - bove.

CHORUS.

In that land a - bove, in that home of love, Where the ramsomed part, no nev - er;.....

BEAUTIFUL LAND ABOVE. Concluded.

In that beau - ti - ful land, with the an - gel band, We shall dwell with Christ for - ev - er.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER.

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ful song, As on the King's own
2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things he hath done! What won - ders he hath

D.S.—While grace for grace a
D.S.—We can but wait and

FINE.

D.S.

high - way, We brave-ly march a - long! For onward, ev - er onward, From strength to strength we go;
shown us, What triumphs he hath won! But greater things, far great-er, Our longing eyes shall see;

bundantly Shall from his full- ness flow.
won - der What greater things can be.

I NEVER KNEW YOU.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

M. M. R.

MONROE M. ROCHESTER.

With expression.

1. How will it be with you broth - er, When at the judg - ment you stand;
2. Some one is pres- ent this mo - ment, Moved by the voice of His love;
3. Come to Him broth-er, why per - ish? Wand'-ring in dark - ness and sin;

Say will you hear the glad wel - come, Sit on the Fa - ther's right hand,
Some one for - ev - er re - ject - ing, Peace from the Fa - ther a - bove,
If you will on - ly con - fess Him, Je - sus will bid you come in,

Will there be writ - ten in heav - en, Ev - 'ry good thought of your heart,
Gent - ly the Spir - it is call - ing, Come to me just as thou art,
Long He has pa - tient - ly wait - ed, Mer - cy and grace to im - part,

Or will it be that dread sen - tence, From me for - ev - er de - part.
Wait not till an - gels have writ - ten, From me for - ev - er de - part.
Hast - en for there may be writ - ten, From me for - ev - er de - part.

CHORUS.
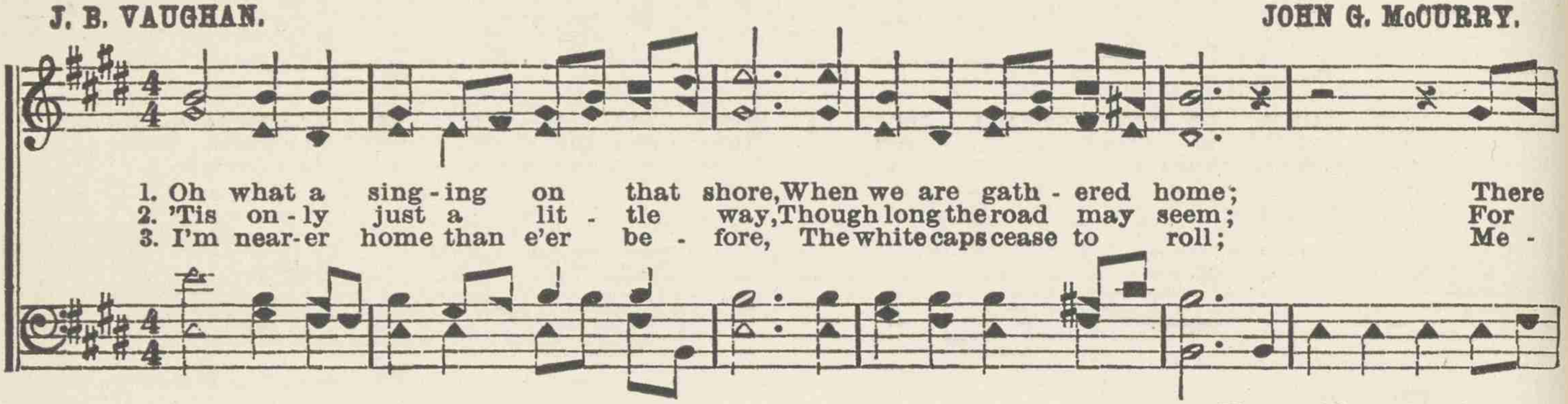
I nev - er knew you, I nev - er knew you, I nev - er knew you, I nev - er knew you, From me for - ev - er de - part.

Repeat chorus ***pp.***
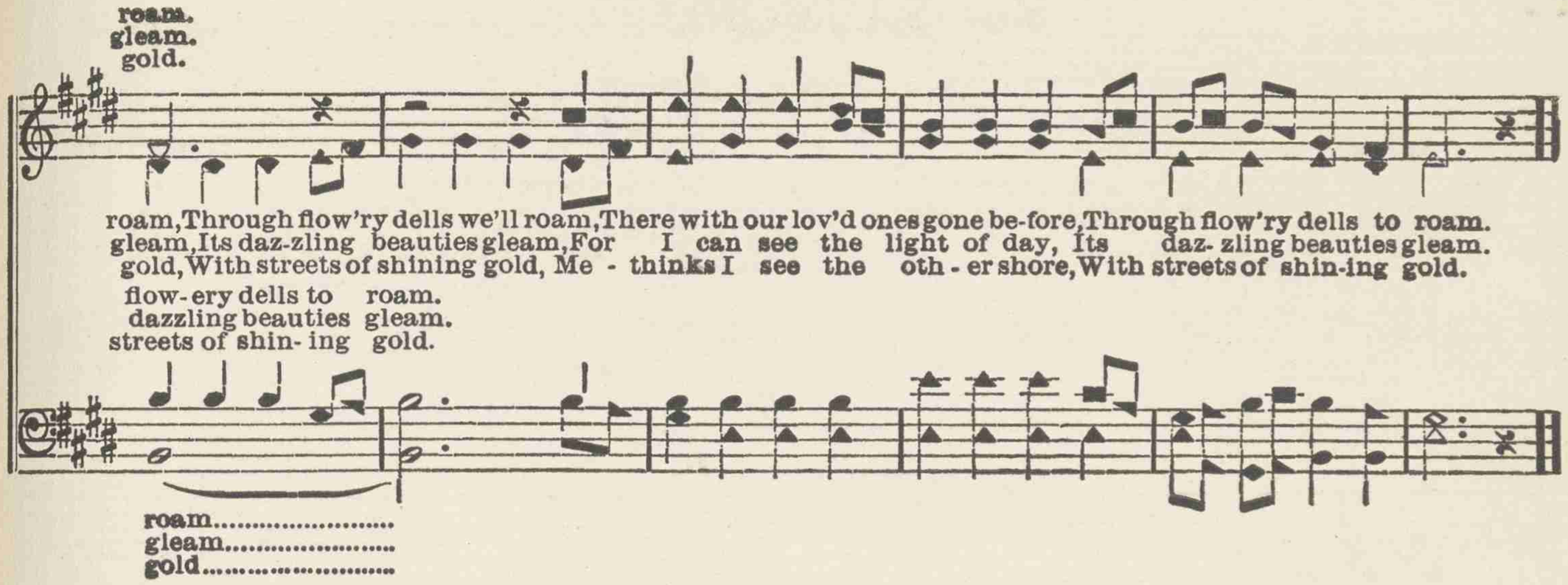
RAYMOND.*

(To Mrs. JOHN G. McCURRY.)

J. B. VAUGHAN. JOHN G. McCURRY.
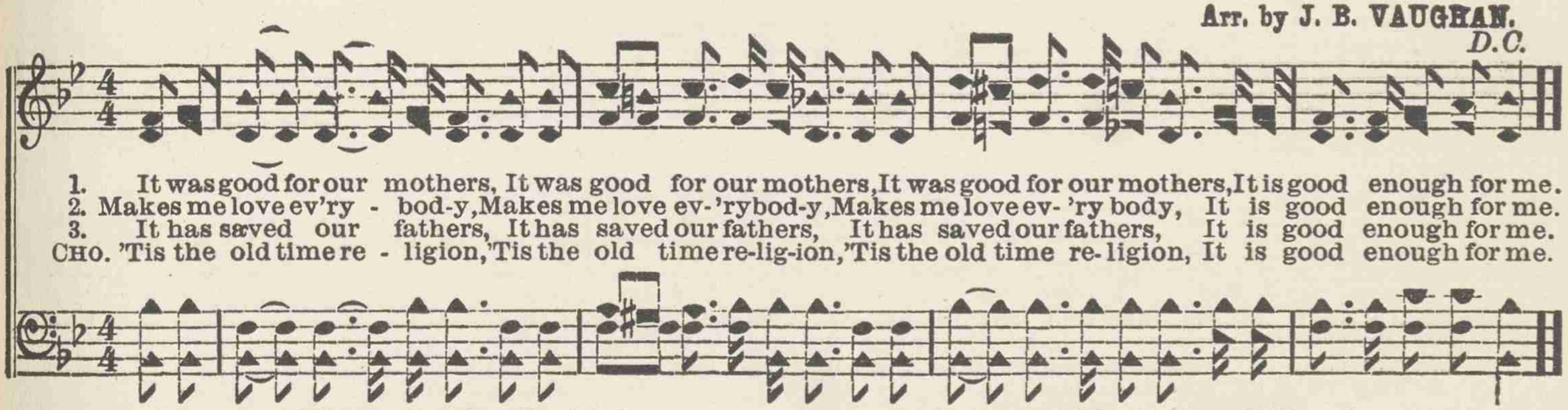


* This beautiful song will call up the memories of many who are yet living and once joined in its unique fuge away back in 1855. In order to render this song successfully in a class, each voice must give special attention to its respective parts, paying no attention to the other parts.



THE OLD TIME RELIGION.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.



4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:‖
It is good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It is good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It is good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It is good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It is good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It is good enough for me.

SIX FEET OF EARTH.*

Written and partly Composed by J. B. VAUGHAN. as sung by Dr. J. S. CHRISTIAN.
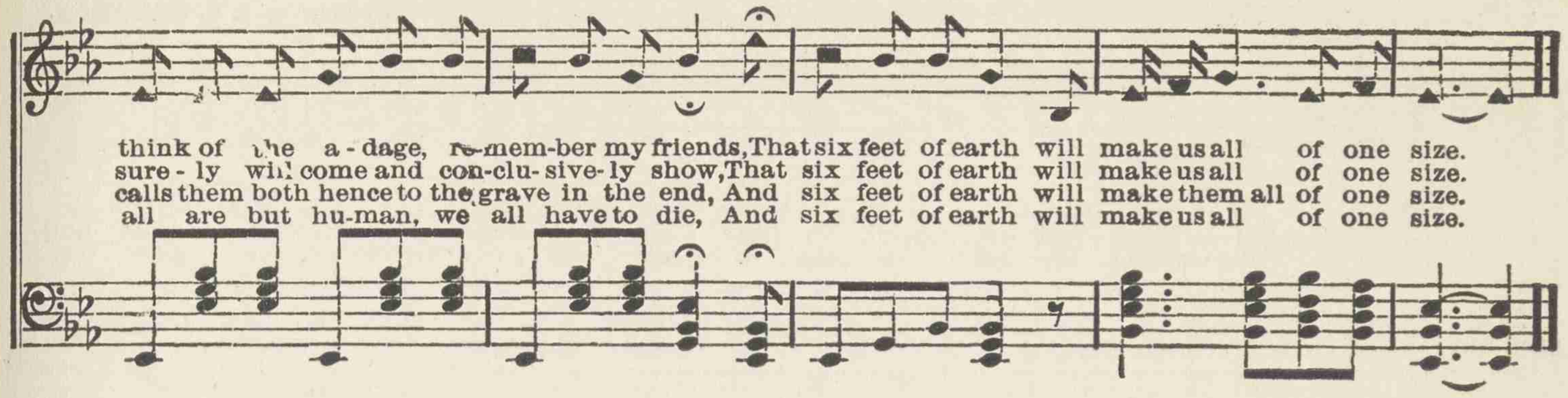
RECITATION.

1. I will sing you a song of this world and its ways, Of the ma - ny strange people we meet,
2. There is ma- ny a man with his thousands to spend, And he hau - ti - ly holds up his head,
3. There is ma- ny a coat that's all tat - tered and torn, And be- neath lies a true hon- est heart,
4. Now if e'er you should meet a poor fel- low who tries, To baf - fle this world and its frown,

From the rich man who rolls in his mill-ions of wealth, To the poor struggling wretch in the street.
And thinks he's a - bove the me- chan - ic who toils, And is hon - est - ly earn-ing his bread.
But be- cause he's not dressed like his neigh-bor in style, So - ci - e - ty keeps them a - part.
Let's keep him a - long and per-chance he'll succeed, Don't crush him and still keep him down,

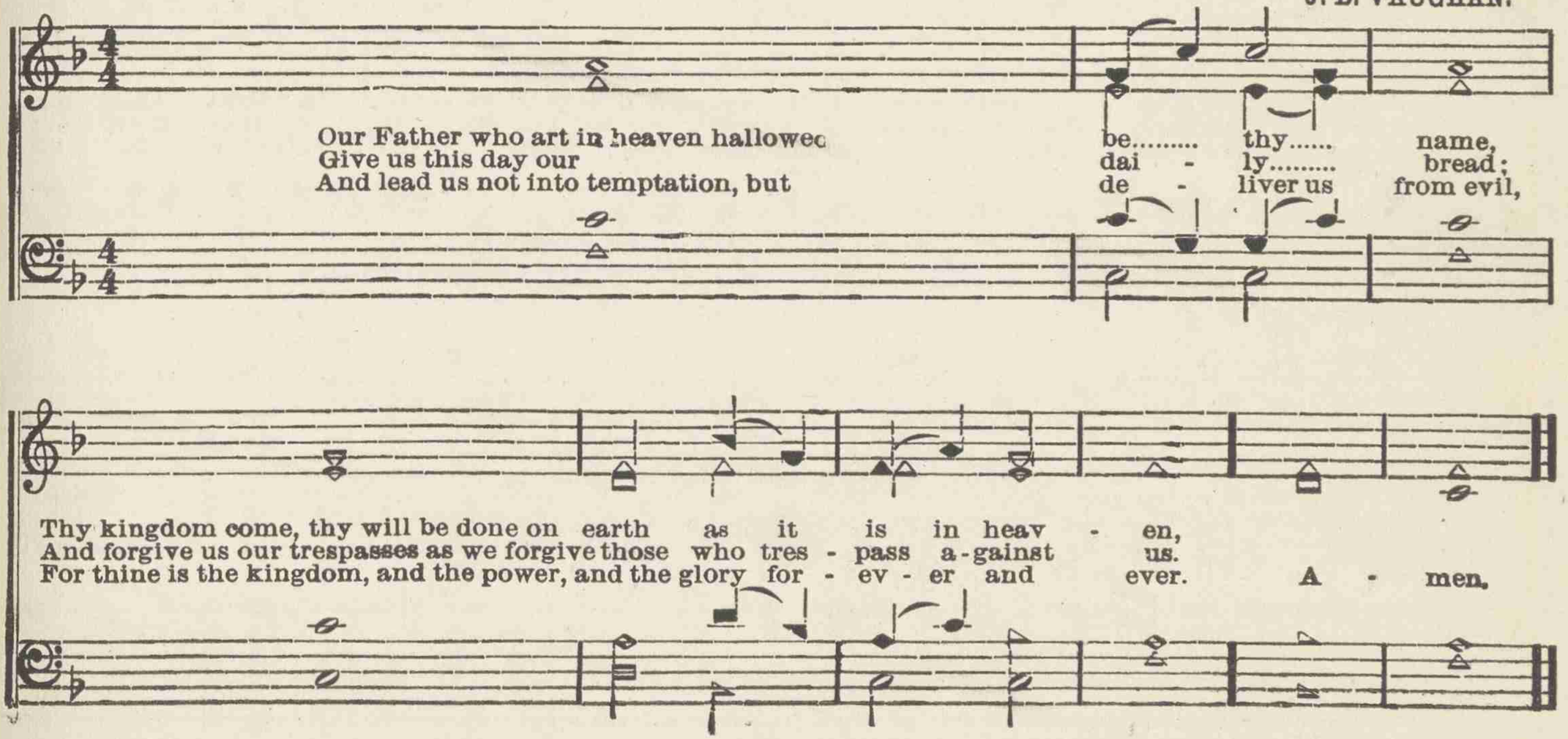
Though a man he is poor and in tat -ters and rags, We should nev-er re - ject or de- spise, But
But his gold and his jew - els he'll have here be - low, When the summons is heard from the skies— Death
But the time is soon com- ing when we shall be- hold, The mounds where the great and small lie, Death
A cup of cold wa - ter in char - i - ty giv - en, Is re - menbered with joy in the skies, We

* While we do not claim that this is a spiritual song, yet it is a gospel song and will be sung and cherished by many and it contains a sublime theology, and will do good when all other songs will fail to reach the people. J. B. V.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

Words by J. B. VAUGHAN. Harmony by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, the home of the blest, We are march-ing to -
2. "Roll on - ward, roll on - ward, oh time in thy flight," Let the day come, and
3. Look, pil - grims, be - hold, see just o - ver the plain; There the an - gels have

day, to that land of sweet rest. I see o - ver yon - der a light shin - ing
scat - ter this dark, dis - mal night. The way seem - eth wea - ry, our steps grow - eth
gath-ered, how sweet - ly they sing. Oh glo - ry, shout glo - ry, we'll soon be at

REFRAIN.

bright, 'Tis a bea - con that guides pil - grims on through the night.
slow; But we'll cheer up and sing as we jour - ney be - low.
home; And we'll wel-come and bid oth - er pil - grims to come.

Yes we'll meet, yes we'll

meet there to part nev - er more, On the banks of the riv - er, whose wa - ters doth

flow—From the throne of our Sav - iour, its wa - ters doth flow; We shall meet, yes we'll

meet there to part nev - er more, We will rest, sweet - ly rest, on that fair Ca - naan shore.

88 J. B. V.

THERE IS A SWEET REST.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a bright e - ter - nal day, Just be - yond the shin - ing way; Where the good are
2. When I reach that hap - py shore, Safe at home for - ev - er-more; Oh, how sweet will
3. Meet me at the pearl - y gate, Where the loved and blest a - wait; Meet me where there's

CHORUS.

safe at home, Nev - er more on earth to roam.
be thy rest, With fair Zi - on's chil - dren blest.
peace and love, In that home pre-pared a - bove.

} There is a sweet rest,..... There is a sweet rest,..... Oh, beau - ti - ful rest,..... That a-waits the good and the blest.

sweet rest, sweet rest. sweet rest.

THERE'S MUCH TO DO.

J. B. VAUGHAN. D. L. BLEDSOE.

1. There is much for the Chris - tian to do, Then a - rise, broth - er, up and a - way;
2. Je - sus bids us to en - ter the field, Hear the cries com - ing far o'er the sea;
3. Yes there's much for the Chris - tian to do, Ere we reach that sweet home o - ver there;

Much are need - ed— but la - bor'rs are few, Let us work while 'tis yet called to - day.
Let us work and the har - vest will yield, Yes, the work is for you and for me.
Yet the jour - ney that we now pur - sue, Soon will end and those glo - ries we'll share.

FINE.

D.S.—For the har - vest is read - y to - day, We must save dy - ing souls on the way.

CHORUS.

Let us work, let us work, We must work, glad - ly work,
Let us work, we must work, We must work glad - ly work,

D.S.

NEVER ALONE.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun-ders roll, I've felt sins break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conque: my soul, ... I heard the voice of my Sav - iour, Tell - ing me still to fight on, ... He
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp - ta - tion's sharp and keen, I feel a peace in know - ing, My Sav - iour stands be - tween, ... He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone, ... He

prom - ised nev - er to leave me. Nev - er to leave me a - lone.....
prom - ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.....

CHORUS.

No nev - er a - lone,..... No nev - er a - lone,..... He prom - ised nev - er to
leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone, leave me a - lone.

1 2

3 When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Saviour helps me to carry,
My cross when heavy to bear;
My feet entangled with briers,
Ready to cast me down,
My Saviour whispers His promise,
Never to leave me alone.

4 He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side,
For me He opened that fountain,
The cleansing crimson tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

IN THE AGES TO COME.

This song is one of the gospel arrows that will reach the soul when all others have failed.—F. M. FERRELL.

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

1. I know not the day when the Lord from a - bove Will send some bright con-voy to guide me a - way,
2. It may be long years, and the time may be near, When my blessed Re-deem-er's own voice I shall hear;
3. Blessed Sav-iour, I pray, wilt Thou guide me a - right Till I en - ter bright Canaan, just o - ver the way;

Yet I know there's a home, yes, a land of pure love, There I'll rest, sweetly
'Twill be sweet, then, to rest with the good and the blest, And with loved ones to
Then there'll be no more night, neither day dark with storm, But there'll be such sweet

CHORUS.

rest, in the a - ges to come.
roam in the a - ges to come. In the a - ges to come, in the a - ges to come,
rest in the a - ges to come.

1 2

I shall walk the bright streets and with loved ones I'll roam; I will rest, sweetly rest in that beau-ti-ful home.

GLADLY MARCHING ON.

E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Marching on with Christ, our chosen Captain, Sword and hel-met shin-ing bright; Wav-ing high the
2. Marching on, the cross of Christ our glo-ry; To the foe we will not yield; On-ward hast'ning,
3. Marching on, a great and strong bat-talion, Soon we'll reach the rest a - bove, Bright the banner

Fine. CHORUS.

glo-rious banner, Faith our shield in God our might. March-ing, march - ing, Glad - ly marching,
nev-er halt-ing, Till He bids us quit the field.
wav-ing o'er us, With its mot-to, "God is love." Marching on with Christ, our Captain, Glad - ly

D. S.

march-ing on, March - ing, march - ing, Bold - ly press-ing on.
march-ing on, March-ing to the gates ce - les-tial, Bold - - ly press-ing on.

From "Spicy Breezes."

94 D. S. WARNER.

THE *NEW CAMP GROUND.

B. E. WARREN.

1. We have met to - day on the new camp ground, And our hearts, O God o'er - flow,
2. We have met to - day on the new camp ground, And our shouts of glo - ry ring;
3. We have met to - day on the new camp ground, Oh, the fel - low - ship so sweet!
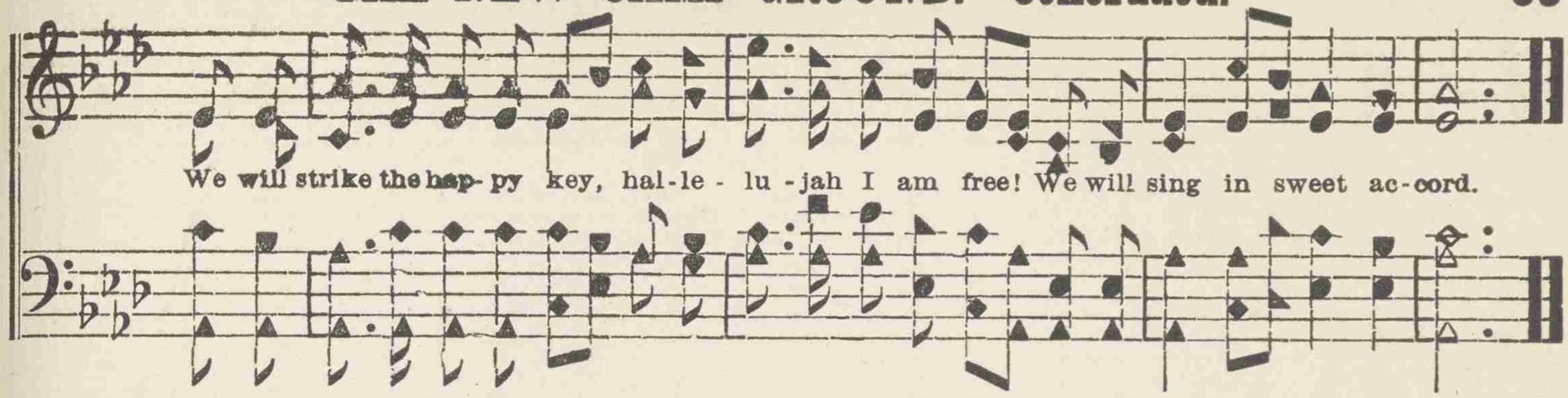
With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks, For the love Thou dost be - stow.
There's a might - y stir as the Lord comes down, And the saints of God pour in.
As the pure in heart all to - geth - er flow, In the bonds of love com - plete.

CHORUS.

We will sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord; Let the joy - ful mu - sic roll; praise the Lord;

* Old can be used instead of new.

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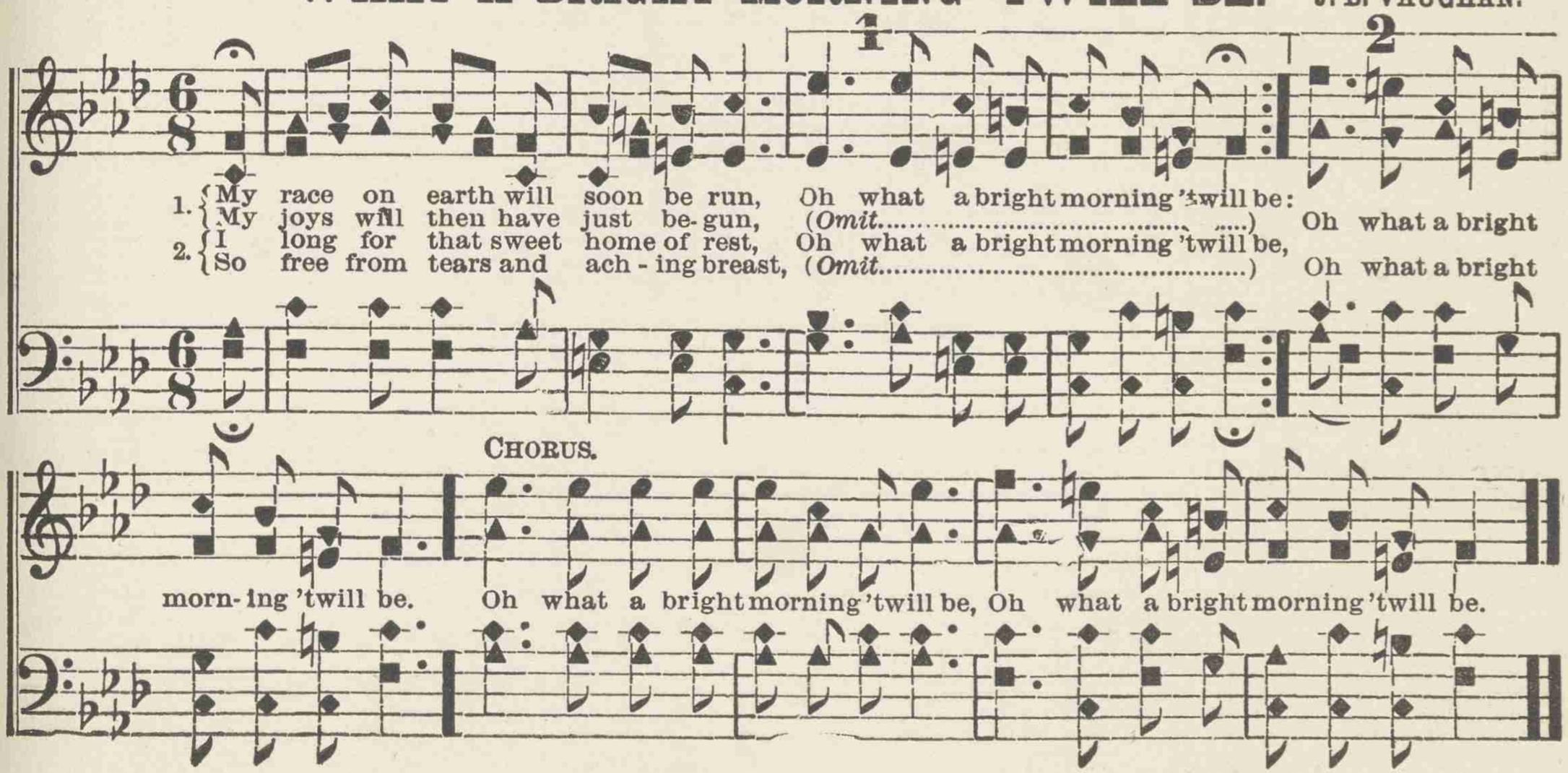


4 We have met to-day on the new camp ground,
And we come in Jesus' name:
Here, oh, mighty God, let Thy thunder sound,
And Thy awful Spirit flame.

5 We have met to-day on the new camp ground,
And we come to work and pray.
Here, redeem, dear Lord, even in multitudes,
At Thy altars day by day.

WHAT A BRIGHT MORNING 'TWILL BE.

Words and Music by
J. B. VAUGHAN.



WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN.

JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. Christ our Redeem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all the due; All who re-ceive Him,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised so will He do; Oh, sin-ner hear Him,
3. Judgment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed, who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, hast-en,
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love, Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true; All who believe, are

CHORUS.

need nev-er fear, For He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
let Je-sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, o-ver you.

OVER THERE. 97

J. B. VAUGHAN. C. S. IVIE.

1. There's a pure crystal stream, And its waters doth gleam, In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there,
2. When my life's work is done, And I reach that blest home, What a meet - ing in-deed it will be,
3. How I long for that rest, In the home of the blest, 'Neath the shades of the ev - er-green tree,

At the bright pearly gate, Ma - ny loved ones a - wait, Neith-er sor - row nor troub-le they fear.
On the bright golden shore I shall rest ev - er-more, And the face of my Sav-iour I'll see.
I shall sing songs of love In that home far a - bove, From all sin and from sor-row be free.

CHORUS.

Over there (over there), In that cit-y over there, O the joys no mor-tal tongue can tell (over there),

In that home (over there), of the good and the blest, O - ver there where the bright angels dwell.

BLESSED FOUNTAIN.

C. H. G.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a fountain deep and wide, deep and wide, deep and wide, There's a fountain deep and wide, That
   Opened in the Saviour's side, Je - sus' side, wound-ed side, O-pened in the Sav-iour's side, While
2. To that fountain I may go, I may go, I may go, To that fountain I may go, For
   It will make me white as snow, white as snow, white as snow, It will make me white as snow, I'll
3. Come, poor sinner, now come home, oh, come home, now come home, Come, poor sinner, now come home, There's
   To this fountain free-ly come, free-ly come, free-ly come, To this fountain freely come, And

CHORUS.

flows so full and free.
hang-ing on the tree.
He has said I may;
go with - out de - lay.
par - don for you still.
who - so - ev - er will.

Bless-ed, bless-ed fount-ain, Bless-ed, bless-ed fount-ain,

Bless - ed, bless-ed fount-ain, Bless - ed, bless - ed fount-ain,

1

2

Flowing from my Saviour's side, hanging on the tree; Fountain of redeeming love, opened there for me.

Copyright, 1889, by Charles H. Gabriel. By per.

WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN.

1. I am wait-ing for the boat-man, That will bear me safe-ly home To the glitt'ring pearly
2. I am wait-ing for the boat-man, Who will take me home a-bove; There with Him I'll rest for-
3. Pre-cious Je-sus, dear com-pan-ion; He will keep me by His side, Where I'll be with all the

CHORUS.

por-tals Where no cares can ev-er come. I am wait - - - ing for the
ev-er, In that land of light and love.
ran-somed, On the riv-er's oth-er side. I am wait-ing for the boat-man, and the

boat - - man, And the white - robed an-gel band, That will
white-robed an-gel band, White-robed an-gel band, White-robed angel band, That will

fer - - - ry me to glo - - - ry, To that bliss-ful sum-mer land.
fer-ry me to glo-ry To that blissful sum-mer land,

WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Chorus by T. M. L.

T. M. LOCKE.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Washed in the blood; And sin - ners plunged be-
2. The dy - ing thief re - joice to see, Washed in the blood; And there may I, though
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb; Thy pre - cious blood Washed in the blood; Till all the ran-somed
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, Washed in the blood; When this poor lisp - 'ring

neath that flood, Washed in the blood.
vile as he, Washed in the blood.
church of God, Washed in the blood.
stamm'ring tongue, Washed in the blood.

CHORUS.

Come, broth - er, come and go with me,

Washed in the blood; To that sweet home be - yond the sea, Washed in the blood.

RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR.

J. B. VAUGHAN. D. L. BLEDSOE.

1. Rest - ing in the Sav - iour, trust-ing in His love, Day by day I'm walk- ing near His side;
2. Bless - ed be the prom - ise, oh how full and free, Je - sus sends to wea - ry ones be - low;
3. Just a few more tri - als, just a few more tears, I shall lay my wea - ry bur - den down;

As I trav - el on - ward t'wards my home a - bove, Hands are beck- 'ning o'er the tide.
I shall ev - er praise Him for His love to me, That will guide me safe - ly o'er.
Then through end- less a - ges of e - ter - nal years, I shall wear a gold - en crown.

FINE.

D.S.—Rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Rest - ing, rest - ing, Rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love, Rest - ing, rest - ing
Rest-ing, resting, sweet- ly resting, Resting, rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,

PEACE AT LAST.

EDEN R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troub - les come so fast,
2. Tho' by sor - row's dis - mal cloud, Be our path - way o - ver - cast,
3. We can stand the driv - ing rains, We can bide the cut - ting blast,
4. To the king - dom of the skies, When our pil - grim - age is past,

How it does the spir - it cheer To be prom - ised peace at last.
Thro' the Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, We are prom - ised peace at last.
While the prom - ise still re - mains, Of un - brok - en peace at last.
We on spir - it wings shall rise, And a - bide in peace at last.

CHORUS.

Peace at last, Peace at last, peace at last, peace at last,
Peace at last, peace at last,

When our sor - rows all are past, And 'tis com - ing, oh, how fast;

Peace at last, Peace at last, peace at last, Peace at last, peace at last,

'Tis com - ing, com - ing, Peace at last.

ASHAMED OF JESUS?

JOSEPH GRIGG. J. B. VAUGHAN.

SOLO OR DUET. *Earnestly.*

1. Je - sus. and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning blush to own a star!
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid - night be a - shamed of noon;
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of Heav'n de - pend?

A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine, O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid - night with my soul till He, Bright Morn - ing Star, bid dark-ness flee.
No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Je - sus my Sav - iour, I nev - er, oh nev - er can be,
bless - ed Re-deem - er I nev - er, oh nev - er can be,

For Je - sus my bless - ed Re - deem - er, Has died..... for me.
my bless - ed Re-deem - er, Has died on Cal-v'ry for me.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

SOLO.

1. There is a land of pure - delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er fad - ing flow'rs:
3. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,—

E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.
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.

Let us walk in the light, Let us walk in the light,.....Oh let us walk in the light,

Let us walk, in the light, Let us walk, in the light,

walk in the light,..... Let us walk in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

Let us walk, in the light.

TOO LATE!

Dedicated to all away from God.

M. M. ROCHESTER.
QUARTET.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Lost! lost! for-ev-er lost! the sands of life are fall-ing; Lost! lost! for-ev-er lost! I
2. Lost! lost! for-ev-er lost! and Je-sus oft in-vi-ted; Lost! lost! for-ev-er lost! and

hear the an-gels call-ing; Too late! O soul to seek for grace, The
yet His grace I slight-ed, For when His love to me was told, "'Tis

Sav-iour hides His smil-ing face, My soul can find no rest-ing place,
time," I said, "when I grow old, To Je-sus then I'll give my soul,"

Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!
Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!

Rit.

3 Lost! lost! forever lost! I hear the groans and sighing,
Lost! lost! forever lost! The soul is always dying;
In outer darkness I will roam, A poor, lost soul without a home,
For all eternity to come, Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!

4 Lost! lost! forever lost! My soul from death is shrinking;
Lost! lost! forever lost! In darkness I am sinking;
I'm drifting farther from the shore, The things I loved I'll see no more,
O soul, thy day of grace is o'er; Too late! too late! poor soul, too late!

J. C. R.

WHISPERING PEACE.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

Very slow and soft.

1. When doubts and temptation and fear, Dark as night a-round may roll, Look to Christ, he will come
2. Thy path may have long led astray; Turn from the dang'rous shoal; Trust your Saviour, he will
3. Struggle on, weary soul, to the end; Our Lord the tem-pests con- trol; Look to him, he will e'er

CHORUS.

ver-y near, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul. Whisp'ring peace, yes, whisp'ring peace, While the
not de - lay, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul.
be your friend, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul. Whisp'ring peace, whisp'ring peace,

pp

dark'ning shad- ows roll; Whisp'ring peace, yes, whisp'ring peace, Whisp'ring peace un- to your soul.
Whisp'ring peace, whisp'ring peace,

WHAT A SINGING THAT WILL BE.

J. B. M.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, Where our care and our sorrows are o'er; We'll meet there to sing then for-
2. We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, Where the an-gels are sing- ing so sweet; We'll meet and will sing there for-
3. We'll meet on the banks of life's riv - er, With the Sav-iour we'll sing o- ver there; We'll sing with the an- gels for-

CHORUS.

-ev - er, Through the bright for - ev - er more. What a sing - ing, sing - ing,
-ev - er, An the loved ones there we'll meet.
-ev - er, In that land so bright and fair. What a sing- ing that will be, that will be, what a

singing that will be, What a sing - ing, sing - ing, What a sing-ing that will be.
be, that will be, with the angel band and saints we shall sing,

THE ORPHAN BOY.

W. T. DALE. E. C. HAMILTON.

1. I am a lit - tle Or - phan Boy; I'm left with-out a friend; I've noth-ing now to give me joy, And no one to de - fend.
2. My fa - ther drank un - til he died; He drank up all his store. We saw him sink be neath the tide— He sank to rise no more.
3. My moth - er left with-out a home; She died of brok - en heart, And I was left all sad and lone; 'Twas sad from her to part.

CHORUS.

I'm a lit - tle Or - phan Boy— I'm a lit - tle friend-less Boy. My moth- er died when I was small—I'm a lit - tle Or - phan Boy.

4 She laid her hand upon my head
And breathed a fervent prayer;
The Lord be kind to thee, she said,
And grant His constant care.

5 I've wandered far away from where
My mother sleeps so lone;
I never more shall meet her here,
No matter where I go.

6 Vile rum has caused me all this woe,
And killed my peace and joy,
And now I'm left without a friend,
A Little Orphan Boy.

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."

1st Thess. 5.–19.

Rev. A. A. DUNCAN. To my Brother in Christ, J. T. W. VERNON.—A. A. D. J. H. VERNON.

1. In sin and in - i - qui - ty all are un - done, And none the blest way of life know;
2. 'Twas Je - sus who left the bright man - sions a - bove, To lift the lost soul from its doom,
3. Wait not till the sun has gone down in the night, "When none can e'er work" it is said,
4. Oh, sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing to - day, Come, heed to His lov - ing voice,

To death and de-struc-tion the race has gone down, 'Mid shad - ows of mis - 'ry and woe;
He bore its transgressions and paid the whole debt, And cleared up the mist and the gloom.
And with the lost throng that neg - lect - ed the light, Your cry shall be heard with the dead.
And shun the broad way that has led you a - stray,—To - day, will you make Him your choice

m *p*

And there the lost soul is con-tend - ing for life, But on - ly to fail in des - pair;
Just now He is off - 'ring free par - don to you, He's call - ing lost wan-der - ers home.
"To - day," cries the Sav-iour to one and to all— Just now is the time for you,
He's gone to the mansions of glo - ry a - bove, A home to pre - pare for all;

f

Oh, cease your vain do - ing and down with your strife, And list to my sto - ry so fair.
And Sa - tan the ran-som can nev - er un - do The work is e - ter - nal - ly done.
Be - lieve in His mer - cy and at His feet fall, For this is the work you must do.
Its por - tals stand o - pen dear lost one to you, Oh, list to His mer - ci - ful call.

CHORUS. *f*

Come sin - - - ner to Je - - - sus And taste..... of His
Come sin - ner to Je - sus and taste of His love, And taste of His won - der - ful,

ff *m* *p* *repeat pp.*

love, And dwell..... with my Sav - - iour In that sweet home a - bove.
won-der-ful love, And dwell with my Saviour who died to save us, In that sweet home a - bove.

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

F. M. FERRELL.

1. We're passing a - way (yes, pass-ing a-way,) we're passing a - way (yes, passing a - way,) Our dear ones are
2. We're here on life's stage (we're here on life's stage) our days shall soon fade (our days shall soon fade,) As dew of the
3. Yes, pass-ing a - way (we're passing a-way,) we're passing a - way (yes, passing a - way,) Oh, let us be

gone (our dear ones are gone) we're passing away (yes, passing a-way,) One by one pass (yes, passing a - way) be-
morn (as dew of the morn) we soon shall be gone (we soon shall be gone,) Like as a weav- (we're like as a weav-) er's
up (yes, let us be up) and work while 'tis day (and work while 'tis day,) Soon we shall reap (yes, soon we shall reap) yes,

yond the dark stream (beyond the dark stream,) There we shall know (yes, soon we shall know) 'tis more than a
shut - tle in hand (with shut - tle in hand,) Life is made up (our life is made up) of on - ly a
reap what we've sown (yes, reap what we've sown,) We're passing away (we're passing a - way) we soon shall be

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S. to first verse.

dream ('tis on - ly a dream.)
span (of on - ly a span.) Pass-ing a - way,..... yes, pass-ing a - way.....
gone (we soon shall be gone.) Pass-ing a - way, yes, pass-ing a-way, we're pass-ing a - way, pass-ing a - way.

ONE DAY MORE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. B. VAUGHAN.

DUET. Tenderly.

1. One day more and we are near - er, Yon - der fair ce - les - tial shore; One day
2. One day more of cares and tri - als, One day more of hopes and fears; One day
3. One more gath-'ring of the twi - light, One more set - ting of the sun; Clos - er
4. One day more; the days are dy - ing, And we near the bet - ter home; Where there

more and Christ is dear - er, Dear - er far than e'er be - fore.
more of self - de - ni - al, Joined to the e - ter - nal years. But a lit - tle
one day more of la - bor For the bless - ed Mas - ter done. But a
is no more of sigh - ing, Where no sor - rows ev - er come.

CHORUS.

while, and then life's journey will be o'er, And we hope to
lit - tle while and then life's toil - - some jour-ney will be o'er, And we

1. meet on yon - der heav'n - - ly shore.
2. meet on yon - der heav'n - ly shore.

hope to meet on yon - der heav'nly shore.

WE'LL SING DELIVERANCE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. The suff'rings of the Sav- iour up - on Mount Cal - va - ry, Is sound-ing sweet to
2. And of that hap - py num- ber, I hope that I am one; And Je - sus Christ will
3. I am a young new con - vert; I late - ly did en - list, A sol - dier un - der
4. Poor sin - ner, think what Je - sus has done for you and me; Be - hold His bleed- ing

sin - ners, come, this will set you free; And while this glo - rious mes - sage is
fin - ish the work he has be - gun; He'll cut it short in righteousness, and
Je - sus, my Cap - tain, King and Priest, I have re - ceived my boun - ty, like-
bod - y sus - pend - ed on the tree; His bleed - ing head, his hands, his side

cir - cu - lat - ing round Some souls, ex - posed to ru - in, re - deem - ing love have found.
I'll for - ev - er be A mon - u - ment of mer - cy in all e - ter - ni - ty.
wise my mar - tial dress, A ring of love and fa - vor, a robe of right-eous-ness.
he doth to you display, Come tell me, fel - low sin - ner, how can you stay a - way.

CHORUS.

Then we'll sing de - liv-er-ance, we'll sing de - liv-er-ance, we'll sing de- liv- er-ance when we get home.

I'M GOING TO SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

J. H. REINY. Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. I'm going to seek the Sav-iour, In sin no more I'll wan-der, My heart is sad and dreary,
2. I'm going to seek the Sav-iour, The world has failed to charm me, I'll get so near my Sav-iour,
3. I'm going to seek the Sav-iour, For I am weak and fee-ble, I'll pray my Lord to watch o'er me,

And I'll re - sist no long - er. I'll break the chains that bind me, And leave the world behind me,
That Sa - tan can not harm me. I'll make full con - se -cra-tion, And have a full sal-va - tion,
And keep me from all e - vil. Tho' earthly friends forsake me, My Sav-iour He will take me,

D. S.—*I'll break the chains that bind me, And leave the world be-hind me,*

Fine. CHORUS.

I hear my Sav - iour call - ing And I must go.
I hear the Sav - iour call - ing And I must go. I'm go - ing to seek the Sav-iour,
I hear Him sweet-ly call - ing And I must go.

My Sav-iour pleads in mer - cy And I must go.

D. S.

I'm go - ing to seek the Sav-iour, I'm go - ing where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

IS THERE ROOM FOR ME?

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

1. Be-yond the sea where fadeless glo- ries gleam, Where things are ours that eyes hath nev - er seen,
2. That wondrous cit - y far be-yond con - fine, Where all is joy and peace, so pure di-vine,
3. I long to soar a - way and be at rest, And there to lean up - on my Saviour's breast;

The soul's sweet home, the blissful ev - er - more, Will there be room for me on that bright shore?
In vis - ions I, its glitt'ring streets can see, And won-der if there's room in heav'n for me.
Oh, wont that be a glo-rious vic - to - ry, To find that there is room in heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

There's room, yes, room, There's room..... for me, There's room for you and me, room for you and me, room in heav'n for me, room enough for all,

room for all. yes, room..... for me.....
yes, there's room for me, room enough for all, room enough in heav'n yes, (room in heav'n for me.)

THEY'LL WELCOME ME HOME.

J. B. V.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Oh, what a re - un - ion in glo - ry, When all the re-deemed ones get home;
2. Yes, wont that be won-der-ful glo - ry, To lay down the cross for the crown;
3. And there are our friends and companions, They're wait-ing for you and for me;

FINE.

They're crowding the gates of fair Zi - on, And bid - ding the wan - der - ers come.
And join in the song of re-demp-tion, His prais - es through a - ges re - sound.
They'll meet us and greet us in glo - ry, We'll rest 'neath the ev - er - green tree.

D. S.—They're crowding the gates of fair Zi - on, To wel - come me when I get home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

They'll welcome me when I get home, They'll wel-come me when I get home;

RESTING IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

MISS JENNIE WILSON. Music and Chorus by F. M. FERRELL.

1. Rest - ing in the arms of Je - sus, We have naught to fear, Though the storms a-
2. Driv - ing gales and roll-ing bil - lows, Fierce - ly may as - sail; But a-gainst our
3. O'er the waves the heav'enly coun - try, Shines all bright and fair, Safe - ly kept from

CHORUS.

round us gath - er, We have joy and cheer.
might-y Sav - iour Noth - ing can pre - vail. Rest - ing in the arms of Je - sus,
ev - 'ry dan - ger, Soon we'll an-chor there.

See His guid-ing hand, We are on the life-boat sail - ing, To the promise land.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came,
3. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The
4. The foolish kept a knocking when the Bridegroom came, The foolish kept a knocking when the Bridegroom came, The
5. Go ye out to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes, Go ye out to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes,
6. Have your lamps a burning when the Bridegroom comes, Have your lamps a burning when the Bridegroom comes,

Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came, (when He came.)
Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came, (when He came.)
fool-ish had no oil, The fool-ish had no oil, The fool-ish had no oil when He came, (when He came.)
foolish kept a knocking, The foolish kept a knocking, The foolish kept a knocking when He came, (when He came.)
Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him when He comes, (when He comes.)
Have your lamps a burning, Have your lamps a burning, Have your lamps a burning when He comes, (when He comes.)

CHORUS.

O Zi - on, O Zi - on, Go ye out to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes,
Go ye out to meet Him. Go ye out to meet Him,

O Zi - on, O Zi - on, Pre-pare yourselves to meet Him when He comes,
Go ye out to meet Him, Go ye out to meet Him, when He comes.

WHEN I AM GONE.

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN.

Pathetic.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friends ear - ly bier, When I am gone, when I am gone;
   Smile when the slow - toll - ing bell you shall hear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in pray'r, When I am gone, when I am gone;
   Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see, When I am gone, when I am gone.
3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, when I am gone;
   Sing a sweet song, such as an - gels may have, When I am gone, when I am gone.

Weep not for me as you stand 'round my grave, Think who has died his be - lov - ed to save:
Sing to the Lamb who on earth once was slain, Sing to the Lamb who in heav - en doth reign;
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord that joy you shall share:

Think of the crown all the ran - somed shall wear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing till the earth shall be filled with his name, When I am gone, when I am gone.
Look up on high and be - lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, when I am gone.

THE PARTING HAND.*

Arr. by J. B. VAUGHAN

Arr. by T. M. LOCKE.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hopes are built on things a- bove; Your friendship's
2. My youth-ful friends, in Chris-tian ties, Who seek for man - sions in the skies, Fight on, we'll
3. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on; And if on
4. Oh, glo-rious day; oh, bless - ed hope; My soul leaps for - ward at the tho't, When, on that

like a draw - ing band, Yet we must take the part - ing hand.
gain that hap - py shore, Where part-ings will be known no more. But bless - ed hope be
earth we meet no more, Oh, may we meet on Ca - naan's shore.
hap - py, hap - py land, We'll no more take the part - ing hand.

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.—We'll sing and shout thro' end - less years.

D. S.

yond the sky, We'll meet and nev - er say good-bye; Yes, in that land so free from tears,

*An excellent parting song for schools and other occasions.

MY HEART IS FIXED.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

Ardito. *animato.*

O God my heart is fixed, O God, My heart is fixed, O God, My
O God, O God, O God, My heart is fixed O

con impeto. 1 2 *con fuoco.*

heart is fixed to praise Thy ho - ly name, ho - ly name. Then a - wake. then a -
God, Then a-wake,

legato. *expressivo.*

wake, then a - wake, then a - wake,..... The tim - brel and the harp,

Then a- wake, then a - wake, And praise His ho - ly name, And

dolce.

praise His ho - ly name, I have thought of Thy lov - ing kind - ness, I have thought of Thy lov- ing

resoluto. *Repeat dolce p.*

kind - ness, I have thought of Thy lov - ing kind - ness, And I'll praise Thee for - ev - er- more.